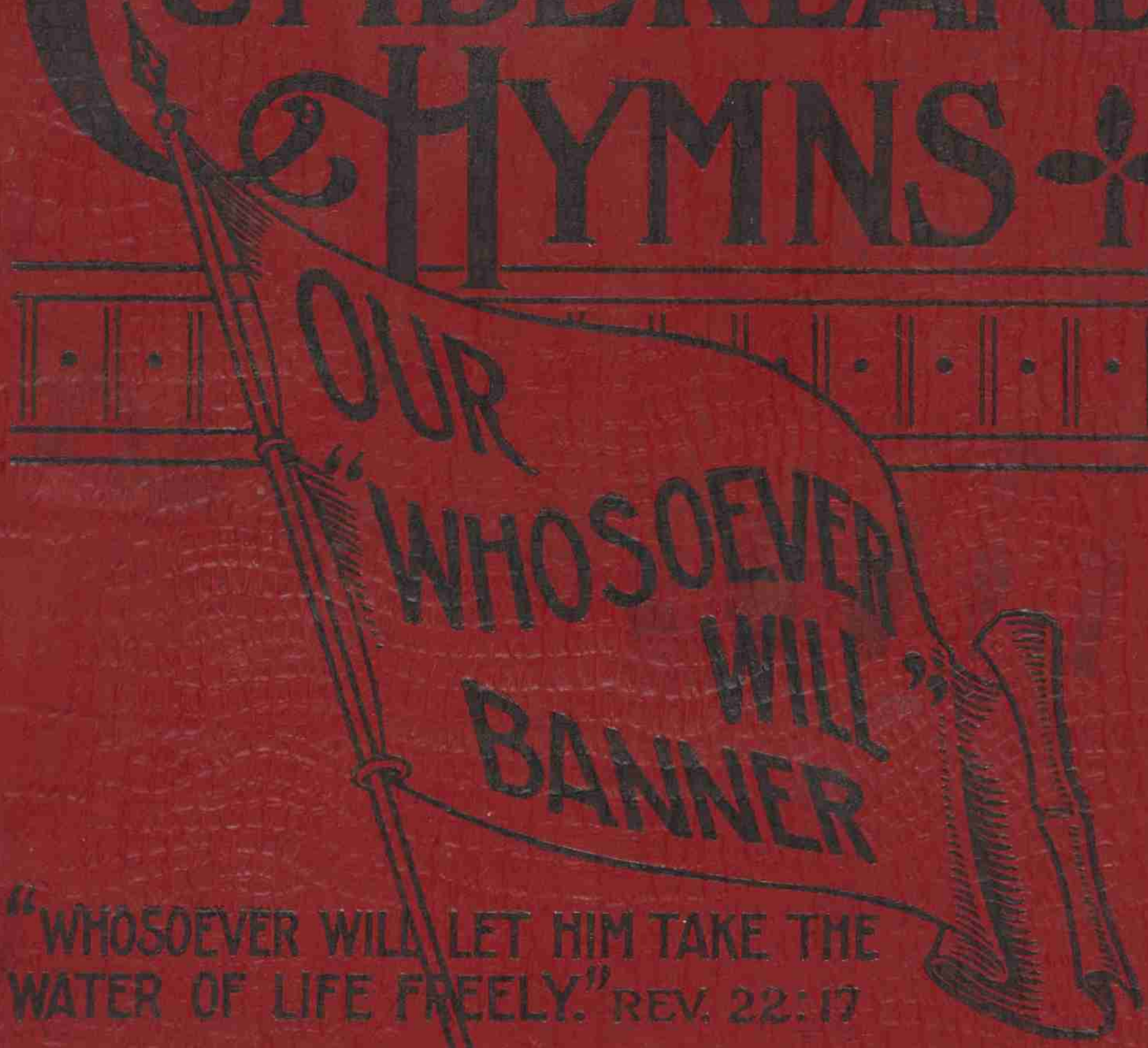
CUMBERLAND HYMNS



"WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY." REV. 22:17

CENTENARY EDITION

What they say of CUMBERLAND HYMNS

***Endorsed* and *Recommended* by the *General Assembly* of the *Cumberland Presbyterian Church*, Corsicana, Tex., May 26, 1908**

[From Report of Committee on Publication.]

"A communication from Rev. W. T. Dale, D.D., in regard to a new song book, called CUMBERLAND HYMNS, has been placed in our hands. According to your former request, Brothers Dale and Horton have, at considerable labor and expense, prepared this book with the view of meeting the present necessities of the Church. We regard this book as the BEST now in print for general use in our churches, and we believe that only the best is good enough for the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

"Respectfully submitted,

"J. T. BARBEE,
"A. M. BUCHANAN,
"W. L. BREWER,
N. B. BUTLER,
G. M. THOMPSON,
H. C. HUGHES,
"J. E. BRAKEBILL, *Committee.*"

From R. L. BASKETTE, Nashville, Tenn., *Secretary Cumberland Presbyterian Board of Publication:*

"I have examined 'Cumberland Hymns,' edited by Rev. W. T. Dale and H. A. R. Horton, and consider it an excellent collection, well adapted to our work, and cheerfully recommend this Hymnal to the Church." May 9, 1908.

From REV. HARDY COPELAND, Pastor Grace Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn.:

"I have examined the new song book by Rev. W. T. Dale and H. A. R. Horton, called 'Cumberland Hymns,' and take pleasure in recommending the book to all our churches, as being worthy of their consideration and patronage when in need of new song books." May 11, 1908.

From REV. J. R. GOODPASTURE, A.M., editor Cumberland Presbyterian Sabbath School Literature, Nashville, Tenn.:

"Our beloved Brother W. T. Dale has just issued a new song book, 'Cumberland Hymns,' a collection of 'Whosoever Will' songs. Dr. Dale is a sure enough Cumberland Presbyterian, and I hope that our people will give him their liberal patronage. The way to have good books written by our own people is to encourage those who write by buying their books." May 11, 1908.

From REV. A. N. ESHMAN, Moderator Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, and President Radnor College, Nashville, Tenn.:

"I have turned every leaf of our new song book entitled 'Cumberland Hymns,' and I take great pleasure in giving my hearty endorsement to it. I like it because it has songs for the old as well as for the young. I am glad so many of the old songs are repeated in it. Let our young people learn them in memory of our fathers and mothers, and because those old songs are excellent within themselves." May 12, 1908.

From REV. E. L. MCWILLIAMS, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.:

"I have had the pleasure of examining 'Cumberland Hymns,' by Rev. W. T. Dale, D.D., and H. A. R. Horton, and I wish to say that I am delighted with the book, and heartily recommend it to all lovers of sacred music. It should especially find a place in every Cumberland Presbyterian church and home." June 8, 1908.

REV. J. H. ZWINGLE, Pastor of the East Nashville Cumberland Presbyterian Church, after looking through the book, said: "That is a fine collection of songs."

The book has also been endorsed in the strongest expressions of approval and commendation by REV. J. M. ASHFORD, Pastor Cumberland Presbyterian Church, McCains, Tenn., and others, as being the best book extant for Cumberland Presbyterians.

With such strong endorsement as the foregoing, including that of the General Assembly, the highest court of the Church, surely no one should hesitate in the purchase of this book. Now this "fine collection of songs," the "best book now in print for general use in our churches," may be had for the small sum of 25, 30, or 35 cents, according to the style of binding preferred. *Then why not try it?*

What Is Said About the Depository and Our Song Books

Indorsement by General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church

(*From Report of Committee on Publication at Bentonville, Ark., May, 1909.*)

"We further recommend that you express your appreciation of the work being done by the Rev. W. T. Dale in the way of getting our books in the hands of our people. He cannot be commended too highly for his efforts in getting out new editions of the 'Old Log House,' 'Why Am I a Cumberland Presbyterian?' 'Collinsworth's Lectures,' and 'McDonnold's Church History.' Also that Dr. Dale's song books be heartily recommended to our people for their real value and adaptability to our wants." REV. J. D. LEWIS, CHAIRMAN.

Indorsement by Lebanon Presbytery, C. P. Church

(*From Report of Committee on Publication, March, 1908.*)

"Again we call attention to and urge that you buy the books handled by Rev. W. T. Dale, and thus put in the hands of our people good literature and books to indoctrinate them in our faith." A. B. SPAIN, CHAIRMAN.

(*From Report of Committee on Publication, March, 1909.*)

"Rev. W. T. Dale is rendering a valuable service to our Church by maintaining the Cumberland Presbyterian Depository for the purpose of distributing our denominational books, of which we would especially mention and recommend, 'Alice McDonald,' 'Origin and Doctrines,' 'Why Am I a Cumberland Presbyterian?' 'The History of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church,' and more especially our 'Confession of Faith,' which we note with gratitude is 20 per cent cheaper than it was preceding the attempted union."

REV. A. N. ESHMAN, CHAIRMAN.

Indorsement by the Tennessee Synod, C. P. Church

(*From Report of Committee on Publication at Tullahoma, Tenn., October, 1908.*)

"We respectfully recommend: First, that our people patronize Rev. W. T. Dale's Depository of our Cumberland Presbyterian Publications. Second, that all our churches and ministers give all coöperation, aid, and encouragement to Rev. W. T. Dale and H. A. R. Horton in their plans for publishing and introducing their books of hymns and tunes for the use of Cumberland Presbyterians. We feel to so recommend them and their books since their 'Cumberland Hymns; or, Whosoever Will Songs' was recommended and indorsed by the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Corsicana, Tex., May 26, 1908. And we are gratified that it has been so cordially received. The management of all our important publicational interests deserve the highest praise for their fidelity and business sense." REV. N. HOCKENSMITH, CHAIRMAN.

(*From Report of Committee on Publication, Tennessee Synod, at Chattanooga, Tenn., October 14, 1909.*)

"We recommend to the favorable consideration of all our people the Book Depository conducted by Rev. W. T. Dale. Brother Dale has done a good work and deserves the commendation of the whole Church. He has given special attention to the compiling and publishing of music books for the use of the Church. He is at present preparing a special edition of 'Cumberland Hymns,' to be known as 'The Centenary Edition.' We are of the opinion that this book will be worthy of the patronage of the Church."

REV. J. M. ASHFORD, CHAIRMAN.

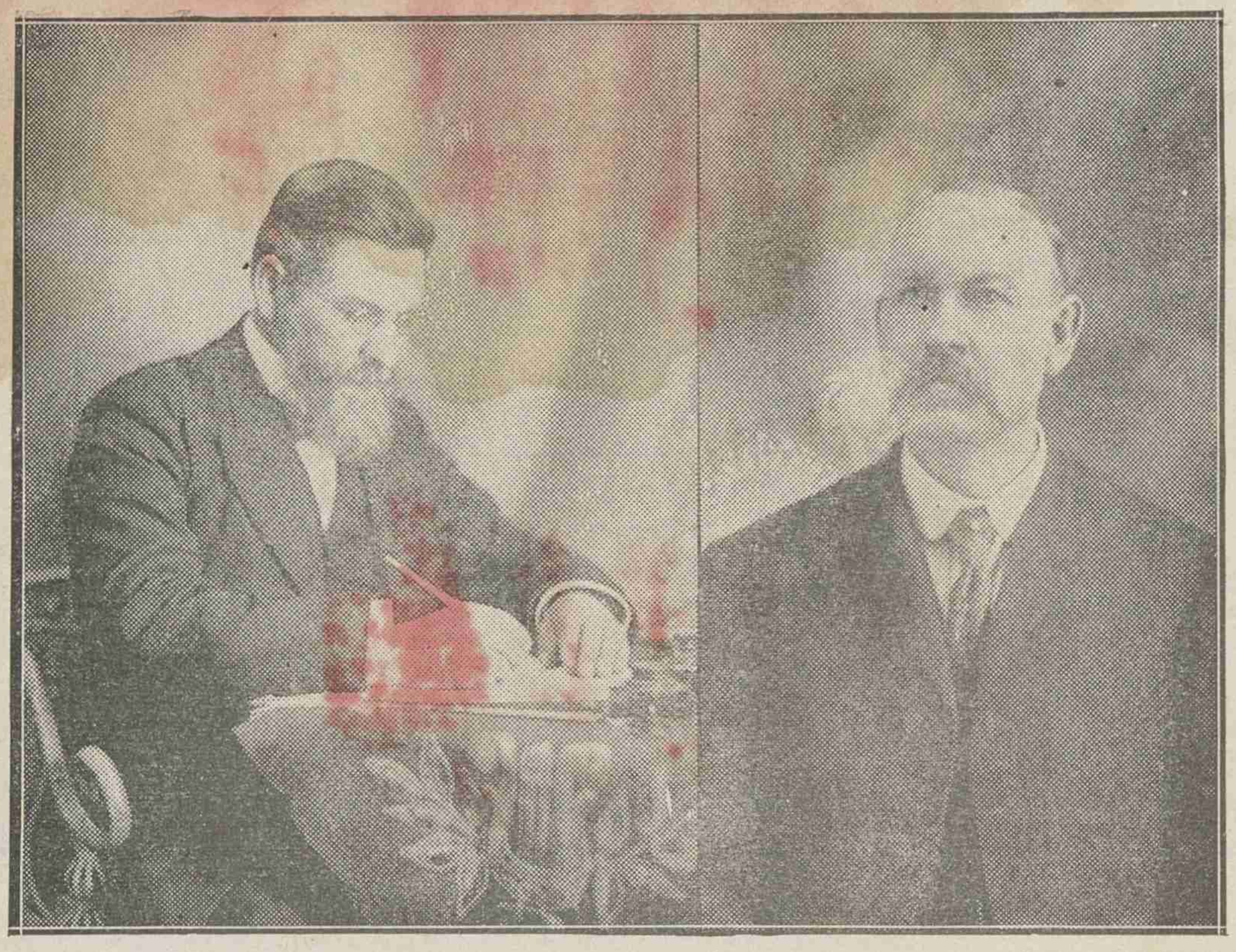
What They Say of "Sound the Battle Cry"

From Mr. Alfred Crumpley, Marionville, Mo., who ordered 100 for his Church in July. He says: "Marionville, Mo., August 25, 1909. We received our song books all O. K., and we are well pleased with them. We think they are just fine. We are just at the close of a fine revival meeting. Dr. J. H. Hendricks did the preaching for us."

From Mr. John T. Grape, Baltimore, Md., Author of "All to Christ I Owe," "Late at Night," etc. He says: "Baltimore, Md., September 14, 1909. I have your new song book, 'Sound the Battle Cry,' and like it very much. Hope you will have large sales of it. Wishing you every success, I am yours truly, John T. Grape."

Mr. R. R. Blades, Erin, Tenn., says he has bought nearly every song book that has been published, and says that this is one of the finest books for Gospel Singers and Revivals he ever saw.

"Cumberland Songs," "Cumberland Hymns; or, Whosoever Will Songs," and "Sound the Battle Cry" are the only song books now published and offered our people that have been prepared with special reference to the needs of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which necessarily limits the sale of them to Cumberland Presbyterians. And the Publisher is not seeking patronage outside of his own Church. Will not the Church stand by her own? We believe she will. And so believing, we have set ourselves to the task of giving to the Church we love as dearly as life itself this new and beautiful collection of songs adapted to use during the "Centennial Period" in the history of our beloved Church. So let it find its place in every Church and home that loves the name of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. God bless our beloved Church!

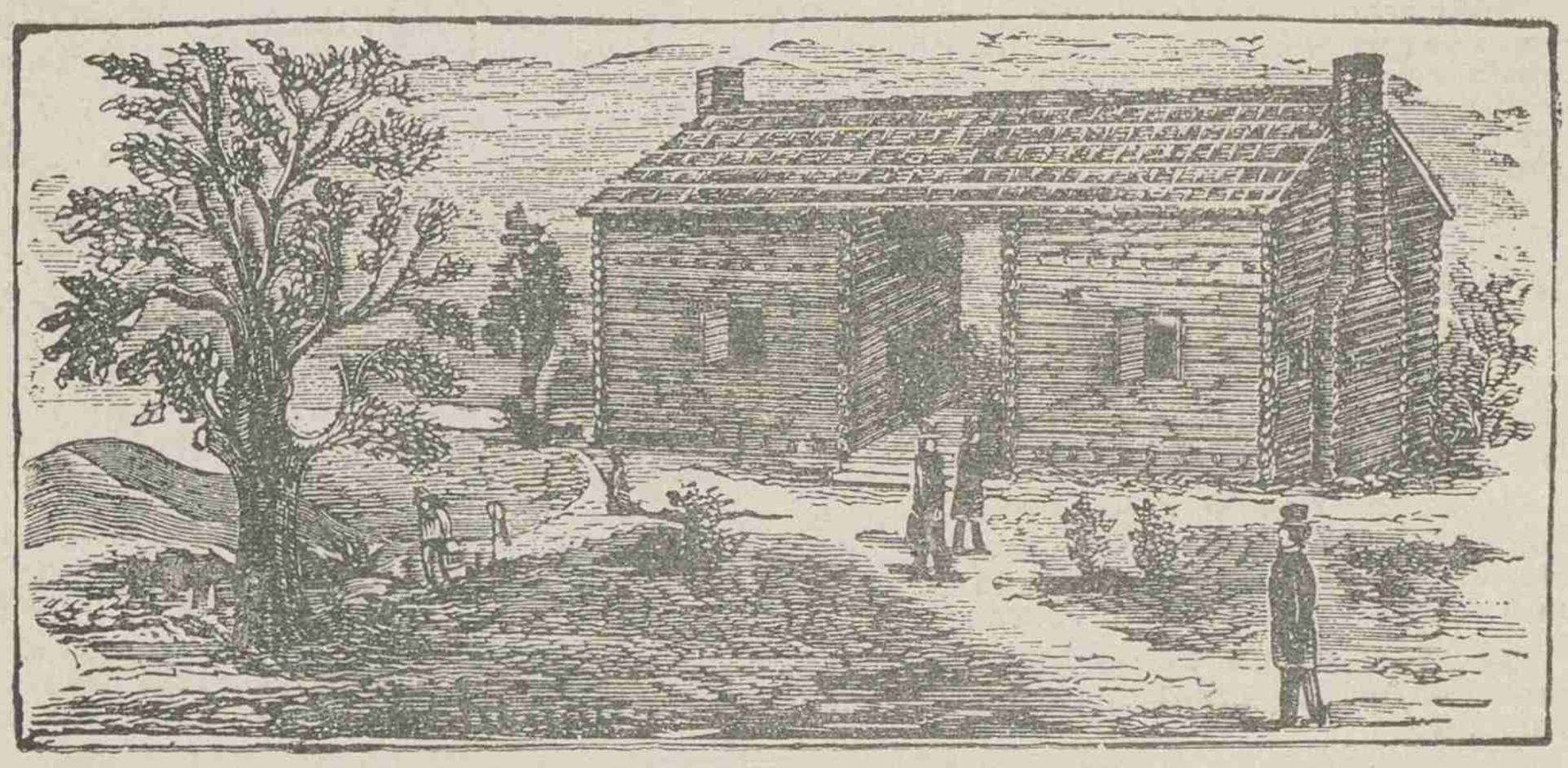


REV. W. T. DALE, D. D. (At Work),

Author of "Spirit Whispers," "Children's Hosannas," "The Gospel Shower," "The Bugle Blast," "Gospel Melodies," "Times of Refreshing," "Life's Two Railways," "Saving Songs," "Hymns of Calvary." "Cumberland Songs," and other Books, Tracts, Etc.

PROF. H. A. R. HORTON,

Author of "Select Songs," "The Lone Star Choir," "Songs of Victory," "Song Waves," "Saving Songs," "Our New Songs," assisting in the preparation of "Cumberland Songs," and other books.



PICTURE OF "THE OLD LOG HOUSE."

The home of the Rev. Samuel McAdow, Dickson Co., Tenn., in which The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was organized, February 4, 1810.

"The Old Log House" has become the synonym for the "Birthplace" of The Cumberland Presbyterian Church. And from this humble beginning, as in the days of the Apostles, a stream of mighty influence has swept throughout this land and thousands in Heaven rejoice that they ever heard the "Whosoever Will" Salvation preached by these pioneer ministers of The Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

OS-023 SP-002278

CENTENARY EDITION

Cumberland Hymns

A COLLECTION OF

"WHOSOEVER WILL" SONGS

FOR

Churches, Revivals, Prayer
Meetings, The Sabbath School
Young Peoples' Societies, Etc.

BY

REV. W. T. DALE, D. D.

AND

H. A. R. HORTON

Endorsed by the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Corsicana, Tex., 1908, and recommended to all the Churches

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PUBLISHED BY
REV. W. T. DALE, MANAGER
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN DEPOSITORY
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Order also from H. A. R. HORTON, Dallas, Texas
(For prices see cover page)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER

"Cumberland Hymns; or, Whosoever Will Songs" was first issued in April, 1908. It was then offered to the Church as being in every respect a compilation of hymns and tunes well suited to use in the Churches, Revivals, Prayer Meetings, the Sabbath School, Young People's Societies, etc.

It has now been thoroughly revised and enlarged by adding 32 pages, making it a book of 224 pages. This edition is designated "The Centenary Edition," having reference to the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. And on this account it should be widely circulated. It should find a place in every Cumberland Presbyterian Church and home throughout the land.

The compilers have sought to make a book that will be acceptable to the Church and to the music-loving people of all Christian denominations everywhere. And they believe that this collection is adapted to use on all occasions where sacred song is needed as a factor in religious worship. The first fifteen songs are designed for use on all the Special Occasions growing out of the Centenary of the Church. No less than 195 hymn writers and music composers are represented in the book, thus giving it the widest possible range of thought, covering every possible need of the Church.

The well-selected number of "Work Songs" adapt it alike to use in the Sabbath School and Young People's Societies. And the large number of standard hymns and tunes render it alike suitable for Church services and the prayer meeting, thus avoiding the cost of an extra hymnal.

The large number of old revival songs, as well as new ones, make it eminently suitable for revival use, and on this account it will be found most acceptable to pastors and evangelists.

Quite a goodly number of old revival and camp meeting songs and choruses are grouped together, making up the last thirty-one songs in the book. These fall under the general heading of "Songs of Our Fathers," and will be found most acceptable to the old people in the Church, who love these old songs, coupled as they are with the happy associations of bygone years.

This book, as published last year, is the only song book that has been indorsed by formal action of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church since the division in the Church. (See report of Committee on Publication, adopted at Corsicana, Tex., May, 1908. The reader is also referred to the Report of the Committee on Publication adopted by the General Assembly at Bentonville, Ark., May, 1909, indorsing all our song books, and recommending them to the Church.) So we feel that we are not acting without the authority and sanction of the highest court of the Church in offering our song books to our people for use in our Churches. The former edition of this book has been received with great favor by the Church, and we feel that this new edition, revised and enlarged as it is, will be received with even greater favor, if possible.

The compilers have taken great pains and have spent much time in selecting suitable material for this book. They have not only contributed of their own music, but have worked assiduously, culling from other books the very best to be had, thus giving the Church nothing but the "cream" of song.

Our associate, Brother H. A. R. Horton, is a Loyal Cumberland Presbyterian, is a fine composer, and easily ranks with the first musicians of the land. And to his untiring labors the Church is indebted for much of the excellence of this collection of songs. A number of others of our own brethren will be found represented in these pages, whose names appear in connection with their respective pieces.

We desire in this place to return our thanks to all authors and publishers who have kindly given us permission to use some very fine copyright music. Proper credit is given in connection with each song. We are not aware that we have used any copyright music without permission; but if so, and our attention is called to it, we will make it right.

With gratitude to God for his abundant mercy, this humble offering is laid upon His altar for His glory and praise. May all who sing these songs be led nearer to the Saviour here, and ultimately to heaven! is our prayer.

W. T. DALE, Publisher.

Nashville, Tenn., September 1, 1909.

CUMBERLAND HYMNS,

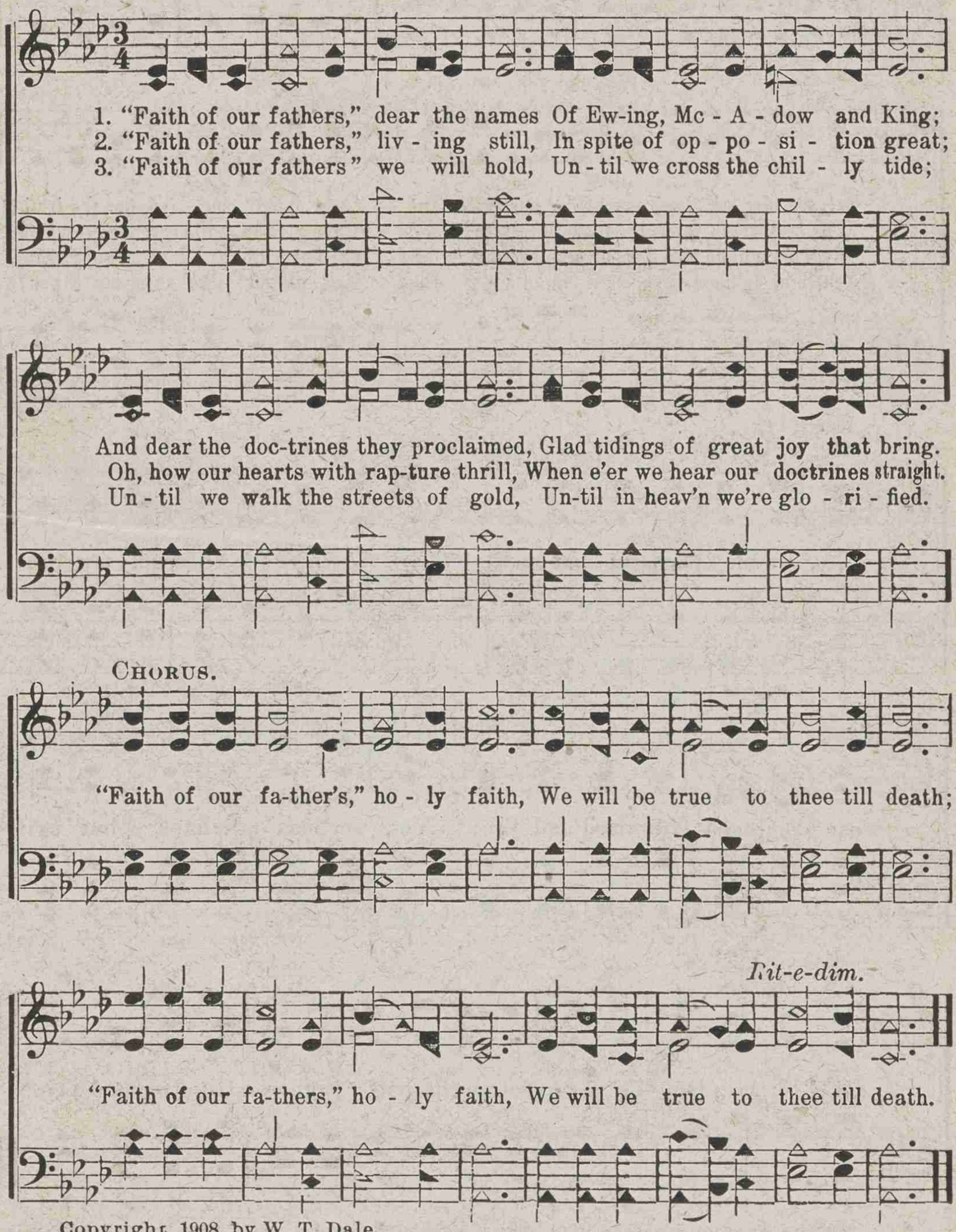
A Collection of

"WHOSOEVER WILL" SONGS.

No. 1. Faith of our Fathers.

"These all died in the faith."—Heb. 11: 13.

W. T. D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



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No. 2. The Year "Eighteen Hundred and Ten."*

This song is suggested by the proposition to merge the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which was organized, Feb. 4, 1810, into the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

Rev. W. H. Berry. Rev. W. T. Dale, D. D.

1. What! give up our Church, and give up our name? The name we have loved and borne from our youth,
2. Oh, glo-rious cause of truth-loving men, Who stand for the right 'gainst numbers and gold,
3. The old Church is rich and never can break, And Cumberland's poor by union will gain,
4. They'd numbers and gold when the struggle began, Our fathers refused to "sell" to them then;

Sur- ren-der our Creed, surrender our fame, And o - ver it all sur - ren- der the truth?
Who seek truth alone the truth to defend, Now will you give up while courage grows cold?
My God! what a plea for our people to make, And sac-ri-fice truth for love of such gain.
You think in these days we'll join in a plan, That sells us all out like sheep in a pen?

Refrain.

Yes, we may perhaps, but 'twill on - ly be when, We've forgot- ten the

year "Eighteen Hun-dred and Ten;" Yes, we may per-haps, but 'twill

on - ly be when We've for-gotten the year "Eighteen Hundred and Ten."

* The words of this song are taken from "The Cumberland Banner," and have been slightly rearranged so as to adapt them to the music.

No. 3. The Cumberland.

Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON, D. D. Rev. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. Which riv-er do I prize The most of all that flow Eastward towards the morn-ing skies Or south to Mex- i - co? Is it the Hud-son sweet,
2. No, 'tis the Cumber-land, An unpre-tend-ing tide; Upon its banks me- thinks I stand, And see its wa-ters glide, 'Twas there McGready prayed,
3. A - mer- i ca the free, Home of the bold and brave, What blessings were pre- pared for thee Be-side that humble wave, 'Twas there the chains were burst
4. Therefore, of all the streams That journey to the sea, The storied Cumber- land it seems, The lov- li - est to me, Flow on, thou Cumber - land,

Or Sus- que - han - na great? Or the two might-y streams that meet In
And thousands caught the flame, 'Twas there the cov-e- nant was made Of
By which God's grace was bound, And there for all whom sin had cursed Sal-
And let thy wa - ters roll, Till mer- cy free, like o-cean grand, Shall

CHORUS. *After 2nd and 4th stanzas.*

old Missou-ri State! Flow on..... flow on..... And let thy wa-ters
ev-er-last-ing fame.
vation free was found.
spread from pole to pole. Flow on thou Cumberland, flow on, And let thy waters

roll ..... Till mer - cy free;..... Shall spread fr m pole to pole.
waters roll, Till mer-cy free, like ocean grand, Shall spread from pole to pole.

No. 4.. God's Truth is Marching On.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Arr. by J. W. W. REV. J. W. WEST.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires where the Cumberlands encamp, Where they
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea; With a

trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build-ed Him an al - tar in the even-ing's dew and damp; I can
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate - ful light'ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, Yes, the
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamp, Yes, His
swift, my soul, an-swer Him, and be ju - bi - lant, my feet, While our
died to make men ho - ly, let us live to make men free, While the

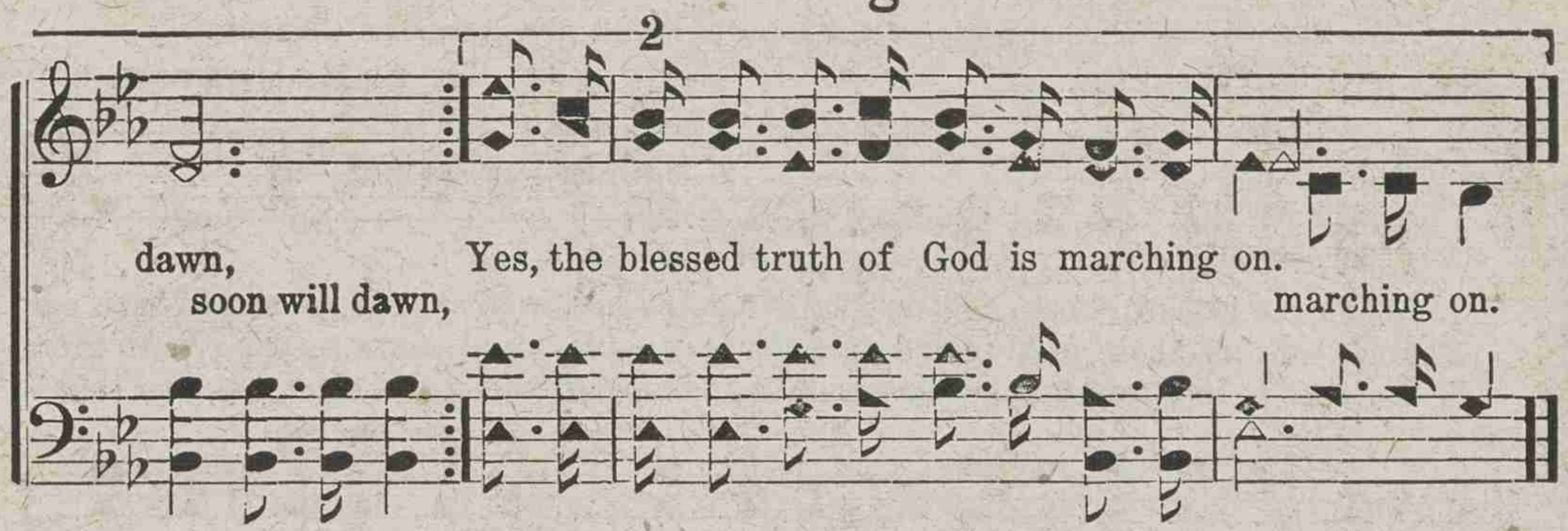
CHORUS.

blessed truth of God is marching on, Marching on,
day is ev - er, ev - er marching on, marching on.
God is ev - er, ev - er marching on,
truth of God is ev - er marching on, yes, marching on,

Marching on, (yes, marching on,) Soon the glo - ri - ous mil - len - ni - um will

Copyright, 1909, by Rev. W. T. Dale, Nashville, Tenn.

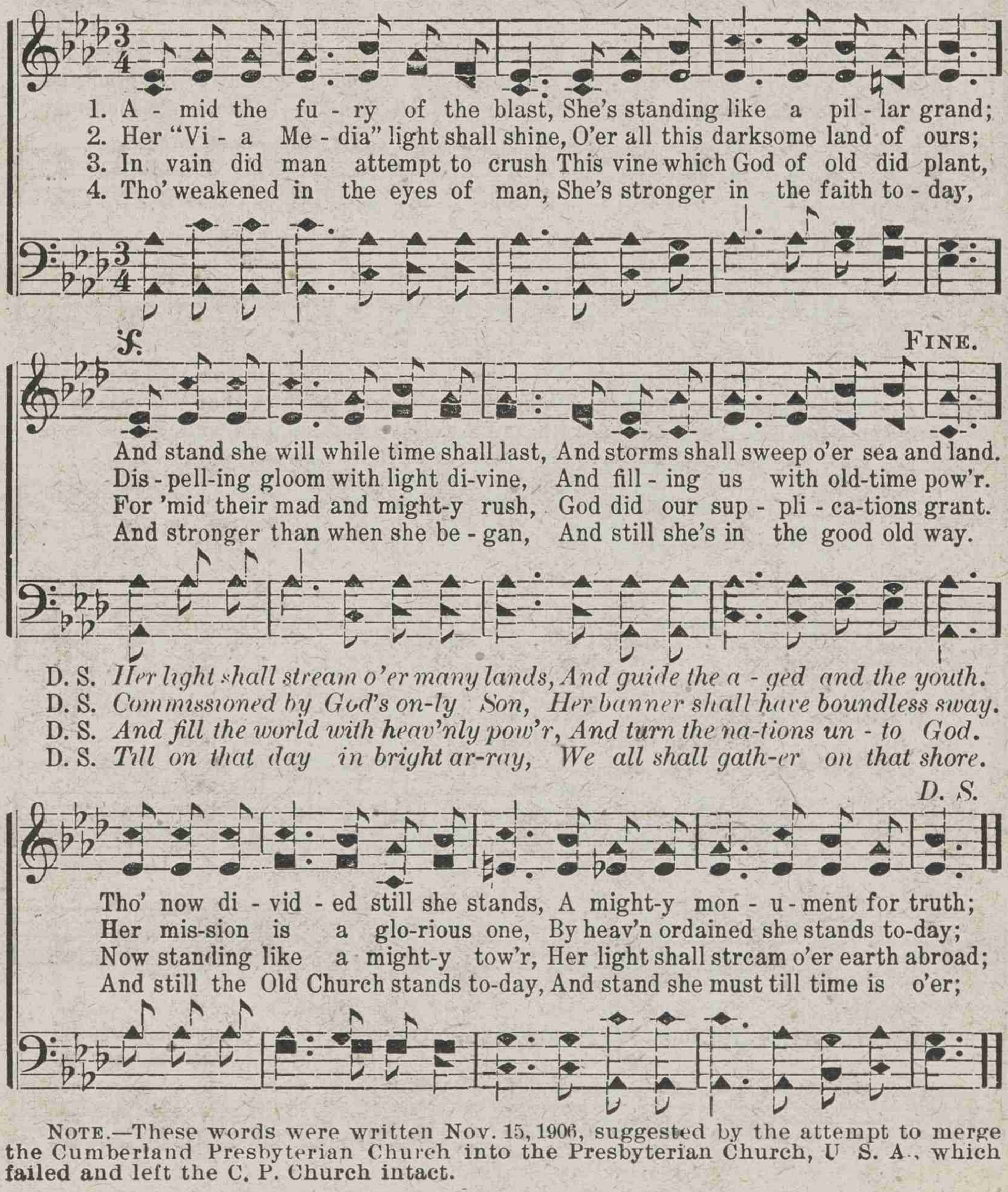
God's Truth is Marching On. Concluded.



No. 5. The Old Church Still Stands.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—MATT. 16: 18.

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



NOTE.—These words were written Nov. 15, 1906, suggested by the attempt to merge the Cumberland Presbyterian Church into the Presbyterian Church, U S. A., which failed and left the C. P. Church intact.

No. 6. When the Faithful Met in Dickson.

The 77th General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

REV. R. D. MILLER. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. When the faithful hosts as-sem-bled Near the hallowed spot of ground Where our
2. Once our fa-thers met in sad-ness, Near a hun - dred years a - go, With their
3. Now we're look-ing up and pleading, That our God will guide us right, And that

fa-thers met long years a - go in pray'r; Then our hearts did throb and trem-ble
hearts oppress'd with sorrow, grief and care; But the morn-ing dawned in glad-ness,
His own hand may lead us, is our pray'r; With His ho - ly pres-ence lead-ing,

At the gos-pel's joy-ful sound, When the faith-ful met in Dick-son, God was there.
And their tears of joy did flow, When they re-al-ized the fact that God was there.
And thus shel-tered by His might, His in-fin-ite love will keep us while we're here.

CHORUS.

When the faith - - ful meet up yon - - der, When the
When the faith-ful meet up yon-der, I'll be there;

faith - ful meet up yon - - der, When the faith - - ful
When the faith-ful meet up yon-der, I'll be there; When the faith-ful

When the Faithful Met. Concluded.

No. 7. Home Again.

(Rallying Song.)

GRAHAM EGERTON. Arr. by H. A. R. HORTON.

No. 8. One Hundred Years Ago.

Commemorative of the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church,
by Revs. Finis Ewing, Sam'l. McAdow and Sam'l. King,

Rev. W. T. DALE. Feb. 4th, 1810. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. One hundred years ago, in the Old Log House Stood our fathers loy-al, true and brave;
2. One hundred years ago, like to Pen-te-cost, A re - vi- val swept this land of ours;
3. One hundred years ago, our beloved Church, Was organized by th'im-mor-tal three;
4. One hundred years ago, mark'd the glo-rious light, Of our "who-so-ev-er will may come,"

Shall we surrender now and give up our Church? Never, while there're a-ny souls to save.
Oh, may we all be fill'd with the Holy Ghost, Filling us with zeal and old time pow'r.
By Ewing, McAdow and by Samuel King, That f om chains of fate we might be free.
And millions now in heav'n in their gar-ments white, Praise the Lord who brought them safely home.

CHORUS.

Let us sing, Praise the Lord,
Hal- le lu- jah! Hal- le- le- jah! Praise the Lord, hal-le -
lu - jah, praise the Lord, Let the joy- ful an-thems swell, ... We will
anthems swell,
sound ..... the hap-py notes, And His prais - es
sound the happy notes, sound the happy notes, And His praises we will
we will tell, We will sing with sweet ac- cord.....
tell, and His praises we will tell, We will sing, we will sing with sweet accord, sweet accord.

Dale and Horton, owners.

No. 9. The Old Camp Ground.

Designed to be sung at the 77th meeting of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Dickson, Tenn., May, 1907.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, And our hearts, O God o'er-flow,
2. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, And our shouts of glo - ry ring,
3. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, Oh, the fel-low-ship so sweet!
4. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, And we come in Je - sus' name,
5. We have met to day on the old camp ground And we come to work and pray,

With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks, For the love Thou dost be- stow.
There's a might-y stir as the Lord comes down, And the saints of God pour in.
As the pure in heart all to - ge-ther flow, In the bonds of love complete.
Here, oh might-y God, let Thy thunder sound, And Thine awful Spir-it flame.
Here redeem, dear Lord, e'en in mul-ti -tudes, At Thine al - tars day by day.

We will sing (hal - le - lu - jah!) praise the Lord, (praise the Lord,) Let the joy - ful mu - sic roll; We will strike the hap - py key, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free, We will sing in sweet ac - cord.

NOTE.—"New" may be substituted for "old," and "at" or "near" for "on," as circumstances may require.

By per of B. E. Warren, Springfield, O.

No. 10. Tenting on the Old Church Ground.

As sung at the 77th general assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Dickson, Tenn

MRS. R. E. BURCHETT. WALTER KITTRIDGE.

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old church ground, Our hearts are full of cheer;
2. We're tent-ing to-night on the old church ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. He dwells in a house not made with hands, His love is bound-less free;
4. So we tent to-night on the old church ground, And we'll be true and brave,

Our church is saved, oh, shout the cry, Our church to us so dear.
Our fa-thers' faith is still our own, All praise to God on high.
And "whoso-ev-er will," oh, let him come, His blood was shed for thee..
Our faith we will spread o'er all the land, 'Twill live be-yond the grave.

CHORUS.

Ma-ny are the friends who are wait-ing to-night, Wait-ing for the strife to cease,

Ma-ny are the hearts now praying for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Repeat pp.

Tent-ing to night, tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old church ground.

Copyright, 1908, by W. T. Dale.

No. 11. "Whosoever Will."*

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Rev. 22 : 17.

Rev. W. T. Dale. H. A. R. Horton.

1. "Who - so - ev - er will," oh, come, come to - day, While the tid-ings of the
2. "Who - so - ev - er will," oh, sin - ner, draw near; For the door of mer - cy
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," means both you and me, "Who -so - ev - er will," oh,

gos - pel sweet-ly sound; Let the joy - ful news reach na - tions far a - way,
now is o - pen wide; Je - sus stands in - vit - ing, sin - ner will you hear?
lis - ten to the call; "Who - so - ev - er will" ex - tends from sea to sea,

Chorus.

To the earth's re - mot - est bound.
See His feet, His hands, His side.
Je - sus "*tast - ed death for all.*"
} Who - - so - ev - er Who-so - ev - er will,

will, ...
Who-so - ev - er will,
Bear the joy - ful tid - ings o - ver plain and hill;

For our loving Father calls His children home, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

Copyright, 1907, by Dale and Horton.

* This is a Cumberland Presbyterian "Whosoever will" Song, and makes the offer of Salvation coextensive with the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the needs of our race.

No. 12. Whosoever Will May Come.

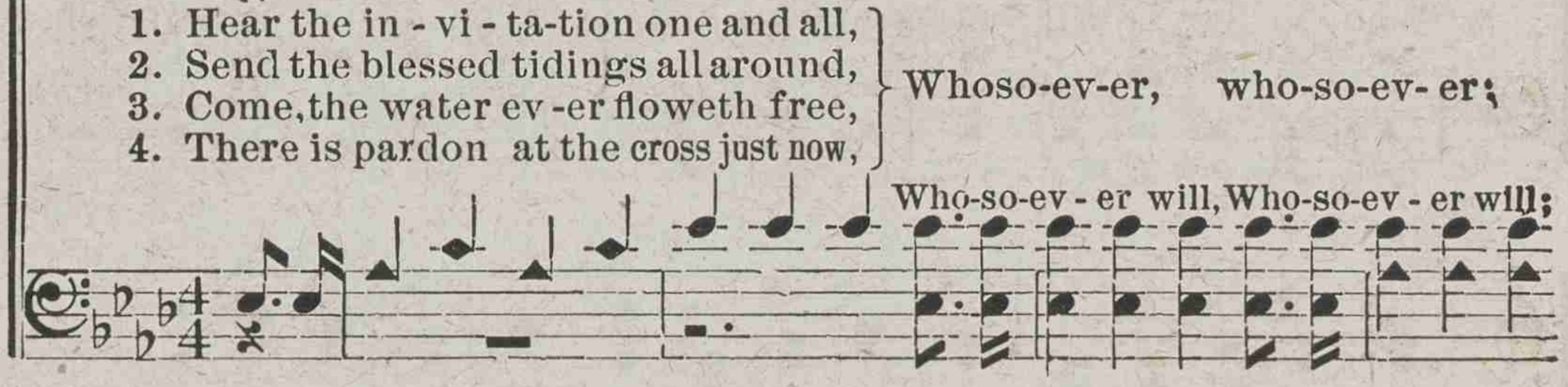
"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

D. E. DORTCH. A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

1. Hear the in - vi - ta-tion one and all,
2. Send the blessed tidings all around,
3. Come, the water ev -er floweth free,
4. There is pardon at the cross just now,

Whoso-ev-er, who-so-ev- er;



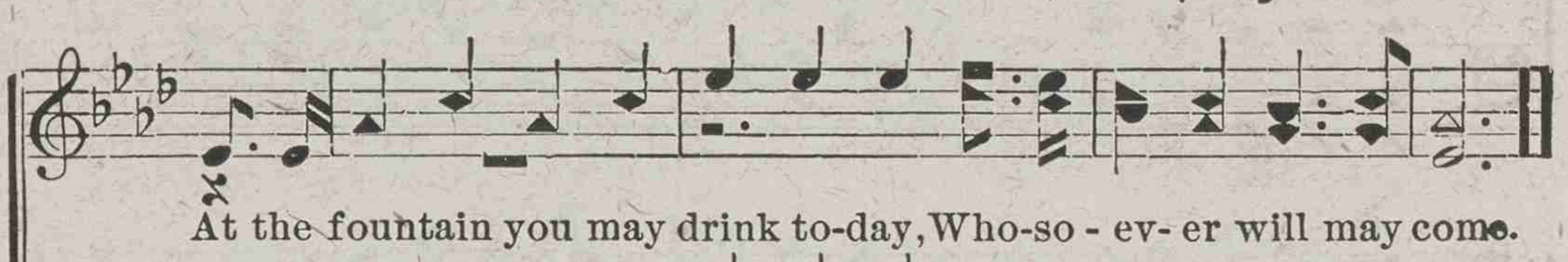
Who-so-ev - er will, Who-so-ev - er will;

Thro' the Gos-pel Je - sus makes this call,
Spread the news wherev - er man is found,
It is of-fer'd, thirs-ty soul, to thee,
Will you come, dear friend, to Jesus bow,

Whoso - ev - er will may come

REFRAIN.

Who-so -ev - er, who-so - ev - er, Who-so - ev- er will may come, may come;
Who - so - ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev-er will may come, may come;



At the fountain you may drink to-day, Who-so - ev- er will may come.

5 If you trust in Jesus He will save,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
On the cross His life for you He gave,
Whosoever will may come.

6 There's a mansion in that home above,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
For the one who rests in Jesus' love,
Whosoever will may come.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH and A. F. MYERS.

No. 13. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. HEWITT. E. E. HEWITT

1. That grand word "whoso-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ev-er this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov-ing mes-sage, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er

will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,

CHORUS.

Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who - - - - - so-
Who-so-ev-er will,

ev - - - er"! Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Sav-ior's in-vi-
who-so-ev-er will,

ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

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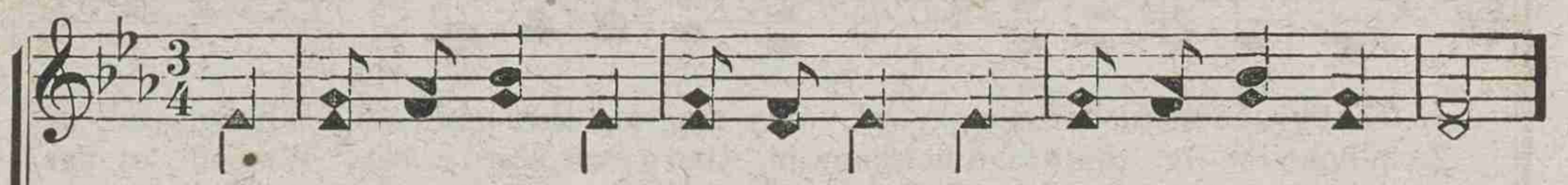
No. 14. We'll Teach the Blessed Doctrine.

(Inscribed to all Cumberland Presbyterians.)

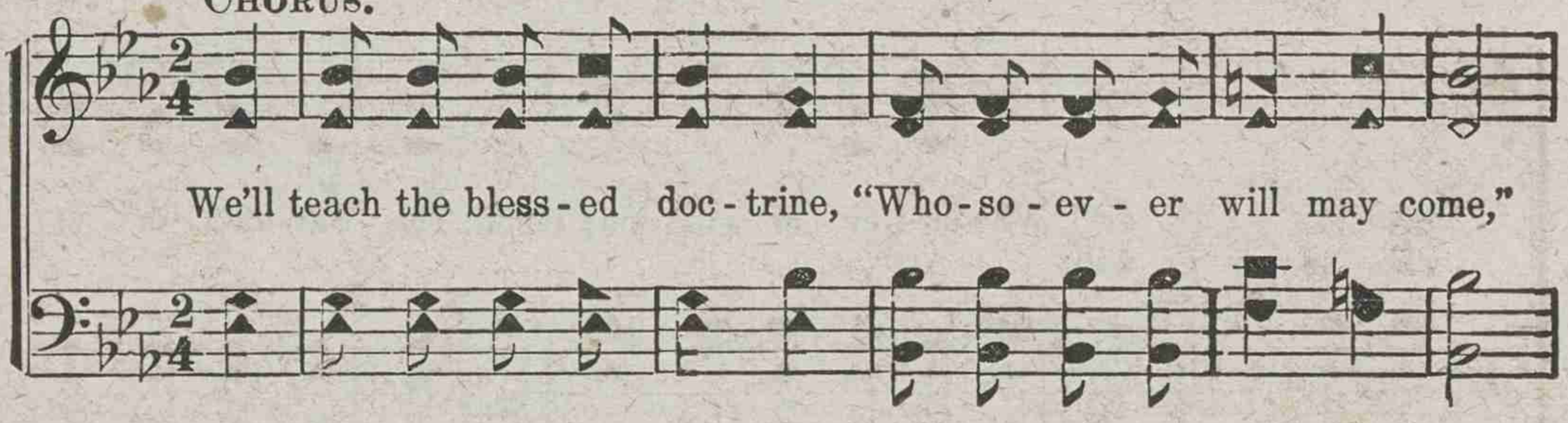
MRS. W. L. WALL. W. T. DALE.



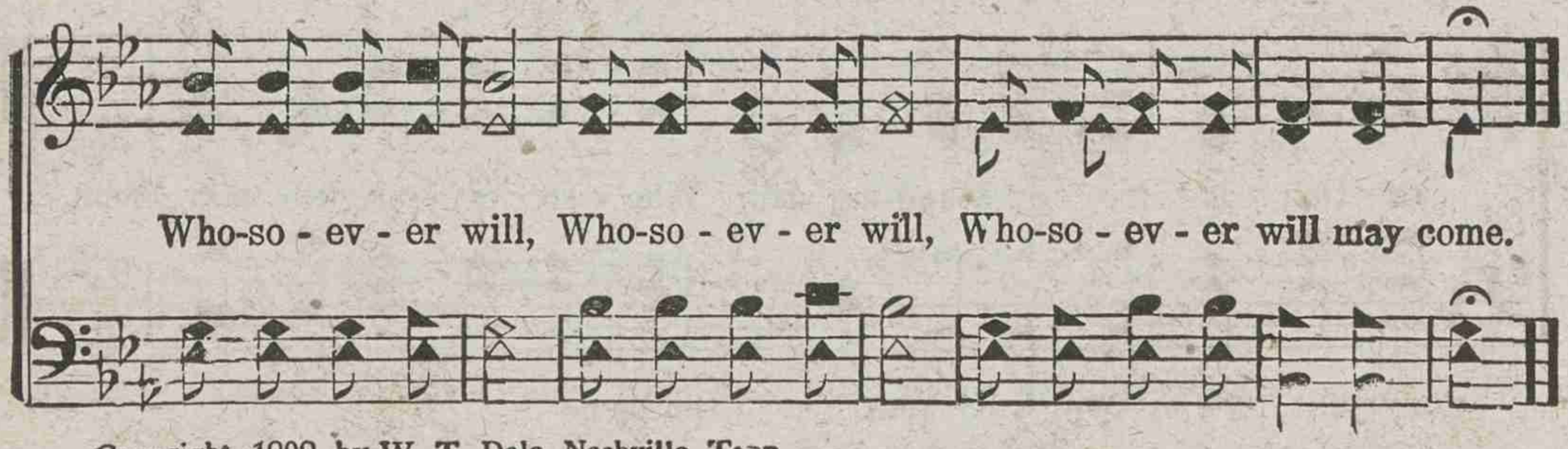
1. Our church is saved, then praise the Lord, "From whom all blessings flow;"
2. In vain did they at - tempt to crush The church we loved so dear;
3. Tho' now di - vid - ed, still she stands A grand old church to - day;
4. God sent His on - ly Son to earth, To save man from the fall;
5. Yes, Je - sus died up - on the cross, To ran - som man from guilt;

We'll bear the name and teach the same, "As a hun - dred years a - go."
She still ex - ists, a mon - u - ment Of His good-ness, whom we fear.
To serve the Mas-ter's cause on earth, And His bless - ed will o - bey.
He "tast - ed death for ev - 'ry one," And He gave His life for all.
He gave His life for one and all, When His pre-cious blood He spilt.

CHORUS.



We'll teach the bless - ed doc - trine, "Who - so - ev - er will may come,"



Who-so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

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No. 15. A Hundred Years to Come.

Words arr. (For Centenaries and Anniversaries.) W. T. DALE.

1. Oh, where shall be the birds that sing, A hun - dred years to come?
2. Who'll press for gold the crowd - ed street, A hun - dred years to come?
3. We all with - in our graves shall sleep, A hun - dred years to come;
4. Our meet - ings here will all be o'er, A hun - dred years to come,
5. Oh, what a hap - py time 'twill be, A hun - dred years to come,

The flow'rs that now in beau - ty spring, A hun - dred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with will-ing feet A hun - dred years to come?
No liv - ing soul for us will weep, A hun - dred years to come.
And we shall gath - er here no more, A hun - dred years to come.
When all our loved ones we shall see, A hun - dred years to come.

The ro - sy lips, the loft - y brow, The heart that beats so gai - ly now?
Pale, trembling age and fier - y youth, And child-hood with its heart of truth,
But oth - er men our lands will till, And oth - ers then our streets will fill,
Our joy is great when here we meet, In love and fel-low - ship so sweet,
Our un - ion then shall be com-plete, As we shall sit at Je - sus' feet,

Oh, where will be the beam-ing eye, Joy's pleasant smile and sor-row's sigh,
The rich, the poor, on land, on sea, Where will the might - y mil-lions be,
While oth - er birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine as to - day,
But great - er still the joy we'll share, In that new home so bright and fair,
Then we shall praise and shout and sing, In loud ho - san - nas to our King,

A hun - dred years to come? A hun - dred years to come?

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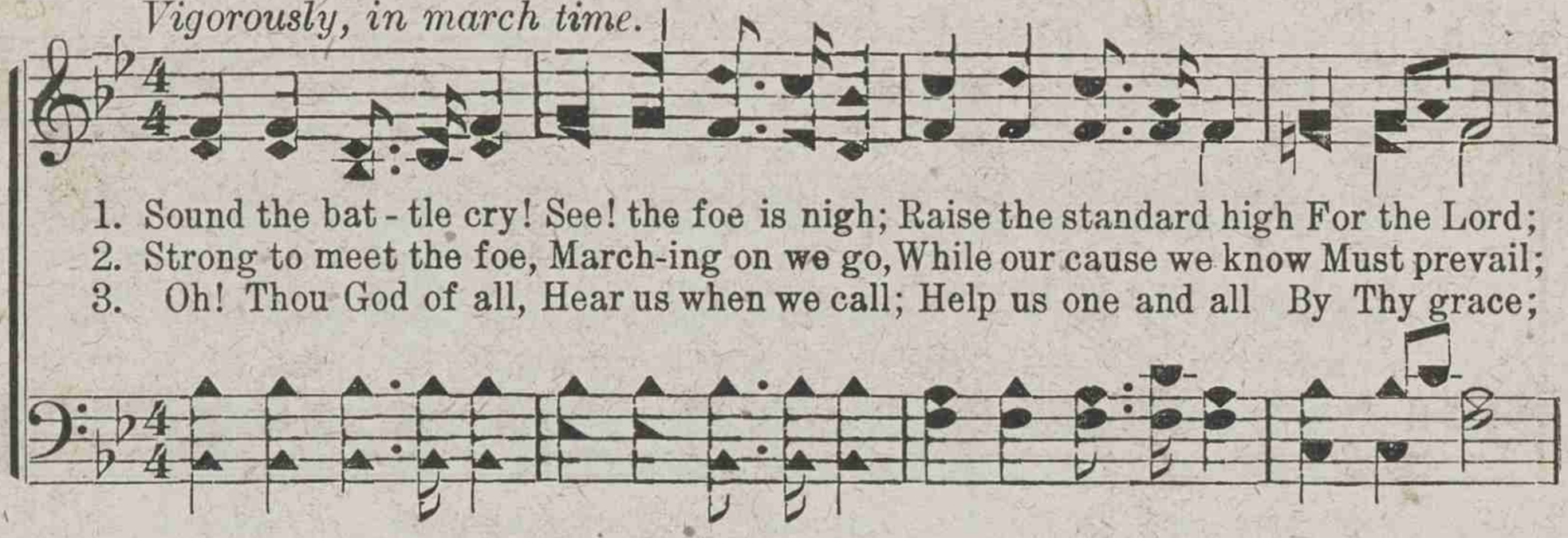
No. 16. Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S. W. F. SHERWIN.

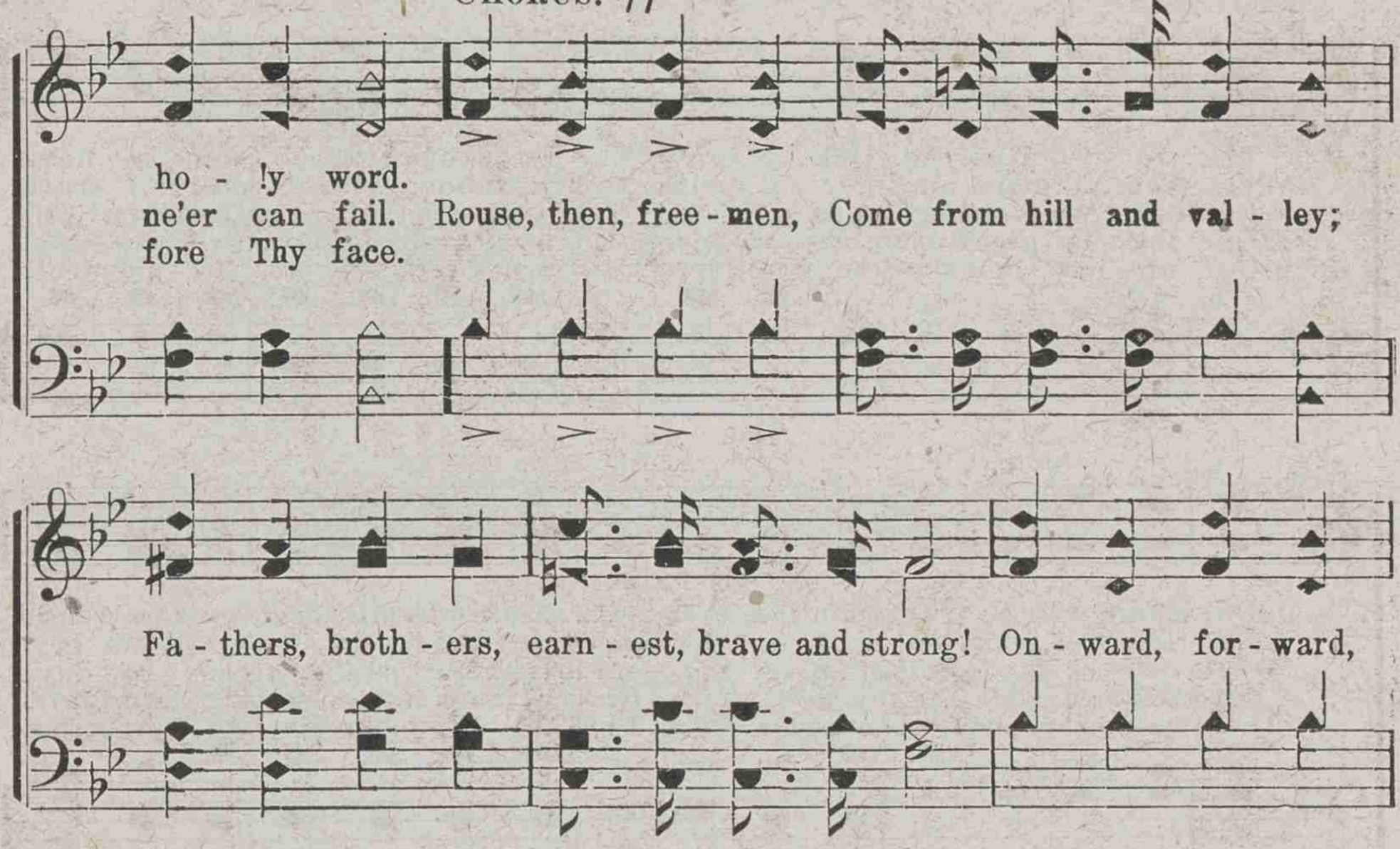
Vigorously, in march time.



1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail;
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all By Thy grace;

Gird your ar - mor on; Stand firm ev - 'ry one; Rest your cause up - on His
Shield and ban-ner bright, Gleam - ing in the light; Bat - tling for the right, We
When the bat-tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we wear the crown Be-

CHORUS. *ff*



ho - ly word.
ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, free - men, Come from hill and val - ley;
fore Thy face.

Fa - thers, broth - ers, earn - est, brave and strong! On - ward, for - ward,

Shout a - loud ho - san - na, Christ is cap - tain of the might - y throng.

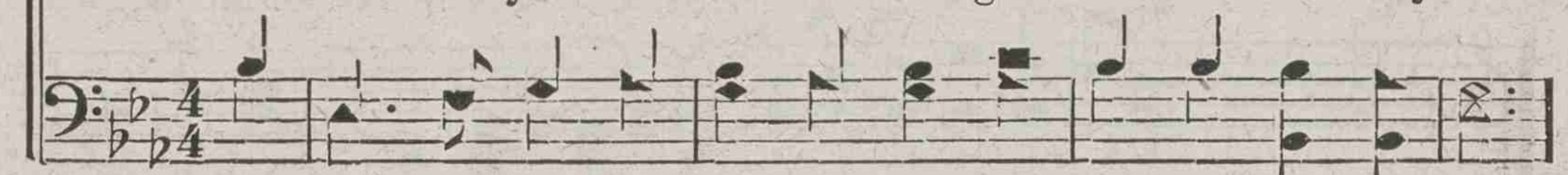
From "Bugle Notes," by per.

No. 17. All Hail the Power.

(May be sung in E.)

EDWARD PERRONET. WILL L. THOMPSON.

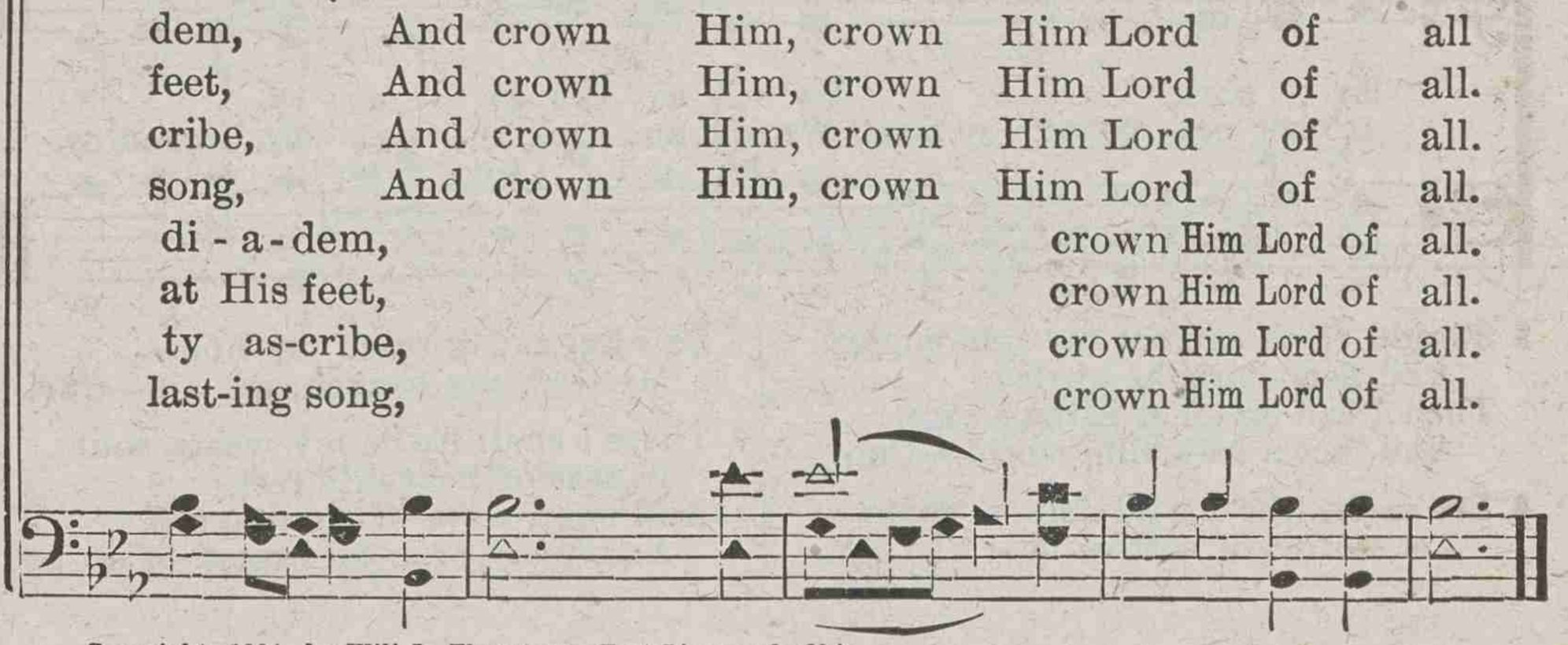
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al di - a-
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, your trophies at His
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, all maj-es - ty as-
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, the ev - er- last-ing

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al
Go, spread your troph - ies at His feet, your troph - ies
To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, all maj - es-
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, the ev - er-

dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all
feet, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
cribe, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
di - a - dem, crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, crown Him Lord of all.
ty as-cribe, crown Him Lord of all.
last-ing song, crown Him Lord of all.



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No. 18. We Will Stand the Storm.

Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

1 When I can read my ti - tle clear, *ti-tle clear*, When I can read my ti - tle
I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, *ev'-ry fear*, I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry

clear, *title clear*, When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
fear, *ev'ry fear*, I'll bid fare-well to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

Chorus.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will

an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm;

the storm, We will an - chor by and by.
It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—Cho.

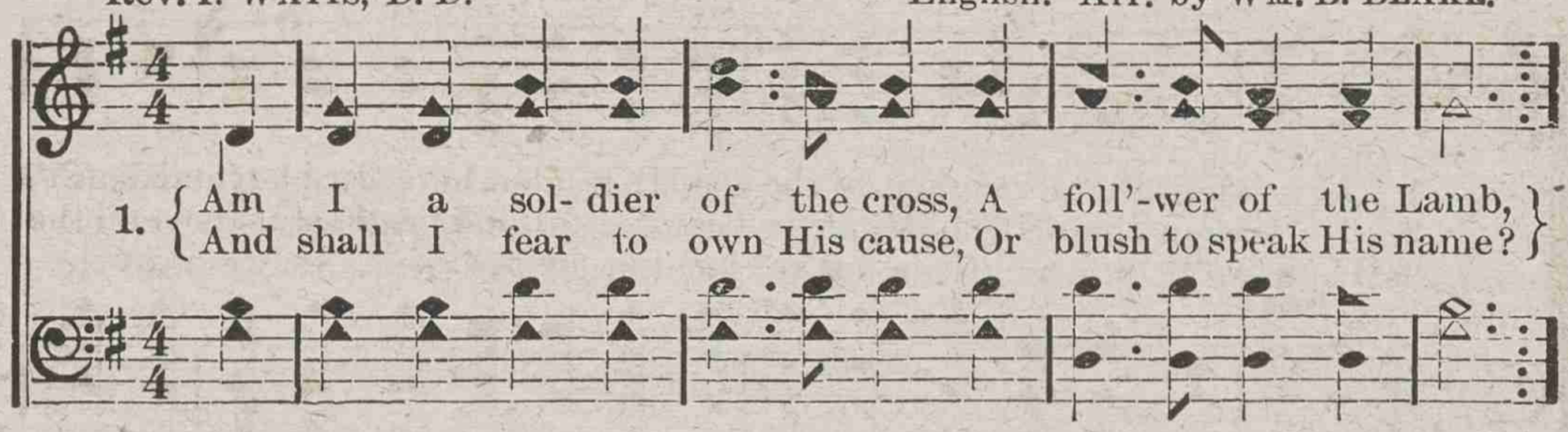
3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—Cho.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—Cho.

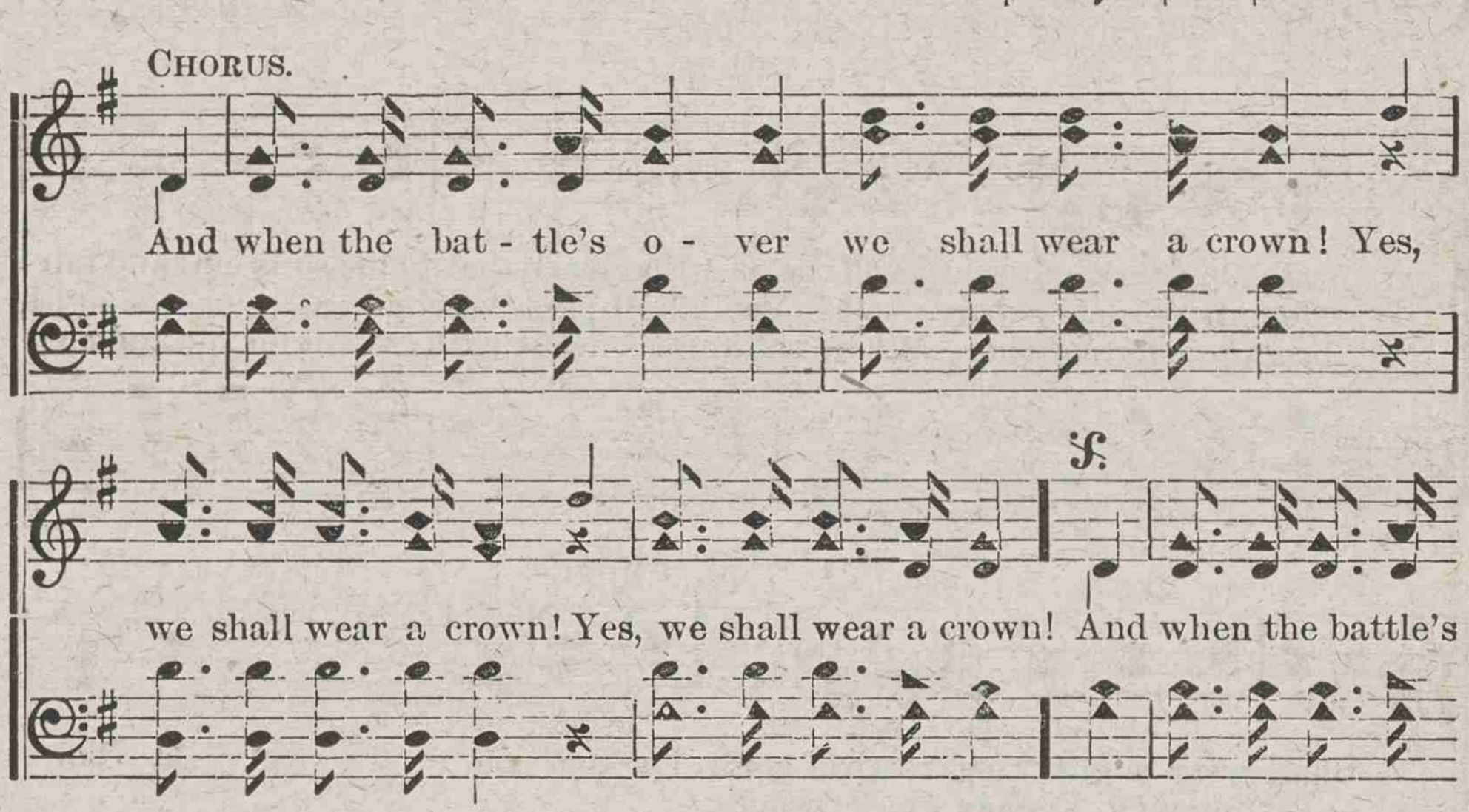
No. 19. Battle Hymn.

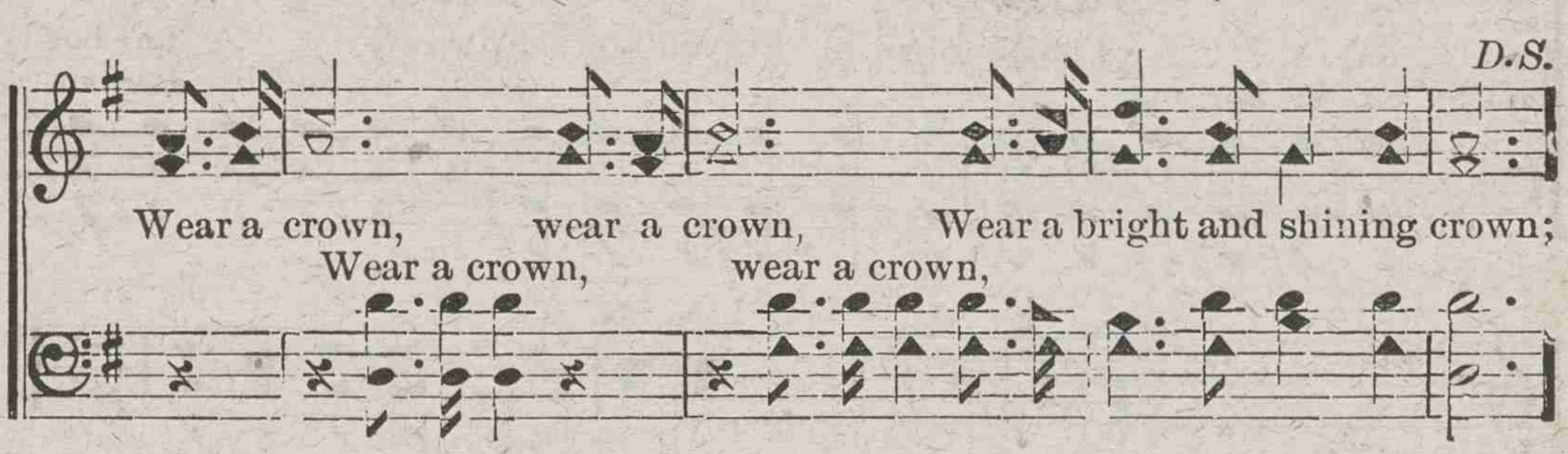
Extending hand of Fellowship.

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



CHORUS.





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. 20. A Crown in Heaven You Shall Wear.

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

1. I know there's a home for the good that labor here, Just beyond death's val - ley dark and cold, And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair
2. I know there's a land that is beau-ti - ful and bright, Just beyond the Jor- dan's turbid roar; And I soon shall pass be-yond all mor- tal sight,
3. There we'll nev- er grieve, but re- joic-ing fac- es see, As we near the bright e - ter-nal shore; Where the an-gels wait with crowns for you and me,

CHORUS.

Shall wear a glitt'ring crown of gold. La - bor on, la - bor
To promis'd Canaan's happy shore.
With them we'll dwell for ev-er-more. La - bor on, la- bor on, la - bor
on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear, La- bor
on, la- bor on, by and by; La- bor
on, La- bor on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear.
on, la-bor on, la- bor on, labor on,

No. 21. Working for the Crown.

1 Cor. 9: 25.

Mrs. H. A. Mabry. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see? The answer comes back—strive a cluster to win, And the way will be brighter for thee.
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the labor'rs so few, And the promise a bounti-ful yield?
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And now having found it I'll la-bor and wait, For wholly Thine, Lord, would I be.
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Mu t I wait till heaven I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown, Day by day for the Lamb that was slain.

Chorus.

Work - - ing for the crown,
Work - ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,

Work - - ing for the crown,.....
Work - ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,

Work - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
Work-ing for the crown, for the beau-ti-ful gold-en crown,

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No. 22. Will there be any Stars in My Crown?

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. 12: 3.

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

1. There's a home far a-way in that beau-ti-ful land, Where I'll dwell when my sun has gone down; But oh, tell me, I pray, when in heav-en I stand,
2. Help me Lord as I la-bor for souls here each day, Ere the summer of life shall have flown, Ev-er watch-ful to be, as I la-bor and pray,
3. Then with shouting I'll come as my sheaves I shall bring Gathered from precious seed I have sown; Then I'll stand in the pres-ence of Je-sus, my King

CHORUS.

"Will there be an-y stars in my crown?"
So I'll gain ma-ny stars for my crown.
And receive from His hand a bright crown.
} Will there be a-ny stars shining bright in my crown, When the sun of my life has gone down? When the time comes to die, and I soar up on high, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....

Rit......

in my crown?

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No. 23. I Shall Have Many Stars.

Dan. 12: 3.

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

1. When my life-work is end-ed, my ar-mor laid down, And I go to the
2. "They shall shine as the beau-ti-ful stars in the sky," Blessed promise God's
3. "If we toil in the bur-den and heat of the day," Out of love for poor

man-sions of rest, I shall have ma-ny beau-ti-ful stars in my crown,
chil-dren can claim, Who shall lead ma-ny souls to the man-sions on high,
souls that are lost, The dear Lord for our la-bor will rich-ly re-pay,

CHORUS.

And in snow-y-white garments be dressed. I shall have ma-ny stars in my
Thro' be-lief in the Saviour's dear name.
E'en tho' trif-ling to us be the cost. ma-ny stars

crown, When my ar-mor at last is laid down; When I
in my crown, is laid down;

reach that fair land, where the bright angels stand, I shall have many stars in my crown.

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No. 24. Have You Been Working for Jesus?

A. S. Lee. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Have you been working for Je - sus? An - swer the ques - tion to - day,
2. Have you been working for Je - sus? What are the fruits that ye bear?
3. Have you been working for Je - sus? Time is fast fleet - ing a - way;

Sow - ing the seed for His har - vest, Bear - ing the sheaves a - way.
Wat-'ring the seed I have plan - ted, Till - ing the soil with care.
Win-ning lost souls for His king - dom, Wait - ing the glo - rious day.

Chorus.

I'm work - ing and toil - ing, work - ing and
Work-ing and toil - ing, I'm toil - ing to - day, working and toil - ing, I'm

toil - ing, Work - ing for Je - sus, as the days go
toil - ing to - day, Work-ing for Je - sus my Sav-iour and friend, as the days, the

by . . . I'm work - ing and toil - ing, work - ing and
days go by, Working and toiling, I'm toil-ing, to-day, working and toiling, I'm

H. A. R Horton, owner.

Have You Been Working for Jesus? Concluded.

toil - ing, Work - ing for Je - sus, as the days go by.
toil-ing to - day, Working for Je-sus, my Savior and friend,

No. 25. My Sabbath Song.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Strains of mu - sic oft-en greet me, As I join the bus - y throng;
   { But there's noth-ing half so pleas-ant, As the *Omit*. . . . . }
2. { 'Tis a song of love and mer - cy, Speak-ing peace to all man-kind;
   { Tell - ing sin - ners poor and need - y, Where the *Omit*. . . . . }
3. { While I live, O, may I ev - er Love the ho - ly Sab - bath song;
   { And when death shall call me homeward Join it *Omit*. . . . . }

CHORUS.

ho - ly Sab - bath song.
Sav - iour they may find.
with the blood bought throng.

{ No fear of ill, . . no fear of
{ My Sab - bath song, my Sab-bath

wrong, While I can sing my Sab - bath song,
song, I love to sing *Omit*. . . . . } my Sab - bath song.

No. 26. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak-
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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No. 27. I Want to Be a Worker.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er; 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
Jesus' pow'r to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
err-ing to thy word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die

CHORUS.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
2, 3, 4. In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; (of the Lord;) I will

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

By permission of E. S. Lorenz.

No. 28. Hear the Call.

GLADYS CLARK. H. R. CHIRSTIE.

1. Hear the call "Go work in my har-vest field," With a will - ing hand now the
2. There is ripened grain bend-ing 'neath the sun, And the har-vest time scarcely
3. Lo! the reap-ers few and the har-vest great, Some will heed the call while it's

sick - le wield; Nev - er cease from la - bor till day shall yield, And the
is be - gun; Work with all your might, leav - ing naught un - done, Till the
grow - ing late; There are oth - ers too who will i - dle wait, Till the

CHORUS.

Mas - ter shall bid you re - joice. Heed the call, ... "Go work to-
Mas - ter shall say "tis e - nough."
har - vest will pass, pass a - way.

Heed the call,

day," No lon - ger i - dle stand; Gath-er
"Go work to-day," No lon - ger i - dle stand, no lon-ger stand;

sheaves now while you may, . . . Heed the Master's blest command.
Gather sheaves, yes, gather golden sheaves. His blest command,

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No. 29. 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
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
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

la-bor will ful-ly re-quite! Go toil in His vine-yard from
gleaning the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, has-ten to join them, or
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. 30. Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

IDA L. REED. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, All a - long your way, Cheer-ing souls a-
2. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, Where-so - e'er you roam, They some soul may
3. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, Send a - broad the light, Ma - ny lives are
4. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, Bid each heart be glad, All a - long life's

wea - ry, Ev - er day by day, Ma - ny hearts are yearn-ing,
glad - den, Bring some wan-d'rer home, They may light life's path - way,
shad-owed, Deep in sor - row's night, You may help and cheer them,
path - way, None can long be sad. While love's light is shin - ing,

For the bless-ed light, Send a-broad the sun-shine, Gold-en sunbeams bright.
With love's fadeless glow, Ma - ny griefs may ban-ish, More than you may know.
By your deeds of love, Guide their foot-steps near-er, To our home a - bove.
While hope's star doth glow, Scat - ter gold-en sun-shine Ev - 'ry-where you go.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter the sun-shine, Scat-ter it on your way, Cheer the lone and
Scat-ter gold - en

wea - ry, Each and ev - 'ry day, Each and ev - 'ry day.

H. A. R. Horton, owner.

No. 31. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

A. M. P. A. M. PACE.

1. Scat-ter seeds of kindness all a-long your way, O - ver darkened pathways
2. Scat-ter seeds of kindness ev-'ry-where you go, Soon the fragrant flow-ers
3. Scat-ter seeds of kindness, scatter far and wide, Scatter in the des - ert,

throw a cheer-ing ray; Lend a word of com - fort to some ach-ing heart,
will be-gin to grow; To the weak and wea - ry speak a word of cheer,
on the mountain side; In the name of Je - sus scat - ter ev - 'ry-where,

REFRAIN.

Help the world to bright-en, broth-er, do your part. Scat-ter seed,..... the
It will make them hap - py, it will dry the tear.
It will help to bright-en, it will ban-ish fear. Scat-ter seed, the

seeds of kind - - ness, Scat-ter seeds a - long your way;
seeds of kindness, seeds of kind - ness,

It will bright - en up your path - way As you jour - ney day by day.
It will brighten

A. M. Pace, owner, Joiner, Ga. By per.

No. 32. Gathering in the Sheaves.

NIM J. ORR. J. M. PIERCE.

1. While the dews of morn - ing, Verd - ant fields a - dorn - ing,
2. While the day is go - ing, Love for God is flow - ing,
3. If the day is drear - y, And the feet grow wea - ry,

E'er the glo-rious sun-light, Dries the dew - y leaves, Thus with hearts of
Like the sum-mer love - ly, Grand-est beau - ty weaves, Songs of praise re -
Then the earn- est la-b'rors, Great-est joy re - ceive, He that sows in

glad - ness, Leav - ing care and sad - ness, Hast - en now the
sound - ing, Bus - y work - ers bound- ing, Hast - 'ning in the
sor - row, Joy - ful reaps to - mor - row, With the Ho - ly

CHORUS.

reap - ers Gath - 'ring in the sheaves.
Har - vest Gath - 'ring in the sheaves.
An - gels Gath - 'ring in the sheaves.
} Gath-'ring in the sheaves,

D. S.

Gath'ring in the sheaves, See the bus-y reap - ers Gath'ring in the sheaves.

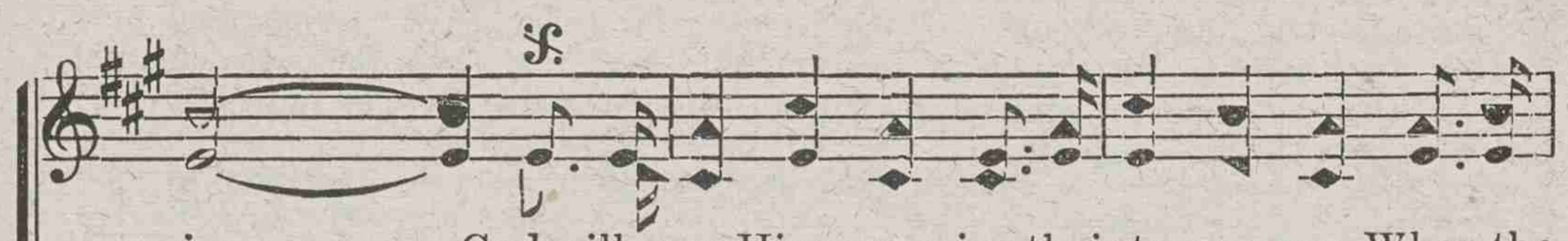
Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Pierce. Atlanta, Ga.

No. 33. When the Sheaves are Gathered In.

A. T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. When the morning dawns of the judgment day, When the sheaves are gathered
2. 'Mid the conflicts here we no more shall roam, When the sheaves are gathered
3. We shall have a home in the cit - y fair, When the sheaves are gathered
4. What a blessed tho't, we shall see our King, When the sheaves are gathered

When the sheaves

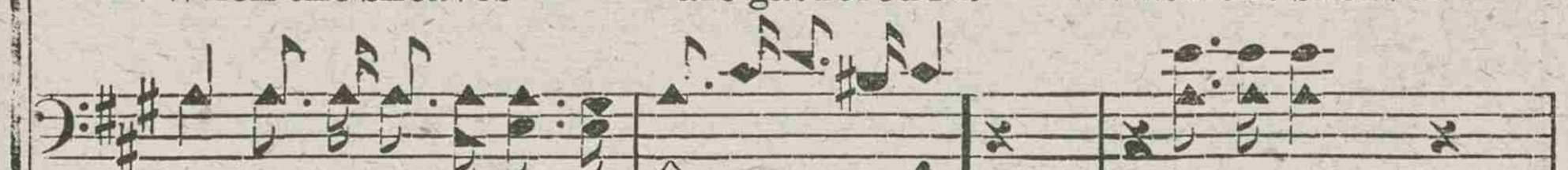


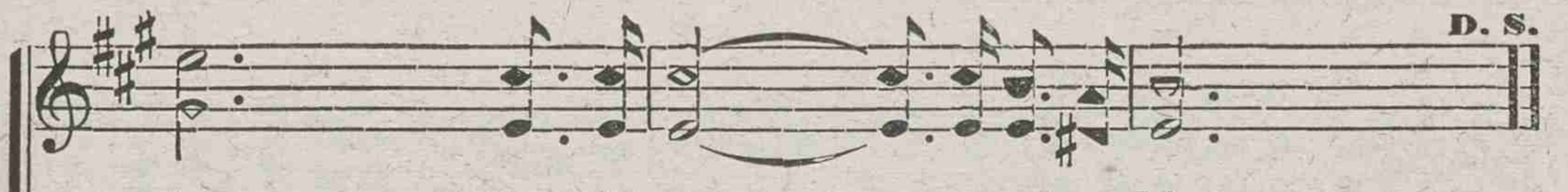
in;..... God will crown His own, wipe their tears away, When the
in;..... There'll be joy un-told, in the harvest home, When the
in;..... If we work and toil, burdens meekly bear, When the
in;..... And in songs of praise make the welkin ring, When the
are gathered in;

D. S.—With the an - gel band, the redeemed shall stand, When the

FINE. CHORUS.

sheaves.... are gathered in..... When the sheaves are gathered
When the sheaves are gathered in. When the sheaves





in, When the sheaves.... are gathered in.
are gathered in, When the sheaves are gathered in.

D. S.

Owned by Austin Taylor, Sherman, Texas.

No. 34. Let Us Carry Sunshine.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Let us car - ry sun-shine Ev -'rywhere we go; It will strengthen oth-ers,
2. Let us be a sun-beam, Shining for the Lord; Walk-ing in His footsteps,
3. If your life's a sun-beam, All is peace with-in, Let it shine for Je - sus,

Je - sus' love to know, If our hearts grow weary, Let us sing and pray,
Trust-ing in His word, If temp-ta-tions lead us, From the paths of right,
Oth - er souls to win; Toil - ing in His vine-yard, Ev - er faith - ful be,

Help some wand'ring soul To find the liv - ing way. Let..... us car - ry
Let us look to Je - sus, For in Him is light.
Brighter beams in glo - ry Waits to shine for thee. Let us car-ry sun - shine,

REFRAIN.

sun - shine, Ev - - - - - 'rywhere we go,
Ev-'rywhere we go; Let us car-ry sun - shine, Ev-'ry-where we go;

It will strengthen others, Jesus' love to know, Let us carry sunshine, Ev'rywhere we go.

Used by per. of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 35. Singing For Jesus.

"Sing unto the Lord, bless His name; show forth His salvation from day to day."—Ps. 96: 2.

A. S. Lee. H. A. R. Horton.
Melody suggested.

1. Singing for Je - sus, My bless-ed Re-deem - er, Trying to serve Him wher-ev - er I go, Tell-ing the sto - ry of of-fered sal-va - tion,
2. Singing for Je - sus, His glo - ri- ous prais- es, Lift-ing the soul on the pin-ions of love, This is my sto - ry, the bles-sed old sto - ry,
3. Singing for Je - sus, Yes, sing-ing for Je - sus, Songs that may lead some poor wander - er home, Sweet-ly the spir- it looks peacefully up- ward.

Leading lost souls to the God I a dore, Dropping some thoughts or words by the wayside, May be the seed of redemption to some, Help-ing the wea- ry
How He redeemed us for heaven a-bove, Let us be faith- ful, serv-ing the Mas-ter, Thro' all life's journey as pil-grims be- low, Glo-ry to God for
Seeking its homeland, with Jesus to roam, When I am called to en- ter the judgment, Gladly I'll bid all that's earthly good-by, Then on the wings of

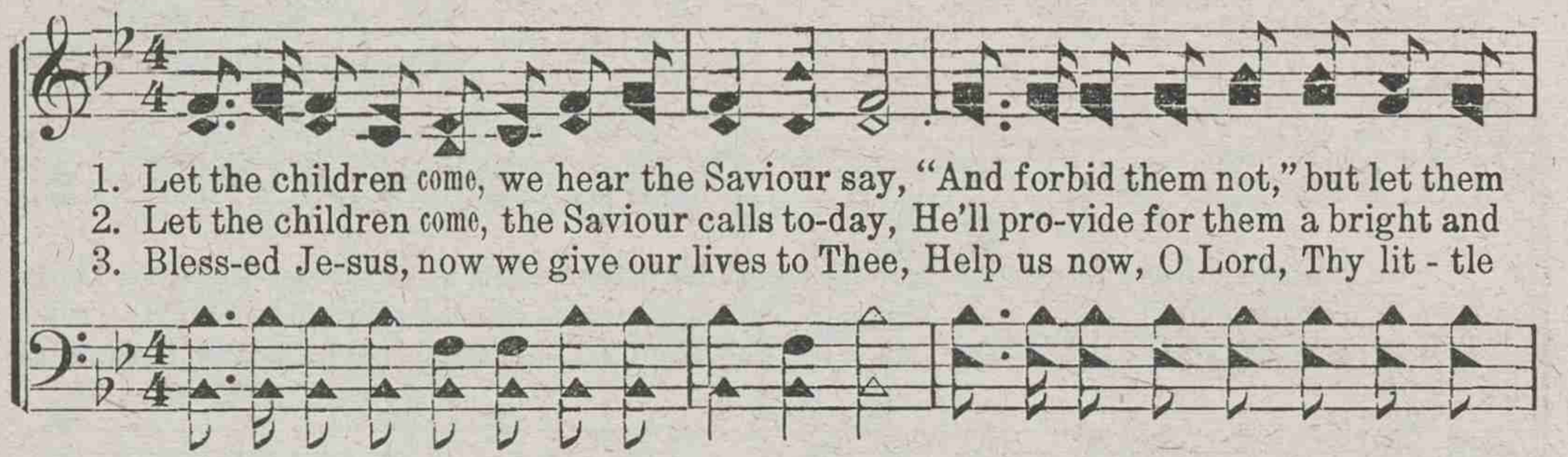
to seek their sal-va - tion, Giving the glo - ry to Je - sus the Son.
our bless-ed Redeem - er, Ev- er up - on Him our prais-es be-stow.
the seraphs I'll en - ter, Sing-ing His prais-es, as upward I fly.

H. A. R. Horton owner, 1908, used by per.

No. 36. Let the Children Come.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."—MATT. 19: 14.

WILL S. JAMES. H. A. R. HORTON.



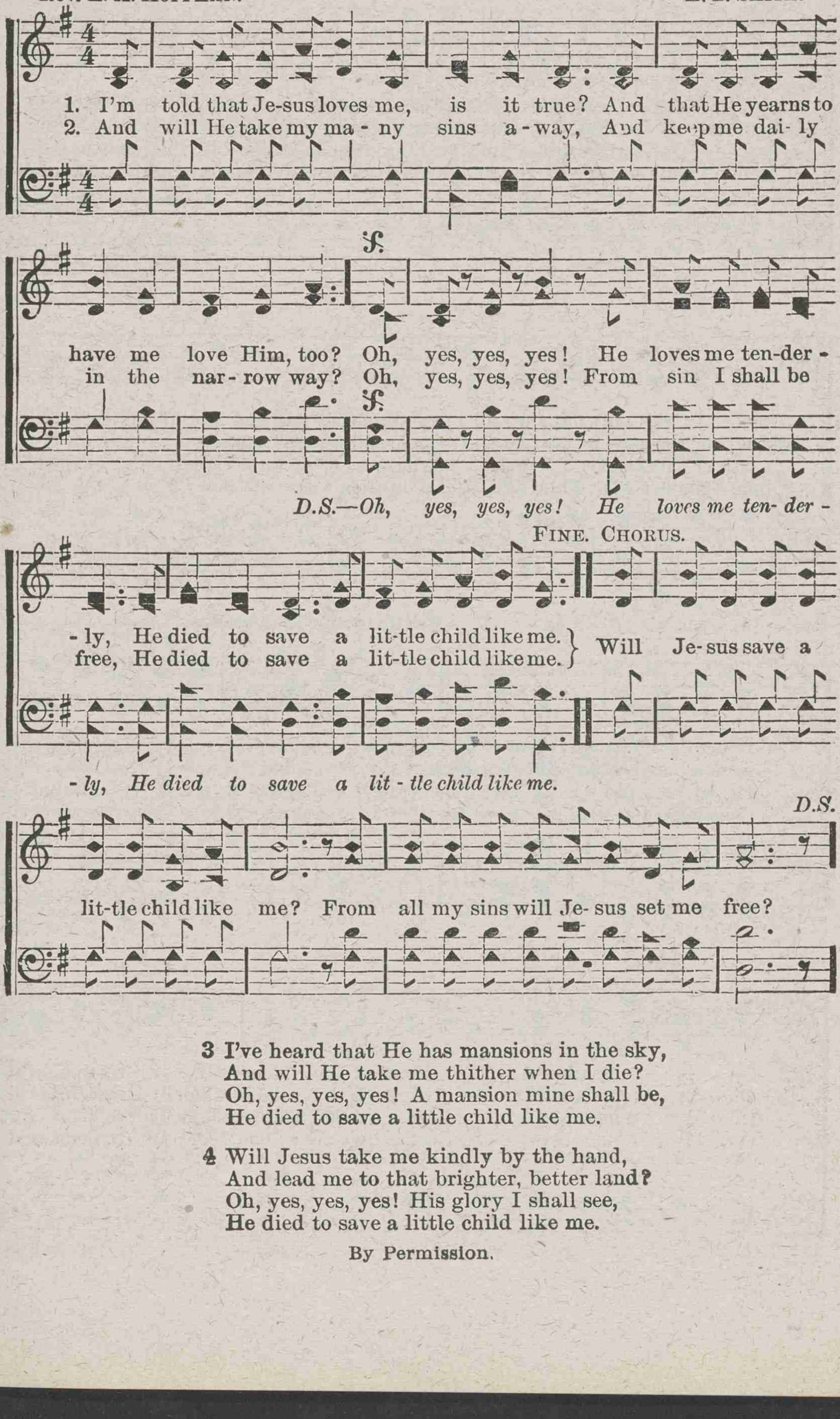
CHORUS.

H. A. R. Horton, owner, 1908.

No. 37. Will Jesus Save a Little Child Like 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.

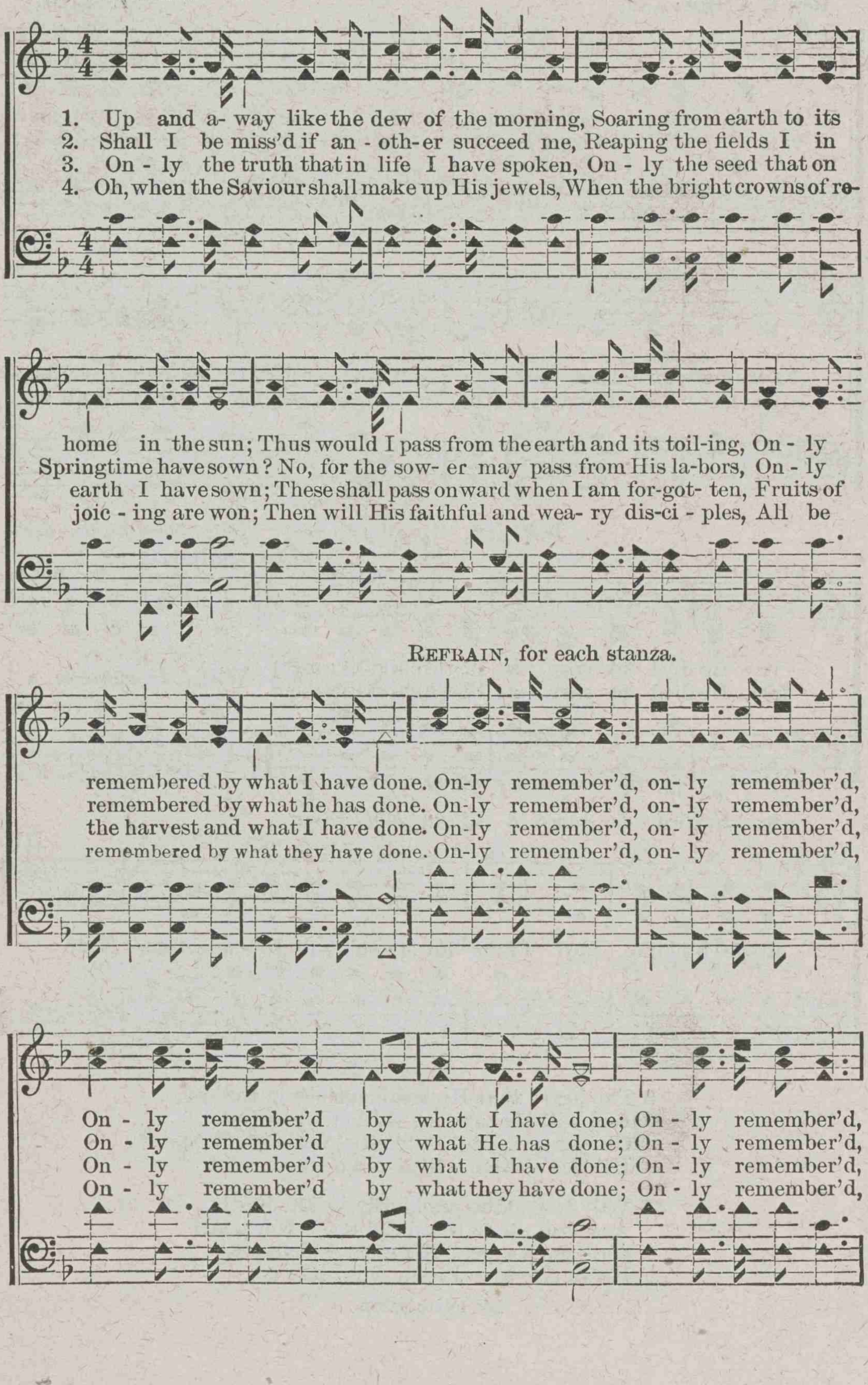
4 Will Jesus take me kindly by the hand,
And lead me to that brighter, better land?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! His glory I shall see,
He died to save a little child like me.

By Permission.

No. 38. Only Remembered by What I Have Done.

John 4: 36-38.

Rev. H. Bonar. D. E. Dortch.



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. 39. 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
2. Noth - ing but leaves! No gath- er'd sheaves Of lif 's fair ripe- ning grain: We
3. Noth - ing but leaves! Sad mem'-ry weaves No veil to hide the past; And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with- ered leaves? Ah,

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promi- ses un- kept, And reap from
sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, idle words for ear-nest deeds, Then reap with
as we trace our wea- ry way, And count each lost and misspent day, We sad - ly
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. 40. Go and Work To-day.

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

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

Moderato.

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No. 41. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

No. 42. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

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

1. From my loving heav'nly Father, I have wandered far a-way;
2. I will free-ly make con-fes-sion, as I fall at His dear feet,
3. For the precious moments wasted, and the sinful past I've lived,
4. I'll a - rise and go this moment, for I feel He loves me still;

In - to paths of sin and fol - ly, have been oft-en led a-stray;
Of in-grat - i - tude the vi - lest, a-gainst love and mercy sweet,
Which I nev - er can a-tone for, I will ask Him to for-give;
That He will not cast me from Him, tho' a reb-el 'gainst His will;

But I find no lasting pleasure in this drear-y life of sin,
I will humbly beg for par-don, and will ask Him to re-store
For the grace I need to keep me, in the straight and narrow way,
I will yield to Him completely—throw wide open my heart's door,

And I'm go-ing back to Je - sus, a new life to en-ter in.
The dear ti - tle of His Son-ship, to be for-feit - ed no more.
He hath promised in a-bund-ance, if to Him I humbly pray.
Bid the blessed Lord to en - ter, and re-main there ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home, Dear Lord, I'm coming
Coming home, coming home,

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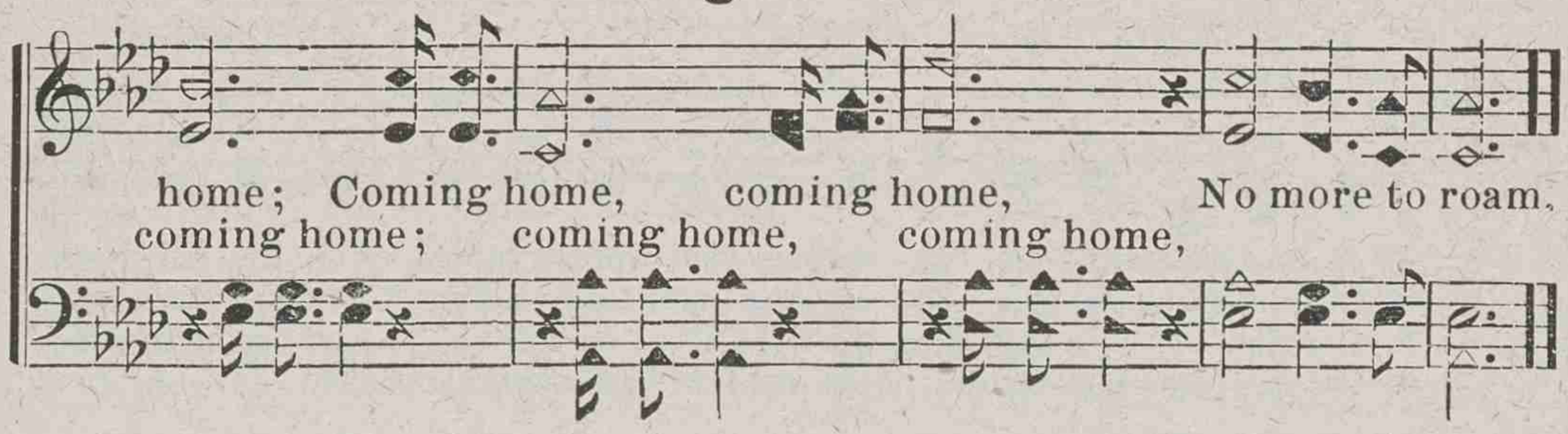
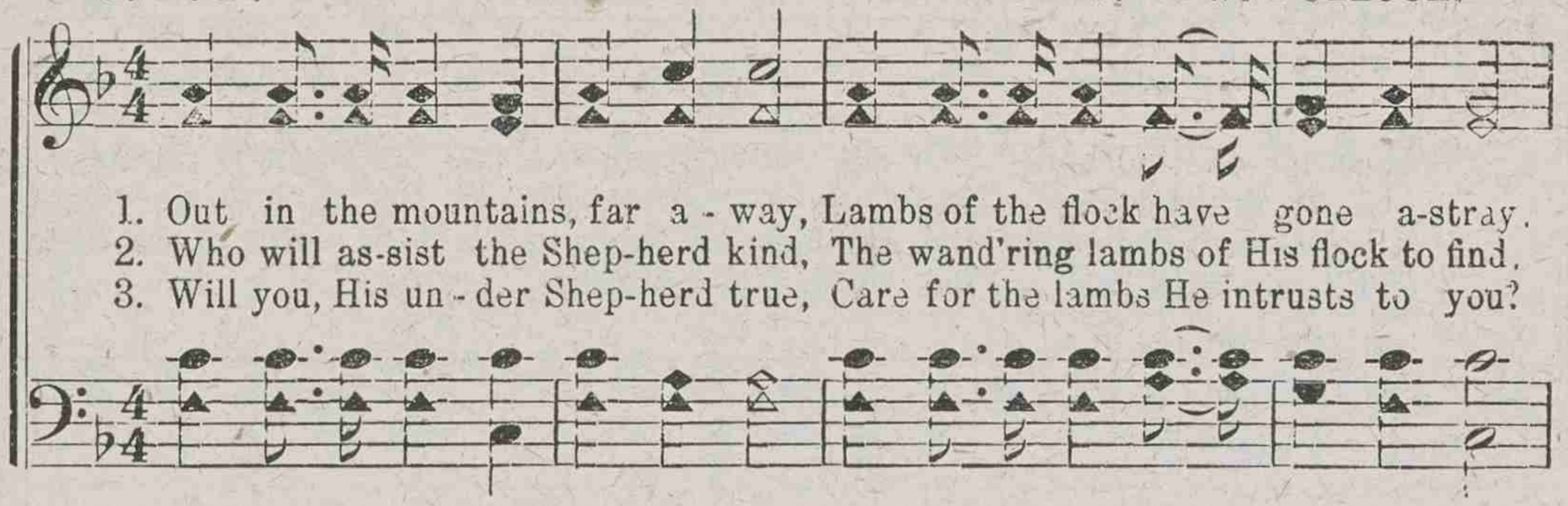
Lord, I'm Coming Home. Concluded.

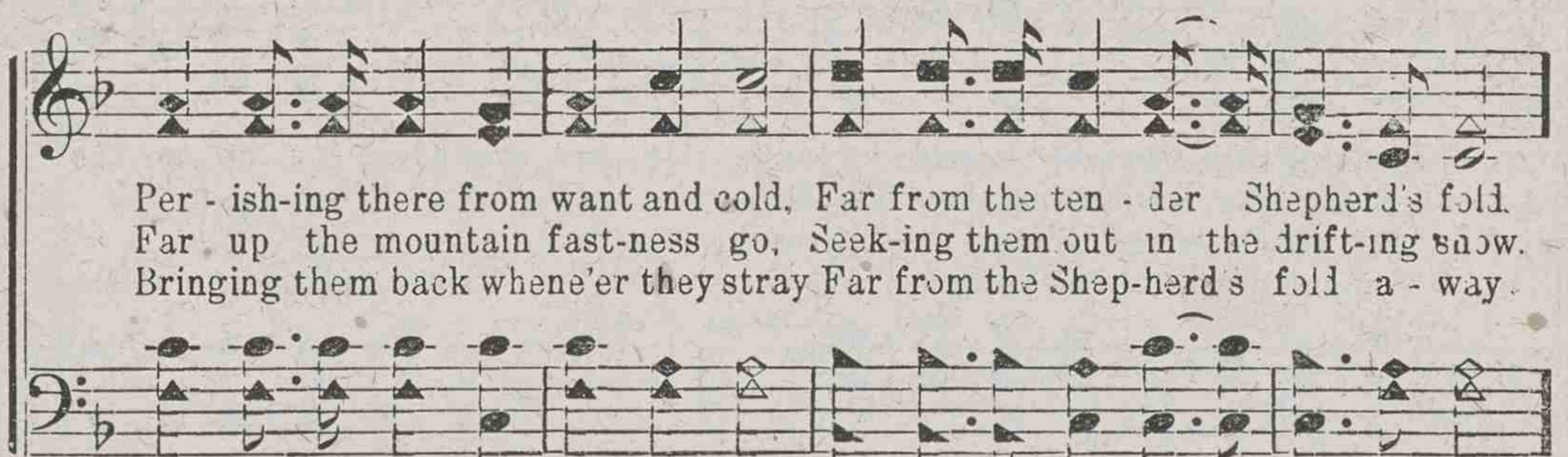


No. 43. Bring Them Back.

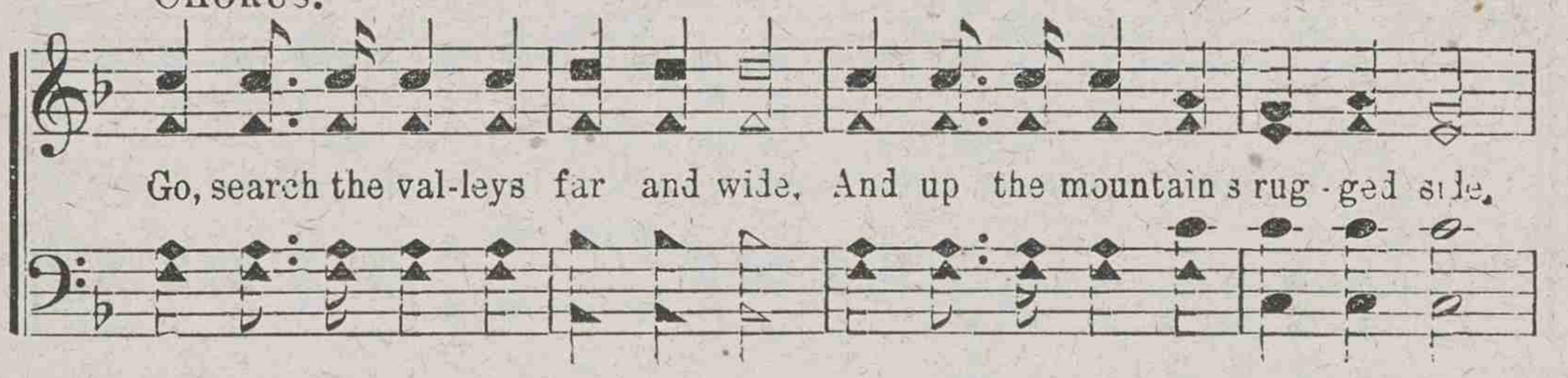
(Infant Class Song.)

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





CHORUS.



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No. 44. Jesus On the Waters.

W. C. McConnell. (Matt. 14: 26.) H. A. R. Horton.

1. Je - sus walked up-on the wa-ters that were troubled, And the bil - lows
2. Like a troub-led spir - it, on the wa - ters walking, Came the form of
3. His dis - ci - ples saw Him, tho't He was a spir - it, And the hearts of
4. Pe - ter on the waters, doubt and fear had seized him, Then be - gan to

dashed up - on the shore, Fear-ing not the temp-est, and its might-y rag-ing,
Je - sus drawing near, There a boat was toss - ing on the bil-lows rag-ing,
all were sore dismay'd, But the bless-ed Je-sus spake these words of comfort,
sink beneath the wave, But the ten - der Shepherd, blessed lov - ing Sav-iour,

Chorus.

Heed-ing not the ocean's mad'ning roar. Je - sus walked..... up - on the
And His friends within cried out with fear.
"Be of cheer, 'tis I, be not afraid."
Ten-der - ly to him His hand He gave. Jesus walked up - on the

sea, On the sea, on the sea of Gal - i - lee,
sea, the raging sea, Jesus walked upon the sea of Gal - i - lee, of Gal - i - lee,

When the storm..... was rag - ing high,
When the storm was rag - ing high, When the storm was rag - ing high,

By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

Jesus On the Waters. Concluded.

No. 45. Christ Arose.

"He rose again the third day according to the scriptures."—1 Cor. 15:4.

C. E. P. Chas. Edw. Pollock

With vigor.

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No. 46. God Our Refuge. L. M.

PSALM 46.

Music composed May 3, 1906, and sung at our regular Services at Ash Grove, Sabbath, May 20, 1906, during the sitting of the General Assembly at Decatar, Ill.

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

1. God has our strength..... and ref - uge prov'd.....
2. A riv - er flows..... whose gen - tle streams.....
3. The earth was stirr'd ..... thro' all her coasts,.....
4. To tran-quil peace..... the war He turns,.....

1. God has our strength and refuge prov'd,

In all dis - tress has been our aid; There-fore, al - though.....
Make glad the cit - y of our God; The ho - ly place... .....
His dread-ful voice her fu - ry quell'd; We have with us.....
He breaks the bow and cuts the spear, In fire the blood - - -
In all dis - tress has been our aid; Therefore, although

the earth be mov'd,..... We will not fear or be dis - may'd.
where glo - ry beams,..... Where God most High makes His a - bode.
the Lord of hosts,..... And Jacob's God our foes re - pell'd.
stain'd chariot burns,..... That all may reverence Him with fear.
the earth be mov'd, the earth be mov'd, We will not fear or be dis - may'd.

Let mountains from..... their bas-es hurl'd,..... Rush down the
Je - ho- vah in..... her midst doth dwell,..... Her firm found-
Be-hold the won - - drous works of God,..... What des-o -
"De- sist, for I..... am King of kings,..... I'll reign o'er
Let mountains from their bases hurld, Rush down the

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God Our Refuge. Concluded.

dark un-fath-omed tide; Let ris - ing bil - - lows shake the
a- tions He sus - tains The Lord of hosts..... our foes will
la-tions He hath made, For o - ver all..... the earth a -
all the earth a - broad;" The Lord of hosts..... our safe - ty
dark un-fath-omed tide; Let ris-ing bil-lows shake the

world,..... . In per-fect peace we will a - bide.....
quell, ...Whose timely help her peace main-tains.....
broad,..... He hath His might- y pow'r dis - played.....
brings,..... Our ref- uge high is Ja- cob's God.....
world, yes shake the world, In per-fect peace we will a - bide, (we will a- bide.)

No. 47. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. (7s. 6l.) J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus. Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee.

D.C.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist' rous waves o - bey thy will When thou say - est to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on thy breast,

No. 48. Only Little Soldiers.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. J. BENTON.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But our cour-age we dis-play, And tho'
2. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But our Sav - ior we o - bey, And with
3. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But we have His grace within, And up-

long may be the bat-tle, We will nev-er run a - way; Ma-ny times the foe will
love's bright banner o'er us, We are marching on each day; Yes, with joy we wear His
on the fields of bat-tle, We will nev-er yield to sin; What-so - ev - er may be-

meet us, And will hurl at us his darts, But our precious, loving Sav-ior, Will be
armor, And His blessed banner wave, And with joy we tell to oth-ers, That the
fall us, True to Je - sus we will be, For in heaven we would meet Him, There His

CHORUS.

near to shield our hearts. We are in the fight to stay, ... Hav-ing
Savior waits to save.
glory we would see. And will never run away;

1 2

faith in Him who leads us, We are in the fight to stay; We are in the fight to stay.

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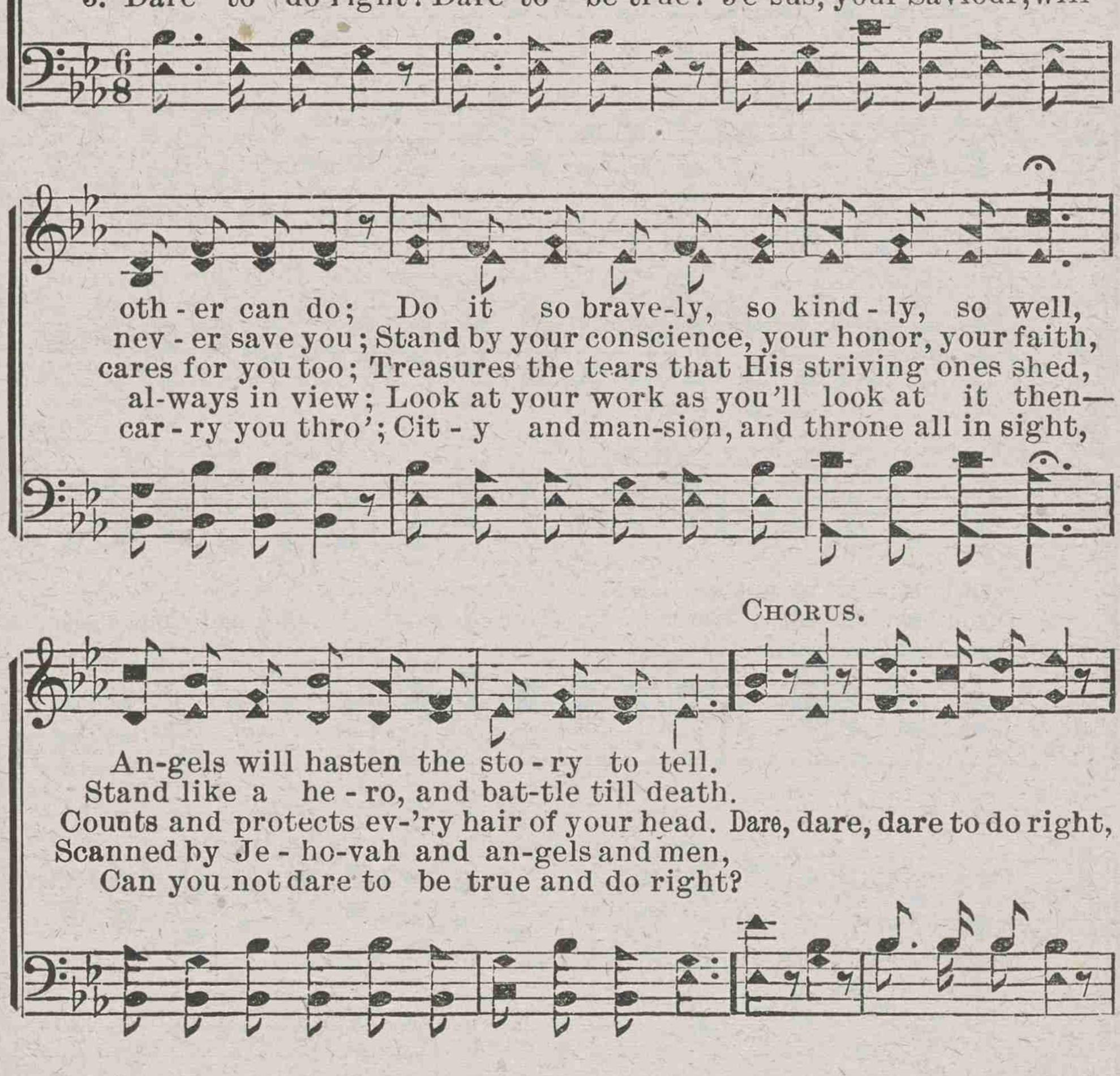
No. 49. Dare To Do Right!

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

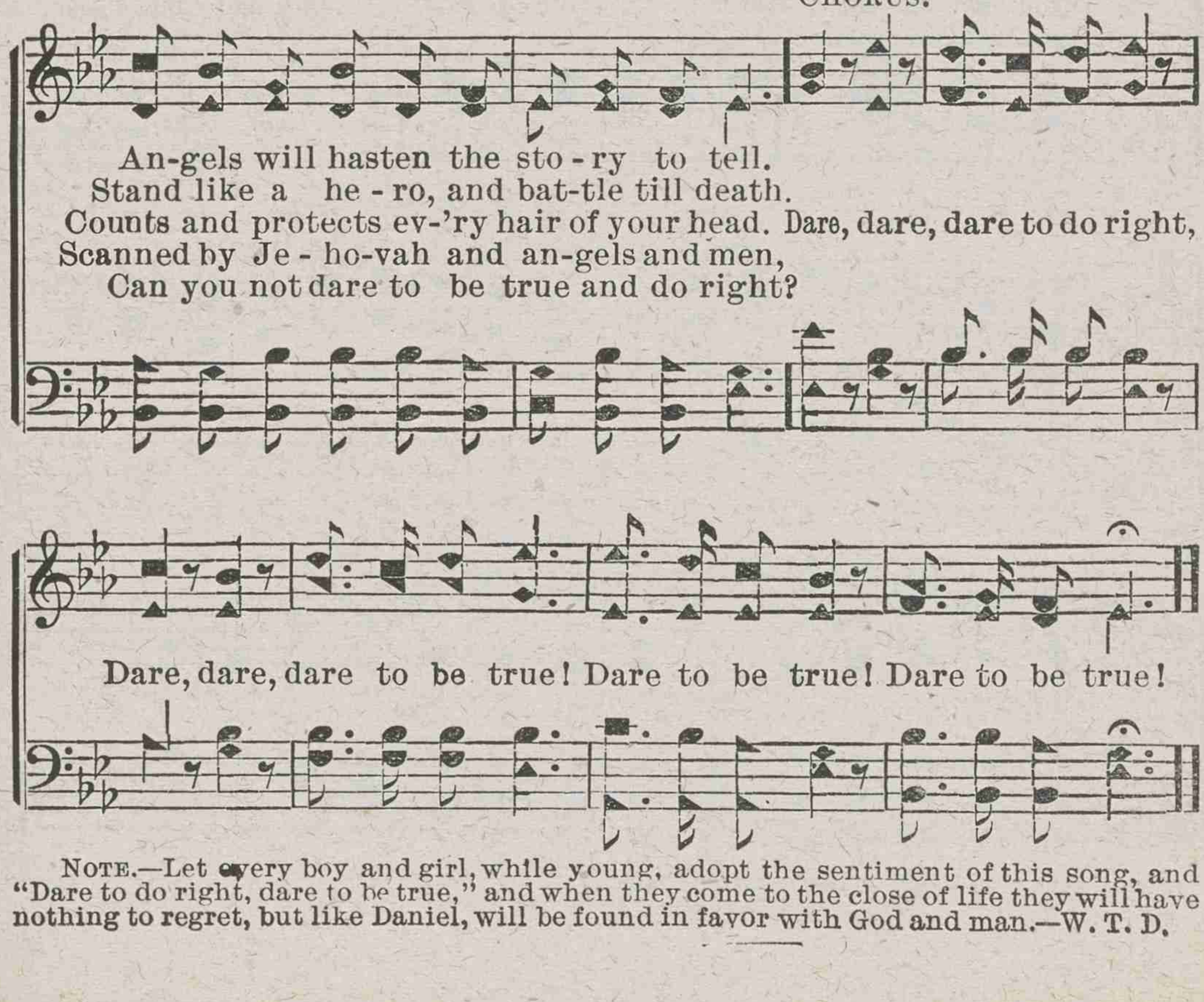
Rev. George L. Taylor. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no
2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Other men's failures can
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre-a - ted you,
4. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Keep the great judgment seat
5. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Je-sus, your Saviour, will



oth - er can do; Do it so brave-ly, so kind - ly, so well,
nev - er save you; Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
cares for you too; Treasures the tears that His striving ones shed,
al-ways in view; Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
car - ry you thro'; Cit - y and man-sion, and throne all in sight,

Chorus.



An-gels will hasten the sto - ry to tell.
Stand like a he - ro, and bat-tle till death.
Counts and protects ev-'ry hair of your head. Dare, dare, dare to do right,
Scanned by Je - ho-vah and an-gels and men,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! Dare to be true!

Note.—Let every boy and girl, while young, adopt the sentiment of this song, and "Dare to do right, dare to be true," and when they come to the close of life they will have nothing to regret, but like Daniel, will be found in favor with God and man.—W. T. D.

No. 50. The Cloudy Side of Life.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—HEB. 12: 6.
"Sorrow is better than laughter."—ECC. 7: 3.

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

Earnestly.

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No. 51. A Glory Side to the Cloud.

(Inscribed to all of my pupils.—B. B. B.)

MISS E. E. HEWITT. B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a glo-ry side to the cloud we fear, For the Lord Himself, tho' unseen, is near,
2. There's a glo-ry side; O, how fair and bright, And its golden gleams cheer the gloomy night,
3. There's a glory side, and it brighter grows, As our faith and hope on His word repose;

To the trusting soul will His grace ap - pear; There's a glory side to the cloud.
When the Ho-ly Dove comes with saving might, There's a glory side to the cloud.
And the God of love "present help" bestows, There's a glory side to the cloud.

REFRAIN.

Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con - fide In the
Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con-fide In the
Lord who stand - eth by; Yes, a glo-ry side; when our
Lord, in the Lord who standeth by, who stand-eth by; Yes, a glo-ry side;
faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky.
when our faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky, we will look beyond the sky.

We will look, we will look beyond the sky.

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No. 52. I Must Tell Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub- les, He is a kind, com -
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav- iour, One who can help my
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al- lures me! Oh, how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de- liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O- ver the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic-t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je- sus a - lone.

Rit.

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No. 53. A Blessing In Prayer.

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

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas-ter's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a-bove is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
Friend in - deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the pow-ers of sin would the soul en-snare, There is
seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair; There is

CHORUS.

al-ways a bless-ing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r in be -
lieving pray'r, When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's
love will re-ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

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No. 54. My Best Friend is Jesus.

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

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

Earnestly.

1. My best friend is Je-sus, I cling to His side, And love Him and trust Him and
2. My best friend is Je-sus, He's with me al-way, He leads me and guides me by
3. My best friend is Je-sus, He hear-eth my cry, And quickly and ful - ly my
4. My best friend is Je-sus, come good or come ill, It matters not which, He will
5. My best friend is Je-sus, He's gone to prepare A beau-ti - ful man-sion in

in Him confide; No se-cret have I that the Lord doth not know, He's with me, or
night and by day; Tho' crooked the pathway and hard for the feet, With Jesus' dear
wants doth supply; To pastures of plen-ty by Him I am led, On heav-en - ly
cling to me still; Should earthly companions their comfort ne'er lend, I have in my
heav-en so fair; He's coming a-gain, "in the sweet by and by," To take me to

CHORUS.

near me, wher-ev - er I go.
presence the jour-ney is sweet.
man - na by Him I am fed. My best friend is Je - sus, a - bove ev -'ry
Sav-iour an un - fail-ing friend.
live with Him up in the sky.

oth - er, He sticketh more closely to me than a broth-er; How can I help

lov - ing the Sav-iour di-vine, Who purchased redemption for this soul of mine.

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No. 55. O How I Love Jesus.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John: 4 19.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Thy bod-y slain, sweet Jesus, Thine, And bathed in its own blood,
3. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
4. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
5. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears;
6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
While all ex-posed to wrath di-vine The glo-rious suff'rer stood!
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree.
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thankful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

{ O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
{ I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,

O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me. }
I'll nev - er for - get Him, O Lord, re - mem - ber me. }

Copyright, 1909, by W. T. Dale.

No. 56. Ye Must Be Born Again.*

W. T. D. JOHN 3: 7. W. T. DALE.

1. A Phar - i - see came to the Sav-iour by night, A "mas - ter in
2. This rul - er that came to the Mas - ter that night, Belonged to the
3. Ye thoughtless and careless give heed to the word, Most sol - emn - ly
4. Ye sigh - ing and sor - row-ing who would find rest, And sing the new
5. A fa - ther and moth-er in glo - ry may stand, To wel-come you

Is - ra - el," seek - ing for light; And Je - sus made an - swer both
church but he had not the light; Like thou-sands to - day his re -
spok - en by Je - sus our Lord; At - tend to this mes - sage lest
song of the ran-somed and blest; His mer - cy and par - don you
home to that heav - en - ly land; Then heark-en and heed this most

sim - ple and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain," (a - gain.)
li - gion was vain; He was not "born a - gain," (a - gain.)
it should be vain; "Ye must be born a - gain," (a - gain.)
must first ob - tain; "Ye must be born a - gain," (a - gain.)
sol - emn re - frain; "Ye must be born a - gain," (a - gain.)

REFRAIN.

Ye must be born a - gain, (a - gain,) Ye must be born a-gain; (again;) Most

tru-ly, yes, tru-ly I say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." (a - gain.)

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* Theme suggested.

No. 57. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, by per.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold- eth the wealth of the world in His hands! The ru - bies and dia-
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the poor- est of them, But now He is reign-

- monds, the sil - ver and gold, Of the earth are all His; He has
- ing for - ev - er on high, And will give me a home in

rich - es un- told.
heav'n by and by.
} I'm the child of a King, The child of a King;

CHORUS

With Je - sus my Sa - viour, I'm the child of a King.

3 I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth,
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
As an heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, oh, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing;
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

No. 58. 'Tis Glory All the Time.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. EMMET RAMER. By per.

1. Since Je - sus washed my sins a - way, 'Tis glo - ry all the
2. Tho' clouds and dark-ness round me be,
3. A - mid the toil, a - mid the strife,
4. Tho' waves of troub - le round me roll,
5. Since I have found God's pow'r to save, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all the

time; Since in my heart He came to stay, 'Tis
No night can hide my God from me,
Since I have led a Chris - tian life,
With - in the cham - bers of my soul,
time, all the time; I hope to shout o'er Jor - dan's wave, 'Tis

REFRAIN.

glo - ry all the time. Praise God, I've found
glo - ry, glo - ry, all the time, all the time.

the liv - ing spring, With-in my heart the joy - bells ring; Now all the day

I shout and sing, 'Tis glo - ry all the time.
'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all the time, all the time.

No. 59. There's Sunshine in My Soul.

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

1. I'm filled with won-drous joy to - day, There's sun-shine in my soul;
2. All doubts and fears have been al-layed, There's sun-shine in my soul;
3. I now have peace, a - bid - ing peace, There's sun-shine in my soul;
4. I walk with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, There's sun-shine in my soul;
5. I shout God's prais - es all day long, There's sun-shine in my soul;

My sins have all been washed a - way, There's sun-shine in my soul.
My hope, my all on Christ is stayed, There's sun-shine in my soul.
From sense of guilt a sweet re - lease, There's sun-shine in my soul.
I talk with Him a - long the way, There's sun-shine in my soul.
I sing re-demp-tion's sweet, sweet song, There's sun-shine in my soul.

CHORUS.

There is sun - - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - - shine, There is
There is sun-shine in my soul, There is sun-shine in my soul,

sun - shine in my soul; There is sun - - - shine, Bless - ed
There is sun-shine, Bless-ed sun-shine, There is

sun - - - shine, There is sun - shine in my soul.
sun-shine, Bless-ed sun-shine,

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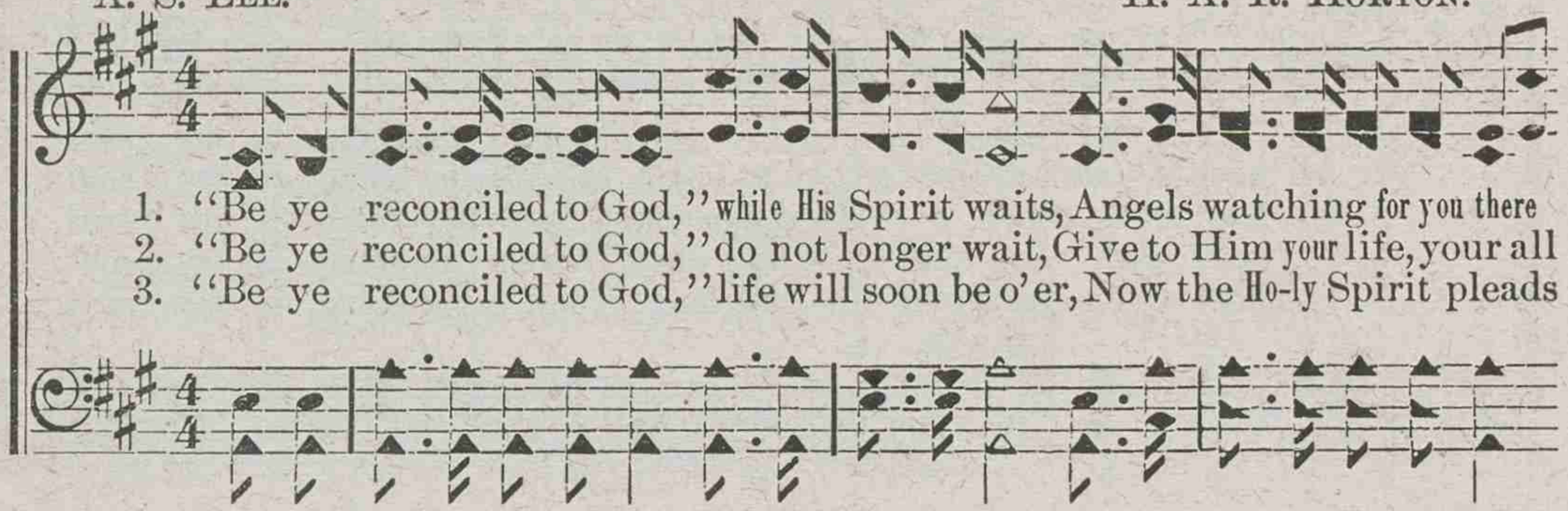
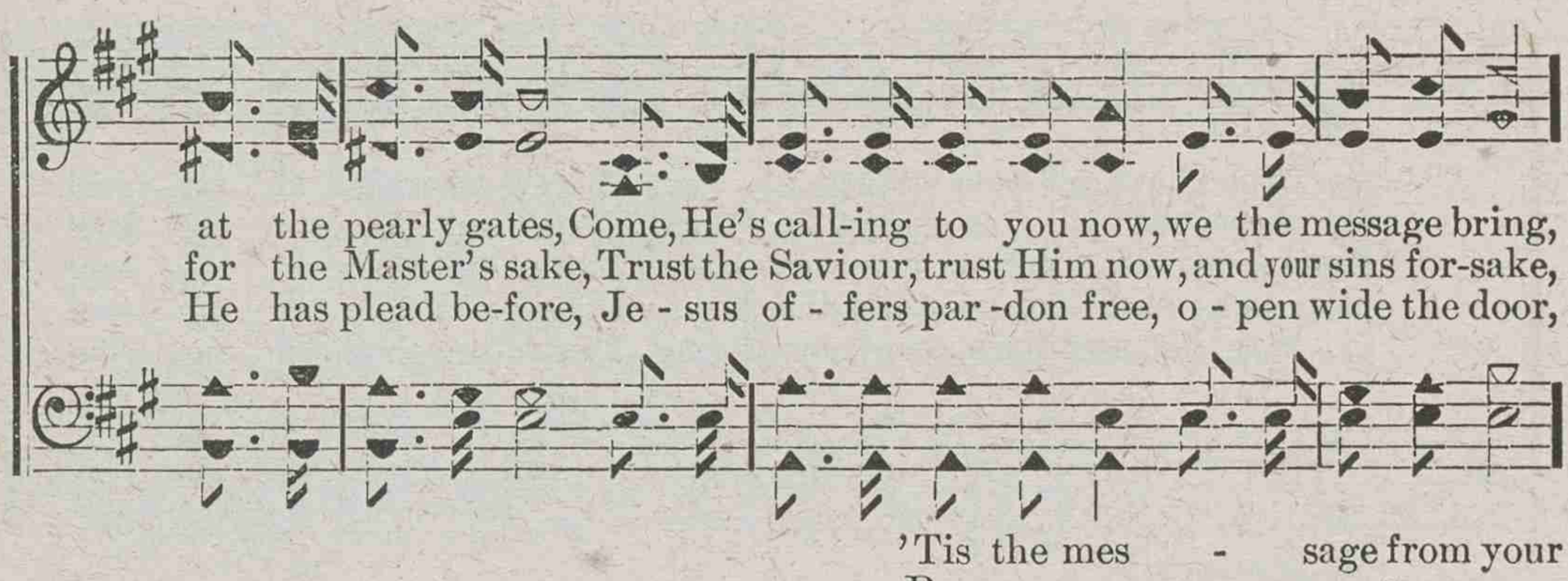
No. 60. Be Ye Reconciled to God.

"For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God, through the death of His Son." Rom 5 : 10.
"We pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." 2 Cor. 5 : 20.

A. S. LEE. H. A. R. HORTON.





H. A. R. Horton, owner.

No. 61. Come Unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."—Matt. 14: 28.

J. M. G. J. M. GRIFFITH.

1. Sin-ner come now and make your surrend - er, For there is not a
2. Why do you wait, when Je- sus is call- ing? Will you not come and
3. Dear dy- ing friend to - day, are you trust-ing? To- morrow's sun, thine

mo-ment to spare, Will you not has - ten? Why do you lin - ger?
seek your soul's rest? O - ver the rap - ids You are now drift - ing,
eyes may not see, Quench not the Spir - it, Mer-cy is plead- ing,

REFRAIN.

Je- sus will take your burdens to bear.
Look to your Sav - iour now, and be blest.
Je- sus is call - ing, "Come unto me."

"Come un-to me,".....
"Come un- to me,"

"Come un- to me,"..... Je- sus is call - ing, Come and be blest,
"Come unto me,"

Why not come now and lean on the Saviour, He will reach down and give you sweet rest.

Used by per

No. 62. Jesus Paid it All.

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."—Rom. 10:4.

REV. MR. PROCTOR, of Scotland. W. T. DALE.

1. Noth-ing eith-er great or small, Noth-ing, sin - ner, no; Je - sus died and
2. When He from His loft-y throne Stooped to do and die; Ev - 'ry-thing was
3. Wea-ry, work-ing, plodding one, Where-fore toil you so? Cease your do-ing,
4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling, By a sim - ple faith, Do - ing is a
5. Cast your dead-ly do - ing down, Down at Je - sus' feet; Stand in Him, in

CHORUS.

paid it all, Long, yes, long a - go,
ful - ly done, "Finished," was His cry.
all was done, Long, yes, long a - go.
dead-ly thing, Do - ing ends in death.
Him a - lone, Glo-rious and com-plete.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I

owe, And noth - ing, eith - er great or small, Re - mains for me to do.

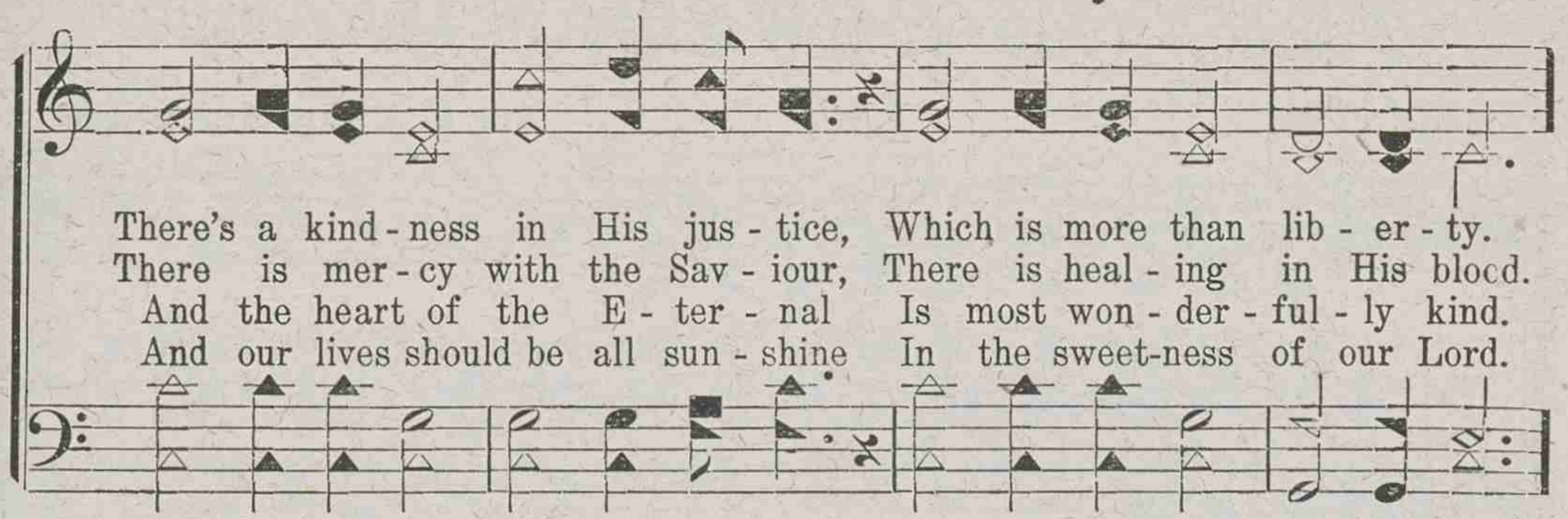
W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 63. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, There are bless-ings for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our faith were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word,

There's a Wideness. in God's Mercy. Concluded.

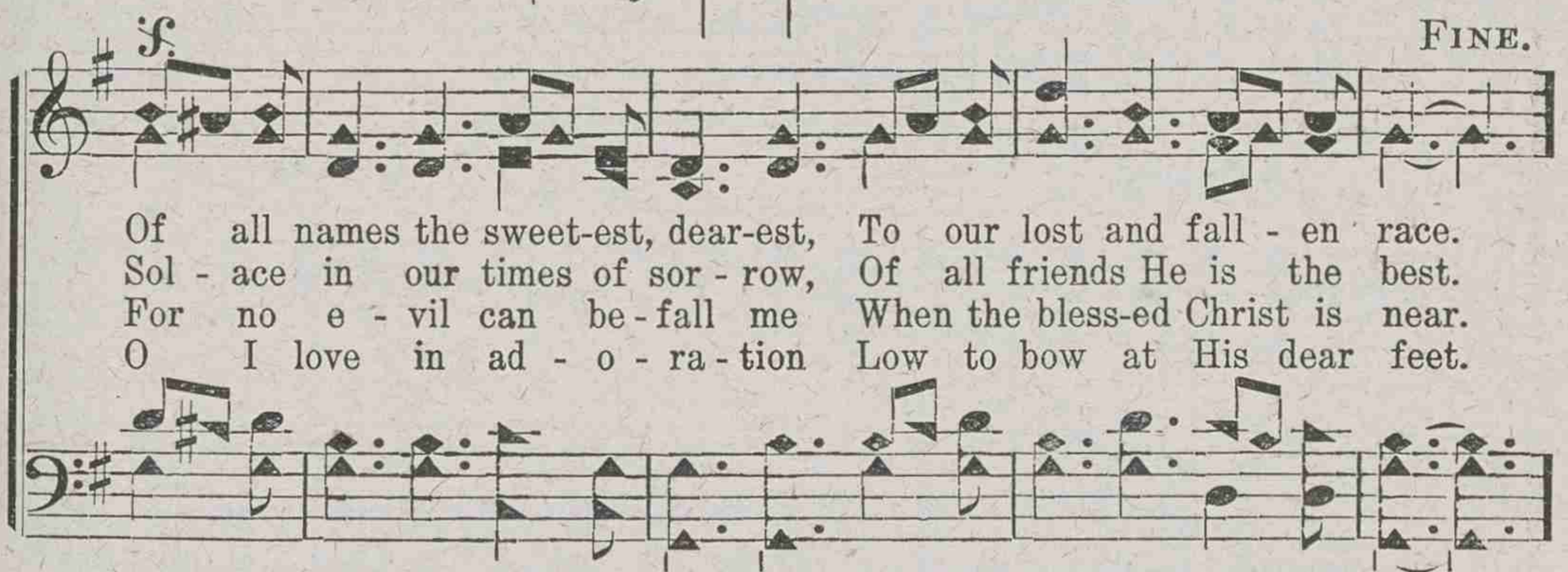


CHORUS.

No. 64. Precious is the Name of Jesus.

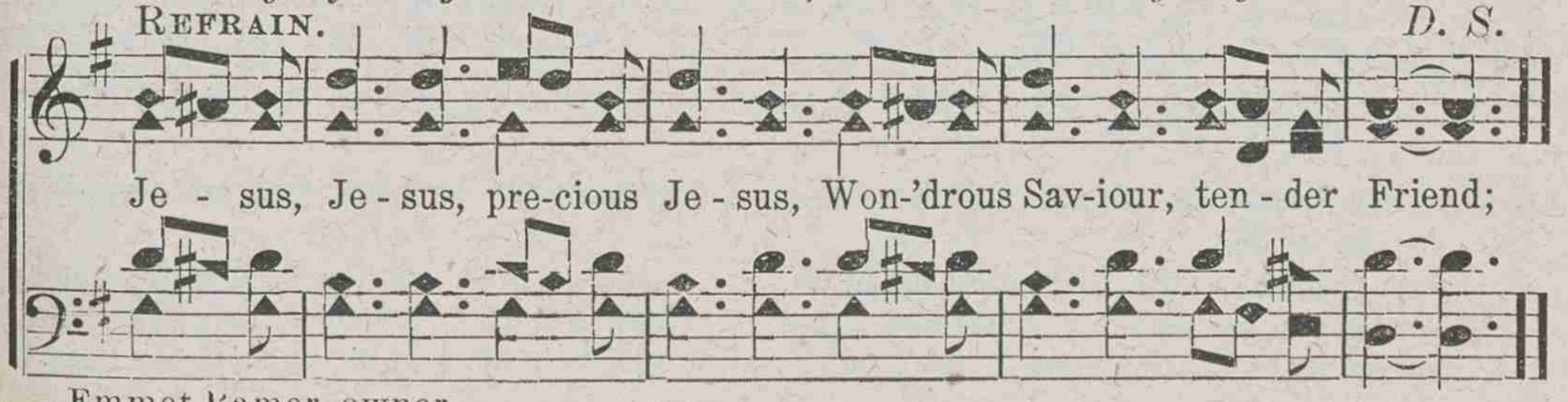
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. EMMET RAMER.

FINE.



D. S. *All my life-long will I love Thee, Till in death my days shall end.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



Emmet Kamer. owner.

No. 65. Are You Washed in the Blood?

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

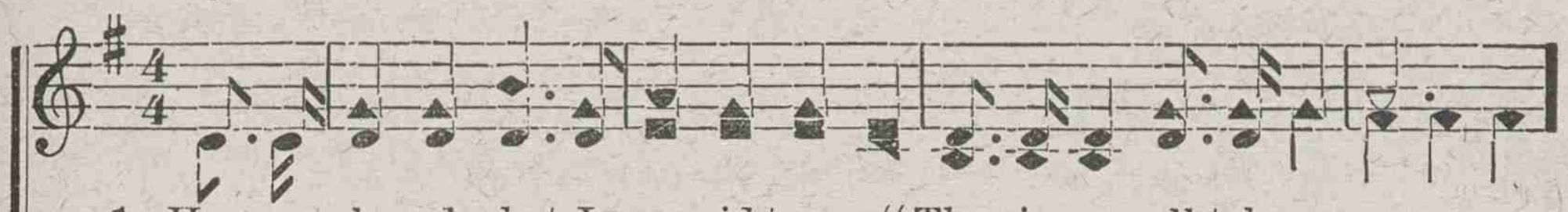
3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white with the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

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. 66. My Sins are All Taken Away.

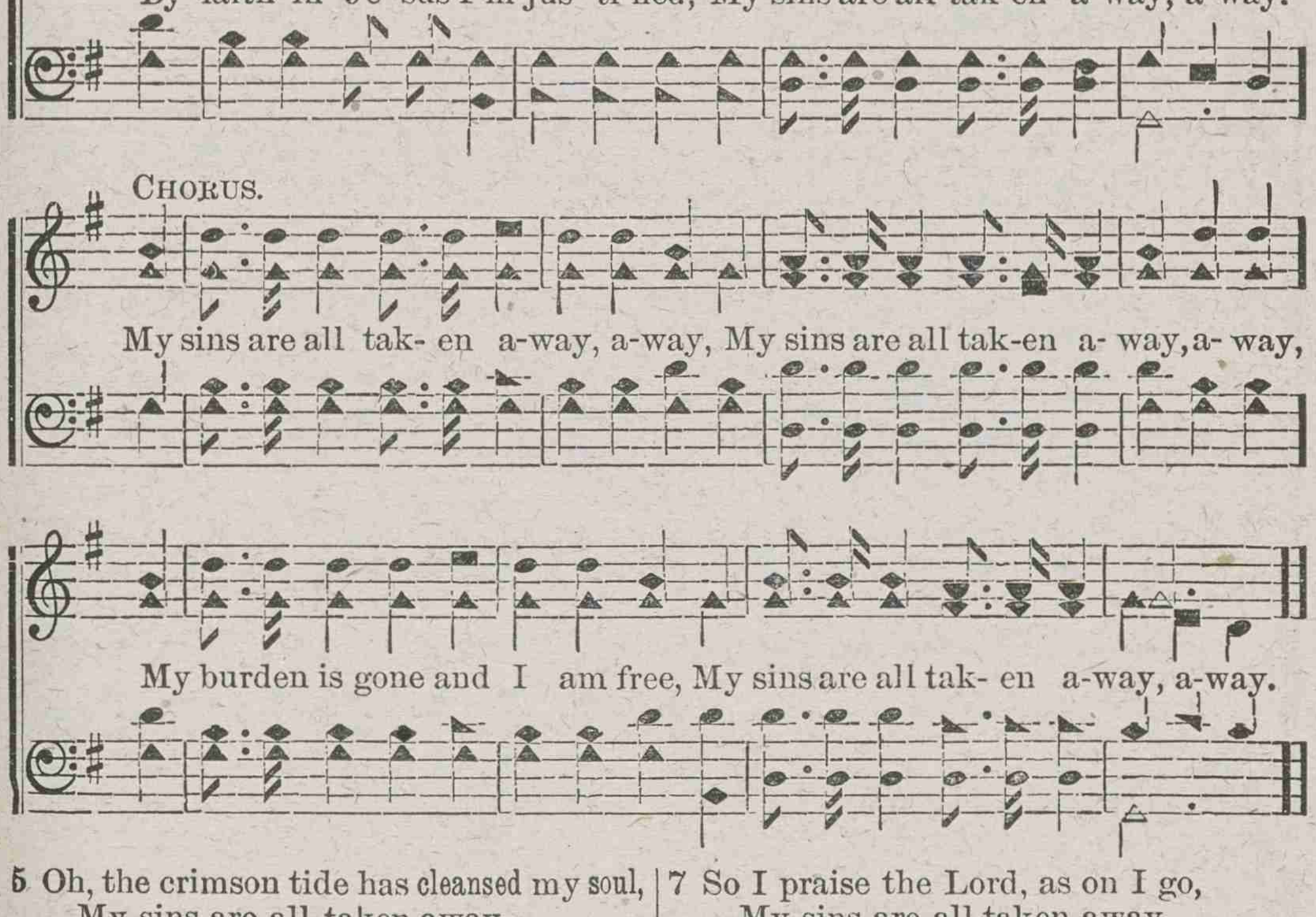
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

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



1. Have you heard what Jesus said to me, "Thy sins are all taken away, away,
2. Praise the Lord for grace so free and full, My sins are all taken away, away,
3. See the cleansing streams of Mercy flow, My sins are all taken a-way, away,
4. I've been cleansed from sin, I'm purified, My sins are all taken away, away,

And now I'm hap-py as I can be, My sins are all tak- en a-way, a-way.
Tho' once like crimson they're now as wool, My sins are all taken away, away.
Tho' once like scarlet, they're white as snow, My sins are all taken away, away.
By faith in Je- sus I'm jus- ti-fied, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.



CHORUS.

My sins are all tak- en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a- way, a- way,

My burden is gone and I am free, My sins are all tak- en a-way, a-way.

5 Oh, the crimson tide has cleansed my soul,
My sins are all taken away,
The blood of Jesus has made me whole,
My sins are all taken away.

6 And the Spirit witnessing to me,
"Thy sins are all taken away,"
Now gives assurance of victory,
My sins are all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord, as on I go,
My sins are all taken away,
My soul is happy, for I do know,
My sins are all taken away.

8 When we meet around the throne above,
My sins are all taken away,
We'll sing in heaven Redeeming Love,
My sins are all taken away.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. T. Dale

No. 67. Blessed Assurance.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and *assurance* forever."—ISA. 32: 17.

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

1. Blessed as - sur- ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore- taste of glo- ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va- tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Perfect sub- mis- sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, Angels de- scending, bring from a- bove Ech -oes of
3. Perfect sub- mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap- py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in His love.

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

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

No. 68. I Shall See Him Face to Face.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." 1 Cor. 13 : 12.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face be-yond the tide;
2. Dim - ly now by faith I see Him Thro' life's shadows here be - low;
3. Face to face with my Re deem - er When we reach that home on high;
4. When we stand at heaven's por - tals, Saved from sin and death and hell;

With these eyes I shall be-hold Him, When we reach the oth - er side.
When these blind-ed eyes shall o - pen, Face to face I'll see and know.
Face to face with Christ in glo - ry; I shall see Him by and by.
Then we'll hear the Master's wel-come, "En-ter now with me you'll dwell."

Chorus.

I shall see..... Him face to face,.....
I shall see face to face,

See my Sav - - iour face to face.....
See my Sav - iour face to face,

In that hap-py, hap py home- land I shall see Him face to face.

H. A. R. Horton, owner. Used by per.

No. 69. All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His ownself bare our sins in His own body on the tree."—1 PETER 2: 24.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

CHORUS.

3 Then down beneath His cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul;
For naught have I to bring,
Thy grace must make me whole.

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

5 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

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

No. 70. Taking Up the Cross.

"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Mark 8: 39.

Dr. N. H. MURREY. W. T. DALE.

Solo.

1. De - ny thy-self and fol - low me, Who bore the crimson cross for thee;
2. Take up thy cross tho' hard to bear, It lighter grows thro' humble pray'r;
3. If aught offend thee lay it by, Thy hand cut off, or pluck thine eye;
4. Christ's foot-prints mark the nar-row way, And make the mid-night light as day;

Come fol - low me, from day to day, I am the life, the light, the way.
And light - er still till life is done, The bat - tle fought the vict-'ry won.
From i - dol gods thou must be free, Christ must be all in all to thee.
And light - er still till life is o'er, And you have reached the golden shore.

CHORUS.

We'll sing and re - joice as we walk in the light, And fol - low our

Sav - iour by day and by night, We'll take up the cross that our

Mas - ter laid down, And bear it each day till we get the bright crown.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 71. "Be of Good Cheer."

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Matt. 14 : 27.

Rev. J. B. TIGERT, Howell, Tenn. W. T. DALE.

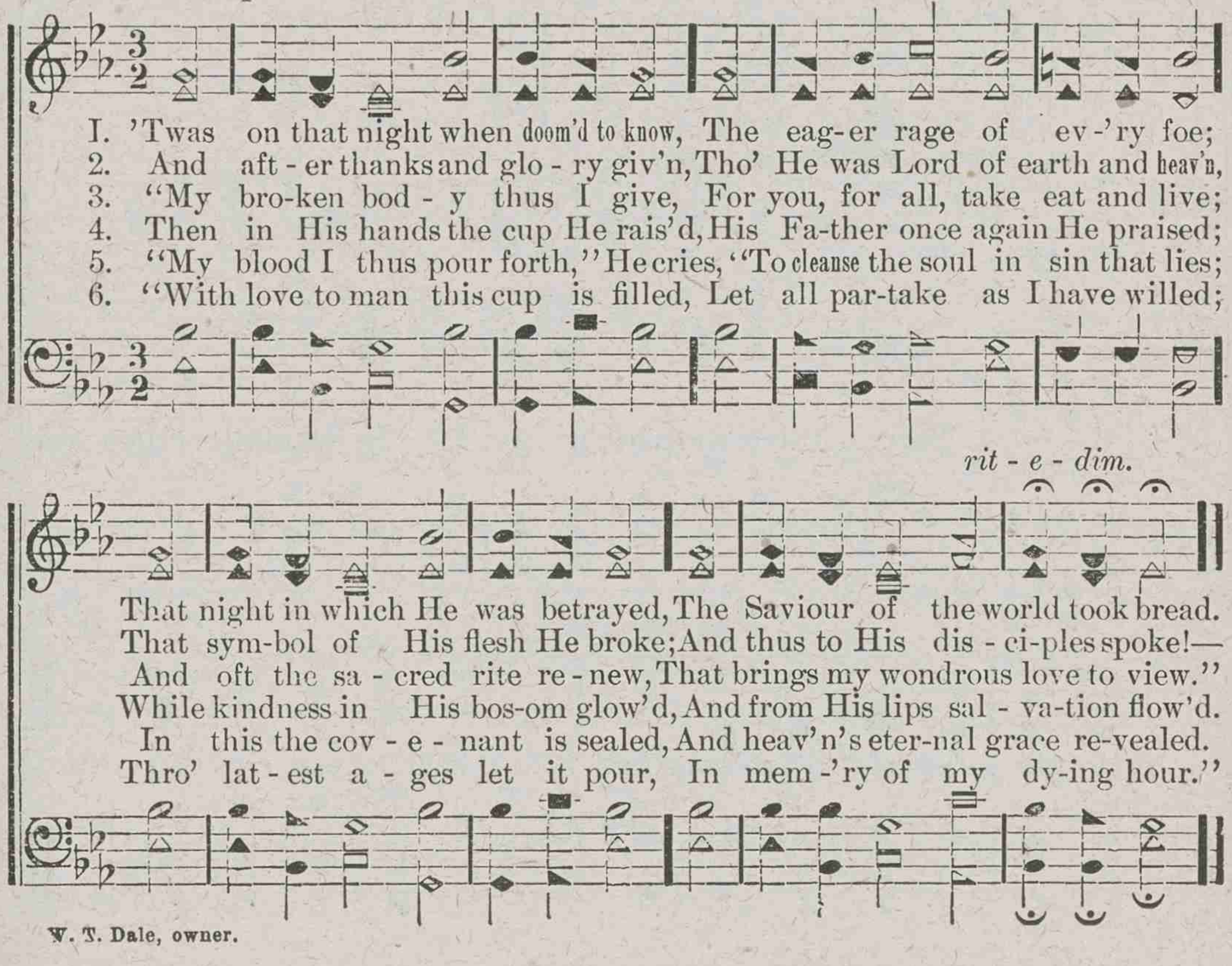
W. T. Dale, owner.

Be of Good Cheer. Concluded.

No 72. The Eucharist. L. M.

The Lord's supper instituted. Matt. 26: 26-29.

Scotch Paraphrase. W. T. DALE.



W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 73. "It Is I, Be Not Afraid."

John 6 : 20.

Rev. Isaiah Baltzell. W. T. Dale.

1. When the storm in its fur - y on Gal - i - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa -
2. But the storm could not bur-y that word in the wave,' Twas taught thro' the tem-
3. When the spir - it is bro-ken with sor row and care, And com-fort is read-
4. And when death is at hand and this cot-tage of clay, Is left with a trem-
5. When the riv - er is past and the glo - ries unknown Burst forth on the won-

ters on high: And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were bound in the spell,
pest to fly, It shall reach His dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y clime,
y to die, Then the dark- ness shall pass, and the sun-shine ap -pear,
ul - ous sigh, Then the grac - ious Re- deem - er will light all the way,
der - ing eye— He will wel - come, en - cour - age and com - fort His own,

Refrain.

Je - sus whispered, "fear not it is I."
Say - ing "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
By the life - giv - ing word, "it is I."
Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."

"It is I, it is

"It is I,

I, Fear not trembling one, it is I," In the midst of the storm,
It is I,

In the msdst of the gloom, "Fear not trembling one, it is I."

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 74. I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.' —Jer. 17: 7.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.

Moderato.

1. There's noth-ing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its treas-ures be gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav-iour I see;
2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of des-pair, No light on my path-way to shine, 'Twas Je - sus who found me and made me an heir
3. When noth-ing but death for my ran-som could pay, And make me ac-cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey
4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up - on earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach - es me dai - ly to pray
5. Should fa - ther and moth - er for - sake me be - low, My bed up - on earth be a stone, I'll cling to my Sav-iour, He loves me I know,

CHORUS.

I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.
To man sions of glo - ry di - vine.
And ransomed my soul with His blood.
And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.

I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone, I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone;.....Though poor and de - sert - ed, thank God, I can say, I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.

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No. 75. Never Alone.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—HEB. 13: 5.

Words arr. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. I've seen the lightning flash- ing, And heard the thunder roll, I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Al-most they whelmed my soul; I've heard the voice of
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temptations sharp and keen, I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav-iour stands be-tween, He is my shield in
3. When in af- flic-tion's val - ley, I tread the road of care, My Sav-iour helps me car - ry My cross when hard to bear, My feet when torn and
4. He died on Calv'ry's mountain, And there they pierced His side; And there He opened that fountain, The crim-son, cleansing tide; For me He waits in

Je - sus, He bade me still go on, He's promised never to leave me,
dan- ger, When earthly friends are gone, He's promised never to leave me,
bleed-ing, My bod - y tired and worn, Then Je-sus whispers His promise,
glo - ry, Now seat-ed on His throne, He's promised never to leave me,

CHORUS.

Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, nev- er a - lone,.....
Nev-er a-lone, Nev - er a - lone,
No, nev - er a - lone; He's prom- ised nev - er to leave me,

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Never Alone.—Concluded.

No. 76. No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

Slow, and with great feeling.

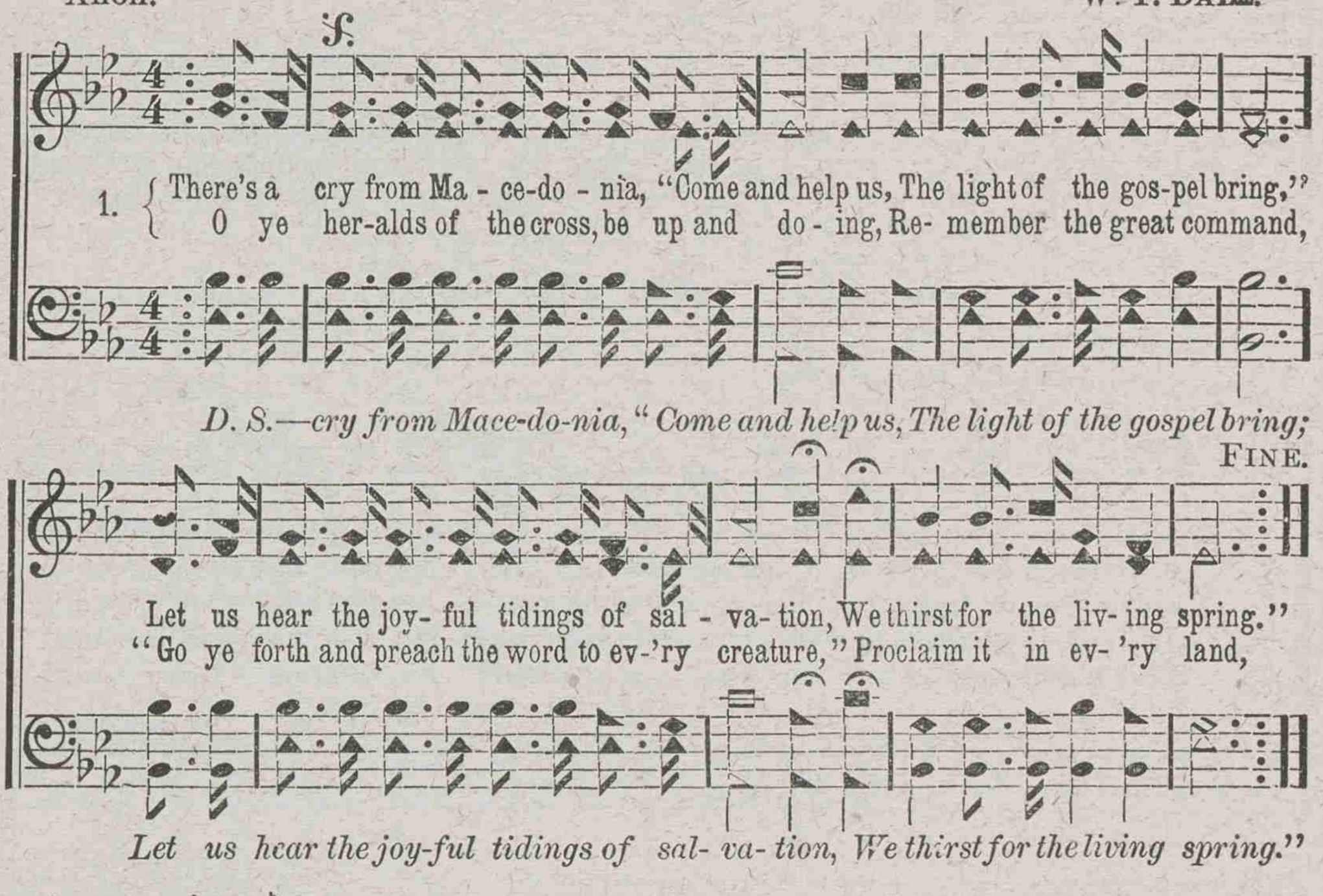
CHORUS.

Copyright, 1895, by Geo. C. Hugg, 2133, Newkirk St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 77. 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. 78. Bringing in the Sheaves.

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

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noontide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows; Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, e- ven weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap - ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest, and the la - bors end - ed,
spir - it oft- en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome;

REFRAIN.

We shall come re- joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the golden
We shall come re- joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come re- joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves. the

sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, Waiting for the harvest
golden sheaves, the golden sheaves,

and the time of reap- ing, We will come re- joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.

rom "Songs of Gratitude," by per.

No. 79. A Dream of Home.

T. J. S. Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watched the star - lit sky, And dreamed I heard my moth-er say: "I wish my boy was nigh.
2. "He's gone tho' now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des - erts wild; O God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my dis - tant child,
3. "I fan - cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And he's a full grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild.
4. A - las dear friends, 'twas but a dream, My moth - er's here no more; She left this world of sin and pain, For Ca-naan's hap - py shore.

I know not where he is to-night, He cross'd the troub-led main; But this I know, if life holds out, He'll wan-der back a-gain."
No fa-ther there to guide him now, No broth-er with his cheer, No moth-er there to soothe his brow, No sis-ter with her tear."
A let - ter here says: "Moth-er, dear, No long - er I will roam; So now I stand and watch the gate, I know he's com-ing home."
Lord, send some mes-sen- ger of love To guide my way-ward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who's wait-ing at the gate. *4th verse.*

REFRAIN.

"He's coming home, O joy-ful tho't! My boy no more will I'm go-ing home, 'twill not be long Ere I shall cease to

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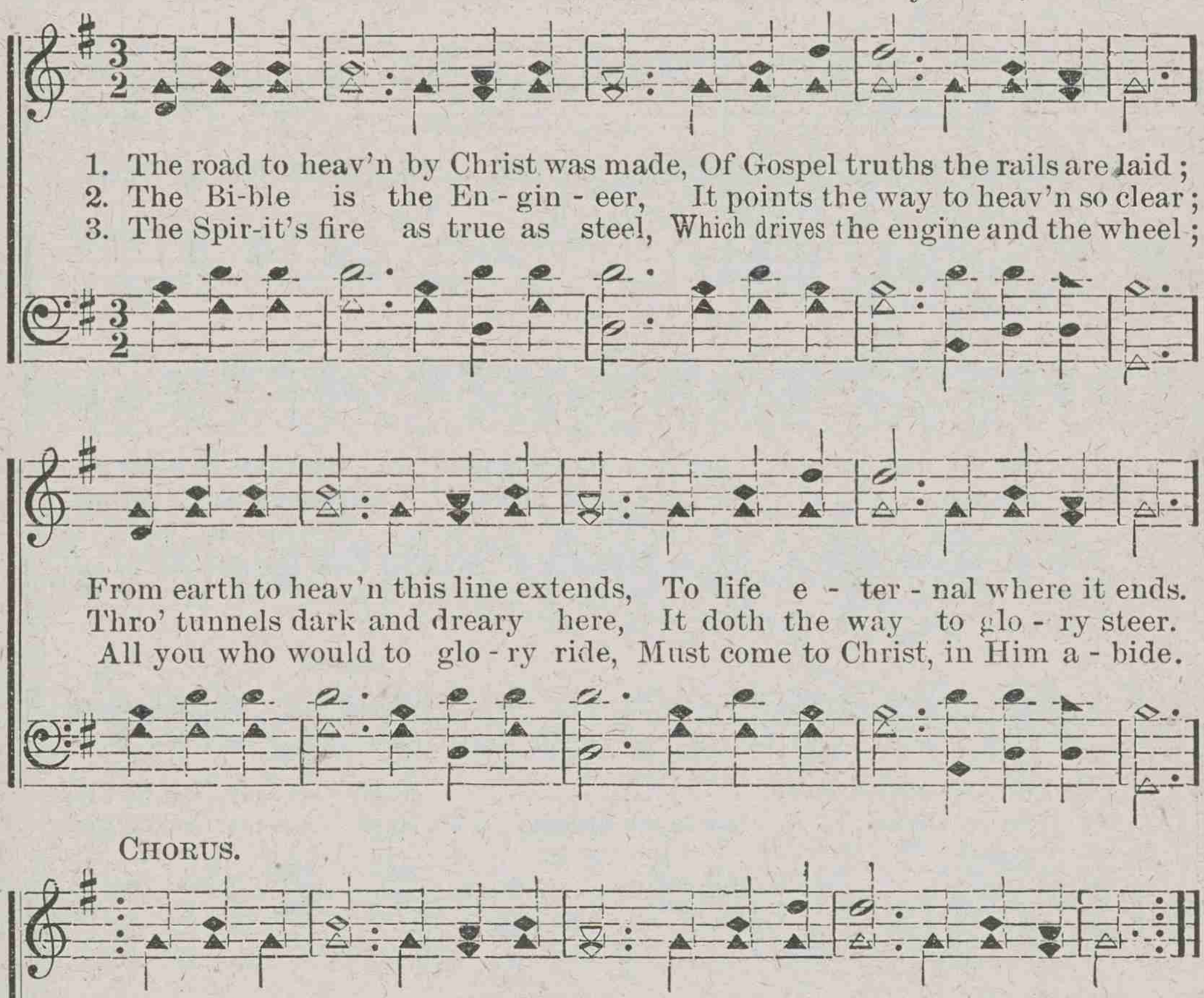
A Dream of Home.—Concluded.

No. 80. Salvation R. R. Song.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



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,
Then we shall meet at God's right hand,
When on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll ride this earthly train no more.

No. 81. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (Male Voices.) H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.....
Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
to Thee!

BASS SOLO.

Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun, the sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down,.. Dark-ness be o - ver me.

My rest, my rest a stone; Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone;... Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! 3. There... let the
Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!..... There let the way, the

H. A. R. Horton, owner, 1908. Used by per.

Nearer, My God, to Thee. Concluded.

way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav - en; All..... that Thou
Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,

send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;.. An-gels to beck - on me,
All that Thou send-est me, mer - cy giv'n;

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to
Near-er, yes, near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, yes,

OLD MELODY, *Ad lib.*

Thee!..... 4. Or, if on joy - ful wings, Cleav-ing the sky,..
near - er to Thee!

Sun, moon and stars for-got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

No. 82. Turn On the Light.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

A. S. Lee. Arr. by W. T. D. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Now, ye Chris- tians, rise and let your light shine out, Turn on the light,.....
2. Men have gone a - stray be-cause they had no light,
3. Let the Church stand firm with gos-pel torch in hand,
4. We are marching on to fin - al vic-to - ry Turn on the light,

turn on the light,..... When the dark-ness has re - ced - ed
Sa - tan stands ar - rayed with all his
turn on the light, Let us fol - low quick - ly at our
Come my broth- er, join our loy - al

then you'll shout, Turn on the light,..... turn on the light.....
strength and might,
Lord's com-mand, Turn on the light, turn on the light.....
com-pa- ny,

Chorus.

Let it shine that all may find the way, leads his faith-ful band

Bass Solo.

Let it shine..... that all may find the way, Je-sus leads.....

leads his faith-ful band, And ev - er thank - ing

His faith -ful band..... and ev - er thank - ing Him for

H. A. R. Horton, owner.

Turn on the Light. Concluded.

Him for light each day, Fol - low, we will fol - low, fol-low His com-mand.

light each day, We will fol - low His com - mand.....

Let it shine..... that all may find the way, Turn on the

Let it shine that all may find the way.

light,..... turn on the light;..... Je- sus leads..... us by the

Turn on the light, turn on the light; Je-sus leads us

rit.

hand each day. Turn on the light,..... turn on the light.....

by the hand each day Turn on the light, turn on the light.

No. 83. Farewell.

(For close of Funeral Service.)

Words from "SOCIAL HARP." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn.

1. Fare-well! we'll meet no more This side of heav'n, The part-ing scene is o'er, The last sad look is giv'n.
2. Fare-well! my soul will weep While mem'ry lives; From wounds that sink so deep, No earth-ly hand re-lieves.
3. Fare-well! my strick-en heart To Je - sus flies; From Him I'll nev-er part; On Him my hope re-lies.
4. Fare-well! and shall we meet In heav'n a - bove? And there in un-ion sweet, Sing of a Sav-iour's love?

No. 84. Building Up the Temple of the Lord.

Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

CHORUS.

We are build-ing up the tem-ple, Build-ing up the tem-ple,

Building up the tem-ple of the Lord; We are building up the tem-ple,

Build-ing up the tem-ple, Build-ing up the tem-ple of the Lord.

1. O fa-thers, won't you help us? O fathers, won't you help us?
2. O mothers, won't you help us? O mothers, won't you help us?
3. O brothers, won't you help us? O brothers, won't you help us?
4. O sis-ters, won't you help us? O sis-ters, won't you help us?
5. O Christians, won't you help us? O Christians, won't you help us?
6. O neighbors, won't you help us? O neighbors, won't you help us?

O fathers, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O mothers, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O brothers, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O sis-ters, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O Christians, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O neighbors, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 85. What a Wonderful Peace.

J. T. B. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. There's a peace, a sweet peace, Which our Father in heav'n, What a
2. There's a peace, a sweet peace, In my heart as I live, What a
3. There's a peace, a sweet peace, That comes from a - bove, What a
4. There's a peace, a sweet peace, That fills now my soul, What a
5. There's a peace, a sweet peace, Which comes to but few, What a

won-der - ful, won-der - ful peace; To His chil-dren be - low
won-der - ful, won-der - ful peace; A heav - en - ly joy
won-der - ful, won-der - ful peace; It comes to my soul,
won-der - ful, won-der - ful peace; A pure ho - ly calm
won-der - ful, won-der - ful peace; Je - sus bought it for all,

in His love He hath giv'n, O this won-der - ful peace is mine.
that the world can not give, O this won-der - ful peace is mine.
o - ver-flows it with love, O this won-der - ful peace is mine.
that can - not be told, O this won-der - ful peace is mine.
He will give it to you, O this won-der - ful peace is mine.

CHORUS.

What a won-der-ful, wonderful peace, A gift from the Saviour di-vine;
sweet peace,
It fil-leth my soul, purified and made whole, This wonderful peace is mine.

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No. 86. Gone From Our Vision.

Rev. W. T. DALE. Tune, "*Juanita.*"

1. Gone from our vis - ion To that land so bright and fair; Lov'd ones are wait - ing, Till our voice they hear; Then with shouts we'll join them,
2. Gone from our vis - ion, Those we loved in days of yore, Now they are rest - ing, On that ra - diant shore; Oh, the hap - py meet - ing,
3. Gone from our vis - ion, But they dwell in mansions bright, O - ver the riv - er, Where there is no night, They are safe with Je - sus,

'Mid the floods of gold - en light; When the beams of glo - ry
When we cross the chill - y tide, Oh, the shouts of wel - come
While the a - ges roll a - long, In those glo - rious man - sions

CHORUS.

Dawn up - on our sight.
On the oth - er side.
With the white-robed throng.

} O - ver the riv - er, Lov'd ones wait our com - ing there, O - ver the riv - er, In that land so fair.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 87. That Will Be Glory For Me.

"When Christ who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. 3: 4.

A. S. LEE. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. When Je - sus calls me to meet Him on high, To dwell in glo - ry with
2. When I in glo - ry shall look on His face, And in His kingdom be
3. There, I shall meet with dear friends gone before, To part with them, nev-er,

Him in the sky, Sor-rows all o - ver not ev - en a sigh;
giv - en a place, All by His lov - ing and won - der - ful grace,
no, nev - er - more, Join their sweet songs to the God I a - dore,

CHORUS.

That will be glo - ry for me. That will be glo - ry for
Glo - ry for me,
me..... Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, Friends will be
glo - ry for me,
wait-ing to wel-come me home, That will be glo - ry, glo - ry for me.

H. A. R. Horton, owner. Used by per.

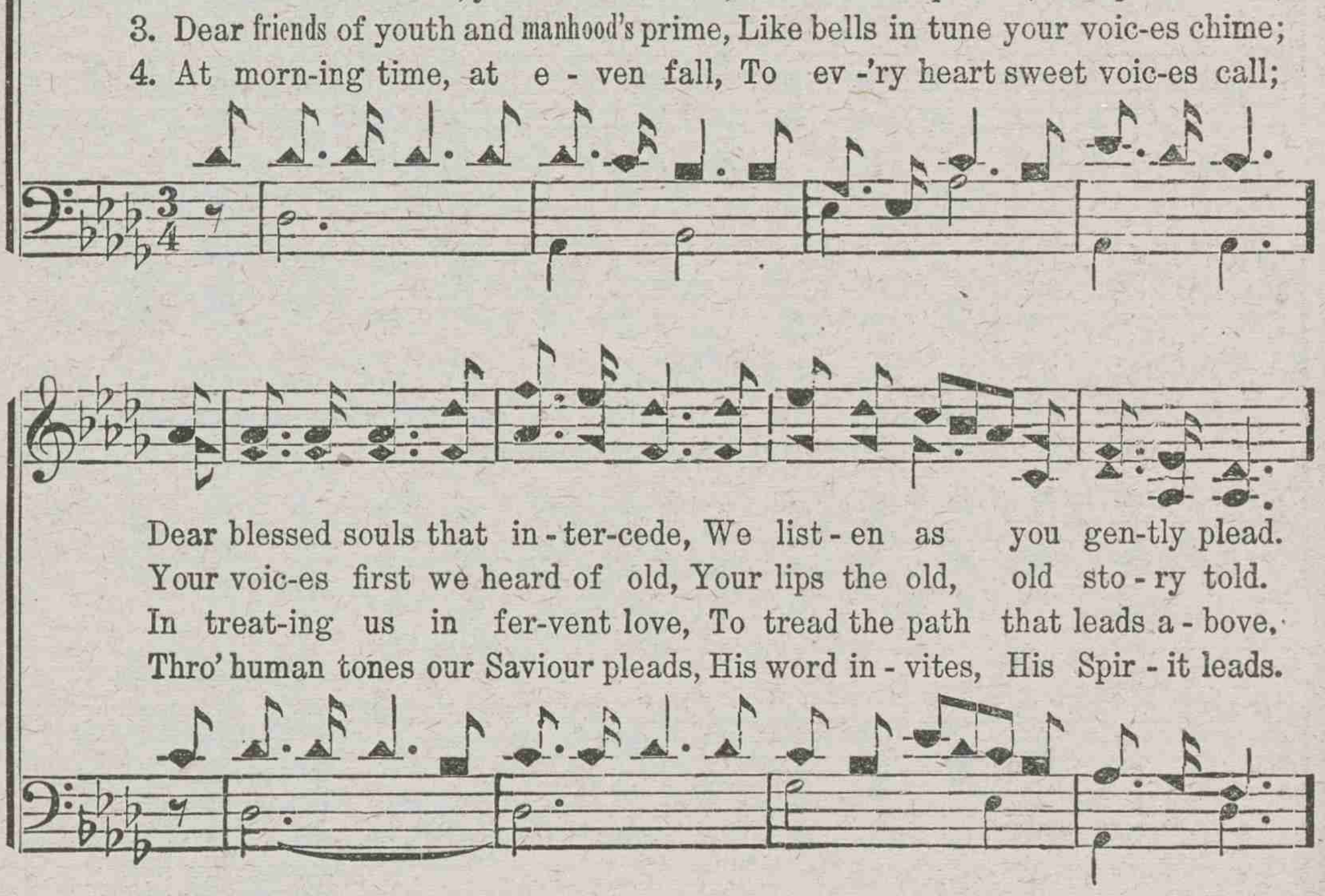
No. 88. Voices Calling Heavenward.

(Dedicated to mother.)

JULIA H. JOHNSON. HENRY P. MORTON.

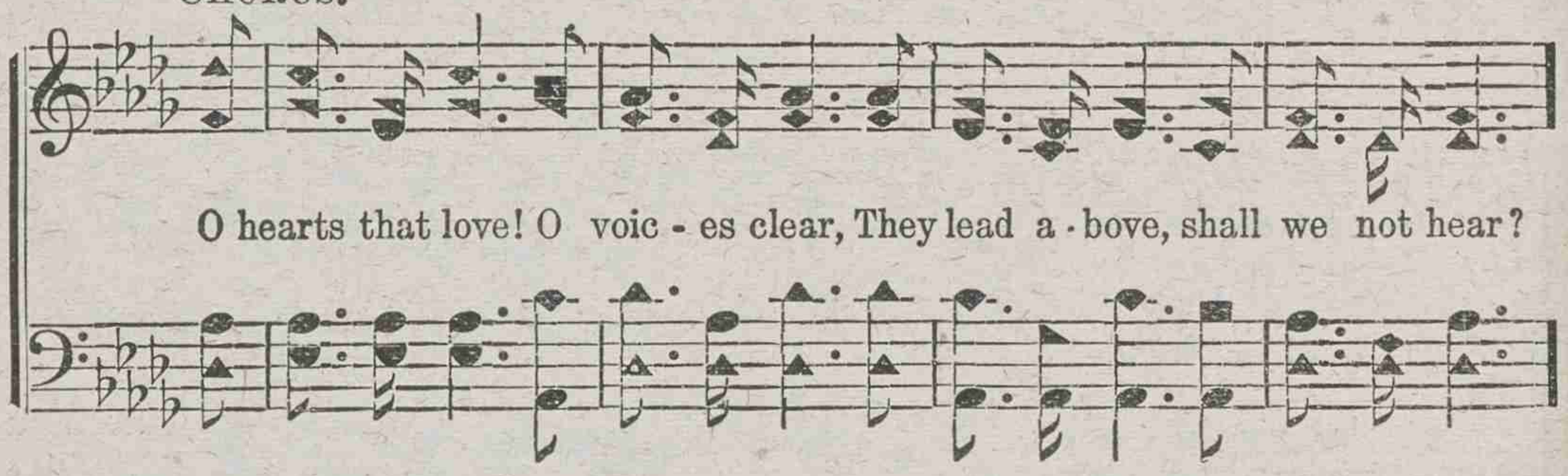
TRIO.

1. O hear those ten-der voic-es call; In lov-ing ca-den-ces they fall;
2. Fond mother hearts, your ten-der-ness, Thro' life out-poured, our spirits bless;
3. Dear friends of youth and manhood's prime, Like bells in tune your voic-es chime;
4. At morn-ing time, at e-ven fall, To ev-'ry heart sweet voic-es call;



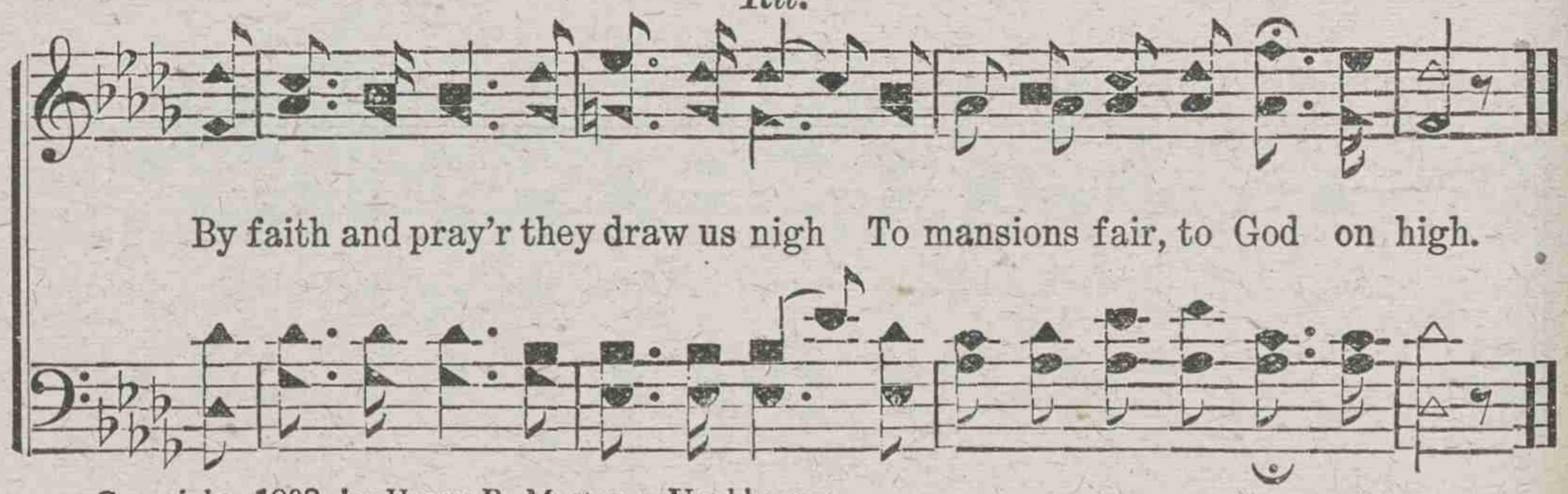
Dear blessed souls that in-ter-cede, We list-en as you gen-tly plead.
Your voic-es first we heard of old, Your lips the old, old sto-ry told.
In treat-ing us in fer-vent love, To tread the path that leads a-bove,
Thro' human tones our Saviour pleads, His word in-vites, His Spir-it leads.

CHORUS.



O hearts that love! O voic-es clear, They lead a-bove, shall we not hear?

Rit.



By faith and pray'r they draw us nigh To mansions fair, to God on high.

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No. 89. 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. 90. 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. 91. The Homeward Path.

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEB. 11: 13.

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

Softly and Tenderly.

1. The homeward path I slow-ly take, The sun is slow-ly set-ting now;
2. Lo! now I slow-ly wend my way, To-wards the set-ting of life's sun;
3. To-wards yon goal I'm tend-ing now, Where loved ones wait to welcome me;
4. My la - bors here will soon be past, My tri - als here will soon be o'er;
5. Oh, what a hap-py time 'twill be, From sin and sor-row to be free;

The scenes of earth my eyes for-sake, The shad - ows gath - er on my brow.
And soon will come a bright-er day, When all my work here shall be done.
And with a smile up - on His brow, My bless - ed Sav - iour I shall see.
And I shall rest in peace at last, Up - on that bright and gold-en shore.
To shout and sing thro' end-less day, The Lord hath led me all the way.

CHORUS.

I am wend - ing home, I'm slow - ly wending home;
I am slow - ly, slow - ly wend-ing home, I'm slow-ly, slow - ly wending home;
The shad-ows gath-er on my brow, I'm slow - ly wending home.
I'm slow-ly, slow - ly wending home.

Note - This song, words and music, was written, Aug. 4, 1909, and expresses the feelings of all who realize that they are but strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

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No. 92. 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.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv- er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o- ver there, Who be - fore us the journey have trod,

o- ver there,

Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal- ace of God, over there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there,
O- ver there, O- ver there, Oh, think of the { home / friends }

o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the { home / friends } o - ver there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
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. 93. 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

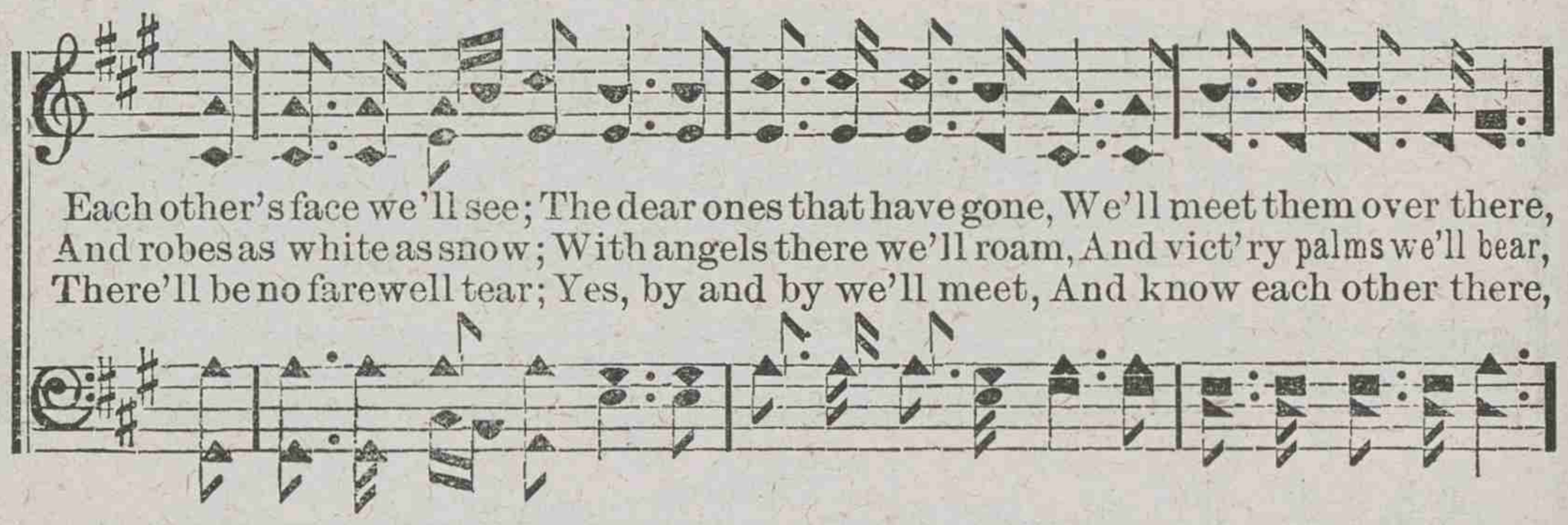
- ring, What a gath'-ring that will be! What a
be, that will be! While the

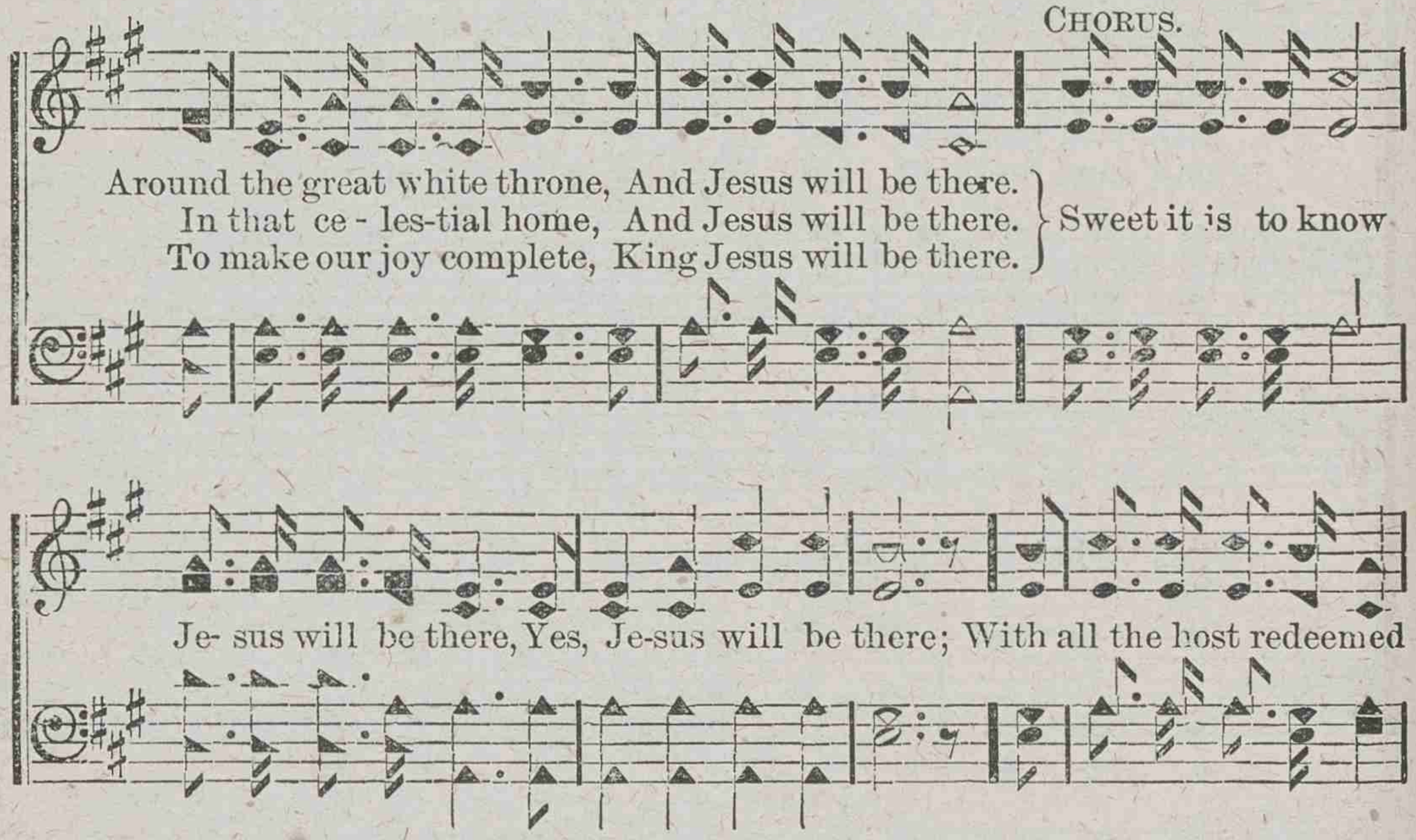
gath' - ring, gath' - - ring,
an-gels sing, We'll all gather home, What a gath'ring that will be!

By permission of the Author,

No. 94. Jesus Will Be There.

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





No. 95. O When Shall I See Jesus.

"I will come again and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

TUNE, "Annie Laurie."

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

Arrangement owned by W. T. Dale.

No. 96. The New Jerusalem.

"The holy city, New Jerusalem."—Rev. 21: 2; 4; 10; 23.

Arr. from "My Old Kentucky Home."

Words arr. by W. T. D. **By W. T. Dale.**

1. They need no sun in the New Je - ru - sa - lem, For Christ is the
2. The an - gels sing and the bands of glo - ry play, All hap - py and
3. They weep no more, all their tears are wiped a - way, No sor - row can
4. I think they'll tell of the bat - tles here be - low, Who've fought by our

light, we are told;. . . . The fount-ains play, and the flow - ers ev - er bloom,
joy - ous and bright;. . They march a - long in the hal - le - lu - jah way,
come to that shore;. . 'Tis peace and joy, for they praise Him all the day,
side in the fray;. . . But all they do is not giv - en us to know

As they grow be - side the streets made of gold. (made of gold.)
In the New Je - ru - sa - lem, free from night. (free from night.)
And the "New Song" they shall sing ev - er - more. (ev - er - more.)
In the New Je - ru - sa - lem, far a - way. (far a - way.)

p Refrain. *Dim.* *Cres.*

We'll be gone to-mor-row, We're on-ly pil-grims here; Let us sing a song of the

Rit-e-dim.

New Je-ru - sa-lem, Of the New Je - ru-sa-lem, bright and fair. (bright and fair.)

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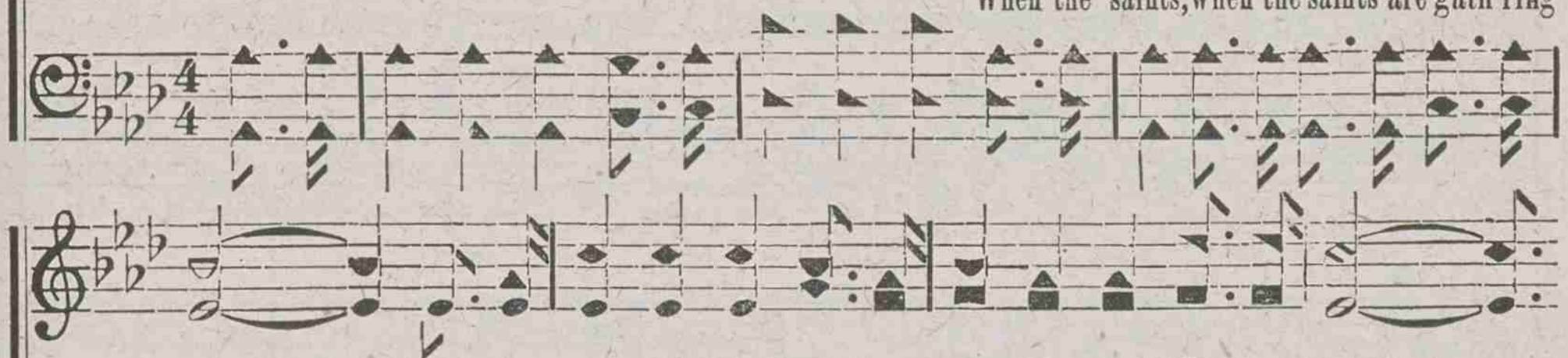
No. 97. When the Saints Are Gathering Home.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

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

1. What a shout will rise, Thro' the opening skies, When the saints..... are gath'ring
2. We shall meet again, On the heavenly plain, When the saints.....are gath'ring
3. "Saved by grace" we'll sing, And a-dore our King, When the saints..... are gath'ring
4. Spotless robes we'll wear, Victor's palms we'll bear, When the saints.....**are gath'ring**

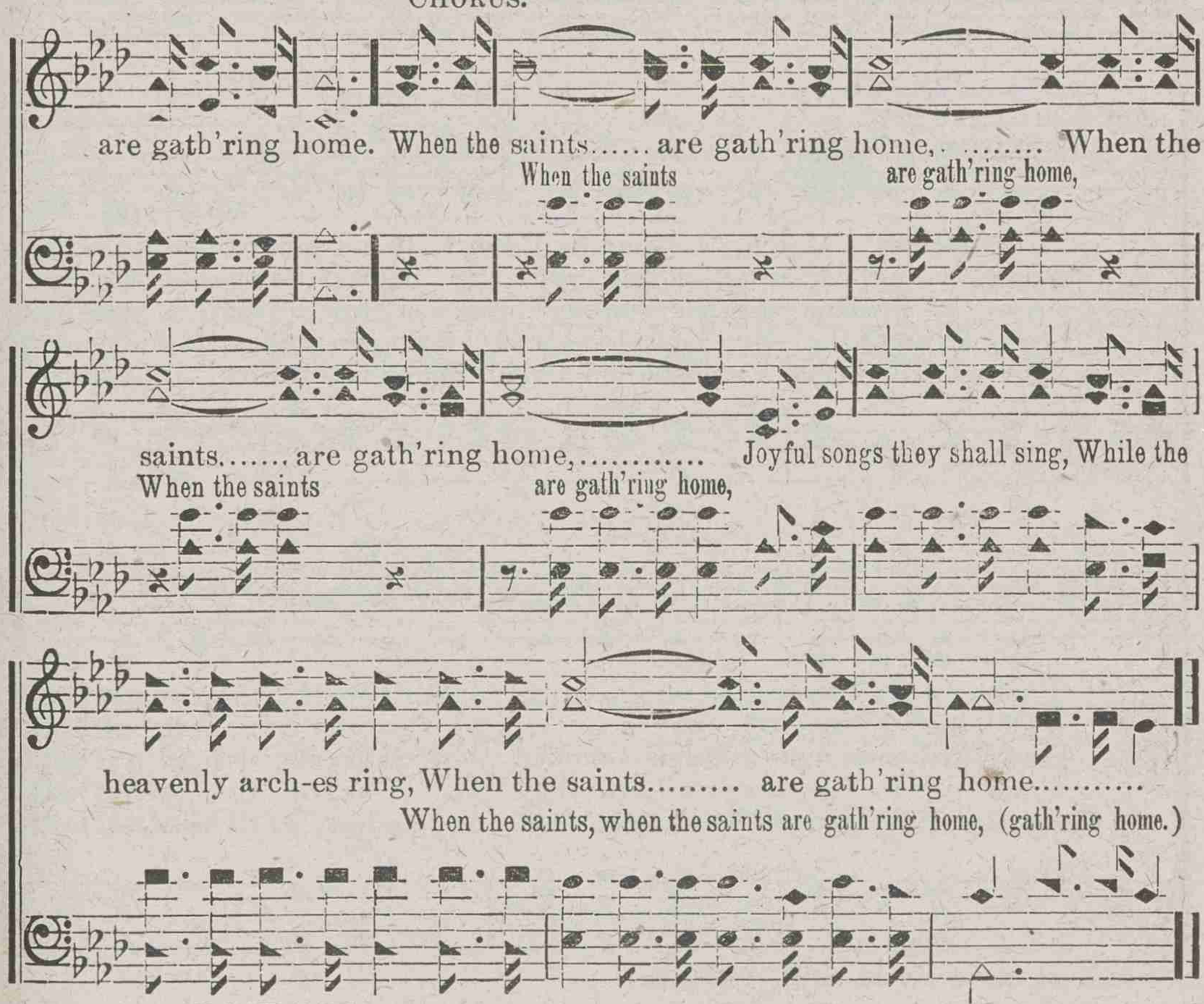
When the saints, when the saints are gath'ring



home..... And the an-gels join, In the notes di-vine, When the saints...
home.....Those who've gone before, Stand-ing on that shore, When the saints...
home.....All the ransom'd throng, Shall resound the song, When the saints...
home..... And we'll shout at last, All our sorrows past, When the saints...

home, gath'ring home, When the saints, when the saints

CHORUS.



are gath'ring home. When the saints..... are gath'ring home, ... When the

When the saints are gath'ring home,

saints..... are gath'ring home, ... Joyful songs they shall sing, While the

When the saints are gath'ring home,

heavenly arch-es ring, When the saints..... are gath'ring home.....

When the saints, when the saints are gath'ring home, (gath'ring home.)

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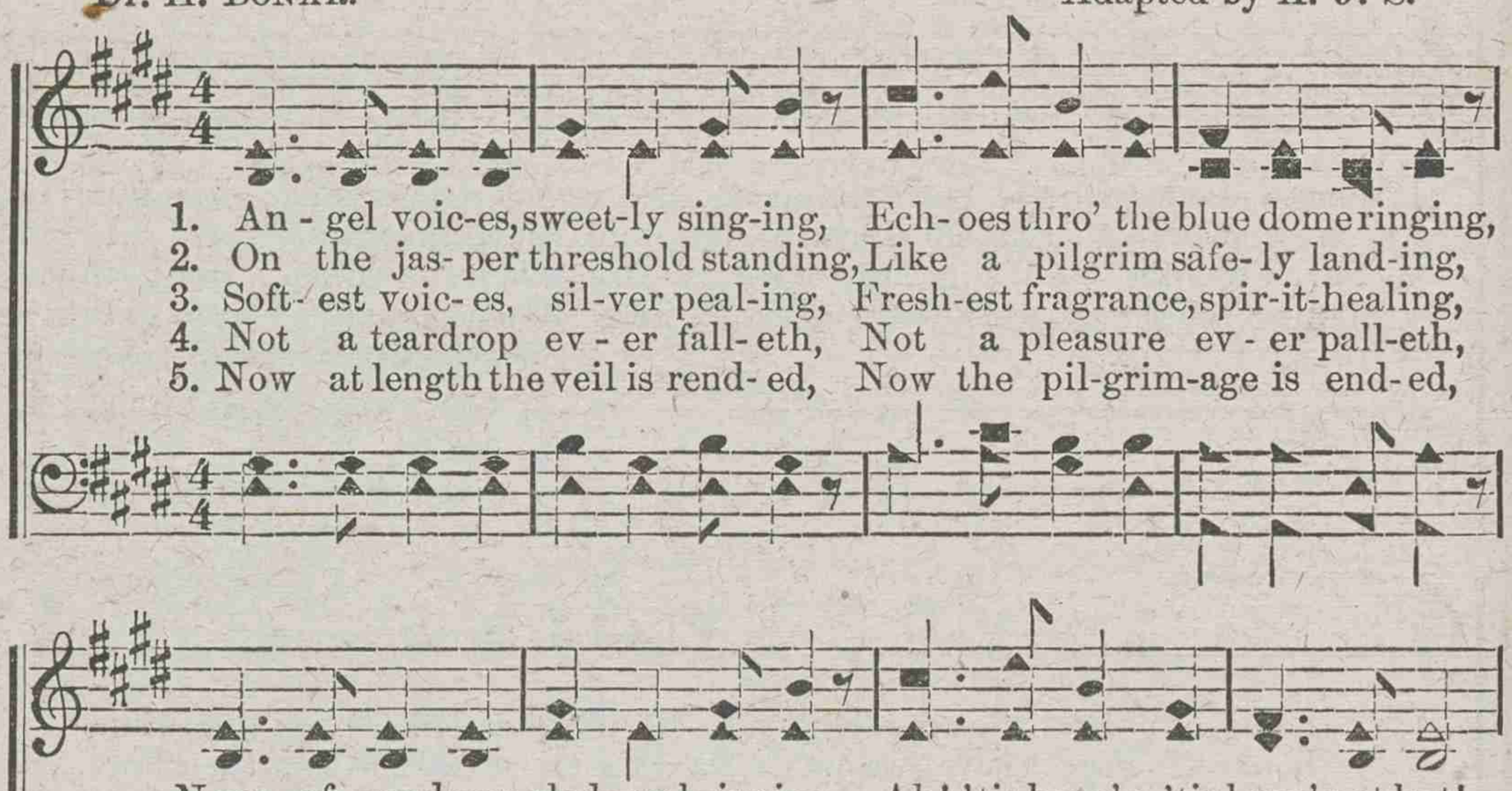
No. 98. 'Tis Heaven at Last.

Dr. H. BONAR. Adapted by A. J. S.



1. An - gel voic-es, sweet-ly sing-ing, Ech- oes thro' the blue dome ringing,
2. On the jas- per threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safe- ly land-ing,
3. Soft- est voic- es, sil-ver peal-ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir-it-healing,
4. Not a teardrop ev - er fall- eth, Not a pleasure ev - er pall-eth,
5. Now at length the veil is rend- ed, Now the pil-grim-age is end- ed,

News of wondrous gladness bringing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
See, the strange bright scene expanding, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Hap - py hymns a-round are steal-ing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Song to song, for - ev - er call- eth; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
And the saints their thrones ascended; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

Sin for- ev - er left be-hind us, Earth- ly vis-ions cease to blind us,
What a cit - y! what a glo - ry! Far beyond the brightest sto - ry
Not a bro-ken blos-som yon-der Not a link can snap a - sun-der,
Christ Himself the liv - ing splendor, Christ the sun-light mild and tender,
Broken death's dread band that bound us, Life and vic- to - ry around us;

Flesh - ly fet - ters cease to bind us, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Of the a - ges old and hoar- y, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Stay'd the tempest, sheath'd the thunder; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Prais - es to the Lamb we ren- der, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Christ, the King, Himself hath crown'd us; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

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No. 99. Shall It Be You?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. W. BLACK.

1. Shall you hear Him say at the last great day, "Faithful one, come in, come in?"
2. When you're called to go do you tru - ly know That you'll hear Him say, "come in?"
3. Sad in that great day if He shall not say, "Faithful one, come in, come in,"

When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
Deep de - spair will fall o'er you as a pall, If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.

Shall it be you, shall it be you,
Shall it be you, shall it be you,

To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you,
Shall it be you,

shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?"
shall it be you,

S. W. Beazley, owner.

No. 100. Some Day When We Get Home.

(Dedicated to the North Indiana Conference Quartet.)

T. C. N. REV. T. C. NEAL.

1. Some day the clouds will pass a - way for - ev - er, Some day, when
2. Some day we'll meet with loved ones gone be - fore us, Some day, when
3. Some day the cross will bring the crown of heav - en, Some day, when

we get home; Some day with joy we'll meet our bless-ed Sav - iour,
we get home; Some day we'll join the might-y heav'n - ly cho - rus,
we get home; Some day "well done," will be the wel - come giv - en,

CHORUS.

Some day, when we get home! O the songs as - cend-ing, O the

joy un-end-ing, Some day, when we get home! How we'll tell the sto - ry,

Of our Sav - iour's glo - ry, Some day, when we get home!

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No. 101. Oh, Meet Me There.

W. B. Downing. R. E. Winsett.

1. There's a hap - py home in heav-en that the Mas-ter made for thee; Meet me
2. How I long to be with an-gels in that home so bright and fair;
3. Come, my broth-er, then and join me, as I march a - long the way;
4. When our work on earth is end - ed and the Mas - ter calls us home;

there,.... O, meet me there; There our fa-thers and our
Where we'll shout and live for-
And we'll shout God's praise for-

Meet me there; O meet me there; We shall hear the bells a-

moth-ers, and our loved ones we shall see; Meet me there,..... O meet me
ev - er, and will nev - er know a care;
ev - er, in that bright and end-less day;
ring-ing, and the Sav-iour call-ing, come, Meet me there,

Refrain.

there. Meet me there,..... O meet me there, On the
o-ver there. Meet me there, O meet me there, o-ver there, When the

1. hap - py gold-en shore, O meet me there;
2. storms of life are o'er, O (*Omit* ....) meet me there.
yes, meet me there.
o-ver there.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn. Used by per.

No. 102. Lights Along the Shore.

Josephine Pollard. *E. Roberts, by per.*

1 There are lights by the shore of that coun-try, Where my bark a-mid per-
2 There are lights by the shore as we jour-ney, As we float down the riv-
3 Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us, In the midst of our sor-
4 Then for-get not to keep your light shining, O Christian! be earn-est

-ils I steer: And they ev-er grow bright-er, and bright-er, As that
-er of time; All the days of our pil-grimage bright-en, With a
-rows and cares; When the lamp of our ves-sel burns dim-ly, We watch
and true; For a soul on life's o-cean may per-ish, May sink

Chorus

glo-rious ha-ven I near.
ra-diance tru-ly sublime.
for the glim-mer of theirs.
in the waves but for you.

Oh! the lights a-long the shore, That

nev-er grow dim, nev-er, nev-er grow dim, Are the souls that are aflame,

With the love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us unto him.

No. 103. There's a Light at the River.

CAPT. D. MERRITT CASEY. C. D. OVERTON, har. by H. A. R. HORTON.

1. There's a deep, tur - bid riv - er flow - ing on be - fore, And its
2. O'er the dark, foam - ing wa - ters, from the un - seen shore, An - gel
3. Ma - ny dear ones we've lov'd are from their homes re-moved, Dipped their
4. To this deep, end - less riv - er we must one day come, And we'll

wa-ters are deep and wide, But faith sees a light, yes, a bea-con bright,
bands in their beau-ty glide, And will bear us a - way to the realms of day,
wings in the mys-tic tide, They have pass'd o'er the deep, where they'll ne'er more weep,
cross o'er its wa - ters wide, How hap - py we'll be, if by faith we see

CHORUS.

Just down by the riv - er side.
In - to light on the oth - er side.
In the light on the oth - er side.
The light on the oth - er side.

There's a light at the riv - er, a
light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see,
by faith,
My Lord will stand and hold in His hand, A light at the riv - er for me.

By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 104. My Beautiful Home.

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

P. P. O. Rev. P. P. Orr.

1. A beau - ti - ful man-sion in heav- en a - bove, Where an - gels are sing-ing their songs; Where Je - sus is seat- ed up- on His white throne,
2. A home for the blest where our bur - dens shall cease, Our sor - rows and troubles be o'er; A home where our lov'd ones are rest - ing in peace,
3. We're trav el - ing on to that beau - ti - ful home, Where all is so bright and so fair; We'll bathe in the light of His glo - ry di - vine,
4. We'll soon be at home on that beau - ti - ful shore, And think of our troubles no more; We'll rest in the light of our Sav - iour di - vine,

Chorus.

My beau - ti - ful O beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home. Beau- ti - ful home, home,..... My beau - ti - ful home..... beau- ti - ful home, beau- ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home, My beau-ti - ful home a- bove the sky, My beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.

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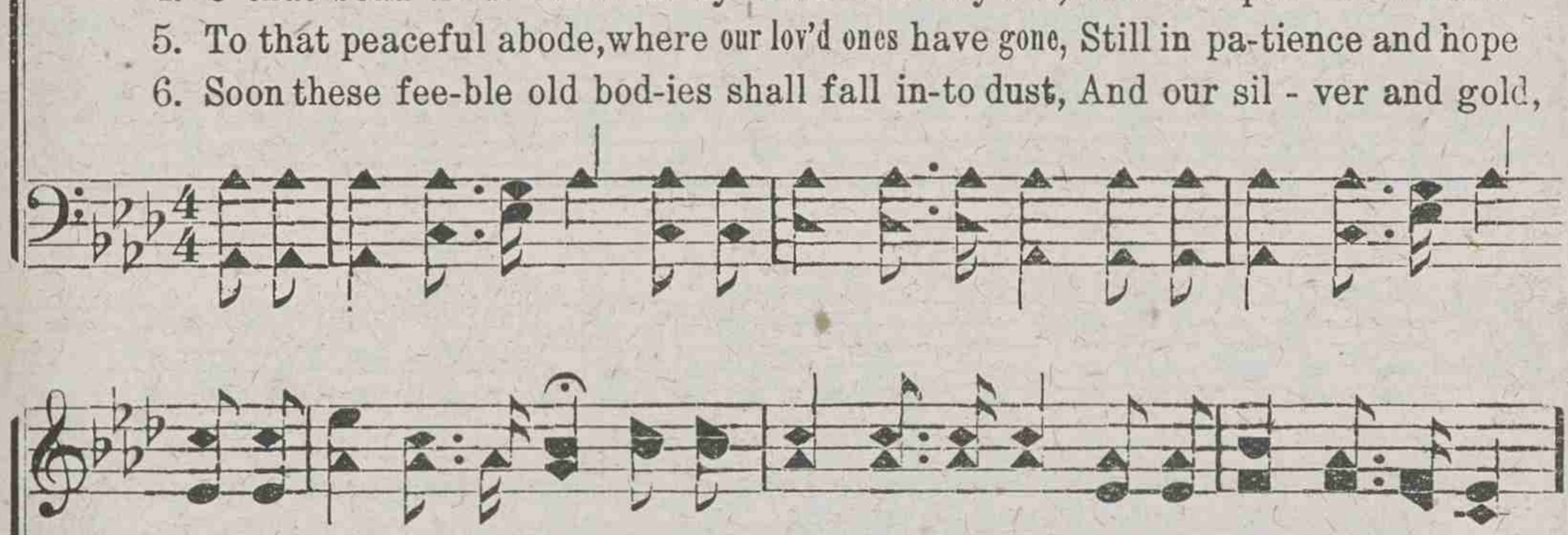
No. 105. The Home of the Blest.

"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest."—HEB. 4: 11.

DR. N. H. MURREY, *on his 78th birthday, May 2, 1904.* W. T. DALE.

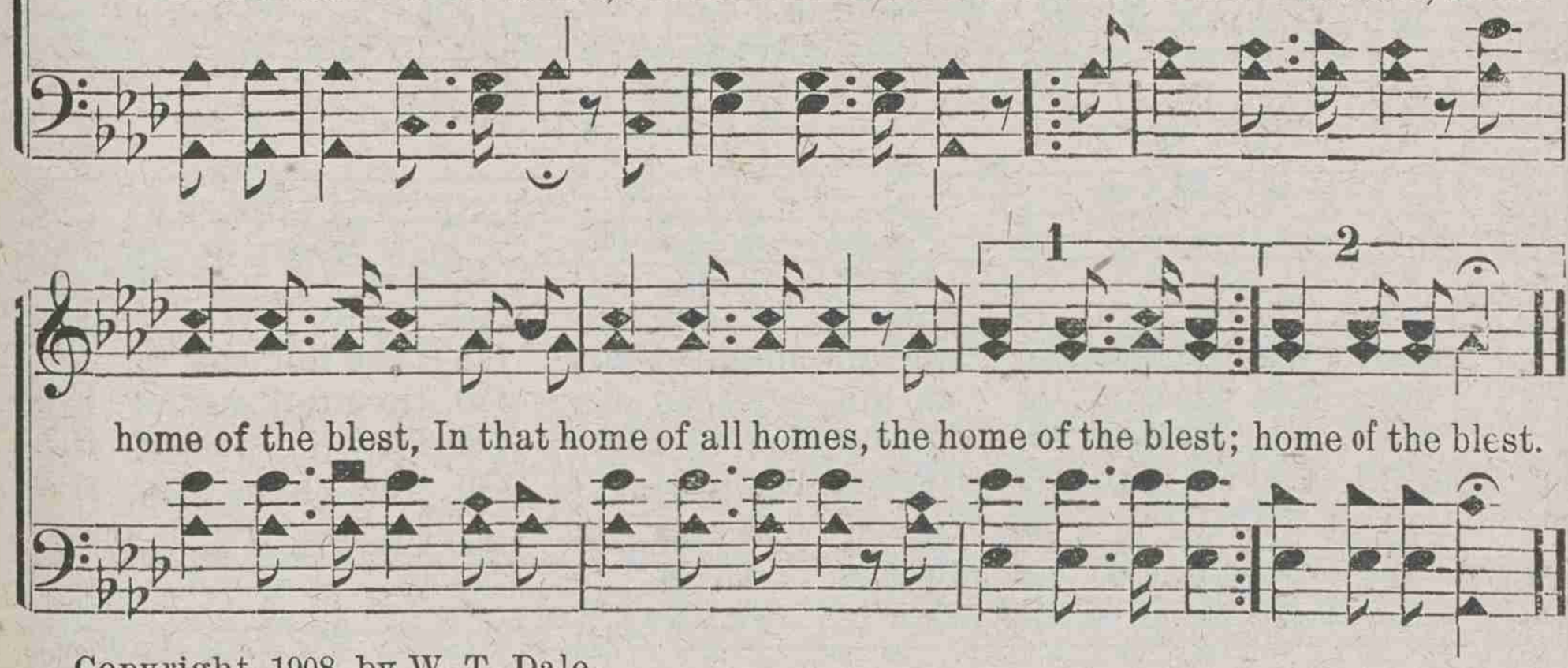
1. I will tell of a home, of a home far a - way, Where the old pil-grim rests
2. I will tell of a home, of a home o-ver there, That is free from all sor-
3. In that far - a-way home, in those mansions so sweet, There the pilgrims with proph-
4. O that beau-ti-ful home we by faith now may see, And its por - tals are o-
5. To that peaceful abode, where our lov'd ones have gone, Still in pa-tience and hope
6. Soon these fee-ble old bod-ies shall fall in-to dust, And our sil - ver and gold,



at the close of the day; Where His war-fare is o'er and His spir - it's at rest,
row and sick-ness and care, Where no storms ev-er gath - er to troub-le the breast,
ets and pa-tri-archs meet, On the arms of their Sav-iour they ev - er-more rest,
pen for you and for me; And there all are in - vit - ed to come and find rest,
we would ev - er go on; Till our Sav - iour, blest Sav-iour shall call us to rest,
too, shall can-ker and rust; But the spir - it im - mor - tal with Je-sus shall rest,

REFRAIN.

In that home of all homes, the home of the blest. Sweet home of the blest, sweet



home of the blest, In that home of all homes, the home of the blest; home of the blest.

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NOTE.—Dr. Nicholas Hardeman Murrey, a ruling Elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, wrote quite a number of hymns and poems, which are in my possession, most of which have been published in papers and magazines. He died Sabbath night, June 11, 1907, and was buried at Franklin, Tenn.—W T. D.

No. 106. The Unclouded Day.

(May be used as a solo.)

Words and Melody by
Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

Arranged by
J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

1. Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a home far a- way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of that land far a- way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom,
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beau- ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smiles drive their sorrows all a- way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,

Oh, they tell me of an un-cloud- ed day; Oh, the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its frag-rance thro' the un-cloud- ed day; Oh, that land of cloud-less day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love - ly land of un- cloud-ed day; Oh, that land of love - ly smiles,

Oh, the land of an un-cloud- ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a
Oh, the land of an un-cloud- ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my
Oh, the land of an un-cloud- ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the
Oh, the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; Oh, the King in His

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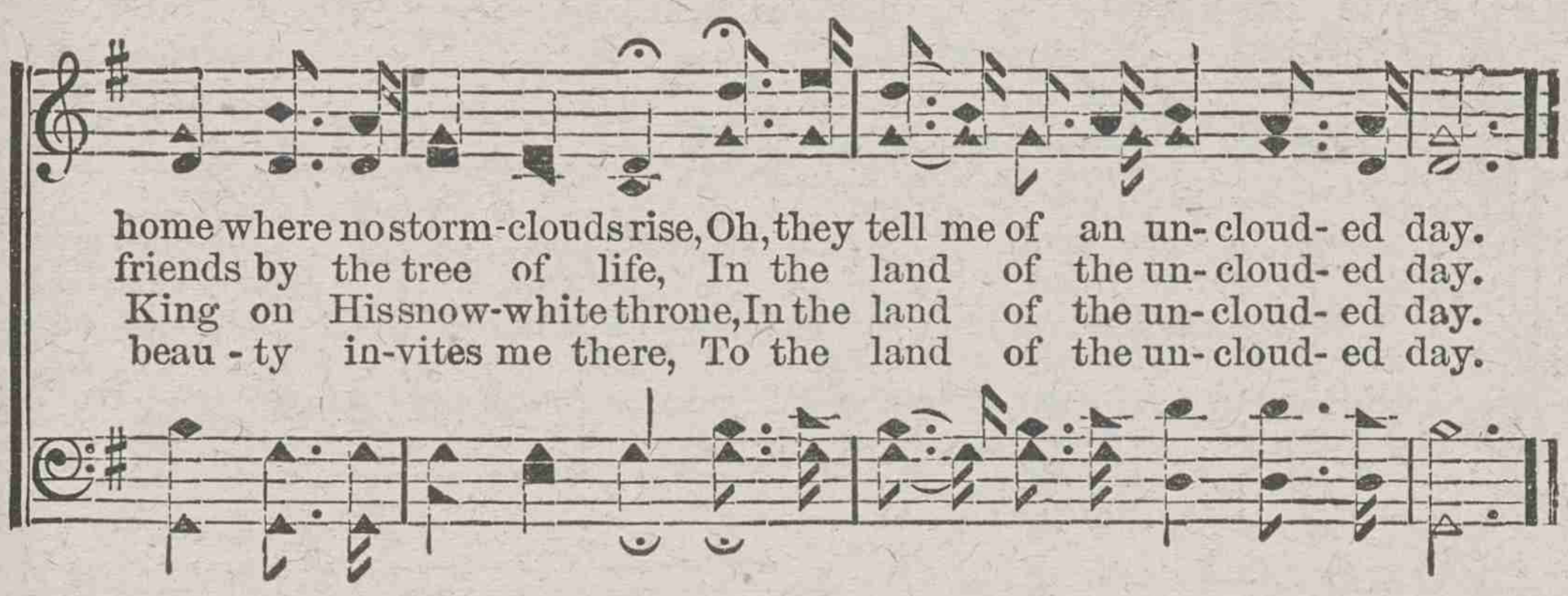
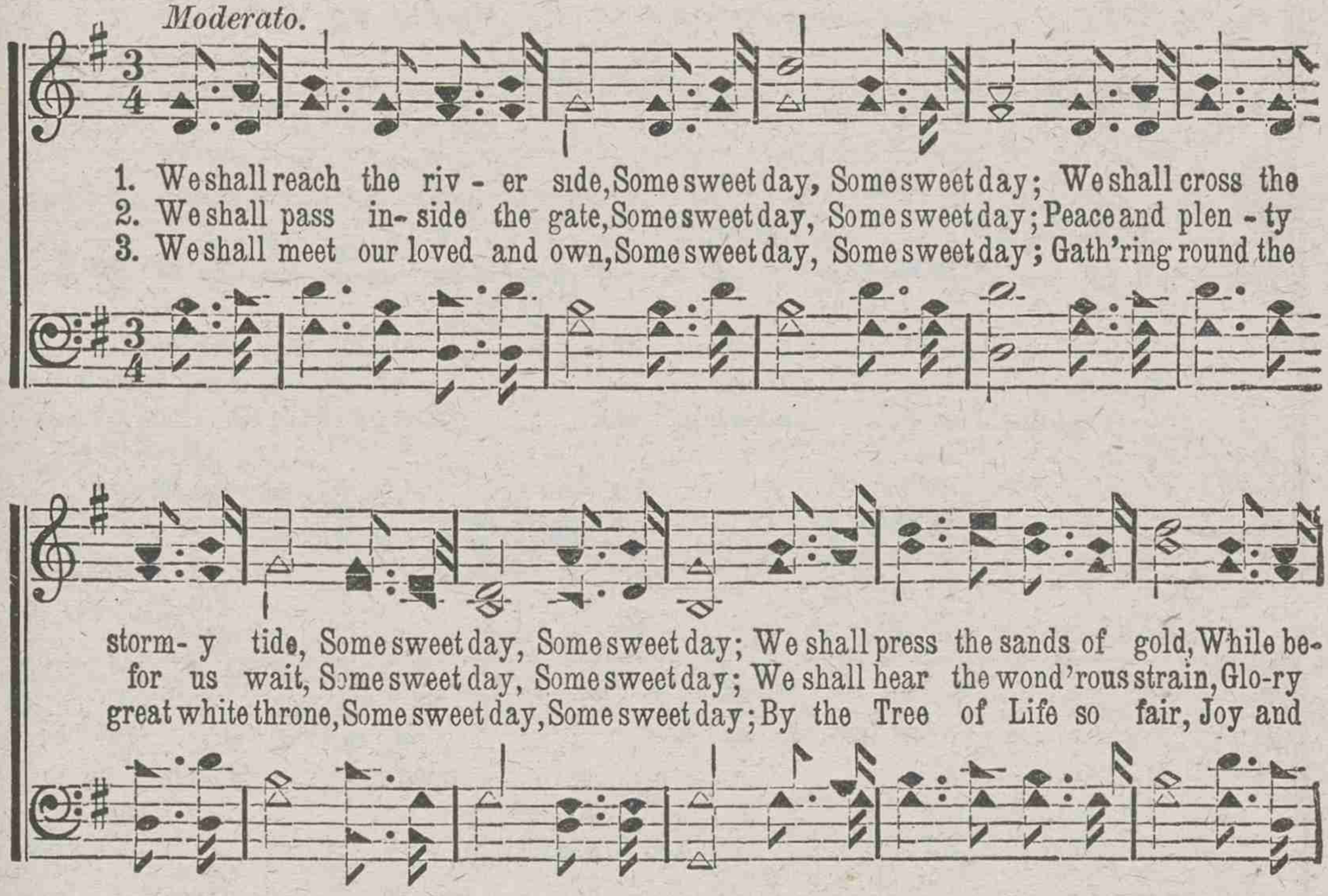
The Unclouded Day. Concluded.



No. 107. Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.



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No. 108. The Lord is My Shepherd.

DR. N. H. MURREY. Psalm 23. W. T. DALE.

1. The gra-cious Lord,..... my Shep-herd good,..... Sup-plies my
2. Yea, tho' I tread..... the som - bre vale,..... Where shad-ows
3. He spreads His board,..... and bids me eat,..... I feast on

wants..... and dai - ly food;..... I rest where ver - -
fall..... and foes as - sail;..... No e - vil can.....
hid - - den man-na sweet;..... He fills my cup.....

dant pas-tures grow,.... And drink where lim - - pid wa-ters flow. (wa-ters flow.)
my soul be - tide;.... For He is ev - - er by my side. (by my side.)
to run-ning o'er,..... And when I ask, ... gives more and more. (more and more.)

BASS SOLO.

My faint-ing soul..... His grace re - stores,..... On Him I
His rod and staff..... will ev - er be..... A com-fort
His good-ness all..... my life shall prove,..... By mer-cies

lean..... for sweet re-pose;..... In right-eous paths.....
and ..... sup-port to me;..... I'll lean up - on.....
sent..... in ten-der love;..... And in His house,.....

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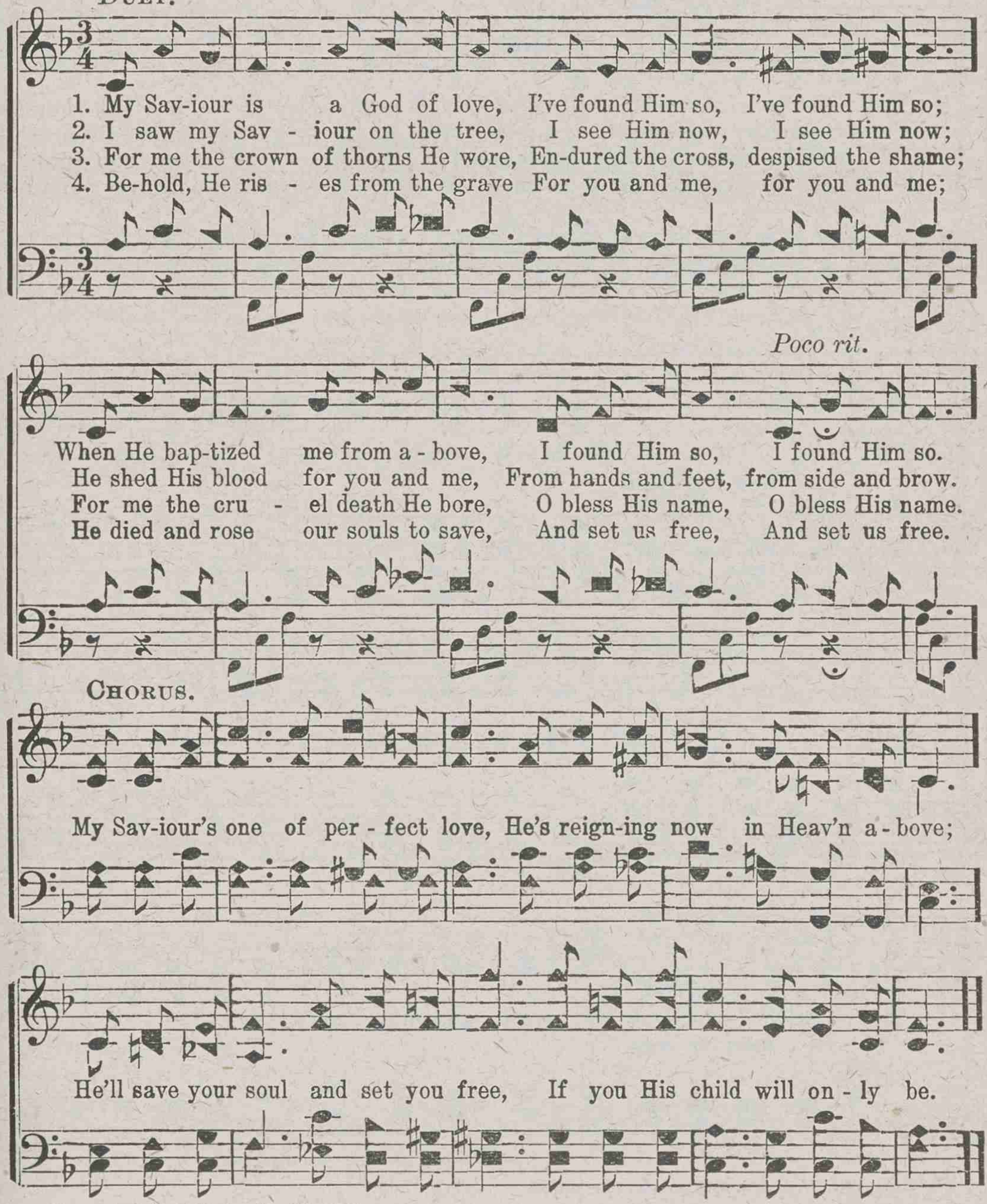
The Lord is My Shepherd. Concluded.

No. 109. I've Found Him So.

D. W. M.

DAN WARD MILAM.

DUET.



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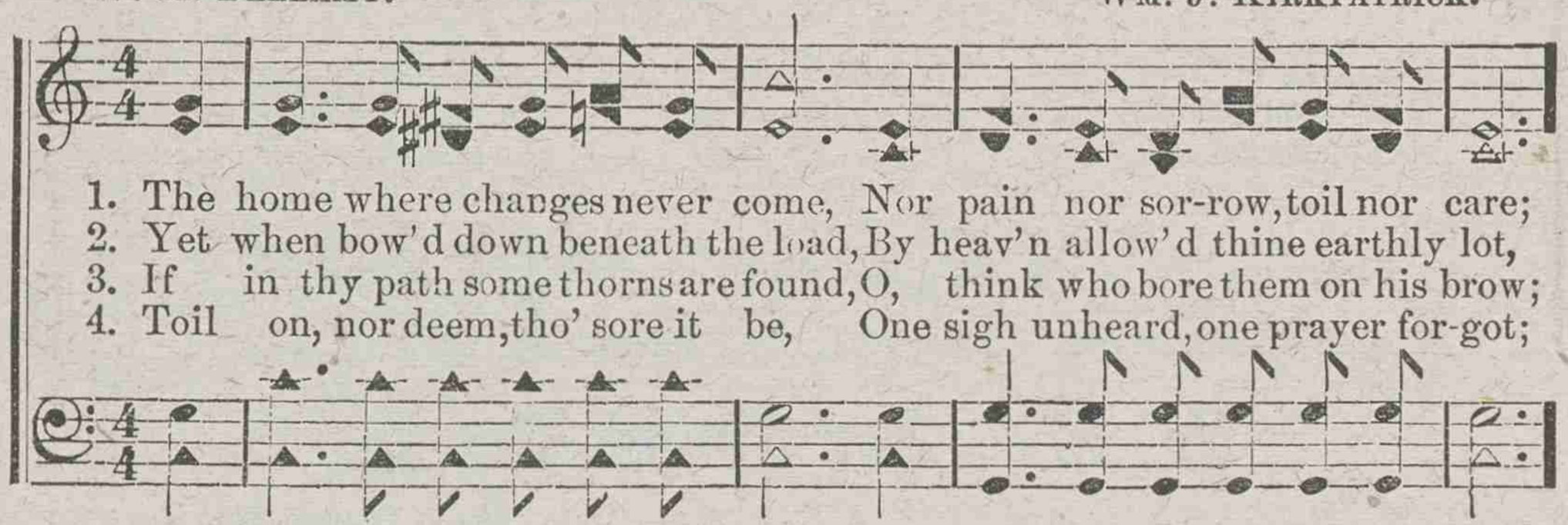
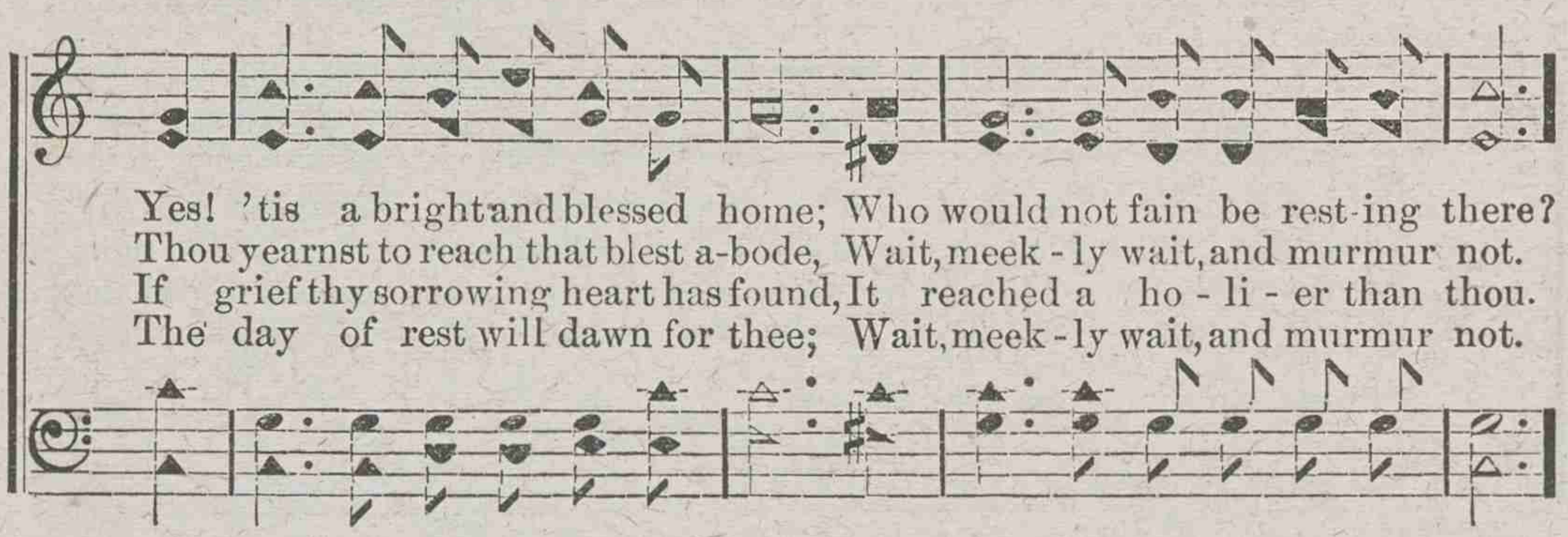
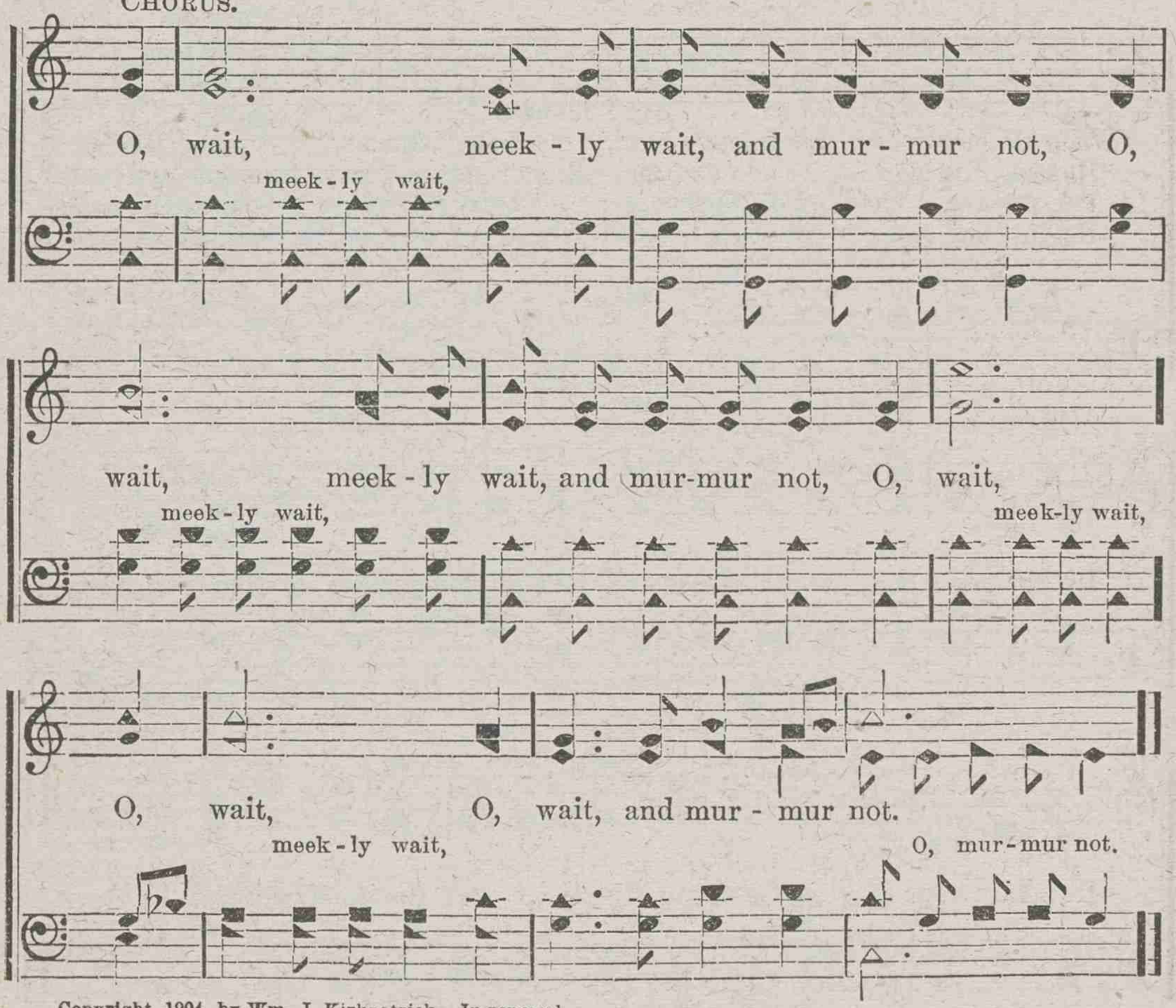
No. 110. Wait and Murmur Not.

W. H. Bellamy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





Chorus.



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No. 111. "I Feel Like Going On."*

"They desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

(Dedicated to Rev. J. W. BURKE.)

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

1. I have start- ed for the king-dom, I am on my jour-ney home;
2. And my Sav-iour's go- ing with me, Ev -'ry day I feel Him near;
3. I am in the land of Beu- lah, And its breez-es fan my soul;
4. I am dwell-ing on the mountains, And in sight of Canaan stand;
5. Now my friends are waiting for me, Who have cross'd the chilling tide;
6. Soon I'll cross the roll- ing Jor- dan, Soon I'll en- ter Canaan's land;

I shall reach the "bet- ter coun- try," And I feel like go - ing on.
With His pres-ence here He cheers me, And He quells each ris - ing fear.
I am near-ing Canaan's bor- der, And I soon shall reach the goal.
I am drinking of the fountains, Flowing thro' this good - ly land.
Now I see them as they beck-on, Call- ing from the oth - er side.
Then I'll shout and sing for - ev - er, With that ho - ly, hap - py band.

CHORUS.

Yes, I feel like go - ing on, Oh, I feel like go - ing on;
I am on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

* In a Testimony Meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly cast down. Following him an old gray headed father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones said: "Brethren, *I feel like going on*, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

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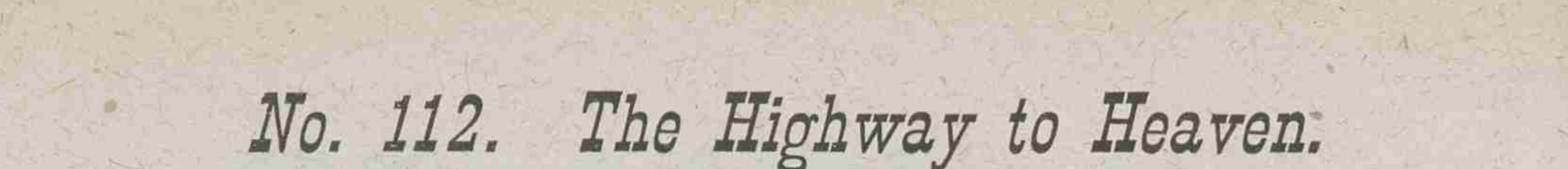
No. 112. The Highway to Heaven.

"And an highway shall be there."—ASA. 35: 8.

ADALYN. W. T. DALE.

1. There is a beau-ti-ful high-way of light, Built thro' the re-gions of time;
2. O-ver that high-way the pure-heart-ed go, Breath-ing a mes-sage of love;
3. O-ver that high-way the saints have all trod, Wav-ing their branches of palm;
4. O-ver that high-way the light of God's face, Brighter than noon-day ap-pears;
5. High-way to heav-en, O may we all tread Near-er to Zi - on each day;



Pros-pects of heav-en that burst on the sight, Make it a high-way sub - lime.
Lead-ing the weak from the val-leys be - low, Up to the man-sions a - bove.
Seek - ing a home in the cit - y of God, Fast-ing with pray'r and with psalm.
Shed-ding o'er all the rich gifts of His grace, Driv-ing a - way all their fears.
Led by the foot-steps of Him who hath said: "I am the Light and the Way."

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful high-way of light,.... Beau - ti - ful high-way of light;....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful highway of light, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful highway of light;

O-ver this way, the saints have all trod, Beau-ti-ful high-way of light.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful high-way of light.

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No. 113. The Valley Won't Be Dark.

"Tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow . . Thou art with me."

J. B. H. JESSE B. HARDIN.

1. Oh, the val - ley won't be dark, when our soul must quit this clay,
2. Keep your lamps all burn-ing bright, and be watch-ing ev - 'ry day,
3. If we're faith-ful work - ers here, we'll not cross the stream a - lone,

If we're robed and read - y when Je - sus comes; If we're
For the Sav - iour soon will bid us come home; But we
For we know that He our suf - f'rings will share; He will

D. S.—*Then we'll*

armed with gos - pel grace, and the Lord is ev - er nigh, Oh, the
know we'll have the light, 'twill be shin - ing on the way, And the
help us o'er death's stream, and will give to us a home, And the

lay our ar - mor down, and put on a shin - ing crown, And the

Fine. REFRAIN.

val-ley won't be dark when He comes..... We will take ..... up the

when He comes. We will take,

val - ley won't be dark when He comes.

D. S.

cross,..... And be read-y for the Saviour when He comes;.....

take up the cross, when He comes;

Copyright, 1906, by J. B. Hardin.

No. 114. "Looking off Unto Jesus."

Exact translation of HEB. 12: 2.

Furnished by REV. GEO. W. SHARP. REV. W. T. DALE.

1. O eyes that are weary and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to
2. "Look-ing off un - to Je - sus," my spir - it is blest, In the world I have
3. "Look-ing off un - to Je - sus," I go not a-stray; For my eyes are on
4. "Look-ing off un - to Je - sus," my heart can-not fear; Its trem - bling is
5. "Look-ing off un - to Je - sus," O may I be found, When the wa - ters of
6. Then, then I shall know the full beau-ty and grace Of Je - sus, my

Je - sus, and sor - row no more; The light of His coun - te - nance
tur - moil, in Him I have rest; The sea of my life all a-
Him and He shows me the way; The path may seem dark, but He
still when I see Je - sus near; I know that His pow - er my
Jor - dan en - com - pass me 'round; Let them bear me a - way in His
Lord, when I stand face to face; I shall know how His love went be-

shin - eth so bright, That on earth as in heav - en there need be no night.
bout me may roar, When I look un - to Je - sus I hear it no more.
leads me a - long, And fol - low - ing Je - sus I can - not go wrong.
safe-guard will be, For "why are ye troub-led?" He saith un - to me.
pres - ence to be, 'Tis but see - ing Him near-er whom al - ways I see.
fore me each day, And won - der that ev - er my eyes turned a - way.

CHORUS.

Look-ing off un - to Je - sus, my eyes can - not see, The troub - les and

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Looking off Unto Jesus. Concluded.

dan - gers that so threat - en me, They can - not be blind - ed with

sor - row - ful tears, They can - not be shad-owed with doubts and with fears.

No. 115. Gathered Home.

"Gathering together unto Him."—2 THESS. 2: 1.

Words arr. W. T. DALE.

1. Just a few more fleet - ing years, Then we'll be gath - ered home;
2. Then our sor - rows shall be past, When we are gath - ered home;
3. We shall join the heav'n - ly choir, When we are gath - ered home;
4. Then we'll join the ran-somed throng, When we are gath - ered home;

Just a few more sighs and tears, Then we'll be gath - ered home.
Then we'll cease to sigh at last, When we are gath - ered home.
We shall strike the gold - en lyre, When we are gath - ered home.
Chant-ing love's re - deem - ing song, When we are gath - ered home.

CHORUS.

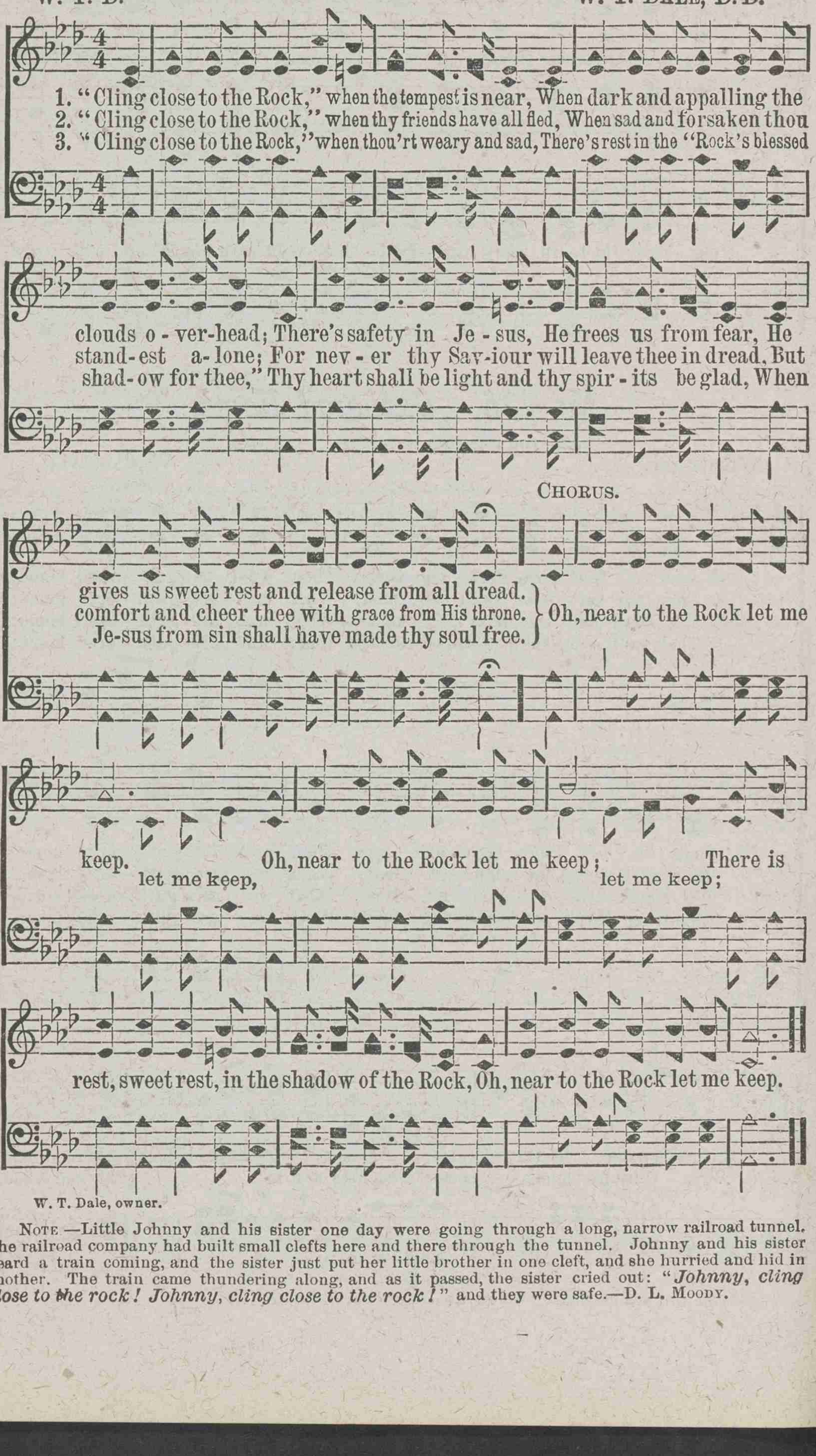
Gathered home, gathered home, *Then we'll be gathered home; gathered home.
Gathered home, gathered home, Then we'll be gathered home.

*2d, 3d and 4th stanzas, "When we are gathered home."

No. 116. Cling Close to the Rock.

"The Lord is my Rock."—Psa. 18: 2.

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



W. T. Dale, owner.

NOTE.—Little Johnny and his sister one day were going through a long, narrow railroad tunnel. The railroad company had built small clefts here and there through the tunnel. Johnny and his sister heard a train coming, and the sister just put her little brother in one cleft, and she hurried and hid in another. The train came thundering along, and as it passed, the sister cried out: "*Johnny, cling close to the rock! Johnny, cling close to the rock!*" and they were safe.—D. L. MOODY.

No. 117. The Rock that is Higher than I.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessèd shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

O then to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) to the Rock that is high-er than I;
O then to the Rock let me is high-er than I;

fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high-er than I.

No. 118. Trusting in Jesus Alone.

To Rev. S. C. Lockett, Whitney, Tex.

EMMET RAMER. EMMET RAMER.

1. Trust-ing in Je - sus thro' weal or thro' woe, Trust - ing in Je-
2. Trust-ing in Je - sus when bur - dens op - press, Trust - ing in Je-
3. Trust-ing in Je - sus my need to sup - ply, Trust - ing in Je-
4. Trust-ing in Je - sus thro' gleam or thro' gloom, Trust - ing in Je-

sus wher - ev - er I go; Trust - ing in Je - sus no e - vil I know,
sus in times of distress, Trust - ing in Je - sus to com - fort and bless,
sus when dan-gers are nigh; Trust - ing in Je - sus, on Him I re - ly,
sus wher - ev - er I roam, Trust - ing in Je - sus till I reach my home,

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone. Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone,....

Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone;.... There is naught to of - fend,

On His love I de - pend, Trust - ing in Je - sus a - lone.

Emmet Ramer, owner.

No. 119. I'm Happy When Jesus is Near.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." —PROV. 3: 13. "And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"—1 CHRON. 29: 5.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. HORTON.

With energy.

1. Would you be hap - py, trust Je - sus to - day, Trust Je - sus a-
2. Du - ty is call - ing, get bus - y to - day, There's work to be
3. If you neg - lect the dear Sav - iour to - day, Your heart will be
4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, His serv - ice is sweet, Get near - er to-
5. Liv - ing in Je - sus is liv - ing a - gain, We'll rest in His

lone, trust Je - sus a - lone; He is the Life and the Truth and the Way,
done, there's work to be done; Sweet is the prom-ise to all who o - bey,
sad, your heart will be sad; En - ter His serv-ice, oh, stay not a - way,
day, get near - er to - day; Con - se - crate ho - ly your all at His feet,
love, We'll rest in His love; Peace-ful and hap - py the soul will re-main,

REFRAIN.

Just trust and the work is done.
And joy to the faith - ful one.
But come and He'll make you glad.
And bright - er will be the way.
For - ev - er with Him a - bove.

I am so hap - py when Je - sus is near, When Je - sus is near, when Je - sus is near, I am so hap - py when Je - sus is near, When Je - sus is near to me.

H. A R. Horton owner, 1909. Used by per.

No. 120. The Ninety and Nine.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. Luke 15 : 4-7. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine, Are they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the moun-tain's track?"
5. Far up the mountains, thunder-riven, From the side of the rocky steep,

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold—
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine Has wandered away from me;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.
There arose a glad shout to the gate of heav'n, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A - way from the Shepherd's
The way may be wild and rough and steep, I go to the des- ert to
Away in the des-ert He heard its cry, So fee-ble and helpless and
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by
And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings

Rit-e-dim.

ten - der care, A - way from the Shep- herd's ten - der care.
find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
read-y to die, So fee - ble and help-less and read - y to die.
ma-ny a thorn," They are pierced to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
back His own," "Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 121. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I
a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For
a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
is a-ble to save;

REFRAIN.

Jesus is a-ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save, . . .
know He is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
is a-ble to save,

My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . . . His grace is so
is a-ble to save;

free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .
is a-ble to save.

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No. 122. Down the Jericho Road.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."—
LUKE 10: 30.

W. T. DALE. EDWARD ROBERTS.

1. On the way from Je - ru - sa - lem, Down the Jer- i- cho road, Mul - ti-tudes now are
2. There's a Priest passing by the place, Down the Jer- i- cho road, Where the sick lie in
3. See the Lev-ite is on his way, Down the Jer- i- cho road, Hast'ning on at the
4. Good Sarmar- i - tan, see He comes, Down the Jer- i- cho road, Full of pit - y for

hastening on Down the Jer- i- cho road: There are ma - ny strip'd and ly - ing,
deep dis - tress, Down the Jer- i- cho road. But un - will- ing to re- lieve them,
close of day Down the Jer- i- cho road. Comes to where the sick are ly - ing,
suf-fering ones, Down the Jer- i- cho road. Mark as now He goes un - to them,

Ma - ny bleed - ing, ma - ny dy - ing, Now for help, oh, hear them cry - ing,
See he on - ly looks up - on them, Turns his head and pass - es by them,
Lis - tens while for help they're cry - ing, Pass - es on and leaves them dy - ing,
Binds their wounds and thus re-lieves them, Takes them to an inn and feeds them,

REFRAIN.

Down the Jer - i- cho road. Down the road, the dangerous road, Down the Jer - i- cho

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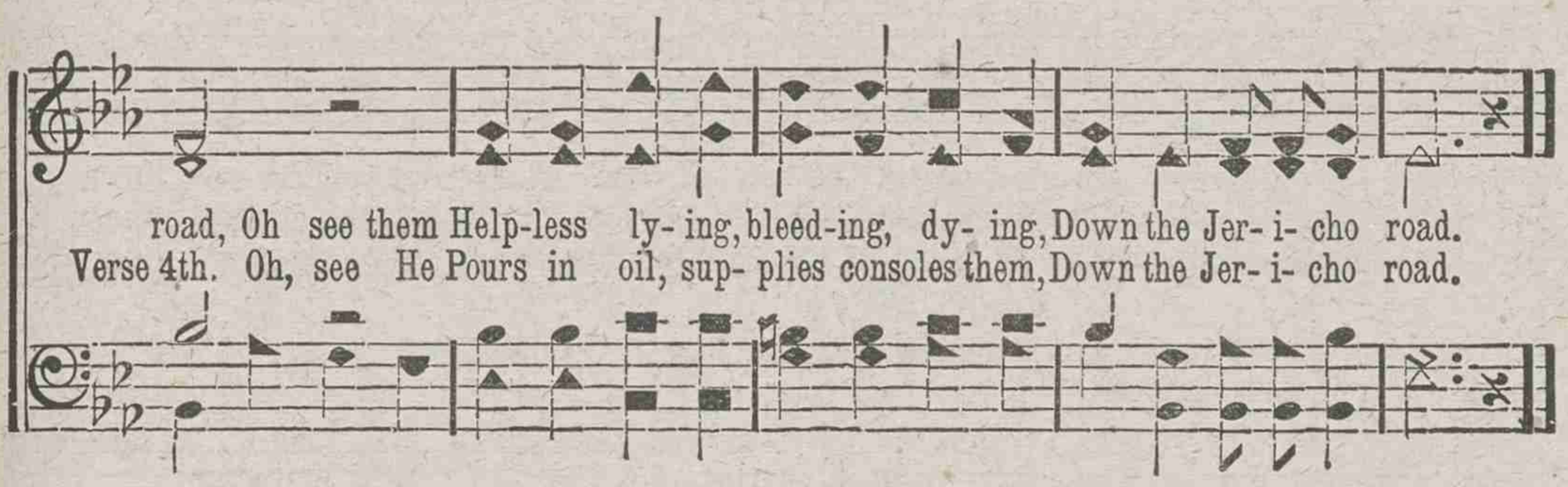
Down the Jericho Road. Concluded.



No. 123. The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call,
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear,
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world of love,
We rise to see our Jesus;
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 124. Throw Out the Gospel Line.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ma - ny souls are sink-ing in the sea of sin, Throw out the gos-pel line;
2. Fierce the storm is raging, soon 'twill be too late, Throw out the gos-pel line;
3. Would you know the sweetest of all earthly toil? Throw out the gos-pel line;

Souls which have been shipwrecked daily drift-ing in, Throw out the gos-pel line;
You a soul may res-cue from an aw - ful fate, Throw out the gos-pel line;
Would you have the light of God's ap-provi-ng smile? Throw out the gos-pel line;

Hear them, how for help they cry, Quick - ly to their res - cue fly,
See them by the bil - lows tossed, Soon they will be sink - ing, lost;
Haste we then at Thy com - mand, Glad - ly will we lend a hand,

Shout to them that help is nigh, Throw out the gos - pel line.
Haste to save at a - ny cost, Throw out the gos - pel line.
And, to bring them safe to land, Throw out the gos - pel line.

CHORUS.

To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Throw out the gos - pel line;. . . . . .
the gos - pel line;

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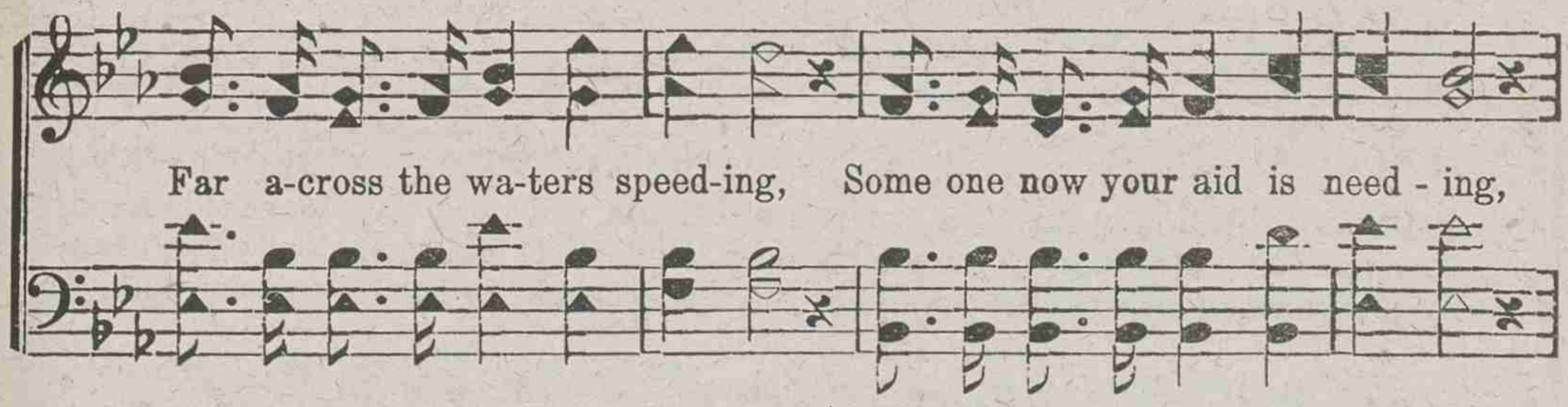
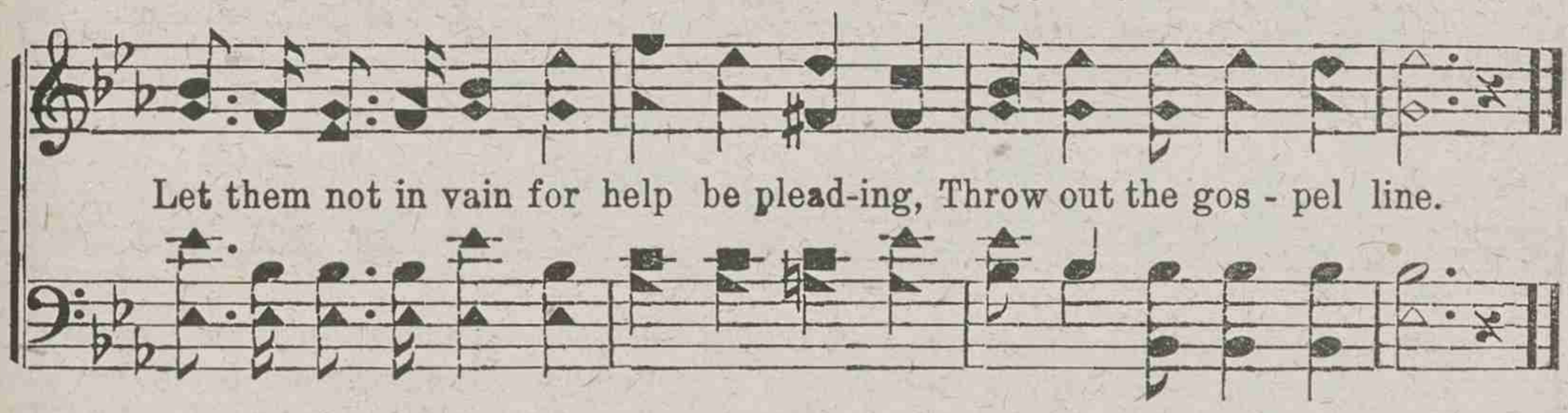
Throw Out the Gospel Line. Concluded.





No. 125. When Jesus Took Me In.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. EMMET RAMER. By per.

No. 126. To the Rescue.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Souls are drift - ing with the tide;
2. Who will tell of this sal - va - tion, Bless - ed life-boat close at hand,
3. Some are con-scious of their dan - ger, And for suc - cor loud - ly cry;
4. Hu - man wrecks are all a - bout us, Vic - tims of the tempt-er's pow'r;

On-ward tow'rd the rocks be - fore them With the cur - rent swift they glide.
Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up - on the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, hast - en to them, Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy be - yond all tell - ing, Could we res - cue one this hour.

mf CHORUS. *p*

Far-ther and far-ther a - way!..... Far-ther and far-ther a - way!.....
drift-ing a-way, drift-ing a-way,

Cres.

With the cur - rent drift - ing by, To the res - cue quick - ly fly,
With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to - day.
God will help us if we on - ly try,

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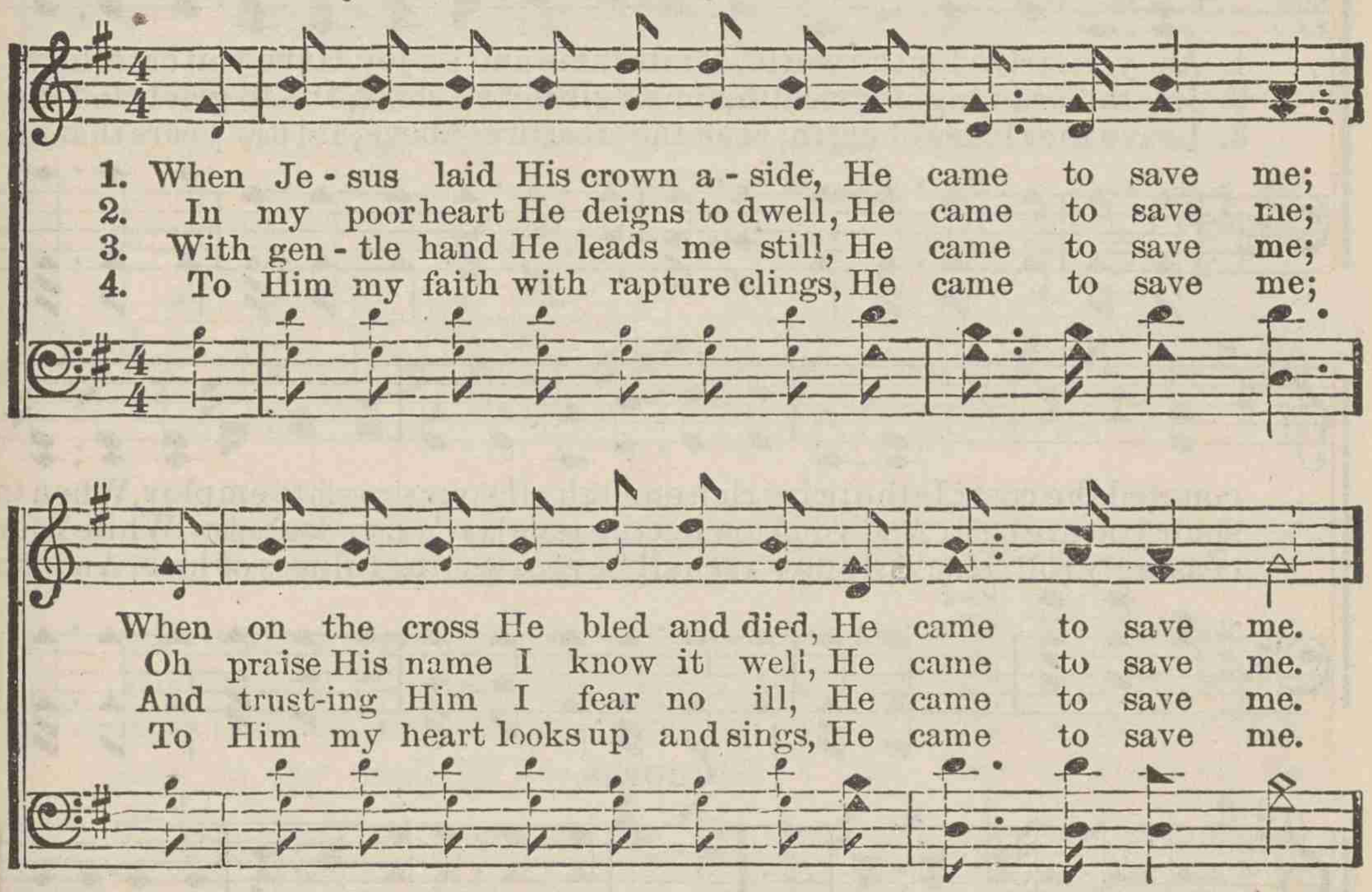
No. 127. He Came to Save Me.

"For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost."—MATT. 19: 11.

HARRIET E. BLAIR.
Last 4 stanzas by W. T. DALE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 In my temptations here I'll sing,
He came to save me;
When trials come to Him I'll cling,
He came to save me.

6 And when I bow my head in death,
He came to save me;
I'll shout with my expiring breath,
He came to save me.

7 I'll shout His praises here below,
He came to save me;
And when to heaven I shall go,
He came to save me.

8 I'll sing His praise forever more,
He came to save me;
His precious name I will adore,
He came to save me.

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No. 128. Are You Counting the Cost?

"For what shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" MATT. 16: 26.

H. F. JAMES. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. As you strive for the world, for its fame and its joy, Have you carefully
2. In the crav-ing for wealth, for its glittering show, In - to grief and de-
3. Leave the riches of earth; seek the treasures above; And thro' years that un-

counted the cost? Is the prize rich enough all your strength to employ, When to
spair you are cast; And you know not the peace heav'n alone can bestow, While your
ceasingly roll, Heav'nly pow'rs shall be yours with the fulness of love, And the

CHORUS.

win it the soul must be lost?
soul will be lost at the last.
life, endless life of the soul.
} Are you carefully counting the cost?
counting the cost?

Have you tho't what it means to be lost? For the joys that de-
to be lost?

cline, do you heaven resign? Are you counting the terrible cost?
ter-ri-ble cost?

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No. 129. What Shall I Do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS 16: 30. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Paul and Silas to the Phillippian jailer, in ACTS 16: 31.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that bur - den my soul? Like the waves of the sea, When the winds are at war, Chill - ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I do?
2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleas - ures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved From the earth are re- moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall I do?
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my strength shall sub - due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a- way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I do?
4. O! Lord, look in mer - cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul; Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear - est Lord, but to Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro - ken heart whole. That will I do!

What shall I do? What shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? What shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? What shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
That will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 130. Calling for Me.

LUKE 15: 1-24.

(As sung by Rev. W. T. DALE.)

W. M. R. Rev. W. M. ROBISON, by per.

1. I have watch'd the sheep astray, As it wander'd day by day, On the mountain heard its fee - ble cry; Oh, the Shepherd's gentle call, How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, then, will you die?
2. I have watch'd the woman search For the gem of priceless worth, For the piece of sil - ver she had lost; With her light and broom in hand, On she goes in ev'ry land, Searching for that which was lost.
3. I have watch'd the boy de-part, With his proud and anxious heart, As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sitting down, With the swine upon the ground, Far away from that old home.
4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tattered clothes, And for- sak - en by the world so gay; With a broken, bleeding heart, "For my Father's home I'll start," Now I hear him faintly say.

CHORUS.

He's call - - ing for me, He's calling now for me, He's calling now for me, ... He's call - - ing for me, ... He's calling now for me, He's calling now for me, He is calling now for me, Call - - ing for me, Calling now for me, He is calling now for me, My Saviour's calling now for me, for me.

No. 131. For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

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

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

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

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!

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No. 132. O, Why Not To-Night?

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

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light, Poor sin - ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
2. The mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud- ed sight, This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite, Re - nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
4. Our bless- ed Lord re-fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u- nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

Chorus.

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

why not to - night? Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Wilt

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

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No. 133. Wandering Child, Come Home.

J. L. M.
Good as a solo.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is say-ing, Oh, wan-der-ing
2. You've gone far a - way in darkness and danger, Oh, wan-der-ing
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now read-y, Oh, wan-der-ing

child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the straying, Oh,
child, come home! Oh, come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, Oh,
child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Father has plenty, And

REFRAIN.

wan-der-ing child, come home! Come home, come home,
wan-der-ing child, come home!
bids you to - day, come home! Come home, my child, come home, come home,

Oh, wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa - ther is wait-ing, yes,

anx - ious-ly wait - ing, Oh, wan - der-ing child, come home!
come home!

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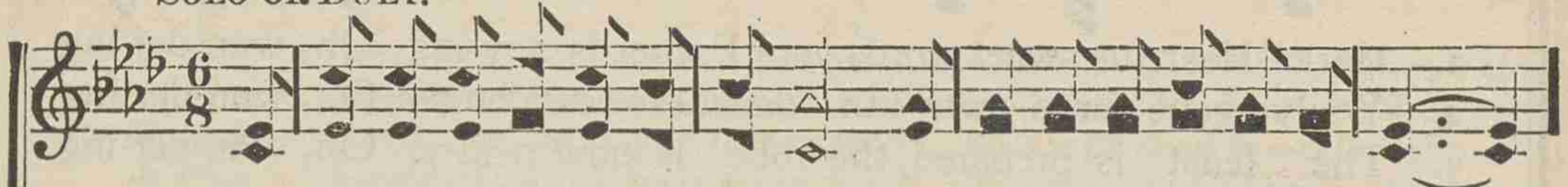
No. 134. I Pray Thee—Have Me Excused.

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse" Saying, "I pray thee have me excused."—LUKE 14: 18.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, arr. W. T. DALE.

SOLO OR DUET.



1. The feast is now ready and wait-ing, And none are admittance refused,
2. I know that I ought to love Je- sus, But all of my time is now used;
3. The tal-ents I got from my Master, Have not for His glory been used;
4. My heart is now filled with emotion, With weeping my eyes are suffused,
5. Some day I am hop-ing to love Him, Whose kindness and love I've abused;
6. If longer you wait un-re-pent-ant, And longer His love is a - bused,

But cares of the world so en-gross me, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
In seeking the things that are earthly, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
I'd serve Him—but then I'm not ready, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
But I am not read-y, tell Je- sus, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
Some day, but not now, for the pres-ent "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
The plea that you make will not answer, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."

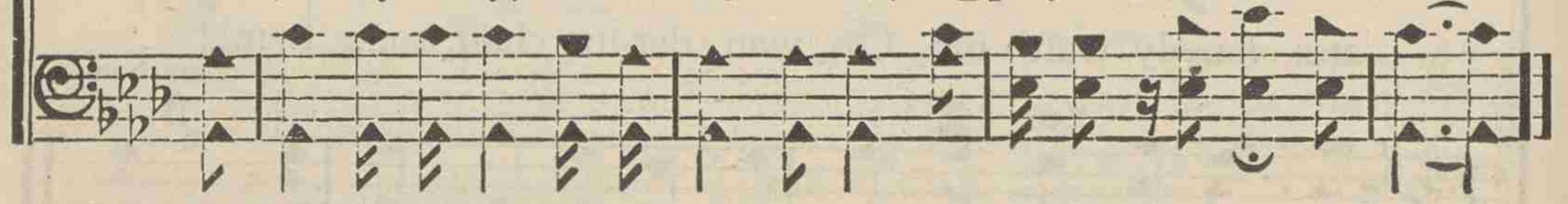
RESPONSE.

We'll car - ry your an-swer to Je-sus, Whose love you again have re - fused;

Rit - - e - - dim.

Andante.

But oh, will you say, on the Judgment Day, "I pray thee—have me excused."



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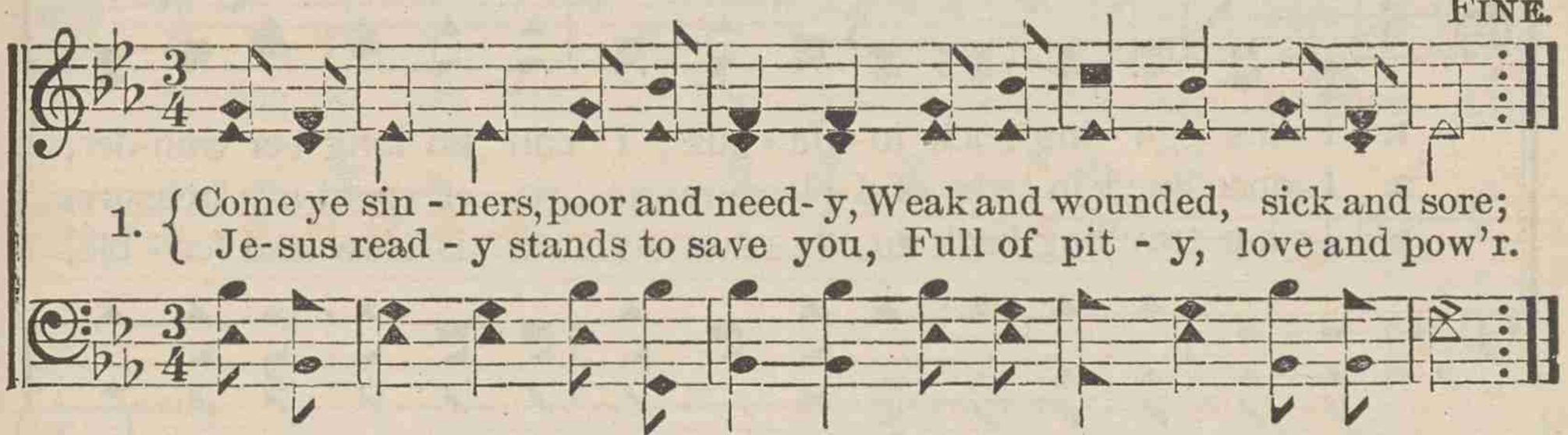
No. 135. Come ye Sinners. 8s. & 7s.

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

FINE.



D.S.

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.

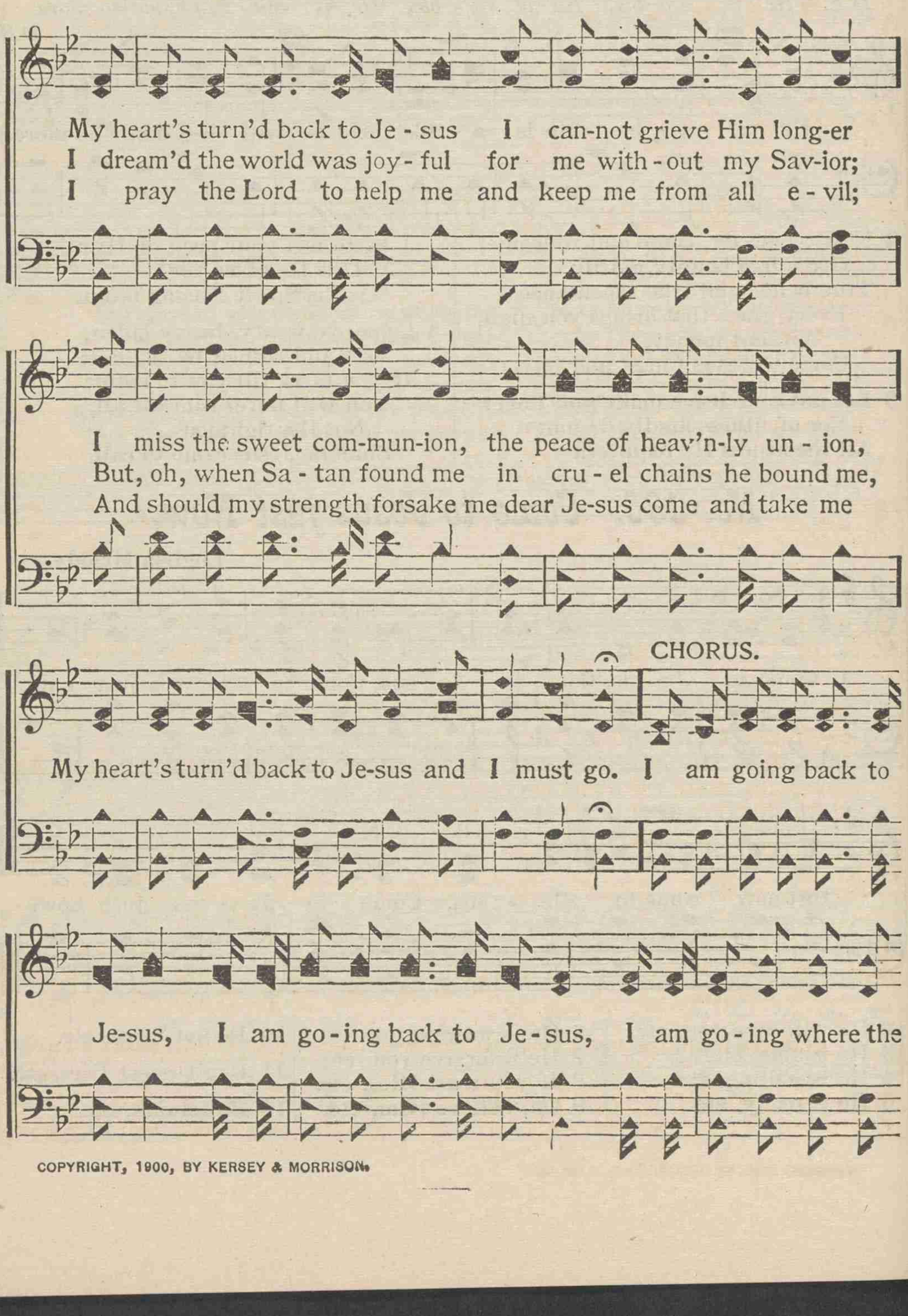
No. 136. Come to Jesus just Now.

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. 137. I'm Going Back to Jesus.

* * * As sung by Master Alex, Matthews and his sister. Arr.



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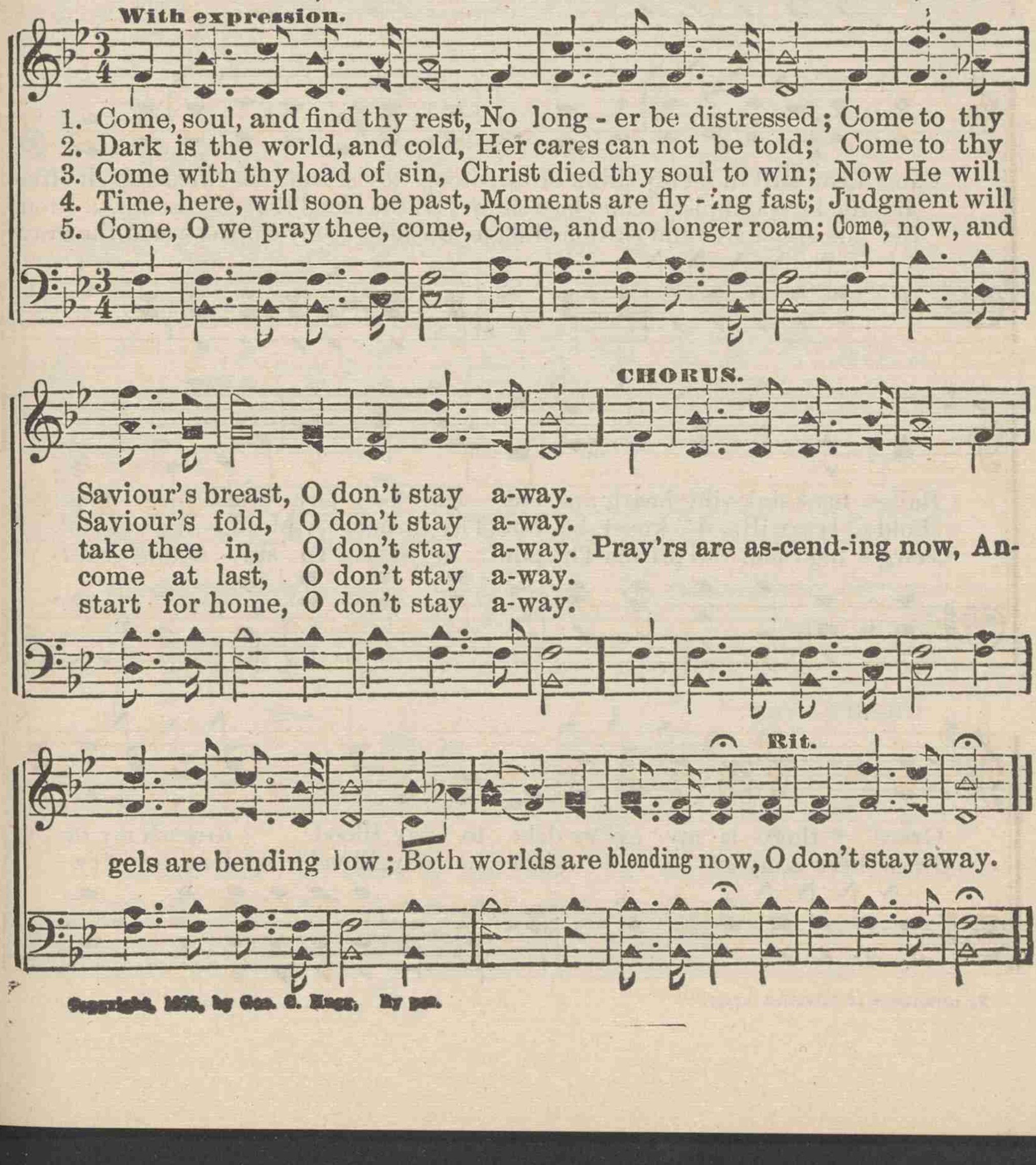
I'm Going Back to Jesus. Concluded.

No. 138. O, Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.



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No. 139. The Penitent's Plea.

H. B. (Harmonized by W. J. K.) Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

Andante con espress.

1. Sav-iour hear me while before Thy feet I the rec ord of my sins re-peat,
2. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev'ry promise write my name;

Stained with guilt, my self ab-hor-ring, Filled with grief, my soul out pour - ing.
To that heart its sins confess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am, I come be-liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost re- ceiv - ing,

Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir- it free,
By the love and pi-ty Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

Raise my sink- ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more?
Bold - ly will I kneel be- fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg - ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin - bound souls.

CHORUS. *mp*

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev -'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

By permission of Salvation Army.

The Penitent's Plea.—Concluded.

No. 140. In the Shadow of The Cross.

Rev. J. W. Wayland. Homer F. Morris.

By per. of Homer F. Morris, Brooksville, Ala.

No. 141. Now I'm Coming Home.

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

With feeling.

1. Long I have wan-dered a - way from my Lord, Now I am com-ing home;
2. Tired of the world with its fol - ly and sin, Now I am com-ing home;
3. Knowing my Sav - iour can give me His rest, Now I am com-ing home;
4. Hum-bly I crave but a poor servant's place, Now I am com-ing home;
5. Oh, bless the Lord, my dear Sav-iour I see, Now I am com-ing home;

Long-ing to be to His fav - or re-stored, Now I am com-ing home.
B'liev-ing the Sav-iour will welcome me in, Now I am com-ing home.
Long-ing to an - chor my soul on His breast, Now I am com-ing home.
On - ly de - sir -ing to taste of His grace, Now I am com-ing home.
Wait-ing to wel-come a sin - ner like me, Now I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Yes, I am com-ing, dear Lord, I'm com-ing, Just now I'm com-ing home;

Yes, I am com - ing, dear Lord, I'm com-ing, Just now I'm com - ing home.

By permission.

No. 142. Oh, Save Me at the Cross.

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

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

CHORUS.

2 I've sinned, I know, but Thou hast died, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
I flee for refuge to Thy side, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

3 If I should perish I will pray, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
Dear Saviour cast me not away, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

4 Thy pardoning grace is full and free, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
In mercy, Lord, now think on me, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

5 Oh, let Thy blood now be applied, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And bring me near Thy bleeding side, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

6 O "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And "let me hide myself in Thee," etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

7 Here, Lord, I would forever stay, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And never more would go astray, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

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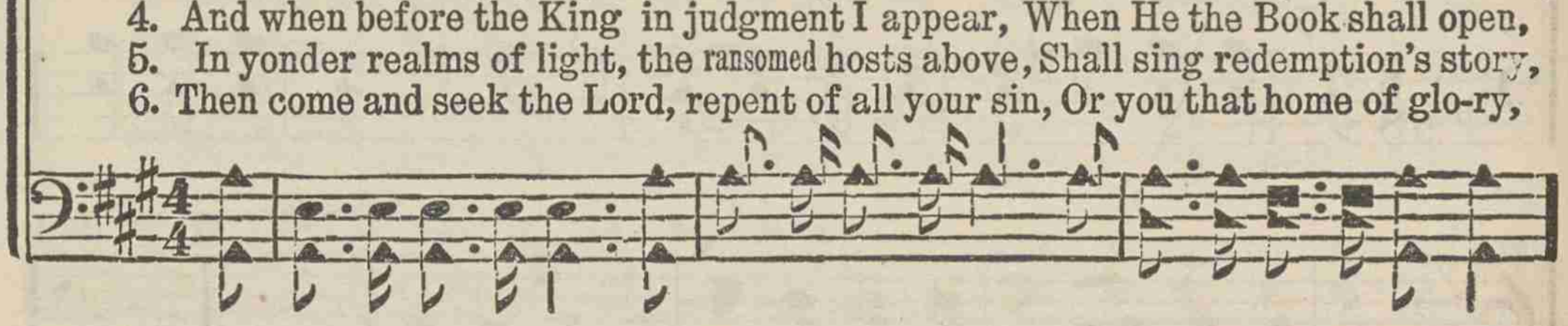
No. 143. The Old Account was Settled Long Ago.

"My record is on high."—JOB 16 : 19.

F. M. G. Alt. by W. G. COOPER. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. I have in mind a time, when in the Book of heav'n, An old account was standing
2. That old account was large—it larger grew each day, For I was ev - er sin-ning,
3. I saw my guilt-y past, which nothing could undo, That Christ, who paid my ransom,
4. And when before the King in judgment I appear, When He the Book shall open,
5. In yonder realms of light, the ransomed hosts above, Shall sing redemption's story,
6. Then come and seek the Lord, repent of all your sin, Or you that home of glo-ry,

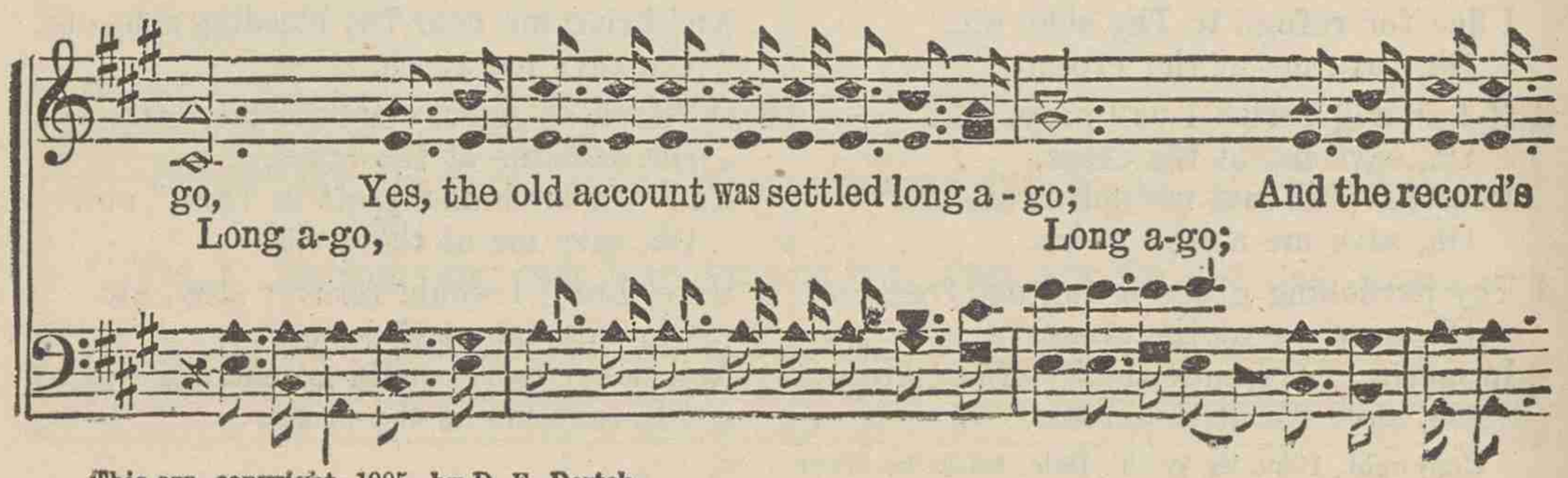


for sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, with ma - ny sins be-low, I
and yet had naught to pay; Thank God! I then a-woke, I saw my doom and woe, I
could save me thro' and thro'; And so my sins He hid beneath the crimson flow, Thus
and find my record clear; Then joy shall thrill my soul, which can no measure know, Be-
and praise the God of love; While endless ages roll, how sweet with them to know, That
can nev - er en-ter in; No matter then how long your sojourn here be-low, You

CHORUS.

sought to have it settled, 'Twas settled long a - go Long a - go, Long a-
hastened there to set-tle, I settled long a - go.
my account was settled, 'Twas settled long a - go.
cause I had it settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
my account was settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
can re-gret it nev-er, You settled long a - go. Long a - go,

go, Yes, the old account was settled long a - go; And the record's
Long a-go, Long a-go;



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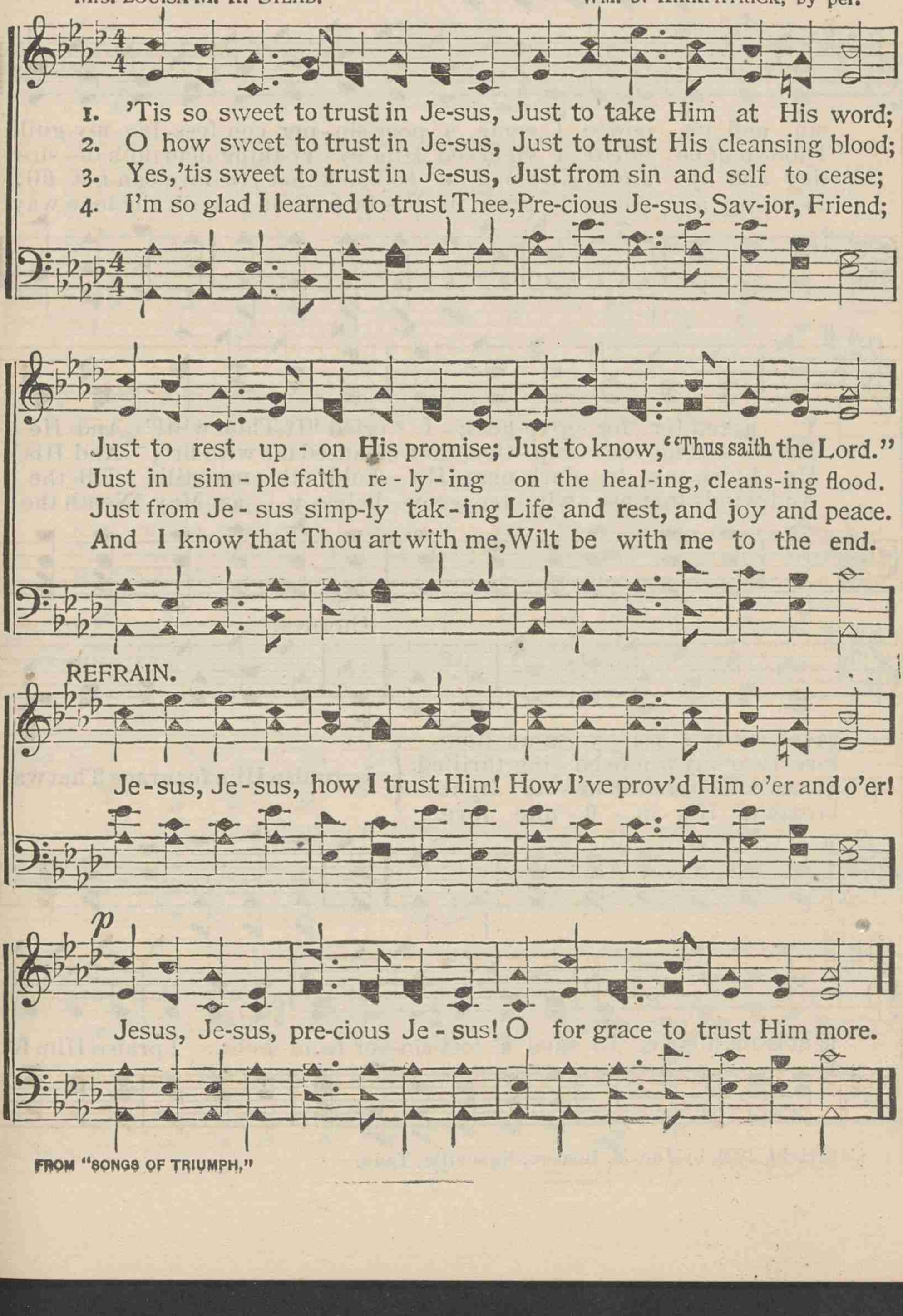
The Old Account Was Settled. Concluded.

No. 144. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R.ᵐᵉ STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

No. 145. A Sacrifice of Praise.

"His praise shall be continually in my mouth." Psa. 34: 1.

Mrs. May Mabbette Anderson. John T. Benson.

1. Yes, Je - sus has saved me, O blest be His name! Has saved me from sin and its pow'r; I came a poor sin - ner con-fess- ing my guilt;
2. I hungered for righteousness, blest be His name! He answered me: "Thou shalt be filled!" I yield - ed Him ev - 'ry-thing man doth de- sire;
3. He keeps me so sweet-ly thro' sor- row and pain, That I praise Him by day and by night; No cloud is so black that His love can-not fill;
4. He lead- eth me gen- tly, and woos me a - long To heights ev-er loom-ing a - bove; I gaze in His face while I walk the lone way,

I asked for for - give-ness; I cried "If Thou wilt!" And He saved me that ver - y same hour.
He showed me cor - rup - tion, then cleansed me with fire, And His love thro' my whole be - ing thrilled.
He hides me in dark-ness, He hold- eth me still, Till the gloom soft- ly fades in - to light.
And winds that are win - try, grow balm - y as May, 'Neath the breath of His in - fi - nite love.

Chorus.

I praise Him for grace That was sent from a-bove, To save a lost sin-ner from hell. I praise Him for

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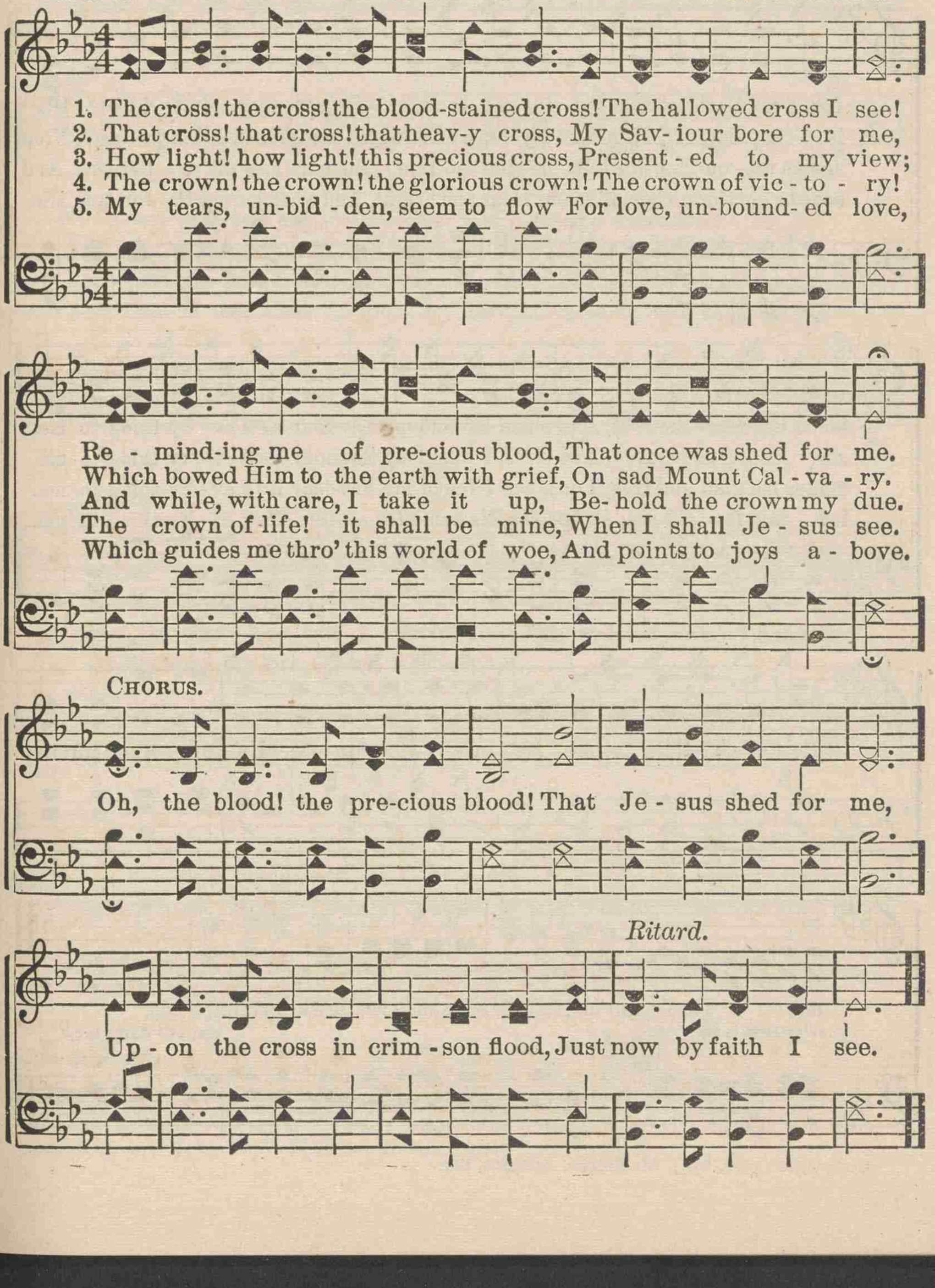
A Sacrifice of Praise. Concluded.

No. 146. The Hallowed Cross.

J. H. S. JOHN 12: 32. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 147. He's Everything to Me.

P. P. O. P. P. ORR.

1. I once was lost in dark-ness, And wand'ring far a-way; Un - til I
2. And now I'm on my jour-ney, Re - joic - ing as I go, For Je - sus
3. He gives me joy and com-fort, When all seems dark and drear, And oft He
4. When in the si - lent watch Of the dark and lone - ly night He comes my

found my Saviour, who bid me not to stray, I left my road of fol - ly, His
is my Saviour, He makes my cup o'er-flow, He leads me in green pastures, From
smiles up - on me, He tells me not to fear, He car - ries all my burdens, And
soul to comfort, Then all seems clear and bright, And when I cross the Jor-dan, His

blood has made me free, And since I found my Sav-iour He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
sin He keeps me free, And since I found my Sav-iour He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
makes me glad and free, For since I fouud my Sav-iour He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
lov - ing face I'll see, And praise His name for-ev - er, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing to
yes,

me, Thro' night and day My song shall be, He's ev'rything to me,
ev'rything to me, yes, ev'rything to me.

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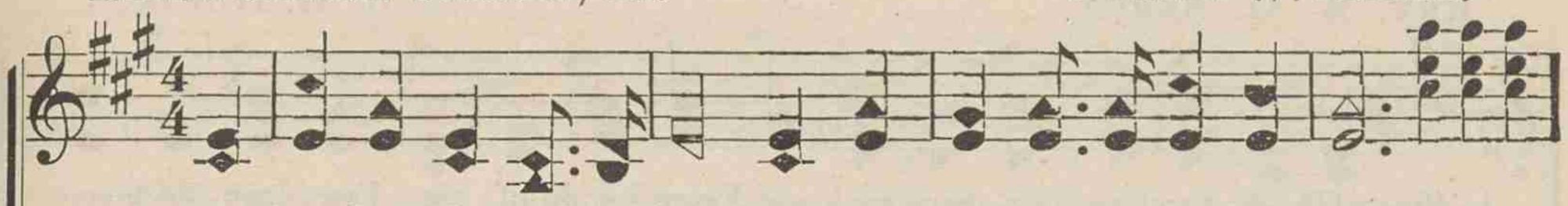
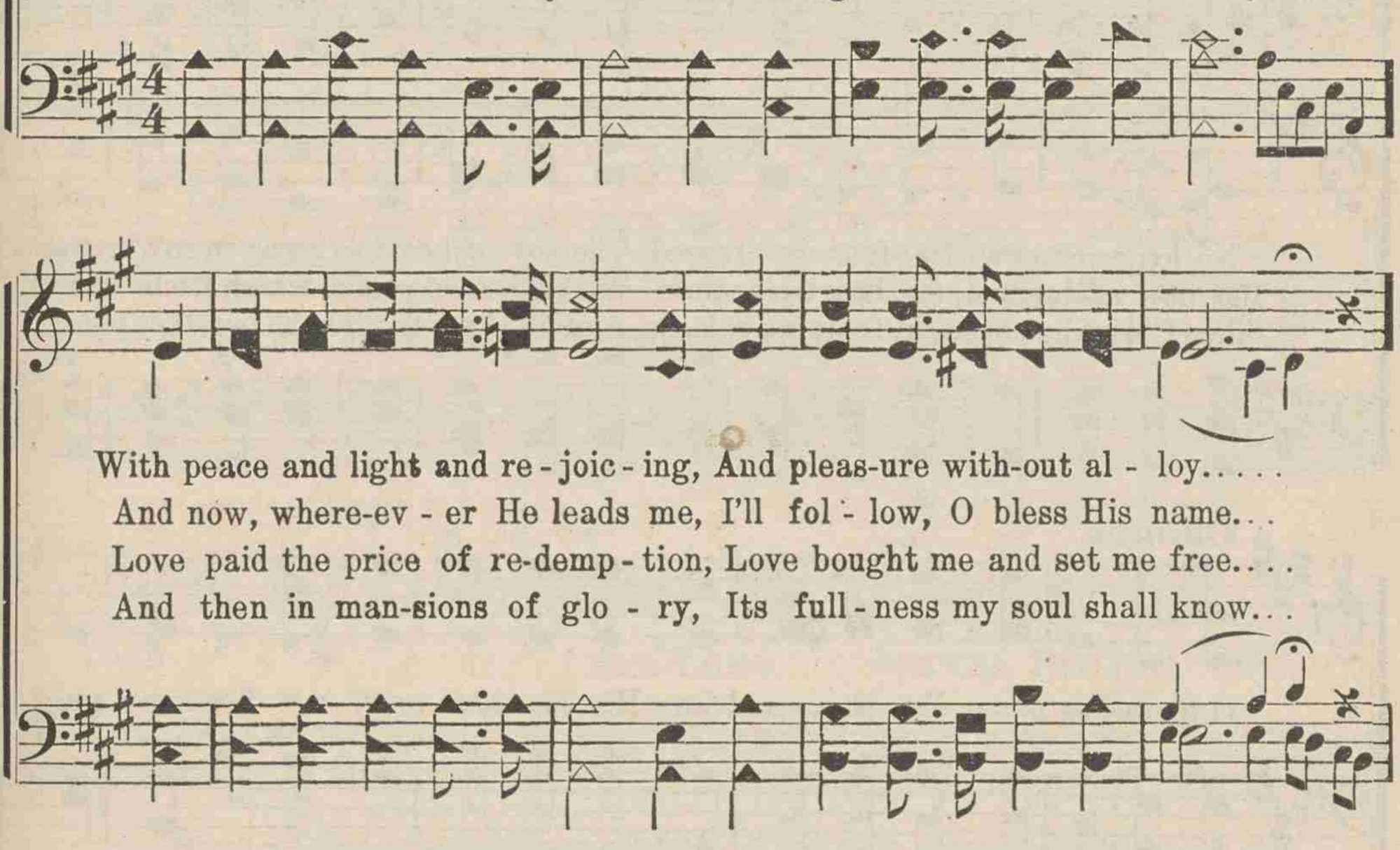
No. 148. The Wondrous Love of My Saviour.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. DANIEL W. MILAM.



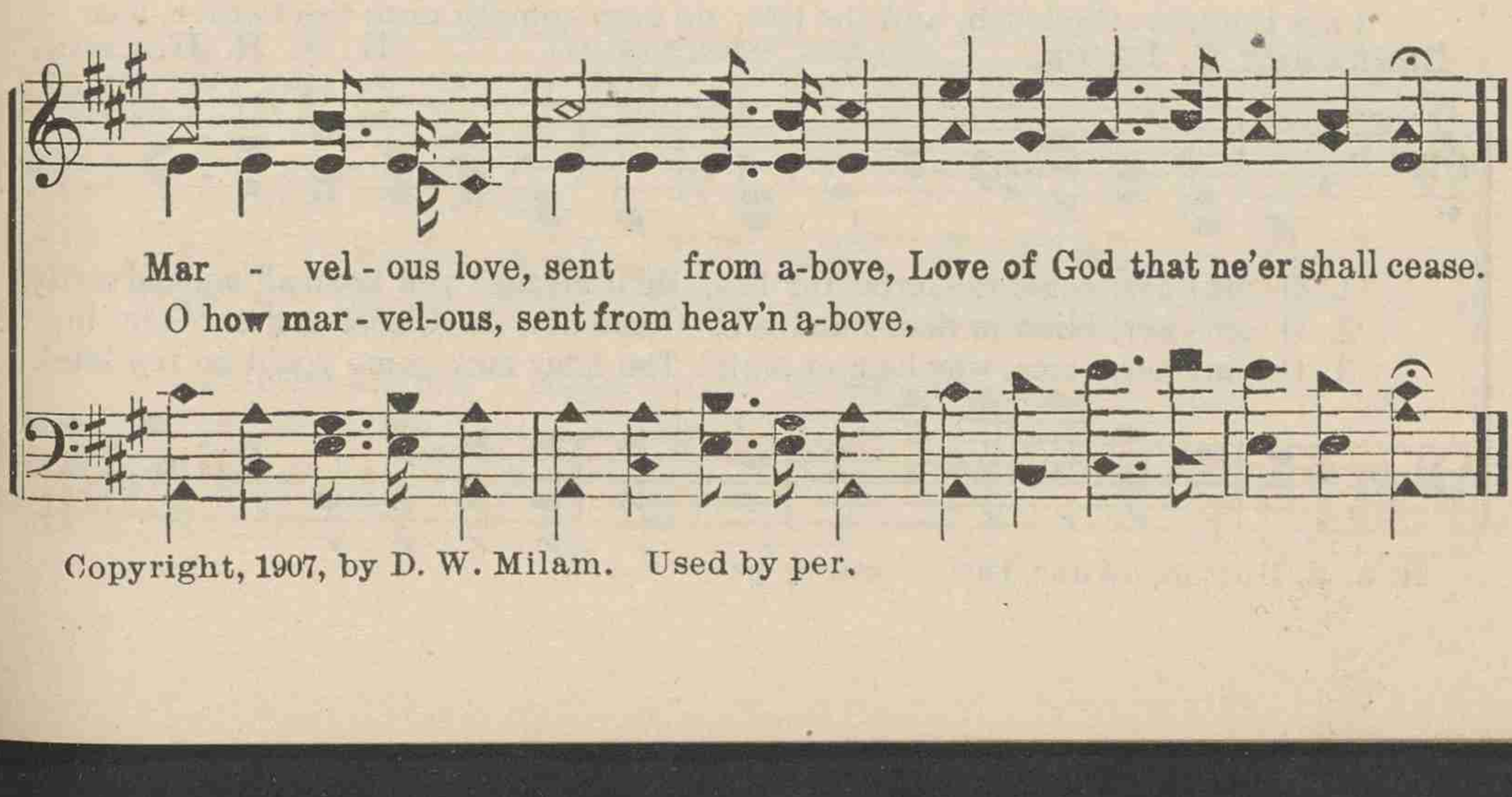
1. The won-drous love of my Sav - iour Has filled all my life with joy;
2. The won-drous love of my Sav - iour Has won me from sin and shame;
3. The won-drous love of my Sav - iour Com-pelled Him to die for me;
4. The won-drous love of my Sav - iour Will guard me while here be-low,



With peace and light and re - joic - ing, And pleas-ure with-out al - loy.....
And now, where-ev - er He leads me, I'll fol - low, O bless His name...
Love paid the price of re-demp - tion, Love bought me and set me free....
And then in man-sions of glo - ry, Its full - ness my soul shall know...

CHORUS.

My Sav-iour's love, won - der-ful love, Fills my heart with joy and peace,
O what wondrous love, O what wondrous love,



Mar - vel - ous love, sent from a-bove, Love of God that ne'er shall cease.
O how mar - vel-ous, sent from heav'n a-bove,

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No. 149. The Christian's Peace.

"My peace I give unto you."—JOHN 14: 27.

REV. W. H. BERRY. H. A. R. HORTON.

H. A. R. Horton, owner, 1908. Used by per.

No. 150. Come this Upward Way.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—JOHN 14: 6.

BERRYMON T. PRICE. H. A. R. HORTON.

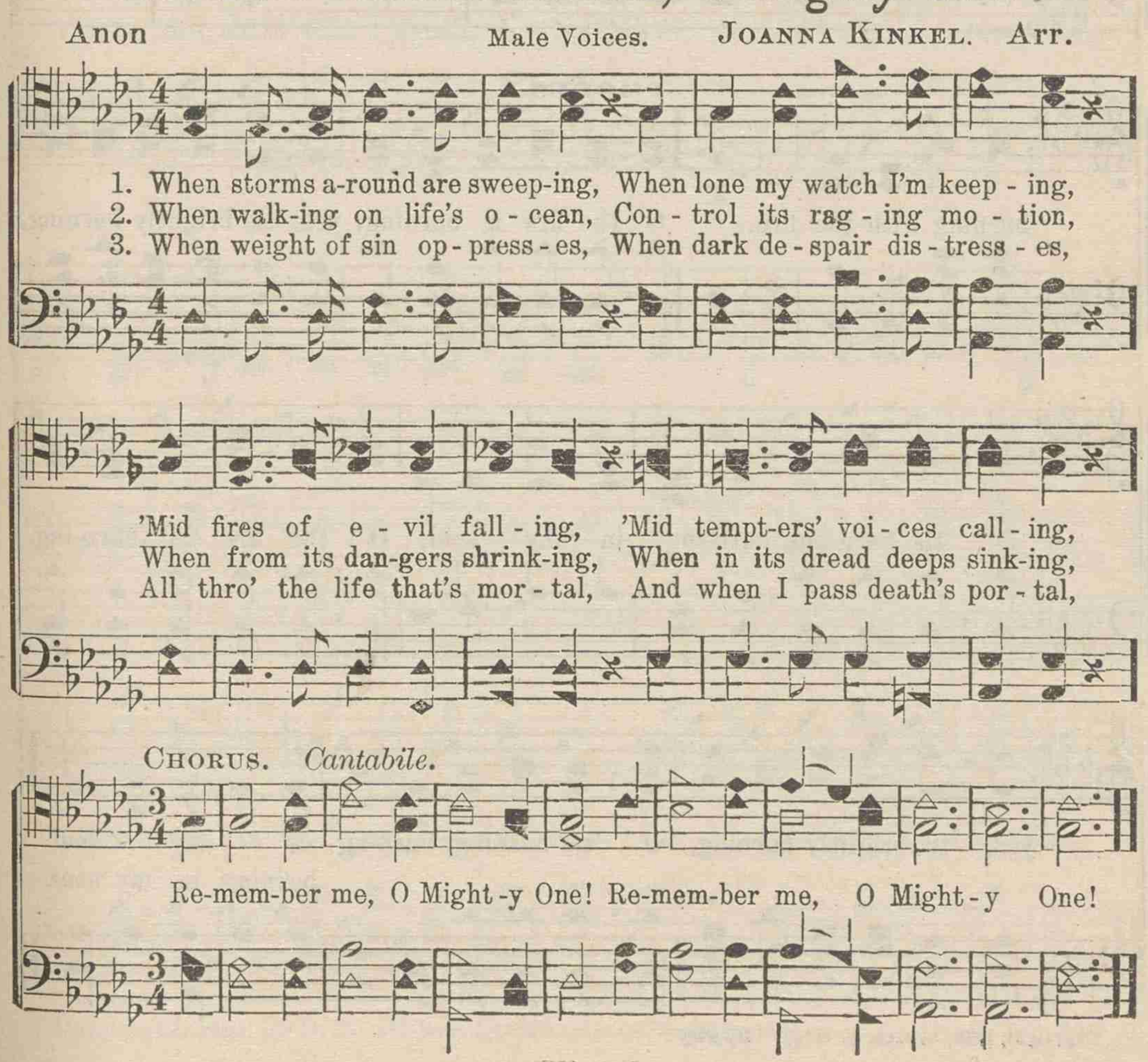
H. A. R. Horton, owner, 1908. Used by per.

Come this Upward Way. Concluded.

D. S. *Turn from your sins, your way release, Prepare to meet your Lord in peace.*

No. 151. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon Male Voices. JOANNA KINKEL. Arr.



No. 152. The Fire Is Burning.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Joyously.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat - is-fied my long-ing
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov - ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And be-yond I see the ha - ven

heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo-ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For His love is like a heav'n-ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea-con lights of home, And my soul is

CHORUS.

burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,

O 'tis burn-ing, burn-ing in my soul; O the fire is burn-ing,

yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

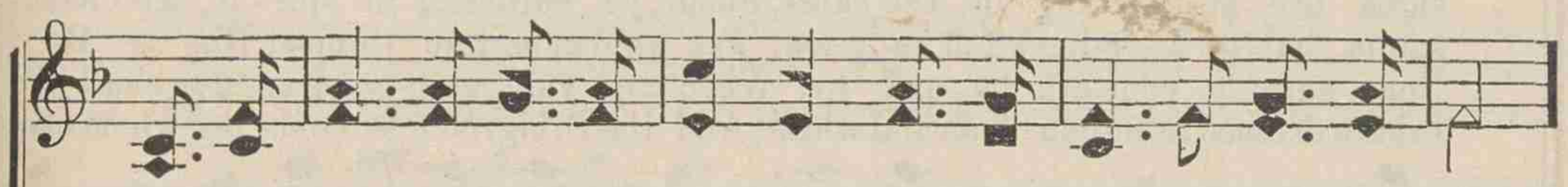
Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. By

No. 153. Take the World, but Give Me Jesus.

"For whom I have suffered the loss of all things."—PHIL. 3: 8.

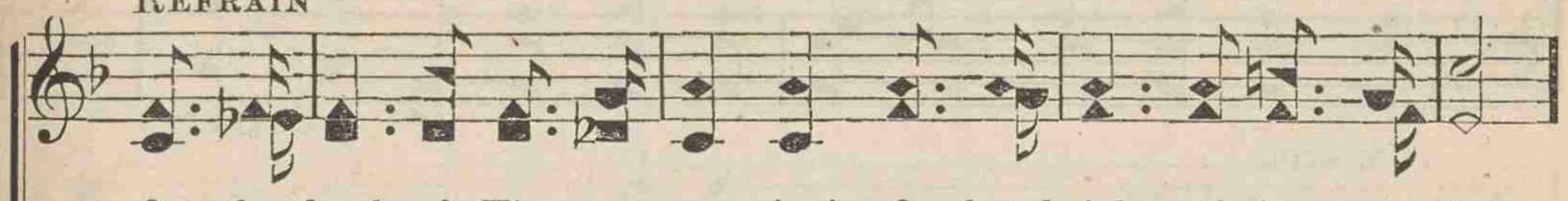
MRS. A. B. WADE. DAN WARD MILAM.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In my heart by faith to dwell;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, When my bless - ed Lord is near,
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; Ground-ed in His love di - vine,
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; Walk - ing in His pres-ence sweet,



Take the world with all its glo - ry; Give me Christ, and all is well.
I can sing a - mid the bil - lows, For His love dis - pels all fear.
Peace that pass - eth un - der-stand - ing, Shall for ev - er - more be mine.
What has earth that I should en - vy? For in Him is joy com-plete.

REFRAIN



O the depth of His com - pas - sion! O what heights of joy are mine!

Trust - ing in the per - fect full - ness Of my Sav-iour's love di - vine.

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No. 154. Jesus Is Coming Again.

"I will come again." JOHN 14: 3. REV. 19: 7, 8; 22: 20.

Rev. R L. HARRIS. Words arr. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. Spread the news of the com - ing of the Sav - iour a - gain, For His signs are ap-pear- ing in the skies; Shout, ye burdened in spir - it, who have trav - ailed in pain, For He comes to wipe your weep - ing eyes.
2. Keep your lamps trimmed and burning, for the time draw-eth nigh When the saints that go weep-ing shall re- joice; For we'll mount up to meet Him as He comes in the sky, When we hear the por - ter's wel - come voice.
3. Howl and weep, all ye na- tions who have gone far a - stray, For the time sure- ly com-eth by and by, When your vain, emp-ty pleas-ures shall like clouds flee a - way, When you hear the shout - ing in the sky.
4. Lo! His signs are now gath-'ring, as the light on us dawns, For the bride's dressed in lin- en clean and white; And the Bridgroom is com - ing whom she's looked for so long, With ten thou-sand, thou - sand saints in light.

CHORUS.

Rise and shout, Hal-le - lu - jah! for He comes, Rise and shout, Hal- le - lu - jah! for He comes; Rise and shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! for He comes; Rise and shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! for He comes;

W. T. Dale, owner.

Jesus Is Coming Again. Concluded.

comes, And we'll all go to meet Him by and by.
for He comes, by and by.

No. 155. I Would Not Be Denied.

C, P. J. GEN. 32: 24-28 C. P. JONES.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Jac - ob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
And in-stant-ly, with cour - age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,
de - nied, de - nied,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
de-nied.

Charlie D. Tillman, owner. Used by per.

No. 156. There's a Great Day Coming.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATTHEW xxiv: 14.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-

part-ed right and left. Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord. Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

m *pp* *m*

Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

By per. W. F. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 157. O! Who Shall Be Able to Stand?

"For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 17.

W. T. Dale. G. W. Brown.

1. There's a great judgment day that is com-ing, we know, Is com-ing to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His pow-er di- vine,
2. Then the righteous and wick-ed to-gether shall meet, To judgment they shall be brought; And the Judge shall proclaim to the righteous, "Well done."
3. Then there'll be great re-joic- ing of happy ones there, Who followed the Sav - iour here; When they hear Him declare "Come, ye blessed of mine,
4. But there'll be lam- en-ta- tion and mourning that day, When Jesus shall say "De- part;" And the wick-ed shall flee from His presence a - way;
5. O pre - pare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long, The judgment of that great day; When the saints shall rejoice in Thy presence with song,

Refrain.

And shall judge both great and small.
The wick - ed, "I know you not."
And en - ter my home so fair."
What rend-ing of ev - 'ry heart!
The wick - ed be driv'n a - way.

When Je - sus comes, and the judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand? When the trumpet shall sound, and the nations have come, O! who shall be a - ble to stand?

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No. 158. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

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

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -

last - ing Arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev- er-lasting Arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

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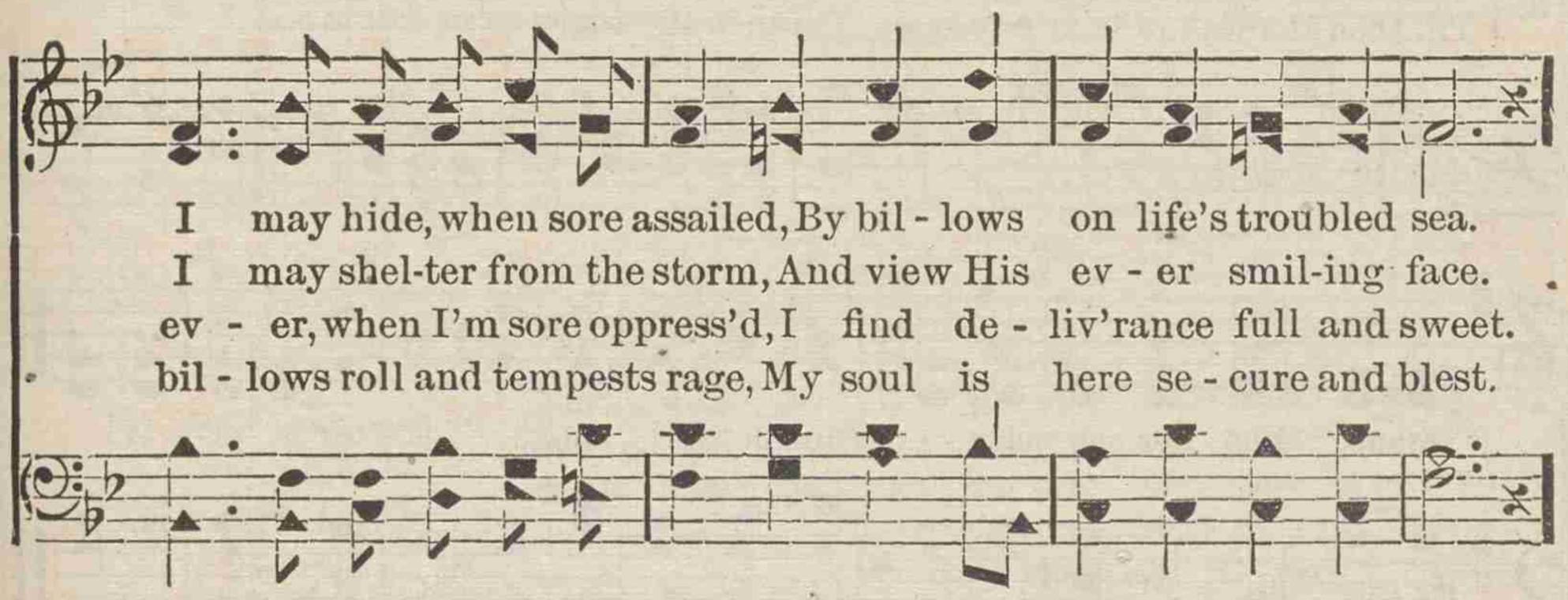
No. 159. God Is a Refuge.

"A very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46 : 1.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A shelt'ring place for me, Where
2. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A pres-ent hid-ing place, Where
3. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A calm and sure re-treat; There
4. God is a ref-uge to my soul, Where I may sweetly rest; Tho'

I may hide, when sore assailed, By bil-lows on life's troubled sea.
I may shel-ter from the storm, And view His ev-er smil-ing face.
ev-er, when I'm sore oppress'd, I find de-liv'rance full and sweet.
bil-lows roll and tempests rage, My soul is here se-cure and blest.



CHORUS.

God is a refuge to my soul, A ref-uge, a ref-uge,

God, my God is a refuge to my soul, A refuge firm, a ref-uge rare,

God is a ref-uge to my soul,

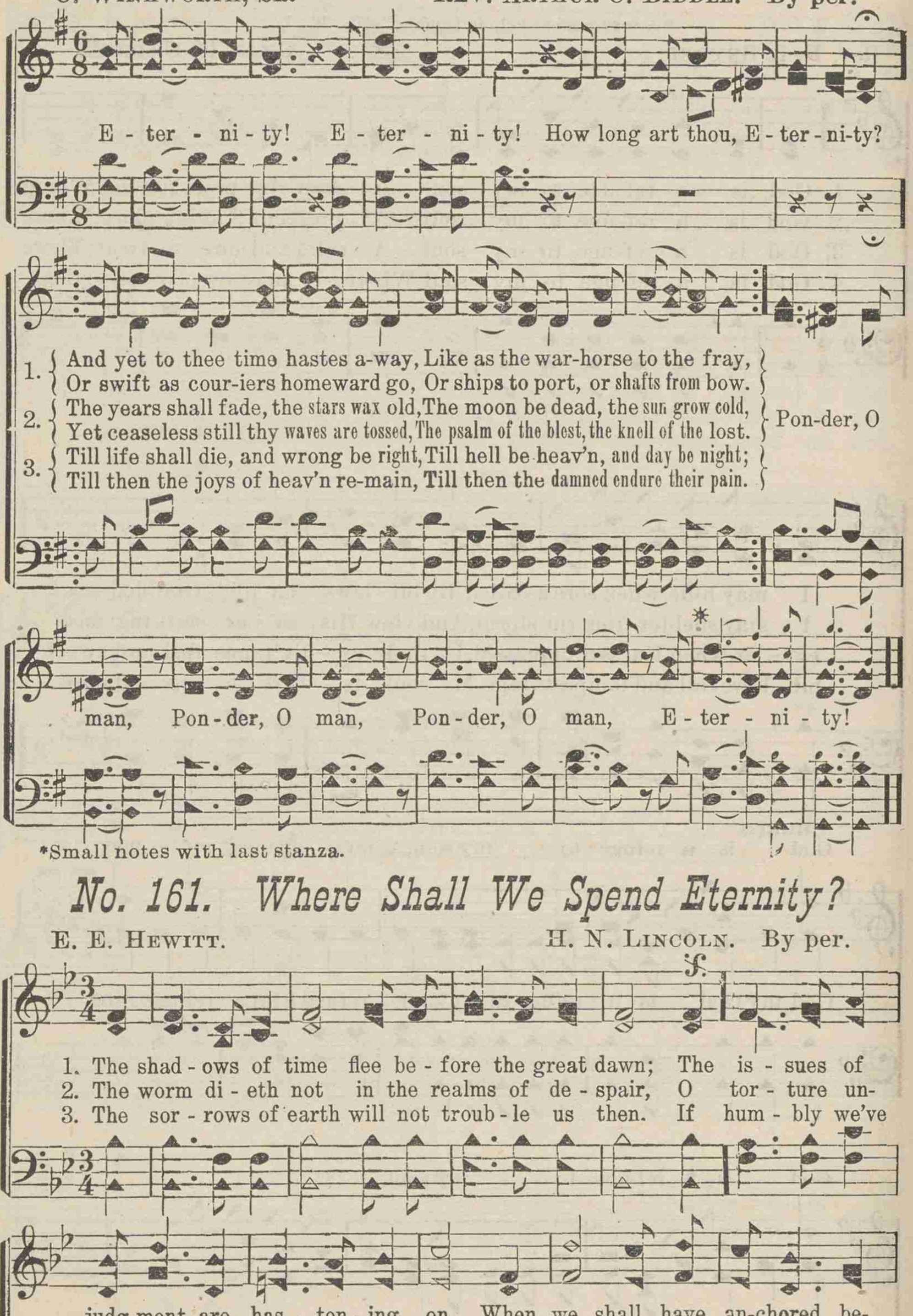
God, my God is a ref-uge to my soul, That shall forever more endure!

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. C. F. Kyger. By per.

No. 160. Ponder, O Man, Eternity.

(Burney. L. M. 7 lines.)

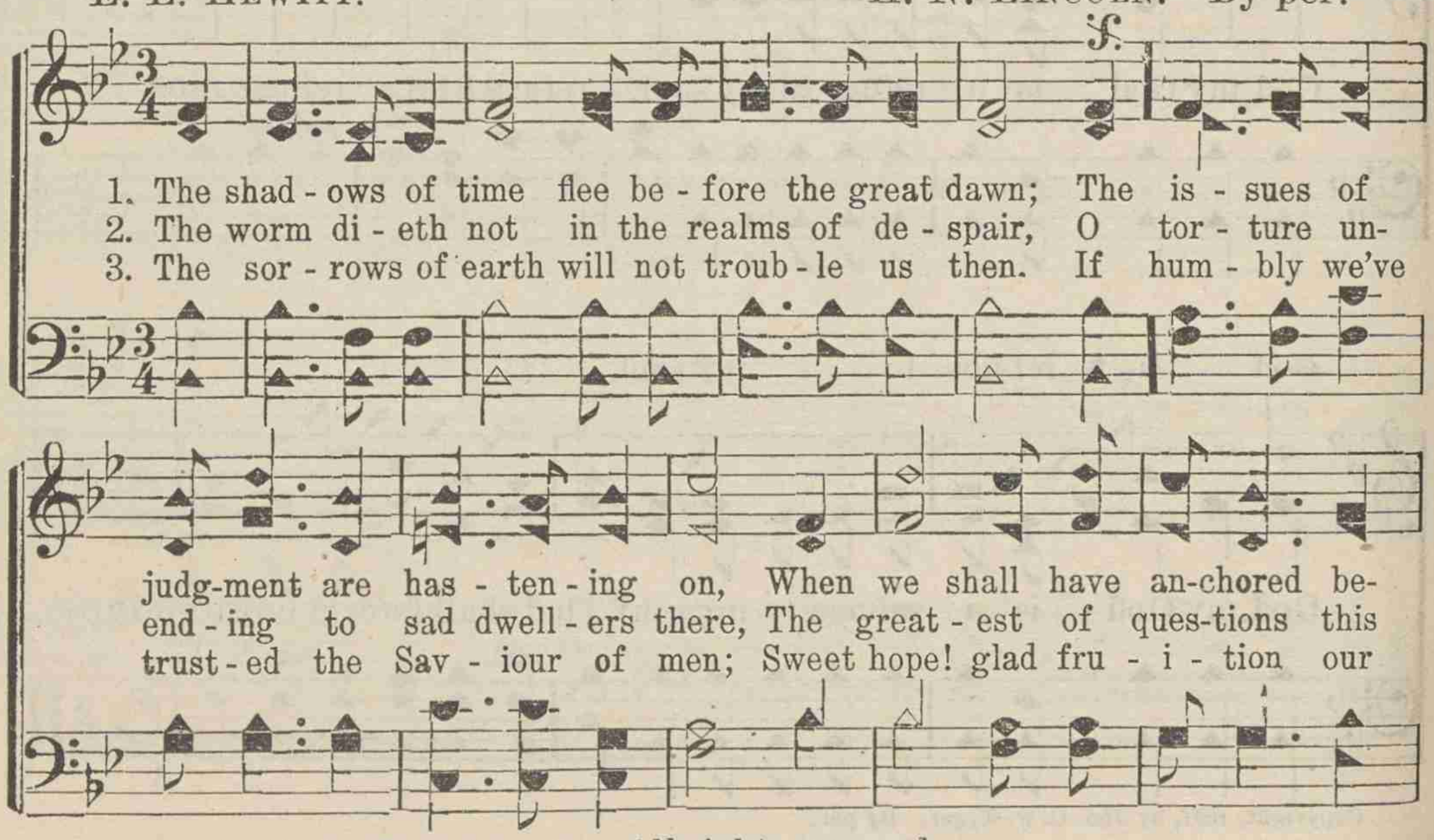
J. WINKWORTH, SR. REV. ARTHUR C. BIDDLE. By per.



*Small notes with last stanza.

No. 161. Where Shall We Spend Eternity?

E. E. HEWITT. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.



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Where Shall We Spend Eternity? Concluded.

FINE.

yond the dark sea, O where shall we spend our e - ter - ni - ty?
sure - ly must be— O where shall we spend our e - ter - ni - ty?
Mas - ter to see, With Him we shall spend our e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN. D.S.

E - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty,) e - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty.)

No. 162. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Where the mu - sic of the ran-somed Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
4. Shall we meet there many a lov'd one, That was torn from our em - brace?
5. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

FINE.

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the bright, ce - les - tial shore?
And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet, me - lo-dious sound?
Shall we lis - ten to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D. S. *Shall we meet be - yon l the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

CHORUS. D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

No. 163. That Window in the Skies.

"Bring ye all the tithes." MAL. 3: 10.

C. H. GOOTEE. Mrs. W. E. LYON.

Moderato.

1. I have heard some peo - ple say, Who are in the nar- row way, That they are trust - ing Je - sus now for all; They have land and hous - es too,
2. They have loss - es but no gain, And their heart is full of pain, When busi- ness will not go just as it should; O so lit - tle they can give,
3. There's the hea-then need the Word, The glad news they've nev-er heard, These stin - gy peo - ple keep from God His tithes; And their heart is cold and lone,

But God's tithes are o - ver- due, And the blessings they receive are ver - y small.
For it takes it all to live, They would like to do such great things if they could.
There's no mu- sic in their tone, As they often wipe the tear-drops from their eyes.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

There's a window in the skies That will brighten up your eyes; There's a window God will o-pen When you bring in all your tithes; There's a window in the skies That will

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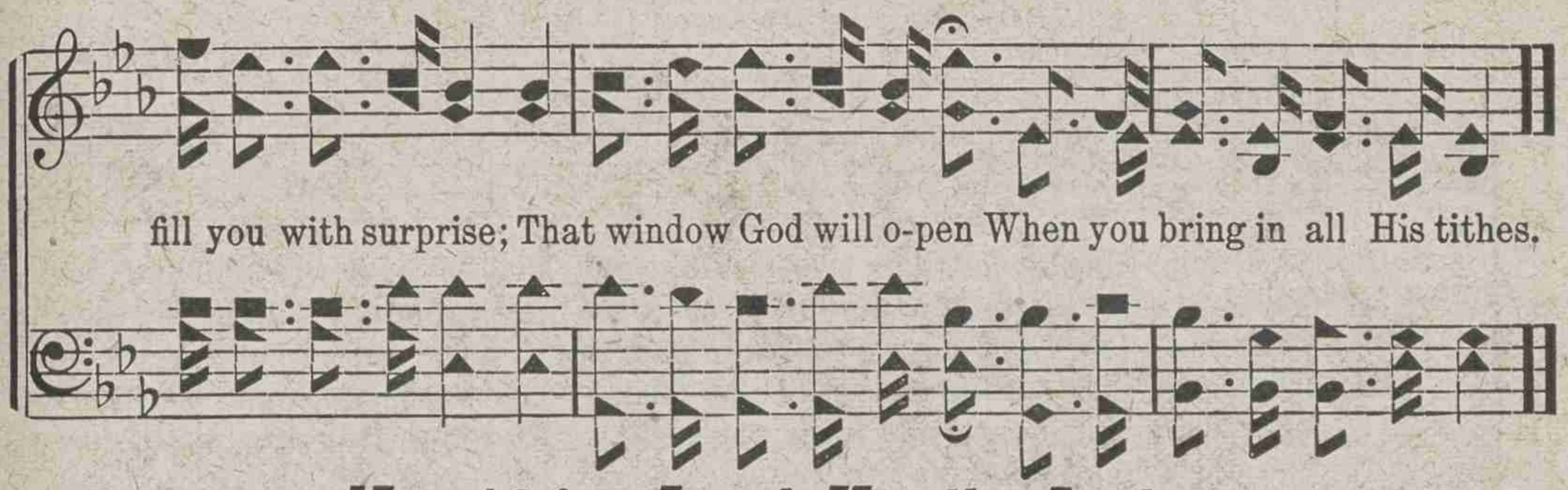
That Window in the Skies. Concluded.



No. 164. Lead Kindly Light.

President Wm. McKinley's favorite hymn.

JOHN H. NEWMAN, D.D. W. T. DALE.

W. T. Dale, owner.

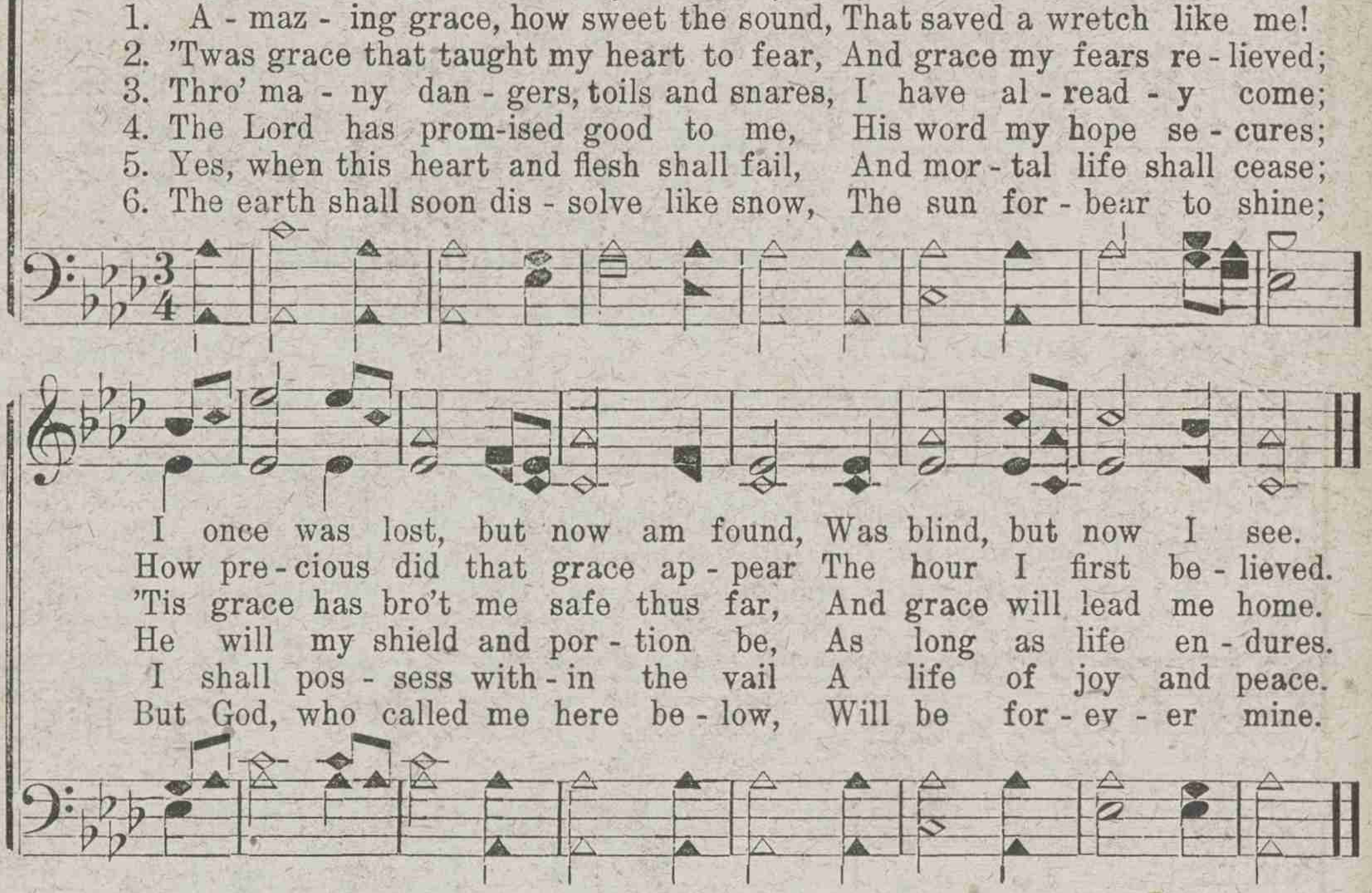
No. 165. Amazing Grace.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease;
6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail A life of joy and peace.
But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

No. 166. I Will Arise.

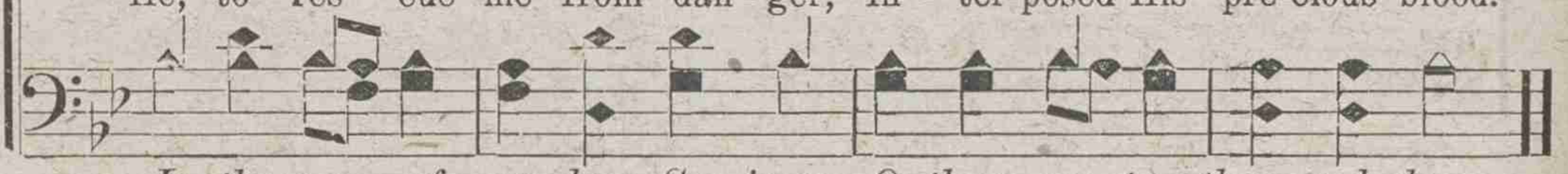
"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

REV. R. ROBINSON. Arranged.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
3. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
4. Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

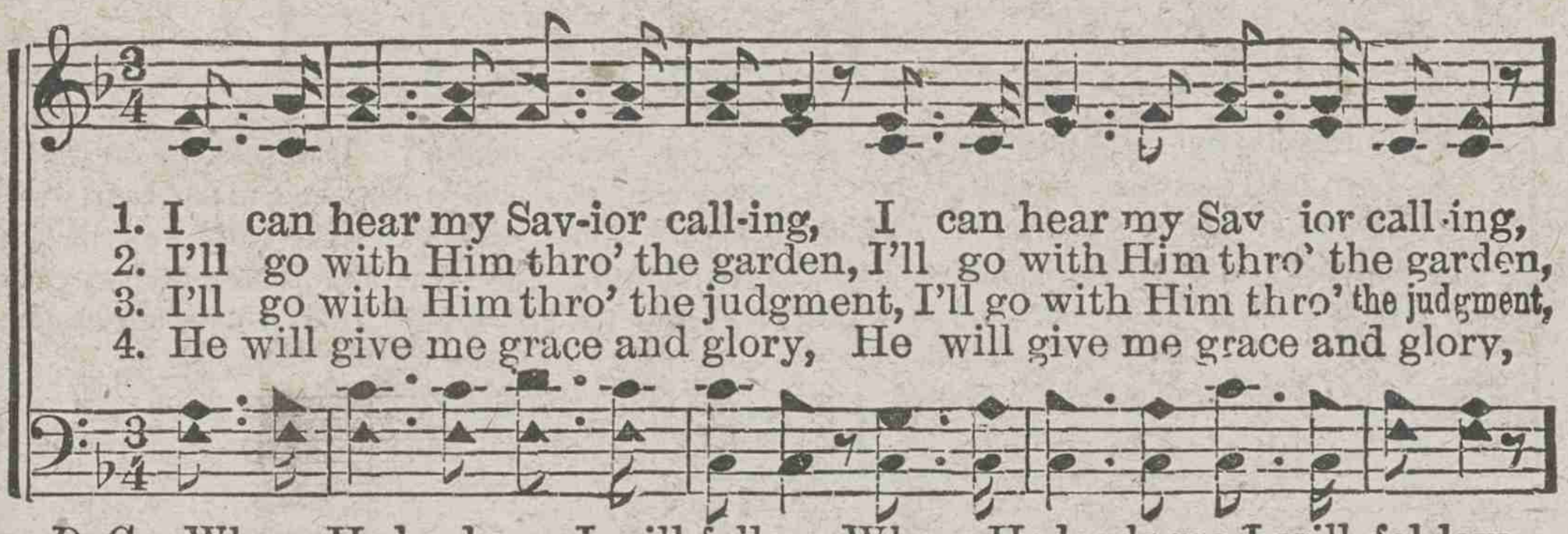
CHO.—*I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*

Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Praise the Mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
And I hope by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at - home.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.



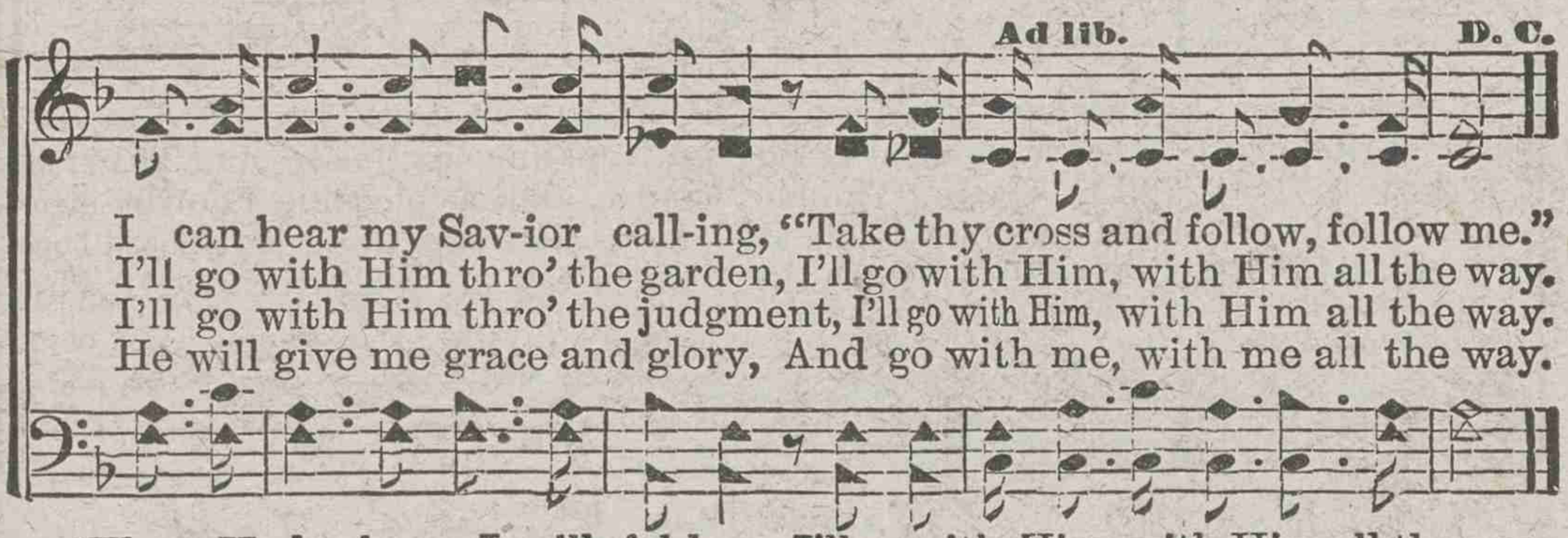
In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thousand charms.

No. 167. I Will Follow Jesus.



1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,

D. C.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol-low.



I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

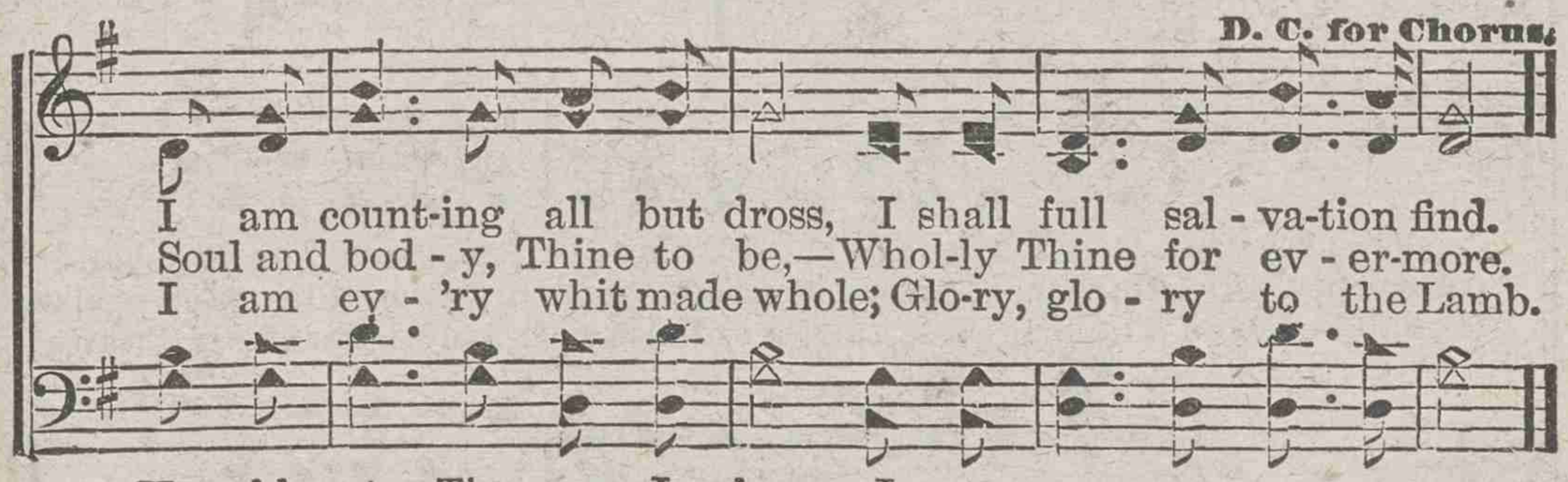
Where He leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 168. I Am Coming to the Cross.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earthly store;
3. Je-sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect-ed in love I am;

D. C.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Soul and bod-y, Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for ev-er-more.
I am ev-'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Je-sus, saves me, saves me now.

No. 169. Lord, We Come before Thee Now.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas - sion now de- scend; Fill our hearts with
3. In Thine own ap - point-ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, we know not
4. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - preme-ly kind; Heal the sick, the

suit dis- dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
how to go, Till a blessing Thou be - stow, Till a blessing Thou be-stow.
down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope, Make them strong in faith and hope.
cap-tive free; Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all re-joice in Thee.

No. 170. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

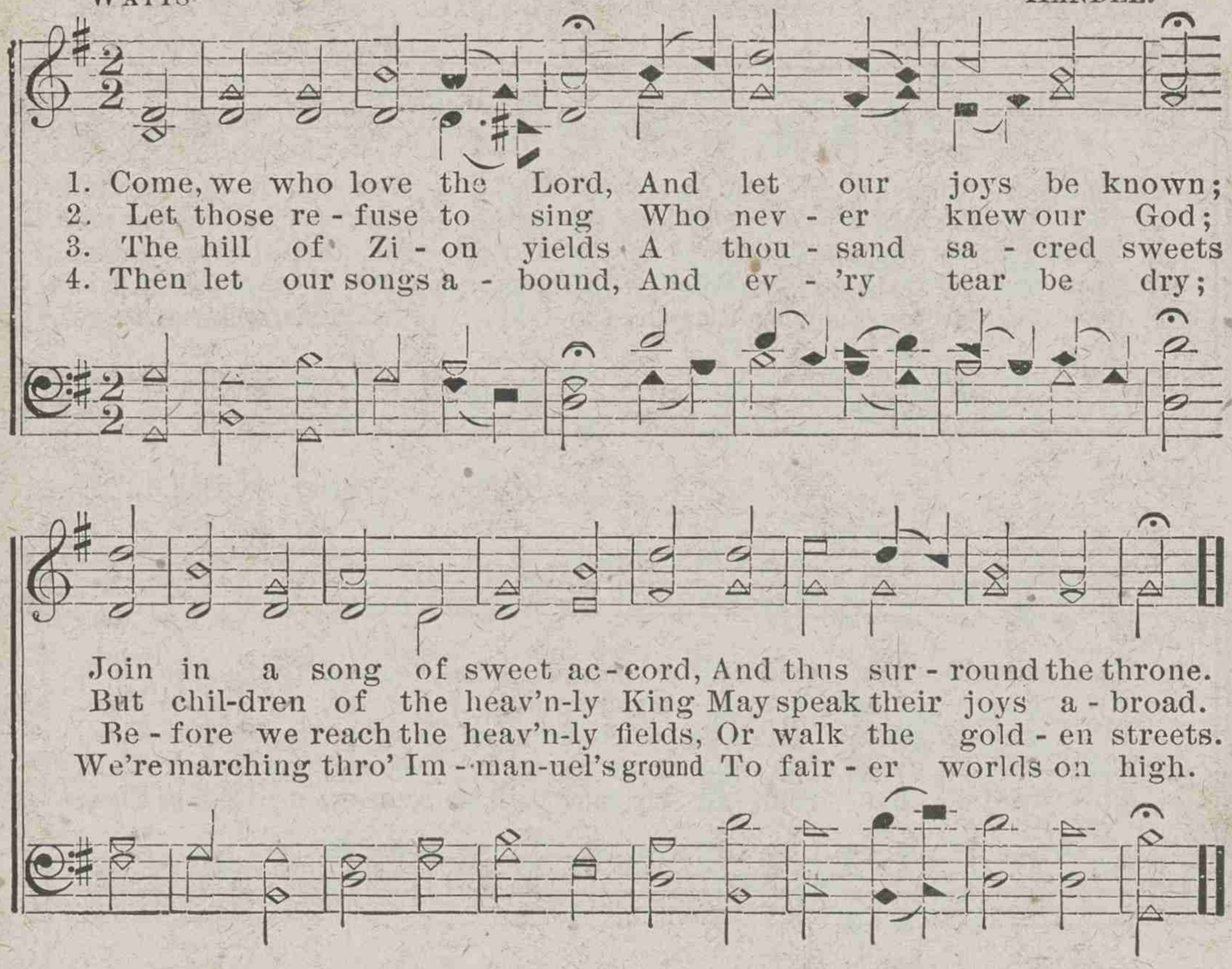
1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode; The Church our blest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend; To her my cares and
3. Je- sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every

deemer saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy Church, O God: Her walls be-
toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her
snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on

fore Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 171. Come We Who Love the Lord.

WATTS HANDEL.



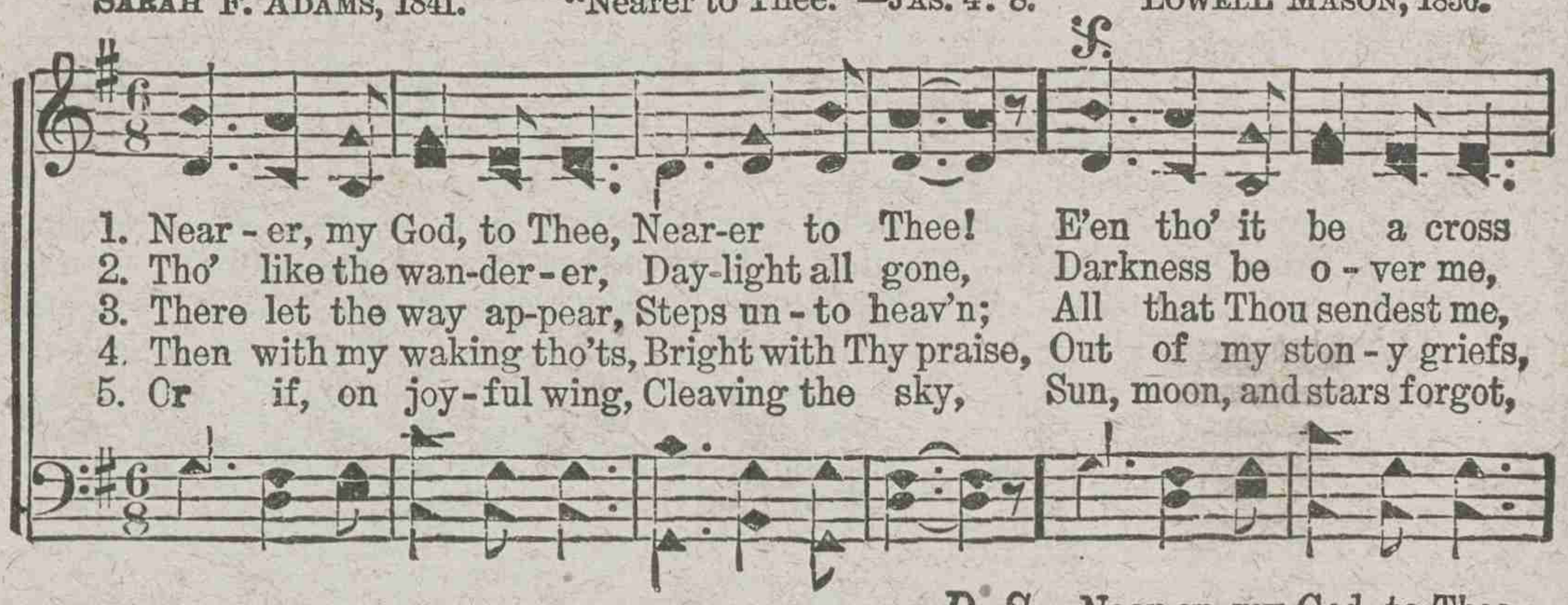
No. 172. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

No. 173. Nearer, My God, to thee.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

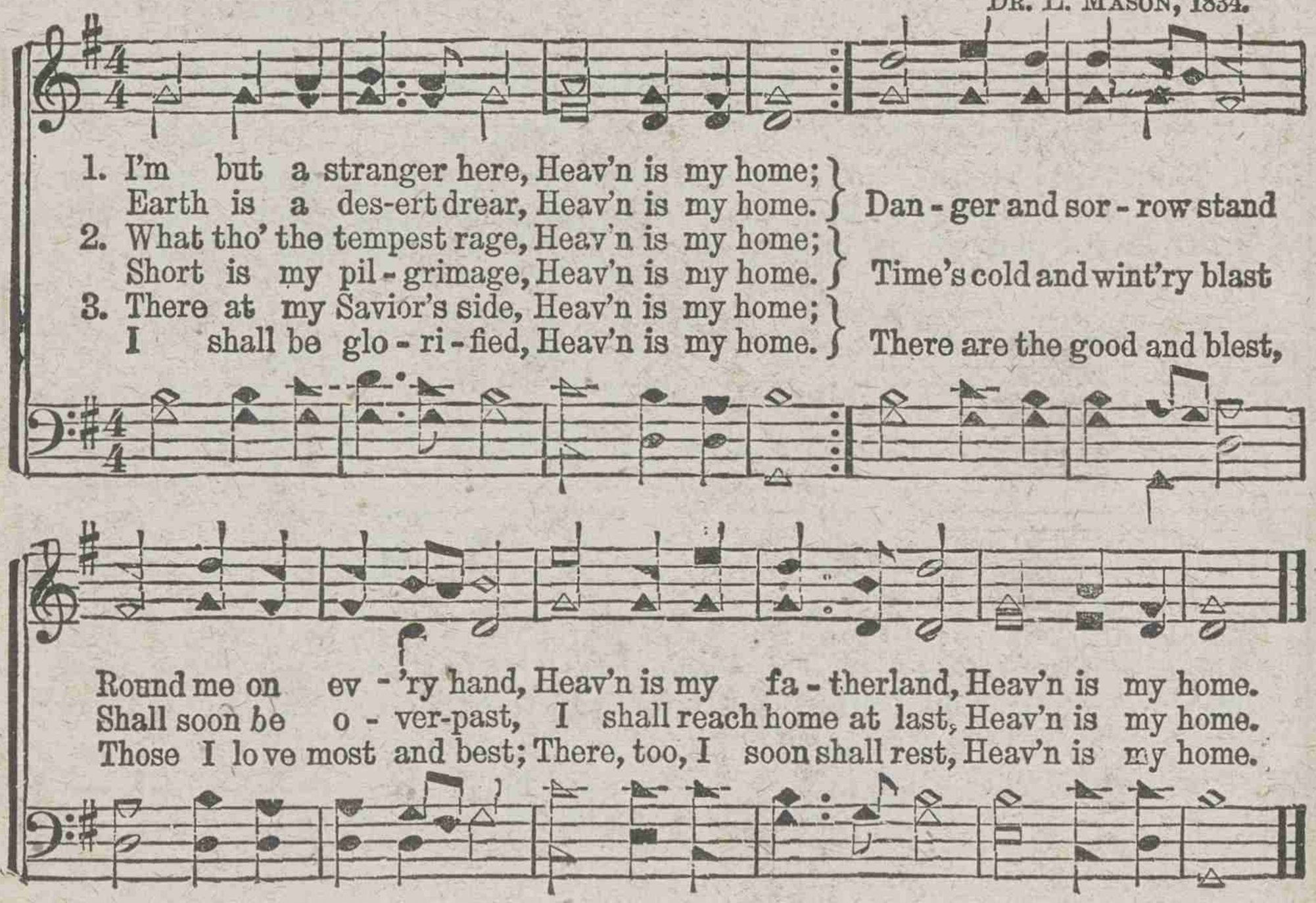
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

No. 174. Heaven Is My Home.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;
   Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home;
   Short is my pil - grimage, Heav'n is my home. } Time's cold and wint'ry blast
3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home;
   I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. } There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.
Shall soon be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 175. Nearer, My God, to Thee. (New.)

This tune may be sung to the old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

REV. J. T. CRANE, D. D. W. T. DALE.

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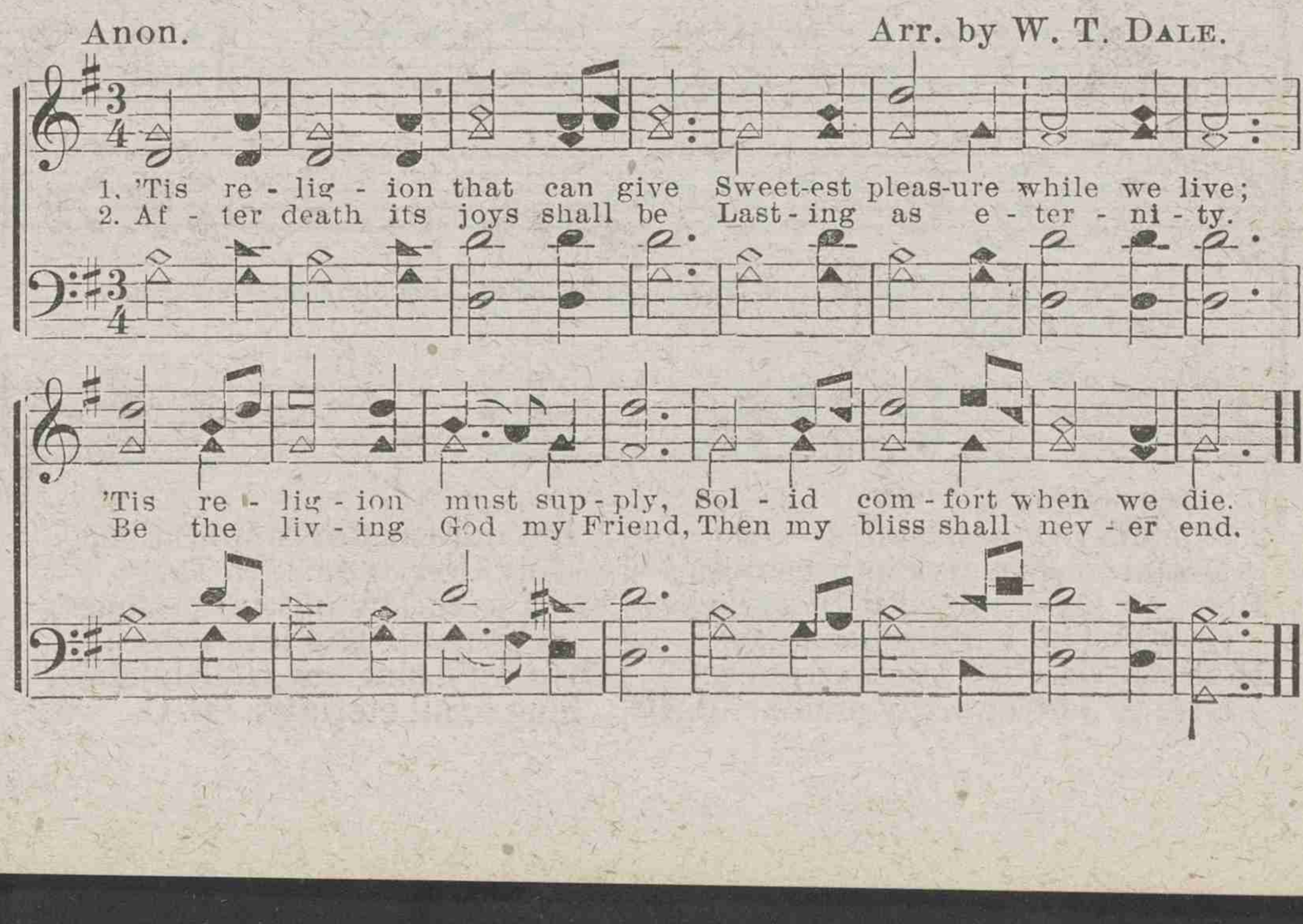
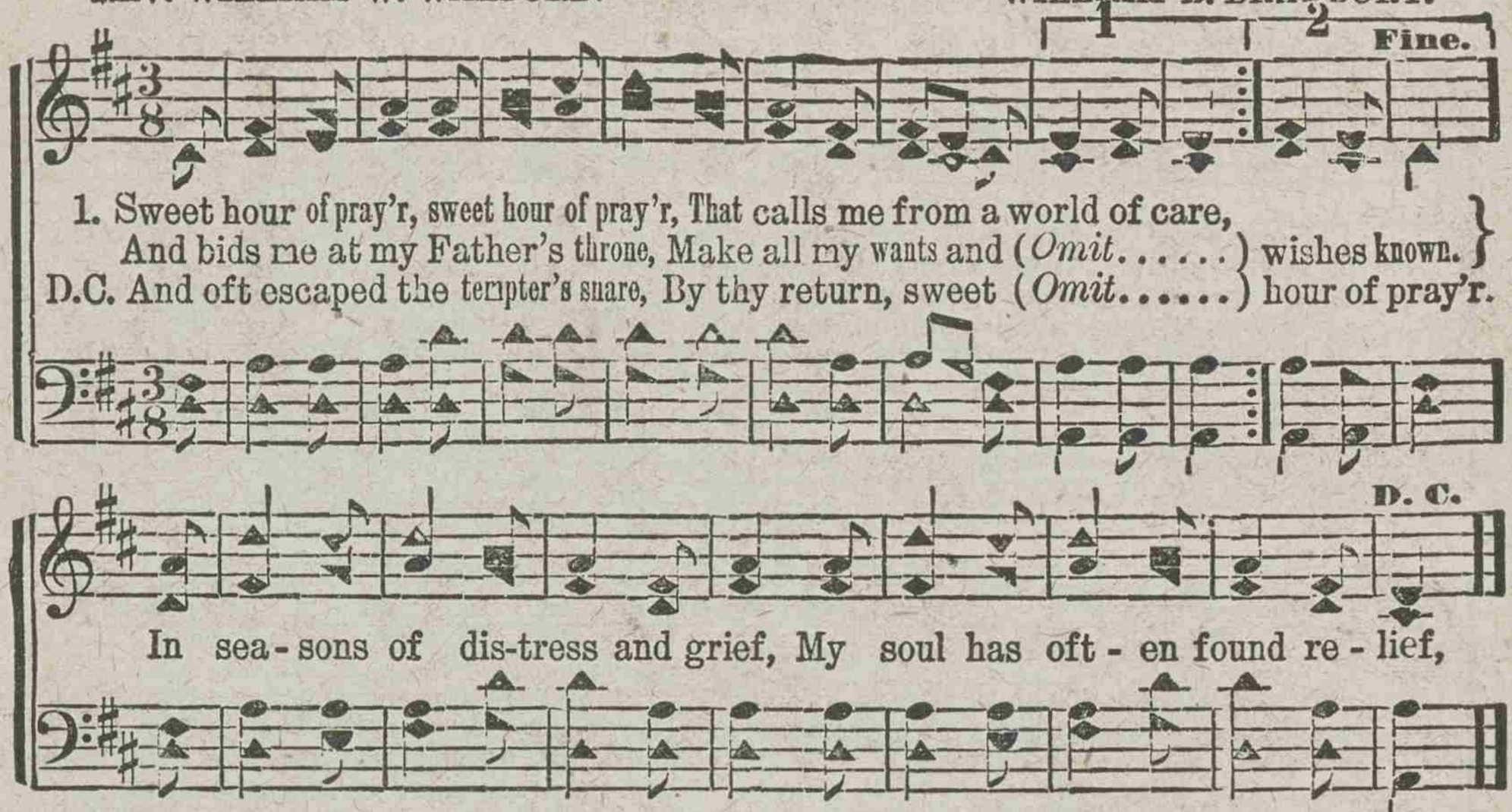
No. 176. True Pleasures.

Anon. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



No. 177. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

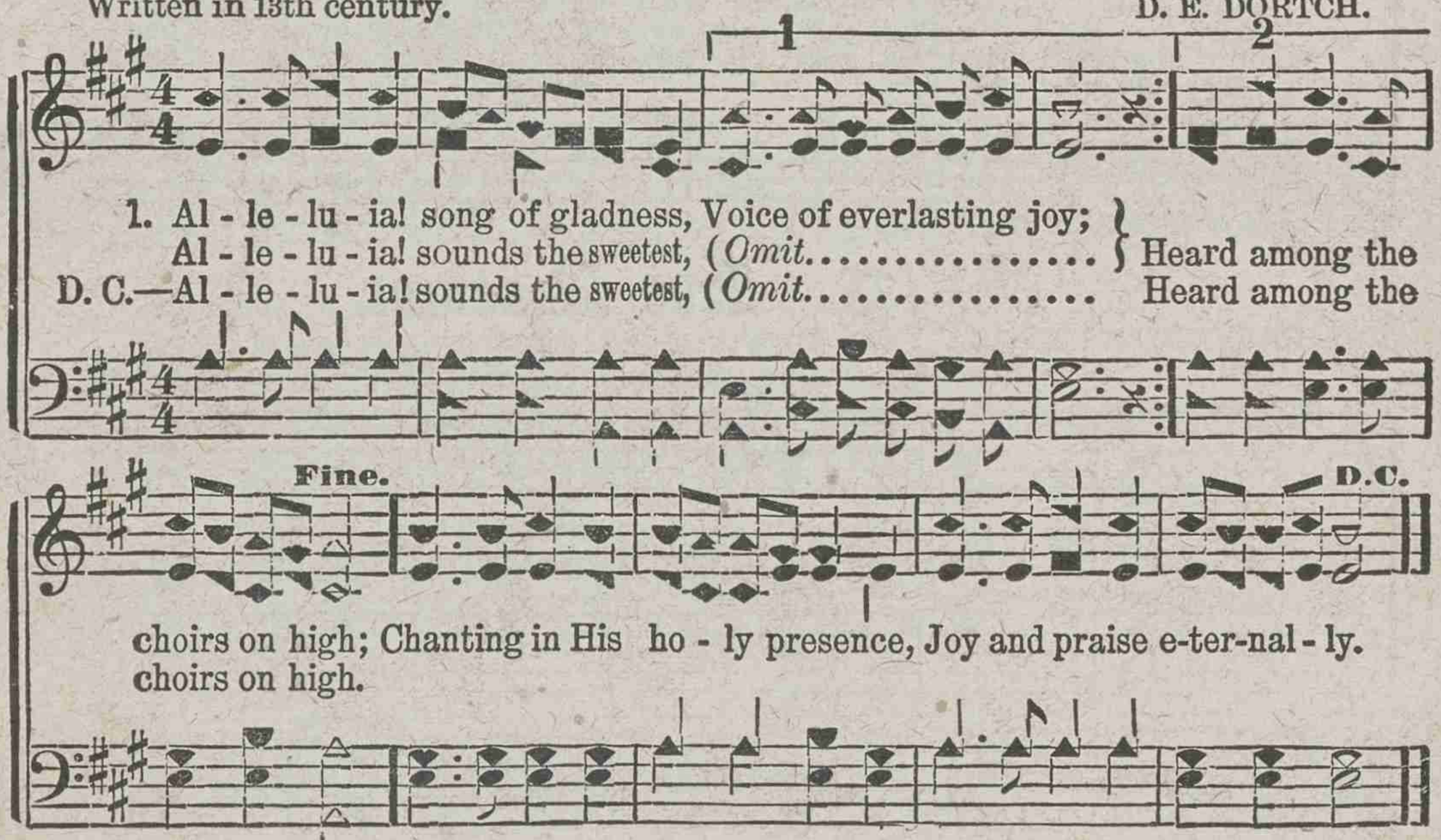


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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!

No. 178. Alleluia.

Written in 13th century. D. E. DORTCH.



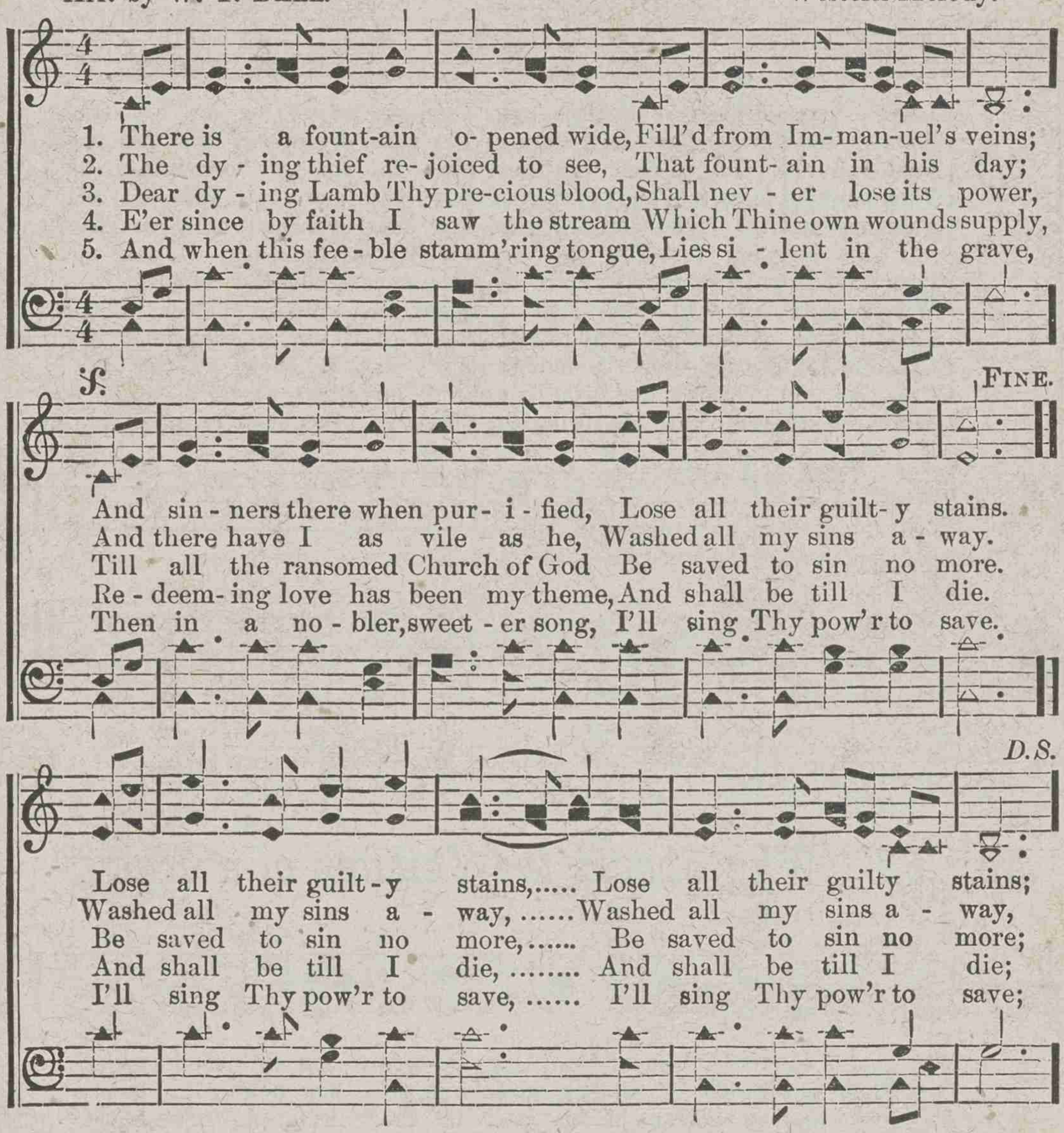
Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Alleluia! O how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise;
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise. D. C.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity. D. C.

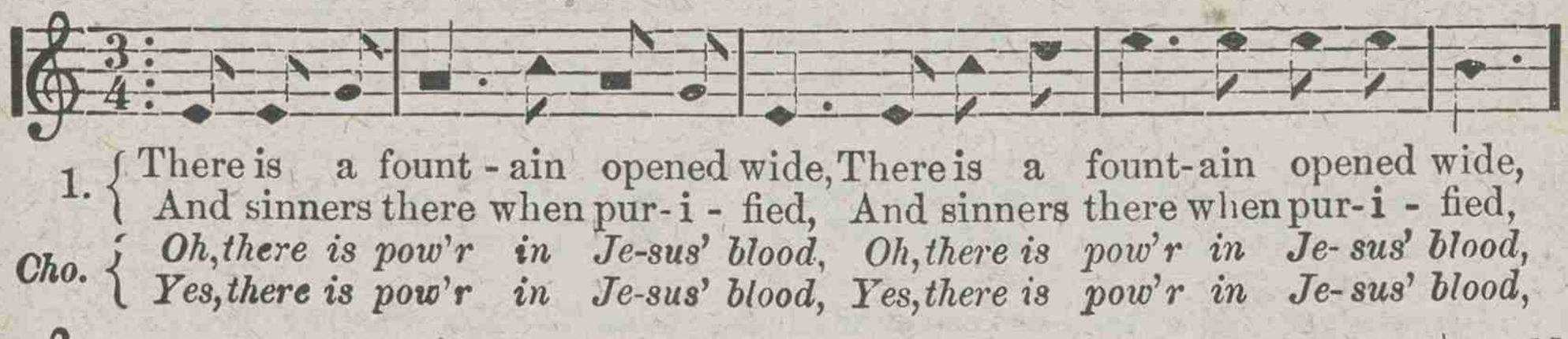
No. 179. The Fountain Filled With Blood.

WM. COWPER, 1779. ZECH. 13: 1.
Arr. by W. T. DALE. Western Melody.



No. 180. There is Power in Jesus' Blood.

(As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Frame, Evangelists.)



NOTE.—For balance of hymn see above number.

No. 181. Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZ. CONDER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free,
   Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
   Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
   I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
   Wit - ness-er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of power to me.
5. Love of God, so pure and change-less; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
   Grace of God, so strong and boundless; Mag - ni - fy them all in me.
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
   While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth - ers, O bless me.

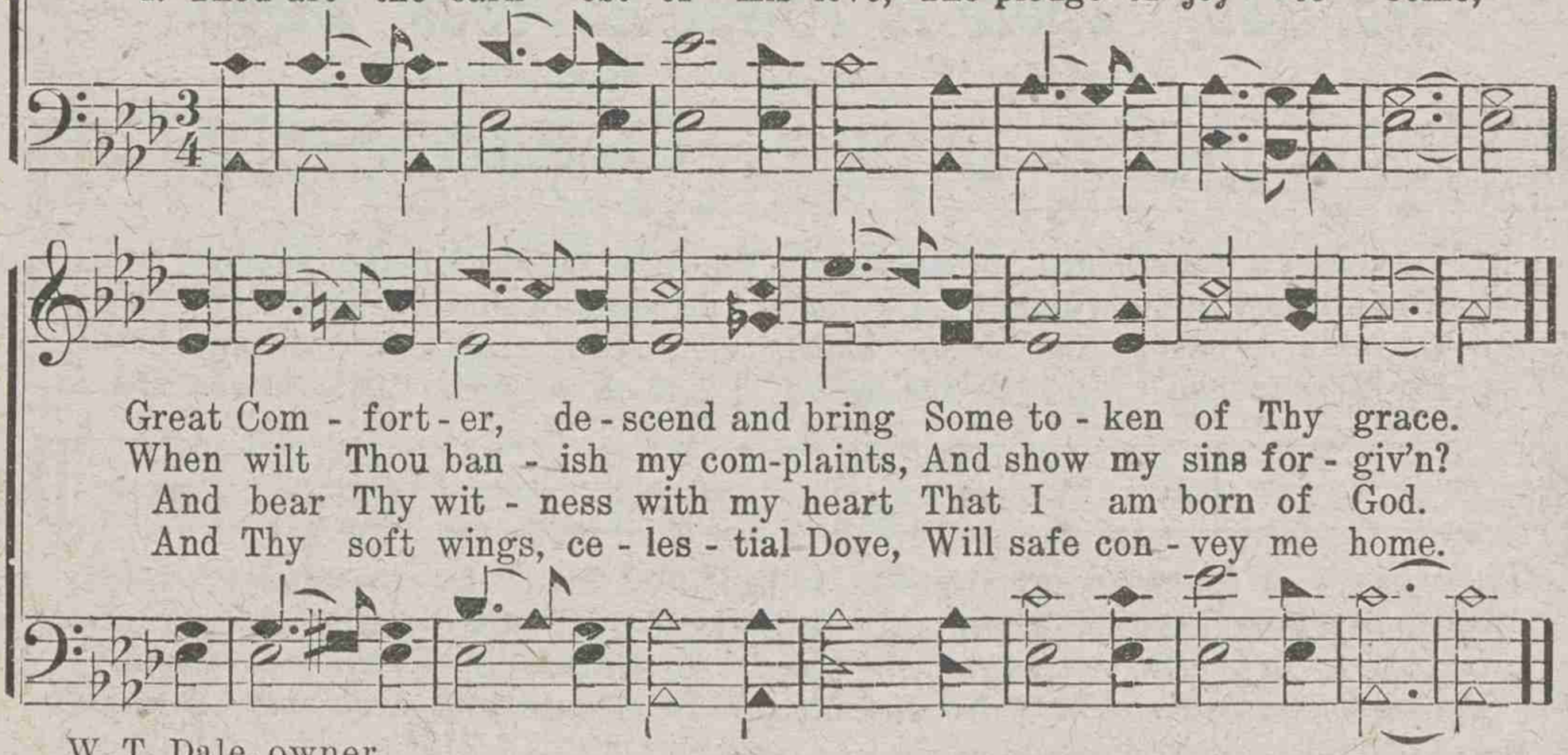
REFRAIN.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

No. 182. Why Should the Children of a King?

ISAAC WATTS, D. D. MATT. 9: 15. W. T. DALE.

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints And seal the heirs of heav'n?
3. As - sure my con - science of her part In the Re-deem - er's blood;
4. Thou art the earn - est of His love, The pledge of joy to come,



Great Com - fort - er, de - scend and bring Some to - ken of Thy grace.
When wilt Thou ban - ish my com-plaints, And show my sins for - giv'n?
And bear Thy wit - ness with my heart That I am born of God.
And Thy soft wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Will safe con - vey me home.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 183. Showers of Blessing.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

W. T. DALE. A. J. SHOWALTER.

3 There shall be showers of blessing,
Streams of His mercy we need;
Lord, do Thou grant a refreshing,
While for Thy mercy we plead.

4 There shall be showers of blessing,
Now on each heart may they fall;
While to our God we're confessing,
Lord, grant Thy blessing to all.

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

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

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No. 184. "Sing To Me, Dear Mother."

(A DYING CHILD.)

P. P. O. Rev. P. P. Orr.

1. { Mother dear, I'm sick and weary, And I soon shall fall asleep, }
   { And the night is cold and dreary, Sing to me and ..... } do not weep.
2. { Sing to me while stars are shining, And the day-light fades away, }
   { Tho' I hear the angels calling, Yet with thee I..... } long to stay.
3. { Tho' I sleep, may I remember, This sweet song you sing to me; }
   { When I wake in yonder heaven, May I sing its..... } mel-o- dy.
4. { Mother dear, now I must leave you, Kiss your little one once more }
   { For the angels come to bear me, To that blissful..... } heavn'ly shore.

D.C. Where we'll meet and sing with angels, In that bright and.....glorious day.

Chorus.

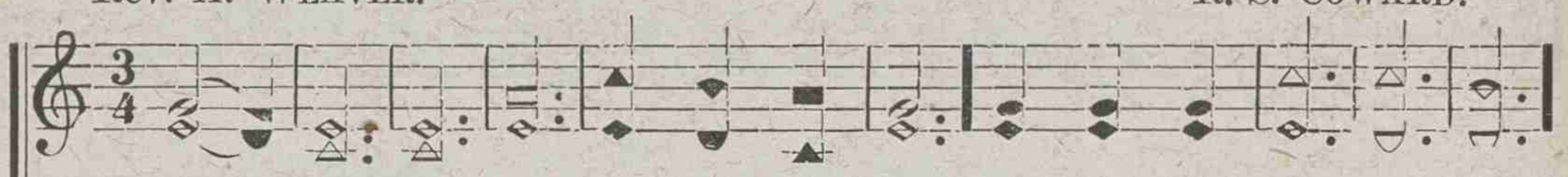
Sing, oh, sing, to me, dear Mother, Of that home so far a- way;

W. T. Dale, owner.

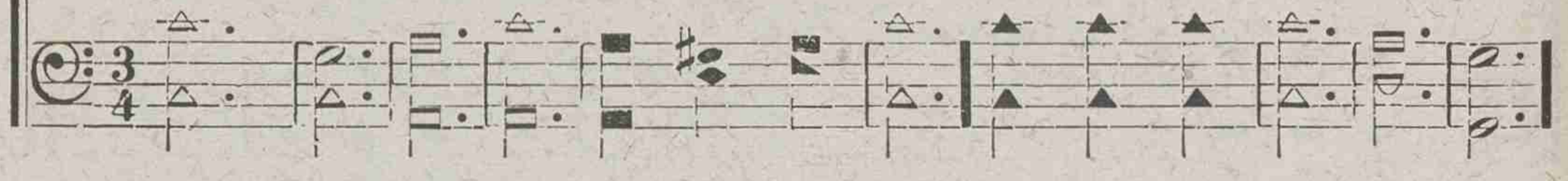
No. 185. Farewell! Farewell!

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

Rev. A. Weaver. R. S. Coward.



1. Fare - well, fare- well, a sad fare- well, No more thy face we'll see;
2. Our sighs must speak the last fare- well, Be- reav - ed tho' we be,
3. O sweet shall be thy slum-bers here, And calm thy peace- ful breast;
4. Fare - well, fare- well, a sad fare- well, We'll breathe it o'er and o'er,



No balm can heal, no tongue can tell The sor - row felt for thee.
We would not break the ho - ly spell That sweet- ly rests on thee.
Be - yond the reach of earth - ly care, Thy soul has found its rest.
Till 'round His throne, at Je - sus' feet, We'll meet to part no more.

No. 186. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY. Music and Refrain by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u lous breath, As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre - pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

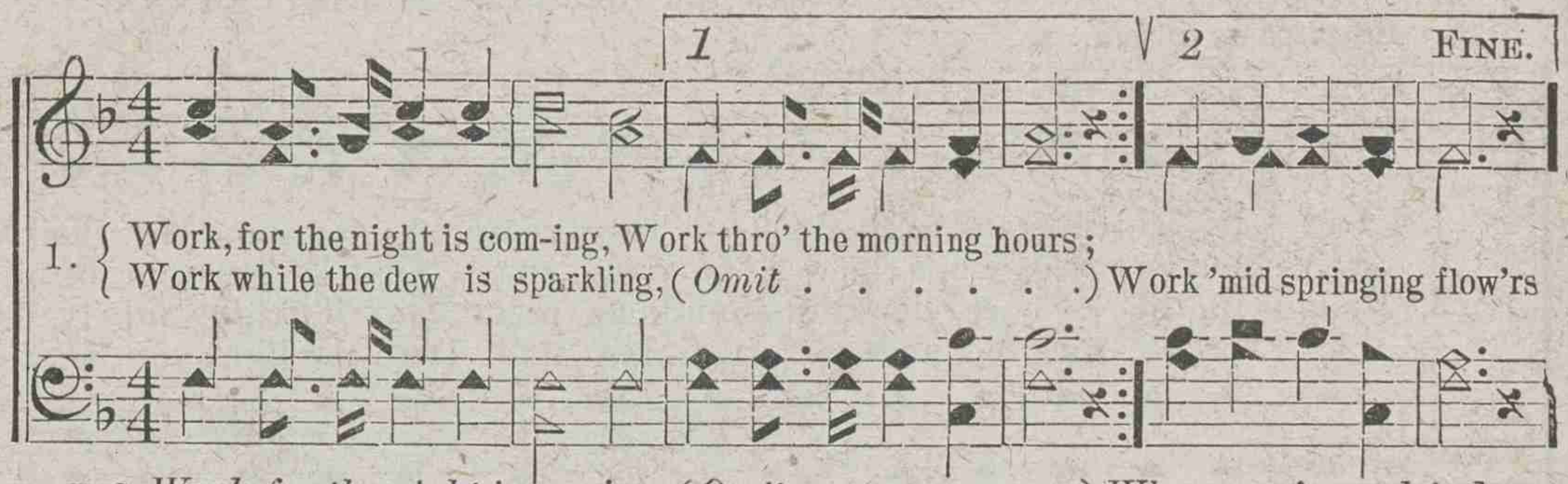
REFRAIN.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream And glo - ry be-yond the dark stream, How peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on-ly a dream.

Owned by H. A. R. Horton and R. M. McIntosh. Used by per,

No. 187. Work, for the Night Is Coming.

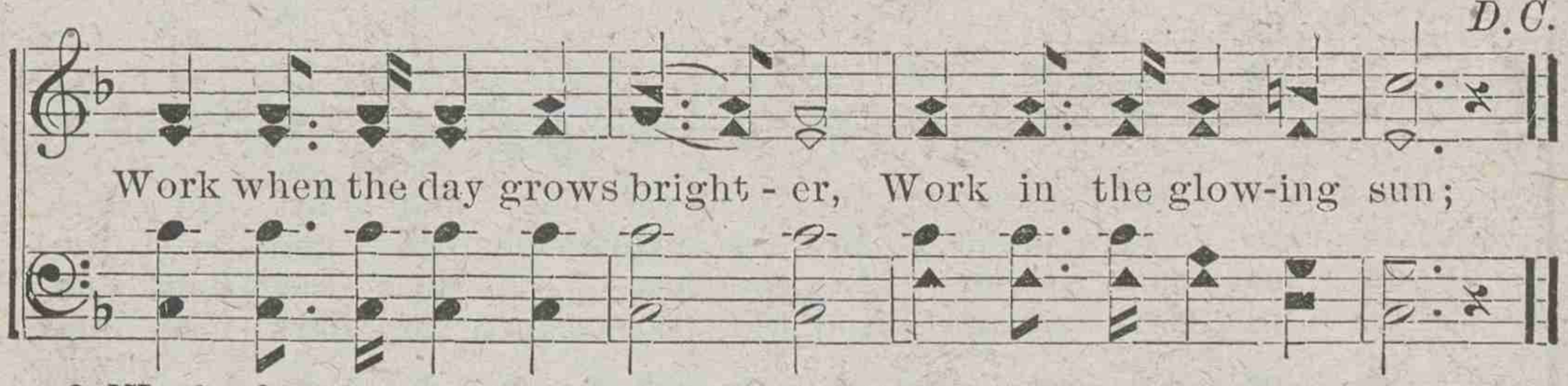
ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit . . . . . .*) Work 'mid springing flow'rs

D.S. *Work, for the night is coming, (Omit . . . . .) When man's work is done.*

D.C.



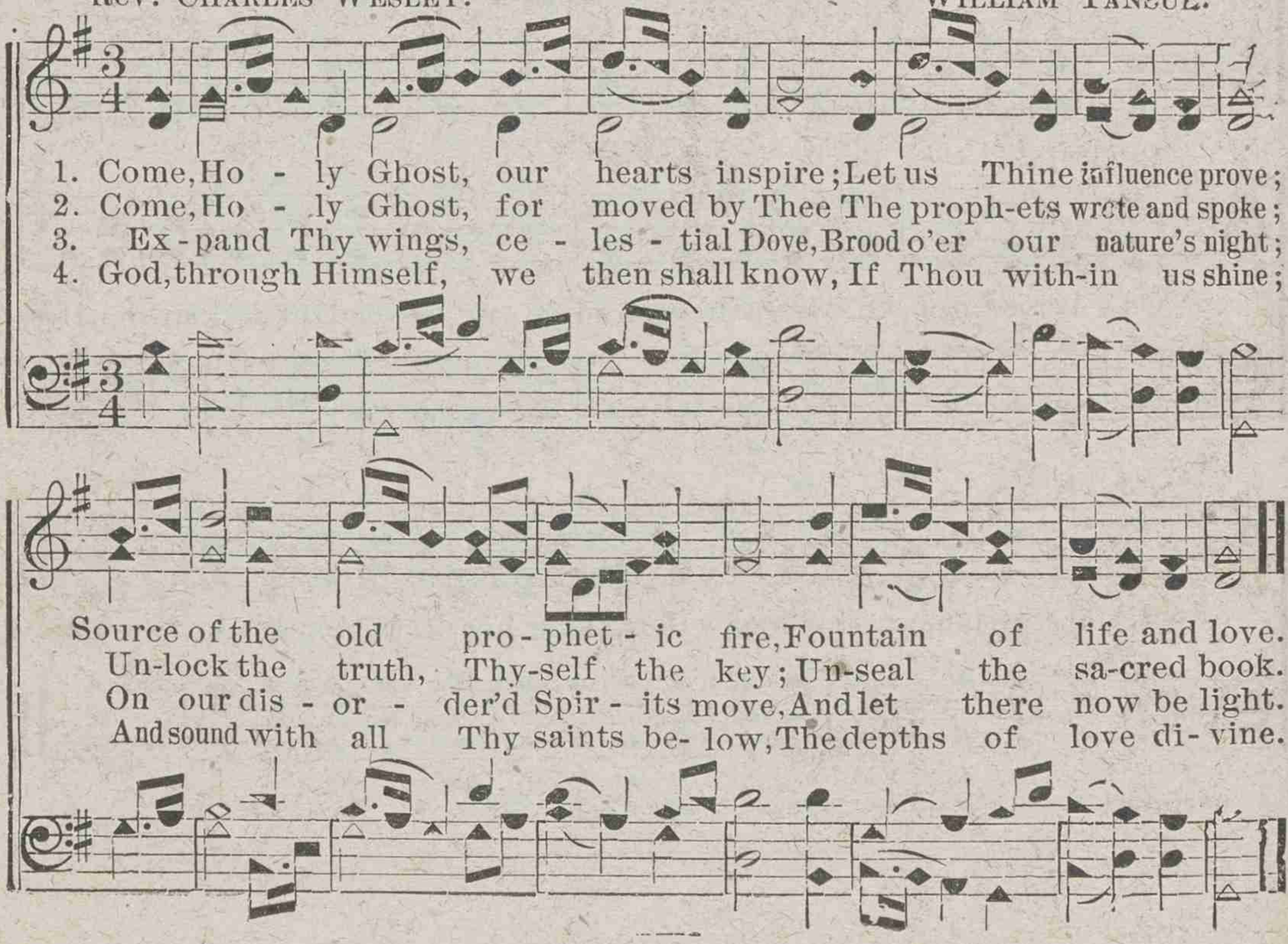
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 188. St. Martins. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. WILLIAM TANSUR.



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts inspire; Let us Thine influence prove;
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The proph-ets wrote and spoke;
3. Ex-pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night;
4. God, through Himself, we then shall know, If Thou with-in us shine;

Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fountain of life and love.
Un-lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un-seal the sa-cred book.
On our dis - or - der'd Spir - its move, And let there now be light.
And sound with all Thy saints be- low, The depths of love di- vine.

No. 189. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
Oh, come now to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
{ He will save you, he will save you, He will save (*Omit.....*) you now.

No. 190. Glory to His Name.

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

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

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his name.
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name.
Saviour's feet; Oh, come to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his name.

FINE.

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

No. 191. Standing by the Cross.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY. (CHORUS by A. J. S.) A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

CHORUS.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;
Look-ing up to Christ, trusting in his love, Hoping in his mer-cy full and free.

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No. 192. God Calling Yet. L. M.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

No. 193. Saviour, Like a Shepherd. 8s. 7s.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care;
   In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare:
2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
   Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray:

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are;
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

No. 194. Footsteps of Jesus.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee calling, Come, follow me! And we see where thy
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking his sheep; Or a-long by Si-
3. If they lead thro' the temple ho-ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the
4. By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turning our feet, We shall walk, with the
5. Then at last when on high he sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will fol-low the

FINE. CHORUS. *D S.*

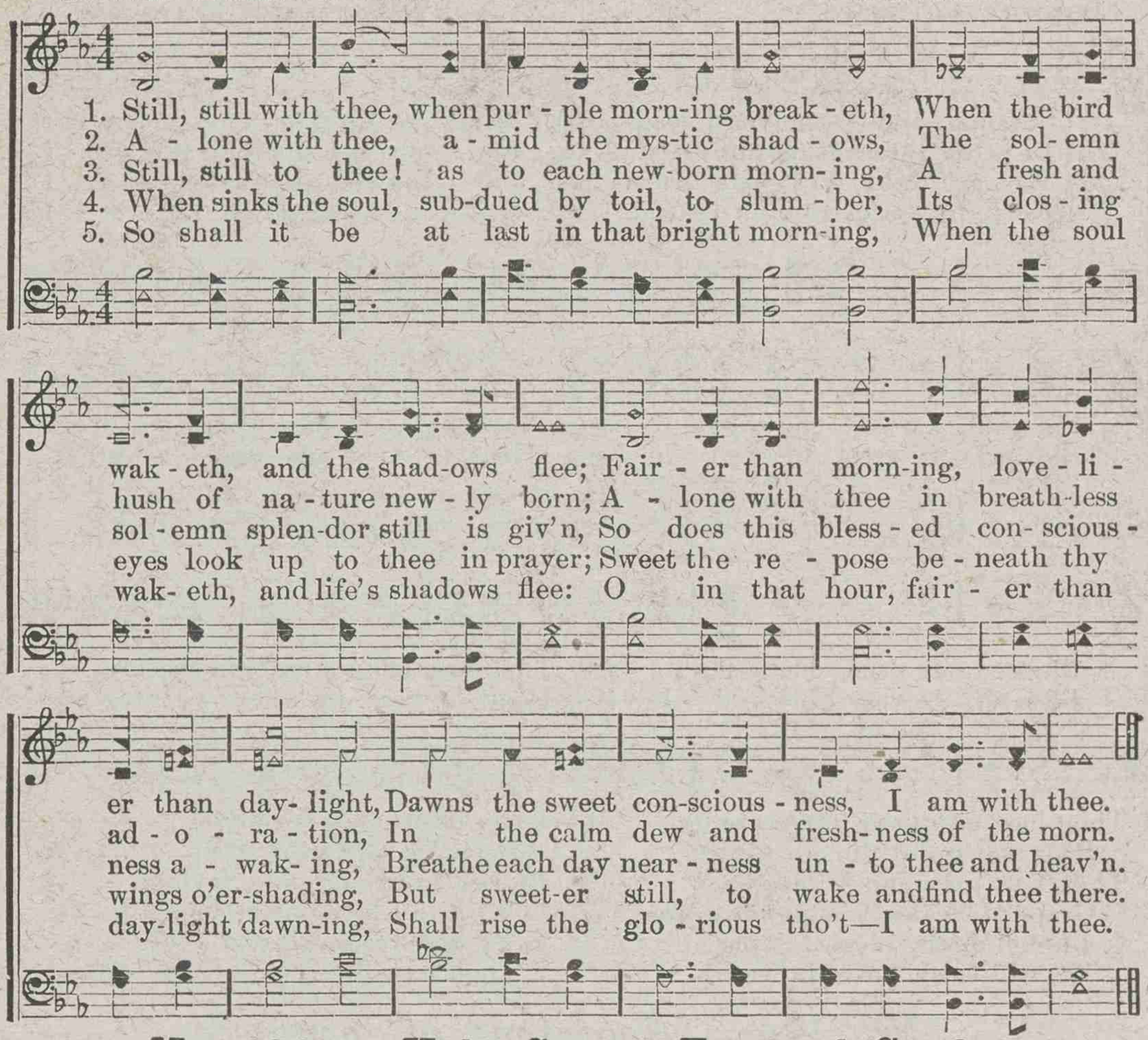
footprints falling, Lead us to thee.
loam's fountains, Helping the weak.
poor and lowly, Serving the Lord.
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden streets.
steps of Jesus End at his throne.

Footprints of Je-sus, that make the pathway glow;

steps of Jesus, Where'er they go.

No. 195. Still, Still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN. Arr.



No. 196. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

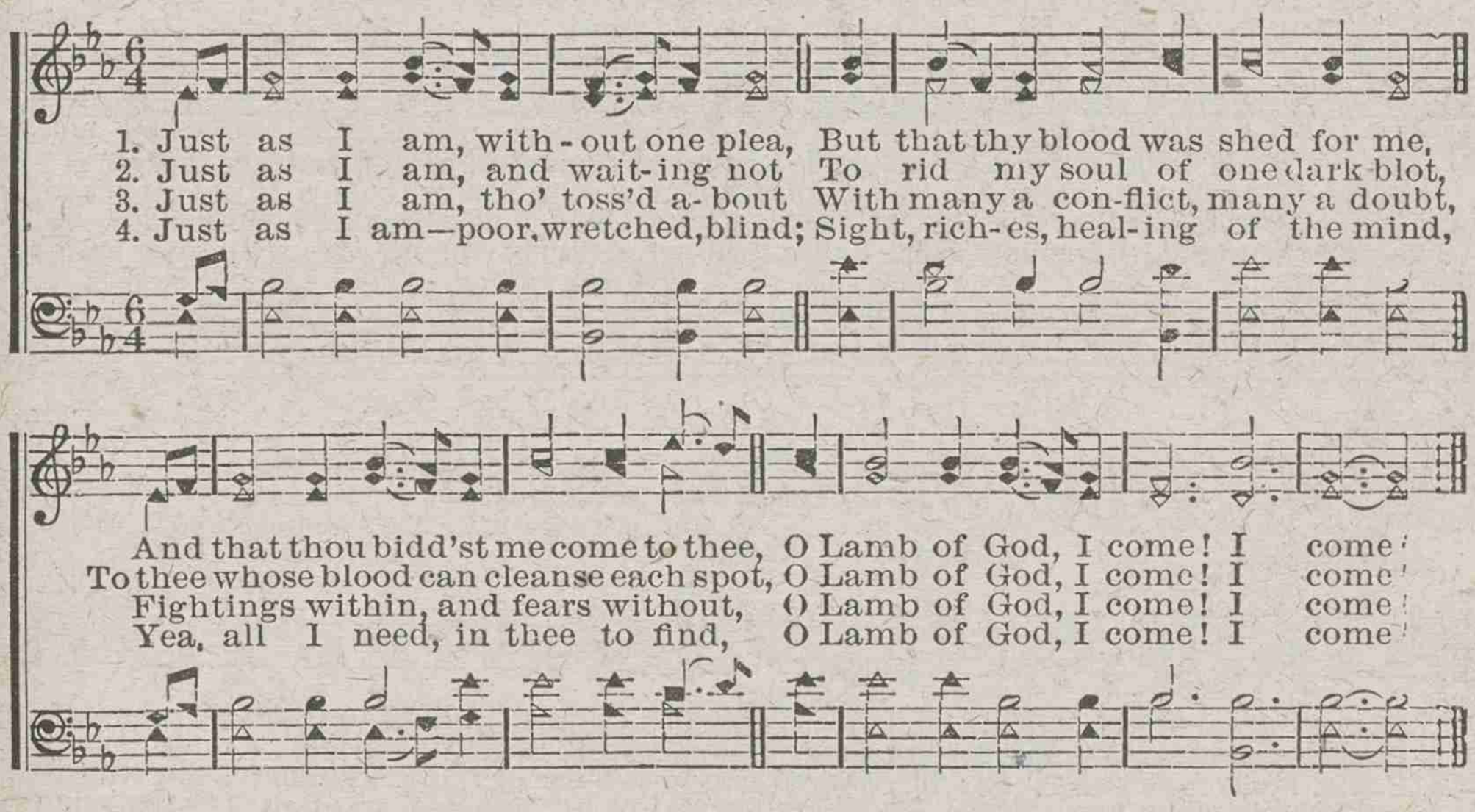
FINE.

No. 197. Eventide. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

No. 198. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 199. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

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

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

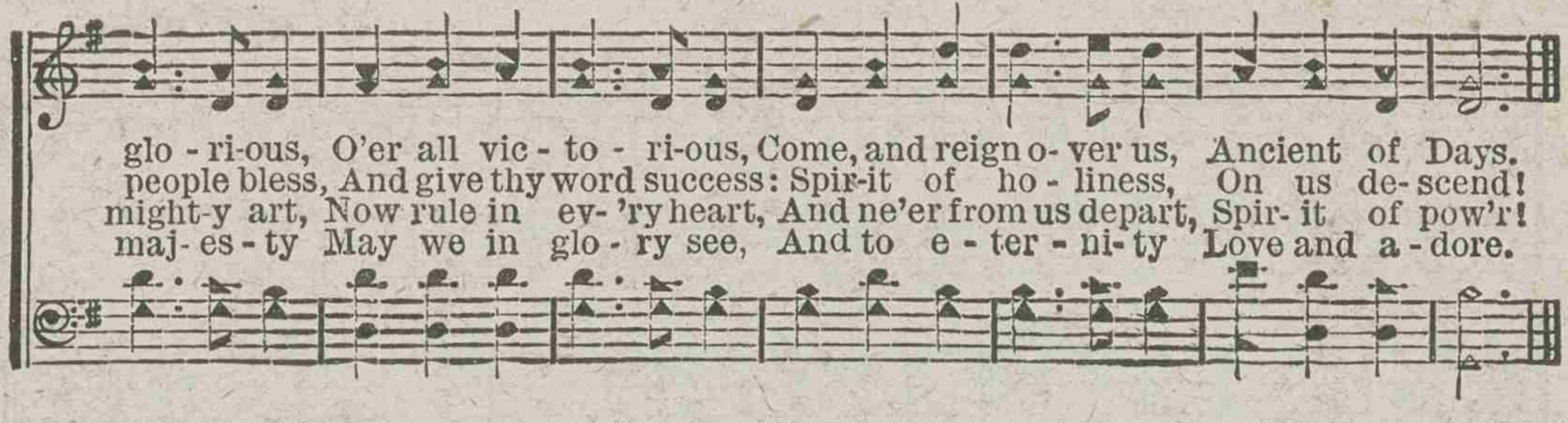
No. 200. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

No. 201. Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

Come, Thou Almighty King. Concluded.



No. 202. Happy Day.

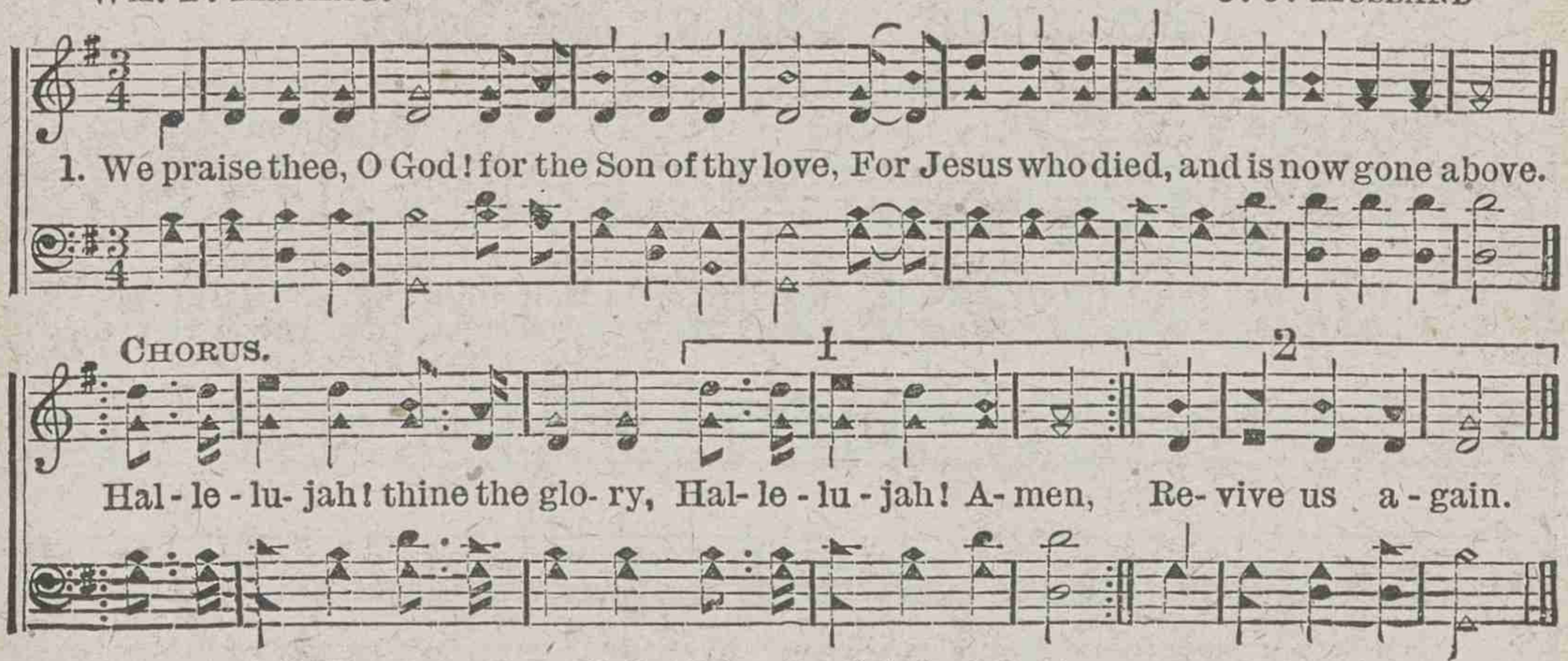
P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

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

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

No. 203. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

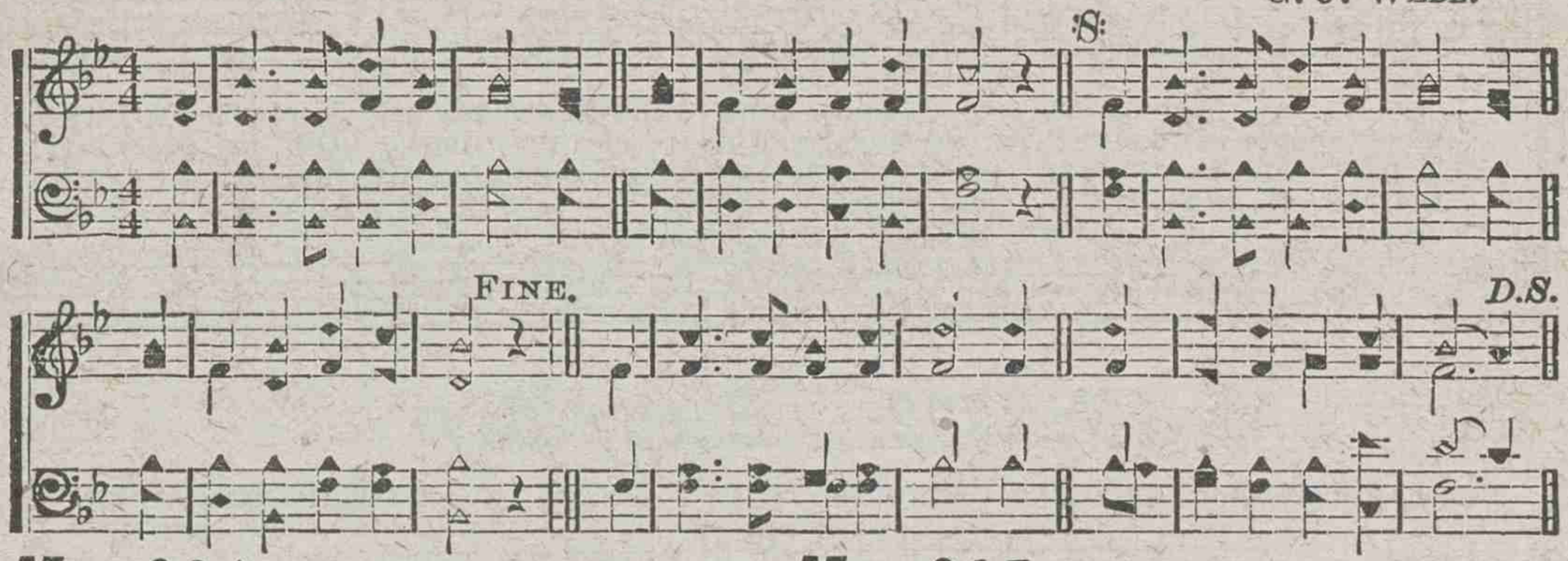
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

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

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

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



No. 204. Stand Up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 205. The Morning Light.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

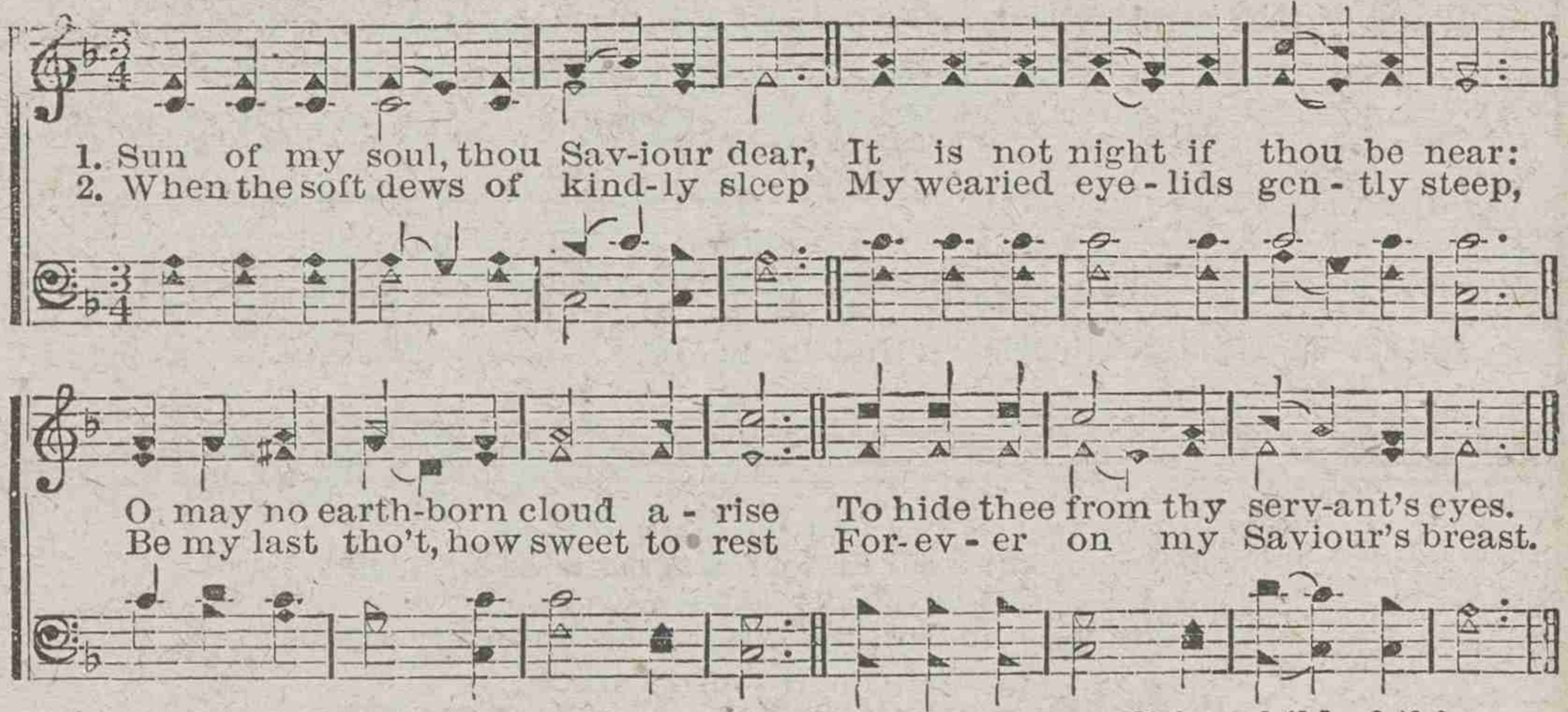
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 206. Sun of My Soul.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 207. Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

No. 208.

O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

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

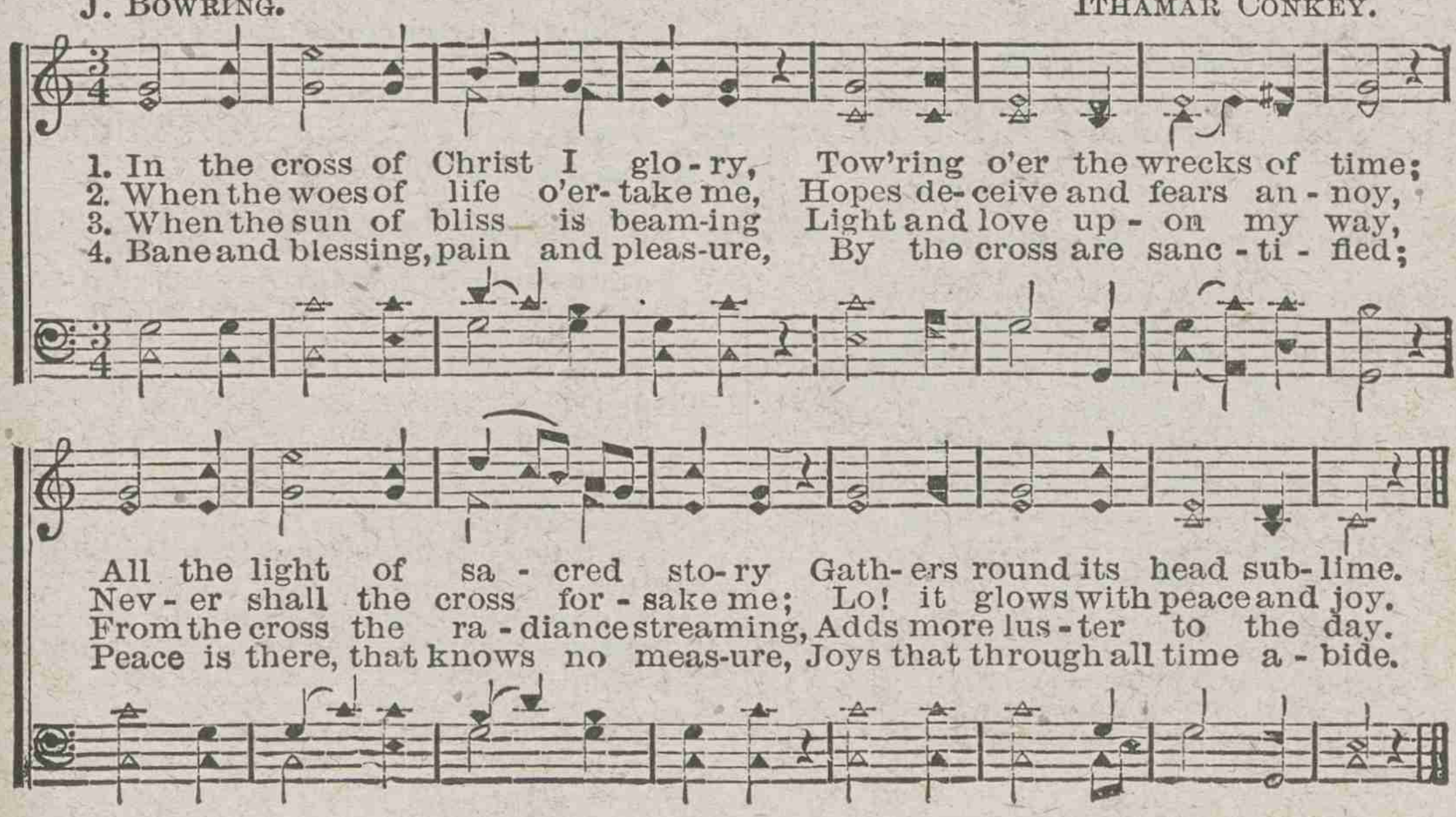
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 209. Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

No. 210. Come, Thou Fount.

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

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

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

R. ROBINSON.

No. 211. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

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

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

Greenville. 8s. 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.

No. 212. Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

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 glimm'ring beam.

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

JOSEPH HART.

No. 213. The Pilgrim's Guide.

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

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

No. 214. Arlington. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.

No. 215. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 216. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

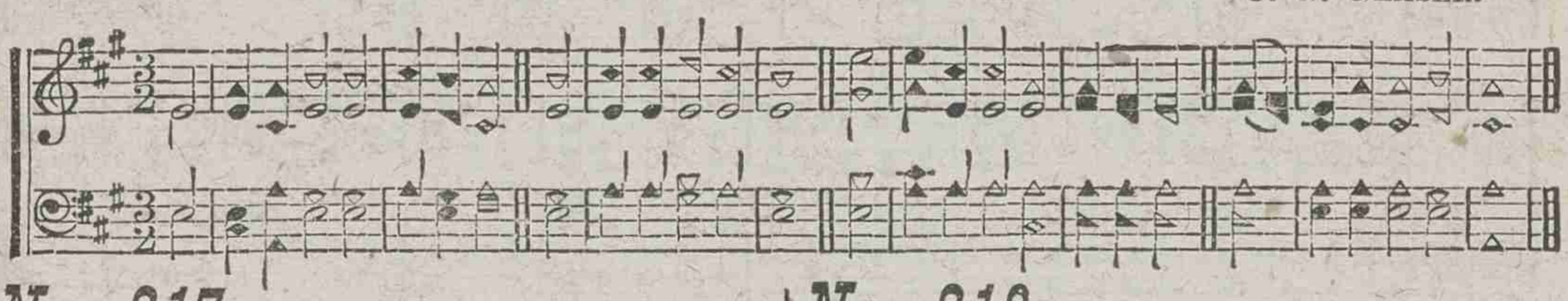
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

Azmon. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 217. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 218. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

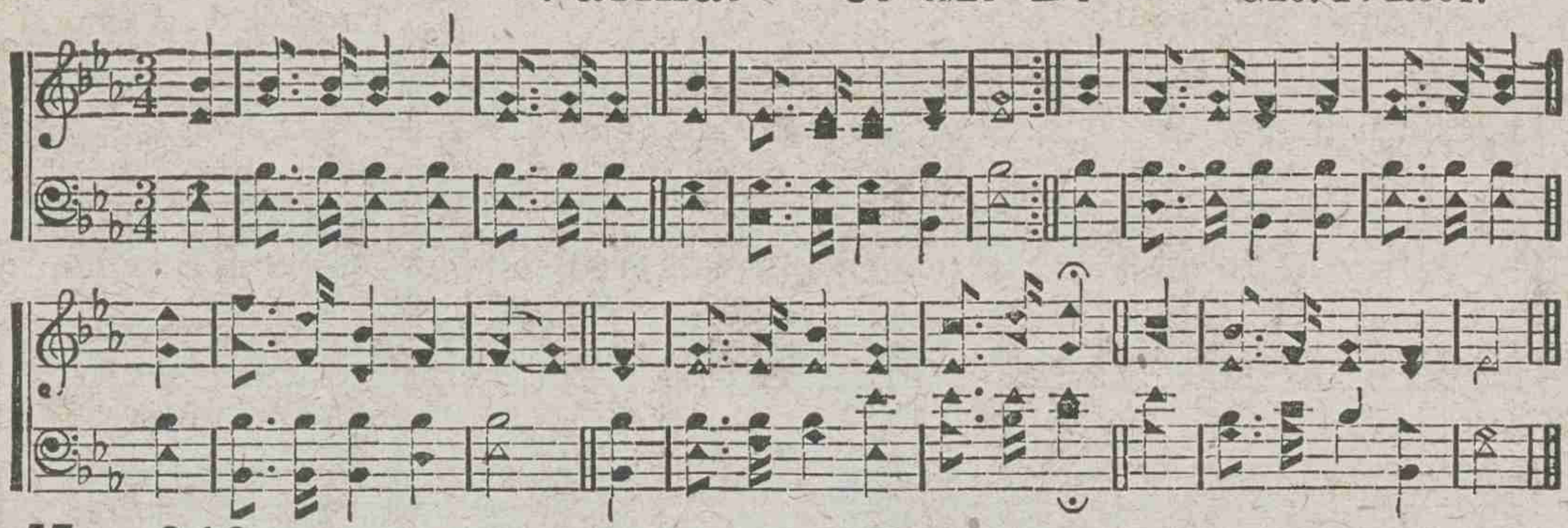
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

Varina. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



No. 219. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

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 flesh, 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."

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 220. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

Antioch. C. M.

HANDEL.

No. 221. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 222. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

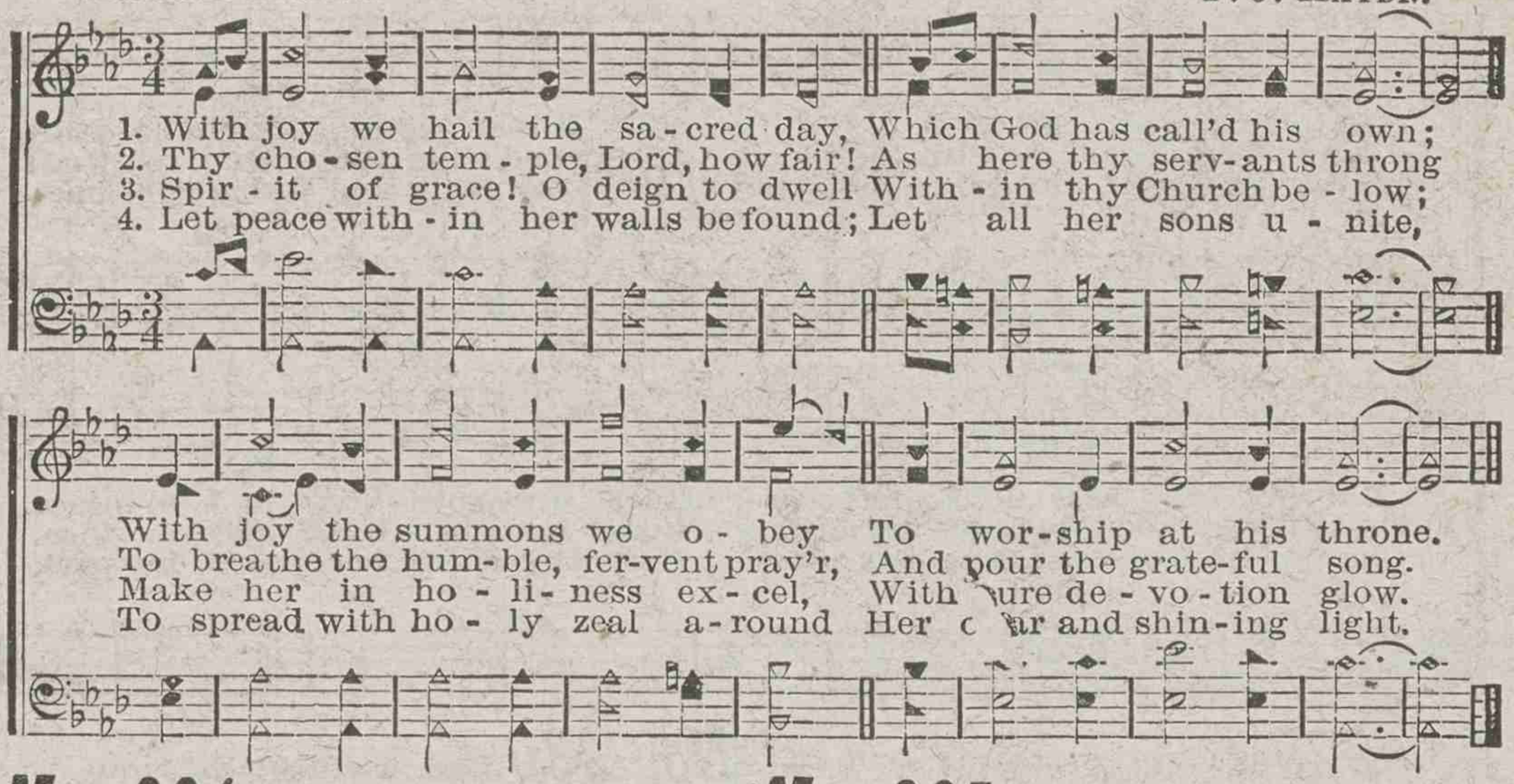
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

No. 223. Manoah. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



No. 224. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

No. 225. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

St. Agnes. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

No. 226. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

No. 227. Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

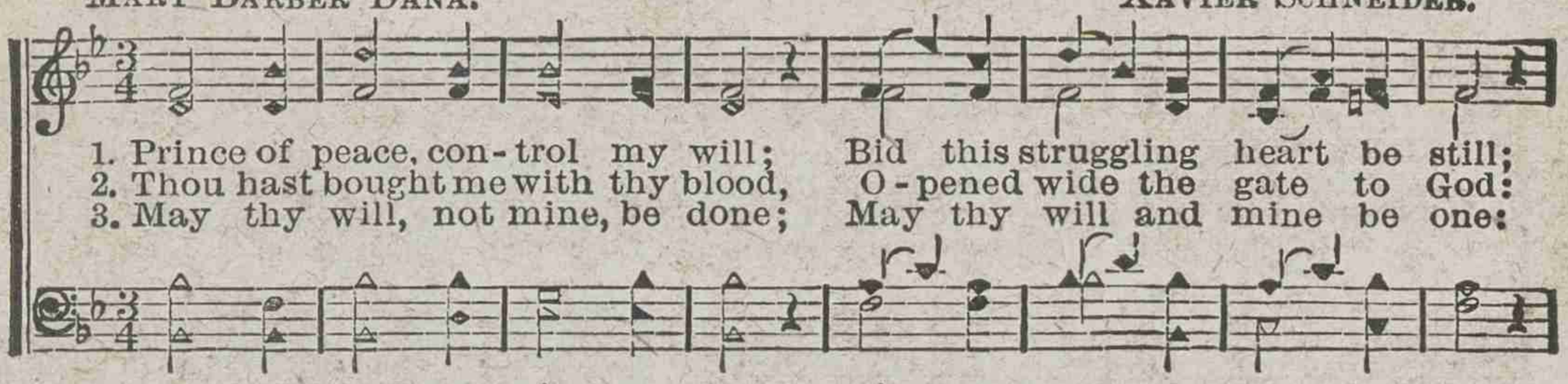
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL.

No. 228. Horton. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



No. 229. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

No. 230. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

No. 231. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 232. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

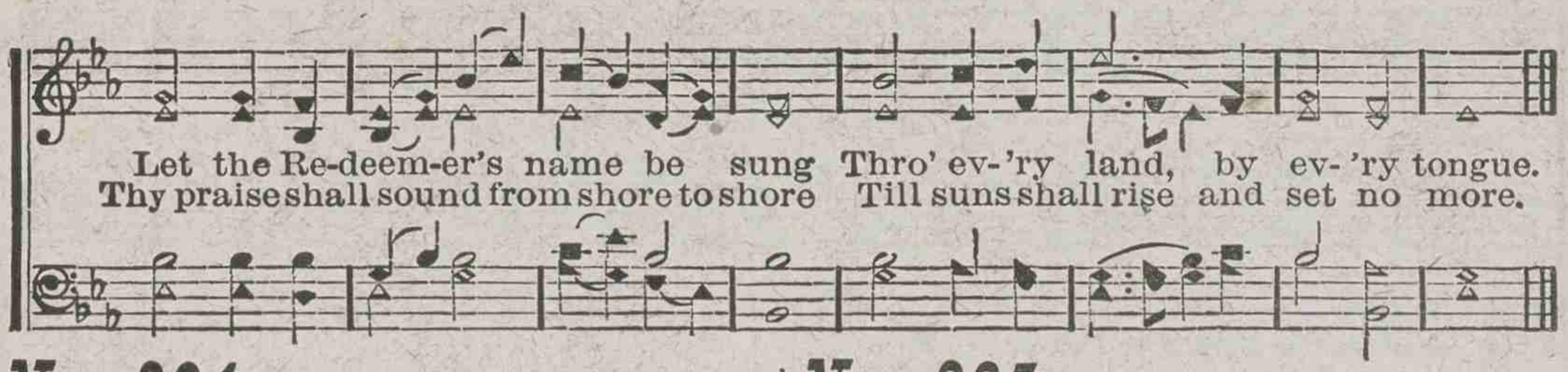
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, 2d.

No. 233. Duke Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



No. 234. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 235. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

No. 236. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

No. 237. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

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

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

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

Zerah. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

No. 238. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

No. 239. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 240. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 241. I'm Going Home.

Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.

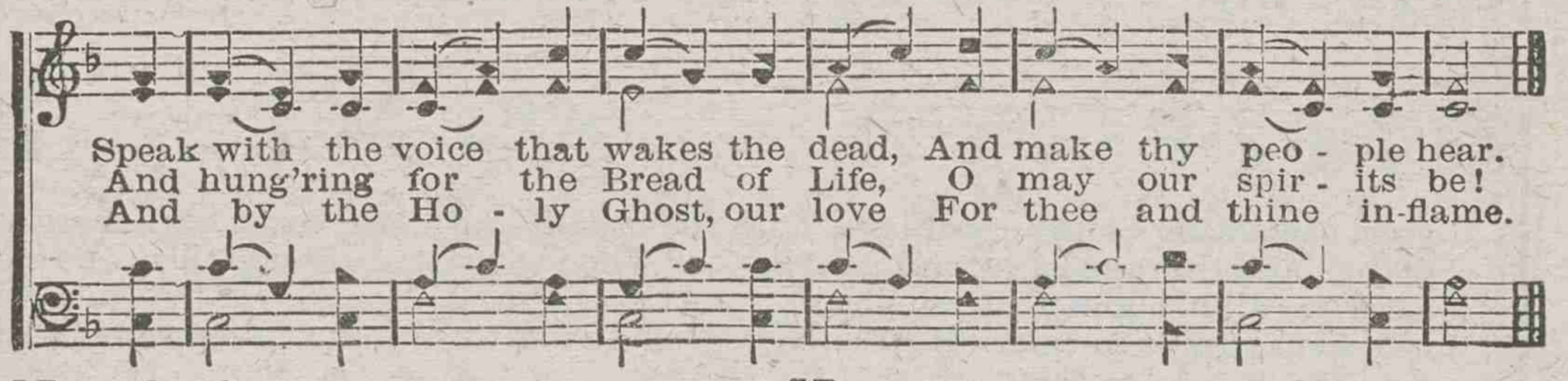
2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow.
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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

No. 242. Dennis. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



No. 243. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

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

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

3 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.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 244. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 245. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 246. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

No. 247. What a Gathering That Will Be.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judg-ment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands proclaim, In tri-

greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again together, on the
Lord in all his glo- ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

crystal sea;

wait- ing us to come, What a gath -'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bright ce - les- tial shore, What a gath -'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bless- ed to my right," What a gath -'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Mos - es and the Lamb, What a gath -'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
What a gath-'ring of the loved ones when we meet with one an - oth - er,

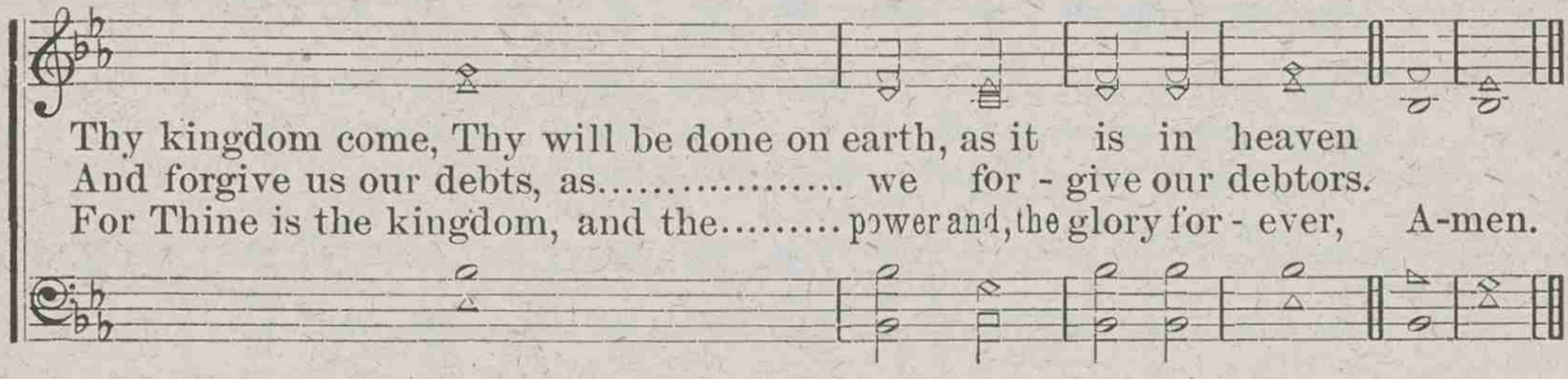
sounding of the glorious ju - bi- lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - 'ring. What a gath'ring of the faith- ful that will be!
dear ones meet each oth - er,

From "Song Treasury." Used by permission.

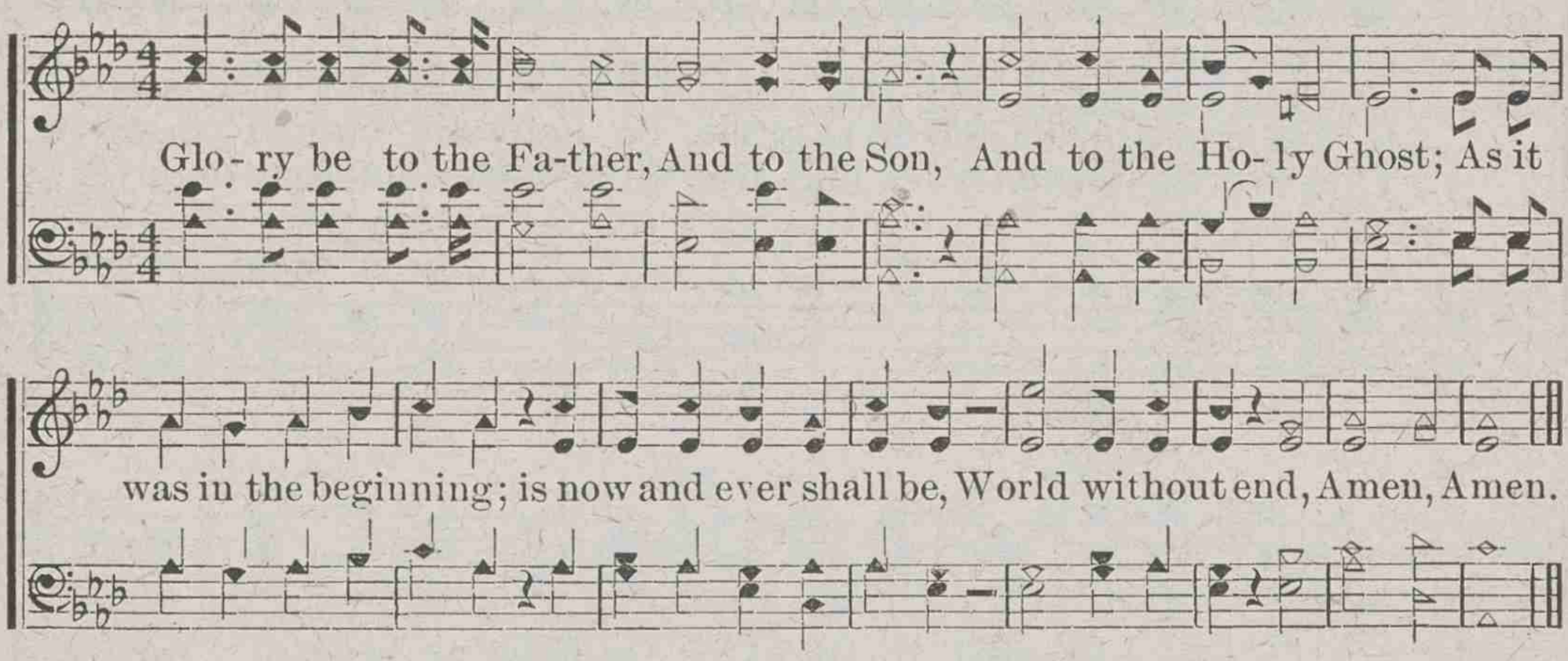
No. 248. The Lord's Prayer.

(FOR OPENING SERVICE.) TALLIS.



No. 249. Gloria Patri. (Glory be to the Father.)

(FOR OPENING SERVICE.) W. T. DALE.



No. 250. Old Hundred.

THOMAS KEN. (FOR DISMISSION.) G. FRANC.

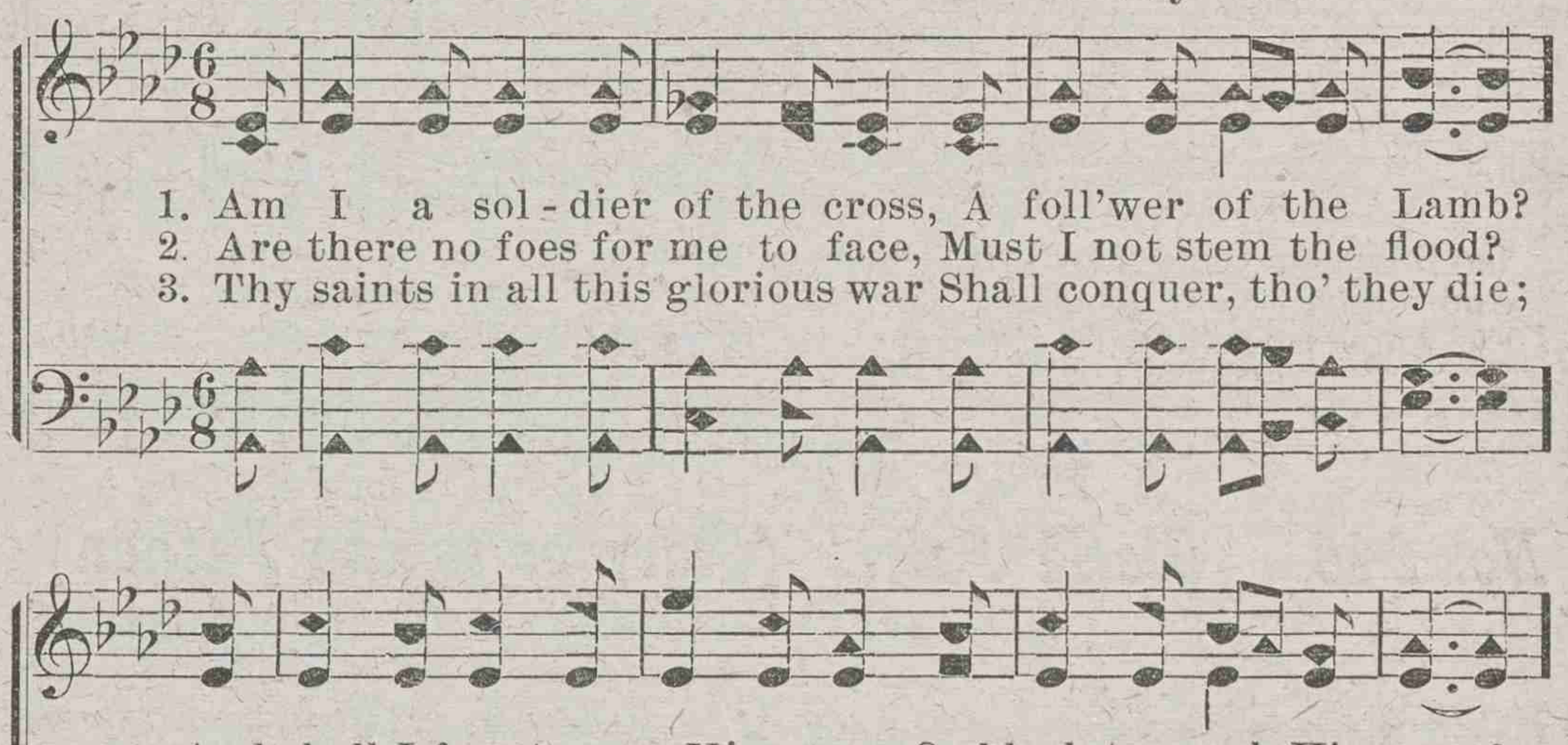
Songs of Our Fathers.

No. 251. A Soldier of the Cross.

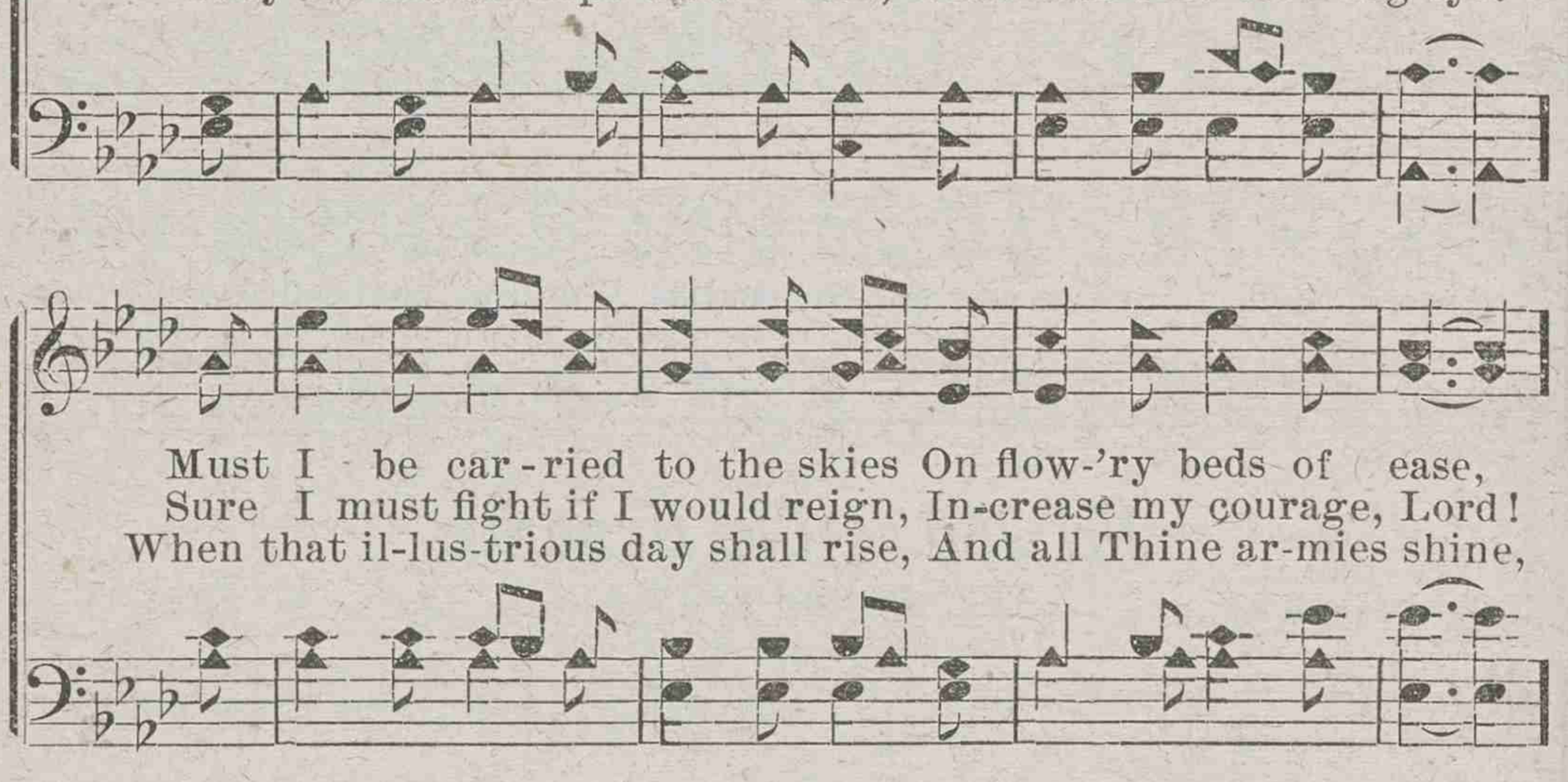
"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

Rev. I. Watts, D. D. Arr. by W. T. Dale.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, tho' they die;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the triumph from a-far, With faith's dis-cern-ing eye.

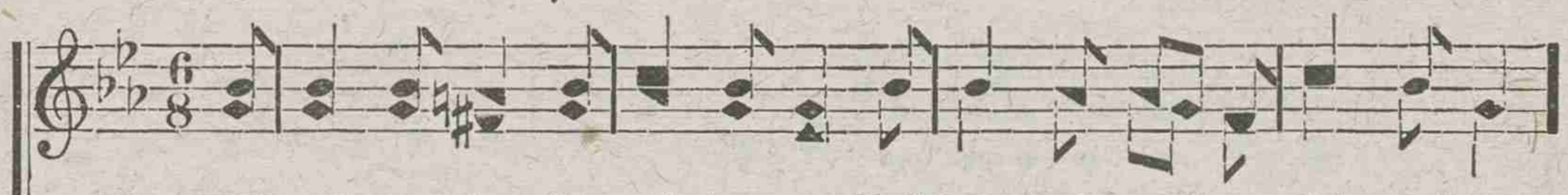


Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord!
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar-mies shine,

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine!

No. 252. The Old-Time Power.

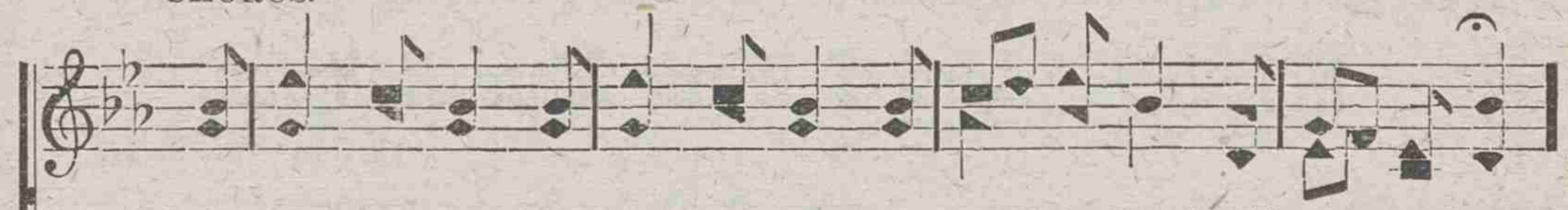
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.



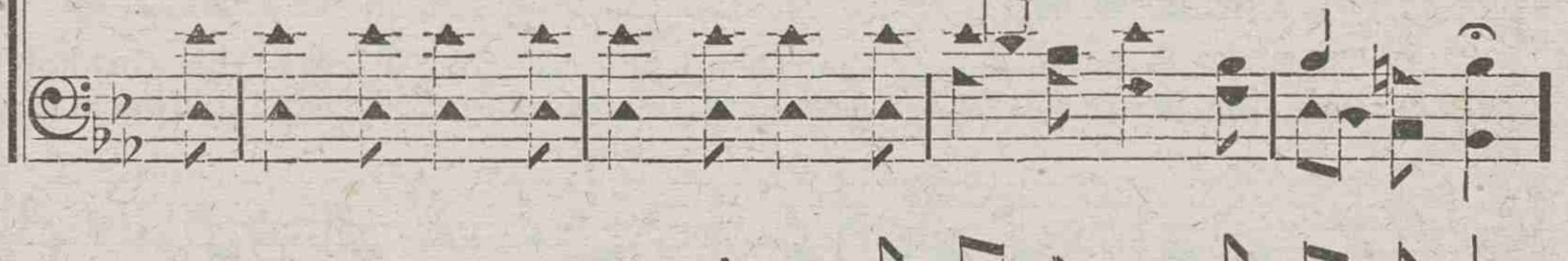
1. O Lord, re- vive the old-time pow'r, Thy people need a might-y show'r;
2. The pow'r that in the soul was felt; The pow'r that made the heart to melt;
3. The pow'r that did the pris-on shake; The pow'r that made the sinner quake;
4. Lord, for that pow'r we look to Thee, The pow'r that made the blind to see;
5. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee we pray, O fill us with that pow'r to-day;

The pow'r our fathers used to know, Lord, send the pow'r of long a - go.
The pow'r that caused the tear to flow; Lord, send that pow'r of long a - go.
That answered to E - li - jah's call; Lord, let that pow'r up- on us fall.
The pow'r that made the lame to leap, The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak.
Then we for Thee will rise and shine, And all the glo - ry shall be Thine.

CHORUS.



The old-time pow'r, the old-time pow'r, O send it, Lord, this ver - y hour;



Let not the old - time pow'r be lost, Lord, send the fire of Pen - te- cost.

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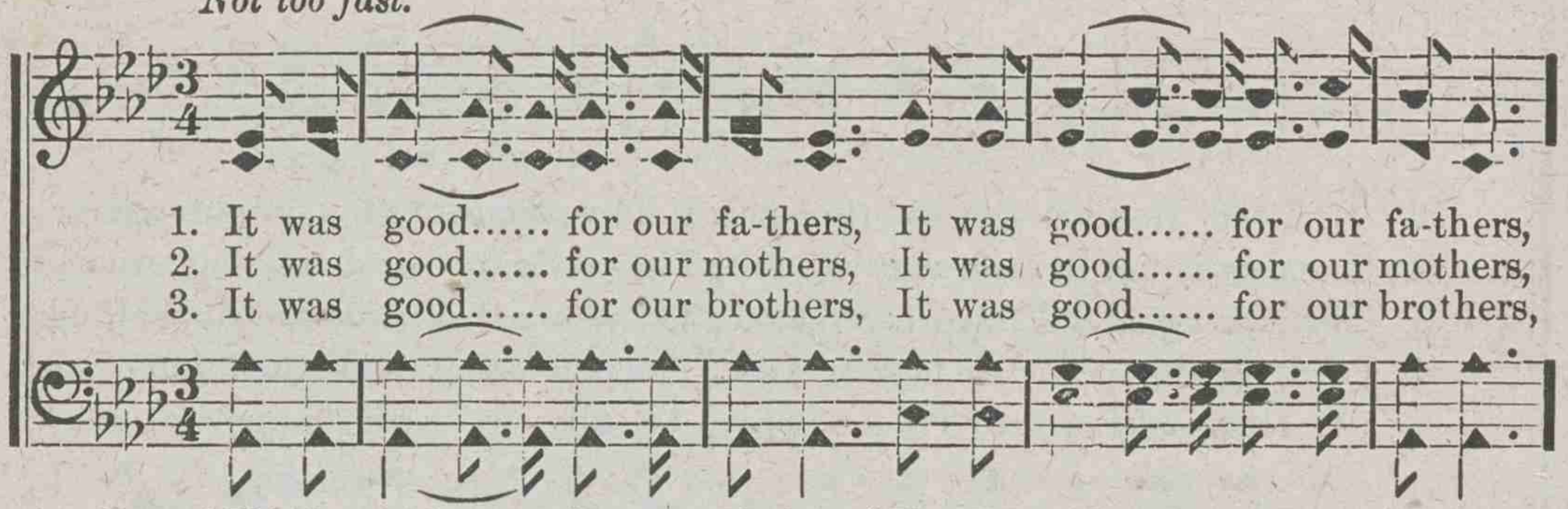
No. 253. Old Time Religion.

Revival Song.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

Not too fast.



4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
5 It was good enough for Daniel, etc.
6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
7 It was good for the Hebrew children, etc.
8 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
9 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.
10 It was good enough for martyrs, etc.
11 It will do while I am living, etc.
12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
13 It will land us over Jordan, etc.
14 It will take us all to heaven, etc.
15 It will give us joy forever, etc.

No. 254. Lord, I Want More Religion.

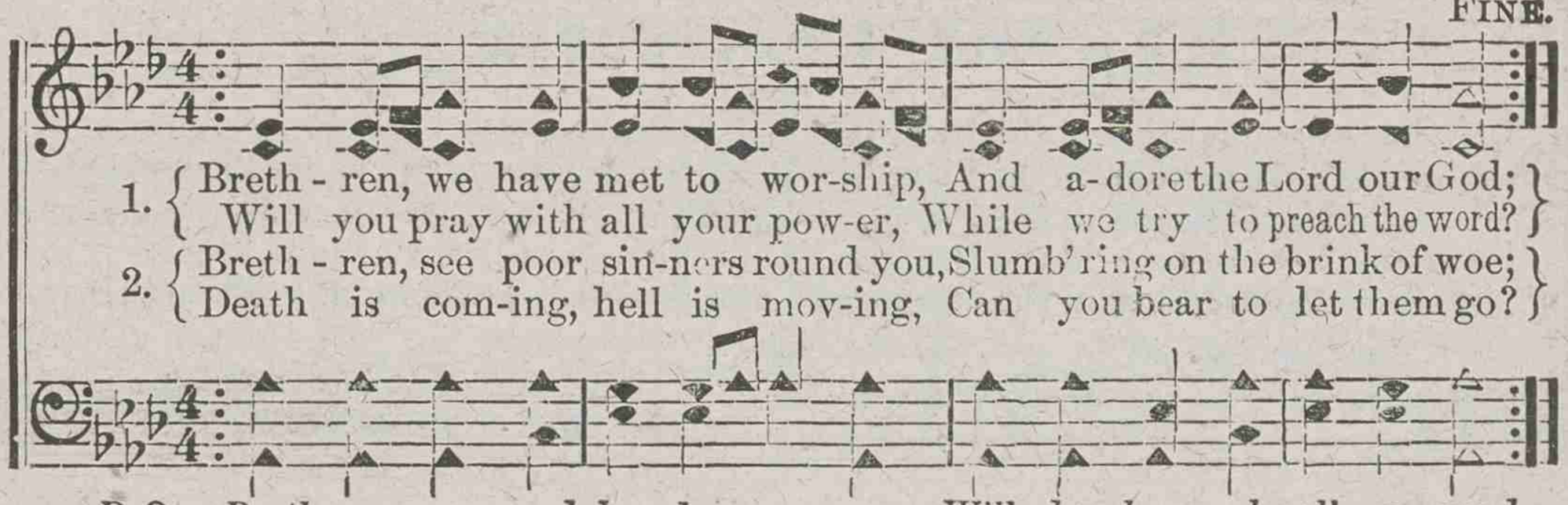
Arr. by W. T. D.

3 Oh, mothers, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.
4 Oh, brothers, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.
5 Oh, sisters, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.
6 Oh, Christians, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.

No. 255. Holy Manna. 8s & 7s.

Rev. Geo. Askins, 1820. (AN OPENING SONG.) Arr. by W. T. Dale.

FINE.



? 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.

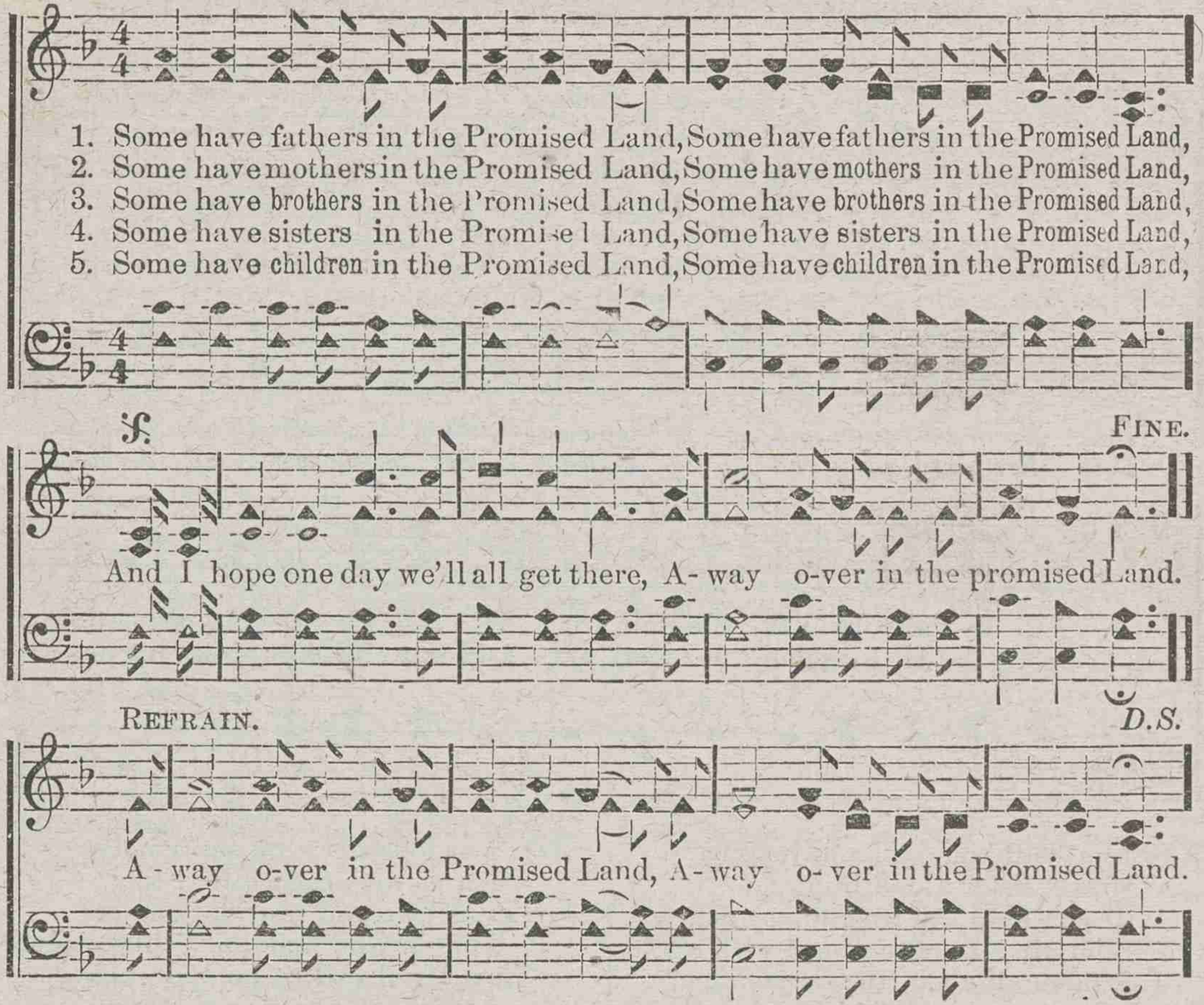
4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new,
Then He'll call us home to heaven
At His table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird Himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

No. 256. Naomi.

Mrs. A. Steele. Dr. L. Mason.

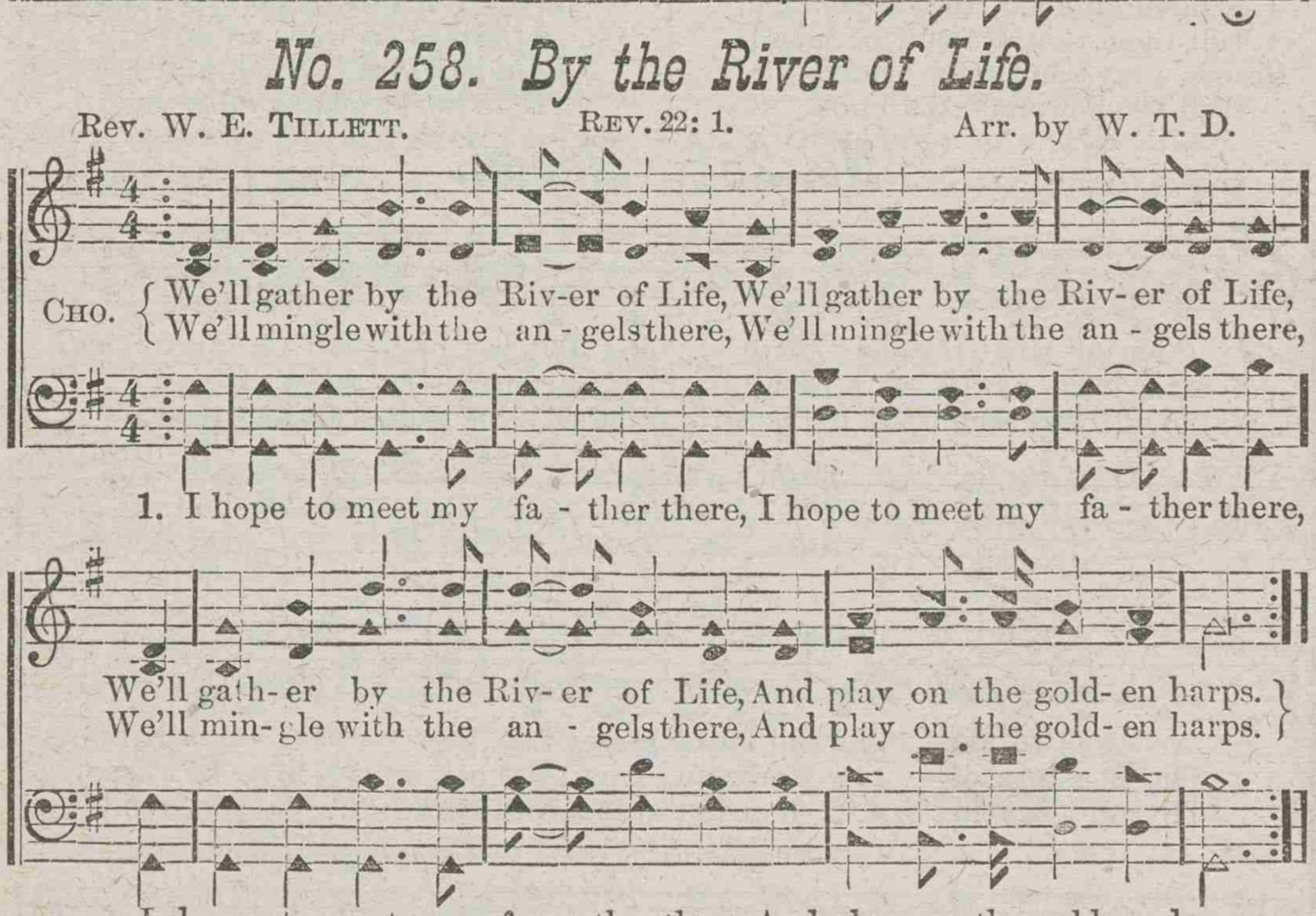
No. 257. Away Over in the Promised Land.

Old Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. D.



No. 258. By the River of Life.

Rev. W. E. TILLETT. REV. 22: 1. Arr. by W. T. D.



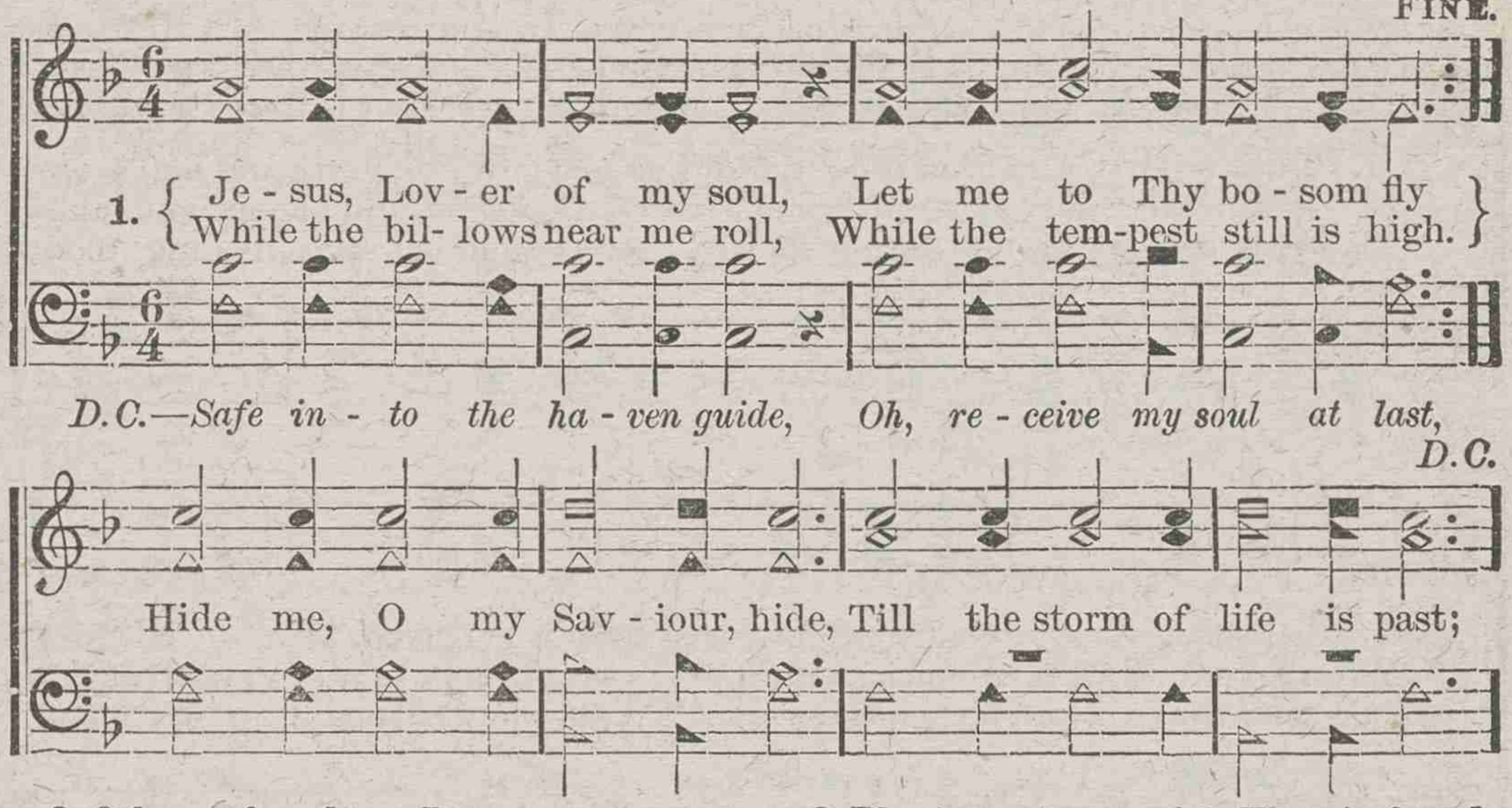
2 I hope to meet my mother, etc.
3 I hope to meet my brothers, etc.
4 I hope to meet my sisters, etc.
5 I hope to meet these mourners, etc.
6 I hope to meet these preachers, etc.
7 I hope to meet these sinners, etc.

No. 259. 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

FINE.



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,

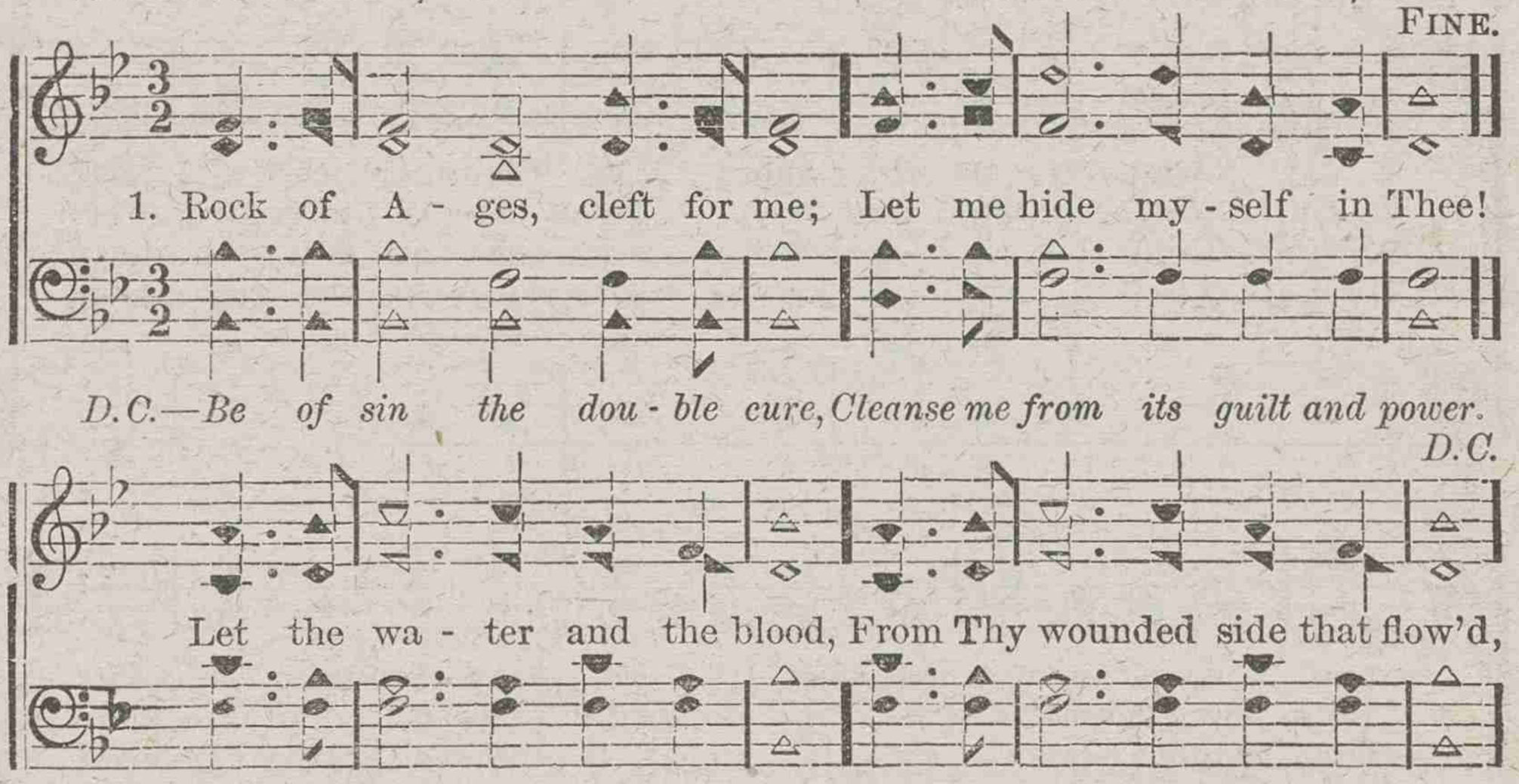
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound.
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 260. 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.

FINE.



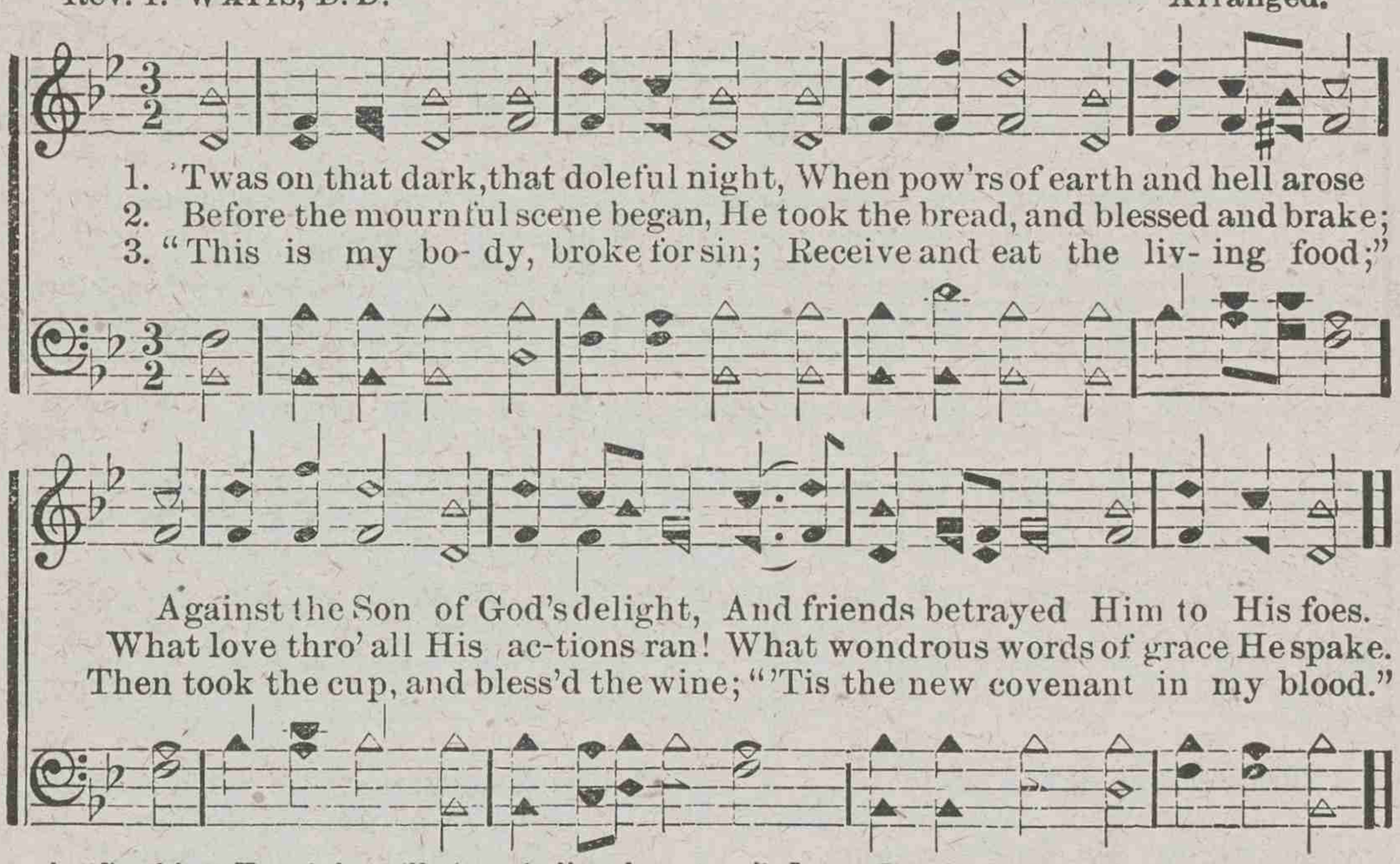
2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

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. 261. Rockbridge. L. M.

Sacramental.—Matt. 26: 26—30.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Arranged.



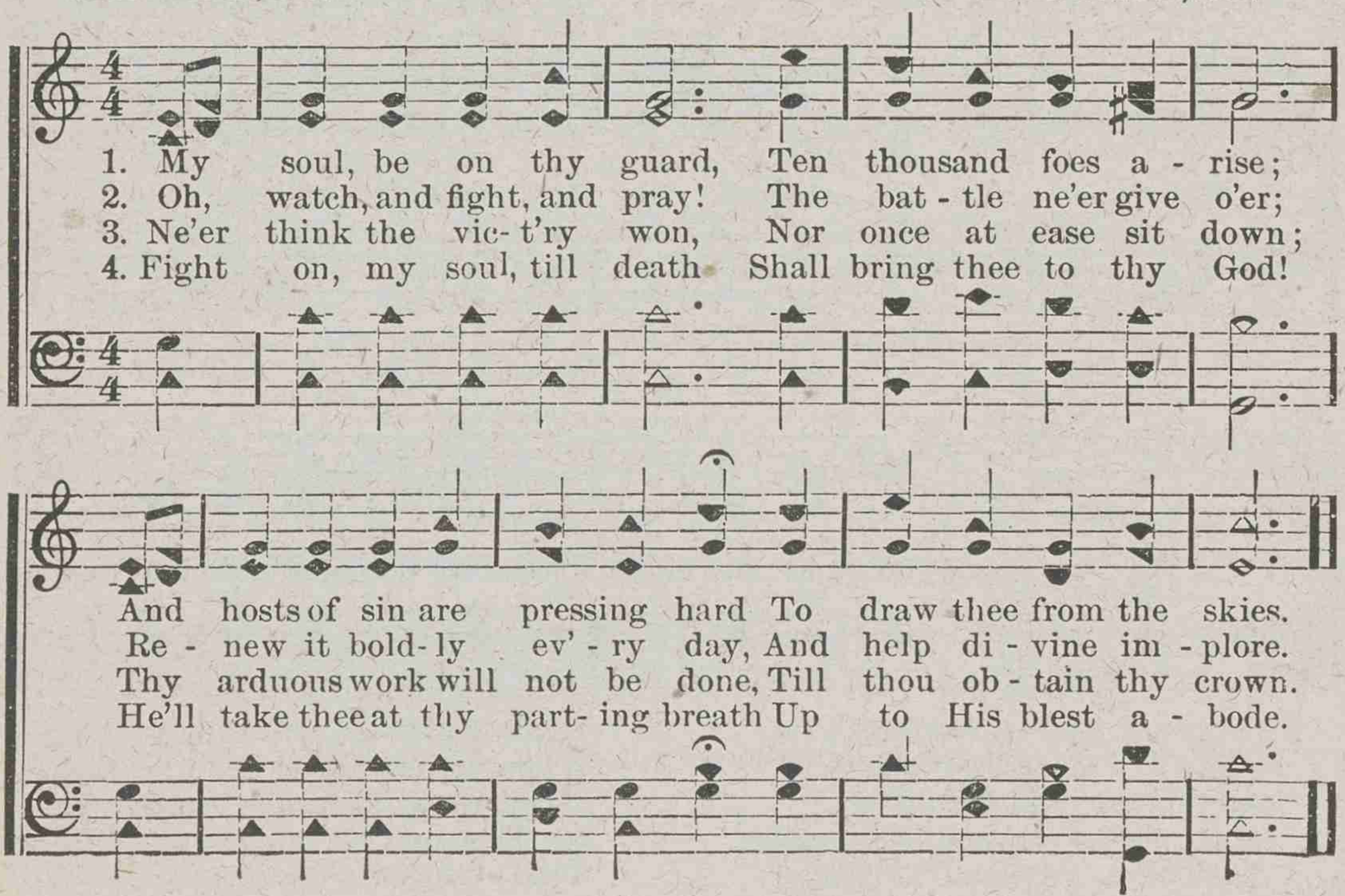
4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

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. 262. Laban. S. M.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—MATT. 26: 41.

GEO. HEATH, 1781. Dr. L. MASON, 1830.



No. 263. How Firm A Foundation. 11s.

"Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PETER. 1: 4.

KIRKHAM. Arr. by W. T. D.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee over flow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal unchangeble love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

No. 264. The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the *Lily of the Valley*." SONG OF SOLOMON, 2: 1.

C. W. FRY. English Melody. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

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 sor-rows borne, In temp-
3. He will nev - er, nev-er leave me, Nor yet for- sake me here, While I

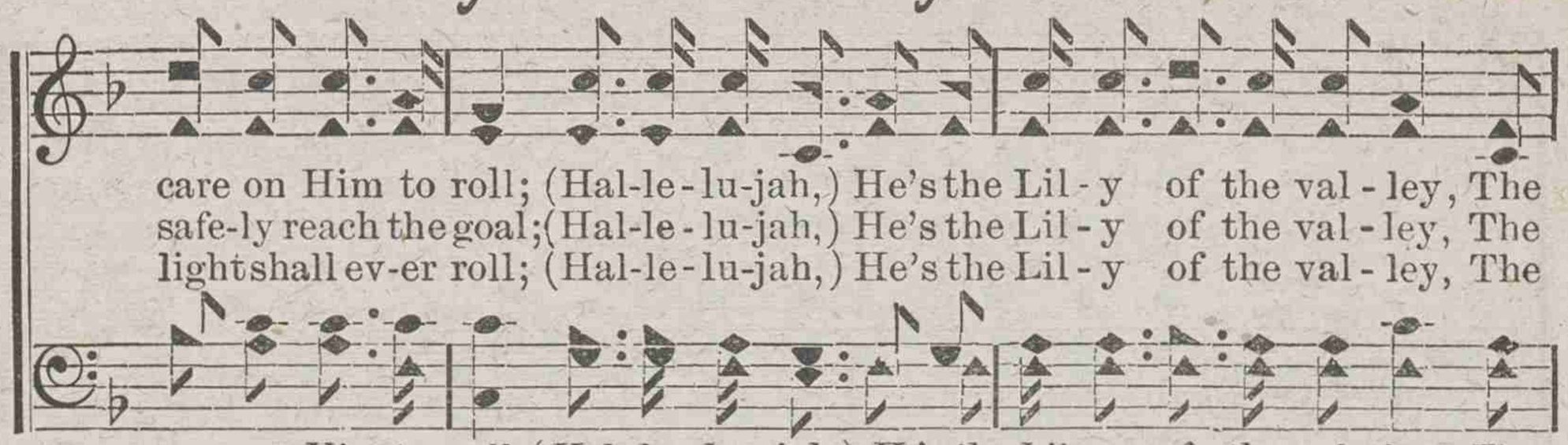
fair-est of ten thous-and to my soul; The "Lil - y of the Val-ley"
ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I have all for Him for-sak- en,
live by faith and do His bless- ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,

In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
And all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul will fill.

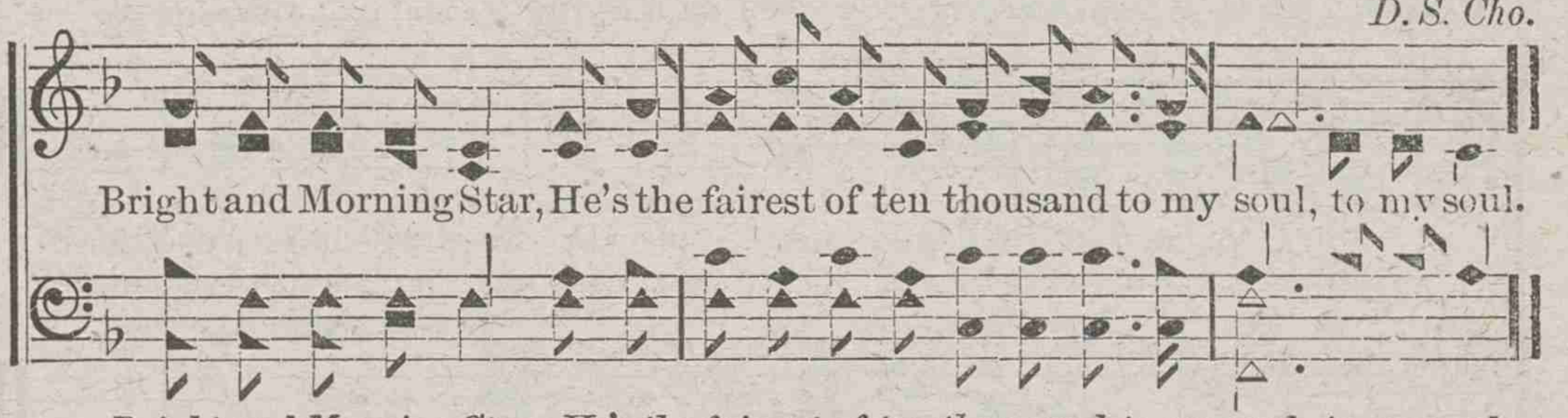
In sor-row He's my comfort, In trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry
Tho' all the world forsake me, And Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To see His bless-ed face, Where rivers of de -

D.S.—*In sor-row He's my com-fort, In trouble He's my stay; He tells me ev-'ry*

The Lily of the Valley. Concluded.



D. S. Cho.



No. 265. The More I Pray.

Old Revival Chorus. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

D.S. Chorus.

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. 266. Will You Meet Me?

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

3 Oh, brothers, will you meet me, etc.
4 Oh, sisters, will you meet me, etc.
5 Oh, Christians, will you meet me, etc.
6 Oh, converts, will you meet me, etc.
7 Oh, mourners, will you meet me, etc.
8 Oh, sinners, will you meet me, etc.

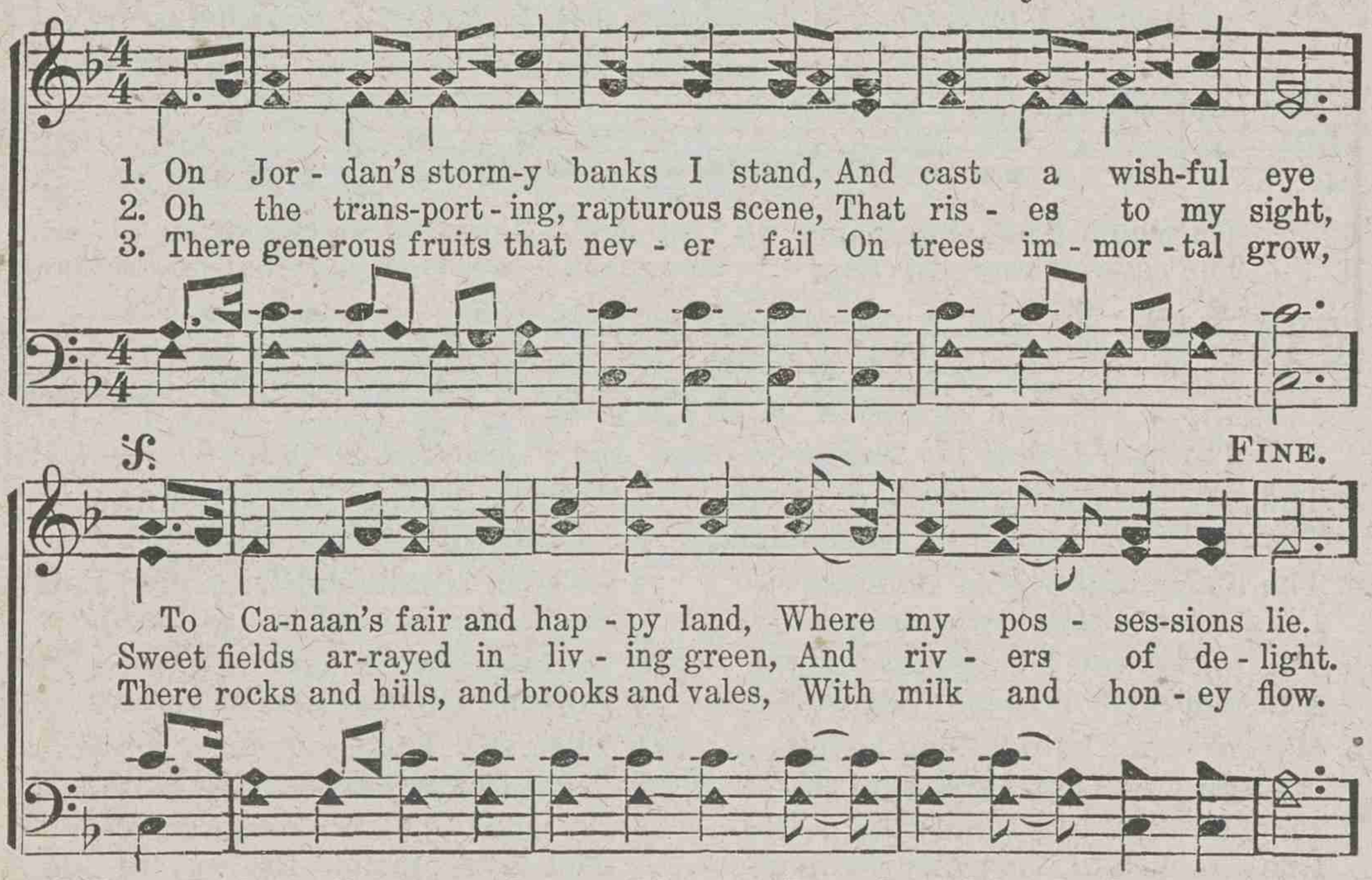
9 He'll forgive you, if you ask Him, etc.
In earnest faith and prayer.

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

No. 267. I am Bound for the Promised Land.

Deut. 34:1–4.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



I am Bound for the Promised Land. Concluded.

REFRAIN. D. S.

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;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 268. 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.

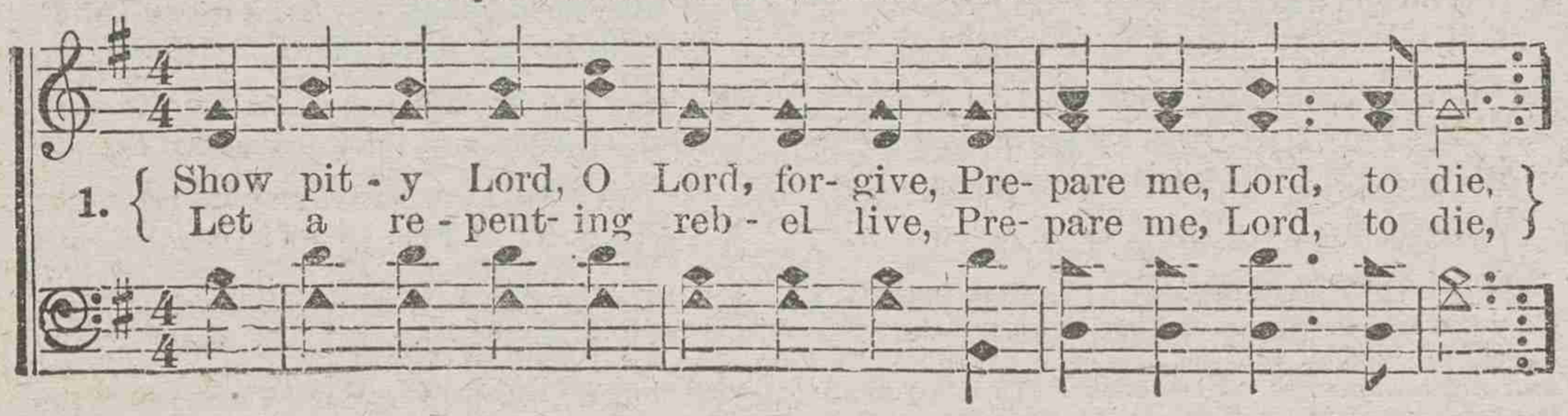
* A soldier, wounded during our last war, lay dying in his cot. Suddenly the death-like stillnes of the room was broken by the cry, "Here! Here!" which burst from the lips of the dying man. Friends rushed to the spot, and asked what he wanted, "*Hark!*" he said, *they are calling the roll of heaven, 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. 269. Through the Valley in Peace.

As sung by Rev. B. J. WALL. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

No. 270. Will the Waters be Chilly?

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee."—ISA. 43 : 2.



Will the Waters be Chilly? Concluded.

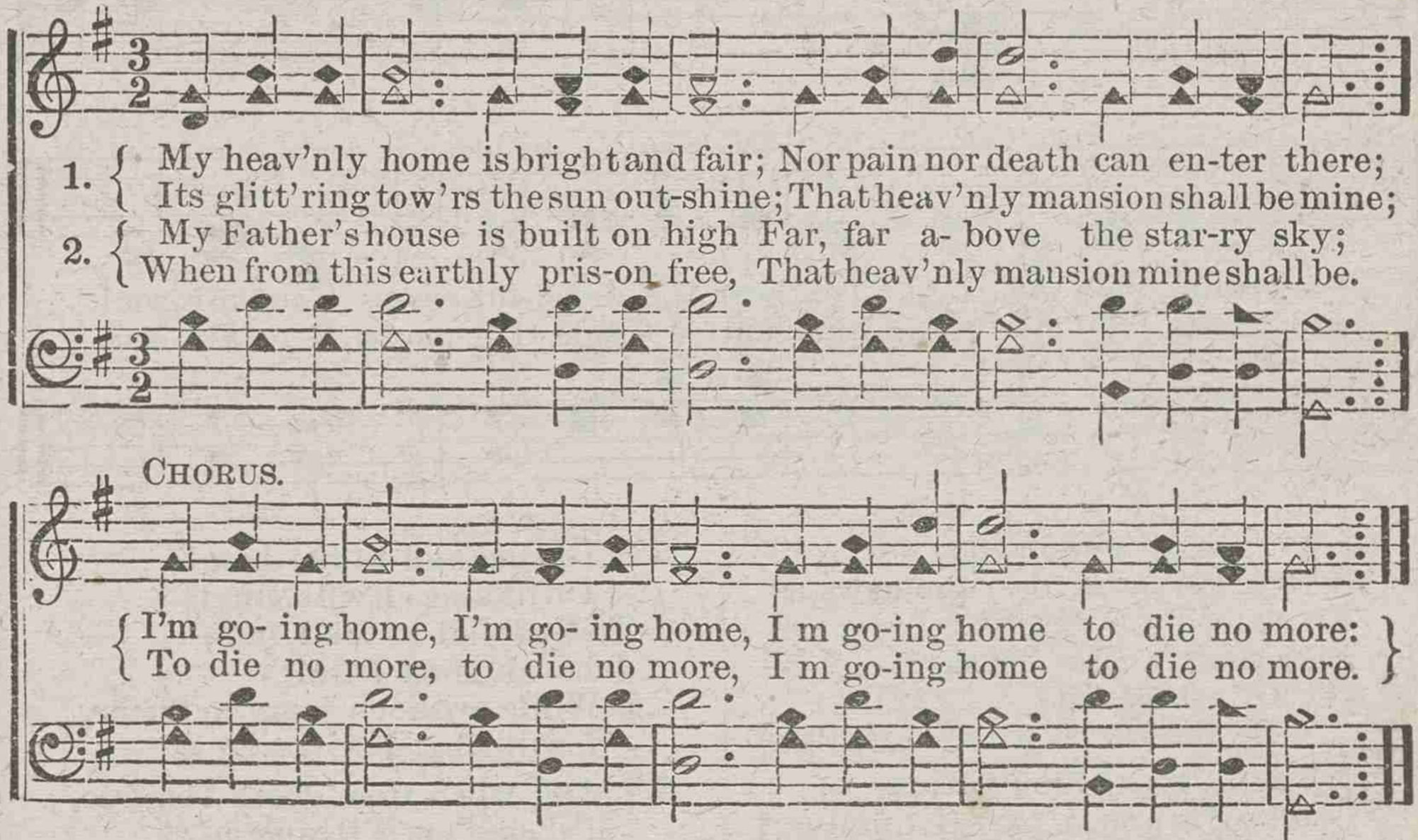
CHORUS.

2 Are not Thy mercies large and free?
Prepare me, Lord, to die:
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

No. 271. I'm Going Home.

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

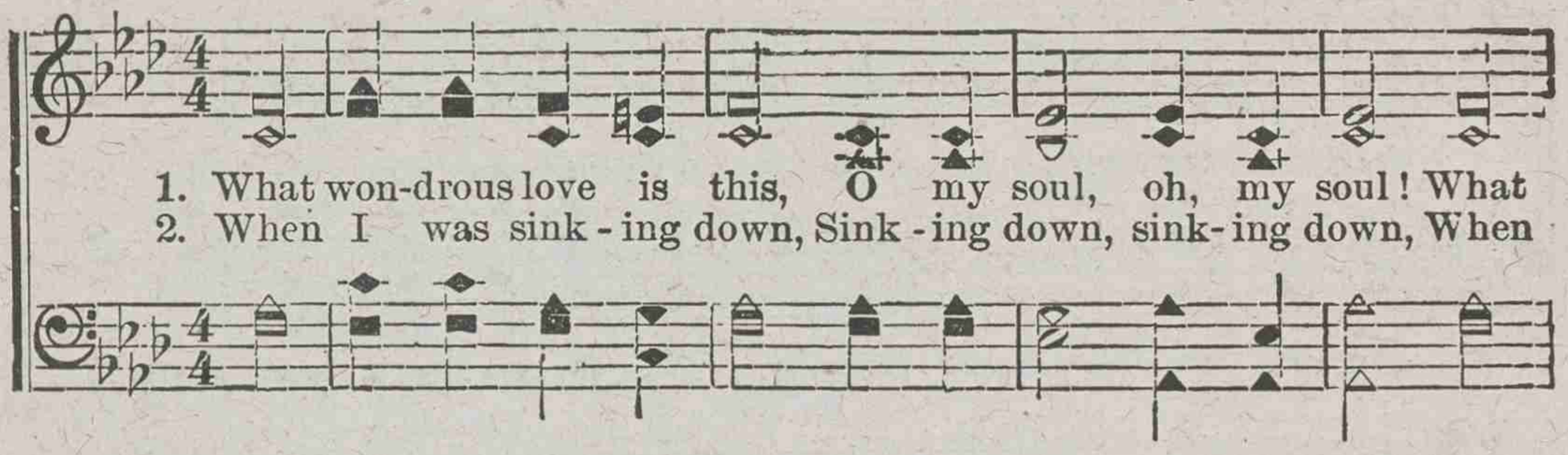


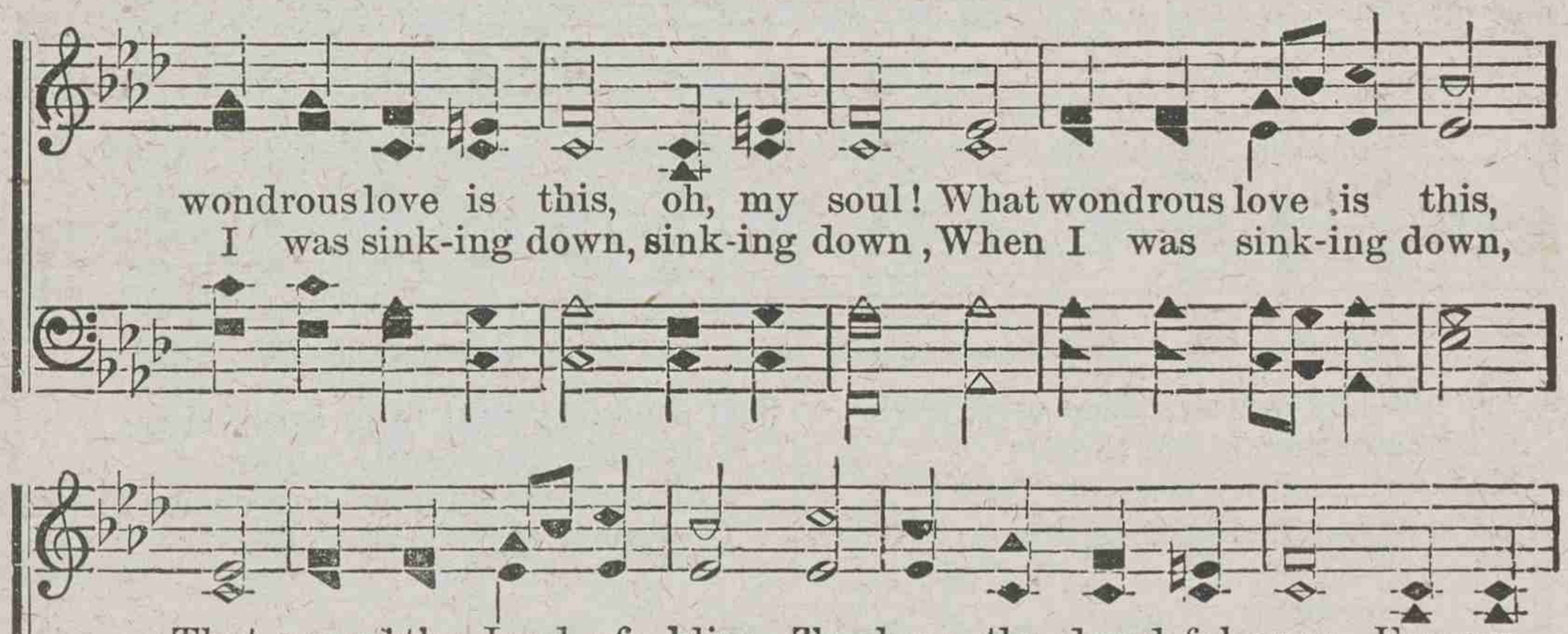
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or floods o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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

No. 272. What Wondrous Love!

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





3 ‖: Ye wingèd seraphs fly,
Bear the news, bear the news,:‖
Ye wingèd seraphs fly,
Like comets thro' the sky,
‖: Fill vast eternity,
With the news, with the news.:‖

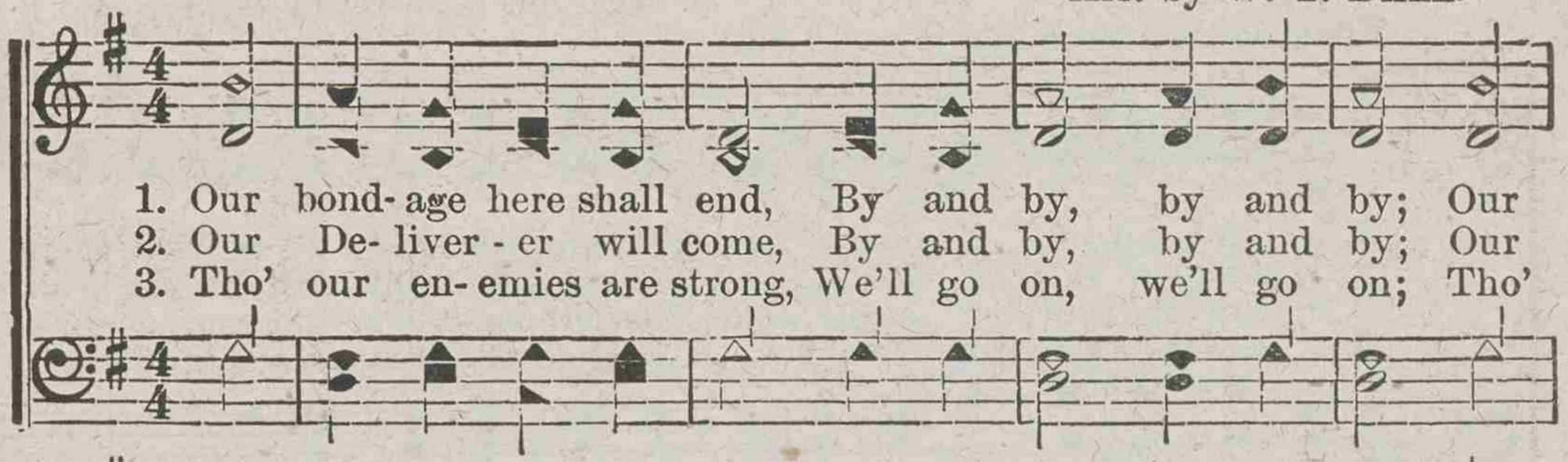
4 ‖: Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join His praise, join His praise,:‖
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
‖: And strike each tuneful string
In His praise, in His praise.

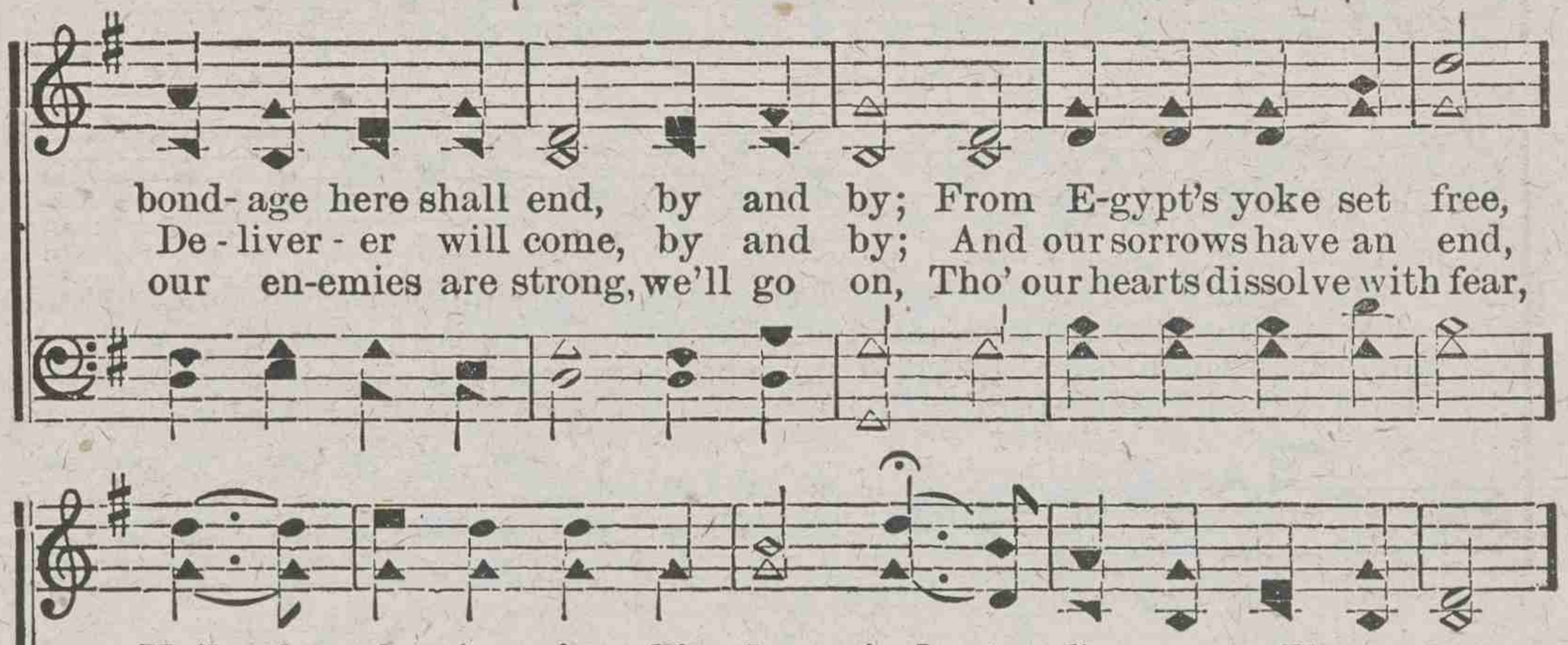
5 ‖: To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,;‖
To God and to the Lamb,
Jehovah great I AM,
‖: While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing;:‖

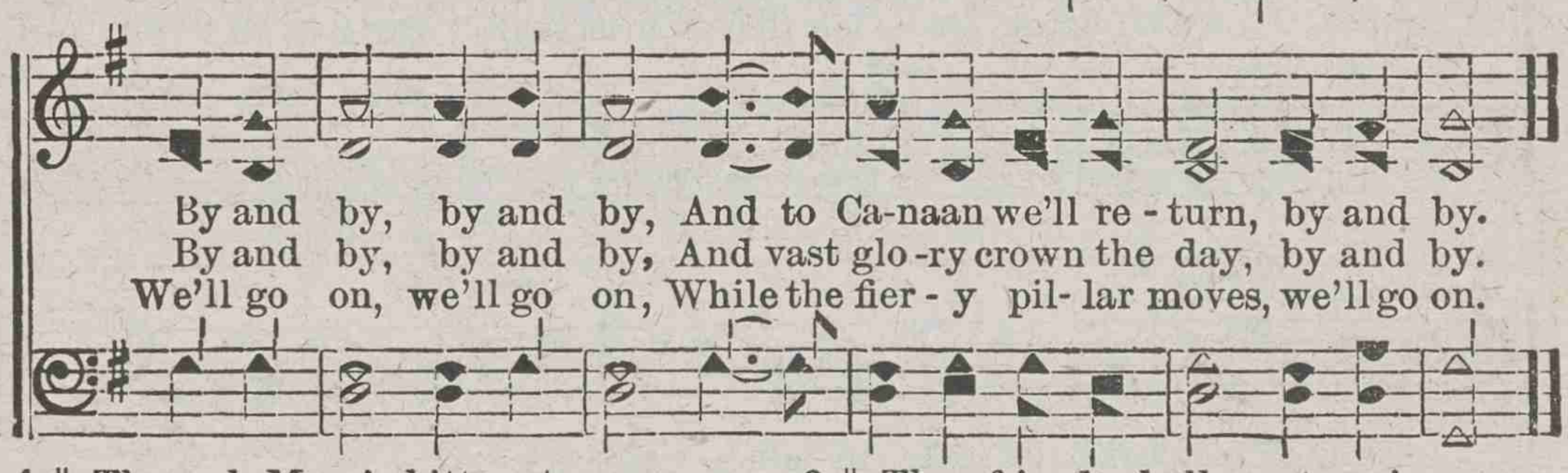
6 ‖: And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on,:‖
And when from death I'm free;
I'll sing and joyful be,
‖: And thro' all eternity,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on.‖

No. 273. Our Bondage Here Shall End.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.







4 ‖: Through Mara's bitter streams
We'll go on, we'll go on,:‖
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply
‖: To a land of corn and wine.
We'll go on, we'll go on. :‖

5 ‖: And when to Jordan's flood,
We are come, we are come, :‖
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters He'll divide,
‖: And the ransomed host shall shout,
We are come, we are come. :‖

6 ‖: Then friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved, :‖
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
‖: When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved, who have loved. :‖

7 ‖: Then with all the happy throng,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice, :‖
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven shall ring,
‖: And through all eternity,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice. :‖

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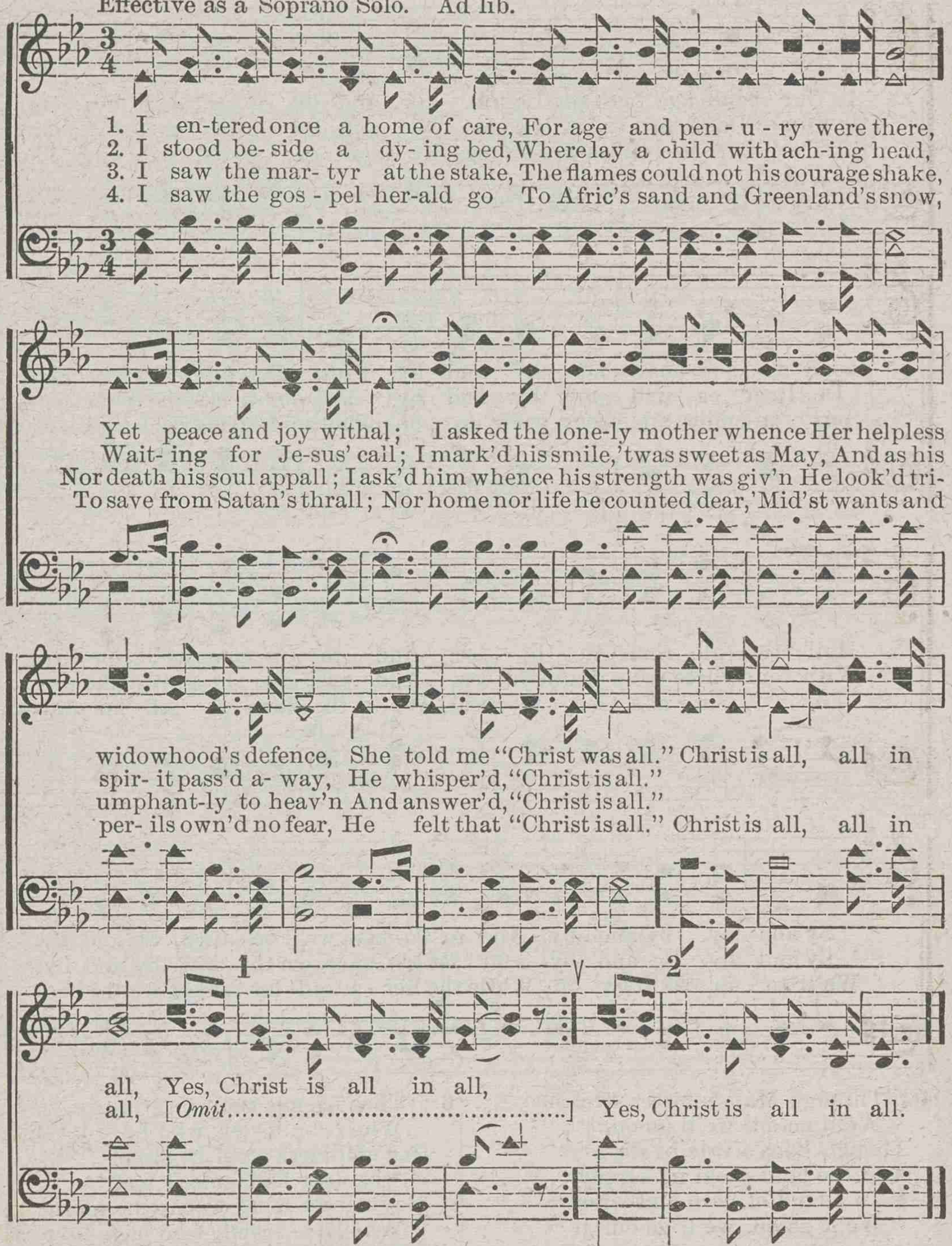
No. 274. Christ Is All.

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

Rev. W. A. Williams, by per.

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib.



5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball;
I saw the church's ransom'd throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all.

6 Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call;
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

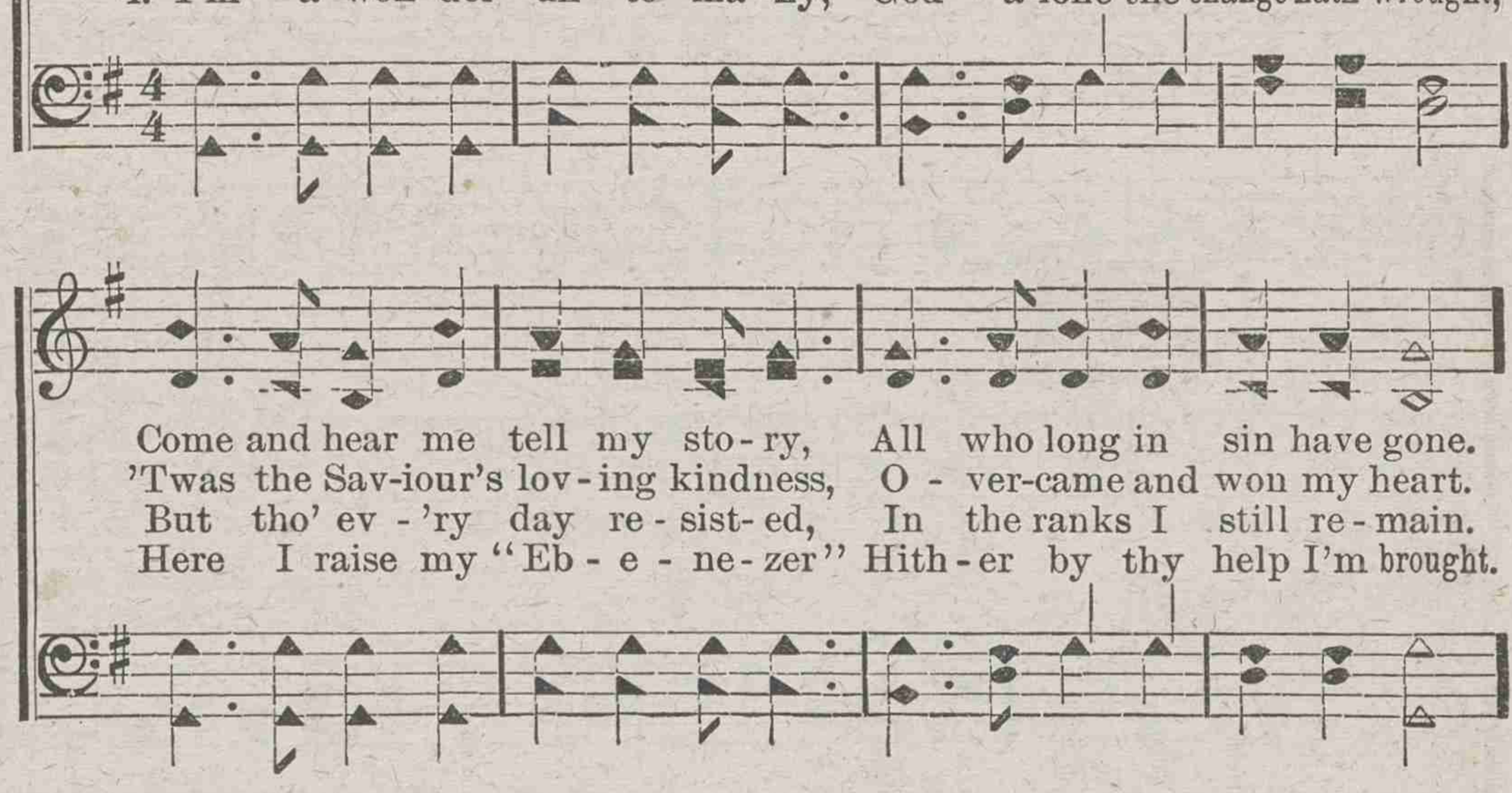
From "Silver Tones," by per. of Rev. W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

No. 275. Better Farther On.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

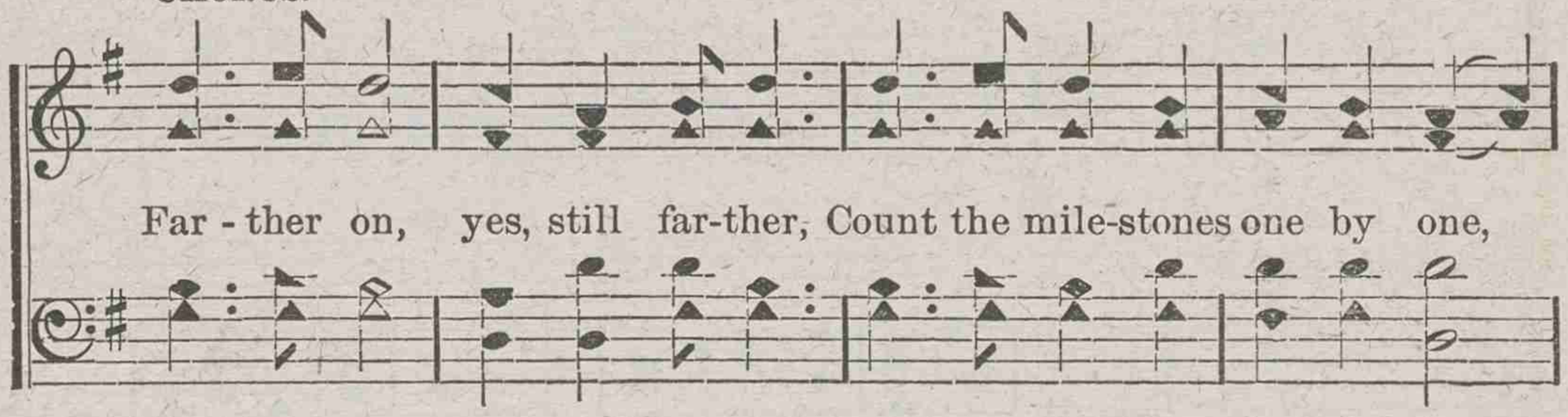
Selected. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. I'm a sol-dier bound for glo-ry, I'm a sol-dier marching on;
2. I will tell you what induced me For the bet-ter land to start,
3. When I first with Christ en-list-ed Ma-ny said, "he'll turn a-gain,"
4. I'm a won-der un-to ma-ny, God a-lone the change hath wrought,



Come and hear me tell my sto-ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Sav-iour's lov-ing kindness, O-ver-came and won my heart.
But tho' ev-'ry day re-sist-ed, In the ranks I still re-main.
Here I raise my "Eb-e-ne-zer" Hith-er by thy help I'm brought.

CHORUS.



Far-ther on, yes, still far-ther, Count the mile-stones one by one,

Je-sus will for-sake you nev-er, It is bet-ter far-ther on.

5 Now I dwell awhile in Beulah,
Resting in the Saviour's love,
While the shining ones draw near me,
Bringing manna from above.

6 Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a soldier I shall come;
Then I mean to shout salvation,
And go singing to my home.

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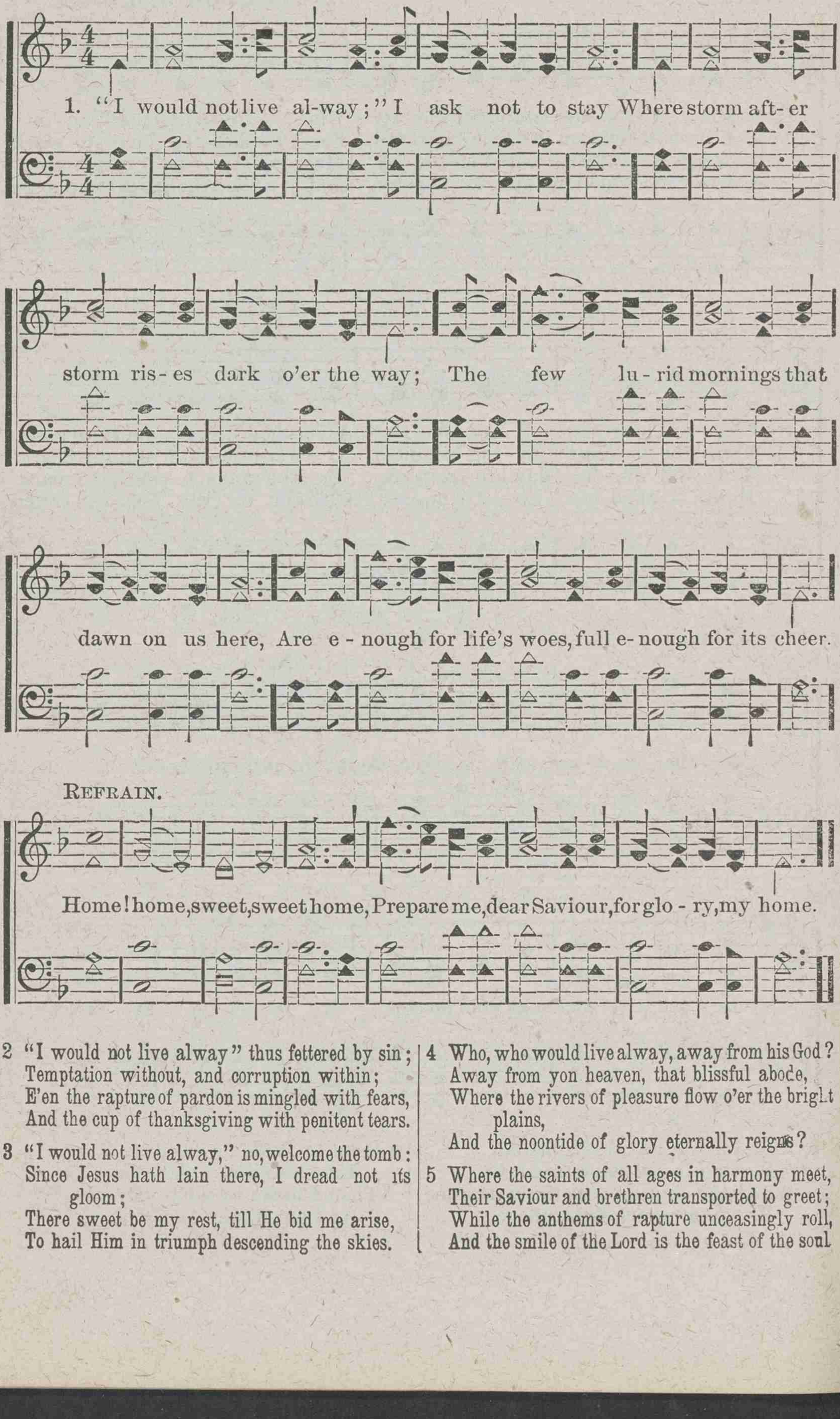
No. 276. "I Would not Live Alway."

JOB. 7: 16.

Rev. W. H. MUHLENBURGH, D.D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



2 "I would not live alway" thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 "I would not live alway," no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

No. 277. Angel Band.

REV. J. HASKELL. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-

way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O

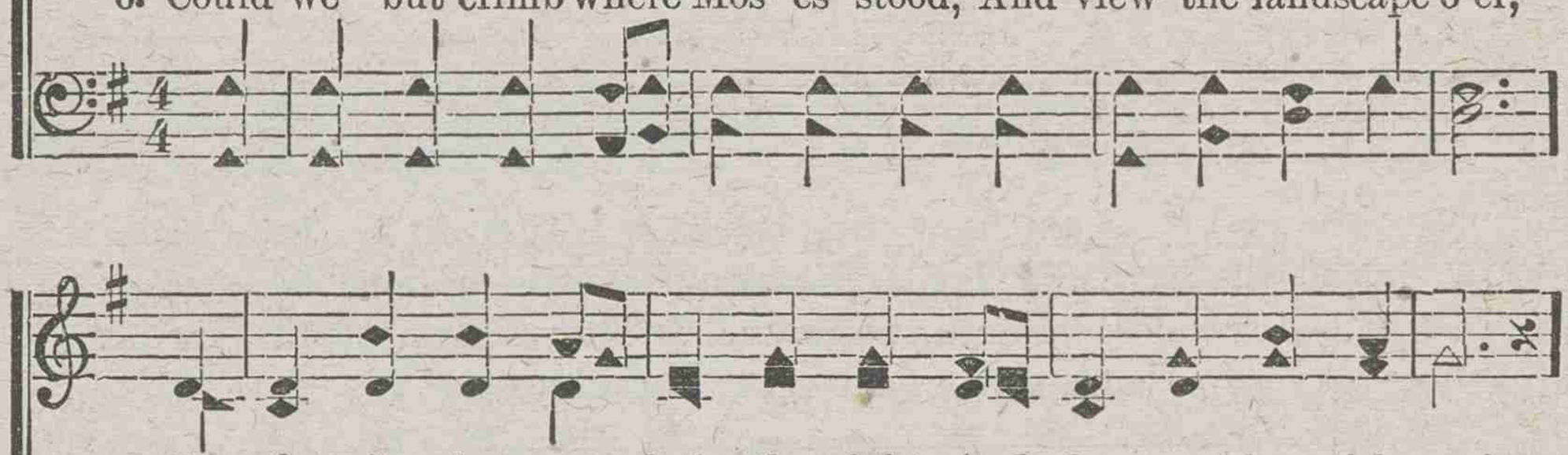
bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

No. 278. Oh! Heaven, Sweet Heaven!

(Dedicated to Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.)

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign,
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green:
4. But tim-orous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
5. O could we make our doubts re-move—Those gloomy doubts that rise—
6. Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the landscape o'er,



In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.
And lin-ger, trembling, on the brink And fear to launch a-way.
And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

CHORUS.

Oh heav-en! sweet heav-en, Home of the blest, How I long to be

there, In its glo-ries to share, And to lean on my Sav-iour's breast.

No. 279. Rest for the Weary.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4:9.

J. W. DADMUN.
Arr. by W. T. DALE.

HUNTER.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re- mains a land of rest;
2. He is fitt- ing up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal- ly shall stand;
3. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en- ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn,
5. Sing, oh, sing ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go;

There my Saviour's gone be- fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
For my stay shall not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But in that ce - les - tial cen- tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ransom'd, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance through.

CHORUS.

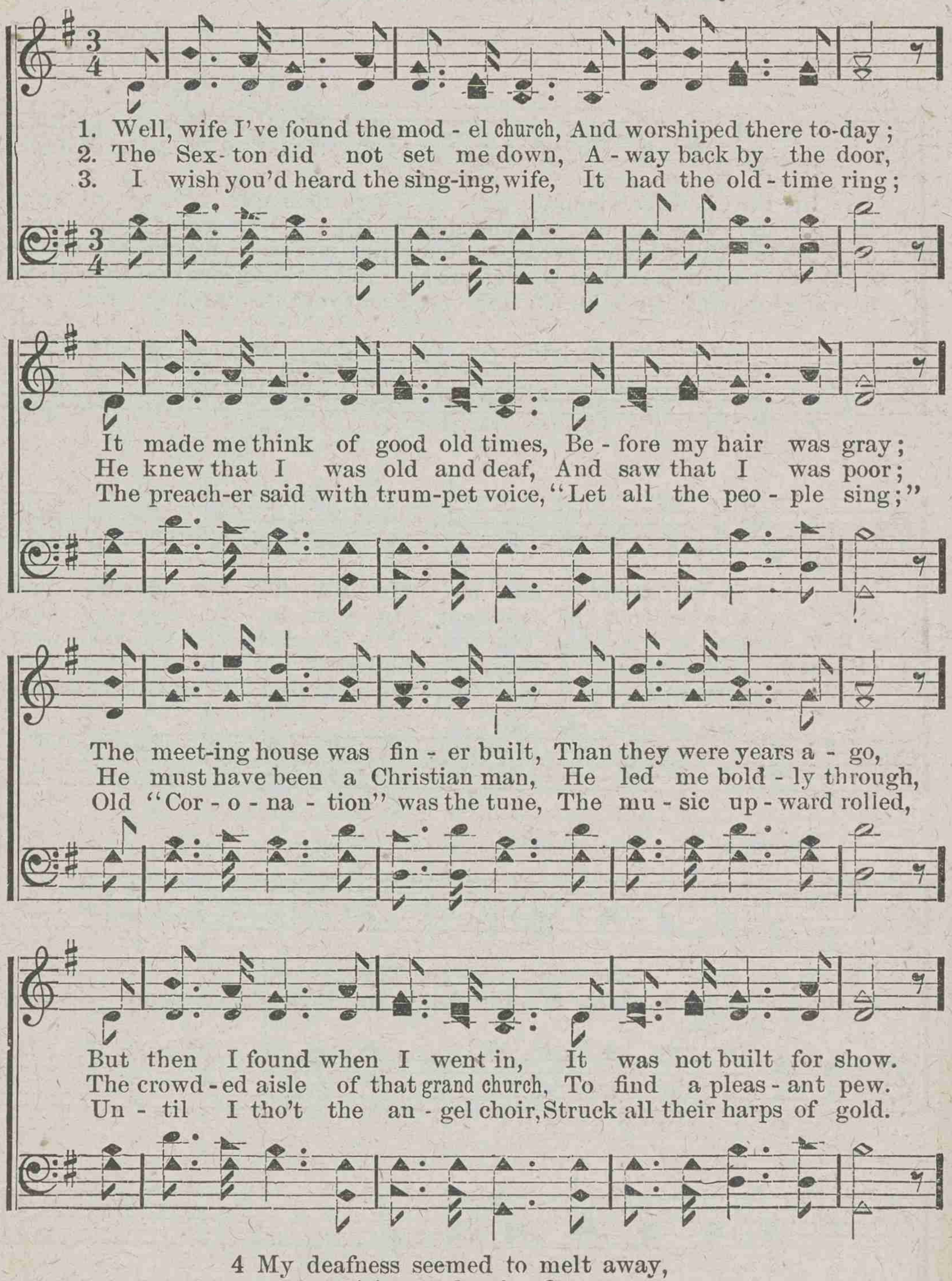
{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry;
{ On the oth - er side of Jor- dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you,—
Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you,—

No. 280. The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall; (*Go to next page.*)

This arrangement copyright, 1896, by W. T. Dale.

The Model Church. Concluded.

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that song once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner,
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me,
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

* Everybody sing the *old tunes*.

No. 281. A Day's March Nearer Home.

PHOEBE CARY. FOR EVENING WORSHIP. Music and Chorus
Arr. by W. T. D. By W. T. DALE.

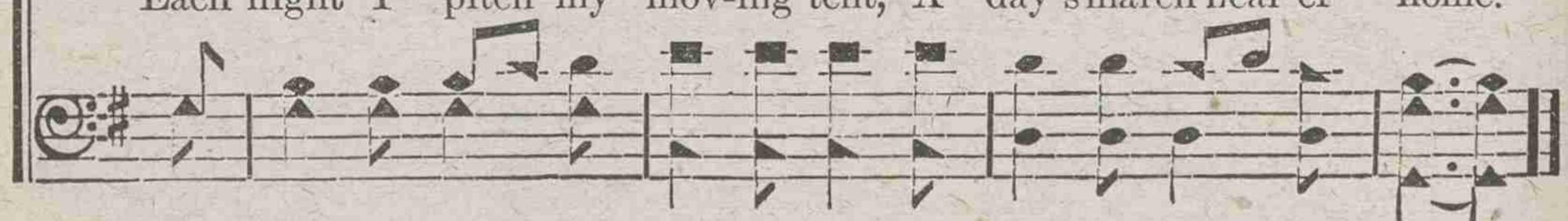
1. One sweet- ly sol - emn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
3. Near - er the bound of life, My bur - dens to lay down;
4. But waves of that dark sea, Are roll - ing in my sight,
5. Dear Lord, con- firm my trust, Make strong the hand of faith,
6. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink,

I'm near- er home this twi-light close, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er the great e - ter - nal throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
Near - er the place to leave the cross, Near - er the shin - ing crown.
Yet bright be - yond the swell-ing tide, Ap - pears the dawn of light.
To feel Thee when I trembling stand, Up - on the shore of death.
For I am near - er home to- day, Per - haps than I may think.

CHORUS.

I'm near - er, near-er home,..... I'm near - er, near - er home;
I'm near- er my home, My long sought home, I'm near- er my home, My long sought home,

"Each night I pitch my mov-ing tent, A day's march near-er home."



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