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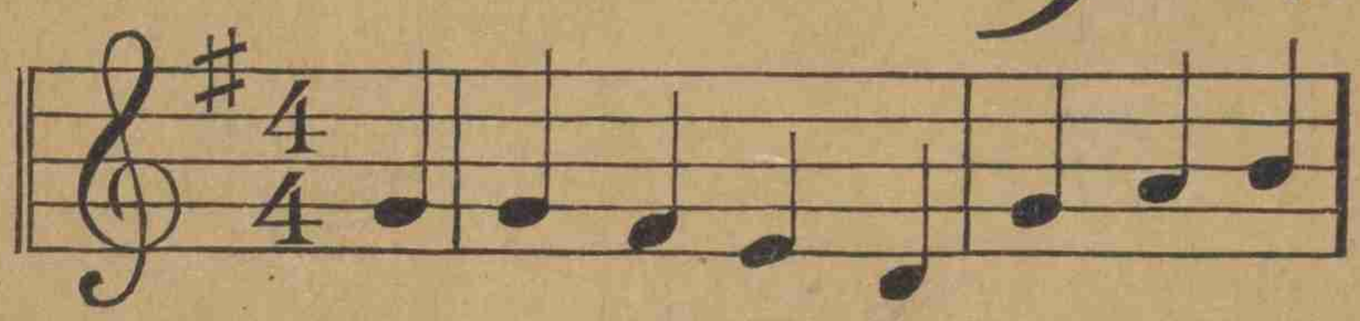
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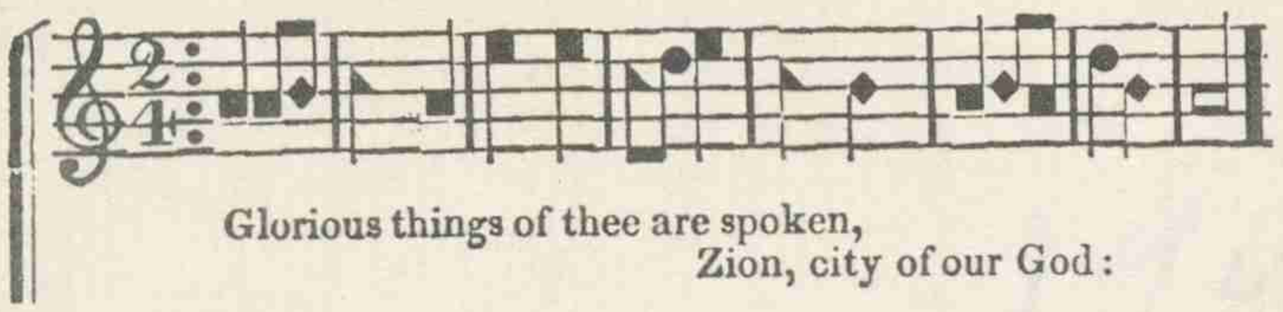
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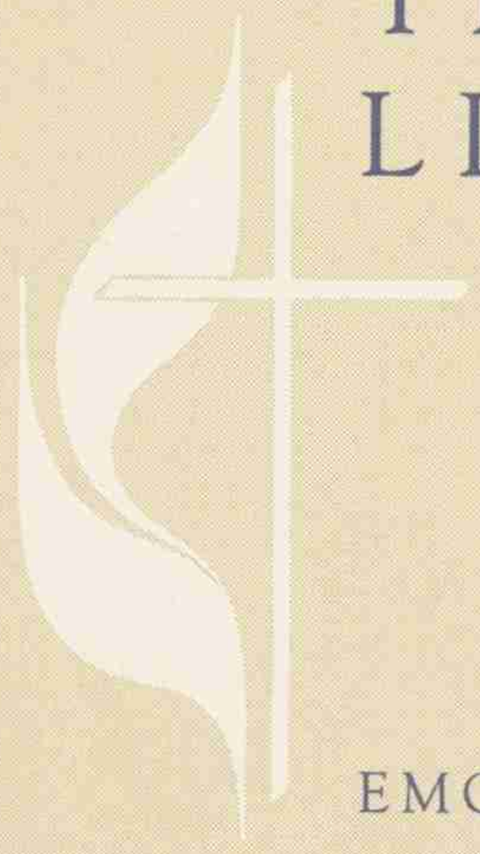

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Precious Jewels

OF

SACRED SONG

A COLLECTION OF

THE MOST

Popular Gospel Songs and Hymns

NEW and OLD

FOR USE IN THE

CHURCH SERVICE

PRAYER MEETING

SUNDAY SCHOOL

YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIETIES

EVANGELISTIC AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

BY

W. H. DOANE, Mus. Doc.

THE WORLD PUBLISHING CO.

660 Fourth Ave. Louisville, Ky.

ZP
D65
Hymn
19--
Prec

Preface.

In editing "Precious Jewels" the aim has been to furnish a compilation of songs adapted to every phase of christian work, the Church, Sunday School, Devotional and Young People's Meetings, Evangelistic Services, etc. Songs that would bring not only pleasure and gratification, but permanent good and profit.

In no case has the mere interest of trade been considered, but in every case the spiritual good of the singer has determined the selection. Hymns of questionable doctrinal character have been studiously excluded. The one great thought has been, how best to promote the spiritual emciency of the service of Sacred Song in the Lord's house and work. Every other interest has been subordinate to this, and if this end is not attained in "Precious Jewels" it is not from lack of intention or conscientious labor.

Care has been taken that no hymn without merit should find a place here. Every song has passed through a close criticism, is singable, and will be found a gem. The melodies are easy and flowing, the harmony rich and graceful.

Many new songs appear for the first time, which it is believed will become general favorites, while many of the choicest older songs, endeared to christian hearts everywhere, have also been given a place.

Songs of Heaven will be found to cheer the veteran saint, hymns of Activity for the strong, hymns of Experience for the Christian, also hymns of Invitation for the unconverted and hymns of Confession and Aspiration for the penitent. All through the pages of "Precious Jewels" are soul-stirring hymns of Praise to God and Christ which any audience can readily sing.

In the hope and belief that this book will fill a long-felt need of the Church, Sunday School, Evangelistic Service and Religious Meetings, etc. "Precious Jewels" is sent forth on its mission of love and cheer.

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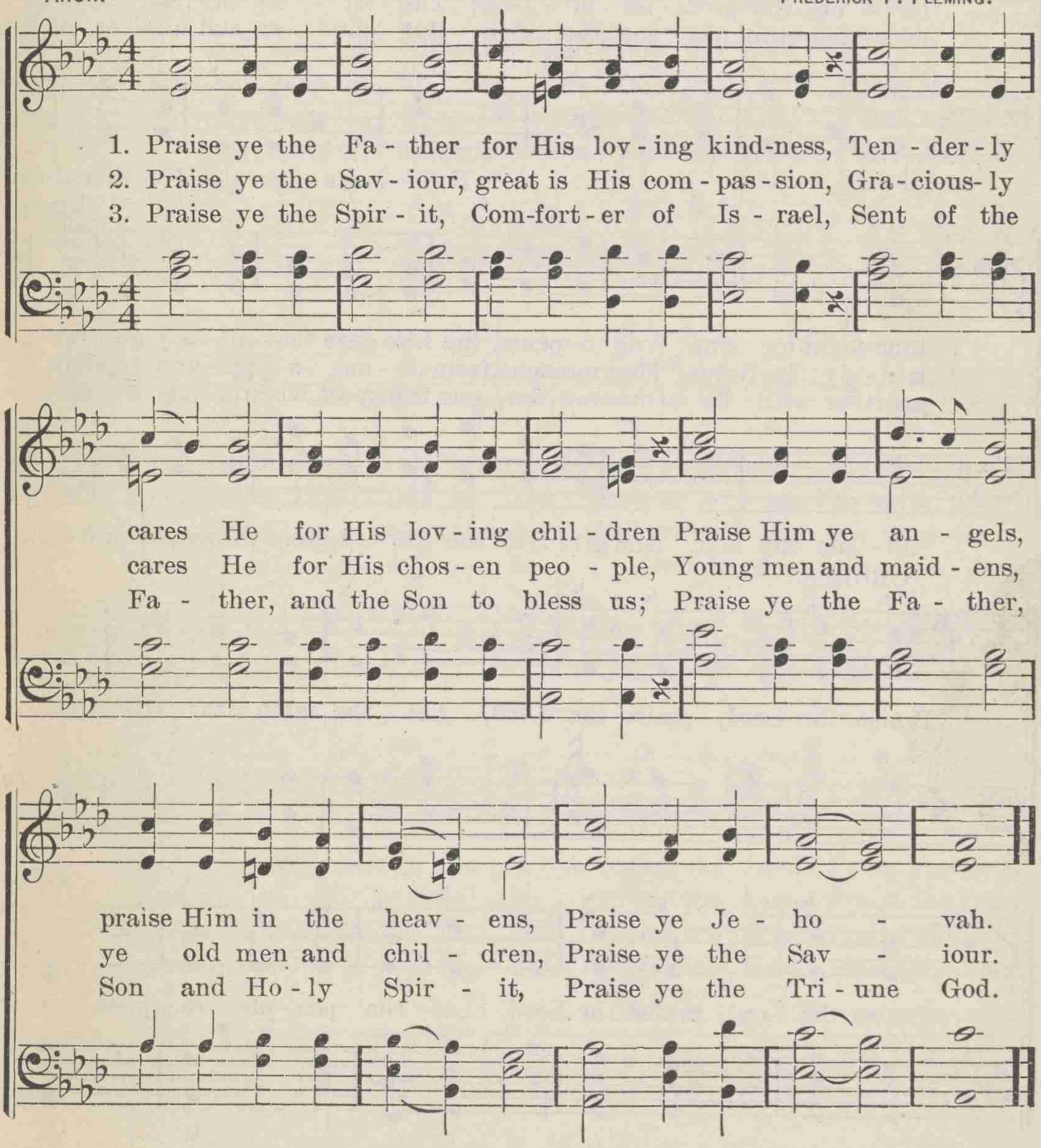
Precious Jewels

OF

SACRED SONG

1 Praise Ye the Father.

Anon. FREDERICK F. FLEMING.

To God be the Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the
2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be -
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re-

world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a -
liev - er the prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who
joic - ing thro' Jo - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and

D.S.—come to the Fa - ther, thro'

FINE.

tone-ment for sin, And o - pened the Life-gate that all may go in.
tru - ly be-lieves, That moment, from Je - sus a par - don receives.
great - er will be Our won - der, our transport, when Je - sus we see.

Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice, O

D.S.

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Tell the Blessed News.

N. A. HANNA. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I'm a sin - ner, saved by grace, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
2. I have found a pre-cious Friend, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
3. Je - sus helps me when I fall, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
4. He has ma - ny blessings giv'n, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

I shall see my Saviour's face, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
He will keep me to the end, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Ev - er hears me when I call, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
I shall have a home in heav'n, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Tell the bless-ed news a - round Un - to earth's re - mot - est bound,
Je - sus is so dear to me, Such a lov - ing Friend is He,
He doth all my sor - rows share And will all my bur - dens bear,
If I al - ways do my best, I shall have a glo - rious rest,

I was lost but now I'm found, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
And will ev - er faith-ful be, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Cheers me when I'm in de - spair, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Live for-ev - er with the blest, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

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Into the Depths of the Sea.

E. E. Hev'itt. W. H. Doane.

1. Re - joice ye with singing, who trust in the Lord: Go tell His sal -
2. O seek Him be-liev-ing the word of His grace, And find in the
3. The bur - den so heav-y, at Cal - va - ry fell, For Christ is our
4. Then glad be our ser-vice; to give day by day, Love's willing al -

va - tion with hap - py ac - cord; He saith in His mer - cy to
Sav-iour, the light of His face, There shin-eth His Gos - pel, the
ran- som, and now all is well, Yea, bro - ken the bondage; hence-
le- giance to all He may say; We'll sing in His glo - ry, there

you and to me, "Your sins shall be cast in - to the depths of the sea."
sha-dows will flee; Our sins shall be cast in - to the depths of the sea.
forth we are free; Our sins shall be cast in - to the depths of the sea.
ev - er to be, Our sins shall be cast in - to the depths of the sea.

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CHORUS.

In - to the sea, ... Cal - va - ry's sea, ...
In - to the sea, Cal - va - ry's sea,

His love is an o - cean, so boundless and free; Into the sea, ...
In- to the sea,

Into the Depths of the Sea.—Concluded.

Cal-va-ry's sea, ... Our sins shall be cast in-to the depth s of the sea.
Calvary's sea,

5 Have Faith, Speak and Pray.

J. M. H. J. M. Hagan.

Earnestly.

1. "Have faith in God," my broth - er, And fight the hosts of sin;
2. O "speak the word," my broth - er, Its treasures rich un - fold;
3. "Pray with-out ceasing," broth - er, And all thy wants make known

The Cap - tain of sal - va - tion Will give you strength to win.
Point sin - ners to the Sav - iour, Whose love can ne'er be told.
To Him who reigns in heav - en Up - on His roy - al throne.

Chorus.

Have faith . . . and pray, ... The word sin - cere - ly speak;
Have faith in God and pray al - way,

Trust God, ... o - bey, ... All need - ed bless - ings seek.
Trust God for grace, o - bey to- day,

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6 The Army of God.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. To the kingdom of God we are marching on, And we'll cheer the
2. To the kingdom of God we are marching on, In the way our
3. To the kingdom of God we are marching on, Shunning paths that

way with a song, We have nev-er a fear for the Lord our God Leads this
fa-thers have trod, 'Tis the on - ly true way to the realms of day, With His
lead us as-tray, By the Spir- it of God we are dai - ly led, In the

CHORUS.

might-y arm - y a- long.
right-eous-ness we are shod.
truth, the life and the way.
} Hal- le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal- le- lu- jah!

We are marching on with ban- ner and with song, We have

nev - er a fear for the Lord our God Leads this mighty arm- y a - long.

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Keep the Joy-bells Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Keep the joy-bells ringing, Ev-'ry-where you go, Scatter smiles and sunshine
2. Keep the joy-bells ringing, Hap-py tid-ings swell, For our heav'nly Fa-ther
3. Keep the joy-bells ringing; Listen, longing heart! In this bless-ed cho- rus
4. Keep the joy-bells ringing, Je-sus loves and cares; When the weary seek Him,

From a soul a - glow; Tell the love of Je - sus As you pass a - long,
Do - eth all things well; Thro' the earthly shadows Shine the sunbeams bright;
You may have a part; Let the precious Sav- iour Tune your soul to praise,
He the bur- den bears; Spread abroad the sto - ry Of re-deem-ing love,

CHORUS.

You may help an- oth - er With your song.
Gold- en stars of prom- ise Cheer the night.
Then you'll go re-joic - ing All the days.
Till the bells of glo - ry Ring a - bove.

} Keep them ringing, ring-ing,

ev-'ry-where you go, Keep them ringing, ringing, joy to earth be-low, Come, O

slower.

come to Jesus, Hear the joy bells say, "Come while He is waiting, Come to-day."

rit.

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A Strong Foundation.

* * *

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. A strong foundation is Jesus Christ, my Lord, E- ter- nal, a - bid-ing and sure;
2. On this foun-da-tion, I'm building, day by day; O, may I build wise-ly and well!
3. A strong foundation is Jesus Christ, my Lord; A Sav-iour, for-ev - er is He;

My grate-ful soul wakes the hallelujah chord, For His mercies ever shall en- dure;
A tem - ple nev - er to fall or pass a-way, It shall stand beyond the surges' swell;
His ho - ly name in the highest be adored; Sing, ye hosts, beyond the rolling sea;

My hope is built on the Rock that cannot fail, No matter what tempests may blow;
O, let me use silver, gold, and precious stone, Love's jewels, of sil - ver and gold;
The clouds may come, and the stormy billows sweep, On Jesus, my soul shall a - bide;

FINE.

His word of grace shall o'er ev'ry storm prevail, And the billows never o - ver- flow.
Each word and deed resting on the Rock alone, "Jesus on-ly" shall my life up-hold.
His love will cheer, and His mighty arm shall keep, Till I look upon Him, glo- ri- fied.

D. S.—Jesus Christ, my Lord, Safe for time, and for e-ter-ni- ty.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Bless- ed Rock of A - ges; I build my hopes on Thee! A strong foundation is

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For the Master's Use.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Hum-ble in spir - it, dear Lord, I would be, Calm-ly and trust-ful- ly
2. Bought with a price more than silver or gold, Help me no treas-ure from
3. Keep me dear Sav-iour, O keep me so near, Ev - 'ry sweet whis-per of
4. Pa- tient in tri - al, a-bounding in love, Fill'd with Thy Spir-it O

looking to Thee: Wait-ing to fol - low the beck of Thy hand, Ready to
Thee to withhold, Lay- ing all gifts at the foot of the cross, Counting all
love I will hear, Tell me the things Thou wouldst have me to do, Showing my
Master a - bove, May I bring oth- ers a bless-ing from Thee, Till o - ver

CHORUS.

serve Thee as Thou shalt command.
gain but Thy glo - ry as loss.
neigh-bor a light pure and true.
yon - der Thy face I shall see.

For the Mas-ter's use For the Mas-ter's use,
For the Master's use, For the Master's use,

Keep me dear Sav-iour for - ev - er-more Thine; For the Mas - ter's use,
For the Master's use,

For the Mas - ter's use, Serv- ing with joy at the bid-ding di- vine.
For the Master's use,

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Put Your Trust in Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Put your trust in Je-sus, leave with Him your care, He has sure-ly promised all your griefs to bear, Tell Him all your tri-als, what-so- e'er they be;
2. Put your trust in Je-sus in the darkest night, Just beyond the shadows shines a golden light; He will not for-sake you tho' you walk a - lone,
3. Put your trust in Je-sus, find the peace and joy, Earth can nev-er give you nor can it de - troy; Resting on the promise He so free- ly made,

CHORUS.

Put your trust in Je-sus, till His face you see.
Ev-'ry hour the Saviour car-eth for His own.
In the way He lead-eth nev-er be a - fraid.

Trust..... Him ev'ry day, Trust..... Him all the way,
Trust your blessed Saviour, trust Him ful - ly ev- 'ry day, Trust Him, ever trust Him, ful - ly, trust Him all the way,

He..... will nev-er leave you, Trust your Saviour ev'ry day.
He will never leave you, He will never leave you,

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I Will Trust.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I will trust in Him, my firm a - bid - ing Friend, And my will to
2. There's a home beyond pre-par - ing now for me, Where the King of
3. Let me trust and wait, till morning-light ap - pears, And the watchman's

His in sweet sub-mis- sion blend; I will trust in Him, my Ref-uge
kings in beau- ty I shall see; And my faith looks up with ea-ger
voice proclaim its dawn- ing near, Then with Je - sus rise to yon- der

and my all, And believe His word what-ev-er may be - fall.
long - ing eyes, And beholds a - far its mansion in the skies.
world a - bove, And receive from Him a promised crown of love.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Je - sus, my soul is blest; Trust - ing Je - sus for

what is best; Oh, the rapture, the peace and rest On His breast.

rit.

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My Reward.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. At the close of the day when my la - bor is o'er, And my soul draweth near to its rest, When I gaze on the light, of the fast fleeting hours, As they
2. When a-lone on the brink of the Jor-dan I stand, And around me the bil- lows may roll, If my an-chor is firm, and by faith I can say, That I
3. If the Saviour's commands I have tried to ful - fil, And the poor in His name I have fed, If a soul that was lost, has been brought to the right, And re-
4. If in se - cret to God, I have fervently pray'd, That my all might be lost in His will, And tho' oft I must pass thro' the valley of tears, He would
5. If my name is inscribed with the friends of the past, That like stars in His kingdom will shine, If I there may behold and the dear ones enfold, What a

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CHORUS.

si - lent-ly fade in the West.
know it is well with my soul.
claim'd by a word I have said.
teach me to wait and be still.
transport of joy will be mine.

If my life has been true ev-er true to its trust, And I hear from the lips of my Lord, Thou hast conquered thro' grace, and thy crown thou hast won, Then how great, O, how great my reward.

of my Lord,

my reward.

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13 God is Good to You and Me.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. When the way is dark be-fore us, And the cross seems hard to bear,
2. In the hour of deep-est sor-row He will stand close by our side,
3. O-ver all the rough and storm-y way He leads us by His hand,

God is good to me and you; Thro' the darkness He will guide us
God is good to me and you; In the se-cret of His presence
God is good to me and you; By and by we'll meet our lov'd ones

With His ten-der, lov-ing care, God is good to you and me.
We may then se-cure-ly hide, God is good to you and me.
O-ver on the gold-en strand, God is good to you and me.

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CHORUS.

God is good..... to you and me, God is good to you and me;
God is good to you and me, to you and me,

Ev-'ry-where, in His care, God is good to you and me.
Ev'ry-where, in His care,

14 Holy is the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a-loud for joy! Watchman of Zi - on,
3. King E - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains trem - ble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king-dom shall de- stroy,
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels
When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His like - ness

boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, matchless, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Ho- ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joyful be-fore Him.

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15 Forward, Brothers, Forward!

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Forward, brothers, for - ward! Bat - tle for the right, God himself is call - ing, Gird you for the fight. He will fail you nev - er,
2. Forward, brothers, for - ward! Words of life pro-claim, Un - to oth-ers ren - der, Ser - vice in His name. For His grace a-bound - ing,
3. Forward, brothers, for - ward! Strong in faith and pray'r, On His arms re - ly - ing, His re - ward we'll share. With His ban - ner o'er us,

Help your brave en - deav - or, Make you con - quer ev - er,
Mer - cy all sur - round - ing, On with songs re - sound - ing,
We shall be vic - to - rious, In His King-dom glo - rious,

On with joy - ful sing - ing, Hal - le - lu - jahs ring - ing,

Trusting in His might.
Ev - 'ry heart a - flame.
We the crown shall wear.

FINE. CHORUS.

For - ward, for - ward! Christian broth-ers,
Forward all, forward all,
Forward, brothers, all.

D. S.

for-ward all, For - ward, for - ward! An-swer God's in-spir- ing call.
Forward all, forward all,

D. S.—High His bannner fling - ing,

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16 Perfectly Safe in His Hands.

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. I have found the place where I safe can rest, With-out fear when the
2. I have found the place where in per - fect peace, Mid all sor-rows of
3. I have found the place where all grace is mine, Where the strength of my
4. I have found the place where in life's last hour, When all loved ones of

foe as-sails me; In the love of God, I am ev - er blest,
earth I hide me; In the hands of Christ, where all tears must cease,
Lord sus-tains me; In His depthless Life, in His Life Di- vine,
earth must leave me, He will keep my soul, and His hand of pow'r

CHORUS.

And the Lord, whom I trust ne'er fails me.
Where His mer - cy and joy a - bide me.
He doth shel - ter and ev - er hold me.
Thro' the shad-ows of death will hide me.

I am per - fect - ly

safe in His hands, Safe in His hands, Yes, safe in His hands; I have

giv'n my - self to Je - sus, I'm per - fect - ly safe in His hands.

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17 Room in Thy Arms for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Save me O Lord, and hear my hum-ble cry, Leave, leave me not a
2. Far, far from home no star my barque to guide, Where can I go? or
3. I will be-lieve and trust Thy word di-vine, I can-not rest till
4. Here at the cross I yield my-self to Thee, O blessed hour, there's

sin-ner lost to die, This is my hope and this my on-ly plea,
where for ref-uge hide, Wild are the waves, a com-ing storm I see,
Thou hast seal'd me Thine, Pray'rs to Thy Throne are ris-ing now for me,
glo-ry in my soul Child of Thy grace, hence forth my song shall be,

CHORUS.

Je-sus Thy blood now a-vails for me.
Je-sus my all, O pro-tect Thou me.
O Lamb of God let me cling to Thee.
Lord in Thy arms there is rest for me.

} Bring me I pray Thee, O bring me Lord to-night, Out of my darkness and in-to Thy light Thou who art call-ing the weary ones to Thee, Surely there's room in Thy arms for me.

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Some One.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark, 'tis the spir - it so kind- ly en-treat-ing, Will you not turn to the
2. See from the Cross, beams a light pure and ten-der, Shining to guide you to
3. Come, weary sin - ner, then come to the Sav- iour, Find-ing in Him, joy, sal-
4. O what a bless-ing in Cal - va- ry's sto - ry! O what a pow'r in that

blood-sprinkled way, Ma - ny sweet prom-is - es soft - ly re- peat - ing
par - don and rest; Now to the Sav-iour make willing sur-ren - der
va - tion, and light; Freed from your sins thro' His mer - ci - ful fa - vor
won - der-ful love! Je - sus has promised a man- sion in glo - ry

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CHORUS.

Je - sus is wait- ing to save you to - day.
Yield-ing to Him be for - ev - er more blest.
Rise in the strength of His life- giving strength.
Are you pre - par - ing to meet Him a - bove.
} Some one is com- ing,

Some one is pray-ing, Some one is find-ing The Life and the Way,

Some one is trusting, Some one o-bey-ing, Some one rejoicing, I'm saved to-day.

19 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath- er to Je- sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec- tion to share, What a balm for the wea- ry! O how
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a ten - der com-pas-sion His chil- dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea- ry! O how
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried, To the Sav- iour who loves them their sorrow con- fide; With a sym- pa-thiz-ing heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea- ry! O how
4. At the bless-ed hour of pray'r, trust-ing Him we be - lieve That the bless-ing we're needing we'll sure-ly re- ceive, In the full- ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea- ry! O how

D.S.—What a balm for the wea- ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r; sweet to be there!

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20 Life and Pardon At the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tis the voice of Je- sus call-ing, Life and par- don at the cross,
2. Do not slight His in - vi - ta - tion Life and par- don at the cross,
3. Tar- ry not, the hours are fleet-ing, Life and par- don at the cross,

Hear His word like mu- sic fall- ing, Life and par - don at the cross,
There is joy and full sal - va - tion, Life and par - don at the cross,
Hear a - gain the Lord re - peat- ing, Life and par - don at the cross,

Sin - ner lost in darkness straying, Why, O why thy long de-lay - ing,
Twas the love of Christ that sought thee, With His blood alone He bought thee;
From His throne of mer-cy bend-ing, An - gel-guard their King at-tend-ing.

Come to Him who still is say- ing, Life and par - don at the cross.
What a gift of grace He brought thee, Life and par - don at the cross.
See Him now to thee at- tend-ing, Life and par - don at the cross.

CHORUS.

Come in faith thy sin con-fess-ing, He will save thee at the cross,
Come to Him in faith thy ev-'ry sin,

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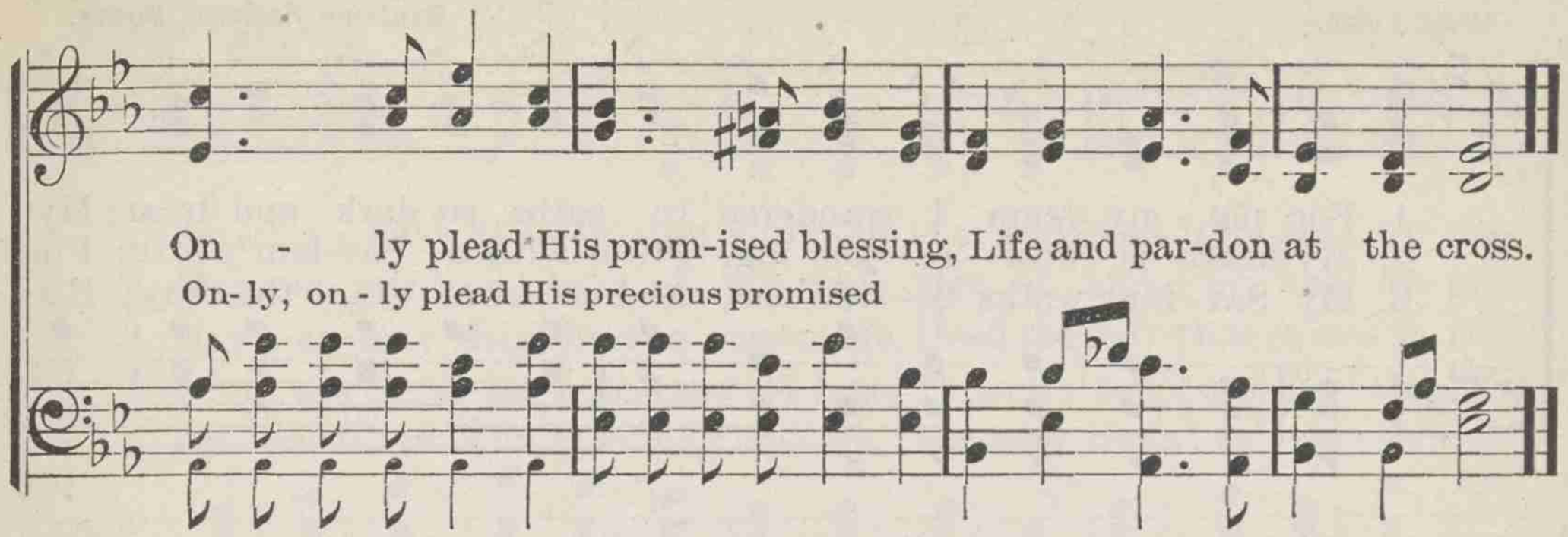
Life and Pardon At the Cross.—Concluded.



21 Still Closer to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

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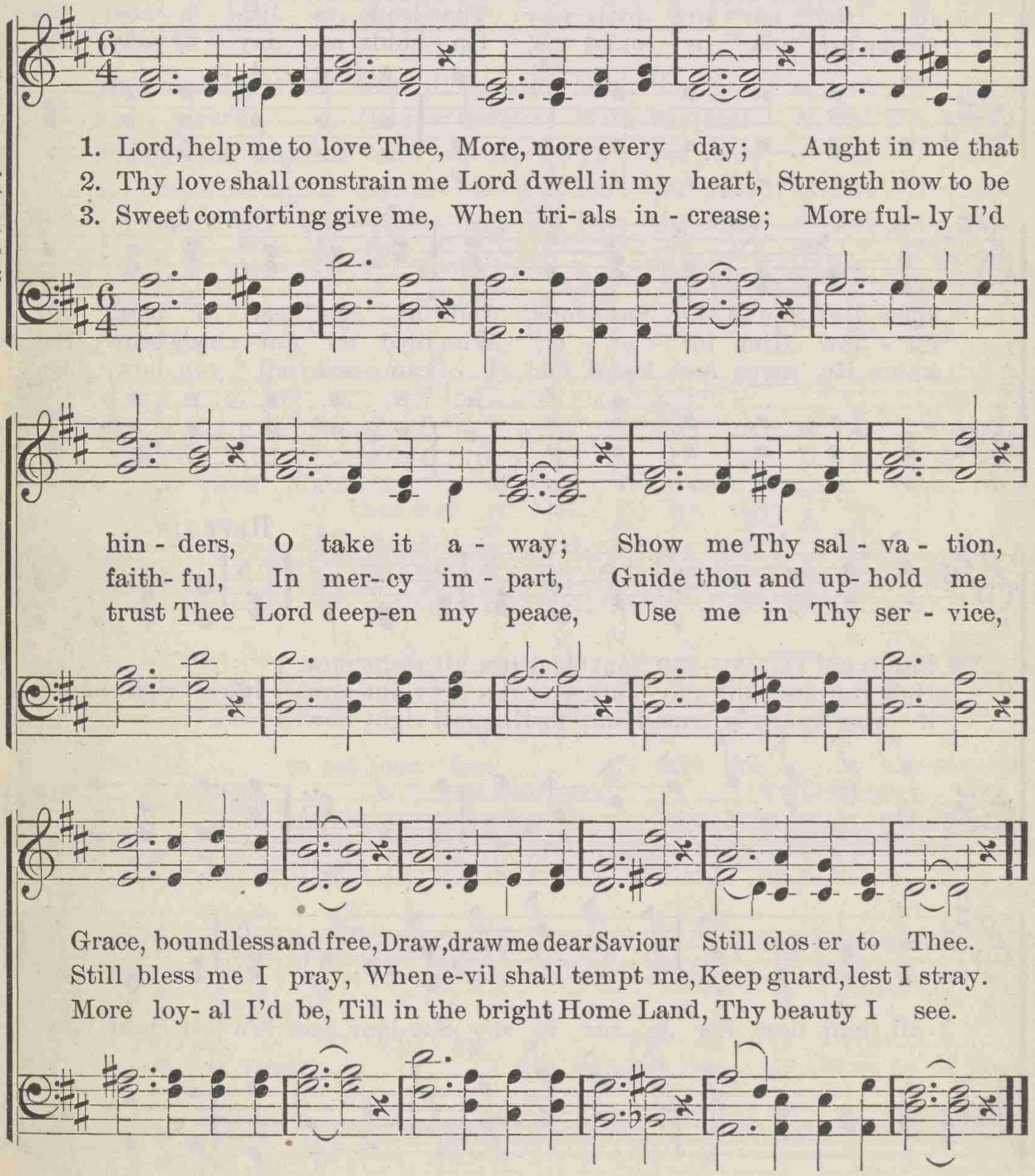
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It's All Right Now.

N. H. LINES. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. For ma - ny years I wandered In paths so dark and drear; My soul was filled with sad - ness, My heart was filled with fear: But since I've found the Sav - iour, And at His feet I bow, All know He saves and keeps me, I can - not tell you how, And

2. My heart is now re - joic-ing, Fill'd with a Sav-iour's love; I'm in the nar - row path- way That leads to life a - bove; I'll fol - low Him for - ev - er, Who died on Cal- v'ry's brow; For

3. My Sav- iour walks be- side me, And cheers me in the way; His strong arm is a - round me, Up - holds me day by day; I

REFRAIN.

things are O, so diff'rent And it's all right now.
He's my lov - ing Sav- iour, And it's all right now.
if you'll on - ly trust Him, 'Twill be all right now.
} It's all right now, it's all right now, For Je - sus is my Sav-iour, And it's all right now.

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23 Glorious Man of Galilee.

S. DUNCAN CLARK. W. H. DOANE.

1. Shout a - loud the stir-ring summons O'er the land from sea to sea,
2. Men are want - ed, men of pur- pose, Men of high or low de- gree;
3. Broth-er, stay thine haste a mo-ment, Heed the call that comes to thee,
4. From the count-ing house and col-lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
5. On- ward! are His marching or- ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry,

Men are want- ed who will fol - low With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Each may be a fel- low work- er With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Pledge your faith and yield your service To the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo, there throngs a loy- al le - gion For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
On - ward, till the world is tak - en For the Man of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O Thou Man..... of Gal - i - lee!..... In the
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee, Gal - i - lee,

fight..... to set men free..... I will fol - low on- ly
In the fight set men free; I will fol-low

Thee..... I will fol - low on - ly Thee.....
on - ly Thee? I will fol - low on - ly Thee, on - ly Thee.

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24 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se- crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

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CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
And my will be lost in Thine.
I commune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

} Draw me near - - er,
near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless- ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near- er, near- er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

25 Peace Through the Blood.

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come while God is call- ing, hear His word to - day, Peace thro' the
2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the
3. Bless-ing free and boundless flowing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev -'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the

blood of the cross; Take the gifts He of-fers, come without de - lay,
blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir- it in your heart a - bide,
blood of the cross; Ev - er- last- ing mer- cy, ev - er - last- ing love,
blood of the cross; Till the wide world over, ransom'd souls shall know,

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CHORUS.

Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace!..... wonderful
Peace! wonderful peace!

peace!..... Peace!..... wonderful peace!.....
Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!

1 2

Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

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Go Tell the Story.

(MISSIONARY.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Go tell the sto - ry of grace and glo - ry, The Lord is call - ing, His voice o - bey;
2. Their hands ex-tend - ing, their voi - ces blend - ing, O'er o - cean bil - lows for light they cry;
3. Go tell the sto - ry of grace and glo - ry, The Cross up - lift - ing, in His dear name,
4. He still is call - ing, His words are fall - ing, Go hear the mes-sage of love He brings,

Your all re-sign - ing, with-out re - pin - ing, To those in dark - ness, O haste a - way.....
Their lives are drear - y, their hearts are wea - ry, O Christian, help them, or they must die.....
Who brought sal-va-tion to ev - 'ry na - tion, And they who seek Him, its joy may claim.....
Till all be-liev - ing, His truth re - ceiv - ing, Shall hail re joic - ing the King of kings.....

CHORUS.

Haste a - way,..... haste a - way,..... They are longing, they are plead - ing for the light..... Haste a - way,..... Haste a - way,..... Haste a - way,..... haste a - way,..... Haste a - way,..... haste a - way,..... They are longing, they are plead - ing for the light..... Haste a - way,..... Haste a - way,.....

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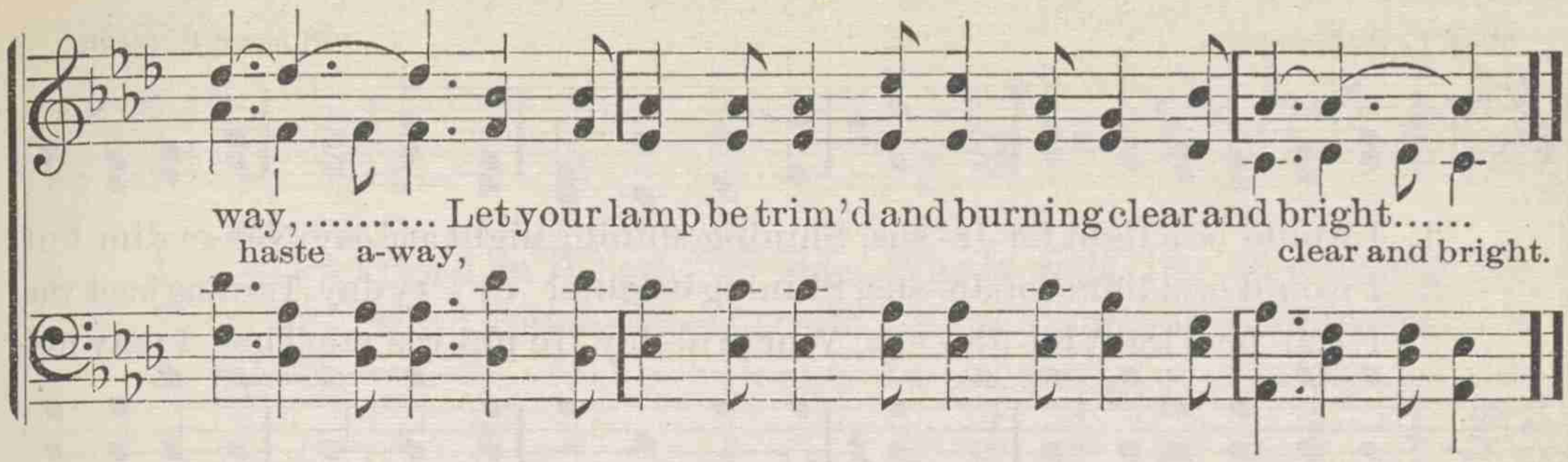
27

Good-Bye.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (PARTING HYMN.) W. H. DOANE.

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28 I Would Be a Light for Jesus.

Miss F. G. BROWNING. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I would be a light for Je- sus, Shining, shining night and day; Nev-er dim, but ev - er glow - ing With a clear and fadeless ray; In this world by sin be - cloud-ed, Which the Man of Sorrows trod, I would be a light for Je - sus,
2. I would be a light for Je- sus, Shining brighter ev -'ry day; Turning back the wea- ry shad- ows, Driving ev - 'ry care a - way; I would shine beside the fall - en, Showing grace for sin and loss; I would be a light for Je - sus,
3. I can be a light for Je - sus, Where to-day He pla- ces me; Tho' I may not send the glim-mer O'er the dis-tant land and sea; Still, whatev-er be my mis- sion, I can shine for Him al - way; I would be a light for Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Lead- ing to the Lamb of God.
Beaming 'neath His blessed Cross.
Shin- ing, shining night and day.

} Shin- ing, shin - ing, Ev - er shin- ing
Shining, shining,

night and day; I would be a light for Je- sus, Shin-ing night and day.

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29 A Friend On the Other Side.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. I've a Friend on the oth - er side, Who is wait - ing to welcome me,
2. O this Friend has redeemed my soul By the pow'r of His precious love,
3. What a won - der - ful Friend is mine In the home on the oth - er side,

In that glorious place, I shall see His face, O what joy will the meeting be.
And the Glad New Song, I shall sing ere long In His mansions of rest a - bove.
'Twill be joy to stand at His blest right hand In His presence for ev-er - more.

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CHORUS.

I've a Friend..... o - ver there..... In the home so bright and fair,
I've a Friend O - ver there,
O - ver there, o - ver there, I shall see Him some day When the shad - ows flee a - way
rit.
I shall see Him face to face by and by.

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Make Paths for the King!

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Up - lift ev - 'ry val - ley, the sun-light to share; Bring low ev - 'ry mountain by faith's conqu'ring pray'r; For ser - vice so bless - ed, your best ef- forts bring, To souls that need Je - sus, make paths for the King.
2. More lab'rers are want - ed, the work is so great; With courage and kind-ness, things crooked, make straight; Let love's crys - tal fount-ains, a - bund-ant - ly spring; Far out in the des - ert, make paths for the King.
3. Seek out the rough places, and smooth them with love; Use sym - pa - thy, pa - tience and pow'r from a - bove, Re-mem - ber life's sea - sons pass by on the wing, The Mas - ter is com - ing! make paths for the King.

CHORUS.

Make paths for the King! Till earth with His praises shall ring,
straight paths, for the King! shall ring,
Make paths, for the King! O Christian, make paths for the King!
straght paths, for the King!

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31 I Have Found a Friend in Jesus.

IDA L. REED. J. M. HAGAN.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, And I love Him more and more,
2. I have found a friend in Je - sus, Once He gave His life for me,
3. I have found a friend in Je - sus, One who can-not faith-less be,
4. I have found a friend in Je - sus, Such a friend earth never knew,

Out of dark-ness He hath brought me, And my wand'rings now are o'er.
Shed His blood my soul to ran - som, Ah! no love could great-er be.
Thro' my dark-est hours of sor - row, He my strength and hope will be.
Strong, com-pas-sion-ate and ten - der, I have found Him ev- er true.

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CHORUS.

I have found..... ..... a friend in Je - - - sus, Out of
I have found a friend in Je - - sus, no oth - er friend like He, Out of

dark - - ness in-to day; By His mer - -
darkness, out of dark - ness in - to the glorious day; By His mer-cy, ten- der

cy He hath led me, And my sins He washed a - way.
mer - cy He led me, e- ven me, And my sins, my sins He washed away, a-way.

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Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de- lay.
They who believe on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a-rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing to - day!..... Call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling to-day,

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33 To Him Be True.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Loy - al be, and true, To the Lord who died for you, Finding rich re- ward
2. Give Him all your heart, Nev-er from His ways de-part, Follow step by step,
3. Tho' the clouds shall rise, Over spreading sunny skies, Still more closely cling
4. Nev - er fail your King Will-ing ser-vice freely bring, More a-bund-ant life

as the days go by, For the promise still Is to those who do His will,
in the Master's way, Then a light will shine, Golden beams of Love divine,
to your changeless Friend; He will be your light, In the dark and stormy night,
shall the faith-ful gain: As His sol-diers brave Follow Him who came to save,

CHORUS.

Pressing ev - er on, where His banners fly.
Growing bright-er still, till the per- fect day.
And in His good time will the morning send.
Till the star - ry crown you at last ob- tain.
} Then to Him be true, in what-

ev - er you may do, O the blessed peace and joy That will surely come to you,

True to Christ alone, Who has bought you for His own, Till you stand before the throne.

Co yright, 1908, by W. H. Doane.

34 Stand, Christian, Stand.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark to the trumpet sound-ing Soldiers of Christ, o- bey; This is the
2. Bind on your loins, Truth's girdle, Buckler of Love put on— On - ly in
3. Fierce tho' the conflict rag - eth, Let not your courage fail; Marching be-

day of bat - tle, Haste then, O haste a-way. Fear not the pow'rs of darkness,
heav'nly arm - or Vic - to - ry can be won. Wear on your brow Hope's helmet,
neath His banner, Ye shall at last prevail. On - ward with joy and gladness,

Fol-low your Lord's command, This is the or - der He giv - eth you,
Bear in your hand Faith's shield, Then in the bat - tle with sin and wrong,
On to possess the land, Ev - er re-mem-ber the charge He gave,

CHORUS.

Hav-ing done all, to stand.
Sword of the Spir-it wield.
Hav-ing done all, to stand.

Stand! Stand! Stand, Christian, stand!
Christian stand! firmly stand, firmly stand!

Je - sus, your Roy-al Com-man-der said, Hav-ing done all, to stand!

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I Was Glad.

F. G. BROWNING. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I was glad when they said un - to me, Let us go to the
2. I was glad when I en - tered thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem,
3. I will pray for thy peace bless- ed home, And that plen - ty with -

house of the Lord, For my heart was so thirst - y for Thee,
cit - y of God; Here the prom - ise of Is - ra - el waits
in thee be found; For to thee in my hun - ger I come,

REFRAIN.

And so hun - gry to feed on Thy word.
In the courts where thy fathers have trod.
Where the grace of my God doth a- bound.

I way glad, I was

I was glad,

glad, Glad to go to the house of the Lord, I was

I was glad, I was glad,

glad, I was glad Glad to go to the house of the Lord.

I was glad, I was glad,

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36 Christ Dwells with Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My heart o'erflows with bliss di-vine, I am the Lord's, and He is mine,
2. While on His word by faith I rest, No care disturbs my tranquil breast,
3. He loves me still, O praise His name! I do not care for worldly fame;
4. And when from earth my spir-it flies,, On eagle wings that cleave the skies;

And now henceforth my joy shall be, That I can say, He dwells with me.
He bids me trust and do His will, As-sured of this—He loves me still.
I on - ly seek to do the will Of Him, who saves and loves me still.
To Him, who shed His blood for me, I'll sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

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CHORUS.

It is well with me, it is well with me, For His own right

hand my de - fence will be; Tho' my barque may drift o'er a

change-ful sea, I am safe in Him and He dwells with me.

Something Whispers.

(Duet, Soprano and Tenor with Chorus.)

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

Not too fast.

1. Something whis-pers in my soul: Let the Sav - iour take con-trol,
2. As the night from dawning day, So my fears will flee a - way,
3. Led by love's constraining call, I will yield to Him my all;
4. When, a-mid the ransom'd throng, I shall join the hap-py song,

On - ly He can make me whole, Je- sus bled and died for me.
make me whole,
When my hap - py heart can say, Je- sus bled and died for me.
sure-ly say,
Sing-ing till life's e - ven-tide, Je- sus bled and died for me.
e - ven-tide,
Which e-ter - nal years prolong, Je- sus bled and died for me.
pro - long,

CHORUS.

Some-thing whispers in my soul, Let the Sav-iour have con-trol,
in my soul, control,

rit.

I will seek His mer-cy full and free, Je - sus bled and died for me.

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Tell It With Joy.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Love in my bos-om is glow-ing;
2. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry!
3. Come un-to Him, Come un-to Him; Mer-cy is ten-der-ly plead-ing;

Je- sus' blood has cleans'd me, Je-sus has made me free: Tell it a-gain,
I was lost till mer - cy Gently came down from heav'n: Tell it with joy,
Wea-ry, heav- y - la - den, Still there is room for thee: On - ly believe,

Tell it a-gain; Oh, the sweet rapture of par - don! Grace di-vine has
Tell it with joy; Now I am hap-py in Je - sus; All is calm and
On - ly be-lieve; Je - sus is read- y and will - ing; All may come and

saved me, And Jesus my all shall be. Wea- ry and lone-ly, Seeking in
peace-ful, And all of my sins for - giv'n. I will adore Him, Je - sus, my
wel-come, Sal-va-tion for all is free. Why will ye lin - ger? Mer-cy is

vain for pleasure, Far from the fold my spir - it had gone a - stray;
dear Re-deem- er, Yes I will give Him glo - ry from day to day.
still en-treat- ing, Come and be hap - py, come and with rapture say—

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Tell It With Joy.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

1. Tell it a-gain, Tell it a-gain; Oh, the sweet rapture of par-don!
2,3. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Now I am hap-py in Je-sus;

Grace di-vine has saved me, And Je-sus my all shall be.
All is calm and peace-ful, And all of my sins for-giv'n.

39 Only Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On-ly Thee, my soul's Re-deem-er! Whom have I in heav'n be-side?
2. On-ly Thee! no joy I co-vet But the joy to call Thee mine—
3. On-ly Thee! I ask no oth-er, Thou art more than all to me;
4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleans'd me, Would my raptured vis-ion see,

Who on earth, with love so ten-der, All my wand'ring steps will guide.
Joy that gives the blest as-sur-ance, Thou hast own'd and seal'd me Thine.
Life, or health, or crea-ture com-fort,—I would give them all for Thee.
While my faith is reach-ing up-ward, Ev-er up-ward, Lord, to Thee.

CHORUS.

On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee, Lov-ing Sav-iour, on-ly Thee.

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40 For Christ and the Church We Sing.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. For Christ and the Church we sing, Our trib-ute of praise we bring,
2. For Christ and the Church we cry, And un - to the throne draw nigh,
3. For Christ and the Church! the world Our ban - ner shall see un-furled,

While an - gels the King a - dore, While an - gels the King a - dore;
With hearts full of fond de - sire, With hearts full of fond de - sire;
From mountain to farth - est sea, From mountain to farth - est sea;

Ho - san - nas we raise to - day, And out from the heart we say:
Then on - ward shall press our throng, With faith for the con-quest strong,
Ye sol - diers, a faith-ful band, U - nit - ed for ser - vice, stand,

The Lord He is King al - way, His throne is for - ev - er - more.
And march-ing with pray'r and song That shall ev - 'ry heart in - spire.
And make this Im-man-uel's land, A na - tion from sin set free.

CHORUS.

For Christ and the Church, for Christ and Church, O Christians, take your stand,
take your stand,

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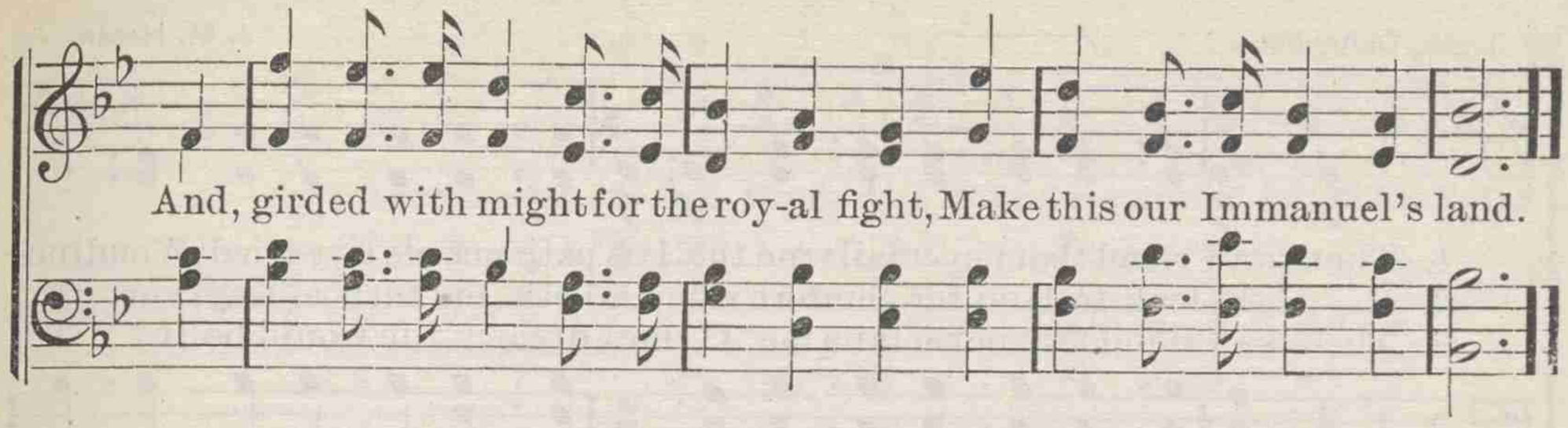
For Christ and the Church.—Concluded.

41 Jesus I Love Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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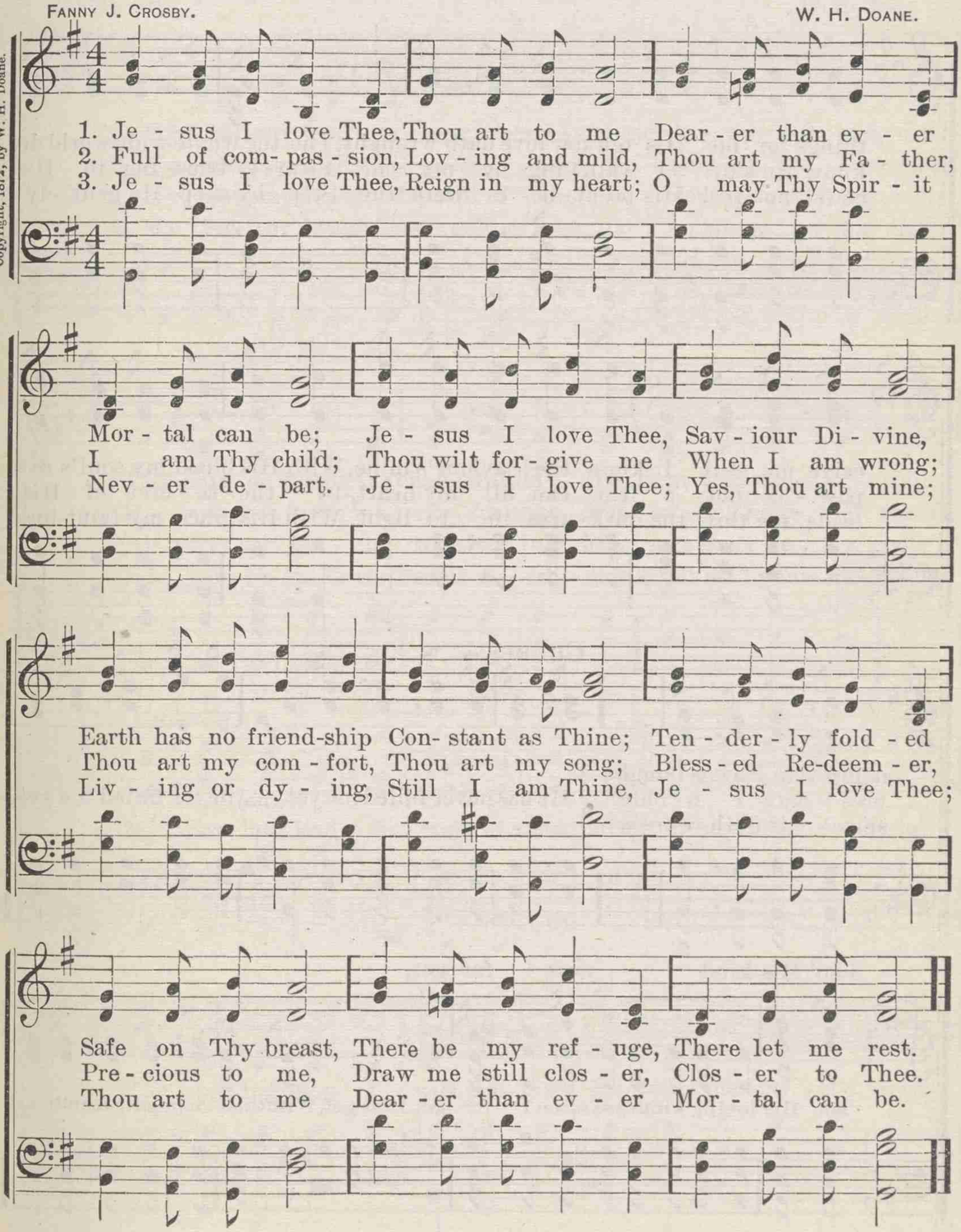
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42 He Never Failed Me Yet.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. M. HAGAN.

1. There's a Friend that never fails me tho' His patience oft I've tried, Woudrous
2. I can look to Him for comfort when all oth- ers turn a- way, For I
3. There's a Friend that never fails me, O how drea-ry life would be If I

things for me His ten-der love hath wrought, Tho' the whole wide world de-
know He's ev - er walk - ing by my side, Firm - ly trust- ing in His
could not feel His prom - is - es were true, Step by step He gent - ly

ceive me, still I know the Saviour's mine, With His blood my soul's re -
pow - er not a fear can fill my heart, In the se - cret of His
leads me thro' the dark- ness in - to light, With His grace my faint-ing

CHORUS.

demp-tion He has bought.
pres - ence I a- bide.
spir - it doth re- new.
} He has never failed me yet, (no) never failed me yet,

Tho' His kind - - ness I for- get,

Tho' His loving kindness often I for- get, I for-get, With this Friend so true and tried.

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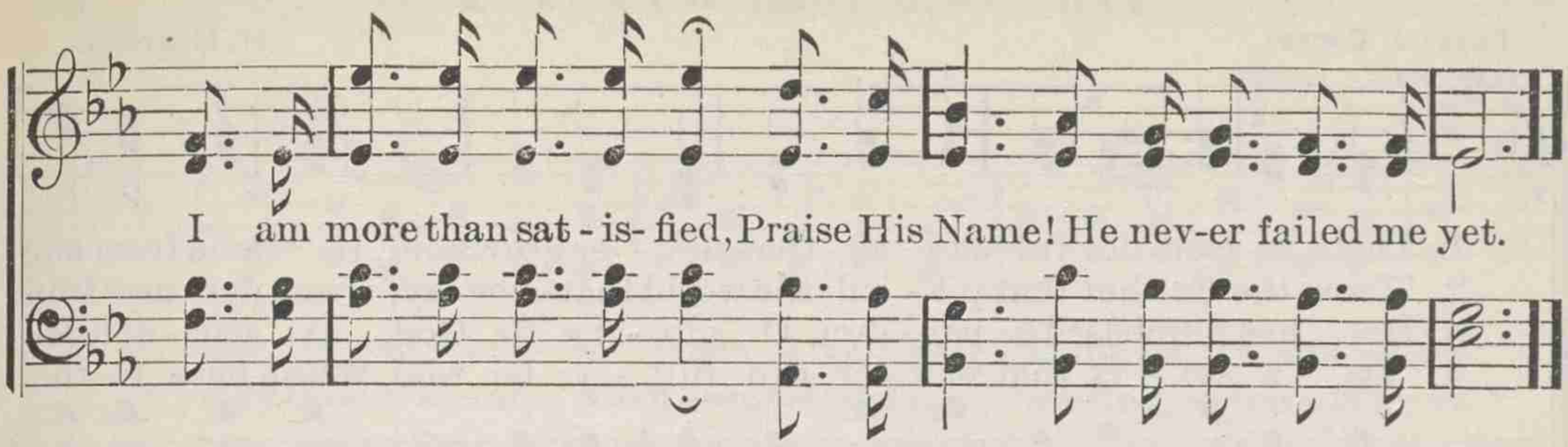
He Never Failed Me Yet.—Concluded.

43 My Saviour Leads.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

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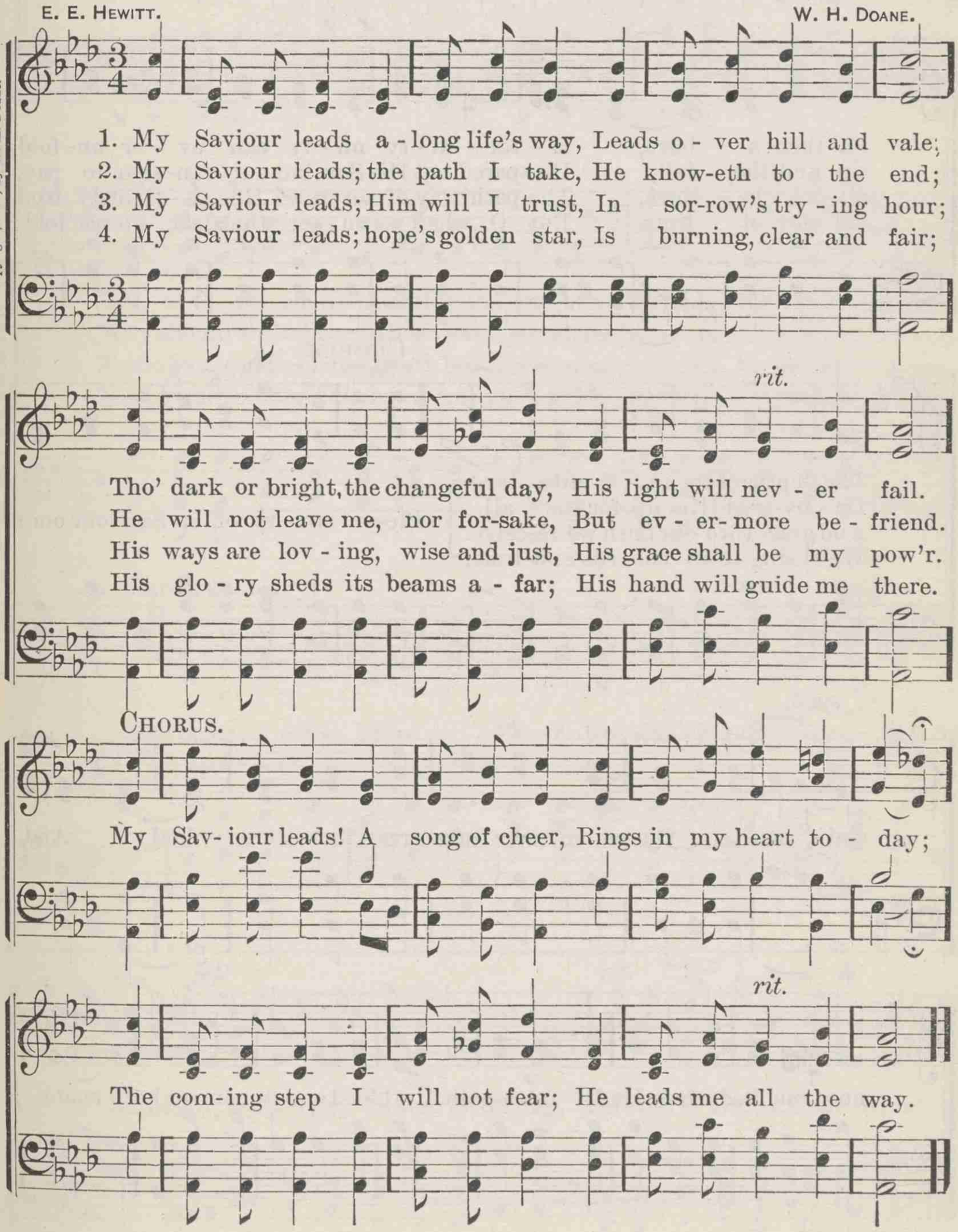

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Blessed Story.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. MARTIGNY.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto - ry that nev - er grows old, It came from our
2. 'Twas the Fa-ther that pit - ied the world that once lay, From darkness from
3. He has purchased a par - don, O glo - ry to God, A par - don for
4. 'Tis a sto - ry that nev - er can full - y be told, While here in the

Fa- ther a - bove, E - ter - ni - ty on - ly can ev - er un- fold,
sin and the fall, He spared not His Son, but our ran- som to pay,
all who be - lieve, The path-way of sor- row He pa - tient-ly trod,
val - ley of time, Bnt O, when we en - ter the dear up-per fold,

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CHORUS.

The depths of its in - fi- nite love.
De - liv-ered Him up for us all.
And grace thro' our faith we re-ceive.
We'll sing it in cho- rus sub-lime.

Blessed sto - ry of a Sav-iour once slain, . . .

slain, once slain, On whom our trans-gress- ions were laid; And now our Redeemer He liv- eth a-gain, His blood our atonement hath made.

45 For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

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

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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I'll Be There.

Z. A. SPACE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home beyond the sky, With my
2. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home beyond the sky, In the
3. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home beyond the sky, With the

Saviour in His glo-ry, I'll be there; In the place pre-par'd for me,
glo - ry of His presence, I'll be there; With the happy blood-wash'd throng
saints of all the a- ges, I'll be there; And with loved ones gone before,

I'll be there,

Far be-yond life's troubled sea, I shall dwell with my Redeemer, I'll be there.
I shall sing redemption's song, Ev-er prais-ing my Redeemer, I'll be there.
I shall stand on yon-der shore, Face to face with my Redeemer, I'll be there.

I'll be there.

REFRAIN.

I'll be there,..... I'll be there,..... When my name is called up

I'll be there,

I'll be there,

yon-der, I'll be there;..... I'll be there,..... I'll be there,.....

I'll be there; I'll be there, I'll be there,

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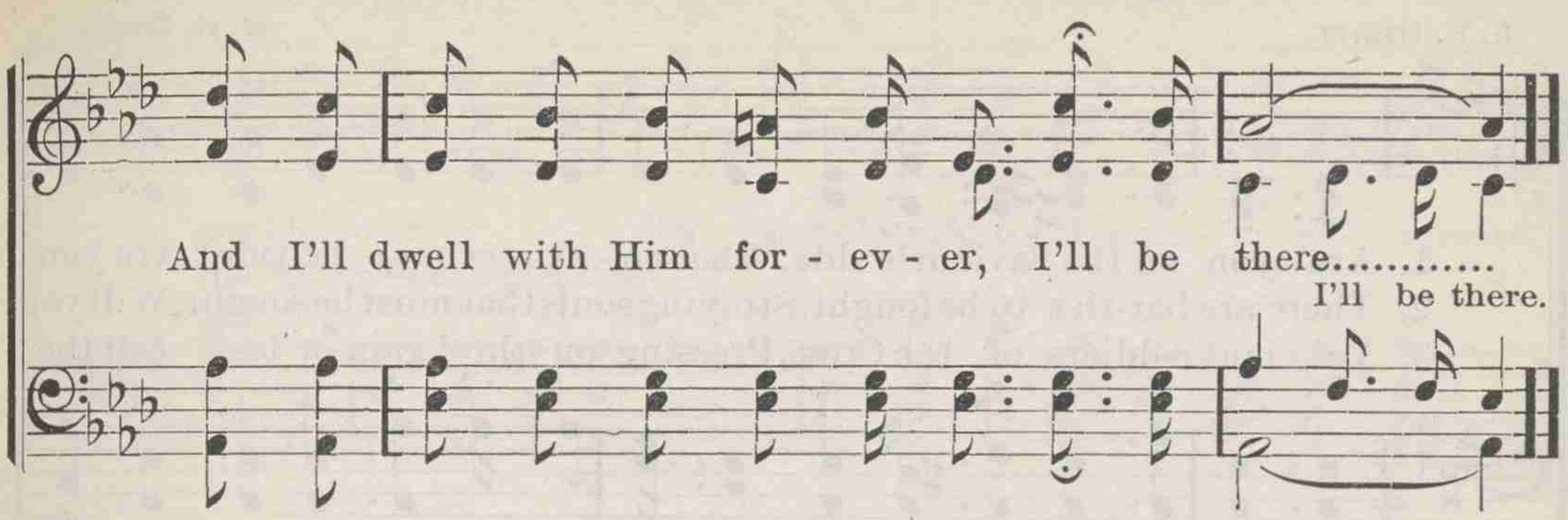
I'll Be There.—Concluded.



47 Continually Dropping.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

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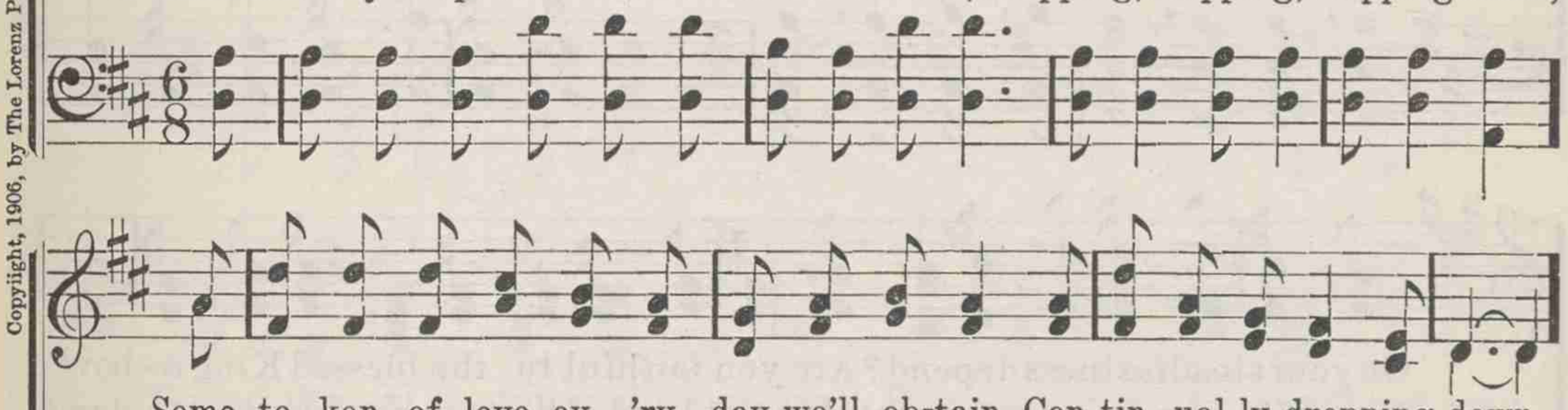
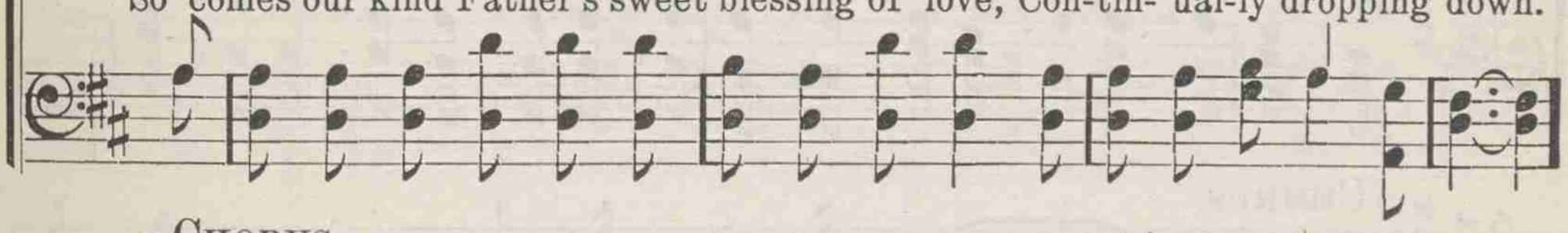
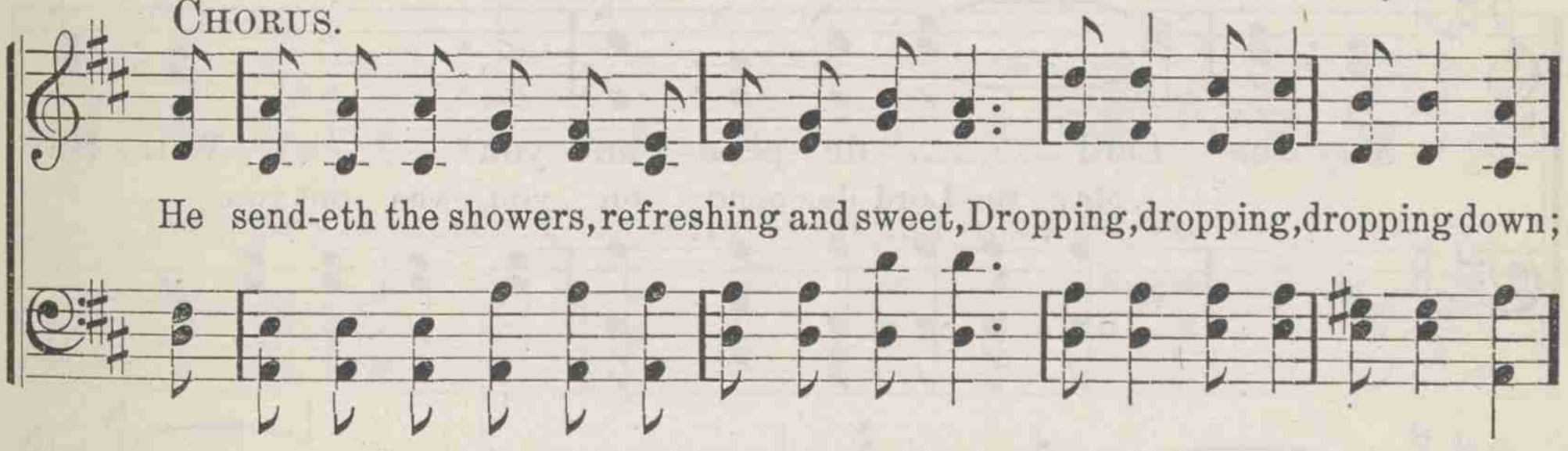
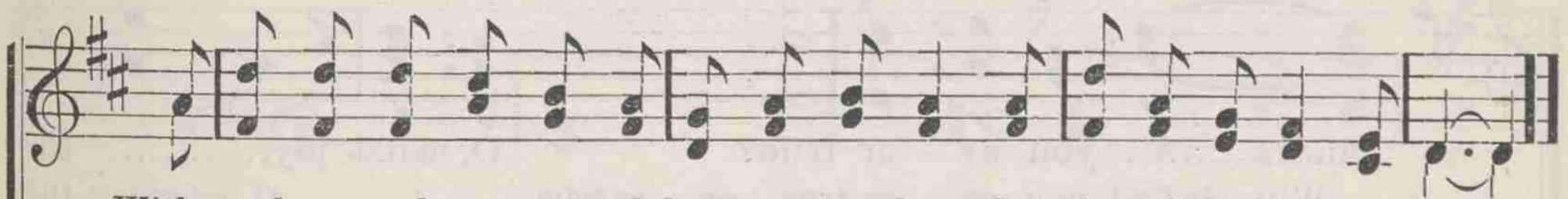
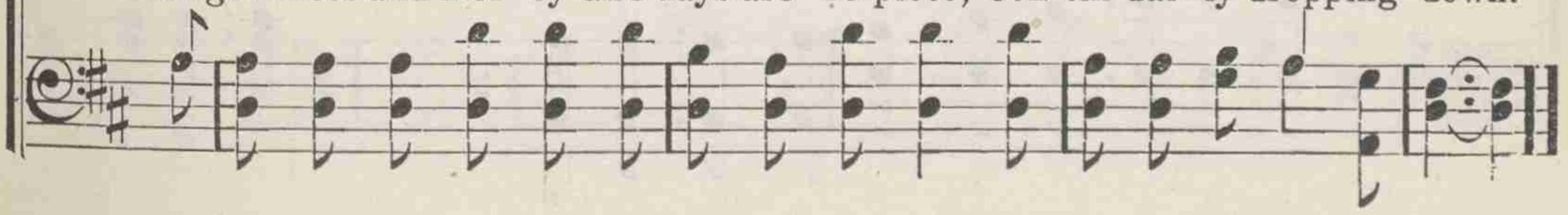
1. Each blessing from God cometh down like the rain, Dropping, dropping, dropping down;
2. The un-ceas-ing pat-ter makes earth loudly ring, Dropping, dropping, dropping down;
3. Like sil-ver-y drops from the clouds far a-bove, Dropping, dropping, dropping down;

Some to- ken of love ev - 'ry day we'll ob-tain, Con-tin- ual-ly dropping down.
Till e- ven the des-erts with joy shout and sing, Con-tin- ual-ly dropping down.
So comes our kind Father's sweet blessing of love, Con-tin- ual-ly dropping down.

CHORUS.



He send-eth the showers, refreshing and sweet, Dropping, dropping, dropping down;

With goodness and mer- cy and days are re-plete, Con-tin-ual- ly dropping down.

48 May the Lord Depend On You.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Are you on the Saviour's side, What-so - ev - er may be-tide? Are you
2. There are bat-tles to be fought, Straying souls that must be sought; Will you
3. Val - iant soldiers of the Cross, Pressing on thro' gain or loss, Lift the

serv-ing Him with loy- al - ty and love? Can your best and kindest Friend
fol - low where the Master leads the way? There are e - vils we must face
ban-ner God hath giv - en for display; Let your friends and neighbors know

On your steadfastness depend? Are you faithful to the blessed King a - bove?
By His o -ver-coming grace; May the Lord of hosts depend on you to-day?
That His colors you will show, That the Master may depend on you to-day.

CHORUS.

May the Lord..... de - pend on you? Will He
May the Lord de - pend on you, yes on you,

find..... you ev - er true? O, what joy,..... the
Will He find you ev - er true, ev - er true, O, what joy, the

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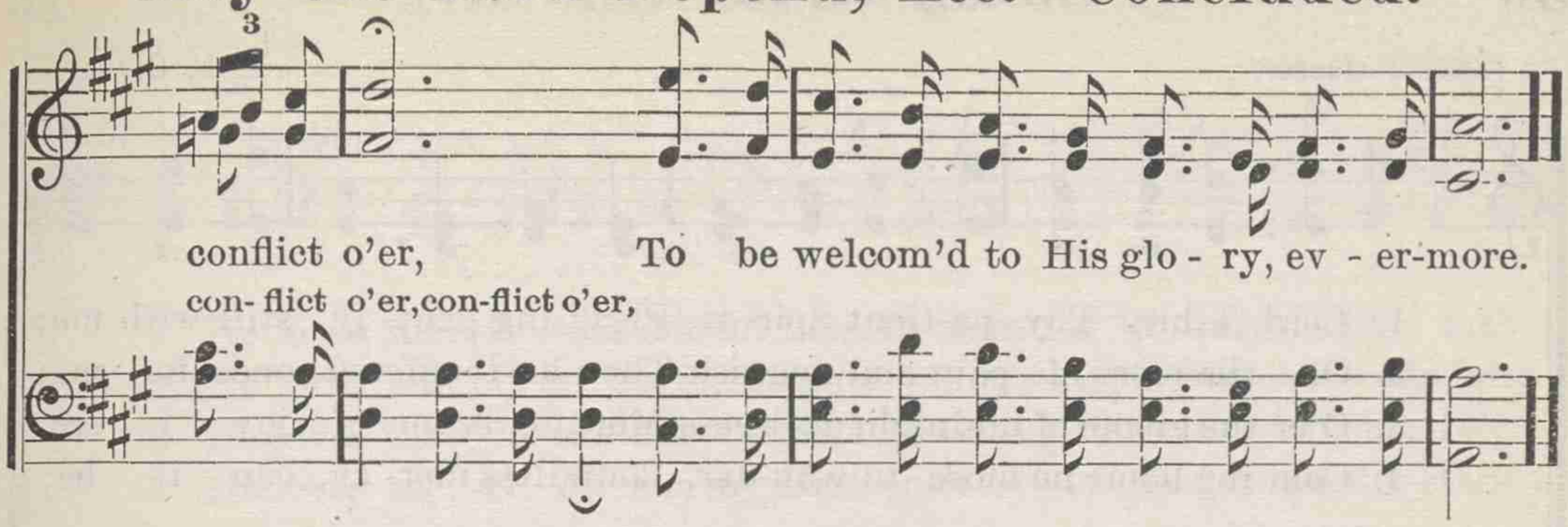
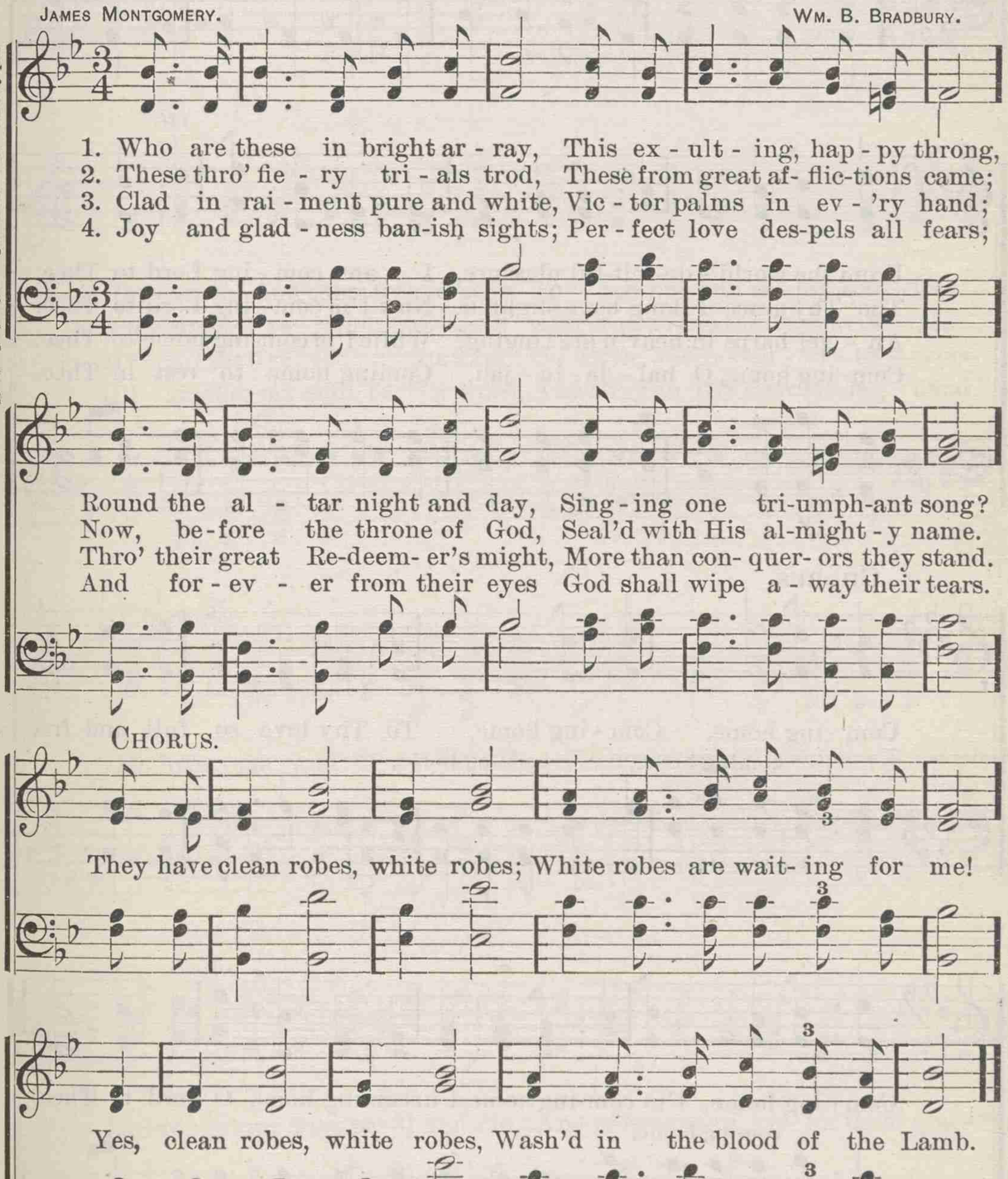
May the Lord Depend, Etc.—Concluded.

49 White Robes.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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50 Coming Home to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lord, I hear Thy pa-tient Spir- it Plead-ing gent- ly still with me;
2. On the cross of pain and anguish, Thou hast suffered once for me;
3. O'er the gloom of midnight darkness, Morning beams of joy I see;
4. Com-ing home no more to wan-der, Boundless mer- cy, can it be;

rit.

From the world's de-ceit-ful pleasure, I am com - ing Lord to Thee.
Tho' Thy grace I long have slighted, Now I'm com - ing Lord to Thee.
An - gel harps in heav'n are ringing, While I'm com-ing home to Thee.
Com- ing home, O hal - le - lu - jah, Coming home to rest in Thee.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, Com - ing home, To Thy love so full and free,
coming home, com-ing home,

Com - ing home, I'm com-ing home, I'm coming home O Lord to Thee.
coming home,

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51 He Loves Me.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He loves me! O won-der-ful love, To care for a sin-ner like me!
2. He loves me! my grief turns to praise When weary and faint I would fall;
3 He loves me! I can-not re-frain From singing the words o'er and o'er;
4. He loves me! O Je-sus my Lord Such love I can-not un-der-stand!

He loves me, and came from a-bove To res-cue and set my soul free.
Glad songs of re-joic-ing I raise And crown Him the Saviour of all.
My heart shall re-ech-o the strain On earth, and e-ter-ni-ty's shore.
I'll an-chor my soul to Thy word, And cling to Thy dear lov-ing hand.

CHORUS.

He loves me, and O I love Him! He loves me, His name will I praise!

He brought me from per-il and sin, And crowns me a vic-tor thro' grace!

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52 There is Power in the Blood.

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

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing?

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CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

53 O Light of Light, Shine In.

HORATIO BONAR. W. H. DOANE.

1. O Light of light, shine in! Cast out this night of sin;
2. O Joy of joys, come in! Cast out this night of sin;
3. O Life of life, pour in! Ex - pel this death of sin;
4. O Love of love, flow in! This hate - ful root of sin;
5. My God and Lord, O come! Of joys, the Joy and sum,

Cre - ate true day with - in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate calm peace with - in; O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life with - in, O Life of life, pour in.
Pluck up, de - stroy with - in; O Love of love, flow in.
Make in this heart Thy home: My God and Lord, O come.

REFRAIN.

O Light, all light ex - cell - ing, Make my soul Thy dwelling;

O Joy all grief dis - pell - ing, To my poor heart, come in.

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54 Cling to Christ Forever.

BIRDIE BELL. W. H. DOANE.

1. Cling to Christ for - ev - er Tho' the storms are wild, Turn to Him for ref - uge, Like a help- less child: On His strength re - ly - ing
2. Cling to Christ for - ev - er Tho' the temp-ests rave, He will sure - ly hide thee, He a - lone can save; Night may brood a - bove thee,
3. Cling to Christ for - ev - er Tho' the waves dash high, In the Rock of A - ges, Hide when storms are nigh; Dark-ness need not fret Thee,

Resting on His arm, Fear no threat'ning danger, He pro - tects from harm.
Shadows gather near, Do not doubt His mercy, Day will soon ap- pear.
He will be thy light, In the hour of weakness, Thou canst trust His might.

CHORUS.

Cling to Christ for- ev - er, He'll protect thee ev - er, Find in Him thy ref - uge, Till life's storms are o'er, Cling to Christ for ev - er,

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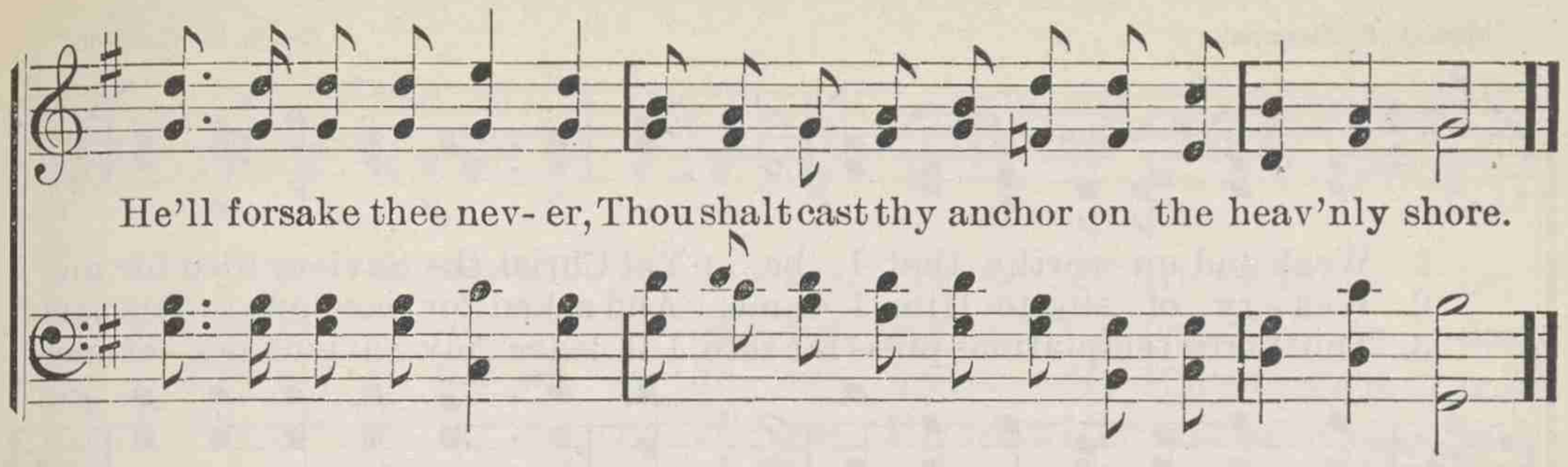
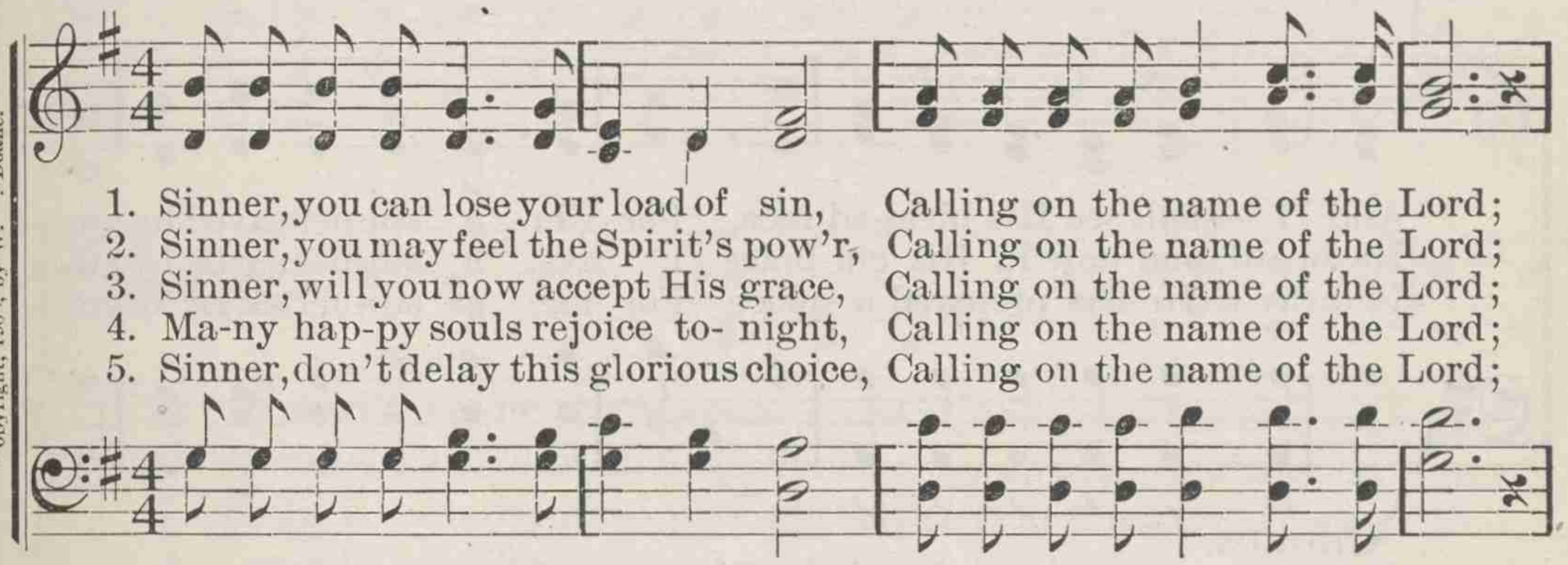
Cling to Christ Forever.—Concluded.



55 Calling On the Name of the Lord.

J. F. B. J. F. Burr.



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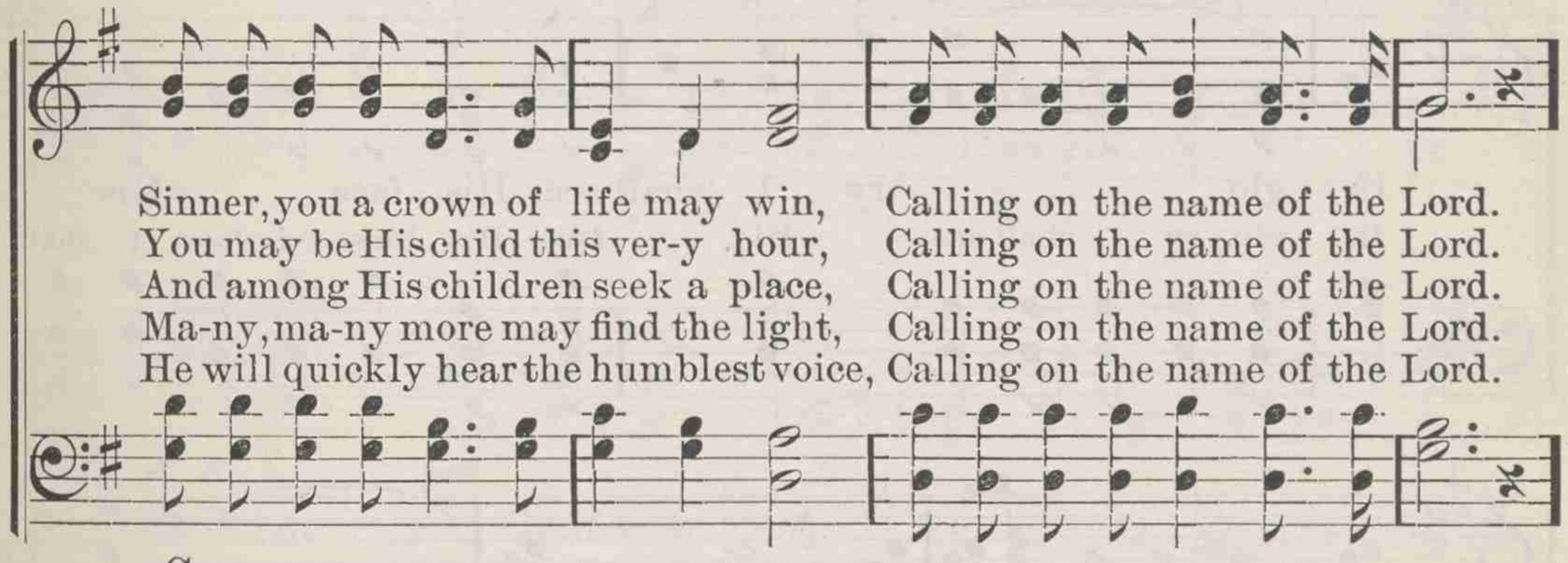
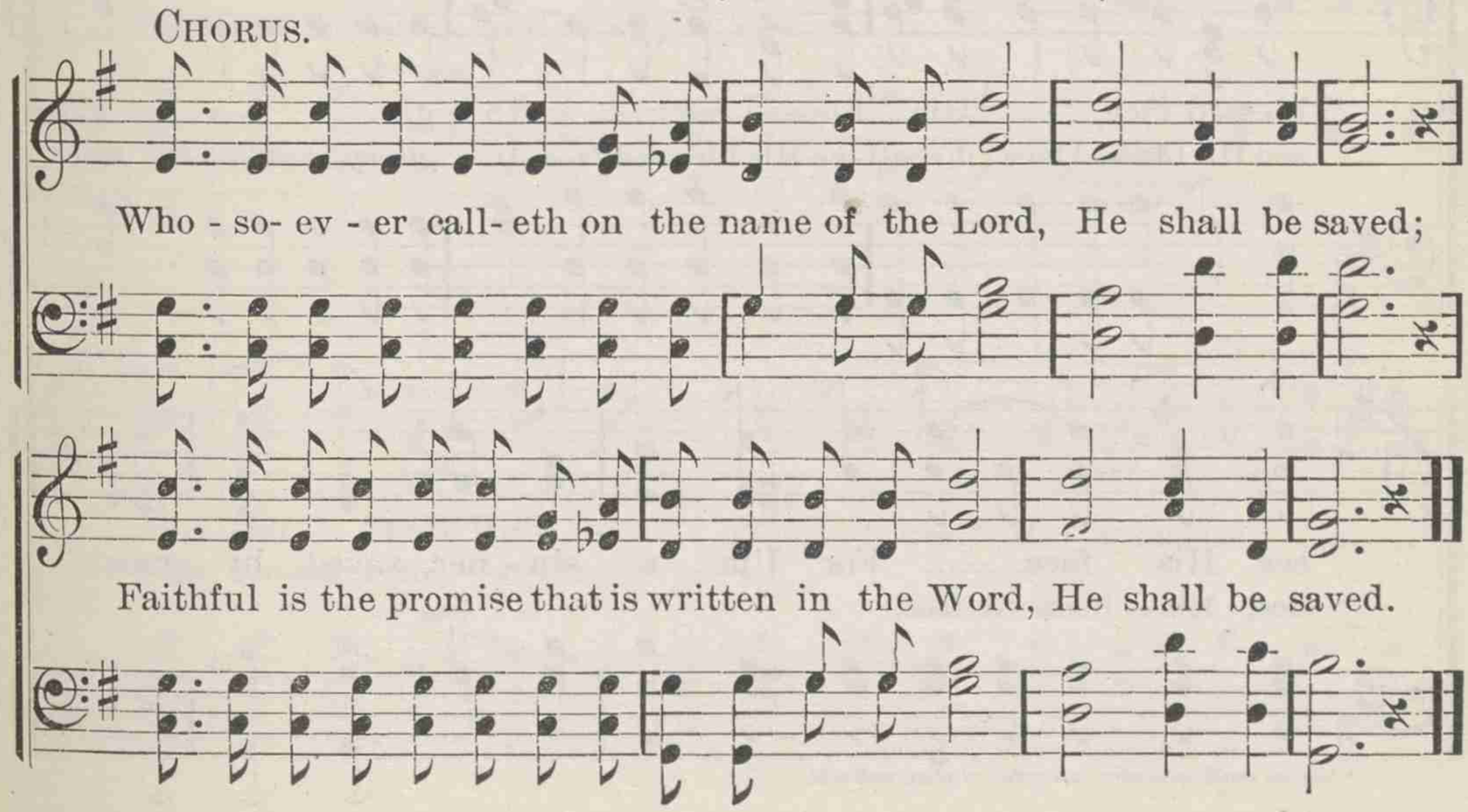


Chorus.



56 A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un-worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to Him I came, And asked for par-don in His name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev - er-more;

And I shall see His bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner saved by grace.
He heard, and now in His em-brace I live, a sin-ner saved by grace.
In heav'n He has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner saved by grace.

CHORUS.

In glo - - ry I shall see His face, His
In glo - ry I shall see His face, His bless- ed face, I shall

blessed face, His blessed face; In glo - - ry I shall
see His blessed face, I shall see His bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see His

see His face,..... For I'm a sin - ner, saved by grace!
face, His bless- ed face,

* Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

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57

He'll Save You.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. I've giv-en my all to Je-sus, For ev-er His child to be;
2. I've giv-en my all to Je-sus, My ref-uge from day to day;
3. I've giv-en my all to Je-sus, And un-der His sweet con-trol;
4. I've giv-en my all to Je-sus, I'll trust Him what-e'er be-tide;

O who will be-lieve, His grace re-ceive, And trust His love with me?
O come and be blest, He'll give you rest, And take your sins a-way.
I dwell in the light, so pure and bright, That fills and cheers my soul.
And soon to my home, no more to roam, His hand my steps will guide.

CHORUS.

He'll save you, He'll save you, Glo-ry to His ho-ly name,
He'll save you, save you, save you now,
This mo-ment He'll save you, O, haste His prom-ise claim.
This mo-ment, He will save you too,

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58 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shep- herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep- herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep- herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";

Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the des-ert to pine.
Lord, we will answer Thee glad -ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!

Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;
Hark! he is earnest- ly call - ing, Ten-der- ly pleading to - day;
Make us Thy true under - shep- herds, Give us a love that is deep;

O - ver the mountains he fol - lows, O - ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for My lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in- to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the des-ert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

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Dear to the Heart, Etc.—Concluded.

f a tempo.

Off to the rescue (*4th verse.*) { He hast - ens, / we'll hast- en, } Bringing them back to the fold.

59 Just a Word for Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear - est friend so true;
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for - given,
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can- not be
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;
5. Now just a word for Je - sus; And if your faith be dim,

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven.
To say, I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me.
The heart's ne- glect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
A - rise in all your weak - ness, And leave the rest to Him.

REFRAIN.

Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or play.

60 Shepherd of Israel.

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, keeping Thy sheep—Nev - er for - get-ting in
2. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false hire - ling
3. Shepherd of Is - ra - el! strong is Thine arm, Shielding Thy flock from each
4. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de - liv - er Thy

slumber or sleep; Fold-ing them gen- tly when night cometh on,
serv-ant hath flown; Lay - ing Thy life down their par-don to win,
threat-en-ing harm; Gath'ring the lambs as they fal - ter and fall,
"lit - tle flock" here! Just to be - hold Thee their rich-est re - ward—

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CHORUS.

Go - ing be - fore them at break of the dawn.
Shedding Thy blood to re-deem them from sin.
Safe in Thy bo - som en- fold - ing them all.
Shepherd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!

} Shepherd of Is - ra - el!

Shepherd of love! Watching Thy flock from the glory a - bove! Knowing how

wea - ry their wilderness way; Praying for them—ev-er liv- ing to pray!

61 Cleansed and Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Wash'd in the blood that was shed on the tree, When Jesus gave Himself
2. Cleans'd and redeem'd, this as-sur - ance of mine Is witnessed in my heart
3. Cleans'd by His blood that from sin can re-store, I give my-self a - way
4. Cleans'd and redeem'd O the depth of His love, To care for such as I

as a ran - som for me; Cleans'd and redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, O
by His Spir - it di-vine; Sealed by His grace, and thro' faith I receive The
to be His ev- er-more; Cleans'd and redeem'd, I rejoice while I sing, O
and His mer-cy to prove; Cleans'd and redeem'd let my song ev- er be O

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CHORUS.

glo - ry be to Him that I am what I am.
blessing He be-stows on the souls that believe.
glo - ry be to Him, my Re-deem-er and King.
glo - ry be to Him for His mer - cy to me.

} Cleans'd and redeem'd, Yes,

cleans'd and redeem'd, I am hap-py in my Sav-iour now, Cleans'd and redeem'd

by the blood of the Lamb, O glo-ry be to Him that I am what I am.

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62 Some Sweet Day, By and By.

EDNA L. PARK. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal river's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. O these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by aad by; O the loved ones
find each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star, that
gath-er, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be- fore our

watch-ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their
fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more
Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as

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CHORUS.

joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by.
bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
we are known, Some sweet day, by and by.

} By and by,

By and by, yes, by and by,

Some sweet day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

63 There Never Was Any One Like Him.

Mrs. FRANK A. BECK. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET

1. There nev-er was a-ny one like Him, The love of a soul to command;
2. No oth-er so cares for His dear ones, No mat-ter how fee-ble, how small;
3. There's no one with friendship so loyal, Or friendship that reaches so far
4. There nev-er was a-ny one like Him! I can not refuse Him my love;

Like Je-sus, whose sympathy, boundless, Can ful-ly our hearts understand.
There nev-er was a-ny one like Him, So pa-tient and ten-der to all.
As Je-sus, whose love in all tri-al Is love no estrangement can mar.
And I in His footsteps must follow Un-til I may see Him a-bove.

CHORUS.

There nev-er was a-ny one like Him, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er,
an-y one like Him,

There nev-er was a-ny one like Him, Like Je-sus my Lord.
a-ny one like Him,—Jesus, my wonderful, wonderful Lord.

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64 I Will Go and Tell My Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I will go and tell my Sav - iour How I long His child to be;
2. I will tell Him I have wandered From the path that leads to heav'n;
3. If my heart is tru - ly hum - ble, He will not re - ject my pray'r;
4. I will tell Him all my sto - ry, With His mer-cy all my plea;

At the cross I'll seek and find Him; He's wait - ing there for me.
With a con-trite, bro-ken spir - it, I'll go and be for - giv'n.
On the cross He died for sin - ners; I know He saved me there.
At the cross I'll seek and find Him; He's wait - ing there for me.

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CHORUS.

I will car - ry all my sins to Je - sus, Tho' I've noth - ing but my heart to give Him; I will go and lay my bur - den at the Fount - ain; I'll go and be for - giv'n.

65 Jesus Loves You Still.

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

1. Hear it broth-er and be- lieve it, Je - sus loves you still;
2. Though His love you've long re-ject - ed, Je - sus loves you still;
3. Came He not to call the right- eous, Je - sus loves you still;
4. Come ye wea- ry, heav- y - lad - en, Je - sus loves you still;
5. Claim Him as your pres-ent Sav - iour, Je - sus loves you still;

His sal - va- tion now re - ceive it, Je - sus loves you still.
Mer- cy's call so long ne - glect - ed, Je - sus loves you still.
Sin - ners in His sight are pre - cious, Je - sus loves you still.
He will free- ly bear your bur - den, Je - sus loves you still.
He will save and keep for - ev - er, Je - sus loves you still.

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Chorus.

He will save you, He will save you,
Yes, He will save you, He will ful - ly save you,
With His love your bo - som fill; Though un - love - ly
And though all un - love - ly
sin hath made you, Je - sus loves you still.
sin hath ev - er made you,

66 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

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

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set- ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rection share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

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

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

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When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.

roll..... is call'd up yonder, When the roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

67 Pleading the Promise.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

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1. 'Twas in an up - per cham-ber, Friends met to pray,
2. Now are we here as- sem- bled, With one ac - cord,
3. Re - move from us all hindrance, Fill us with love,
4. Spir - it of pow'r and burn-ing, With - in us shine,

Plead - ing the Mas - ter's prom - ise Day aft - er day.
O fill us with Thy Spir - it, Our ris - en Lord.
That all may tru - ly serve Thee, Blest King a - bove.
Till all our lives are ra - diant, With Light Di - vine.

CHORUS.

Send the pow'r, send the pow'r, Now with one ac-cord we pray,
send the pow'r, send the pow'r, we pray,

Give us tongues of fire, ev -'ry heart inspire, O Lord send the pow'r to-day.
to-day.

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We May Tell Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. . M. HAGAN.

1. We may tell Je - sus when we are bur-den'd, Wea-ry with toil - ing
2. We may tell Je - sus when we are weep- ing, When our poor hearts are
3. We may tell Je - sus if we have wandered Out on the mountains
4. We may tell Je - sus when we are dy - ing, Ask Him to guide us

o - ver life's road, No one on earth can help us like Je - sus, For He will
read- y to break, He can give com-fort e - ven in sor- row, Close to His
bar- ren and cold, He will re-ceive us back to His fa - vor, Gently will
o - ver the foam, Safe-ly He'll bear us in - to the har- bor, Bring us to

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CHORUS.

help us car - ry our load.
bo - som each He will take.
lead us to His dear fold.
glo - ry, wel-come us home.

We may tell Je - sus, we may tell

Je - sus All of our troubles, all of our care; We may tell Je - sus,

we may tell Je - sus, And He will hear and an- swer our pray'r.

69

Decide Now.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. O wand'rer come, this hour de- cide The path thy heart will choose;
2. Be- hold, He stands with o- pen arms, To give thee life and light;
3. De- cide for Him, thy dearest friend, Why wilt thou yet de - lay;
4. No oth - er name but His can save, Then haste His love to share;

Say, wilt thou live for Christ a- lone, O canst thou still re - fuse.
His word be- lieve, His grace receive, O come be saved to - night.
What tho' thy sins are crim- son red, He'll wash them all a - way.
Throw o - pen wide thy yielding heart, And He will en - ter there.

CHORUS.

De- cide now, de- cide now, The Sav-iour is ten-der- ly call - ing thee;

De- cide now, de- cide now, To- mor- row may nev - er be.

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Not Empty-handed.

E. E. HEWITT. (May be sung as a Solo.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Not emp- ty- handed would I go To Him whose love has blessed me so;
2. Not emp- ty- handed would I go; In life's great field some seed I'd sow;
3. Not emp- ty- handed would I go; His grace will hidden treasures show;
4. Not emp- ty- handed would I go; Thro' summer's bloom, thro' winter's snow;

Some precious jew- el would I bring, To shine for- ev- er for my King.
Some golden sheaf for Him would bind; Some blossoms tend, some fruitage find.
O. may I win them for His sake, And, day by day, love's off'rings make.
I'll work for Him who died for me, Till, by and by, His face I'll see.

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CHORUS.

Not emp- ty- hand- ed would I go..... To Him whose
hand - ed would I go

love hath blessed me so; Some hum- ble trib- ute may I
hath blessed me so;

bear With- in those gates so bright and fair.

71 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re- turn ye un- to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more:

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . . com- pas - sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un- to me, ... ye peo- ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for- give your transgressions, He'll for- give your transgressions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re- turn ye un - to God! O re- turn ye un - to God!
And re- mem- ber them no more, And re- mem- ber them no more.

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72 When the Power Fell on Me.

P. P. B. Act, 1: 8, 2; 1-4. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I can tell you when, I can tell you where, I can tell you why I'm free,
2. It was on the day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow'r of God was giv'n,
3. If you come to Christ and sur-ren-der all, And believe His promise true,

I can tell you how, I can tell you now, When the power fell on me.
For they all were fill'd with the Holy Ghost, When the power fell from heav'n.
You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, And the power will fall on you.

CHORUS.* *Faster.*

When the pow-er fell on me, When the pow-er fell on me;
3. v. When the pow-er falls on you, When the pow-er falls on you;

Oh, it was a day of Pen-te-cost, When the power fell on me.
You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, When the power falls on you.

* Keep on repeating the chorus until every one is filled with the Power. "Hallelujah."

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73 Some Day the Silver Cord.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, with feeling.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whisper in my ear;
3. O when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir - it will its clay for- sake, And find the Ha-ven Land of peace.
The sil- ver cord will loose and fall, When I His ten- der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall welcome me.

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CHORUS. *Slower.*

The Sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil - ver cord will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
end - less, end - less, for me

shall life be done, E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!
be done,

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74 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Sav - iour and King; Shap- ing our lives by His bless - ed ex-am - ple
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us
mer - cy, and love; Look- ing to Him for the grace free - ly promised
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau- ty,"

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CHORUS.

Happy, how happy the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy our prais- es each day.
Happy, how happy our jour- ney a- bove.
Happy, how happy our place at His side.
} How beautiful to walk in the

steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of our Saviour, Led in paths of light.

75 There's a Crown for Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a crown of re-joic-ing, O reap-er, Its jew-els out-ri-val the sun,
2. There's a robe our Redeemer has promised, A robe that is fadeless and white,
3. There's a palm for the vic-tors thro' Je-sus, That wave in that cit-y of gold,
4. There are songs that with rapture are swelling, In chorus o'er Eden's bright plain,

There's a crown for the brow of the faith-ful, When la-bor and toil are done.
And the souls of the righteous shall wear it, When faith shall be lost in sight.
Where the blest who are safe in its por-tals The King on His throne behold.
There are harps that for-ev-er and ev-er Re-ech-o the glad re-frain.

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CHORUS.

There's a crown waiting for thee, Yes, a crown, beautiful crown for thee, In the
There's a robe waiting for thee, Yes, a robe, beautiful robe for thee, In the
There's a palm waiting for thee, Yes, a palm, beautiful palm for thee, In the
There's a harp waiting for thee, Yes, a harp, beautiful harp for thee, In the

There's a crown waiting for thee, waiting for thee,
There's a robe waiting for thee,
There's a palm waiting for thee,
There's a harp waiting for thee,

waiting for thee,

Heav'nly land above, Where all is love, There's a crown, beautiful crown for thee.
Heav'nly land above, Where all is love, There's a robe, beautiful robe for thee.
Heav'nly land above, Where all is love, There's a palm, beautiful palm for thee.
Heav'nly land above, Where all is love, There's a harp, beautiful harp for thee.

waiting for thee.

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To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the fount- ain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re- ward; When the balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we do with our might what our hands find to do.
her - ald the tid - ings, "*Sal- va - tion is free!*"
loud swell-ing cho - rus, "*Sal- va - tion is free!*"
shout with the ransomed, "*Sal- va - tion is free!*"

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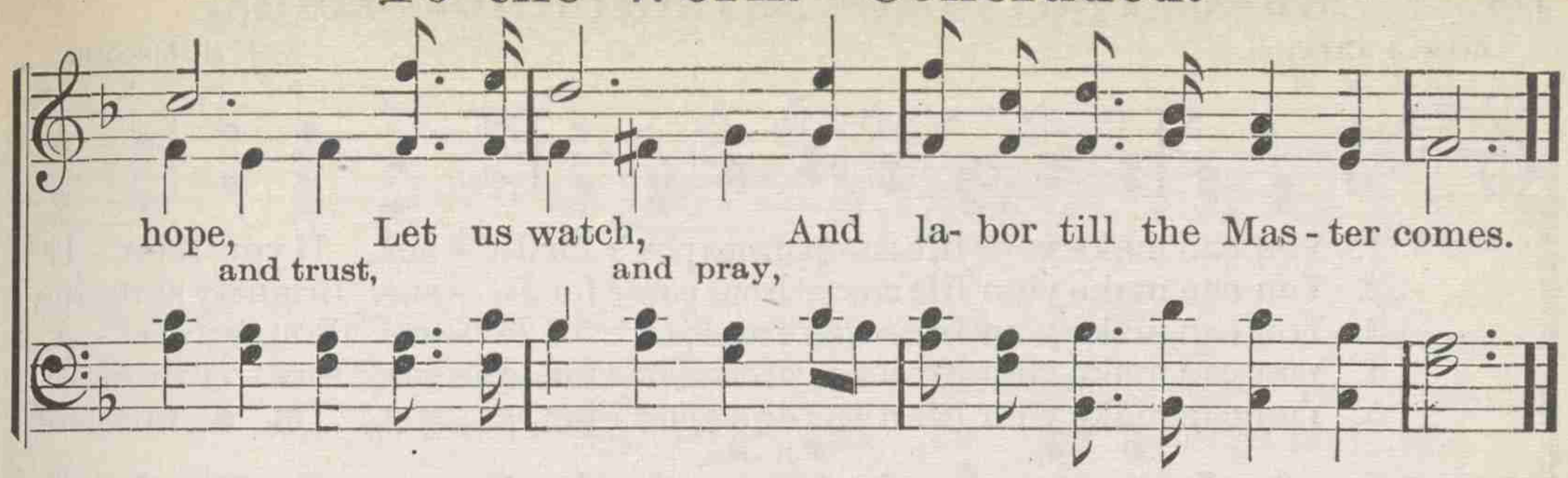
CHORUS.

Toil-ing on,
Toiling on,
toil- ing on, Toil- ing on, toil- ing on, Let us
toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.—Concluded.



77

Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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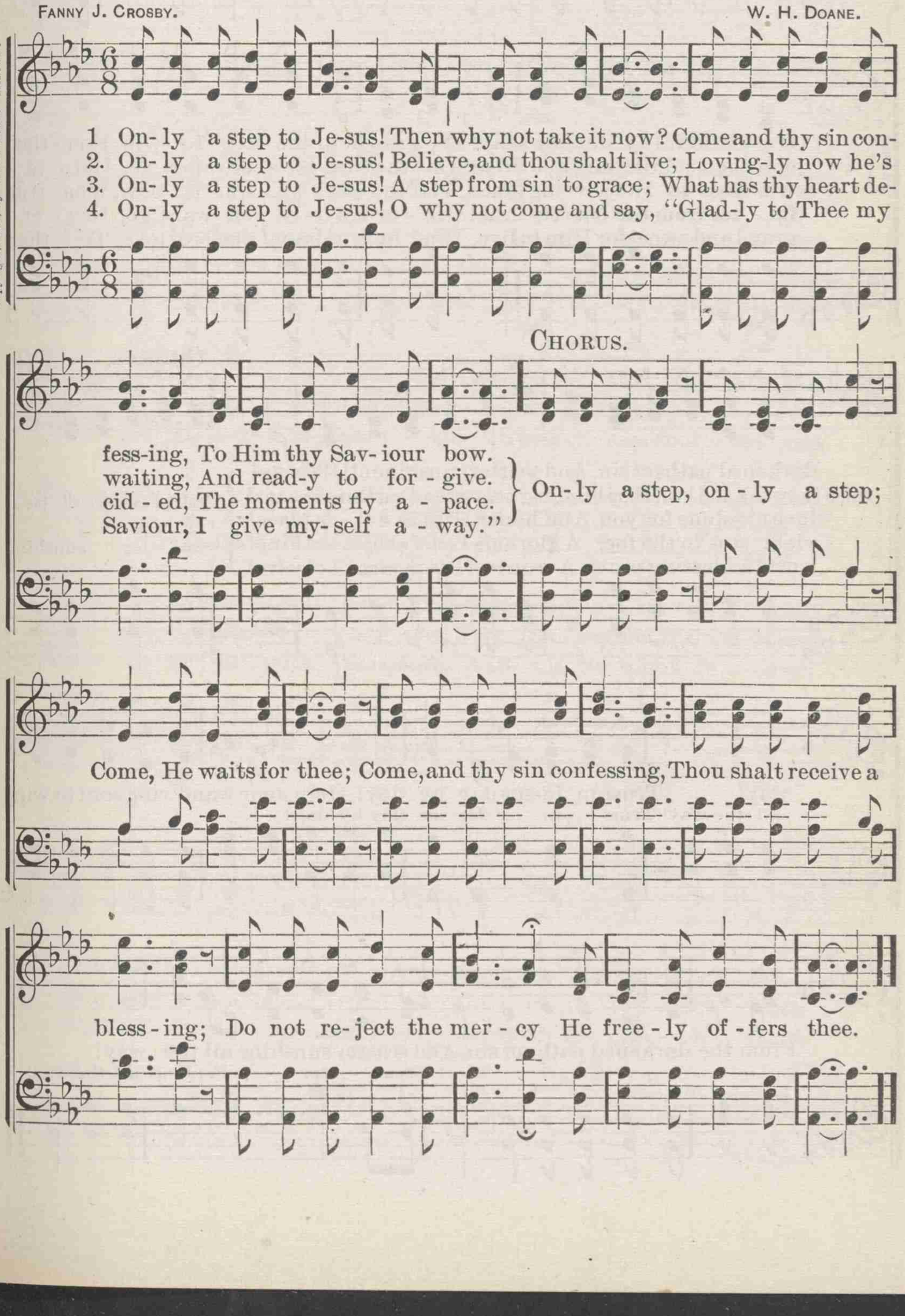
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78 Make Your Life a Power for Jesus.

ALICE J. CLEATOR. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. You can make your life a won'drous pow'r for Je - sus, If you'll on - ly trust Him ful-ly day by day! You can help the lost to win From the
2. You can make your life a won'drous pow'r for Je - sus, Brightly shin- ing o'er the shadows dark and drear! On the Mas-ter's er-rands go, Help to
3. You can make your life a won'drous pow'r for Je - sus, You can be a wit- ness to His sav- ing grace, Tell the sto - ry, ev - er new, What His
4. You can make your life a won'drous pow'r for Je - sus, Nev - er think to fal - ter from the bat- tle line! Ev - er brave-ly on- ward go, Nev - er
5. You can make your life a won'drous pow'r for Je - sus, 'Tis a mis- sion grand and sweet for Him to live, And by words and deeds of love, To the

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CHORUS.

darkened paths of sin, And scatter sunshine all the way!
raise the weak and low, Thus bringing heaven and earth more near!
love has done for you, And honor Him in ev' - ry place!
yield un- to the foe, A glorious vict'ry shall be thine!
world a blessing prove, A crown of life thou shalt receive!

Scat-ter sunshine all the way! Trust in Je-sus day by day! Help some wand'ring soul to win,
Scat - ter sunshine all the way! Trust in Je - sus day by day!

From the darkened paths of sin, And scatter sunshine all the way!
scat - ter sun-shine all the way!

79 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor- rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

D. C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen- tle breast—

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

FINE.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa- tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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80 Full and Free Salvation.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. There is One who watches o'er you, He has watch'd the a-ges through,
2. He is calling,—long has wait - ed, For the coming of an hour,
3. He will en-ter not, un - bid - den, To re-lease a soul from sin;

With a love that never chang-es, Giv-ing peace and pardon too.
peace and pardon too.

When, to Him in spir-it yield-ing, You would trust His grace and pow'r.
His grace and pow'r.

At your heart's door He is knocking, Will you rise and let Him in?
rise and let Him in?

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CHORUS.

There is full..... and free sal-va - - tion, You have heard..... it
There is full and free sal-va-tion, free sal-va-tion, You have heard it,

o'er and o'er; Are you will - - ing, are you
you have heard it o'er and o'er; Are you will-ing, are you

read - y to be saved..... for- ev - er - more?
read - y, are you read- y to be saved for- er - er-more, for-ev- er-more?

81 I Need My Saviour's Hand to Guide.

EMELINE C. STOUP. W. H. DOANE.

1. I need my Saviour's hand to guide me In safe- ty, on life's pilgrim way,
2. I need my Saviour's hand to guide me And check me lest I go a- stray;
3. I need my Saviour's hand in sor-row, The broken spir- it to up- bind;
4. I need my Saviour's hand to shield me, In sore temptation's trying hour;

I need His presence close beside me, To turn my darkness in- to day.
All needful blessings He'll provide me, And help me fol-low and o - bey.
No less up- on the sun-lit mor-row, I need His keeping care so kind.
And when His glo-ry is revealed me I'll praise His o- ver-coming pow'r.

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CHORUS.

My Saviour's hand once pierc'd for me, A-long life's way my guide shall be;.....
for me, shall be;

Lord hold my hand within Thine own, And leave me, leave me not a - lone.....
a - lone.

82 My Saviour Hears the Prayer I Raise.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. My Saviour hears the pray'r I raise, And He will sure - ly an-swer me;
2. My Saviour hears the pray'r I raise, Tho' clouds of care and grief a - rise,
3. My Saviour hears the pray'r I raise, I trust His wis-dom pow'r and love;
4. My Saviour hears the pray'r I raise, I leave with Him each fond re-quest,

His presence with me all the day Will still the pledge of blessing be.
He turns the trust - ful heart to praise, And sets His bow a - cross the skies.
The eye of faith will upward gaze, On treasures stored for me a - bove.
In mer- cy He will plan my ways Un - til I reach my home of rest.

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CHORUS.

My Sav-iour hears..... me when I pray..... Up - on His word..... I calm - ly rest..... In His own time,..... in His own way,..... I know He'll give me what is best.

My Saviour hears yes, when I pray

up - on His word calm - ly rest

In his own time, own way,

83 Multitudes are Turning.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. WALTER KITTREDGE.

1. Re- joic - ing to-day in the grace of God, Sing-ing a song of cheer,
2. God's people are stirr'd by the old time pow'r, Turning from ev- 'ry sin,
3. The voice of the Spir-it once more is heard, Speaking to hearts of men;

Our hearts are made glad, for Christ the Lord Is draw- ing ver - y near.
Constrained by His love, they seek each hour The lost for Christ to win.
The won-der- ful pow'r of God's own word We see and feel a - gain.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry be to God, we are singing here to-day, Pentecostal pow'r we see,

Mul-ti-tudes are turn-ing from their sins a-way To Him who makes them free

rit. *Repeat pp.*

Come and you shall see, Come He died for thee, Come and you shall be made free.

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84 Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor- row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r
When His lov- ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is complete.

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Chorus.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet!

Pre - cious name, O how sweet!

Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Pre - cious name,

Pre- cious name,

O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

how sweet!

85 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all:
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend:

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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86 Will There Be Any Stars?

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

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in that Cit-y of Gold,

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CHORUS.

Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea billow rolls.
Should there be a-ny stars in my crown.

} Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown, When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?

go-eth down?

any stars in my crown?

87

The Friend You Need.

Dr. D. B. PURINTON. W. H. DOANE.

1. O the friend that you need is Je- sus, He is true as a friend can be,
2. O the best friend of all is Je- sus, None so dear to thy heart can be,
3. O the friend that you need is Je- sus, Who in life or in death will be,

If you trust Him in joy or sor- row, What a faith- ful friend is He.
He will fill all thy spir-it's longings, What a lov - ing friend is He.
All thy heart, all thy hope for- ev - er, What a Heav'nly friend is He.

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CHORUS.

O the friend that you need is Jesus, None so dear to thy heart can be,
can be,

Come and live in His love for - ev - er, For a Heav'nly friend is He.

Army of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Ar- my of Je - sus, marching to con-quer, List to the war- cry,
2. Ar- my of Je - sus, marching to con-quer, Growing in num-bers,
3. Ar- my of Je - sus, marching in tri-umph, Bold and cou- ra-geous,

hear it re-sound-ing: Forward, ye brave ones, du- ty is call - ing,
ev - er pro-gress-ing, Stead-i - ly mov- ing, firm-ly ad- vanc- ing,
do - ing and dar- ing, Now you are draw-ing near-er the Home Land,

Sig-nals are fly - ing, trumpets are sounding; Keeping your ar-mor bright
Peerless in grandeur, crowned with His blessing,—Cheerfully bear the cross,
Nearer the mansions He is pre-par - ing; On to the strife once more,

with the Gos - pel light, Go ye forth in your Saviour's might—go!
count the world but dross, Go ye forth in the Saviour's name— go!
soon 'twill all be o'er; Go ye forth with a stead-fast faith— go!

Still He is watch - ing ten - der - ly o'er you; Car - ry His
Le - gions of dark - ness can - not a - larm you; Led by the
Then by the riv - er, beau - ti - ful riv - er, Rest- ing with

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Army of Jesus.—Concluded.

stand-ard proud-ly be- fore you; Ral - ly a - round it joy- ful- ly
Sav - iour, noth-ing can harm you; Fearless and faith- ful, nev- er give
Je - sus, hap- py for - ev - er, Greeting the dear ones long-ing to

shout and sing, Give praise, praise to the Lord, He is our King.
up the field, The Lord God is your strength, banner, and shield.
see you come, You'll shout, Glo- ry to God! safe - ly at home.

89 Marked for Me.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

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1. My bless-ed Lord has gone be- fore, Him-self the way to glo - ry's shore;
2. Then let me fol- low where He leads, His boundless grace meets all my needs;
3. As in His steps by faith I tread, T'ward His bright Home, shall I be led;

:S: FINE.

Love's bleeding footprints I can see, And know the path is mark'd for me.
Through sunny vale, o'er rugged steep, His Word shall guide, His mer-cy keep.
O lov - ing voice that says to me, "Fear not, for I thy way shall be."

D.S.—From Calv'ry's cross to crystal sea, The heav'nward path is mark'd for me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Mark'd for me, mark'd for me, Where His dear foot-prints I can see;
Mark'd for me, mark'd for me,

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90 Jesus Does Care For Me.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. My heart is singing with joy to- day, A light is shining up- on my way,
2. A - mid the trials that here I meet, His changeless word is a solace sweet;
3. Be - set by dangers in conflicts sore, His spirit strengthens me more and more,
4. E'en thro' the valley I need not fear, My gentle Shepherd will then be near;

A pre-cious message of love I see, That Je- sus does care for me.
I come to Him with a trustful plea, For Je- sus does care for me.
The throne of grace shall my refuge be; For Je- sus does care for me.
Un - til I sing by the crys-tal sea, My Saviour will care for me.

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CHORUS.

Won-der-ful comfort, day by day, Je - sus will roll my bur-den a - way;

My wonderful Friend and Brother is He, For Je-sus does care for me.

91 I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know His promise nev- er fail - eth, The word He speaks, ...
3. I know my mansion He pre - par - eth, That where He is.....

And on the earth,

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again shall stand; I know e- ter-nal life He giv- eth, That grace and
it can-not die; Tho' cru-el death my flesh as- saileth, Yet I shall
there I may be; O wondrous tho't, for me He car-eth, And He at

Again shall stand,

CHORUS.

pow'r..... are in His hand.
see..... Him by and by.
last..... will come for me.

I know, I know..... that Je-sus

That grace and pow'r

I know, I know,

liv - eth, And on the earth a- gain shall stand; I know, I

And on the earth,

know that life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r... are in His hands.

I know, I know that grace and pow'r

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92 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY. PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wond'rous sto-ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray,
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft-en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv-er, Rolls its wa-ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo-ry, For the cross of Cal-va-ry.
Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in-to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav-iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe-ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe-ly o-ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto-ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto-ry,

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, sing it with

glo-ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.....
the saints in glo-ry, gathered by the crys-tal sea.

93 At the Mercy Seat.

W. H. D. W. H. DOANE.

1. At the mer - cy - seat now a - gain we meet, At the pre- cious
2. Coming in His name, we His prom - ise claim; Tho' un- seen we
3. Let the bur - den roll from the truth - ful soul, When we bow be -
4. O the wondrous pow'r of the sa - cred hour At the feet of

hour of pray'r, All our needs we bring to the Heav'n-ly King, For He
feel Him near; And the joys that shine, from His love Di - vine Ev'- ry
fore the throne; Let our songs re-sound; grace will more abound, All our
Him we love; Stronger faith we'll gain, brighter hopes ob - tain, Till we

CHORUS.

car - eth for our care.
long - ing heart will cheer.
way to Him is known.
see His face a - bove.

} Pre - cious Hour, O the

pre - cious hour,

rest of this hour so calm and blest, When a -

O the rest and blest,

gain we meet, with a prom-ise sweet, At the precious hour of pray'r.

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94 Beyond the Gates.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Be-yond the gates that nev-er close, Be- yond the tide of
2. Be-yond the stars, be- yond the skies, That gol-den land of
3. Be-yond a world of toil and care, Our faith be - holds a
4. O bles-ed morn, when we shall meet, And kindred souls with

hu- man woes There is a land of perfect peace Where ev'- ry
beauty lies, And those who reach its tranquil shore For liv- ing
mansion fair, Where Jesus dwells thro' endless day, And all our
rap-ture greet, While praise to Him our Saviour King, From ev'- ry

CHORUS.

throb of pain shall cease.
streams shall thirst no more.
tears He wipes a - way.
tongue shall sweetly sing.

Be- yond the gates..... where
be-yond the gates
those we love..... Now gath - ered safe o'er o- cean's
where those we love
foam..... In robes of white..... for us are
o'er o - cean's foam,
In robes of white

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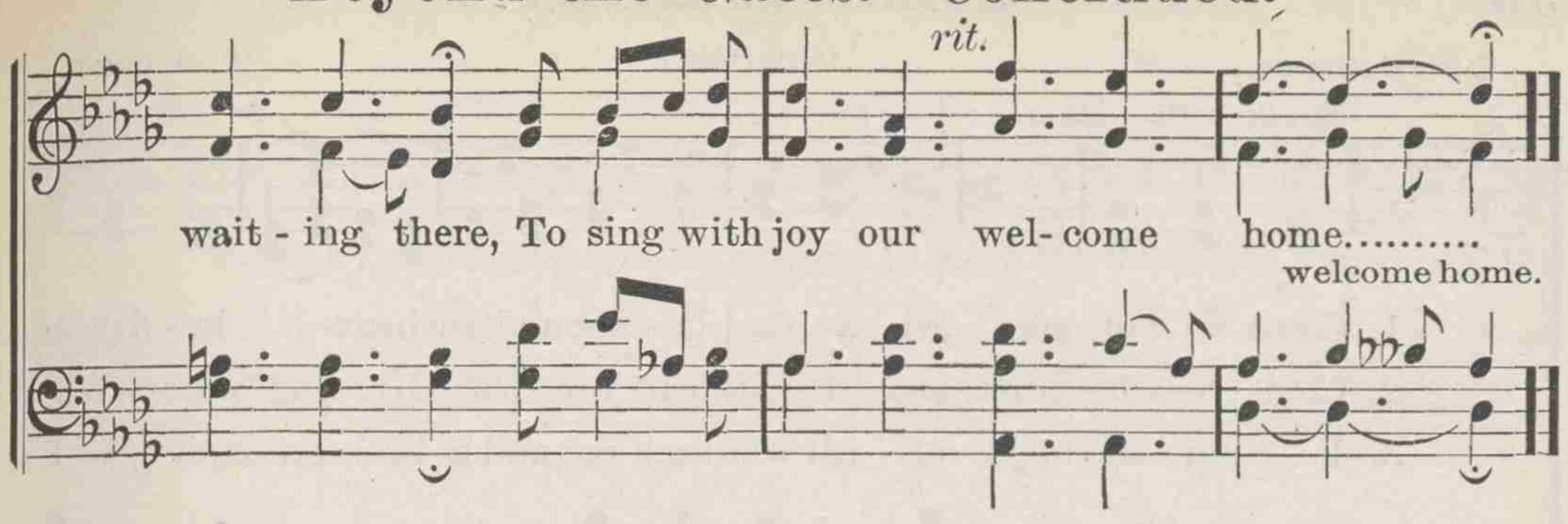
Beyond the Gates.—Concluded.



95 I Will Seek the Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

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Copyright, 1909, by W. H. Doane.

1. I will seek the bless-ed Sav - iour, For His word I hear,
2. I will go to Calv'ry's mountain, In be - liev- ing pray'r;
3. I will serve Him now with glad- ness Press-ing on my way;
4. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Je - sus died for me;

Pledg-ing me His gra-cious fa - vor, As I now draw near.
O - pen still the roy - al fount - ain; He will cleanse me there.
Bear - ing in the midst of sad - ness, Beams of heav'n- ly day.
Till in high- est realms of glo - ry, I His face shall see.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! He has wash'd my sins a - way,
Com - ing to the Blessed Sav - iour, O what joy is mine to - day.

96 Come Unto Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Quartett.) W. H. DOANE.

Gently, with feeling.

1. Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav- y la - den, And
2. Come ye who thirst, and I will lead you to the liv - ing waters, Where
3. I am the hope of all who seek me, and a brok-en spir - it I

I will give you rest: Take my yoke up-on you, and learn of me, for
you shall thirst no more. Come in faith be-liev- ing o - bey my voice and
will not turn a - way. Leave the world behind you, de - ny yourselves and

I am meek and low- ly in heart, And ye shall find rest,
keep my words in meekness and love! And ye shall find rest,
walk with me in sor- row and joy, And ye shall find rest,

DUET. *Legato.*

un- to your souls. For my yoke is eas- y and my bur-den is light,

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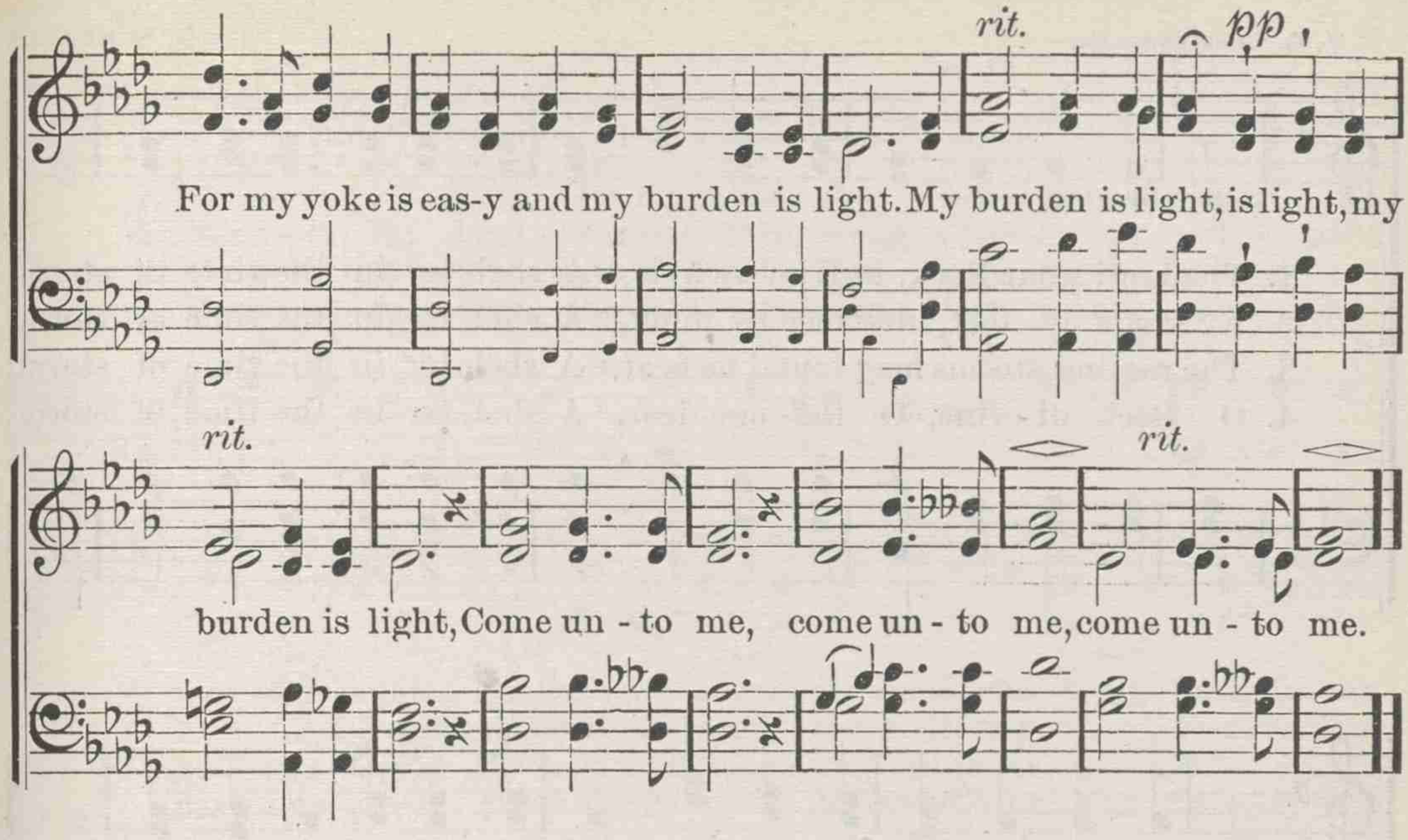
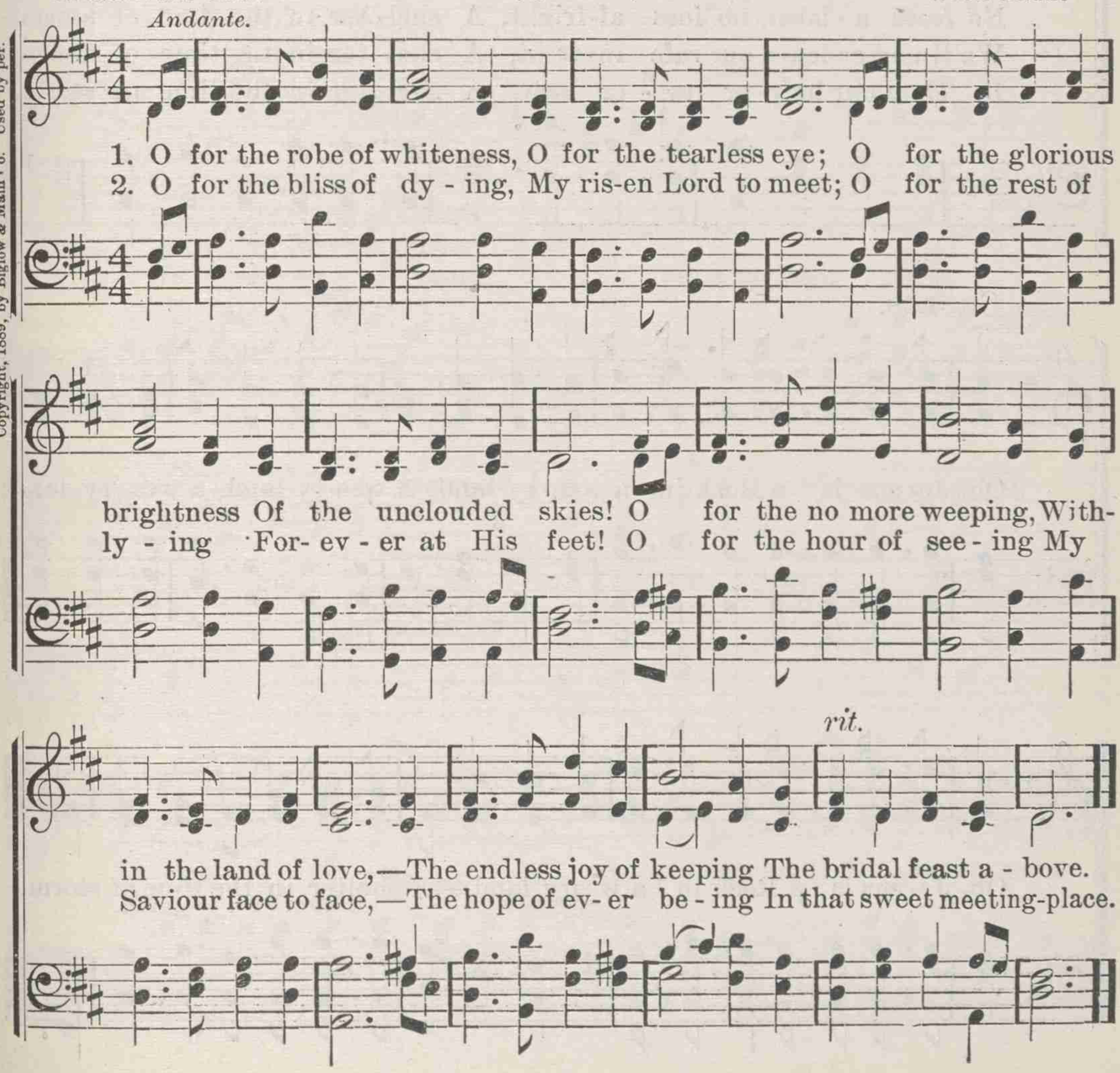
Come Unto Me.—Concluded.

97 Robe of Whiteness.

CHARITIE LEES SMITH. (Quartett.) W. H. DOANE.

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98 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

V. G. CHARLESWORTH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel- ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel- ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel- ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di- vine, O Ref- uge dear, A shel- ter in the time of storm;

Se- cure what-ev - er ill be- tide, A shel- ter in the time of storm.
No fears a - larm, no foes af-fright, A shel- ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re- treat, A shel- ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help- er ev - er near, A shel- ter in the time of storm.

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CHORUS.

Oh, Je- sus is a Rock in a wea- ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea- ry land;

Oh, Je- sus is a Rock in a weary land,—A shelter in the time of storm.

99 Beautiful Land, Unseen.

E. E. HEWITT. (Duet with accompaniment.) W. H. DOANE.

Legato.

1. Beau - ti - ful land, its cloudless sky, Veil'd from the sight of
2. Beau - ti - ful land what God hath wrought Nev-er has en - ter'd
3. Beau - ti - ful land, faith's lift-ed eye Catch- es a glimpse of
4. Beau - ti - ful land, tho' yet un - seen, Dear to my soul thy

mor - tal eye! Ear hath not heard its wonderful song, Sung by the
mor - tal thought; Marvelous beau - ties glittering there, None but our
glo - ries high; Faith with its long - ing, listening ear, Heav-en-ly
pas-tures green! There shall I rest, all wanderings o'er Safe - ly with

CHORUS.

rap-tur'd ransom'd throng.
Sav - iour could pre-pare.
notes of love can hear.
Je - sus ev - er - more.

} Beautiful land, . . tho' yet un - seen!

Beautiful land,

Je - sus our Lord,..... on Thee we lean;..... Bring to our

Je - sus our Lord, we lean;

view..... its vales un - seen; Beau-ti-ful land, tho' yet un - seen.

Bring to our view, unseen;

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100 Holy City Fair.

(Quartet.)

W. H. D. Arr. W. H. Doane.

1. O Ho - ly, ho - ly Cit - y fair,..... Robed in Thy
Ho - ly Cit - y fair,
2. O Ho - ly, ho - ly Cit - y fair,..... Now from Thy
Ho - ly Cit - y fair,

splen-dor Gleaming ev - er be- fore me, So tranquil bright and fair, My
por - tals An - gel voi - ces are call - ing, In mu - sic soft and clear, Thy

home, my home is there. Soon mine eyes shall see Him, The Lord my King. Sweetly
is there.
rest, Thy rest is here. Thro' the vale and shadow, The Lord our King. To a
is here.

as I jour- ney His words will I sing. The words He taught His dear ones Of
Sweet-ly as I journey on,
roy - al pal - ace His own will He bring. O words that still He whispers, O
To a royal palace fair,

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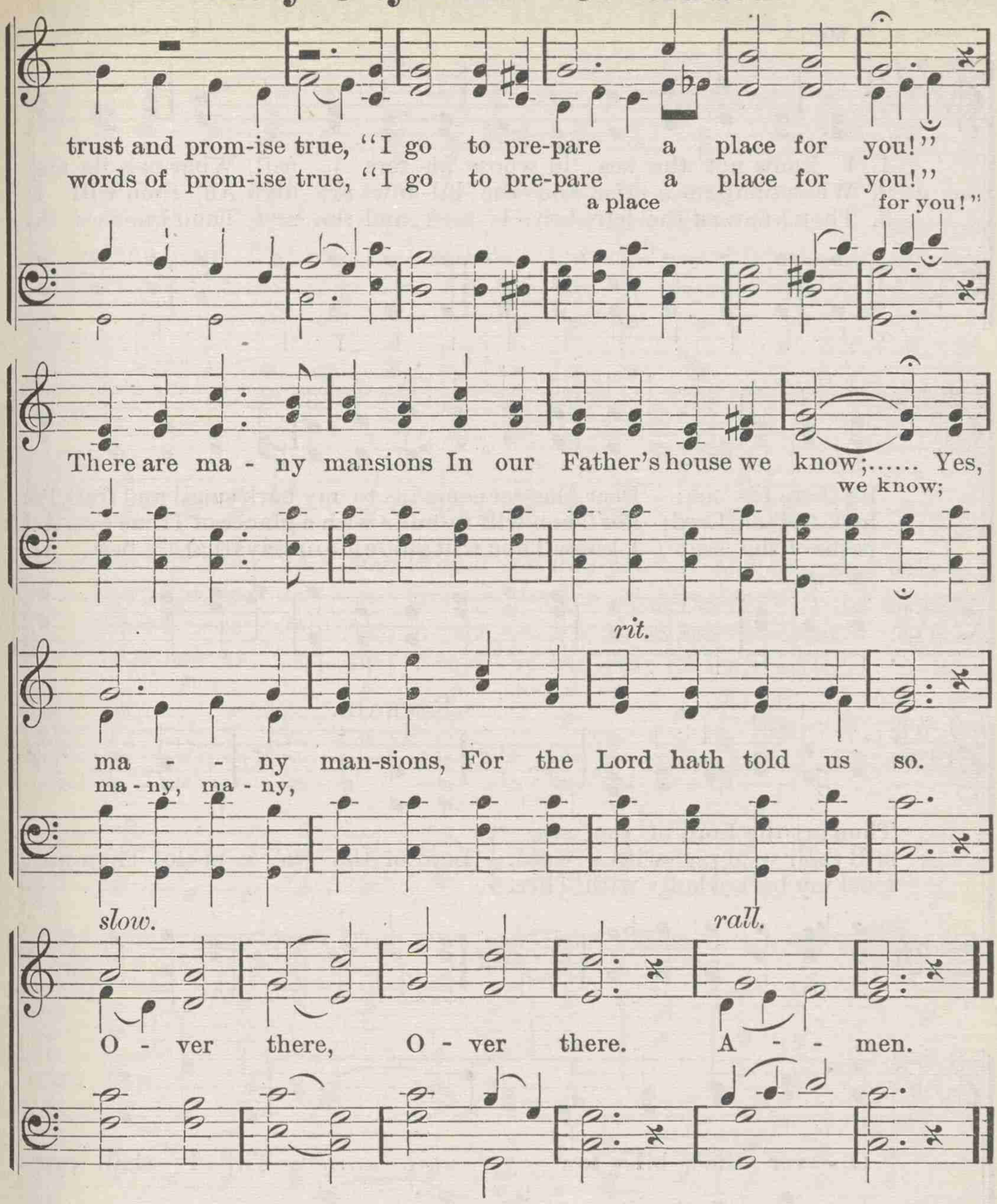
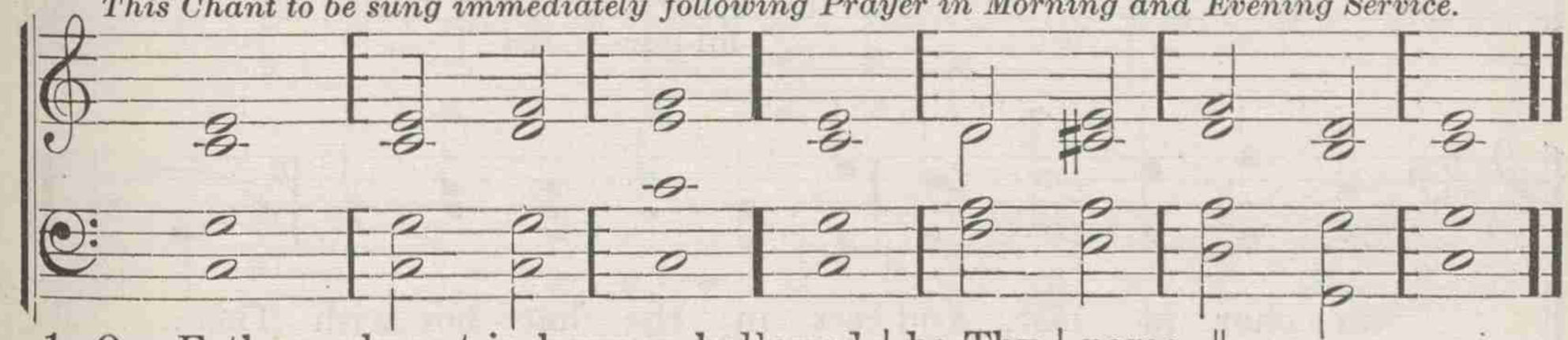
Holy City Fair.—Concluded.



101 The Lord's Prayer.

L. T. Downes.

This Chant to be sung immediately following Prayer in Morning and Evening Service.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name. ‖
   Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread: ‖
   And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: ‖
   For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A- | men.

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102 Lord of the Sea.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know not the sea in whose wa- ters I sail, What per- ils may lie there for me:
2. When tempests a - rise and the bil- lows are high, Ah, then will I look to their Lord;
3. Thou knowest the har- bor I seek, and the rest, Thou knowest the paths of the sea;

Dear Mas-ter come in- to my bark small and frail, For
For Thou wilt re-buke with a glance of Thine eye, And
I know Thou wilt guide me in ways that are best, And

REFRAIN.

Thou art the Lord of the sea.
still their wild rage with a word.
trust my bark wholly with Thee.

} Lord of the sea, pi- lot Thou me O - ver life's bil - low - y sea..... Till I shall cast an - chor at last, And rest in the har - bor with Thee.....

bil-low- y sea

with Thee.

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103 Open Your Heart To-day.

EMMA LINE STROUP. W. H. DOANE.

1. Would you find rest from the bur- den of sin? Throw o - pen your
2. Would you find com - fort from sorrow's dark hour? Throw o - pen your
3. Would you find light that will shine more and more? Throw o - pen your
4. Would you find grace for a ser- vice of love? Throw o - pen your

heart now to Je - sus; Would you find par-don and cleansing with-in?
heart now to Je - sus; Strength for the con-flict, vic - to - ri - ous pow'r?
heart now to Je - sus; Would you win stars that will sparkle a - bove?
heart now to Je - sus; Would you win stars that will sparkle a - bove?

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CHORUS.

Then o - pen your heart now to Him. Then o - pen your heart,

O - pen your heart To Him who will take your sins a - way; Then

o-pen your heart, O-pen your heart, Just o- pen your heart to - day.

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104 Diadem.

The Old "All Hail the Power!"

E. PERRONET. Welsh Air. JAMES ELLOR, 1829.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res- trial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown..... Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
And crown..... Him, crown Him

And crown Him, crown Him, crow Him, crown.....

crown Him,

Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

crown ..... Him,

.... Him,

105 The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have chos - en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci- ples followed, As they went wher-e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot-stool kneeling We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;

Does He tell you in com-mun- ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day, we, too, may fol- low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.

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CHORUS.

Are you in the in- ner cir- cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je- sus? Is He now your all in all?
Have you giv'n your

106 Riches of Grace.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God can prevent, Rich-es of grace are
2. I may not win fair honor's crown, God may prevent Heaven-ly hon- ors
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will prevent, I have a peace that

of-fer'd me, I am con- tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earthly de-
are my own I am con- tent, Children of God and heirs of grace, Walking in
cannot cease God hath it sent, Sweetly the hours of life glide by, Harmless its

lights grow tasteless, stale; I have the wealth that must avail—Riches of grace.
light be-fore His face, Resting in peace in His embrace—Riches of grace.
tri - als past one fly, Strong in His grace, I all de - fy— Riches of grace.

CHORUS.

Rich-es of grace..... for- ev - er en - dure,..... Rich- es of
Rich-es of grace for-ev- er en-durc,

grace..... my safety as - sure..... Rich-es of grace.....
Riches of grace my safety assure, Riches of grace

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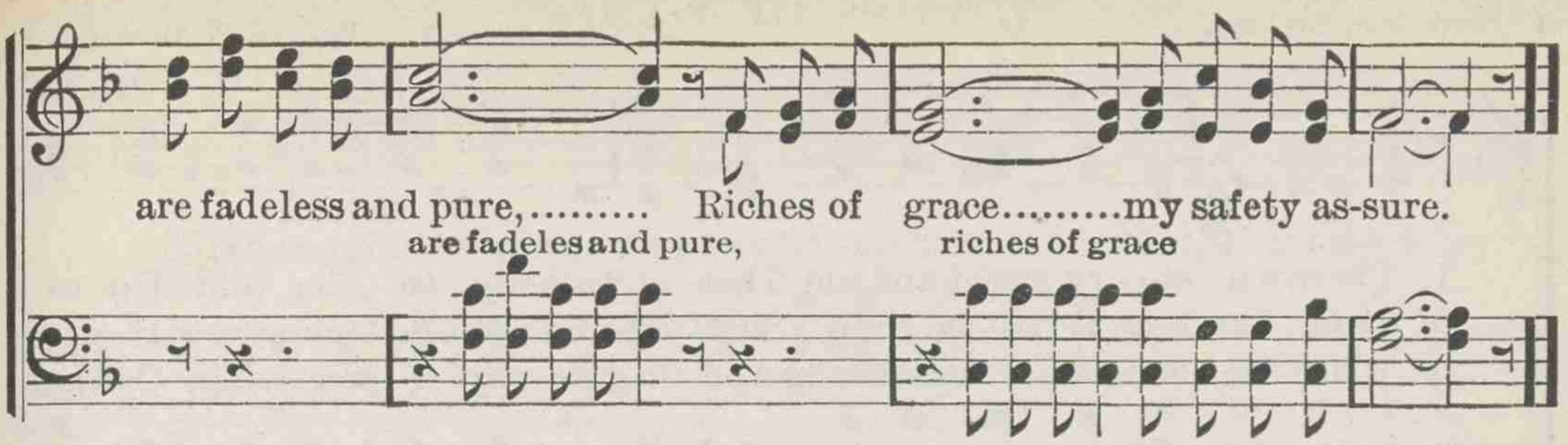
Riches of Grace.—Concluded.



107 Hide Me.

FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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1. Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troub - led sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;

Rest- ing there beneath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a-lone be - stow.

CHORUS.

Hide me, hide me, O bless- ed Sav- iour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

O Sav- iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Sav - iour, keep Thou me,

The Business of the King.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. There's a sto - ry sweet and old, That is wait-ing to be told Un- to
2. Soon the Pen- ti-cos - tal show'r Shall descend with old time pow'r, If with
3. When the bells of heav'n shall ring And its gate-way o - pen swing, O what

ma - ny souls that dwell in sin to-day; Haste the joyful news make known Till the
one accord all Christians work and pray; Then with willing hand and heart, Quickly
joy to know you told some soul the way, Then be bus - y hour by hour, Tell of

world to Christ is won, For the business of the King must not de - lay.
run to do your part, For the business of the King must not de - lay.
Je - sus' sav-ing pow'r, For the business of the King must not de - lay.

CHORUS.

O the business of the King must not de - lay, Souls are
must not de - lay,
dy- ing as you pass a-long life's way, Haste the joyful news make known,
along life's way,

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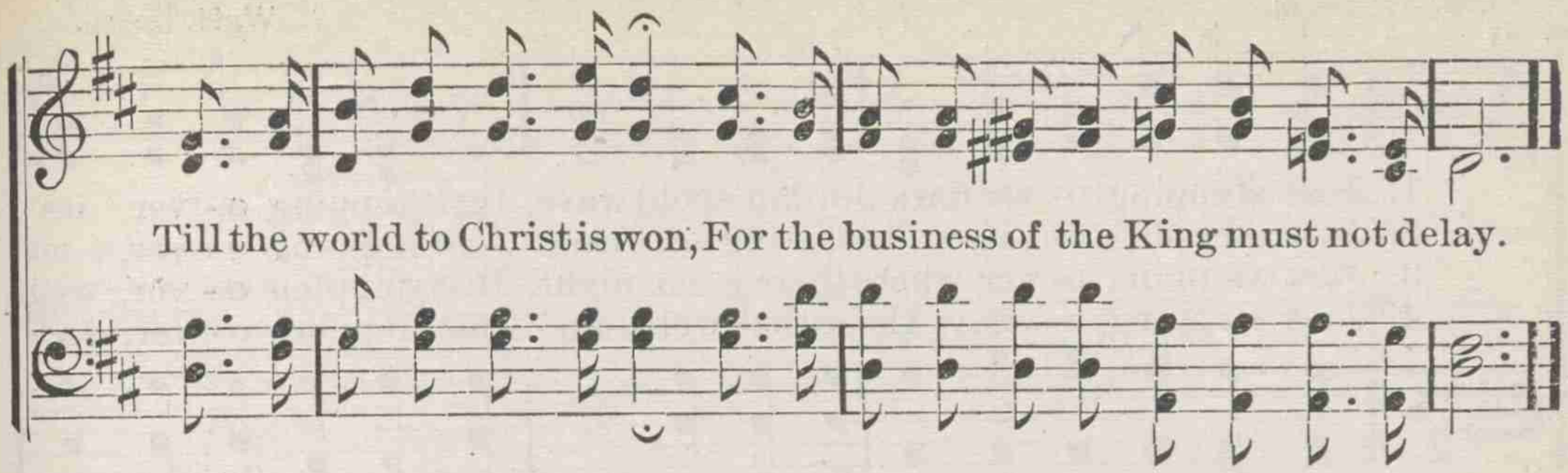
The Business of the King.—Concluded.



109 No, Not One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN. GEO. C. HUGG.

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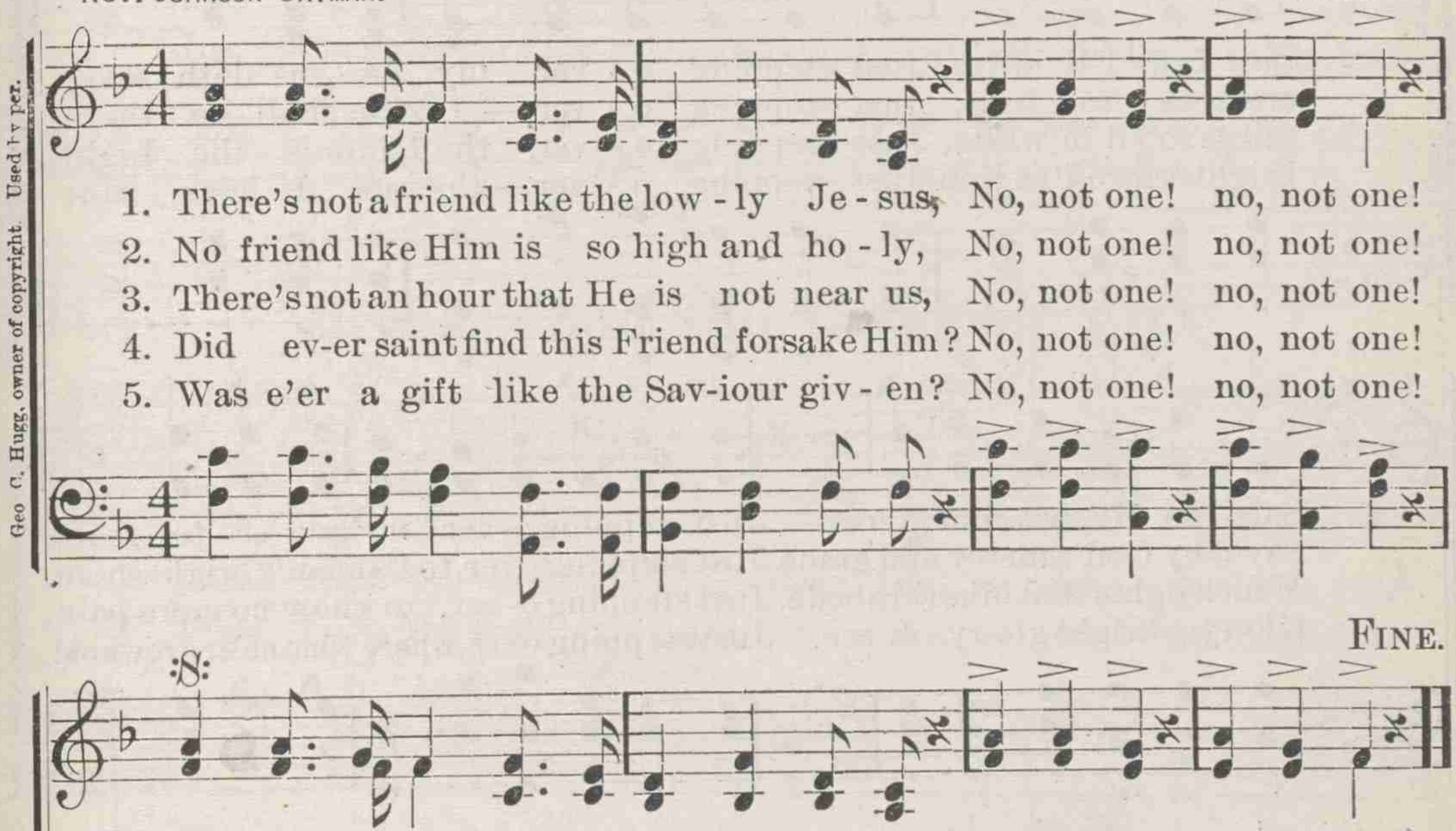

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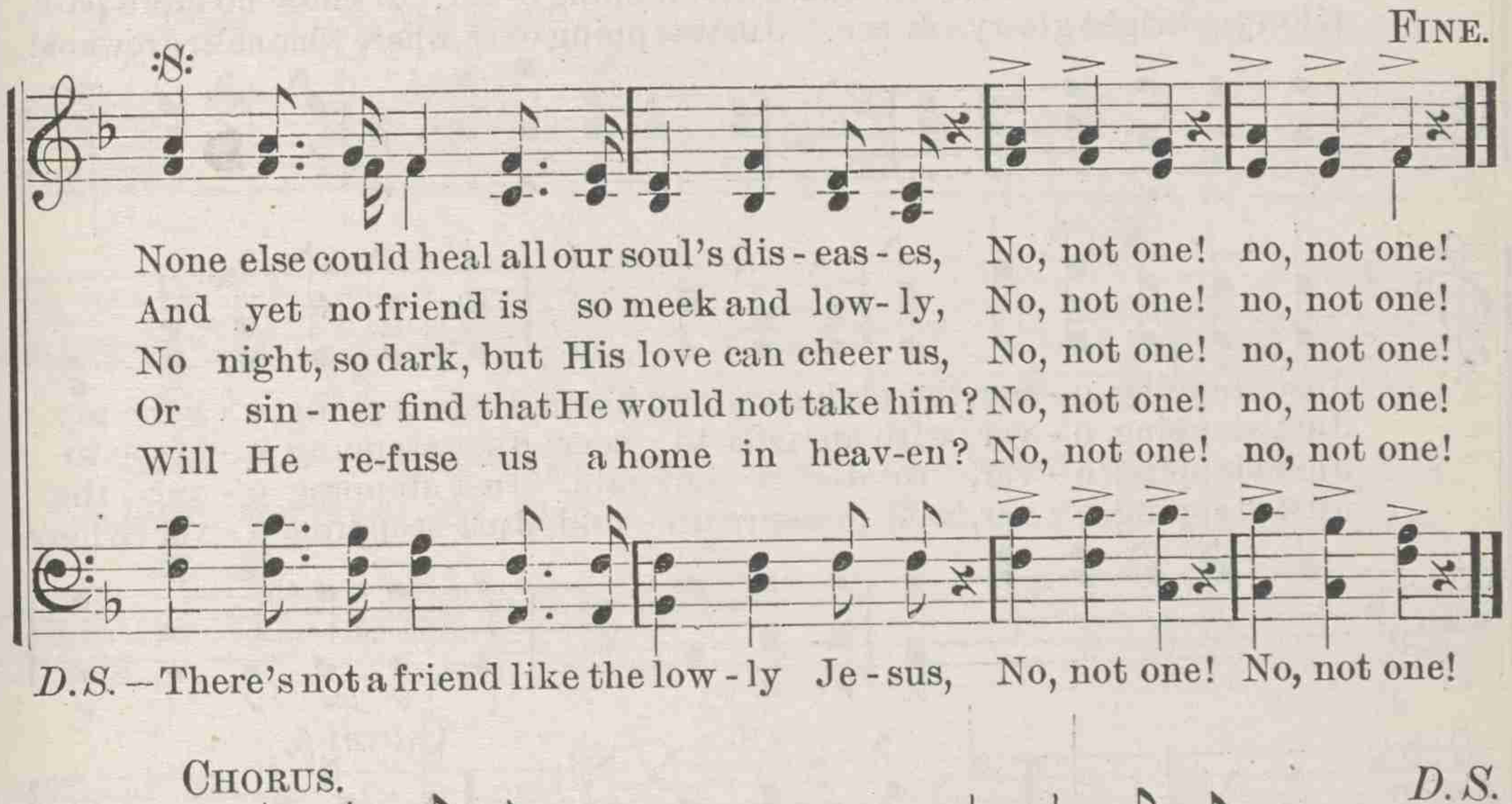
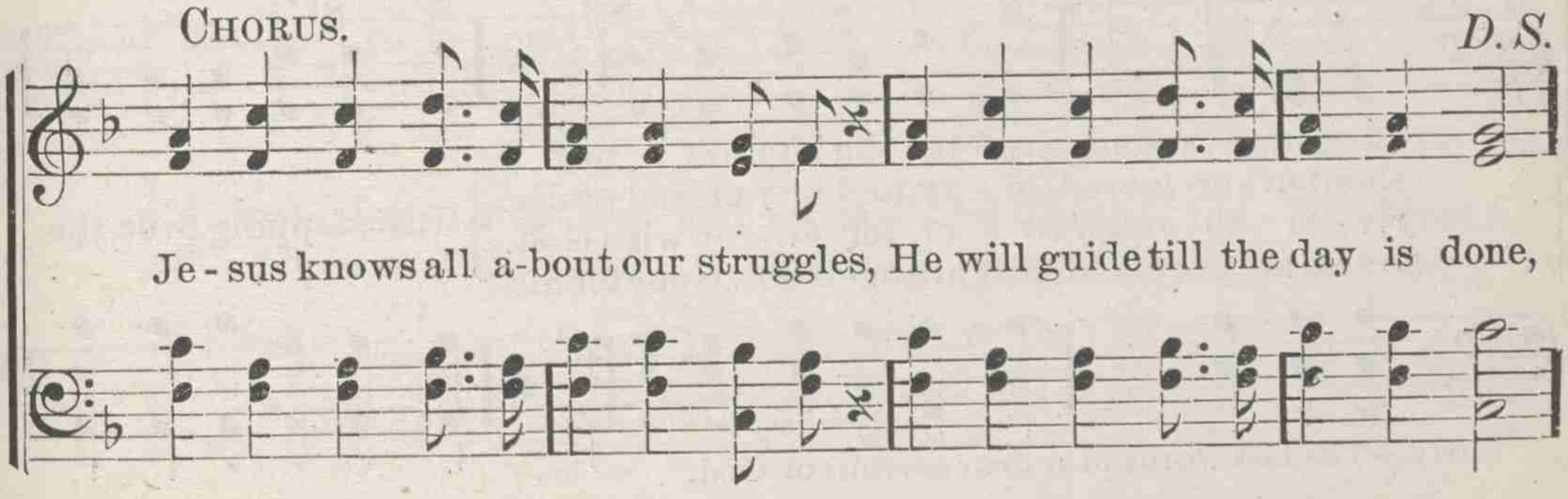


CHORUS. D.S.



110 Just Stepping Over.

J. B. ATCHINSON. W. H. DOANE.

1. Just stepping o- ver dark Jordan's cold wave, Just stepping o - ver its bil - lows I'll brave, Just stepping o - ver my Je - sus doth save,
2. Just stepping o- ver, and leav-ing all care Just stepping o - ver,—no cross- es to bear, Just stepping o - ver,— I soon shall be there,
3. Just stepping o- ver where there is no night, Just stepping o - ver, with saints rob'd in white, Just stepping o - ver, the Lamb is the Light,
4. Just stepping o- ver, I hear the "well done" Just stepping o - ver,—a bright crown I've won, Just stepping o - ver,—the race I have run;

Safe on His bos - om I rest. Just stepping o-ver no long-er to roam,
Sav'd by God's mercy and grace. Just stepping over, to Canaan's bright shore,
Which lights that blissful abode. Just stepping o-ver, to know no more pain,
Glo-ry—bright glo-ry I see. Just stepping over, where time ne'er grows old,

Just stepping o - ver, there's heaven my home, Just stepping o - ver my
Just stepping o - ver, with an- gels to soar; Just stepping o - ver to
Just stepping o - ver, "to die is but gain," Just stepping o - ver the
Just stepping o - ver, 'mid pleasure un - told, Just stepping o - ver where

rit. CHORUS.

Saviour says come, En - ter the home of rest.
shout ev - er- more, Glo - ry, and hon-or, and praise.
riv - er to reign Ev - er, for- ev - er with God.
streets are pure gold, Bright angels now come for me.

} Just stepping over, the

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NOTE.—The last words of a dear servant of God.

Just Stepping Over.—Concluded.

Vic -t'ry is mine, Just stepping o - ver—Dear Lord I am Thine,

rit.

Just stepping o - ver, for- ev- er to shine, In the bright home of the soul.

111 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY J. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page,
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee, Then shall all bondage cease,

I seek Thee Lord, My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in all!

112 Heavenly Father, Send Thy Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. J. COOK.

1. Heav'n- ly Fa-ther, send Thy blessing, On Thy children gathered here,
2. Ho - ly Saviour, who in meek-ness, Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
3. Spread Thy golden pin-ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir- it from a - bove,

May they all Thy name con-fess- ing, Be to Thee for- ev - er dear,
Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.
Guide them, lead them, go before them, Give them peace, and joy and love.

May they be like Jo-seph, lov - ing, Beau - ti- ful, and good and pure,
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary, In Thine arms and on Thy breast,
Thy true temples, Ho - ly Spir - it, May they with Thy glo-ry shine,

And their faith like David prov - ing, Steadfast un - to death en- dure.
Thro' life's desert, dry and drea - ry, Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest.
And im-mor- tal bliss in - her - it, And for - ev - er-more be Thine.

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113 At the Altar Humbly Kneeling.

* * *

Gently.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O my Sav-iour, humbly I am com-ing, com- ing, Wea - ry as a
2. O my Sav-iour, to the cross I'm cling-ing, cling-ing, There by faith I
3. In - to rap- ture now my soul is breaking, breaking, Love has kin-dled
4. O there's joy where angel harps are ringing, ring- ing, Joy a- mong the

heart can be. Where Thy precious blood for me is flow-ing, flow- ing,
hear Thee say, Who - so - ev - er trust-eth in Thy prom-ise, prom-ise,
to a flame; Thou hast saved me, bless-ed Lord, I know it, know it,
hap- py throng; At the al - tar, Je - sus, Thou hast saved me, saved me,

CHORUS.

I sur- ren- der all to Thee.
Thou wilt nev- er turn a - way.
Glo - ry, glo - ry to Thy name.
Thou hast filled my heart with song.

} At the al - tar hum- bly I am

kneel-ing, kneeling, Plead-ing Thy re-demp-tion free, Where Thy precious

blood for me is flow- ing, flow-ing, I sur- ren- der all to Thee.

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114 Crossing the Bar.

(*Solo*, may be sung as *Quartette.*)

ALFRED TENNYSON. Arr. W. H. DOANE.

Slow and Tenderly.

1. Sun - set and eve - ning star And one clear call for me, And
2. Twi-light and even- ing bell And aft - er that the dark, And
3. For tho' from time and place, The flood may bear me far, I

may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When I put out to
may there be no sad-ness of fare-well, When I at last em-
hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, When I have cross'd the

sea, And may there be no moan-ing of the bar When
bark, And may there be no sad- ness of fare- well When
bar, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, When

I put out to see, When I put out to sea.....
I at last em- bark, When I at last em - bark.....
I have cross'd the bar, When I have cross'd the bar.....

rall.

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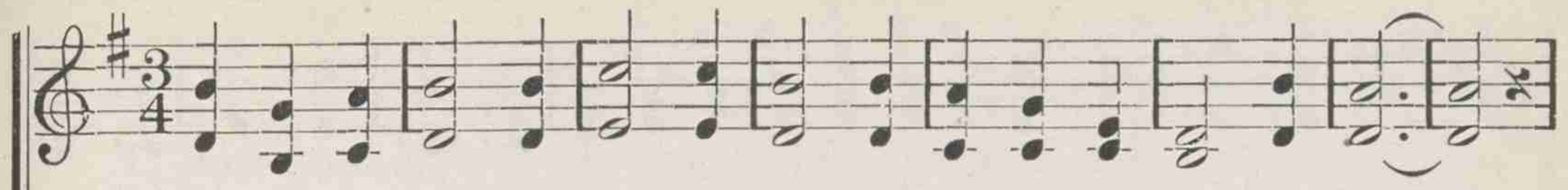
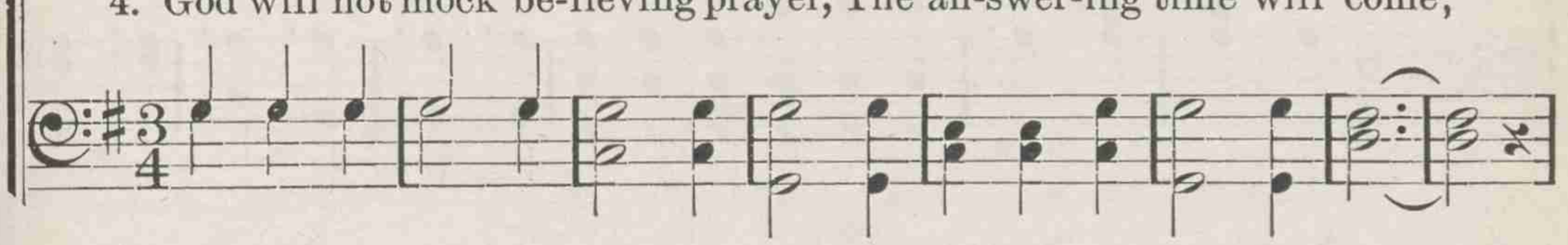
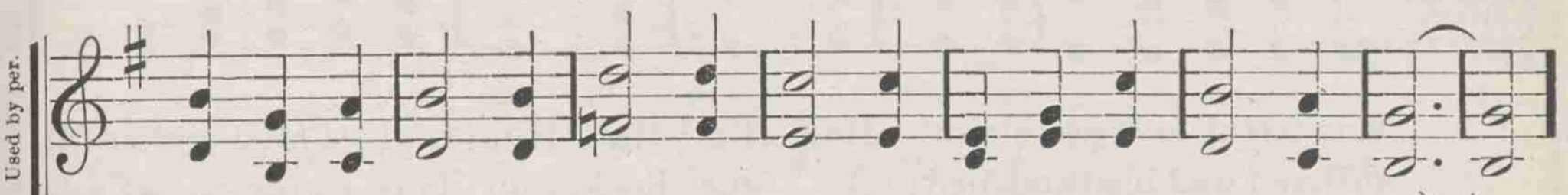
115 The Answering Time Will Come.

MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Ask what thou wilt, be-lieving heart, The an-swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an-swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can - not fail, The an-swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be-lieving prayer, The an-swer-ing time will come;

Pray and believe,—that is thy part, The an-swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom-ise of His word, The an-swer-ing time will come.
The pray'r of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an-swer-ing time will come.
He knows the burden thou dost bear, The an-swer-ing time will come.

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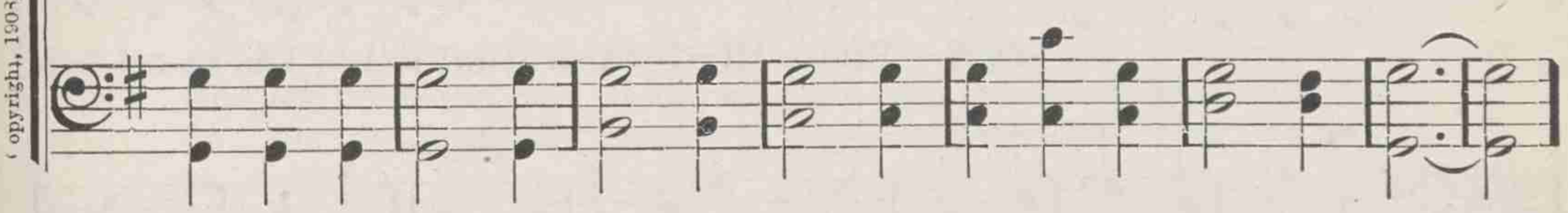
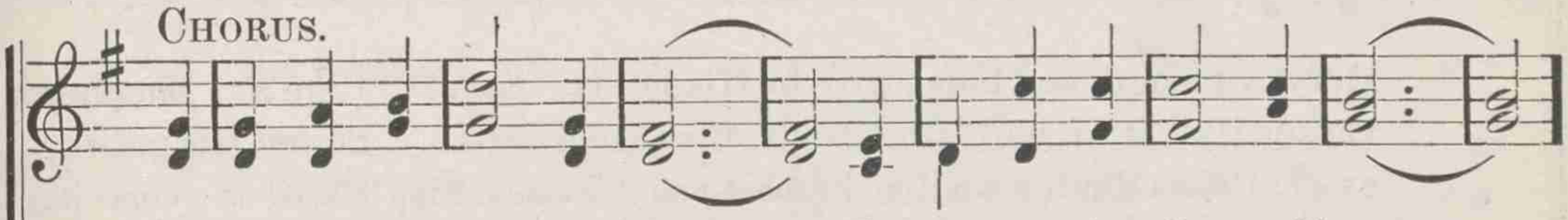
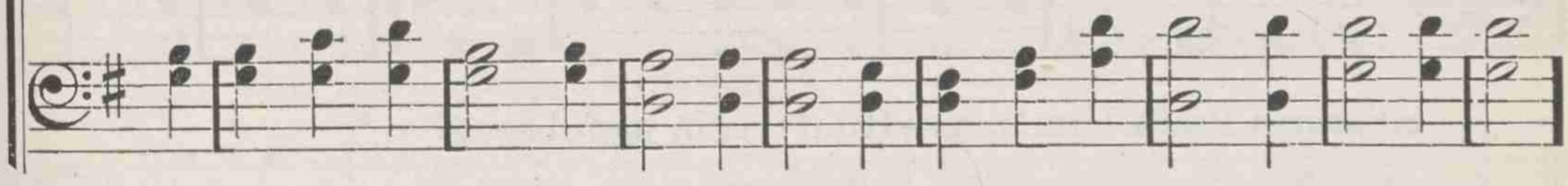
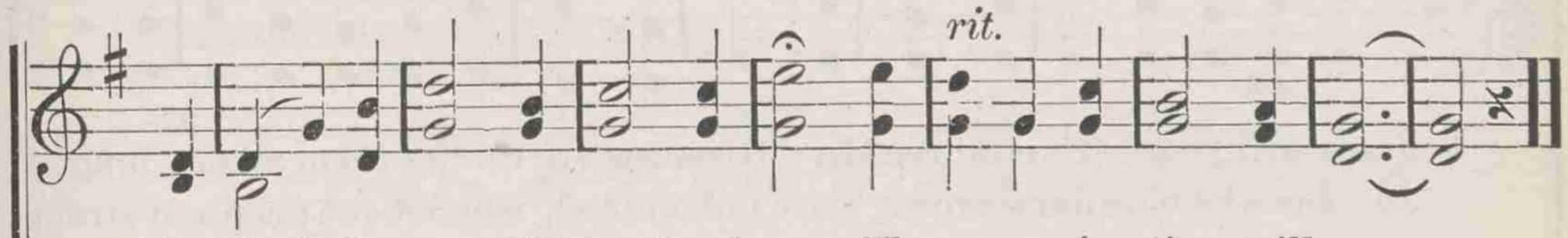
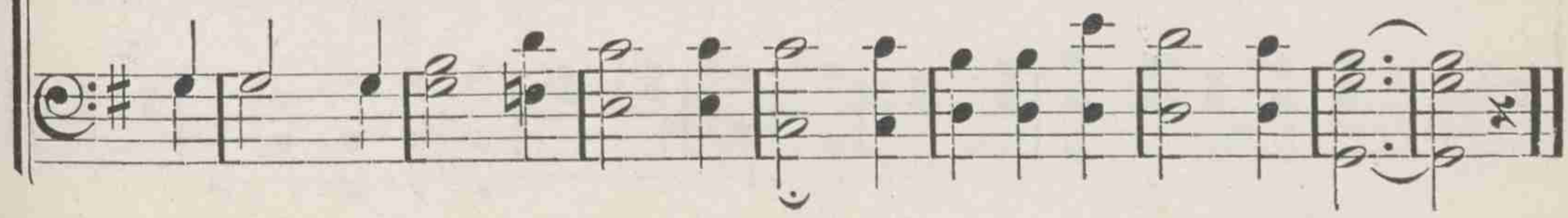

CHORUS.



The an-swering time will come, The an-swer-ing time will come,
will come, will come,

rit.

Tho' dark the way, still trust and pray, The answering time will come.

116 Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav'nly por- tals

wonderful love pro-claim! Hail Him! Hail Him! highest arch-angels in
suffered, and bled and died; He our Rock, our hope of e- ter-nal sal-
loud with hosannas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for-ev-er and

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

FINE.

glory; Strength and honor give to His ho- ly name! Like a shepherd,
vation, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci- fied. Sound His praises!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest and King! Christ is com- ing

greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

D. S.

Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Je - sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonder-ful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world victorious, Pow'r and glo-ry un- to the Lord belong;

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117 The Lion of Judah.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. How sweet-ly o'er the mountain of Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, The
2. O hap - py, hap - py tid- ings, the king-dom now is o-pened, The
3. Ho - san - na in the high-est, all glo - ry ev - er- last- ing, The

an - them of a - ges comes sweep-ing a - long; The an - them
seals are all bro - ken; pro- claim it a - far; From bond - age
cross and its ban - ner tri - umph - ant shall wave; Ho - san - na

D. S.—Sweet an - them

of the faith-ful, we hear it, and re- joic - ing, Our hearts in glad
and op- pres-sion, by Him we are de - liv - ered, The Li - on of
in the high-est, all glo - ry ev - er- last - ing The Li - on of

of the faith-ful, we hear it, and re- joic - ing, Our hearts in glad

FINE. REFRAIN.

meas-ure keep tune with the song.
Ju - dah, the bright morning Star.
Ju - dah, His peo - ple will save.
} O the Li - on of Ju - da hath

meas-ure keep tune with the song.

D. S.

triumphed for - ev - er, O the Li - on of Ju- dah is mighty and strong;

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118 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa- ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a lone, Still sup- port and com-fort me!
Raise the fall - en cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Let the heal- ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with-in.

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

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re- ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad- ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

119 Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. *D. C.*

120 All the Way My Saviour Leads.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me, What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O the full- ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is promised In my Father's house a - bove;

Heav'nly peace, di- vin- est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a- thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed, immortal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, whate'er be- fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.

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121 Nearer, My God.

SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er my God, to Thee—Nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er The sun gone down, Darkness comes over me,
3. There let my way appear Steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. *D. S.*

That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

122 More Love to Thee.

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth- ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a
3. Let sor- row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis- per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make, On bend- ed knee; This is my earn - est plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes - sen- gers, Sweet their re- frain, When they can sing with me—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be:

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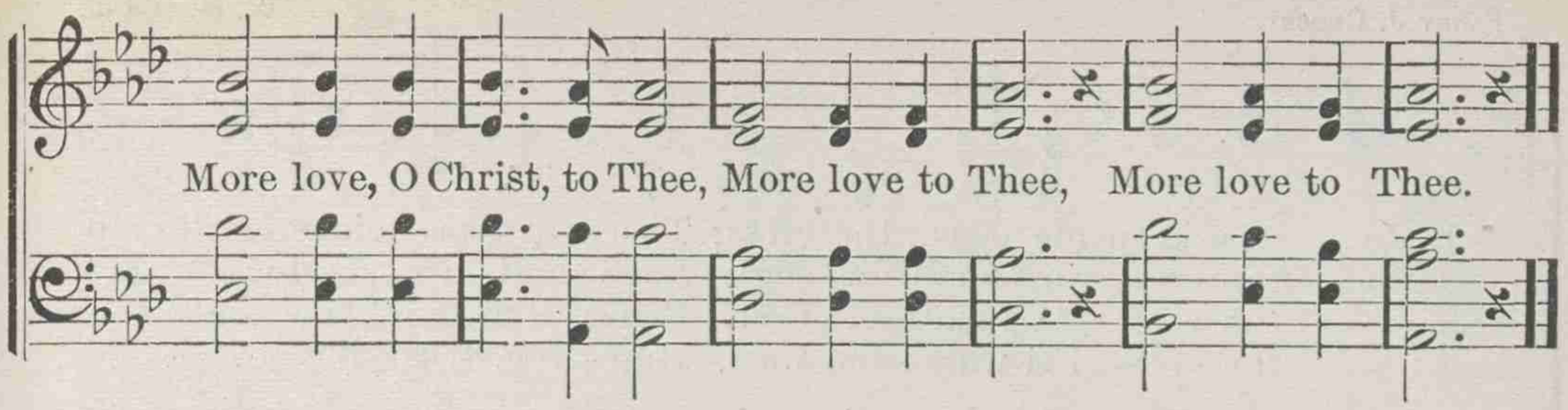
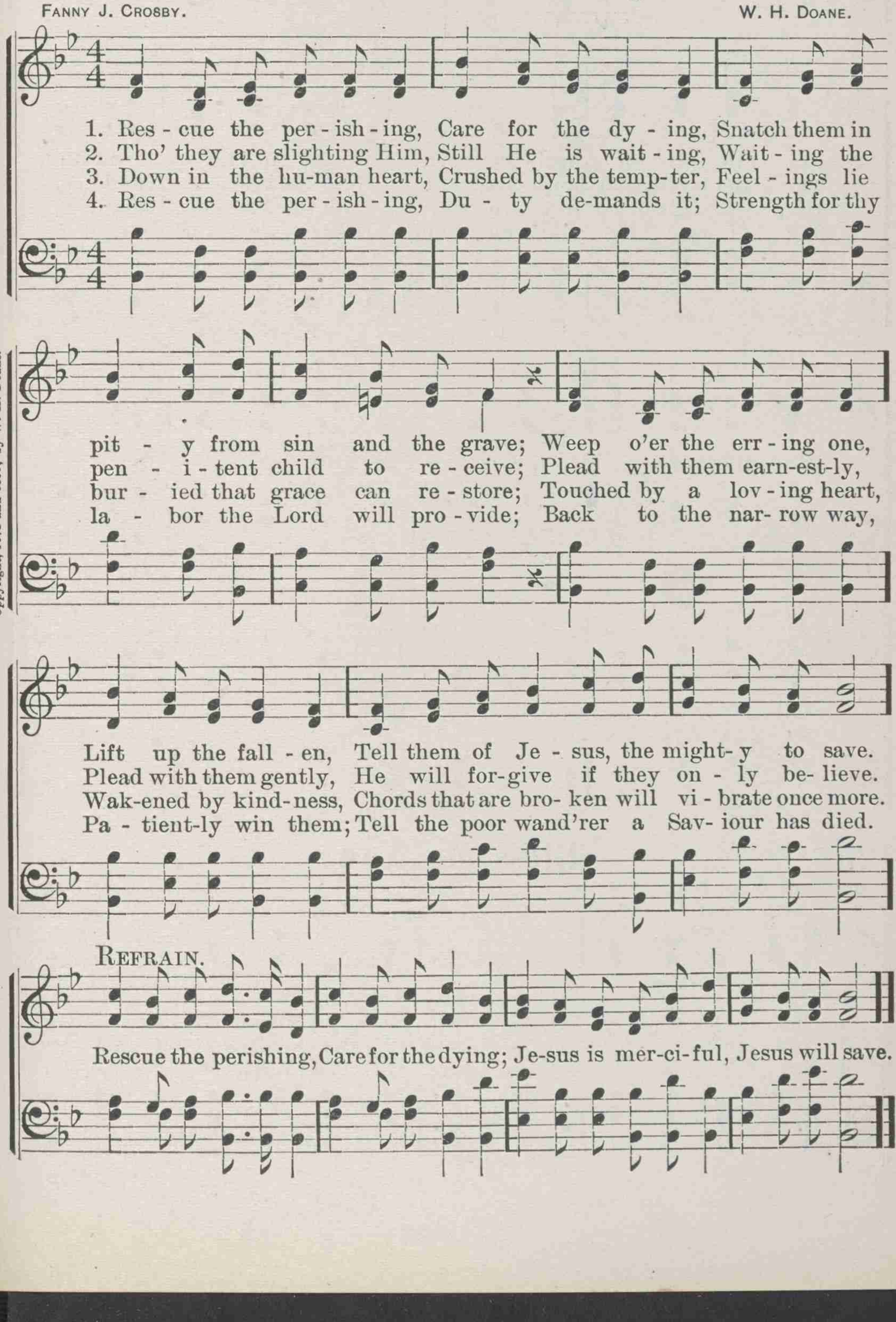
More Love to Thee.—Concluded.

123 Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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124 Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre- cious fount - ain
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust- ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream—Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day With its shad - ow o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be- yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be- yond the riv - er.

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125 Bless Me Now.

ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;
2. Now, O Lord! this ver - y hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy pow'r;
3. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, and fet - ters break;
4. Nev - er did I so a - dore Je - sus Christ, Thy Son, be - fore!

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Bless Me Now.—Concluded.

Take my guilt and grief a - way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.
While I rest up - on Thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!
While I look and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
Now the time! and this the place! Gra - cious Fa - ther, show Thy grace.

CHORUS.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, bless me now.

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126 Moments of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may His
2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Pres - ence di - vine, Now in our
3. Sav - iour, Thy work re - vive, Here may we see Those who are

lov-ing voice Ten-der-ly speak; Je - sus, our dearest friend, While at Thy
longing hearts Graciously shine; O for Thy mighty Pow'r, O for a
dead in sin Quickened by Thee; Come to our hearts to-night, Make ev-'ry

pp

feet we bend, O let Thy smile de-scend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
bless - ed show'r, Fill - ing this hallowed hour With joy di - vine.
bur - den light, Cheer Thou our wait-ing sight, We long for Thee.

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127 Lead Us Gently.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lord, we seek Thy tender guid-ance, As we tread life's changeful way,
2. When the skies are bright with pleasure, May our hearts Thy goodness see,
3. In the time of pain and sor - row, Be Thou still our strength and stay,

Now Thy present help pro- vid - ing, Fill our ev - 'ry need, we pray.
Sing Thy love be-yond all meas- ure, Own Thy grace so full and free.
Shield us till the gold-en mor - row, When the shadows flee a - way;

Pre - cious Sav - iour, (mine,) Pre - cious Sav - iour, (mine,) Lead us
Pre - cious Sav - iour, (mine,) Pre - cious Sav - iour, (mine,) We would
Pre - cious Sav - iour, (mine,) Pre - cious Sav - iour, (mine,) Lead us

gen-tly, gent- ly day by day, (by day,) Pre - cious Sav - iour, (now)
hum-bly, humbly lean on Thee (on Thee,) Pre - cious Sav - iour, (now)
gen-tly, to Thy per - fect day, (we pray,) Pre - cious Sav - iour, (now)

Pre-cious Sav-iour, (now,) Lead us gent- ly, gent - ly day by day.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, (now,) We would humbly, humbly lean on Thee.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, (now,) Lead us gen- tly to Thy per - fect day.

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128 God Will Take Care of You.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. God will take care of you, be not a - fraid; He is your safe-guard thro'
2. God will take care of you thro' all the day, Shielding your footsteps, di-
3. God will take care of you, long as you live, Granting you blessings no

sunshine and shade; Ten- der - ly watch-ing and keep-ing His own,
rect- ing your way; He is your Shepherd, Pro- tect - or and Guide,
oth - er can give; He will take care of you when time is past,

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CHORUS.

He will not leave you to wan-der a - lone.
Leading His children where still waters glide.
Safe to His kingdom will bring you at last.
} God will take care of you

still to the end; Oh, what a Father, Redeem-er and Friend! Jesus will

answer when-ev-er you call, He will take care of you, trust Him for all.

129 Everlasting Love.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tho' the flow'rs of joy shall with-er, and the lights of earth grow dim, O then more bright - ly shines the light within. Thro' the grace of Christ my
2. With His ten - der lov - ing kind-ness, He hath drawn me to His arms; A - mid life's chang - es, there may I a - bide; He is a - ble still to
3. He will make me sing for gladness, for I know in rain or shine The Fa - ther's love will nev - er, nev - er fail; He who gave His Son to

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then more brightly, then more brightly,
mid life's ma - ny, ma - ny changes,
Fa-ther's ev - er - last - ing love will

Sav-iour, I can rest my heart on Him, I trust the
keep me what-so - ev - er foe a - larms; There's bless - ed
save me, sure - ly guards this life of mine, He'll safe - ly

on Him, I trust the Fa - ther's,
a - larms; There's tru - ly bless - ed
of mine, He'll safe - ly, safe - ly,

CHORUS.

Fa - ther's ev - er - last - ing love.
shel - ter at my Father's side.
guide me, till with - in the vale.

The Fa - ther hath loved me
The Father He hath lov'd me, lov'd me

trust the Fa-ther's
shel - ter, shel-ter,
safe - ly guide me,

With an ev-er-last-ing love, Thro' Je - sus my Sav - iour, mercy smiles a-bove.
Thro' Je - sus, ev - er blessed Saviour,

130 Jesus is Still My Saviour.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. Rev. H. R. WILLARD, D. D.

1. Je - sus is still my Sav-iour so true, Will-ing each day His grace to re - new; Dear - er than when His love I first knew,—
2. When I was saved He came to a - bide Then and for - ev - er close to my side, Ev - er to help me, ev - er to guide—
3. Je - sus is still a fountain of grace; Day aft - er day His mer - cies I trace, And He still holds me in His em - brace—
4. O, how I love this Sav-iour of mine; O, how I trust His pow - er di - vine; On His dear breast my soul would re - cline—
5. Je - sus has nev - er left me a - lone; Sweet-er each day His pres - ence has grown, This is the dear - est joy I have known,

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CHORUS.

Je - sus is still my Sav - iour.
Je - sus is still my Sav - iour.
Je - sus is still my Sav - iour.
For He is still my Sav - iour.
And He is still my Sav - iour.
} Je-sus is still my Sav - iour,

Je - sus is still my Sav - iour, Wher - ev - er I go, This one thing I know, Je - sus is still my Sav - iour.

131 He Was Despised and Rejected.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Solo, Quartet and Chorus). W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with tenderness.

1. He was de-spis-ed, And re-ject-ed of men, He was de-spis-ed,
2. He was de-spis-ed, And to sin-ners be-trayed, O what a ran-som,
3. Forth to the slaughter As a lamb He was led, Fainting in an-guish

He was de-spis-ed, He was de-spis-ed, And re-ject-ed of men.
O what a ran-som, O what a ran-som; For the soul He has paid.
Faint-ing in anguish, Faint-ing in anguish With our guilt upon His head.

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QUARTET. *Slowly.*

He was de-spis-ed, He was de-spis-ed, He was de-
He was af-flict-ed, He was af-flict-ed, He was af-
Forth to the slaughter, Forth to the slaughter, Forth to the

rit.

DUET. ALTO AND TENOR.

spis-ed and re-ject-ed of men. A man of sor-rows, A
flict-ed and to sin-ners be-trayed. His life an off-'ring, His
slaughter as a lamb He was led. All praise and glo-ry, All

man of sor-rows, A man of sor-rows and ac-quaint-ed with grief.
life an off-'ring, His life an off-'ring for the lost world He gave.
praise and glo-ry, All praise and glo-ry un-to Him that was slain.

He Was Despised and Rejected.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A man of sorrows, A man of sorrows, A man of sorrows, And ac-
His life from bondage, His life from bondage, His life from bondage And de-
All praise and glo- ry, All praise and glo-ry, All praise and glory, Un- to

rit.

quainted with grief, A man of sor- rows and ac-quaint-ed with grief.
struction to save, His life from bond-age and de-struc-tion to save.
Him that was slain, He lives for - ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.

132. Father in Heaven.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Quartet.) W. H. DOANE.

Andante.

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1. O Fa - ther in heav- en, We now be- seech Thee, Hum-bly be-seech Thee,
2. O grant us Thy bless-ing, We now be- seech Thee, Fa- ther, dear Fa - ther,

rit.

hear our pray'r, Humbly beseech Thee, hear our pray'r, Hear our pray'r.
hear our pray'r, Father, dear Fa-ther, hear our pray'r, Hear our pray'r. A-men, A-men.

133 Never Give Up.

FANNY J. CROSBY

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev- er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-den op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev- er be sad or de-spond-ing There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev- er be sad or de-spond-ing Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

Grace for the du- ties be- fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt receive thy re - ward.

CHORUS.

Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,.....

Nev- er give up, nev- er give up, Nev-er give up, nev - er give up,

Nev- er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de- part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord, ...

Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

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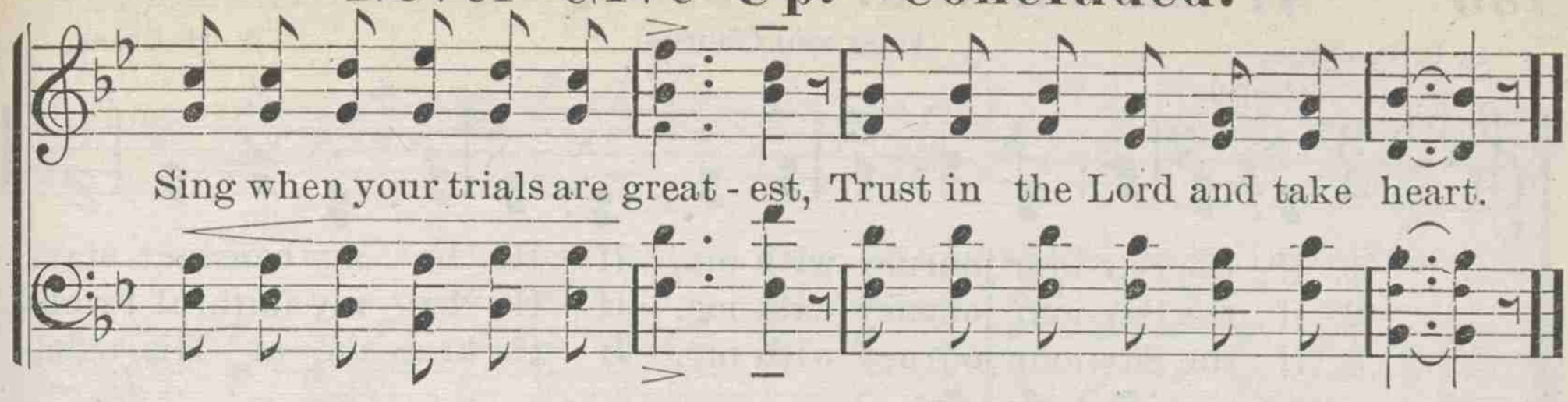
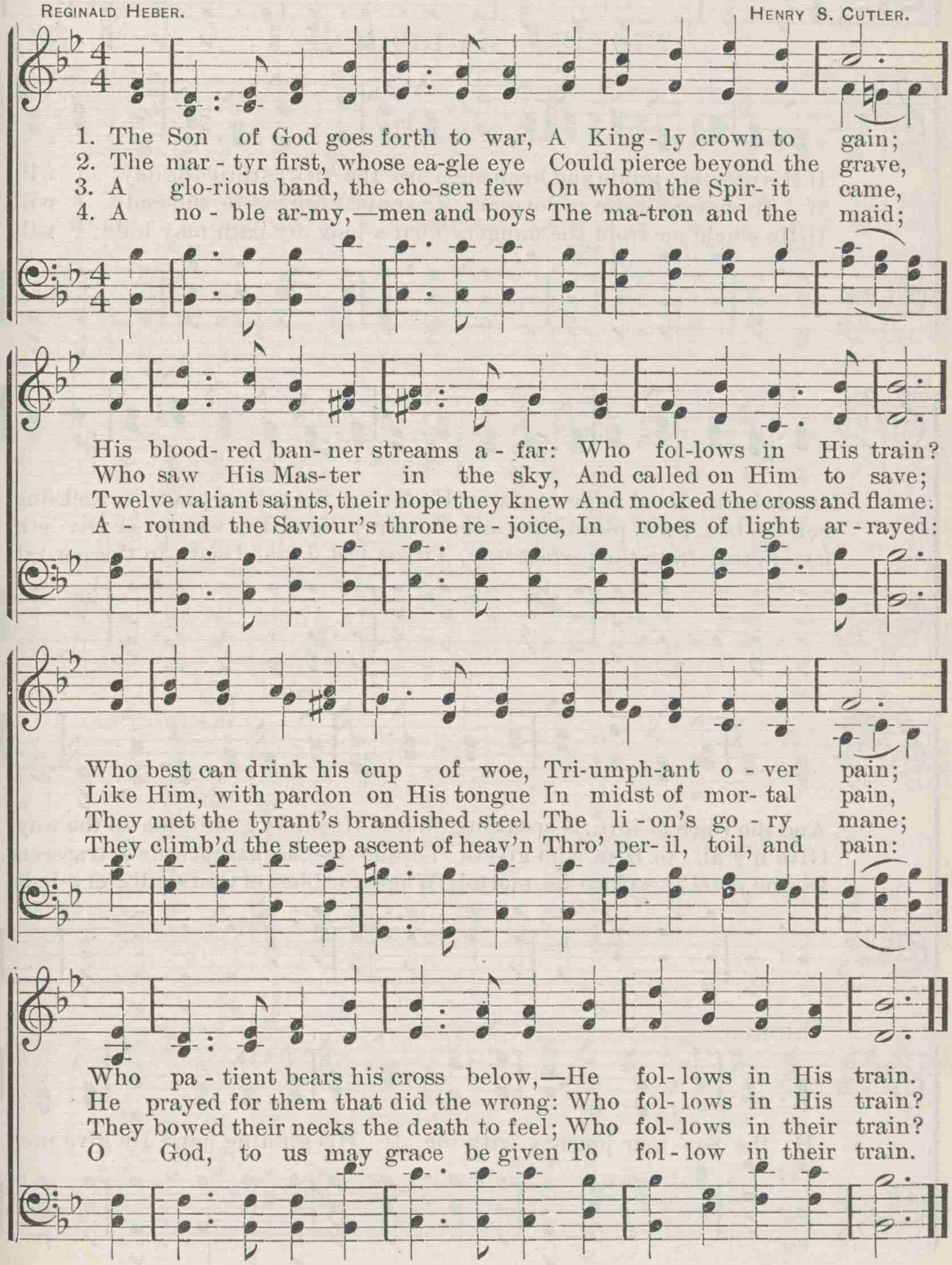
Never Give Up.—Concluded.

134 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.

135 If the Saviour Journey With Me.

D. B. PURINTON. (Duet and Chorus). W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If He be my constant stay,
2. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If He be my faithful Friend,
3. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If He keep me at His side,

If His presence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will
If He nev-er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will
If He shield me from the dangers That a-long my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seek-ing,
seek His face, I will plead His grace, Trust my life to Him who ev-er liv- eth,
nev-er stray from the perfect way, Till at last I stand with-in the por-tal

rit.

And the voice of love is speaking, While He safely guards me all the way.
Give my all to Him who giveth, Love di-vine, that naught can e'er transcend.
Of the dwelling place im-mortal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a-bide.

CHORUS.

If the Sav- iour journey with me, If His guiding hand He give me,

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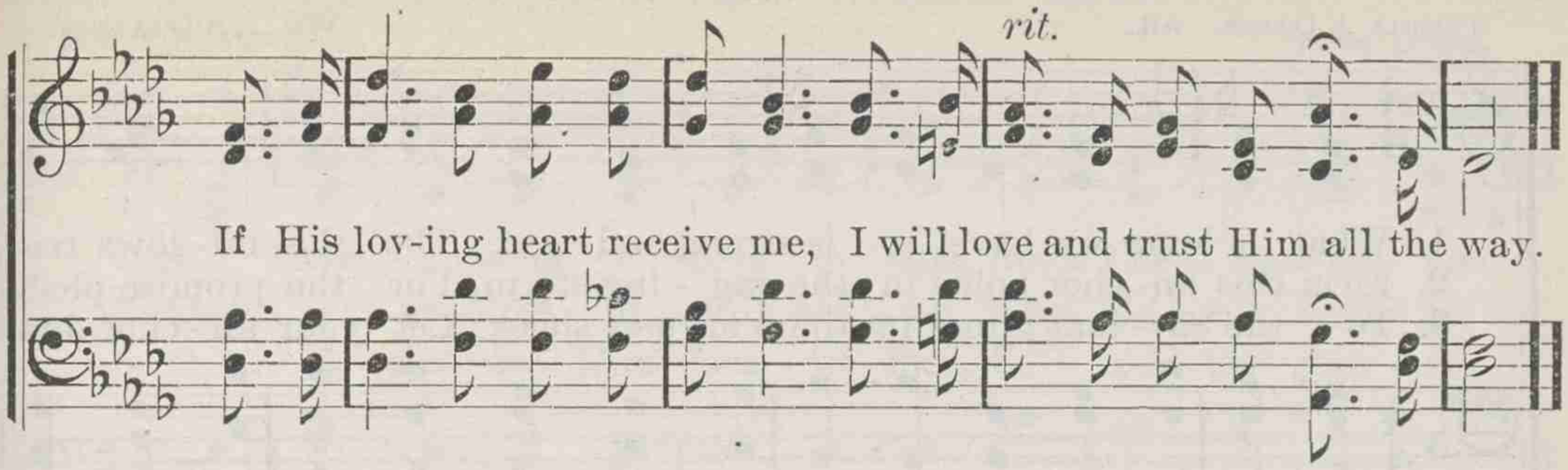
If the Saviour.—Concluded.

136 I Remember Calvary.

W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.

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1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learn'd to trust Him so,
2. O I de-light in His command; Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On - ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ, my Saviour near,

And I re- mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallow'd by blood-stain'd Calva-ry.
Trusting some day that I shall see, Je - sus my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Je- sus shall lead me night and day, Je- sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re- mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

137 We Have an Anchor.

PRICILLA J. OWENS. Alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a hope we have! it is strong and sure, Tho' the bil- lows roar,
2. Firm this an- chor holds in the rag - ing storm, For the promise-pledge
3. To the Sav- iour cling! in the tem - pest shock, Let your an - chor down

it will still en - dure, 'Tis the hope that rests, whether shade or shine,
will the Lord per- form; He will keep the soul that will trust His care,
to the Liv - ing Rock; Tides may rise and fall, it will still hold fast,

CHORUS.

On the Word of God, Rock of truth di - vine!
Till the voy - age shall end in the hâv- en fair.
Till with joy you sing, "safe at home at last!"
} We have an an-chor that

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil-lows roll; Fastened to the

Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

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138 He's Everything to Me.

Mrs. I. S. McKINNEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since Christ from sin has
2. Once I was lost in guilt and sin, Tho' Je - sus died on
3. O I shall see Him face to face, Be - yond the shin - ing

set me free; He led me to the liv - ing spring, And
Cal - va - ry; A wan - d'rer from my Lord I'd been, But
crys - tal sea; For He has saved me by His grace, And

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CHORUS.

now He's ev - 'ry-thing to me. O He's ev - 'ry-thing to me!

Yes, ev - 'ry-thing to me! His pard'ning love has set me free,

By faith divine my Lord I see, And now He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.

139 No Refuge But Thee.

D. H. W. W. H. DOANE.

1. I come, for my heart is brok - en, No ref- uge have I but Thee;
2. I turned to the world for com - fort, In pleasures re - lief I sought;
3. A bro-ken and con-trite spir - it Is all that I have to bring;
4. I know Thou wilt not re - ject me, For, Lord, Thou hast died for all;

And now, from Thy throne of mer - cy, Be gracious, O Lord, to me.
But now to Thy feet, O Sav - iour, My pen - i- tent soul is brought.
I clung to the hopes that per - ish, But now to Thy cross I cling.
And now, from Thy throne of mer - cy, Have pit- y, and hear my call.

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CHORUS.

I come, for my heart is bro - ken, Its sor- row I can - not bear;

And now from Thy throne of mer - cy, Have pit - y, and hear my pray'r.

140 I Hear My Saviour Calling.

M. V. STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I hear my Saviour call- ing, His voice I will o - bey; No lon - ger will I lin - ger, But seek His love to - day. My Sav-iour's love is
2. I hear my Saviour call- ing, He bids me not de - lay; Tho' darkness gath-ers round me, He'll guide me all the way, And should the path be
3. I hear the Saviour call- ing, In ac-cents soft and low; How can I lon - ger tar - ry When He doth love me so? I spurn earth's fleeting

boundless, It shelters e - ven me; I know that it en - dur - eth Thro'
lone - ly That leadeth to His throne, The Lord will ne'er desert me; I
pleas-ures! The world is naught to me! Receive me, Lord, receive me, I

CHORUS.

all e - ter - ni - ty.
ne'er shall walk a - lone.
come, I come to Thee.

I hear my Sav-iour call - ing, His voice is sweet to me; His boundless love en-dur-eth Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

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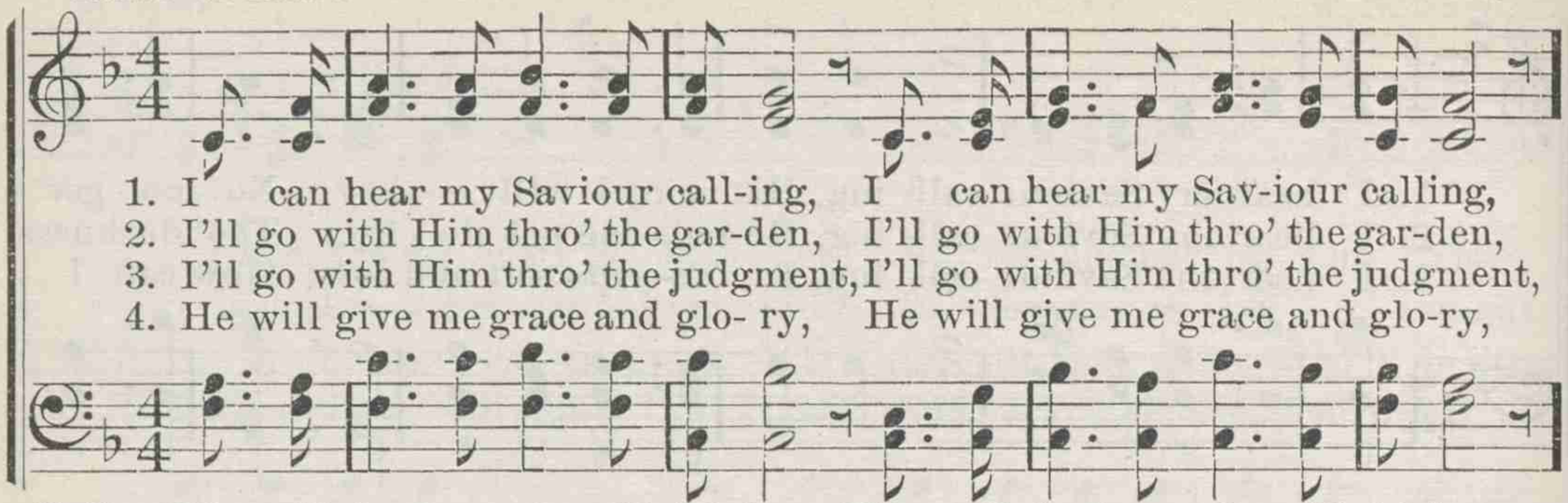
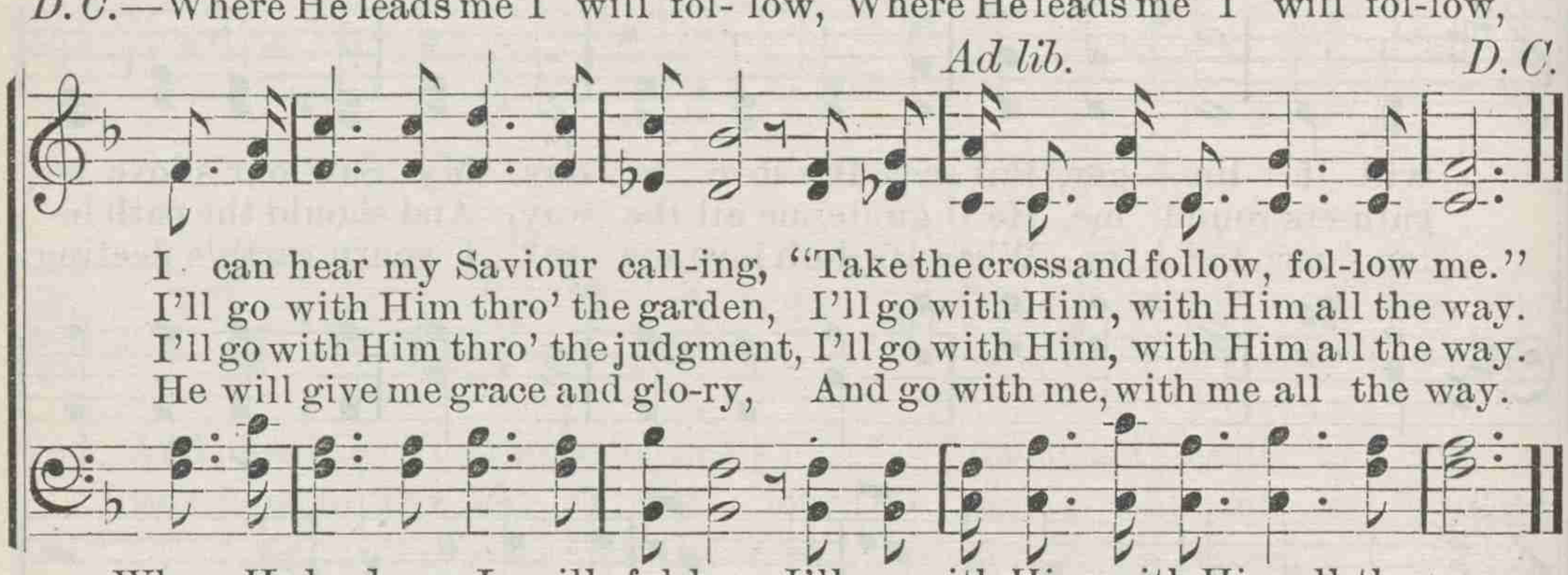
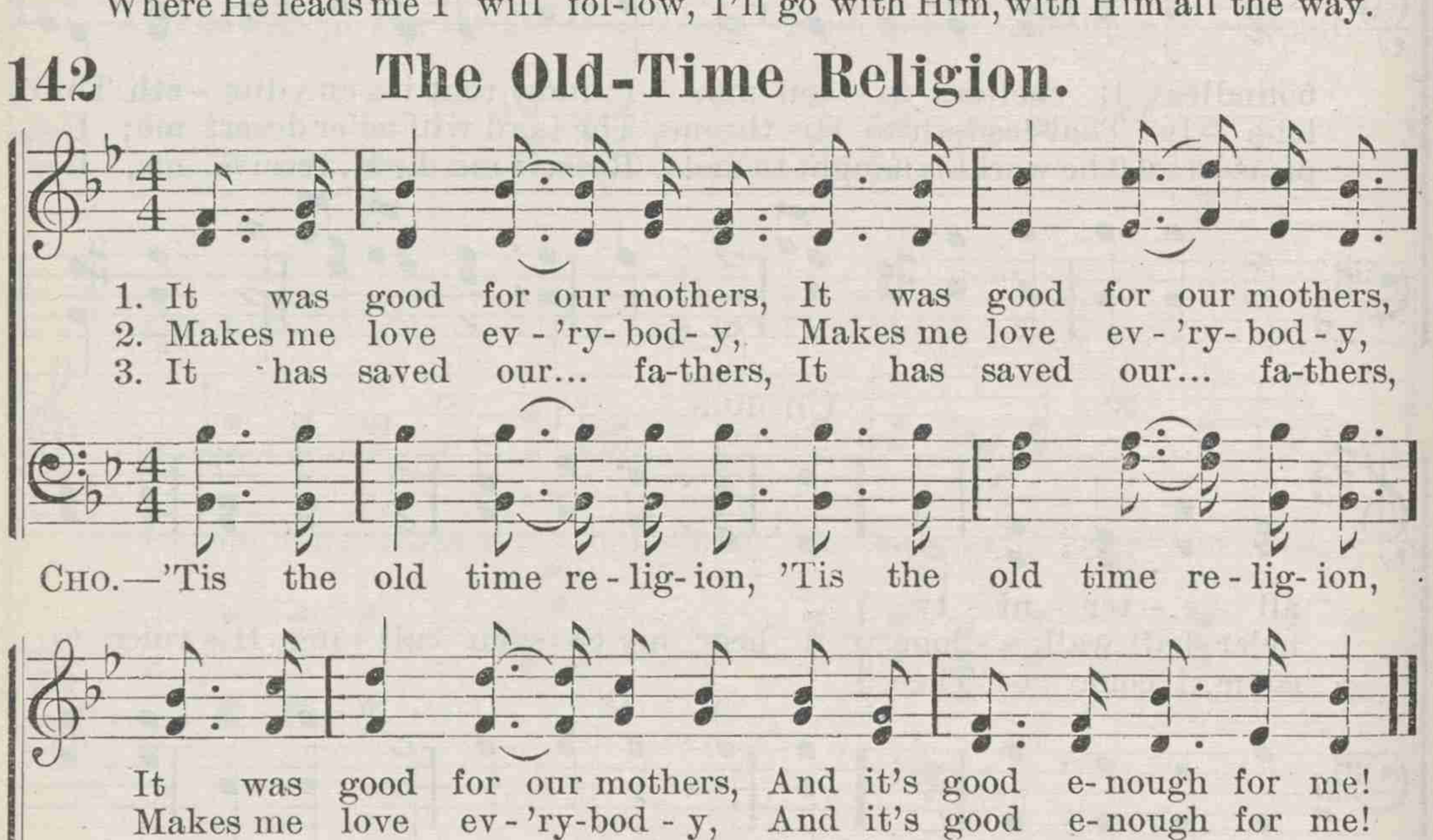
141 Where He Leads Me.

EDMUND W. BLANDY. From P. P. BLISS.





142 The Old-Time Religion.



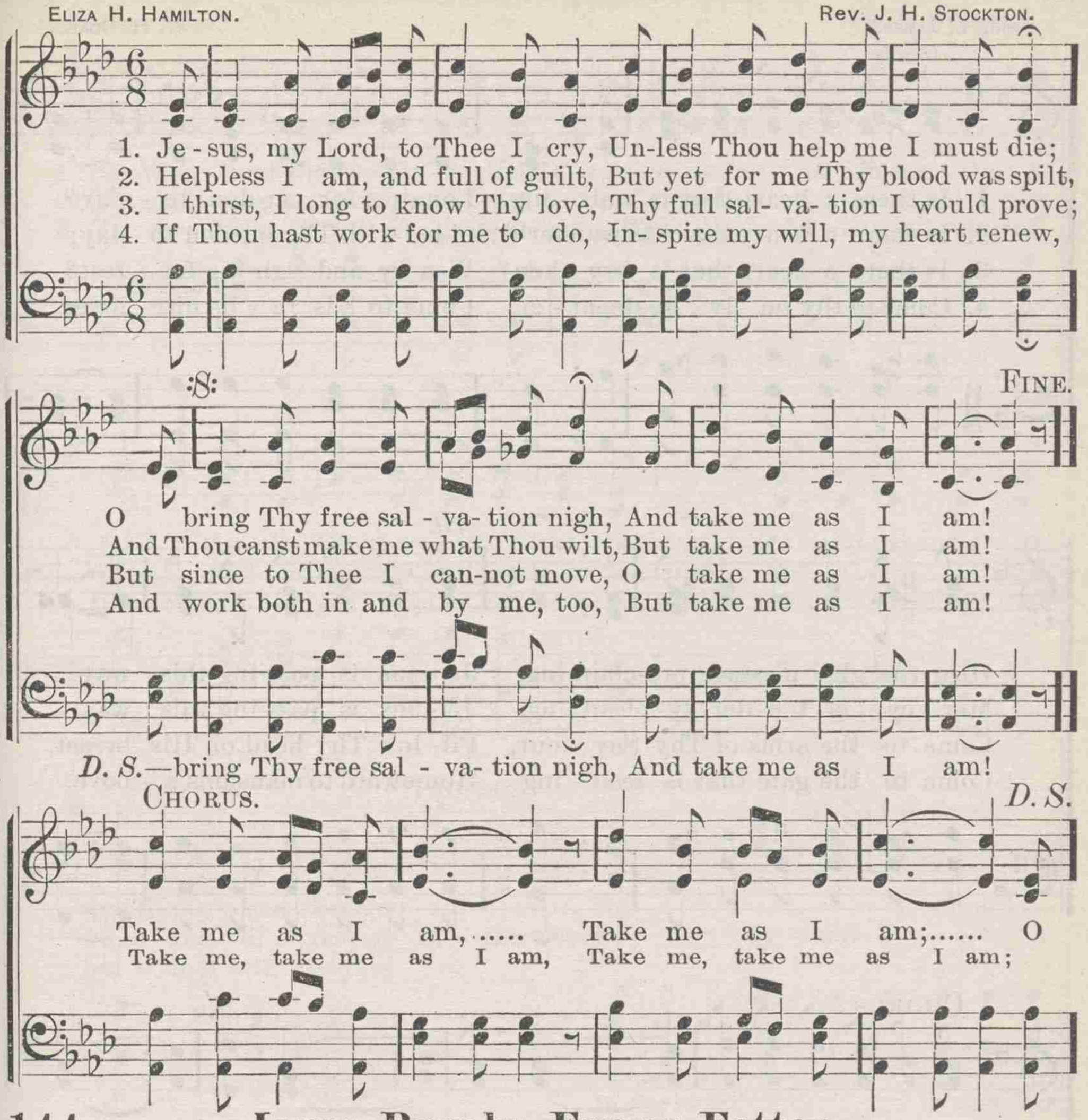
4 ‖: Makes me love the old Bible, :‖
And its good enough for me!

5 ‖: It will lead me to Jesus, :‖
And its good enough for me!

6 ‖: It will do when I'm dying, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

7 ‖: It will take us to heaven, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

143 Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

144 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

C. D. T. W. MCDONALD.

2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him, :‖
And that's even me.

3 ‖: Never more will I doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

5 ‖: Hallelujah! I'll praise Him, :‖
For He set me free.

145 Jesus is Passing this Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Longing for par-don to - day?
2. Is there a heart that has wander'd? Come with Thy burden to - day;
3. Is there a heart that is bro - ken? Wea-ry and sigh-ing for rest?
4. Come to thy on - ly Re-deem - er, Come to His in - fi- nite love;

rit.

Hear the glad message pro-claiming, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Mer - cy is ten-der- ly plead-ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Come to the arms of Thy Sav - iour, Pil- low Thy head on His breast.
Come to the gate that is lead - ing Homeward to mansions a - bove.

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CHORUS.

Je-sus is pass-ing this way,..... This way..... to - day;.....
Je - sus is passing, is passing this way, is passing this way, Is passing to-day;

rit.

Je- sus is pass-ing this way,..... Is pass- ing this way to - day.
is passing this way,

146 The Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore The mel-o - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun- ti - ful Fa- ther a- bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of

far; For the Fa- ther waits o- ver the way, To pre-pare us a
blest, And our spir- its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri- ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

CHORUS.

dwell- ing place there.
bless - ing of rest.
hal - low our days.
} In the sweet by - and- by,

In the sweet by-and- by,

We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet

by- and- by, by- and-by,

by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by - and- by,

147 I Must Tell Jesus.

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

1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri-als; I cannot bear these burden a-lone;
2. I must tell Je-sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. O how the world to e- vil allures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

:S: FINE.

In my distress He kindly will help me; He ever loves and cares for His own.
If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er, Make of my troubles quickly an end.
I must tell Jesus; I must tell Je-sus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.
I must tell Jesus; and He will help me O-ver the world the vict'ry to win.

D. S.—I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; Je-sus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! I cannot bear my burden a - lone;

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148 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

1. I'm kneeling at the mercy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mercy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mercy-seat, Where (*Omit.....*) Jesus answers pray'r.

CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe, That (*Omit.....*) Jesus saves me now.

2 ‖: Refining fire, go through my heart, :‖ Illuminate my soul.

3 ‖: O that it now from heaven might fall, :‖ And all my sins consume.

149 Close by the Jaffa Gate.*

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, For Him I watch and wait,
2. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, For Him I watch and wait,
3. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, Still let me watch and wait,
4. Close by the Jaf - fa gate, Not long I'll watch and wait,

Who once in triumph entered there, Je - ru - sa- lem so fair.
Who bids me now look up and see, The home prepared for me.
Till He shall come and set me free, And I at home shall be.
For soon I know my Lord will come, And I shall then go home.

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REFRAIN.

Close by the Jaf- fa gate, Close by the Jaf - fa gate, From morn till eve I'll watch and wait, Till He my Lord a - mong the blest Shall call, shall call, shall call, Shall call His wea-ry child to rest.

shall call, shall call,

* Written at Jerusalem, 1890.

150 'Twill Never Shine Again.

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

1. The light that shines this moment will never shine a-gain; An - oth-er link is
2. Our ve-ry steps are counted; we nev-er can re - trace The way the Master
3. Time turns on golden hinges, the doors to ser-vice true; They swiftly close a-
4. The light that shines this moment will never shine a-gain; But tru-ly used for

add - ed to mercy's length'ning chain; So let us use the sunshine that
leads us by His a- bundant grace; But as we jour-ney onward, we'll
round us, un - less we en - ter thro'; The words we might have spoken, the
Je - sus, it will not die in vain; He asks not great achievements; He

gilds the passing hour, Some other life to brighten with love's transforming pow'r.
sow along the way The seeds that bloom in gladness, in ever-lasting day.
good we might have done, Bring but a sad remembrance, when comes the setting sun.
on-ly wants the heart To His own love surrendered, and humbly set a - part.

CHORUS.

'Twill never, never, nev-er; 'Twill never shine again; The light that falls this

moment on mountain, lake and glen, We'll bring a joy to oth- ers, or

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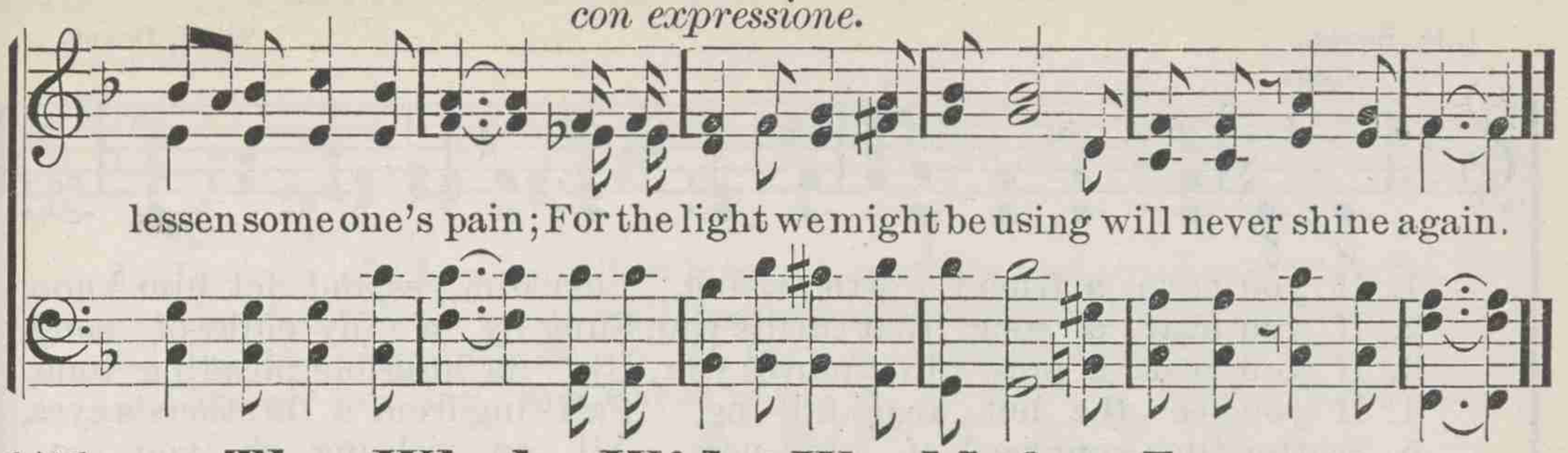
'Twill Never Shine Again.—Concluded.

con expressione.

151 The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

GEORGIA T. SNEAD. W. H. DOANE.

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152 Cheer Some Heart To-day.

I. H Brown. W. H. Doane.

Solo.

1. If you have a friend worth lov-ing, Love him, yes, and let him know;
2. If you hear a song that thrills you, Sung by a - ny child of song,
3. If you hear a pray'r that moves you, By its hum-ble, pleading tone,
4. If you see the hot tears fall-ing, Fall - ing from a brothers's eyes,
5. Scatter thus your seed of kind-ness, All en - rich-ing as you go,

That you love him ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sun-set glow;
Praise it—do not let the sing - er Wait de - serv - ed prais-es long;
Join it—do not let the seek - er Bow be - fore his God a - lone;
Share them then, and thus by shar-ing, Own your kin - ship with the skies;
Leave them: trust the Harvest - giv - er, He will make each seed to grow,

Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend till he is dead?
Why should one that thrills your heart Lose the joy you may im - part?
Why should not your broth-er share Help of two or three in pray'r?
Why should a - ny one be glad, When a brother's heart is sad?
So un - til life's hap - py end, You shall nev - er lack a friend.

Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend till he is dead?
Why should one that thrills your heart Lose the joy you may im - part?
Why should not your broth-er share Help of two or three in pray'r?
Why should a - ny one be glad When a broth-er's heart is sad?
So un - til life's hap - py end, You shall nev - er lack a friend.

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153 Faithful Till the Crowning Day.

JENNIE WILSON. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Je - sus of - fers me life's bright di-a - dem, And my hope no one can take a - way; Tri - als may be mine, but with help di-vine, I'll be
2. That fair prize a - waits all the tried and true, Who their Saviour's serv-ice ne'er dis- own; Thro' His ho - ly name I the crown may claim, Not re -
3. Tho' the tempter ask me to turn a - side, From the path where Je-sus bids me go: I may vic-t'ry win in re - sist - ing sin, For the
4. To my lov - ing soul Christ is All in all, As I glad - ly tread the nar - row way; And sus-tained by faith in the vale of death, He will

CHORUS.

faith-ful till the crowning day.
ly - ing on my strength a-lone.
aid I need He will be - stow.
keep me till the crowning day.

I'll be faith - - ful till the crown-ing day, I'll be faith-ful till the crowning day; Trusting ev - 'ry hour in my Sav-iour's pow'r, I'll be faith-ful till the crowning day.

I'll be faith-ful

Trusting ev'ry

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154 All On the Altar.

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

1. All I have is on the al - tar, Ev - 'ry pow'r that I pos - sess;
2. All I am is on the al - tar; Small and mean the sac-ri - fice,
3. All I hope is on the al - tar, What-so-e'er the fu- ture bring,
4. Bod - y, soul and spir - it bringing As a liv - ing sac - ri - fice;

Be my tal- ents few or ma - ny To be used as Thou see'st best.
But a bro- ken, contrite spir - it Thou, oh Lord wilt not de - spise.
Un - to Thee al - read- y yield-ed As an humble of - fer - ing.
Faith dares claim the blessed promise, That the al - tar sanc-ti - fies.

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CHORUS.

All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, I sur -
All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus,

rit. *a tempo.*

ren - der all to Thee;..... All I have or am or
to Thee; All I have or am or

hope for, Thine and Thine e - ter - nal - ly.
ev - er hope for,

155 Come, O Come to Jesus.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a soft pleading voice, calling ten - der- ly, To the heart heav - y
2. Heed not sin's lur - ing tones, tho' so temp-ting- ly She doth whisper of
3. When He hung on the cross, O, how cru - el - ly! Did they mock as they
4. Yield to Him, for He pleads, O, so pa - tient-ly! As no friend ev - er

la - den and sad: At the cross thou shalt be, from thy bur- den set free,
joys yet unknown; On - ly Je - sus can give pleasures sweet, that will live;
pass'd by Him there! Will you mock at Him too, when He hung there for you,
sought thee be- fore, On His dear, lov-ing breast, all who come shall find rest;

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CHORUS.

Then look up, wea - ry one, and be glad.
He withholds naught of good from His own.
Whom He lov'd with a love past com- pare.
Joy and peace to thy soul He'll re - store.

Come, O come, sinner, come to

Come, O sinner, come to

Je - sus, And His love do not doubt; 'Tis the promise to
Jesus, quickly come, And His precious love do not longer doubt;

thee; He that com-eth un - to me, I will nev-er, no, nev- er cast out.

156 Come, Holy Spirit.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a flame of heav'nly love In these cold hearts of ours; In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy- ing rate? Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great, And Thine to us so great?
3. Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come shed a- broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours.

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157 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, / Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. }
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, / Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear. }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release, / Noth- ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

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

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158 O Lord Send the Power.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. W. D. HOWARD.

1. Here Lord in Thy ho - ly place, We plead for the show'rs of grace;
2. Here Lord in the cleansing flood, Deep, deep in its crim - son blood;
3. Here Lord with a sa - cred fire, Our tongues from Thy throne inspire;

CHO. – O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

D. C. Chorus.

Here Lord in Thy ho - ly place Bap - tize us ev - 'ry one.
Here Lord in the cleansing flood, Bap - tize us ev - 'ry one.
Here Lord with a sa - cred fire, Bap - tize us ev - 'ry one.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, Bap - tize us ev - 'ry one.

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159 Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di- vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort- ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S. – Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now;

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160 The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

:8:

ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di - vine— That I, a
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of

D. S.–Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, the Fa - ther's promise giv'n; O spread the

Fine.

Christian tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!
gold-en hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort - er has come!
va - cant cells the song of triumph rings: The Com-fort - er has come!
child of hell, should in His im-age shine? The Com-fort - er has come!
end-less love the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er has come!

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

Chorus. *D. S.*

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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161 Wait at His Throne.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Near to the Sav - iour, O come ver - y near, Pray for a
2. Here we are gath-ered in Je - sus' dear name, Je - sus who
3. Plead for the souls that are lan - guid and cold, Plead for the
4. Pray with a faith that takes hold on the Lord, Strong in the

bless- ing on all that are here; Pray that His Spir - it may
taught us His bless - ing to claim; If in His prom - ise we
wand'rers a - way from the fold; Pray that the Sav - iour may
strength it has drawn from His word; Come we with bold - ness, O

come at this hour, Fill - ing each heart with the life - giv - ing power.
tru - ly be - lieve, Pray with a faith that ex-pects to re - ceive.
lead them to - night Out of the dark-ness and in - to the light.
come not with fear; Je - sus will bless us, and Je - sus is here.

CHORUS.

Wait, wait, wait at His throne, Bring your petitions and there make them known.

Wait, wait, pray'r will prevail, He has declar'd it whose word cannot fail.

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162 Does God Need Me?

(Duet.)

W. C. MARTIN. IRA B. WILSON.

Moderato.

1. Does God need me when all things are His own? The earth is but His
2. Does God need me, the creature of His hand, When seraphs are a -
3. Does God need me, oh, can it sure-ly be? Oh, then I give my -

foot-stool and the heavens are His throne; The sun and moon and far-flung stars make
bout His throne to do His least command? So fee-ble and un-wor-thy as I
self to serve Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; I on-ly ask that He shall with His

haste to do His will, And mighty angels speed abroad His wishes to ful-fill.
know myself to be, It does not seem almighty God has a - ny need of me!
mighty strength endow, And He shall find me ready for the al-tar or the plow.

f CHORUS. *A little faster.*

ff

He needs me! Oh, yes, He needs me, For He says so in His word!
He needs me, yes, He needs me!

rit.

Oh, glad - ly then I give my - self, my all un - to the Lord.

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163 Always Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slow.

1. 'Tis our faith in Je-sus, Brings the promise near, 'Tis the love of Je - sus,
2. 'Tis our trust in Je-sus, Makes us bold and brave, 'Tis our hope in Je - sus,
3. 'Tis the ear of Je-sus, Bend-ing from the sky, Hears the prayers we offer—

Conquers ev-'ry fear; 'Tis the voice of Je - sus, Warns us ev - 'ry day,
Looks beyond the grave; 'Tis the smile of Je - sus, Makes the clouds depart,
Hears the mourner's cry; On the arm of Je - sus, Sweet-ly we re - pose,

D. S.—Je - sus in our sor-rows, Je - sus in our song,

FINE. REFRAIN.

'Tis the blood of Je-sus, Takes our sins a- way.
'Tis the eye of Je-sus, Search-es ev-'ry heart.
From the side of Je-sus, Liv - ing wa-ter flows.
} Je - sus in our tri - als

O 'tis al-ways Je - sus, All our way a- long.

D. S.

Je - sus in our cares, Je - sus in our prais-es, Je - sus in our pray'rs,

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164 To-day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls; O hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls; For ref-uge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to-day; Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not away; 'Tis mercy's hour.

165 In the Cross My Trust.

W. C. MARTIN. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the cross is my ref - uge from sin and its pow'r, And the
2. In the cross is my ref - uge when tempted a - way From the
3. In the cross is my ref - uge in sea - sons of grief, There I

pains that I just-ly should bear; Oh, I could not sus-tain half the
life I would live in the Lord. Oh, I rest in its shad - ow from
find pre - cious com-fort and rest. For my Sav - iour there died to af -

bur - den one hour, But my Sav-iour bore them once for me there.
day un - to day, And it sure - ly doth me safe - ty af - ford.
ford me re - lief, And the blessings there I find are the best.

CHORUS.

In the cross ..... is my trust, ... In the
In the cross is my trust,

cross all my need is sup - plied; ..... For the Lord meets me
is supplied;

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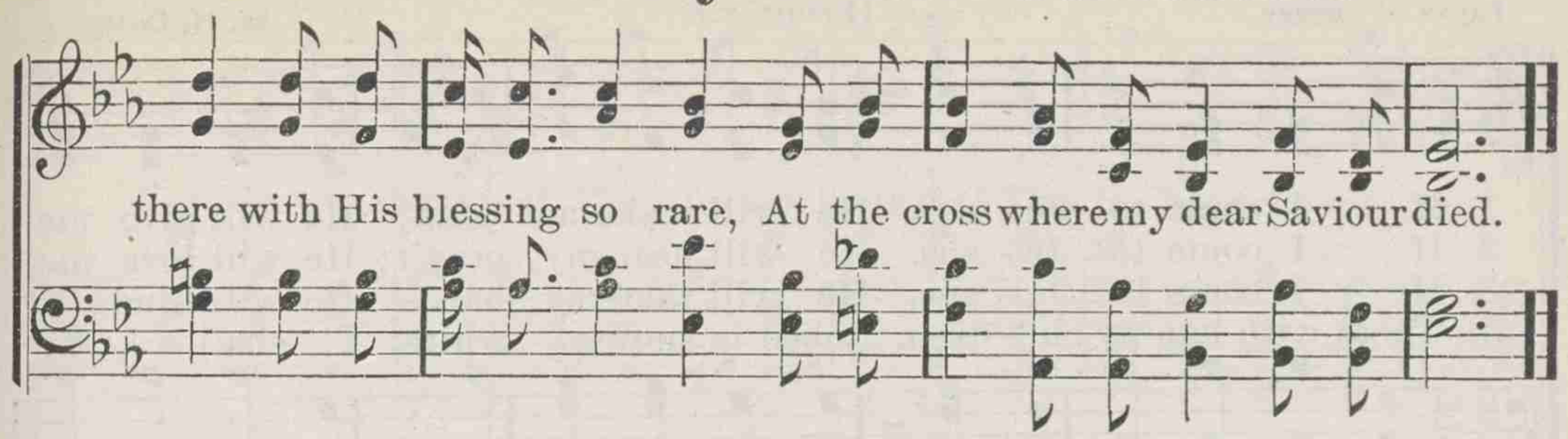
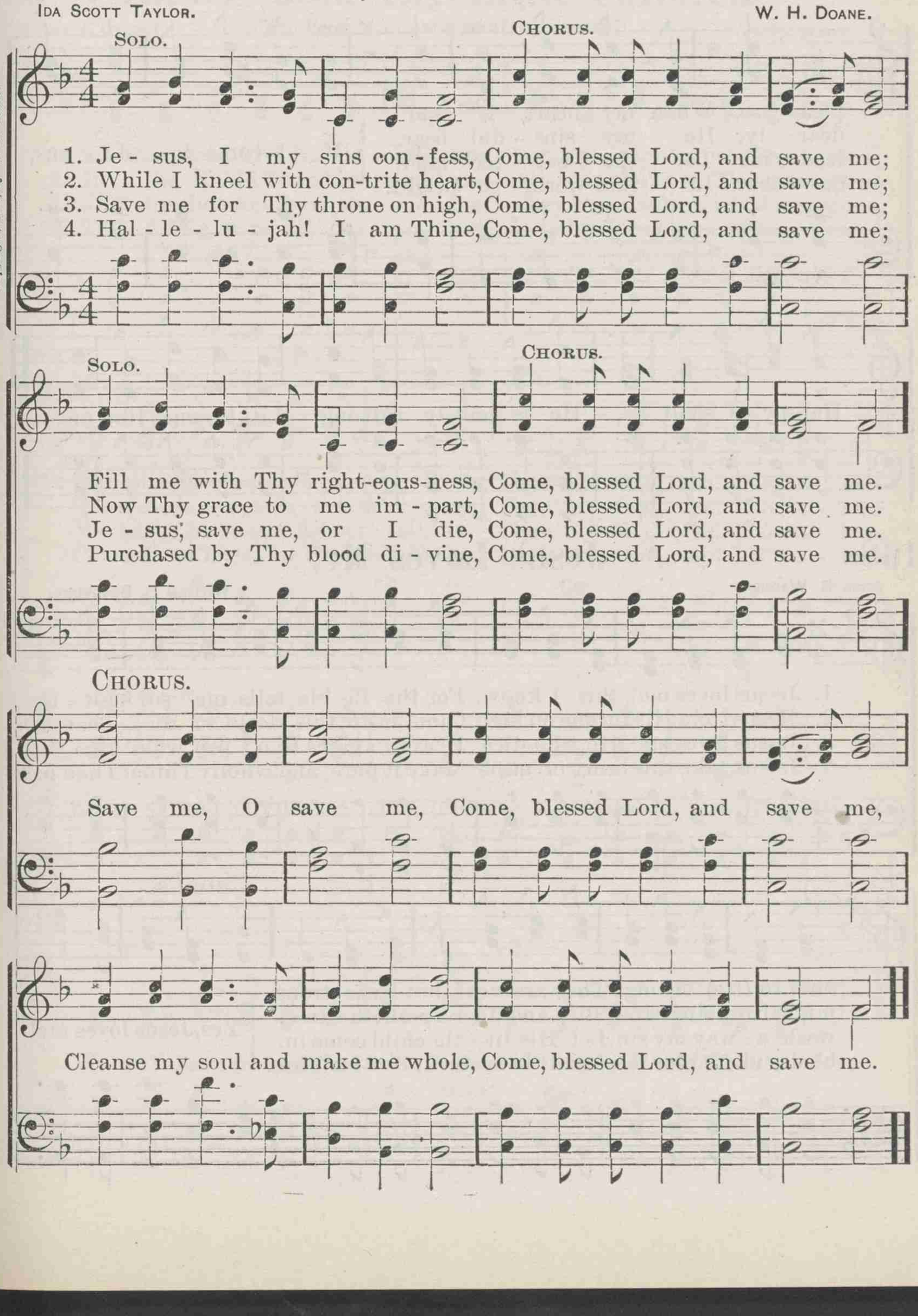
In the Cross My Trust.—Concluded.



166 Come, Blessed Lord.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.



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167 If I Come to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Primary.) W. H. DOANE.

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad; He will give me pleas- ure, When my heart is sad.
2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my pray'r; He will love me dear - ly, He my sins did bear.
3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand, He will kind- ly lead me To the bet - ter land.
4. There with hap-py chil- dren, Robed in snow-y white, I shall see my Sav - iour In that world so bright.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap-py I shall be, He is gent-ly call-ing Lit- tle ones like me.

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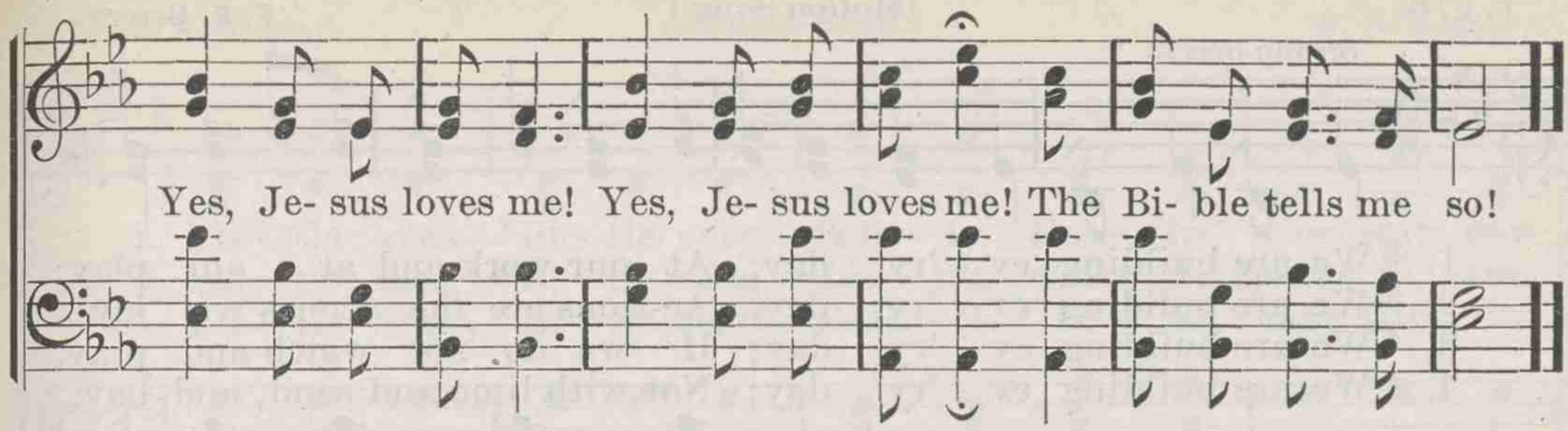
168 Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA B. WARNER. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi- ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to Him belong; They are weak, but He is strong.
2. Je-sus from His throne on high, Came in-to this world to die; That I might from sin be free, Bled and died up-on the tree.
3. Je-sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to o - pen wide! He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
4. Je-sus, take this heart of mine Make it pure, and wholly Thine: Thou hast bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesns loves me!

Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

169 Father, Lead Thy Little Children.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (The First Commandment.—Primary.) W. H. DOANE.

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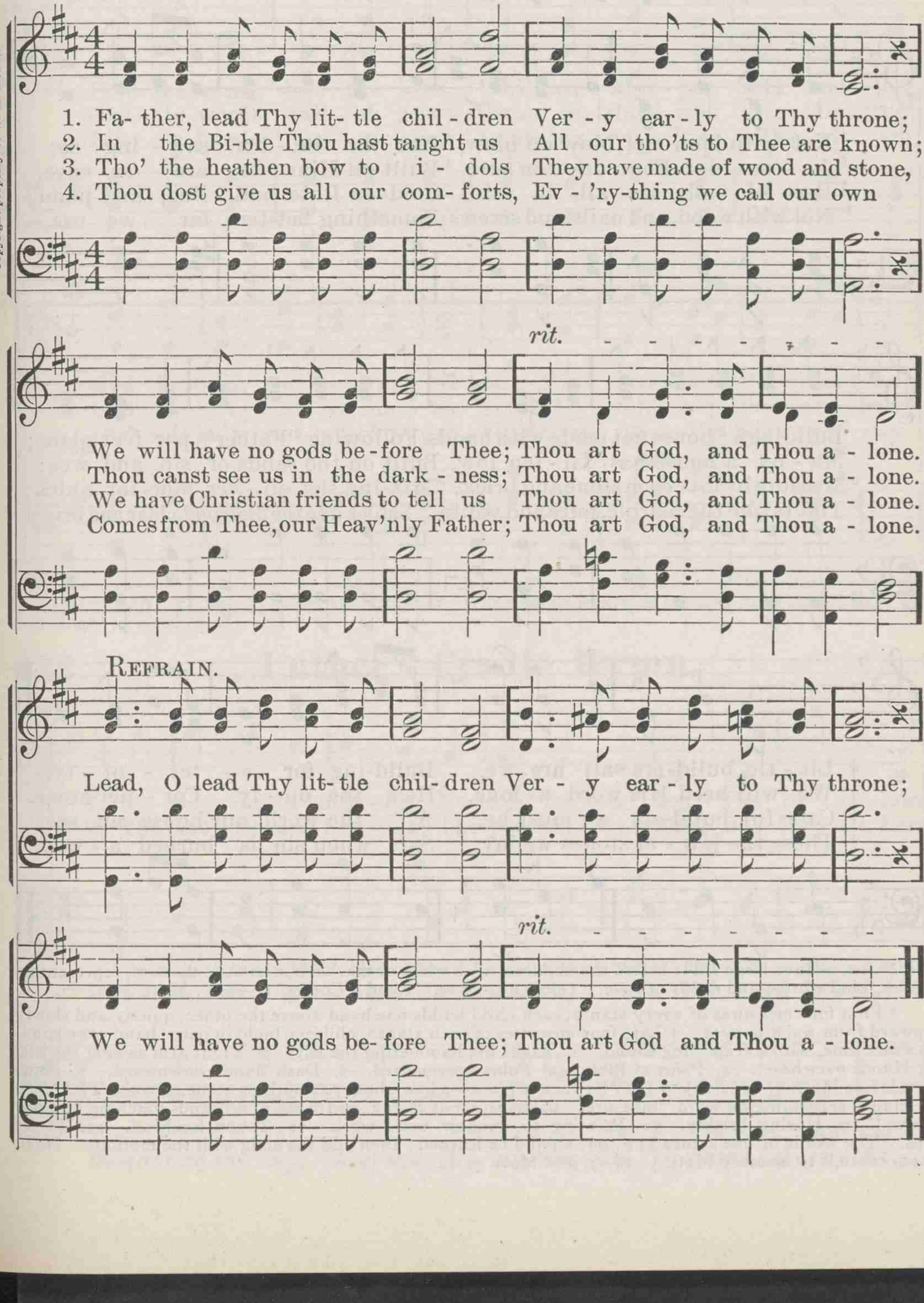
170 Building Every Day.

F. E. B. (Motion Song.) F. E. BELDEN.

Strong accent.

1. * We are building ev - 'ry day, At our work and at our play;
2. * We are building ev - 'ry day, Ac-tions are the stones we lay;
3. * We are building ev - 'ry day; If we do not watch and pray,
4. * We are building ev - 'ry day; Not with lime and sand, and hay,

[1] Not with ham-mer, blow on blow, [2] Not the tim - ber saw - ing so;
[5] Je - sus our Foun-da- tion sure, [4] Built on Him we are se - cure.
[7] Best of tools are all in vain, Gold- en Rule, and line, and plane.
[10] Not with wood, and nails, and screws; Something bet-ter far we use,—

Building a [3] house not made with hands, Following [4] Father's per- fect plans;
Ma - ny a house has [6] fal - len low, Built on the sands of sin and woe;
[8] Measure by love each stone and brick, [9] Mix-ing the sil - ver mor- tar quick;
[11] Tho'ts like the marble, pure and white, [12] Smiles like the diamond, clear and bright;

† Lit - tle build-ers all are we, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
† We will heed His word a - lone, He's the on - ly Cor - ner-stone.
† Care- ful build-ers we must be, All the world our house can see.
† These the jew - el stones we lay, Safe when sin is burned a - way.

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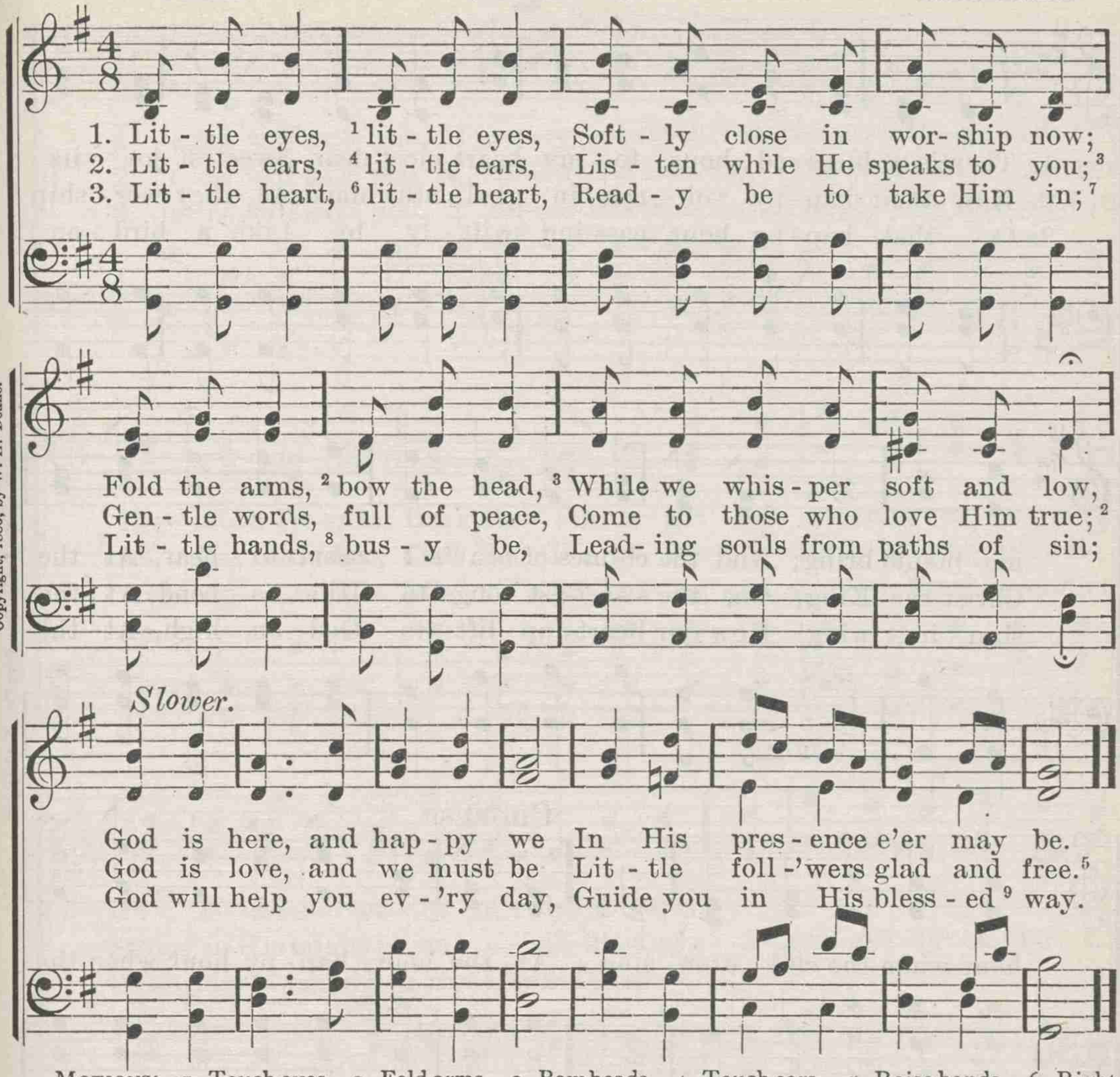
NOTE:—Have large Bible before the children, with white or marble blocks built thereon, representing smiles, kind words, and deeds of love. Don't use wood. Read 1 Cor. 3: 11—17; Matt. 7: 24-27.

* First four measures of every stanza, each child builds one hand above the other, quietly and slowly upward from waist to eyes. † Last four measures of each stanza, children build in pairs, hand over hand, in exact time, with soft spatting sound. 1. Right fist hammering the left. 2. Right arm sawing the left. 3. Hands over heart. 4. Point to Bible. 5. Point heavenward. 6. Dash hands downward. 7. Point to rule (see Matt. 7: 12) marked LOVE; then to plane—a hard, heavy smoothing stone, marked TRIALS. 8. Hands separating on word "measure," palms squarely facing, and backs of all hands touching on word "love." 9. Hoeing briskly. 10 Pointing to window wood-work. 11. Touch forehead. 12. Touch lips. The words of one stanza at a time should be learned; then add the song with the motions. Have them commit to memory Matt. 7: 24-27, and Matt. 7: 12.

171 Little Eyes.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. (Motion Song.) W. H. DOANE.

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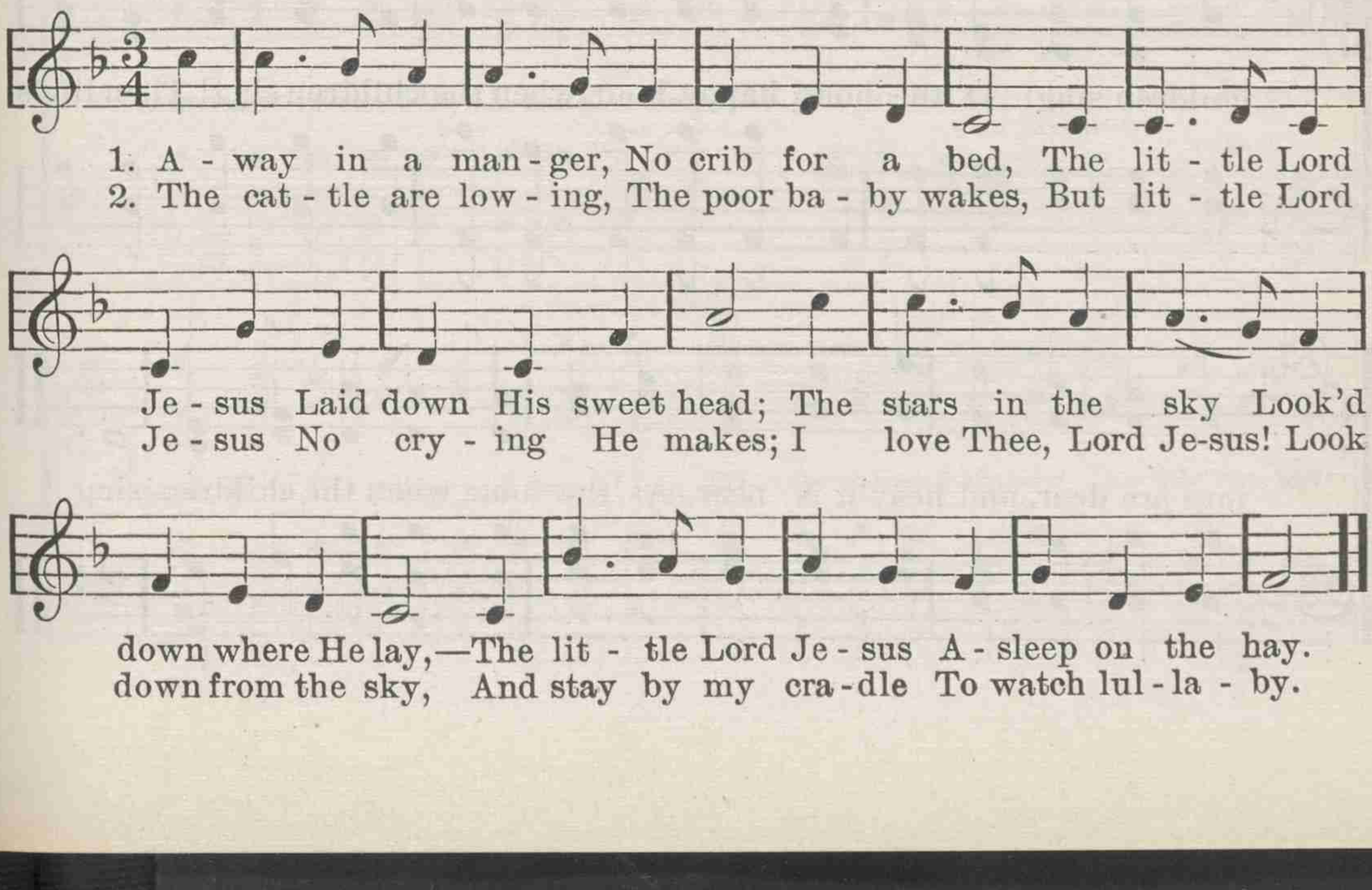
MOTIONS:—1. Touch eyes. 2. Fold arms. 3. Bow heads. 4. Touch ears. 5. Raise hands. 6. Right hand over heart. 7. Spread hands and arms. 8. Wave hands from side to side. 9. Point upward with fore-finger of right hand.

172 Luther's Cradle Hymn.



173 When the Children Sing.

ADA BLENKHORN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There's a bless-ed hour to my heart most dear, Sweetest joy its mo-ments bring; And the chimes of heav'n I seem to hear, At the
2. How their hap-py voi-ces in glad-ness blend, As they wor-ship Christ the King; Oh, the sweet-est songs to Him as-cend, At the
3. O that hap-py hour, pass-ing swift-ly by Like a bird on shin-ing wing! How our hearts up-lift to God on high, At the

CHORUS.

hour when the chil-dren sing. At the hour, hap-py hour, when the children sing! At the hour, happy hour, when the children sing! Then life's joys are dear, and heav'n is near, At the hour when the children sing.

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174 Jesus Will Save You.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je-sus will save you, if on - ly you trust Him 'Twas for the sin - ner His
2. Je-sus will save you, if un-der His ban- ner, You will en-list as His
3. Je-sus will save you, if un-der His ban- ner Simply you take what He

life - blood He gave; Hark, thro' the a - ges this precious as - sur-ance
sol - dier to - day; Clad in His ar - mor, go forth to the bat - tle,
loves to be- stow, Life ev - er - last- ing and strength for the con-flict,

CHORUS.

He is a-bund-ant - ly a - ble to save.
Strong in His might let no e - vil dis-may.
Cleansing to make you as white as the snow.
} A-bund-ant - ly a - ble, a -

bund-ant-ly a - ble, A-bund-ant-ly a - ble to save Yes, Je- sus will
you just now,

save you if on-ly you trust Him, He is a-bund-ant-ly a - ble to save.

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175 Wonderful Love of Jesus.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Won-der-ful love that found us Out on the moun-tain cold!
2. Won-der-ful love whose pres - ence, Beam-ing with light di - vine,
3. Won-der-ful love that keeps us Near to the Sav-iour's throne!
4. When to the gate of E - den Gath-ered in peace we come,

Won - der - ful love that brought us In - to the Sav-iour's fold.
Ev - er thro' clouds and dark-ness Mak-eth the sun to shine.
Drop-ping in ten - der bless - ings, Filled with a joy un - known.
Won - der - ful love our pass - word In - to the soul's dear home.

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CHORUS.

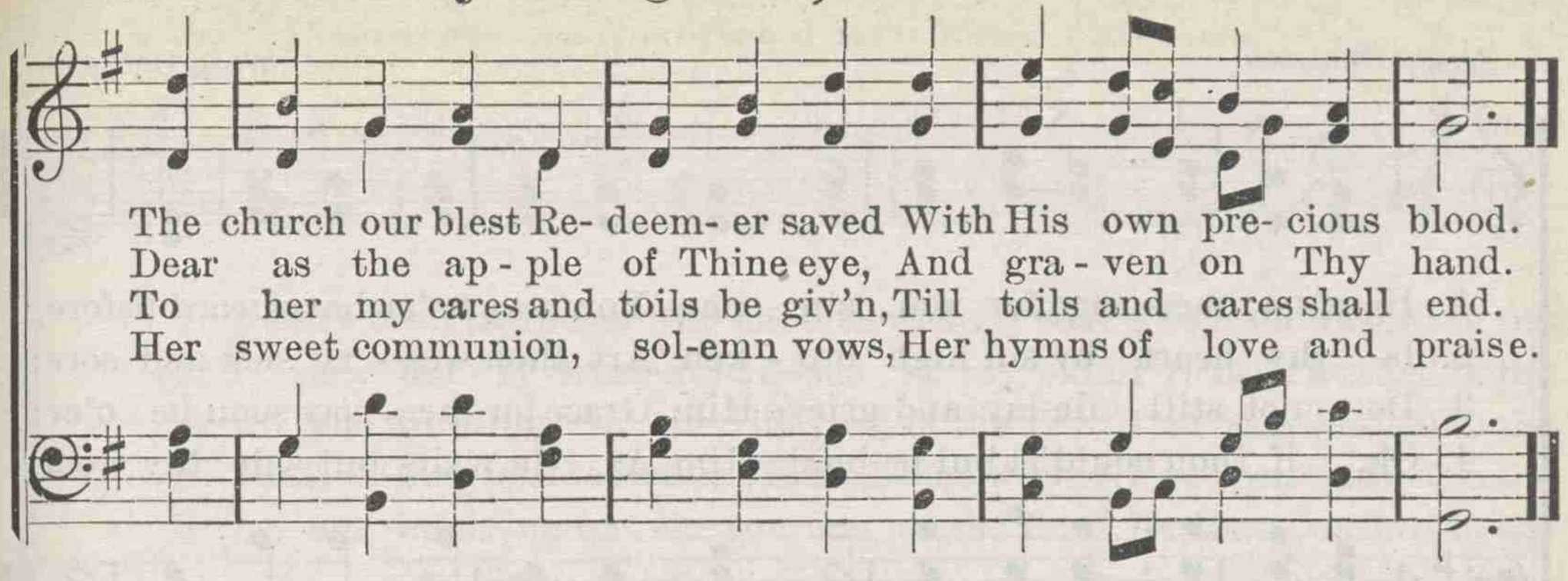
Won - der-ful love of Je - sus! Tell it in thank-ful song;
Tell of its pow'r and great-ness; Sing it the whole day long.

176 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. (St. Thomas. S. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode—
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy, I praise her heav'n-ly ways,

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.—Concluded.



177 Deeper Love to Thee.

W. H. D. W. H. DOANE.

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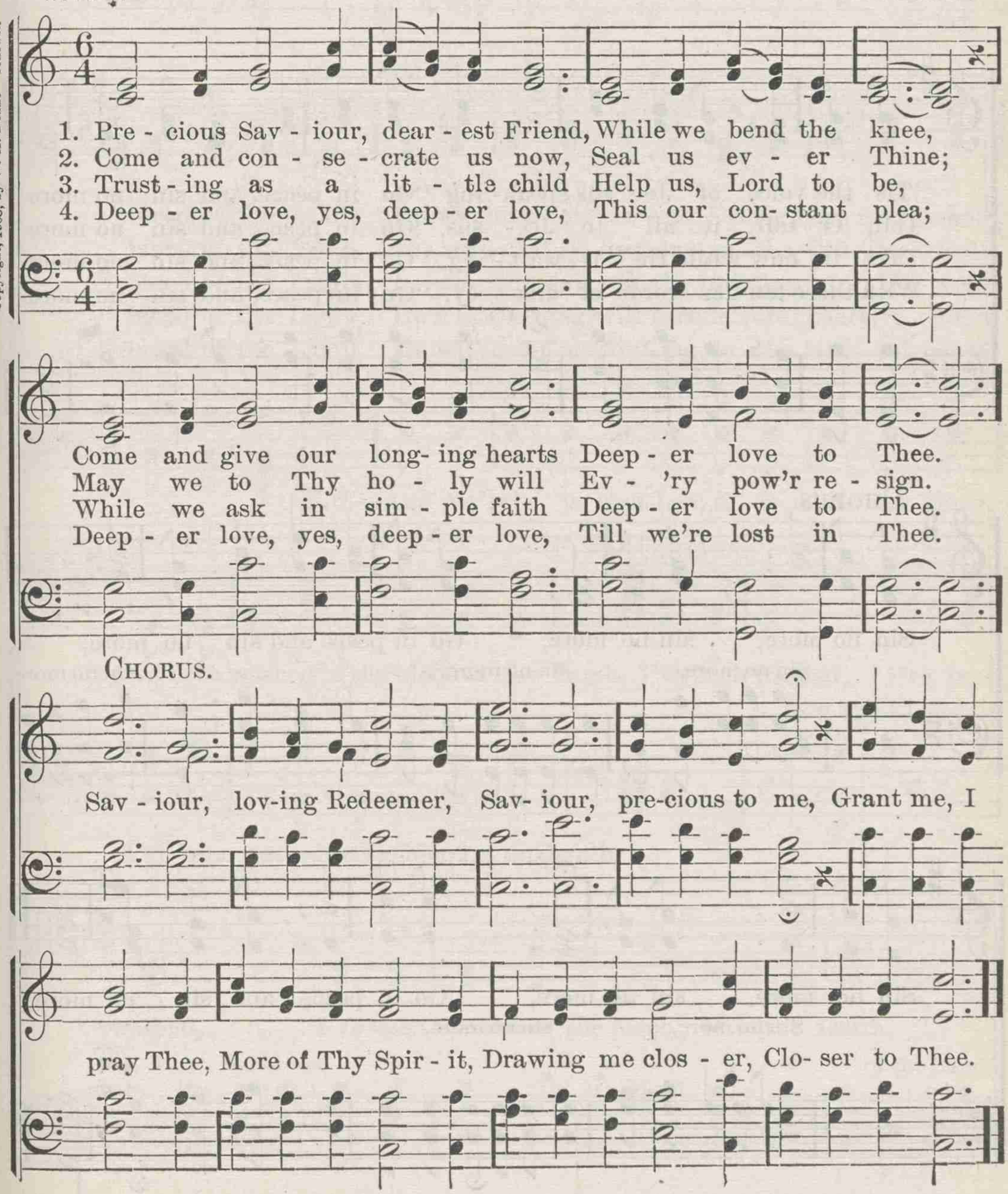

178 Sin No More.

MAGGIE NICOLSON. W. D. HOWARD.

1. Here's a mes- sage for you sin - ner, You may ne'er have heard before,
2. Is thy heart by sin nigh bro - ken, Art thou wea - ry sick and sore;
3. Do not still de-lay and grieve Him, Grace for thee may soon be o'er;
4. Oh, if thou could'st but be-hold Him, As He waits out-side thy door,

'Tis the voice of Je - sus speak- ing "Go in peace, and sin no more."
Tell, O tell it all to Je - sus, "Go in peace, and sin no more."
Take it now while He is wait - ing, "Go in peace, and sin no more."
With those ten-der words of mer - cy, "Go in peace, and sin no more."

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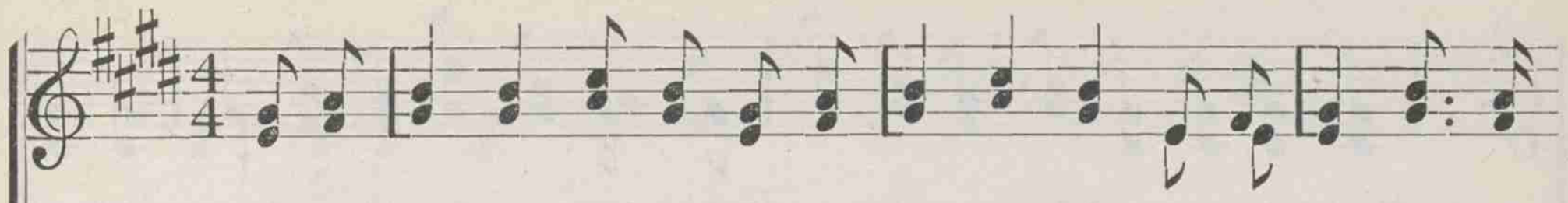
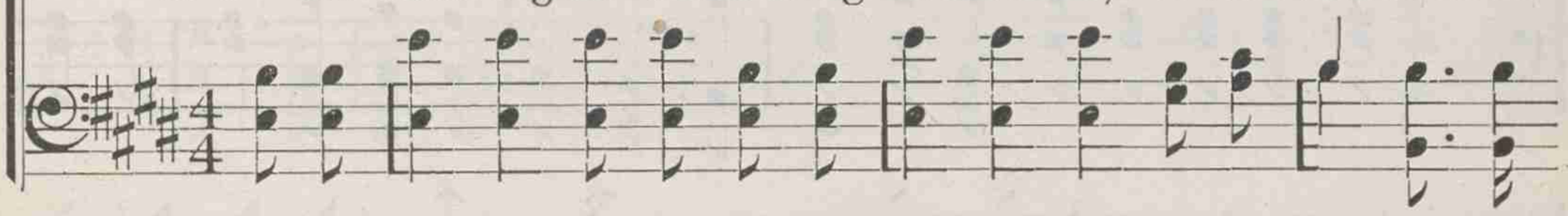
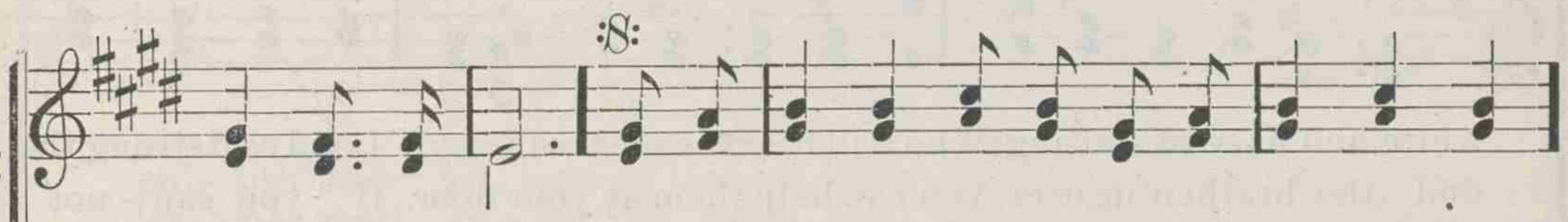
CHORUS.

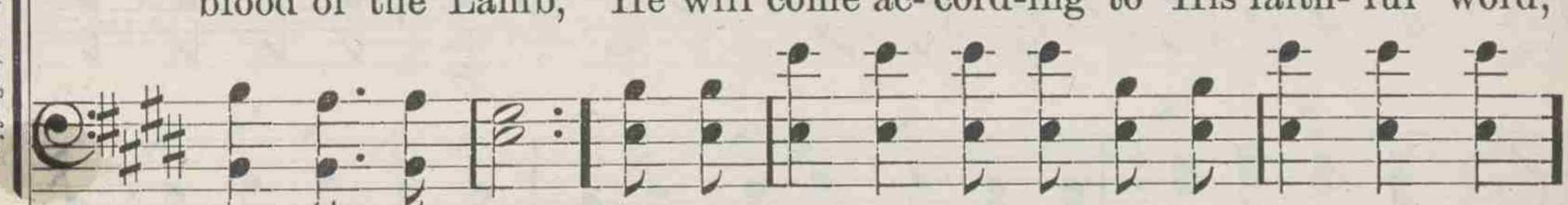
Sin no more, sin no more, Go in peace and sin no more,
Sin no more, sin no more, sin no more,

Sin no more, sin no more, "Go in peace and sin no more."
Sin no more, sin no more,

179 I've Been Washed in the Blood.

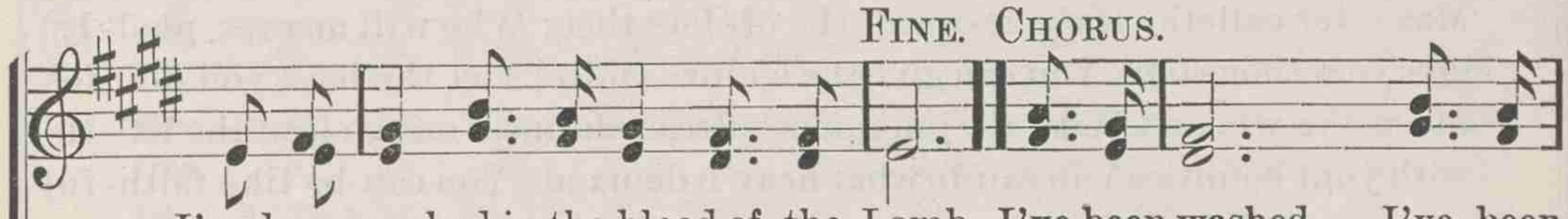
Answer to—"Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
2. I am dai - ly trust-ing Je- sus at my side, I've been washed in the
3. I am work-ing in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the
5. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the Lord, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb, By the blood of Je- sus I have been made whole,
blood of the Lamb, I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied,
blood of the Lamb, I am trust-ing in the promise of His word,
blood of the Lamb, How His coming will each faithful heart re - joice,
blood of the Lamb, He will come ac- cord-ing to His faith- ful word,

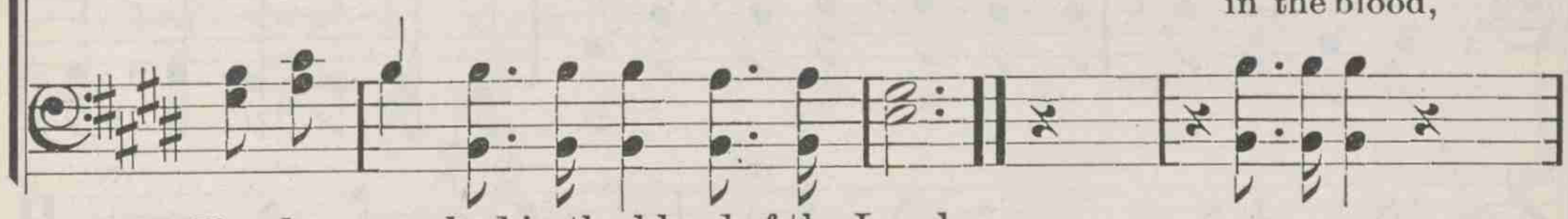


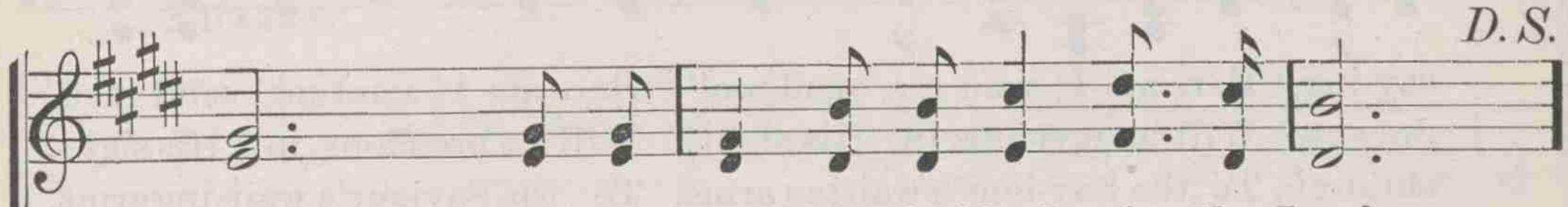
D. S.—And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow.

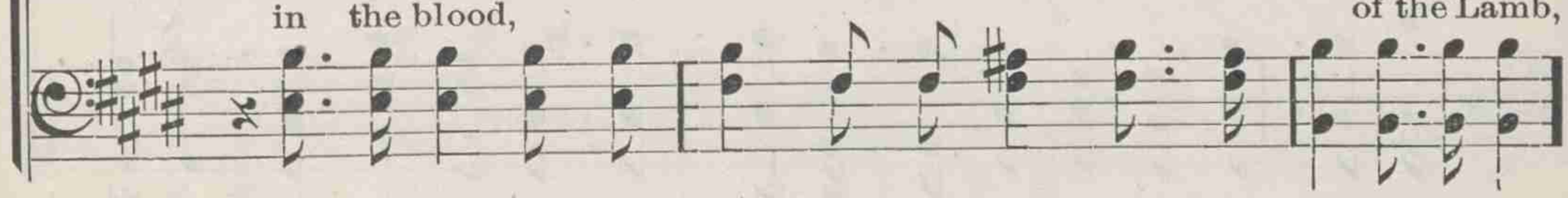
FINE. CHORUS.



I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been

in the blood,

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

D. S.

washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

in the blood, of the Lamb,

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180 Here am I; Send Me.

DANIEL MARCH. SIDNEY M. GRANNIS.

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—"Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, and harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?" Loud and strong the
2. If you can-not cross the o- cean, And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen near-er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not
3. If you can-not speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you can - not
4. If you can-not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall, Pointing out the path to heav-en, Off'ring life and peace to all;—With your pray'rs and

Mas - ter calleth, Rich re-ward He of- fers thee; Who will answer, glad - ly
give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for
rouse the wick-ed With the judgment's dread alarms, You can lead the lit - tle
with your bounties You can do what heav'n demands; You can be like faith- ful

say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"
Je- sus, Will be precious in His sight, Will be pre-cious in His sight.
children, To the Sav-iour's waiting arms, To the Saviour's wait-ing arms.
Aa- ron, Holding up the prophet's hands, Holding up the prophet's hands.

181 I Will Go Wherever He Bids Me.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. To the na- tions our Mas - ter hath bid- den us go, There to pub- lish the tid- ings of peace, Tell of Je - sus the Sav- iour to
2. Will you heed Him, my broth - er, and speed with the call, Till the lost ones shall en - ter His fold; Lo! sal - va- tion is of- fered so
3. Far a - way o'er the o - cean are lambs of His flock, Who are wait- ing to hear His sweet voice; At the door our Re- deem- er doth
4. Let us hast - en to car - ry the mes - sage di - vine, Now in all of its ful-ness and might, Till our Christ in His king- dom and
5. Some are go - ing in per - son a - cross the blue wave, Leav - ing kin- dred and loved ones so dear; Will you give of your treas- ure the

D.S.—Ne'er a dan- ger or wor - ry my

FINE.

mor - tals be - low, And pro-claim to the cap - tives re- lease.
free - ly to all, Nor is pur-chased with sil - ver or gold.
pa - tient - ly knock, He would en - ter and make them re- joice.
glo - ry shall shine, And shall ban - ish all dark- ness with light.
hea - then to save From their sin- ning, their an--guish, and fear?
spir - it shall know, If my Sav - iour with - in me shall stay.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I will go wher-ev - er He bids me to go, To the nations or isles far a- way;

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182 I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I was poor as the poor-est, out-cast from the fold, I sank by the
2. I was poor as the poor-est, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the
3. I was poor as the poor-est, I wandered a-lone, No place for a
4. I was poor as the poor-est, He came from the sky With love that was
5. I was poor as the poor-est till Je-sus stooped low And wash'd all my

wayside with hunger and cold; But He bade me look upward his riches behold;
darkness that dwelt with me long; But He came like the morning with sunlight and song
dwelling, my pil-low a stone; But I heard someone whisper, "My child, still my own,"
deathless for sin- ners to die; And He bled there on Cal'v'ry my heart said, "'Tis I;"
sin stains the whiteness of snow; And so that is the reason I love Him, you know;

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CHORUS.

O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.
Now the light of my life is Je - sus.
Now the peace of my heart is Je - sus.
Now the love in my soul is Je - sus.
O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

} I was poor as the poorest, out - cast from the fold, But He gave me great treasures of sil-ver and gold, And a mansion up yonder that never grows old, For the wealth of the world is Je-sus.

183 All in All to Me.

Rev. W. J. HENRY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He bro't me out of darkness in - to light, He made my sin - ful
2. He broke the chain that bound my helpless soul, He made my wounded,
3. He gave me peace and joy no tongue can tell, He deigns within my
4. He gives me vic- t'ry o - ver ev - 'ry foe, He guides my footsteps

garments spotless white, And by His hand He leads me gently day and night;
brok - en spir-it whole, And while He gives me breath His name I will extol;
hap - py soul to dwell, And what-so-e'er He do - eth I can say 'tis well;
ev - 'ry- where I go, And He'll forsake me nev-er, this I sure- ly know,

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CHORUS.

He is all in all to me. He is all in all to

me, He is all in all to me; He saves me, He

keeps me, and leads me day by day; He is all in all to me.

184 When I Stand In Yonder City.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. When I stand in yonder city, with its mansions bright and fair, And be-
2. When I stand in yonder cit - y, and my work on earth is done; I shall
3. When I stand in yonder cit - y, there's an-oth- er I shall see, Who is

hold the angels robed in spotless white, As I join the hal-le- lu-jahs of the
know my la-bors have not been in vain; I shall bear a golden scepter, for the
fair-er than ten thousand saints above; I shall see the Lord of glo-ry, who hath

saved in glo- ry there, Shall I see you in that cit - y of de- light?
souls that I have won From the chains of bondage to e - ter- nal gain.
lived and died for me, And who loves me with an ev - er - last-ing love.

CHORUS.

When I stand..... in yon - der cit - y,..... With its

When I stand yon-der cit - y,

man-sions bright and fair, Shall I see..... you there my

bright and fair Shall I see you, shall I

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When I Stand In Yonder City.—Concluded.

broth- er?..... Will you meet me in that cit - y o - ver there?
see you there my brother?

185 My Daily Prayer.

IDA L. REED, arr. IRA B. WILSON.

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1. On - ly to trust Thee, Je - sus my Sav-iour, Sure that in each
2. On - ly to serve Thee, Je - sus my Sav-iour, Loy - al - ly and
3. On - ly to love Thee, Je - sus my Sav-iour, Walk-ing ev - er

earth-ly ill thou art my stay; Fear - ing no dan-ger cheer - ful in
pa- tient- ly, day aft - er day; No load too heav-y, no task un-
close to Thee, thro' life's short day; Thy love my comfort, Thy joy my

dark-ness, Calm- ly and se - rene - ly to plod the home-ward way.
wor - thy, Meet- ing ev- 'ry du - ty Thou dost up - on me lay.
glad- ness, Hold my heart se - cure - ly nor let it from Thee stray.

REFRAIN.

rall.

On - ly to trust Thee, On- ly to trust Thee, This my daily pray'r shall be.
On - ly to serve Thee, On- ly to serve Thee, This my daily pray'r shall be.
On - ly to love Thee, On- ly to love Thee, This my daily pray'r shall be.

186 I Shall Wear a Golden Crown.

E. E. Hewitt. W. H. Doane.

1. In the march of life, 'mid battles sharp and sore, There's a hope that cheers me on my way; If I look to Him who all my sorrows bore, I shall
2. In the midst of foes, there's a vict'ry for my soul; For His all pre-vail- ing grace I pray; All my cares on Him, now I trust-ful-ly roll; I shall
3. Ma-ny friends are gathered in the home above, Where the ling'ring tear is wiped a- way; And with them I'll sing His great a-ton-ing love; I shall

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Chorus.

wear a gold-en crown some day.
wear a gold-en crown some day.
wear a gold-en crown some day.
} I shall wear a gold-en crown, When life's evening sun goes down; Ev'ry star at my Re-deem-er's feet I'll lay; I am trusting ev'ry hour In His overcoming pow'r; I shall wear a golden crown some day.

I'll lay;

187 Singing in the Spirit.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.

1. Sing- ing in the Spir - it, joy shall wing the notes; Hope re-peat the
2. Sing- ing in the Spir - it, Je- sus, pre-cious theme! Songs of His sal-
3. Sing- ing in the Spir - it, ev - er - last - ing song! Bright e- ter - nal

echo that from heaven floats; Clouds the sky may darken, stormy billows roll—
vation, must with gladness teem, While with grateful measure, melody we make,
a-ges, will the theme prolong; Like an o-cean an-them, is the hymn we'll raise

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CHORUS.

'Twill not hush the music song-birds in the soul.
Let us cheer each other, comfort hearts that ache.
When unnumbered voices, swell the sounding praise. } Singing, singing, praise the Lord;

Sing- ing, sing - ing, love out - poured; Singing, in the Spir- it, praise, O

praise the Lord. For His touch a-wak-ens now, The hal-le- lu - jah chord!

188 Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. En-camped a- long the hills of light, Ye Christian sol- diers rise,
2. His ban- ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To Him that o - ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow- ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri- umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be- hind, And—on- ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n;

A - gainst the foe in vales be- low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va-tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conqu'ring name.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

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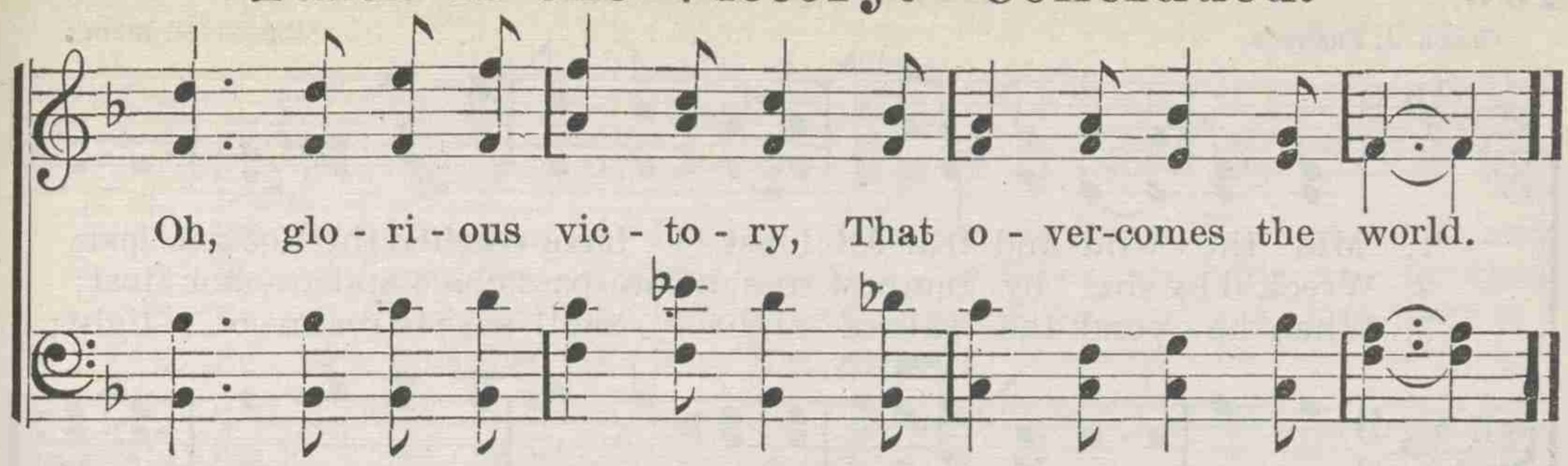
Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.



189 Glory Be to Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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1. Drift-ing a-way in my dark despair, Bound by a chain that I can-not bear,
2. Once I was far from the fold of rest, Far from the Shepherd that loved me best,
3. Cleansed by the blood He shed for me Saved by the grace that is full and free;
4. You who the joys of the world have tried, Haste to the fountain that deep and wide,
5. List to the words that so gent-ly fall, Come as you are, 'tis the Master's call,

Je - sus be-held me and heard my pray'r, O glo - ry be to Him.
Now I re-pose on His faith- ful breast O glo - ry be to Him.
His from this mo-ment my life shall be O glo - ry be to Him.
Flows at the cross where the Sav-iour died O glo - ry be to Him.
Come while you may there is room for all, O glo - ry be to Him.

Glo - ry,
Glo- ry, glo - ry to His ho- ly name, To seek and save the lost He came,
He came,
All glo - ry to His blessed name, For ev - er, ev - er more.
glo - ry, glo - ry,

190 Blessed Rock.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
2. Wreck'd by sin, by tempest toss'd, Com-pass, chart and an-chor lost;
3. When be - yond the vale of night I shall soar to realms of light;

Help - less, weak and sore dis- mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
He whose pow'r a - lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.

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CHORUS.

Bless- ed "Rock," whose love di-vine, Fills with joy... this heart of mine;
Blessed "Rock" Fills with joy

Cross of Him who died for me, Ev - er-more I'll cling to Thee.
Cross of Him

191 I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D D. WM. MILLER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
   It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go- ing home to die no more,
   To die no more, to die no more, I'm go- ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high.
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

192 Tread Softly.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently. *p*

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis-per is heard, Be si - lent, and lis - ten, O trea - ure each word!
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place, This al - tar that ech - oes The mes- sage of grace.
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe humbly our pray'r, A fore-taste of E - den This mo- ment we share.
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer-cy re - cord, Be si - lent, be si - lent And wait on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Tread soft- ly, tread soft - ly, The Mas - ter is here, Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.

soft-ly here, soft-ly here, soft-ly here, tread softly here,

p *p* *rit.*

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193 One More Call.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. One more call! O can it be, Je - sus pleads and pleads for me;
2. One more call! O can it be, Je - sus gave His life for me;
3. One more call! I will not stay, From His voice of love a - way;
4. One more call! O bless- ed hour, Thro' His all re- deem-ing pow'r,

Can a heart like mine op- pressed, Hope to find the balm of rest.
That He waits to make me whole, And re- claim my wan-d'ring soul.
I will cast on Him my care, And be - lieve He answers prayer.
At the door where now He stands, Faith re- veals His bleed-ing hands.

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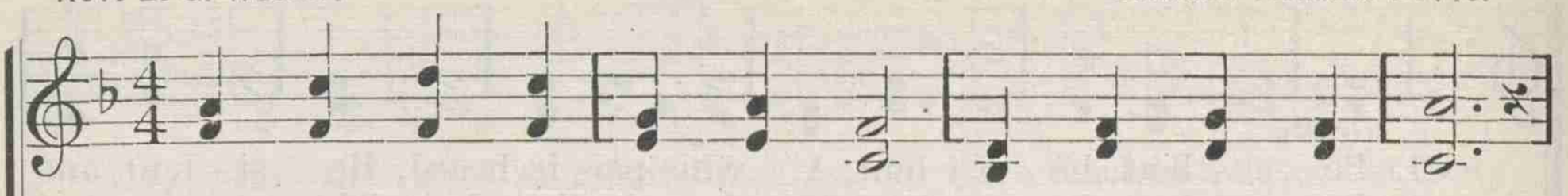
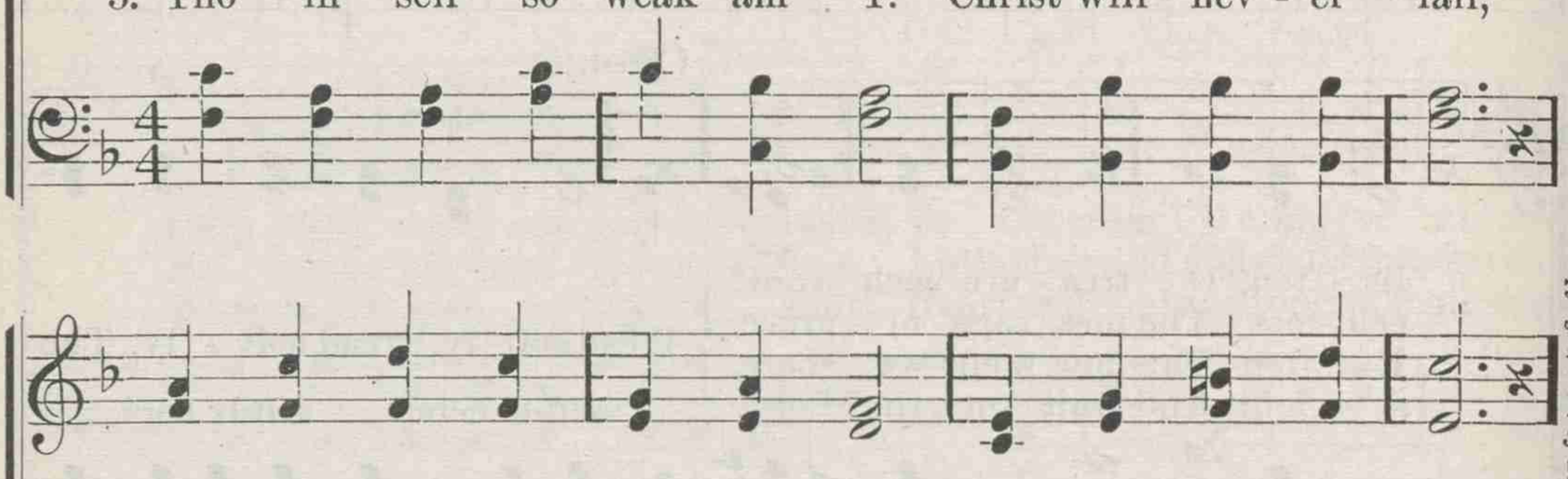
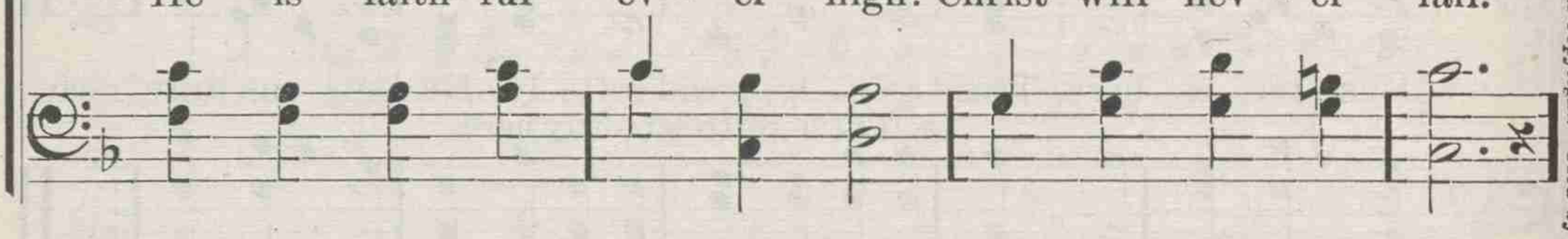
194 Christ Will Never Fail.

Rev. E. G. Wesley. Benjamin Franklin Butts.

1. Tho' my feet in - cline to stray: Christ will nev - er fail,
2. Tho' my faith be sore - ly tried: Christ will nev - er fail,
3. Tho' my doubt - ing heart may fear: Christ will nev - er fail,
4. Tho' all friends my soul for - sake: Christ will nev - er fail,
5. Tho' in self so weak am I: Christ will nev - er fail,



He will keep me in His way: Christ will nev - er fail.
Still He doth with me a - bide: Christ will nev - er fail.
Tri - als make His love more dear: Christ will nev - er fail.
Of His love I still par - take: Christ will nev - er fail.
He is faith- ful ev - er nigh: Christ will nev - er fail.

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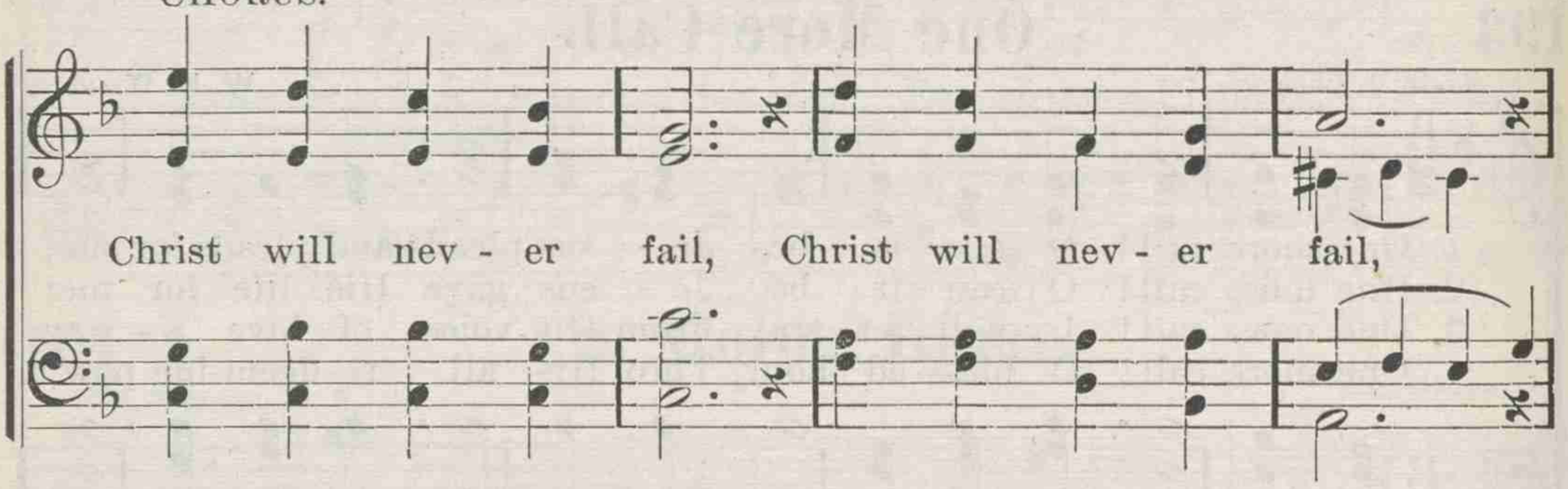
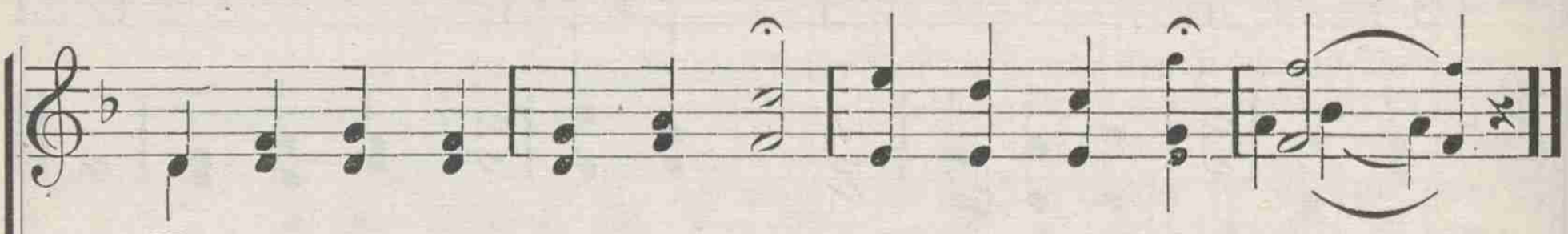
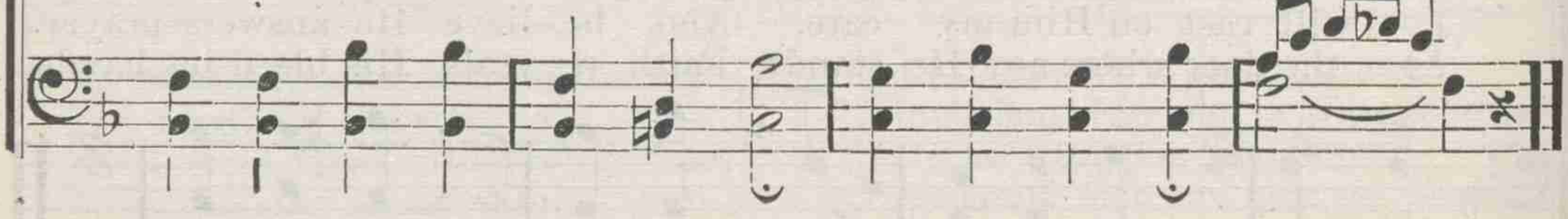
Chorus.

Christ will nev - er fail, Christ will nev - er fail,

Nev- er, nev - er will He fail, Christ will nev - er fail.....

195 O Pity the Erring.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE.

1. O pi - ty the err - ing; How lit- tle we know Their moments of an- guish, Their bur- den of woe; O think of them kind - ly;
2. From those who have wandered Why turn we a - side? There's hope for the err - ing, Since Je- sus has died; Go lift up the fall - en;
3. O res- cue the err - ing From sin and de - spair; They need our pro- tec - tion, Our kind-ness and care; Go plead with them gent-ly;

God's creatures are they; To Him, their Redeemer, Go lead them to-day.
God's mes-sage o - bey; To Him who will save them, Go lead them to-day.
God's lost ones are they; Go bring them to Je-sus, Go lead them to-day.

CHORUS.

Lone - ly, friendless, for- sak - en, Yet the Sav- iour will hear them;
He is wait- ing to help them, He pit- ies them now.

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196 In the Cleft of the Rock.

MITTIE LEE. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I have trust-ed, O Lord, in Thy promise di-vine, And the bless- ed as-
2. Tho' I call from the deep, yet Thy mercy will hear, Tho' I pass thro' the
3. I shall wak- en at morn from the si-lence of night, When Thy glo- ry in

sur - ance I will not re-sign; I have flown like a dove to the
wa - ters my soul shall not fear; Tho' the sails of my barque may be
splen-dor breaks forth on my sight; And my soul in a trans-port of

Ark of Thy rest, And my pin-ions are fold- ed in peace on Thy breast.
torn in the blast, With my Fa-ther to guide me I'll an - chor at last.
rap- ture shall sing, With the ar - my tri-umph-ant thro' Je - sus our King.

CHORUS.

In the cleft of the Rock when the tempest is nigh; In the cleft of the

"Rock that is high-er than I;" In the cleft of the Rock that for

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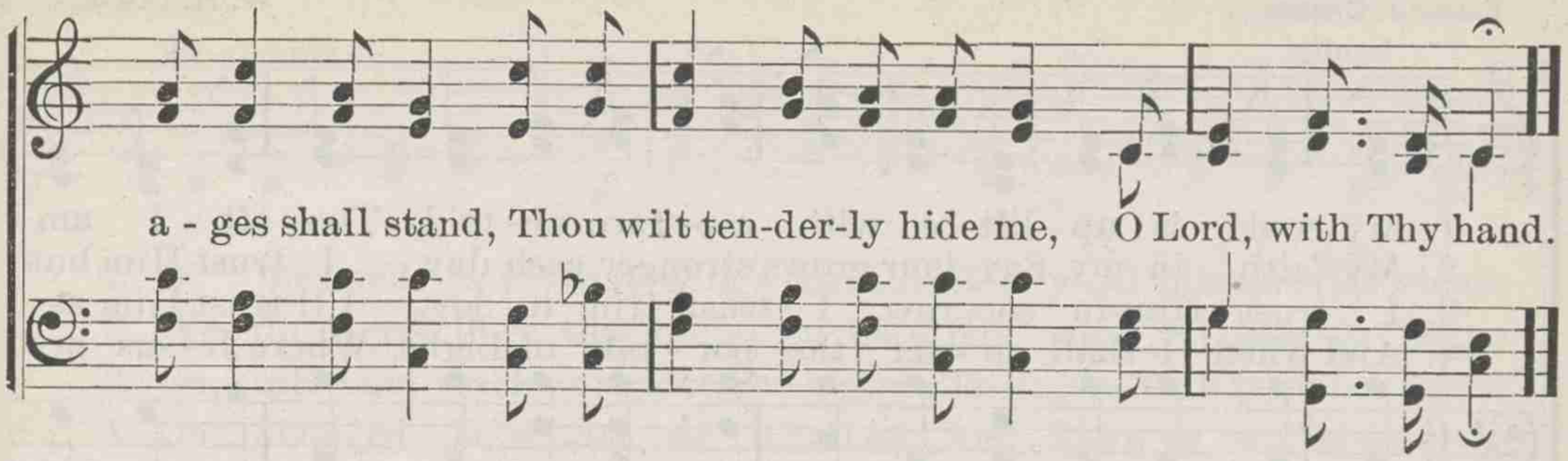
In the Cleft of the Rock.—Concluded.

197 We Need a Friend Like Jesus.

E. G. W. WESLEY. BENJAMAN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

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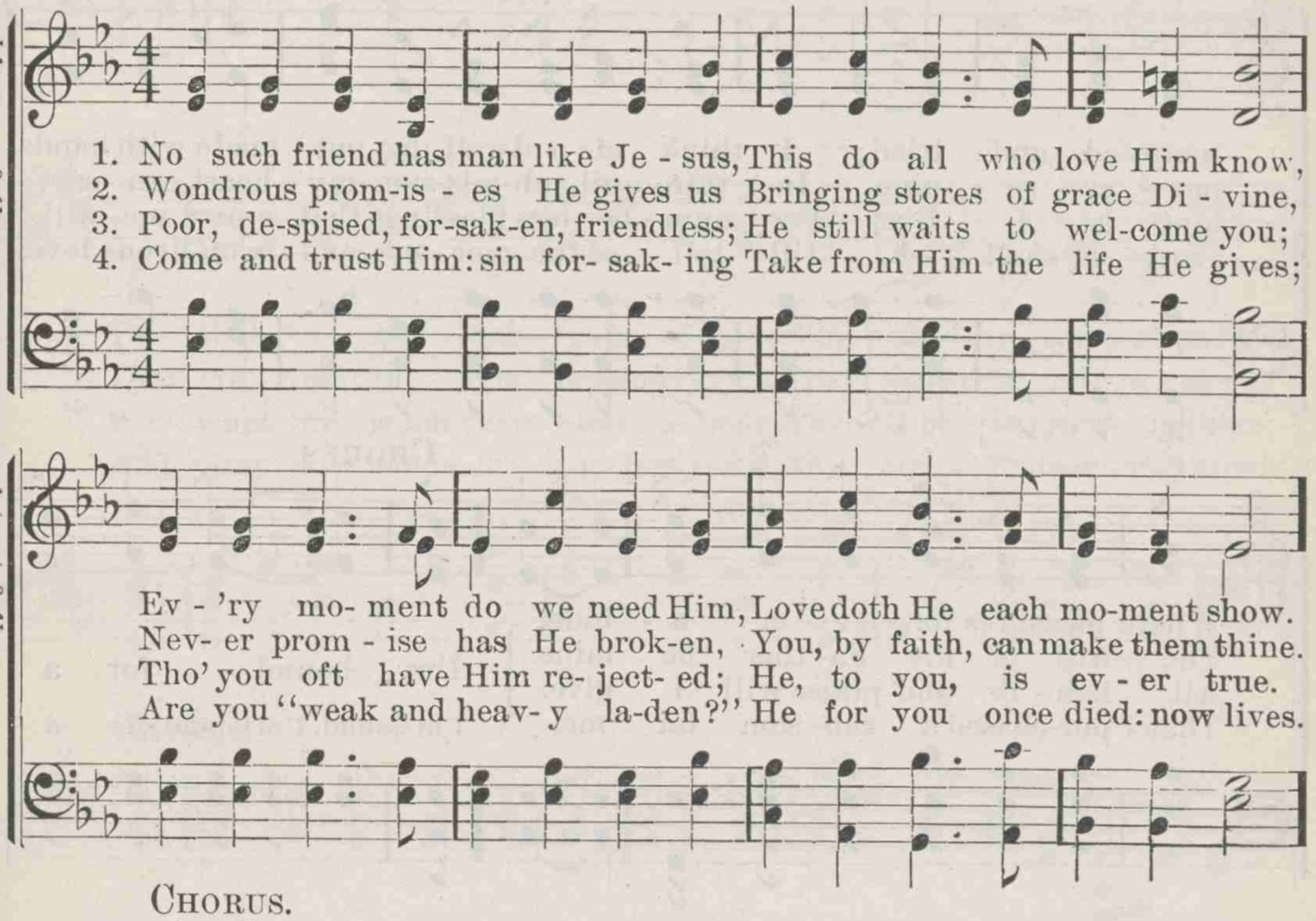
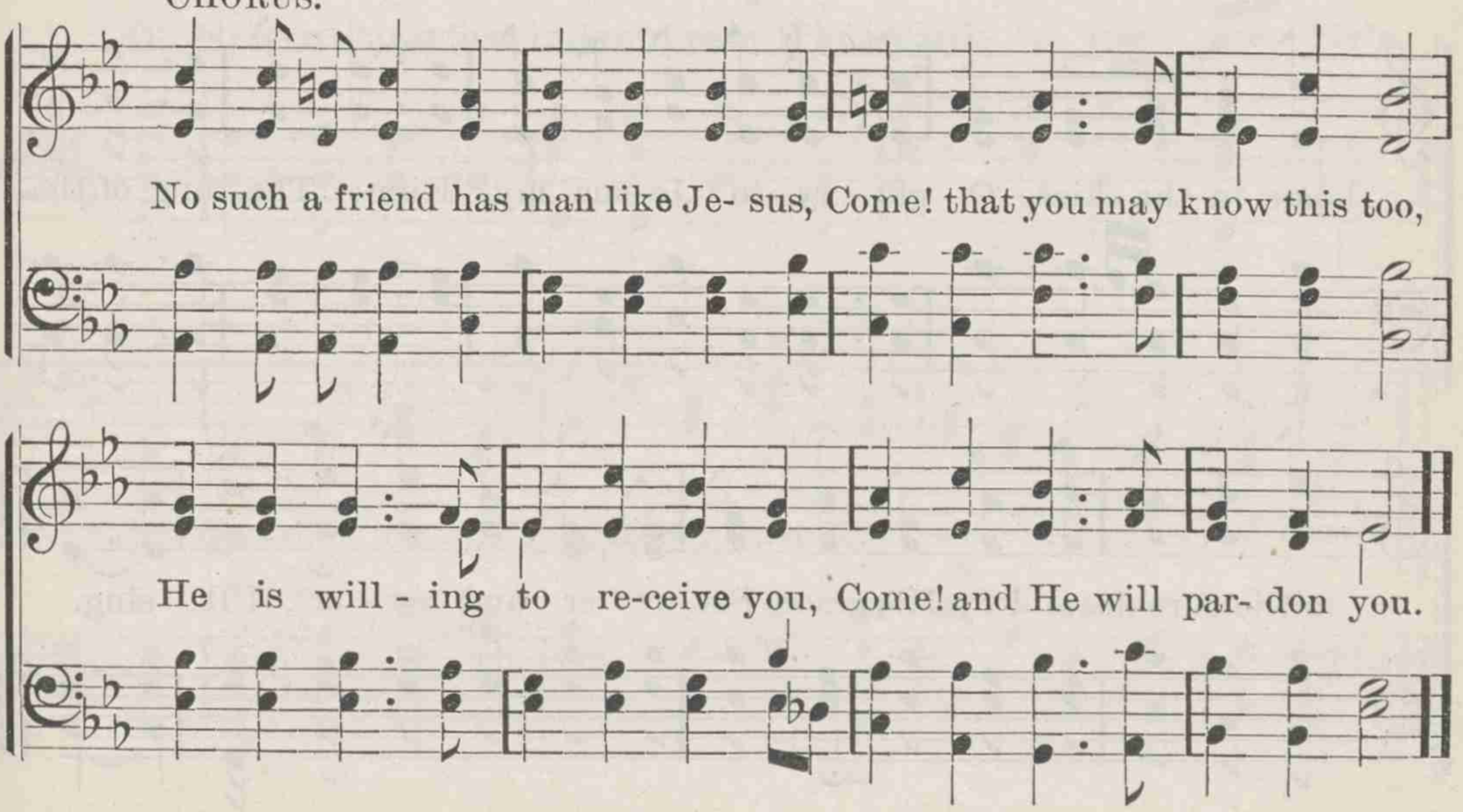


CHORUS.



198 A Home in the Skies.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. My soul is up - lift - ed with rap- ture un- told, Tho' oft I am tempt-ed and tried; I think of a dwell-ing not made with hands,
2. My faith in my Sav- iour grows stronger each day, I trust Him but nev - er re - pine, In tran- quil sub-mis-sion my heart can say,
3. I trust Him in sor- row, I trust Him in joy, I'll trust Him as long as I live, For num - ber-less blessings that crown me still,
4. And when I shall en - ter the por - tals of Light, Where Je- sus my Lord I shall see, I'll tell of the mer - cy and won-drous love,

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CHORUS

Where pleasures for - ev - er a - bide.
The will of my Fa- ther be mine.
All hon - or and praise will I give.
That pur-chased a ran- som for me.

I'm bound for a home in the skies, O glo - ry to Je- sus my King; The song of the millions re-deem'd by His grace, For ev - er and ev - er I'll sing.

I'm bound, I'm bound for a

199 Oh Blessed Hope.

MITTIE LEE. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.

1. O bless- ed hope that wings the soul Be - yond this mor-tal shore,
2. We do be - lieve that Christ our Lord His own will safe - ly keep,
3. Oh, call not back our loved ones gone, Their loss with patience bear,
4. Oh, bless- ed hope that we shall see And know as we are known,

To that e - ter - nal realm of joy Where shad-ows come no more.
That, cra - dled in His precious arms, They sweet- ly fall a - sleep.
For when we reach their blest a- bode, There'll be no part- ing there.
And clasp our hands in per- fect peace, At our Redeemer's throne.

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CHORUS.

O bless- ed hope that lulls our pain When earth- ly ties are riv'n,
Re- flect - ing on life's troub-led wave The sun - lit skies of heav'n.

200 Suffer the Children to Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. P. DANKS.

1. Lov - ing Re-deem-er, be- hold us to - day, Here we are gather'd to
2. Lord, we are hap - py be-cause we be - lieve, Thou art so will-ing our
3. We are so thankful for all Thou dost give, Now for Thy glo - ry we
4. When we have finish'd our journey be - low, When from the world Thou shalt

sing and to pray; Learning the words that are spoken by Thee, "Suf-fer the
hearts to re - ceive; Nev- er for-gotten Thy sweet words will be, "Suf-fer the
children would live; Ev - er remembered and treasured will be, "Suf-fer the
call us to go, Then Thou wilt say, as Thy face we shall see, "Suf-fer the

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CHORUS.

chil-dren to come un-to me." Come un-to Me, O come un-to Me, Come,
me, me,
me;.....
children, come un - to me, un-to me; Sweet are the words that are
me;.....
un - to me;
spo - ken by Thee, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un - to me."

201 Rally With a Song of Cheer.

E. H. H. W. H. DOANE.

1. Ral - ly with a song of cheer, For a sweet re - un - ion here,
2. Ral - ly with a song of praise, God hath guarded all our ways;
3. Will you come and join our throng? Let our ranks be brave and strong,

Come, with loy- al - ty sin-cere And fa - ces bright, Come to-geth-er
Now a - gain our banners raise For Christ our King; Like a bu - gle
Lift with us a grate-ful song Of faith and love; Ral - ly ev - 'ry
strength renew In a fel - low - ship so true, Come the Father's will to
sounding clear, Forward is the word we hear, Onward, vic - to - ries are
friend of yore, God will bless us more and more Till we reach that bless-ed

CHORUS.

do In ways of Light.
near; His grace we sing.
shore Our home a - bove.

} Welcome to the house of pray'r, Welcome our de-

light to share For the Mas-ter's work prepare This hap - py day.

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202 Clinging to the Hand of Jesus.

D. B. P. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Take, bless-ed Je - sus, my hand in Thine, Lead me, O, lead me in
2. Teach me to walk in the King's high-way, Teach me, O Lord, Thy com-
3. Teach me, O Lord, precious souls to win, Teach me, to lead them from
4. When all the la - bors of earth are past, Then shall I en - ter the

paths di - vine; Thine be the glo - ry, the bless - ing mine,
mands t'o - bey; Teach me to trust Thee from day to day,
paths of sin; Show them the way, bid them en - ter in,
heav'n- ly rest; Hap - py and safe in my home at last,

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CHORUS.

Cling - ing to the hand of Je - sus. Cling - ing.....
Cling - ing ev - 'ry day,
cling - ing,..... Cling- ing to the hand of Je - sus,
cling - ing all the way,

Glo - ry Thine, Bless-ing mine, Clinging to the hand of Je - sus.
Ev - 'ry day, I o - bey, Clinging to the hand of Je - sus.
Souls to win, Cleansed from sin, Clinging to the hand of Je - sus.
Dan - ger past, Home at last, Clinging to the hand of Je - sus.

203 Purchased For Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. News of re-demption thro' Christ our Lord, Full and free, full and free;
2. Won - der- ful tid-ings! great joy they bring, Full and free, full and free;
3. Je - sus the wa- ter of life be- stows, Full and free, full and free;
4. Bless - ed re-demp-tion! its pow'r be- lieve, Full and free, full and free;

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Of- fered to - day in the Sav - iour's word, And pur-chased in
Glo- ry to Je - sus my heart shall sing, For mer - cy and
Pure from a riv - er on high it flows; The gift of His
Par- don thro' Je - sus by faith re - ceive, The pur- chase of

CHORUS.

love for me.
love to me.
love to me.
love for me.

} News of re - demp- tion! O tell it a - far;

Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free; Je - sus has o- pened a

fount- ain of blood, A fount- ain for you and me.

204 Drawing Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Drawing near-er my home, drawing nearer to-day, Still my barque hurries on to its har - bor a - way, And I smile at the waves while a -
2. Drawing near-er my home, drawing nearer the shore, Where the wiles of the temp- ter will vex me no more; And the light which I now on the
3. Drawing near-er my home, and the fruitage that grows On the fair tree of life, where the pure riv - er flows; There the saints with their harps on its
4. Drawing near-er my home ev-'ry moment I am, Drawing near- er the home and the throne of the Lamb, Where the ties that were brok - en a -

round me they roll; There is peace in my heart, there is joy in my soul.
dis - tance be- hold, On my vis- ion will break with a splendor un - told.
mar - gin re- cline, Giv- ing glo - ry to God for His mer- cy di - vine.
gain shall u - nite, And our hearts shall be one in e- ter - nal de- light.

REFRAIN.

p *rit.*

Drawing nearer home, drawing nearer home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home.
Drawing nearer my home, drawing nearer my home,

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205 There's a Great Day Coming.

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

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

Judgment Day? Are you rea-dy? Are you read-y for the Judgment Day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

206 Jesus Only Would I Know.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. *Moderato.* HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. "Je - sus On - ly," would I know, Since He gave His life for me;
2. "Je - sus On - ly," be my plea, I've re - demp-tion in His blood;
3. "Je - sus, Sav - iour," let my eyes On Thee feast e - ter - nal- ly;

Died, the Fa-ther's love to show; Died, from sin to set me free;
At the foot of Cal- v'ry's tree Bathed I in the crim-son flood:
When the threat'ning clouds a-rise, To Thy shel - ter let me flee:

Lov'd me with a boundless love, Stretching o'er e - ter - nal years;
Wash'd a- way my guilt and stain, Whit- er than the snow I am;
Al - ways will I trust Thy grace, Nev - er storm could harm Thine own;

Reach - ing to the gates a - bove, Rob- bing death of all its fears.
He it was who bore the pain, Je - sus Christ my Pas-chal Lamb.
Nev - er night could hide Thy face, Safe I'll rest in Thee a - lone.

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207 Jesus Calls Us.

C. F. ALEXANDER. WM. H. JUDE.

1. Je- sus calls us o'er the tu- mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea;
2. Je- sus calls us from the wor- ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joy and in our sor - row Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je- sus calls us! by Thy mer- cies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call;

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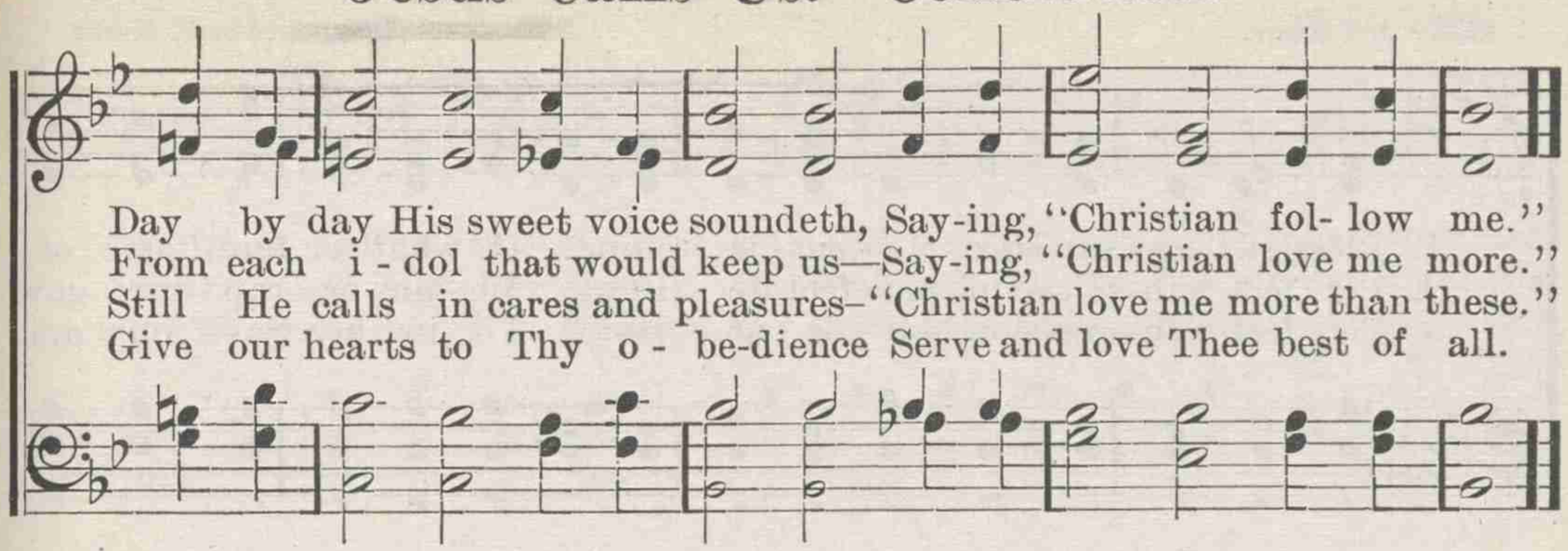
Jesus Calls Us.—Concluded.



208 Are You a Temple for Jesus?

E. W. WESLEY. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

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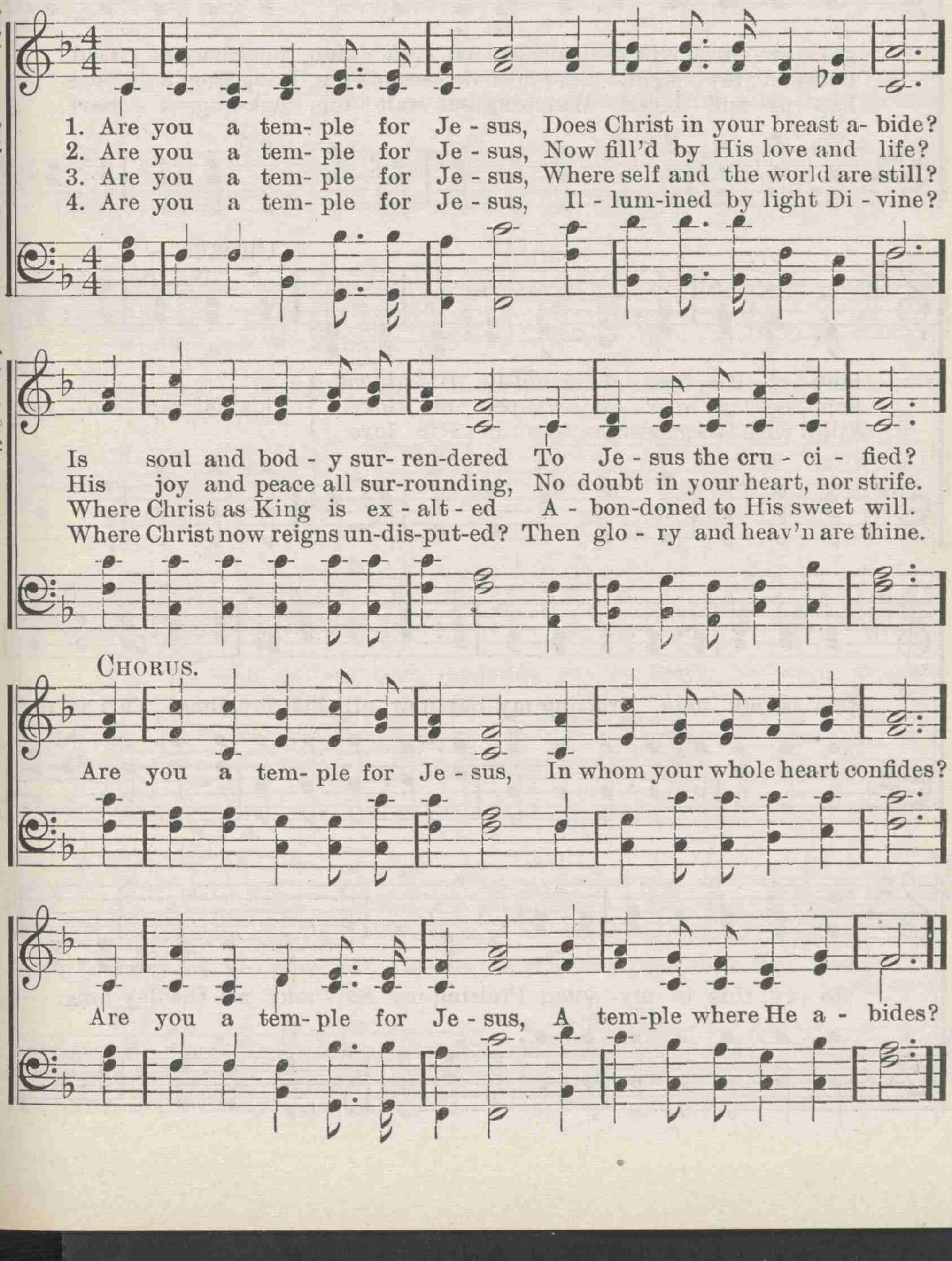

209 Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOESPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore- taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per- fect sub- mis-sion, per- fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend- ing, bring from a - bove,
3. Per- fect sub- mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look- ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry,

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

210 When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Draw nigh to thy Fa-ther, go tell to Him thy need, When thou hast
2. O tell Him how heav-y the bur-den is to bear, When thou hast
3. Weep out on His bo-som thy heart-ache and thy pain, When thou hast

shut thy door; For lo, He has promised thy pleadings there to heed,
shut thy door; His strength for thy weakness He'll surely give thee there,
shut thy door; For rest and sweet so-lace thy soul shalt there ob-tain,

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CHORUS.

rit.

When thou hast shut thy door. Then shut thy door and come thou a-part,

When thou

For He who in se-cret be-holds ev-'ry heart, Re-ward, O so

rit.

pre-cious to thee will im-part, When thou hast shut thy door.

thy door.

211 Help Me Live Nearer to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. I know Thee, dear Saviour; the warn-ing I heard, That bade me to
2. Thy love is so wondrous, re-deem-ing the soul, Thy mer-cy so
3. Life's ma-ny temp-ta-tions would lure me a-way; Thy cross is my
4. When tri-als surround me, in-crease, then I pray, My peace, as the

Cal-va-ry flee, And there I was cheer'd by Thy par-don-ing word, But
boundless and free; On Thee ev-'ry sin, ev-'ry sor-row I roll; Oh,
hope and my plea; More grace wilt Thou give me, and strength as my day, And
waves of the sea; Re-move all mis-giv-ings, my sin take a-way, And

CHORUS.

pp

help me live near-er to Thee. Near-er to Thee, near-er to Thee,

To fol-low wher-ev-er Thy foot-prints I see; Near-er to Thee,

pp *rit.*

near-er to Thee, Oh, help me live near-er to Thee!

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212 Only A Little Way.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home, And there in its sun-shine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way far-ther to go, O'er mountain and val - ley where dark wa - ters flow; My Sav - iour is near with
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way; there I shall see The friends that in glo - ry are wait - ing for me; Their voi - ces from home now
4. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way o - ver the tide, And there from my Sav - iour no dark - ness shall hide; The arms of His love will

jour- ney with song, O beau - ti - ful E - den land, thou art my home.
bless-ings to cheer, His love is my guid- ing star; why should I fear!
float on the air, They're calling me ten - der - ly, call - ing me there.
bear me a - long Safe home to the beau - ti - ful E - den of song.

CHORUS.

'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way, on - ly a lit - tle way,

'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home.

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213 In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s. 5s. D.) SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je- sus, plead for me, Lest, by base de-
2. With forbidden pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-did
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, or woe; Or should pain at-
4. When, in dust and ash - es, To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glory

ni - al, I de- part from Thee; When Thou seest me wav - er,
treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance
tend me, On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er,
flash - es O'er the shelv-ing brink, On Thy truth re - ly - ing,

With a look re - call; Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf-fer me to fall.
Sad Geth-sem-a - ne, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crown'd Calvary.
Fail Thy hand to see, Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Thro' that mortal strife, Lord, receive me, dy-ing, To e- ter-nal life.

214 In a Lowly Manger.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (ADORATION. 8s. 7s. Quartett.) W. H. DOANE.

Slowly. *p*

1. In a low - ly man-ger sleep-ing, Calm and still a babe we see,
2. Ho - ly an- gels sing His wel-come, In the realms of glo - rd bright
3. Bless-ed Saviour, dear Re-deem-er, King of Ju- dah, Prince of Peace,

'Tis the Ho - ly Child of promise, Light of all the world is He.
While the morning stars around Him, Fall in soft and ten - der light.
Rock of A - ges, Star of na- tions, Thy do - min- ion ne'er shall cease.

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215 Nearer Each Moment.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus I bless Thee, Sav-iour Di - vine, Thou hast redeemed me, O
2. I have no tri - bute, noth-ing to bring, Yet Thou hast made me, the
3. This my re - joic - ing, this my de - light, Crowned with Thy glory, tran-

Lord I am Thine, Once I was lone - ly, now I am blest, Un-der Thy
child of a King, Sealed by a - dop-tion, ransomed by love, Heir to a
scen-dent- ly bright, Soon with the millions, chanting Thy praise, I shall a -

CHORUS.

shad- ow, peace-ful I rest.
man- sion wait-ing a - bove.
dore Thee, An-cient of days.

} Near- er each mo- ment, near- er to

Thee, Je - sus my Sav - iour, Still I would be, Near - er each

mo-ment, nearer to Thee, Je-sus my Sav - iour still I would be.

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216 Work, for the Day is Coming.

Rev. Basil Manly. W. H. Doane.

1. Work, for the day is com - ing, Day in the Word fore - told,
2. Work, for the day is com - ing; Darkness will soon be gone;
3. Work, for the Lord is com - ing; Children of light are we;

When, 'mid the scenes tri - umph - ant, Longed for by saints of old,
Then o'er the night of weep - ing Day with-out end shall dawn;
From Je - sus' bright ap - pear - ing Pow - ers of dark - ness flee;

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Slow.

He who on earth a stran - ger Tra - versed the paths of pain,
What now we sow in sad - ness, Then we shall reap in joy;
Now morn-ing light is break - ing, Day dawns in ev - 'ry land;

Tempo.

Je - sus, the Prince and Sav - iour, Comes ev - er-more to reign.
Hope will be chang'd to glad - ness, Praise be our best em - ploy.
Night shades be-set no long - er, For Christ is now at hand.

217 Hail to the Brightness.

Thos. Hastings. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow-ers are springing, Streams ev-er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -

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Hail to the Brightness.—Concluded.

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mill - ions from
cop - ious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mountain - tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of

sor - row and mourning, Zi - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
bondage re - turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be - hold.
ech - oes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and mingle in song.
war and com - mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rending the sky.

218 My Lord and I.

(I Have a Friend so Precious.)

M. A. E. Shorey Lancaster. Hubert P. Main.

Slowly.

1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me
3. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that
4. He knows how I am longing Some weary soul to win, And so He bids me

ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly; I could not live a - part from Him,
lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light
pleases me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
go and speak the lov-ing word for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love,

I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
Be-neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
He tells me how to try, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And why He came to die, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

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219 Rejoicing In Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O Lord, my soul re - joic - eth in Thee, My tongue Thy
2. I came to Thee o'er - bur-den'd with care, My guilt with
3. To Thee, my hope and ref - uge di - vine, My faith is
4. I look be - yond this val - ley of tears, Where Thou, a

mer - cy is tell - ing; I've found Thy love so pre-cious to me, My
sor - row con- fess - ing; 'Twas love, Thy love that banish'd my fear, And
fer - vent-ly cling-ing; And ev - 'ry hour some to - ken of love New
man-sion pre- par - ing, Wilt call me home for - ev - er with Thee, The

CHORUS.

heart with its rap - ture is swell - ing.
gave me for sad - ness a bless - ing.
joy to my spir - it is bring - ing.
bliss of the glo - ri - fied shar - ing.

Re - joic - ing in Thee, Re - joic - ing in Thee, I'll sing of Thy mer-cy for - ev - er; I've found the way that lead-eth a - bove, The way to the life - giv - ing riv - er.

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220 Shepherd of My Soul.

"I am the door . . . I am the good Shepherd."—Jno. 10: 9, 11.

J. S. LEMON, D. D. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, Door-way of the sheepfold, Let me en - ter and a - bide;
2. Je - sus, Shepherd, may Thy goodness Keep me ev - er near Thy side,
3. Je - sus Sav-iour, my Re-deem-er, In Thy mer - cy let me hide,

Thou art God, my on - ly Ref-uge, Faith-ful Shep-herd, Cru - ci - fied.
Keep me from the path of sin-ners, Keep me pure and sat - is - fied.
Let none snatch me from the Fa-ther From the Shep-herd glo - ri - fied.

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CHORUS.

Shep - herd of my soul.....
Shep - herd, pre - cious Shep - herd of my soul,

Let me hear Thy voice, Where it leads me
O let me hear Thy voice,

rit.

There I'll fol - low, I will fol - low and re - joice.

221 Marching On with Shield and Banner.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are march- ing on with shield and ban- ner bright; We will
2. In the Sun - day- school our ar - my we pre- pare, As we
3. We are march- ing on and press - ing t'ward the prize, To a

D.C. We are march-ing on - ward, sing - ing as we go, To the
work for God and bat - tle for the right; We will praise His name, re -
ral - ly round our blessed standard there, And the Sav-iour's cross we
glo- rious crown be-yond the glowing skies; To the ra- diant fields where
promised land where liv-ing wa-ters flow, Come and join the ranks as

FINE.

joic - ing in His might; And we'll work till Je - sus calls.
ear - ly learn to bear, While we work till Je - sus calls.
pleas- ure nev - er dies, And we'll work till Je - sus calls.
pil- grims here be - low, Come and work till Je - sus calls.

REFRAIN.

Then a- wake, then a- wake, Happy song, happy song, Shout for
Then awake, then awake, hap-py song, happy song,
joy, shout for joy, As we glad - ly march a - long.
Shout for joy, shout for joy,

D.C.

222 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring Gould. (New.) Adam Geibel.

Unison.

1. On- ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore!
2. At the sign of tri- umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers, On to vic- to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread- ing Where the saints have trod;
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will remain;

We are not di - vid - ed, All one Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Forward in - to bat-tle, See His ban - ners go.
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in Char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.

Chorus. *Parts.*

On - ward, Chris- tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,
On-ward, on-ward,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

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223 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol- diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread- ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

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

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

224 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB

1. Stand up!–stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high the royal ban-ner,
2. Stand up!–stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone, The arm of flesh will fail you–
3. Stand up!–stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle,

D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd,
D.S.—Where duty calls or dan- ger,
D.S.—He with the King of glo - ry

FINE D.S.

It must not suffer loss; From vict'ry un- to vic - t'ry His army He shall lead,
Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the Gospel arm-or, And, watching un-to pray'r,
The next, the victor's song, To him that o - ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be;

And Christ is Lord indeed.
Be nev- er wanting there.
Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly!

225 Labor On.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the harvest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and tne reapers few,
2. Crowd the garner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light,
3. In the gleaner's path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long, and the labor hard;
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above Shall be gain'd by each who has toiled and strove;

And the Master's voice bids the workers true Heed the call that He gives to-day.
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold-en day.
For the Master's joy, with His chosen shar'd, Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
When the Master's voice, in His words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

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CHORUS.

La - bor on, la - bor on, Keep the bright re-ward in view, For the
La-bor on, la-bor on,
Mas-ter has said, He will strength renew, La- bor on till the close of day.

226 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

F. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

227 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
   Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, (*Omit* . . . . . .
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
   By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed, (*Omit* . . . . . .
3. Go then, ev- er weeping, sowing for the Mas- ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
   When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, (*Omit* . . . . . .

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

CHORUS.

After Repeat, :S: to Fine.

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

228 Work, for the Night is Coming.

MRS. ANNA L. COGHILL. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling,
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with la-bor,
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are glowing,

D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing,
D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing,
D.S.—Work while the night is dark'ning,

Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly-ing min - ute Something to keep in store:
Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fadeth to shine no more;

When man's work is done.
When man works no more.
When man's work is o'er.

229 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glo - ry they shall share;

Rit.

Faith-ful to Him, will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee, "Well done?"
If in our hearts there is naught condems us, We shall have a glorious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

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REFRAIN.

Oh, can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home?

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

230 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain a crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

231 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto- ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry,
2. Tell me the story slow-ly, That I may take it in— That wonderful re-demption,
3. Tell me the story soft- ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re-mem-ber, I'm the sin - ner
4. Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glory

Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto-ry sim- ply, As to a lit - tle child;
God's rem-e - dy for sin Tell me the sto-ry oft- en, For I for-get so soon;
Whom Je-sus came to save. Tell me that sto-ry al-ways, If you would really be,
Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is dawning on my soul,

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CHORUS.

For I am weak and wea-ry, And helpless and de - filed.
The ear- ly dew of morning Has pass'd a- way at noon.
In an - y time of trouble, A com-fort-er to me.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
} Tell me the old, old story,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

232 Take My Life and Let It Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti- ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine; Take my heart, it
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my-self, and

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with- hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy- al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

233 I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto- ry, Because I know 'tis true,
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto- ry, It did so much for me;
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
'Twill be the old, old sto- ry That I have lov'd so long.
} I love to tell the story,

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

234 Seeking for Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a man-ger to sorrow and shame;
D.C. Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. Jesus, the Saviour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
D.C. Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing
3. Je-sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold;
D.C. Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

FINE. REFRAIN. For me,..... for me..... D.C.

for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dying for you! Dy-ing for me!
for me! for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!

235 He Leadeth Me.

Rev. J. H. Gilmore. William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

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

Chorus.

He lead-eth me! he lead - eth me! By His own hand he lead - eth me;
His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand he lead - eth me.

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236 From Every Stormy Wind.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. Dr. Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds, The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gles wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more,

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

237 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, o gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum- ble cry; While on
2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust- ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.

} Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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238 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
2. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their pow'r
3. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is - es
4. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in - deed,

CHORUS.

Can peace af - ford.
When Thou art nigh.
In me ful - fill.
Thou bless - ed Son.

} I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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239 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con-so - la - tion share;

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful- ness En - gage the wait - ing souls to bless;
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

D S.–And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D S.–I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D S–And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis- tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

240 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o-ver a- gain to me, Wonderful words of Life; Let me more of their beauty see,
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of Life; Sin-ner, list to the loving call,
3. Sweet - ly echo the gospel call, Wonderful words of Life; Of-fer pardon and peace to all,

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

Beau- ti- ful words, wonderful words, Won-der-ful words of Life; Life.

241 Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Spread the tid-ings
2. Waft it on the roll- ing tide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Tell to sin - ners
3. Sing a - bove the bat- tle strife, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! By His death and
4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Let the na - tions

all a-round; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
far and wide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
end-less life, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
now rejoice,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Shout sal- va - tion full and free, High-est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis the Lord's command; Jesus saves! Je-sus saves!
back, ye o-cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi - lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
heart for mer-cy craves; Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
hills and deepest caves; This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

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242 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I
3. I've tired of sin and stray- ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My

CHORUS.

paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
now re- pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
strength renew, my hope restore, Lord, I'm coming home.

} Coming home, coming home,

Nev-er-more to roam; O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

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243 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gent-ly, gent-ly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev-er, nev- er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos- er, clos- er, Lord, to Thee.

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244 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, 1871.

1. "Almost persuaded," Now to believe; "Almost persuaded," Christ to receive; Seems now some
2. "Almost persuaded," Come, come to - day; "Almost persuaded," Turn not a-way; Je - sus in -
3. "Almost persuaded," Harvest is past! "Almost persuaded," Doom comes at last! "Almost" can

soul to say, "Go, Spir-it, go thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
vites you here, Angels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wand'rer come.
not a-vail; "Almost" is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bitter wail—"Almost,—*but lost!*"

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245 Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. CATHARINE . BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O lov'd and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sav - iour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

246 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name.
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds with- in the veil.
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth- er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

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247 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

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

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

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

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

248 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor ev - er let me stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransom'd soul!

249 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

250 Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne—

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

251 Jewels.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom: All the
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re- deem- er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew - els, precious jew- els, His lov'd and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own.
jew - els, precious jew- els, His lov'd and His own.
} Like the stars of the morning,

His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

252 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Dr. MILLER.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh; When will the moment come When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome, This world's a wil-der-
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor

CHORUS.

ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
on His breast, And He'd conduct me home.
} We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work,

work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then be gathered home.
We'll work We'll work

253 More Like Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with feeling.

1. More like Jesus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell in me, Fill my soul with peace and love,
2. If He hears the raven's cry, If His ever watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,
3. More like Jesus when I pray, More like Jesus day by day, May I rest me by His side,

Make me gen- tle as a dove. More like Je-sus, while I go, Pil-grim in this
Sure - ly He will hear my call. He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful
Where the tranquil wa - ters glide. Born of Him thro' grace renew'd By His love my

world be-low; Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav- iour dwell in me.
thoughts forgive; Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav- iour dwell in me.
will sub-dued, Rich in faith I still would be — Let the Sav- iour dwell in me.

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254 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem- pest- uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour pi - lot me!
Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

255 Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for- ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what- ev - er I know: Now
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat: I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: Now
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

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

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256 Even Me.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

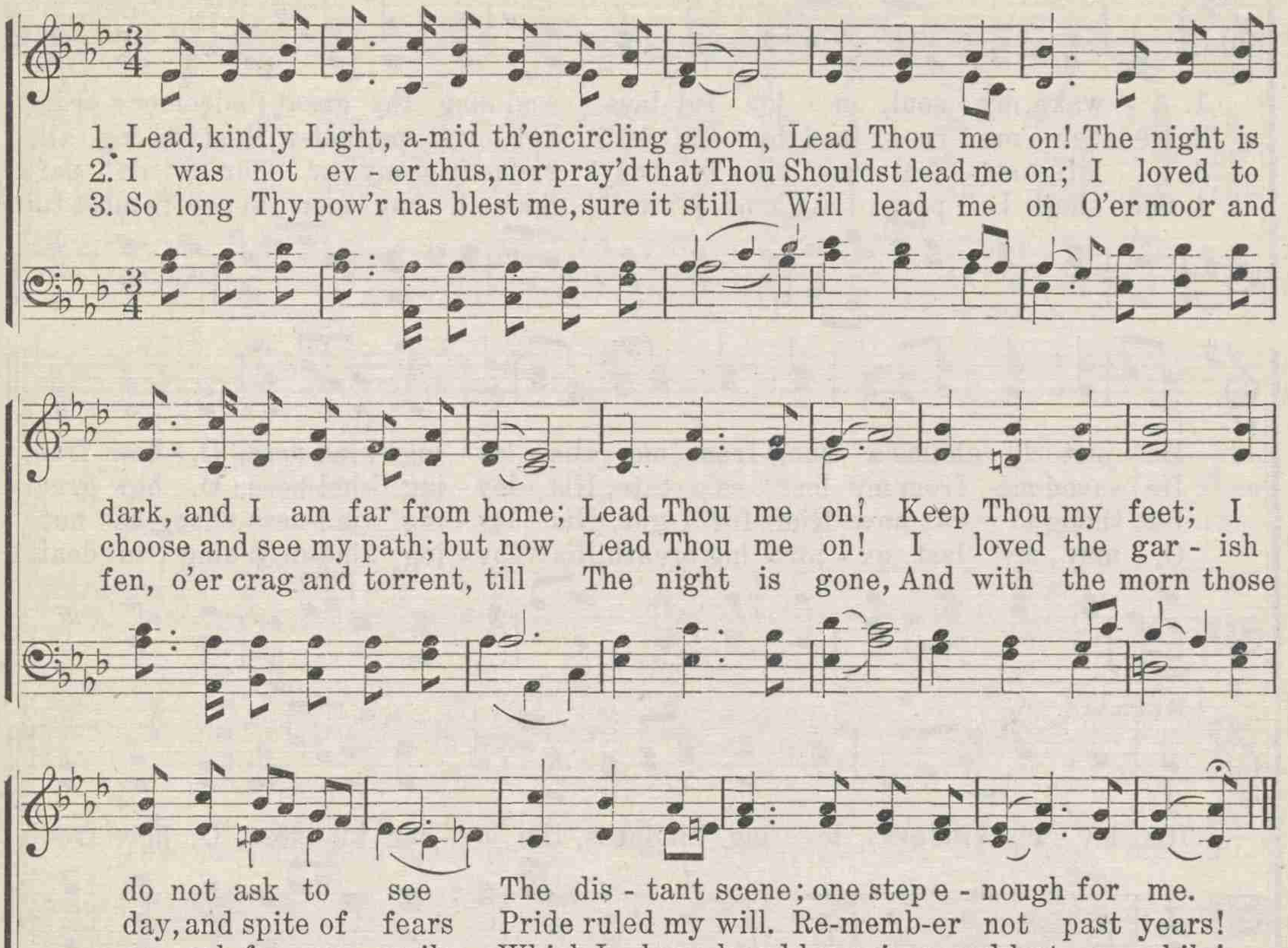
1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free
   { Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
2. { Pass me not, O gra- cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
   { Thou might'st leave me, but the rath- er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
3. { Pass me not, O ten - der Sav- iour! Let me love and cling to Thee:
   { I am long- ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

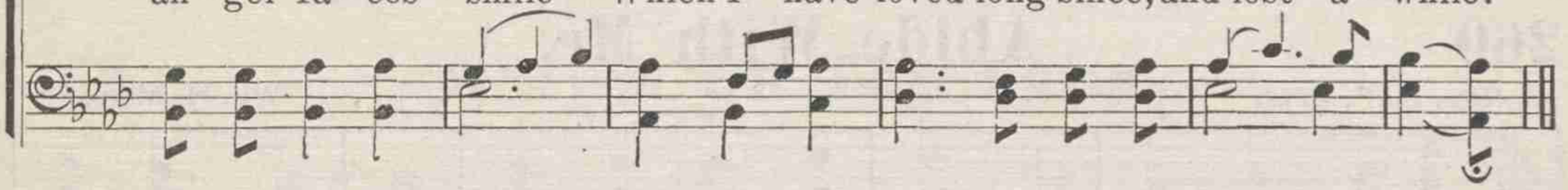
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

257 Lead, Kindly Light.

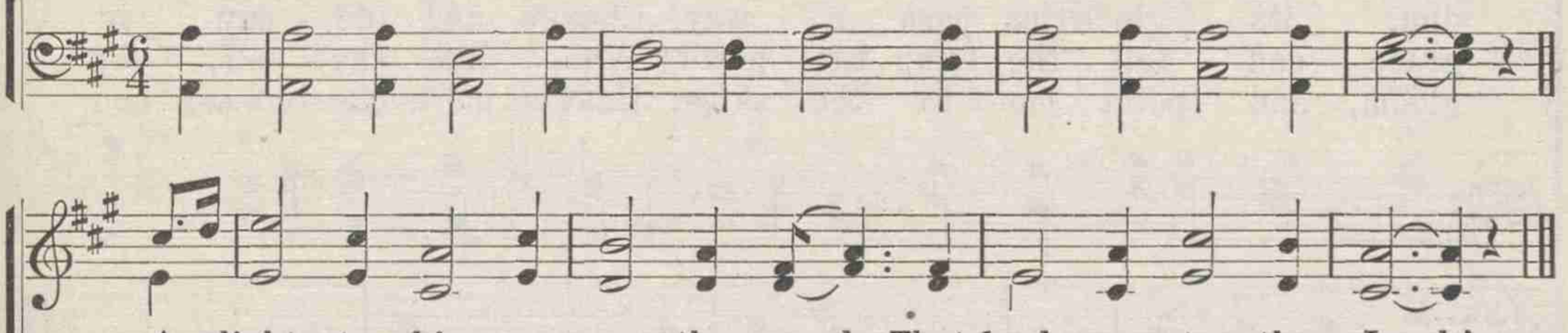
JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

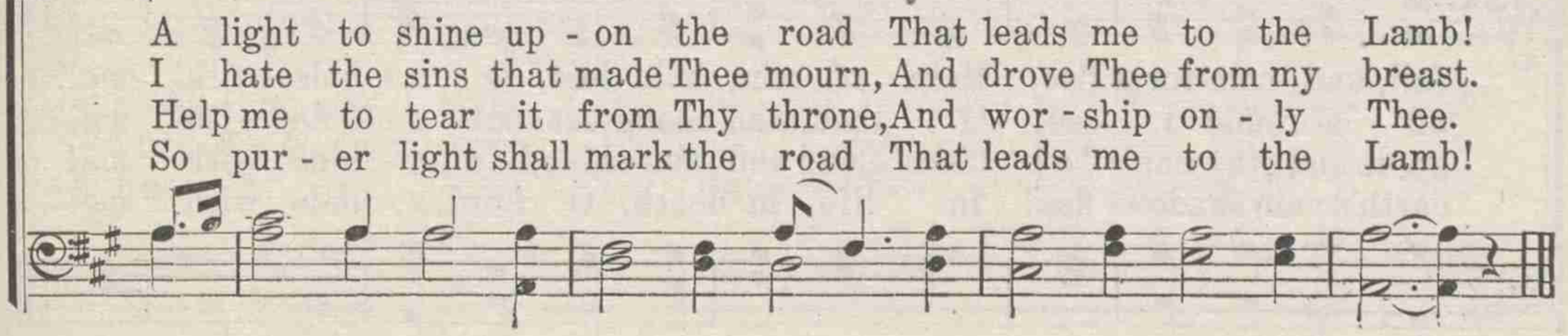
1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will. Re-memb-er not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

258 O For a Closer Walk.

WILLIAM COWPER. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame:
2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen- ger of rest!
3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se- rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb!



259 Loving Kindness.

Rev. Samuel Medley. Wm. Caldwell.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet lov'd me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. I oft - en feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Sav - iour to de - part;
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale, Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must fail;

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind-ness, O, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind-ness, O, how great!
But though I oft have Him for - got, His lov - ing kind-ness chang-es not.
O, may my last ex - pirt- ing breath, His lov - ing kind-ness sing in death.

Refrain.

His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!

260 Abide With Me.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help- less, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a- round I see; O thou, who chang-est not a - bide with me!
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the temp- ters pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn- ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

261 Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Anon.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy - seat Hum - bly I fall; Plead- ing Thy
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer - cy - seat, Sav - iour, I fall; Trust- ing Thy

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; O how I pine for Thee!
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee!

O make me pure with- in, Cleanse me from ev -'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

262 Graven On Thy Palms.

D. B. PURINTON. W. H. DOANE.

1. If grav - en on Thy palm, Dear Lord, I be, If from Thine
2. When grav - en on Thy palm, Lord, I shall be Held in Thy
3. If grav - en on Thy palm, Lord, I am sure, What - ev - er

o - pen hand Thy face I see; No oth - er face than Thine
lov - ing hand From dan - ger free; All e - vil ways I leave,
may be - tide, My hope se - crue— That I shall ev - er be,

Shall fix my sight, Or fill my raptured soul With heav'nly light.
Lord, Thee to own, My - self I free - ly give To Thee a - lone.
Kept by thy love, Till Thy dear face I see In realms a - bove.

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263 All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kind-red, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord... of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord... of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord... of all.

264 O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King all glo- rious a - bove, And grate- ful - ly
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
trusts, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer- cies how ten - der! how

An- cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweet- ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

265 Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. — John Wyeth.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious son-net,
2. Here I'll raise my E-ben-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home; Je-sus sought me when a stranger,
3. O to grace how great a debtor, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,

Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.
Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for Thy courts above.

266 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
2. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
3. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
4. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Re-vive us a-gain.

267 O, Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy day, happy day,
2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! / Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Happy day, happy day,
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; / He drew me, and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine. } Happy day, happy day,

Fine. D.S.

When Jesus wash'd my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

268 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Rev. H. F. LYTE. MOZART, Arr.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

:S: FINE.

Na - ked, poor, de- spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not like them, un - true:
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet- er rest:

D. S.—Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D. S.—Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
D. S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

D.S.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

269 The Sweetest Name.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en
2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him
3. So now, up - on his Father's throne—Al - might- y to re - lease us
4. O Je - sus! by that matchless name, Thy grace shall fail us nev - er

:S: FINE.

The name, be - fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
From sin and pain—He ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sav - iour, Je - sus.
To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er!

D S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

CHORUS. *D.S.*

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus!

270 There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. Arr. by L. HARTSOUGH.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plung'd be-
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho'
3. Thou dy- ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
Church of God Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
been my theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,

Lose all their guilty stains, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose their guilty stains.
Wash all my sins a- way, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Be saved, to sin no more, Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

271 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with- out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait- ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a- bout With many a con- flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with - in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be- cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

272 I Hear the Saviour Say.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weak-ness
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the
3. For noth- ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. And when be- fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
gar-ments white, In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
tro- phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet

} Je - sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

273 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms To bless- ed work with-in, By add- ing grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a- bove.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

} I am com-ing Lord! Com - ing

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

274 I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres- ence dai - ly live.

2. All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
   World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.

3. All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly Thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur- ren - der all, I sur- ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame!
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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275 I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends,and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, In the cleans - ing blood con - fide;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol- ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am pros- trate in the dust: I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me Je - sus, save me now.

276 Glory to His Name.

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

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin! Je - sus so sweetly a-bides with-in;
3. O precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name!
There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name!
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name!
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His name!
} Glo-ry to His name!

Glo-ry to His name! There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name!

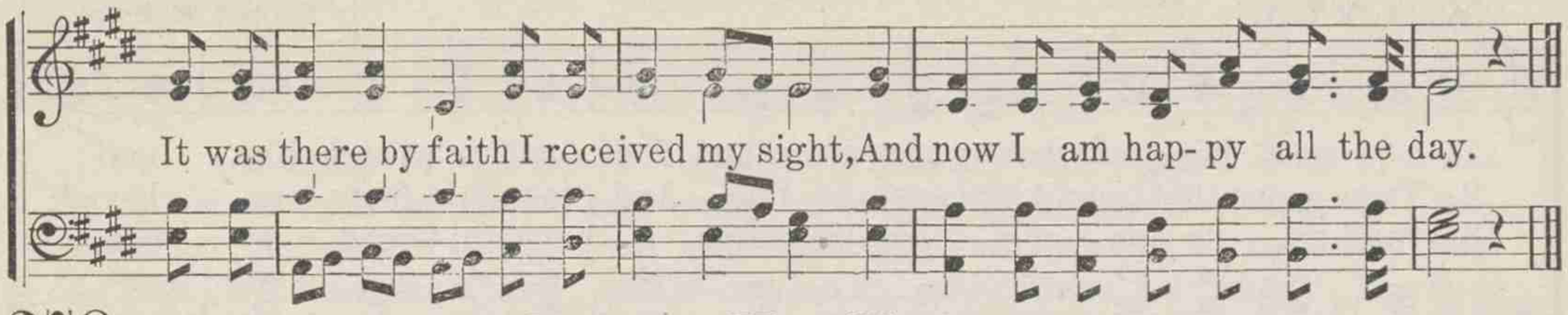
277 At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

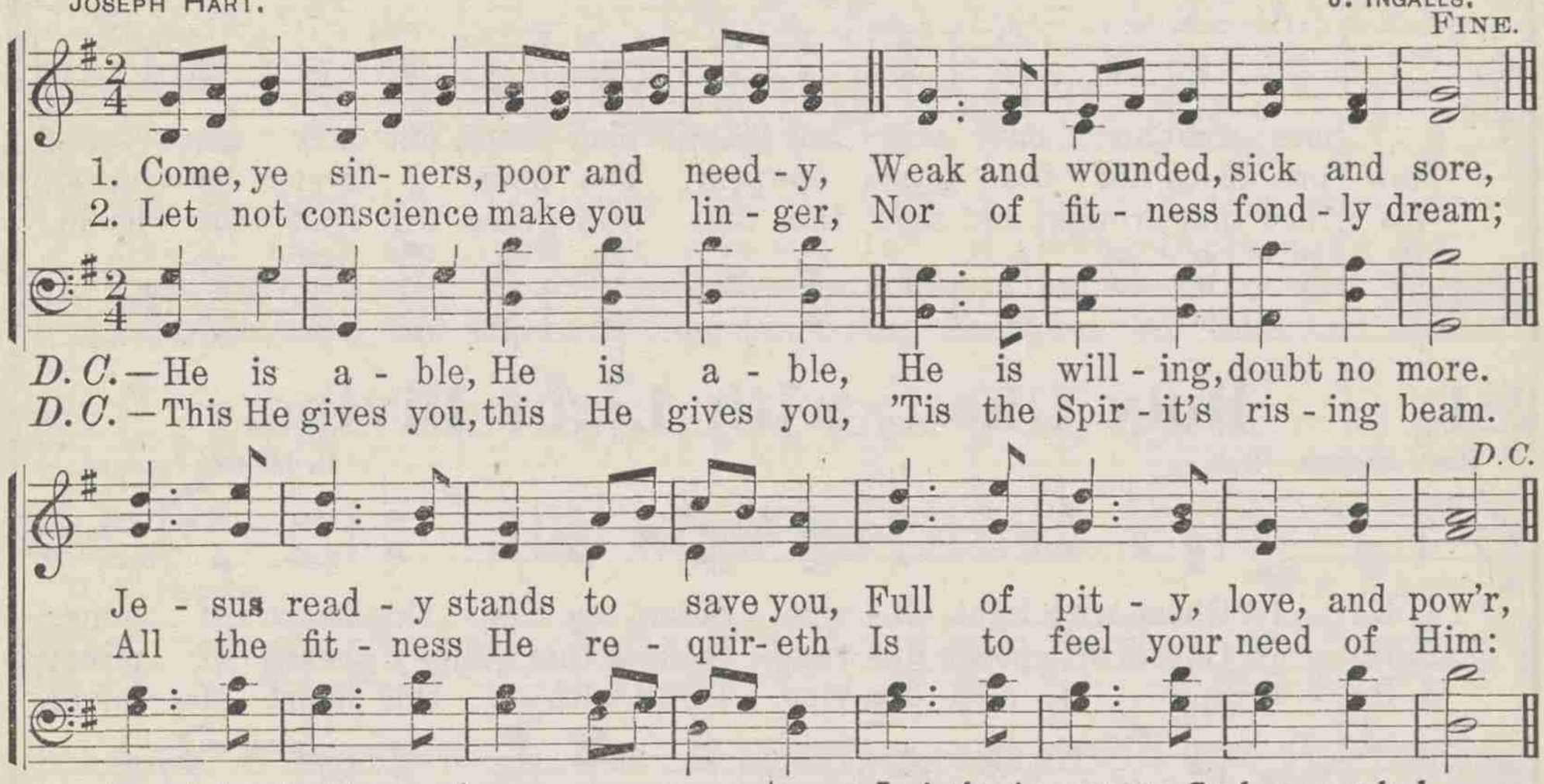
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A - maz- ing pit - y
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -

CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
} At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur- den of my heart rolled a - way,
rolled a- way,

At the Cross.—Concluded.

278 Come, Ye Sinners.

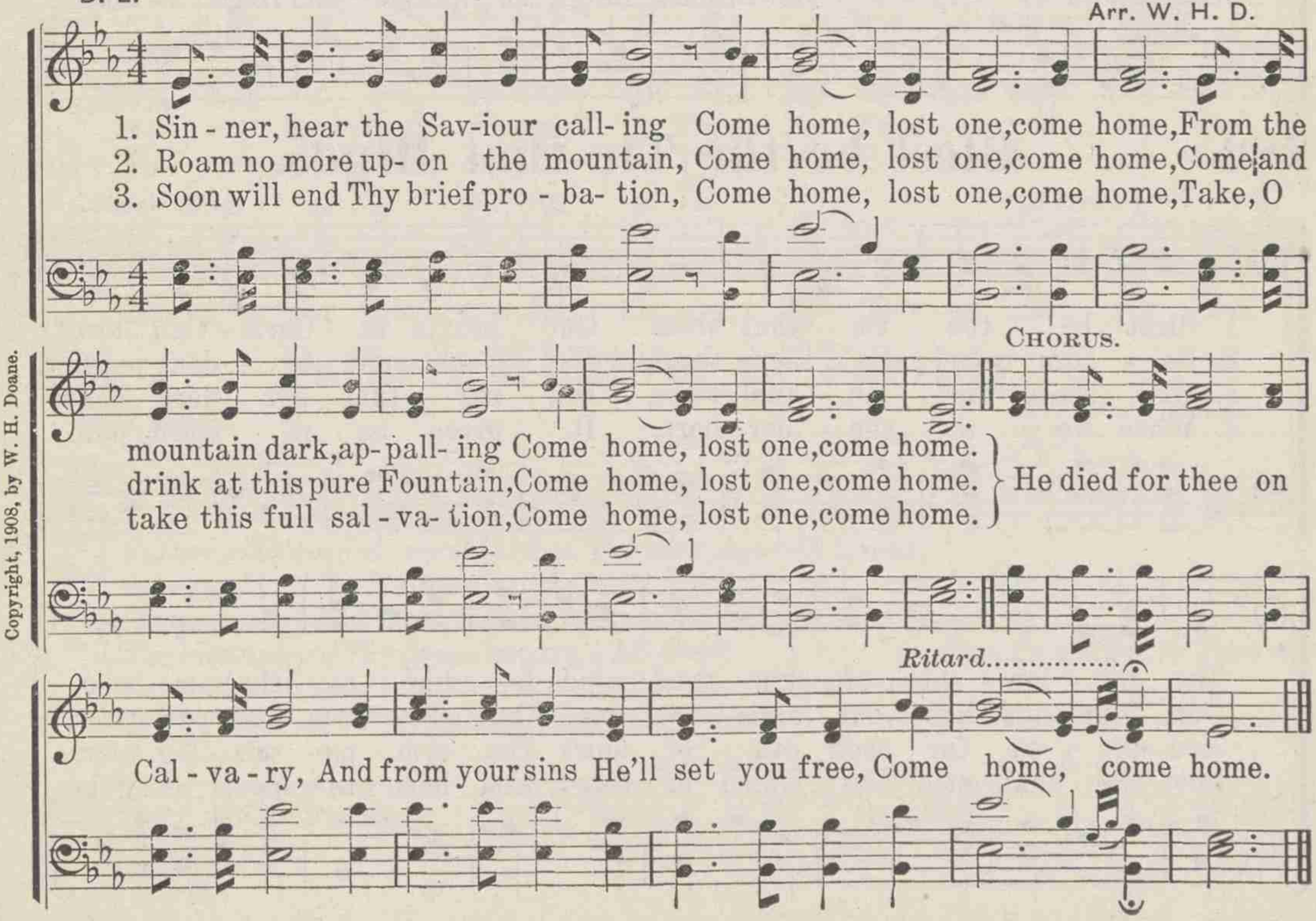
JOSEPH HART. J. INGALLS.

FINE.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies;
"It is finished;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

279 Lost One, Come Home.

D. L. DAVID LANDER. Arr. W. H. D.



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280 Amazing Grace.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ERNE.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now can see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

281 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

Rev. ANDREW REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

282 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

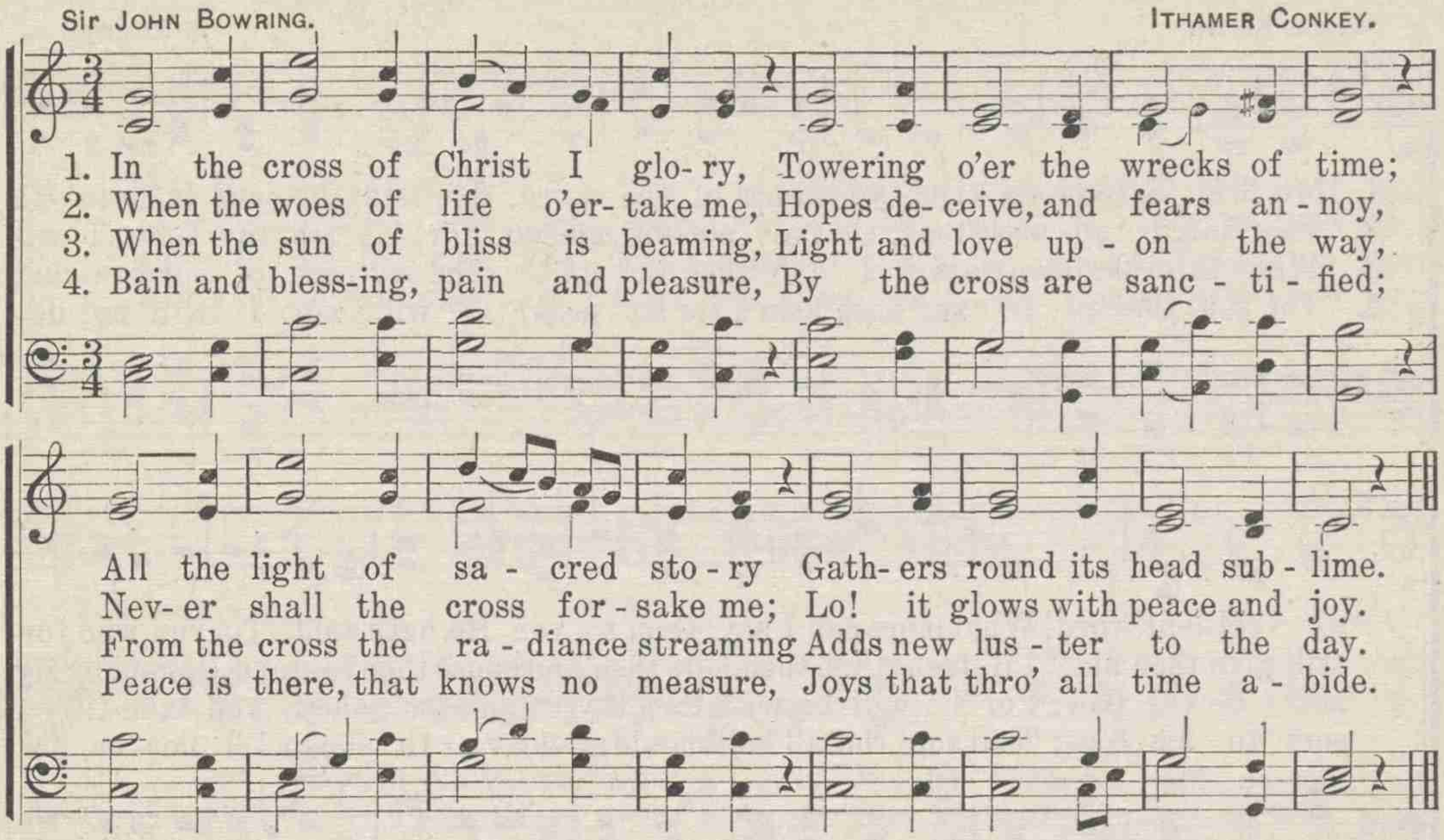
Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

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

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

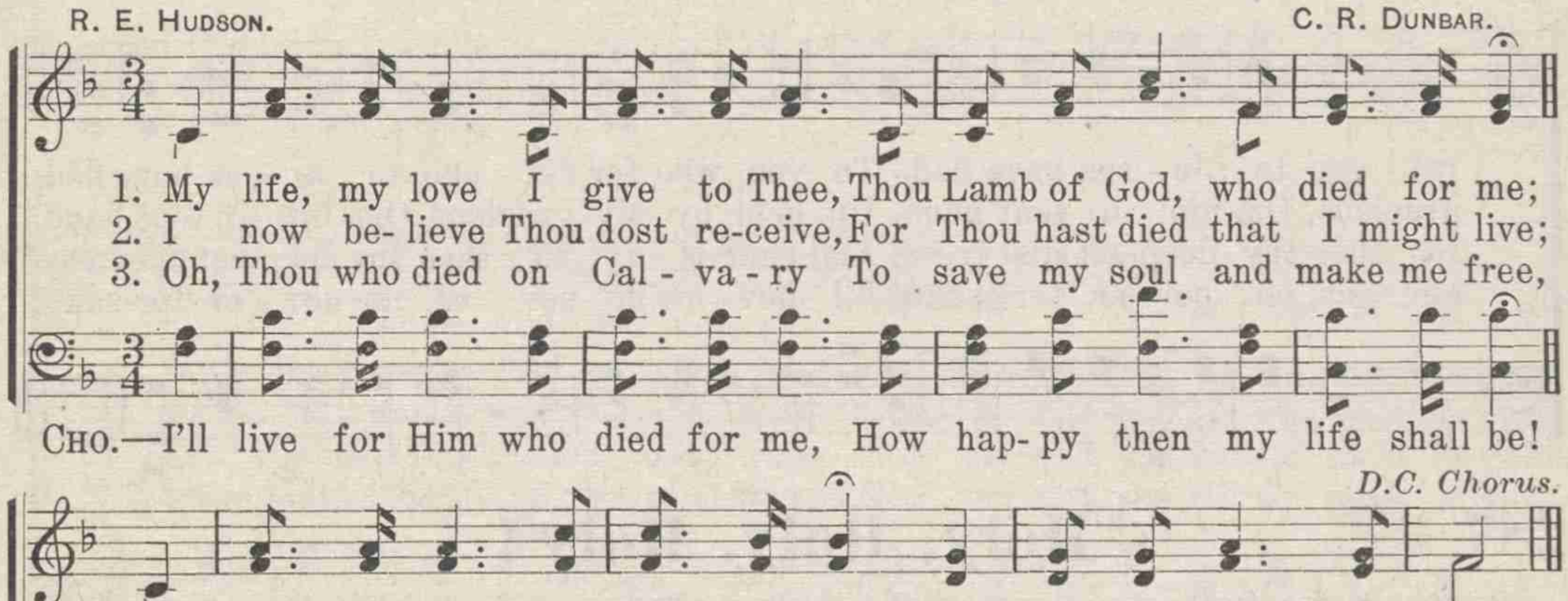
283 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMER CONKEY.

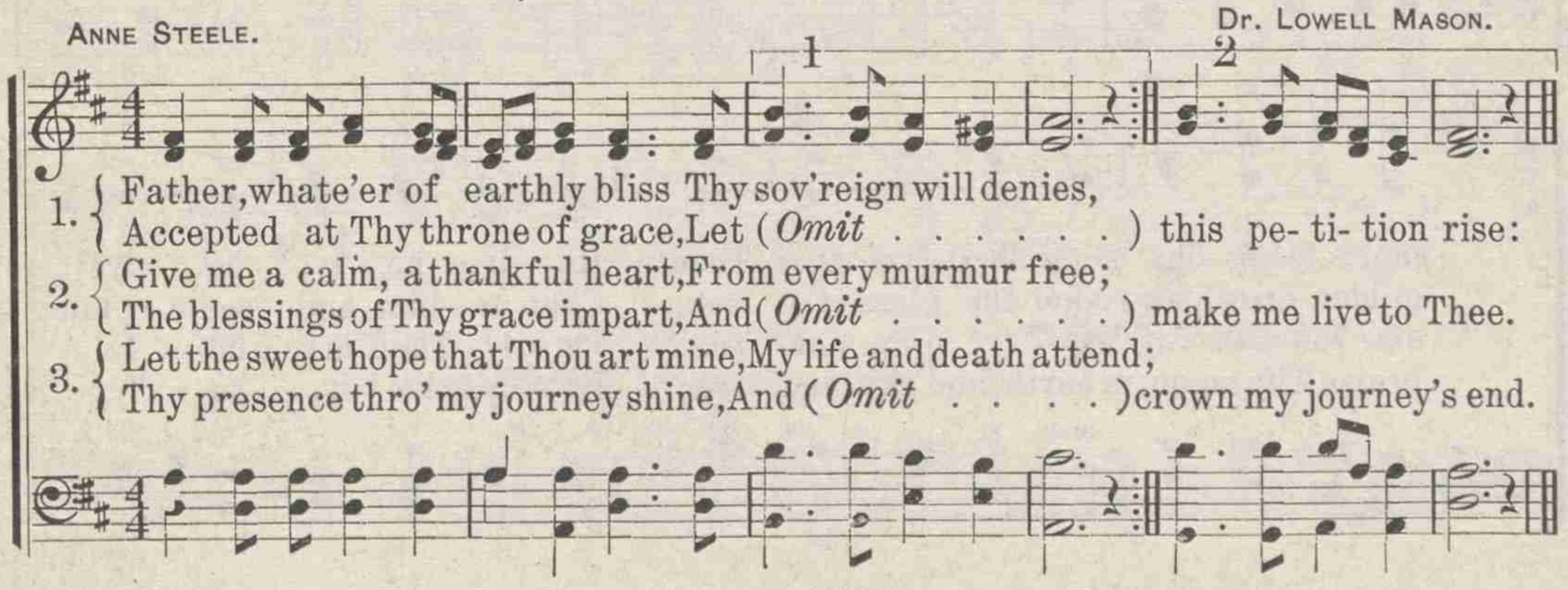


284 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.



285 Father, Whate'er of Earthly.

ANNE STEELE. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

286 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. J. READING.

1. How firm a foun- da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis- mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not, I will not de -

ex - cel-lent word! What more can I say, than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
not o - ver- flow; For I will be with thee thy tri- als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev- er, no

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
gracious, Om-nip - o - tent hand, Up- held by My gracious, Om- nip - o- tent hand."
to thee thy deep-est dis- tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
nev - er, no nev- er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake!"

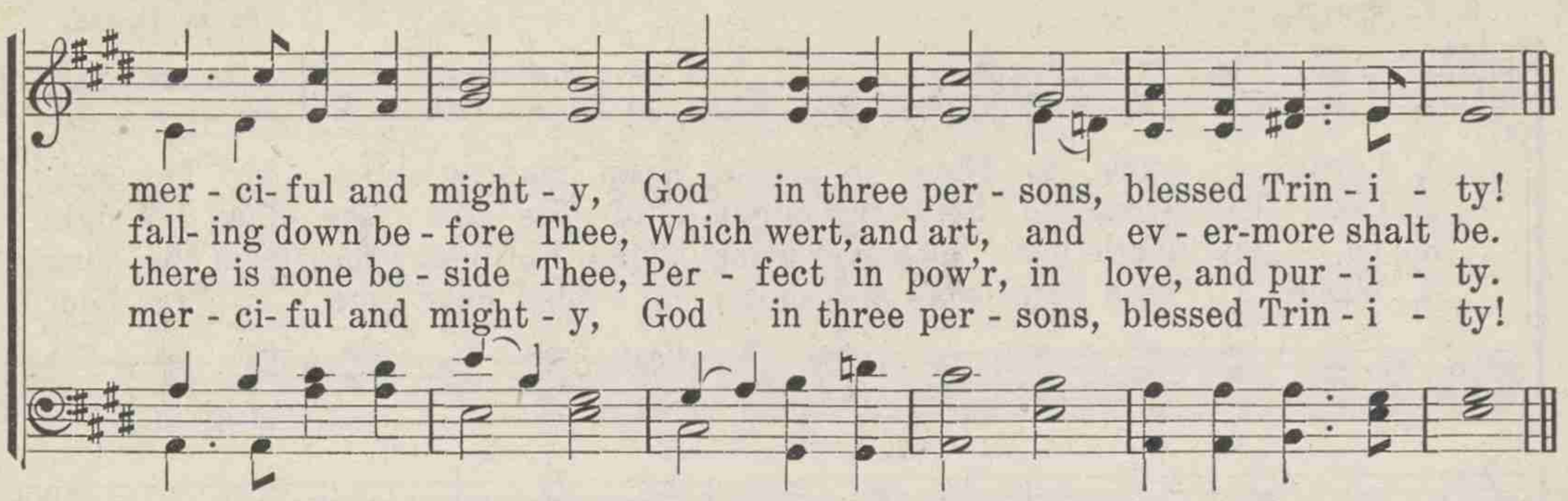
287 Holy, Holy, Holy!

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

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, bo - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns a-round the glass- y sea; Cher- u - bim and ser-a - phim,
sin- ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy!—Concluded.



288 God Be With You.

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

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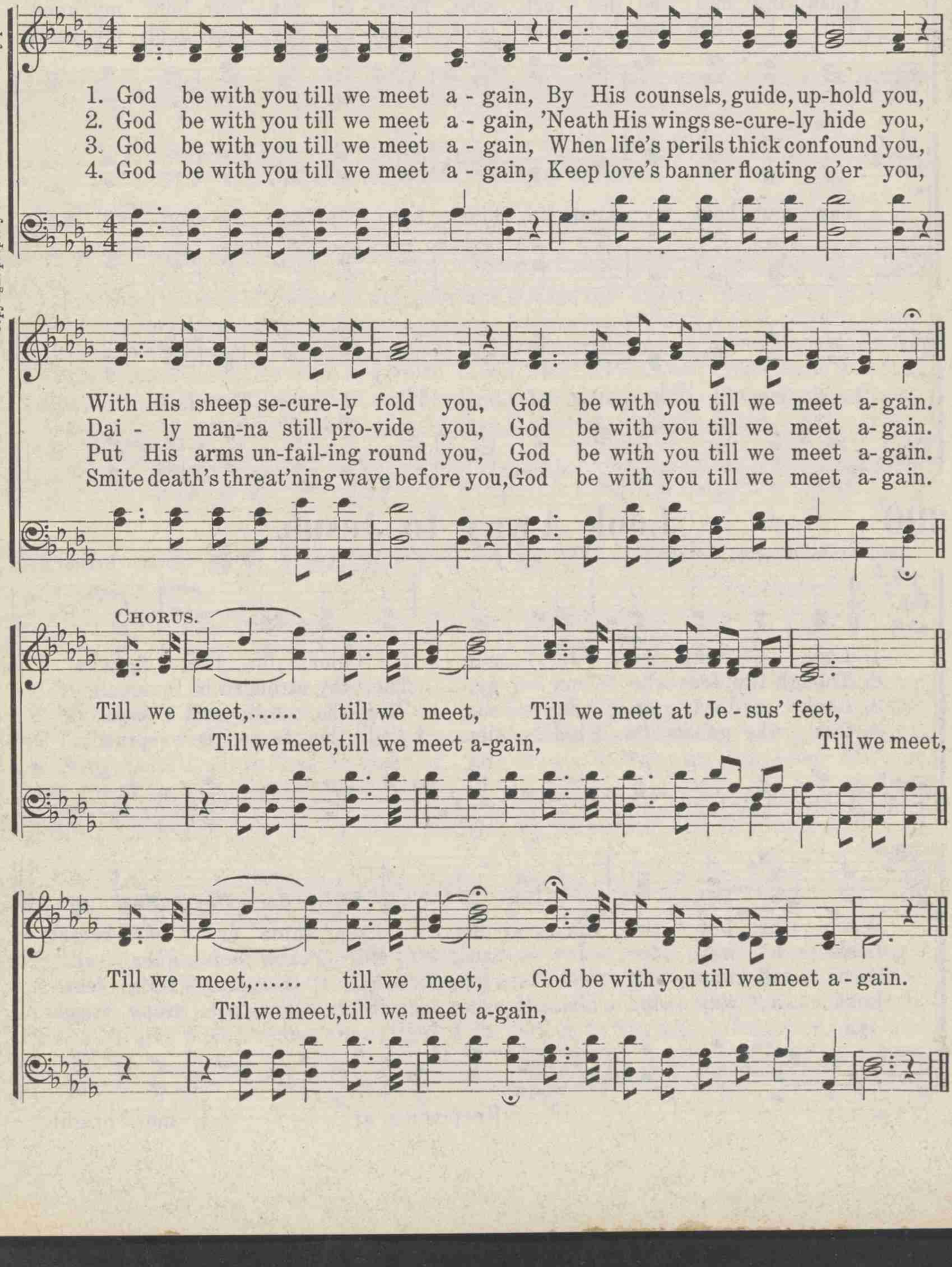
289 My Hand in Thine.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lord, I come to Thee in pray'r, Keep me ev - er in Thy care,
2. Let Thy strong, up - hold - ing might, Gird me for the dai - ly fight,
3. To my neigh- bor I would bring Cups of bless - ing from the spring,
4. While I pass thro' sun and show'r, Be Thou near me ev - 'ry hour,

Guide me thro' a stran- ger - land; Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.
Help me ev - 'ry foe with- stand, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.
Gush - ing 'mid the des - ert sand, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.
Till I reach that bet - ter land, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my haud.

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CHORUS.

Sav - iour, hold my hand in Thine, Let Thy light up - on me shine,

Lead me in the paths of love, Till I see Thy face a - bove.

290 Look Away to Jesus.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Look a - way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight;
2. Though thy foes be ma - ny, Tho' thy strength be small,
3. Look a - way to Je - sus, 'Mid the toil and heat;
4. For the guests are bid - den, And the feast is spread;

When the bat - tle thick - ens Keep thine ar - mor bright.
Look a - way to Je - sus; He shall con - quer all.
Soon will come the rest - ing At the Mas - ter's feet.
Look a - way to Je - sus, In His foot - steps tread.

Keep thine ar - - - mor bright.

291 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER. W. V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
3. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What- e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

292 Come, Come to Jesus!

GEORGE P. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer! eagerly Come, come to Jesus!
2. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to ran-som thee, O slave! so willingly Come, come to Jesus!
3. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to light-en thee, O burden'd! trustingly Come, come to Jesus!
4. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to give to thee, O blind! a vision free; Come, come to Jesus!
5. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to shel-ter thee, O wearied! blessedly, Come, come to Jesus!
6. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to car - ry thee, O lamb! so lovingly, Come, come to Jesus!

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293 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. AD. HENRY CAREY.

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

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

294 Doxology.

THOS. KEN. LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

295 Praise God From Whom.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low,

FINE.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

D.S.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

296 Gloria Patri. No. 1.

H. W. GREATOREX.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

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