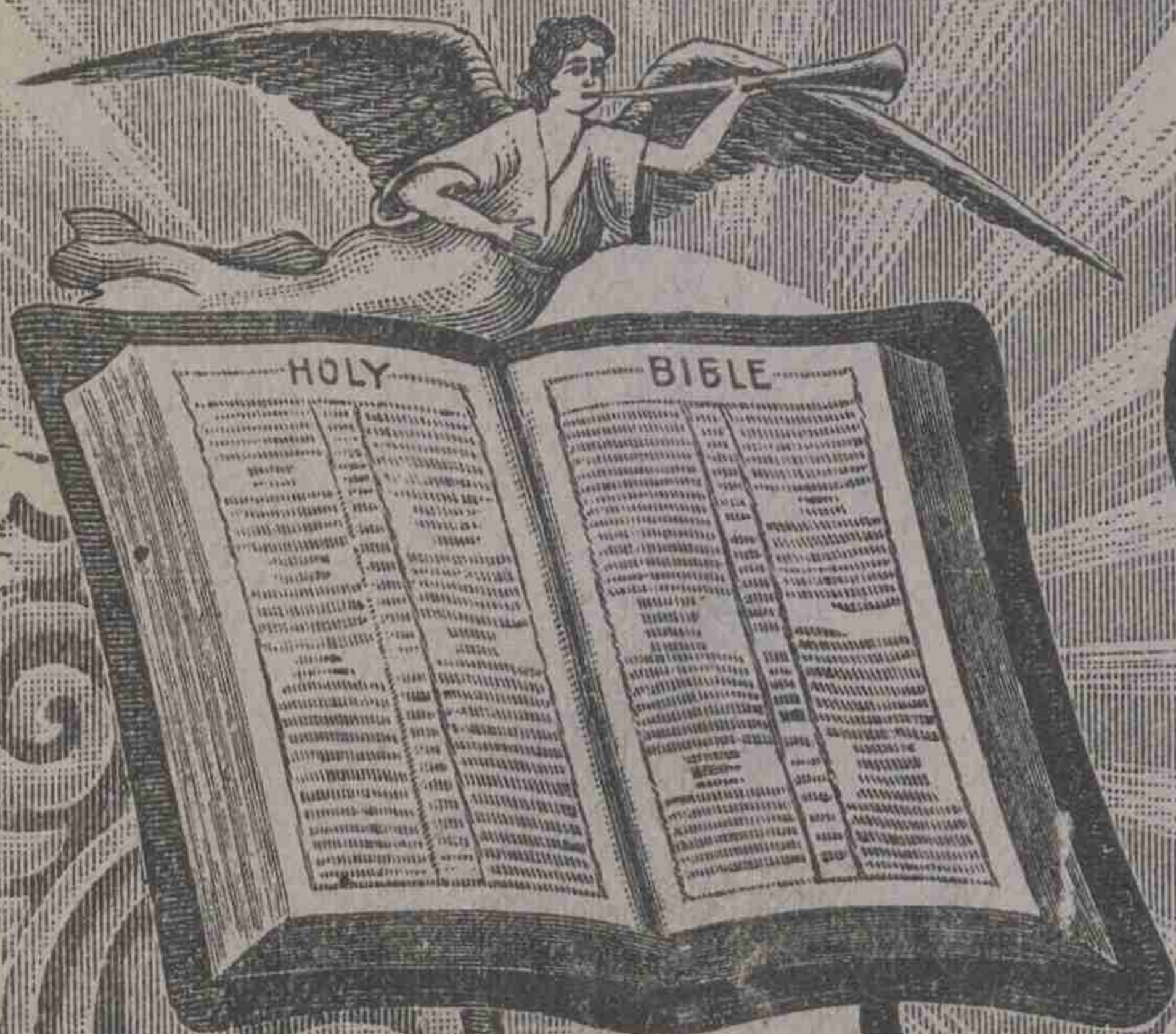


PART
TWO.

GOSPEL



CALLS

(A) NEW
COLLECTION

OF HYMNS AND TUNES

(FOR)

REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES,
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR,
SUNDAY SCHOOL,
REVIVAL AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN,
(SINGING EVANGELIST)

ASSISTED BY
J. V. COOMBS.

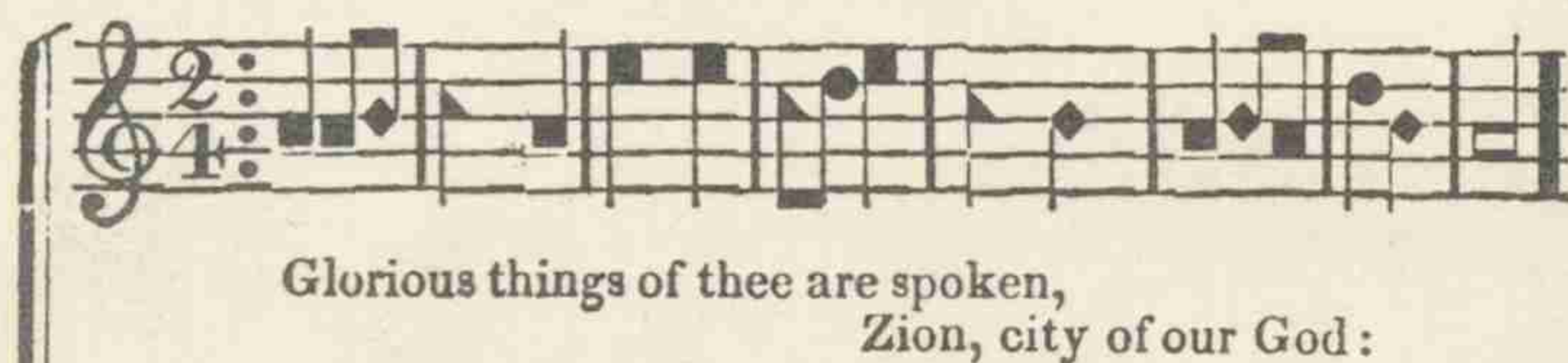
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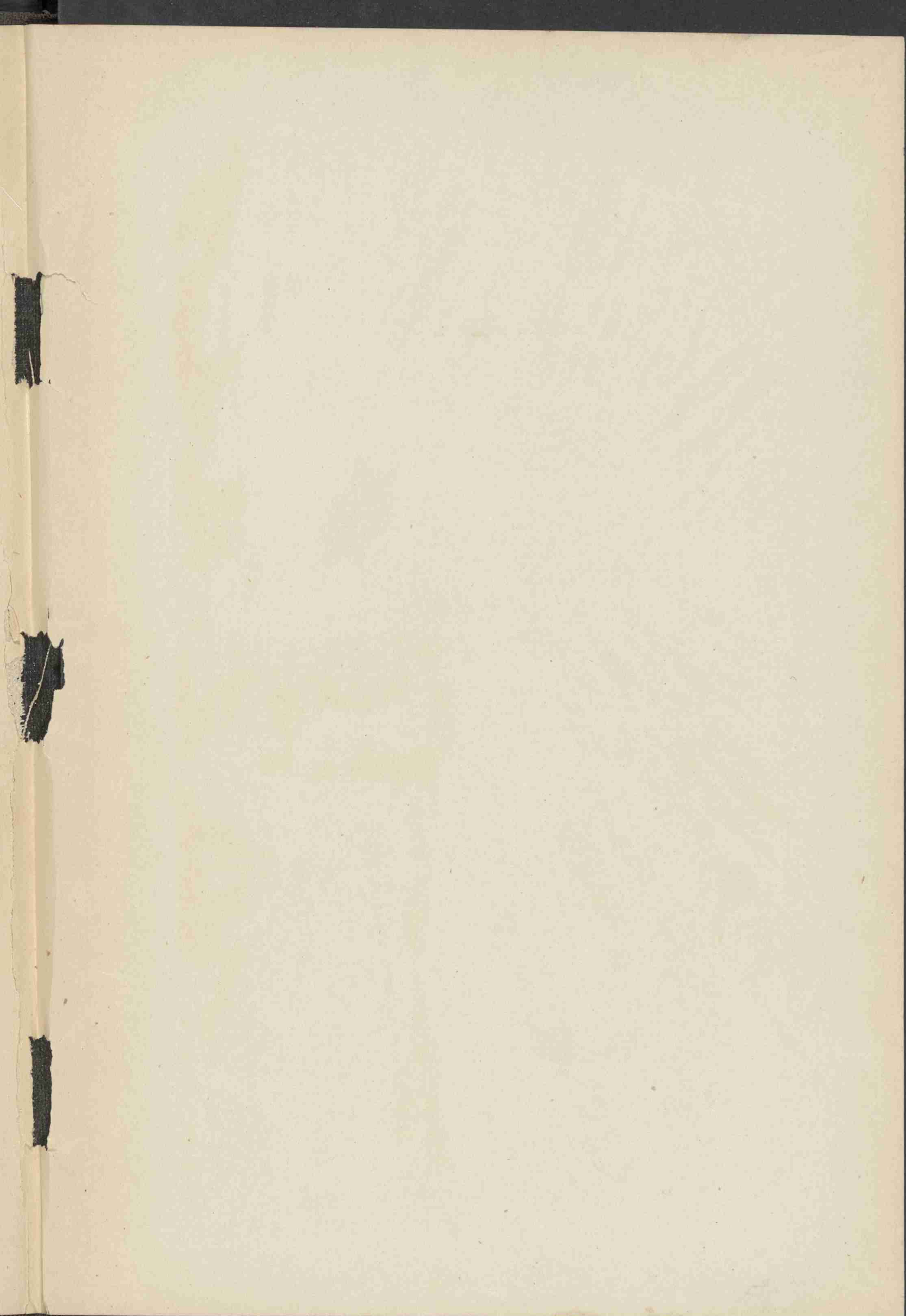
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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939



PRESENTED BY
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
TO
THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY
CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



Disciples of Christ

THE GOSPEL CALL

(REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

PART TWO

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Standard Hymns and Popular Gospel Songs

SUITABLE FOR

REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES, CHRISTIAN
ENDEAVOR, SUNDAY-SCHOOL, REVIVAL
SERVICES, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
✕ AND ALL RELIGIOUS SERVICES. ✕

BY

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, Singing Evangelist.

ASSISTED BY

J. V. COOMBS.

PUBLISHED BY

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Hymn

1897

GOSP v. 2

1897

1897

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Our acknowledgments are due, for valuable assistance rendered, to the many Christian workers who have offered suggestions that have enabled us to revise the Gospel Call, and present it to the public in its present form.

Acknowledgments are due also for the use of valuable copyrights to the following: The Biglow & Main Co., Oliver Ditson Co., John Church Co., R. M. McIntosh Co., The Thompson Music Co., W. W. Whitney Co., Fillmore Bros., Echo Music Co., John J. Hood, John R. Sweeney, D. B. Towner, E. O. Excell, P. P. Bilhorn, E. F. Miller, E. A. Hoffman, W. A. Ogden, E. M. Douthit, J. E. Hawes, F. M. Davis, J. T. Reese, A. J. Showalter, E. S. Lorenz, J. H. Rosecrans, W. A. Williams, Chas. H. Gabriel, M. L. McPhail, Geo. F. Rosche, Dr. R. K. Carter, Dr. R. W. Allen, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, J. E. Rankin, I. Baltzell, R. E. Hudson, H. R. Palmer, C. E. Leslie, Geo. C. Hugg., and others.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

J. V. COOMBS.

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PREFATORY.

IN offering the Revised and Enlarged Gospel Call for use in Religious Worship, we desire to call the attention of Pastors, Evangelists, Sunday-school Superintendents, Endeavor Presidents, and all leaders of music in religious services to what we think a very important matter, viz: The CLOSER UNION of the music of the Regular Church Service and that of the Revival Service, Endeavor Meeting, Sunday-school and Young People's Societies, etc. This may be accomplished by the more extended use of the Standard Hymns and Tunes in the Revival Service and the meetings of these different organizations. Take, for example, the music of the Sunday-school. We know, by experience, that there is too much of a difference between the character of the music of the Regular Church Service and that of the Sunday-school. We believe in the bright, cheering Gospel Songs now used in the Sunday-school, but NOT in their use to the exclusion of the inspiring, soul-saving, burden-lifting Standard Hymns and Tunes.

We know, too, by experience, that these good, old, liveforever Hymns and Tunes are acceptable in the Revival Service and the Young People's Societies.

If the young people, in general, are taught these grand Hymns and Tunes, in these different organizations, they will be the more willing and the better prepared to take part in the singing of the Regular Church Service, and will be also the more closely bound to the church, and the more interested in its important work.

On the other hand, we believe in the use of the Popular Gospel Songs, to the proper extent, in our Regular Church Service. This, also, will win and hold the young people, and make them enjoy their attendance at the Church Service.

We have revised and enlarged the Gospel Call with these things in mind, which are the embodiment of the desires of many noted workers, who have expressed themselves to us on this matter.

The Gospel Call is divided into "Two Parts," which will be published separately and combined, in order to keep the price within the reach of all. Each "Part" is divided into Fourteen (14) Topical Divisions, which can be easily memorized, and be of great benefit to the leader, in that he may be able to turn immediately to an appropriate song for any and all occasions. For a list of Topical Divisions **see Topical Index.**

With these words of exhortation and explanation, we send the Gospel Call on its mission, hoping that its contents may cause many to learn of God and His Love.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN
J. V. COOMBS.

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" Let the WORD of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in PSALMS and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with GRACE in your HEARTS unto God."—Col. 3: 16.

The Gospel Call.

Part II.

LORD'S DAY.


191. I Love Thy Kingdom.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

ANON.




1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—The house of thine a - bode.
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend;
3. Je - sus, thou friend di - vine, Our Sav - ior and our King!



The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With his own precious blood.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev-'ry snare and foe Shall great de-liv-'rance bring.



I love thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore thee stand
Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways,
Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given



Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
Her sweet communion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

192. Hear the Bugle Calling.

Mrs. E. WHITAKER JOHN.

REV. D. C. JOHN.



1. Hear the bu-gle call-ing, Come with-out delay; Arm you, Christian soldiers,
2. Christ, the conquering Hero, Wages war with sin, And He needs brave soldiers,
3. Satans's hosts now trembling, Cannot longer stand; Tho' the conflict ra-ges,



For the fight to-day; Lift on high your ban-ner, Firm-ly march and true;
 Vic-to-ry to win; Forward, then, ye peo-ple, Forward, Church of God;
 Vic-t'ry is at hand; See! our line ad-van-ces, Hear the shout of praise!



CHORUS.

In this fight your Leader must depend on you. Hear the bugle call - - -
 See the crimson footsteps, where your Master trod.
 Vict'ry crowns our banners, Loud your voices raise. calling, calling



ing, To arms! ye sol-diers of the cross! Hear the bugle call - - -
 you and me, calling, calling



ing, Come without delay, Arm you, Christian soldiers, For the fight to-day.
 you and me,



193. Sound the Battle Cry.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
 3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one,
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright Gleaming in the light,
 By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

CHORUS.

Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
 Bat - tling for the right, We ne'er can fail.
 May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face. } Rouse then, sol - diers!

rally round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along; Onward, forward,

shout aloud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might-y throng.

194. On Zion's Glorious Summit.

KENT.

ROBERT SKENE.

1. On Zion's glorious summit stood A numerous host, redeemed by blood;
 2. Here all who suffered sword or flame For truth, or Jesus' love - ly name,
 3. While ev - er - last - ing a - ges roll, E - ter - nal love shall feast their soul,

They hymned their King in strains di - vine; I heard the song, and
 Shout vic - t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And bow be - fore the
 And scenes of bliss, for - ev - er new, Rise in suc - ces - sion

strove to join, I heard the song, and strove to join.
 great I AM, And bow before the great I AM.
 to their view, Rise in succes - sion to their view.

* SANCTUS.

"Manhattan Coll."

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, on high adored!

Who like me Thy praise should sing, O Almighty King! Ho - ly, ho - ly,

* To be sung at the close of the hymn.

LORD'S DAY.

On Zion's Glorious Summit.—Concluded.

ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, on high adored! Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly.

195. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

ANON.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sickness, in health, In pov - er-ty's
 3. Fear not: I am with you: oh, be not dismayed; I, I am your
 4. When thro' the deep wa-ters I cause you to go, The riv - ers of

faith, in His ex - cellent word! What more can He say than to
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the
 God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and
 sor - row shall not you o'er-flow; For I will be with you, your

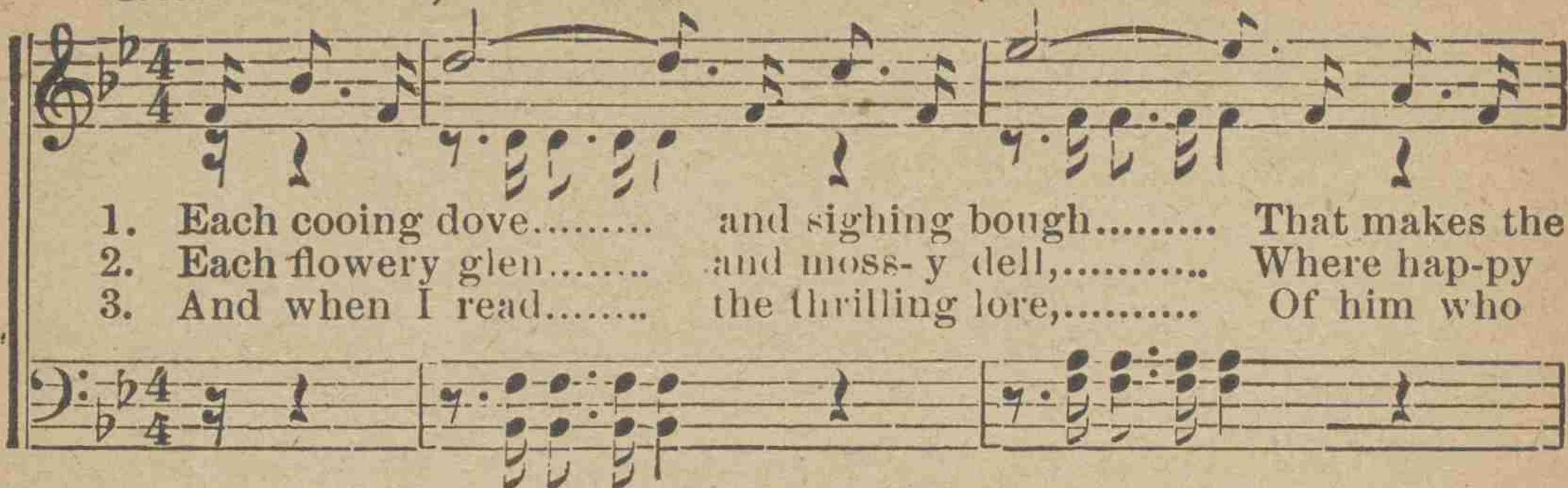
you He has said, You who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 land, on the sea— As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.
 cause you to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 trou - bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to you your deepest dis-tress.

LORD'S DAY.

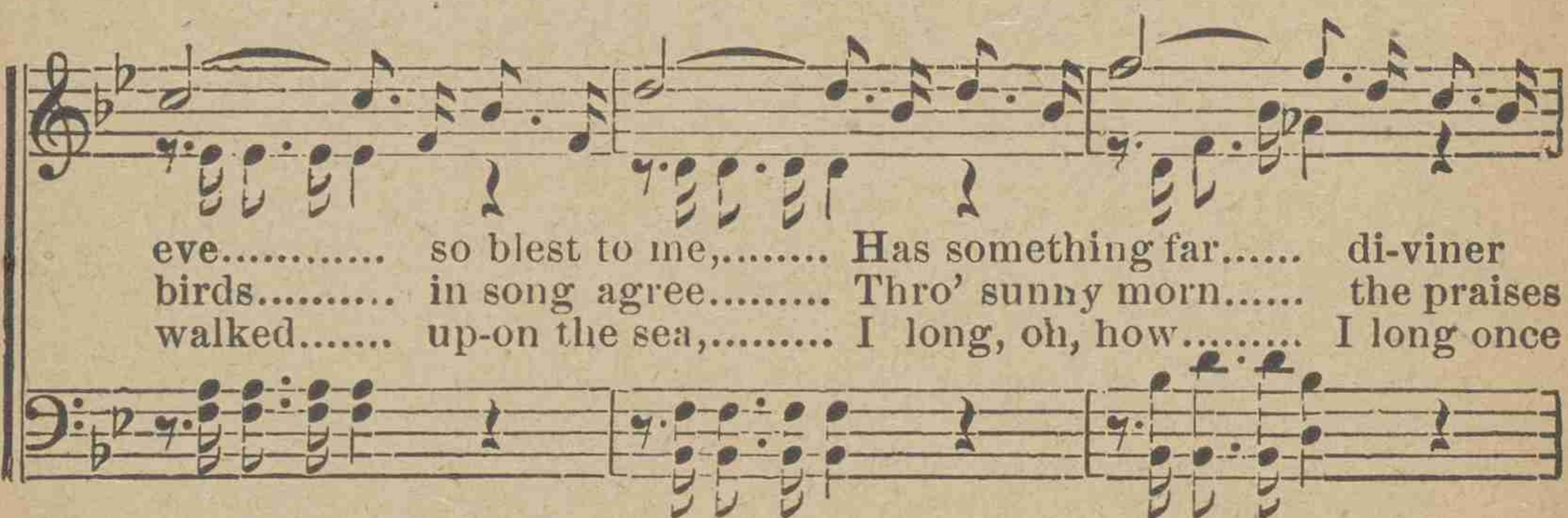
196. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

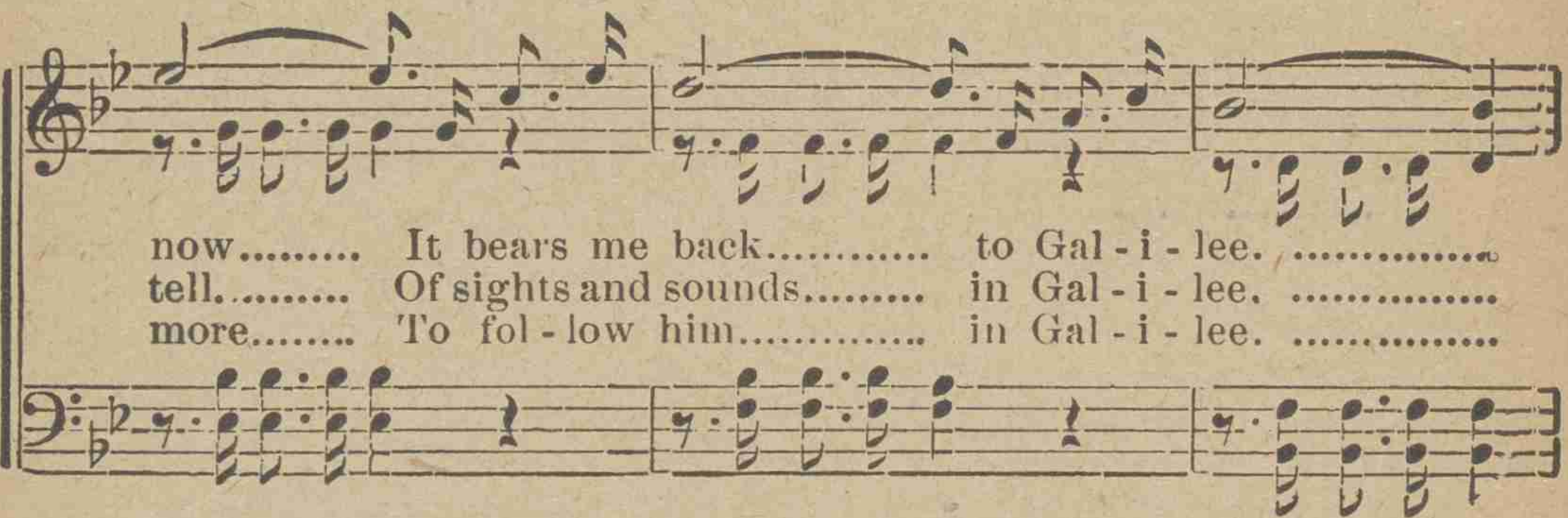
H. R. PALMER.



1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flowery glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of him who



eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-viner
 birds..... in song agree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once



now..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.
 more..... To fol-low him..... in Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.



O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O



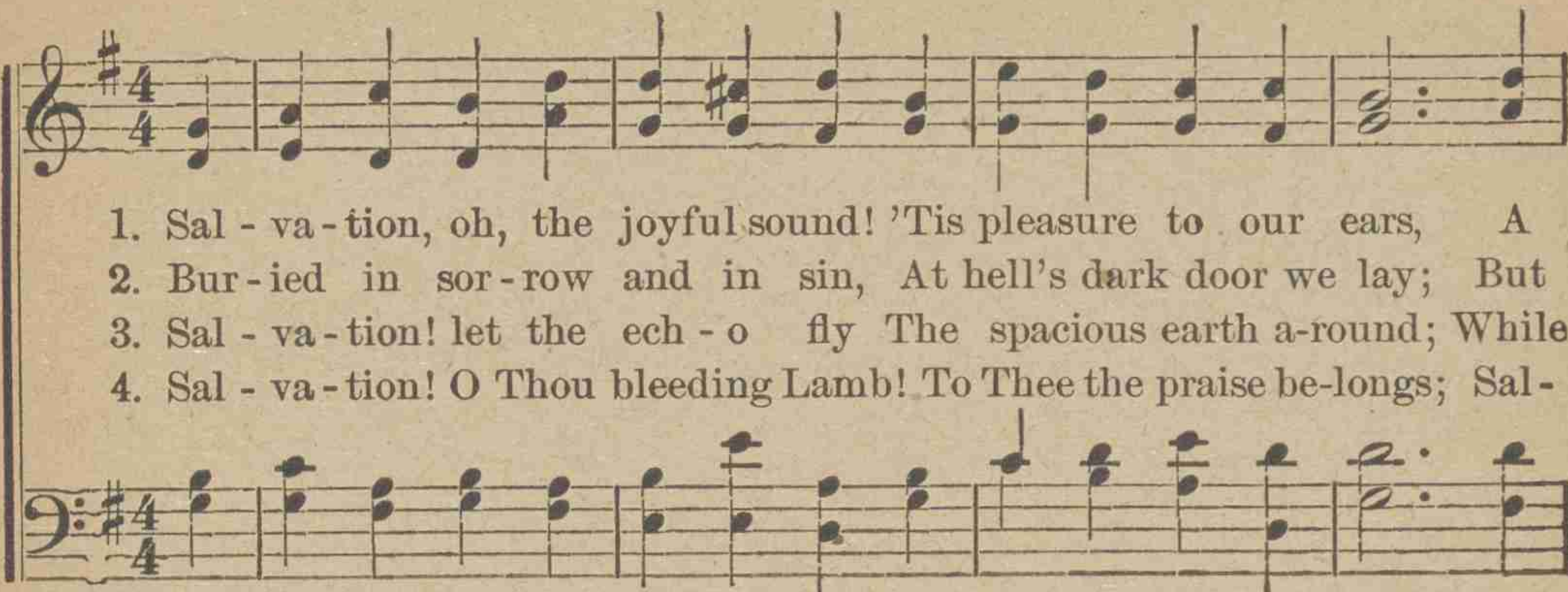
Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

By permission.

197. Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Sound!

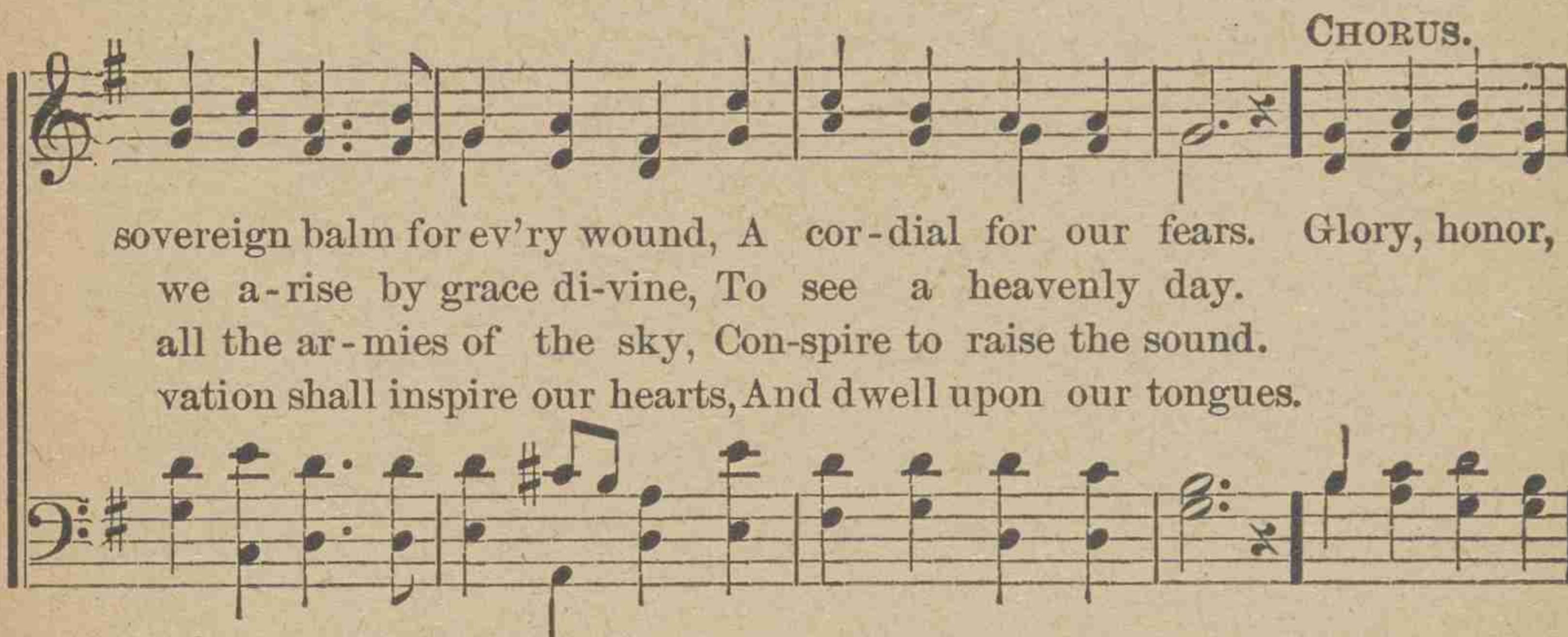
ISAAC WATTS.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.




1. Sal - va - tion, oh, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But
 3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth a-round; While
 4. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleeding Lamb! To Thee the praise be-longs; Sal -

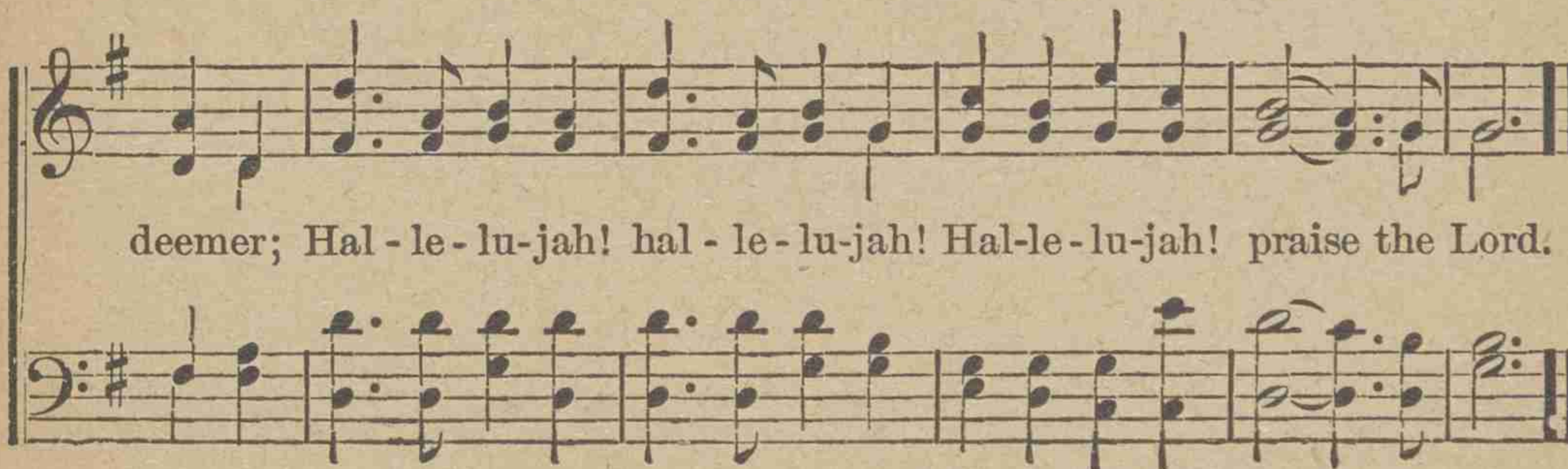
CHORUS.



sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears. Glory, honor,
 we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heavenly day.
 all the ar-mies of the sky, Con-spire to raise the sound.
 vation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.



praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb forev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re -

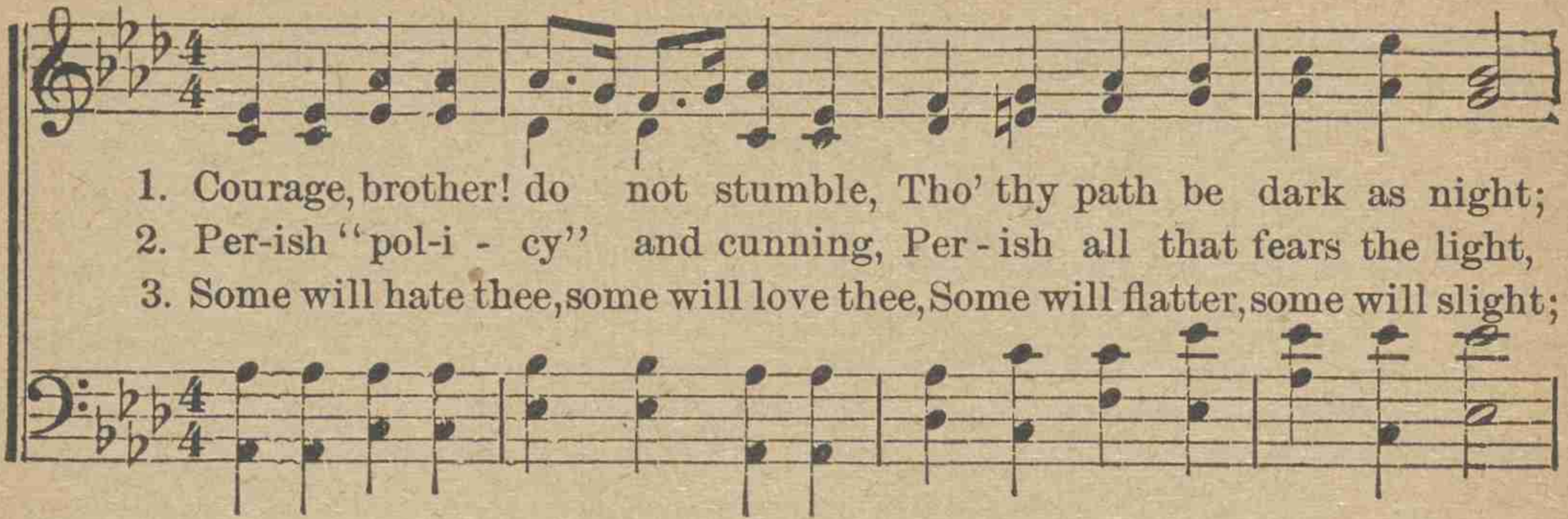


deemer; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord.

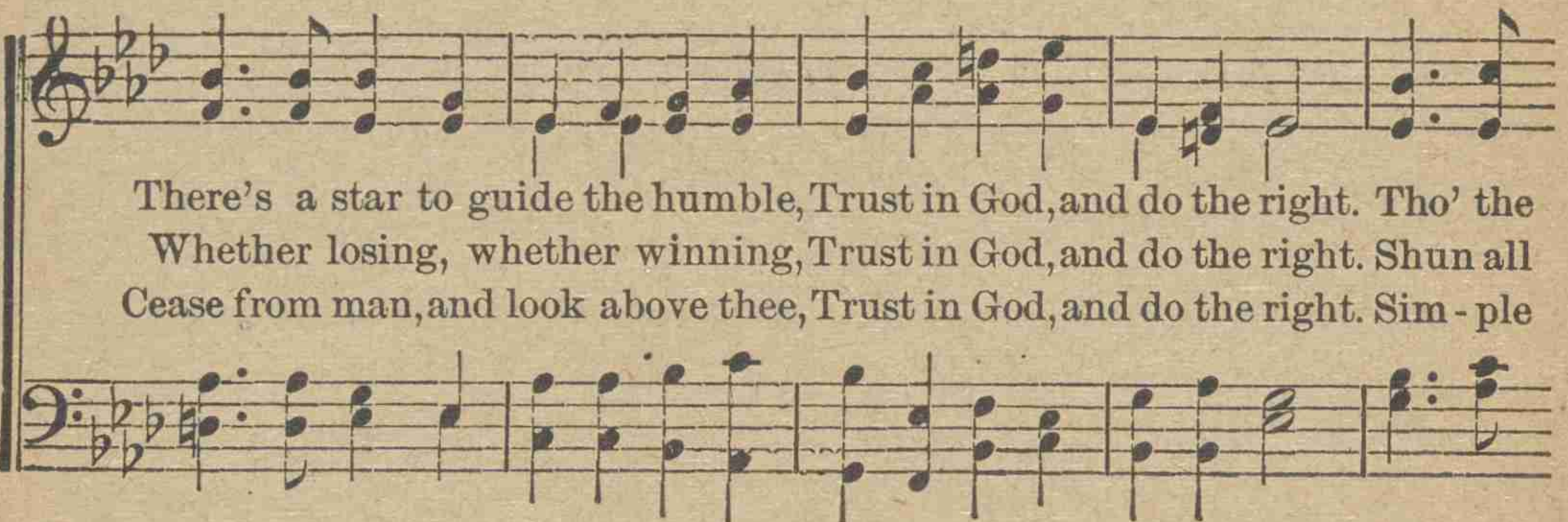
198. Courage, Brother! Do Not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

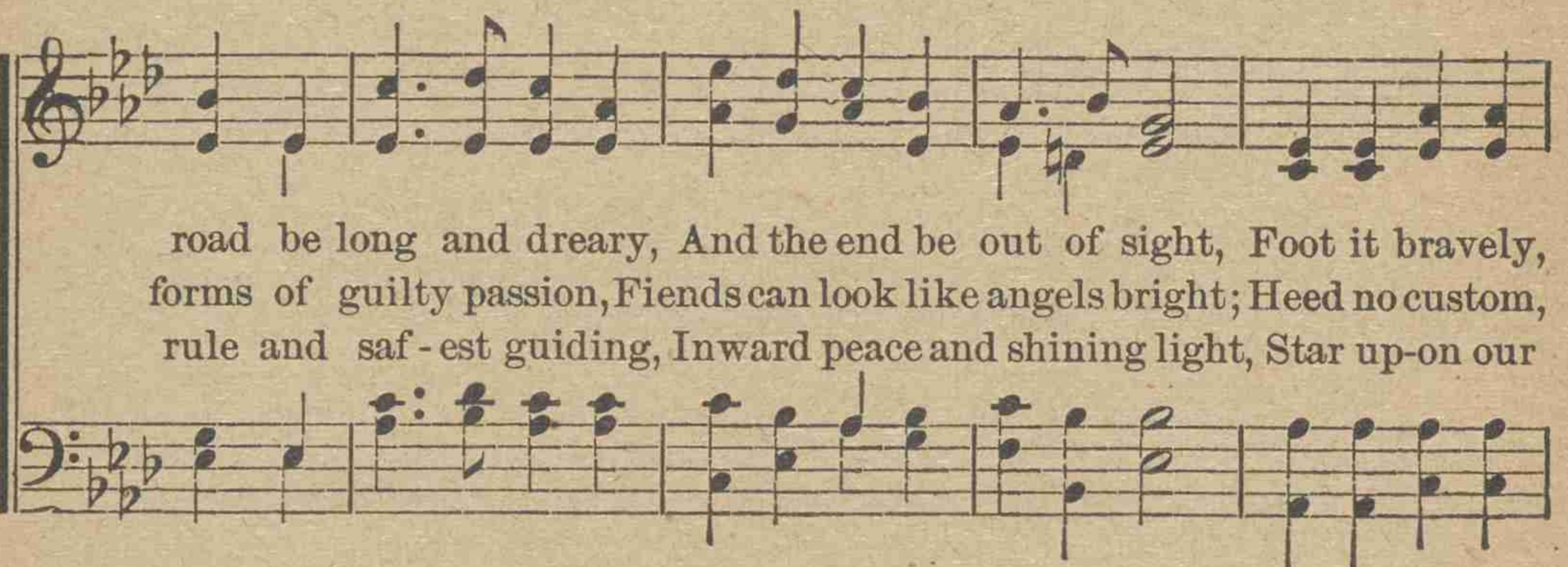
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



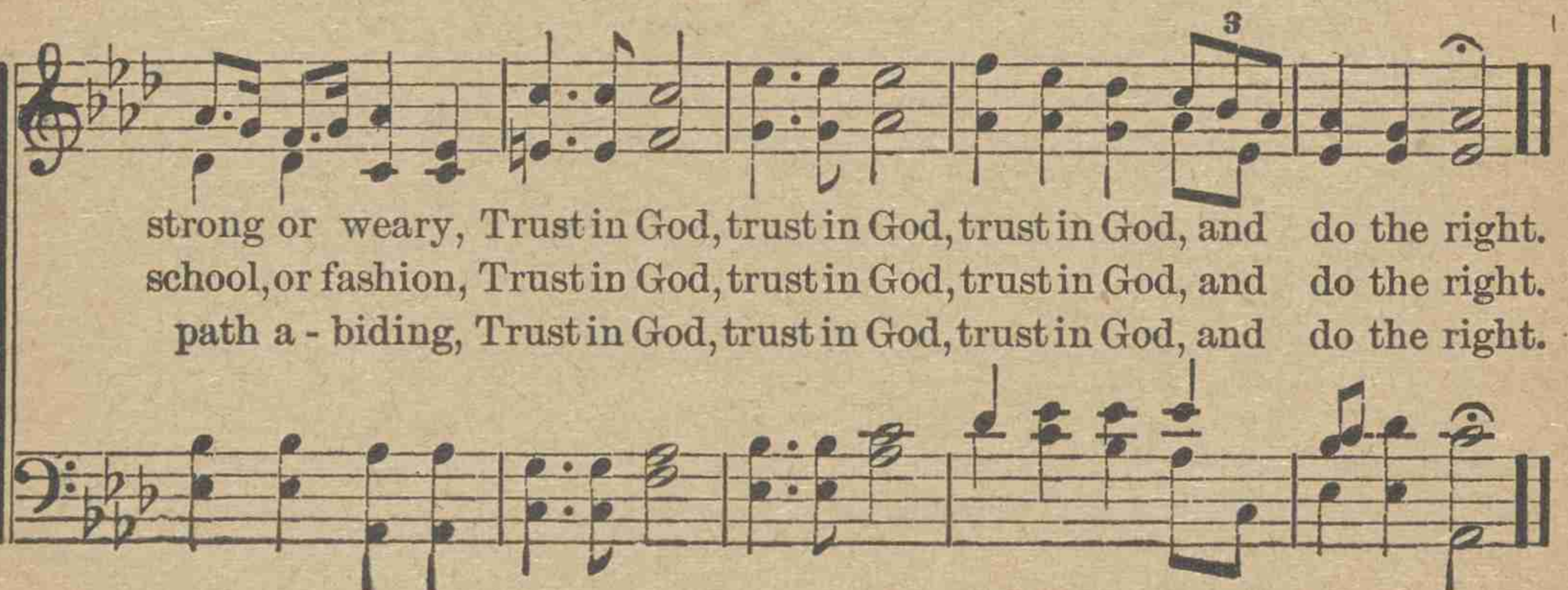
1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
 2. Per-ish "pol-i - cy" and cunning, Per-ish all that fears the light,
 3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;



There's a star to guide the humble, Trust in God, and do the right. Tho' the
 Whether losing, whether winning, Trust in God, and do the right. Shun all
 Cease from man, and look above thee, Trust in God, and do the right. Sim - ple



road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight, Foot it bravely,
 forms of guilty passion, Fiends can look like angels bright; Heed no custom,
 rule and saf - est guiding, Inward peace and shining light, Star up-on our

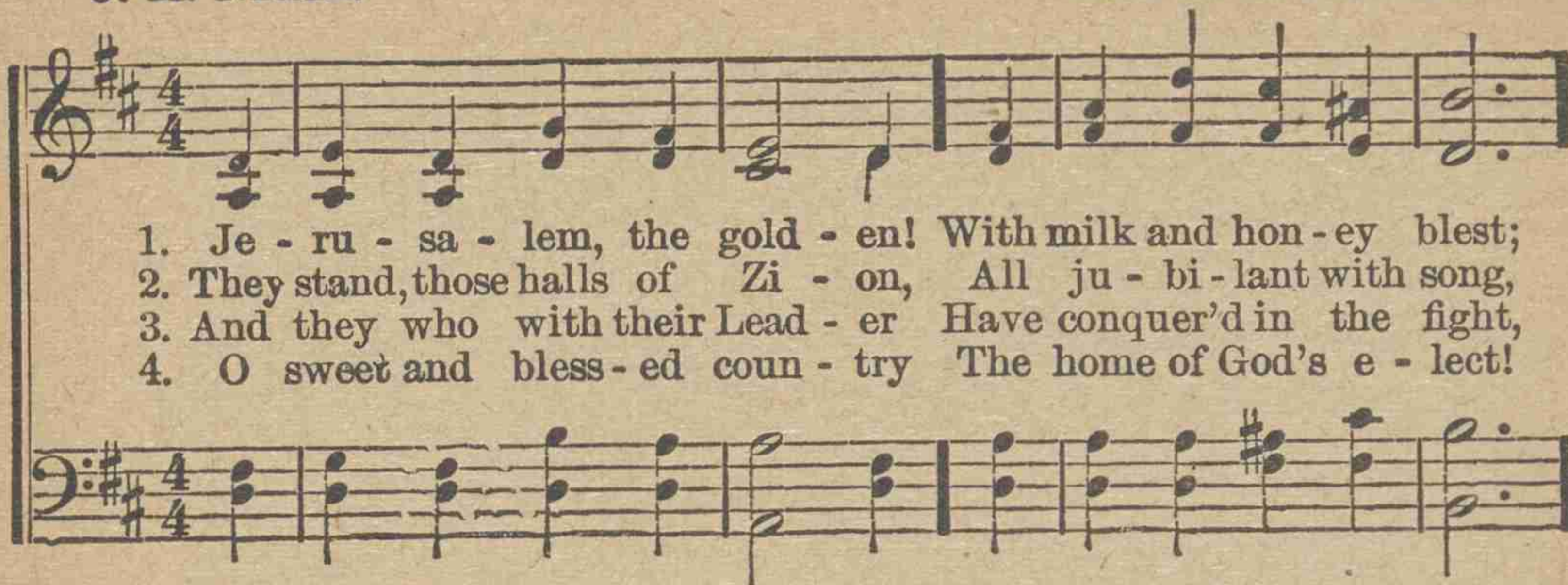


strong or weary, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
 school, or fashion, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
 path a - bidding, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.

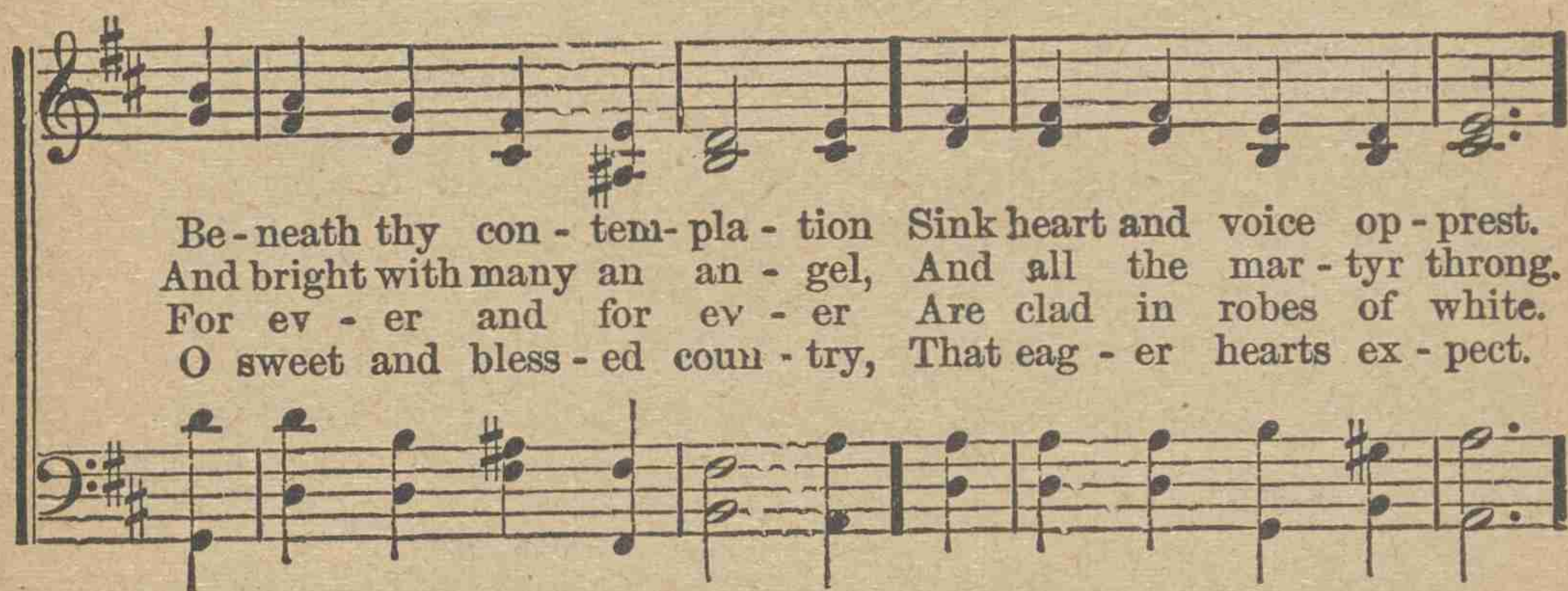
199. Jerusalem, the Golden.

J. M. NEALE.

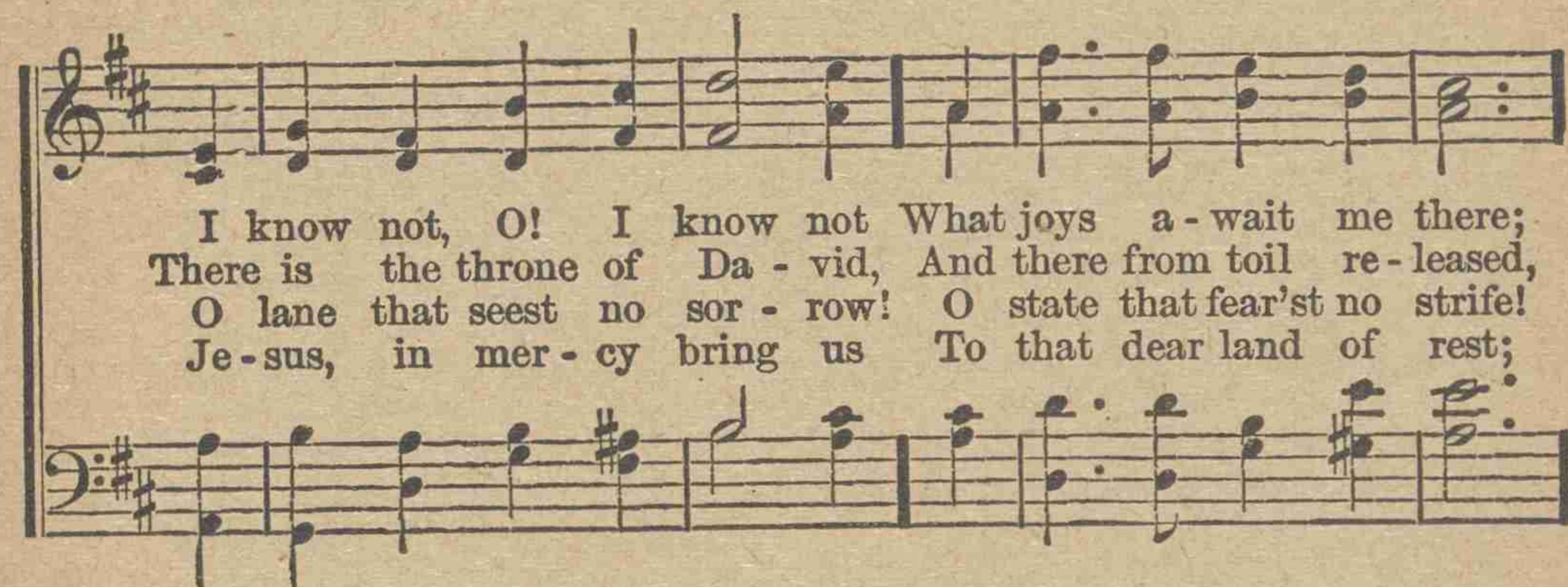
REV. H. L. JENNER.



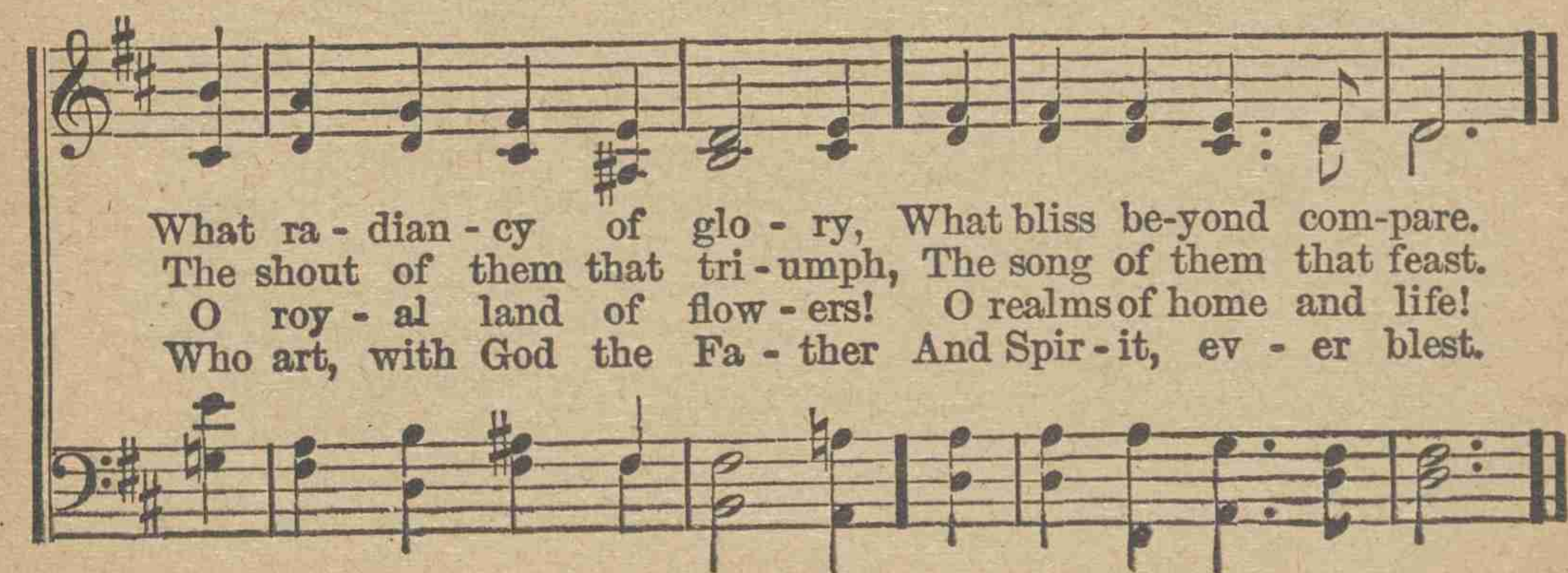
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have conquer'd in the fight,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That eag - er hearts ex - pect.



I know not, O! I know not What joys a - wait me there;
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased,
 O lane that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realms of home and life!
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

LORD'S DAY.

200. Hark! Ten Thousand.

THOS. KELLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a-bove! }
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joice - ces— Je - sus reigns, the God of love. }

See, He sits on yonder throne: Je - sus rules the world alone.
 See, he sits, Je - sus rules,

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a-lone.

2.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth:
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Lord, we own it love divine.

3.

King of glory, reign forever—
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Destined to behold Thy face.

201. Take the Name of Jesus.

LYDIA BAXTER.

Key of A.


1. Take the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe:
 It will joy and comfort give you;
 Take it, then, where'er you go.
 CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Precious name, O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!
 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare;

If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.
 3. O the precious name of Jesus,
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ.
 4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.



202. Golden Harps are Sounding.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.


FRANCES B. HAVERGAL.




1. Golden harps are sounding, An-gel voices ring, Pearly gates are o-pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness
 3. Pray-ing for His chil-dren In that blessed place, Calling them to glo-ry,


Opened for the King. Christ, the King of glo-ry, Jesus, King of love,
 At His Father's side. Nev-er more to suf-fer, Never more to die,
 Sending them His grace; His bright home prepar-ing, Lit-tle ones, for you;



REFRAIN.



Is gone up in triumph To His throne above. All His work is end-ed,
 Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Is gone up on high.
 Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er loveth too.




Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King!



203. Evening Blessing.

J. EDMESTON.

D. E. JONES.



1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal.
 2. Tho' de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,



Sin and want we come con - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel guards from Thee surround us— We are safe if Thou art nigh.



3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness can not hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom

204. Songs of Praise

J. MONTGOMERY.

MOZART.



1. Songs of praise a-woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born;
 2. Heav'n and earth must pass a-way,—Songs of praise must crown the day;



Songs of praise a-rose when He Cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 God will make new heav'ns and earth—Songs of praise shall hail their birth.



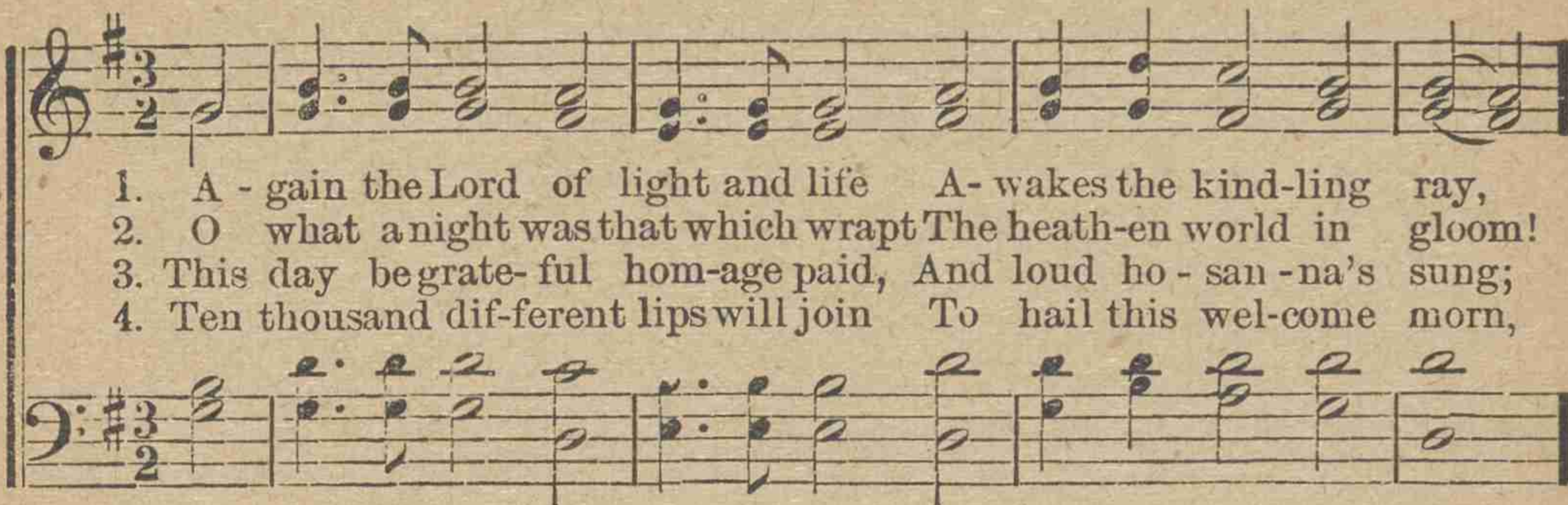
3. Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice,
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
4. Borne upon the latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

LORD'S DAY.

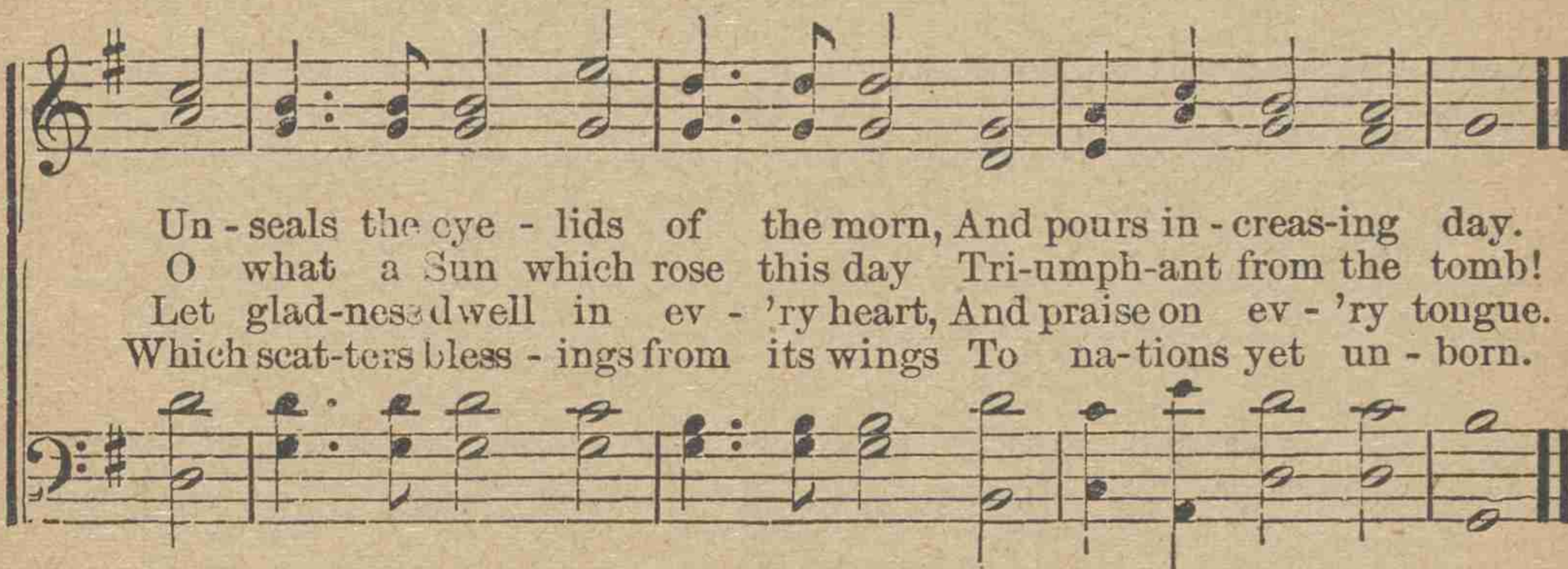
205. Lord of Light and Life.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



1. A - gain the Lord of light and life A - wakes the kind - ling ray,
 2. O what a night was that which wrapt The heath - en world in gloom!
 3. This day be grate - ful hom - age paid, And loud ho - san - na's sung;
 4. Ten thousand dif - ferent lips will join To hail this wel - come morn,

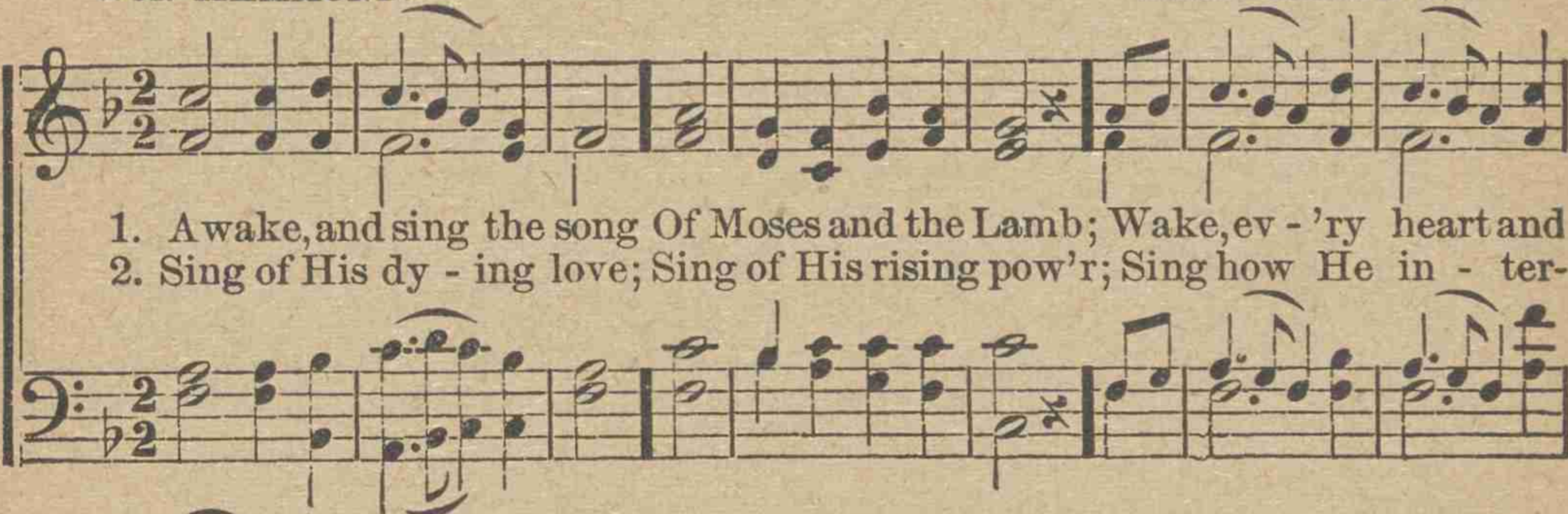


Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours in - creas - ing day.
 O what a Sun which rose this day Tri - umph - ant from the tomb!
 Let glad - ness dwell in ev - 'ry heart, And praise on ev - 'ry tongue.
 Which scat - ters bless - ings from its wings To na - tions yet un - born.

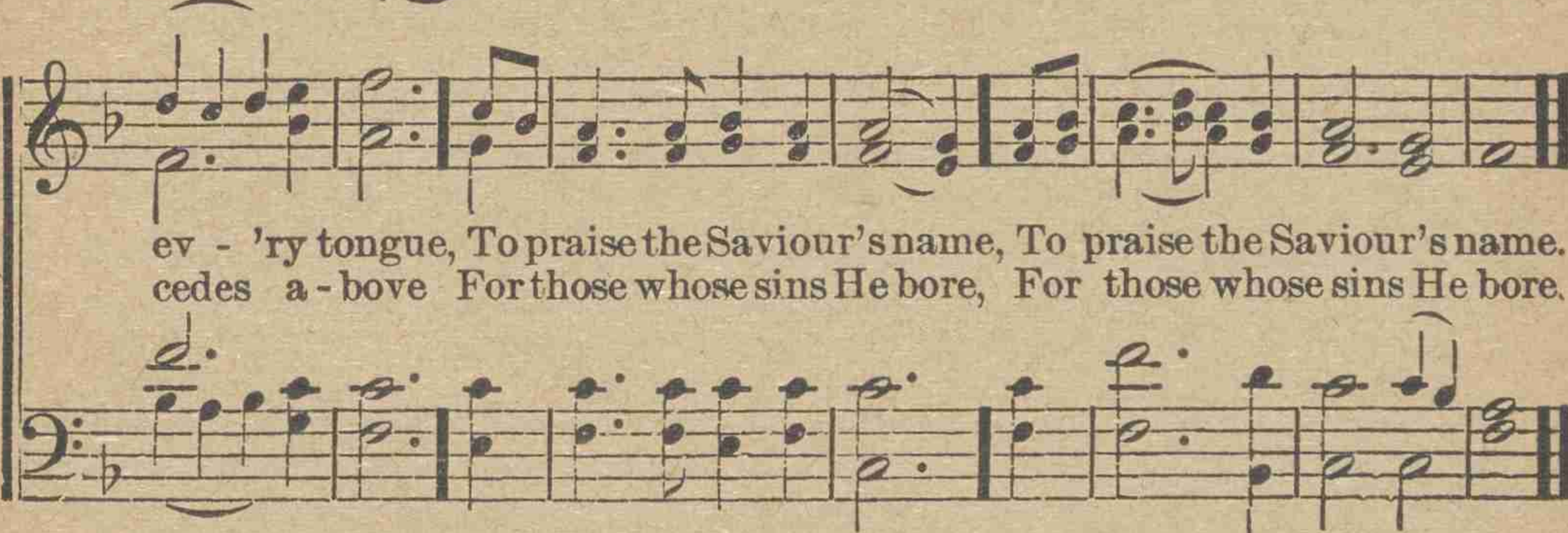
206. Awake and Sing

WM. HAMMOND.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, ev - 'ry heart and
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His rising pow'r; Sing how He in - ter -



ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.
 cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore, For those whose sins He bore.

3. Sing on your heavenly way,
 You ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, the glorious King.

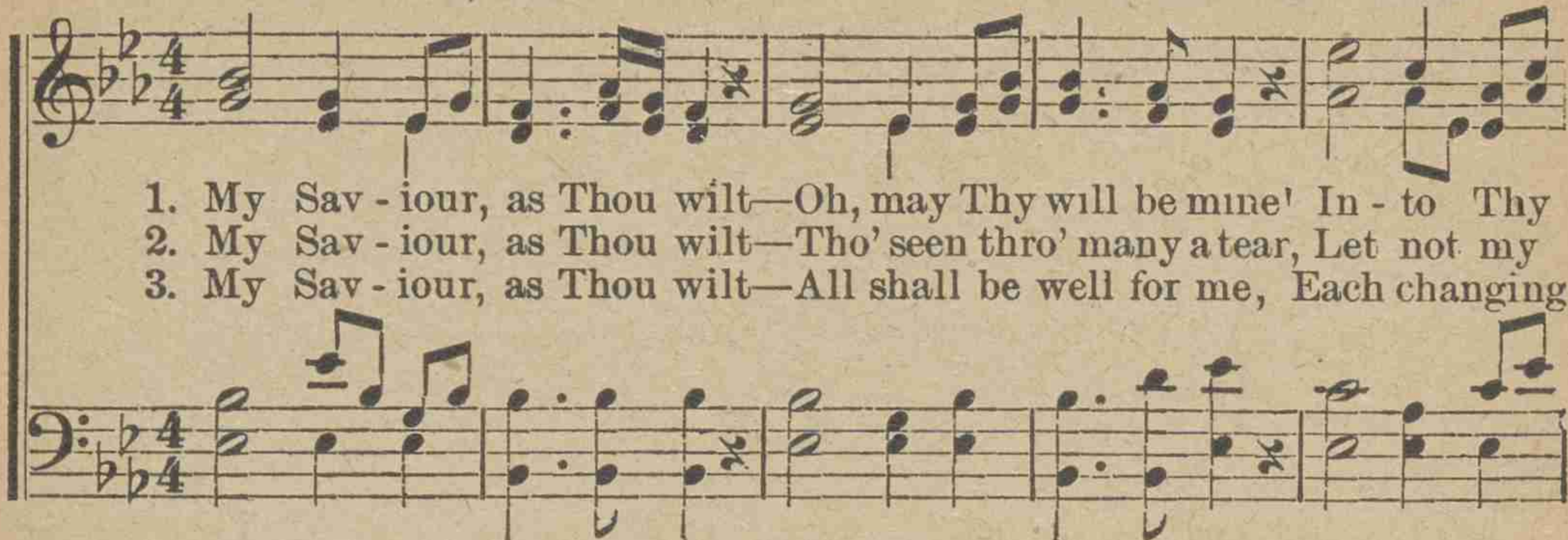
4. Soon shall you hear Him say,
 "You blessed children, come!"
 Soon will He call you hence away,
 And take His pilgrims home.

LORD'S DAY.

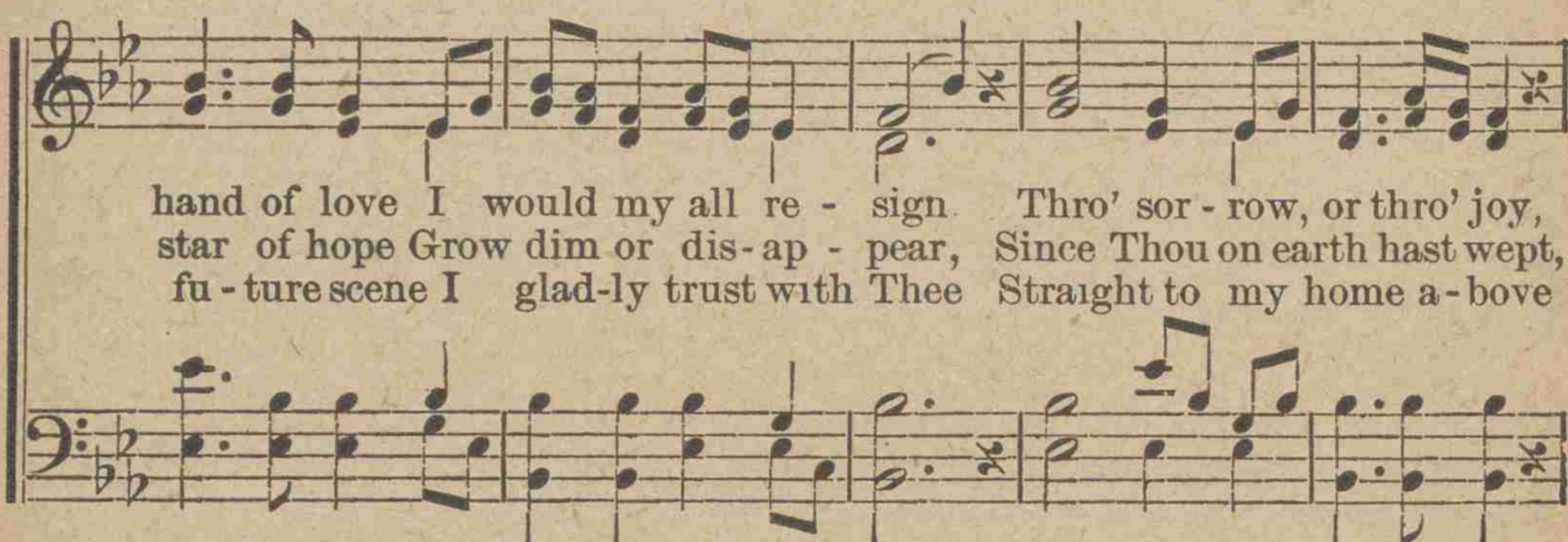
207. My Saviour, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK, Tr.

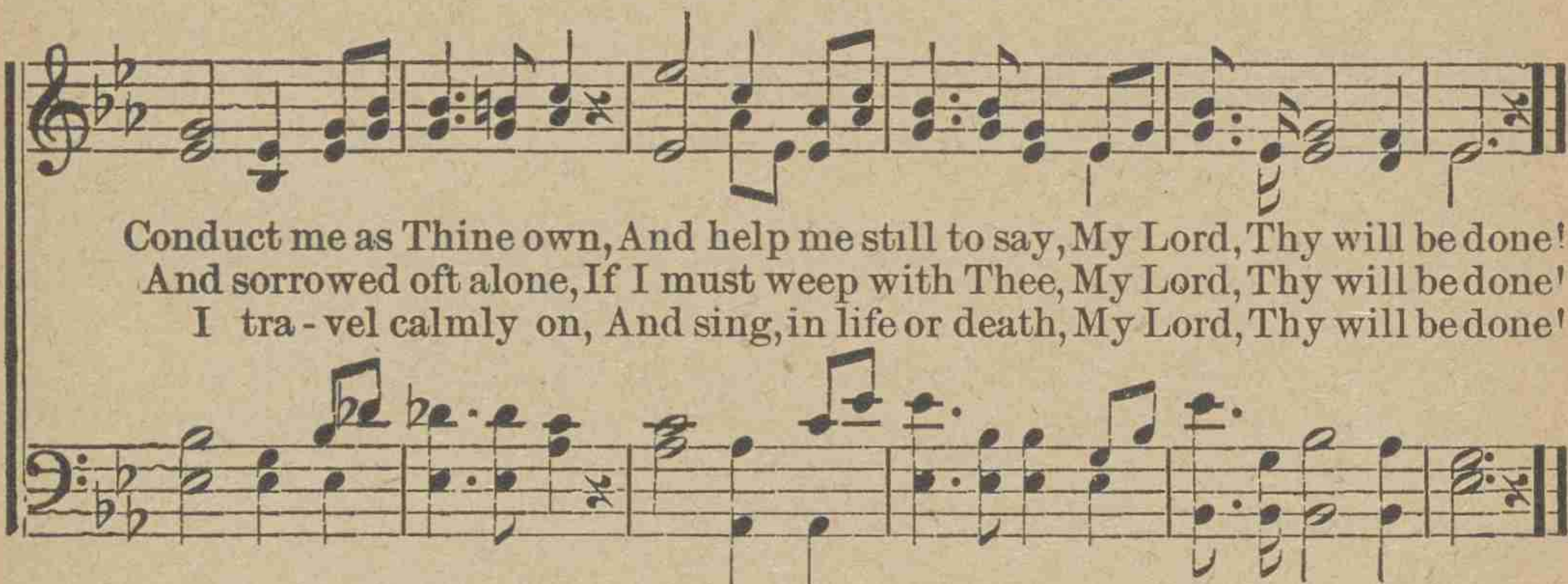
C. M. VON WEBER



1. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
 2. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
 3. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—All shall be well for me, Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear, Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee Straight to my home a - bove

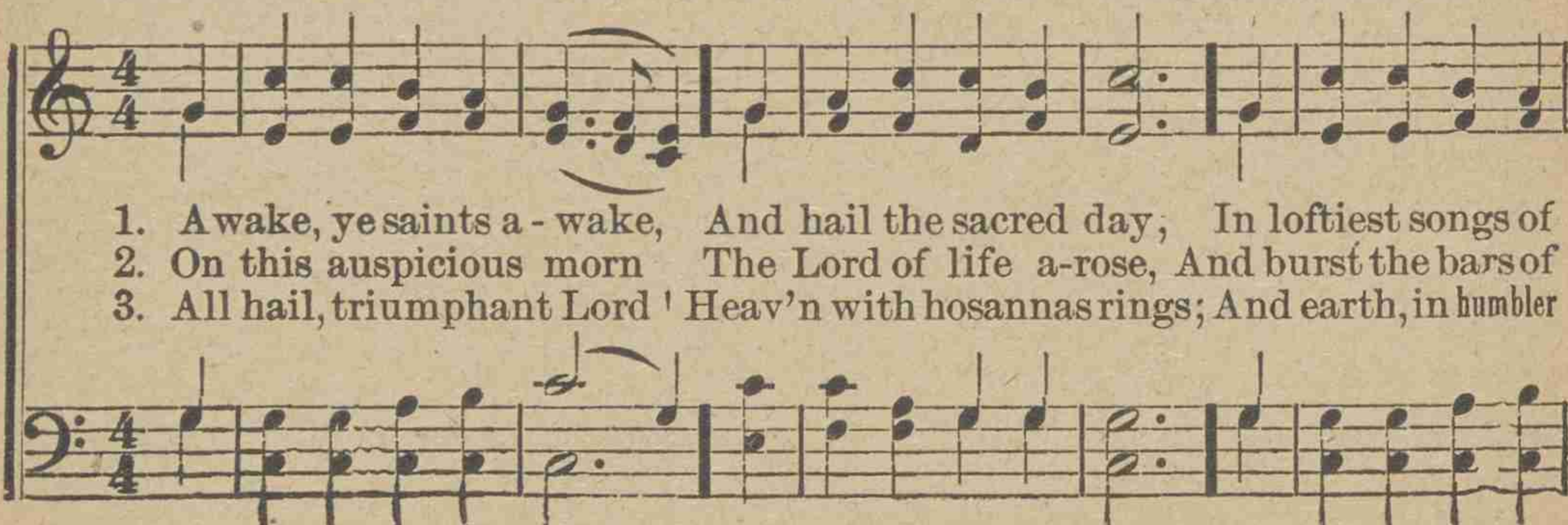


Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 I tra - vel calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

208. Awake, Ye Saints, Awake!

THOS. COTTERILL

JAS. H. FILLMORE.



1. Awake, ye saints a - wake, And hail the sacred day, In loftiest songs of
 2. On this auspicious morn The Lord of life a - rose, And burst the bars of
 3. All hail, triumphant Lord! Heav'n with hosannas rings; And earth, in humbler

Awake, Ye Saints, Awake!—Concluded.

praise Your grateful homage pay. Come bless (Come bless) the day that
death, And vanquished all our foes; And now (And now) He pleads our
strains, Thy praise re-spon-sive sings: Wor - thy (Worthy) the Lamb that

God (that God) hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.
cause (our cause) a - bove, And reaps the fruit of all His love.
once (that once) was slain, Thro' end - less years to live and reign.

209. Sweet Day of Rest.

ISAAC WATTS.

DANIEL READ.

1. Wel come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ;
2. The King Him-self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day ;

Wel-come to this re - viv ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!
Here may we sit and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray,

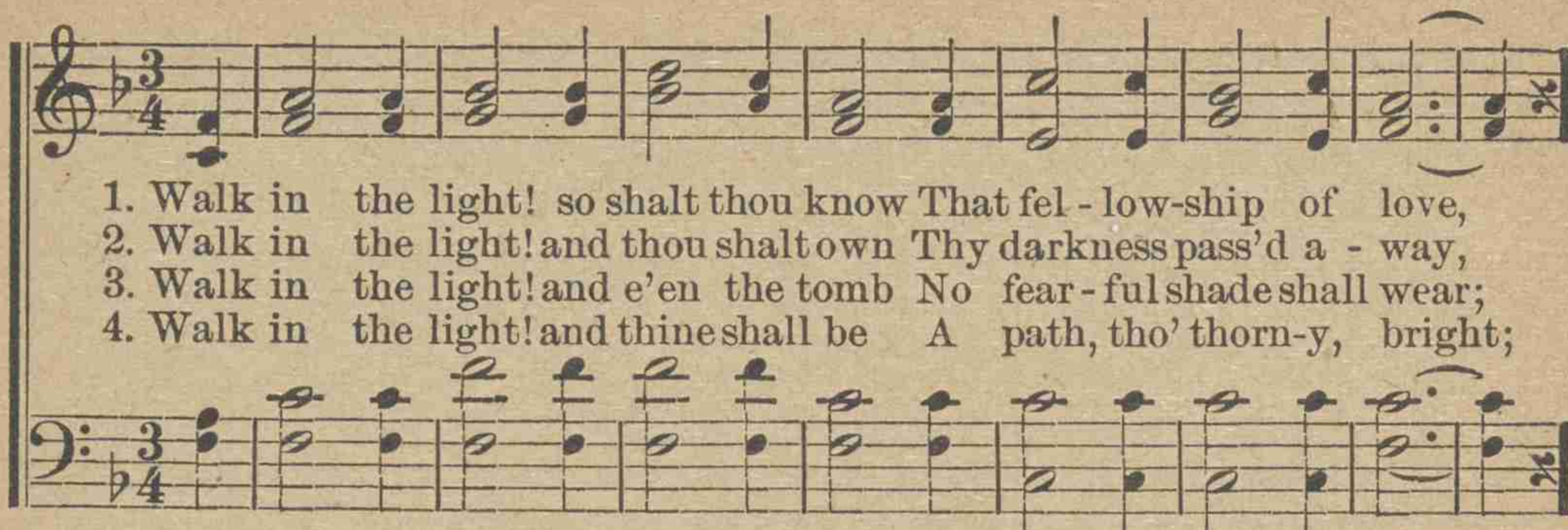
3. One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

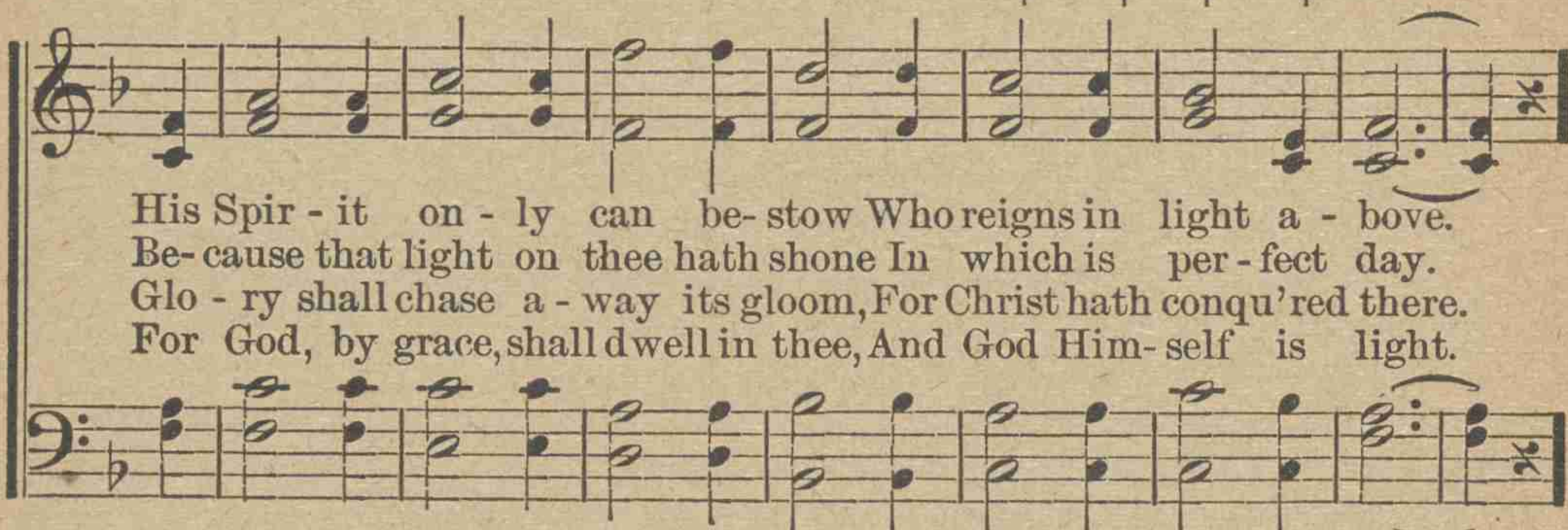
210. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON.

REV. J. H. WELCH.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness pass'd a - way,
 3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shades shall wear;
 4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorn-y, bright;



His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
 Be - cause that light on thee hath shone In which is per - fect day.
 Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conqu' red there.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him - self is light.

CHORUS.



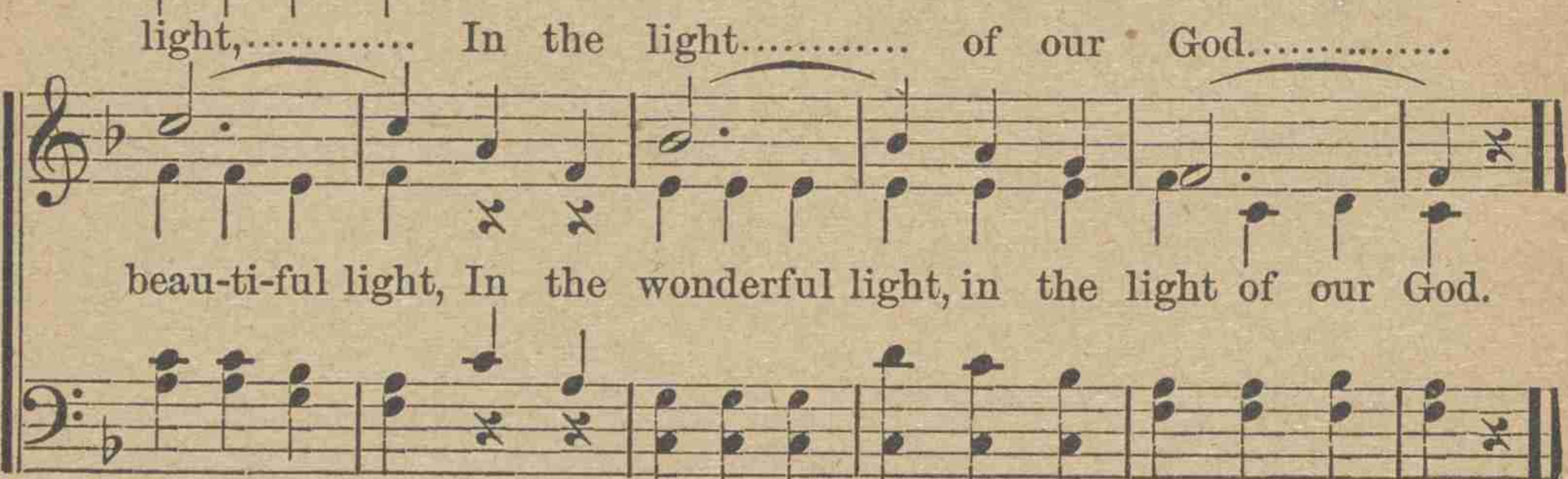
We'll walk..... in the light,..... In the

We'll walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light, In the



beau - ti - ful light;..... We'll walk..... in the

wonderful light, in the light of our God; We'll walk in the light, in the



light,..... In the light..... of our God.....


beau-ti-ful light, In the wonderful light, in the light of our God.

PRAVER AND PRAISE.



211. Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY.



DR. LOWELL MASON.





1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran-som
 3. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear


sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sa-viour shine, I'd
 from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
 Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face: Then

soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings,
 sing his glo-rious righteousness, In which all per-fect heav'nly dress
 with my Sa-viour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

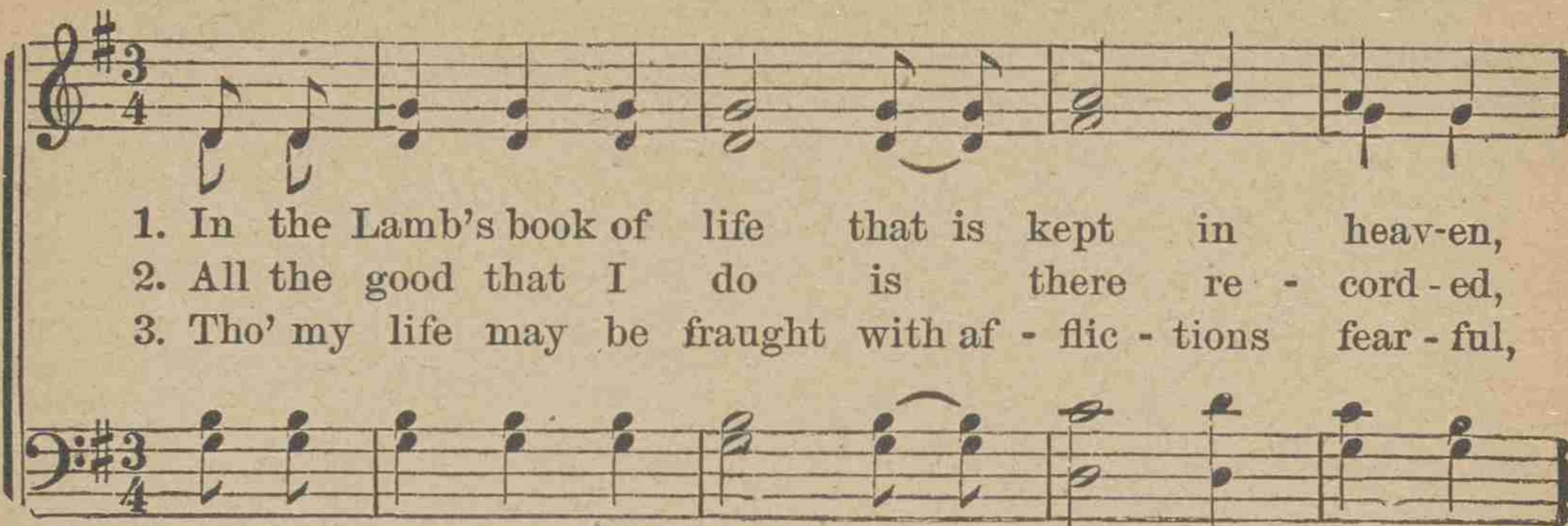
In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 Tri - um-ph'ant in his grace, Tri-um-ph'ant in his grace.




212. Is My Name Written There?

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE

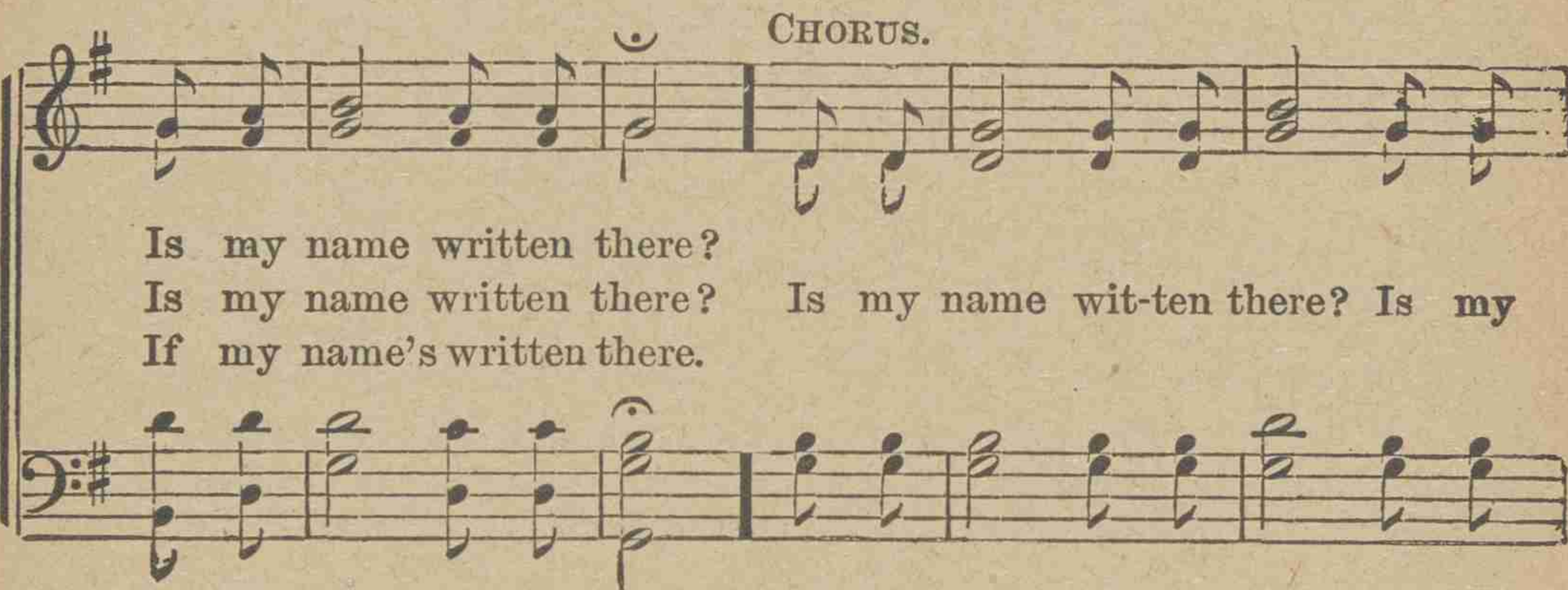


1. In the Lamb's book of life that is kept in heav-en,
 2. All the good that I do is there re - cord - ed,
 3. Tho' my life may be fraught with af - flic - tions fear - ful,

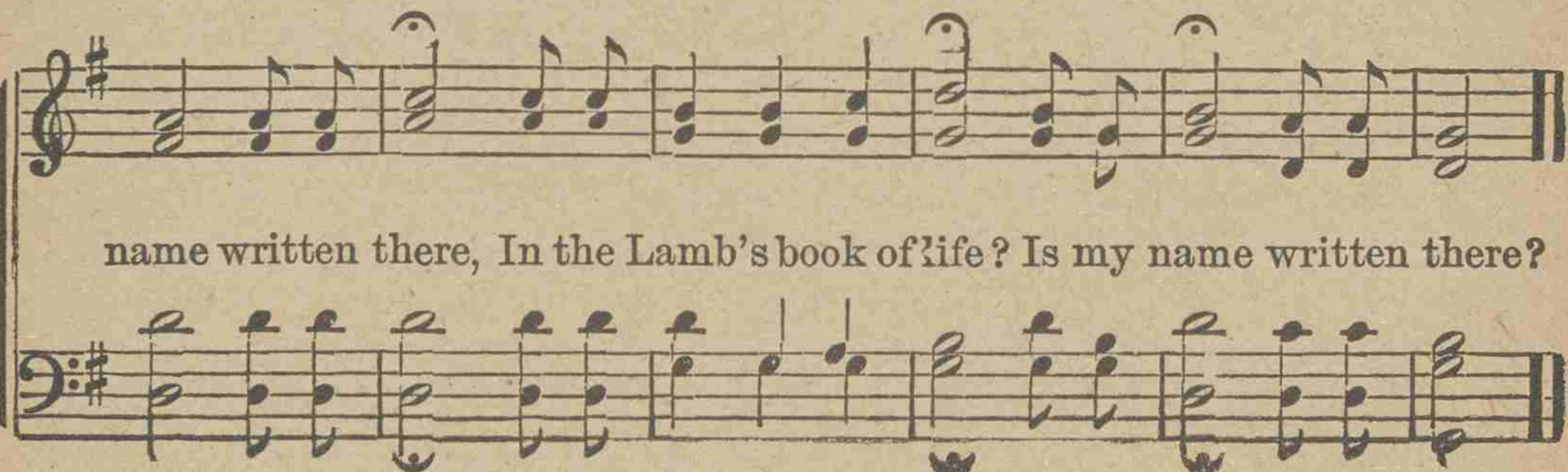


Are writ - ten the names of those for - giv - en:
 And in heav - en by grace I'll be re - ward - ed:
 I can bear with it all, and my heart be cheer - ful,

CHORUS.



Is my name written there?
 Is my name written there? Is my name wit-ten there? Is my
 If my name's written there.




name written there, In the Lamb's book of life? Is my name written there?



213. The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.


R. E. HUDSON.




1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy,
 2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than an - y earthly throng,
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav - ior, precious Savior mine! What will Thy presence be,



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?





CHORUS.




The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of

love so full and free; The half has nev - er yet been

told, (yet been told,) The blood— it cleans - eth me, (cleanseth me.)



PRAYER AND PRAISE


214. Forsake Me Not.

TWILIGHT.



MILO W. NETHERCUTT.





1. For - sake me not, nor leave me, Oh, my Lord, for one short day, Stay
 2. For - sake me not, nor leave me, Oh, my Lord, for one brief hour, Stay
 3. For - sake me not, nor leave me, Oh, my Lord, as moments fly, Stay


near me, I en - treat thee, For I can - not find the way, That will
 near me, I im - plore thee, And a - bid in love and pow'r, Give me
 near me, nor be - reave me, As the days and years go by; Show me

lead me to Thy home, To that glo - rious heav'nly land; Lord,
 strength by grace di - vine, On that Rock to firm - ly stand; Lord,
 where my du - ty lies, Give me grace on Thee to stand; In

teach me how to serve Thee, And oh, hold, hold fast my hand.
 teach me now to trust Thee; On the Rock, oh, help me stand.
 me Thy will now per - fect, Fa - ther, hold, oh, hold my hand.



By permission.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

Forsake Me Not.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hold my hand, oh, Father, I pray;

Hold my hand,..... oh, Father, I pray;..... Hold my

Hold my hand, dear Lord, to-day,

hand,..... dear Father, to-day;..... Hold my

Hold my hand, oh, Father, I pray,

hand,..... oh, Father, I pray,..... Hold my

Hold my hand, dear Fa-ther, to-day.

hand,..... dear Fa-ther, to-day.....

PRAYER AND PRAISE

215 All Taken Away.

R. KELSO CARTER.

A. A.



1. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me? They're all tak en a-way, a-way;
2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
4. So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven, They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
5. And when in glo - ry we meet above; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;



Your sins are par-doned and you are free, They're all tak-en a - way.
 Tho' red like crimson they're now as wool; They're all tak-en a - way.
 My sins like scar - let are white as snow; They're all tak-en a - way.
 While on-ward pressing my way to heav'n; They're all tak-en a - way.
 We'll sing the song of Re-deeming Love; They're all tak-en a - way.



CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, They're all tak-en a - way, a - way,



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, My sins are all tak en a - way.



PRAYER AND PRAISE.

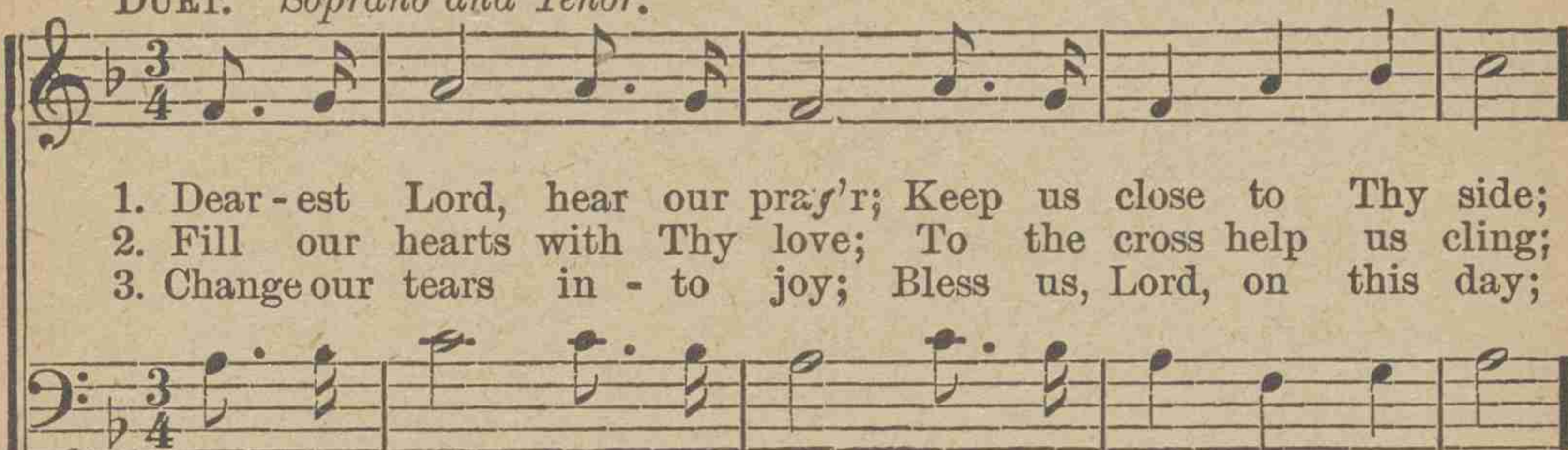
216. Bless the Lord.

J. V. C.

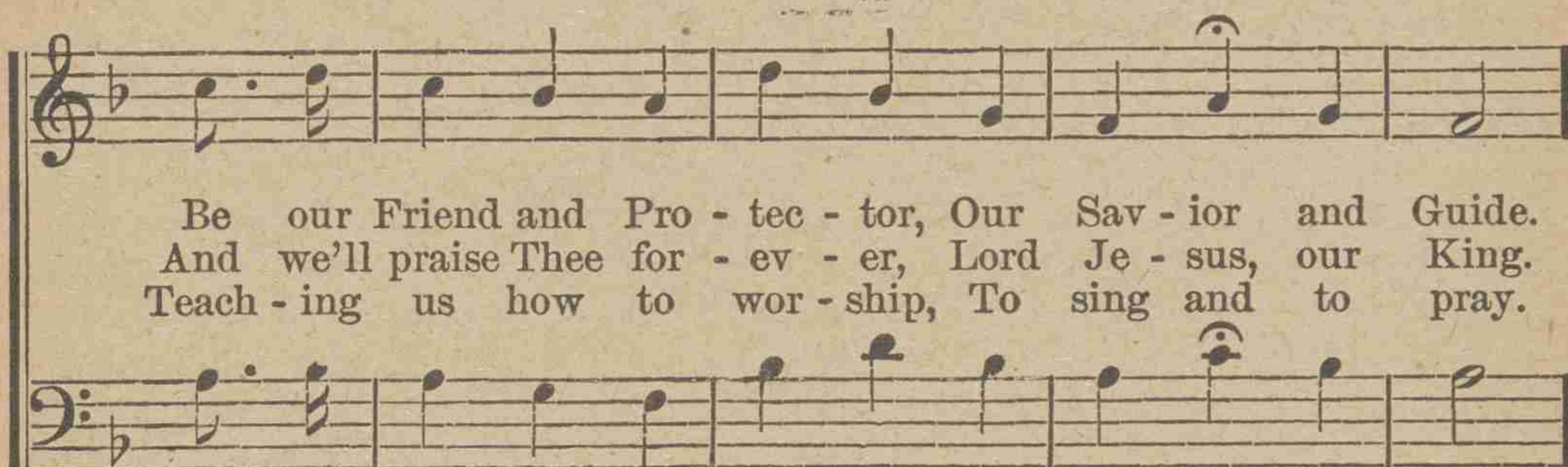
DUET.

Soprano and Tenor.

J. V. COOMBS.




1. Dear - est Lord, hear our pray'r; Keep us close to Thy side;
 2. Fill our hearts with Thy love; To the cross help us cling;
 3. Change our tears in - to joy; Bless us, Lord, on this day;



Be our Friend and Pro - tec - tor, Our Sav - ior and Guide.
 And we'll praise Thee for - ev - er, Lord Je - sus, our King.
 Teach - ing us how to wor - ship, To sing and to pray.

CHORUS.



Bless the Lord, praise His name, Bless the
 Bless the Lord, praise His name,



Lord, praise His name, Bless the
 Bless the Lord, praise His name,



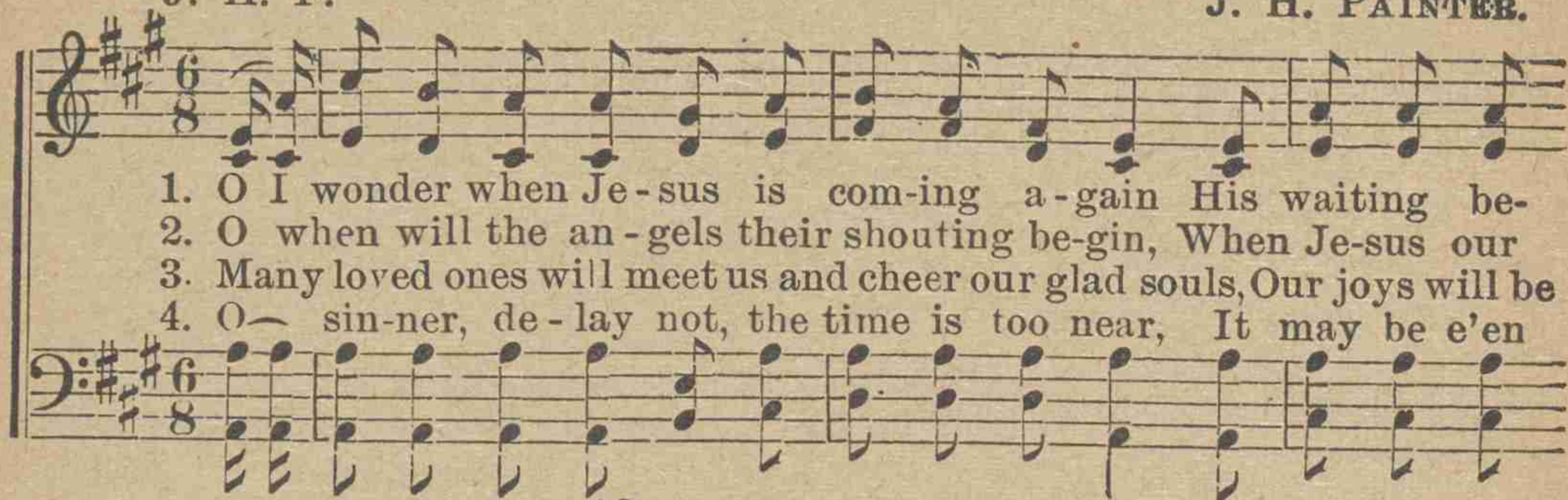
Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

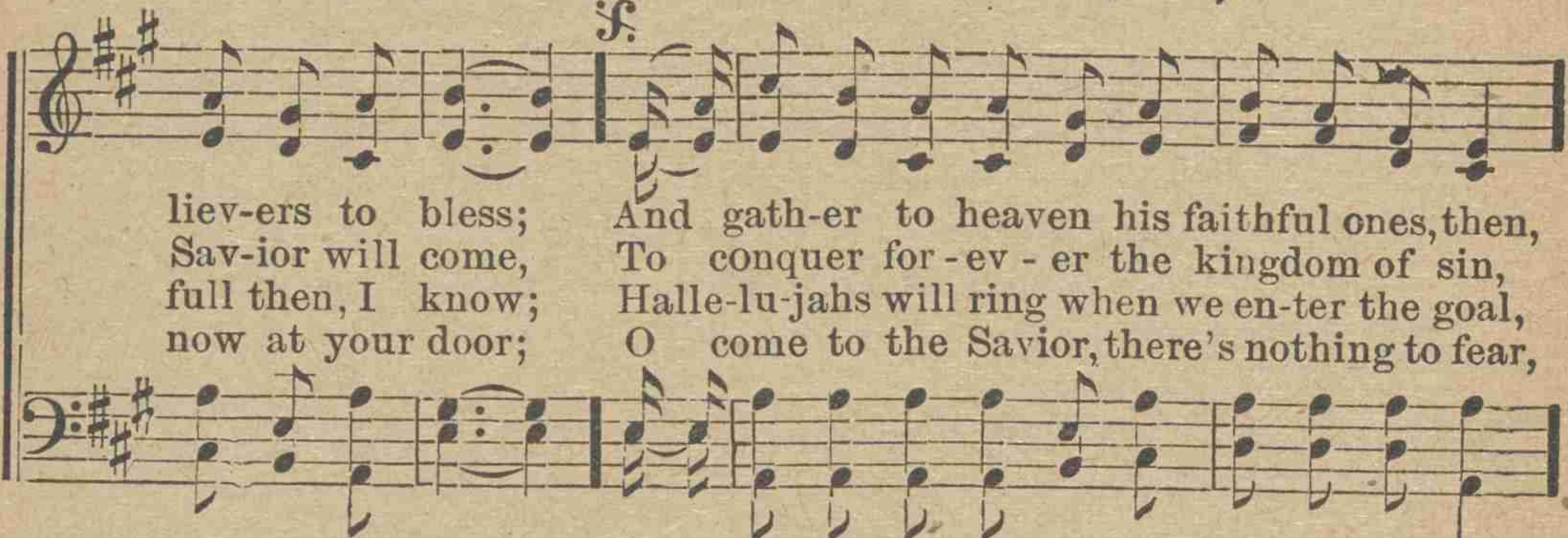
217. Jesus is Coming Again.

J. H. P.

J. H. PAINTER.



1. O I wonder when Je-sus is com-ing a-gain His waiting be-
 2. O when will the an-gels their shouting be-gin, When Je-sus our
 3. Many loved ones will meet us and cheer our glad souls, Our joys will be
 4. O— sin-ner, de-lay not, the time is too near, It may be e'en



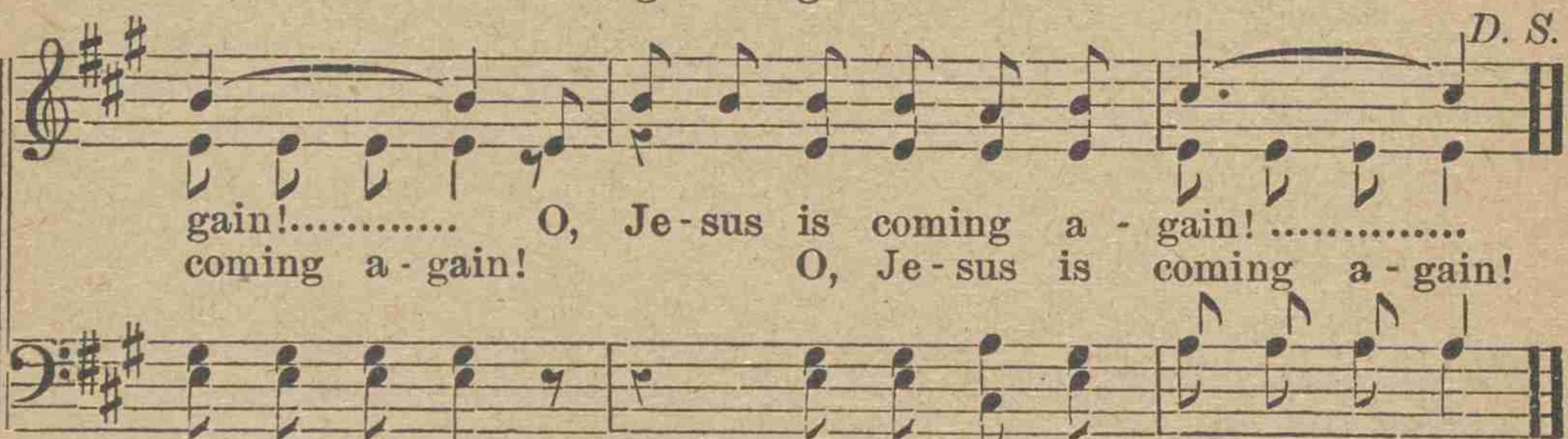
liev-ers to bless; And gath-er to heaven his faithful ones, then,
 Sav-ior will come, To conquer for-ev-er the kingdom of sin,
 full then, I know; Halle-lu-jahs will ring when we en-ter the goal,
 now at your door; O come to the Savior, there's nothing to fear,

D. S. O brother, rejoice! for the promise is sure,

FINE. CHORUS.



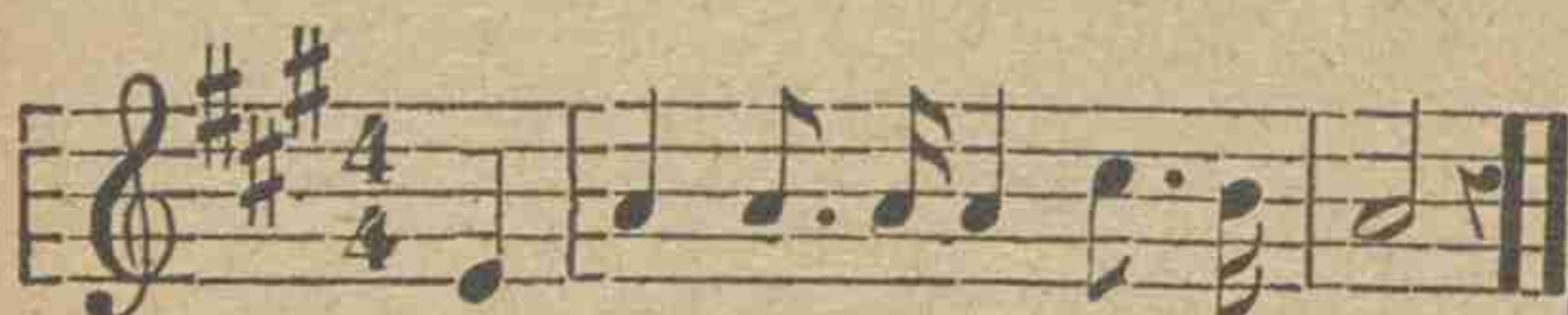
And give them sweet heavenly rest? O, Je-sus is coming a-
 And take all his chos-en ones home?
 O Chistian, be read-y to go! O, Je-sus is
 While Je-sus is walking be-fore!
 Yes, Je-sus is coming a - gain.



gain!..... O, Je-sus is coming a - gain!.....
 coming a - gain! O, Je-sus is coming a - gain!

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218. The Home Over There.



1 O think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white,
 Over there, over there,
 O think of the home over there,

2 O think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God,
 Over there, over there,
 O think of the friends over there.

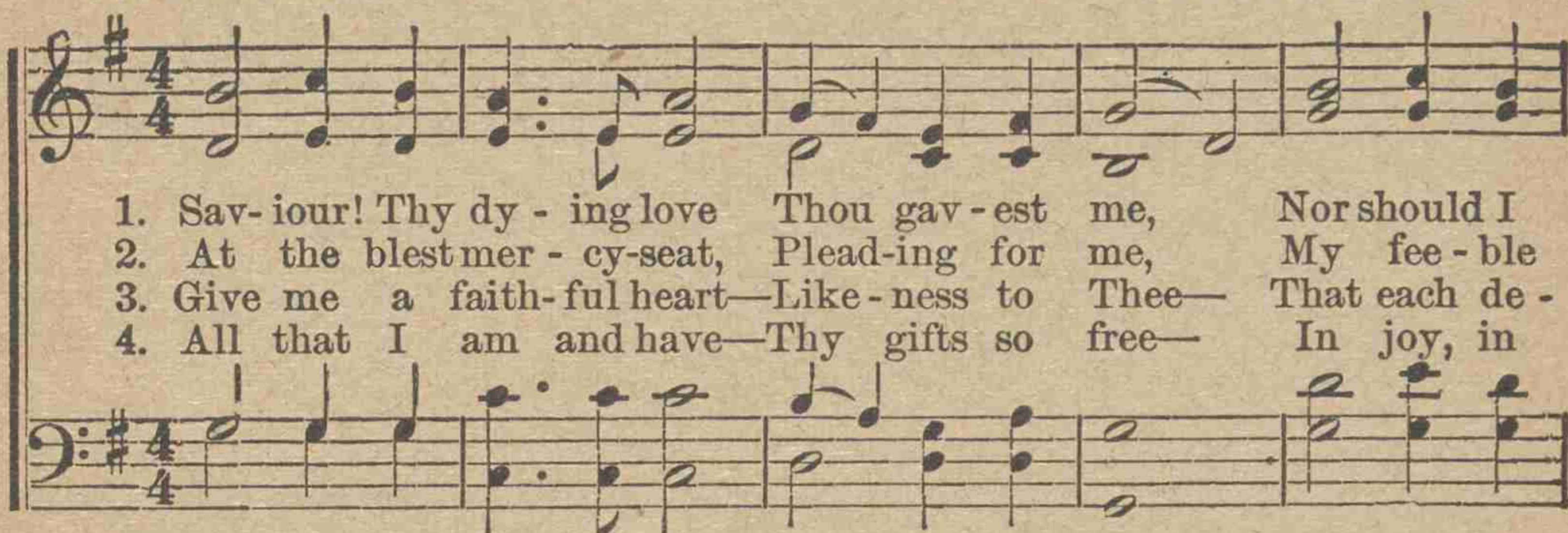
3 My Savior is now over there;
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Savior is now over there.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

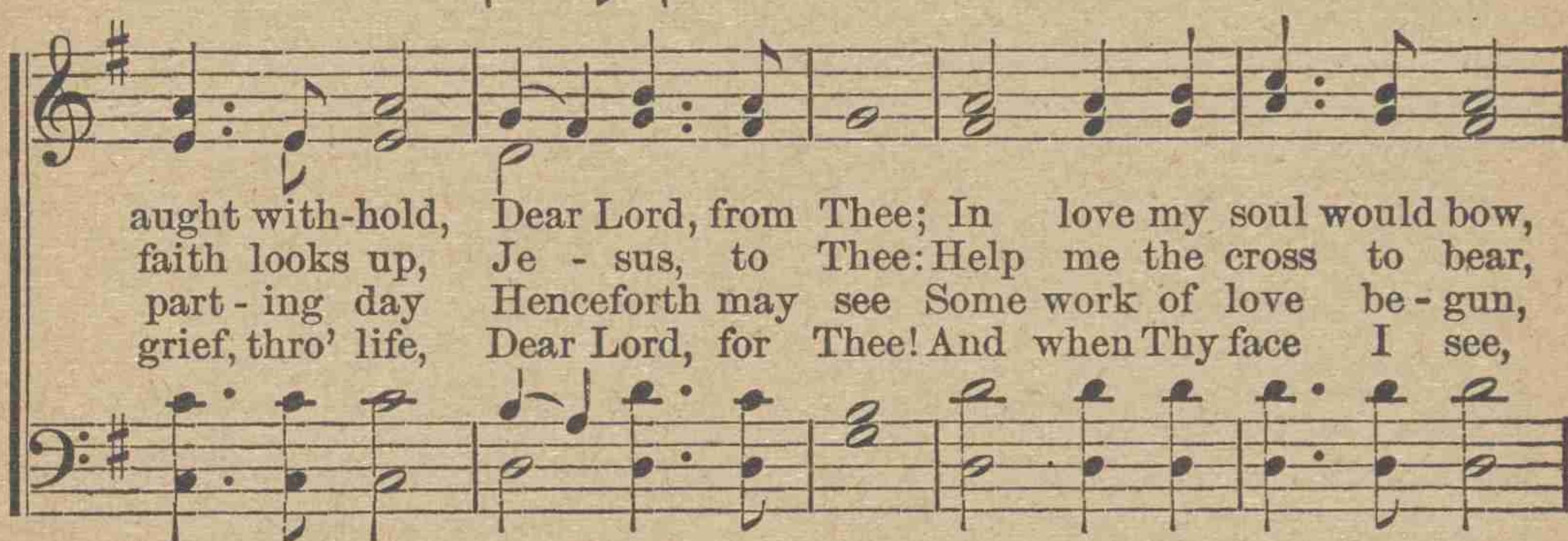
219. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS.

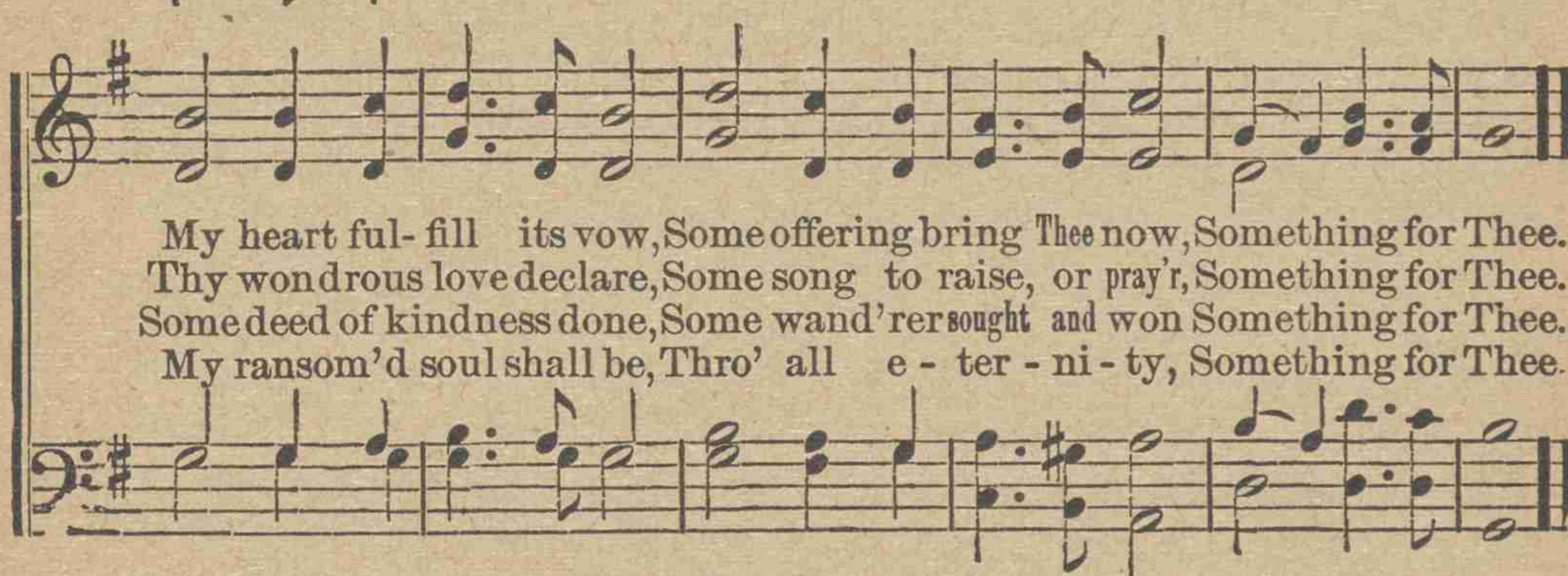
REV. R. LOWRY.



1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble
 3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee— That each de-
 4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in



aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 part-ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be-gun,
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,



My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rersought and won Something for Thee.
 My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee.

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220. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD.

Key of D.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

221. More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO R. SWENEY



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



More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love Who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



D. S.—More of His sav ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



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



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222. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Key of A $\frac{1}{2}$

1. I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

CHO.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour.
I come to Thee.

2. I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

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PRAYER AND PRAISE.

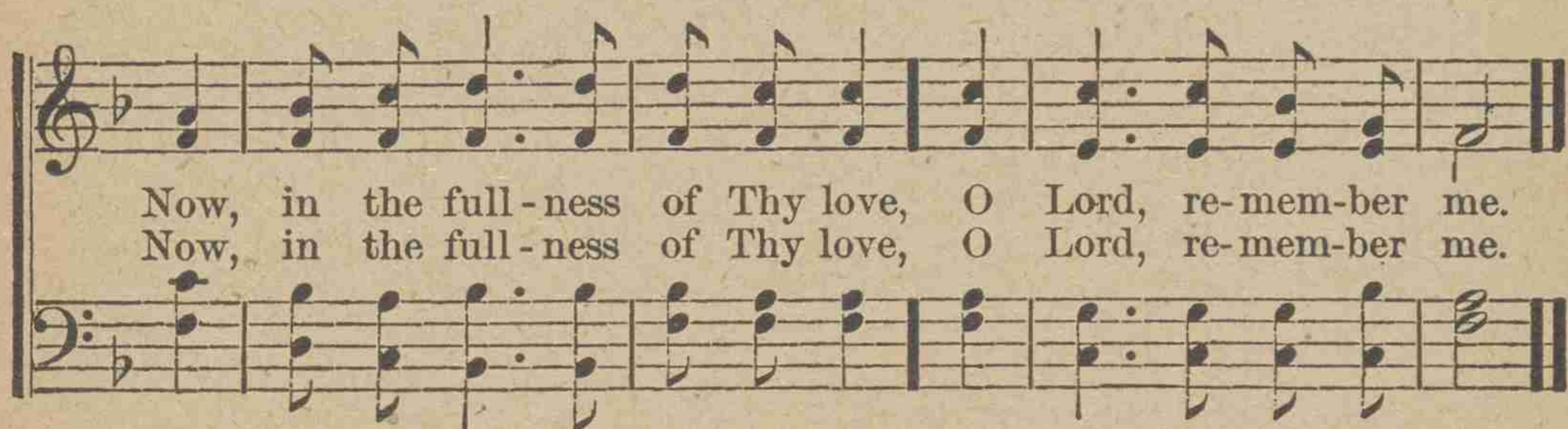
223. Remember Me.

RICHARD BURNHAM.

ASA HULL.



1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinner's friend ; As such I look to Thee :
 REF.—Re - member me, re - member me, O Lord, remember me ;



Now, in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Now, in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2. Remember Thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary ;
 Remember all Thy promises,
 And then remember me.—REF.

3. Thou mighty Advocate with God,
 I yield myself to Thee :
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
 O Lord, remember me.—REF.

4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile ;
 Yet Thy salvation's free :
 Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
 O Lord, remember me.—REF.

5. And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creature helps all flee,
 Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
 I pray, remember me.—REF.

224. Loving Him.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey :
 2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move ;



Sweeter les - son can not be—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

3. Love in loving finds employ
 In obedience all her joy ;
 Ever new that joy will be—
 Loving Him who first loved me.

4. Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from Thee—
 Loving Him who first loved me.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

225. Thy Will Be Done.

E. E. REXFORD.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Father, in need I come to Thee, And this shall be my earnest plea;
 2. Help me to al-ways keep in sight The Love that guides me to the light;
 3. Help me to do for Thine and Thee What-ev-er work Thou giv-est me;

GIVE me a spir - it like to Thine, And make Thy work and purpose mine.
 The star of Faith the bea - con be That guides me o'er life's stormy sea.
 Faithful in all things to the last, Be heav'n the prize when earth is past.

D. S. Not my will, Father, this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day.

CHORUS. D. S.
 Not my will, Father, but this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day;

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226. Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa-ther, in the morn-ing Un - to Thee I pray; Let Thy lov-ing
 2. At the bus - y noontide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with
 3. When the eve-ning shadows Chase a - way the light, Fa-ther, then I'll
 4. Thus in life's glad morn-ing, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Ever Will I Pray.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

kind-ness Keep me through this day.
 Je - sus Till He hear my pray'r.
 pray Thee, Bless Thy child to - night.
 eve-ning, Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray,

Ev - er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Unto Thee I'll pray.

By permission.

227. Under His Wings.

J. M. DUNGAN.

Slow. pp

1. Covered with feathers of mer-cy,
 2. Un - der His wings am I trust-ing,
 3. Here is my ref-uge and cov - er,
 4. Un - der the wings of His heal-ing,

Covered with feathers of love,
 Un - der His wings do I hide,
 Un - der the wings of my God;
 Un - der the wings of His might,

dim.

Covered from all that might harm me,
 Safe in this beau-ti - ful shad-ow,
 Here am I per - fect - ly rest-ing,
 Keep me for - ev - er, dear Saviour,

Safe till God calls me a - bove.
 Let me for - ev - er a - bide.
 Trusting His love and His rod.
 Sheltered by day and by night.

By permission.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

228. Help Us, O Lord.

T. COTTERILL.

HAYDN.



1. Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear, De-light-ing in Thy will;
2. He that hath pi - ty on the poor, Doth lend un - to the Lord;



- Each oth-ers bur-dens learn to bear; The law of love ful - fill.
And, lo! His rec-om-pense is sure, For more shall be re-stored.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. To Thee our all devoted be,
In Whom we move and live;
Freely we have received from Thee,
And freely may we give. | 4. And while we thus obey Thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest than to receive. |
|--|---|

229. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent - ly steep,



- O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast!



- | | |
|--|---|
| 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. Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above. |
|--|---|

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

230. A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to. ful - fil,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Master's will!
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict account to give!
 As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

231. From All That Dwell.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ternal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ternal truth attends Thy word:
 3. Your lofty themes, ye mor - tals, bring, In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
 4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains belong;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal - va - tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Savior's name.
 In cheerful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.


232. Those Holy Voices.

J. CAWOOD.

H. SMART.



1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly warbling in the skies?
2. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;—




Sure, th' angel - ic host re - joic - es, — Loud - est hal - le - lu - jahs rise,
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!




Sure, th' angel - ic host re - joic - es, Loud - est hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
 : Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound." : </p> <p>4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
 : Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King." : </p> | <p>5. "Hasten, mortals! to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy;
 : Till in heaven you sing before Him, —
Glory be to God most high!" : </p> <p>6. Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
 : Spread the brightness of His glory.
Till it cover all the earth. : </p> |
|--|---|


233. Purer in Heart.

Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de -
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy



PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Purer in Heart.—Concluded.

vote my life Whol - ly to Thee Watch Thou my wayward feet,
do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Guide me with counsel sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Reign Thou my soul within; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

234. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,

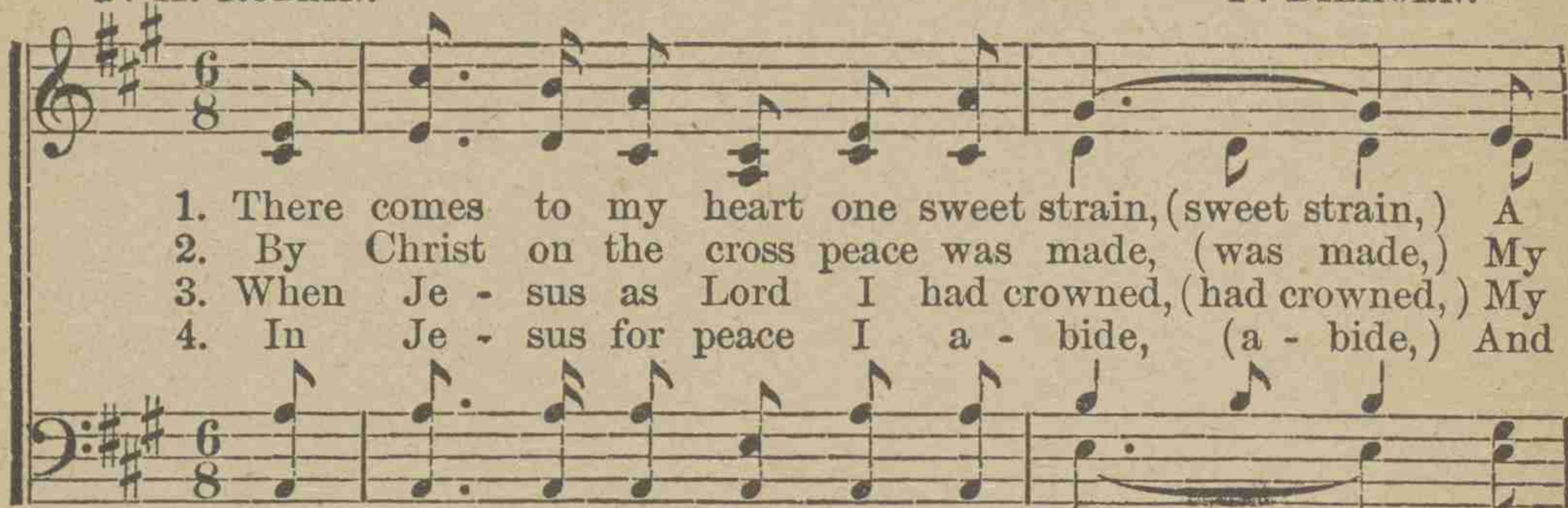
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

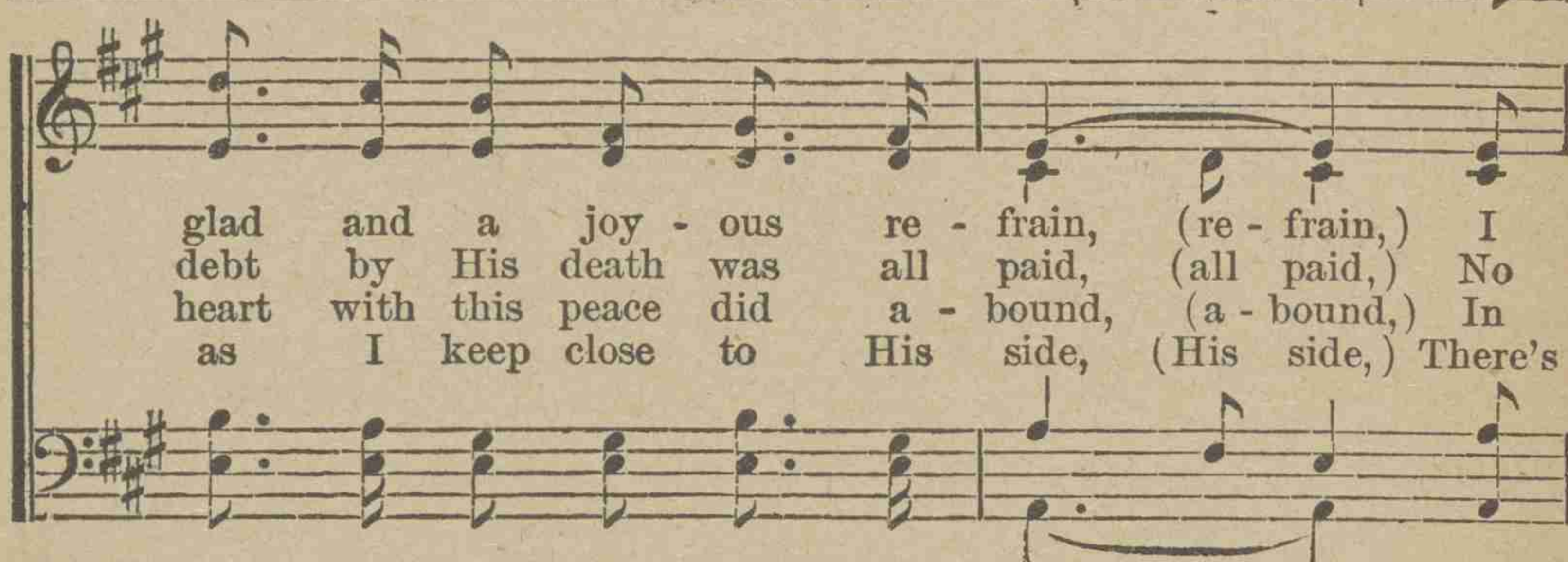
235. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

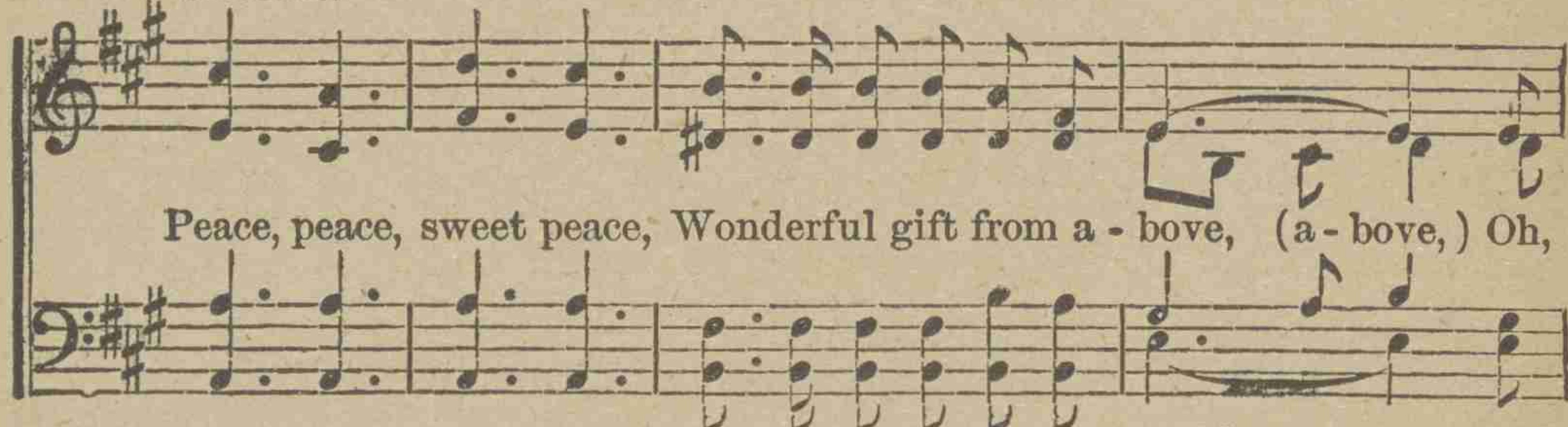


glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
 debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
 heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's



sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 oth - er foundation is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh,



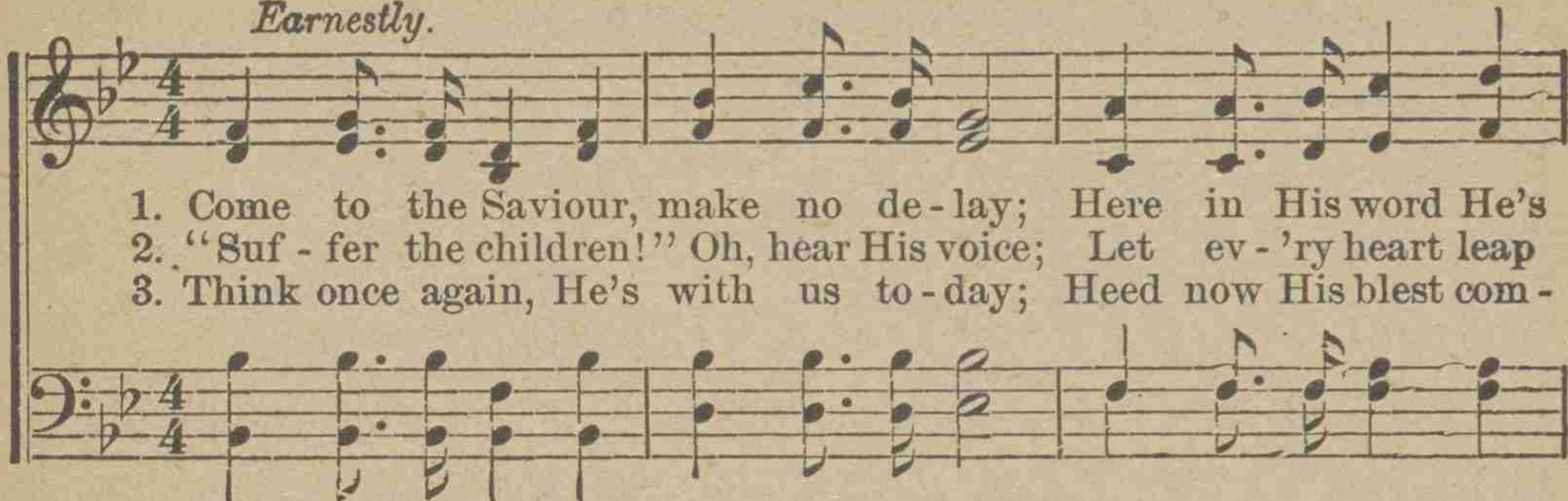
won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

INVITATION.

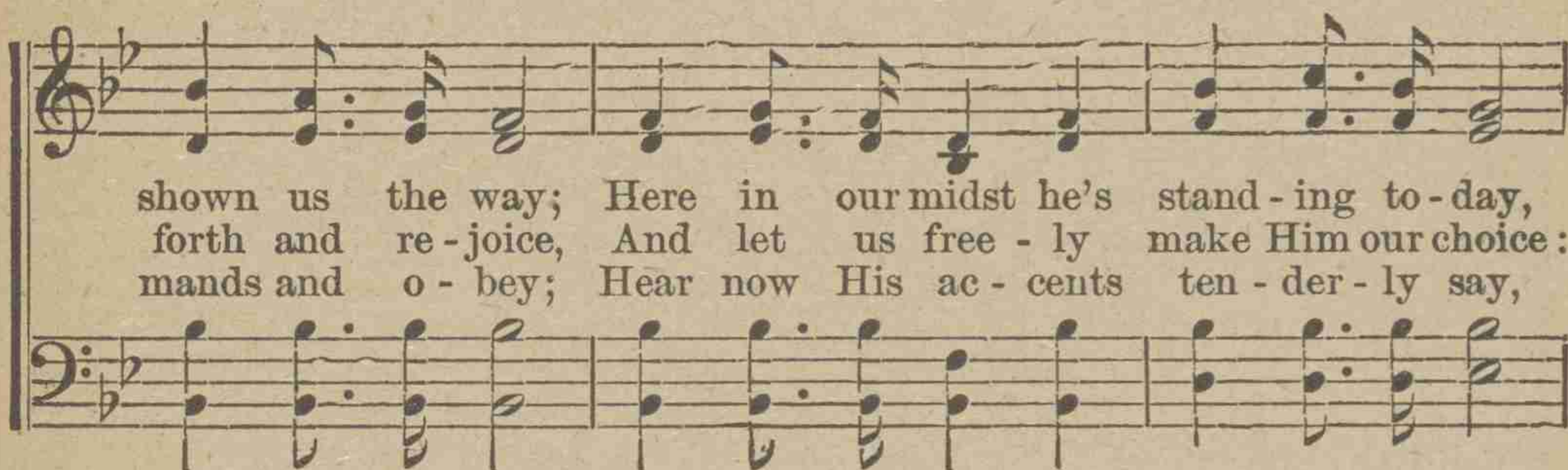
236. Come to the Saviour.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

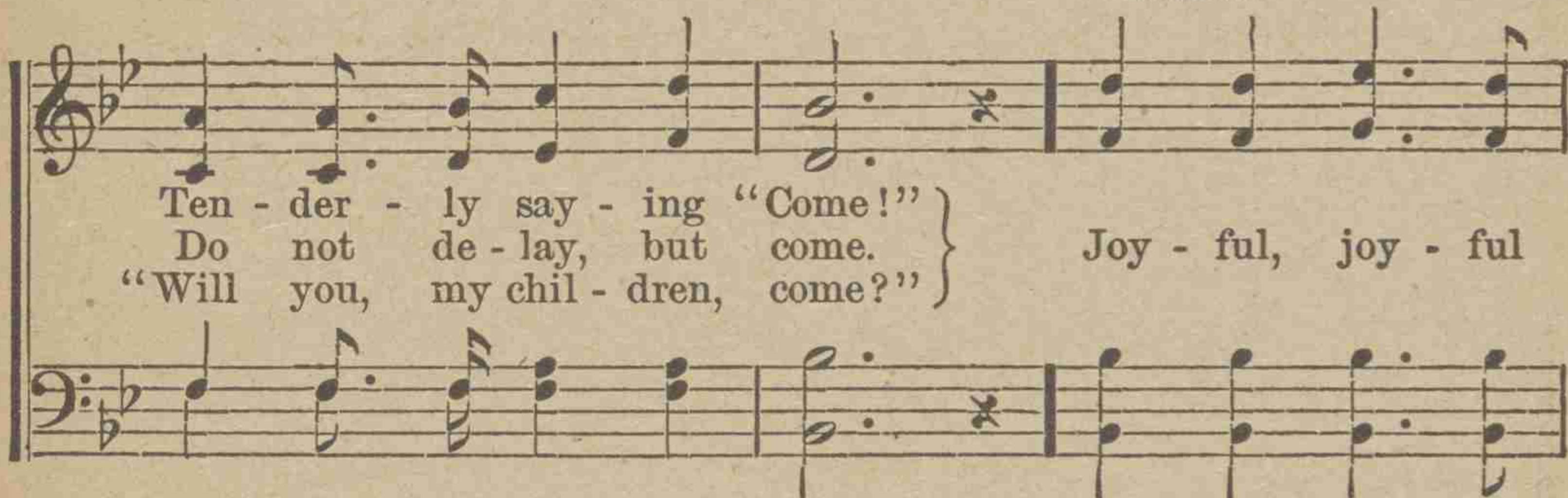


1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's
 2. "Suf - fer the children!" Oh, hear His voice; Let ev - 'ry heart leap
 3. Think once again, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com -

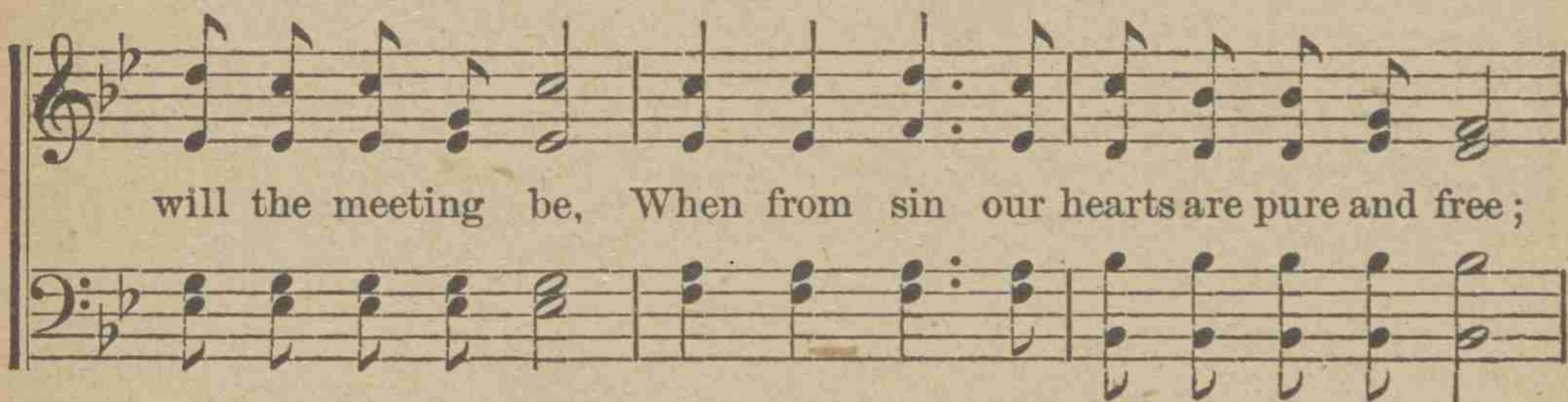


shown us the way; Here in our midst he's stand - ing to - day,
 forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly make Him our choice :
 mands and o - bey; Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say,

CHORUS.



Ten - der - ly say - ing "Come!" } Joy - ful, joy - ful
 Do not de - lay, but come. }
 "Will you, my chil - dren, come?" }



will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;



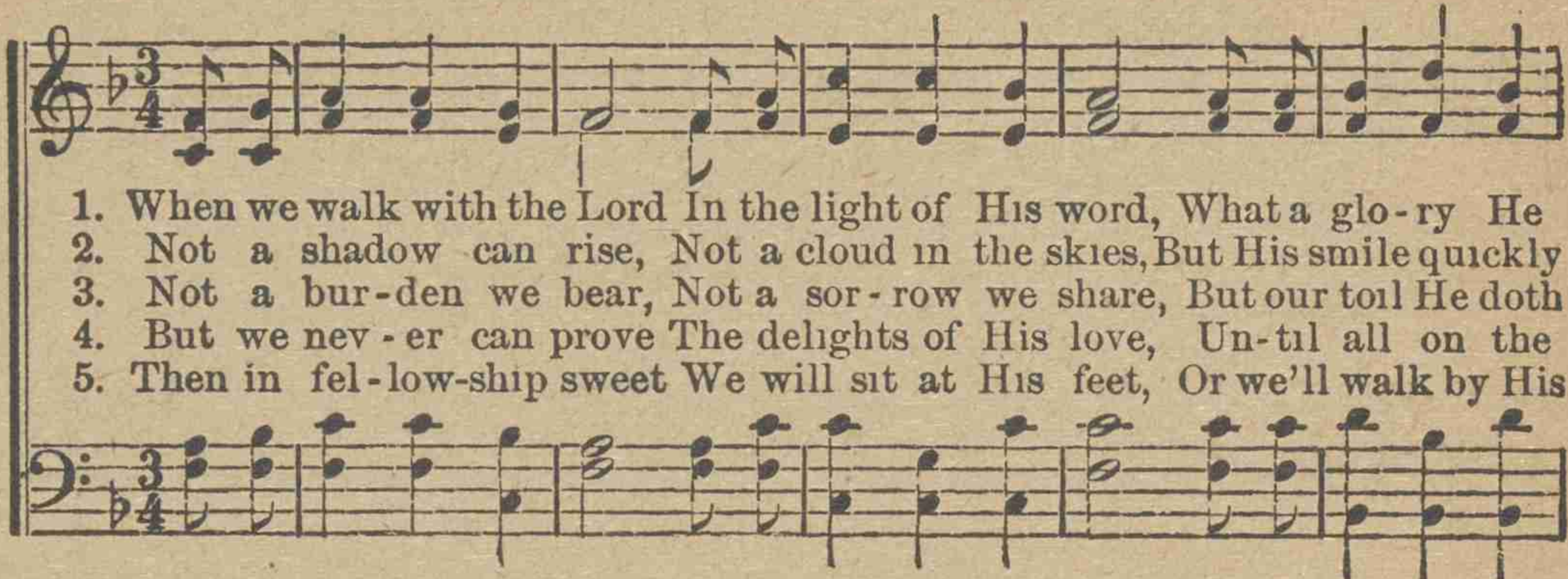
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

INVITATION.

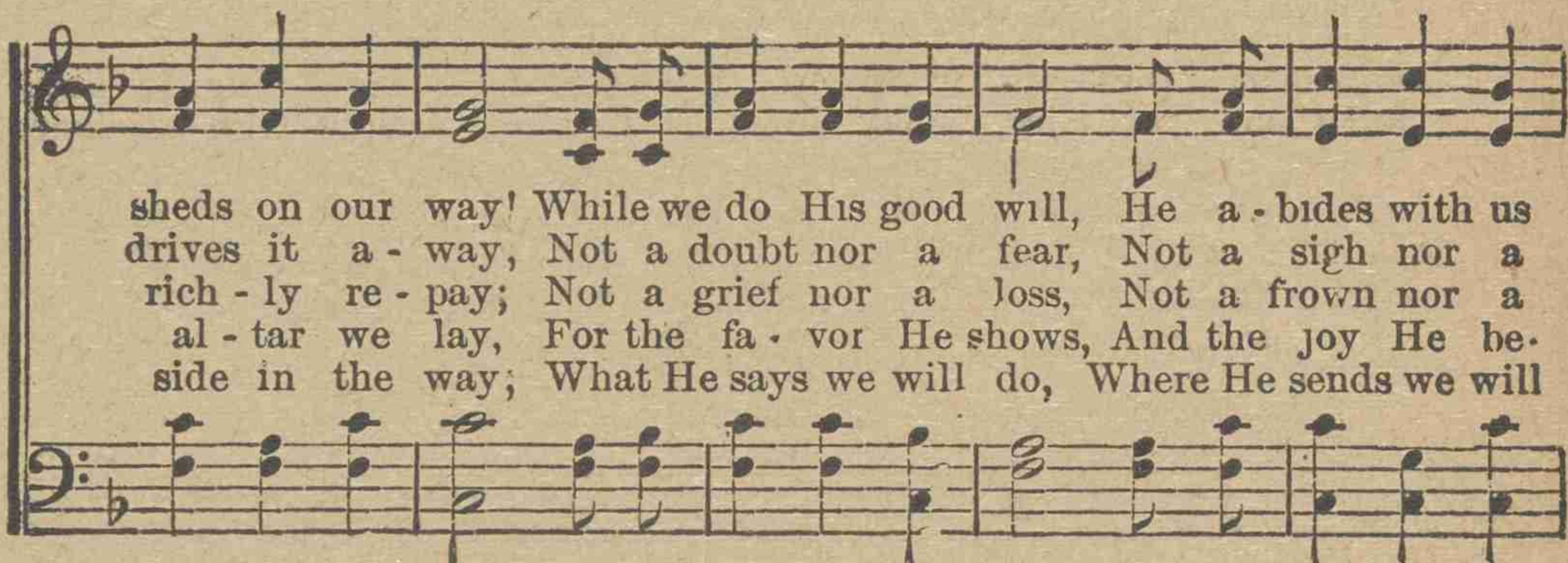
237. Trust and Obey.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

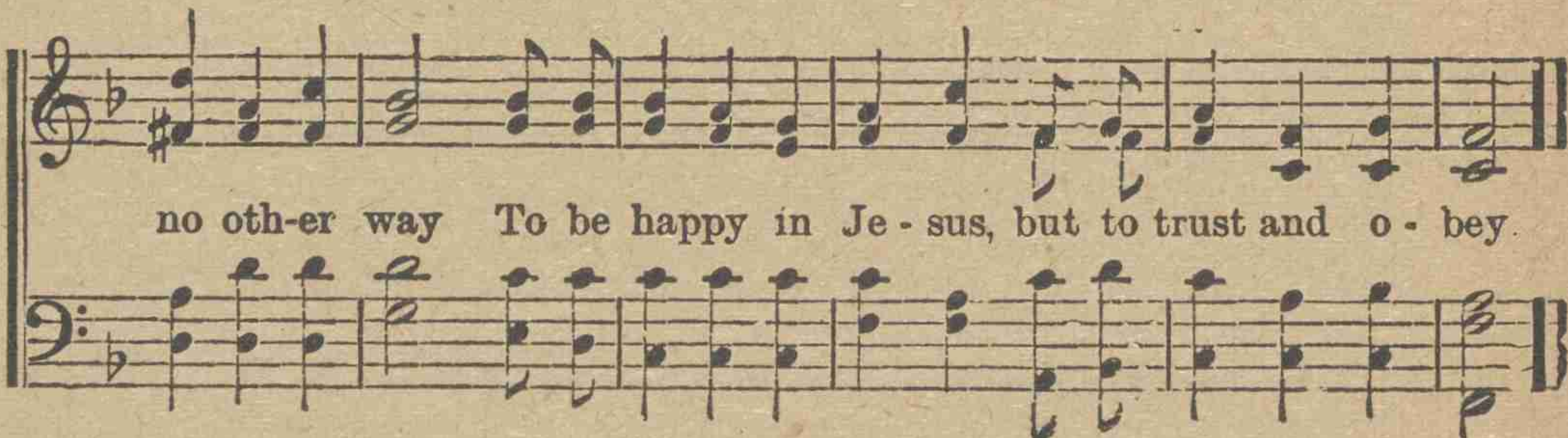


sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a-way, Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
 al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.



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



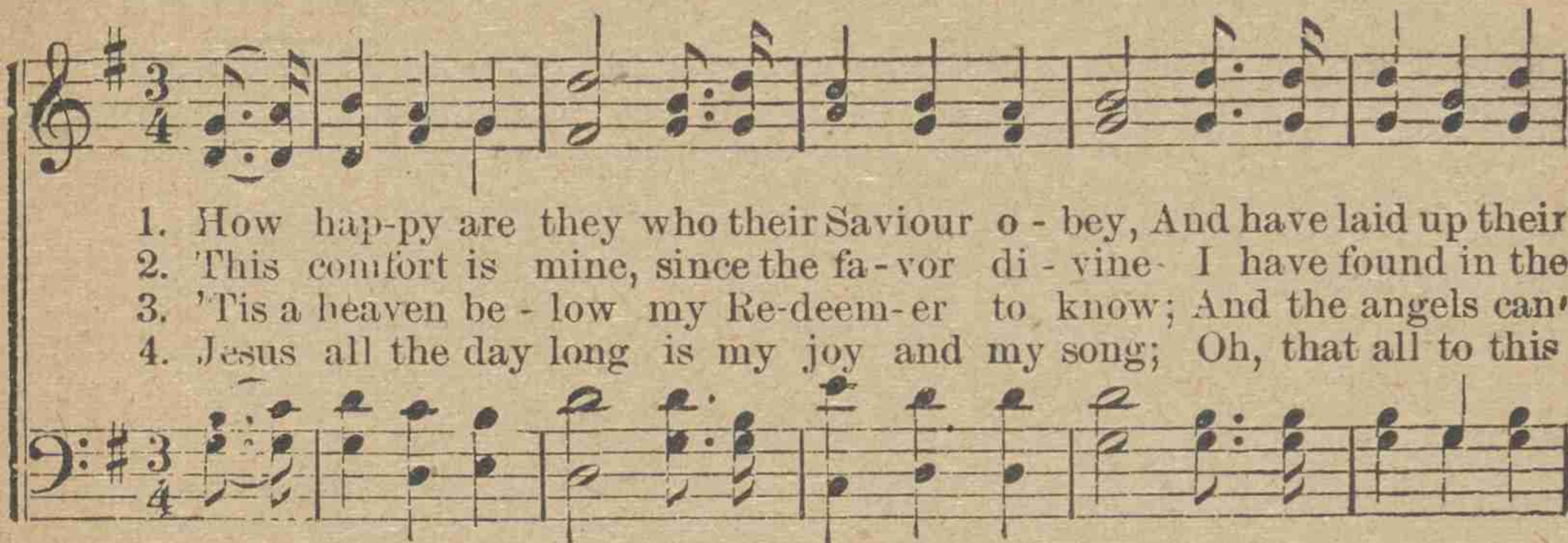
no oth-er way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

INVITATION.

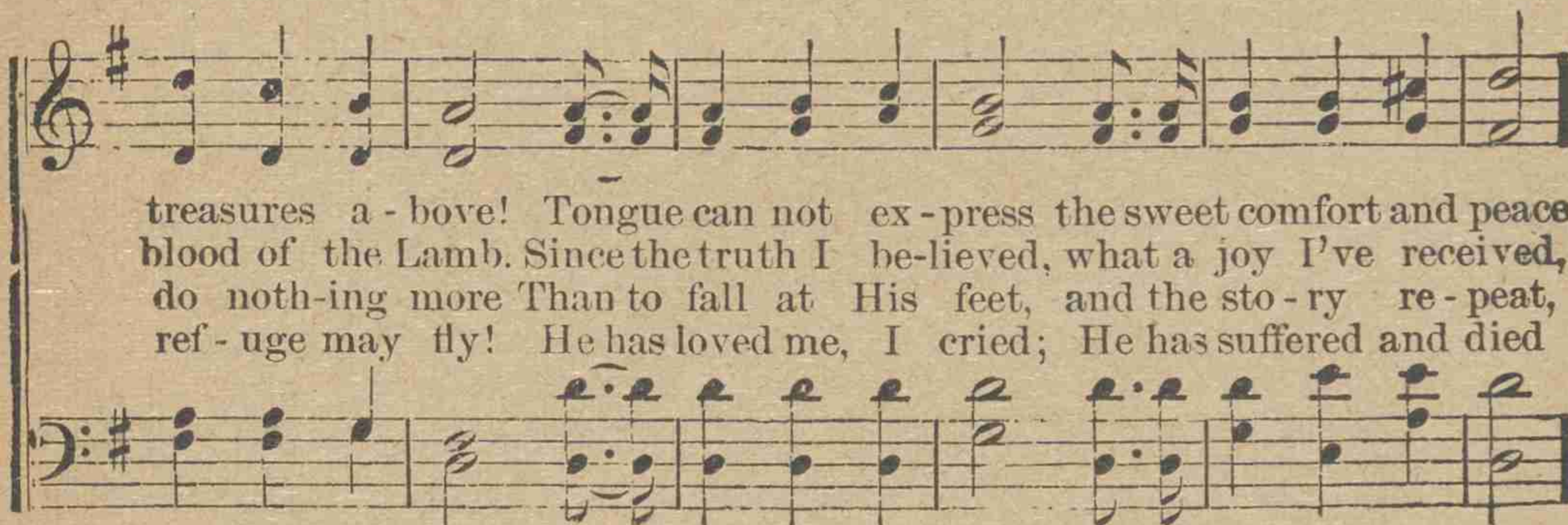
238. How Happy are They.*

CHARLES WESLEY.

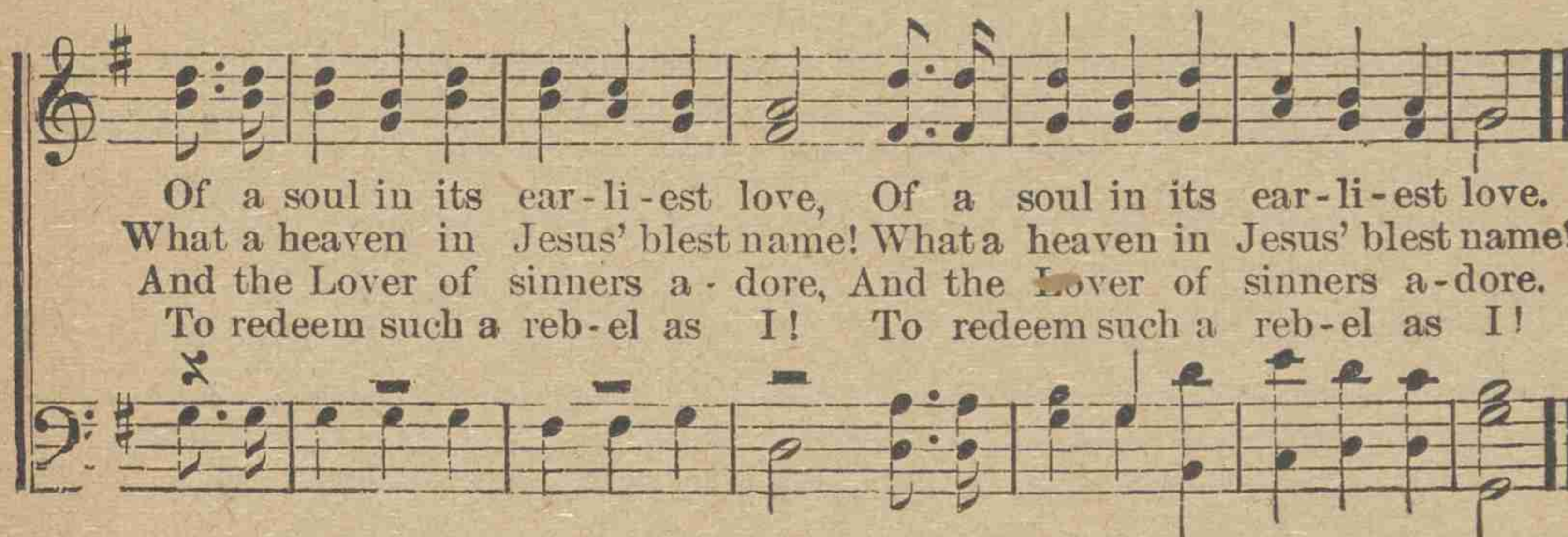
LOWELL MASON.



1. How hap-py are they who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their
 2. This comfort is mine, since the fa-vor di - vine I have found in the
 3. 'Tis a heaven be - low my Re-deem-er to know; And the angels can
 4. Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song; Oh, that all to this



treasures a - bove! Tongue can not ex-press the sweet comfort and peace
 blood of the Lamb. Since the truth I be-lieved, what a joy I've received,
 do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet, and the sto-ry re-peat,
 ref-uge may fly! He has loved me, I cried; He has suffered and died



Of a soul in its ear-li-est love, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
 What a heaven in Jesus' blest name! What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!
 And the Lover of sinners a - dore, And the Lover of sinners a-dore.
 To redeem such a reb-el as I! To redeem such a reb-el as I!

- 5 On the wings of His love I am carried above
 All my sin and temptation and pain
 Oh, why should I grieve, while on Him I believe?
 Oh, why should I sorrow again?
- 6 Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
 Which I find in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
 Being filled with the fullness of God!
- 7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to His praise,
 Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
 Whether many or few, all my years are His due—
 They shall all be devoted to Him.
- 8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
 With believers to live and to die!

*Can use music and chorus of opposite page.

INVITATION.
239. Come.

MASSON.

J. E. HAWES.



1. Come to the Saviour, hear His call, Oh, heed the message sent to all;
2. Come while the day of grace is thine, Trust in the Son of God di-vine;
3. List to His ten-der, pleading cry, Why will you stay away to die?
4. None are re-ject-ed, rich or poor, Come, for the King spreads wide the door.
5. What will you do with Christ today? Make now your choice without delay,



Ye who e-ter-nal life would have, Je - sus the Christ, a-lone can save.
Give Him Thy love, He died for thee, Died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Je-sus will par-don all your sin, Cleanse you from ev'ry guilty stain.
Lo, at its por-tal now He stands, Beck'ning to thee with nail-scarred hands.
An-gels will bear the tidings home, Where loved ones wait for you to come.



CHORUS.



Come lay thy bur-den at the cross; Earth's gain and glory are but dross;



Come, wea-ry one, in Christ find rest, Trusting His word thou shalt be blest.



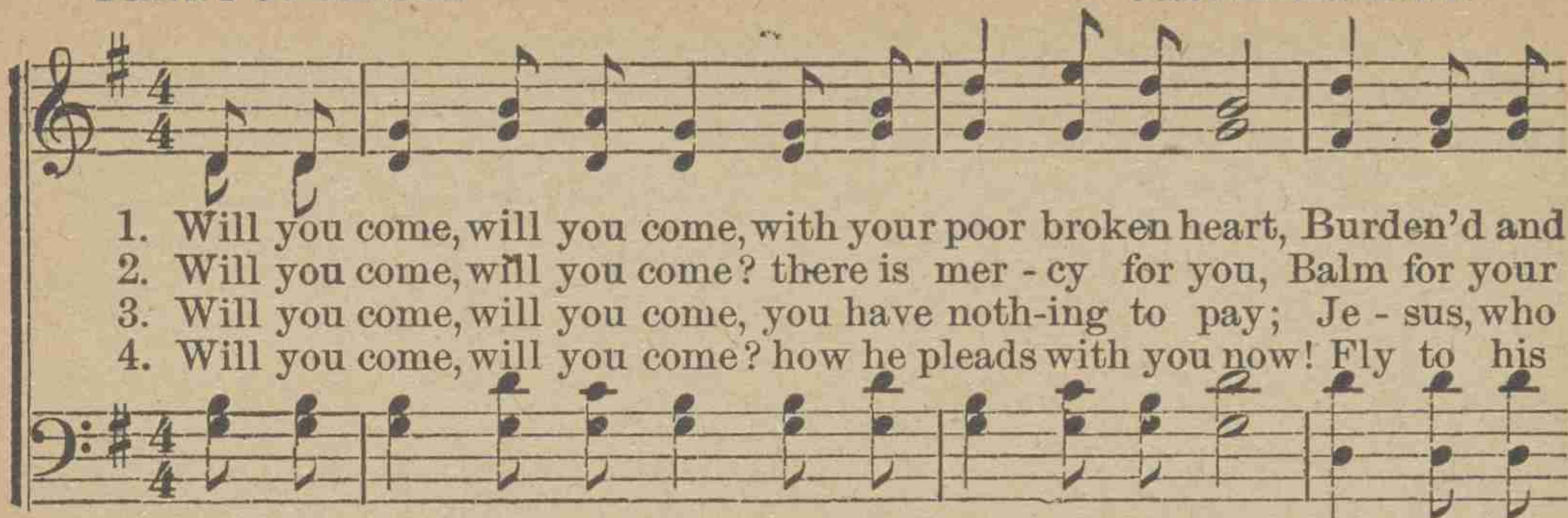
INVITATION.

240. Will You Come?

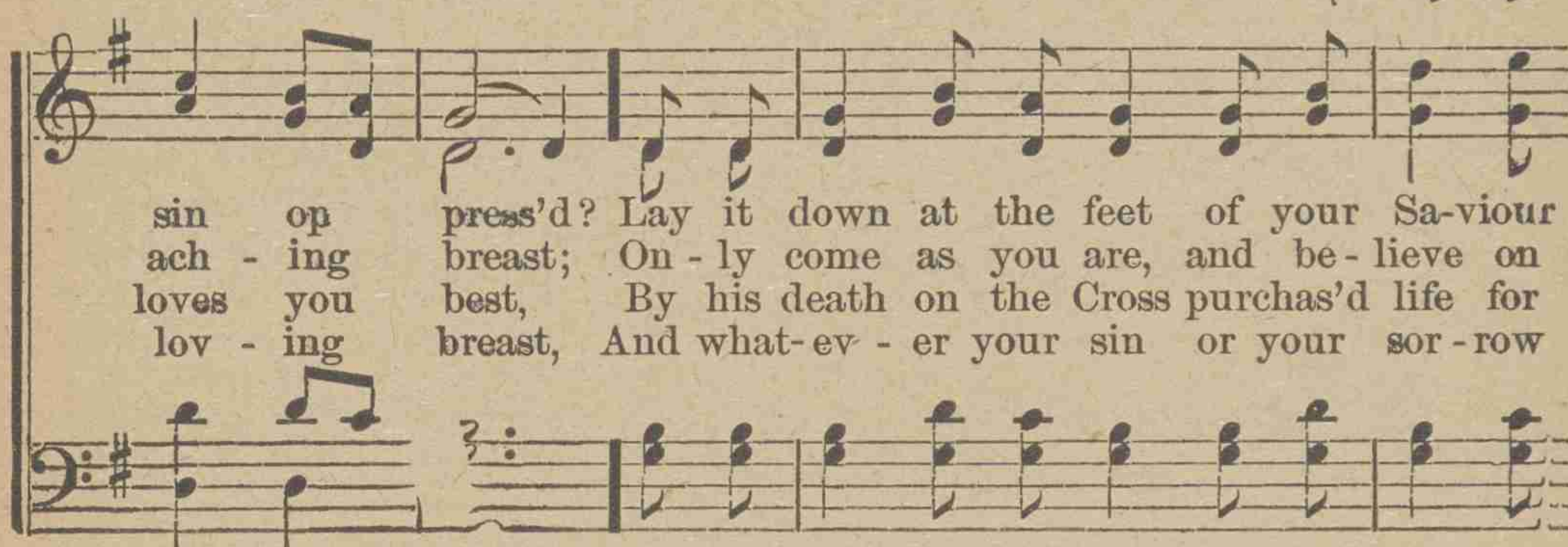
"And I will give you rest."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

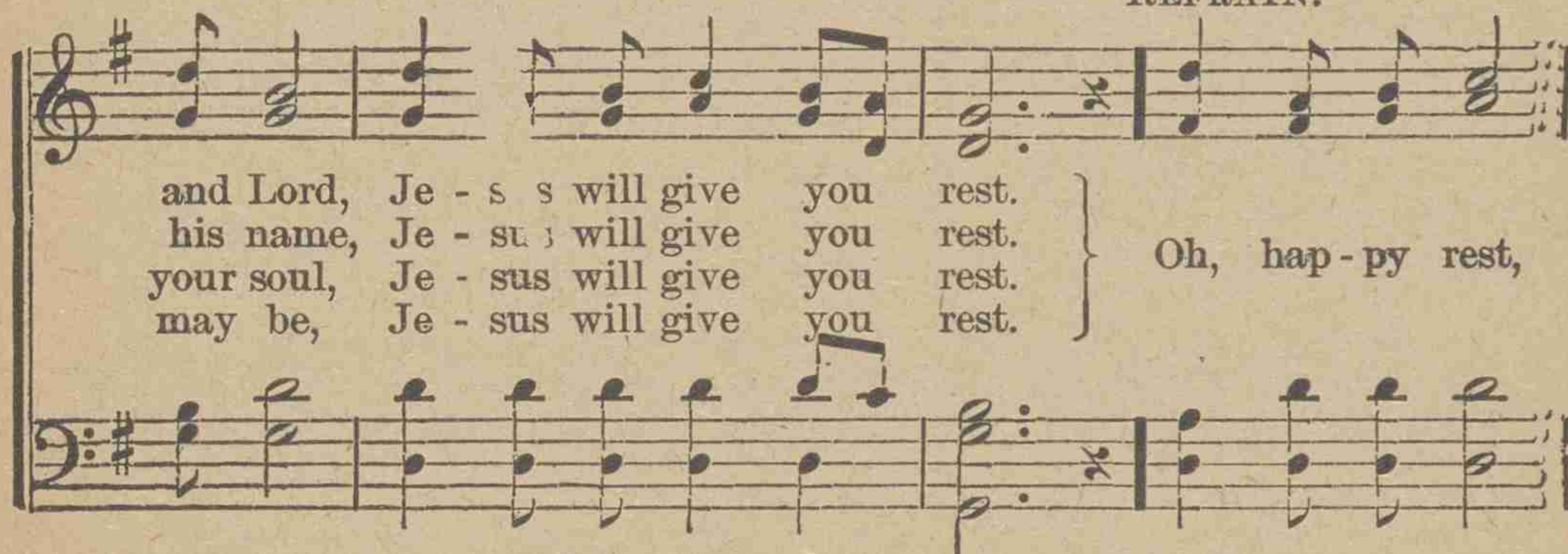


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus, who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

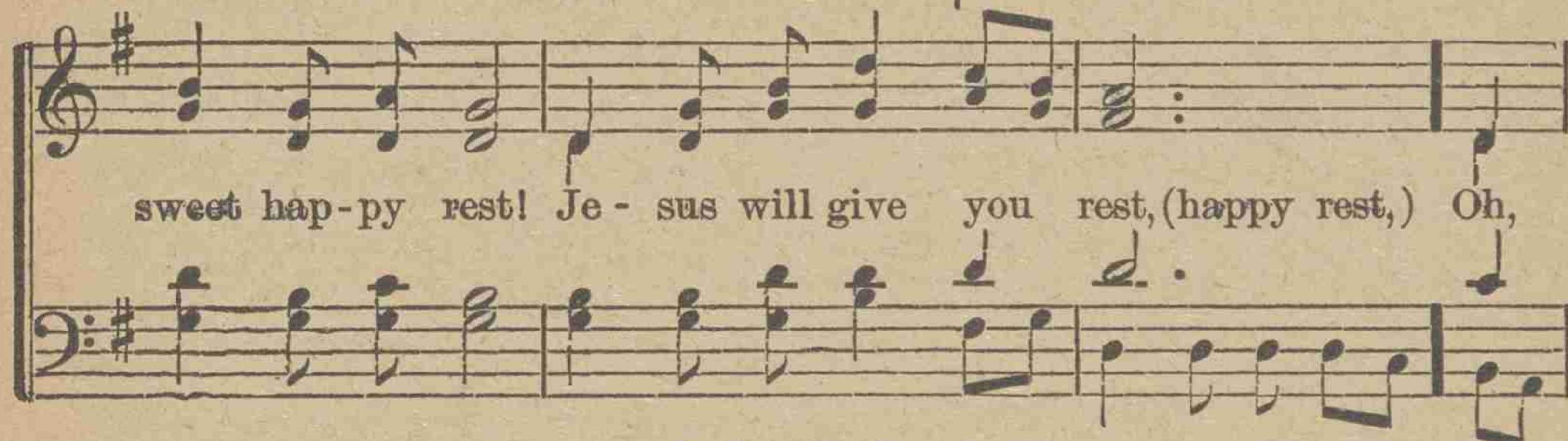


sin op press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sa-viour
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on
 loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for
 lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - row

REFRAIN.



and Lord, Je - s s will give you rest.
 his name, Je - su s will give you rest.
 your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
 may be, Je - sus will give you rest. } Oh, hap - py rest,



sweet hap - py rest! Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,) Oh,



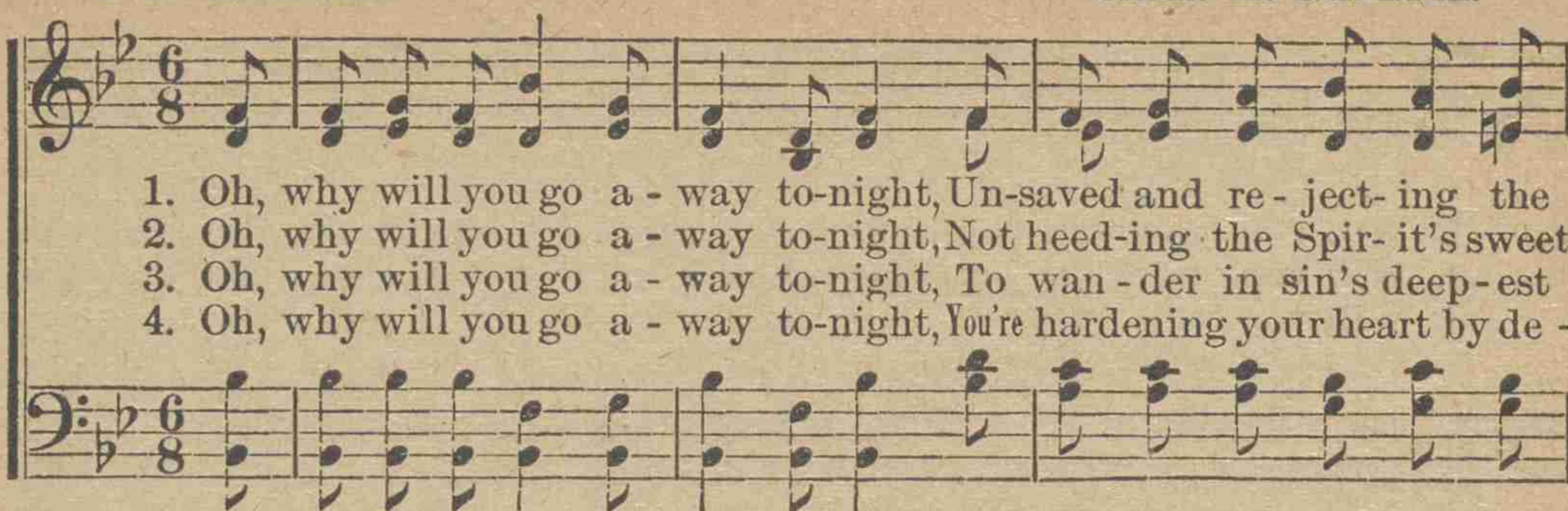
why won't you come in simple, trusting faith? Jesus will give you rest.

INVITATION.

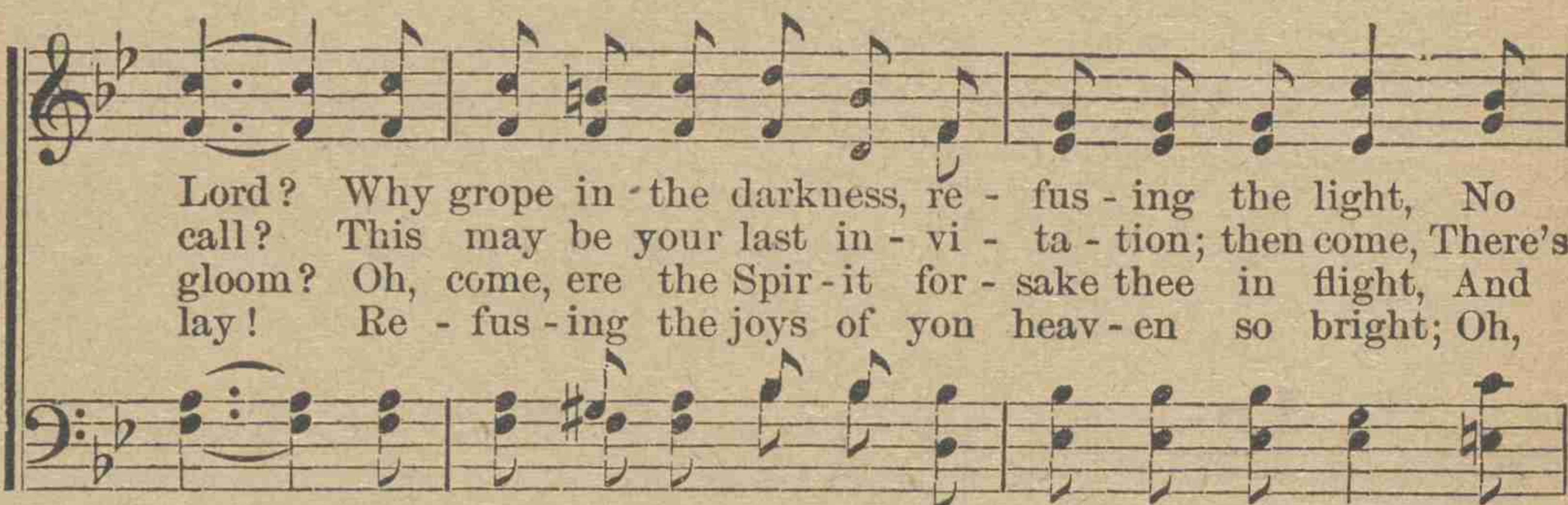
241. Oh, Why Will You Go Away To-night?

I. N. McHose.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

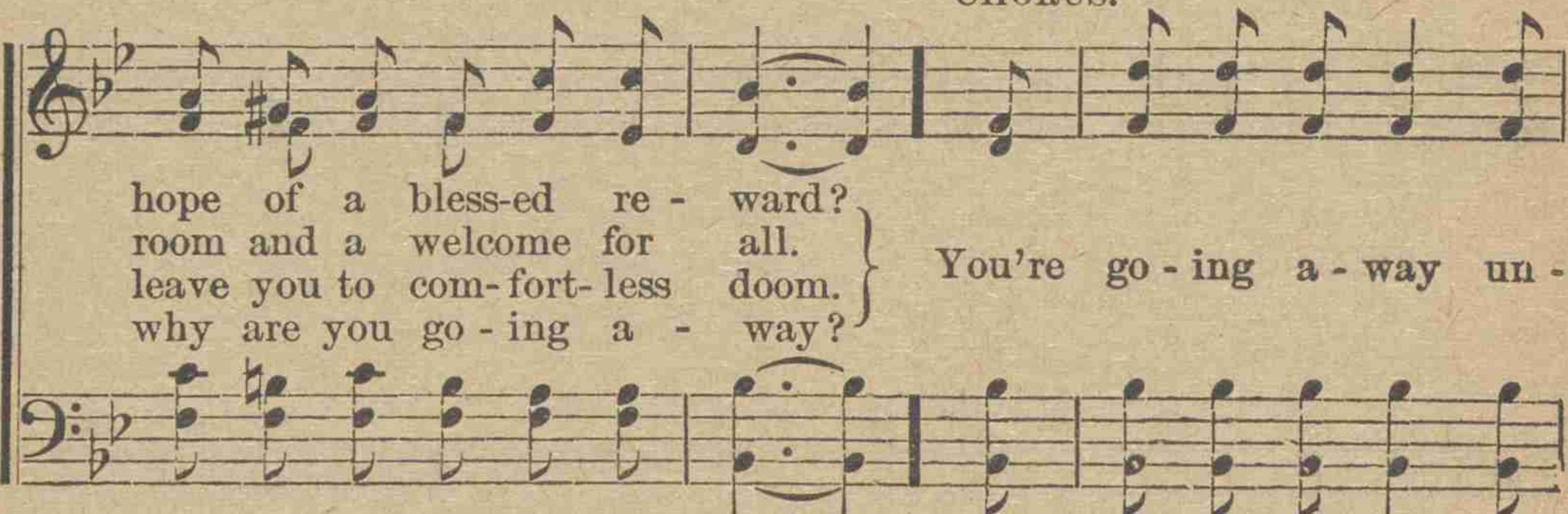


1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Un-saved and re - ject-ing the
 2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heed-ing the Spir-it's sweet
 3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deep-est
 4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, You're hardening your heart by de -



Lord? Why grope in - the darkness, re - fus - ing the light, No
 call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come, There's
 gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir-it for - sake thee in flight, And
 lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav-en so bright; Oh,

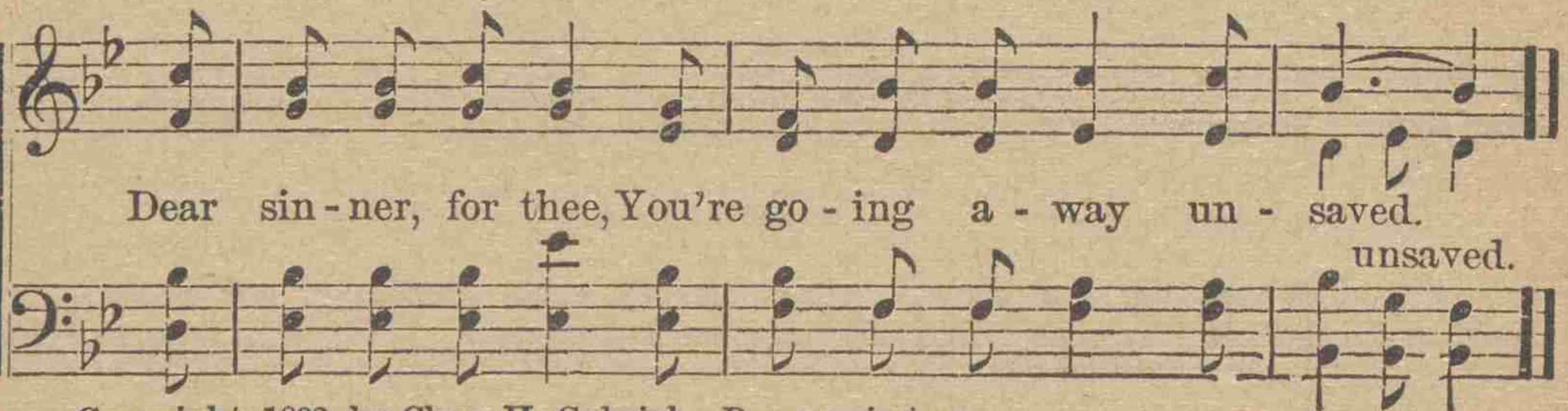
CHORUS.



hope of a bless-ed re - ward?
 room and a welcome for all. } You're go - ing a - way un -
 leave you to com-fort-less doom. }
 why are you go - ing a - way?



saved! You're go-ing a - way un - saved, While pardon is free,
 unsaved, unsaved,



Dear sin - ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - saved.
 unsaved.

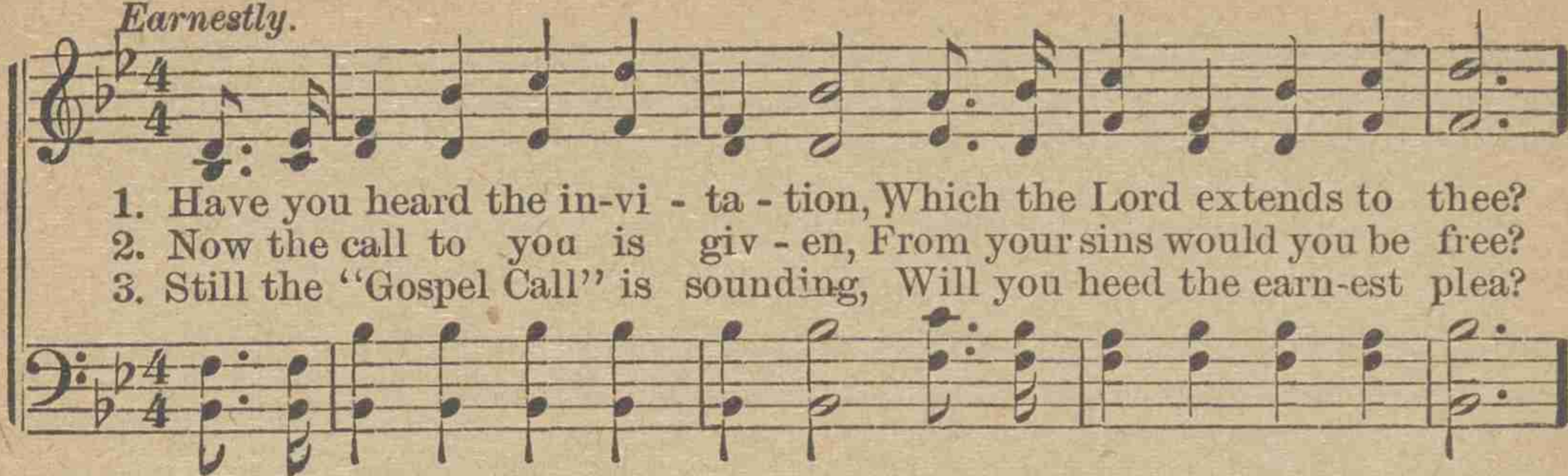
INVITATION.

242. Follow Me.

Mrs. J. V. C.

Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.

Earnestly.



1. Have you heard the in-vi - ta - tion, Which the Lord extends to thee?
 2. Now the call to you is giv - en, From your sins would you be free?
 3. Still the "Gospel Call" is sounding, Will you heed the earn-est plea?



It has sounded down the a - ges, "Leave the world and follow me."
 Hear the Savior gen-tly plead-ing, "Leave the world and follow me."
 Je - sus calls you gently, sweet-ly, "Leave the world and follow me."

CHORUS.



Fol-low me, Fol-low me, I will lead thee all the
 Fol-low me, Fol-low me I will lead thee



way, lead thee all the way, We will fol - low, We will fol - low,



We will fol - low, To the realms of end - less day.
 We will fol-low,

INVITATION.

243. Oh, Sinner, Hear the Saviour's Call.

Rev. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Oh, sin - ner, hear the *Saviour's Call*, He's call-ing now to thee;
2. Oh, sin - ner, hear the firm command, Be-lieve, re-pent, o - bey!
3. This ea - sy yoke—this burden light, You're ask'd to bear for him,
4. Oh, sin - ner, hear his promise sweet, "The weary I'll give rest."



Oh, hear his ac-cents as they fall, "Oh, sin-ner, come to me."
The way to come you un-derstand, Oh, why do you de-lay?
Whose pain-ful death up-on the Cross Can make you free from sin.
Come, cast your-self at Je-sus' feet, And let thy soul be blest.



CHORUS.



Oh, come, sin-ner, come to me; Oh, come, oh, come to - day.....
to - day.



Oh, come, sinner, come and be free, Oh, come, turn not a - way.....

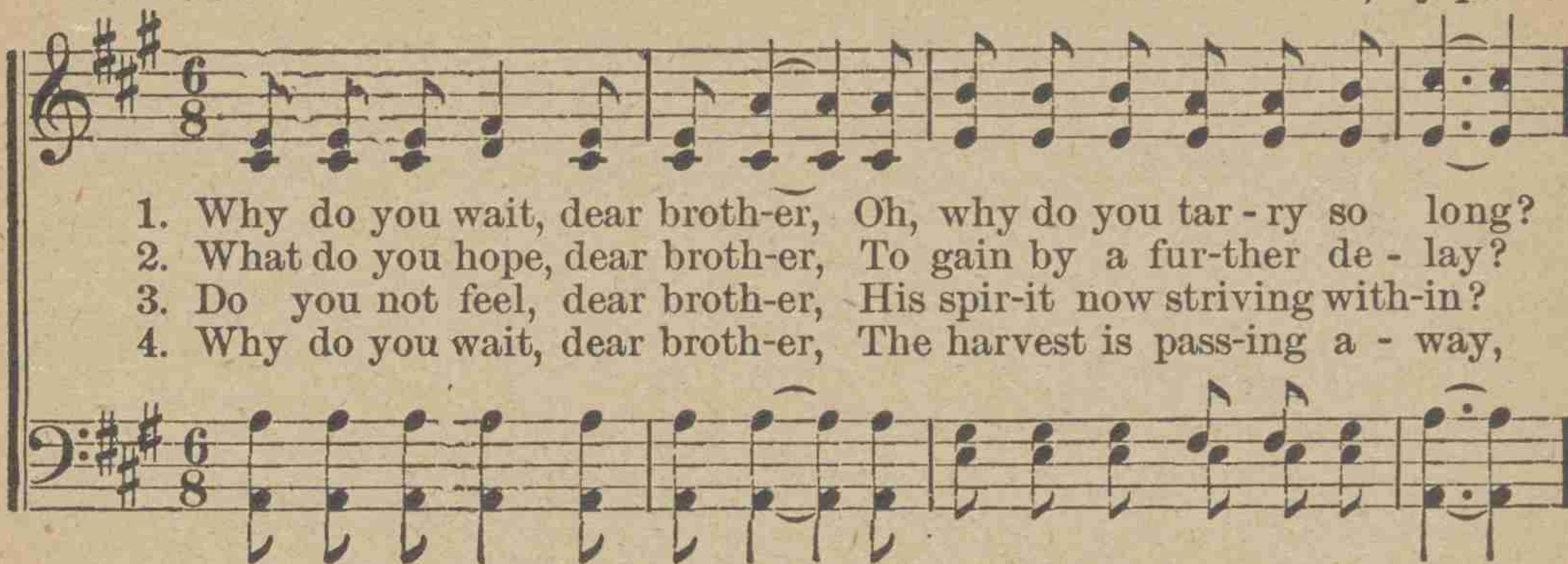


INVITATION.

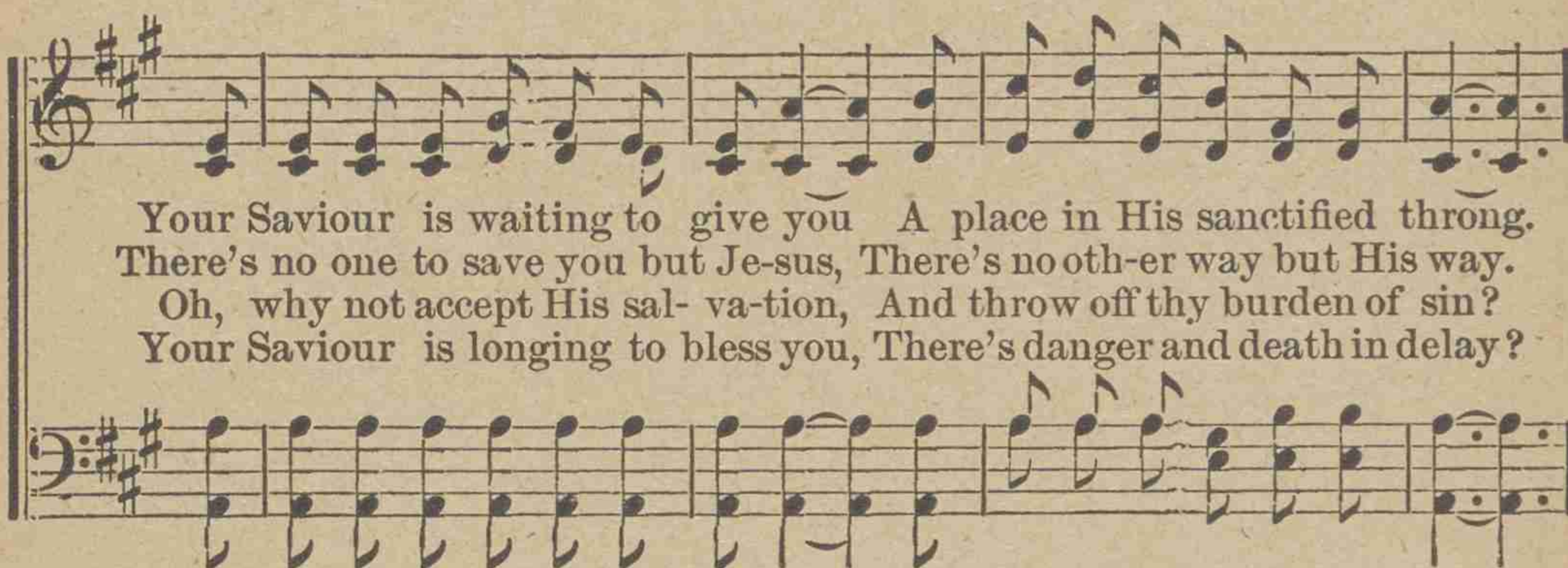
244. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

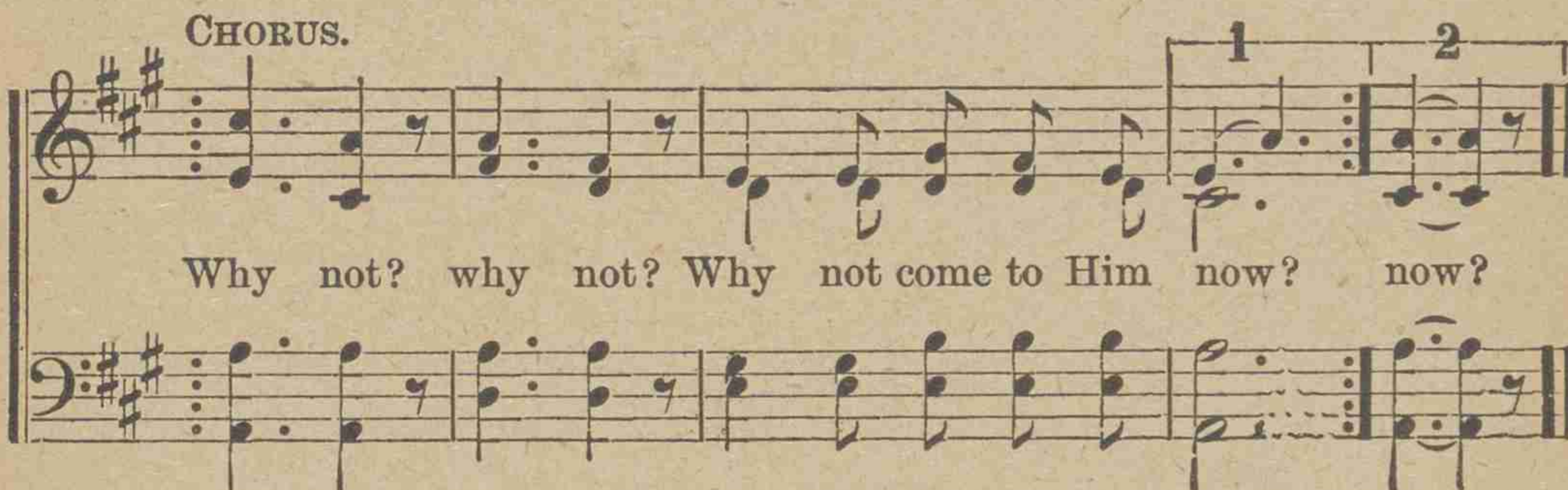


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His spir-it now striving with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The harvest is pass-ing a-way,



Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's nooth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not accept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?

CHORUS.



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

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245. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

Key of C.

1. I gave my life to thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave, I gave my life for thee:
 What hast thou given for Me?
2. My Father's house of light,
 My glory-circled throne,
 I left—for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left, I left it all for thee:
 Hast thou left aught for Me?

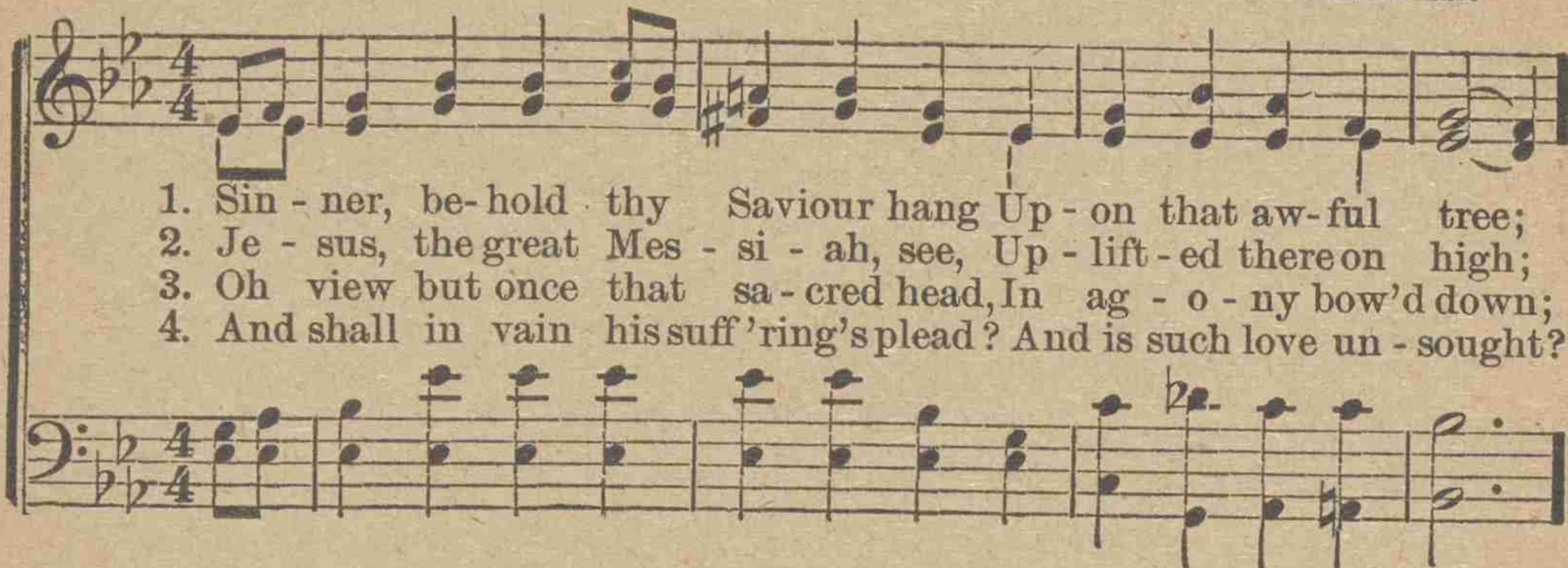
3. I suffered much for thee—
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee
 What hast thou borne for Me?
4. And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love.
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee:
 What hast thou brought to Me?

INVITATION.

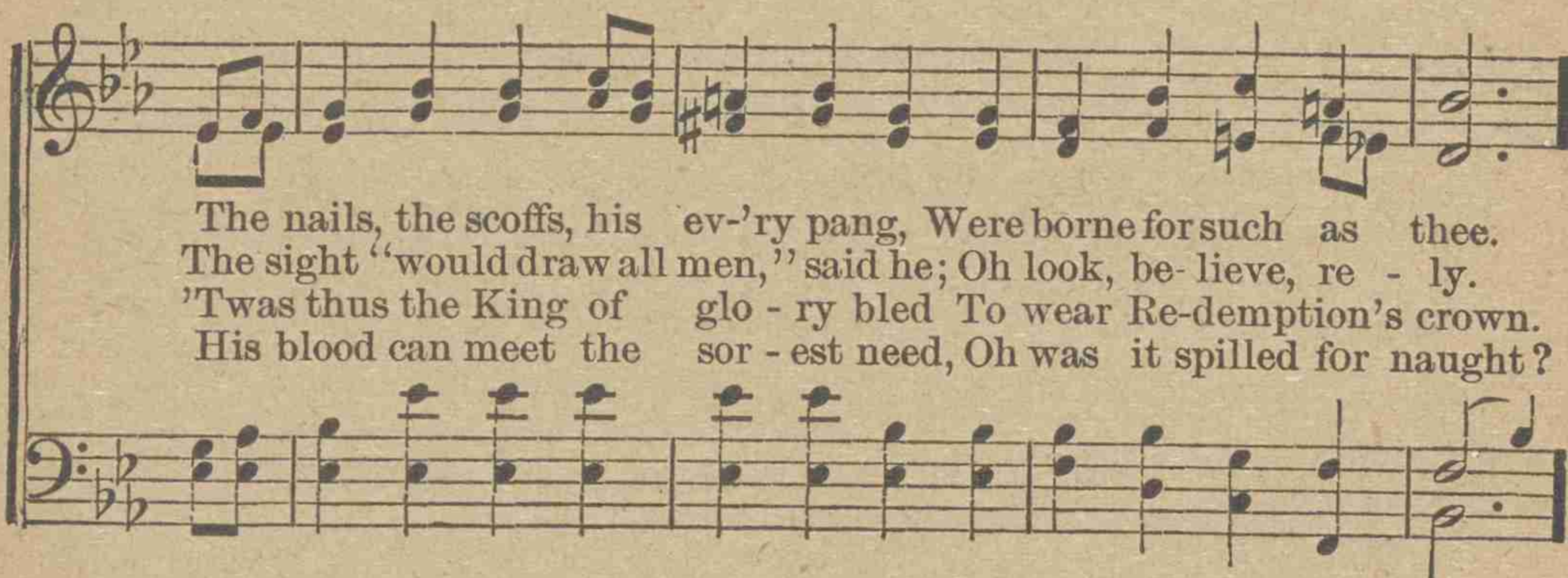
246. Behold the Crucified One.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

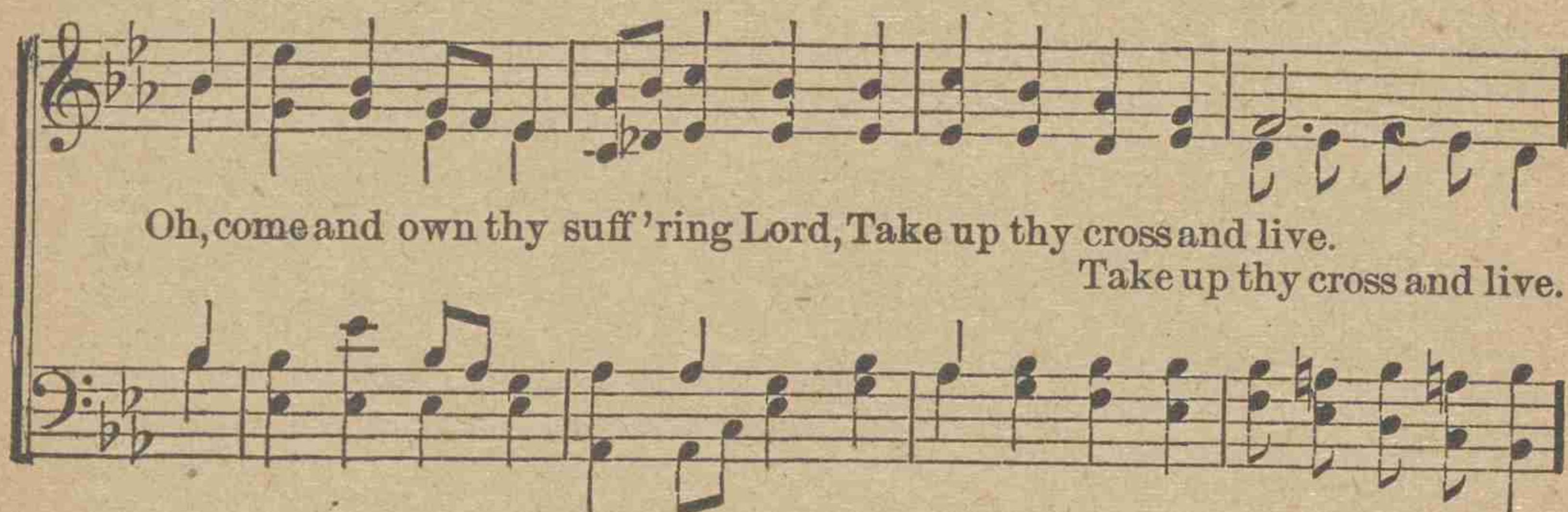


1. Sin - ner, be - hold thy Saviour hang Up - on that aw - ful tree;
 2. Je - sus, the great Mes - si - ah, see, Up - lift - ed there on high;
 3. Oh view but once that sa - cred head, In ag - o - ny bow'd down;
 4. And shall in vain his suff'ring's plead? And is such love un - sought?

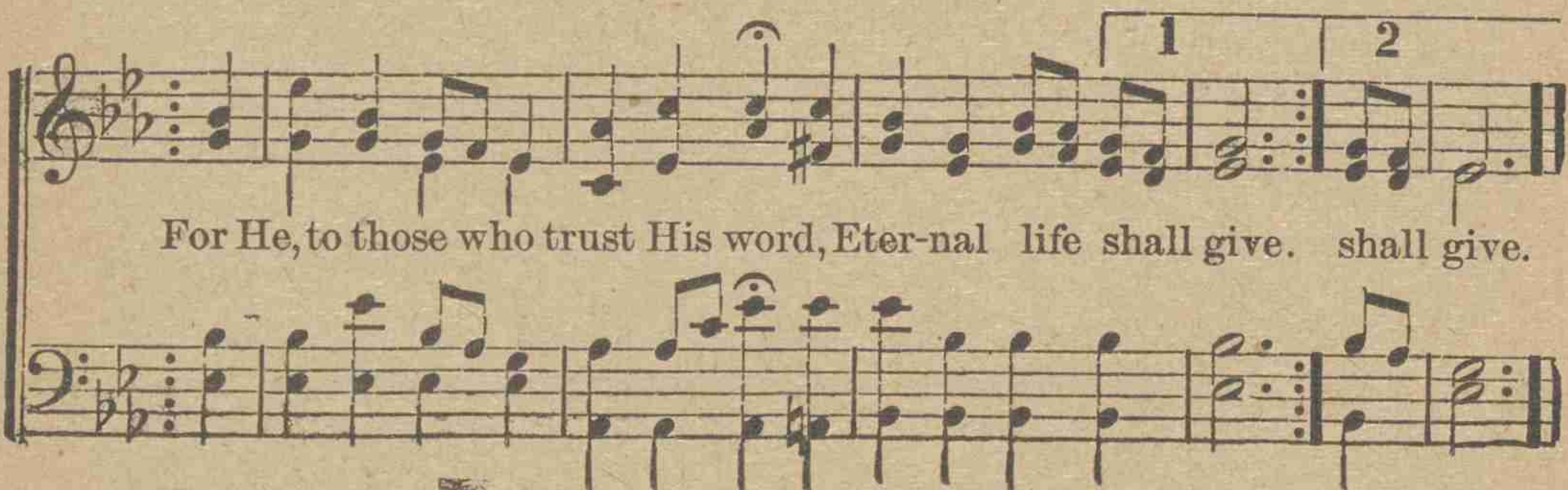


The nails, the scoffs, his ev'-ry pang, Were borne for such as thee.
 The sight "would draw all men," said he; Oh look, be - lieve, re - ly.
 'Twas thus the King of glo - ry bled To wear Re - demption's crown.
 His blood can meet the sor - est need, Oh was it spilled for naught?

CHORUS.



Oh, come and own thy suff'ring Lord, Take up thy cross and live.
 Take up thy cross and live.




For He, to those who trust His word, Eter - nal life shall give. shall give.

INVITATION.



247. On What are you Building, my Brother?

H. R. TRICKETT.


J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. On what are you build-ing, my broth er? Your hopes of an
2. On one or the oth - er, my broth-er? You are building your
3. Your Sav-iour has warned you, my broth-er: I pray you, give
4. No mat - ter how care - ful, my broth-er, The sand for your



e - ter - nal home, Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm, sol - id rock,
hopes day by day; You are risk - ing your soul on the works that you do:
heed to his voice; There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand,
house you pre-pare, 'Twill be all swept away when the floods shall descend,





CHORUS.




You are trust - ing for a - ges to come.
Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way. } Hearing and doing, we
Oh, my broth - er, pray tell me your choice.
Leav - ing noth - ing but death and des - pair.

build on the Rock, Hearing a - lone, we build on the sand; Both will be

tried by the storm and the flood, On - ly the Rock the tri - al will stand.

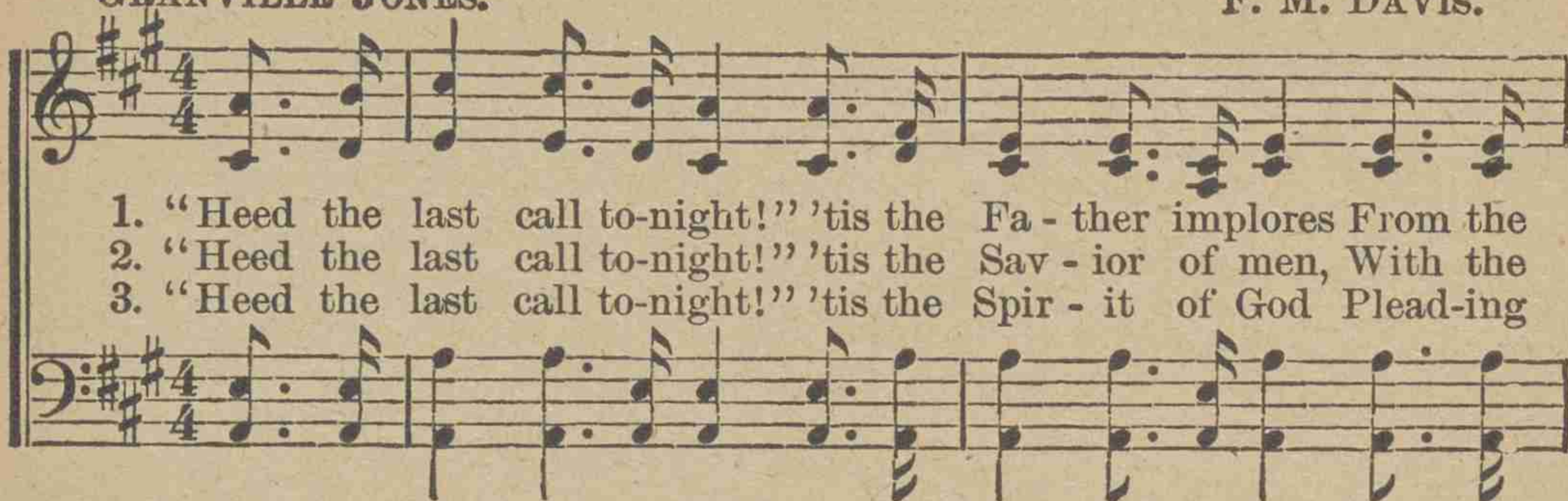


INVITATION.

248. Heed the Last Call To-night.

GRANVILLE JONES.

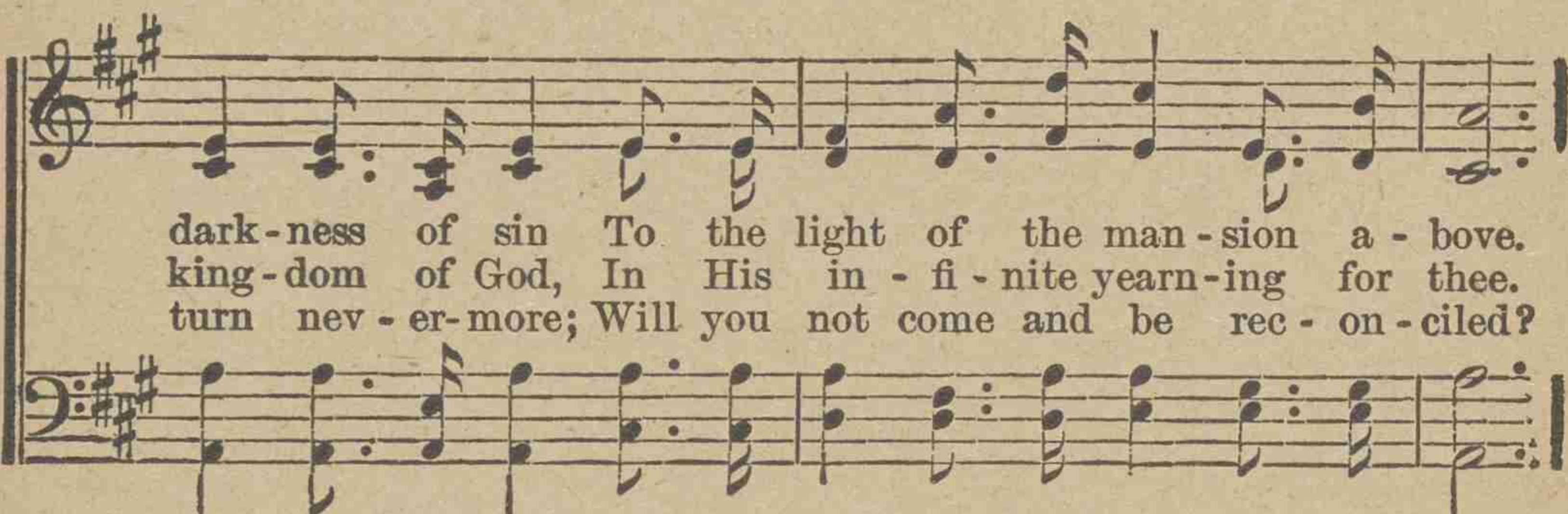
F. M. DAVIS.



1. "Heed the last call to-night!" 'tis the Fa - ther implores From the
 2. "Heed the last call to-night!" 'tis the Sav - ior of men, With the
 3. "Heed the last call to-night!" 'tis the Spir - it of God Plead - ing



depth of His won - der - ful love; He would have thee re - turn from the
 hands that were nailed to the tree, Reaching out from the door of the
 hard with the prod - i - gal child; He may from you depart and re -



dark - ness of sin To the light of the man - sion a - bove.
 king - dom of God, In His in - fi - nite yearn - ing for thee.
 turn nev - er - more; Will you not come and be rec - on - ciled?

CHORUS.



Heed the last call to-night! Sin - ner, do not de - lay! For thy



heart will grow harder in sin, (in sin,) While the door of the

Heed the Last Call To-night.—Concluded.

kingdom of God o-pens wide, Will you not e - ven now en - ter in?

249. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
 When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

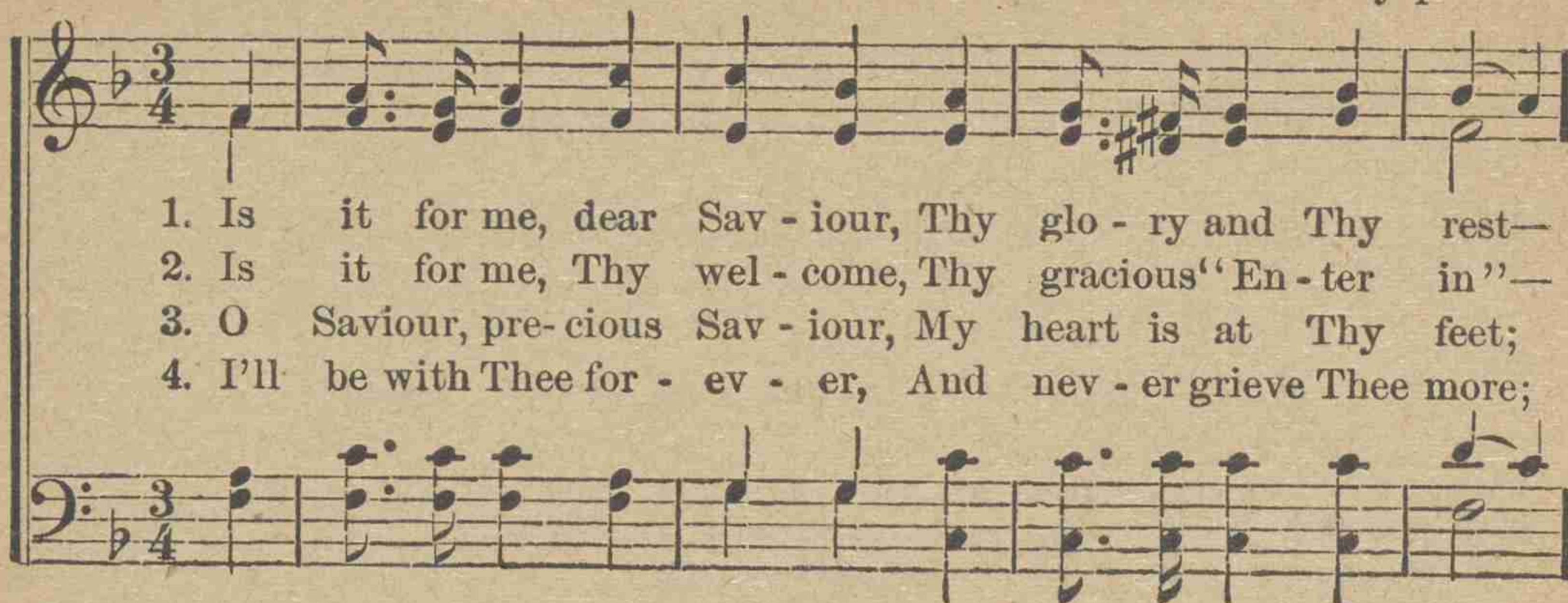
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

INVITATION.

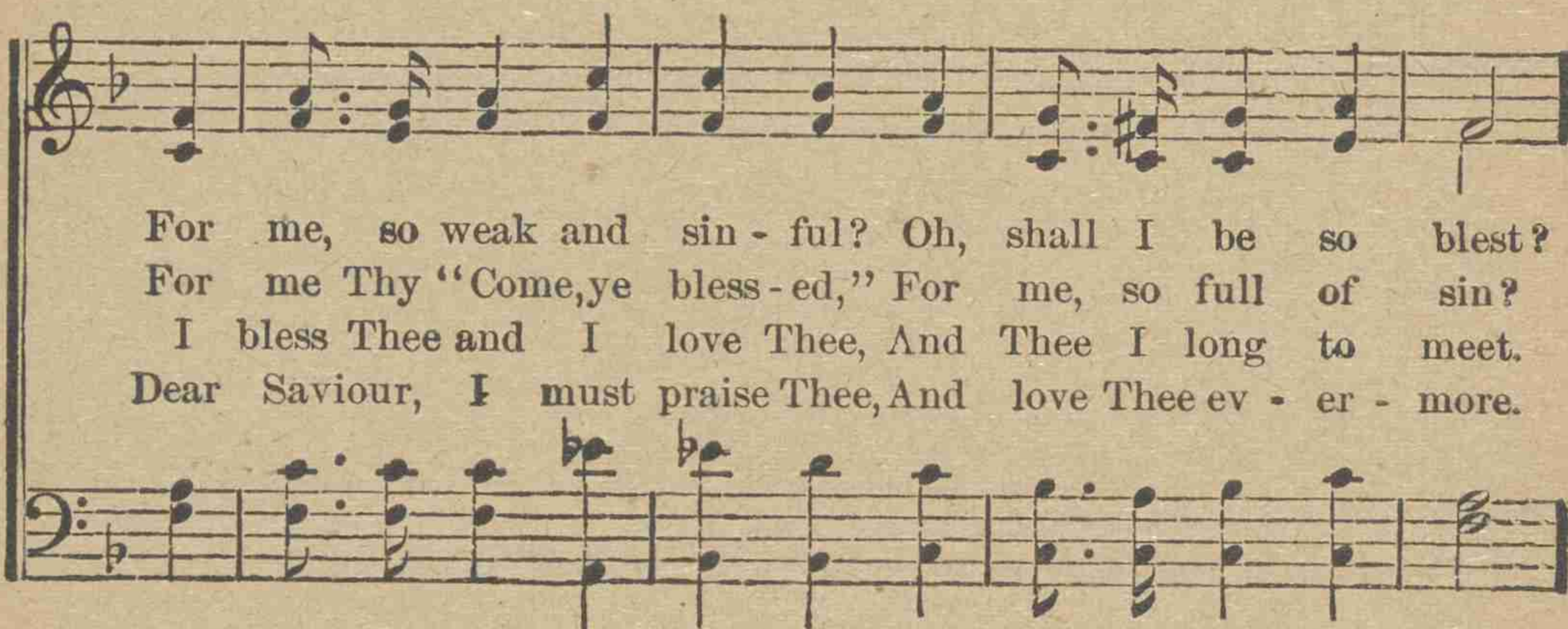
250. Is it for Me?

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.



1. Is it for me, dear Sav - iour, Thy glo - ry and Thy rest—
 2. Is it for me, Thy wel - come, Thy gracious "En - ter in"—
 3. O Saviour, pre - cious Sav - iour, My heart is at Thy feet;
 4. I'll be with Thee for - ev - er, And nev - er grieve Thee more;

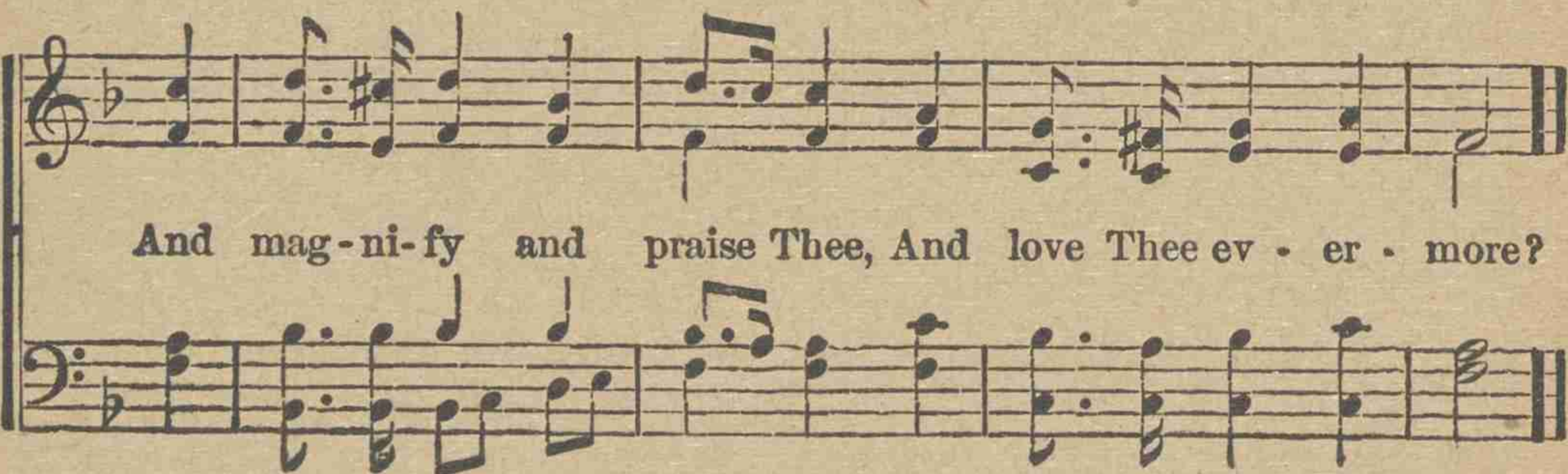


For me, so weak and sin - ful? Oh, shall I be so blest?
 For me Thy "Come, ye bless - ed," For me, so full of sin?
 I bless Thee and I love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.
 Dear Saviour, I must praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



O Sav - iour, my Re - deem - er, What can I but a - dore,



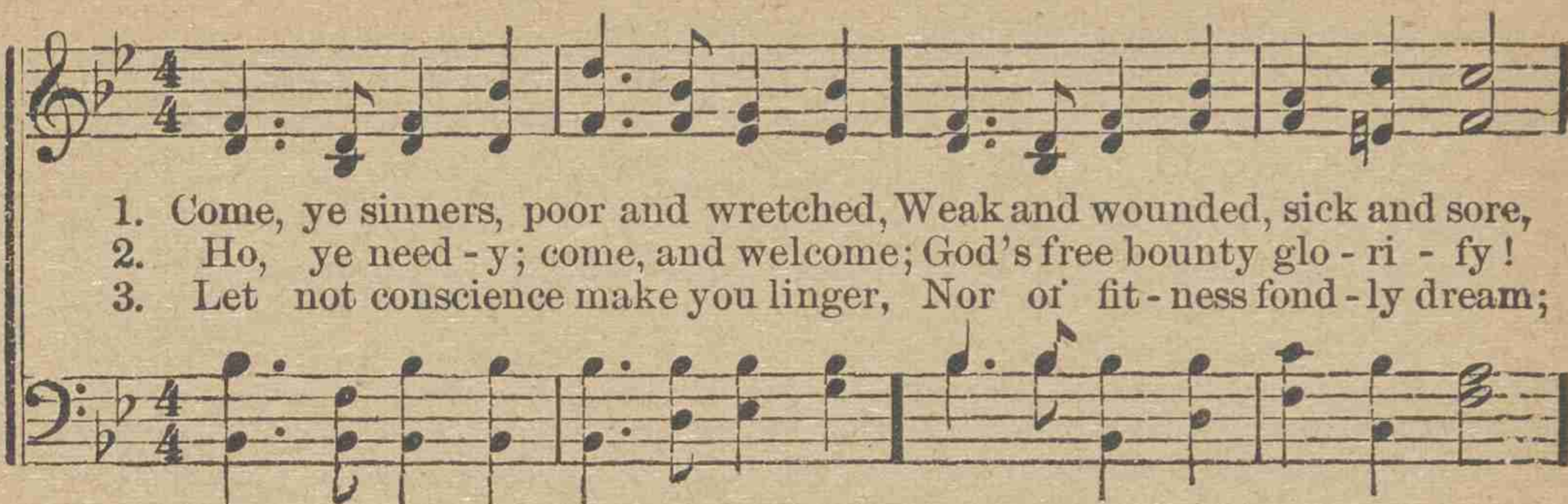
And mag - ni - fy and praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more?

INVITATION.

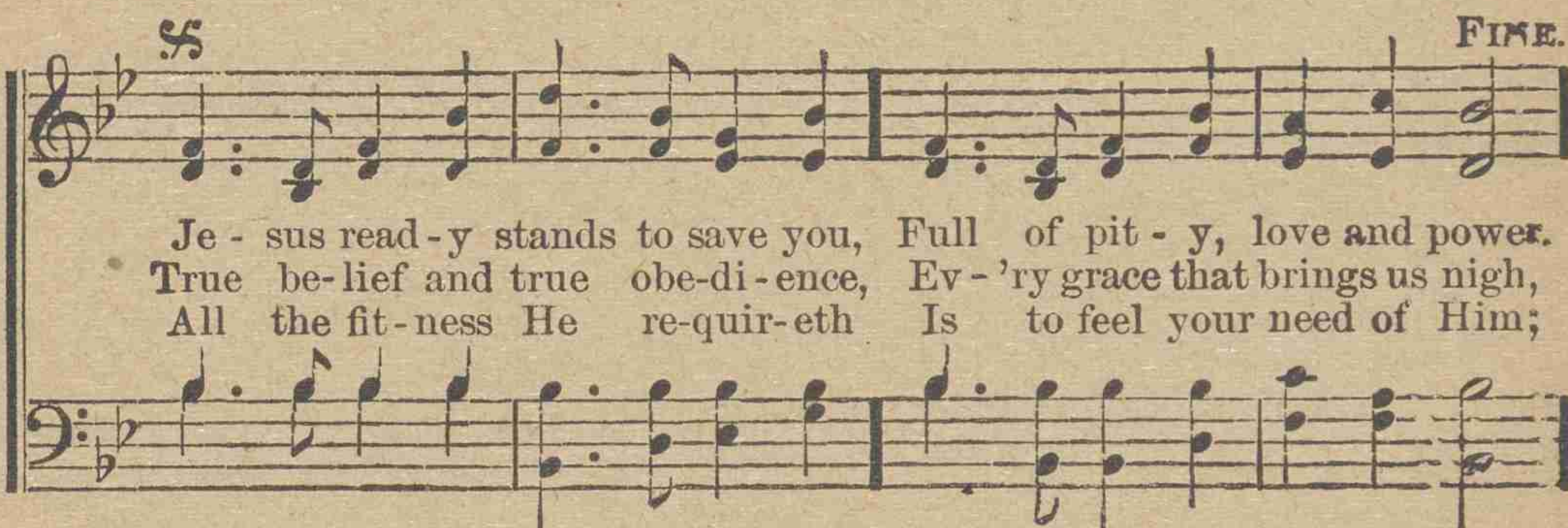
251. Come, Ye Sinners.

J. HART.

C. C. CONVERSE. Arr.

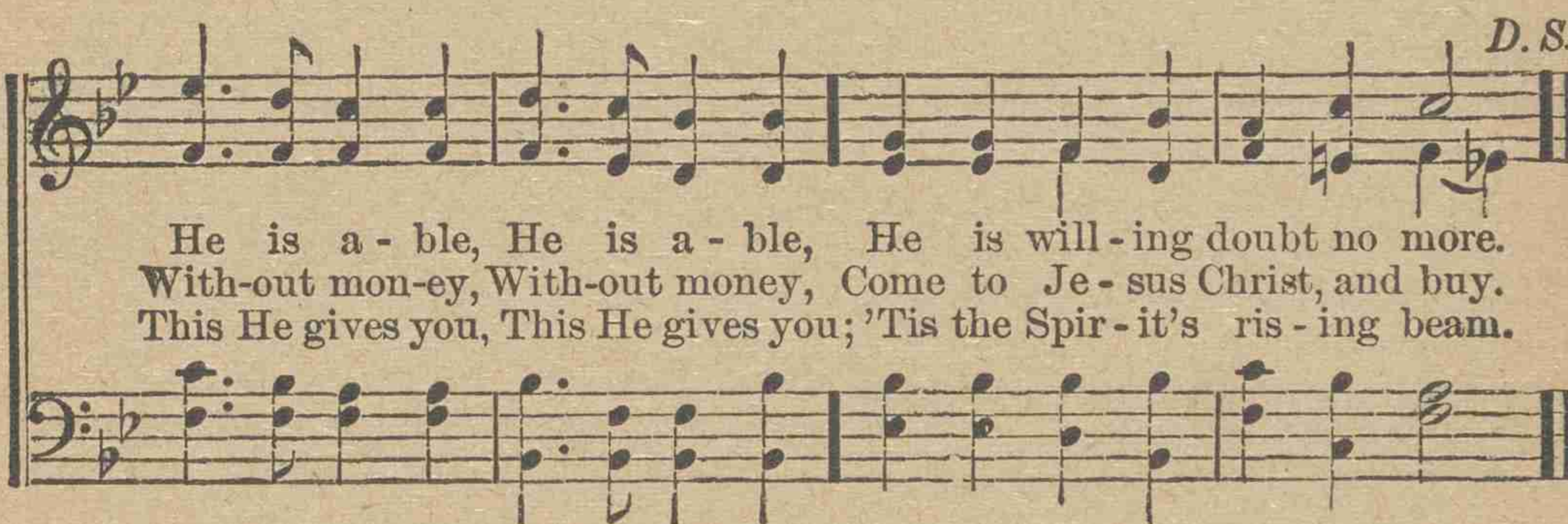


1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 2. Ho, ye need - y; come, and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy!
 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power.
 True be - lief and true obe - di - ence, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him;

D.S.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ, and buy.
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, With - out money, Come to Je - sus Christ, and buy.
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.

252. MERCY'S CALL.

(For music, see above.)

1. Sinners, will you scorn the message,
 Coming from the courts above?
 Mercy beams in every passage;
 Every line is full of love;
 ||: Oh! believe it,
 Every line is full of love.:||

2. Now the herald of salvation
 Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
 Sinners freed from condemnation,

Through the all-atoning Lamb!
 ||: Life receiving
 Through the all-atoning Lamb!:

3. O ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 ||: Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey!

—J. A. R.

INVITATION.

253. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je - sus His mer - cy is free; Mer-cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer-cy is free,
3. Think of His goodness, His patience and love; Mer-cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par-don for all who be-lieve; Mer-cy is free,



REF.—Je - sus, the Sav - ior is look - ing for thee, Looking for thee,



mer-cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer-cy is flow - ing for thee,
 mer-cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is calling, "Come home,"
 mer-cy is free: Pleading thy cause with His Fa - ther a - bove,
 mer-cy is free: Come and this moment a bless - ing re - ceive,



looking for thee: Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

FINE



Mer - cy is boundless and free.	If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Thou art in darkness, O
Mer - cy is boundless and free	Come and re - pent - ing, O
Mer - cy is boundless and free	Je - sus is wait - ing, O



Call - ing and look - ing for thee.



Him to be - lieve,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
come to the light,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
give Him thy heart,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
hear Him proclaim,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.

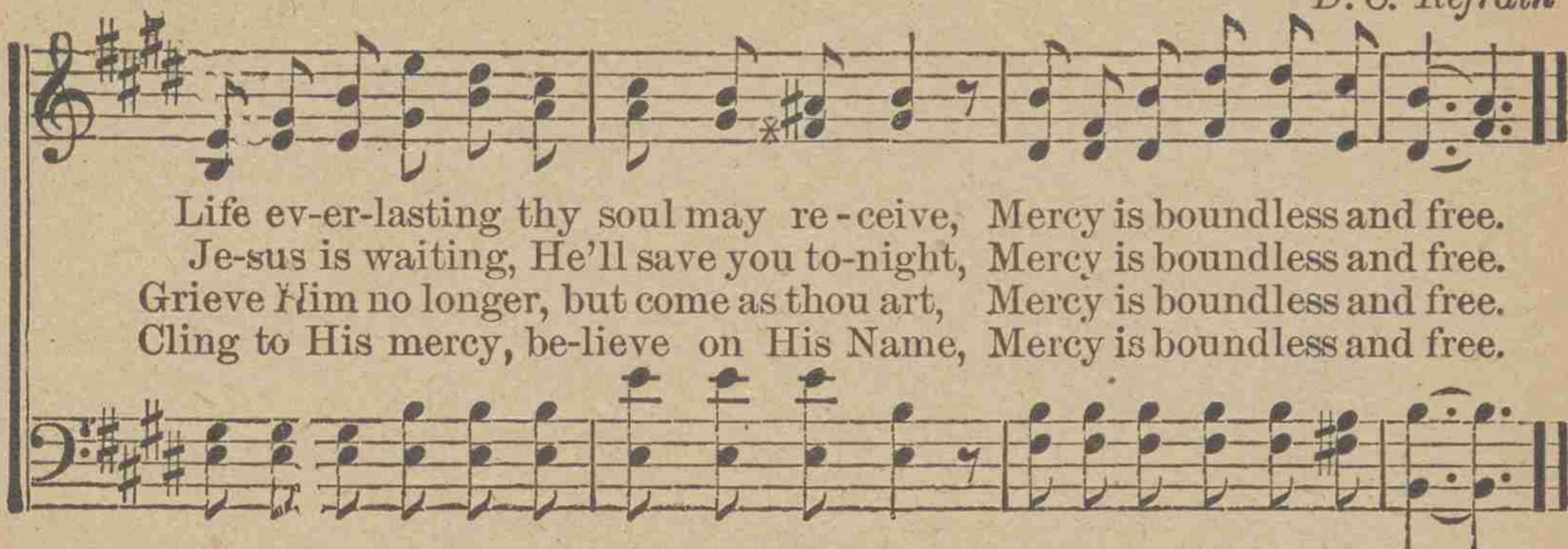


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INVITATION

Mercy is Boundless and Free.—Concluded.

D. C. Refrain

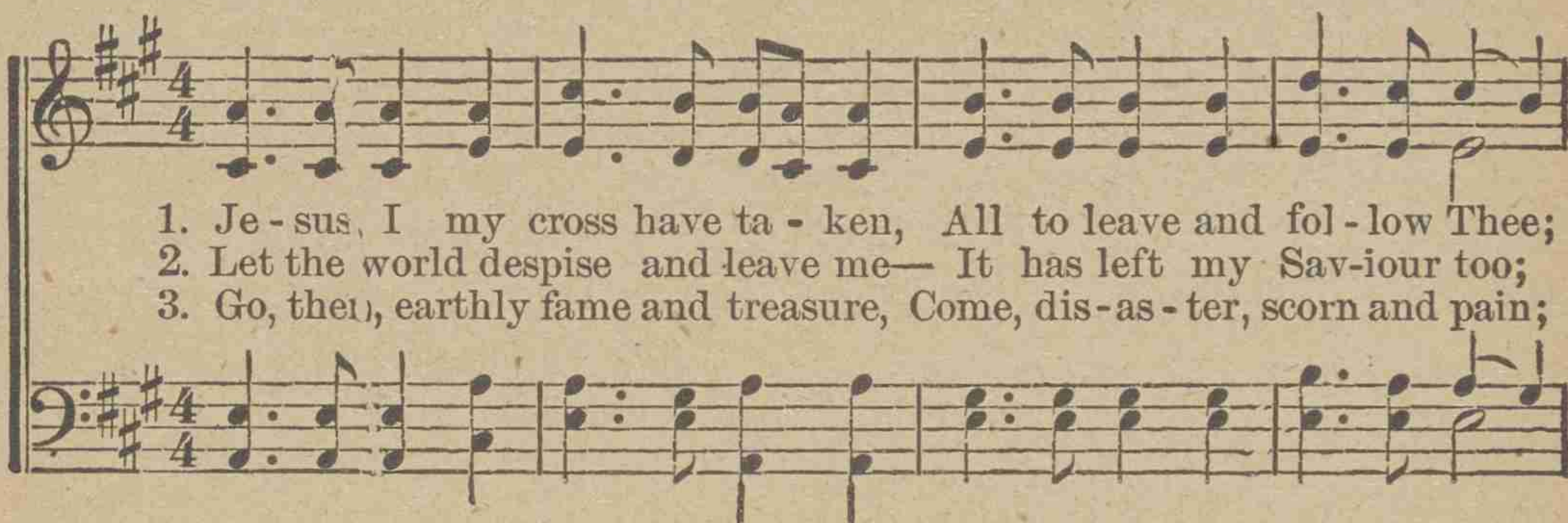


Life ev-er-lasting thy soul may re-ceive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je-sus is waiting, He'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to His mercy, be-lieve on His Name, Mercy is boundless and free.

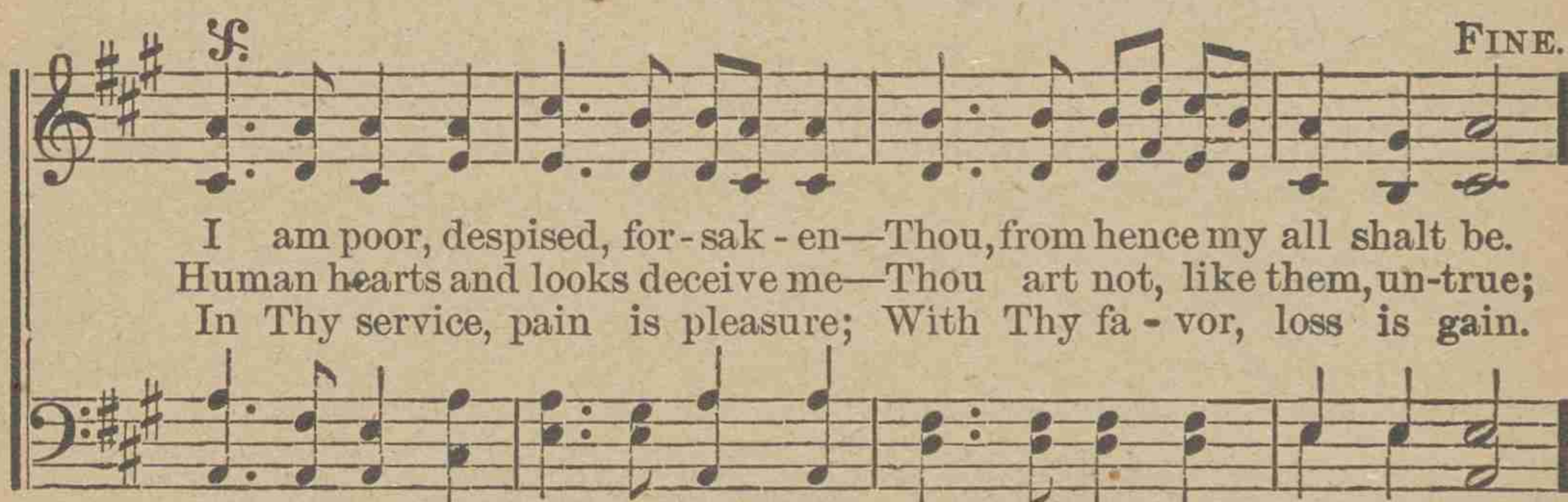
254. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. LYTH

MOZART.

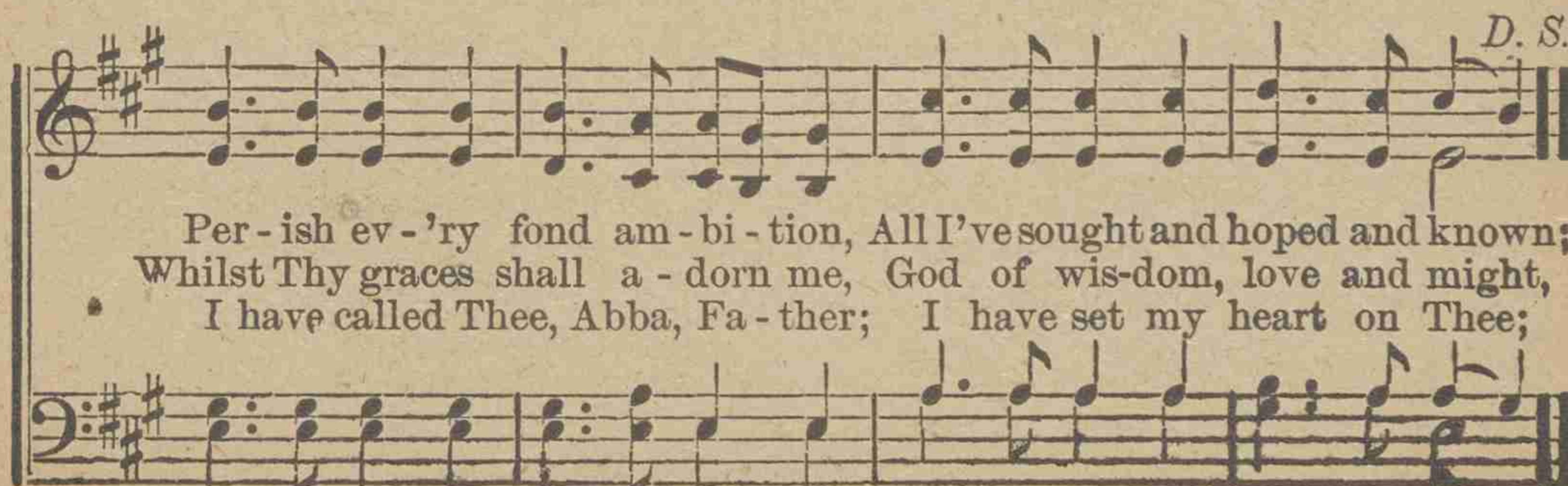


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world despise and leave me— It has left my Sav-iour too;
 3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, dis-as - ter, scorn and pain;



I am poor, despised, for-sak - en—Thou, from hence my all shalt be.
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.

D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion—God and heaven are still my own.
 Foes may hate and friends may scorn me—Show Thy face and all is bright.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All will work for good to me.



Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
 Whilst Thy graces shall a - dorn me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
 I have called Thee, Abba, Fa - ther; I have set my heart on Thee;

INVITATION.

255. The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY.

Arranged.

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 glo-ry,

D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib. *D. C.*
 I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low 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.

256. Near the Cross.

Key of G.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross:
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a living stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Chorus:—

In the cross, in the cross,
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

2. Near the cross a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me;
 There the bright and morning star
 Sheds its beams around me.
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadows o'er me.

—F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

Used by per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

257. Almost Persuaded.

Key of G.

1. "Almost persuaded" now to believe;
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive
 Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On thee I'll call."
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away.
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near;
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
 O wanderer, come!
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past:
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last.
 "Almost" can not avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail—
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 "Almost, but lost!"

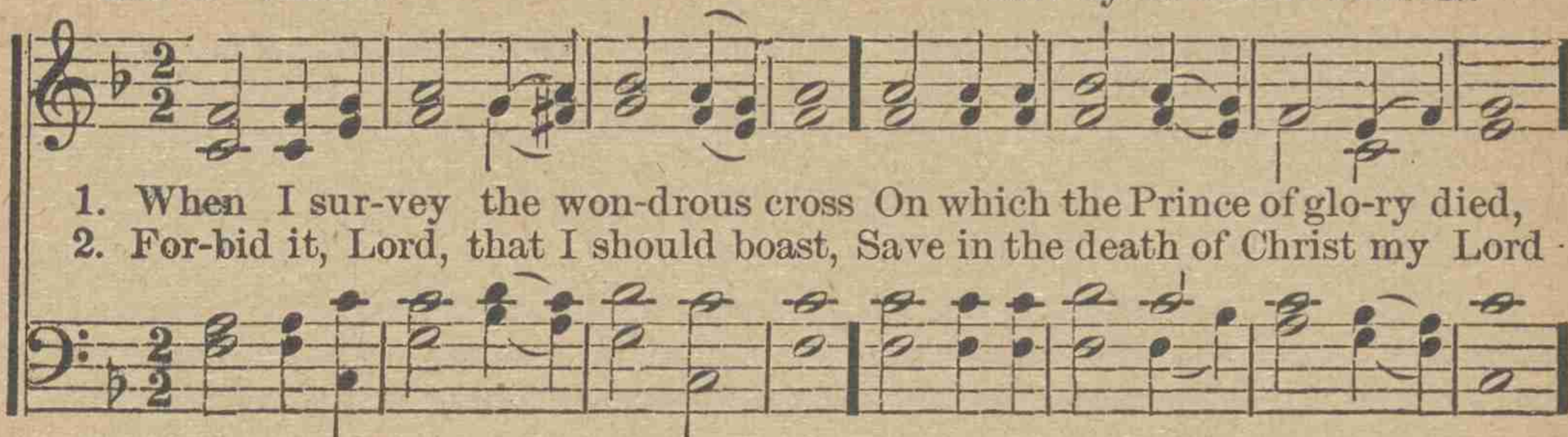
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LORD'S TABLE.

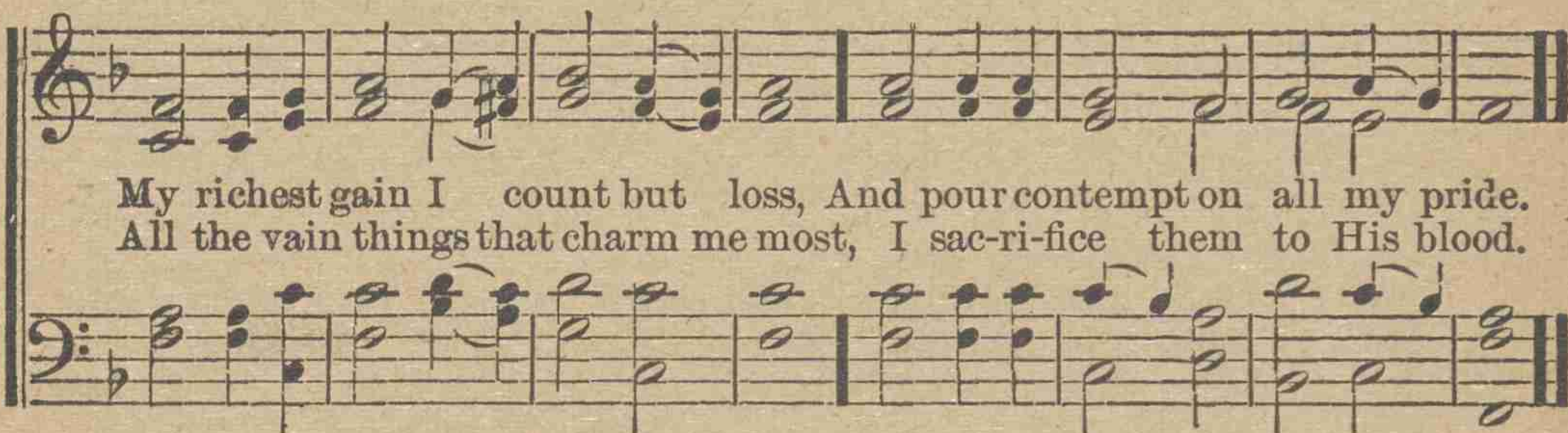
258. When I Survey

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord



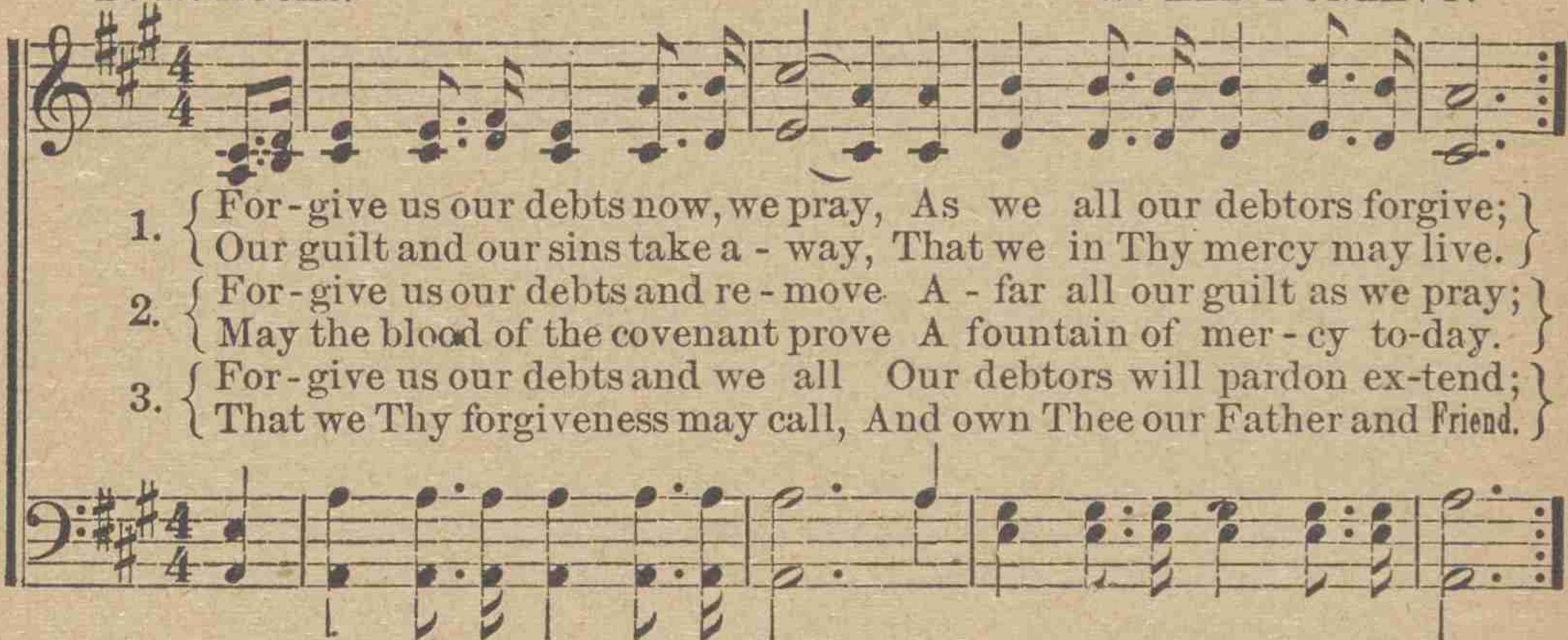
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

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.

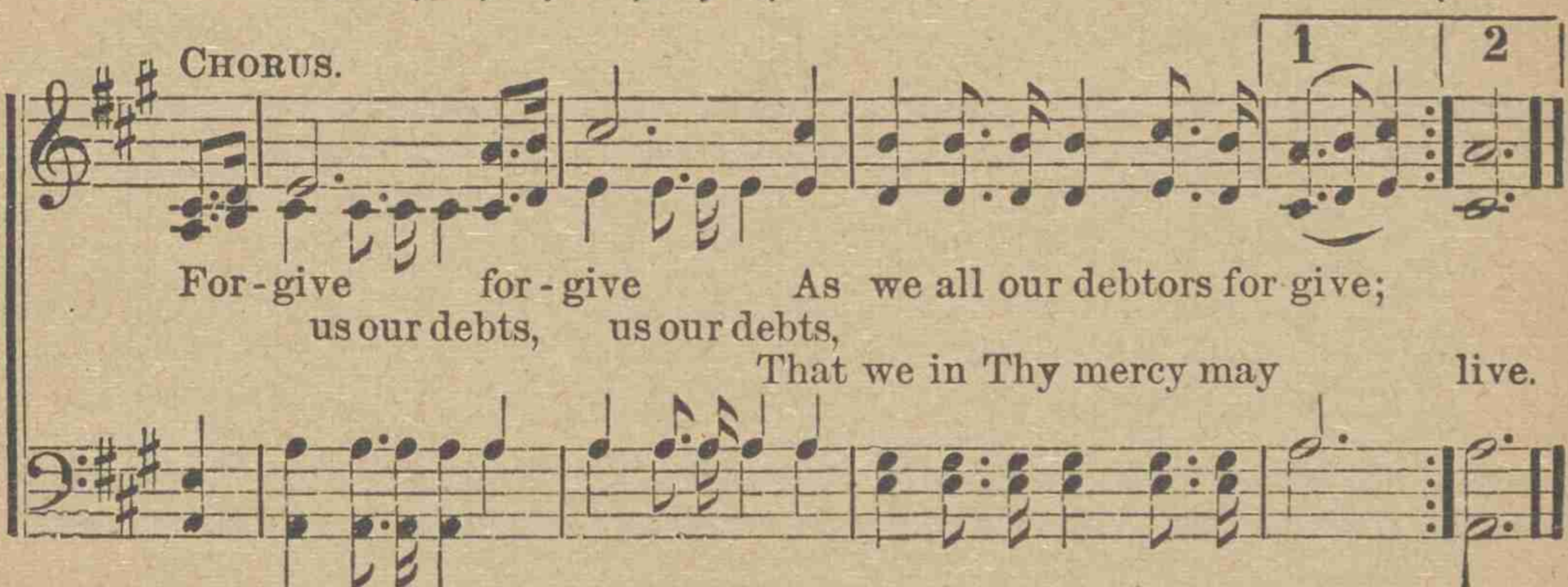
259. Forgive Us Our Debts.

D. R. LUCAS.

W. LEE DUNLAVY.



1. { For-give us our debts now, we pray, As we all our debtors forgive; }
2. { Our guilt and our sins take a - way, That we in Thy mercy may live. }
3. { For-give us our debts and re - move A - far all our guilt as we pray; }
4. { May the blood of the covenant prove A fountain of mer - cy to-day. }
5. { For-give us our debts and we all Our debtors will pardon ex-tend; }
6. { That we Thy forgiveness may call, And own Thee our Father and Friend. }



CHORUS.

For-give for-give As we all our debtors for give;
us our debts, us our debts, That we in Thy mercy may live.

LORD'S TABLE.

260. The Lord's Table.

R. BUTCHART.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

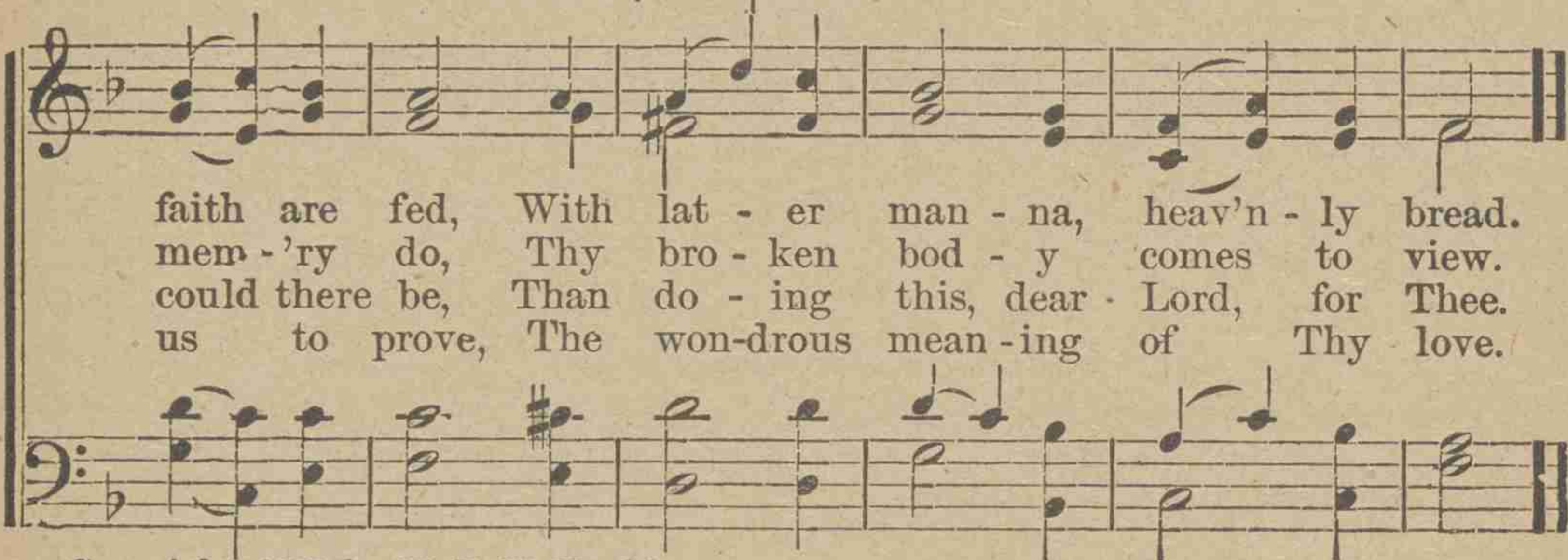
Slowly.



1. What treas-ures of Thy love are stored, In this, Thy
 2. Par - tak - ing of this bread and wine, We re - al -
 3. We take these sym - bols from Thy hand, And thank Thee
 4. O hear us Sav - ior while we pray, And feed our



ta - ble, gra - cious Lord; Here hun - gry souls by
 ize their gra - cious sign; For while we this in
 for Thy blest com - mand; Nor sweet - er to - ken
 faint - ing souls to - day; Make us to know, help



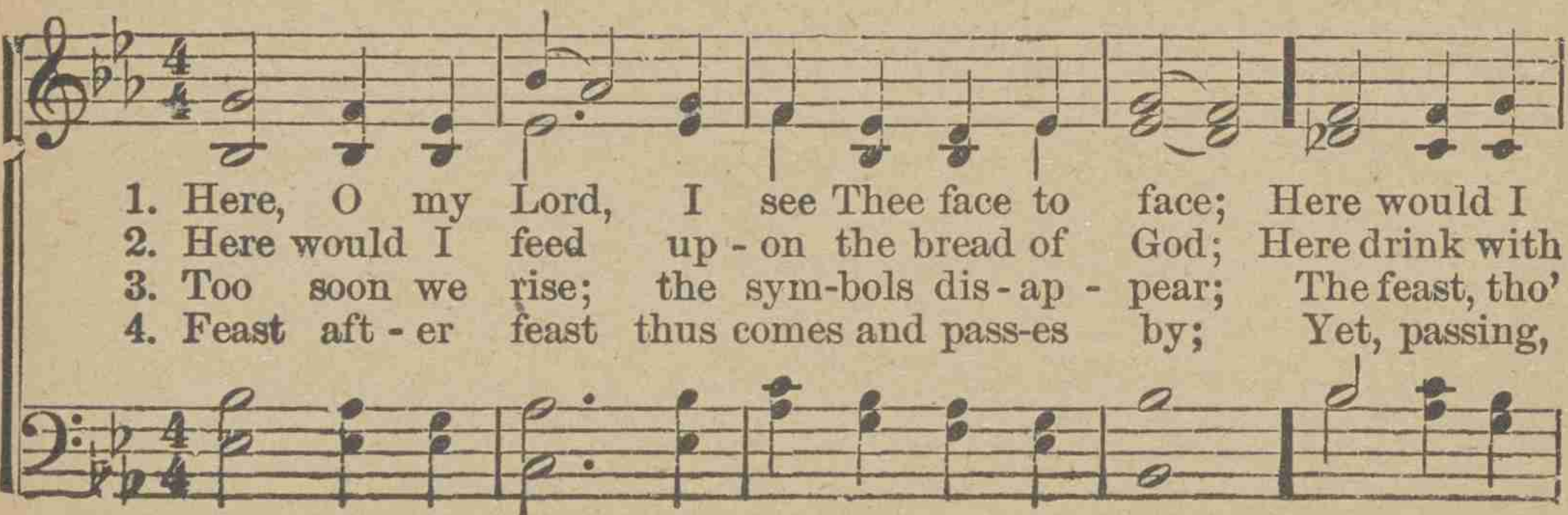
faith are fed, With lat - er man - na, heav'n - ly bread.
 mem - 'ry do, Thy bro - ken bod - y comes to view.
 could there be, Than do - ing this, dear Lord, for Thee.
 us to prove, The won-drous mean - ing of Thy love.

Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

261. Here, O My Lord.

HORATIUS BONAR.

MENDELSSOHN.



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with
 3. Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho'
 4. Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass-es by; Yet, passing,

LORD'S TABLE.

Here, O My Lord.—Concluded.

touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er
Thee the roy - al wine of heaven; Here would I lay a -
not the love, is passed and gone; The bread and wine re -
points to the glad feast a - bove— Giv - ing sweet fore - taste

hand th' e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness upon Thee lean.
side my earth - ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.
move, but Thou art here— Near - er than ev - er—still my Shield and Sun.
of the fes - tal joy, The Lamb's great brid - al feast of bliss and love.

262. Olive's Brow.

W. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Saviour wretches 'lone with fears;

'Tis midnight—in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that disciple whom He lov'd, Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know,
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

LORD'S TABLE
263. Refuge.

C. WESLEY.

JOS. P. HOLBROOK.



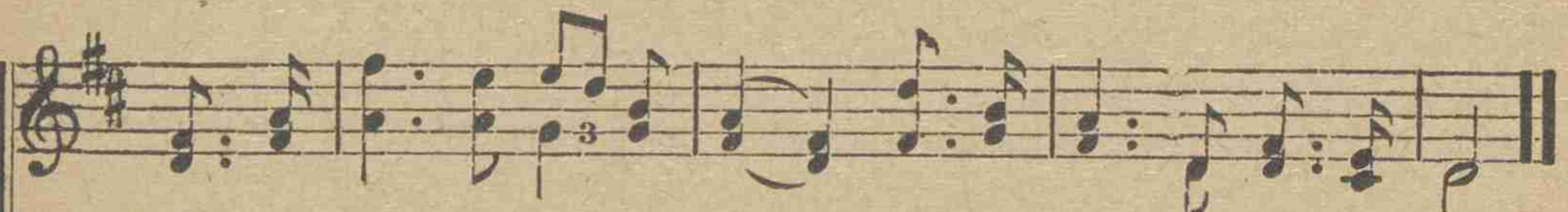
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;



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



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



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



LORD'S TABLE

264. Bread of Heaven.

JOSIAH CONDER.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed:
2. Vine of heav'n, thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice:
3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,



Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
 Lord of life, oh, let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built in Thee.



265. Jesus, Master! Hear Me Now.

Anon.

X. SCHNYDER.



1. Je - sus, Mas - ter! hear me now, While I would re - new my vow,
2. Feed me, Sav - iour, with this bread, Bro - ken in Thy bod - y's stead;
3. And as now I eat and drink, Let me tru - ly, sweet - ly think,



And re - cord Thy dy - ing love; Hear, and help me from a - bove.
 Cheer my spir - it with this wine, Streaming like that blood of thine.
 Thou didst hang up - on the tree, Brok - en, bleeding, there - for me!



LORD'S TABLE.

266. Do This in Memory of Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.



1. At Thy command, our dear- est Lord, Here we at - tend Thy dy - ing feast;
2. Our faith a - dores Thy bleeding love, And trusts for life in One that died;
3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame, And fling their scandals on the cause;
4. With joy we tell the scoff- ing age, He that was dead has left His tomb;



Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board, And Thine own flesh feed ev - 'ry guest.
We hope for heav'nly crowns a - bove From a Re - deem-er cru - ci - fied.
We come to boast our Sav-ior's name, And make our triumphs in His cross.
He lives a - bove their ut - most rage, And we are wait - ing till He come.



267. The Night Before His Death.

JOSEPH HART.

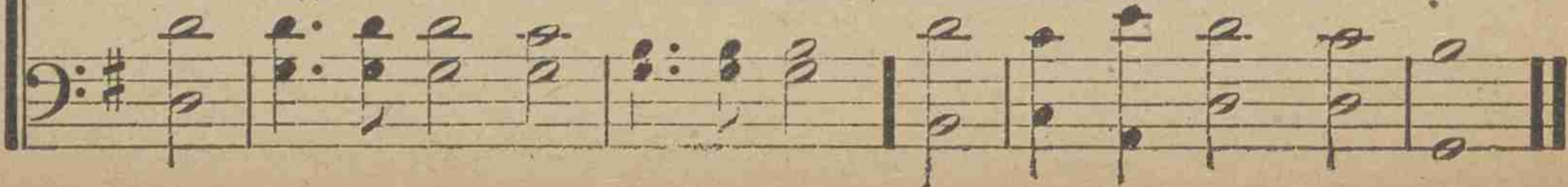
THOS. A. ARNE.



1. That dreadful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber Thee;
3. Thy suff' rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our re - membrance brings;
4. Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,



Did, al-most with His dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or - dain.
Help each redeemed one to re - peat— For me He died, for me.
We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
To sing, Ho-san - na to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me.



BAPTISM.

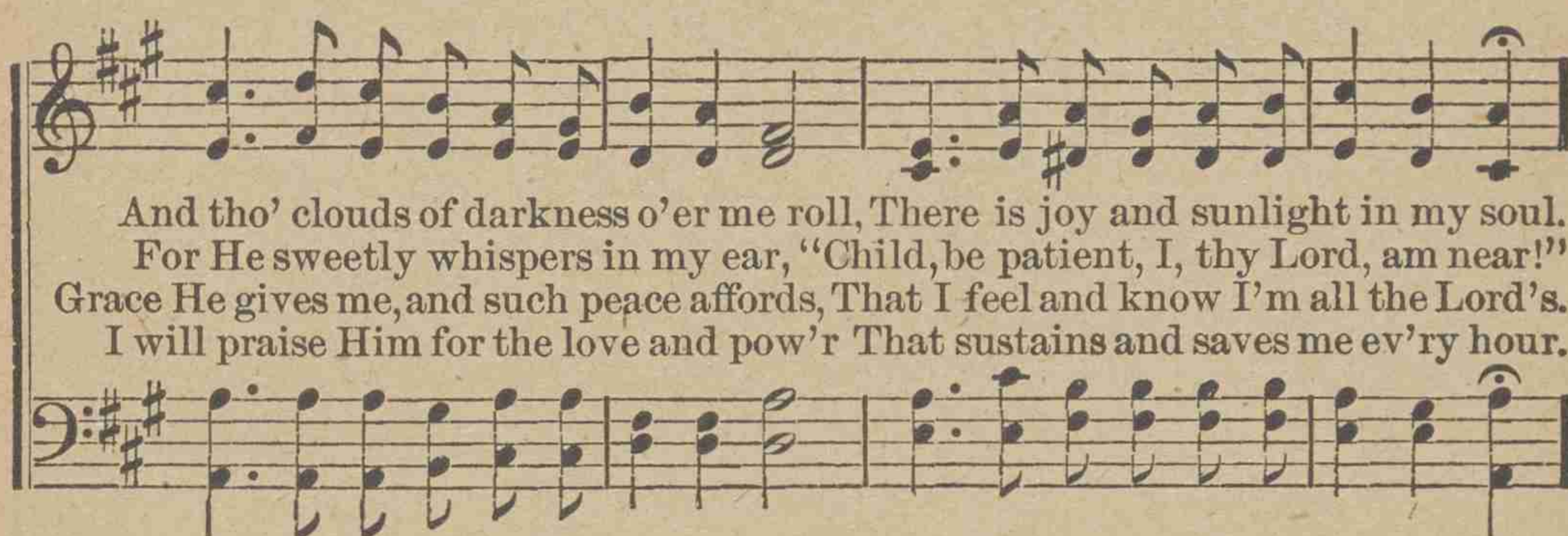
268. All the Way.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. All the way my Savior leadeth me; Shepherd, Friend and Guide is He;
 2. All the way my Savior leadeth me, Nev - er can I doubtful be,
 3. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And communion sweet have we;
 4. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And, throughout eter - ni - ty,



And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.
 For He sweetly whispers in my ear, "Child, be patient, I, thy Lord, am near!"
 Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.
 I will praise Him for the love and pow'r That sustains and saves me ev'ry hour.

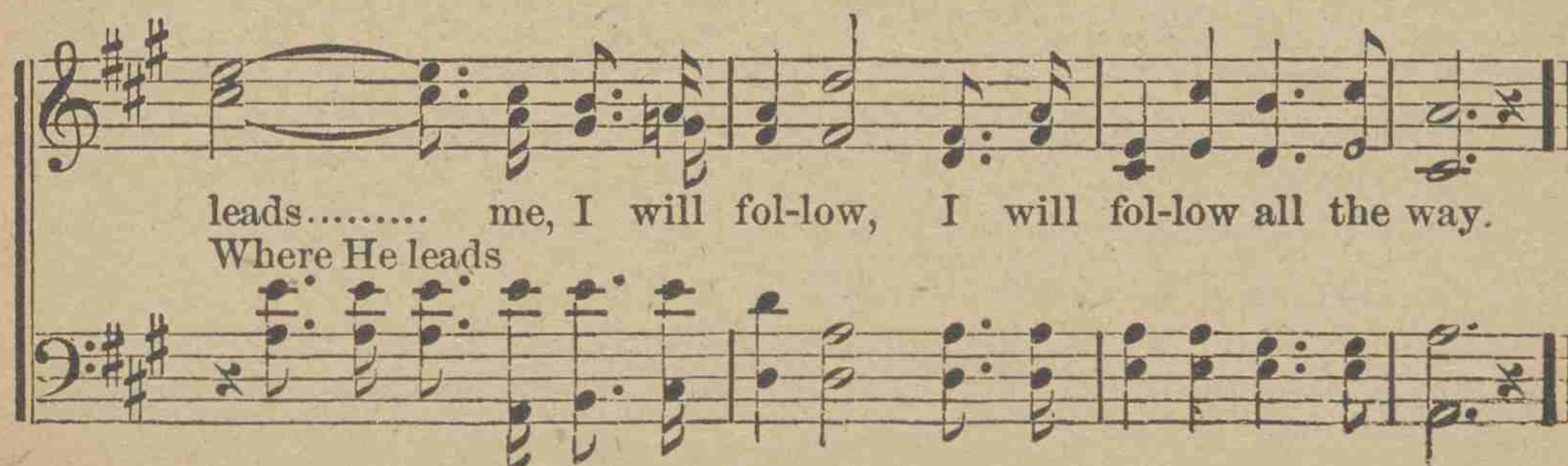
CHORUS.



Where He leads..... me I will fol - low, I will
 Where He leads



fol - low all the way;..... Where He
 I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way;



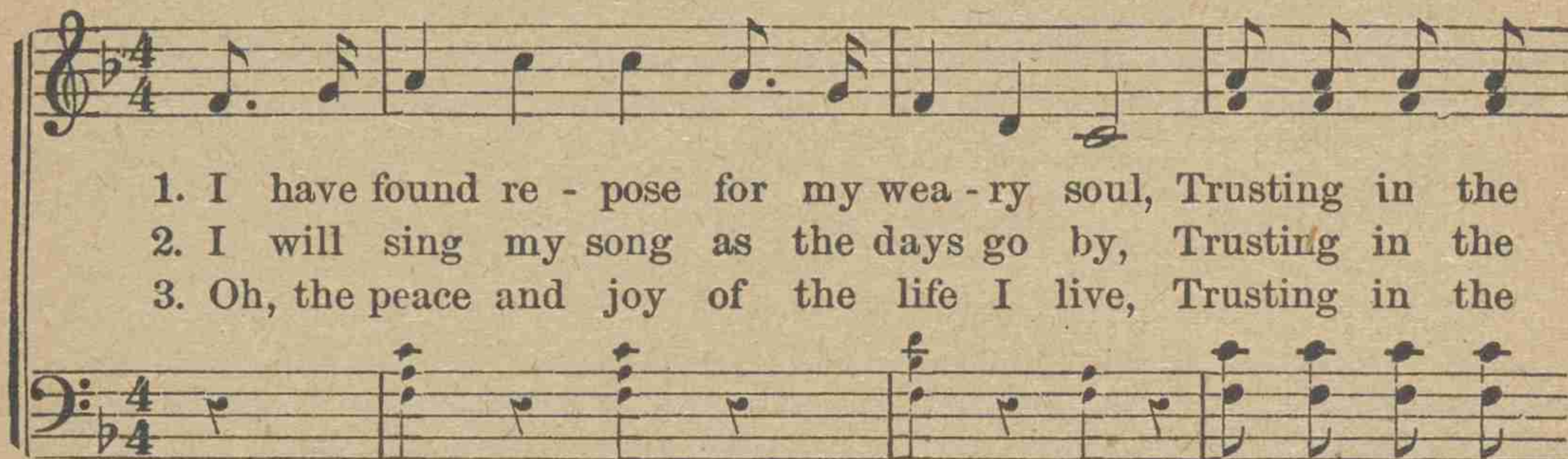
leads..... me, I will fol-low, I will fol-low all the way.
 Where He leads

BAPTISM.

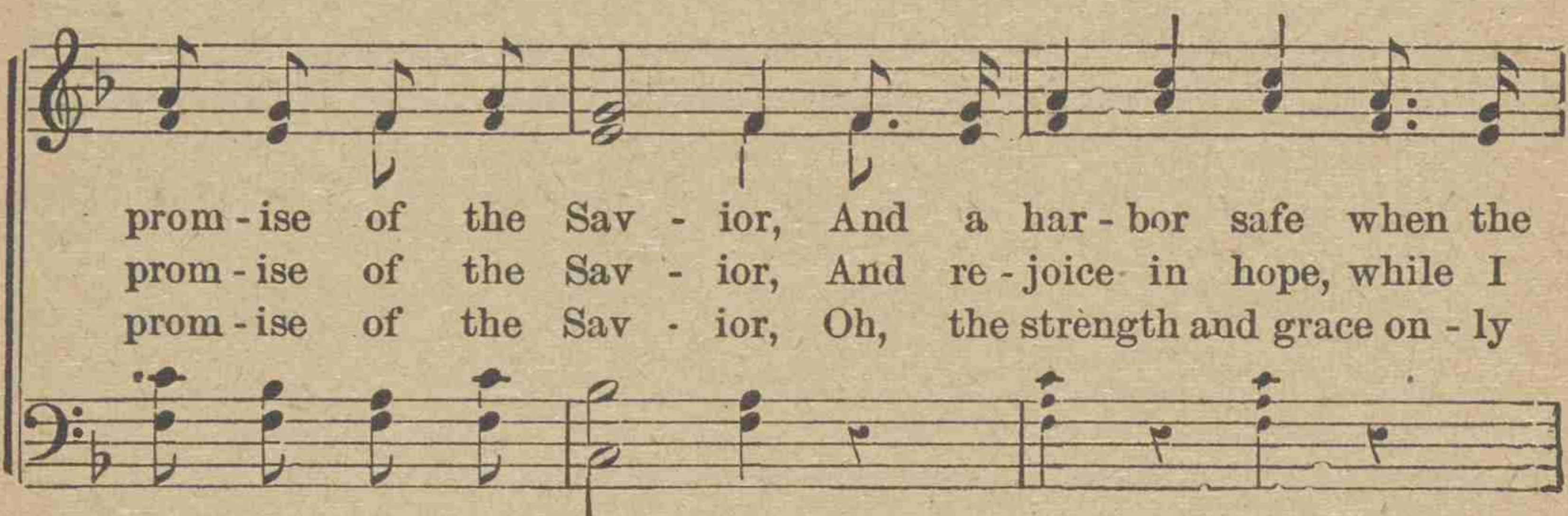
269. Trusting in the Promise.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

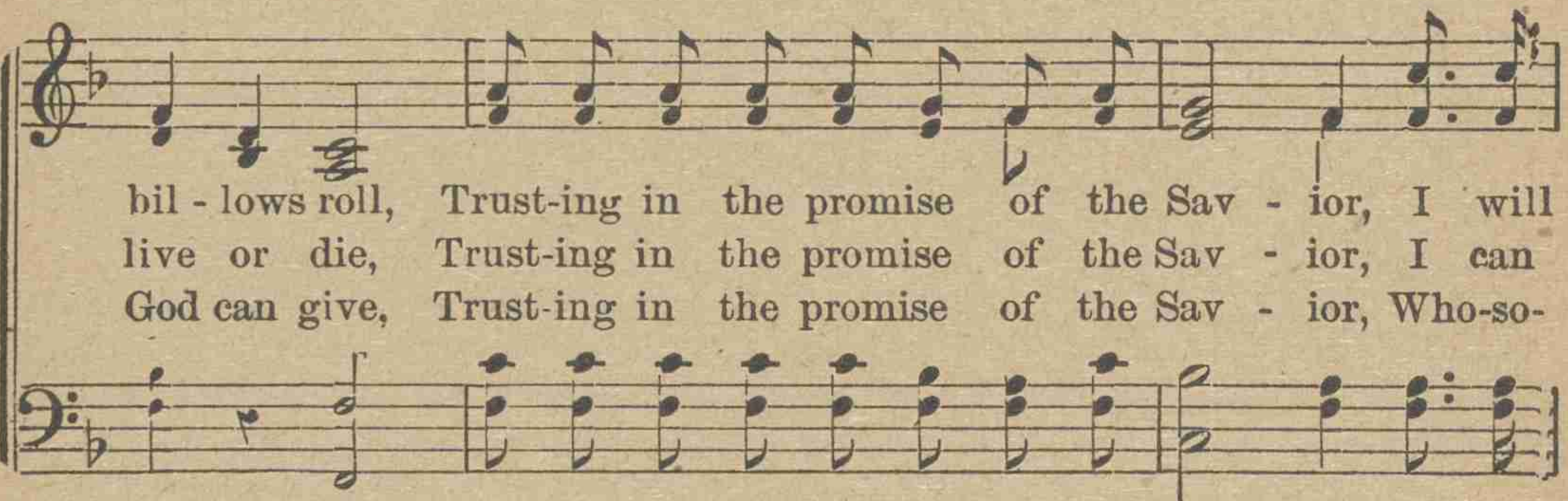
Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



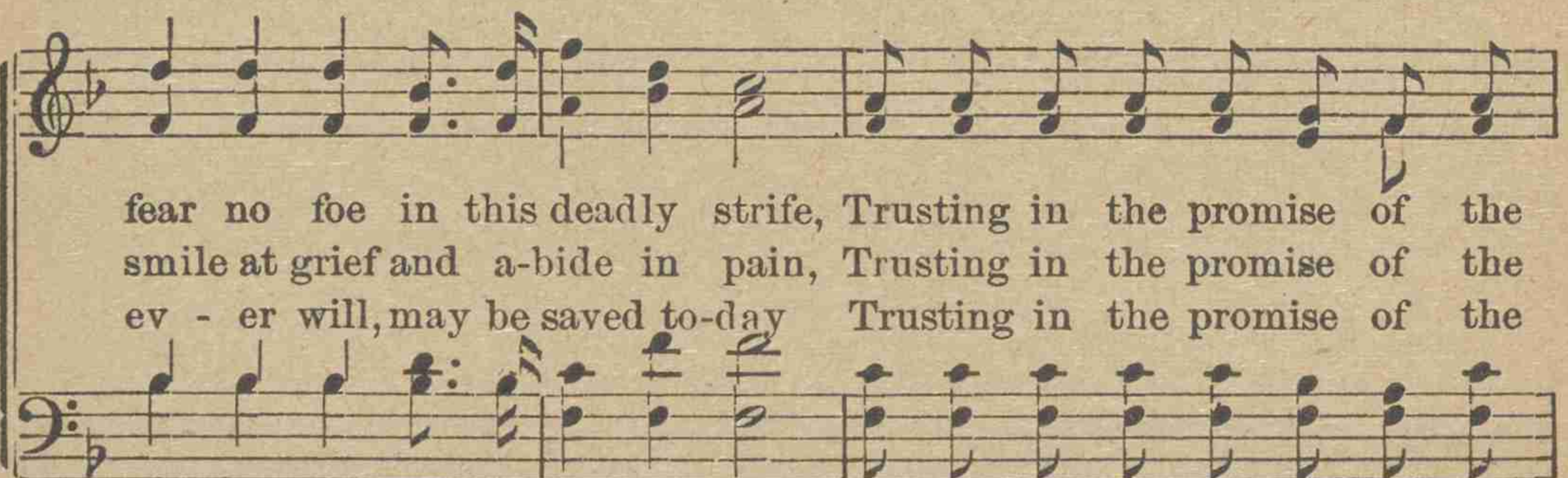
1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trusting in the
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the



prom - ise of the Sav - ior, And a har - bor safe when the
 prom - ise of the Sav - ior, And re - joice in hope, while I
 prom - ise of the Sav - ior, Oh, the strength and grace on - ly



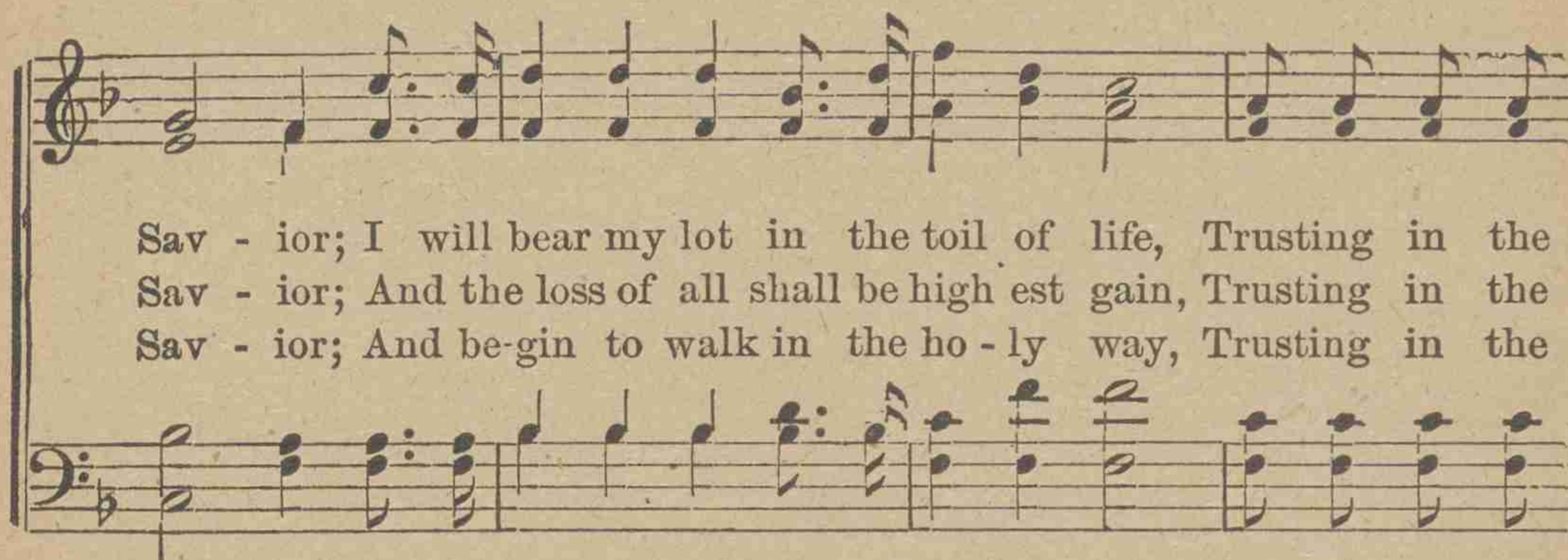
bil - lows roll, Trust - ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, I will
 live or die, Trust - ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, I can
 God can give, Trust - ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, Who - so -



fear no foe in this deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the
 smile at grief and a-bide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the
 ev - er will, may be saved to-day Trusting in the promise of the

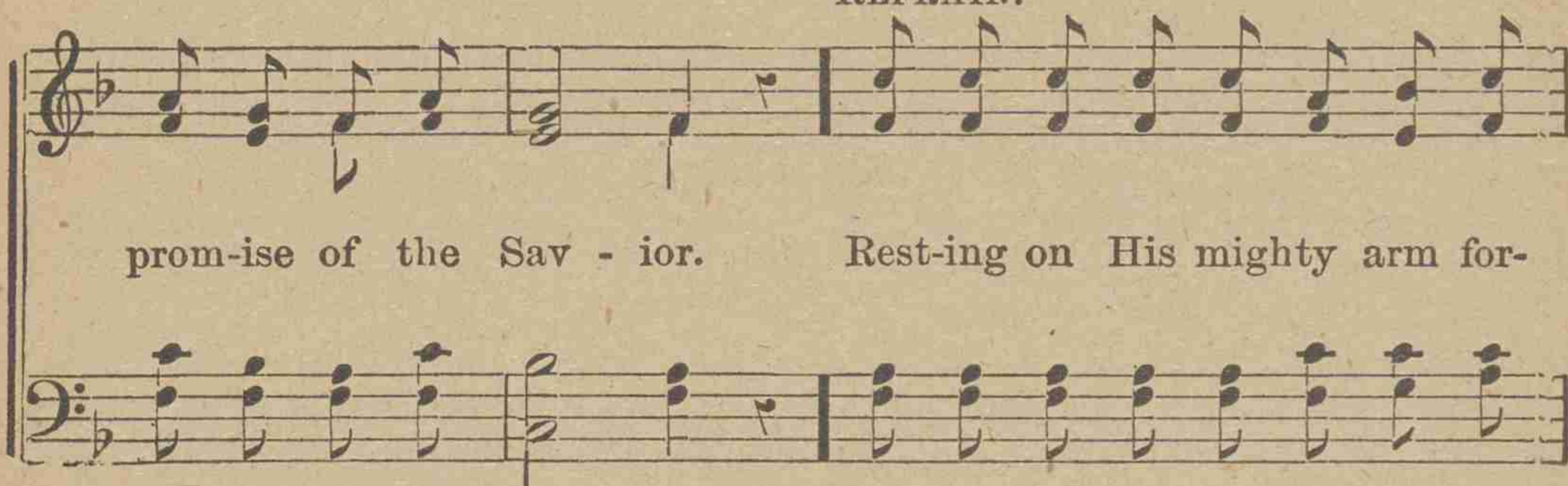
BAPTISM

Trusting in the Promise.—Concluded.



Sav - ior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the
Sav - ior; And the loss of all shall be high est gain, Trusting in the
Sav - ior; And be-gin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trusting in the

REFRAIN.



prom-ise of the Sav - ior. Rest-ing on His mighty arm for-



ev - er, Nev - er from His lov - ing heart to sev - er, I will rest by



grace, In His strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior.

BAPTISM.

270. Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP




1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my



fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of
 rap - ture burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sa - viour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a -

CHORUS.



God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood.
 bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my
 bove, Fill'd with his good - ness, lost in his love.



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long, This is my



sto - ry this is my song, Praising my Sa - viour all the day long.

BAPTISM.

271. Saviour, Wash Me in the Blood.

COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 { And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
 2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, That fount-ain in his day, }
 { And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-iour,
 Sav-iour, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

wash..... me in the blood, Oh, wash.....
 wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the

..... me in the blood, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
 blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

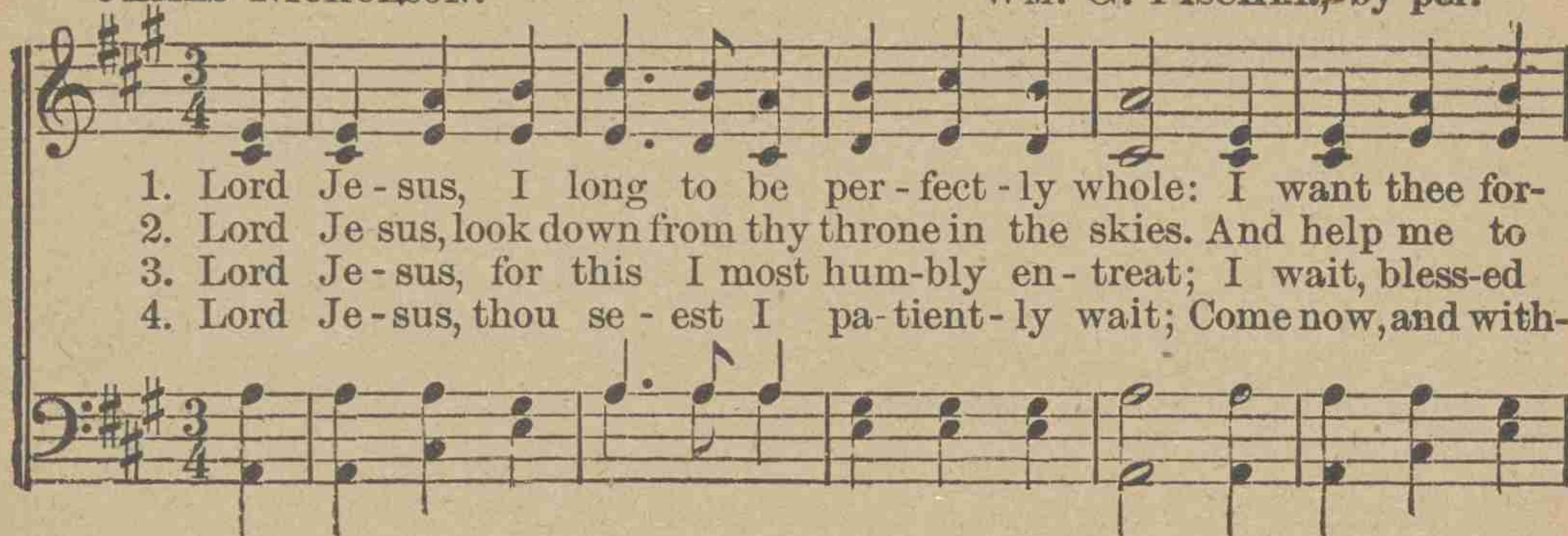
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

BAPTISM.

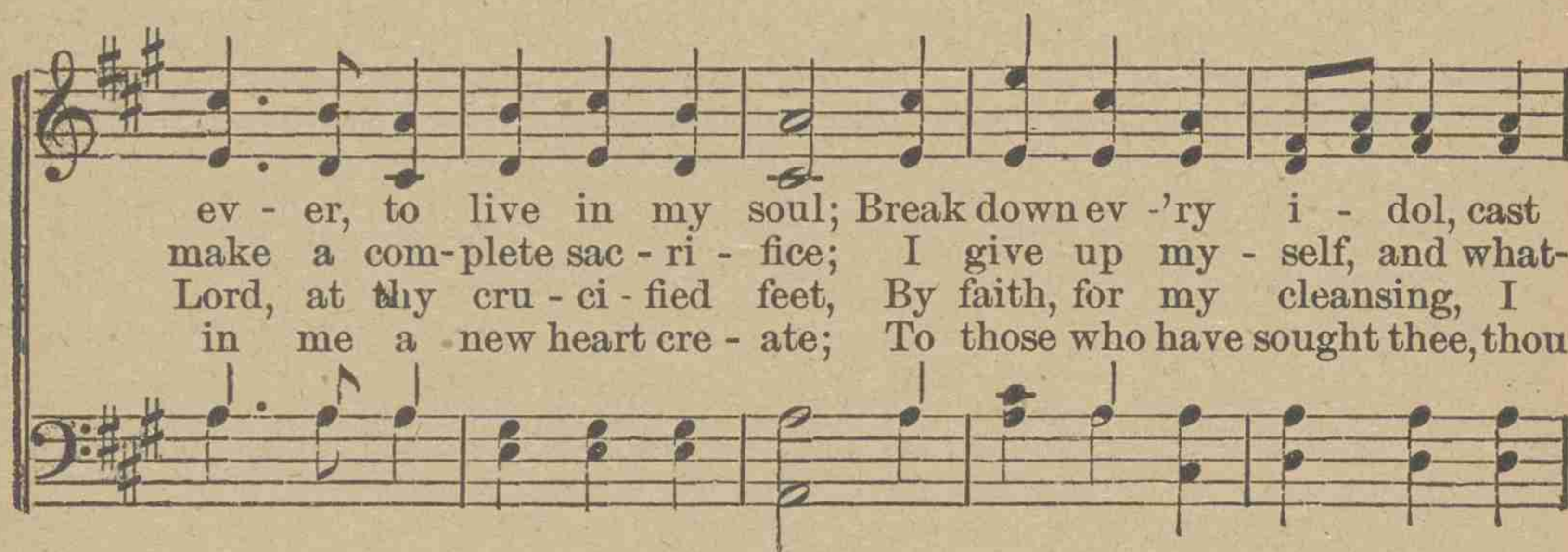
272. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

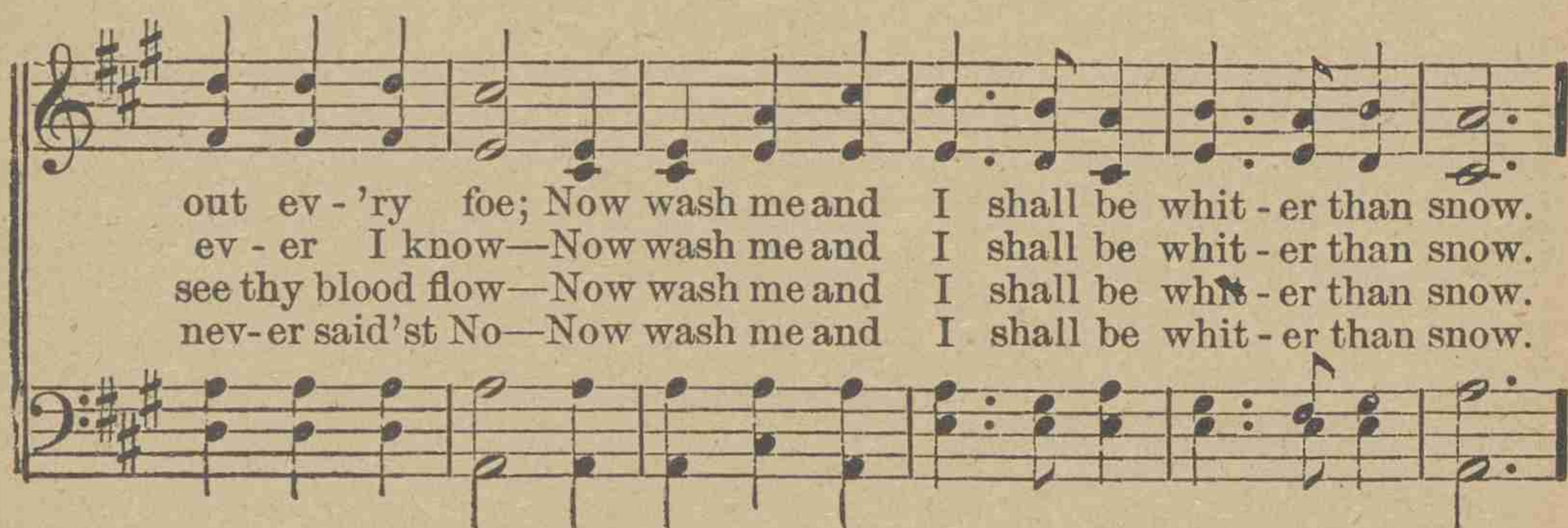
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole: I want thee for -
 2. Lord Je sus, look down from thy throne in the skies. And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

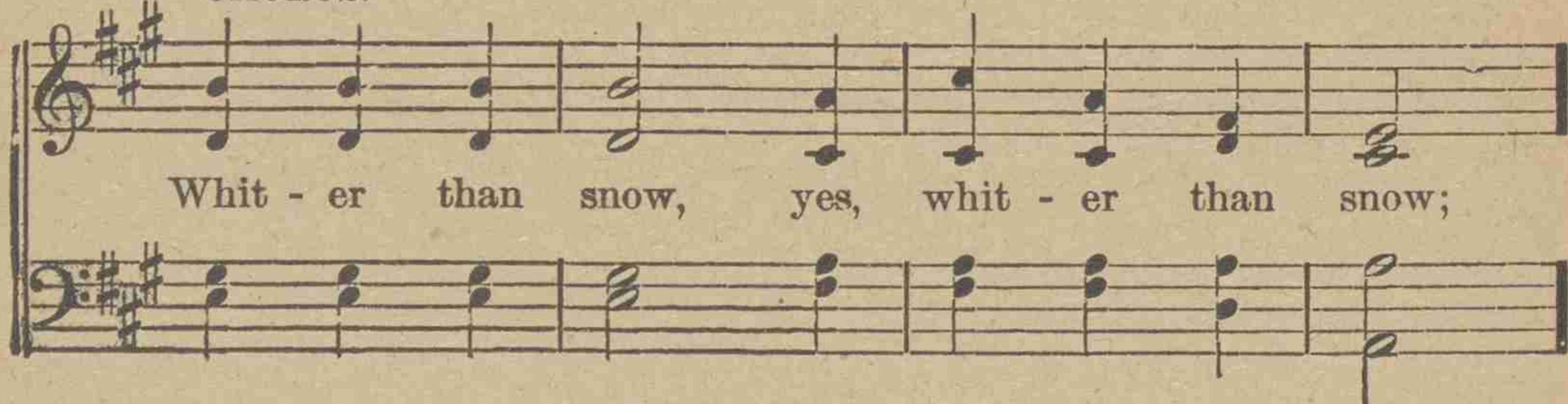


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou



out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see thy blood flow—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 nev - er said 'st No—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;



Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

BAPTISM.

273. Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is healing at the foun - tain, Come behold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the foun - tain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is healing at the foun - tain, Look to Je-sus now and live;
4. There is healing at the foun - tain, Precious fountain fill'd with blood;



Flowing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wand'rings He'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav-ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.



CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed healing fountain, I am glad 'tis flowing free;



O the fountain, precious cleansing fount-ain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.




BAPTISM.

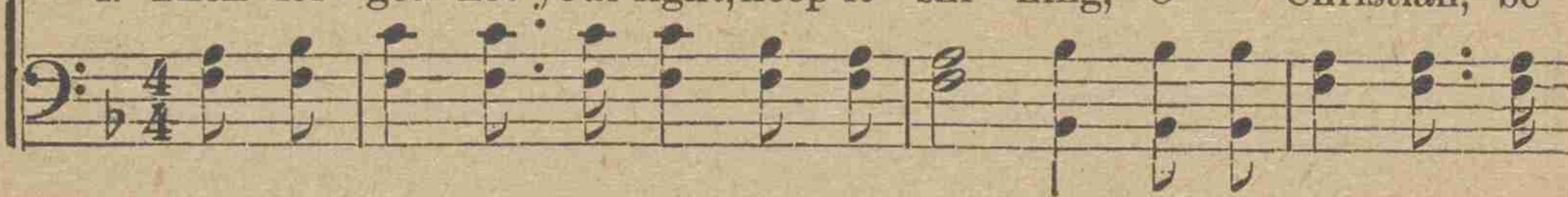

274. Lights Along the Shore.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.


E. ROBERTS.



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


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




CHORUS.



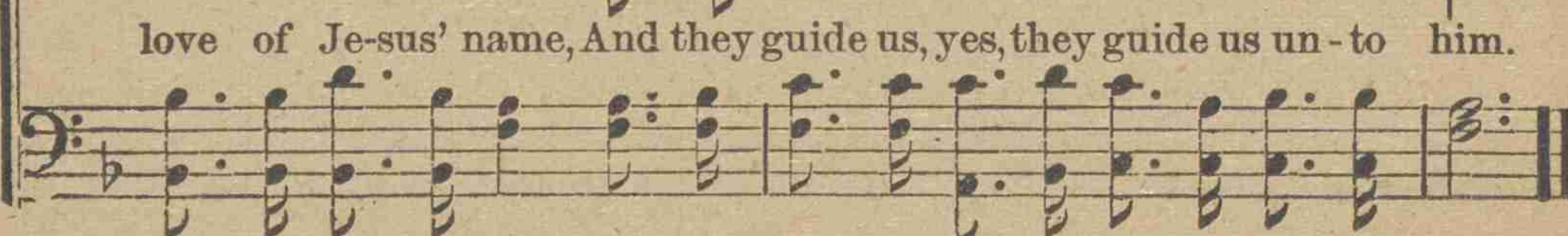
glo - rious ha - ven I near.
 ra - diance tru-ly sublime. } Oh, the lights along the shore
 watch for the glimmer of theirs. } That never grow dim,
 sink in the waves but for you.

Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame With the

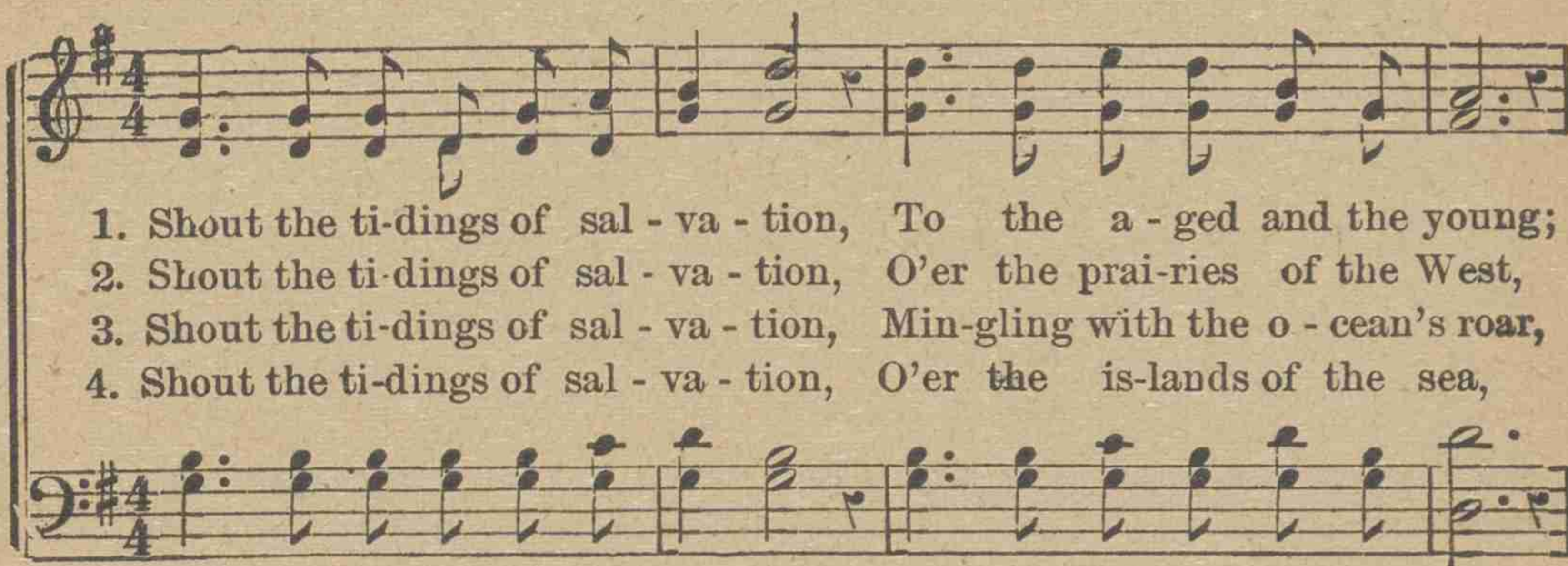



love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un - to him.

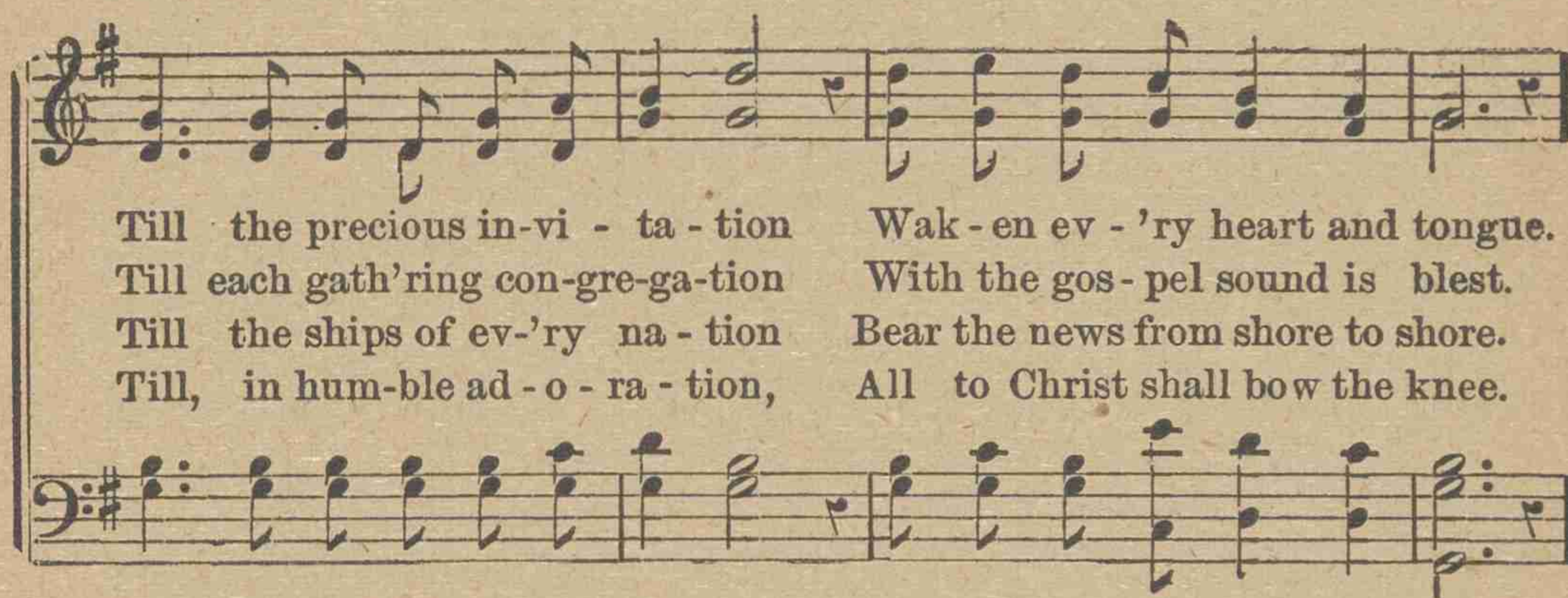


MISSIONARY.

275. Shout the Tidings.

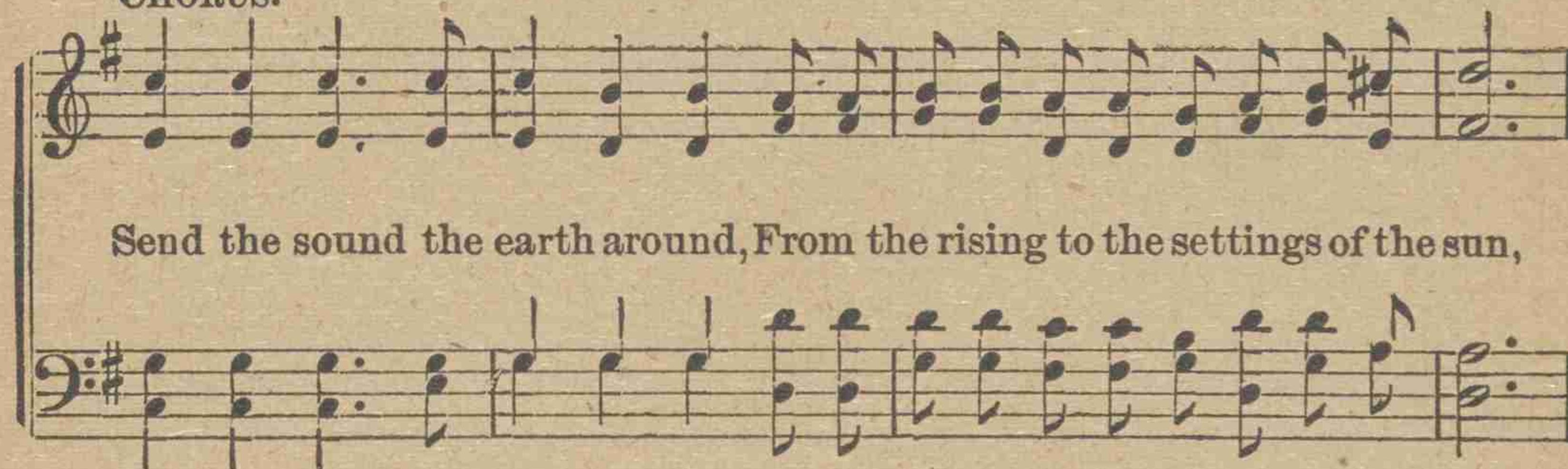


1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young;
 2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prai-ries of the West,
 3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Min-gling with the o - cean's roar,
 4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the is-lands of the sea,

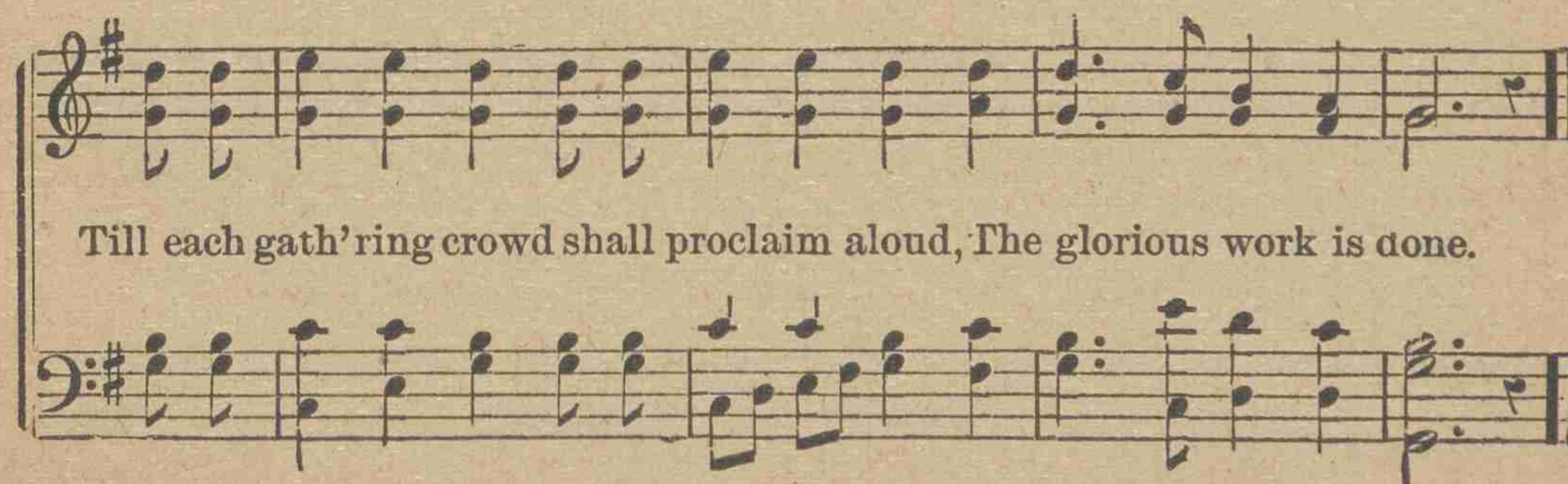


Till the precious in-vi - ta - tion Wak - en ev - 'ry heart and tongue.
 Till each gath'ring con-gre-ga-tion With the gos - pel sound is blest.
 Till the ships of ev-'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
 Till, in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

CHORUS.



Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the settings of the sun,



Till each gath'ring crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

MISSIONARY.

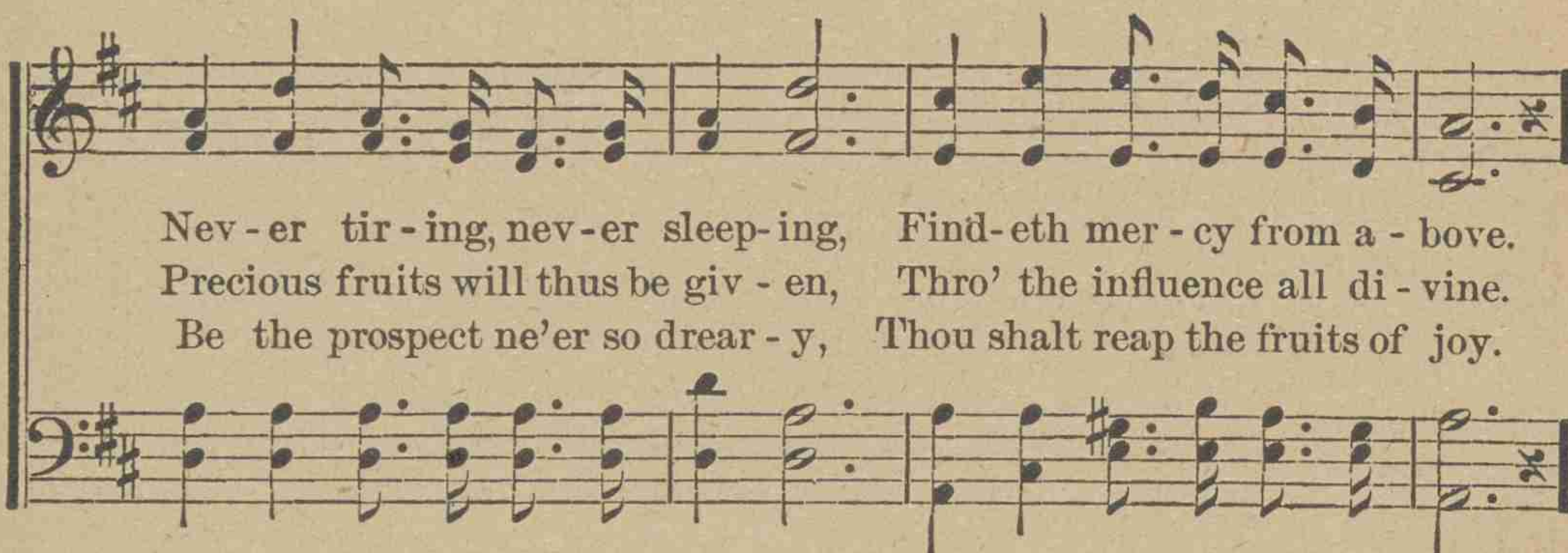
276. Harvest Time

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

C. S. CABLE.

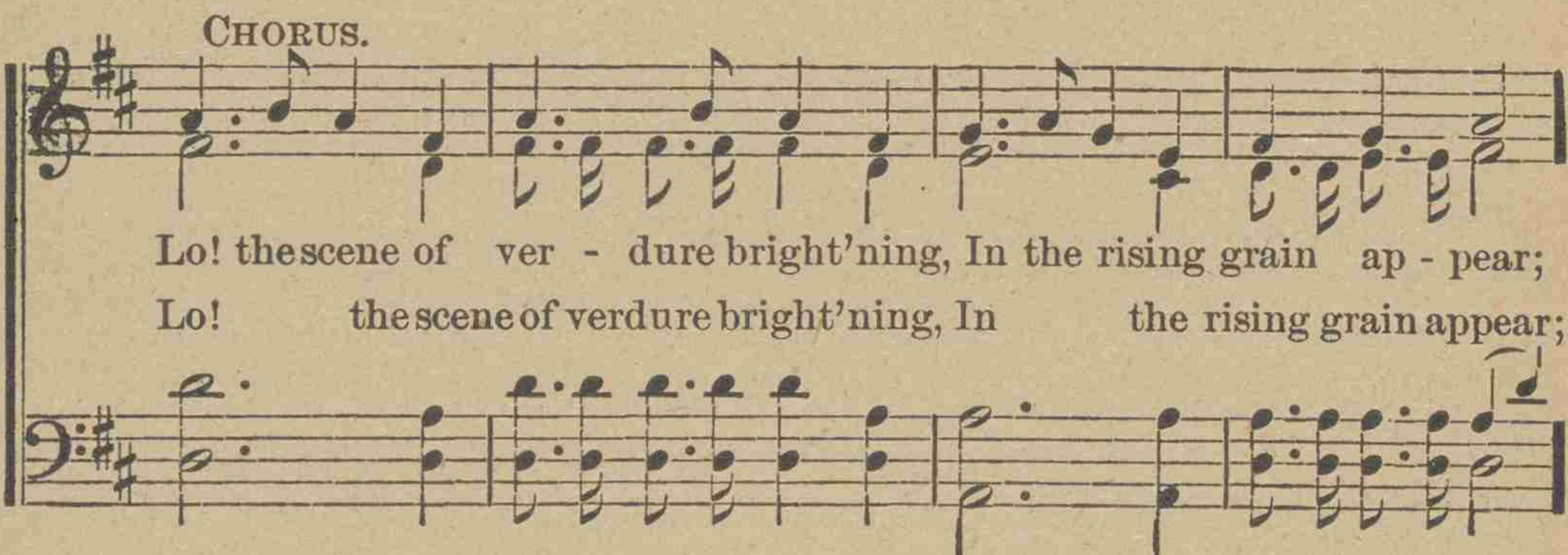


1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bear-ing precious seed in love,
 2. Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine;
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea-ry, Let no fears thy soul an-noy;

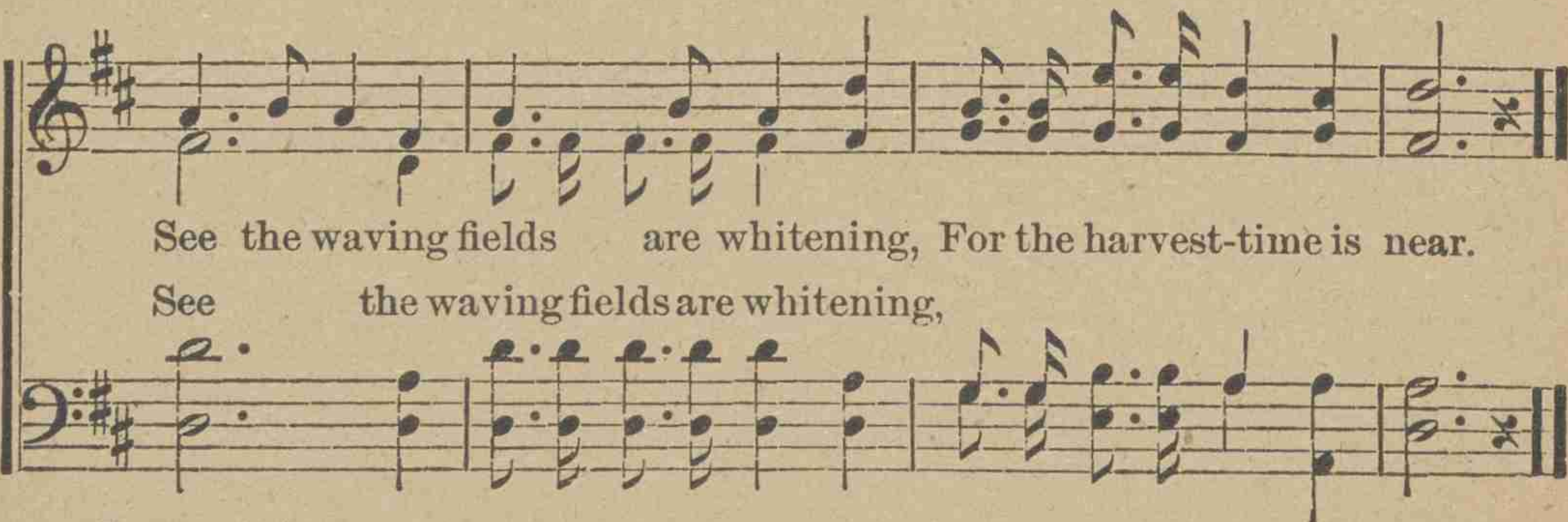


Nev-er tir-ing, nev-er sleep-ing, Find-eth mer-cy from a-bove.
 Precious fruits will thus be giv-en, Thro' the influence all di-vine.
 Be the prospect ne'er so drear-y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.



Lo! the scene of ver-dure bright'ning, In the rising grain ap-pear;
 Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, In the rising grain appear;



See the waving fields are whitening, For the harvest-time is near.
 See the waving fields are whitening,

By permission.

MISSIONARY.

277. Go Ye Into All the World.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE

1. "Go ye in - to all the world!" 'Tis the lov - ing Lord's command;
 2. Go ye to the souls that mourn, With the gracious gos - pel call;
 3. Go ye to the souls that grope, Seeking light and find - ing none;

Let His ban - ner be un - furl'd O - ver ev - 'ry land.
 Tell how Christ their griefs has borne—How He died for all.
 Tell them of the Christian's hope, Tell what Christ has done.

CHORUS.

Go ye, go ye,
 Go ye in - to all the world, in - to all the

Preach the gos - pel to ev - 'ry creat - ure, Go ye,
 world Preach to ev - 'ry crea - ture, Go ye in - to all the

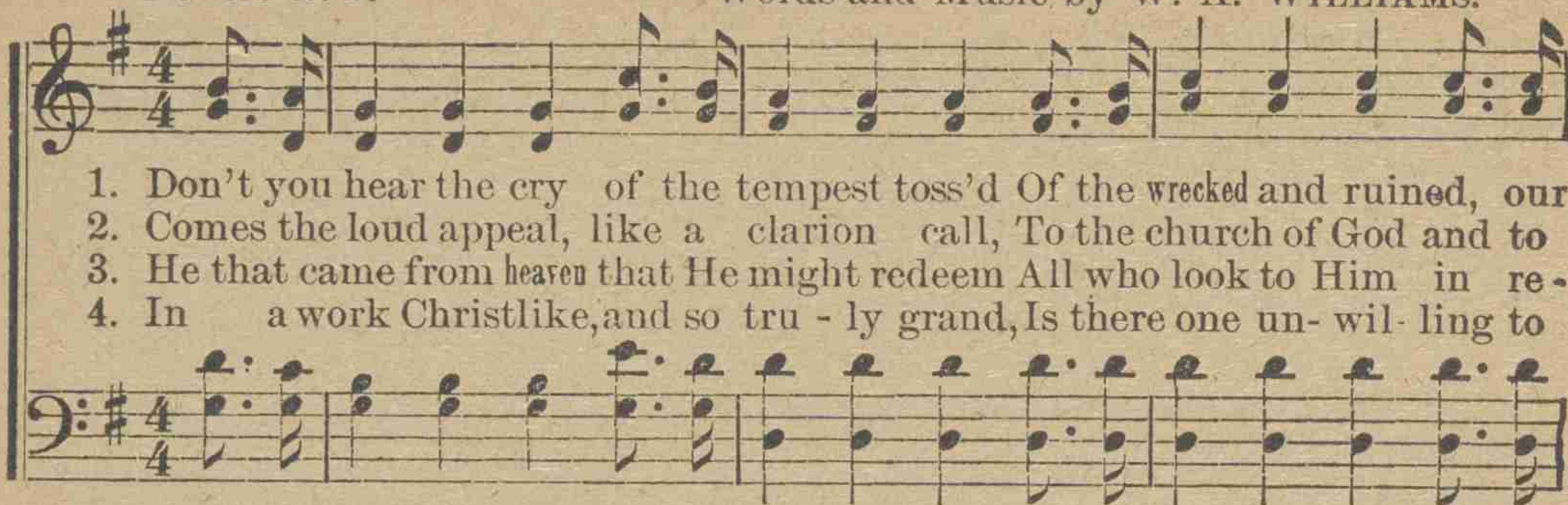
go ye, I am with you al - way.
 world, in - to all the world, I am with you al - way.

MISSIONARY

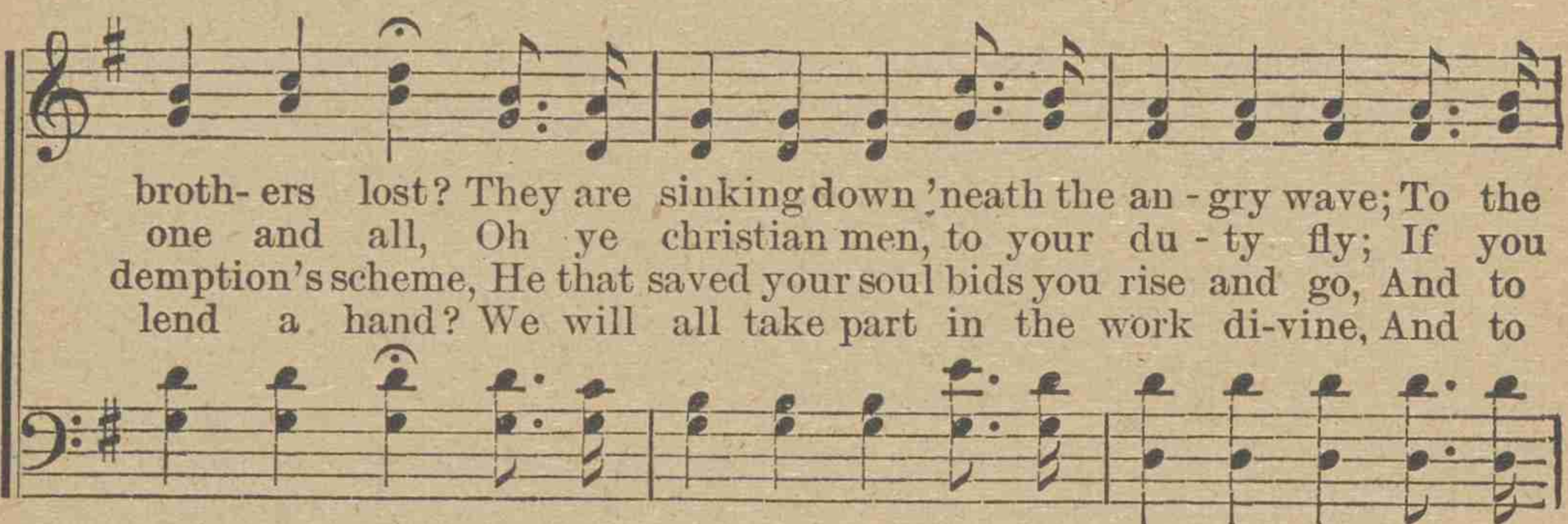
278. Throw Out the Line.

Not too slow.

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

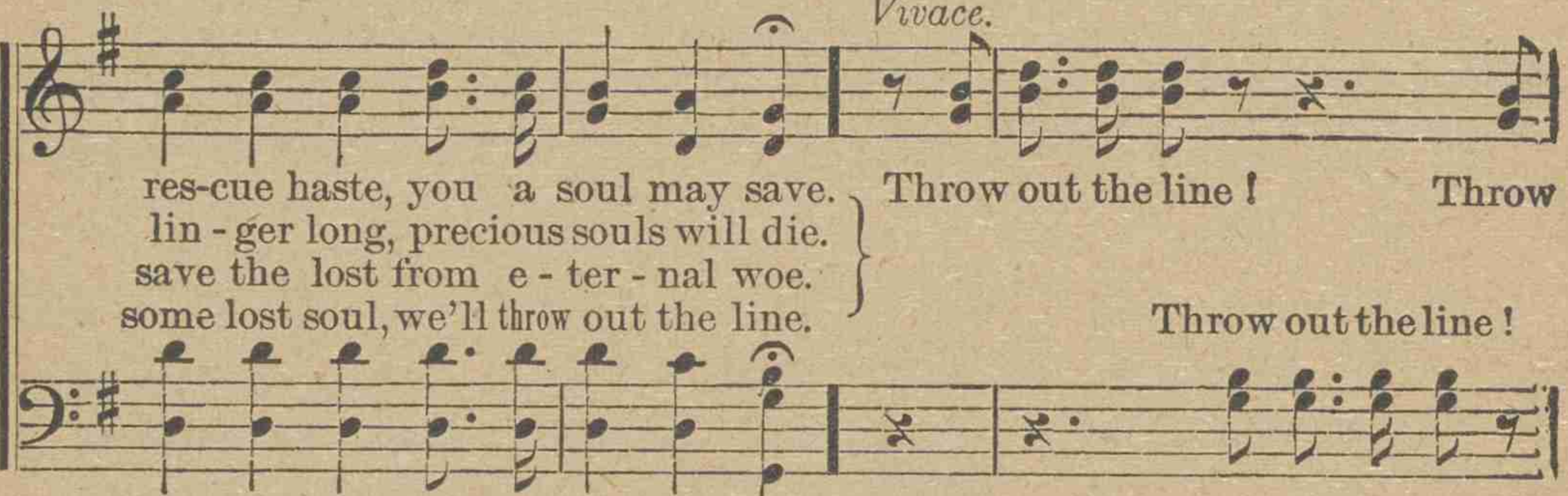


1. Don't you hear the cry of the tempest toss'd Of the wrecked and ruined, our
 2. Comes the loud appeal, like a clarion call, To the church of God and to
 3. He that came from heaven that He might redeem All who look to Him in re-
 4. In a work Christlike, and so tru - ly grand, Is there one un-wil-ling to

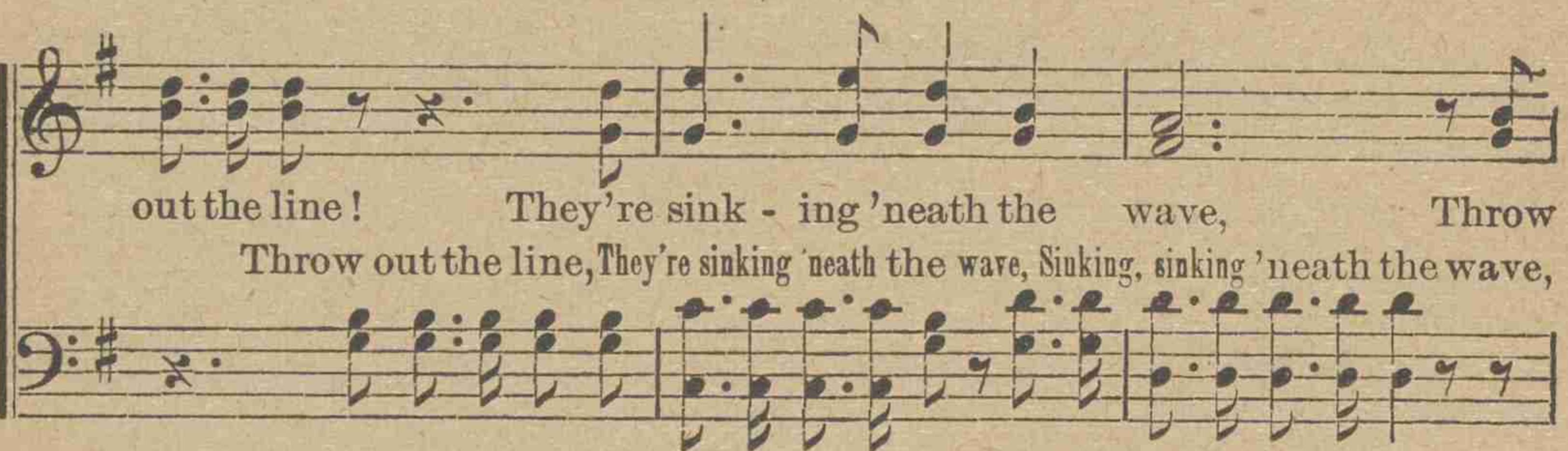


broth-ers lost? They are sinking down 'neath the an-gry wave; To the
 one and all, Oh ye christian men, to your du-ty fly; If you
 demption's scheme, He that saved your soul bids you rise and go, And to
 lend a hand? We will all take part in the work di-vine, And to

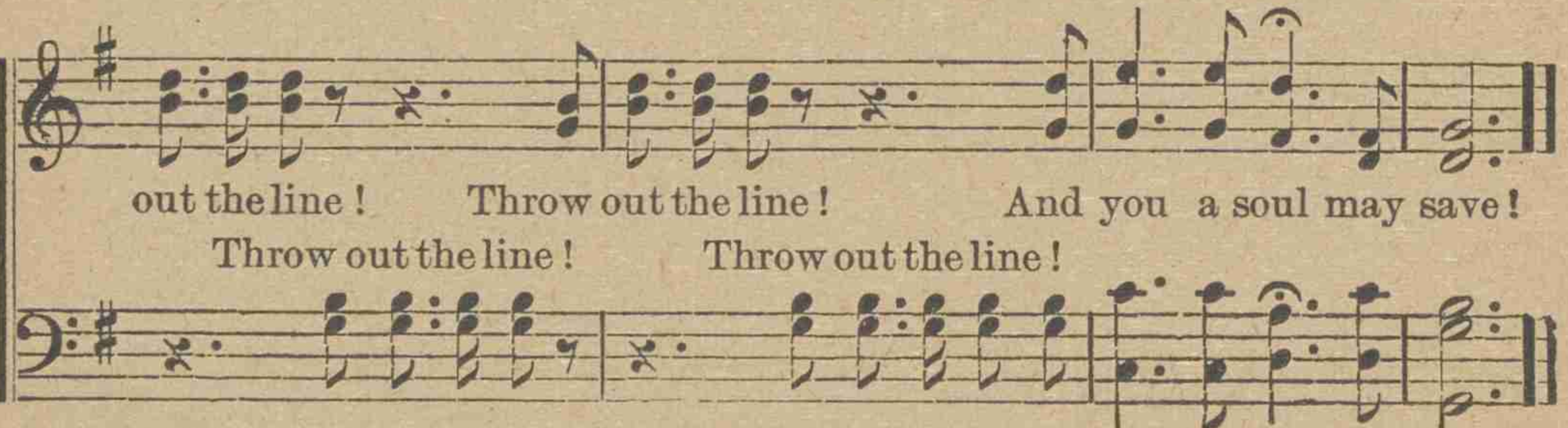
CHORUS.

Vivace.


res-cue haste, you a soul may save. Throw out the line! Throw
 lin-ger long, precious souls will die.
 save the lost from e-ter-nal woe.
 some lost soul, we'll throw out the line. Throw out the line!



out the line! They're sink-ing 'neath the wave, Throw
 Throw out the line, They're sinking 'neath the wave, Sinking, sinking 'neath the wave,



out the line! Throw out the line! And you a soul may save!
 Throw out the line! Throw out the line!

279. Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.

Mrs. J. V. C.

Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.



1. The whole world for Christ, Waft the glad news along, Let his name be the
2. The whole world for Christ, By the young and the old, Let this same blessed
3. When that day shall come, For we read in his word, All shall bow at the



theme of our song. Let us raise our glad voices in tribute of
 story be told, Till the lands now in darkness in triumph shall
 name of the Lord; We shall join in the song by the breezes un.



D. S.—Till our message shall be by the breezes un.

CHORUS.

FINE.



praise, And joy-fully serve him in youth's brightest days.
 ring, And sound loud the praises of Je-sus our King. } The whole world for
 furl'd, *The whole world for Christ, he has conquered the world.*



furl'd, "The whole world for Christ, and Christ for the world."

D. S.

Christ, let us herald the song, And Christ for the world, waft the glad news a-long,




280 Sweet Gospel Bells.


Hear, believe, repent, confess, obey.

Rev. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con spirito.


1. When the Prince of Peace was crowned, As the Sav-iour of the lost,
 2. On the streets, in tem-ple walls, Was the gos-pel preach'd each day,
 3. Help us ring the Gos-PEL BELLS, Let their joy-ous sound be heard,




And the Gos-pel Bells were rung— On the day of Pen-te-cost,
 And be-liev-ing souls made haste, Their Redeemer to o-bey.
 Till the na-tions of the earth Shall o-bey the Sav-iour's word.




Then the tongues of men like bells.....Sounded forth the wondrous plan.
 And to-day the Saviour's love..... Still the GOSPEL BELLS pro-claim,
 Till all hearts are filled with love..... As the wa-ters fill the sea,



bells, like bells,
 Saviour's love,
 love, with love,



How the Son of God had died, To redeem re-bel-lious man.
 Off'ring peace and par-don free, In the Prince of Glo-ry's name.
 And each suff'ring soul on earth, From the curse of sin is free.



MISSIONARY.

Sweet Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Be - lieve, re - pent of sin, Con - fess o -
 Oh, hear sweet bells, Oh, hear sweet
 Sweet gos - pel, gos - pel bells, Sweet gos - pel,

bey the Lord, The com - mand - ment is to all.
 bells,
 gos - pel bells, *Bass 8va.*

Oh, save your - selves from sin, Oh, save your -
 Oh, hear sweet bells, Oh, hear sweet
 Sweet gos - pel, gos - pel bells, Sweet gos - pel,

Little notes accomp.—large notes, alto.

selves from death, Oh, ac - cept the Sav - iour's call.
 bells, Sav - iour's, Sav - iour's call.
 gos - pel bells, *Bass 8va.....*

281. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed.
 pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'

o'er the field wide, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
 trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - - - ing in the morn - - - ing,
 Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - - - ing at the noon - - - tide;
 Sow - ing the seed at noon - tide, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed;

MISSIONARY.

Scattering Precious Seed.—Concluded.

Sow - - - ing in the ev - - - 'ning,
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.....
by the way.

pp

282. All Nations Shall Serve Him.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. E - ter-nal Lord! from land to land Shall ech-o Thine all - glorious name,
2. Ex - alt-ed high on every shore, The banner of the cross unfurl'd,
3. Thousands shall join Thy pilgrim band, And by that sa - cred standard led,
4. Triumphant o - ver ev-'ry foe, Their ransomed hosts shall move a-long

Till kingdoms bow at Thy command, And eve-ry lip Thy praise proclaim.
Shall summon thousands to a-dore The Sav-ior of a ransomed world.
Press forward to Immanuel's land, Nor fear the thorn-y path to tread.
To that blest world, where sin and woe Shall nev-er min-gle with their song.

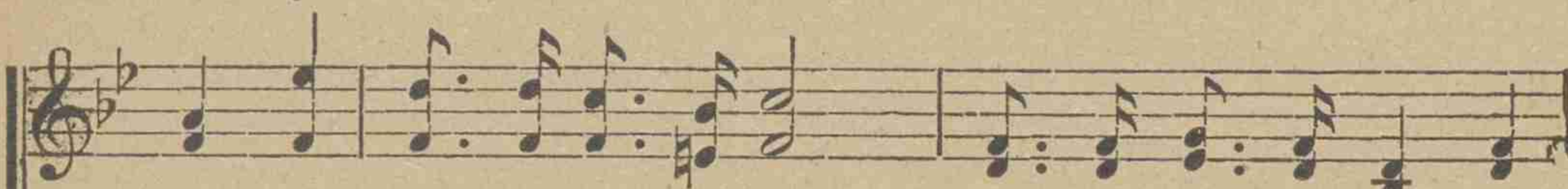
283. Set the Captive Free.

C. L. SHACKLOCK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

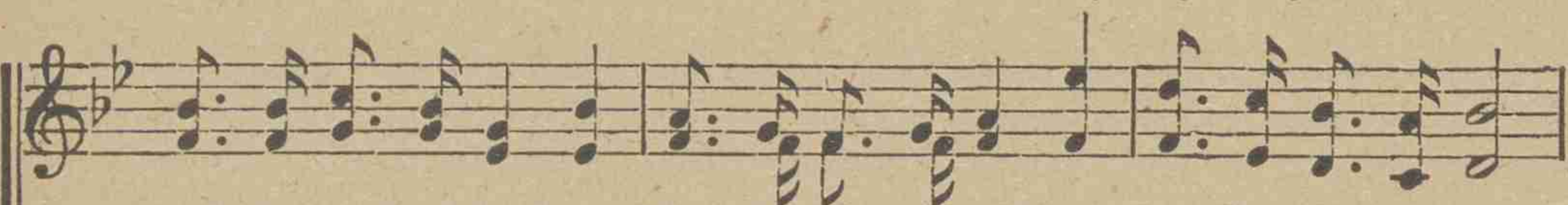


1. Spread the glad e-van-gel of the world's redemption, Send the joy - ful
2. For a world in darkness, light is ev - er shin - ing, From the fount of
3. Feed the famished na-tions with the food of an - gels, With the heav'nly



ti - dings o - ver land and sea;
mer - cy, fount of ten - der-ness;
man - na, Christ will free - ly give;

Tell the won-drous sto - ry,
Tell the won-drous sto - ry,
He will save the dy - ing,



flood the earth with glory, From his wea-ry bondage set the cap-tive free;
Christ, the King of glo - ry, Lives and reigns forev-er, sun of righteousness;
all their need supply-ing, Bid them look to Je - sus, bid them look and live;



Set the cap-tive free, Set the cap-tive free, From his wea-ry bondage,
Sun of righteousness, Sun of righteousness, Lives and reigns forev-er,
Bid them look and live, Bid them look and live, Bid them look to Je - sus,



Set the cap-tive free;
Sun of righteousness;
Bid them look and live;

Tell the wondrous sto-ry, flood the earth with
Tell the wondrous sto-ry, Christ, the King of
He will save the dy - ing, All their need sup -



MISSIONARY.

Set the Captive Free.—Concluded.

glo - ry, From his wea - ry bond - age, set the cap - tive free.
 glo - ry, Reigns and lives for - ev - er, sun of right - eous - ness.
 ply - ing, Bid them look to Je - sus, bid them look and live.

284. Sun of Righteousness.

W. WILLIAMS.

THOS. HASTINGS

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray, Sun of
 2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord! the glorious light: And, from
 3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gos - pel! Win and conquer, never cease; May thy

righteousness! a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glorious day; Send the gospel
 east - ern coast to western, May the morning chase the night; And redemption
 last - ing, wide dominions Mul - ti - ply and still in - crease; Sway thy sceptre,

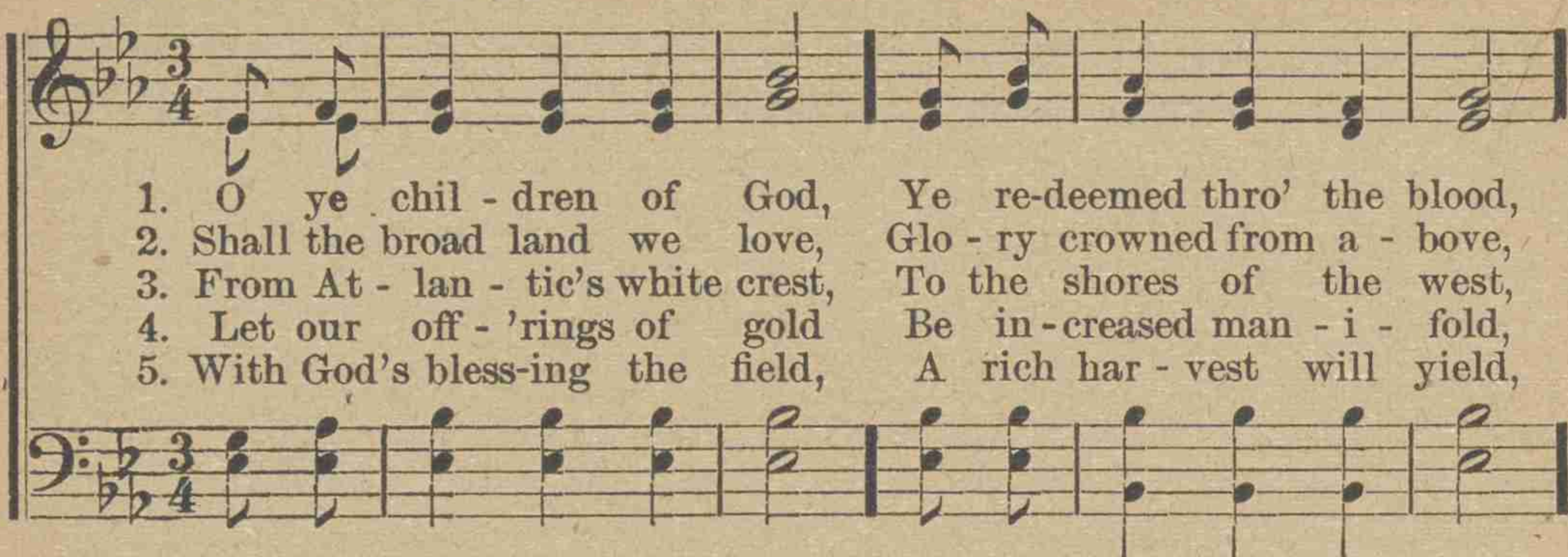
To the earth's remotest bound, Send the gospel To the earth's remotest bound.
 Freely purchased, win the day, And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day.
 Saviour! all the world around, Sway Thy sceptre, Saviour! all the world around.

MISSIONARY.

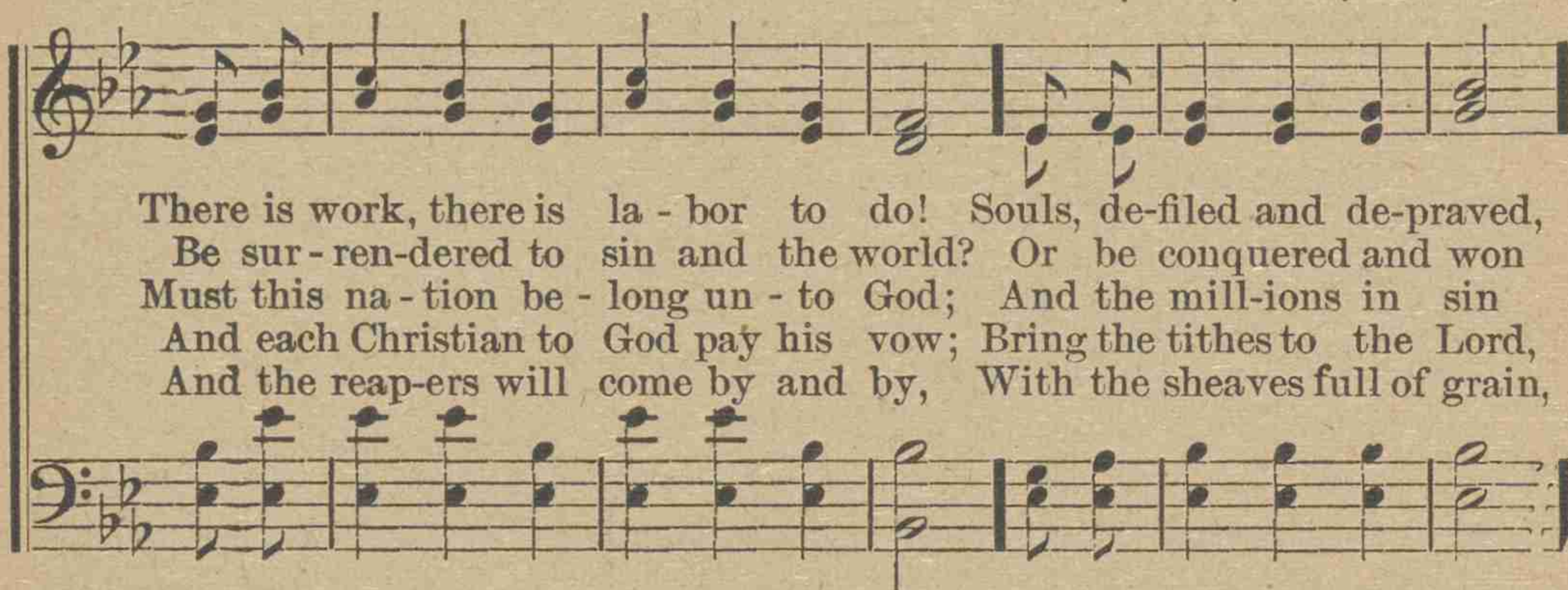
285. If We Send Not the Light.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

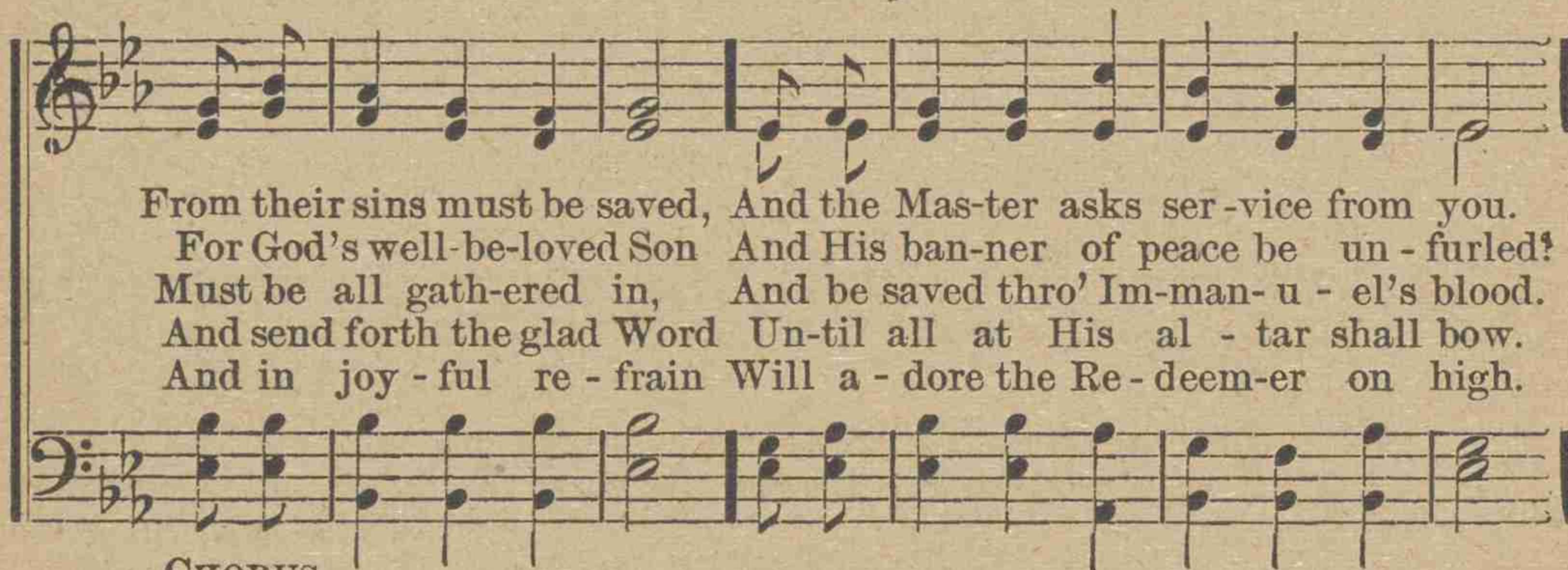
H. R. CHRISTIE.



1. O ye chil - dren of God, Ye re-deemed thro' the blood,
 2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo - ry crowned from a - bove,
 3. From At - lan - tic's white crest, To the shores of the west,
 4. Let our off - 'rings of gold Be in - creased man - i - fold,
 5. With God's bless - ing the field, A rich har - vest will yield,



There is work, there is la - bor to do! Souls, de - filed and de - praved,
 Be sur - ren - dered to sin and the world? Or be conquered and won
 Must this na - tion be - long un - to God; And the mill - ions in sin
 And each Christian to God pay his vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord,
 And the reap - ers will come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain,



From their sins must be saved, And the Mas - ter asks ser - vice from you.
 For God's well - be - loved Son And His ban - ner of peace be un - furled?
 Must be all gath - ered in, And be saved thro' Im - man - u - el's blood.
 And send forth the glad Word Un - til all at His al - tar shall bow.
 And in joy - ful re - frain Will a - dore the Re - deem - er on high.

CHORUS.



O, our guilt will be great If we fal - ter and wait,



While the peo - ple are dy - ing in sin, If we send not the light,

MISSIONARY.

If We Send Not the Light.—Concluded.

To dis - pel the dark night And for Je - sus the per - ish - ing win!

286. Awake, Thou That Sleepest.

L. H. JAMESON.

L. H. JAMESON.

1. A - wake, thou that sleepest; A - rise from the dead; Shake off the dull
2. Put on thy rich garments, And lift up thine eyes; Bright gems without
3. 'The night of the a - ges Is pass - ing a - way; The Orient pres-
4. 'The light is a - ris - ing O'er reg - ions of shade; The darkness is

slumber That cir - cles thy head; The deep, chil - ly sha - dow Of
number Il - lu - mine the skies. Re - demption is com - ing, Look
a - ges The com - ing of day— The day of sal - va - tion, The
leav - ing The land of the dead; The na - tions are call - ing To

death's gloomy night Will fly at the ris - ing Of Christ, the "true Light."
out for the light; A gold - tint - ed gloaming Is end - ing the night.
day of the Lord, When earth's farthest nation Shall bow to His word.
Christians for aid; "A - wake, thou that sleepest," A - rise from the dead!

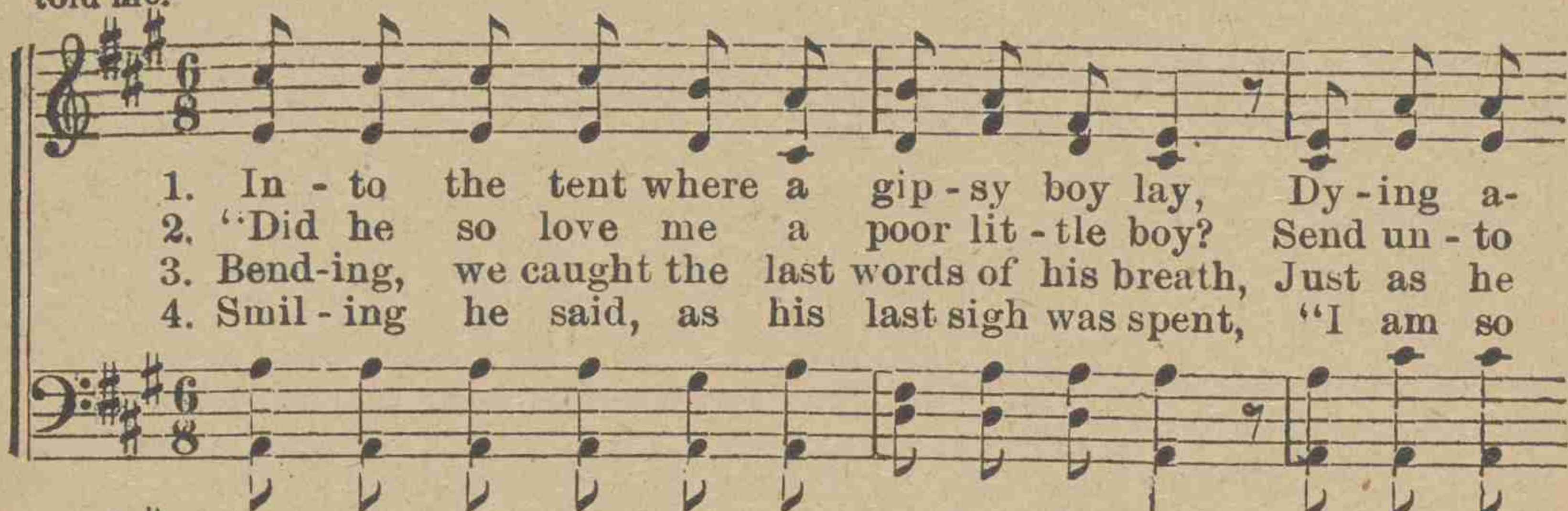
MISSIONARY.

287. Tell it Again.

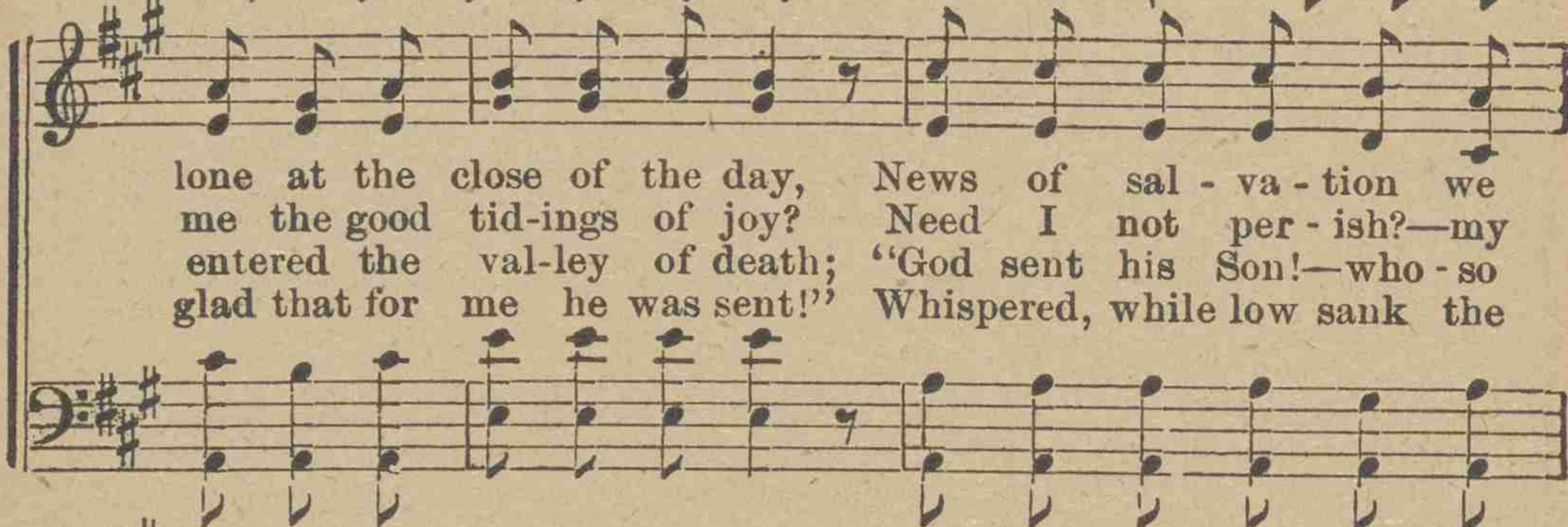
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

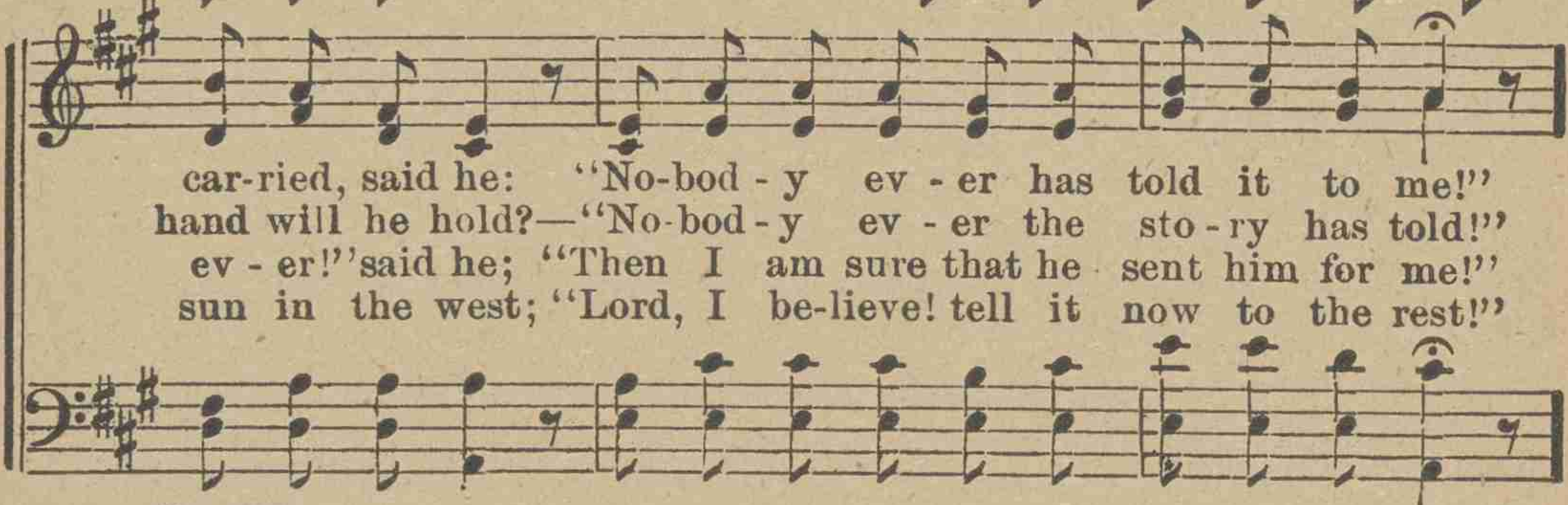
A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."



1. In - to the tent where a gip-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-
 2. "Did he so love me a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to
 3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
 4. Smil-ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so



lone at the close of the day, News of sal-va-tion we
 me the good tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish?—my
 entered the val-ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who-so
 glad that for me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the



car-ried, said he: "No-bod-y ev-er has told it to me!"
 hand will he hold?—"No-bod-y ev-er the sto-ry has told!"
 ev-er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 sun in the west; "Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

CHORUS.



Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain! Sal-va-tion's sto-ry re-



peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the chil-dren

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

Tell it Again.—Concluded.

of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore"

288. The World for Christ.

REV. A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo! the arm-y of our King, Marching on from sea to sea!
 2. Hear the marching or - der: "Go, Preach the word in ev - 'ry clime,
 3. See! the ban-ner is un-furled! See! it floats up - on the breeze!

Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring, With the joy of vic - to - ry.
 Un - til all the earth be - low, Ech - o with the strains sublime!"
 O'er the king - doms of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas!

CHORUS.

"The world for Christ, Christ for the world!" We shout with glad ac-claim.

Till ev - 'ry soul, From pole to pole, Con - fess that glo - rious name.

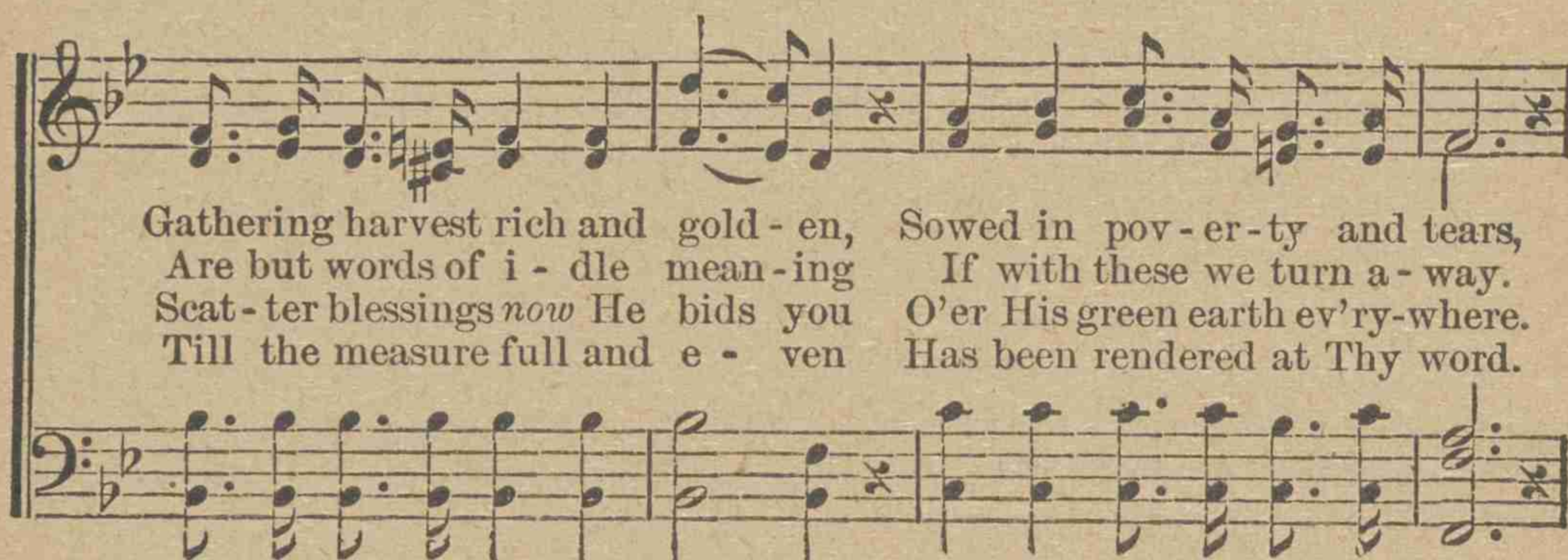
289. Church of God, Awake!

Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

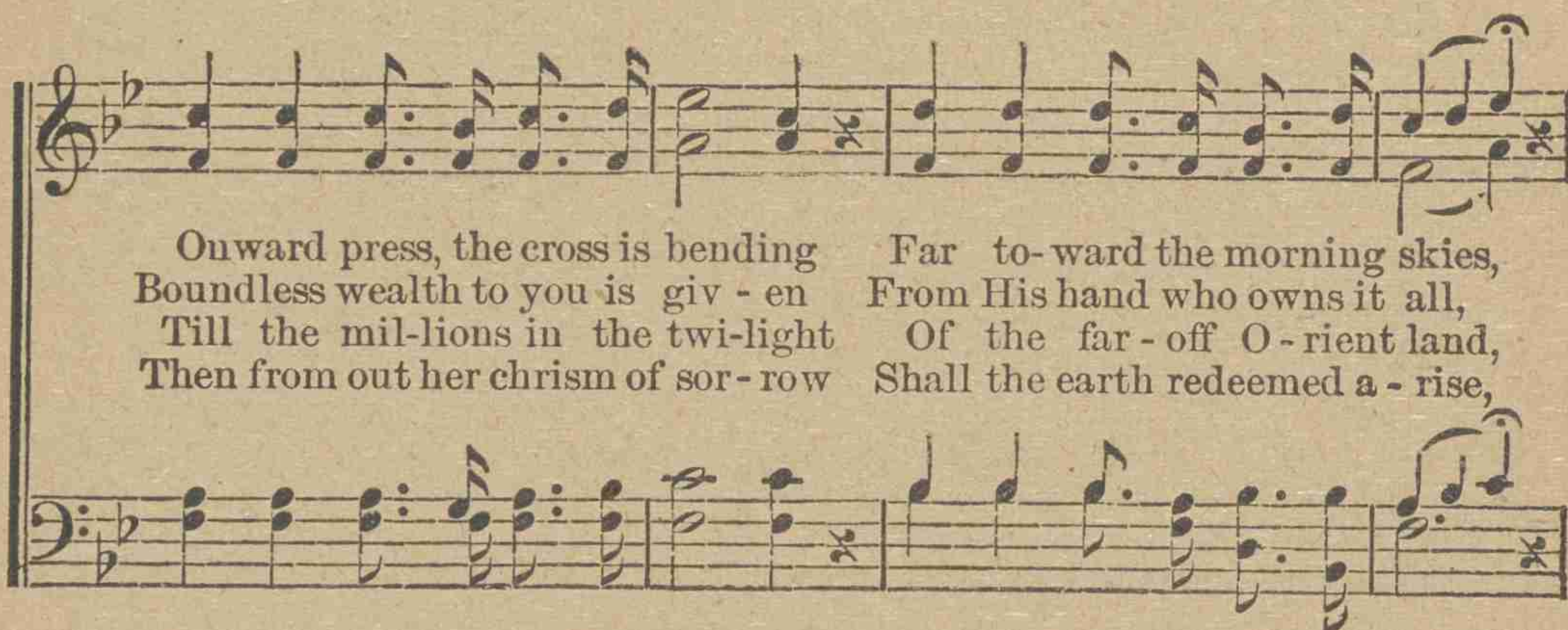
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



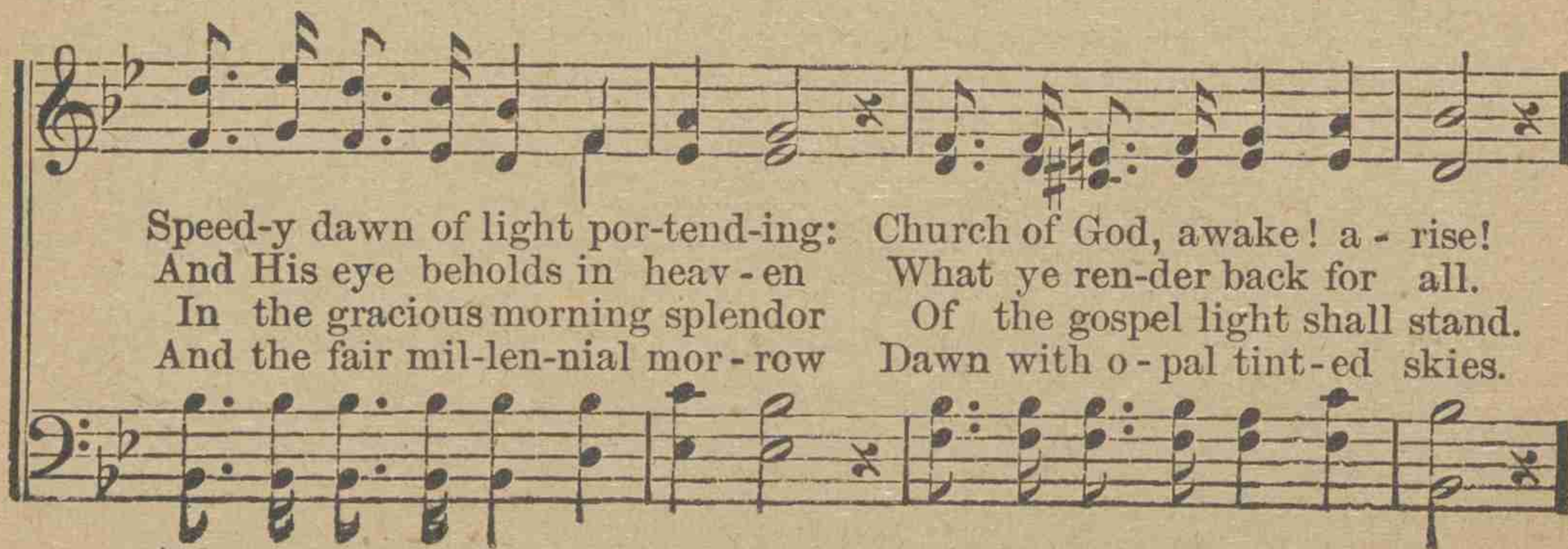
1. Church of God, whose conquering ban-ners Float a-long the glo-rious years,
 2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let Thy kingdom come, we pray,"
 3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in places fair;
 4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,



Gathering harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears,
 Are but words of i-dle mean-ing If with these we turn a-way.
 Scat-ter blessings now He bids you O'er His green earth ev'ry-where.
 Till the measure full and e-ven Has been rendered at Thy word.



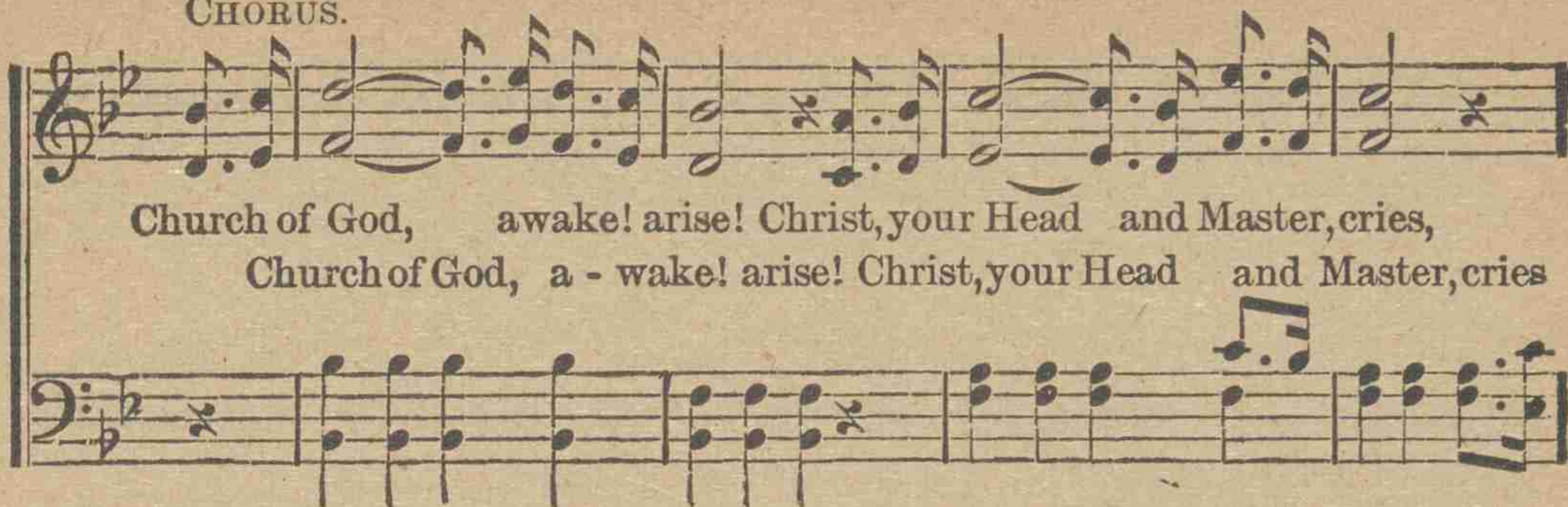
Onward press, the cross is bending Far to-ward the morning skies,
 Boundless wealth to you is giv-en From His hand who owns it all,
 Till the mil-lions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,
 Then from out her chrism of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed a-rise,



Speed-y dawn of light por-tend-ing: Church of God, awake! a-rise!
 And His eye beholds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.
 In the gracious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.
 And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal tint-ed skies.

Church of God, Awake!—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries



Send the gos - pel's joyful sound Un-to earth's re - motest bound.
Oh, send the gos - pel's joyful sound

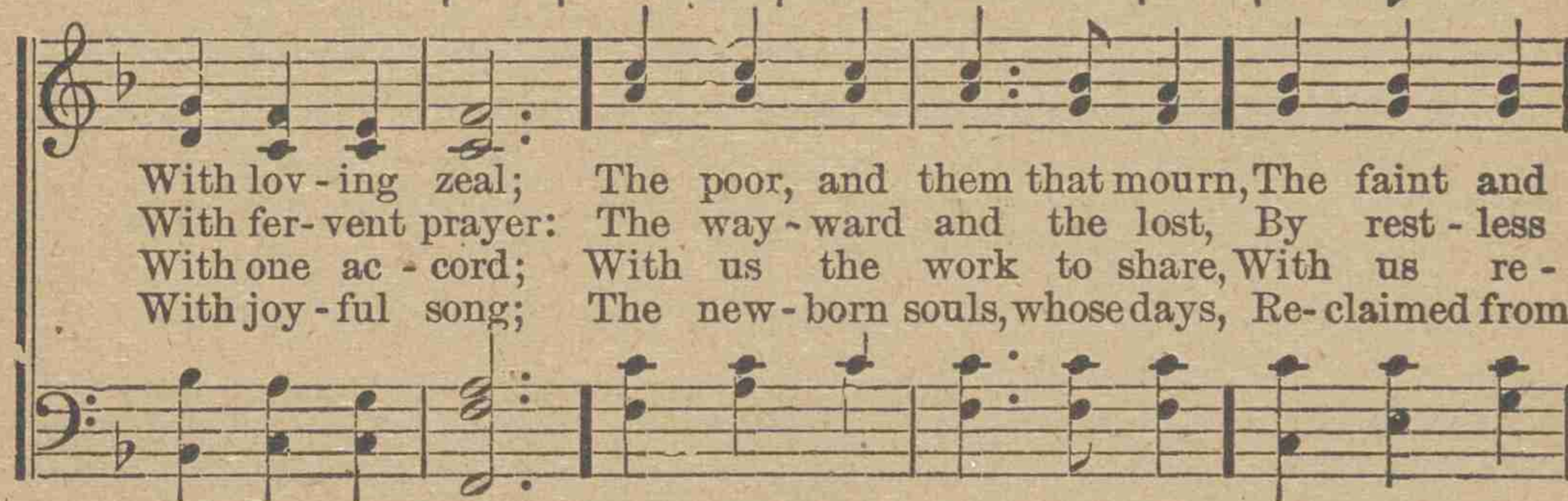
290. Christ for the World we Sing.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

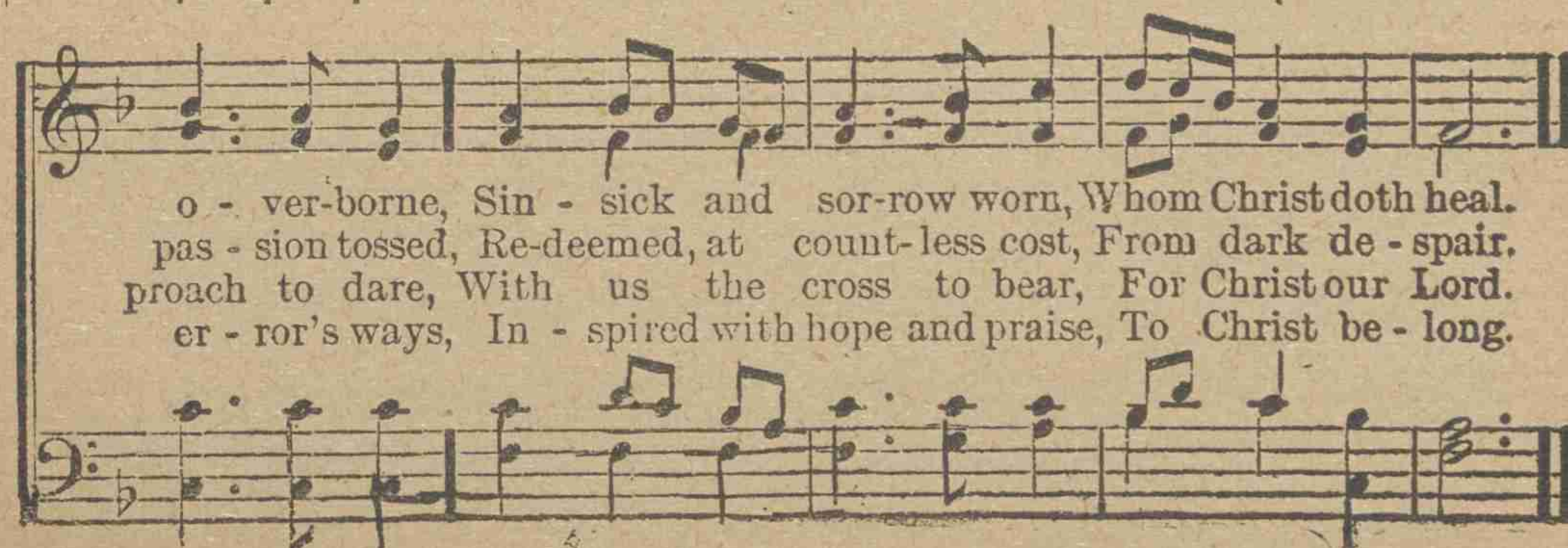
HENRY CAREY.



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,



With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer - vent prayer: The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less
With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -
With joy - ful song; The new - born souls, whose days, Re - claimed from



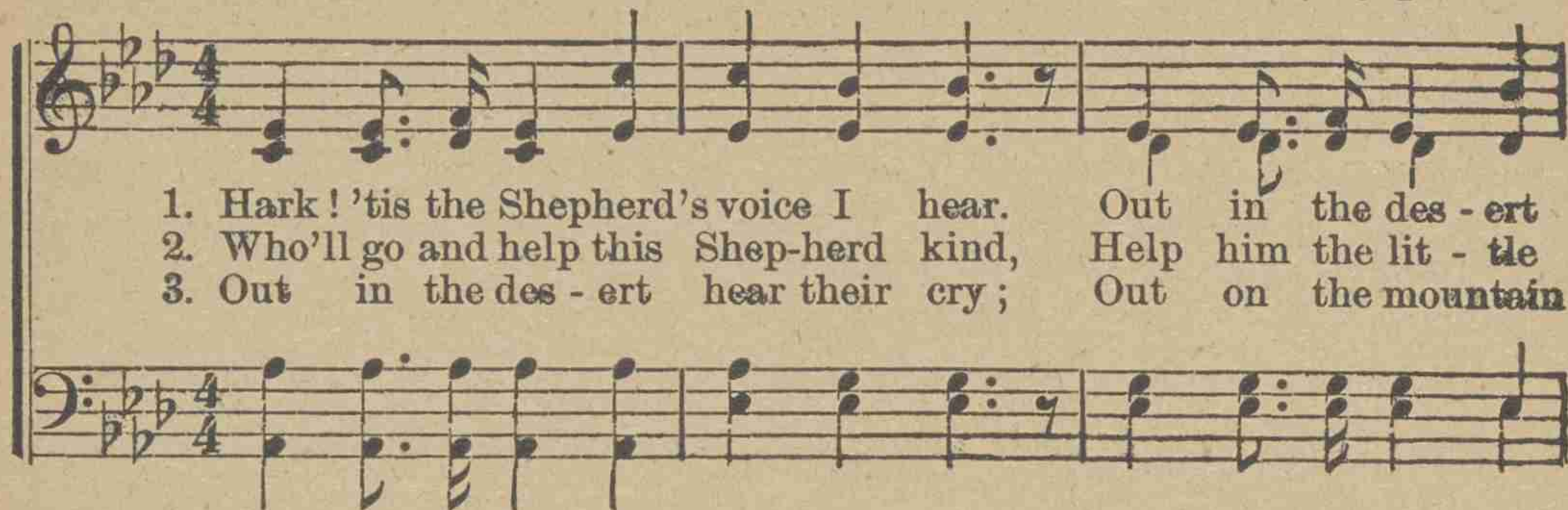
o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas - sion tossed, Re - deemed, at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

MISSIONARY.

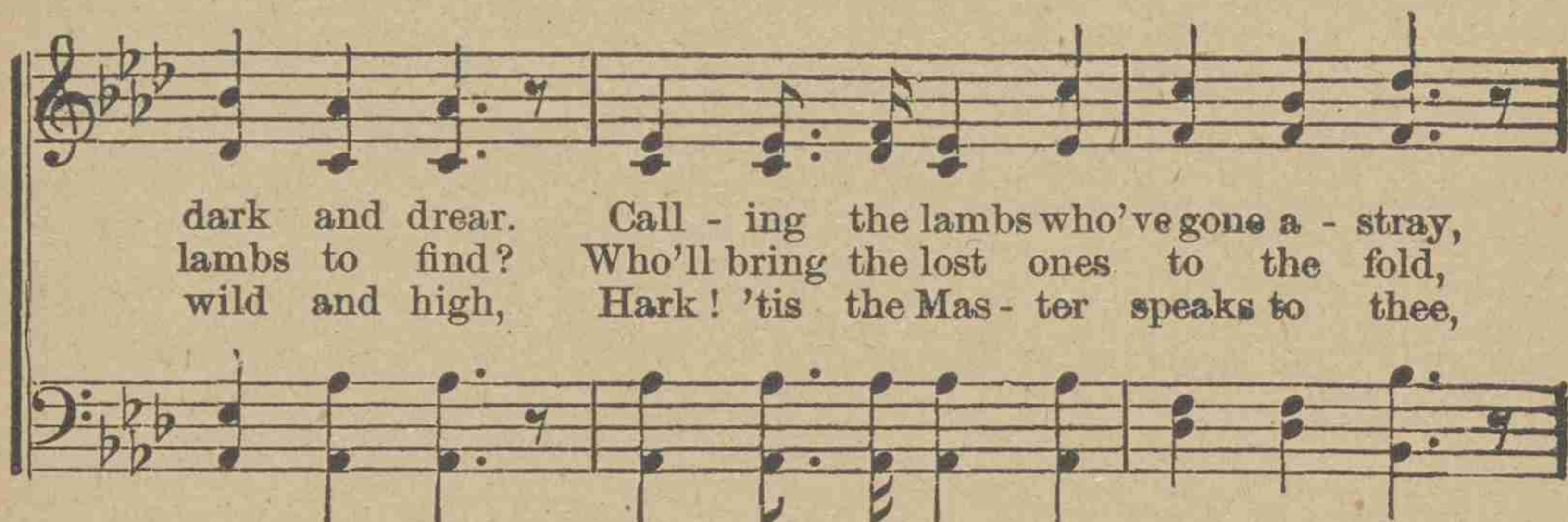
291. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

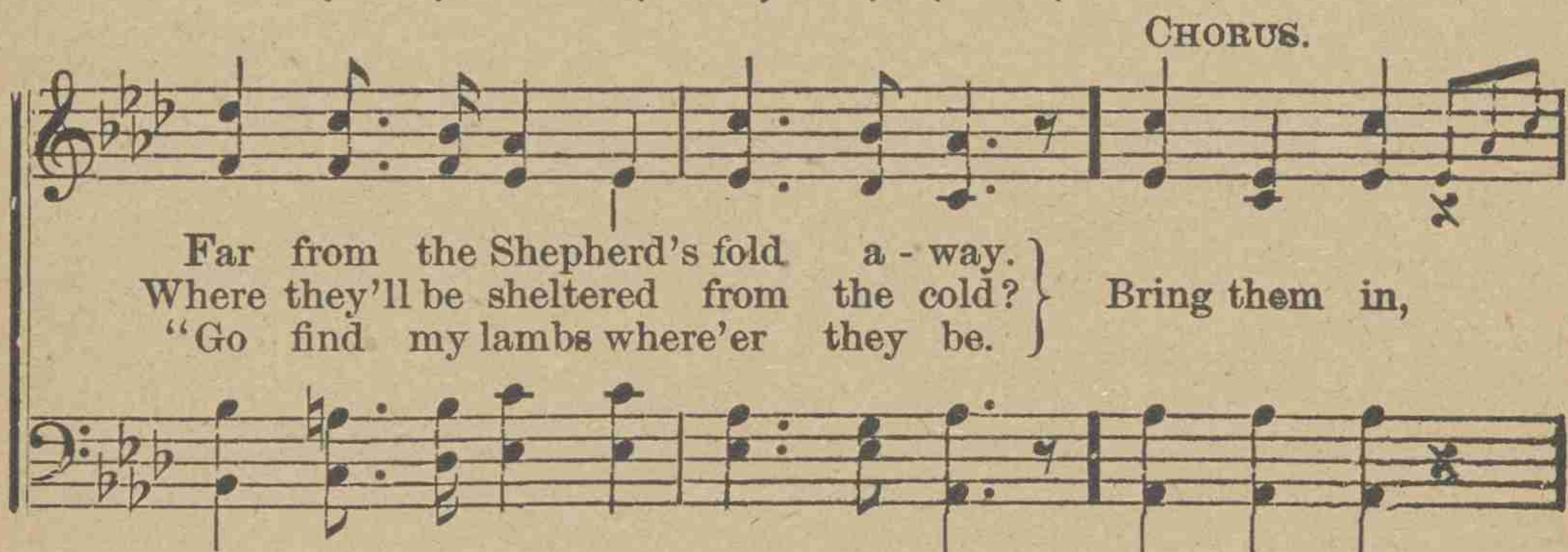


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear. Out in the des - ert
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit - tle
 3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain



dark and drear. Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

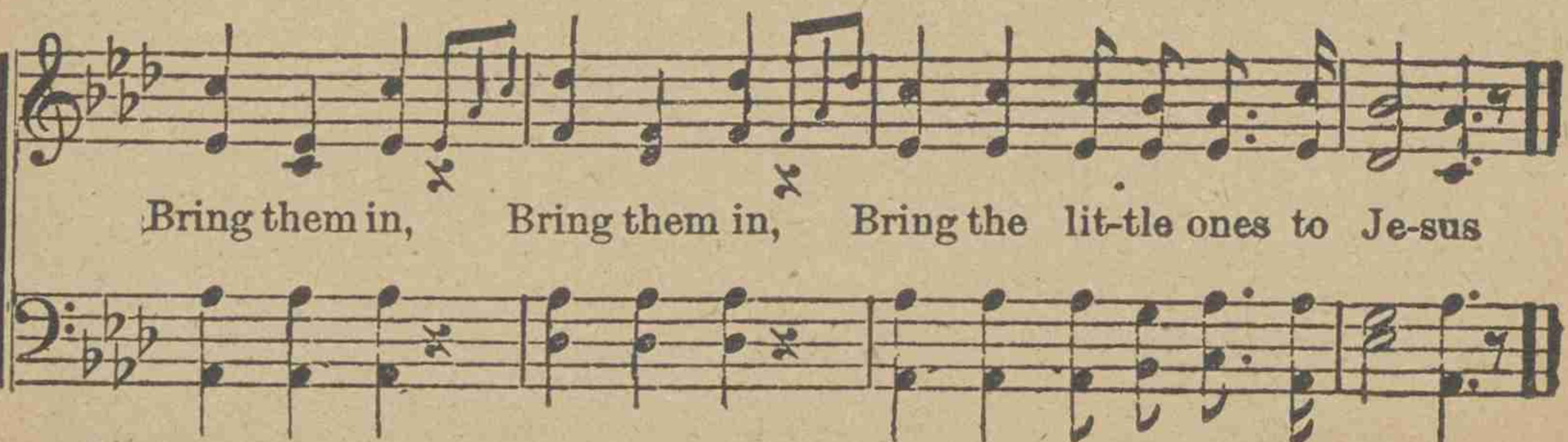
CHORUS.



Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
 Where they'll be sheltered from the cold? } Bring them in,
 "Go find my lambs where'er they be. }



Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin!



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus

MISSIONARY.

292. Speed the Light.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. There's a land..... beyond the sea Where the fields..... are white and fair.
2. Hear our cry,..... for soon for us Day will sink..... in endless night.
3. Still they cry!—...Give heed, oh, soul, Je-sus died..... that they might live.
4. Know, my soul,..... 'tis not enough That you sing..... and soft-ly pray.



There's a land beyond the sea Where the fields are white and fair.



Hear the cry—..... oh, souls redeemed—From the lost..... ones o-ver there.
Give us help,..... ere 'tis too late,—Speed the light,.... oh, speed the light.
Dare ye turn..... a deafened ear?—Dare re-fuse..... the light to give?
Speed the light,..... oh, speed the light!—Jesus calls,..... do not de-lay.



Hear the cry, oh, souls redeemed— From the lost ones over there.

CHORUS.



Speed the light,..... or else we die, Souls re-deemed, oh,
Speed the light, or else we die, Souls redeemed,



speed the light, Heed, oh, heed,..... our anguished
oh, speed the light, Heed, oh, heed,



cry,— Speed the light,..... oh, speed the light.
our anguished cry,— Speed the light, oh, speed the light.



MISSIONARY.

293. Little Givers.

Words arranged.

Unknown



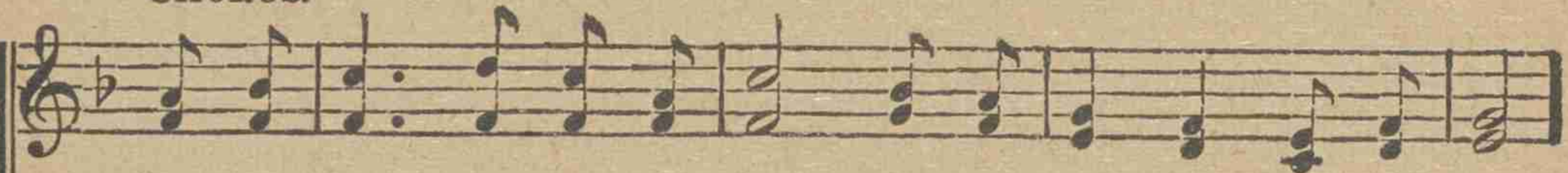
1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Trib-ute to your Heavenly King;
3. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and willing heart,
3. Give to all the darkened earth Tid-ings of a heavenly birth,
4. Give your heart with ho - ly love; Give your praise like that a - bove;



Lay it on the al - tar high, While your songs as - cend the sky.
For the an - gel voi - ces say: "Lit - tle giv - ers! give to - day."
Till the youth in ev - 'ry land Learn the Sav - iour's sweet command.
All your life to Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.



CHORUS.



Lit - tle giv - ers! give and sing, Bring your off'ings to your King



Praise the Lord, so good and true, He has giv - en all for you.

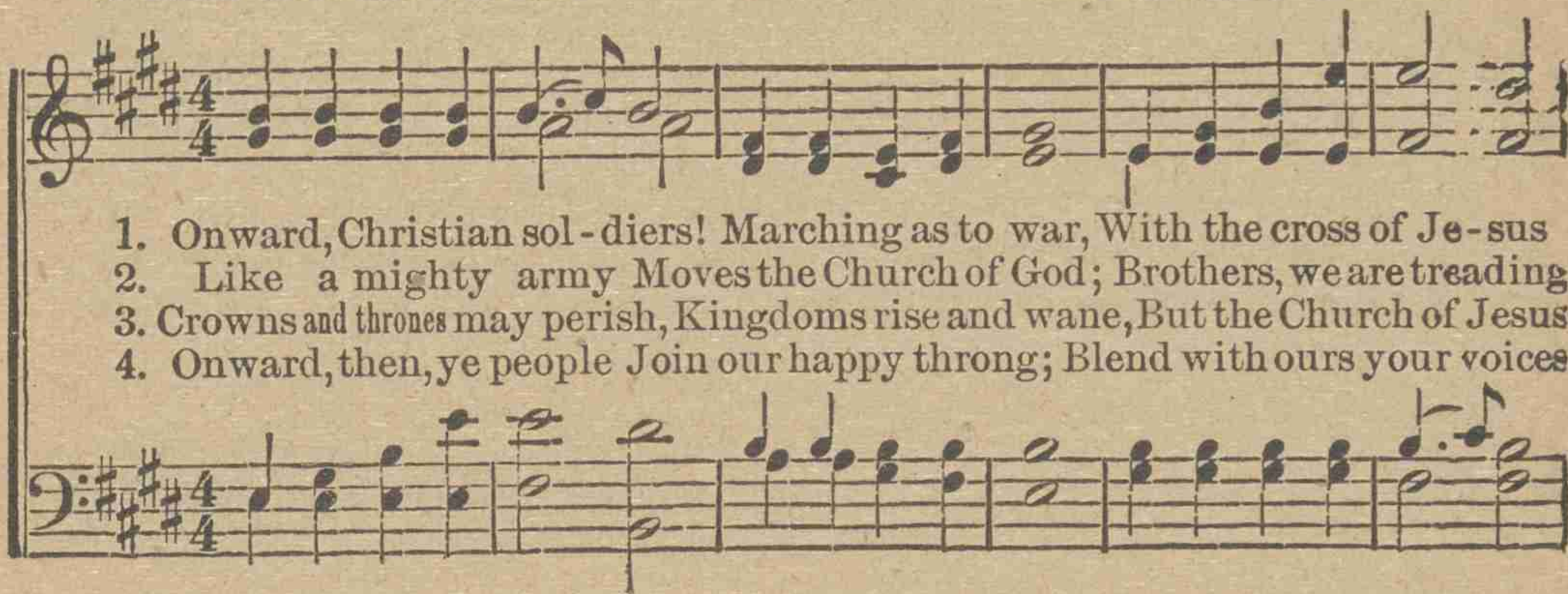


CHRISTIAN UNION.

294. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

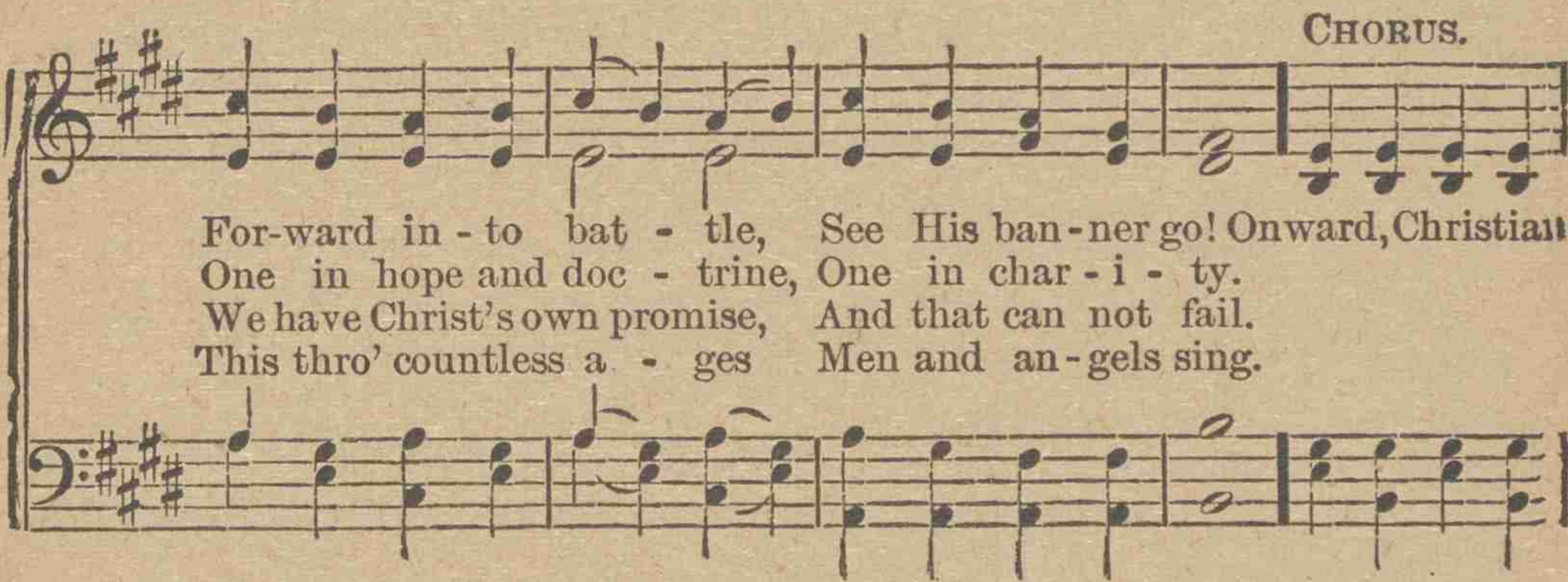
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

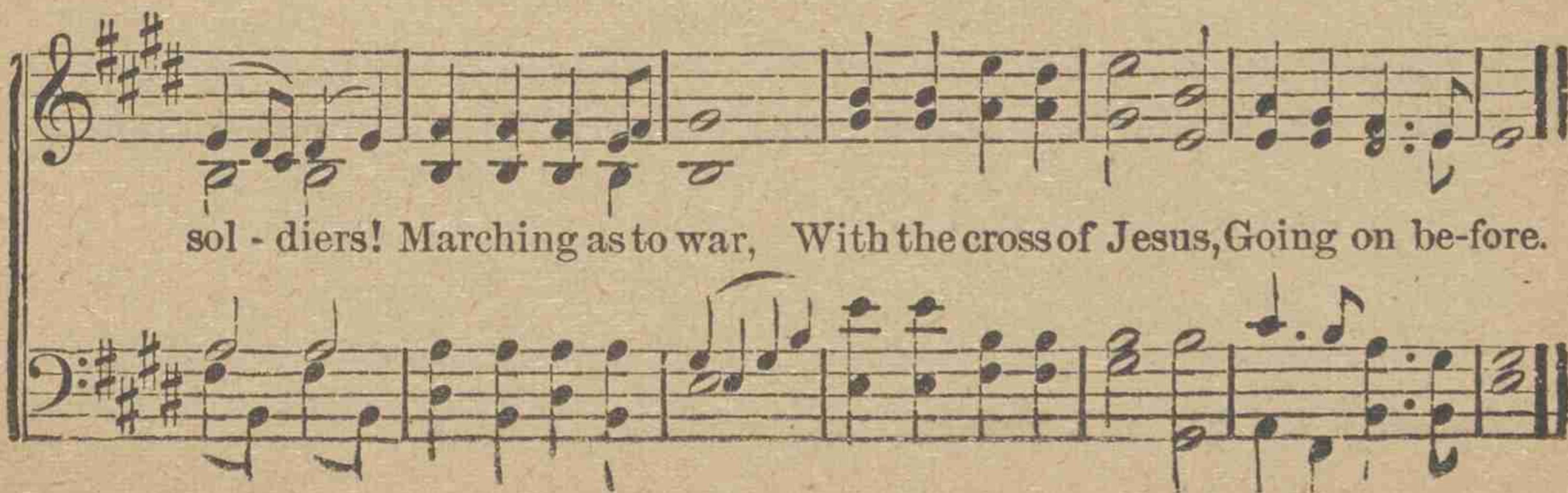


Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one body we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song; Glory, laud and hon - or, Unto Christ, the King.



CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go! Onward, Christian
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus, Going on be - fore.

295. Victory Through Grace.

S. MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all;



Leading the host of all the faithful In - to the midst of the fight;
 Whence all the ar-mies which He leadeth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
 Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fail,



See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray;
 He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di - vine;
 Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,



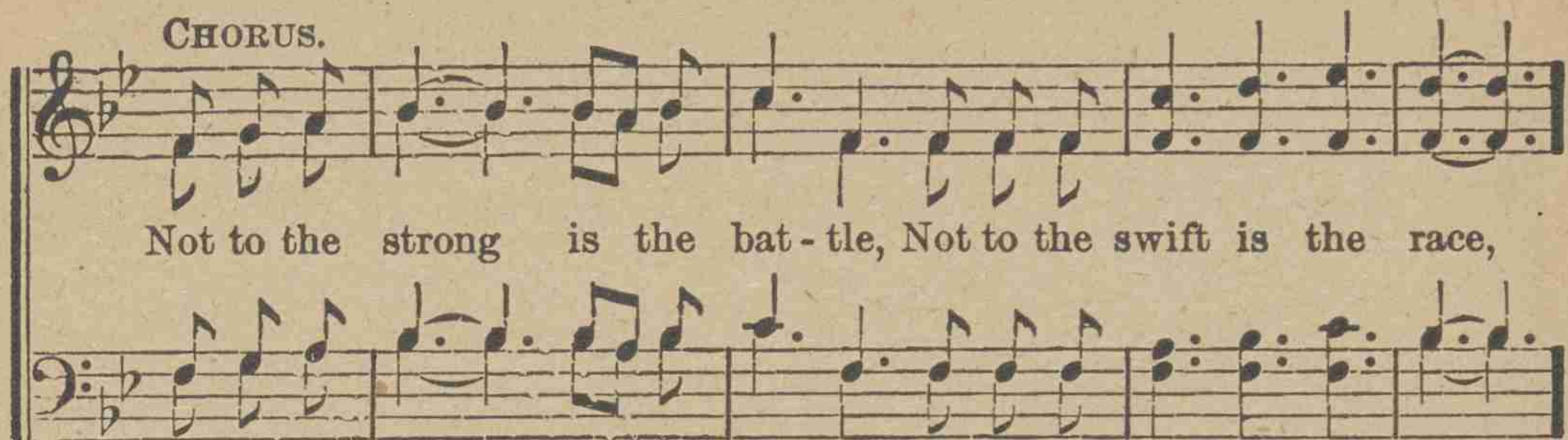
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say,
 They are the stars that for - ev - er, Bright in His king-dom will shine.
 Find in Thy mansions e - ter - nal Rest when their warfare is past.



CHRISTIAN UNION.

Victory Through Grace.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

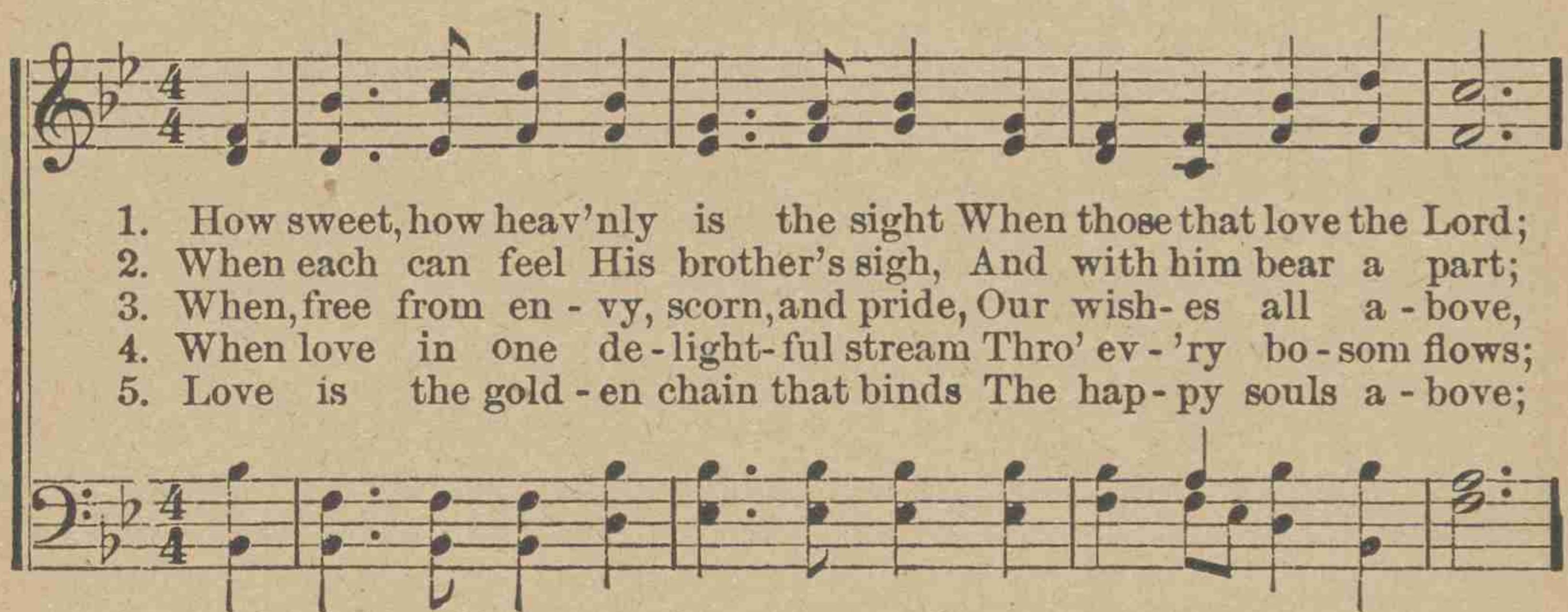


Yet to the true and the faith-ful, Vict'ry is promised through grace.

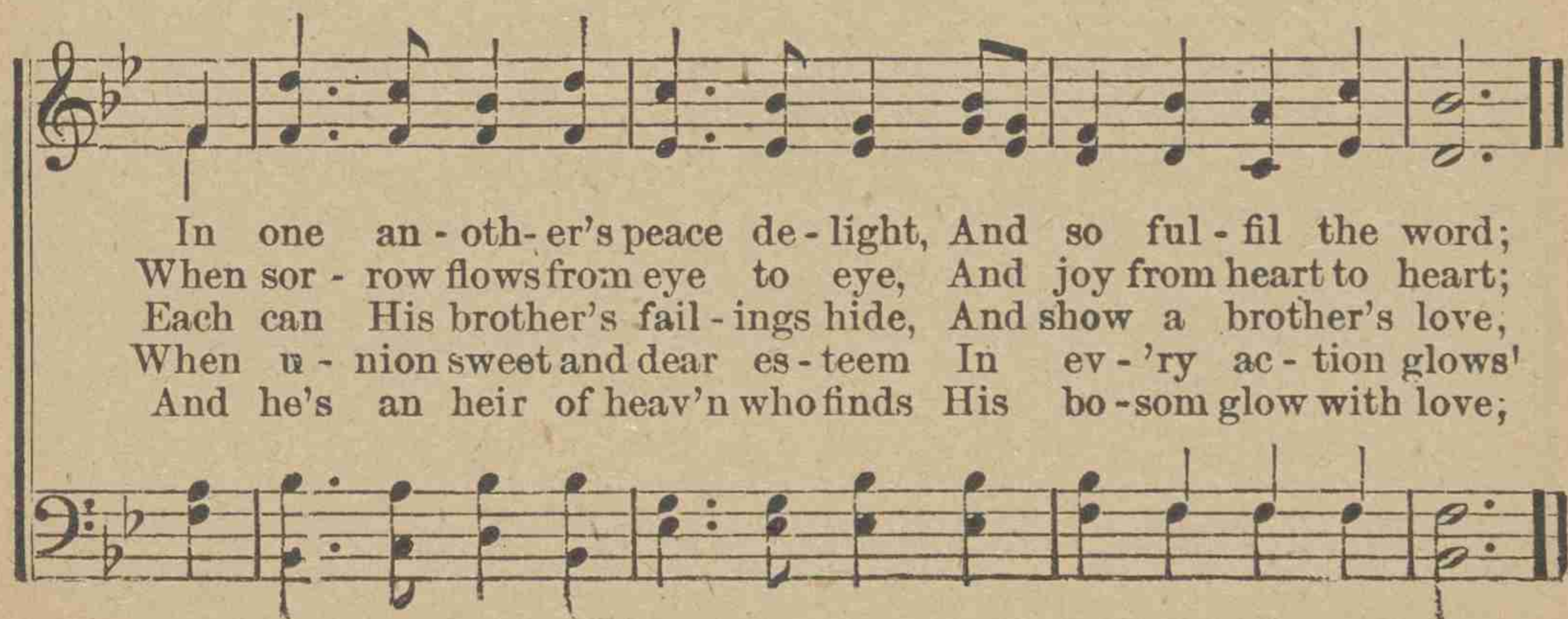
296. How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight.

J. SWAIN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight When those that love the Lord;
2. When each can feel His brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a - bove,
4. When love in one de-light-ful stream Thro' ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;




In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil the word;
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
Each can His brother's fail - ings hide, And show a brother's love;
When u - nion sweet and dear es - teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo - som glow with love;

CHRISTIAN UNION.



297. The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE.


M. HAYDN.




1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. The Church shall never per - ish! The dear Lord to de - fend,
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,


She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and by word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth,
 To guide, sus - tain and cher - ish, Is with her to the end.
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more,




From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Tho' there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 A - gainst the foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.



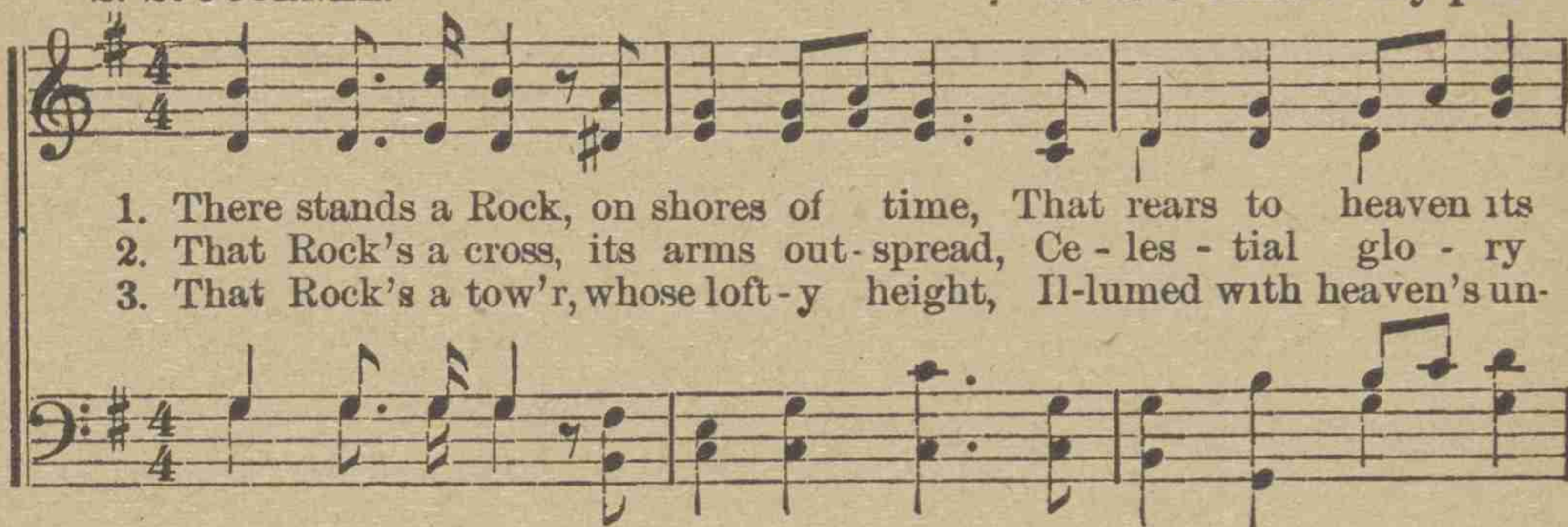
CHRISTIAN UNION.

298. There Stands a Rock, on Shores of Time.

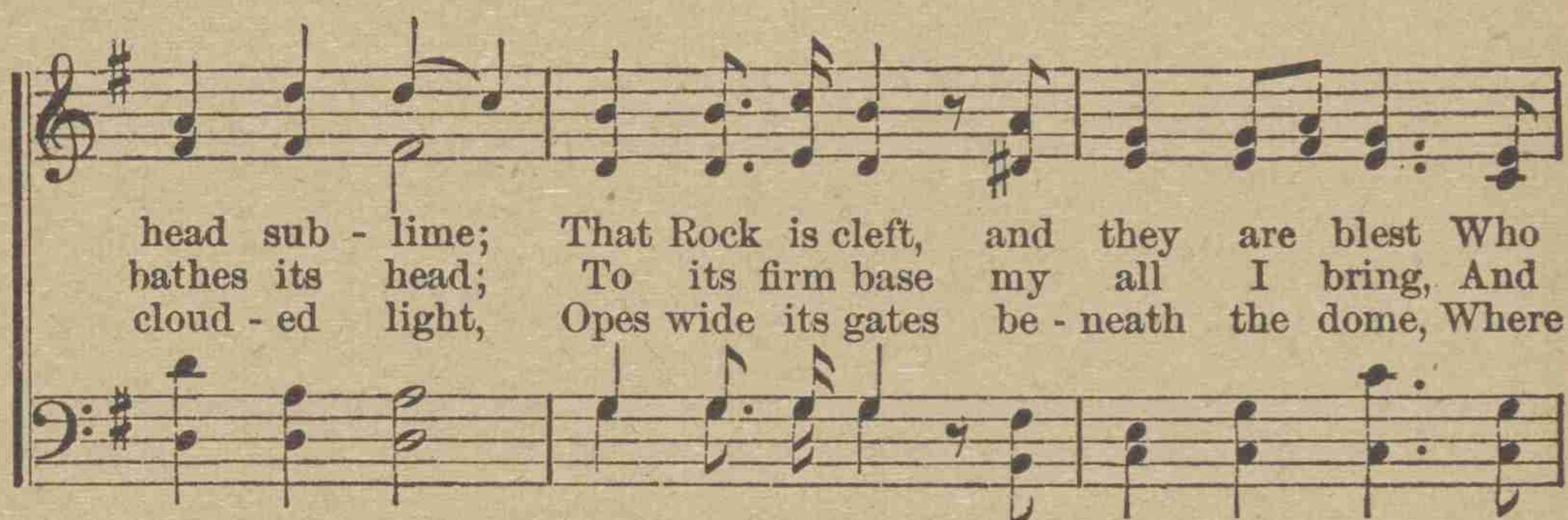
S. S. JOURNAL.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

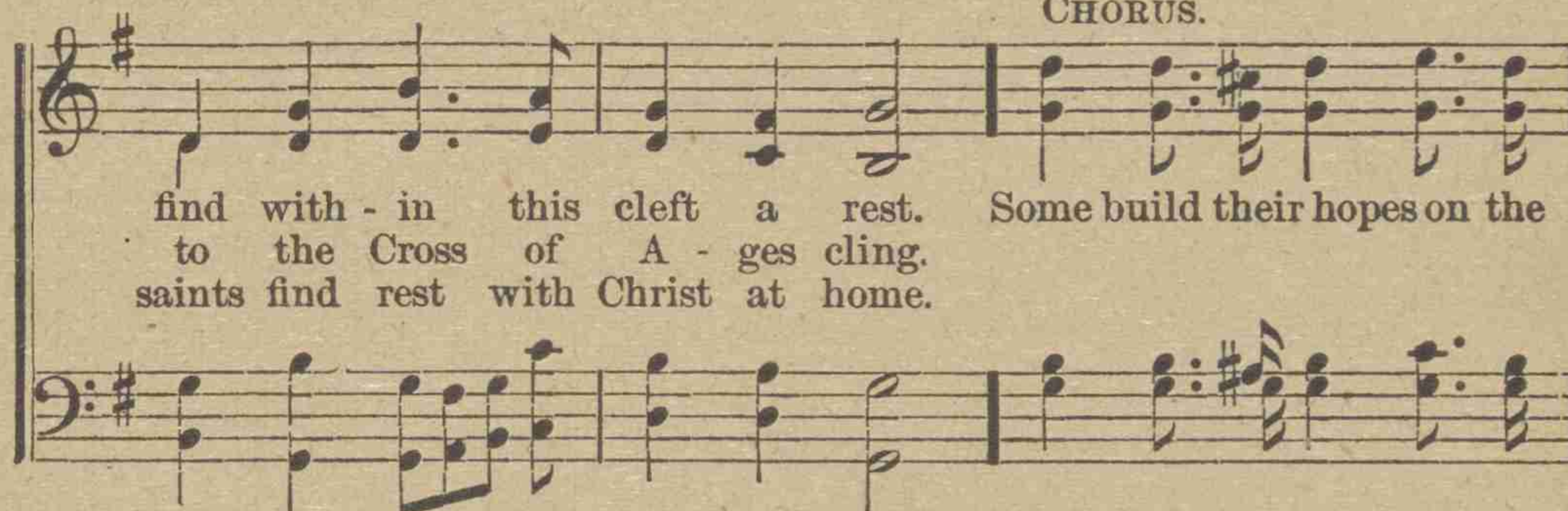


1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heaven its
 2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry
 3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft-y height, Il-lumed with heaven's un-



head sub - lime; That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who
 bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And
 cloud - ed light, Opes wide its gates be - neath the dome, Where

CHORUS.



find with - in this cleft a rest. Some build their hopes on the
 to the Cross of A - ges cling.
 saints find rest with Christ at home.



ev-er-drifting sand, Some on their fame or their treasure or their land;



Mine's on the Rock that forever shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

299. Let There Be No Division.

J. BORTHWICK.

LOWELL MASON.



1. And is the time ap-proach-ing, By prophets long fore-told,
2. Shall Jew and Gen-tile, meet-ing From many a dis-tant shore,
3. Shall all that now u-nite us More sweet and last-ing prove.
4. O long-ex-pect-ed dawn-ing, Come with thy cheering ray!



When all shall dwell to-geth-er, One shepherd and one fold?
 A-round one al-tar kneel-ing, One common Lord a-dore?
 A clos-er bond of un-ion, In a blest land of love?
 When shall the morning bright-en, The sha-dows flee a-way?



Shall ev-'ry i-dol per-ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
 Shall all that now di-vides us Re-move and pass a-way,
 Shall war be learned no lon-ger, Shall strife and tu-mult cease,
 O sweet an-tic-i-pa-tion! It cheers the watchers on,



And ev-'ry pray'r be of-fered To God in Christ a-lone?
 Like shadows of the morn-ing Be-fore the blaze of day?
 All earth His bless-ed king-dom, The Lord and Prince of Peace!
 To pray, and hope, and la-bor, Till the dark night be gone.



300. Give Us a Thankful Heart.

DR. RYLAND T. BROWN.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Our Lord Je - ho - vah reigns a - bove, And earth with good-ness fills—
2. The balm-y breath of Spring was His, That woke from Win-ter's death;
3. The Summer's gorgeous wealth of flow'rs, And wav - ing har - vest land—
4. And His are Autumn's treasured store, That crowns the clos - ing year,



He gives the to - kens of His love, To crown the fruit - ful hills.
The slumb'ring earth; and all that is Of life, was in that breath.
The fruit - ful dews and time - ly show'rs, Were gifts from His good hand.
And on us name-less bless-ings pour, Our wea - ry hearts to cheer.



CHORUS.

Give us..... a thankful heart, Thy bless - ings



Give us O, Lord, give us a thankful heart, Thy bless-ings



to re - ceive; Help us Thy blessings to im -



glad - ly, glad - ly to re - ceive; Help us Thy bless - ings,



part,..... As Thou dost free - ly give.



bless-ings to im-part, As Thou dost free - ly give, free - ly give.



THANKSGIVING.

301. Eternal Source of Joy.

P. DODDRIDGE.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may Thy praise our
While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail Thee, sovereign
2. { The flow-ery spring at Thy com - mand, Per - fumes the air, a -
The sum-mer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, to

lips em - ploy, } the year! Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll,
of (Omit.....) }
dorns the land. } the vine. Thy hand in au-tumn, rich - ly pours,
cheer (Omit.....) }

Thy hand sup - ports and guides the whole, The sun is
Thro' all our land re - dun - dant stores: And win - ters,


taught by Thee to rise, And dark-ness when to vail the skies.
soft - ened by Thy care, No more the face of hor - ror wear.

PATRIOTIC.

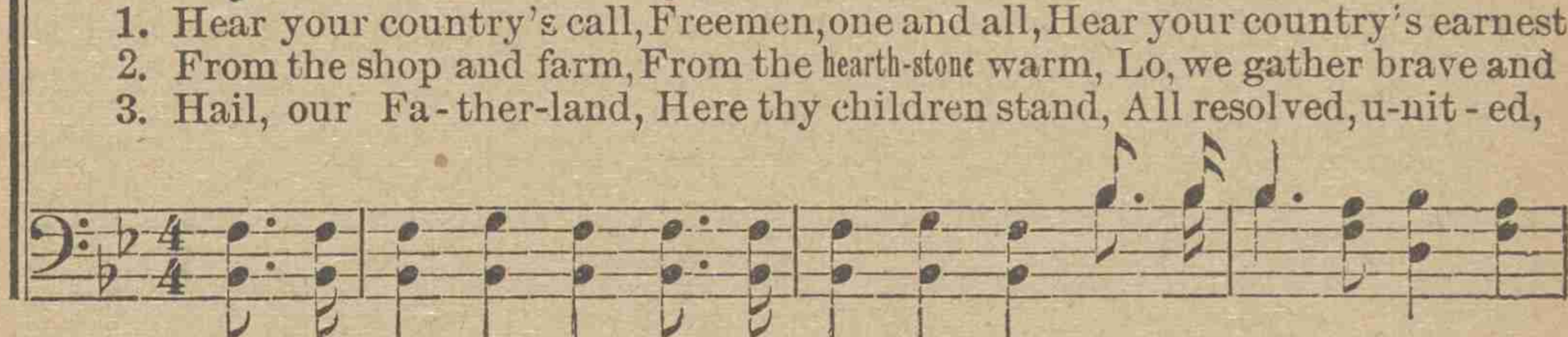

302. Hear Your Country's Call.

Unknown.

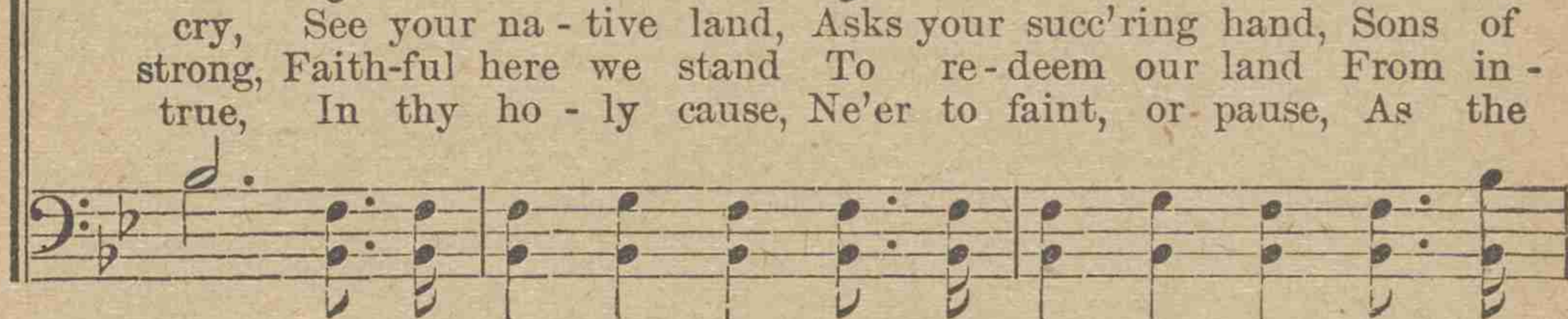
Arr. from ABT.



1. Hear your country's call, Freemen, one and all, Hear your country's earnest
 2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gather brave and
 3. Hail, our Fa-ther-land, Here thy children stand, All resolved, u-nit-ed,


cry, See your na-tive land, Asks your succ'ring hand, Sons of
 strong, Faith-ful here we stand To re-deem our land From in-
 true, In thy ho-ly cause, Ne'er to faint, or pause, As the



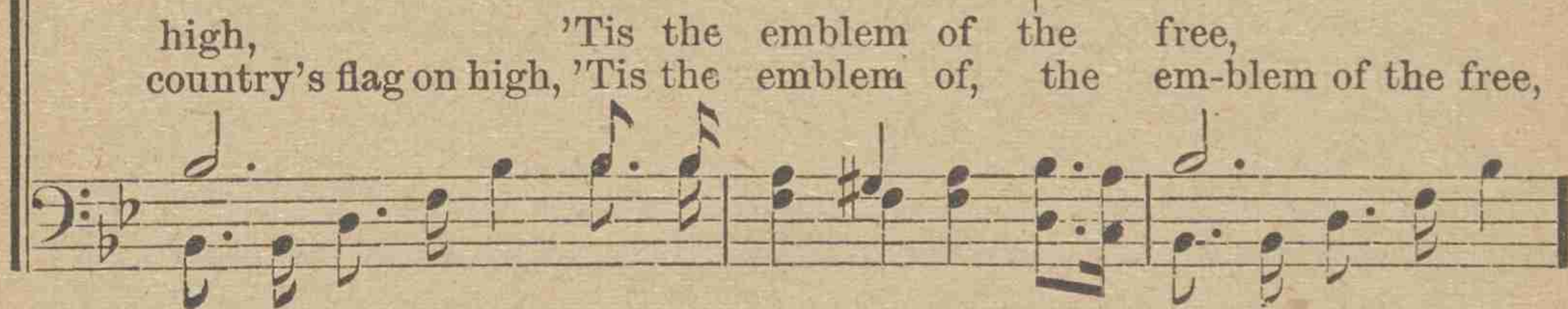
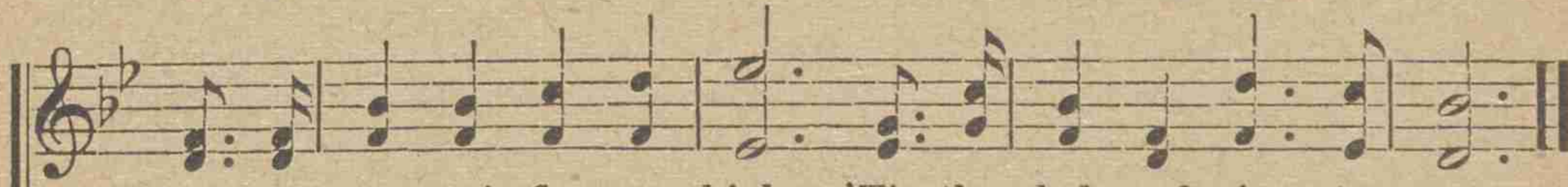
CHORUS.




free-dom, draw ye nigh. Lift our coun-try's flag on
 temperance, sin and wrong. Lift our coun-try's flag, our
 vow we here re-new.

high, 'Tis the emblem of the free,
 country's flag on high, 'Tis the emblem of, the em-blem of the free,

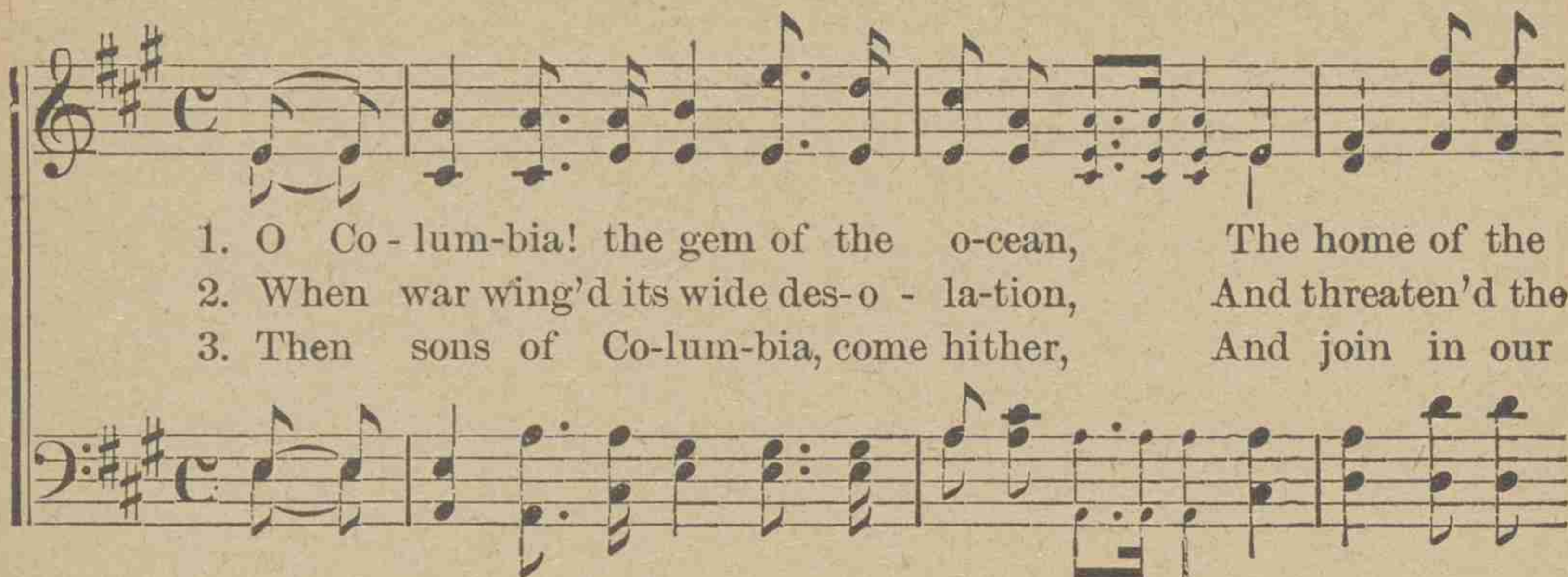



Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic-to-ry.

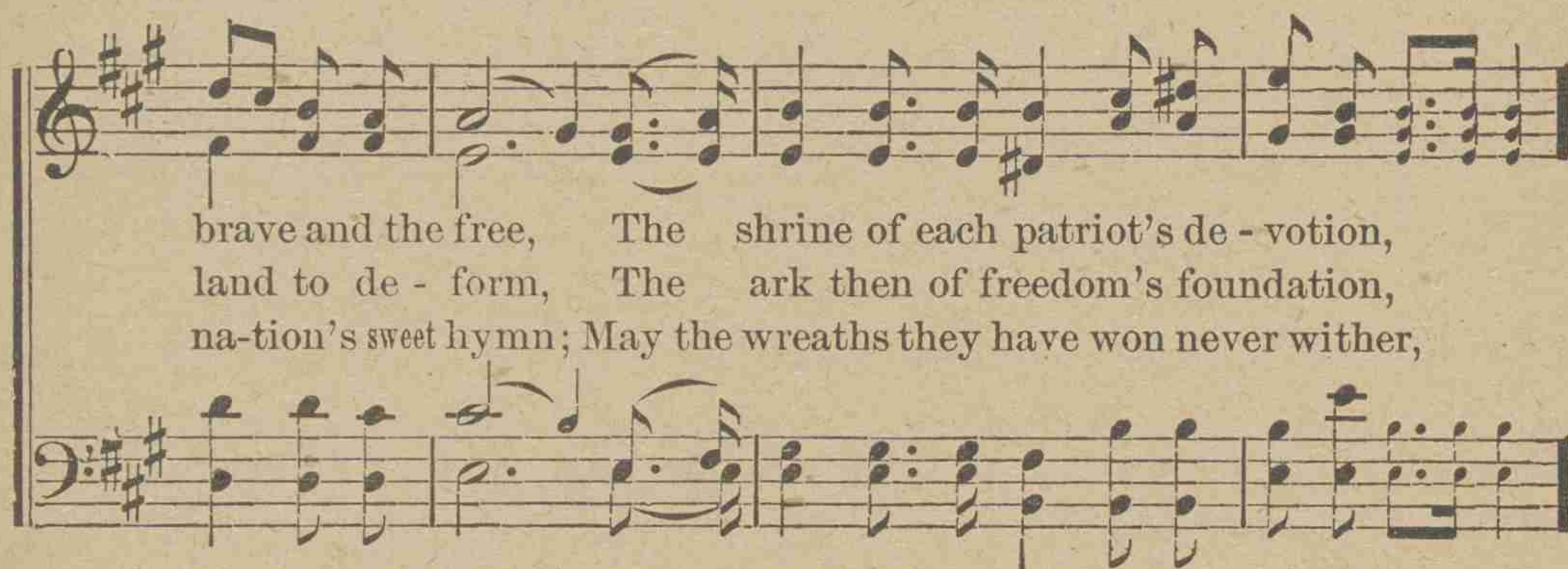


PATRIOTIC.

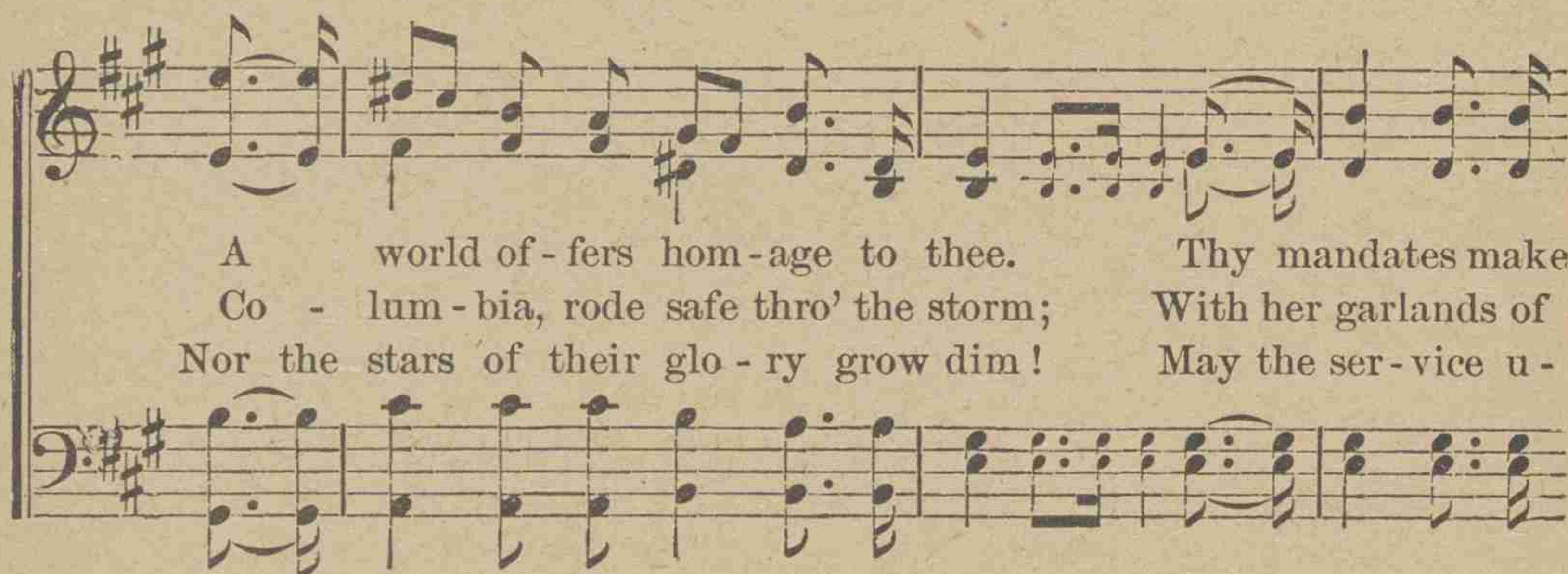
303. The Red, White and Blue.



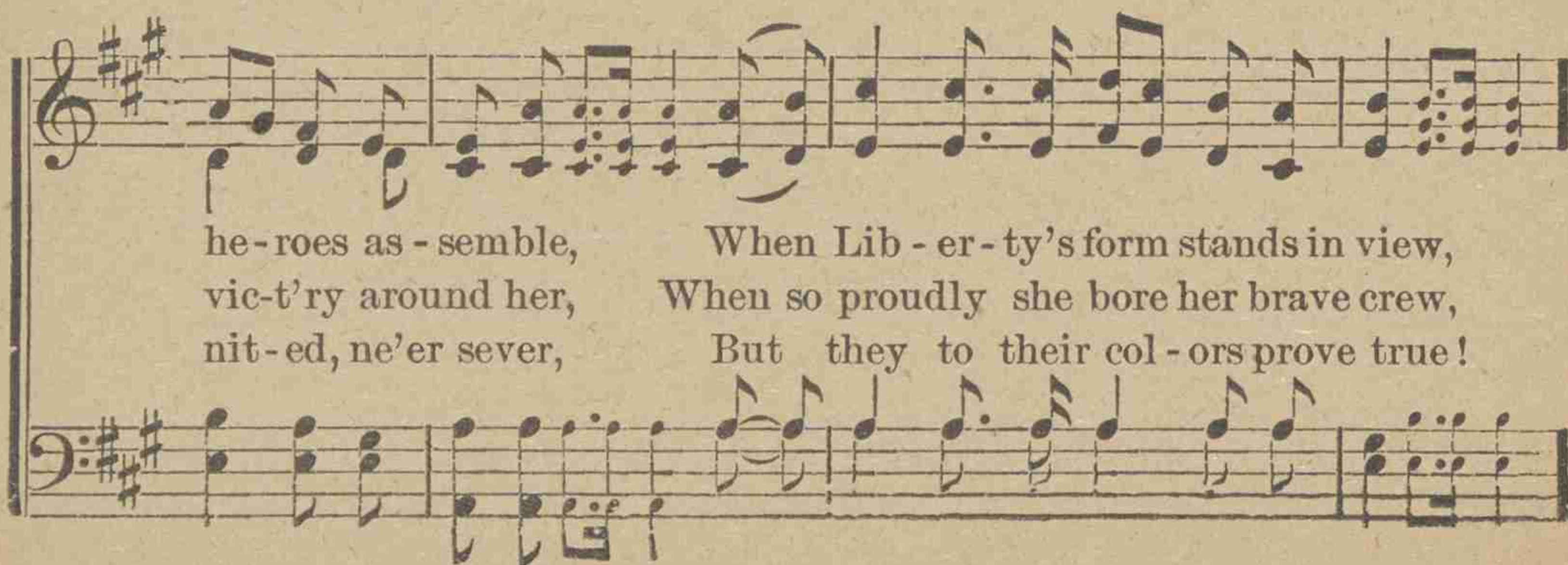
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o - la-tion, And threaten'd the
 3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our



brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de - votion,
 land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation,
 na-tion's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won never wither,



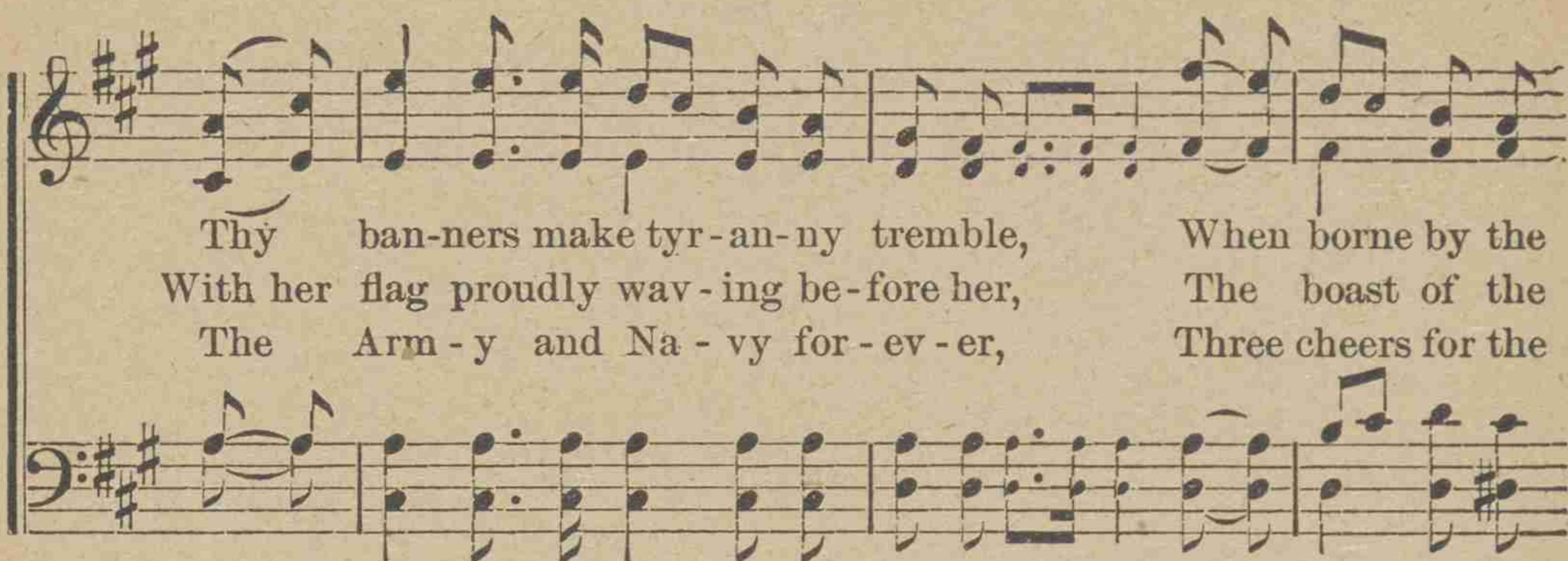
A world of - fers hom-age to thee. Thy mandates make
 Co - lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of
 Nor the stars of their glo - ry grow dim! May the ser-vice u -



he-roles as - semble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view,
 vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 nit-ed, ne'er sever, But they to their col - ors prove true!

PATRIOTIC.

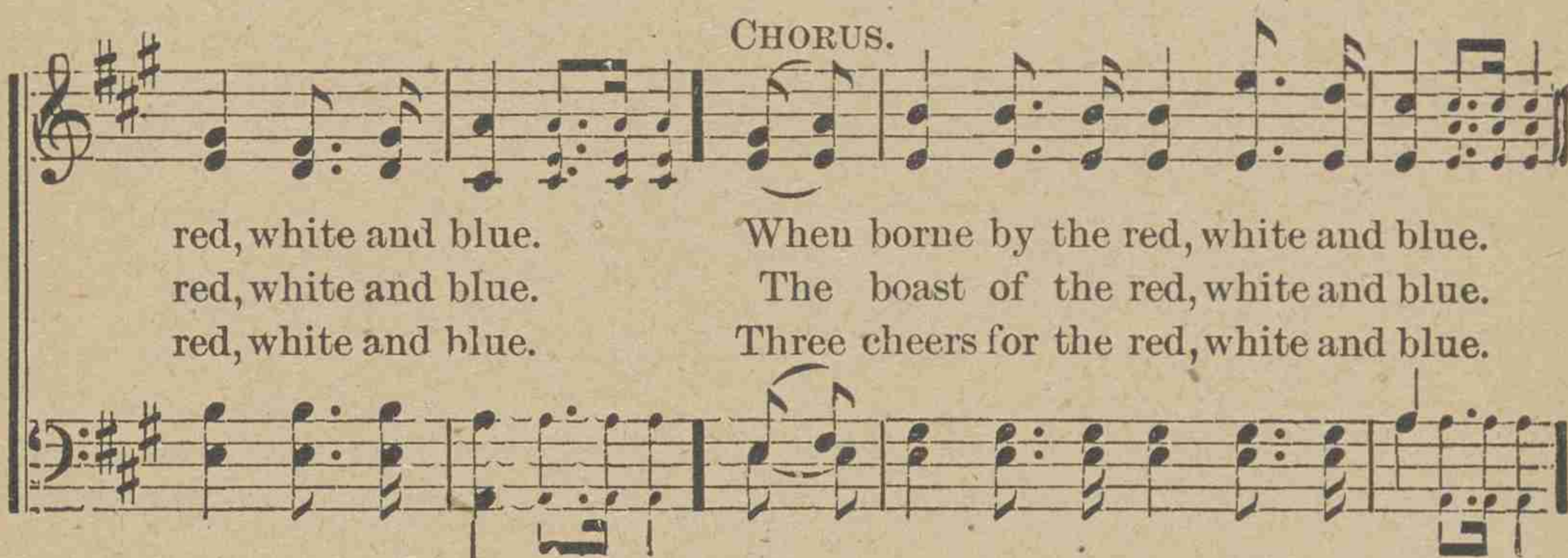
The Red, White and Blue.—Concluded.



Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble,
 With her flag proudly wav-ing be-fore her,
 The Arm-y and Na-vy for-ev-er,

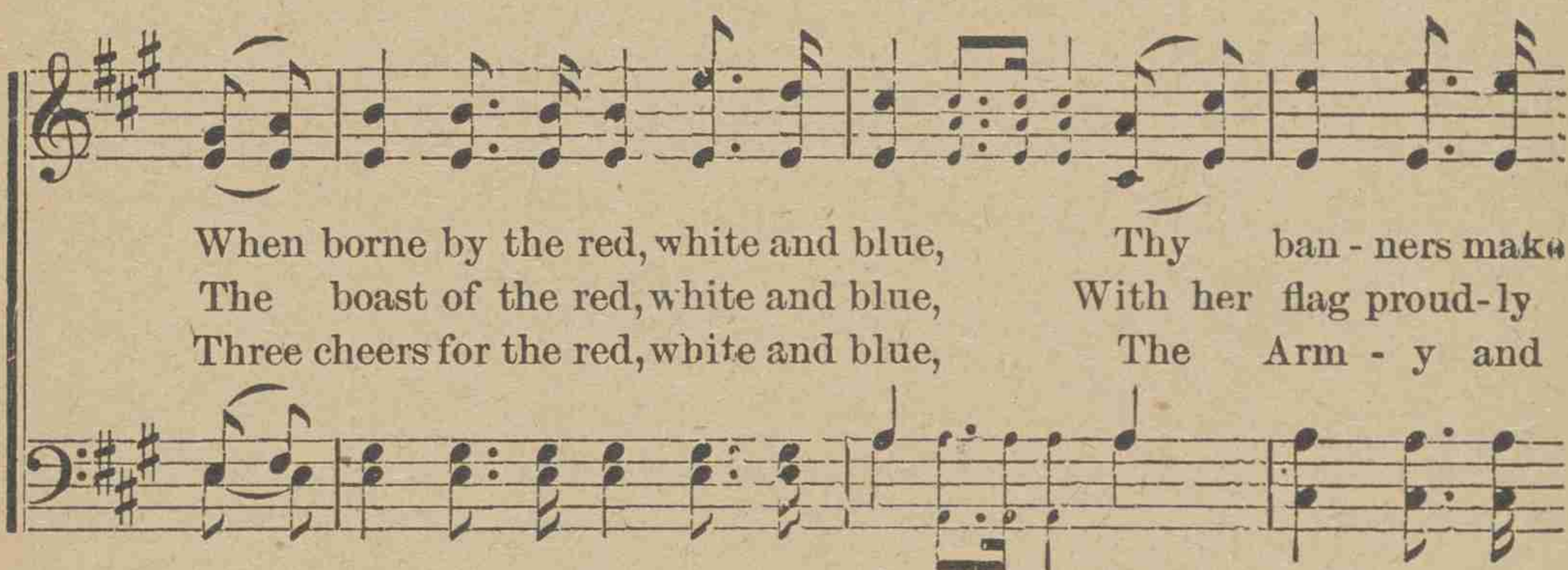
When borne by the
 The boast of the
 Three cheers for the

CHORUS.



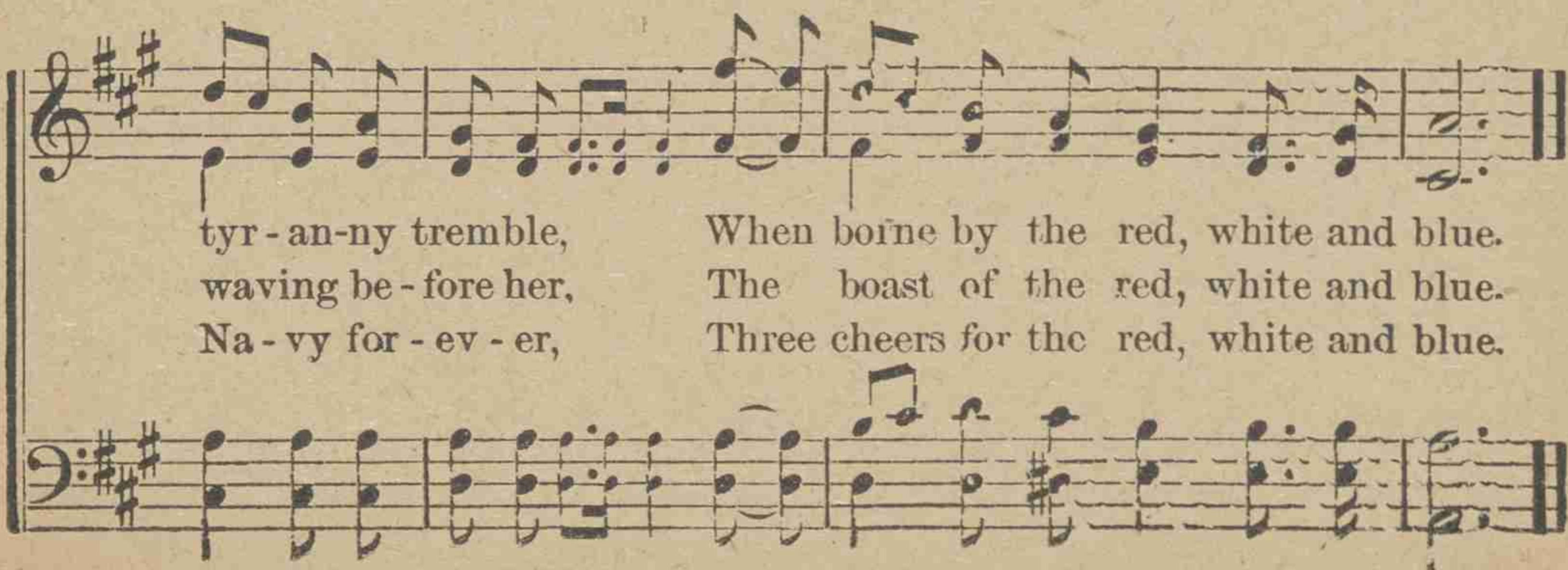
red, white and blue.
 red, white and blue.
 red, white and blue.

When borne by the red, white and blue.
 The boast of the red, white and blue.
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



When borne by the red, white and blue,
 The boast of the red, white and blue,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

Thy ban-ners make
 With her flag proud-ly
 The Arm-y and



tyr-an-ny tremble,
 waving be-fore her,
 Na-vy for-ev-er,

When borne by the red, white and blue.
 The boast of the red, white and blue.
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

PATRIOTIC.

304. Hail, Columbia.

Maestoso.

1. Hail! Co-lum - bia, hap - py land, ♪ Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
2. Sons of pa - triot sons of yore, Preserve your rights, defend your shore,
3. Sound a - loud the trump of fame, ♪ Let our Washington's loved name

Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in
Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with
Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with

free - dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En -
im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of
loud ap - plause, Let ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, ♪

joyed the peace your val - or won. Let In - de - pend - ence
toil and blood the well-earned prize. While off - 'ring peace, sin -
Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With wond'rous skill, with

PATRIOTIC.

Hail, Columbia.—Concluded.

be our boast, ♪ Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, ♪ Ev - er grateful
cere and just, In heav'n we place our steadfast trust, That truth and justice
matchless pow'r, He governed in the fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, and

CHORUS.

for the prize, ♪ Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - ni - ted
will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of dis - cord fail.
ruled with ease Our hap - py land in time of peace.

let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty, As a band of

broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

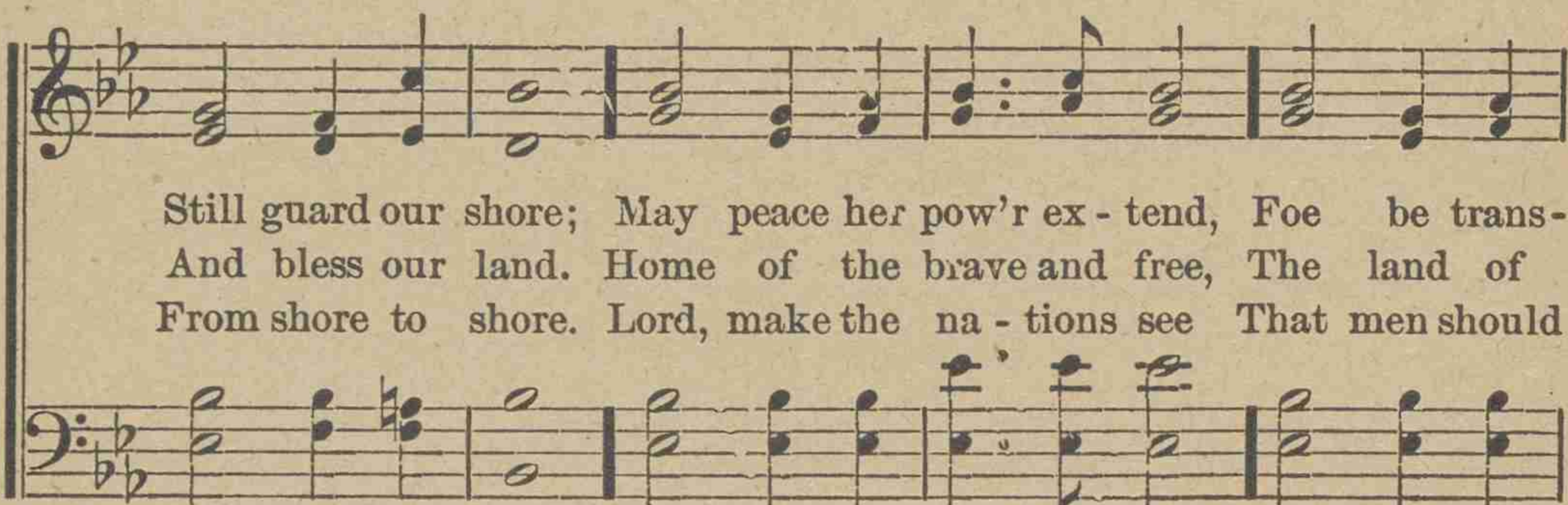
PATRIOTIC.

305. Just and Righteous Laws.

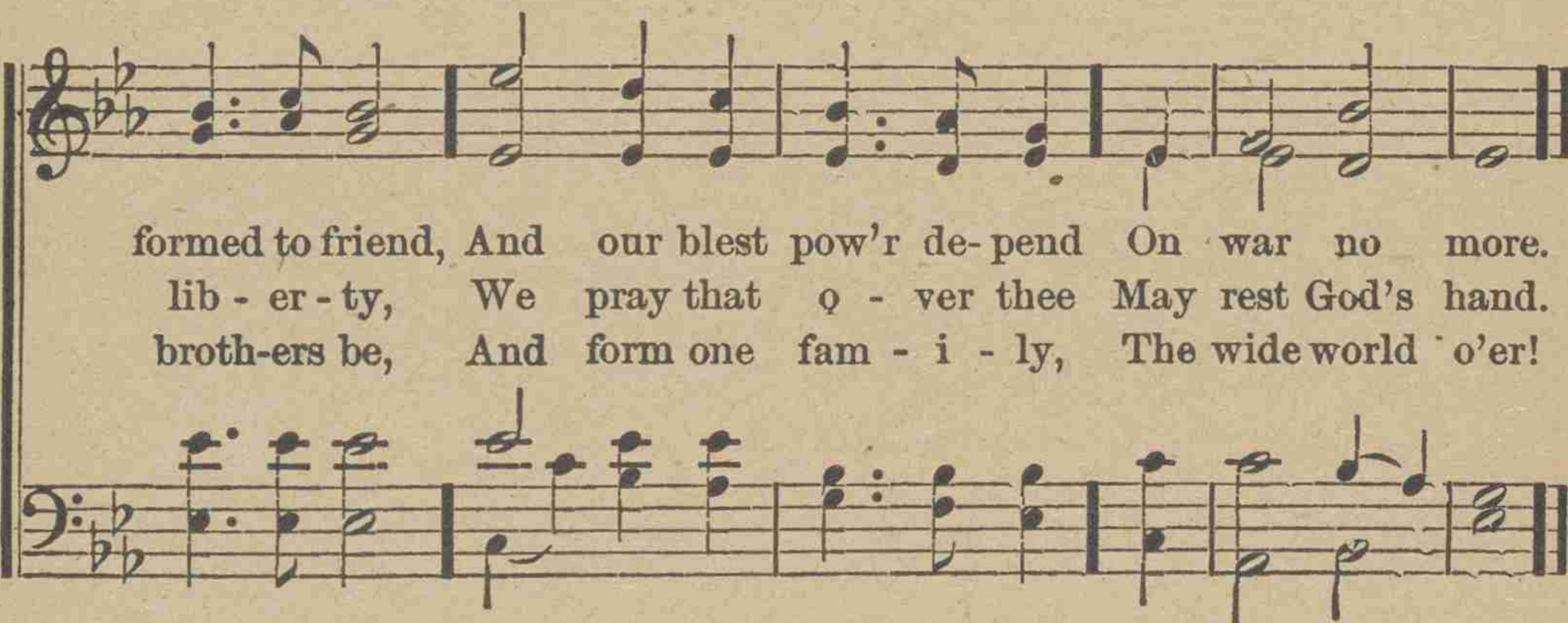
DR. L. MASON.



1. God bless our na - tive land! May heav'n's pro - tect - ing hand
 2. May just and right - eous laws Up - hold the pub - lic cause,
 3. And not this land a - lone; But be Thy mer - cies known



Still guard our shore; May peace her pow'r ex - tend, Foe be trans -
 And bless our land. Home of the brave and free, The land of
 From shore to shore. Lord, make the na - tions see That men should



formed to friend, And our blest pow'r de - pend On war no more.
 lib - er - ty, We pray that o - ver thee May rest God's hand.
 broth - ers be, And form one fam - i - ly, The wide world 'o'er!

306. GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

(For music, see above.)

1. God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Thro' storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

—JOHN S. DWIGHT.

DEATH.

307. Silently Bury the Dead.

Slowly, with expression.

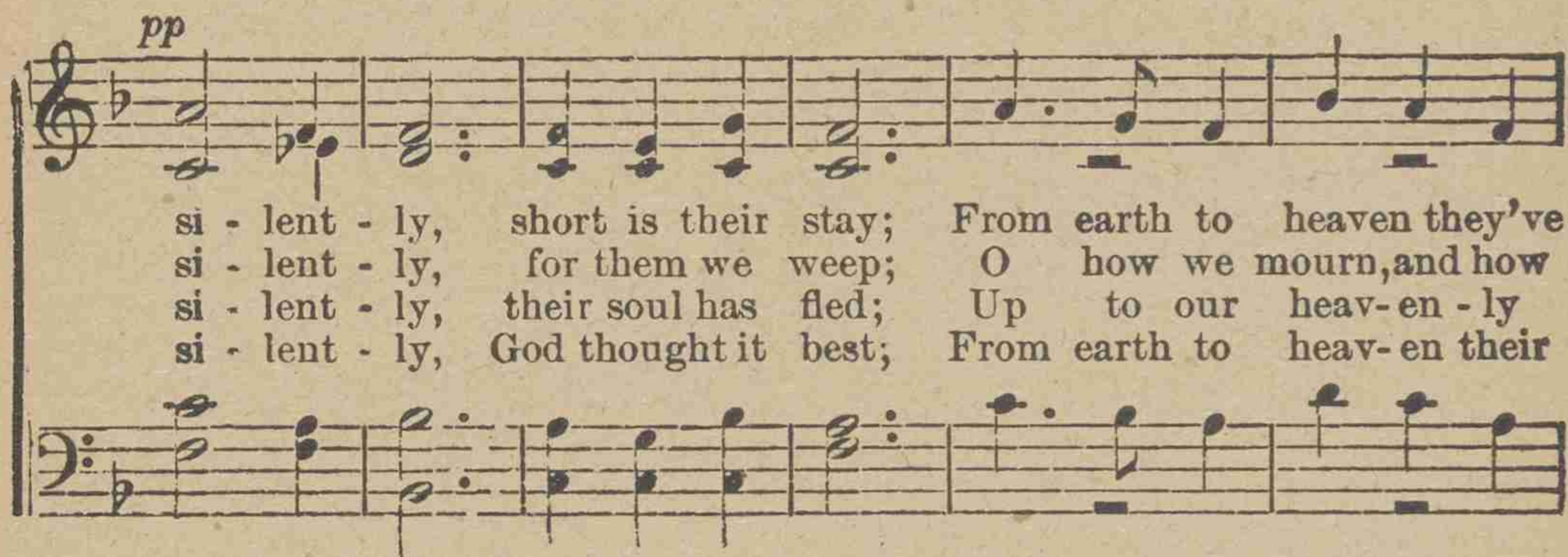
C. E. LESLIE.

p *pp* *p*



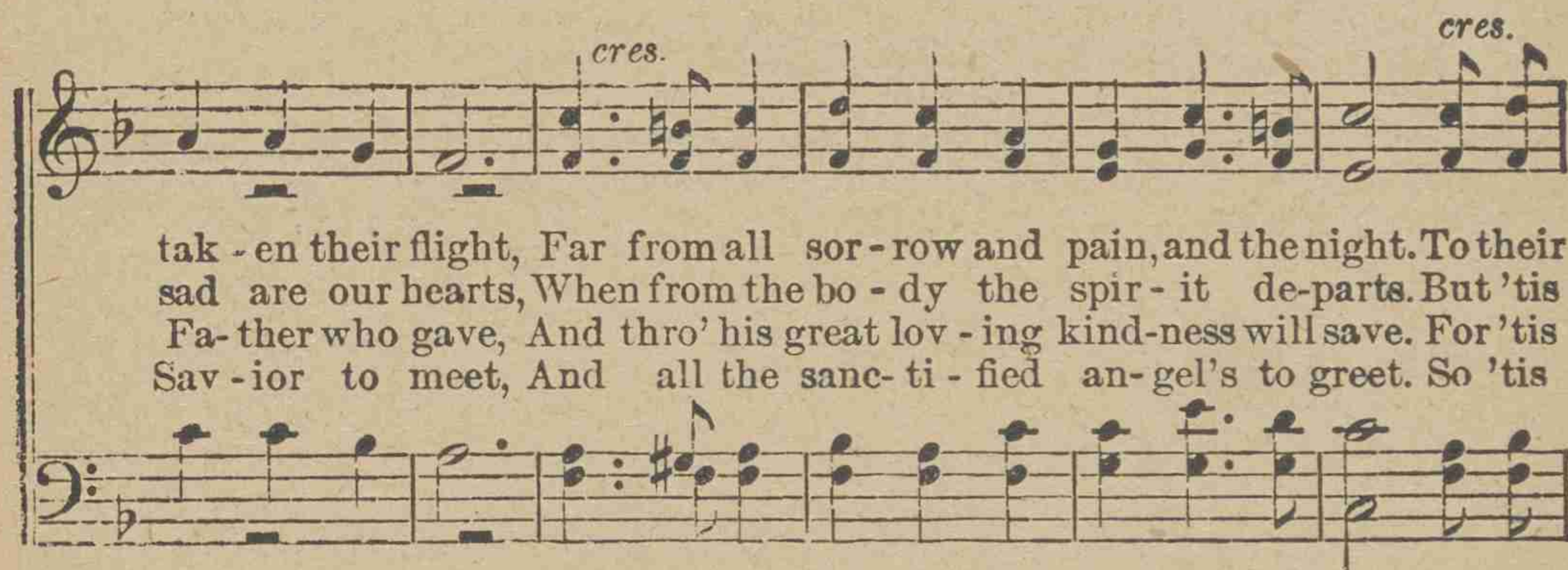
1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, they pass a - way, Si - lent - ly,
 2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, sweet is their sleep, Si - lent - ly,
 3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, bur - y the dead, Si - lent - ly,
 4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, lay them to rest, Si - lent - ly,

pp



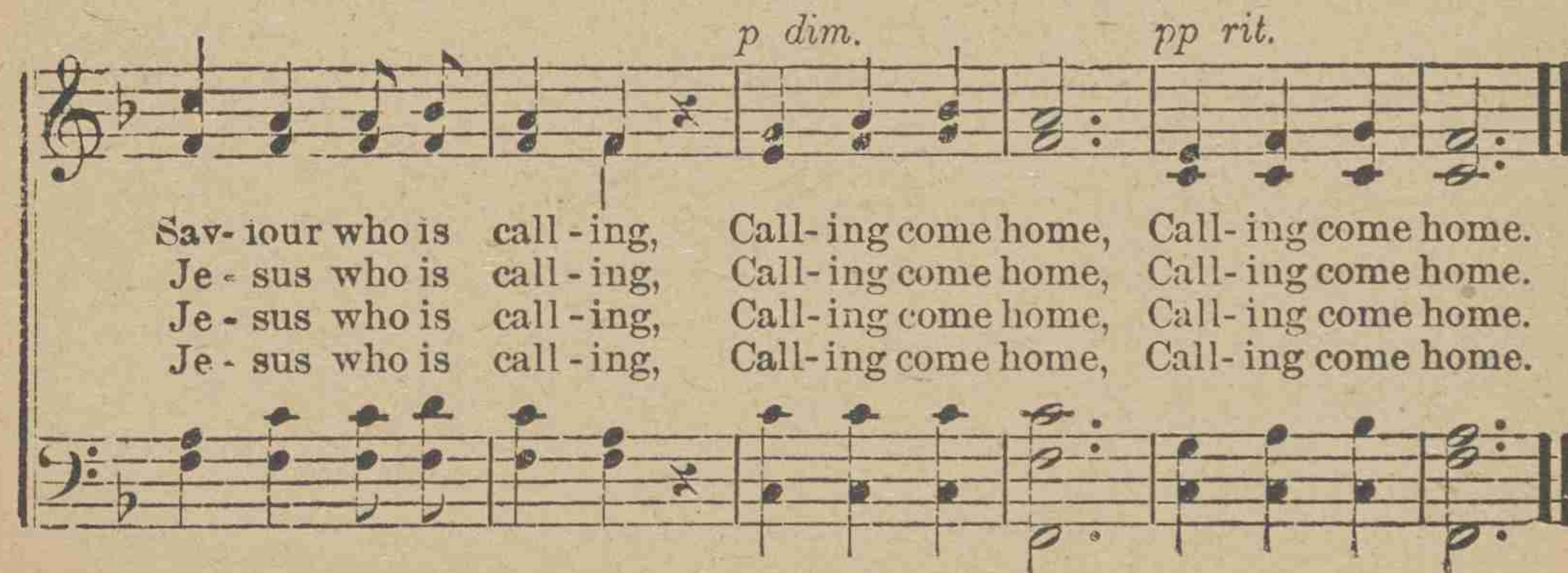
si - lent - ly, short is their stay; From earth to heaven they've
 si - lent - ly, for them we weep; O how we mourn, and how
 si - lent - ly, their soul has fled; Up to our heav - en - ly
 si - lent - ly, God thought it best; From earth to heav - en their

cres. *cres.*



tak - en their flight, Far from all sor - row and pain, and the night. To their
 sad are our hearts, When from the bo - dy the spir - it de - parts. But 'tis
 Fa - ther who gave, And thro' his great lov - ing kind - ness will save. For 'tis
 Sav - ior to meet, And all the sanc - ti - fied an - gel's to greet. So 'tis

p dim. *pp rit.*



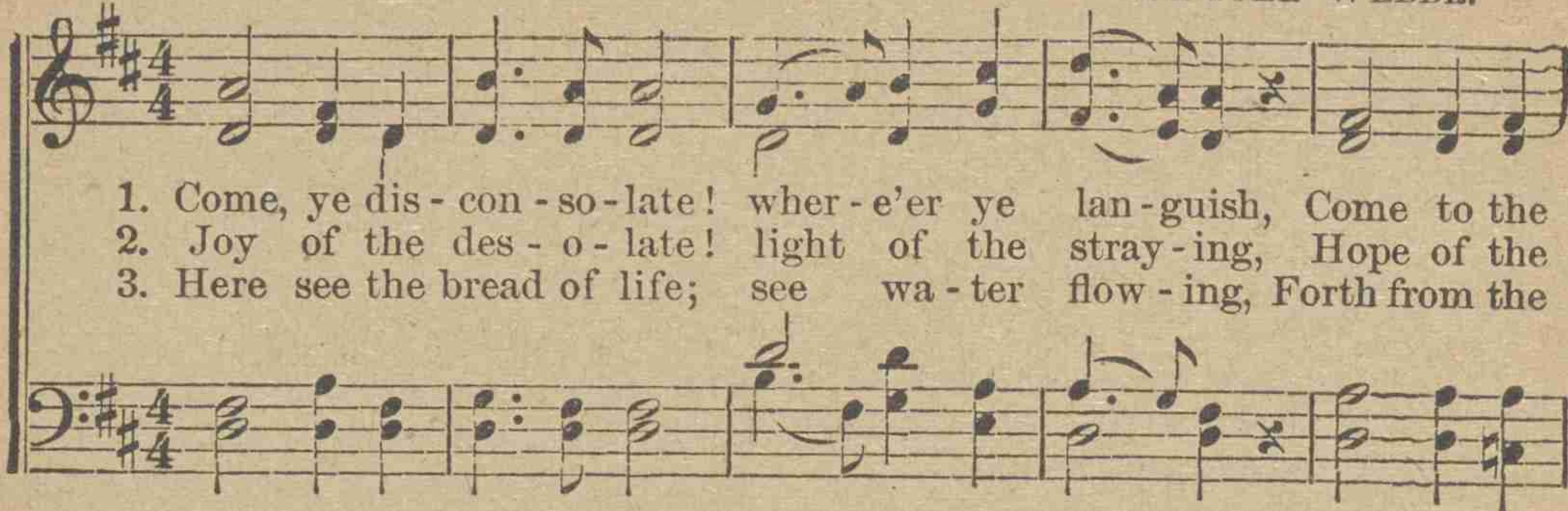
Sav - iour who is call - ing, Call - ing come home, Call - ing come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing come home, Call - ing come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing come home, Call - ing come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing come home, Call - ing come home.

DEATH.

308. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ter flow - ing, Forth from the



mer - cy-seat, fer - vently kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

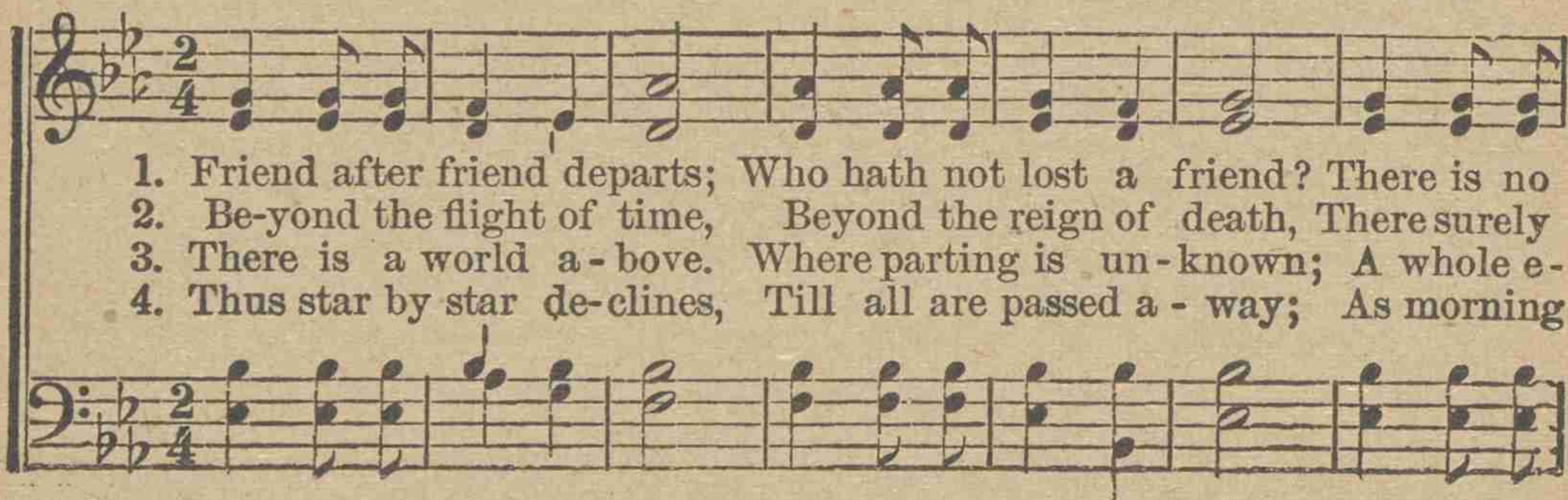


Here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
 Ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
 Come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

309. Friend After Friend Departs.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

C. EVEREST.



1. Friend after friend departs; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no
 2. Be-yond the flight of time, Beyond the reign of death, There surely
 3. There is a world a - bove. Where parting is un - known; A whole e -
 4. Thus star by star de - clines, Till all are passed a - way; As morning

DEATH.

Friend After Friend Departs.—Concluded.

un - ion here of hearts, That finds not here an end; Were this frail
is some bless-ed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's af-
ter - ni - ty of love, Formed for the good a - lone: And faith be-
high and high-er shines To pure and per-fect day; Nor sink those

world our fi - nal rest, Liv-ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
fec - tion's tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up-wards and ex - pire.
holds the dy - ing here Trans-la-ted to their hap - pier sphere.
stars in emp - ty night: They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

310. Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. M. MACKAY.

BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je-sus! Blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. Asleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
3. Asleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful refuge be!

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes!
With ho-ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venom'd sting!
Securely shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

DEATH.


311. The Unseen City.

*SOLO OR QUARTETTE.



ENMA TUN'T' E.

Arr. from CLARK, by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



Very slowly.




1. I think of a cit-y I have not seen Ex-cept in my hours of
2. I think of that cit-y, for O, how oft My heart has been wrung at
3. That beau-ti-ful cit-y is home to me, My lov'd ones are go-ing



dream-ing; Where the feet of mor-tals have nev-er been To
part-ing; With friends all pale who with foot-fall soft To its
thith-er, And they who al-read-y have cross'd the sea Are



dark-en its soft, soft gleam-ing: A glimmer of pearl, and a glint of
air-y heights were start-ing: I see them a-gain in their raiment
call-ing to me, "Come hith-er;" The ten-der eyes that I worshiped



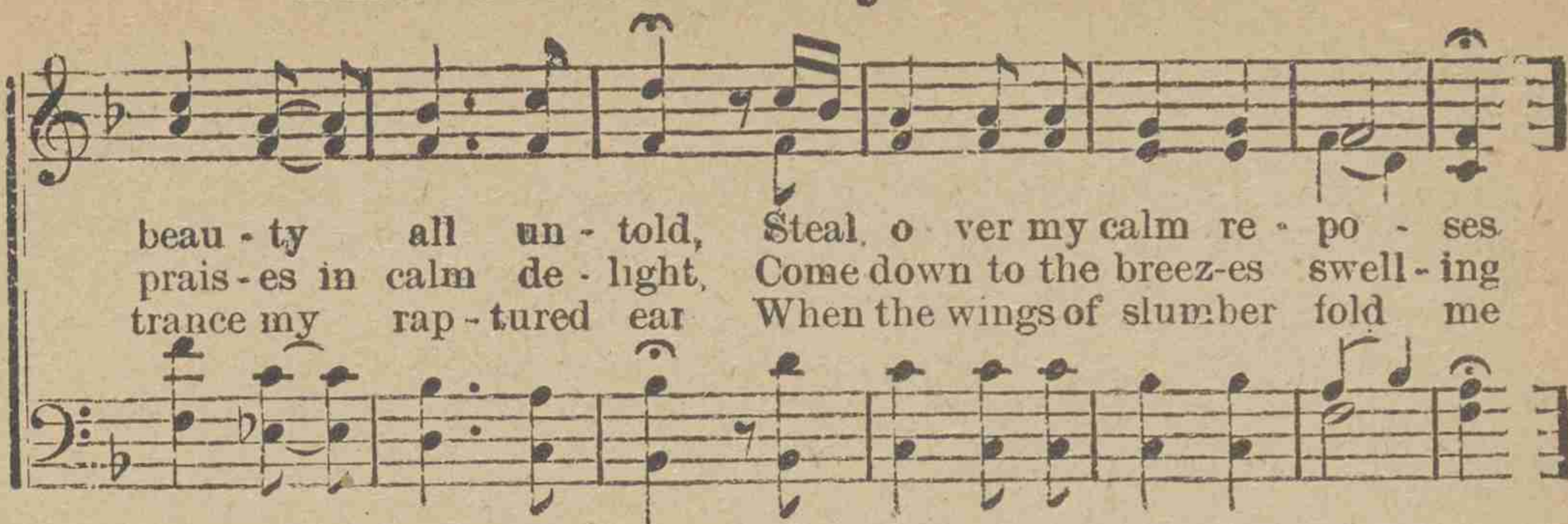
gold, And a breath from the souls of ro-ses; And glo-ry and
white, In the blue, blue dis-tance dwell-ing; And I hear their
here, From the gold-en heights be-hold me; And their songs en-



Arr. Copyright, 1906, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

DEATH.

The Unseen City.—Concluded.



beau - ty all un - told, Steal, o - ver my calm re - po - ses
 prais - es in calm de - light, Come down to the breez - es swell - ing
 trance my rap - tured ear When the wings of slumber fold me

CHORUS.

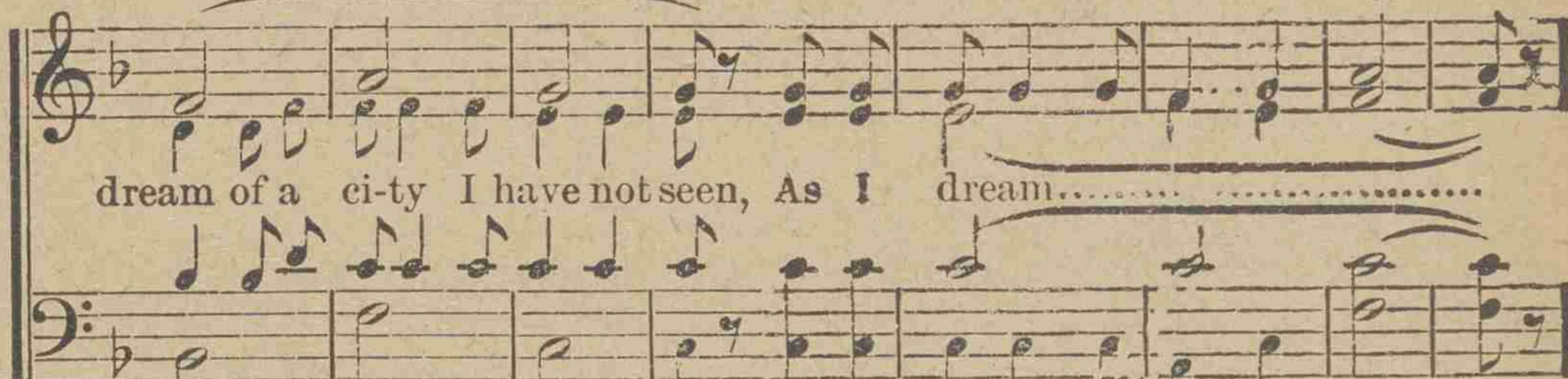
As I dream..... As I



As I dream of a cit - y I have not seen, As I

As I dream,..... As I

dream..... of a cit - y I have not seen.



dream of a ci - ty I have not seen, As I dream.....

dream..... of a cit - y I have not seen.

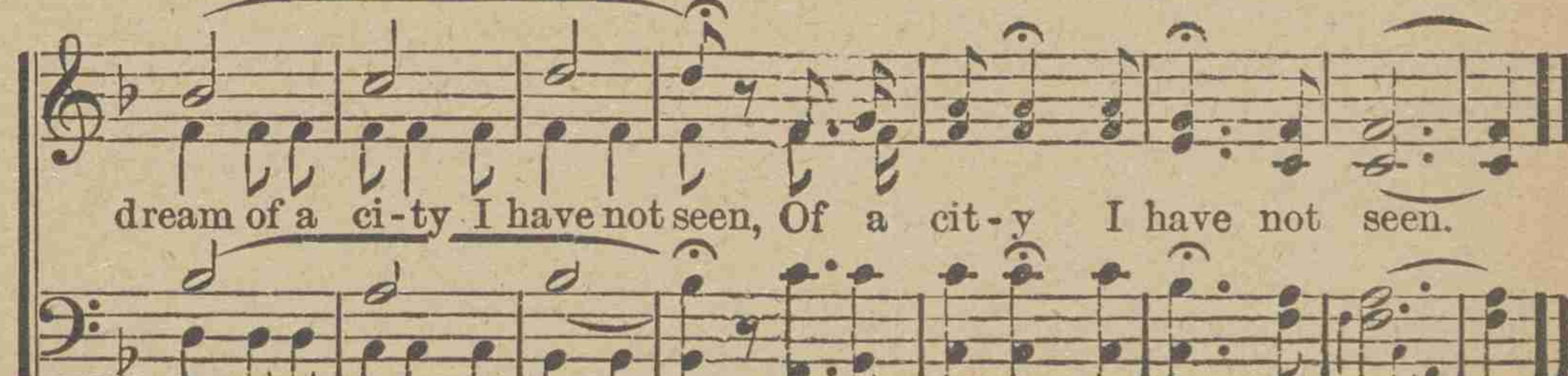
As I dream..... As I



As I dream of a cit - y I have not seen, As I

As I dream..... As I

dream.....



dream of a ci - ty I have not seen, Of a cit - y I have not seen.

dream of a ci - ty I have not seen,

312. Time Speeds Away.

Words selected by PROF. J. W. MCGARVEY.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, An-oth-er hour, an-oth-er day,
2. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, Like torrents in a stormy day,
3. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, No ea-gle thro' the skies of day,
4. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, But who could wish his flight to stay,



An-oth-er month, an-oth-er year, Drop from us like a leaf - let sear;
He un-der-mines the state-ly tower, Up-roots the oak and fades the flow'r;
No wind a - long the hills can flee So swift-ly or so smooth as he;
He speeds us to an-oth-er shore, Where those who wept shall weep no more;



Drop like the life-blood from our hearts; The rose bloom from the cheek de-parts;
And sweeps from our dis-tract-ed breasts, The friends who loved, the friends who blest,
Like fie-ry steeds from stage to stage, He bears us on from youth to age,
Then bid him fly from stage to stage, And bear us on from youth to age,



The tresses from the tem-ple fall, The eye grows dim and strange to all.
And leaves us weep-ing on the shore, To which they can re-turn no more.
Then plunges in a fear-ful sea, Of fath-om-less e-ter-ni-ty.
His flight shall end in peaceful rest, When we sit down a-mong the blessed.




LIFE BEYOND.

313. Joy Cometh in the Morning.



"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psalm 30: 5.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

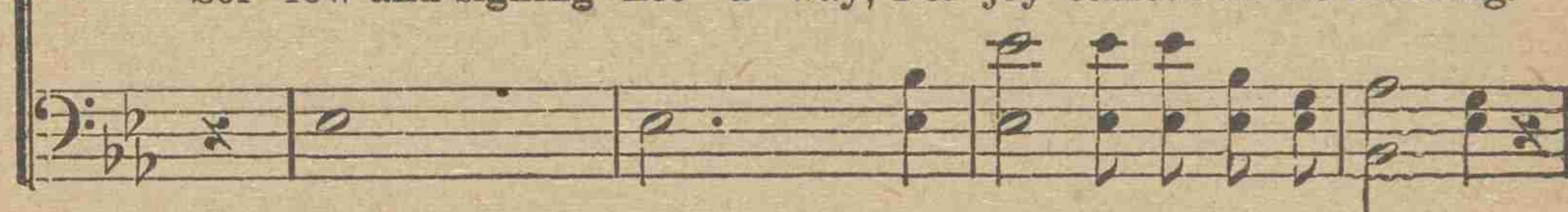
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Oh, wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morning!
2. Ye fee-ble saints, dis-miss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning!
3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morning!
4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy cometh in the morning!




For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning.
And weeping mourners dry your tears For joy cometh in the morning.
And ev-'ry trembling sin-ner hope, For joy cometh in the morning.
Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morning.




CHORUS.



Joy com-eth in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may



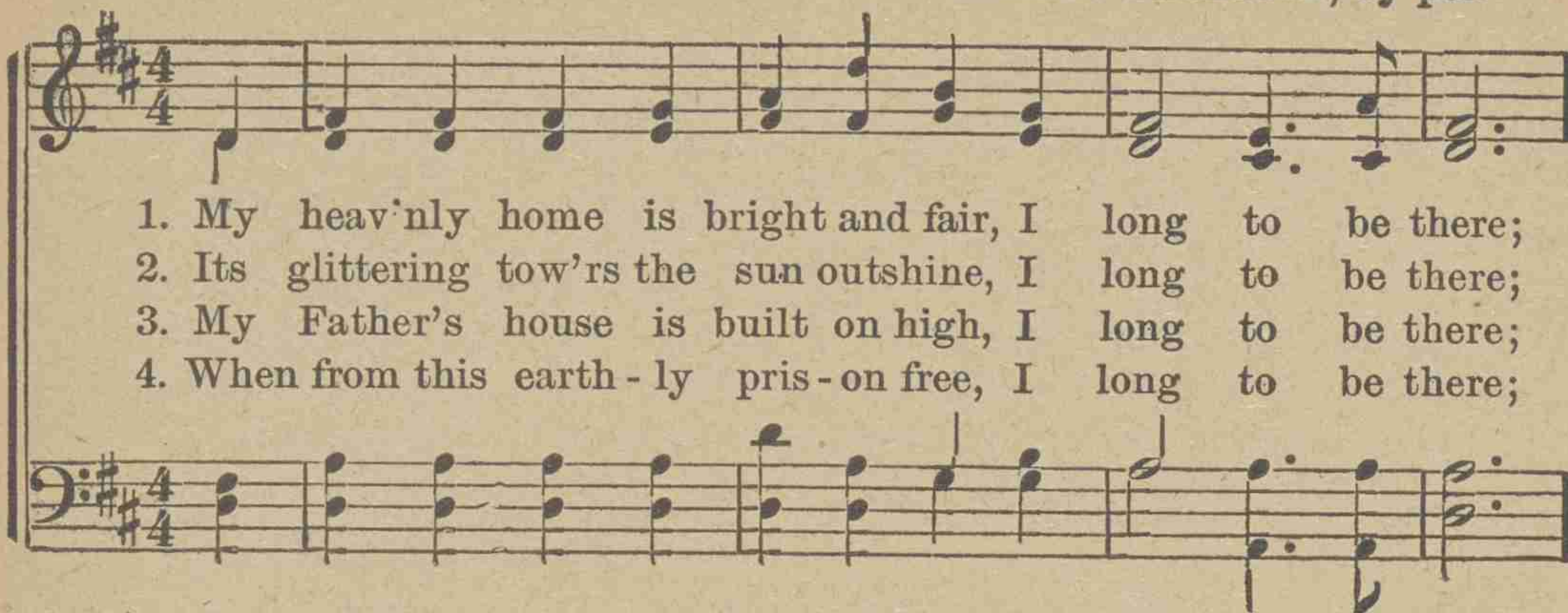
endure, may endure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.



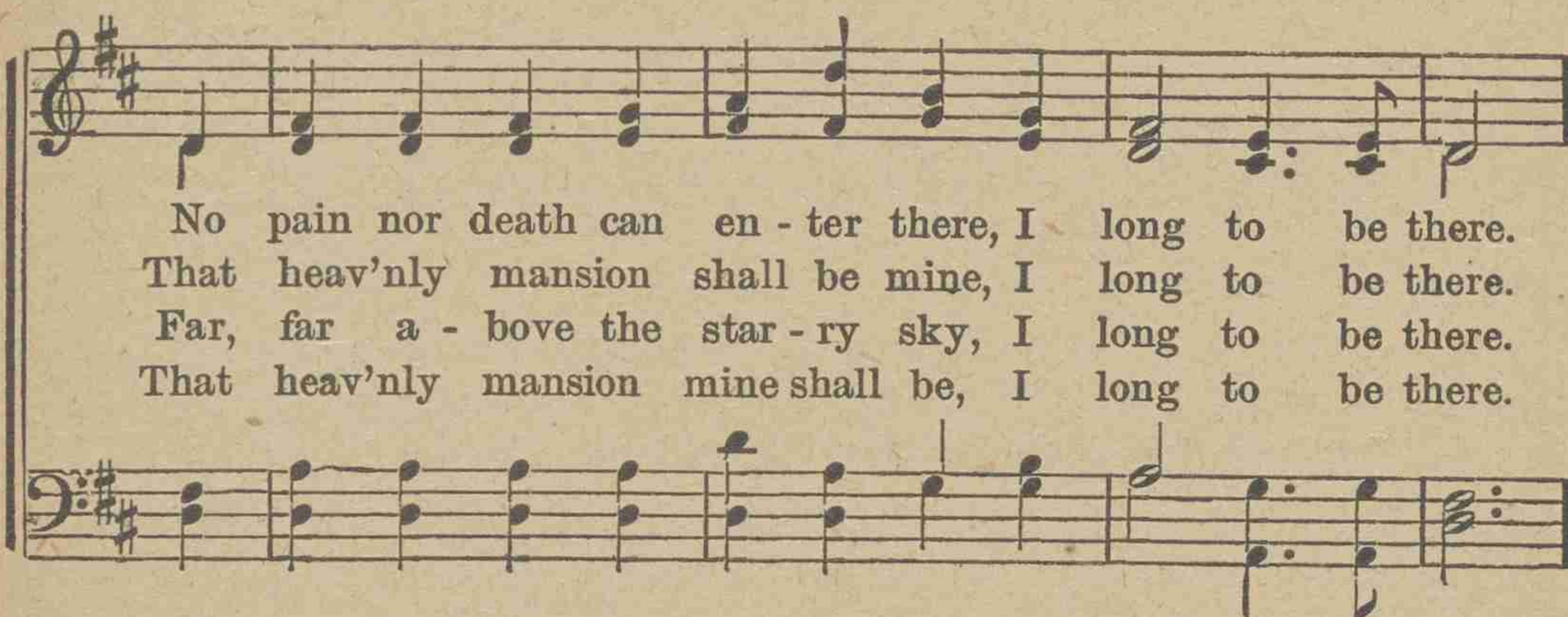
LIFE BEYOND.

314.. I Long to be There.

WILL I. THOMPSON, by per.

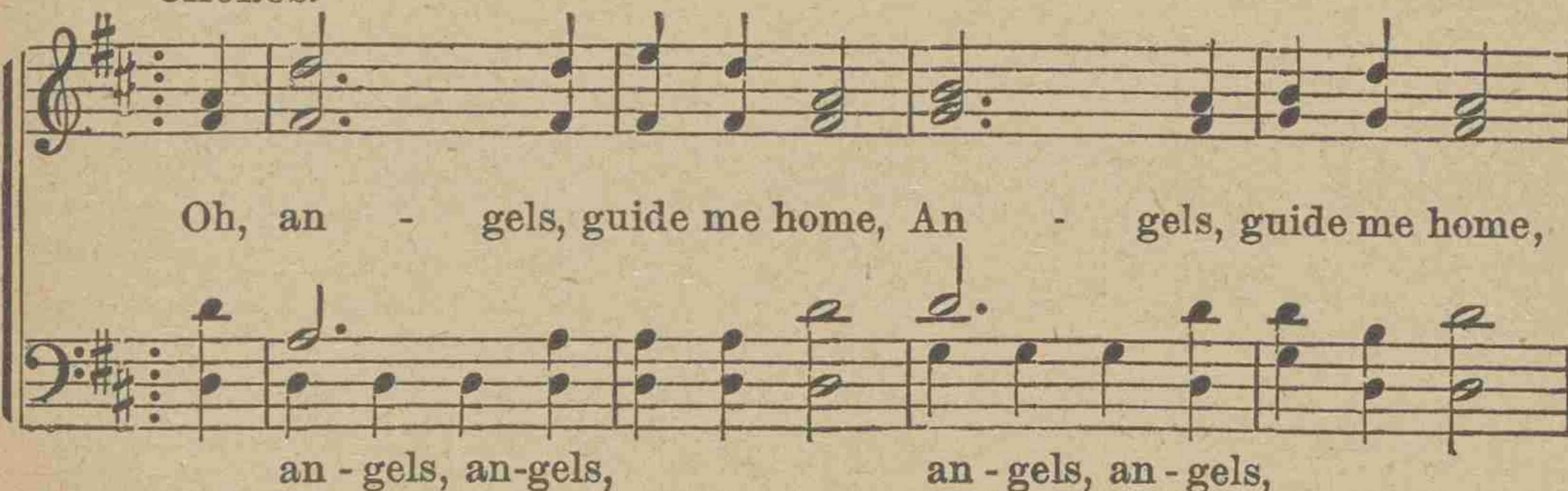


1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I long to be there;
 2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine, I long to be there;
 3. My Father's house is built on high, I long to be there;
 4. When from this earth - ly pris - on free, I long to be there;



No pain nor death can en - ter there, I long to be there.
 That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there.
 Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky, I long to be there.
 That heav'nly mansion mine shall be, I long to be there.

CHORUS.



Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
 an - gels, an - gels, an - gels, an - gels,

Repeat Chorus, pp.



An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
 an - gels, an - gels,

LIFE BEYOND.

315. Tarry With Me.

MRS. C. S. SMITH.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Savior, For the day is passing by;

See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.

CHORUS.

Tar-ry with me, blessed Je-sus, Leave me not till morning light;

For I'm lonely here without thee, Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

2 Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,

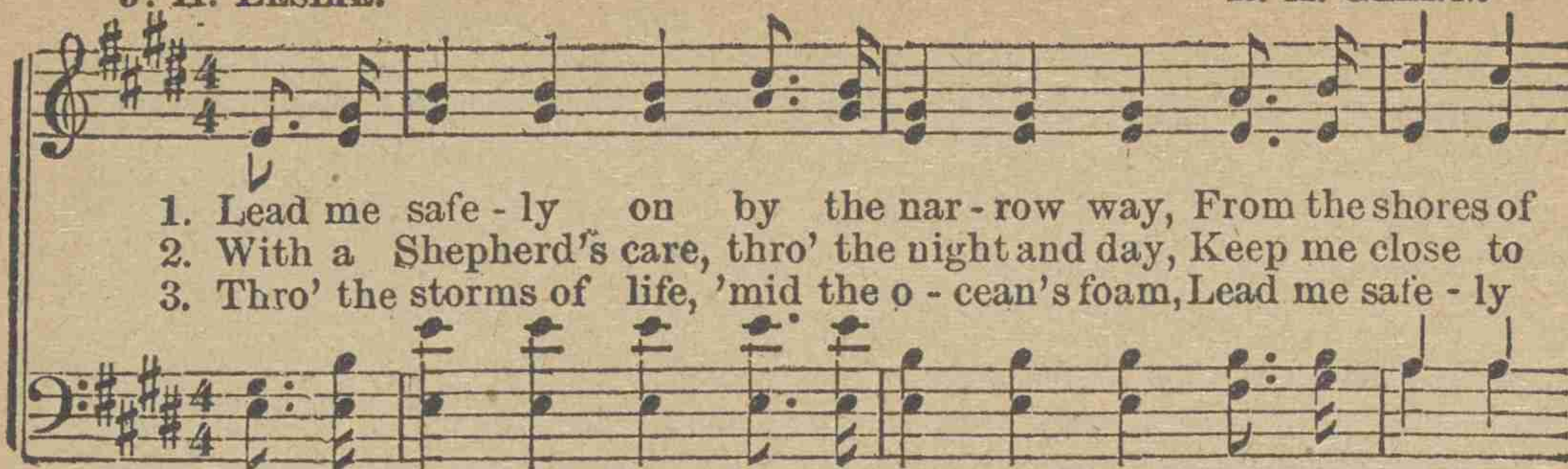
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Tarry with me, oh, my Savior,
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

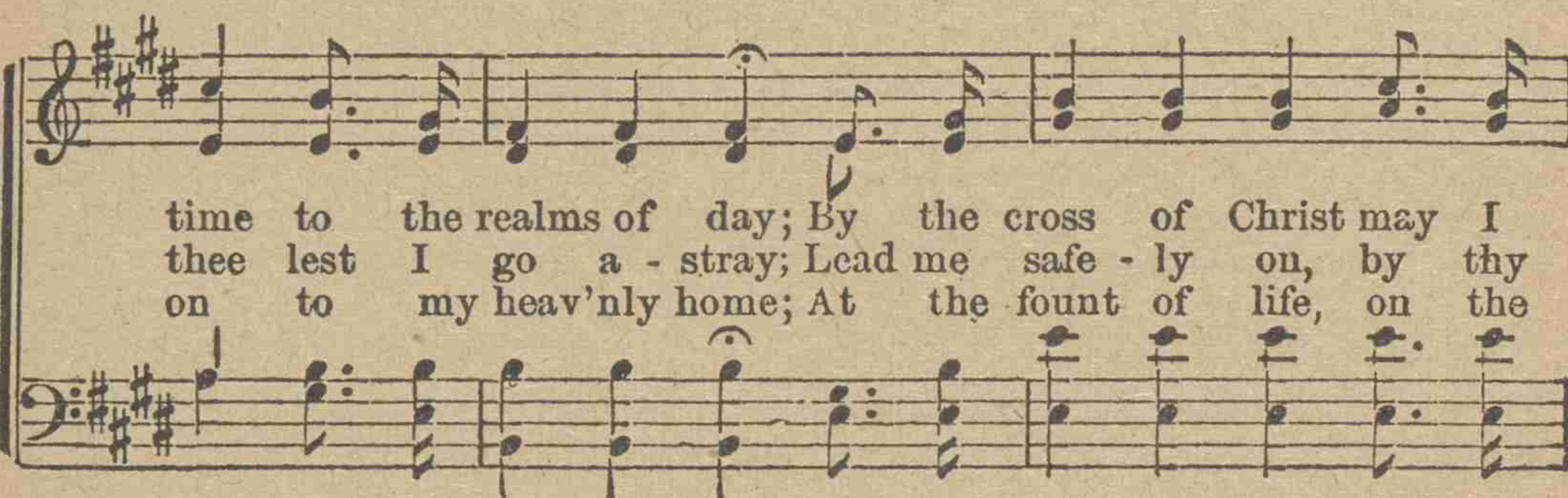
316. Lead Me Safely On.

J. H. LESLIE.

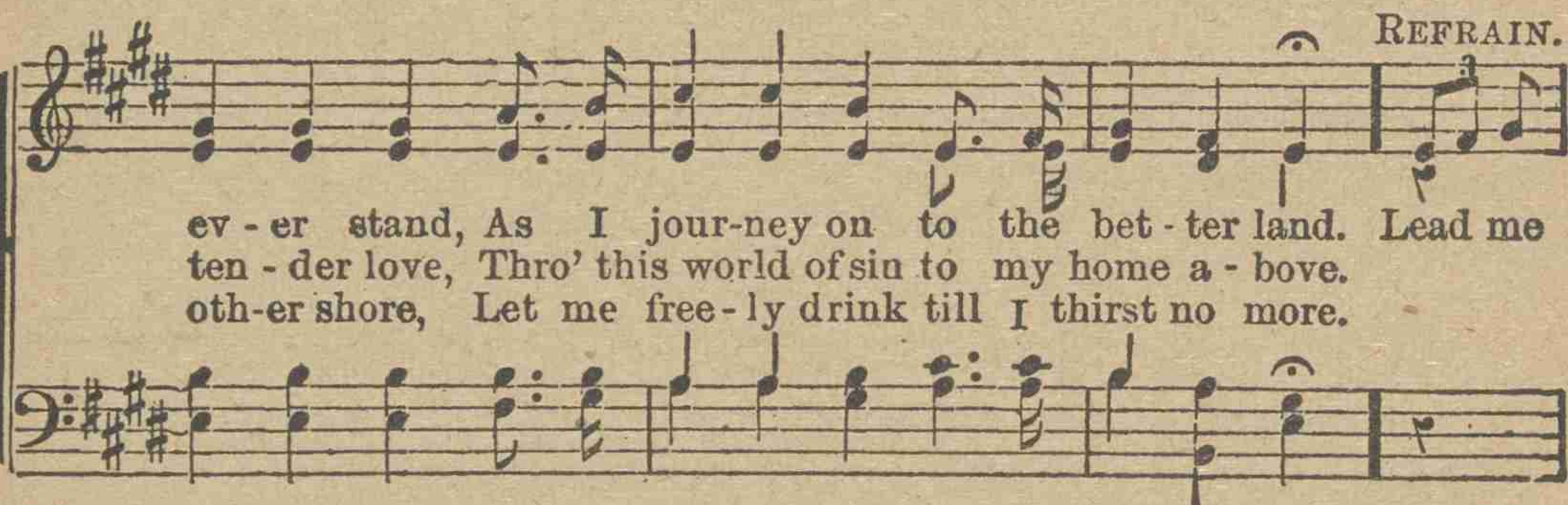
R. A. GLENN.



1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way, From the shores of
 2. With a Shepherd's care, thro' the night and day, Keep me close to
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly



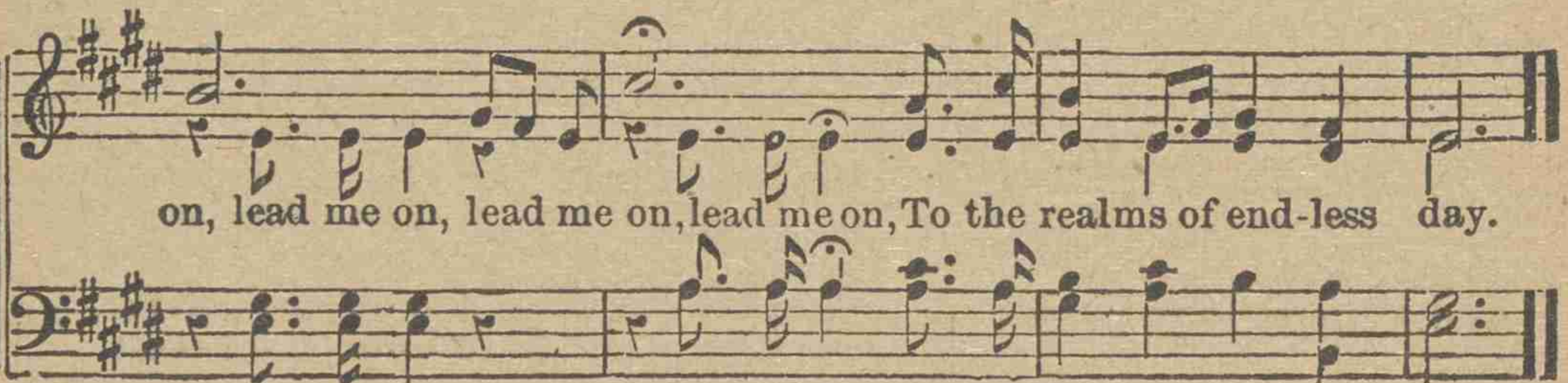
time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on, by thy
 on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life, on the



REFRAIN.
 ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land. Lead me
 ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.



on, lead me on, By the strait and narrow way, Lead me
 Lead me on, lead me on,



on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of end - less day.

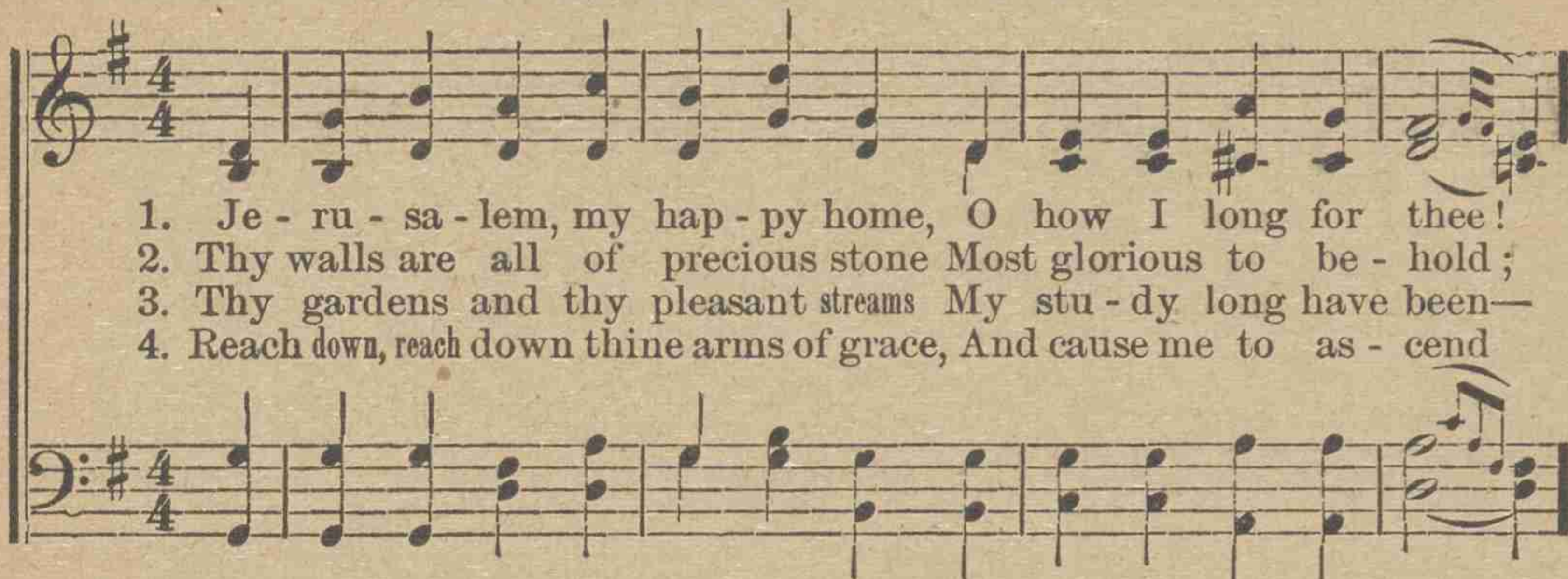
LIFE BEYOND.

317. My Happy Home.

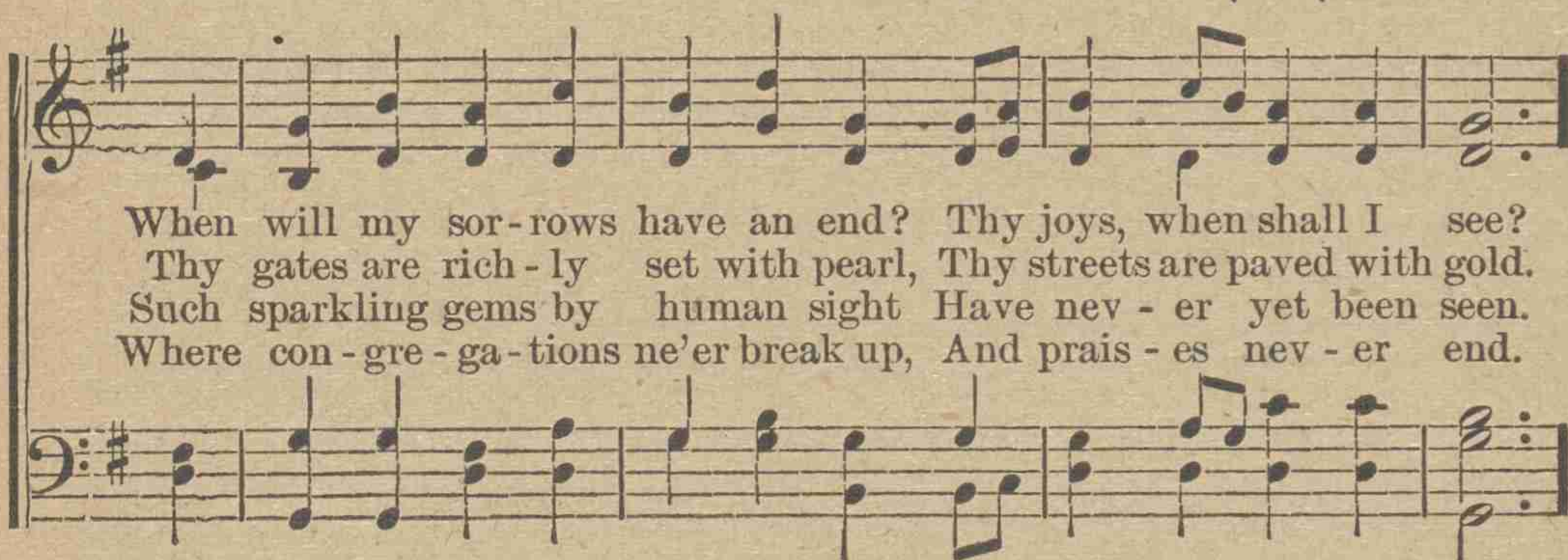
ANON.

(To my Choir, Round Lake, N. Y.)

E. O. EXCELS.

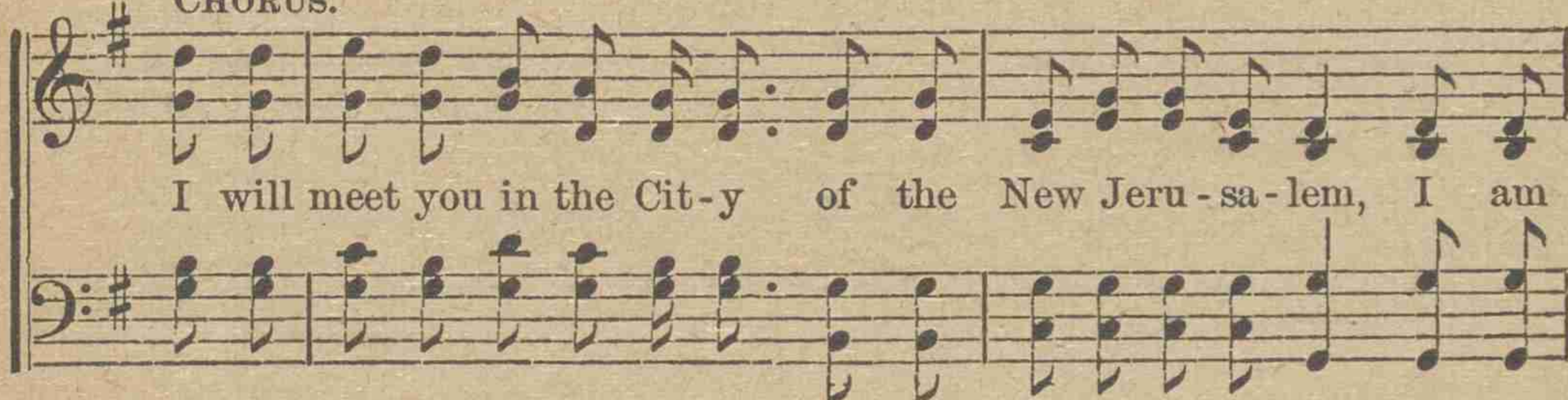


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
 2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My stu - dy long have been—
 4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

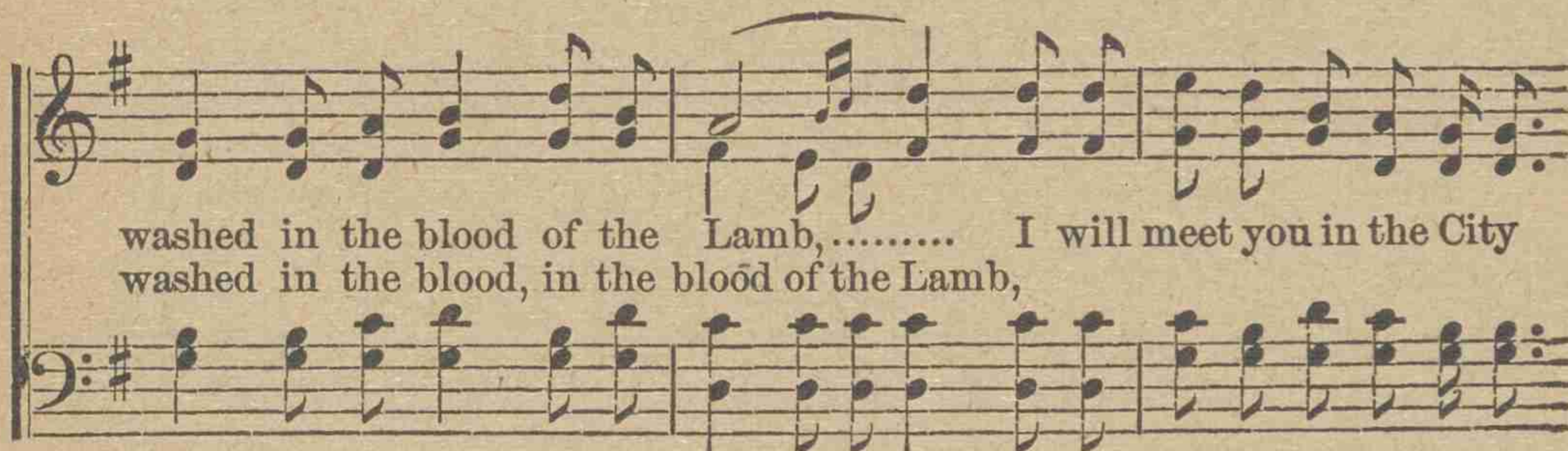


When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
 Such sparkling gems by human sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

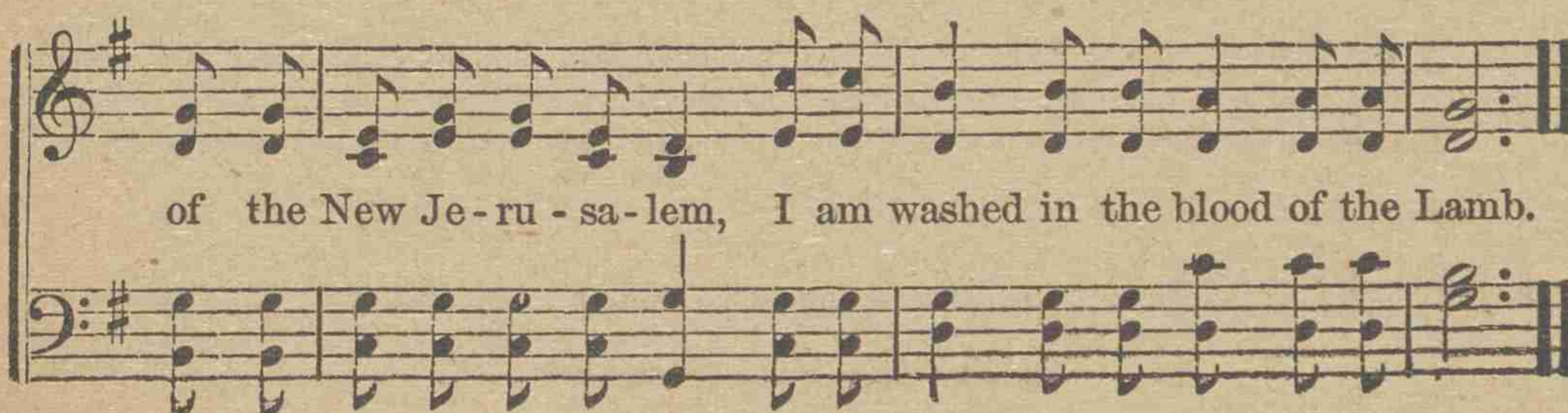
CHORUS.



I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Jeru - sa - lem, I am



washed in the blood of the Lamb,..... I will meet you in the City
 washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,



of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

LIFE BEYOND.

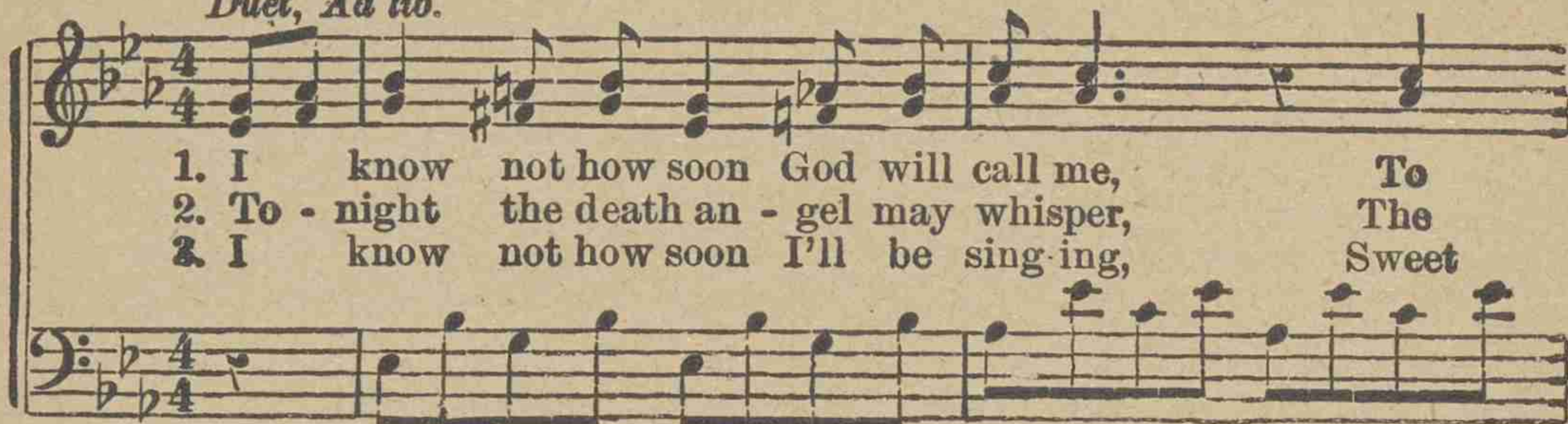
318. I Know Not.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. xxiv. 42.

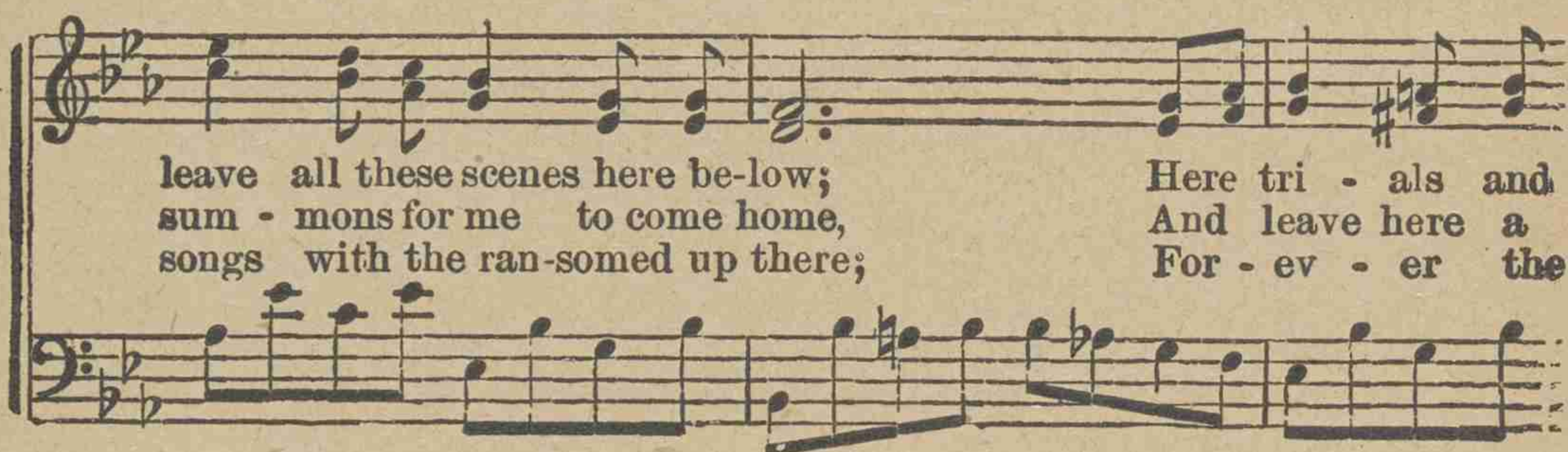
JOHN McPHERSON.

J. F. KINSEY.

Duet, Ad lib.



1. I know not how soon God will call me, To
 2. To - night the death an - gel may whisper, The
 3. I know not how soon I'll be sing - ing, Sweet

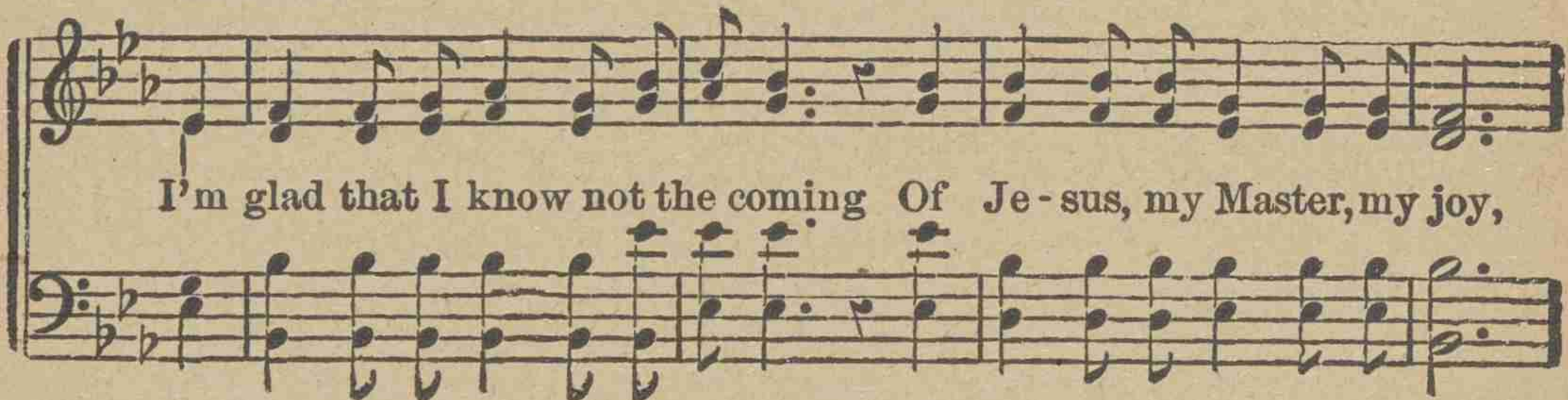


leave all these scenes here be-low; Here tri - als and
 sum - mons for me to come home, And leave here a
 songs with the ran-somed up there; For - ev - er the



troub - les be - fall me, I care not how soon I may go.
 broth - er or sis - ter, My sud - den de - par - ture to mourn.
 an - thems are ringing, O'er heaven's dear land - scape so fair.

CHORUS.



I'm glad that I know not the coming Of Je - sus, my Master, my joy,



But soon he will take me from roaming, To rest where no foes can annoy.

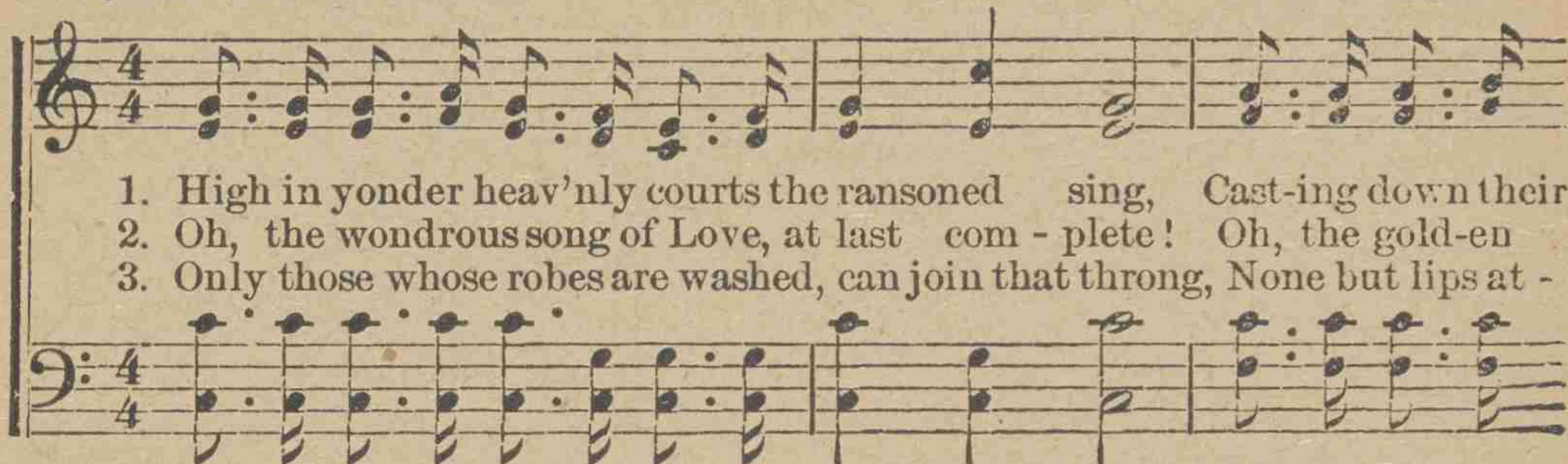
By per. "The Home Music Co."

MISCELLANEOUS.

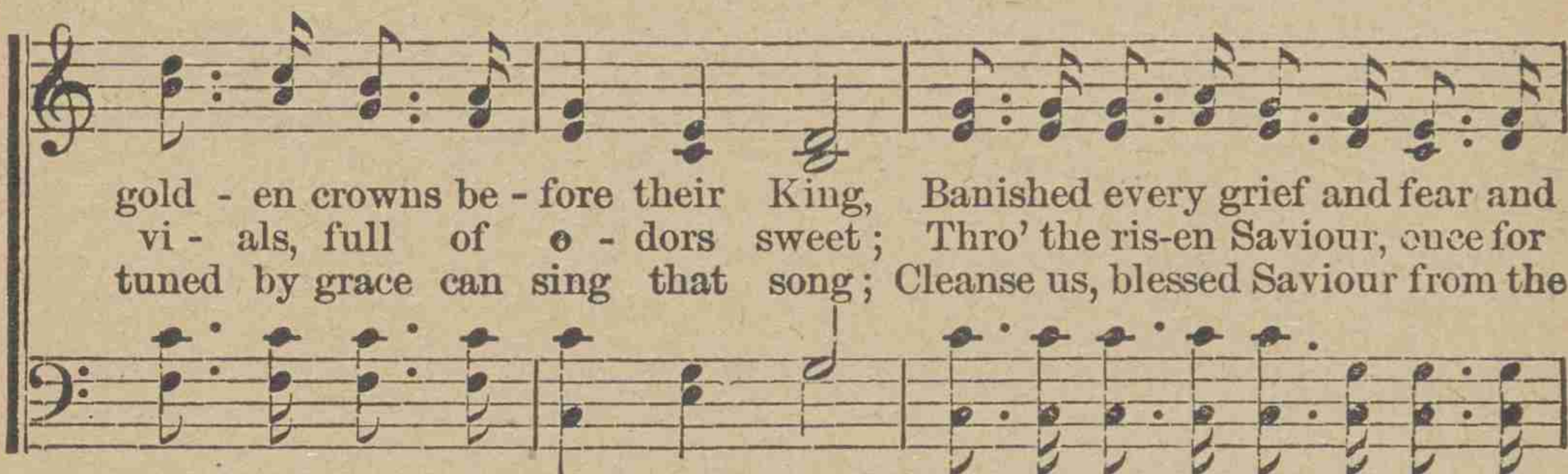
319. They Sing a New Song.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

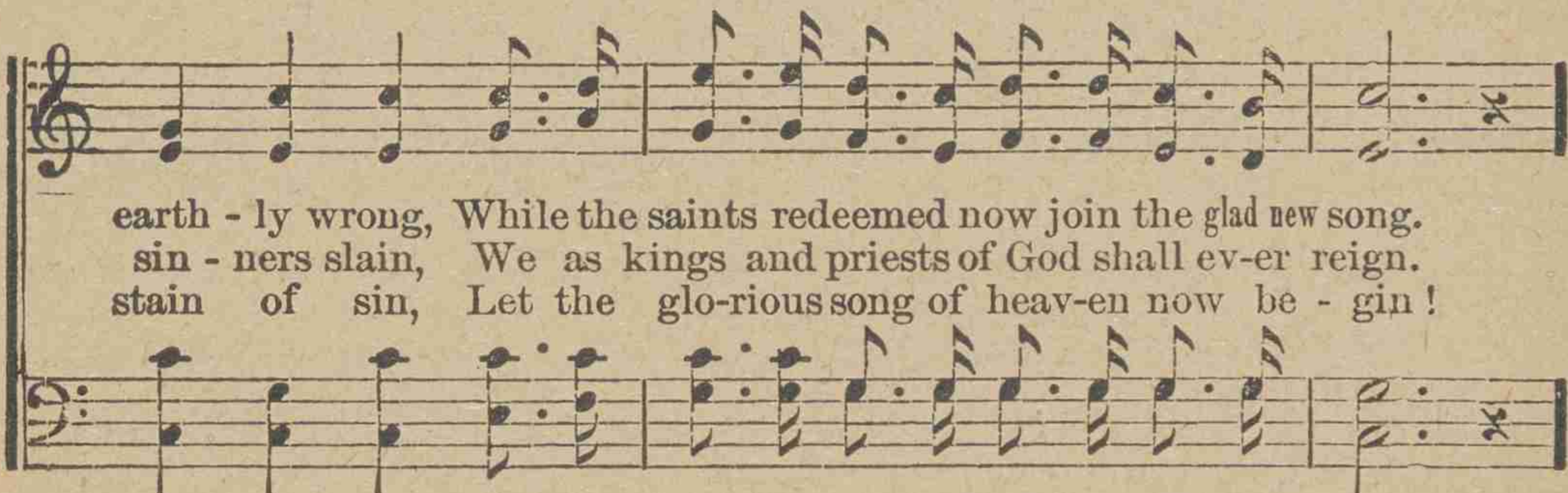
P. BILHORN.



1. High in yonder heav'nly courts the ransomed sing, Cast-ing down their
 2. Oh, the wondrous song of Love, at last com - plete! Oh, the gold-en
 3. Only those whose robes are washed, can join that throng, None but lips at -




gold - en crowns be - fore their King, Banished every grief and fear and
 vi - als, full of o - dors sweet; Thro' the ris-en Saviour, once for
 tuned by grace can sing that song; Cleanse us, blessed Saviour from the



earth - ly wrong, While the saints redeemed now join the glad new song.
 sin - ners slain, We as kings and priests of God shall ev-er reign.
 stain of sin, Let the glo-rious song of heav-en now be - gin!

CHORUS.



Sing - - ing to the Lamb..... who once was
 Sing - - ing to the Lamb..... who ev - er
 Singing to the Lamb, Singing to the Lamb,



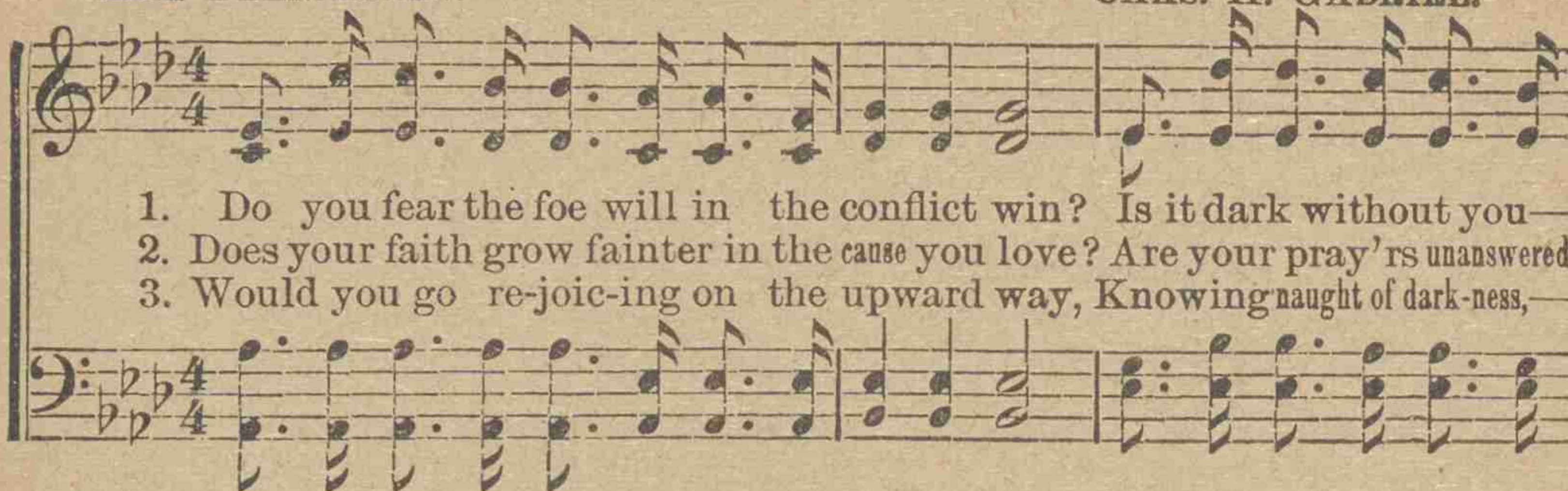
1 slain on Cal - va - ry; 2 lives e - ter - nal - ly.
 Cal - va - ry;

MISCELLANEOUS.

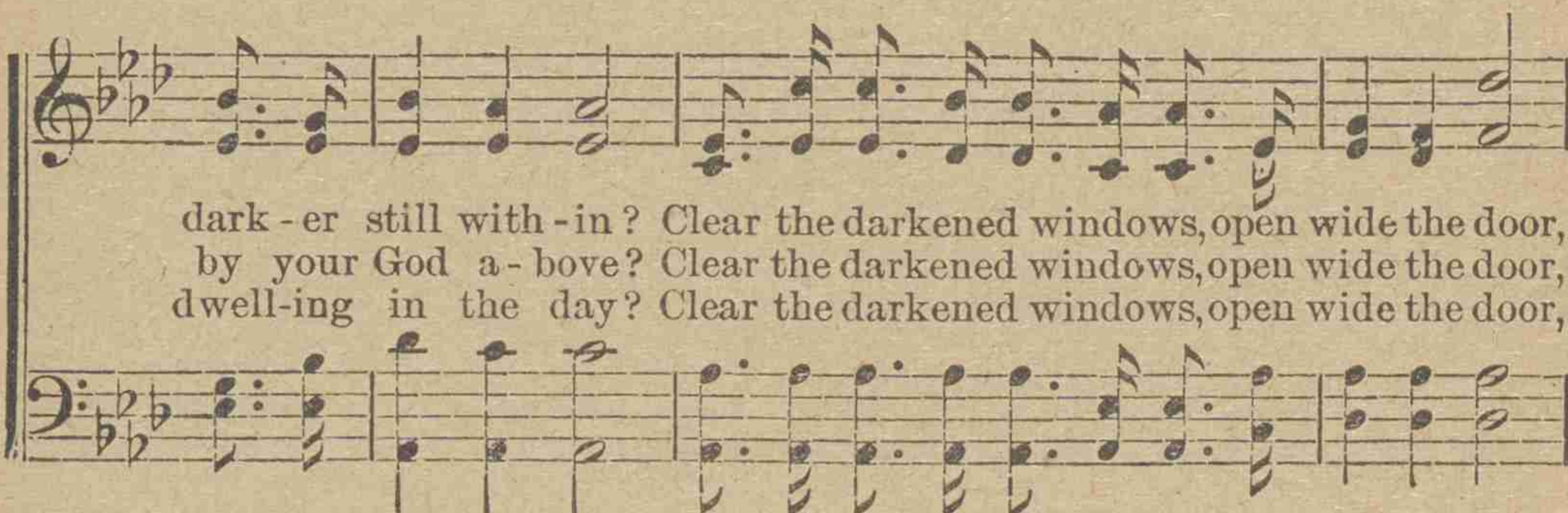
320. Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win? Is it dark without you—
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs unanswered
 3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the upward way, Knowing naught of dark-ness,—



dark-er still with-in? Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
 by your God a-bove? Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
 dwell-ing in the day? Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,

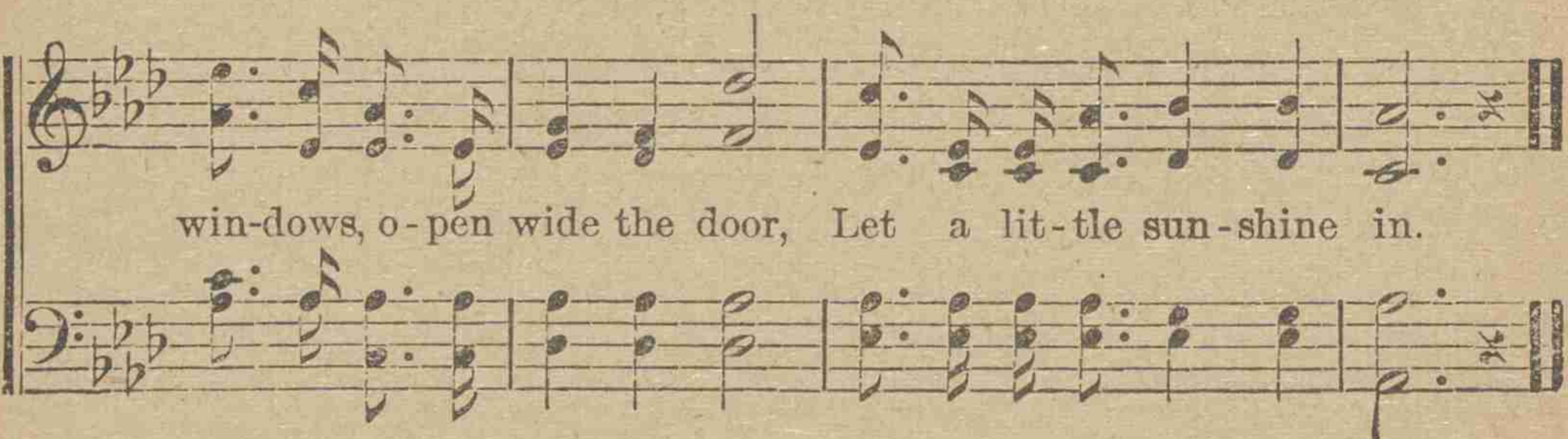
CHORUS.



Let a little sunshine in. } Let a little sunshine in.....
 Let a little sunshine in. }
 Let a little sunshine in. } the sunshine in,



Let a lit-tle sun-shine in;..... Clear the darkened
 the sunshine in.



win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

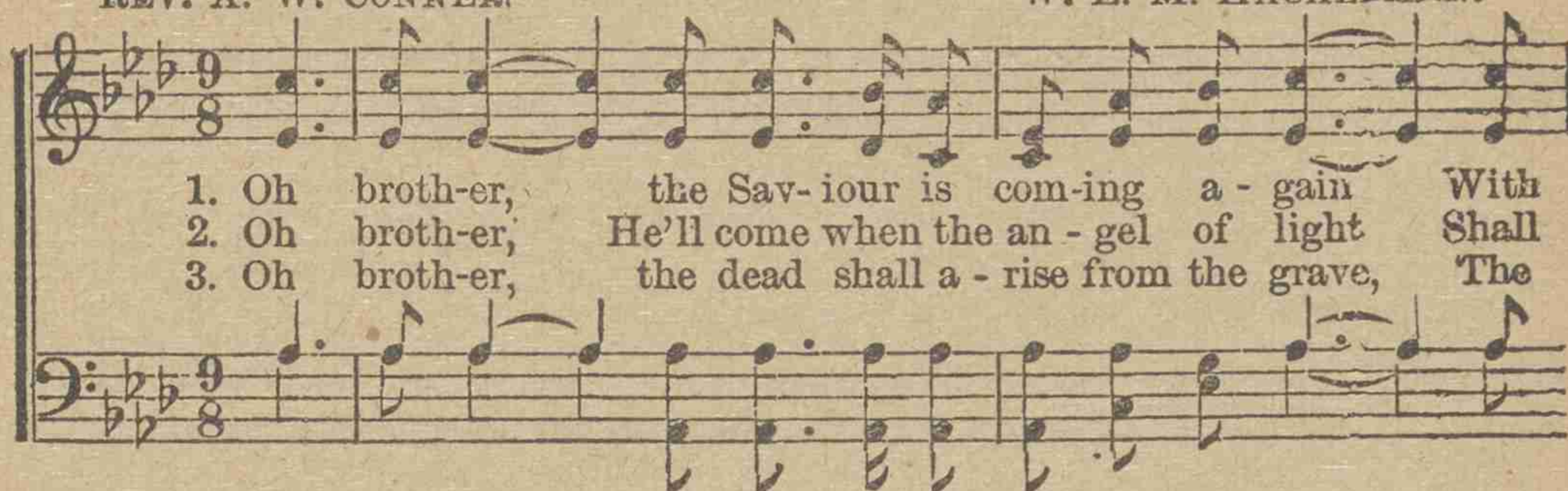
MISCELLANEOUS.

821. What Will You Do When the Saviour Comes?

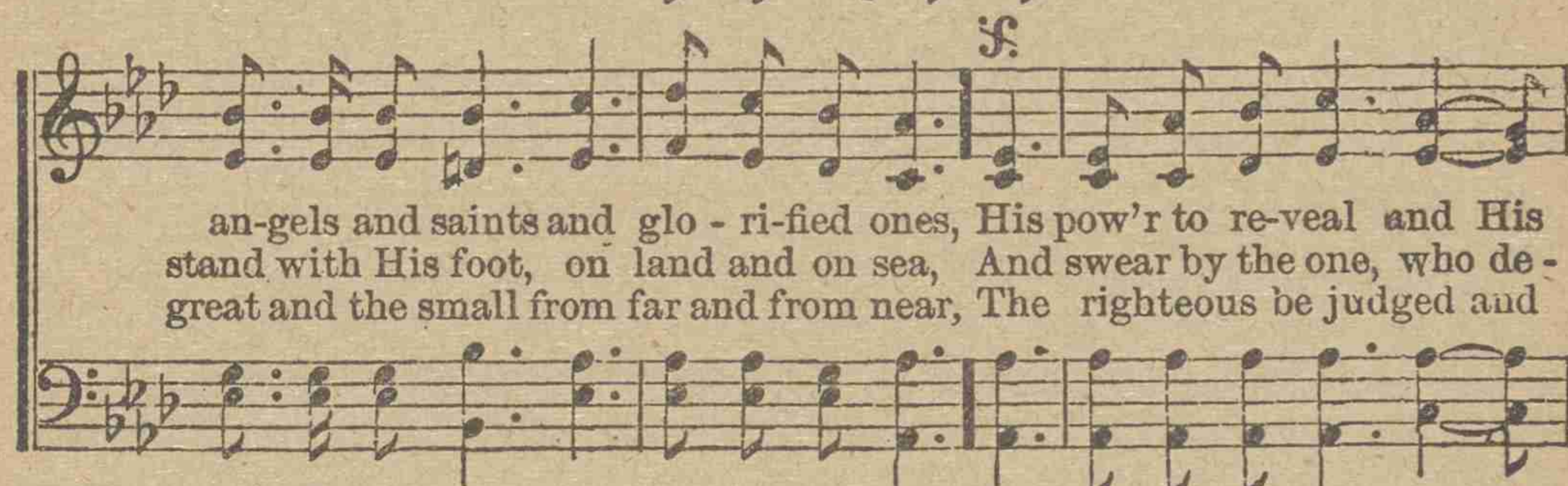
May be used as a Solo.

REV. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

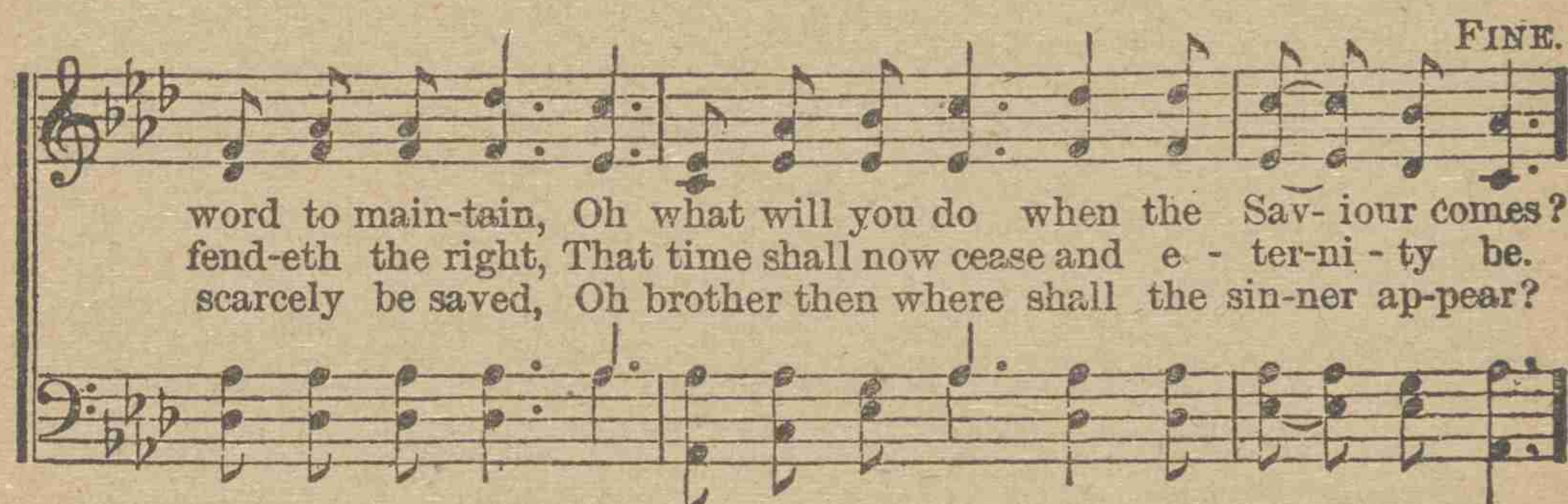


1. Oh brother, the Sav-iour is com-ing a - gain With
 2. Oh brother, He'll come when the an - gel of light Shall
 3. Oh brother, the dead shall a - rise from the grave, The



an-gels and saints and glo - ri-fied ones, His pow'r to re-veal and His
 stand with His foot, on land and on sea, And swear by the one, who de-
 great and the small from far and from near, The righteous be judged and

D. S.—He's com-ing to judge, and He's



word to main-tain, Oh what will you do when the Sav-iour comes?
 fend-eth the right, That time shall now cease and e - ter-ni - ty be.
 scarcely be saved, Oh brother then where shall the sin-ner ap-pear?

com-ing to save, Oh what will you do when the Sav-iour comes?

CHORUS.



Oh what will you do,..... what will you do;.....

D. S.




What will you do when the Sav-iour comes?

MISCELLANEOUS.



322. He Calleth for Thee.

ADA BLENKHORN.



P. P. BILHORN.





1. He is call-ing thee, my brother, He is call-ing you to-day,
 2. Now a - rise and say, "My Father, I have sinn'd and griev'd Thee sore,
 3. Ere thou reachest home He'll see thee and will hast-en thee to greet,
 4. He will spread for thee a ban-quet, all the saved will join the throng,


Why from Him in cold and hun-ger wilt thou roam? He so
 I have spurned Thy lov-ing fa-vor man-y years; Oh, have
 With His arms out-stretched to clasp thee to His breast; He will
 He will clothe thee in a robe of right-eous-ness; All the

pa-tient-ly en-treat-eth thee no long-er to de-lay,
 mer-cy, I be-seech Thee, Thy for-give-ness I im-plore;
 glad-ly give thee wel-come and with ten-der-ness will meet;
 saints and an-gels gath-er round the throne will sing the song

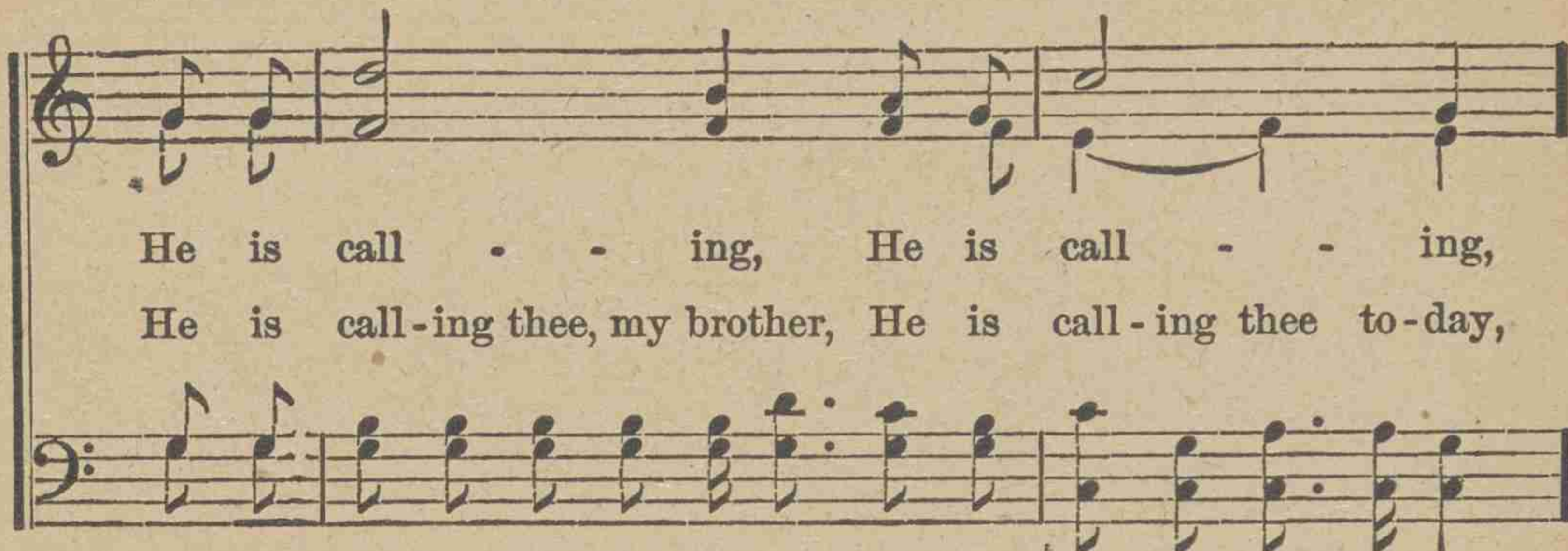
For there's food and shel-ter wait-ing thee at home.
 With a par-don ban-ish all my doubts and fears.
 Thou at home wilt be thy Fa-ther's fa-vored guest.
 Of re-demp-tion—and the Fa-ther's name will bless.



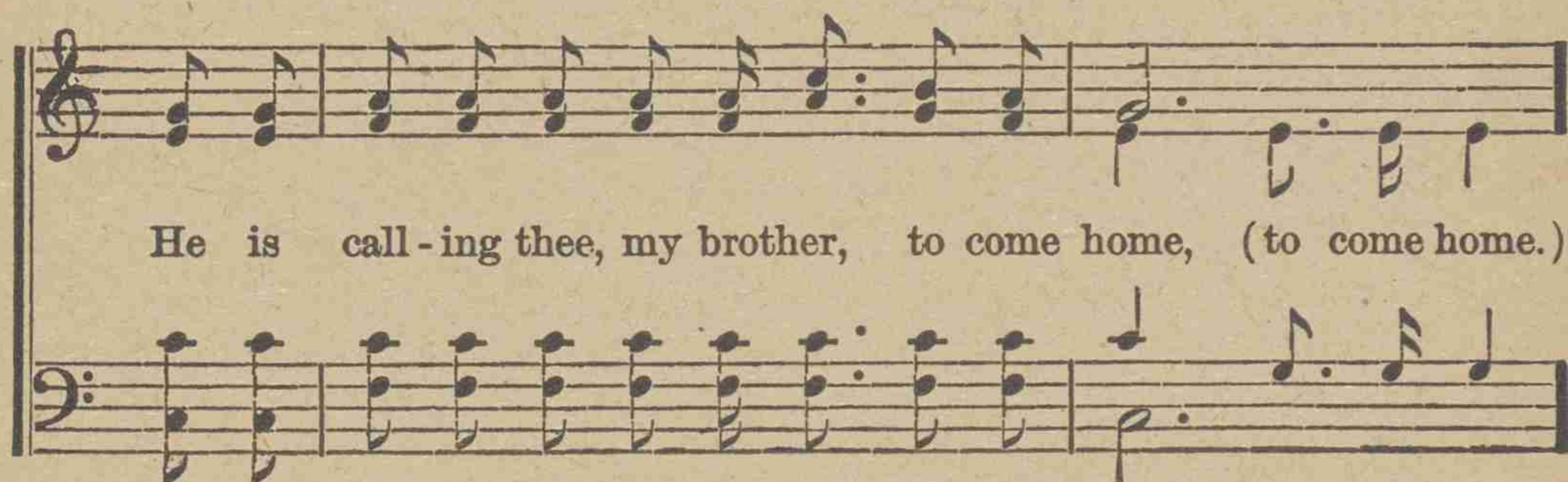
MISCELLANEOUS.

He Calleth for Thee.—Concluded.

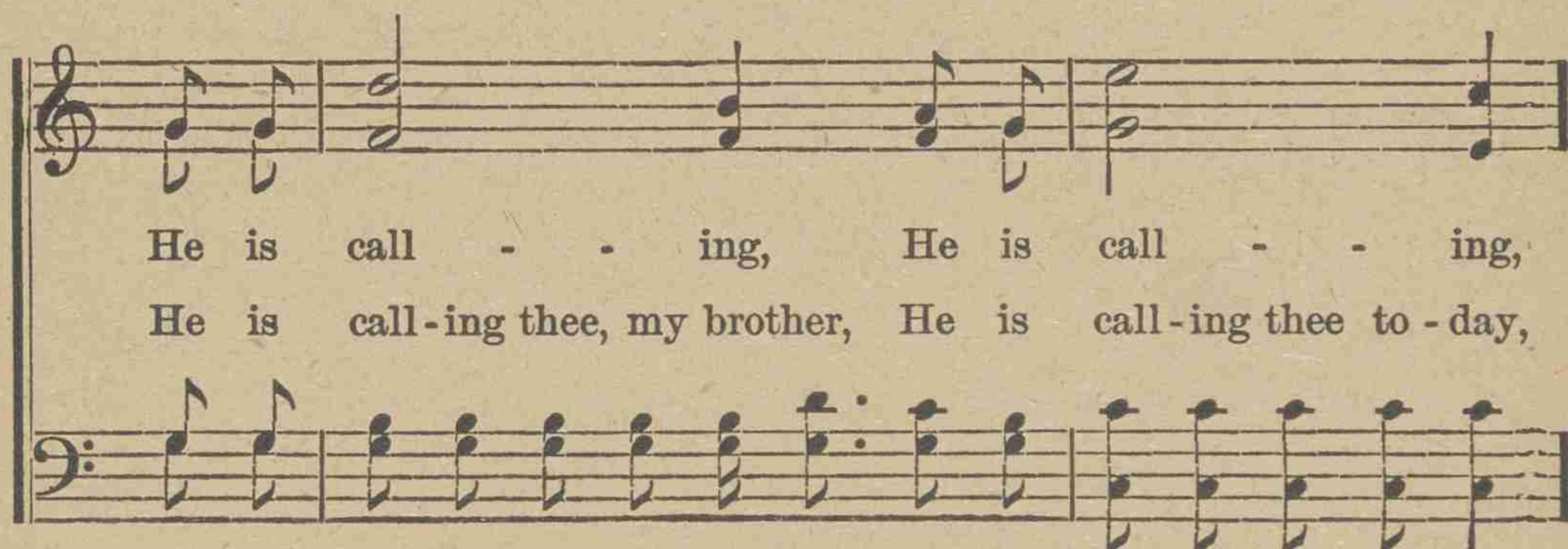
CHORUS.



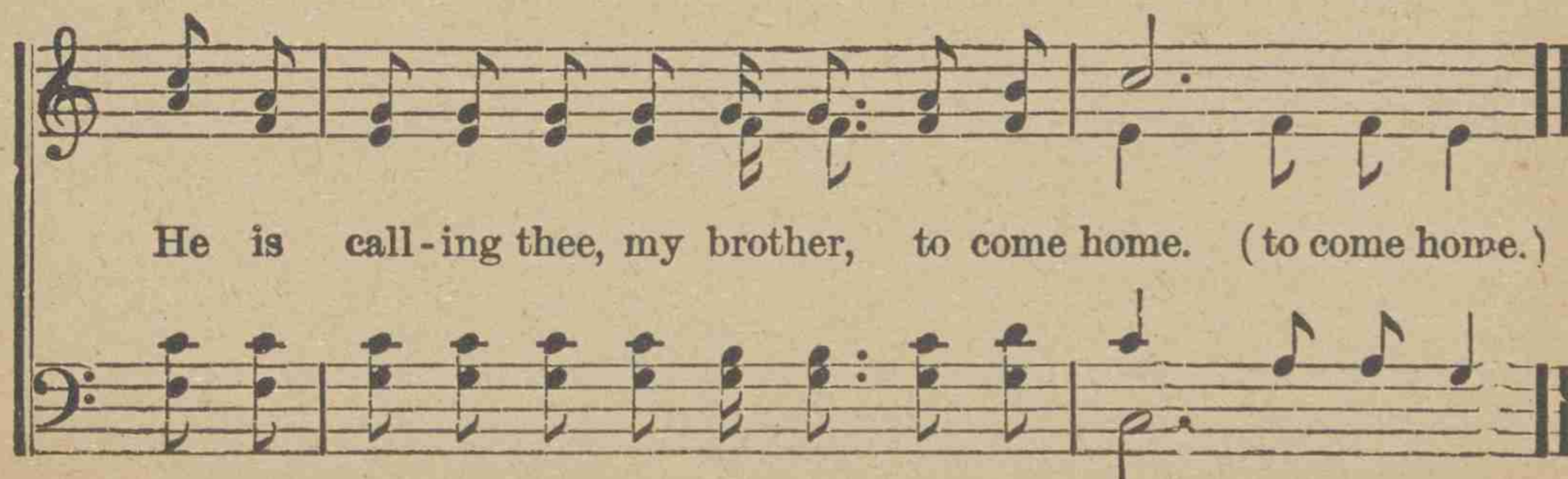
He is call - - ing, He is call - - ing,
He is call-ing thee, my brother, He is call-ing thee to-day,



He is call-ing thee, my brother, to come home, (to come home.)



He is call - - ing, He is call - - ing,
He is call-ing thee, my brother, He is call-ing thee to-day,

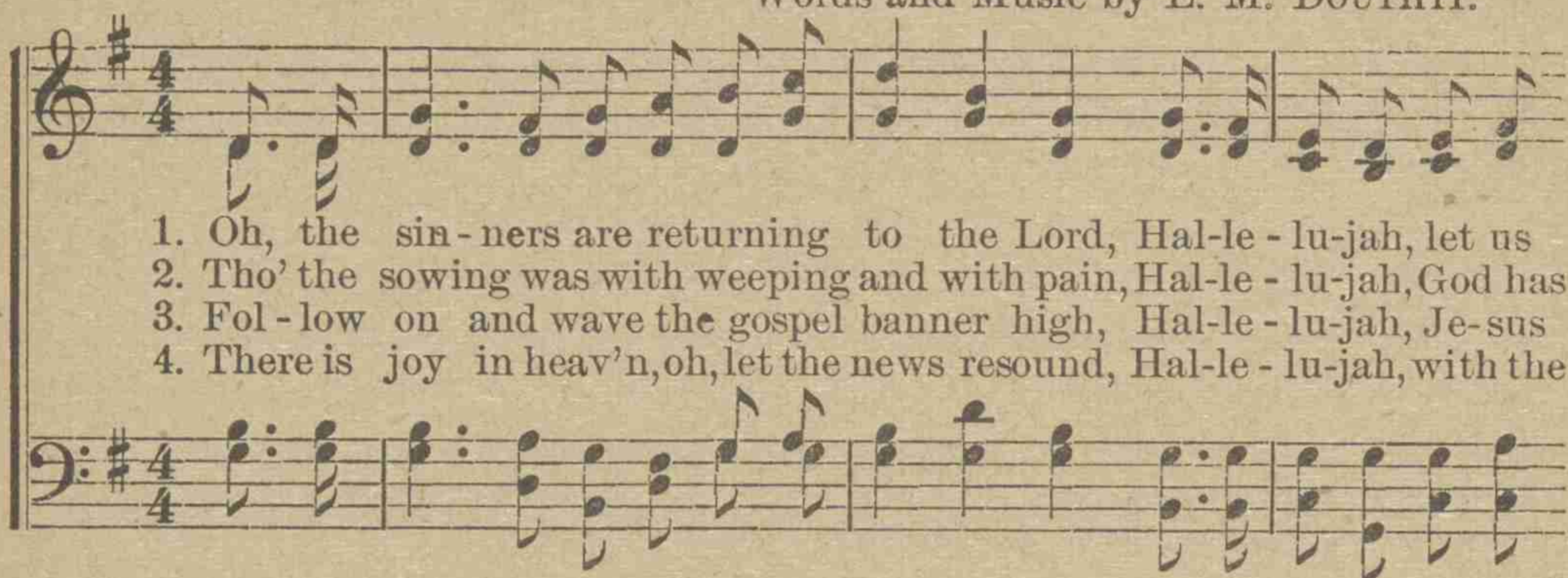


He is call-ing thee, my brother, to come home. (to come home.)

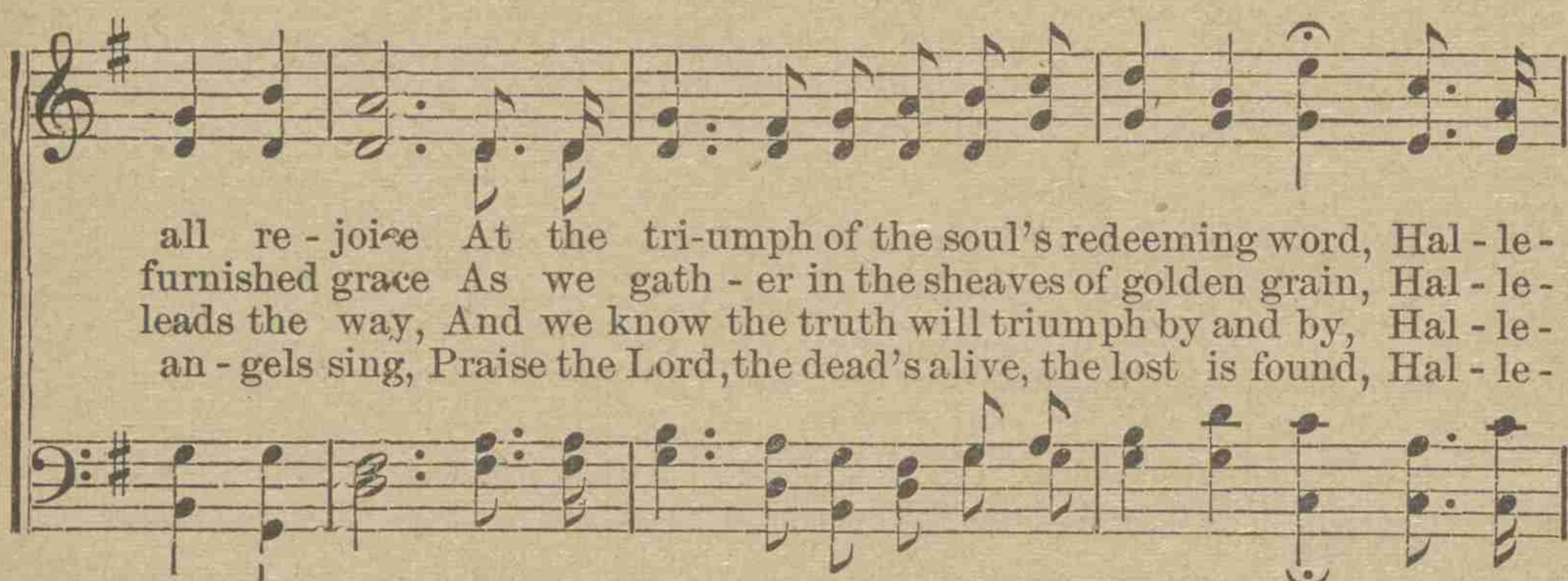
MISCELLANEOUS.

323. Shout for Joy.

Words and Music by E. M. DOUTHIT.

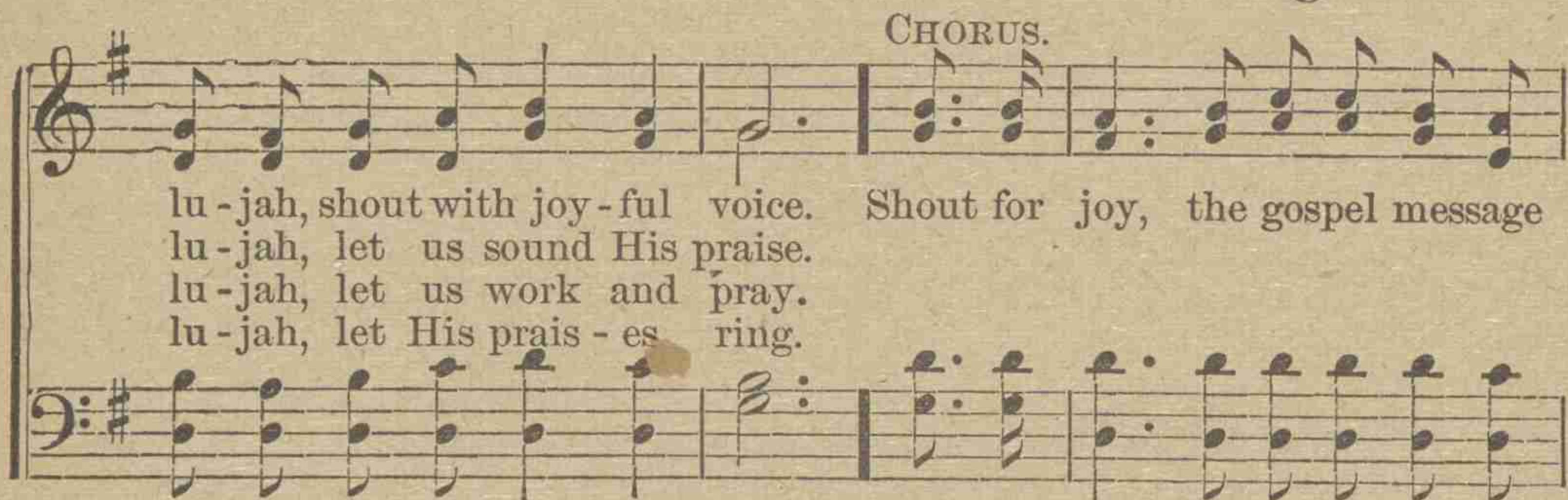


1. Oh, the sin-ners are returning to the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, let us
 2. Tho' the sowing was with weeping and with pain, Hal-le-lu-jah, God has
 3. Fol-low on and wave the gospel banner high, Hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus
 4. There is joy in heav'n, oh, let the news resound, Hal-le-lu-jah, with the

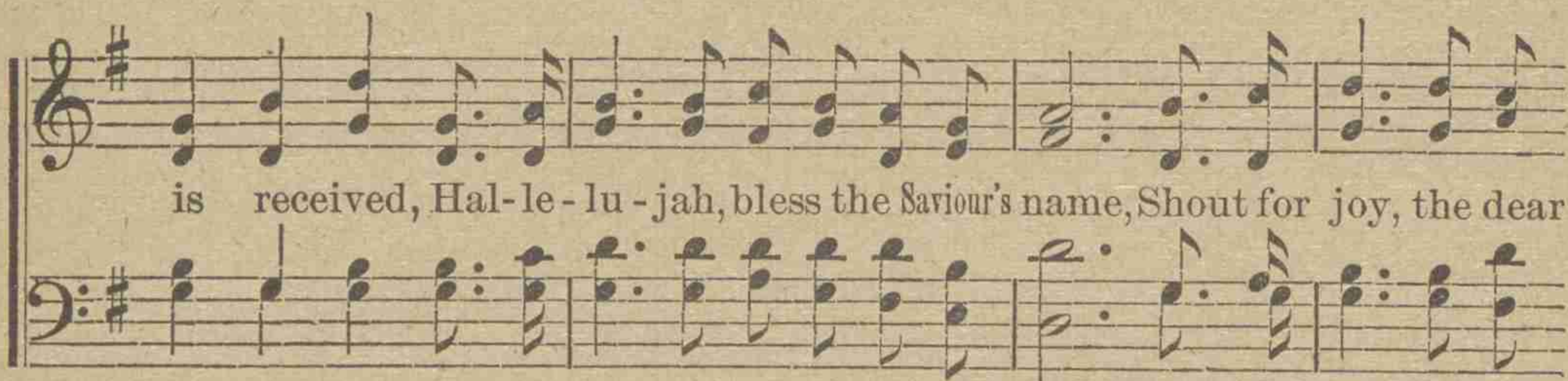


all re-joice At the tri-umph of the soul's redeeming word, Hal-le-
 furnished grace As we gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain, Hal-le-
 leads the way, And we know the truth will triumph by and by, Hal-le-
 an-gels sing, Praise the Lord, the dead's alive, the lost is found, Hal-le-

CHORUS.



lu-jah, shout with joy-ful voice. Shout for joy, the gospel message
 lu-jah, let us sound His praise.
 lu-jah, let us work and pray.
 lu-jah, let His prais-es ring.



is received, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless the Saviour's name, Shout for joy, the dear



old sto-ry is believed, Hal-le-lu-jah, swell the glad re-frain.

MISCELLANEOUS.


324. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love Him;
 2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I never will cease to love Him;
 3. Tho' all the world His love neglect, I never will cease to love Him;
 4. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I never will cease to love Him;
 5. While on my journey here be-low, I never will cease to love Him;

And for His grace so rich and free, I never will cease to love Him.
 He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to love Him.
 I could not such a Friend re-ject, I never will cease to love Him.
 Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I never will cease to love Him.
 And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



I never will cease to love Him, my Sav-ior, my Savior;
 I never will cease to love Him, He's my Sav-ior, He's my Savior;




I never will cease to love Him, He's done so much for me.
 I never will cease to love Him, For He's done so much for me.



MISCELLANEOUS.

325. Under the Cross.

CHAS. WESLEY.

E. O. EXCELL.



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



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high !
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last !
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me :
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of Thy wing !



Hal - le - lu - jah !

CHORUS.



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie ;



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross I'll die.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.</p> | <p>6. Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.</p> |
|--|---|

MISCELLANEOUS.

326. Lo, I Am With You.

Mrs. J. V. C.

Mat. xxviii, 20.

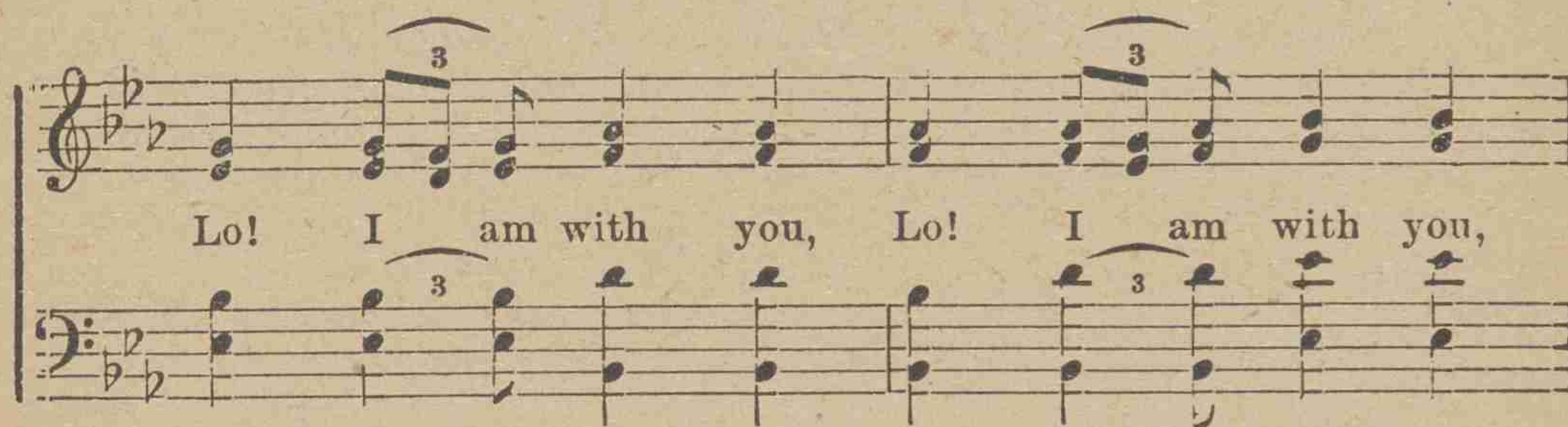
Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.



1. Hear the words of long a-go, From the mount in Gal-i-lee,
2. See the heath-en na-tions bow, As they catch the ray of light,
3. Loud and strong the cry comes on To us as to those of old,



Spok-en by the Lord of Love "Teach the world to fol-low me."
Eag-er now to be released From the dark-ness of the night.
"Teach the world to fol-low me," Let the Sto-ry oft be told.



Lo! I am with you, Lo! I am with you,



Lo! I am with you al-ways ev-en to the end.



327. SWEET BY-AND-BY.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.</p> | <p>2 We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.</p> |
|---|--|

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>CHO.--In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.</p> | <p>3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.</p> |
|--|---|

MISCELLANEOUS.

328. Saved by Mother's Prayer.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con espressione.

1. When a boy has strayed in paths of shame, In search of
 2. As he stands be - fore the gates of hell, Those words shall
 3. Those mem'-ries dear of child-hood days, Shall make him
 4. By Christ for - giv'n thro' depths of grace, He longs to
 5. Oh rapt-'rous joy! Oh heav'n-ly bliss! His moth - er

pleasure, wealth or fame, The words that follow ev - 'ry-where, Are those he
 wield a mag-ic spell, He then shall see this vis-ion fair, — His mother
 hate his sin-ful ways, From sin he'll long to be as free, As when he
 see his mother's face, To tell to her his ev-'ry care, With her a
 meets him with a kiss, "The glory's Thine," she shouts with joy, "Lord Je - sus

*Omit to * for 2nd and 3rd stanzas.*

heard in moth - er's pray'r. 1. When hosts of hell combine their
 knelt in eve - ning pray'r. 2. (Omit).....
 knelt at moth - er's knee. 3. (Omit).....
 gain to kneel in pray'r. 4. He stands a - gain at moth - er's
 Thou hast sav'd my boy." 5. Oh an - gels tune your harps a

MISCELLANEOUS.

Saved by Mother's Prayer.—Continued.

power, To drag him down in an aw - ful hour, And drown his
door, From which he wan - dered years be - fore, Oh anx - ious
new, As from your heights this scene you view, And shout thro'

f *ff* *f*

soul in deep de - spair, Then comes a - gain his mother's prayer.
souls, what joys a - wait, The opening of that narrow gate!
out the heav'nly choir, The boy is saved by mother's prayer.

ff *ff* *rit.* FINE.

*Remainder of 2nd and 3rd stanzas.
Prayerfully.

2. "God bless my boy" he'll hear her say, "And keep him in the nar-row way.
3. "Oh Christ for-give" he then shall cry, "My ma-ny sins in days gone by.

f *p* *f* *p*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Saved by Mother's Prayer.—Concluded.

His soul pro-tect from ev-'ry snare, Oh lov-ing Sav - ior hear my prayer."
My mother's Sav - ior I'll o - bey, And walk for-ev - er in His way."

f *p* *f* *p* *pp*

329. Blessed Savior, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

1. Bless-ed Sav - ior, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear,
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there;

D.S.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, wanderer come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice
When the storms are ra - ging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad-ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

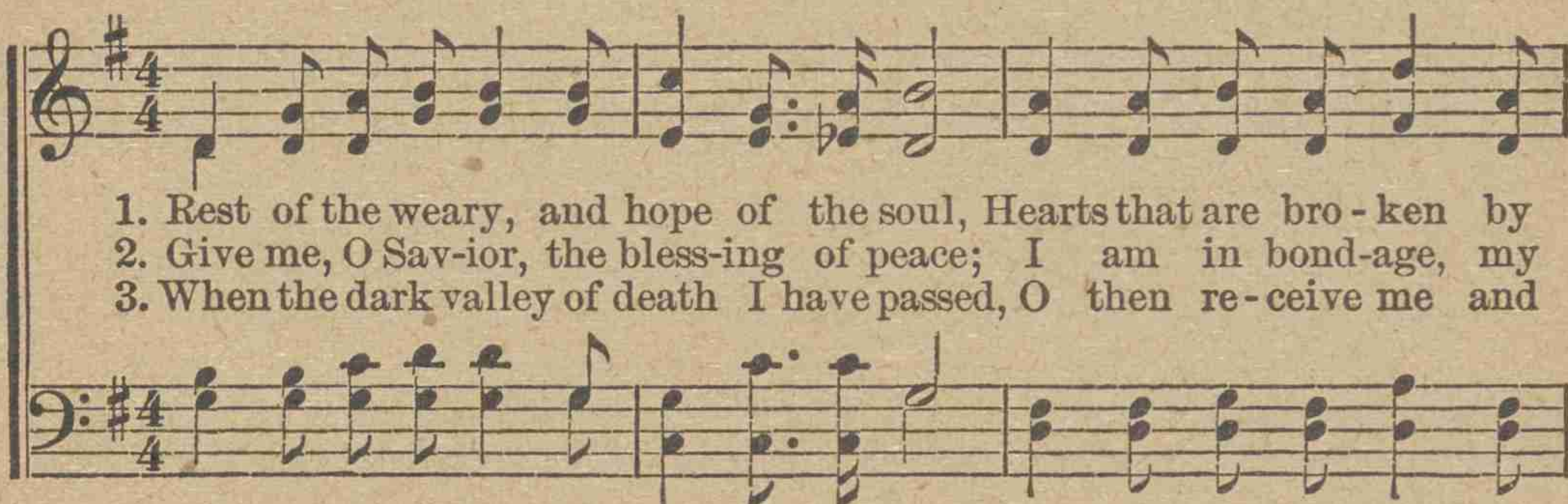
MISCELLANEOUS.

330. Star of My Night.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—Matt. 2: 10.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Rest of the weary, and hope of the soul, Hearts that are bro - ken by
 2. Give me, O Sav-ior, the bless-ing of peace; I am in bond-age, my
 3. When the dark valley of death I have passed, O then re-ceive me and



thee are made whole; Thou art my ref-uge, my trust is in thee;
 spir - it re-lease; Cleanse me and make me all spot-less with-in;
 guide me at last, In - to the beau-ti - ful home of the blest,

CHORUS.



Pit - y-ing Je-sus, compassionate me.
 Free me for-ev - er from fet-ters of sin. } Star of my night, star of my night,
 Glo - ri-ous kingdom of heaven-ly rest. }



Shine on me ev - er, and guide me a-right, Star of my night, (bright)



star of my night, Shine on me ev - er, and guide me a-right.

MISCELLANEOUS.

331. The Rock that is Higher Than I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISHER, by per.

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

And sorrows, how oft-en they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
 But toil-ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet.
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the
 let me fly,

Rock that is high - er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
 is high - er than I,

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

To REV. JAS. CONNER, SR. A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL FOR 65 YEARS.


332. Life's Story in Song.

Solo or Quartette.


REV. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.


Largo espressione.




1. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak en," Sang a lad of ten-der years,
2. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a man of toil and care,
3. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a pil-grim bent with years,
4. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang they at his last re-quest,



Lit - tle think - ing of life's burdens, Or its coming doubts and fears.
 Ma - ny friend of earth had left him, — For the cross he chose to bear.
 Sang and tho' of friends de - part - ed, As he trod a vale of tears.
 As they sang he saw a vis - ion, 'Twas his home, his long sought rest.



Glad - ly he his cross had tak - en, While his heart from care was free;
 Still his heart was fixed on Je - sus, And he trod life's path a - lone;
 Thought, and longed to leave his burdens, And his friends in glo - ry see.
 Then they stopped to catch the whispers, As he trod death's vale a - lone,



And he sang with true de - vo - tion, "Thou from hence my all shalt be."
 Ev - er sing - ing with submission, "God and Heav'n are still my own."
 But he sang with true e - mo - tion, "Thou from hence my all shalt be."
 And they heard him calmly saying, "God and Heav'n are still my own."
 shalt be.
 my own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

333. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at ev-en-tide, His tempter was watching close
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he

by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempter, come

right against wrong. But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,


SOLO.

ORGAN.

Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sinner and the Song.—Concluded.



Savior, he dwells in that song, O Lord can it be that a



sinner like me, May find a sweet refuge by coming to thee?

pp QUARTET.



Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee.

SOLO.

ORGAN.



I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.



O, re - ceive my soul at last.....

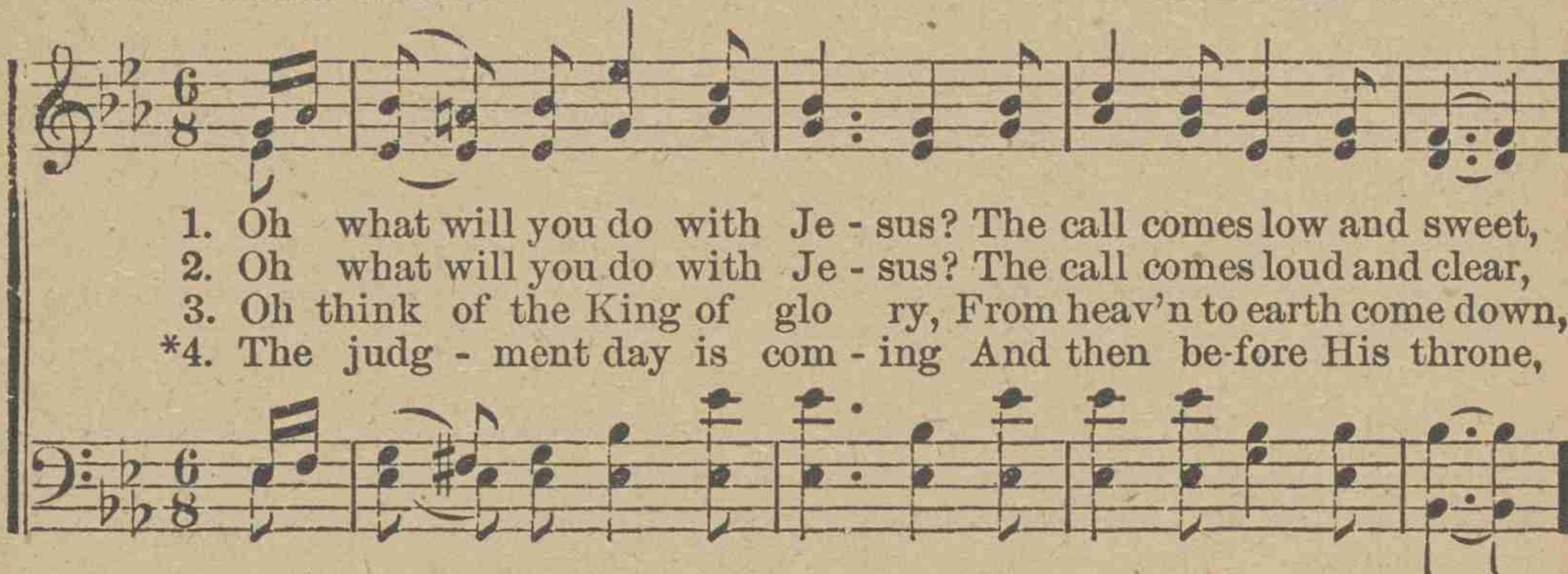
MISCELLANEOUS.

334. What Will You Do With Jesus?

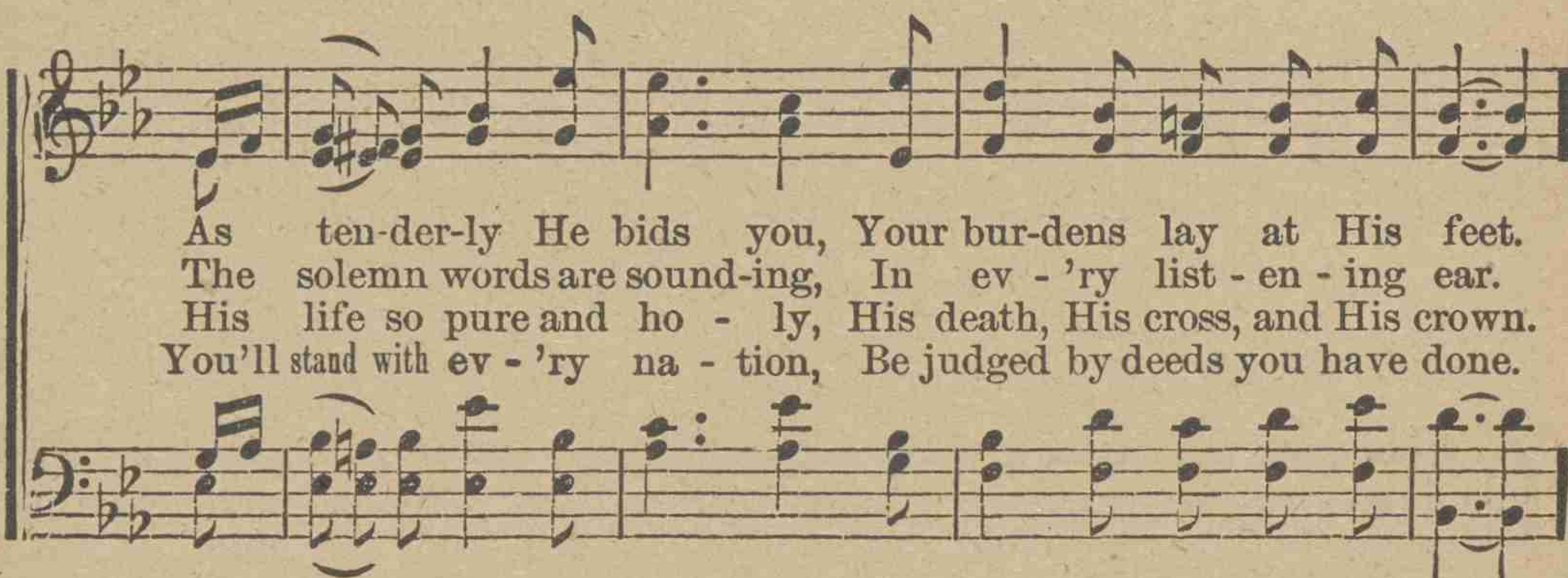
May be used as a Solo.

NATHANIEL NORTON.

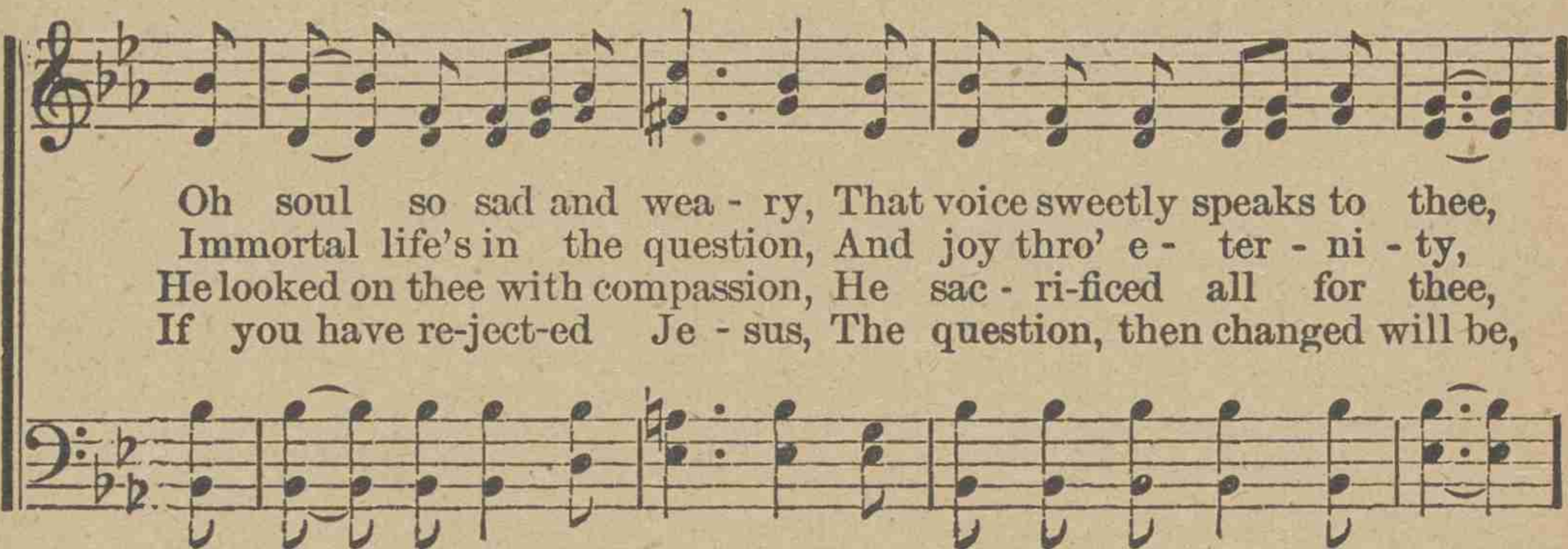
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



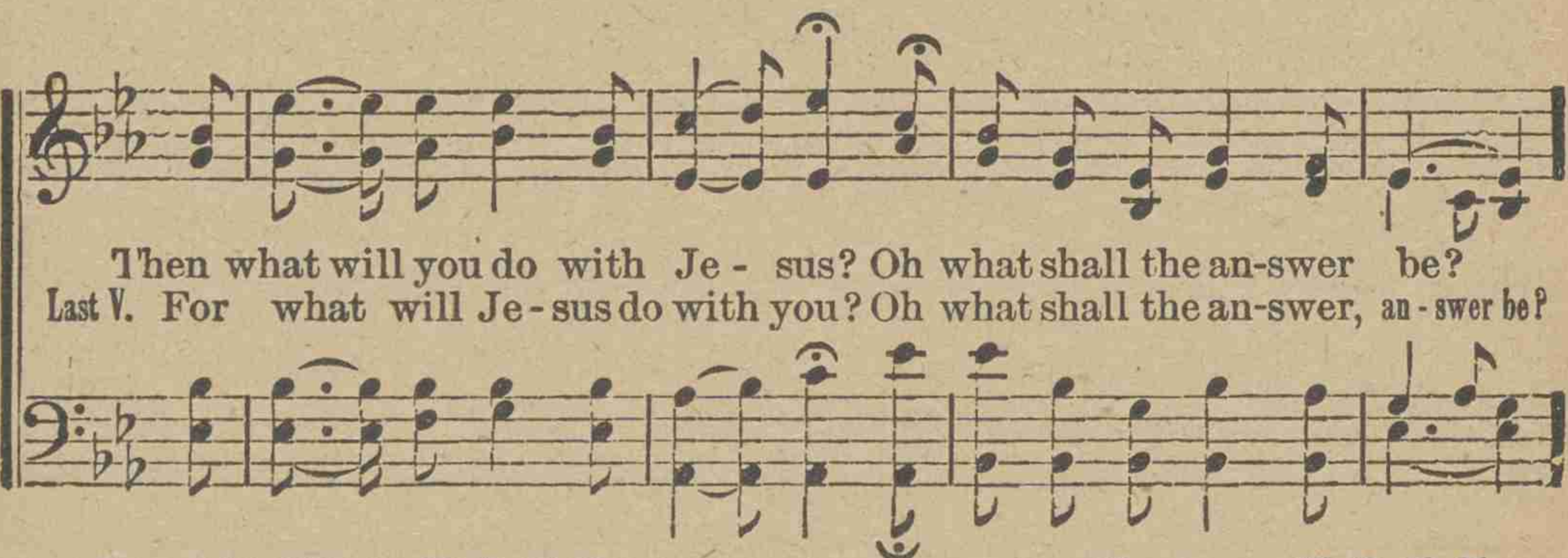
1. Oh what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet,
 2. Oh what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear,
 3. Oh think of the King of glo ry, From heav'n to earth come down,
 *4. The judg - ment day is com - ing And then be-fore His throne,



As ten-der-ly He bids you, Your bur-dens lay at His feet.
 The solemn words are sound-ing, In ev - 'ry list - en - ing ear.
 His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, and His crown.
 You'll stand with ev - 'ry na - tion, Be judged by deeds you have done.



Oh soul so sad and wea - ry, That voice sweetly speaks to thee,
 Immortal life's in the question, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty,
 He looked on thee with compassion, He sac - ri-ficed all for thee,
 If you have re-ject-ed Je - sus, The question, then changed will be,



Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh what shall the an-swer be?
 Last V. For what will Je-sus do with you? Oh what shall the an-swer, an - swer be?

MISCELLANEOUS

What Will You Do With Jesus?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?
 What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?
 Last V. What will He do with you? What will He do with you?
 What will He do with you? What will He do with you?

Oh what will you do with Je - sus? Oh what shall the an - swer be?
 Then what will Je - sus do with you? Oh what shall the an - swer, an - swer be?

335. Prince of Peace.

MARY BARBER

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
 2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate of God:
 3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
 4. Sav-iour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou, my Life, my God, my All.

Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my Spir - it in - to peace.
 Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
 Chase these doubtings from my heart—Now Thy per - fect peace im-part.
 Let Thy hap - py ser-vant be, One for - ev - er-more with Thee.

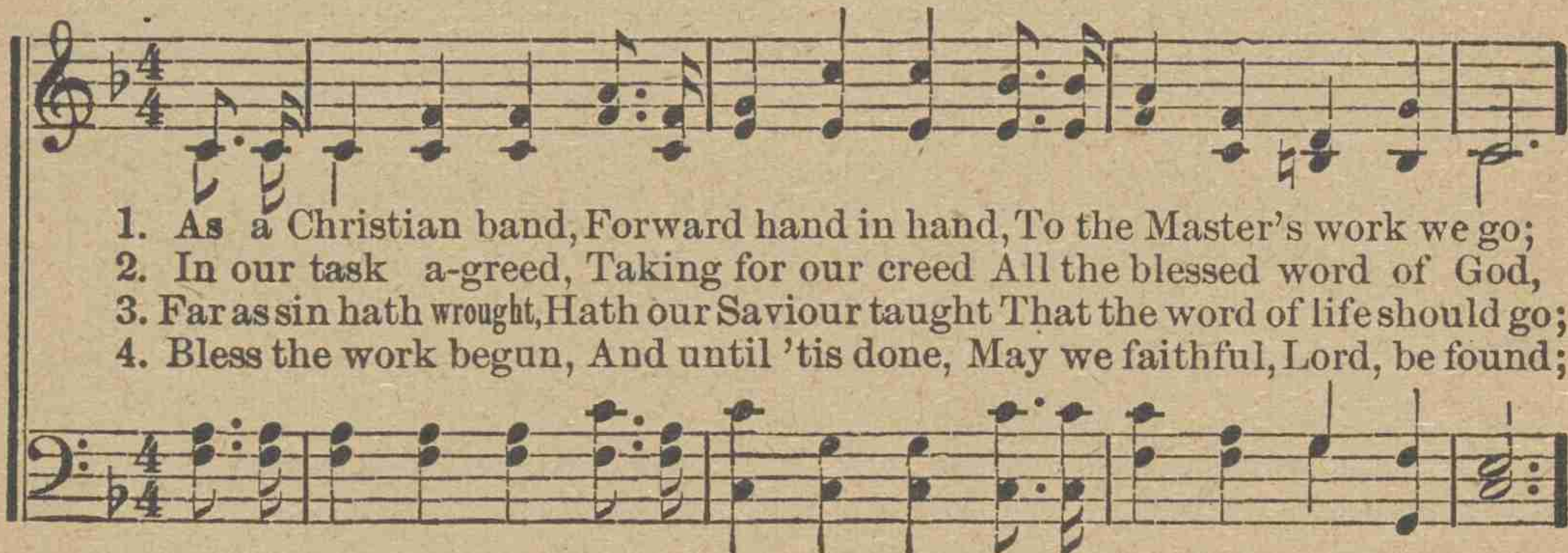
MISCELLANEOUS.

336. The Master's Work.

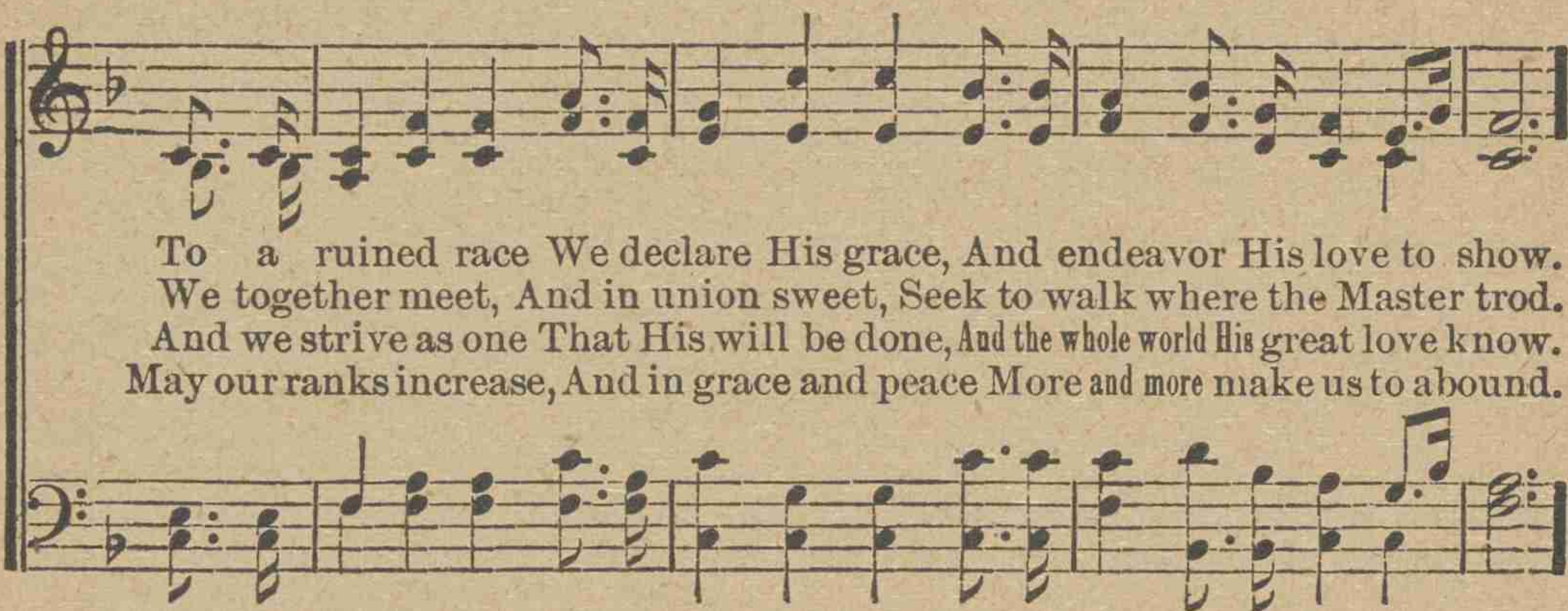
Dedicated to the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. As a Christian band, Forward hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;
 2. In our task a-greed, Taking for our creed All the blessed word of God,
 3. Far assin hath wrought, Hath our Saviour taught That the word of life should go;
 4. Bless the work begun, And until 'tis done, May we faithful, Lord, be found;

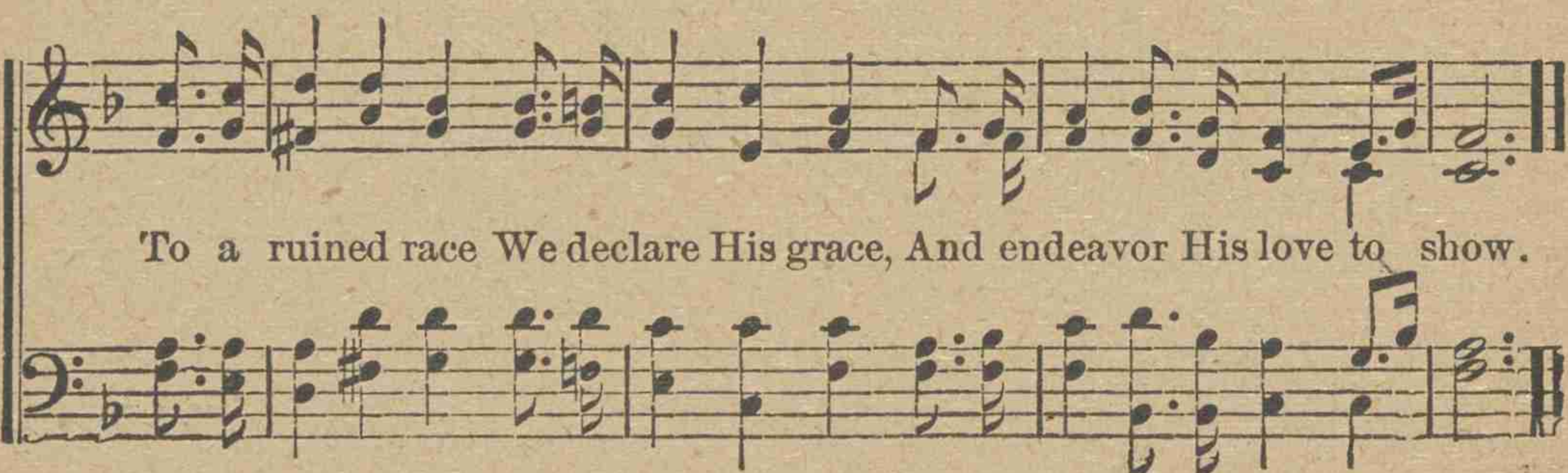


To a ruined race We declare His grace, And endeavor His love to show.
 We together meet, And in union sweet, Seek to walk where the Master trod.
 And we strive as one That His will be done, And the whole world His great love know.
 May our ranks increase, And in grace and peace More and more make us to abound.

CHORUS.



To the work, hand in hand, To the Master's work we go,
 To the work, hand in hand, gladly go;



To a ruined race We declare His grace, And endeavor His love to show.

MISCELLANEOUS.

337. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The message un - to
 2. I've a message full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A message, oh! my
 3. Life is offered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter - nal life thy
 4. I will tell you how I came; Hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus, when He




you I'll give, 'Tis re - corded in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 friend for you, 'Tis a message from above, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 made me whole; 'Twas be - lieving on His name, Hal - le - lu - jah!



D. S.—'Tis re - corded in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.


FINE.




It is on - ly that you "look and live." "Look and live,".....
 Je - sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
 Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
 I obeyed Him and He saved my soul. "Look and live,"



It is on - ly that you "look and live."



my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live.
 my brother, live, "Look and live."



D. S.

338. Hastening On.

F. F. D.

F. F. DAWDY.



1. Down to death, oh, what a thought! Soon will come the aw-ful day;
2. Ma - ny dear ones that we love, Ere they reach the o - cean wide,
3. Je - sus stands up-on the shore Of the land beyond the grave,
4. Time is flit - ting fast a - way; Soon will cease the heaving breast;



Down, by sin and sorrow brought, Ma - ny has - ten on the way.
 Let us win for heav'n a - bove, Soon they'll cross the stormy tide.
 Say-ing, "Live for-ev - er - more, Come, for I have pow'r to save."
 Come to Je - sus while you may, Come, and be for-ev - er blest.



CHORUS.



Hast - en-ing down..... the dark road to the grave;
 Hastening down, hastening down, hastening down the road to the grave,



Hast - en-ing on..... with no pow - er to save;
 Hastening on, hastening on, hastening on, no power to save;



Haste, then, oh, wan - d'r'er and turn from the way,
 Turn from the way, turn from the way, turn, then, oh, turn and leave the broad way.



Hastening On.—Concluded.



Trust..... and o - bey..... the dear Sav - ior to - day.....
 Trust and obey, trust and obey, trust and obey the Savior to-day.

339. Jesus, All in All.

THOS. HASTINGS.

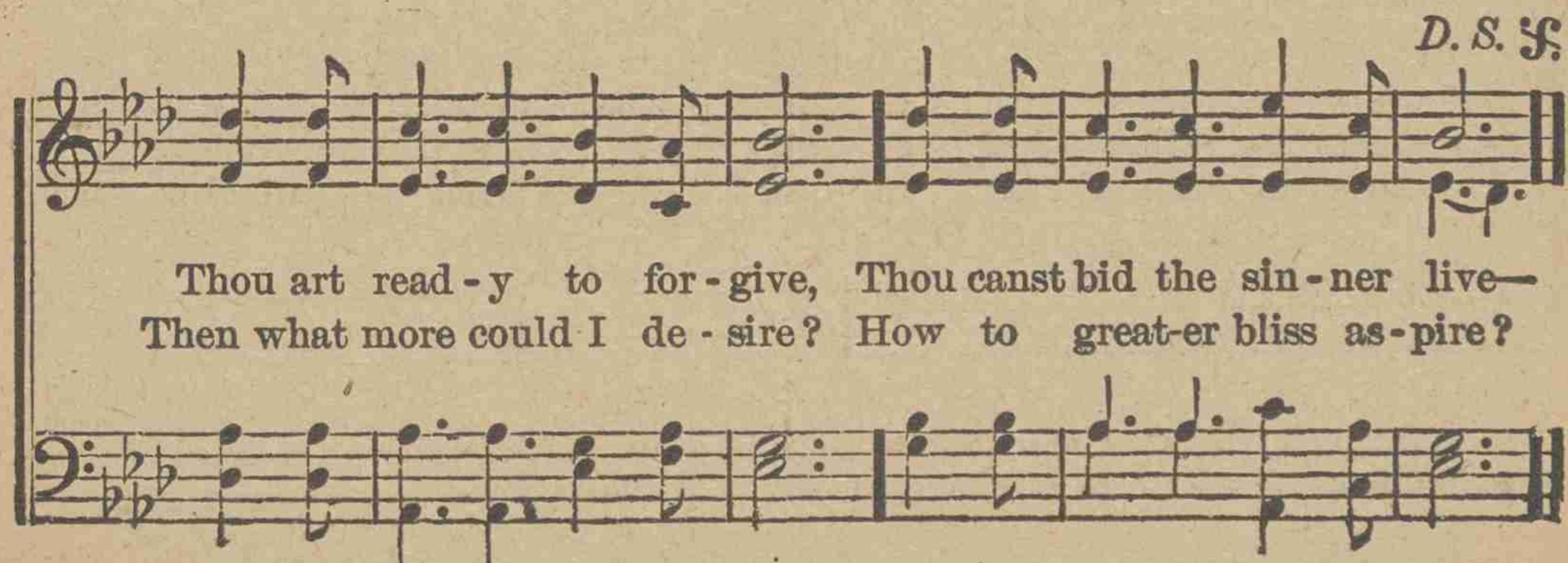
W. T. MOORE.



1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child;
 2. Thou canst fit me, by Thy grace, For the heav'nly dwelling-place;



On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea-ry soul re - cline;
 All Thy prom - is - es are sure, Ev - er shall Thy love en - dure;
 D. S.—Guide the wand' rer, day by day, In the straight and narrow way.
 D. S.—All I need, in Thee I see; Thou art all in all to me.



Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live—
 Then what more could I de - sire? How to great - er bliss as - pire?

MISCELLANEOUS.

340. Christ is All.

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.



1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af - ric's sand and Greenland's
5. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it



there, Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
shake Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
snow, To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
say; The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilty



whence Her helpless widow-hood's de-fense, She told me, "Christ was all."
May And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
giv'n, He look'd tri - um - phantly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
stains, His love will soothe your weay pains, For "Christ is all in all."



Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whispered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And answered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."




From "Silver Tones," a new Prohibition song book by the Silver Lake Quartette, and
W. A. Williams; 35 cts.; 5 for \$1.50 by mail. W. A. Williams, Publisher, Warnock, Ohio.


341. What Will You Give Up?

JENNIE HARRISON.


C. M. FILLMORE.



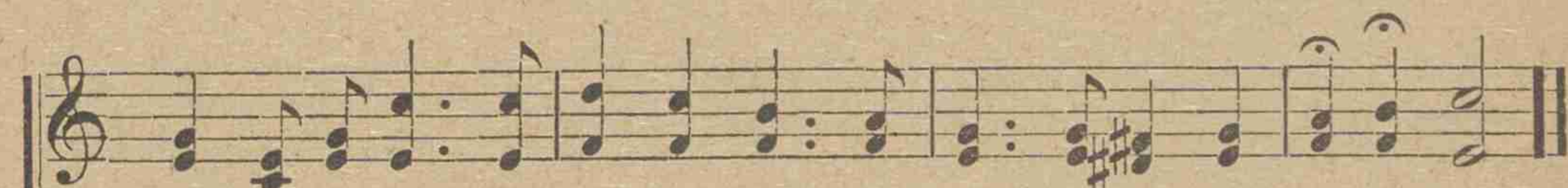
1. What will you give up, chil - dren, For Je - sus Christ's dear sake?
 2. What will you give up, chil - dren? Something you love quite well?
 3. What will you give up, chil - dren? Yourself, and all you own?



What off'ring from your young lives Will each one glad - ly make?
 Some pleasure, or some glad thing, Which none but *you* can tell?
 Just to be - long to Je - sus, His chil - dren—His a - lone.



He gave up heav'n and came to you; What then, *for Him*, can you not do?
 He gave *His life*, that you might live: What then, *for Him*, can you not give?
 He gave *Himself*, your Sa - viour true; Now give *yourselves*—ah, will not you?



He gave up heav'n and came to you; What then, *for Him*, can you not do?
 He gave *His life*, that you might live: What then, *for Him*, can you not give?
 He gave *Himself*, your Saviour true; Now give *yourselves*—ah, will not you?

MISCELLANEOUS.

342. Rock of Ages.

QUARTETTE.

A. M. TOPLADY.
Very Slowly.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges cleft for
 2. Could my tears,..... Could my tears for-ev - er
 3. While I draw,..... While I draw this fleeting

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my tears for -
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, While I draw this

me, flow, breath, Let me hide,..... Let me
 Could my my zeal,..... Could my
 When my my eyes,..... When my

cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,
 ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
 fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the
 zeal no languor know; These for sin could not a -
 eyes shall close in death; When I rise to worlds un -

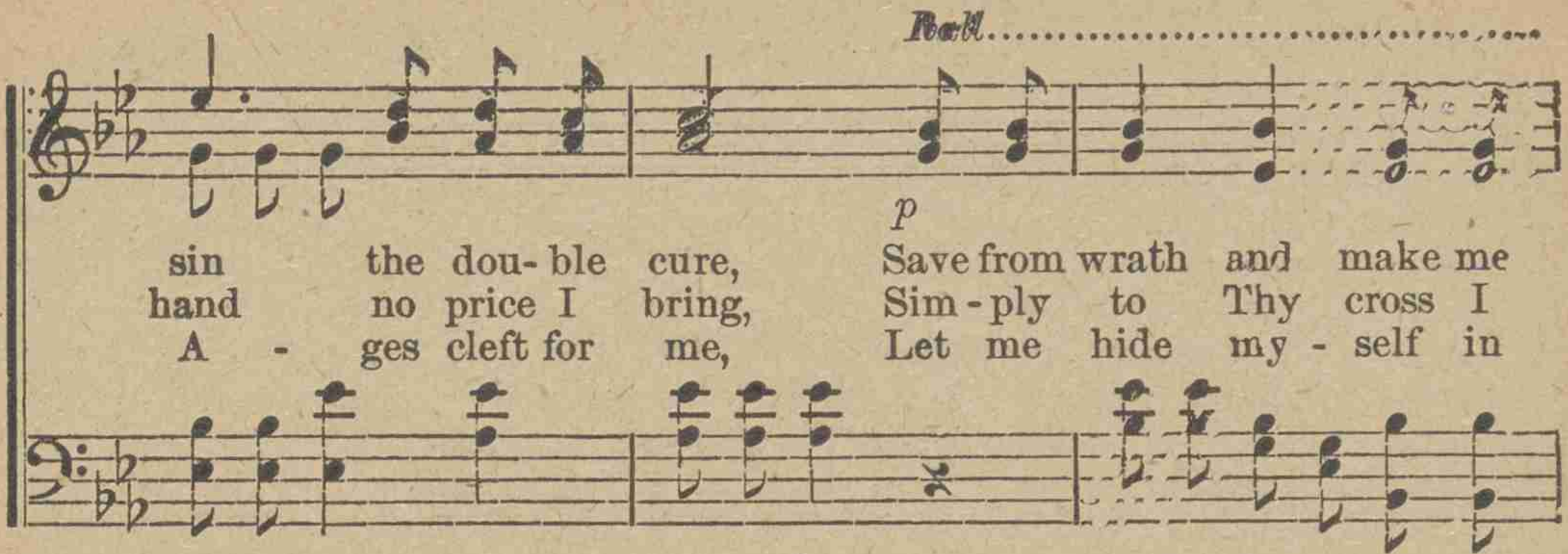
Let me hide my - self in Thee.
 Could my zeal no languor know.
 When my eyes shall close in death.

blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Be of
 tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone, In my
 known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of

MISCELLANEOUS.

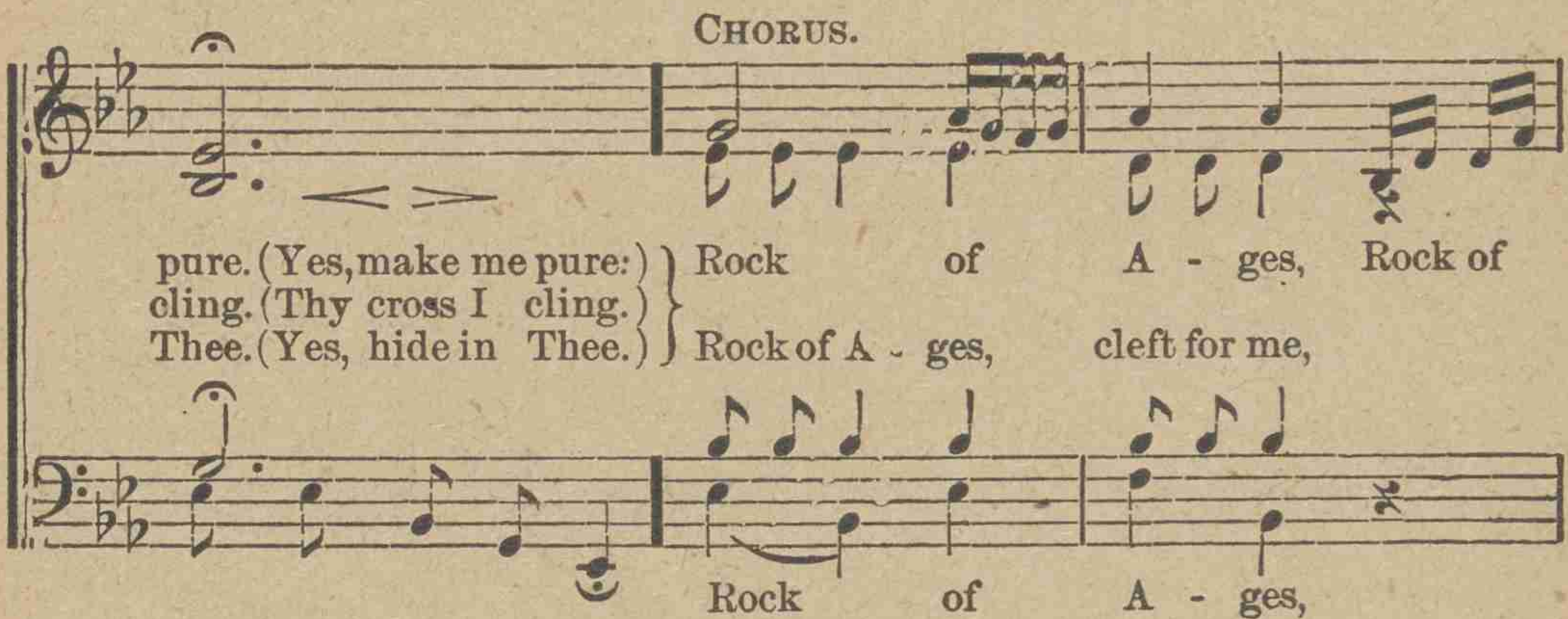
Rock of Ages.—Concluded.

Rall......



sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me
hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I
A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in

CHORUS.



pure. (Yes, make me pure:) Rock of A - ges, Rock of
cling. (Thy cross I cling.)
Thee. (Yes, hide in Thee.) Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
Rock of A - ges,



A - - ges cleft for me, Rock of
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of

Rall.



A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.
cleft for me, Let me hide in Thee.
A - ges, Let me hide myself in Thee— Yes, hide in Thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

343. Our Saviour.

Sclo.

MRS. P. R. GIBSON.

Con Spirito.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Long years a - go a Sav-iour, In Beth - le-hem was born,
 2. Oh come and let us wor-ship, And bow be-fore His throne,
 3. Oh let us sing the prais-es, That un - to Him be-long,
 4. And when our journey's end-ed, — Life's bat-tle fought and won,

Then o'er a world in darkness, Broke forth a glo - rious morn;
 He is the King of glo-ry, And He must reign a - lone;
 Lift up our hearts in rev'ence, Our voi - ces in sweet song;
 'Tis then we'll hear Him saying, "Come home, my child, well done."

He came the world's pure light, To ban-ish sin's dark night
 Homeless in Gal - i - lee, Thorn-crowned on Cal - va - ry,
 To tell this won-drous love, That He who reigns a - bove,
 We'll meet Our Sav-iour there, And all His glo - ry share,
cres..... ff *cres..... ff*

Lift up the poor and fal-len, And give the blind their sight.
 To - day His king - dom glorious, Is o - ver land and sea.
 Is still with us to comfort, Where-ev - er we may rove.
 Where there shall be no sor-row, No tears, no pain, no care.

MISCELLANEOUS.

344. Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L.

JOHN LANE.



1. When you start for the land of heaven-ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri-als as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and by, Keep close to



Je-sus all the way, For He is the Guide and He knows the way best,
 Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
 Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
 Je-sus all the way, Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By day or by



night never turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.

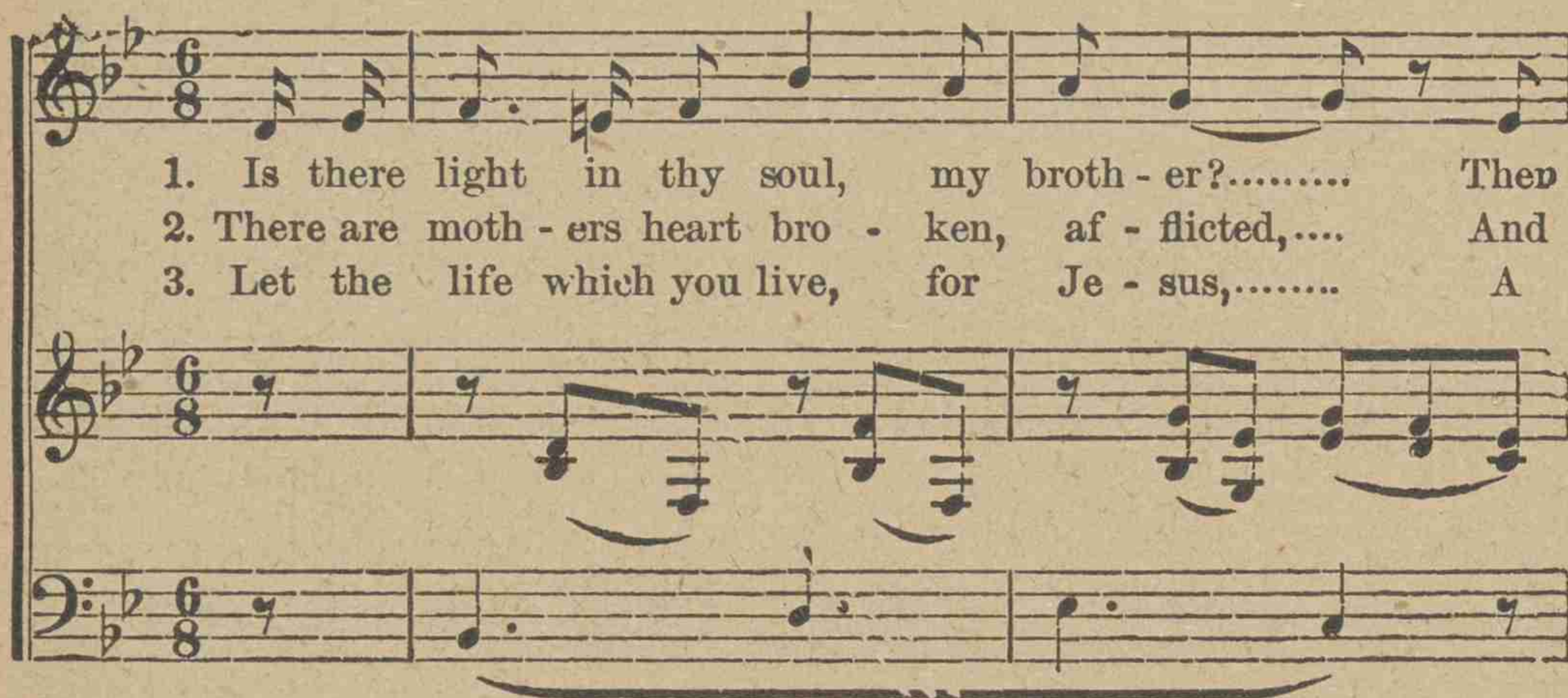
MISCELLANEOUS.

345. Then Shine Bright Soul.

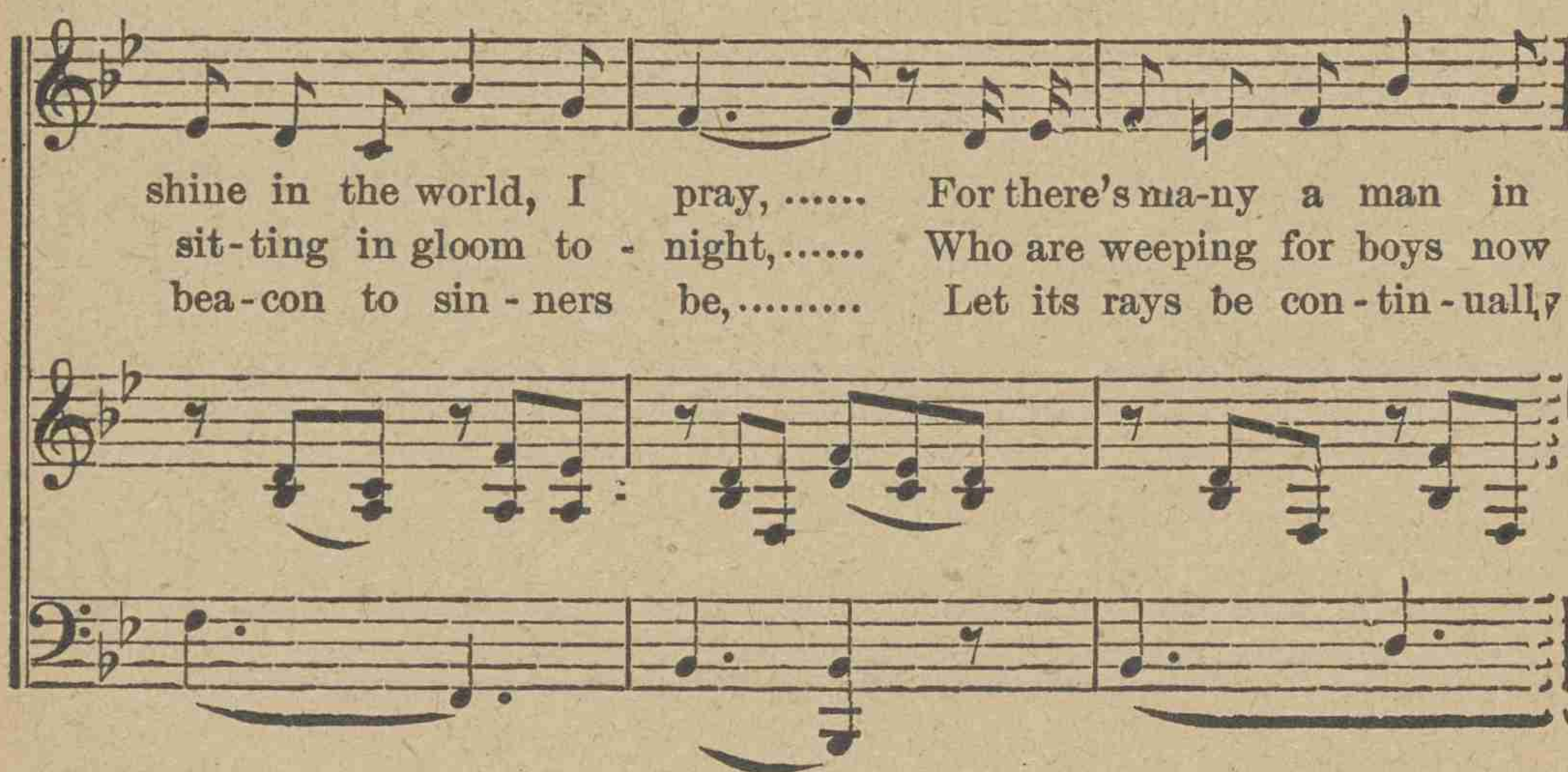
SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words by REV. A. W. CONNER.


Music by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Is there light in thy soul, my broth - er?..... Then
 2. There are moth - ers heart bro - ken, af - flicted,.... And
 3. Let the life which you live, for Je - sus,..... A



shine in the world, I pray, For there's ma-ny a man in
 sit-ting in gloom to - night, Who are weeping for boys now
 bea-con to sin - ners be, Let its rays be con - tin - ually



dark - ness, And no one to brighten his way, There is
 stray - ing, A - way from the true paths of right, And it
 flow - ing, As lights by a dan - ger - ous sea, Should your

MISCELLANEOUS.

Then Shine Bright Soul.—Continued.



no one to speak to him kind - ly,..... And show him a
 may be the light of your liv - ing,..... Will turn them from
 light for a mo - ment cease shin - ing,..... A soul may be

ff



broth - er's love,..... There is no one to share in his
 sin - ful ways,..... Bring - ing balm to the hearts that are
 lost in sin,..... So the Sav - ior commands you, my

ff *rit.*



sor - row,..... And point to that home a - bove,.....
 bleed - ing,..... And fill them with grate - ful praise,.....
 broth - er,..... To shine as a light for Him,.....

a tempo

MISCELLANEOUS

Then Shine Bright Soul.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

f Then shine, bright soul, Oh, shine, I pray, And *p*

help dis-pell the sha-dows, That hang o'er hearts to-day.

Then shine, bright soul, shine on, I pray, And help some fall-en

ritard.

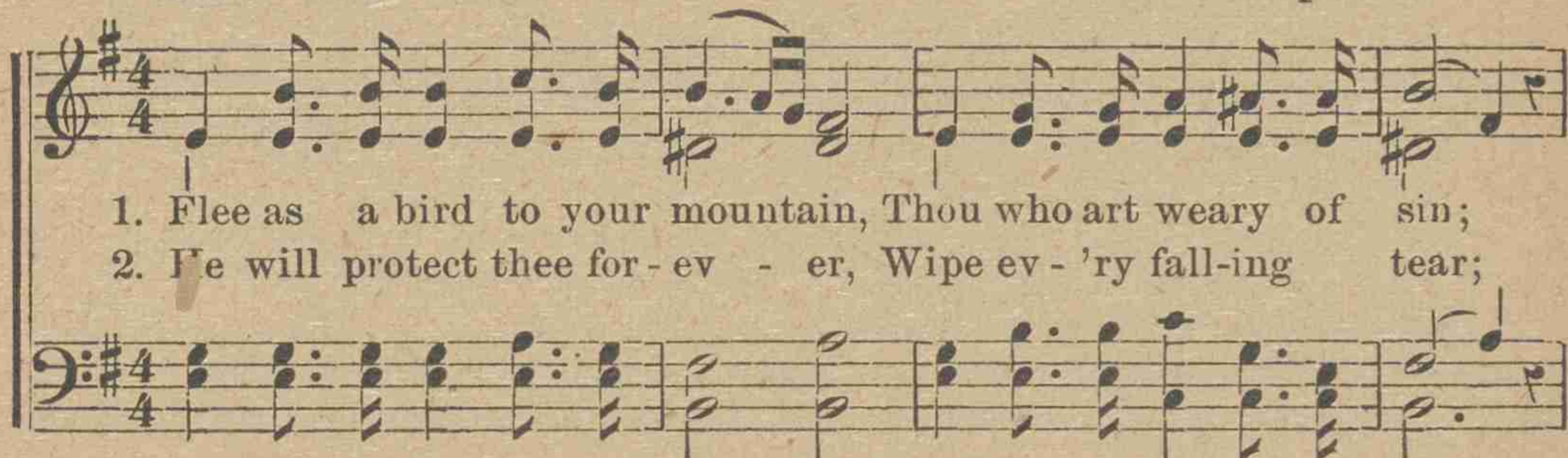
broth-er,..... To find the heav'n-ly way.....
heav-en-ly way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

346. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA.

Spanish.



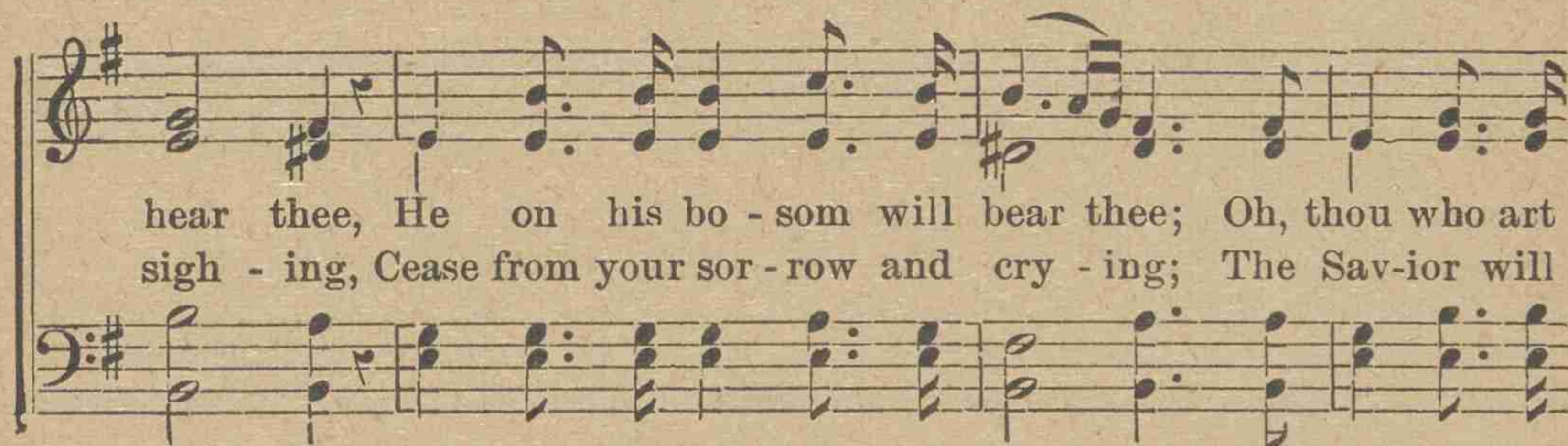
1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall-ing tear;



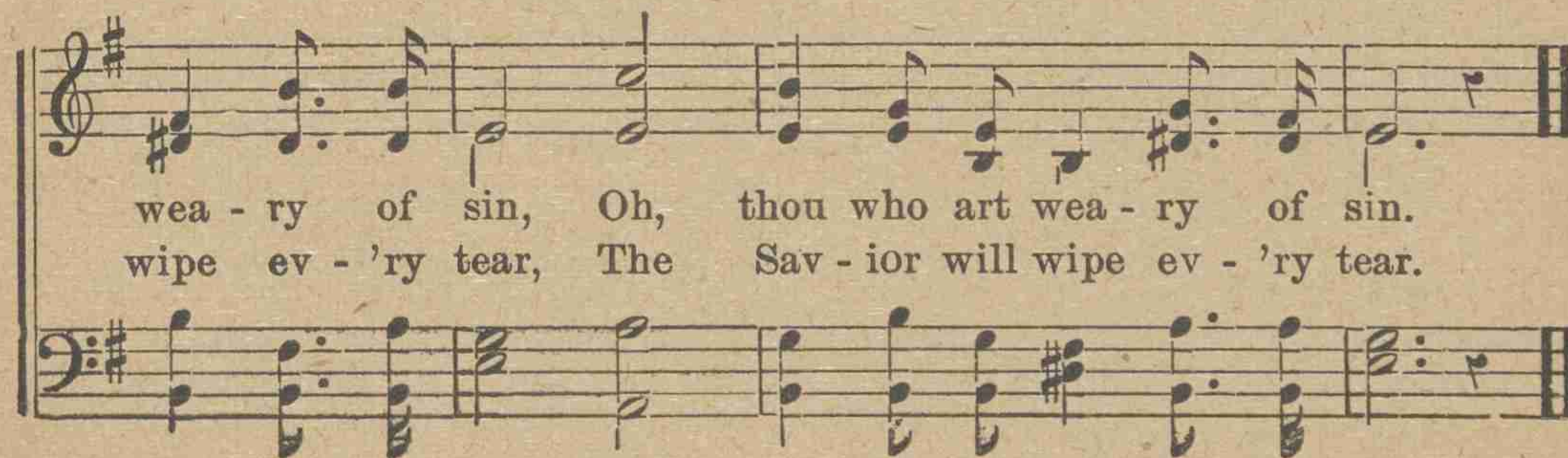
Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly there.



Fly for th'a - ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in



hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing; The Sav - ior will




wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

MISCELLANEOUS.



347. What a Saviour.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.



P. BILHORN.




1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, All our
 2. Gen - tly in the green pas - tures, He leads us, By the
 3. Wide - ly o - pen the por - tals of glo - ry, To the
 4. Oh, the hope that in full - ness He gives us? Oh, the

sins He hath borne on the tree; Of all guilt and transgressions He
 wa - ters un - troub - led and clear, With the man - na of heav - en He
 cit - y whose streets are of gold, As He tells us the won - der - ful
 joy and the peace, how di - vine! When in love He so free - ly re -

frees us, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is He.
 feeds us, And in sor - row He ev - er is near.
 sto - ry, That to sin - ners so oft - en He told.
 ceives us, And our souls in His right - eous - ness shine.



CHORUS.



What a Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
 What a won - der - ful Sav - iour, won - der - ful Sav - iour,



MISCELLANEOUS.

What a Saviour.—Concluded.

Won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus, What a Sav - iour,
What a won-der-ful Sav-iour,

Sav - iour, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is He.
Won-der-ful Sav-iour,

348. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord;

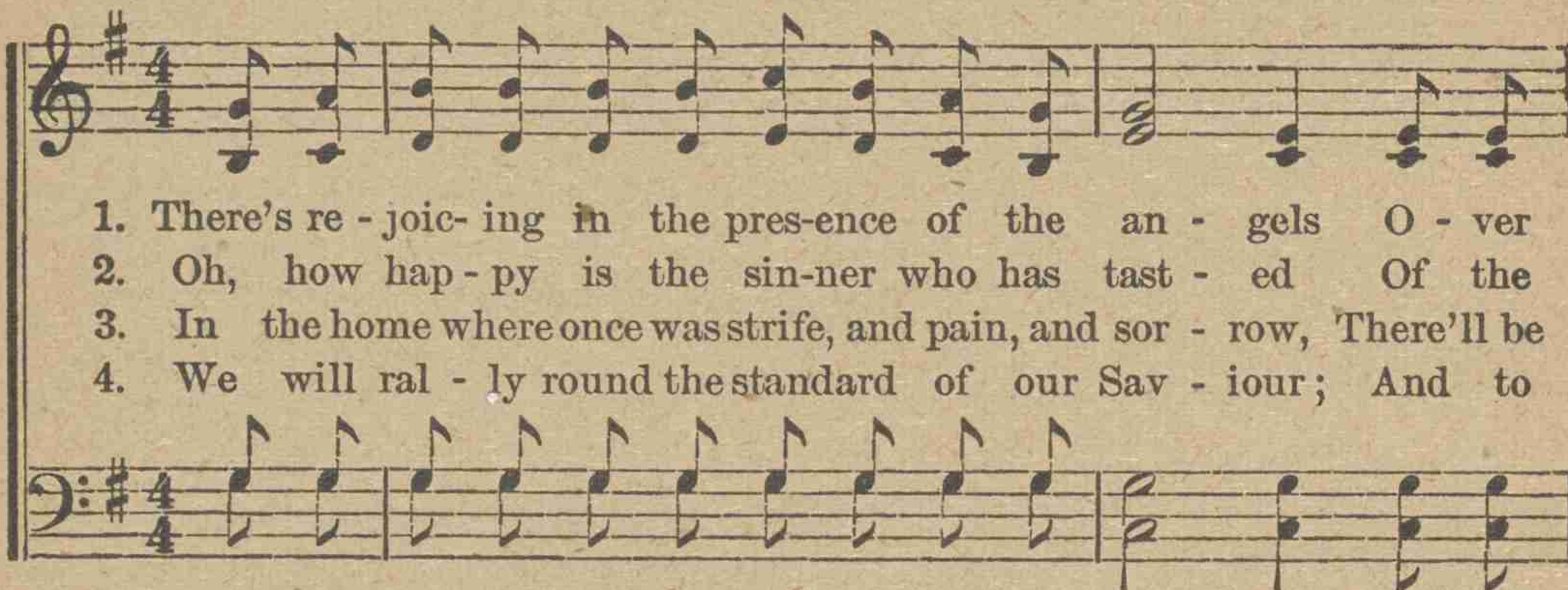
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

MISCELLANEOUS.

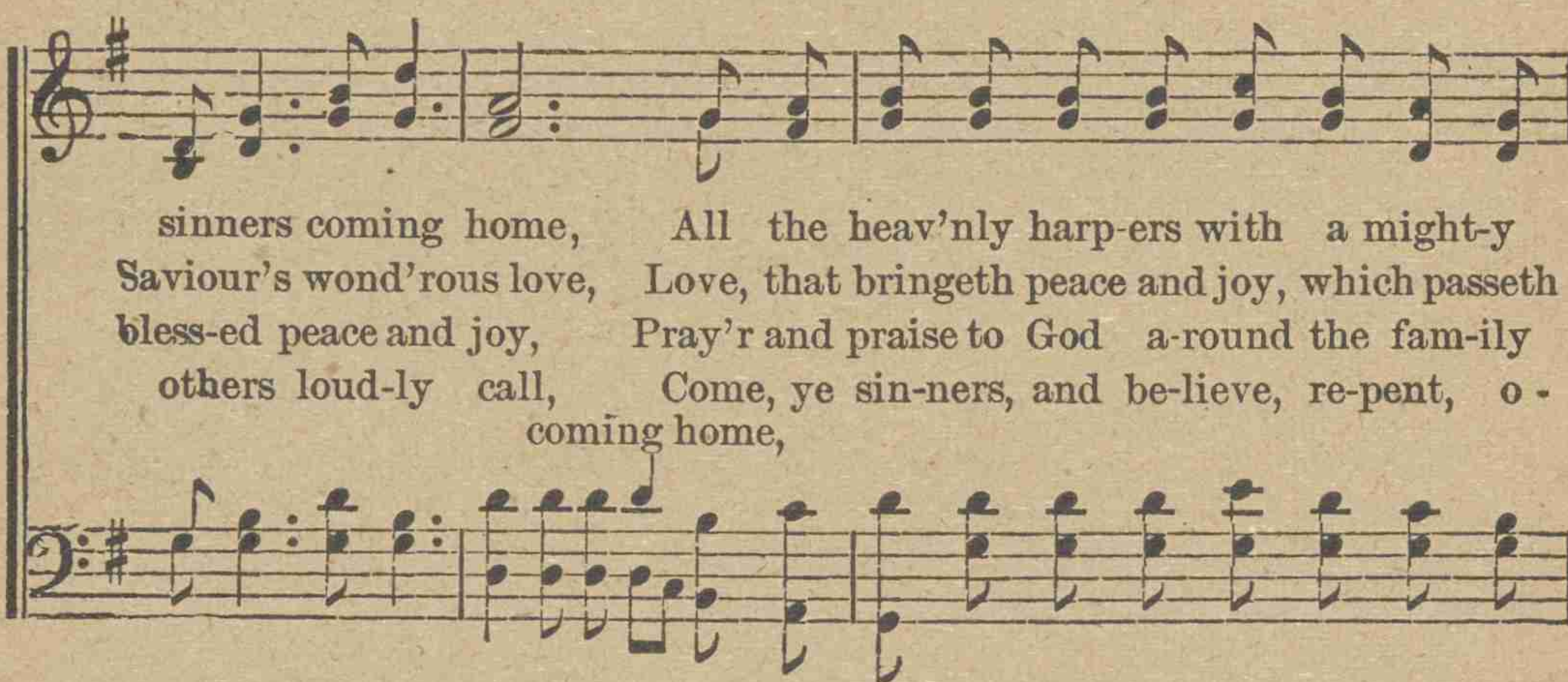
349. Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

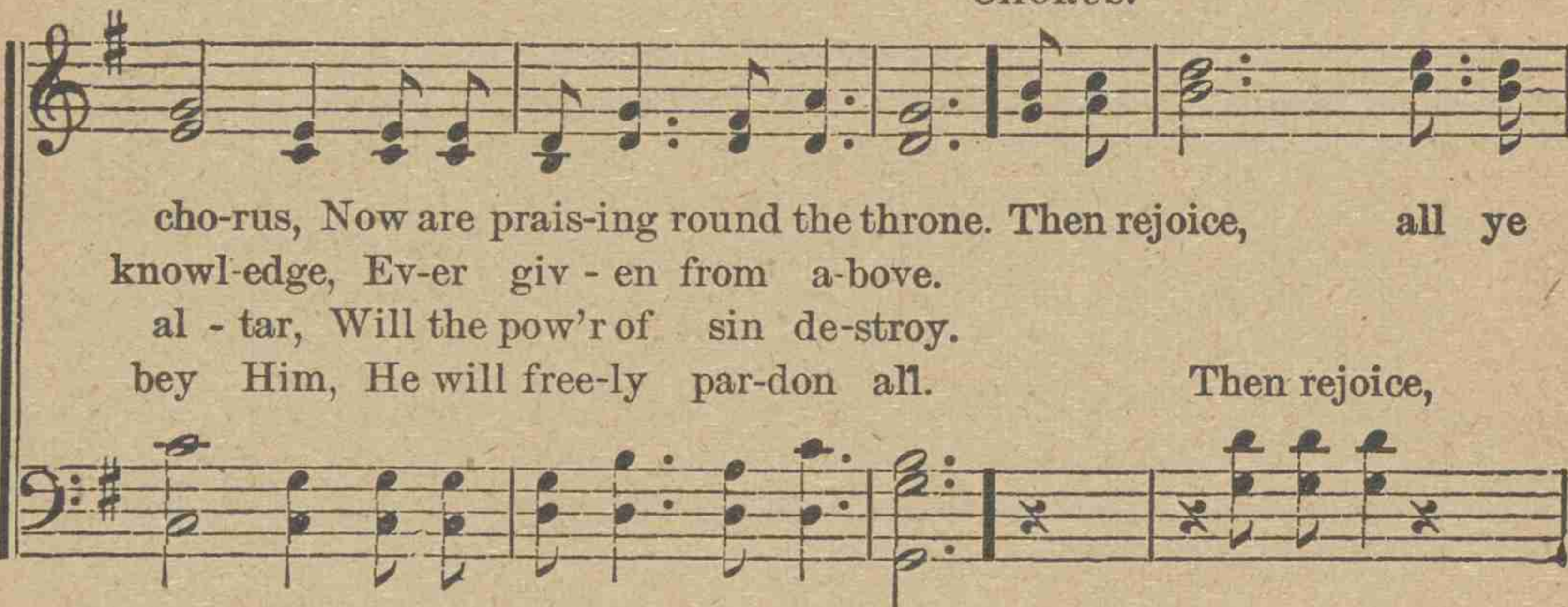


1. There's re-joic-ing in the pres-ence of the an-gels O-ver
 2. Oh, how hap-py is the sin-ner who has tast-ed Of the
 3. In the home where once was strife, and pain, and sor-row, There'll be
 4. We will ral-ly round the standard of our Sav-iour; And to



sinner's coming home, All the heav'nly harp-ers with a might-y
 Saviour's wond'rous love, Love, that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth
 bless-ed peace and joy, Pray'r and praise to God a-round the fam-ily
 others loud-ly call, Come, ye sin-ners, and be-lieve, re-pent, o-
 coming home,

CHORUS.



cho-rus, Now are prais-ing round the throne. Then rejoice, all ye
 knowl-edge, Ev-er giv-en from a-bove.
 al-tar, Will the pow'r of sin de-stroy.
 bey Him, He will free-ly par-don all. Then rejoice,



ran-somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the
 all ye ransomed, highest dome,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.—Concluded.

dead's alive, the lost is found, and wand'ers Now are com-ing, com-ing home.

350. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

QUARTETTE.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my songs shall be—
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be—
send - est me, In mer-cy given; An - gels to beck-on me
stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Rit. ad lib.

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

351. The Open Gate.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

S. C. HANSON.



1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a-gain, Of a gate that stands a-jar,
2. A wel - come home at the open gate, From a land of an-gels bright,
3. The sinner's friend, as he reaches down, With a Savior's wondrous love;



Of a sun - ny clime, and gold-en plain, And a sin - less land a - far,
Do these for the ransom'd spirits wait, As it gains the land of light?
Who prepares a mansion, robe, and crown, In his shin-ing courts a-bove,



But when I have past the chill - y tide, And en-ter my home a-bove;
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss of the oth - er side;
Will gather his flock in - to the fold, To the fold be-yond the tide;



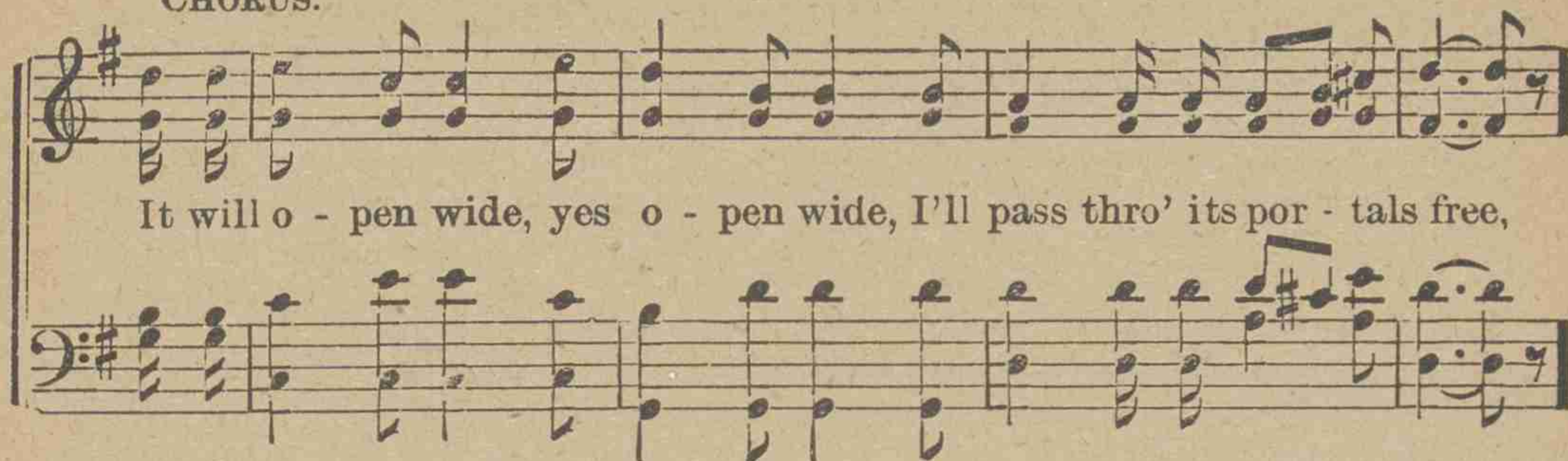
I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold-en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be-lieve 'twill o-pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be-lieve 'twill o-pen wide.



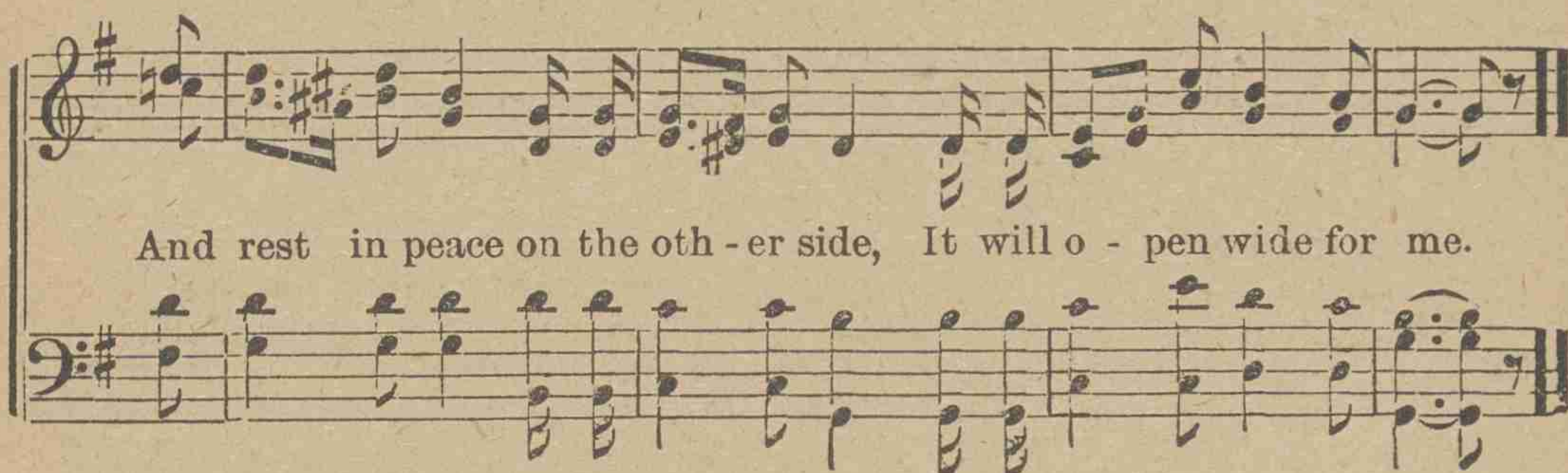
MISCELLANEOUS.

The Open Gate.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



It will o - pen wide, yes o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free,



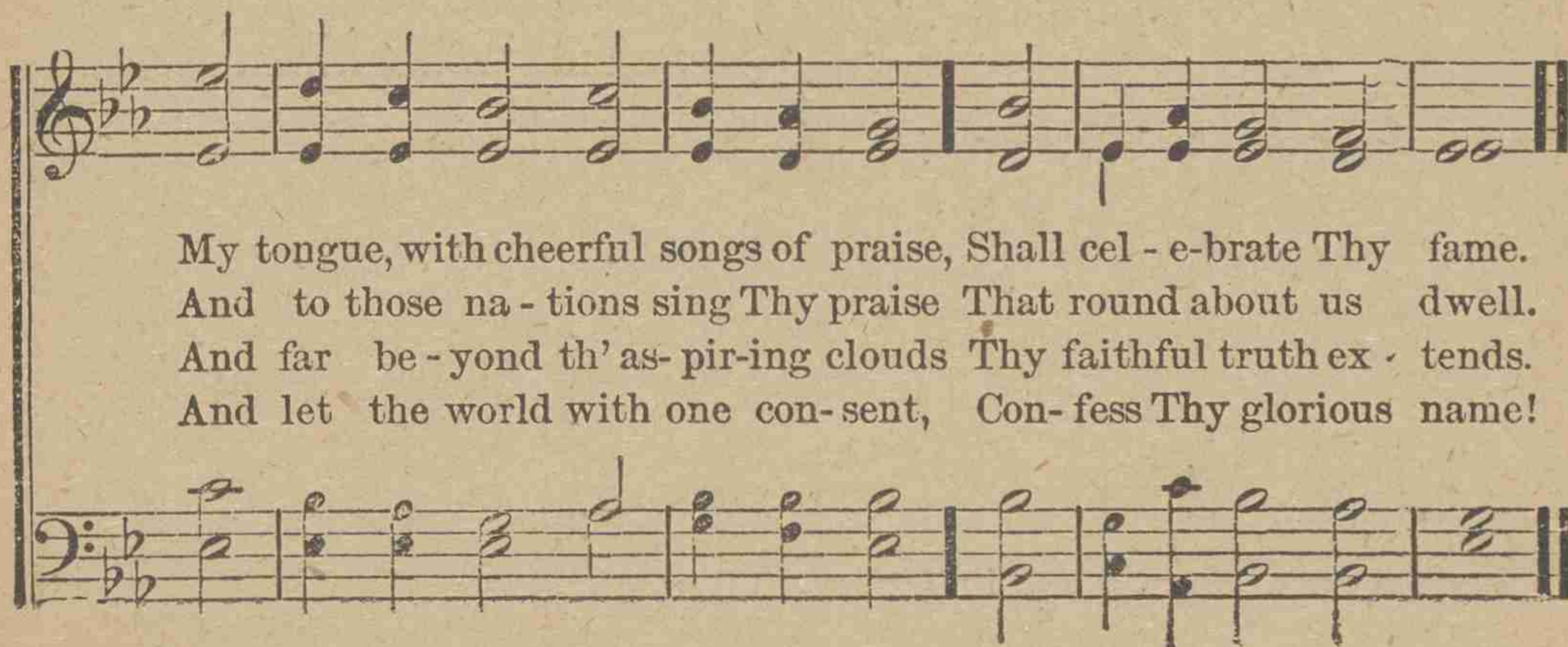
And rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

352. My Heart Will Magnify Thy Name.

LOWELL MASON.



1. O God! my heart is ful - ly bent To mag - ni - fy Thy name;
2. To all the list - 'ning tribes, O Lord, Thy wonders I will tell;
3. Be - cause Thy mer - cy's boundless height The highest heav'n transcends;
4. Be Thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high A - bove the star - ry frame;




My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate Thy fame.
And to those na - tions sing Thy praise That round about us dwell.
And far be - yond th'as - pir - ing clouds Thy faithful truth ex - tends.
And let the world with one con - sent, Con - fess Thy glorious name!

353. Is There Any Room Up Yonder?


Rev. A. M. HOOTMAN.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.


SOLO OR DUET.




1. Is there an - y room up yonder, In the man-sions of the blest,
 2. Is there room for me up yonder, Where the Sav - ior, now doth dwell,
 3. Oh, I'm glad there's room up yonder, When I leave this weary land,





Where the heart will ne'er grow sad, And the wea - ry are at rest;
 Where the angel-anthems, grand, Thro' the courts of heaven swell,
 Where my Saviour, in His mer-cy, Will re-ceive me by the hand,


In the shin - ing courts of glo - ry, Where our an - gel lov'd ones dwell,
 In the home of bliss e - ter-nal, Where all hearts are fill'd with joy,
 I was lost, a ru - ined sin-ner, But He came and died for me,



Rit......




Is there an - y room for sin-ners? Tell me yes, and all is well?
 Where death can nev - er en - ter, And his pangs can-not an - noy?
 And my sins are all for-giv - en, And my Sa - viour I shall see?




Is There Any Room Up Yonder?—Concluded.

RESPONSIVE CHORUS.



Yes, my brother, in that Ci - ty, In the land of E - ter - nal Day,




There is always room for sin - ners, Who be - lieve, repent, o - bey.


354. How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN.

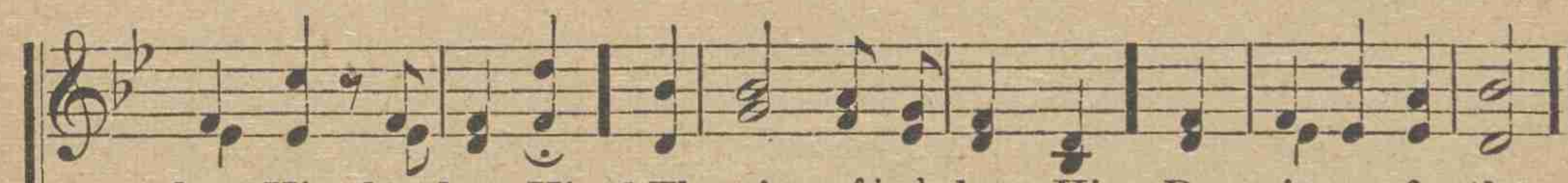
E. S. LORENZ.



1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly T'ward all of my ways; I blun - der so



REFRAIN.
gracious, I've found Him to be; How can I but love Him? But
blindly— He love still re - pays;



love Him, but love Him? There's no friend above Him, Poor sinner for thee.

3. Of all friends the fairest
And truest is He;
His love is the rarest
That ever can be—REF.

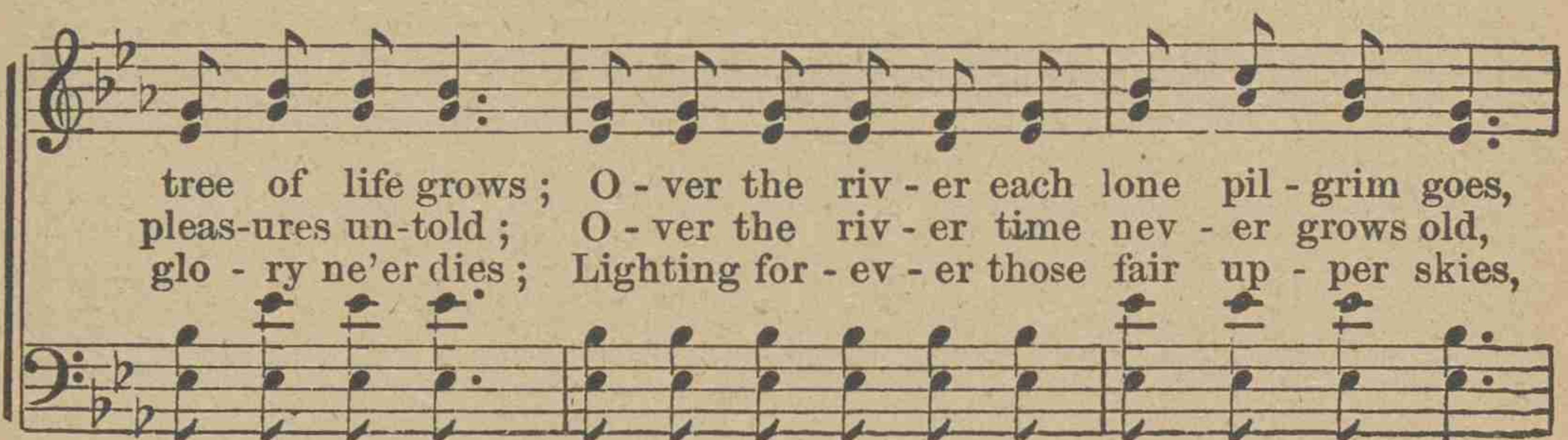
4. His beauty, though bleeding
And circled with thorns,
Is then most exceeding,
For grief Him adorns.—REF.

355. Over the River.

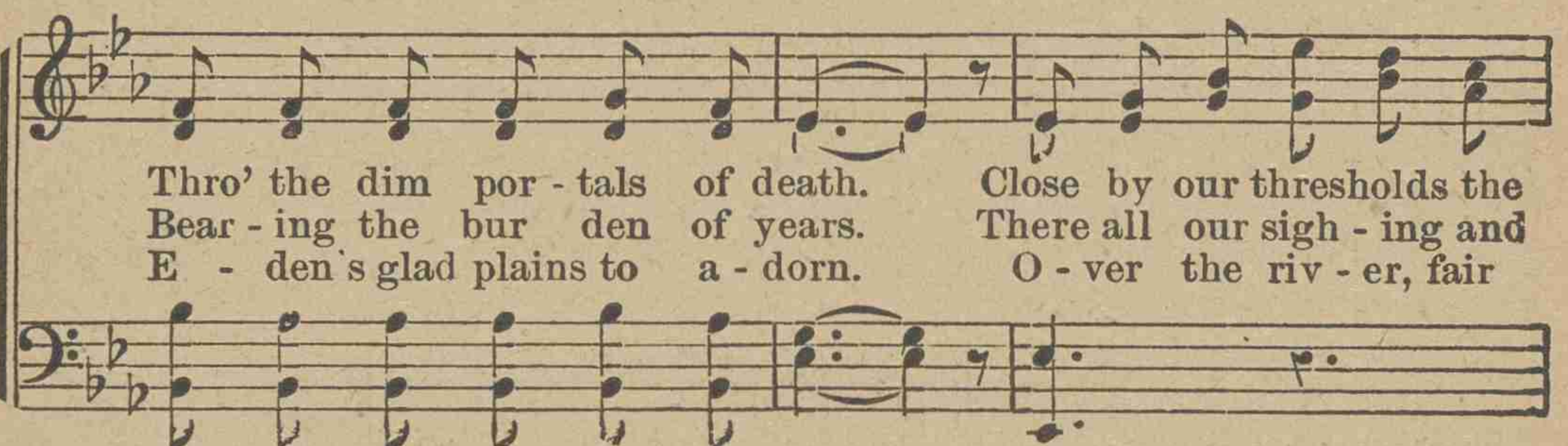
THOS. W. HUBBARD, by per.



1. O - ver the riv - er the crystal stream flows, O-ver the riv - er the
 2. O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and
 3. There ev-'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of



tree of life grows; O - ver the riv - er each lone pil - grim goes,
 pleas-ures un-told; O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old,
 glo - ry ne'er dies; Lighting for - ev - er those fair up - per skies,



Thro' the dim por - tals of death. Close by our thresholds the
 Bear - ing the bur den of years. There all our sigh - ing and
 E - den's glad plains to a - dorn. O - ver the riv - er, fair



dark an - gel stands, Beck'ning us on with his
 sor - rows shall cease, Hushed by the cho - rus of
 king - dom of light, There heav - en's man - sions for-



pale trembling hands; Chill - ing our hearts with the cold, i - cy bands,
 heav-en - ly peace; O - ver the riv - er thrice hap - py re - lease,
 ev - er are bright; O - ver the riv - er there com-eth no night,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Over the River.—Concluded.

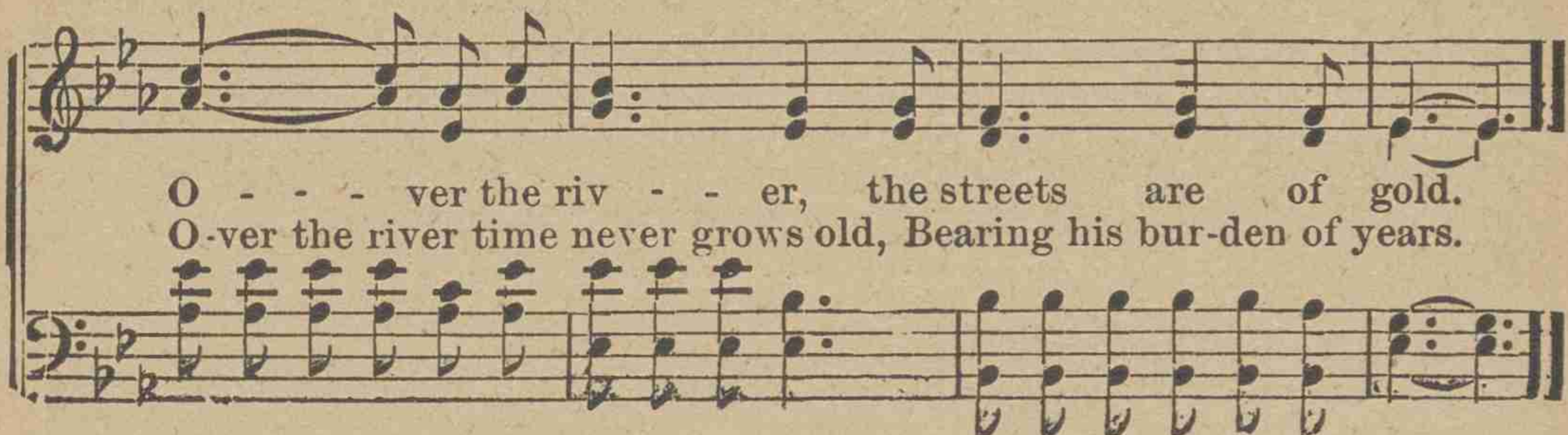
CHORUS.



Stealing each quiver - ing breath. O - - - ver the
We shall be free from our fears. O - ver the riv - er the
Long as e - ter - ni - ty's morn.

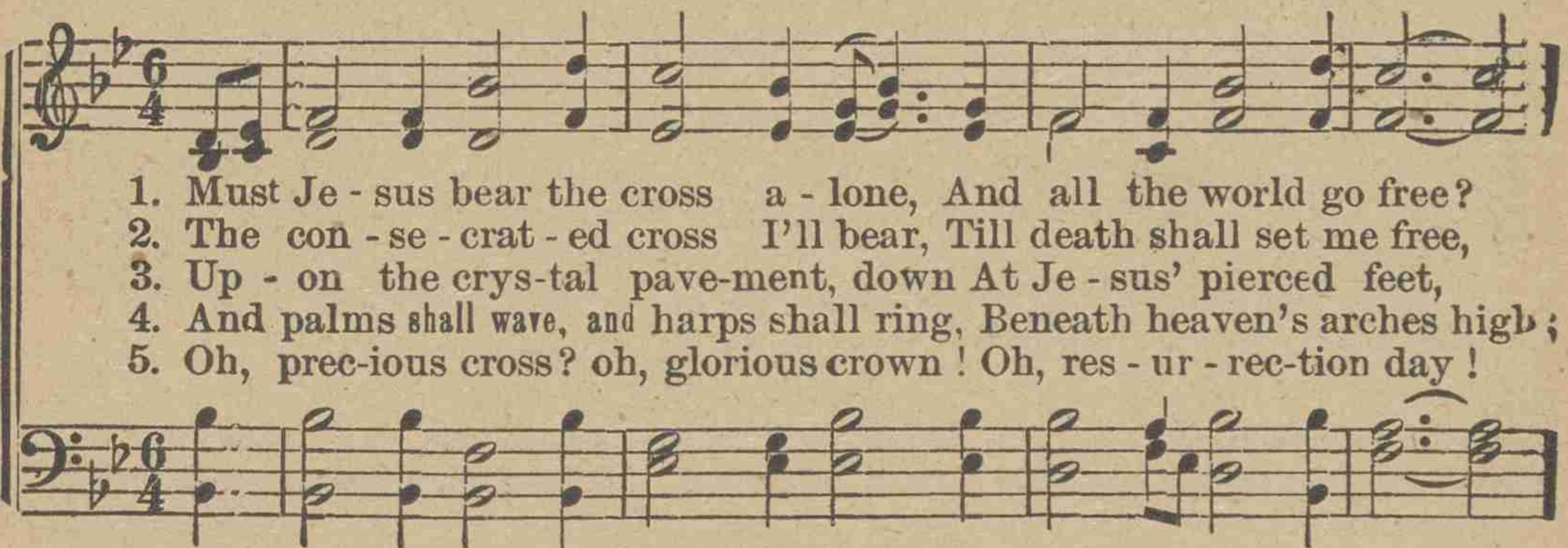


riv - - - er, O - - - ver the riv - - - er,
streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;

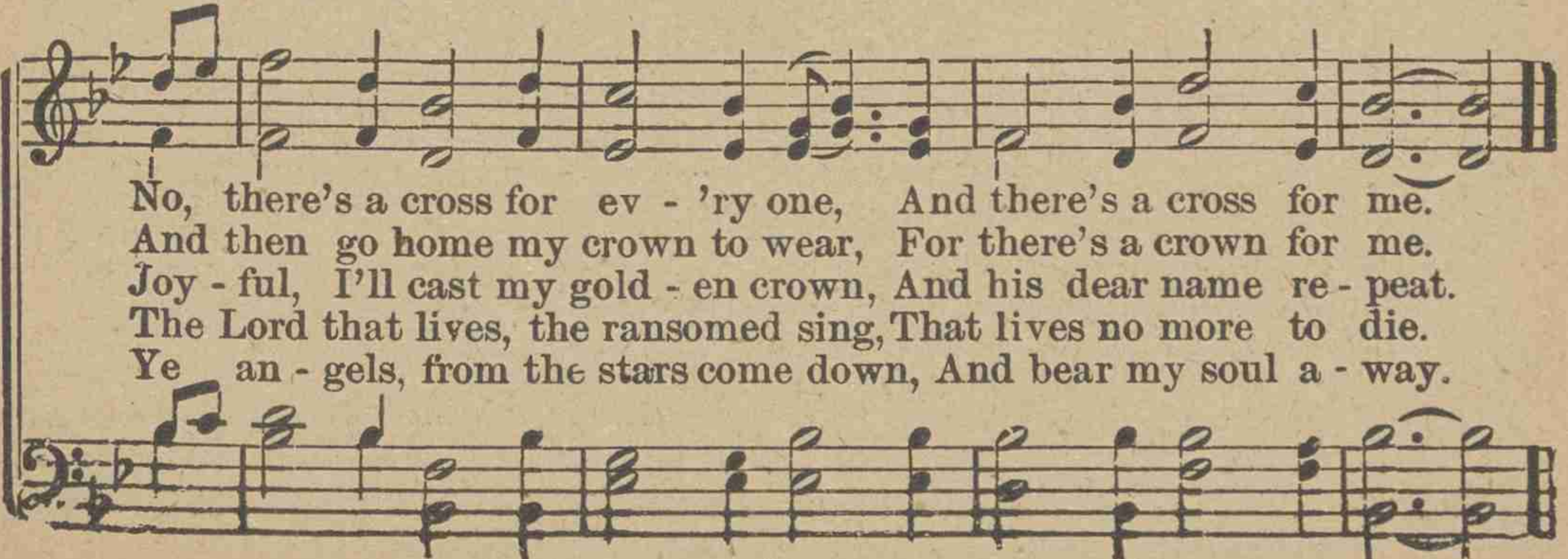


O - - - ver the riv - - er, the streets are of gold.
O-ver the river time never grows old, Bearing his bur-den of years.

356. Cross and Crown.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring, Beneath heaven's arches high;
5. Oh, prec - ious cross? oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

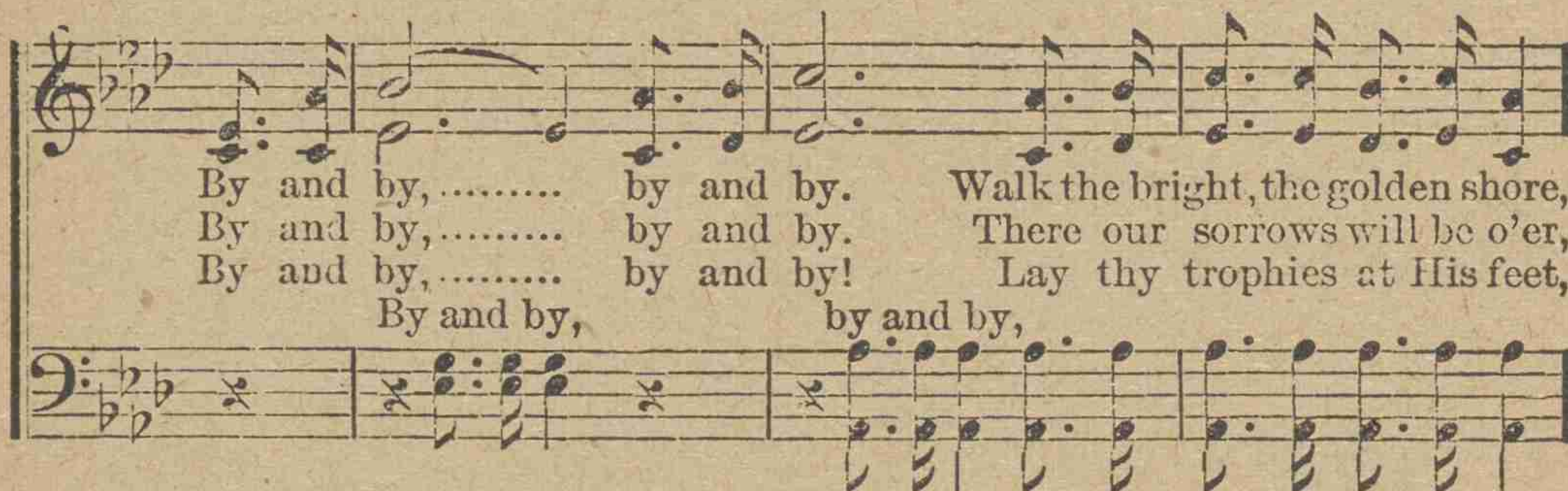
357. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E.

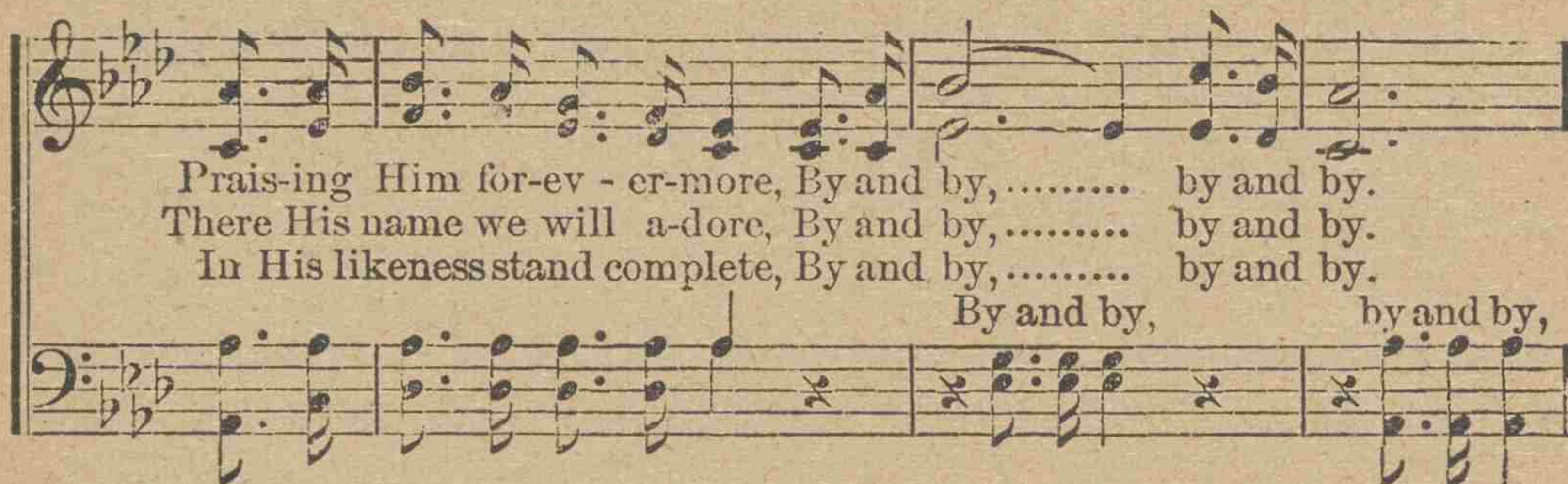
E. O. EXCELL.



1 We shall stand before the King, With the an - gels we shall sing.
 2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand be - fore the King,
 3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand be - fore the King,



By and by, by and by. Walk the bright, the golden shore,
 By and by, by and by. There our sorrows will be o'er,
 By and by, by and by! Lay thy trophies at His feet,
 By and by, by and by,



Prais-ing Him for-ev - er-more, By and by, by and by.
 There His name we will a-dore, By and by, by and by.
 In His likeness stand complete, By and by, by and by.
 By and by, by and by,

CHORUS.



We shall stand..... be-fore the King,..... With the an-gels we shall
 We shall stand before the King,



sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-
 Hal-le-lu - jah,

MISCELLANEOUS.

We Shall Stand Before the King.—Concluded.

lu - jah, We shall stand..... be-fore the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah, We shall stand

358. Holy, Holy, Holy.

(NICÆA.)

REGINALD HEBER, alt.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy work shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
gold - en crowns a-round the crys-tal sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim
sin - ful men Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci-ful and mighty! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly
fall-ing down before Thee, Who wast, and art, and ever-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee; Per-fect in power, in love and pur-i-ty.
mer - ci-ful and mighty! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-na-ly.

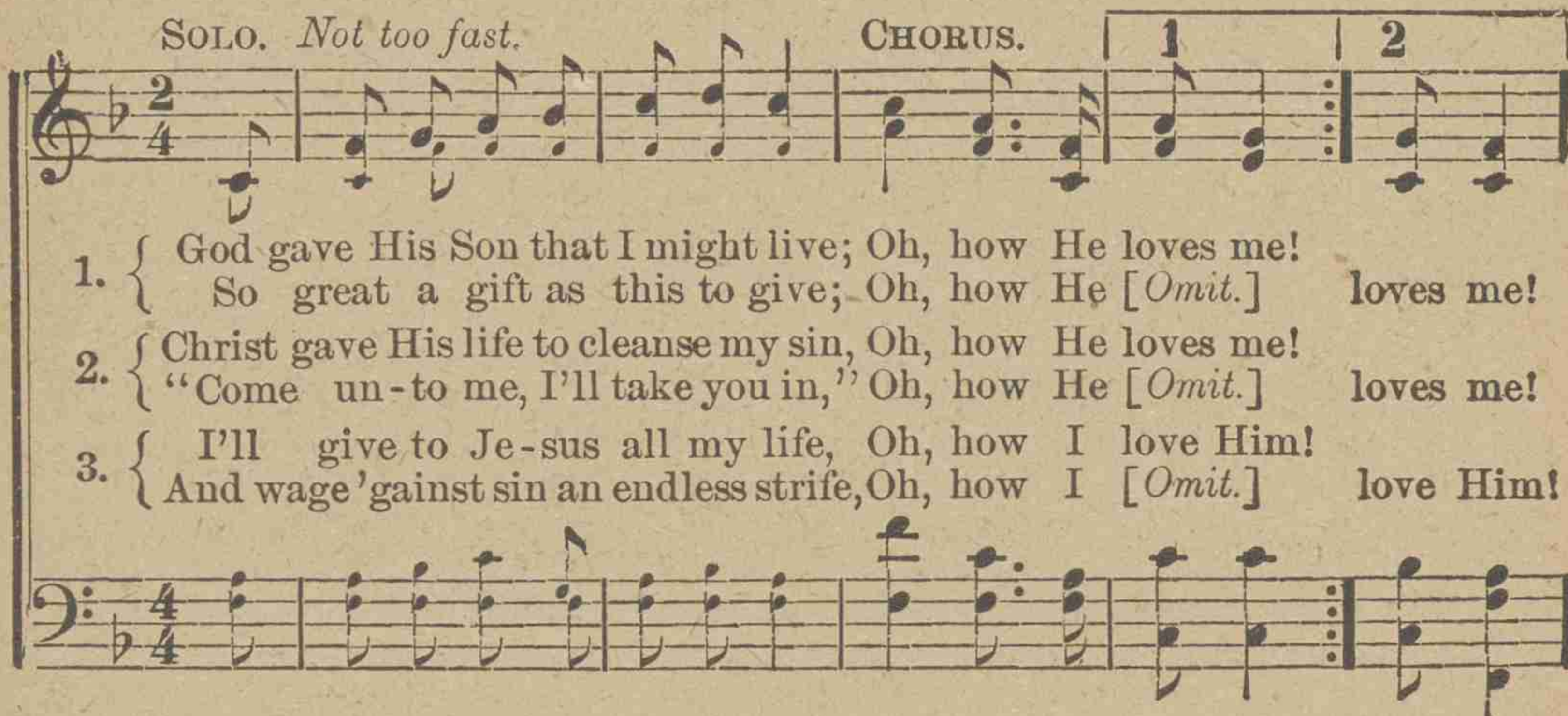
MISCELLANEOUS.

359. Oh, How I Love Him.

REV. ALLEN WILSON.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO. *Not too fast.* CHORUS. 1 2

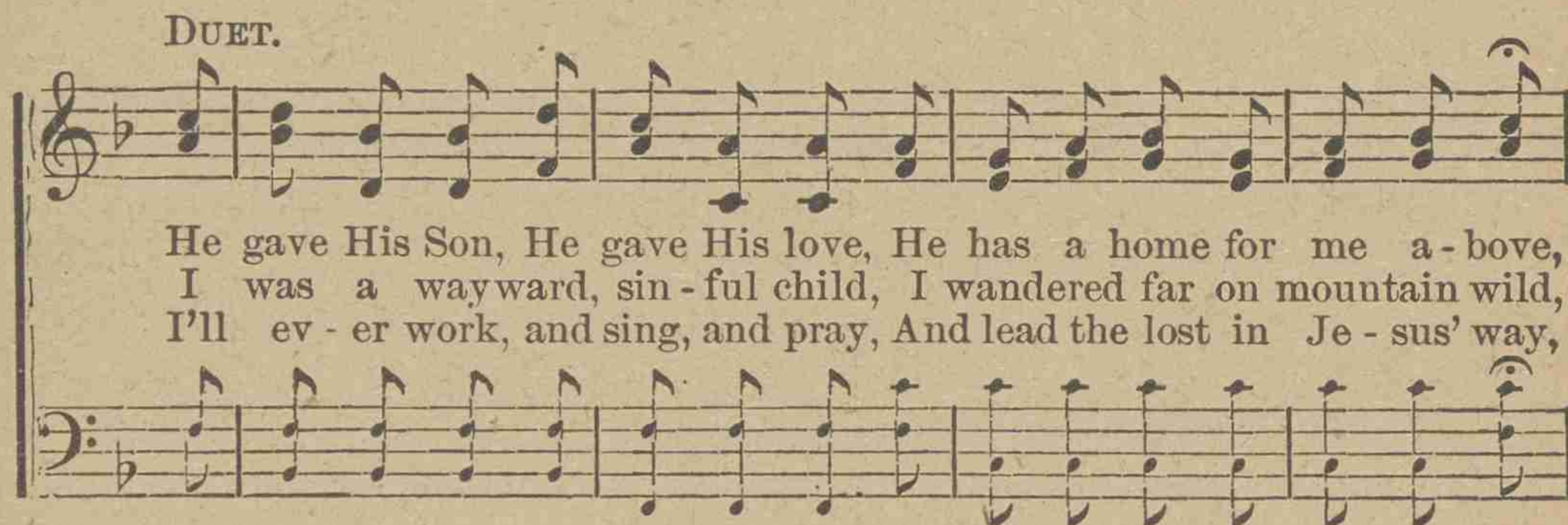


1. { God gave His Son that I might live; Oh, how He loves me!
So great a gift as this to give; Oh, how He [Omit.] loves me!

2. { Christ gave His life to cleanse my sin, Oh, how He loves me!
"Come un-to me, I'll take you in," Oh, how He [Omit.] loves me!

3. { I'll give to Je-sus all my life, Oh, how I love Him!
And wage 'gainst sin an endless strife, Oh, how I [Omit.] love Him!

DUET.



He gave His Son, He gave His love, He has a home for me a-bove,
I was a wayward, sin-ful child, I wandered far on mountain wild,
I'll ev-er work, and sing, and pray, And lead the lost in Je-sus' way,

CHORUS.



He sends His Spir-it like a dove, Oh, how He loves me!
He found me there with sin de-filed, Oh, how He loves me!
And hail with joy His com-ing day, Oh, how I love Him!

FULL CHORUS.



Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!) Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!)
Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!) Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!)
Oh, how I love Him! (love Him!) Oh, how I love Him! (love Him!)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oh, How I Love Him.—Concluded.

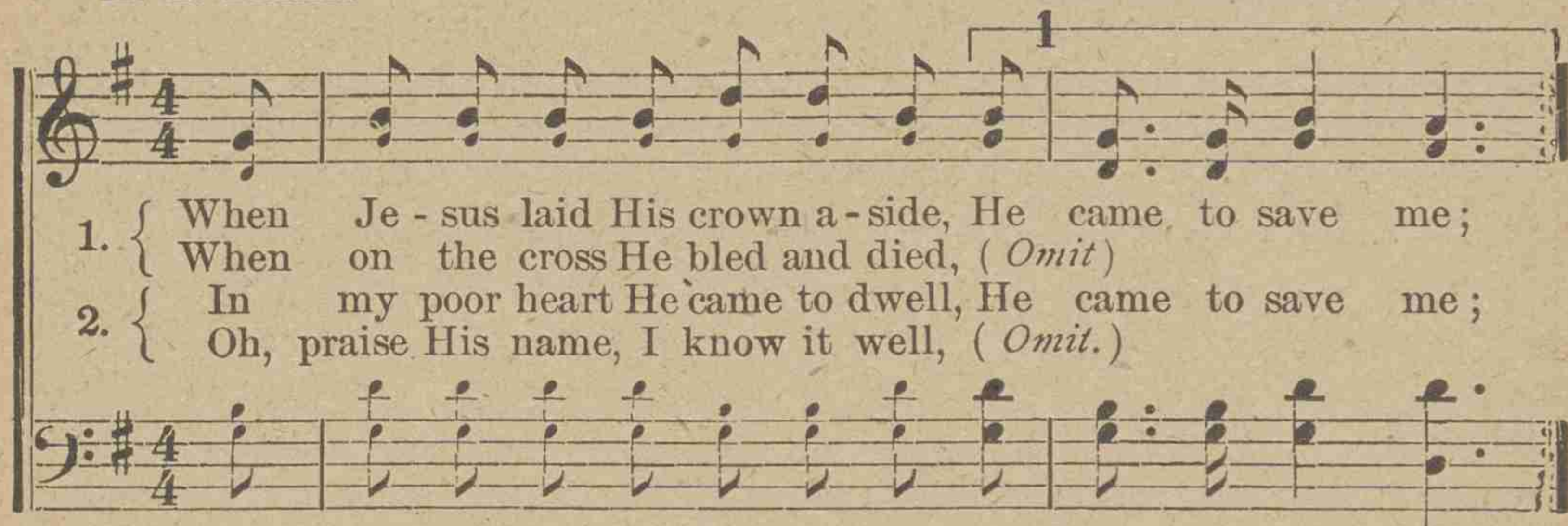


Oh, how He loves me! He's my Fa - ther and my God.
 Oh, how He loves me! He's my Sav - ior and my Lord.
 Oh, how I love Him! He's my Sav - ior and my Lord.

360. He Came to Save Me.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. { When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me;
 { When on the cross He bled and died, (*Omit*)
 2. { In my poor heart He came to dwell, He came to save me;
 { Oh, praise His name, I know it well, (*Omit.*)



2 REFRAIN. V
 He came to save me. I'm so glad, I'm so glad,



1 2
 I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free, (*Omit.*)
 He (*Omit.*) came to save me.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. With gentle hand He leads me still,
 He came to save me:
 And trusting Him, I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.</p> | <p>4. To Him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me.
 To Him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.</p> |
|---|---|

MISCELLANEOUS.

361. The Penitent's Plea.


H. H. B.

H. H. BOOTH.



DUET.





1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the record of my sins re-peat;
2. Back with all the guilt my spirit bears, Past the haunting memories of years,
3. Yet why should I fear; hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
4. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim, O-ver ev'ry promise write my name:


Stained with guilt, myself abhorring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pouring,
Self and shame and fear despising, Foes and taunting fiends surpris-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, receiv-ing,

Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?
Savior to Thy cross I press my way, And a broken heart before it lay;
By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me atone,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave.

Raise my sinking heart and bid me be Thy child once more!
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say, "It shall be thine!"
Bold-ly will I kneel before Thy throne, A plead-ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin-bound souls.

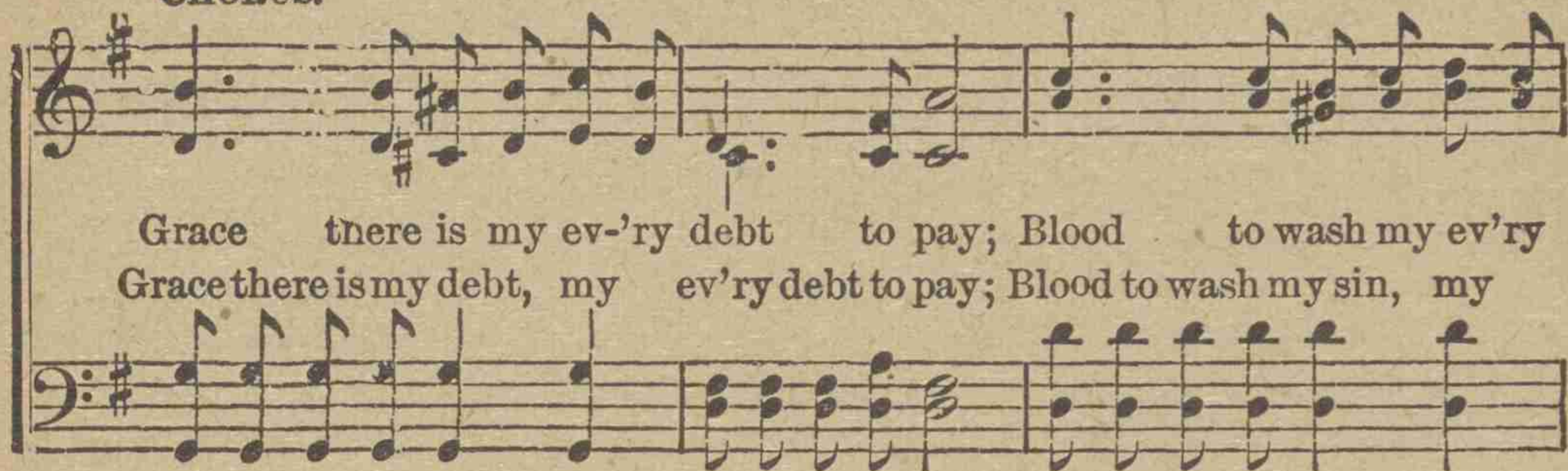


By per. of H. H. BOOTH.

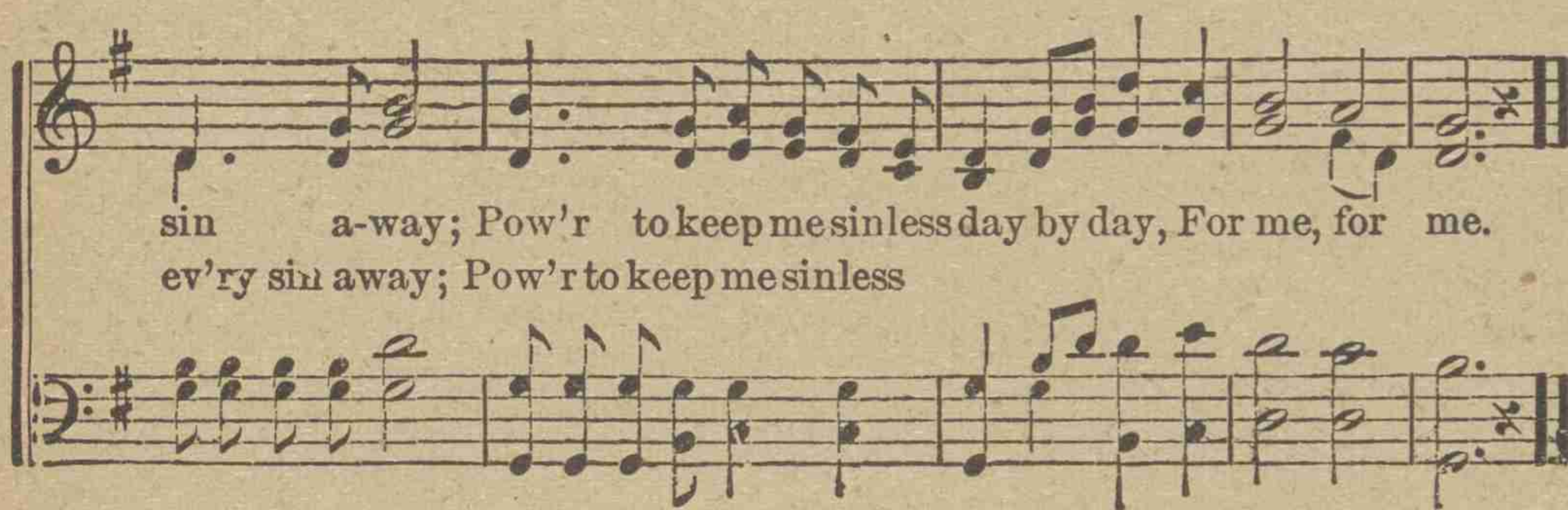
MISCELLANEOUS.

The Penitent's Plea.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



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



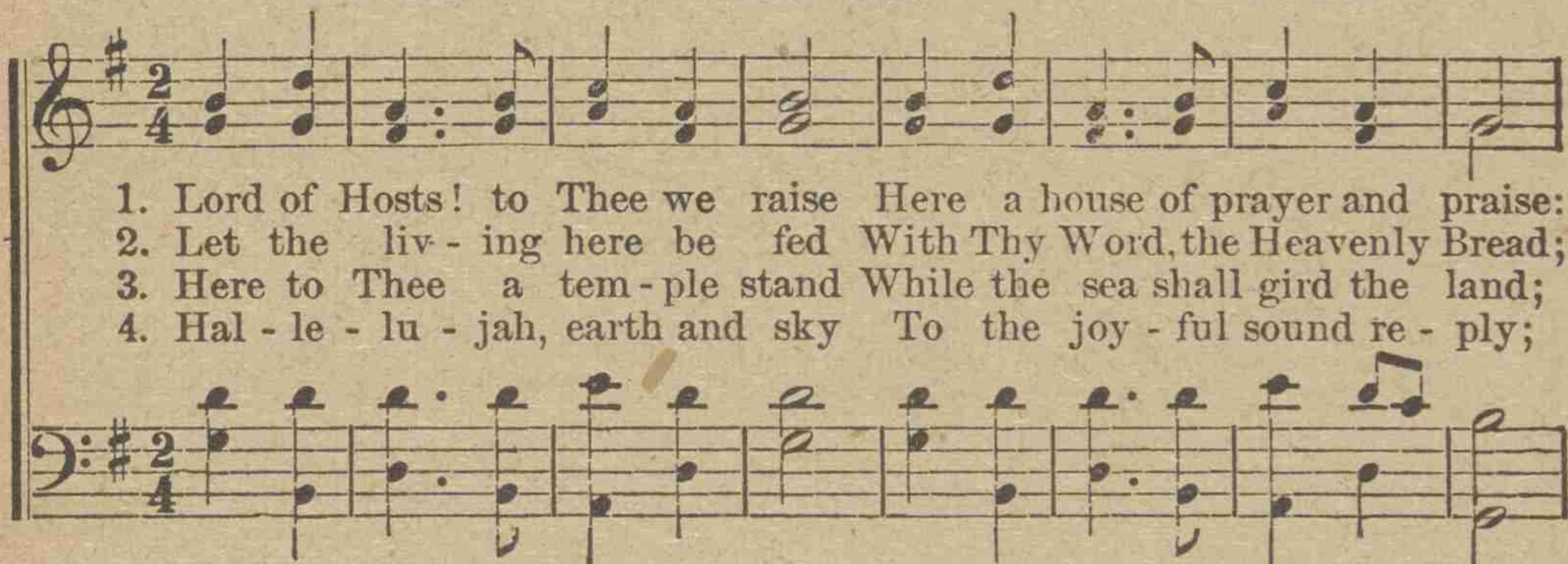
sin a-way; Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me.
ev'ry sin away; Pow'r to keep me sinless

362. Lord of Hosts! to Thee We Raise.

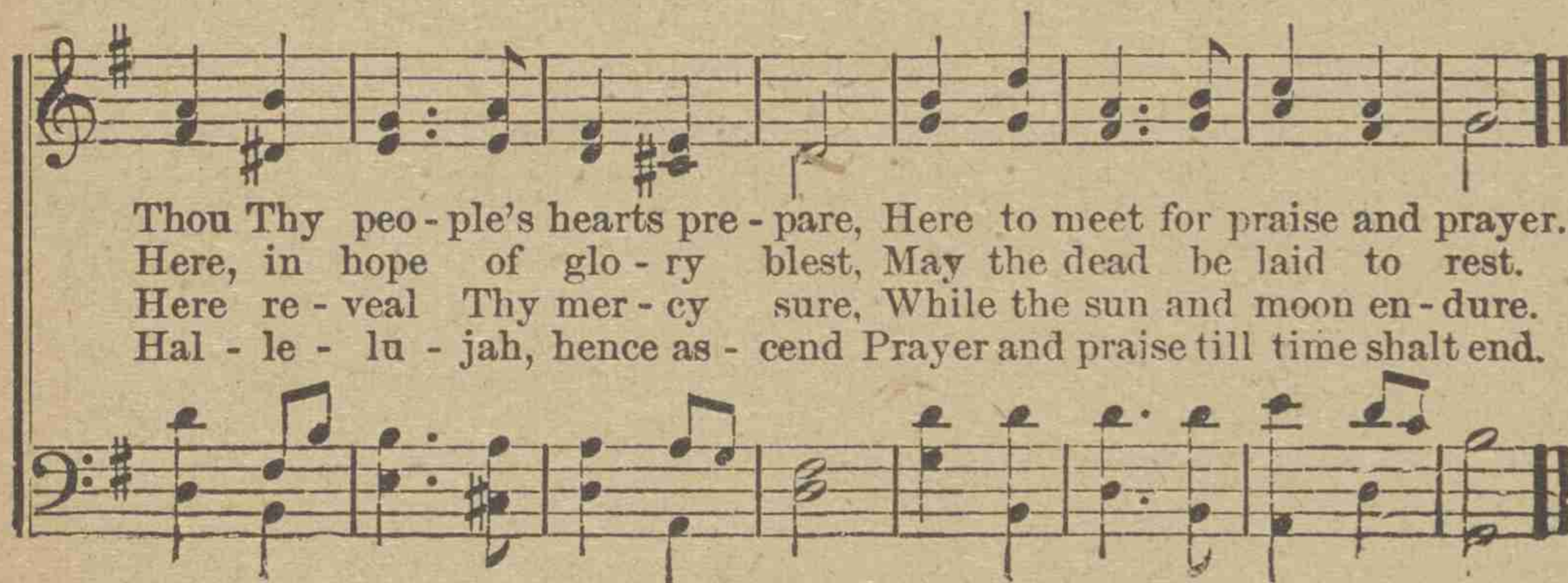
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Dedication.

I. PLEYEL.



1. Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise;
2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With Thy Word, the Heavenly Bread;
3. Here to Thee a tem - ple stand While the sea shall gird the land;
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, earth and sky To the joy - ful sound re - ply;



Thou Thy peo - ple's hearts pre - pare, Here to meet for praise and prayer.
Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
Here re - veal Thy mer - cy sure, While the sun and moon en - dure.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hence as - cend Prayer and praise till time shalt end.

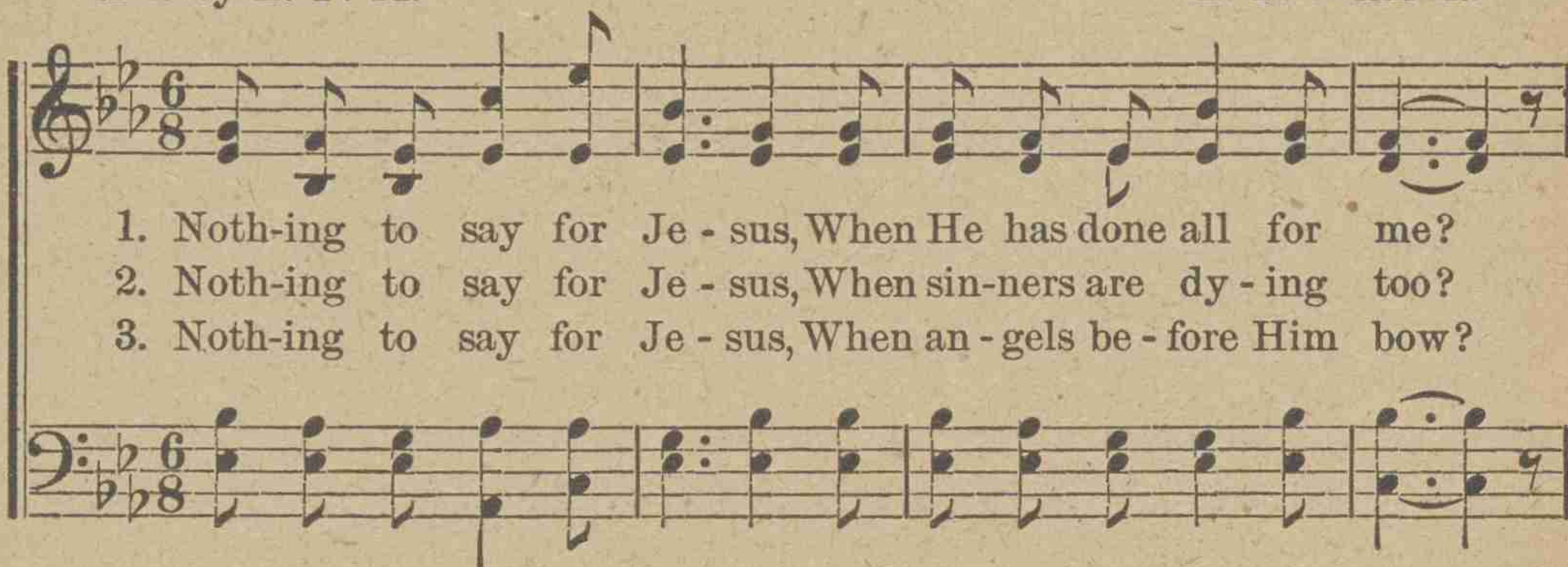
MISCELLANEOUS.

363. I'll Tell It.

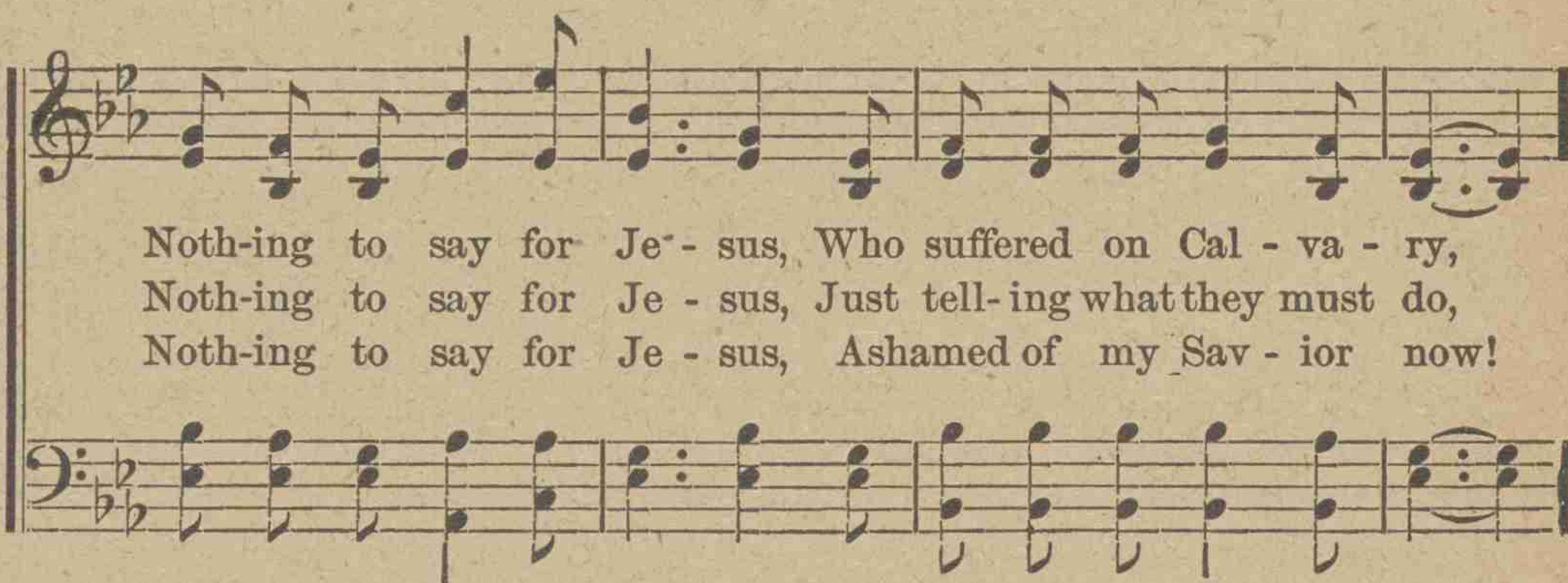
"Whosoever therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." MATT. 10: 32.

Arr. by E. F. M.

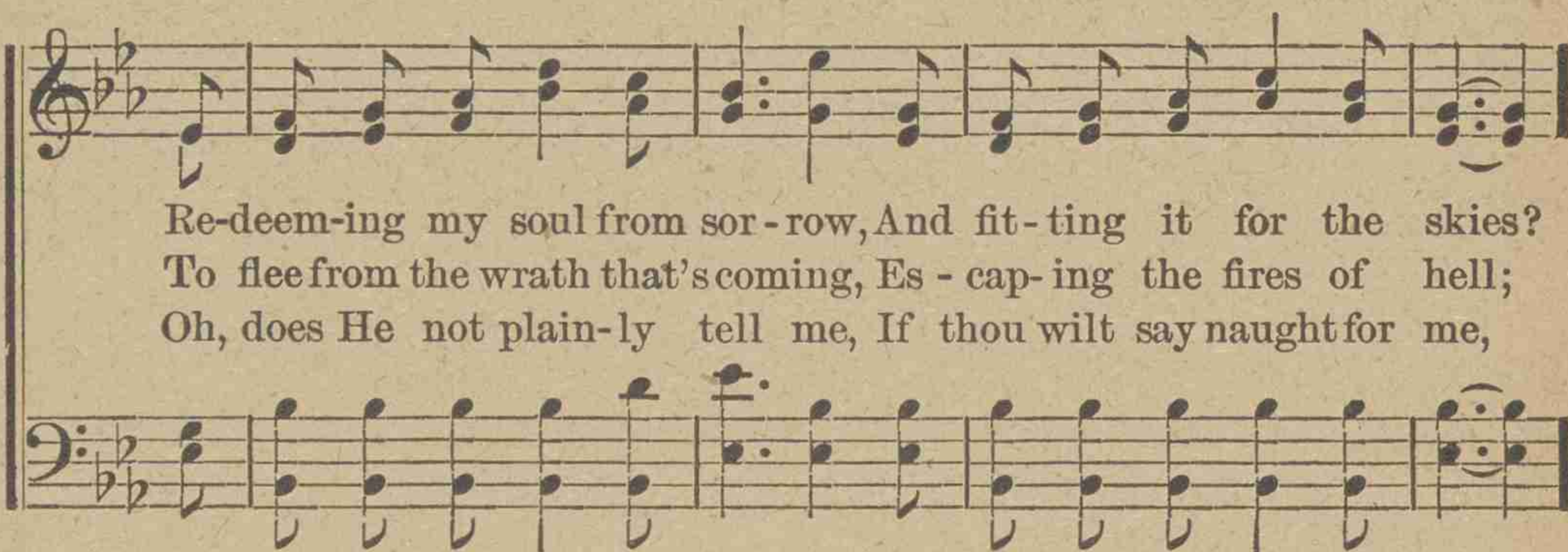
E. F. MILLER.



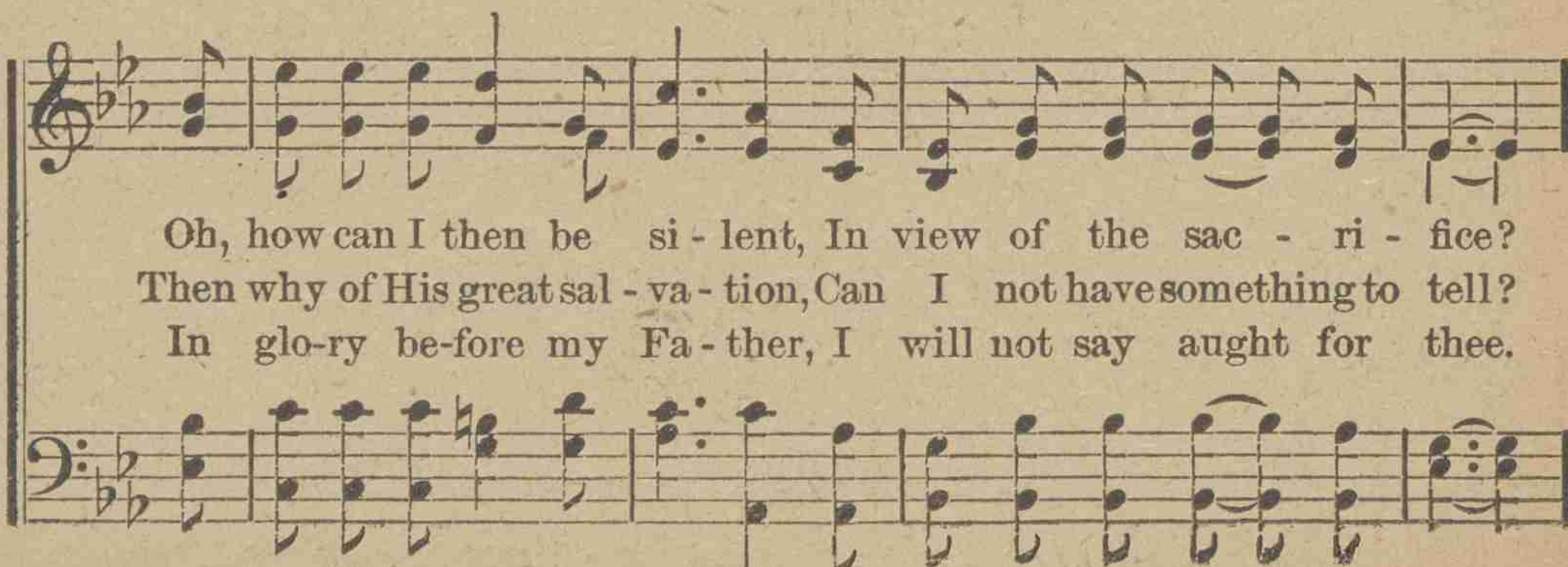
1. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When He has done all for me?
2. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When sin-ners are dy - ing too?
3. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When an - gels be - fore Him bow?



Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, Who suffered on Cal - va - ry,
Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, Just tell-ing what they must do,
Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, Ashamed of my Sav - ior now!



Re-deem-ing my soul from sor-row, And fit-ting it for the skies?
To flee from the wrath that's coming, Es - cap-ing the fires of hell;
Oh, does He not plain-ly tell me, If thou wilt say naught for me,



Oh, how can I then be si - lent, In view of the sac - ri - fice?
Then why of His great sal - va - tion, Can I not have something to tell?
In glo-ry be-fore my Fa - ther, I will not say aught for thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I'll Tell It. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll tell..... it, I'll tell..... it, How precious a ran-som He

Tell it to all, tell it to all, How precious a ran-som, the

gave,..... I'll tell..... of His love,.....

ran-som He gave, Tell of His love, Tell of His love,

And His won-der-ful pow-er to save.....

And His won-der-ful pow-er to pow-er to save.

364. Our Help in Ages Past.

ISAAC WATTS.

DR. T. HASTINGS.


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter
2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf - fi - cient
3. Be - fore the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From ev - er -
4. Time, like an ever rolling stream, Bears all its sons a - way, They fly for -

from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home, And our e - ter - nal home.
is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure, And our defense is sure.
lasting Thou art God; To endless years the same, To endless years the same.
got - ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day, Dies at the opening day.



MISCELLANEOUS.

365. Is There One Prepared for Me?


HARRY CLAYTON.



1. Mansions are pre-pared a - bove, By the gra-cious God of Love;
 2. Crowns that daz-zle hu-man eye, Wait for those who reach the sky,
 3. Robes of spot-less white are giv'n, By the gra-cious King of heav'n,
 4. Harps of sol-emn sound a - bove, Swell loud prais-es to His love;


Ma - ny will those mansions see; Is there one pre - pared for me?
 Ma - ny will those bright crowns be, Is there one pre - pared for me?
 All can have them, they are free, Is there one pre - pared for me?
 Oh, how sweet this sound will be, Is there one pre - pared for me?



REFRAIN.



Is there one prepared for me?



Is there one..... prepared for me?



Is there one prepared for me?



Is there one..... prepared for me?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Is There One Prepared? Concluded.

Ma - ny will those man-sions see,

1. Ma - ny will..... those man-sions see,.....
2. Ma - ny will..... those bright crowns be,.....
3. All can have..... them, they are free,.....
4. Oh, how sweet..... this sound will be,.....

Rit.

Is there one prepared for me?

Is there one..... prepared for me?

366. Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man a-shamed of Thee!
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
4. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then, I boast a Sav - ior slain;

Ashamed of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And oh, may this my glo - ry be—That Christ is not ashamed of me.

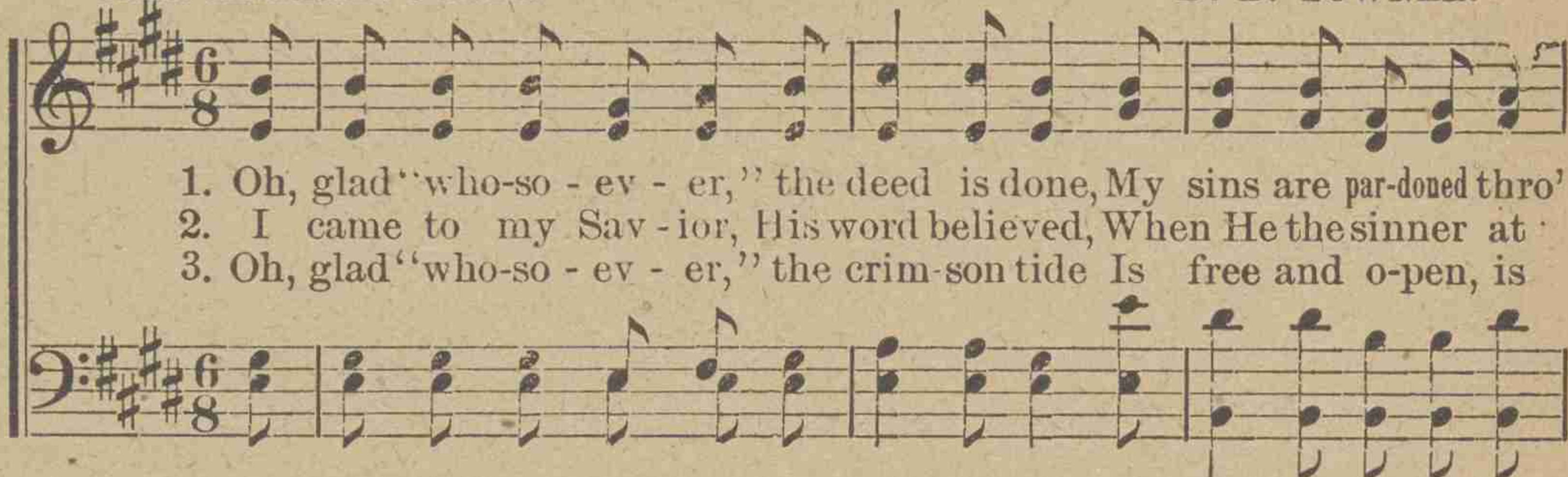
MISCELLANEOUS.

367. Redeemed.

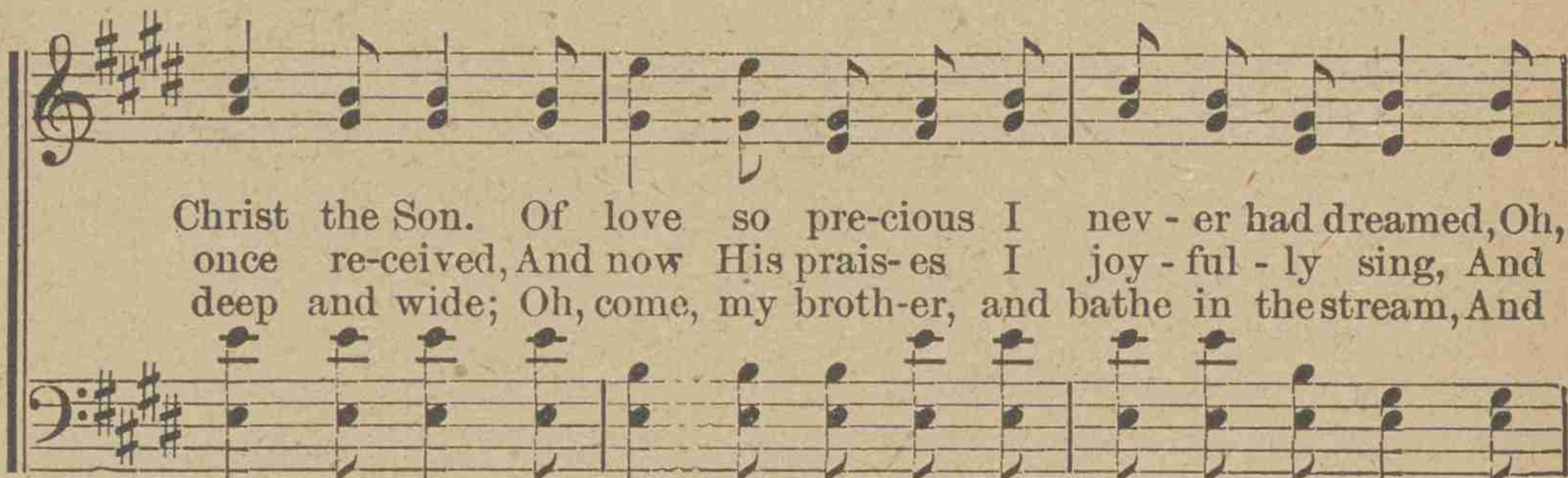
"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are par-doned thro'
 2. I came to my Sav - ior, His word believed, When He the sinner at
 3. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim-son tide Is free and o-pen, is



Christ the Son. Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh,
 once re-ceived, And now His prais-es I joy - ful - ly sing, And
 deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And

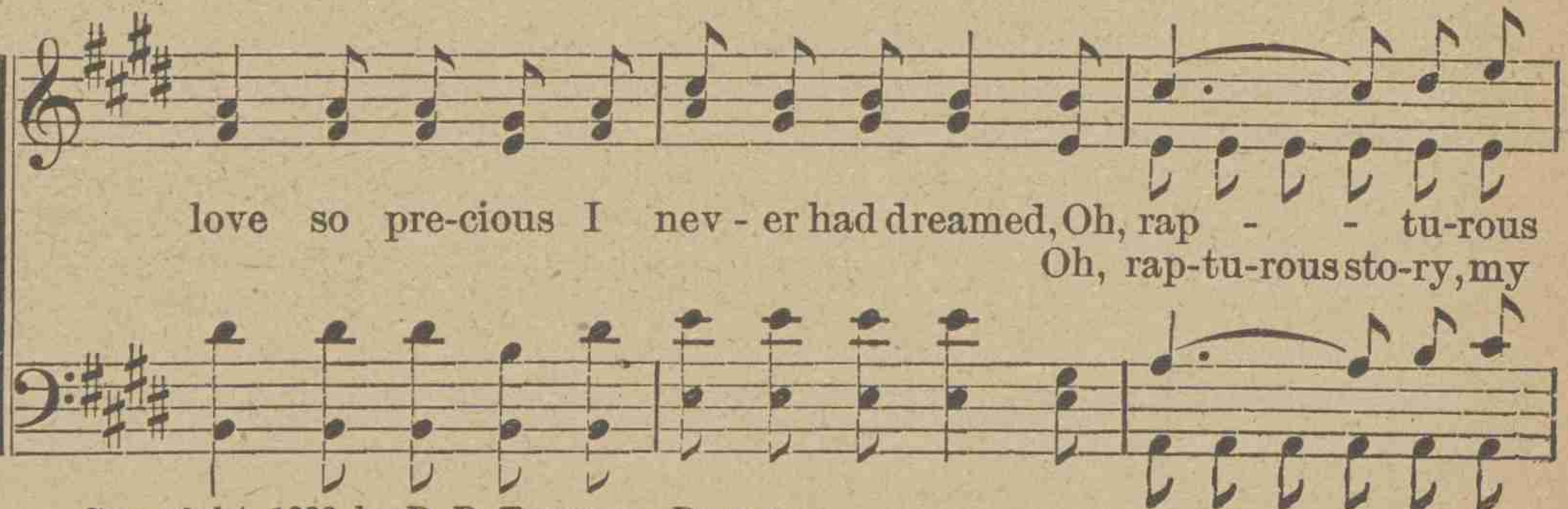
CHORUS.



sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed. } Oh, glo - - ry to
 dwell in the love of my Lord and King. }
 you shall be filled with a joy supreme. } Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my



Je - - sus, re - deemed!..... re - deemed!..... Of
 soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Of



love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh, rap - - tu-rous
 Oh, rap-tu-rous sto-ry, my

MISCELLANEOUS.

Redeemed. Concluded.

sto - - ry, re - deemed!..... re - deemed!..... Oh,
soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,

rall.

glo - - ry! Oh, glo - - ry, re - deemed!..... re - deemed....
glo-ry, oh, glo-ry, my soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed! my soul is redeemed!

368. Wake, O My Soul!

Anon.

CHARLES BURNEY.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Saviour's born;
2. Hark! what sweet mu - sic, what a song, Sounds from the bright, ce - les - tial throng!
3. Come, join the an - gels in the sky, Glo - ry to God, who reigns on high;

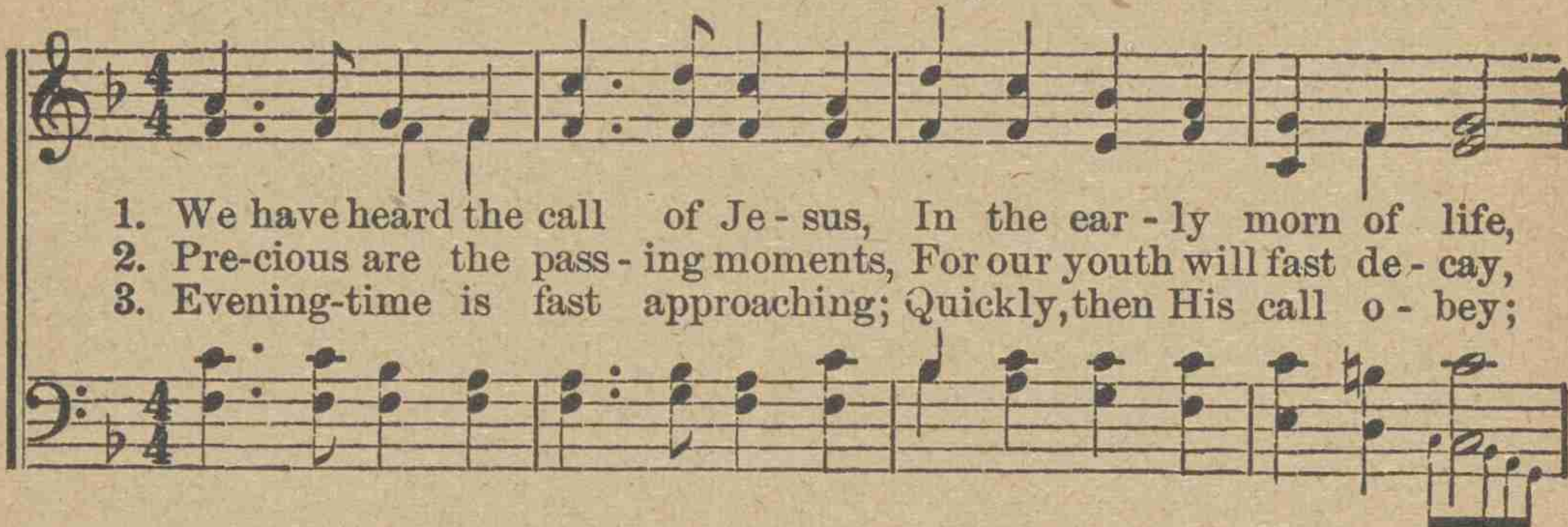
See! how the an - gels wing their way, To ush - er in the glorious day!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
Let peace and love on earth a - bound, While time re - volves and years roll round.

MISCELLANEOUS.

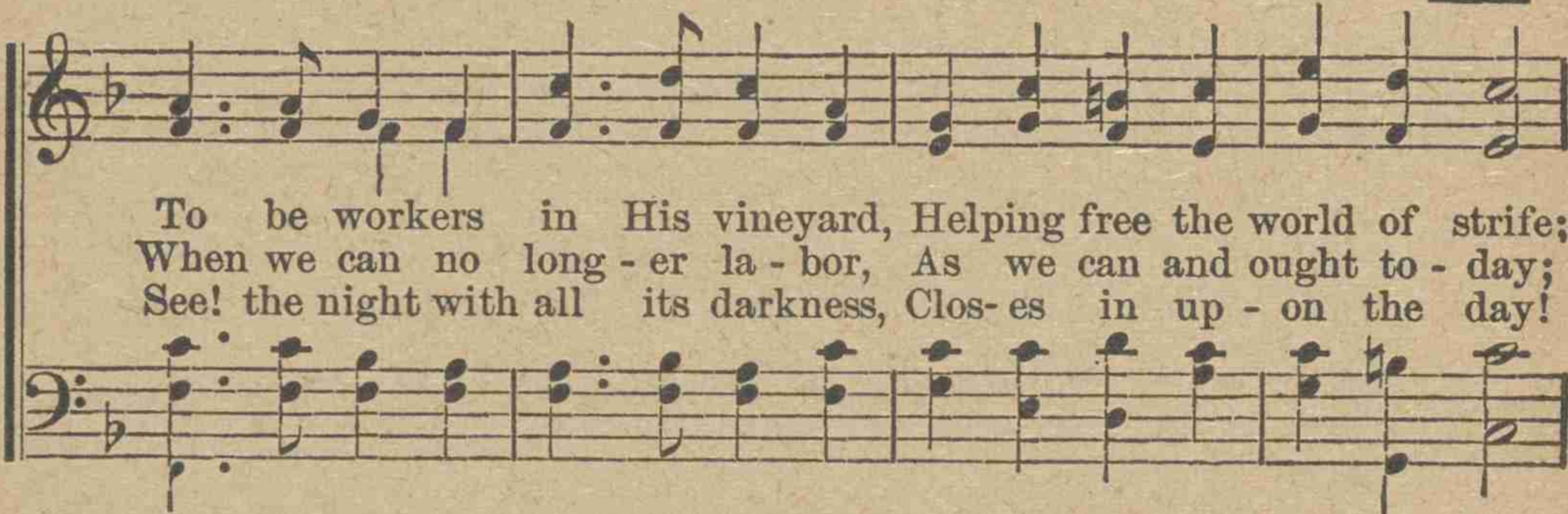
369. Workers in His Vineyard.

To the Y. P. S. C. E.

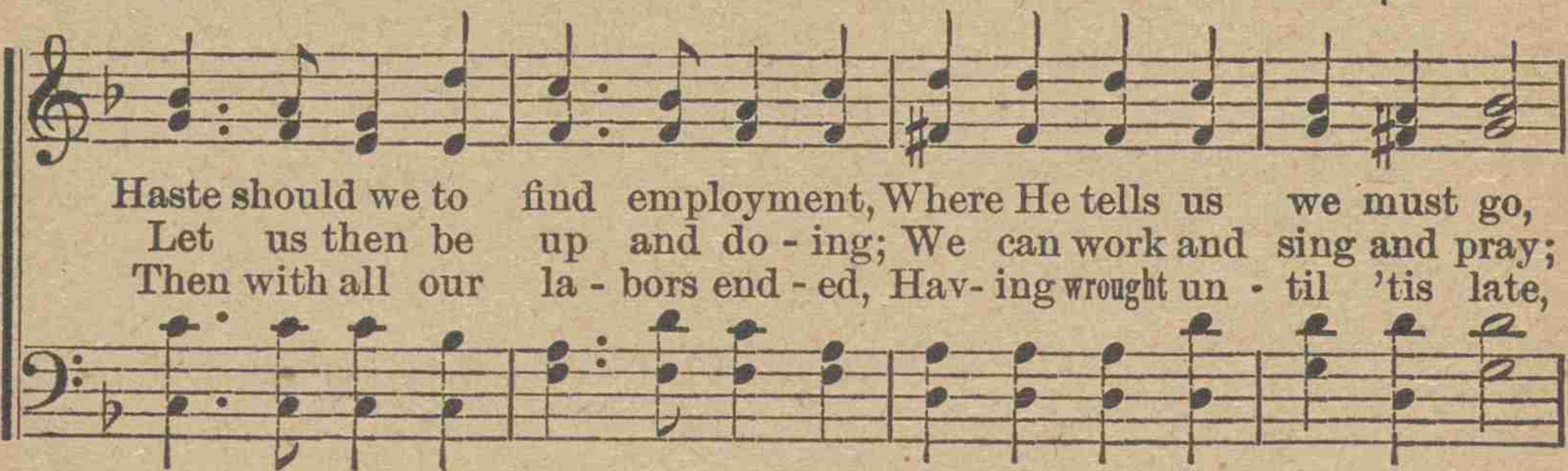
Words and Music by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



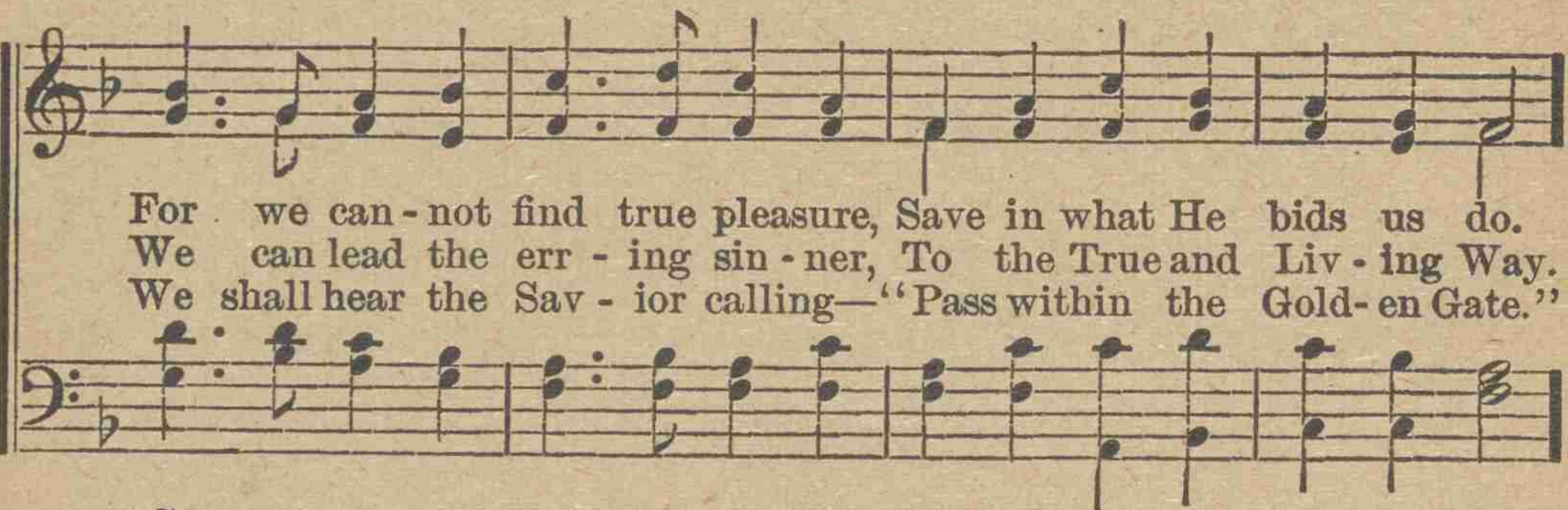
1. We have heard the call of Je - sus, In the ear - ly morn of life,
 2. Pre - cious are the pass - ing moments, For our youth will fast de - cay,
 3. Evening-time is fast approaching; Quickly, then His call o - bey;



To be workers in His vineyard, Helping free the world of strife;
 When we can no long - er la - bor, As we can and ought to - day;
 See! the night with all its darkness, Clos - es in up - on the day!

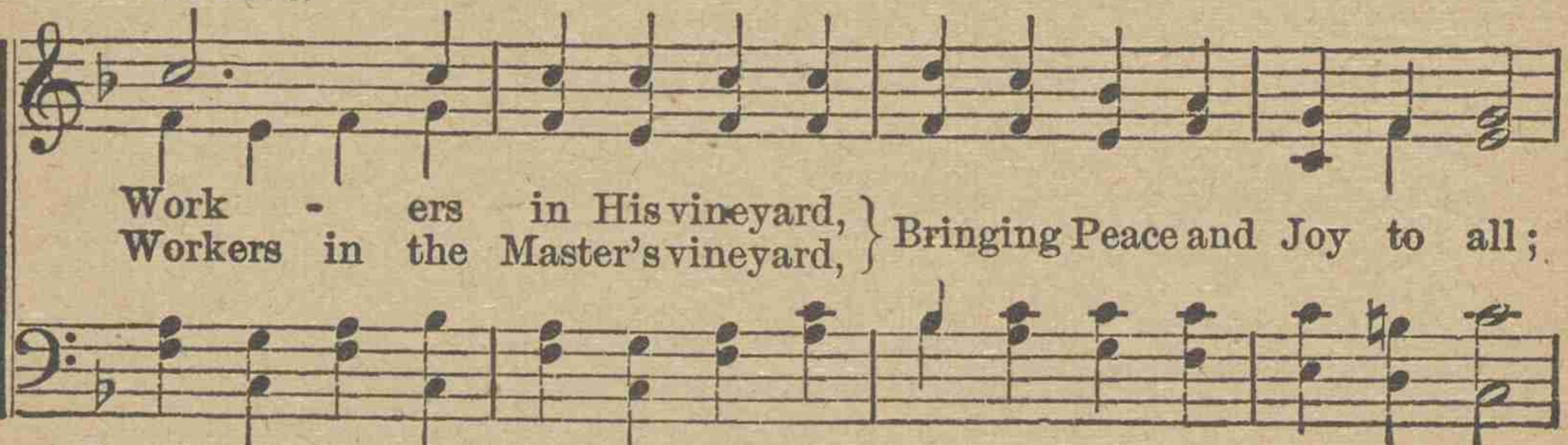


Haste should we to find employment, Where He tells us we must go,
 Let us then be up and do - ing; We can work and sing and pray;
 Then with all our la - bors end - ed, Hav - ing wrought un - til 'tis late,



For we can - not find true pleasure, Save in what He bids us do.
 We can lead the err - ing sin - ner, To the True and Liv - ing Way.
 We shall hear the Sav - ior calling—"Pass within the Gold - en Gate."

CHORUS.



Work - ers in His vineyard, } Bringing Peace and Joy to all;
 Workers in the Master's vineyard, }

MISCELLANEOUS

Workers in His Vineyard.—Concluded.

Thus, will we be true and faithful, To the lov - ing Master's call.

370. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed
 2. "Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seiz'd their
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born of
 4. "The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find To hu - man
 5. Thus spake the ser - aph— and forth - with Ap - pear'd a
 6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the

on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came
 trou - bled mind, "Glad tid - ings of great joy I
 Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, Who is Christ, the
 view dis - play'd, All mean - ly wrapp'd in swath - ing
 shin - ing throng Of an - gels prais - ing God, who
 earth be peace; Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to

down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 bring, To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind."
 Lord, And this shall be the sign;— And this shall be the sign;—
 bands, And in a man - ger laid. And in a man - ger laid."
 thus Address'd their joy - ful song, Address'd their joy - ful song:—
 men Be - gin and nev - er cease, Be - gin and nev - er cease!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

371. Full Consecration.

To the Y. P. S. C. E.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly.



1. The love of my heart, En - tire not in part, In full con - se -
2. The love of my soul, My life as a whole, A sac - ri - fice
3. Each thought of my mind, Made pure and re - fined, And filled with all
4. Thus heart, soul, and mind, With strength all combined, In love on Thine



cra - tion I bring; Af - fec - tion sin - cere, From self - ish - ness clear,
liv - ing I make; Life, kindred, home, land, If Thou dost de - mand,
truth from a - bove; Each day con - tem - plate, Each night med - i - tate,
al - tar then laid; This Thou dost re - quire, Be this my de - sire,



CHORUS.



I of - fer Thee glad - ly, my King.
Yea, all I will leave for Thy sake. } With all of my might, Up -
Thy good - ness, and wis - dom and love.
Till per - fect in love I am made.



hold - ing the right, Op - pos - ing what ev - er is wrong; Sup -




porting the weak, Sustaining the meek, And helping the feeble grow strong.



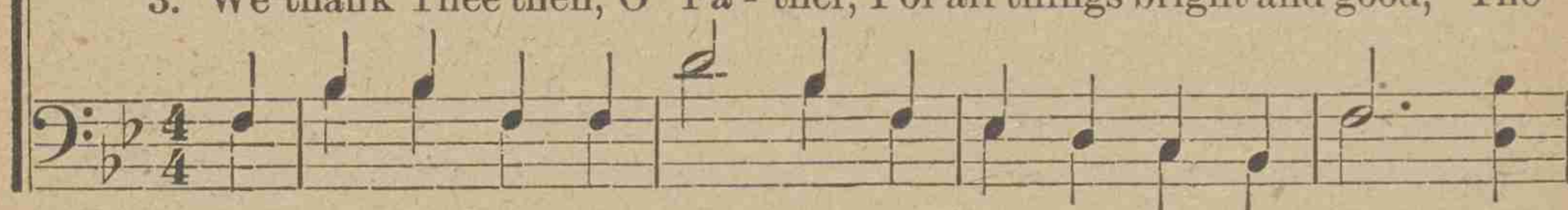

372. We Plough the Fields.

JANE M. CAMPBELL, Tr.



J. A. P. SCHULTZE.



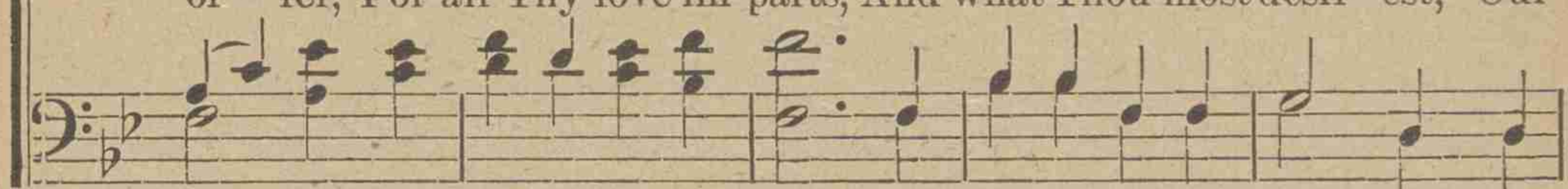
1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
 2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He
 3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The


it is fed and wa - tered By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in
 paints the way-side flow - er, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves o-
 seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Accept the gifts we


win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sun - shine, And
 bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren, He
 of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts, And what Thou most desir - est, Our



REFRAIN.



soft re - fresh - ing rain. All good gifts around us Are sent from heav'n a -
 gives our dai - ly bread.
 humble, thankful hearts.




bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.




MISCELLANEOUS.

373. Trust in Him.



TRAV'LER, CHRISTIAN, SINNER.

E. P. W.



ERNEST P. WILES.




1. *Trav'ler*, in this world of sor-row, With its pain, its toil and fear,
2. *Christian*, in the world's great conflict, Close be - set by sa-tan's throng,
3. *Sin-ner*, in your lone-ly wand'rings, In the crook-ed paths, so dim,

You will want some one to aid you, Who will love, di - rect and cheer.
 You must strive to gain the mas-t'ry, And thus triumph o - ver wrong.
 Oft - en you will be in sor - row, And will have no hope with-in.

You will need a friend and help - er, When the way of life grows dim—
 You will al-ways want a lead - er, Who will all the con-flicts win—
 You will wish to seek a ref - uge, And be saved from ev - 'ry sin—




You will find in Christ that *Help-er* If you'll on - ly trust in Him.
 You will find in Christ that *Leader*, If you'll on - ly trust in Him.
 You will find in Christ that *Refuge*, If you'll on - ly trust in Him.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Trust in Him.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Trust in Him to - day, He will

Trust in Him to - day, Trust in Him to - day, He will

al - ways be your Friend, Trust Him as your on - ly

al - ways, He will always be your Friend. Trust Him as your on - ly

Sav - ior, He will guide you to the end.

Sav - ior, He will guide you, He will guide you to the end.

374. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

1. The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS:

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2. All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;

I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

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

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

375. The Home for Me.

J. T. REESE.

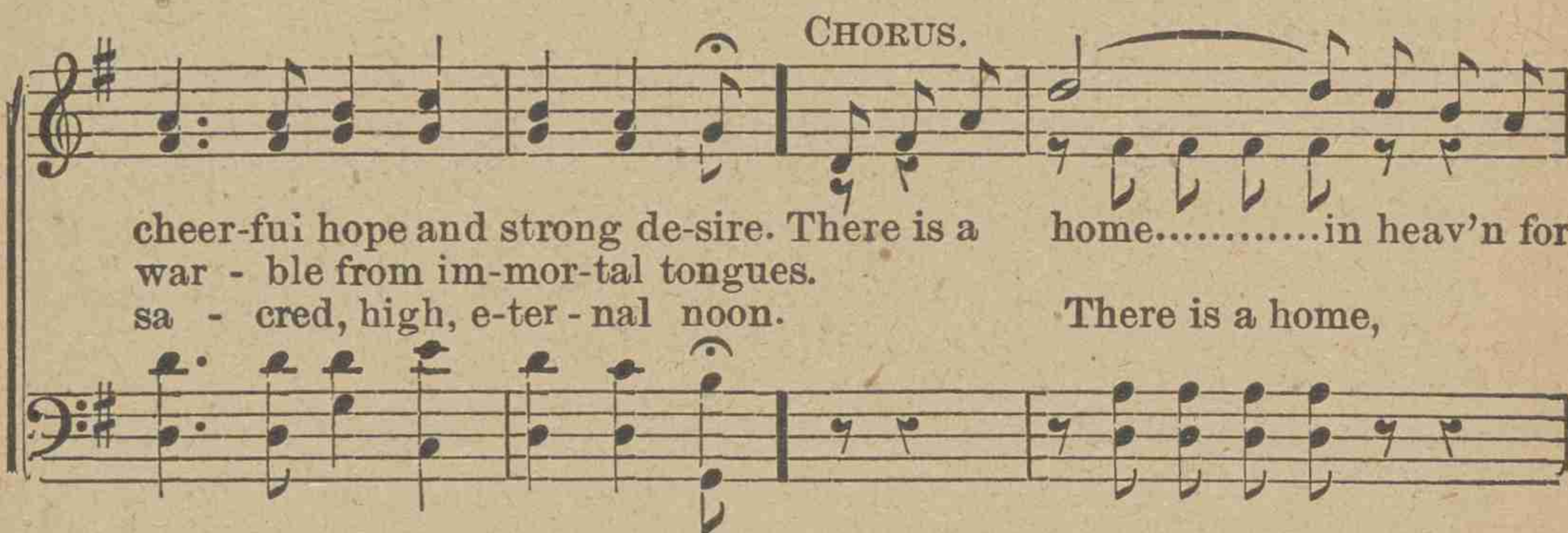


1. Sweet day of rest O Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler
 2. No more fatigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor hell shall
 3. No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes; No cares to break the

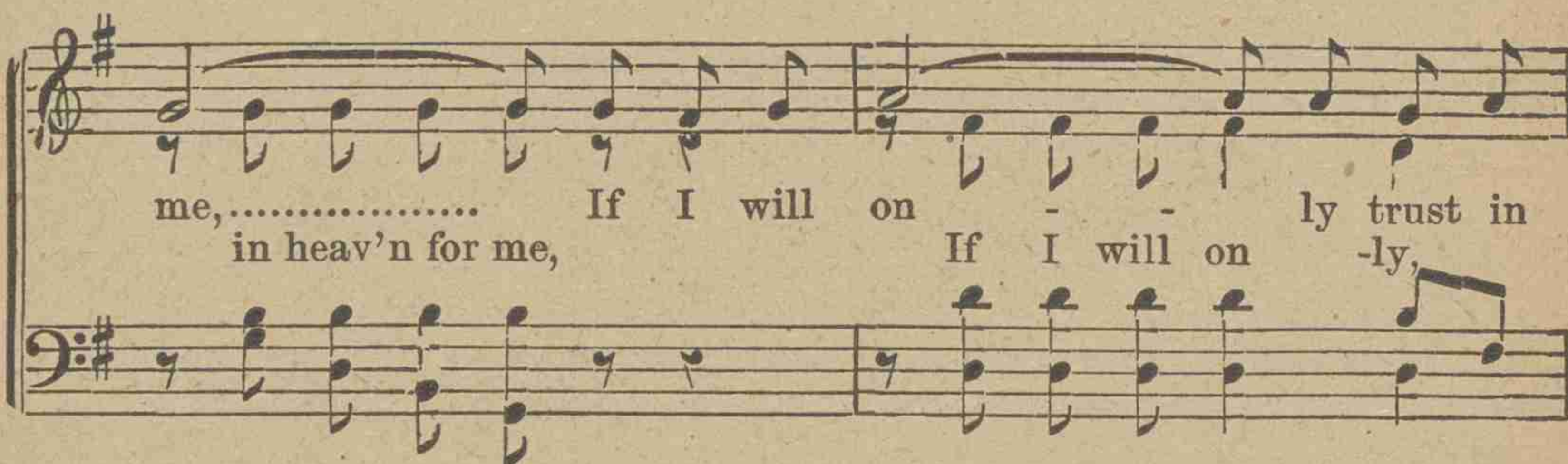


rest a - bove; To that our la-b'ring souls as - pire, With
 reach the place; No sighs shall min - gle with the songs Which
 long re - pose; No mid - night shade, no cloud - ed sun, But


CHORUS.



cheer-fui hope and strong de-sire. There is a home.....in heav'n for
 war - ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
 sa - cred, high, e-ter - nal noon. There is a home,



me,..... If I will on ly trust in
 in heav'n for me, If I will on - ly,



Thee,..... There is a home..... in heav'n for
 on - ly trust in Thee. There is a home

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Home for Me. Concluded.

me, If I will on ly trust in Thee.
in heav'n for me, If I will on - ly trust in Thee.

376. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

SONG FOR CHILDREN.

Arr.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle, Burn - ing in the night. In this world of dark - ness,
knows it, If our light is dim. He looks down from heav - en—
dark - ness, In this world a - bound. Sin and want and sor - row—

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

377. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
 2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
 3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll, To the

grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the grand - est theme
 grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the grand - est theme
 guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith

that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
 tell the world a - gain, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
 He will make thee whole, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

D. S.—Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; He is
 a - ble, He is a - ble

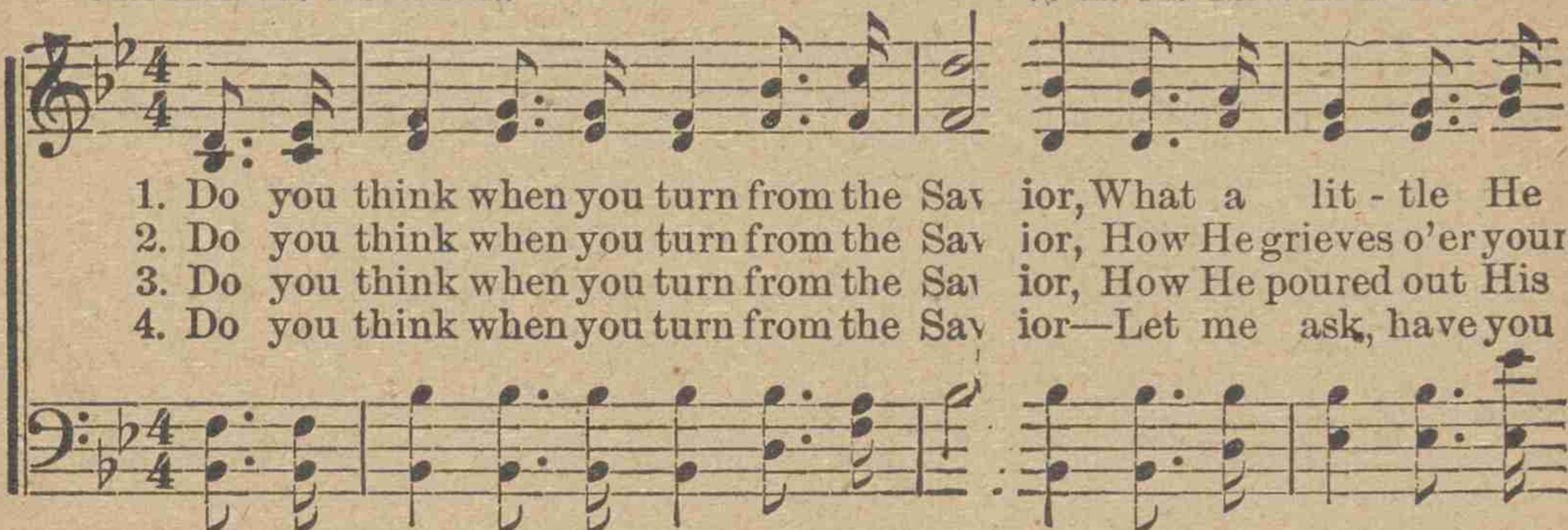
a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op - prest, Go to
 a - ble, He is a - ble

MISCELLANEOUS.

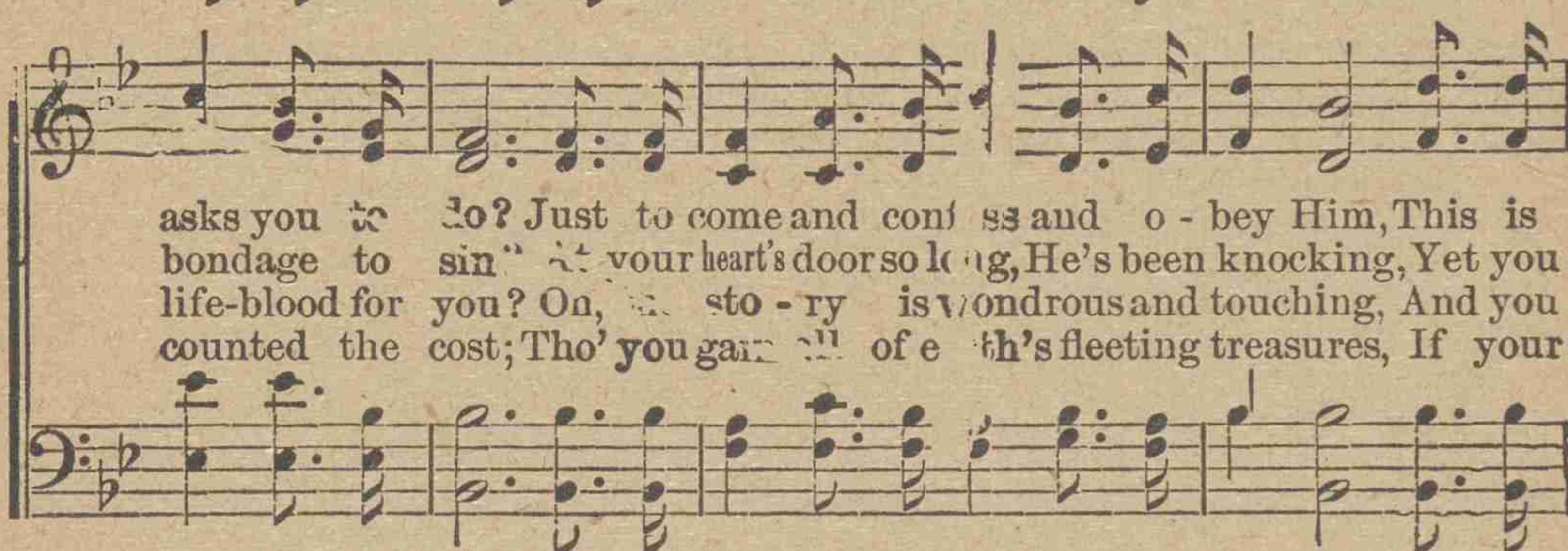
378. Won't You Come?

MATTIE M. BOTELER.

V. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

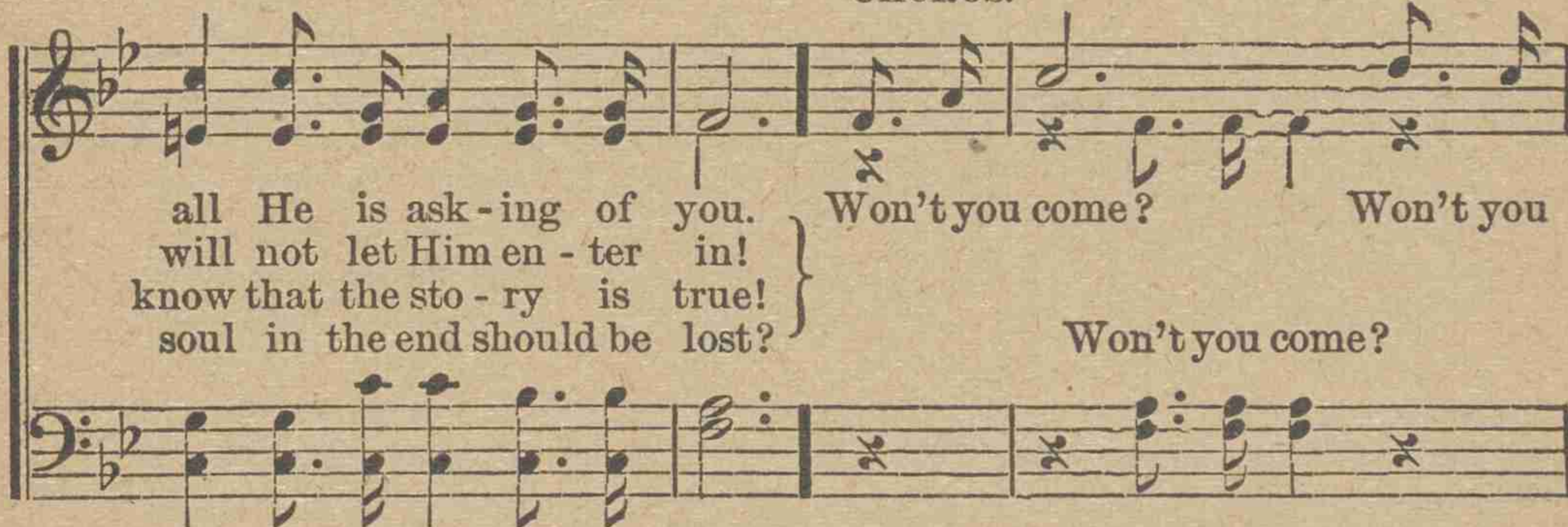


1. Do you think when you turn from the Sav ior, What a lit - tle He
 2. Do you think when you turn from the Sav ior, How He grieves o'er your
 3. Do you think when you turn from the Sav ior, How He poured out His
 4. Do you think when you turn from the Sav ior—Let me ask, have you



asks you to do? Just to come and confess and o - bey Him, This is
 bondage to sin—At your heart's door so long, He's been knocking, Yet you
 life-blood for you? On, the sto - ry is wondrous and touching, And you
 counted the cost; Tho' you gain all of e - th's fleeting treasures, If your

CHORUS.



all He is ask - ing of you. Won't you come? Won't you
 will not let Him en - ter in!
 know that the sto - ry is true!
 soul in the end should be lost? Won't you come?



come? Won't you come and con-fess and o - bey; Ver - y
 Won't you come? and o-bey;



short is the time you can serve Him, Won't you come, then, and serve Him to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

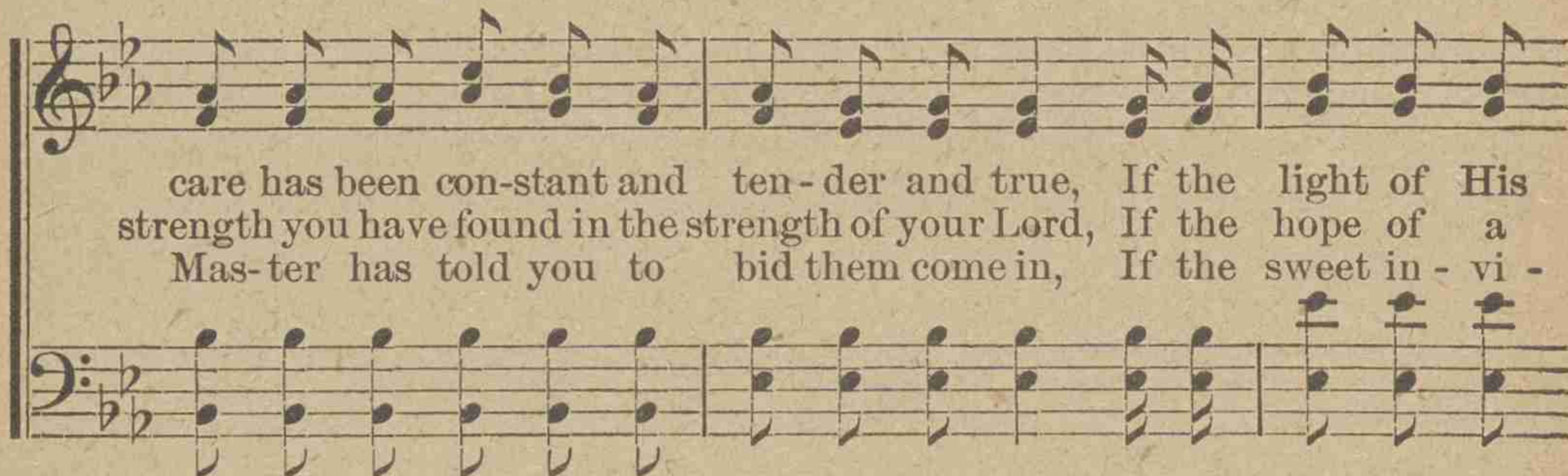
379. Tell it To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If His
 2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its re-ward, If a
 3. If the souls all a-round you are liv-ing in sin, If the

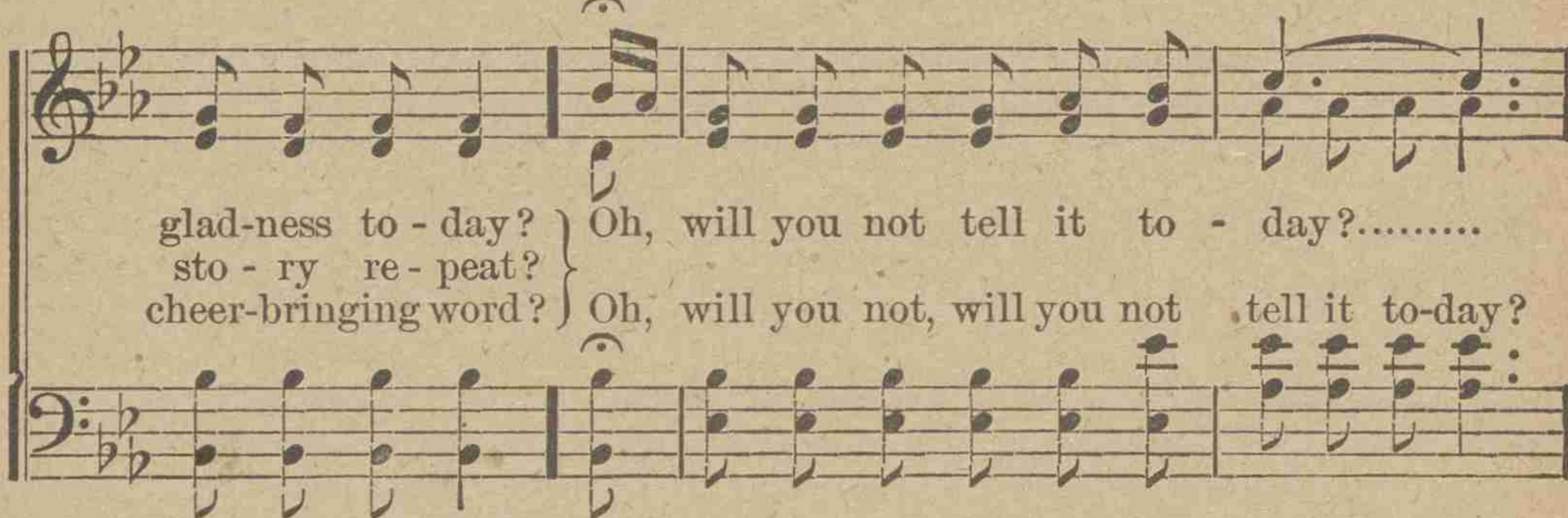


care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of His
 strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
 Mas-ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi -

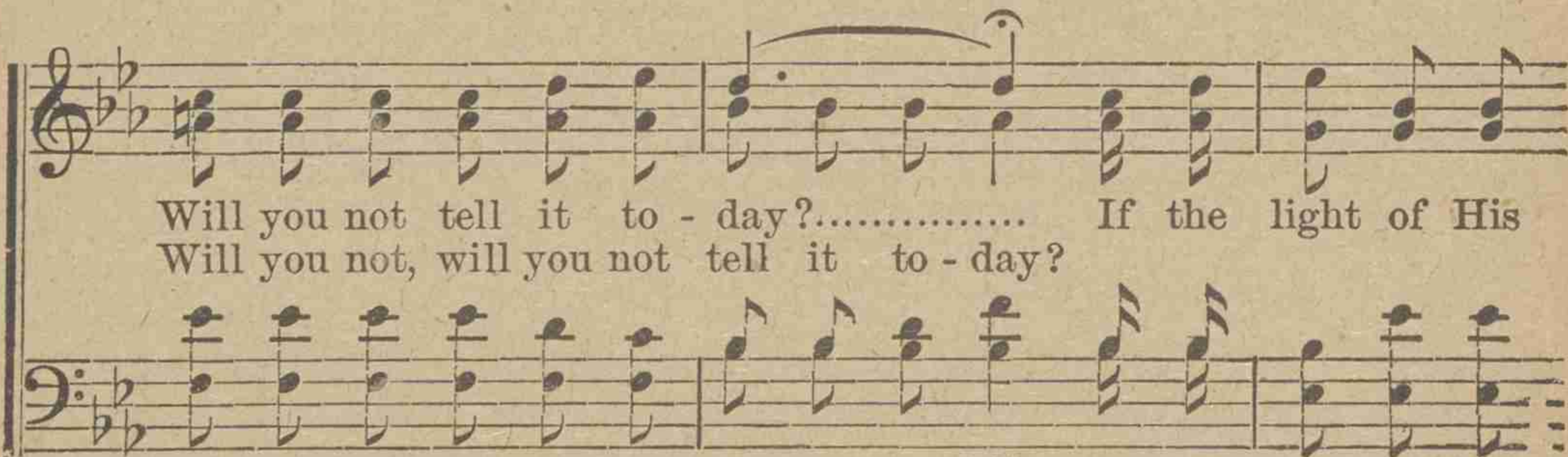


pres-ence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
 rest in His pal-ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, broth-er, the
 ta-tion they nev-er, have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.



glad-ness to - day? } Oh, will you not tell it to - day?.....
 sto - ry re - peat? }
 cheer-bringing word? } Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?



Will you not tell it to - day?..... If the light of His
 Will you not, will you not tell it to - day?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tell it To-day. Concluded.

pres-ence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell it to - day?

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

380. Move Forward, Soldiers of the Cross.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Move forward, sol-diers of the cross, Move forward, tho' you suf-fer loss;
2. Move forward, there is much to do, By will-ing soldiers, good and true;
3. Move forward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right;

The musical notation is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

Lo! Sa-tan's hosts a-round you stand, In Je - sus' name go take the land.
With shield of faith and sword in hand, Go brave-ly forth to take the land
While trusting in His prom-ise grand, You sure-ly shall pos-sess the land.

The musical notation continues in G major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

CHORUS.

Move for - ward, for - ward, Bold - ly march a - gainst the foe;
Move forward, forward, bravely forward,

The musical notation continues in G major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

For - ward, for - ward, Brave - ly for - ward go.
Forward, forward, brave-ly for-ward,

The musical notation continues in G major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

381. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the
 2. I know His prom-ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He
 3. I know my man-sion He pre - par - eth, That where He

earth..... again shall stand;
 speaks,..... it can not die;
 is..... there I may be;
 And on the earth again shall stand;
 I know e-ter-nal life He
 Tho' cru-el death my flesh as-
 O wondreus tho't, for me He

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
 sail - eth, Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
 car - eth, And He at last..... will come for me.
 That grace and pow'r

CHORUS.

I know, I know..... that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the
 I know, I know

earth..... again shall stand; I know, I know..... that life He
 and on the earth I know, I know

MISCELLANEOUS.

I Know That My Redeemer.—Concluded.

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
That grace and pow'r

382. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou,
thorns on Thy brow;
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow; } If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

By permission.

MISCELLANEOUS.

383. When the Waiting Time.

J. H. F.

FRED A. FILLMORE.




1. When the wait - ing time is o - ver, When the Mas - ter
2. When the wait - ing time is o - ver, Bat - tles fought and
3. When the wait - ing time is o - ver, When the toils of




bids us come, In the glad and bright for - ev - er, We shall
vic - t'ries won, We shall hear the Saviour's welcome, "Good and
life are past, We shall sing with ho - ly rap - ture, "Praise the

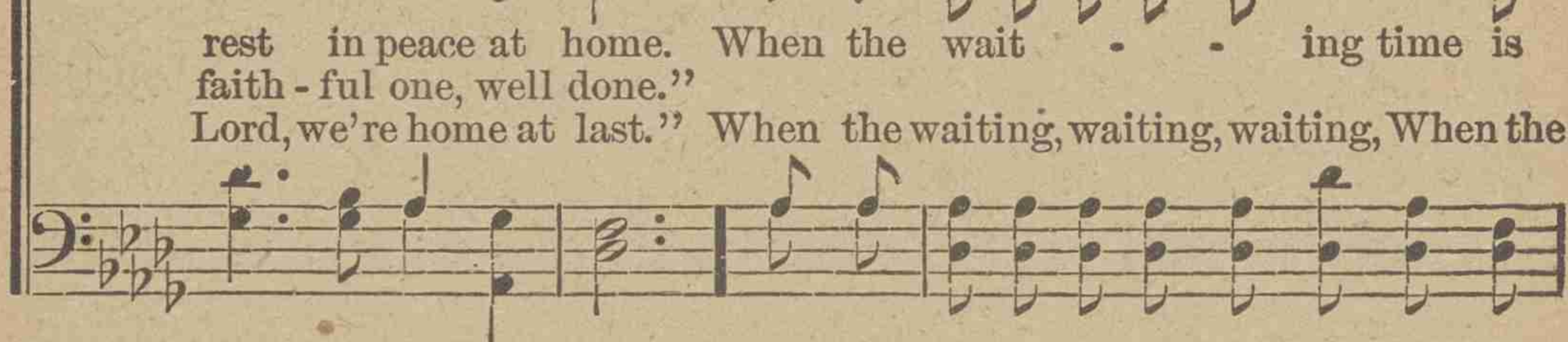



CHORUS.

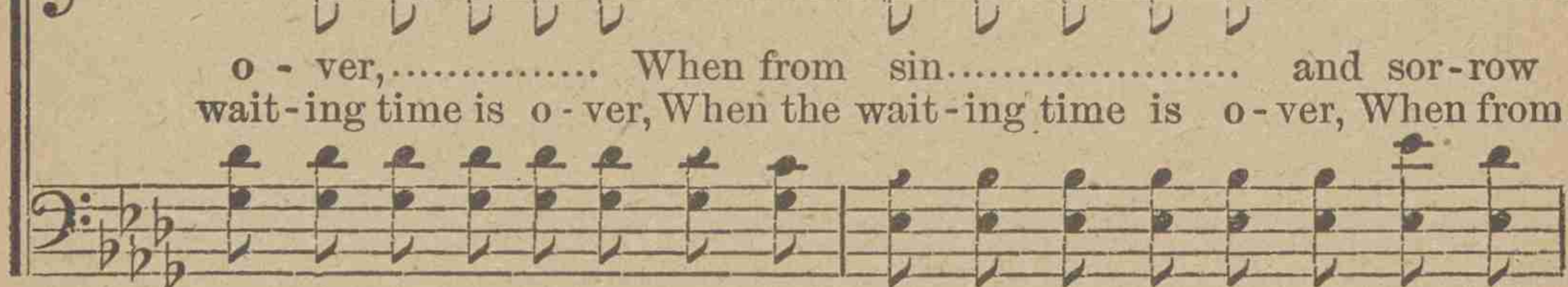


rest in peace at home. When the wait - ing time is
faith - ful one, well done."

Lord, we're home at last." When the waiting, waiting, waiting, When the

o - ver,..... When from sin..... and sor - row
wait - ing time is o - ver, When the wait - ing time is o - ver, When from




free, We shall meet..... be - yond the
sin and sor - row free, We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, When the



When the Waiting Time.—Concluded.

riv - er, There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly, (e - ter - nal - ly.)
 waiting time is o - ver,

384. Life is One Continued Battle.

C. JAY SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Life is one con - tin - ued bat - tle, Nev - er end - ed, nev - er o'er;
 2. Sa - tan ev - er watches round him, Seeks to find the weakest part,
 3. If perchance thy heart grows weary With the struggle and the fight;
 4. Be the light but faint and fee - ble, It shall guide thee ev - er - more,

And the Christian's path to glo - ry Is a con - flict ev - er - more.
 And in moments most un - heeded, Quick - ly throws his fi - ery dart.
 If the day seems dark and dreary, Look be - yond where all is bright.
 And at ev - 'ry bat - tle leave thee Strong - er than thou wast be - fore.

CHORUS.

Christian, buckle on thy ar - mor, Let thy faith un - shak - en be;
 Fight thy fight—all heav'n shall greet thee In the hour of vic - to - ry.

MISCELLANEOUS.


385. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.



J. B. HERBERT.




1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre-cious blood.

We may not know, we can not tell What pains He had to bear,
There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin,




But we believe it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.



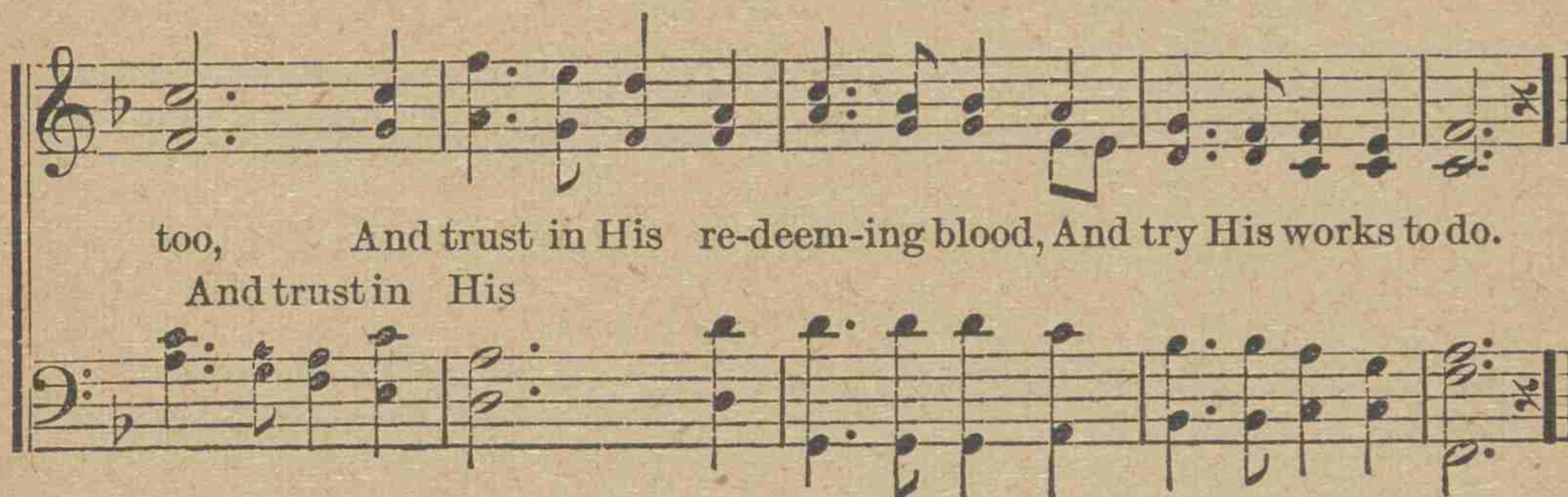
MISCELLANEOUS.

There is a Green Hill Far Away.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him

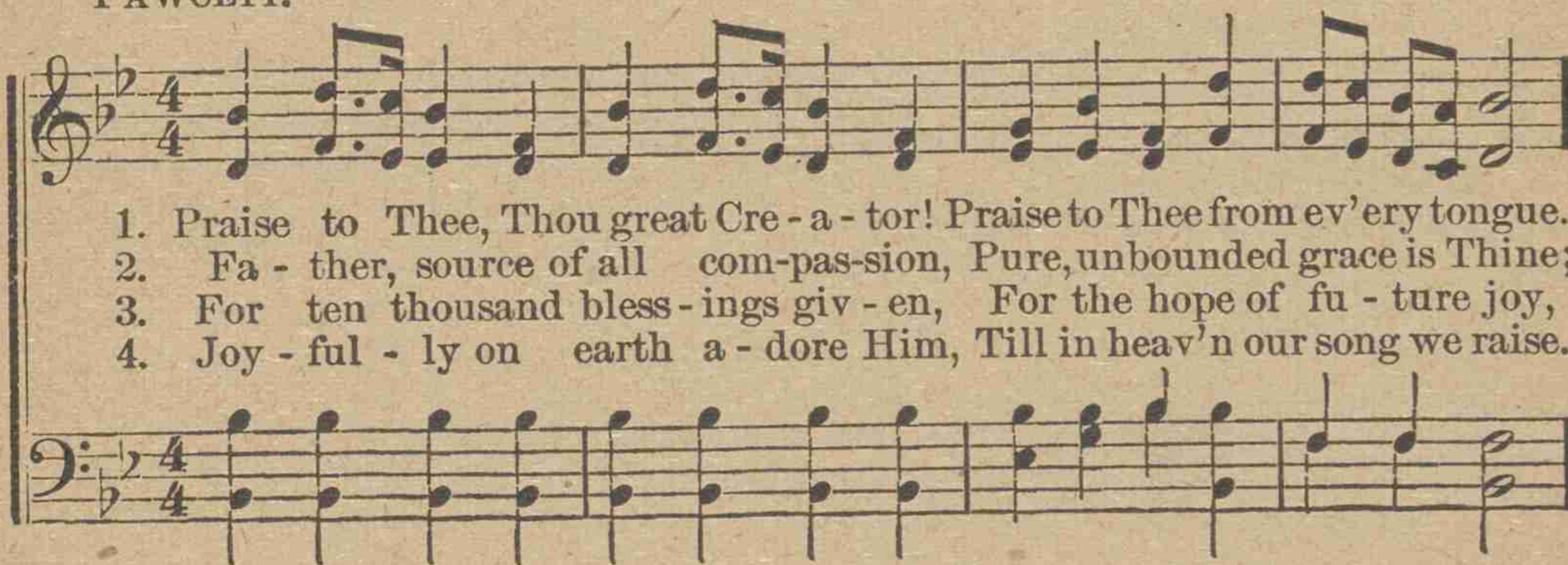


too, And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.
And trust in His

386. Praise to Thee.

FAWCETT.

VON WEBER.



1. Praise to Thee, Thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to Thee from ev'ry tongue.
2. Fa - ther, source of all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
3. For ten thousand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy,
4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore Him, Till in heav'n our song we raise.



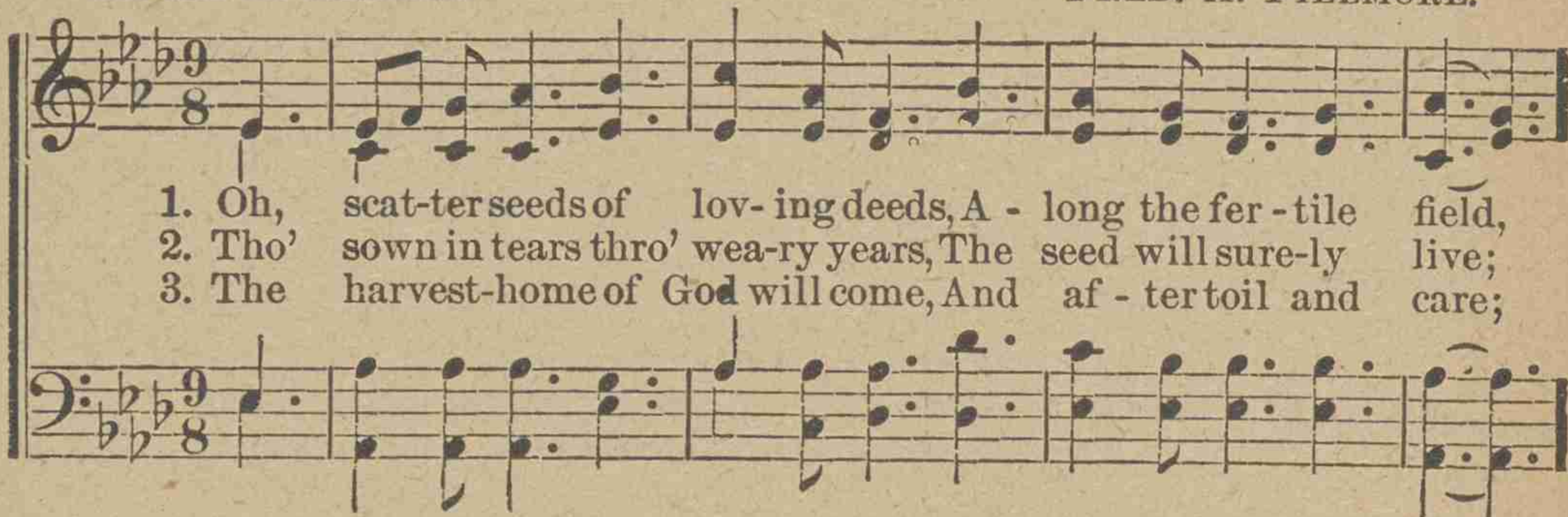
Join my soul, with ev - 'ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His love di - vine.
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.
There, en - raptured, fall be - fore Him, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

MISCELLANEOUS

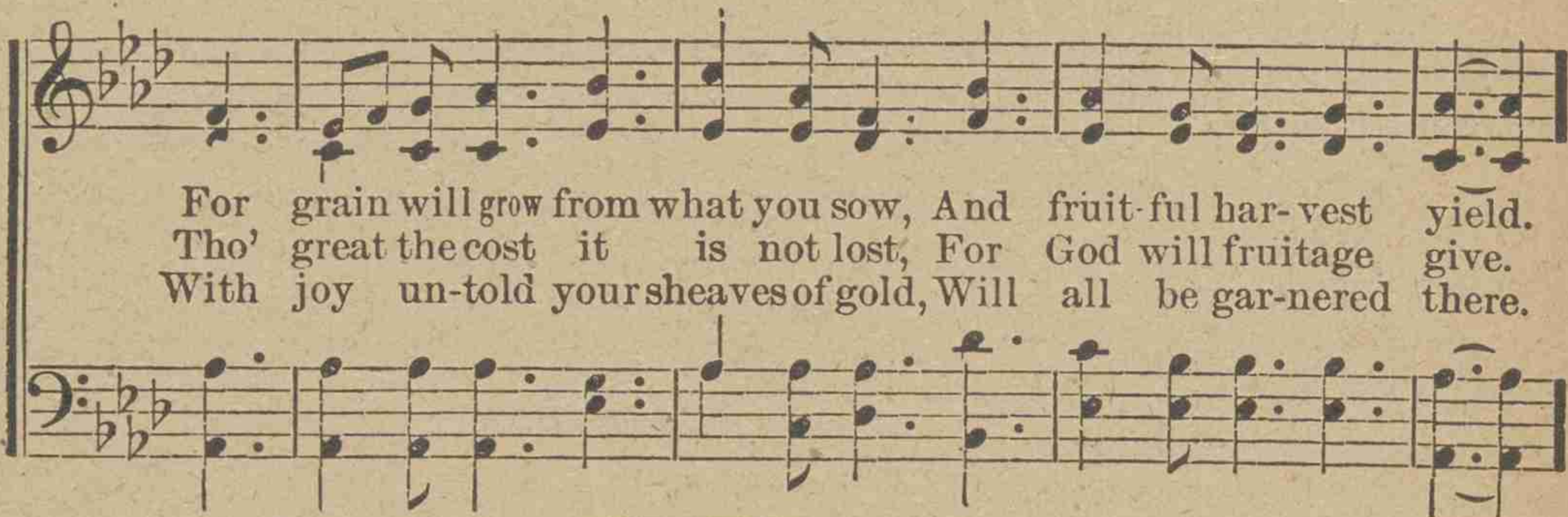
387. Oh, Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer-tile field,
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live;
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care;



For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
 With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.



Then day by day..... a-long your way,.....
 Then day by day a-long your way,



Theseeds of prom - - - ise cast,.....
 Theseeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast,



That ripened grain..... from hill and plain,.....
 That ripened grain from hill and plain,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oh, Scatter Seeds. Concluded.

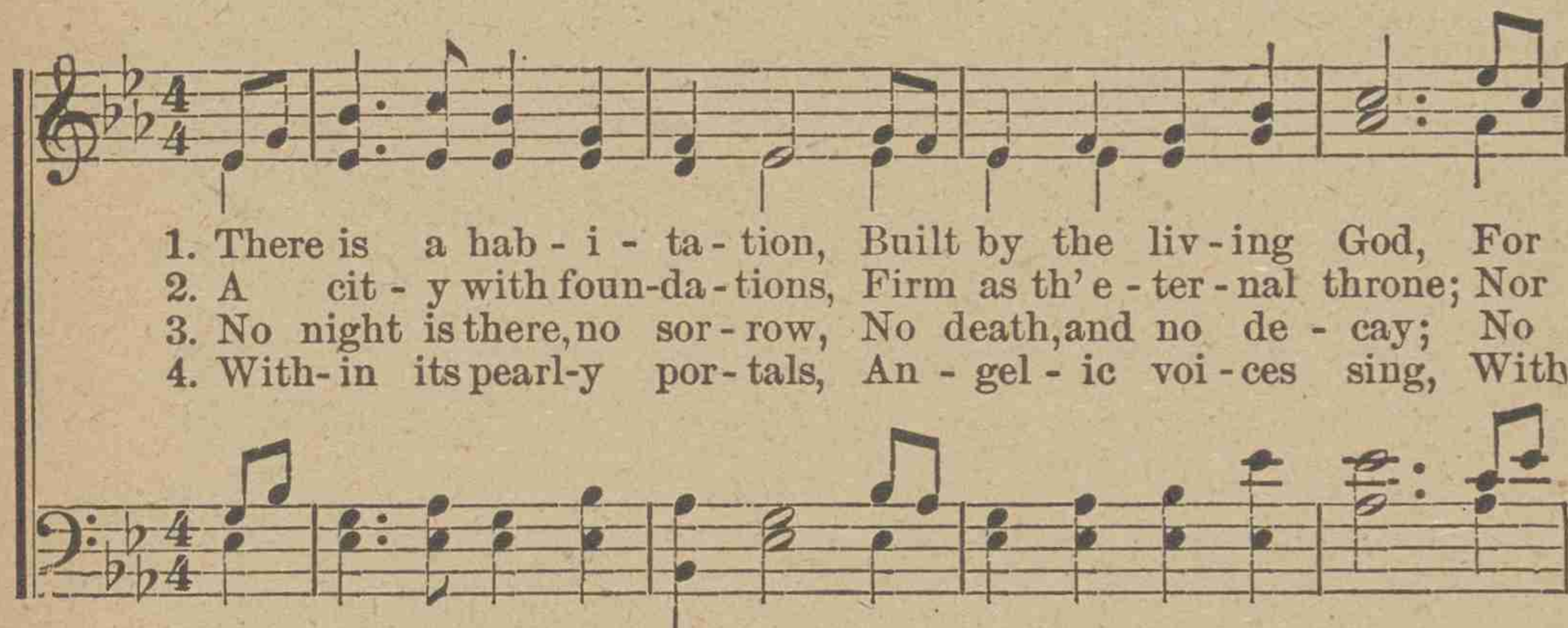


Be gathered home..... at last.....
 Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
 Be gathered home at last.....

388. There is a Habitation.

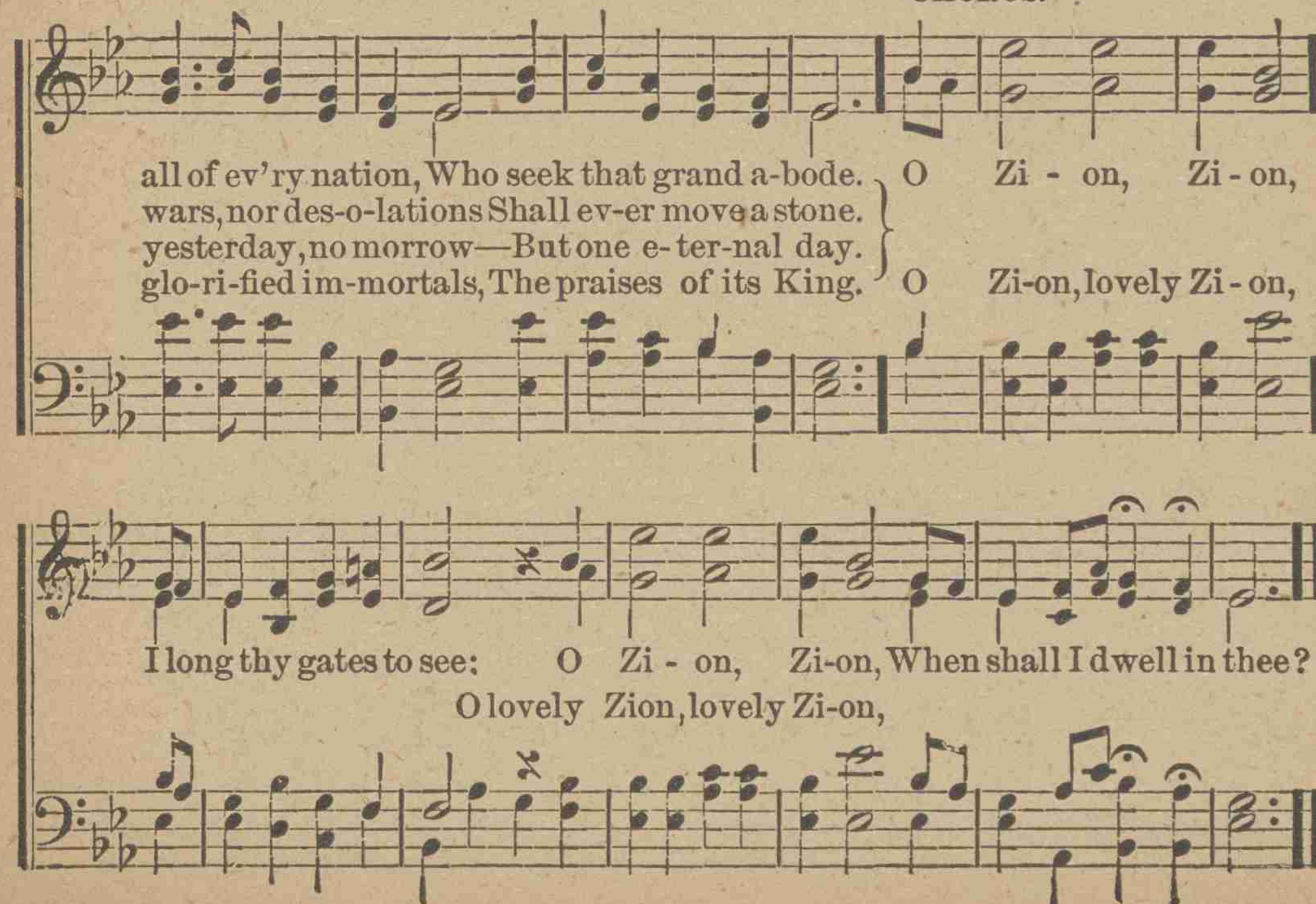
L. H. JAMESON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. There is a hab - i - ta - tion, Built by the liv - ing God, For
 2. A cit - y with foun - da - tions, Firm as th' e - ter - nal throne; Nor
 3. No night is there, no sor - row, No death, and no de - cay; No
 4. With - in its pearl - y por - tals, An - gel - ic voi - ces sing, With

CHORUS.




all of ev'ry nation, Who seek that grand a-bode. O Zi - on, Zi - on,
 wars, nor des-o-lations Shall ev-er move a stone.
 yesterday, no morrow—But one e-ter-nal day.
 glo-ri-fied im-mortals, The praises of its King. O Zi-on, lovely Zi-on,
 I long thy gates to see: O Zi - on, Zi-on, When shall I dwell in thee?
 O lovely Zion, lovely Zi-on,

MISCELLANEOUS.



389. Work, Watch, Pray.

GRACE GLENN.


J. H. FILLMORE.




1. Work when the morning shin - eth, Work when the noon-day gleams,
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand,
3. Work till the sum - mons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest,"



Work when the day de - clin - eth, Work in the mid - night dreams.
Work for the pure and ho - ly, Work for the true and grand.
So shall thy days be joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.




CHORUS.



Work, watch, pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;
Work and watch and pray,

Work, watch, pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.
Work and watch and pray,



MISCELLANEOUS.

390. The Child of a King.

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

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



world in his hands; Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
'alien' by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An
me o-ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All



CHORUS.

coff-ers are full, he has rich-es untold:
give us a home in the sweet by-and-by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

I'm the child of a King, The



child of a King; With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King




MISCELLANEOUS.

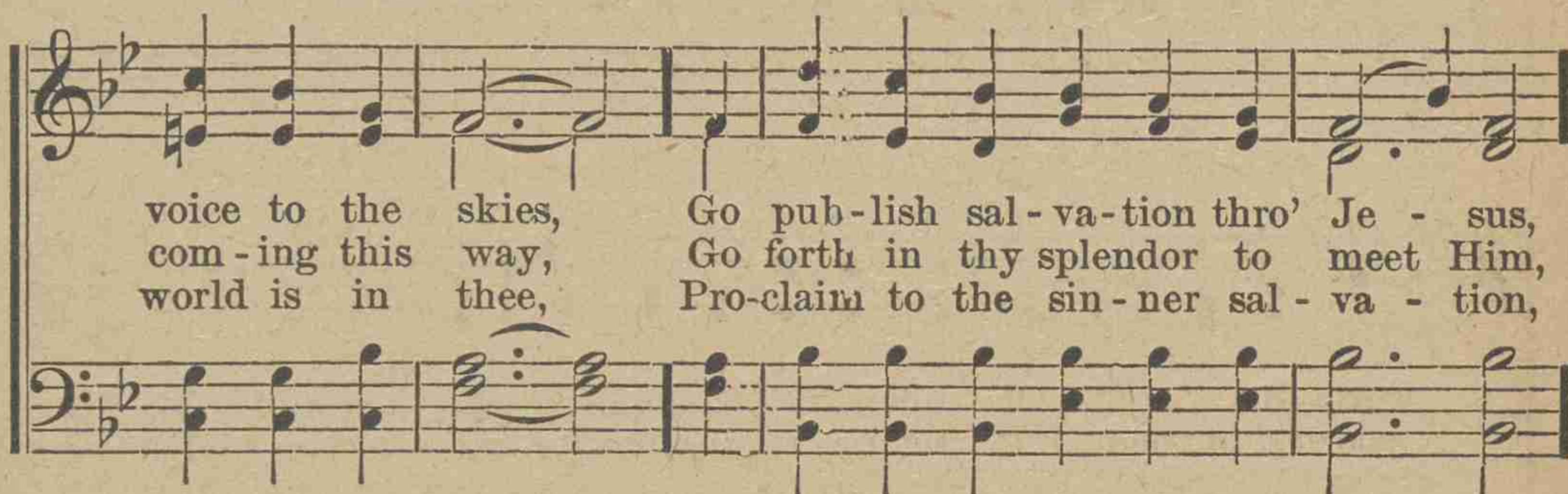
391. Glad Tidings of Joy.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, Lift up your glad
 2. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, The Bride-groom is
 3. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, The hope of the



voice to the skies, Go pub - lish sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus,
 com - ing this way, Go forth in thy splendor to meet Him,
 world is in thee, Pro - claim to the sin - ner sal - va - tion,

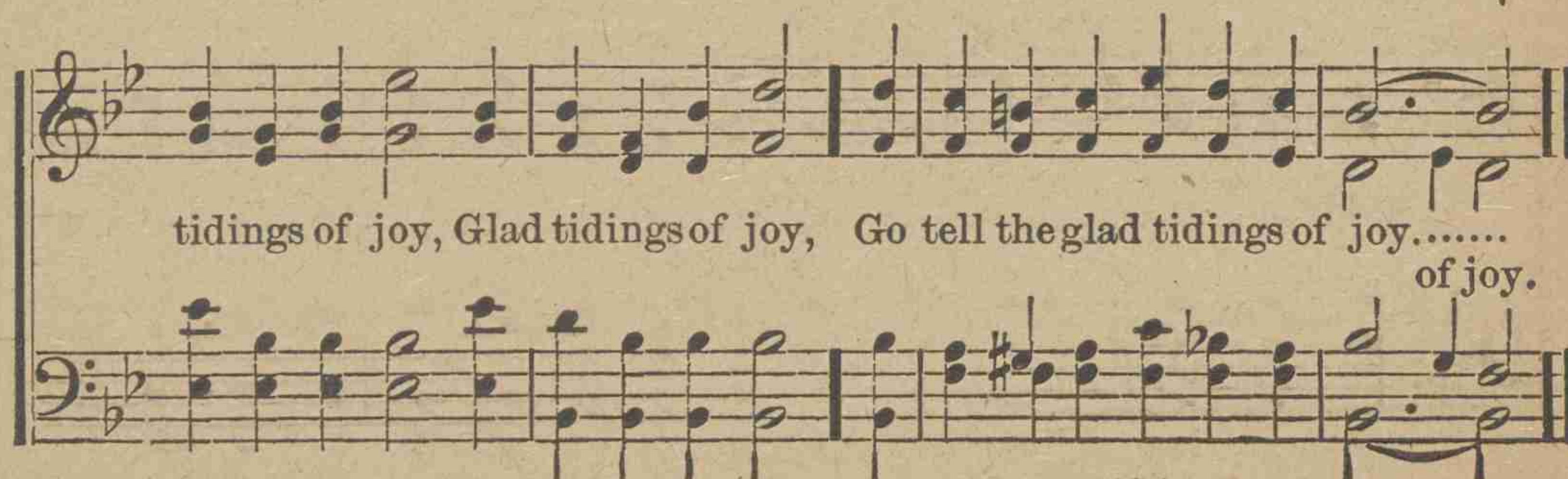
CHORUS.



Bid na - tions from darkness a - rise. } Go tell..... the glad
 A - rise in thy beau - ty to - day. }
 And bid him from bondage go free. } Go tell the glad tidings, glad



tid - - ings, The won - - der - ful tid - ings, Glad
 tid - ings of joy, The wonderful, won - der - ful tidings of joy,



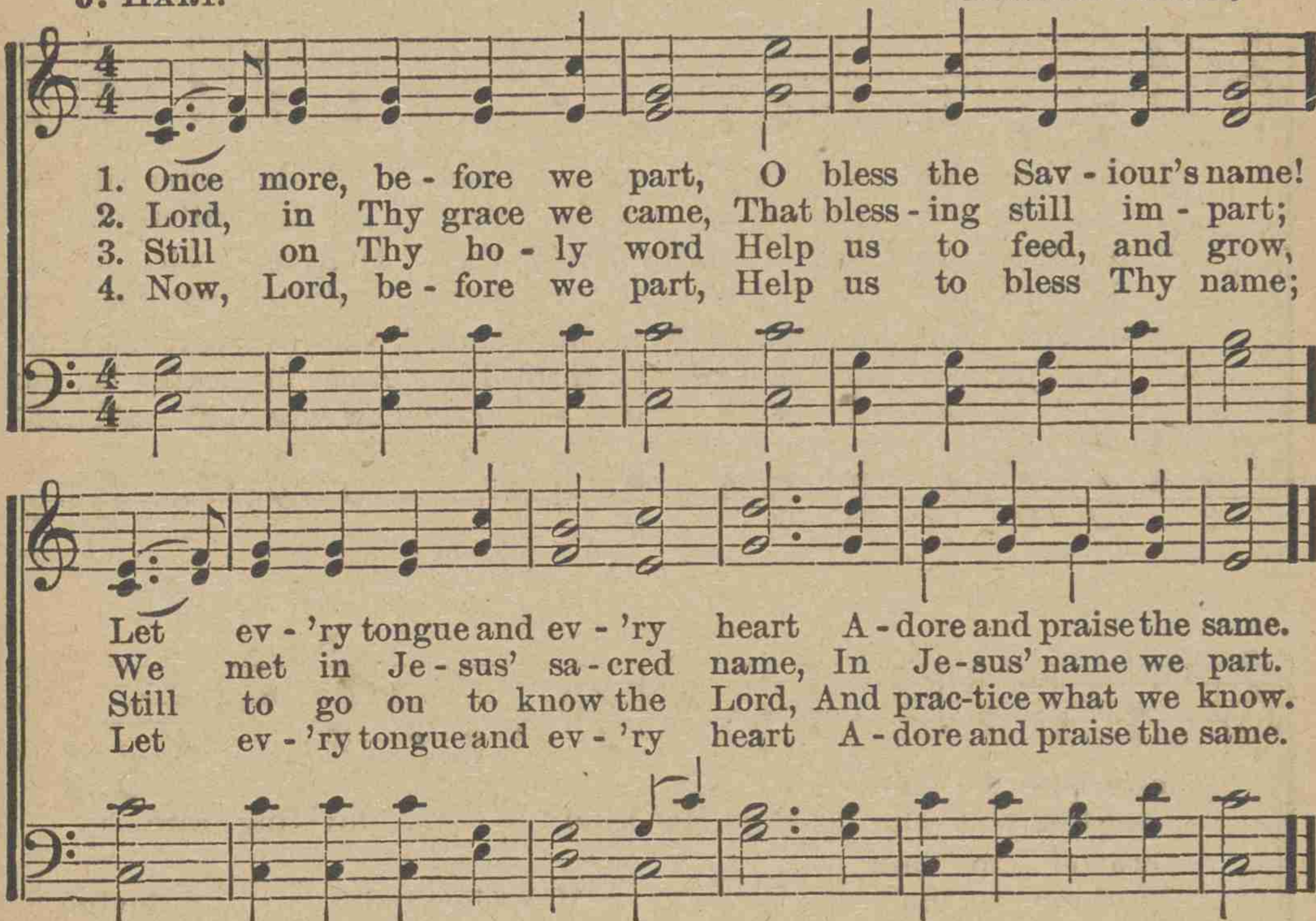
tidings of joy, Glad tidings of joy, Go tell the glad tidings of joy.....
 of joy.

CLOSING.

392. Once More Before We Part.

J. HART.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Once more, be - fore we part, O bless the Sav - iour's name!
 2. Lord, in Thy grace we came, That bless - ing still im - part;
 3. Still on Thy ho - ly word Help us to feed, and grow,
 4. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless Thy name;

Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.
 We met in Je - sus' sa - cred name, In Je - sus' name we part.
 Still to go on to know the Lord, And prac - tice what we know.
 Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.

393. Grant us, Lord, Thy Favor.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Grant us, Lord, Thy bless - ed fa - vor, As we from Thy courts de - part;
 2. Lead us that we wan - der nev - er, Feed us that we grow in Thee,

May the love of God our Sav - iour Rich - ly dwell in ev - 'ry heart.
 Be the glo - ry Thine for - ev - er, Now and in e - ter - ni - ty.

394. MAY WE ABIDE IN UNION.

(For music, see above.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!</p> | <p>2. Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.</p> |
|---|--|

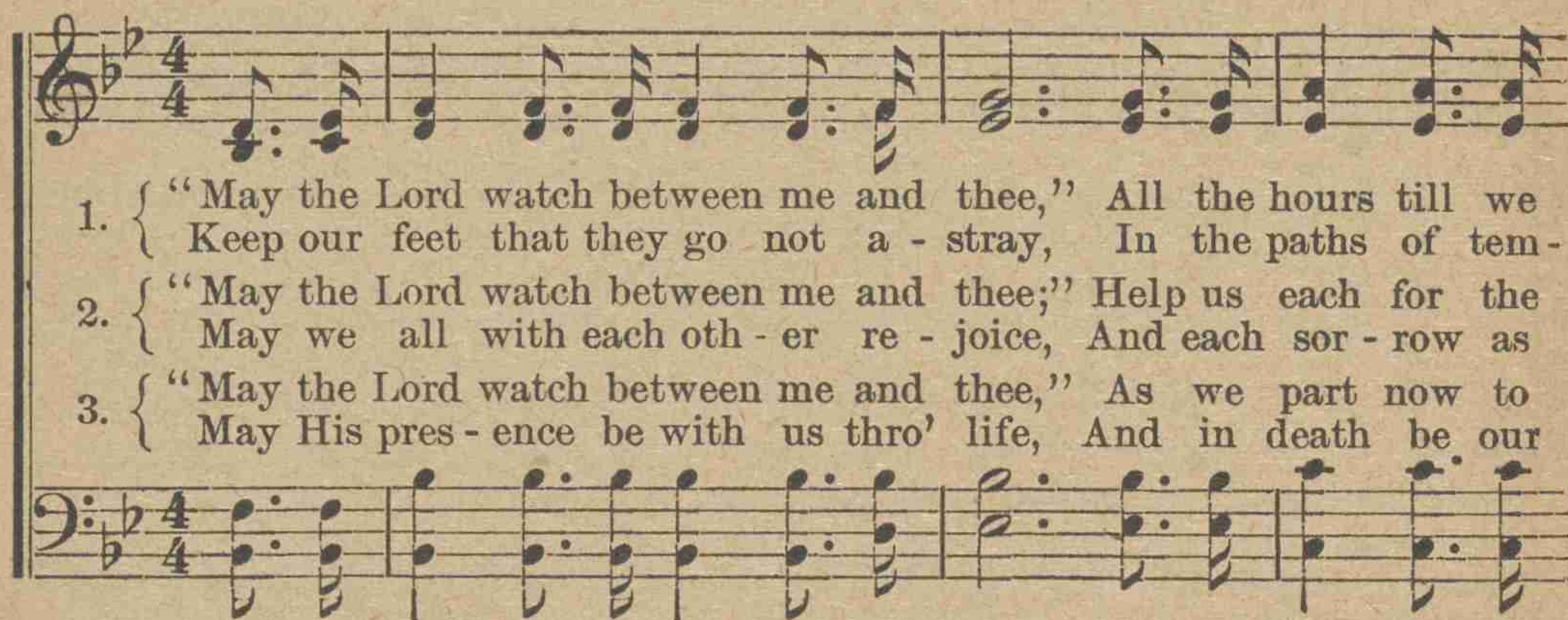
—JOHN NEWTON.

CLOSING.

395. Mizpah Benediction.

GRANVILLE JONES.

E. M. DOUTHIT.



1. { "May the Lord watch between me and thee," All the hours till we
Keep our feet that they go not a - stray, In the paths of tem -

2. { "May the Lord watch between me and thee;" Help us each for the
May we all with each oth - er re - joice, And each sor - row as

3. { "May the Lord watch between me and thee," As we part now to
May His pres - ence be with us thro' life, And in death be our

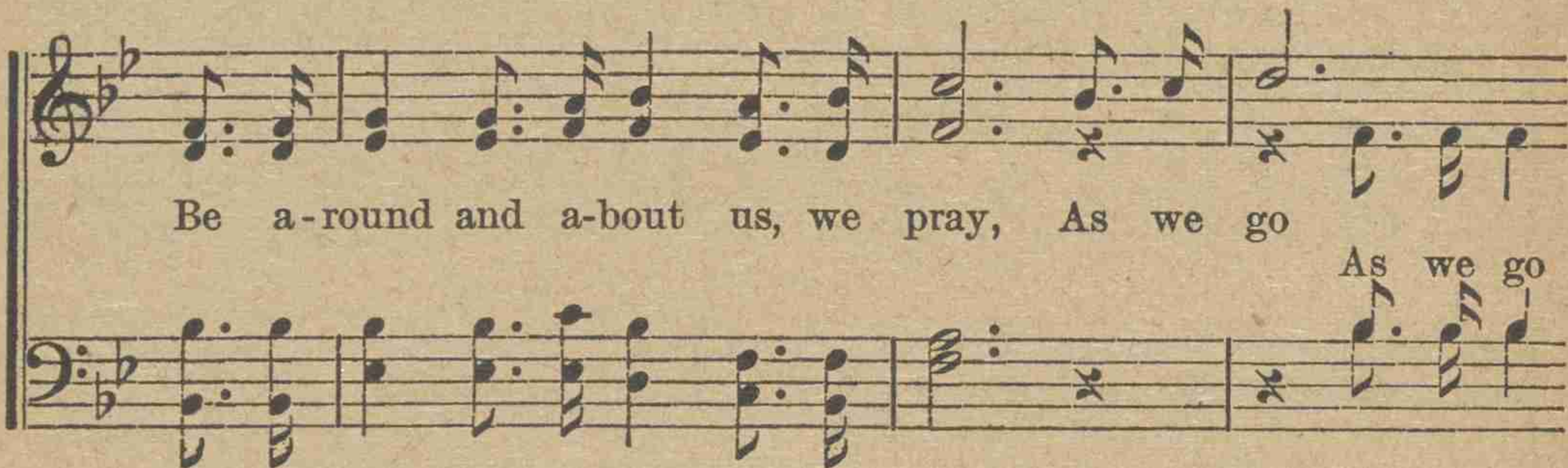
CHORUS.



meet here a - gain; }
ta - tion and sin. } May His kind lov - ing care

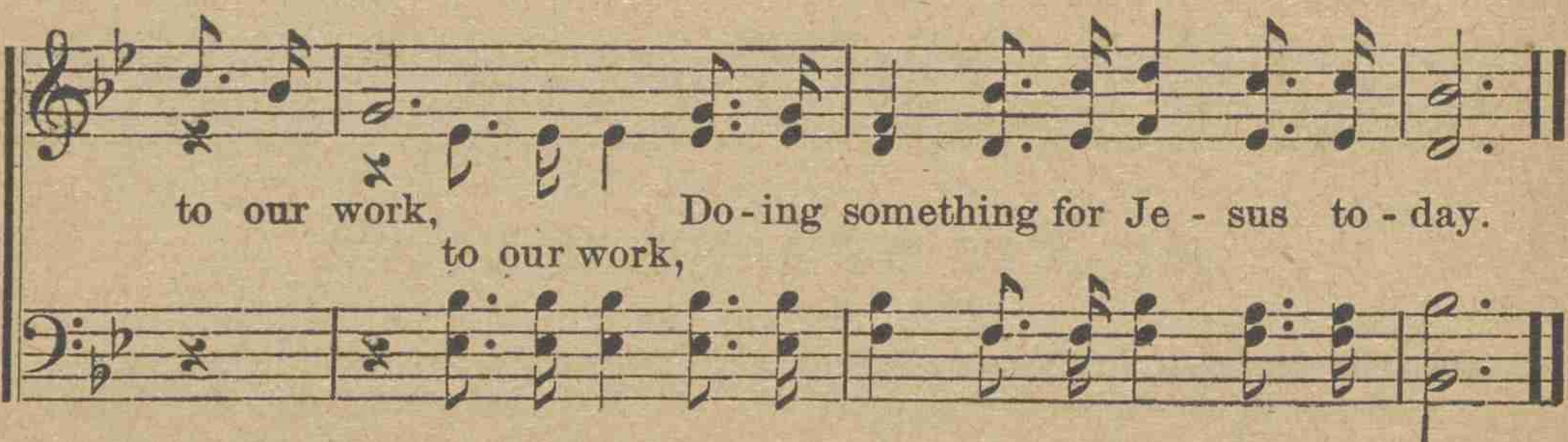
oth - er to care; }
brethren to share. } May His kind loving care

go on our way; }
com - fort and stay. }



Be a - round and a - bout us, we pray, As we go

As we go



to our work, Do - ing something for Je - sus to - day.

to our work,

CLOSING.

396. Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

E. SMYTHE.

SICILIAN.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing; Bid us now de-part in peace;
2. Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion: Up to Thee our hearts we raise;

Still on heav'nly man-na feeding, Let our faith and love increase.
When we reach our blissful station, Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

397. GOD OF ALL CREATION.

(See music above.)

UNKNOWN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;</p> | <p>2. Praise the Author of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration,
To the one Jehovah give.</p> |
|---|---|

398. Establish Every Heart.

E. T. FITCH.

L. MASON.

1. Lord, at this clos-ing hour, Es-tab-lish ev-'ry heart
2. Peace to our breth-ren give; Fill all our hearts with love;

Up-on Thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.
In faith and pa-tience may we live And seek our rest a-bove.

CLOSING.

399. To God the Only Wise.

ISAAC WATTS.

HANS GEORGE NAGELI.



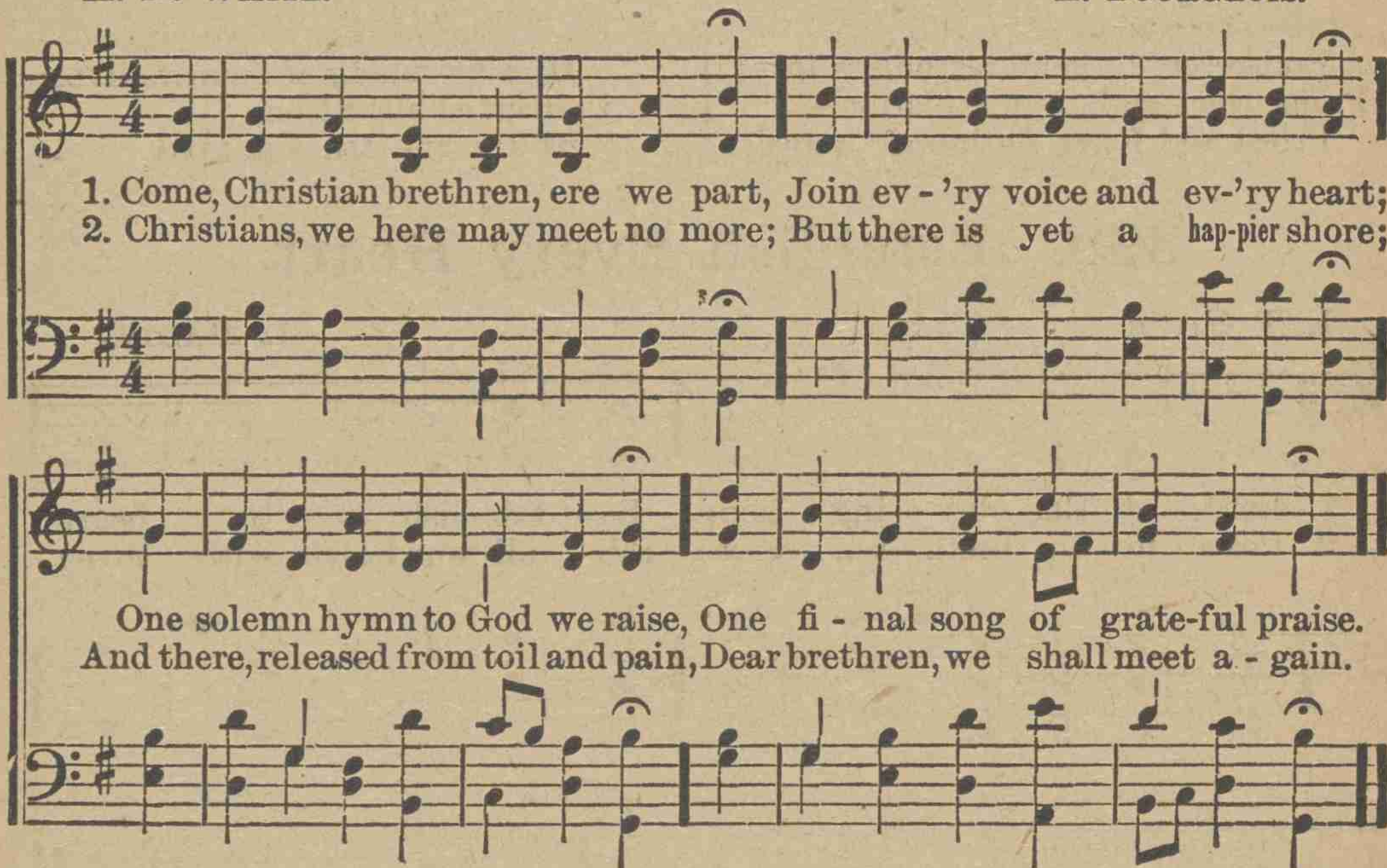
1. To God the on - ly wise, Who keeps us by His word,
 2. Ho - san - na to the Word, Who from the Fa - ther came!
 3. The grace of Christ our Lord, The Fa - ther's boundless love,

Be glo - ry now and ev - er - more, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.
 As - scribe sal - va - tion to the Lord, And ev - er bless His name.
 The Spir - it's blest com - mu - nion, too, Be with us from a - bove.

400. Come, Brethren, Ere We Part.

H. K. WHITE.

L. BOURGEOIS.



1. Come, Christian brethren, ere we part, Join ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry heart;
 2. Christians, we here may meet no more; But there is yet a hap - pier shore;

One solemn hymn to God we raise, One fi - nal song of grate - ful praise.
 And there, released from toil and pain, Dear brethren, we shall meet a - gain.

401. OUR SAVIOR AND REDEEMER BLEST.

(For music, see above.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O thou pure light of souls that love,
 True joy of every human breast,
 Sower of life's immortal seed,
 Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!</p> | <p>2. Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
 Be thou our pathway to the skies;
 Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
 In death our everlasting prize.</p> |
|---|---|

—BREVARY.

SUPPLEMENT.

The following songs are in Part One, and when Part One is combined
with Part Two they are omitted.

402. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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 stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

403. Nearer, My God, to Thee

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, to to Thee;
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me!
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet, in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

3. There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee.

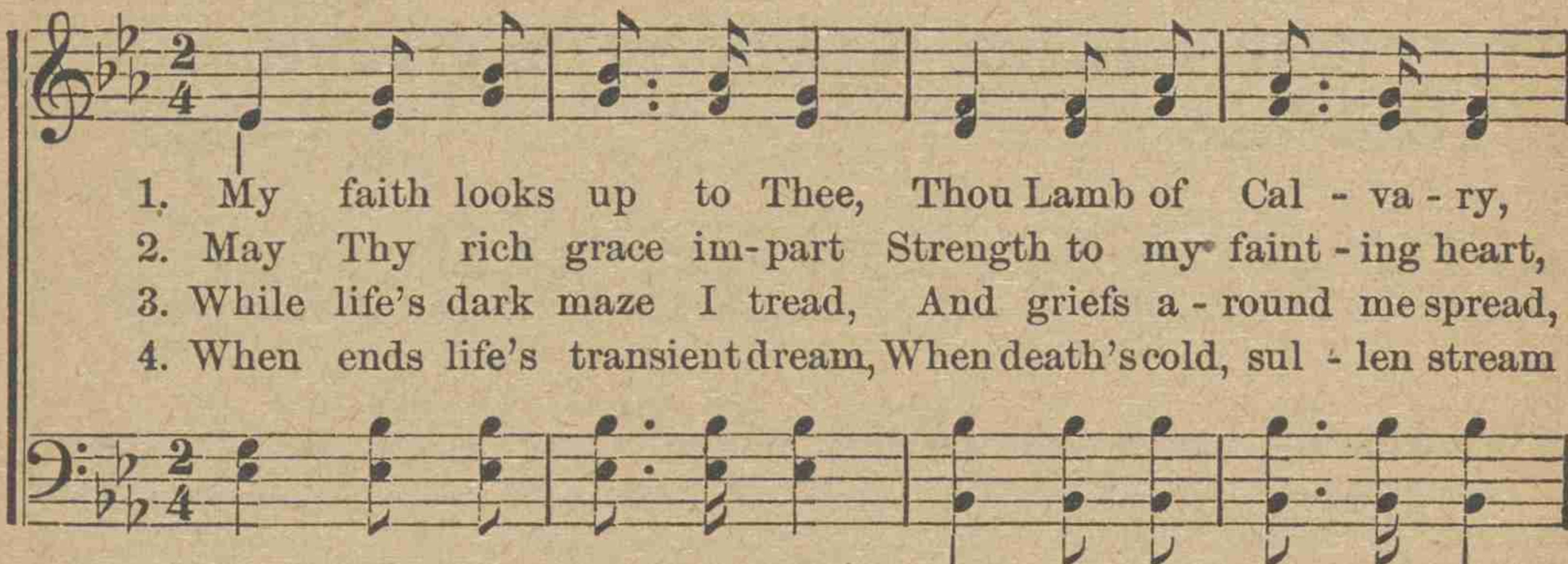
4. Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward, I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

404. Olivet.

RAY PALMER.

DR. L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

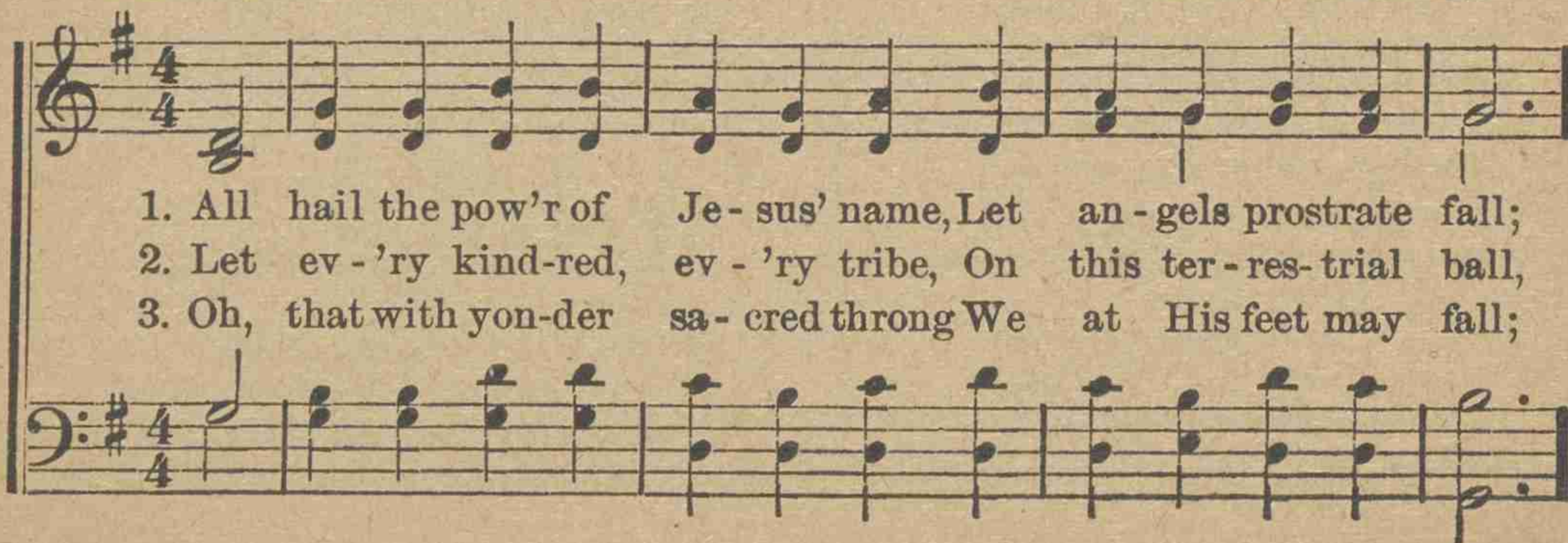


guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, — A ransomed soul.

405. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

PERONET.

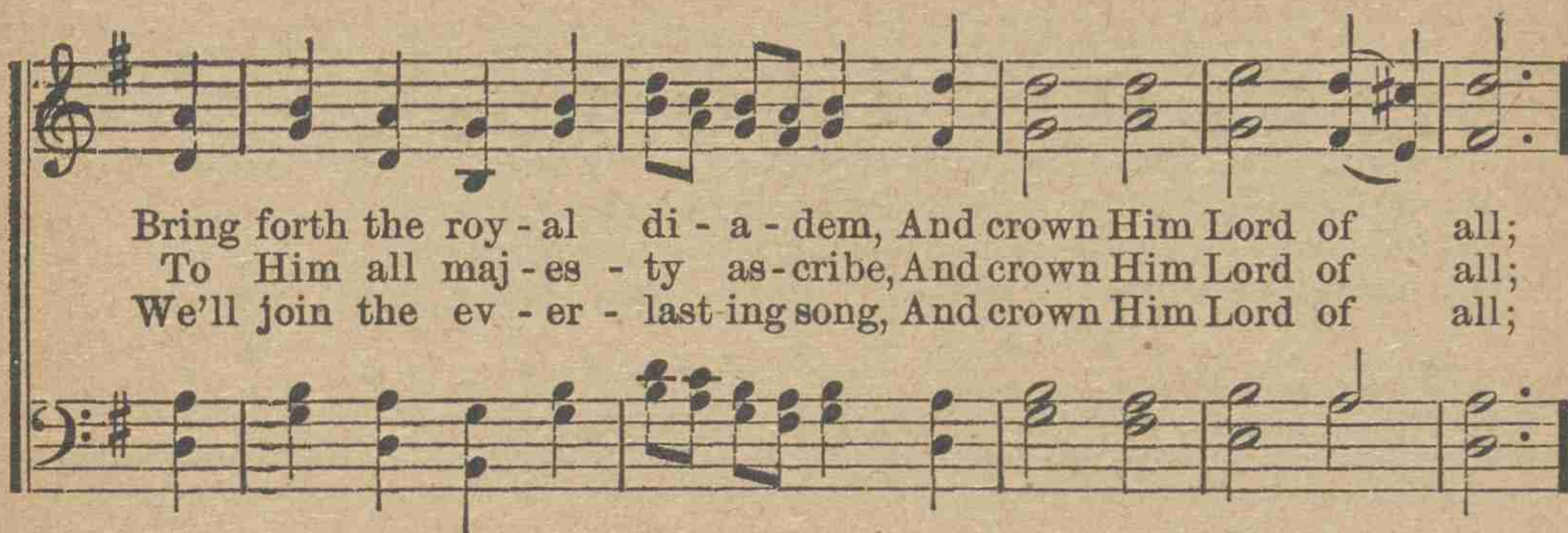
OLIVER HOLDEN.



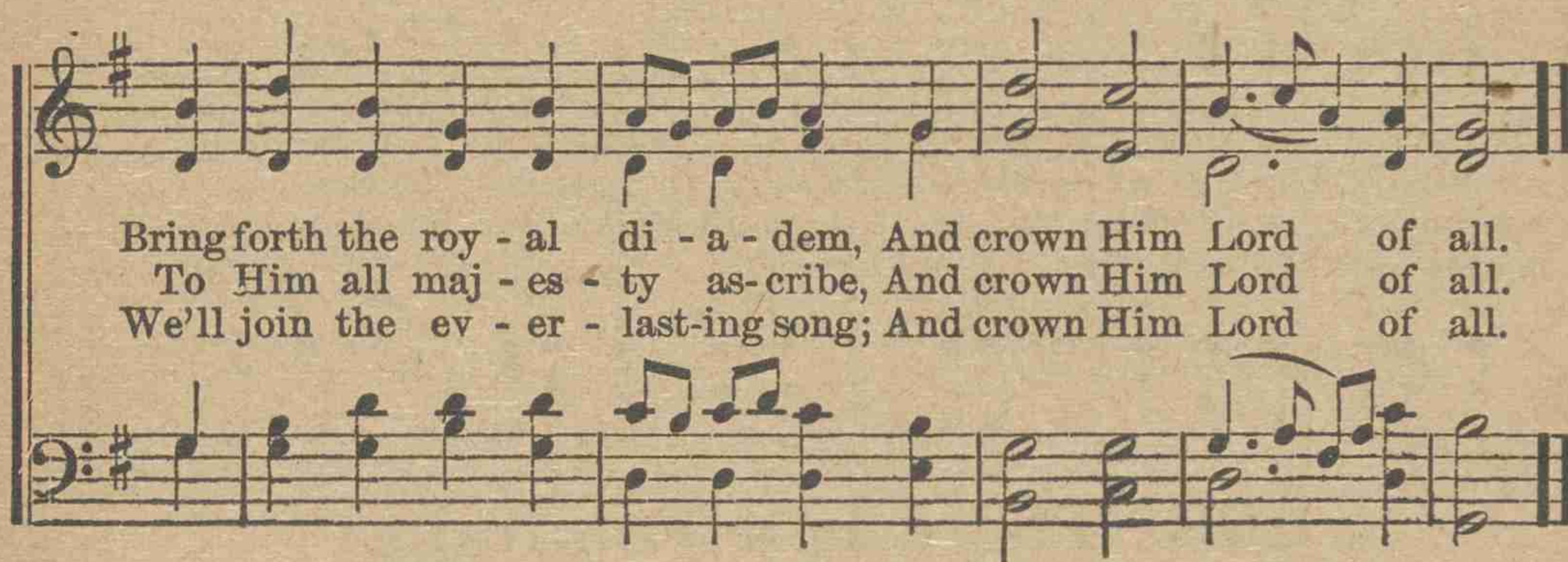
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kind-red, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

SUPPLEMENT.

All Hail the Power.—Concluded.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

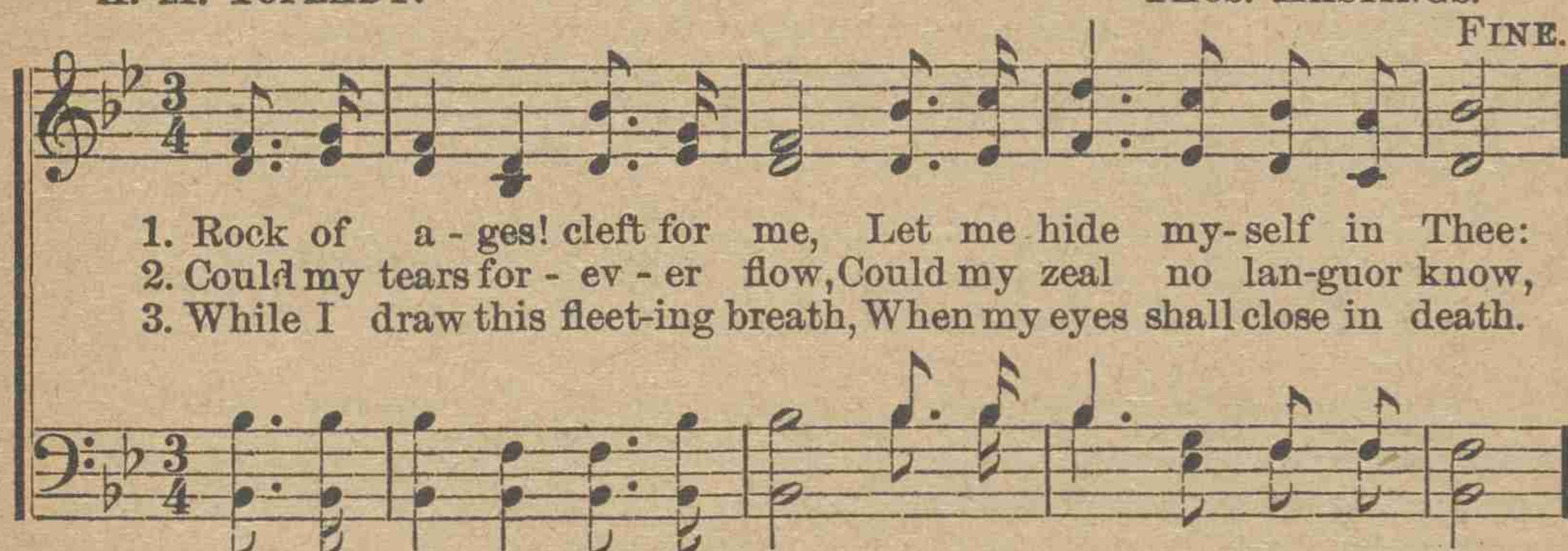


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song; And crown Him Lord of all.

406. Rock of Ages.

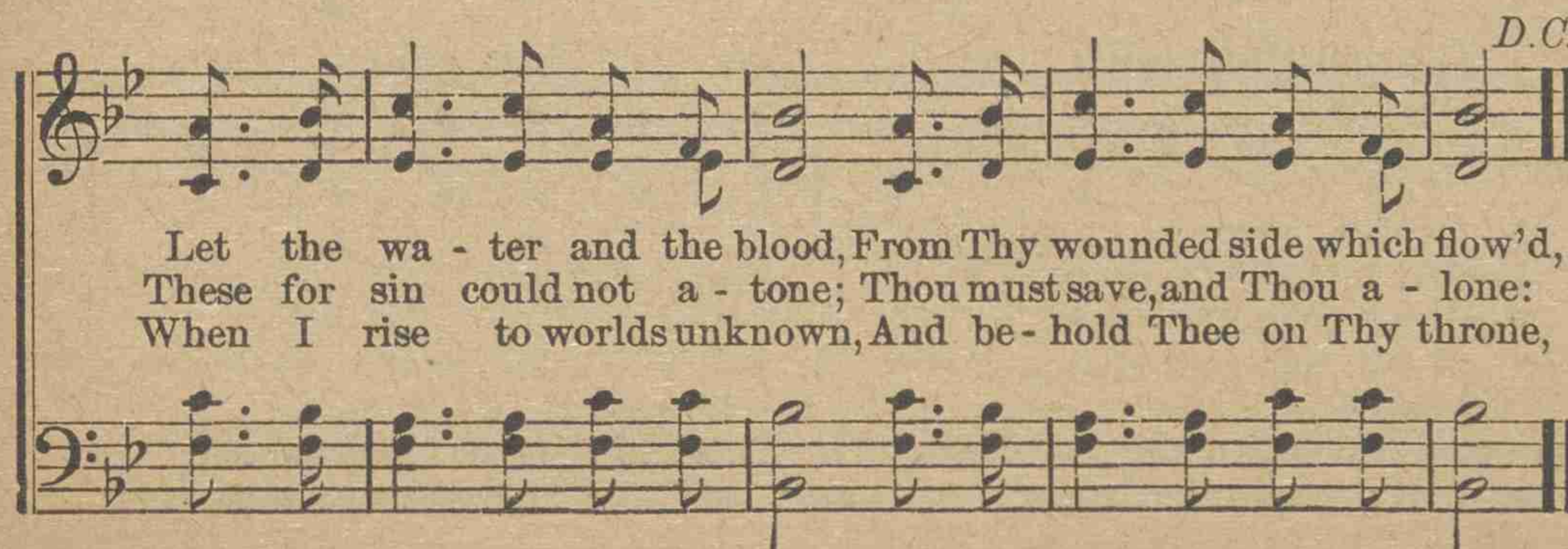
A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death.

D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 D.C.—In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 D.C.—Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

407. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

cres.
 fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With free-dom's ho-ly light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

408. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

AMERICAN MELODY.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
 Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

FINE.
D.S.

2. O Lamb of God! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved to sin no more.
 3. Ere since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,

- Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
 4. And when this lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save.

SUPPLEMENT.

409. BLEST BE THE TIE.

Key of F.

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

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

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

Though often called to part;
Amid these scenes of pain;
Yet we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

410. HAPPY DAY.

Key of G.

O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus:

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

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.

'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.

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

411. JUST AS I AM.

Key of E Flat.

Just as I am! without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! and waiting not,
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! tho' tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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.

412.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Key of G.

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

Chorus:

I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sigh'd for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

SUPPLEMENT.

413. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Key of B Flat.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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.

414. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Key of B Flat.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Cho.*

Refrain:

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Repeat.*

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Cho.*

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Cho.*

415. REVIVE US AGAIN.

Key of G.

We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.—*Cho.*

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.—*Cho.*

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

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

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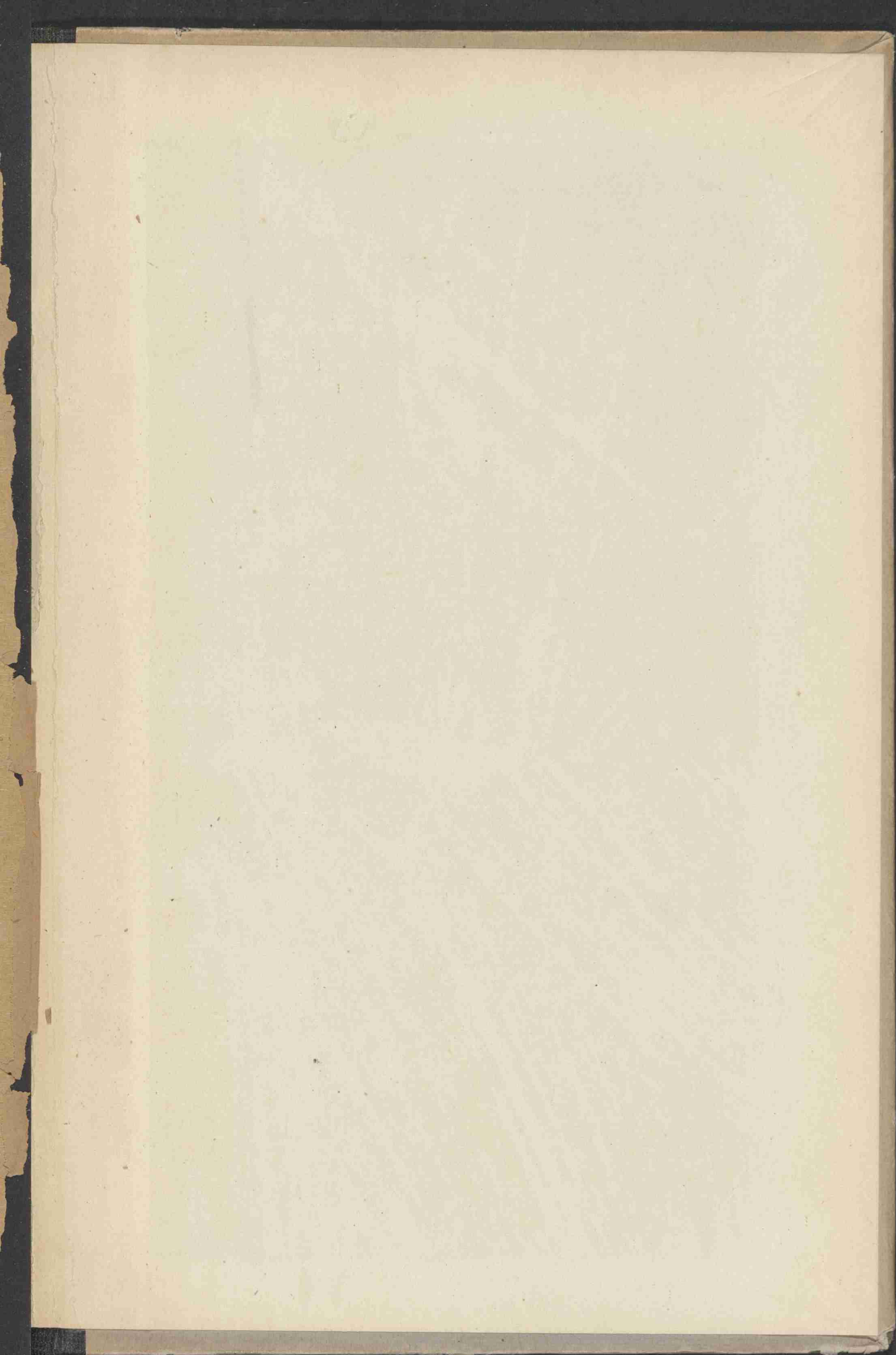
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