Tears and triumphs
combined.

L.L. Pickett and others

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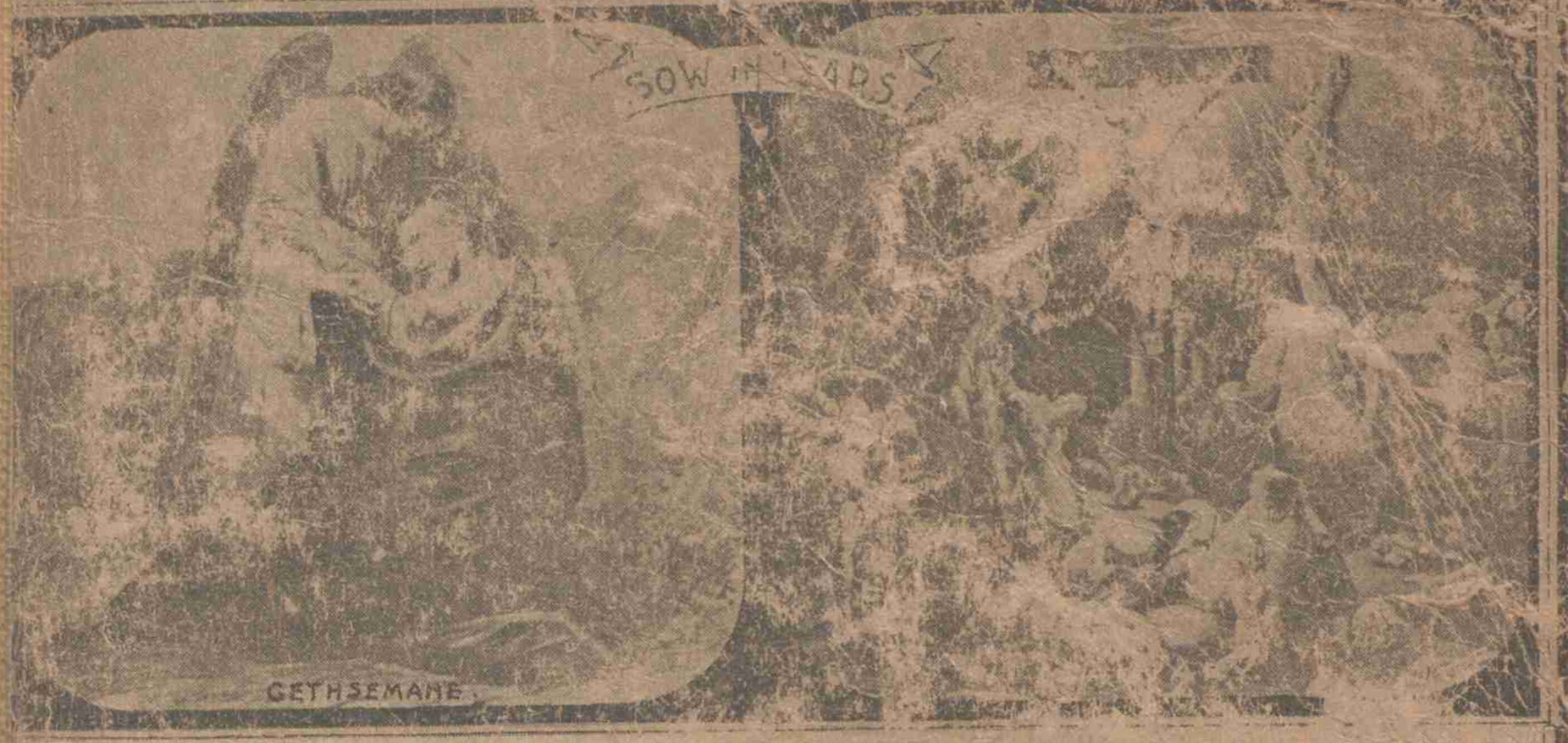

Tears & Triumphs Combined.

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FOR REVIVALS SUNDAY-SCHOOLS & THE HOME

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

Jno. R. PEYTON.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP.

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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REV. L. L. PICKETT. Cloth, 312 pp., $1.00.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

Tears and Triumphs Combined

For Revivals, Sunday-Schools and the Home.

.. BY ..

REV. L. L. PICKETT, JNO. R. BRYANT,
REV. MARTIN WELLS KNAPP.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126 : 5

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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2

PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

THERE has been a great demand for the "Tears and Triumphs," their combined sale having already passed 200,000. Recently quite an extensive call has sprung up for the cream of both books to be issued in one. Throwing out duplicates and dropping a few pieces of least merit we here present the singers of Zion a spiritual and musical feast, which we trust will both delight and profit them. Let the singing be accompanied with much prayer and fervent desire to serve the King before whom we must all soon stand.

We would recommend the trial of at least the following Nos. as a sample of the book: 10, 27, 32, 89, 95, 103, 117, 121, 126.

From part II. Nos. 4, 18, 21, 63, 84, 89, 110, 121, 141, 168, 177, 191.

If helped on your way to heaven by these songs kindly aid us in their circulation.

Yours in Titus 2: 13, 14,

L. L. PICKETT,
Wilmore, Ky.

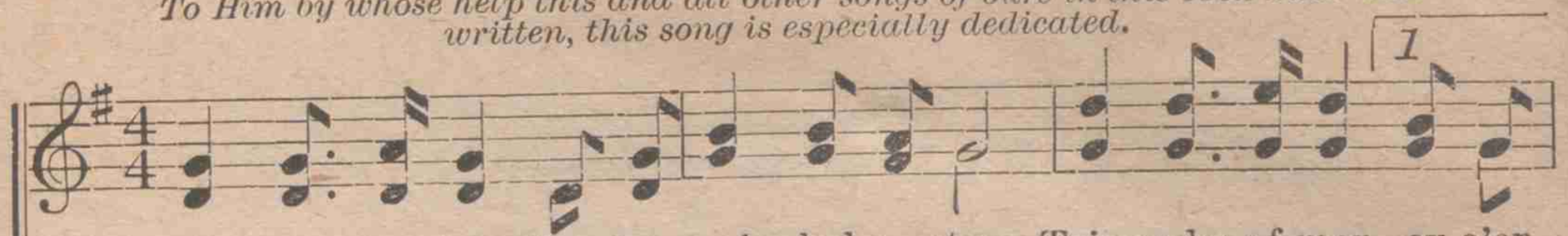
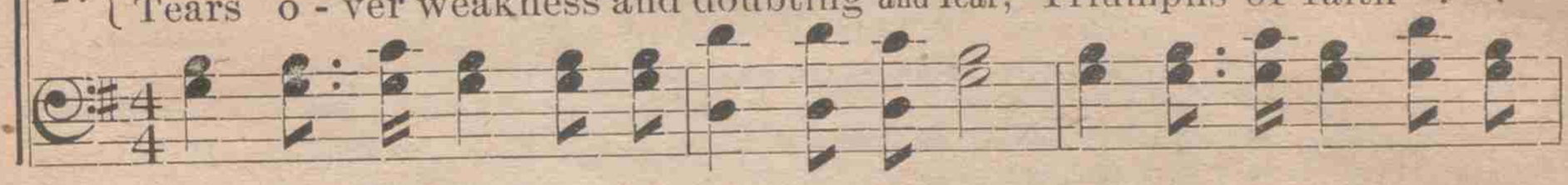
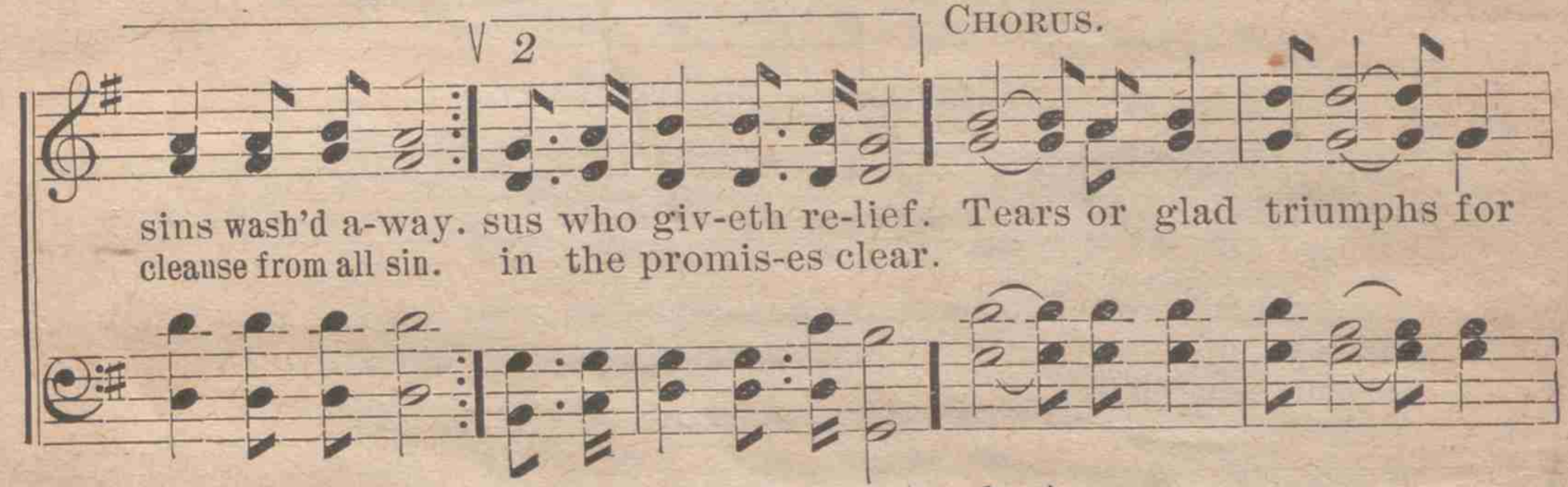
M. W. KNAPP,
Cincinnati, O.

Our friends will note in this edition changes at Nos. 121 in Part I, and 3, 135, 145 and 191 of Part II. My Bro. Charlie Tillman gave me the permission to use these pieces in both the original books, but declared the Combined a new book, and required me to pay him for their continued use or take them out. I preferred taking them out. Hence the changes at this time.

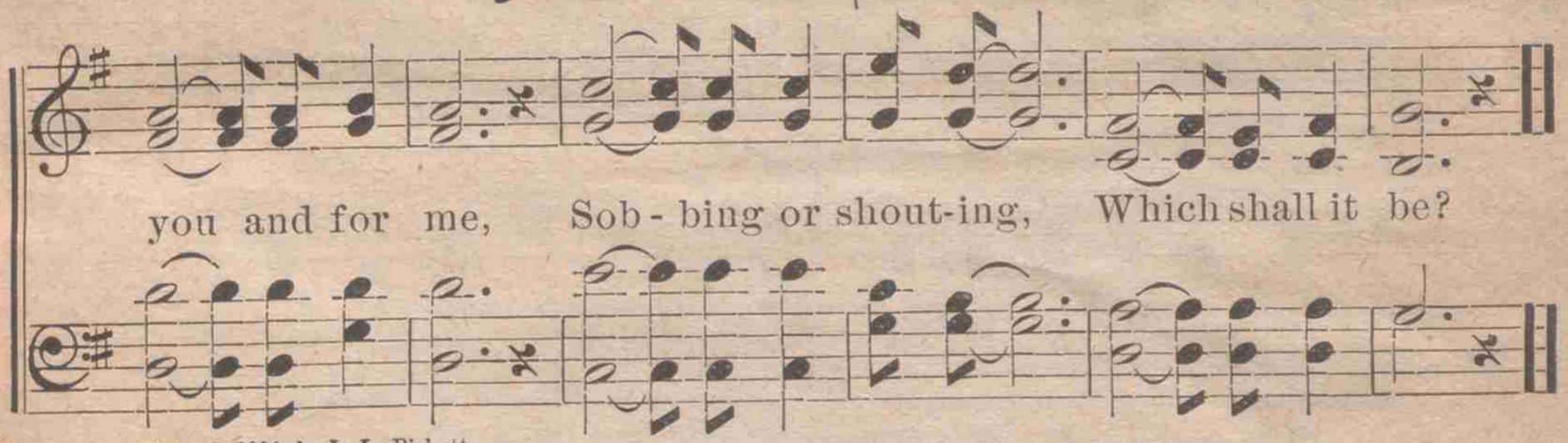
March 10, 1899. L. L. PICKETT.

No. 1. Tears and Triumphs.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

To Him by whose help this and all other songs of ours in this book have been written, this song is especially dedicated.

1. { Tears of con-tri - tion by souls led a - stray, Triumphs of mer - cy o'er
   { Tears of de-spon-den -cy, sor-row, and grief, Triumphs thro' Je - -
2. { Tears of re - gret o-ver tem-pers with-in, Triumphs that Je-sus can
   { Tears o - ver weakness and doubting and fear, Triumphs of faith . .



sins wash'd a-way. sus who giv-eth re-lief. Tears or glad triumphs for
cleause from all sin. in the promis-es clear.



you and for me, Sob - bing or shout-ing, Which shall it be?

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3 Tears that poor sinners their Saviour should spurn,
Triumphs when penitent, glad they return.
Tears for professors who holiness fight,
Triumphs when conquered they own that it 's right.

4 Tears over sowing and waiting so long,
Triumphs o'er harvest and reaper's glad song.
Tears when stern censures unjustly befall,
Triumphs that Jesus then knoweth it all.

5 Tears of Gethsemane, anguish, and blood,
Triumphs o'er hopes resurrected of God.
Tears at dark Calvary; self there must die,
Triumphs as power comes down from on high.

6 Tears over caskets, the dying and dead,
Triumphs through words which our Saviour has said.
Tears over partings, when friends come to die,
Triumphs o'er union, so sweet in the sky.

7 Tears of despair at the great Judgment Day,
Triumphs of saints as the earth fades away.
Tears then forever in anguish and night,
Or triumphs with Jesus in mansions of light.

395007

No. 2. Cleave to the Saviour.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. Would you please and hon- or Je- sus? Fol-low Him in all you do;
   Would you win His love and fa -vor? Be His ser- . . . . . .
2. Would you have a friend in Je - sus, To support you in your way?
   Own Him as your Lord and Mas-ter, Him receive, ...
3. Do you long to be with Je - sus, And a crown of life se - cure?
   Be thou pa-tient in His ser-vice, Meekly to . . . . . .

REFRAIN.

vant, faithful, true. Cleave to the Sav-iour day by day, Tempted by
and love, o - bey. Du- ty perform, and courage display, ...
the end en - dure.

sin, go seek Him in pray'r; . . . . . Cleave to the Sav-iour ev - 'ry - where.

Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 3. Is my Name Written There?

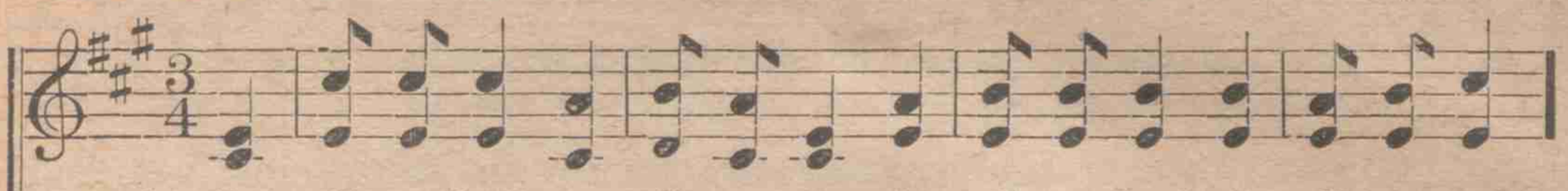
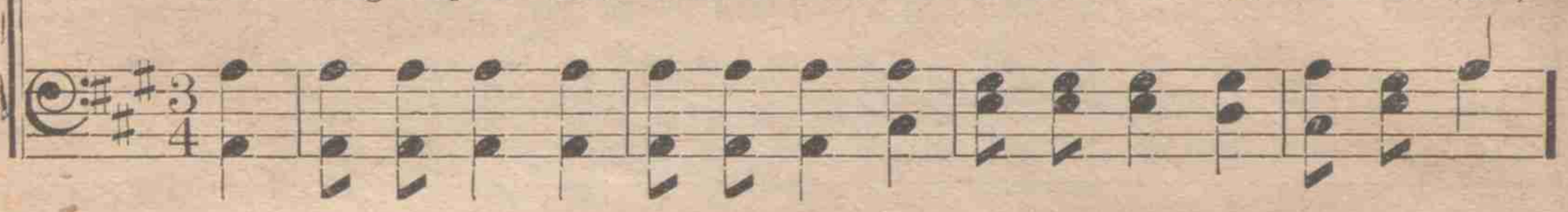
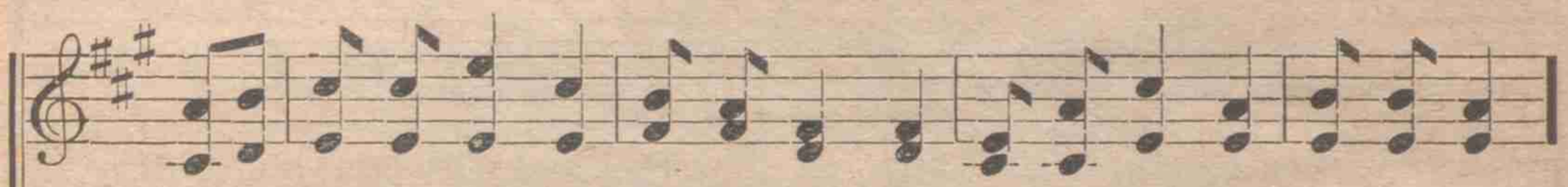
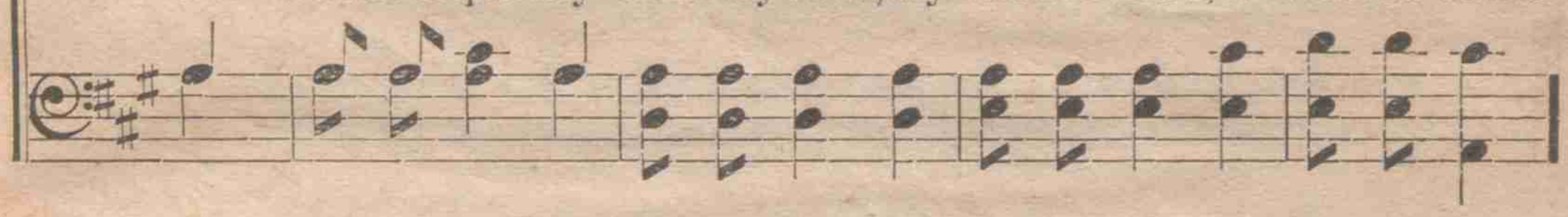
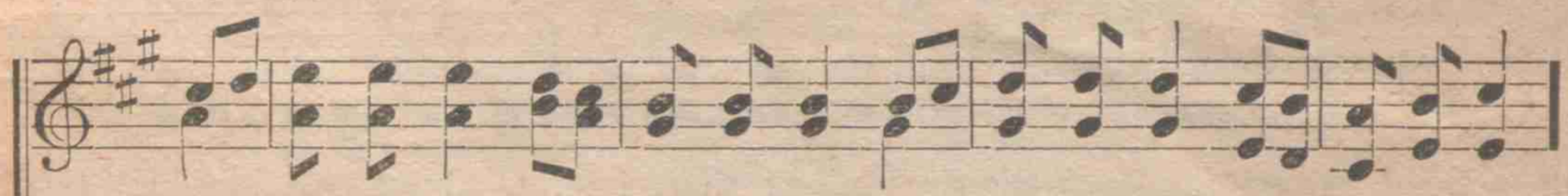
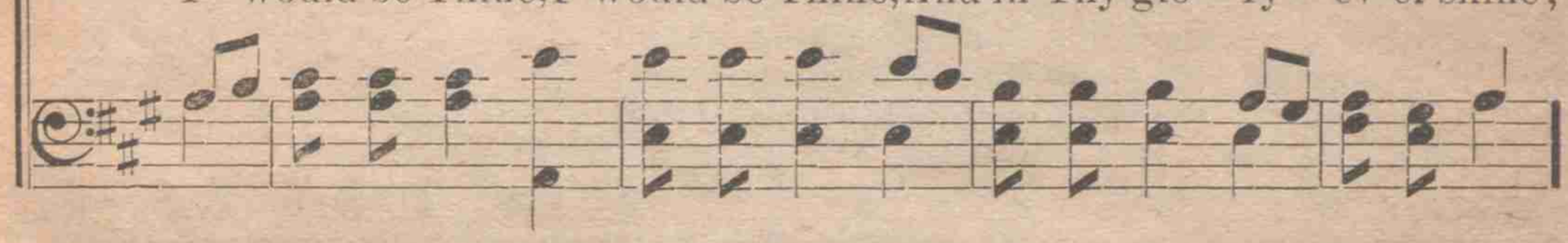
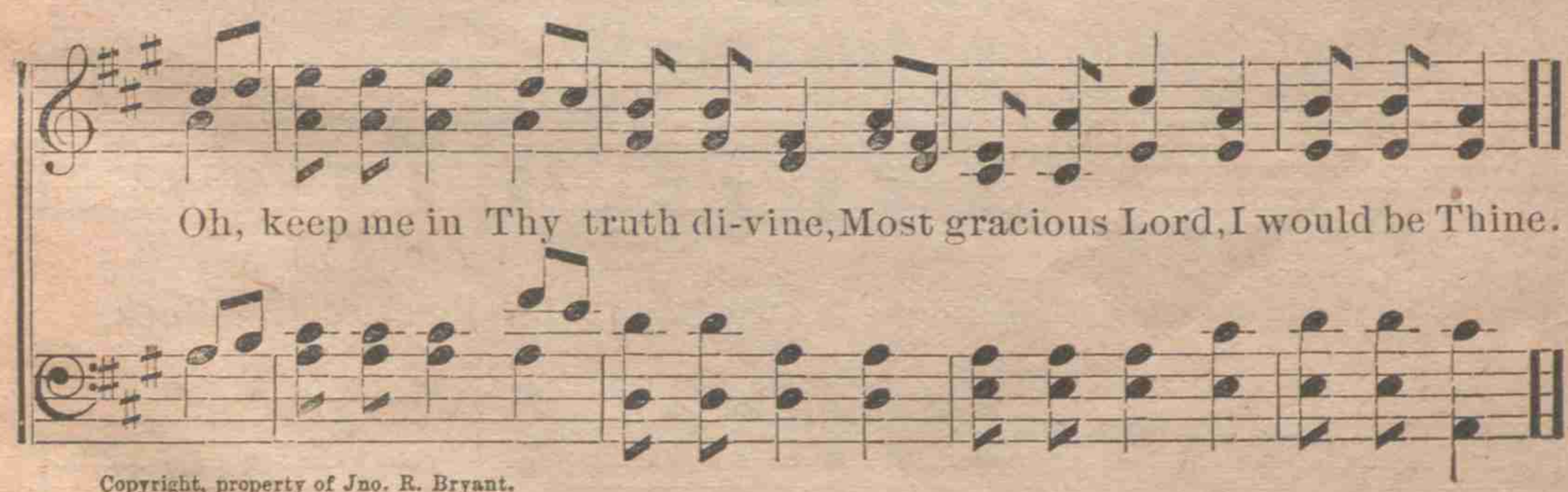
1 Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour.
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet.
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

No. 4. I Would be Thine.

Mrs. ADELINE H. BEERY. JNO. R. BRYANT. By per.

1. In all my tho'ts,in all my ways,In all my deeds,in all my praise;
2. When wand'ring thro' the shades of night,Or sing-ing in the morning bright;
3. Tho' strong temp-ta - tions I should meet,Tho' waves of trou - ble 'round me beat;

Thro' all my moments and my days,My dearest Lord, I would be Thine.
When battl'ing for the good and right,My dearest Lord, I would be Thine.
To Thee I 'll quickly turn my feet;My dearest Lord, I would be Thine.

CHORUS.

I would be Thine,I would be Thine,And in Thy glo - ry ev-er shine;

Oh, keep me in Thy truth di-vine,Most gracious Lord,I would be Thine.

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No. 5. Lead me to the Rock.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. O Sav-iour of sinners, when faint and depress'd, With man-i-fold tri - als and sor-rows oppres'd, I'll bow at Thy feet and with con - fidence cry,
2. When tempted by Sa-tan, the Spir-it to grieve, The service of Christ, my Re- deem-er, to leave, I'll claim my re - la - tion, to Je - sus I'll fly,
3. When judgments, O Lord, are a - bout in the land, And mer - it-ed vengeance de- scends from Thy hand, O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for protec - tion I'll fly,
4. When summon'd at last before God to appear, By free grace supported I'll stand with-out fear, The man-date o - bey - ing, the or - de - al try,
5. At home with the ransom'd and Je - sus I long To dwell and e - ter-nal - ly join in the song Of prais-ing and bless-ing while a - ges roll by,

FINE. CHORUS. *Repeat.*

"Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I." O lead me, O
The Rock of sal-va - tion that's high-er than I.
Hide me in the Rock that is high-er than I.
Standing on the Rock that is high-er than I.
Je - sus the Rock that is high-er than I. O lead me, Saviour, lead, O

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

D.S.

lead me, Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock,
lead me, Saviour, lead,

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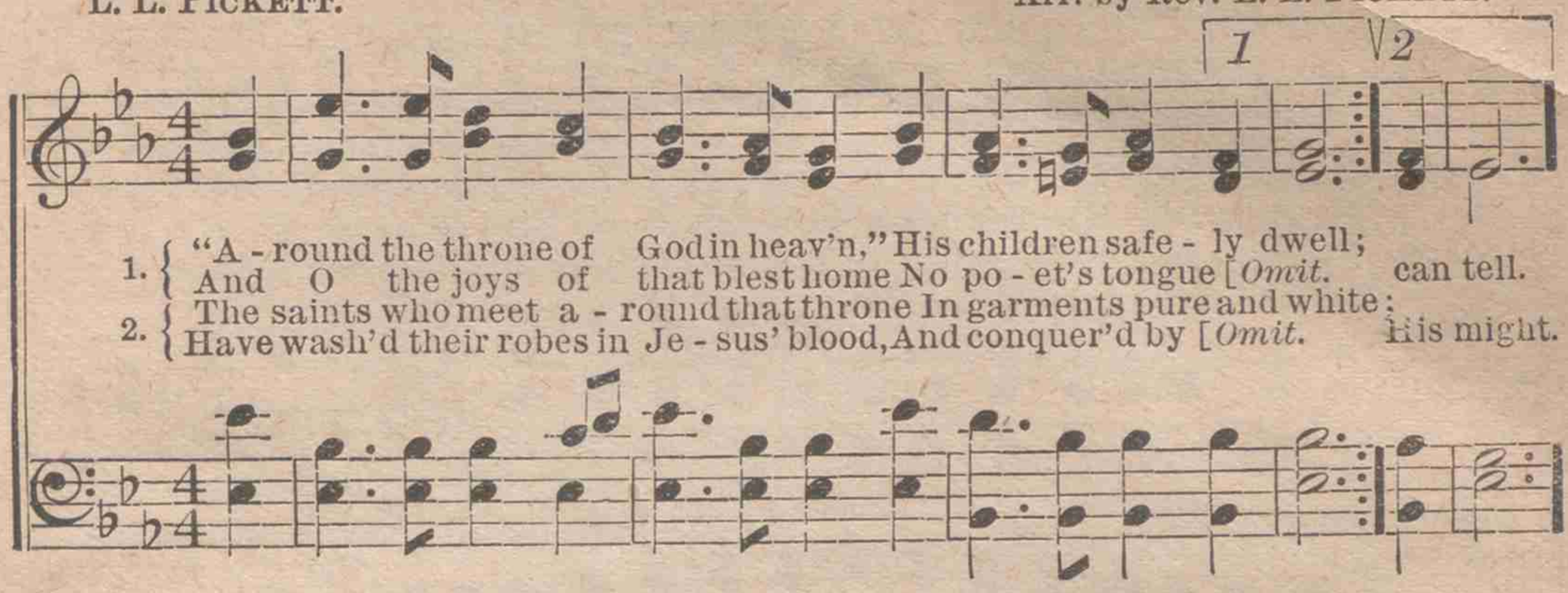
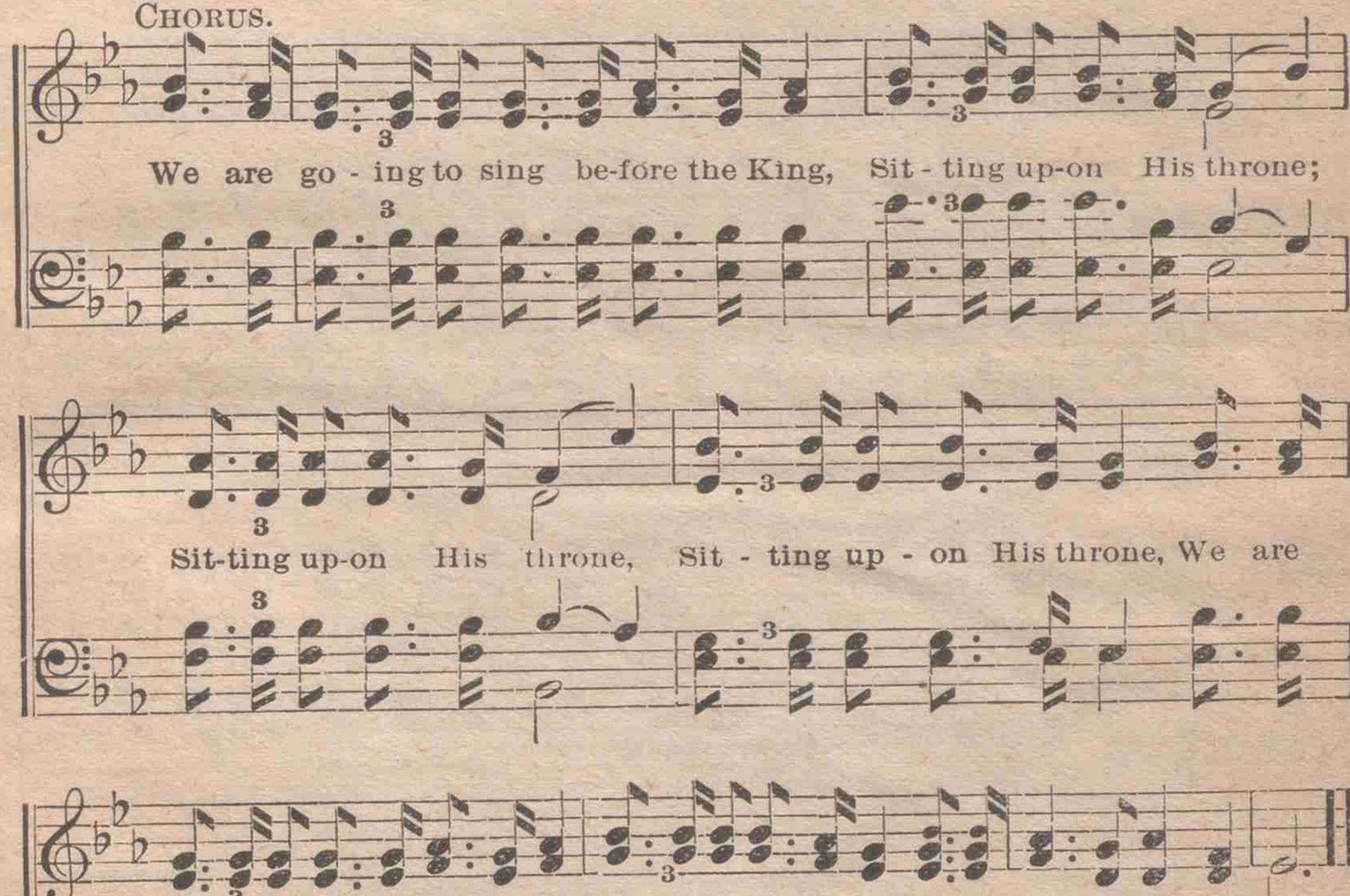
No. 6. Singing Before the King.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.





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3 All those who worthy prove below
Shall reign with Him above,
Who saves us from our sins and stains
Through His redeeming love.

4 But none can walk yon golden streets,
Or sing those heavenly songs,
But those who trust alone in Him
To right their sins and wrongs.

5 O let us consecrate our all
To God's beloved Son,
We 'll live by faith — whate'er befall,
Until the crown is won.

6 The ransomed host now beckon us
To join that sweet-voiced choir;
But we must first be born again,
And feel the Spirit's fire.

No. 7. He Shall Feed His Flock.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, He shall lead them with His hand;
2. He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, He shall gath - er all His own,
3. He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, Where the streams of glad-ness flow;

He shall fold the lambs in His bos - om, By His strength they dai-ly stand:
He shall keep them safe in His king-dom, Lead them to His Fa-ther's throne.
He shall lead them ten-der - ly ev - er, And His mer - cy they shall know.

He shall feed . . His flock like a shep - herd, He shall guard
Feed His flock, like a shepherd feed His flock, He shall
. . them day by day; . . . By His side . . no e - vil be -
guard them day by day, day by day. By His side
tide them, ... He will lead . . them day by day.
e - vil e'er be-tide them, He will lead them day by day, day by day.

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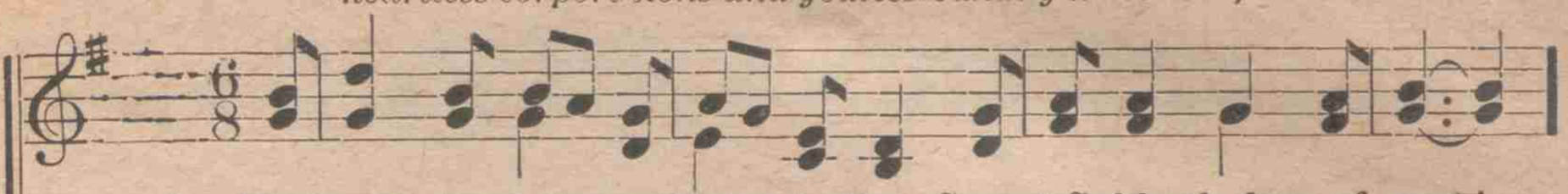
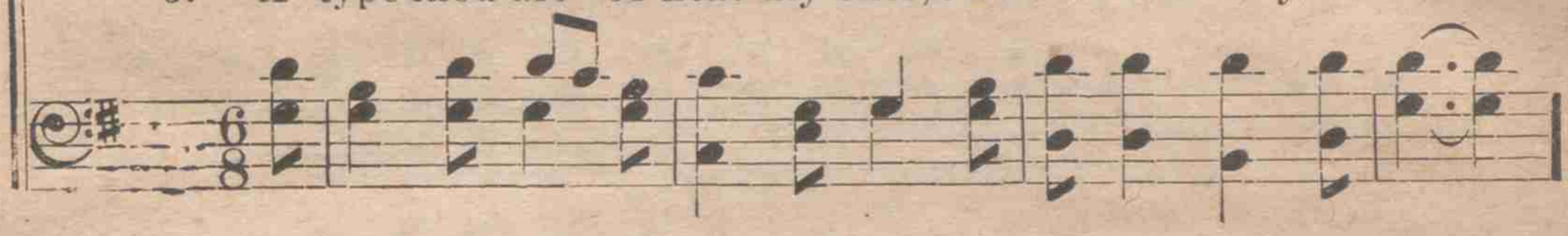
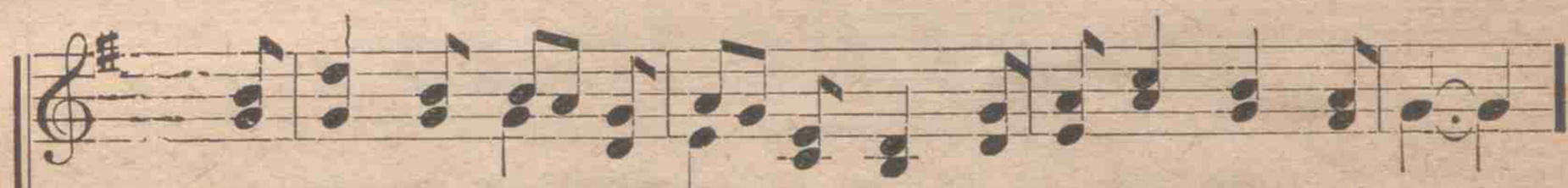
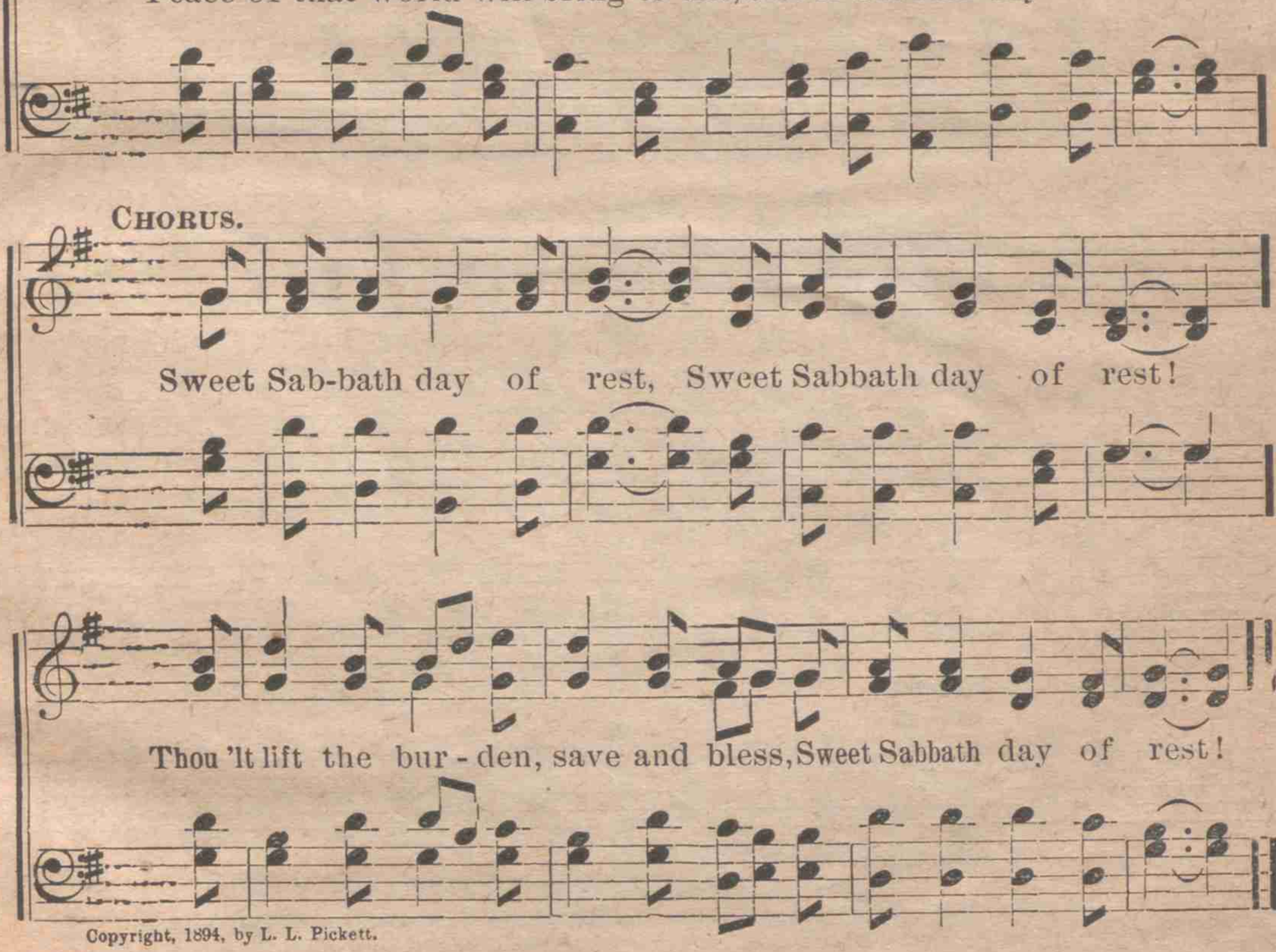
No. 8. Sweet Sabbath Day of Rest.

Words and Music by L. L. PICKETT.

(Dedicated to the Railroad men of the world, who are robbed of their Sabbaths by heartless corporations and godless Sunday travelers.)

1. My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
2. When la - bors tire and toils oppress, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
3. A type thou art of heav'nly bliss, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

When from earth's cares and toils I flee, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
Thy peace shalt calm this ach-ing breast, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
Peace of that world will bring to this, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!



CHORUS.

Sweet Sab-bath day of rest, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

Thou 'lt lift the bur - den, save and bless, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

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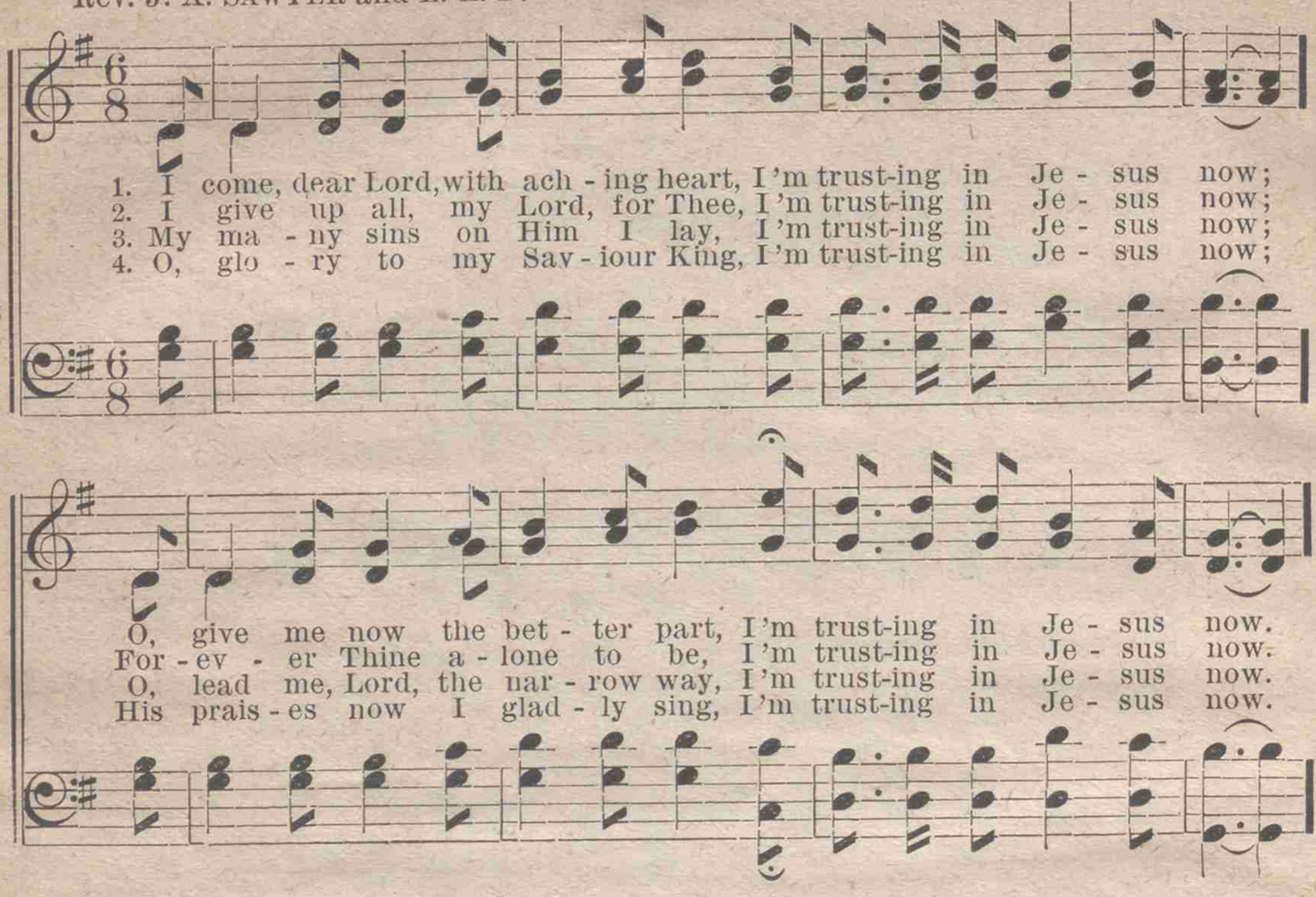
4 Refreshing to the mind and soul,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
A balm which makes the wounded whole,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

5 And when earth's weary race is o'er,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
We 'll share thy joys for evermore,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

No. 9. I'm Trusting in Jesus Now.

Rev. J. A. SAWYER and L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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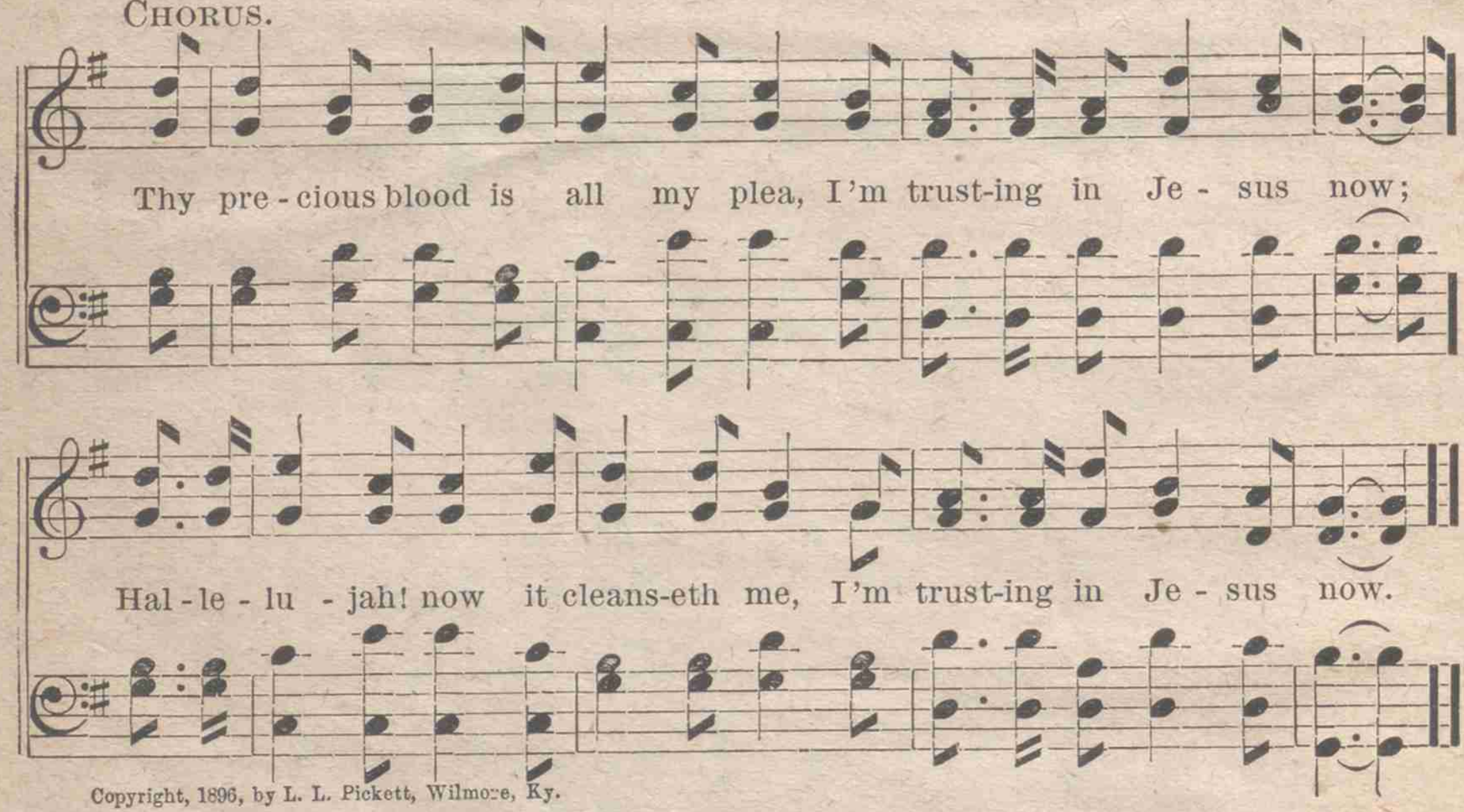

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5 His glory I will here proclaim,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
O, bless His great, His holy name,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

6 O, come, dear friend, accept His love,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
And soon with Him we'll reign above,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

7 By grace bestowed I'm born again,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
Within my soul my Lord doth reign,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

8 His blood doth every stain remove,
I'm trusting in Jesus now:
O glorious gift of perfect love;
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

No. 10. Where is my Lord?

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I've wander'd in darkness, in the val-leys of sin; A- far from my Saviour
2. My heart feels the burdens and sorrows of guilt, And yet on Mount Calvary
3. I hope in His goodness for mer-cy at last, But strong are the fetters
4. O hark! 'tis my Saviour! such accents of love, In tones soft and tender,

ma-ny years I have been. The storms rage around me, and I shrink back with
Je -sus' life-blood was spilt; I know that He suffer'd on the thrice-cursed
sin a-round me has cast; Still doubt, fear and darkness fetter hope, life and
pouring down from a-bove. He of - fers me pardon, and I know He doth

fear; The ter-rors of judgment seem to be drawing near. Where is my Lord?
tree, But O, can His mercy reach a reb - el like me? Where is my Lord?
trust. I'm crush'd neath the burden, and I lie in the dust. Where is my Lord?
save; He free-ly forgives me, and I fear not the grave. Here is my Lord,

CHORUS.

1-3. Where is my Lord? I'm out in the darkness, Where, O where is my Lord?
4. Here is my Lord; I'm safe in His bosom, Here, O here is my Lord.

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

No. 11. Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fra ghtmen, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will this sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall go to the

some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth- er, O who then will dare
broth- er, so long? See, he is sink - ing, O has - ten to - day,
we've nev - er been; Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe,
fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
And out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
That Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

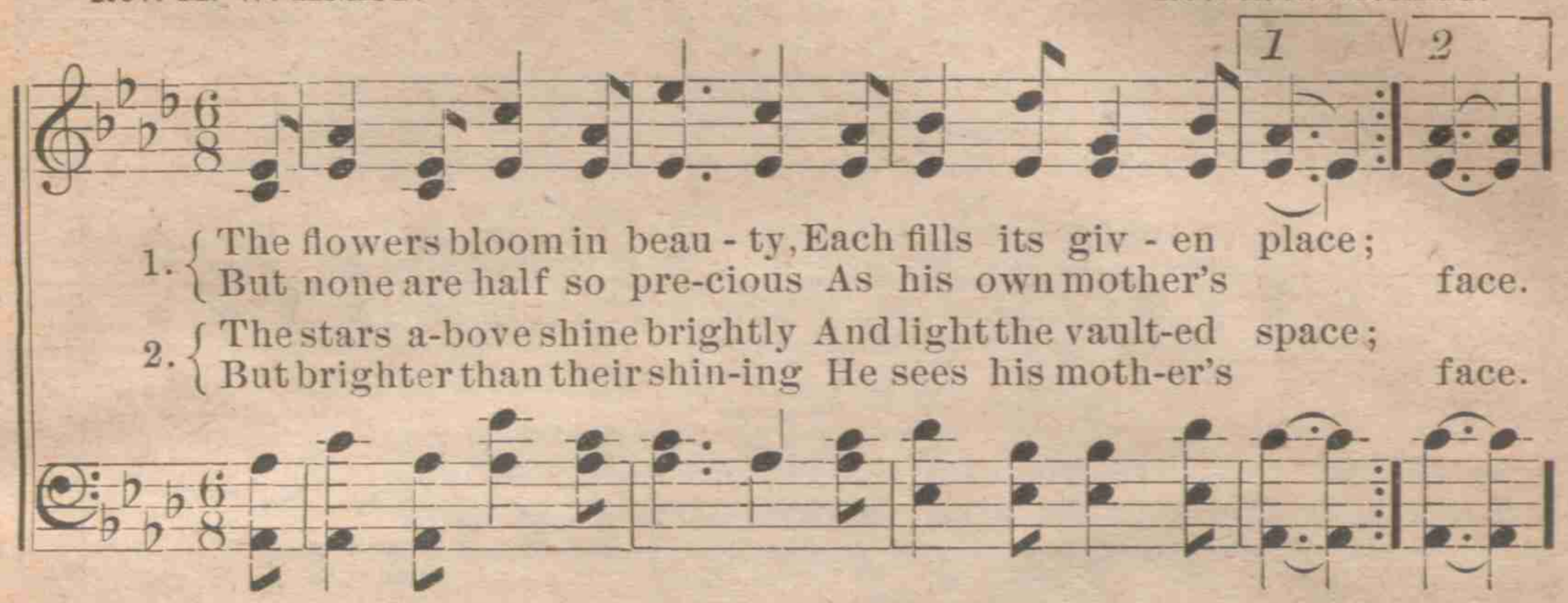
Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

Used by per. Biglow & Main Co.

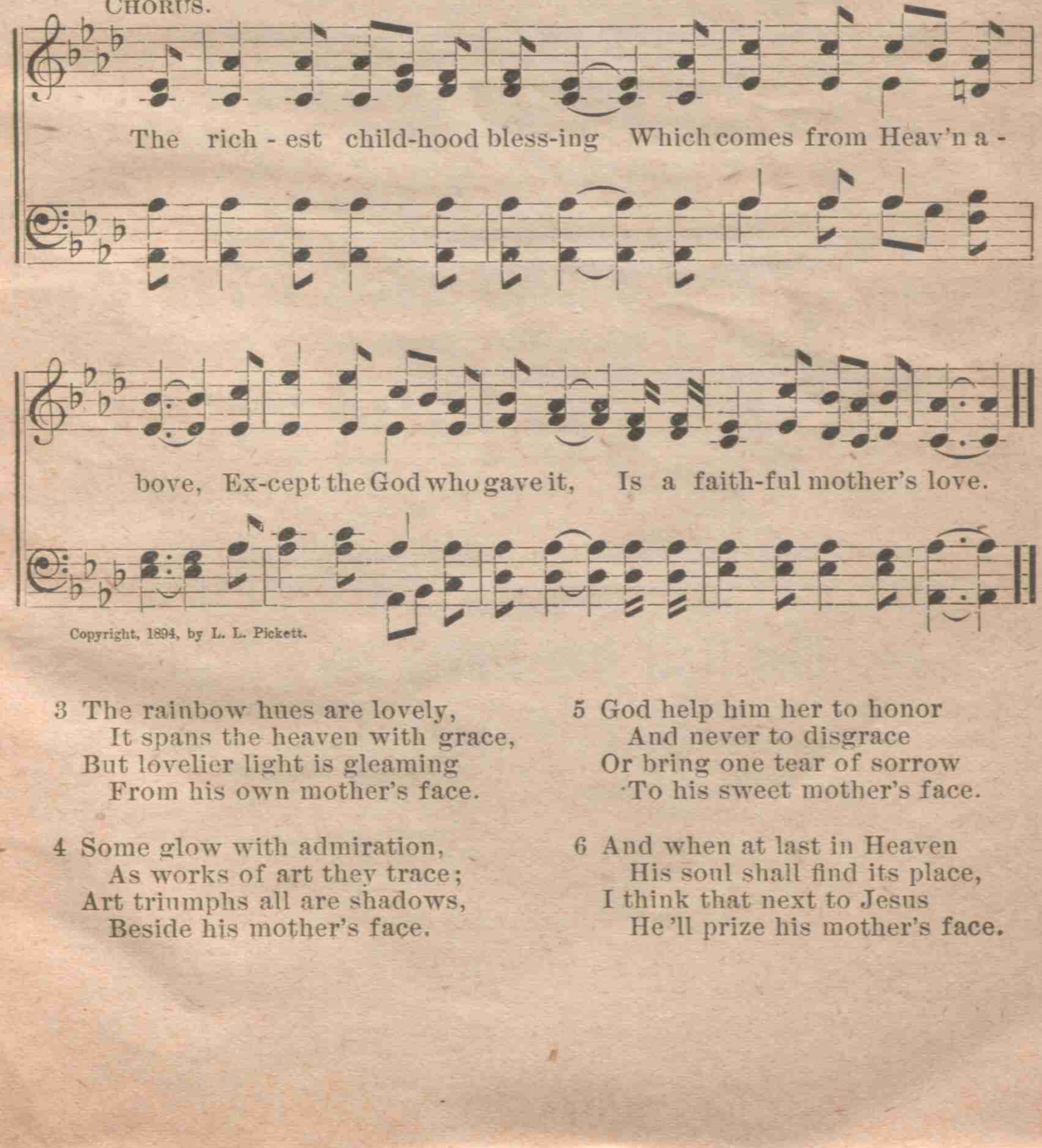
No. 12. His Mother's Face.

"I think," said one little boy, "that the prettiest thing in the world is a red and white bird." "I," said another, "think it's a pony." The third tenderly said —"I think the prettiest thing in all the world is *just my mother's face.*"

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



CHORUS.



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3 The rainbow hues are lovely,
It spans the heaven with grace,
But lovelier light is gleaming
From his own mother's face.

4 Some glow with admiration,
As works of art they trace;
Art triumphs all are shadows,
Beside his mother's face.

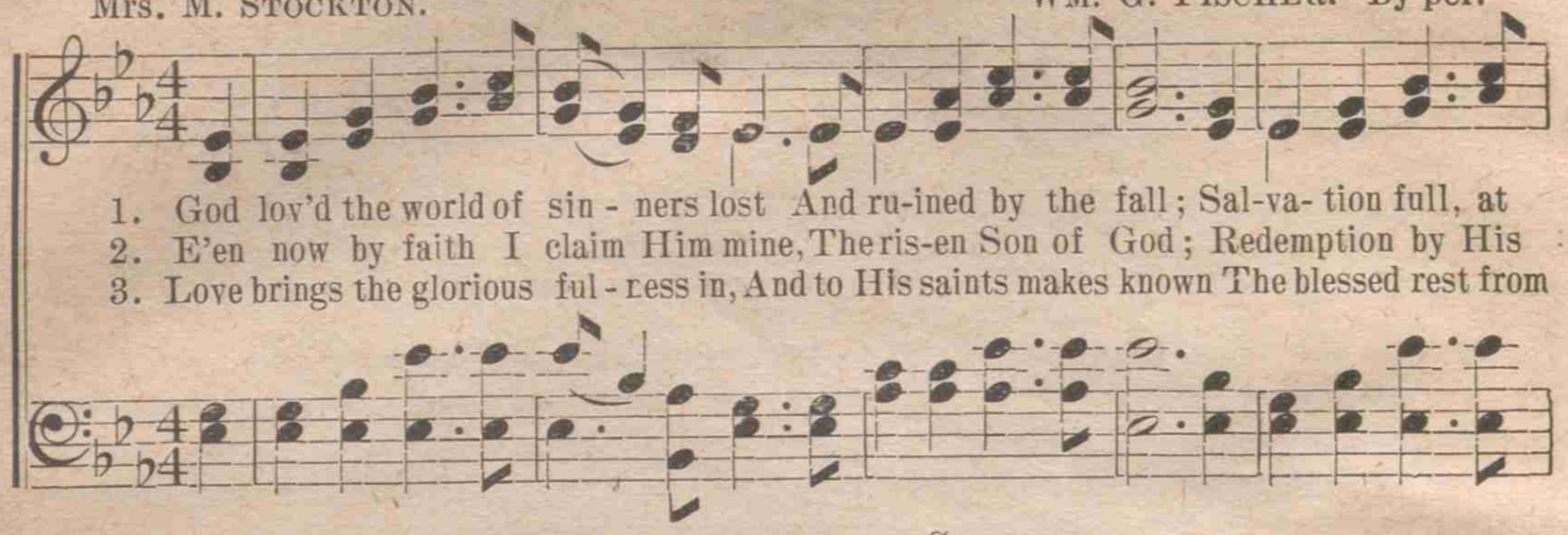
5 God help him her to honor
And never to disgrace
Or bring one tear of sorrow
To his sweet mother's face.

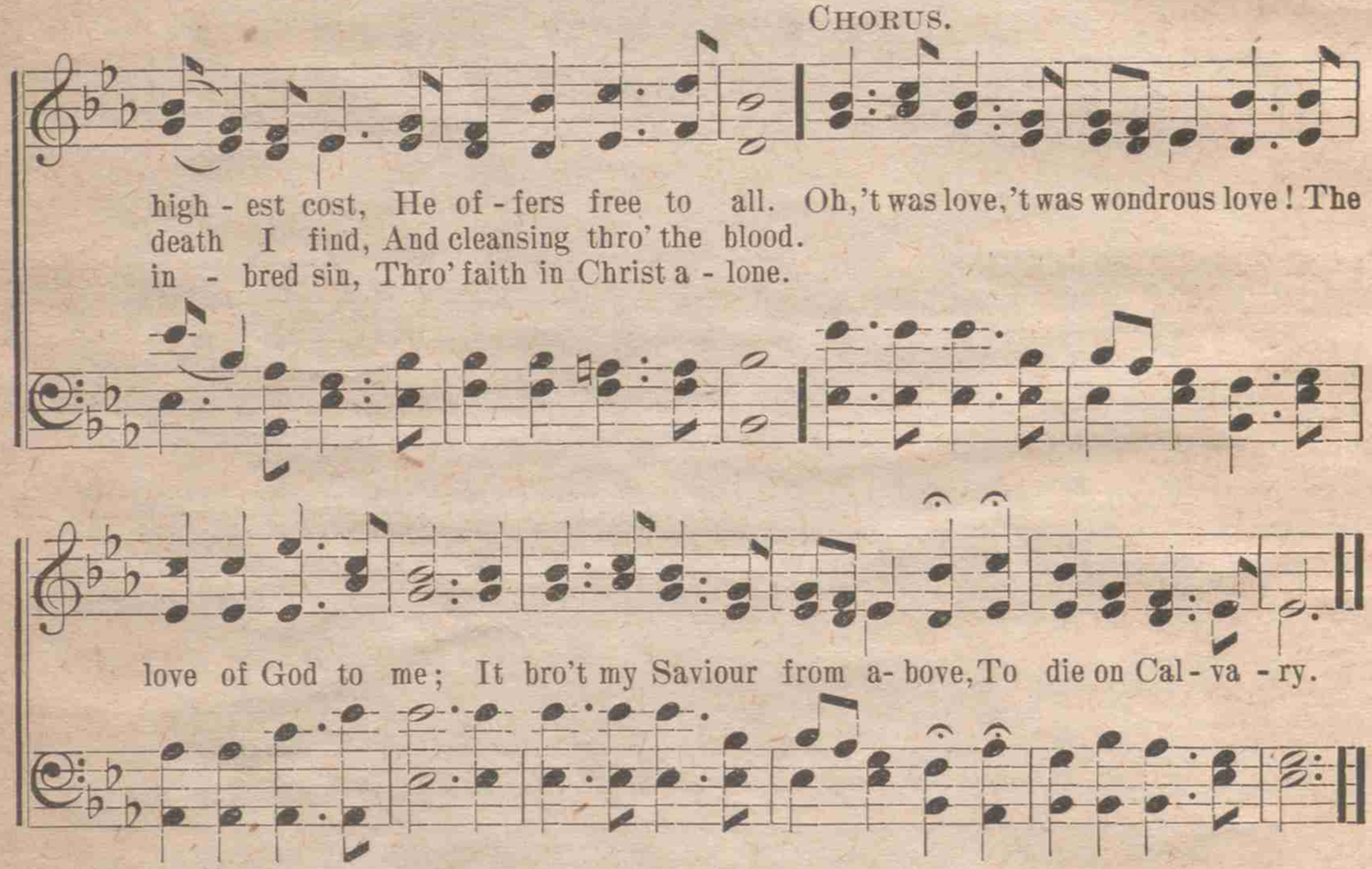
6 And when at last in Heaven
His soul shall find its place,
I think that next to Jesus
He'll prize his mother's face.

No. 13. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world." John iii: 16.

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



Chorus.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

No. 14. The Half has Never been Told.

Frances R. Havergal.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood — it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then may I well be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

No. 15. I am Glad there is Cleansing.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. By per.

1. How bright the Hope that Calv-'ry brings, Where Love di-vine with Mer-cy blends:
2. 'T is there! 't is there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv - 'ry's Mount,
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We can - not make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;

How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse
Who gives up all,— who comes by faith, This cleans-ing finds with-out de - lay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'T is cleans-ing in Re-demption's fount.
Our Sav-iour's Blood, and that a - lone, Can change and cleanse the heart a - right
There thousands have a cleans-ing found; I'll heed the Sav-iour's welcome smile.

CHORUS.

I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am
I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleans-ing in the blood, I am
glad there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world, All the
glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
world. There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's Blood.
world there is cleans-ing.

Copyrighted, 1879, by Rev. L. Hartsough.

No. 16. Be Gentle, Forgiving, and Kind.

"Christian Commonwealth." CHO. by L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh! why are we al - ways so read-y To hear what an-oth - er may say? To can-vass the faults of a neighbor — For-get-ting our own by the way? We know not the heart that we cen-sure; Be gen - tle, for-giv - ing, and kind; One drop from the fountain of pit - y, A wound that is bleeding may bind.
2. A word, like an an - gel of mer-cy, The sun-shine of glad-ness may bear, May cheer a lone spir - it for - sak - en, Or add to the weight of its care. A word! do we think of its im-port? Tho' ut-tered perhaps with a smile, A heart may be writhing beneath it, Or breaking with anguish the while.
4. A word that in cold - ness is spo-ken, May sev - er the friendship of years; The flow-ers of feel - ing may with-er, And leave them in sor-row and tears. Then why should we always be read-y To hear what an-oth - er may say? To canvass the faults of a brother, For-get-ting our own by the way?

CHORUS.

Be gen - tle, for-giv - ing, and kind, Be ten - der, and lov - ing, and true; Re-

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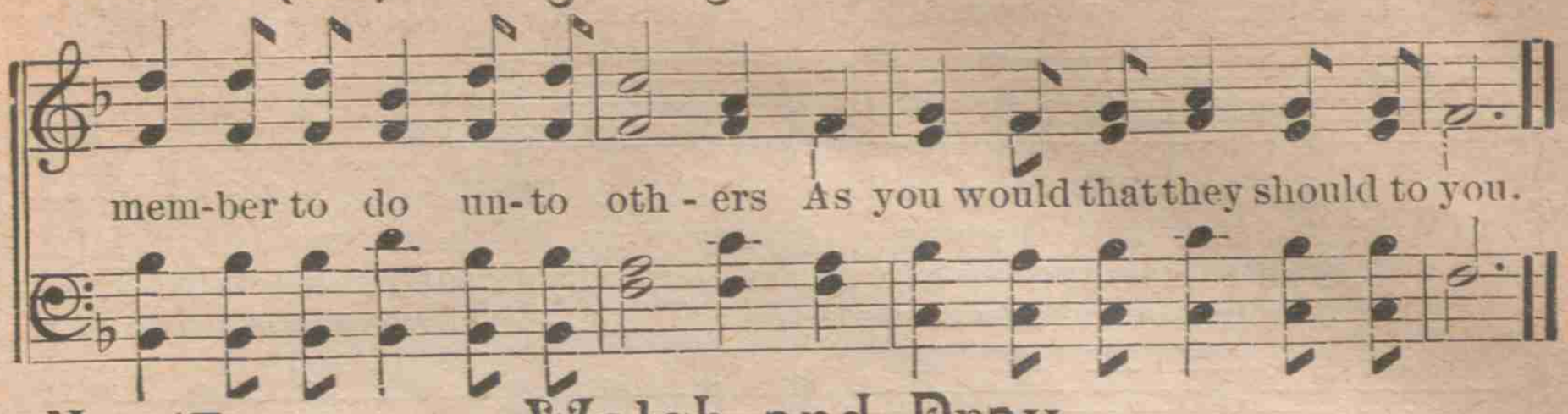
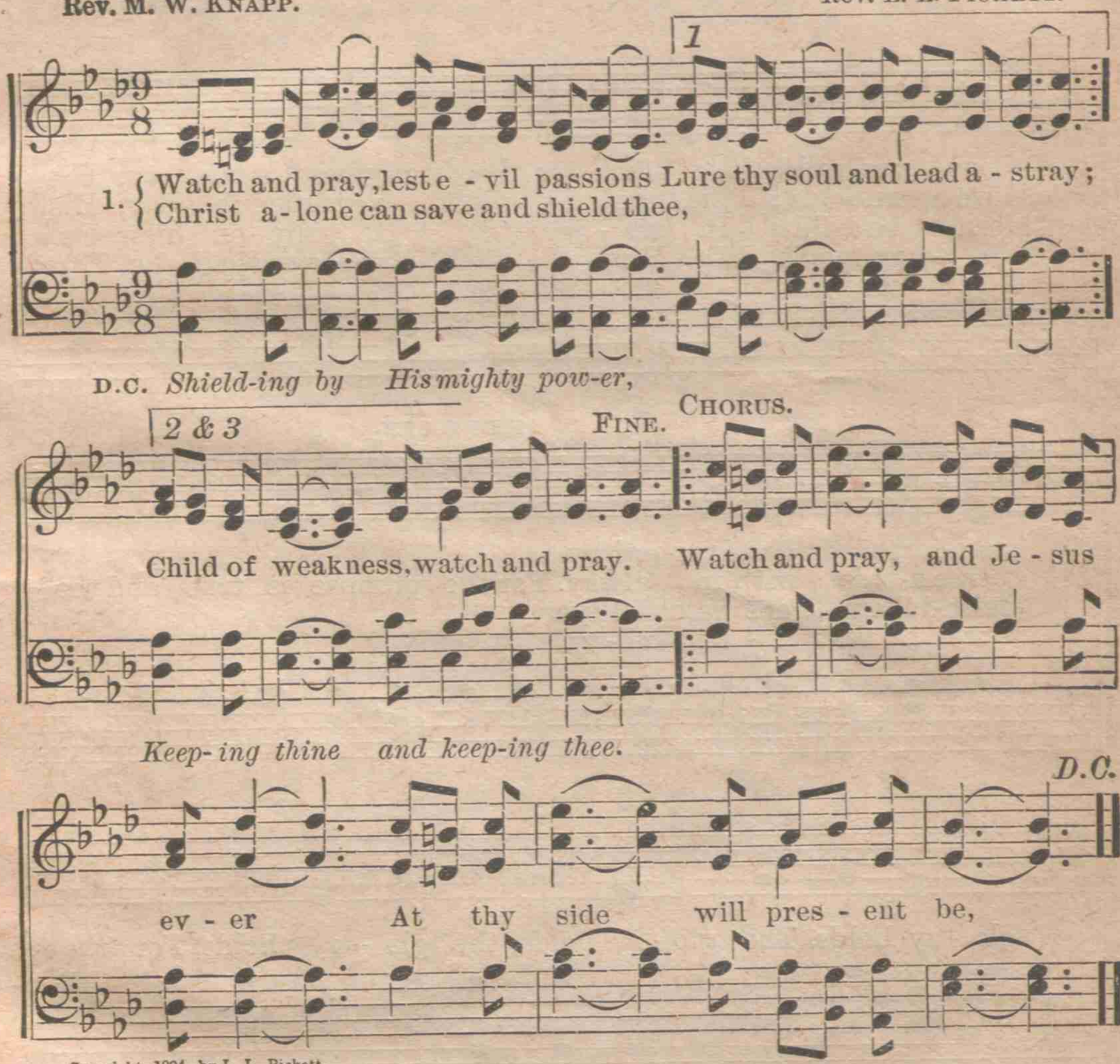
Be Gentle, Forgiving, and Kind. Concluded.



No. 17. Watch and Pray.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

2 Watch and pray, the world so wily
Coyly seeks thy soul to snare;
None can break its magic power
Save by watchfulness and prayer.

3 Watch and pray, the Arch-deceiver
Seeks by many a hidden plan
To entice thy soul to evil,
And will ruin if he can.

4 Watch and pray, lest thou shouldst slumber,
And the cause of Christ betray; [ber,
Rouse ye saints, be always earnest,
Work and fight and watch and pray.

5 Watch and pray, be ever ready,
For your Lord will quickly come,
And receive His faithful children
To their bright eternal home.

No. 18. THE GLORY HOLDS.

Inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Hulda A. Rees, on whose dying testimony the words were written. See Matt. 24: 35.

REV. L. L. PICKETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - long life's wea - ry walks I sigh, While ceaseless storm a-
2. All thro' the cheer-less, dreary way, With-in my heart His
3. Tho' sorrows sweep like storm-clouds fly, The eye of faith His
4. His face some day mine eye shall see, My form made new in

bove me rolls; The Mas - ter heeds my heart's faint cry, His
love un-folds; 'Tis thus my night is turned to day, His
form be-holds; In ma - jes - ty He sits on high, On
glo - ry-molds, With Him I then for - e'er shall be, Thro'-

REFRAIN.

com-fort gives as days roll by.
peace a-bides with-in alway. For the promise is true and the
faith-ful one keeps watchful eye.
out a vast e - ter - ni - ty.

glo - ry holds, The glo - ry holds, the glo - ry holds, For the

promise is true and the glo - ry holds, yes, the glo - ry holds.

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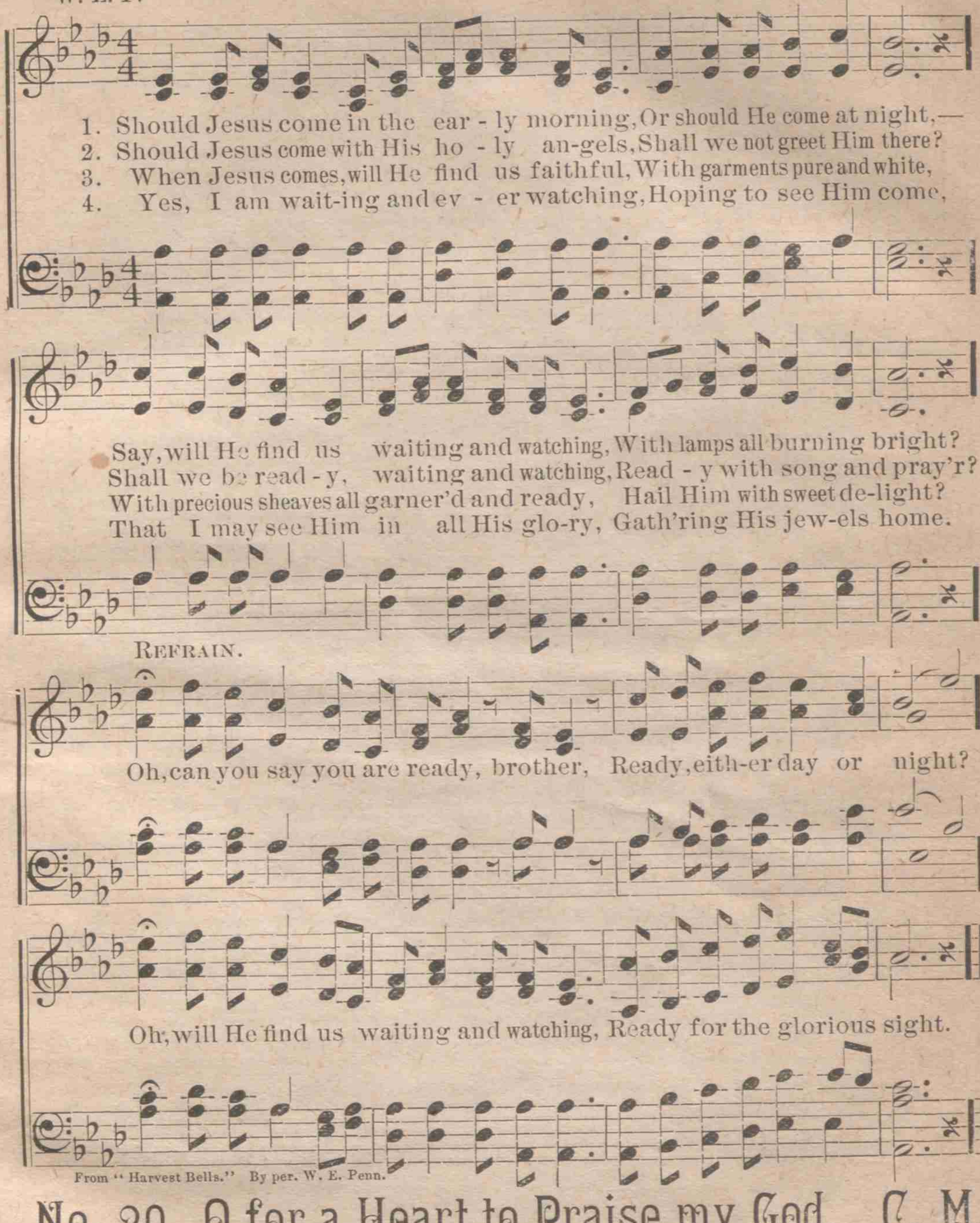
No. 19. Are you Waiting and Watching?

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.



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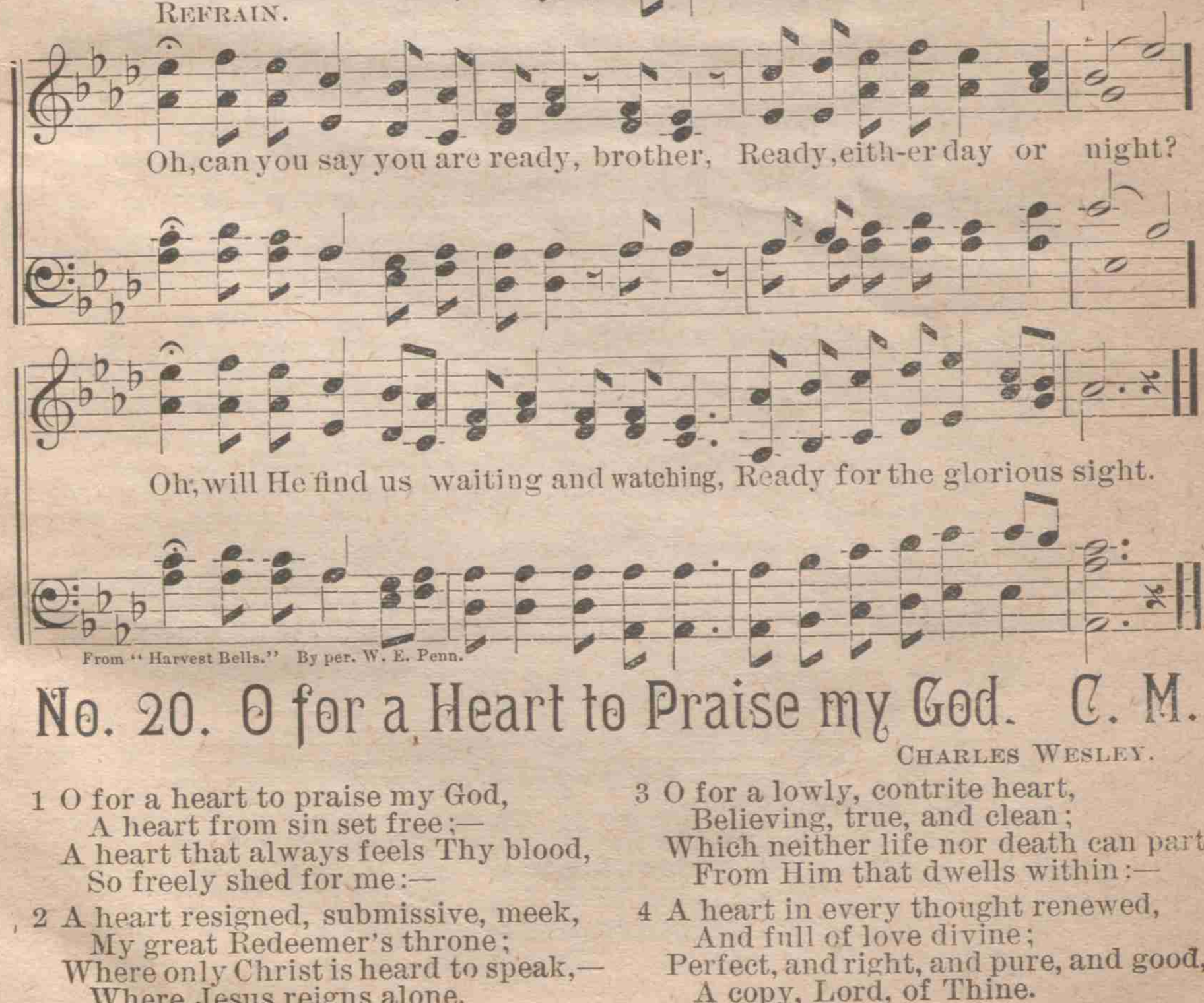

From "Harvest Bells." By per. W. E. Penn.

No. 20. O for a Heart to Praise my God. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:—

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

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 21. Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up-on Him, And He bears them all a-way;
4. For my words I take His wis-dom; For my works His Spir-it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid-ing in His word;
I have ceas'd from all my struggling, 'T is no lon-ger I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gra-cious Presence Guards and guides me ev-'ry hour,

I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am drink-ing of His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir-it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the cease-less Spring;

I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in-to God
And His pre-cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver-y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King

CHORUS.

I'm a-bid - - - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-

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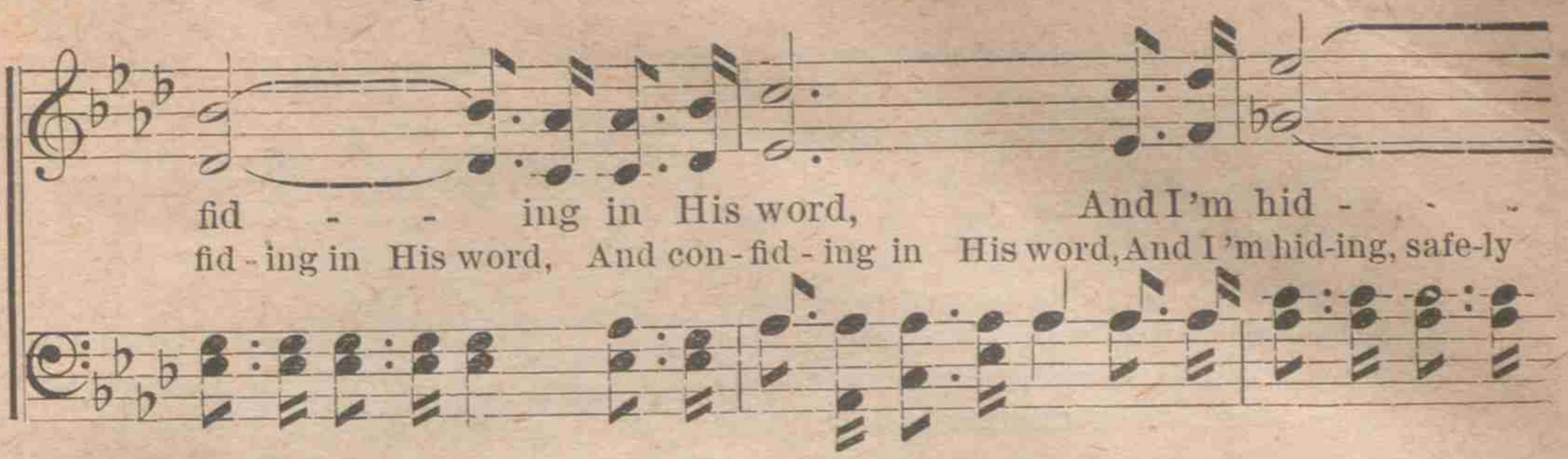
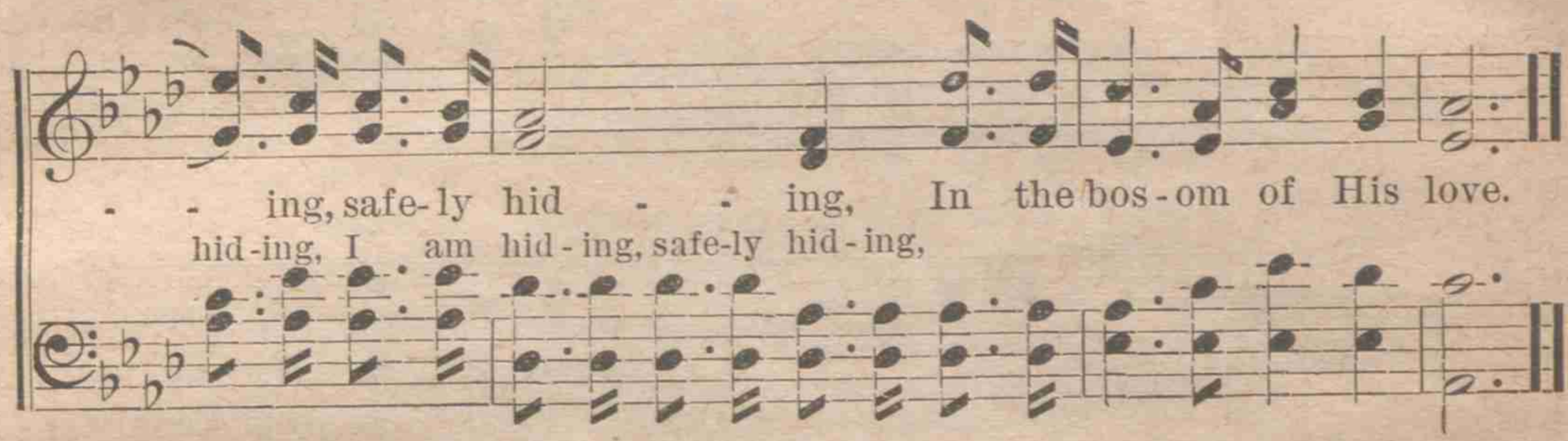
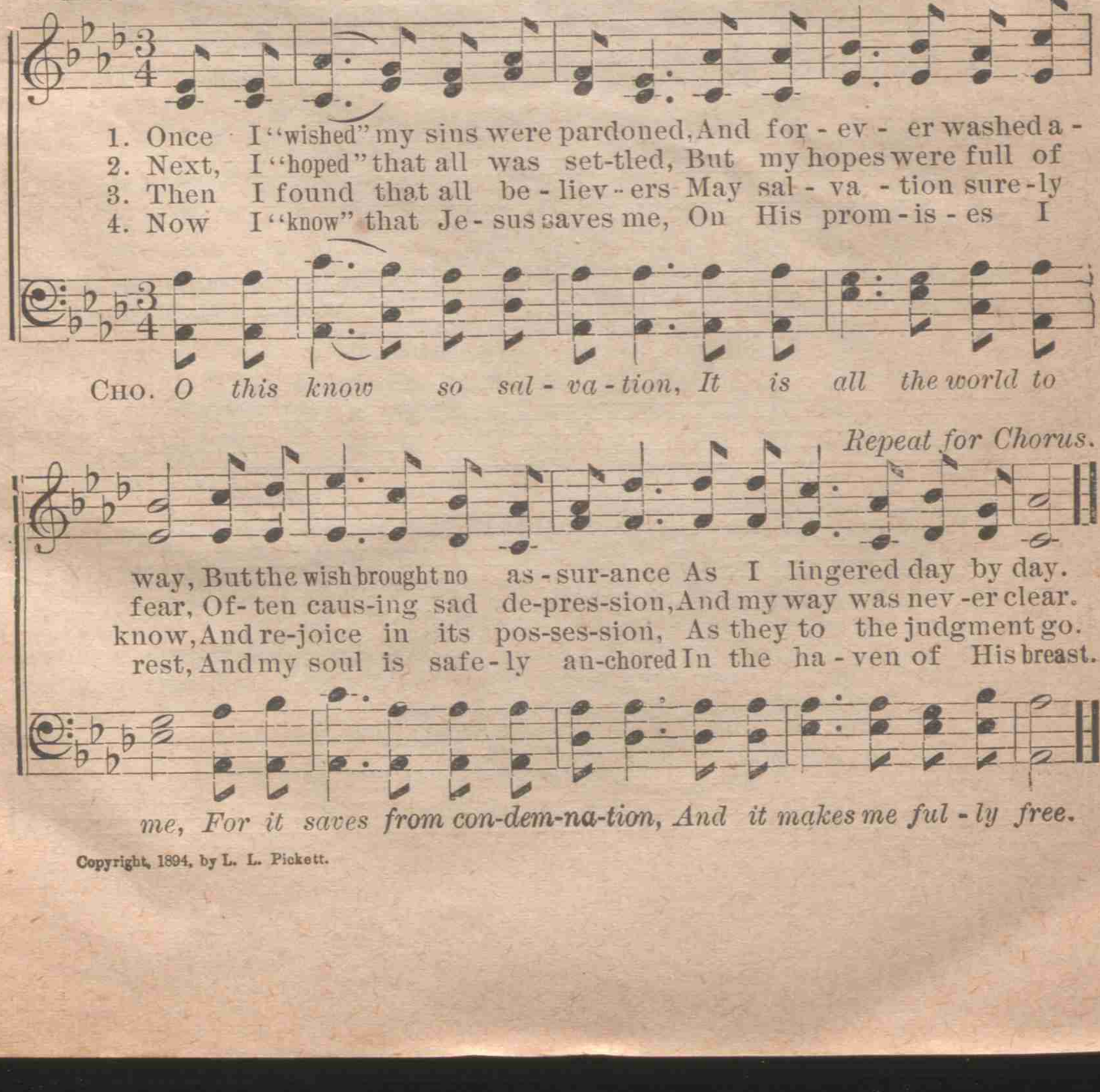
Abiding and Confiding. Concluded.





No. 22. Knowing.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 23. Beyond the Vale.

W. C. H.
Fourth Verse and Second Ref. by L. L. PICKETT. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

1. Be - yond the gold-en sun-set sky, Be - yond the roll - ing wave,
2. Be - yond the pangs that tri-als bring, Be - yond the cru - el vale,
3. Be - yond the moments passing fleet, Be - yond earth's gloomy night,
4. Be - yond all sick-ness and all care, Be - yond all want and pain,

Be - yond each mor-tal care and sigh, We 'll meet be - yond the grave.
We 'll meet where joys e - ter-nal spring, And love can nev - er fail.
Our lov'd and lost we soon shall meet In glo - rious realms of light.
The ran-som'd ones shall gather there And join the glad re - frain.

REFRAIN.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more,
Safe at home, safe at home, We have met to part no more,
We shall meet, we shall meet,
Safe at home, safe at home,

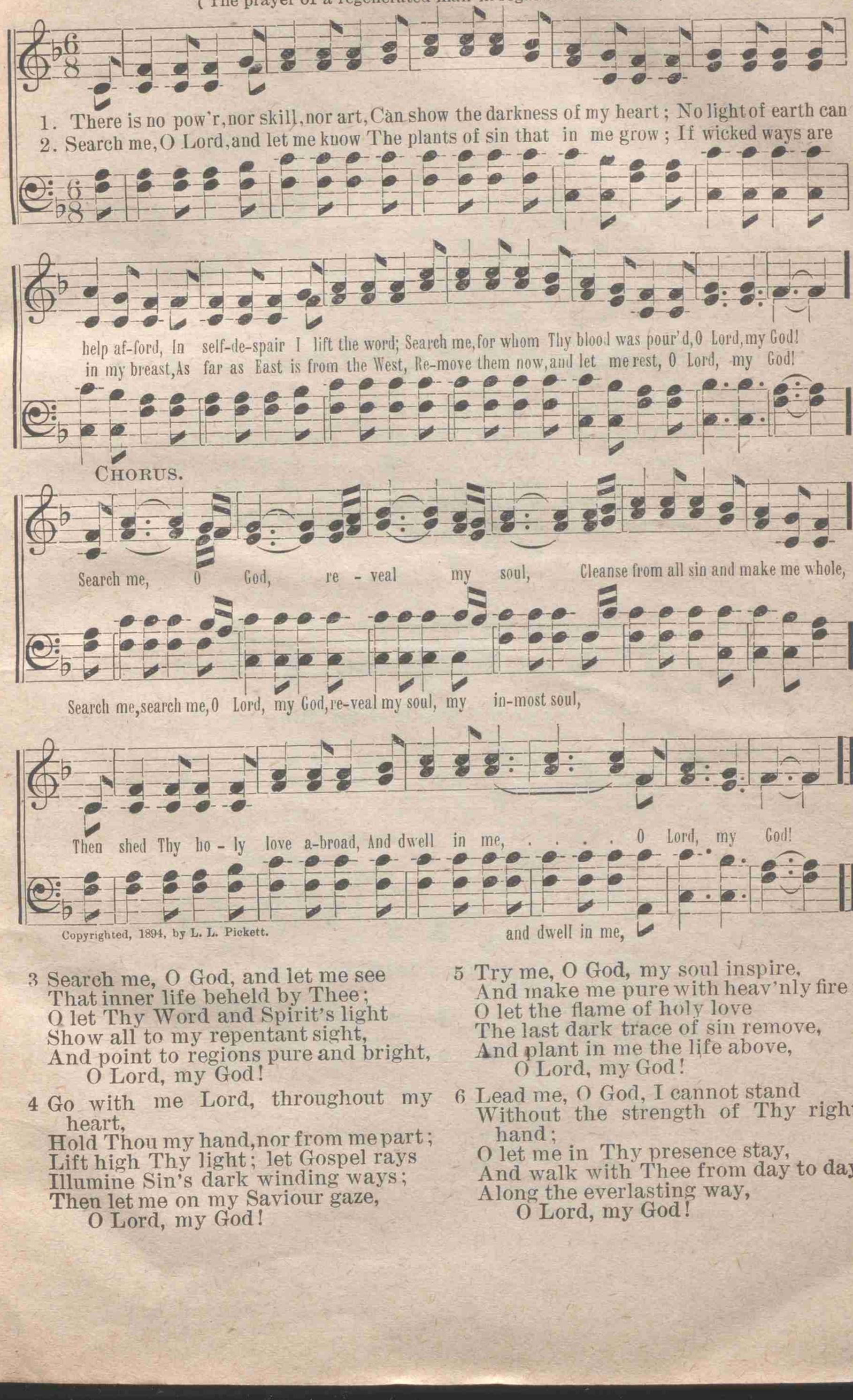
We shall meet, we shall meet, We 'll meet on heaven's shore.
Safe at home, precious home, We 've reach'd our heav'nly home.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
Safe at home, precious home,

From "Class, Choir, and Congregation."

No. 24. Search me, O God.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Psalm cxxxix: 23, 24. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

(The prayer of a regenerated man in regard to inbred sin.)



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3 Search me, O God, and let me see
That inner life beheld by Thee;
O let Thy Word and Spirit's light
Show all to my repentant sight,
And point to regions pure and bright,
O Lord, my God!

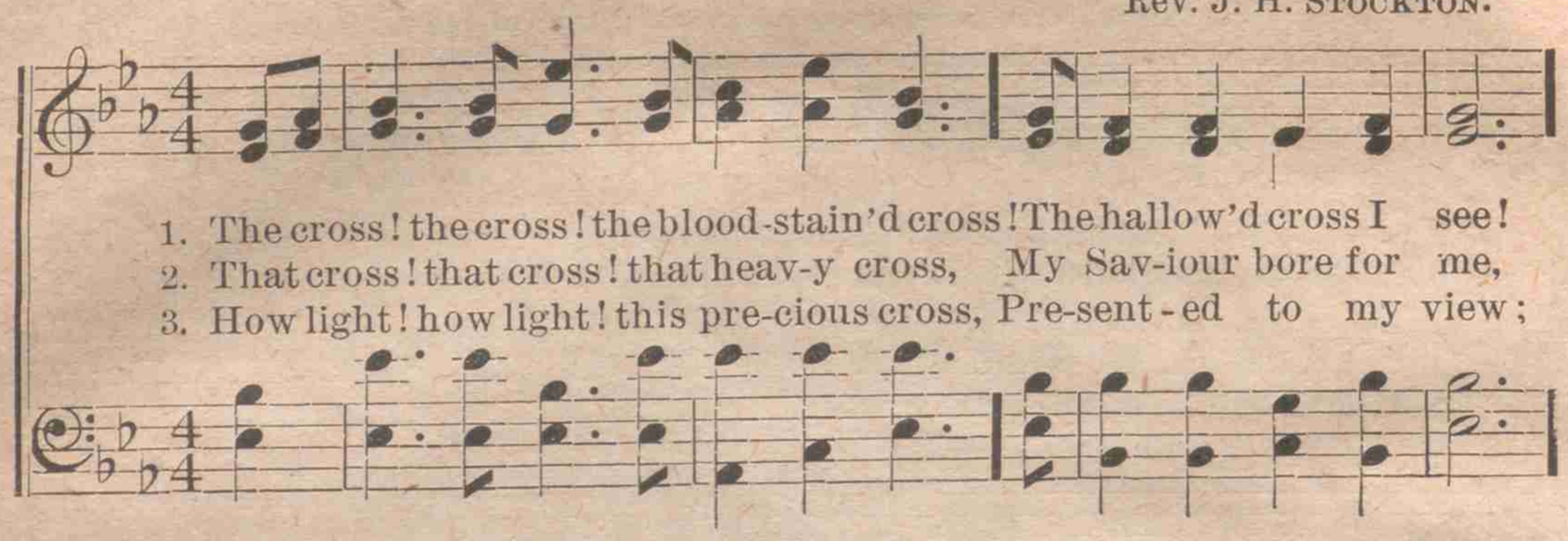
4 Go with me Lord, throughout my heart,
Hold Thou my hand, nor from me part;
Lift high Thy light; let Gospel rays
Illumine Sin's dark winding ways;
Then let me on my Saviour gaze,
O Lord, my God!

5 Try me, O God, my soul inspire,
And make me pure with heav'nly fire;
O let the flame of holy love
The last dark trace of sin remove,
And plant in me the life above,
O Lord, my God!

6 Lead me, O God, I cannot stand
Without the strength of Thy right hand;
O let me in Thy presence stay,
And walk with Thee from day to day
Along the everlasting way,
O Lord, my God!

No. 25. The Hallowed Cross.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.
Cho.—Oh, the blood, etc.

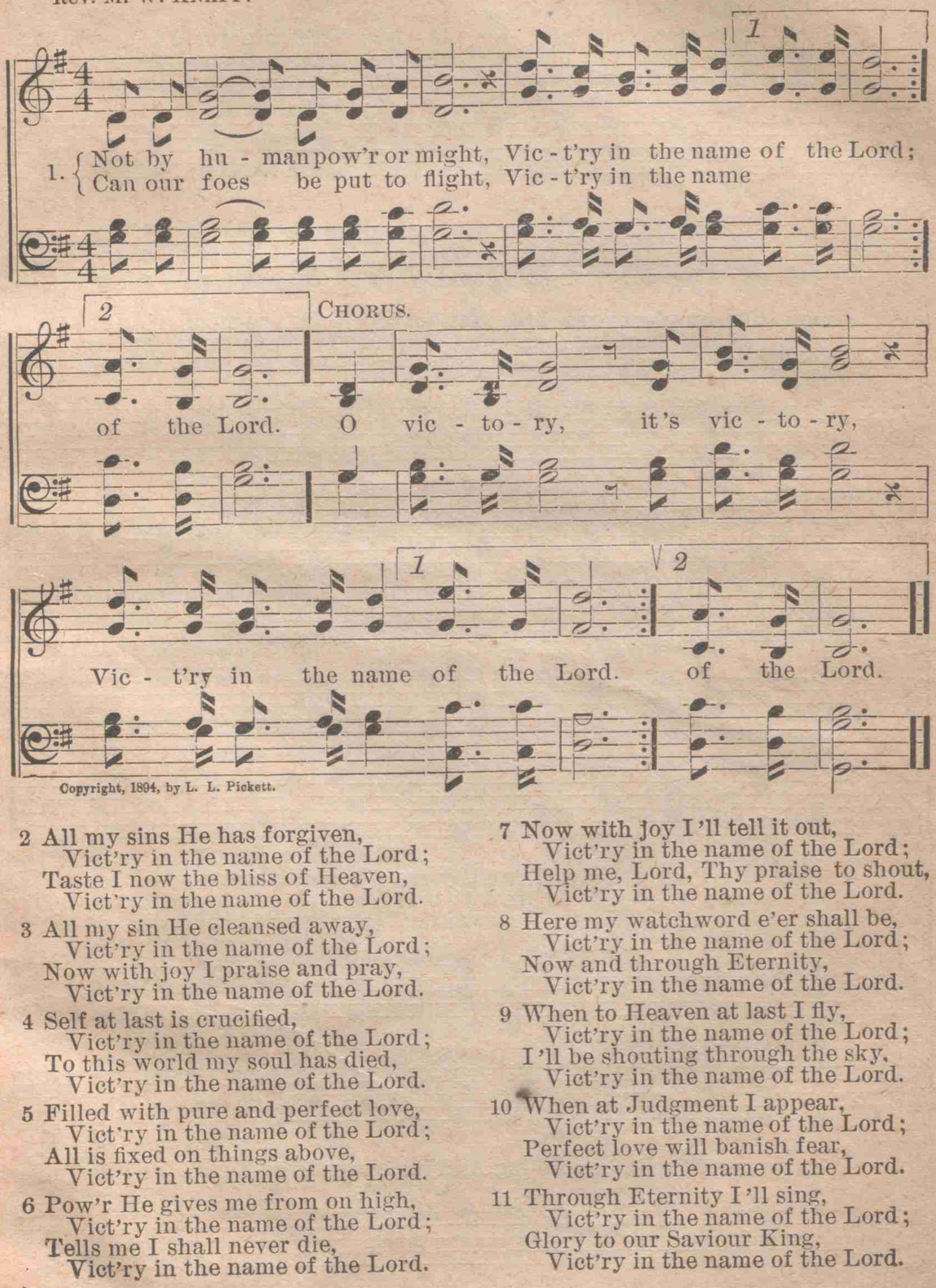
5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love, [woe,
Which guides me thro' this world of
And points to joys above.
Cho.—Oh, the blood, etc.

No. 26. Victory in the Name of the Lord.

But thanks be to *God* who giveth us the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv: 57.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Zech. iv: 6.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 All my sins He has forgiven,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Taste I now the bliss of Heaven,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

3 All my sin He cleansed away,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Now with joy I praise and pray,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

4 Self at last is crucified,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
To this world my soul has died,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

5 Filled with pure and perfect love,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
All is fixed on things above,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

6 Pow'r He gives me from on high,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Tells me I shall never die,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

7 Now with joy I'll tell it out,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Help me, Lord, Thy praise to shout,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

8 Here my watchword e'er shall be,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Now and through Eternity,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

9 When to Heaven at last I fly,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
I'll be shouting through the sky,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

10 When at Judgment I appear,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Perfect love will banish fear,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

11 Through Eternity I'll sing,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Glory to our Saviour King,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

No. 27. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. Booth.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is nought to me; All its pleas-ures are for-got-ten In re-memb'ring Cal - va - ry. Tho' my friends de-spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un-fold.

2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis-per low, I will lean up - on my Saviour, Thro' the val - ley as I go; I will claim His pre - cious promise, Worth to me the world of gold, "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un-fold."

3. Just be - yond death's tur - bid riv - er, Just be - yond its chill - ing tide, Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide; In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold, And the an - gels are a - waiting Where the pearl - y gates un-fold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its eve-ning bells will toll; But my

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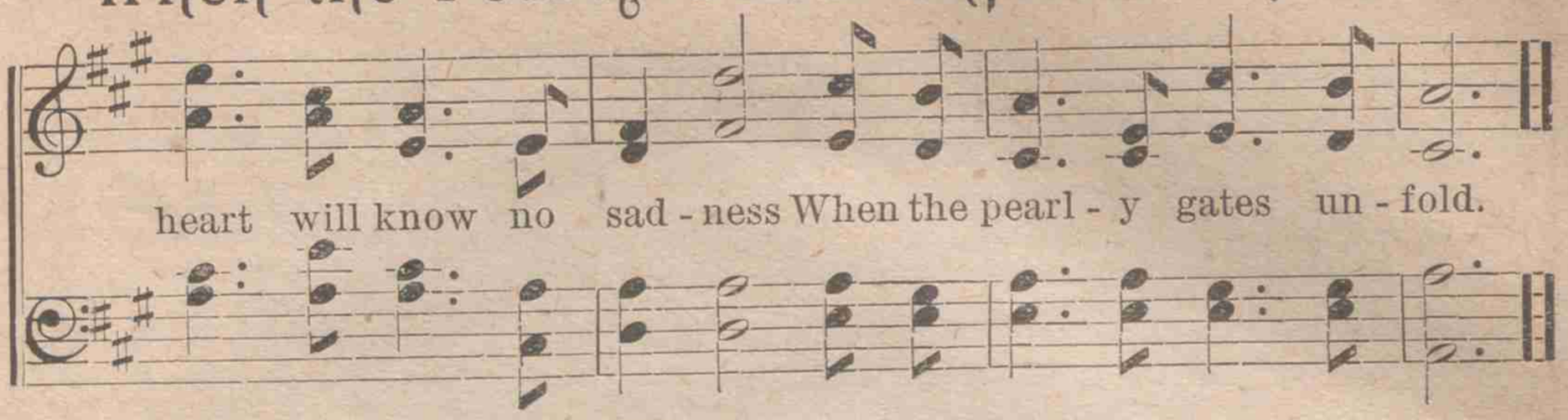
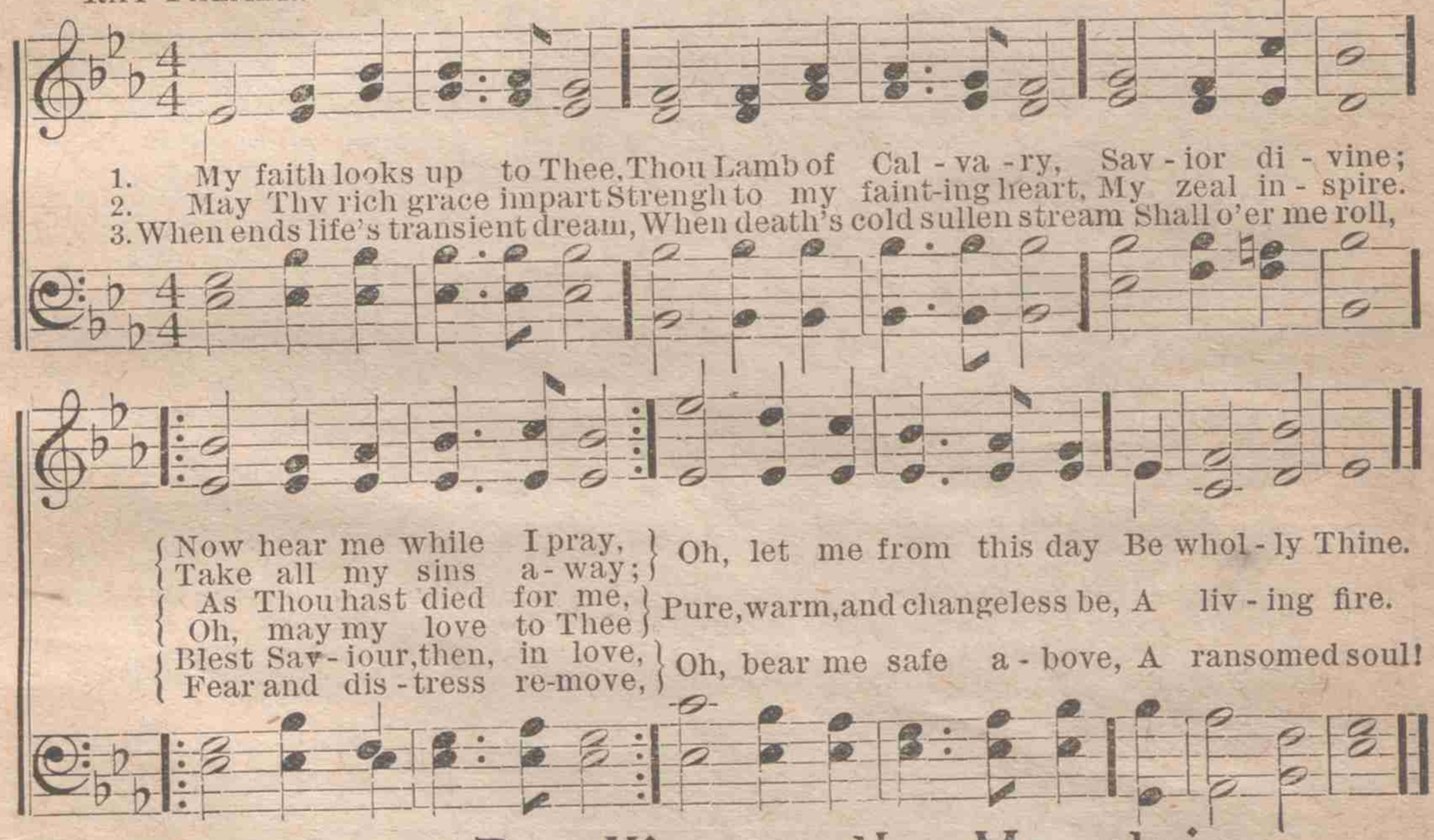
When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.



No. 28. My Faith Looks up.

RAY PALMER. Tune: OLIVET. 6, 4.

No. 29. I am Dwelling on the Mountain.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou needst not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

No. 30. There's Music in my Soul!

Rev. HENRY BURTON. JOSHUA GILL. By per.

1. The world is full of sing-ing, I hear it everywhere; The flow'rs their bells are ring-ing Out on the scent-ed air: And up a-bove, a-round me, The
2. My heart was fond of sigh-ing, With just some breaks of song, As self was ev-er try-ing To make its weak-ness strong: But now in Him con-fid-ing, His
3. My life was full of sad-ness, Of o-ver-weighting care; But now the "oil of glad-ness" Has turned to praise the pray'r; And so I keep pur-su-ing, And
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways sing-ing, Just like a spring-time bird: I know not what the harps be, Where

si-lent anthems roll: The glorious Lord has found me, There's music in my soul!
Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ a-bid-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!
pressing t'ward the goal: But praying, waiting, do-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!
heav'nly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's mu-sic in my soul!

CHORUS.

The blood of Christ is flow-ing, Its waves a-round me roll;
My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!

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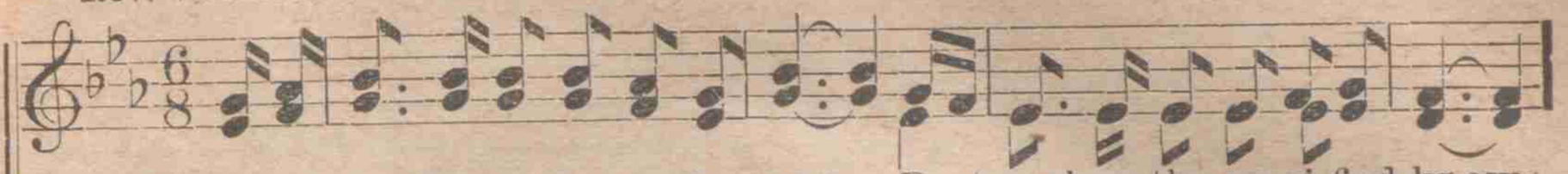
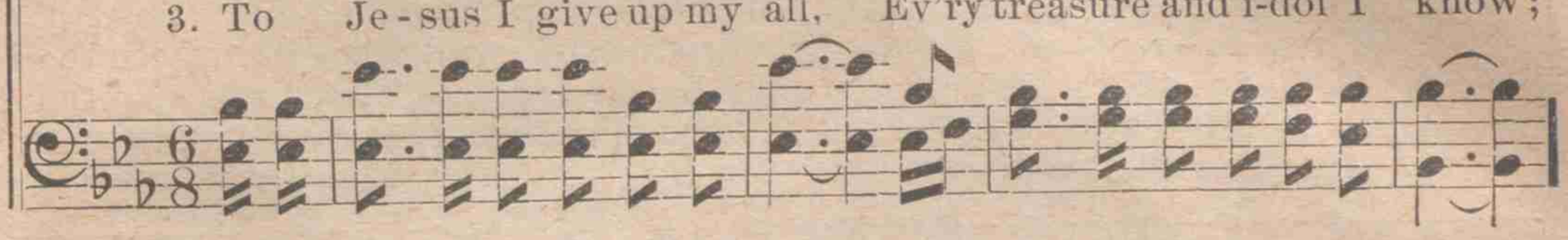
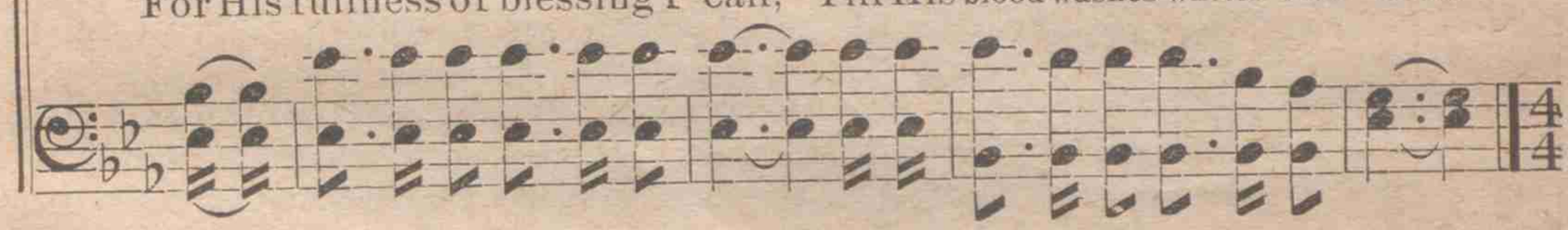
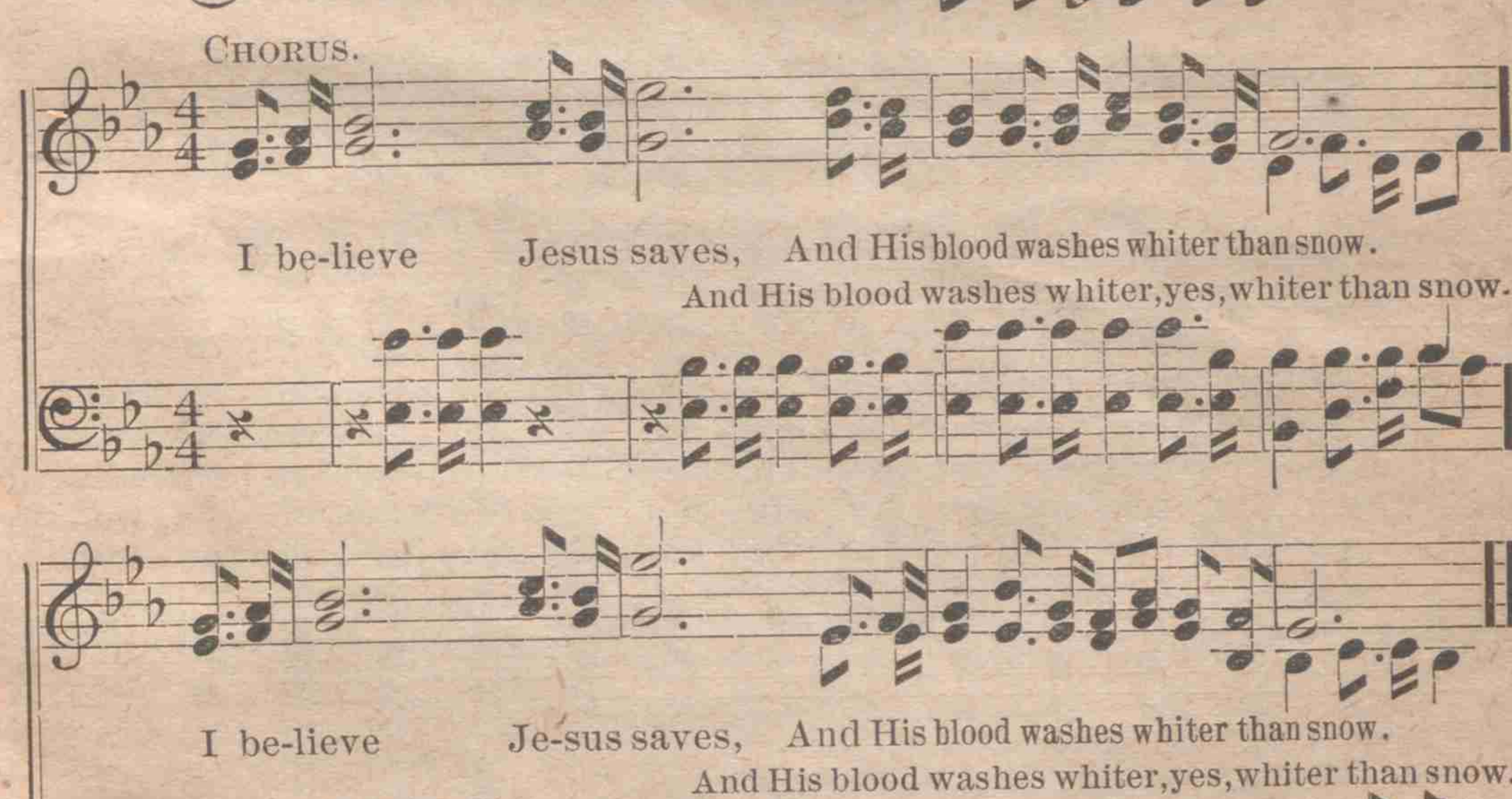
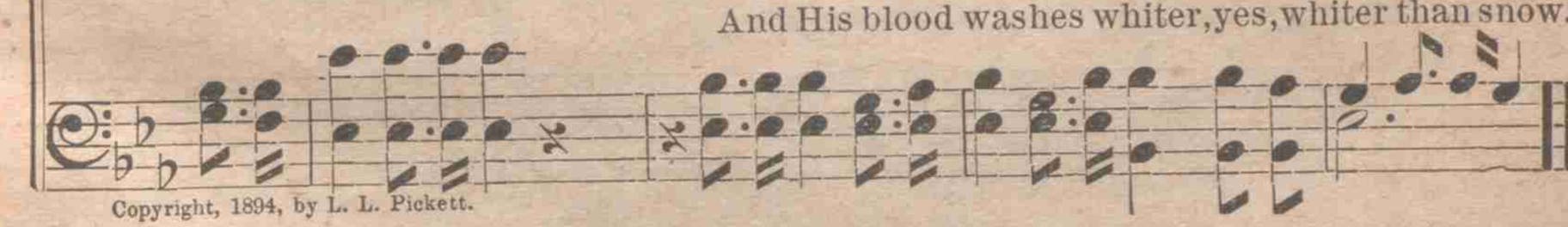
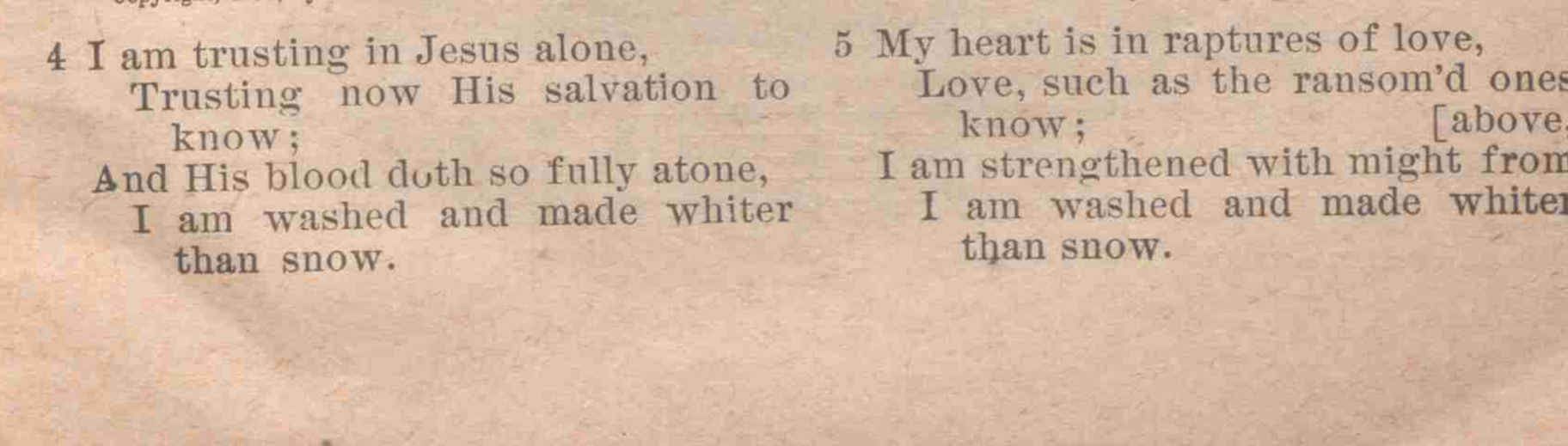
No. 31. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pu-ri-fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de - plore, My weakness and poverty show;
3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev'ry treasure and i-dol I know;

My soul is athirst to be blest, To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.
I long to be sav'd ever- more, To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.
For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

CHORUS.



I be-lieve Jesus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
And His blood washes whiter, yes, whiter than snow.

I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
And His blood washes whiter, yes, whiter than snow.



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4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransom'd ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

No. 32. Rally Round the Cross.

THE BATTLE SONG OF VICTORY.

E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

1. A - gain we have come in Je - ho - vah's name, The bat - tle to fight and the vic-t'ry gain, We'll gird on the ar - mor and to the con-flict
2. When Is - rael of old marched a - round the wall, They blew with their trumpets and shouted all; Then down came the walls, and they took the might-y sword and they battled thro'; They're safe now in glo - ry and looking down to -
3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the Je - sus the glo - ry share; Then let all be true as we in - to bat - tle come from the oth-er shore; And then home to glo - ry re-joic-ing we will
4. We all must en - gage if a crown we'd wear, And yon - der with go, And in the name of Je - sus we'll con-quer ev - 'ry foe.
5. The con - flict will soon be for - ev - er o'er, The summons will king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring. night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight. go, And res - cue ev - 'ry sin - ner from death and all its woe. go, To praise Him for the vic - t'ry He gave us here be - low.

CHORUS.

Then ral- ly! ral-ly! ral - ly round the cross! No one ev - er there will suf-fer

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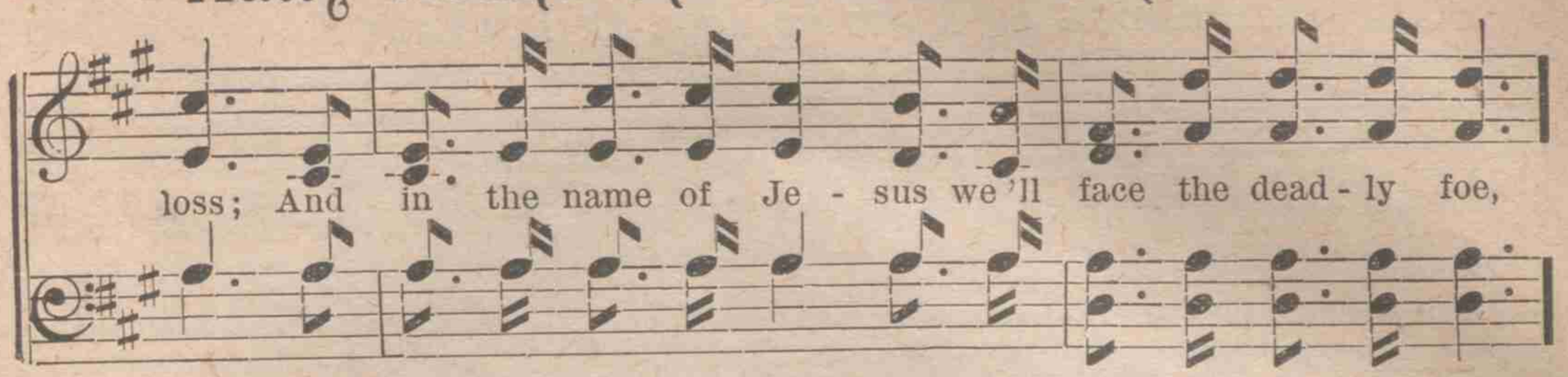
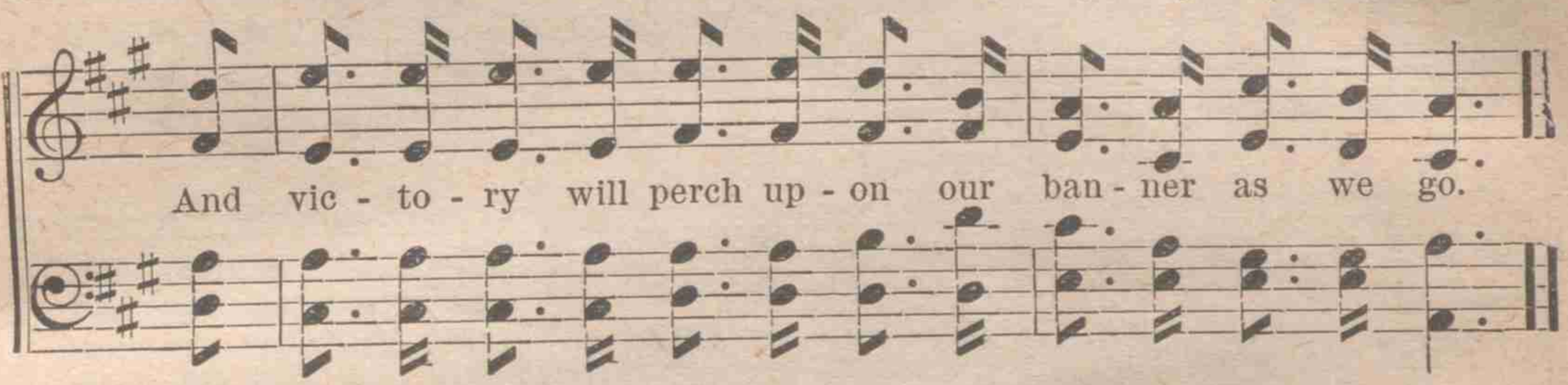
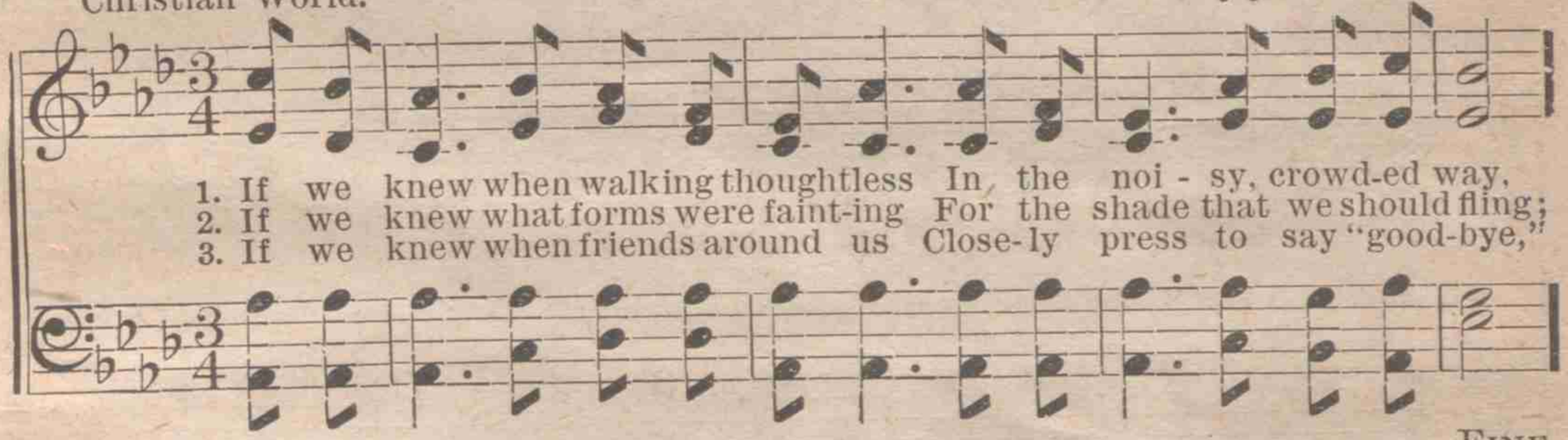
Rally Round the Cross. Concluded.

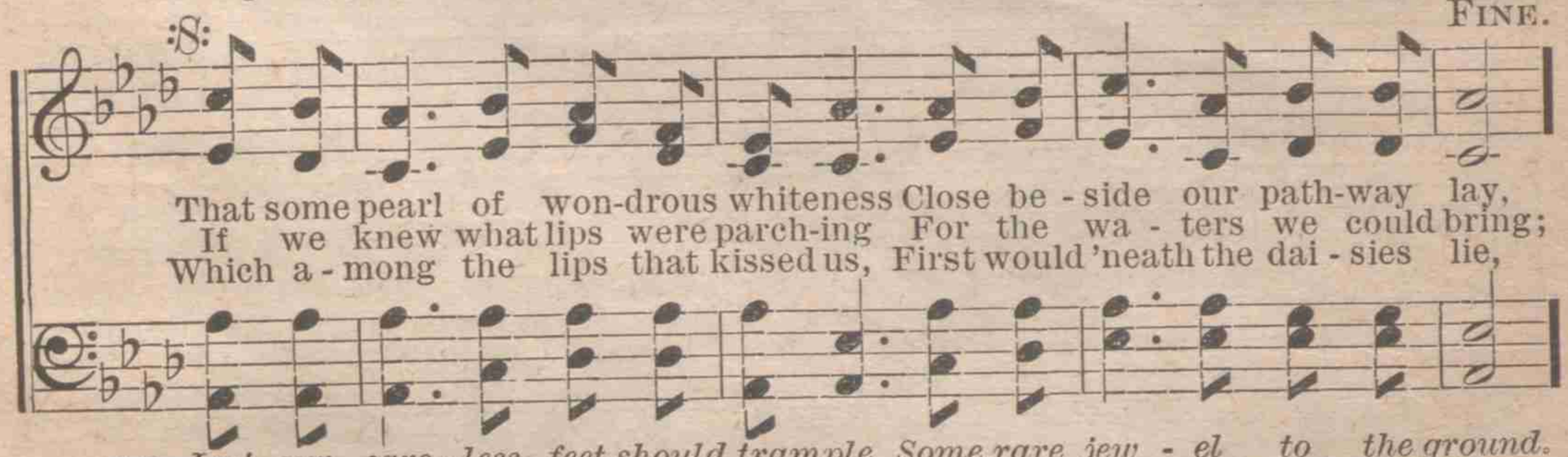




No. 33. If We Knew?

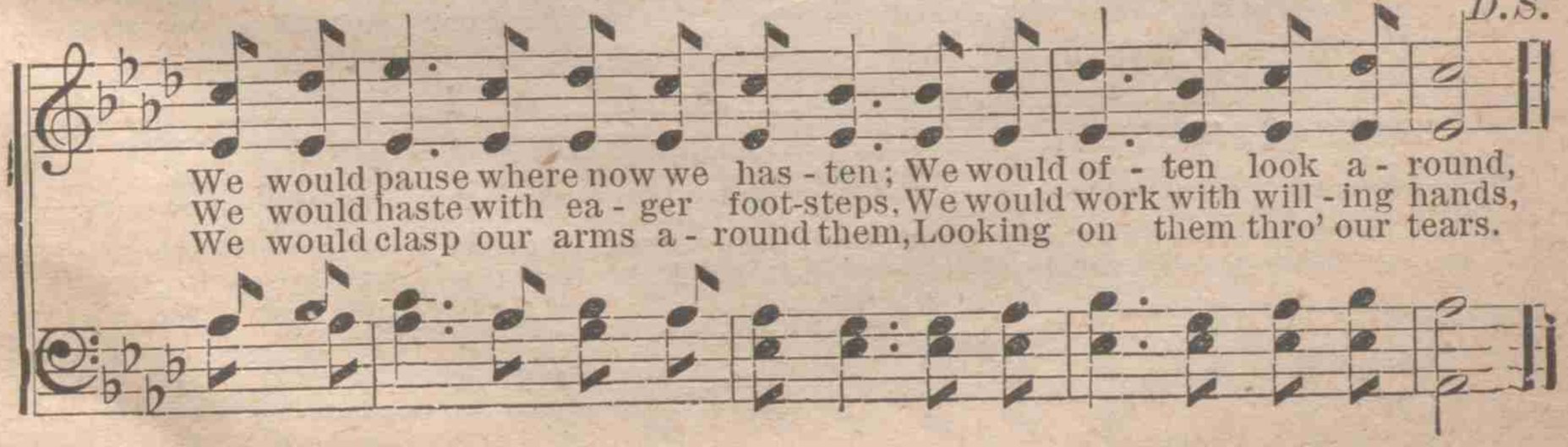
Christian World. Wm. M. Waller. By per. of author.





FINE.

D.S.



No. 34. Take me to the Living Fountain.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

ANON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Take me to the liv - ing foun-tain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
2. Toil - ing in the track-less des - ert, Oft pur -sued and faint with fear,
3. O, the liv - ing streams of glad-ness! O, the cups of sa - cred cheer!

I am faint - ing in this des - ert, And my steps are weak and slow.
As the hart for ev - er pant - ing For the wa - ters cool and clear.
O, the good - ly palm trees wav - ing! Tell me, are we draw- ing near?

I have heard of springs un - fail - ing, Where the glo - ry cloud a - bides,
I have heard a won-drous sto - ry Of a land of rest and joy,
Now I see the sa - cred shad-ow; Gleams in light the cleans-ing wave.

FINE.

:8:

And be - neath its ho - ly shel - ter, Safe from ill the Spir - it hides.
Where the liv - ing walk in glo - ry, Naught can hurt and naught de - stroy.
List! the strains of ho - ly rap - ture: Lives the might - y still to save.

D.S. *I would rest be - neath the shad-ow Where the Rock of A - ges stands.*
I have gain'd the sa - cred shad-ow Where the Rock of A - ges stands.

CHORUS. D.S.

1, 2. Take me to the liv - ing foun-tain, Past the des - ert's burn - ing sands;
3. I have reach'd the heal - ing foun-tain, Past the des - ert's burn - ing sands,

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No. 35. Walking by Faith.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Walking by faith in the Mas - ter's love, Keeping with pa-tience the nar - row way, Lead - ing to heav - en - ly heights a - bove,
2. Walking by faith, we are walking in light, Ev - er we fol - low His guid - ing hand; Hope doth il - lu - mine our path-way so bright,
3. Walking by faith in our Fa-ther's love, Trusting His prom-is - es true and sweet; Soon we shall share in His bliss a - bove,

CHORUS.

Onward we're pressing, yes, day by day. We are walking by faith in the love of our God, We are walk-ing by faith led by ten - der - est care;
Guid-ing the pilgrim to heaven's land.
Ransom'd—we'll kneel at His blessed feet.
Glad-ly we follow the paths He trod, Lifting to Je-sus our hearts in pray'r.

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No. 36. Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Some sweet morn the day shall break, Nev-er-more to sink in night.
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part-ing and our pain.
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo-rious im-age wear.
4. Some sweet time we 'll weep no more, O'er these scenes of sin and woe;

Some sweet morn we shall a-wake Mid the ev-er-last-ing light.
Some sweet day we 'll all go home, Nev-er-more to part a-gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj-es-ty shall share.
Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Heav'n come down to dwell be-low.

Chorus.

We are wait-ing for the com-ing of the morn-ing, We are watch-ing for the break-ing of the dawn, Morn of morns, oh, haste thy glad ap-pear-ing! Day of days, speed on! speed on!
for the break-ing of the dawn,

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,
All the story of His love.
Some sweet day our song shall swell,
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we 'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied.
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

No. 37. Only Remembered.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Up and a - way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2. Shall I be missed if an - oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bors,
earth I have sown; These shall pass on ward when I am for - got- ten,
joic - ing are won; Then will His faith - ful and wea - ry dis - ci - ples,

CHORUS.

On - ly re-membered by what I have done. On - ly re-membered,
On - ly re-membered by what he has done.
Fruits of the har-vest and what I have done.
All be re-membered for what they have done.

On - ly remember'd, On-ly remember'd by what I have done, On-ly re-

member'd, On - ly re-member'd, On - ly remember'd by what I have done.

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No. 38. 'T is with the Righteous Well.

REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. On ev-'ry sun-ny mountain, In ev - 'ry gloomy dell, What-e'er the
2. What words of ho - ly comfort! Their sweetness who can tell? With - in the
3. Tho' dripping clouds may gath-er, And grief the bos-om swell, The trust-ing
4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hush'd the solemn knell, With - in the

CHORUS.

robe that wraps the heart, 'T is with the righteous well. 'T is well, 't is well, 't is
vail, and o'er the flood, 'T is with the righteous well.
heart will ev - er sing, 'T is with the righteous well.
gates, a - round the throne, 'T is with the righteous well. 'T is well, 't is well, 't is

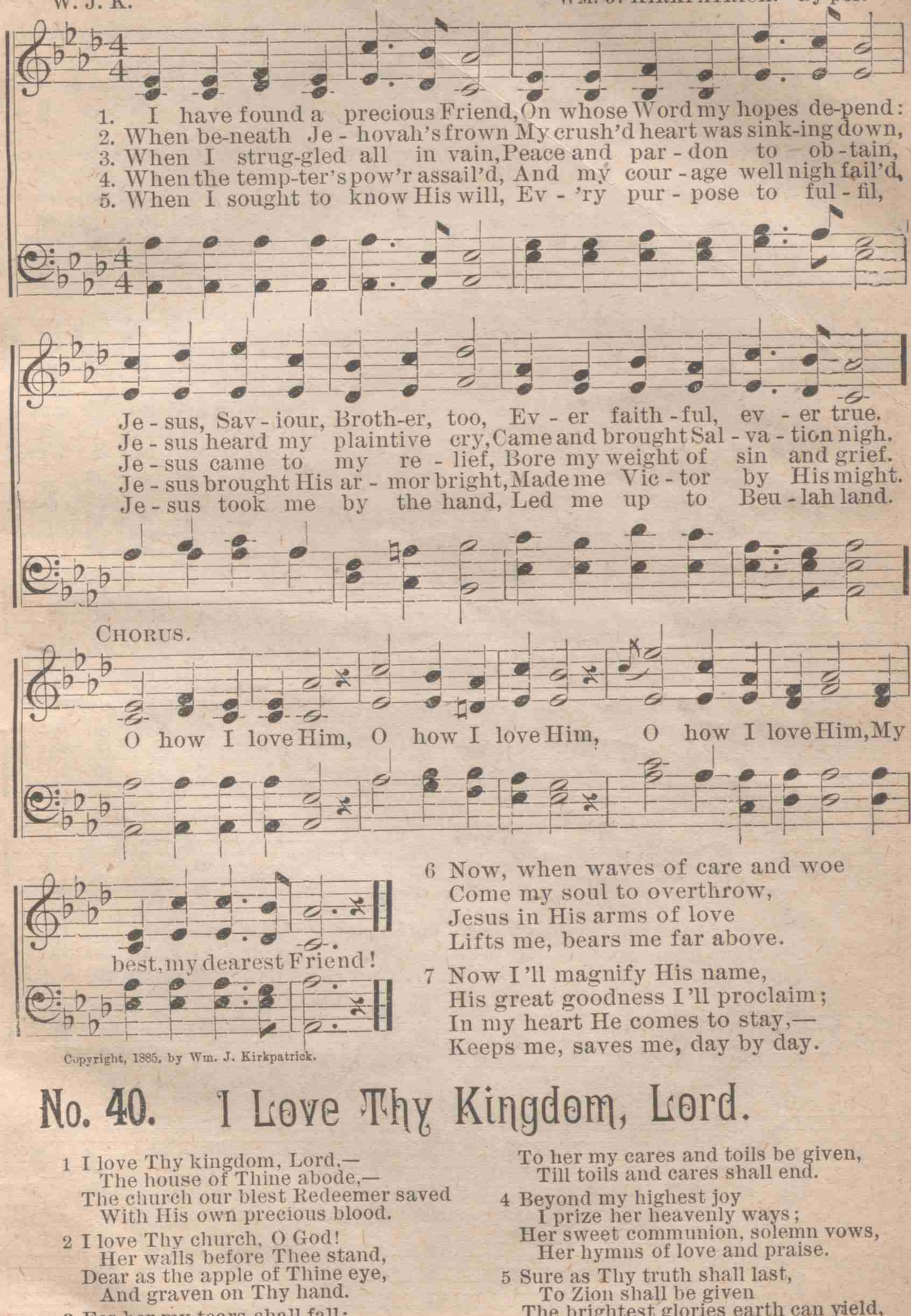
1

with the right-eous well; In pleasure's light, and sor-row's night, 'T is

2 *ritard.*

with the righteous well; and sorrow's night, 'T is with the righteous well.

No. 39. O, how I Love Him.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

6 Now, when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in His arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

7 Now I'll magnify His name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim;
In my heart He comes to stay,—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 40. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of Thine abode,—
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 41. Just the Same To-day.

"And Jesus went about . . . . preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness." Matt. iv: 23.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth - le-hem,
2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry How He walked up - on the sea,
3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sus, Praying in Geth-sem - a - ne,

Who was worshipp'd by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men?
To His dear dis - ci - ples toss-ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
And the ev - er thrill-ing sto - ry How He died up - on a tree,

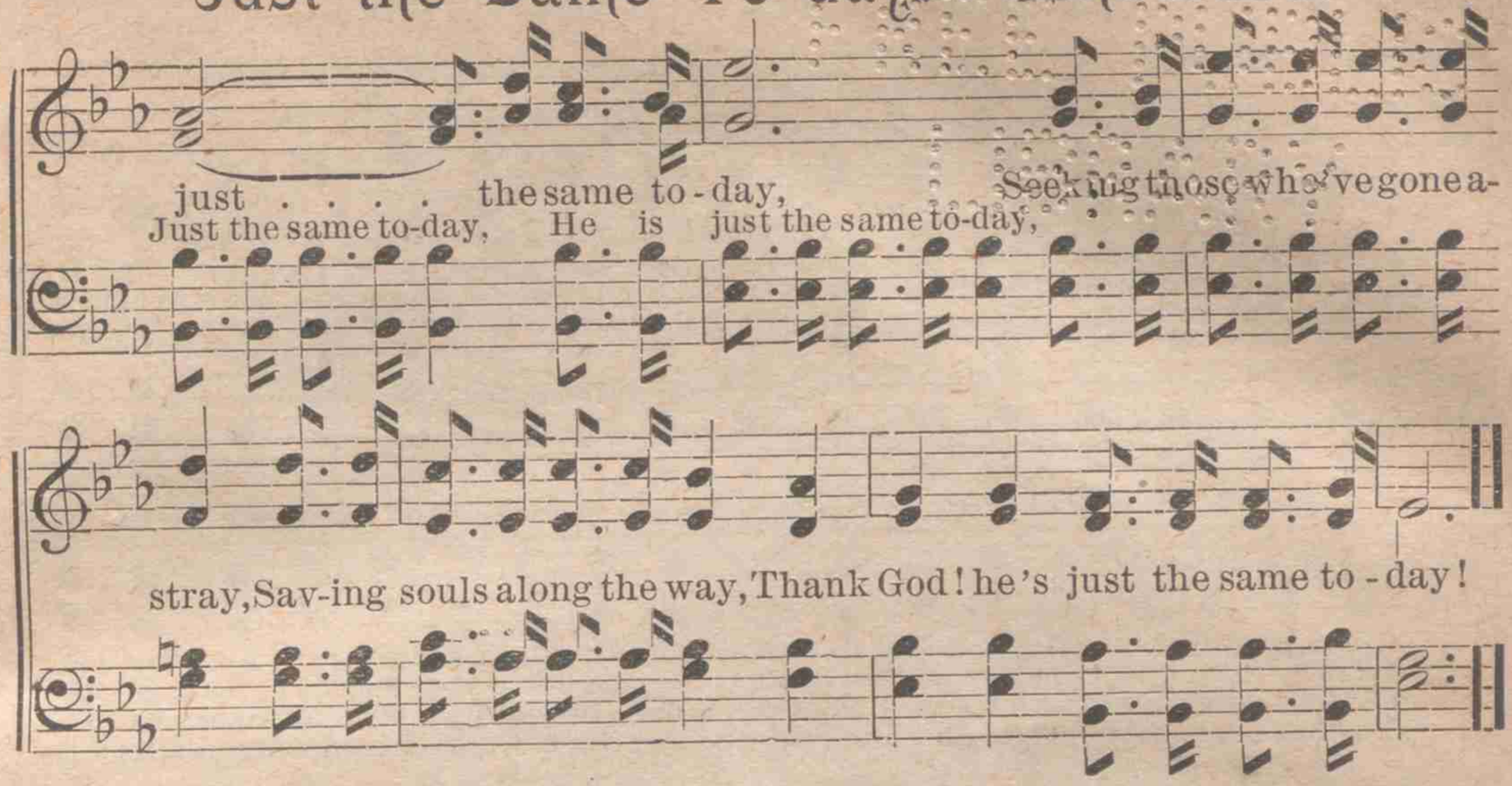
How He taught the learn-ed doc-tors In the tem - ple far a - way?
How the waves in an - gry mo - tion, Quick-ly at His will o - bey?
Cru - el thorns His fore-head pierc-ing, As His spir - it pass'd a - way?

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to - day!
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to - day!
This He did for you, my broth-er, And He's just the same to - day!

CHORUS.

He is just . . . . . the same to - day, He is
Just the same to - day, He is just the same to - day,

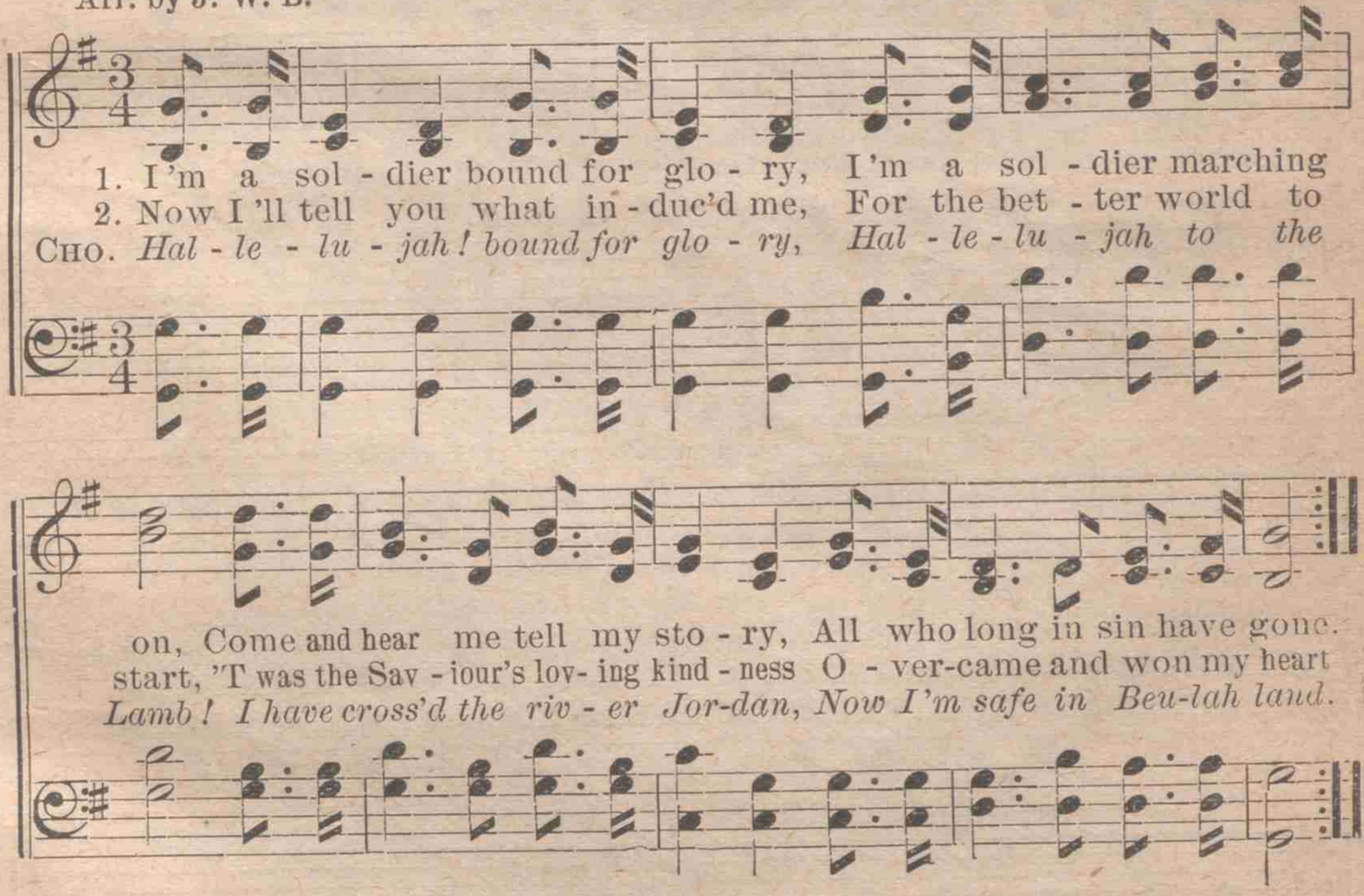
Just the Same To-day... Concluded.



No. 42.. Safe in Beulah.

Arr. by J. W. B.

Arranged.



3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I 'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted —
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 43. Sweeping through the Gates.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. Oh, the bless ed Lord of light Now up - holds me by His might, And His
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless- ed for me wait, Where the
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be -yond the stars, To my

watching and I 'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I 'll fly, To a
arms en- fold and com-fort while I wait; I am lean- ing on His breast; Oh, the
wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the

home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I 'm sweeping thro' the
sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the
crown of life is won, Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be -
song im - mor - tal wakes, Wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I 'm sweeping thro' the

ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the

FINE. CHORUS.

gates. Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates,
gates.
fore!
gates. Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweeping thro' the gates;

gates.

D.S.

Sweep - - - - ing thro' the gates.
Sweep-ing thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

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No. 44. The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from a Melody by 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 Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor-est of men; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been adopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All

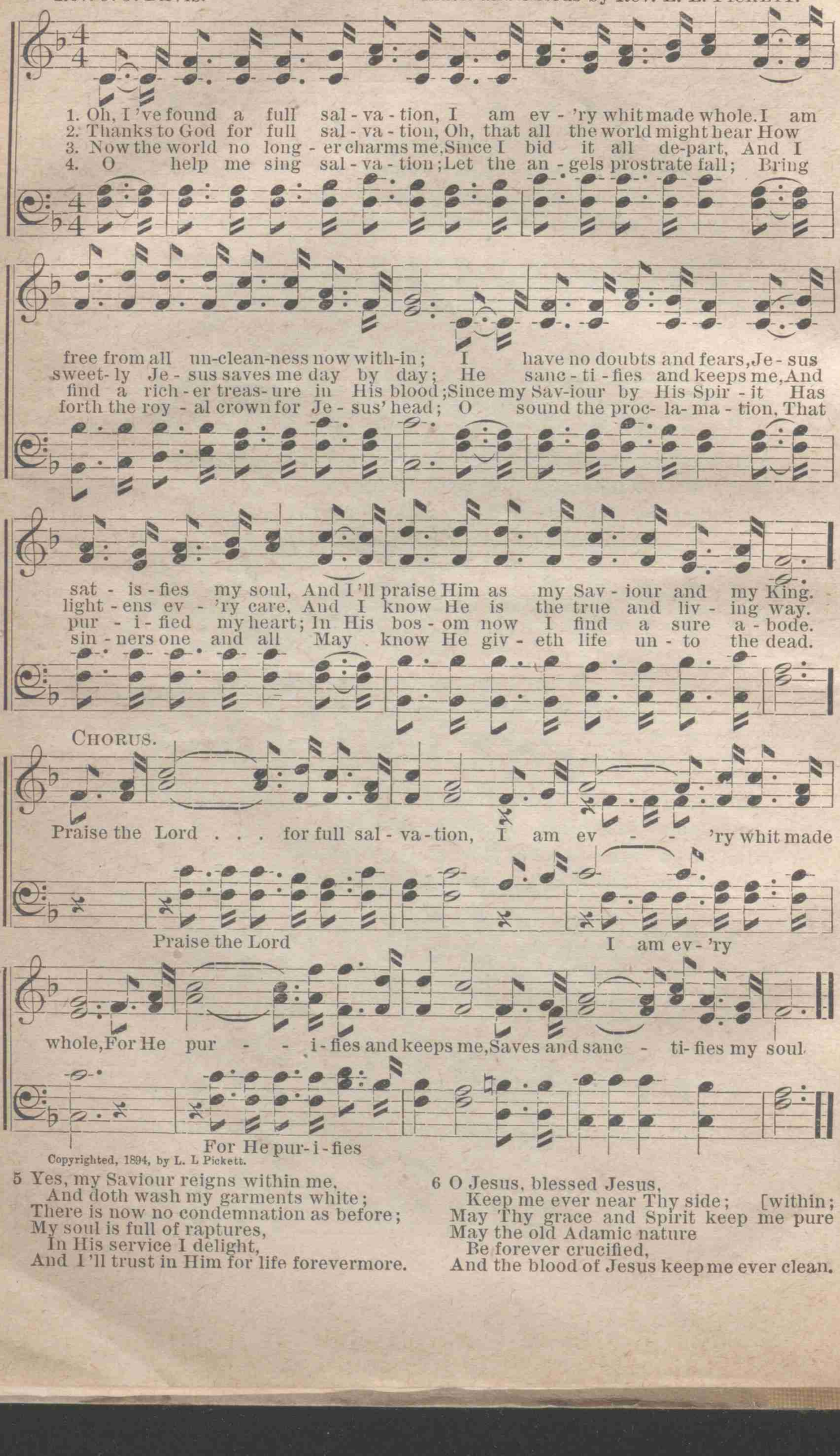
cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

CHORUS.

child of a King! With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

No. 45. Full Salvation.

Rev. J. J. DAVIS. Music and Chorus by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

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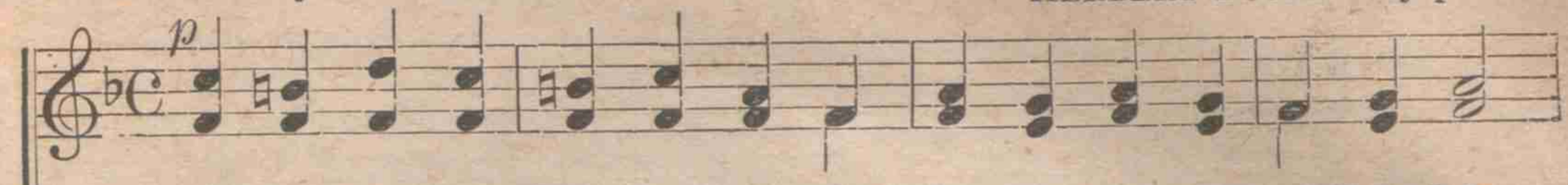
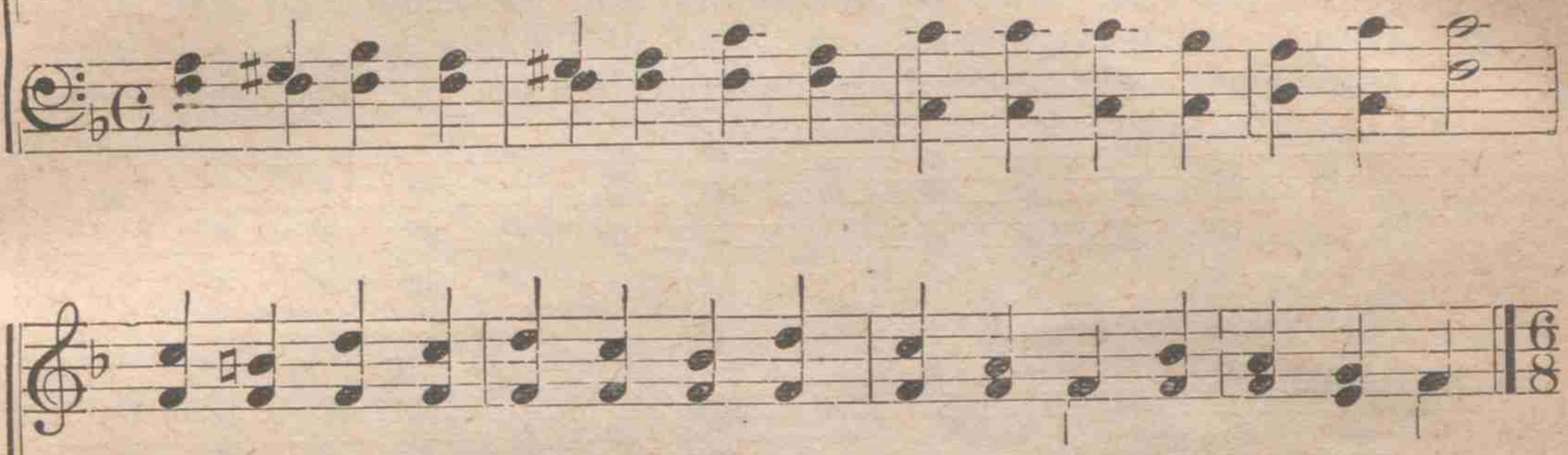
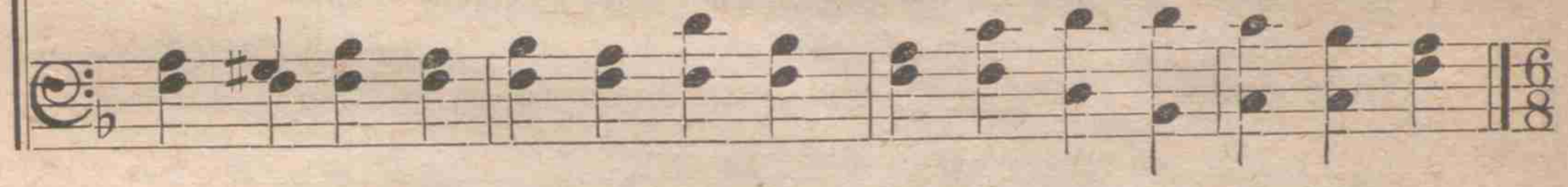
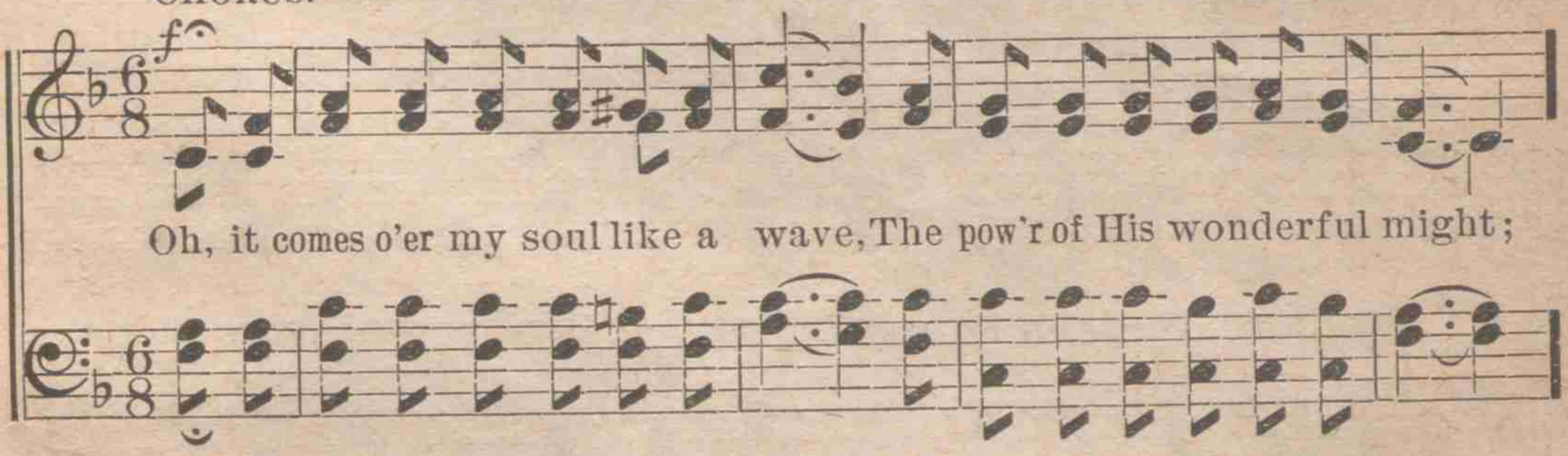
5 Yes, my Saviour reigns within me,
And doth wash my garments white;
There is now no condemnation as before;
My soul is full of raptures,
In His service I delight,
And I'll trust in Him for life forevermore.

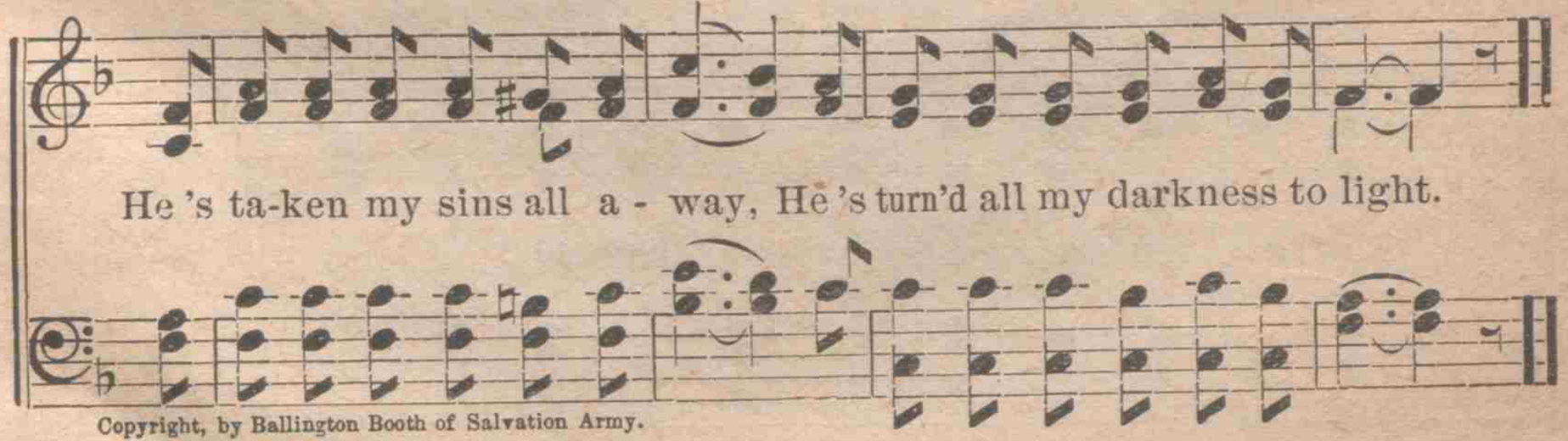
6 O Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me ever near Thy side; [within;
May Thy grace and Spirit keep me pure
May the old Adamic nature
Be forever crucified,
And the blood of Jesus keep me ever clean.

No. 46. It comes o'er my Soul like a Wave.

4th verse by L. L. PICKETT. HERBERT BOOTH. By per.

1. Like the bil - lows of an o - cean, Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
2. Ah! those barriers that had hin-dered Me and Je - sus be - ing one!
3. Grandly roll - ing o'er the re - gion, Where was once but pain and woe,
4. And these love-waves ev-er roll - ing Keep me safe from all a - larm,

Comes the Spir - it of my Sav-iour, Grand-ly roll- ing o - ver me.
When this wave came o'er me sweeping, Christ was left, and they were gone.
Are the waves of love's pure o-cean, Which in ceaseless rap-ture flow.
Tho' hell's legions fierce as- sail me, I am kept from fear and harm.

CHORUS.



Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave, The pow'r of His wonderful might;



He 's ta-ken my sins all a - way, He 's turn'd all my darkness to light.

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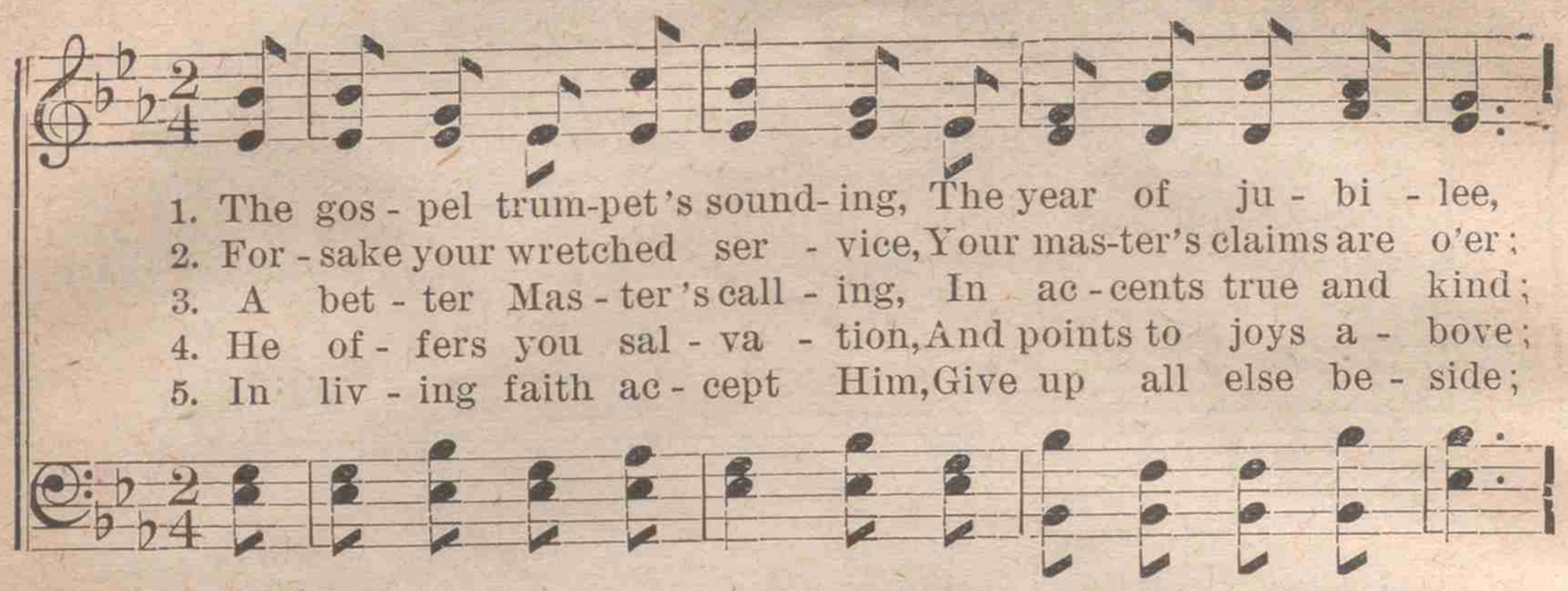
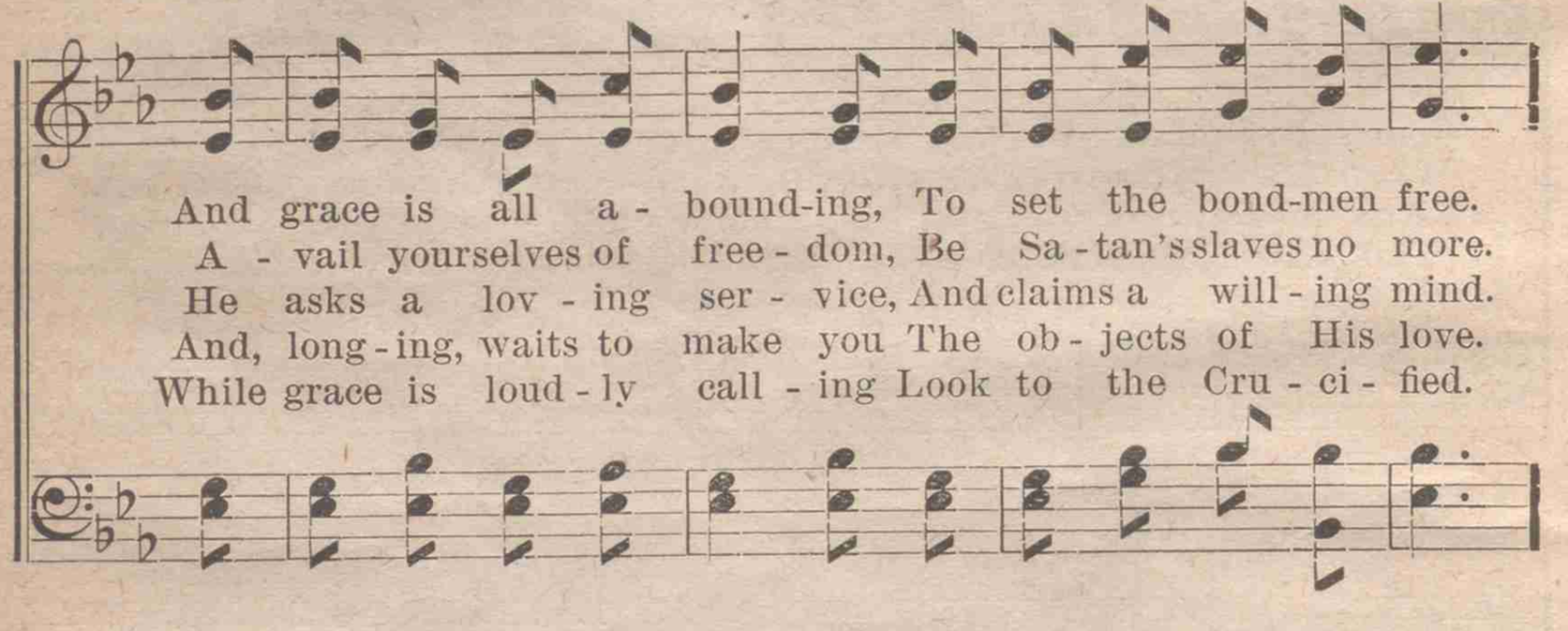
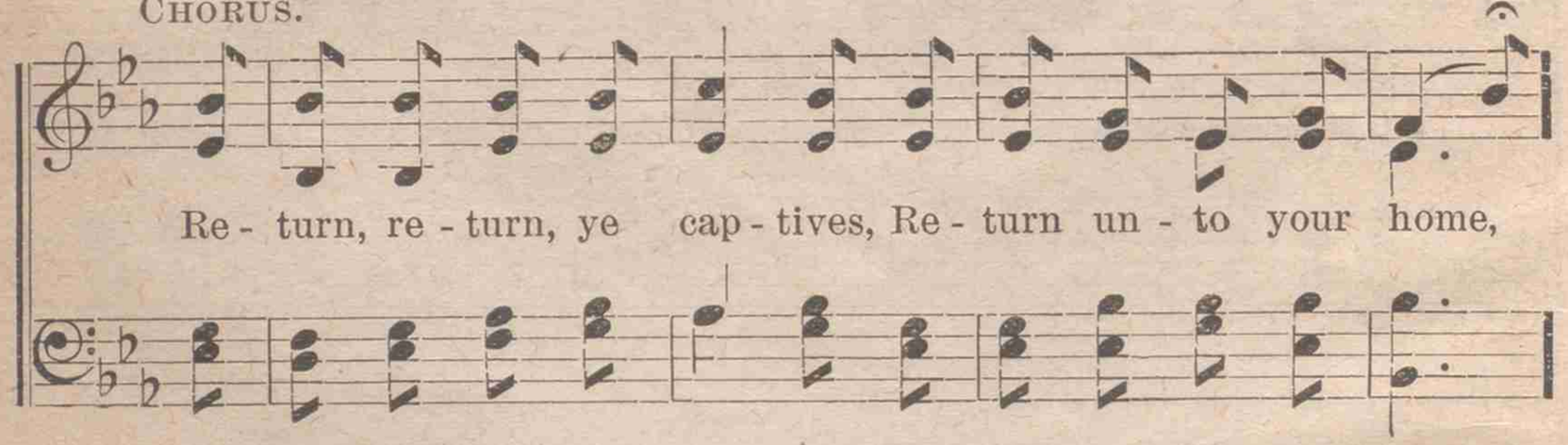
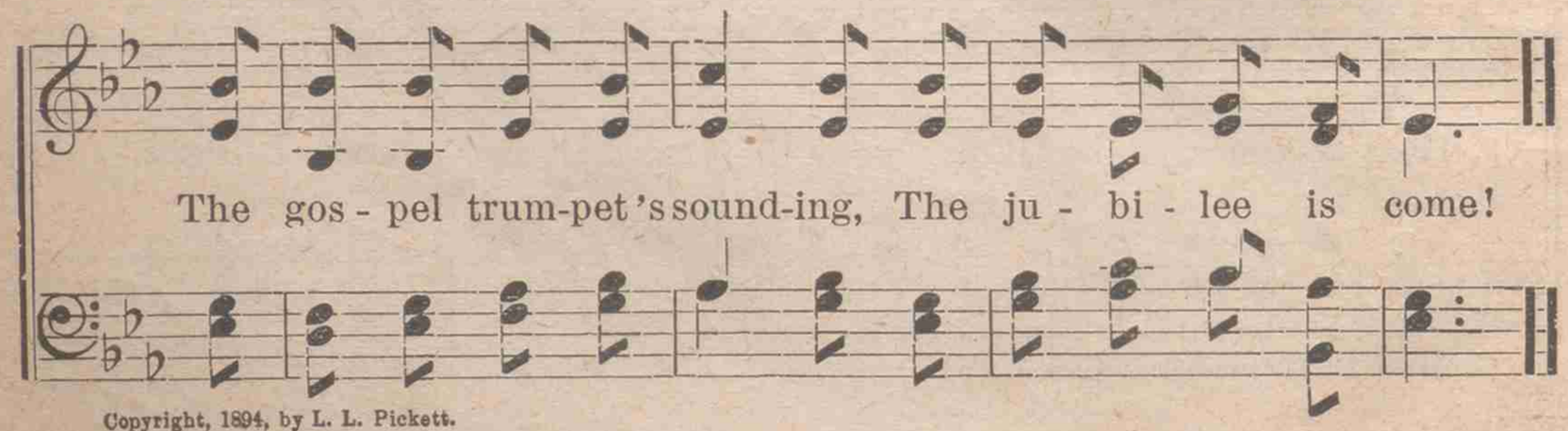
No. 47. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

ANON. L. L. PICKETT.





CHORUS.



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No. 48. I am Satisfied with Jesus Here.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Ps. xxxvi: 8.
"He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

M. W. KNAPP.

Arranged.

1. There's not a crav-ing of the mind Which Je - sus can - not fill; . .
2. The joys which this vain world be-stows, Have lost their charms for me; . .
CHO. *Yes, Je - sus sat - is - fies my soul, He's more than all to me; . .*

FINE.

There's not a pleasure I would seek A - side from His dear will. . .
Once I enjoyed its tri - fles too, . . But Je - sus set me free. . .
For me He shed His pre-cious blood, And now I'm ful - ly free. . .

From hour to hour He fills my soul With peace and per-fect love; While
Its joys will perish in a day. Its pleas - ures quickly fly; Its

Repeat for Chorus.

rich sup-plies for ev - 'ry need He send - eth from a - bove. . . .
mirth like mist will pass a - way. And all its hon-ors die. . . .

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3 But Jesus is my Saviour dear,
My Rock, my Strength, my Song;
My Wisdom and my Refuge Safe,
To Jesus I belong.
He is my Advocate with God,
My Way, my Life, my Light,
My Great Physician and my Friend,
My Guide by day and night.

4 He stilled the angry tempests' power,
Which raged within my heart;
And bade each sinful passion there,
To speedily depart.
Yes, Jesus is my all in all,
He satisfies my soul.
For me He died on Calvary,
And now He makes me whole.

No. 49. What will you do with Jesus?

"Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do with Jesus that is called Christ?" Matt. xxvii: 22.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O, what will you do with Je - sus Who knocks for you to - day?
2. O, what will you do with Je - sus When storms your soul ap - pall?
3. O, what will you do with Je - sus When you at last must die?
4. O, what will you do with Je - sus When at His throne you stand?
5. When you come to the fi - nal Judg-ment The ques-tion then will be,

Will you o - pen and bid Him en - ter, Or turn from Him a - way?
Will you then seek an - oth - er ref - uge, Or for His pres-ence call?
Can you call on Him then to aid you, Or will He have passed by?
Will you then be with those re - joic - ing, Or sink at His left hand?
Not how you will dis-pose of Je - sus, But how He will of thee.

CHORUS.

I will o - pen my heart's door glad - ly, And crown Him there to - day;

I will trust in His blood most pre-cious To wash my sins a - way.

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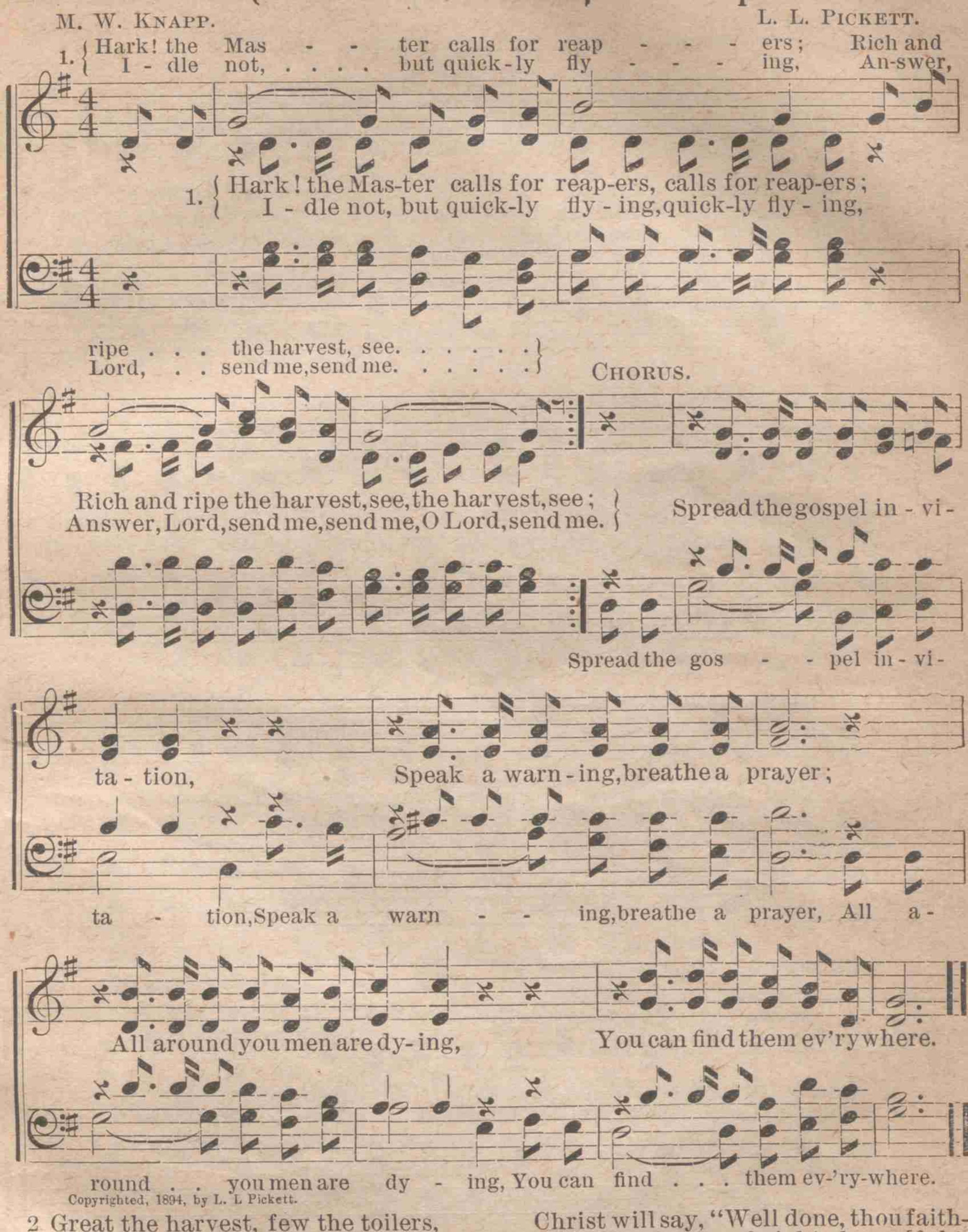
No. 50. The Master Calls for Reapers.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyrighted, 1894, by L. L Pickett.

2 Great the harvest, few the toilers,
Work is waiting one and all;
Answer quickly, and rejoicing,
Hear and heed the Master's call.

3 Gather golden sheaves for Jesus,
Ere too late, they ruined be;
Great and precious is the harvest,
And 't is Jesus calleth thee.

4 Rich reward is for thee waiting,
If but faithful thou wilt prove;
Christ will say, "Well done, thou faithful,"
In His kingdom bright above.

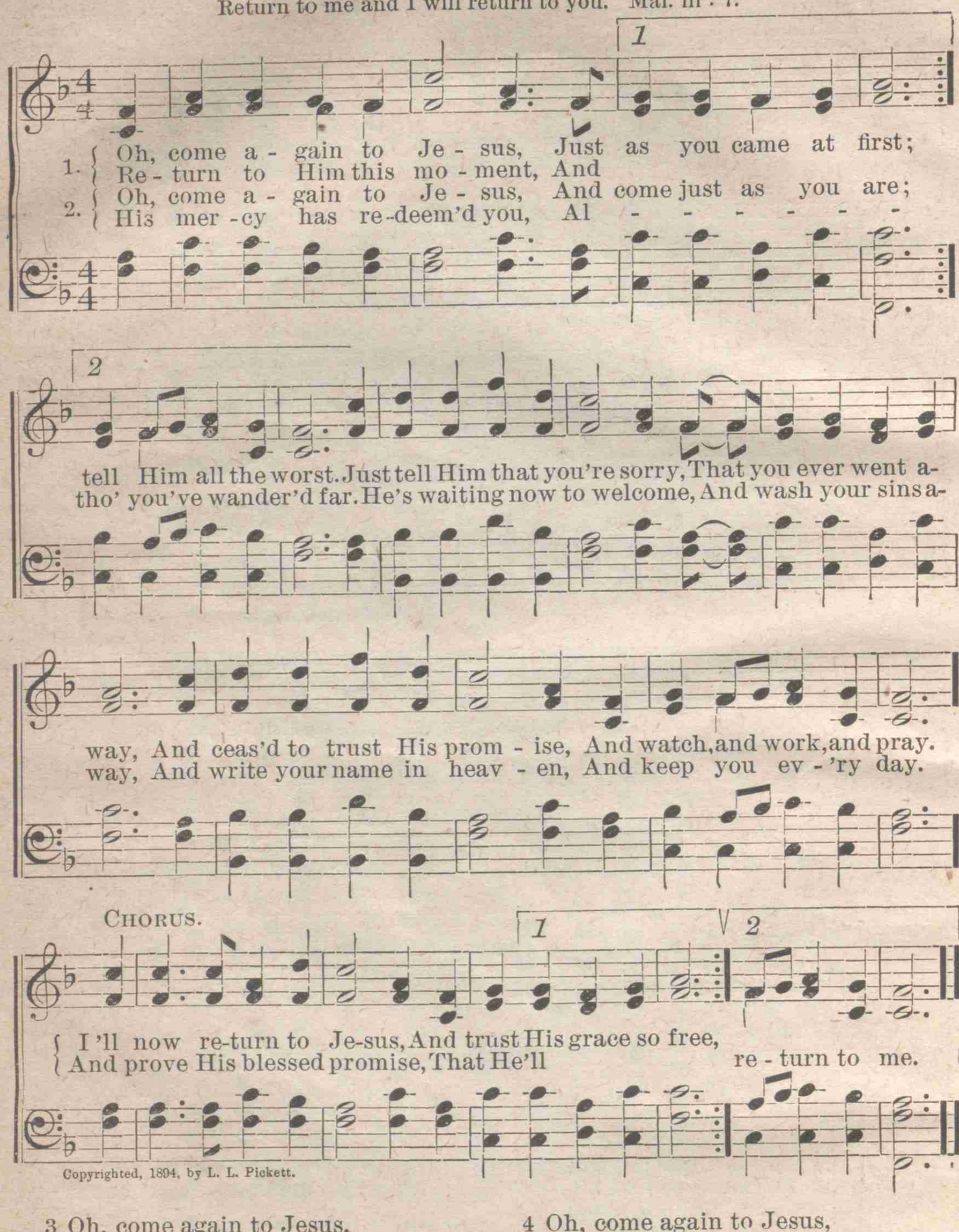
5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die;
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.

No. 51. Return.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Return to me and I will return to you. Mal. iii : 7.



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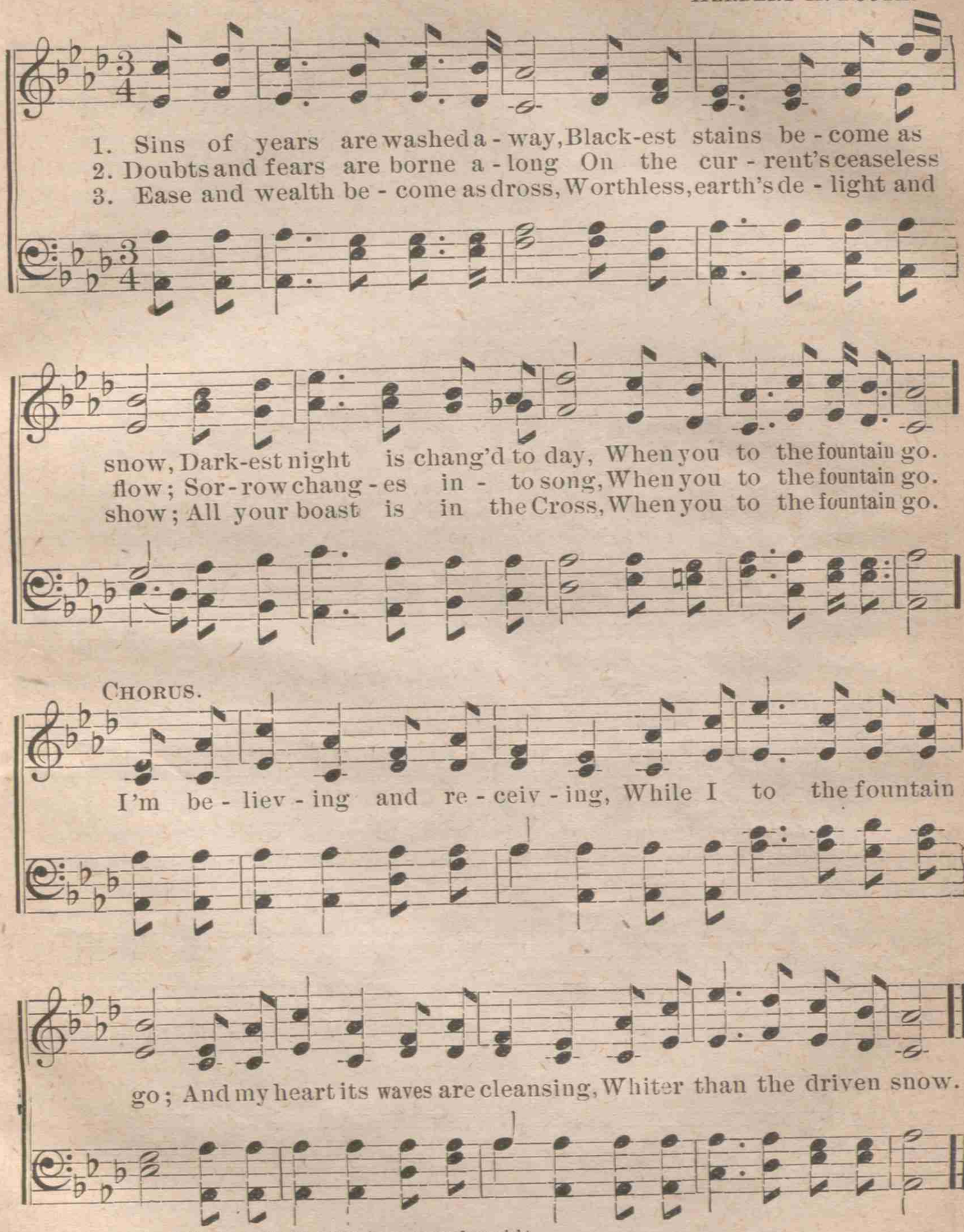
3 Oh, come again to Jesus,
For you His blood was shed,
As on the cross so cruel,
For all the world He bled.
He loves you, yes, He loves you,
Far more than tongue can teil,
And ready stands to save you,
From sinning and from hell.

4 Oh, come again to Jesus,
And yielding all just now;
Low at the seat of mercy
In deep contrition bow.
Now claim His sweet forgiveness,
And trust His promise true;
Return and seek His blessing,
And He'll return to you.

No. 52. I'm Believing and Receiving.

HERBERT H. BOOTH.



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4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the fountain go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the fountain go.

No. 53. Sinner, Come!

J. L. M. J. L. Moore. By per.

1. Sin-ner, come to the Lord; He is call-ing now for thee, Oh, be
2. Sin-ner, come, come to - day, oh, why long-er yet de - lay? Hear the
3. Soon the sum-mer will pass, and the har-vest time be o'er, And the

saved from your sins for His grace is full and free, He has suffer'd that you may es-
words of the Saviour, believe Him and obey. He is call-ing for thee, sinner,
sweet pleading voice will be heard again no more. Why in doubt and despair will you

D.S. *Why in doubt and despair will you*

Fine.

cape the wrath to come, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.
come, no long-er roam, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.
wan-der on a - lone, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.

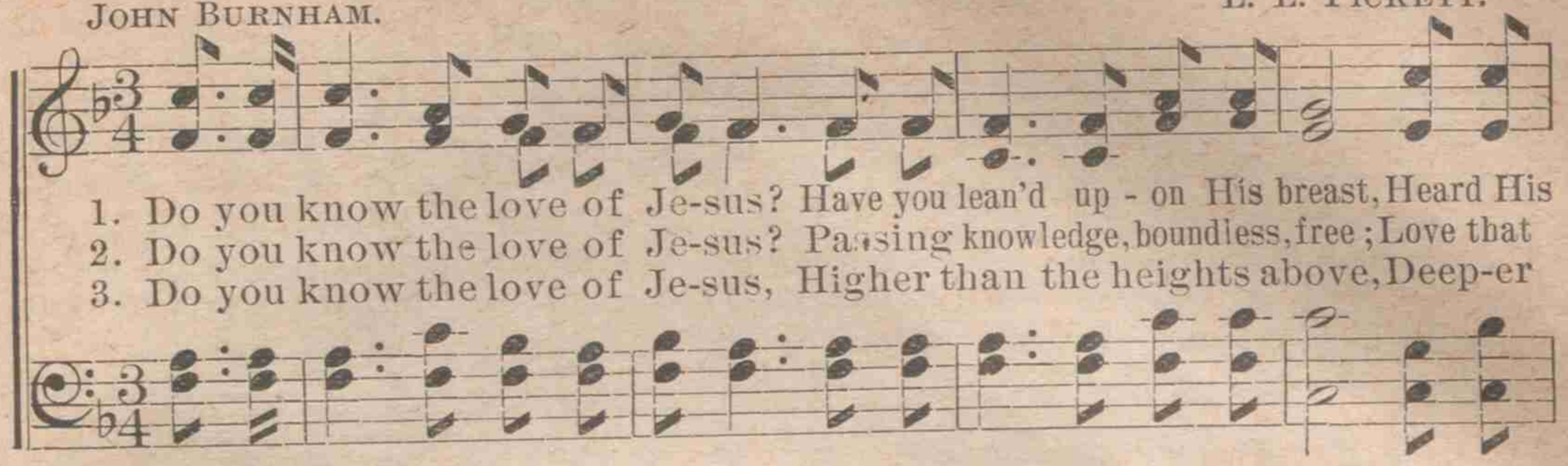
wan - der on a - lone, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.

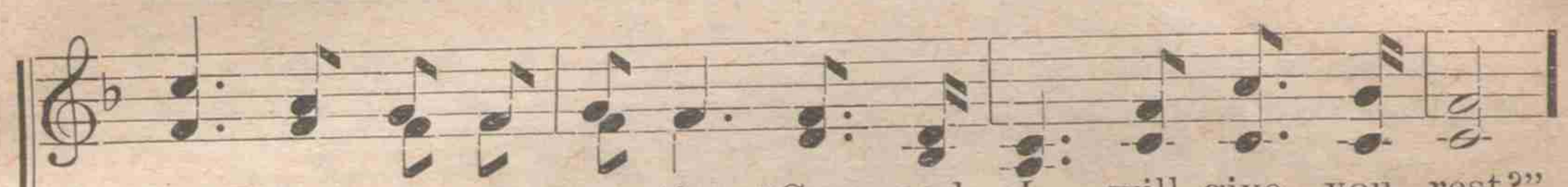
Chorus. D.S.

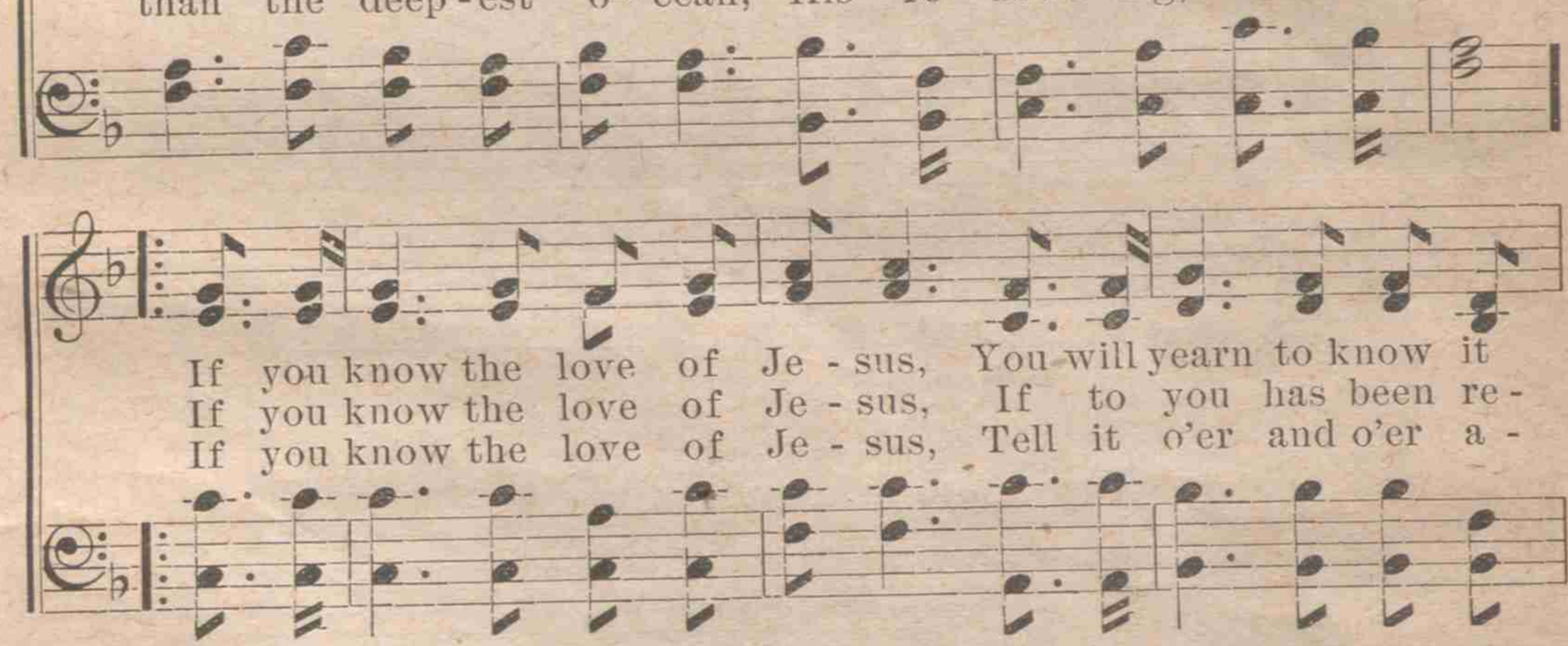
Sinner, come, sinner, come, He is call-ing for thee,
Sinner, come, He calls for thee, sinner, come, He calls for thee,
yes, for thee;

No. 54. Do you Know the Love of Jesus?

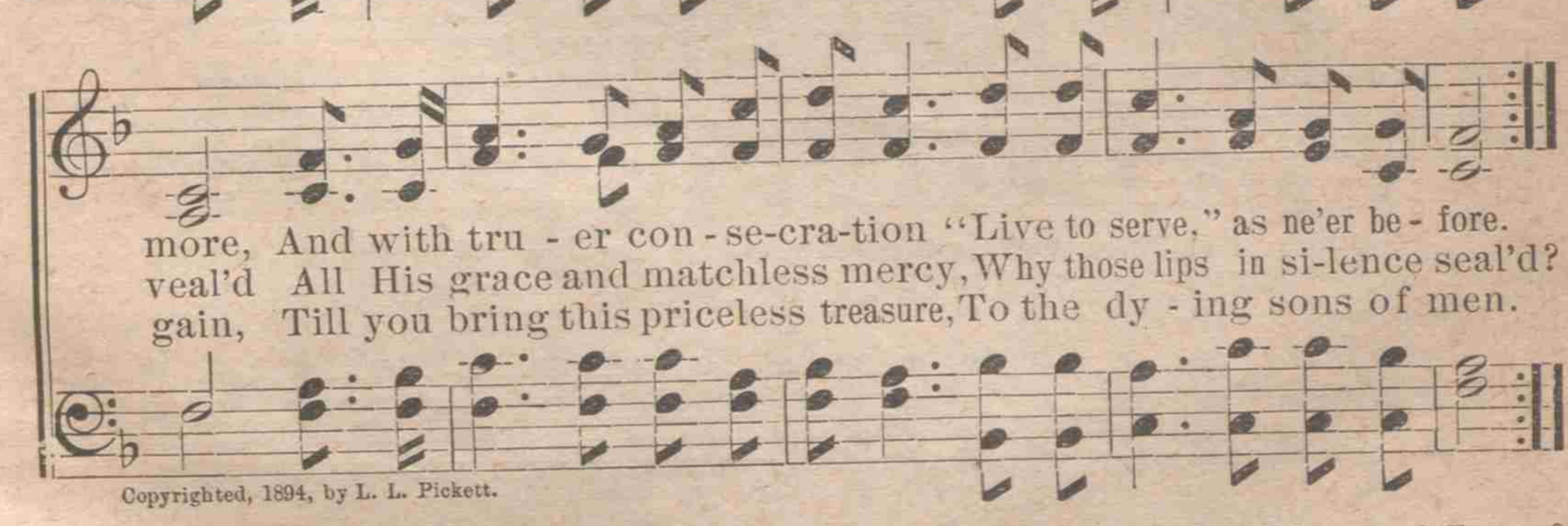
JOHN BURNHAM. L. L. PICKETT.



1. Do you know the love of Je-sus? Have you lean'd up - on His breast, Heard His
2. Do you know the love of Je-sus? Passing knowledge, boundless, free; Love that
3. Do you know the love of Je-sus, Higher than the heights above, Deep-er

ten - der in - vi - ta - tion, "Come and I will give you rest?"
made Him stoop from heav-en That He might our Sav - iour be?
than the deep - est o - cean, His re - deem - ing, boundless love?



If you know the love of Je - sus, You will yearn to know it
If you know the love of Je - sus, If to you has been re -
If you know the love of Je - sus, Tell it o'er and o'er a -



more, And with tru - er con - se-cra-tion "Live to serve," as ne'er be - fore.
veal'd All His grace and matchless mercy, Why those lips in si-lence seal'd?
gain, Till you bring this priceless treasure, To the dy - ing sons of men.

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4 Do you know the love of Jesus?
Sweetly rest in His embrace,
Growing daily in the knowledge
Of His changeless love and grace.
‖: If you know the love of Jesus,
Why that anxious, fretting care?
Roll on Him your every burden,
Tell Him all your heart in
prayer. :‖

5 Would you know the love of Jesus?
Would you taste heav'n's sweetest
joy?
Would you learn the songs of glory
Which the angel harps employ?
‖ :Think upon this love of Jesus
Till your heart is all aglow
With a holy, glad surrender,
Thus the love of Jesus know. :‖

No. 55. Toiling Now, Resting Then.

(*To my class at Stark, Ga., Sept.* 20, 1893.)

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I have work e - nough to do, In a field that's ev - er new, While I'm
2. There's a sto - ry to re - peat That is ev - er new and sweet, While I'm
3. Now I walk the liv - ing way, I have Je - sus for my stay, While I'm
4. I'll have Je - sus by my side, When I cross the storm-y tide, When done

toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. I can nev - er wea - ry grow, For His
toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. 'T is of Je - sus and His love, Sung by
toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. In this bless-ed gos-pel light, Love my
toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. There His glo - ry I shall see, In His

love I on - ly know, While I 'm toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.
flam - ing tongues a - bove, While I 'm toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.
Sav - iour and the right, While I 'm toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.
like - ness I shall be, When done toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil-ing for the Mas- ter, Ev - 'ry day, Him o - bey. Should the
4. Rest - ing, rest - ing, resting with the Mas-ter, While the song Rolls a - long, Oh, the

way seem rough and long, I can cheer it with a song, While I'm toiling in the vineyard of the Lord.
joys shall never cease, For His glory shall increase, While I'm resting in the presence of the Lord

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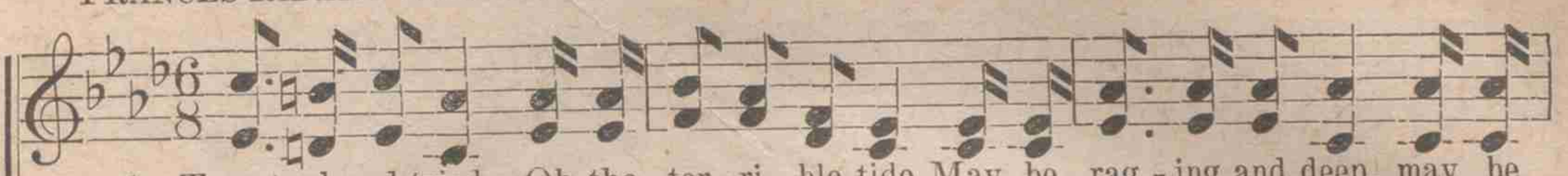
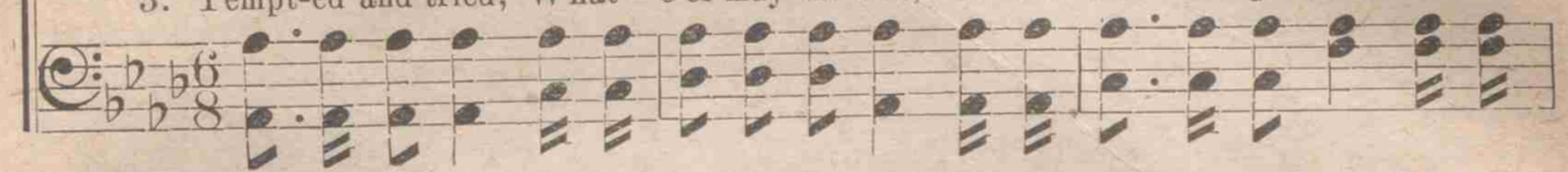
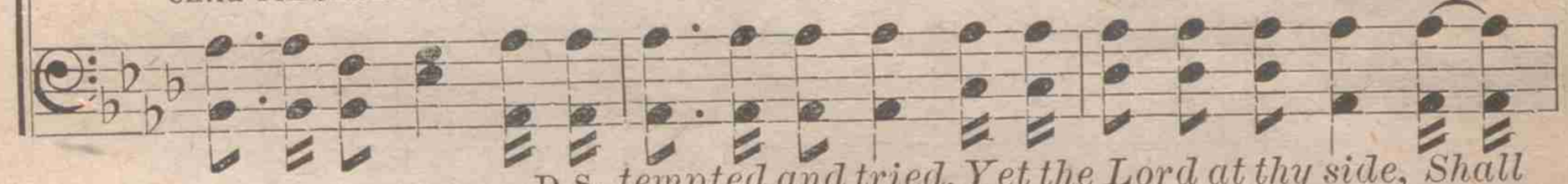
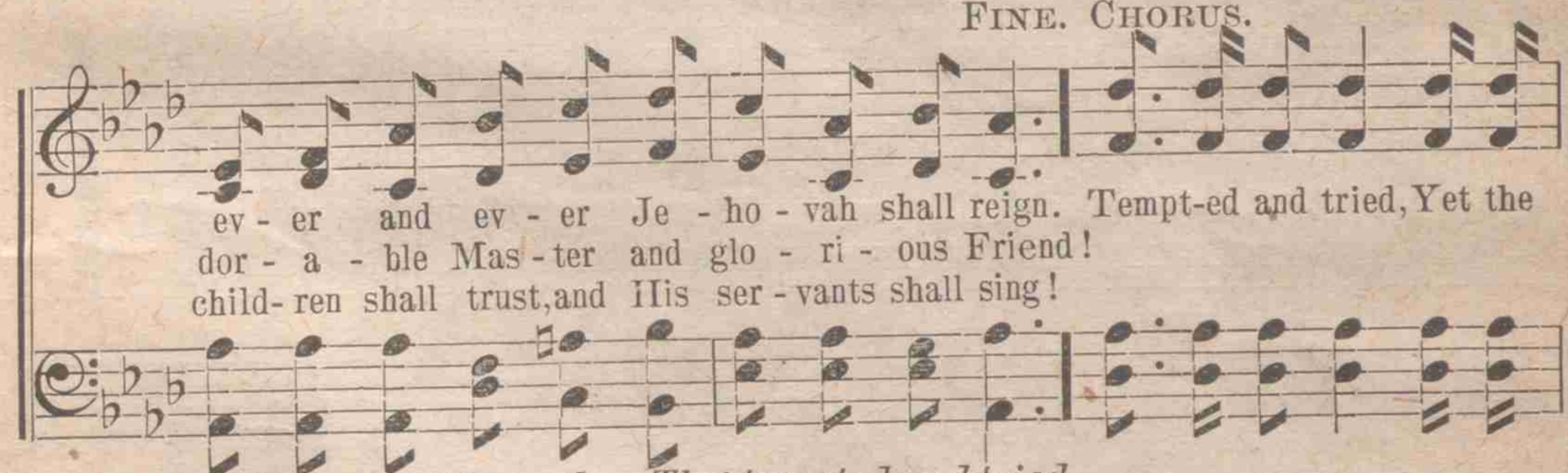
No. 56. Tempted and Tried.

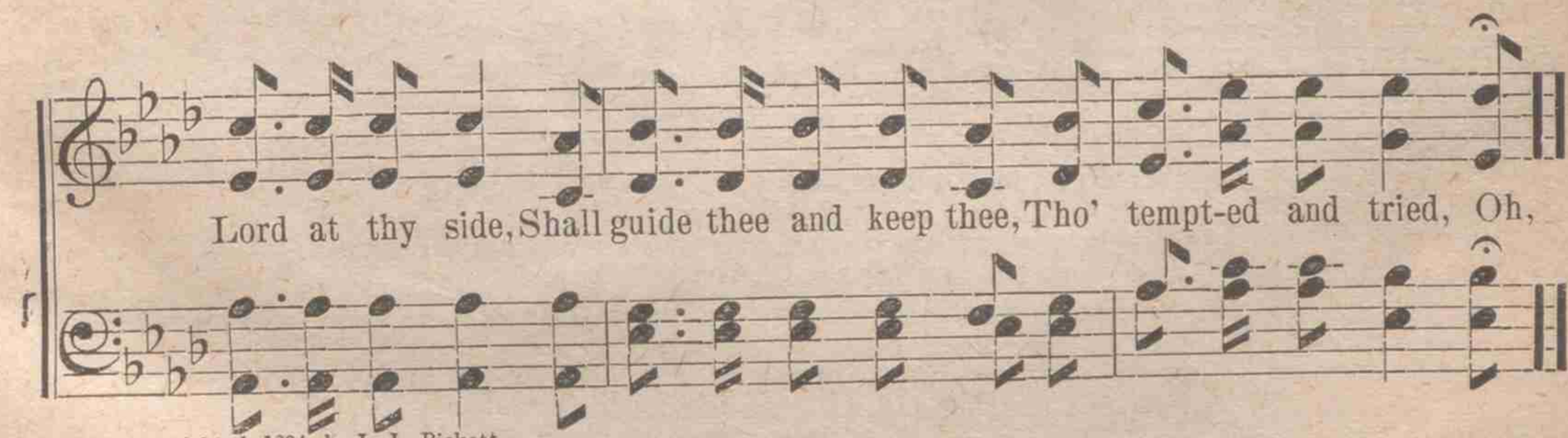
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Tempt-ed and tried, Oh the ter- ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and deep, may be
2. Tempt-ed and tried, There is One at thy side, And nev - er in vain shall His
3. Tempt-ed and tried, What - e'er may be-tide, In His se - cret pa - vil - ion His

wrath-ful and wide, Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the Lord shall re-strain, And for-
child-ren con-fide! He shall save and de-fend, For He loves to the end, A -
child-ren shall hide. 'Neath the shad- ow-ing wing Of e - ter - ni - ty's King, His

D.S. *tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall*

FINE. CHORUS.



ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign. Tempt-ed and tried, Yet the
dor - a - ble Mas - ter and glo - ri - ous Friend!
child- ren shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing!

guide thee and keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.

D.S

Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee and keep thee, Tho' tempt-ed and tried, Oh,

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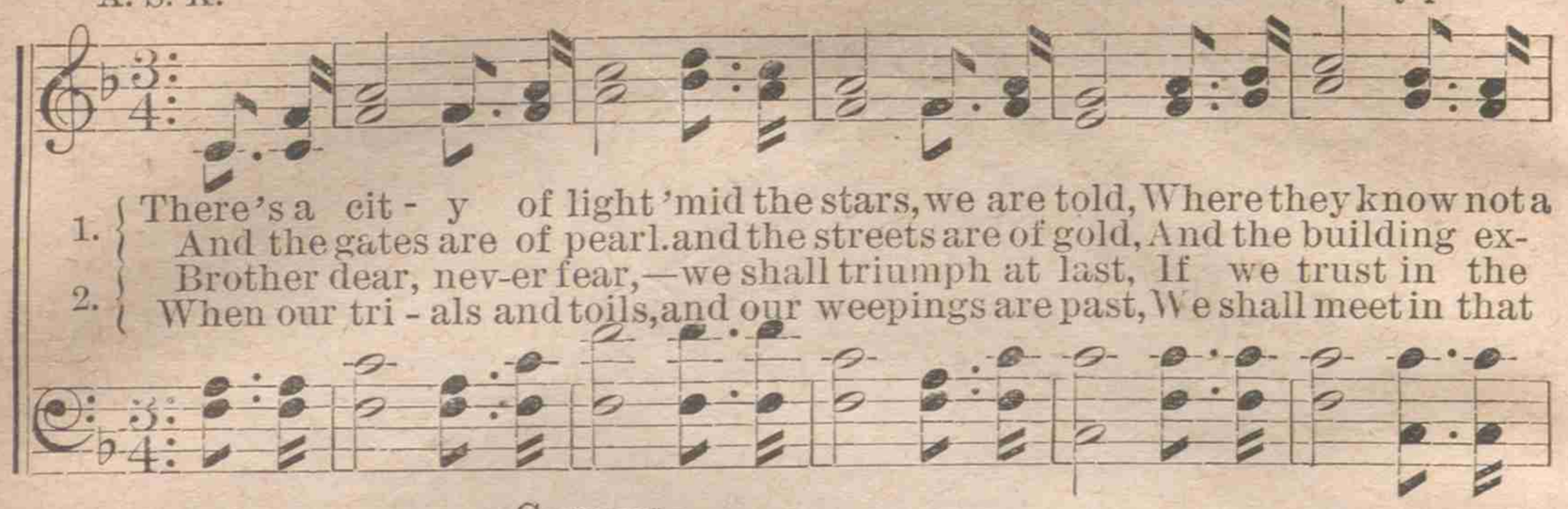
4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward,
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

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

No. 57. The City of Light.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



3 Sister dear, never fear,— for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

No. 58. And can I yet Delay? S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

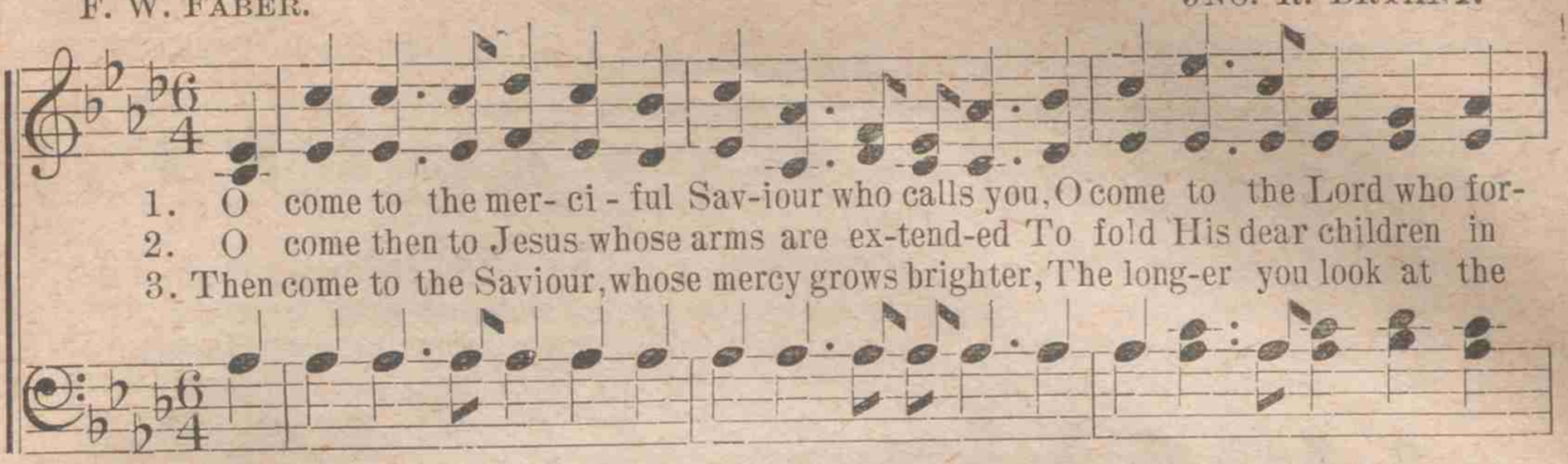
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

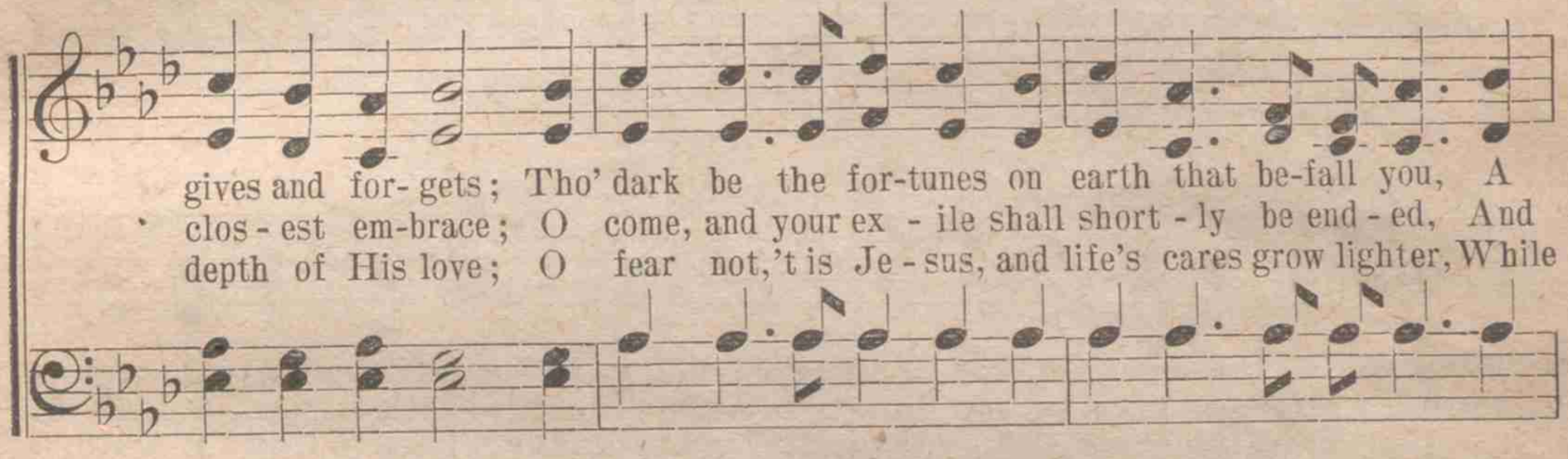
3 Though late, I all forsake,—
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh! take
And seal me ever thine.

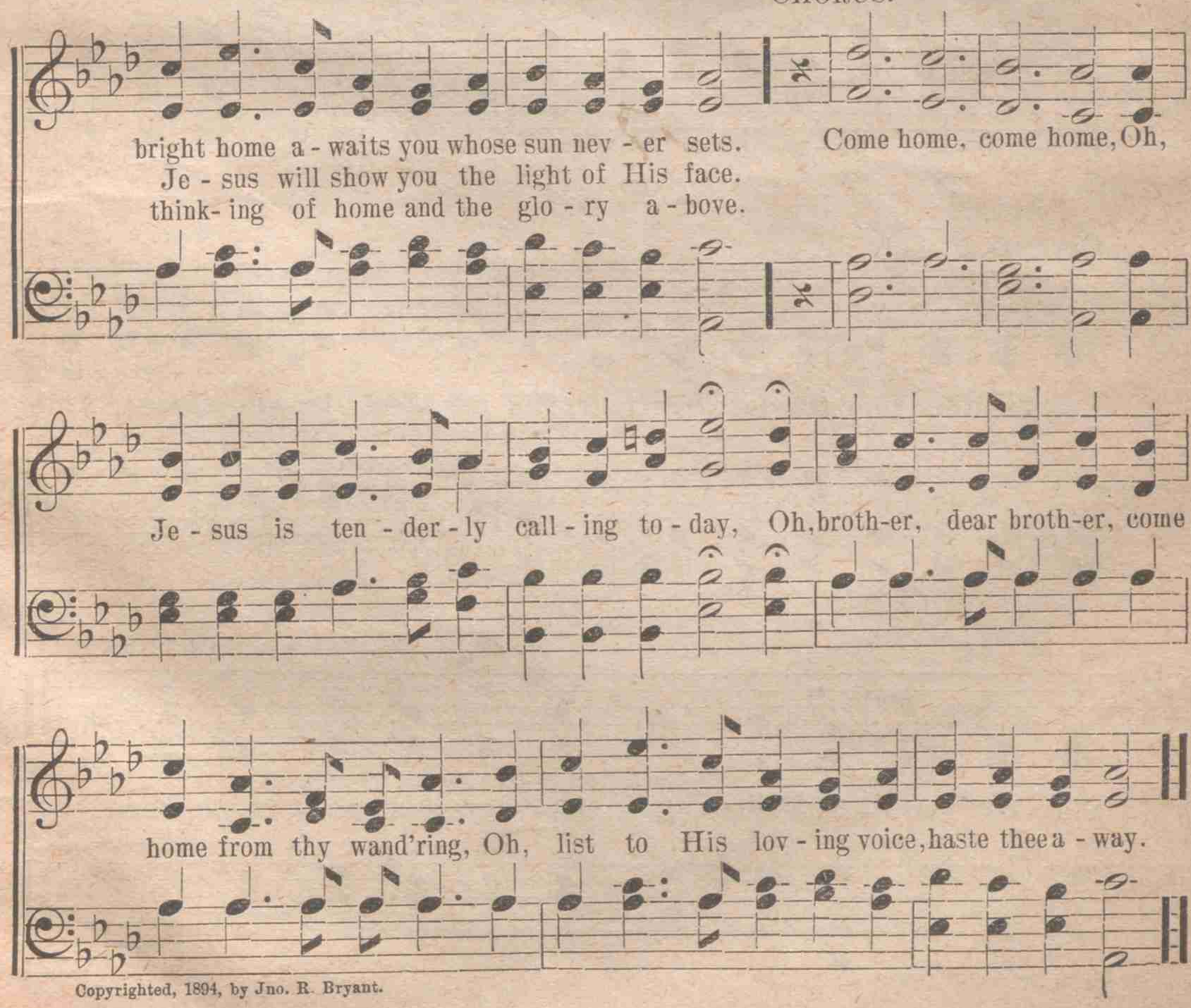
4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

No. 59. Come to the Merciful Saviour.

F. W. FABER. JNO. R. BRYANT.





CHORUS.

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No. 60. Let us be like the Saviour.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. We will be like the Sav-iour dear, And sadden'd hearts around us cheer,
2. We will be like the Sav-iour, kind, To gen - tle-ness and love in-clin'd;
3. We will be like the Sav-iour, mild, Who loves each erring, wand'ring child,
4. We will be like the Sav-iour, pure, And for Him a - ny ill en-dure;

With ten-der words of sym - pa-thy, And ho - ly deeds of char - i - ty.
For - give and hope to be for-giv'n, And make this earth a ver - y heav'n.
And win the straying feet from sin, And bring them back to God a - gain.
Re - turn - ing no un-gen-tle word, Like Christ, the meek and patient Lord.

CHORUS.

Let us be like the dear Sav - iour, His per - fect im-age bear; And

show His lov - ing spir - it, Al - ways and ev - 'ry - where.

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No. 61. The Lord is my Portion.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The Lord is my light, my strength, and my song, The joy and the peace of my heart;
2. My fort-ress so strong, my tower so safe, Se - cure in His bo-som I rest;
3. My choice is now made, one thing I shall seek To dwell in the house of my Lord;
4. His beau - ty to see, His message to hear, My purpose and pleasure shall be;

He sav-eth my soul, He casteth out fear, He bids all the darkness depart.
Tho' foes fierce surround, no dangers affright, For hid-ing in Him I am blest.
The days of my life shall ev - er thus be De -vot-ed to Him and His word.
His glo - ry and grace He freely bestows, His children are happy and free.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my por - tion, The joy and the strength of my soul;
The Lord is my all, my por-tion is He,

His mer -cy and love o - ver-flow-eth, His grace makes the sin-wounded whole.

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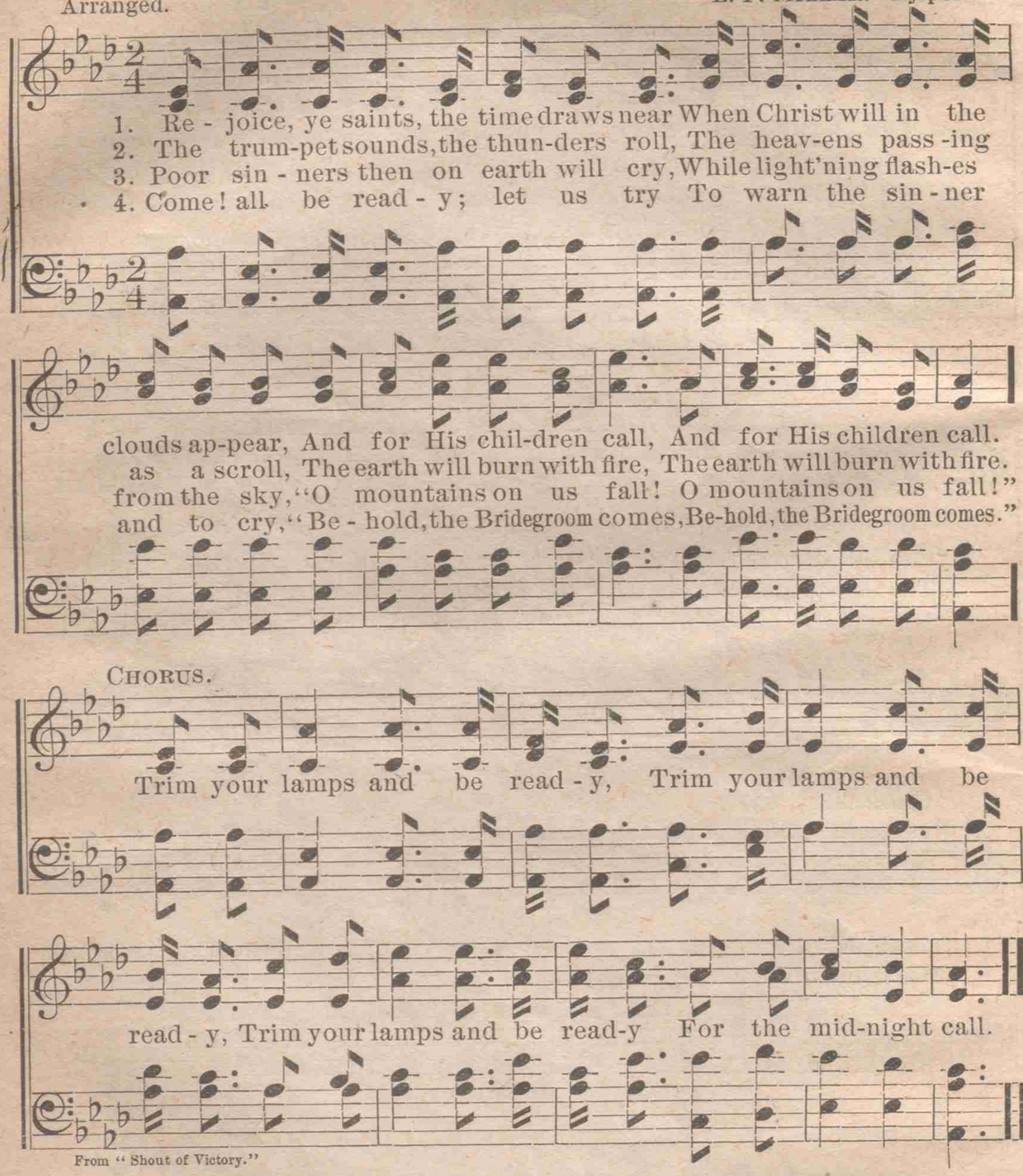
No. 62. Trim your Lamps and be Ready.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."— Matt. xxv: 6.

Arranged. E. F. MILLER. By per.



CHORUS.

From "Shout of Victory."

No. 63. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BEDDOME.

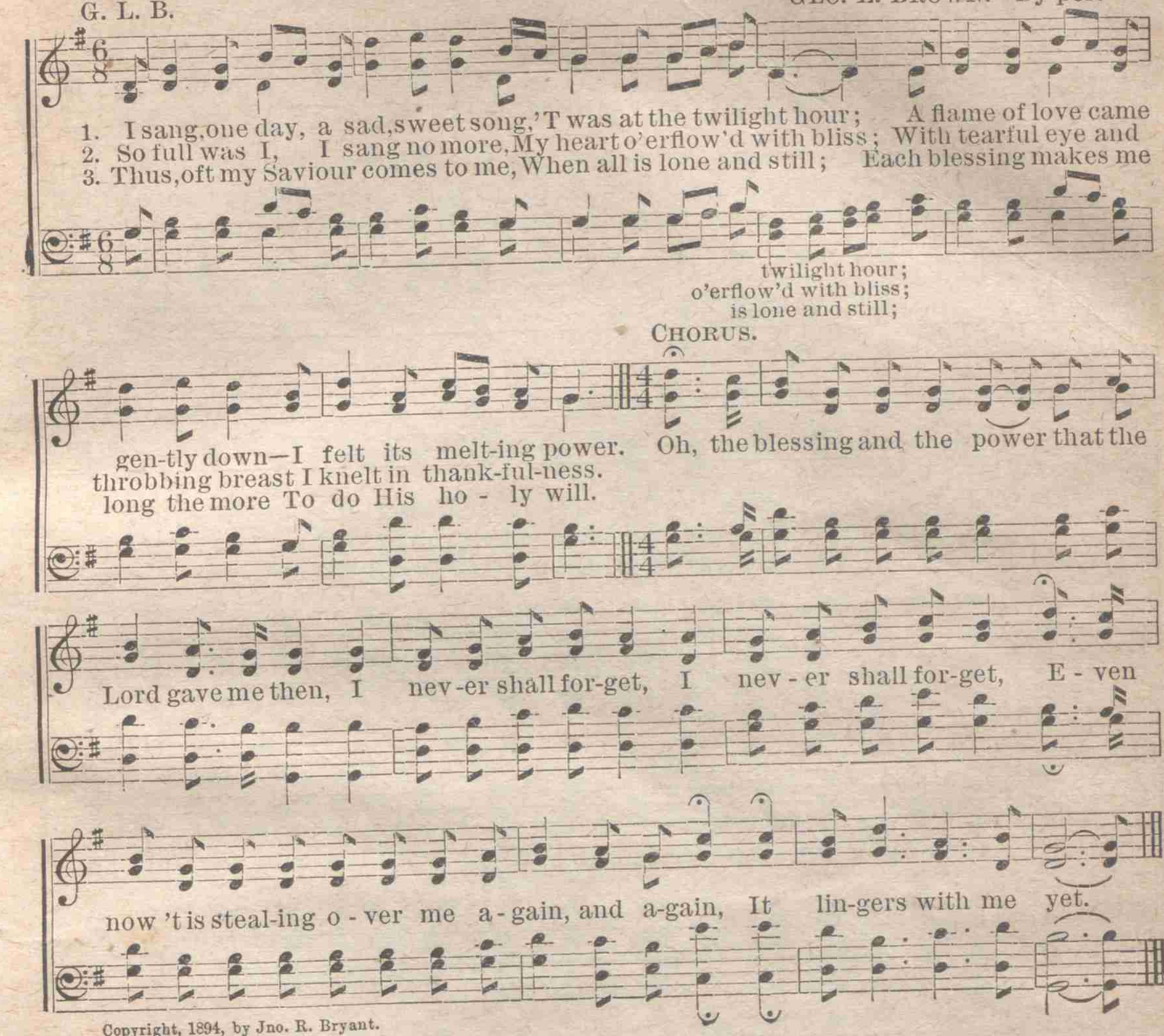
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear.
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 64. Remembered Blessings.

G. L. B. GEO. L. BROWN. By per.



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No. 65. At the Fountain.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I 'm on my journey home.

Chorus.—
Glory to God,
I 'm at the fountain drinking;
Glory to God,
I 'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but His grace and lo! 't is given,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n,
I 'm on my journey home.

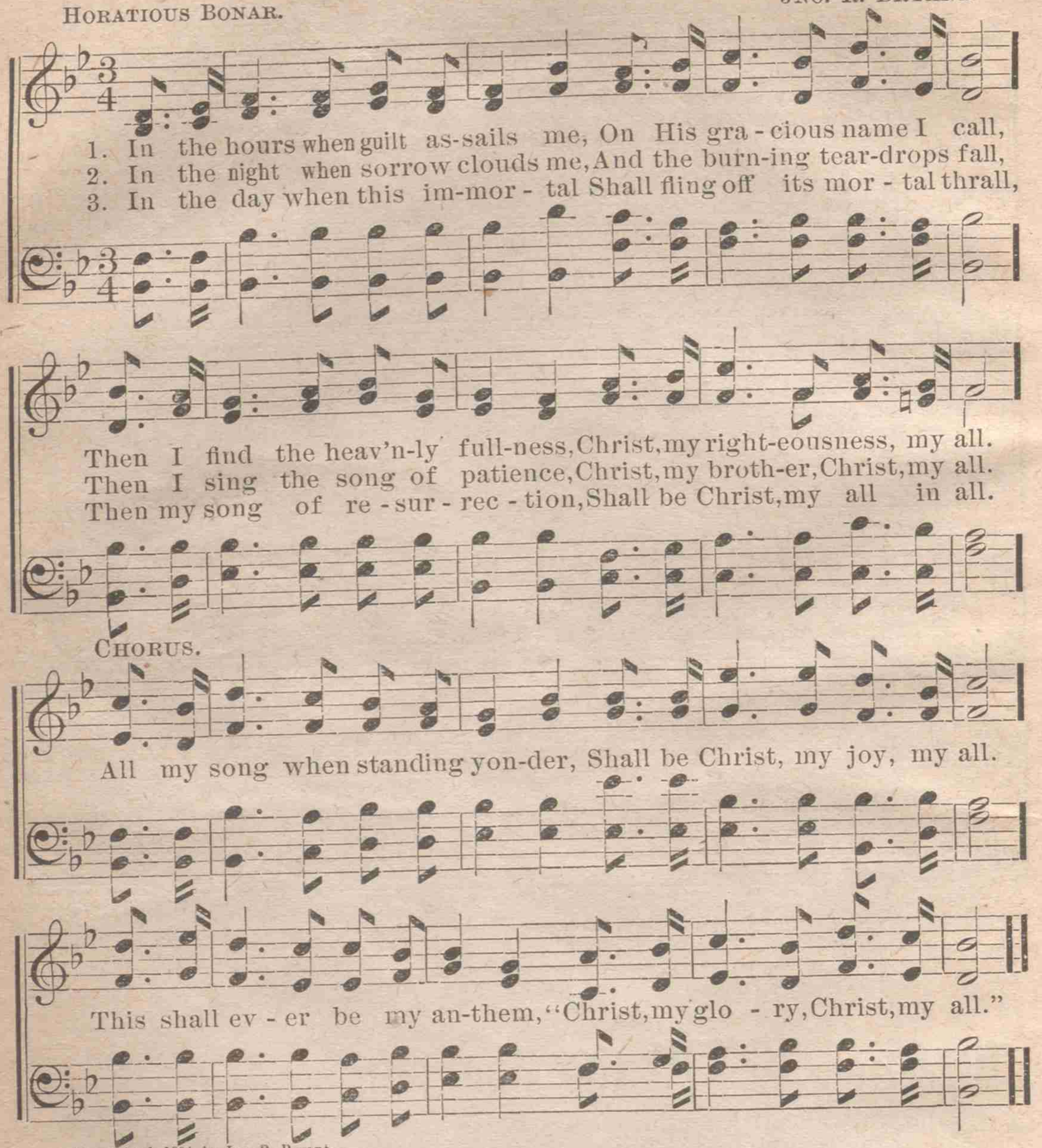
3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole,
I 'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I 'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I 'm on my journey home.

Chorus.—
Glory to God,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

No. 66. Christ, my All.

HORATIOUS BONAR. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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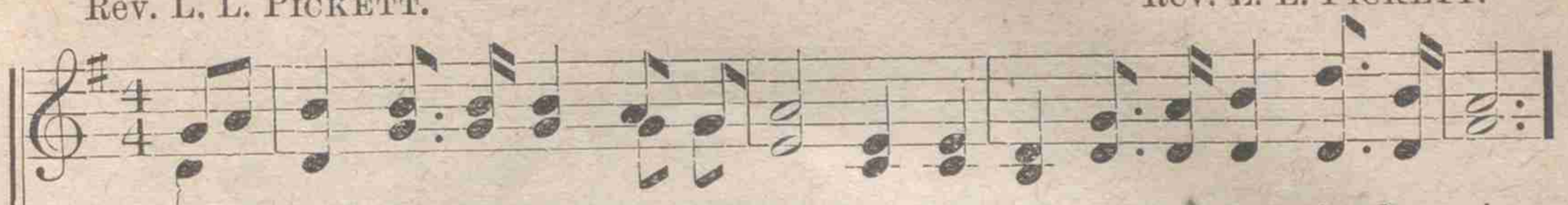
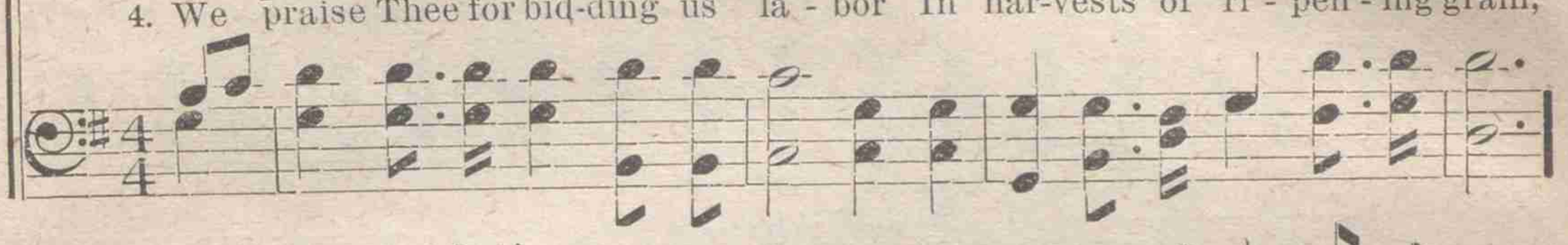
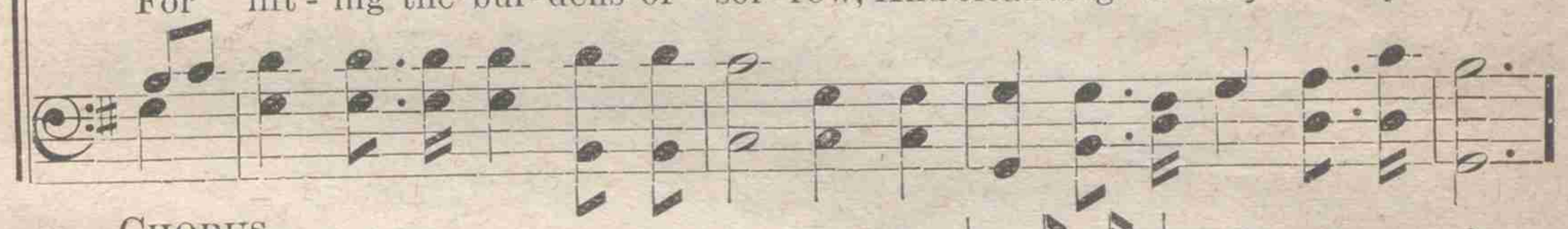
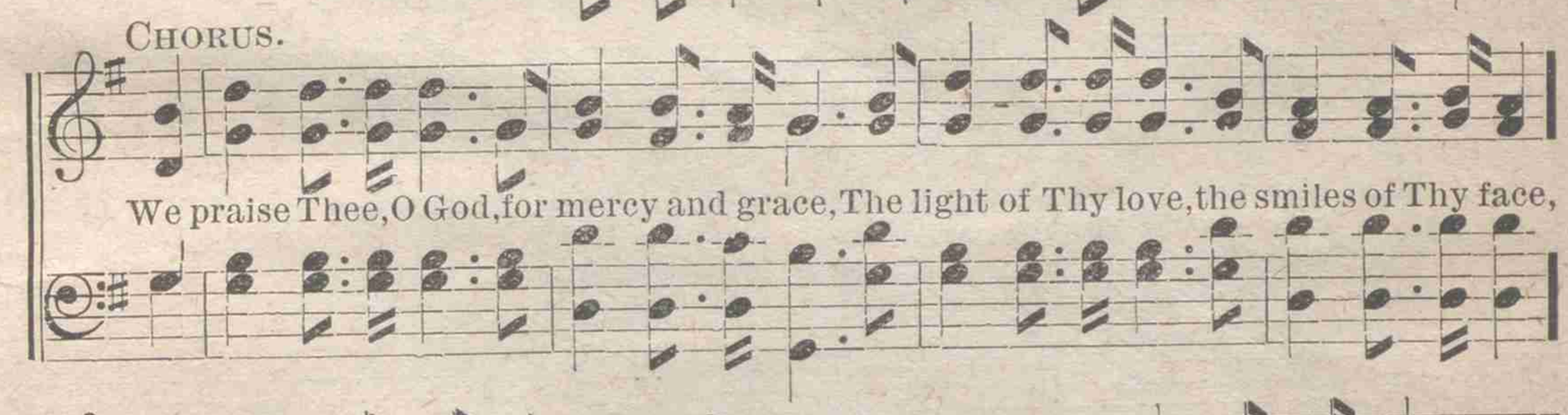
No. 67. A Charge to Keep I Have.

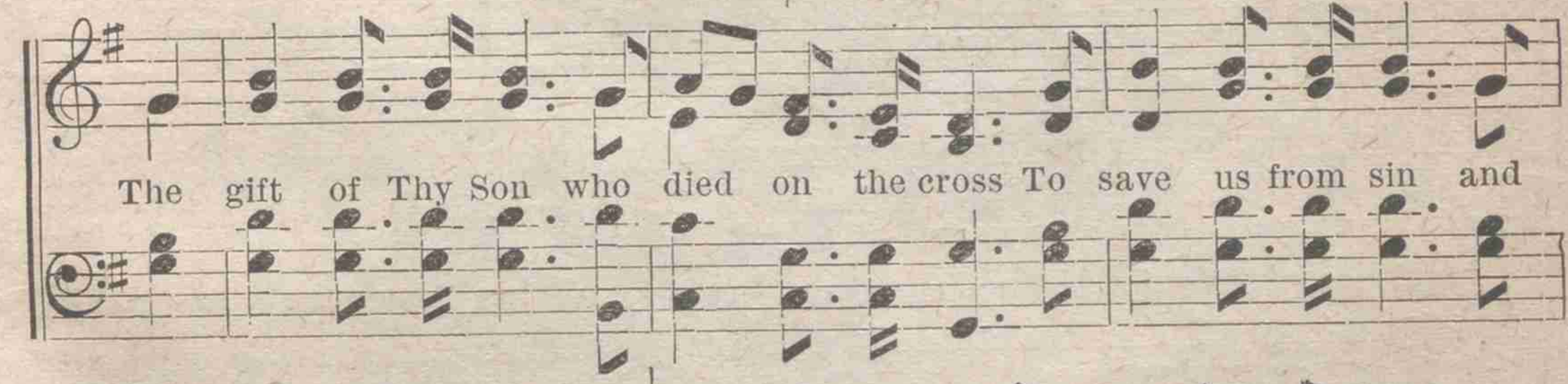
CHARLES WESLEY.

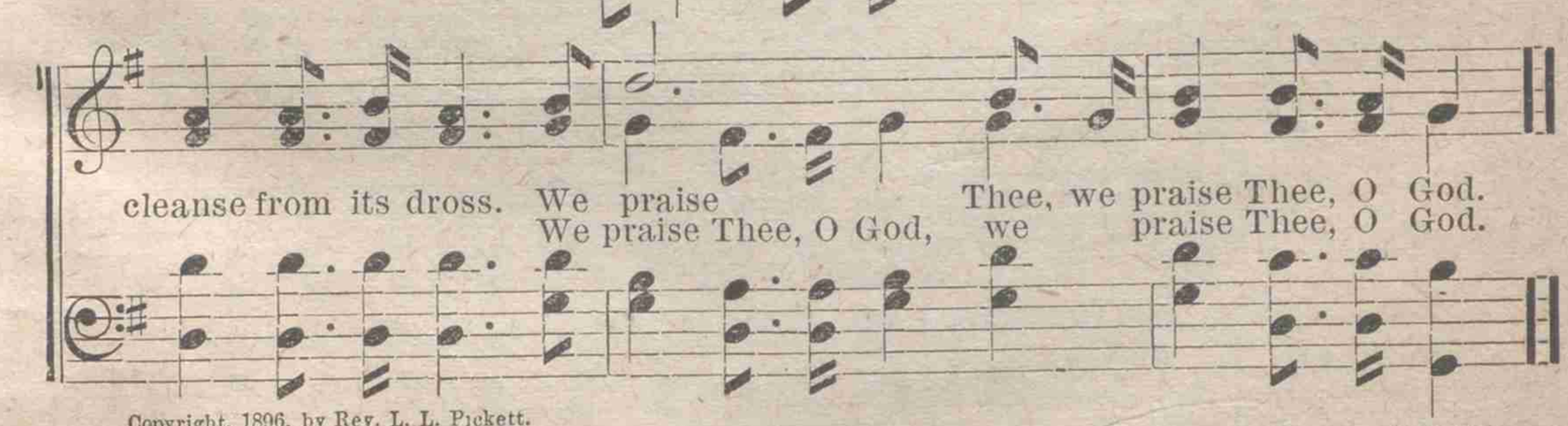
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 68. We Praise Thee, O God.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. We praise Thee, our Fa - ther in heav - en, For par-don and cleansing from sin;
2. We praise Thee for pen - te-cost pow - er, Which lives in our Zi - on to - day,
3. We praise Thee for food and for rai-ment, The things which we need for this life,
4. We praise Thee for bid-ding us la - bor In har-vests of ri - pen - ing grain,

For peace which Thy mer - cy hath giv - en, For call - ing us wan - der-ers in.
Sus - tain - ing Thy peo - ple each hour, And teach-ing to sing and to pray.
For mak - ing our path-way ali ra-diant, Up - hold-ing us when in the strife.
For lift - ing the bur-dens of sor - row, And cleansing a - way ev - ry stain.

CHORUS.

We praise Thee, O God, for mercy and grace, The light of Thy love, the smiles of Thy face,



The gift of Thy Son who died on the cross To save us from sin and

cleanse from its dross. We praise Thee, we praise Thee, O God.
We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.

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5 We praise Thee, O Christ, our dear Saviour,
For bearing our sins on the tree,
For showing us mercy and favor,
For making us happy and free.

6 We praise Thee, O blest Holy Spirit,
For removing our guilt and our fear;
For bringing us now to inherit
A sanctified portion while here.

No. 69. Jesus is Calling.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. *Ten-der-ly, gra-cious-ly,* Je - sus now calls, Calls thee, O sin - ner, to
2. *Ear-nest-ly, lov - ing - ly,* Je - sus still calls; Sweeter than mu - sic the
3. *Ur-gent-ly, pleading - ly,* Je - sus still calls, Hast - en, O sin - ner, to
4. *Tearful-ly, warning - ly,* Je - sus in - vites, Sickness and death soon will

hast - en to - day; Hast - en to Him and re - pent of thy sins,
sound of His voice, Melt - ing the err - ing to pen - i - tent tears;
yield while you may; Soon He will cease, and no long - er in - vite,
come to us all; Those who re - ject His kind calls of love now,

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing His blood now to wash them a - way. "Hast-en to Me," O
An - gels in heav - en with rap - ture re-joice.
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, re - ceive Him to - day.
Vain - ly for mer - cy will fi - nal - ly call.

heed His sweet voice, Earnest-ly, lov - ing - ly, calling thee now; "Come unto

Me, your sins I 'll for-give, Low at the mer - cy - seat pen - i - tent bow."

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No. 70. A Little Talk with Jesus.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.

1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here, The dev-il tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o-ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dear-est friends Be-gin to per-se-cute, And
4. And thus, by fre-quent lit-tle talks I gain the vic-to-ry; And

us-es all His might-y pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's
trials of al-most ev-'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
march a-long with cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With

up to ev-'ry move, And yet through all I prove, A lit-tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with
Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God I al-ways find, A lit-tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it

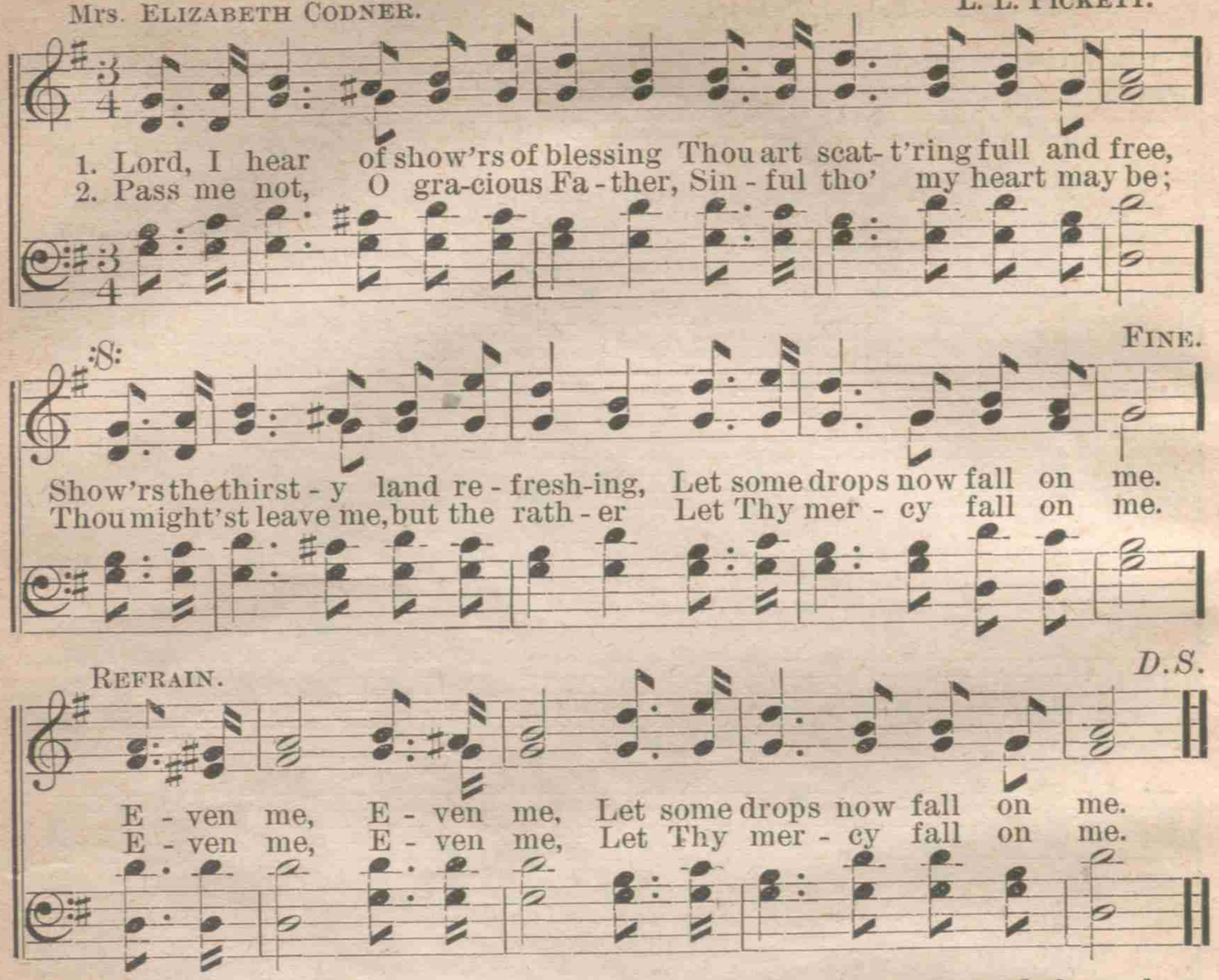
Je-sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

No. 71. Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER. L. L. PICKETT.



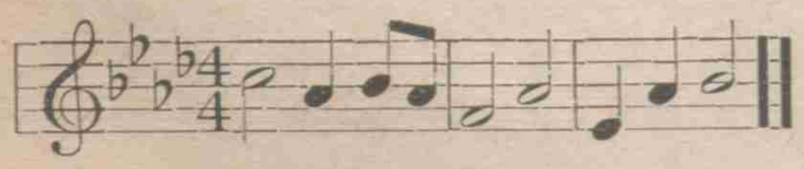
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor:
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, O call me.

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

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

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

No. 72. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou call'st the burdened soul to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead His gracious name!

6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still;
My promised grace receive:"
'T is Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

No. 73. Mighty Rock of Ages.

GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Might - y Rock of A - ges, When the tem-pest ra - ges, And my bark is
2. Thro' the dark-ness drear-y, Keep-ing watch a - wea - ry, Oft I gaze a -
3. When the winds are shrieking, And my frail bark creaking, I will bend my

tossed up - on the sea (up - on the sea); Far a - bove the o - cean
cross a surg - ing wave (a surg - ing wave); Poised up - on the bil - low,
oars to Thee for aid (to Thee for aid); O'er the wa - ters fear - less,

And its wild commotion, Stands Thy form, a bea-con light to me (a light for me).
Peaceful is my pillow, For I see Thine arm outstretch'd to save (outstretch'd to save).
Safe I glide, and tearless, For I hear, "'T is I, be not a - fraid," (be not a-fraid).

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, ev-er be My re - treat while on life's sea;
Rock of A-ges, ev-er be, ever be, My re-treat while on life's sea, on life's sea;

When death's bil - lows o'er me roll, Be the ref - uge of my soul.
When death's billows o'er me roll, o'er me roll, Be the refuge of my soul, of my soul.

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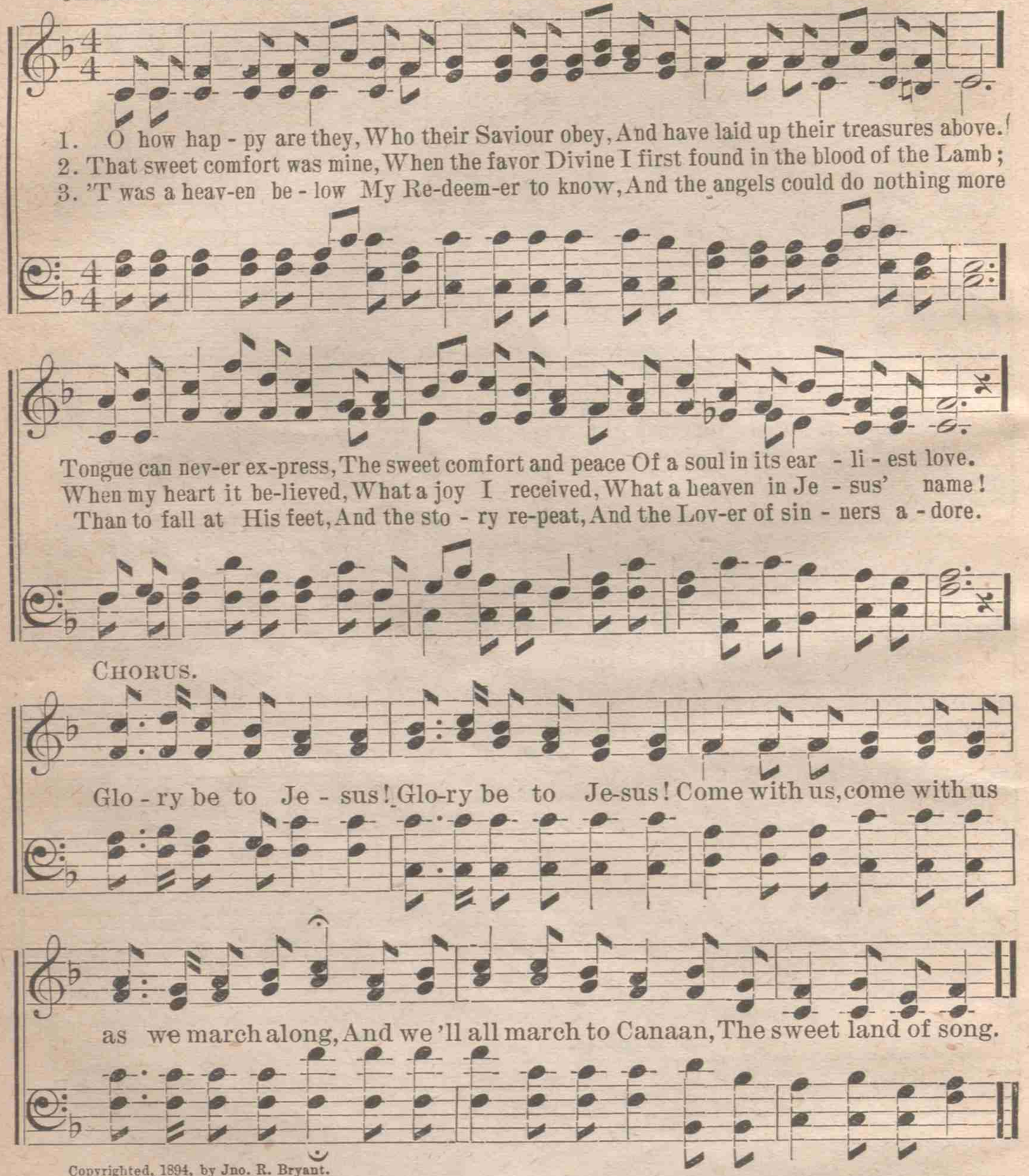
No. 74. How Happy are they.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

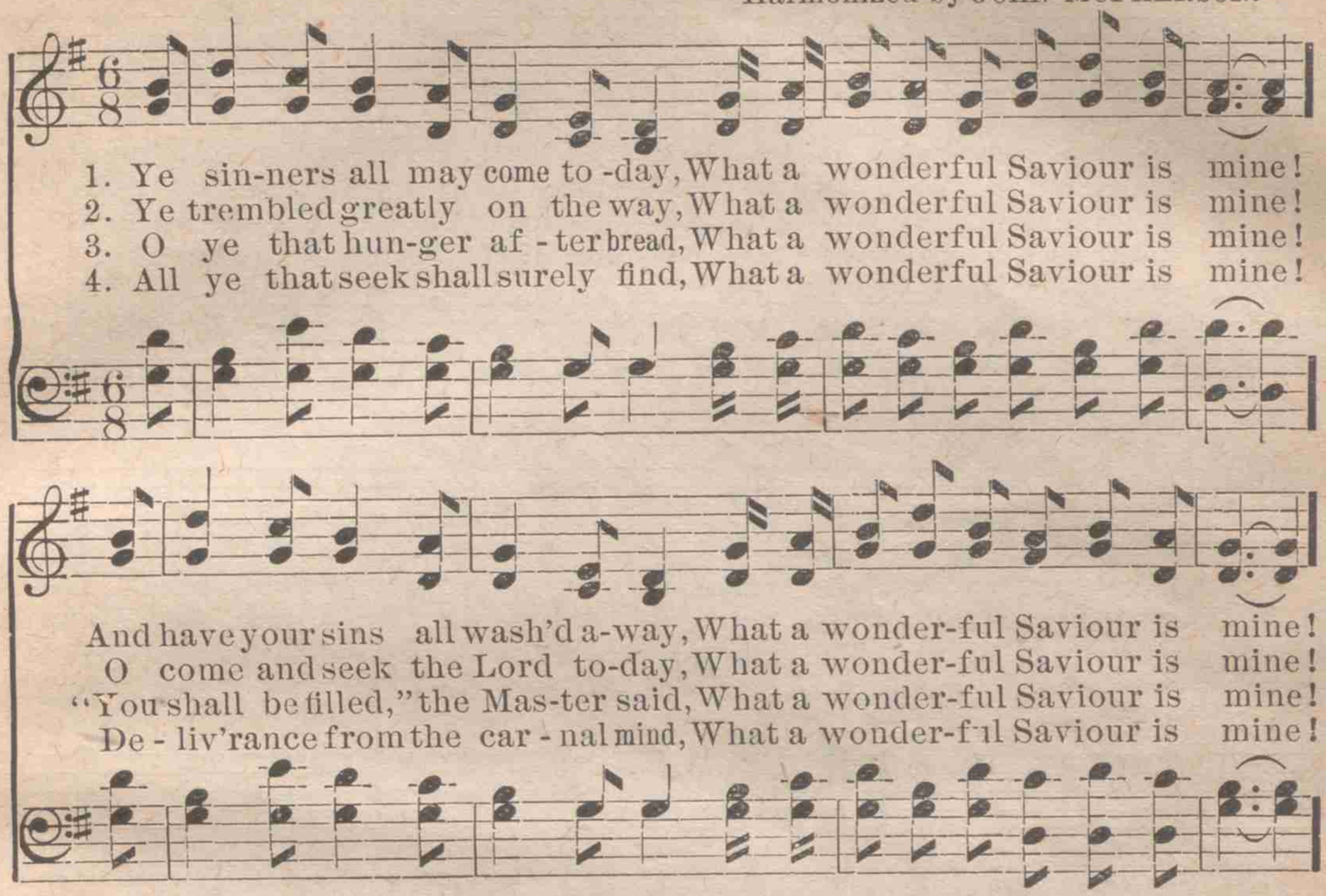
6 Thus I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

No. 75. What a Wonderful Saviour is Mine!

Rev. J. J. SMITH.

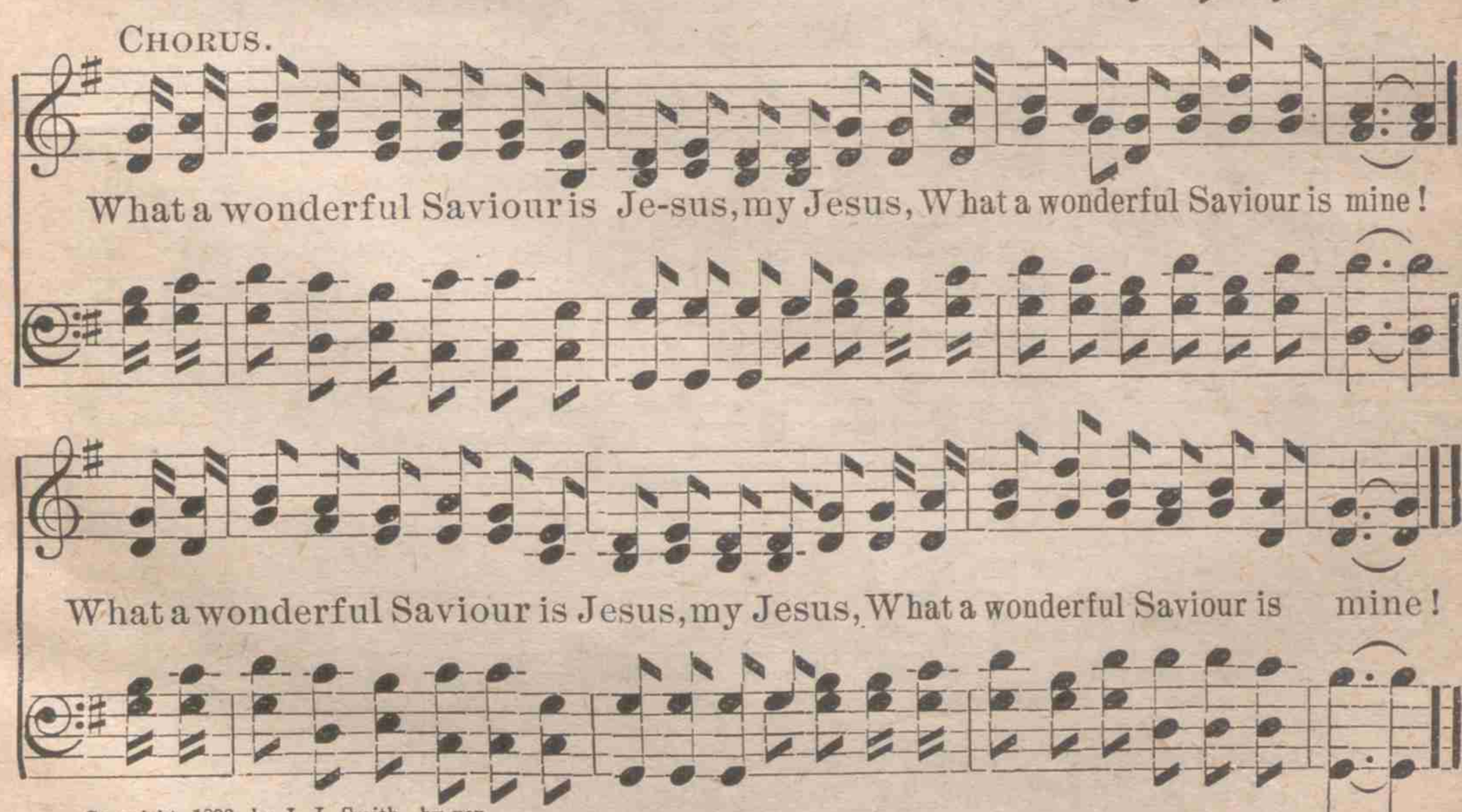
Melody by S. H. PRATHER.
Harmonized by JOHN MCPHERSON.



1. Ye sin-ners all may come to -day, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
2. Ye trembled greatly on the way, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
3. O ye that hun-ger af - ter bread, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
4. All ye that seek shall surely find, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

And have your sins all wash'd a-way, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
O come and seek the Lord to-day, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
"You shall be filled," the Mas-ter said, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
De - liv'rance from the car - nal mind, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!

CHORUS.



What a wonderful Saviour is Je-sus, my Jesus, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

Copyright, 1893, by J. J. Smith, by per.

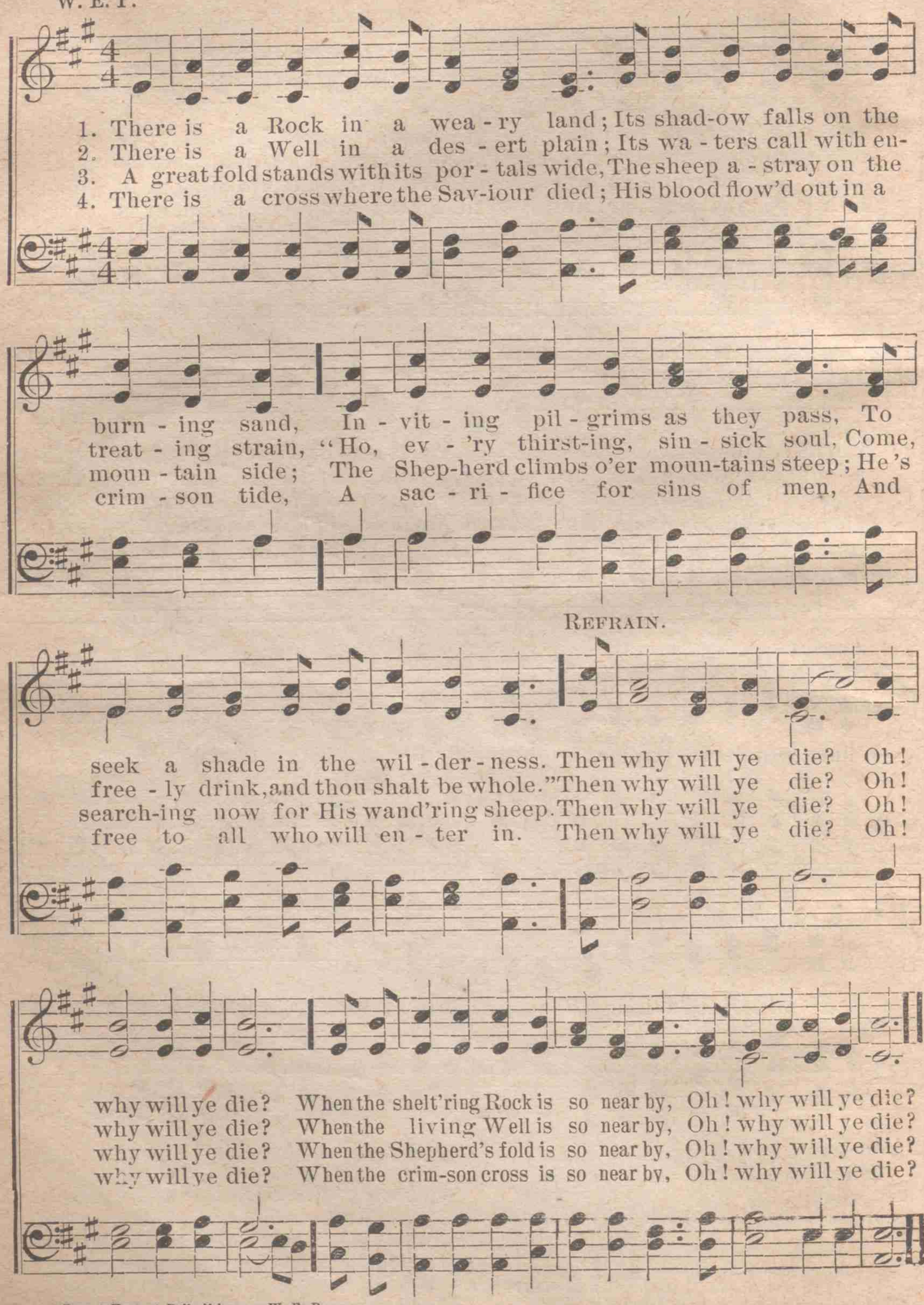
5 And when I gave my all to Him,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
He washed my soul from every sin,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

6 And now I walk upon the way,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
Of holiness from day to day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

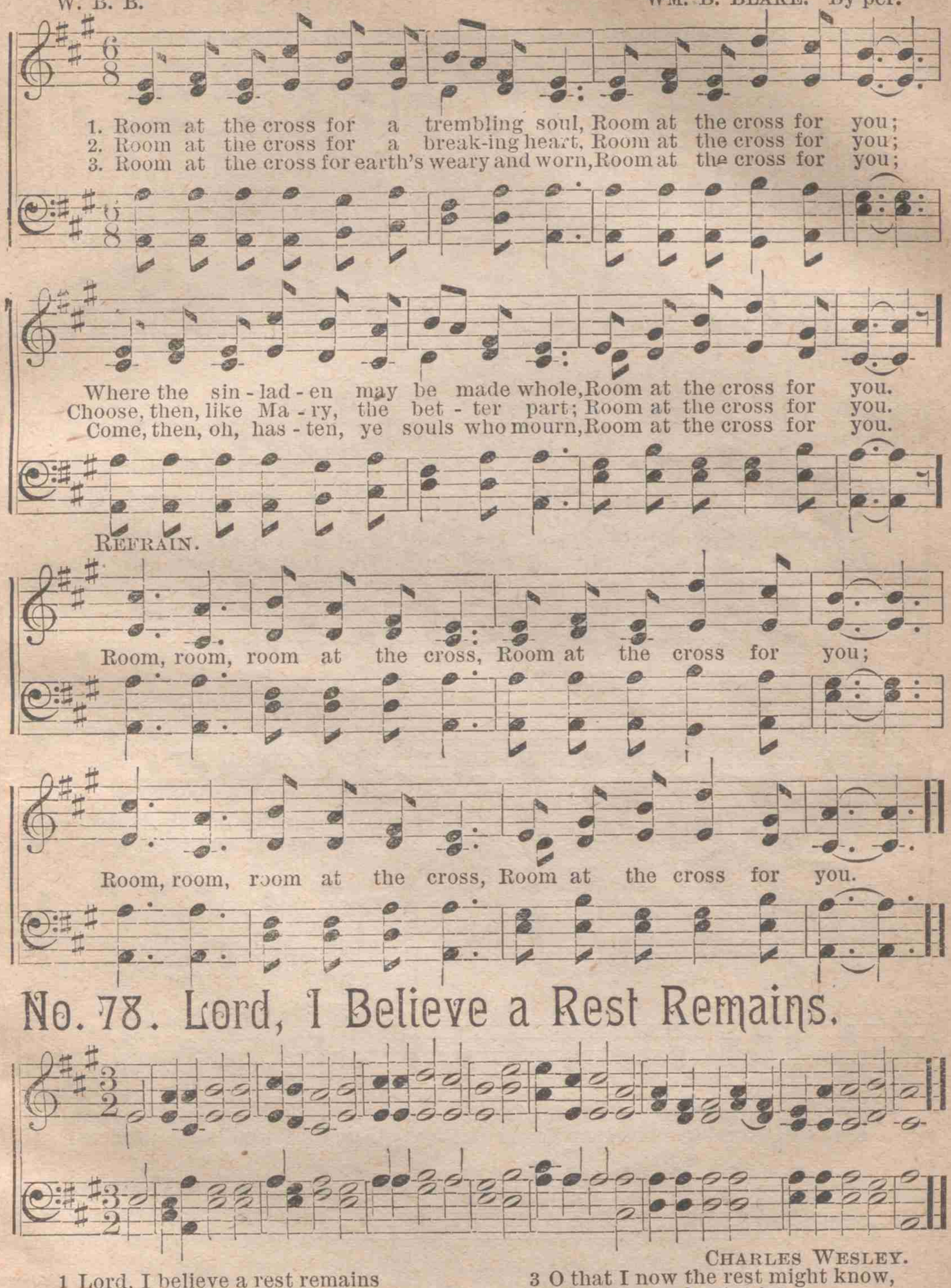
7 And soon we'll reach the golden shore.
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
And meet with friends who've gone before,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

8 And God will wipe all tears away,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
We'll reign with Him thro' endless day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

No. 76. The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.

From "Harvest Bells," by per. W. E. Penn.

No. 77. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE. By per.

No. 78. Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

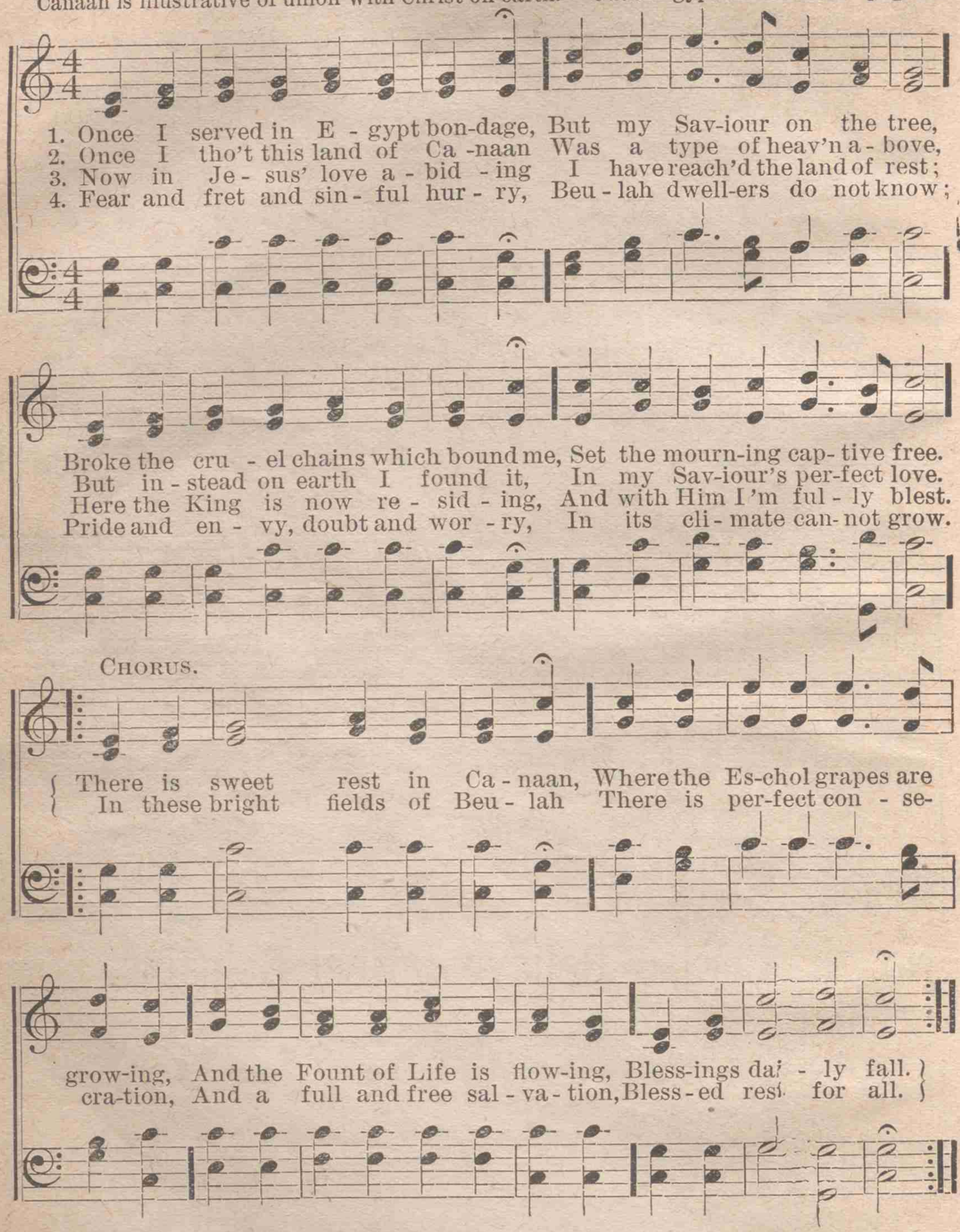
3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

No. 79. Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Music by Rev. W. McDONALD.

Canaan is illustrative of union with Christ on earth. "Out of Egypt into Canaan," page 14.



5 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go.
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

No. 80. Jesus will give you Rest.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro-ken heart, Bur-den'd and sin op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing
3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth- ing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His lov - ing

press'd; Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,
breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
best, By His death on the Cross pur-chas'd life for your soul,
breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.

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

Je - sus will give you rest, Oh, why won't you come in hap - py rest!

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

From "Joy to the World."

No. 81. Souls are Weary Waiting.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Souls are wea-ry waiting for a welcome word, Tenderly in-vit-ing them to
2. Bur-dened with their sins, and la-den with their cares, They have long'd and waited for your
3. Christian, it is wrong to thus neglect a soul, Over which the waves of sin and

Christ the Lord, Sad be-cause you meet and greet them day by day, Yet neg-
earnest pray'rs, But you have not sought them, and they sigh to-day That no
sor-row roll; Je-sus died to save and ran-som all from sin, And ex-

CHORUS.

lect to point them to the narrow way. Oh, ye friends of Jesus, ransom'd from all
hand has led them to the narrow way.
pects that you will lead these wand'rers in.

sin! Oh, ye friends of Je-sus, by His blood made clean! Souls are weary waiting

for a welcome word; Go and lead the lost ones un-to Christ the Lord.

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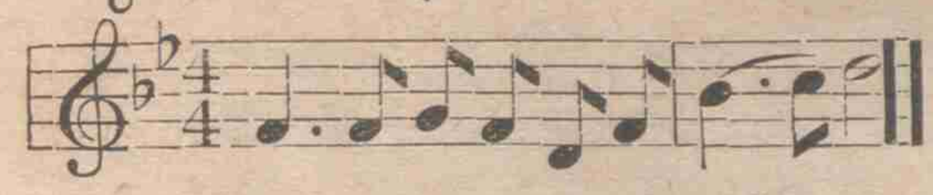
No. 82. Why Don't you Come to Jesus?

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able, He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Cho. —‖: Why don't you come to Jesus?
He's waiting to receive you,
Why don't you come to Jesus and
be saved? :‖

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

4 Let not Satan make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you, this He gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

For music see "Cheerful Songs," 287.

No. 83.

Rev. D. Williams.

1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold,
The truth is marching on.
Cho. —Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When He shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints for evermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.

No. 84. The Burden's Light.

Tune, Palms of Victory, Key of F.
Mary Amon.

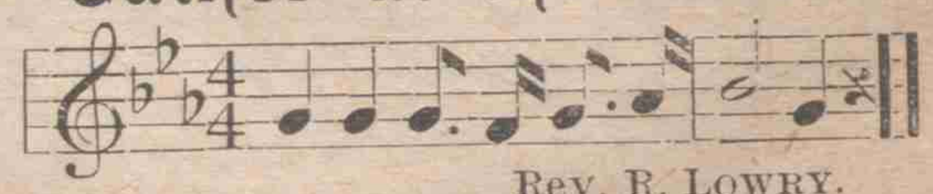
1 I saw a blood-washed traveller, in garments white as snow,
While travelling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I 'm glad the burden 's light!"

Cho. — Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall bear.

2 I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison — a dungeon dark as night —
And yet I heard him shouting, "I 'm glad the burden 's light!"

3 I saw him led from prison, and chained unto the stake,
I heard him shout triumphant, "'T is all for Jesus' sake!"
I saw the fires when kindled, the fagots blazing bright,
He said, "The yoke is easy, the burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him, his body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me! I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward, before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper, "I 'm glad the burden 's light."

No. 85. Shall we Gather at the River?

Rev. R. Lowry.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

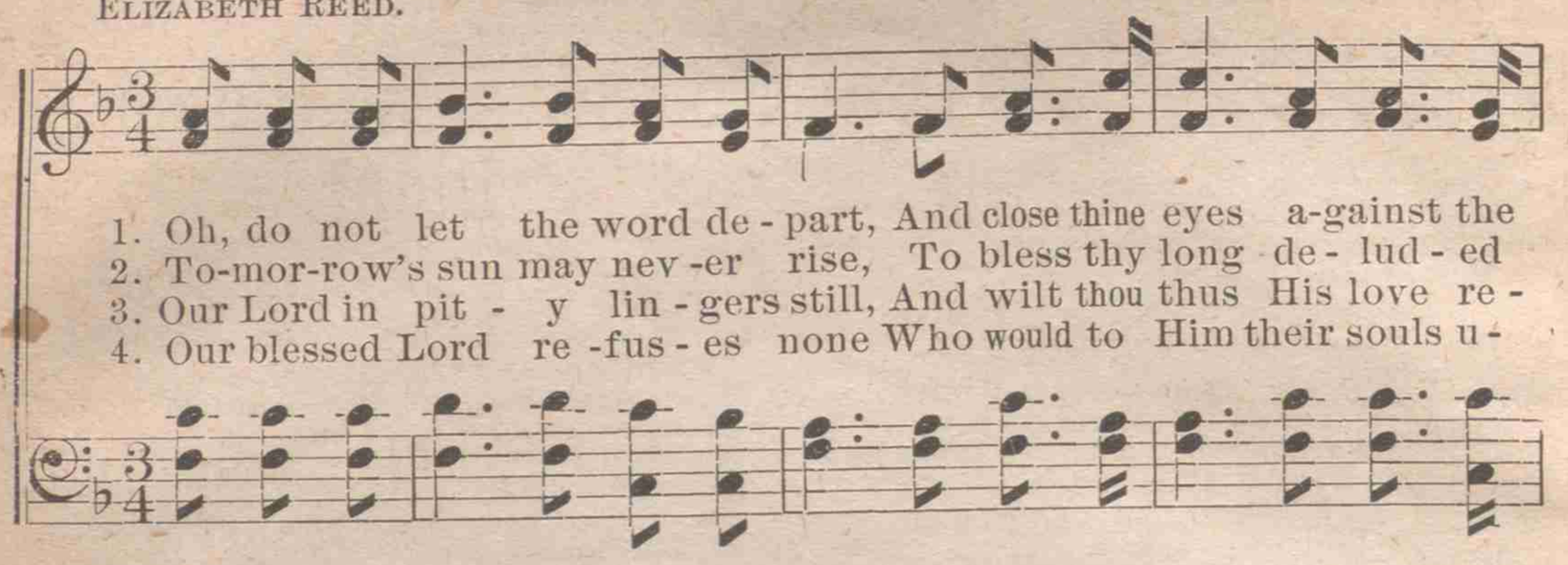
Cho.—Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river.
That flows by the throne of God.

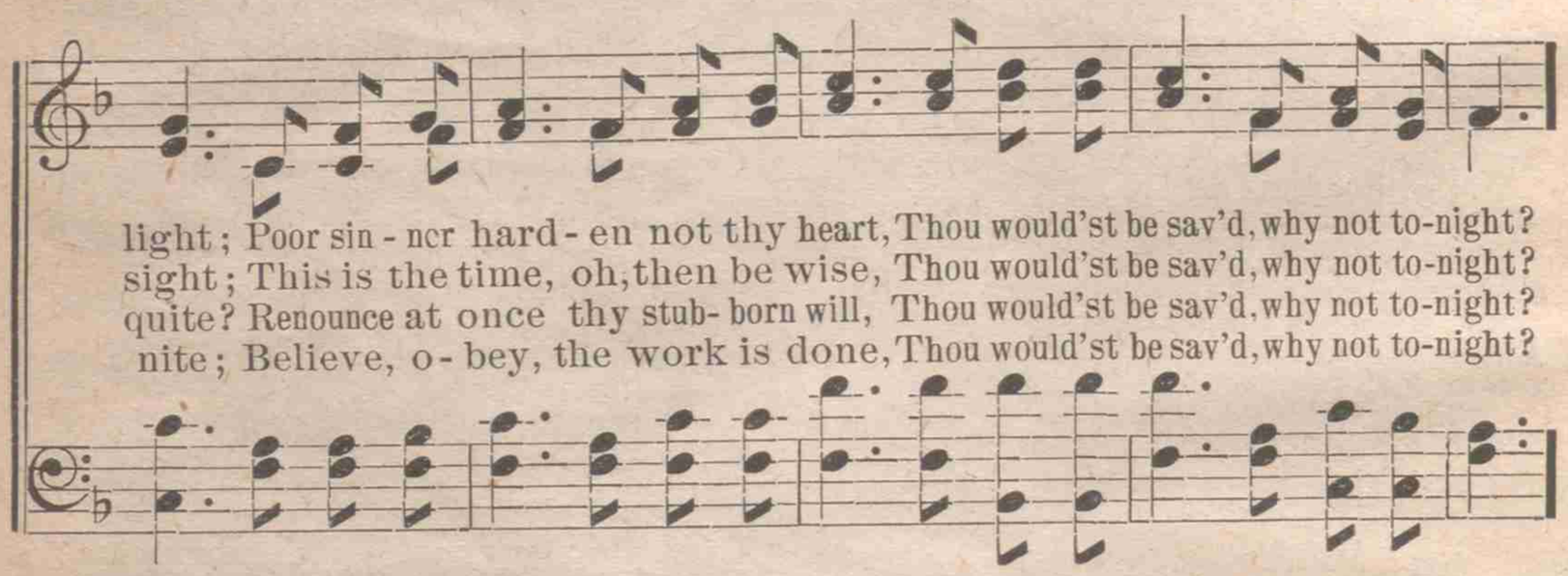
2 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

3 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

No. 86. Why not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED. L. L. PICKETT.





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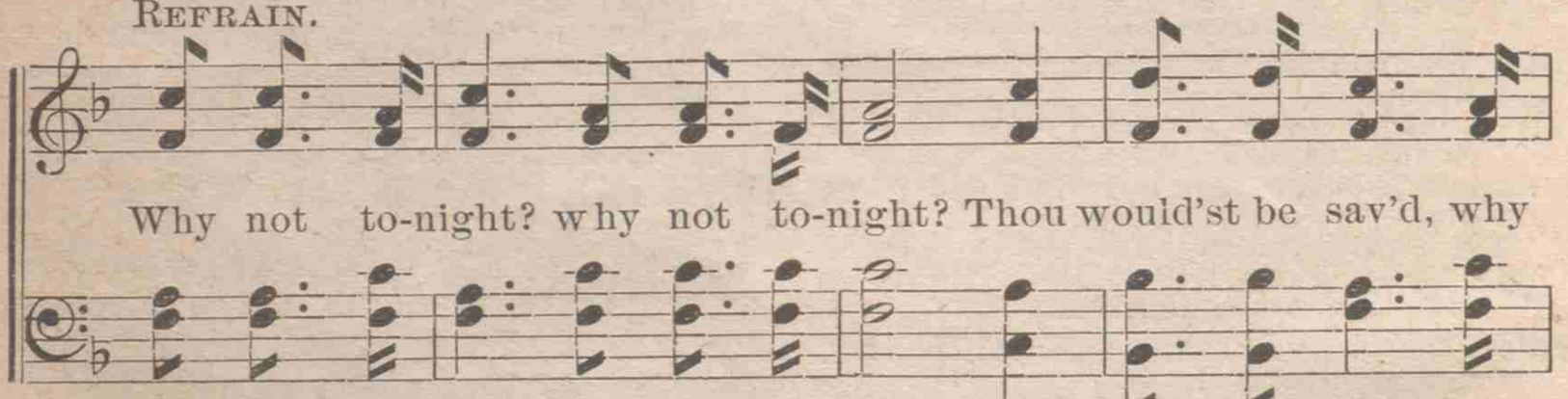

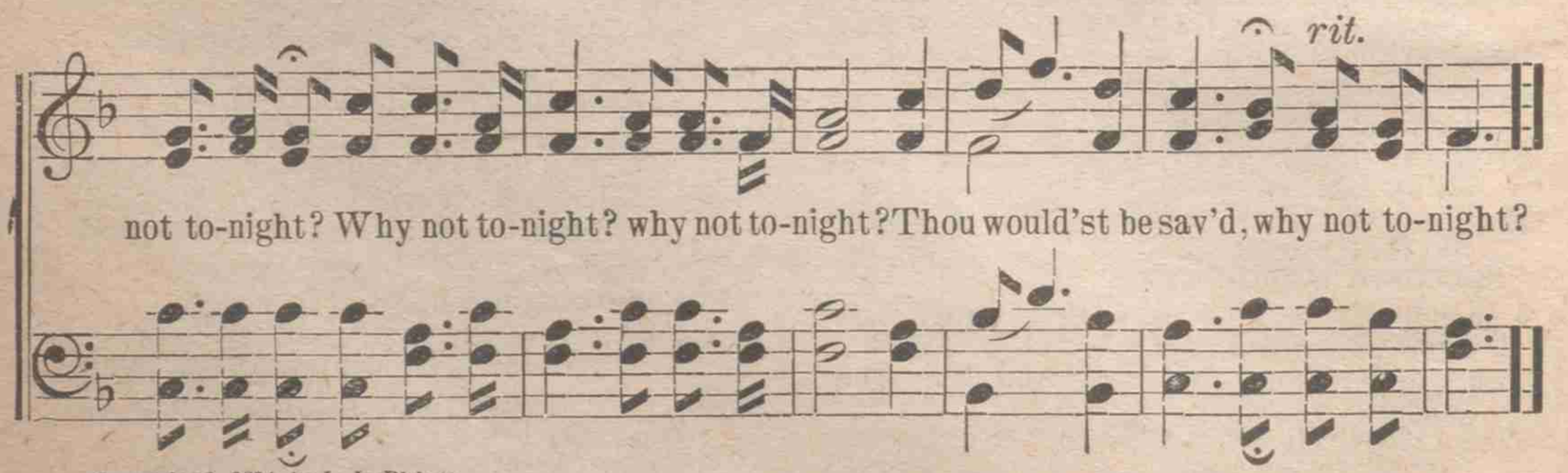

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No. 87. Kept.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

"Unto him that is able to keep you from falling."—Jude 24.

1. { Kept for Je - sus and His glo - ry, I would ev - 'ry mo-ment be
   { Kept by Je - sus through His pow - er, Free - ly flow - ing
2. { Kept from sin and need-less sigh - ing, Kept from fear and doubt and pride,
   { Kept thro' tri - als sharp and ma - ny, Kept by Je - sus

D.C. *Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus' He can keep thee*

CHORUS. D.C.

un - to me. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus! For His mighty keep-ing pow'r;
cru - ci - fied.

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ev - 'ry hour.

3 Kept 'mid all the world's allurements,
Kept when passions strongly plead;
Kept 'mid storm and persecution,
Kept in every time of need.

4 Kept when all around seems failing,
Kept when friends unfaithful prove;
Kept, and sweetly kept, by Jesus,
Happy in His perfect love.

5 Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Thus I every day would be,
That His will in its completeness
Ever may be done in me.

6 Not for self, nor yet for others,
Not my comfort, but His joy,
Not my rest, but His sweet pleasure,
Not my work, but His employ.

7 Kept for Him, that He may ever
In me show His love and light;
Kept to walk before Him perfect
Not in others', but His sight.

8 Kept for Him to do or suffer,
As His blessed will may be;
Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Kept through all eternity.

No. 88. Emblems of the Holy Spirit.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. As the "dew" in si-lence Qui-et - ly dis - tills, So the Ho - ly Spir - it With His pres-ence fills.
2. Like a "dove" de-scending Gen - tly from the sky, Comes the prom-ised Spir-it "From His throne on high."
3. As the need-ed "shower" Drives the drought a - way, So He cheers and gladdens Where He comes to - day.
4. Melt-ing, cleansing, searching, Like a glow-ing "fire;" Thus He purg-es from us Ev - 'ry base de - sire.
5. Like the crys-tal "wa-ter," Pure, a - bun-dant, free, Price-less gift of Je - sus, Prais-es un - to Thee.

CHORUS.

O search my heart, Sub - due my will, And then with all Thy pres - ence fill.

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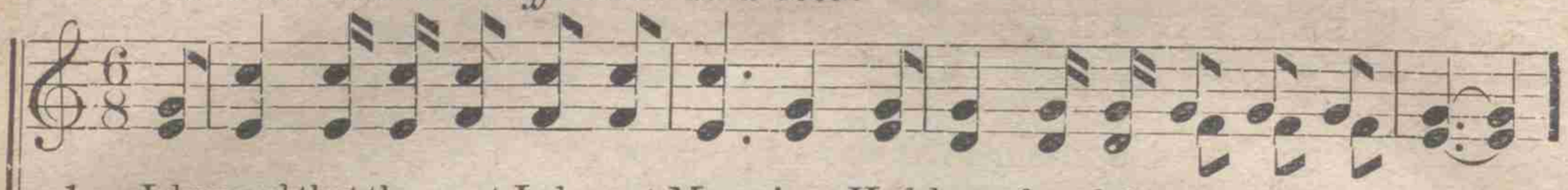
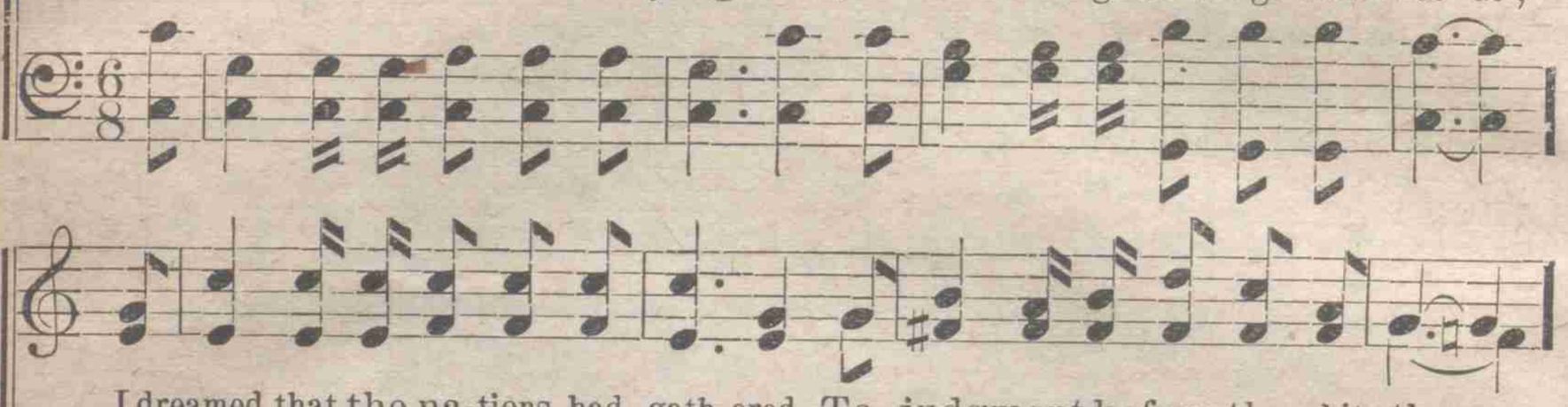
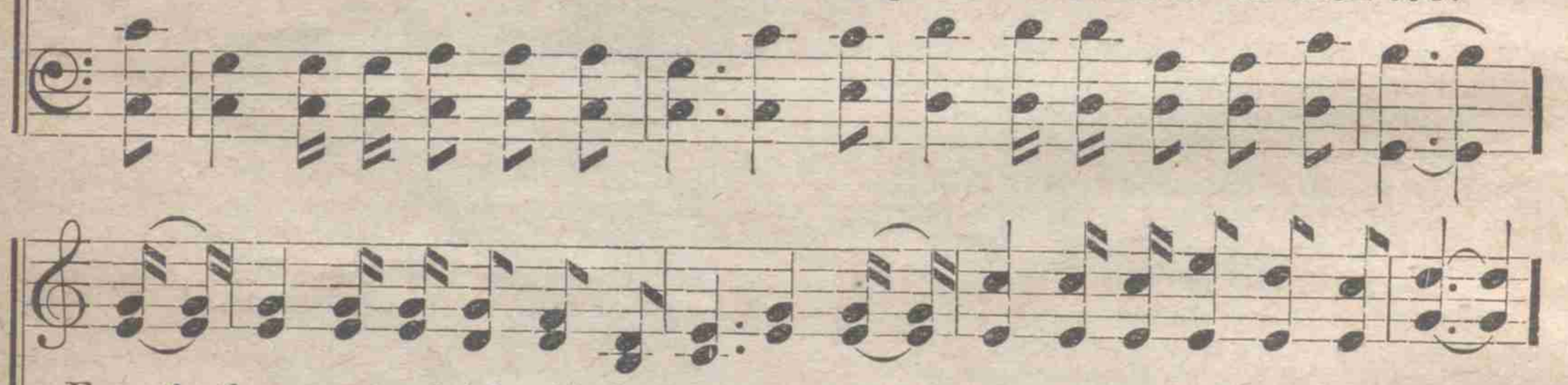
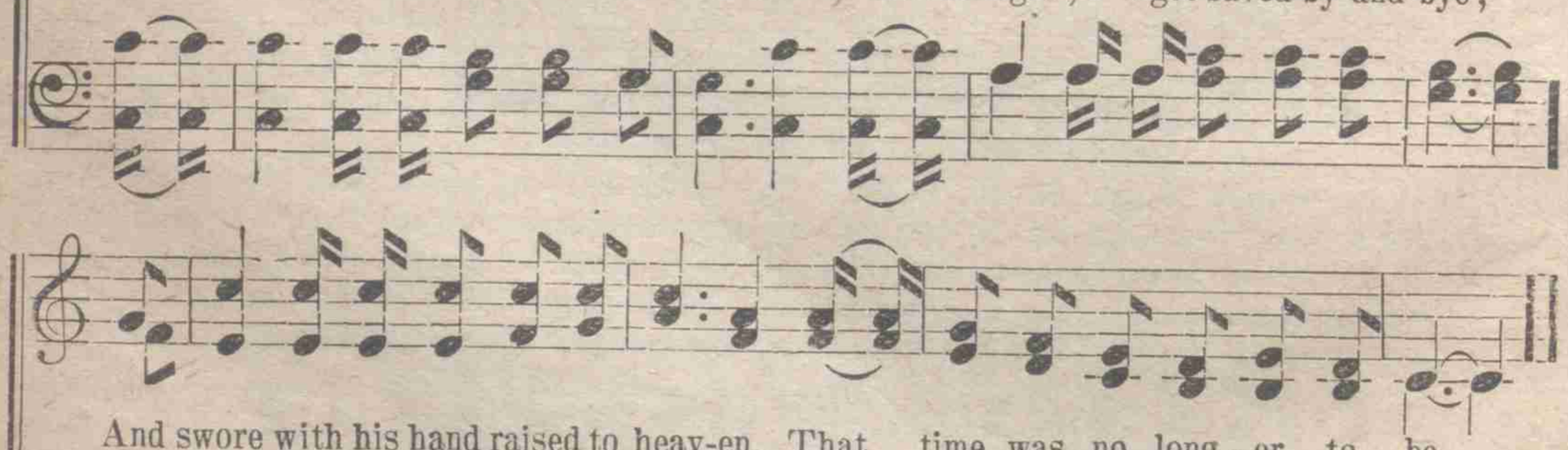
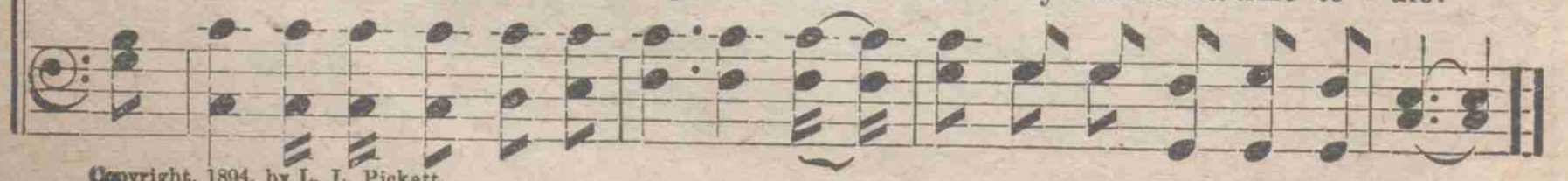
No. 89. The Great Judgment Morning

War Cry. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;

I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.

From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam- bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I 'll get saved by-and-bye;



And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

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The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

rit.

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

No. 90. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER. By per.

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is wait-ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re-ly on the word of thy God,
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice; For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the ban-quet of God?
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-i-qui-ty free? Oh, poor trou-bled soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the bos-om of God.
4. The prom-ise can't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'T is the blood we get un-der, that cleans-es us through: It cleans-es me now, hal-le-lu-jah to God!

Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
I rest on the prom-ise, I'm un-der the blood.

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

No. 91. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

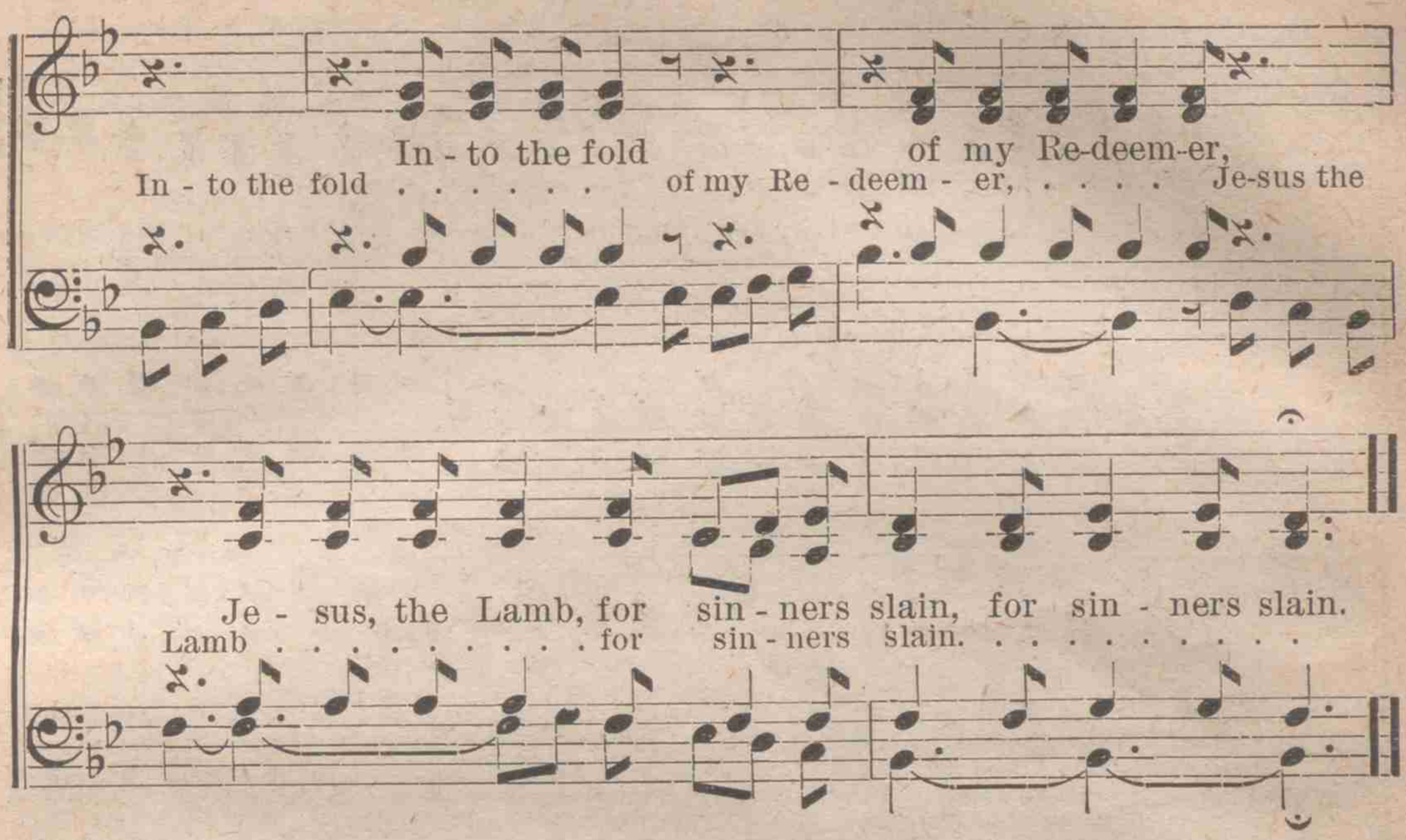
on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais - ing the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS.

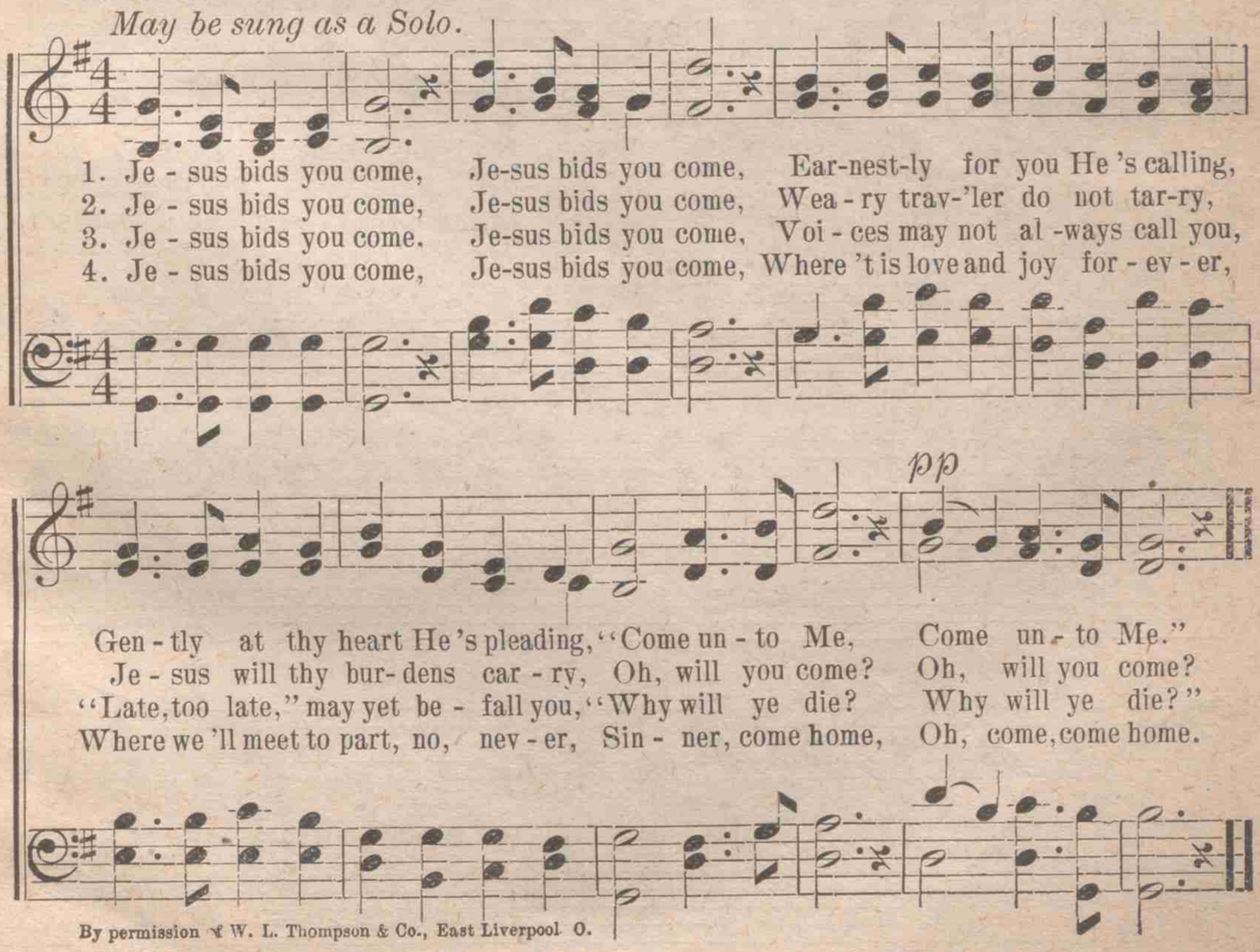
Go-ing a - far up-on the mountain,
Go - ing a - far . . . . . up-on the moun - tain, Bringing the

Bring - ing the wand-'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.
wan - - - - - - d'rer back a - gain. . . . . .

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

No. 92. Jesus Bids you Come.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

May be sung as a Solo.



By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool O.

No. 93. In the Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH of INDIA. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide! O how precious are the lessons
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing There is cool and pleasant shelter,
3. Only this I know--I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears; O how patiently He listens,
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord? Go and hide beneath His shadow,
5. You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy, If you let dark clouds distress you,

which I learn at Jesus' side! Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
and a fresh and crystal spring; And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet--
and my drooping soul He cheers. Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend would He be
this shall then be your reward; And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
and your inward peace destroy, You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;

For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, to the se - cret place I go.
If I tried I could not ut - ter what He says when thus we meet.
If He nev - er, nev - er told me of the sins which He must see!
You must mind and bear the im - age of your Mas - ter in your face.
"In the se - cret of His presence" you may ev - 'ry mo - ment hide.

REFRAIN. SOLI.

In the se - cret of His presence, When you 've entered at the door, There se-

TUTTI.

cure you 'll rest in Je - sus; There are joys for - ev - er - more.

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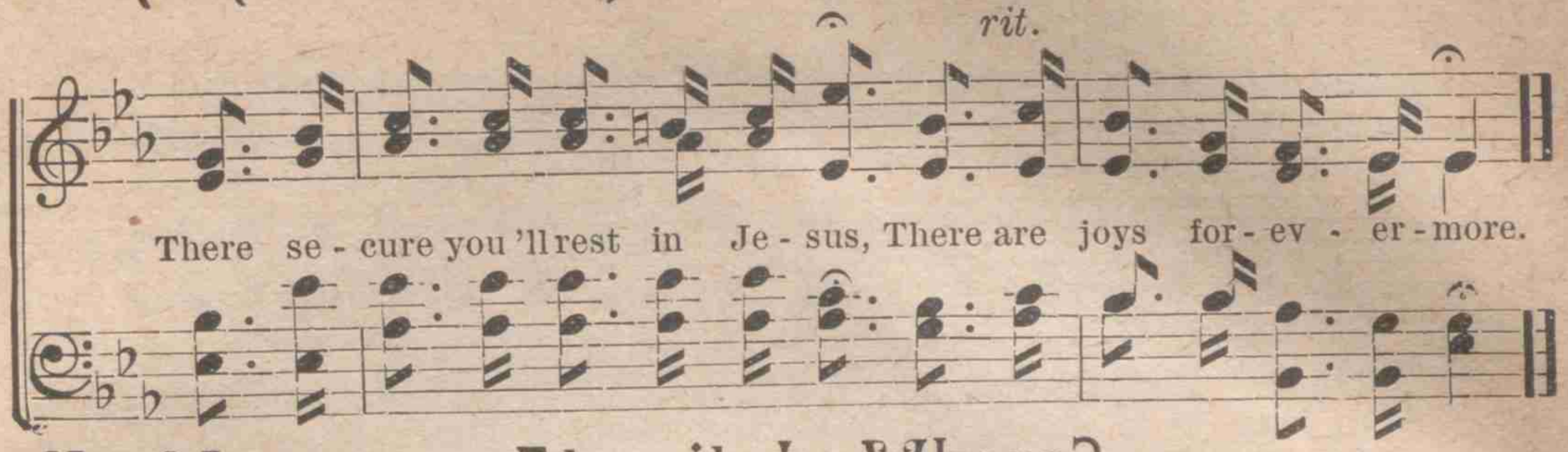
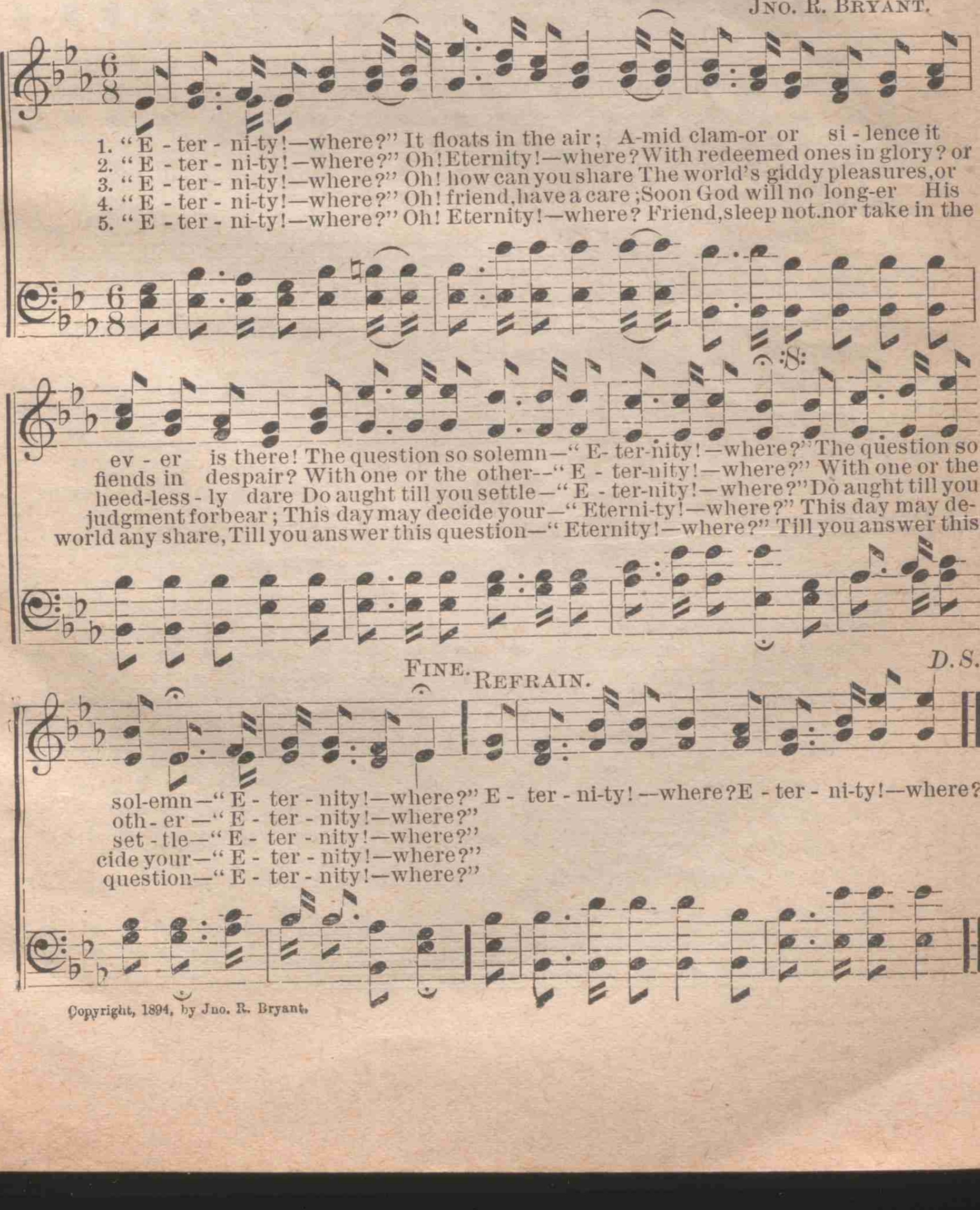
In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.



No. 94. Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words! "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. BRYANT.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

No. 95. Be Ready.

Arr. and partly composed by M. W. KNAPP from B. M.

L. L. PICKETT.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv: 44.

SOLO with CHORUS.

1. It may be in the morning, When sun is bright and strong,
And dew is glist'ning sharply, And day looks bright and long.

2. It may be in the evening, When work of day is done,
While sit - ting in the twilight, You watch the evening sun.

You then may see Me com-ing, On clouds of glo-ry bright; Your waiting soul to
A - mong the vil - lage children, Who throng the bus - y street, It may be you will

CHORUS.

welcome To be with Me in light. O come, O
hear then, My swift - ly com- ing feet.

O come bless-ed Lord, Quickly

come, Quickly come, my Saviour. I'm

come, my Redeem-er, O come, quickly come, my Sav-iour, quickly come. I'm

read - y now for Thee, I'm read - y now for Thee, And greet with joy the promise, And

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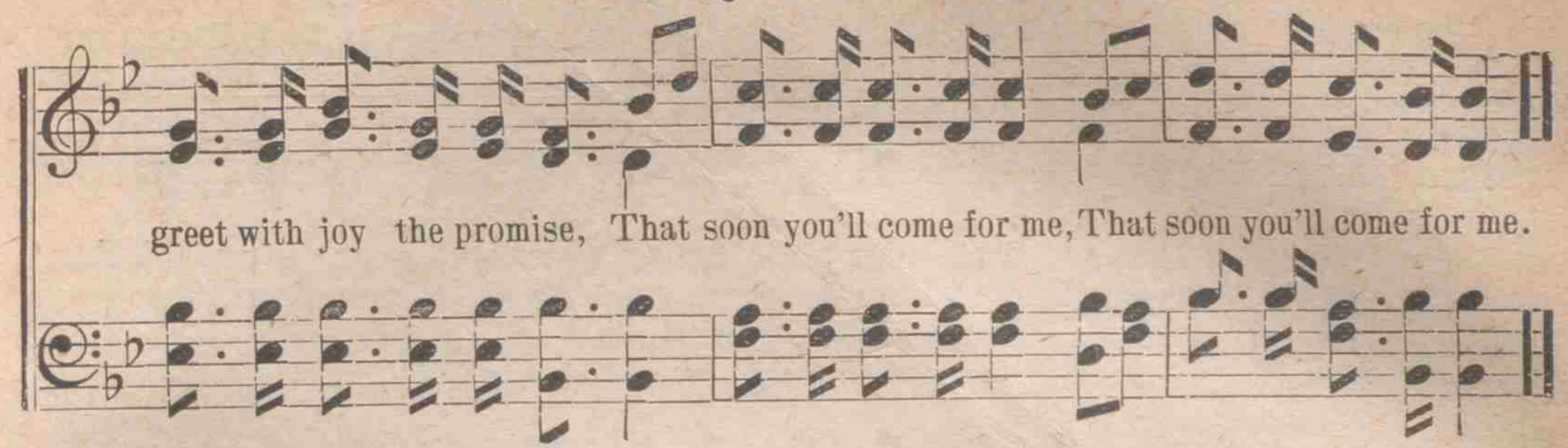
Be Ready. Concluded.

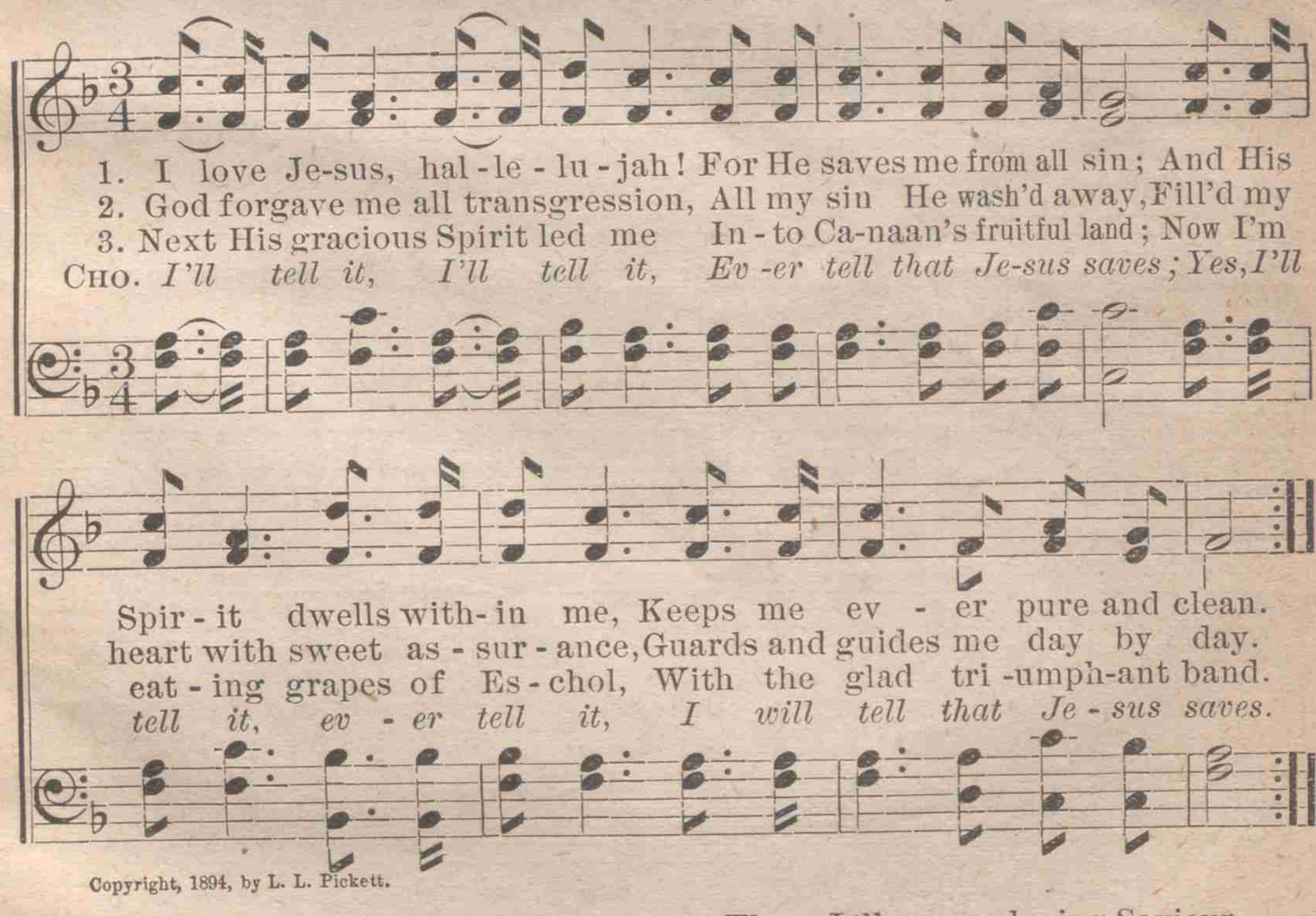


3 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
The black waves lying dumbly
Along the dreary sand,
When moonless night draws closer
Above the sleeping sea,
When all are slumbering soundly,
And no one thinks of Me.

4 Be ready every moment,
Be robed and sanctified;
For quickly I will claim you
My own beloved bride.
In sweet and blessed union
We then shall ever be,
And dwell in bliss together
Through all eternity.

No. 96. I'll Tell it.

Words and Music by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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4 From all darkness into sunlight,
Jesus led my fainting soul;
And He'll guide me, ever guide me,
While eternal ages roll.

5 Thro' death's valley He will lead me,
To yon Heaven's golden shore;
There I'll sing with ransom'd millions
Saved and kept for evermore.

6 There I'll see my loving Saviour
Whom the angels all adore;
Through His mercy, grace, and favor,
I will live to die no more.

7 Then I'll meet with father, mother,
And with brothers, sisters dear;
We will gladly greet each other,
Whom we loved so well while here.

No. 97. He's Just the Same To-day, No. 2.

Arranged by F. A. PERKINS.

1. When Mo - ses and the Is - rael-ites From E-gypt's land did flee,
   God raised the wa - ter like a wall And o - pened up their way;
2. When Dan - iel, faithful to his God, Would not bow down to men,
   God shut the li - on's mouths, we read, And robb'd them of their prey;

D.C.

Be - hind them were proud Pharoah's host, In front of them the sea.
And the God that lived in Mos - es' time Is just the same to - day.
And by God's en - e - mies was hurl'd In - to the li - on's den,
And the God that lived in Dan-iel's time Is just the same to - day.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to - day, He's just the same to - day;

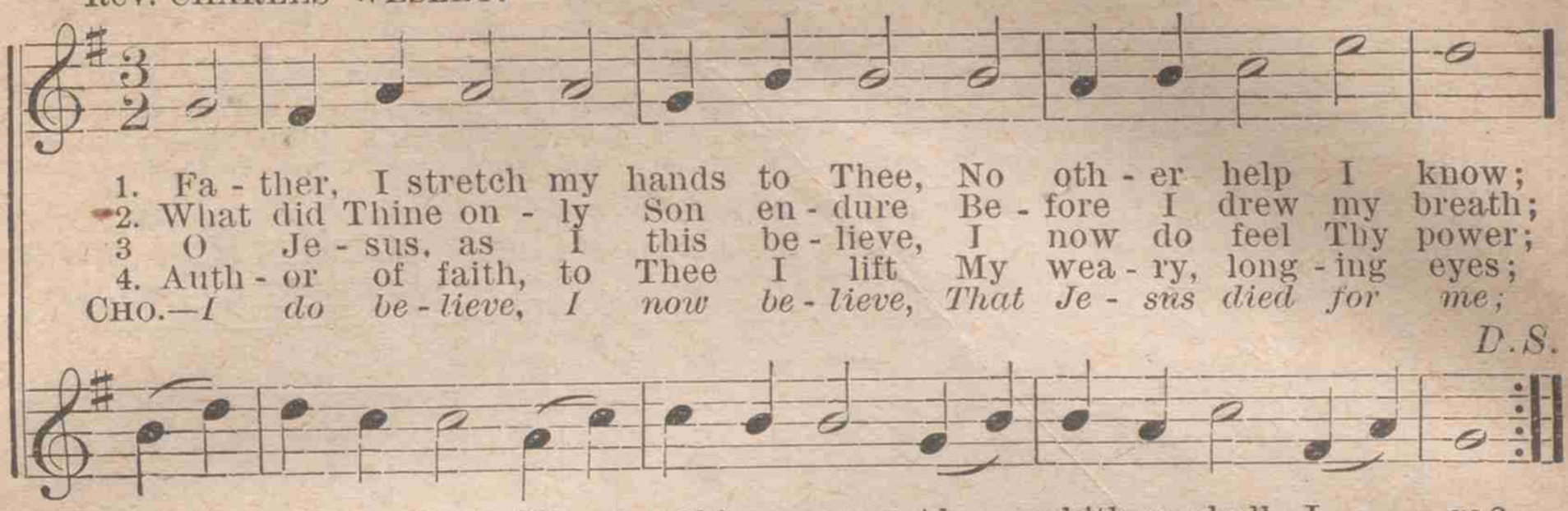
And the God that lived in old - en time Is just the same to - day.

3 When David and Goliah met—
The wrong against the right—
The giant arm with human power,
And David with God's might. [stone
God's power with David's sling and
The giant low did lay;
And the God that lived in David's time
Is just the same to-day.

4 When Pentecost had fully come
And fire from heaven did fall,
As a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
Baptized them one and all.
Three thousand were converted and
Were soldiers right away;
And the God that lived at Pentecost
Is just the same to-day.

No. 98. I do Believe. C. M.

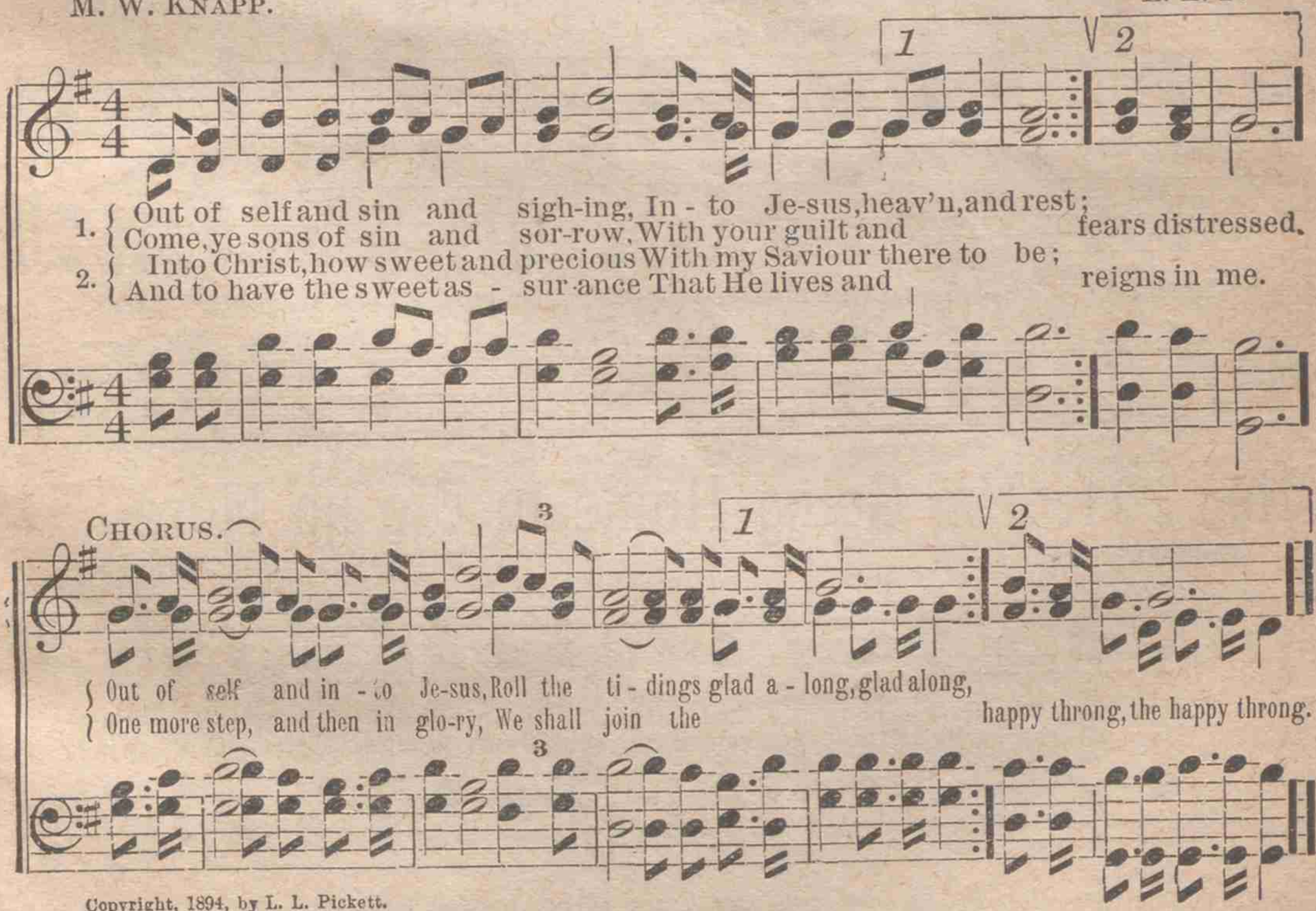
REV. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.



No. 99. Only Three Steps.

A poor woman, derided by an infidel because she was sure she could safely travel the "long, weary road" from earth to heaven, replied, "It's a very short road and easily traveled. Only three steps — out of self, into Christ, and into glory."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. P.



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3 "Into glory," joy unmeasured!
Oh, what pleasures there await
All who climb this Jacob's ladder,
As they pass the pearly gate.

4 Three steps only! Oh, to take them!
Bliss eternal it will be.
"Three steps only!" Oh, to miss them!
Lost — through all Eternity!

No. 100. According to your Faith.

Rev. J. L. Stokes. L. L. Pickett.

1. Blest Sav - iour, what a word is this! My heart leaps as I read;
2. It claims our Fa - ther's bound-less store, The rich - es of His grace,
3. Par - don and peace and ho - li - ness, And heav - en's own re - ward,—
4. All, all is ours by sim - ple faith, As soon as we be - lieve,—

'Tis all the strength, the love, the bliss We wea - ry sin - ners need.
Great - er than an - gel's thought, and more Than an - gel's hand can trace.
Sav - iour, as - ton - ished, we con-fess Nev - er was such a word.
We rest on what the Sav - iour saith, And then with joy re - ceive;

Refrain.

"Ac - cord - ing to your faith" Is what the Sav - iour saith;
Lord, I be - lieve, And now re - ceive Ac-cord - ing to my faith.

From "Cheerful Songs."

No. 101. I'm Going Home to Die no More.

Wm. Hunter. Arranged.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there; }
   { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }

Cho. { *I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!* }
     { *To die no more; to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more!* }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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

No. 102. Trust in the Lord and Believe.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. We sing of a beau - ti - ful cit - y Where nev - er a mor - tal has trod; Its walls and its gates are of jas-per, Its builder and mak-er is God.
2. We sing of a clear flowing riv - er That wa - ters the cit - y a - bove; We sing of the pure and the ho - ly That dwell in those mansions of love.
3. Our faith looks a-way to that cit - y, And soars to its por - tals of light; And gladly we'll sing of its grandeur, Till faith shall be changed in - to sight.

There sickness, temptation, and sor-row, No long-er our spir-its shall grieve; And tho' we behold not its glo - ry, We trust in the Lord and believe.
Oh, there are the sower and reap-er, And there are the crowns they re- ceive; We know not the bliss they inherit, But trust in the Lord and believe.
We 'll sing of the tree by the riv - er, Of garlands our fin-gers may weave; And oh, till the veil shall be lifted, We 'll trust in the Lord and believe.

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No. 103.. There's a Heaven in the Heart.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS. (SOLO OR DUET.) CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

Tempo ad lib.

1. Look not far a-way, my brother, Far a-way to distant lands, Where, when
2. Are you wea-ry, heav-y la-den, With the toil of ma-ny years? There is
3. Is there lack of love, my brother, Love of neighbor, kindred, friend? Love of

life and toil are end-ed, We may tread those golden strands. Heaven
joy with-in the pres-ent, Tho' we see it thro' our tears. Dark-est
him a-bove all oth-er, Kind, in-dulg-ing to the end? Love and

is not near so dis-tant, If we will but choose the part; Cheer up,
clouds will quickly scat-ter, If we will but choose the part; Cheer up,
mer-cy, oh, how precious! Choose ye, then, poor Ma-ry's part; Cheer up,

broth-er, sing and la-bor, There's a heav-en in the heart.

CHORUS.

a tempo.

There's a heav - - en in the heart, ... There's a
Heav-en in the heart, in the lov-ing Christian heart,

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

There's a Heaven in the Heart. Concluded.

heav - - en in the heart, . . . There's a heav - - en in the
Heav-en in the heart, in the loving Christian heart, Heaven in the heart, in the

heart, ... There's a heav-en in the lov - ing Chris-tian heart.
lov - ing Christian heart,

No. 104. His Word of Grace.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. His Word of grace so rich and strong Sus-tains my soul the whole day long;
2. When Sa-tan comes with might-y pow'r, This Word up-holds me in such hour;
3. This ho - ly Word lights up the way, From earth-ly night to heav'nly day;
4. It is the Word of Christ, my King. The gift of love, God's of - fer - ing;

FINE.

It gives me strength, it feeds my soul, It heals dis - ease and makes me whole.
And thro' his le - gions great and fierce The Spir - it's sword doth sure-ly pierce.
It shines up - on the pil-grim's path, And saves his soul from end-less wrath.
It bids me cease from earth-ly strife, And points the way to end-less life.

D.S. *It lights up earth, and gilds the grave, And bears us o - ver death's dark wave.*

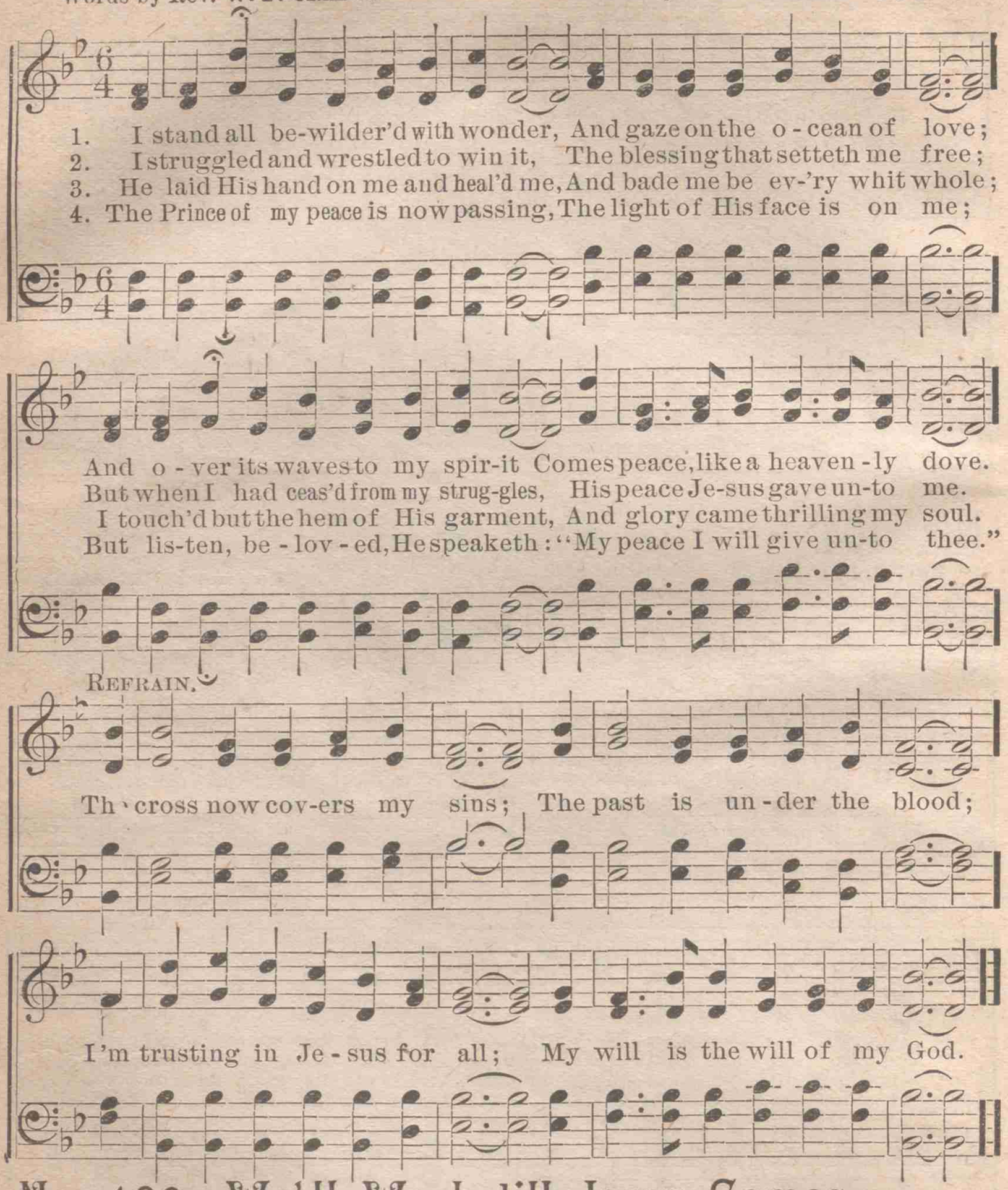
D.S.

CHORUS.

His Word of truth so rich and free, Brings life and joy and peace to me;

Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 105. The Prince of my Peace.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. Music by W. G. FISCHER. By per.

No. 106. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Chorus.—
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

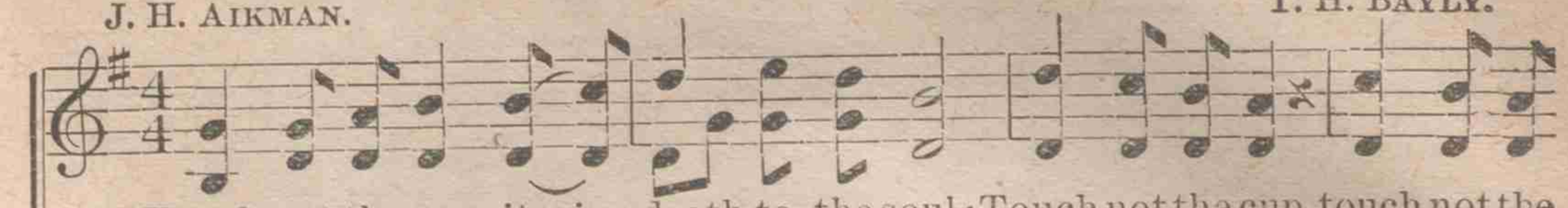
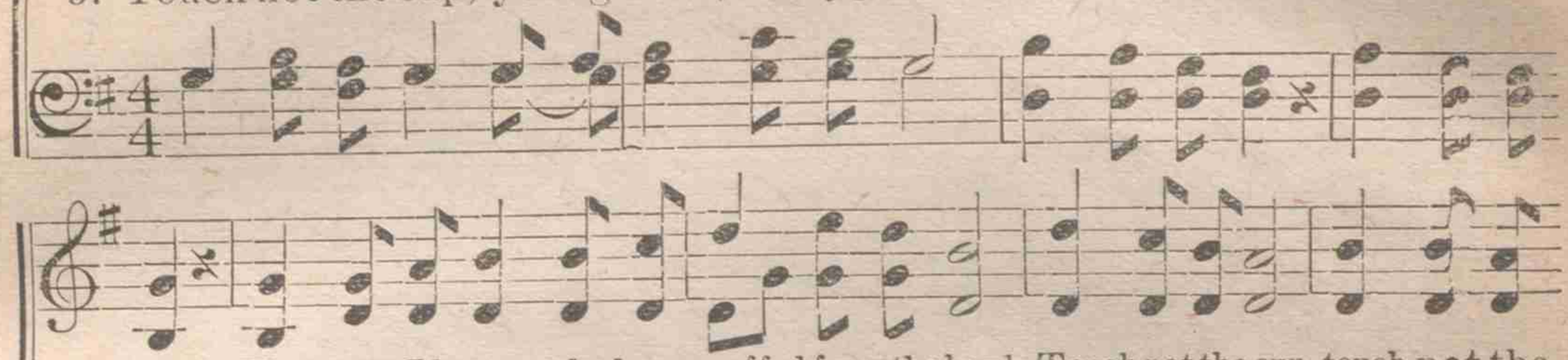
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

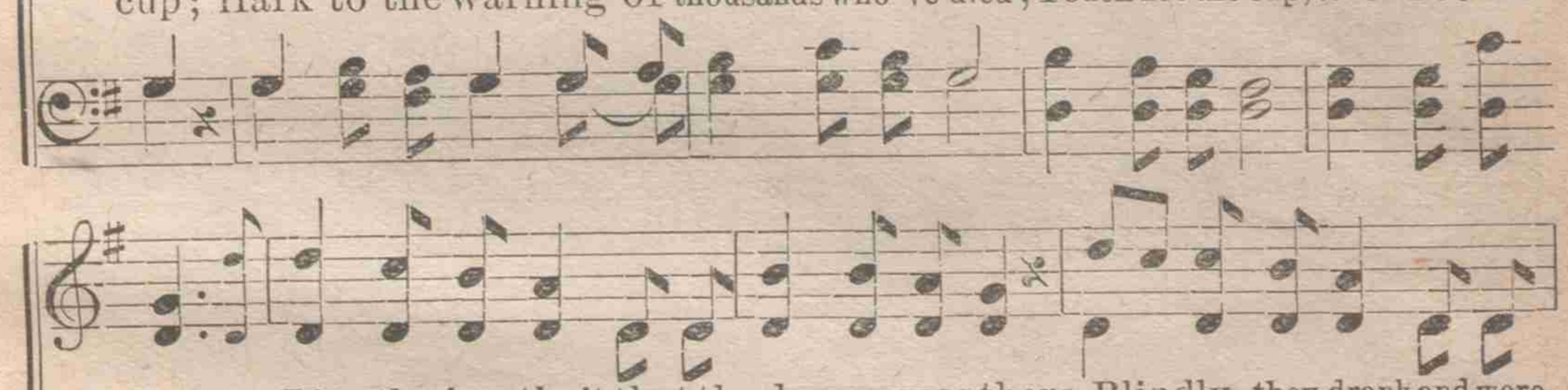
3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

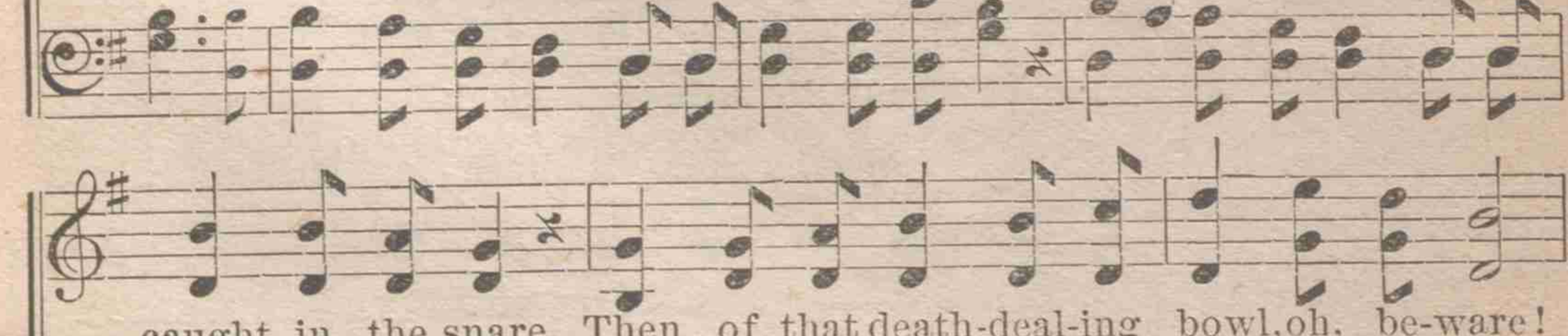
No. 107. Touch not the Cup.

Tune: "LONG, LONG AGO."

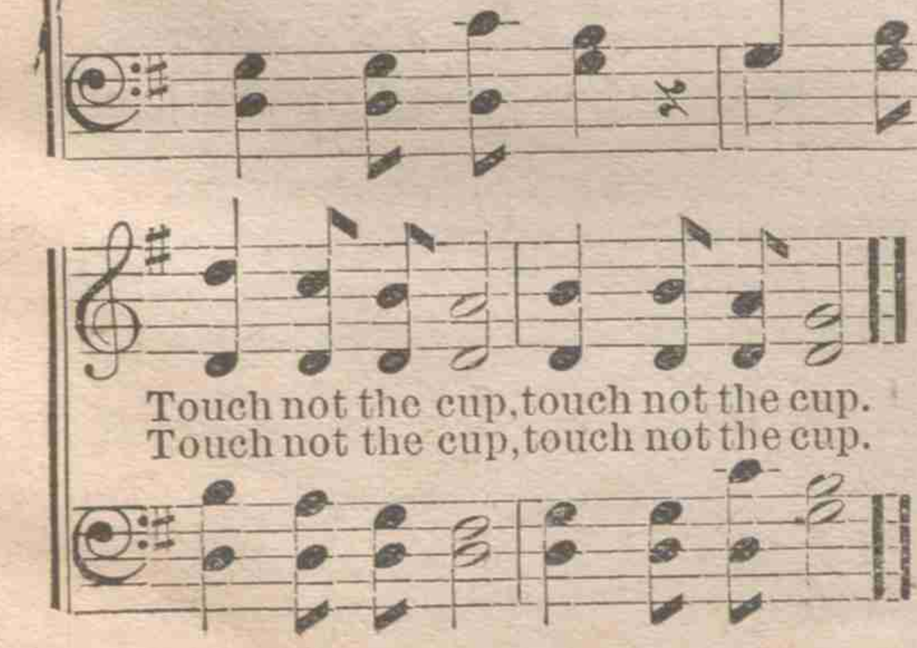
J. H. AIKMAN. T. H. BAYLY.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride, Touch not the cup, touch not the

cup; Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from the bowl; Touch not the cup, touch not the
cup; Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch not the
cup; Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch not the



cup; Lit - tle they tho't that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were
cup; The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deep-ly the poi-son will
cup; Go to the lone-ly and des - o-late tomb, Think of the death, of the



caught in the snare, Then of that death-deal-ing bowl, oh, be-ware!
en - ter thy soul, Soon it will plunge thee be - yond thy con-trol;
sor - row and gloom, Think that perhaps thou may'st share in the doom.

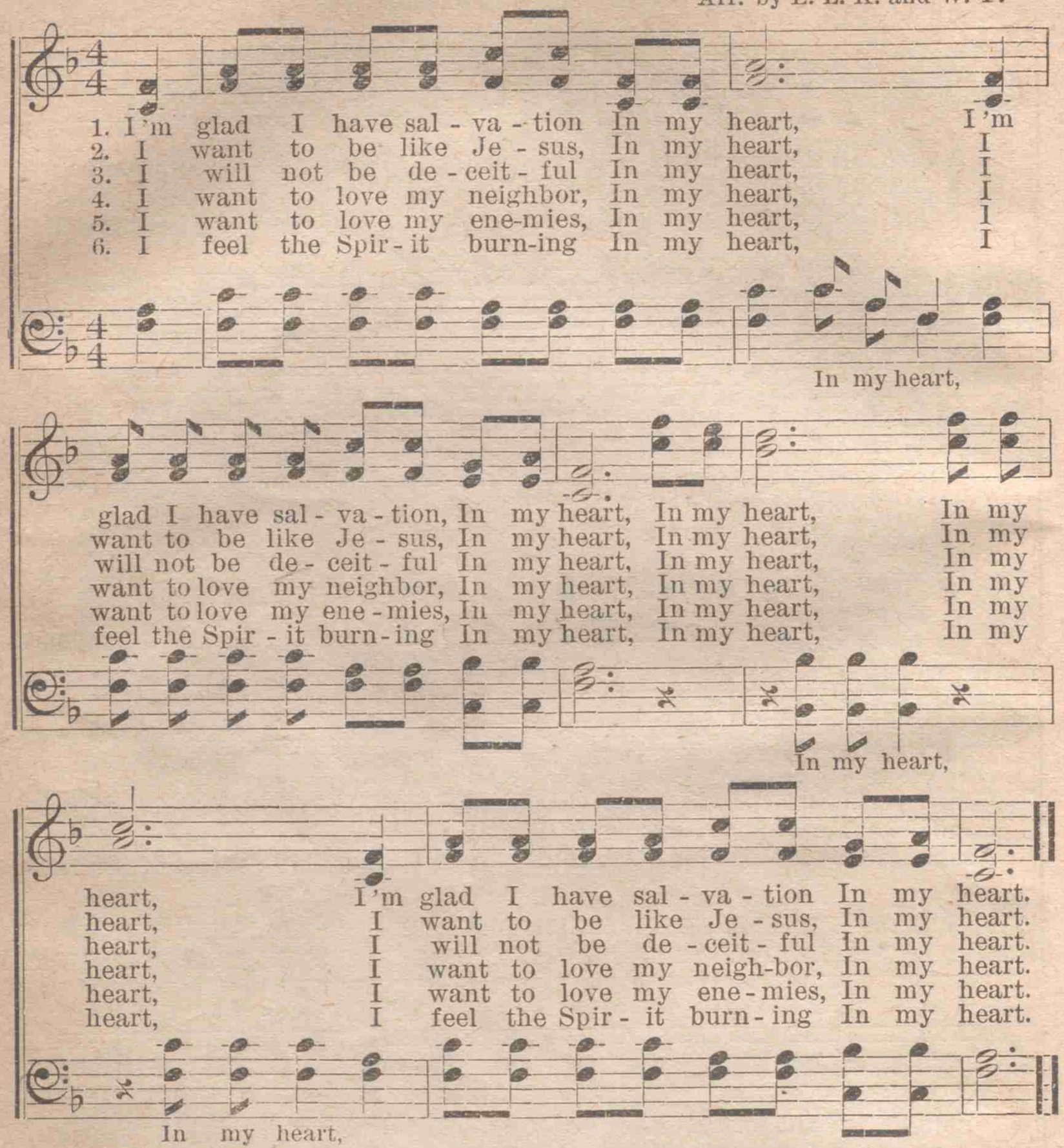


Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

4 Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near;
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear;
Stop! for thy country! the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

No. 108. Salvation in the Heart.

Arr. by E. L. K. and W. P.



No. 109. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I 'm found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

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

No. 110. In Canaan Now.

Arr. E. T. RINEHART. Arr. by JNO. MCPHERSON.

1. I used to think that Ca - naan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, per -
2. A land of corn and wine Where milk and hon - ey flow, On which the
3. A life at peace with God, With Je - sus in my soul, A heart wash'd
4. This rest it is for you, Then leave the wil - derness, You 'll find God's

haps, might go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to Je - sus,
Lord doth smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God,
in the blood, By Him made ful - ly whole. From death to life di - vine,
word is true, You 're a - ble to pos sess. So put a-way the things

And at His cross did bow, I got sal - va - tion thro' the blood, I'm
Be - cause He shows me how, I stand where good old Josh - ua stood, I'm
Each dark spot white as snow, He speaks the word and it is done, The
That He doth not al - low, And if your all to Christ you bring, You 're

CHORUS.

liv-ing in Ca-naan now.
liv-ing in Ca-naan now.
soul re-ceives it now.
liv-ing in Ca-naan now.

Liv-ing in Ca - naan now, I 'm liv-ing in

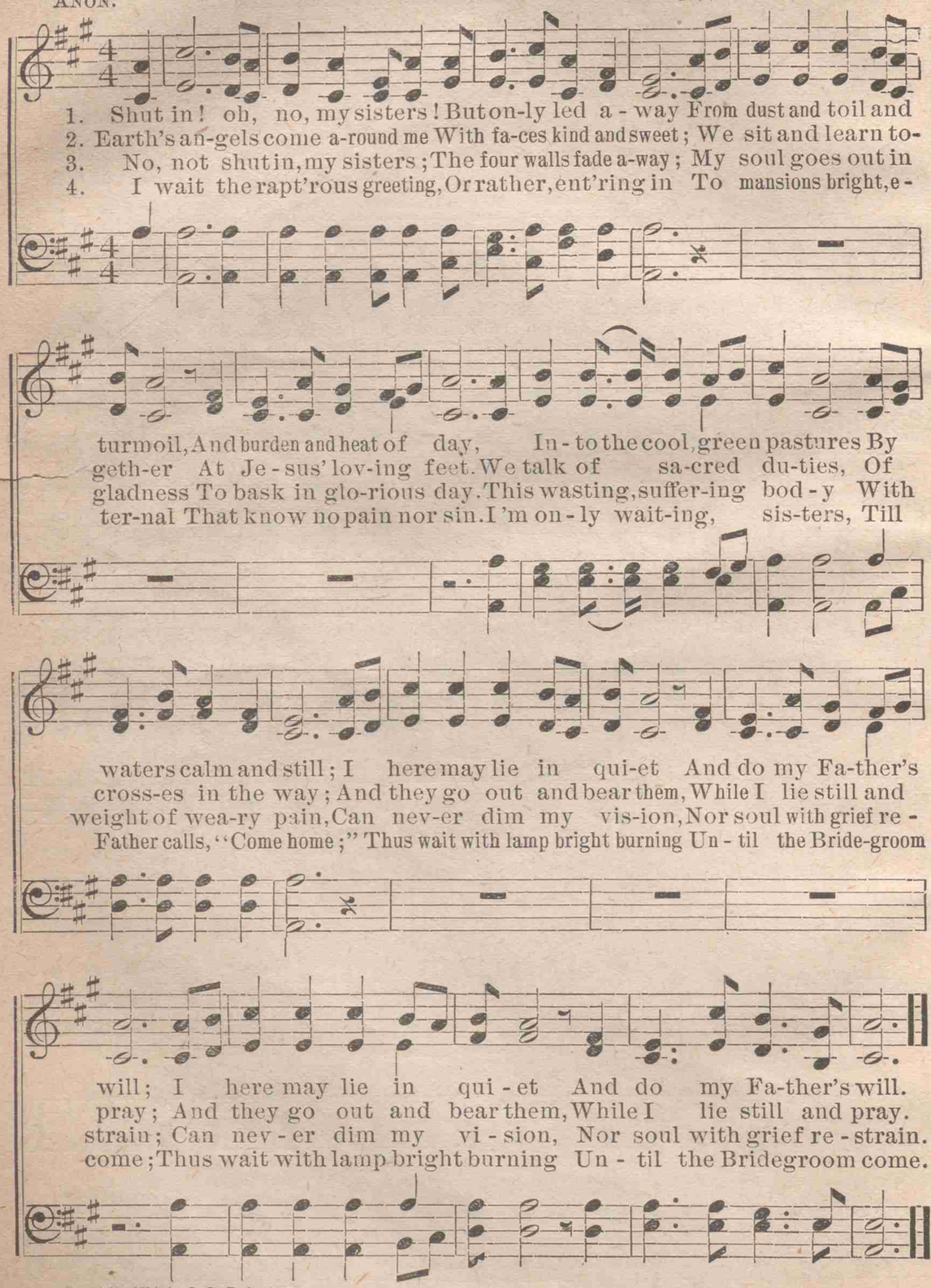
Ca-naan now, I 'm do - ing well, I 'm glad to tell, I 'm liv - ing in Ca-naan now.

No. 111. Shut in.

Dedicated to our brothers and sisters, who, under the ministry of sickness and infirmities, are ripening for glory.

ANON. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Shut in! oh, no, my sisters! But on-ly led a - way From dust and toil and turmoil, And burden and heat of day, In - to the cool, green pastures By waters calm and still; I here may lie in qui-et And do my Fa-ther's will.
2. Earth's an-gels come a-round me With fa-ces kind and sweet; We sit and learn to-geth-er At Je - sus' lov-ing feet. We talk of sa-cred du-ties, Of pray; And they go out and bear them, While I lie still and pray.
3. No, not shut in, my sisters; The four walls fade a-way; My soul goes out in gladness To bask in glo-rious day. This wasting, suffer-ing bod - y With cross-es in the way; And they go out and bear them, While I lie still and strain; Can nev - er dim my vi - sion, Nor soul with grief re - strain.
4. I wait the rapt'rous greeting, Or rather, ent'ring in To mansions bright, e - ter-nal That know no pain nor sin. I'm on - ly wait-ing, sis-ters, Till weight of wea-ry pain, Can nev-er dim my vis-ion, Nor soul with grief re - Father calls, "Come home;" Thus wait with lamp bright burning Un - til the Bride-groom come; Thus wait with lamp bright burning Un - til the Bridegroom come.



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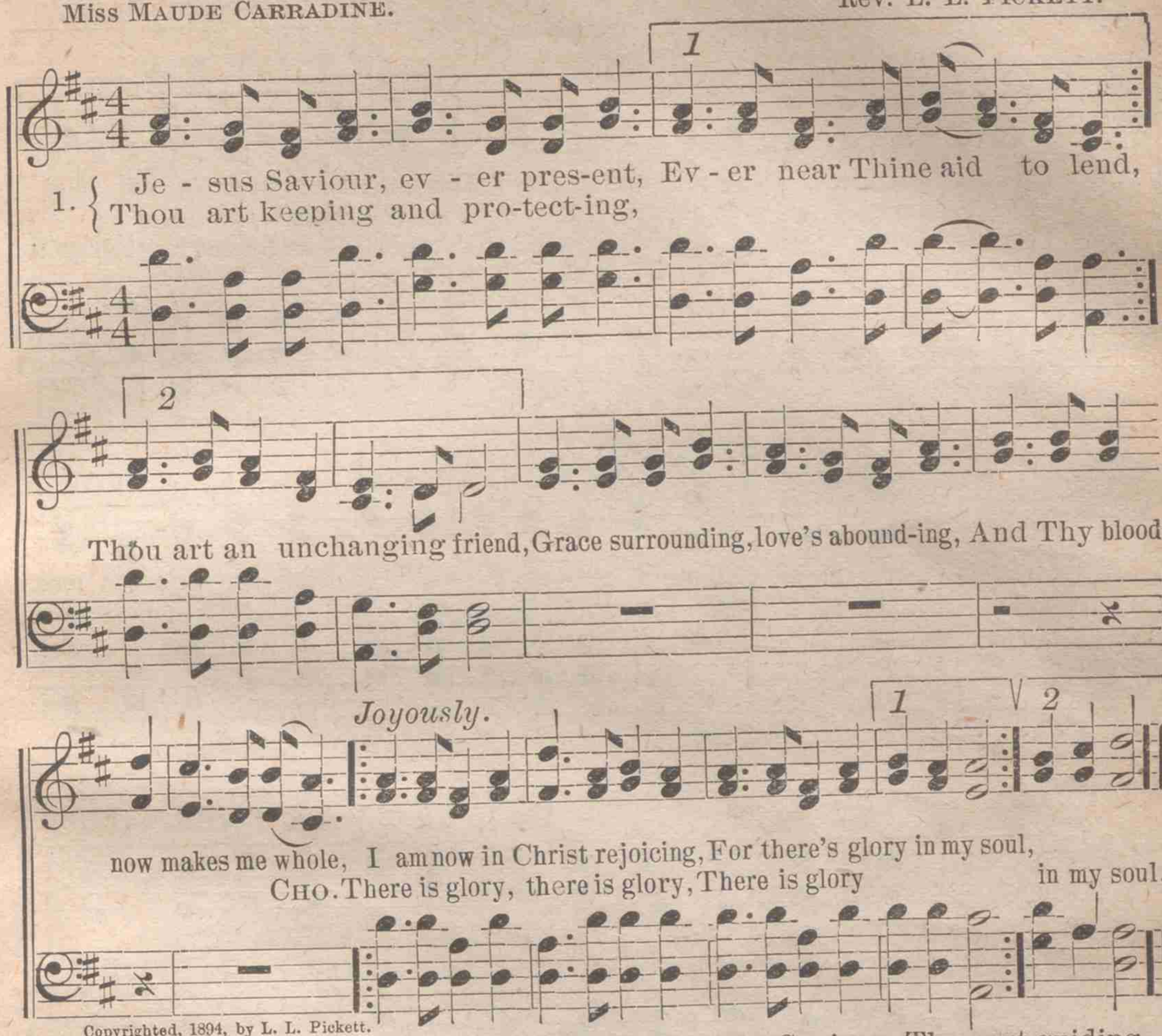
No. 112. Glory in my Soul.

Miss MAUDE CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 Jesus Saviour, Thou dost bless me
Every moment, every hour,
O how sweet to rest securely
In Thy precious, "keeping power."
I'm believing and receiving,
And Thy peace doth o'er me roll;
I am now in Christ abiding,
Oh, there's glory in my soul.

3 Precious Saviour, Thou art guiding
Every step; yes, day by day;
Thy word lights the darkest pathway,
And my feet shall never stray.
Fears are groundless, mercy's bound-
less,
All my life Thou dost control;
Oh, my heart is filled with gladness,
And there's glory in my soul,

No. 113. A Revival Battle-Song.

Tune.—"HOLD THE FORT." M. W. KNAPP.

1 Hear and heed the Gospel message
Echoed from the skies,
Jesus Christ has come to save you
For your sins He dies.

Chorus.—
All this world belongs to Jesus,
Now He claims His own;
He will save you if you 'll trust Him,
Save you every one.

2 Rum and whiskey and tobacco,
Never saved a soul;
Christ, the Lord, alone can save you,
He will make you whole.

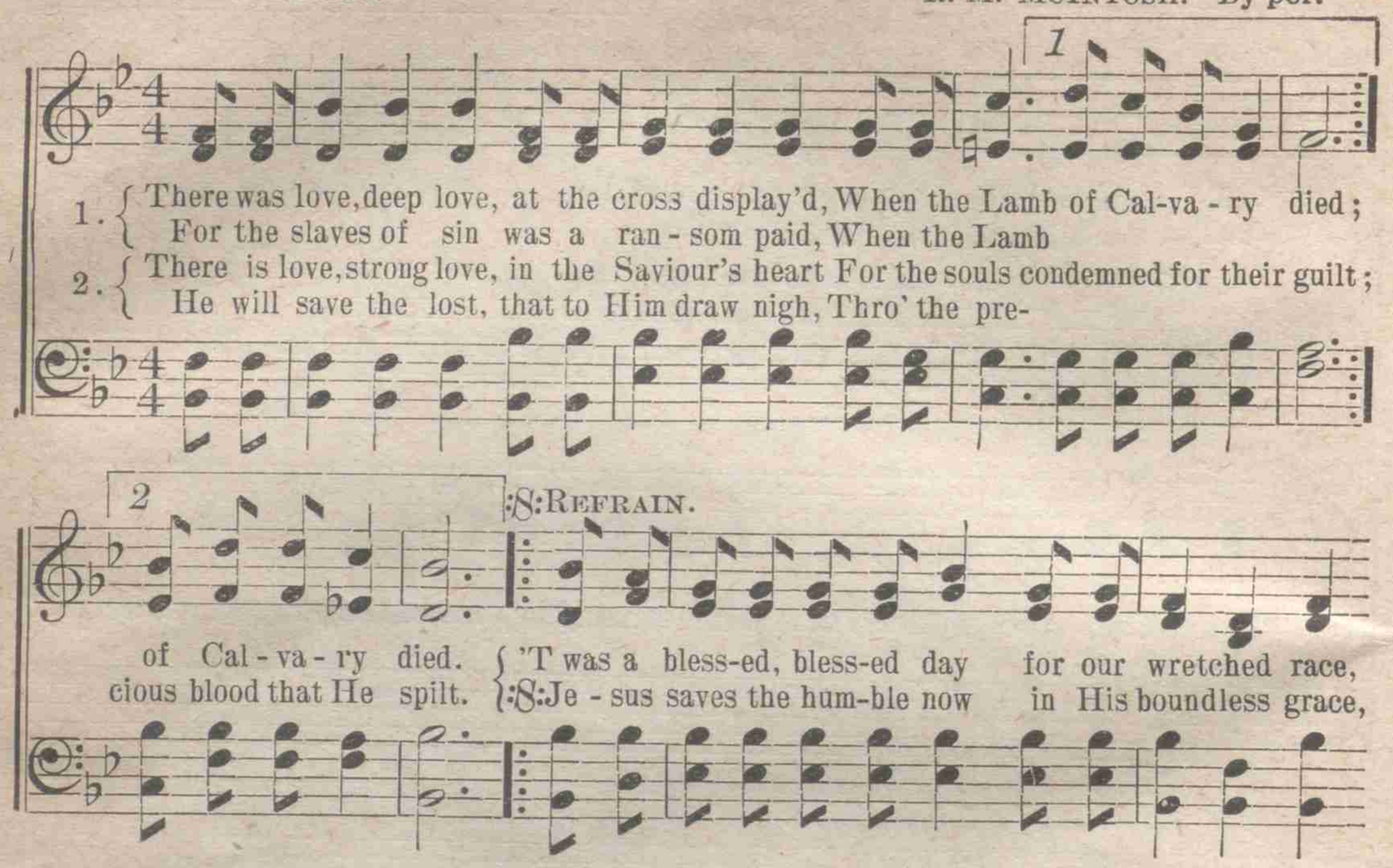
3 Wealth and business, mirth and
pleasure,
All will pass away,
But the treasures Christ will give you
Never can decay.

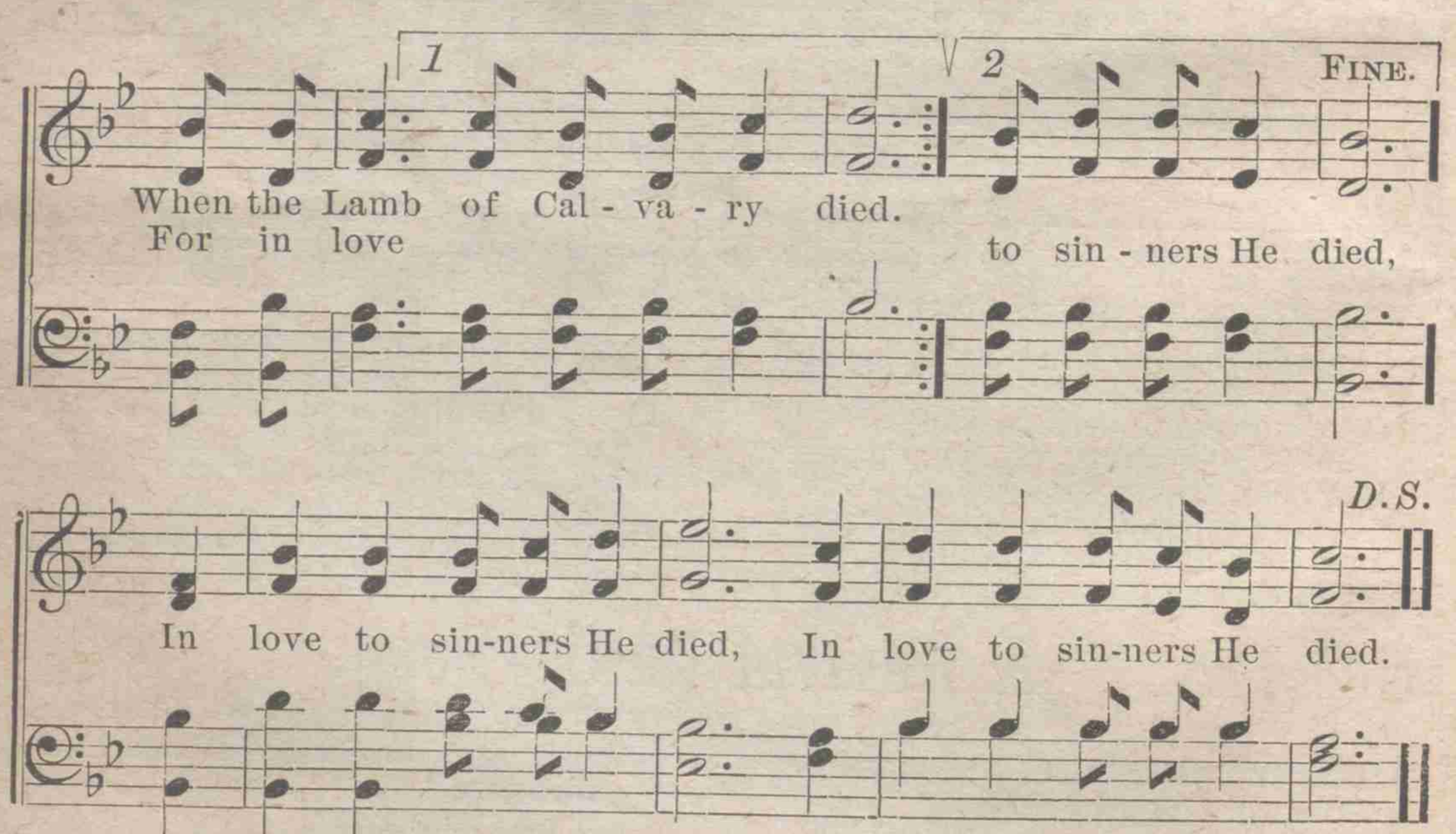
4 Let not frowns nor false professors
Keep from Christ to-day;
Haste to seek Him, haste to serve Him,
Sinner, while you may.

5 Make your choice for hell or heaven,
Where you soon will be;
There to spend the countless ages
Of eternity.

No. 114. The Lamb of Calvary.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.





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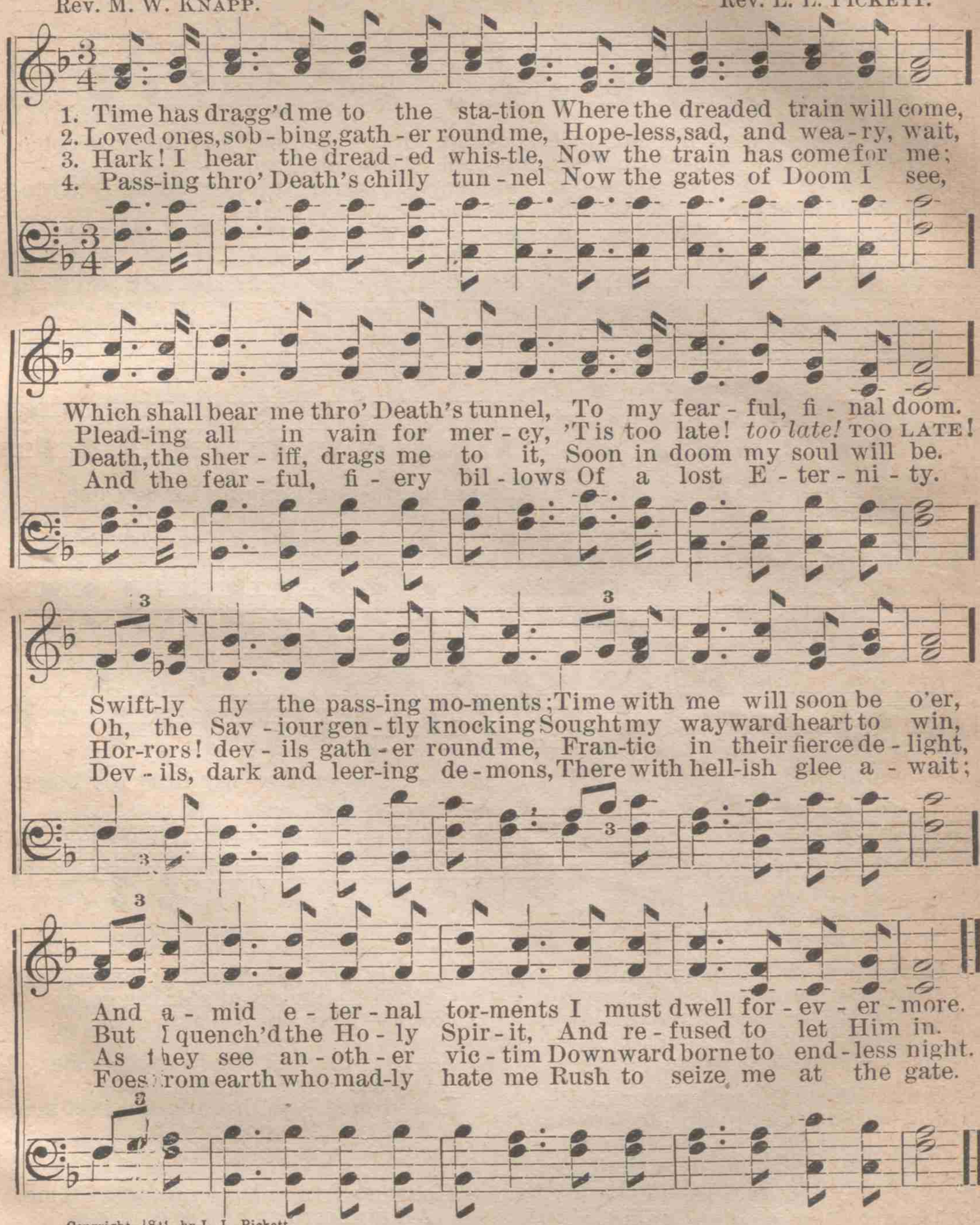
3 There is love, warm love, in the Saviour's heart
For the troubled, wretched, and weak;
In His boundless grace He will peace impart
To the mourner, lowly and meek.

4 Unto Jesus come with your load of grief,
And repose by faith on His breast,
There your burdened spirit shall find relief-
On the Lamb of Calvary rest.

No. 115. The Sinner at the Station.

A dying infidel shrieked—"See! see! do you not see them? They've come for me; I must go to my own place." His last words were "Damned! damned! forever damned!"
Revival Kindlings, page 274.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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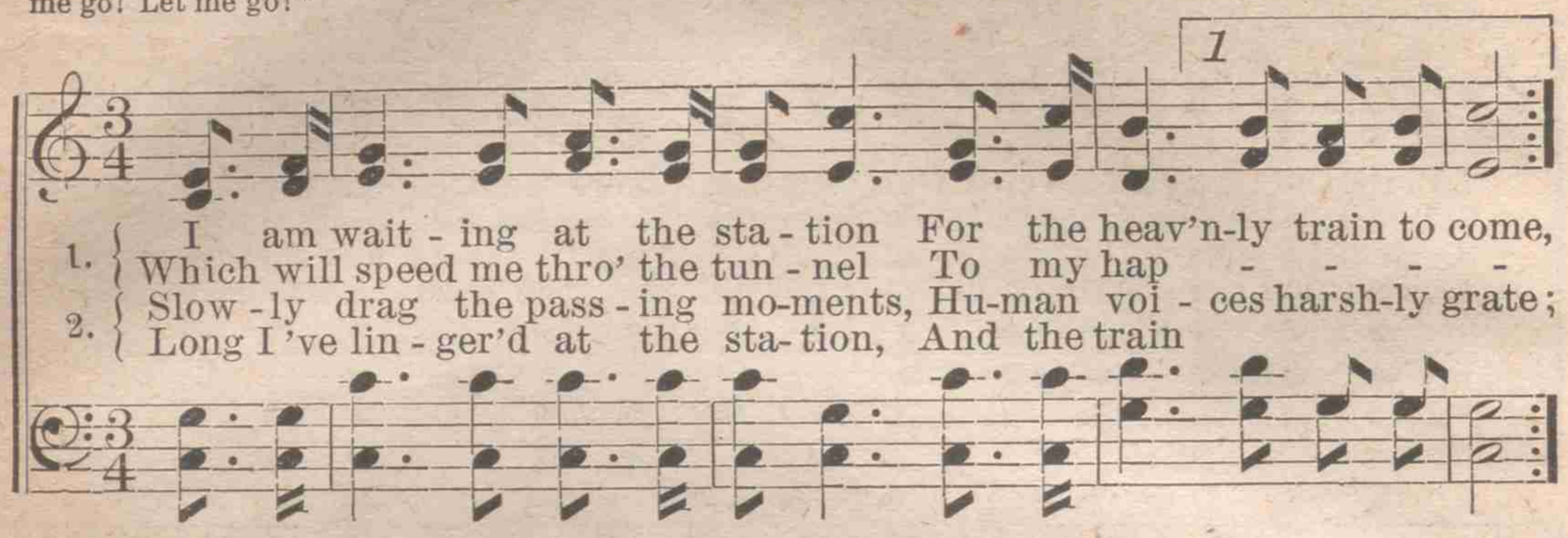
5 See them! see them! drive them from me!
Snatch me from their fury fierce
Or their torments on forever
Will my sinking spirit pierce.
Horrors dark past all expression,
Seize my wretched, sinful soul,
As the waves of dark damnation
O'er my guilty spirit roll.

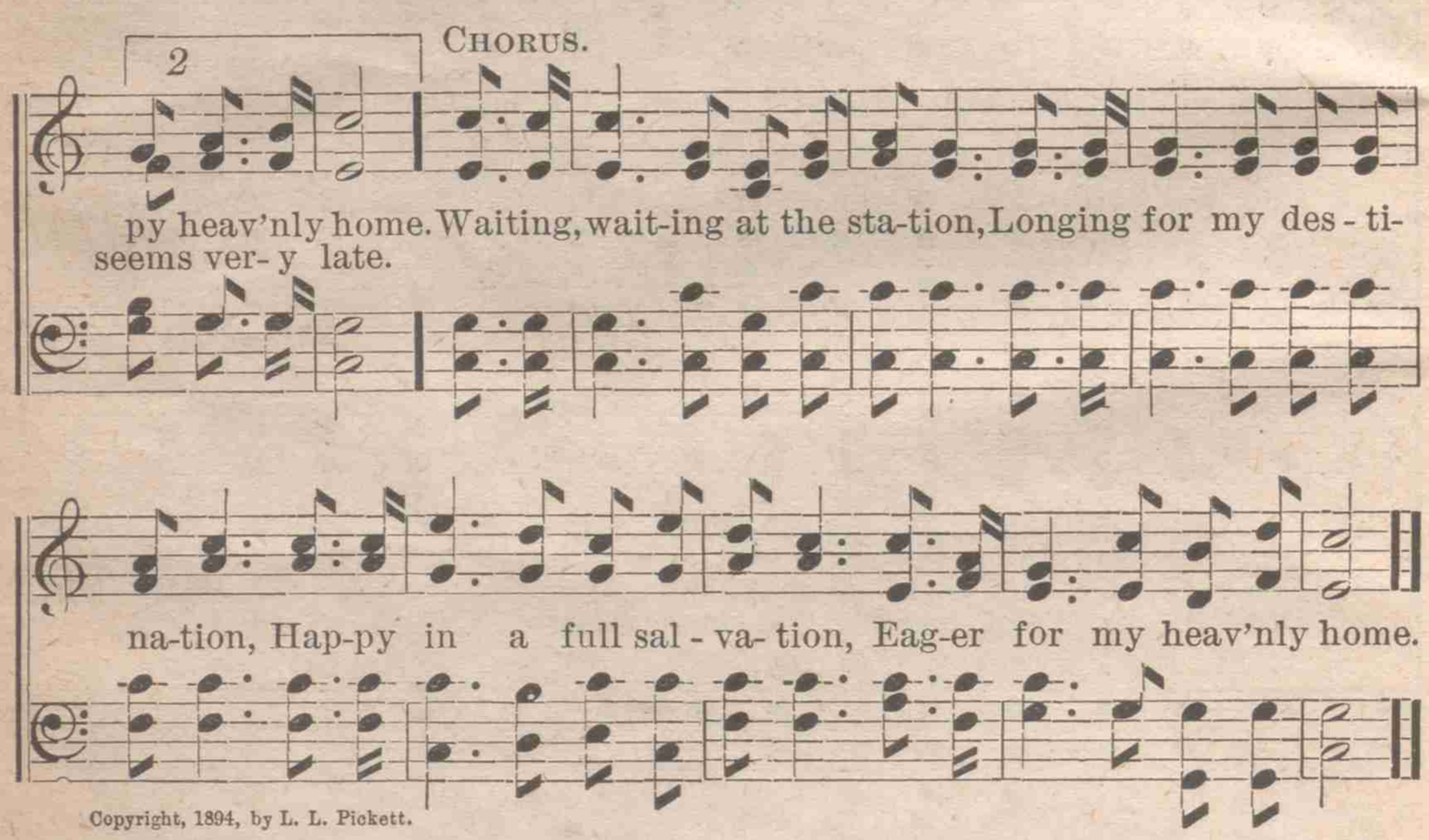
6 Oh, remember, dying sinners,
What your fearful doom will be,
If you do not turn from evil
And to Jesus quickly flee.
On the cross He died to save you
From your sins and fearful fate;
Oh, accept His proffered mercy
Ere you cry "*Too late!* TOO LATE!"

No. 116. The Christian at the Station.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

The day before my father died he became very anxious to go and said repeatedly, "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!"





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3 Here the air is damp and chilly,
And the light burns very low,
Fastly fall the dark'ning shadows,
And my spirit longs to go.
Chorus.— Waiting, waiting, etc.

4 Hark! I hear the welcome whistle,
Now the train appears for me;
Loved ones bear me gently to it,
Soon my home my eyes shall see.
Chorus.— Waiting, waiting, etc.

5 Listen! what seraphic singing!
See! the angels fill the sky!
Heaven with loudest praise is ringing;
Let me go! good-bye! good-bye!
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

6 Passing thro' Death's lighted tunnel
Heaven's spires I now behold,
And its walls of gleaming jasper,
With its streets of shining gold.
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

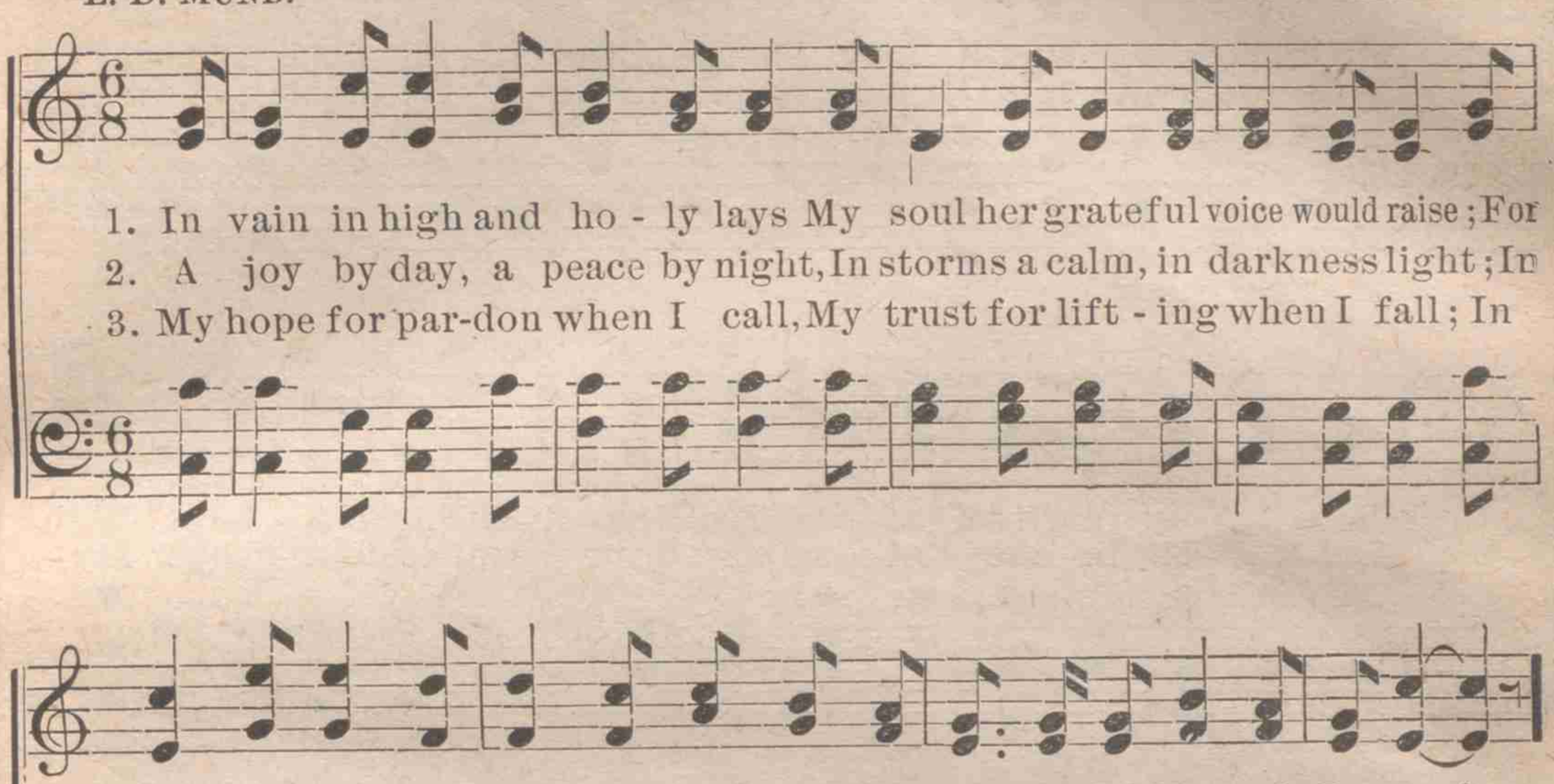
7 See! my Saviour comes to meet me,
O what welcomes glad await;
Loved ones fly with smiles to greet me,
As I pass the pearly gate.
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

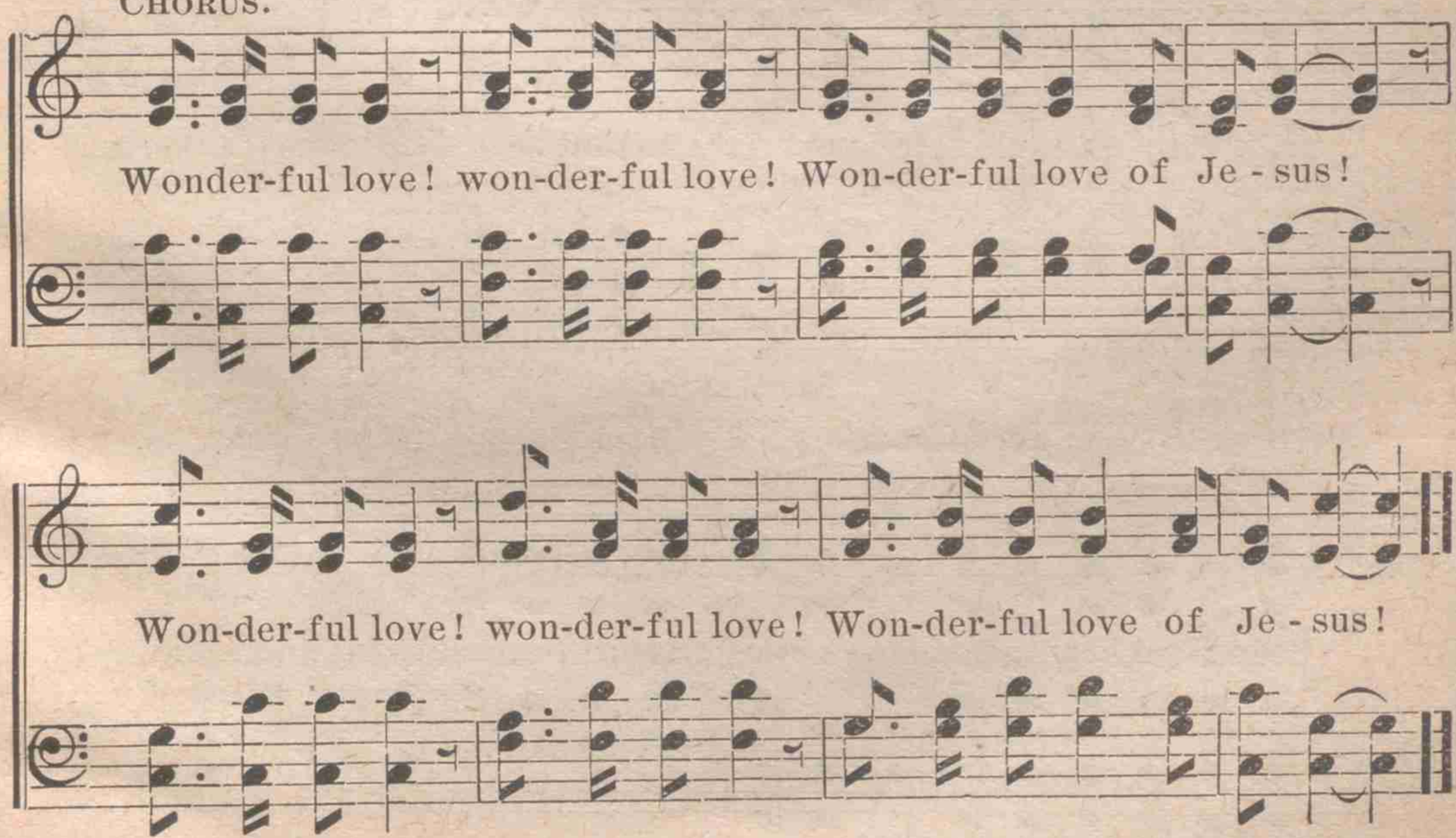
8 Heaven's triumphant raptures fill me,
All my sorrows now are passed;
Joys immortal sweetly thrill me,
Glory! I am Home at last.
Chorus.—
No more waiting at the station,
Longing for my destination;
Happy in a full salvation,
Glad to reach my Heavenly home.

No. 117. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Eph. iii: 19.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



CHORUS.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

No. 118. Beautiful Home Above.

UNKNOWN. J. A. ROBERSON.

1. Oh, how my spir-it longs for thee, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove;
2. To reach thee safe I dai-ly pray, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove;

Where I may rest from sor-row free, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove. With-
And trav-el in the toil-some way, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove. My

in the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I 'll
wea-ry feet are bruis'd and sore, But Je-sus' feet were bruis'd before, To

walk with an-gels fair and bright, In that beauti-ful home a-bove.
bring me to the o-pen door Of my beau-ti-ful home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti-ful home, Beau - - ti-ful home, Oh,

Beauti-ful, beauti-ful home a-bove, Beauti-ful, beauti-ful home above, Oh,

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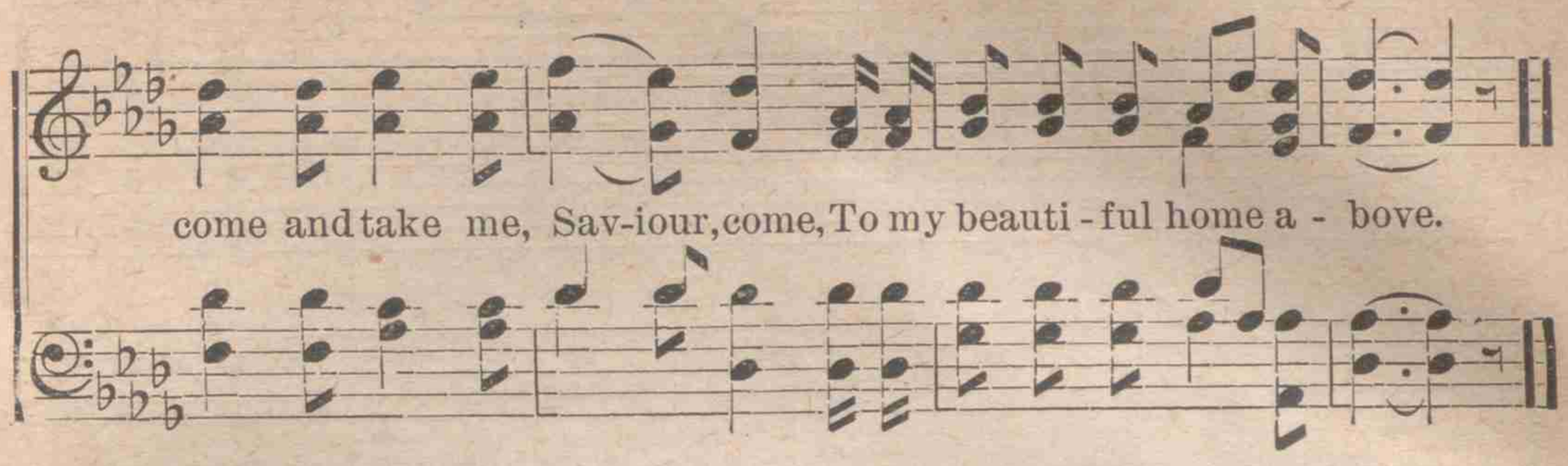
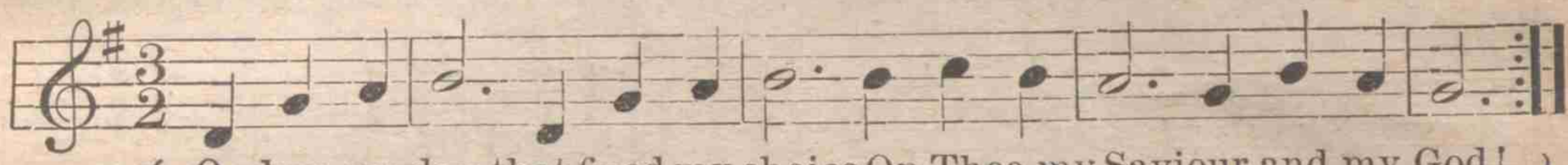
Beautiful Home Above. Concluded.

No. 119. Happy Day.



1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

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

No. 120.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2 I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I 'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell Him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
I know He will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 I know He will admit my plea,
Will gladly hear my prayer;
I will not perish, if I pray,
For none can perish there.

6 I can not perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 121.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

L. D. CARRINGTON.

INTRODUCTION. SOLO or DUET.

1. At home or a-way, in the alley or street, Wherever I chance in this
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose
3. No matter how deep he is sunken in sin, No matter how much he is
4. That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast, That form hath been wept o'er, those

wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My
spir - its are cold, Be it woman all fall-en, or man all de - filed, A
shunned by his kin, No matter how foul is his fount - ain of joy, Tho'
lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild, For

REFRAIN.

heart ech-oes soft-ly, "It is some mother's child" Some mother's child,
voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child,
guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy. Some mother's boy,
her sake deal gently with some mother's child. Some mother's child,

some mother's child, My heart echoes softly, "It is some mother's child."
some mother's child, A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child."
some mother's boy, Tho' guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
some mother's child, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

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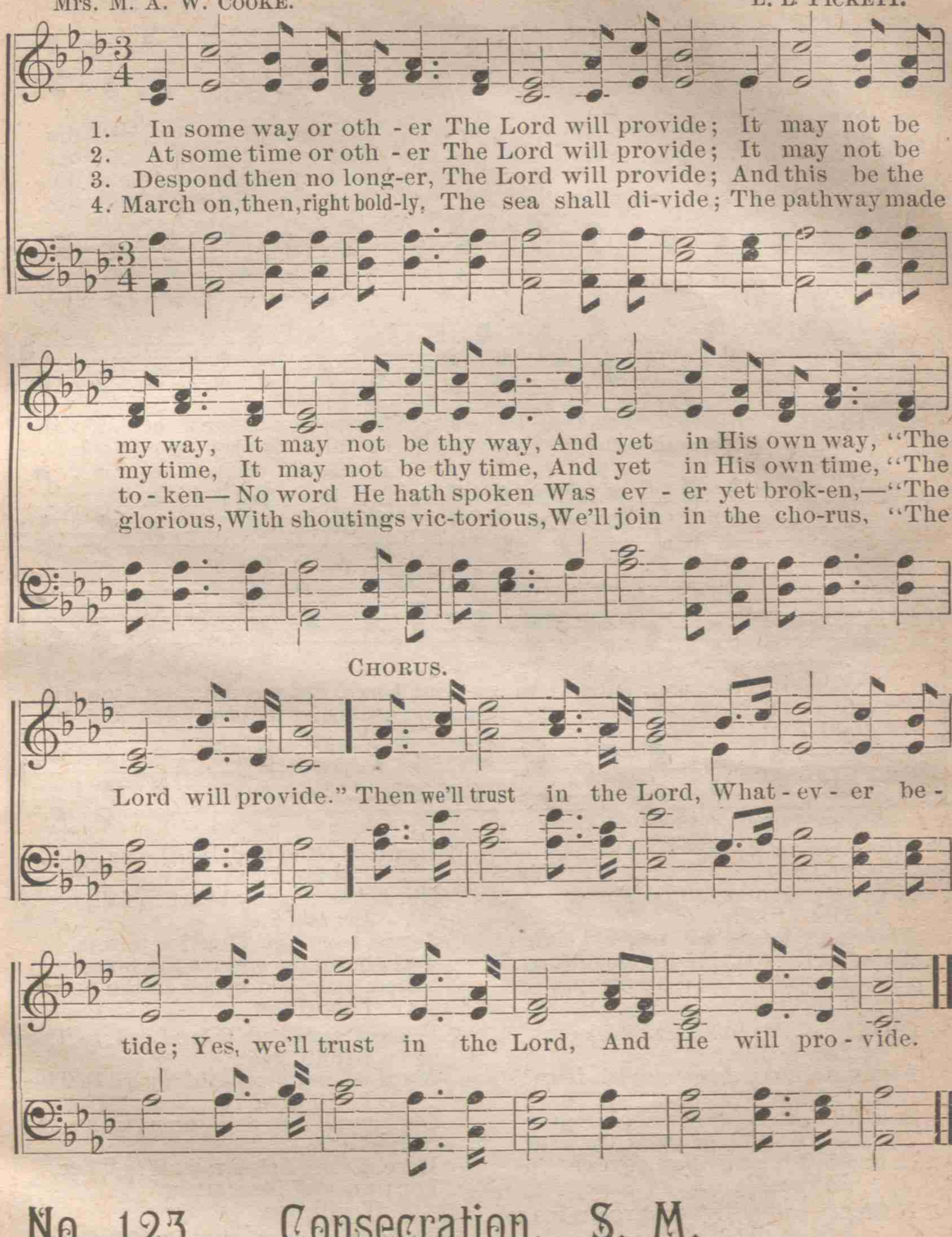
No. 122. The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke. L. L. Pickett.



No. 123. Consecration. S. M.

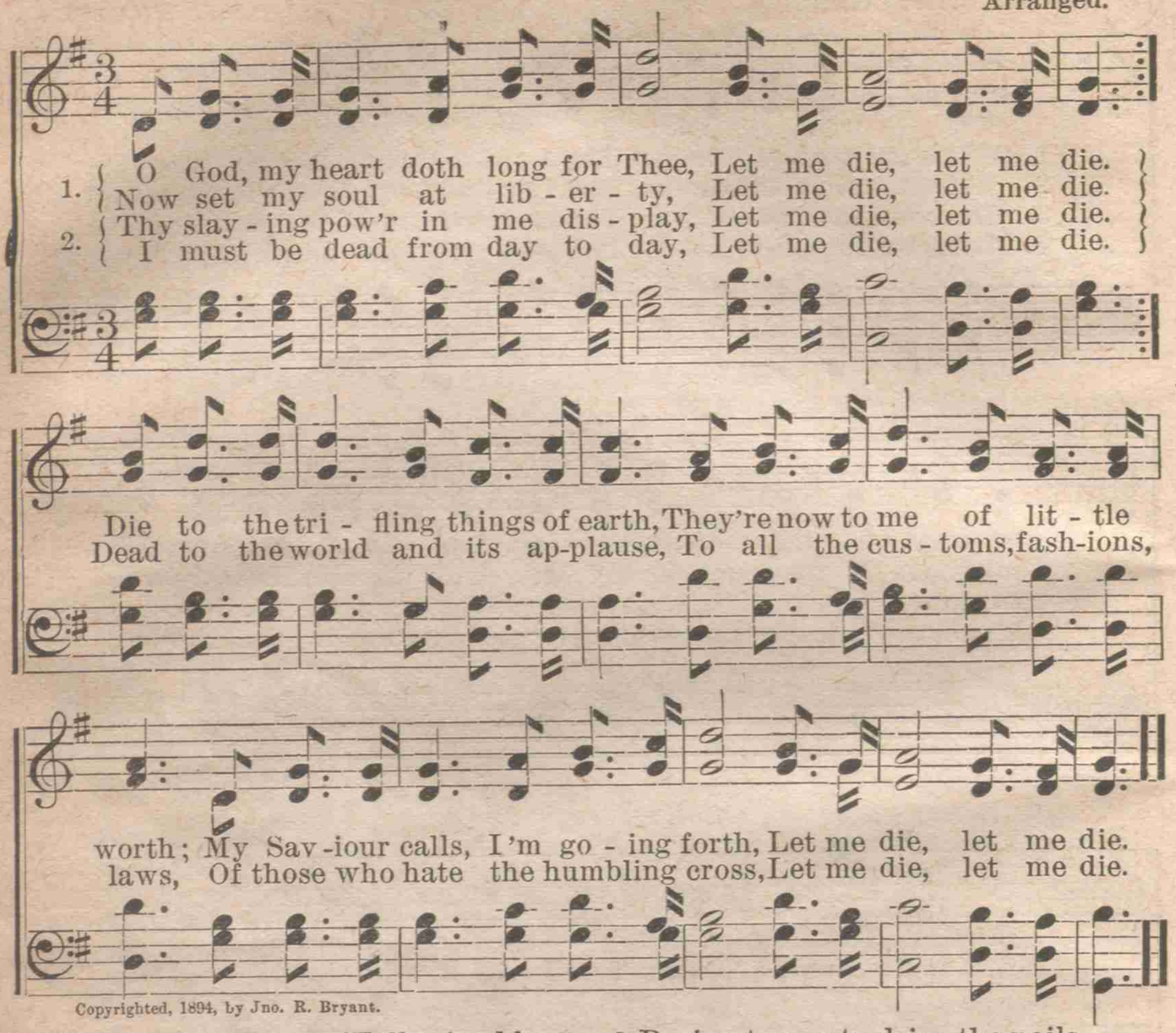
Tune.—"LABAN." Charles Wesley.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I,
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

No. 124. Let me Die.

Arranged.



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3 My friends may say "I 'll ruined be,"
If I die.
If I leave all and follow Thee,
But I 'll die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day;
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die.

4 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die.
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
Let me die.

5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die.
Like Him I crucified must be,
I must die.
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans, [moans,
My flesh may writhe and make its
But in this way, and this alone,
I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails,
Let me die:
Oh, suffer not my heart to fail,
Let me die.
Jesus, I look to Thee for power,
To help me to endure the hour
When, crucified by sovereign power,
I shall die.

7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
I will give.
Oh, may the Son now make me free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
I will live.

8 The carnal mind once troubled me,
But it died;
He sanctified and made me free,
So it died.
So dead that no desires arise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes,
So I live.

No. 125. Wasted Life.

R. M. McINTOSH.

QUARTET.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! the Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life, O'er sins in-
2. Noth-ing but leaves! no gather'd sheaves Of life's fair rip'ning grain: We sow our
3. Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past; And as we
4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but wither'd leaves? Ah! who shall

dulg'd while conscience slept, O'er vows and promises unkept, And reap from years of strife—
seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, idle words, for earnest deeds, Then reap with toil and pain,
trace our weary way, And count each lost and mis-spent day We sadly find at last—
at the Saviour's feet, Before the awful judgment seat, Lay down for golden sheaves,

CHORUS.

Noth - ing Noth - ing but leaves, Noth - ing Noth - ing but leaves!

Noth - ing but leaves! Noth - ing Noth - ing but leaves!

Noth-ing Nothing but leaves! Noth - ing but leaves! Noth - ing but leaves!

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No. 126. The Life-Boat.

First 3 verses ANON.
Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-ag - ed, And thought it all in vain,
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of Faith I see,

The storm - y clouds of dark - ness Will turn to brightest day.
For us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je - sus' name.
As she sweeps thro' the wa - ters To res-cue you and me,

Then let us all take cour - age, For we're not left a - lone;
But then we heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand;
And land us safe - ly in the port With friends we love so dear.

The life-boat soon is com - ing To gath-er the jew - els home.
And if you'll on - ly trust me I'll guide you to that land.
"Get read - y," cries the Cap - tain. Oh! look, she is al - most here.

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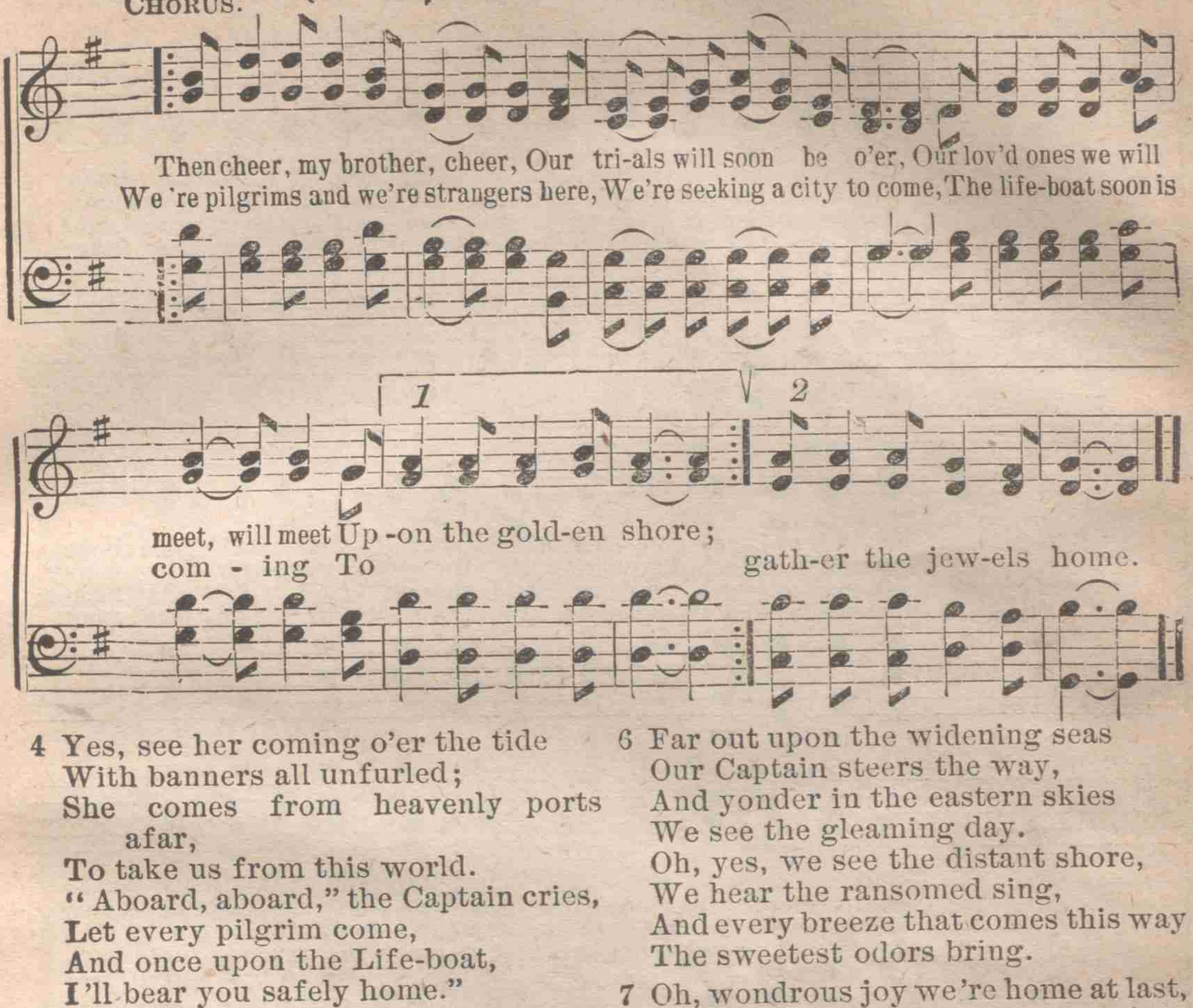
The Life-Boat. Concluded.

CHORUS.



4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide
With banners all unfurled;
She comes from heavenly ports afar,
To take us from this world.
"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,
Let every pilgrim come,
And once upon the Life-boat,
I'll bear you safely home."

5 Behold all things are ready now,
The bells begin to ring,
The Captain stands upon the prow,
And all the pilgrims sing.
The breezes fill the canvas,
The waters rush and foam,
For we're upon the Life-boat,
And on our journey home.

6 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.

7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and praise,
And shout forever more.
We're welcomed by our Saviour here
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed saints
All bid us welcome home!

No. 127. Sinners, Turn; why will ye Die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands:
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

No. 128. Shall we Know Each Other There?

W. M. Rev. R. Lowry. By per.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joi - ces, And my wea - ry heart grows light,
4. Oh, ye wea - ry, sad, and toss'd ones, Droop not, faint not, by the way;

When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing Glad - ly bid us wel - come home
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land?
For the thrill-ing an - gel voi - ces, And the an - gel fa - ces bright;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones In the land of per - fect day!

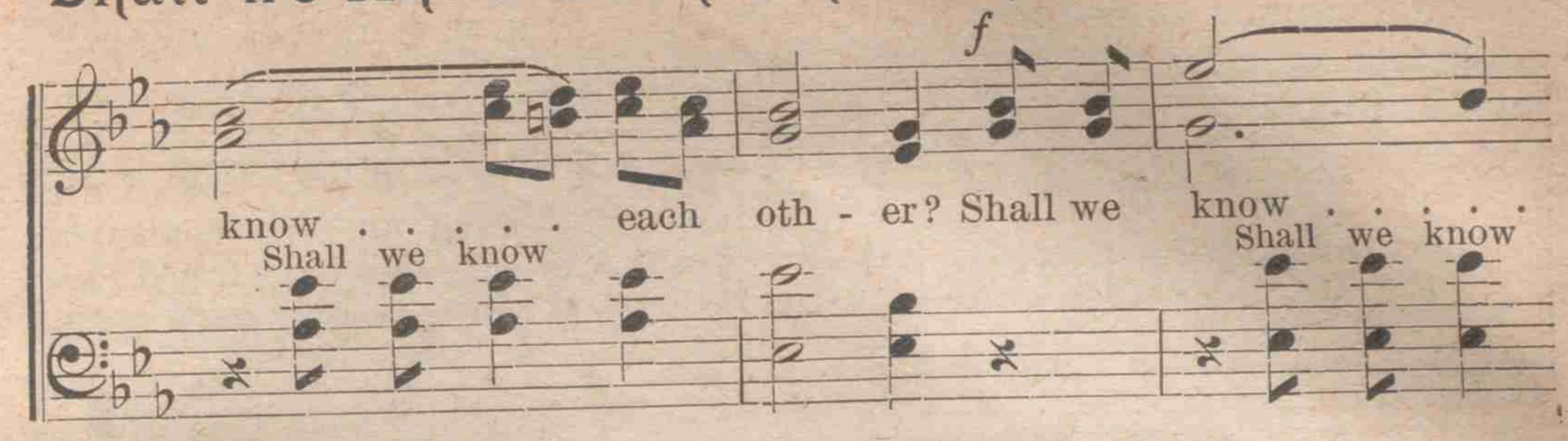
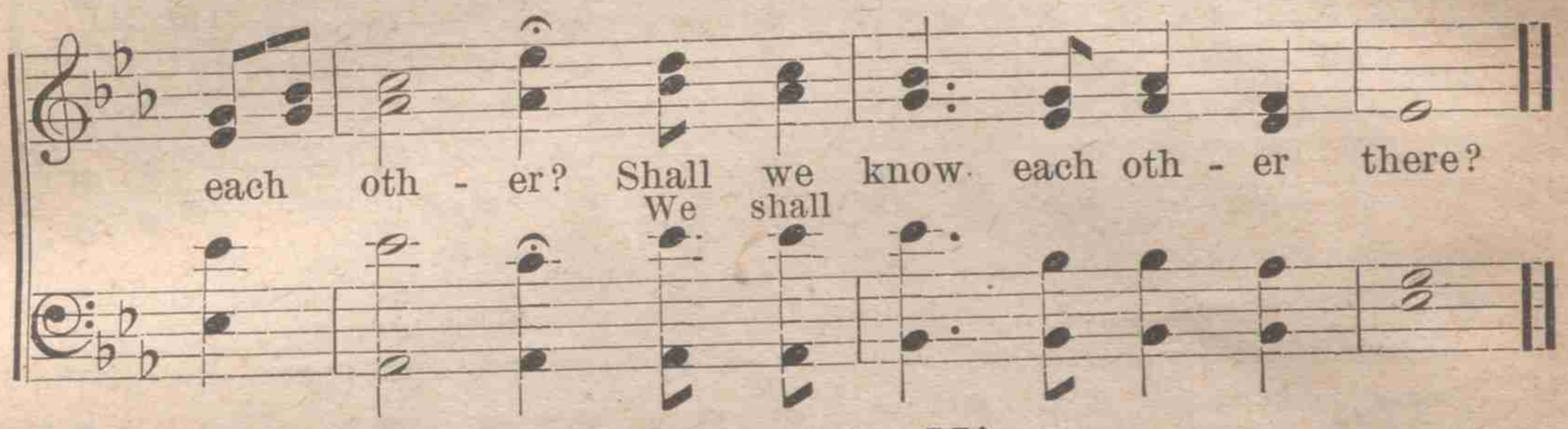
To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care;
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore?
That shall welcome us in heav - en, Are the lov'd of long a - go,
Harp-strings touch'd by an-gel fin - gers, Mur - mur in my rap-tured ear,

In that land of life and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond-ly round us, as be - fore?
And to them 't is kind - ly giv - en. Thus their earth - ly friends to know.
Ev - er - more their sweet song lin-gers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"

Refrain.

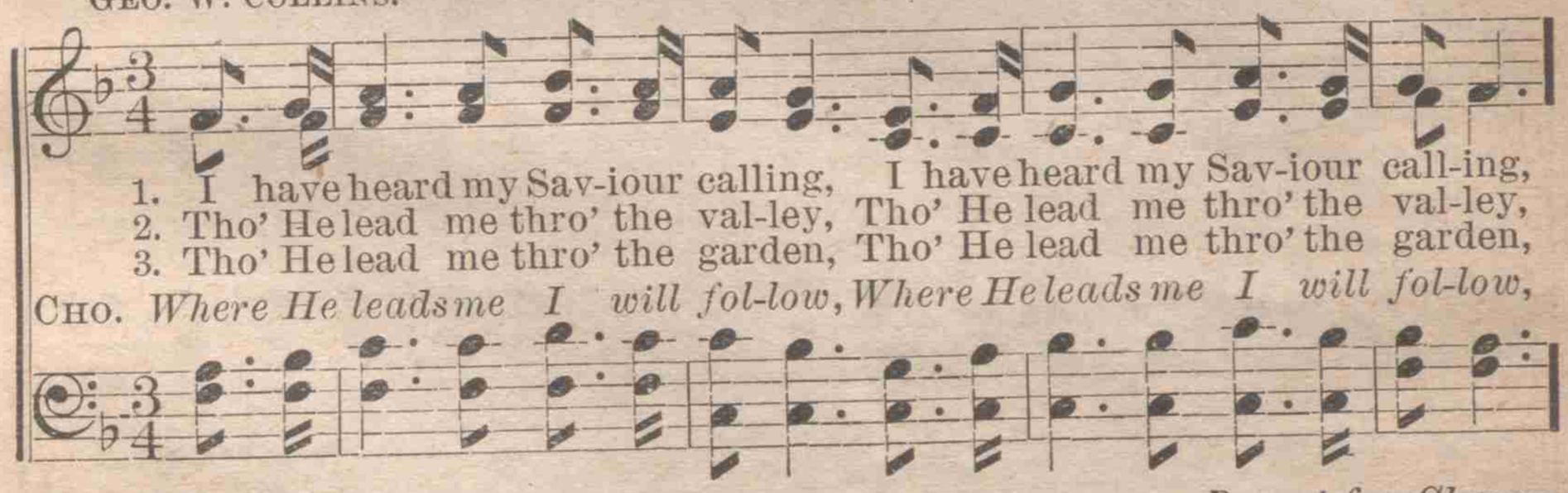
Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er? Shall we know

Shall we Know Each Other There? Concluded.

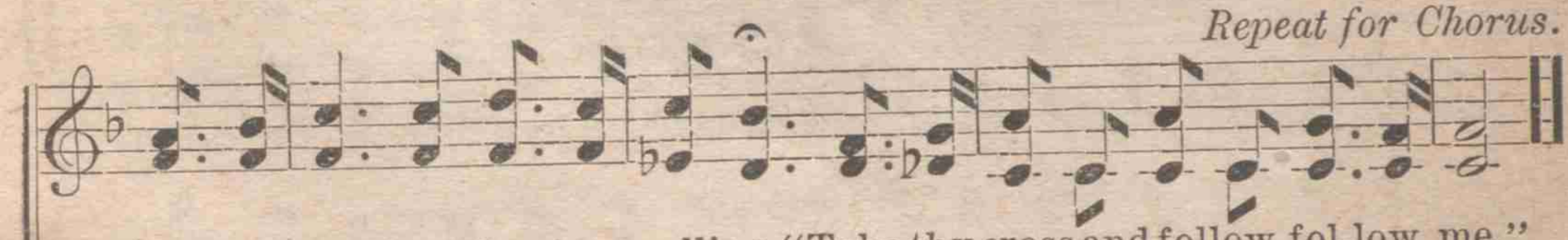
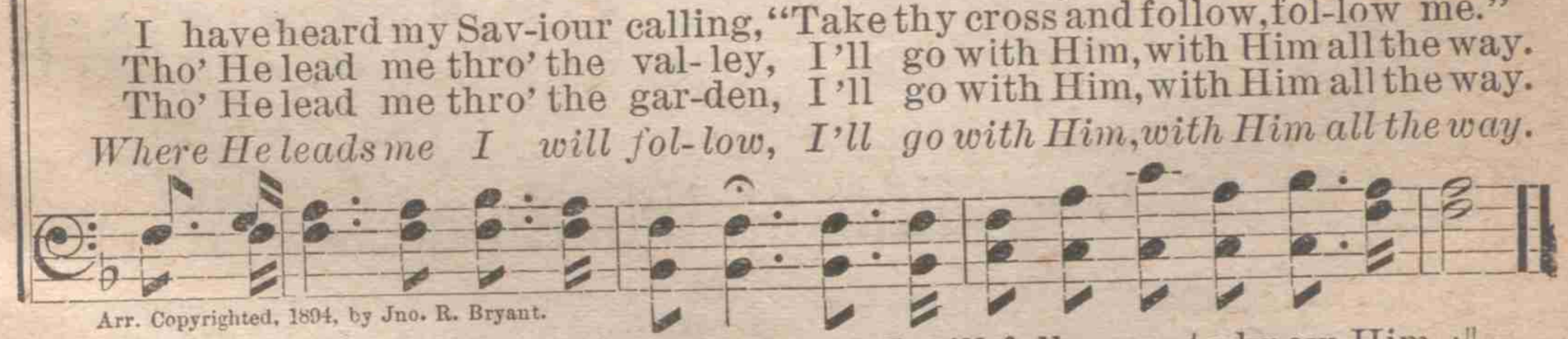


No. 129. I'll go with Him.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged for This Work.



1. I have heard my Sav-iour calling, I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,

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

Repeat for Chorus.

I have heard my Sav-iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He lead me thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Arr. Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

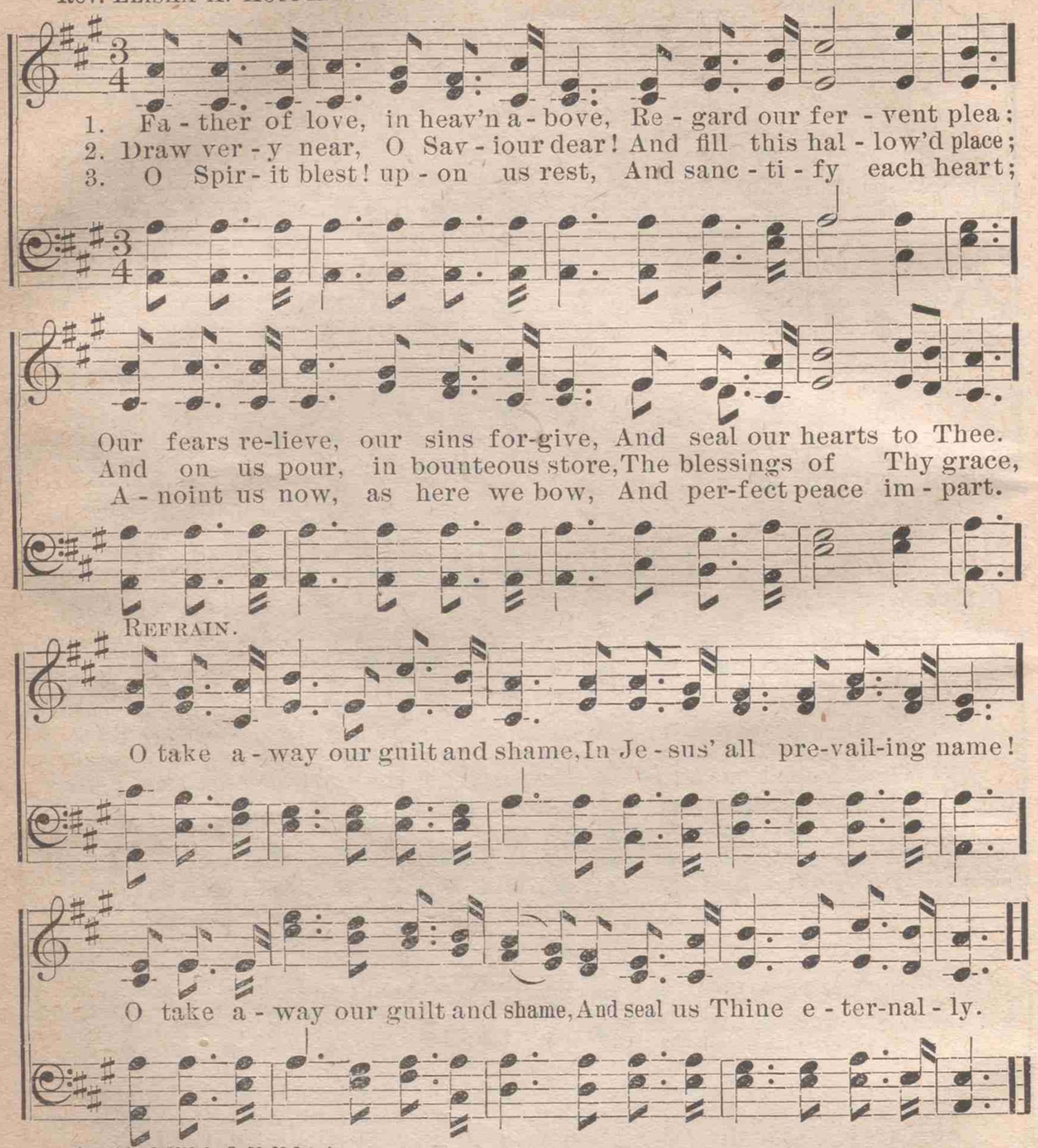
7 ‖: I will follow on to know Him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 130. Father of Love.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



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No. 131. Oh, think of the Home.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Chorus.—

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, 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.

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

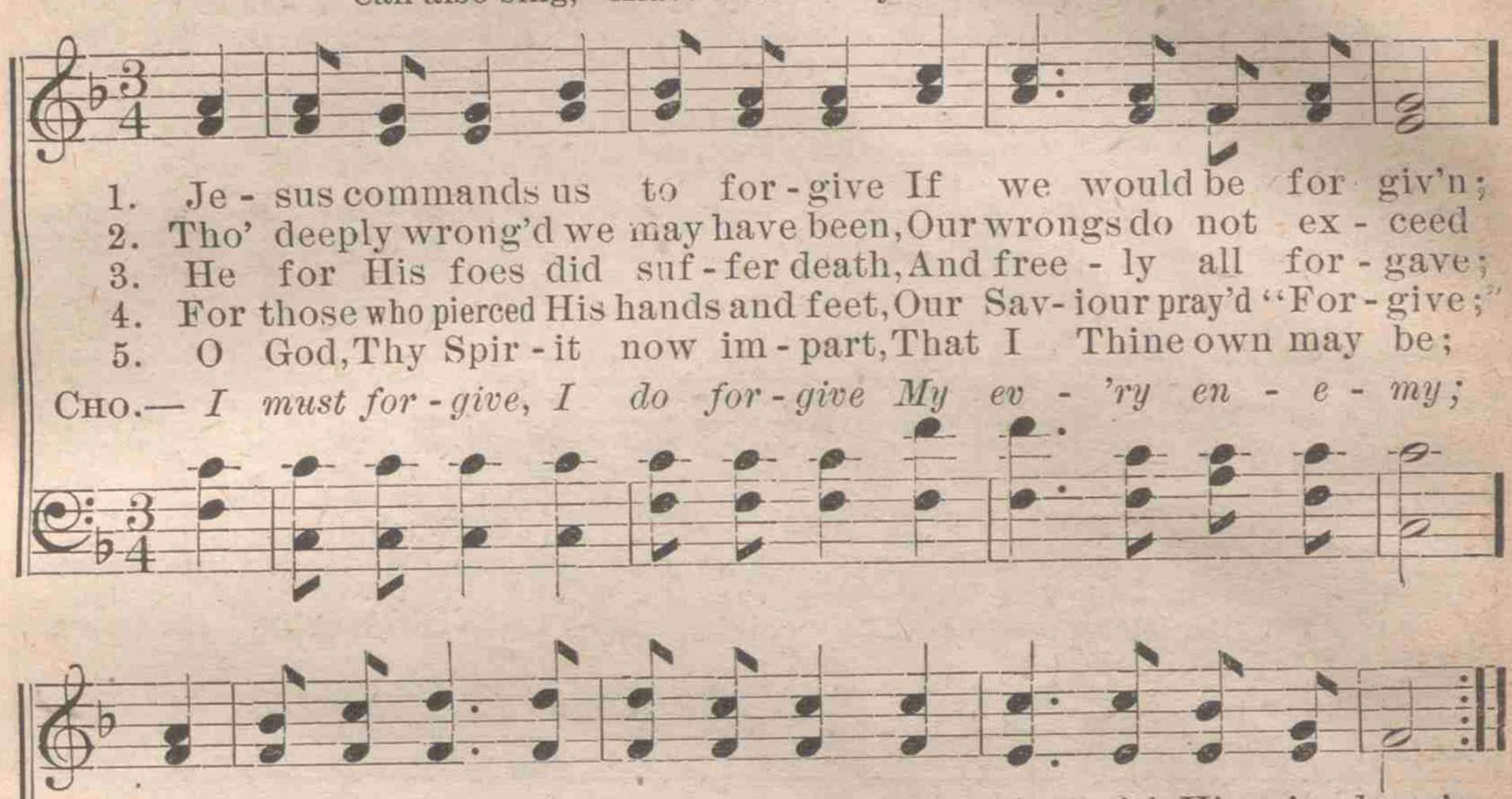
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

No. 132. Forgiveness.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you, but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. vi: 14, 15.

M. W. KNAPP. ASA HULL. By per.

Can also sing, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"



Copyright, 1867, by Asa Hull.

No. 133. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost,
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore:
Forgive, and after God renew
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in Thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by
Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven:
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

No. 134. Wash me in the Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-manuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - som'd Church of God Be sav'd to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

Sav - iour wash . . . . me in that foun - - tain, I the

Sav - iour wash me in that foun-tain, pre-cious fountain,

cleans - ing now would know, It will sat - - is - fy my

I the cleansing now would know, now would know; It will sat - is - fy, will

long - - ing, For it wash - es white as snow.

sat - is - fy my long-ing, For it washes white as snow, white as snow.

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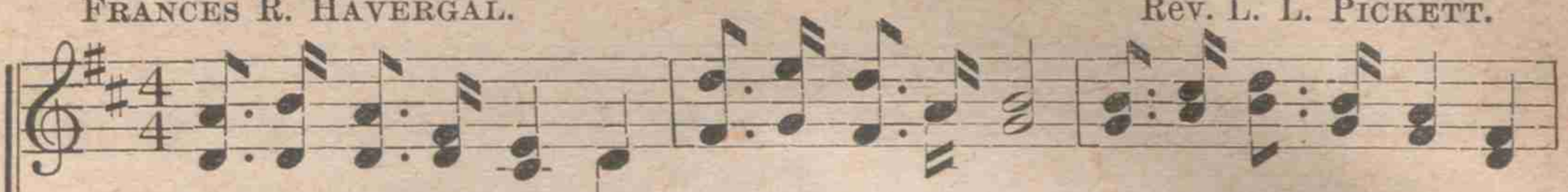
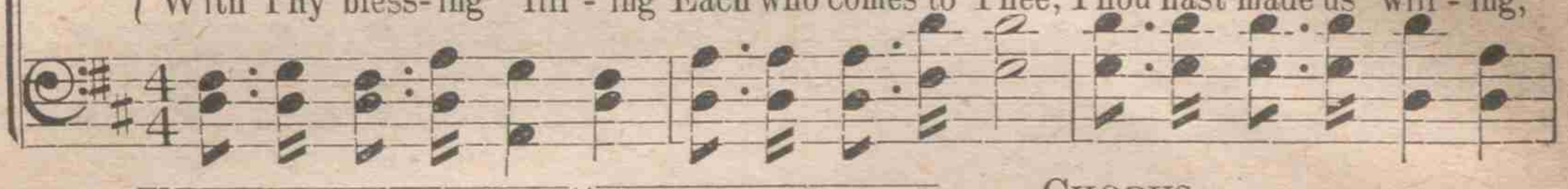
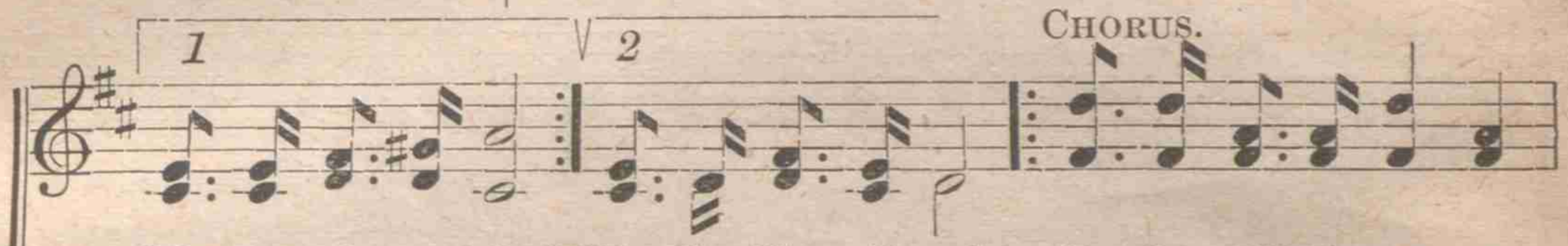
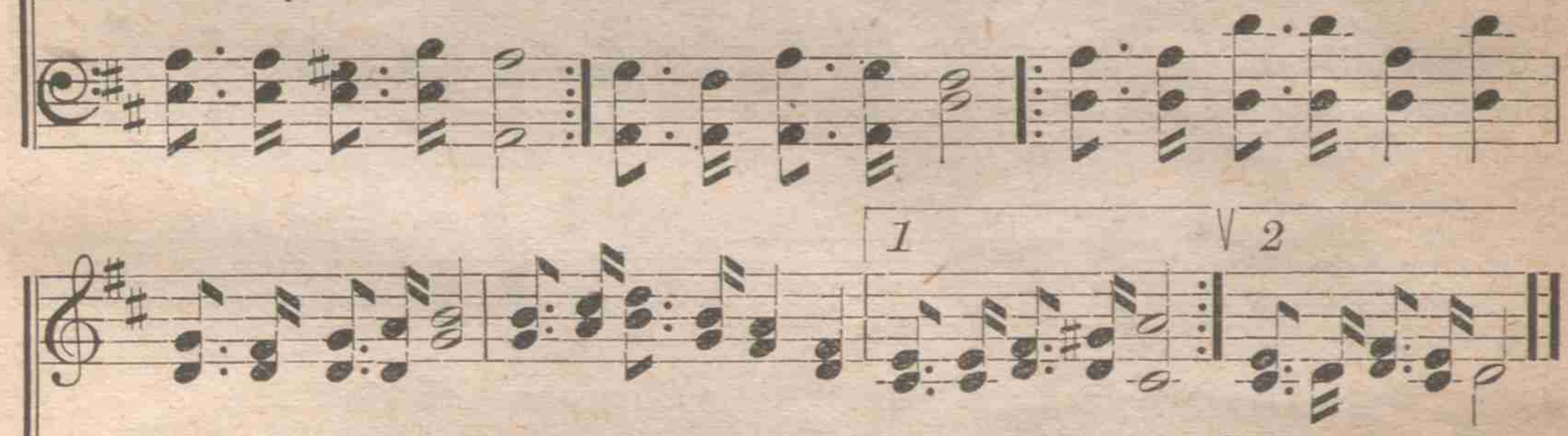
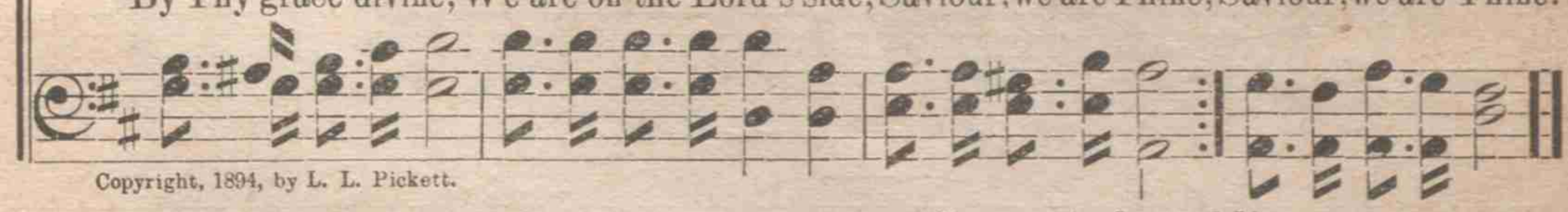
No. 135. Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - er
   Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord' side?
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life blood,
   With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing,

CHORUS.

Oth - er souls to bring? Who for Him will go? By the call of mer - cy,
For Thy di - a - dem. Thou hast made us free.

By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine, Saviour, we are Thine.

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3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army,
None can overthrow.
Round the standard singing,
Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land;
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.

No. 136. How Sweet the Name. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away His fear. ‖: Sweet sound! :‖

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest. ‖: Dear name! :‖

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasure, filled
‖: With boundless stores of grace! :‖

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
‖: Accept the praise I bring! :‖

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
‖: Refresh my soul in death. :‖

No. 137. Pleading with thee.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. There is a voice of the ten - der - est love, Plead-ing with thee,
2. Long He has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait-ing on thee,
3. Do you not hear Him as gen - tly He pleads, Call - ing to thee,
4. Oh, how He yearns o'er thy sin - bur-den'd heart, Whisp'ring to thee,

plead-ing with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a - bove,
wait-ing on thee; Read-y His grace and His peace to im - part,
call -ing to thee? See with what fer - vor the Lord in - ter - cedes,
whisp'ring to thee; Ear - nest-ly longs His sweet love to im - part,

CHORUS.

Saying, "Oh, come un-to Me." "Come un - to Me, ...
"Come un - to Me,

come un - to Me," . . . . Je - sus is ten - der - ly
come un - to Me,"

call-ing to thee. "Come un-to Me, . . . come un - to
"Come un - to Me,

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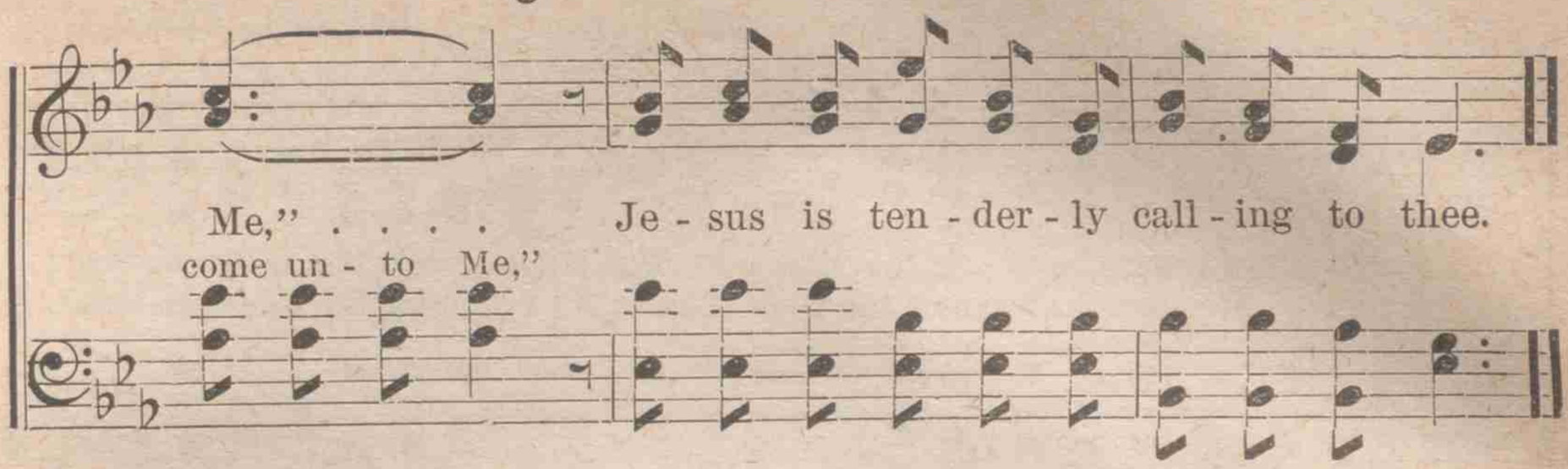
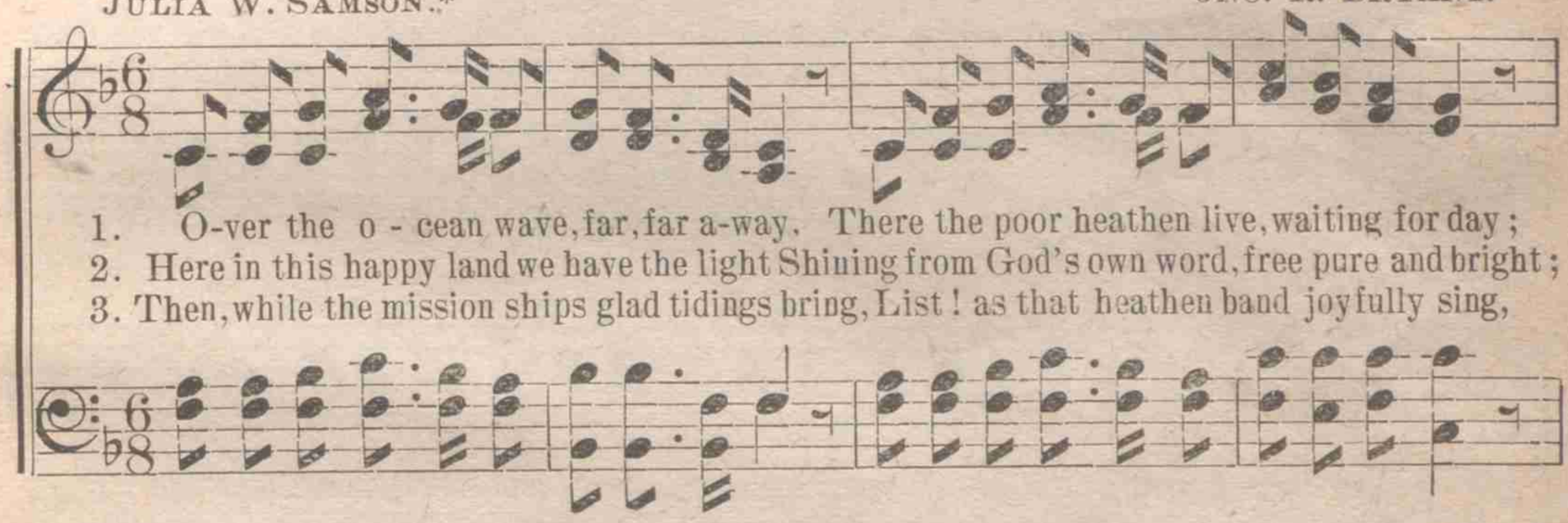
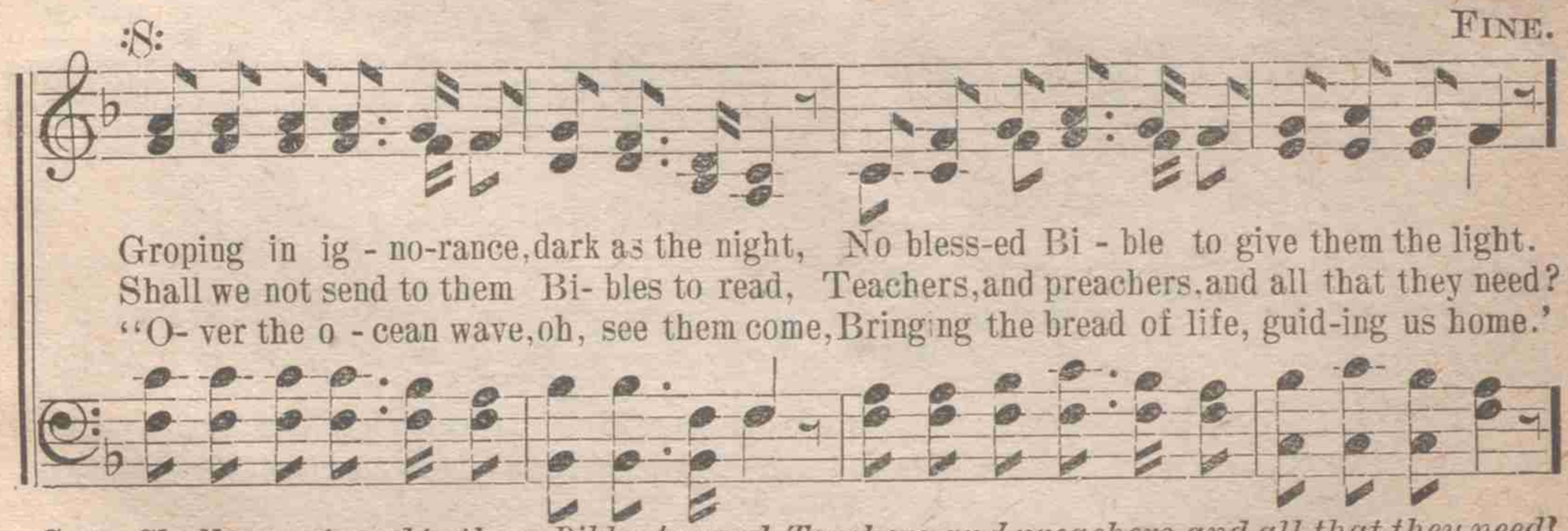
Pleading with thee. Concluded.

No. 138. Over the Ocean Wave.

JULIA W. SAMSON.* JNO. R. BRYANT.





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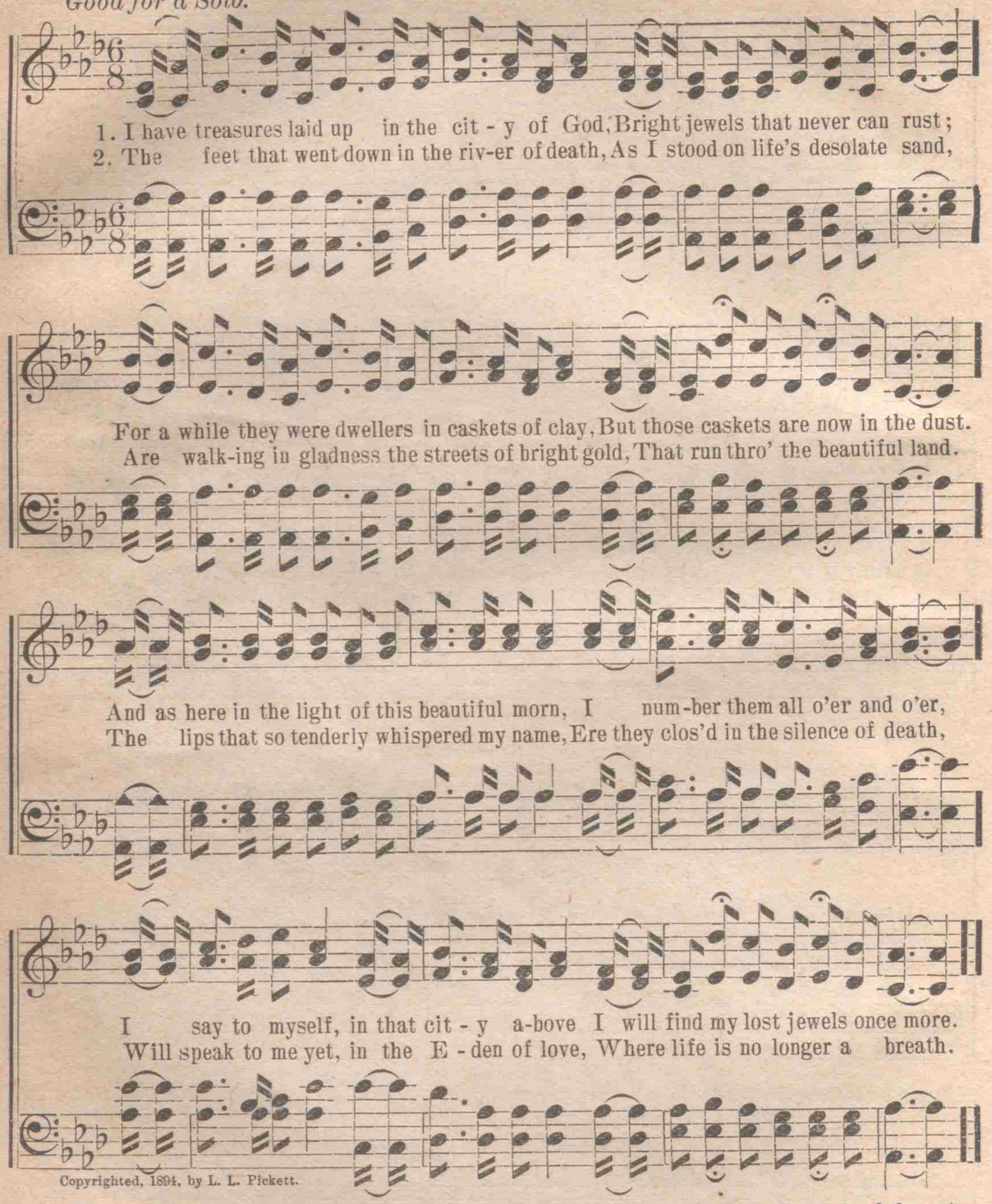
*By per. Biglow & Main Co.

No. 139. My Treasures.

ANON.
Good for a Solo.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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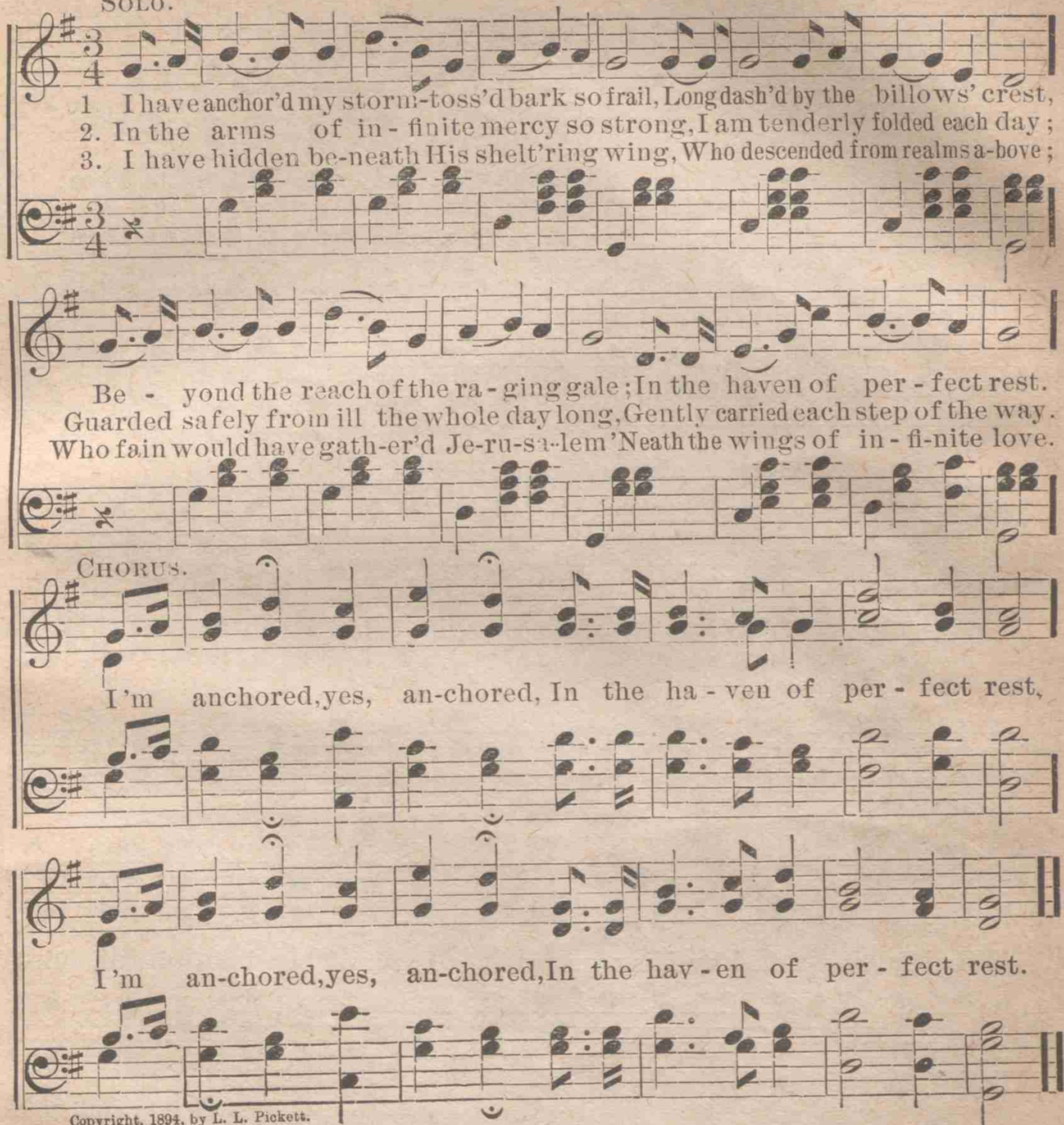
3 The dear hands that once lovingly clung to my own
As they grew in death pulseless and cold,
Are bearing fresh palms thro' the city of God,
Or sweeping o'er harp-strings of gold.
The eyes that turned on me with love to the last,
Now beam in eternity's light; [throne,
They see in His beauty the King on His
And gaze on His face with delight.

4 O earth with its fragrance, and beauty, and bloom,
To me is exquisitely fair;
But heaven is dearer and sweeter to me,
For my treasures so precious are there.
The dear Lord who gave them and took them away,
Will not leave me forever alone;
He will give them all, each, to my bosom again,
When I stand on the sea by the throne.

No. 140. Safe.

MILDRED MERLE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.

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4 On the shore of the stormy ocean of life,
In the cleft of the rifted rock,
I am kept afar from the waves of strife—
Secure from the tempest's rude shock.

5 The Light of the World has dawned on my soul,
And scattered the shadows afar;
The powers of darkness no longer control
Where shineth the Bethlehem star.

6 I have opened my heart to the heavenly Guest,
And bade Him there ever abide,
In the beautiful robe of His righteousness dressed—
And I sit in sweet peace at His side.

7 I have marched 'neath the folds of the banner so bright,
Of the pure, peerless Prince of Peace,
With "Peace and good will" on its folds of light,
All sinful contentions must cease.

No. 141. Take my Life and Let it be.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Chorus by WALLACE AND KNAPP.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
   Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
   Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa-ges from Thee;
   Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.

CHORUS.

Whol-ly sanc-ti-fied by His own blood, Lord my heart doth thrill, one
with Thy ho - ly will, As Thou now my soul doth fill.

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

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

No. 142. Old Time Religion.

JOHN VICKERS.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
Old Chorus.

1. O, "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good e-nough for me!" Suf-ficient for our fathers, It set their spirits free; "The Christ" was all their refuge, My
2. The days in which we're living, In-deed, are passing strange; They say "new light" is dawning, And hail the happy change! But ah, the dear old Gospel My cheered the faithful martyrs Con-sum-ing in the fires. How strong their faith in Jesus, What
3. This good "Old Time Relig-ion" Still joy and peace in-spires; It trust the "blood of Jesus" For all e-ter-ni-ty. The mu-sic of the ransomed Is
4. In "Modern Thought" delu-sions No an-chorage I see; I

Saviour, too, is He, For "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"
song shall ev-er be, For "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"
no-ble constancy! Yes, "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"
sweetest mel-o-dy! For "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"

CHORUS.

'T is the Old Time Re-lig-ion, 'T is the Old Time Re-lig-ion, 'T is the Old Time Re-lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.

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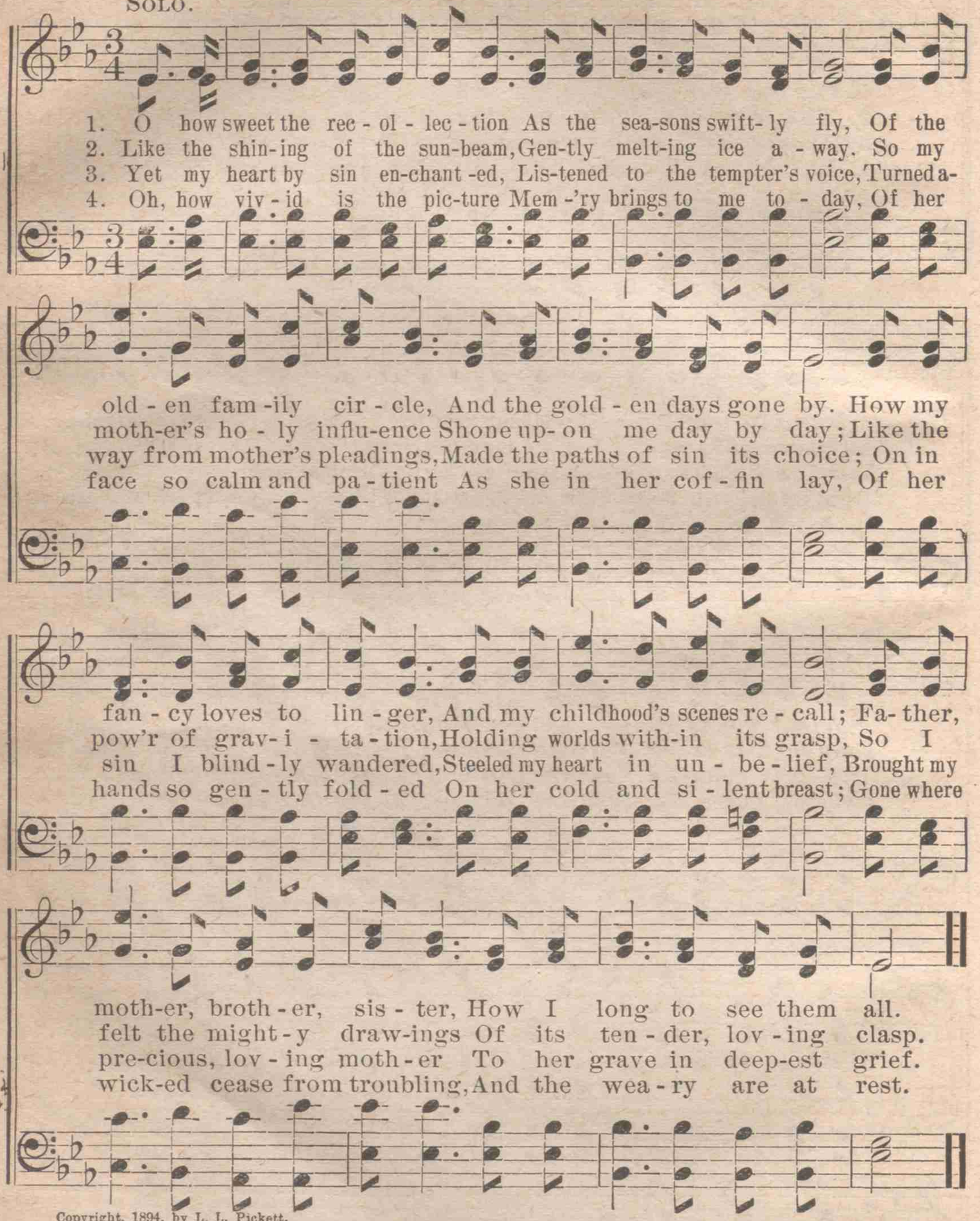
No. 143. A Mother's Influence.

Suggested by the testimony of a man who in one of Rev. L. L. Pickett's meetings said that he was converted through his mother's influence *fifty years after she had died.*

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.

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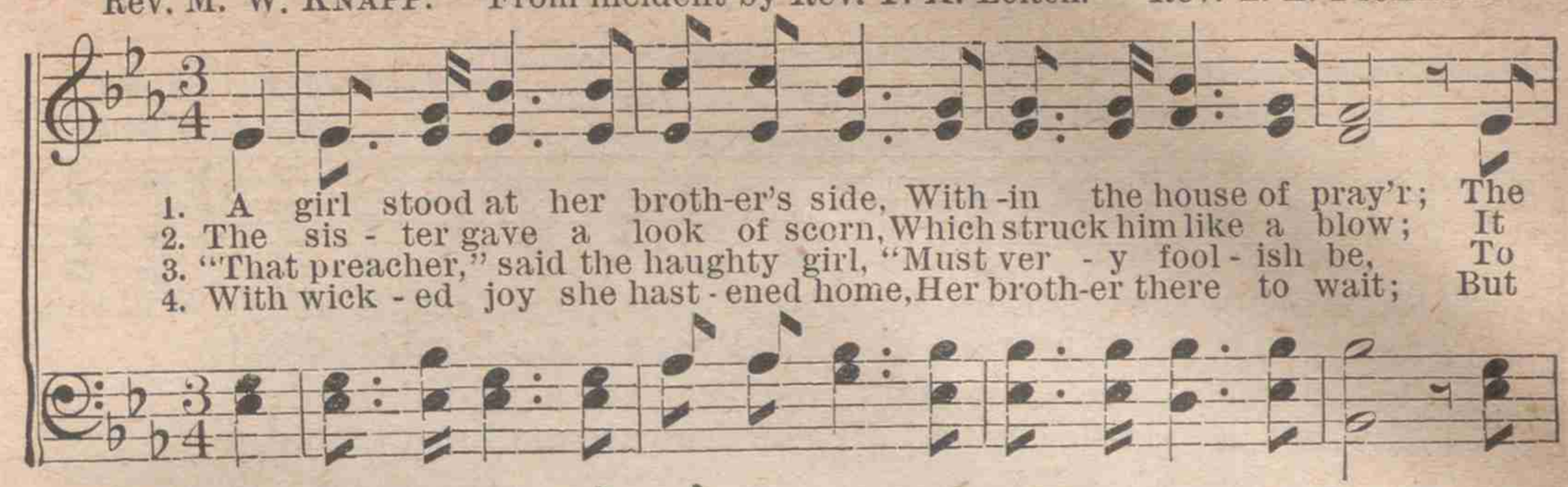
5 As the years flew swiftly o'er me,
Stronger plead her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And He banished all my fears.
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
And His mansions bright to share;
And I know the next to greet me,
Will be Mother when I 'm there.

6 Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
It the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ the Saviour there.
Courage, mothers! plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you 'll reap the harvest,
Through the bright eternal years.

No. 144. Evil Influence of Mother and Sister.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. From incident by Rev. T. H. Leitch. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



5 His horse had madly plunged aside
And thrown him to the ground;
And in an instant he had passed
Where mercy is not found.
His body in the cold embrace
Of death was lying there;
‖: His soul had passed the fatal gates
Of deep and dark despair. :‖

6 The sister gave a hopeless shriek,
But it was now too late;
Her look of scorn had fixed his doom,
Forever sealed his fate.
Her brother's blood was on her soul,
And soon she passed away,
‖: To answer for her fearful deed
And meet the judgment day. :‖

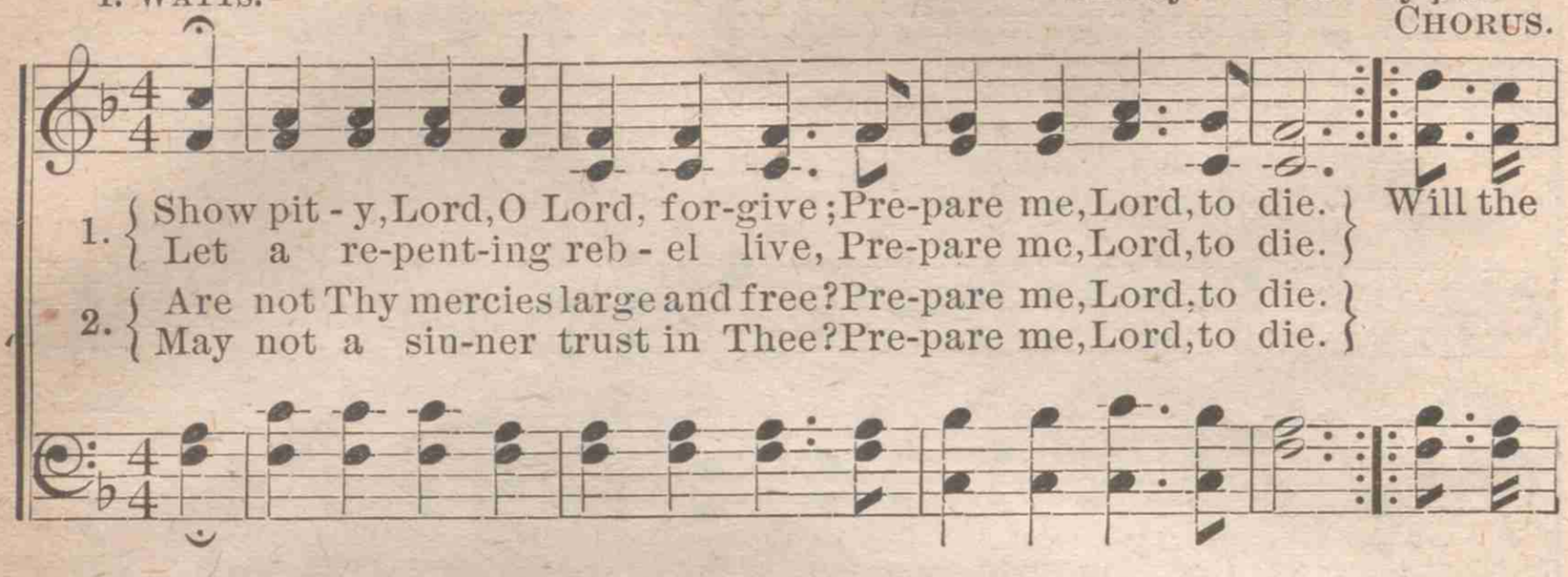
7 The mother through whose influence,
Those children thus were lost,
Too late her fatal folly saw
And paid the fearful cost.
Her reason reeled upon its throne,
And with a burning brain,
‖: She left her sad and ruined home,
A shattered wreck – insane. :‖

8 O sisters, from the fearful fate
Of these two women learn
The awful doom awaiting those
Who souls from Jesus turn.
O yield to God and at the cross
For mercy humbly bow,
‖: And He who is the sinner's friend,
Will hear and save you now. :‖

No. 145. Will the Waters be Chilly?

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. J. K. By per.

CHORUS.



3 My sins are great, but don't surpass,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

4 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
So let Thy pard'ning love be found,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

5 O wash my soul from every sin,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

6 Here on my heart the burden lies,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And past offences pain my eyes,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

No. 146. Come, Thou Fount.

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

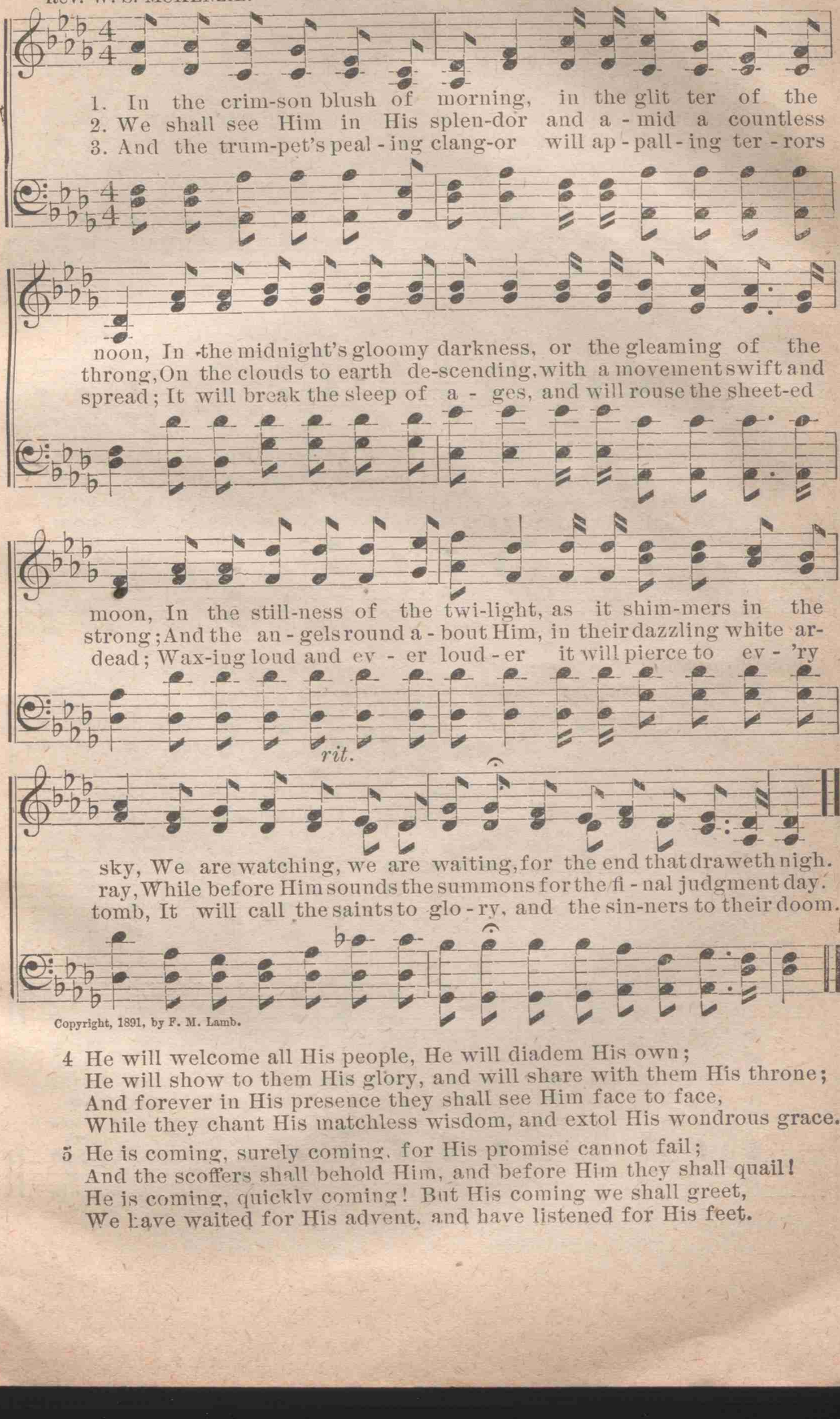
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger.
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to serve the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 147. Surely I Come Quickly.

Rev. xxii: 20.

Rev. W. S. McKenzie. Rev. F. M. Lamb. By per.



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4 He will welcome all His people, He will diadem His own;
He will show to them His glory, and will share with them His throne;
And forever in His presence they shall see Him face to face,
While they chant His matchless wisdom, and extol His wondrous grace.

5 He is coming, surely coming, for His promise cannot fail;
And the scoffers shall behold Him, and before Him they shall quail!
He is coming, quickly coming! But His coming we shall greet,
We have waited for His advent, and have listened for His feet.

No. 148. Fill me Now.

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come and bathe My trembling heart and brow;
2. For full sal - va - tion, now, I thirst, And pay my ev - 'ry vow;
3. No i - dols in my heart I know—With per - fect love en - dow!
4. No long - er I my-self dic - tate, But leave to Thee the how!

With pur - i - fy - ing flame of love, De-scend and fill me now.
Blest Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in — With glo - ry fill me now.
In sav - ing full-ness of Thy grace, O come, and fill me now.
Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the praise, For Thou dost fill me now.

CHORUS.

1,2,3. Thou bless-ed Spir - it from on high, To Thy sweet will I bow;
4. Thou bless-ed Spir - it from on high, To Thy sweet will I bow.

In sav - ing grace and heal-ing pow'r, O come, and fill me now!
O, hal - le - lu - jah! to Thy name, For Thou dost fill me now.

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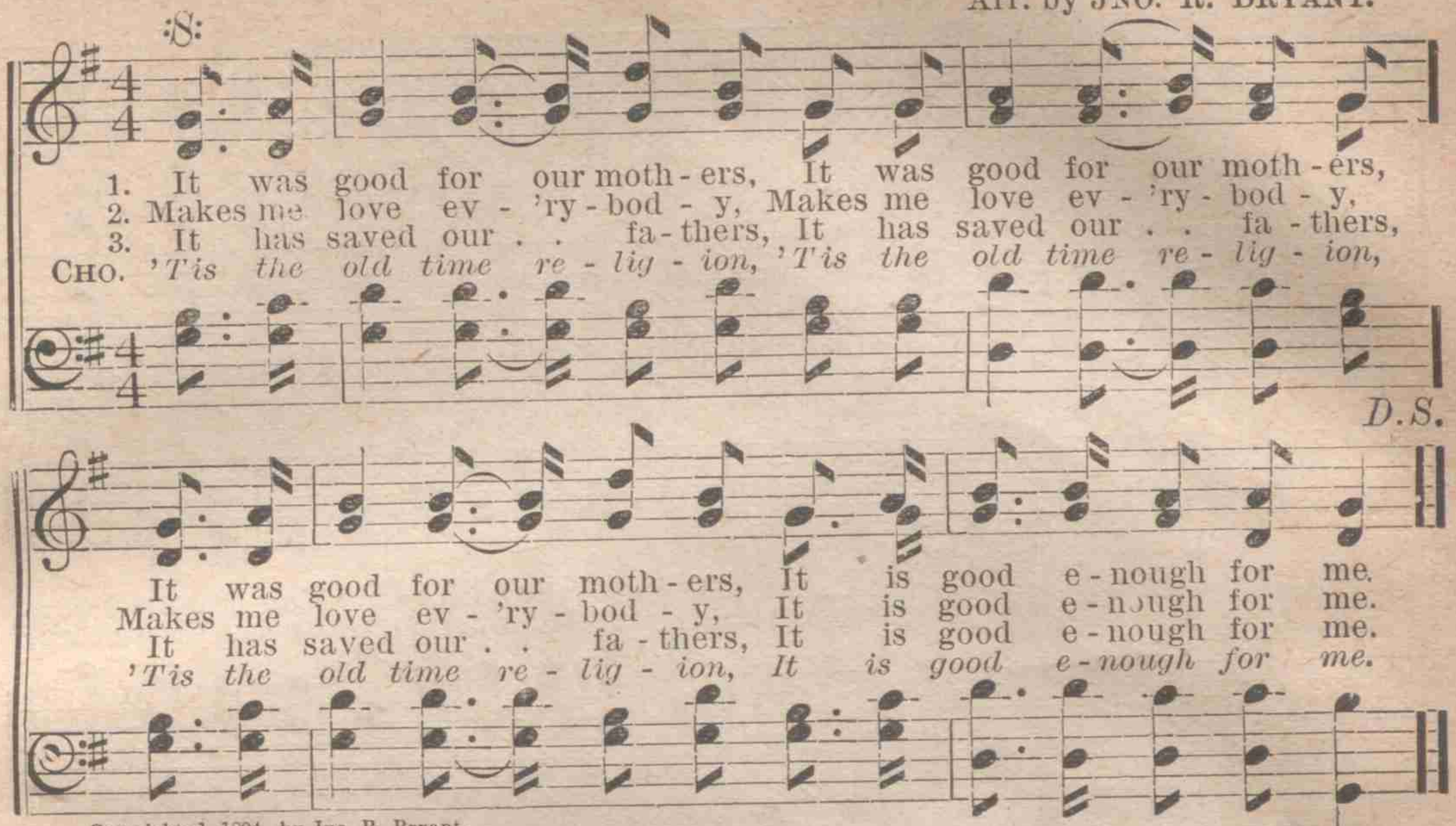
No. 149. The Old Time Religion.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



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4 ‖:It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:‖
It is good enough for me.

5 ‖:It was good for the Hebrew Children,:‖
It is good enough for me.

6 ‖:It was tried in the fiery furnace,:‖
It is good enough for me.

7 ‖:It was good for Paul and Silas,:‖
It is good enough for me.

8 ‖:It will do when I am dying,:‖
It is good enough for me.

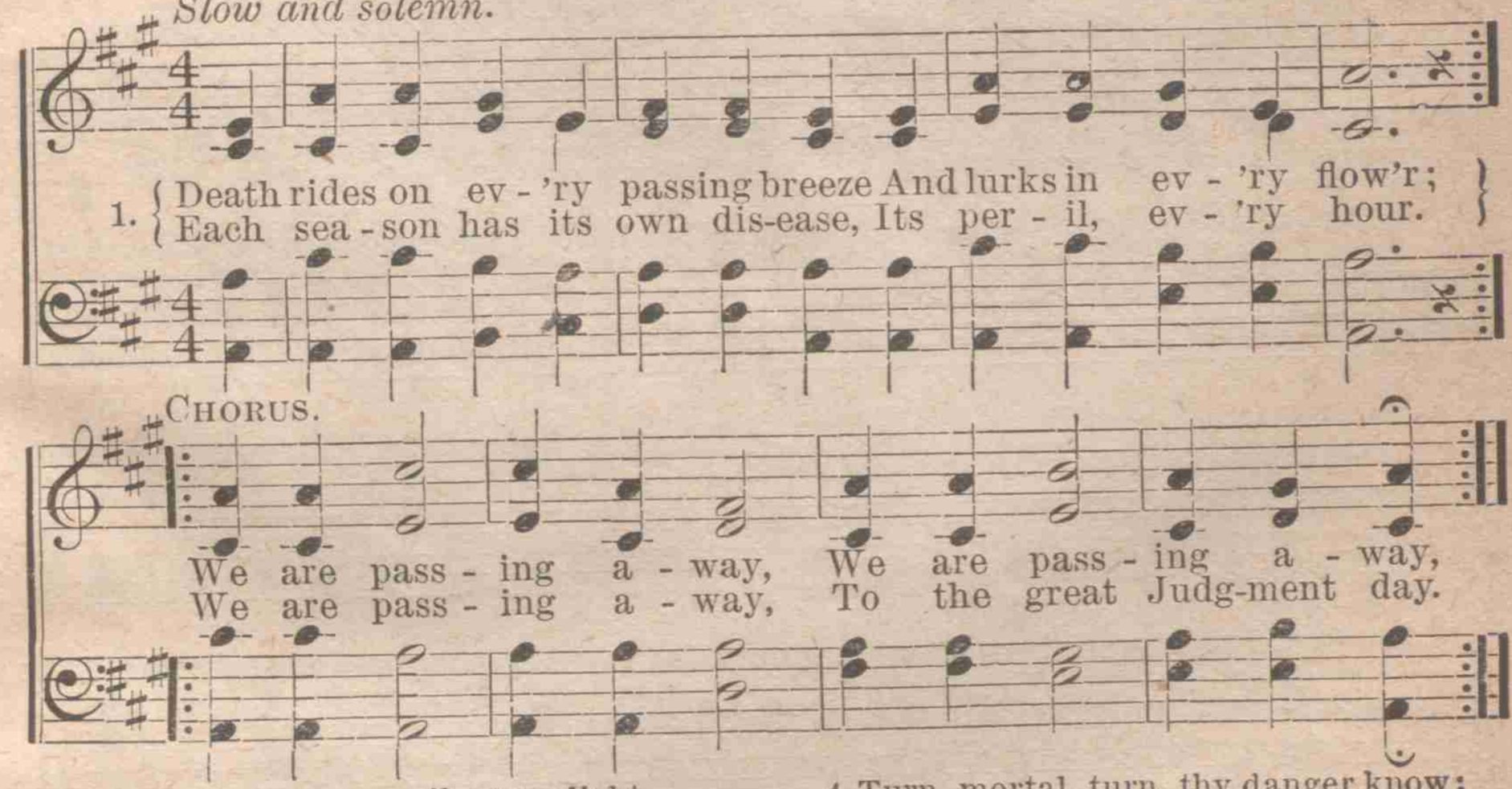
9 ‖:It will take us all to heaven,:‖
It is good enough for me.

No. 150. We are Passing Away.

BISHOP HEBER.

Arranged.

Slow and solemn.



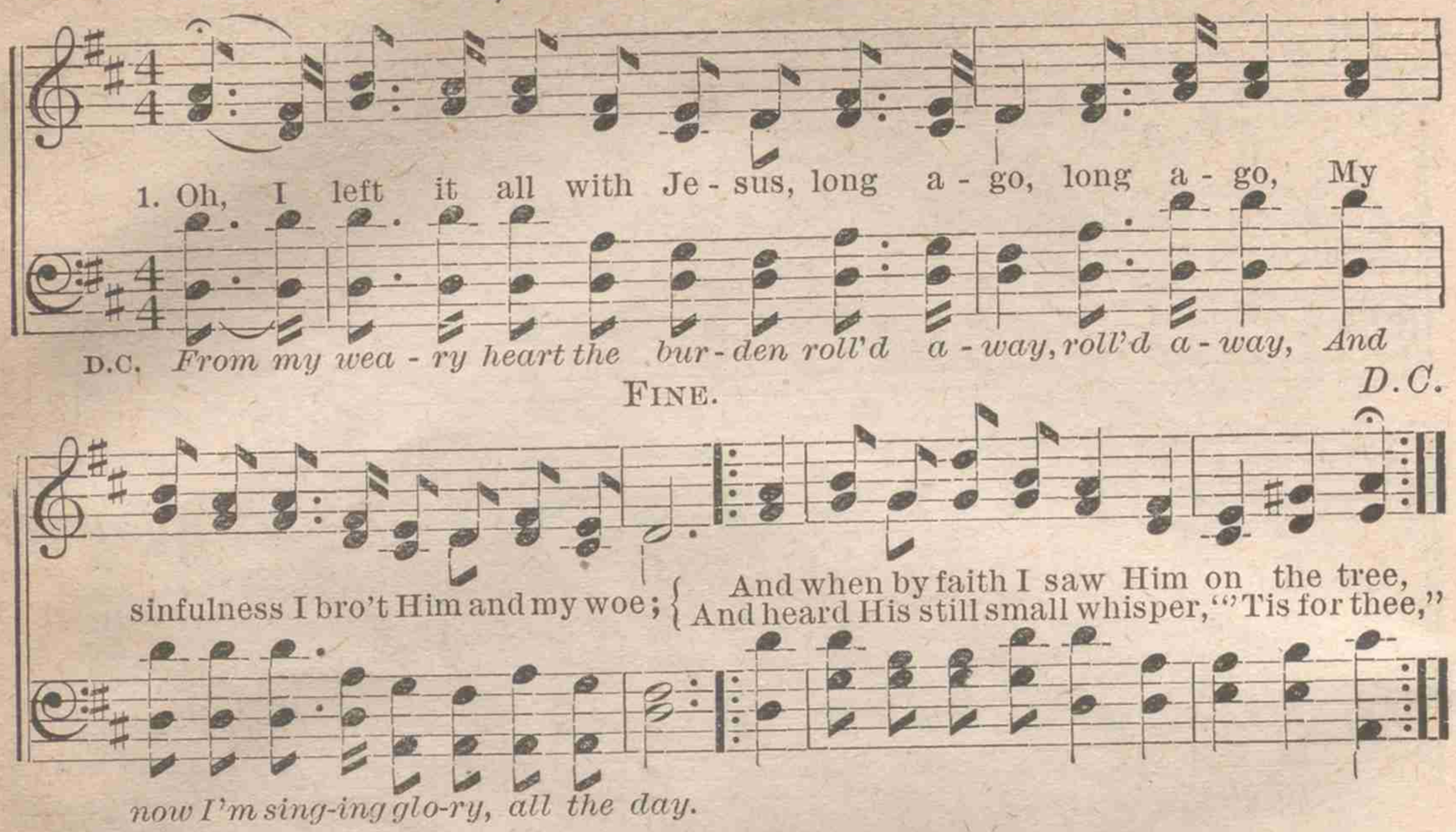
2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

4 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

5 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

No. 151. I Left it All with Jesus.

L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

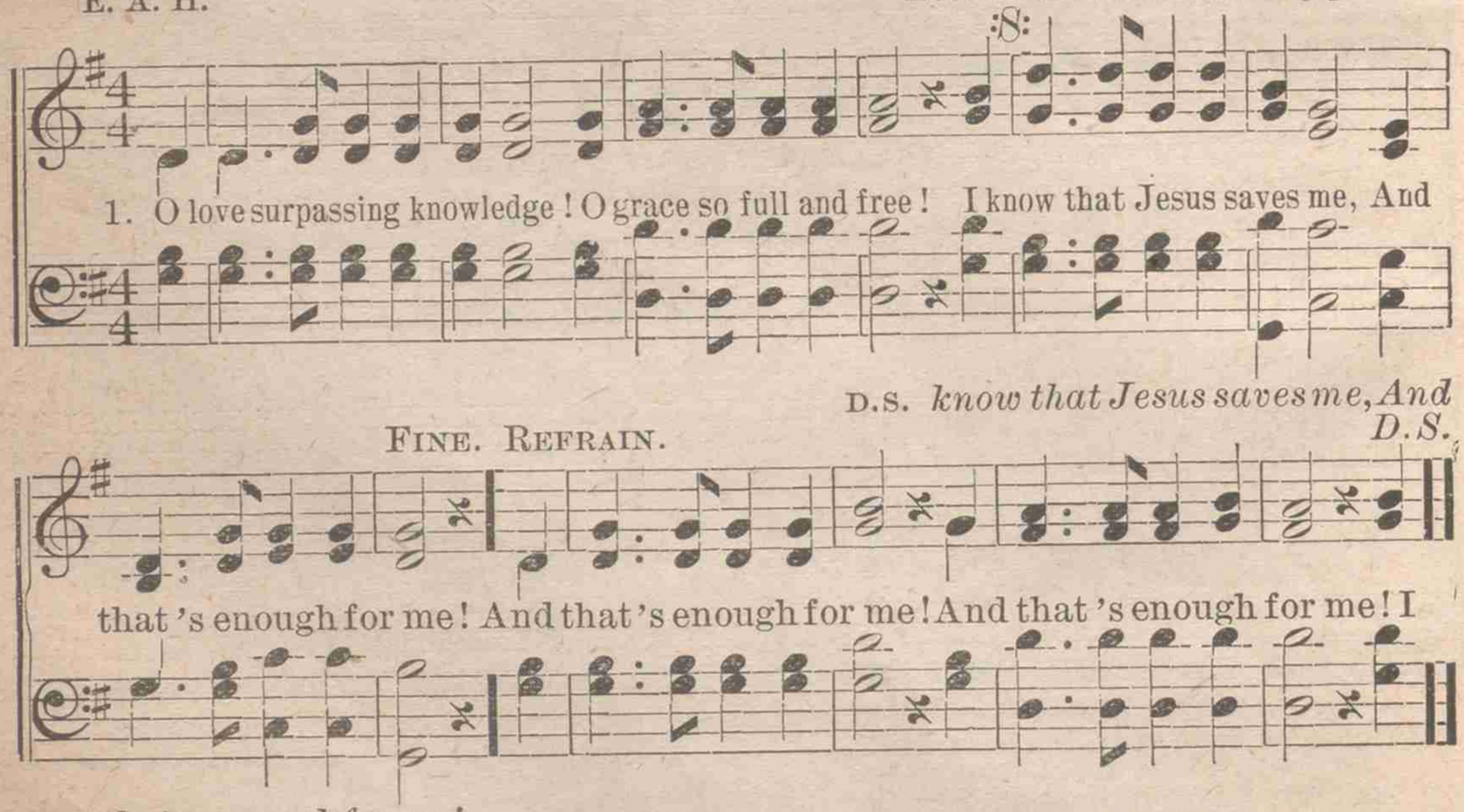
2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
Just how to take the bitter from life's woes,
And how to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
To make the desert garden bloom awhile;
Then, with all my weakness, leaning on His might,
My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

3 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,
My faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
For hope has dropp'd her anchor, found her rest.
Within the calm sure haven of His breast:
And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide
Close to my dear Redeemer, at His side.

No. 152. Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



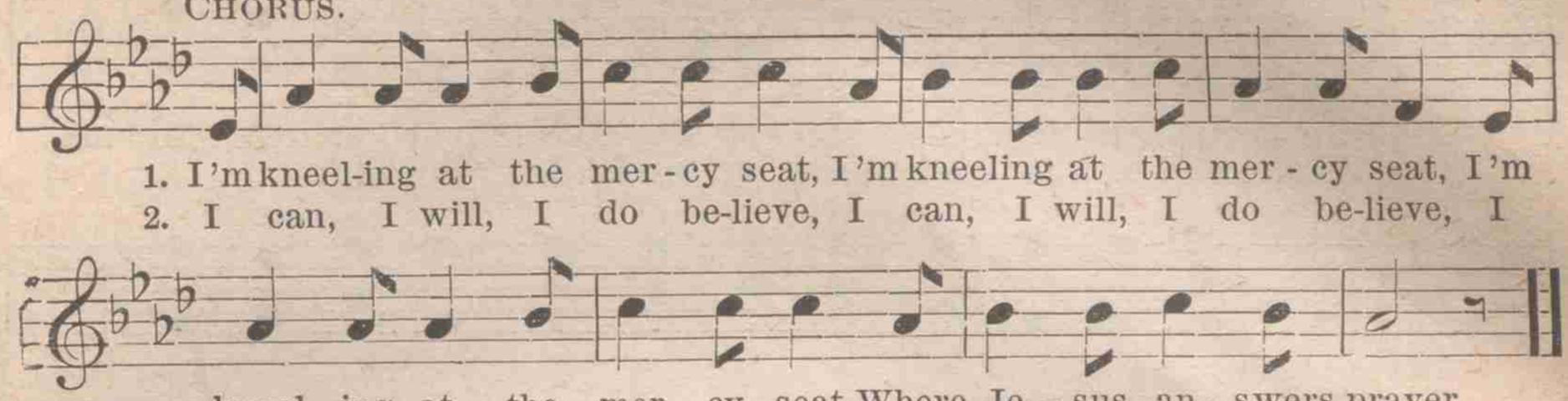
2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that 's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that 's enough for me!

No. 153. I Can, I Will, I do Believe.

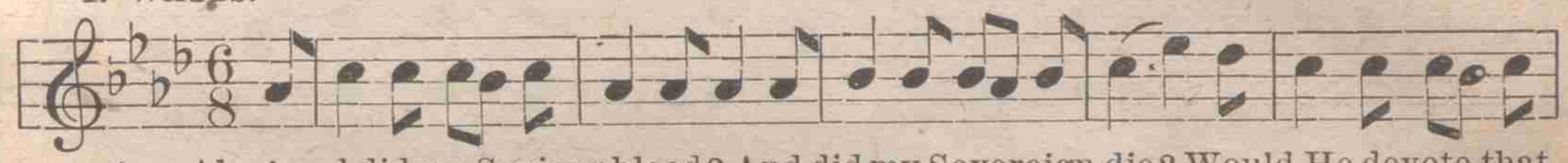
To be sung to "THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD," or other C. M. words.

CHORUS.

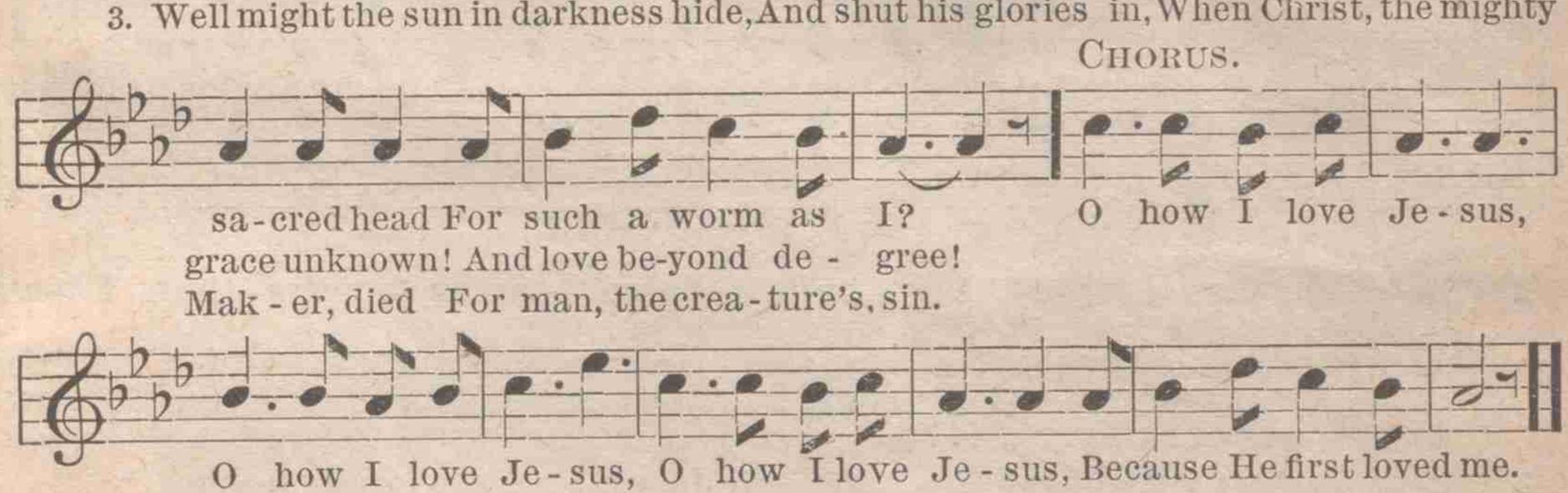


No. 154. O How I Love Jesus.

I. WATTS.



CHORUS.



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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'T is all that I can do.

No. 155. Children of the Heavenly King.

JOHN CENNICK.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

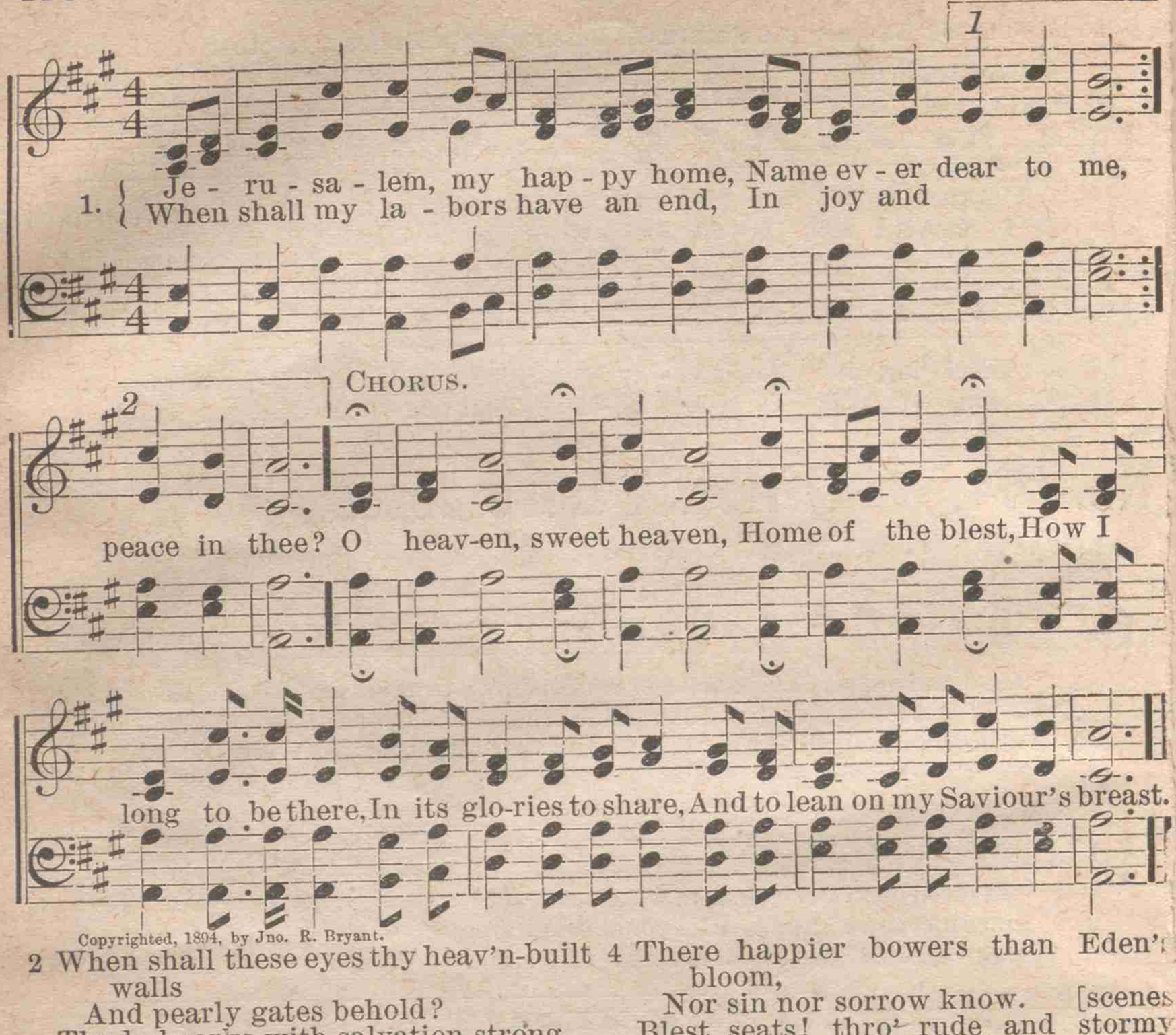
3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

No. 156. Heaven, Sweet Heaven.

Arr. for this Work.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know. [scenes
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 157. Full and Free Salvation.

M. W. KNAPP.

Tune: "THE OLD TIME RELIGION," No. 152.

Salvation: Present and full—free and for all.—*Our Motto.*

1 Freely, fully, justifying,
And completely purifying,
It is sweetly satisfying,
For it makes me fully whole.

Chorus.—
O, this free and full salvation,
Which can clear from condemnation,
And can keep in every station,
O, 'tis glory in my soul.

2 All that's carnal crucifying,
All the being sanctifying,
Both while living and when dying,
It will keep me fully whole.

3 It now saves me every hour,
And it keeps from getting sour,
For 't is Pentecostal power,
And it keeps me fully whole.

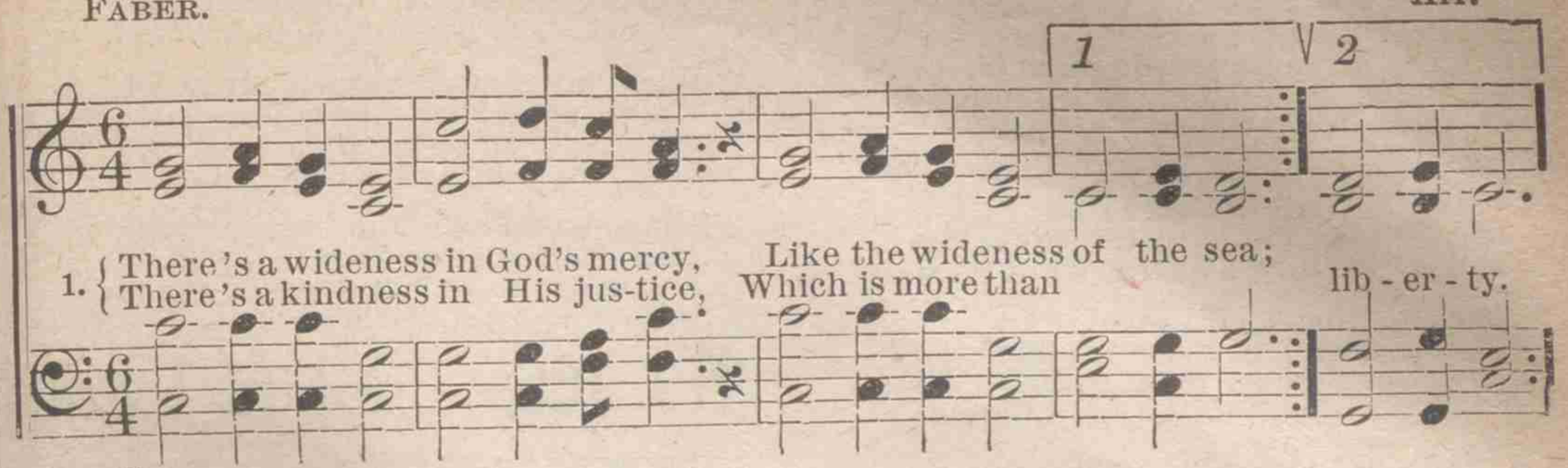
4 O, from fear and fret it frees us
In the sight of God who sees us;
All the glory be to Jesus,
That He keeps us fully whole.

5 'T is the long expected Spirit,
Which all Christians may inherit;
O ye hungry-hearted hear it!
For 't will make you fully whole,

6 When my soul from earth is riven,
And with joy I fly to heaven,
All the glory shall be given
Unto Him who made me whole.

No. 158. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr.

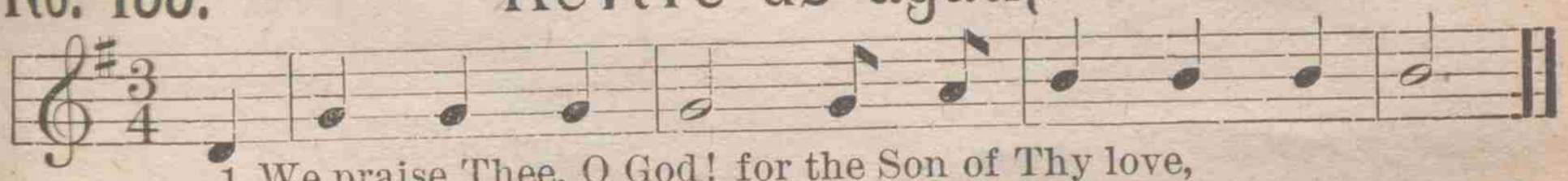


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good.
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 159. Revive us again.



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 160. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

1 Work! for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 161..

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

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

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

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

No. 162.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 163.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 164.

ISAAC WATTS.

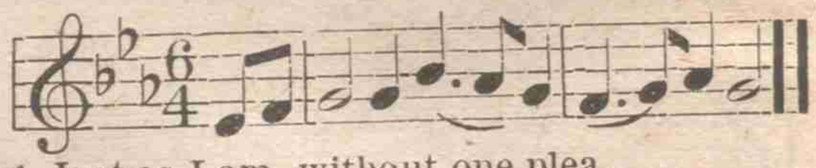
1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

No. 165. Just as I am.



1 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!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 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!

5 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

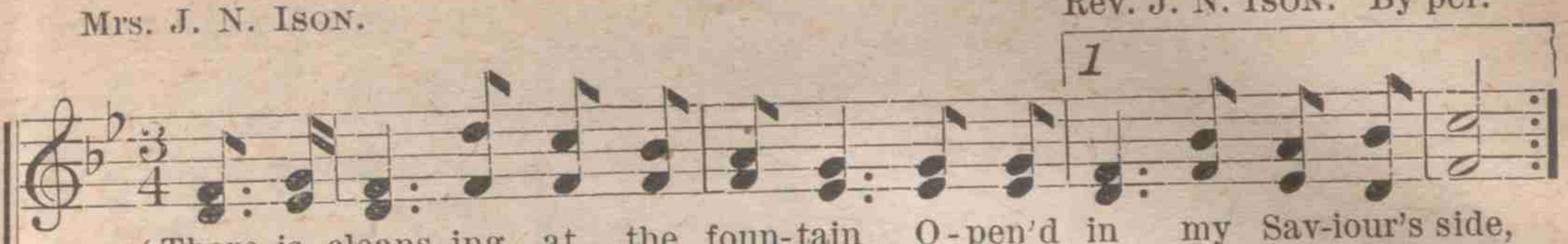
No. 166.

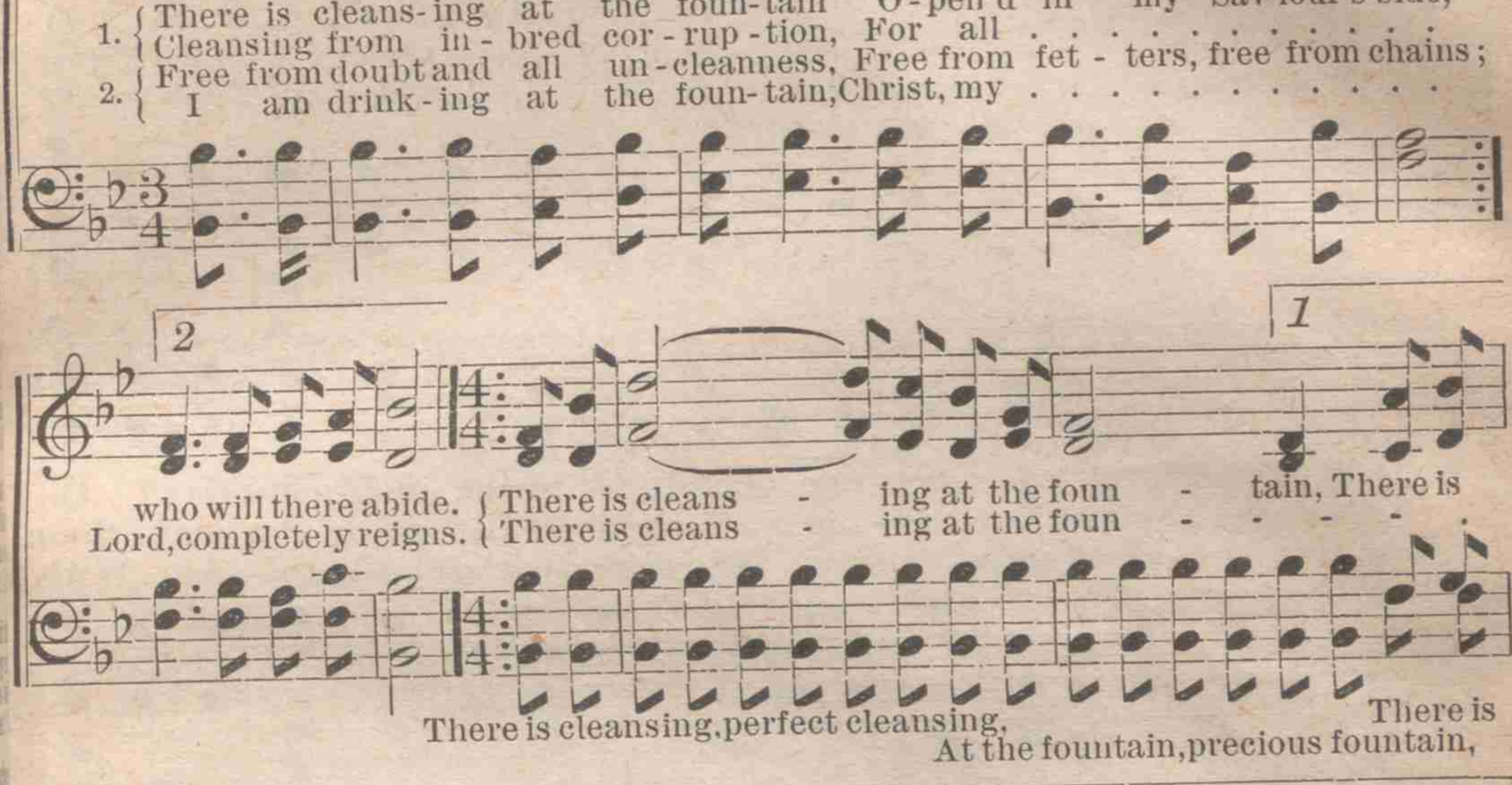
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

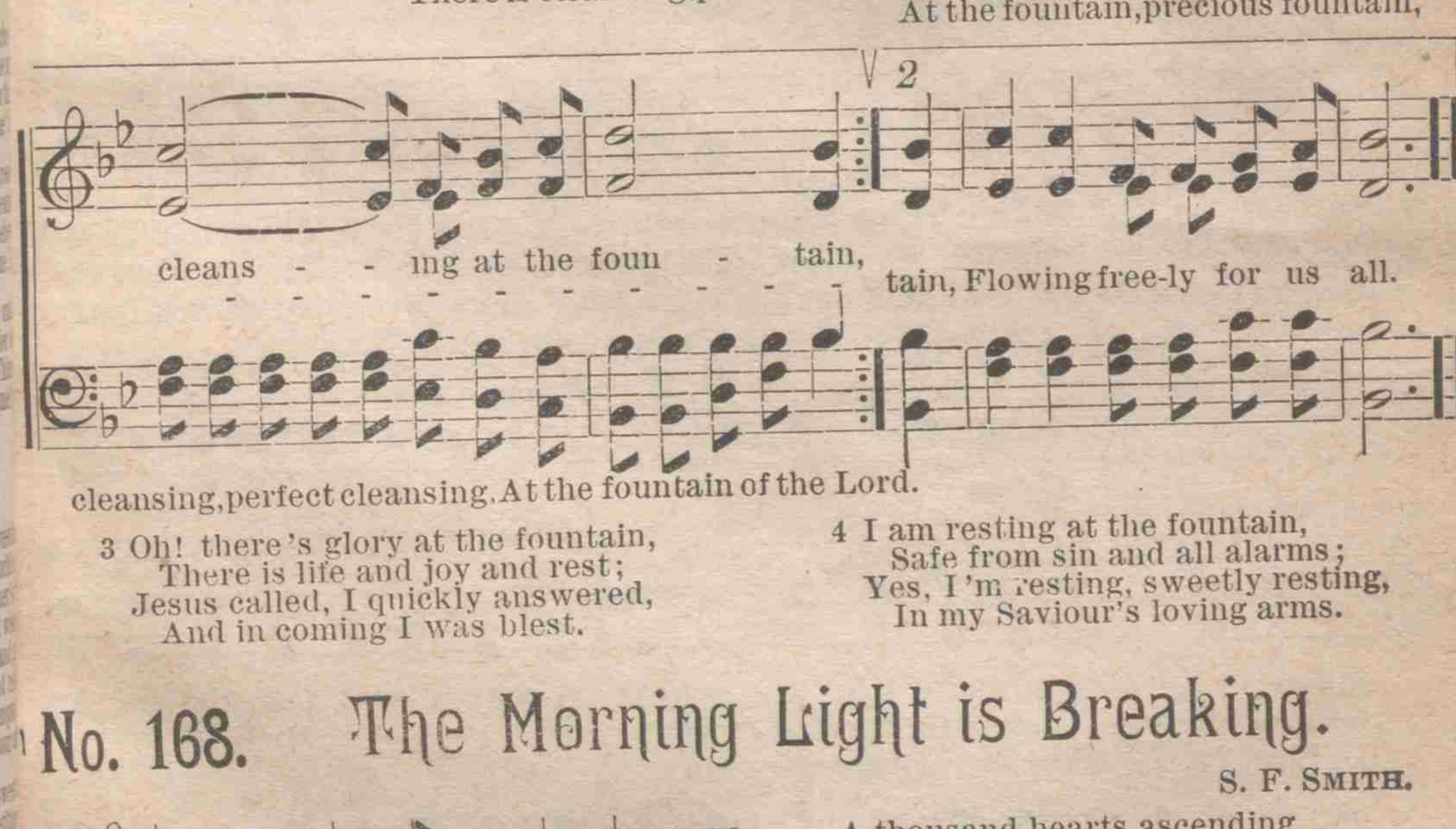
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe his word and trust His grace,
‖: I 'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

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

No. 167. There is Cleansing at the Fountain.

Mrs. J. N. Ison. Rev. J. N. Ison. By per.

1. { There is cleans-ing at the foun-tain O-pen'd in my Sav-iour's side,
   { Cleansing from in-bred cor-rup-tion, For all . . . . . .
2. { Free from doubt and all un-cleanness, Free from fet-ters, free from chains;
   { I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Christ, my . . . . . .



who will there abide. { There is cleans - ing at the foun - tain, There is
Lord, completely reigns. { There is cleans - ing at the foun - - - - .

There is cleansing, perfect cleansing, There is
At the fountain, precious fountain,

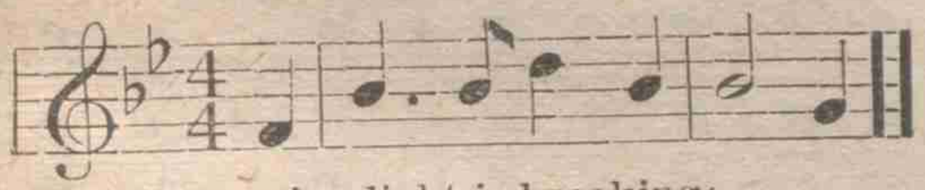
cleans - - - ing at the foun - - tain,
- - - - - - - - - - - tain, Flowing free-ly for us all.

cleansing, perfect cleansing, At the fountain of the Lord.

3 Oh! there's glory at the fountain,
  There is life and joy and rest;
Jesus called, I quickly answered,
  And in coming I was blest.

4 I am resting at the fountain,
  Safe from sin and all alarms;
Yes, I'm resting, sweetly resting,
  In my Saviour's loving arms.

No. 168. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith.

1 The morning light is breaking
  The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
  To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
  Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
  Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
  Before the God we love,
A thousand hearts ascending
  In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
  The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing.
  A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
  Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
  Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
  Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
  Proclaim, "The Lord is come.

No. 169. Away, Away Forever.

O. M. LINDLEY. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Slowly, thoughtfully. Good for Solo or Duet.

1. O sin - ner! Time is fleet - ing, Is fleet - ing a - way, a - way. O
2. O sin - ner! Time is speed-ing, Is speed -ing a - way, a - way. For
3. O sin - ner! Time is speed-ing. O why do you still de - lay? O

what do you think of meet - ing The Lord at the judg-ment day? O
you the Saviour is plead - ing; O come to Him while you may. Soon
yield to the Sav-iour's pleading, And turn to the Lord to - day. With

shall you meet with gladness, The coming, glorious day? Or shall you be fill'd with
will your days be end-ed, Soon comes the judgment day; Then shall your heart be
praise you then will greet Him; No longer you'll dread the day; No more will you fear to

CHORUS.

sad-ness, For sinning your life a - way? A-way, a-way, for - ev - er! A -
rend-ed, When you find you are turn'd a - way.
meet Him, In the glo-ri-ous judgment day.

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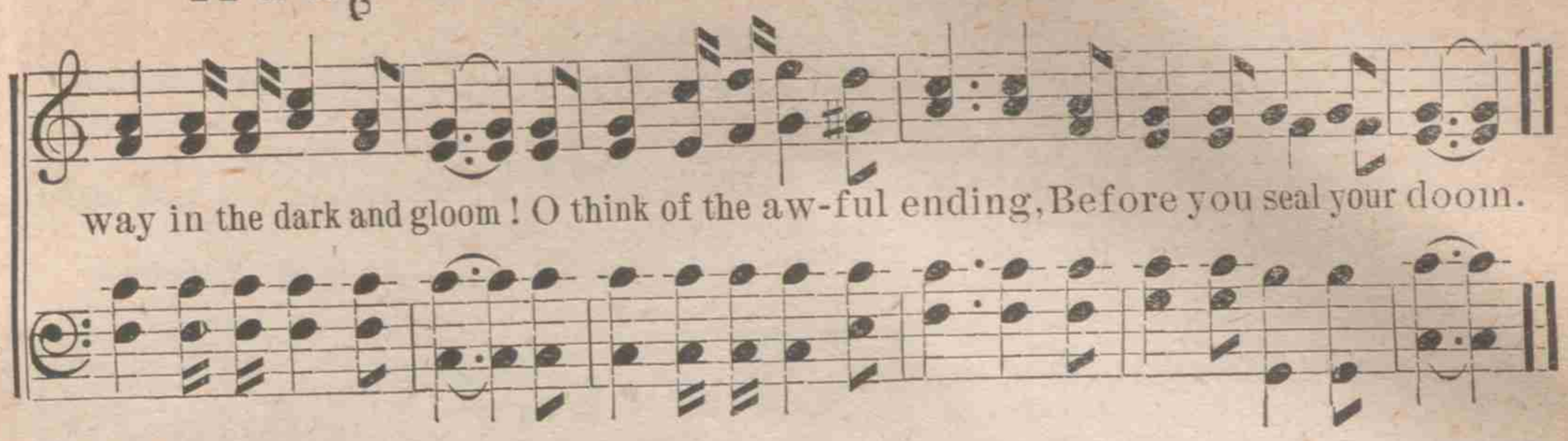
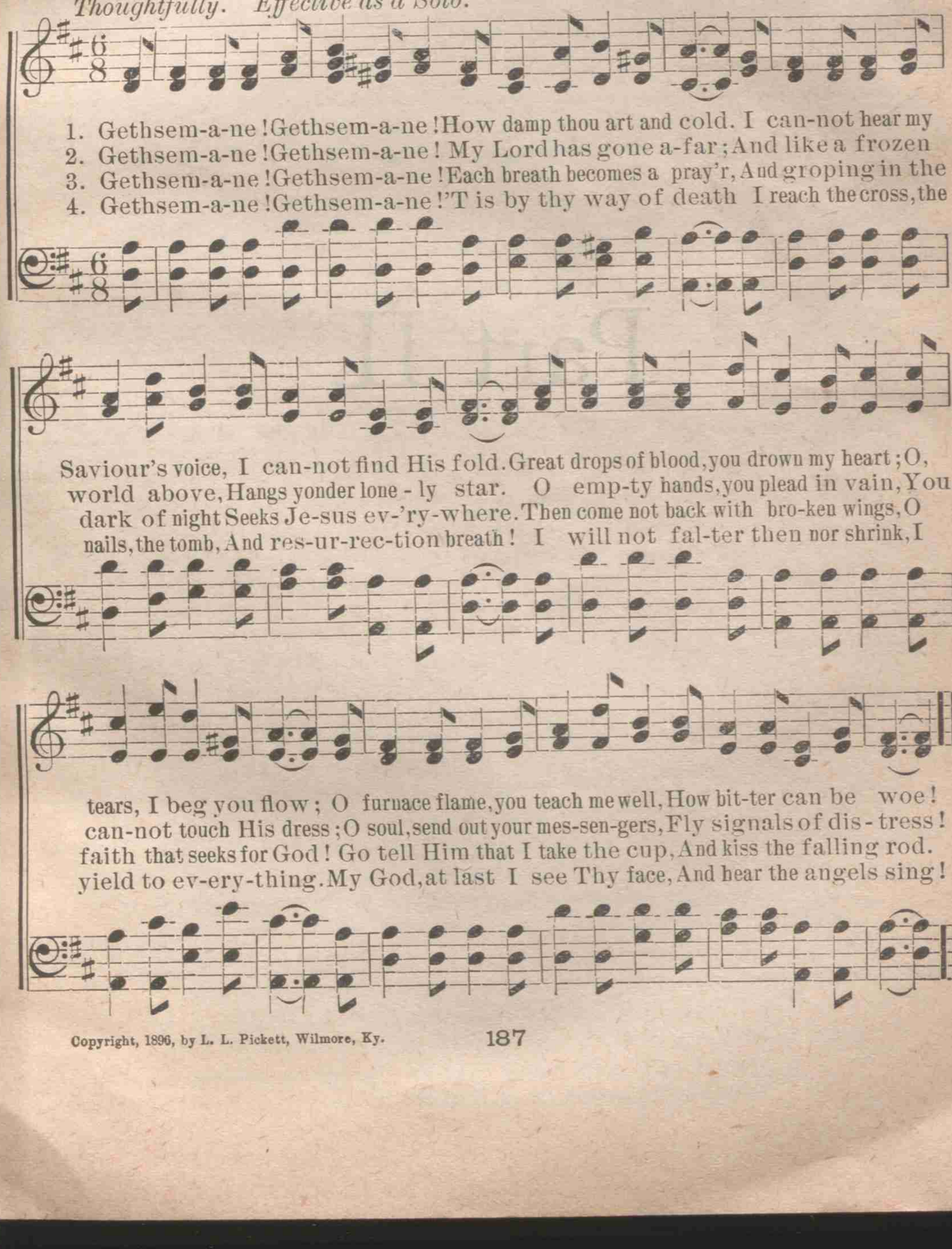
Away Forever Concluded.



No. 170. Gethsemane.

Mrs. Mary McGee Snell. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Thoughtfully. Effective as a Solo.



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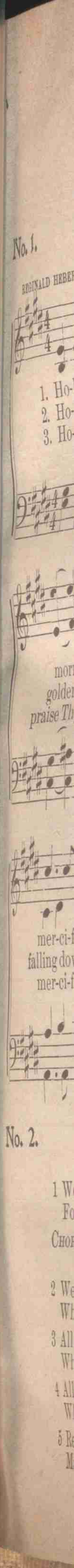
Part II.

No. 1.
REGINALD HEBER
1. Ho-
2. Ho-
3. Ho-
mor
golde
praise Th
mer-ci-f
falling do
mer-ci-f
No. 2.
1 W
Fo
Chor
2 We
Wh
3 All
Wh
4 All
Wh
5 Re
M

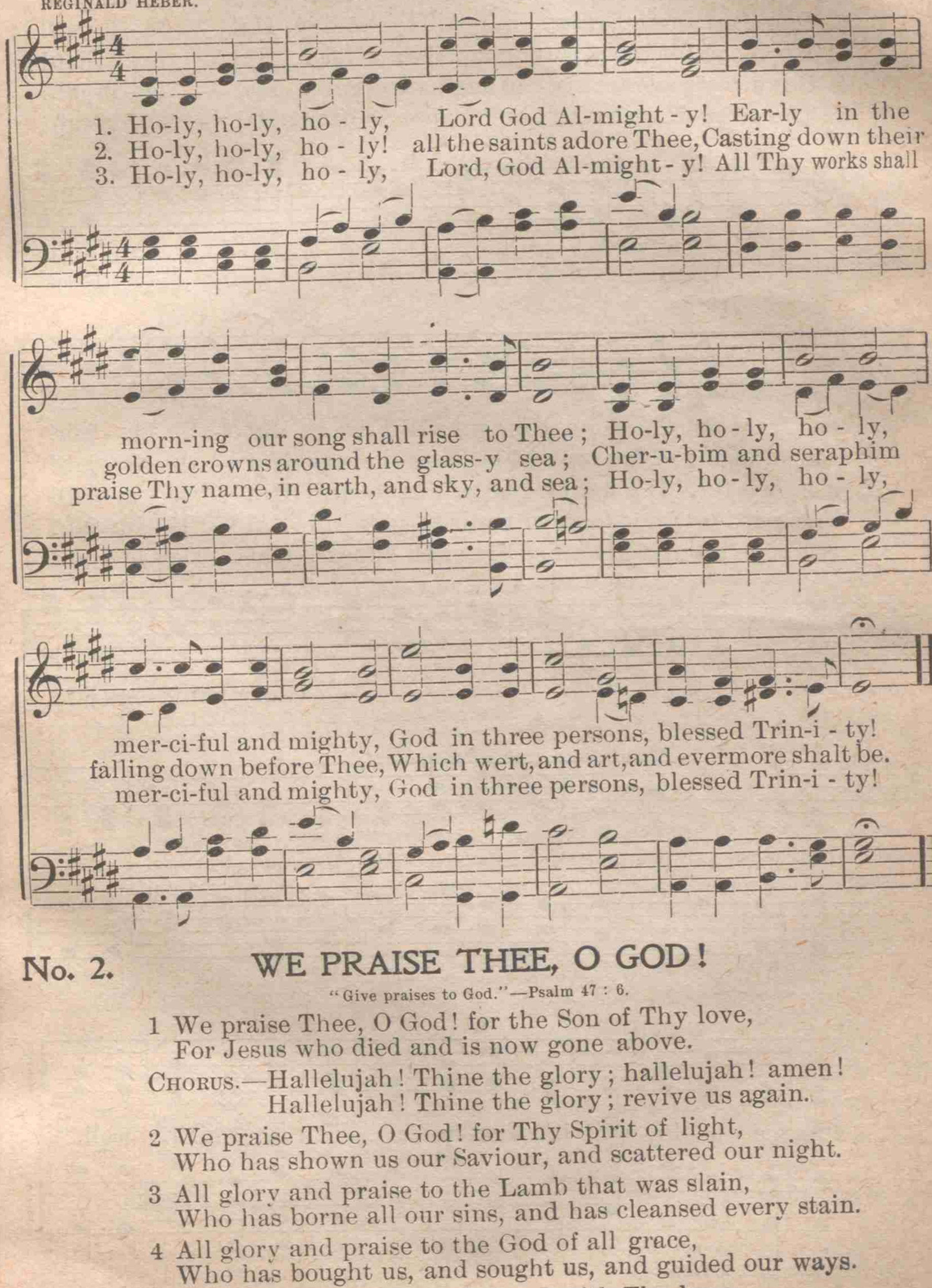
Praise.

No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

"Exalt ye the Lord our God, for he is holy."—Psalm 99 : 5.

Tune: NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

REGINALD HEBER.



No. 2. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

"Give praises to God."—Psalm 47 : 6.

1 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.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

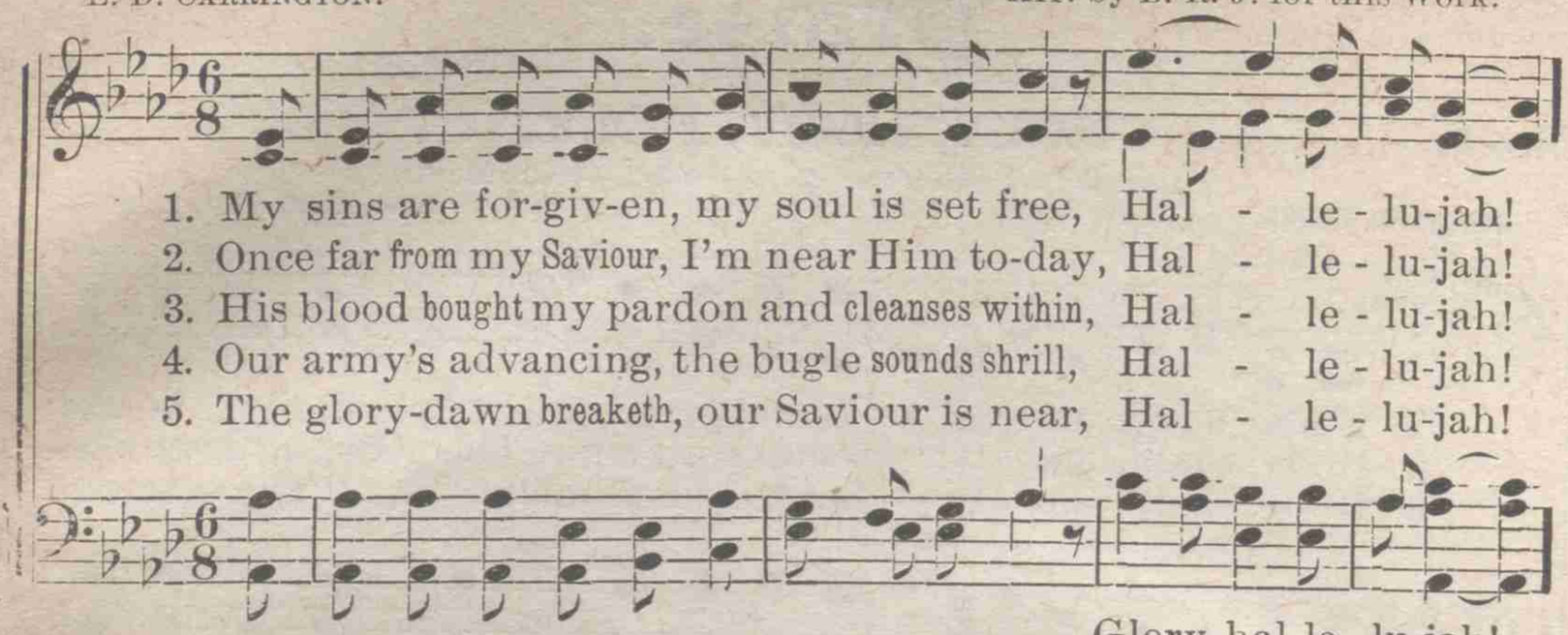
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

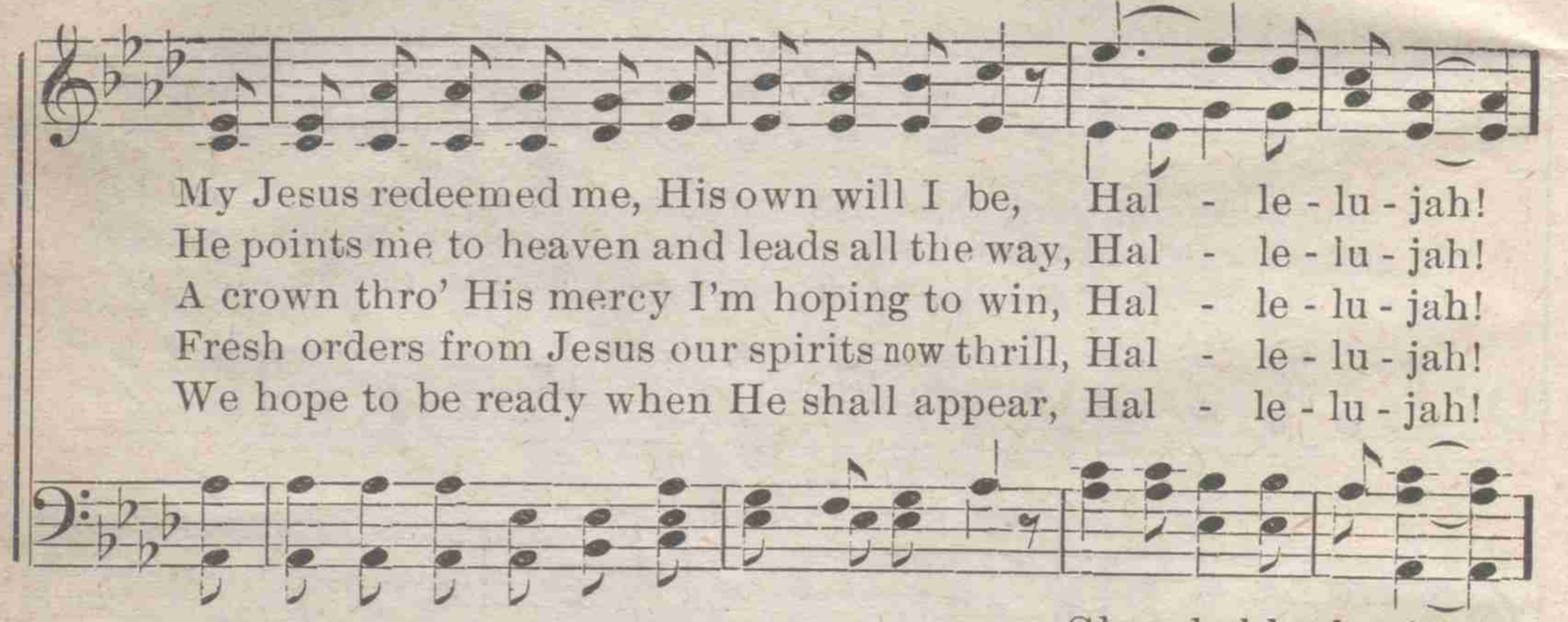
No. 3.

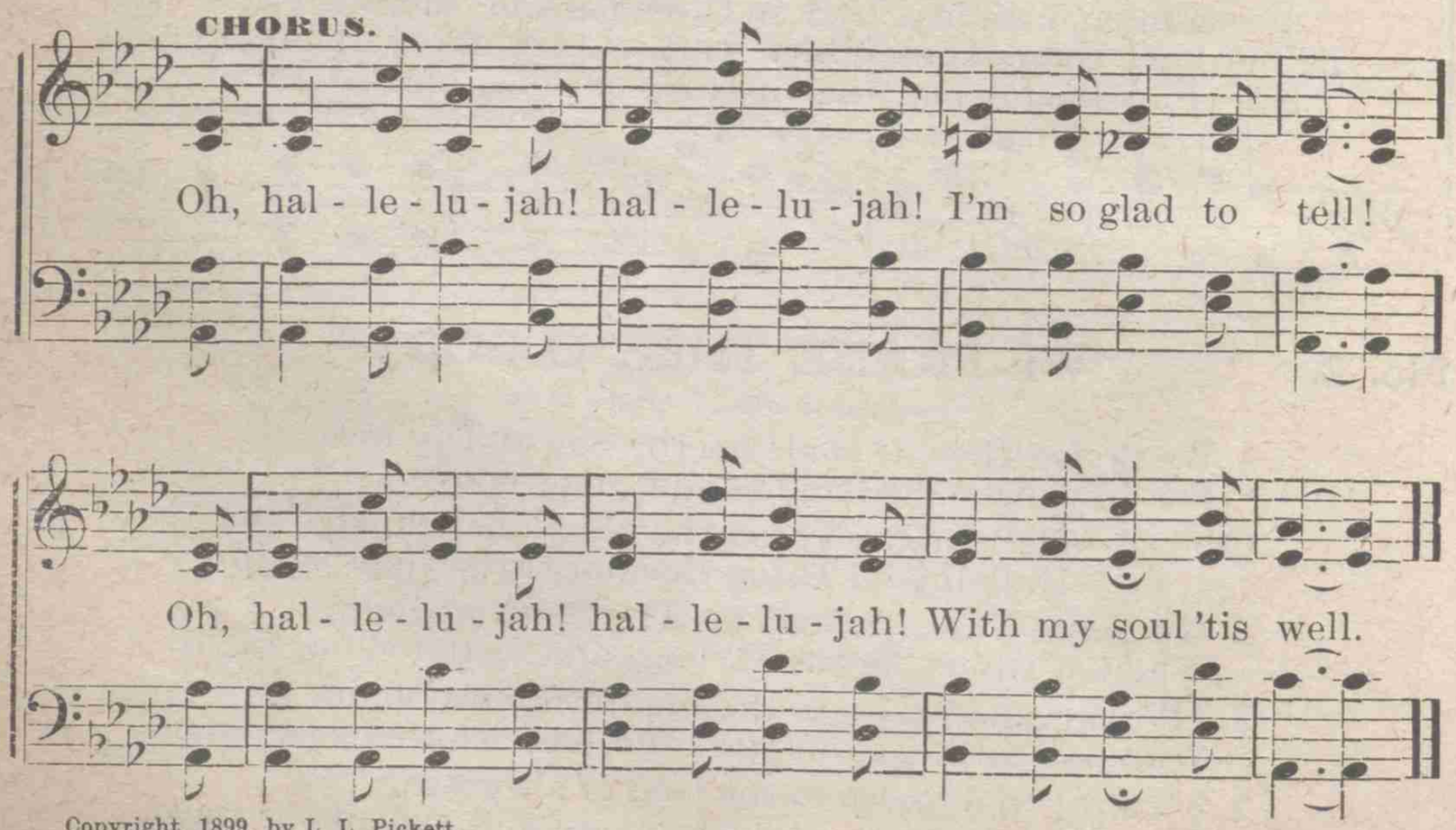
HALLELUJAH!

"Amen! Alleluia!"—REV. 19: 4.

L. D. CARRINGTON. Arr. by B. R. J. for this Work.







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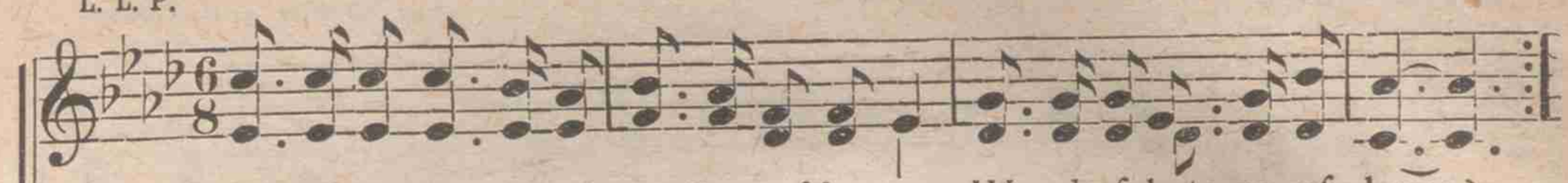
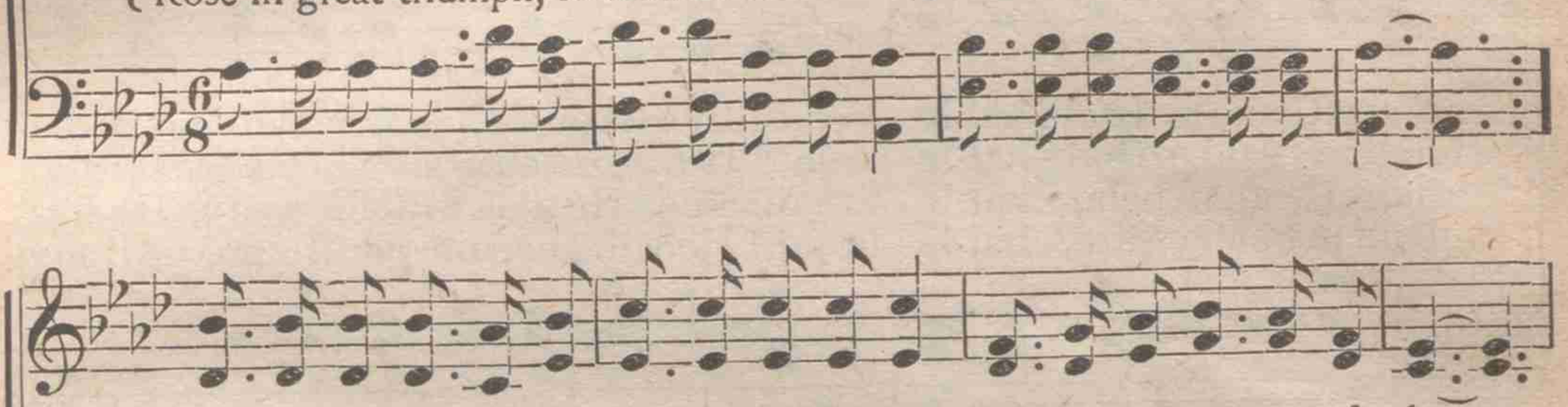
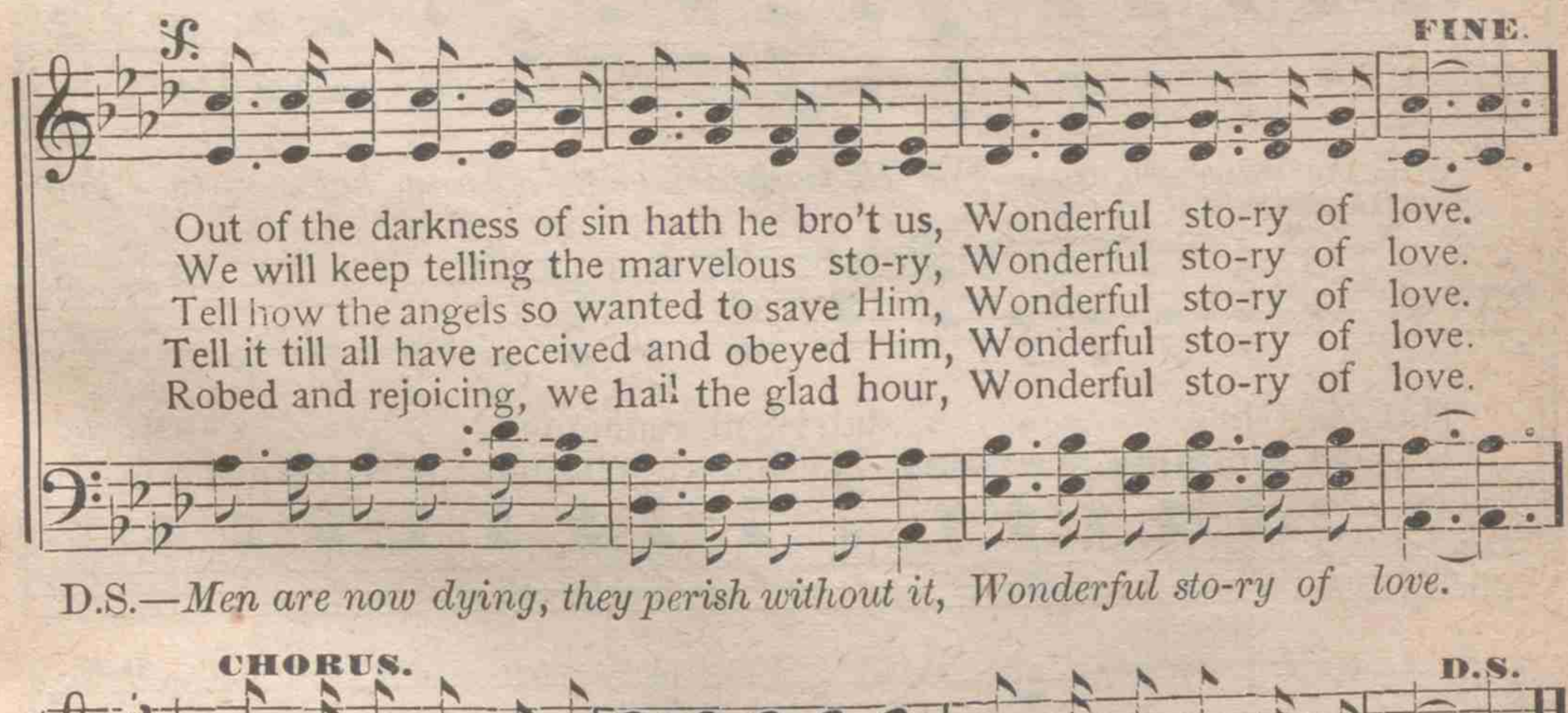
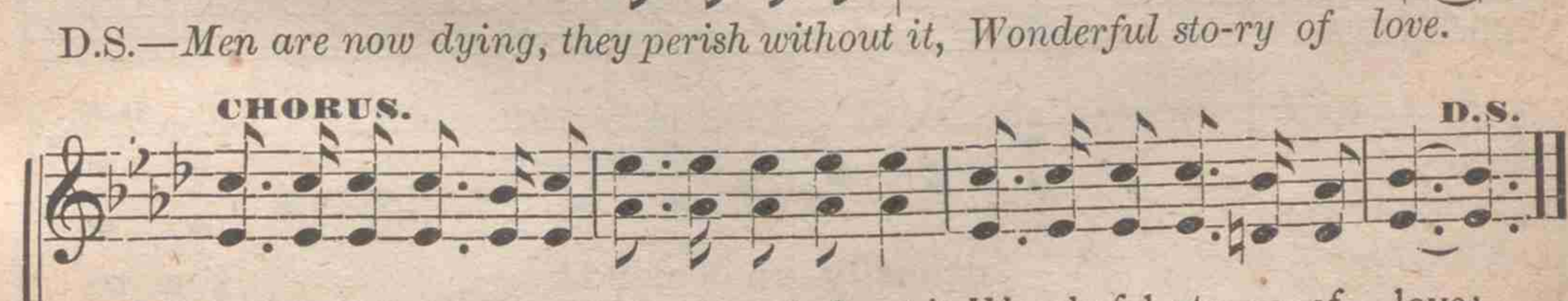
No. 4. WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

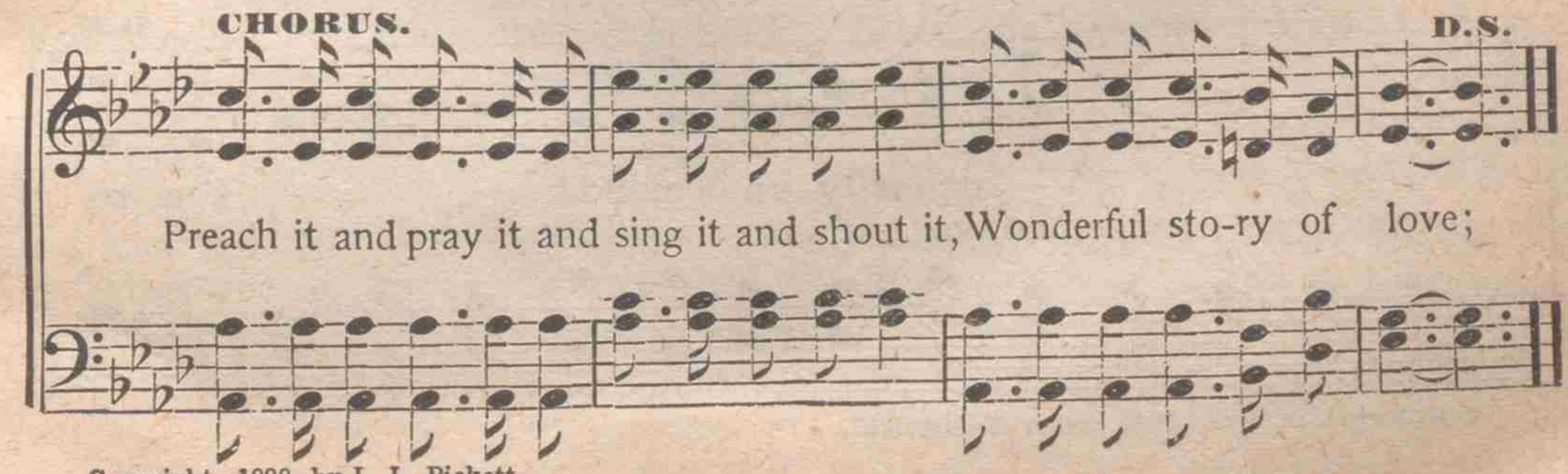
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. { Sing out the tid-ings that tell us of Je-sus, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   { Sing it to all that from sin He now frees us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
2. { Tell of His birth in the Bethlehem man-ger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   { Tell how He came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
3. { Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Wonderful story of love;
   { Tell how He pressed to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Wonderful story of love;
4. { Tell of the tree upon which He did languish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   { How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
5. { Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
   { Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

When we were straying, in pity He sought us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of His glory, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Soon He is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful sto-ry of love;



FINE.

Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous sto-ry, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell how the angels so wanted to save Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—*Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful sto-ry of love.*

CHORUS. D.S.



Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

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No. 5. WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

"That he might redeem us from all iniquity." – Titus 2 : 14.

E. A. H. 4th verse by L. L. P.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose
4. I can trust Him ev - 'ry-where, hal - le - lu - jah! Roll on

come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has
stored my soul to God, hal-le - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
help I can depend, hal-le - lu-jah! Since He took my sins away, He has
Him my ev'ry care, hal-le - lu-jah! He will keep me as I go, All my

D. S —*joic-ing night and day, As I*

changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
from His wounded side; I am saved and sanc ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
pil-grim-age be-low, For His grace doth o - ver-flow, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so
Hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed, oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

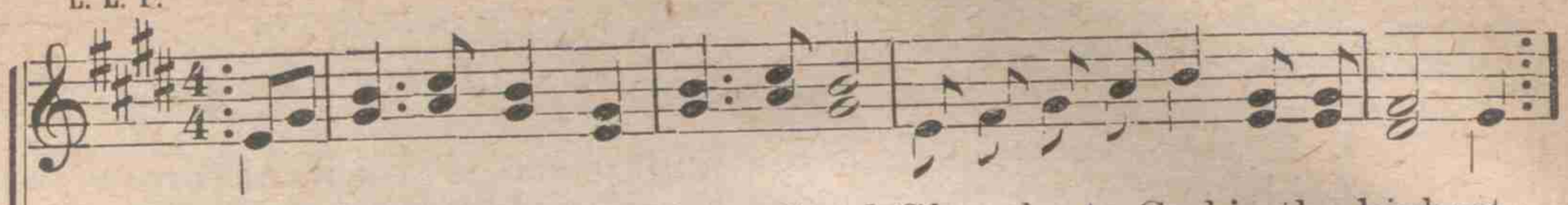
won - - - drous-ly re-deemed! I'm re-
wondrously redeemed, yes, oh, so wondrously redeemed!

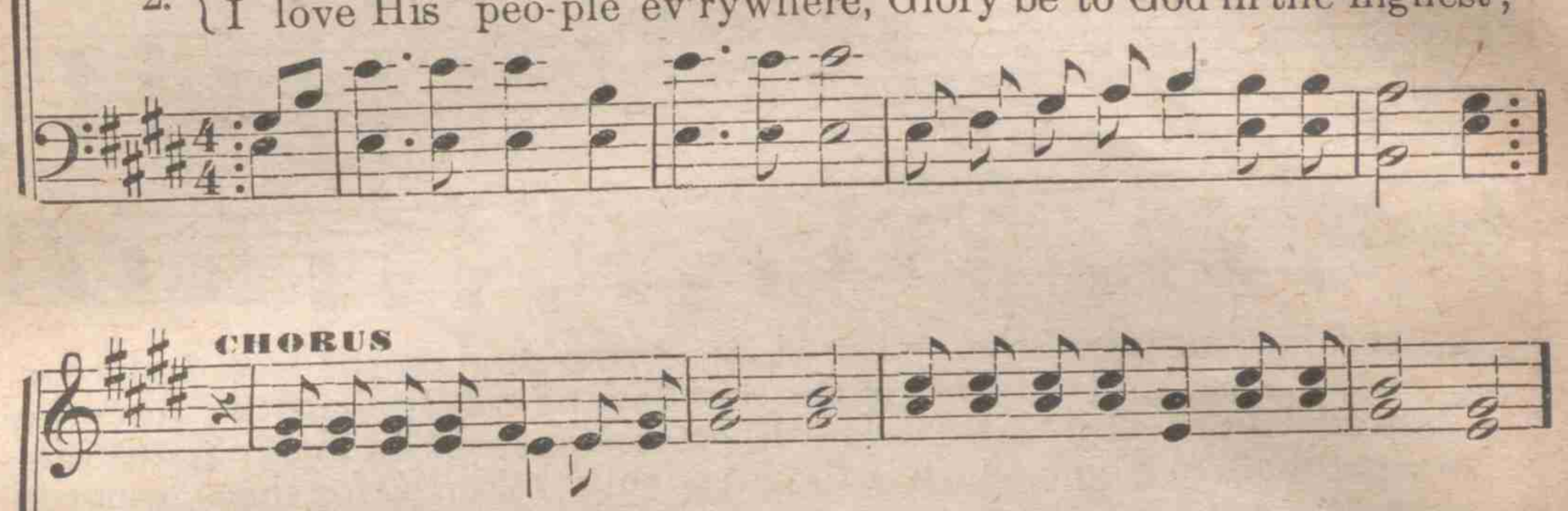
Used by per. of Henry Date, owner of Copyright.

No. 6. GLORY BE TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

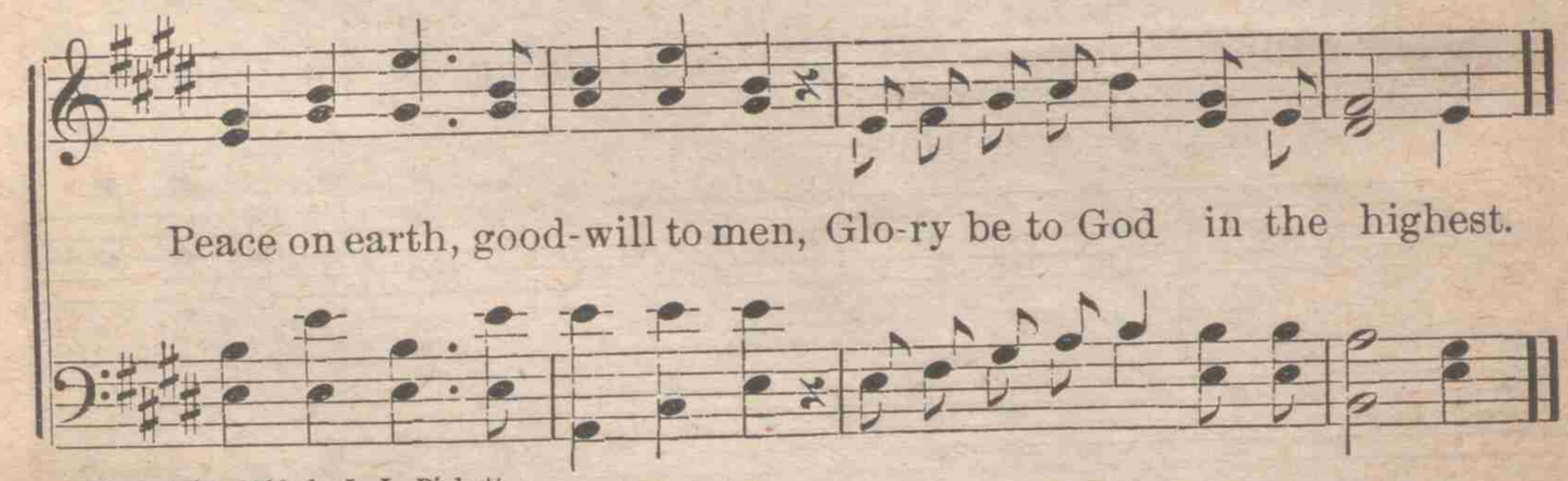
Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. P.

1. I love my Saviour, He's my Lord, Glory be to God in the highest;
   I love His Spir-it and His Word, Glory be to God in the highest;
2. I love His church so bright and fair, Glory be to God in the highest;
   I love His peo-ple ev'rywhere, Glory be to God in the highest;



CHORUS

Glory be to God in the high-est, Glo-ry be to God in the highest,



Peace on earth, good-will to men, Glo-ry be to God in the highest.

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3 I love His holy Sabbath day,
Glory be to God in the highest;
It helps me learn the living way,
Glory be to God in the highest.

4 I love the hour of prayer and praise,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And all His peaceful, holy ways,
Glory be to God in the highest.

5 I love His work, I love His rest,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And in His service I am blest,
Glory be to God in the highest.

6 I love the cause of holiness,
Glory be to God in the highest;
This living truth He'll always bless,
Glory be to God in the highest.

7 I love the hallelujah song,
Glory be to God in the highest;
I'll sing it loud, I'll sing it long,
Glory be to God in the highest.

8 I love to think of heaven above,
Glory be to God in the highest;
That holy land of purest love,
Glory be to God in the highest.

No. 7. GLORY TO JESUS.

A. F. M. Arr. "To Him be glory and dominion forever."—Rev. 1: 6. A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and
2. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight, If you want purity,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and

sighing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree, Jesus can
earth all as dross, Cleansed in the blood flowing free from His side, Jesus can
walk in the light, If you want liberty, shout and be free, Je-sus can
you shall be whole, Wash in the blood that is flowing for thee, Jesus can

CHORUS

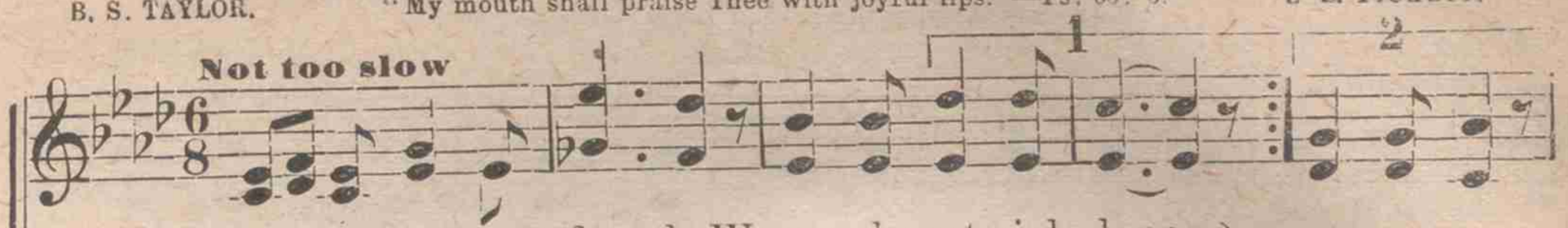
save you, for He saved me.
save you, for you He died. Glo - ry to Je-sus, He sat - is - fies me,
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.

Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'll

shout it, I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I cannot keep still.

No. 8. OUR JOYFUL SONG.

B. S. TAYLOR. "My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."—Ps. 63: 5. L. L. PICKETT.

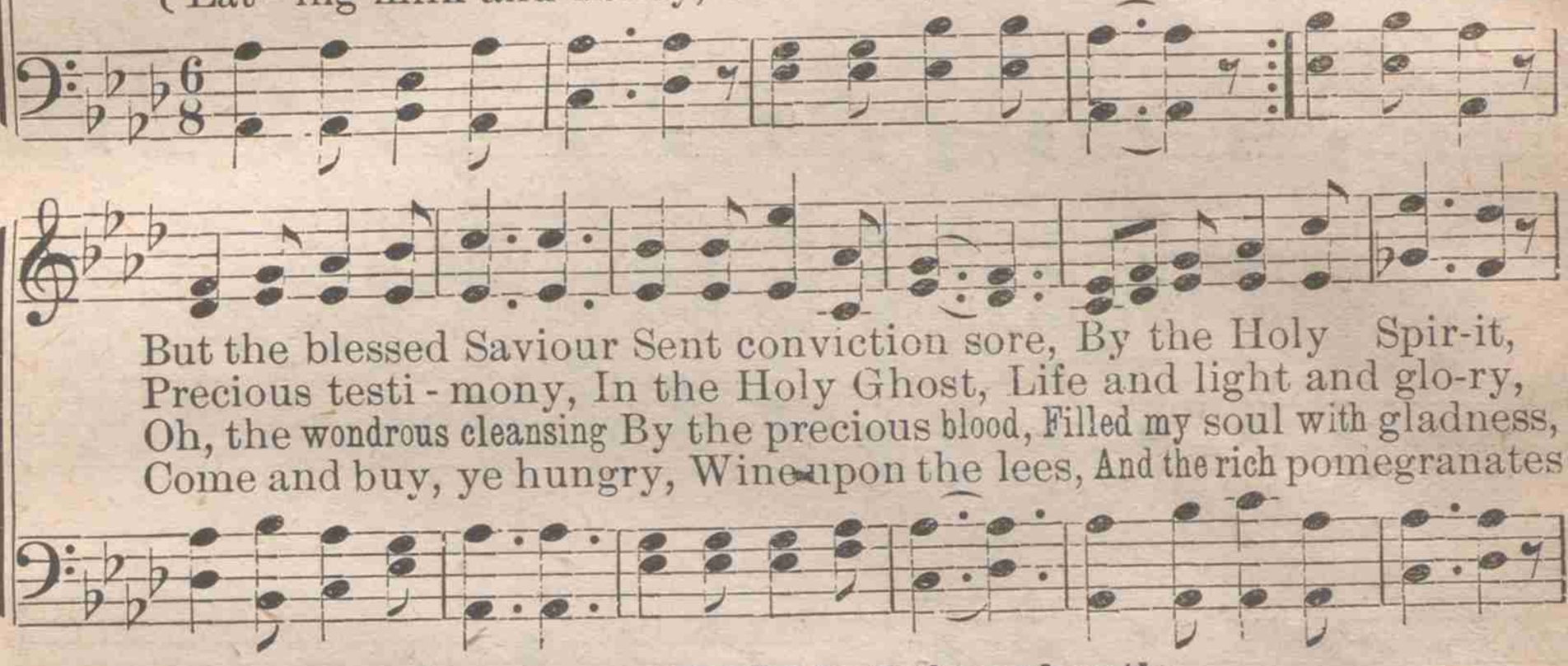


1. { Long in sin I wandered, Weary, heart-sick, lone, / And its heavy burden Pressed me (*Omit . . .*) } sad-ly down;

2. { Then by faith I touched Him, Reached the cleansing blood, / Rest - ed all my sor - row In the (*Omit . . .*) } will of God;

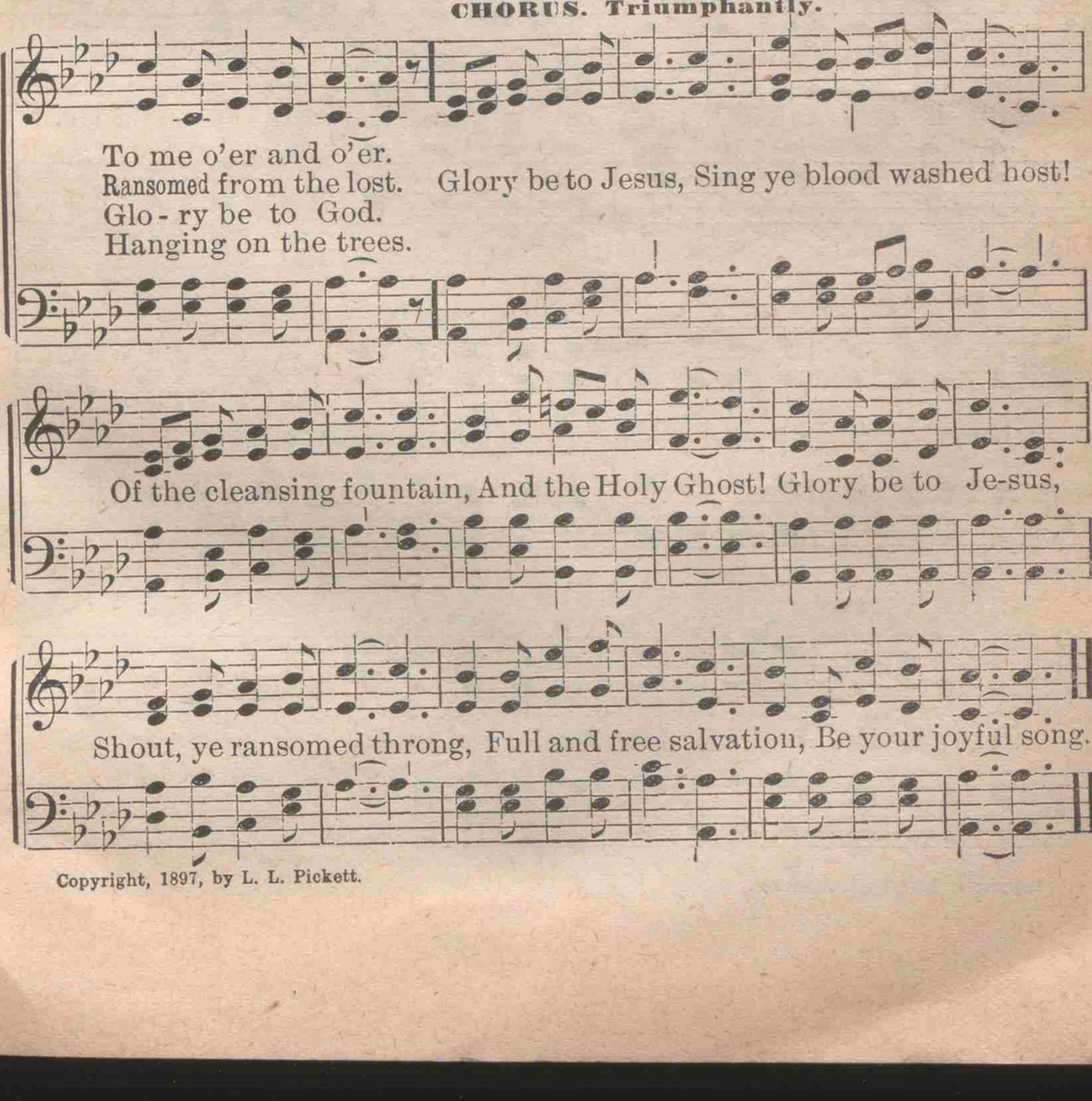
3. { Pardon, sweet and peaceful, Jesus made me whole, / Then the Ho-ly Spir - it Sanc-ti- (*Omit . . .*) } fied my soul;

4. { Now I'm walking gladly In the King's highway, / Eat - ing milk and honey, Old corn (*Omit . . .*) } ev-'ry day;



But the blessed Saviour Sent conviction sore, By the Holy Spir-it,
Precious testi - mony, In the Holy Ghost, Life and light and glo-ry,
Oh, the wondrous cleansing By the precious blood, Filled my soul with gladness,
Come and buy, ye hungry, Wine upon the lees, And the rich pomegranates

CHORUS. Triumphantly.



To me o'er and o'er.
Ransomed from the lost. Glory be to Jesus, Sing ye blood washed host!
Glo - ry be to God.
Hanging on the trees.

Of the cleansing fountain, And the Holy Ghost! Glory be to Je-sus,

Shout, ye ransomed throng, Full and free salvation, Be your joyful song.

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No. 9. HOLY IS HE.

"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts."—Isa. 6 : 3.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness,
2. Come en - ter His courts with the ten - der - est tread just now,
3. His love is so great, and His mer - cy is rich and free,

Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He; Con-fess all His glo - ry, pro-
Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He; With an - gels in glo - ry, come
Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He; He's call-ing the lost ones, His

claim all His righteousness, Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He.
humble thy self and bow, Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He.
Spir - it now call - eth thee, Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He.

CHORUS.

Ho-ly is He, ho - ly is He, Setting His people from ev-'ry sin free;

Ho-ly is He, ho - ly is He, Tender and gracious, He loves even me.

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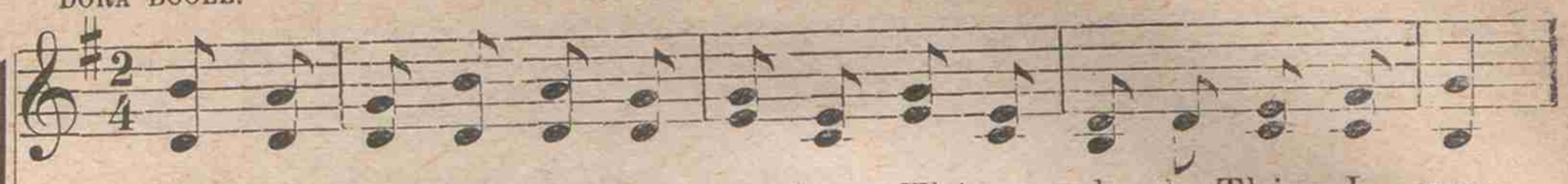
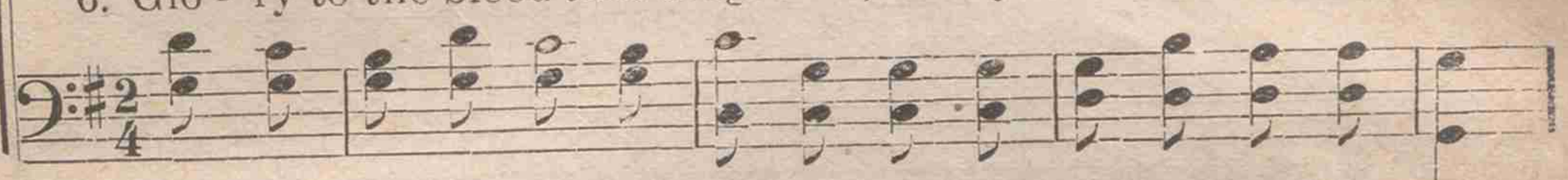
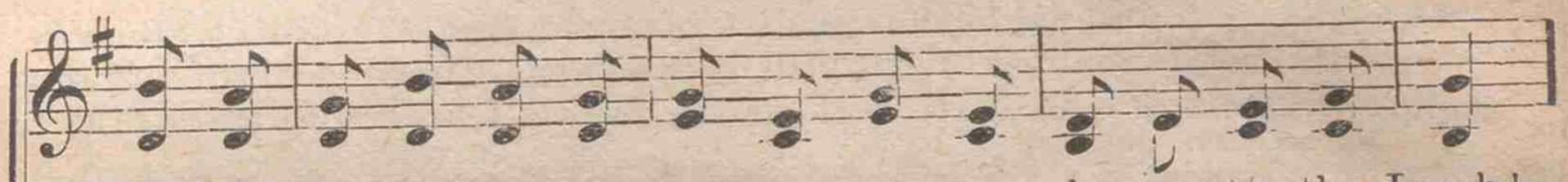
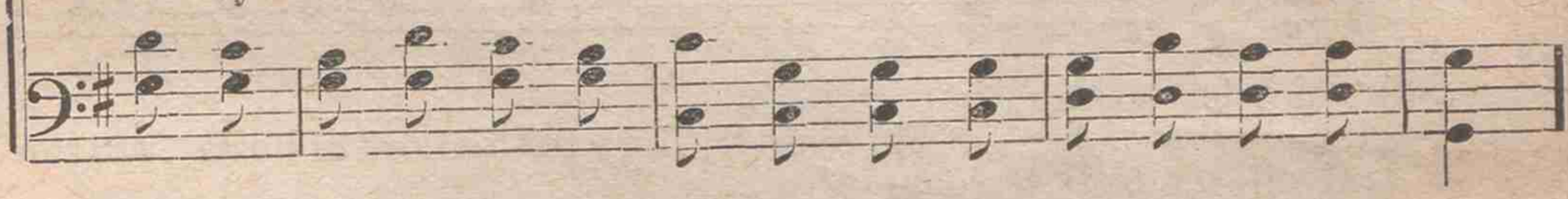
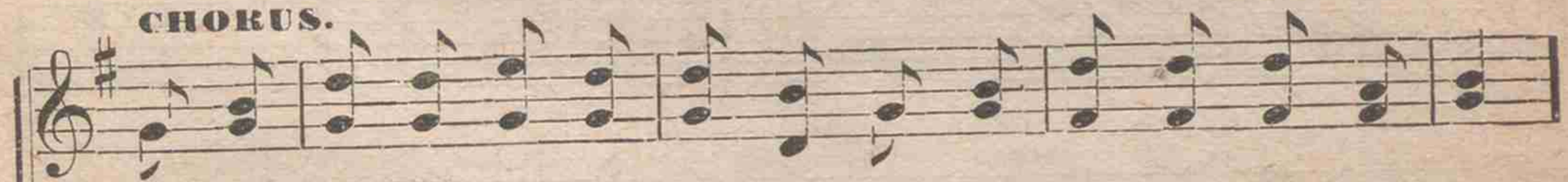
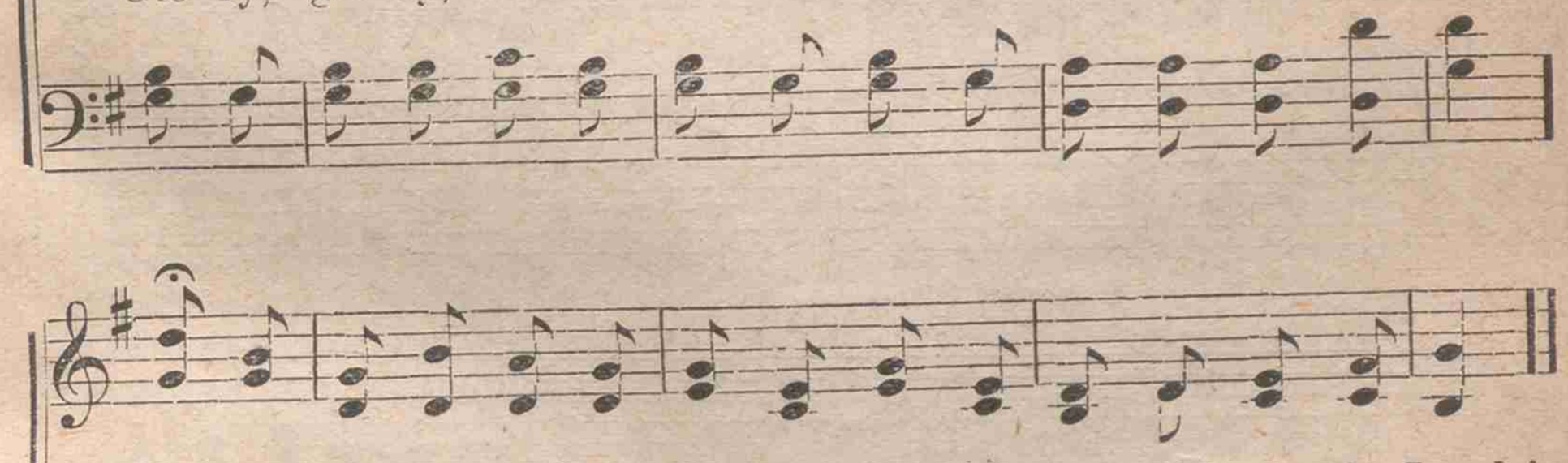
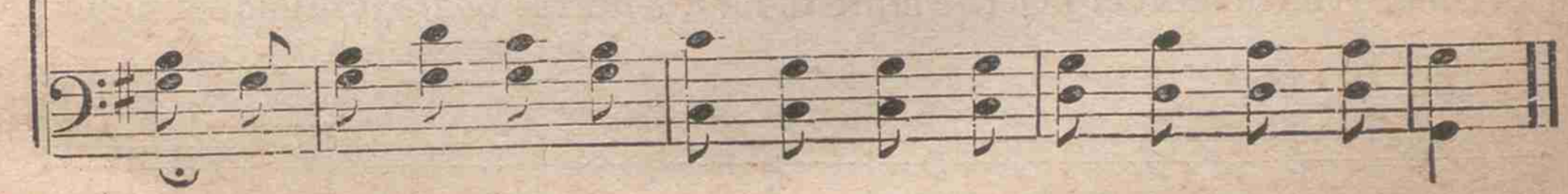
No. 10. GLORY, GLORY, JESUS SAVES ME.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5 : 14.

S. F. FRATER. Hyper.

DORA BOOLE.

1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev -'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - crat-ed to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweetly saved my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try-ing o - ver: Simply trusting, I am blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti - fied and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

No. 11. THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN.

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

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy to-day, O'er the
2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar-row way, And there
3. Sin - ner, bow with grat - i - tude, And with heart subdued, Plead His

lamb that is found again; Far away from pastures green, Wand'ring all alone
seemeth no joy nor rest, Jesus still is ever near, Hearing night and day
mercy and pardon free! He will see the falling tear, Hear the fervent pray'r,

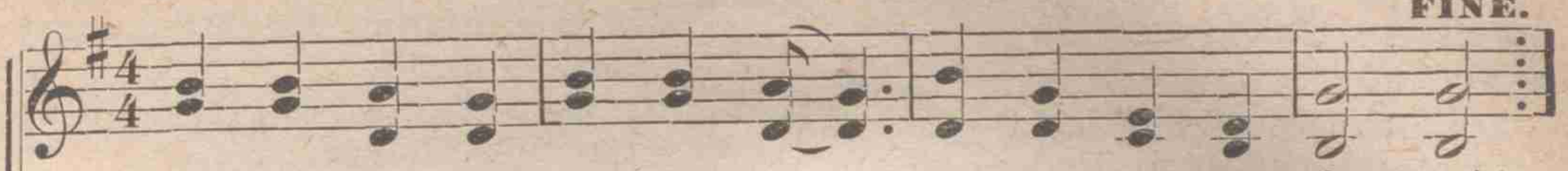
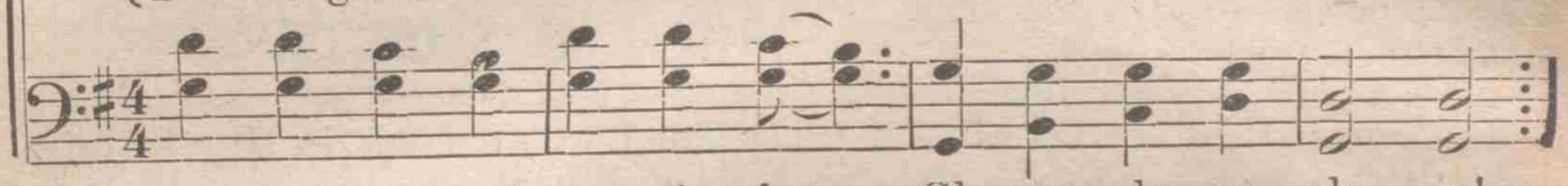
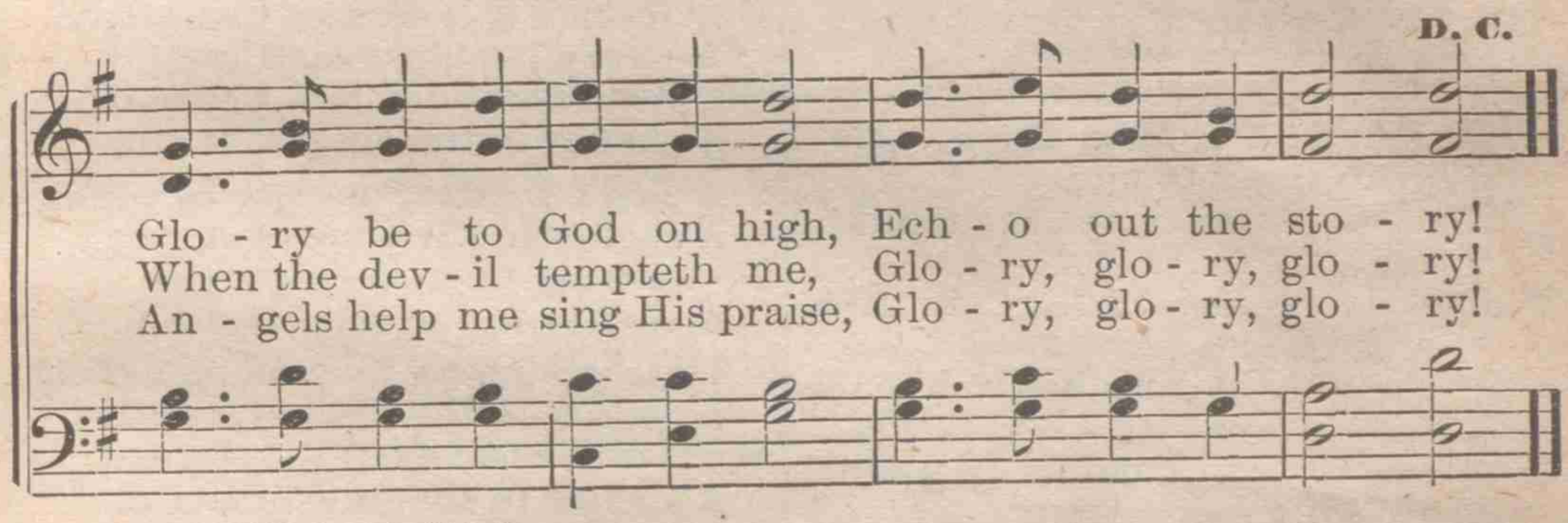
REFRAIN

On the des - o - late, barren plain.
All the cries of the sin-oppressed. Glory to the Lord of hosts, Shout the
And will tenderly welcome thee.

morning stars on high, Praise Him ever, ye angels of light! He has

heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And He bears it rejoicing home.

No. 12. GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

M. W. K. "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name."—Ps. 29: 2. Arr.

1. { All my sins are washed a - way, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! }
   { Je - sus keeps me all the day, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! }
2. { All my needs He doth sup - ply, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! }
   { Hears my feeblest, faintest cry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! }
3. { When the Saviour shall ap - pear, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! }
   { I will greet Him without fear, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! }

D. C. He doth save and sanc - ti - fy, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
D. C. Je - sus gives the vic - to - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
D. C. Saints your loudest anthems raise, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

Glo - ry be to God on high, Ech - o out the sto - ry!
When the dev - il tempteth me, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
An - gels help me sing His praise, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

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No. 13. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

1 Now I feel the sacred fire,
  Kindling, flaming, glowing,
Higher still and rising higher,
  All my soul o'erflowing;
Life immortal I receive,—
  Oh, the wondrous story!
I was dead, but now I live,
  Glory! glory! glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
  Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
  Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty—
  Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
  Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
  Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
  This immense salvation;
Now I know it's full and free,
  Oh! the wondrous story!
For it now is saving me,
  Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
  Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
  From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
  Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
  Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
  The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
  Bursts their bonds asunder:
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
  Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
  Glory! glory! glory!

14 ALL HAIL.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet. Alt.

15 THE LILY.

KEY OF F.

1 I've found a friend in Jesus,—He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
The "Lily of the Valley," in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith, and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
When crowned at last in glory, I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

C. W. Fry.

16 A SHELTER.

KEY OF F.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 Oh, Rock divine, oh, refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

17 AT THE CROSS.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

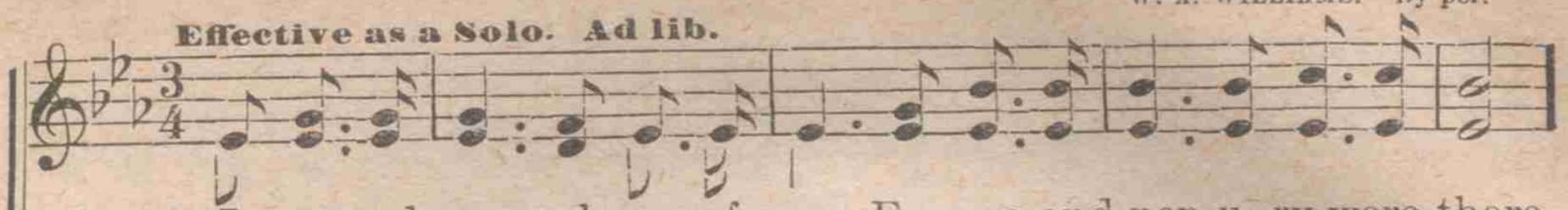
Thomas Shepherd.

No. 18. CHRIST IS ALL.

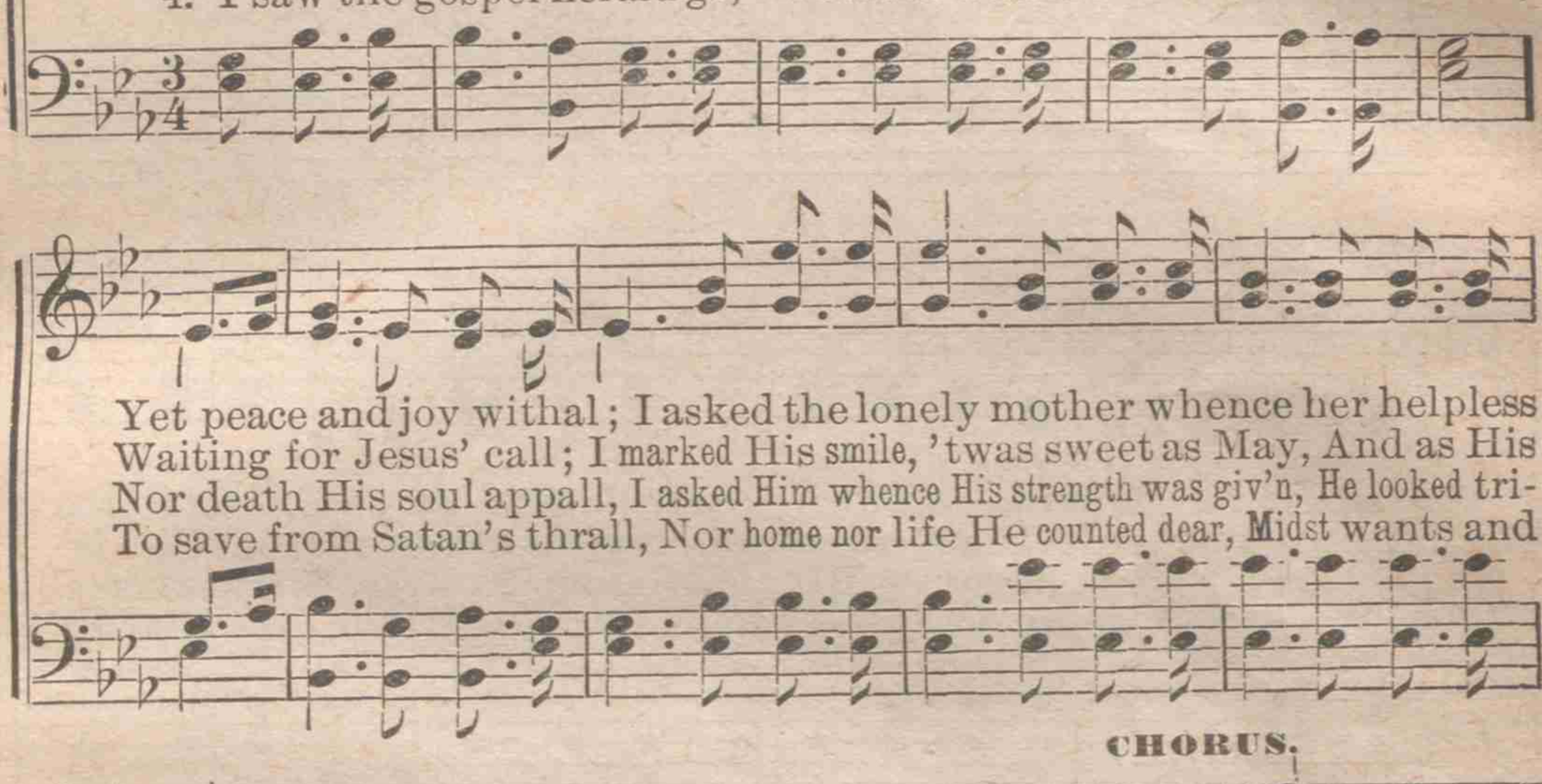
"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." — 1 Peter 2: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

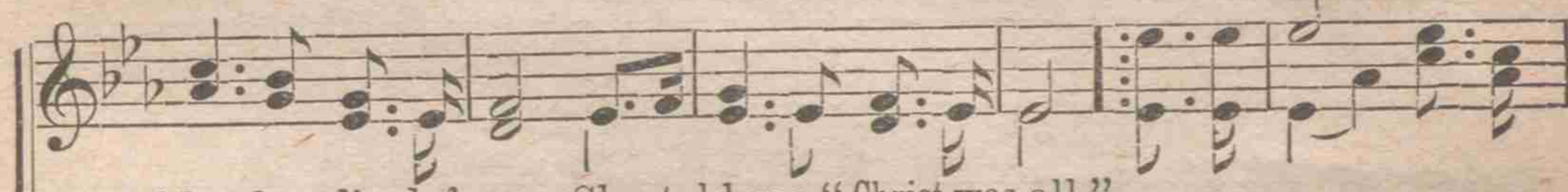
Effective as a Solo. Ad lib.

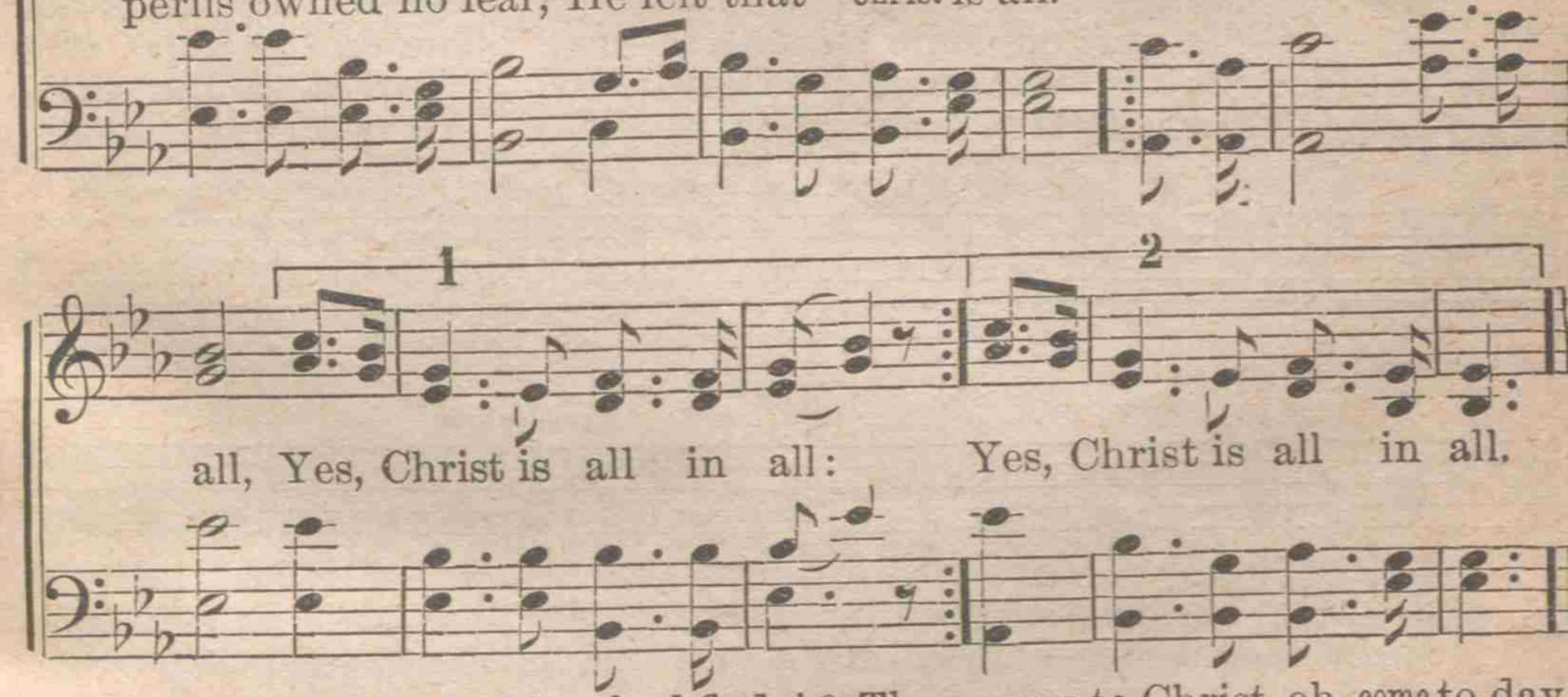


1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen-u-ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dying bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not His courage shake,
4. I saw the gospel herald go,—To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,



Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence her helpless
Waiting for Jesus' call; I marked His smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as His
Nor death His soul appall, I asked Him whence His strength was giv'n, He looked tri-
To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life He counted dear, Midst wants and

CHORUS.

widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all."
spirit passed away, He whispered "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
umphantly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."



all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call;
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

From "Song Jewels," a seven-cent S. S. song book by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

No. 19. THE TRUE AND LIVING WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John 14: 6.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT

Not too slow.

1. Poor sin-ners far from Je - sus are sick and faint and sore, They
2. There is no oth - er Sav - iour for sin-ners lost and vile, His
3. He is the root of Da - vid, the bright and morning star, The
4. His gos - pel now is spreading thro' nations far and wide, It

wan-der on in darkness which palls their pathway o'er; And as the
grace a-lone redeems us and cheers us with God's smile; But He is
Lord of earth and heaven— His praises sound a - far; His name shall
sweeps away all barriers, a ris - ing, roll-ing tide; And when in

years roll onward they far-ther go a - stray, Because they know not
all - suf - fi-cent, our fears He doth al - lay, The on - ly hope of
be called "Je-sus," our strength from day to day, The "Ev - er - last - ing
princely grandeur He comes without de - lay, All nations then shall

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the true and liv - ing way.
sin-ners, the true and liv - ing way. He is the way to pardon, the
Fa-ther," the true and liv - ing way.
own Him, the true and liv - ing way.

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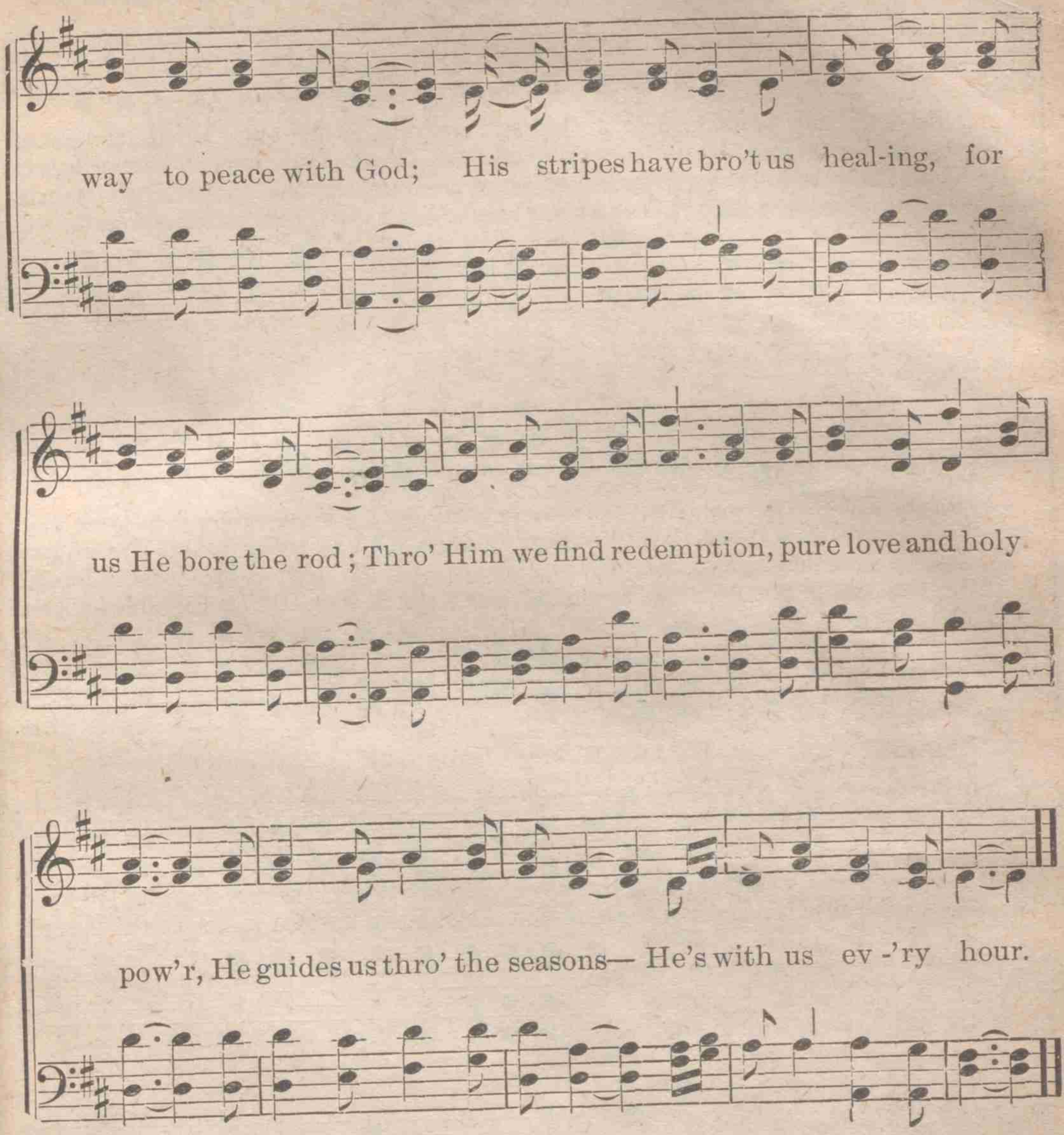


No. 20. JESUS OF NAZARETH. L. M.

KEY G.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

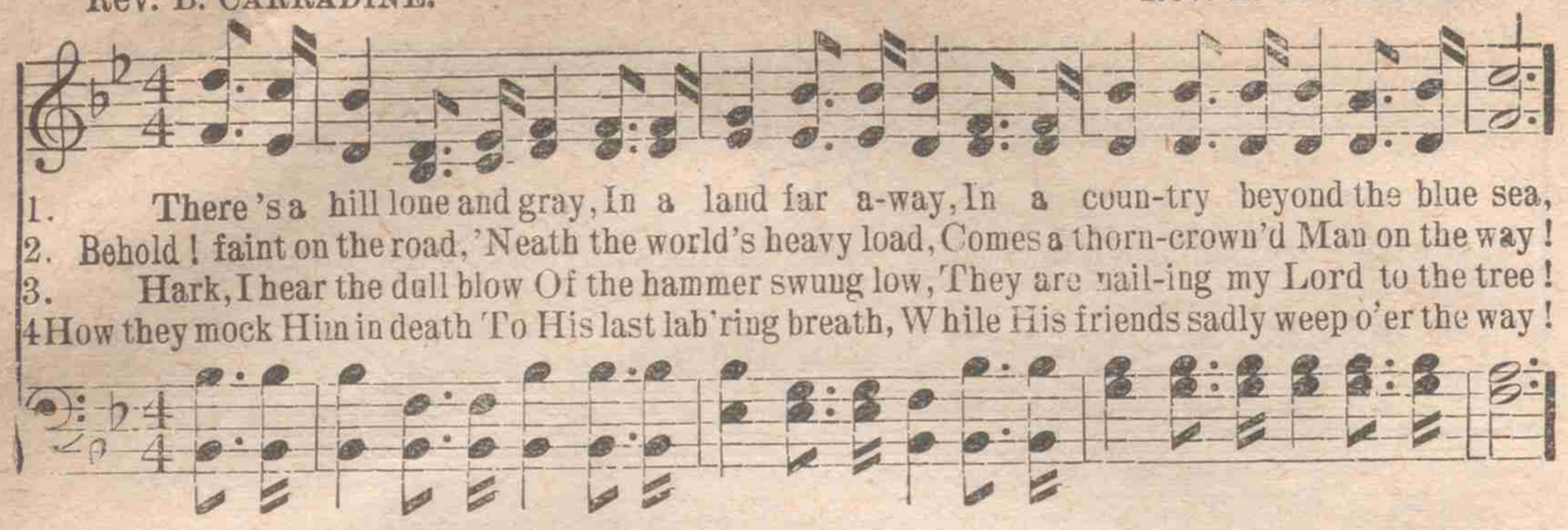
3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

By per. T. E. Perkins.

No. 21. CALVARY.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'T was the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,
Let the earth reel apace.
Over men who their Saviour have slain!
But, behold! from the sod
Comes the blessed Lamb of God,
Who was slain, but is risen again.

No. 22.

BE STILL.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oft a sweet and ho - ly still - ness Falls like sun-light on my soul,
2. Deaf-ened by the ma - ny voi - ces, Which the fly - ing mo-ments fill,
3. When per-plex - i - ties and tri - als And temp-ta - tions fill my mind,
4. Sometimes sick-ness comes and sor - row, And we deem them an - gels ill,
5. Oh, these si - lenc - es so gold - en, Sweet-er far than can be told,

Shedding glo - ry rich-er, grand - er, Than when waves of rap-ture roll.
We may miss the Master's mes - sage If we are not of - ten still.
Then in this pa - vil - ion hid - ing, Quick re - lief I al - ways find.
But 'tis Je - sus who per-mits them, Thus com-pell - ing to be still.
When with - in the spir-it's cham-bers, Sa - cred se - crets deep un - fold.

For 'tis when all oth - er voi - ces, Hushed and .vea - ry sink to rest,
Pas - sions and im - ag - i - na - tions, E - ven friends may lead a - stray,
When I, ob - sta - cles en-coun - ter, Which de - fy my ut - most skill,
Well He knows that in our hur - ry, We might miss the voice so low,
When the heav'n-ly Bridegroom whis-pers, Hold-ing there com - mun-ion sweet

That I hear my Sav-iour speak-ing, And can tell His tones the best.
Hence we oft a - lone with Je - sus, In the still-ness deep must stay.
He re- bukes them and they van - ish, While I trust Him and am still.
And in mere - ly hu - man wis - dom Fruit-less on our er - rands go.
With the heart that bids Him wel - come, And is lost in bliss com - plete.

NETTLETON.

CHORUS.

When I hear my Sav-iour whis - per, "Hush, My child, be still, be still,"
Then I list, and in the si - lence Learn the se - crets of His will.

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No. 23. BATTLE HYMN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
   While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle 's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes,

:S:

we shall wear a crown! And when the battle 's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the

FINE.

new Je - ru - sa - lem. Wear a crown, wear a

Wear a crown,

D.S.

crown, Wear a bright and shin - ing crown;

wear a crown,

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

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

No. 24.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God." —Col. 3: 3.

Suggested by a sermon of Mrs. Mary Snell Hall's, who indited the chorus, and to whom it is respectfully inscribed.

L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. P.

1. A - lone with Je-sus my Lord, A-part from the world's vain strife,
2. When thus He calleth to me, And bids me come with Him,
3. Sometimes in wilderness drear, No mor - tal to hear or see;
4. At times, where gather the throngs, In midst of the mart or street,
5. In si - lent watches of night, When friends are all wrapped in sleep,

I'm feeding up - on His word, I'm liv-ing the hid-den life.
Himself then a - lone I see, All lights of this world grow dim.
My Saviour a-gain draws near, And sweetly communes with me.
He fill-eth my soul with songs, With mel-o - dy rich and sweet.
He fill-eth me with de - light, Love's billows roll strong and deep.

CHORUS.

A - part, a - part my heart, A-part with Christ my King,

I feel the fount-ain start, I laugh, I shout, I sing,

p **Rit**

I feel the fount-ain start, I laugh, I shout, I sing.

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No. 25. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will
3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will

chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the
nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
bank of death's riv - er we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with

stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
wor - thy to be With the children of God at the Saviour's right hand.
dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . . find a place with that . . hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that hap-py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,

right hand.
Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . At the Sav - iour's right hand.
Who shall ever abide at the Saviour's right hand, abide at the Saviour's right hand.

No. 26. CHRIST ALONE.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

L. L. PICKETT.

A.

1. Christ alone is our salvation, Christ the rock on which we stand;
2. We have all things, Christ possessing, Life eter - nal, second birth;
3. When we perfect joy shall enter, 'Tis in Him our bliss shall rise;

Oth - er than this sure founda-tion, Will be found but sinking sand;
Pres-ent pardon, peace and blessing, While we tarry here on earth;
His the essence, soul and cen-ter, Of the glo - ry in the skies;

Christ, His cross and resurrec-tion, Is a - lone the sin-ner's plea;
And by faith's an - tic - i - pa-tion, Foretastes of the joy a-bove;
In redemption's wondrous story, Planned before our parent's fall;

At the throne of God's per - fection, Nothing else can set him free.
Free - ly giv'n us with sal - va-tion, By the Fa - ther in His love.
From the cross un - to the glo - ry, Je - sus Christ is all in all.

CHORUS.

1 2

Christ alone, Christ alone, Nothing else can set us free, else can set us free.

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No. 27. CHRIST WITHIN.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT

1. My heart was once heavy with sad-ness, And struggling with burdens and
2. Once Je-sus would vis-it His dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my
3. The grave was once dark to my vis - ion, A goal that I cared not to
4. I of - ten repined un-der cross-es And knew not re - pin-ing was

sin; But now it is thrill - ing with glad - ness, For
sin; But now I re - joice in the tell - ing My
win; A gate now to coun - tries E - ly - sian! Since
sin; I shout now o'er bur - dens and loss - es, For

CHORUS.

Je - sus is dwelling within. O glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come, He
Sav-iour a-bid-eth with-in.
Je - sus is dwelling within.
Je - sus is dwelling within.

dwells in my heart and makes it His home; I hear His sweet voice, I feel His blest blood, And

shout on my way, at home and abroad, O glo-ry, O glo-ry to God.

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5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,
The cares and the fears of the day;
I ask not what comes with the morrow,
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and men now assail me,
Let Death lay me low in the grave!
The Victor within will not fail me
7 What more can I pray for or have.

No. 28.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. "I am the good shepherd."—John 10: 11. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Dy - ing in darkness, out in the cold, Far from the Shepherd,
2. Clear are the waters where He doth lead, Green are the pastures
3. Sweetest of voic - es, list to His call, Fol-low Him ful - ly,
4. Each one He knoweth, call-eth by name, E - ven the weak-est,
5. Gone is our Shepherd, now to pre - pare Fold bright in glo-ry
6. Filled with His Spirit, kept thro' His blood, Publish His gos - pel,

far from the fold; Lost in the desert, trembling with fear, Suffer-ing,
where He doth feed; Saved and defended ev-er by Thee, Saviour and
yield to Him all; Go-ing be - fore us safely He'll lead, Grace He will
Jesus doth claim; Per-ish we nev - er while we o - bey, Safe in His
for us to share; Quickly re-turn-ing soon He will come, Gather His
ech-o His word; White-robed and ready, help us to be, Looking, dear

CHORUS.

helpless, no one seemed near. Je - sus my Shepherd, out in the
Shepherd, happy are we.
give us just as we need.
hand there low let us lay.
jew - els, welcome them home.
Shepherd, ev - er for Thee.

cold, Sought me and brought me safe to His fold; Now I am

hid - ing safe in His hand, Glo-ry to Je - sus! is - n't it grand!

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No. 29. THE WONDROUS LOVE OF JESUS.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

Rev. J. T. LOYALL. Mrs. R. L. DOHERTY.

1. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love to leave His throne on high;
2. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love to pardon ev-'ry sin;
3. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love to sanc-ti-fy the soul;
4. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love that keeps us well supplied;
5. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love ce-les-tial; love di-vine;

Love to bear our sins and sorrows; Love for us, to bleed and die.
Love to change the hearts of sinners; Love to come and dwell therein!
Love to reign in us for-ev-er, Love to make and keep us whole.
Love to land us safe in glo-ry, Just beyond this rolling tide!
Love that saves and gives me gladness! Praise the Lord, that love is mine.

REFRAIN

Love, O wondrous love of Je-sus! Love, which nothing can destroy;
Love, O wondrous love,

Love, O wondrous love, a-bid-ing, How it fills our souls with joy!
Love, O wondrous love,

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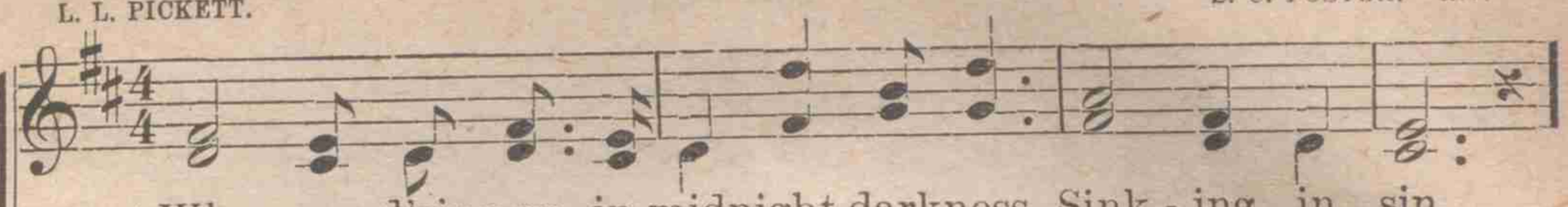
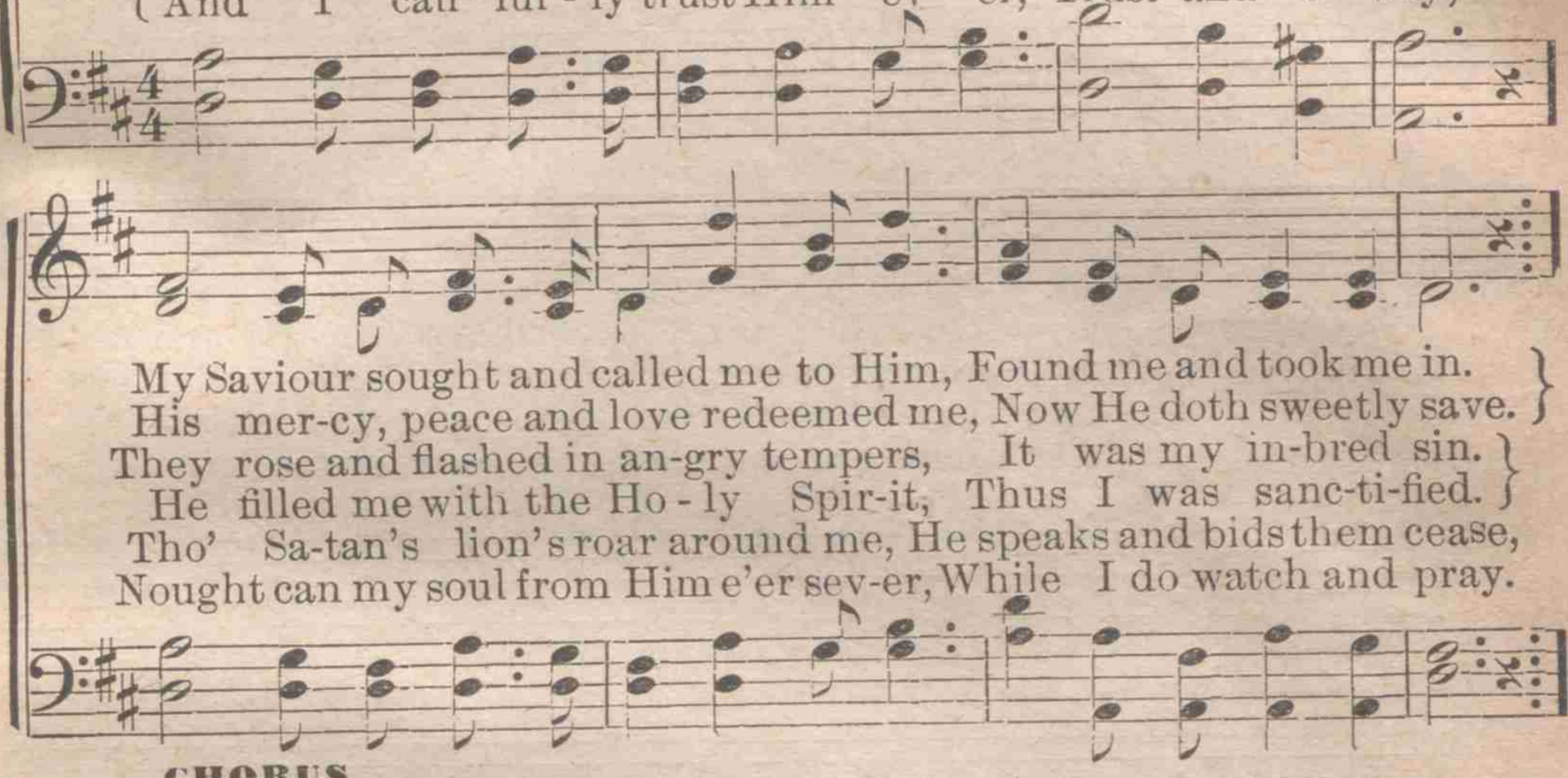
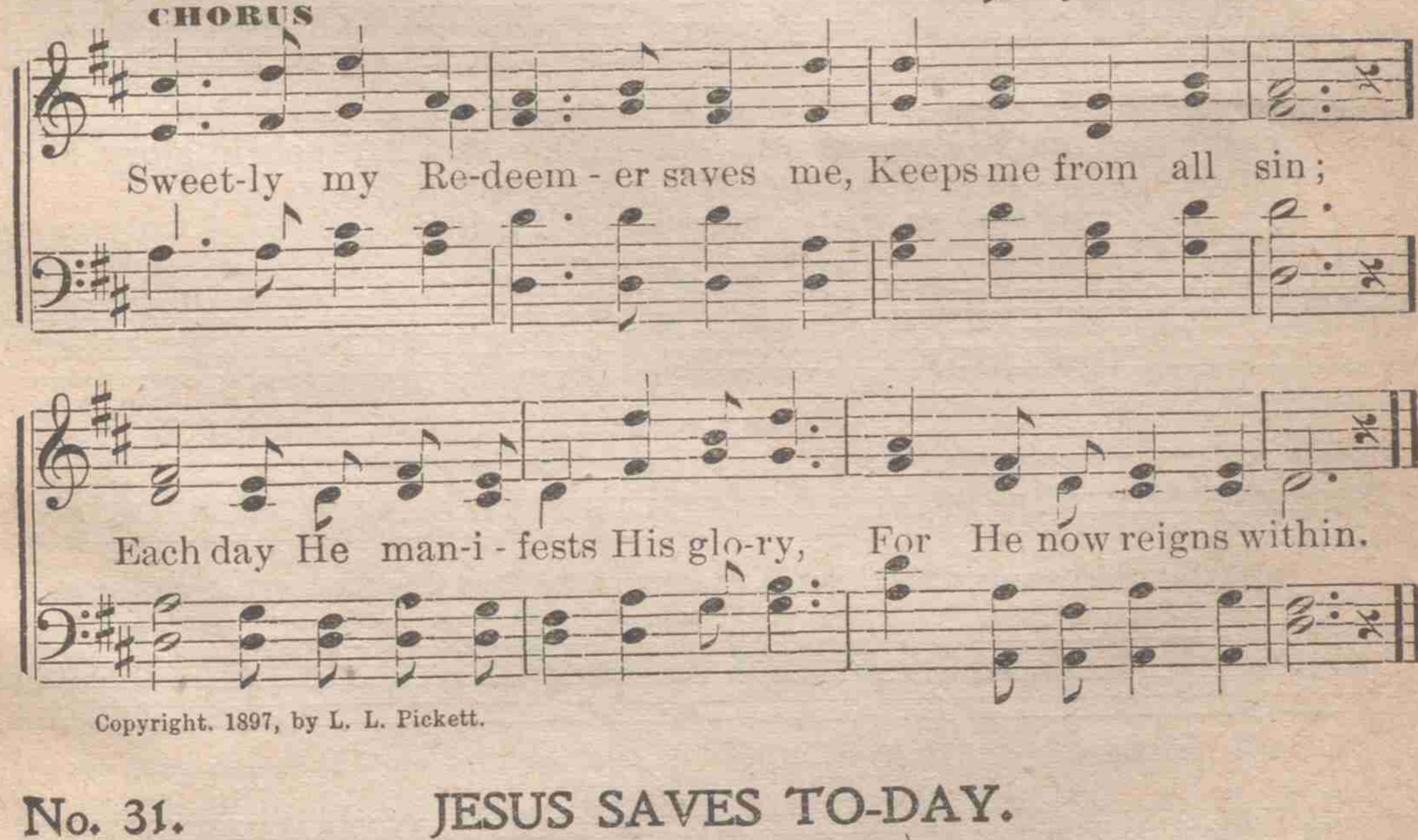
No. 30. HE FOUND ME AND TOOK ME IN.

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

L. L. PICKETT. S. C. FOSTER, Arr.

1. When wand'ring on in midnight darkness, Sink - ing in sin,
   His grace He there bestowed up - on me, Par-don He gave;
2. But still the fires of car - nal na-ture, Smouldered within;
   A - gain I sought my precious Sav-iour, Once cru - ci - fied;
3. Now He doth sweetly save and cleanse me, Keeps me in peace;
   And I can ful - ly trust Him ev - er, Trust and o - bey;

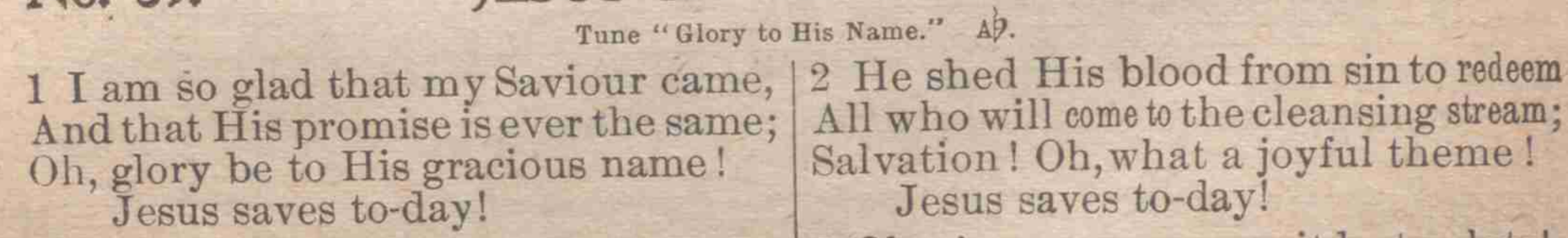


My Saviour sought and called me to Him, Found me and took me in.
His mer-cy, peace and love redeemed me, Now He doth sweetly save.
They rose and flashed in an-gry tempers, It was my in-bred sin.
He filled me with the Ho - ly Spir-it, Thus I was sanc-ti-fied.
Tho' Sa-tan's lion's roar around me, He speaks and bids them cease,
Nought can my soul from Him e'er sev-er, While I do watch and pray.



CHORUS

Sweet-ly my Re-deem - er saves me, Keeps me from all sin;



Each day He man-i - fests His glo-ry, For He now reigns within.

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No. 31. JESUS SAVES TO-DAY.

Tune "Glory to His Name." A♭.

1 I am so glad that my Saviour came,
And that His promise is ever the same;
Oh, glory be to His gracious name!
Jesus saves to-day!

REFRAIN.

Jesus saves to-day, Jesus saves to-day;
Oh, glory be to His gracious name!
Jesus saves to-day!

2 He shed His blood from sin to redeem
All who will come to the cleansing stream;
Salvation! Oh, what a joyful theme!
Jesus saves to-day!

3 Oh, sinners, come, ere it be too late!
Come, and be saved from your lost estate;
Come, Mercy pleads, tho' your sins are great,
Jesus saves to-day!

Rev. J. T. Loyall.

No. 32. OUT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. P.

1. Out on the mountains poor souls are astray, Je - sus is seeking these
2. Je - sus is call-ing for helpers to-day, Rescue the lost ones, O
3. Souls are fast perishing, time speeds away, If you would save them oh,
4. Then at the crowning time you shall behold, Treasure more precious than

lost ones to - day; He the good Shepherd, so gen - tle and mild,
brother, I pray, Join with our Sav-iour in seek-ing the lost,
do not de - lay; In - stant-ly, earn-est - ly aft - er them fly,
sil - ver or gold; Jew - els un - fad - ing in crown of the King,

CHORUS.

Seek - eth the wander - ers out in the wild.
Purchased on Calv'ry at in - fi - nite cost. An - gels in glory all
Speed - i - ly res-cue them ere they shall die.
Ev - 'ry true toil-er with gladness shall bring.

join the glad song, Publish with rapture throughout the vast throng, Singing and

shouting with loud swelling strain, Jesus, our Shepherd, for-ev-er shall reign.

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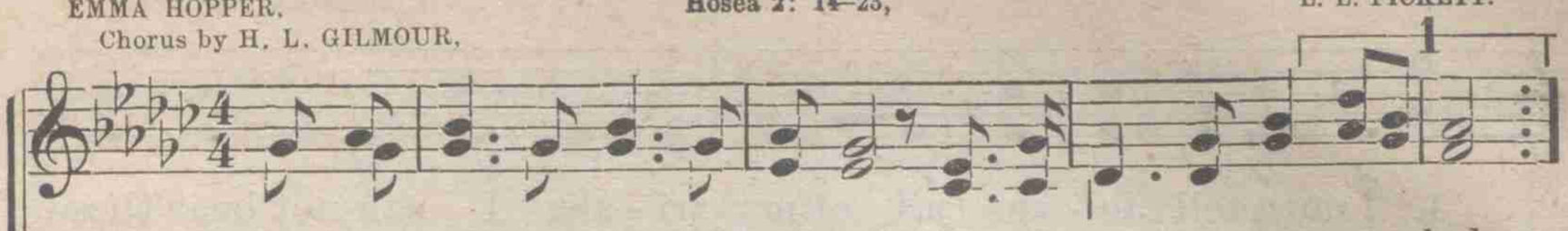
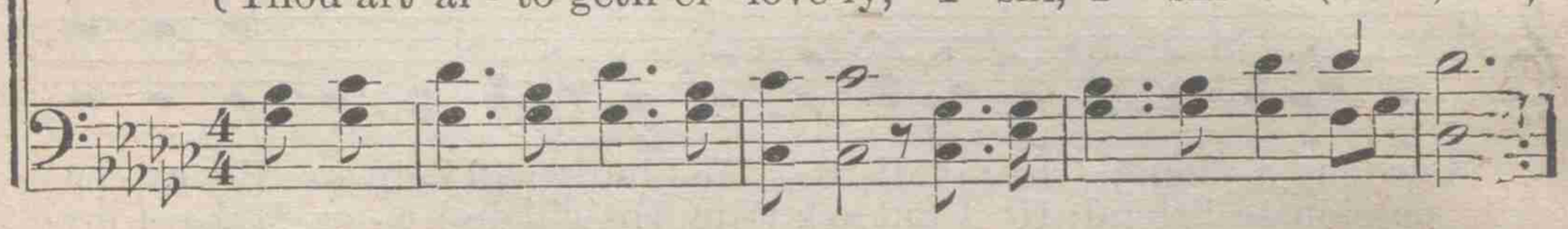
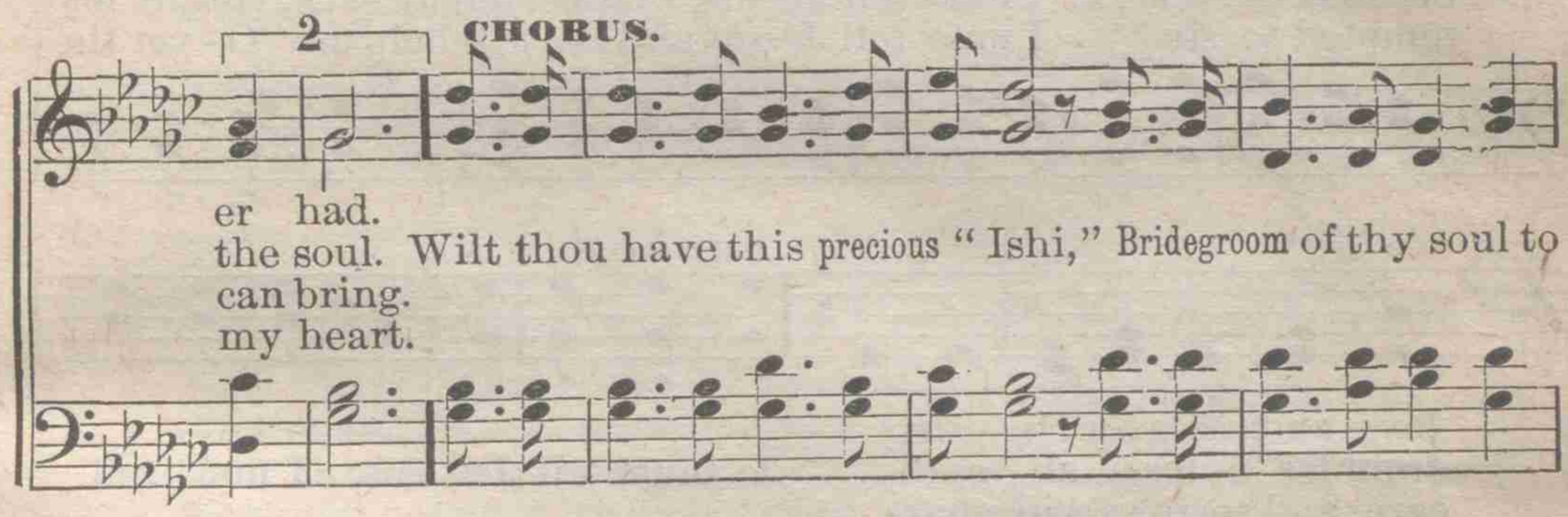
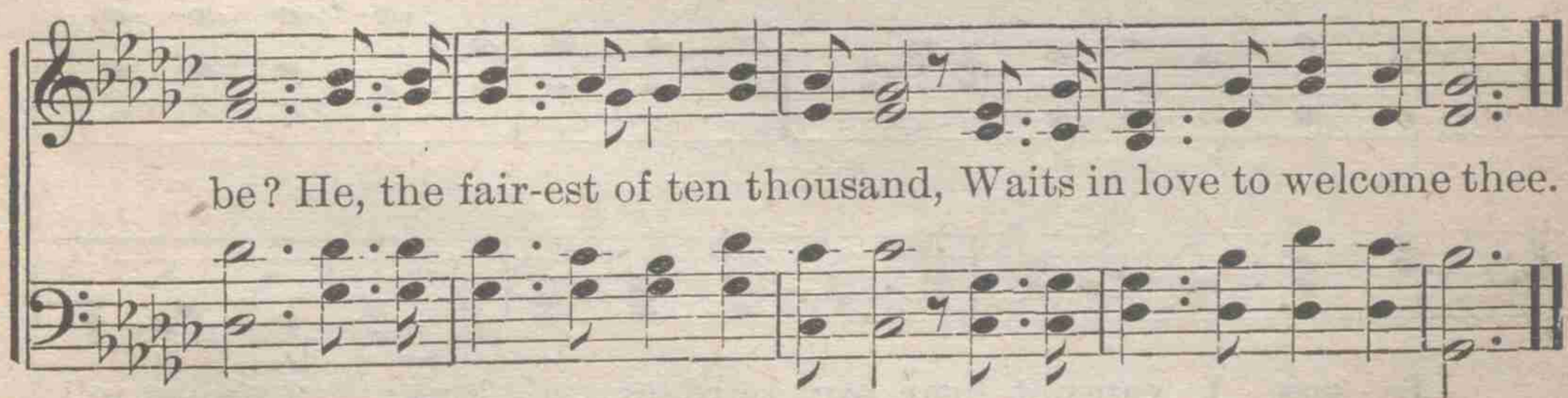
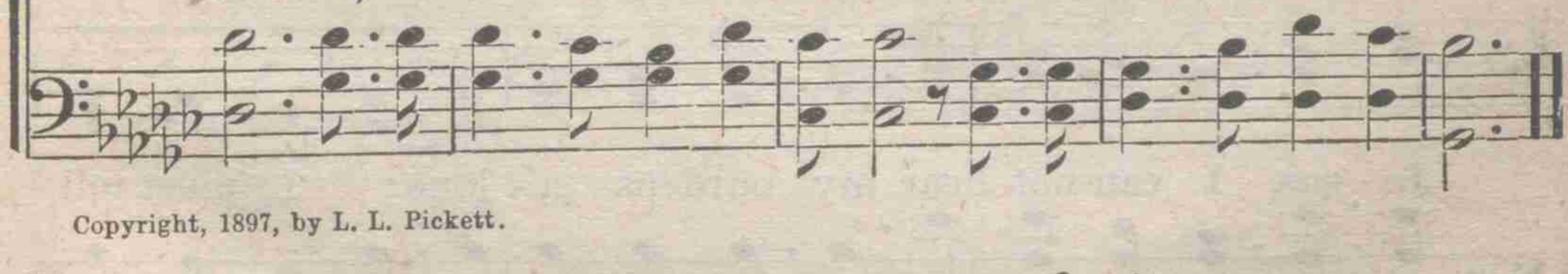
No. 33. ISHI.

EMMA HOPPER. Hosea 2: 14–23, L. L. PICKETT.
Chorus by H. L. GILMOUR.

1. { Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad; }
   { For I have a precious treasure, Such as princes nev- (*Omit.*) }
2. { I - shi, I - shi, is the Jew-el, Mine He is while a - ges roll; }
   { An-gels taste not of such glo-ry, Ho - ly I - shi of (*Omit.*) }
3. { Many beauteous names Thou bearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King, }
   { But they none in-to my spir-it Such di-vine support (*Omit.*) }
4. { Oth-er joys are short and fleeting, Thou and I can never part; }
   { Thou art al - to-geth-er love-ly, I - shi, I - shi of (*Omit.*) }



CHORUS.

er had.
the soul. Wilt thou have this precious "Ishi," Bridegroom of thy soul to
can bring.
my heart.



be? He, the fair-est of ten thousand, Waits in love to welcome thee.

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No. 34. IT IS FINISHED. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune: HARWELL. Key G.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished:"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do those precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished:"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans.

No. 35. I MUST TELL JESUS.

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

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear those burdens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com- passionate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my troubles quickly an end.
I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.
I must tell Je-sus and He will help me O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

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No. 36. HIMSELF.

"That in all things he might have the preeminence,"—Col. 1: 18.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

1. Once 'twas painful try-ing, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal-va-tion, Now the ut-ter-most; Once 'twas ceaseless holding, Now He holds me fast;
2. Once 'twas bus-y planning, Now 'tis trustful pray'r; Once 'twas anxious car-ing, Now He has the care; Once 'twas constant drift-ing, Now my Now what Je-sus says;
3. Once it was my working, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to use Him, Now He us-es me; Once 'twas constant ask-ing, Now 'tis Now the Might-y One;
4. Once I hoped in Je-sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were dying, Now they brightly shine; Once for death I wait-ed, Once for self I labored, Now for Now His com-ing hail;

And my hopes are anchored Safe with-

CHORUS.

anchor's cast.
ceaseless praise.
Him a-lone.
in the vail.

Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Vic-t'ry o-ver sin;

In His glorious ful-ness Christ is crowned within.

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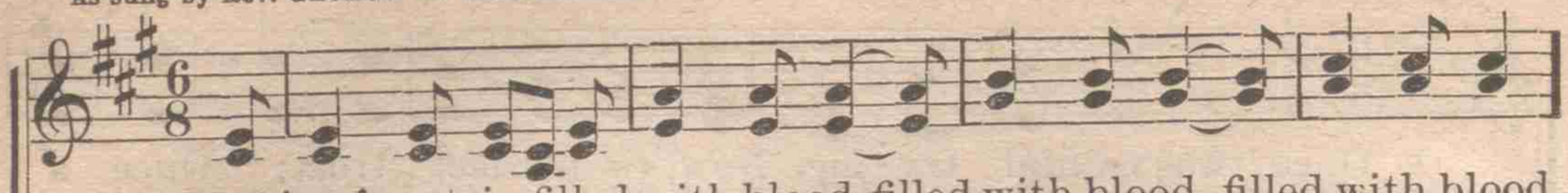
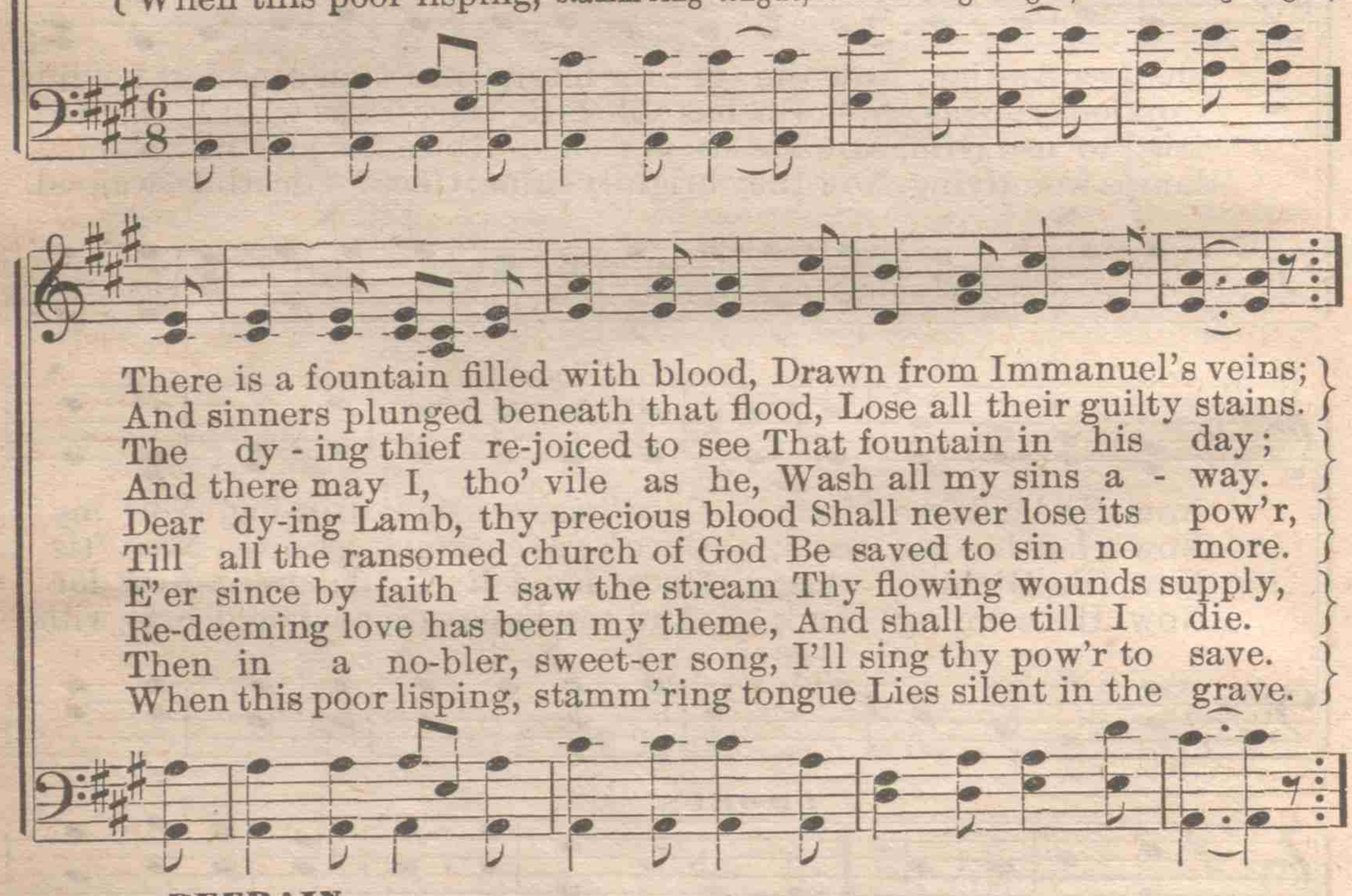
No. 37. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

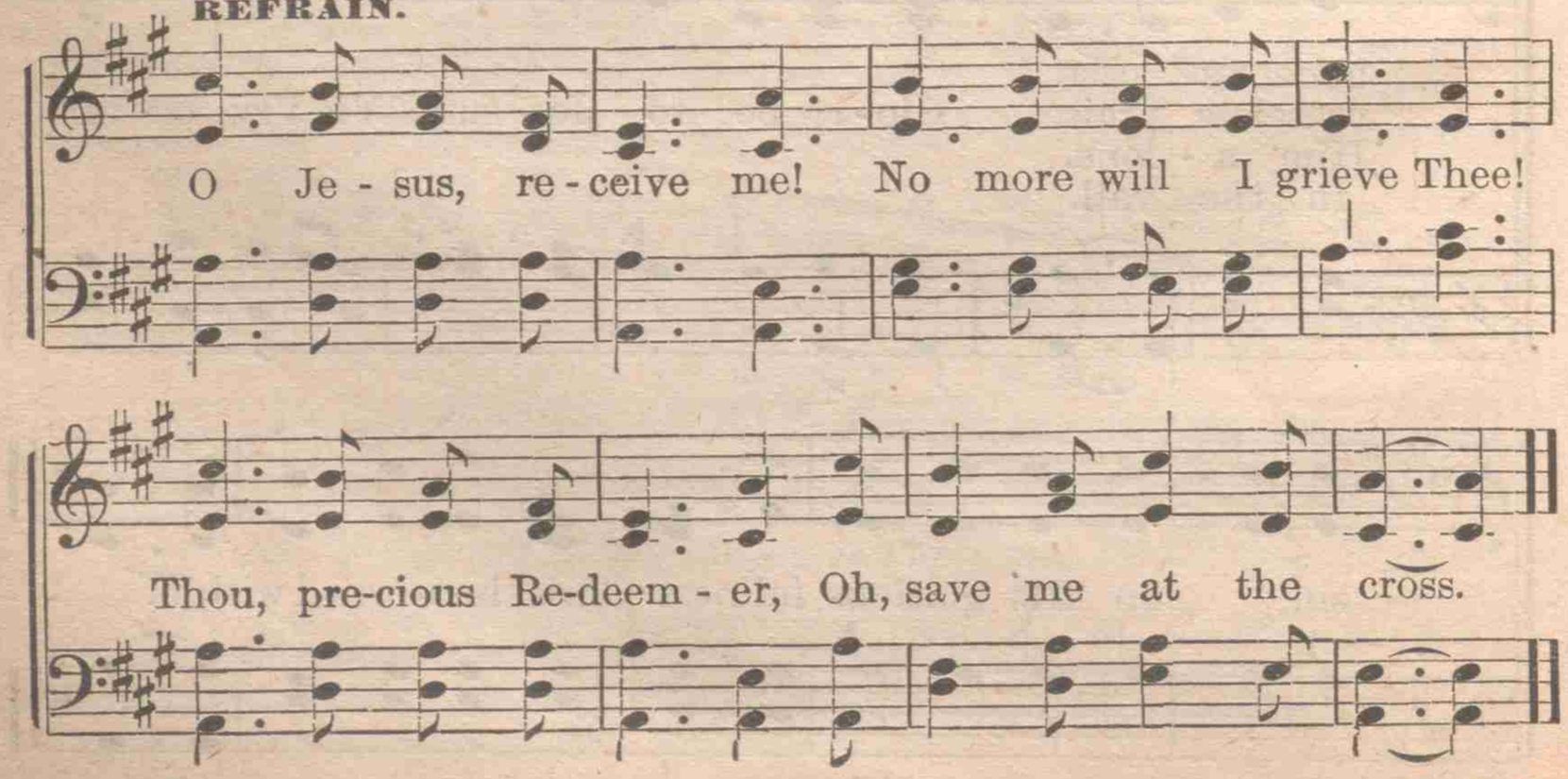
"In that day shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."--Zech. 13: 1.

As sung by Rev. GEORGE W. YARBROUGH. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, vile as he, vile as he,
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood, precious blood, precious blood,
   Till all the ransomed church of God, church of God, church of God,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
   Redeeming love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, sweet-er song, sweeter song,
   When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue,



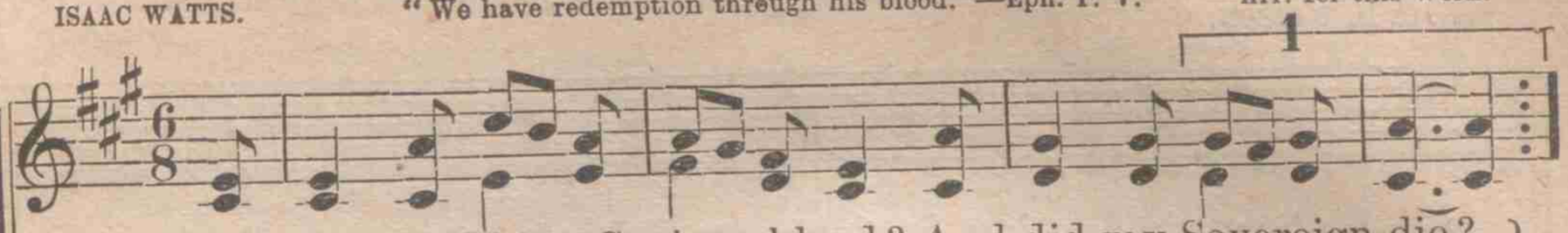
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.

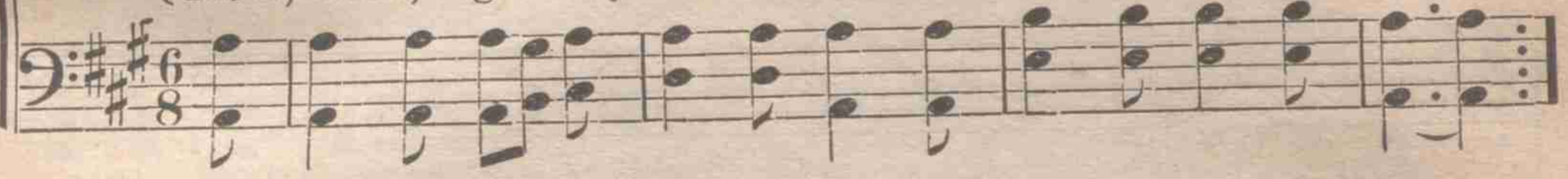
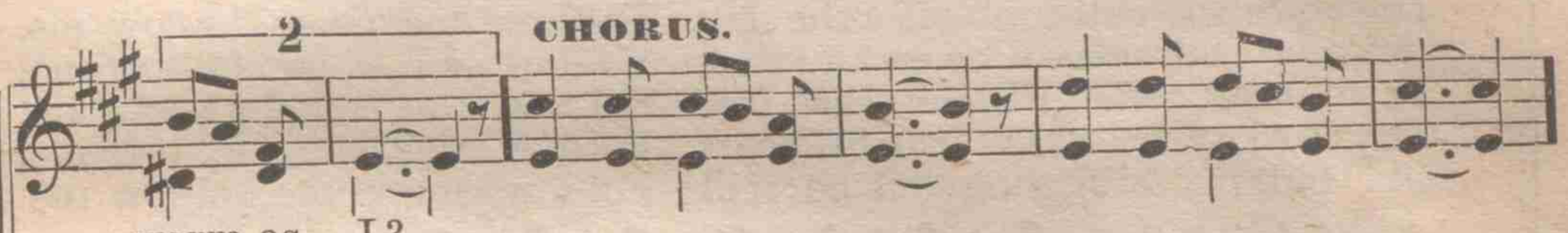
REFRAIN.

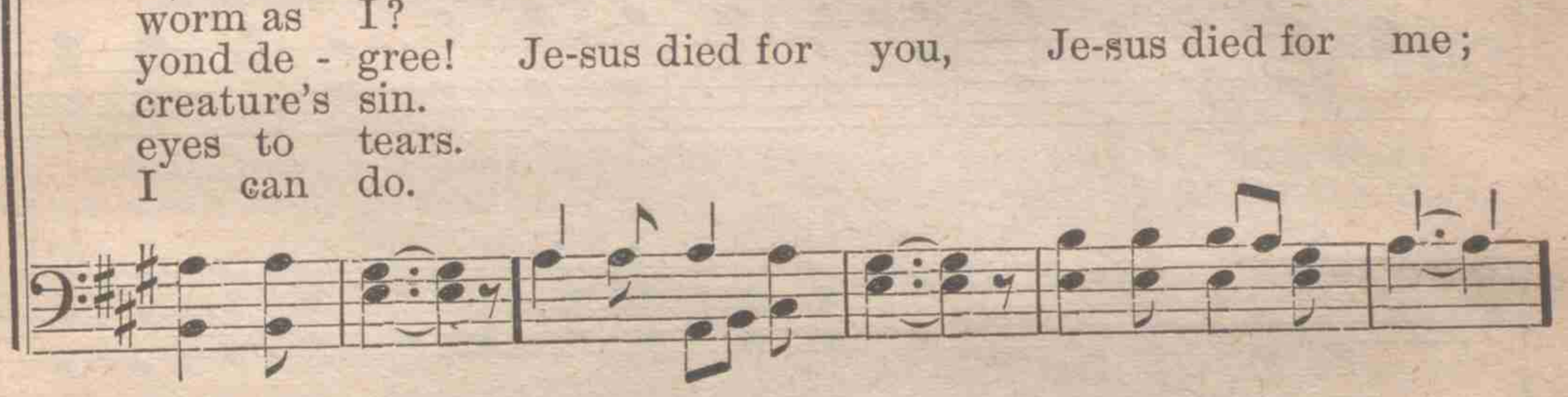
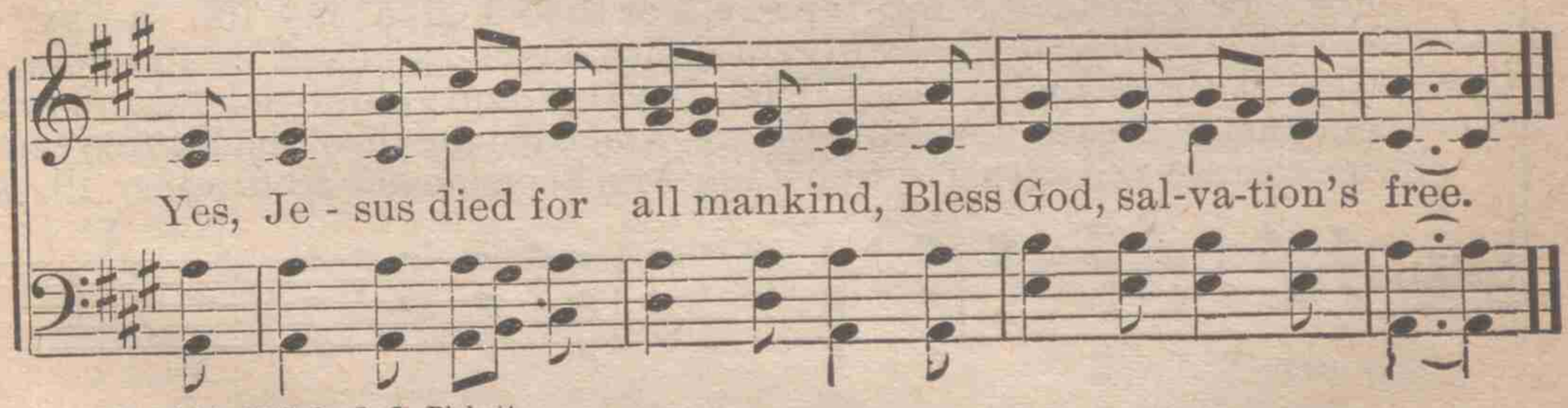


No. 38. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

ISAAC WATTS. "We have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7. Arr. for this Work.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
   Would He devote that sacred head For such a (*Omit . . .*)
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
   A - maz-ing pity! grace unknown! And love be (*Omit . . .*)
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
   When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man the (*Omit . .*)
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;
   Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine (*Omit . .*)
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe:
   Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—'Tis all that (*Omit . . .*)

worm as I?
yond de - gree! Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me;
creature's sin.
eyes to tears.
I can do.



Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal-va-tion's free.

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No. 39. WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Tune: EUCHARIST. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

No. 40. FOLLOW ME.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."—Luke 9: 23.

Rev. G. D. WATSON. Arranged.

1. I hear my dy - ing Saviour say, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
2. I know thy life of guilt and pain, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
3. Tho' thou hast sinned, I'll pardon thee, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
4. Come cast up-on me all thy cares, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
5. Dear Lord, I yield to all Thy will, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;

His voice is call-ing all the day, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
I know each ache of heart and brain, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
From in-bred sin I'll set thee free, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
Thy heav-y load my arm up-bears, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
Oh! bid my struggling soul be still, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.

For thee I tread the bit - ter way, For thee I give my life a-way,
For thee I left my heav'nly train, For thee I o-pened ev -'ry vein,
In all thy changing life I'll be Thy God, and guide o'er land and sea,
Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears, And trust me thro' the future years,
Come cleanse, and with Thy Spirit fill, And keep me safe from ev-'ry ill,

And drink the gall thy debt to pay, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
And now I plead yet once a - gain, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
Thy bliss thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
My hand shall wipe a - way thy tears, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
And all Thy word in me fulfill, I'll follow Thee, yes, fol-low Thee.

41. WHAT A FRIEND.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

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

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

42. DEAR JESUS.

By Per.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain:
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain.
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above:
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

43. THE NEW SONG.

By Martha A. Eaton.

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

"He hath put a new song in my mouth." Psalm xl: 3.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." Deut. xxxiii: 12.

1 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay;
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away,
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach;
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

2 "Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is,
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace,
I am covered all day long
With the shadow of His wing,
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing,—

3 "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

4 "Thou of Life the fountain art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow;
I 'm content to dwell apart
From all else Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

44. ANTIOCH: C. M.

Rev. I. Watts, 1719.

Key E Flat.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 45. HE BLEEDS FOR ME.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 1: 5.

FABER, Revised. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Blood is the price, . . . the price of heav'n;
2. Un - der the boughs, . . the ol - ive boughs,
3. Be-neath the crown, . . the thorn-y crown.
4. On Cal - va - ry . . . . His bit - ter shame,
5. He hangs up - on . . . . the cru - el tree,
6. Ah me! His soul . . . from earth has fled,

All sin . . . . that price ex - ceeds; . . . Oh, come, oh,
Fall - ing . . . . like ru - by beads, . . . For us the
The crim - - son fountain speeds; . . See how, for
With blood . . . still in - ter - ceds; . . . His o - pen
Hangs there . . . for my mis - deeds; . . . He sheds His
Yet still . . . . for my great needs . . . He bleeds for

come . . . to be for - giv'n, He bleeds, my
blood . . drops from His brows, He bleeds, my
us, ... it trick-les down, He bleeds, my
wounds . . . His love pro - claims, He bleeds, my
blood, . . . His blood for me; He bleeds, my
us . . . . when He is dead, He bleeds, my

CHORUS

Sav-iour bleeds. That fountain so free . . . . . is flowing for
That fountain free

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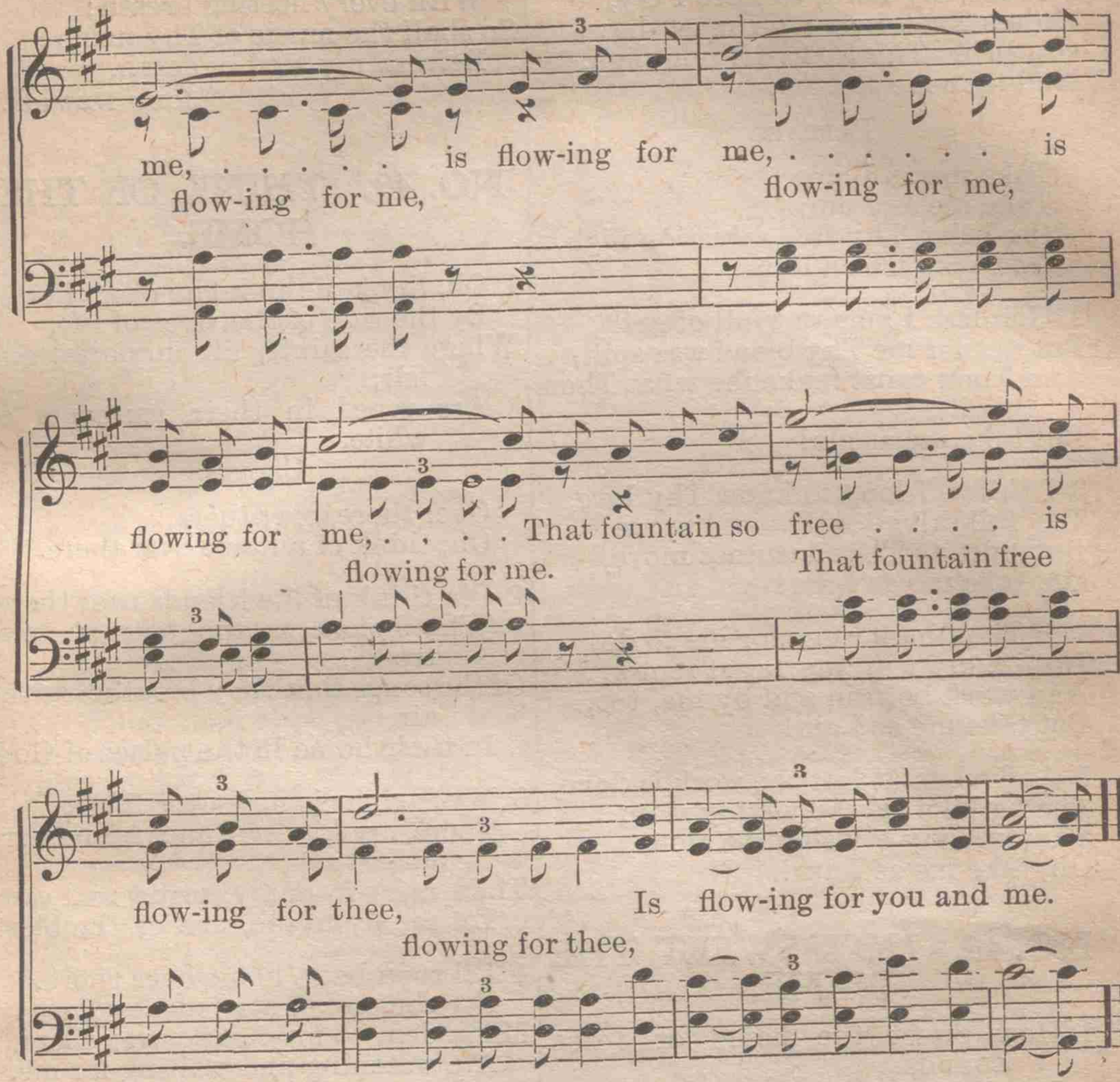
HE BLEEDS FOR ME. Concluded.



7 His precious blood is flowing still,
My thirsty soul it feeds,
He lets me drink of it my fill,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

8 Oh, precious blood, my Saviour's blood!
What love, what love it breeds,
Ransom, reward, and daily food,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

No. 46. COME, YE SAINTS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly.

NO. 47. TAKE ME AS I AM.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

NO. 48. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.

:‖Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.:‖

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

NO. 49. THINK OF THE HOME.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, 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.

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

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

NO. 50. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

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

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

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 51. THE DEATH LINE.

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6. 3. "Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. 5: 19.

ADDISON. Chorus by M. W. K. "Scotch." Arr. and Adapted.

1. There is a time we know not when, a point we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die, to die as if by stealth;
3. But on that forehead God has set, in - del - i - bly a mark
4. He thinks or feels that all is well, and ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may we go on in sin? how long will God for-bear?

That marks the des - ti - ny of man to glo - ry or de-spair;
It does not quench the beaming eye, or fade the glow of health;
Un - seen by man, for man, as yet, is blind and in the dark;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, not only doomed but damned!
Where does hope end, and where begin the con-fines of de-spair?

f.

There is a line, by us un-seen, that cross-es ev - 'ry path:
The conscience may be still at ease, the spir - it light and gay,
And yet the doomed man's path below like Eden may have bloomed,
Oh, where is this mys - ter-ious bourn by which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, Ye that from God de - part,

D. S. *Oh, come to - day, do not de - lay, Too late it soon will be*

D. S. for Chorus.

The hid-den bound-a - ry between God's patience and His wrath.
That which is pleasing, still may please and care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know or feel that he is doomed.
Be-yond which God Himself hath sworn that he who goes is lost.
While it is called "to-day" re-pent, and hard-en not your heart.

To Je - sus fly, for mer - cy cry, He waits to wel-come thee

No. 52. NEARER MY HOME.

While a sweet Christian girl, a minister's daughter, was at the organ with this song before her, she was accidentally shot by her brother. "BE YE ALSO READY."

PHŒBE CAREY. Alt. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny mansions be;
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down;
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink;

I'm near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than ever I've been be-fore.
I'm nearer the great white throne to-day, And nearer the crys-tal sea.
I'm nearer to leave the cross to-day, And nearer am to the crown.
For I am near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.

CHORUS.

Near - er my home, . . . Near - er my home, . . .
Nearer my home, my beautiful home, Nearer my home, my beautiful home,

I'm nearer my home to-day, to-day, Than ev-er I've been be - fore.

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No. 53. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left. Are you read - y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord. Are you read - y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de- part, I know ye not." Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

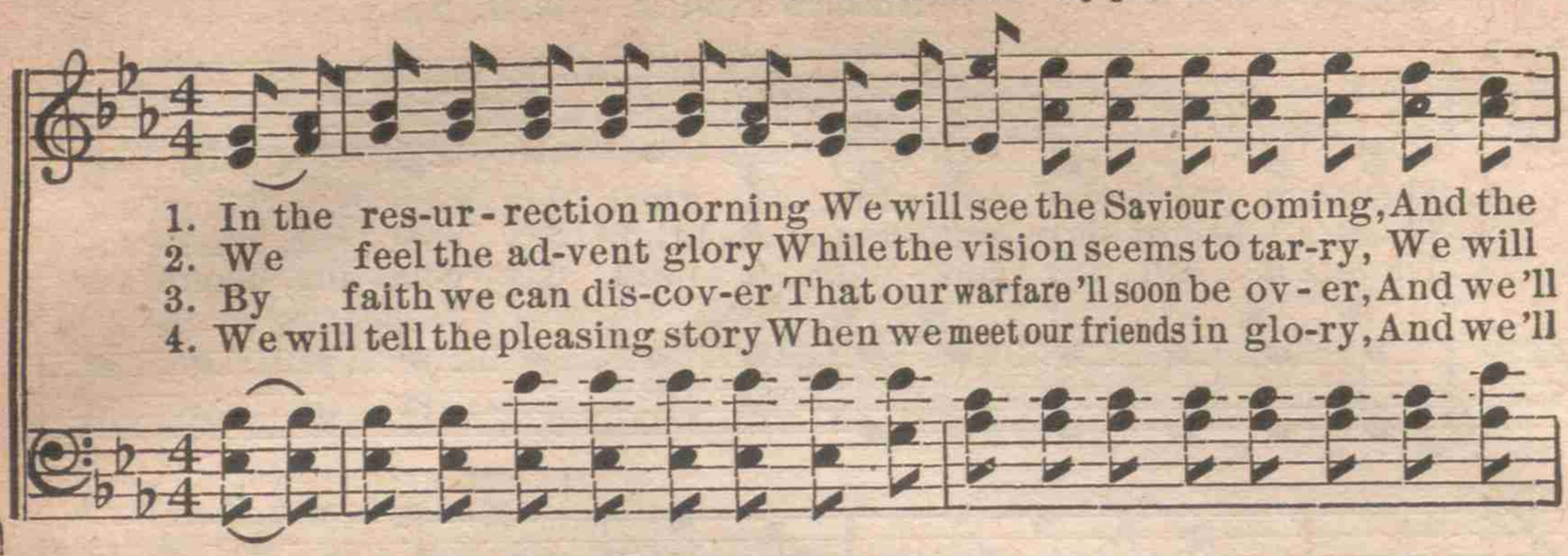
Are you read- y, Are you read - y, Are you read - y for the Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

m *pp* *m*

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co.. East Liverpool, O., and Chicago

No. 54. THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.



No. 56. SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Should the Death an-gel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night,
2. Ma-ny sad spir-its now are de-part-ing In-to the world of de-spair;
3. Ma-ny redeem'd ones now are as-cend-ing In-to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir-it pass in-to tor-ment, Or to the land of de-light?
Ev-'ry brief mo-ment brings your doom nearer, Sin-ner, oh, sin-ner, be-ware.
Je-sus is plead-ing, pa-tient-ly plead-ing, Oh, let Him save you to-night.

REFRAIN.

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready? If the Death angel should call;

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

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No. 57. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Cho. — I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

No. 58. SING, O SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

MAY CLIFTON. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep, unmeasured love;
2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Render hearty thanks and praise;
3. An - gel lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound prolong;
4. Pow'r and might and bliss e-ter - nal Now and ev - er-more shall be

Let the soul - in - spir- ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a- bove.
While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on through endless days.
Heav'nly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap- ture swell the song.
Un - to him who loved and saved us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing . . . . . the love of Je - - - - - sus,
the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,
Heav'n and earth . . . . . re- peat the strain;
re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re- peat the strain;
Sing, O sing, ... till ev - 'ry na - - - - - tion
till ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

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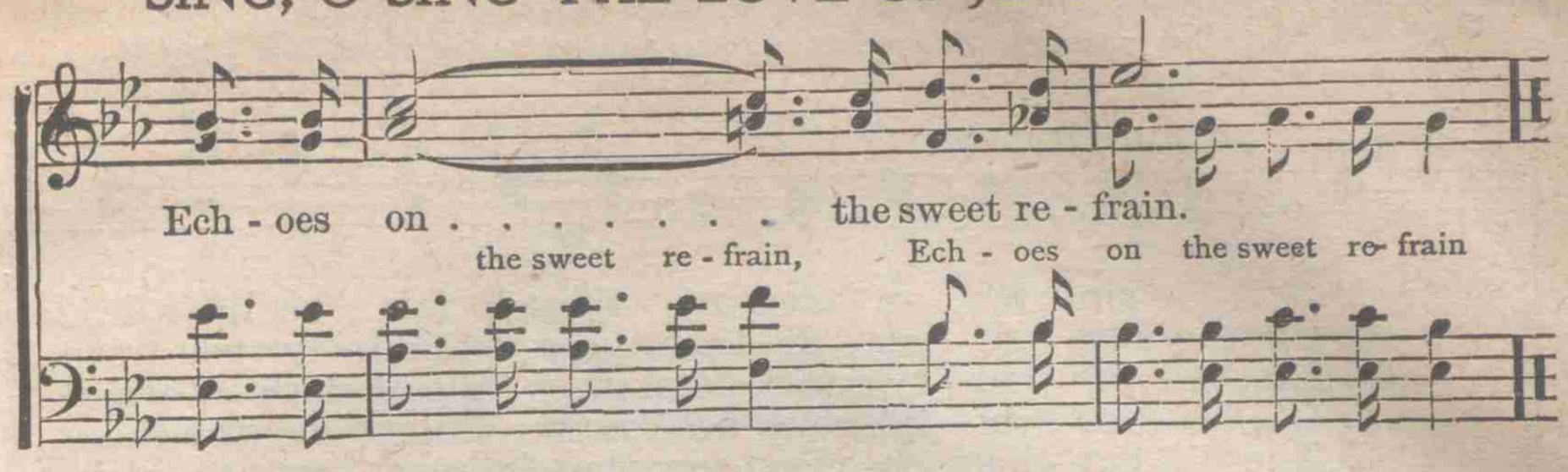
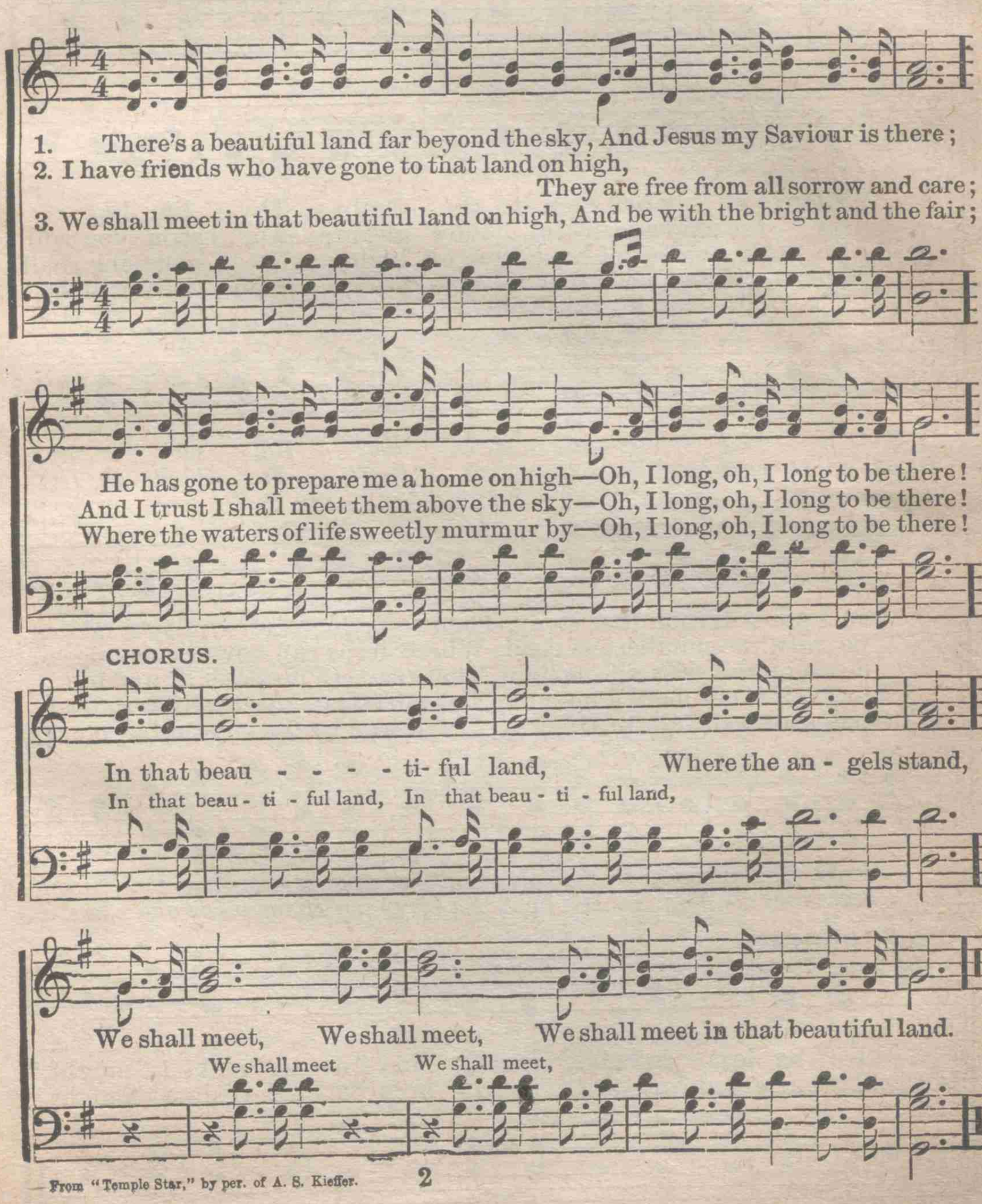

No. 59. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. Engle.



From "Temple Star," by per. of A. S. Kieffer.

No. 60.

ETERNITY'S NIGHT.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—Matt. 25: 30.

A. F. FERRIS. Revised. ELLA B. BUTE. Arr.

1. O sin - ner, re - member, though fair be life's day,
2. On the edge of per - di - tion now blind - ly you tread,
3. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness! its gloom doth af-fright,
4. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness now falls on the shore,
5. The Sav - iour is plead-ing; there's mer - cy to - day,

There's on - ly one step to the tomb; Thy life like a
Its fire's how fear - ful they gleam; Ah, soon you will
No star beams of hope from on high; No morn-ing shall
The twi-light be - gins to ap - pear; Soon there will be
'Tis Je - sus in - vites you to come; Oh, flee to His

D. S.—*To sink in de-spair and in woe! But such is thy*
D. S.—*And to walk 'mid the splen-dors a - bove! To dwell in His*

va - por will soon pass away, Then cometh e - ter - ni-ty's gloom.
be with the numberless dead, Where Jesus can nev-er re - deem.
dawn on the gloom with its light, There cometh no sweet by and by.
mer-cy, sweet mer-cy no more, But darkness and death draweth near.
bo - som and walk in His way, 'Twill lead to the heaven-ly home.

doom, if thou turn from the light, God's mer-cy re - fus - ing to know.
grace and a - bide in His light, En - joy - ing His mer - cy and love.

CHORUS.

To be lost in the night, in "e - ter - ni - ty's night,"
Last Cho. To be saved from the night, from "e - ter - ni - ty's night,"

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No. 61. HOW SAD IT WILL BE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
Fourth Verse by PEARSON.
DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. How sad it will be when the end draws near, If
2. How sad it will be when the judg - ment comes, To
3. How sad it will be when E - ter - ni - ty dawns, If
4. How oft you have heard the sweet mes - sage of peace, But

Christless your spir-it shall be; And hopeless you shrink as you slow-ly sink, And
stand at the left of the Throne, When those on the right, with their garments bright, The
you are outside of the gate; Your chances all gone while you stood so long, Your
still you've refused to be saved; Your chances are passing, your life will cease, And

CHORUS.

doom that is endless you see. Lost! lost! lost! endless will be your
King in His glory shall own.
wail will then be, It 's too late.
mer-cy will end at the grave.

fate, Hopeless and cheerless your aw-ful doom, Your wail: Too late! too late!

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No. 62. THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. **Good for Solo.** L. L. PICKETT.

1. At midnight the summons will echo, "Awake, for the Bridegroom has come!" The wise thrill with joy at the tidings, The foolish with [*Omit.*
2. Then the Bridegroom in glory descending, Will appear with His host in the air, And His bride fly with gladness to greet Him, So beau-ti-ful, [*Omit.*
3. While the foolish are vain-ly inquiring, The Bridegroom will come with a shout, And the wise will go in to the marriage, But the foolish, re- [*Omit.*
4. Have you tak-en the oil in your vessels? Does the Spirit within you a-bide? Are you cleansed in the blood ev'ry moment? Are you watching and [*Omit.*

terror be dumb. Their lamps will be burning but dim-ly, "Give us of your oil"
holy, and fair. All the saints that have died thro' the ages, Will ascend from their graves
fused, be shut out. They will plead all in vain "open to us," No welcome will wait
now sanctified? Soon, too late, to prepare for the marriage, Or ev - er ad-mit-

be their pray'r, "Not enough, go and buy," be the answer, Too late, 'twill be then to pre-pare.
to the sky, And those who on earth then are living Will be changed in the flash of an eye.
them within, The Bridegroom, Himself will not know them, All stained be their garments with sin.
tance to gain; Soon the wise will with gladness have entered, And the foolish stand knocking in vain.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a rapture and glo-ry Will thrill thro' the heart of the Bride! But,

oh, the de-spair and the an - guish Of those who stand knocking out-side.

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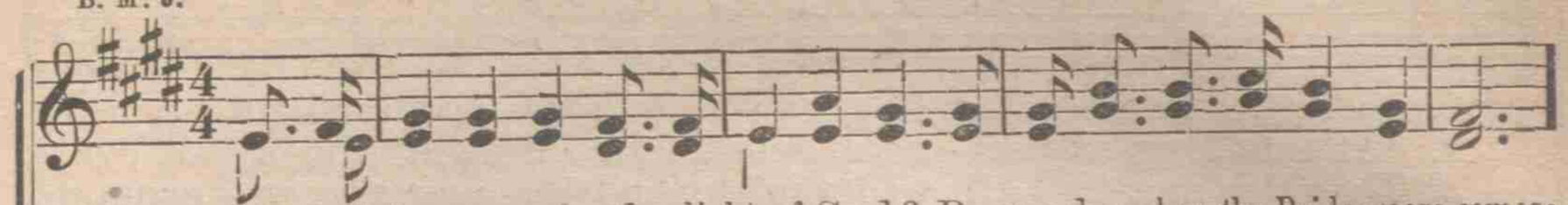
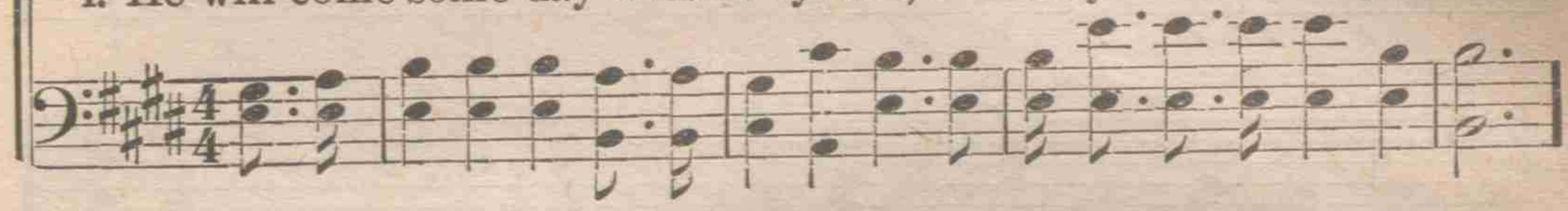
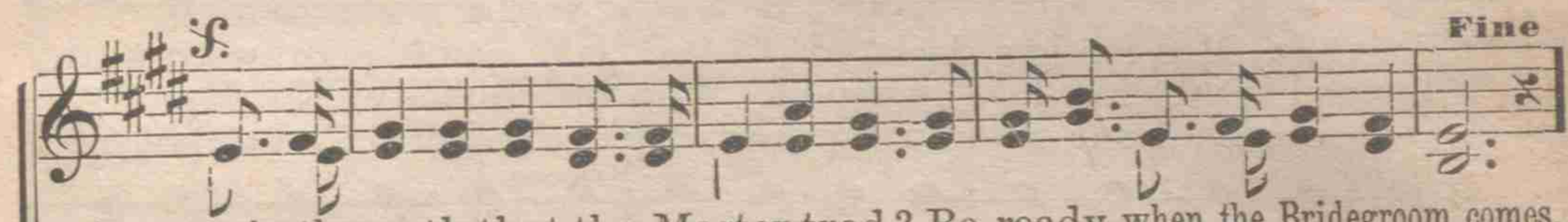
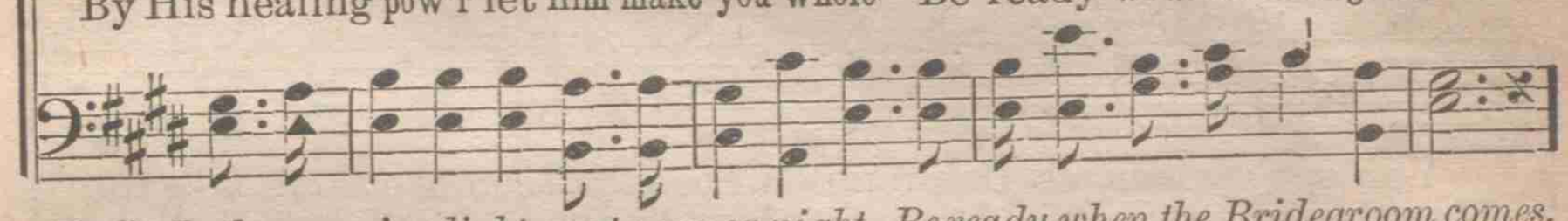
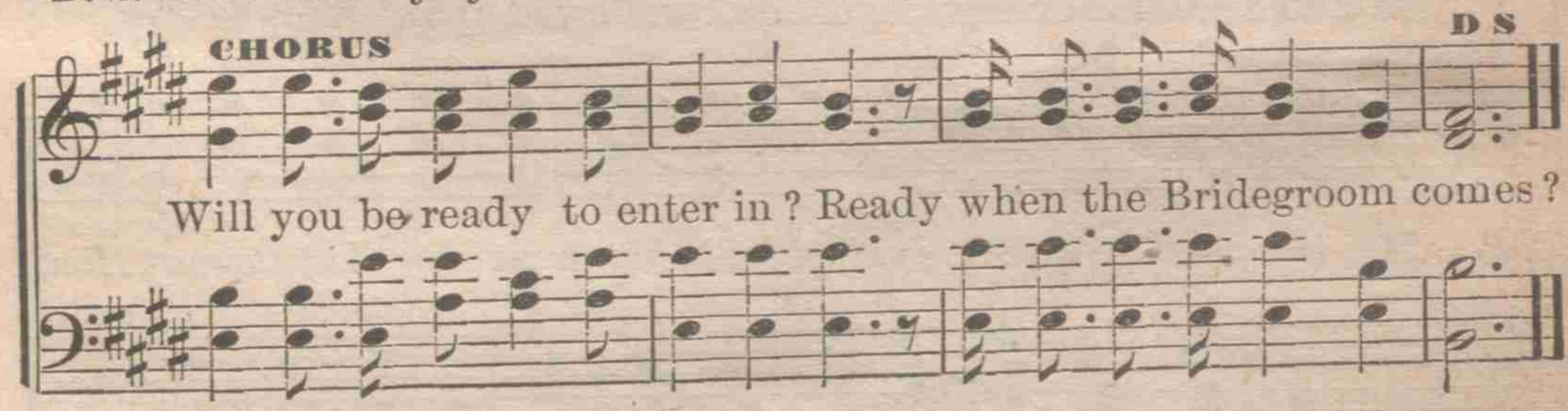
No. 63. BE READY WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. 25: 13.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. Are you walking now in the light of God? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
2. Have you full salvation from ev'ry sin? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
3. Is your heart made clean by the precious blood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
4. He will come some day unto ev'ry soul, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;

Are you in the path that the Master trod? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Trusting in His word, have you peace within? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Have you been made white in the cleansing flood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
By His healing pow'r let Him make you whole—Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.



D. S. *In the morning light or at noon or night, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.*



Will you be ready to enter in? Ready when the Bridegroom comes?

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No. 64. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

1 Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city.
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

No. 65. THE RAPTURE.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Soon the darkness will be o - ver, And the morning light ap-pear;
2. At that long ex-pect - ed moment, In the twinkling of an eye,
3. Then this mor-tal all will vanish, And im - mor-tal ev - er-more,

For the Mas-ter has declared it, And His coming draweth near.
Changed will be His ho - ly peo-ple, Who will quickly to Him fly.
We will shout our Saviour's praises, And we'll sing His triumphs o'er.

Yes, our Saviour, as He promised, Soon shall come to earth a - gain,
Then the graves shall yield their trophies, And the sainted dead shall rise,
Sin and death for-ev-er vanquished, Swallowed up in Vic - to - ry,

D.S.—*He is quick-ly, sure-ly coming! Oh, how sweet at last to meet Him,*

And re-ceive His own with rapture, With Him ev - er-more to reign.
What a meet-ing as we gather To our Saviour in the skies.
Kings and priests with Him for-ev - er, All His ho - ly ones shall be.

Where no foes can e'er de-feat Him, And be with Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Our Saviour soon is coming, With joy we then shall greet Him, And with all His saints adore;

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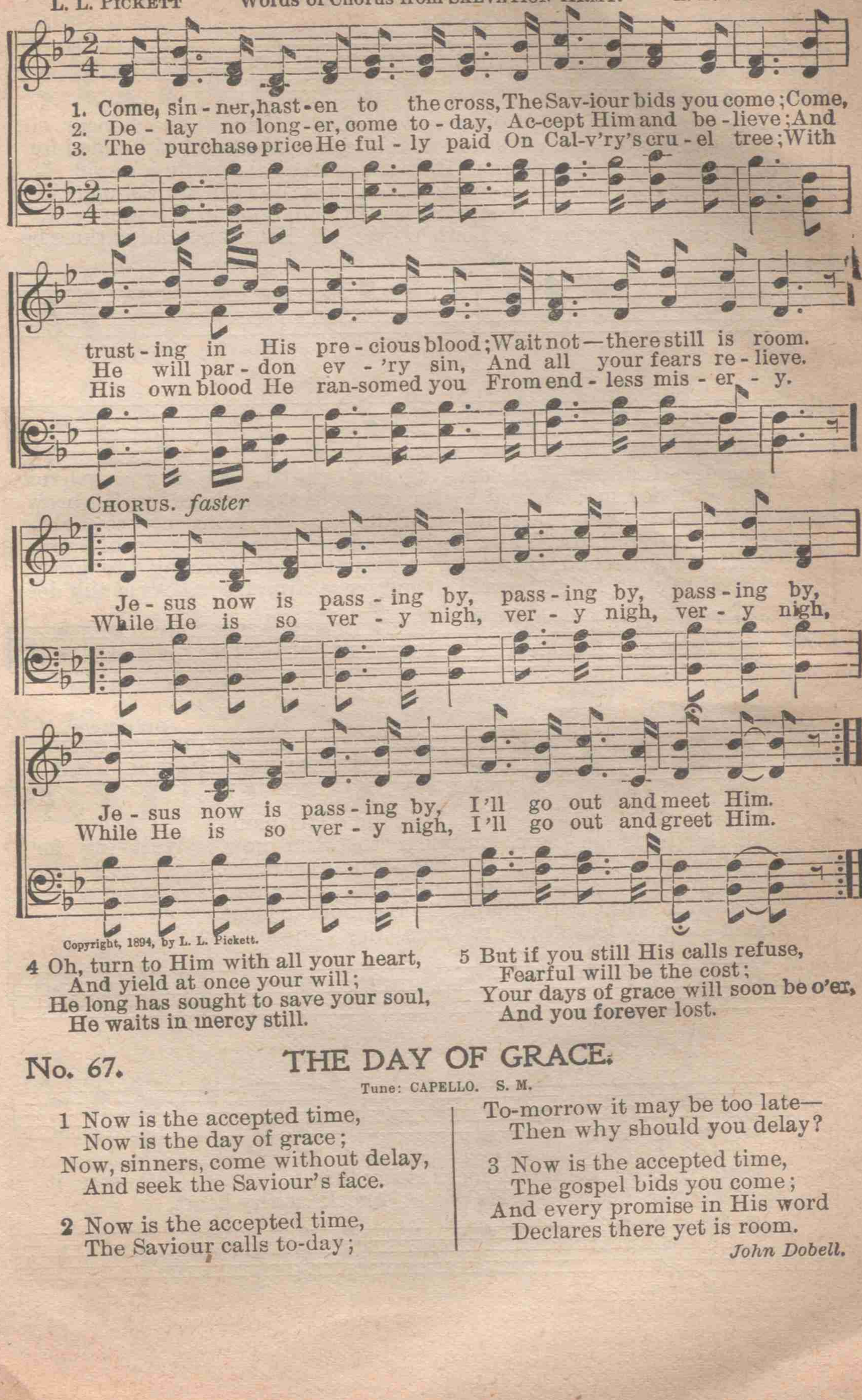
No. 66. JESUS IS PASSING.

L. L. PICKETT Words of Chorus from SALVATION ARMY. L. L. PICKETT.



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4 Oh, turn to Him with all your heart,
And yield at once your will;
He long has sought to save your soul,
He waits in mercy still.

5 But if you still His calls refuse,
Fearful will be the cost;
Your days of grace will soon be o'er,
And you forever lost.

No. 67. THE DAY OF GRACE.

Tune: CAPELLO. S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell.

No. 68. WELCOME HIM GLADLY.

"For your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. 13: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, from mansions above, Came to the manger, oh, won-der - ful love, Wel-com - ing pov - er - ty, sor - row and shame,
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, was nailed to the tree, Mocked and derided for you and for me; Pierced by the crown of sharp thorns on His brow,
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, arose from the grave, Triumphing o - ver it, mighty to save; Blest im - mor - tal - i - ty bring-ing to light,
4. Je - sus, my Saviour, a - bove in-tercedes, Wounded for sinners He pa - tient-ly pleads; While He is plead-ing, His mer - cy im-plore,
5. Je - sus, my Saviour, of sinners the Friend, Soon in His glo - ry to earth shall descend; Oh, are you watching, His com-ing to greet,
6. Je - sus, my Saviour, is Lord o - ver all, Kingdoms and nations be- fore Him shall fall; Crown Him and serve Him, He knocks at thy door,

CHORUS.

All for His en - e - mies, blest be His name.
All for poor sin - ners, oh, yield to Him now. Wait - ing for thee, . . . He now knocks at thy heart, . . O - pen it
Darkness dis - pell - ing and ban - ish - ing night.
Soon it will cease, to be of - fered no more.
Clothed in white garments the Bridegroom to meet.
Soon He may leave thee, re - turn - ing no more.
Wait-ing for thee, He knocks at thy heart,

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WELCOME HIM GLADLY. Concluded.

quick - ly lest grieved He de-part, . . . Welcome Him
O - pen it quickly lest grieved He de-part,

glad - ly and bid Him come in, ... Might-y Re-
Welcome Him gladly and bid Him come in,

deem - - er from Sa - tan and sin, ...
Might-y Re-deem - er from Sa - tan and sin.

No. 69. DEPTHS OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY. "According to his abundant mercy."—1 Peter 1: 3. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Kindled His re - lent-ings are; Me He now de-lights to spare;
4. There for me the Saviour stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare.
Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun-der drop.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

No. 70. HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.
John 4: 37.

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

1. Lis-ten to the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the notes of an - gel - song, Chiming soft - ly with a heav'nly
2. Weary toil - er, sad and heav-y - la den, Joy - ful - ly the great sal - va - tion see, Close be-side thee stands the Burden
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and on His boun-ty feed, Not thy fit-ness is the plea to
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful, Cometh for His heal-ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so
5. Coming humbly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the heart to Him in pray'r; Com-ing some day to the heav'nly

CHORUS

cadence, Call-ing to the passing throng.
Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
bring Him, But thy pressing utmost need. Him that cometh un - to
precious, Prove a-new this gracious line.
mansions, He will give thee welcome there.

me, (un-to me,) Him that cometh un - to me, (un-to me,) Him that com-eth un - to me, (unto me,) I will in no wise cast out.

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No. 71. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isa. 55: 1.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, come, to Calvary turning, Je-sus is calling for thee; His heart so tenderly yearning, Jesus is calling for thee. Come now and enter the
2. Oh, hark! in life's sunny morning, Jesus is calling for thee; Sweet flow'rs thy pathway adorning, Jesus is calling for thee. He sends thee gladness and
3. O soul so burdened and weary, Jesus is calling for thee; He'll lift the shadows so dreary, Jesus is calling for thee. In love thy troubles are
4. But still the Saviour is calling, Je-sus is calling for thee; Tho' now the night-dews are falling, Jesus is calling for thee. E'en tho' so long thou hast

fountain, Fountain of mercy so free; Tho' sin arise like a mountain,
pleasure, Wilt thou not thank Him to-day? Come now, and seek endless pleasure,
giv-en, Sorrow is on-ly His voice, That bids thee look up to heaven,
slighted, Slighted salvation so great, Yet His own promise is plighted,

CHORUS

Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
Joys that are brighter than day.
Look, and in Je-sus re-joice.
Come, Je-sus stands at the gate.

Calling, calling, Jesus is calling for thee, Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

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No. 72. The Wanderer.

REV. B. C. REV. B. CARRADINE.

1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray, When I
2. I was work-ing in the tem-ple With the Saviour by my side, Where the
3. Ma - ny ear - ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair, Were re-
4. Then I saw at once that Je - sus Could be bet - ter far than all, He could
5. So I heard the Sav - iour call-ing, Come thou wea-ry one a - way, And my

heard my Saviour call-ing To His lost sheep far a - way; How I list-ened as the
mul - ti - tude as-sembled, In its mis - er - y and pride; Glancing upward from my
mind-ers of the pri - ces I had paid down to be there, I was brooding o'er my
light - en up the pathway, Could surround me like a wall; He could take the place of
an - swer quickly followed, Lord, I'm coming home to-day; Now His lov-ing arms are

D. .S No mat-ter who the

teardrops Coursed adown like falling rain, While His tender words of promise, Made my
labor I just caught His distant smile, "You have placed your work between us, Come and
loss-es, When the Sav-iour spoke to me, "You have let your sorrows set-tle, Like a
loved ones, Wipe the falling tears a - way, Turn my sor-row in - to laughter, Change the
round me, And my head is on His breast, While I catch His faintest whisper, And my

wand'rer, Nor how far he's gone a - stray, Be-hold, who-so - ev - er cometh, I will

Fine. **CHORUS.**

spir - it glad a-gain.
talk with me a-while."
cloud 'tween me and thee. "Come, oh, come to me, said Jesus, Come and I will give you
night-tide in-to day.
spir-it is at rest.

com-fort him to-day.

D. S.

rest, I will take a - way the bur - den From the heav-y la - den breast.

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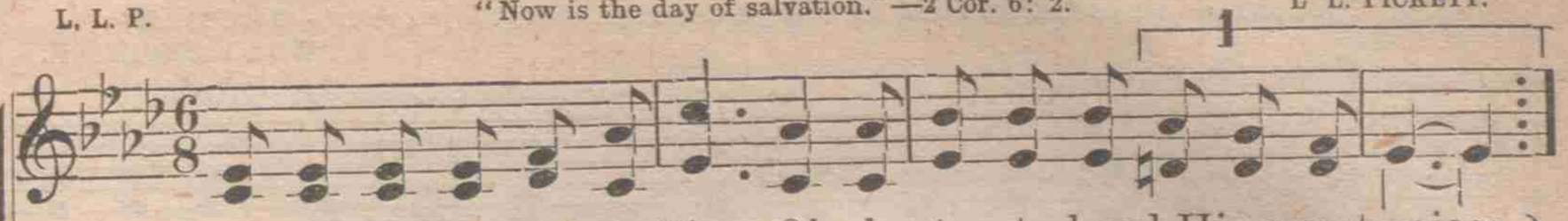
No. 73.

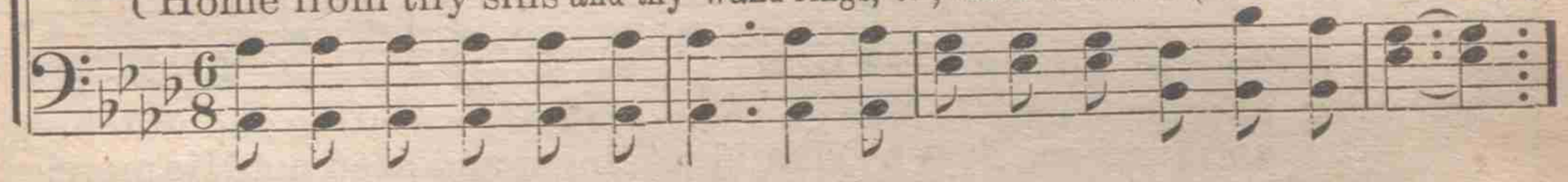
HASTE THEE.

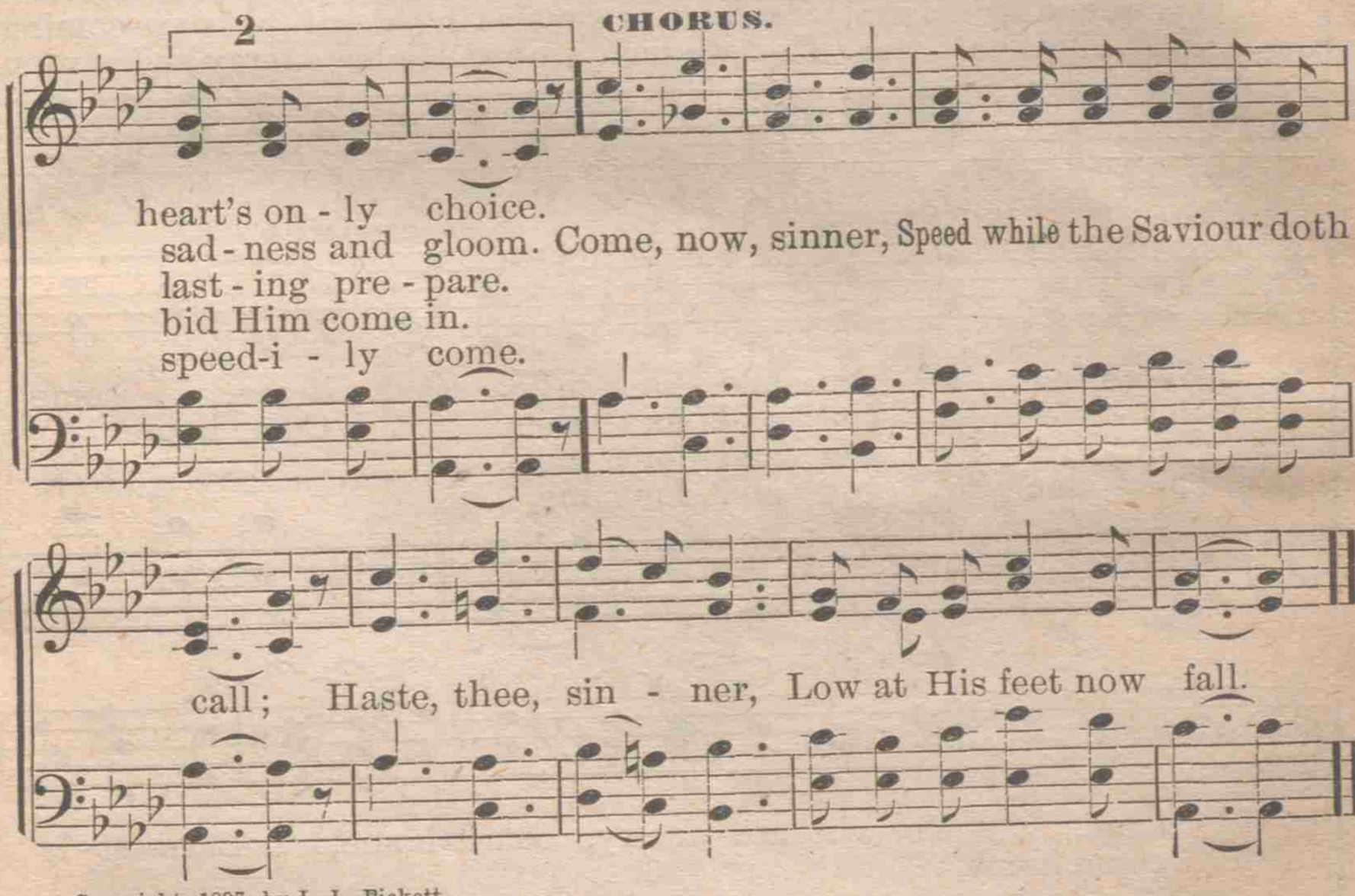
L. L. P.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

L. L. PICKETT.



1. { Sinner, while Jesus is calling, Oh, hasten to heed His sweet voice; / Turn now from all thy transgression, And make Him thy (*Omit . . . .*) }
2. { Time rushes speedily onward, 'Tis bringing thee nearer thy doom; / Turn then at once to thy Saviour, Ere cometh death's (*Omit . . .*) }
3. { Sa - tan is seeking thy ru - in, To sink thee in endless de-spair; / Flee then at once un-to Je - sus, For life ev - er- (*Omit . . . . .*) }
4. { Come while the Spirit is pleading, And striving to save you from sin; / Christ at thy door standeth knocking, Delay not, but (*Omit . . .*) }
5. { Friends, too, are praying and longing, They're waiting to welcome thee home; / Home from thy sins and thy wand'rings, Oh, haste then and (*Omit . . . .*) }

CHORUS.



heart's on - ly choice.
sad - ness and gloom. Come, now, sinner, Speed while the Saviour doth
last - ing pre - pare.
bid Him come in.
speed-i - ly come.

call; Haste, thee, sin - ner, Low at His feet now fall.

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No. 74.

WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.

Tune: HEBRON. L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

No. 75. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

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

WILL L. THOMPSON.

W. L. T.

Very slow *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time now is fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

m

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

cres *pp*

Ye who are wea-ry, come home, Earn-est - ly come home,

ppp **Rit** *pp*

ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, oh, sinner, come home.

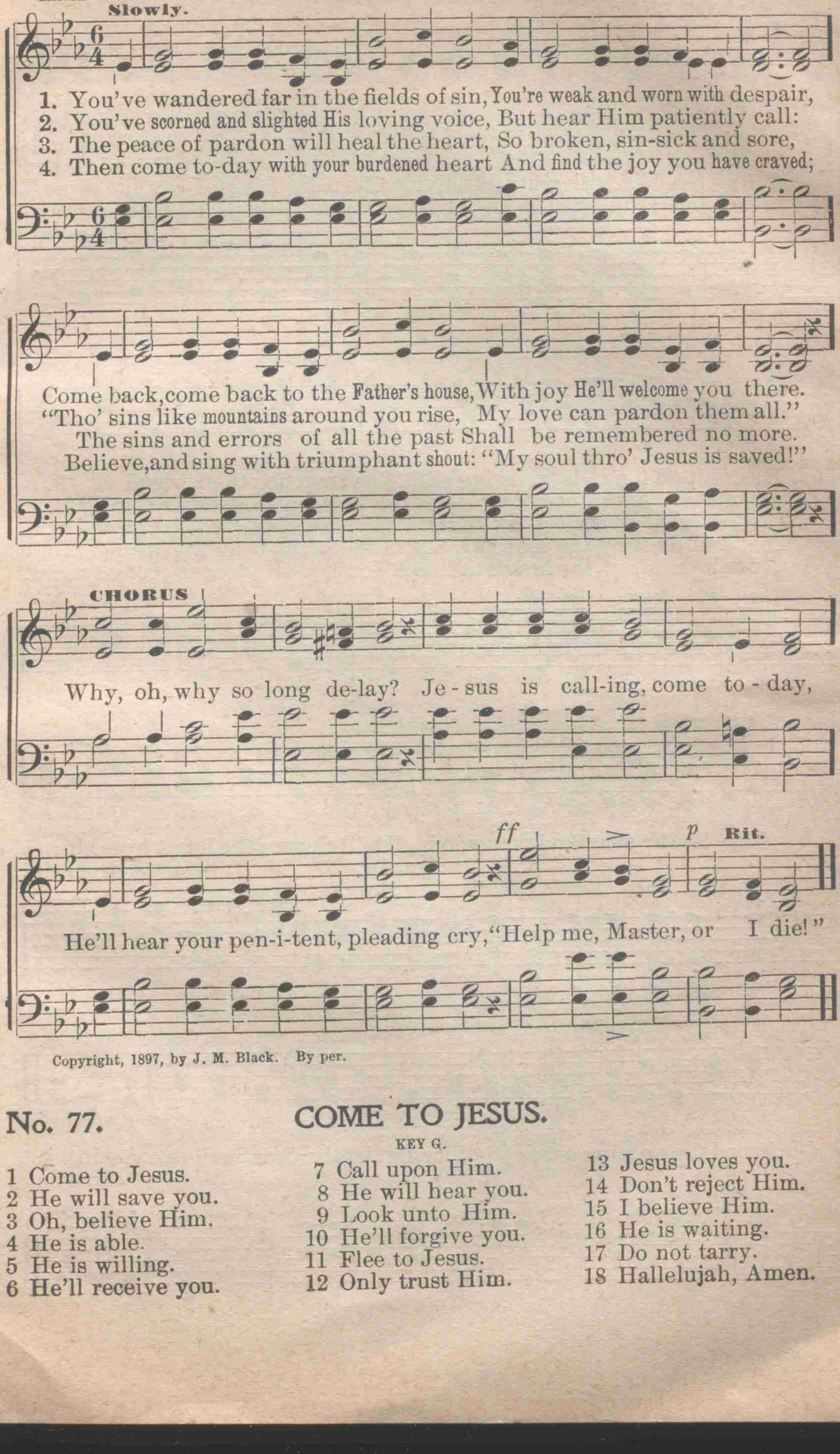
By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, O.

No. 76. HELP ME, MASTER?

"Lord, save us: we perish."—Matt. 8: 25.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.



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No. 77. COME TO JESUS.

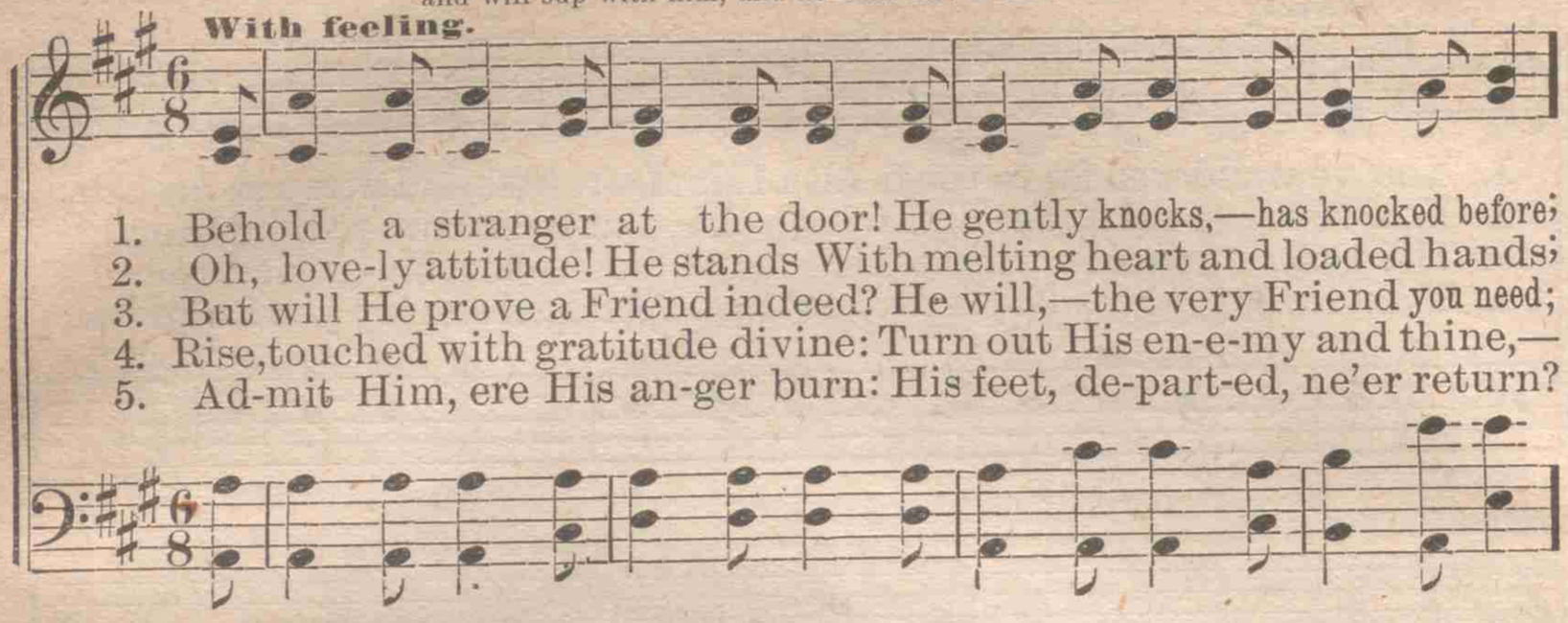
KEY G.

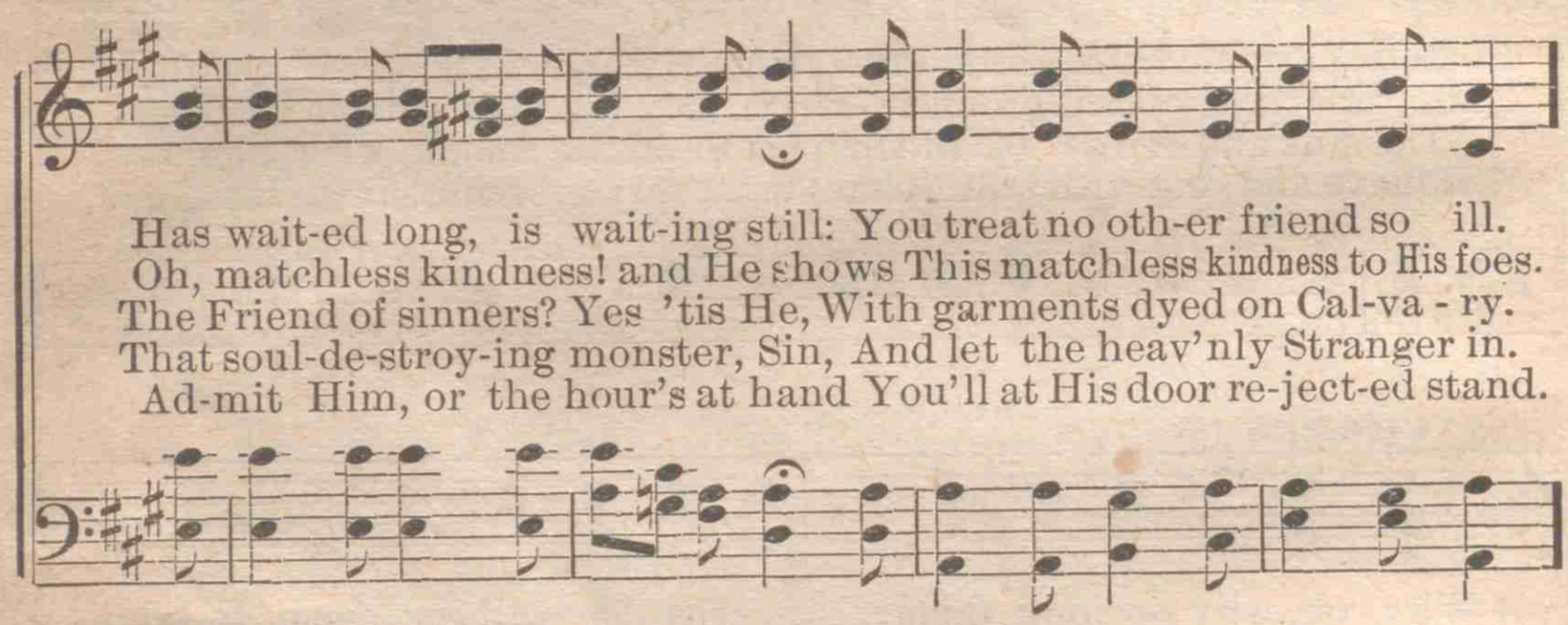
1 Come to Jesus.
2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 Only trust Him.
13 Jesus loves you.
14 Don't reject Him.
15 I believe Him.
16 He is waiting.
17 Do not tarry.
18 Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 78. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

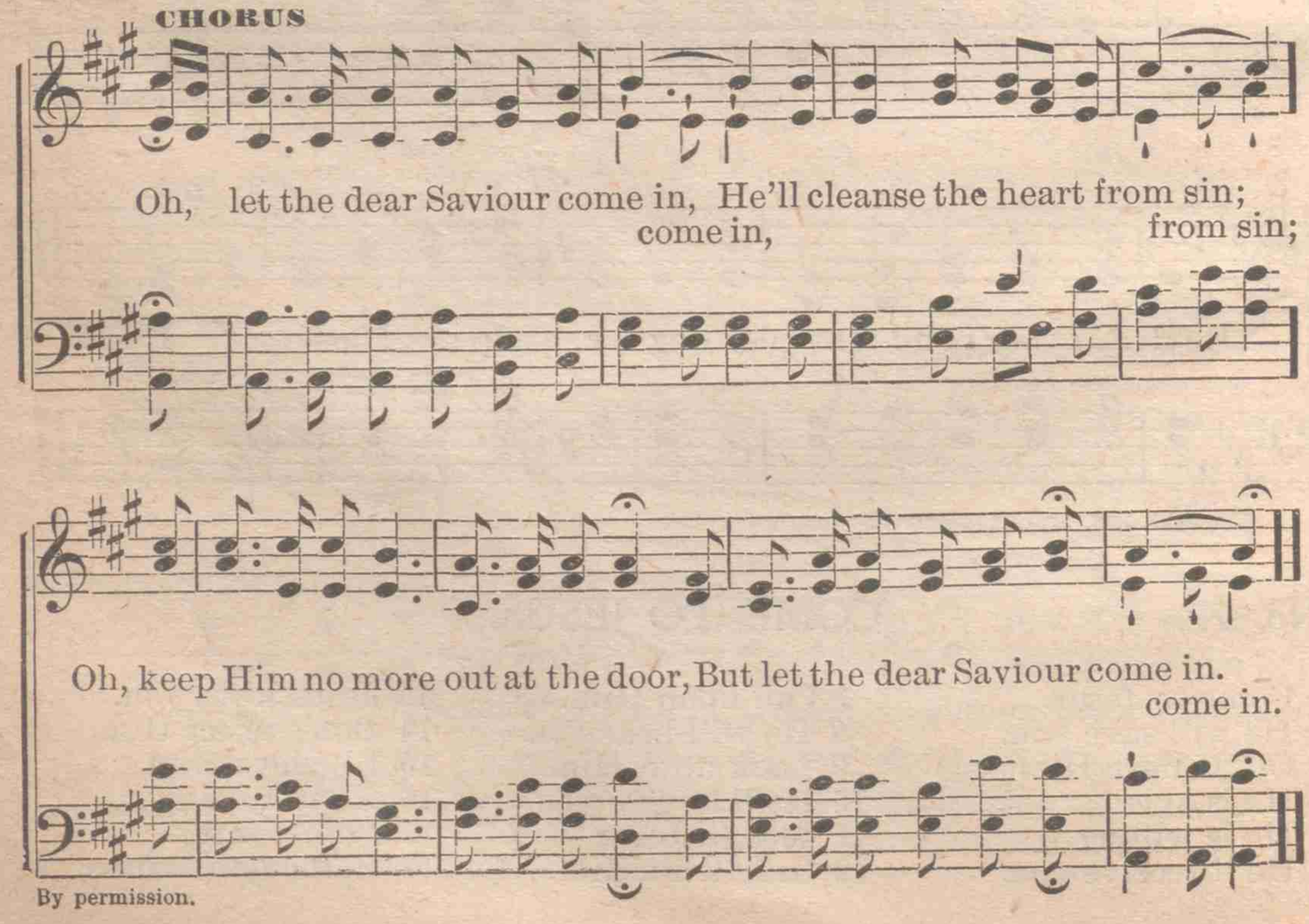
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."— Rev. 3: 20. T. C. O'KANE.

With feeling.





CHORUS



By permission.

No. 79. HE WAITS TO WELCOME THEE.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. In the gladsome light of morning, 'Mid its mu-sic and its song;
While your heart is fresh and hopeful, Knowing naught of (*Omit . . .*)

2. By some well of earthly pleasure, In the noontide hour of life;
Once He wait-ed with the of-fer, Free and "ev-er-(*Omit . . .*)

3. From the shades of evening falling, O'er a life grown gray with care;
He would lead thee to a reg-ion Ev-er bright and (*Omit . . .*)

wreck or wrong. From the storm-cloud in the distance, Stealing o'er life's tranquil lasting life." But you passed Him by unheeding, Drinking deeper draughts a-ev-er fair! All these years He has been calling, Longing so to set thee

sea, Some have fled to Him for refuge, And He waits to welcome thee.
new; But He knows you still are thirsting, So He's waiting yet for you.
free; Now 'mid darkness, storm and trouble, He is waiting still for thee.

REFRAIN.

Yes, He waits to welcome thee, Oh, He waits so welcome thee;

Some have fled to Him for refuge, And He waits to welcome thee.

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No. 80. HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

ANON. "Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Beside the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say; "I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pilgrim,
2. Be-side the pool Be-thes-da, I hear a mournful cry; "No help, no hope is offered To one so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad complaining,
3. While seated on the hillside, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most truly, "I am the living bread;" 'Tis He, the heavenly manna,

But deep - er is my need; I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The
The gos - pel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mer - cy, For
Who doth our souls re - store; By faith of Him par - tak - ing We

CHORUS.

'Gift of God' in-deed." Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living wa-ter
Christ the pool is here. 'Tis He, the great Physician, Can cure the sin-sick
live for ev - er - more. Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living wa-ter

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

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No. 81. HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

SOLO.

1. O father, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night,
2. O father, what news shall I take To Jesus and mother, for you?
3. Our home here is lonely and dark, And oft we are hungry and cold;
4. O father, dear father, once more Of Jesus I pray you to think;
5. O father, dear father, once more Please read in my Bible, and think:

Your Net-tie will walk thro' the Valley of Death, Ere dawn of the
I'll tell Him to send ho-ly an-gels of light To bless and to
But I shall go home to my mother to-night, Where pleasures are
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven, O fa-ther, please
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," O God, keep my

CHORUS

sweet Sabbath light.
comfort you too.
pur-er than gold.
give up your drink.
fa-ther from drink!

O father, I'm go-ing to mother so dear, I

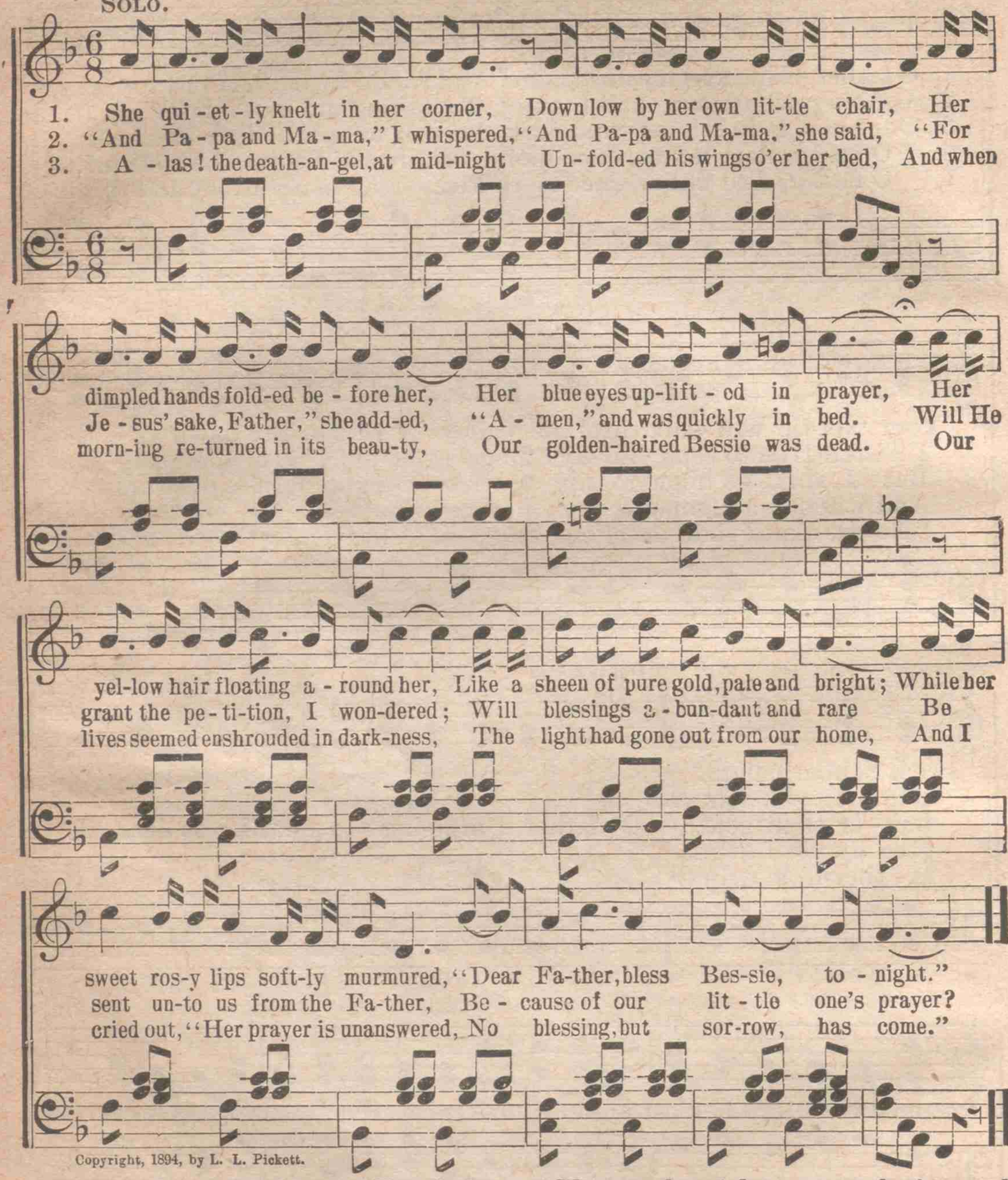
dreamed that I saw her last night; And over the river sweet voices I hear, They

call me to mansions of light,—Home, home, home to my mother in heav'n.

No. 82. ANSWERED PRAYER.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.



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4 But the days glided by, and her father
Seemed changed in a wonderful way,
From scoffing at God and religion
I found him beginning to pray.
He would talk of our child, and his longing
Her mansion in glory to share,
And one night He took Christ as his Saviour,
Kneeling humbly by Bessie's low chair.

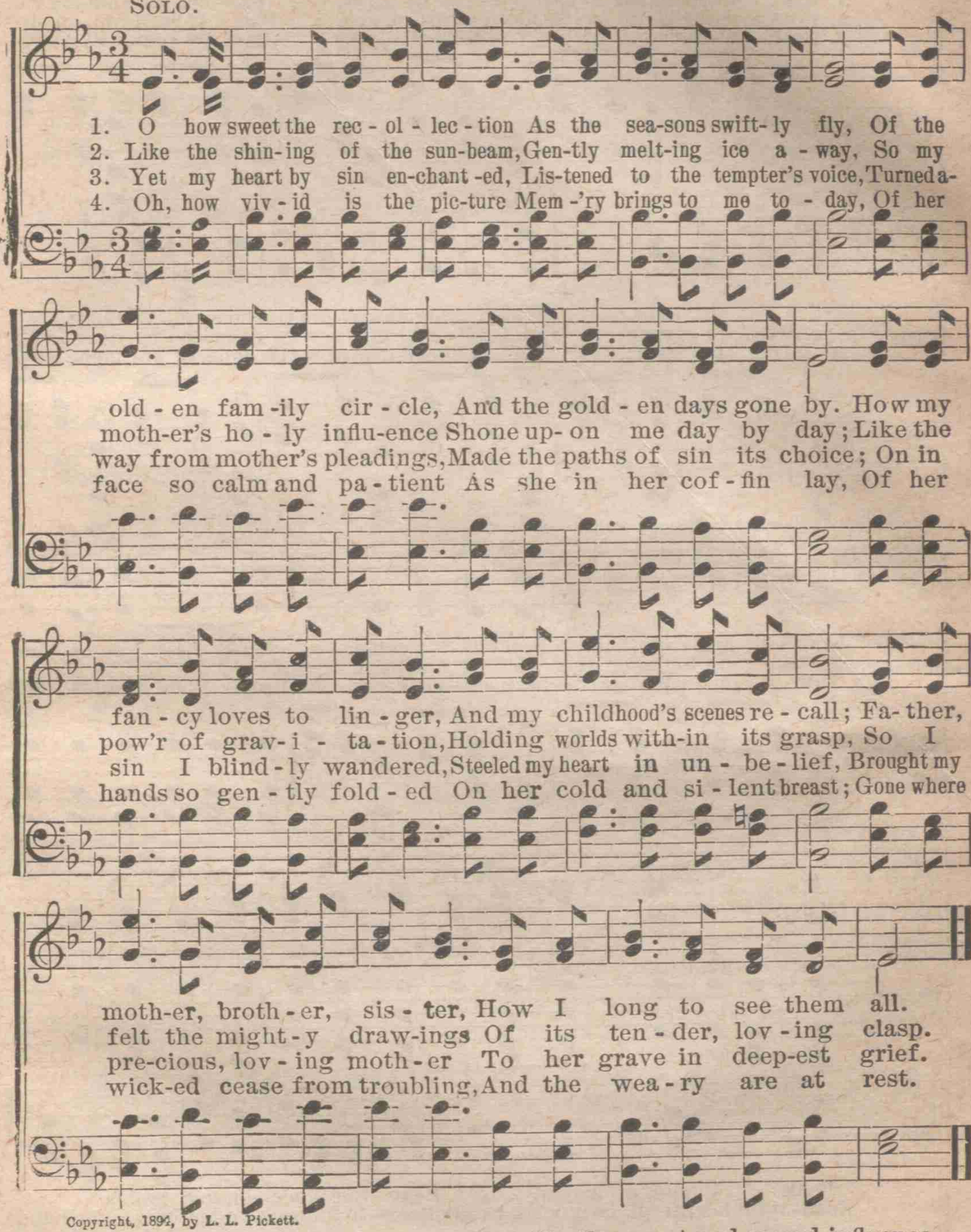
5 My own heart has grown loving and tender,
My Saviour, unspeakably dear;
Heaven and earth have drawn closely together,
And Bessie seems wondrously near.
And we know, now, though bitter the anguish
With which we relinquished our prize,
That God heard her prayer, and our sorrow
Was the blessing He sent in disguise.

No. 83. A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Suggested by the testimony of a man who in one of Rev. L. L. Pickett's meetings said that he was converted through his mother's influence *fifty years after she had died.*

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.



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5 As the years flew swiftly o'er me,
Stronger plead her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And He banished all my fears.
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
And His mansions bright to share;
And I know the next to greet me,
Will be Mother when I'm there.

6 Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
It the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ the Saviour there.
Courage, mothers! plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you 'll reap the harvest,
Through the bright eternal years.

No. 84. BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. LUTHER. By per. (*To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.*) JNO. R. BRYANT.

DUET.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa - ces all shin-ing with
2. Beck - on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life its de -
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one,—see, Ba - by voice call-ing, O

ra - di - ant light. Eyes looking down from yon heav-en - ly home,
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
moth - er, to thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the light of our home,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck-on - ing come. Beck - - - on - ing
Beck'ning up high - er the wait-ing one here. Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful,
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing come.

hands, ...
beck - on - ing hands,

Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands,

Beck - - on-ing hands, . . Beau - ti - ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .
Beau - ti-ful, beauti-ful, beckoning hands, Beau - ti - ful, beck-on-ing, beckoning hands.

Beau - ti - ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with **beckoning hands.**

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No. 85. SINCE JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, FOUND ME.

"Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel."—John 12: 13.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. I brought to the cross my bur-den of sin, His won - der - ful love was my plea; I gave Him my heart and peace dwells with-in,
2. My trust is in One, who al-ways is near; My guide and com- pan-ion is He; I walk in the light, no foe do I fear,
3. Each mur-mur-ing thought His ten-der-ness stills, In sor - row His hand I can see; I pa-tient - ly toil or rest as He wills,

CHORUS

Since Je-sus, my Saviour, found me. Oh, bless His dear name, I nev-er will cease To praise Him for mercy so free; Oh, sweet is His love And per-fect my peace, Since Je - sus, my Saviour, found me.

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The Holy Spirit.

Seeking and Finding.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments and I will send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 15, 16.

No. 86. BE GLAD AND SING:

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

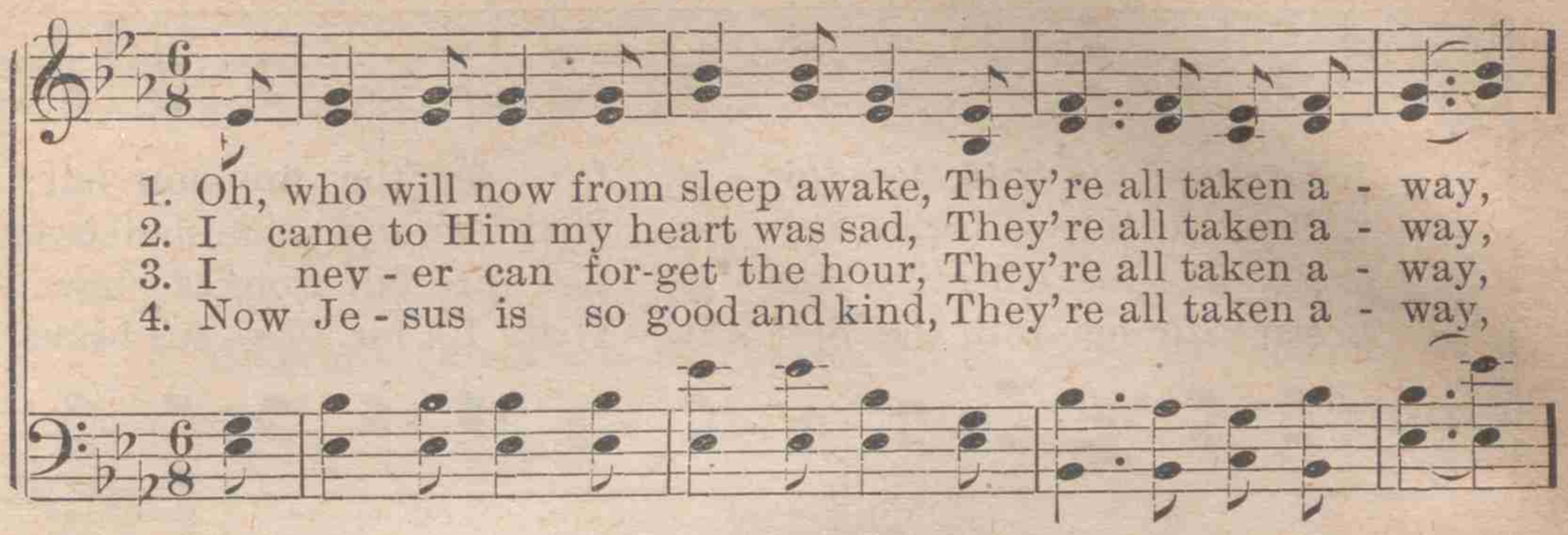
1. Be glad and sing, let earth re - joice, And ev - 'ry soul lift up its voice, In praises loud and clear: For Christ has sent His gift of love, The promised Spir - it from a - bove,
2. He comes to pu - ri - fy from sin And then for ev - er dwell within, And love and bless and cheer; He comes to gracious pow'r be-stow, Our hearts with love to o - ver-flow,
3. He comes to teach us how to pray And shine up- on the Word each day With ho - ly, heav'nly light; He comes to ful - ly sanc - ti - fy, And fill with pow - er from on high,
4. He comes to com - fort one and all Who to Him yield and on Him call, And all of Christ re-veal, He comes a pu - ri - fy - ing fire To burn up ev - 'ry base de-sire,
5. O Ho - ly Spir - it fill to - day, Each waiting temple here we pray, Oh, answer now our pray'r, And then when Je - sus we shall see, His per-fect im - age stamped by Thee,

The Com-fort - er is here, The Com-fort - er is here.
And cast out ev - 'ry fear, And cast out ev - 'ry fear.
And fit us for the fight, And fit us for the fight.
And all His own to seal, And all His own to seal.
We shall for - ev - er bear, We shall for - ev - er bear.

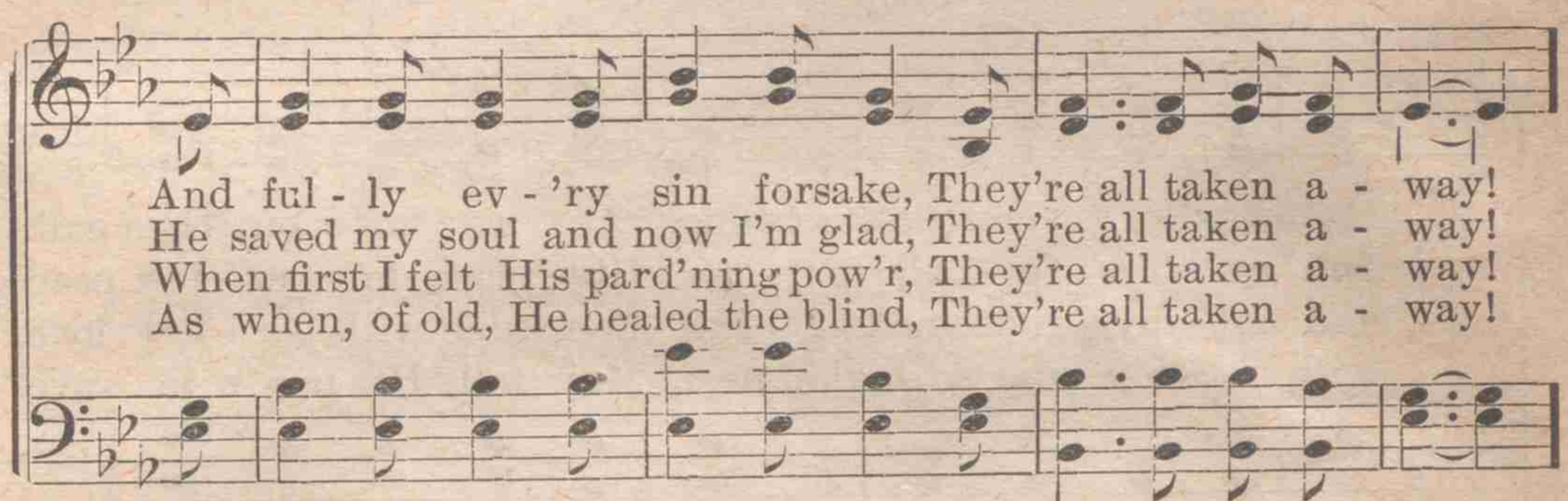
No. 87. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 44: 22.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by J. M.

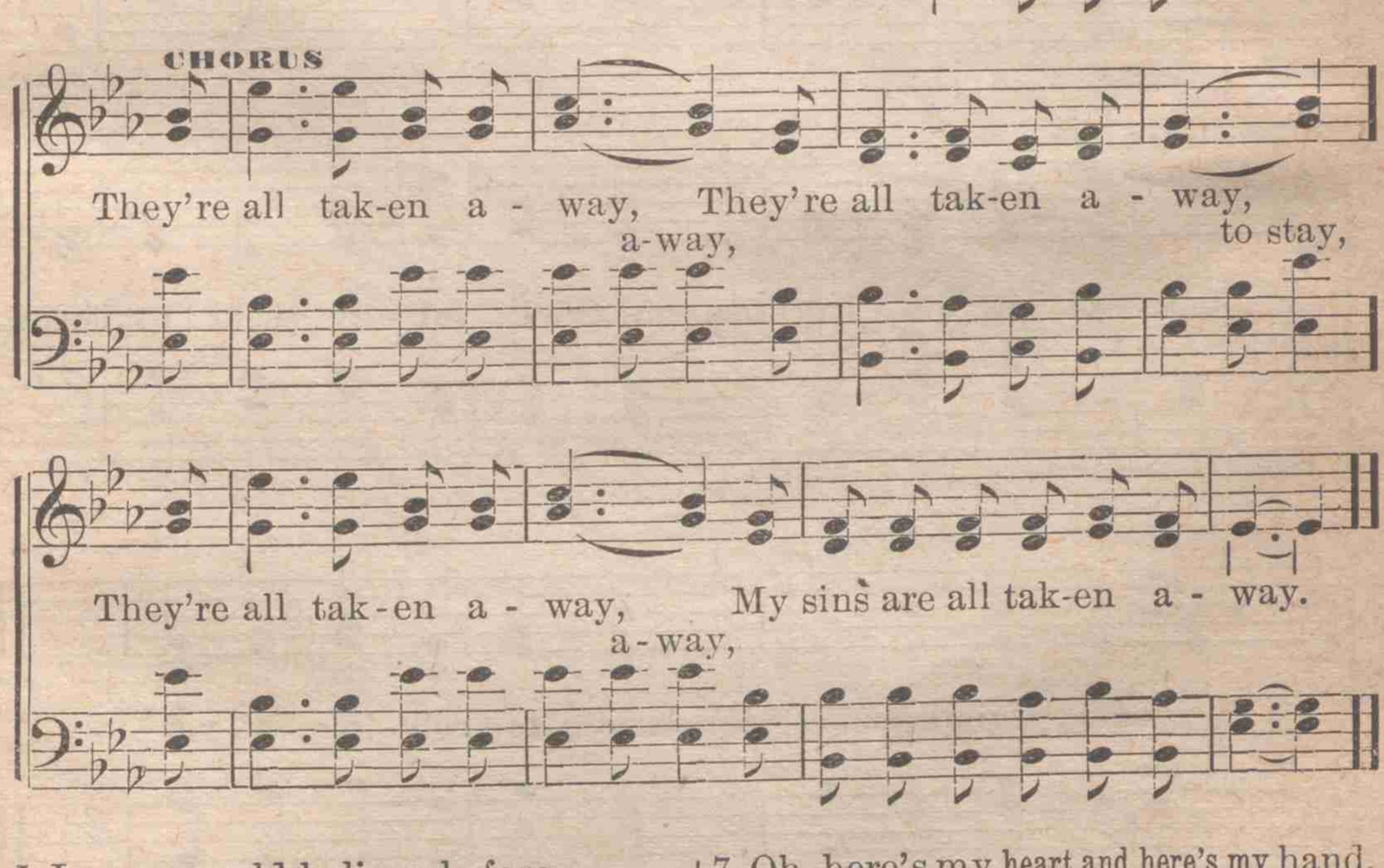


1. Oh, who will now from sleep awake, They're all taken a - way,
2. I came to Him my heart was sad, They're all taken a - way,
3. I nev - er can for-get the hour, They're all taken a - way,
4. Now Je - sus is so good and kind, They're all taken a - way,



And ful - ly ev - 'ry sin forsake, They're all taken a - way!
He saved my soul and now I'm glad, They're all taken a - way!
When first I felt His pard'ning pow'r, They're all taken a - way!
As when, of old, He healed the blind, They're all taken a - way!

CHORUS



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

5 I never could believe before,
They're all taken away,
That I could go and sin no more,
They're all taken away.

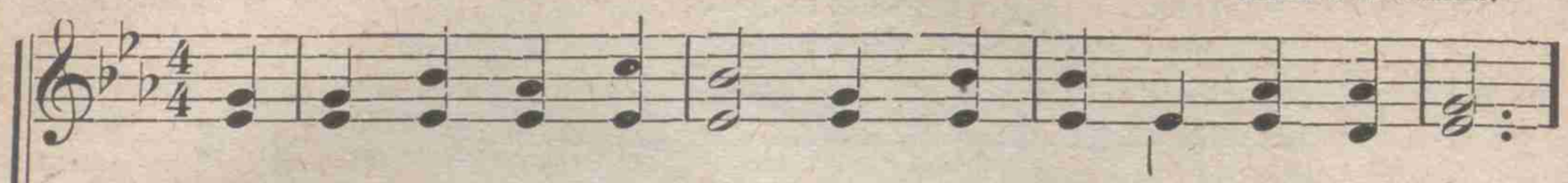
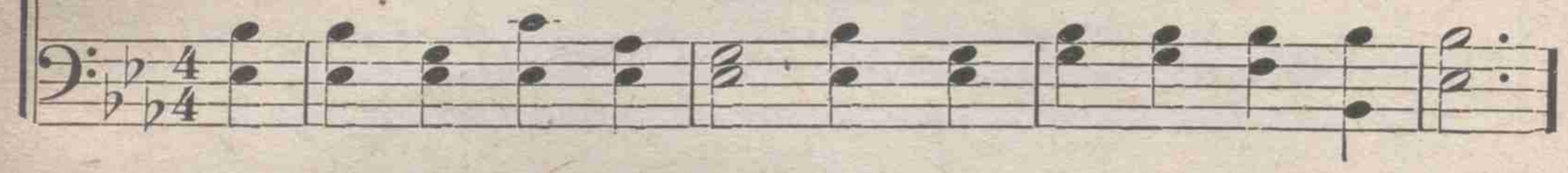
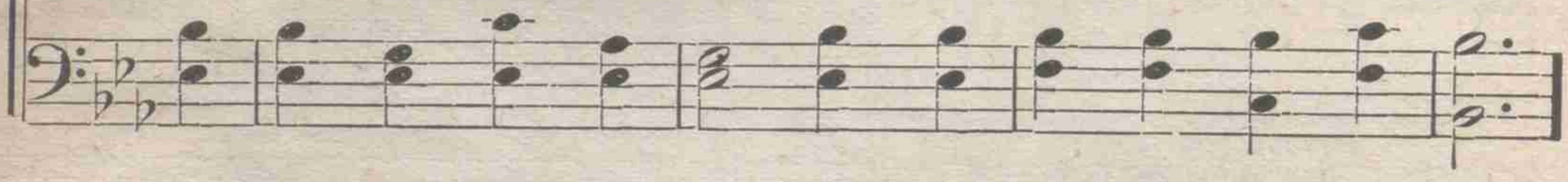
6 I've consecrated all to Thee,
They're all taken away,
And now from sin I know I'm free,
They're all taken away.

7 Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
They're all taken away,
To meet you in the better land,
They're all taken away.

8 So now I'll serve Him till I die,
They're all taken away,
And then we'll meet beyond the sky,
They're all taken away.

No. 88. BAPTIZE ME.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—Matt. 3: 13.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, Oh, let the fire now fall;
2. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, And fear and pride shall cease;
3. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, Let fire fall from a - bove;
4. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, That I, for Je - sus brave,

The dross of sin con-sum - ing, As we up - on Thee call.
And ev - 'ry e - vil tem - per Give place to per - fect peace.
And all my ransomed be - ing Con-sume with per - fect love.
With unc-tion and with glad-ness, May tell His pow'r to save.

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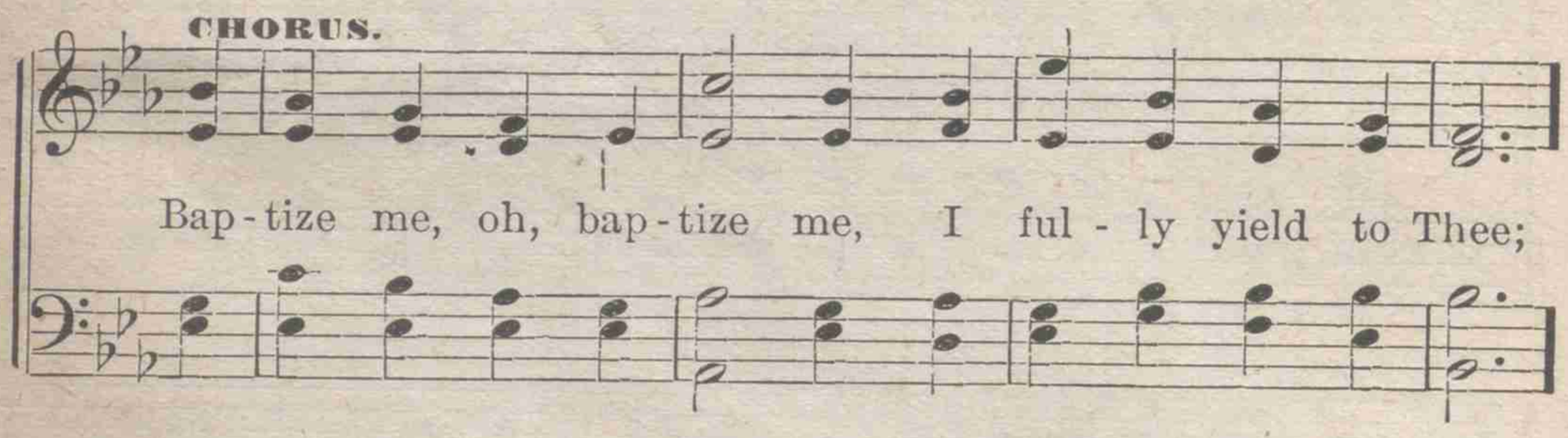
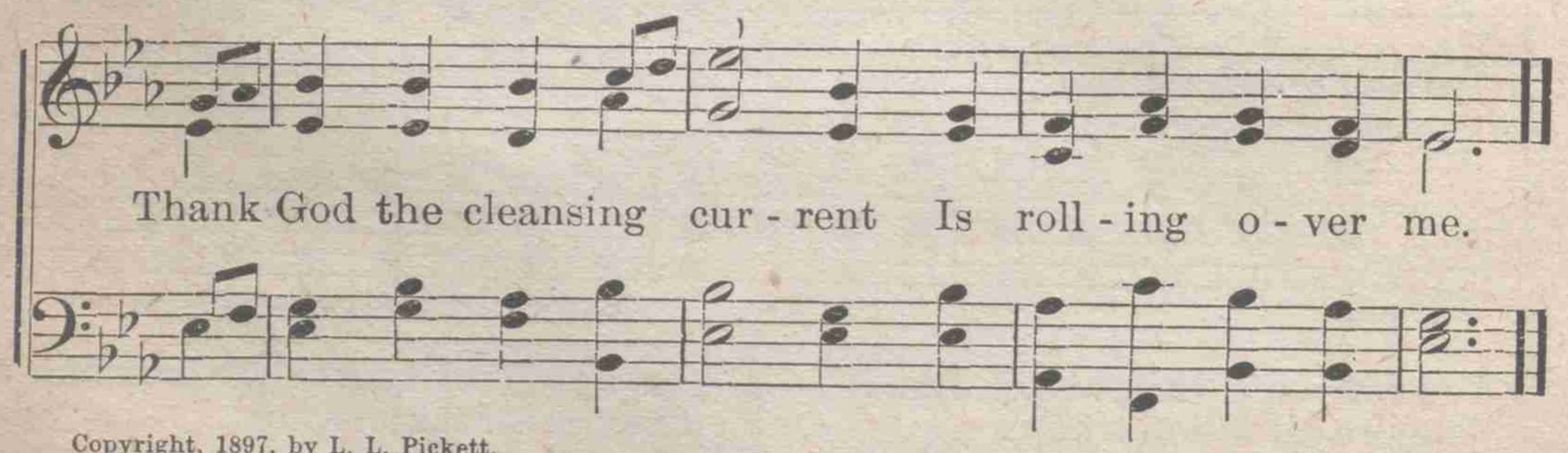

Bap - tize me, oh, bap - tize me, I ful - ly yield to Thee;



Thank God the cleansing cur - rent Is roll - ing o - ver me.

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5 Baptize me with the Spirit,
Uniting me with all,
Of every name and nation,
Who thus upon Thee call.

6 Baptize me with the Spirit,
Thy promise now I claim,
Oh, now in me fulfill it,
I pray in Jesus' name.

No. 89. I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. I'll follow Thee, Saviour, for- ev - er, Tho' the way may be gloom-
2. The sorrows of life may be ma - ny, Its tri-als may dark-
3. Temptations may fly thick around me, As missiles of death
4. I'll praise Thee and bless Thee for-ev-er, Thy glo - ry I ev-

y or bright; In pov - er-ty's vale and in sor - row, Or in
en my sky; In Je - sus I still find a shel - ter, A
to my soul; Yet still I will trust in my Sav - iour, On
er will sing; The source of true joy, peace and com-fort, My

D.S.—*shel - ter Thou art in the temp - est, A*

pathways of plen-ty and light.
Brother who al-way is nigh.
Him ev - 'ry fear I will roll.
Guide, my Re-deem-er and King.

FINE. CHORUS.

I know Thou wilt bless me and

ref - uge and fort-ress for me.

keep me, Saviour, Thy grace is a - bun-dant and free; A

D.S.

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No. 90.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

L. L. P.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. My sins they were ma - ny and dark as the night, A
2. But when the light en - tered and o - pened my eyes, I
3. I trust - ed in Je - sus, oh, praise His dear name, The

weight that distressed me with sor-row and fright; I stumbled and
learned to love Je - sus, my sins to de-spise; I searched the word
fire He had kind-led soon grew to a flame; He burned up the

fal-tered, yet trembling did go, Not knowing that Je - sus makes
dai - ly, my faith it did grow, Till soon I believed He makes
dross, hal-le - lu - jah, I know, That Je - sus, my Saviour, makes

CHORUS.

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

I knew not that Je - sus makes whit - er than snow.
Till soon I be - lieved He makes whit - er than snow.
Halle - lu - jah, my Sav - iour makes whit - er than snow.

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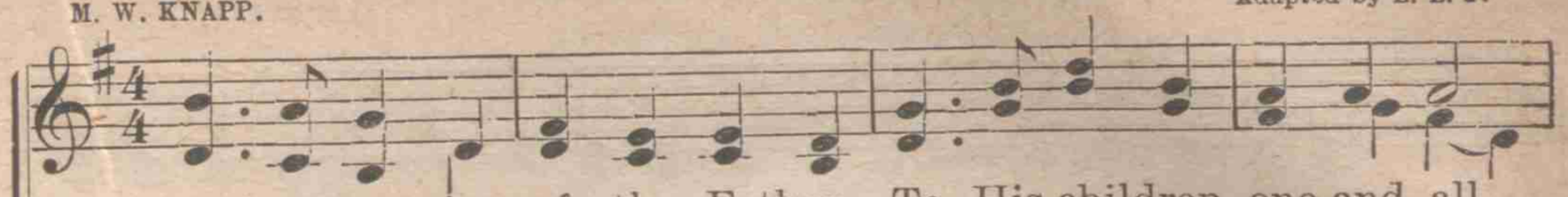
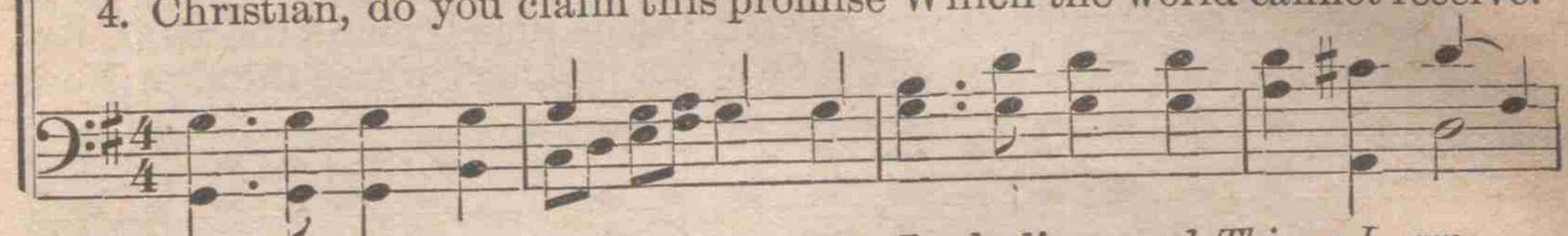
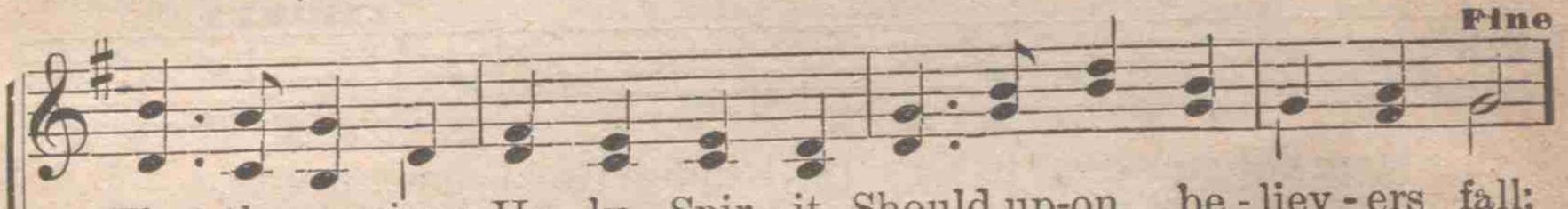
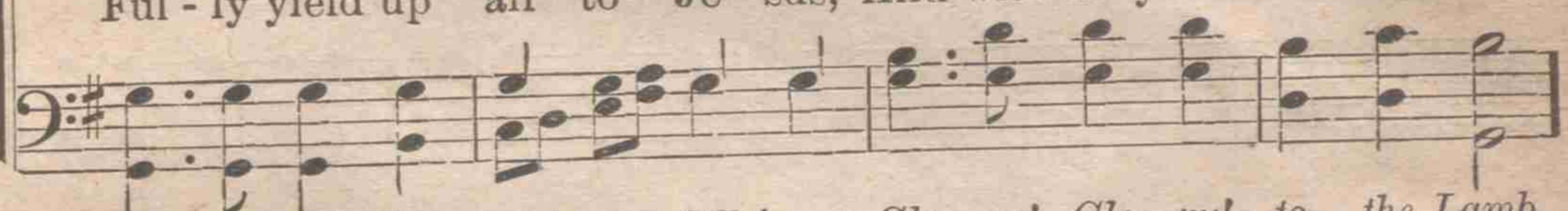
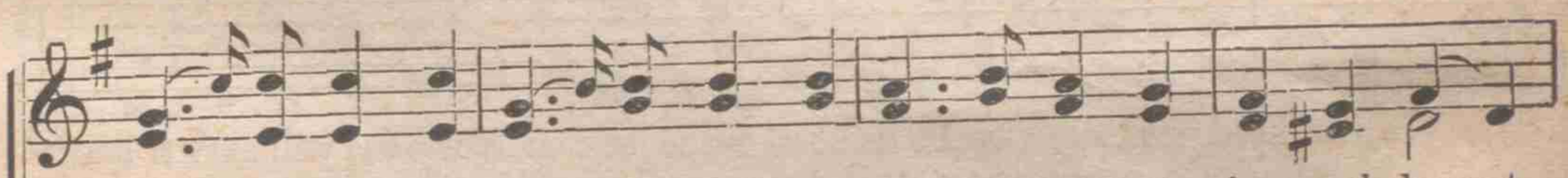
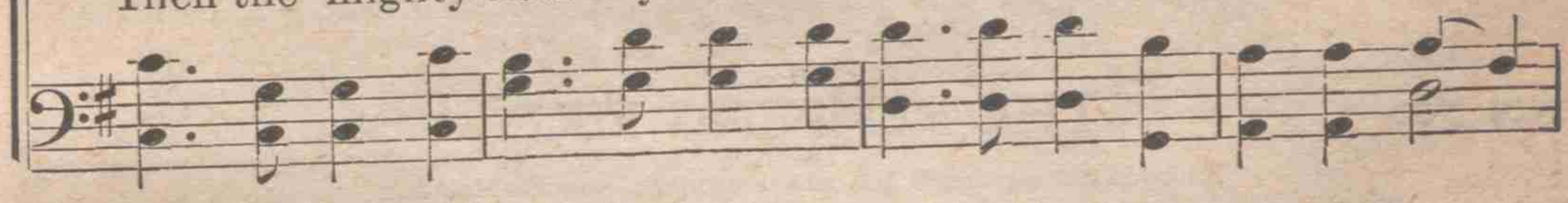
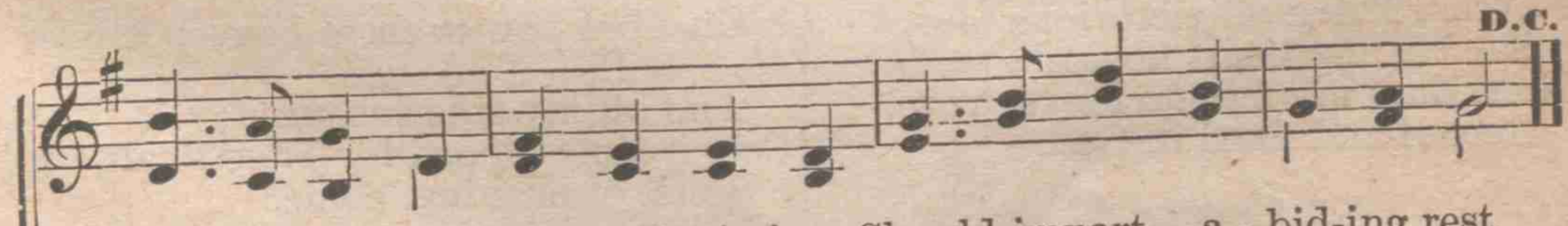
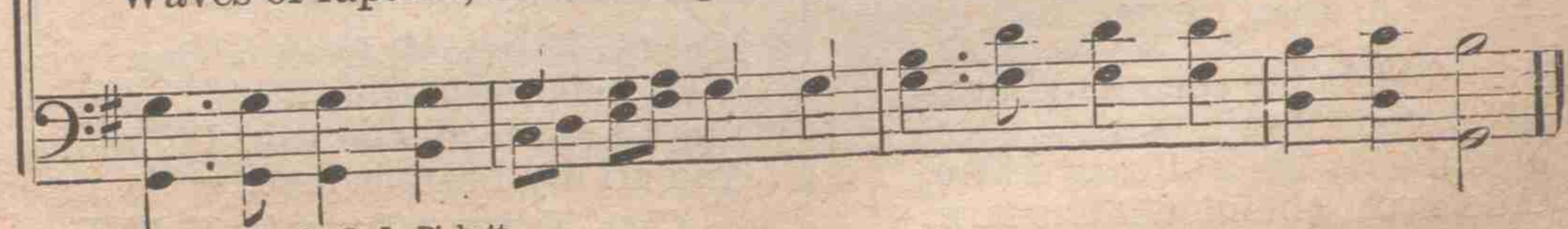
No. 91. PROMISE OF THE FATHER.

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you."—Luke 24: 49.

M. W. KNAPP. Adapted by L. L. P.

1. Precious promise of the Father To His children, one and all,
2. Precious promise, long a-wait - ed, Sealed with Jesus' crimson blood,
3. Father, wilt Thou not this promise In each longing heart ful-fill,
4. Christian, do you claim this promise Which the world cannot receive?

Fa-ther, now ful - fill the prom-ise, I be-lieve, and Thine I am;

Fine

That the gracious Ho - ly Spir - it, Should up-on be - liev - ers fall;
Which from Calvary's Sacred Fountain, Flowed a pu - ri - fy - ing flood;
That we all with ho - ly gladness May delight to do Thy will;
Ful - ly yield up all to Je - sus, And with all your heart be-lieve;

Hal - le - lu - jah! fire is fall-ing, Glo - ry! Glo - ry! to the Lamb.

That the Pen - te - cost - al fi - re Burning brightly in each breast,
Ho - ly Spir-it on us fall-ing Thee we welcome and a - dore,
May the Spir-it in His fulness Ev - er in our hearts a - bide,
Then the mighty heav'nly cur-rent Will descend up - on your soul,

D.C.

Melting all in sweet submission, Should impart a - bid-ing rest.
Thine the glo-ry, ours the blessing, Now, henceforth, and evermore.
Com-fort-er, and Faithful Teacher, Sanc-ti - fi-er, Friend and Guide.
Waves of rapture, bliss and glo - ry O'er your peaceful spir-it roll.

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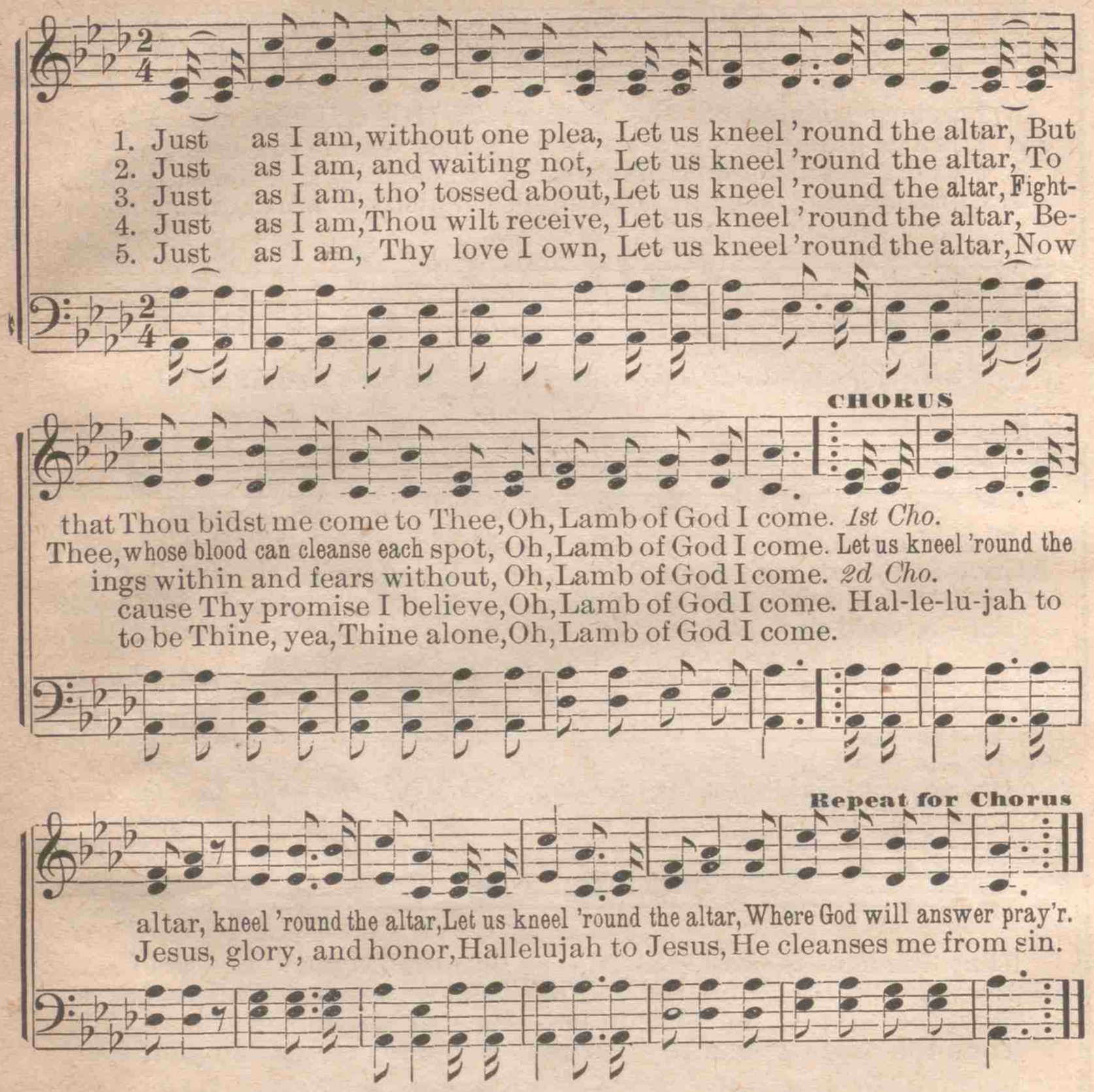
No. 92. JUST AS I AM.

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 6: 2.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

No: 93: THE REFINING FIRE:

"For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap."—Mal. 3: 2.

1 Jesus, Thine all victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

CHORUS.

I now believe, I do receive,
The Spirit fills me now;
The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,
As at the cross I bow.

2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
Aud make the mountains flow.

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Chas. Wesley. Chorus by M. W. K.

No. 94. I WILL SAY YES TO MY SAVIOUR.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I will say yes to my Saviour, Down in the depths of my soul;
2. I will say yes to the Spir - it, Sent from my Saviour to me;
3. I will say yes to the Scripture Lamp shining ev-er and bright;
4. I will say yes to the tri - als, Yes to the pain and the loss;
5. I will say yes to the fut - ure, Welcome whate'er He may send;
6. I will say yes when de-ri - sion, In - to my pathway shall fall;
7. I will say yes that the al - tar Now sanc-ti - fi - eth my soul;

To Him I ful - ly sur - ren - der, On Him my burdens I roll.
Com-fort-er, Guide and Reveal - er, Dwell Thou forev - er in me.
Yes to commandment and promise, Walking in all of its light.
Yes in the val-leys and tun - nels, Yes to the way of the cross.
Come what there may I will trust Him, Brother, Redeemer and Friend.
Ful - ly sub - mitting to Je - sus, Friends, repu-ta - tion and all.
Peace passing all un-der-stand-ing, O - ver me sweet-ly doth roll.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, I will say yes to my Saviour, Who died on the cross for me;

Yes, yes, I will say yes and will trust Him, Whatever His will may be.

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No. 95. TEMPLE OF THE SPIRIT.

"In whom ye also are builded togethed far a habitation of God through the Spirit."—Eph. 2: 22.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Made for Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it, Their a - bid - ing place to be;
2. Purchased by the blood of Je-sus, Thro' His matchless boundless love,
3. Pur - i - fied from sin and evil, Filled with love and light and grace;
4. When the Father counts His jewels, These shall shine with luster bright,

Soul and bod - y were cre - at - ed, For the bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
Res-cued from the fell de-stroyer, Crowned with blessing from above.
God enthroned a-gain with-in it, Makes it His a - bid - ing place.
Midst the dazzling lights of glo - ry, In its ev - er-last - ing light.

CHORUS.

The King I was seek-ing, Has sud-den - ly come, Has entered His

tem - ple, And makes it His home. My faith claims the promise, The

blood is applied, The Spir - it descending, Has come to a - bide.

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No. 96. THE SWEET BEULAH LAND.

"Let us go up at once and possess it."—Num. 13: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. J. GILMOUR.

1. I am walk-ing to-day in the sweet Beulah land, I have crossed to the sun - ny side, I am washed in the blood, and my
2. I am now go - ing on to explore Beulah land, 'Tis the gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I walk by my Sav-iour's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am
4. Oh, the sweetness of love that en-rapt - ures my soul, For com- mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to

CHORUS

soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti - fied. Glo - ry
walking in light, And the face of my Saviour see.
led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.
day thro' my soul Living streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh,

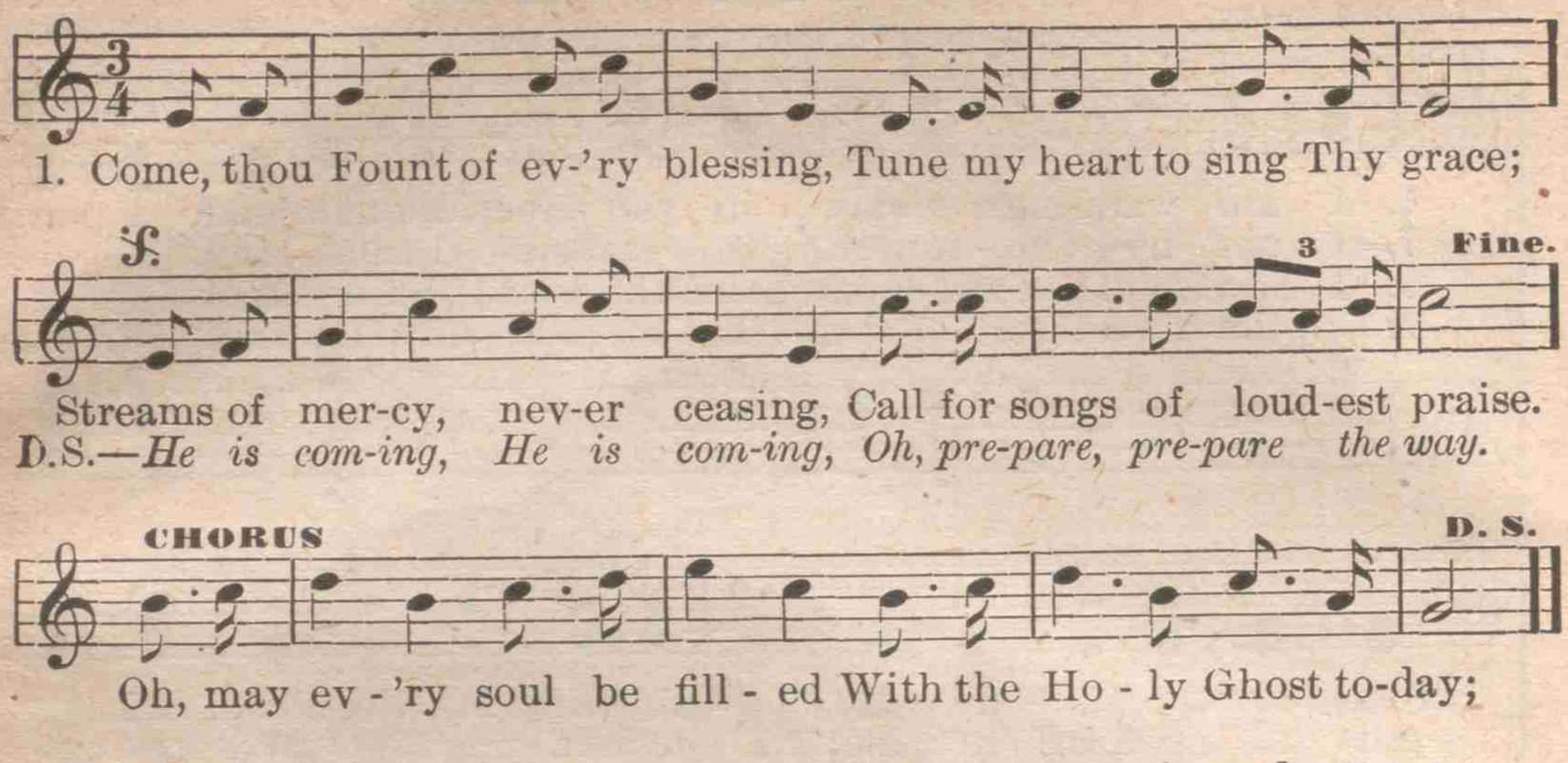
Glo-ry to God, My heart is now cleansed from sin, I've abandoned my
from sin,

self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His ful - ness abides with-in.

Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour. By per,

No. 97. MAY EVERY SOUL BE FILLED.

"Be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. 5: 18.



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

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

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:

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

Robert Robinson.

No. 98. GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. Stocker.

No. 99. HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this sin-stained heart of mine;
Long hath sin, within my soul,
Sought my spirit to control.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every rival throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 100. WASH ME THROUGHLY.

E. F. W. Ps. 51. Rev. E. F. WALKER.

1. Wash me throughly, blessed Sav-iour, Cleanse me from indwelling sin;
2. Purge me with the branch of healing, Wash me whit-er than the snow;
3. Let the joy of full sal - va - tion Now be giv - en to my soul;
4. Then shall sin-ners be con-vert-ed, And transgressors learn Thy ways,
5. Now I yield my all to Je - sus; Now I trust His cleansing blood;

Bathe me in the sa-cred fountain, Now complete the work within.
Cleanse, oh, cleanse my inmost being, Thro' and thro' let Thy blood flow.
And, up-held by Thy free Spir - it, I shall ev - 'ry whit be whole.
And my hum-ble lips be opened, And my mouth show forth Thy praise.
Now the work is done with-in me, GLO - RY! GLO - RY BE TO GOD!

CHORUS.

Wash me throughly, wash me throughly; For the Mas-ter's use made meet;

After last verse.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! For the Master's use made meet;

Pu - ri - fy and make me ho - ly! Now! just now! the work complete.
Now He sanc - ti - fies me tru - ly: Now I am in Him complete.

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No. 101. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke 11: 13. "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."—Gal. 3: 14.

M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Bap-tize me, O Fa-ther, the promise I claim, And plead its ful-fill-ment in Je - sus' dear name, That thou, all be-liev-ers, who trust and o - bey, Wouldst fill with the Spirit, oh, fill me to-day.
2. Oh, fill me, my Fa-ther, for great is my need, I'm hun-gry and thirsty and earn-est - ly plead; I can-not, I will not per-mit Thee to go, Oh, make me the full-ness of blessing to know.
3. My - self and my treasures I ful - ly re-sign, Reputa - tion and pleasures for - ev - er are Thine; Complete - ly a - bandoned in all things to Thee, I long to be lost like a drop in the sea.
4. The blood is my ref-uge, the price paid for Thee, To purchase the gift which a - lone can set free; All oth - er re - li - ance I now lay a - side, And safe - ly and steadfast - ly in it con-fide.
5. The Spir - it ex-pect - ed descends to my soul, And o - ver me peaceful - ly love bil-lows roll; The bap - tism promised has fall - en on me, Oh, glo - ry to Je-sus! my soul it makes free.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve, and re-ceive, and He fills me to - day, As He promised, He comes, while humbly I pray, Oh, glory to Je-sus, the

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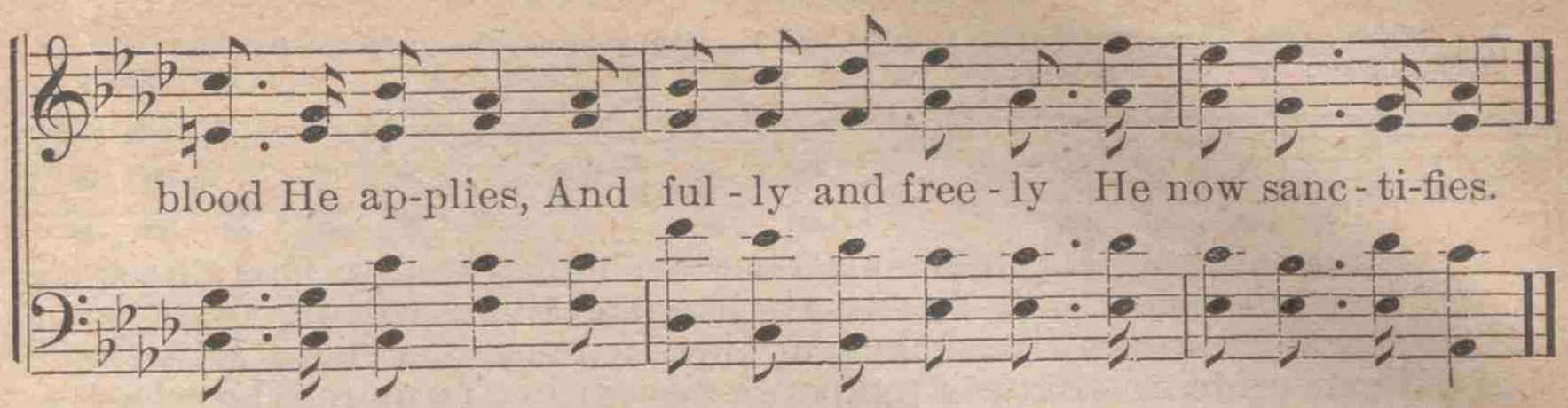
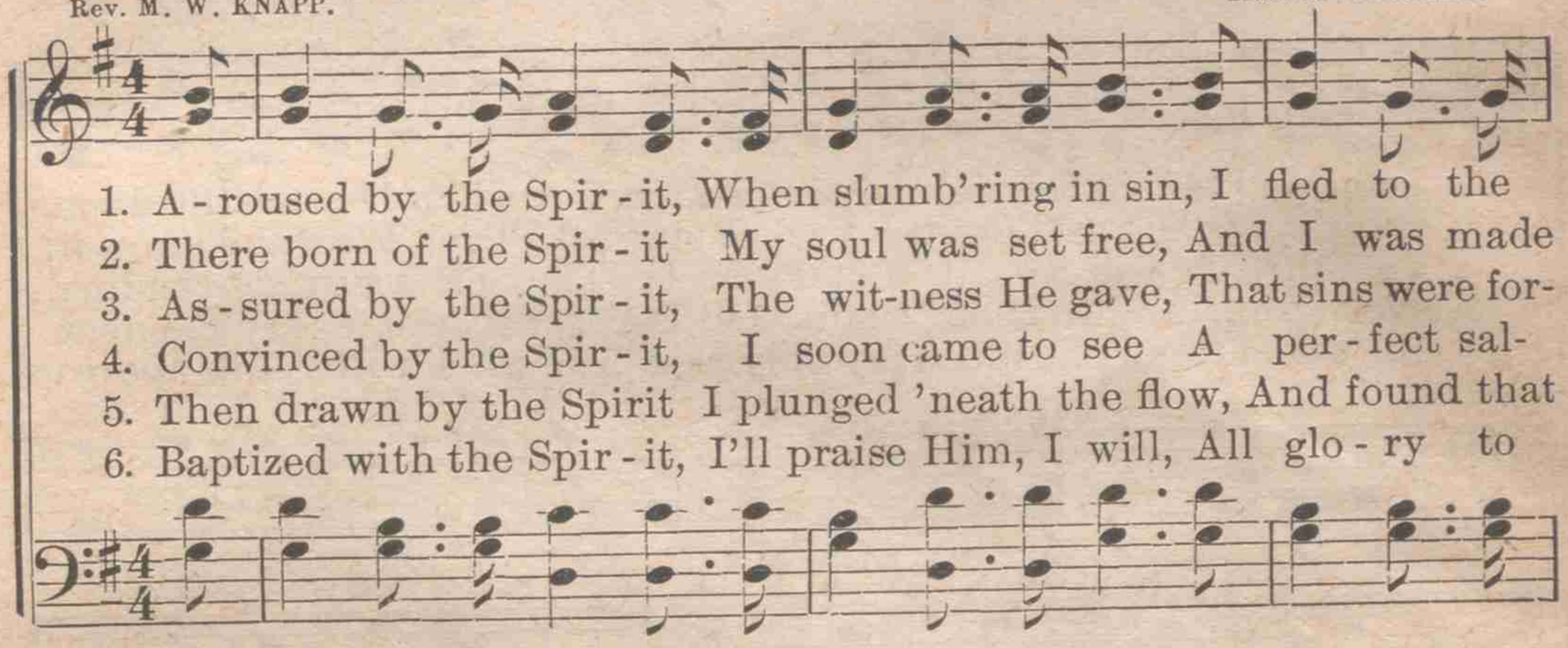
PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. Concluded.

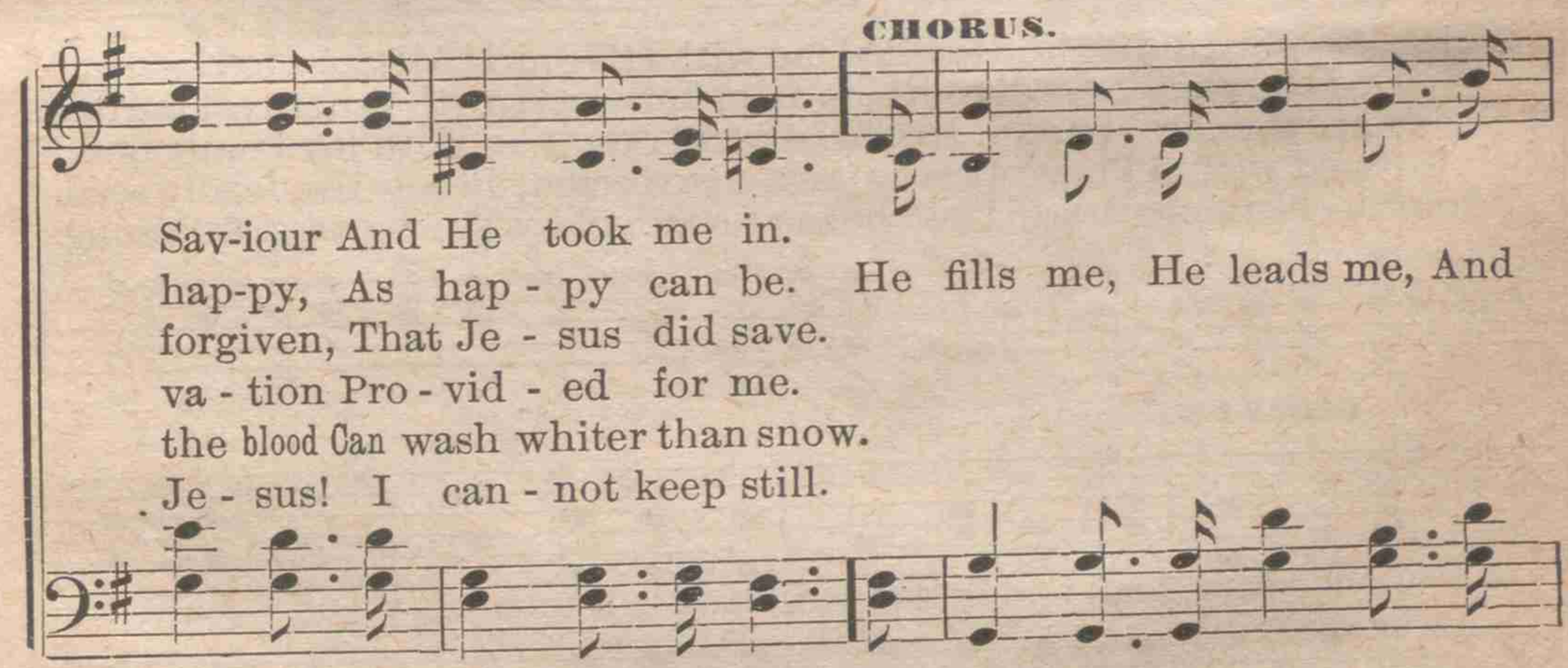


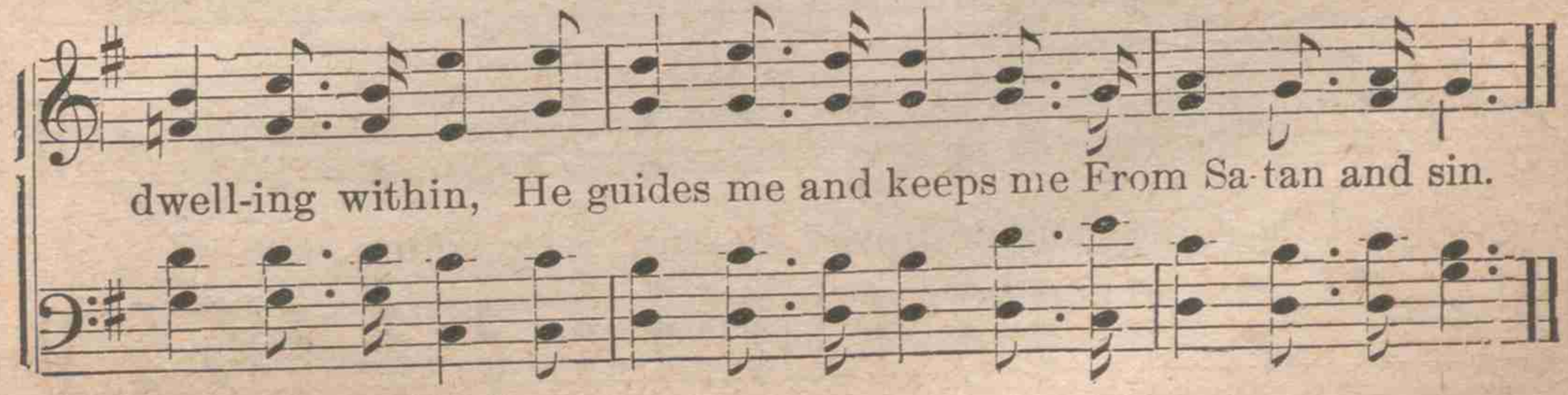
No. 102. THE SPIRIT RECEIVED.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8: 14.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.







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No. 103. JESUS REIGNING WITHIN.

"Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed.
that henceforth we should not serve sin."—Rom. 6: 6.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Some think it a de-lus-ion That we should ever say That Christ has
2. Now cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, He lives and reigns within, Destroys in-
3. Now dead to sin I've reckoned Myself to ev-er be, A-live to
4. Fear, pride, and fret and temper A-rise within no more, The ceaseless,
5. Possessed of blood-bought freedom From all car-nal-i-ty, I glo-ry

come and tak-en Our inbred sin a-way, But when He sanctified me,
dwelling evil, Casts out the seed of sin; Like Paul, I feel and know it,
God thro' Je-sus, To all e-ter-ni-ty; The Spir-it now descending,
toilsome struggle With them, thank God, is o'er, Yet Jesus ev-'ry moment
in sal-va-tion, The blood my only plea; And when with saints above us

Faith His word did claim, He filled me with His Spirit, All glory to His name.
To God the glory be, All praise to Him forever, Who thus hath set me free.
Consumes the carnal mind, In Christ a full salvation With joy I daily find.
Enthroned within I need, Lest Satan un-ex-pected, Resow the deadly seed.
I join the heav'nly throng, 'Twill be my theme in glory To sing redemption's song.

CHORUS

Dead, dead, dead and destroyed, Dead is the bod-y of sin;

Dead, dead, dead and destroyed, Je-sus is reigning with-in.

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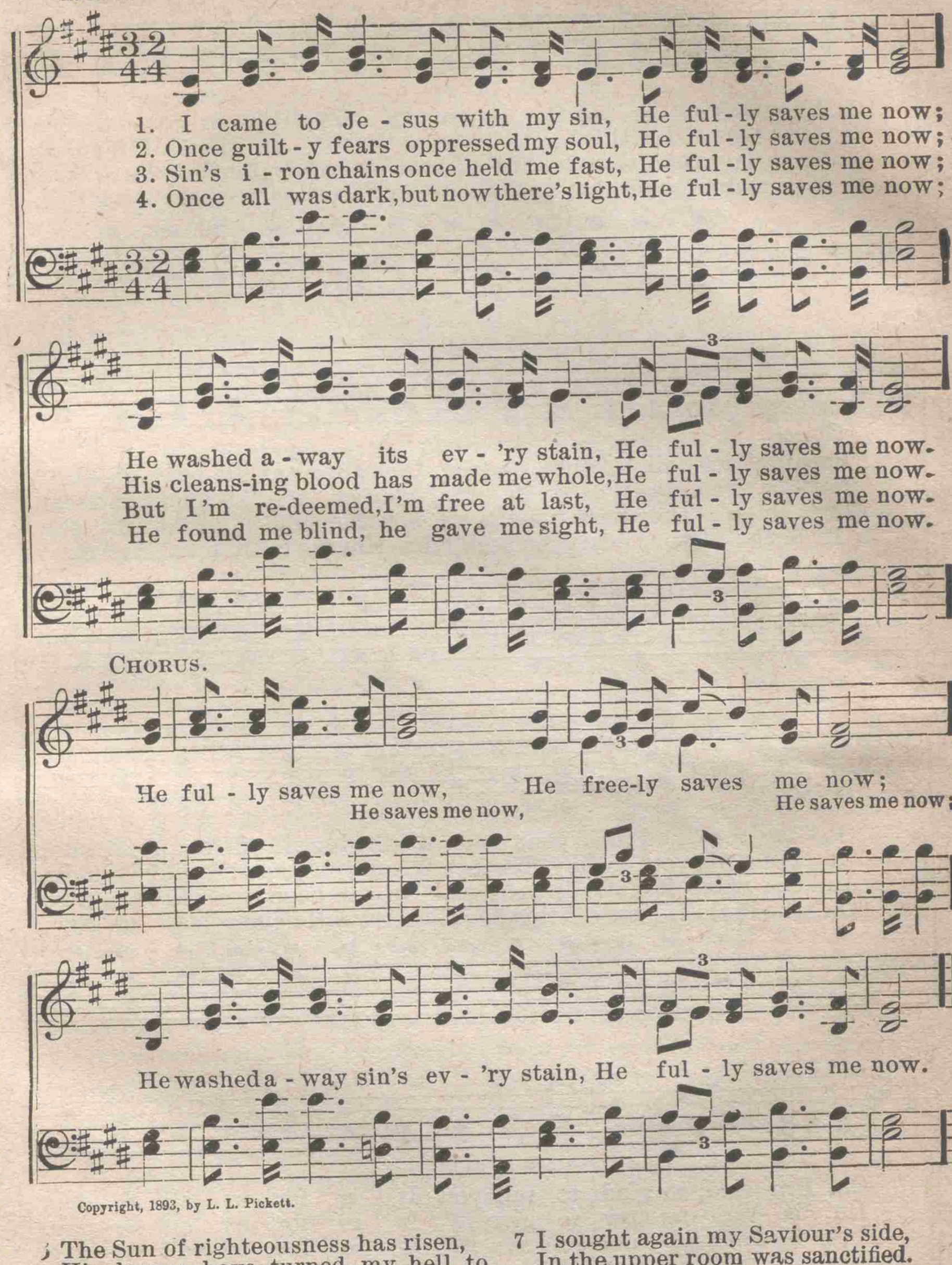
No. 104. HE FULLY SAVES ME NOW.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

No. 105. IT IS FOR US ALL TO-DAY.

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—Acts 2: 39.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you ev - er felt the power Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of-fers this blest cleansing Un-to all His children dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it While they dwell on earth below,
4. You may now receive the Spir-it As a sanc-ti - fy - ing flame,

Burning up all car-nal na-ture, Cleansing out all base de-sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban-ish - ing all doubt and fear.
But in this they were mis-tak-en, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek Him, Having faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spirit, Cleansing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, oh, my brother When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this blessing, He will nev-er say us Nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait-ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re-ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait-ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day?

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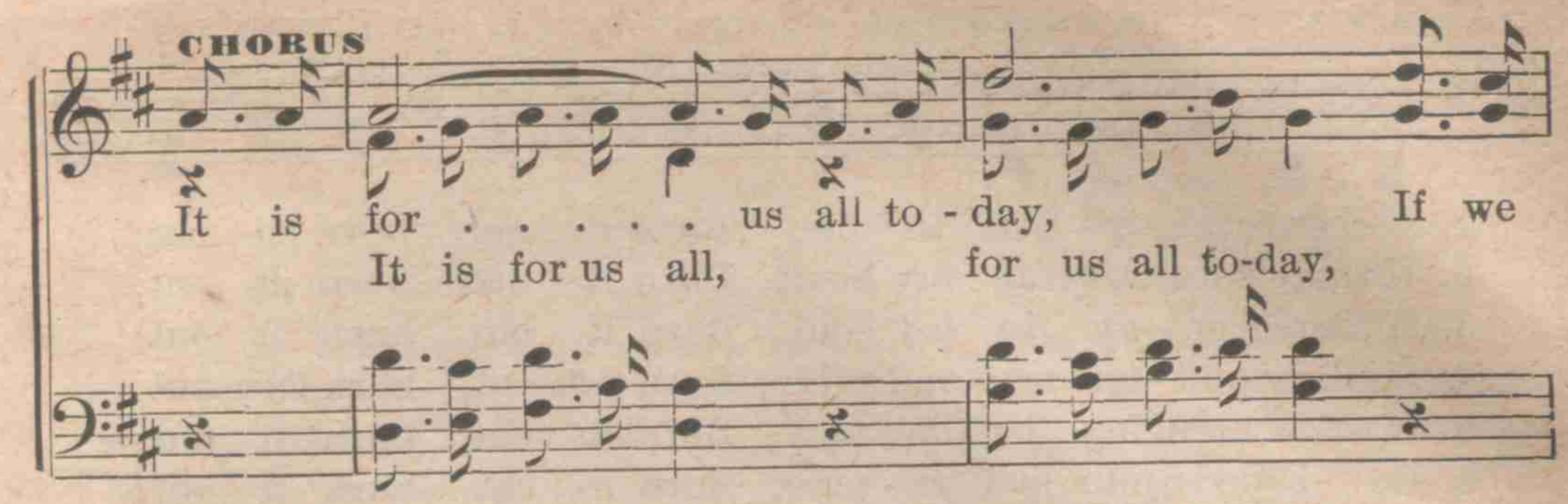
IT IS ALL FOR US TO-DAY. Concluded.



No. 106. TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS.

Now my life is hid with Christ in God,
Wholly sanctified by His own blood,
Lord, my heart doth thrill, one with
Thy holy will,
As Thou now my soul doth fill.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

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

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

F. R. Havergal.

No. 107. BURN IT OUT.

Arr. by M. W. K. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier."—Mal. 3: 3. GEO. L. BROWN. By per.

1. If there's an - y self in me, Burn it out, burn it out;
2. If there's fear with-in my heart, Burn it out, burn it out;
3. If there's en - vy in my soul, Burn it out, burn it out;
4. If there's bit - ter - ness and pride, Burn them out, burn them out;
5. If there's longing for dis - play, Burn it out, burn it out;
6. Do I mur-mur and re - pine, Burn it out, burn it out;
7. Help me now the promise claim, Fill me now, fill me now;

If there's aught that's unlike Thee, Burn it out, burn it out.
Bid it far from me de - part, Burn it out, burn it out.
Make and keep my spir - it whole, Burn it out, burn it out.
Let no e - vil tem - per hide, Burn it out, burn it out.
For a - dornment rich and gay, Burn it out, burn it out.
All to Thee I now re - sign, Burn it out, burn it out.
As I plead in Je - sus' name, Fill me now, fill me now.

CHORUS. Rit.

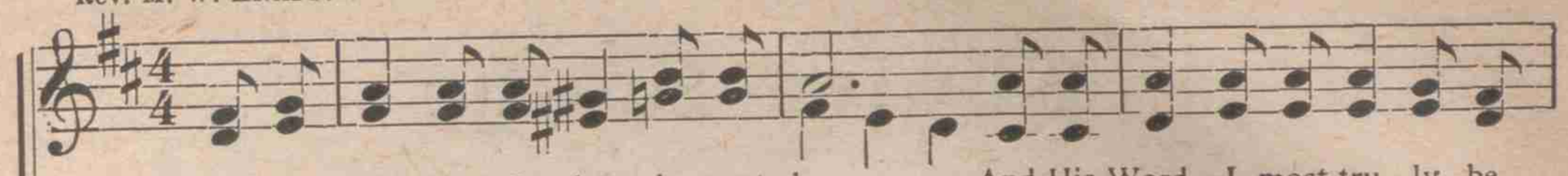
Ho - ly Spir - it, fall on me, Cleanse me now, cleanse me now;

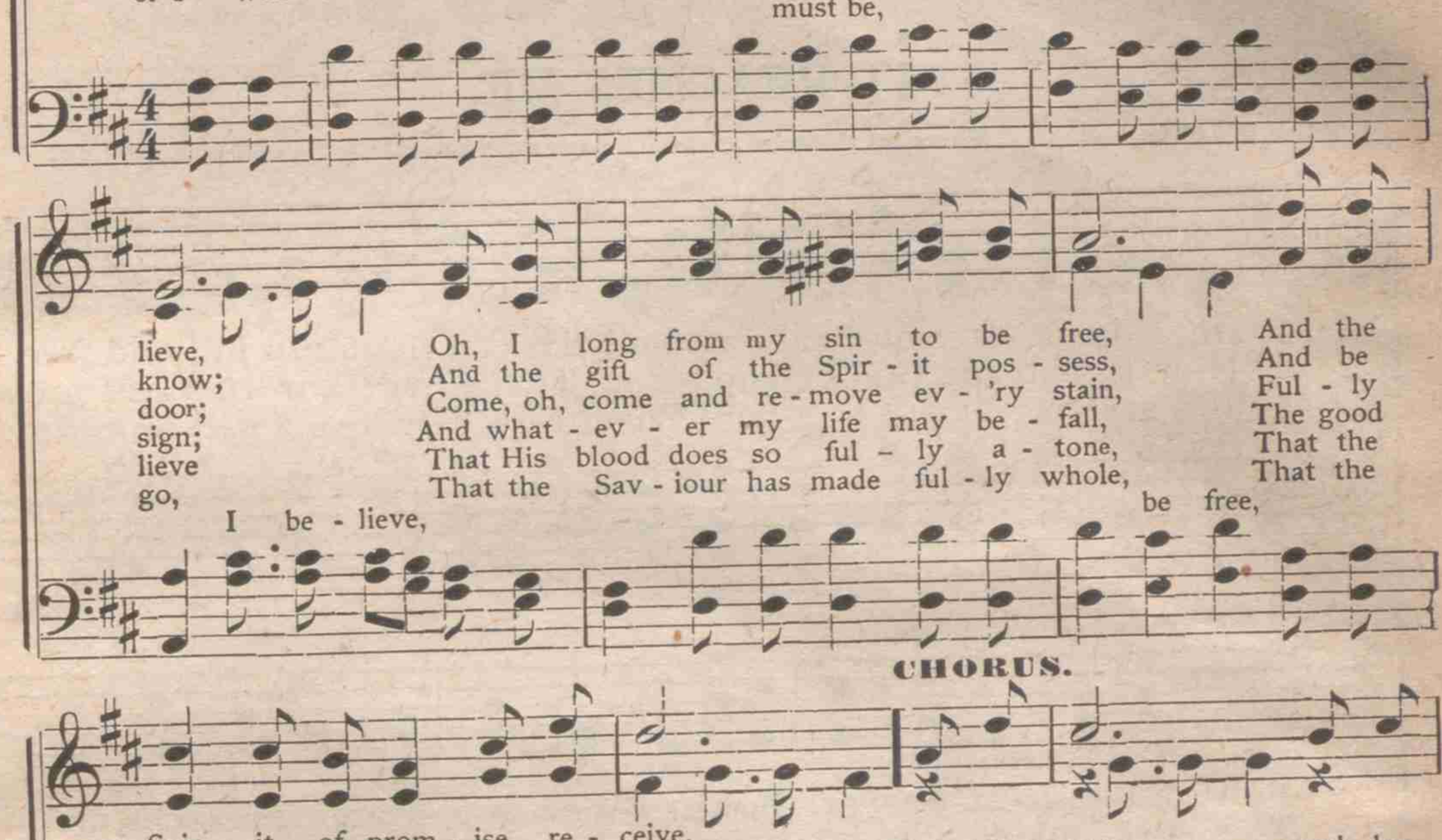
Rit.

From the dross of sin set free, Burn it out, burn it out.
Last Verse.—Fill me now, fill me now.

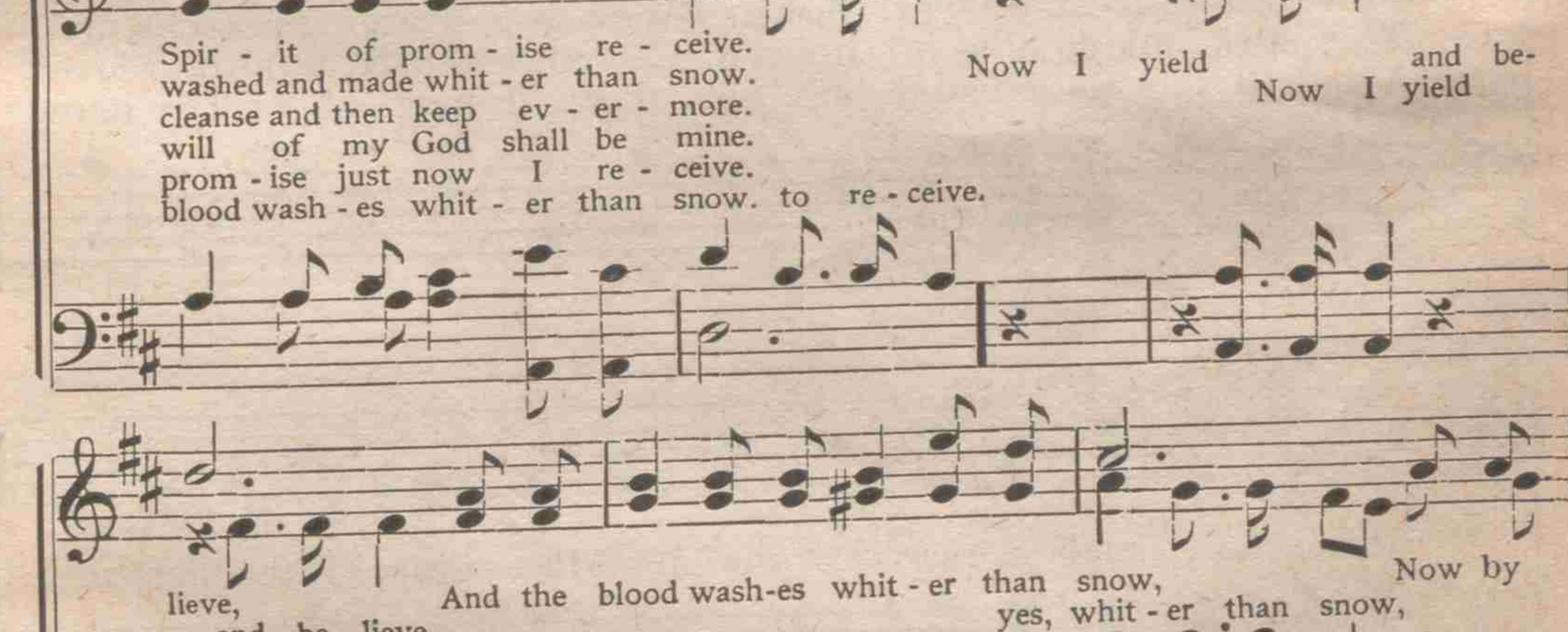
No. 108. *STEPS INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John 1: 9.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. God commands that I ho - ly must be, And His Word I most tru - ly be
2. All my need I with weep-ing con - fess, For I'm long-ing this cleansing to
3. I will seek till the gift I ob - tain, I will knock till He o - pen the
4. On the al - tar I now place my all, All my be - ing for - ev - er re-
5. Now I trust in my Sav - iour a - lone, And this mo-ment I ful - ly be-
6. I will tell that He cleans-es my soul, And will pub - lish as on-ward I must be,

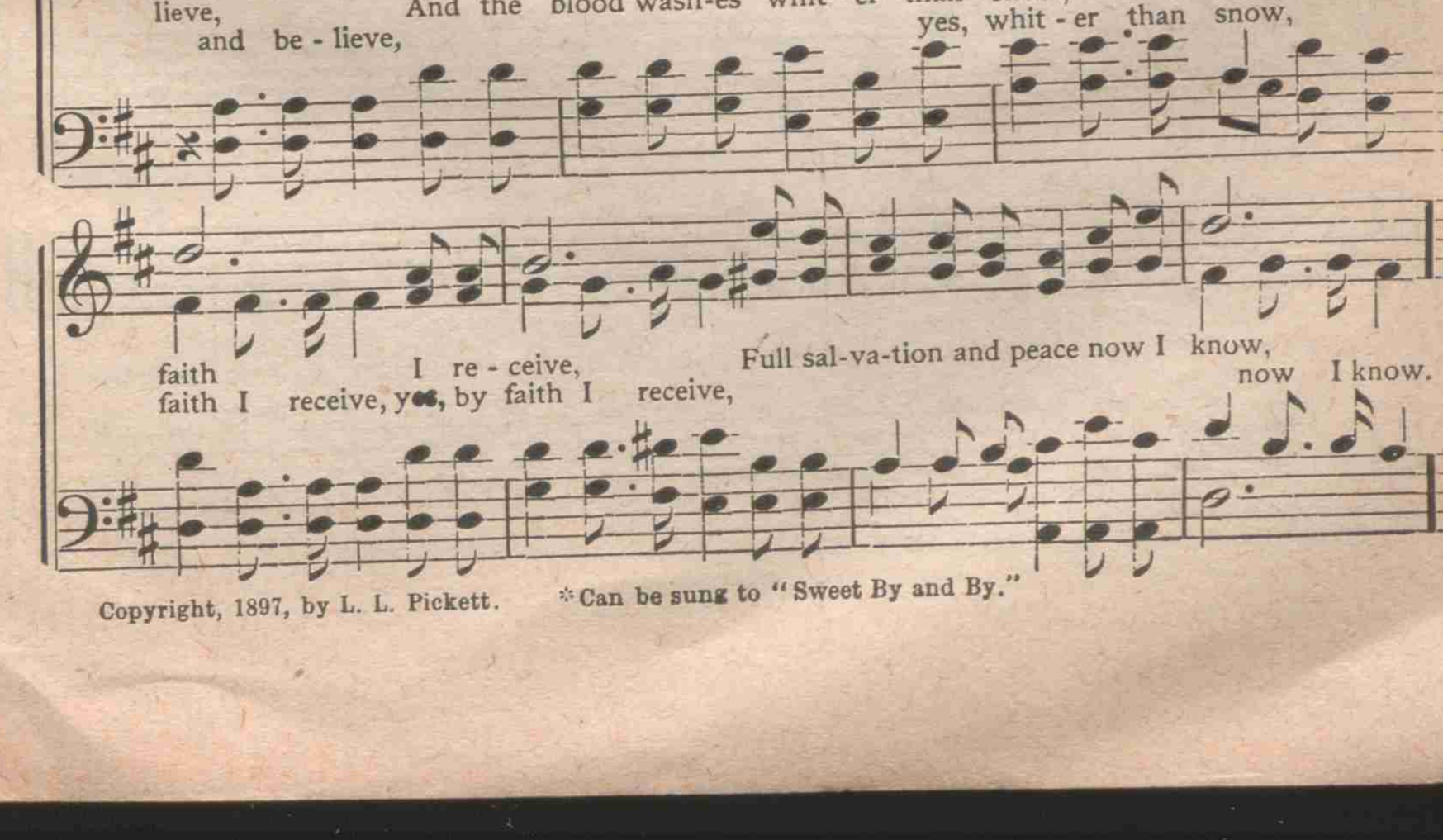


lieve, Oh, I long from my sin to be free, And the
know; And the gift of the Spir - it pos - sess, And be
door; Come, oh, come and re - move ev - 'ry stain, Ful - ly
sign; And what - ev - er my life may be - fall, The good
lieve That His blood does so ful - ly a - tone, That the
go, That the Sav - iour has made ful - ly whole, That the
I be - lieve, be free,



CHORUS.

Spir - it of prom - ise re - ceive. Now I yield and be-
washed and made whit - er than snow. Now I yield
cleanse and then keep ev - er - more.
will of my God shall be mine.
prom - ise just now I re - ceive.
blood wash - es whit - er than snow. to re - ceive.



lieve, And the blood wash-es whit - er than snow, Now by
and be - lieve, yes, whit - er than snow,

faith I re - ceive, Full sal-va-tion and peace now I know,
faith I receive, yes, by faith I receive, now I know.

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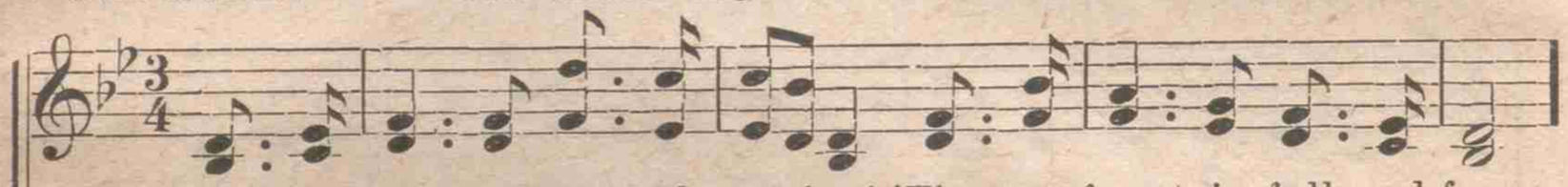
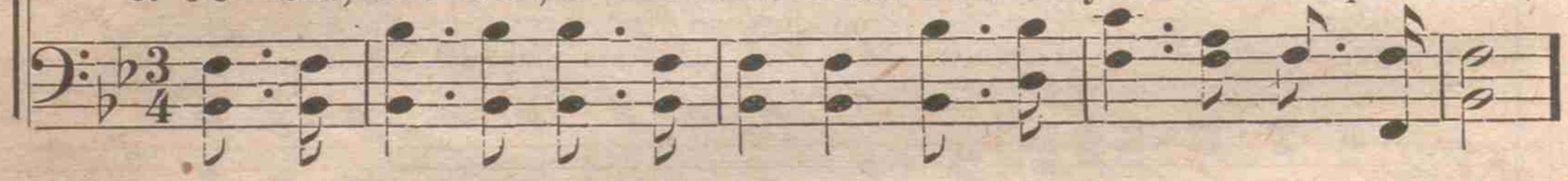
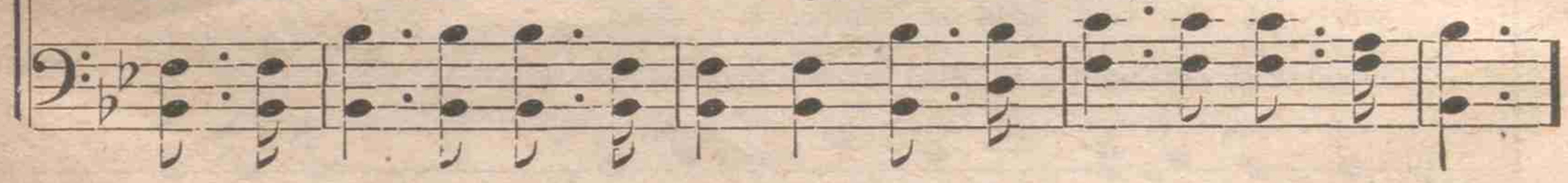
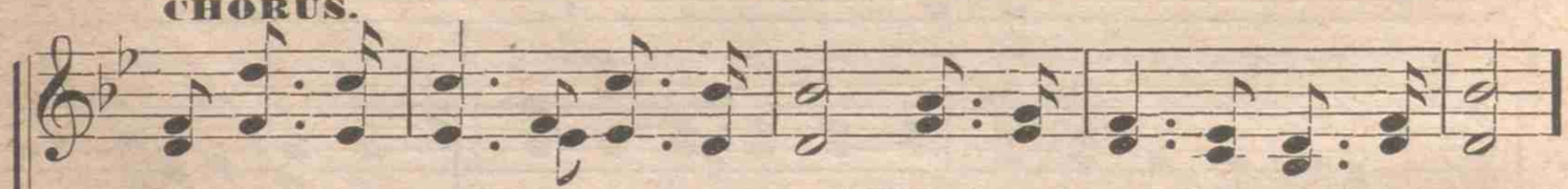
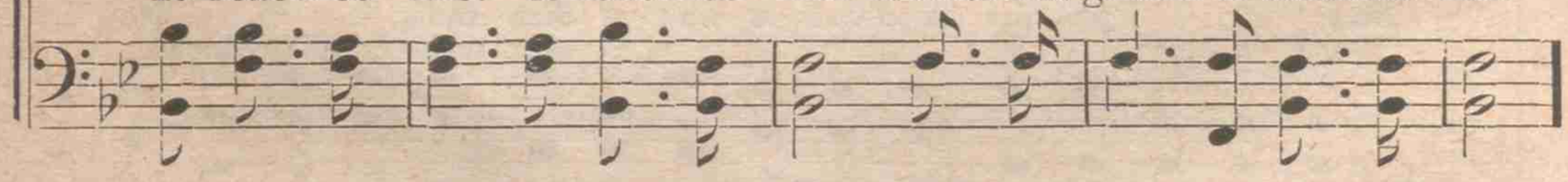
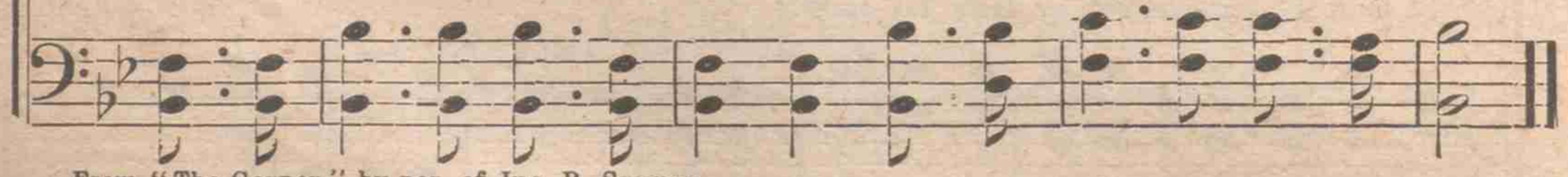
*Can be sung to "Sweet By and By."

Choice Songs

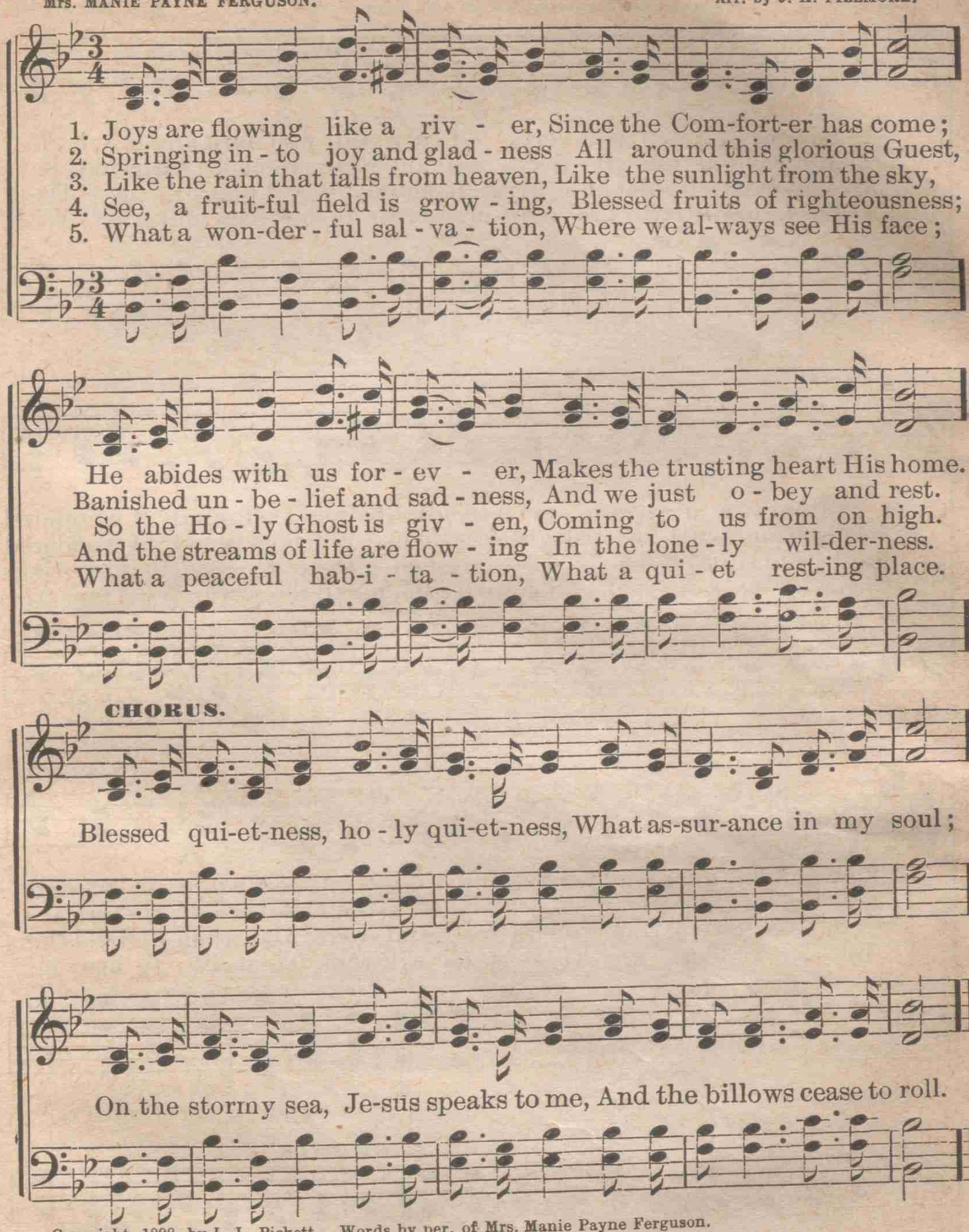
of Full Salvation, Work, Mission, Temperance and other Vital Subjects.

No. 109. IT REACHES ME.

MARY D. JAMES. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, this ut - termost sal - vation! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
2. How a - maz-ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav-iour, I a-dore Thee! Now Thy love I will proclaim;

Pure, exhaustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
This stu-pendous bliss of heaven, This unmeasured wealth of love!
I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!

CHORUS.

It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

Pure, exhaustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

From "The Garner," by per. of Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 110. BLESSED QUIETNESS.

Mrs. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.



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No. 111. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO. Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. By Per.

No. 112. I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OUT.

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Matt. 11: 25.

PEARSON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Be-fore I was con-vert - ed my soul was dark and blind, Sal-
va-tion was a mys-te - ry to my be-night-ed mind; I wondered

2. My Saviour jus - ti - fied me and gave me peace with God, He
cleansed and pu-ri-fied me with His own precious blood; I wondered

3. I wondered how that Christians could al-ways hap-py be, Their
bright and shining fac - es were such a treat to see; Their meetings

4. Lord, now in faith I'm fight-ing with Je sus' flag unfurled, With
Christ for our Com-man - der, we'll conquer all the world, We'll press the

how re-pent-ance could change my life a-bout, But when I trusted
how the blessing could make be-liev-ers shout, But when He sanc-ti-
were at-trac-tive, their spirits brave and stout, And when I joined their
ho - ly conflict, the stubborn foe will rout, Then rise to heav-en

CHORUS

Je - sus, I found the se-cret out.
fied me, I found the se-cret out. I've found the secret out, I've
number, I found the se-cret out.
shouting, I found the se-cret out.

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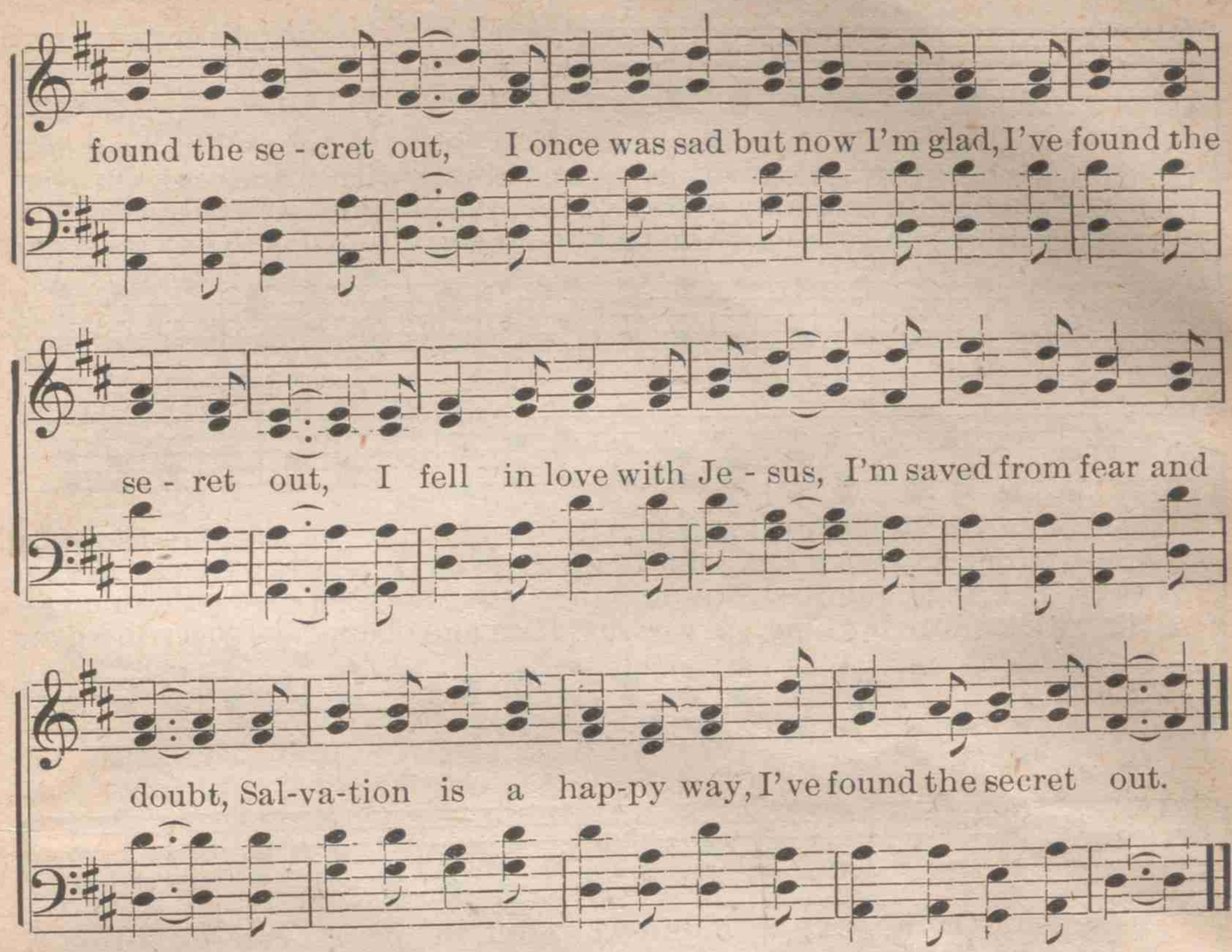
I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OUT. Concluded.



No. 113. I WILL SING YOU A SONG.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul;
‖: Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll. :‖

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
‖: Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me. :‖

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
‖: The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
‖: With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again. :‖

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

No. 113½. COME, EVERY SOUL.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He surely will give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

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

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

No. 114. SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

L. L. P. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm 25: 14. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Friends, if we would know the secret Of a ho - ly, happy life, We must yield our all to Jesus, Turning from all sin and strife; Not a doubt must find a
2. Christ is here enthroned within us, And abides within the soul, On His arms so strong and tender, All our burdens we may roll. He hath promised not to
3. And tho' Satan sore may press us, More than conq'rers we may be, Thro' His grace so free and boundless, Now and thro' eternity. "Not a weapon formed a-
4. Ev-'ry-thing to-geth-er worketh For our good from day to day, And our souls with love are burning, As we trust Him and obey; Filled with praises ever

lodgment, Or a sin be hid a-way, But in perfect con-se-cra-tion
leave us, Nor forsake us on our way, But to safely guide our footsteps
gainst Thee," E'er shall prosper, said the Word, Precious secret, sweet assurance,
flowing, Sacred secret from a-bove, Mys-ter-y of grace and goodness,

CHORUS.

We must live from day to day.
To the realms of endless day. Here the secret of the Saviour Fills the life with
Thus to lean upon our Lord.
Precious gift of perfect love.

love and cheer, And the perfect love of Je-sus Casts out all tormenting fear.

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No. 115. CLEFT FOR ME.

Arr. and last verse by M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sung, Fell the words un-
2. "Let me hide myself in Thee," Felt her soul no need to hide; Sweet the song as
3. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," 'Twas a woman sung them now, Pleadingly and
4. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Life grown aged sung the hymn, Trustingly and
5. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Sung above the coffin-lid; Underneath all
6. Could the sightless sunken eyes, Closed beneath the soft gray hair, Could the mute and

consciously From the girlish, gleeful tongue. Sang as little children sing,
song could be, And she had no tho't beside. All the words unheedingly
pray'rfully, Ev'ry word her heart did know. Rose the song as storm-tossed bird,
tenderly, Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim. "Let me hide myself in Thee,"
restfully, All life's joys and sorrows hid. Nevermore, oh, storm-tossed soul!
stiffened lips Move again in pleading pray'r; Could the voice again in song

Sang as sing the birds in June, Fell the words as light leaves down On the current
Fell from lips untouched by care, Dreaming not that each might be On some other
Beats with weary wing the air, Ev'ry note with sorrow stirred, Ev'ry sylla-
Trembling tho' the voice and low, Ran the sweet strain peacefully, Like a river
Nevermore from wind or tide, Nevermore from billows roll, Wilt thou need thy-
Reach us from the gates of gold; Still I think would be the song, Sweeter than in

of the tune. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
lips a pray'r. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
ble a pray'r. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
in its flow. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
self to hide. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
days of old. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

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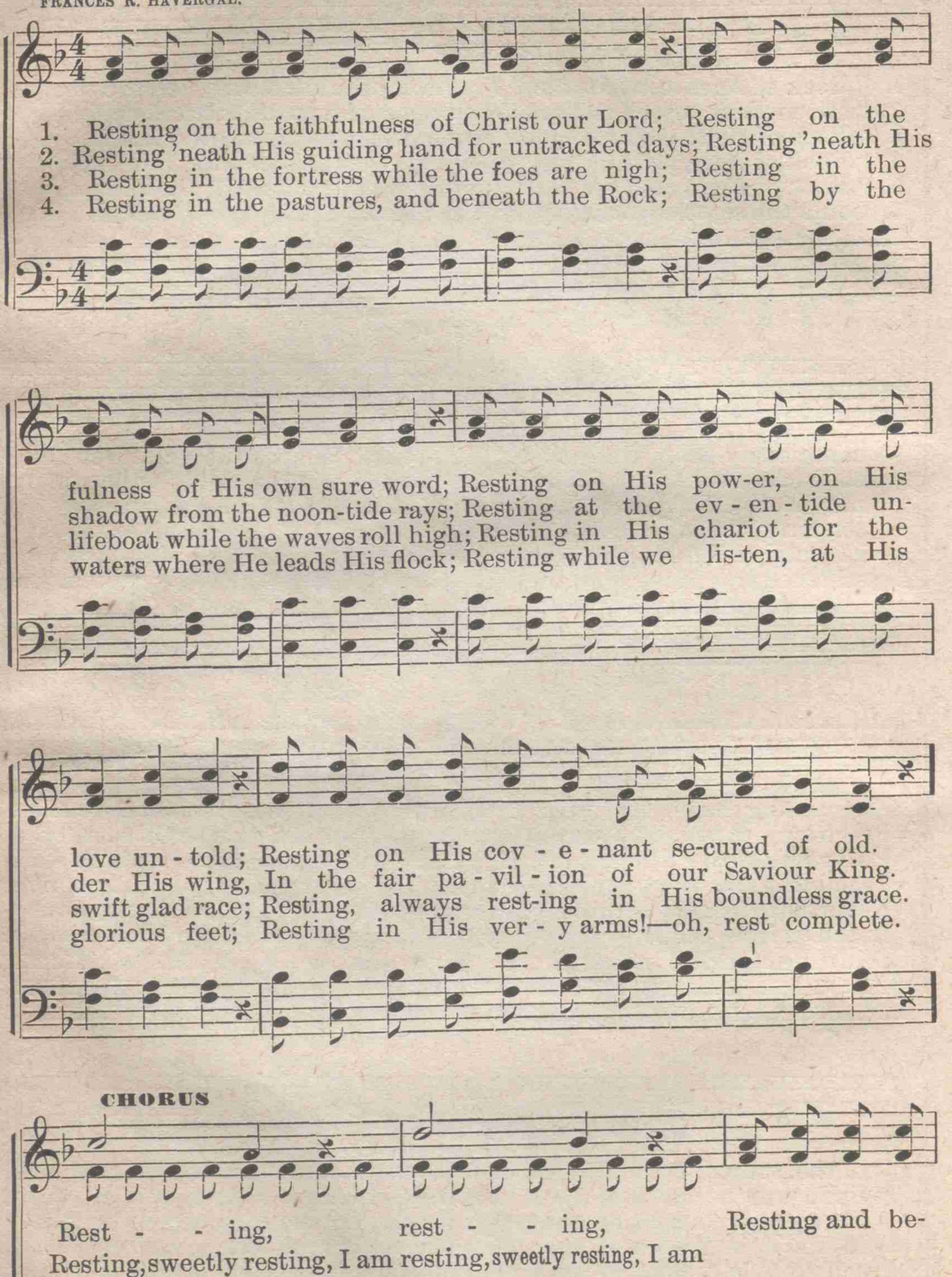
No. 116. RESTING.

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

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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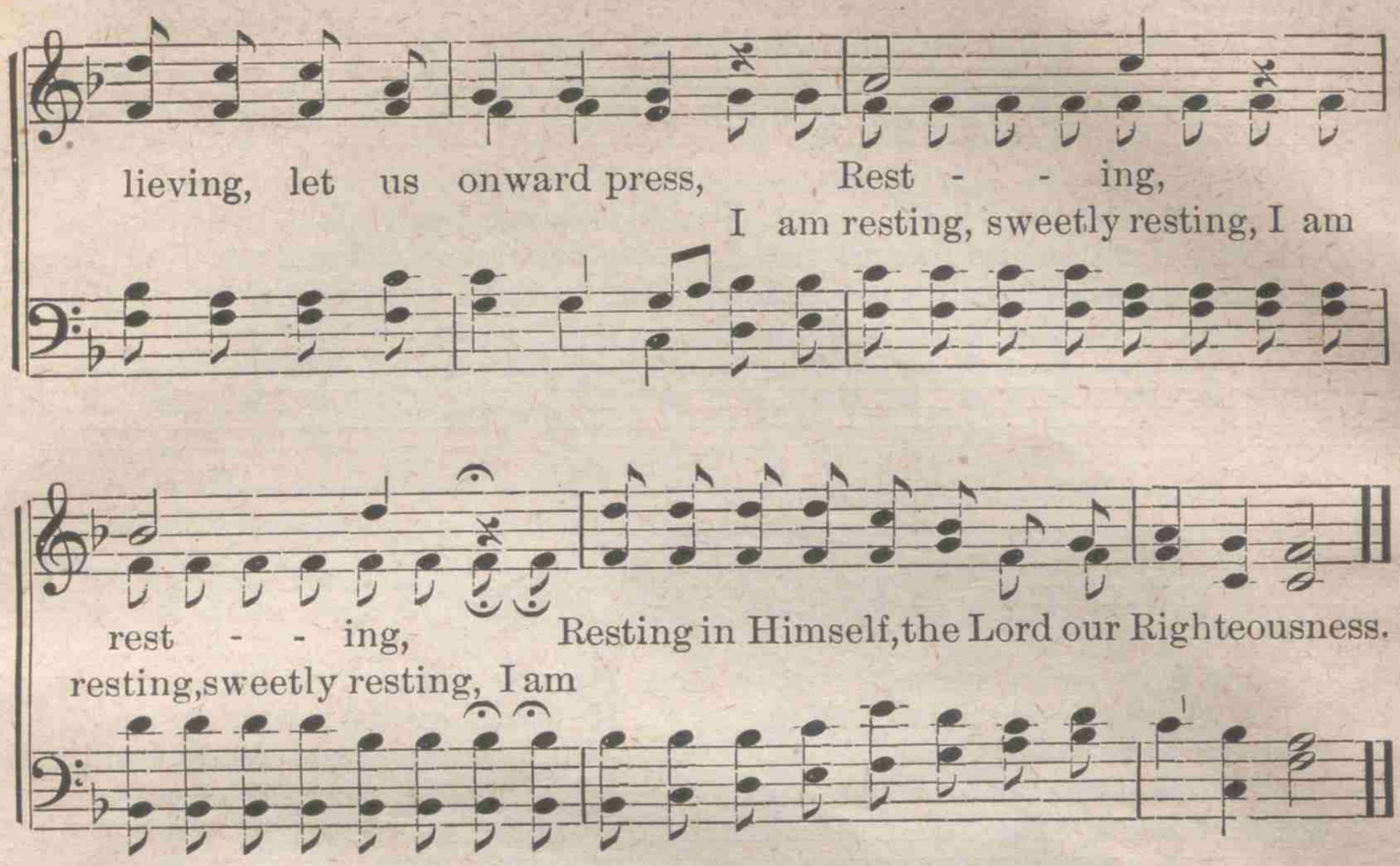
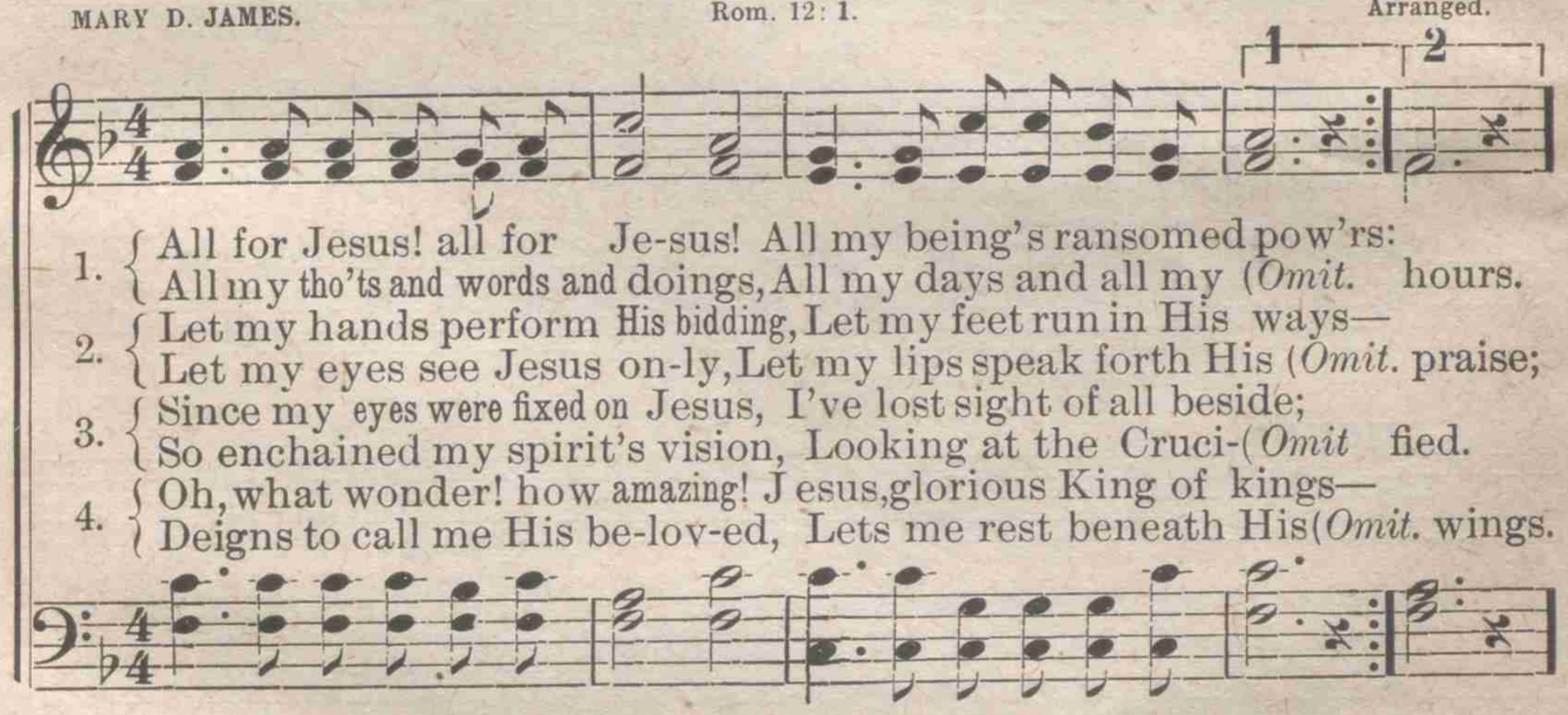
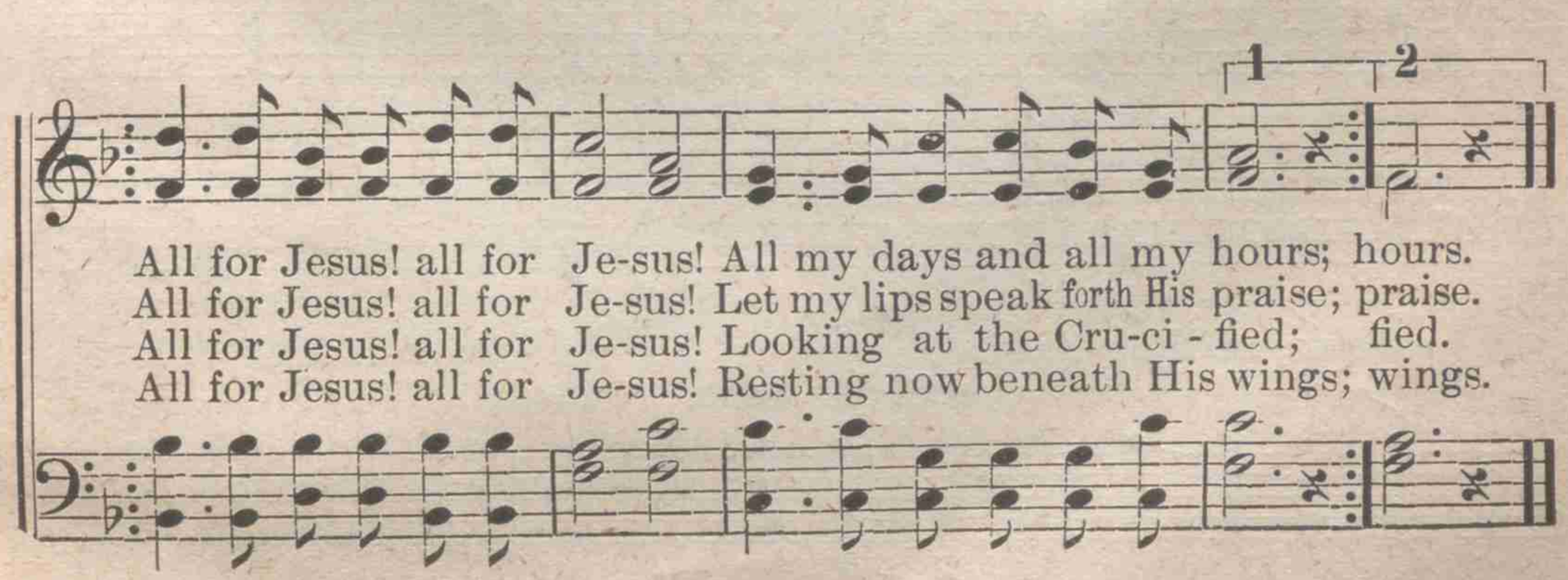
RESTING. Concluded.



No. 117. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. Rom. 12: 1. Arranged.





No. 118. THE FEAST OF LOVE.

"I will come in and sup with him and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Third verse by L. L. PICKETT. G. R. STREET. By per.

1. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
2. Painful days and months and years, In this darksome vale of tears, But thro'
3. Christ our Lord will give relief, In the hour of pain and grief, If you

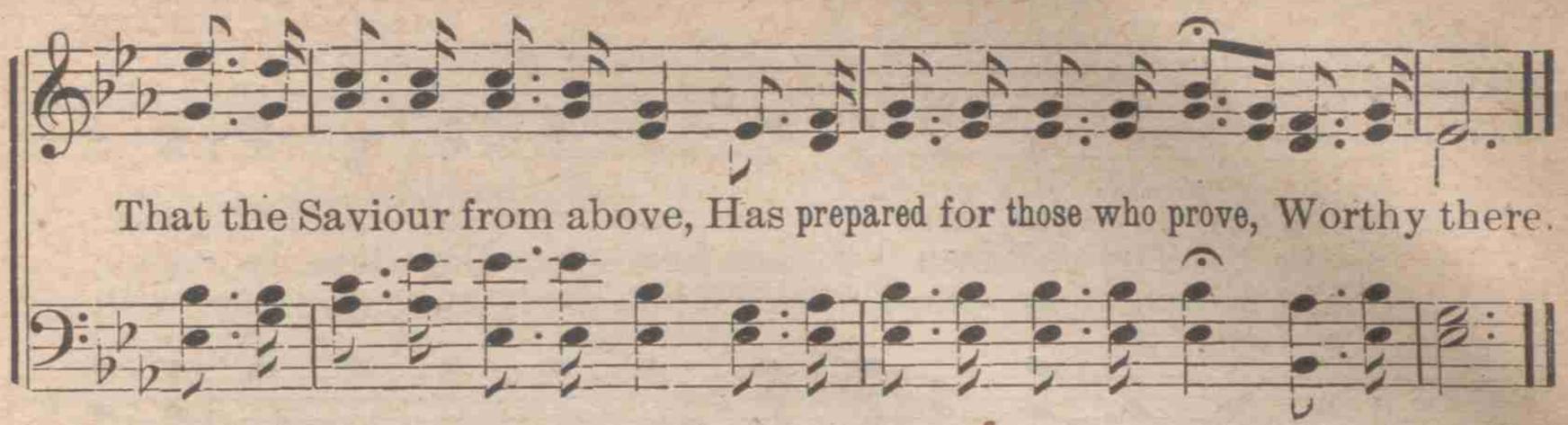
cape from ev'ry snare, Trust in God. Human strength is weak and vain,
all the Saviour cheers, All the way. He will gent-ly lead us on,
learn to trust His grace, All the way. While we live and when we die,

Let not sin its pow'r regain, Humbly ask and help obtain, From thy God.
He will never leave His own, Till we reach His shining throne, Safely there.
He can fully sanctify, Then we'll reign with Him on high, Safe at home.

CHORUS.

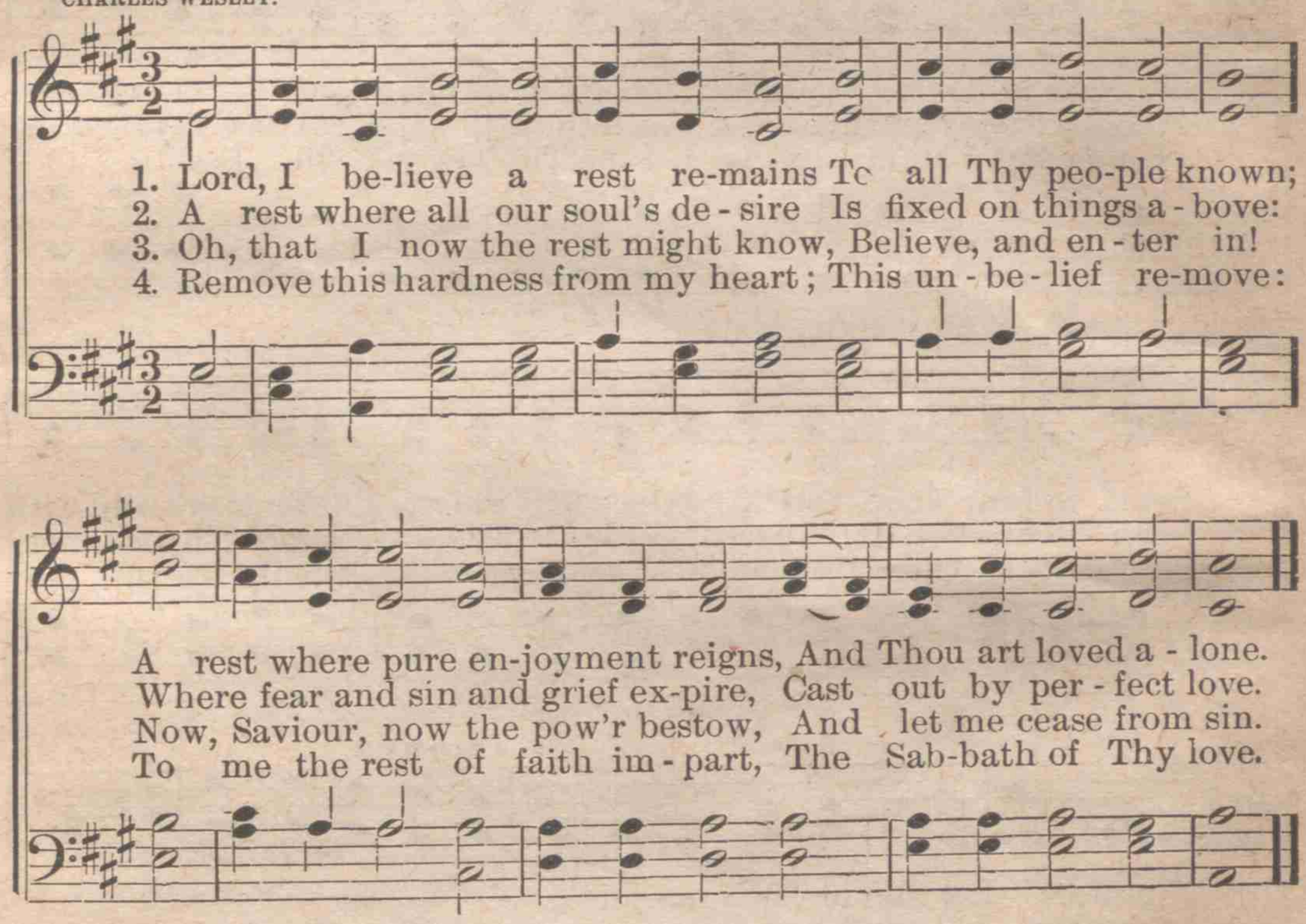
We'll be there, yes, we'll be there, When the Lord of glory
we'll be there, we'll be there,
calls us, we'll be there, To - en - joy that feast of love,
we'll be there,

THE FEAST OF LOVE: Concluded.



No. 119. LORD, I BELIEVE A REST REMAINS.

CHARLES WESLEY.



No. 120. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Music at No 117.

1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past;
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest:
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

J. H.

No. 121. SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal Thy will;

Whisper in loving kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O-pen my
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in
Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to

heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with
con - se-cra-tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming
glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy

CHORUS.

praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see. Speak Thou in softest whispers,
bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror,

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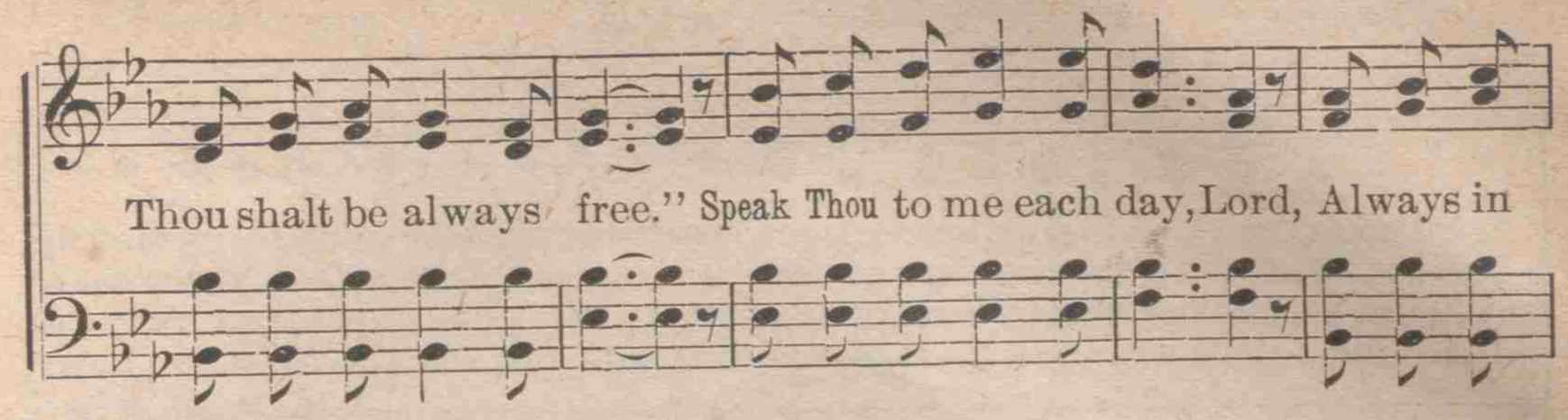
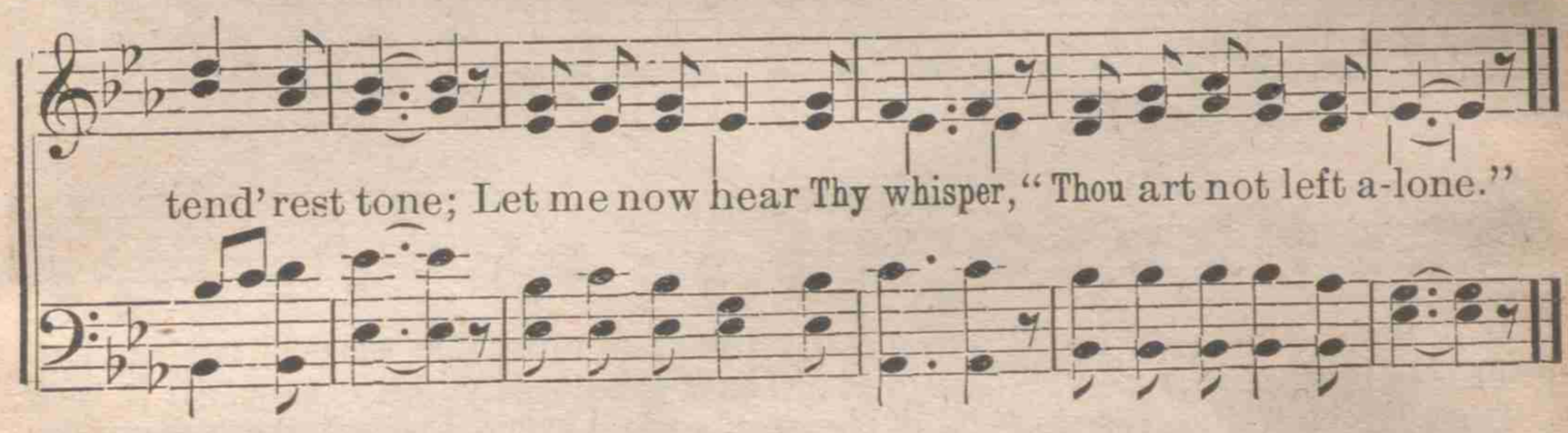
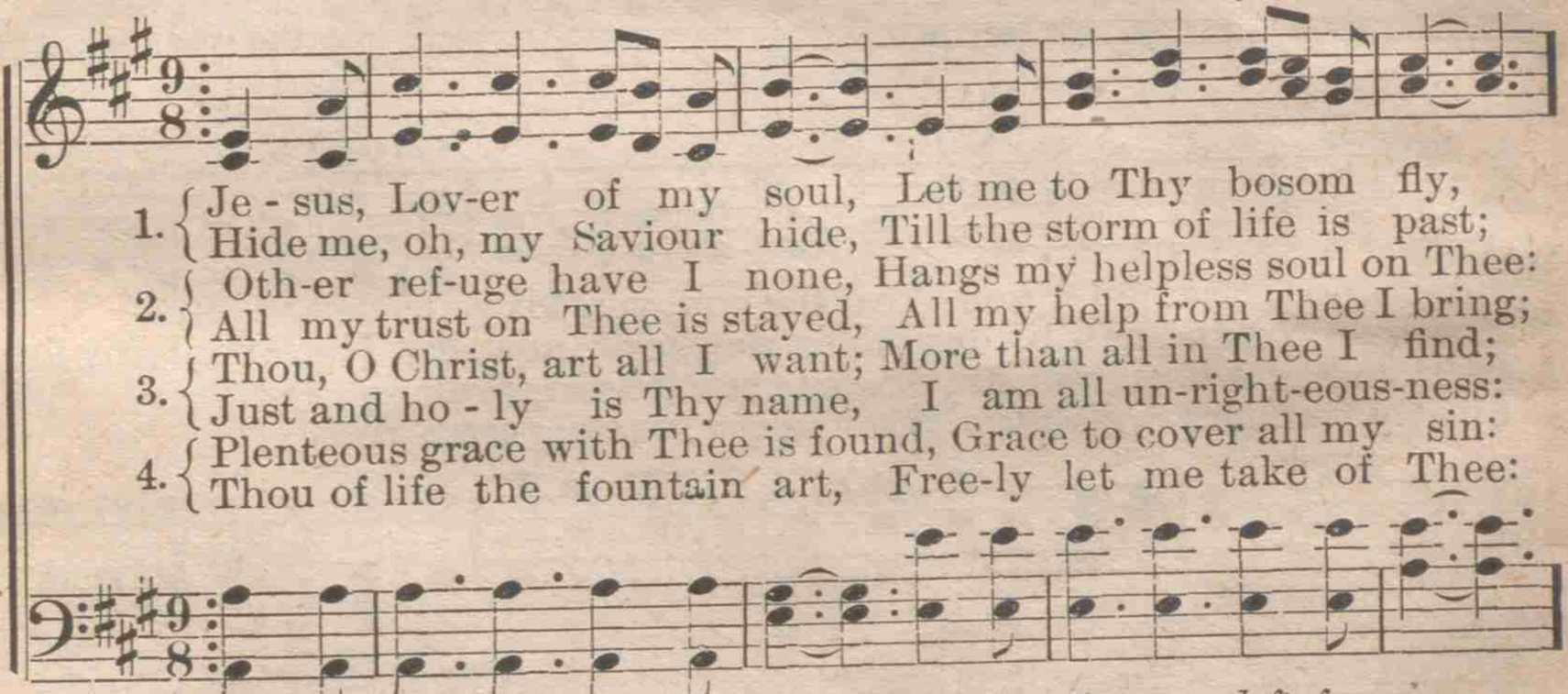
SPEAK TO ME, JESUS. Concluded.

No. 122. YARBROUGH. 7s.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

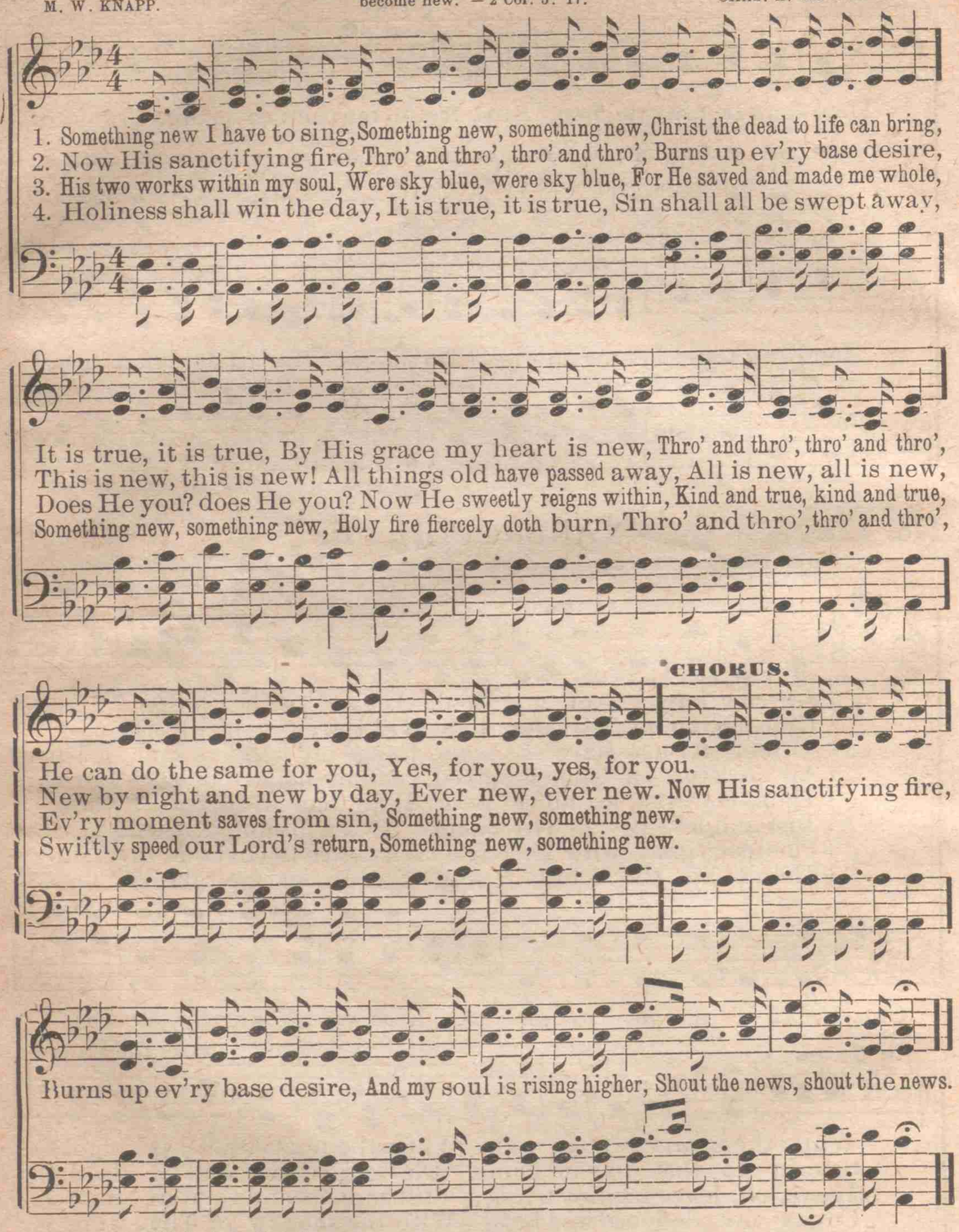
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



No. 123. SOMETHING NEW.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

M. W. KNAPP. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.



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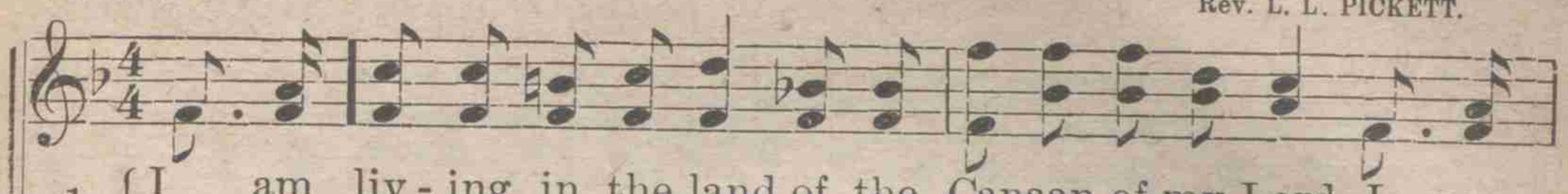
5 Soon our waiting eyes shall see
All things new, all things new,
Heaven and earth renewed will be,
How with you? how with you?
Oh, what rapture then will wait
If we're true, if we're true,
All who pass the pearly gate,
Always new, always new!

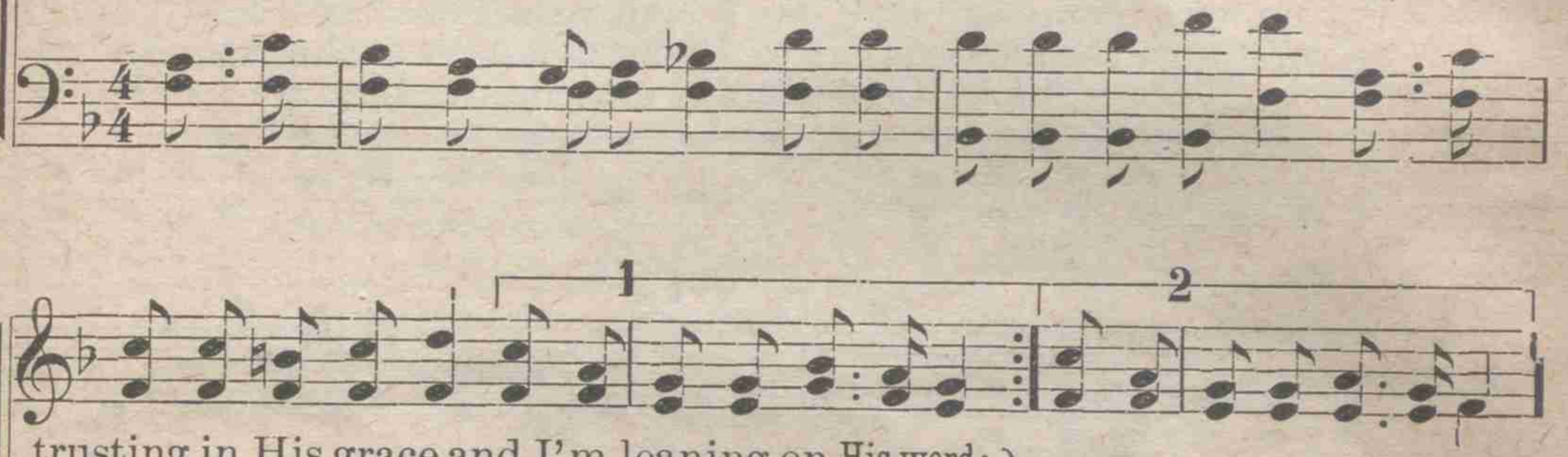
6 New the mansions bright and fair,
All for you! all for you!
That the saints of God shall share,
If they're true, if they're true;
New the songs we then shall sing,
They'll be new! they'll be new!
New the praises that will ring,
Ever new! always new!

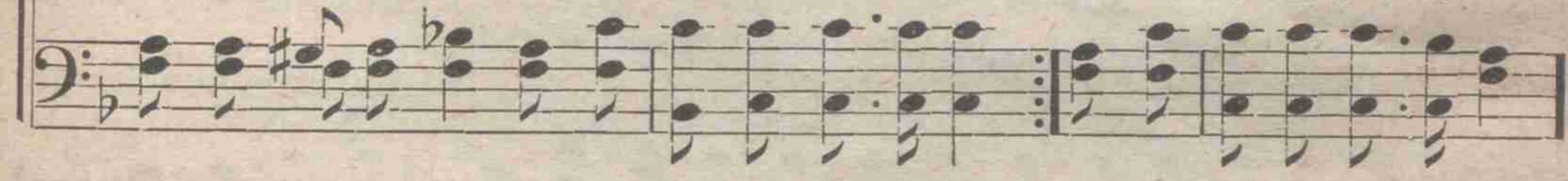
No. 124. MY CANAAN EXPERIENCE.

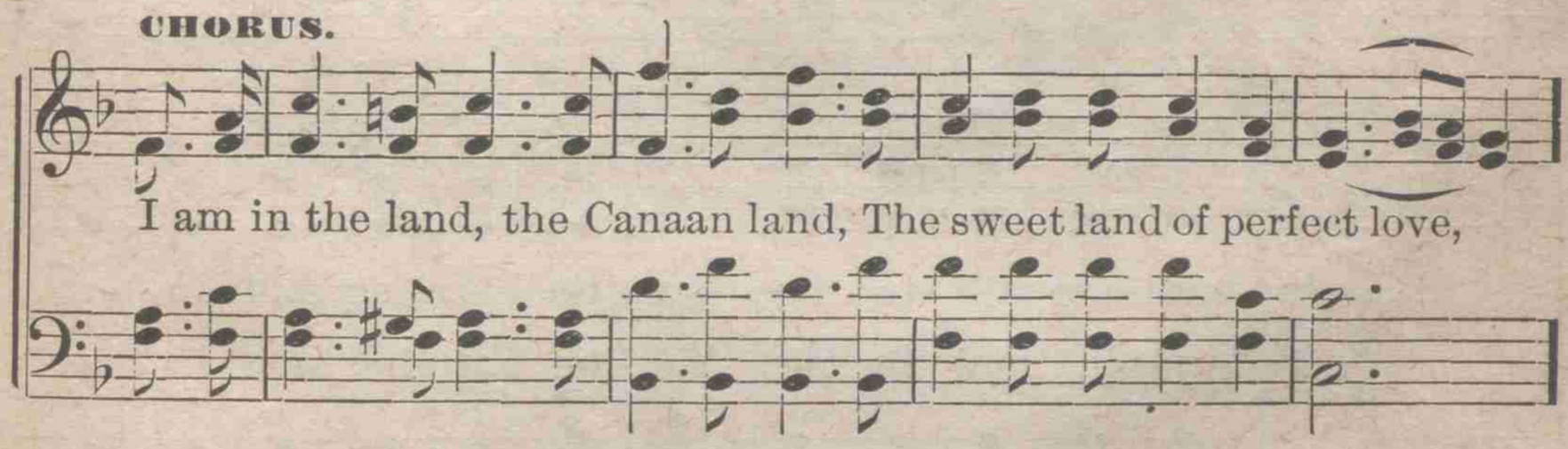
L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



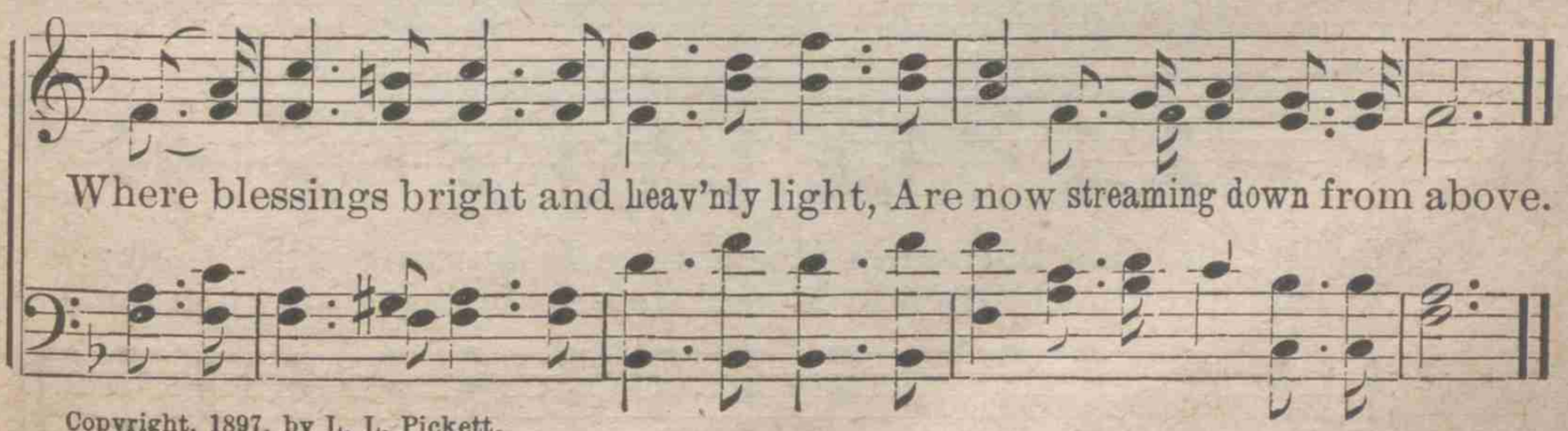
1. I am liv - ing in the land of the Canaan of my Lord, I am
   Out of Egypt's bitter woes, out of bondage, out of grief, My dear
2. All my bondage now is o'er, I am free for ev - er-more, I am
   I am thro' the wilderness, and have crossed the Jordan's tide, I am
3. I have marched around the walls of de-fi - ant Jer-i - cho, And have
   'Twas not in my skill or strength but by faith in God's own might, When I
4. 'Tis a place of corn and wine and with milk and honey flows, All the
   Here the day is bright and clear and the air so fresh and sweet, In this



trusting in His grace and I'm leaning on His word;
Sav - iour set me free (*Omit . . , . . .*) and He gave me sweet relief.
done with Egypt's tasks and its burdens great and sore;
fight - ing in the land (*Omit . . . . . .*) with my Saviour at my side.
seen them tumble down, till within it I could go;
shout - ed at His word (*Omit . . . . . .*) then He did my battles fight.
blessings of the land He with grace and love bestows;
Ca - naan of my Lord (*Omit . . . . . .*) there are joys supremely sweet.

CHORUS.



I am in the land, the Canaan land, The sweet land of perfect love,



Where blessings bright and heav'nly light, Are now streaming down from above.

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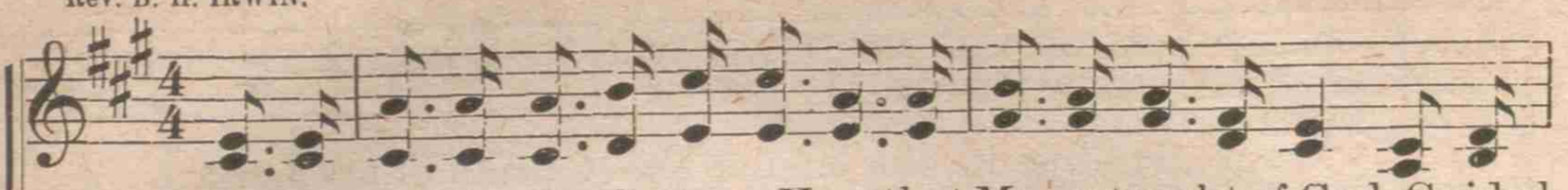
No. 125. IT IS BURNING STILL TO-DAY.

"Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—Ex. 3: 2.

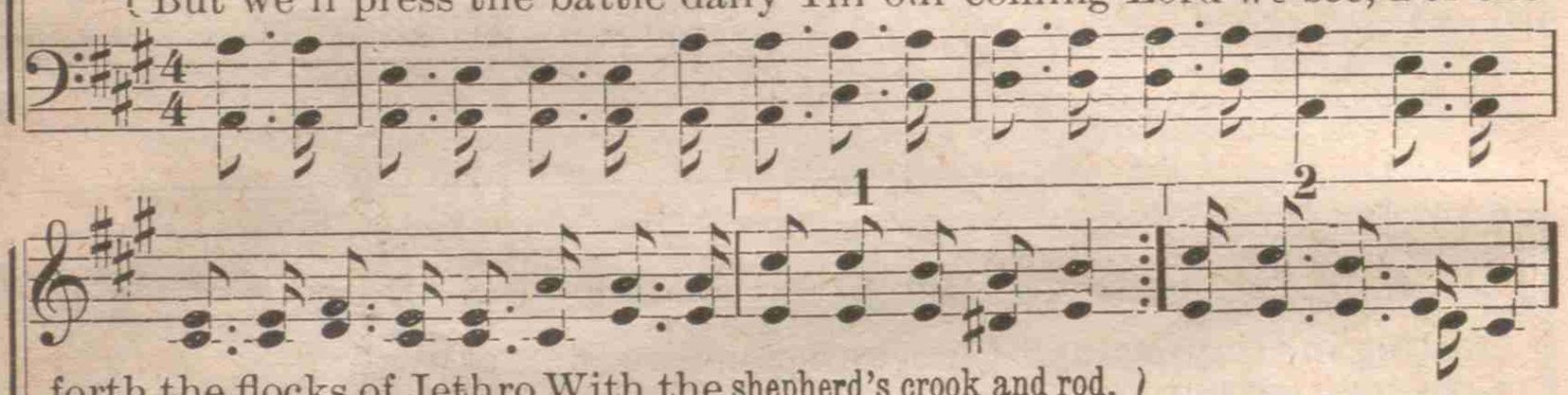
Rev. B. H. IRWIN. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you read the simple story, How that Moses, taught of God, Guided
How He came to Horeb's mountain, And resolved awhile to stay? Oh, the

2. Yes, the Lord appeared to Moses In a burning bush of flame, And He
And made known to him his calling And He told him what to say, Oh, the

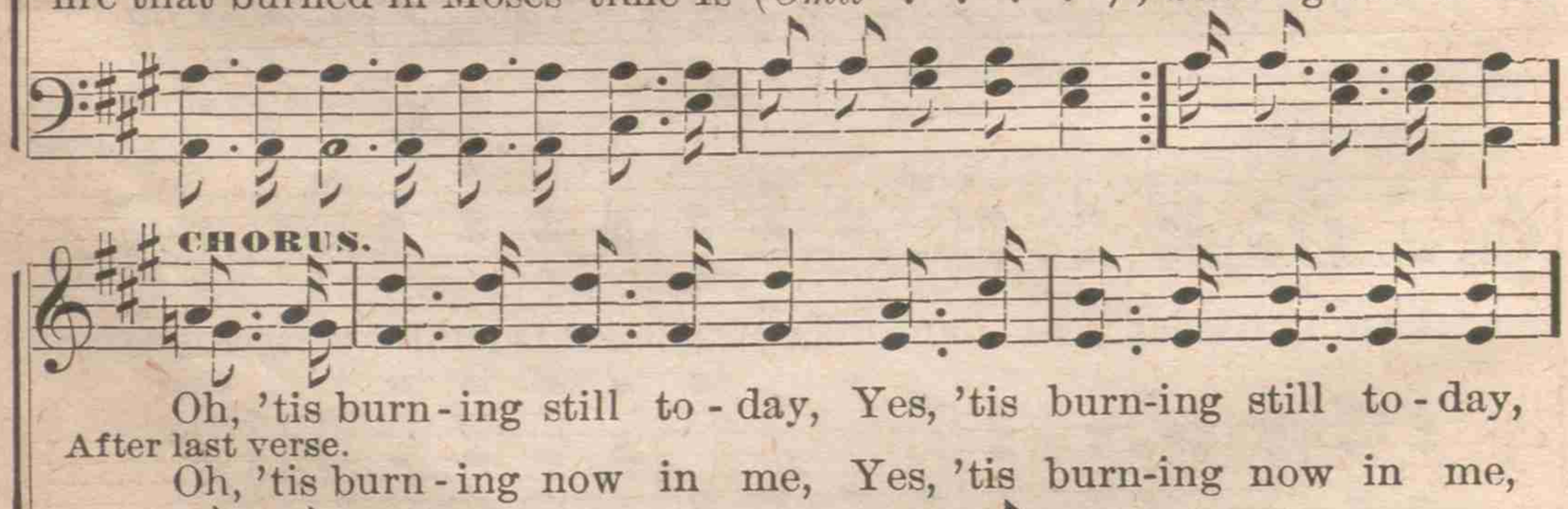
3. With this fire baptism rest-ing Like a burning cloud on me, I will
And I'll follow where it leads me, Wheresoever that may be, For the

4. Oh, my brethren! be of courage, For the victory is yours, Our Com-
For no harm can e'er befall us, While beneath the flag we stay, For the

5. So we'll turn the glorious battle, In our conquest to the gate, And we'll
But we'll press the battle daily Till our coming Lord we see, For the



forth the flocks of Jethro With the shepherd's crook and rod.
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . . .*) burning still to-day.
talked with him of Israel, And revealed to him His name;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . . .*) burning still to-day.
press the glorious battle While the Cross of Fire I see;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . . .*) burning now in me.
mander cries—"Go forward," And His army reassures;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . . .*) burning still to-day.
give and take no quarter, Tho' the foe be strong and great;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . . .*) burning now in me.

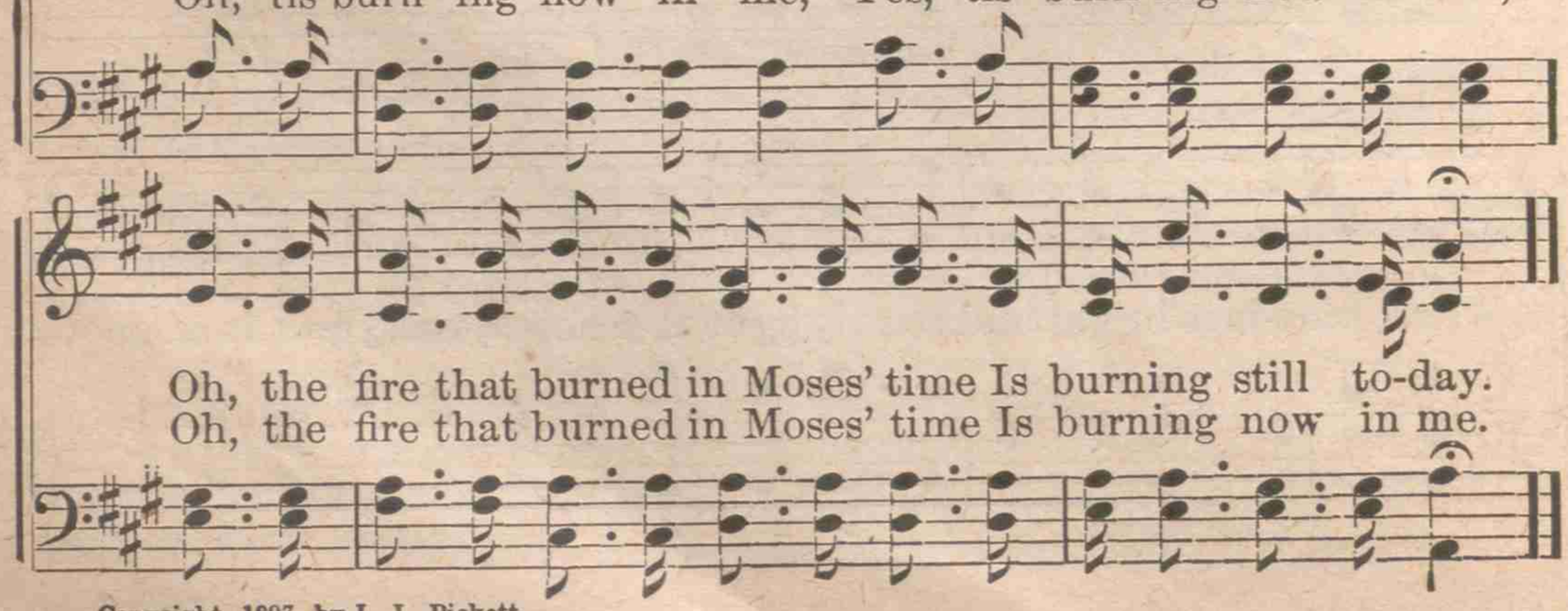


CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis burn-ing still to-day, Yes, 'tis burn-ing still to-day,

After last verse.

Oh, 'tis burn-ing now in me, Yes, 'tis burn-ing now in me,



Oh, the fire that burned in Moses' time Is burning still to-day.
Oh, the fire that burned in Moses' time Is burning now in me.

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No. 126. THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Once I lived in bit ter bondage, But my Sav - iour set me free; Once I stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e - vil Rise un - bid - den in my heart, Then I looked a-gain to Je-sus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by trusting in His promise I was ful - ly sanc-ti-fied. Now my will is lost in Je-sus,
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Priest, and King. And I feel that soon my body
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He 'll come again, And with all the saints and angels, On the earth with might shall reign. Then He 'll banish ev'ry evil,

Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away.
Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below.
He's my Strength, my Life, my Light. He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night.
Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal, All His glory I shall share.
And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.

CHORUS.

O the Foun - tain opened wide, By my Sav - iour cruci - fied;
O, the Fountain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour crucified, crucified;

There I found . . this perfect cleansing, There I safe - ly now a - bide.
There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a - bide.

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No. 127. HIS YOKE IS EASY.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. 11 : 30.

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

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth-er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear-er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh recoiled be-fore the cross, And Sa-tan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its prospects all de-ceive;

I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a-bove.
His streams of love for-ev - er flow, Within my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of inward strife, And bid me come to Him.
'Thy gain will not re-pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys abound, More than I could be-lieve.

CHORUS.

His yoke is ea-sy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:
His service is my sweetest delight, His blessings ev-er flow.

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No. 128. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin-ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
3. Judg-ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. O, what com-pas-sion, oh, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all his due; All who re-cieve Him need nev - er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

CHORUS

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

Rit

blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood, o - ver you.

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No. 129. GRACE AND GLORY.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. All my storm - y night of dark - ness Now has turned to gold - en day;
   For my sun at last has ris - en, Driv - ing
2. Sa - tan's ar - rows fly a-round me, And his fi - ery darts are thrown,
   But are pow - er - less to harm me, For I
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, All my need He will sup - ply;
   He will give me grace and glo - ry, While I

shad - ows all a - way. O, it shines in won - drous beau - ty, Gild - ing
nev - er am a - lone. He's a shield in ev - ery bat - tle, Which the
live and when I die. No good thing from me with-hold - ing, While my

life with ha - lo bright, As its beams so warm and cheering Shed their sweet and ho - ly light.
tempt-er can - not pierce, Tho' his le-gions sore - ly press me In their fu - ry, wild and fierce.
walk with Him is right, He 's my com-fort and my counsel, He 's my joy and my de-light.

CHORUS.

A sun and a shield is my Saviour, Shin-ing bright - ly by day and by night; He gives me His grace and His glo - ry, And fills me with love and with light.
A sun and a shield is my Saviour, Shining brightly by day and by night, day and by night, He gives me His grace and His glory, grace and glory, And fills me with love, with this wonderful love.

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

No. 130. WE WILL NOT COMPROMISE.

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

M. W. KNAPP. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Dan - iel of old was en - treat - ed so sore, When men did de-
2. When three He-brew chil - dren for God stood so bold, While thous-ands were
3. When on the drear mountain our Sav - iour was tried, In all points was
4. A - pos - tles and proph-ets in Je - sus' dear name, And might of the

ride, and the li - ons did roar. Tho' death he must meet, or his
kneel - ing to i - dols of gold, The king and the fur - nace they
tempt - ed, He Sa - tan de - fied, Then an - gels to com - fort came
Spir - it His truth did pro-claim, Tho' dev - ils and men did a-

D. S.—*Spir - it a - bid - ing to-*

God must de - ny, He com - pro-mised not ev - en tho' he should die.
all did de - spise, And true to their God, they would not com - pro - mise.
down from the skies, Our Lord and Ex - am - plar would not com - pro - mise.
gainst them a - rise, Still true to their trust, they would not com - pro - mise.

day sanc-ti - fies, All glo - ry to Je - sus, we'll not com - pro-mise.

CHORUS

By the grace of our God, and the strength of our King,

We will hold high His stan - dard, And joy - ful - ly sing, "His

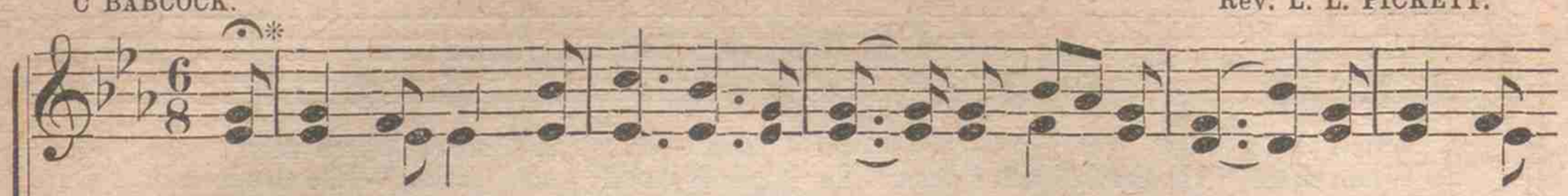
Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

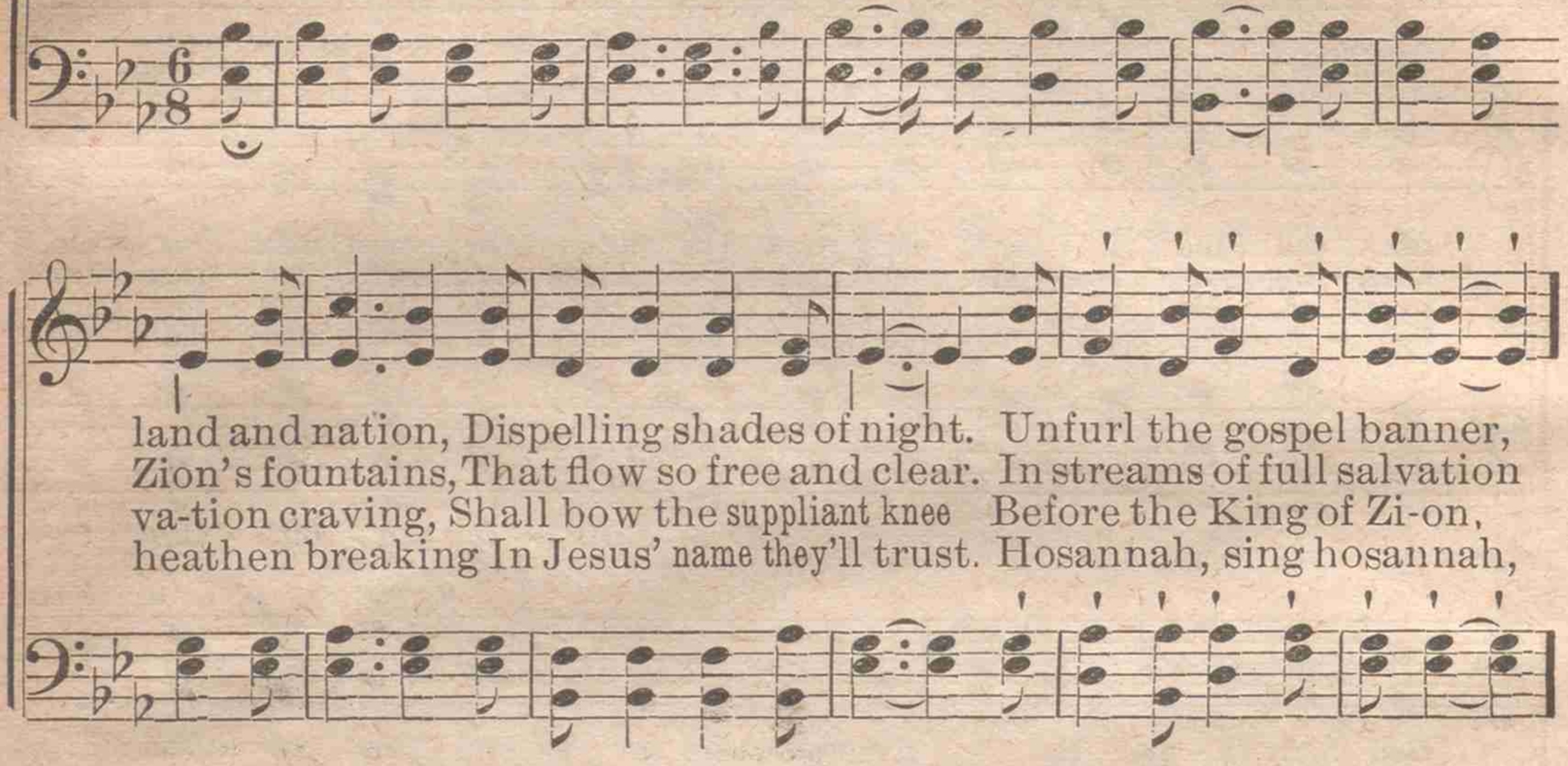
5 Tho' worldlings entice us, and friends may oppose,
And Satan assault us and multiply foes,
His lying devices will never suffice,
Through Jesus our Helper we'll not compromise.

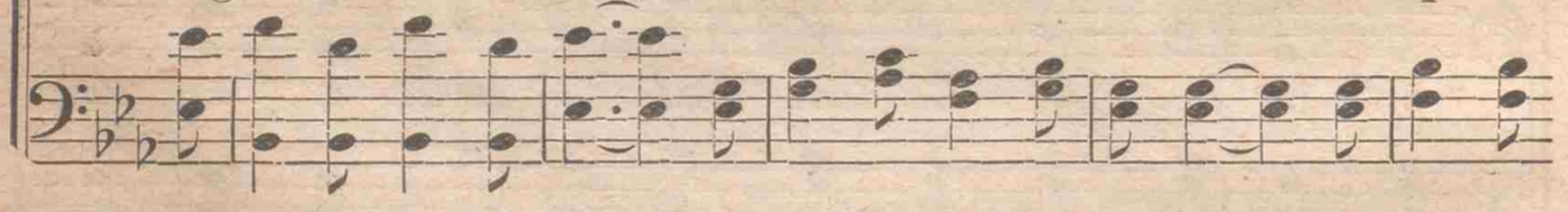
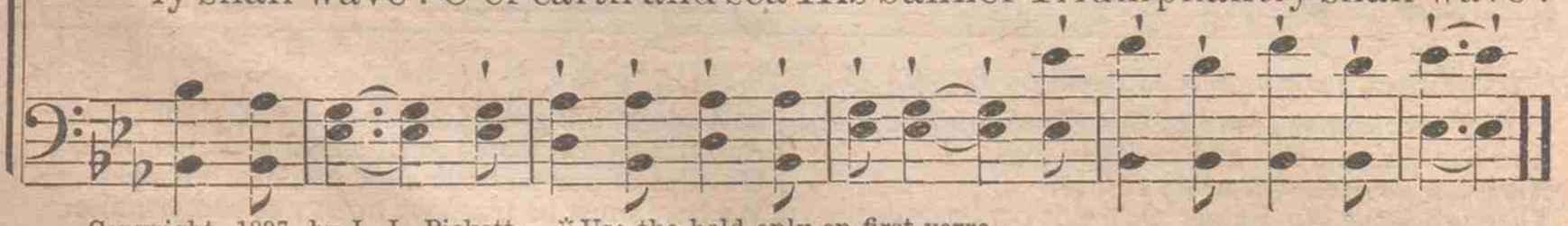
6 When at the great Judgment we all shall appear
Accounting for words and behaviour while here,
If smiles of our Saviour shall gladden our eyes,
We here must be true, we must not compromise.

No. 131. GO, HERALDS OF SALVATION.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy posssession."—Psalm 2 : 8.

C BABCOCK. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Go, heralds of sal-va-tion, Fly as the morning light O'er ev -'ry land and nation, Dispelling shades of night. Unfurl the gospel banner,
2. How beauteous on the mountains His messengers ap-pear, Leading to Zion's fountains, That flow so free and clear. In streams of full salvation
3. Immanuel's standard waving, The ransomed race shall see, Life and sal- va-tion craving, Shall bow the suppliant knee Before the King of Zi-on,
4. The i-dol temples shaking, Shall crumble in - to dust; Light on the heathen breaking In Jesus' name they'll trust. Hosannah, sing hosannah,



Inscribed with Jesus' name, Amid the shout, ho-san-nah! Mes-si - ah
For thirsty, fainting souls, Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion The liv-ing
Whose garments dipped in blood, Proclaim Him Judah's li-on! The Lord the
King Je-sus comes to save; O'er earth and sea His ban-ner Triumphant-

comes to reign, Amid the shout, hosannah! Mes-si - ah comes to reign.
wa - ter rolls, Of ev-'ry tribe and nation The liv-ing wa-ter rolls.
mighty God, Proclaim Him Judah's li-on! The Lord the mighty God!
ly shall wave! O'er earth and sea His banner Triumphantly shall wave!

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No. 132. WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60 : 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Behold the hands . . stretched out for aid, . . . Darkened by
2. In heathen lands . . . they watch and wait . . . And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - dings! shout the sound, . . . In darkest
4. The watchfires kin - - dle far and near, ... In ev-'ry

Behold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin . . . . . and sore dis - mayed; . . . Oh, will you
help . . . . which comes so late, ... And grope in
lands . . . . the world a - round, ... Till all the
land . . . . let them ap - pear, ... Till burn-ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,

Rit.

to . . . their rescue go, . . . Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin . . . and nature's night, . . . For-ev-er vain-ly seeking light.
earth . . from pole to pole, . . . Shall full Salvation echoes roll.
lines . . of gospel fire, . . . Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?

CHORUS.

We'll girdle the globe with salvation, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall illumine each nation, The light from the lamp of His word.

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No. 133. TELL THEM.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Go and tell the joy-ful tidings, Je-sus died to save, Rose a-
2. Tell them of the promised Spirit Falling from a-bove, Fill-ing
3. Tell them of the final judgment, Where we must appear, That the
4. Shout aloud the gospel tidings, Speed them on the way, Earnest-

gain in ho-ly triumph, Conquering the grave. Tell His pow'r to
ev-'ry true be-liev-er, Per-fect-ing in love. Tell them of the
per-fect love of Je-sus, Now can ban-ish fear. Tell them of the
ly proclaim the message Ev-'ry passing day. Be a her-ald

loose the captive, Set the pris'ner free, And proclaim to ea-ger
King's returning, Soon He'll come a-gain And receive His faithful
doom e-ter-nal That the lost must share, Of the crown and palms of
true and loy-al, Wav-er not nor wait, Keep not back a sin-gle

CHORUS

millions Glorious Ju-bi-lee.
people, And for-ev-er reign. Tell the tidings, speed the message,
vict'ry, Each thro' Christ may bear.
warning, Soon 'twill be too late.

Jesus died to save, Rose again in mighty triumph, Conquering the grave.

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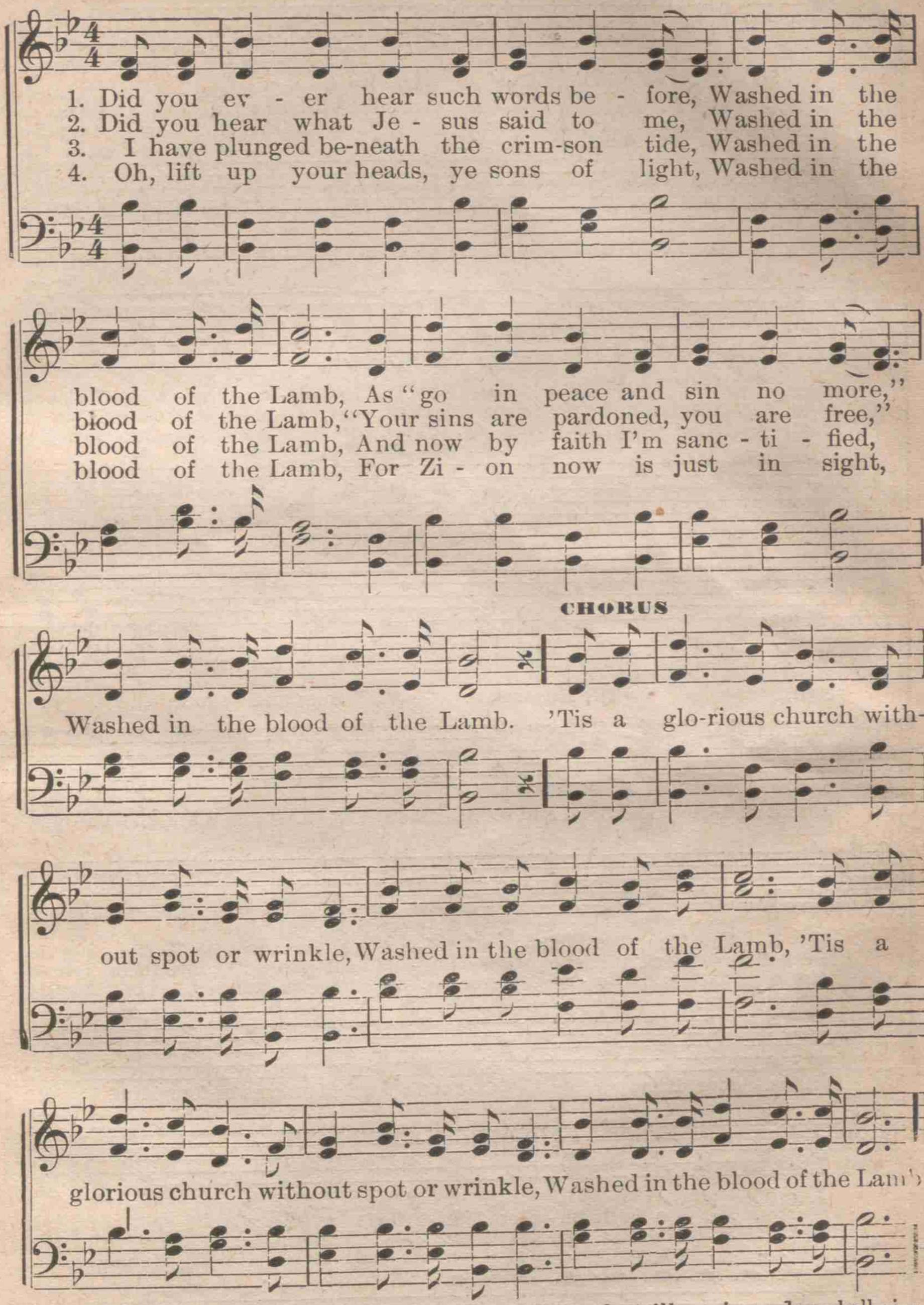
No. 134. 'TIS A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.



5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 135. CHRIST SHALL REIGN.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Sound this note . . thro' all cre - ation, Christ shall reign, Christ shall
2. Pub - lish far . . . thro' ev - 'ry nation, Christ shall reign, Christ shall
3. Soon He'll come . . in clouds of glory, Then He'll reign, then He'll

Sound this note thro' all cre-a - tion, Christ shall reign o'er land and

reign, Bow each knee . . . . in ad - o - ra - tion, Christ shall
reign, Sound the note . . . . with ju - bi - la - tion, Christ shall
reign, Tell a - broad . . . . the thrilling sto - ry, Till He

sea, Christ shall reign, Bow each knee in ad - o - ra - tion,

reign, Christ shall reign. While the an - gels
reign, Christ shall reign. Tell the wand - 'ring
reign, Till He reign. Sing and shout, . . . ye

Christ shall reign o'er land and sea, Christ shall reign. While the an - gels

all a - dore Him, Cast their jew - eled crowns be-fore Him, Let each
He will save them, Tell the sin - ful He will lave them, Tell to
sons of Zi - on, Glo - ry give . . . . to Ju-dah's Li - on, Far He

all a - dore Him, Cast their jeweled crowns be-fore Him,

heart . . . in faith im - plore Him, Till He reign, Till He reign.
all . . . . His life He gave them, He shall reign, He will reign.
is . . . . a - bove O - ri - on, He shall reign, He shall reign.

Let each heart in faith im - plore Him, Till He reign, till He reign.

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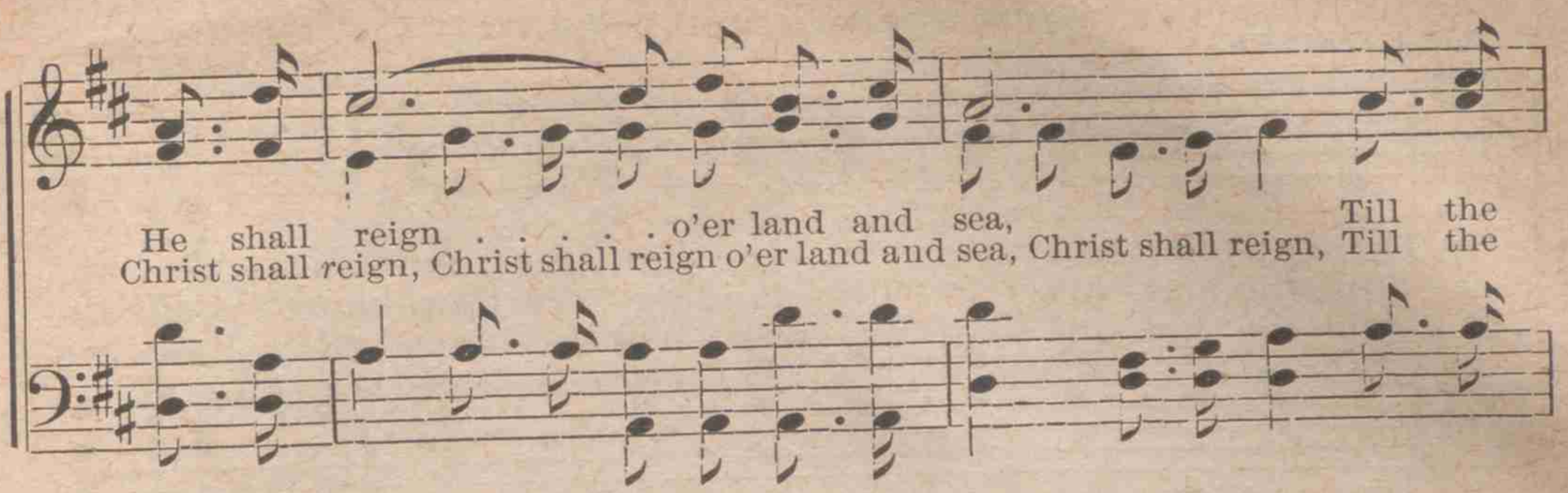
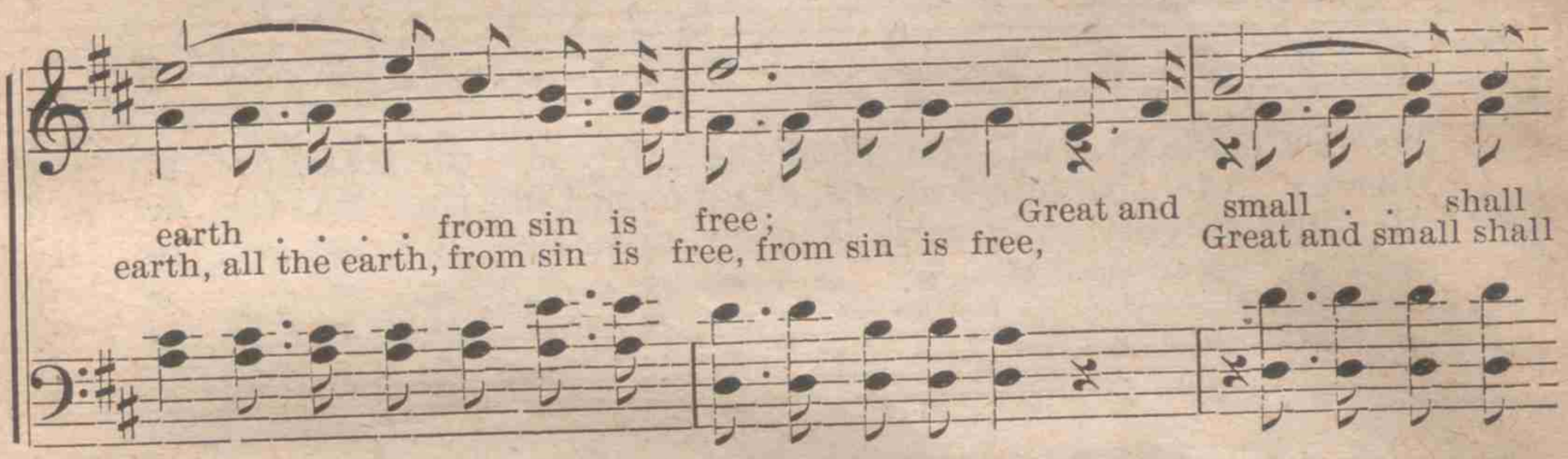
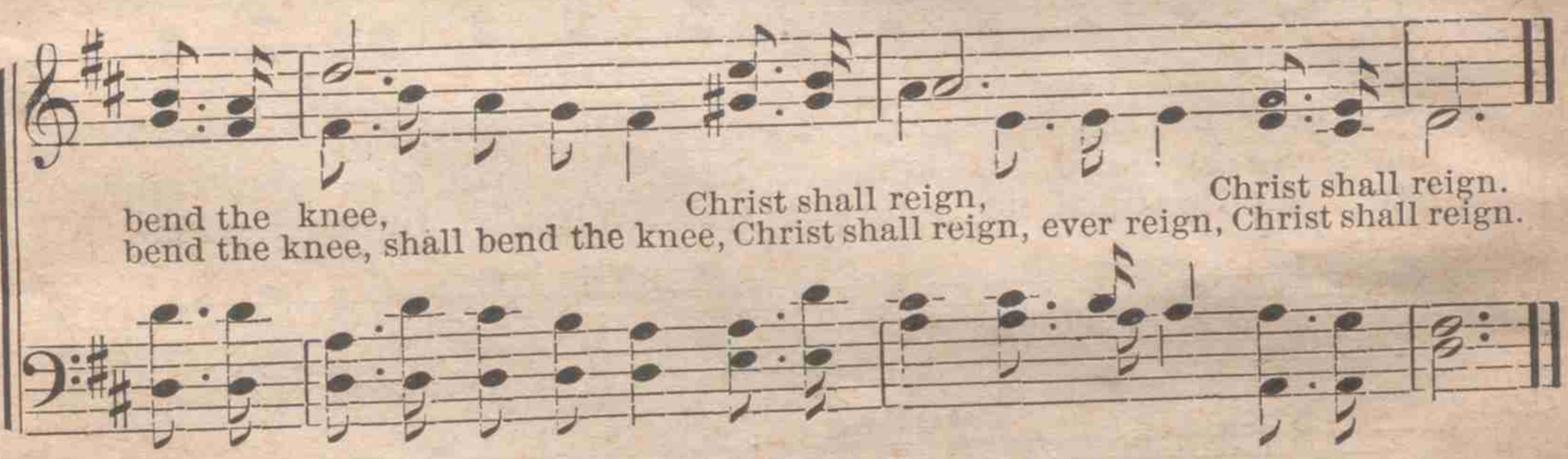
CHRIST SHALL REIGN. Concluded.







136 THE NINETY AND NINE.

Key A♭.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.

No. 137. WHY DELAY?

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

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a place where we may la - bor, One and all; To the
2. "In the mar - ket i - dly standing, Are there more?" Calls the
3. And the Mas - ter still is wait - ing, Call - ing still: "Go ye

har-vest fields that rip - en, Hear the call; I - dle stand not all the
Mas-ter of the har-vest, O'er and o'er; Calls the Mas-ter, far and
all in - to my vine-yard, With a will; Be it ear - ly, be it

day, Stow the Mas-ter's grain a - way; It is read - y for the
near: "I - dle stand no long - er here, I will give you righteous
late, I - dle there no long - er wait; What is right I sure will

CHORUS

gar-ner, Why de-lay? Why de-lay? haste away, Soon will come the settling
wag-es, Nev-er fear." Haste away to the field, Heed your Master's call and
give you, Small or great."

1. day; While the gold - en harvests wait Ripe to fall;
2. yield; And with ev - 'ry pow'r o - bey [*Omit.* . . . Je-sus' call.

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No. 138. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet."—1 Cor. 15 : 25.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us, From on high;
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth, From on high;
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus dear to love us, There on high;

His lov-ing tones are call-ing, From on high;
Then naught from Him shall sever, From on high;
We'll give Him best en-deav-or, From on high;

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh.
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh.
And praise His name forever; His precious ones can never, never die. He is nigh.

CHORUS

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

1 Jesus reign in glory by and by; by and by;

2 Jesus reign in glory by and by.

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No. 139. "TITLE CLEAR."*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

May also sing, Am I a Soldier of the Cross. Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ‖: title clear:‖ To mansions ‖: in the skies,:‖
2. Should earth against my ‖: soul engage,:‖ And fiery ‖: darts be hurled,:‖
3. Let cares like a wild ‖: deluge come,:‖ Let storms of ‖: sorrow fall—:‖
4. There I shall bathe my ‖: weary soul:‖ In seas of ‖: heavenly rest,:‖

I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

* The repeats in verses are only for bass and tenor.

No. 140. "I HAVE NOW NO REGRETS."

Shortly before his translation Rev. S. A. Keen, the pastor evangelist and author said, "They think I have worked too hard ; but I have now no regrets, and if I could I would do it all over again."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. "I have now no regrets!" for the past is all clear, With its labor of love for my Sav-iour so dear; On His er-rands so sweet I have sped with delight, All my pleasure by day and my song in the night:
2. "I have now no regrets!" what a comfort that day, As the scenes of this earth were all fad - ing a-way, To pos - sess the as - surance this blessing did bring, And while passing from earth so triumphantly sing:
3. As the souls of the saved shall in glory appear, Who were rescued or filled thro' His labors while here; Who shall say but His song in glad notes full and free, To the mu-sic of heav-en for - ev - er shall be:
4. "I have now no regrets!" should the summons to-day, Which we all very soon must re-ceive and o - bey, Should it come, on our lips would the same message ring, Could we join the same song and as joyfully sing:

CHORUS.

"I have now no regrets!" bless the Lamb that was slain! "If I could I would do it all o - ver a - gain. o - ver a-gain."

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No. 141. NEVER ALONE.

English. Arr. for this work.

1. I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll—
   I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
   He stands to shield me from danger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. When in af-flict - ion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
   My feet en-tangl-ed with bri - ars Ready to cast me down,
4. He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced His side—
   For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne,

1

I've felt sin's breakers dash-ing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised never to leave me,— [*Omit.* . . . . . .
I feel a peace in knowing—My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
He promised never to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .
My Saviour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Saviour whispers His promise: "I [*Omit.* . . . . . .
For me He opened that fountain, The crim - son, cleans-ing tide,
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .

2

CHORUS

Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, never a - lone,— No nev-er a-
"Never will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

lone, He promised never to leave me— Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

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May be had in sheet form, duet, of E. S. Fogg, Covington, Ky. Price, 30 cents.

No. 142. THE SONG OF THE EASTER ANGELS.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. In Memory of Eames Birge Rankin. Rev. R. DeW. MALLARY. By per.

1. On East - er morn, when ho-ly chimes are ringing, God's breath of peace on all the scene a-round, I seem to hear de-scend-ing an - gels singing, Till they have made the earth all hallowed ground.
2. Assauged our grief, we tread the path be-fore us, Ful - fill the days of our ap-point-ed time; While each year brings a-gain the East-er cho - rus, And we look for that last great change sub-lime.
3. Ye an - gels, bear love's cup of con - so - la-tion, Fly with the East - er sun round the glad earth; Proclaim that death in Christ is but trans - la - tion, That at His voice we rise to high - er birth.
4. Say that with Him, shall come the dear de-part-ed, Clothed in new beau-ty, they from dust shall rise;—Sing of that land where are no broken-hearted, Where God's own hand wipes tears from weeping eyes.

CHORUS.

Rest, pilgrims, rest, No more your hearts are aching, No more ye
Rest, pilgrims, rest, Till life's glad morn be breaking, 'Tis God, who

1. bur-dens bear, or sorrows weep;
2. giv - eth His be-lov - ed sleep.

[*Omit.* . . . . . .

Copyright, 1897, by Rev. J. E. Rankin and R, DeW. Mallary.

No. 143. REST, BROTHER, REST.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.—Rev. 14: 13.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

* * *

Slow and soft

1. Brother, rest . . . from toil and sor-row, Death is o'er and life is won; Up-on thy slum-ber dawns no mor-row,
2. Brother, wake, . . the night is wan-ing, End-less day is round thee poured; En-ter thou the rest re-main-ing
3. Fare thee well . . . tho' pain is blending, With our tones of earth-ly love; Tri-umph great and joy un-end-ing,
4. Safe-ly rest . . . with Christ for-ev-er, In His mighty, boundless love; From Him nev-er-more to sev-er,

Broth-er, rest from toil and sor-row, sis-ter,

CHORUS.

Rest, thine earthly race is run.
For the peo-ple of the Lord. Rest, brother, rest, Rest, brother, rest,
Wait thee in the realms a-bove.
Soon we'll be with thee a-bove.

Rit

Rest from thy la-bors at thy Master's feet, Rest, brother, rest.

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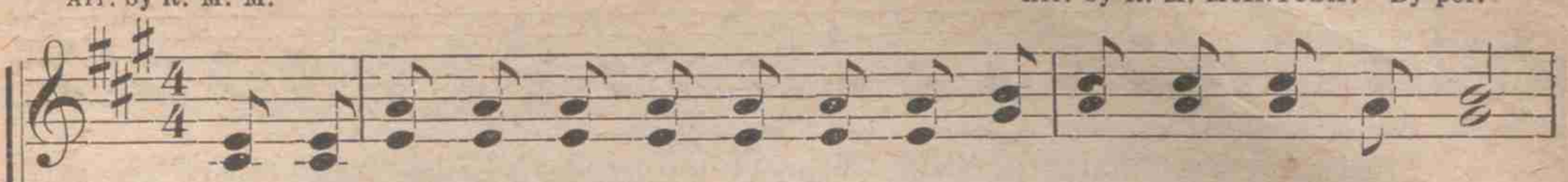
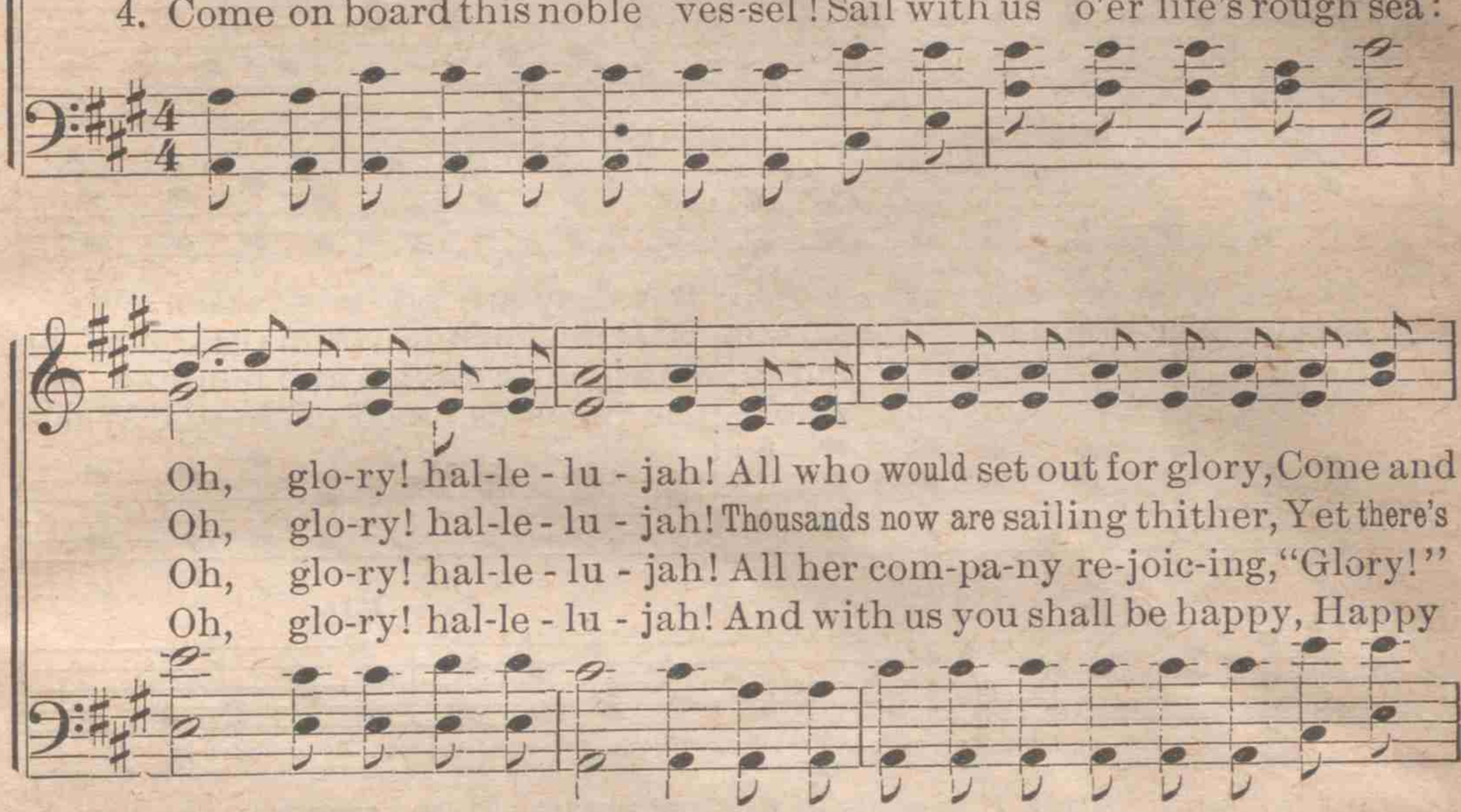
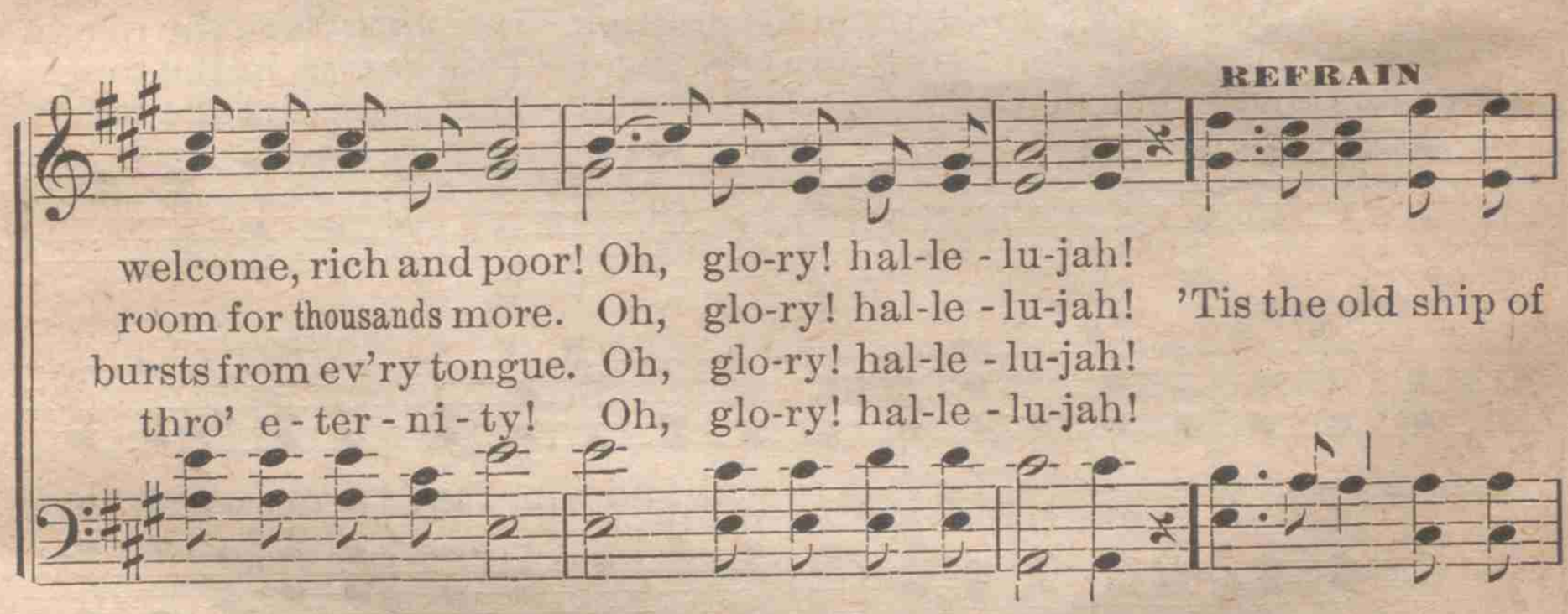
No. 144. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Arr. by R. M. M. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. See, the gos-pel ship is sailing, Bound for heaven's peaceful shore:
2. Thousands she has safe-ly landed Far beyond this earth-ly shore!
3. Sails well filled with heav'nly breezes, Swiftly glides the ship a-long:
4. Come on board this noble ves-sel! Sail with us o'er life's rough sea:

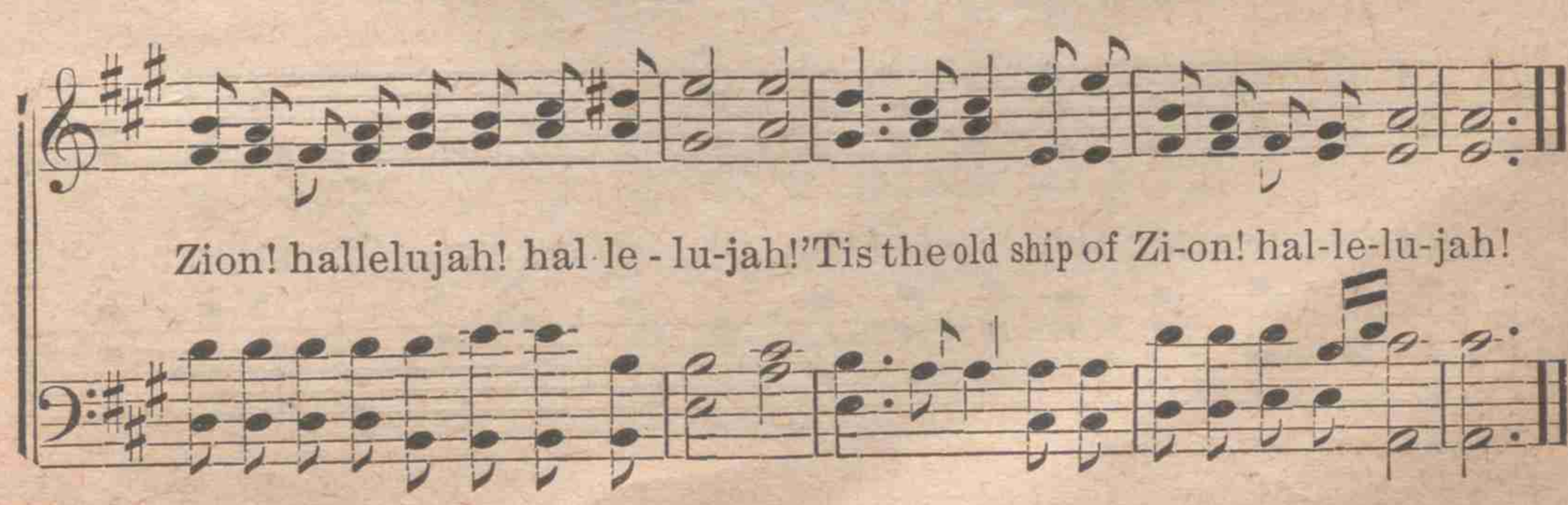


Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! All who would set out for glory, Come and
Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! Thousands now are sailing thither, Yet there's
Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! All her com-pa-ny re-joic-ing, "Glory!"
Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! And with us you shall be happy, Happy



REFRAIN

welcome, rich and poor! Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah!
room for thousands more. Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of
bursts from ev'ry tongue. Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah!
thro' e - ter - ni - ty! Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah!



Zion! hallelujah! hal-le - lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi-on! hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 145. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

L. D. CARRINGTON.

1. There are complaining people, Who say we are too bold, Alas there are still oth-ers Who sa we're aft-er gold; But they are all mis-tak-en, We
2. Ah, many hearts are aching, We find them ev'rywhere, Whose cups are filled with sorrow, Whose homes are filled with care; When misfortune overtakes them, The
3. One day my precious comrade, You, too, were lost in sin, But others sought your res-cue, And Je-sus took you in; So when you're tried and tempted, By
4. So let us keep it burning, The Lamp of holy love, To ev-'ry per-se-cu-tor, Point out the way above; The precious blood of Je-sus, Was

want not sordid stuff, But souls of poor lost sinners—Those diamonds in the rough.
world gives them a cuff, Or sends them to perdition—Those diamonds in the rough.
scoffer's keen rebuff, Don't turn away in anger—This diamond in the rough.
shed and that's enough, Oh, let us tell Him of it—That diamond in the rough.

Rit.

CHORUS.

The day will soon be over In which to work and win, There's many a gem lies hid-den Beneath the dross of sin; Oh, let us dig and find them, God's

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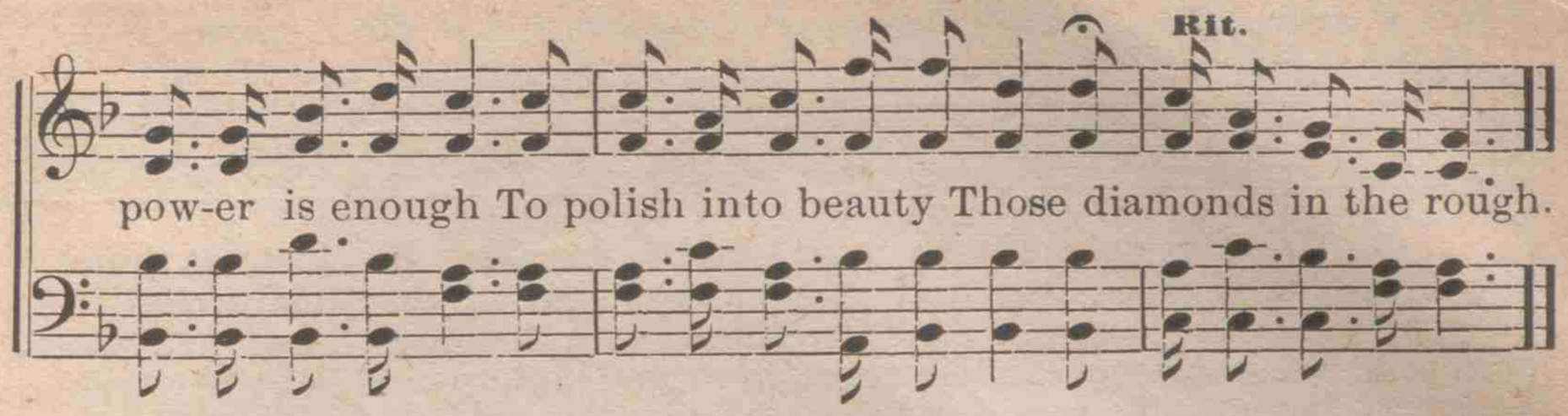
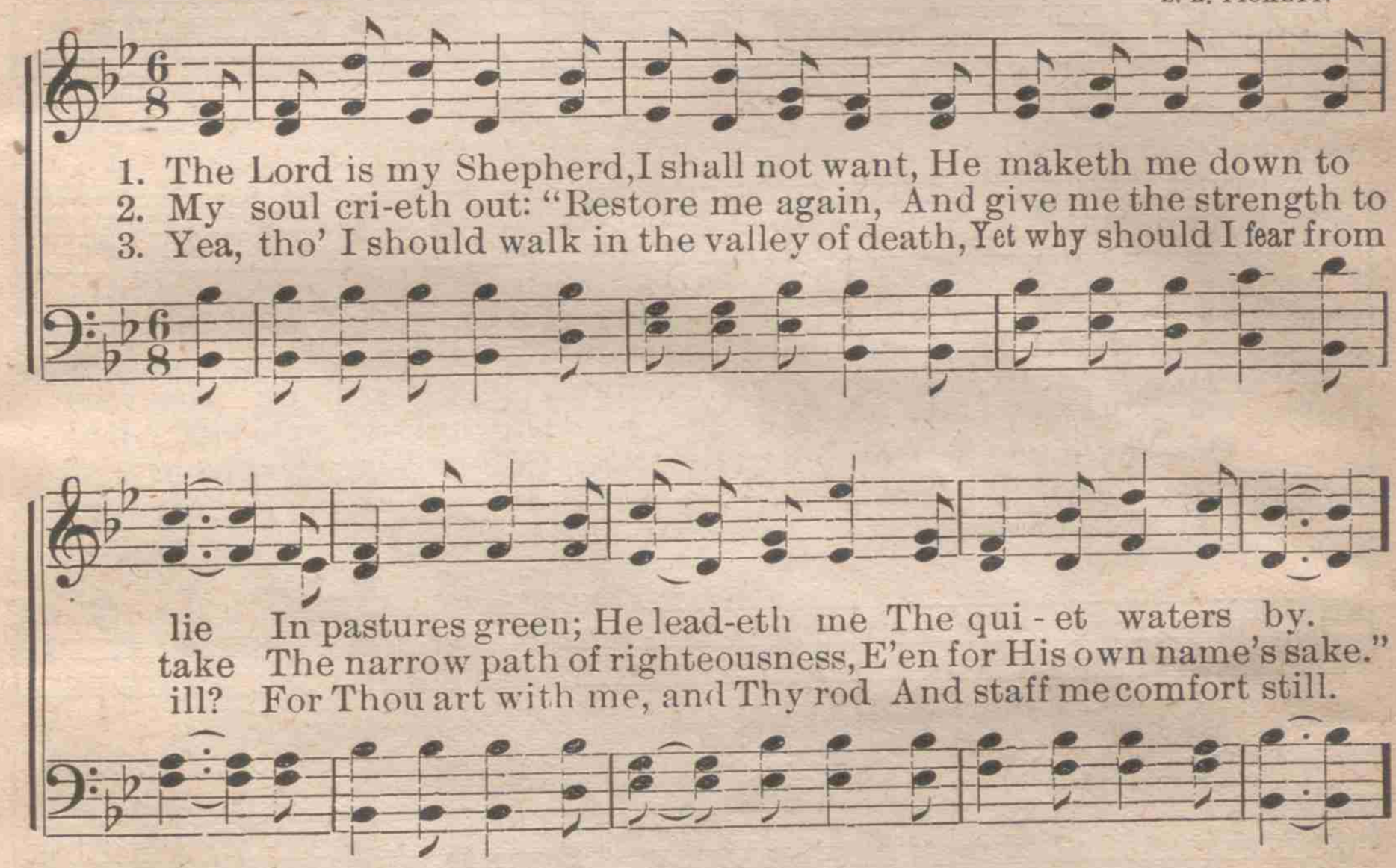
DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH. Concluded.

No. 146. I LOVE HIM SO.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 12: 30.

L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 147. THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

GEO. W. PERRY. Arr.
4th verse by M. W. KNAPP.

GEO. L. BROWN. By per.

1. The gos - pel train is com - ing, I see it just at hand,
2. The way is free, and all may go, The rich and poor are there,
3. The tel - e-graph is by the way, It reach-es up to God,
4. No smoking car is there to marr The hap - py heav'nly ride,
5. It's com-ing round the mountain, Its pas - sen-gers to take,
6. I hear the wel-come whis-tle, I'm sure 'twill be on time.
7. It's halt-ing at the sta-tion, Oh! must we say fare-well?

I hear its car wheels roll - ing Tri-um-phant thro' the land.
No sec-ond-class on board this train, No difference in the fare.
To tell our friends who've gone before That we are on the road.
A par - lor coach is free to all The ful - ly sanc - ti - fied.
Our Sav-iour is on board the train Con-trol-ing steam and brake.
Poor sin-ner, you're for - ev - er lost If you are left be - hind.
O sin-ner must we leave you? Es-cape from sin and hell!

CHORUS

Get on board, hur - ry, Oh, quick-ly heed the call;

Get on board, hur - ry, There's room for one and all.

No. 148. HIS YOKE IS LINED WITH LOVE.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 11: 30.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I cast sin's gall - ing yoke a - side, And glad - ly sought the
2. The du - ties giv'n are al-ways right, And I per - form them
3. I will not murmur 'neath my load Tho' rough and ston - y
4. So yoked with Christ I'll la - bor on, Un - til a crown of

Cru - ci - fied; As in His serv - ice I did move, I
with de - light; I'll strive my grat - i - tude to prove, Be-
be the road; The Lord will strengthen from a - bove, His
life is won, And then I'll reign in heav'n a - bove, With

D. S.—*This pre - cious truth I dai - ly prove, His*

FINE. CHORUS.

found His yoke was lined with love.
cause His yoke is lined with love. O bless - ed tho't the
eas - y yoke is lined with love.
Him whose yoke is lined with love.

eas - y yoke is lined with love.

D. S.

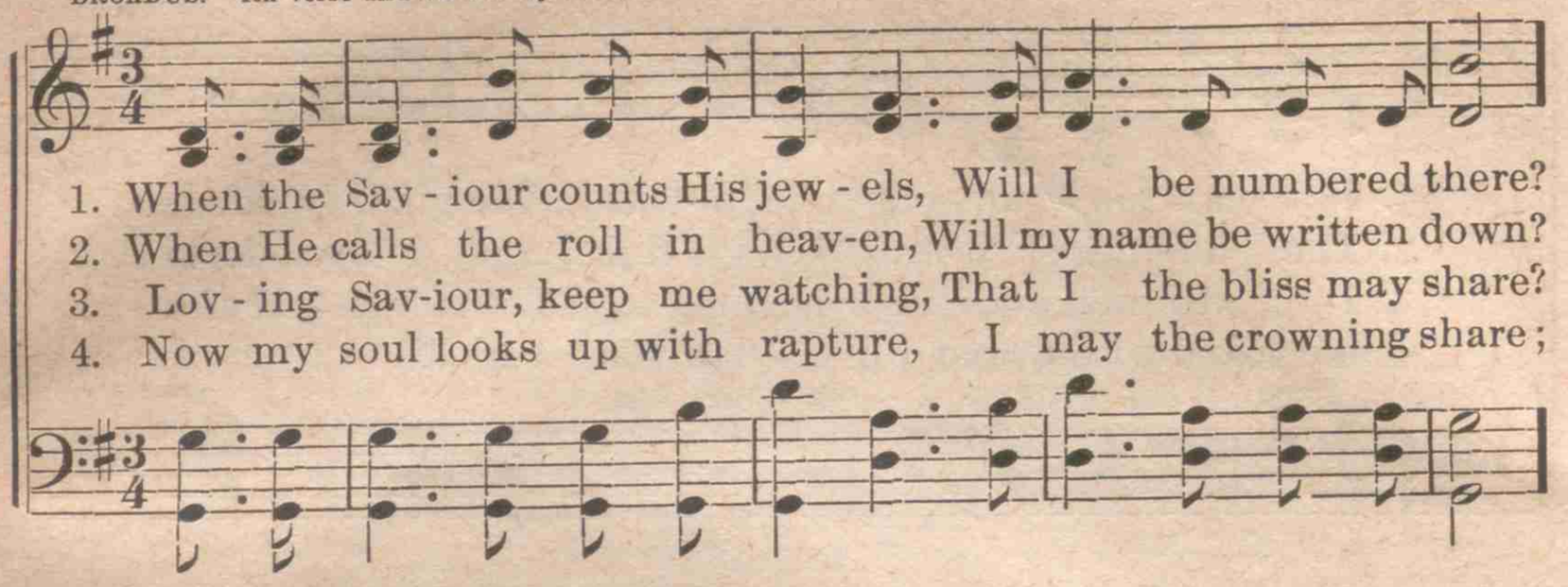
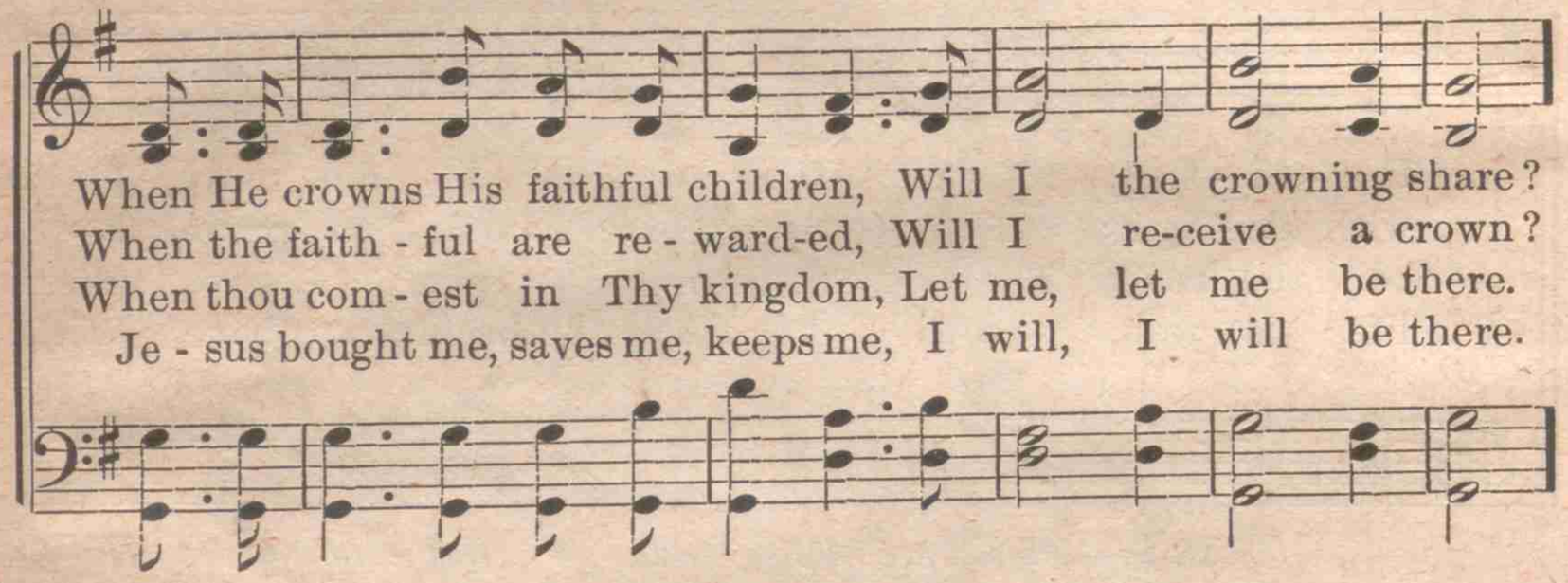
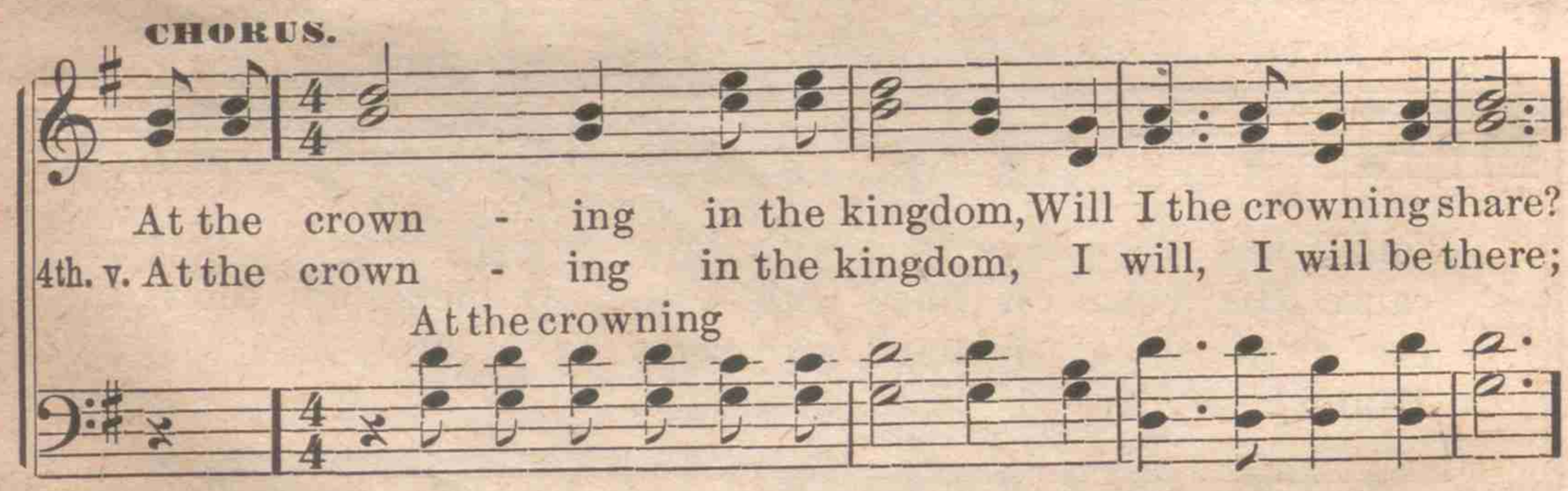
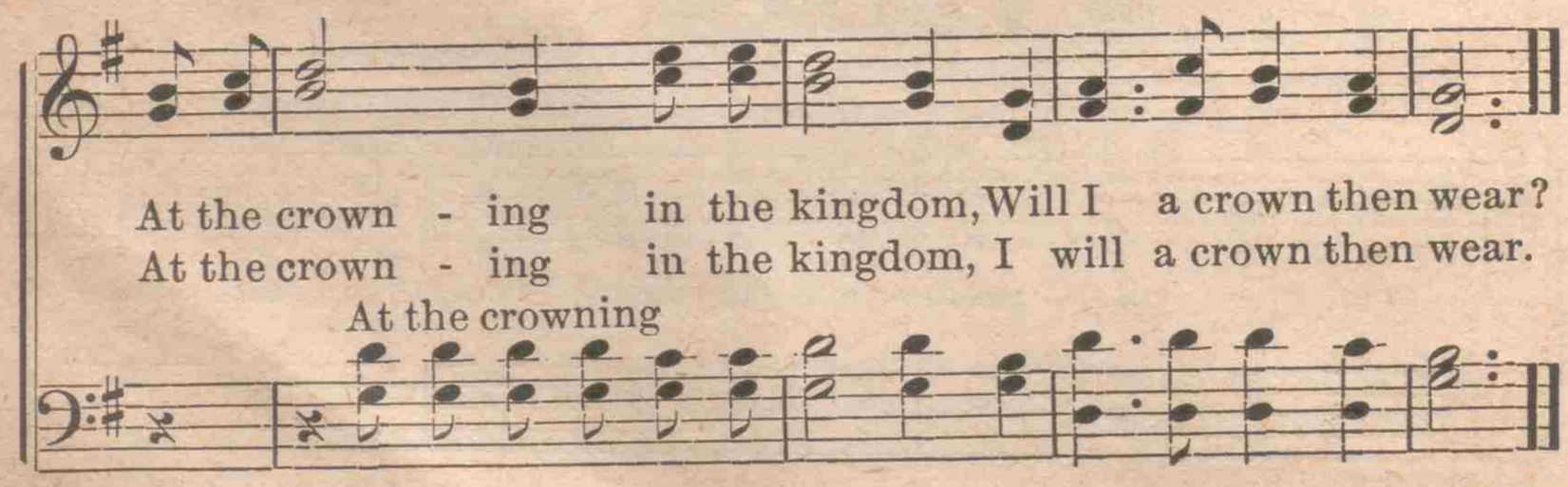
goad is gone, And sweet de - light now urg - es on,

Coppright, 1895, by H. L. Gilmour. By permission.

No. 149. AT THE CROWNING.

"Behold, I come quickly. Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3 : 11.

BROADUS. 4th verse and Chorus by C. A. H. C. A. HUMPHREY.



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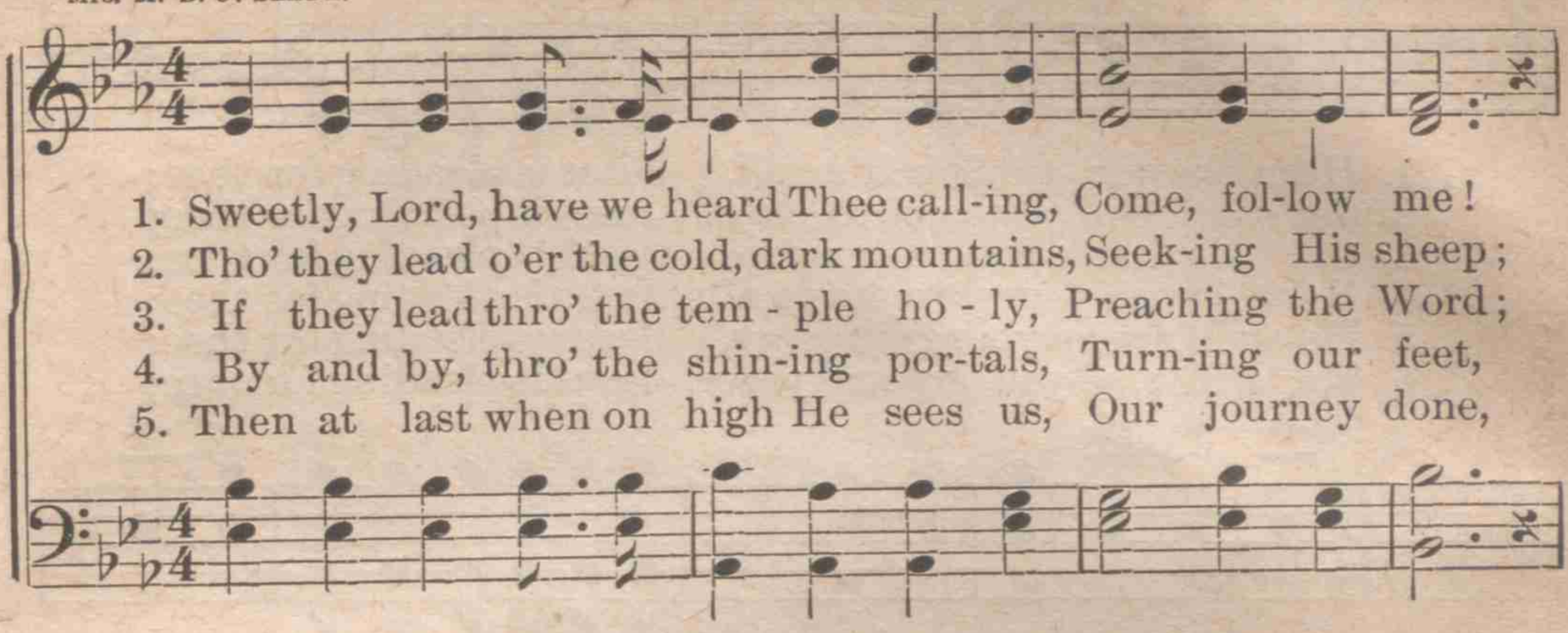
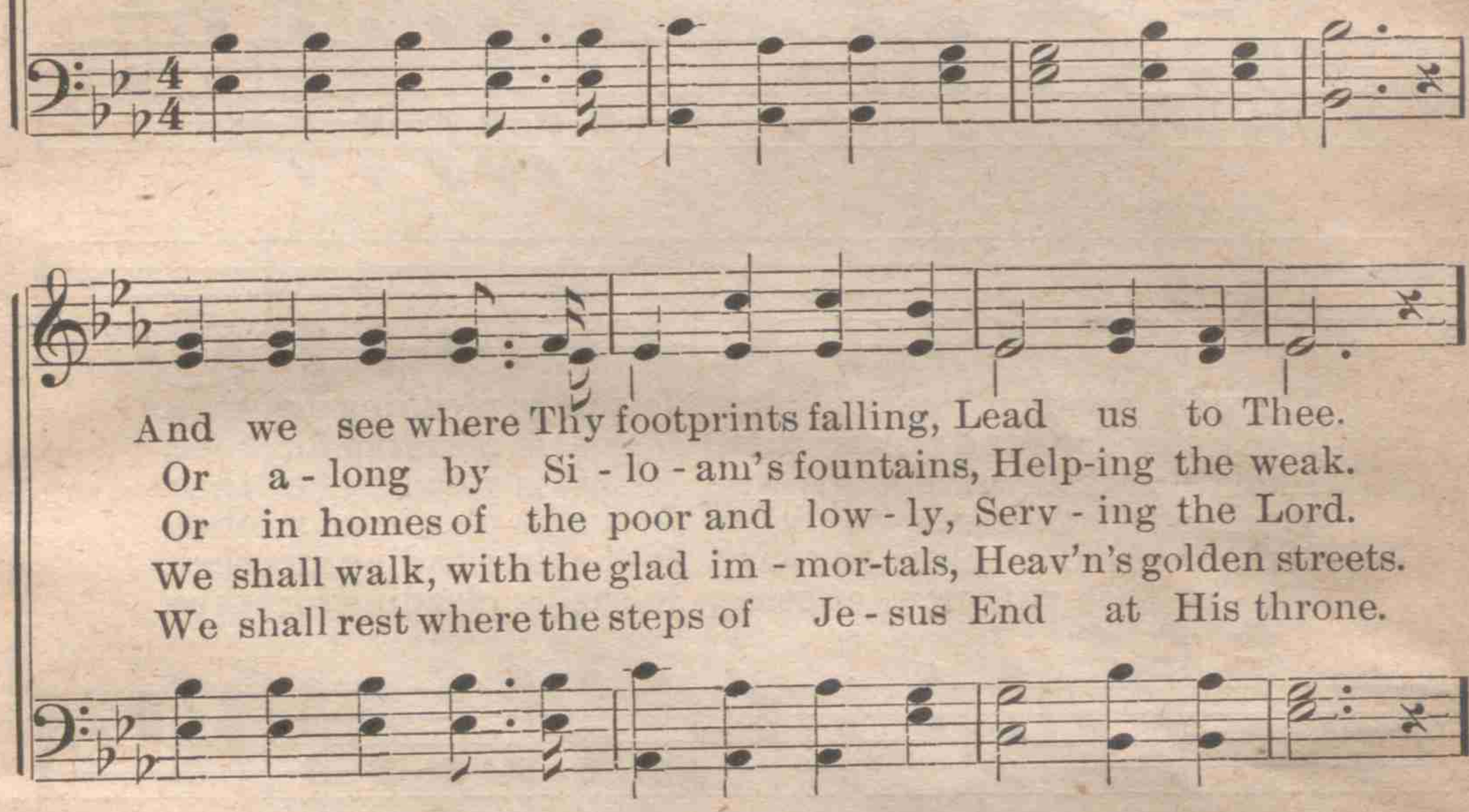
No. 150. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."—1 Peter 2 : 21.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

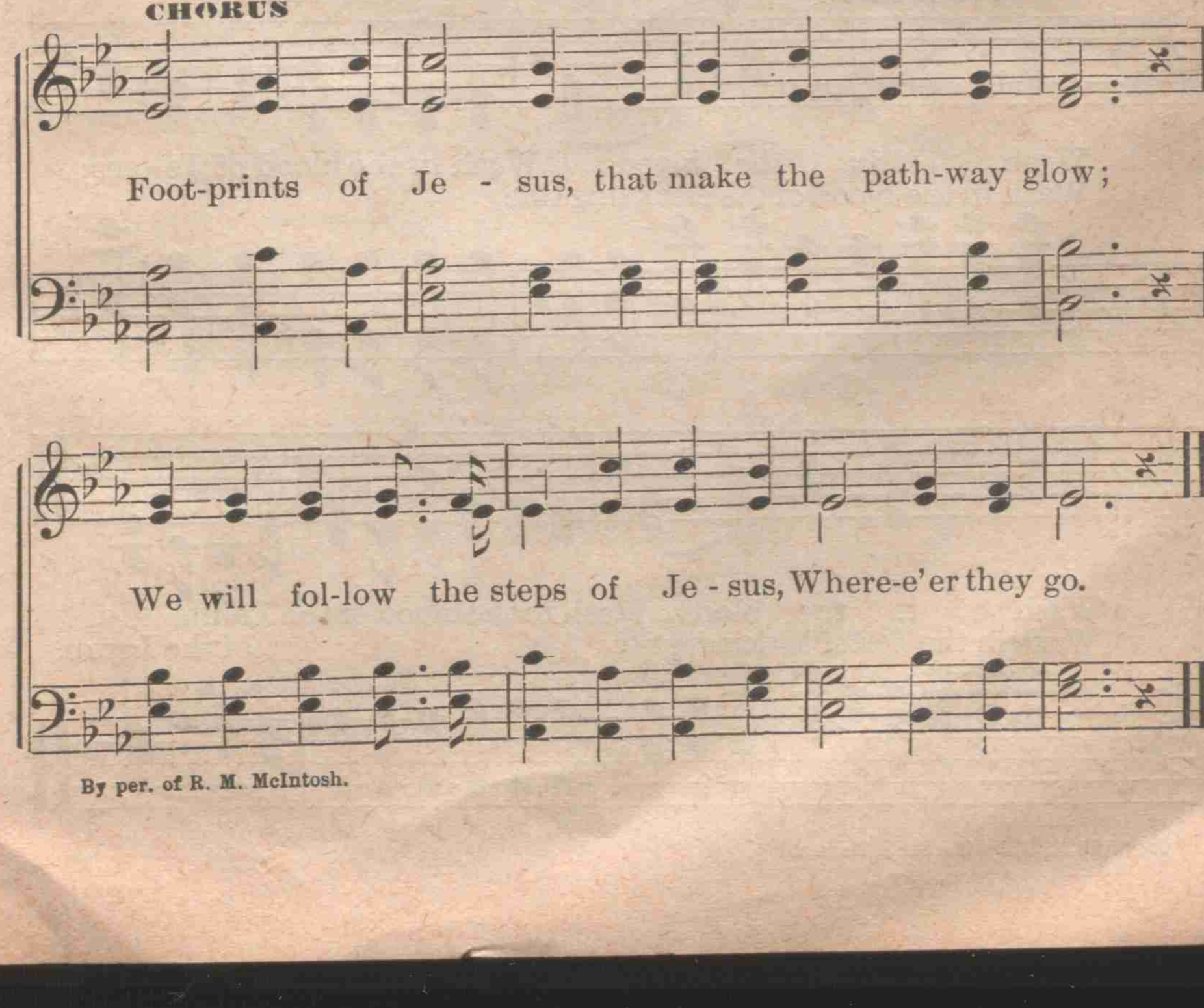


1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the Word;
4. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por-tals, Turn-ing our feet,
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done,



And we see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help-ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
We shall walk, with the glad im - mor-tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
We shall rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

CHORUS



Foot-prints of Je - sus, that make the path-way glow;

We will fol-low the steps of Je - sus, Where-e'er they go.

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

No. 151. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Hear the gen - tle Spir-it's call, Jesus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Jesus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit-ter cup, Jesus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your garments white, Jesus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt away, Jesus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Jesus is pleading for thee;

There is par-don free for all, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Leave that dark and dreary way, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Turn your darkness in - to light, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Make thy soul as clear as day, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je-sus is pleading for thee.

CHORUS.

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

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No. 152. TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."—Luke 18 : 1.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Take time to pray! When fears and foes dis-tress you, And tiresome
2. Take time to pray! When cares of life sur-round you, And Sa - tan
3. Take time to pray! When lit - tle things an-noy you, And wor-ry
4. Take time to pray! When fick - le friends forsake you, Dis - as - ters
5. Take time to pray! When emotions have sub-sid-ed, And the en - e-
6. Take time to pray! Would you speak or preach with power, Keep the Pen-te-

toils op-press you, Then the Mas - ter waits to bless you, If
would confound you, Christ will throw His arms a-round you, If
would de-stroy you, Noth-ing bet - ter can em-ploy you, Than
o - ver take you, Re - pine it will not make you, If
my de - rid - ed, If in God you have con - fid - ed, Al-
cos - tal dow - er, Have the Spir - it ev - 'ry ho - ur, You

CHORUS.

you'll take time to pray.
you take time to pray.
to take time to pray. Take time to pray! Come what there may To
you take time to pray.
ways take time to pray.
must take time to pray.

Rit.

stand in the way; Look oft - en to Je - sus And take time to pray.

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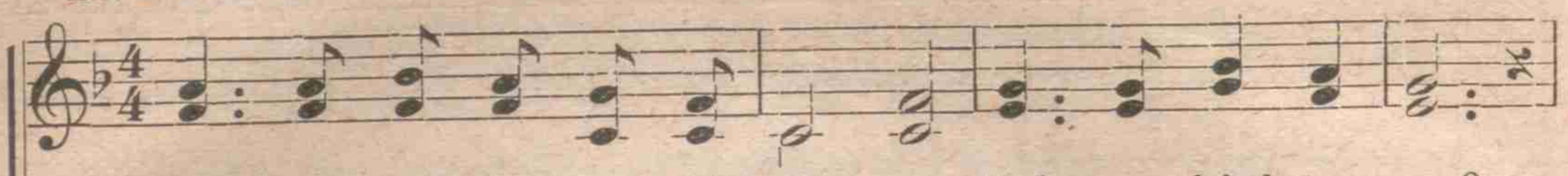
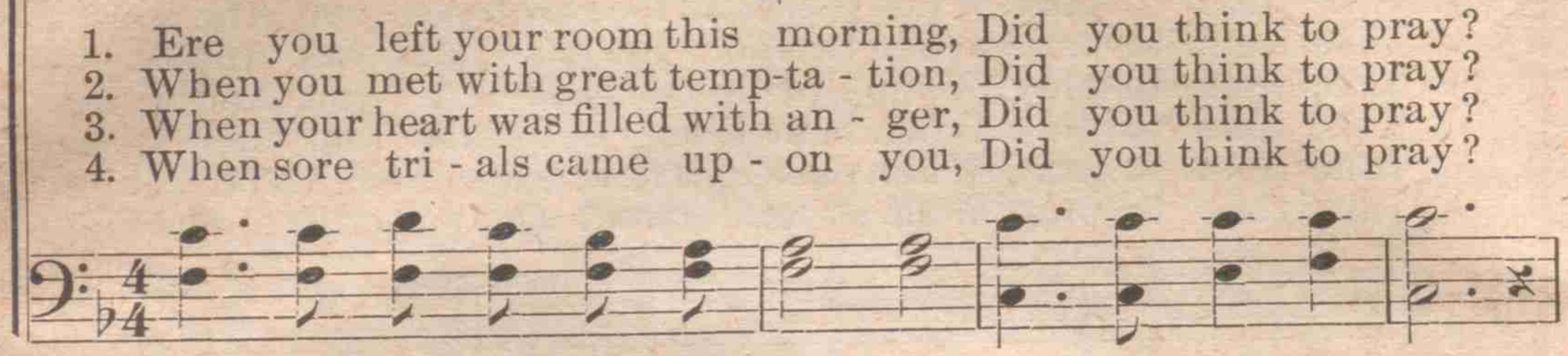
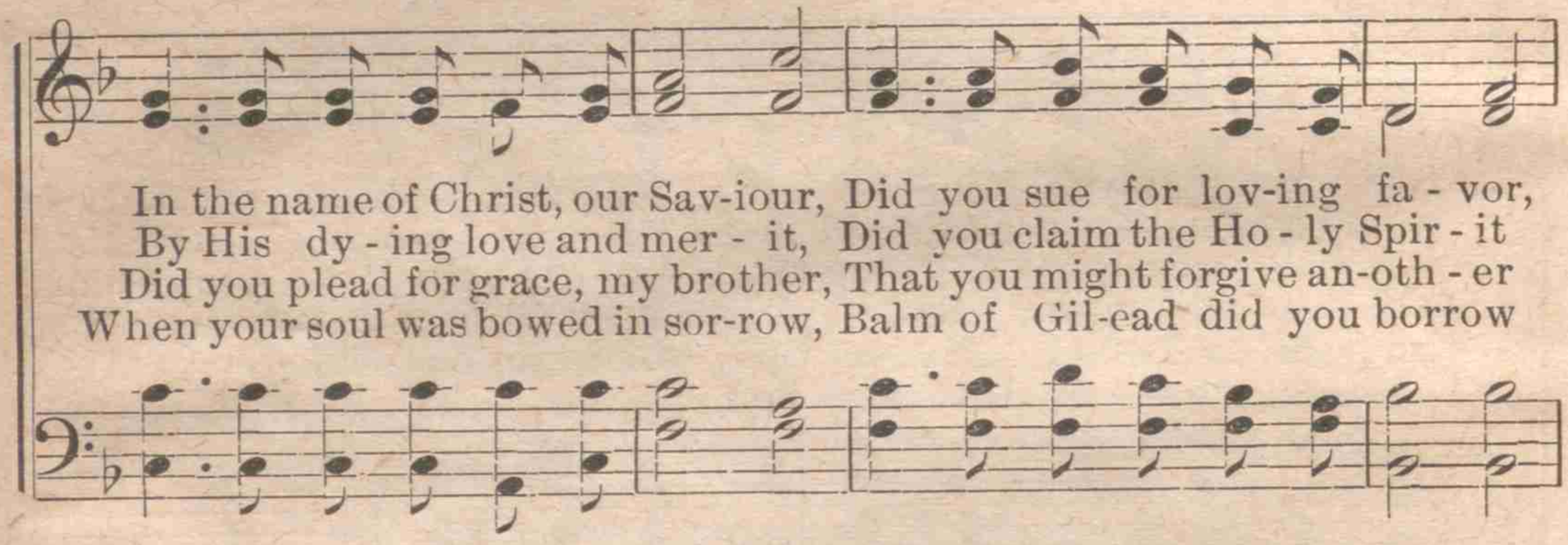
No. 153. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. 4 : 6.

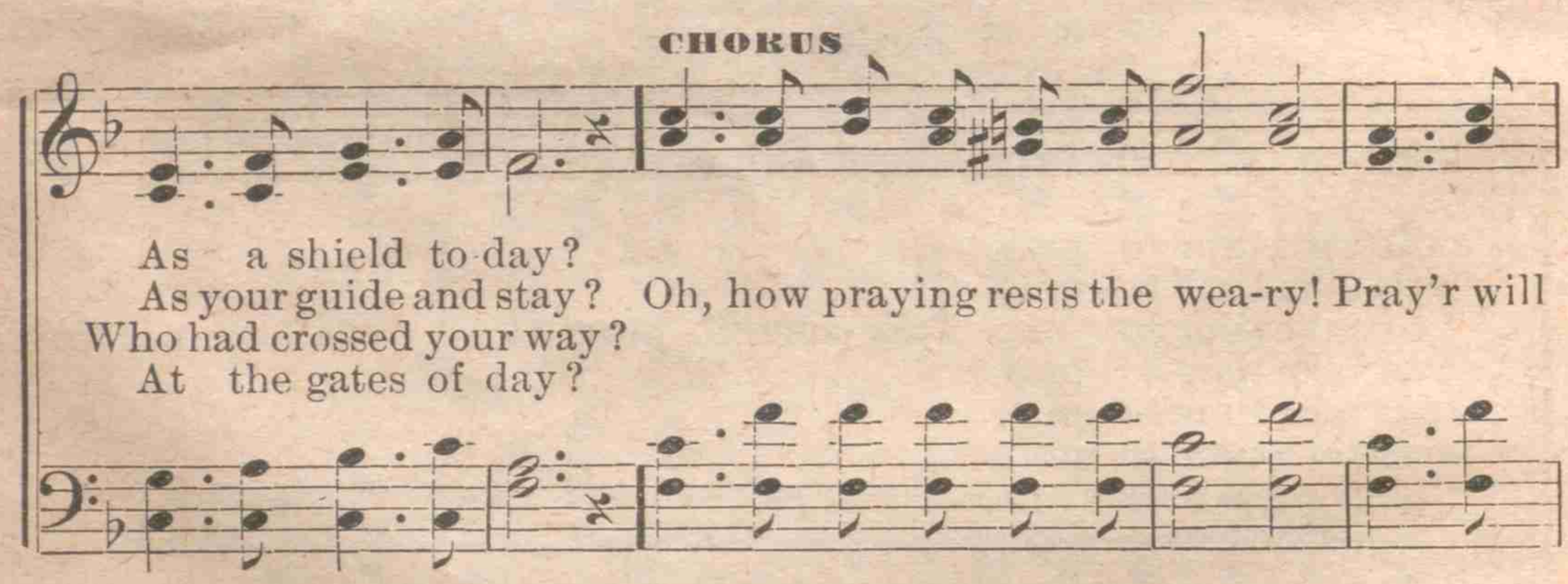
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?



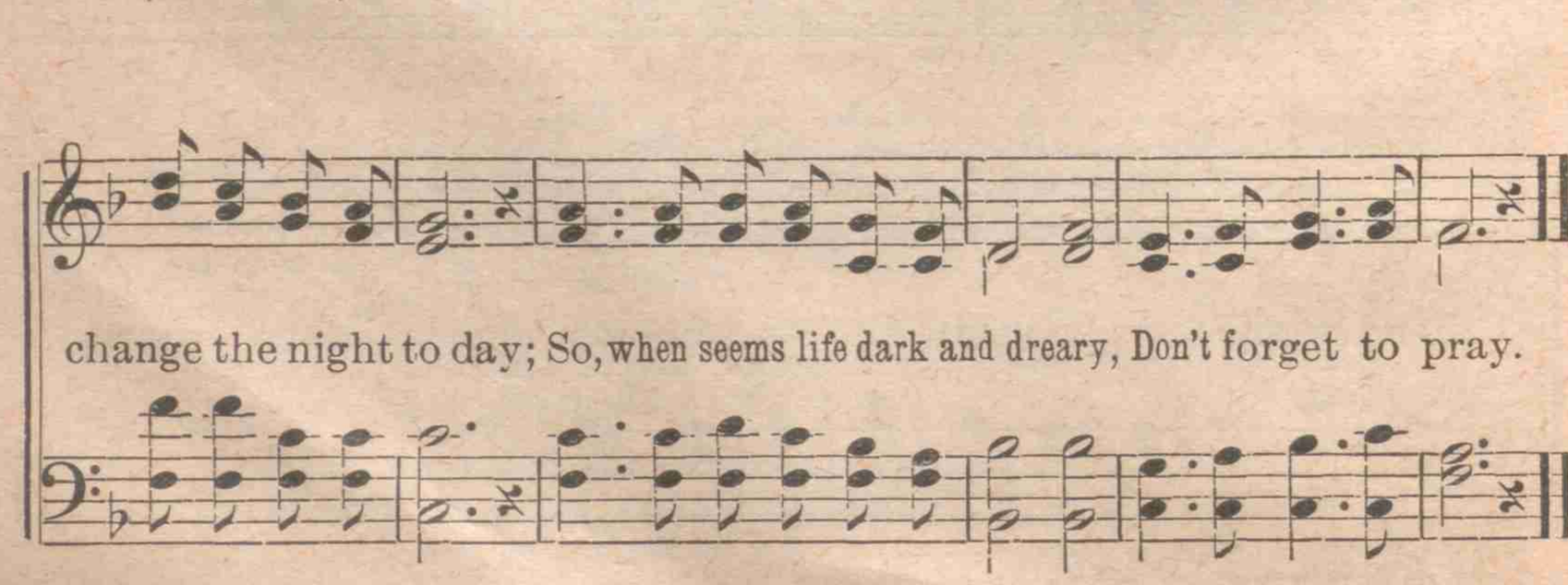
In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you borrow



CHORUS



As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

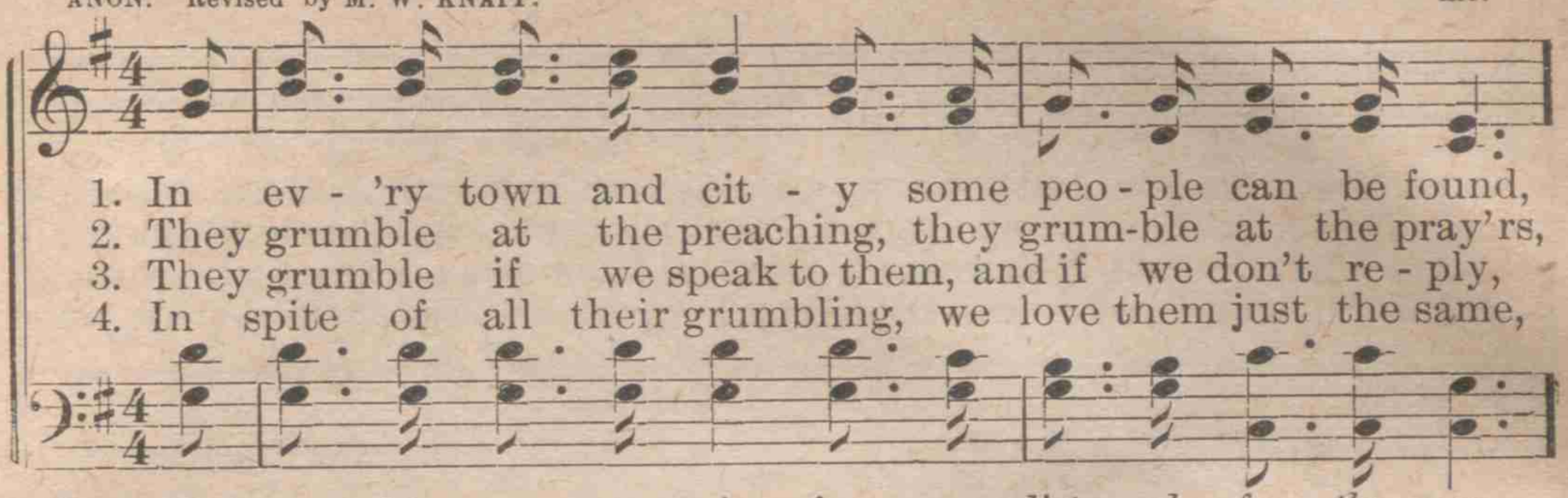


change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 154. THE GRUMBLER'S SONG.

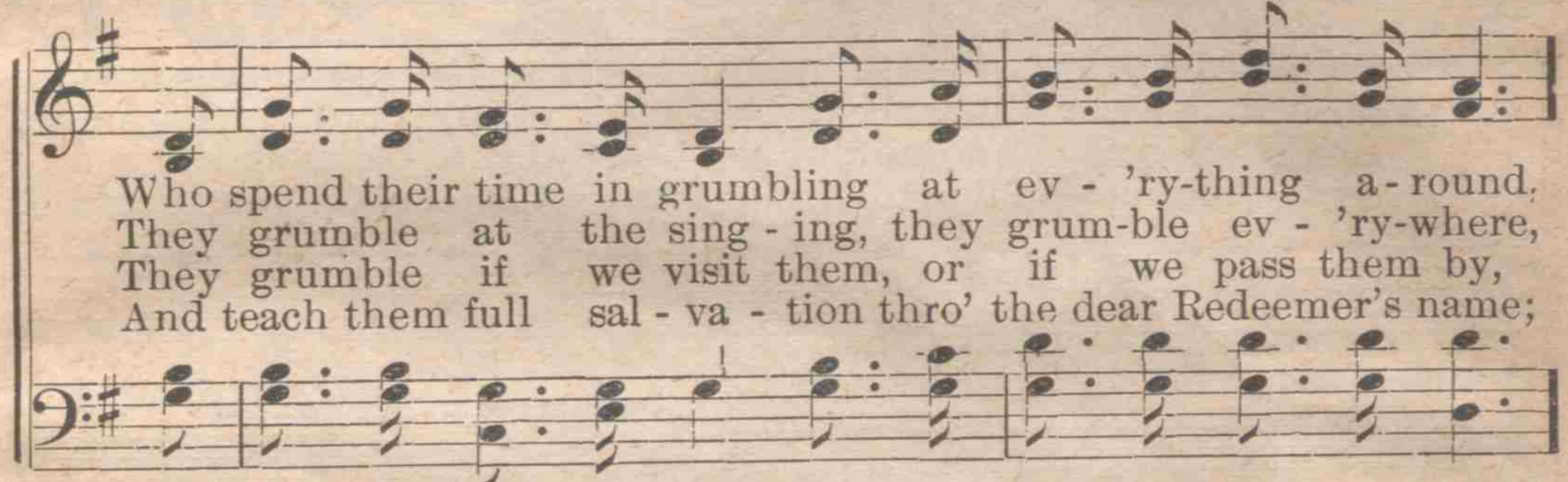
"Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer."—1 Cor. 10: 10.

ANON. Revised by M. W. KNAPP. Arr.



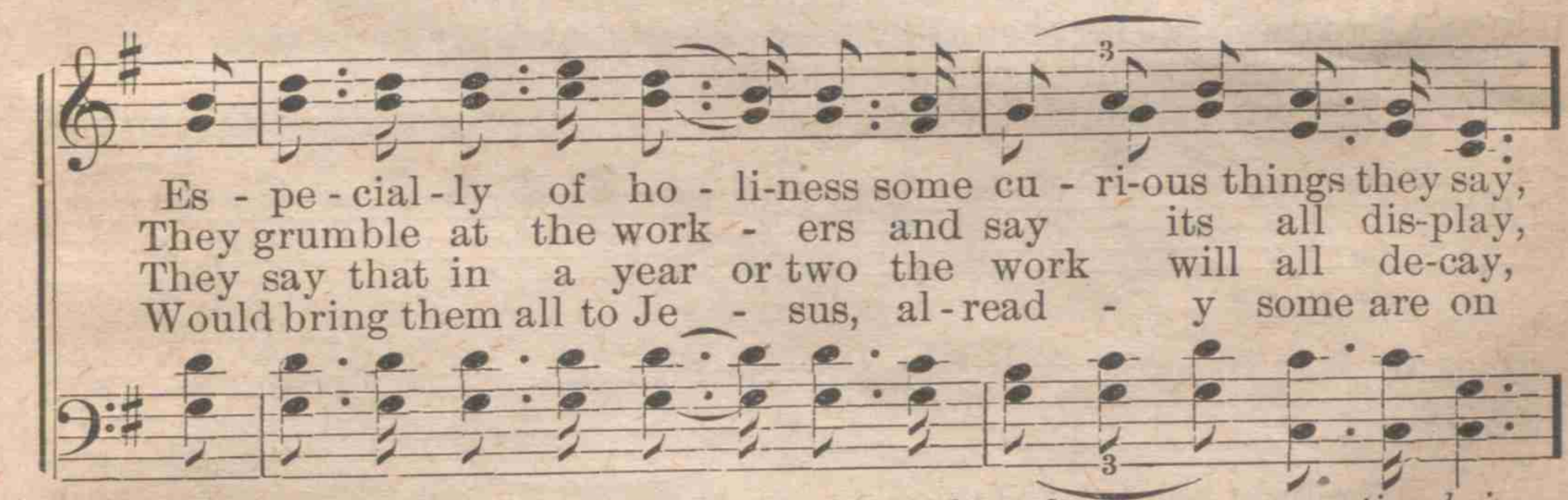
1. In ev - 'ry town and cit - y some peo - ple can be found,
2. They grumble at the preaching, they grum-ble at the pray'rs,
3. They grumble if we speak to them, and if we don't re - ply,
4. In spite of all their grumbling, we love them just the same,

Cho.— *We're marching on to vic - t'ry, we list - ed for the war,*



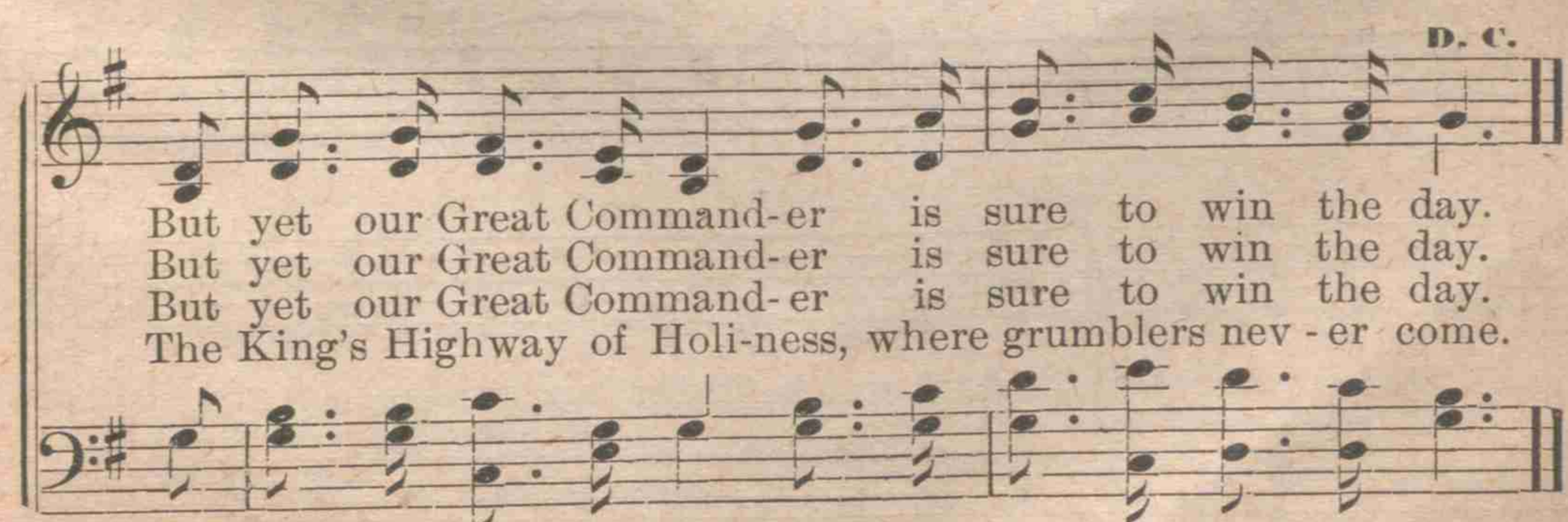
Who spend their time in grumbling at ev - 'ry-thing a - round.
They grumble at the sing - ing, they grum-ble ev - 'ry-where,
They grumble if we visit them, or if we pass them by,
And teach them full sal - va - tion thro' the dear Redeemer's name;

We care not what the grumblers think, nor what they say we are;



Es - pe - cial - ly of ho - li-ness some cu - ri-ous things they say,
They grumble at the work - ers and say its all dis-play,
They say that in a year or two the work will all de-cay,
Would bring them all to Je - sus, al - read - y some are on

We're fight-ing for our Sav-iour who did sal - va - tion bring,



D. C.

But yet our Great Command-er is sure to win the day.
But yet our Great Command-er is sure to win the day.
But yet our Great Command-er is sure to win the day.
The King's Highway of Holi-ness, where grumblers nev - er come.

We're press - ing hard the bat - tle and going to see the King.

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No. 155. THE LIGHT BRIGHTLY BEAMED.

"That ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness with his marvelous light." 1 Peter 2: 9.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.

1. When danger and sor-row encompassed my soul, And dark seemed my path as the night, I cried to the Lord and He part-ed the clouds vanished a - way; I walk in the light of my Lord's loving smile,
2. Now bright as the noontide the pathway appears, The clouds have all service I bring; And now in my heart with re - joic-ing and song,
3. To Je - sus, who rescued my soul from despair, My life's sweetest soul to receive; He'll pardon and cleanse you, and make you His child,
4. The Sav-iour is call-ing—why long-er de-lay? He's waiting your

CHORUS.

And let in His glo-ri-ous light.
And dwell in His beau-ti-ful day. The light brightly beamed on my soul,
I crown Him, my Saviour, and King.
If on - ly on Him you be-lieve.

The light brightly beamed on my soul, . . . Since Je - sus, my soul, on my soul, soul, on my soul,

Saviour, dispelled the dark clouds, The light brightly beams on my soul.

Copyright, 1896, by J. M. Black. By per.

No. 156. COMING BY AND BY.

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22 : 7.

Rev. JOHN P. BROOKS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The ti - dal wave is coming, sal-va-tion, full and free; With shout and song it sweeps a-long like billows of the sea; The ju - bi-lee of
2. We're wait-ing, Lord, and longing, till Thou shalt come again, To claim Thine own, and on Thy throne, in peace and love to reign; We'll wait that glorious
3. There's cleansing offered freely to all who come to-day; And trusting in the prom-i - ses, will walk the narrow way; For perfect peace in

D. S.—*We'll wait that glorious*

ho-li-ness will ring thro' earth and sky, The dawn of grace draws on a-
coming, till, from out the op'ning sky, Our Lord shall come to take the
Him is found, and joys which ne'er shall die, And when He comes we'll reign with

moment, when, from out the op'ning sky, Our Lord shall come to claim His

Fine **CHORUS**

pace, 'tis coming by and by. Coming, coming, Coming by and
throne, He's coming by and by.
Him, He's coming by and by. Coming, yes He's coming,

own, He's coming by and by.

Rit. D.S.

by; A bet-ter day is dawning soon, He's coming by and by;

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No. 157.

WHISPERINGS OF JESUS.

"I will betroth thee unto Me for ever."—Hosea 2 : 19.

D. K. W.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With Expression

1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And within those heav'nly places, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing silence, Je-sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, contented, Thou hast reached thy happy place,

Save the voice of my Be-lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bo - som of thy Saviour, Gazing up in His dear face.

CHORUS.

Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je-sus! Blessed Bride-groom of my heart,
Precious, gentle, Blessed Bridegroom

In Thy se - cret inner chamber Thou wilt whisper what Thou art.
In Thy secret Thou wilt whisper

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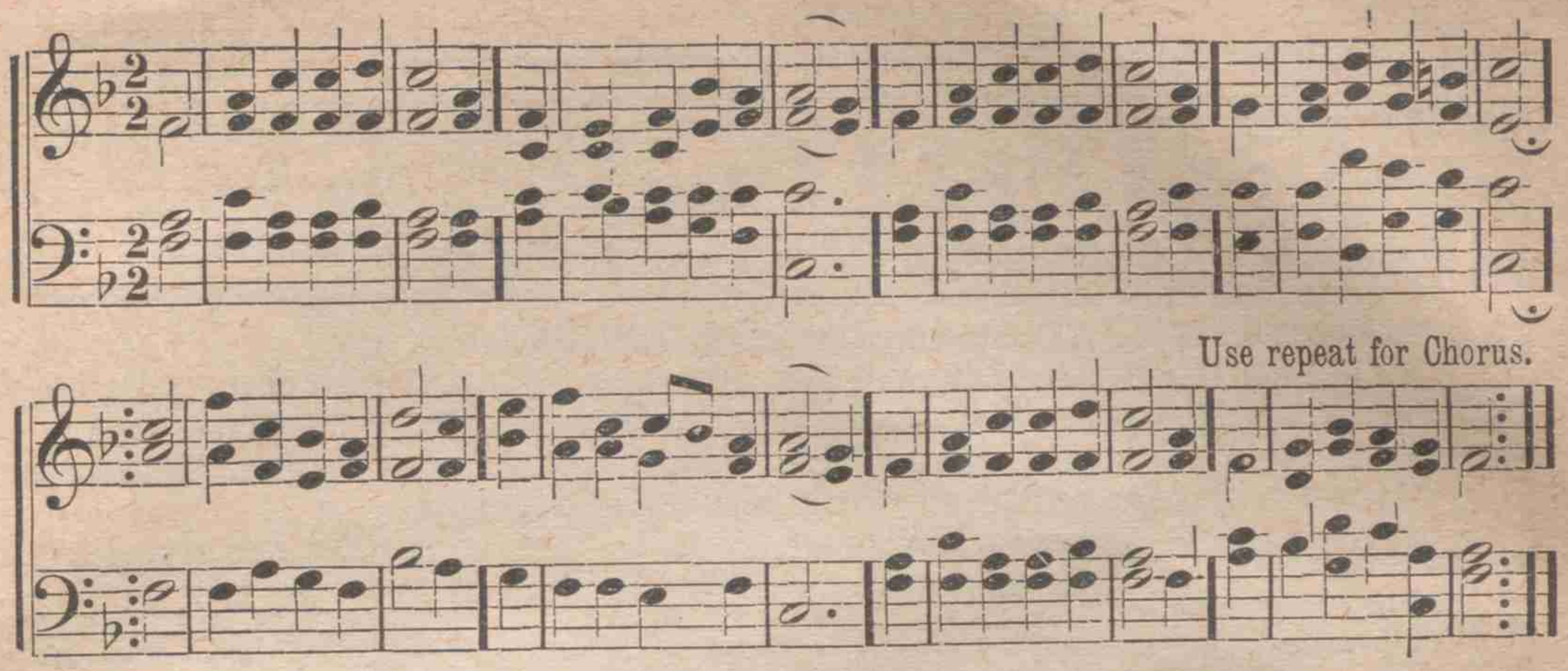
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s D.

158. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1 From China's dark dominions
Unto Columbia free,
We've heard the cries of anguish
Which echo o'er the sea.
We've heard the royal summons
Of Jesus crucified,
To hasten to the rescue
Of those for whom he died.

CHORUS.

We're coming, yes, we're coming,
On wings of love we fly,
To bear the gospel message
Ere waiting millions die.

2 Our hearts with pain are bleeding
That we have been so slow,
To heed these pleading voices
And on our mission go.
Forgive us! oh, forgive us!
Ye nations far away,
Forgive us gracious Father!
In Jesus' name we pray.—CHO.

3 With songs of joy and gladness
Our offerings we give,
That all the heathen nations
May look to Christ and live.
Though deep the pain in parting,
Our children, too, may go,
And tell the thirsting millions
Where living waters flow.—CHO.

4 Then heathen nations bending
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And join with saints and angels,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Till over earth triumphant
His ransomed Church shall reign,
When Jesus in His glory
With joy shall come again.—CHO.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

159. HOME MISSIONS.

1 From California's vineyards
To Carolina's strand,
We hear the wail of anguish
That rises in our land.
From Maine to Mississippi,
We see the blight of sin,
And hear the groans of sorrow
Above our city's din.

CHORUS.

We'll heed the Saviour's summons,
On wings of love will fly,
And bear the gospel message
Ere at our door they die.

2 From Asia's dark dominions,
And Afric's burning sand,
Like mighty streams of water
They pour into our land.
From Europe's crowded cities,
They flow from year to year,
And bring their crimes and vices
And superstitions here.—CHO.

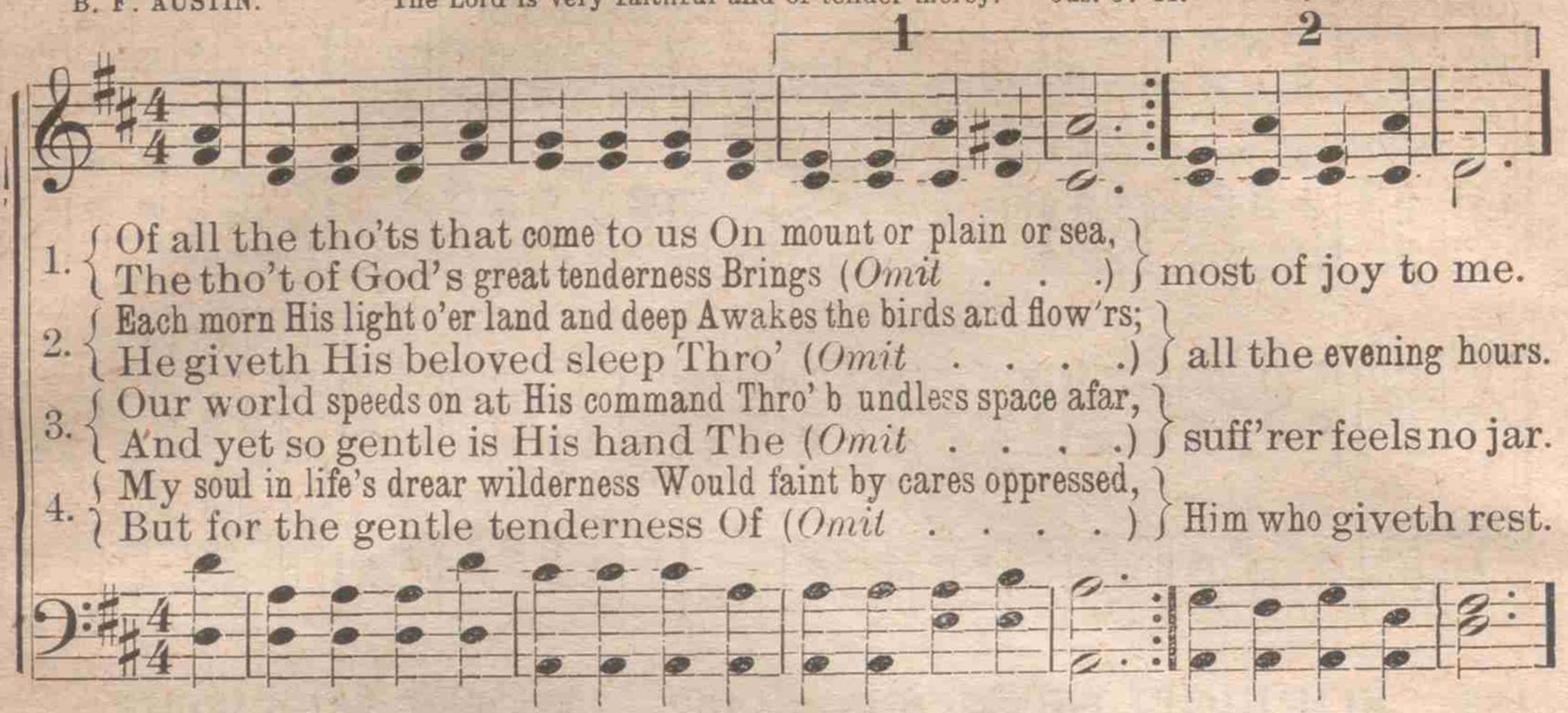
3 From many a haunt of evil,
From many a home of shame,
We must their souls deliver
From sin in Jesus name.
In many a street and alley,
They wander to and fro,
And swiftly down are sinking,
To realms of endless woe.—CHO.

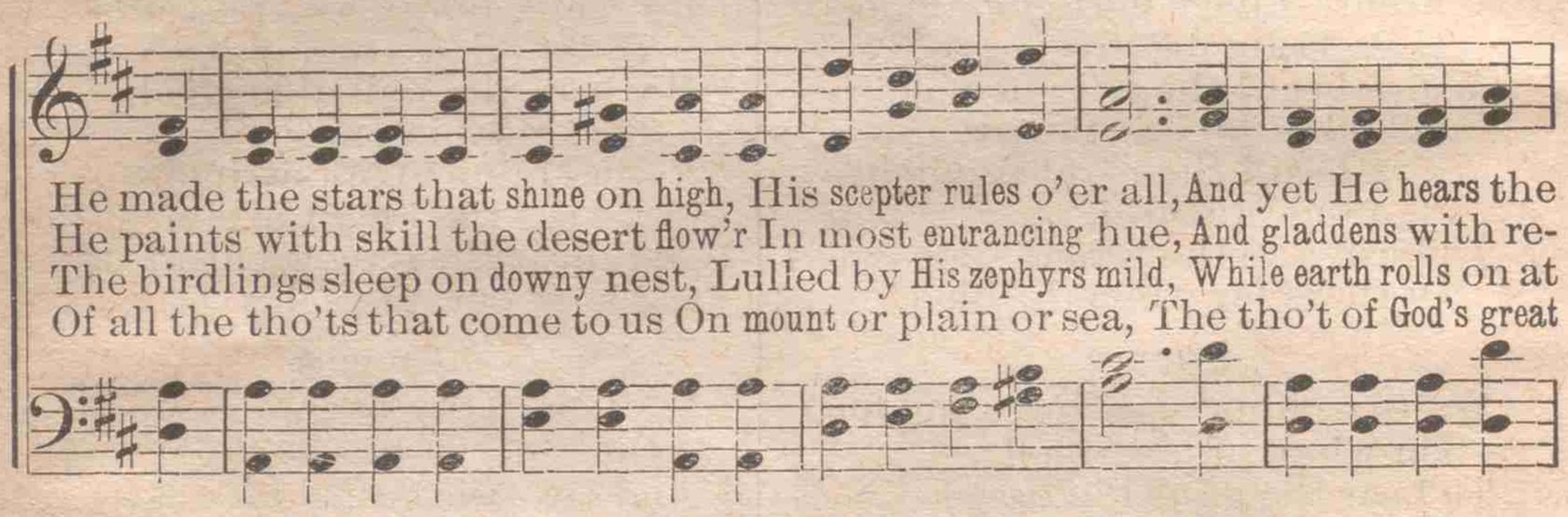
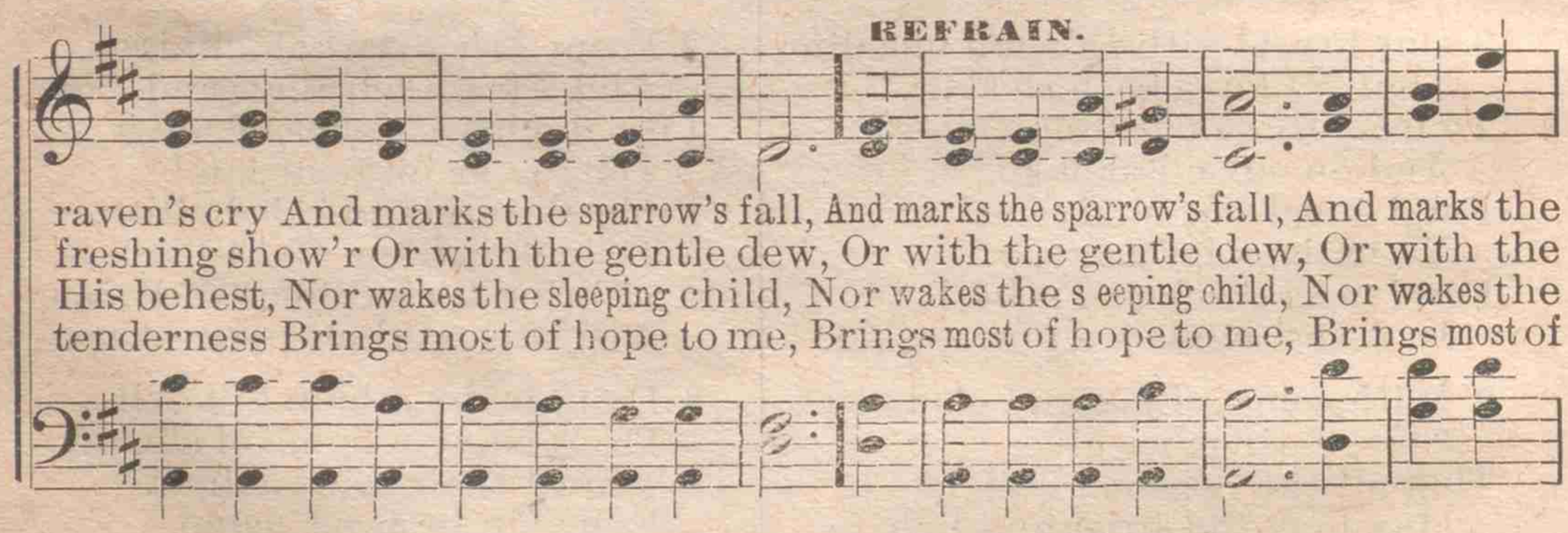
4 Glad tidings of salvation
We thus shall speed along,
Till every place of sorrow
Becomes a place of song;
Till slaves of vice and folly
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And claim His great salvation,
And crown Him Lord of all.

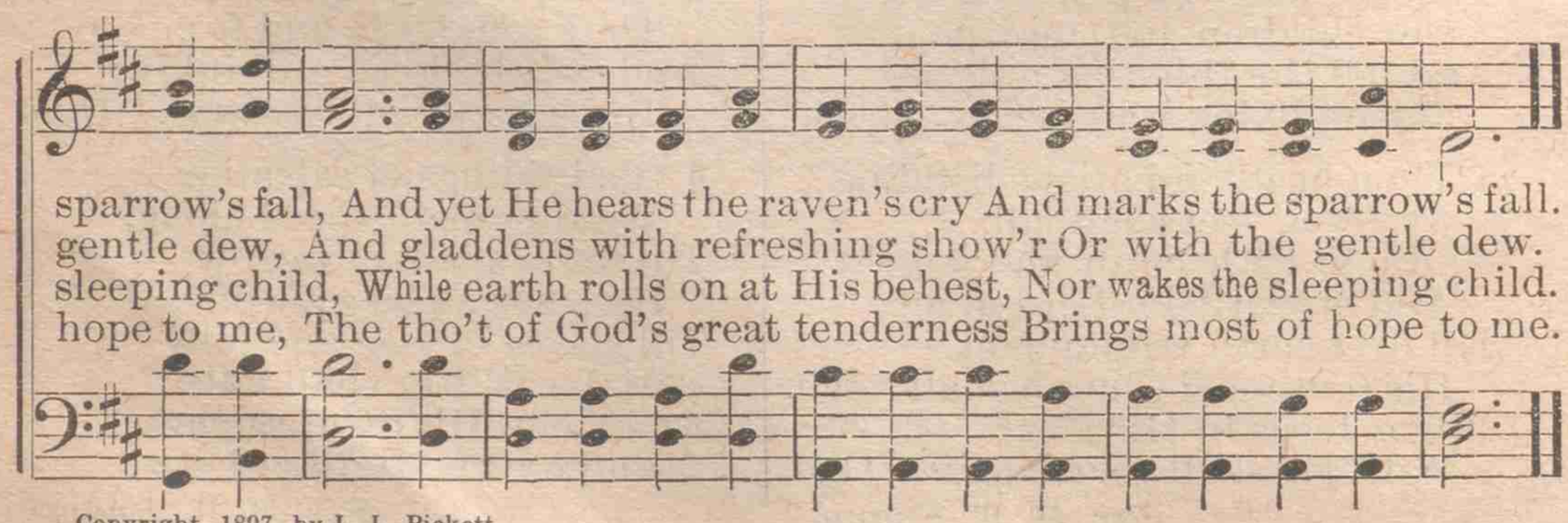
Rev. M. W. Knapp.

No. 160. THE TENDERNESS OF GOD.

B. F. AUSTIN. "The Lord is very faithful and of tender mercy."—Jas. 5: 11. L. L. PICKETT.







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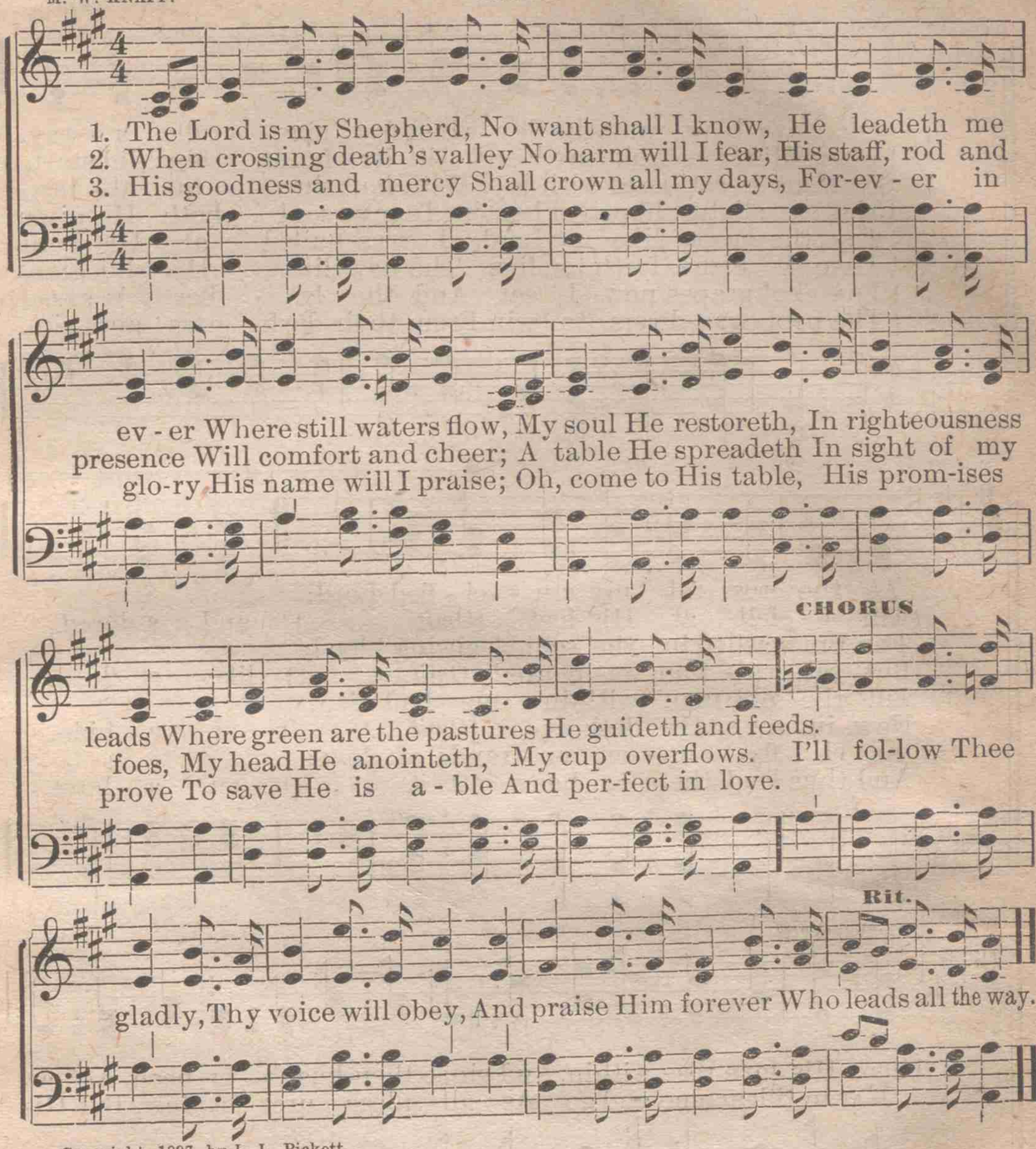
No. 161. I'LL FOLLOW HIM GLADLY.

M. W. KNAPP. Psalm 23. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 162. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖:I gave, I gave my life for thee,:‖
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For 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?

F. R. Havergal.

No. 163. AT THE CROSS OF MY LORD.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, how blest was the day when my sins rolled a - way,
There His face broke my heart, Till its fount - ains did start,

2. Now my heart beats with joy, With no sin to al - loy,
Not a slight "hope" of heav'n, To my soul hath He giv'n,

3. To the cross like my Lord, I was nailed at His word,
Then I came forth to live The new life He did give,

4. Es - chol grapes now I eat And the la - bor is sweet,
The poor wan-d'rers to win From their dark - ness and sin,

1 2

At the cross of my cru - ci - fied Lord;
Till I fell at His feet (*Omit* . . .) and a-dored.
For I'm washed in the soul-cleansing blood;
But sal - va - tion was poured (*Omit.* . . .) like a flood.
Till the "old man" with-in me had died;
Now in me He doth ev- (*Omit.* . . .) er a - bide.
As I fly up - on er - rands of love;
And thus lead them to heav- (*Omit.* . . .) en a - bove.

CHORUS

There His love rose within, And since then has ev - er been As a
O- cean tides come and go As all pleas - ures be - low, But His

1 2

fount-ain of life to my soul;
(*Omit.* . . . . . .) love-bil - lows ev - er shall roll.

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164. ENTER BY THE BLOOD.

Tune: "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."
Rev. J. B. FOOTE.

1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Beyond the second veil
Pure Love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

165. WHEN CHRISTIANS VOTE AS THEY PRAY.

Tune: "SWEET BYE AND BYE."—Key of G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

Cho.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In the sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses, tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies.
In their daring to vote for the right.

166. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

167. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

John vi: 37.
Rev. WM. MCDONALD. By per.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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

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

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

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

No. 168. CONSECRATION.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL. By per.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

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

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

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

REFRAIN.

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

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Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H Price 5 cents May also be ordered through the publisher of this book.

CONSECRATION. Concluded.

Rit.

I'il say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

No. 169. THE LORD IS MY ROCK.

L. L. P.

Written the first day of 1897. Psalm 18.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. "I will love Thee, O my Lord, my strength," My fortress so strong, so sure;
2. God is near me by day and night, In mer-cy to guide my way;
3. He is worthy of all my praise, Who heareth my plaintive cry,
4. He doth gird me with holy strength, And maketh a per-fect way;

Thou art my buckler and my high tow'r, Here hiding I am se-cure.
When foes surround me and fears arise, He driveth them all a-way.
Je-ho-vah-Jireh* His name is called, He reigneth in earth and sky.
For weary trav'lers o'er earth's drear waste, To regions of end-less day.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my rock, so safe, so sure, My refuge in ev-'ry blast;

In Him I will hide when dangers come On him all my care will cast.

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*"The Lord will provide."—Gen. 22: 14.

No. 170. HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH:

S. G. SMITH. By per.

1. Hear the shout of tri-umph, Hear the might - y song, Fill - ing earth and heav - en,
2. Ma - ny were the bat - tles, Con-stant was the strife, Fierce the rag - ing con - flicts,
3. Onward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small; Je - sus is our Lead - er,

As it rolls a - long, Like the roar of o - cean,
In their earth-ly life; Yet they nev - er fal-tered,
Ev - 'ry foe must fall. Then we 'll join the ran-somed

Breaking on the shore, Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Now and ev - er-more.
For the Lord was strong; He was rock and for-tress, Vic - to - ry and song.
On the oth - er shore; Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Sing-ing ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Hear ye the cry, ...
Hear the cry of vic - to - ry as we pass a - long,

Hear ye the cry, hear ye the cry, Vic - t'ry thro' the Sav - iour,

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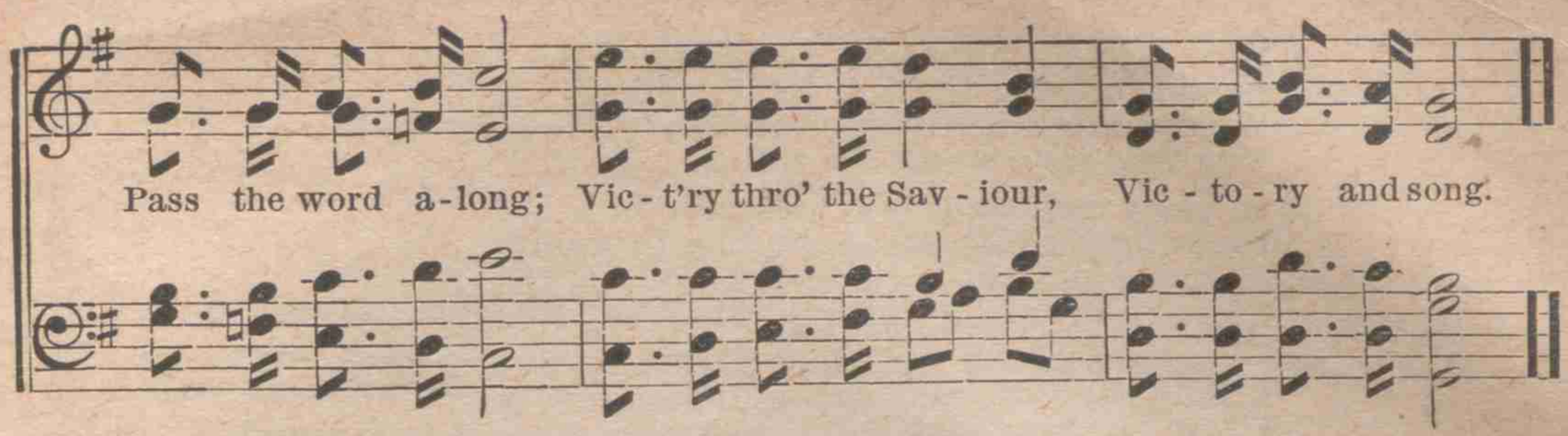
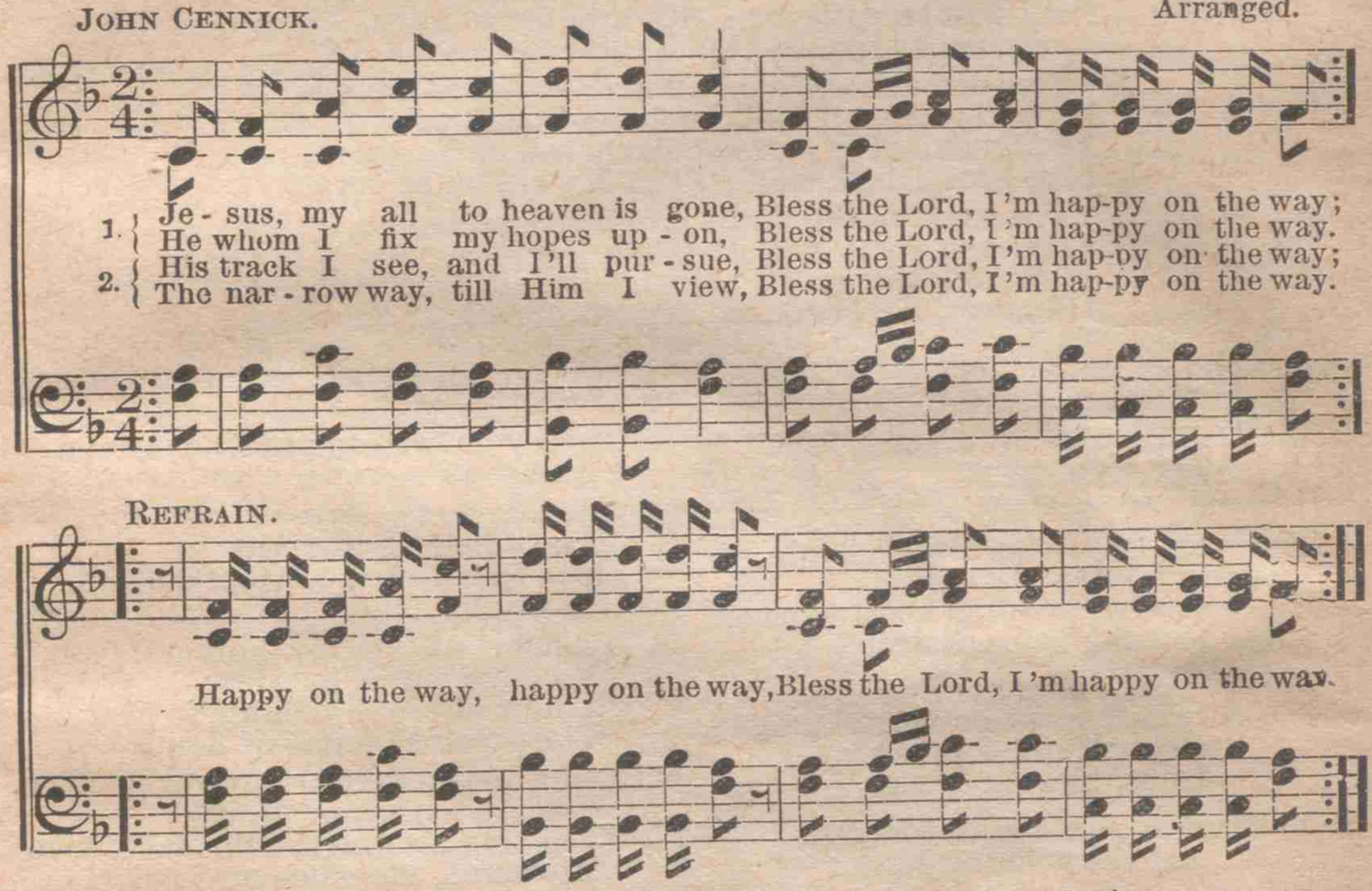
HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH. Concluded.

No. 171. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

JOHN CENNICK. Arranged.



3 The way the holy prophets went,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The road that leads from banishment,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 The King's highway of holiness,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And mourned because I found it not,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 My grief a burden long has been,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

7 The more I strove against its power,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And say, "Behold the way to God,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 172. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

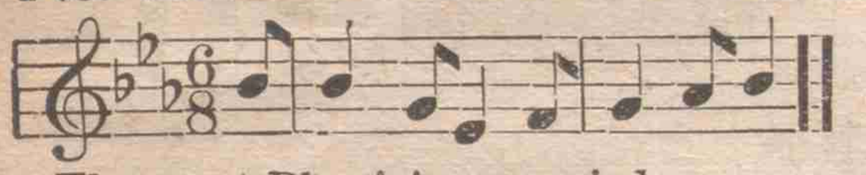
2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 173. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

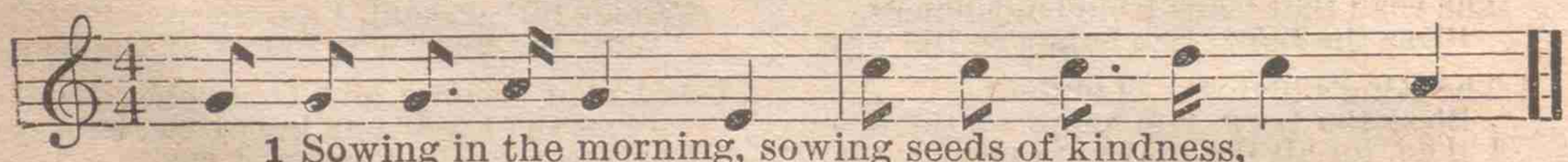
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

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

5 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.

No. 174. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 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.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though 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.

No. 175. WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

"If we walk in the light."—1 John 1. Arr. by L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no more of night I now dwell. This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
2. I have glory for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we shall arise, Pure and white. I shall then with Jesus reign, And eternal honor gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight. Jesus saves day by day, Sweetly
3. I have angel food to eat And no honey is so sweet, It is most delicious meat To the soul. On His promise I abide And my soul is satisfied, For I feel the crimson tide O'er me roll.
4. I have garments wrought with gold, And their value is untold, They have neither moth or mould, Bless the Lord. I have jewels rich and rare, And a mansion bright and fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

CHORUS.

keeps all the way, All my burdens He bears, Ev'ry care; Soon I'll lay my armor down And at Jesus' feet sit down And receive a starry crown Over there.

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No. 176. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

JOHN NEWTON. Hab. 3: 17, 18. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers affright, Tho' friends should all fail,and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, what-ev - er be-tide, The
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread, His saints,what is fit - ting, shall ne'er be de-nied, So
3. When Sa - tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with fears, we tri-umph by faith; He can - not take from us, tho' oft he has tried, The
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our gra - ces have tried,This
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; Our trust is all thrown on Je-sus' great name: In this our strong tow-er for safe - ty we hide; The
6. When life sinks a-pace, and death is in view, The word of His grace shall com-fort us thro': Not fear - ing or doubting, with Christ on our side, We

CHORUS

prom-ise assures us,—the Lord will provide.
long as 'tis written,—the Lord will provide.
heart-cheering promise, -the Lord will provide. So I will re-joice, re-
answers all questions,—the Lord will provide.
Lord is our pow-er,—the Lord will provide.
hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide.

joice in the Lord, Yes, I will rejoice, And trust in His word; His promise is sure what-ev - er be - tide, We'll trust in the Lord and He will provide.

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No. 177.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

"London Hymn Book." A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou have first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,

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

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

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

No. 178. LET ME REST.

H. BONAR. "Shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

1. In the shadow of the Rock let me rest, ... When I
2. On the parched and desert way where I tread . . . . With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see . . . . That the

1. In the shadow of the Rock let me
2. On the parched and desert way where I tread
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, till I see That the

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, All in
scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, That the

rest, ... When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my
With the scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head,
skies a-gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, ... And my
find a wel-come shade cool and still, ... And my
burning heats are past and the day . . . . . Bids the

breast, ... All in vain the storm shall sweep While I
Let me find a welcome shade cool and still,
burning heats are past and the day, and the day Bids the

CHORUS.

tranquil vig-il keep by Thy side.
weary steps be stayed by Thy will. In the shadow of the
trav-el - er at last go His way.

hide . . . . . by Thy side. . . .
And my weary steps be stayed by Thy will.
trav-el-er at last go His way, go His way.

LET ME REST. Concluded.

Rock let me rest, In the shadow of the Rock let me rest, When I

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the Rock let me rest.

No. 179. ROOM FOR JESUS.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke. 2: 7. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

DUET. Soprano and Alto

1. Oh, plod - ding life! Crowded so full Of earth - ly toil and
2. Oh, bus - y hand! by night and day, Toiling with pa-tience
3. Oh, throbbing heart! so quick to feel In oth - ers' woes a
4. *Oh, sin - ful soul! Thus to debase The be - ing God doth
5. Lest soon the bit-ter day shall come When vain will be thy

care! The bod - y's dai - ly need receives The first and
rare, Problems of worldly loss or gain, Thinking till
share, Yet hu - man love each pow'r enthrald, And sor - did
spare! Blood-bought thou art! no more thine own, Heart, brain, and
pray'r, To find in Je - sus' heart a place: For - ev - er

last con - cerns, and leaves No room for Je - sus there.
thought be - comes a pain— No room for Je - sus there.
pleas-ures fill it all— No room for Je - sus there.
life are His a - lone, Make room for Je - sus there.
closed the day of grace, Thou'lt gain no en-trance there.

REFRAIN

1 2

No room, no room No room for Jesus there; room for Jesus there.
No room, no room for Jesus,
Last Cho. Make room, make room for Jesus,

*Omit chorus between 4th & 5th verses.

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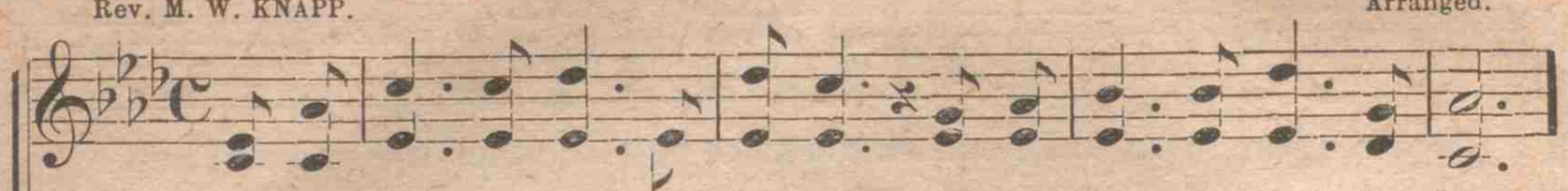
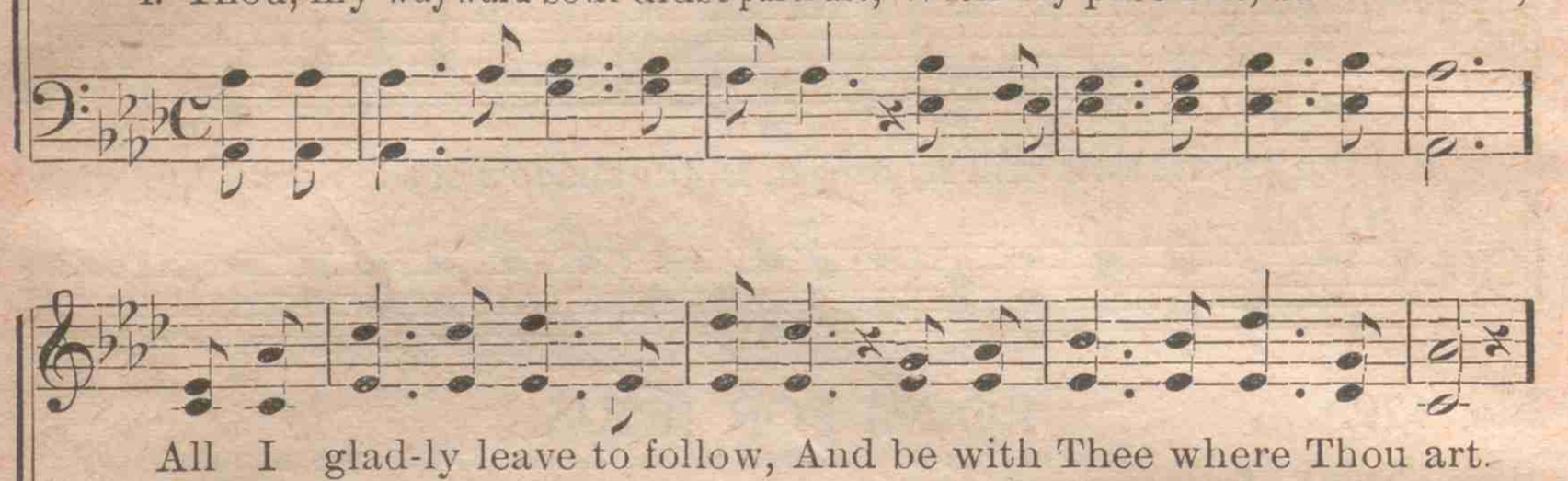
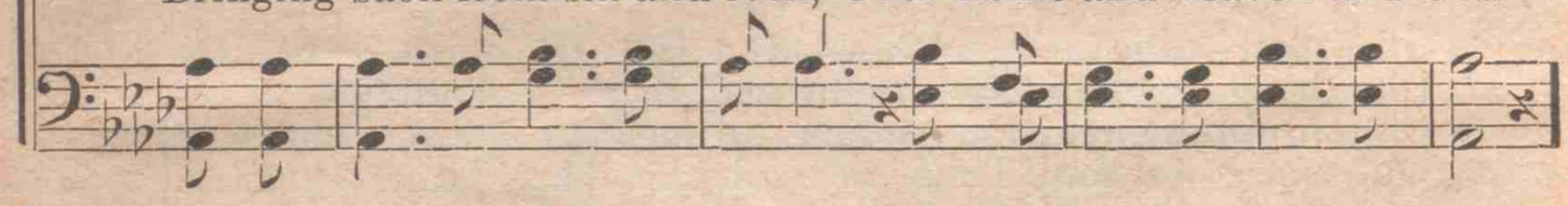
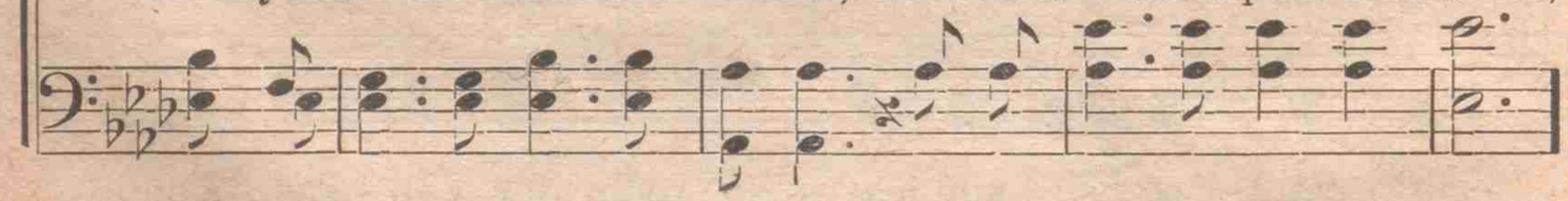
No. 180. JESUS, SAVIOUR, I ADORE THEE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. Je-sus, Saviour, I adore Thee, Thou hast won my wand'ring heart;
2. Glorious hope of Thy appearing, Cheers and comforts day and night,
3. Peace that passeth understanding, Gift of love from Thee is mine,
4. Thou, my wayward soul didst purchase, With Thy precious, sacred blood,



All I glad-ly leave to follow, And be with Thee where Thou art.
Earthly loves and friends and day-dreams, Pale before Thy dazzling light,
Thou art more than all Thy blessings, Thou art mine and I am Thine.
Bringing back from sin and ruin, Unto home and heaven and God.

Thou art fair - est of the lovely, King and Bridegroom of my soul,
So I work and wait with patience, Happy in Thy per-fect love,
I dis-dain all worldly rivals That would win my soul from Thee,
Sin my soul had wrecked and blackened, Thou didst wash it pure and white,

When Thou speakest waves of gladness And of rapture o'er me roll.
Pointing those who blindly stumble, To the cross and heav'n a-bove.
Thine my tru - est, best af - fections, Now and ev - ermore shall be.
And wilt bear me up to glo - ry In Thy ev - er - last-ing light.

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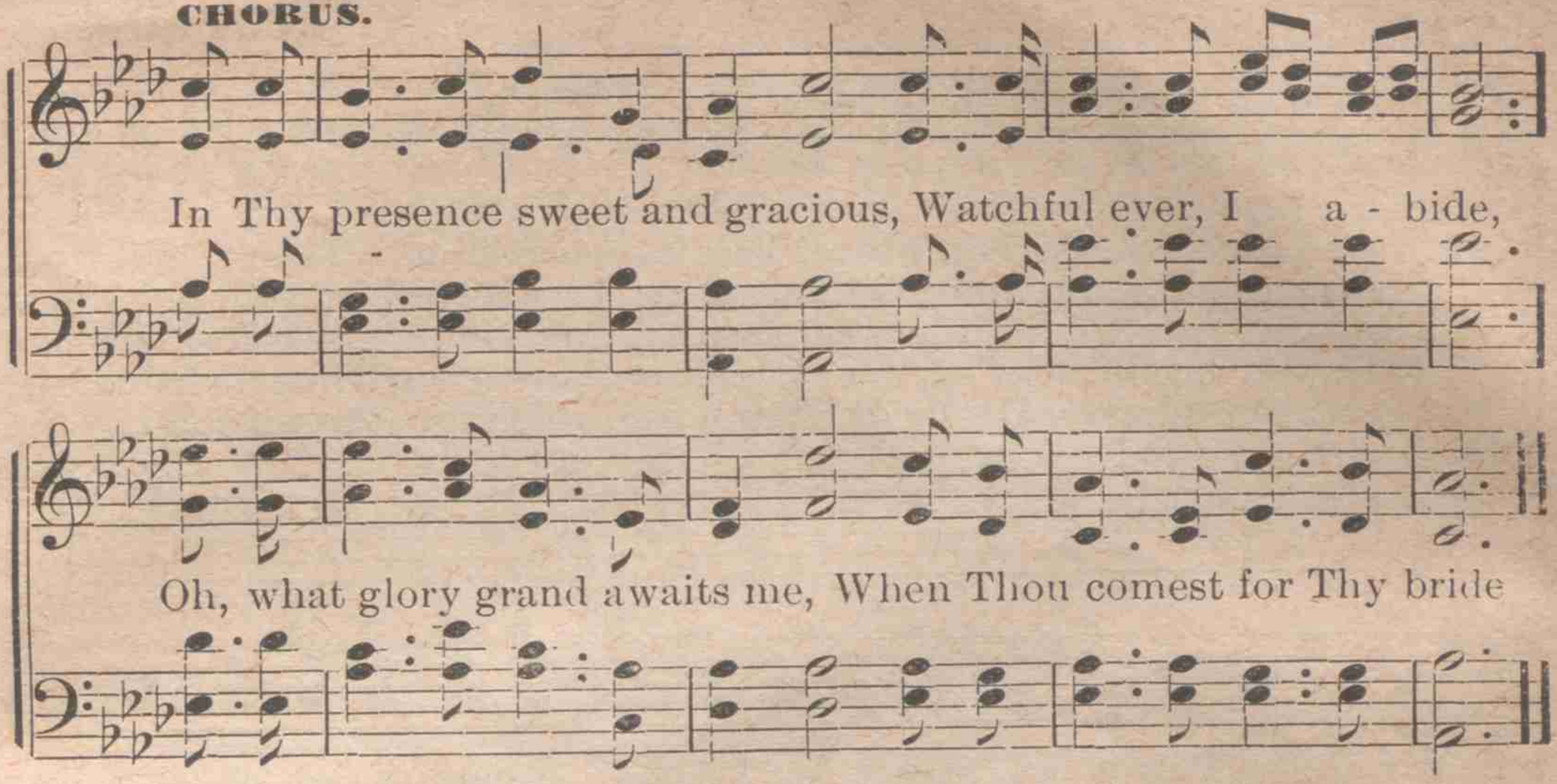
JESUS, SAVIOUR, I ADORE THEE. Concluded.

CHORUS.



181. Jesus, I My Cross.

Above tune.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Poor, despised, by friends forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

CHORUS.

Soon my Saviour, King, will call me,
To His mansions bright and fair,
Where no evil can befall me,
There His glory I shall share.

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

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me.
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte. Cho. by M. W. K.

182. Shall We Meet?

A♭.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 183. PASS IT ON.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you felt the Saviour's love? Pass it on, pass it on; 'Tis a gift from
2. Have you had your Pentecost? Pass it on, pass it on; Lest your neighbors
3. Have you searched the Holy Word? Pass it on, pass it on; Sweetest message
4. Have you felt the heav'nly fire? Pass it on, pass it on; Thus its flame will
5. Christ is coming for His Bride, Pass it on, pass it on; Crowned shall be the

heav'n above, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell to others as they go That its
should be lost, Pass it on, pass it on; It doth cleanse the heart from sin, And the
ev-er heard, Pass it on, pass it on; Search its pages day by day, It will
rise yet high'r, Pass it on, pass it on; Faith adds fu-el to this flame, Trust in
cru-ci-fied, Pass it on, pass it on; Soon with might He shall appear, Sound the

fulness they may know, Shout the tidings here below, Pass it on, pass it on.
Saviour crown within, Helping precious souls to win, Pass it on, pass it on.
help you on your way, And will be your strength and stay, Pass it on, pass it on.
Je-sus' ho-ly name, For His love is just the same, Pass it on, pass it on.
tidings far and near, Till the startled nations hear, Pass it on, pass it on.

CHORUS

Pass it on, (pass it on,) pass it on, (pass it on,) Speed the tidings

as you go, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell the message far and wide, Of the

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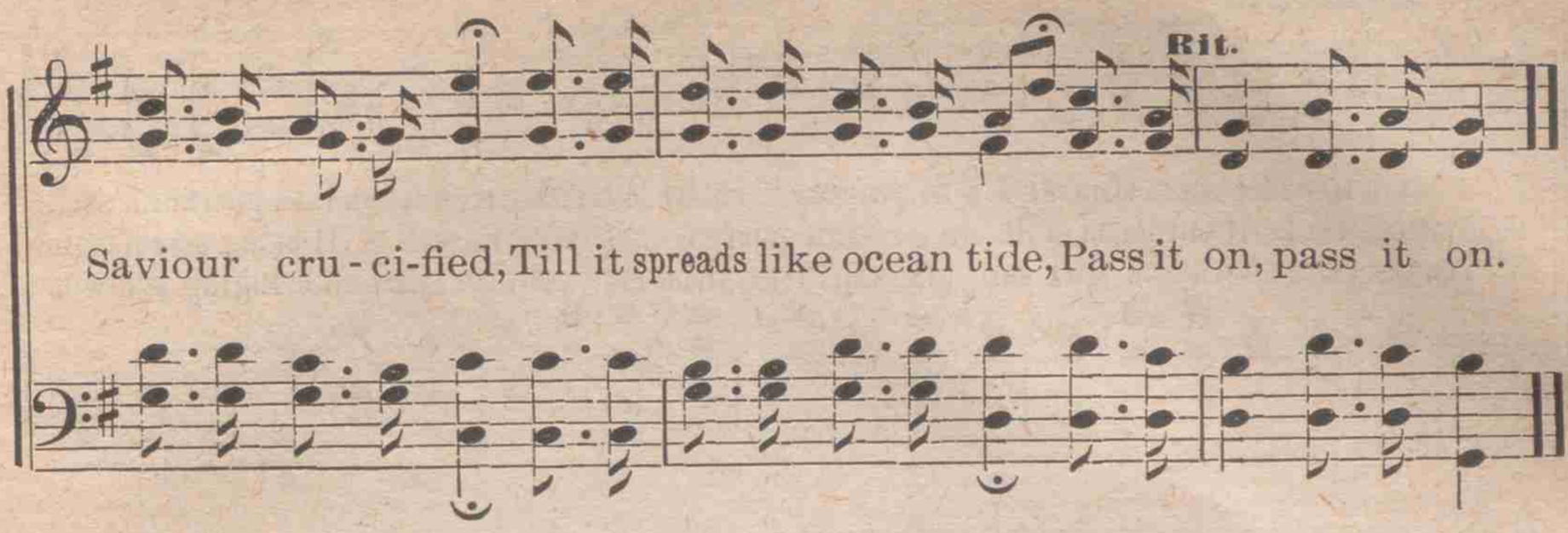
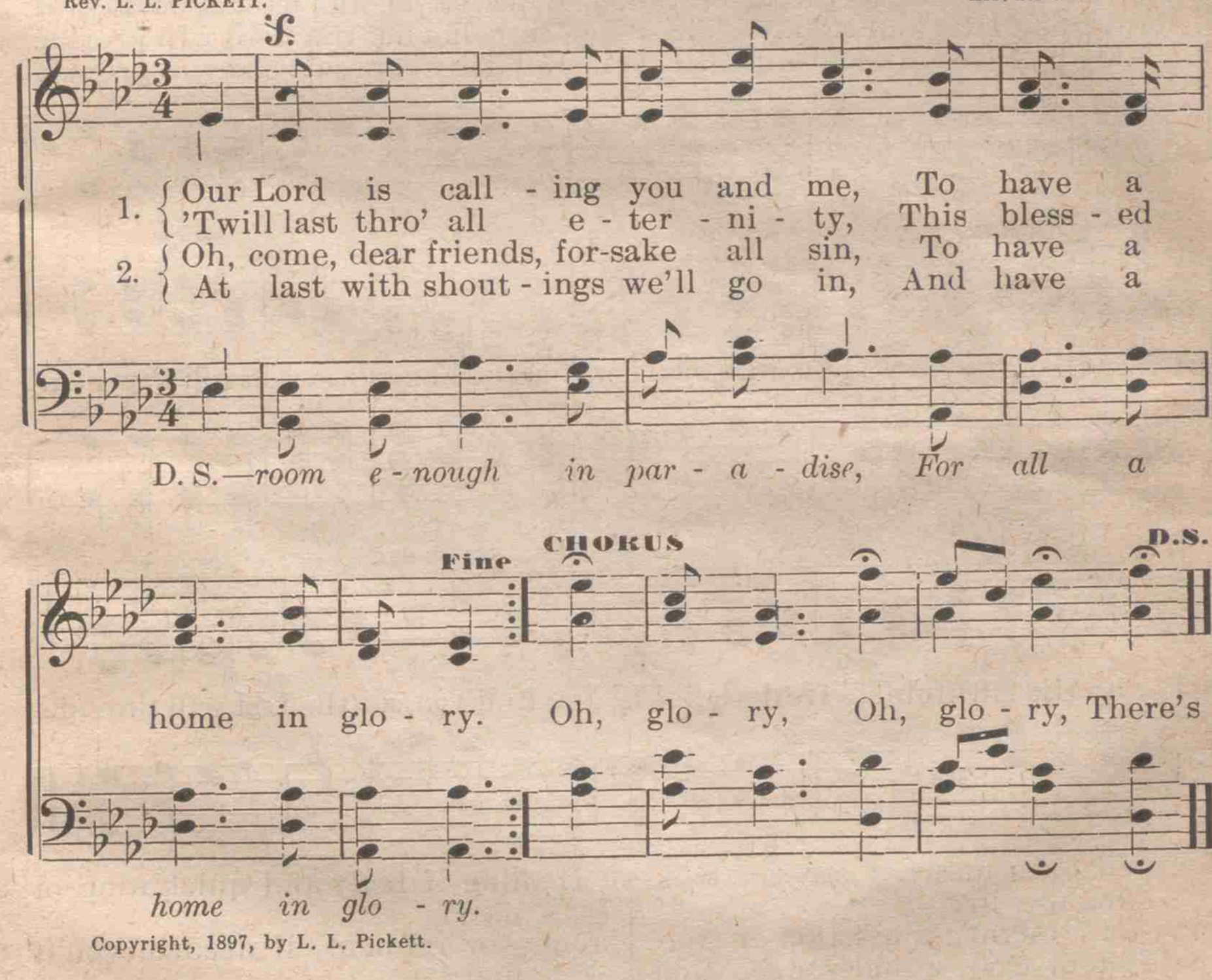
PASS IT ON. Concluded.



Saviour cru - ci-fied, Till it spreads like ocean tide, Pass it on, pass it on.

No. 184. A HOME IN GLORY.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. for this work



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3 So many holy ones have gone
To have a home in glory;
They beckon us to follow on
And have a home in glory.

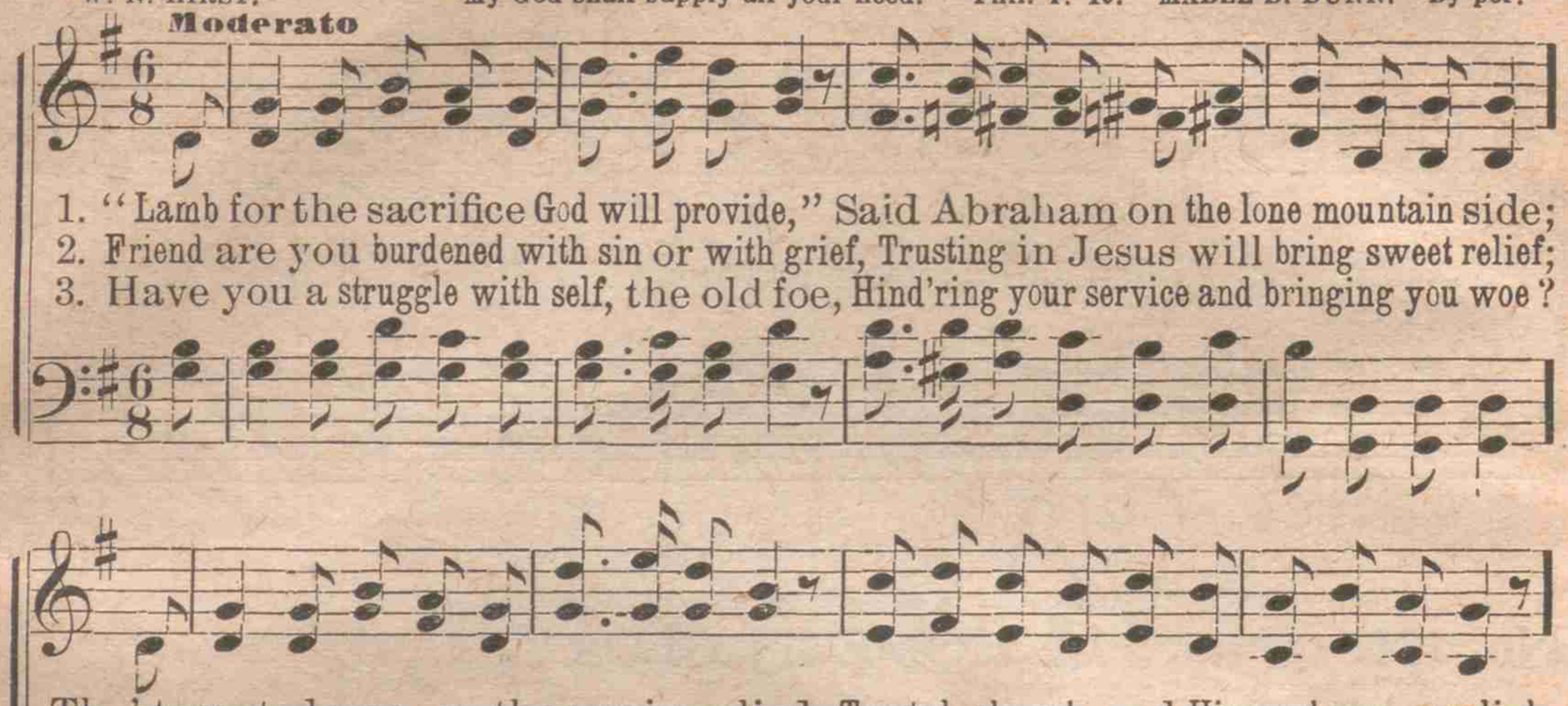
4 The prophets faithful to our God
All have a home in glory;
Oh, let us tread the paths they trod
And have a home in glory.

5 The way is straight and narrow, too,
To that bright home in glory;
But all who will may travel through,
And reach that home in glory.

6 Oh, come to-day and join our band
To have a home in glory;
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand
And share that home in glory.

No. 185. ALL NEEDS SUPPLIED.

W. N. HIRST. "My God shall supply all your need."—Phil. 4: 19. MABEL B. DUNN. By per.



4 Loved ones unsaved, are you seeking to win?
Pray for a mighty conviction of sin.
Children of God, would you see sanctified?
Pray and believe, for the Lord will provide.

5 Wisdom and guidance you need in the fight;
Honor the Spirit, He giveth thee light;
Follow the Word, in its counsels confide,
Trust in this promise, "The Lord will provide."

6 Healing of body and quick'ning of mind,
Money or raiment, if needed, you'll find;
True is this promise, whatever betide,
Glory to Jesus! the Lord will provide.

7 Friends may forsake! hallelujah! Amen!
Jesus will nearer and dearer be then;
Though some may scorn thee, and others deride,
Shout, "Hallelujah! the Lord will provide."

No. 186. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. —John 14: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

f.

ev - er human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast; As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D. S. *Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings*

Fine

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

round, Wherev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D S

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

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 187. THE COMFORTER ABIDES.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Com-
M. W. KNAPP. forter, that He may abide with you for ever."—John 14; 15, 16. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The Com - fort - er a-bides, He to my soul has come, With-
2. The Com - fort - er a-bides, Tho' friends may faithless prove, My
3. The Com - fort - er a-bides, And gra-cious gifts be - stows, My
4. The Com - fort - er a-bides, And shall for ev - er - more, Him

in me He re - sides, He makes my heart His home. He comforts
heart in Him con-fides, He fills with per-fect love. When tempests
soul within Him hides, My heart with praise o'erflows. His fruits with-
I o - bey and trust, And worship and a - dore. Tho' feel - ings

guides and cheers, And puri - fies from sin, Dis - pell - ing all my fears,
rage a-round, He keeps in perfect peace, And bids each angry wave
in abound, Strange mira-cle of grace, That He should stoop to dwell
ebb and flow, He al-ways is the same, How bless-ed this to know

CHORUS.

He sweet - ly dwells with-in.
And threat'ning storm to cease. The Com-fort - er a - bides, The
In such a low - ly place.
All glo - ry to the Lamb.

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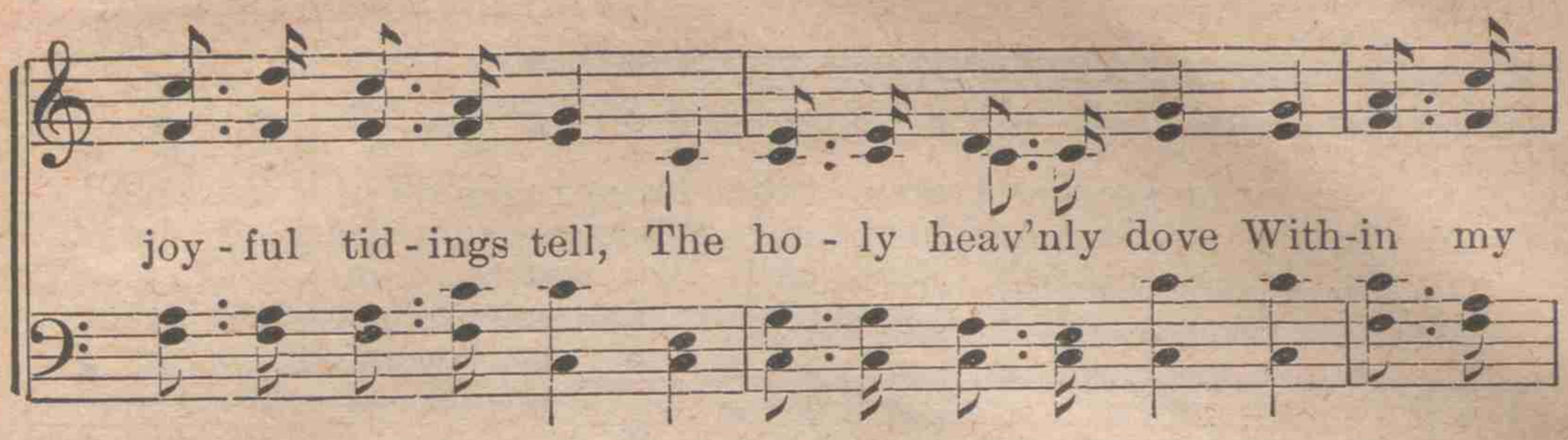
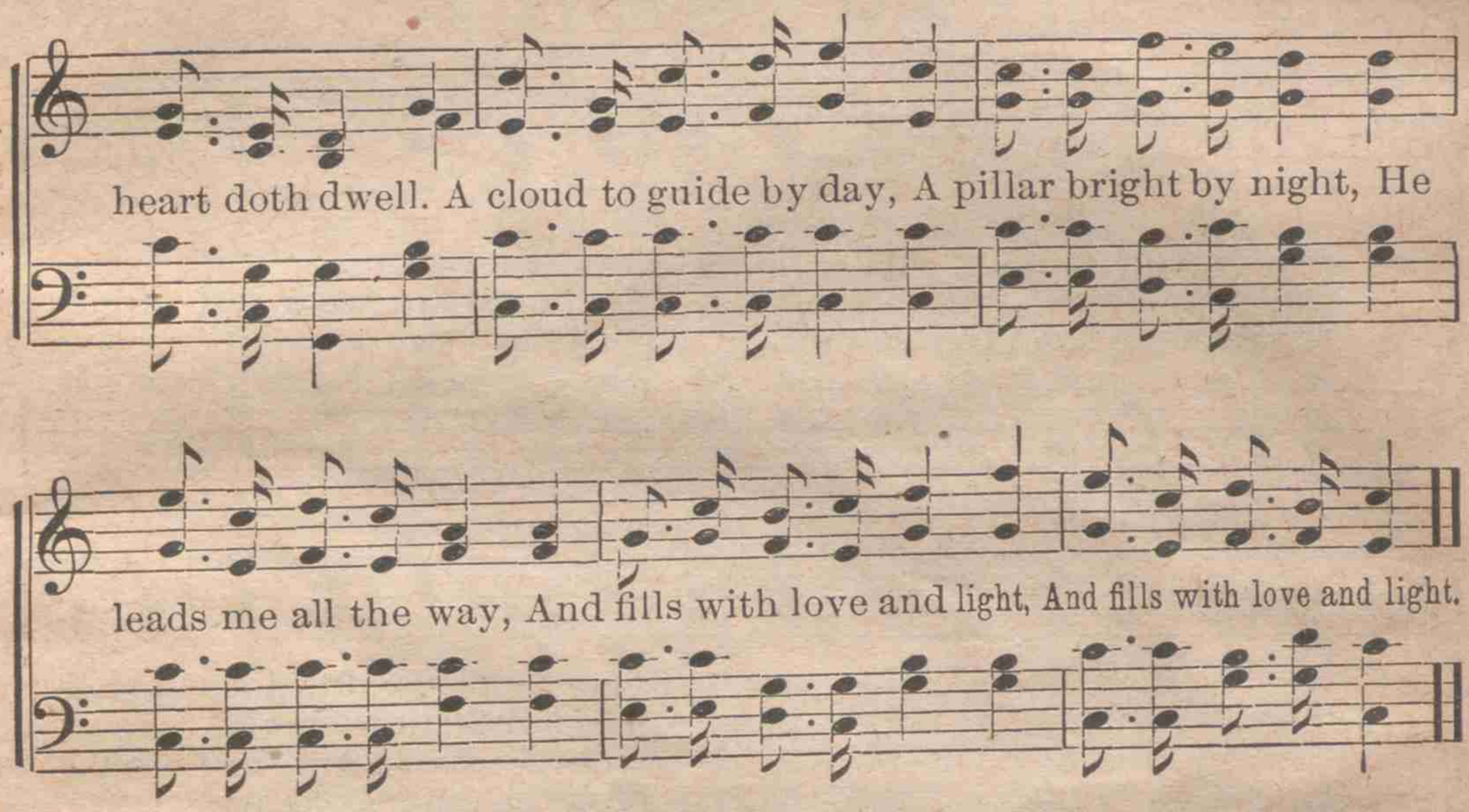




No. 188. THE COMFORTER HAS COME. No. 2.

Tune—No. 187, The Comforter Abides.

1 The Comforter has come,
The promised heavenly guest,
To all believers fill
With perfect peace and rest;
A rest from pride and fear
And all the carnal mind,
Transforming like our Lord,
Serene and calm and kind.

CHORUS.

The Comforter has come!
Our hearts with praises ring,
Angels with us unite
While earth and heaven sing:
"The Comforter has come!
All praise to God above,
He on believers falls
And fills with perfect love."

2 The Comforter has come,
The "power from on high,"
That holy might imparts
For Christ to do or die;
He needed boldness lends,
The threatening foe to face,
And gracious unction gives
And boundless streams of grace.

3 The Comforter has come
To secret things reveal,
To guide into all truth
And all our sorrows heal;
He dwells within our hearts,
A ceaseless fountain there
Of joy and peace and praise,
Of patience, love and prayer.

4 The Comforter has come,
Our bridal robes to give,
That we may be prepared
To die or humbly live.
That when the Bridegroom comes
All ready we may be,
And meet Him in the sky
And all His glory see.

M. W. Knapp.

No. 189. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Chorus by J. C. BATEMAN. Arr. from an English Melody by J. H. TENNEY.

1. A crim-son stream is flow - ing From rug-ged Cal - va - ry,
2. There is a stream of heal - ing Whose wa-ters clear and sweet,
3. Oh, stream of love e - ter - nal! Oh, source of pur - i - ty!
4. I long for per-fect cleans-ing; I long for per - fect peace;

A tide of life which cleanses From all im - pur - i - ty;
Are for the wea - ry na - tions, Help - less at Je - sus' feet;
Oh, grace of God a bund - ant! Oh, fount-ain rich and free!
I yearn to have the con - flicts With - in my spir - it cease.

It is the blood of Je - sus, The precious, pre-cious blood,
These wa-ters are re - fresh - ing, A - bund-ant, rich and free,
Flow on and flow for - ev - er, Flow thro' and thro' my soul,
Oh, stream of life e - ter - nal! Flow in and make me free

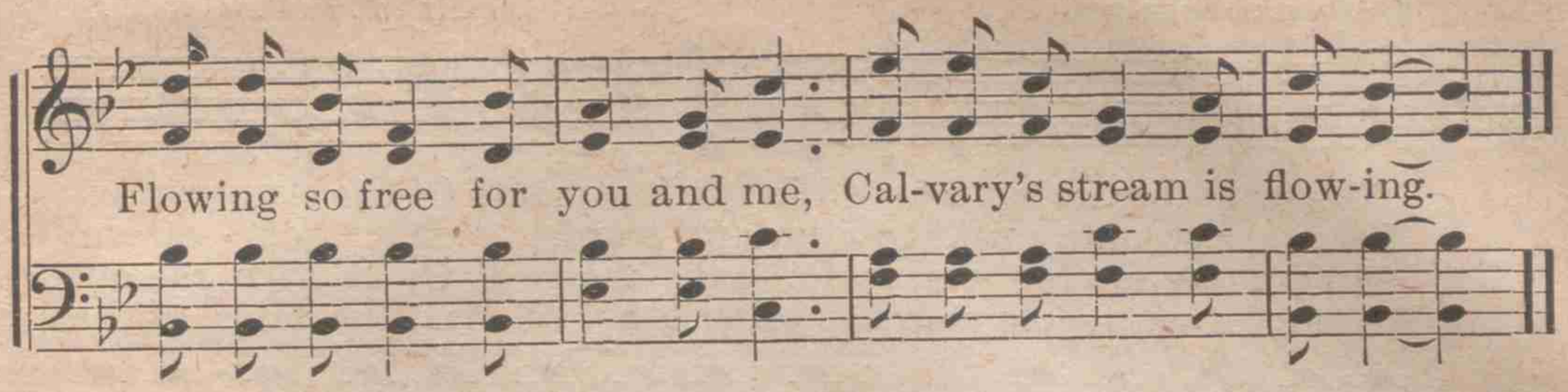
By which our souls are ran-somed, And rec - on-ciled to God. Oh!
Im - parting health e - ter - nal And im - mor-tal - i - ty. Oh!
With power and with cleansing, Till Thou hast made me whole. Oh!
From all that can de - file me, From all im-pur - i - ty. Oh!

CHORUS.

Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing, Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing.

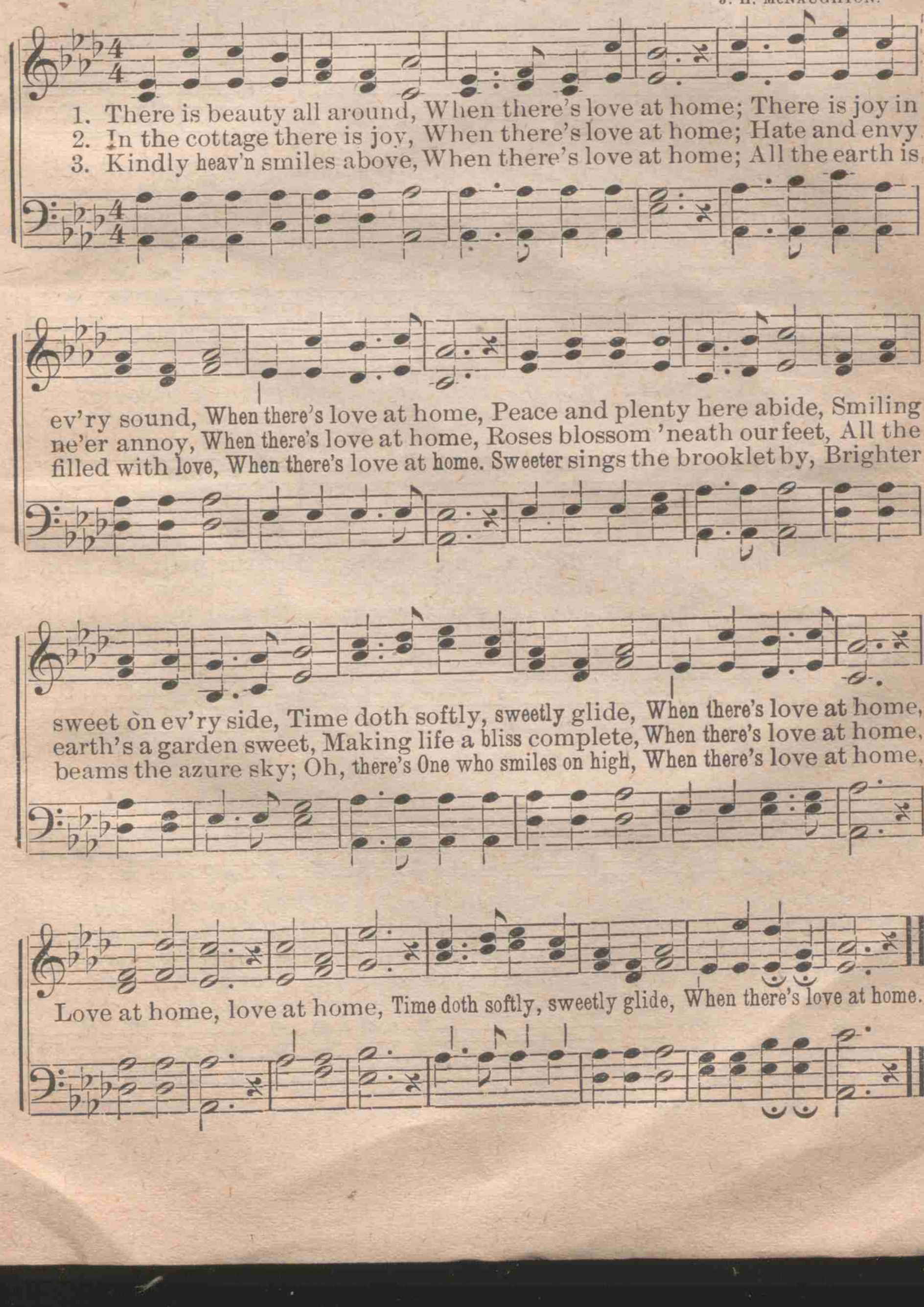
Copyright, 1894, by Henry Date.

CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING. Concluded.



No. 190. LOVE AT HOME. 7s, 5s, & 3s.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.



No. 191. THE END OF THE WAY.

With expression. MRS. F. MCD. HUNTER.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me Or give me one
4. When the last feeble step has been ta-ken And the gates of that

D. C.—*And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the*
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough billows,
long-ing for rest, But He who appoints me my path-way,
tri - al too much, All His peo-ple have been dearly pur-chased,
cit - y ap - pear And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

Fine.

Is heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such; By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en - ing ear. When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

lone Gal-i - lee - an With joy I will fol-low to - day.
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un-end-ing day.
seems so myste - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day.

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No. 192. FEASTING.

B. HELM. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Like slaves in the land of op-pres-sion unblest, In Sa-tan's hard bondage I nev-er found rest;
   For sin's cru-el fet-ters around me were bound Till comfort and freedom in Je-sus I found.
2. The day of sore bondage is end-ed for me, The Li-on of Ju-dah has now set me free;
   The Word and the Spirit now cleanse me within, And can-cel the pow-er of in-dwell-ing sin.
3. My foes once were thicker than stars in the sky, To Je-sus my ref-uge they forced me to fly;
   His might laid them low in the depth of the sea, By grace I am born of His Spir-it and free.
4. My King safe-ly led me the wilderness way, By fire in the night, and by cloud in the day;
   He feeds me with manna from heav-en above, While o'er me was wav-ing His ban-ner of love.
5. I've now entered Canaan, my wand'rings are o'er, My Je-sus, the land doth pos-sess ev-er-more;
   There's rest in its vales and life in its air, For all who its beauty and blessing shall share.

CHORUS

Now I feast with the King
Now I feast with the King
So I feast with the King
So I feast with the King
And I feast with the King
And I feast with the King
While I feast with the King
While I feast with the King
Where I feast with the King
Where I feast with the King

On hon-ey and wine, And joy-ful-ly sing,
On honey, on honey and wine,
For Je-sus is mine, And joy-ful-ly sing, For Je-sus is mine.

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No. 193. THE TOLLING BELLS.

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure."—Isa. 5: 14.

W. A. W. Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

1. Oh, hear the toll-ing of the bells Each sin - gle night and day!
2. Each day a hundred men or more, A-mong them are the great,
3. And so the work of death goes on Throughout our sin-ful race,

A sto - ry sad their mu-sic tells: The dead are borne a-way. We
De-spair-ing quit this earthly shore To share a drunkards fate. And
And when this throng of drunkard's gone, An-oth-er takes its place. They

hear its sol-emn dirge-like tones In-vit-ing to the tomb, They're mingled
al-most ev - 'ry song we sing, A ser-vice at the most, Marks time e-
are the boys who smile and play, With joy our hearts they fill, For whom the

CHORUS Very slow.

pp

with the hopeless moans That speak the drunkard's doom.
nough for bells to ring: "An - oth-er soul is lost." Tolling! tolling! the
bell will toll some day, The vic-tims of the still.

knell of a soul! Toll-ing! toll-ing! the knell of a soul!

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition book.

No. 194. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?")

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,"—Prov. 23: 32.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

W. A. W.

p **Rit.**

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa-loon.

mf

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of ma - ny a light, Beau-ti-ful mu - sic the ear to delight, Down in the
2. Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempted to all that's sin-ful and wrong, List-en-ing to the har-lot's foul song, Down in the
3. Lit - tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break! Think of that boy to-night a sad wreck, Down in the
4. Brother, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the

mp

CHORUS *m*

licensed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in a licensed saloon?

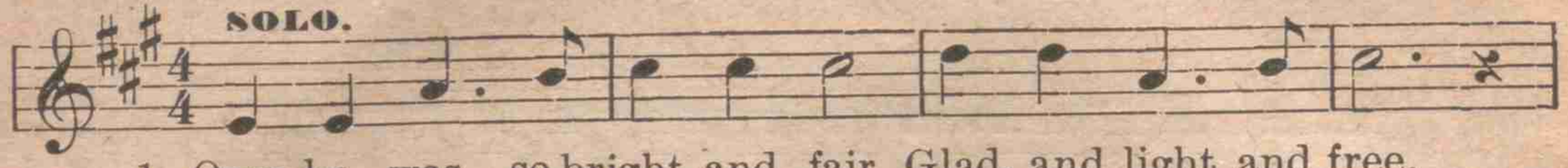
Cres.

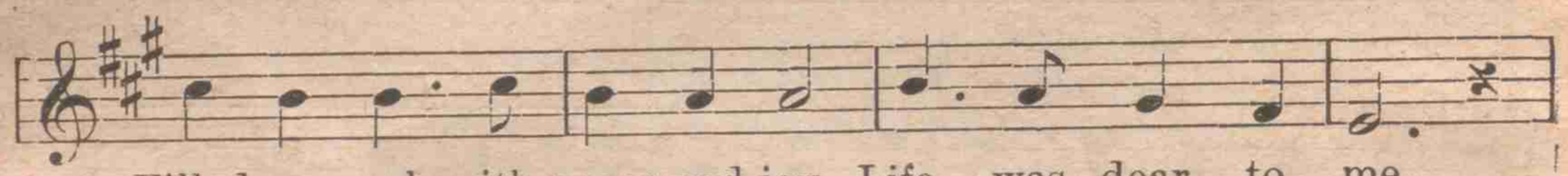
Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition song book published by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

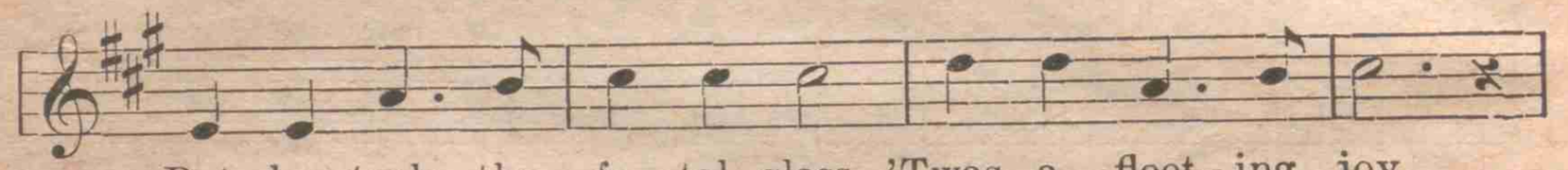
No. 195. SAVE THE BOY!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. W. WARREN BENTLY.

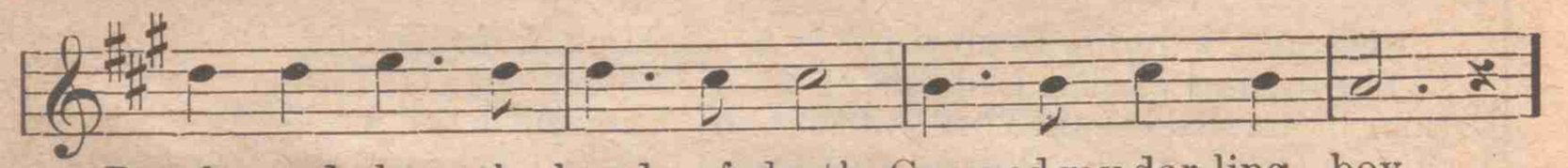
SOLO.



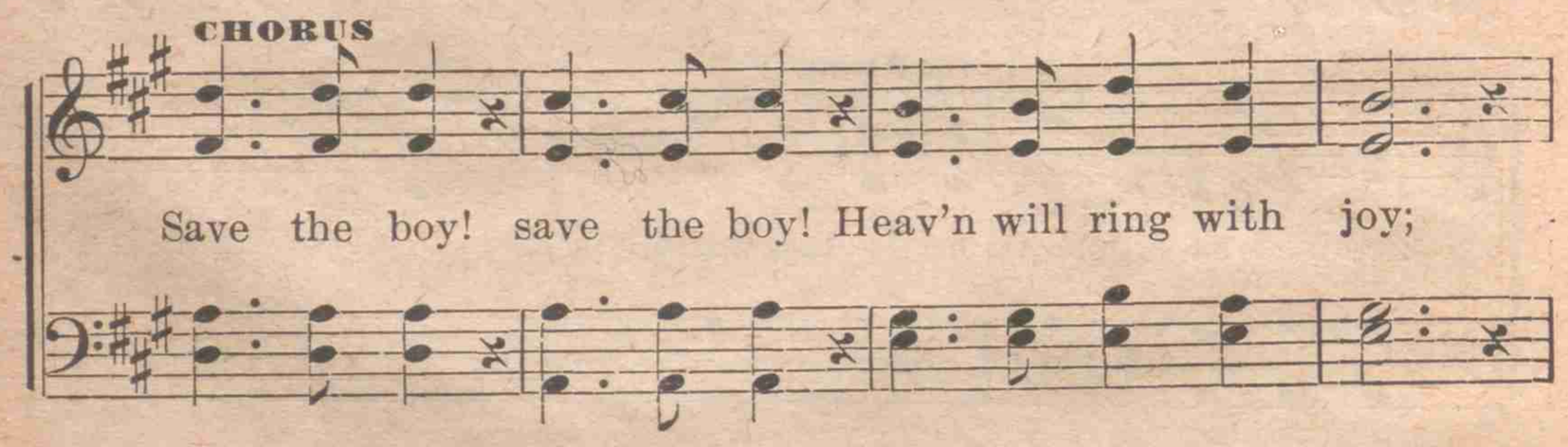
1. Once he was so bright and fair, Glad, and light and free,
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunned the tempter's pow'r,
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pride,
4. Tell him tho' he's wandered far, Love can nev - er die,

Filled my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm-ly stood, Till that dread-ful hour;
Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side;
Lives in hope of his re-turn, Looks with pa - tient eye;

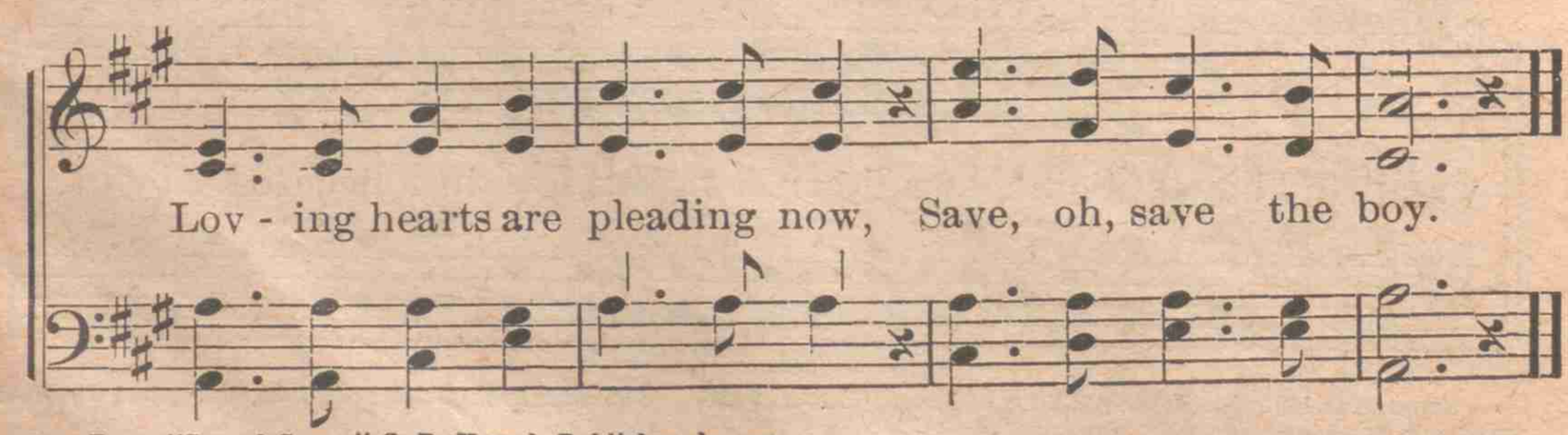


But he took the fa - tal glass, 'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seemed without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for-sakes Home with all its joy,
Lov - ing hearts have pleaded long, Prayed for light and joy,



Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasped my dar-ling boy.
Fair the hand that cap - tive led, My poor wand'ring boy.
Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh, save my boy.
Keep-ing still a wel-come there For the wand'ring boy.

CHORUS

Save the boy! save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy;

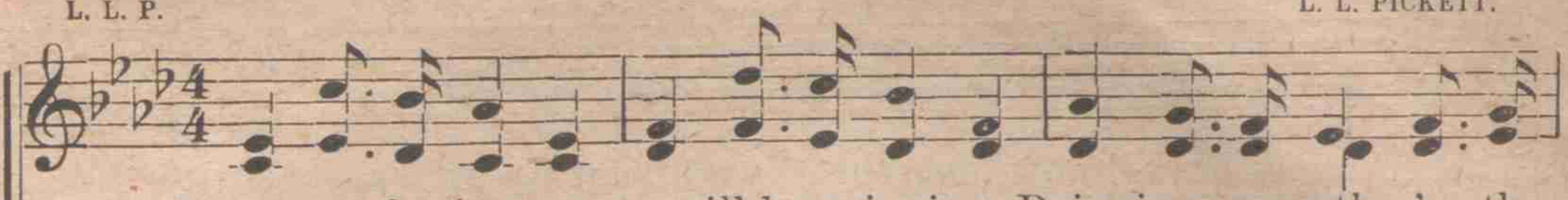
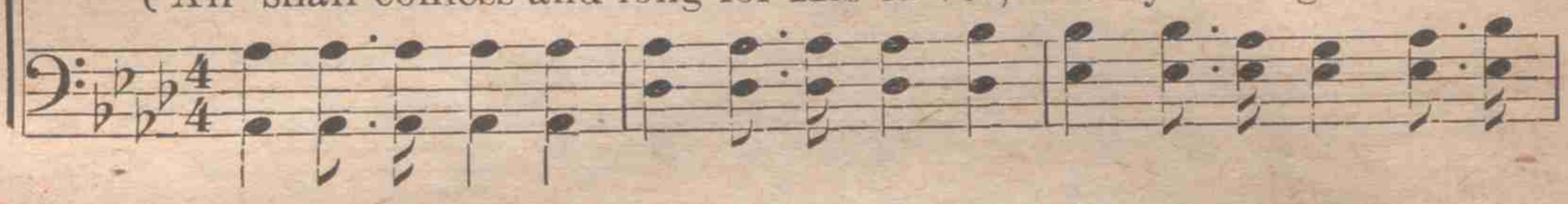
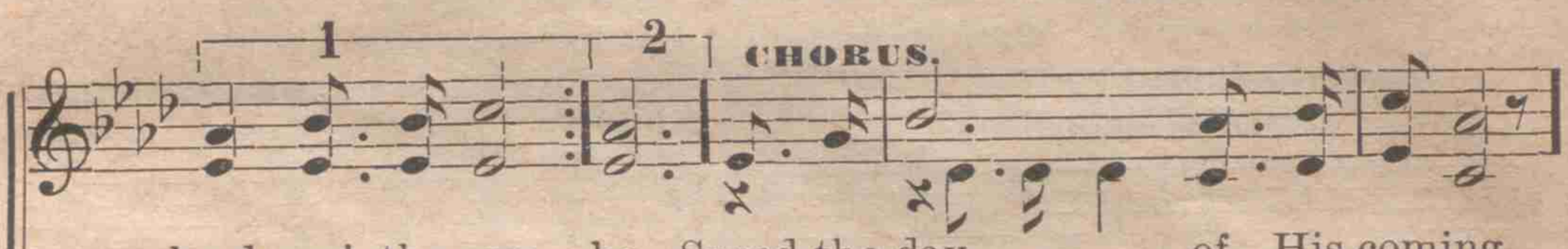
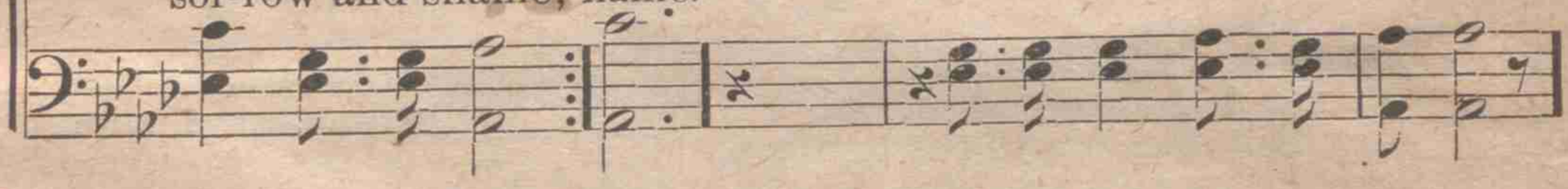
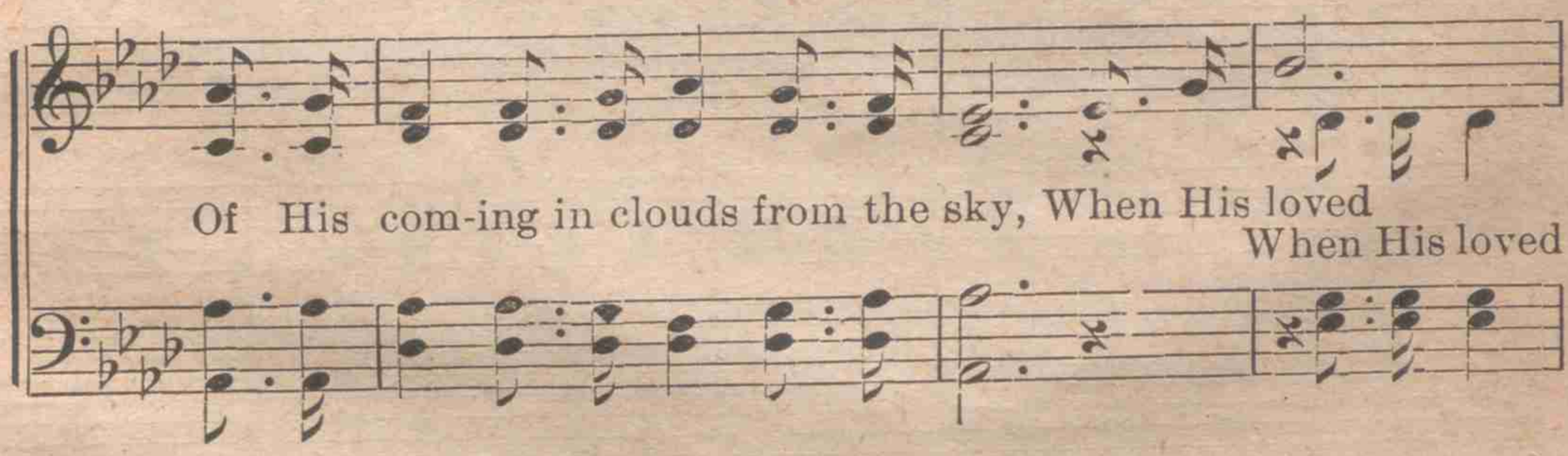


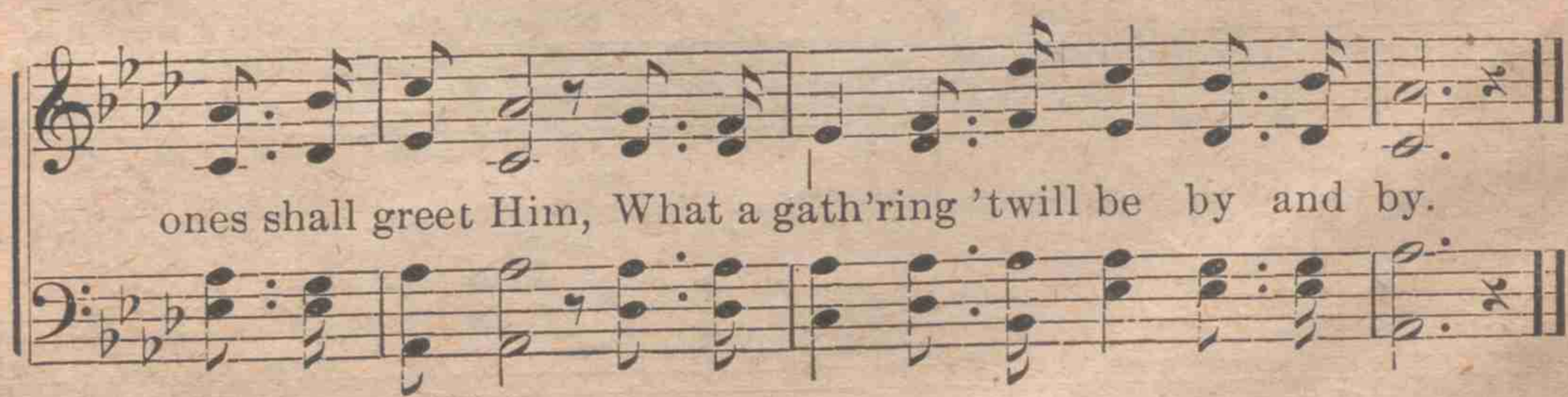
Lov - ing hearts are pleading now, Save, oh, save the boy.

From "Gospel Gems," S. D. Kassel, Publisher, by per.

No. 196. SPEED THE DAY.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. 22: 20.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, soon will be reigning, Reigning on earth o'er the
   Nations shall serve Him, kings bow before Him, Lord of all lords shall He
2. Britain shall yield her homage to Jesus, France shall fall down at the
   Russia shall crown Him Lord and Redeemer, Germany treasure shall
3. Chi - na shall turn from all of her i - dols, In - dia shall of - fer her
   All Afric's gold and gems they shall bring Him, His throne no rival shall
4. U - nit-ed States shall join in the homage, King evermore shall In -
   Peo-ples and nations yield to His scepter, Isles of the o-cean and
5. Israel too shall fall down before Him, They who betrayed Him to
   All shall confess and long for His fa-vor, Glo-ry we'll give to His

land and the sea; be. Speed the day of His coming,
feet of our King, bring. Speed the day,
treas-ure so rare; share.
man - u - el be; sea.
sor-row and shame; name.

Of His com-ing in clouds from the sky, When His loved
When His loved



ones shall greet Him, What a gath'ring 'twill be by and by.

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No. 197. ALMOST THERE.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Almost home! how long the voyage, Out up-on a rest-less tide;
Now the longed for shore approaches, I shall soon the storms outride.

2. Closely I have watched my compass, And have studied well my chart;
I have learned to take my bearings, Rocks and shoals I know by heart.

3. When the storm was fiercely raging, And the night was cold and dark;
When the angry waves were threat'ning To o'erwhelm my little bark.

4. I am rounding now the head-land, I am just in sight of home;
I can al-most see my loved ones Just beyond the billows foam.

Wave on wave has broken o'er me, I've been tossed by many a gale,
I have such a glorious Captain, Let me sing His prais - es o'er,
Loud - er than the roar of breakers, Or the surf the bil - lows made,
I am ent'ring now the harbor, And my Pi - lot's face I see,

But my anchor, strong and steady, Has been cast within the vail.
Let me tell the wondrous sto - ry, For I almost touch the shore.
Rang His voice above the tempest, "It is I, be not a - fraid."
Once within that peaceful ha-ven, I shall drift no more at sea.

CHORUS.

Almost there, almost there, In sight of that cit - y so bright and fair;

Repeat Chorus slow and pp.

Al-most there, almost there, Yes, I'm al - most, al - most there.

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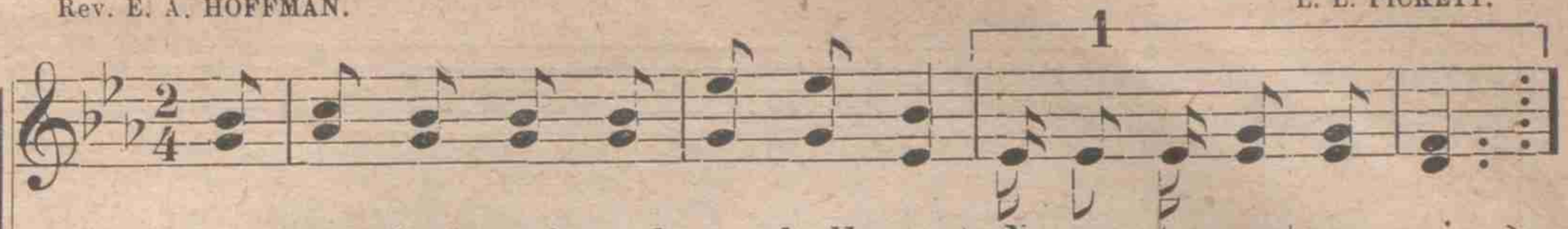
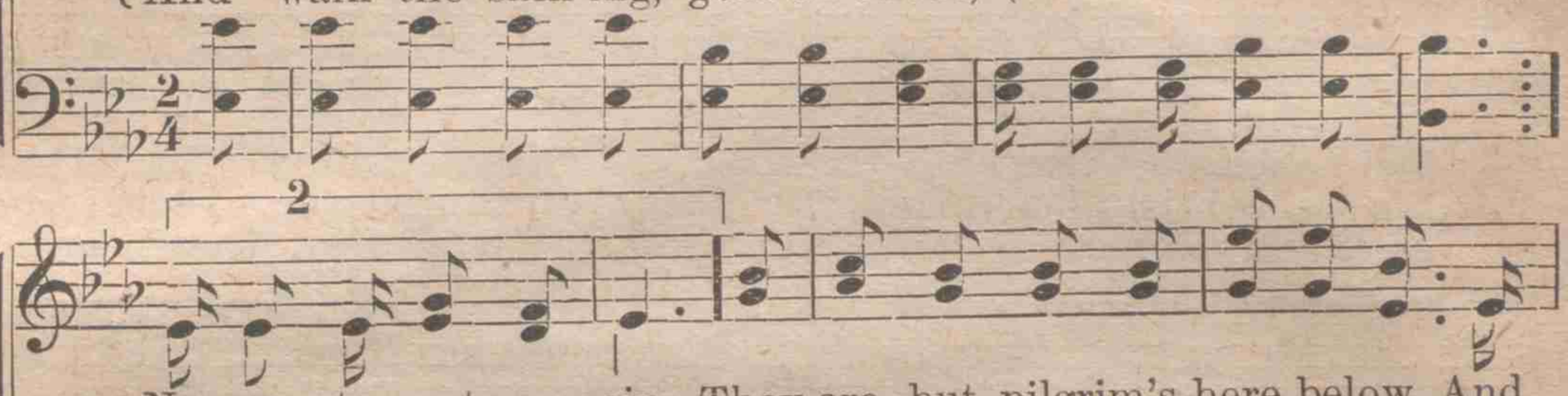
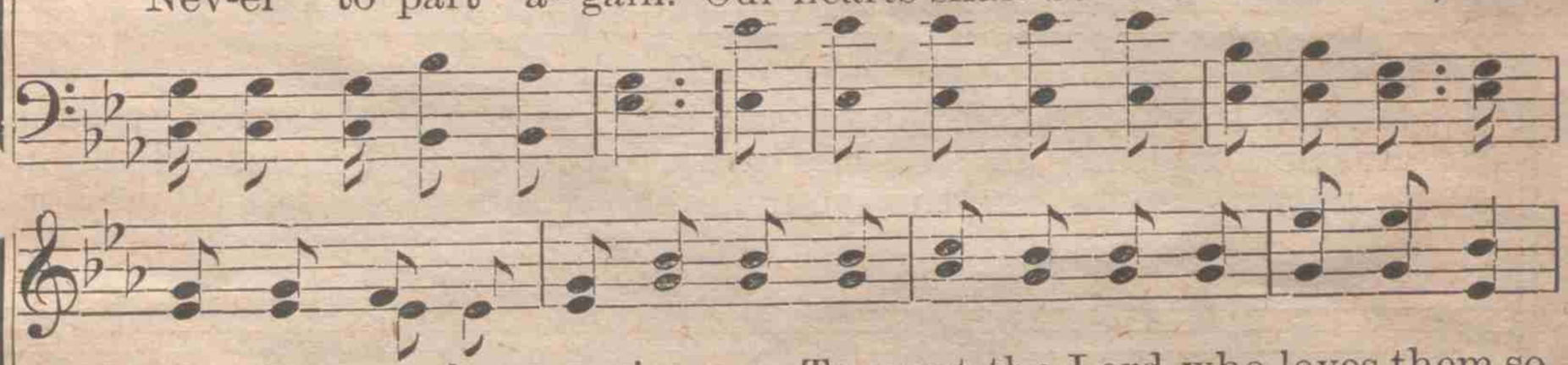
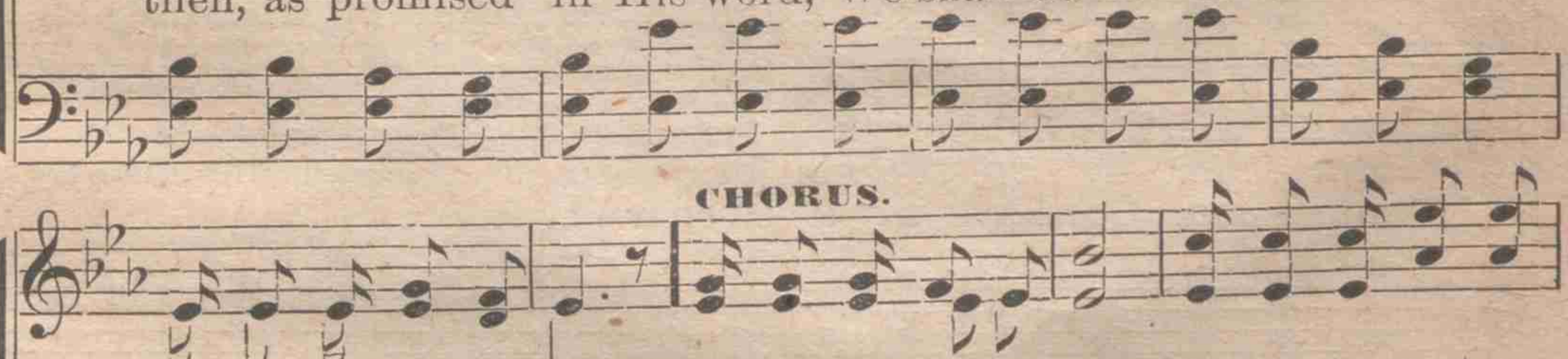
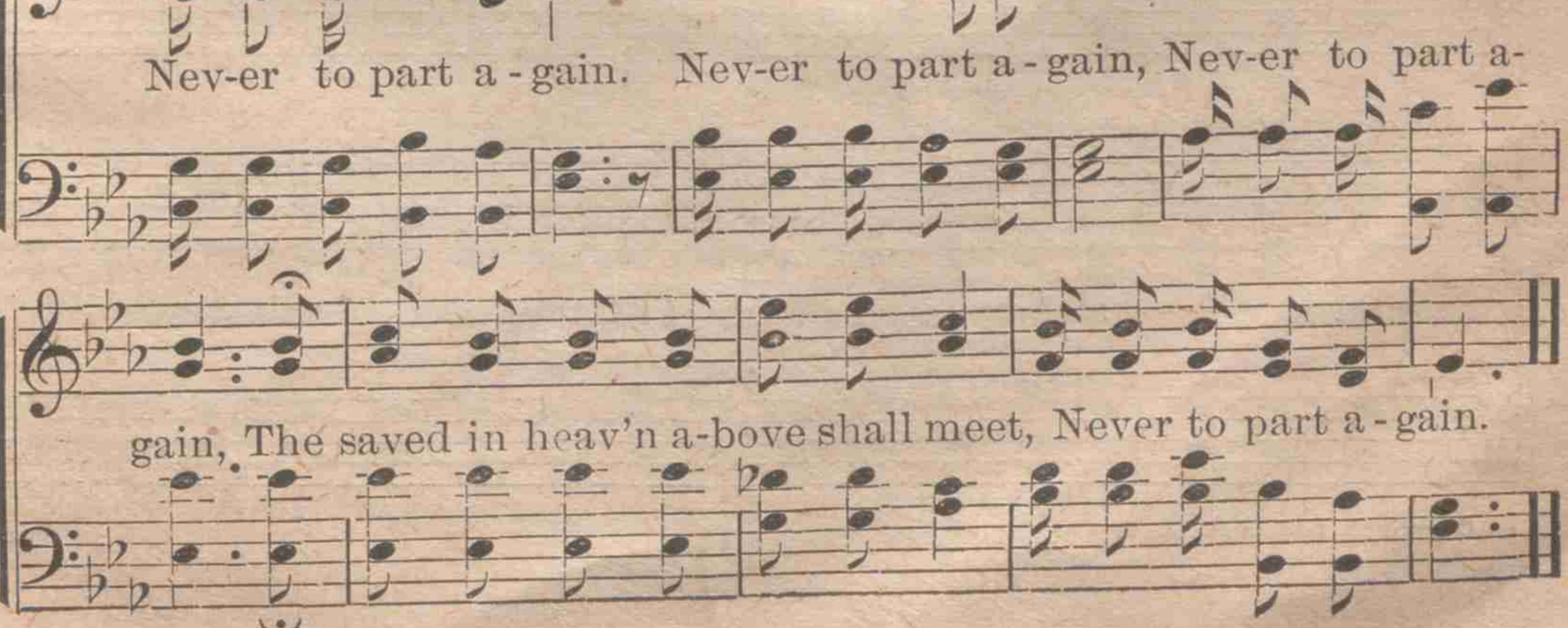
No. 198. NEVER TO PART AGAIN.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The saved in heav'n a-bove shall meet, Never to part a - gain,
   And shall each oth - er warm-ly greet, (*Omit* . . . . .)
2. We will re - new our vows of love, Never to part a - gain,
   In yon - der rest - ing land a - bove, (*Omit* . . . . .)
3. Oh, what a glo-rious hope is this, Never to part a - gain,
   What rapt-ure and what hap - pi - ness, (*Omit* . . . . .)
4. And when in that bright home we meet, Never to part a - gain,
   And walk the shin-ing, gold-en street, (*Omit* . . . . .)



Nev-er to part a - gain. They are but pilgrim's here below, And
Nev-er to part a - gain. There in re - union wondrous sweet, Shall
Nev-er to part a - gain. Washed from our guilt and ev-'ry stain, Re-
Nev-er to part a - gain. Our hearts shall be in sweet accord, And

up to yon-der mansions go, To greet the Lord who loves them so,
loving friends with gladness meet, And share in all the bliss complete,
leased from sorrow and from pain, We'll clasp each other's hands again,
then, as promised in His word, We shall be ev - er with the Lord,

CHORUS.

Nev-er to part a - gain. Nev-er to part a - gain, Nev-er to part a-



gain, The saved in heav'n a-bove shall meet, Never to part a - gain.

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No. 199. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The light of earth was fad - ing, Fast fad - ing from his eye, To loved ones gathered round him He whispered "Now, good-bye." Good-bye to sin and sor-row, Good-bye to grief and care, Tho' shadows gather round me, The light breaks o-ver - there.

2. My trust is in the Sav-iour, My joy no tongue can tell, Tho' life seems bright before me He do-eth all things well. I longed to live and la - bor, To tell His love a - broad, But loved ones do not mur - mur, It is the will of God.

3. Be earn-est in His serv - ice, For life is brief at best, Its cares and con-flicts o - ver, There waits a land of rest. Then bear this sorrow brave-ly, And tho' your tears may fall, Oh, nev-er, nev-er mur - mur, Good-bye, my loved ones all.

CHORUS.

A - mid the ma - ny mansions A - waiting us on high, At home once more together We'll

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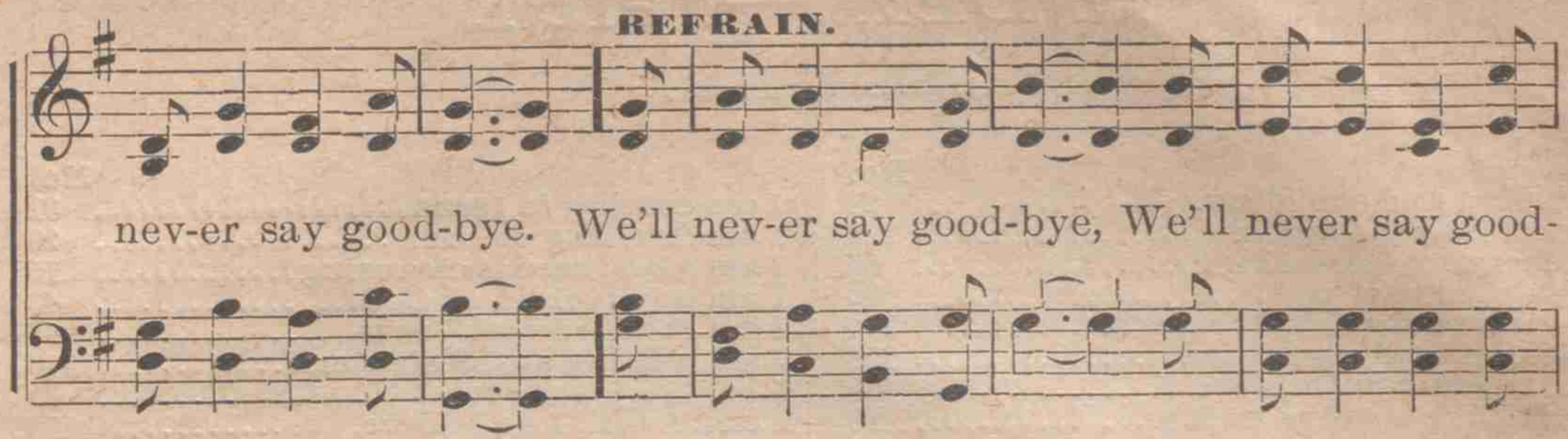
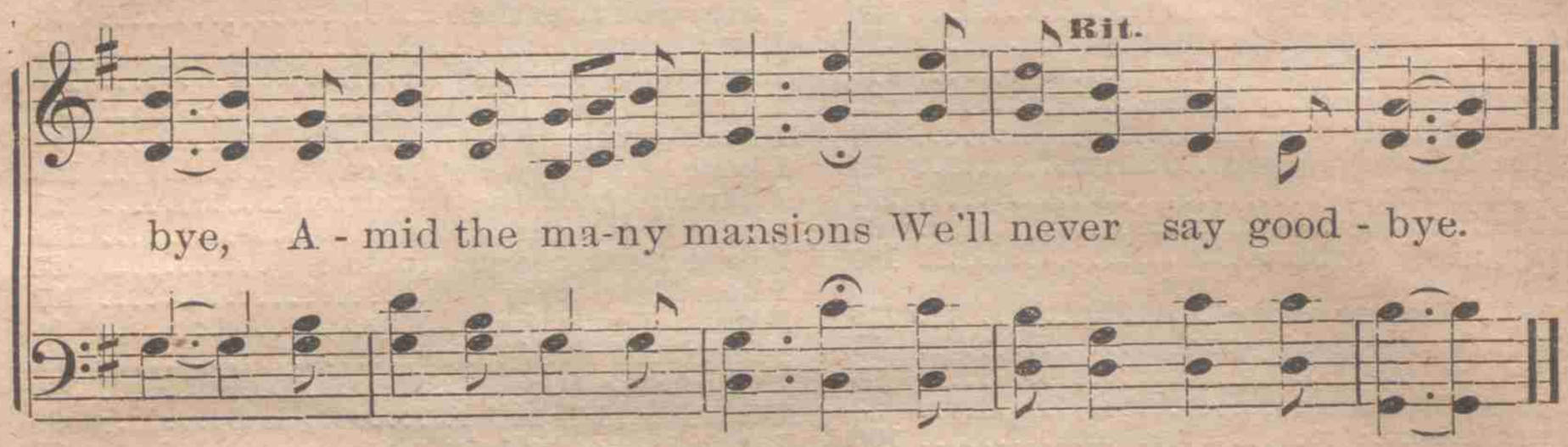

No. 200. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

"And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship."—Acts 20: 37, 38.

Music on preceding page.

1 Praise God for sweet communion
With kindred spirits here;
But sad the thoughts of sund'ring,
When time to part draws near;
Yet deep the consolation,
Though now we part with pain,
That soon in realms of glory
We all may meet again.

CHORUS.

The golden age is dawning,
The moments swiftly fly,
When free from pain and parting
We'll never say good-bye.
We'll never say good-bye,
We'll never say good-bye;
Then free from pain and parting,
We'll never say good-bye.

2 *Our Savior, soon returning,
Will claim His waiting bride,
As sainted dead and living
Are summoned to His side;
Then with our Lord united
May we forever be,
†And reign with Him in glory,
Through all eternity.

3 When at the final judgment
We all before Him stand,
Oh, may it be triumphant
With those at His right hand.
When into "outer darkness"
‡The wicked shall be cast,
May we be crowned forever,
Our earthly sorrows past.

4 ‖Our "Tears" will then be banished,
Our "Triumphs" endless be,
The "King in all His beauty,"
Our raptured eyes shall see;
In sweet eternal union,
In mansions bright on high,
⁋We'll serve Him in His temple,
And never say good-bye.

M. W. KNAPP.

*I Thess. 4: 16. †Rev. 22: 5. ‡Matt. 25: 14-30. ‖Rev. 21: 4. ⁋Rev. 22: 3.

No. 201. DOXOLOGY.

Tune—Duane Street.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

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