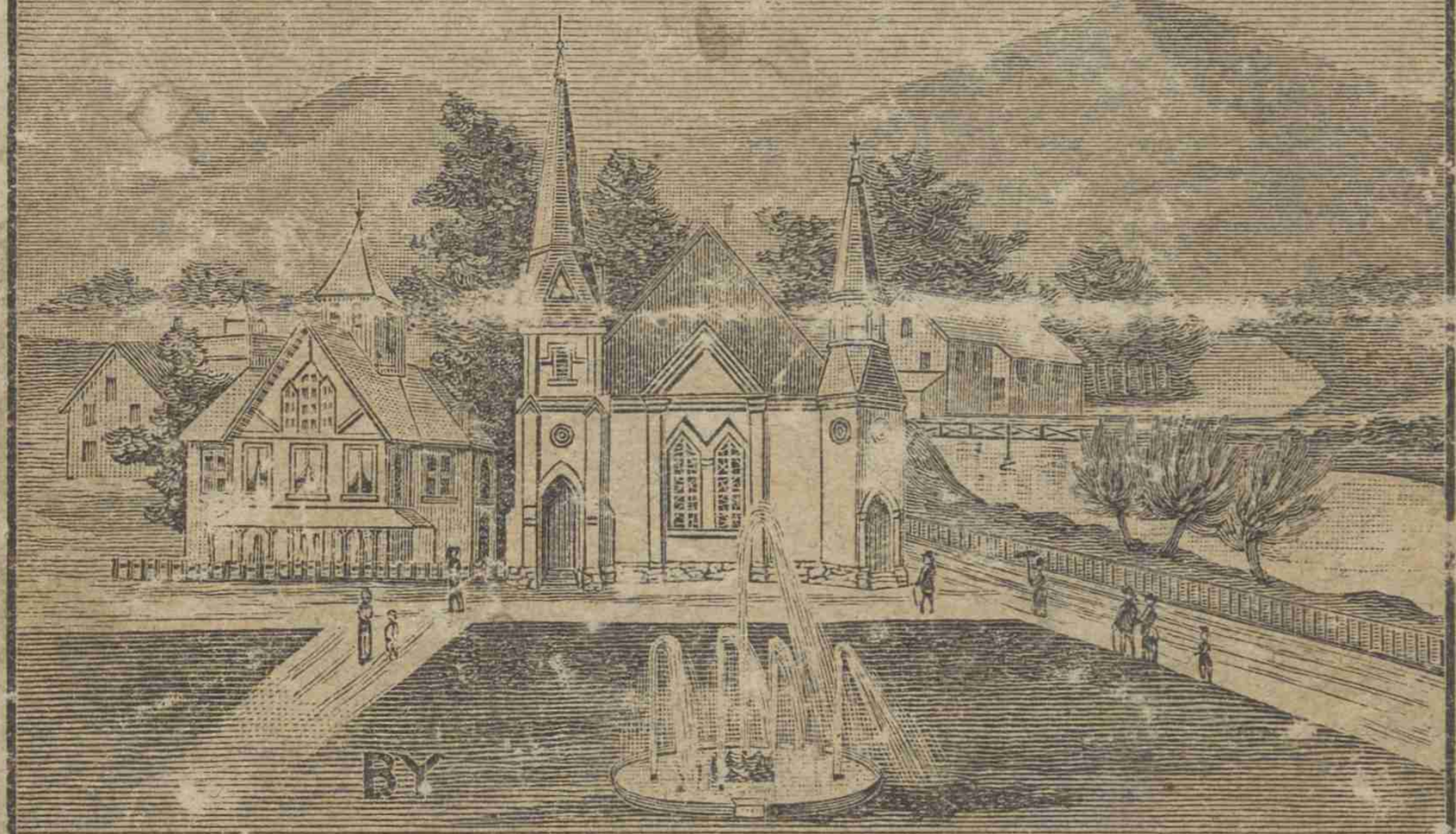
GOSPEL MELODIES

SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD. PAUL



BY

REV. W. T. DALE REV. D. E. DORTCH
AND
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House
NASHVILLE, TENN. 1892.

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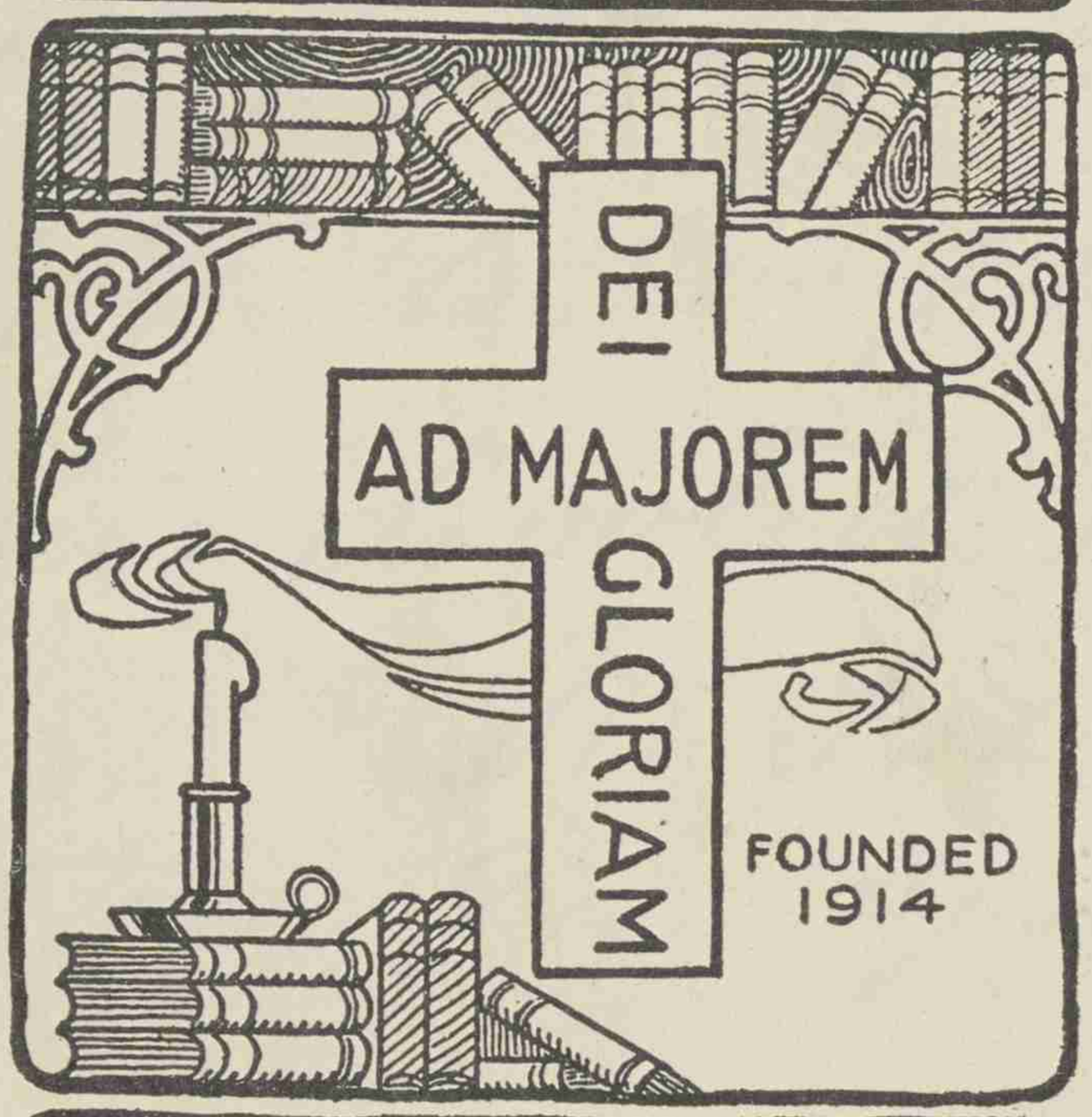

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Yours Truly
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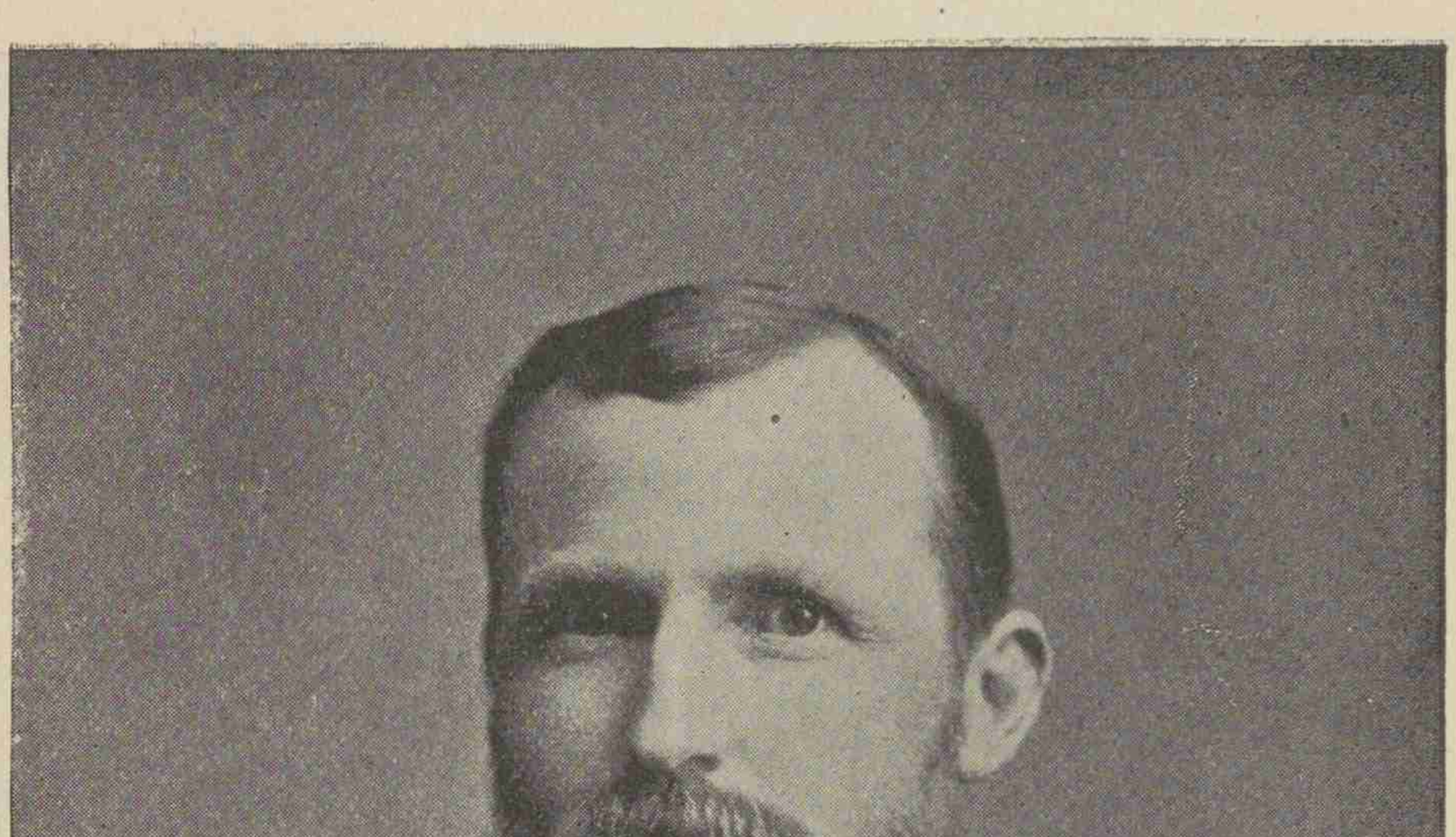

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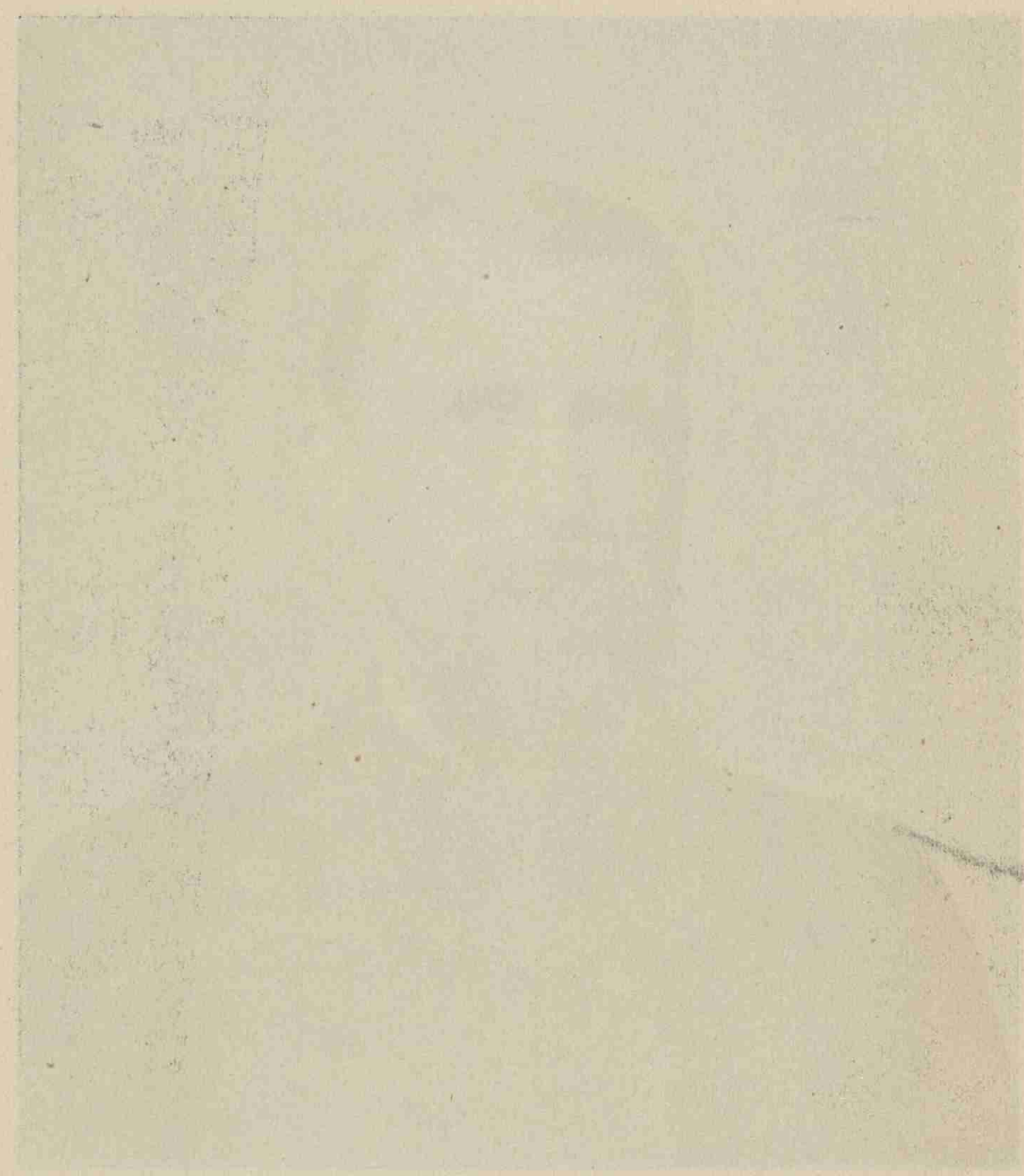

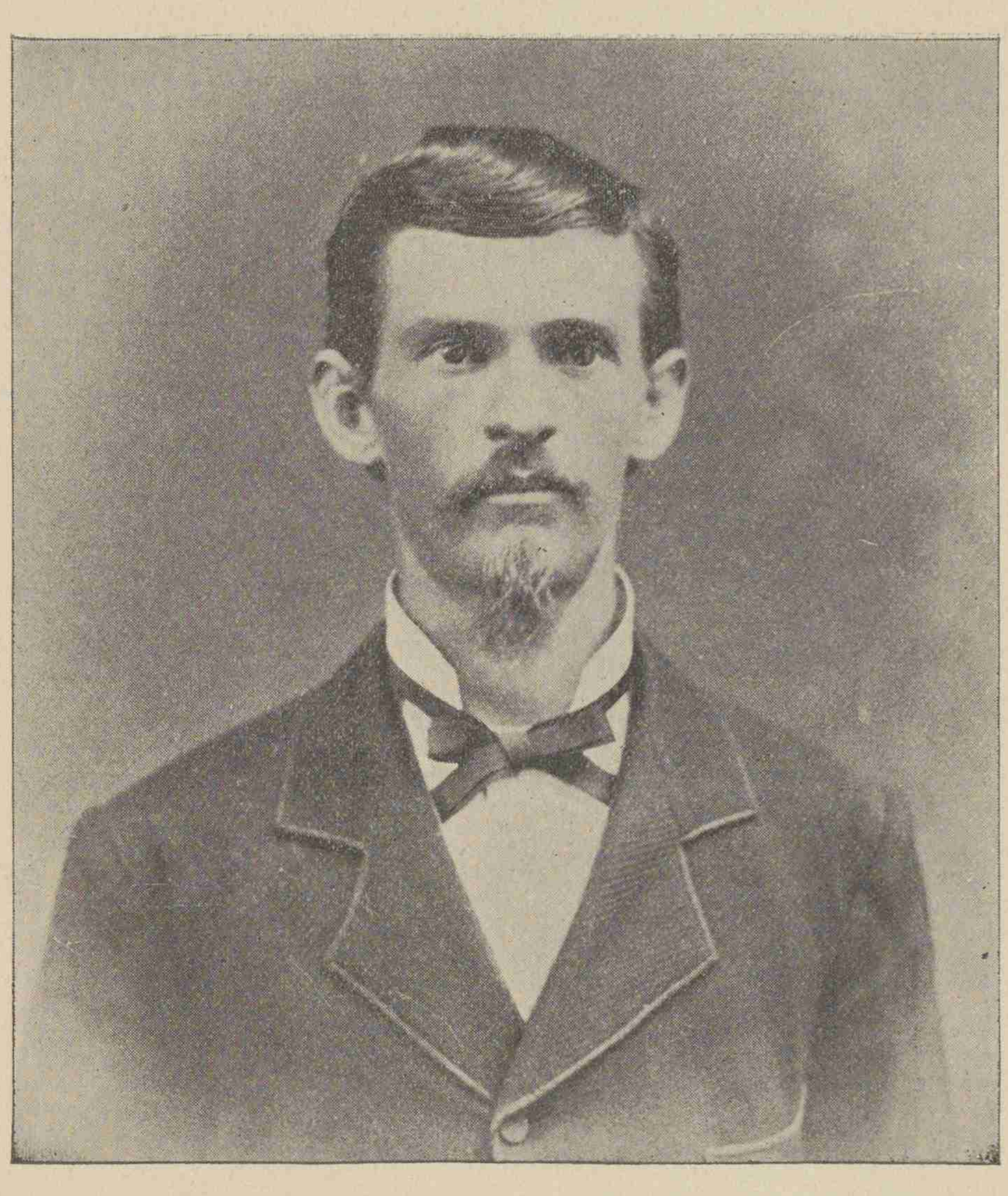

Yours Truly

Chas. Edw. Pollock.

GOSPEL MELODIES.

A NEW COLLECTION

OF

Gospel Hymns and Songs

FOR

S. S., Revivals, Prayer-Meetings, Gospel Meetings, Special Occasions, Missionary Meetings, Funerals, etc.

BY

REV. W. T. DALE, REV. D. E. DORTCH,

—AND—

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Nashville, Tenn.:
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
W. J. DARBY, D.D., General Manager.
1890.

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Preface.

We are happy to greet our musical friends and fellow-workers with this new collection of Gospel Melodies, by the singing of which they may make "melody in their hearts to the Lord."

It is divided into Eight Parts in order to facilitate the matter of finding a song adapted to any given occasion.

I. The S. S. Department is made up of opening, infant class, Children's Day, and many other bright and sparkling gems of song which make this part of the book quite an attractive feature.

II. The Revival and Prayer-meeting Department comprises a large and varied number of old familiar hymns and tunes, camp-meeting choruses, and some excellent new pieces. Here the devout worshiper will find some of the grand old hymns and tunes which fired the hearts of Israel's hosts in the days of our fathers, and kindled a holy enthusiasm which led them on to victory.

III. Hymns of Warning and Invitation are necessary in all gospel work—warning to the incorrigible sinner, and invitation to the penitent and heavy-laden.

IV. Hymns of Penitence and Faith are not without their place in gospel work also, inasmuch as they are quite helpful to the penitent and rejoicing believer.

V. Hymns for Special occasions: uniting with the Church, administration of baptism—adult and infant—the Lord's-supper, ordination and installation of ministers and pastors, laying corner-stones, and dedication of churches are indispensable, and will render this collection of songs indispensable to all our churches.

VI. A Missionary Department renders the book available for use by our Missionary Societies and Children's Bands, as well as for use by the congregation when a missionary sermon is to be preached or anniversary exercises are to be held.

VII. The decree which has gone forth from the lips of the great Creator, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," renders a Funeral Department necessary also. This has been well filled with a sufficient number of the best songs for all funeral occasions.

VIII. The Miscellaneous Department is filled up with a number of the most popular songs of the day, and with some excellent new pieces.

Special care has been given to the matter of supplying the wants of our people in all these departments of Church work and worship.

We have spared neither pains, time nor labor in the preparation of this volume, and although it has occupied several months of almost incessant application, yet we have never felt so great an anxiety to get the book done as we have to do it well; our chief aim being to supply a manifest want in the Church.

Many of the best song writers are represented in this collection. These have our thanks.

We have used what is known as Aikin's Character Notation, so that all the people can sing. There are many who can not sing the *round notes*, while on the other hand there are none who may not sing *character* or *shaped notes*.

We now submit Gospel Melodies to the crucible of public test, praying Heaven's richest blessings upon it wherever it may go.

Yours in song,

W. T. Dale, Gallatin, Tenn.,
D. E. Dortch, Columbia, Tenn.,
Chas. Edw. Pollock, Jefferson City, Mo.

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GOSPEL MELODIES.

PART I. S. S. DEPARTMENT.

No. 1. The Morning Bells.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

20569

No. 2.

Ring the Bells.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor 15: 20.

FRANK M DAVIS. CHAS. EDW POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells, Echo their music o'er land and sea;
2. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells, Jesus has risen to die to more;
3. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells, Let hill and valley with praises ring;

Je - sus has ris - en the lost to save, Ring to the world the vic - to - ry.
Earth from her bondage of sin is free, Ring out the news from shore to shore.
Je-sus has broken the bars of death, Crown him, oh crown him, Saviour King.

Chorus.

Ring, ring the bells Ring, ring the

Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,

bells,

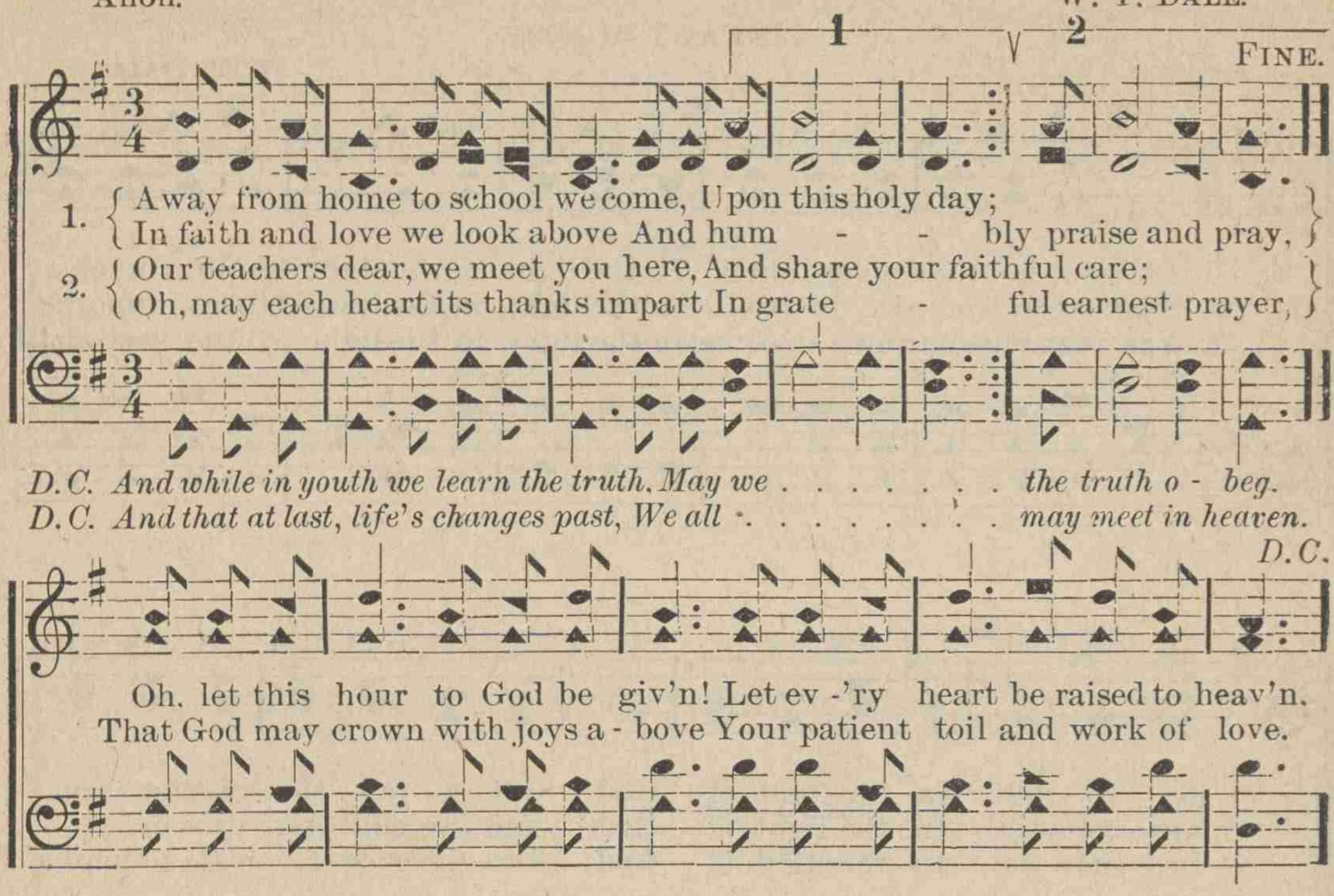
Ring, ring the bells, Oh, what joy to the world your sweet mu - sic tells!

Je- sus has risen the lost to save; Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells.

From "Gospel Voices." By per.

No. 3. Gathering in the Sabbath School.

Anon. W. T. DALE.



No. 4. The Sabbath Bells are Ringing.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

F. A. EVANS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cheerfully.

2 Little children, listen, listen!
Do you love their sweet refrain?
Do you love to hear their chimings,
Floating over mount and plain?
O they waft the sweet, sweet story
Of God's love and precious way;
Making hearts a goal of glory,
Turning darkness into day.

3 Hasten children, to your places,
In the Sabbath school so dear;
Coming with your smiling faces,
Filling every heart with cheer:
Join your voices in the singing,
And the cheerful notes prolong;
While the Sabbath bells are ringing,
Joining in your merry song.

No. 5.

In the Light of God.

(INFANT CLASS.)

Anon

W. T. DALE.

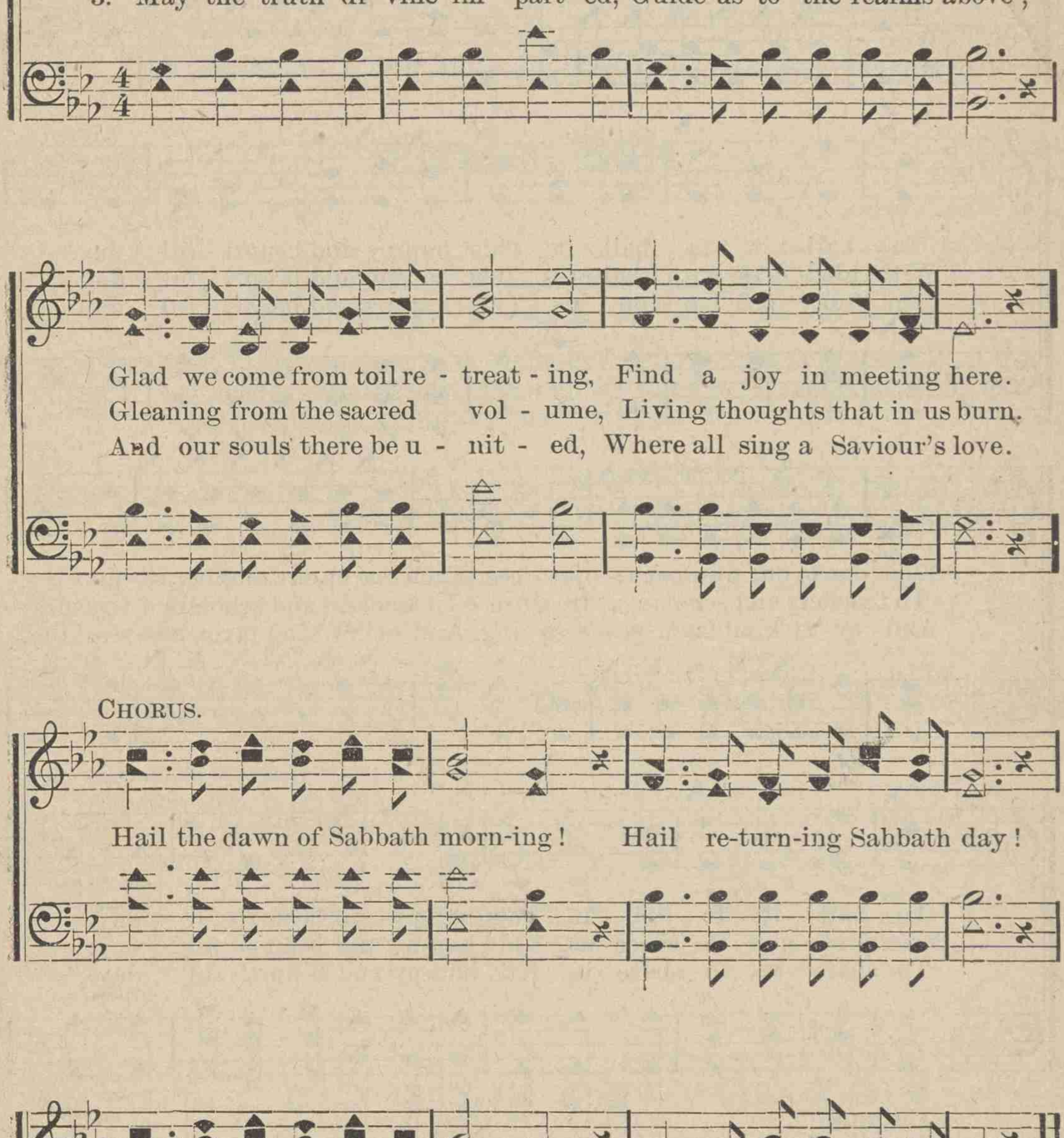
REFRAIN.

No. 6.

School Greeting.

R. SCHOENBERGER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Wel-come, welcome, Sabbath morning! Welcome, too, our schoolmates dear!
2. Yes, "we come with hearts of gladness," Of the way of life to learn;
3. May the truth di- vine im - part- ed, Guide us to the realms above;



Glad we come from toil re - treat - ing, Find a joy in meeting here.
Gleaning from the sacred vol - ume, Living thoughts that in us burn.
And our souls there be u - nit - ed, Where all sing a Saviour's love.

CHORUS.

Hail the dawn of Sabbath morn-ing! Hail re-turn-ing Sabbath day!

We will use thy precious mo - ments, Learning of the bet-ter way.

No. 7. Greeting Song.

(FOR ANNIVERSARIES, PICNICS, REUNIONS.)

Arrangement and Chorus by WM. B. BLAKE.

Brightly.

1. We're coming with jubilant voi-ces, We're coming with jubilant voi - ces,
2. We greet you with tokens of pleasure, We greet you with tokens of pleasure,
3. We thank the dear Lord for each blessing, We thank the dear Lord for each blessing,

To hail it, to hail it, This hap-py and beauti - ful day.
With glad- ness, with glad-ness, This hap-py and beauti - ful day.
Up - on us, Up - on us, This hap-py and beauti - ful day.

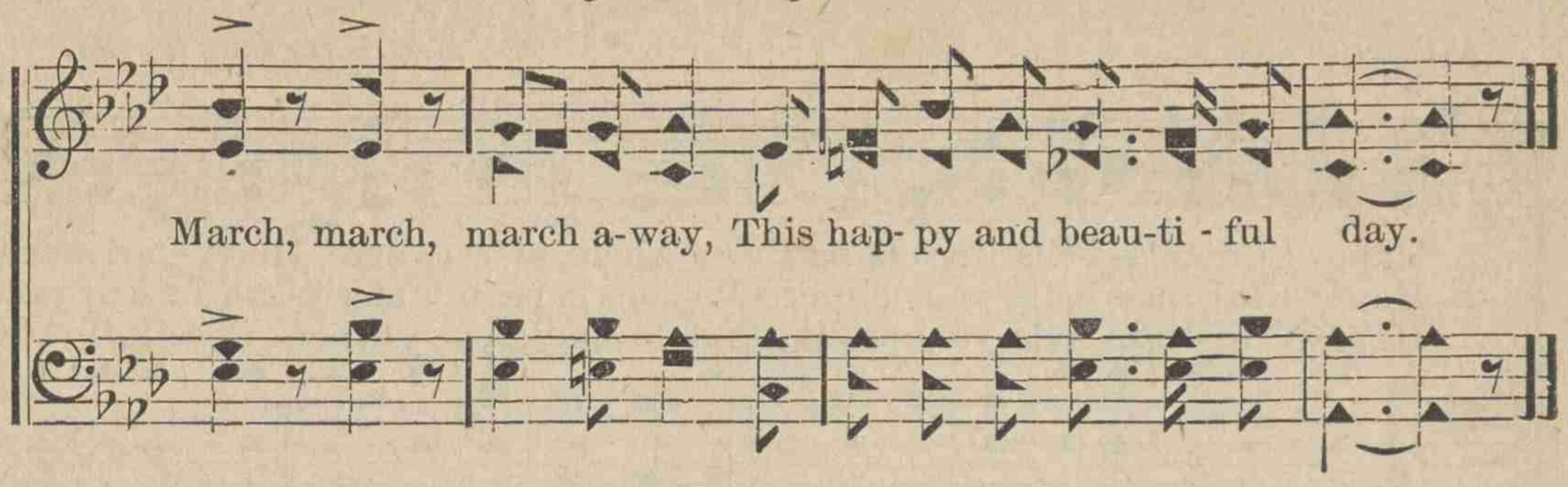
Each one of our number re - joi - ces, Each one of our number re - joi - ces,
To teachers and scholars a treasure—To teachers and scholars a treasure—
And ev-'ry kind favor pos- sess - ing, And ev-'ry kind favor pos - sess - ing,

To hail it, to hail it, This hap-py and beau-ti- ful day.
Your pres - ence to cheer us, This hap-py and beau-ti- ful day.
To share it, to share it, This hap-py and beau-ti- ful day.

CHORUS.

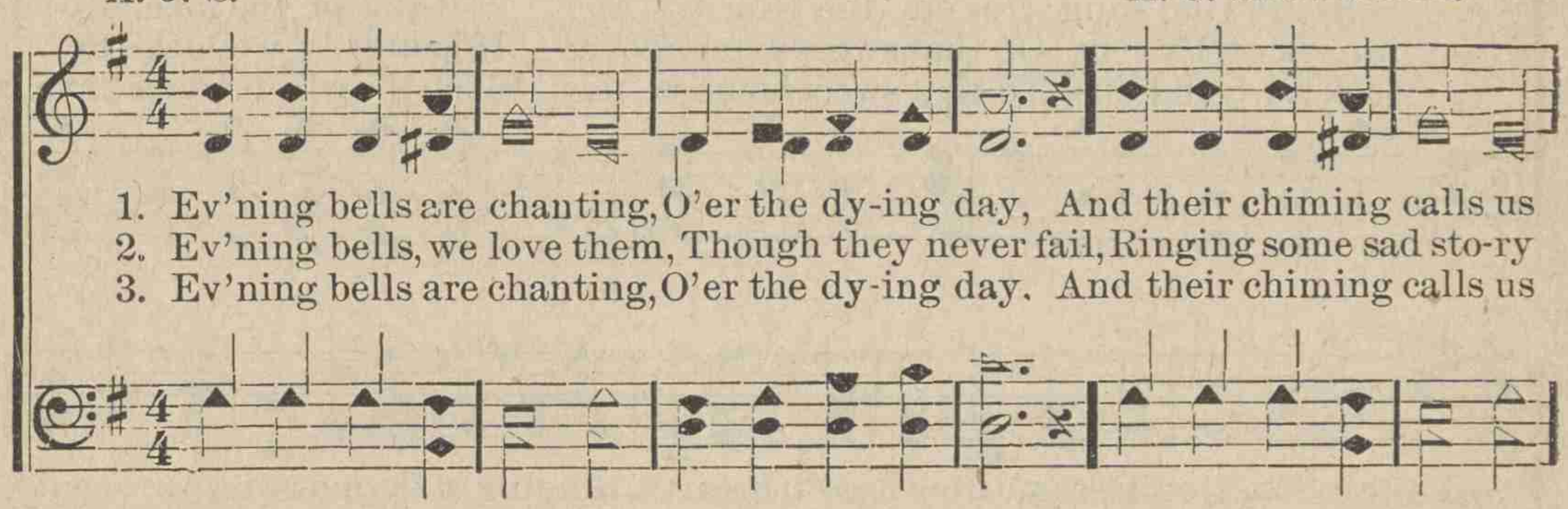
March, march, march a -way, This hap-py and beau - ti - ful day!

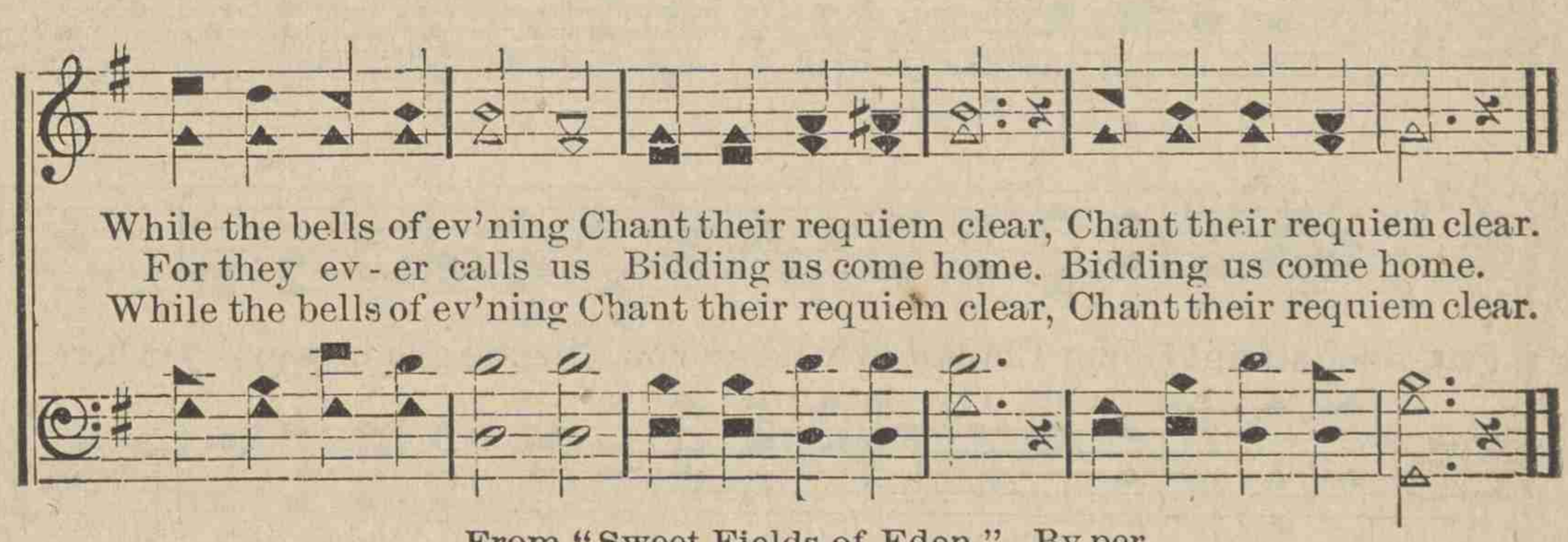
Greeting Song.—Concluded.



No. 8. Evening Bells.

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





From "Sweet Fields of Eden." By per.

No. 9.

Christmas Bells.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. Happy Christmas bells are ringing Ev'ry-where, ev'ry-where, Merry Christmas
2. Happy Christmas bells, your chiming Wakens hopes bright with love, Tenderly your
3. Happy Christmas bells, your pealing Calls to pray'r, ev'ry-where, Cheerfully we

bells are ring - ing Up- on the win- try air; Tell-ing of the love of
mu- sic tells us Of that sweet home above; Hopeful- ly we look to
look be- yond us To that sweet home so fair; When the win-ter days have

God's dear Son, How he came from heav'n to earth, Ringing in the morning, once again,
that sweet home, Far removed from care and sin, Longing for the bells of heav'n to ring
ended here, May we all in heav'n above, With our blessed Saviour then appear

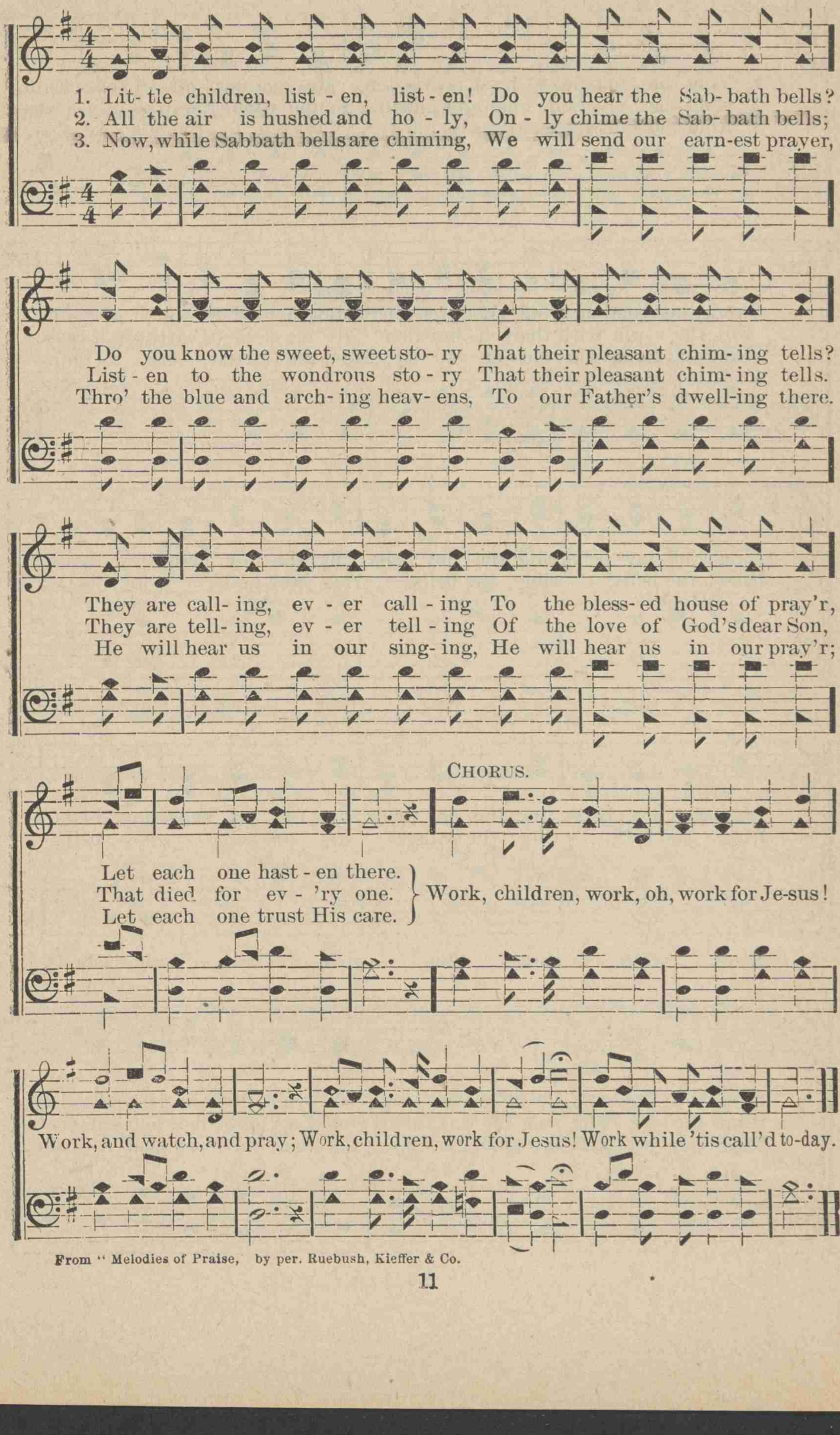
CHORUS.

Of our dear Saviour's birth.
A sweeter Christmas in.
In God's sweet home of love.
} Ring, sweet bells; oh, ring again! Pealing out your

glad-some strain! Happy Christmas bells, peal on, Ringing gladness ev-'ry-where.

No. 10. Work for Jesus.

Words arranged. R. A. GLENN.



From " Melodies of Praise, by per. Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.

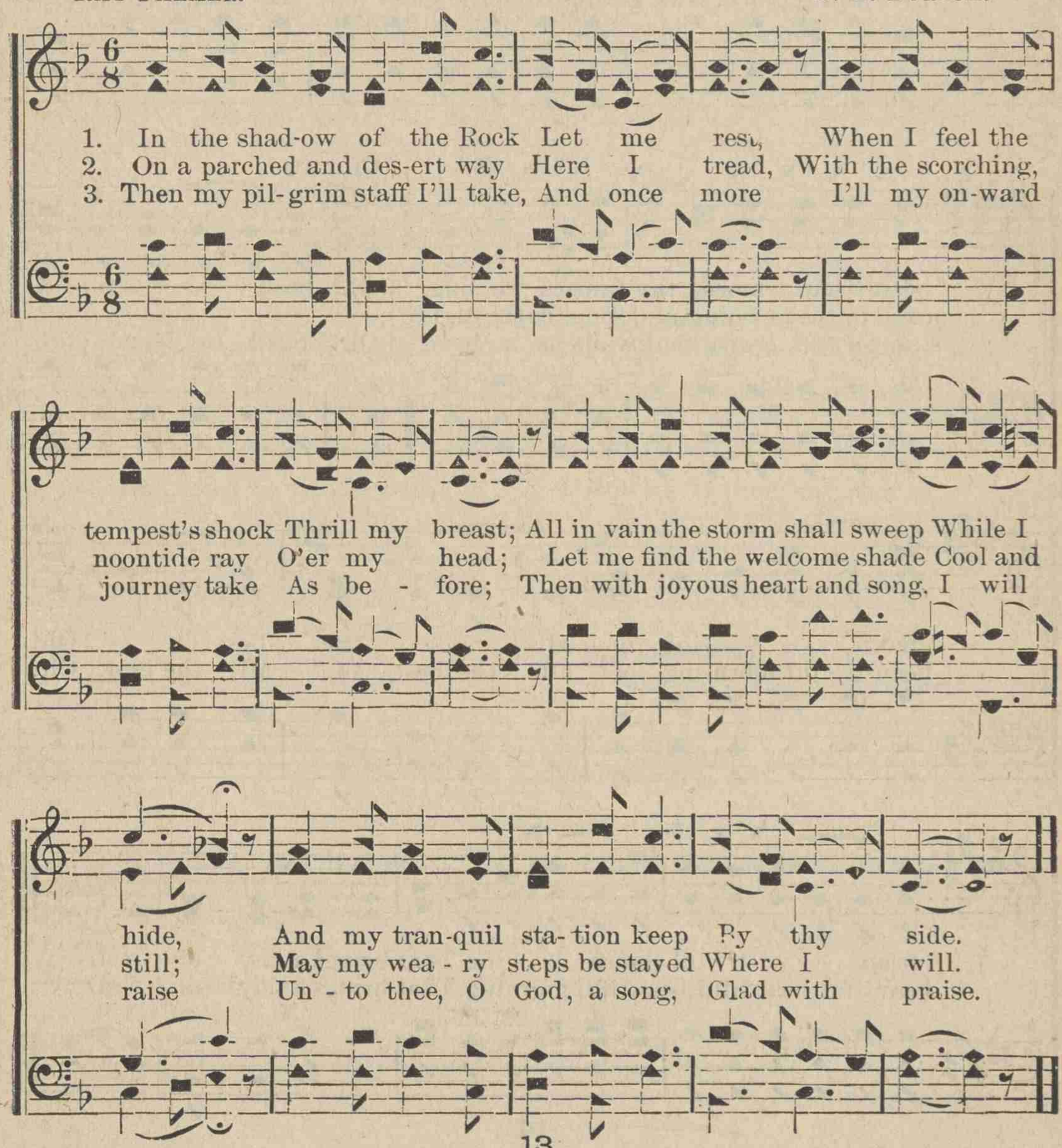
No. 11. Ring the Joy Bells.

E. N. GUNNISON, in S. S. Times. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

Ring the Joy Bells.—Concluded.

No. 12. In the Shadow of the Rock.

RAY PALMER. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 13.

Sabbath Morning.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. ROSA E. BUXTON.

1. Oh! welcome bright morning, of all thou art blest, That calls weary souls from toil to sweet rest; New greetings new joys thou ev - er dost bring; Oh!
2. New blessings, new courage, new light in our way; New duties, new hope, new grace for the day; New notes of thanksgiving, new cords of de-light; New
3. New gifts from his treasure, new smiles from his face; New streams from the fountain of in - fi-nite grace; New gleams from the glory of in - fi-nite love; New

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful morn, thy praises we sing.
praise in the morning, new songs in the night.
stars for the crown that waits us a - bove.

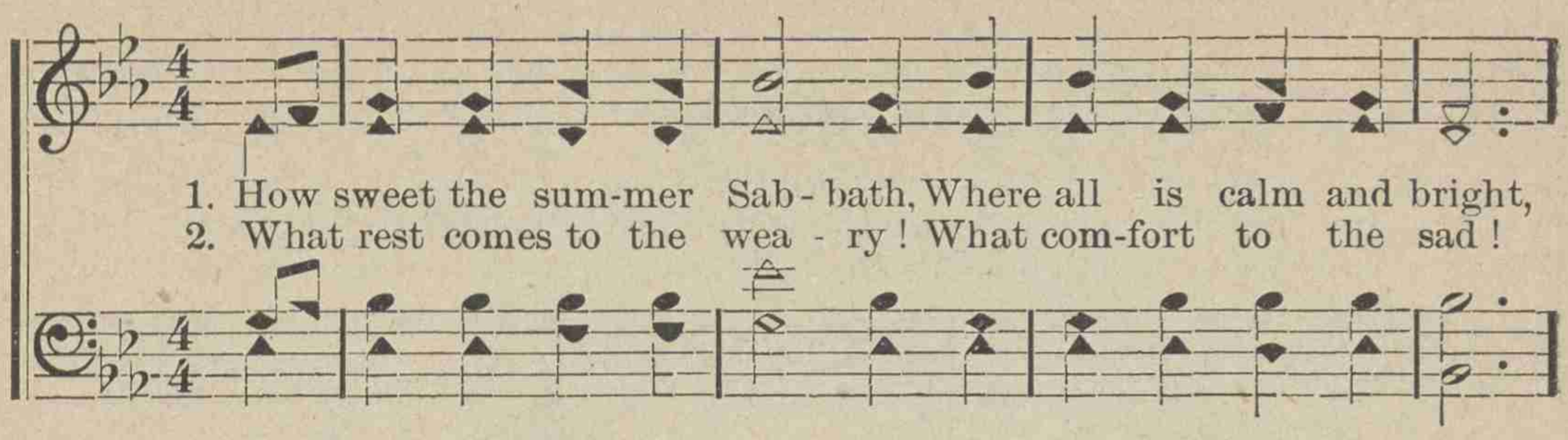
} Oh! beau - - ti - ful
Oh! beauti - ful, beauti - ful,

morn - - ing of all the best, Oh!
beau-ti - ful morn-ing of all the best, of all the best, Oh!

beau - - ti - ful morn - ing, That brings a day of rest.
beautiful, beautiful, beautiful morning, That brings a day of rest.

No. 14. The Summer Sabbath.

Rev. Peter Stryker, D. D. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



3 Oh, what must be the Sabbath,
In that fair summer land,
Where Jesus leads his people,
A holy, happy band.
Beside the living fountains,
And in the pastures green,
Where never flits a shadow
Across the tranquil scene.

4 Roll on, O time, thy chariot,
Let days and nights succeed;
We will not mind the darkness,
The toil we will not heed:
The blessed consumation,
The Sabbath without end,
For all the tribulation
Will more than make amend.

No. 15. Hebron. L. M.

OPENING MORNING SERVICE.

1 Another six day's work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blessed.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the sweet pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away,
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

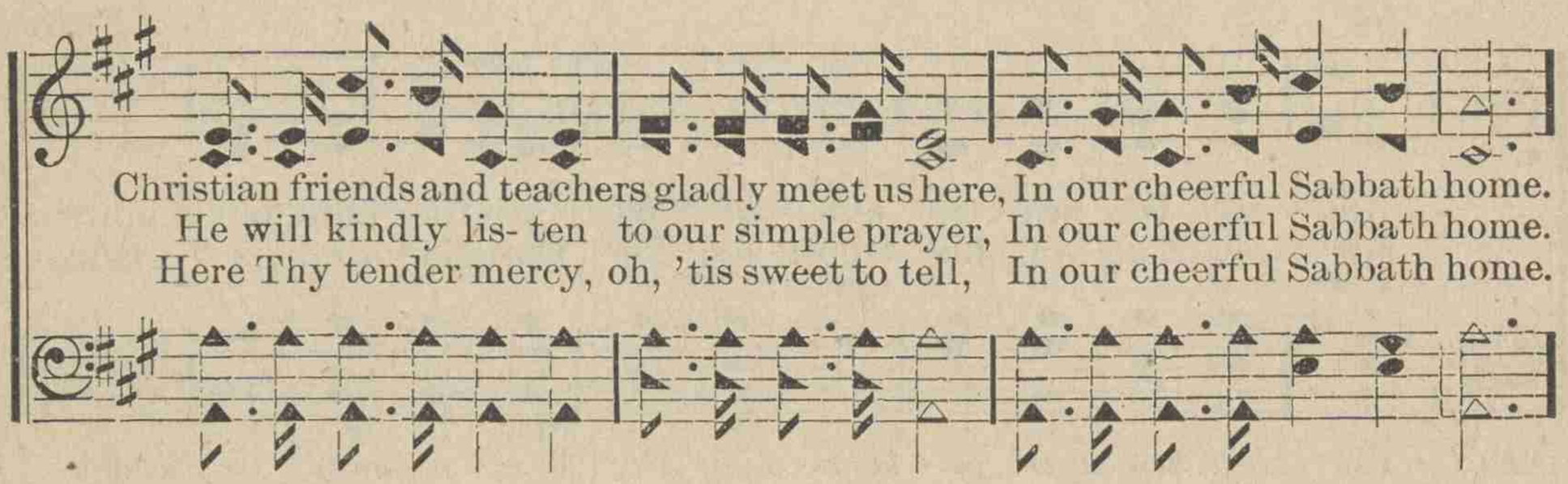
J. Stennett.

No. 16.

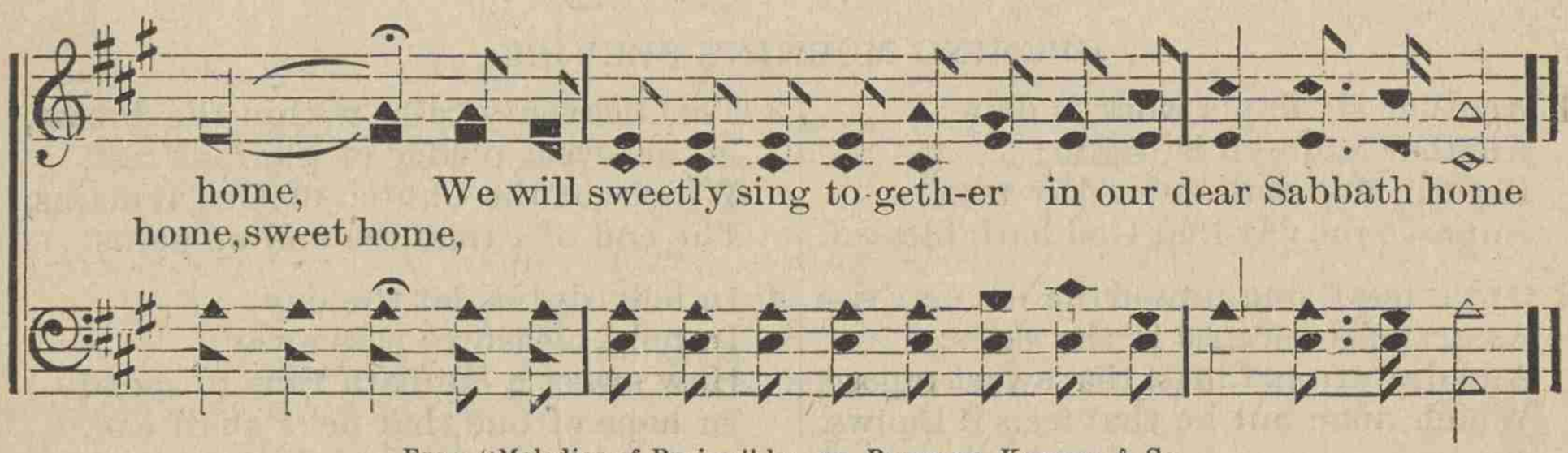
Sabbath Home.

Cheerfully, not to fast.

R. A. GLENN.



CHORUS.



From "Melodies of Praise," by per. RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & Co.

No. 17. I'll away to the Sabbath-School.

INFANT CLASS. W. T. DALE.

1. When the morning light, drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn, When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
3. In the class I meet, With the friends I greet, At the time of morning pray'r,
4. May the dews of grace, Fill the hallowed place, And the sun-shine never fail;

And it draws its line, Near the hour of nine, I'll a- way to the Sab-bath
Or when summer breeze Plays among the trees, To the dear Sabbath-school I'll
And our hearts we raise, In a hymn of praise, For it is always pleasant
While each blooming rose, Which in mem'ry grows, Shall a sweet odor there ex-

school; For 'tis there we all a - gree, All with hap - py hearts and free,
go; When the ho - ly day has come, And the Sab- bath breakers roam,
there; In the ho - ly book of truth, Full of coun- sel and re- proof,
hale; When we min - gle here no more, But have met on Canaan's shore,

CHORUS.

And I love to ear- ly be, At the Sabbath-school.
I delight to leave my home, For the Sabbath-school.
We be- hold the guide of youth, At the Sabbath-school.
We will talk our pleasures o'er At the Sabbath-school.

} I'll a- way, a-

way, I'll a- way, a - way, I'll a- way to the Sab- bath-school.

No. 18. Children's Work Song.

INFANT CLASS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lit- tle children come to Je-sus, Hear Him saying, "come to me," Blessed
Lit- tle souls were made to serve Him All His holy laws ful- fill ; Lit- tle
2. Lit- tle eyes to read the Bi- ble, Gi- ven from the heav'ns above, Little
Lit- tle tongues to sing His praises, Lit-tle feet to walk His ways, Little

Je-sus, who to save us. Shed His blood on Calvary,
hearts were made to love Him, Little (*Omit*. . . . .)hands to do His will.
ears to hear the story, Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
bodies to be temples, Where the(*Omit*. . . . .) Ho - ly Spirit stays.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear . . . . . the Sav- iour say - - - - ing,
Don't you hear the Sav- iour call- ing, Speaking soft, in tones of love,

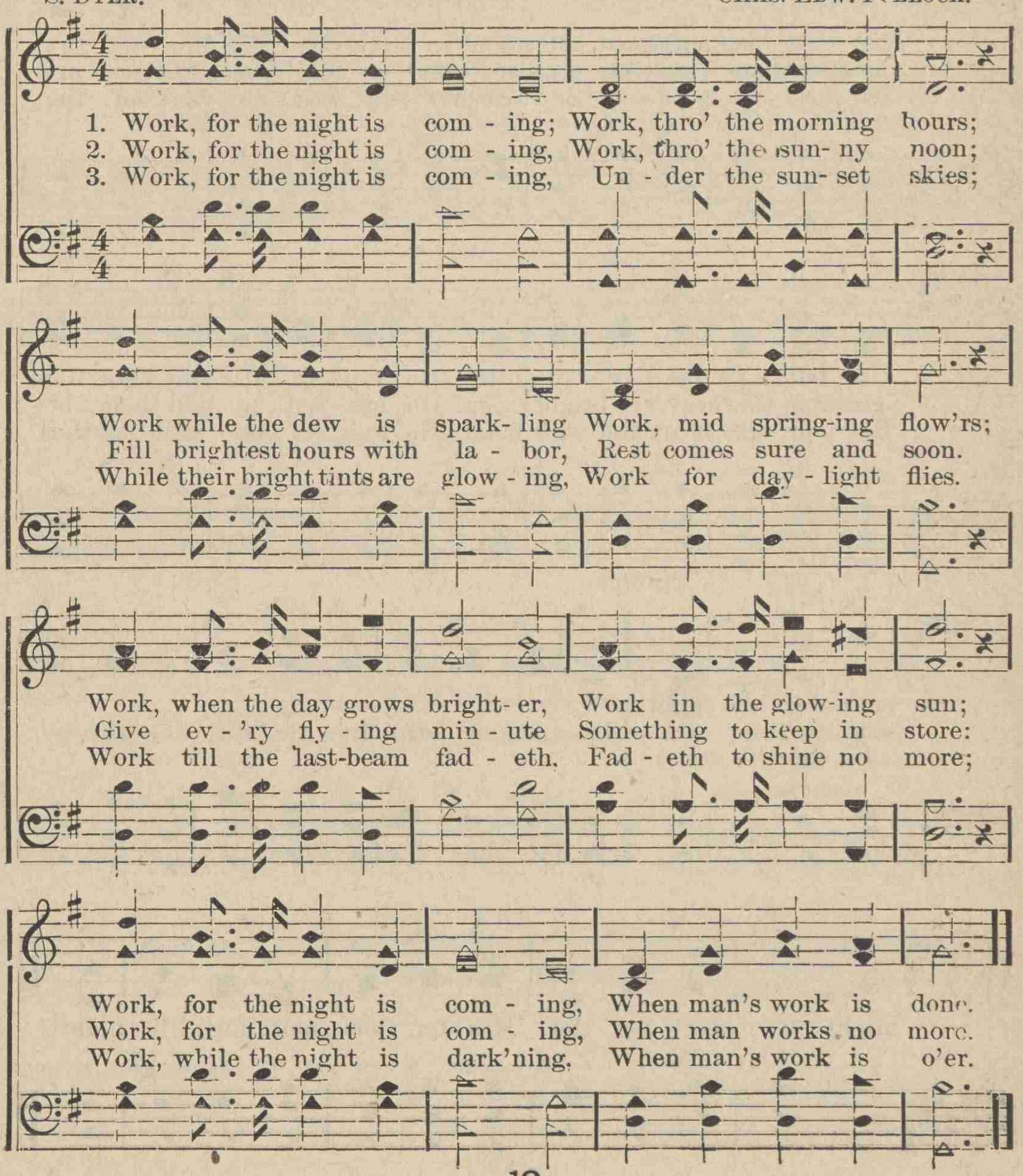
Lit - tle chil . . . . . dren seek my love,
Lit - tle children don't you hear Him, Don't you hear his voice a - bove,

I am wait - - - - ing to re - ceive - - - you,
I am waiting to re-ceive you, I am wait- ing to re - ceive you,

Children's Work Song. Concluded.

No. 19. Work for the Night is Coming.

S. DYER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 20. Why Stand Ye Here Idle.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—MATT. 20: 6.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle, with so much to do? The har - vest un - gath-ered, all round ye may view! The Mas - ter thy la - bor will ful - ly re-quite! Go toil in His vine-yard from
2. Why stand ye here i - dle, the whole of the day? The mo-ments are pass - ing with swiftness a - way! The la-b'rers are gleaning the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, has - ten to join them, or
3. Why stand ye here i - dle, when great is the need? The har - vest to gath - er, or scat - ter the seed? Go work for the Sav-iour with heart and with hand, No long - er be will - ing thus

CHORUS.

morn-ing till night.
soon 'twill be vain.
i - dle to stand.
} Do much or do lit - tle, still toil with a might! Go work for the Mas - ter, from morn-ing till night!

No. 21 I Want to be a Worker.

I. B

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a worker ev'-ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho- ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev'-ry day
err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,
Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru- ly come, shall find a happy home
err-ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never di

Chorus.

In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will
work and pray of the Lord;

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'- ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 22. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Psalm 23.

FANNIE CHADWICK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; away, then, all care! No want shall I know while His
2. He never forsakes me, though often I stray; But gently reclaims me when
3. I know I must pass through the valley of death, But He will go with me, "Fear
4. Though trials and sorrows my pathway surround, With blessings unnumbered He

mer - cy I share, From pas-tures of plen - ty I'll gath- er my bread, And
tempt-ed a-way, Through darkness and dan-ger He guides me a- long; And
nothing," He saith, Thy rod and Thy staff, precious Saviour, shall be Strong
makes me a-bound; His good-ness and mer- cy my life shall at-tend; And,

CHORUS.

by the still wa - ters my feet shall be led. The Lord . . . is my
though I am fee- ble, my Shepherd is strong.
help and sweet comfort for - ev - er to me.
dy- ing, my spir - it to Him shall as-cend.
The Lord is my Shepherd a-

Shep - - herd; a - way . . . . then with care! . . . . No
way then with care! The Lord is my Shepherd; a-way then with care! No

want . . . . shall I know . . . while His mer - - cy I
want shall I know, while His mercy I share, No want shall I know while His

No. 23.

Psalm 23. S. M.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

WATTS.

No. 24.

Psalm 23. 7s.

1 To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

MERRICK.

No. 25. Why not Come to the Saviour.

E. HANKS. E. HANKS.

1. Why not come to the Sav-iour? With your sor - row and grief,
2. Why not come to the Sav-iour? Weep - ing, sor - row- ing sad,
3. Why not come to the Sav-iour? While 'tis yet called to - day;
4. Why not come to the Sav-iour? Ma - ny bless- ings now wait,
5. Why not come to the Sav-iour? He your bur- den will bear.

He will light- en your bur - den, He will give you re - lief.
He will give you sweet com-fort, He will make your heart glad.
There is dan - ger in wait- ing, Why then long- er de - lay?
If you stay till to - mor-row, It may then be too late.
He is read - y to help you, Cast on Him all your care.

CHORUS.

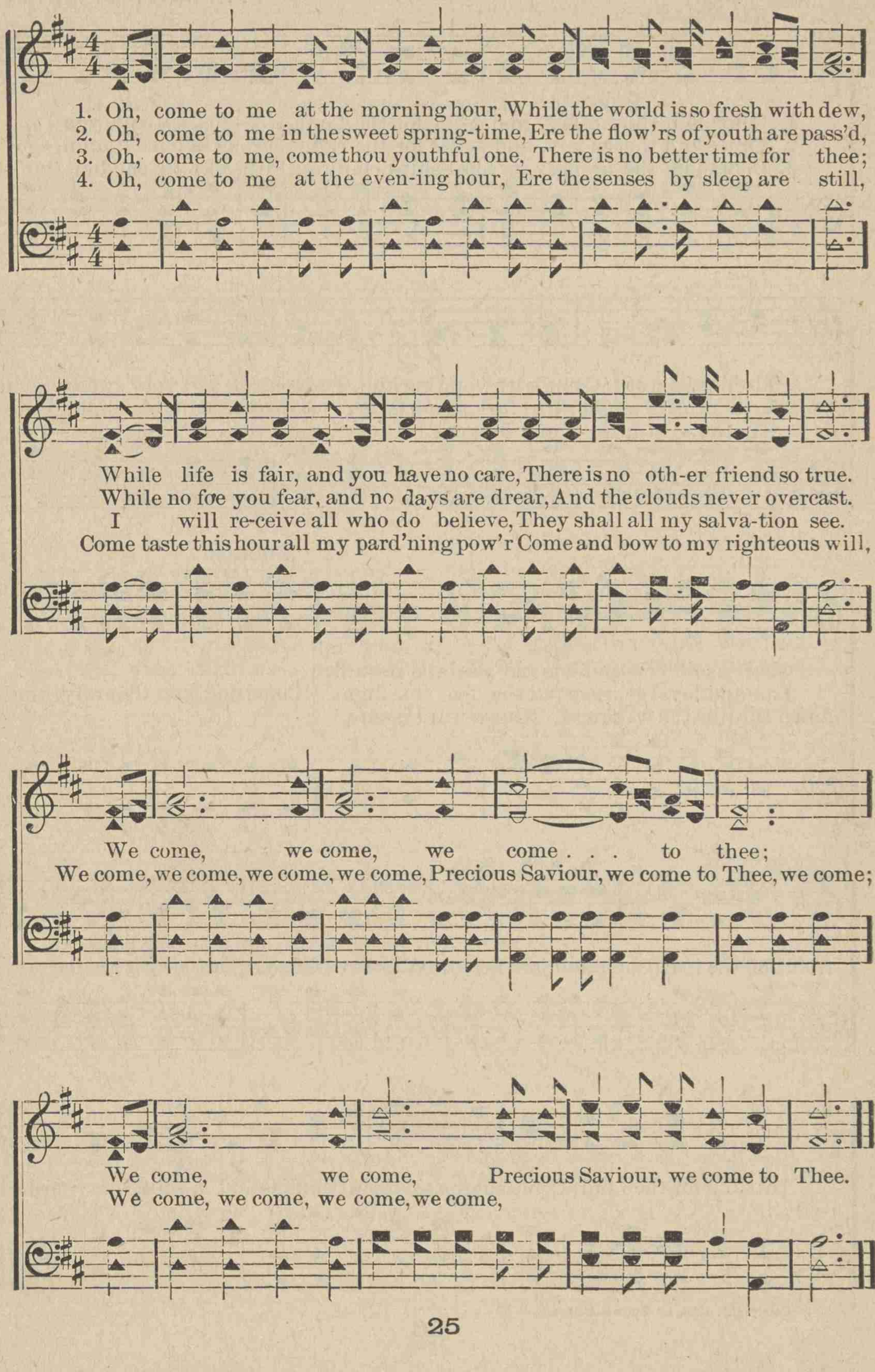
Why not come to the Sav- iour? There is par - don for all;

He will grant your pe - ti - tion, He will an - swer your call.

No. 26. We Come.

Selected. Isa. 55: 3. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

To ROBERT POLLOCK, Foosland, Ill.



No. 27. Come Join the Army.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2 : 10.

J. M. HUNT. S. M. BROWN, by per.

March time.

1. Come join the ar-my, and work for the Lord,—Je-sus entreats you in his blessed word: Come with your buckler, your shield, and your sword; Come
2. Come join the ar-my, and stand for the right; Strong is our Captain—go forth in His might; Un-furl the ban-ner a-gainst Sa-tan's blight, With
3. Come join the ar-my, its hard-ships en-dure: Firm like a sol-dier, 'midst Sa-tan's al-lure; Stand by your col-ors and vic-t'ry se-cure,—Send

CHORUS.

share a soldier's conflicts and a saint's reward.
true and loyal courage put the foe to flight.
down the line the watchword, "Our reward is sure."
} Come and join the army, the tried and the true; Come and join the army, there's work for you; Come and join the army, we're battling for the Lord; Come share a soldier's conflicts and a saint's re-ward.

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No. 28.

Christian Band.

WM. B. BLAKE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Our band of Chris-tain sol - diers Are march-ing on their way.
2. We're armed with shin-ing weap - ons. To fight a-gainst the foe,

To Zi - on's land we're go - ing, To realms of end - less day;
For Christ our dear Re - deem - er, O sin - ner, come and go!

O won't you come and join us, For bright- est hopes have we,
His name shall be your buck-ler, His right-eous-ness your shield;

CHORUS.

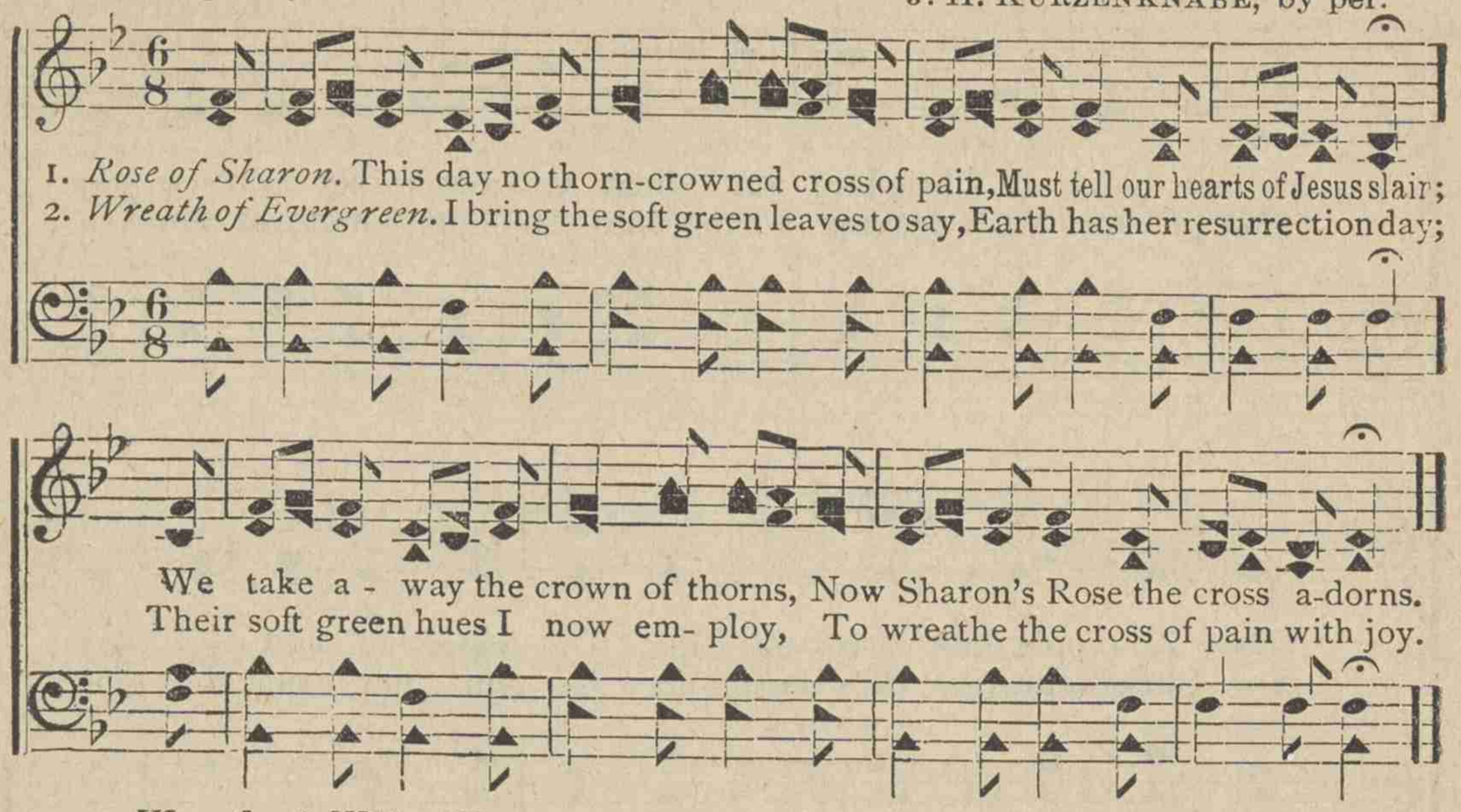
That, one day crossing Jordan, We'll be forev-er free.
Your sword shall be his Spirit, Before whom all must yield. } We'll be forev- er free,

We'll be for-ev- er free, To shout and sing forev-er, We'll be for-ev-er free.

No. 29. The Floral Cross.

FOR EASTER SERVICE, OR, CHILDREN'S DAY.

Arranged by J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



Wreath of White Flowers.

3 My flowers are white, but purer far,
Was He than snowy blossoms are;
Lord, make my soul as white as Thine,
That I with Thee above may shine.

Garland of Flowers.

4 My garland of sweet flowers see—
'Twill deck the cross of Calvary!
He died for me my soul to save,
And rose victorious o'er the grave.

Wreath of Passion Flowers.

5 I bring the Paschal flow'r that blooms,
When spring in all her beauty comes,
The flower that breathes in joyful strain,
All things that die shall live again.

Wreath of Crimson Flowers.

6 My flowers are like the crimson tide,
Which flowed from Jesus' wounded side;
We weep because He died, and then
Rejoice that Jesus rose again.

Wreath of Yellow Flowers.

7 My flowers are like the crown of gold,
Which the "Beloved" did behold,
Upon the risen brow that wore
The plaited crown of thorns before.

Wreath of Blue Flowers.

8 My flowers are of that lovely hue,
That smiles in heavenly heights of blue;
Where seek the children's longing eyes,
The risen Lord beyond the skies.

Festoon of Flowers.

9 Bring flowers and wreaths, fear not the tomb,
Festoon and garlands hide its gloom;
The cross the christian's hope shall be,
For now and all eternity.

Wreath of Forget-me-not.

10 Jesus who died upon the tree,
My wreath entreats, Forget not me,
Thy pard'ning blood cleanse every spot;
Oh Saviour dear! forget me not.

Semi-Chorus.—

The 20 boys and girls march from either side, to front, and around the cross, strewing their bouquets to base of same, while singing; and then return to their places.

11 Around the cross glad flowers we spread,
For He hath risen from the dead;
He loved the children, when below,
He loves them now in heaven we know.

Full Chorus.

Entire class rising and singing.

12 Around the cross, our hearts we wreathe,
Our souls like flowers, sweet incense breathe,
And gladly sing the joyful strain,
He lived, He died, He rose again.

Cross four to five feet high; crown of thorns on top; 10 little boys to right and 10 little girls to left, in a parallel line with the cross: each girl and boy bearing a bouquet of flowers; 10 young ladies standing five on each side, out from the cross, opposite to each other, with garlands, wreaths, &c, as required by the verse; while singing, the wreath, crown &c. are placed on the cross in the following order: 1st. on top (taking down the crown of thorns) 2d. right arm, 3d. left arm, 4th. wreath around cross, 5th. above centre of arm, 6th. below centre of arm, 7th. outer right arm, 8th. outer left arm, 9th. festoon over arms, 10th. near to base of cross.

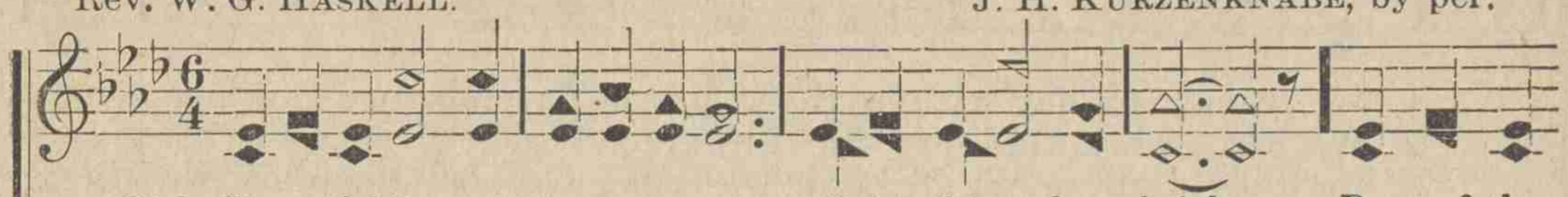
No. 30.

Flower Voices.

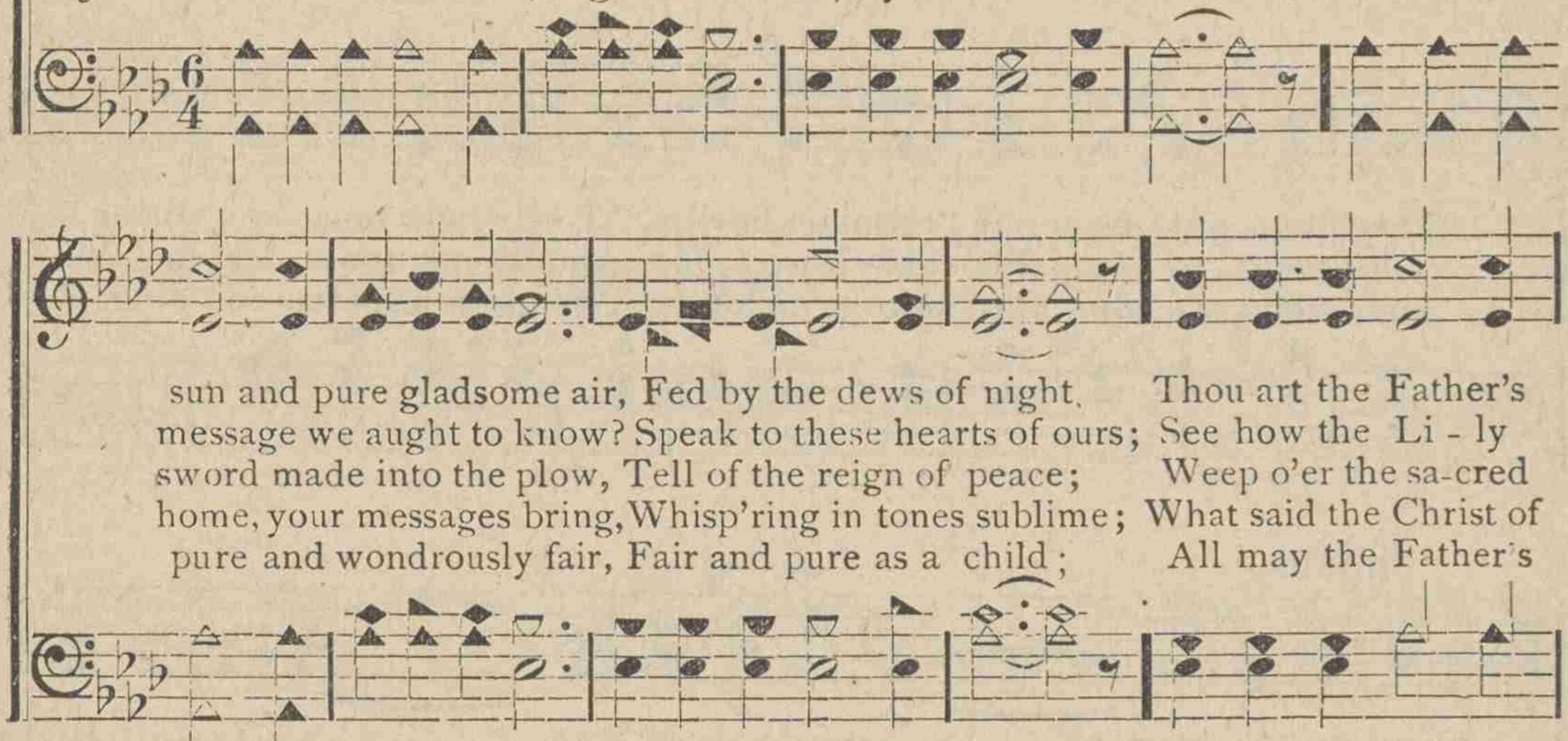
FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

Four girls and four boys. Girls each sing one verse; boys read Bible passage. Girls present offerings: 1. Vase of Roses. 2. Cross decked with Lilies. 3. Myrtle Crown. 4. Little Boy. Boys step to rear of girls with offerings of 1. Rosebush. 2. Lily-stalk. 3. Emblem of Peace. 4. Little Girl.

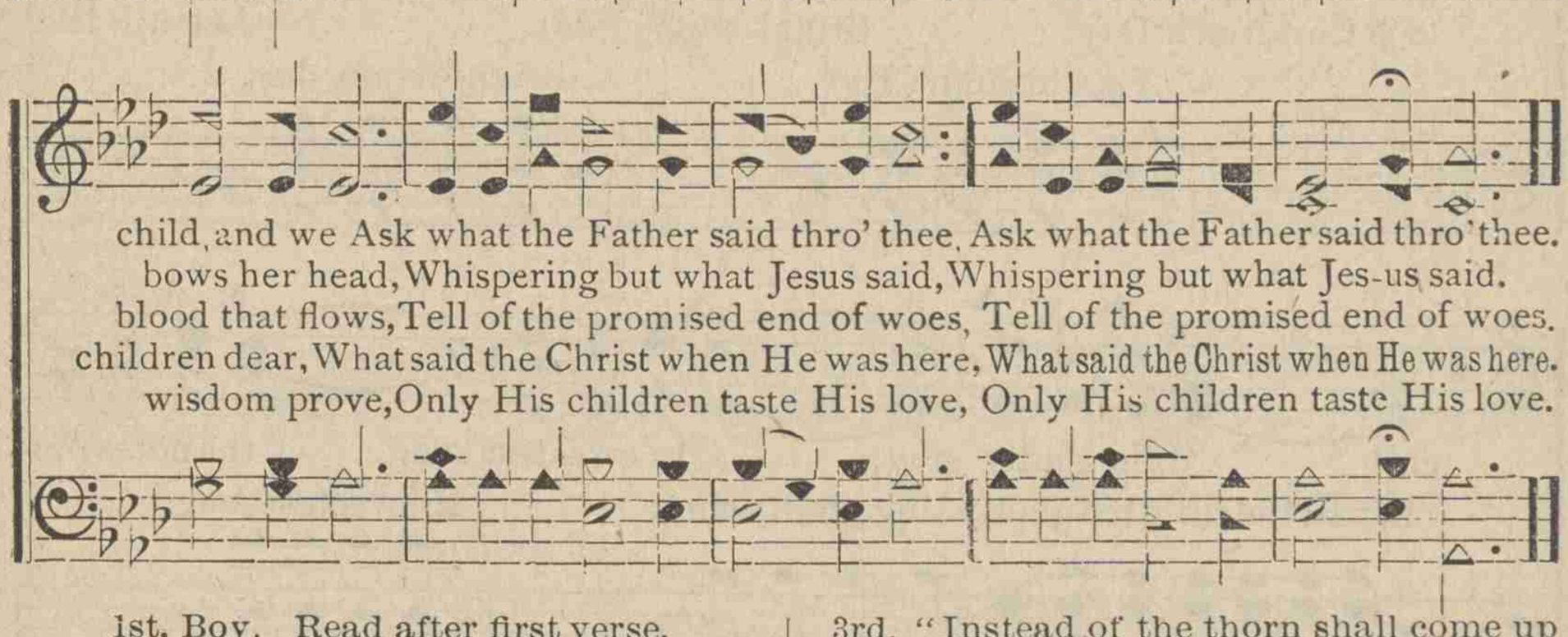
Rev. W. G. HASKELL. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



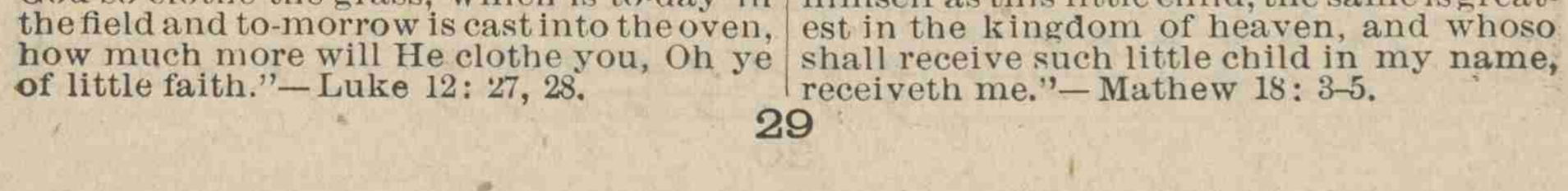
1 Girl. Beautiful Rose, in fragrance so rare, Painted in col-ors bright, Born of the
2 " Beautiful Li- ly, whiter than snow, Fairest among the flowers, Hast thou a
3 " Myrtle, fit crown for angels art thou, Ne'er may thy glory cease! Tell to the
4 " Beautiful buds of life's tender spring, Flowers of summertime, Blossoms of
5 For all. Roses and Lilies, fragrant and rare, Myrtle from nature's wild, None are so



sun and pure gladsome air, Fed by the dews of night, Thou art the Father's
message we aught to know? Speak to these hearts of ours; See how the Li - ly
sword made into the plow, Tell of the reign of peace; Weep o'er the sa-cred
home, your messages bring, Whisp'ring in tones sublime; What said the Christ of
pure and wondrously fair, Fair and pure as a child; All may the Father's



child, and we Ask what the Father said thro' thee, Ask what the Father said thro' thee.
bows her head, Whispering but what Jesus said, Whispering but what Jes-us said.
blood that flows, Tell of the promised end of woes, Tell of the promised end of woes.
children dear, What said the Christ when He was here, What said the Christ when He was here.
wisdom prove, Only His children taste His love, Only His children taste His love.



1st. Boy. Read after first verse.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the Rose."—
Isaiah 35: 1

2nd. "Consider the Lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, Oh ye of little faith."—Luke 12: 27, 28.

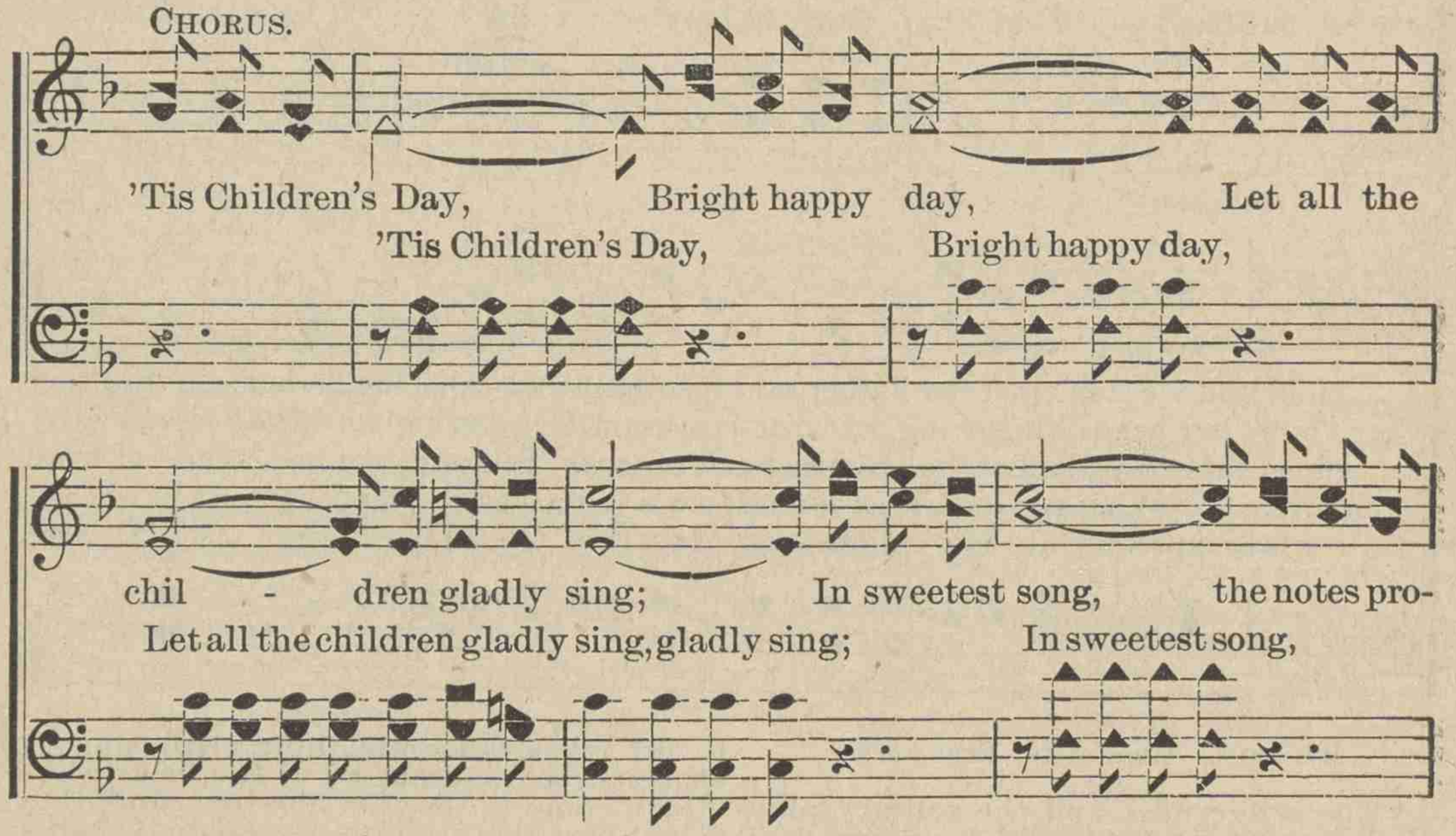
3rd. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar, shall there come up the Myrtle tree, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—
Isaiah 55: 13. & 2: 4.

4th. "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whoso therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and whoso shall receive such little child in my name, receiveth me."—Mathew 18: 3-5.

No. 31. Children's Day.

Sung first on Children's Day at C. P. Church, Gallatin, Tenn., June 29, 1890.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.



No. 32. Praise Him With Joy.

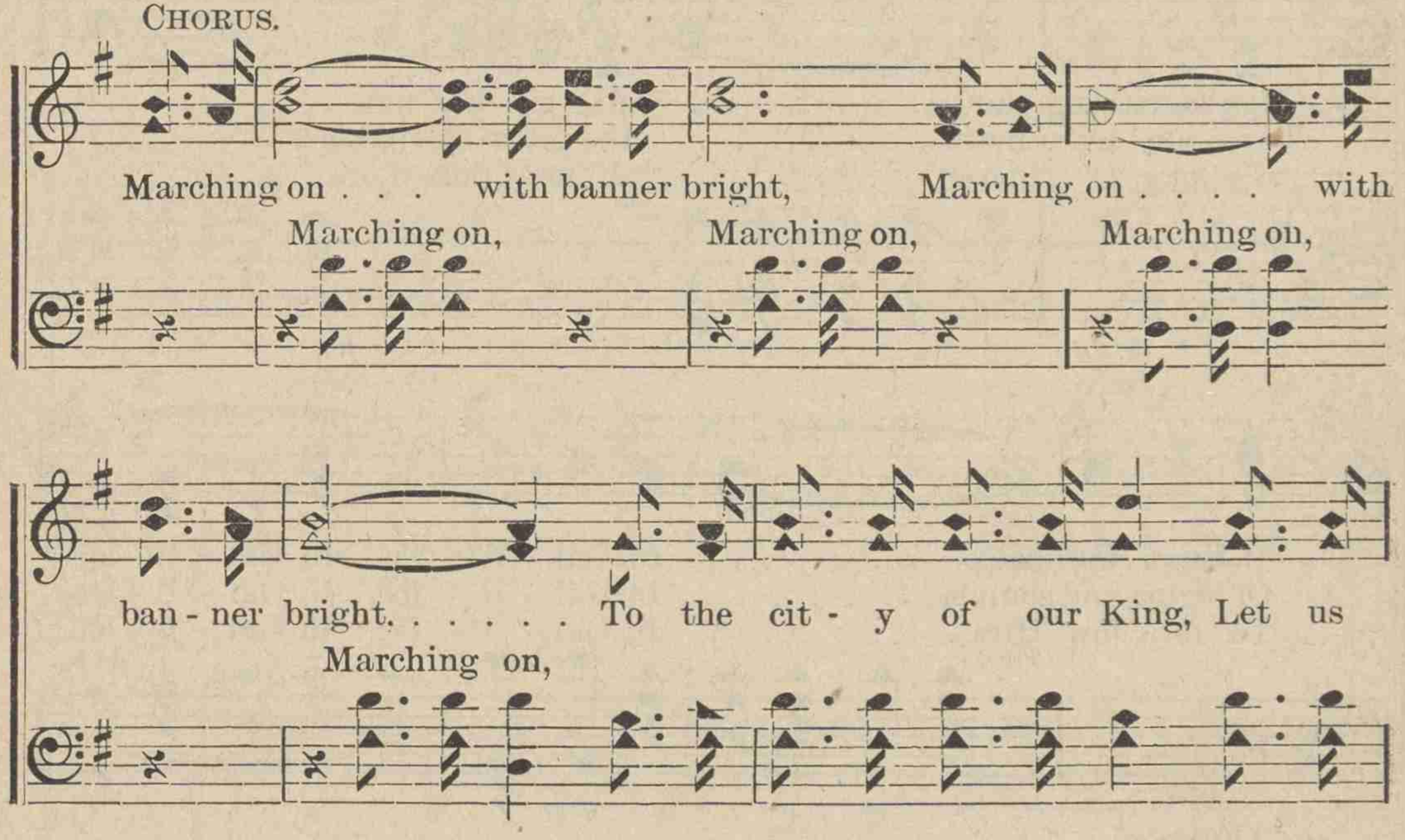
"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.

Mrs. L. K. Rogers. E. F. Pound.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, praise our Lord and King, All ye nations to His glory sing!
2. Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all, Blessed Conqu'ror, at Thy feet we fall;
3. Zi - on! Zi - on! cit - y of the blest! Here my weary soul would ever rest;

He hath led us all a-long the way, Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him all the day.
Wea-ry pil-grim, all the journey o'er, Joy and gladness reign forev-er more.
Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry, mighty King, and strong, Glory, honor to Thy name belong.

Chorus.

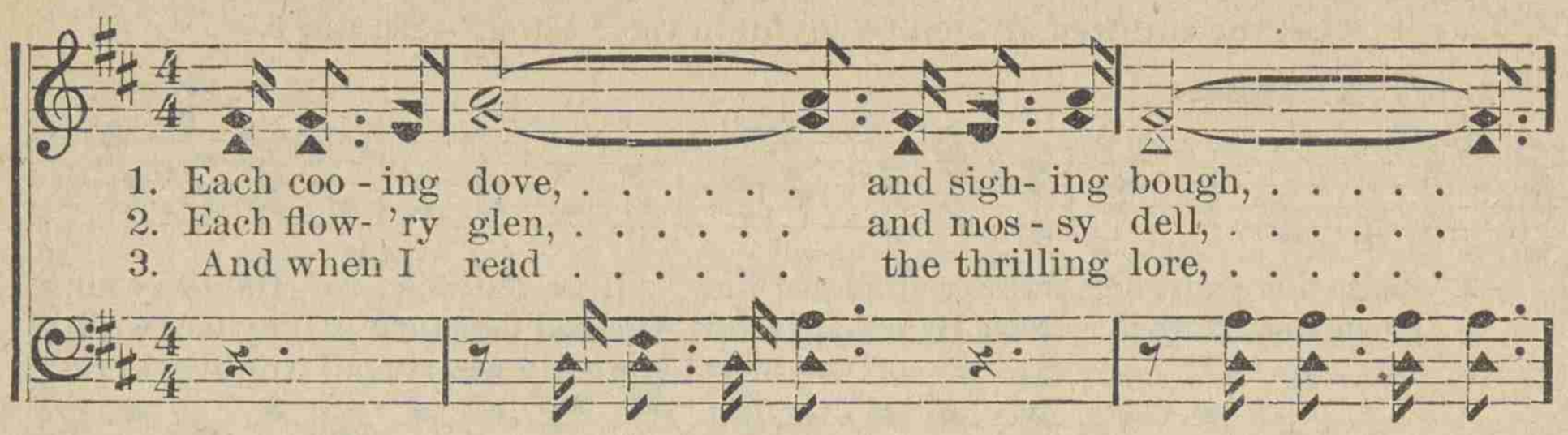


From "Songs for All," by per.

No. 33

Sweet Gallilee.

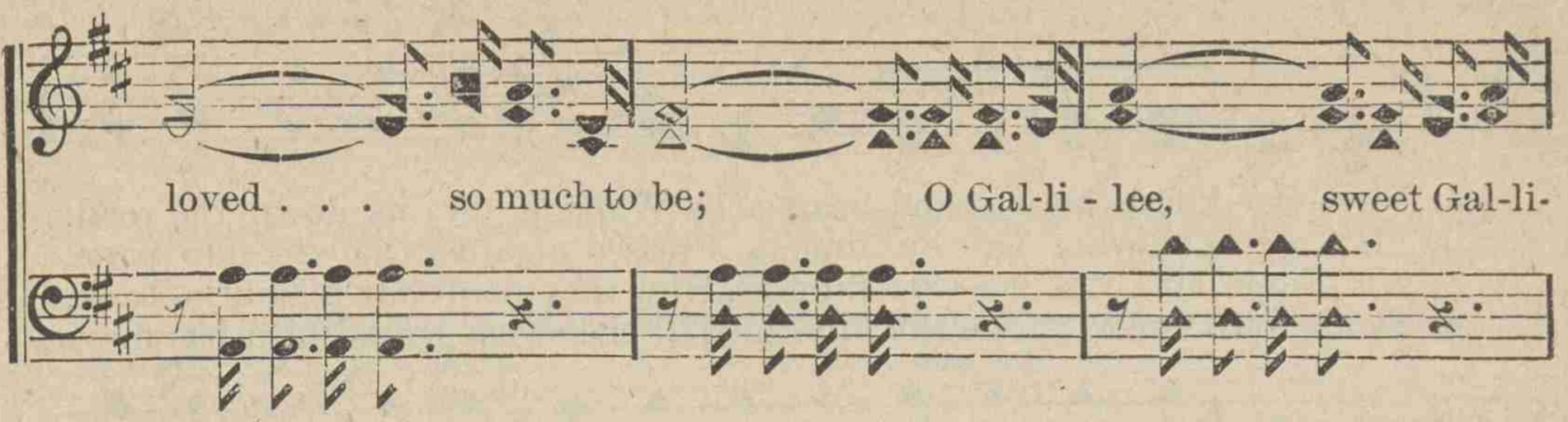
ROBERT MORRIS, D. D. L L. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

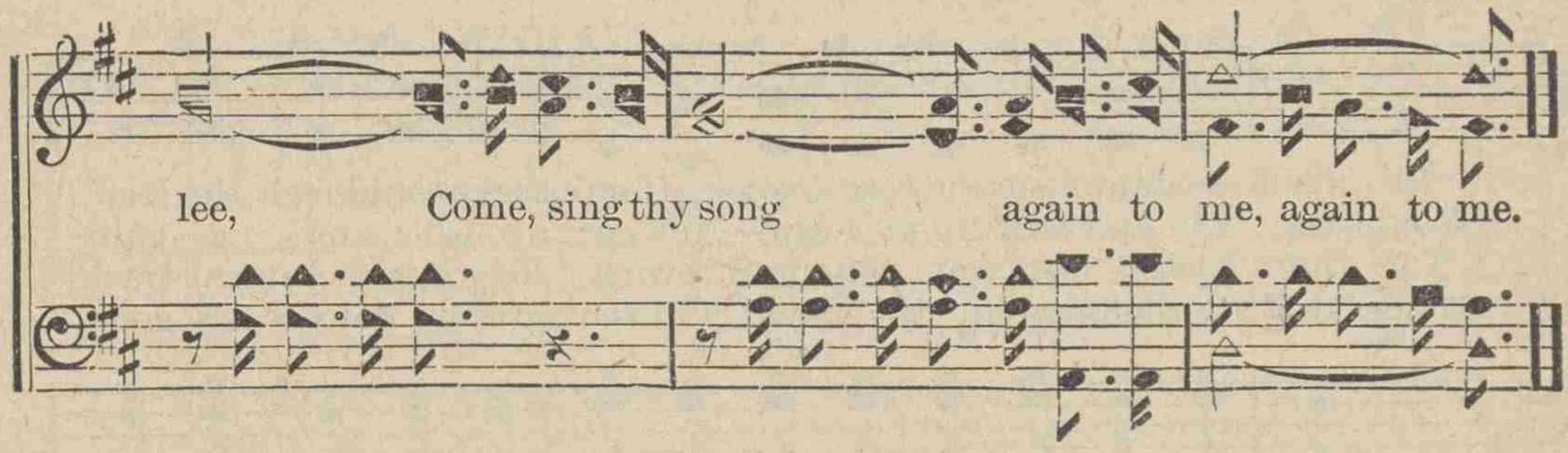


CHORUS.

From "Sowing & Reaping," by per.

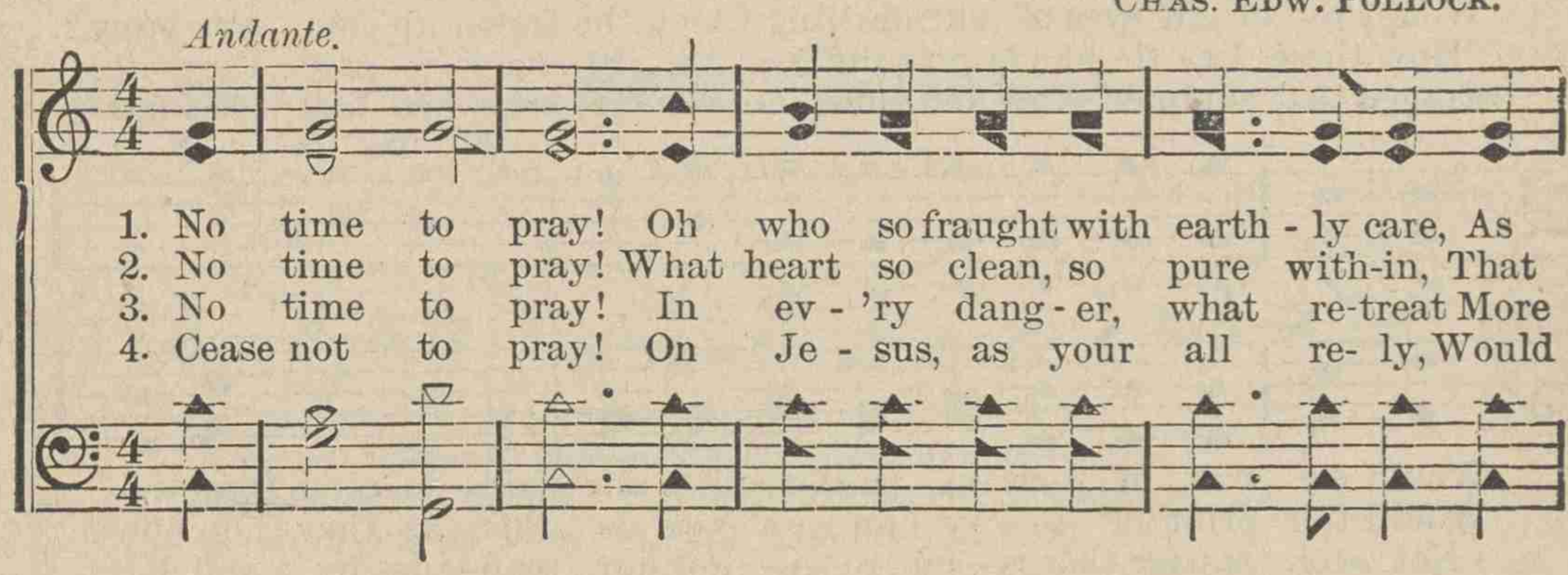
Sweet Gallilee. Concluded.

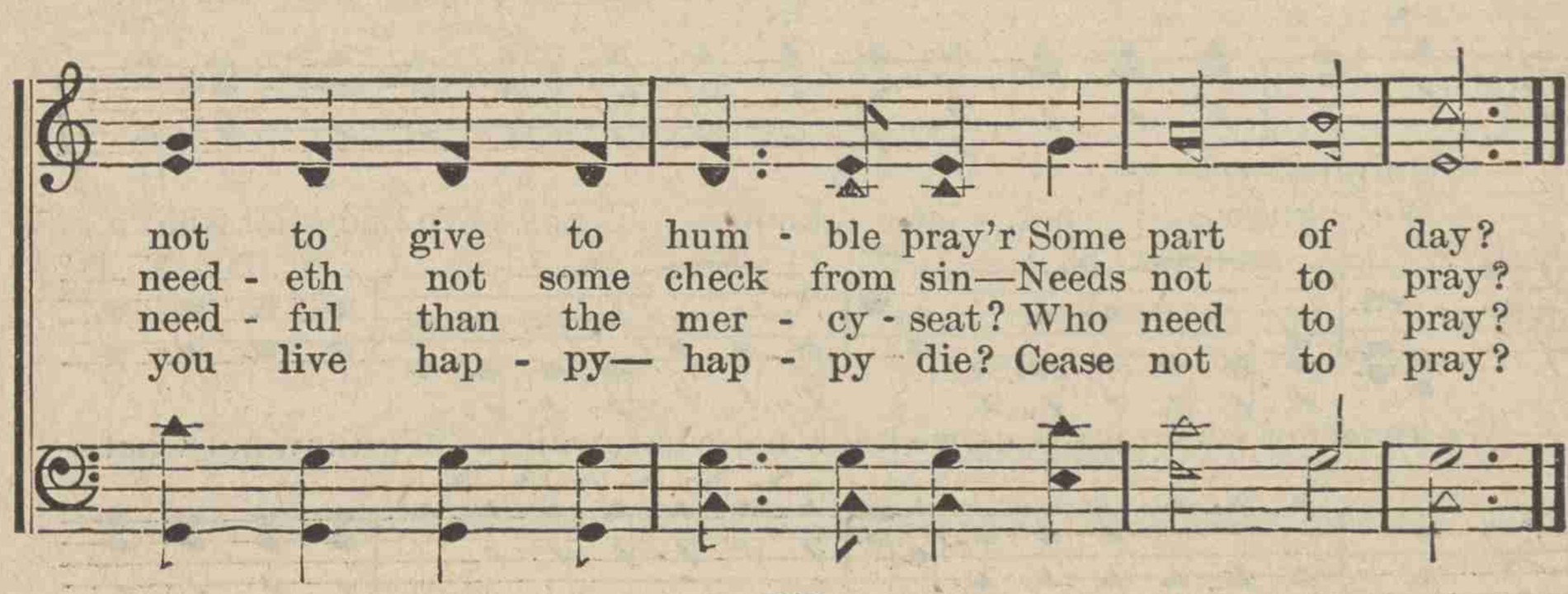




No. 34. No Time to Pray.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





No. 35.

If We Knew.

From "The Issue."

E. HANKS.

1. If we knew the woe and heart-ache Waiting for us down the road,
2. If we knew the ba - by fingers, Pressed a-gainst the win -dow pane,
3. Ah! these lit - tle ice- cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back,
4. Strange we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet voiced bird has flown;

If our lips could taste the worm-wood, If our backs could feel the load,
Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev - er trou-ble us a - gain—
To the hast - y words and actions, Strewn a long our back-ward track!
Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love- ly flowers are gone;

Would we waste our time in wish-ing For a time that ne'er can be?
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?
How these lit - tle hands re-mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine Nev - er seem one half so fair

Would we wait in such im - pa-tience For our ships to come from sea?
Would the print of ro - sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scatter thorns—but ro-ses—For our reap - ing by and by.
As when win-ter's snow- y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.

CHORUS.

We know not, we know not, We know not what a -

We know not what awaits us, we know not what awaits us, We know not what a-

If We Knew.—Concluded.

5 Lips from which the sea of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns those lips to-day; [memory
And sweet words that freight our
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

6 Let us gather up the sun-beams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

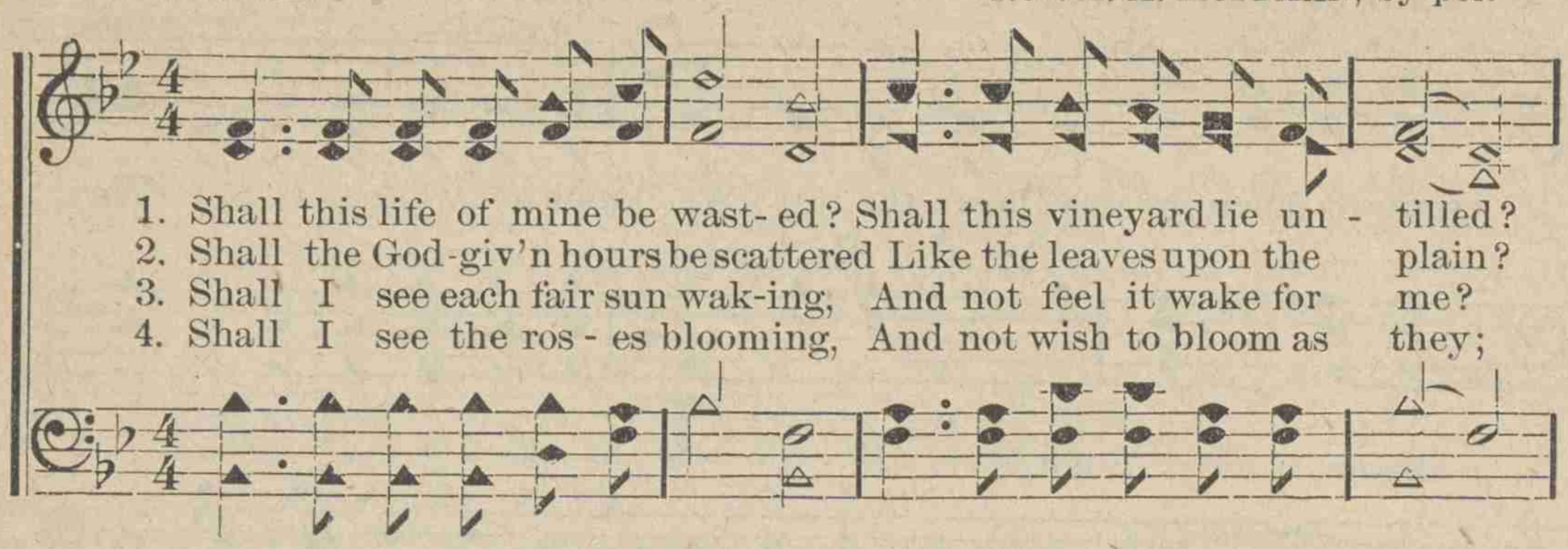
No. 36. Jesus Knows.

(INFANT CLASS.)

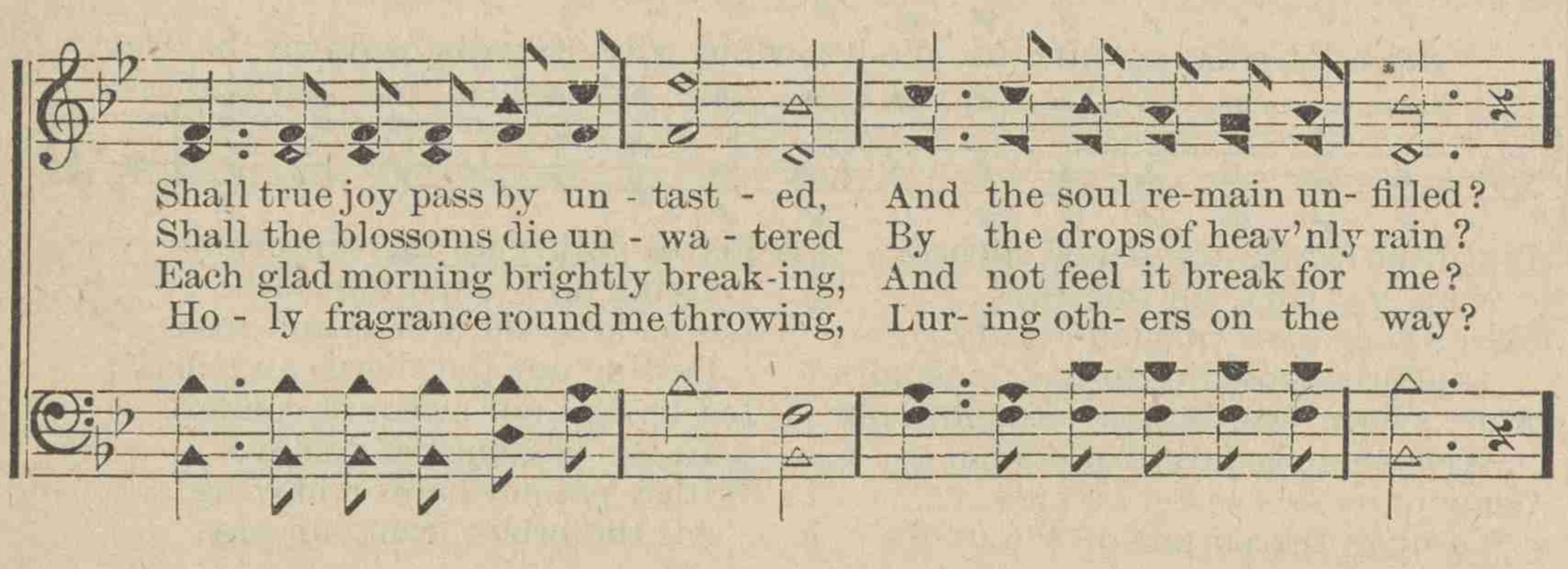
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 37. Shall this Life of Mine be Wasted?

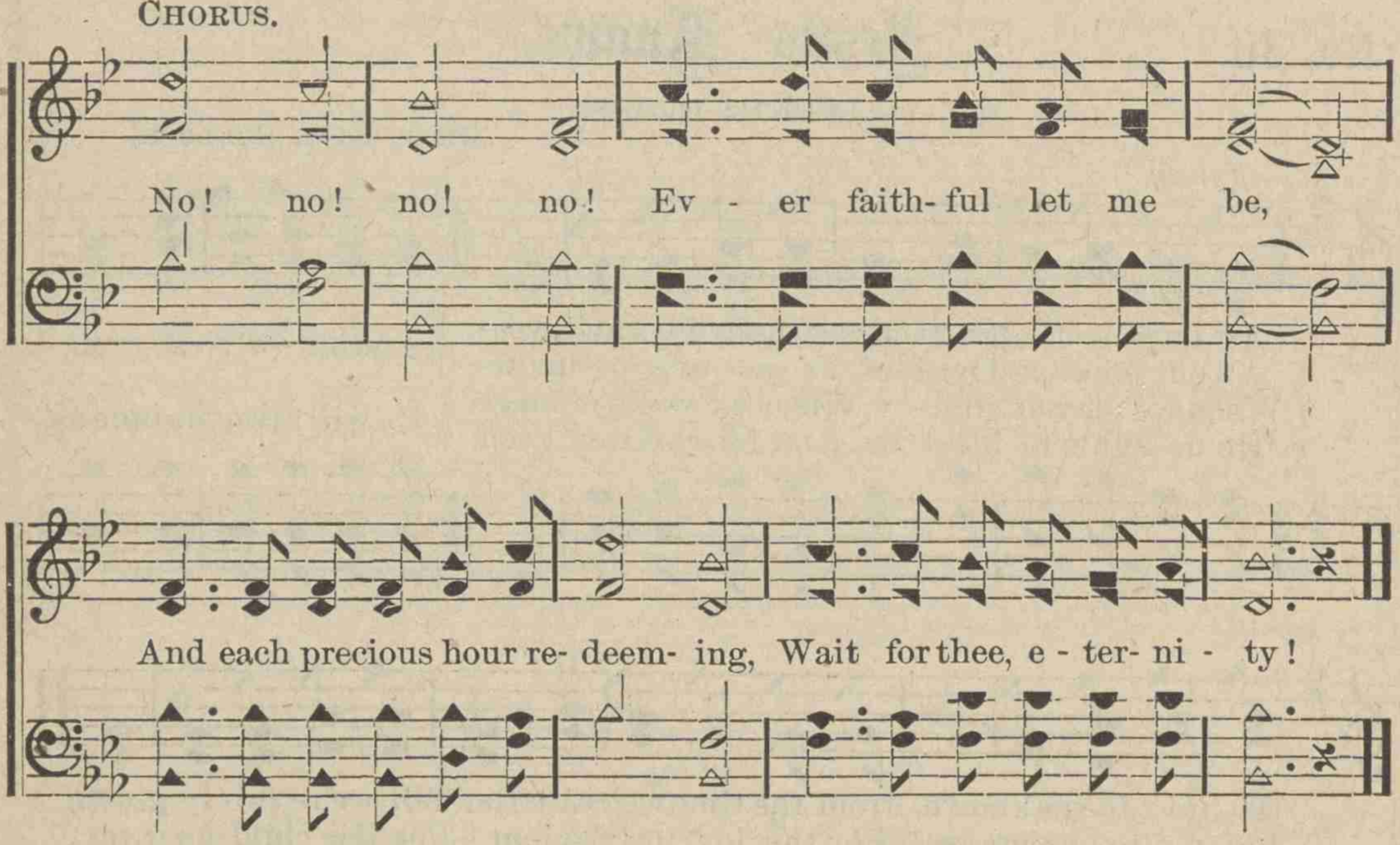
Dr. H. BONAR. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



1. Shall this life of mine be wast- ed? Shall this vineyard lie un - tilled?
2. Shall the God-giv'n hours be scattered Like the leaves upon the plain?
3. Shall I see each fair sun wak-ing, And not feel it wake for me?
4. Shall I see the ros - es blooming, And not wish to bloom as they;



Shall true joy pass by un - tast - ed, And the soul re-main un- filled?
Shall the blossoms die un - wa - tered By the drops of heav'nly rain?
Each glad morning brightly break-ing, And not feel it break for me?
Ho - ly fragrance round me throwing, Lur- ing oth- ers on the way?



CHORUS.

No! no! no! no! Ev - er faith- ful let me be,

And each precious hour re- deem- ing, Wait for thee, e - ter- ni - ty!

5 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams of sin;
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!

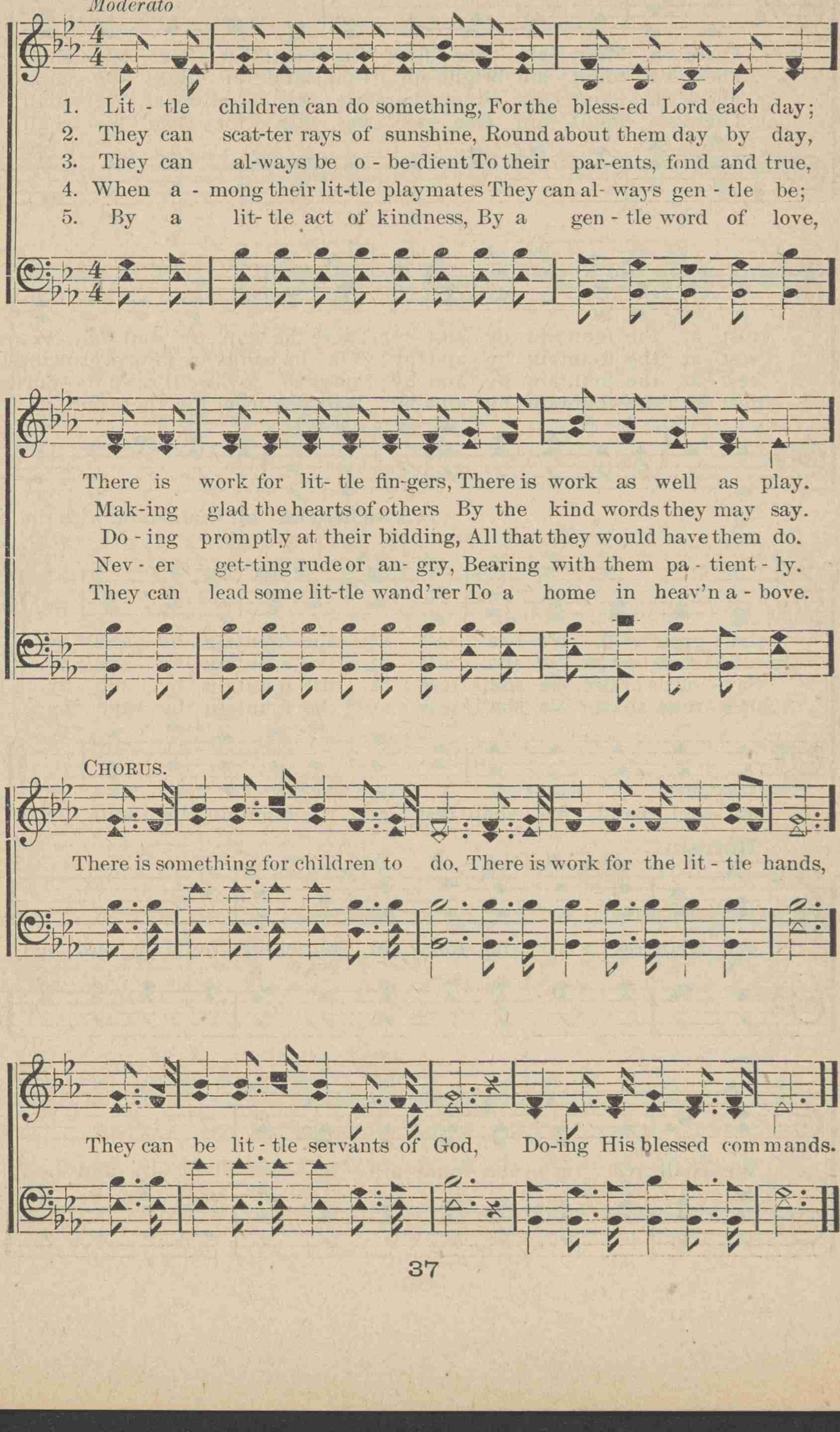
6 Swiftly moving upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eyes unshrinking turn!

No. 38. There is Something for Children to Do.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato



No. 39. We shall Rest at the Fountain.

D. F Dortch. D. E. Dortch.

1. There's a fount - ain free flow - ing 'neath life's tree, We shall
2. There's a fount - ain bright in that land of light, We shall
3. There's a fount - ain sweet where we all shall meet, We shall
4. There's a fount - ain free, sin - ner, 'tis for thee, We shall

rest at the fountain by and by; There the hap - py soul nev - er
rest at the fountain by and by; On its banks are flow'rs growing
rest at the fountain by and by; Songs of joy we'll raise to our
rest at the fountain by and by; Will you meet me there and its

D.S.—There we all shall stand with the

FINE.

shall grow old, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.
'mid heav'n's bow'rs, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.
Sav - iour's praise, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.
bless - ings share? We shall rest at the fountain by and by.

an - gel band, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.

Refrain.

We shall rest at the fount-ain by and by, (by and by),

D.S.

We shall rest at the fount-ain by and by, (by and by);

No. 42. Waiting for Me.

J. O. SPURGEON. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, when we are called by the an - gels of light, The
2. We know we have met with some now o - ver there, From
3. And ma - ny we see that are youth- ful in years, Who

ev - er bright mansions to see, Will a - ny kind friend at the
sor - row and sin they are free, Will a - ny of them at the
soon must cross o - ver the sea, Will a - ny of these at the

beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?

Be wait - ing for me, Be watch - ing for me;

CHORUS.

Be waiting and watching for me, for me, Be waiting and watching for me; Will

a - ny one be at the beau-ti- ful gate, Both waiting and watching for me.

No. 43.

We Shall Meet.

R. A. GLENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, I long to go home to the mansions above, That my Saviour has gone to pre-pare;
2. Then the father and mother each other will meet, When the Saviour shall call for his own;
3. Then the good and the blest from all nations shall meet, And abide in those mansions of love;

Where there's rest, peace and joy, and a snowy white robe For the children who safely get there.
There the parents and children each other shall greet, In that cit - y around the white throne.
With new songs on our lips we shall march thro' the streets In that beauti- ful cit - y a- bove.

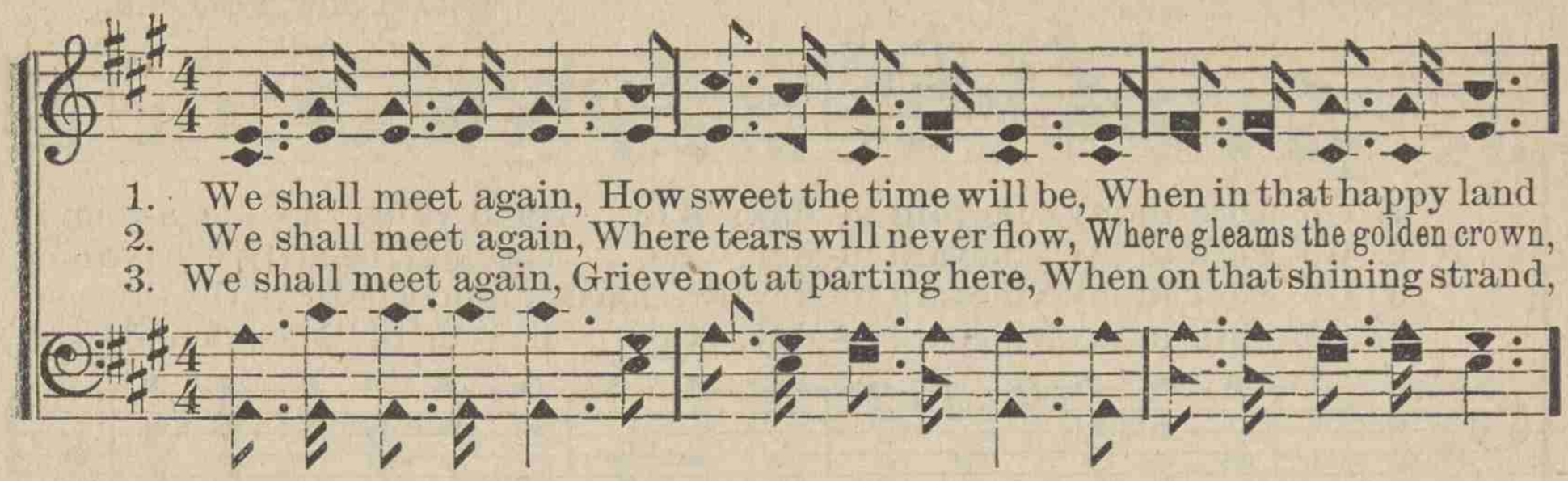
CHORUS.

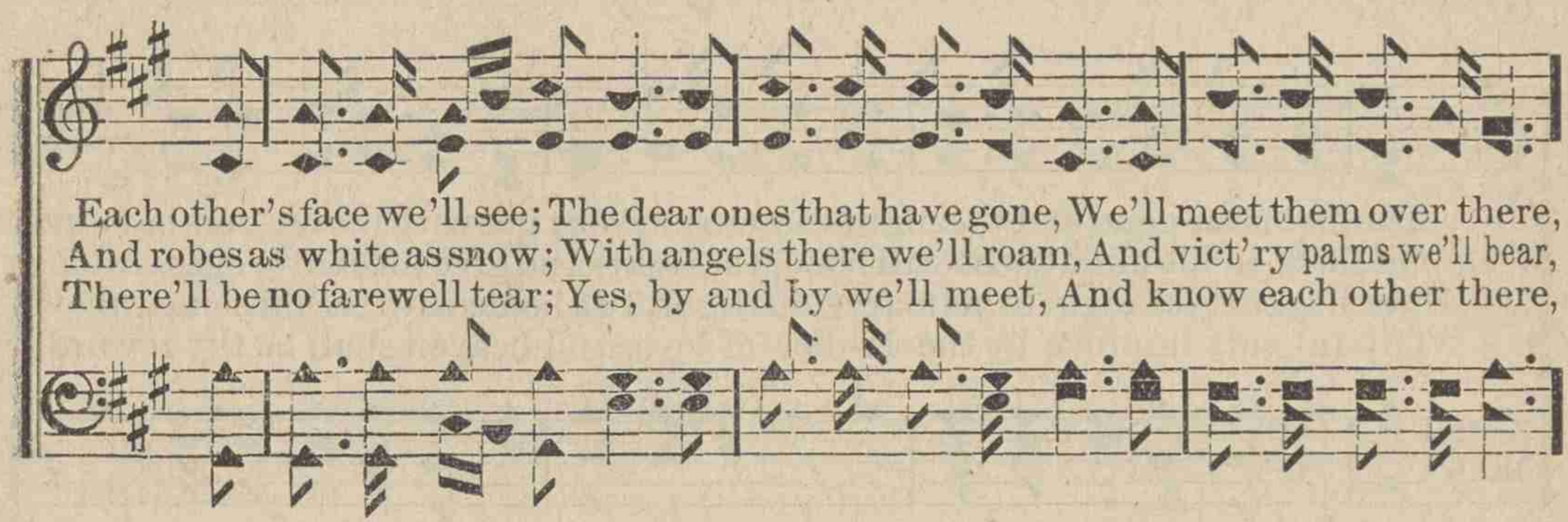
We shall meet o- ver there, We shall meet o- ver there,
We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet over there over there,

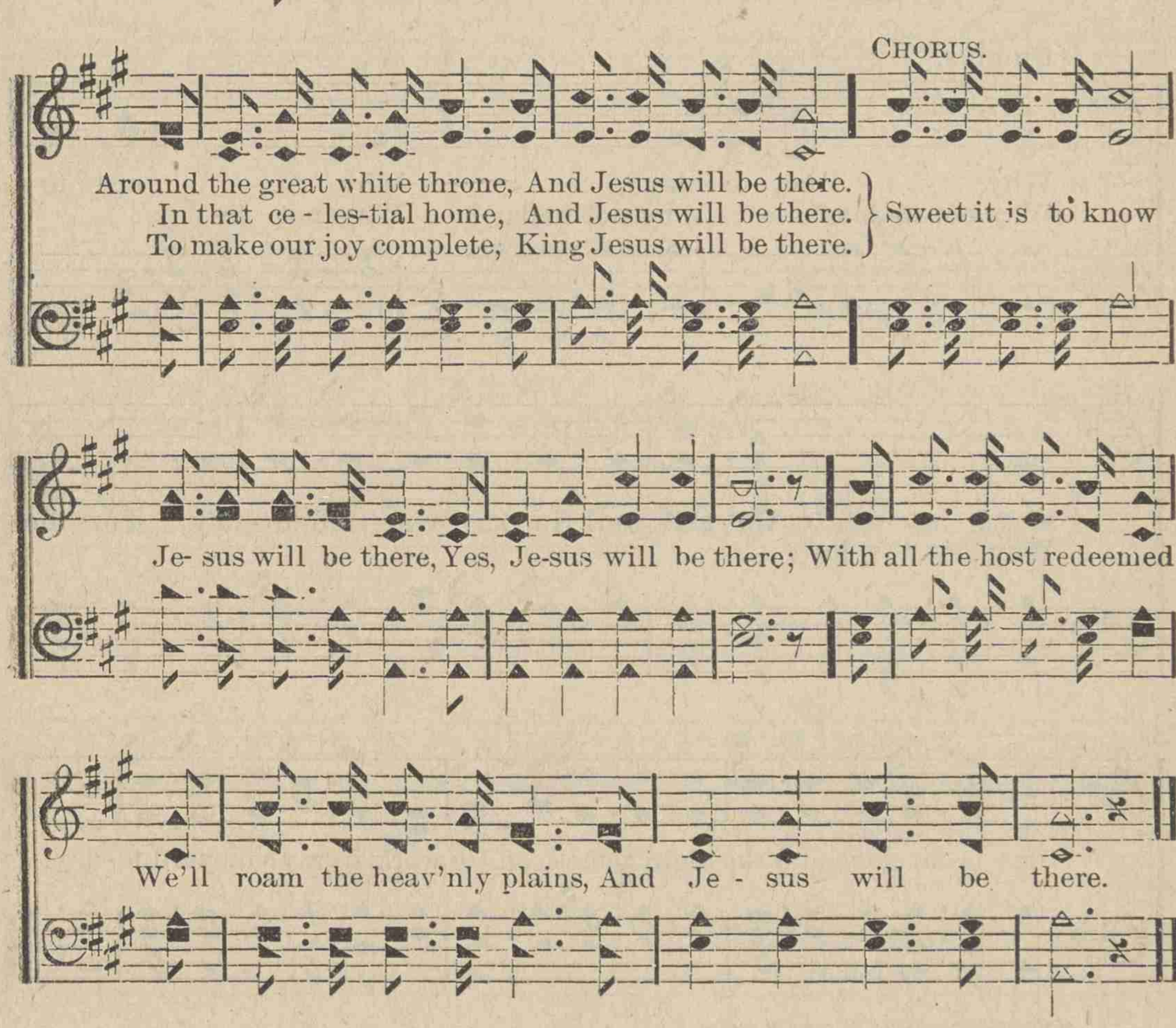
In that beau - ti - ful land, at God's right hand, We shall meet to part no more.

No. 44. Jesus will be There.

R. A. GLENN. R. A. GLENN, by per.







No. 45. Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Written expressly for "Gospel Melodies."

No. 46. Let us Work.

JOHN 9: 4.

Rev. E. T. B. Rev. E. T. BOWERS.

1. Let us la - bor on for the Mas - ter, For the night is near at hand;
2. Let us gather sheaves for the Mas - ter, There's enough for all to do;
3. Let us work and wait till he calls us To a home of joy and love;

And our work-ing time will be o - ver In this wea- ry des - ert land.
And the fields are white to the har - vest, But the la - bor - ers are few.
Then we'll rest from all our la - bors, In that rest-ing-place a - bove.

CHORUS.

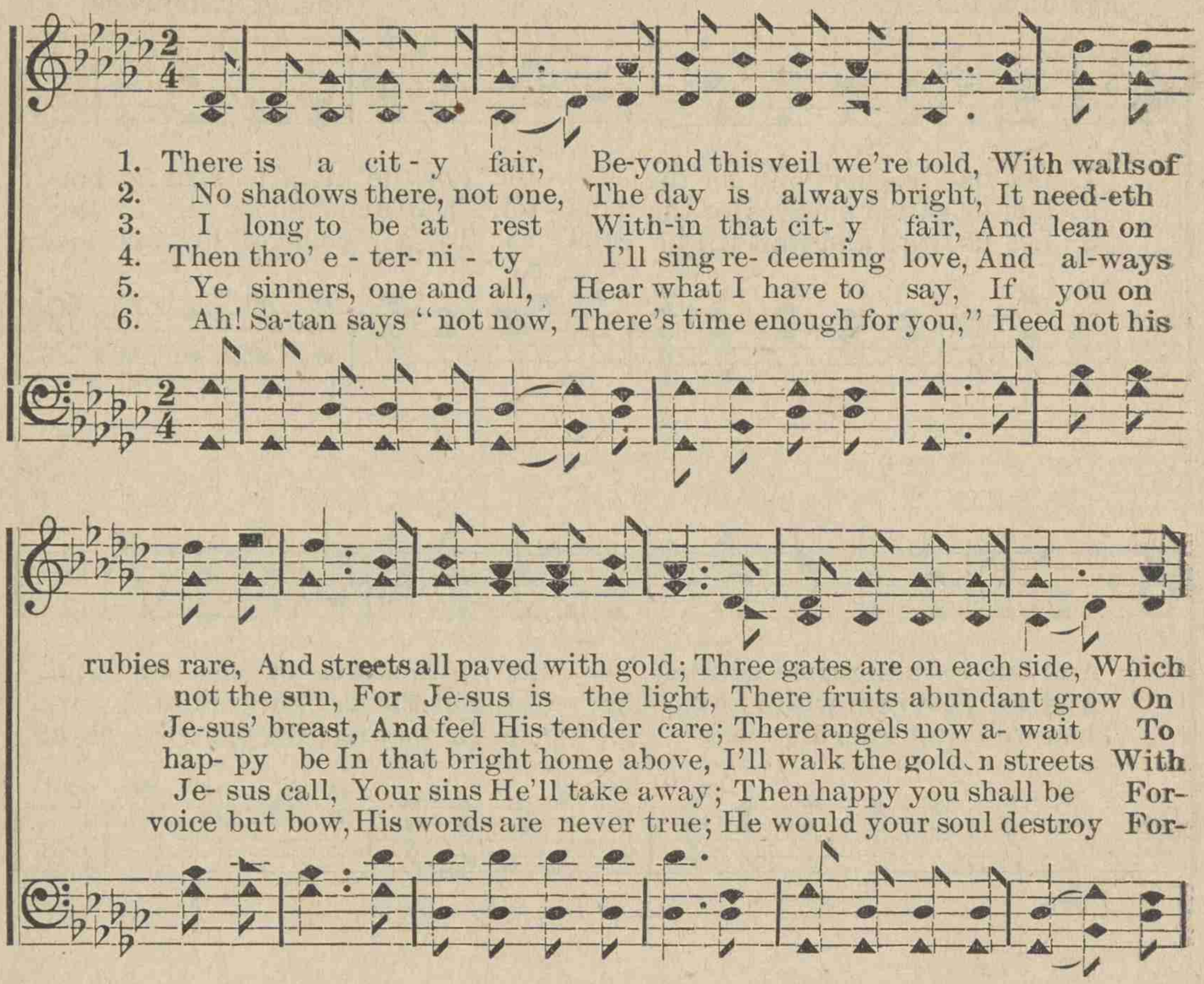
Let us work while 'tis day, For the night is com-ing on;
Let us work while 'tis day,

Let us work while 'tis day, Till our work on earth is done.
Let us work while 'tis day,

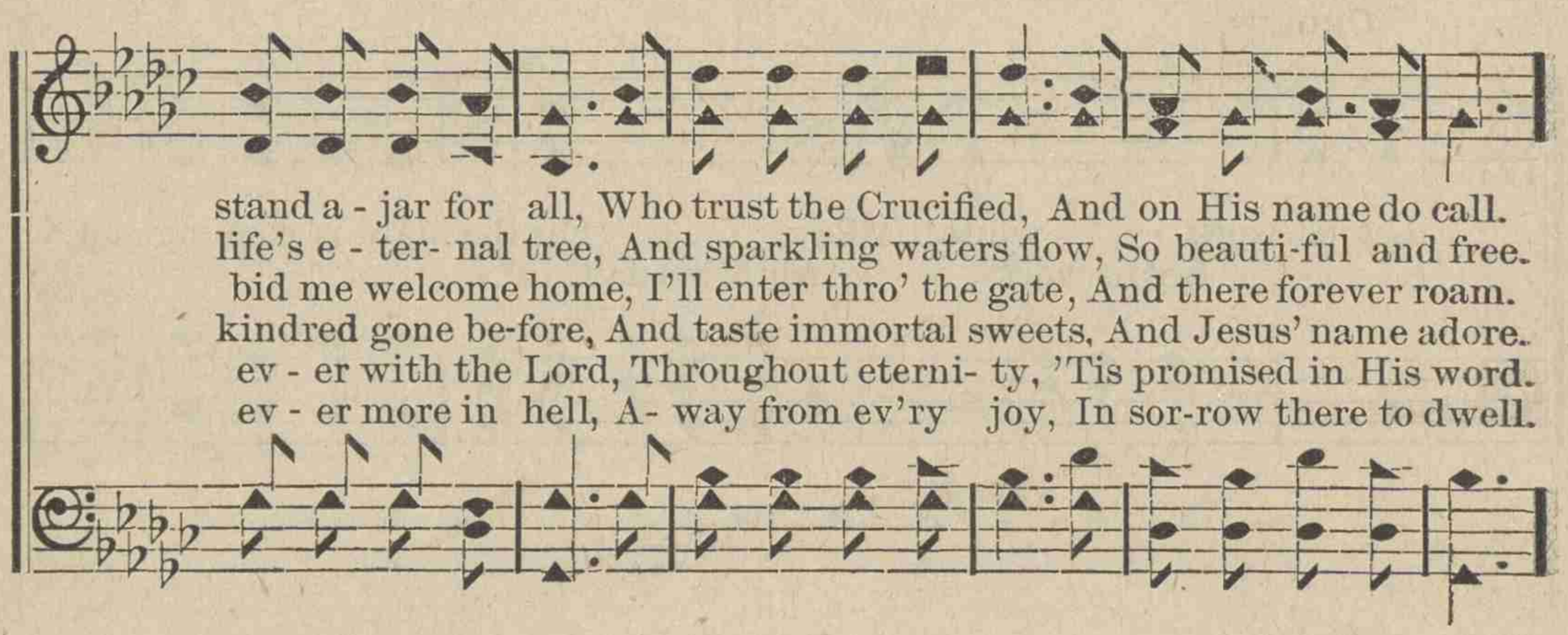
No. 47. There is a City Fair.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a cit - y fair, Be-yond this veil we're told, With walls of rubies rare, And streets all paved with gold; Three gates are on each side, Which
2. No shadows there, not one, The day is always bright, It need-eth not the sun, For Je-sus is the light, There fruits abundant grow On
3. I long to be at rest With-in that cit- y fair, And lean on Je-sus' breast, And feel His tender care; There angels now a- wait To
4. Then thro' e - ter- ni - ty I'll sing re- deeming love, And al-ways hap- py be In that bright home above, I'll walk the gold n streets With
5. Ye sinners, one and all, Hear what I have to say, If you on Je- sus call, Your sins He'll take away; Then happy you shall be For-
6. Ah! Sa-tan says "not now, There's time enough for you," Heed not his voice but bow, His words are never true; He would your soul destroy For-



stand a - jar for all, Who trust the Crucified, And on His name do call.
life's e - ter- nal tree, And sparkling waters flow, So beauti-ful and free.
bid me welcome home, I'll enter thro' the gate, And there forever roam.
kindred gone be-fore, And taste immortal sweets, And Jesus' name adore.
ev - er with the Lord, Throughout eterni- ty, 'Tis promised in His word.
ev - er more in hell, A- way from ev'ry joy, In sor-row there to dwell.



CHORUS.

O beau-ti- ful, beau-ti- ful cit- y; O beauti- ful, beauti- ful

There is a City Fair. Concluded.

No. 48. Rest.

G. W. CROFTS, in "Inter Ocean." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 49. Over Jordan We Shall Meet.

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan." Josh. 1: 11.

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

1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that hap- py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gath- er on the shore, With our
2. All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall strike the gold-en lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair Where the
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chant-ing love's redeeming song, By and by, There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll

kindred gone be-fore, And the Saviour's name a - dore, By and by.
ho - ly hap-py band, Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by.
hap- py an-gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by.
lay our trophies down, And re - ceive a shin-ing crown, By and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, (By and by,) by and by, (by and by,) O- ver Jor-dan we shall gath-er, by and by, (by and by,) By and by, (By and by,) by and

Over Jordan, Etc. Concluded.

No. 50. Coronation. C. M.

Rev. Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

No. 51. Oh, that Beautiful Mansion so Fair.

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

D E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I will sing you a song of a mansion so fair, Mansion so fair,
2. Blessed thought, precious thought, Christ is coming again, Coming again,
3. When I pass thro' the gate of that cit - y of gold, Cit - y of gold,
4. Will you go, will you go to that hap-py a- bode, Hap-py a- bode,

mansion so fair, I will sing you a song of a mansion so fair, That
coming a-gain, Blessed thought, precious thought, Christ is coming again, To
cit - y of gold, When I pass thro' the gate of that cit - y of gold, I'll
hap-py a - bode, Will you go, sin-ner go to that hap-py a - bode, To

CHORUS.

Je- sus has prepared for me.
take me to Himself a - bove.
sing tri-umphant songs of praise.
dwell for-ev - er with the Lord.

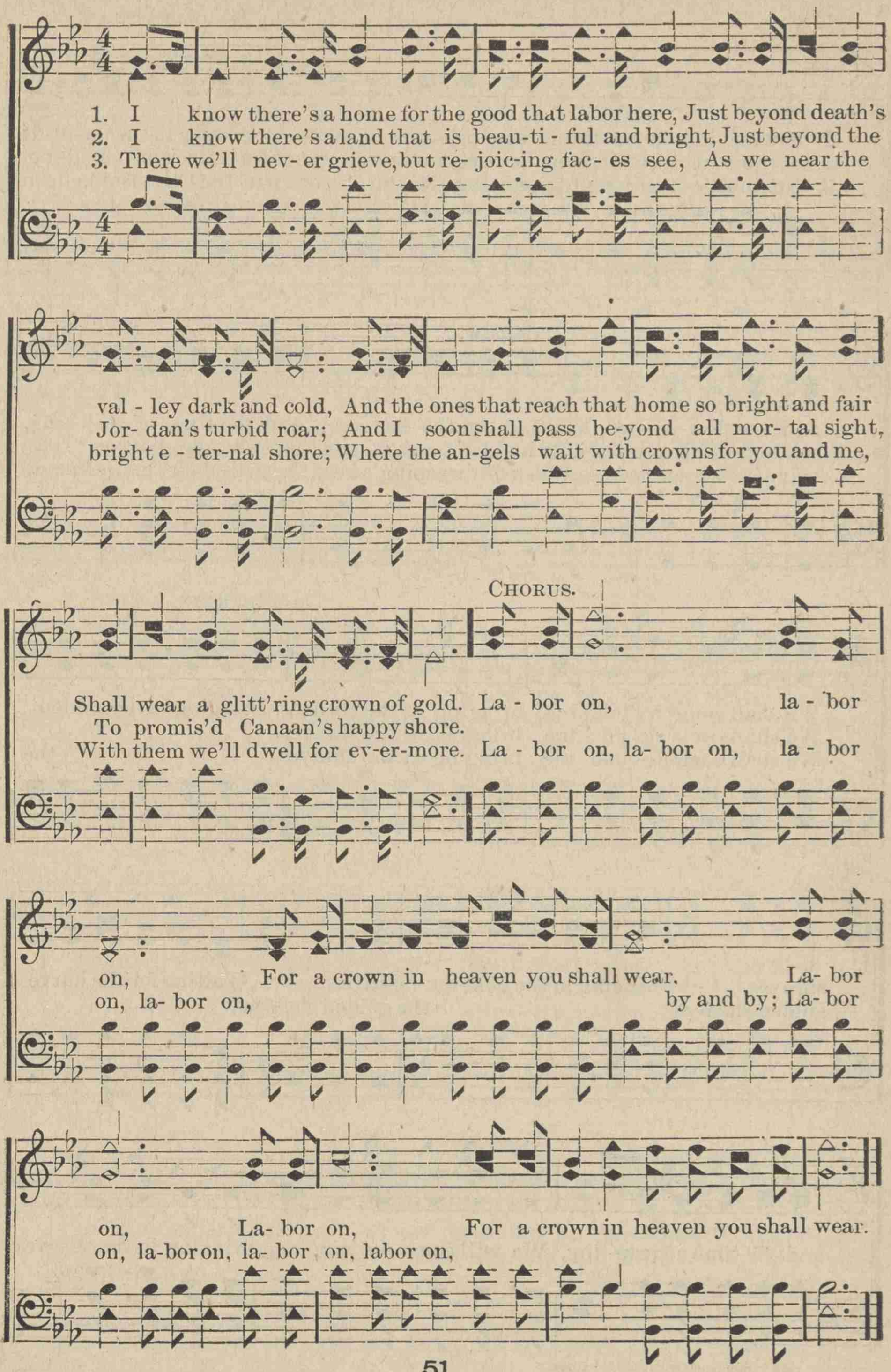
} Oh, that beau-ti- ful mansion so

fair, (so fair,) Oh, that beau-ti - ful mansion so fair, (so fair,) I will

soon be at rest in that mansion so fair, That Je-sus has prepared for me.

No. 52. A Crown in Heaven you shall wear.

R. A. GLENN. C. E. POLLOCK.



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No. 53. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"Bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126: 6.

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

rom "Songs of Gratitude," by per.

No. 54.

How You Grow.

FOR INFANT CLASS.

D. E. DORTCH.

Question, SOLO.

1. How do lit - tle bird- ies grow, Fly-ing, chirp-ing sing - ing so?
2. How do lit - tle fish- es grow, Swimming, play-ing as they go?
3. How do lit - tle children grow? Not by drinking rum I know;

Are they fed with wine and rum, In their daint-y nest- ing home?
Do they live in bran- dy streams, As they glide 'neath sun- ny beams?
Bran- dy, ci - der, wine and beer, Nev- er, makes them strong and fair.

Answer, DUET.

No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no, Wa-ter makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no, Wa-ter makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no, Wa-ter makes the

FULL CHORUS.

bird - ies grow, Rain drops patter, dew drops scatter, So the fresh and
fish - es grow, Rain drops patter, dew drops scatter, Brooks and riv - ers
chil-dren grow, Rain drops patter, dew drops scatter, Fount-ains fill and

cooling water, Wets their ti - ny beaks and lo! This is how the birdies grow.
flow with water, Where they live and thrive, and lo! This is how the fishes grow.
flow with water, See they bathe and drink and lo! This is how the children grow.

No. 55. This is the Sweetest Story.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. This is the sweetest sto - ry, Wonderful, strange and true, Jesus, the
2. Think you not "He's forgotten, It was so long a - go," No, the dear
3. Knowing a child's temptation, Showing you what to do, Jesus will

King of glo - ry, Once was a child like you. Think of Him in your
Lord re · mem-bers, Oh! and He loves you so; Loves you for aye and
stand be- side you, Mak- ing you brave and true; Ev - er keep closely

glad-ness, Praising Him all the day, Ev- er in words and act - ions,
ev - er, It was to you He came, Deep in His heart is gra- ven,
to Him, If you would like Him grow, Out of your heart's deep gladness

CHORUS.

Think what the Lord would say.
Ev- er- y child-ish name. Always be bright and joyous, Jesus would have you
Sweetness of life will flow.

so, He is the source of glad-ness, He is the light, you know.

No. 56. Will Jesus Save Me?

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—LUKE 18: 16.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. B. SMITH.

3 I've heard that He has mansions in the sky,
And will He take me thither when I die?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! A mansion mine shall be,
He died to save a little child like me.

4 Will Jesus take me kindly by the hand,
And lead me to that brighter, better land?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! His glory I shall see,
He died to save a little child like me.

By Permission.

No. 57. The River of Peace.

Mrs. C. L. Shackloch. D. E. Dortch.

1. It floweth for- ev - er, the beauti - ful riv- er, Tho' time with its
2. No shad- ow of sor-row shall darken the morrow, That dawns on the
3. The blossoms that perish'd, the friends that we cherish'd Who pass'd to the
turmoil shall cease; Thro' regions e - lys- ian now hid from our vis-ion It
spir-it's re - lease, When passing the por-tal where life is im-mor-tal, It
beau-ti- ful shore, We'll meet at the riv- er that floweth for- ev- er, When

CHORUS.

flow-eth the Riv-er of Peace.
rests by the Riv-er of Peace.
time with its changes is o'er.
The clear, flowing riv- er,
The beauti-ful, clear, flowing riv- er,
The bright, shining riv - er,
The beautiful, bright shining riv - er, The beauti - ful Riv- er of
Peace; The beautiful, clear, flowing riv - er, The beauti-ful bright

The River of Peace. Concluded.

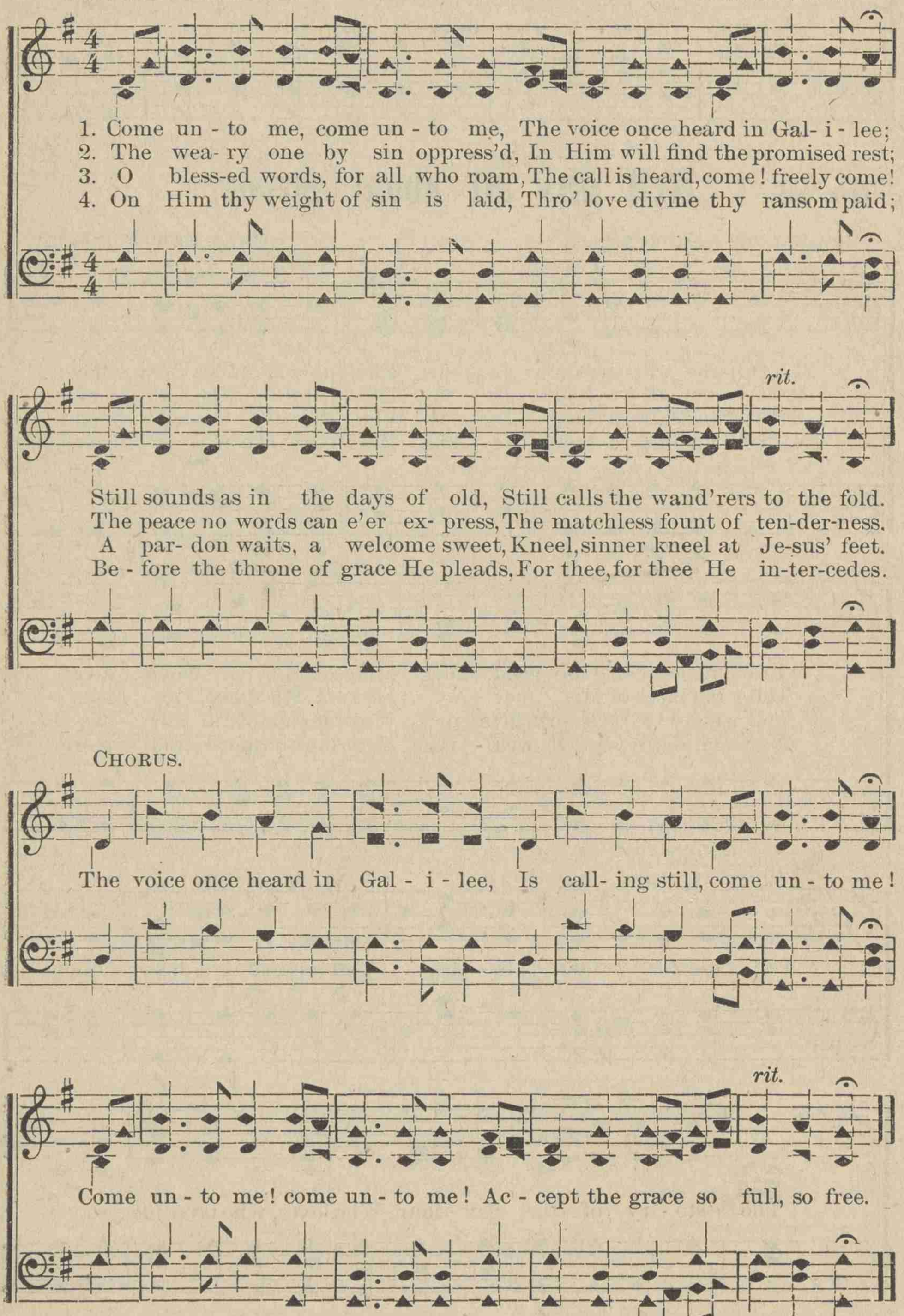
No. 58. Tell Me all about Jesus.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 59. Come Unto Me.

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

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 60. Coming, Yes, we're Coming.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark. 10: 14.

Anon. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. How sweet the call of Mercy, In - vi-ting every heart, To come and love the Sa-viour Ere youthful days depart; 'Tis in the Ho- ly Bi - ble, These precious words we see; "For-bid ye not the children, But let them come to me,"

2. Oh may His Spirit teach us, To know and do the right, To walk as He co- mands us, That we may see the light; The bless-ed light that shin- eth, A- long the narrow way, And always groweth brighter, Un-to the per-fect day.

3. Our Saviour loves the children, On them His hands He laid, Within His arms He held them, And blessed them while He prayed; And still His mercy calls them, Just now we hear Him say; "I want your hearts, dear children, I want your love to-day."

CHORUS.

Com- ing, yes we're com - ing, Com - ing, yes we're com - ing,
Com- ing, com - ing, Com - ing, com - ing,
Com- ing, yes we're com - ing, Dear Sa - viour to Thy fold.
Com- ing, com - ing,

Repeat pp.

PART II.

REVIVALS AND PRAYER-MEETINGS.

No. 61. Showers of Blessing.

"There shall be showers of Blessing."—EZEK. 31: 26.
"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 34.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDER. D. E. DORTCH.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

5 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

6 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

7 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so pure and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

No. 62. Revive Thy Work. S. M.

"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years."—HAB. 3: 2.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 63. I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

"He beheld the city and wept over it."—Luke. 19: 41.

Rev. BENJ. BEDDOME. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

No. 64. Lord Revive Us. 8s, & 7s.

"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"—Ps. 85: 6.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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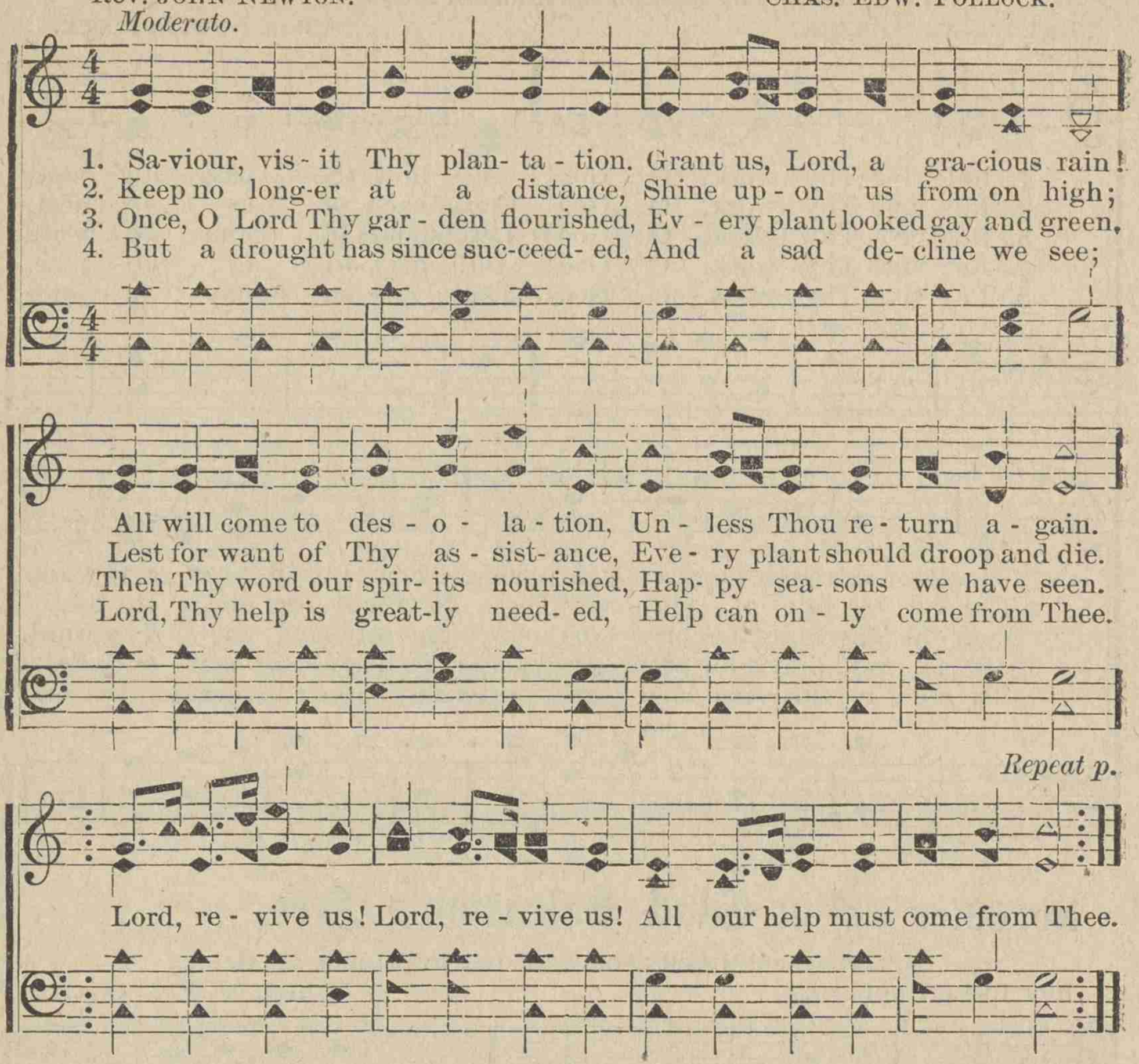


No. 65.

Tune, LORD, REVIVE US. 8s, & 7s
Give Times of Refreshing.

1 Father, for Thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before Thy throne;
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from Thee alone.

2 Blessed earnests Thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest;
Blessings still with Thee are hidden,
Pour them forth, and make us blest.

3 Prayer ascendeth to Thee ever,
Answer, Father, answer prayer;
Bless, oh, bless each weak endeavor,
Blood-bought pardon to declare.

4 Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for jubilee;
To Thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto Thee.

A. MIDLANE.

No. 66.

Tune, "HEBRON," L. M.
EZEK: 37: 1–10.

1 Spirit of everlasting grace,
Infinite source of life, come down!
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead,
Send forth Thy quickening might abroad
Till rising from their tombs, they spread
In full array,—the host of God.

3 Thy heritage lies desolate,
And all Thy pleasant places mourn;
Oh, look upon our low estate;
In loving-kindness, Lord, return.

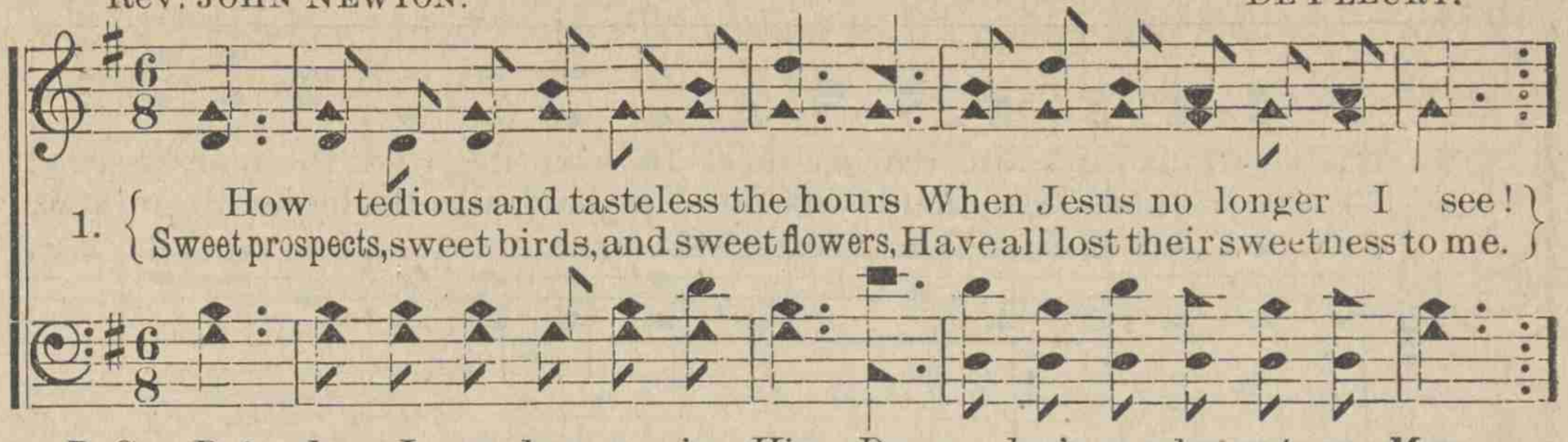
4 Now let Thy glory be revealed;
Now let Thy presence with us rest;
Oh, heal us, and we shall be healed;
Oh, bless us, and we shall be blest.

H. BONAR.

No. 67. Greenfields. 8s.

No joy wihout Christ.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. DE FLEURY.



2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 68. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WM. COWPER.

No. 69. BALERMA. C. M.

Ps. 51: 7.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

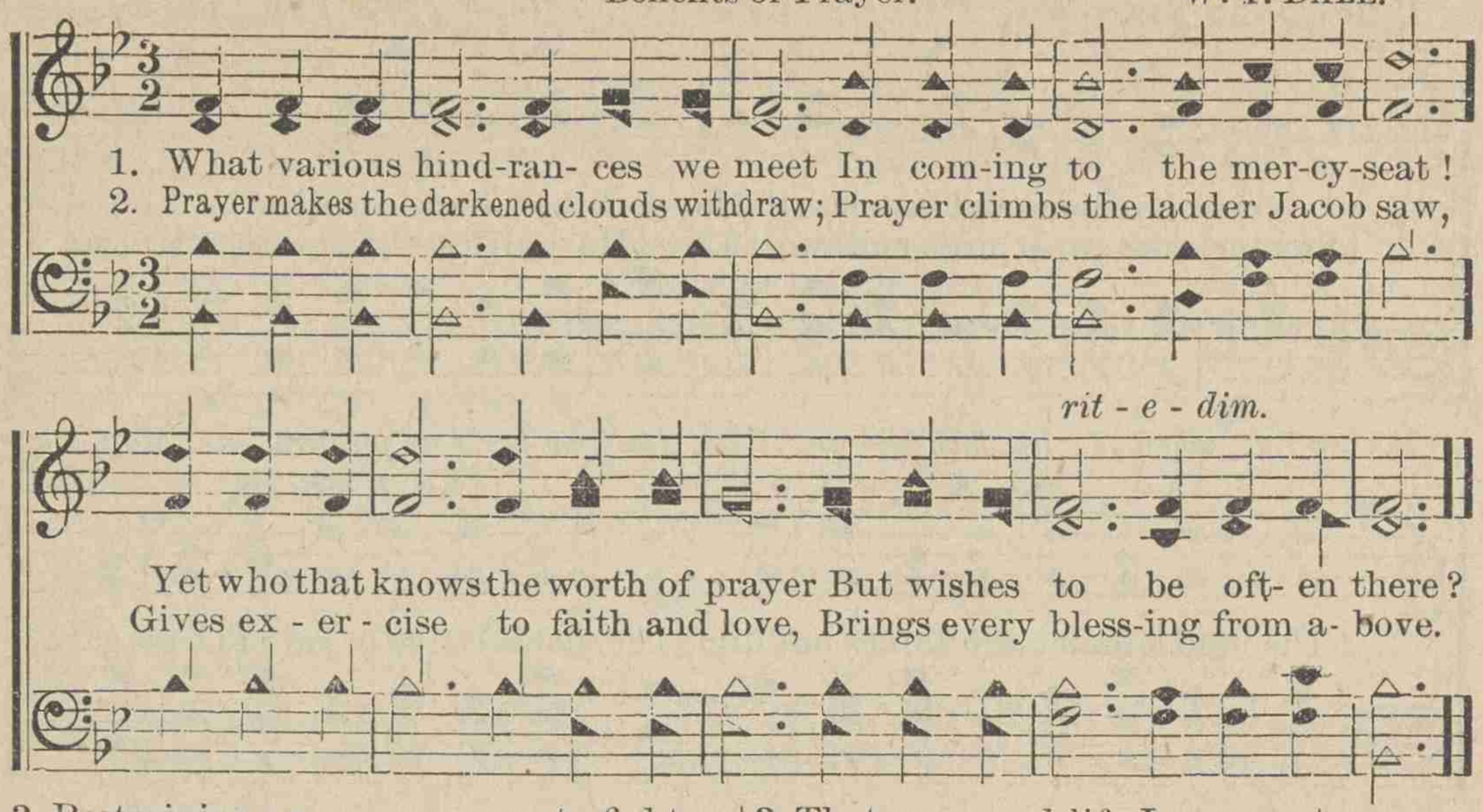
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Rev. C. WESLEY.

No. 70. Mt. Olivet. L. M.

Benefits of Prayer. W. T. DALE.



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

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

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

COWPER.

No. 71. Two or Three. L. M.

Matt. 18: 20.

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There to unvail His smiling face,
And bid His glories fill the place.

3 We meet at Thy command, O Lord!
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

J. STENNETT.

No. 72. The Binding Power. L. M.

1 Oh, that my heart might ever feel
The binding power of Jesus' love;
Oh, that the Holy Spirit's seal [above.
Might fix my thoughts on things

2 Would that the charms of heavenly joy
Might break the spell of earthly bliss,
And give my ransomed powers employ,
Superior to a world like this.

3 That ransomed life I consecrate
To Him who met the law for me;
My time, my talent, and estate,
I give to Him eternally.

4 Now, Lord, the binding power impart,
Nor let me wander more from Thee;
Sweetly compel my longing heart
To stay in blissful constancy.

Rev. M. B. DE WITT, D. D.

No. 73. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Psalm, 55: 17. L. M.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, Farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

No. 74. What a Friend. 8s & 7s.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18 : 24.

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 75. Ps. 65: 2. C. M.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

6 O Thou by whom we come to God
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 76. Belief. C. M. D.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear,
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past!
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the world my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

4 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthern vessels filled.

5 O, would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To find the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout, and wonder at His grace
To all eternity!

No. 77. AZMON. C. M.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

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

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

C. WESLEY.

No. 78. ARLINGTON. C. M.

Converting Grace implored.

1 Come, Lord, in mercy come again,
With Thy converting power;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
Oh, send a gracious shower.

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

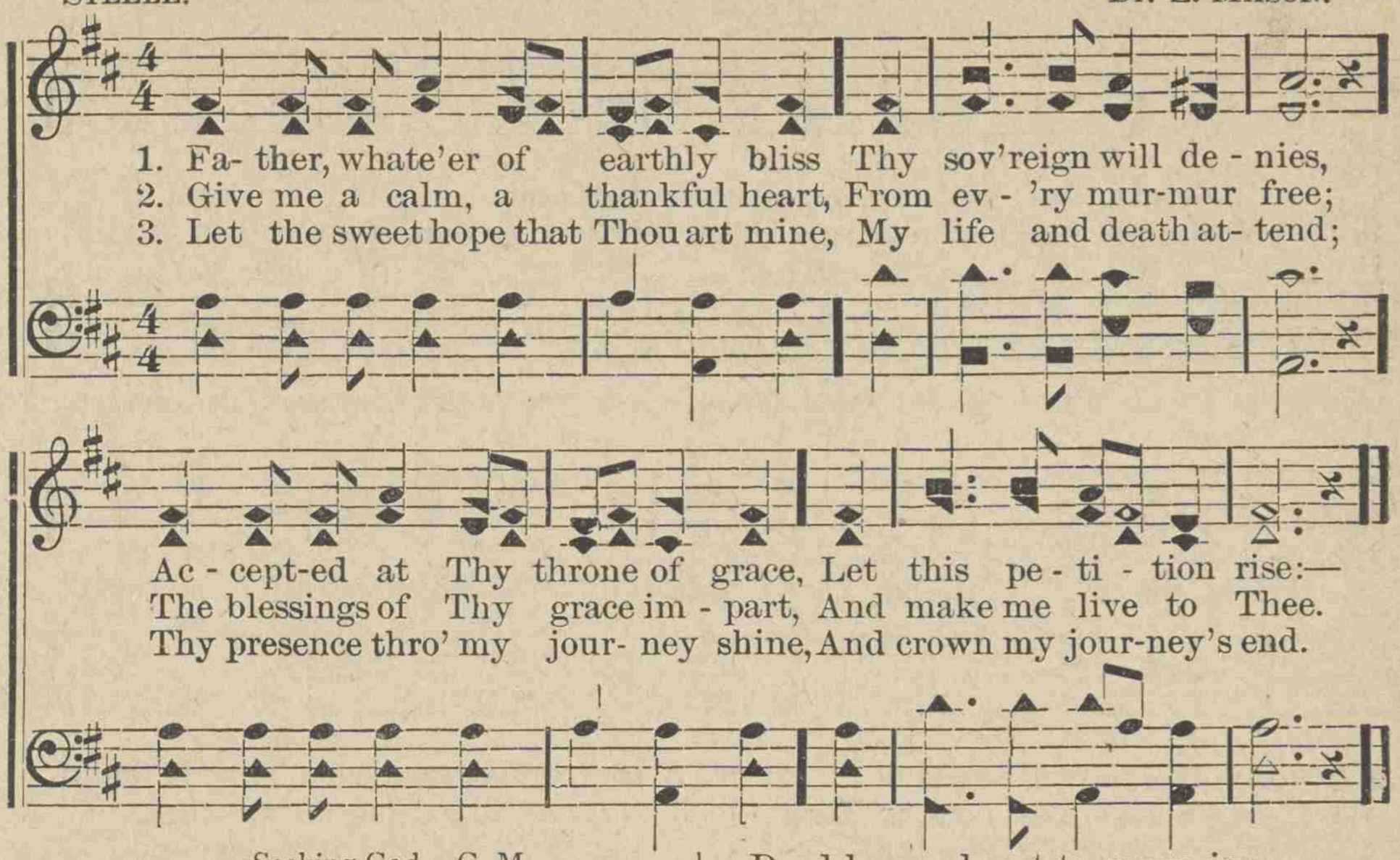
3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening power;
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng Thy house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.

N. COLVER.

No. 79. Naomi. C. M.

STEELE. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 80.

Seeking God. C. M.
JOB. 23: 4.

1 Oh, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

WATTS.

No. 81.

JOHN 21: 15. C. M.

1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead.

5 Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord,
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

No. 82.

JOB. 29: 2. C. M.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the light the morn revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

Rev. J. NEWTON.

No. 83. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740 — SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

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

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound.
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 84. Rock of Ages. 7s & 6s.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

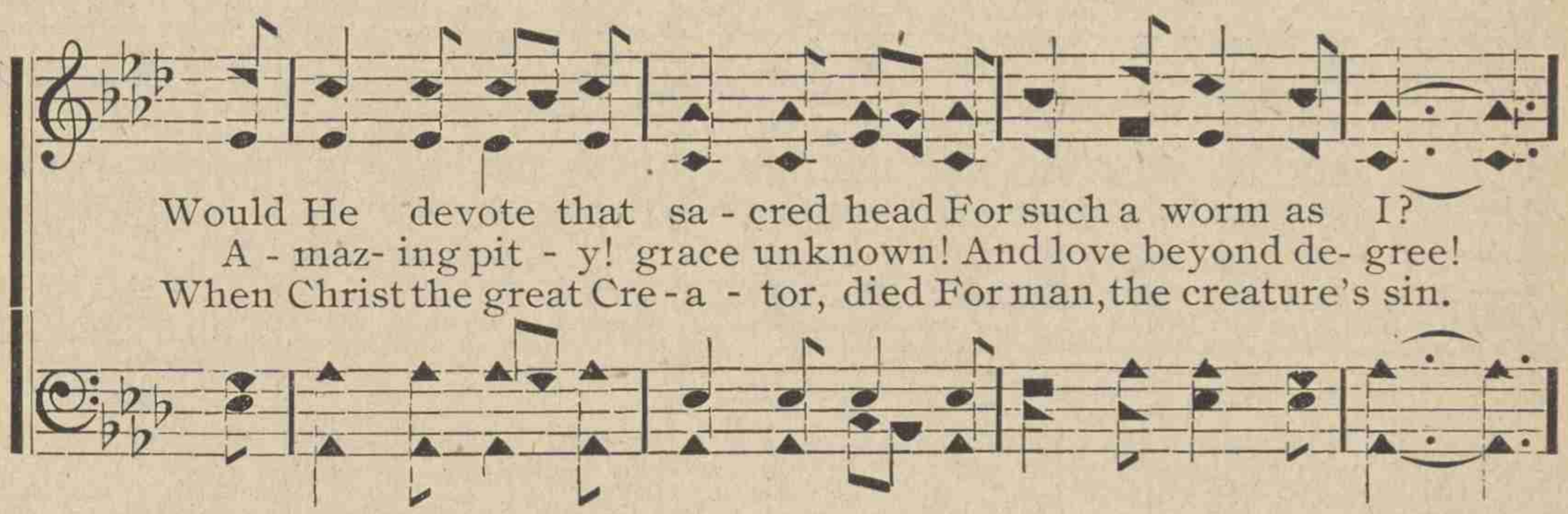
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. — Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

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

No. 85. O How I Love Jesus.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Chorus.

4

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, to tears.

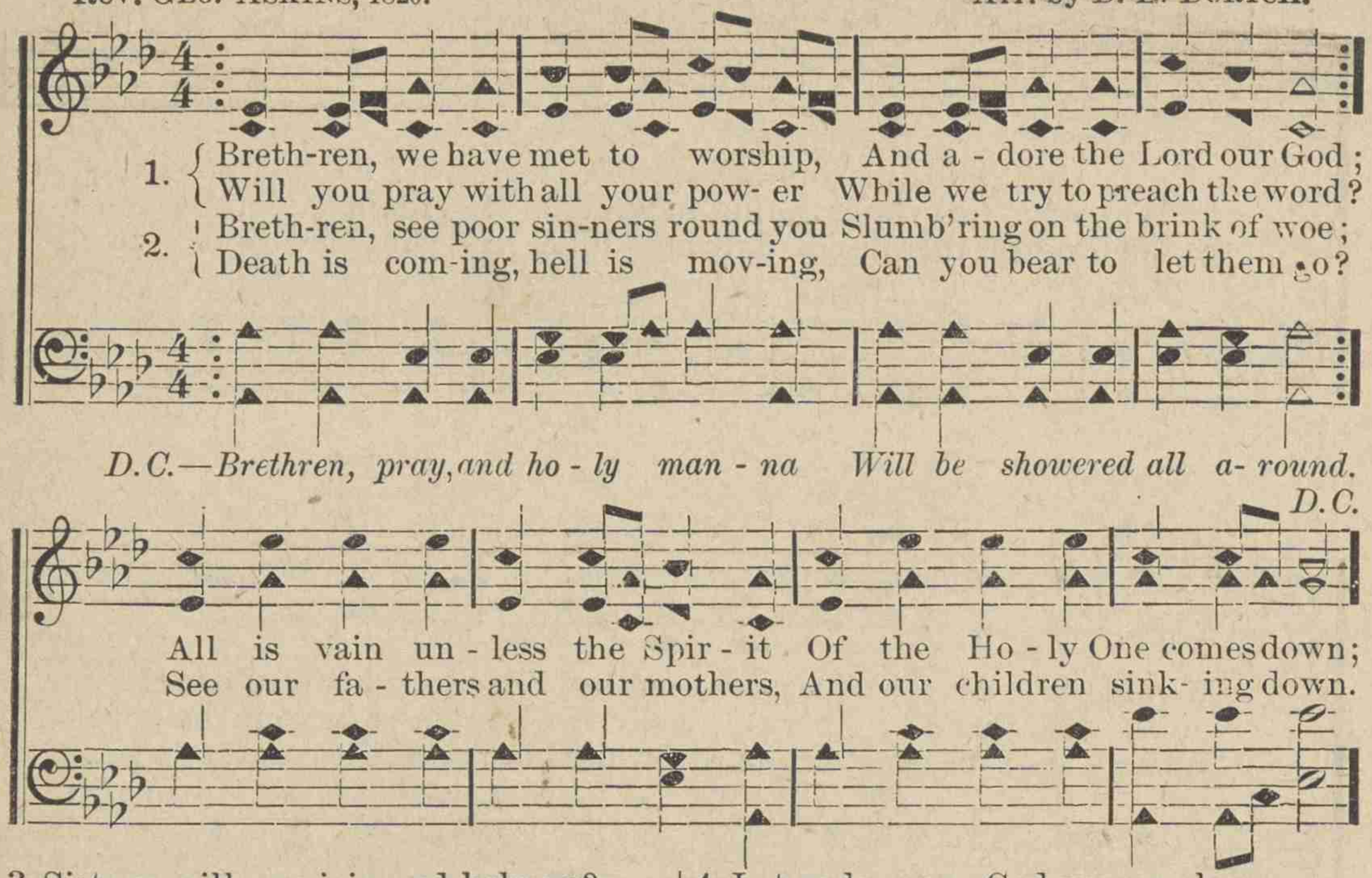
5

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 86. Holy Manna. 8s & 7s.

ON OPENING.

Rev. GEO. ASKINS, 1820. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



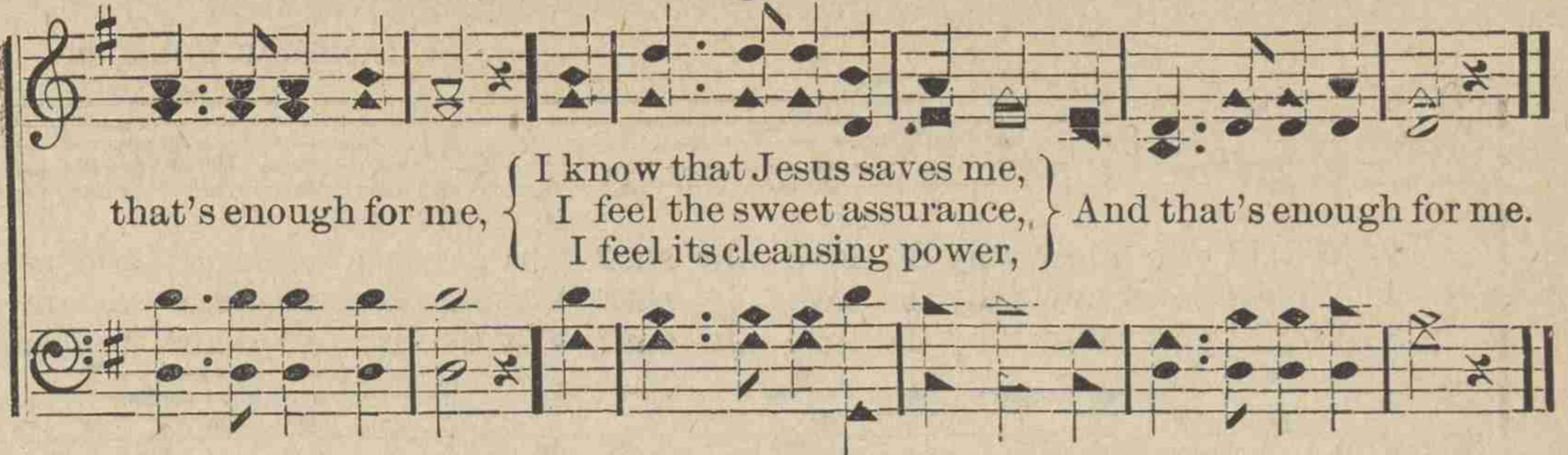
3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided Him;
Will you help the trembling mourners
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that He will be found,
Sisters, pray! and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.
Then He'll call us home to heaven,
At His table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird Himself and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

No. 87. Enough for Me.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by W. B. BLAKE, by per.

Enough for Me. Concluded.



No. 88. The Fountain filled with Blood.

WM. COWPER. Alt. Zech. 13: 1. Old Melody.

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

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

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

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

No. 89.

BOYSTON. S. M.
Rev. 22: 17.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about Him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

No. 90.

Why I Love Jesus.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Would you know why I love Je- sus? Why he is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je- sus? Why he is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je- sus? Why he is so dear to me?

'Tis be-cause my bless- ed Je - sus From my sins has ransomed me.
'Tis be-cause the blood of Je - sus Full - y saves and cleans-es me.
'Tis be-cause, a - mid temp - ta- tion, He sup-ports and strengthens me.

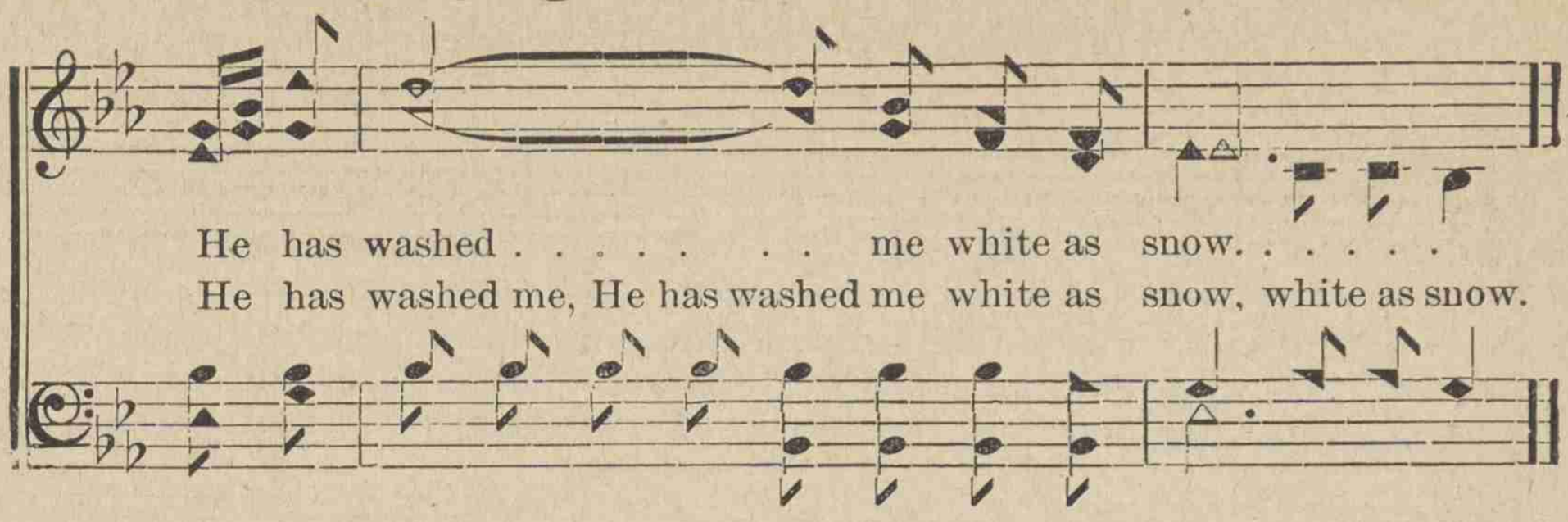
CHORUS.

This is why . . . . . I love my Je - - - sus, This is
This is why I love my Je- sus, This is why I love him so, This is

why . . . . . I love him so, He a -
why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love him so, He has

toned . . . . . for my trans - gres - - sions,
par-doned my trans-gress-ions, He has par-doned my trans-gress- ions,

Why I Love Jesus.—Concluded.

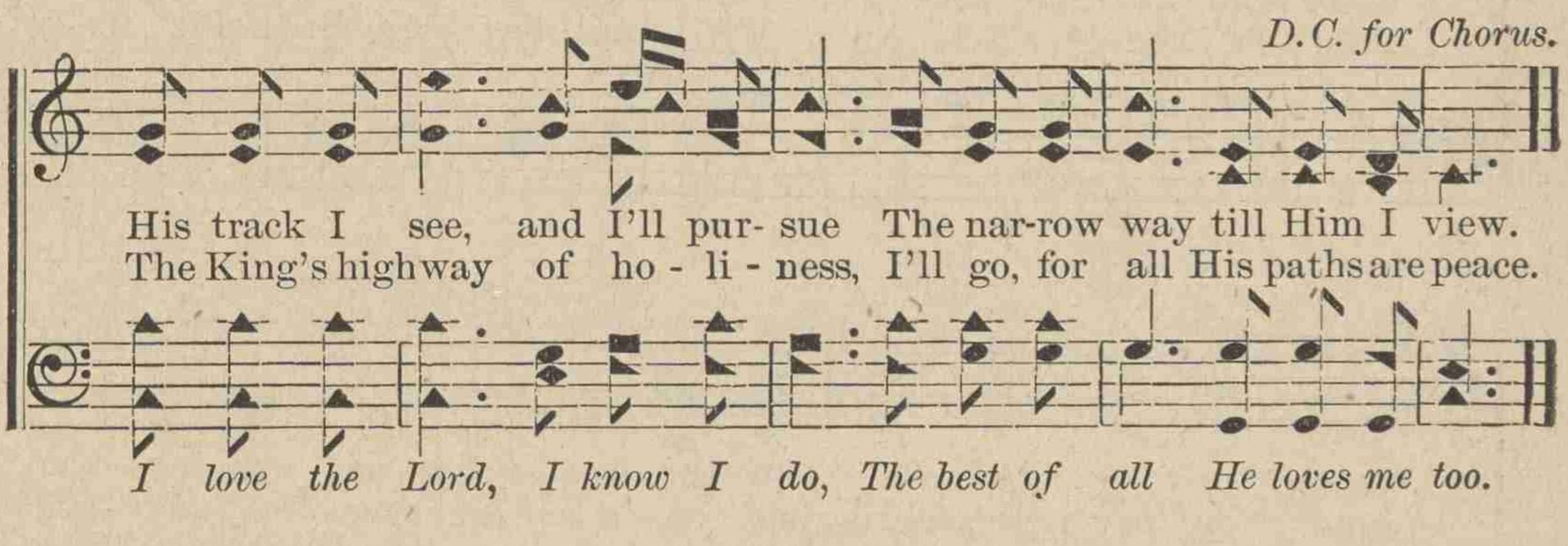


4 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my friend and Savior
He will ever, ever be.

No. 91. I Love the Lord.

JOHN CENNICK, of England. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I was not freed from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its guilt and weight the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

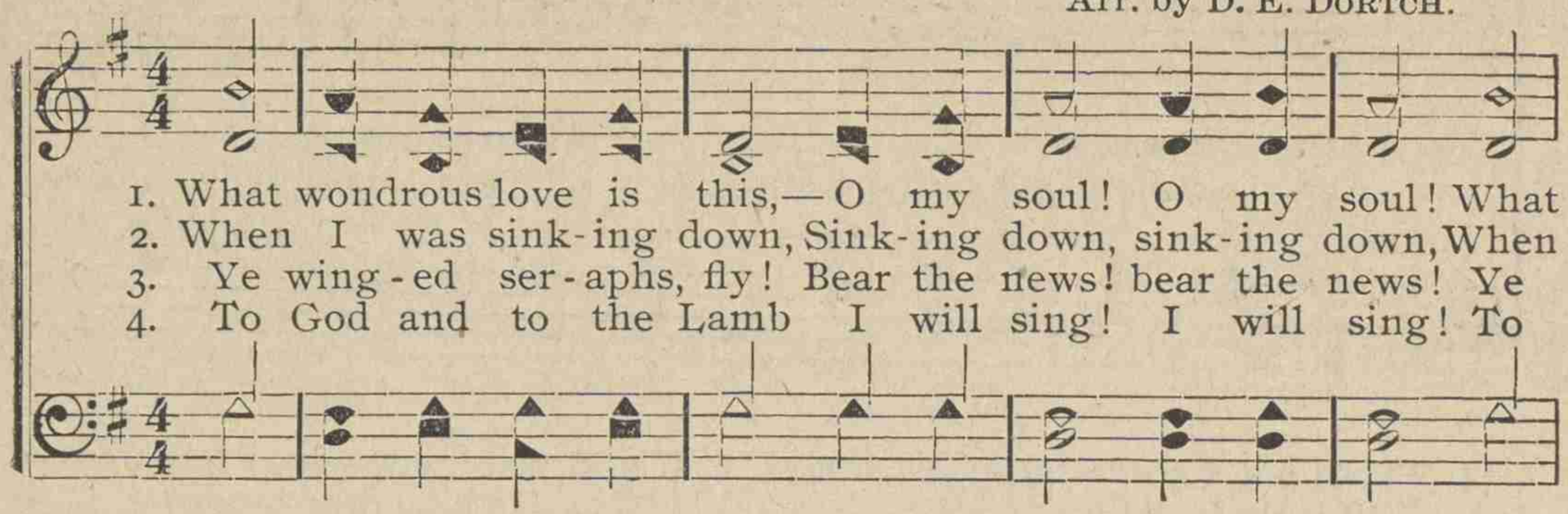
5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

No. 92. What Wondrous Love.

In memory of my Father, D. R. DORTCH.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



5 Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise!
Come friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in His praise!

6 Thus while from death we're free we'll sing on!
Thus while from death we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be
And in eternity we'll sing on!

No. 93. Must Jesus bear the Cross alone.

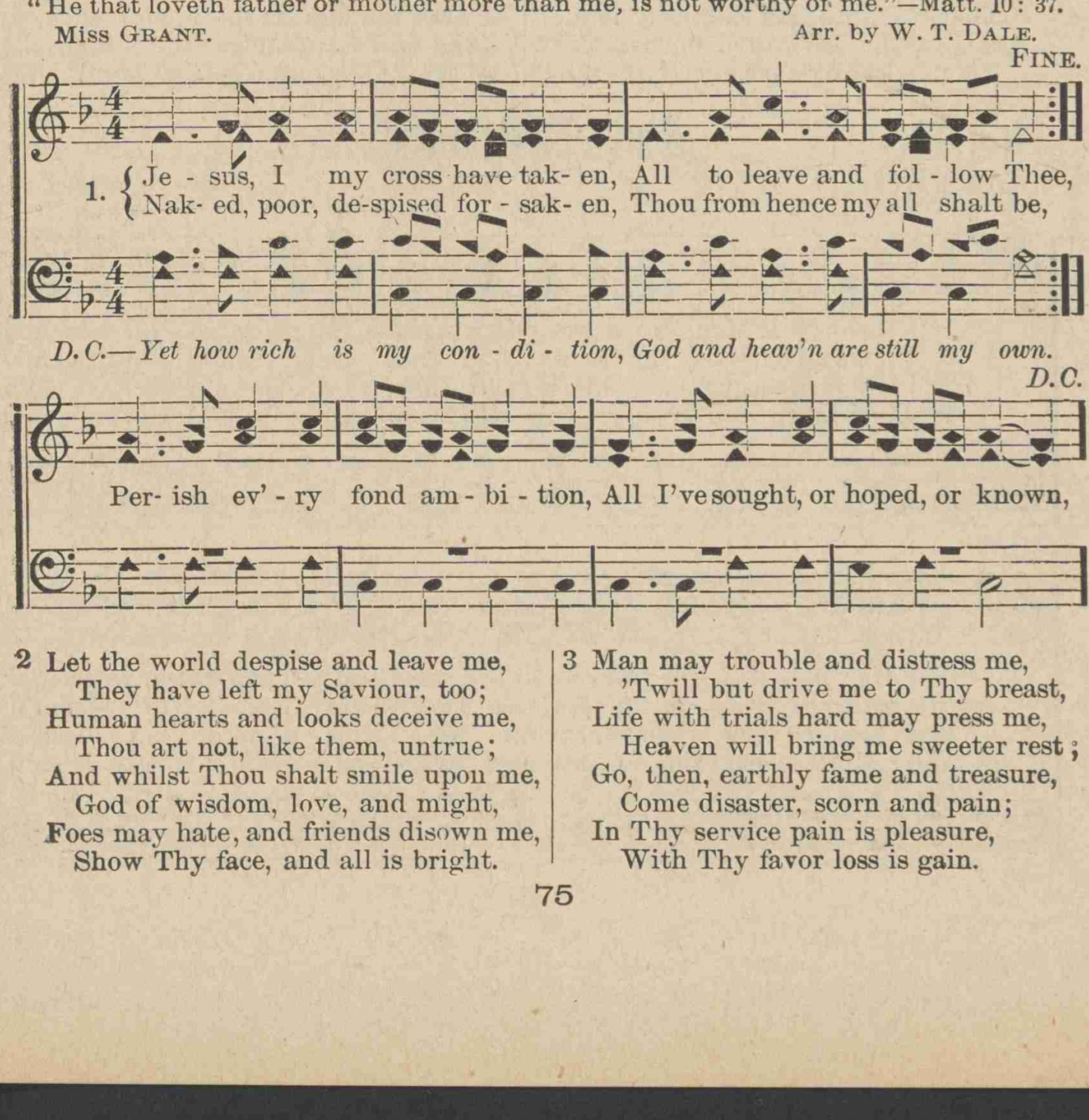
"And He bearing His cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

ALLEN. J. L. HILL.

No. 94. Jesus I my Cross have taken.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."—Matt. 10: 37.

Miss GRANT. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



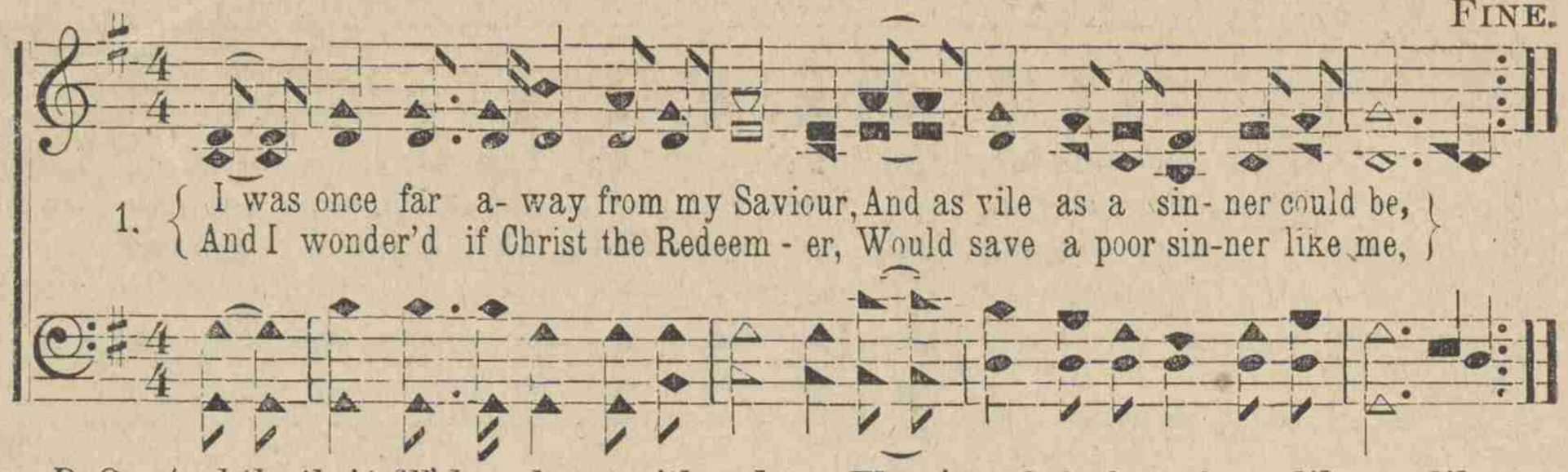
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.

No. 95. A poor Sinner like me.

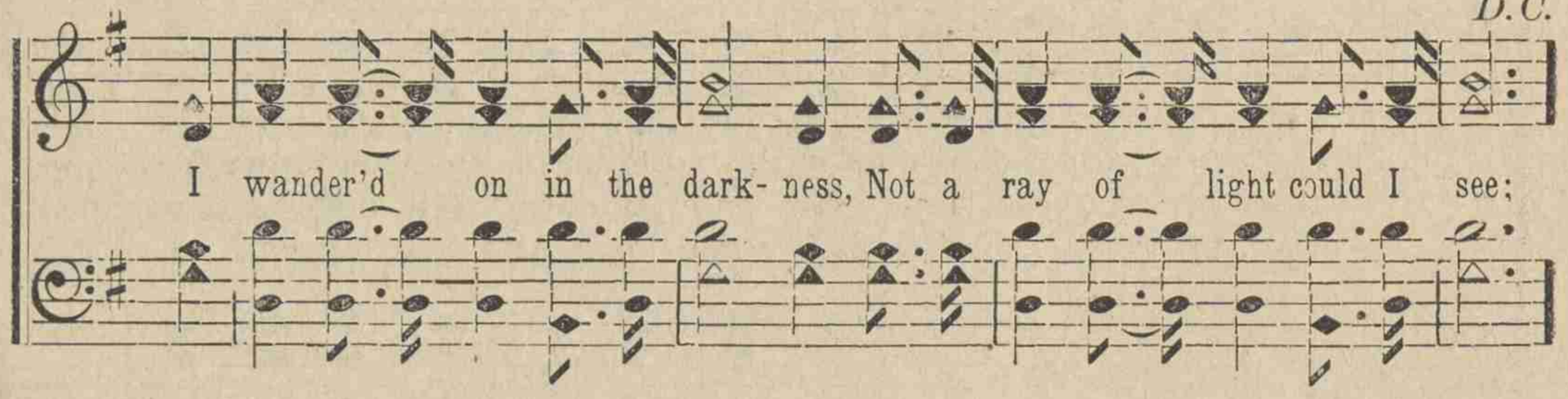
CHAS I. BUTLER, Alt. W. T. DALE.

FINE.



D.C.–And the tho't fill'd my heart with sadness, There's no help for a sinner like me, like me.

D.C.

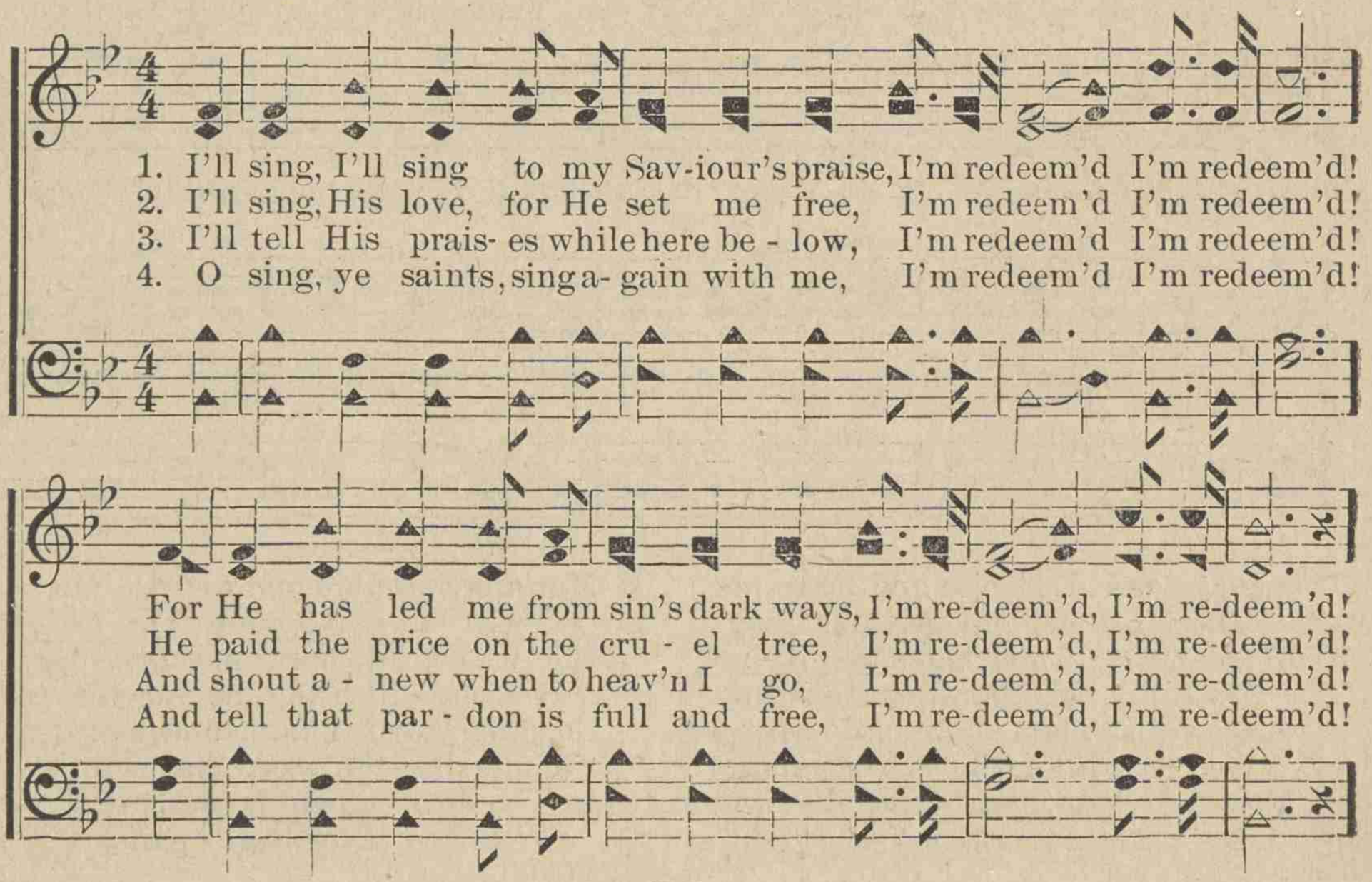


2 But oh! in that sad lonely moment
A sweet voice gently whisperd to me,
Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer hath power"
To redeem a poor sinner like thee.
I listened and lo 'twas the Saviour,
That was speaking so kindly to me;
And I cried, "I'm the chief of poor sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me,"

3 Fully then I did trust in the Saviour,
And then oh! what joy came to me;
And my heart then was fill'd with His praises,
For He saved a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

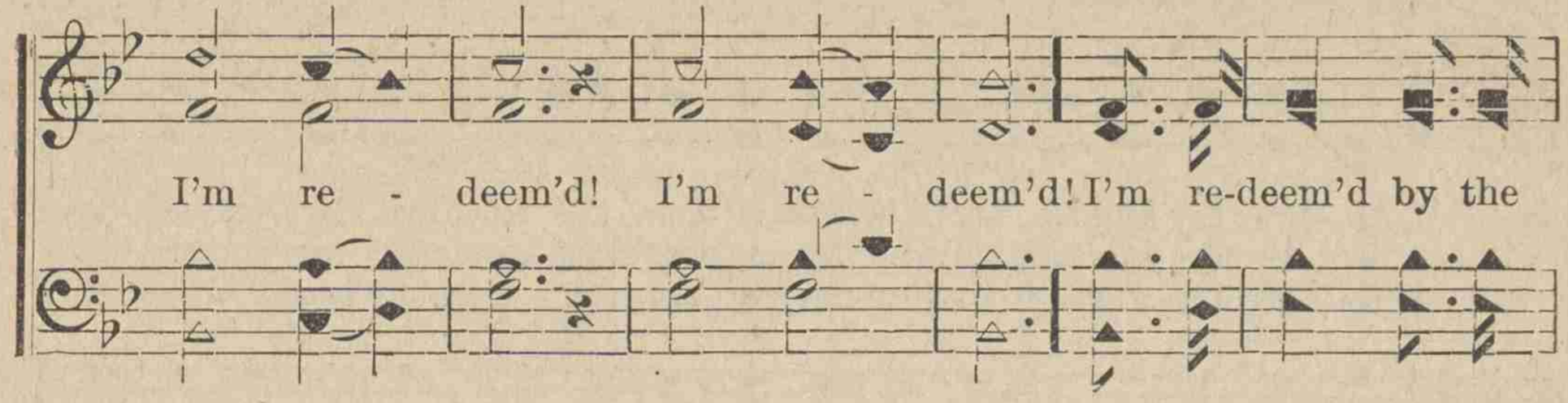
No. 96. I'm Redeemed.

A. S. KIEFFER. WM. B. BLAKE.



I'm Redeemed. Concluded.

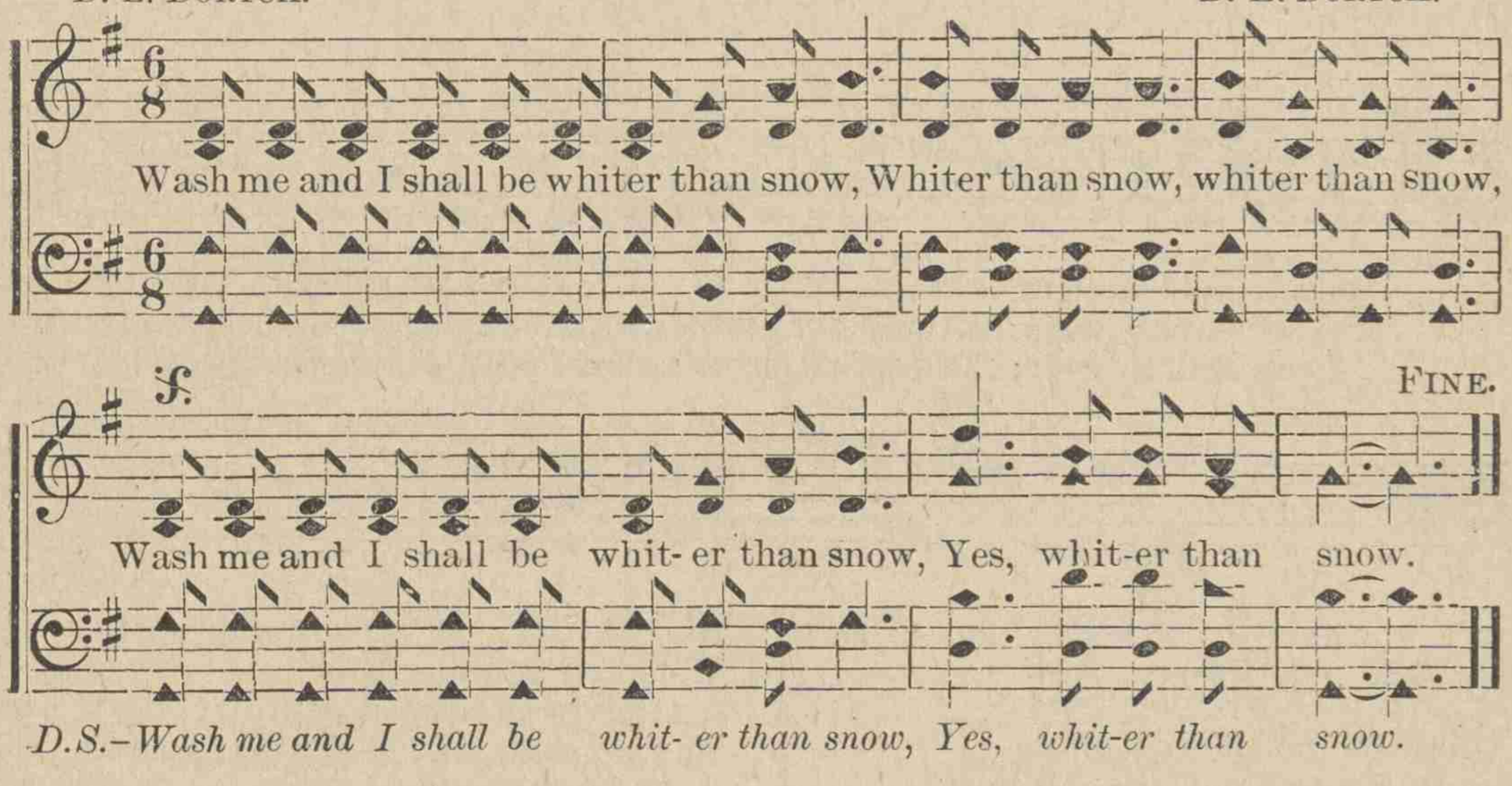
CHORUS.

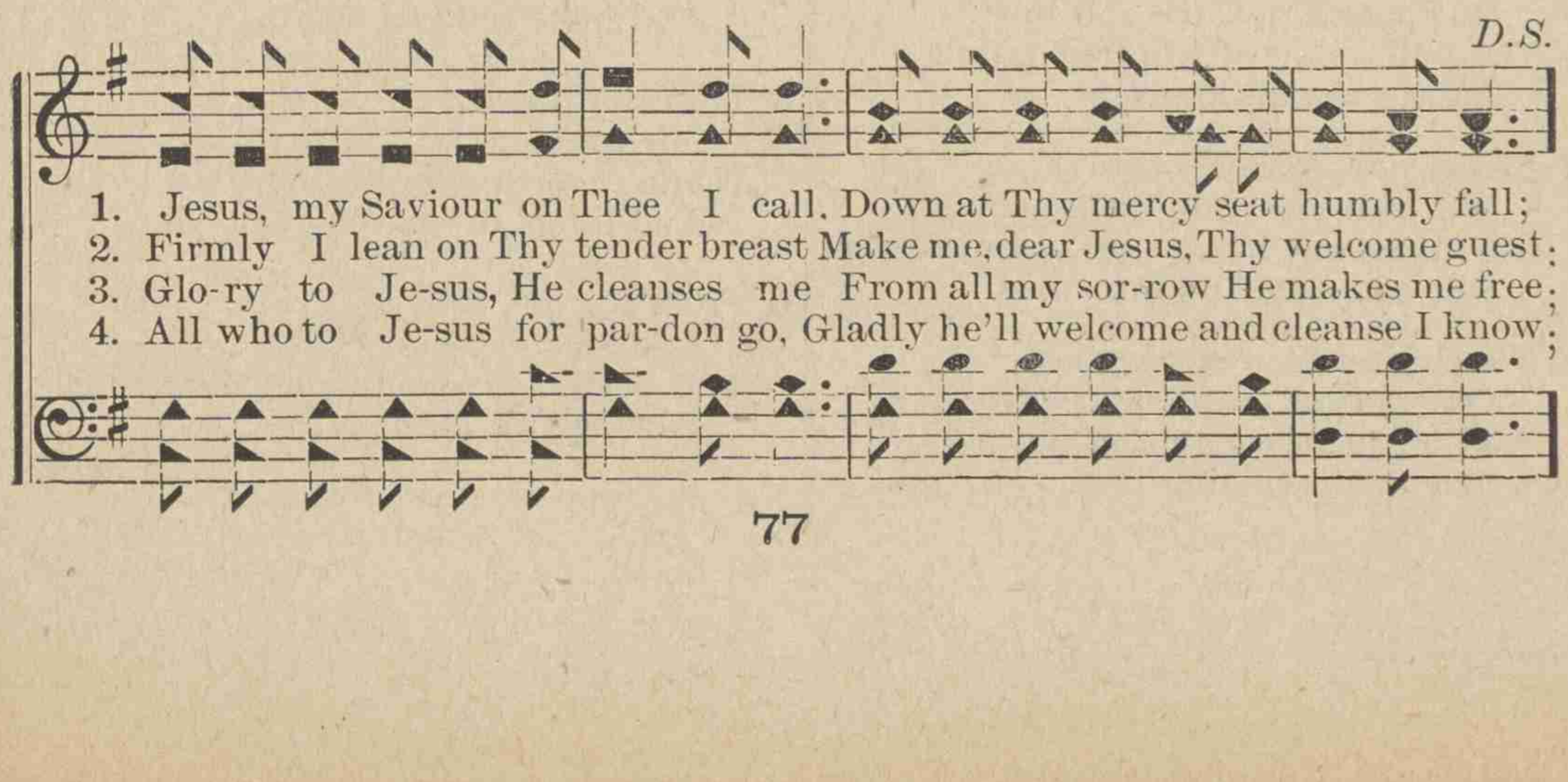


From "Zion Songster," by per.

No. 97. Whiter than Snow.

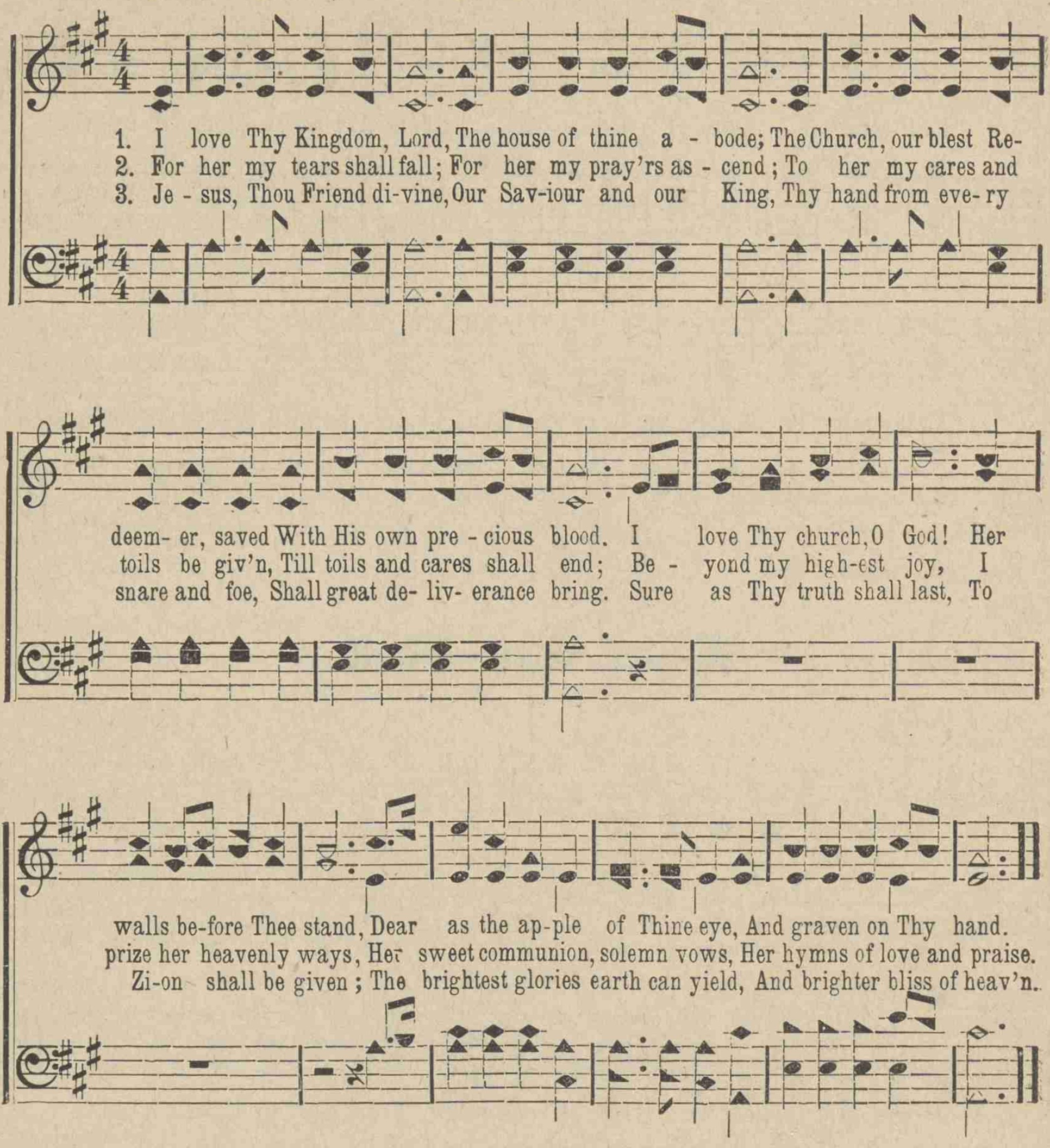
D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.





No. 98. Bealoth. S. M.

Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. Psalm 137.



No. 99.

DENNIS. S. M.
Christian Fellowship.

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

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

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

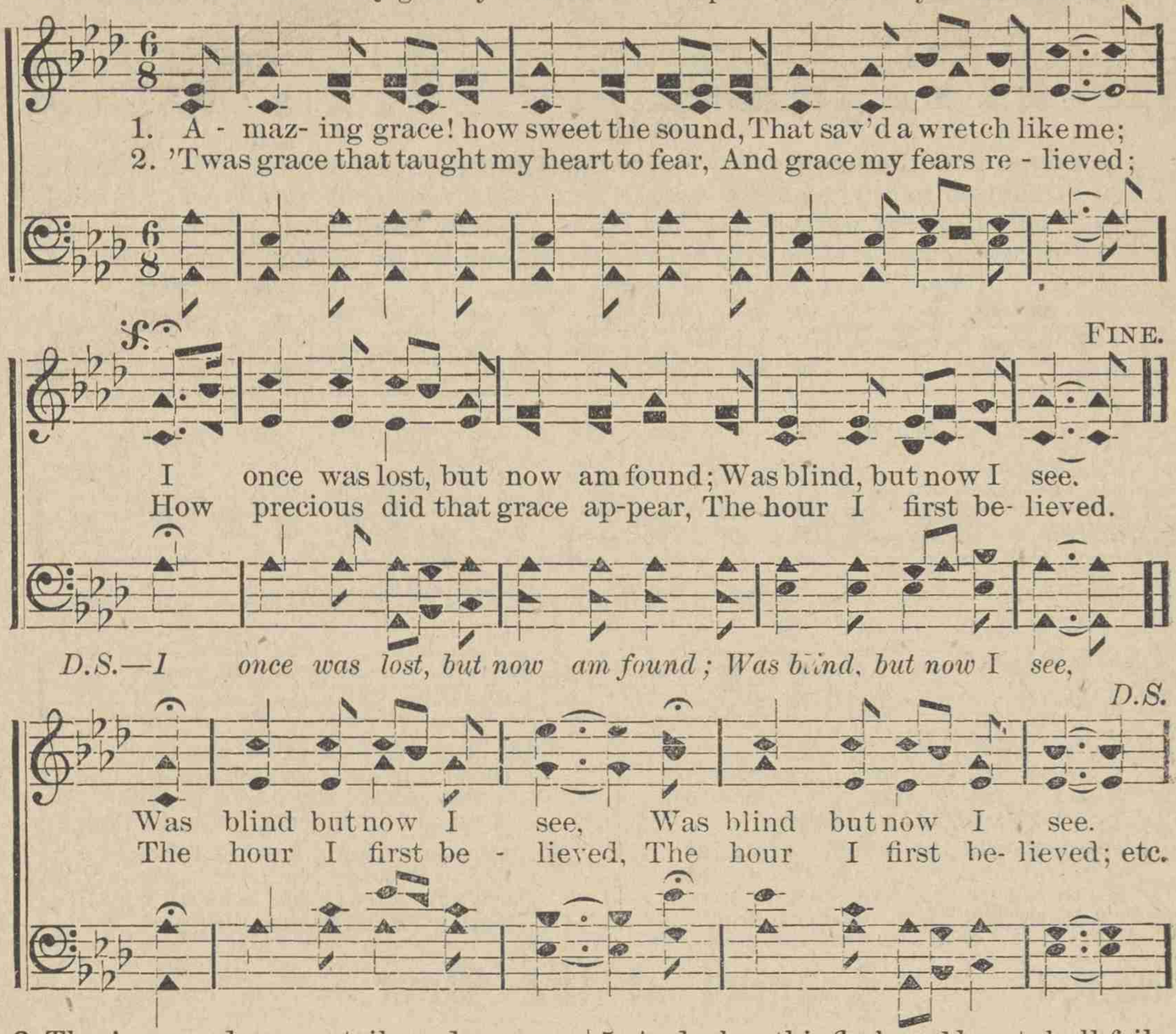
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

No. 100. Amazing Grace.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. "By grace ye are saved!"—Eph. 2: 5. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



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

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No. 101. Tell me where your Father's gone.

Tune—"Amazing Grace."

1 O tell me where your Father's gone,
Whom now you meet no more,
He's with the great Redeemer now,
Safe on the heavenly shore.
Ref.—He's on the other shore,
Safe on the heavenly shore,
He's with the Lord of glory now,
Safe on the heavenly shore.

2 O tell me where your mother's gone,
Who has been gone so long!
No more she'll meet you here below,
Nor join your gladsome song.
Ref.—She's on etc.

3 O tell me where your brother's gone,
Who once was with you here!
He's gone where God and angels are,
No more to shed a tear.
Ref.—He's on etc.

4 Where is your precious sister now,
Who once did love you so,
She's in the world of glory now,
She's done with all below.
Ref.—She's on etc.

5 Where is your darling baby now,
That once lay on your arm;
'Tis with the Lord of angels now
And safe from every harm.
Ref.—It's on etc.

Rev. WM. HAUSER, M. D.

No. 102. Greenville. 8s and 7s.

Rev. R. Robinson. 1758. J. J. Rousseau.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd His precious blood.

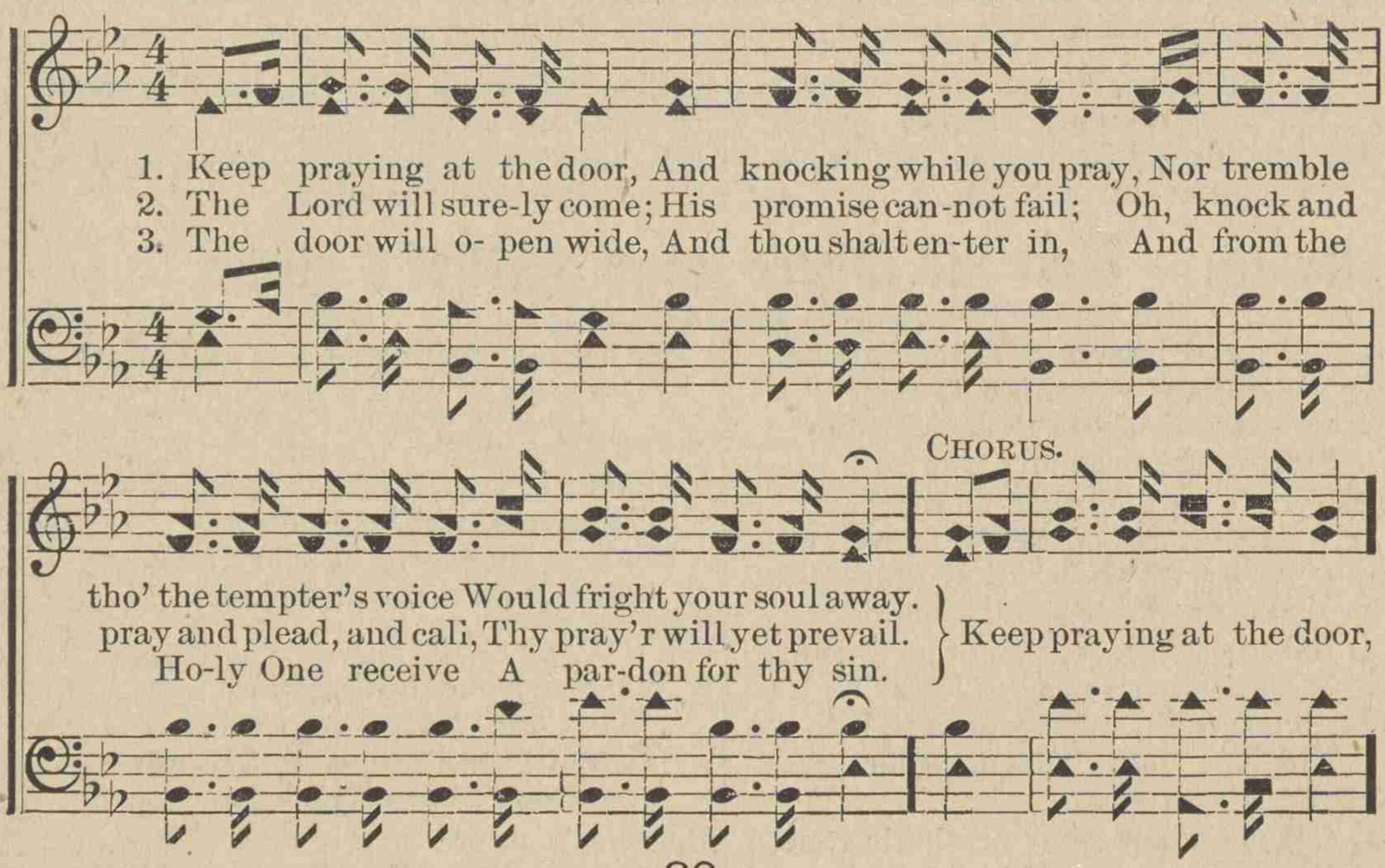
5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 103. Praying at the Door.

"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Matt. 7: 7.

Selected. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



Praying at the Door. Concluded.

dim.

Still praying at the door, Though long the answer is delayed, Keep praying at the door,

No. 104. Alone with Jesus.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With fervor.

1. A- lone with Je- sus! O how sweet, To be be- fore the mer-cy seat,
   And give my-self a- new to pray'r To him who saith I'll meet thee here.
2. A- lone with Je- sus! O how blest, The soul that doth in Je- sus rest;
   And know that He is al- ways near, And ev- er waits His saints to hear.
3. A-lone with Jesus! ev-'ry day, To wait, give thanks, and praise and pray;
   I find no place on earth so sweet, As that dear place the mercy seat.

CHORUS.

A- lone with Je- sus! A- lone with Je-sus! A-
A- lone with Jesus! O how sweet, To be be- fore the mer-cy seat, And

lone with Je - sus! O . . . . how sweet.
give my - self a - new to pray'r, To Him who saith I'll meet thee here.

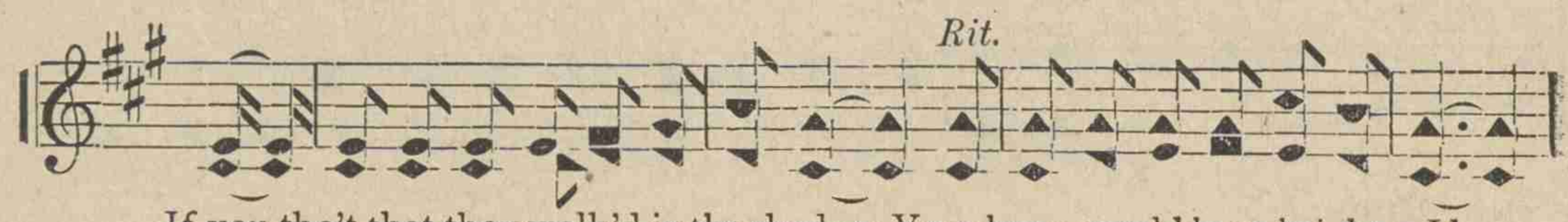
No. 105. Is Your Lamp Burning?

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

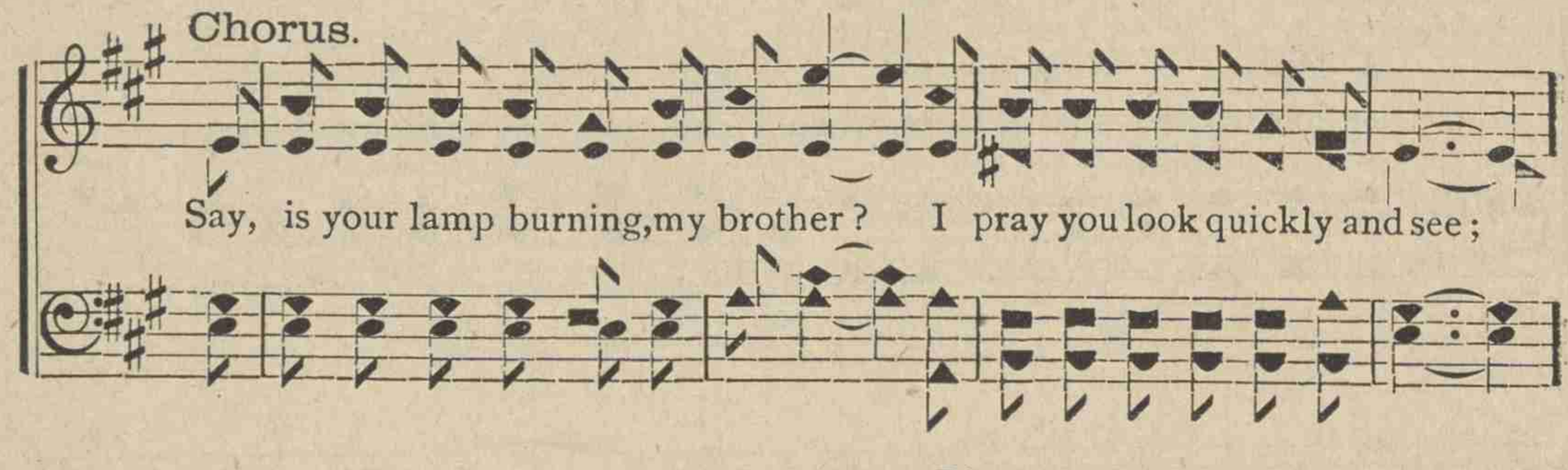
1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see:
2. Upon the dark mountains they stumble, They fall and are read- y to die
3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should stead-i - ly blaze in a line,

For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.
They're pleading with pitiful voi- ces, For light and sal-va-tion they cry.
Wide o- ver the land and the o - cean, What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine!

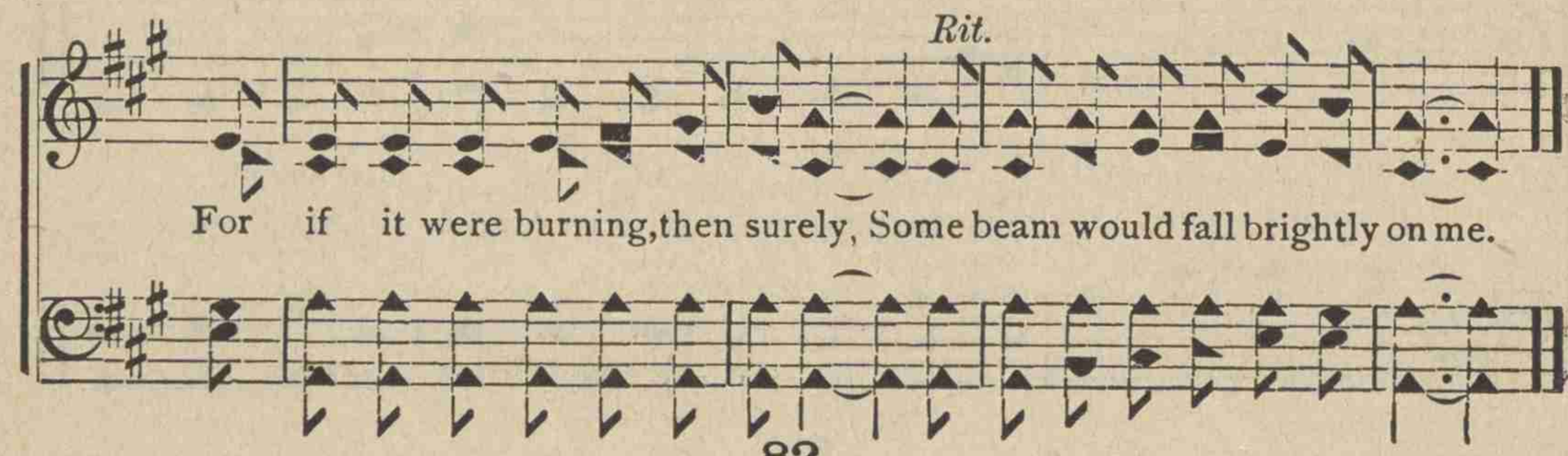
There are ma- ny and ma-ny around you, Who follow wherev-er you go,—
There is ma- ny a lamp that is lighted— We behold them a-near and a - far—
How all the dark places would brighten, How the mist would roll up and away,



If you tho't that they walk'd in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
But not ma-ny among them, my brother, Shines steadi - ly on like a star.
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the mil-len- ni-um day.



Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;



For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.

No. 106. Now Just A Word for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Now just a word for Je - sus! Fear not to tes - ti - fy!
2. Now just a word for Je - sus! Tell what He's done for you!
3. Now just a word for Je - sus! The sac - ri - fice for sin!
4. Now just a word for Je - sus! His grace will make you strong!

If you are weak and tim - id, He will that word sup - ply!
Re - peat the old, old sto - ry—The sto - ry ev - er new!
He makes the con - trite sin - ner As white as snow with - in!
And He, at last, will own you Be - fore the an - gel throng!

Refrain.

A word, a word, a word, a word, Now just a word for Je - sus;
Now just a word, now just a word, Now just a word for Je - sus,

A word, a word, a word, a word, Oh, speak a word for Je - sus!
Now just a word, now just a word, Oh, speak a word for Je - sus!

No. 107. Will You Meet Me?

Old revival Song. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

3 Tell me, fathers, will you meet me, etc.
On Canaan's happy shore?

4 Tell me, mothers will you meet me, etc.
On Canaan's happy shore?

5 Tell me, Christians will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore? [etc.

6 Tell me, converts, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore? [etc.

7 Tell me, mourners, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore? [etc.

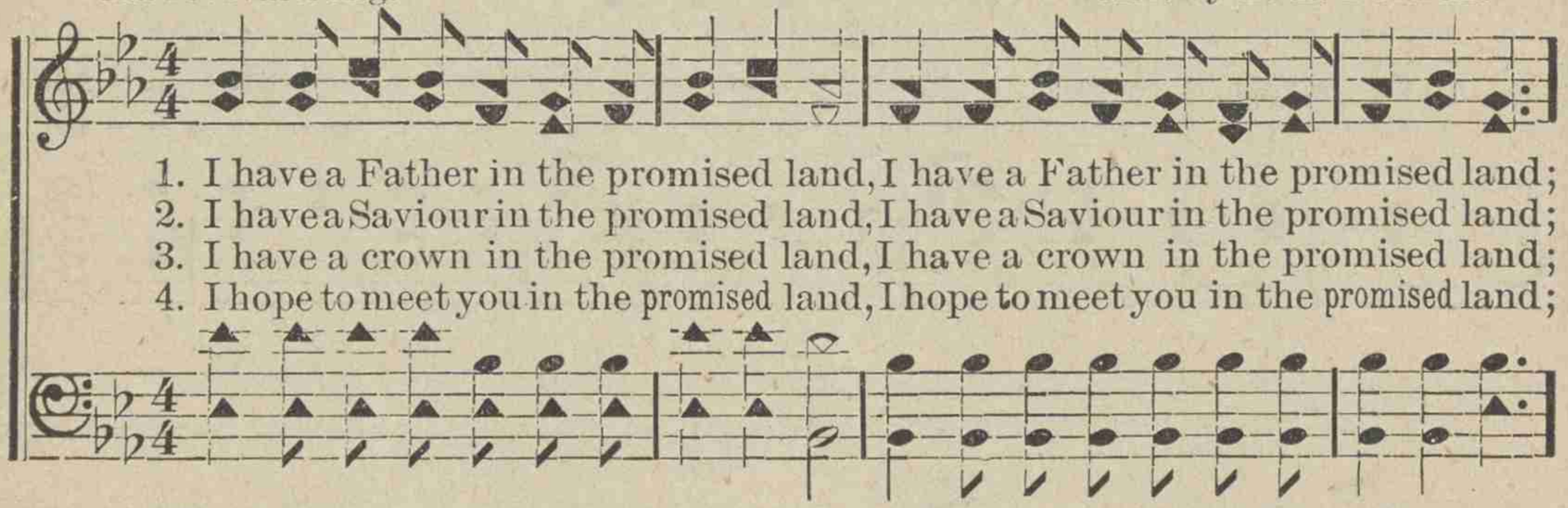
8 Tell me, sinner, will you meet me, etc.
On Canaan's happy shore?

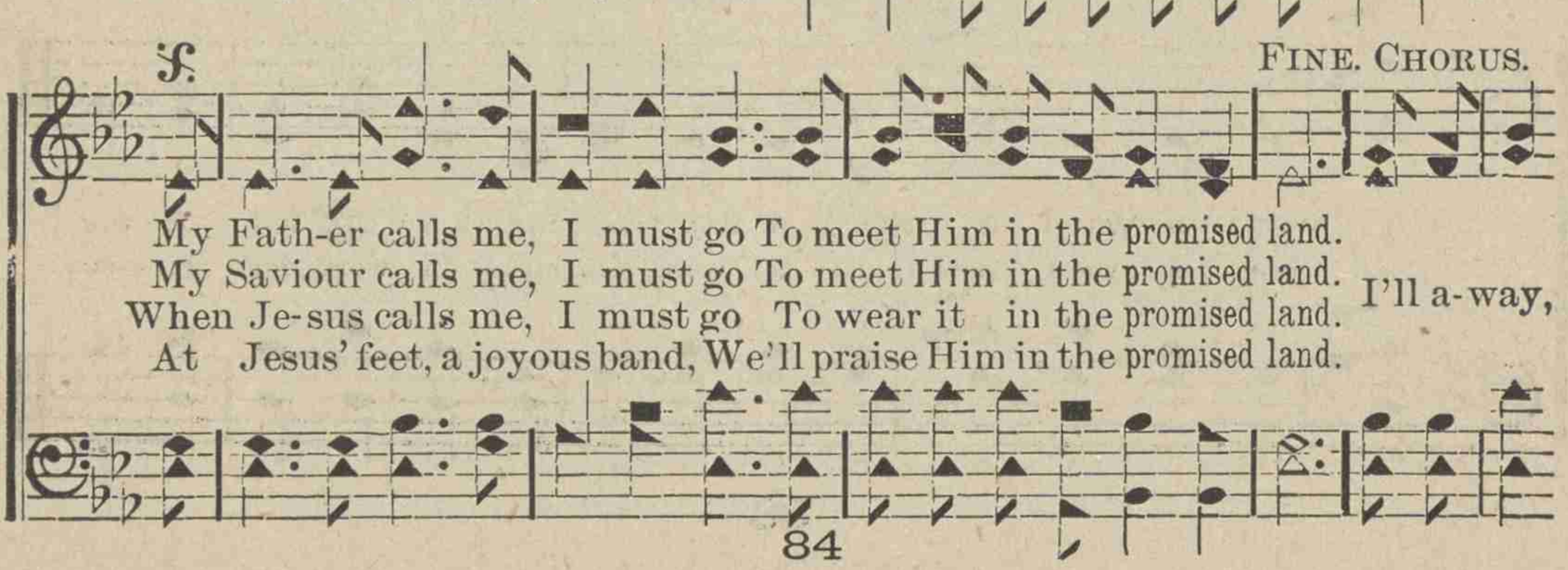
9 He'll forgive you, if you ask Him, etc.
In earnest faith and prayer.

Ans.—Then I promise I will meet you, etc.
On Canaan's happy shore.

No. 108. The Promised Land.

Old revival Song. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.





The Promised Land.—Concluded.

No. 109. I am Bound for the Promised Land.

DEUTERONOMY. 34: 1-4

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 110. When the Last Roll is Called. *

Words selected by Rev. N. D. CRAWFORD. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

2 Bright angels beckon me away, etc.
To sing God's praise in endless day, etc.

3 I have some friends before me gone, etc.
And I'm resolved to follow on, etc.

4 If you get there before I do, etc.
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too, etc.

5 Oh, what a happy time 'twill be, etc.
When I my friends in heaven shall see, etc.

6 My suffering time will soon be o'er, etc.
When I shall sigh and weep no more, etc.

7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand, etc.
To meet you in that happy land, etc.

8 I never shall forget that day, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.

9 When Jesus took my sins away, etc.
I thought my soul would fly away, etc.

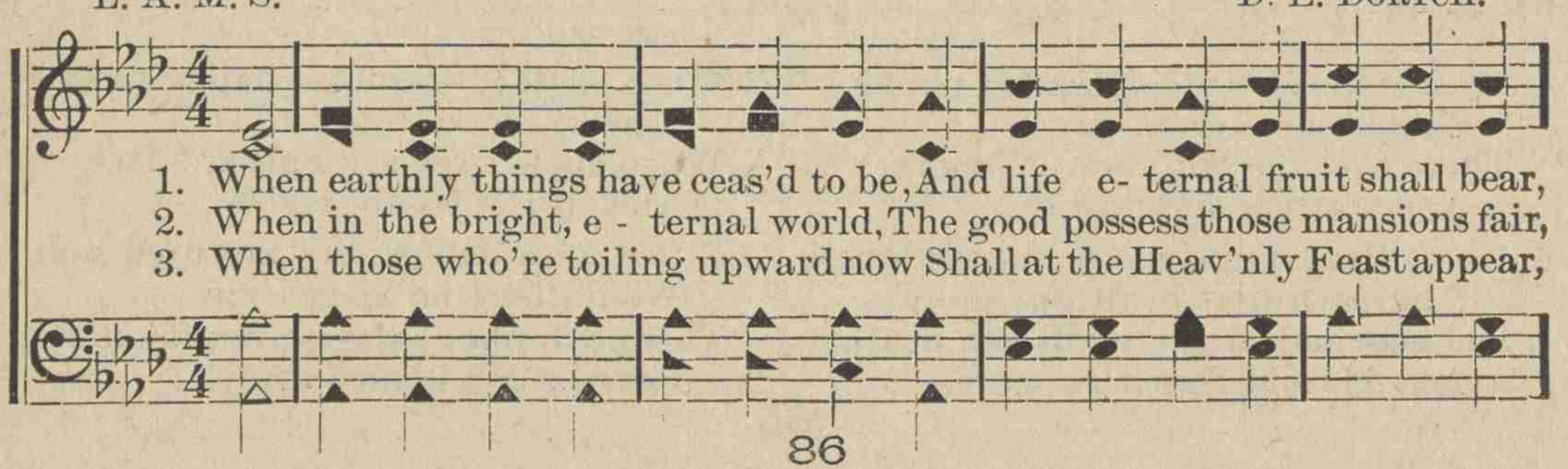
10 I love my Saviour, yes, I do, etc.
And, sinner, you may love him, too, etc.

11 If you will now in Christ believe, etc.
A gracious blessing you'll receive, etc.

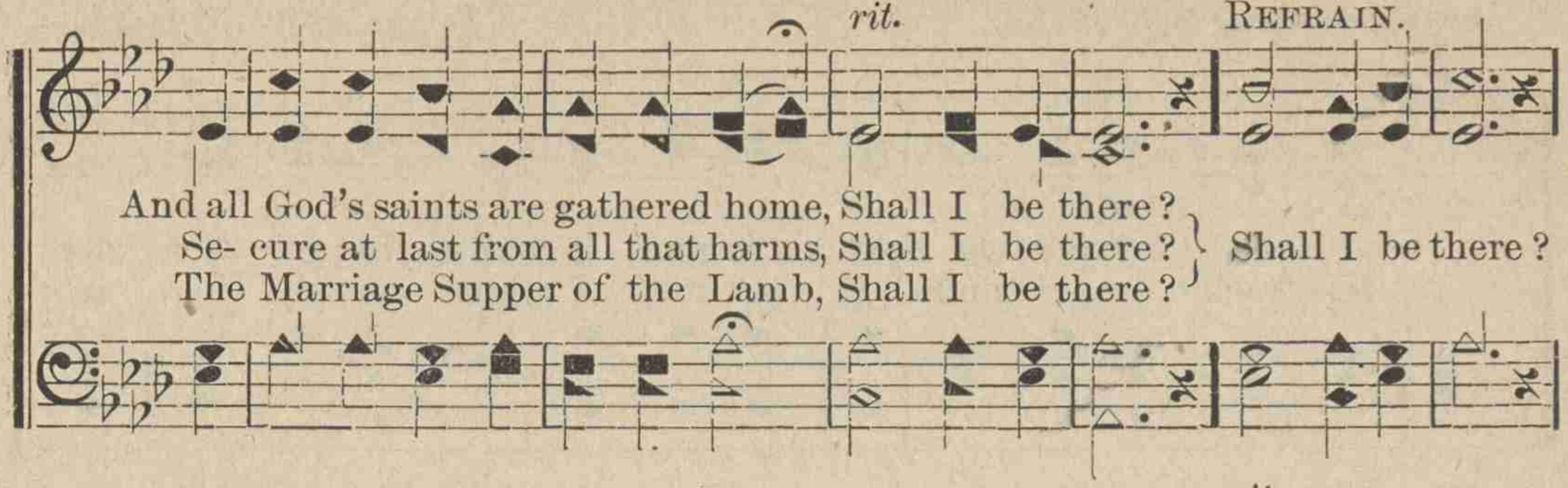
* A soldier, wounded during our last war, lay dying in his cot. Suddenly the death-like stillness of the room was broken by the cry, "Here! Here!" which burst from the lips of the dying man. Friends rushed to the spot, and asked what he wanted, "*Hark!*" he said, *they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name.* In a few moments once more he whispered "Here!" and passed into the presence of the King.—D. L. MOODY.

No. 111. Shall I Be There?

L. A. M. S. D. E. DORTCH.



Shall I Be There?—Concluded.

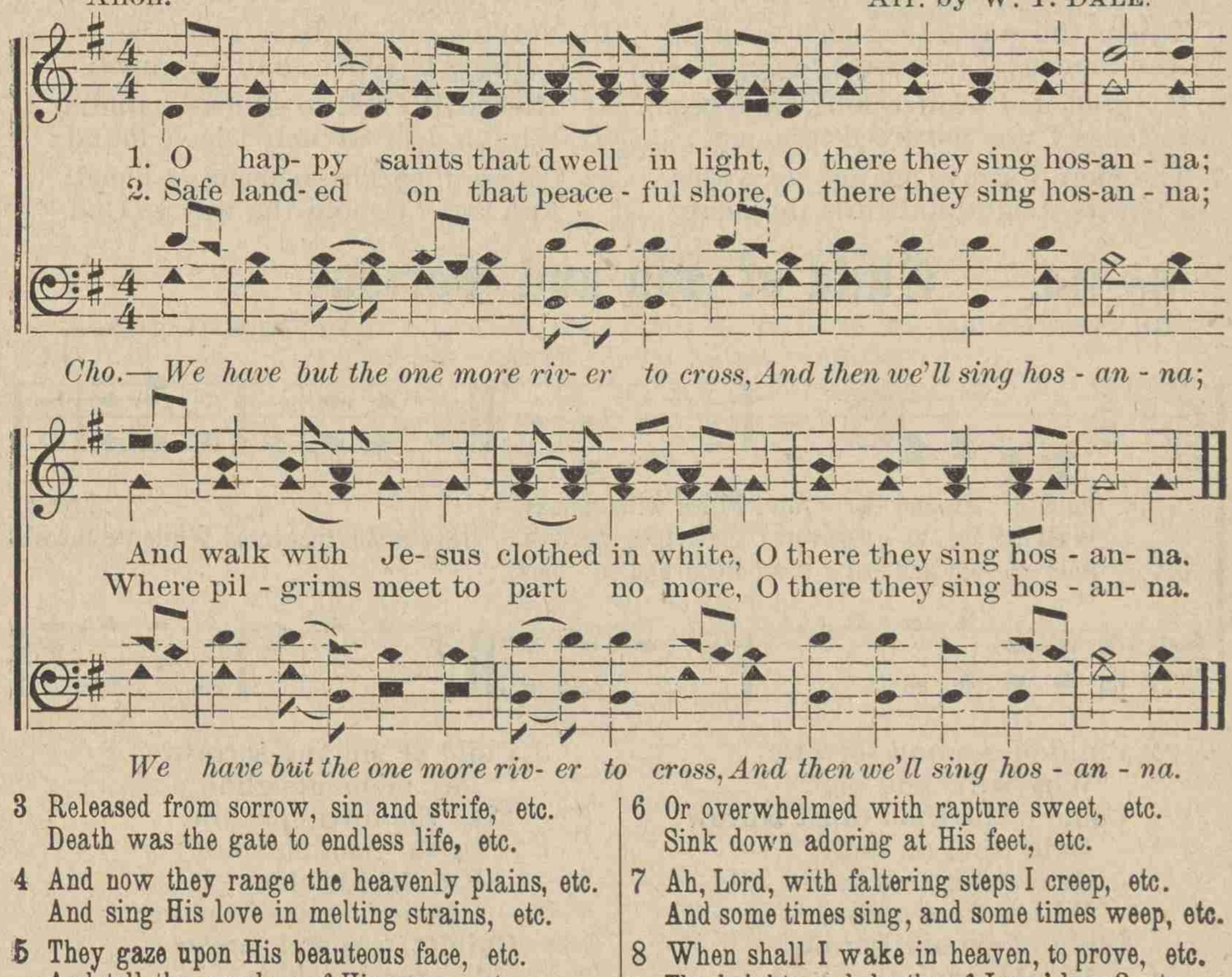


4 When close around the Saviour's seat,
The saints are gath'ring ev'rywhere
To cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,
Shall I be there?

5 When drawing near the glorious throne
The bright, angelic hosts appear
To join in one glad burst of praise,
Shall I be there?

No. 112. But One more River to Cross.

Anon. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



3 Released from sorrow, sin and strife, etc.
Death was the gate to endless life, etc.

4 And now they range the heavenly plains, etc.
And sing His love in melting strains, etc.

5 They gaze upon His beauteous face, etc.
And tell the wonders of His grace, etc.

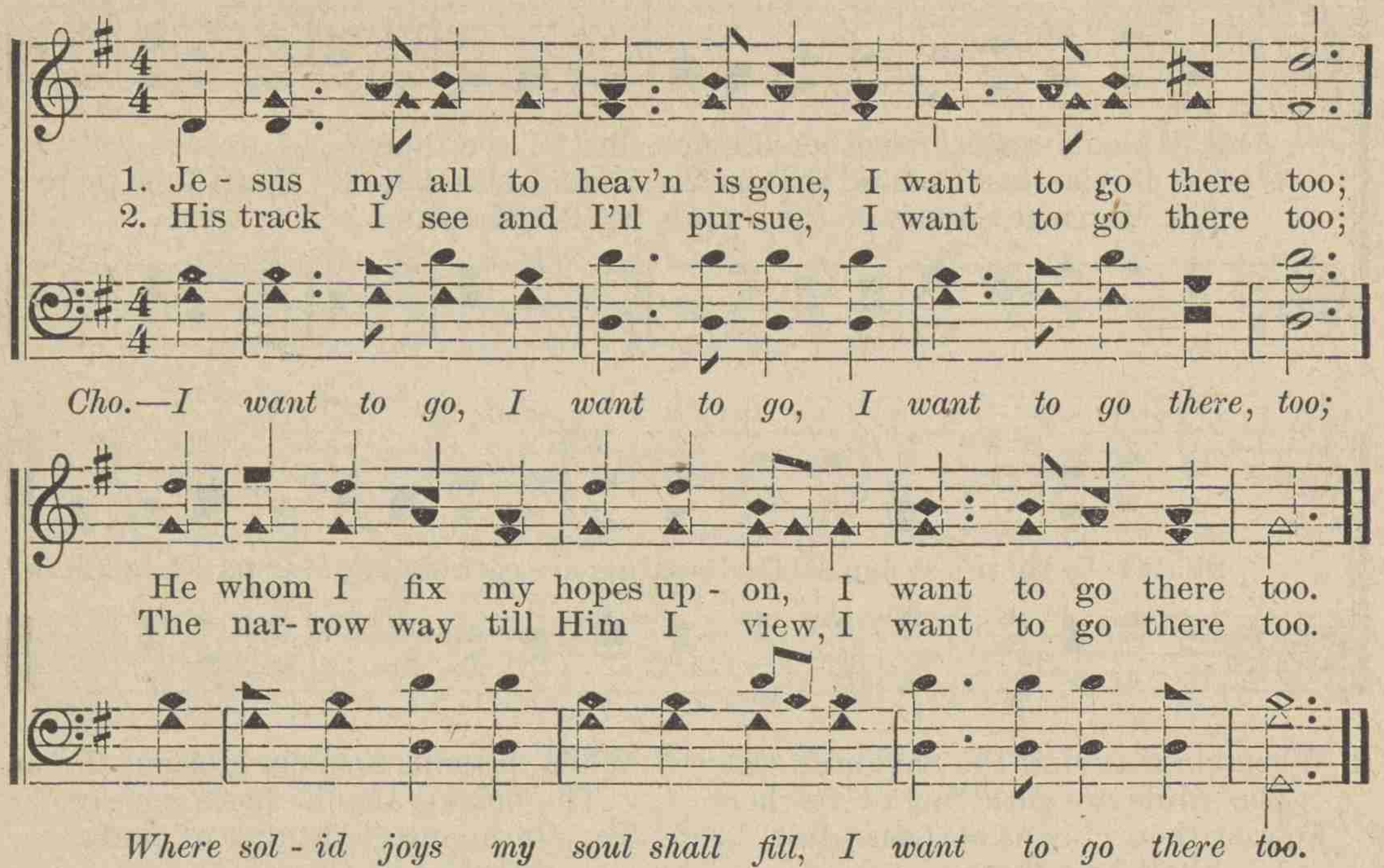
6 Or overwhelmed with rapture sweet, etc.
Sink down adoring at His feet, etc.

7 Ah, Lord, with faltering steps I creep, etc.
And some times sing, and some times weep, etc.

8 When shall I wake in heaven, to prove, etc.
The heights and depths of Jesus' love? etc.

No. 113. I Want to go There too.

JOHN CENNICK, of England. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



3 The way the holy prophets went, etc.
The road that leads from banishment,

4 The Kings highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,

5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned, because I found it not,

6 My grief and burden long have been,
Because I was not freed from sin,

7 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more:

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say:
"Come hither, soul, I am the way;

9 Lo! glad I come, and Thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am

10 Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive;

11 Then will I tell to sinners round;
What a dear Saviour I have found;

12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood;
And say, "Behold the way to God."

No. 114. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

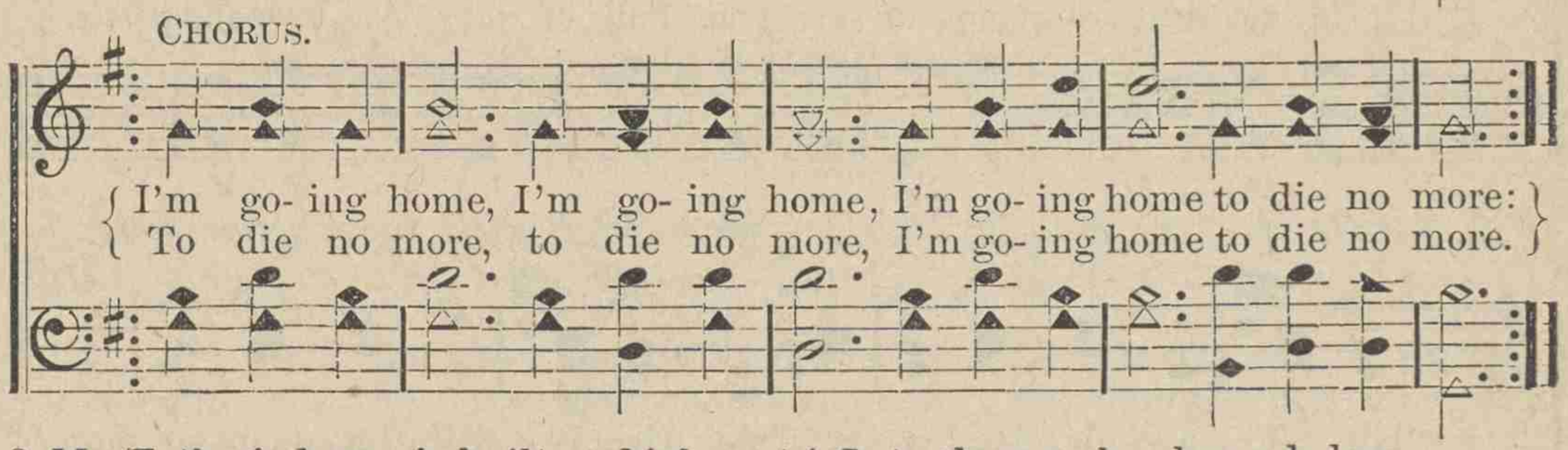
Dr. THOS. H. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow
Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
Or th' rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow
In Christ confide.

No. 115. I'm Going Home. L. M.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. D. D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



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 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves around me foam;
And tho' like Laz'rus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or floods o'er-flow,
Be mine the happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavely mansion stands for me.

No. 116 The Road to Heaven.

TUNE,—"I'M GOING HOME."

1 The road to heaven by Christ was made,
Of gospel truths the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven this line extends,
To life eternal where it ends.

CHORUS.—We're traveling home, we're traveling home,
We're traveling home to heaven above,
We're traveling home to heaven above,
To sing a Saviour's dying love.

2 The Bible is the Engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear-
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It doth the way to glory steer.

3 The Spirit's fire, as true as steel,
Which drives the engine and the wheel;
All you, who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

4 Come on poor sinners—now's the time!
At any station on this line,
If you'll repent, and turn from sin,
This train will stop, and take you in.

5 And when we reach that happy land,
There we shall meet at God's right hand;
When on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll ride this earthly train no more.

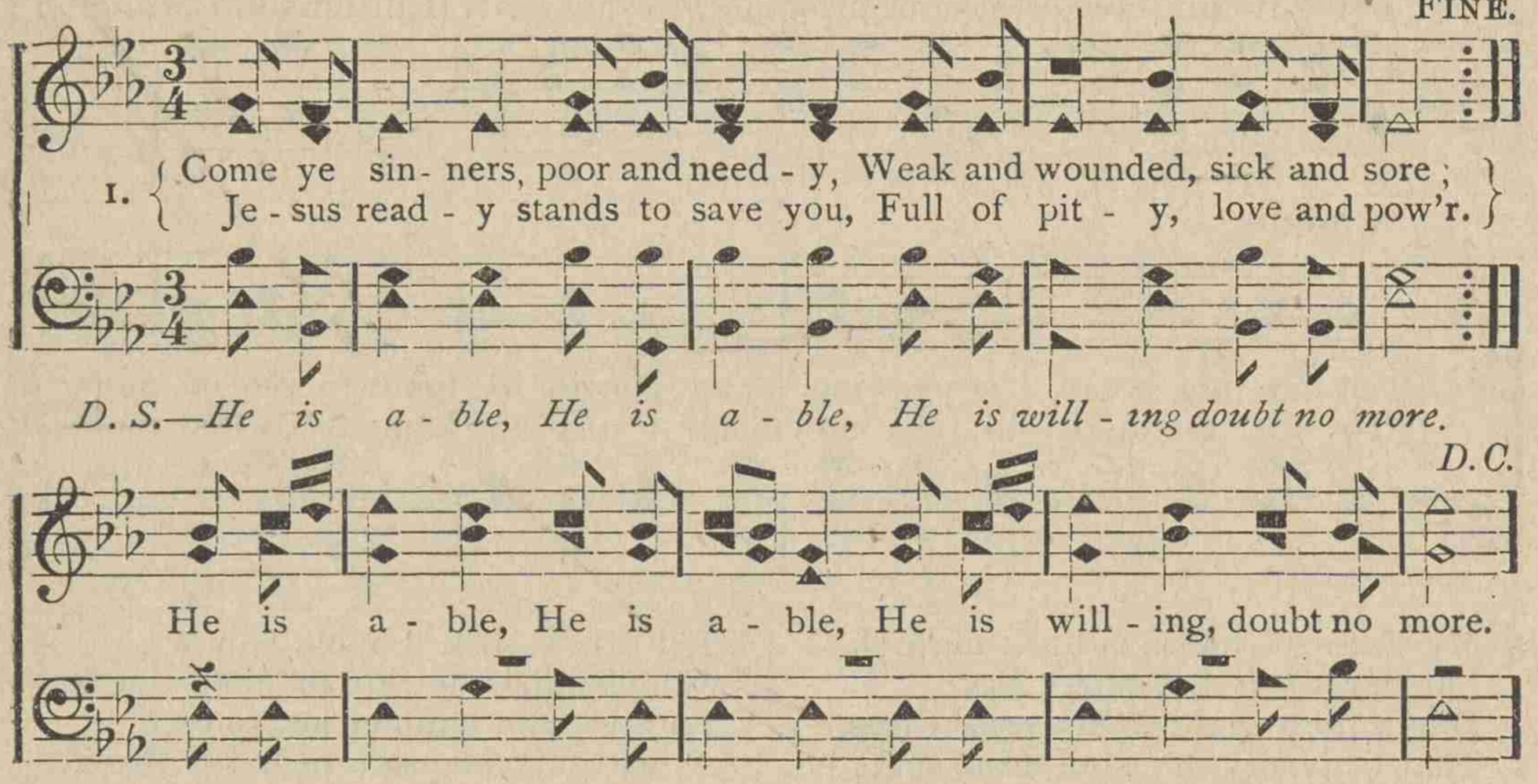
PART III.

HYMNS OF WARNING AND INVITATION.

No. 117. Come ye Sinners. 8s. & 7s.

Rev. JOSEPH HART, 1759. Matt. 11 : 28. Old Melody.

FINE.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you :
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 118. Come to Jesus just Now.

English Melody.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 He is waiting, etc.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 If you trust Him, etc.
9 Oh, believe Him, etc.
10 Do not tarry, etc.
11 Don't reject Him, etc.
12 Hallelujah, etc.

No. 119. Oh, Why Not To-Night?

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. J. Calvin Bushey.

From "Songs for All," by per.

No. 120. I'm Praying for You

"Evening and morning, and noon will I pray."—Psa. 55: 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

2.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3.

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in bright-ness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4.

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew:
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, [too,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

No. 121. No Room in Heaven.

"The door was shut.—Matt. 25: 10.

W. O. CUSHING. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hope-less and un - for - giv- en,
2. How sad it would be, the har-vest all past, The bright summer days all o - ver;
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mer- cy is near, Re - member the love that He gave you;

The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate, Should answer, No room in heaven.
To know that the reap-ers had gath- er'd the grain, And left thee a - lone for - ev- er.
The love that hath sought thee is seek- ing thee still, And Je- sus now waits to save you.

REFRAIN.

Sad, sad, sad would it be!
No room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!

Slow and Soft.

No room, no room No room in heaven for thee!

No. 122. Jesus of Nazareth.

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

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL. E. HANKS.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

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

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

No. 123. The Way, Truth, Life.

D. E D. John 14: 6. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Would you have your path all shining bright, Would you shun the darkness
2. Would you know His will concerning you, Would you know the things that
3. Would you live in peace while here be - low, Would you shun the life that

of the night, Would you dwell in that e - ter - nal light-
you should do, Would you know His word and love Him too-
vex - es so, Would you live in heav'n, to glo - ry go-

CHORUS.

Je- sus is the Way, Je- sus is the Way.
Je- sus is the Truth, Je- sus is the Truth.
Je- sus is the Life, Je- sus is the Life.
} Then re - ceive Him,

Oh, believe Him, He will save you now, save you now;
} Won't you hear Him
Don't re- ject Him,
Don't forsake Him,

and re - vere Him,
but re - spect Him,
won't you take Him?
} He will save you now, yes, save you now.

No. 124. Mighty to Save.

Isaiah 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. Todd. D. E. Dortch.

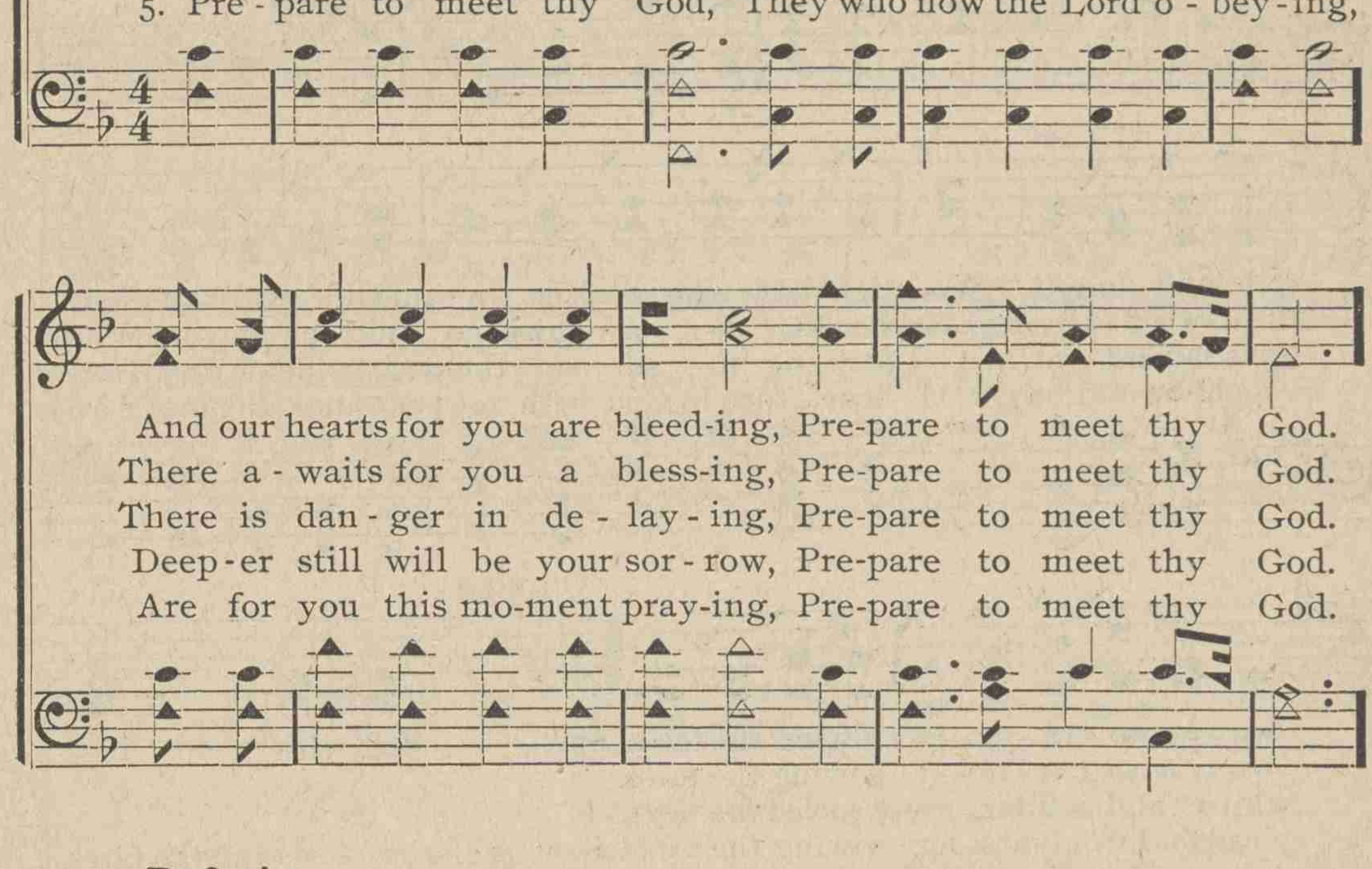
1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson plain? With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name, "I that saw Thy soul's dis-tress, A ran - som gave, A ran - som gave; I that speak in right - eous - ness, might-y to save."
2. O why is Thine ap - par- el With reeking gore all dyed? Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this blood-y tide? "I the winepress trod a- lone,' Neath dark'ning skies,' Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none, might-y to save.
3. O bleeding Lamb my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught Thine own arm brought Sal-va- tion in Thy name! "I the blood- y fight have won, Con- quered the grave, Gonquered the grave, Now the year of joy has come, might-y to save.

Might-y to save, mighty to save, to save, mighty, yes, mighty to save, to save, Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, might-y to save.

No. 125. Prepare to meet thy God.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

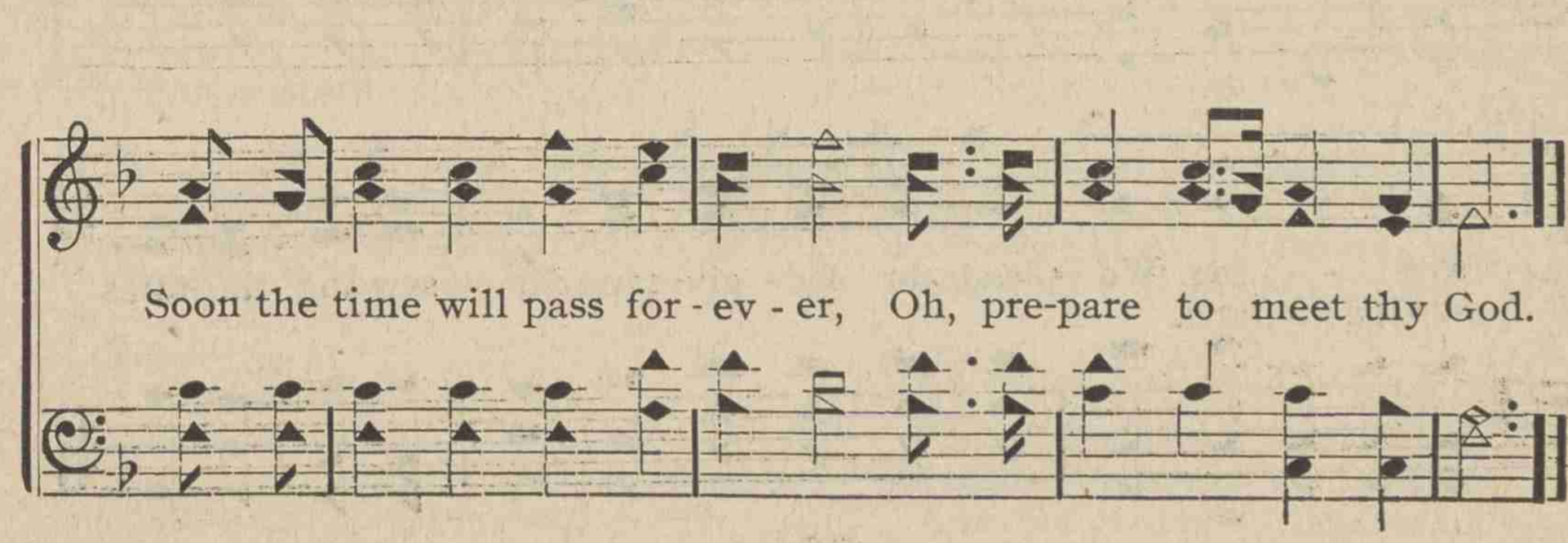
1. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Je - sus now with you is pleading,
2. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Come, with all your sins con-fess-ing,
3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Sin-ner, will you cease your straying?
4. Pre - pare to meet thy God, If you tar - ry till to - morrow,
5. Pre - pare to meet thy God, They who now the Lord o - bey - ing,



And our hearts for you are bleed-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There a - waits for you a bless-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Deep - er still will be your sor - row, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Are for you this mo-ment pray-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.

Refrain.

Pre - pare, pre - pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God,
Pre - pare to meet, to meet thy God, Pre-pare to meet, to meet thy God,



Soon the time will pass for - ev - er, Oh, pre-pare to meet thy God.

No. 126. Sowing the Tares.

"Be not decieved: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

Words by a "Convict." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sow-ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sowing of mal - ice,
2. Sow-ing the tares how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares that brings sor- row down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow-ing the tares under cov-er of night, Which might have been wheat, all

spite and de-ceit, We might have sown ros - es a - mid life's sad cares, While
life's sweetest hymn; And heeding no an - guish, no piteous prayers, While
life's fair-est crown; And turn-ing to sil - ver the once golden hairs, Grown
gold-en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re- pent-ance and pray'r And

CHORUS.

we were so cru - el - ly sowing the tares. Sow - ing, sow - ing,
we were so cru - el - ly sowing the tares.
whit-er and whiter, as we sowed the tares.
plead for for- givness for sowing the tares. Sowing the tares, sowing the tares,

We hum- bly re - pent for sow- ing the tares, sow - ing,
sow- ing the tares

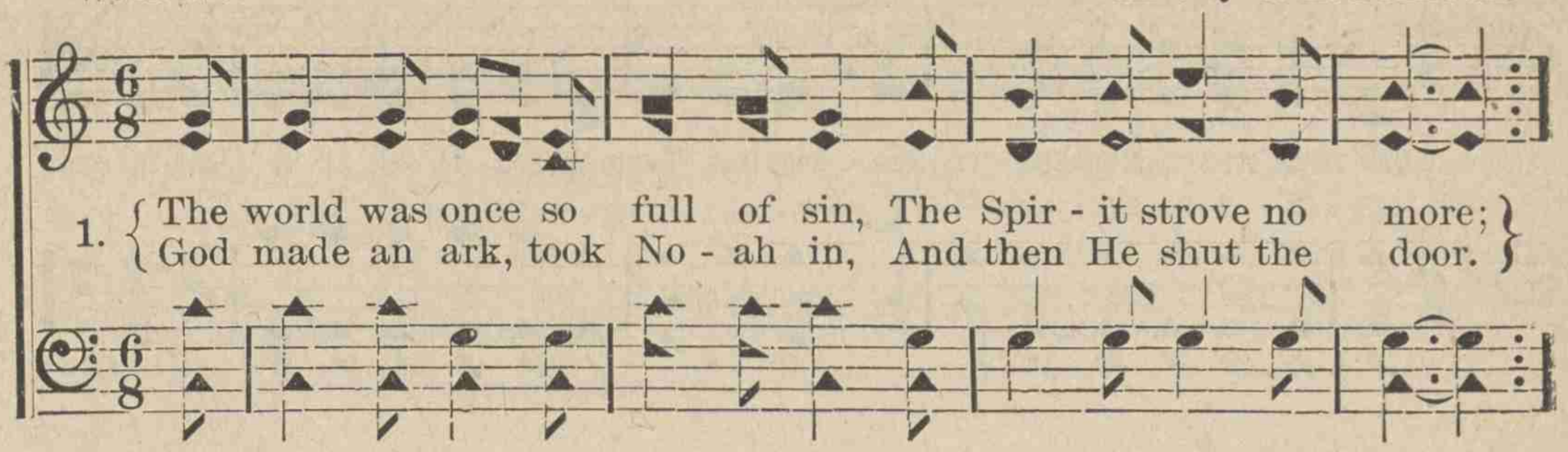
sow - ing, We plead for for - giv- ness for sow-ing the tares.
sowing the tares,

No. 127. God will shut the Door.

"And the Lord shut him in."—GEN. 7: 16.

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS.
Arr. by C. E. POLLOCK.



REFRAIN.

2 And still the loving Saviour pleads,
For you whose sins He bore,
In heaven to-day He intercedes,
But soon will shut the door.

REF.—
But soon will shut the door,
But soon will shut the door,
In heaven to-day, He intercedes,
But soon will shut the door.

3 What if thy God take vengeance soon,
And thee to dust restore,
And ere the sun has reached its noon,
Arise and shut the door.

REF.—
Arise and shut the door,
Arise and shut the door,
And ere the sun has reached its noon,
Arise and shut the door.

4 O trav'ler to eternity,
Thy life will soon be o'er,
O what were all the world to thee,
If God should shut the door?

REF.—
If God should shut the door,
If God should shut the door,
O what were all the world to thee,
If God should shut the door.

5 Thy day of grace is passing by,
Thy spirit soon will soar,
Up to the judgment seat on high,
And God will shut the door.

REF.—
And God will shut the door,
And God will shut the door.
Up to the judgment seat on high,
And God will shut the door.

No. 128. The Door was Shut.

"And the door was shut."—MATT. 25: 10.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

CHORUS.

2 The people who lived before the flood,
Were warned and entreated to turn to God,
But still they refused and died in sin,
While the Lord shut Noah in

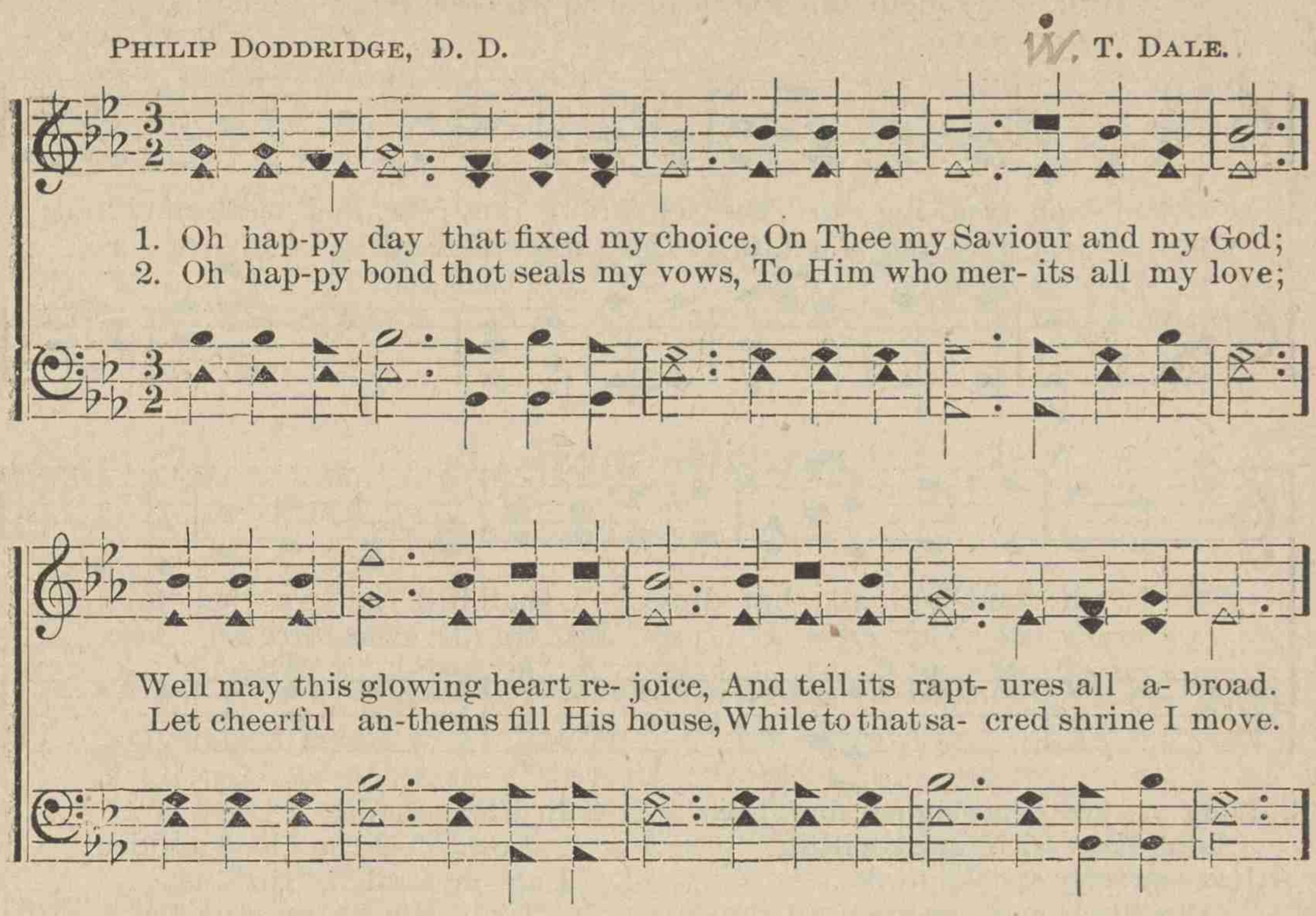
3 The people who lived in the days of Lot,
The angels did warn but they heeded not,
Till God from heaven did reign the fire,
And they died in His awful ire.

4 And thus it will be when the Lord shall come,
To gather His people and take them home;
Then sinners will stand in utter dismay,
Turned away from the gates of day.

5 This gate has stood open for ages long,
And sinners were welcomed with feast and song;
But now it is closed forevermore,
For the Lord has shut the door.

No. 131. Happy Day. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. W. T. DALE.



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

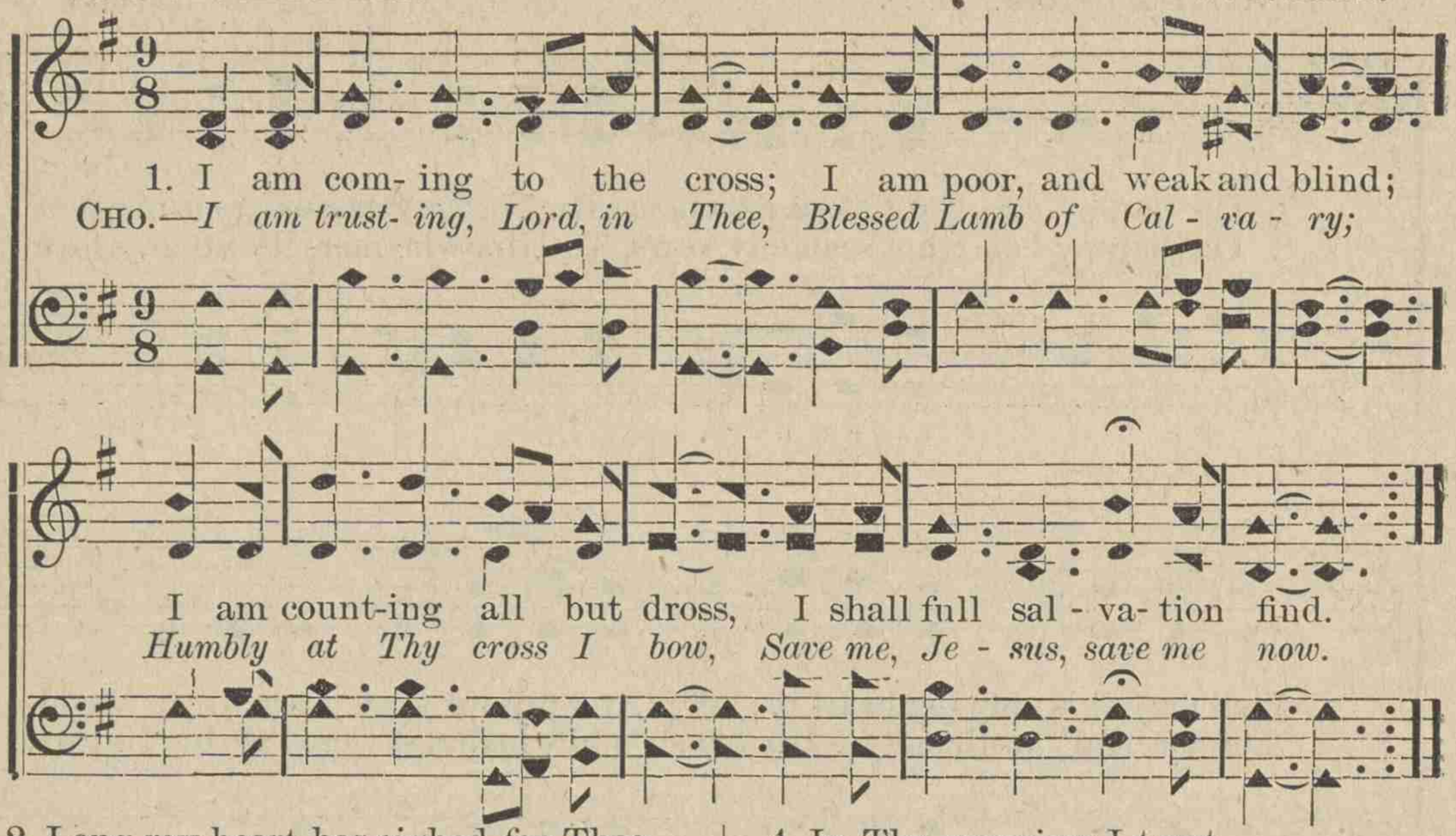
4 Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Here have I found the better part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my heart.

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

No. 132. Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. W. T. Dale.



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

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

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

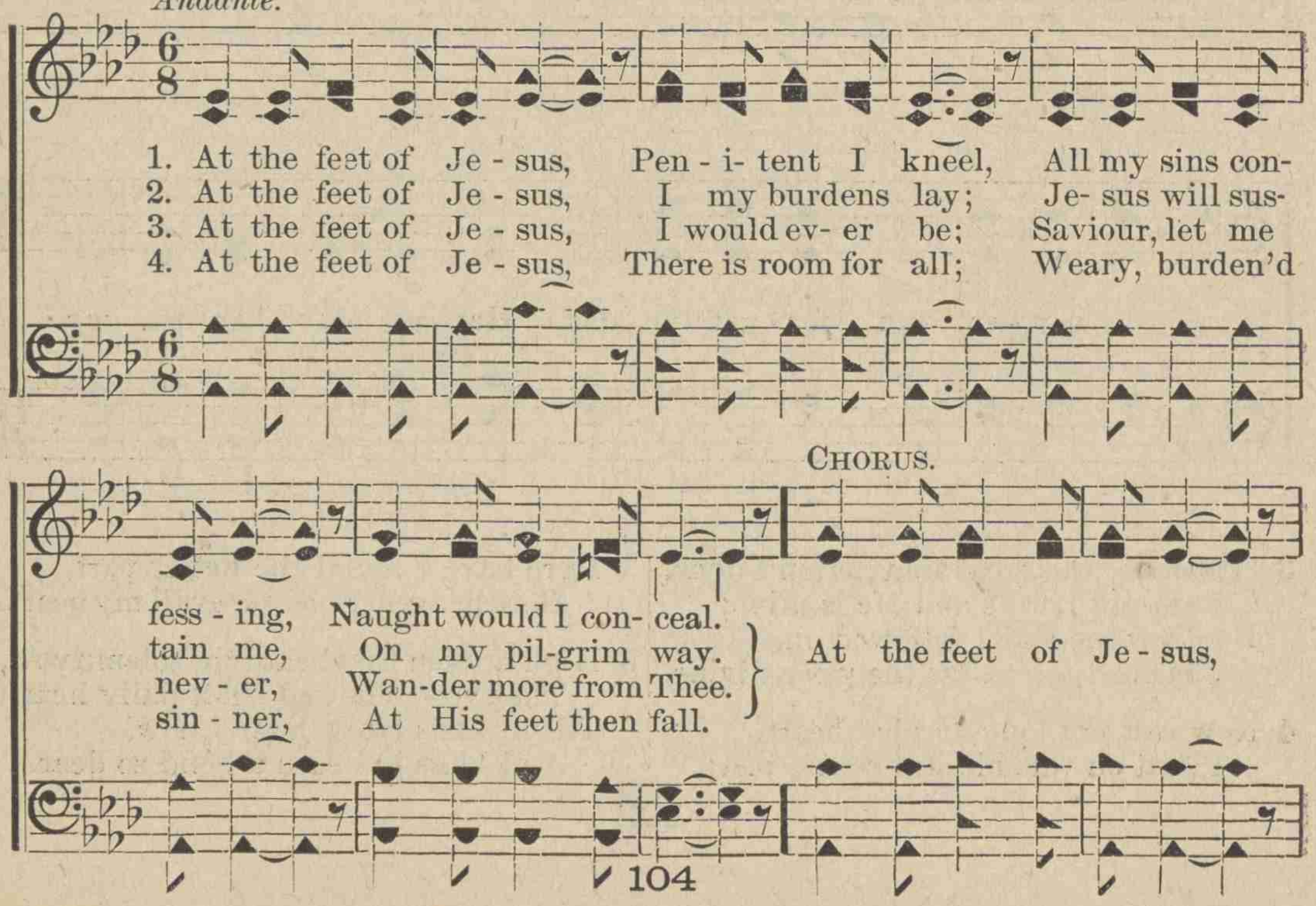
5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 133. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Sitting at the feet of Jesus."—Luke 8: 35.

C. E. P. Chas. Edw. Pollock, by per.

Andante.



At the Feet of Jesus. Concluded.

No. 134. I Now Believe.

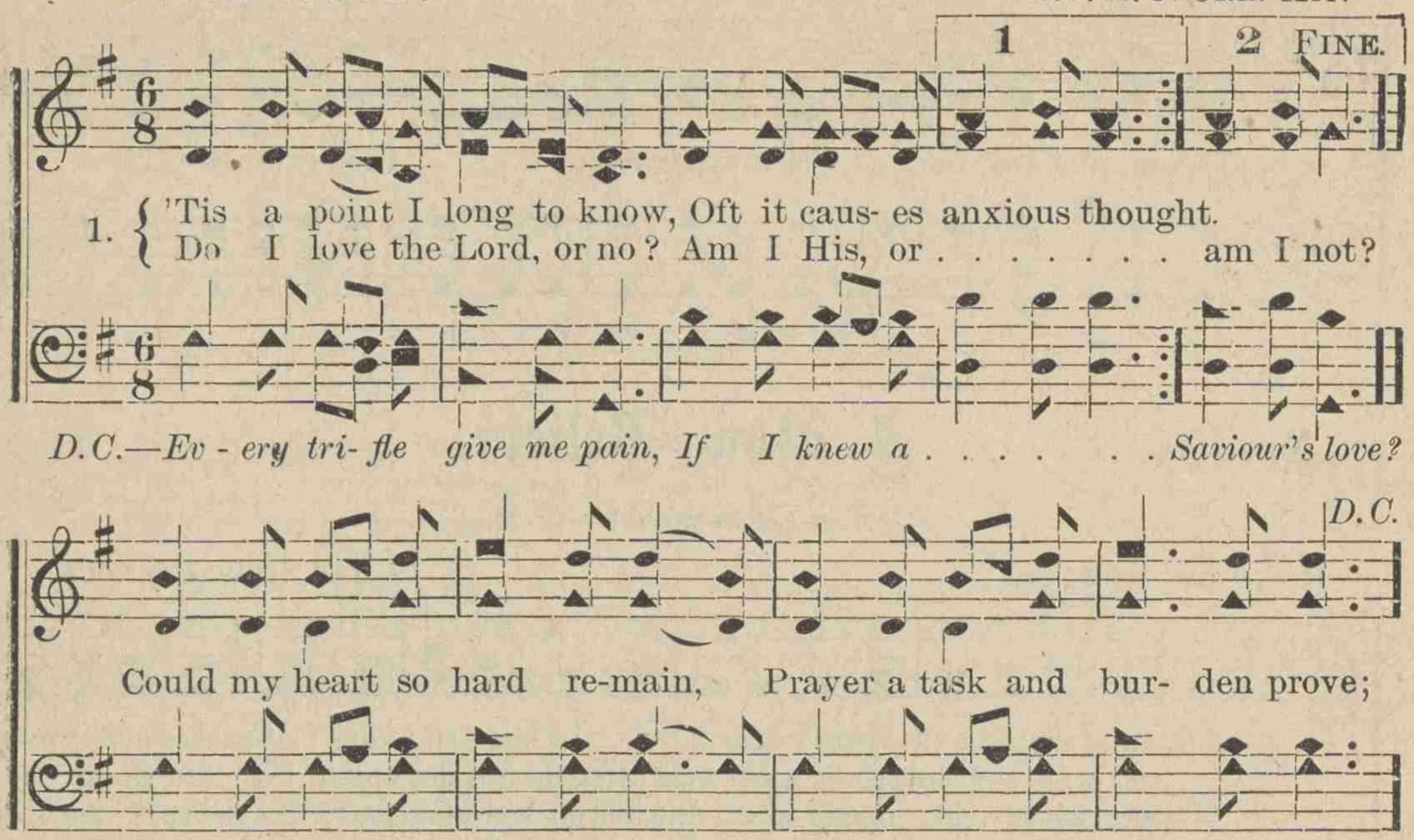
"Lord, I believe."— 9: 24.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 135. 'Tis A Point. 7s.

"Lovest thou me?"—John. 21: 16.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. Rev. R. J. ORR. Arr.



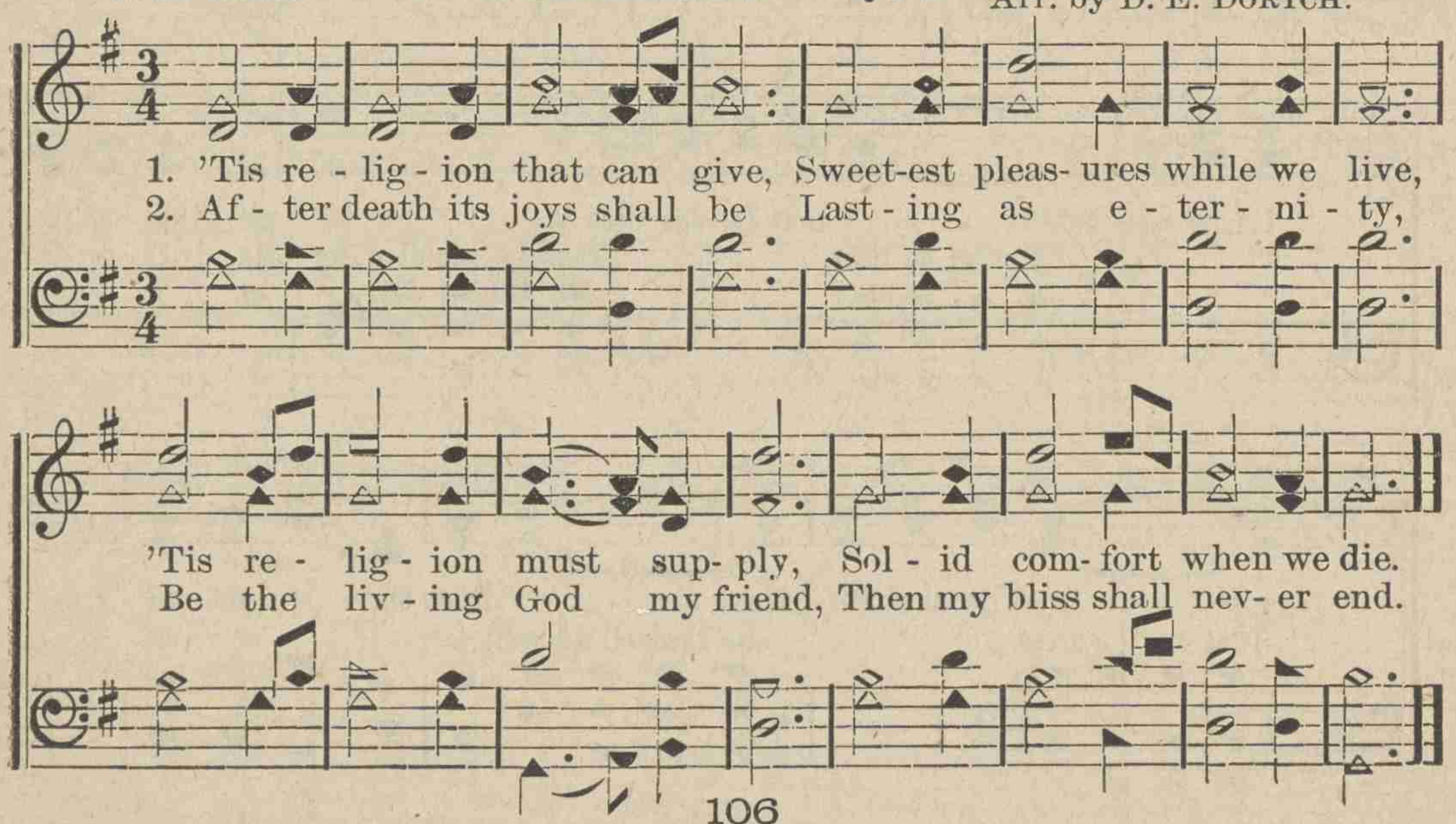
2 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is found with all I do:
Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
View my sin with grief and shame,
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love His name?
Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

4 Oh decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art Thy people's Sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If that work be yet begun:
Let me love Thee more and more,
Grant me, Lord, Thy heavenly ray,
Light and comfort now restore,
Lead me to eternal day.

No. 136. Ebenezer. 7s.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



No. 137. I Left it All with Jesus Long Ago.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. I left it all with Je - sus long a - go, long a - go, All my
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows, How to
3. I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day, day by day, Faith can
4. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, drooping soul! drooping soul! Tell not

sins I brought Him and my woe, and my woe; When by faith I saw Him
steal the bitter from life's woes, from life's woes; How to gild the tear- drop
firmly trust Him come what may, come what may; Hope has dropp'd her anchor
half thy sto- ry but the whole, but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging

cres.

on the tree, Heard His still small whisper, "'tis for thee;" From my
with His smile, Make the des - ert gar- den bloom a - while; When my
found her rest, In the calm, sure hav- en of His breast; Love es -
on His hand, Life and death are wait-ing His command; Yet His

Rit. et dim.

heart the bur - den rolled a - way—Hap-py day, hap - py day.
weak-ness lean- eth on His might, All seems light, all seems light.
teems it heav- en to a - bide, At His side, at His side.
ten - der bos- om makes thee room, Oh, come home! Oh, come home!

No. 138. Shall I be Saved this Moment?

E. HANKS. E. HANKS.

1. Je- sus is knocking at my heart's door, Shall I be saved this moment?
2. Je- sus is pleading with me just now, Shall I be saved this moment?
3. Je- sus my Saviour, oh, take my heart, Shall I be saved this moment?
4. Now I am trusting, I feel the power, Yes I am saved this moment,

Gently He's knocking, has knocked before, Shall I be saved this moment?
I would re-ceive Him, oh, tell me how! Shall I be saved this moment?
Send me Thy Spir- it, Thy love im- part, Shall I be saved this moment?
Ev- er I'll trust Him, Yes, hour by hour, Yes, I am saved this moment.

REFRAIN.

Shall I be saved, ... Shall I be saved, ...
Yes, I am saved, ... Yes, I am saved, ...
Shall I be saved, Shall I be saved,
Yes, I am saved, Yes, I am saved,

Shall I be saved this moment? Shall I be saved just now?
Yes, I am saved this moment, Yes, I am saved just now.

5 Glory to Jesus, my soul is free,
Yes, I am saved this moment;
Visions of rapture by faith I see,
Yes, I am saved this moment.

6 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus' love,
Yes, I am saved this moment,
Some day He'll take me to heaven above,
Yes, I am saved this moment.

No. 139. Joy In Heaven.

"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 7.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Who can de- scribe the joys that rise, Thro' all the courts of par - a - dise, To see a prod- i - gal re- turn, To see an heir of
2. With joy the Fa- ther doth ap-prove, The fruit of His e - ter - nal love, The Son with joy looks down and sees, The purchase of His
3. The Spir- it takes de - light to view, The ho - ly soul He formed a - new, And saints and an- gels join to sing, The growing em-pire

CHORUS.

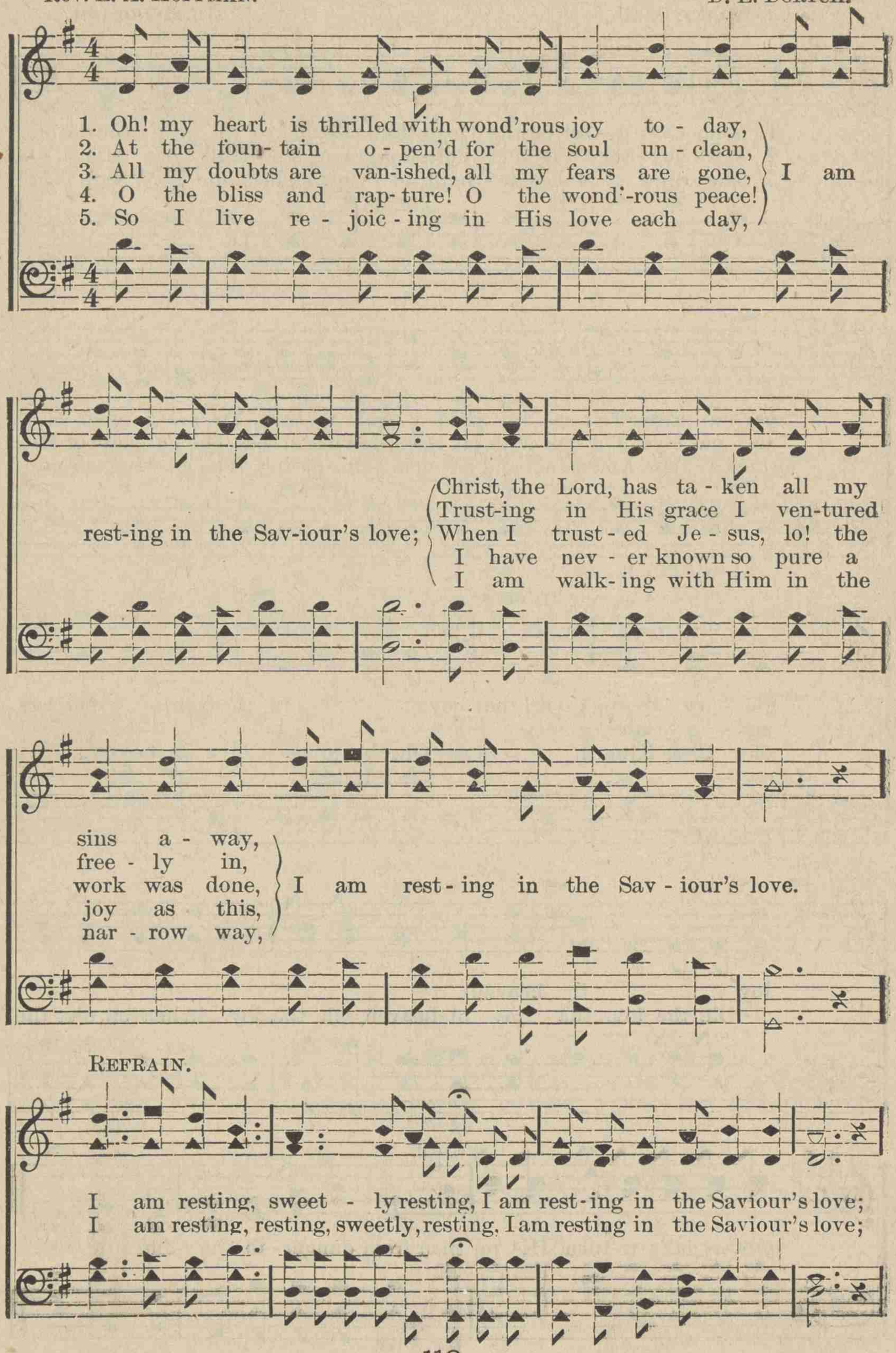
glo - ry born. } Oh, the joy in heaven, Oh, the
ag - o - nies. }
of their King. } Oh, the joy in heaven,

joy in heaven,
Oh, the joy, the joy in heaven, Oh, the joy in heaven, o'er the prod-i- gal's re-turn, His re- turn from danger to the fold of God.

No. 140. I am resting in the Saviour's love.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

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

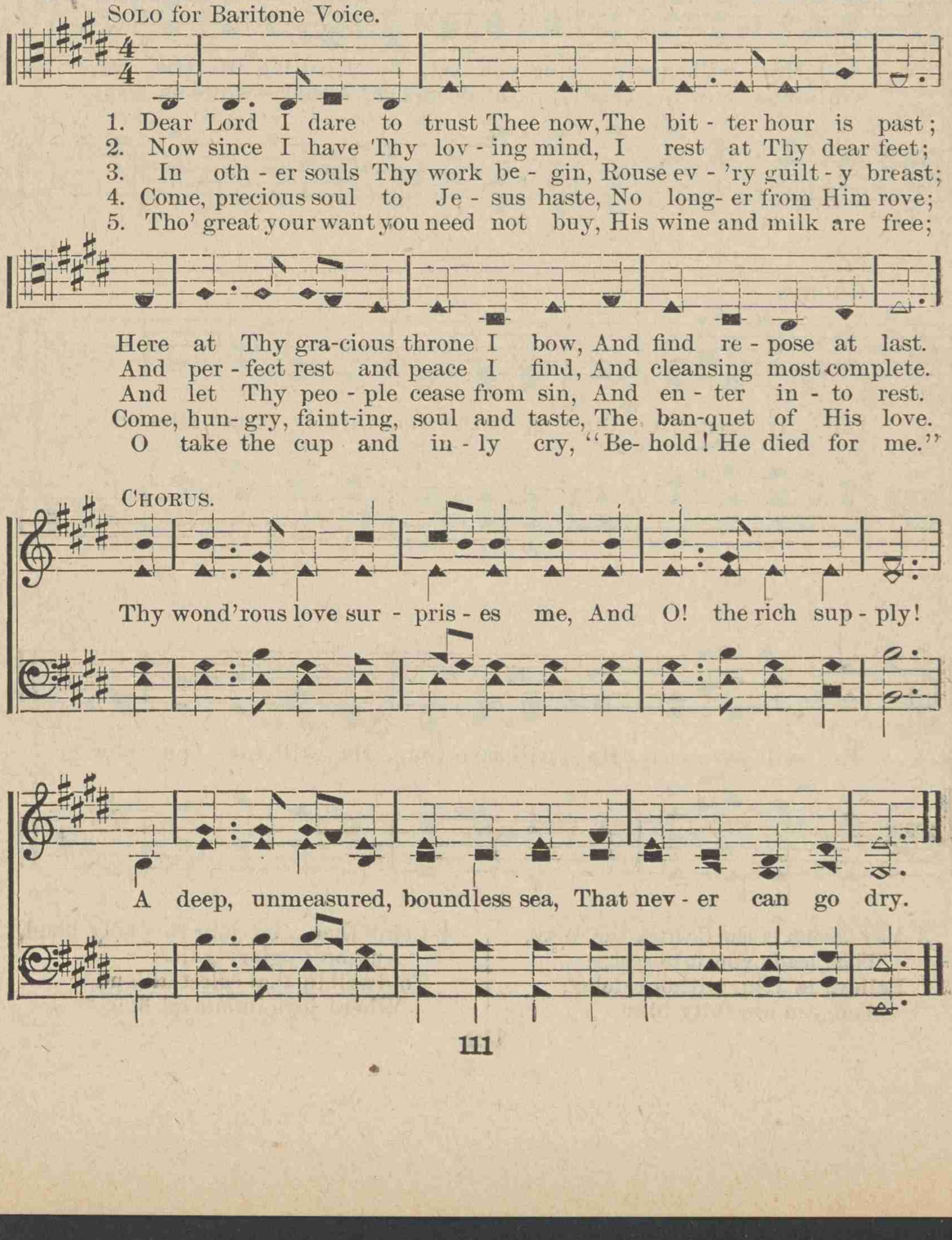


I am Resting, Etc. Concluded.

No. 141. Thy Wondrous Love Surprises Me.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

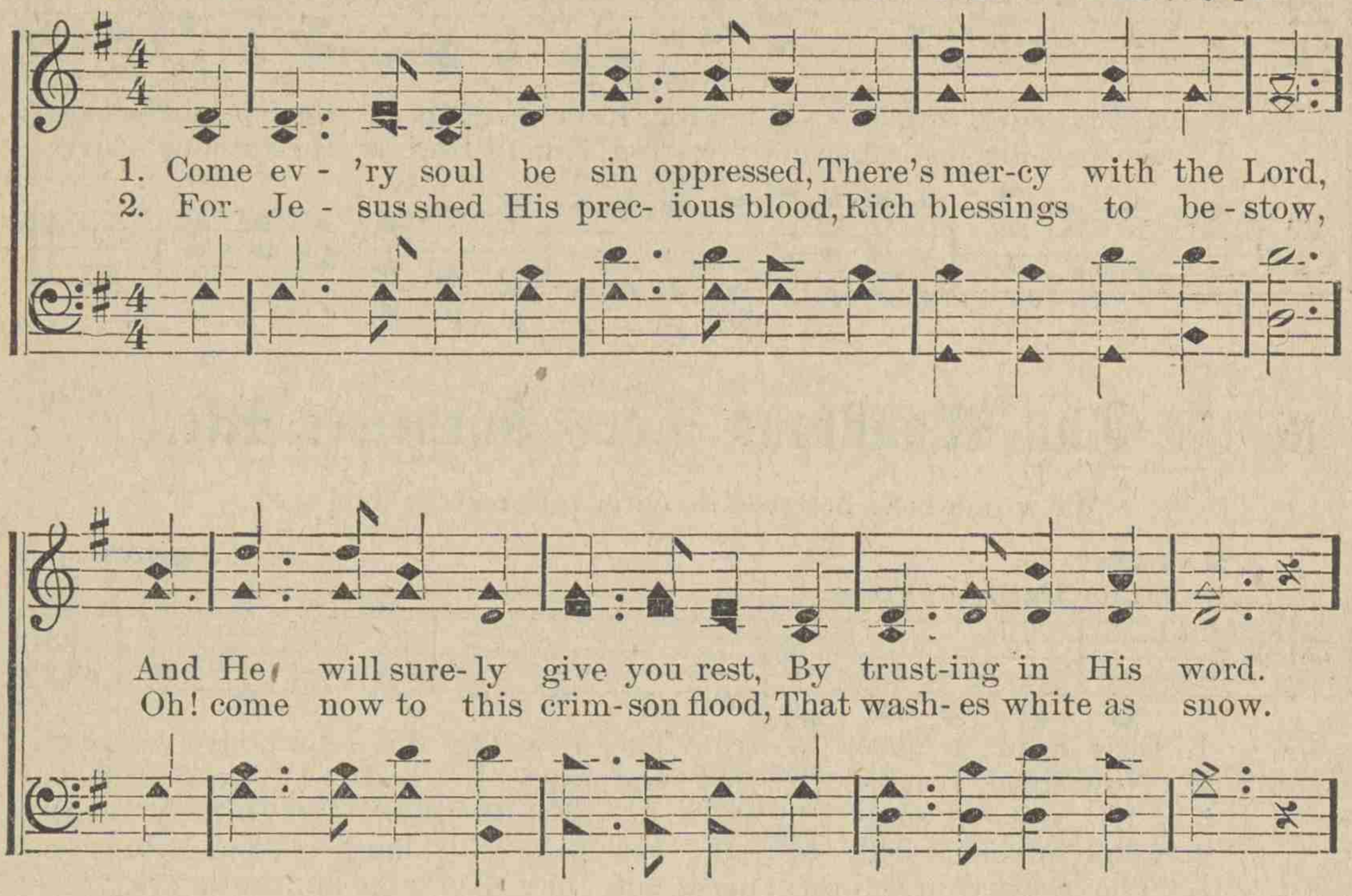
J. J. MAXWELL. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 142. Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

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



CHORUS.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 143. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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

EDGAR PAGE. J. H. TENNEY.

CHORUS.

3 Singing if my way be clear;
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger for Him call,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past;
Till within the Jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

From "Shining Light," by per.

No. 144. None of Self and All of Thee.

Words Arr. from MONOD. E. HANKS.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be, When I an - swered Je - sus
2. Yet, He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th'ac - curs - ed tree; And my wist - ful heart said
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free, Brought me low - er while I
4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last hath

proud- ly, "All of self and none of Thee." When I
faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee." And my
whis- pered, "Less of self and more of Thee." Brought me
con-quered, "None of self and all of Thee." Lord, Thy

an- swered Je - sus proud-ly, "All of self and none of Thee."
wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee."
love at last hath conquered, "None of self and all of Thee."

No. 145. All to Thee.

F R HAVERGALL. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

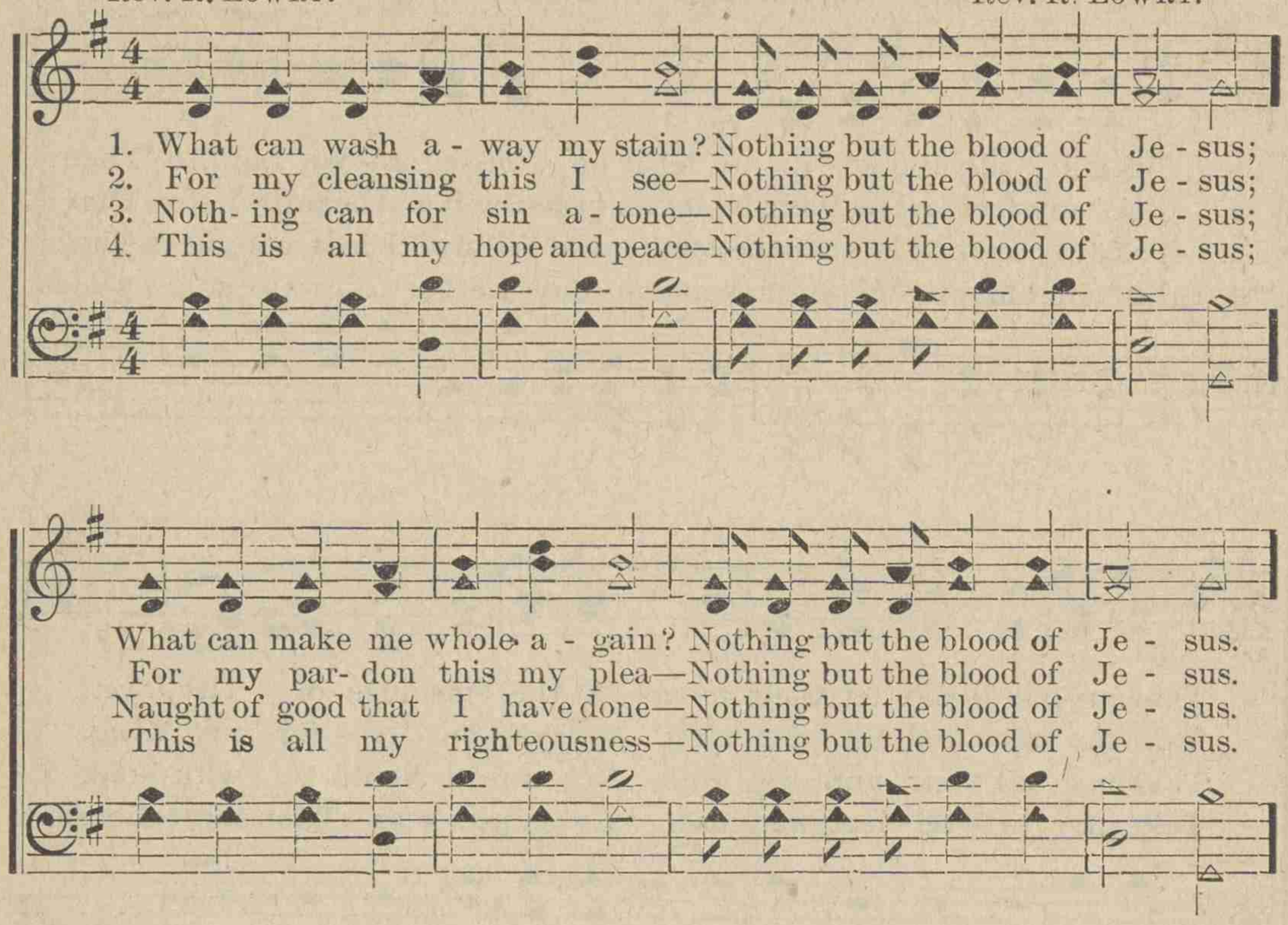
5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take my self, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 146. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY.



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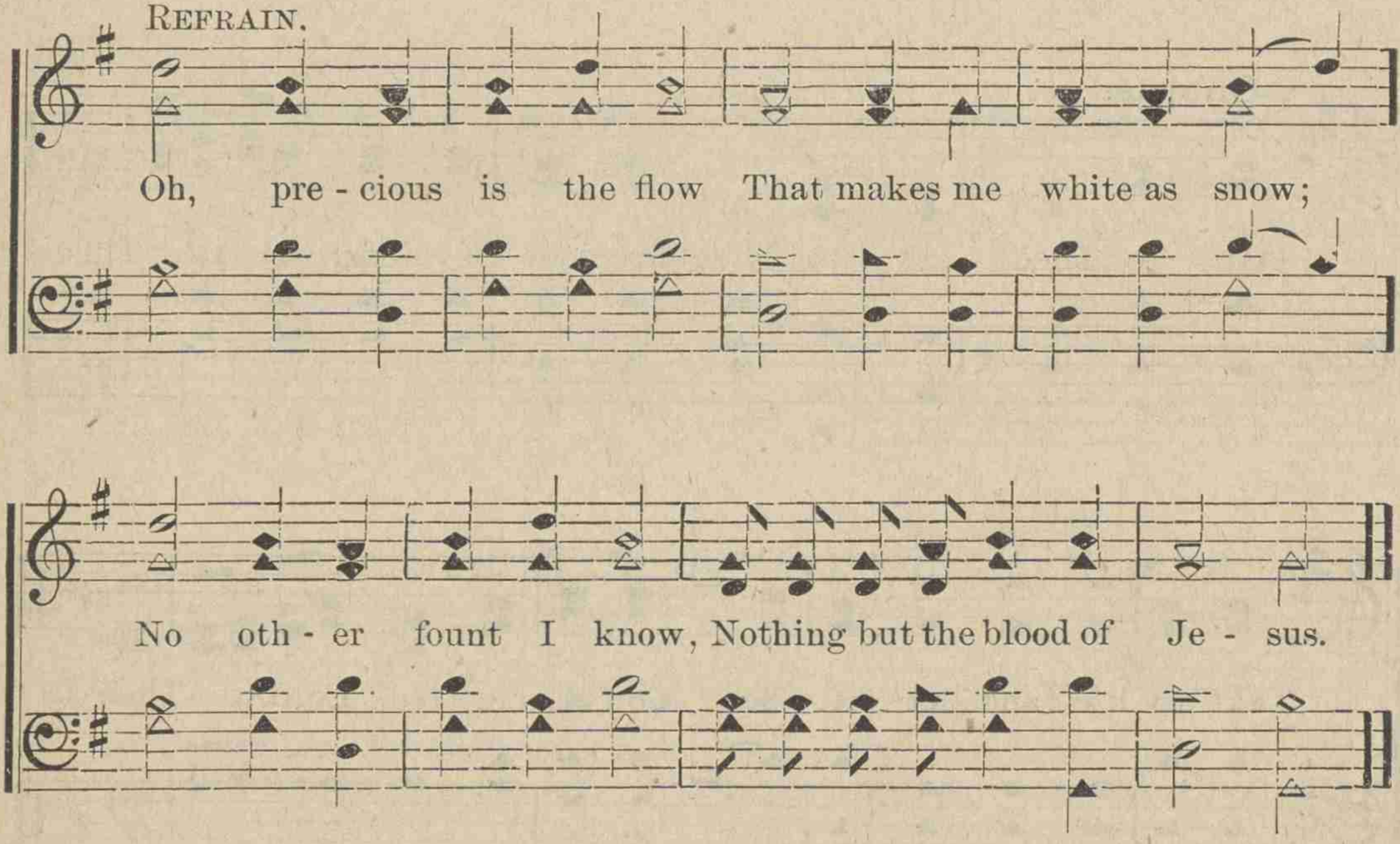

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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

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No. 147. The Valley of Blessing.

"They assembled themselves in the valley of Berachah,--*i, e,*—blessing."
2d. Chron. 20: 26.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have en - ter'd the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there; And His spir- it and blood make my
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And plen - ty the land doth im- part; There is rest for the wea- ry-worn

CHORUS.

cleansing complete, And His perfect love casteth out fear.
trav-el-er's feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart. } Oh, come to this val- ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will fullness be - stow— And believe, and receive, and confess Him, That all His salvation may know.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel;
When heaven comes down redeem'd spirits to greet.
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

No. 148. The Lily of the Valley.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody — Arr. by E. HANKS.

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

fair- est of ten thousand to my soul; The "Lil- y of the
ta - tion He's my strong and migh-ty tow'r; I have all for Him for-
live by faith and do His bless- ed will; A wall of fire a -

Val- ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
sa - ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
bout me, I've noth- ing now to fear, With His man- na He my

Val - ley, the Bright and Morn- ing Star," He's the fair- est of ten

D. S.—*He's the Lil - y of the*

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com - fort, In
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And
hun- gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To

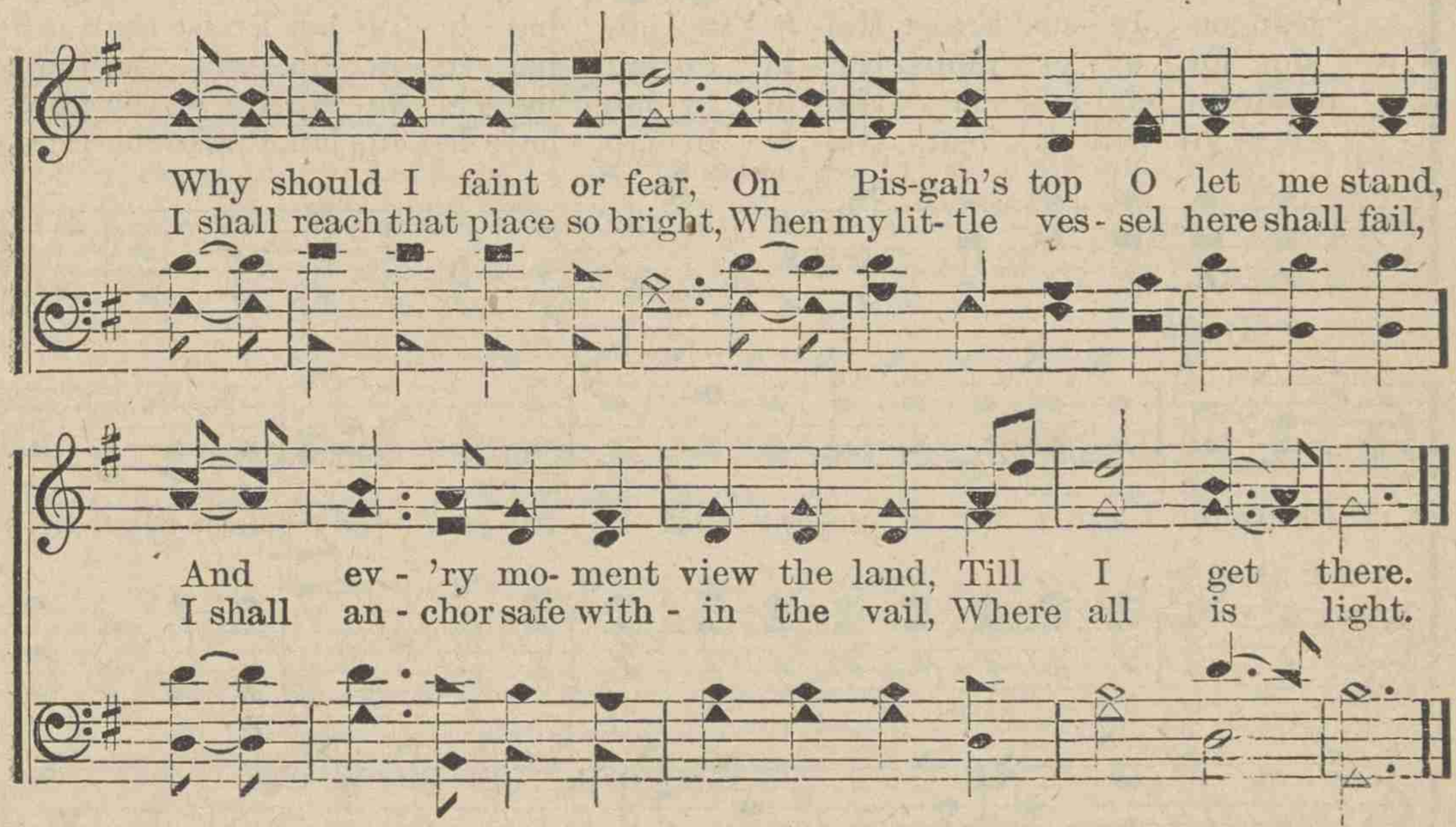
thousand to my soul.

The Lily of the Valley. Concluded.

No. 149. Bless the Lord.

This song was being sung when the Hon. Jo. H. FUSSELL was converted.

Words and Air furnished by Rev. J. N. Mc DONALD. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



3 I've a dear and sainted mother,
Bless the Lord,
Where no sorrowing tears can gather,
Bless the Lord,
Ah, that mild unfading eye!
I know I'll never see her here,
But I know I'll meet her over there,
Where none can die.

4 I've a father, sister, brother,
Bless the Lord,
Where the saints have met together,
Bless the Lord;
O what a rapturous sight,
When we all before the throne shall stand,
Reunited in that happy land,
At home so bright.

No. 150. My Soul is Filled with Glory.*

First two stanzas by D. E. DORTCH.
Last six stanzas by W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. My soul is filled with glo- ry, Praise the Lord, I love to tell the sto - ry, Praise the Lord; Soon I'll be in heaven at rest, There I'll lean on Je - sus' breast, Hal- le - lu- jah, hal - le - lu- jah, Praise the Lord.
2. I've loved ones there who're singing, Praise the Lord, Where golden harps are ring-ing, Praise the Lord; When I reach that shin- ing shore, There I'll sing for - ev - er more, Hal- le - lu- jah, hal - le - lu- jah, Praise the Lord.
3. My time of pain and sor-row, Praise the Lord, Will end in joy to - mor-row, Praise the Lord; Then I'll soar from earth a - way, To the realms of end-less day, Hal- le - lu- jah, hal - le - lu- jah, Praise the Lord.
4. My Saviour now is near me, Praise the Lord, His grace and presence cheer me, Praise the Lord; Yes, my Shepherd's with me here, And no e - vil will I fear, Hal- le - lu- jah, hal - le - lu- jah, Praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, I am so hap-py, Hal- le - lu- jah; My soul is filled with glo- ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Soon I'll be in heaven at rest, In the

* "I am so happy, hallelujah, praise the Lord, My soul is filled with glory."— Last words of RUFUS THOMAS, the father of Mrs. D. E. DORTCH, Columbia, Tenn.

My Soul is Filled with Glory.—Concluded.

5 I've longed for His appearing,
Praise the Lord,
And now the time is nearing,
Praise the Lord;
Soon I'll reach my heavenly home,
Where I never more shall roam,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

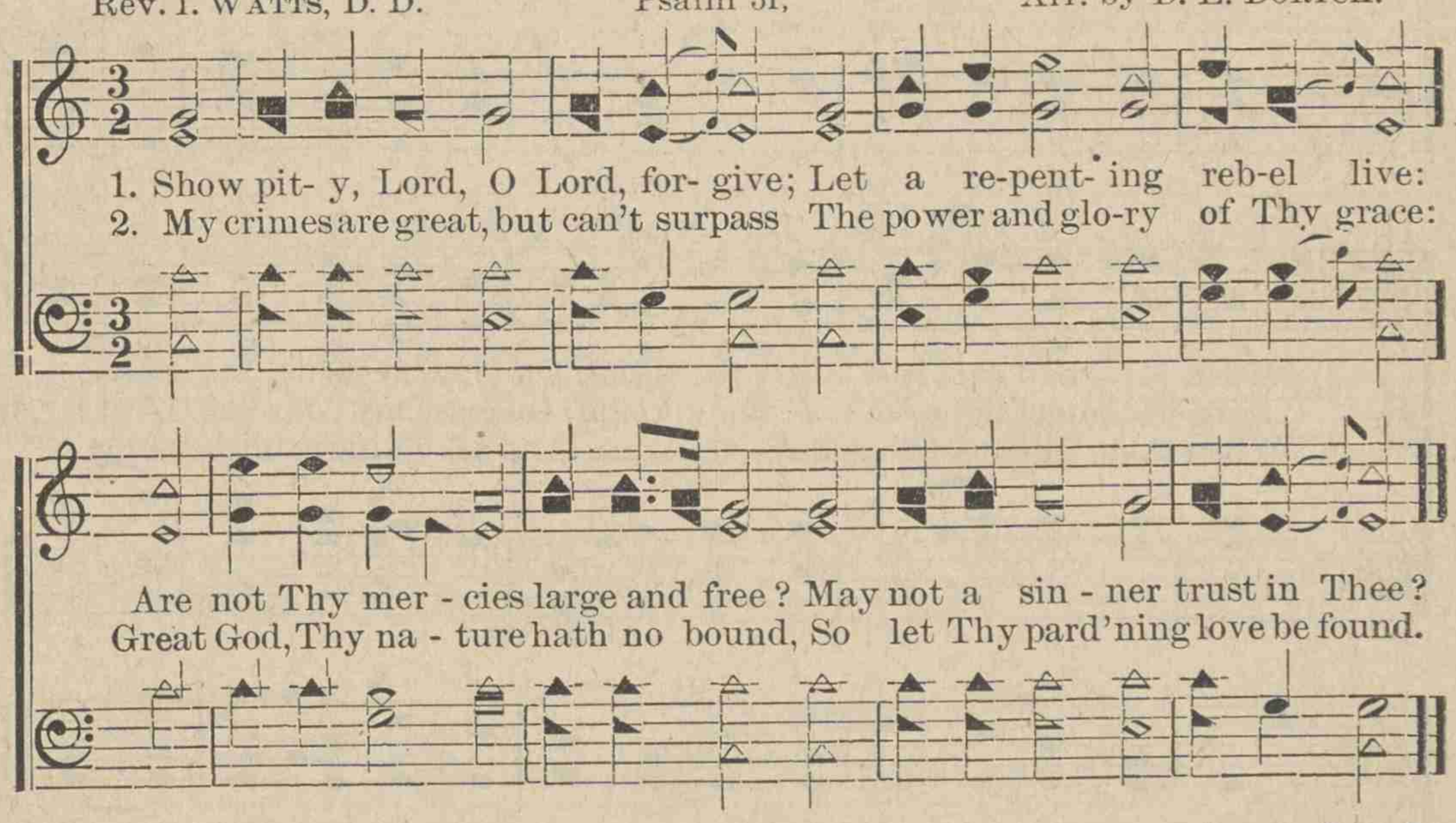
6 I'll die a shouting glory,
Praise the Lord,
In heaven I'll tell the story,
Praise the Lord,
How that Jesus saved me here,
Freed me from my sin and fear,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

7 And now, my friends, I'm going,
Praise the Lord,
His grace He is bestowing,
Praise the Lord,
There are mansions for the blest
Where we ever more shall rest,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

8 In heaven I'm bound to meet you,
Praise the Lord,
With loved ones there to greet you,
Praise the Lord,
There we'll sing our troubles o'er,
Happy on the other shore,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord,

No. 151. Devotion. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 51, Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



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

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

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

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

PART V.

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

No. 152. Am I A Soldier? C. M.

"Endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

Uniting with the Church, to be used when inviting the Candidates to come forward.

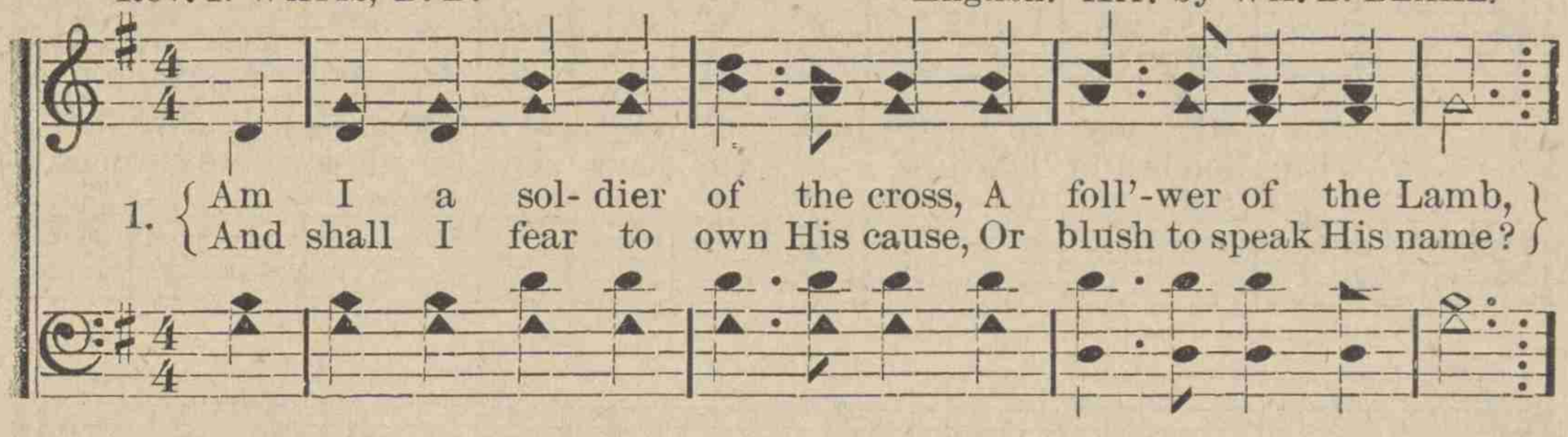
Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

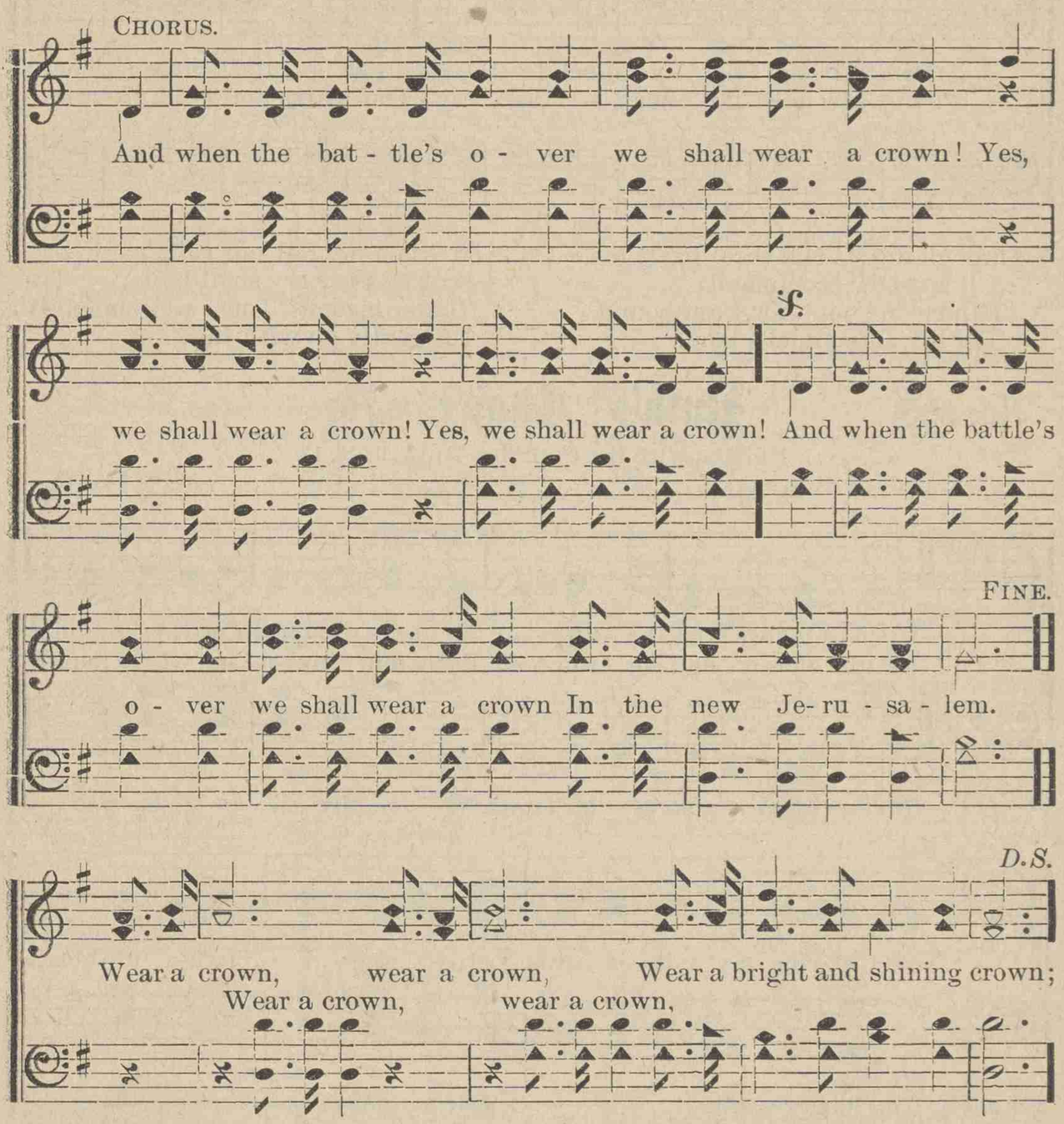
No. 153.

Battle Hymn.

Extending hand of Fellowship.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English. Arr. by WM. B. BLAKE.





2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?-CHO.

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

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

From "Zion Songster," by per.

No. 154. "Hinder me not."

J. RYLAND. Uniting with the Church.—Gen. 24: 56 Arr. by W. T. DALE.

3 Through duties and thro' trials too,
I'll go at His command;
'Hinder me not" for I am bound,
For my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be;
"Hinder me not" come welcome death
I'll gladly go with thee.

No. 155. Ruth's Choice. 7s.

Uniting with the Church.—Ruth 1: 16, 17,

Rev. JAS. MONTGOMERY. W. T. DALE.

FINE.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me," I know Thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see,
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light the burden now to me.

No. 156. Ortonville. C. M.

W. T. DALE. Baptism of Christ.– Matt. 3: 13, 17. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

3 In holy rite He yielded there
Obedience to the law;
While John the limpid water poured,
With holy, reverent awe.

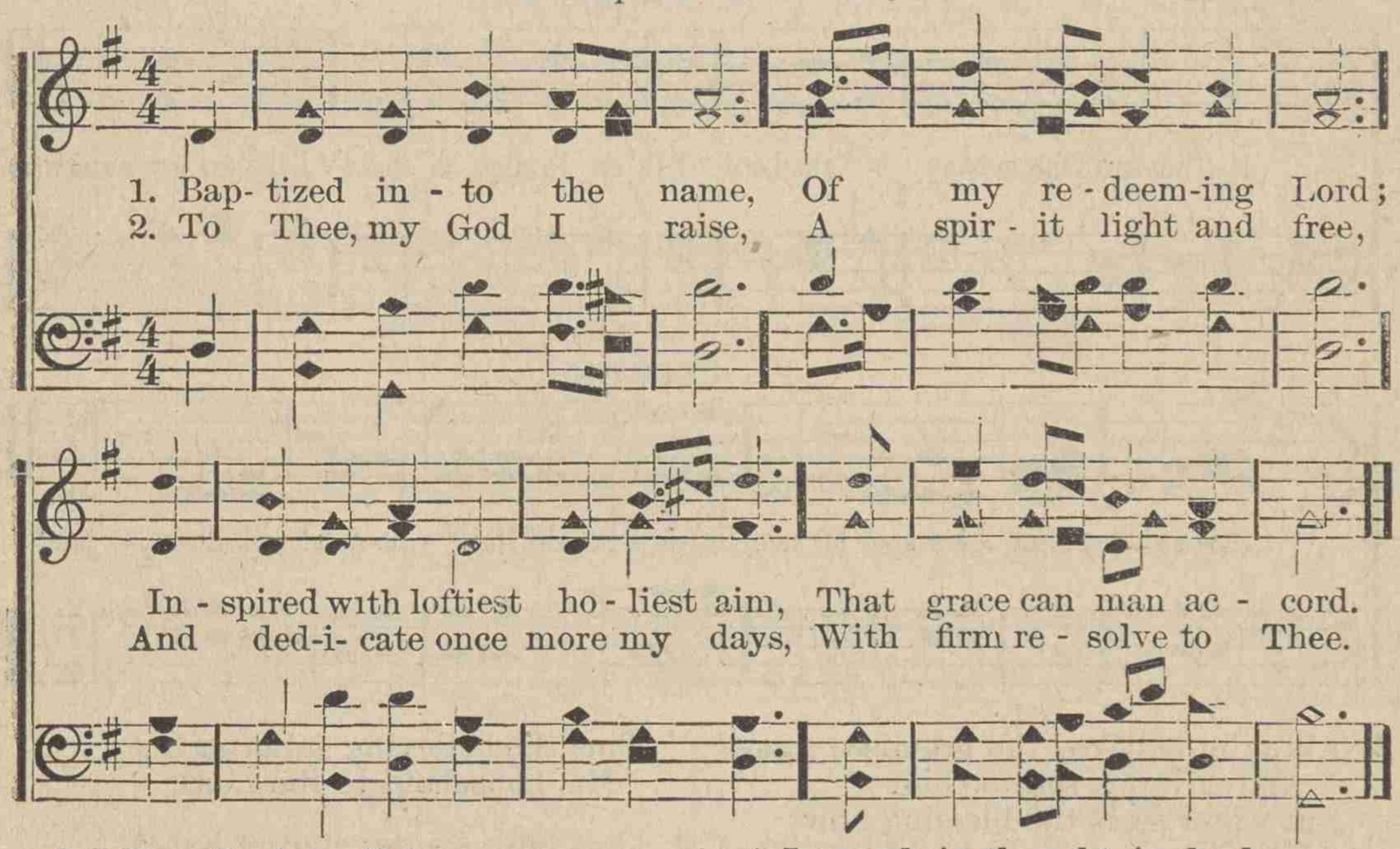
4 The glistening drops in sunlight shone
Upon His sacred crown;
Then coursing one another flowed
Upon His garments down.

5 The Spirit then, celestial dove,
Upon Him did descend;
The emblem of eternal love,
Our guide unto the end.

6 And lo! a voice from heaven was heard,
And there it did proclaim,
"This is my well beloved Son,
In whom well pleased I am."

No. 157. St. Thomas. S. M.

DAVIS. After Baptism of an adult. HANDEL.



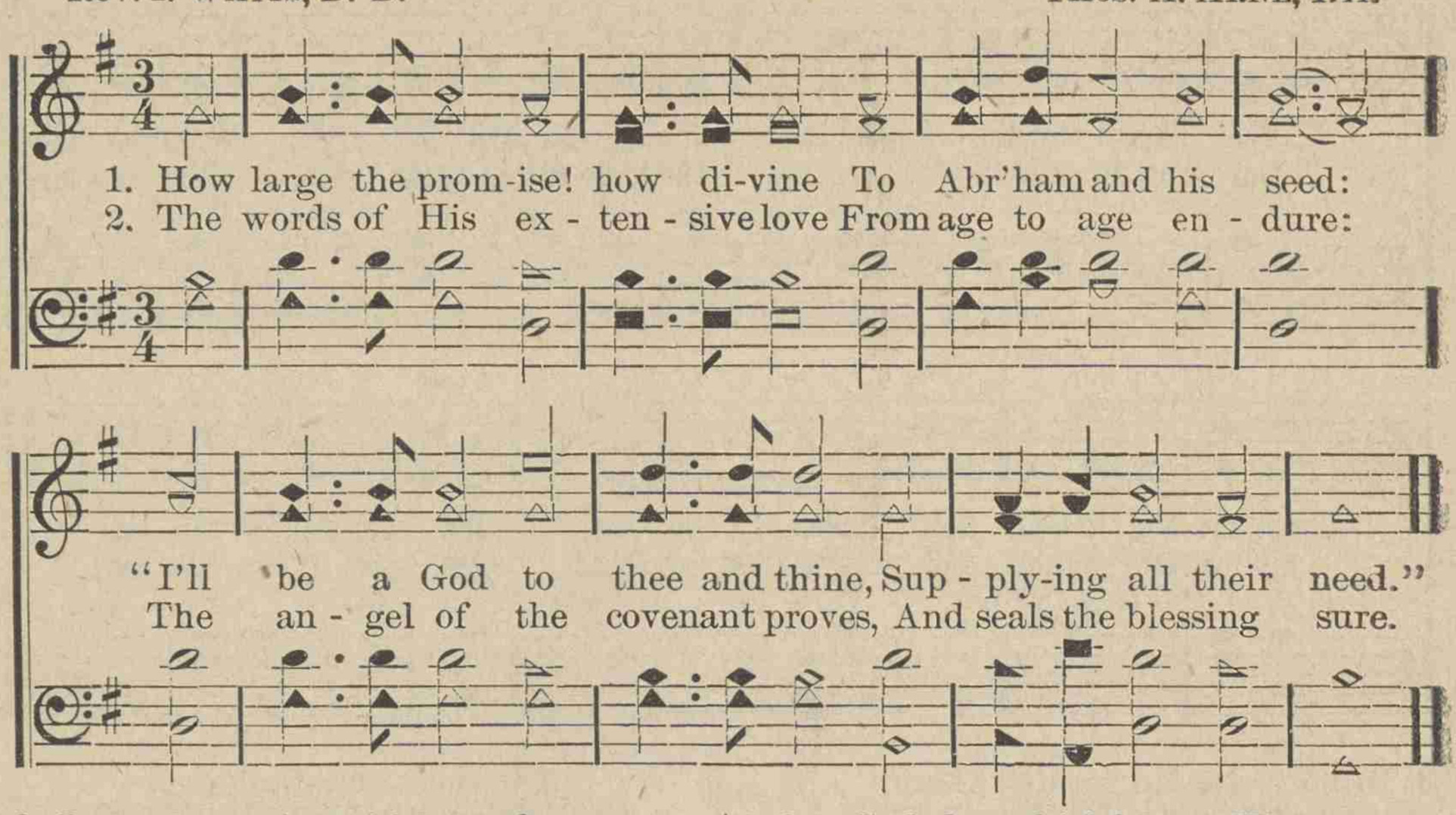
3 I bless the love divine
That hath Thy servant found,
And would forever more be Thine,
And light diffuse around.

4 In word, in thought, in deed,
I yield me to Thy will;
O God my purpose kindly heed,
Ann help me to fulfil.

No. 158. Arlington. C. M.

Infant Baptism. Gen. 17: 8. Acts 2: 39.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are His ways,
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

No. 159. Amon. C. M.

After baptism of child. Gen. 17: 7. Acts 16: 15, 33.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. C. G. GLASER.

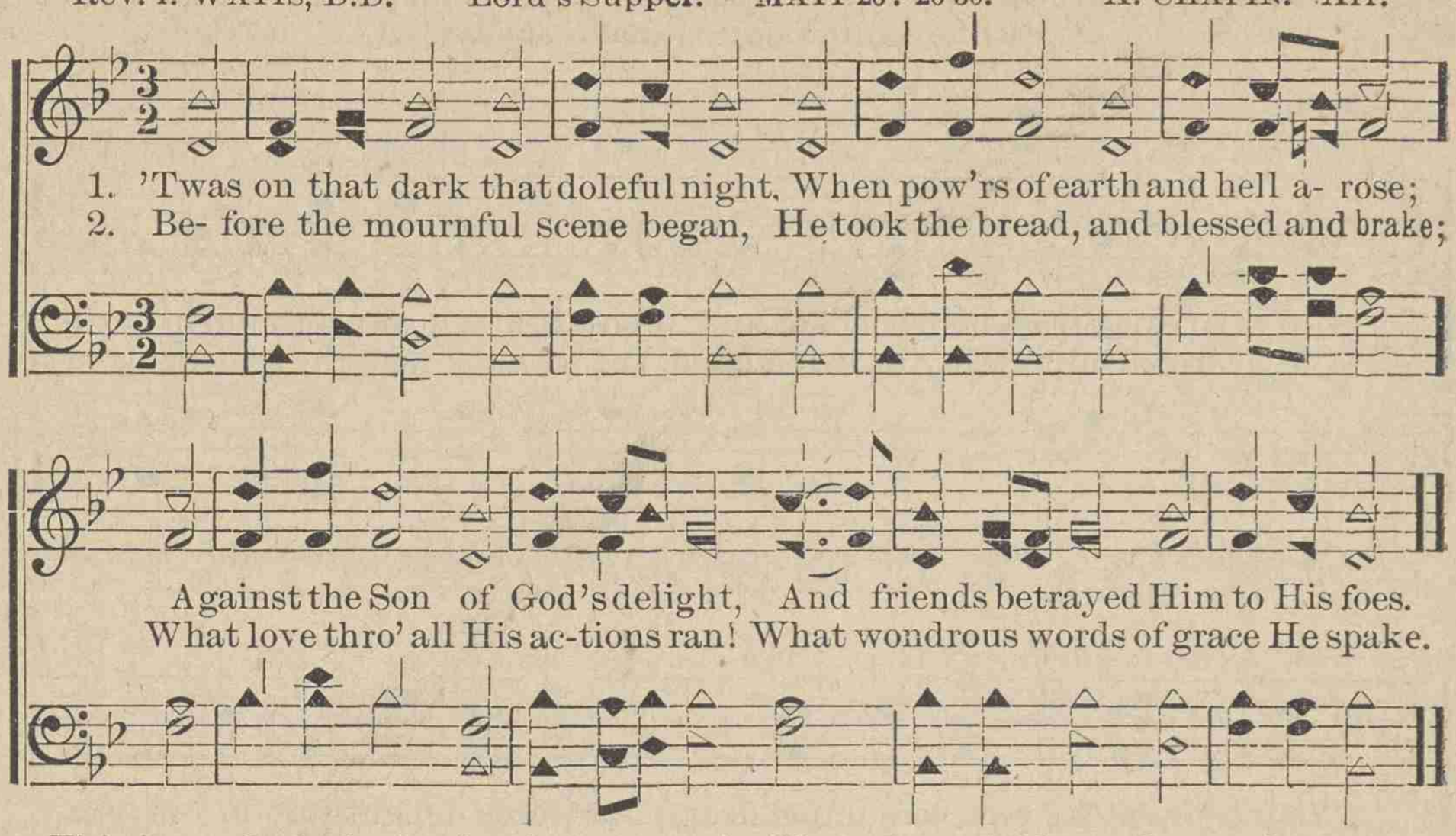
2 Abrah'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God:
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave,
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thy covenant embrace;
Our infant offspring now we bring.
And supplicate Thy grace.

No. 160. Rockbridge. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. "Lord's Supper."—MATT 26: 26-30. A. CHAPIN. Arr.



This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record,
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

No. 161. Kentucky. S. M.

A. R. W. After Communion. MATT. 26: 30. Old Melody.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace,
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love,
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

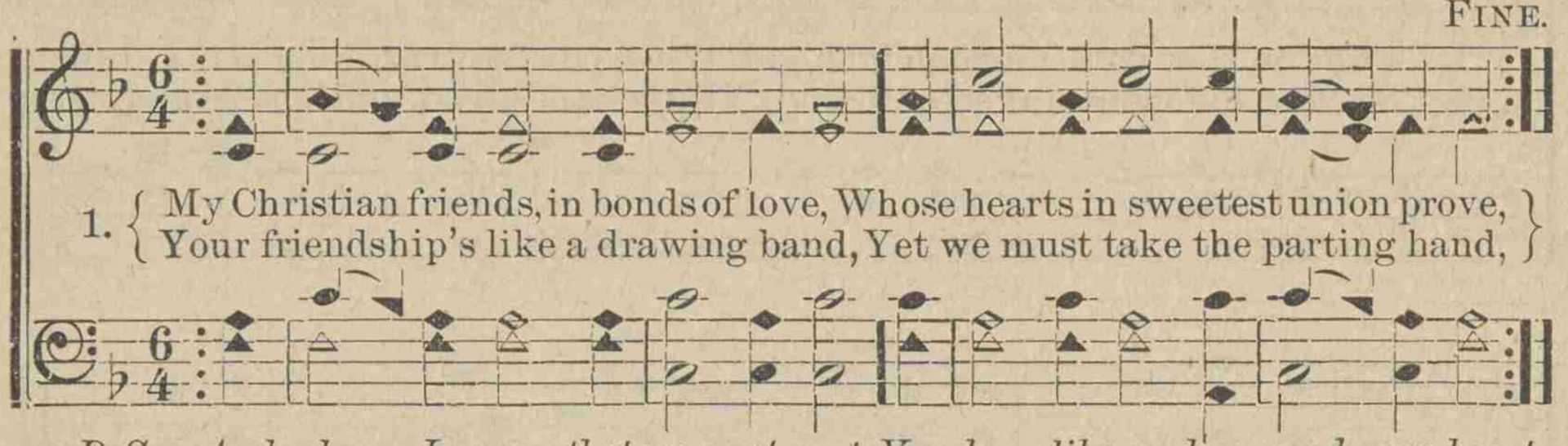
No. 162. Parting Hand. L. M.

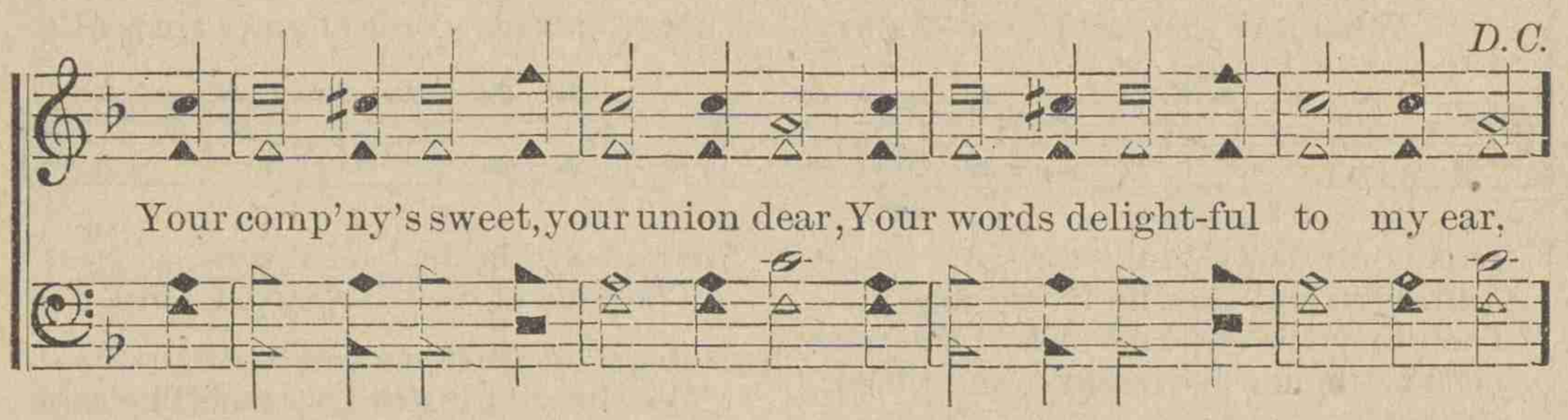
This grand old revival song may be sung with good effect at the close of a communion while communicants shake hands.

J. INGALLS, 1805.
Arr. by W. T. D.

Anon.

FINE.





2 How sweet the hours have passed away
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows His smiling face,
Oh could I stay with friends so kind
How it would cheer my drooping mind,
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love were seen to flame;
Which makes me hope we'll meet again,
Ye mourning souls lift up your eyes,
To glorious mansions in the skies;
Oh trust His grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

4 And now my friends, both old and young
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
Oh may we meet on Canaan's shore,
I hope you'll all remember me,
If you, on earth no more I see;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

Oh glorious day,—oh blessed hope
My soul leaps forward at the thought;
When in that happy, happy land
We'll no more take the parting hand:
But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell,
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

No. 163. Tune, "PARTING H HE DIES.

1 He dies, the Friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground,
Come Saints, and drop a tear or two,
For Him who groans beneath your load,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again,
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to His Father's courts He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns.
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains,
Say, live forever wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory boasting grave?

No. 164. Hebron. L. M.

The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 19, 10. Mark 16: 15, 16.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. DR. L. MASON, 1830.

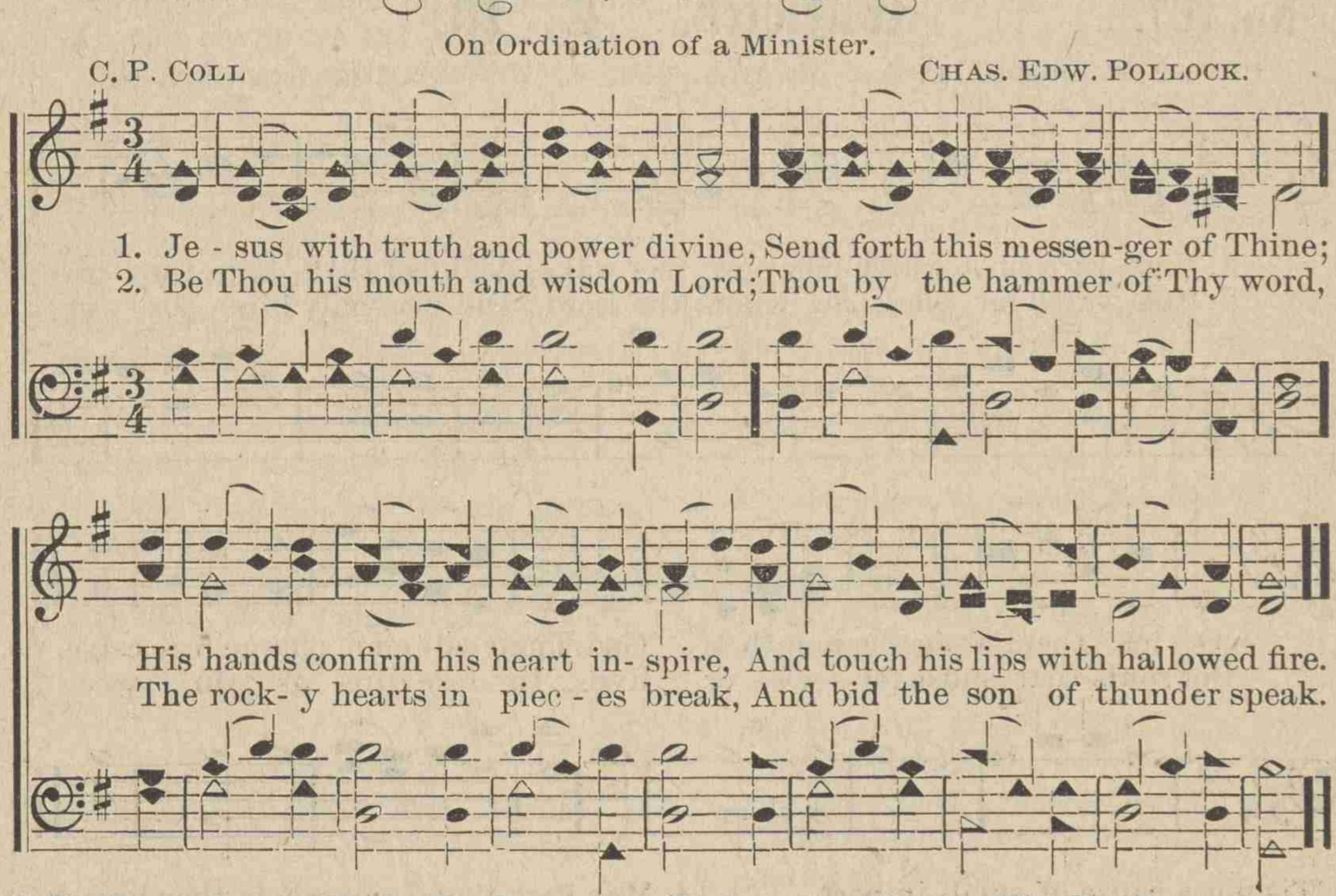
3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands;
I can destroy and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His head,
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode,
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

No. 165. McPherson. L. M.

On Ordination of a Minister.

C. P. COLL CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



3 To those who would the Lord embrace,
Give him to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all with thankful hearts confess,
The welcome messenger of peace,
And power in his report be found,
And in Thy work may he abound.

No. 166. Boylston. S. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Isa. 52: 7-8. DR. L. MASON. 1832.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought but never found.

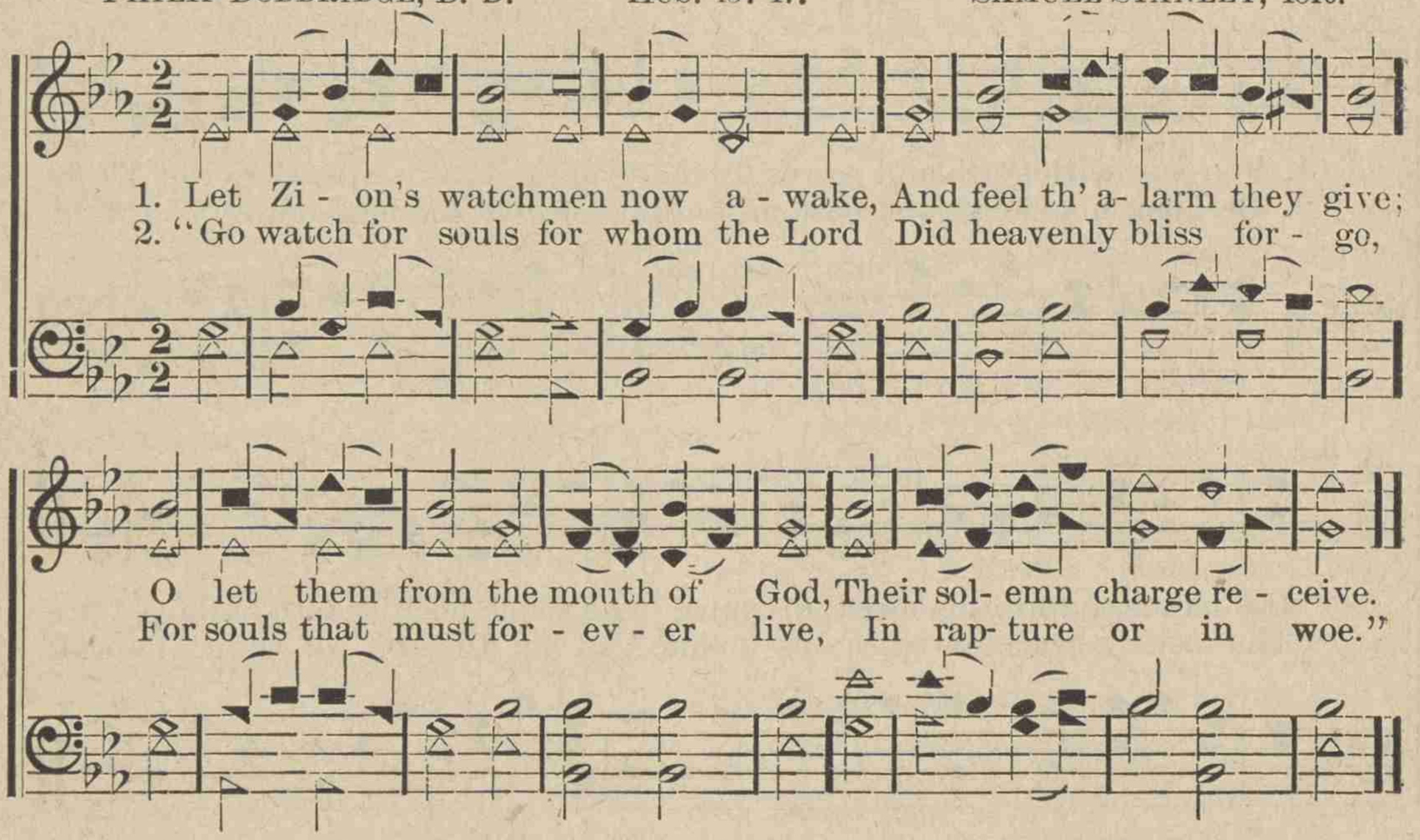
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold,
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 167. Warwick. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Heb. 13: 17. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



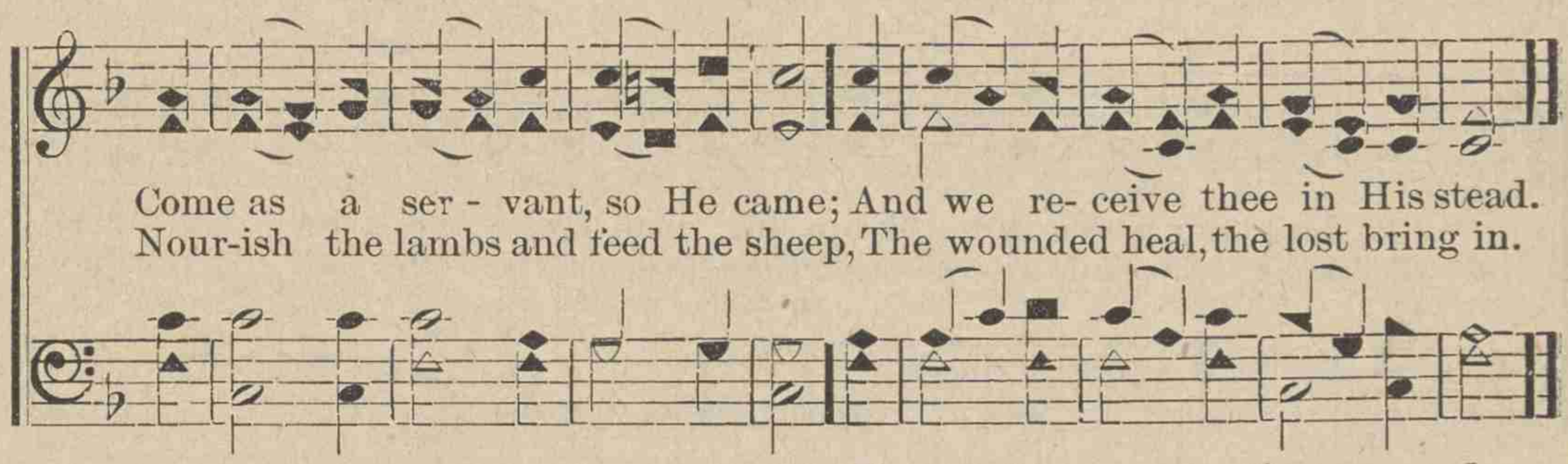
3 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart
And fflled a Saviour's hands.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And may Thy Spirit guard their hearts
That they may watch for Thee.

No. 168. Showalter. L. M.

Installation of a Pastor.

MONTGOMERY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



3 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon the tower of Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare,
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

No. 169.

L. M.

After Installation.

1 With heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend,
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace,
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And help him to obey Thy will.

3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him Thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

No. 170.

WATCHFULNESS. S. M.

Tune,—"KENTUCKY," No. 161.

Matt. 24: 42.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watch before His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

DODDRIDGE.

No. 171.

DEATH OF A MINISTER. S. M.

Tune,—"ST. THOMAS, No. 157.

"Well done, Good and Faithful Servant."

1 Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.

No. 172. Avon. C. M.

Psa. 118: 22, Isa. 28: 16.

Christ the foundation of His Church.

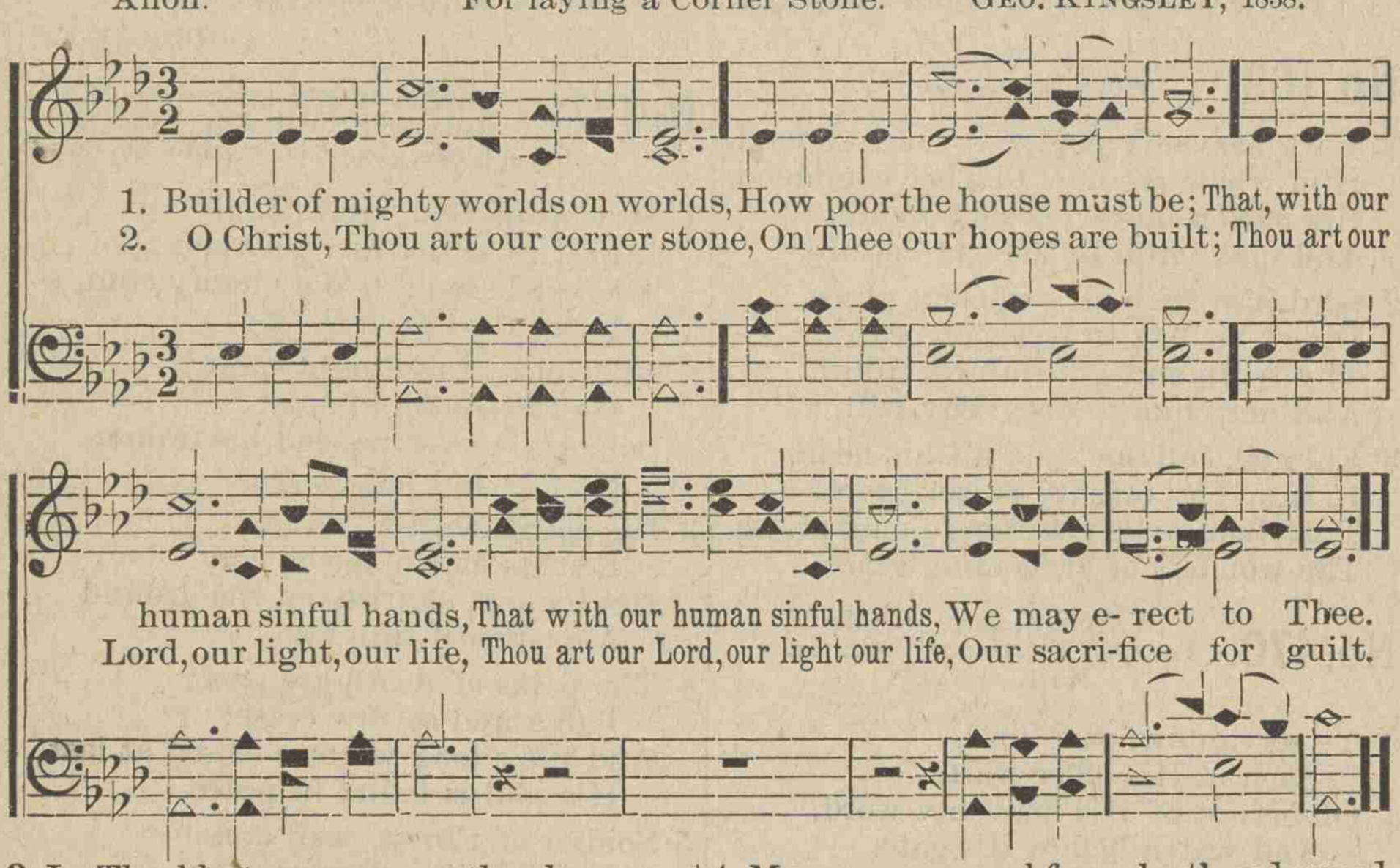
Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. H. WILSON, 1768.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

No. 173. Tappan. C. M.

Anon. For laying a Corner Stone. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



3 In Thy blest name we gather here,
And consecrate the ground;
The walls that on this rock shall rise,
Thy praises shall resound.

4 May many a soul from death redeemed
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path,
To God and glory there."

No. 174. Hendon. 7s.

Laying a Corner stone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. DR. CEASAR MALAN.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

No. 175. Sessions. L. M.

Laying corner stone of a church.

BLAKE'S "Hand Book." L. O. EMERSON.

3 But will in deed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest;
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 Ne'er let Thy glory hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

No. 176. Dedication. L. M.

Composed for dedication of C. P. Church, Gallatin, Tenn.

W. T. D. W. T. Dale.

3 And here when sinners seek Thy face.
Do Thou Thy gracious aid impart;
Oh! let Thine own pure word of grace,
Give comfort to each mourning heart.

4 When strangers to this house repair,
May they a hearty welcome meet;
And with Thy people richly share
The grace of love and friendship sweet.

5 Here when Thy gospel we proclaim,
Do Thou Thy gracious power make known;
Oh! magnify Thy glorious name,
And send salvation from Thy throne.

6 And when our lips to dust shall turn,
And to this house we no more come;
On other lips Thy praise shall burn,
While we are safe with Thee at home.

No. 177. Uxbridge. L. M.

Philip Doddridge, D. D. Dedication of a Church. Dr. L. Mason.

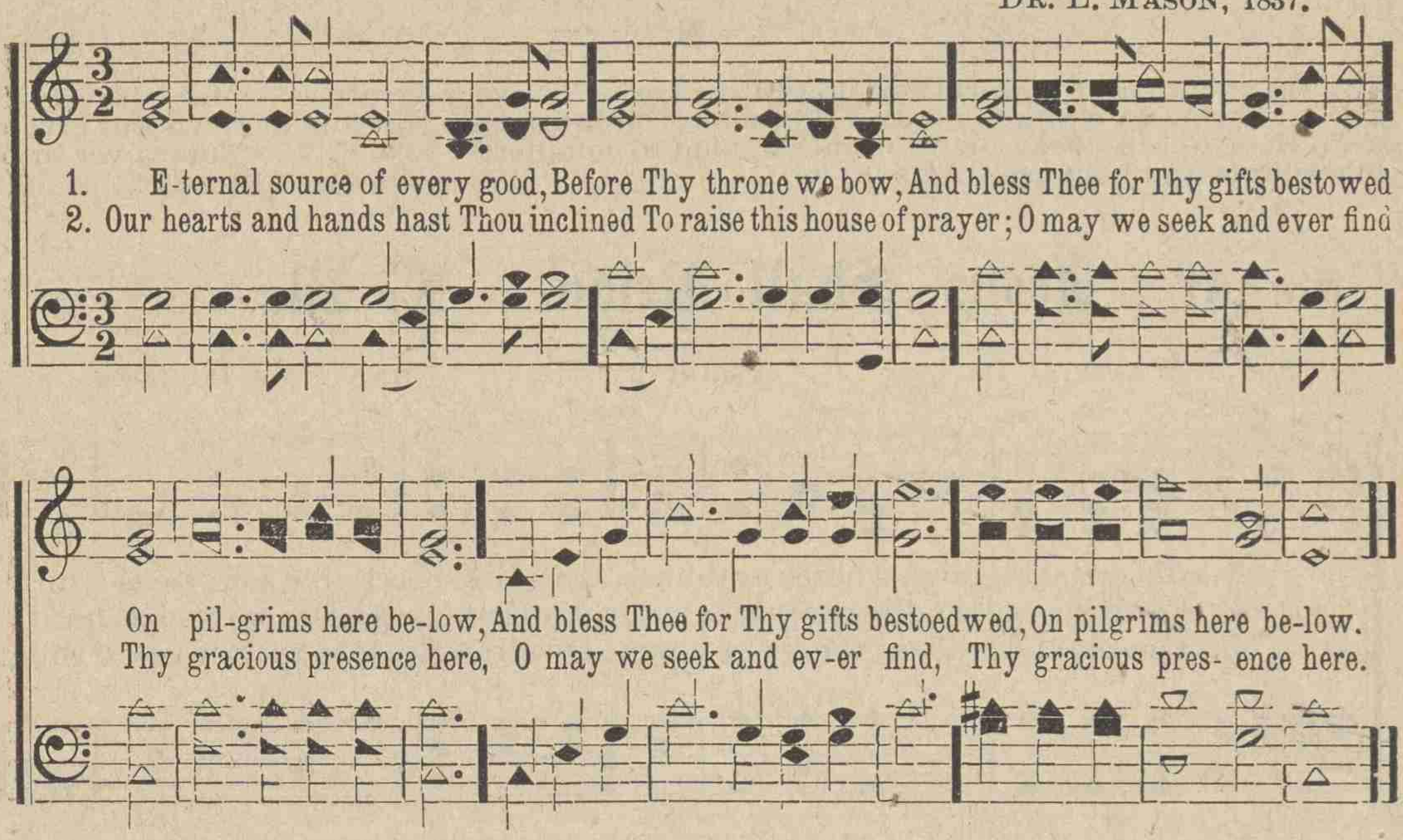
3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

4 And in the great decision day,
When God the nations shall survey;
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

No. 178. Zerah. C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

DR. L. MASON, 1837.



3 Lord, may Thy heralds long proclaim,
The wonders of Thy grace,
And sinners taught to fear Thy name
Abundantly increase.

4 Here may Thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven;
Drink freely at the fountain head,
Whence living streams are given.

5 Here let our off-spring and their sons
Be of the Saviour blest,
And thus, while time its circuit runs
Find here a settled rest.

6 To the eternal, Sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be;
To Thee and Thee alone.

No. 179. Ortonville. C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

1 To Thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God,
Accept it Thine and seal it now,
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove,
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before the Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls,
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon Thy people Lord,
And ever-more be near.

J. R. SCOTT.

No. 180. Arlington. C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power
Oh, come, Great Spirit come.

2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

A. REED.

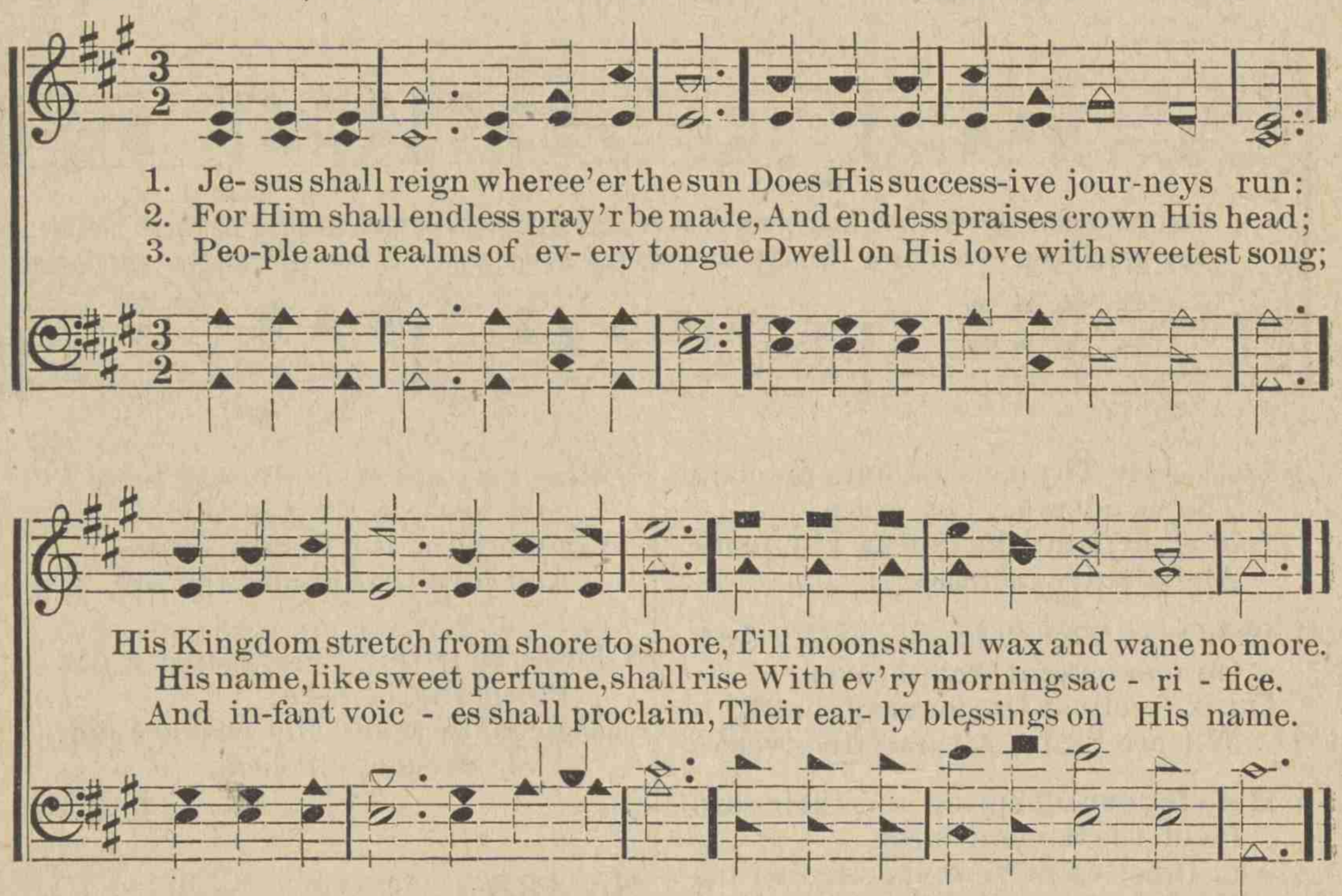
PART VI.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15. I saw and behold a white horse and He that sat on him had a bow and a crown was given unto Him and He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6: 2. "Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

No. 181. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 72 CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

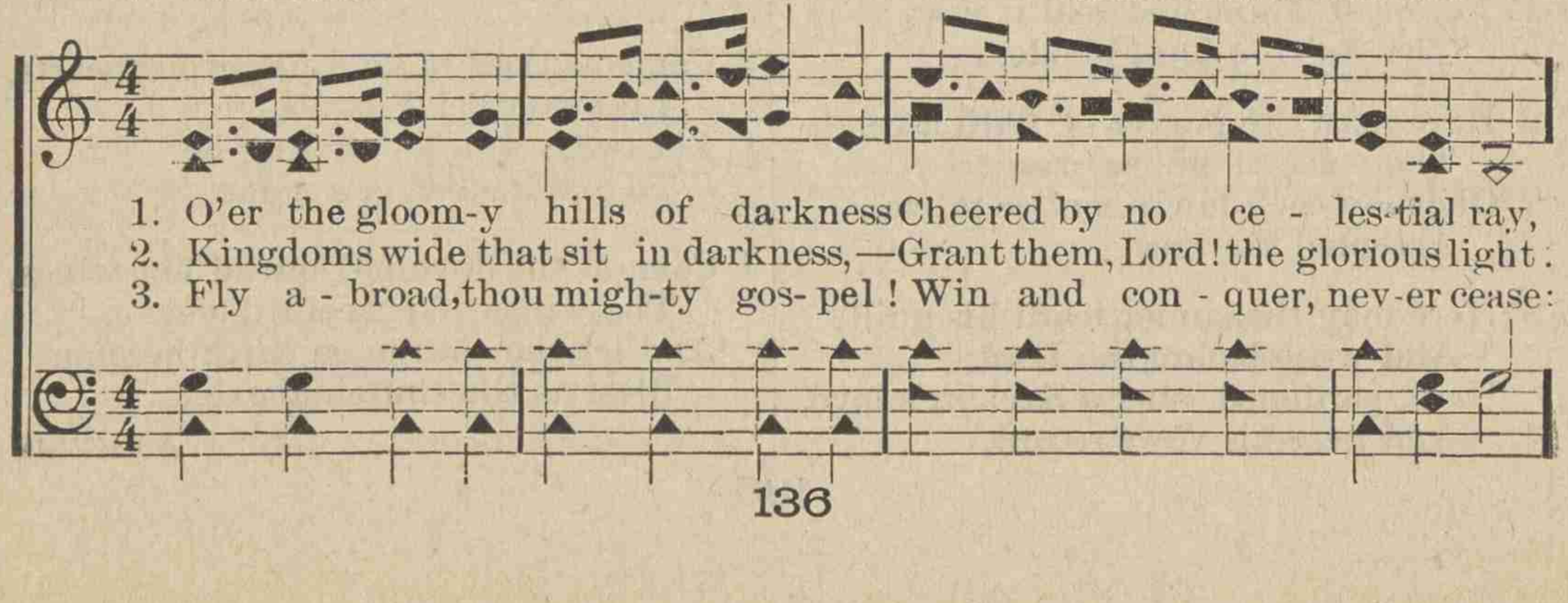


4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest.
And all the son's of want are blest.

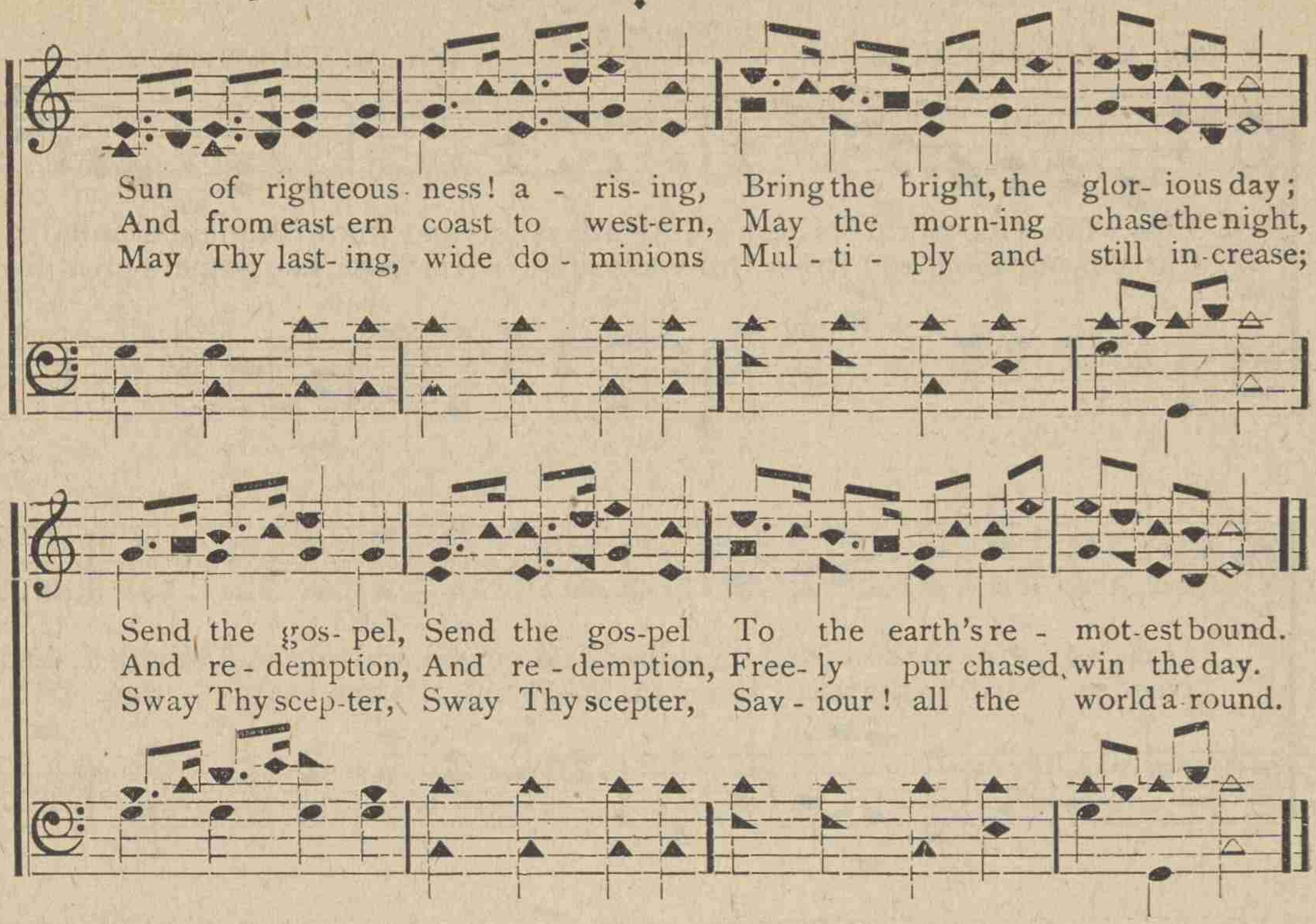
5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

No. 182. Send the Gospel. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

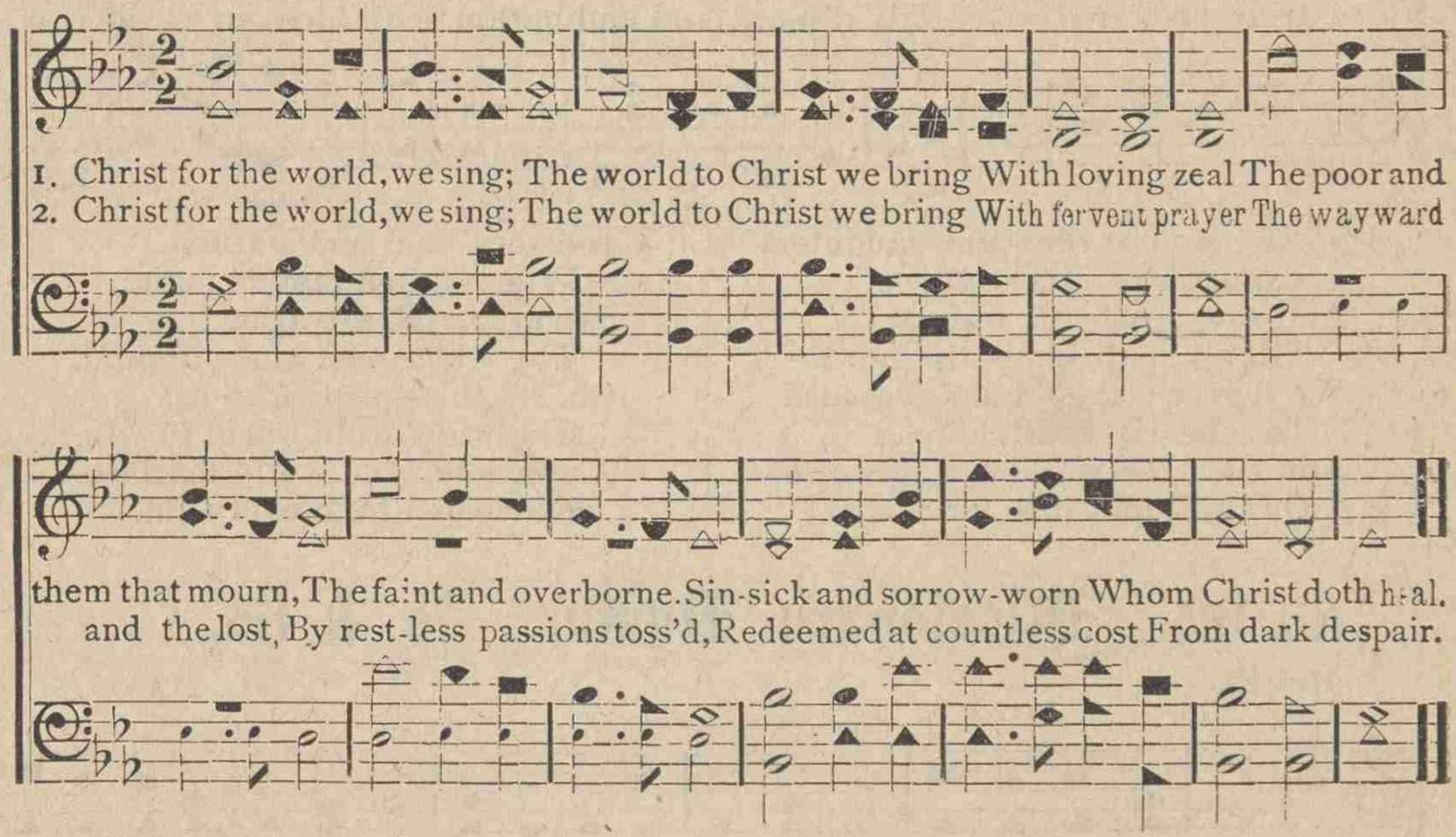


Send the Gospel. Concluded:



No. 183. Christ for the World. 6s. & 4.

S. WALCOTT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



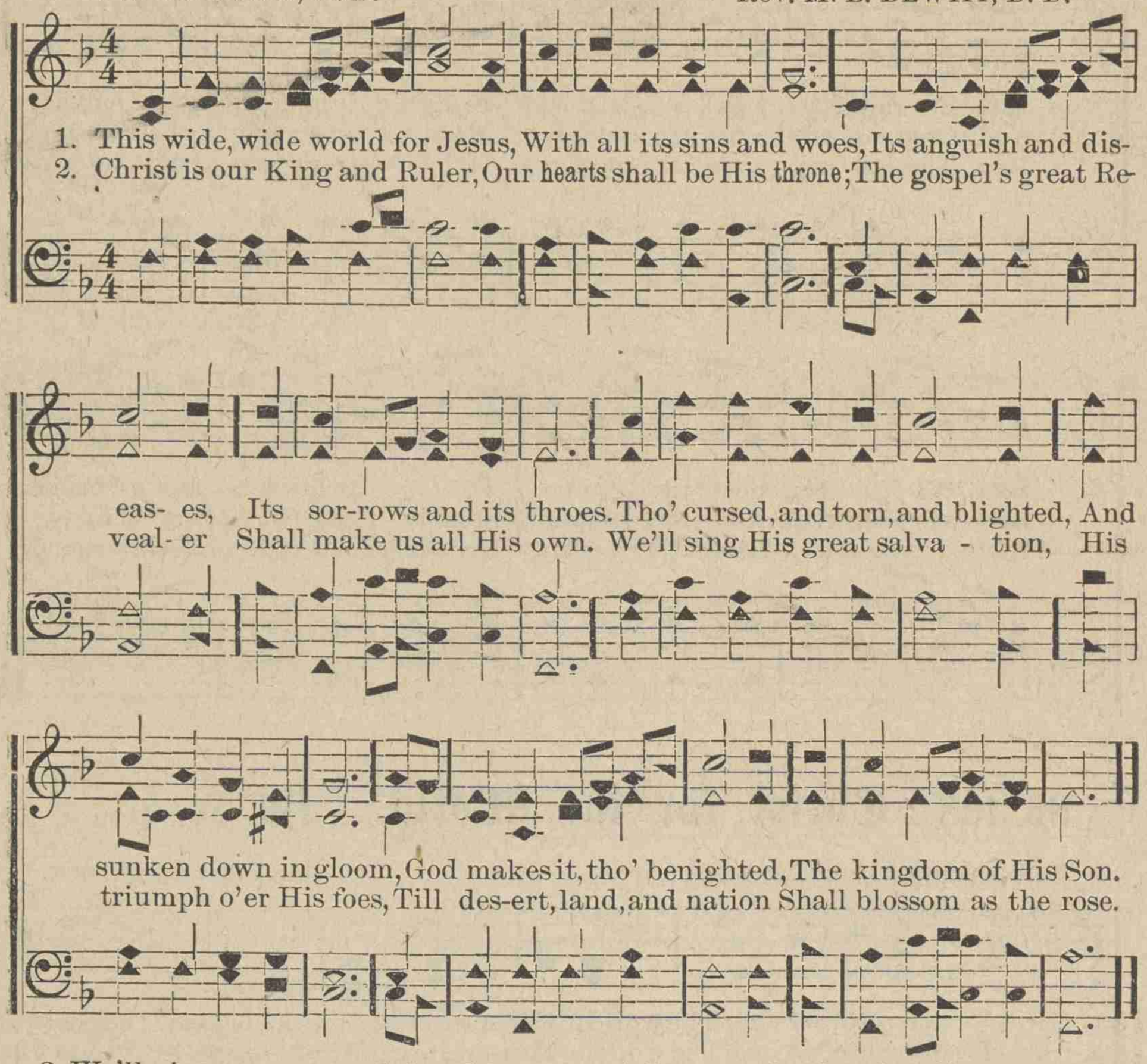
3 Christ for the world, we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world, we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born soul whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

No. 184. This wide World for Jesus. 7s. & 6s.

PSALM 2: 8.

Rev. A. J. BAIRD, D. D. Rev. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.

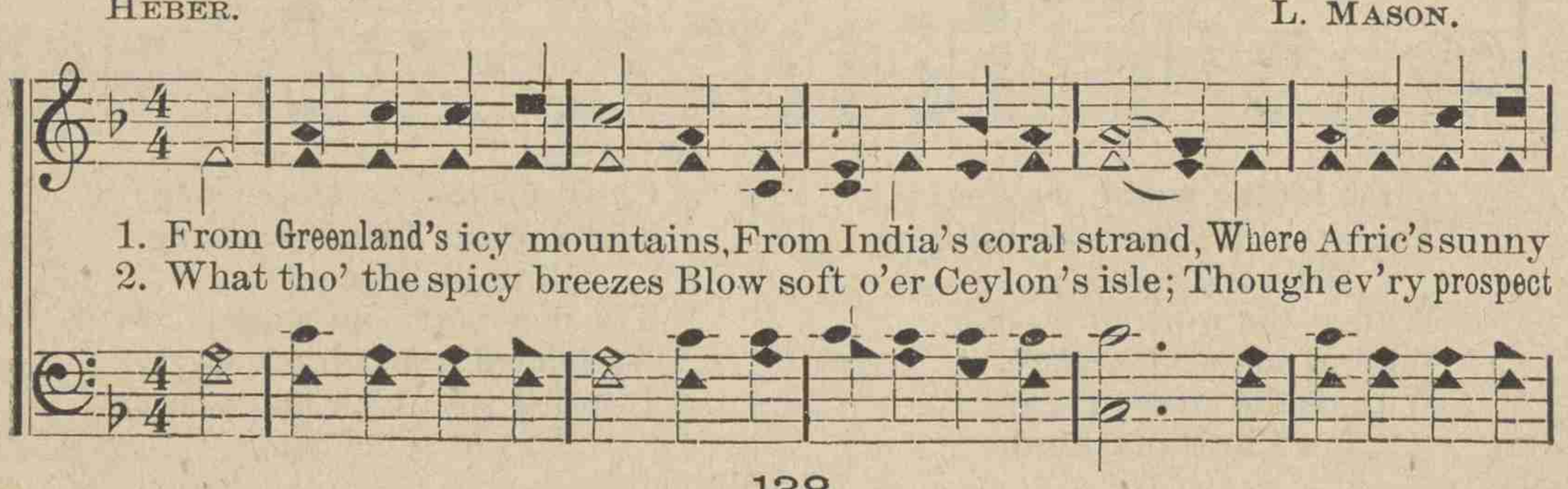


3 We'll give our sons and daughters
Evangels of His word,
And sow beside all waters,
Till all shall know the Lord.
We'll give our gold and treasure
To send His truth abroad,
And then the world can measure
Our zeal and love for God.

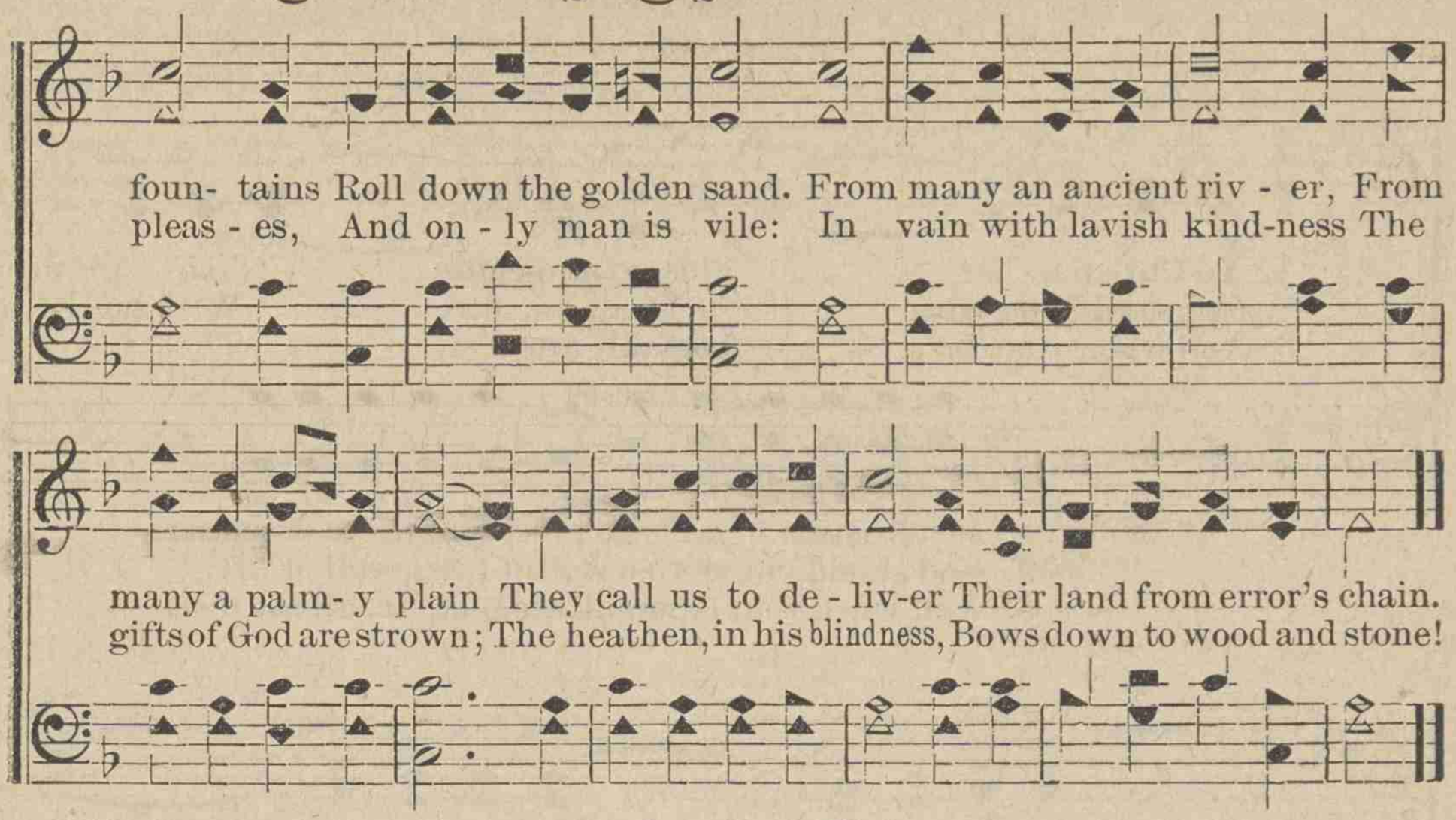
4 In every land and station,
Where fallen man is found,
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The whole vast globe around.
Oh, let this spirit seize us,
The wide, wide world to win,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Redeemed from every sin.

No. 185. Missionary Hymn. 7s. & 6s.

HEBER. L. MASON.



Missionary Hymn.—Concluded.



3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 186. Dennis. S. M.

Mrs. W. J. Darby. From H. G. Nageli.

3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 And we believe Thy word
Though dim our faith may be,
And every thing we do, O Lord,
We do it as to Thee.

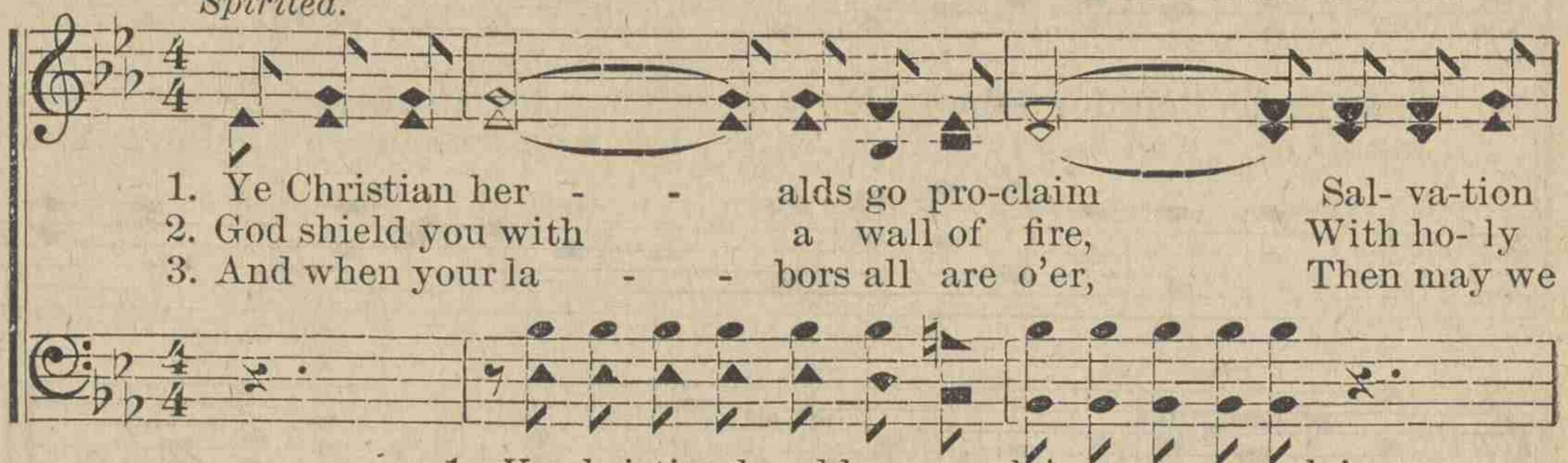
No. 187.

The Rose of Sharon.

MISSIONARY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.



1. Ye christian heralds go proclaim, yes go proclaim,
2. God shield you with a wall of fire, a wall of fire,
3. And when your labors all are o'er, yes all are o'er,

Salvation in Immanuel's name, Immanuel's name; To distant climes
With holy zeal your hearts inspire, your hearts inspire, Bid rag-ing winds
Then may we meet to part no more, to part no more, Meet with the ran-

the tid- ings bear, the tidings bear,
their fu - ry cease, their fury cease,
somed throng to fall, throng to fall,

CHORUS.

The Rose of Sharon.—Concluded.

No. 183. Thrust in thy Sickle and Reap.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."
John, 4 : 35.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

2 Great is the harvest awaiting,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap,
Few are the lab'rers, my brother,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap.

3 Pray that the Lord of the harvest,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap,
Would to the field send more workers,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap.

4 Come, brother, now be in earnest,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap,
Souls now are dying, oh help them,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap.

5 Tarry no longer, but haste thee,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap,
Gather bright sheaves for the Master,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap.

6 Rich the reward which He offers,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap,
Look! see the day now is breaking,
Thrust in thy sickle and reap.

No. 189. Tell it out. (Missionary.)

"The Lord is King forever and ever." Psa. 10: 15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With Vigor.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions That the Lord is King; Tell it
2. Tell it out a-mong the peo- ple That the Saviour reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a-mong the peo- ple, Je - sus reigns a- bove; Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations,
out! Tell it out among the heathen,
out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations,

bid them shout and sing;
bid them break their chains;
that His reign is love;
} Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! with a-dor-a- tion that He shall increase,
out! among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
out! among the highways and the lanes at home
} Tell it out! Tell it

out! That the might-y King of glo-ry is the King of peace,
out! Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,
out! Tell it out! Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,

Tell it out.—Concluded.

No. 190. Webb. 7s & 6s.

MISSIONARY.

S. F. SMITH. GEO. JAMES WEBB.

No. 191. A cry from Macedonia.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us." Acts 16 : 9.

Anon. W. T. Dale.

2 Oh how beautiful their feet upon the mountains
The tidings of peace who bring,
To the nations of the earth, who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's King,
Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,
Go work in your Master's field:
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,
The Lord is your strength and shield,
Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth,
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.

3 Ye have listed in the army of the faithful,
Like heroes the battle fight;
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armor bright,
With the banner of the cross unfurld before you,
The sword of the Spirit wield,
Ye shall conquer thro' His mercy who hath loved you
The Lord is your strength and shield,
Ye are marching to the land,
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing:
Ye by faith may bring it nigh,
Ye shall reach it by and by,
And your shouts of triumph sing.

No. 192.

The Macedonian Cry.

Dedicated to Rev. H. A. TUPPER, D.D.

Rev. W. E. PENN.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

Anon.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave far far a - way, Where the poor heathen live, wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no-rance
2. Here in this hap- py land we have the light Shin-ing from God's own word free, pure and bright, Shall we not send to them
3. Then while the mis- sion ships glad tiding bring, List as that heathen band joy - ful - ly sing "O - ver the o - cean wave

dark as the night, No blessed teach-er to guide them a - right.
Bi - bles to read, Teachers and preachers and all that they need.
I see them come, Bring-ing the bread of life guid-ing us home."

CHORUS.

"Pit - y . . us, Pit - y . . us!" Oh, . . hear them cry, Pit - y us, Pit - y us, Or we must die.
For 3d. Verse.
Bring-ing the bread, bring-ing the bread! bringing the bread of life, Guiding us, Guid-ing us, Guid - ing us home!

* Wherever this song is sung, in private, or in public, it is my earnest desire that a collection shall be taken for Foreign Missions. W. E. PENN.

No. 193.

Over the Billows.

Missionaries Welcome.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. O - ver the bil- lows, o - ver the sea, Com - eth the good ship
2. Com - eth the greet-ing, words of good cheer, Com - eth the God-speed
3. Count-ing our pleas-ures, all things but dross, Win- ning the lost ones

on- ward so free; Broth - er in Je - sus o - ver the sea,
un - to us here; Bid - ing us la - bor, learn-ing to wait,
un - to the cross; Sol - dier of Je - sus o - ver the sea,

CHORUS.

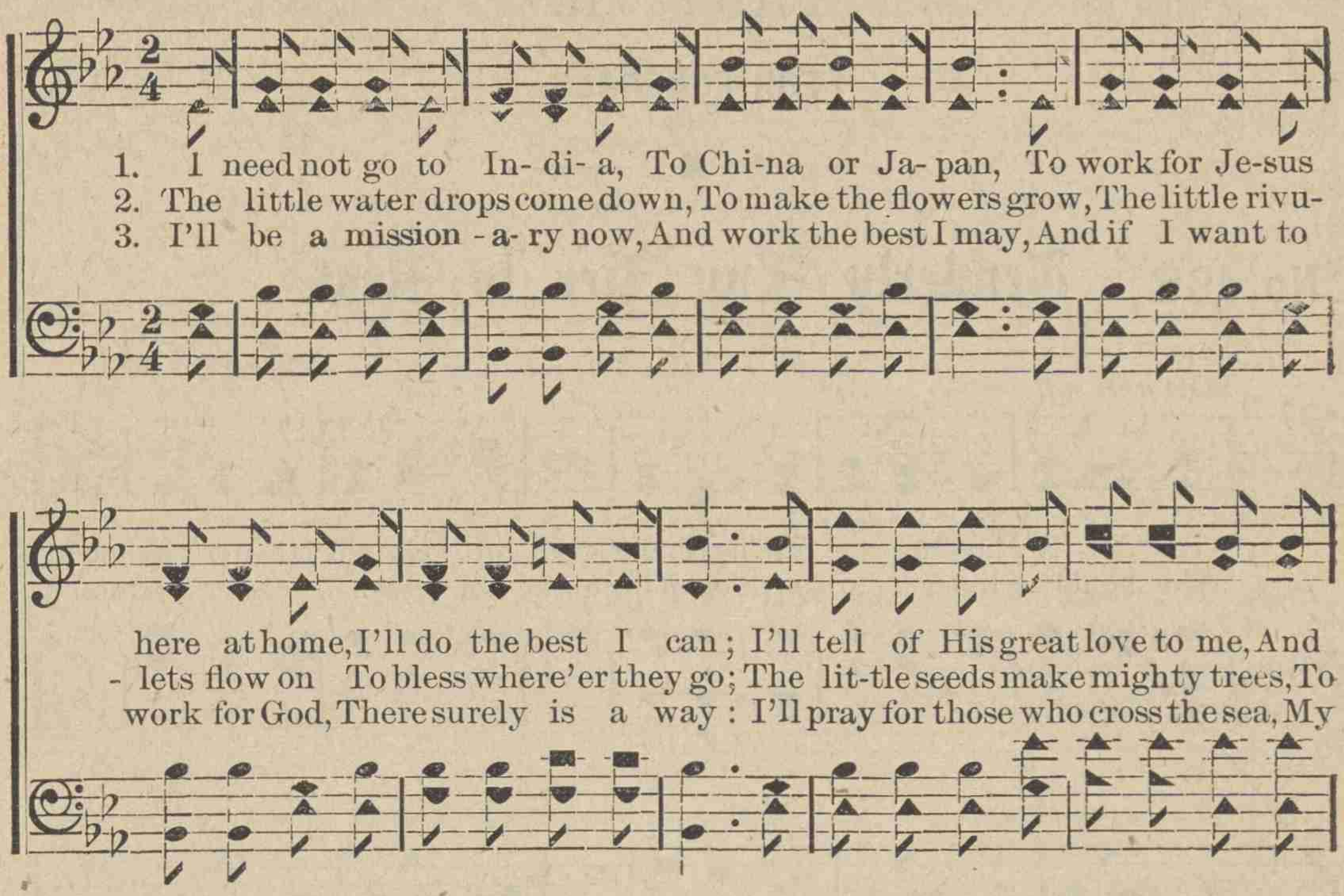
Bring- eth the good ship safe to the lea.
Work- ing for Je - sus earl-y and late.
Bear - er of tid-ings, welcome shall be.

O - ver the bil- lows, o - ver the sea, Friends of the heathen welcome shall be; Broth-er in Je - sus,

faith-ful and true, Hearts full of wel- come are wait- ing for you.

No. 194. The Little Missionary.

Mrs. W. J. Darby. For Mission Bands. W. T. Dale.



No. 195.

Missionary's Farewell.
8s & 7s.

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

2 Home!—thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home!—'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

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

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

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

S. F. Smith.

PART VII.

FOR FUNERALS.

No. 196. Tenderly Lay Her to Rest.

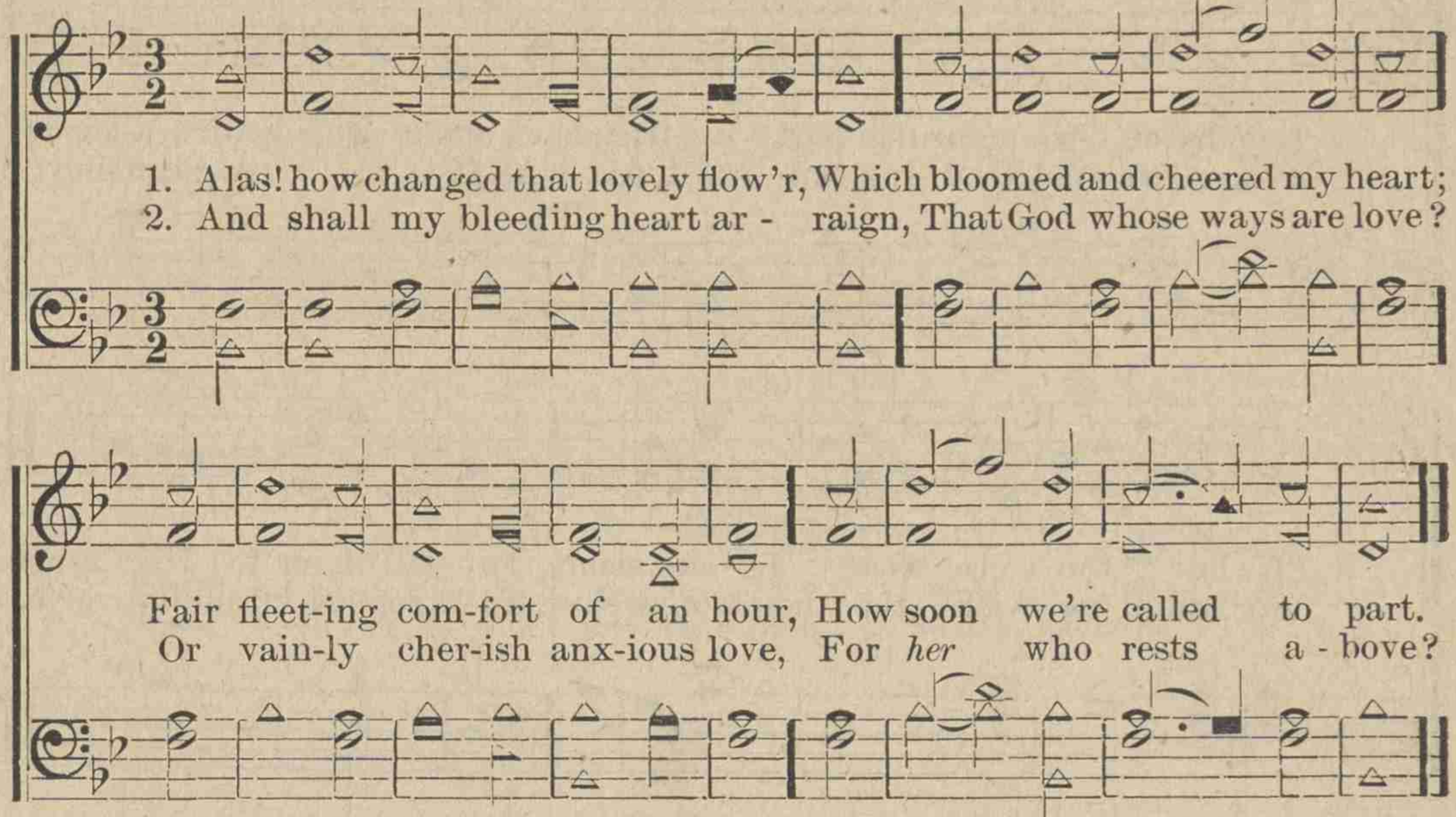
A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

Slow and soft.

No. 197. Balerma. C. M.

2 Sam. 12: 23.

Note.—By changing *italicised* pronouns, will suit for either a boy or girl.



3 No! let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will;
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

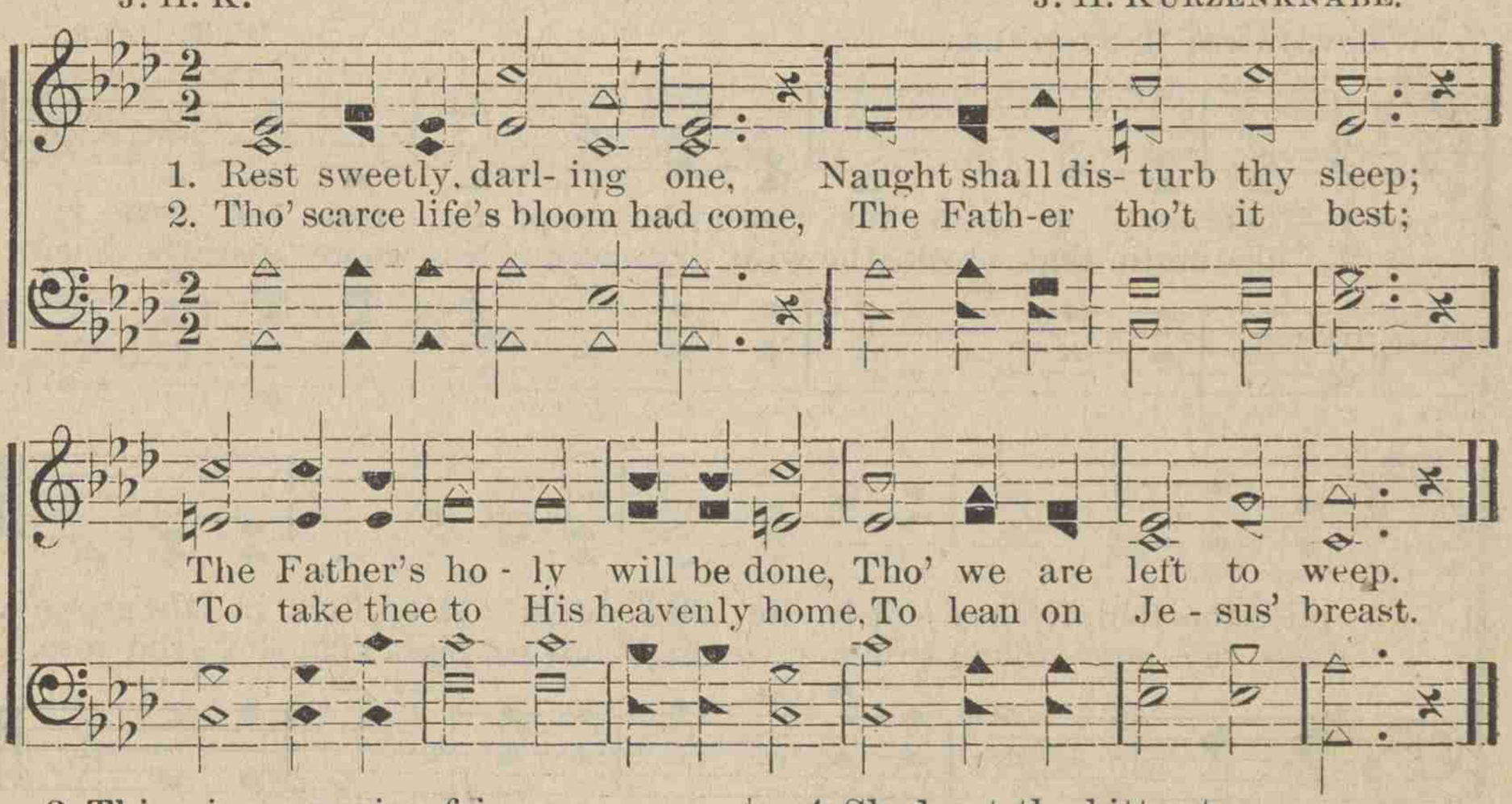
4 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms
Her favored soul He bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart or fast,
No more *she'll* visit me:
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

No. 198. Rest Sweetly, Darling One. S. M.

For Funeral of a Child.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe.



3 Thine is a mansion fair,
There in Immanuel's land,
Where all the holy angels are,
With the redeemed band.

4 Shed not the bitter tear,
Why should thy heart despair?
The darling's spirit hovers near,
And whispers, "Meet me there."

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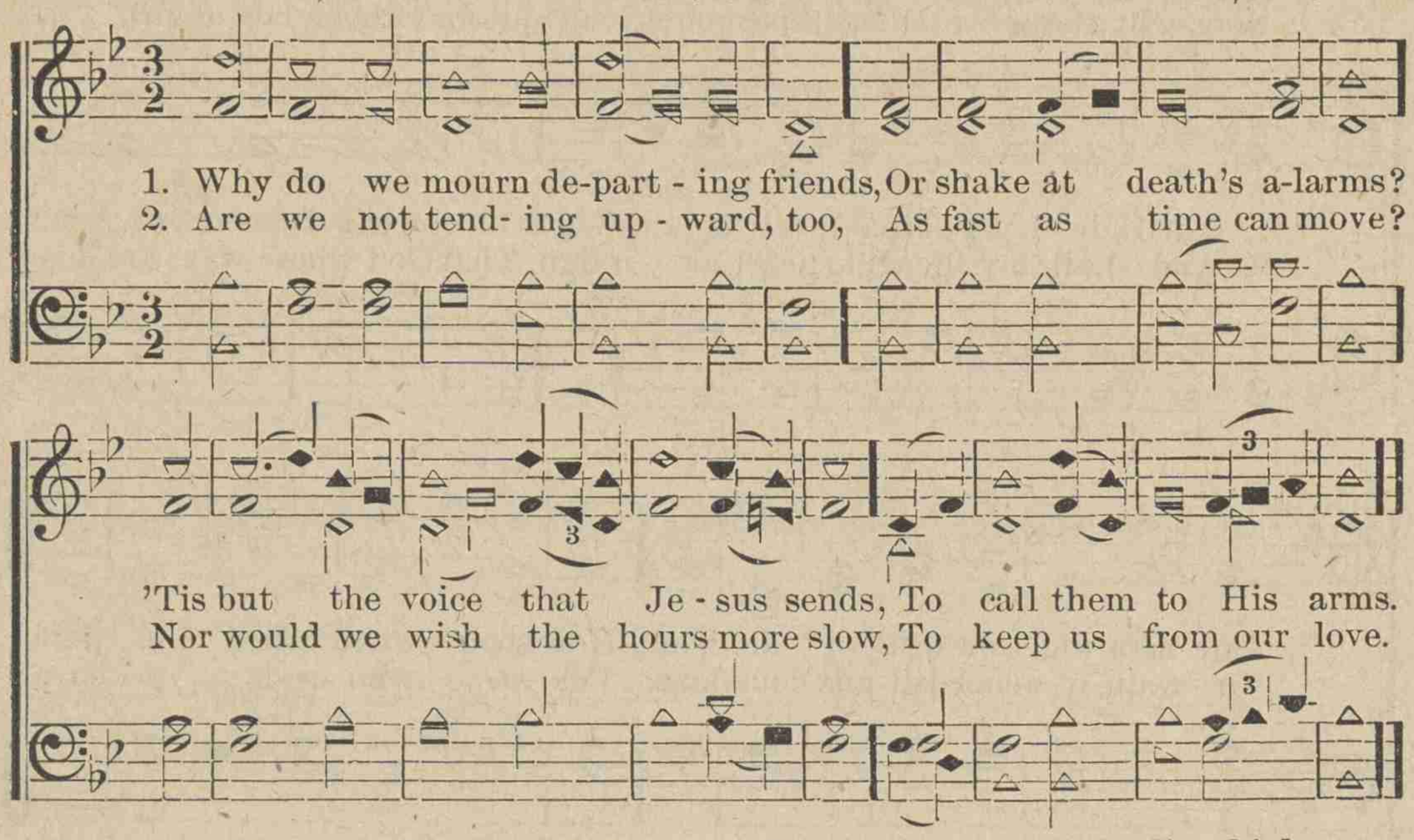
No. 199. China. C. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. 2 Cor. 5: 8. T. SWAN, 1800.



3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

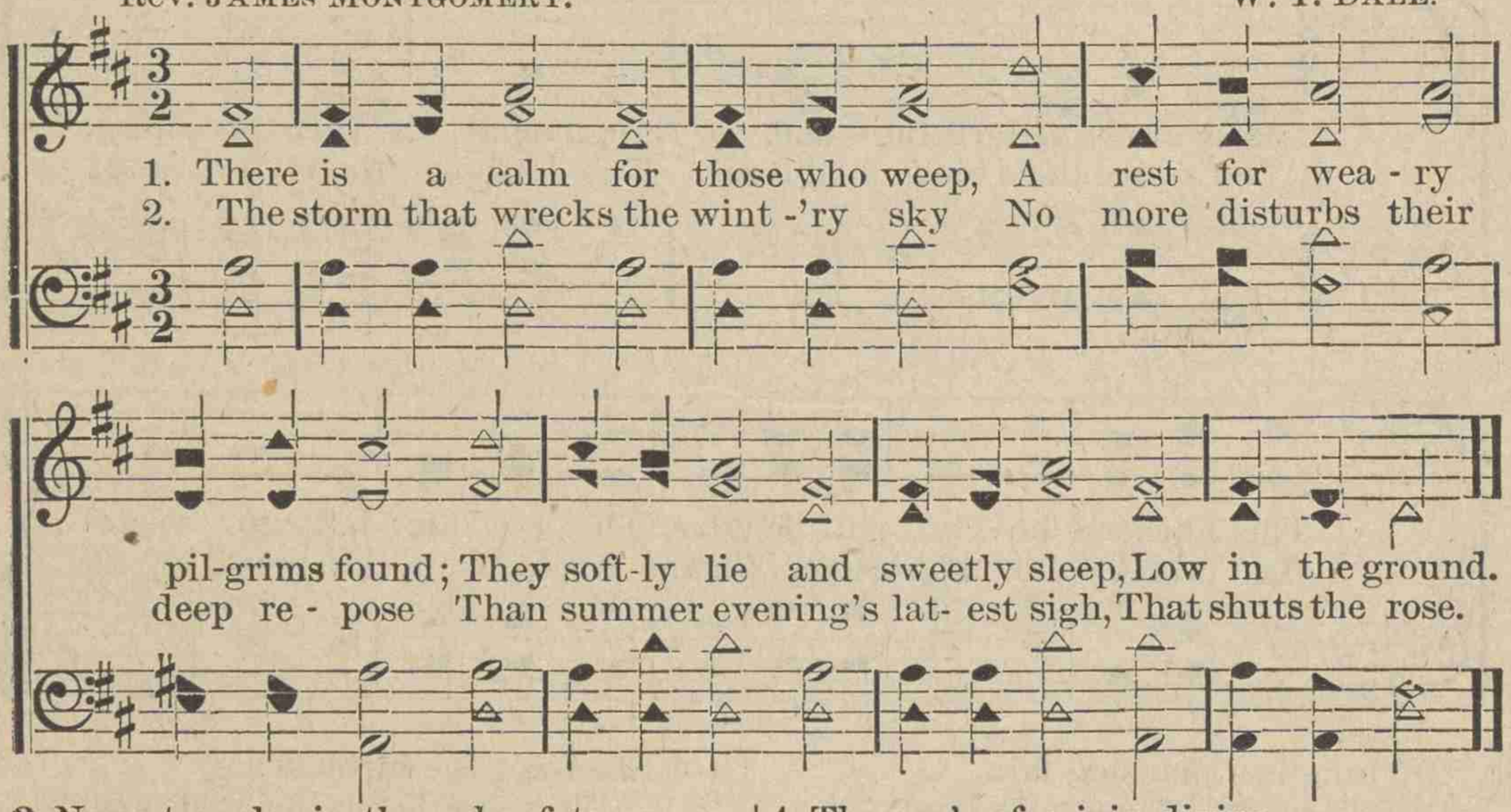
4 The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations underground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

No. 200. A Calm for Those who Weep.

Rev. JAMES MONTGOMERY. W. T. DALE.



3 Now, traveler in the vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

No. 201. O Sing to Me of Heaven. S. M.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

3 When the last moment comes
Oh, watch my dying face;
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

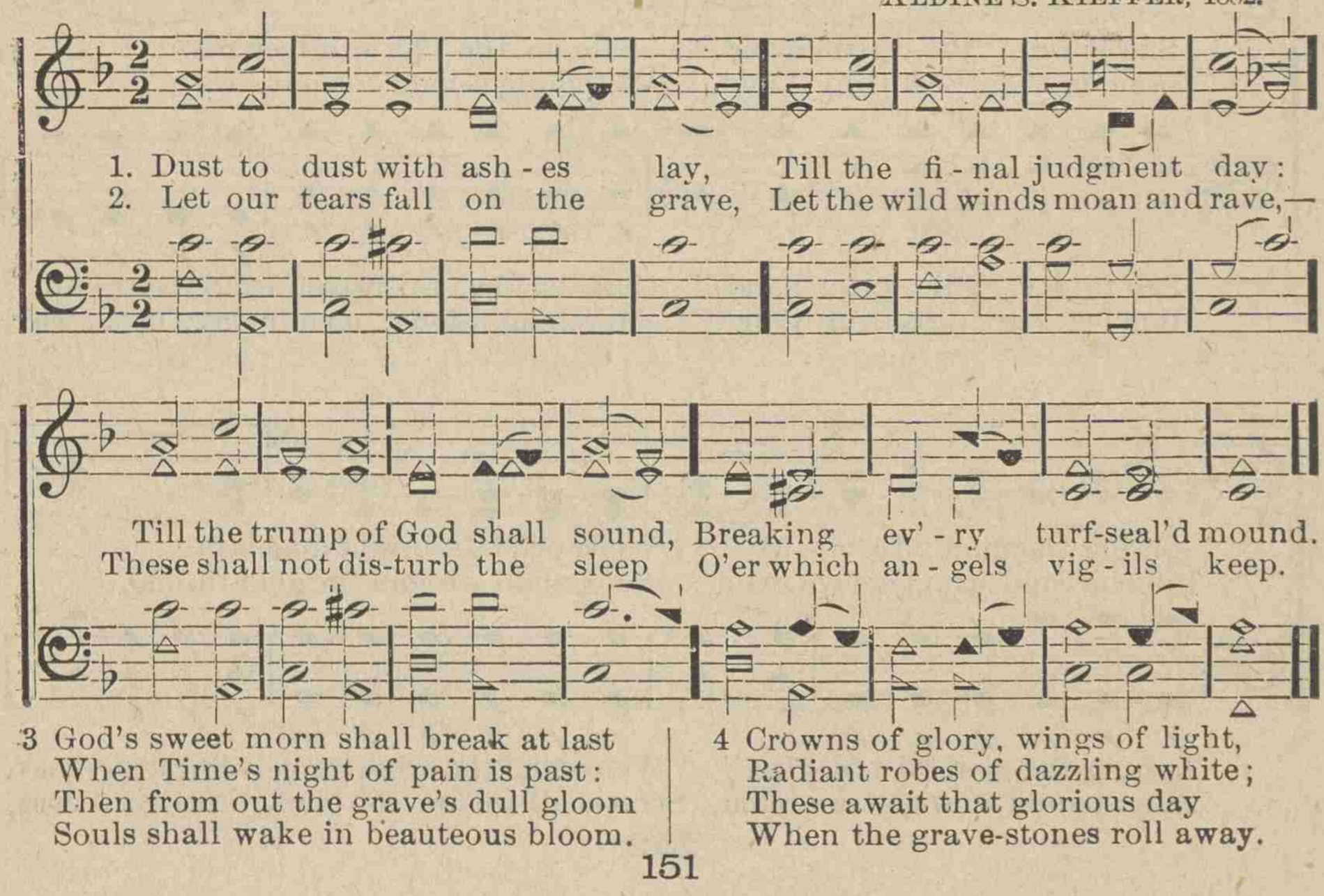
4 Then to my raptured soul;
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And fold my pale and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

No. 202. Funeral Dirge. L. M.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER, 1882.



3 God's sweet morn shall break at last
When Time's night of pain is past:
Then from out the grave's dull gloom
Souls shall wake in beauteous bloom.

4 Crowns of glory, wings of light,
Radiant robes of dazzling white;
These await that glorious day
When the grave-stones roll away.

No. 203. Gone.

FOR FUNERALS.

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Affetuoso.

Gone, gone, gone; "Gone to the si-lent land." { Over the "River of / Close by the "Great White

Over the River, the
Close by the Throne, the

Death," In- to the "Si-lent Land," Glad are the "Heavenly Choirs,"
Throne," "Thousands of children stand," "Welcome, Oh, welcome" they sing,

"River of Death," Into the "Si-lent Land," Glad are the Heavenly, "heavenly Choirs,"
"Great White Throne," Thousands of children stand," "Welcome, Oh, welcome, Oh welcome" they sing,

Sad is our "Pil - grim Band," Safe on the "Ev-er-green Shore,"
Home to the "Beautiful Land," "Marching a-long" on our way,

Sad is our "Pil - grim Band," Safe on the "Evergreen, evergreen Shore,"
Home to the "Beautiful Land," "Marching a-long" on our way, On our way,

Joining the glad "Ju-bi - lee," "Welcome," the bright angels say,
Pilgrims and strangers we roam, Soon shall we join the glad throng,

Joining the glad "Ju-bi - lee," "Welcome," the bright angels, Bright angels say,
Pilgrims and strangers we roam, Soon shall we join the glad, join the glad throng,

Gone.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 204. Farewell.

For close of Funeral Service.

Words from "SOCIAL HARP." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep
While memory lives;
From wounds that sink so deep,
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:
From Him I'll never part;
On Him my hope relies.

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heaven above?
And there, in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

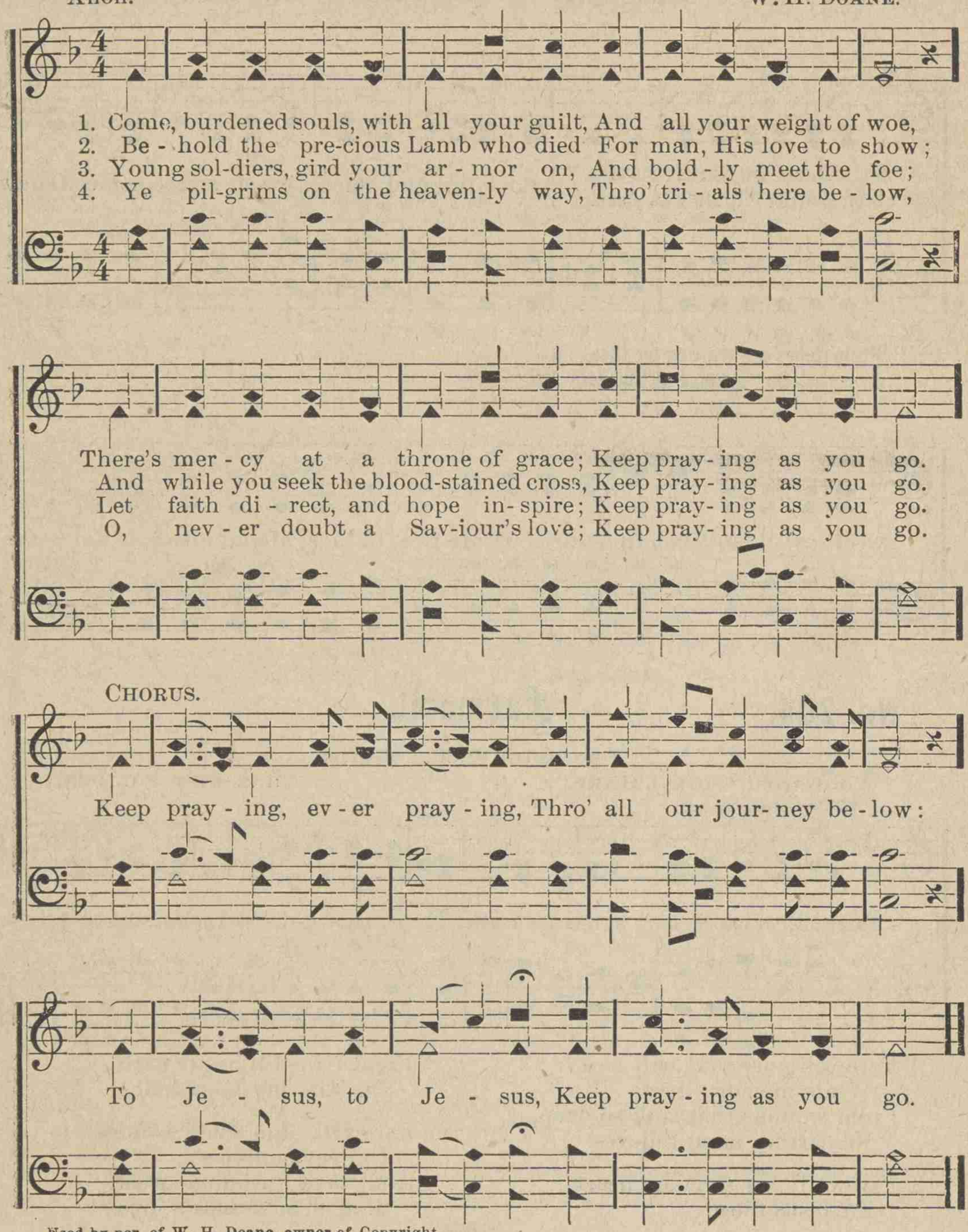
PART VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 205. Keep Praying as You Go.

"Pray without ceasing."—1st. Thess. 5: 17.

Anon. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 206. Yield not to Temptation.

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

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad lauguage dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercometh God giv- eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight manful- ly on- ward, Dark
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind -
con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our

passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car- ry you through.
heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car- ry you through.
strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car- ry you through.

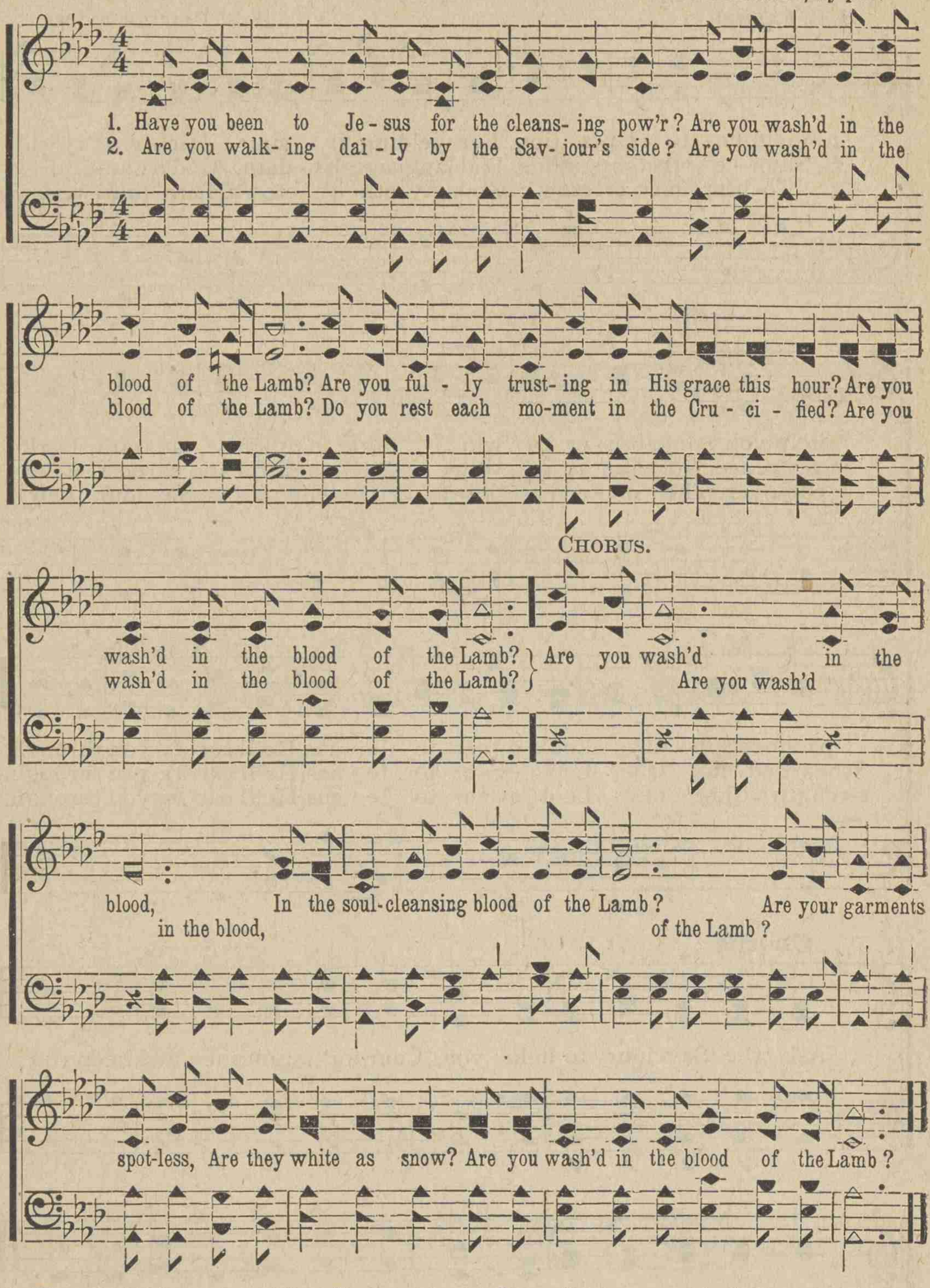
Chorus.

Ask the Sav- iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will- ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 207. Are you Washed in the Blood?

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



3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white with the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

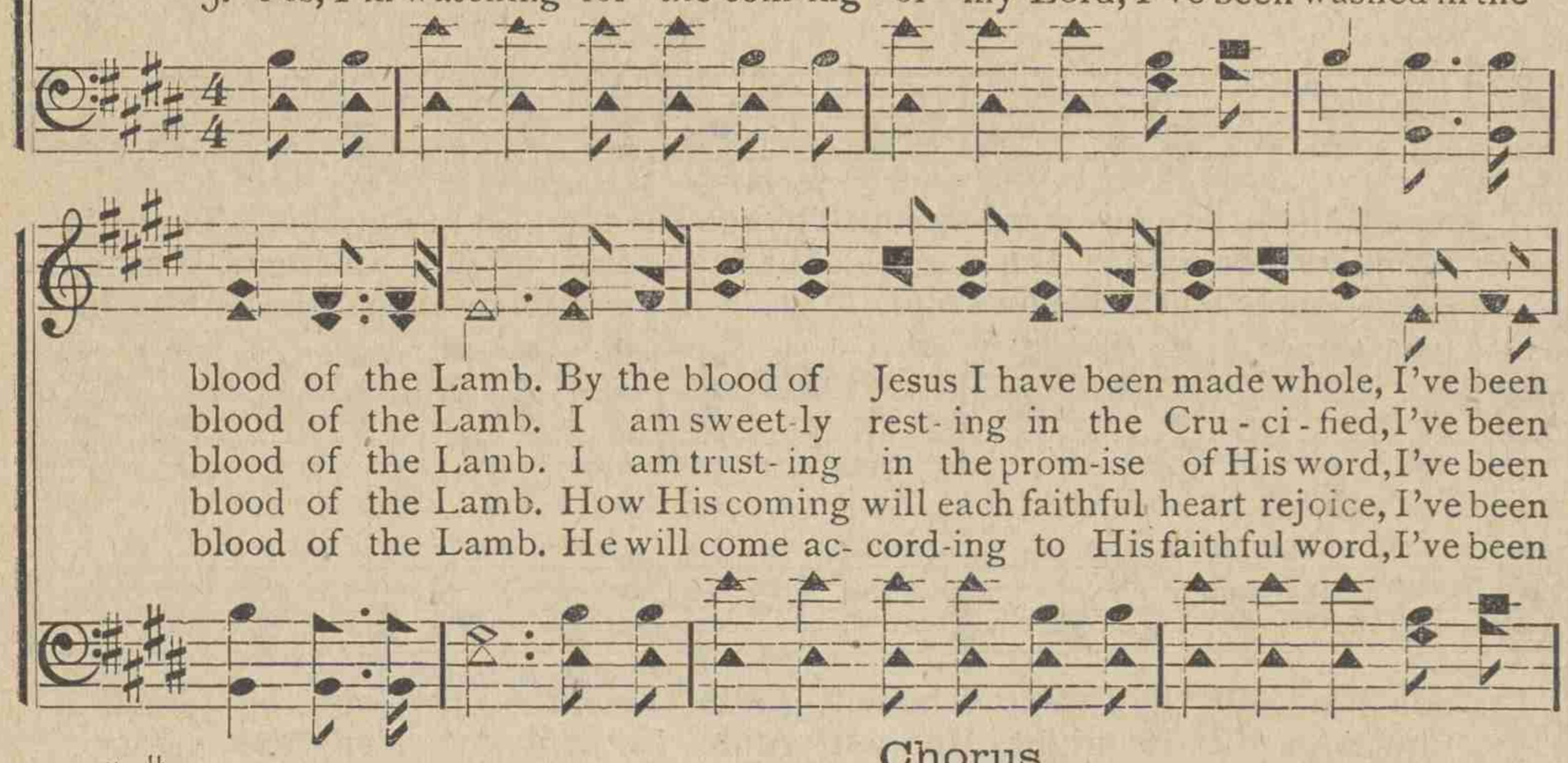
4 Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with sin,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

No. 208. I've been Washed in the Blood.

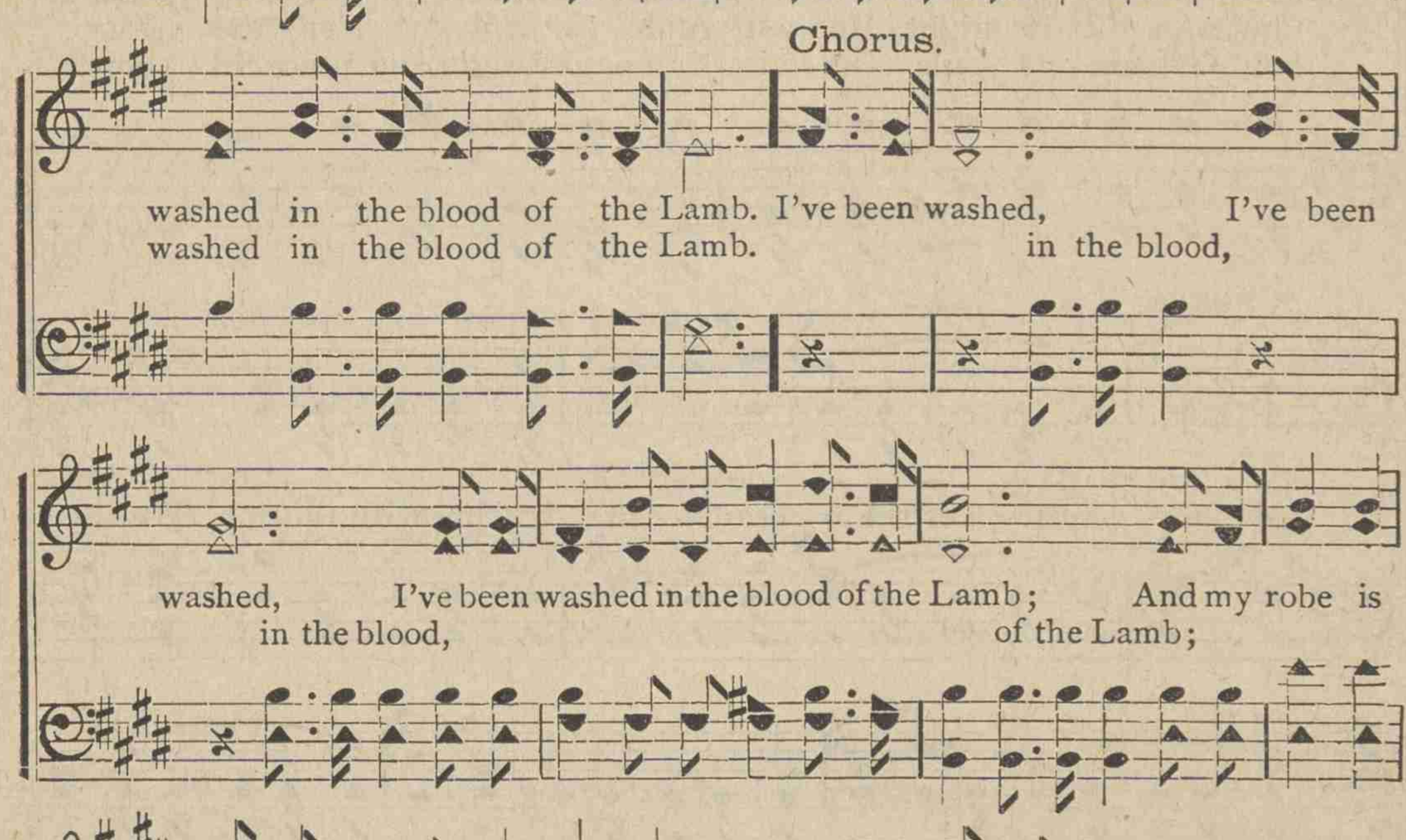
Answer to "Are you Washed in the Blood?"

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. I am just from Jesus who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
2. I am dai - ly trusting 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. Yes, I'm watching for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been washed in the



blood of the Lamb. By the blood of Jesus I have been made whole, I've been
blood of the Lamb. I am sweet-ly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied, I've been
blood of the Lamb. I am trust - ing in the prom-ise of His word, I've been
blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart rejoice, I've been
blood of the Lamb. He will come ac- cord-ing to His faithful word, I've been



Chorus.

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

washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is
in the blood, of the Lamb;

spot-less, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 209. Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.

Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We're a faith-ful pilgrim band, Sail-ing to the heavenly land; With our spreading sail we on- ward sweep; Though the tempest ra - ges long, There is one a- mid the throng Who will guide the sail - or o'er the deep.
2. Though the roaring billows swell, Yet se - cure - ly we may dwell, Tho' the breakers roar up-on the lea; Mid the storm, by day or night, Trust our Capt- ain, by His might, He will guide us safe - ly o'er the sea.
3. Though for man- y a - ges past She has long withstood the blast, And in safe- ty crossed the billows o'er, Yet, a - mid the rocks and shoals, She has land - ed ma - ny souls On fair Can-aan's bright and peace-ful shore.

CHORUS.

We are sail - - - - ing o'er the o - - - - cean, We are drift - - - - ing with the tide; Soon the storm . . . will
We are sail-ing o'er the o - cean, We are drifting with the tide, We are sailing o'er the o- cean, We are drifting with the tide: Soon the storm will all be o-ver,

Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.—Concluded.

Repeat pp.

No. 210. Sailing on the Gospel Ship.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

No. 211. Only Remembered.

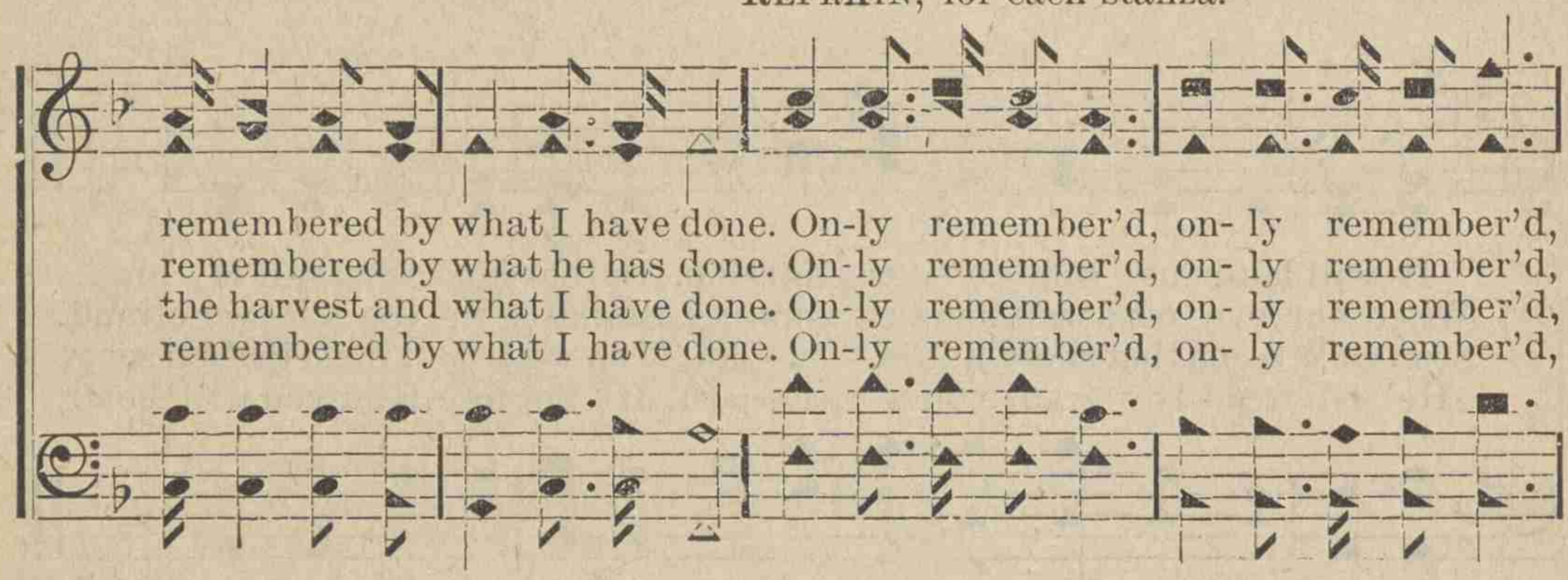
John 4: 36-38.

Rev. H. Bonar. D. E. Dortch.

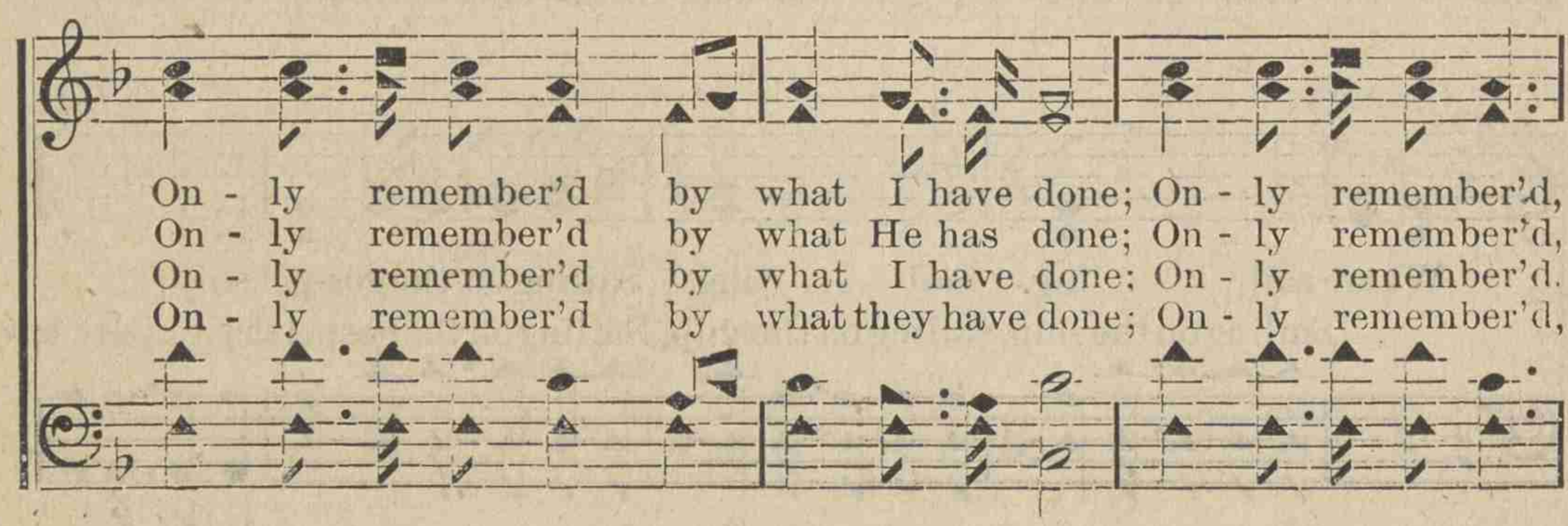
1. Up and a- way like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2. Shall I be miss'd if an - oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing, On - ly
Springtime have sown? No, for the sow- er may pass from His la-bors, On - ly
earth I have sown; These shall pass onward when I am for-got- ten, Fruits of
joic - ing are won; Then will His faithful and wea- ry dis-ci - ples, All be

Refrain, for each stanza.



remembered by what I have done. On-ly remember'd, on- ly remember'd,
remembered by what he has done. On-ly remember'd, on- ly remember'd,
the harvest and what I have done. On-ly remember'd, on- ly remember'd,
remembered by what I have done. On-ly remember'd, on- ly remember'd,



On - ly remember'd by what I have done; On - ly remember'd,
On - ly remember'd by what He has done; On - ly remember'd,
On - ly remember'd by what I have done; On - ly remember'd.
On - ly remember'd by what they have done; On - ly remember'd,

Only Remembered.—Concluded.

on - ly re-member'd, On - ly re-member'd by what I have done.
on - ly re-member'd, On - ly re-member'd by what He has done.
on - ly re-member'd, On - ly re-member'd by what I have done.
on - ly re-member'd, On - ly re-member'd by what they have done.

No. 212. Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11: 13.

W. T. DALE

Earnestly.

1. Noth - ing but leaves! The Spir - its grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promi- ses un- kept, And reap from
2. Noth - ing but leaves! No gath- er'd sheaves Of life's fair ripe- ning grain: We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, idle words for ear-nest deeds, Then reap with
3. Noth - ing but leaves! Sad mem'-ry weaves No veil to hide the past; And as we trace our wea- ry way, And count each lost and misspent day, We sad - ly
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with- ered leaves? Ah, who shall at the Sav- iour's feet, Be- fore the aw- ful judg-ment seat, Lay down for

years of strife,
toil and pain,
find at last,
gold - en sheaves,
} Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves! Nothing, Nothing but leaves.

No. 213. Only Waiting.

W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait ing, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,
3. Waiting for the gold-en cit - y, Where the man- y mansions be;

When the sor-row and the sad - ness Of this wea - ry life are gone.
Ho - ping when the war has end - ed To re - ceive a crown of life.
List'- ning for the hap-py wel- come Of my Sav-iour call- ing me.

CHORUS.

I am wait - - ing, on - ly wait ing, Till this

I am wait ing, waiting, wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, waiting, wait-ing, Till this

wea - - ry life is o'er; On - ly wait - - ing

wea-ry, weary, wea-ry life is o'er, life is o'er: On - ly waiting, waiting, waiting,

for my wel-come From my Sav-iour on the oth - er shore.

for my welcome, for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.

From "Songs of Glory," by per.

No. 214. We are Waiting Still.

Rev. W. M. R. Rev. W. M. Robison.

1. We sometimes think of those dear friends, Who have crossed so long be - fore,
2. We sometimes look into our homes, And see with tears the va - cant chair,
3. We sometimes listen for voices sweet, Those which once our hearts did cheer,
4. We sometimes sing the songs again, Which once they sang to us so sweet,

And wonder if they are not saints, And wait for us at heav - en's door.
And wonder where the spirit roams, And if its waiting for us there.
And wonder if they e'er will greet, Our coming somewhere o - ver there.
And wonder if we'll join the strain, With them again at Je - sus' feet.

Chorus.

We are wait - - ing for the morn- ing,..... We are
We are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for the morn-ing, for the morn-ing, We are

wait - - ing for the morn-ing,..... We are wait - - ing
waiting, waiting, waiting for the morning, for the morning, We are waiting, waiting, waiting

for the dawn-ing,..... ..... We are wait - ing, wait-ing still.
for the dawning, for the dawn-ing, We are wait - ing, wait- ing still, waiting still.

No. 215. My Own Sweet Country.

The famous Scotch Song rendered into English by the Rev. W. T. DALE.

Miss M. A. LEE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I am far from my home, and I'm wea - ry oft - en whiles,
2. Tho' the earth is all cov - ered with flow - ers so gay,
3. I've His good word of prom - ise that some day the King,
4. My sins have been ma - ny, my sor - rows been sore,

For the longed - for home bringing my Father's welcome smiles;
And the birds war - ble blithely as ev - er they may,
To His own roy - al pal - ace His banished home will bring;
But there they'll nev - er vex me, nor be thought of an - y more;

I will nev - er be con - tent till my eyes they shall see
Yet, these sights and these sounds will as naught be to me
There with eyes and with hearts running o - ver we shall see
By His blood I'm made white and His hand will dry my eye,

The gold - en gates of heaven, and my own sweet country.
When I hear the an - gels singing in my own sweet country.
The King in His beau-ty and our own sweet country.
When He brings me home at last to my own sweet country.

My Own Sweet Country.—Concluded.

Refrain.

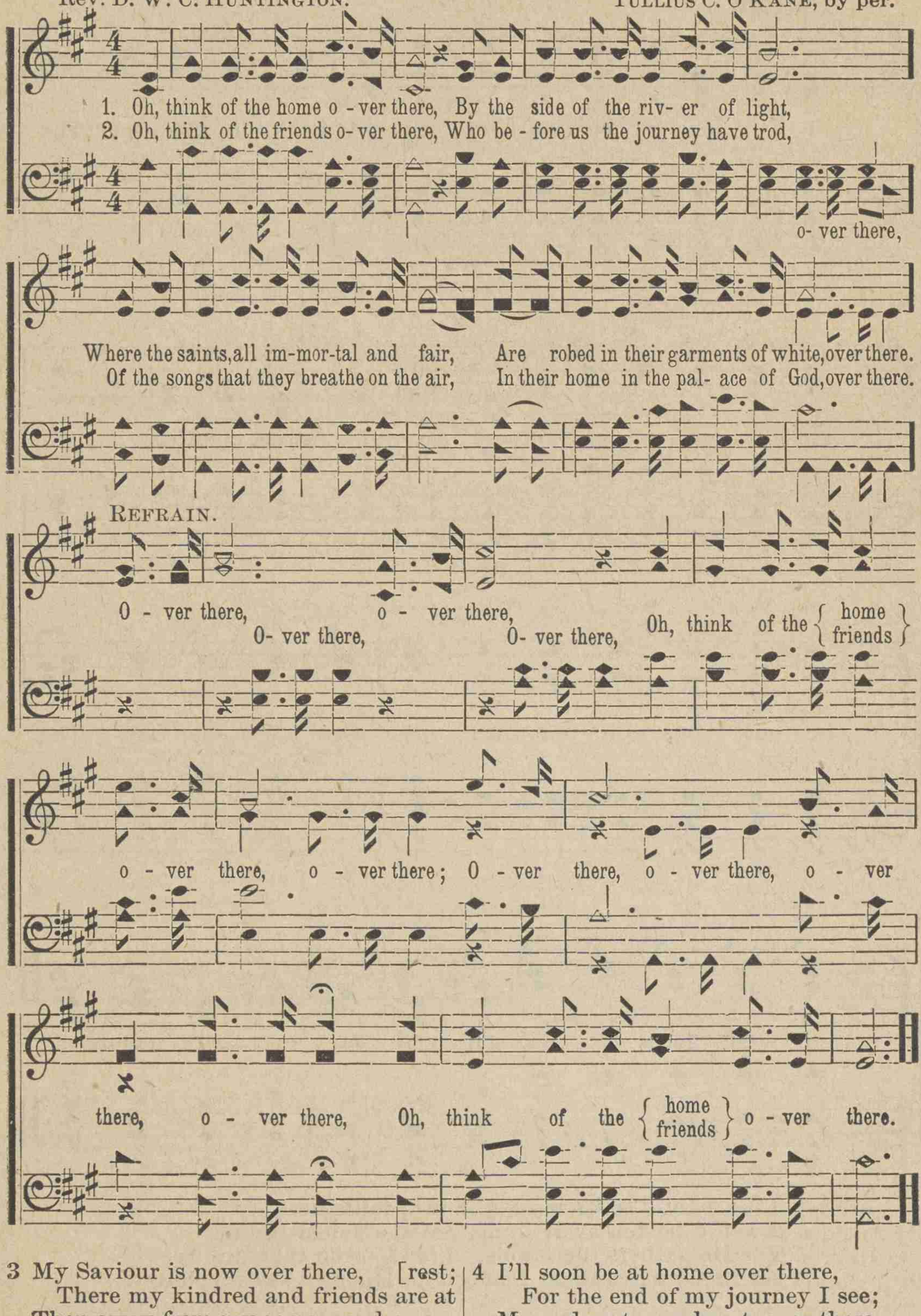
5 Like a child to its mother, a bird to its nest,
I would hasten away to my Saviour's dear breast;
For He gathers the lambs, in His bosom they are free,
And He carries them Himself to His own sweet country.

6 He is true to His word, He will come sure, I know,
At what home I know not, but I long now to go;
Still He bids me to watch, ever ready to be,
To go at any moment to my own sweet country,

No. 216. The Home Over There.

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

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.



3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 217. Gathering Home.

Rev. I. BALTZELL. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, On the banks of the bright
2. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, At the sound of the great
3. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, Our bless-ed Redeem-

jas-per sea; We'll meet all the good and the faith-ful; What a
ju-bi-lee; We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing; What a
-er to see; We'll meet with the friends gone be-fore us; What a

CHORUS.

gath'-ring that will be! What a gath'-ring, gath'---
gath'-ring that will be!
gath'-ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be, that will

-ring, What a gath'-ring that will be! What a
be, that will be! While the

gath'-ring, gath'--ring,
an-gels sing, We'll all gather home, What a gath'ring that will be!

By permission of the Author.

No. 218. Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the riv-er side, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; We shall cross the stormy tide, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be-
2. We shall pass inside the gate, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; Peace and plenty for us wait, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; We shall hear the wond'rous strain, Glory
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; Gath'ring round the great white Throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day; By the Tree of Life so fair, Joy and

fore our eyes un-fold, Heaven's splendors yet untold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
to the Lamb that's slain; Christ was dead but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
rapt- ure eve-ry-where; O the bliss of o- ver there, Some sweet day; some sweet day.

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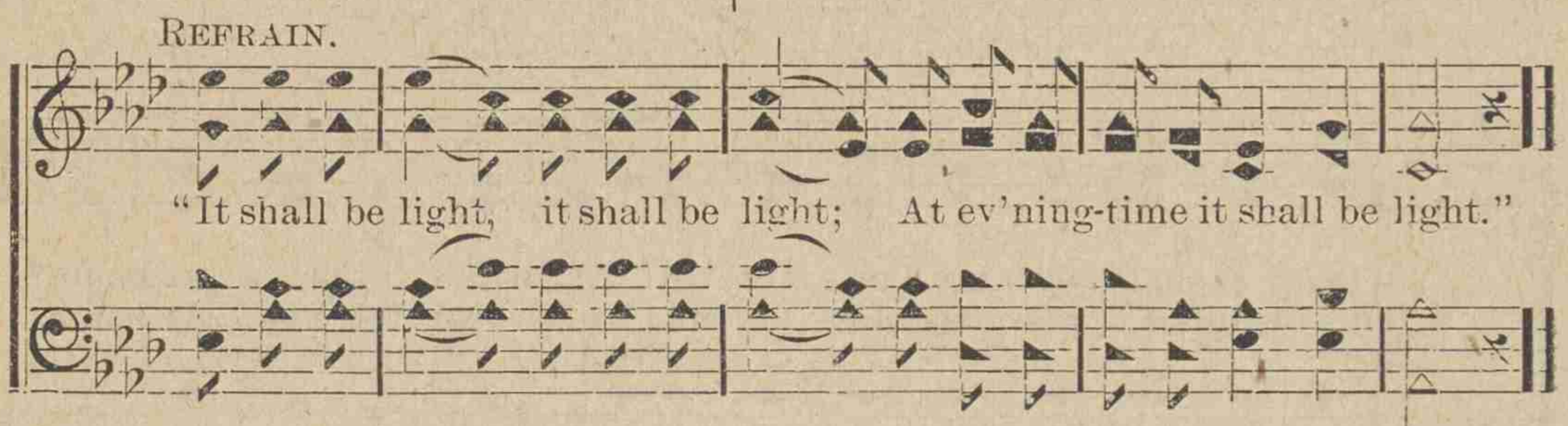
No. 219. It Shall be Light.

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. 14: 7.

S. K. C. From Nashville Christian Advocate. D. E. DORTCH.

1. To those who bear with patient love, Life's wea- ry load from morn till night, There
2. Tho' cloud-ed may have been the way, And traced by sor-row, care and blight, Tho'
3. Yes, ev- 'ry shad-ow shall de- part, As the blessed mansions come in sight, And
4. A radiance from the bet- ter land, Shall put all gloom and doubt to flight, And
5. Lord may we to the end en- dure! For what Thou send- est must be right, And

It Shall be Light.—Concluded.



No. 220. Safe at Home.

Rev. W. F. COSNER. W. T. DALE.

Slow and soft. FINE.

Copyright, 1885, by W. T. DALE. Composed, 1880.

2 There I'll see no tempest raging,
Safe at home! safe at home!
Sin no warfare wild is waging,
Safe at home! safe at home!
When shall come the blissful waking,
Where no painful head is aching,
Where no throbbing heart is breaking,
Safe at home! safe at home!

3 There are friends who with me parted,
Safe at home! safe at home!
No more wand'ring broken hearted,
Safe at home! safe at home!
Undisturbed while storms are sweeping,
Calmly now the loved are sleeping,
Ever in their Father's keeping,
Safe at home! safe at home!

4 Dear ones gone before will meet me,
Safe at home! safe at home!
At the pearly gate will greet me,
Safe at home! safe at home!
Saviour, dearest Saviour, hear me,
I am weary, be Thou near me,
Oh, sustain me till Thou cheer me,
Safe at home! safe at home!

No. 221. We'll Wait till Jesus Comes.

"I will come again."—JOHN, 14: 2.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

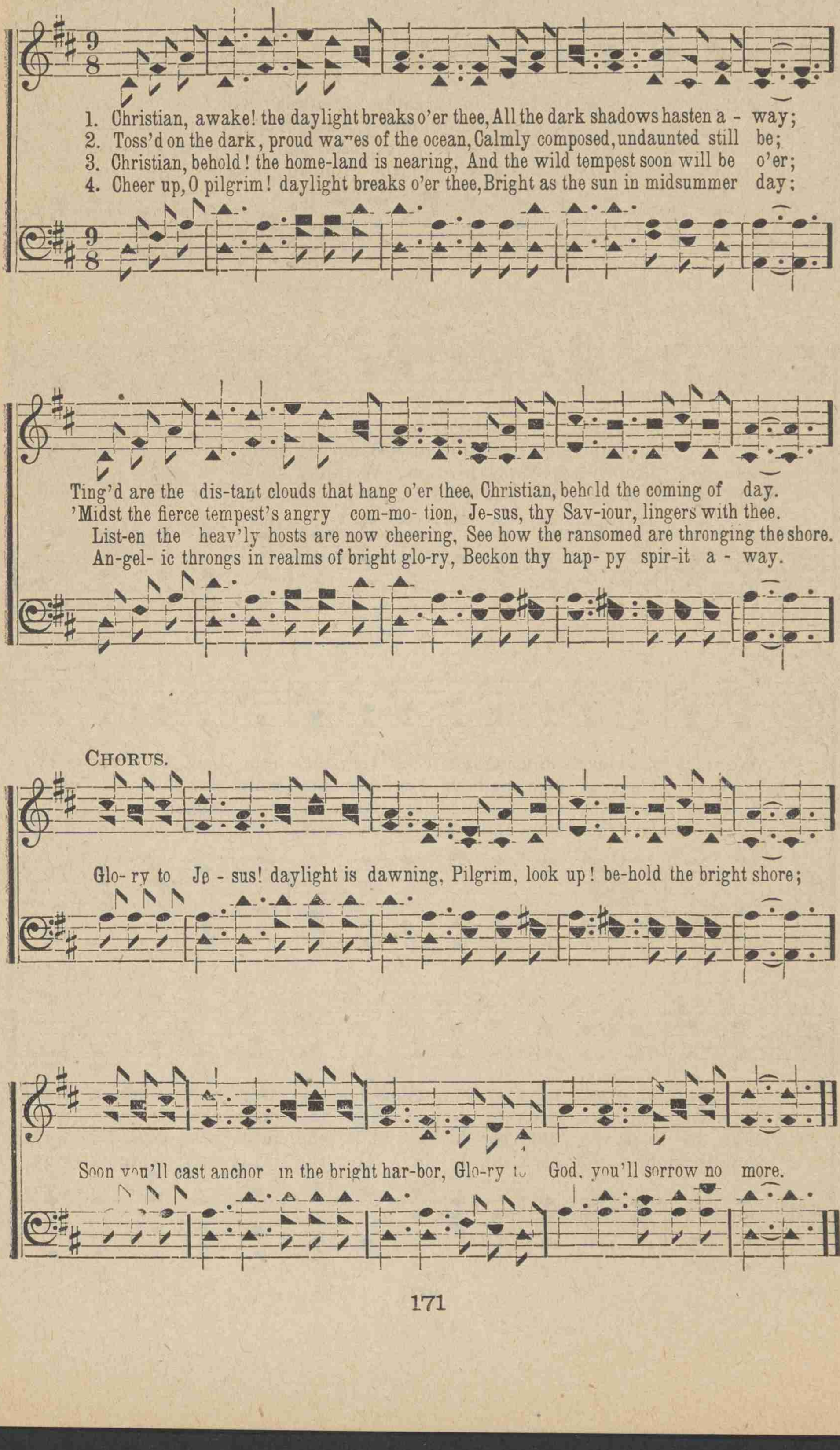
4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

No. 222. Daylight is Dawning

Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 223. When the Mists have Cleared Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the sum-mit of the hills,
2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,
4. When the sil-v'ry mists have veil'd us From the fa-ces of our own,

And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we strug-gle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
Oft we think their love has fail'd us, And we tread our path a-lone;

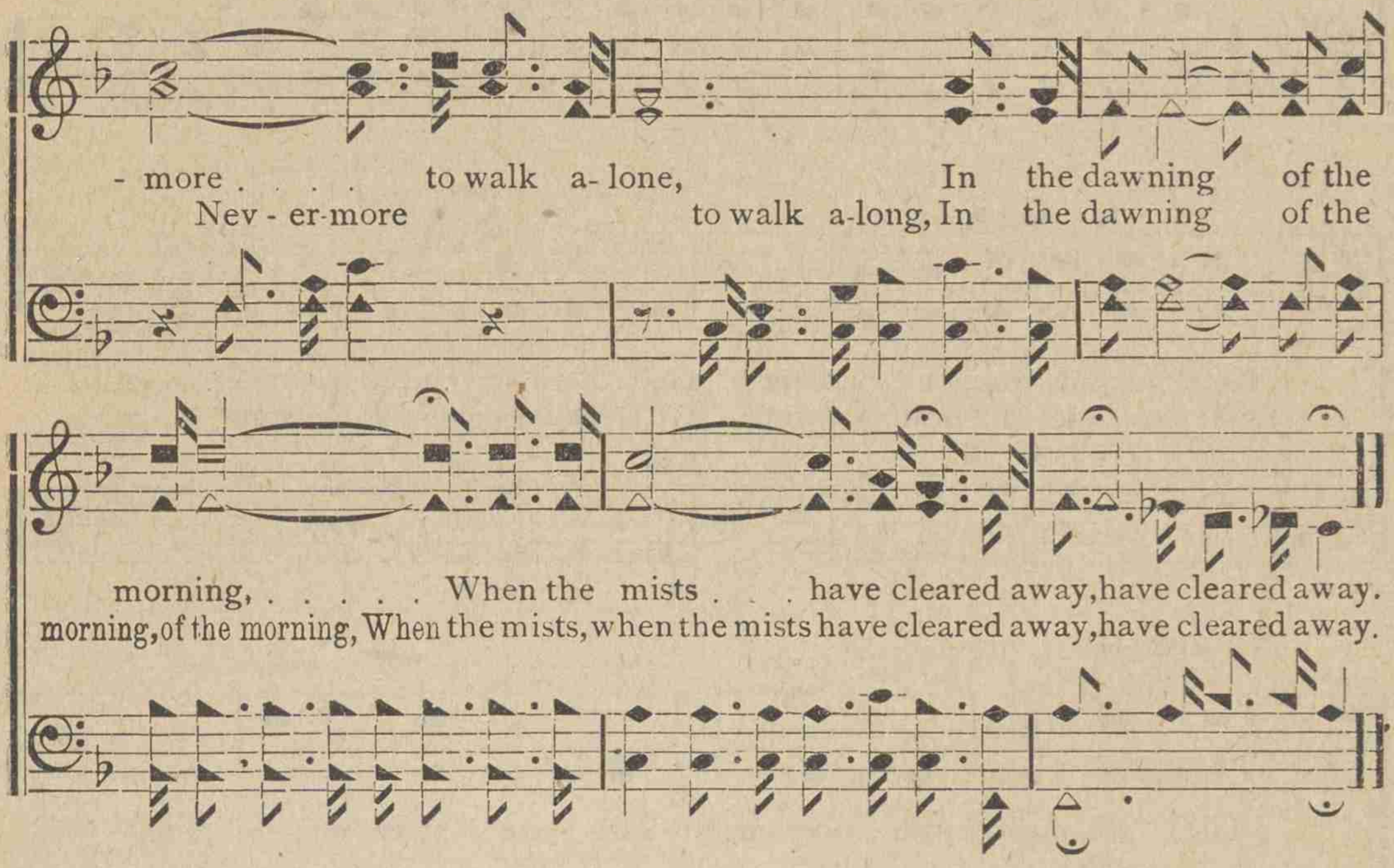
We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray;
Snow-y wings of love shall cov-er All the faults that hide a-way,
Lo! be-yond the ori-ent meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,
We should love them well and tru-ly, We should trust them day by day;

Rit.

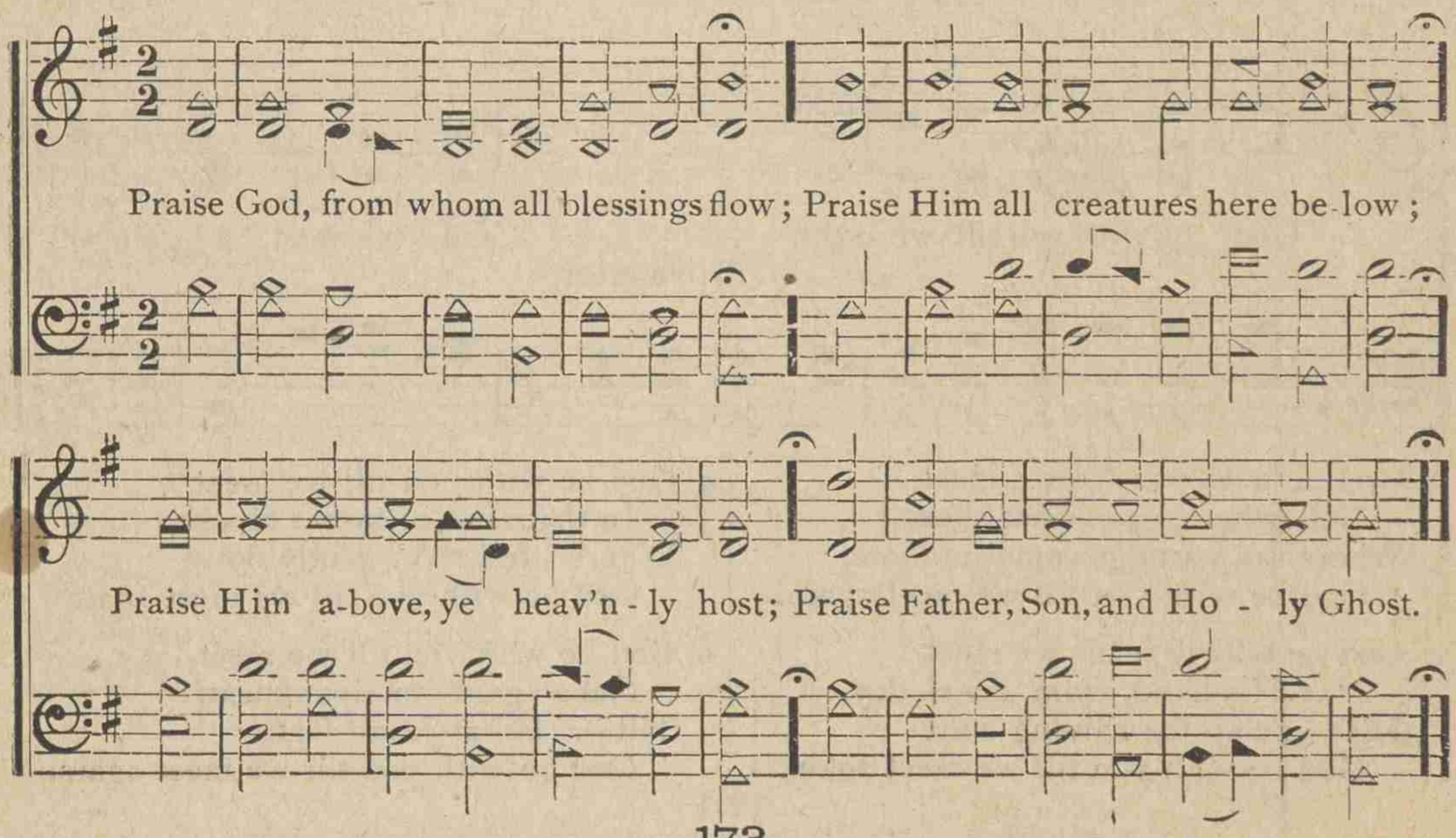
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shadows 'Till the mists have cleared a-way.
Nei-ther hate nor love un-du-ly, If the mists were cleared a-way.

When the Mists, etc.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 224. Doxology.



No. 225. God be With You.

"The God of love and peace shall be with you."—2 Cor. 13: 11.

E. Hanks. E. Hanks.

Slow with expression.

Refrain.

3 God be with you till we meet,
Either here, or on that shore,
Where sad partings come no more,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet,
May His hand, from day to day,
Lead you up the shining way,
God be with you till we meet again.

5 God be with you till we meet
In that land of sweet repose,
Where life's river gently flows,
God be with you till we meet again.

6 God be with you till we meet,
Once again our lips repeat,
Till we fall at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again.

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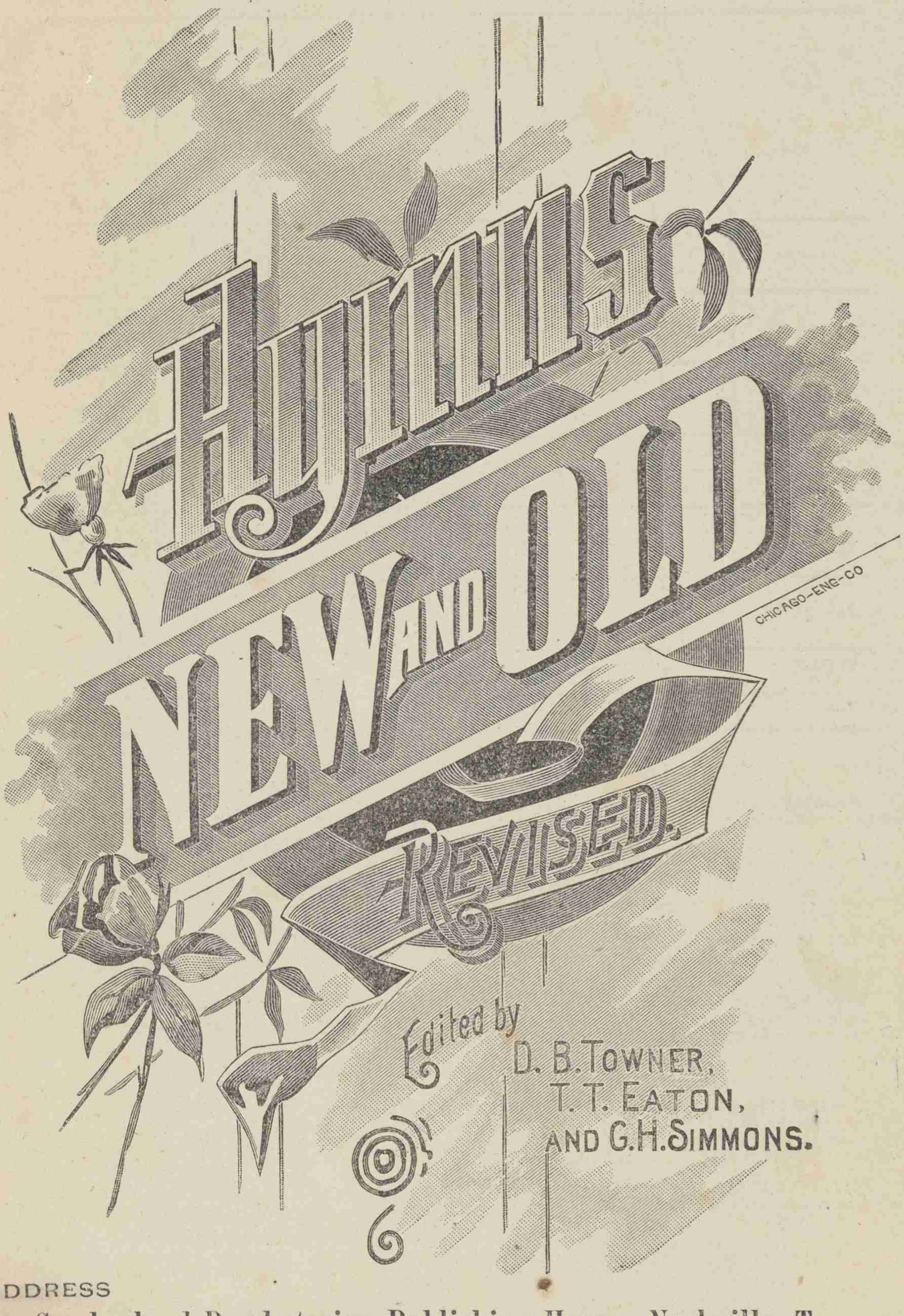

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		Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.	Att.	Coll.
Jan. 1, '92.	Att.	1		1		1		1		1		1		1		7	
	Coll.		3		2		5		3		10		15		5		43
Jan. 8, '92.	Att.	1				1		1		1		1		1		6	
	Coll.		2				7		5		10				5		29
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	Coll.		2		5		5		2		5		5		5		29
Jan. 22, '92.	Att.	1		1						1		1		1		5	
	Coll.		3		7						10				5		25
Jan. 22, '92.	Att.	1				1		1				1		1		5	
	Coll.		1				5		7				15		5		33
Total Att.		5		3		4		4		4		5		5		30	
Total Coll.			11		14		22		17		35		35		25		139

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Feb'y 11,	10	15	15	10	20	10	20	1 00	
Feb'y 18,	10	15	15	10	20	10	20	1 00	
Feb'y 25,	10	15	15	10	20	10	20	1 00	
Amount Forwarded.	1 40	1 85	2 10	1 40	2 80	1 40	2 55	13 50	

TEACHER'S NAME. / ATTENDANCE.	William Jordan.	Mrs. M. E. Johnson.	H. C. Morris.	Miss Willie Ramsey	R. H. Willis.	Mrs. H. R. Jones.	John M. Hayes.			
Amount Forwarded.	28	36	24	16	24	32	40			200
Feb. 4, '92,	7	9	6	4	6	8	10			50
Feb. 11,	7	9	6	4	6	8	10			50
Feb. 18,	7	9	6	4	6	8	10			50
Feb. 25,	7	9	6	4	6	8	10			50
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