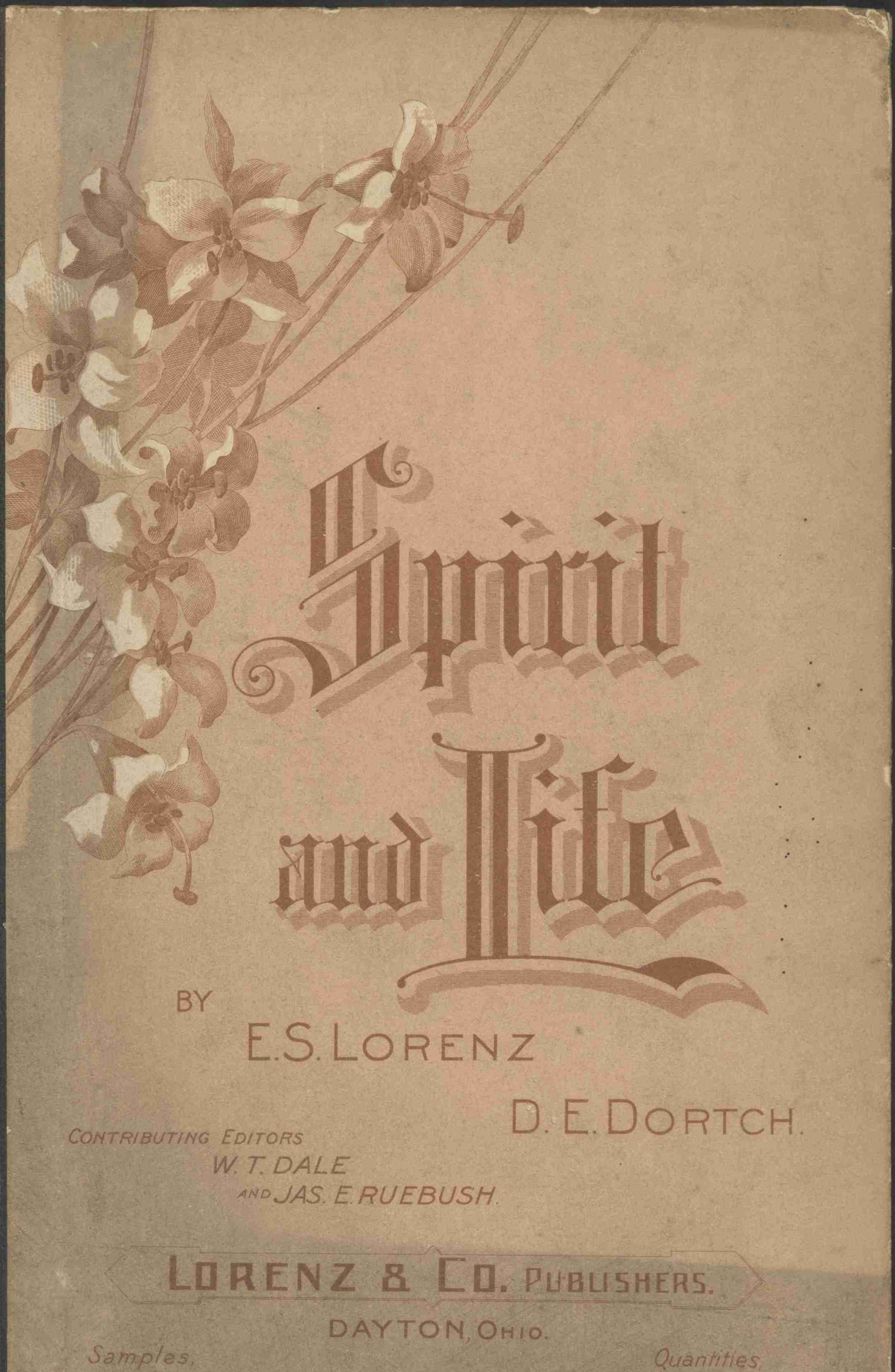


Spirit and Life

BY

E. S. LORENZ

D. E. DORTCH.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

W. T. DALE

AND JAS. E. RUEBUSH.

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"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JESUS

SPIRIT AND LIFE

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR THE

Sunday School, Young People's Societies
Devotional Meetings, and
Revival Services

PREPARED BY

REV. E. S. LORENZ AND REV. D. E. DORTCH

ASSISTED BY

REV. W. T. DALE AND JAMES H. RUEBUSH

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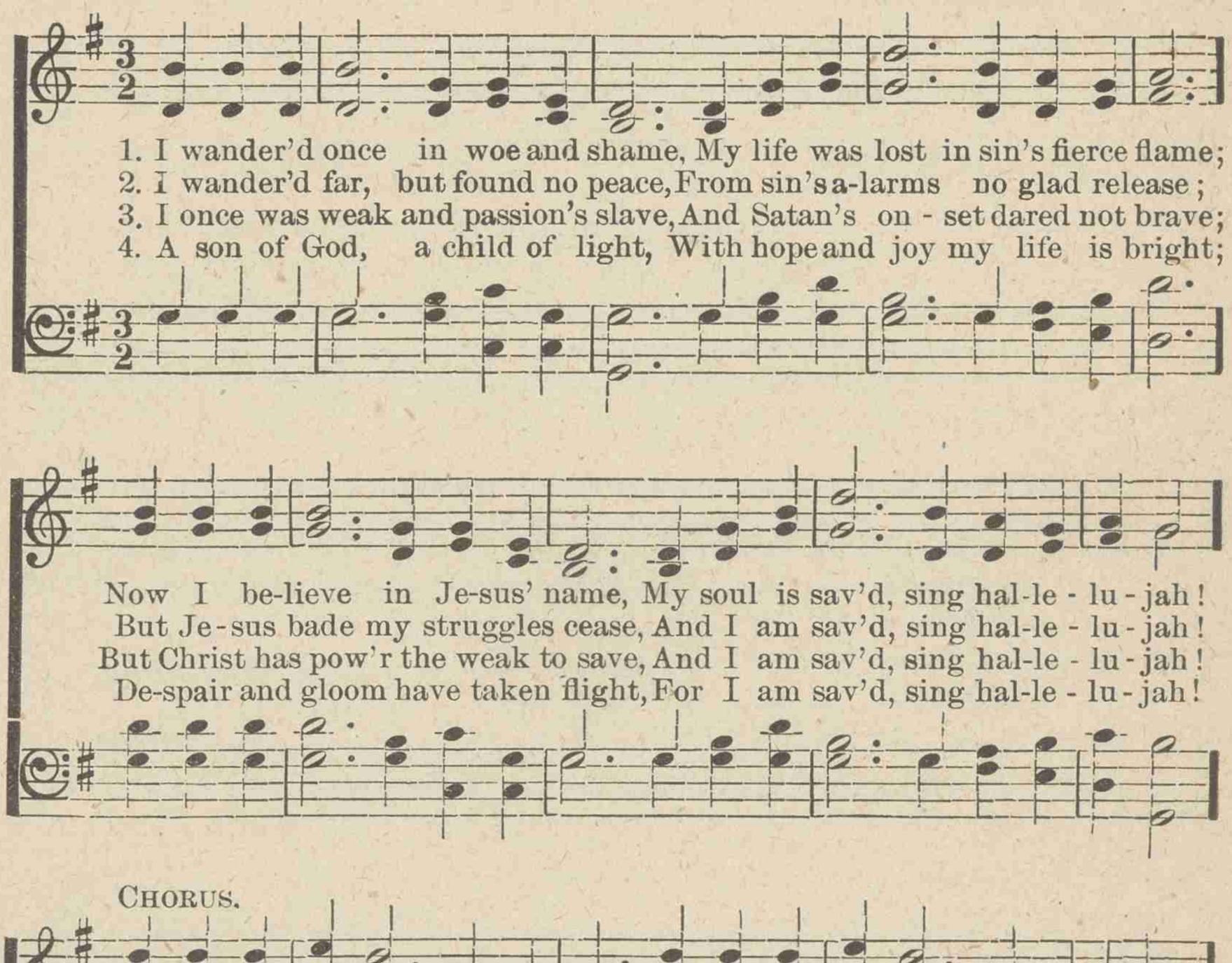
DAYTON, OHIO
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1893

PREFACE.

"SPIRIT AND LIFE." Perhaps a presumptuous title, but the authors feel that this collection of songs will bring enthusiasm and vigor into any Sunday-school or church service where it may be used, so that in the ordinary sense of the words the title is not an inappropriate one. We trust, however, that our songs will also bring the deeper, truer blessing of the spirit and life that abide in the words of Christ, and that even in this spiritual sense the title of the book is not a misnomer. The many singers represented in this book come from the North and South, the East and West; some of them have been singing for years, others have tried their wings for the first time; some incline to one type of doctrine and church life, and some to another: but they all sing the same "song of Moses and the Lamb." We have made an earnest endeavor to serve the churches of the land with a symmetrical, practical, stirring, and helpful collection of songs. We trust that out of this rich provision of new songs a few will be found worthy to live after the writers have passed into the land where they shall sing forever.

1. SING HALLELUJAH.

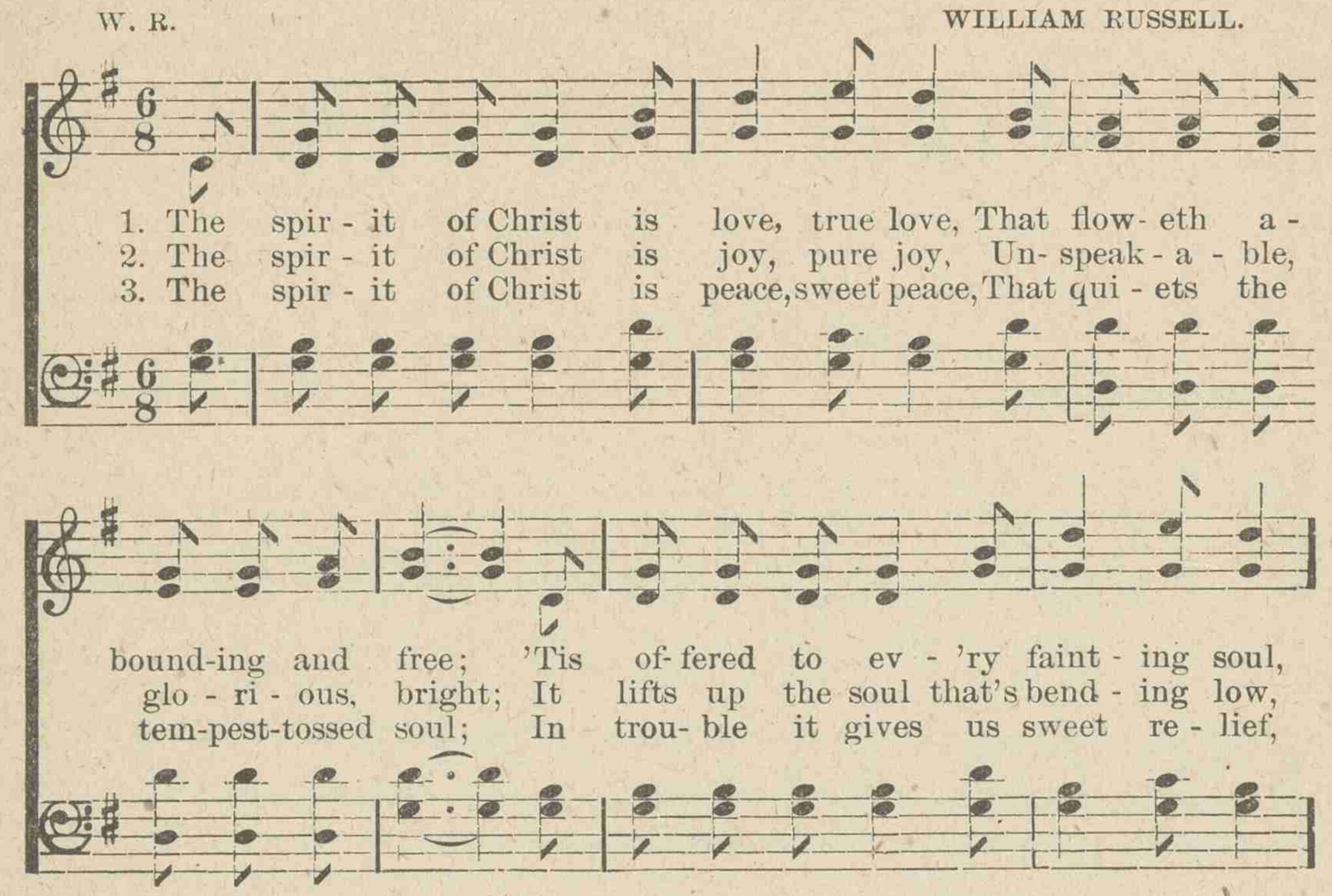
MARK ADAMS. JOHN TIBBALLS.



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2. THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.
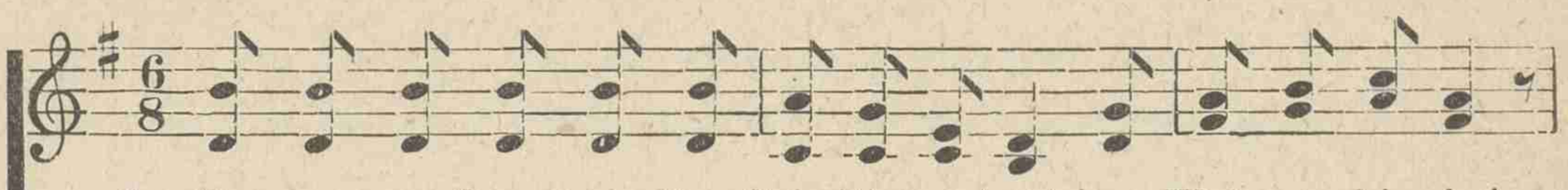
W. R. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



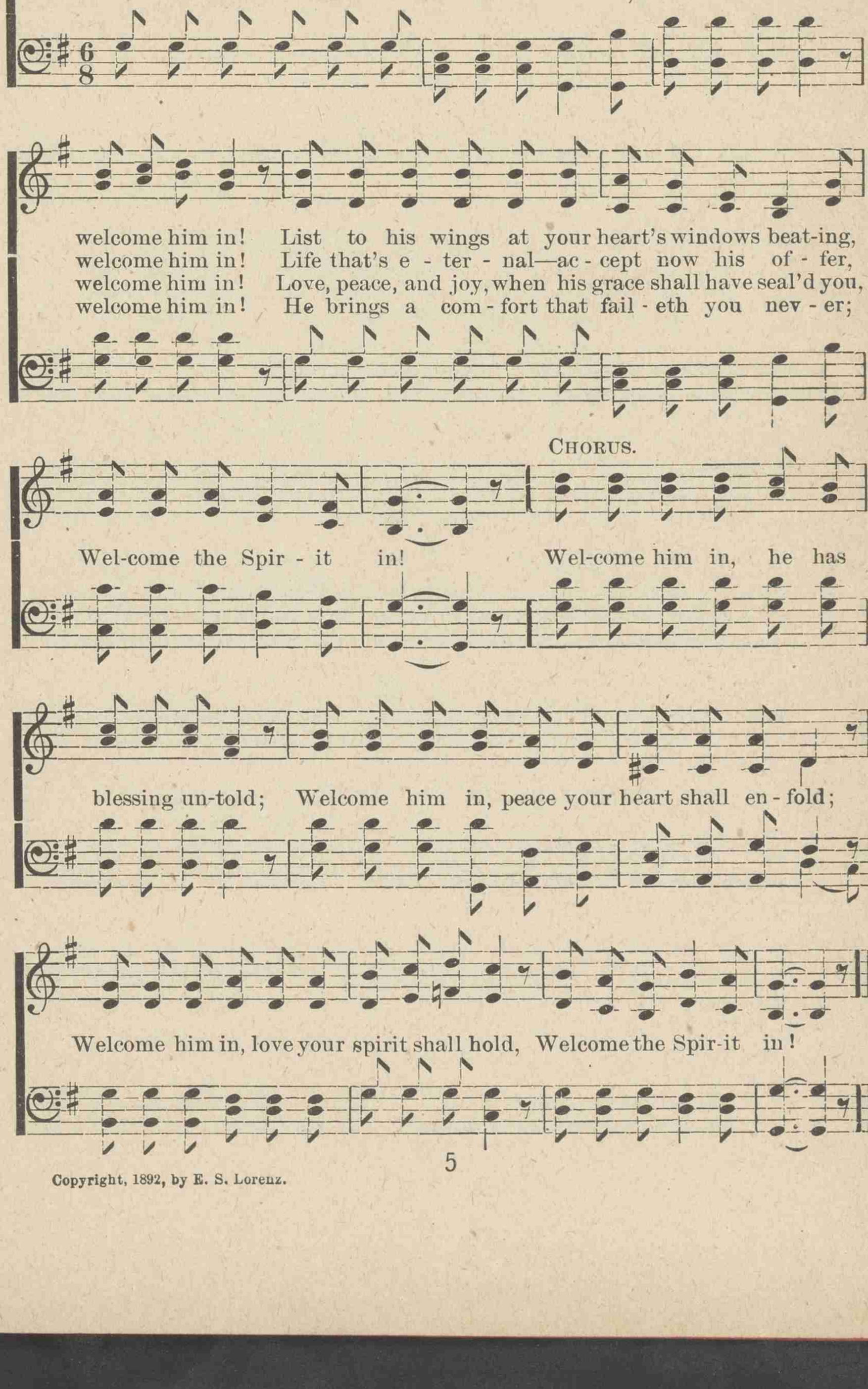
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

3. # WELCOME THE SPIRIT IN.

ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.



1. O - pen your heart to the Spir-it's en-treat-ing. Welcome him in!
2. Life all di - vine doth the Spir - it now prof - fer; Welcome him in!
3. Fruits more than gold-en this Spir - it will yield you; Welcome him in!
4. He is a friend that a - bid-eth for - ev - er; Welcome him in!



welcome him in! List to his wings at your heart's windows beat-ing,
welcome him in! Life that's e - ter - nal—ac - cept now his of - fer,
welcome him in! Love, peace, and joy, when his grace shall have seal'd you,
welcome him in! He brings a com - fort that fail - eth you nev - er;

CHORUS.

Wel-come the Spir - it in! Wel-come him in, he has

blessing un-told; Welcome him in, peace your heart shall en - fold;

Welcome him in, love your spirit shall hold, Welcome the Spir-it in!

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4. THE FIELD OF THE MASTER.

JENNIE CRANSTON. W. A. OGDEN.

1. To the field of the Mas-ter let us has - ten a - way; And the
2. To the field of the Mas-ter we will go with his word; There are
3. In the field of the Mas-ter hear the shout and the song; 'Tis the

grain ripe for har-vest we'll gar - ner to - day; In the strength of the
sheaves to be gath-ered and grain to be stored; We will has - ten to
voice of the reap - ers now march-ing a - long, Sing-ing "Glo - ry to

Mas-ter we our courage renew, And we'll do with our might what our hands find to do.
gar-ner it, or some may be lost; For the season is passing, soon cometh the frost.
Jesus, who hath died on the tree, And forever a ran-som for sin-ners is he."
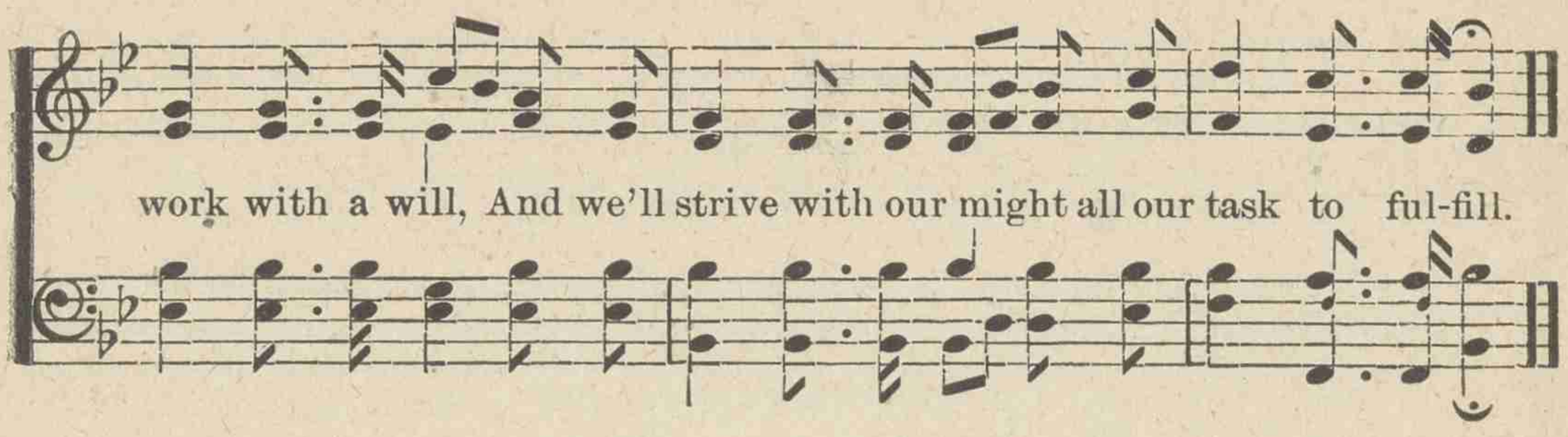
REFRAIN.

Striv - ing on, ... striv - ing on, ... For-ward
striv - ing on, striv - ing on,

go, ... for-ward go, ... With his pres-ence to cheer us, we will
Forward go, forward go,
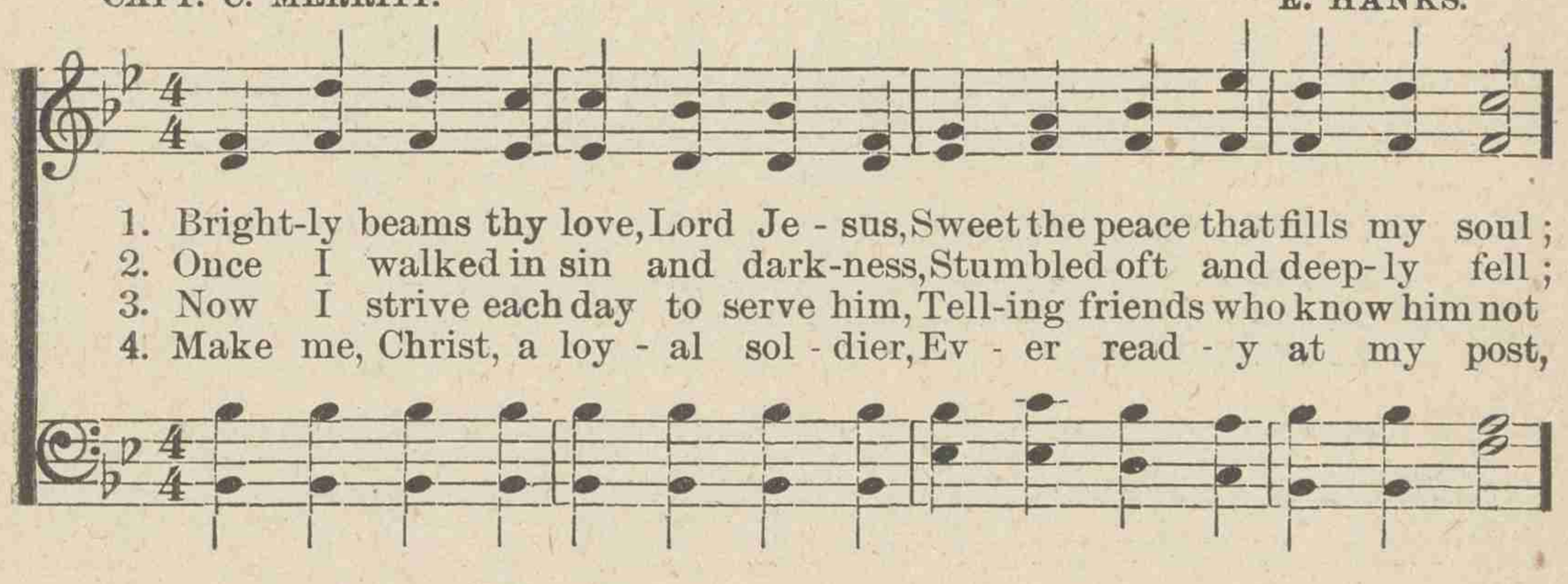
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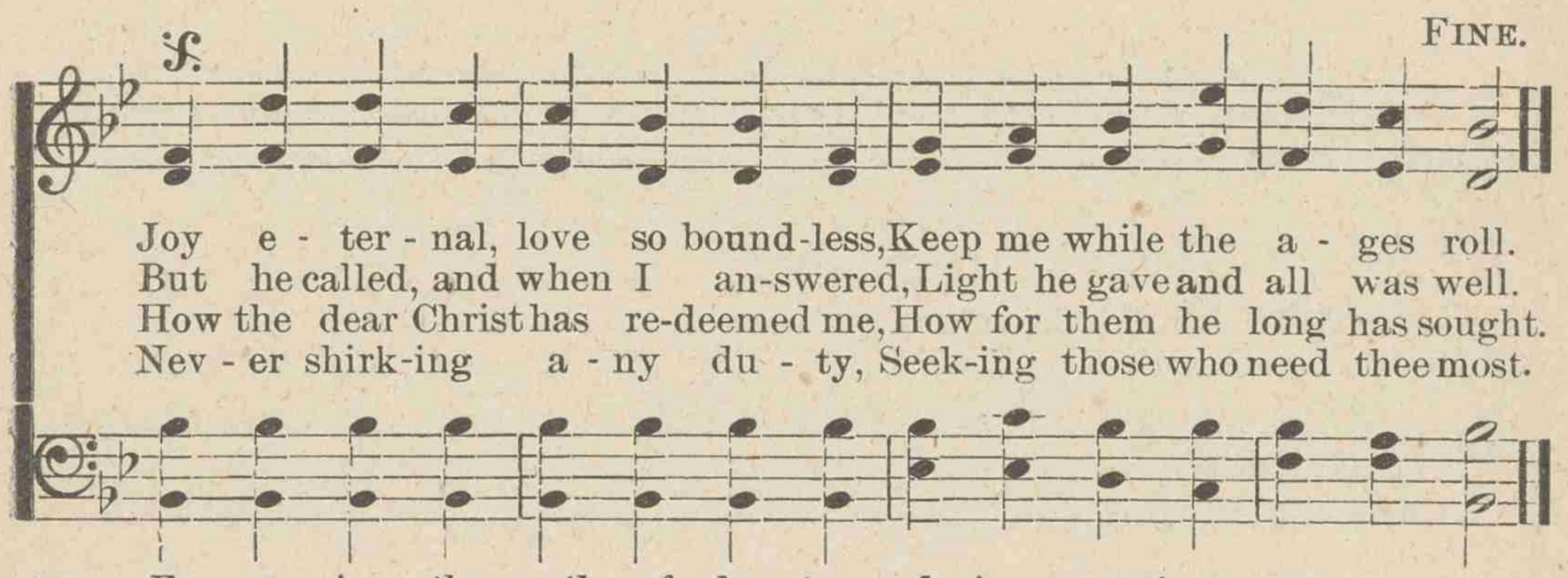
THE FIELD OF THE MASTER. Concluded.
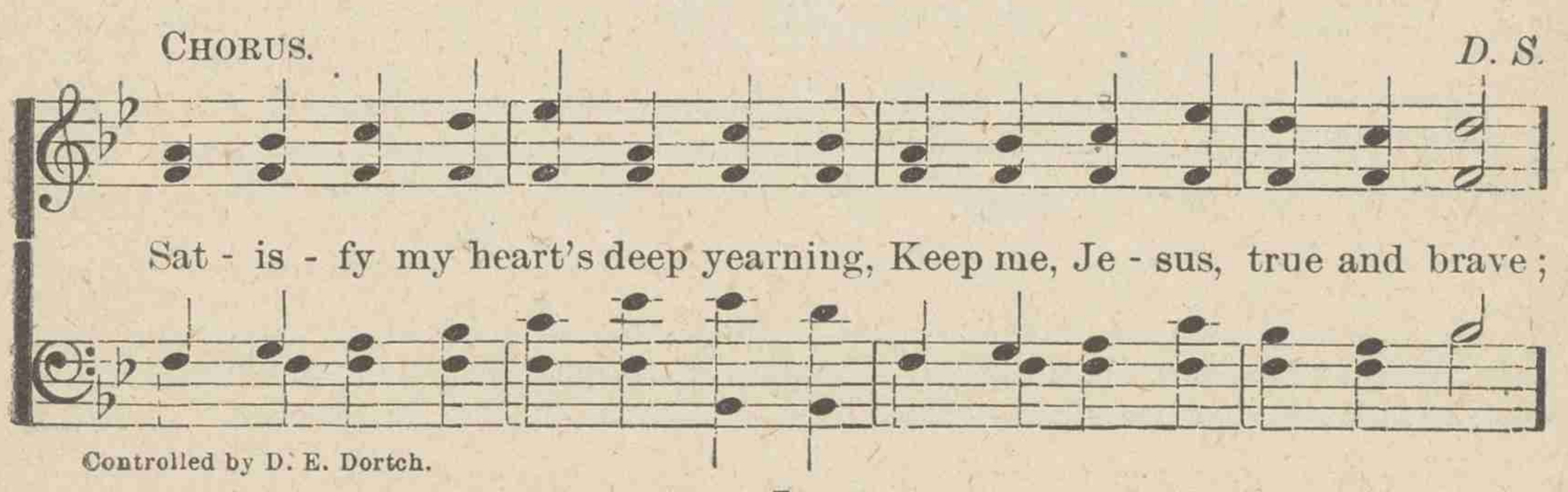


5. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

CAPT. C. MERRITT. E. HANKS.







Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

6. WHY NOT BE SAVED?

ANNA CHICHESTER. FRED. W. GILBERT.

1. Oh, why do you wait, Why long - er de - bate, When the
2. Shall ten - der- ness fail, O'er you not pre - vail, And shall
3. With Christ in your heart A new life will start, Whose de -
4. Oh, why will you die, When Christ is so nigh With his

Sav- iour in love is call - ing? He know- eth your needs And
love beg in vain for hear - ing? Shall mer - cy soon cease Its
light will be e'er in - creas - ing; For trou - ble and care, For
of - fers of love en - treat - ing? Oh, yield to him now, Sub-

ten - der - ly pleads; Shall his words on deaf ears be fall - ing?
of - fers of peace, Leav-ing you to the doom that's near - ing?
sor - row, de- spair, You will gain a deep peace un - ceas - ing.
mis - sive - ly bow, On your heart's throne the Sav- iour seat - ing.

CHORUS.

Why not be saved to-night?* Why not be saved to-night?
Why not be sav'd to - night?* Why not be sav'd to - night?
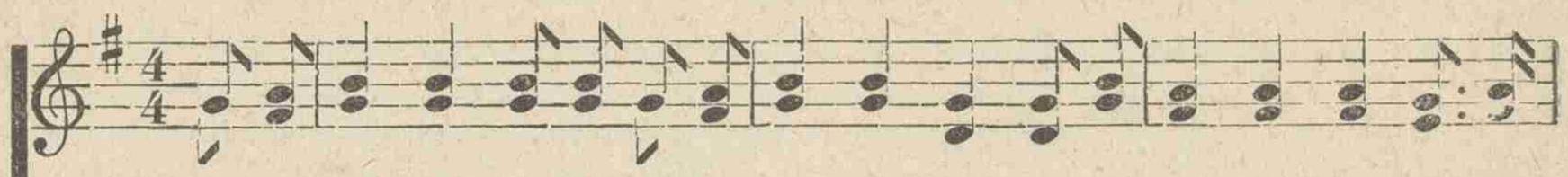
Je- sus is call - ing; lin-ger no more, En - ter love's o - pen door.

* To be sung "to-night" or "to-day," according to the hour of service.

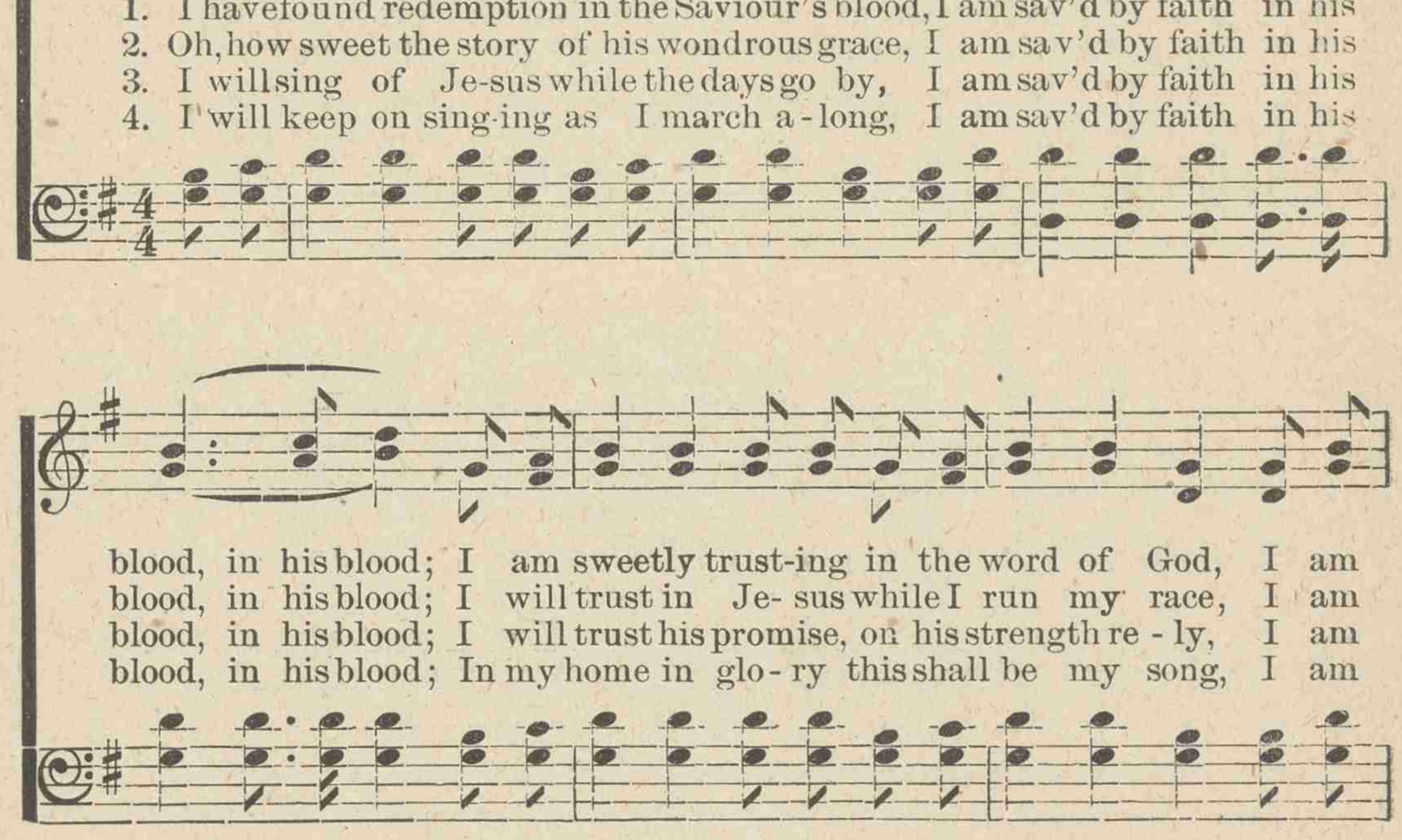
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7. SAVED BY FAITH.

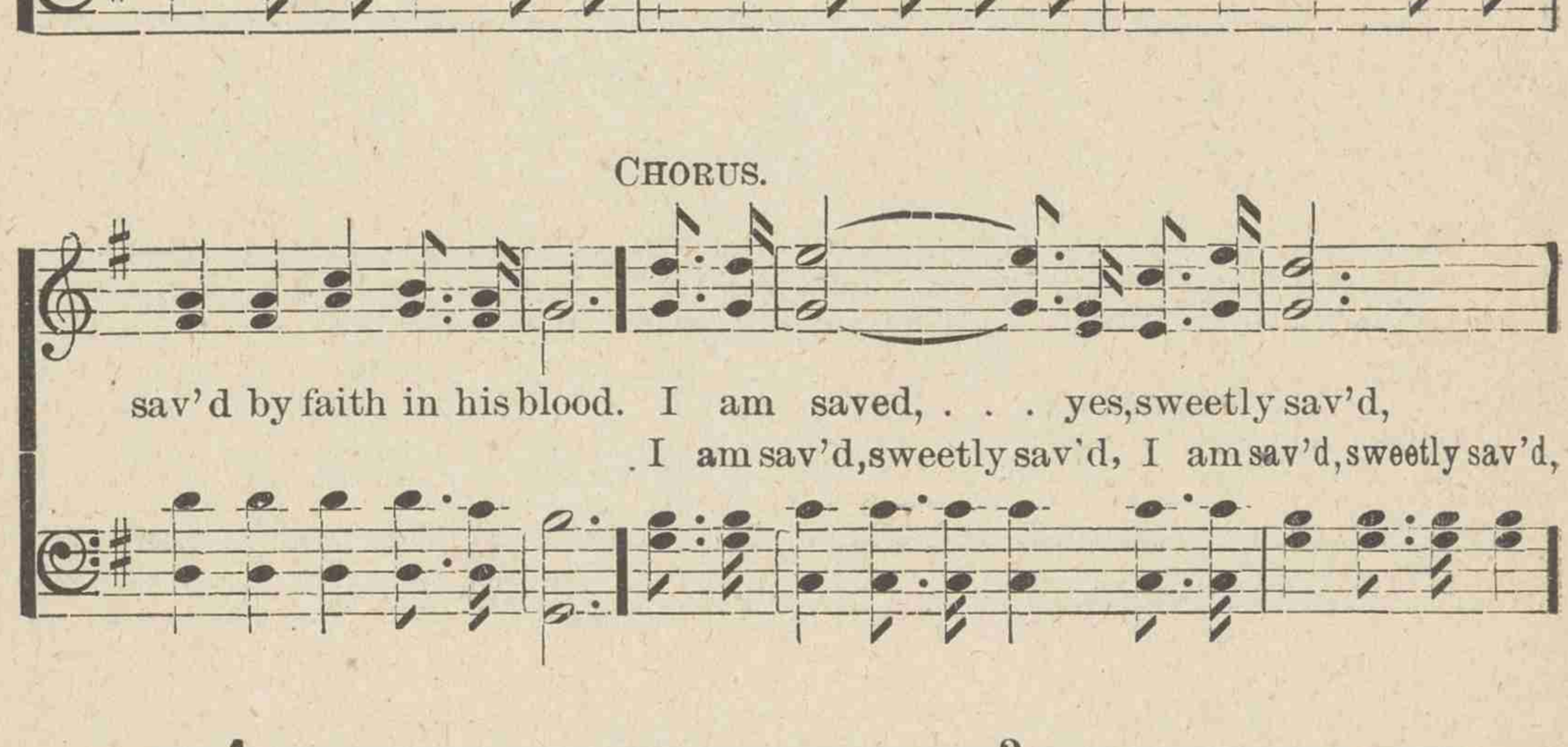
I. B. REV. IS. BALTZELL.



1. I have found redemption in the Saviour's blood, I am sav'd by faith in his
2. Oh, how sweet the story of his wondrous grace, I am sav'd by faith in his
3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am sav'd by faith in his
4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a-long, I am sav'd by faith in his
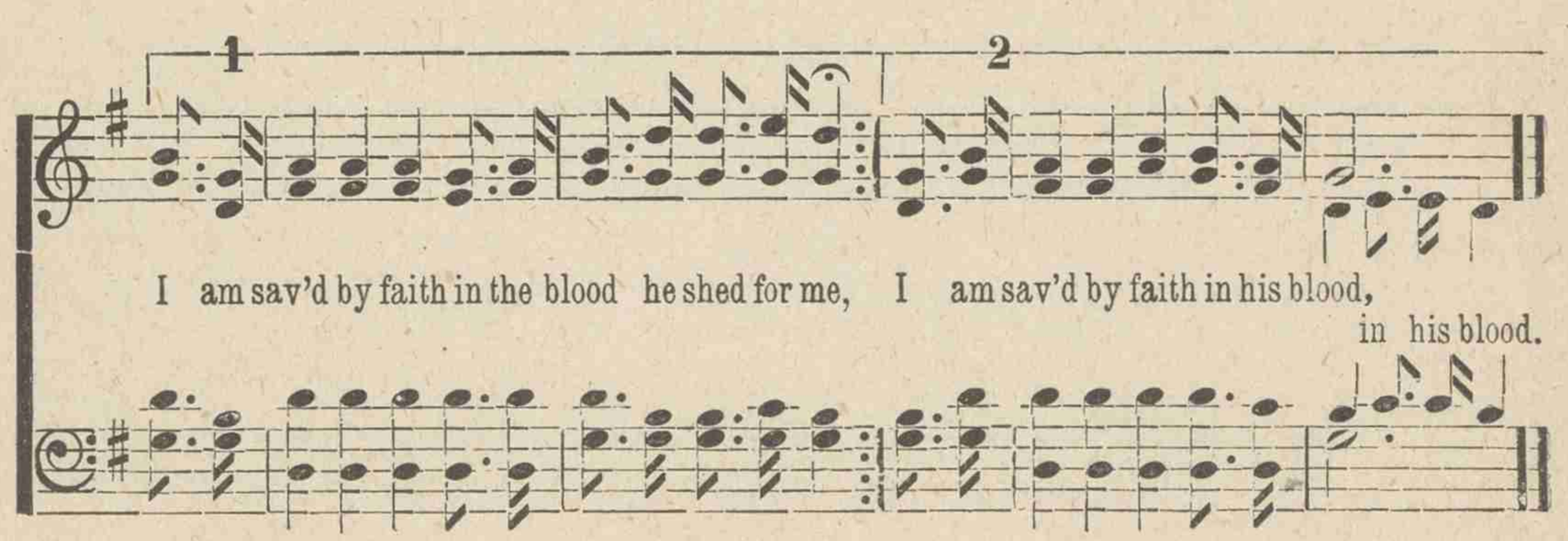


blood, in his blood; I am sweetly trust-ing in the word of God, I am
blood, in his blood; I will trust in Je- sus while I run my race, I am
blood, in his blood; I will trust his promise, on his strength re - ly, I am
blood, in his blood; In my home in glo - ry this shall be my song, I am



CHORUS.

sav'd by faith in his blood. I am saved, . . . yes, sweetly sav'd,
I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd, I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd,
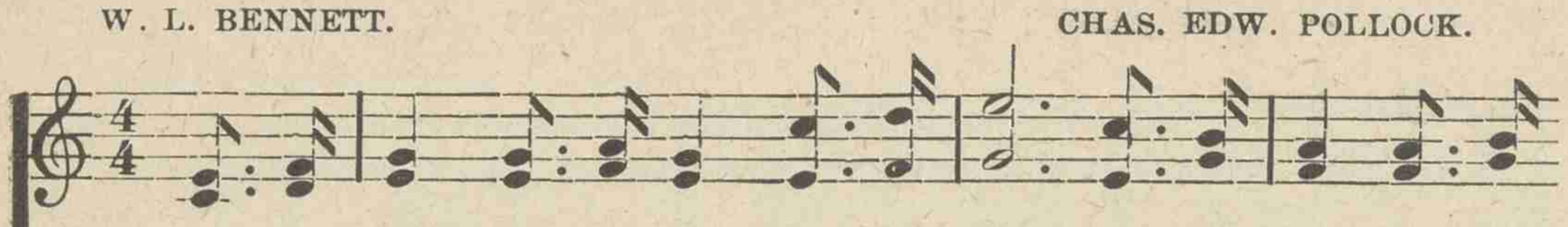


1 2

I am sav'd by faith in the blood he shed for me, I am sav'd by faith in his blood,
in his blood.

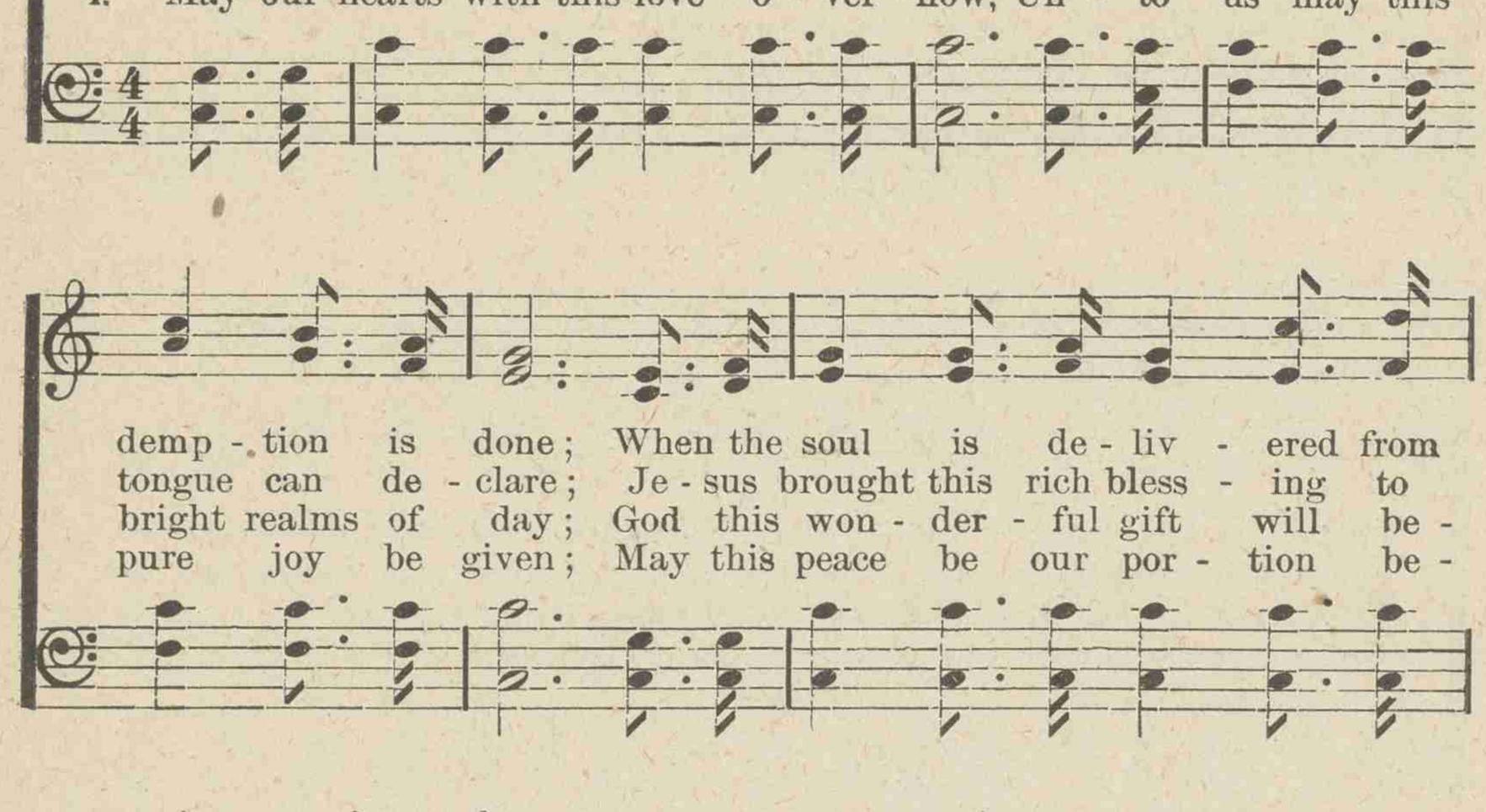
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8. THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.
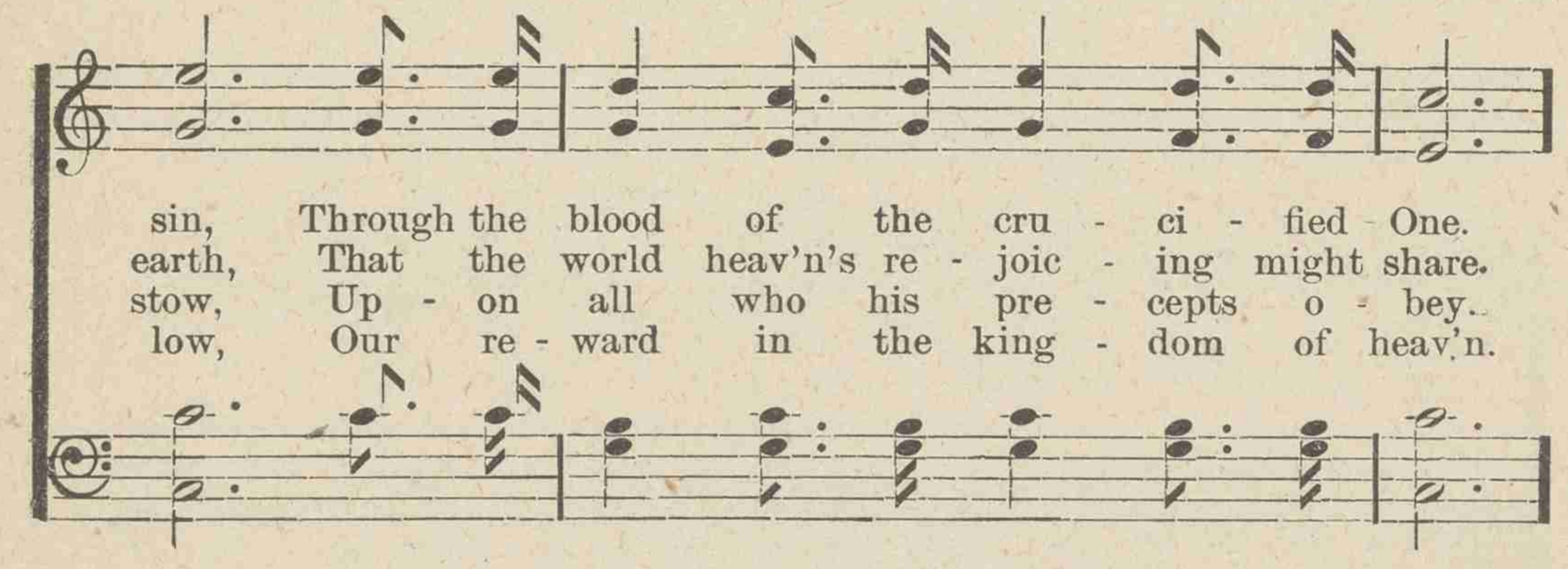
W. L. BENNETT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. There's a love that's be-got - ten with - in, When the work of re -
2. There's a joy of un-speak - a - ble worth, That's more glo-rious than
3. There a peace like a riv - er doth flow, Pure and free from the
4. May our hearts with this love o - ver - flow, Un - to us may this
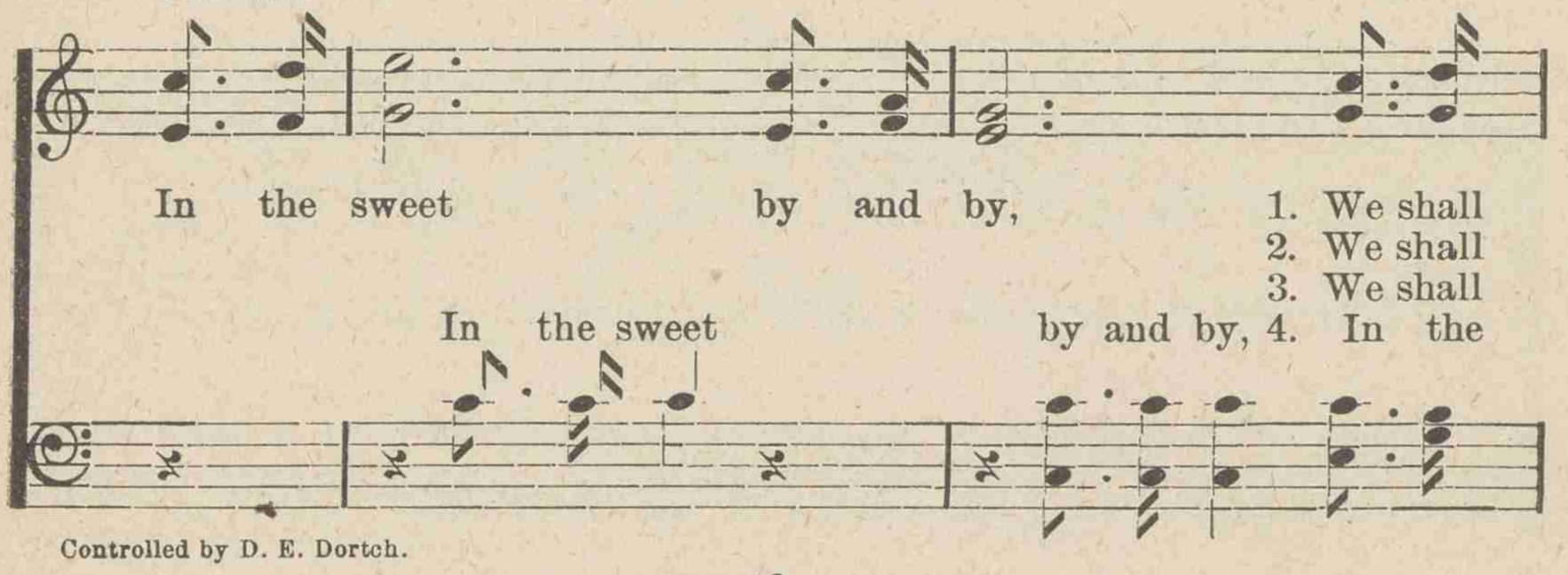


demp - tion is done; When the soul is de - liv - ered from
tongue can de - clare; Je - sus brought this rich bless - ing to
bright realms of day; God this won - der - ful gift will be -
pure joy be given; May this peace be our por - tion be -



sin, Through the blood of the cru - ci - fied One.
earth, That the world heav'n's re - joic - ing might share.
stow, Up - on all who his pre - cepts o - bey.
low, Our re - ward in the king - dom of heav'n.
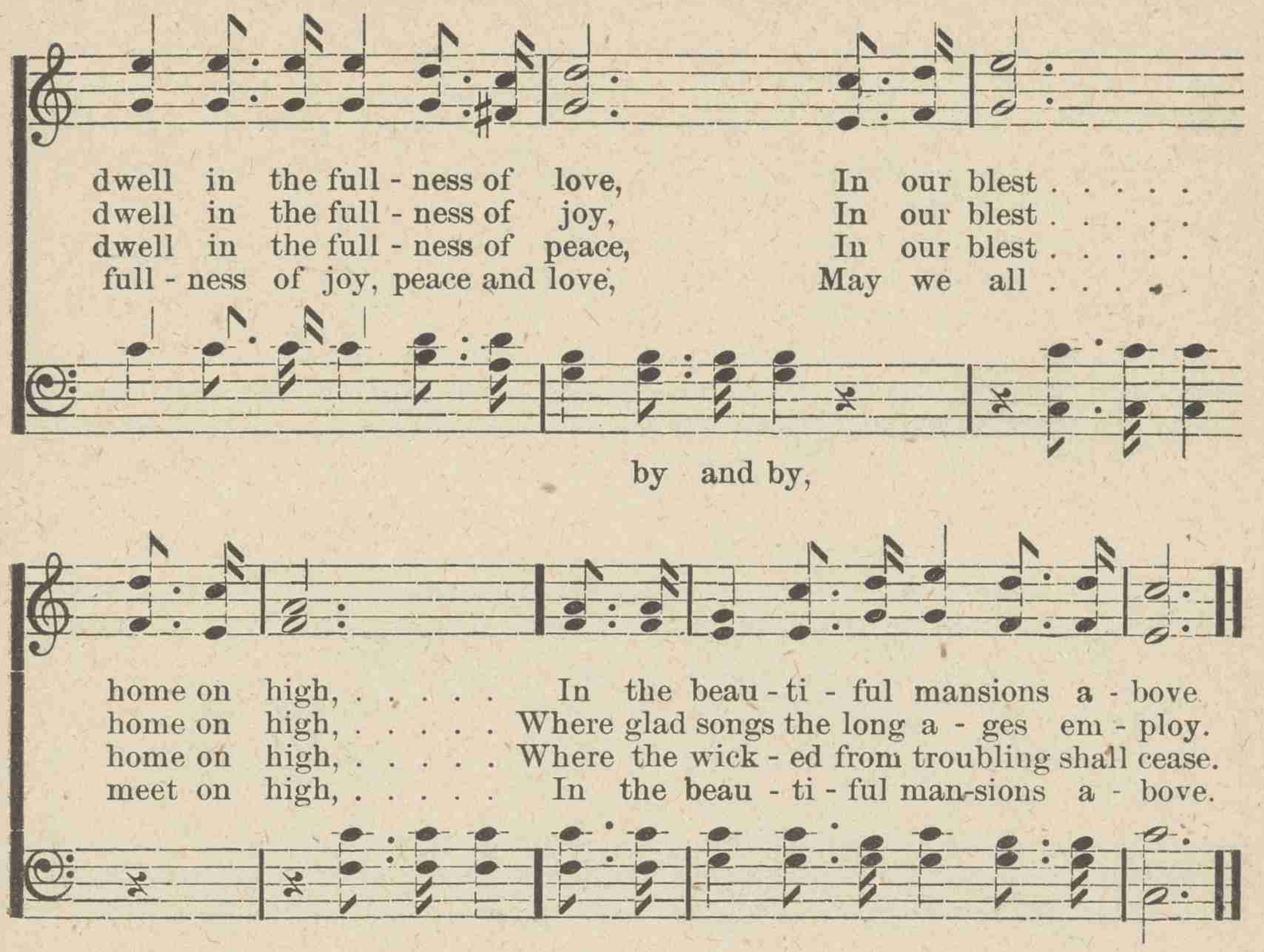
CHORUS.



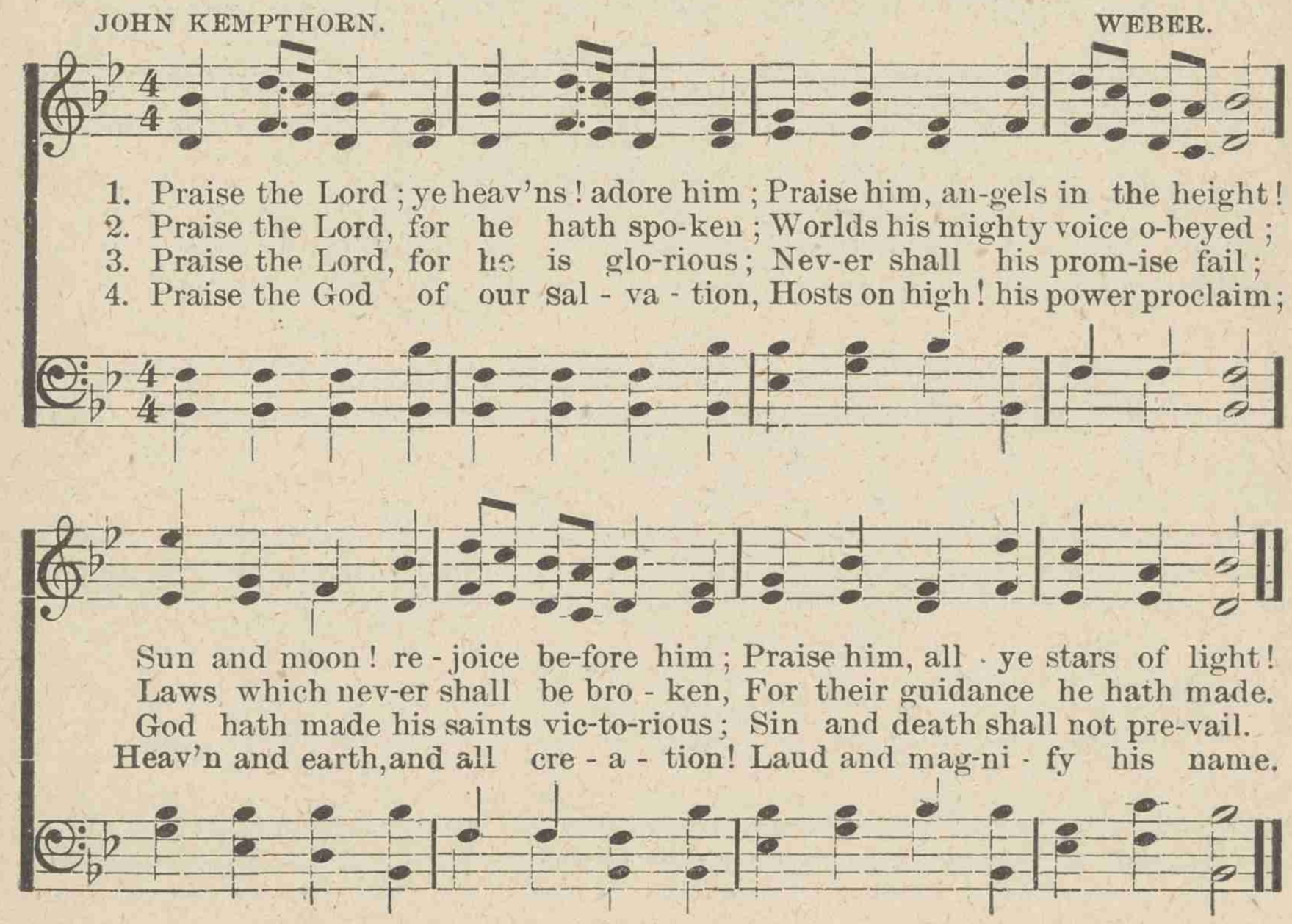
In the sweet by and by, 1. We shall
2. We shall
3. We shall
In the sweet by and by, 4. In the

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT. Concluded.



9. PRAISE THE LORD.



10. SOWING IN TEARS.

EDEN R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Sow - ing in tears, sor - row-ful tears, Oft - en the faith - ful go,
2. Sow - ing in tears, sor - row-ful tears, Jour-ney - ing to and fro,
3. Sow - ing in tears, sor - row-ful tears, Tar - ry - ing here be - low,
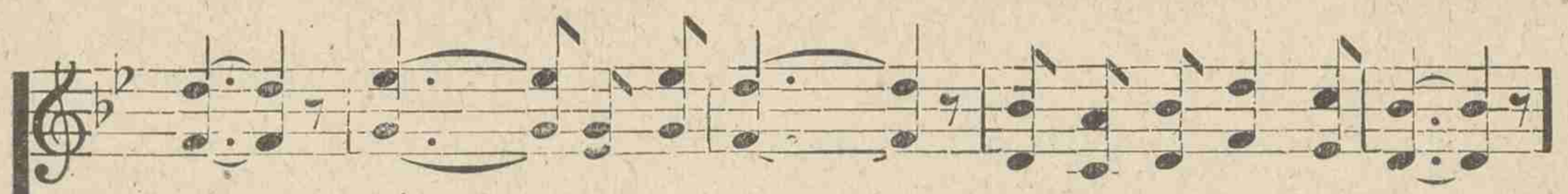
Go with the seed,
Bear - ing the seed,
Bear - ing the seed,

spir - it - ual seed, That Je-sus bids them sow!
spir - it - ual seed, Sav - ing from end-less woe!
glo - ri - ous seed, That Je-sus bids them strew!

Reap - ing in joy, Grain from their la - bor
Reap - ing in joy, Souls that are saved from
Reap - ing in joy, Sheaves that had nev - er
Reap-ing in joy, rap-tur-ous joy,
Reap-ing in joy, rap-tur-ous joy,
Reap-ing in joy, heav-en-ly joy,
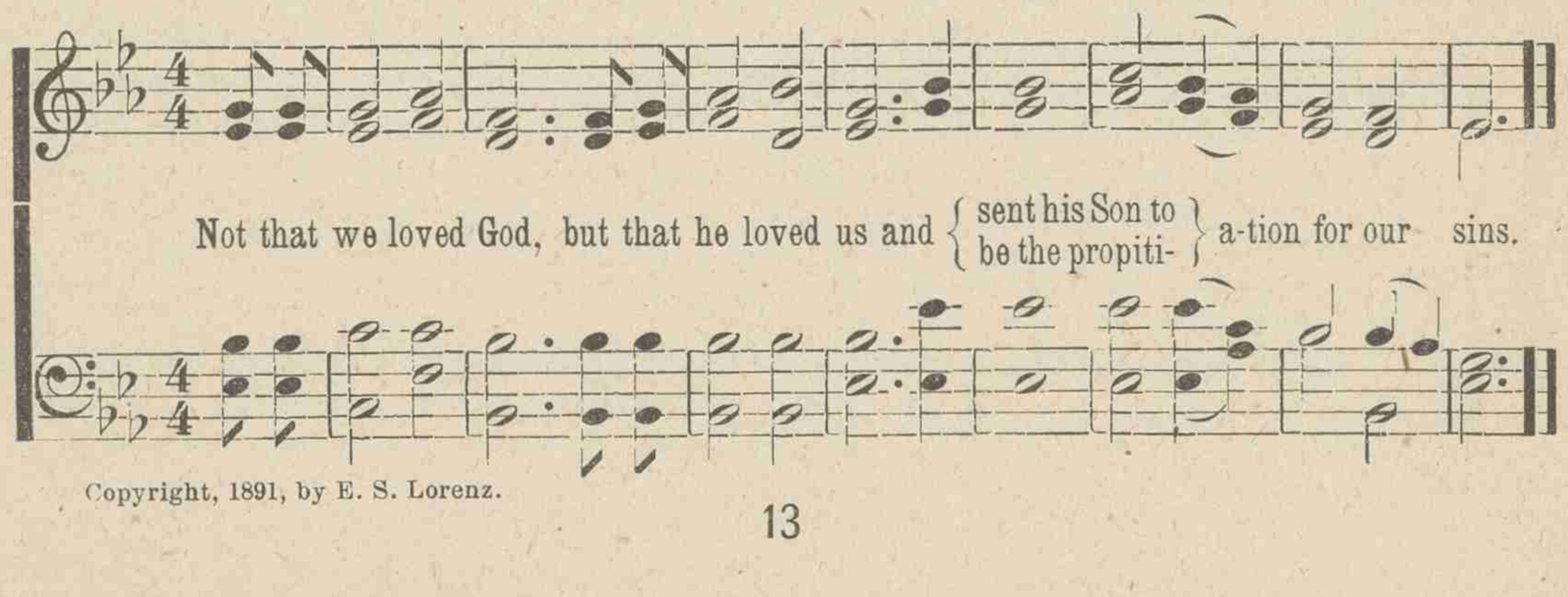
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SOWING IN TEARS. Concluded.



11. SENTENCE.
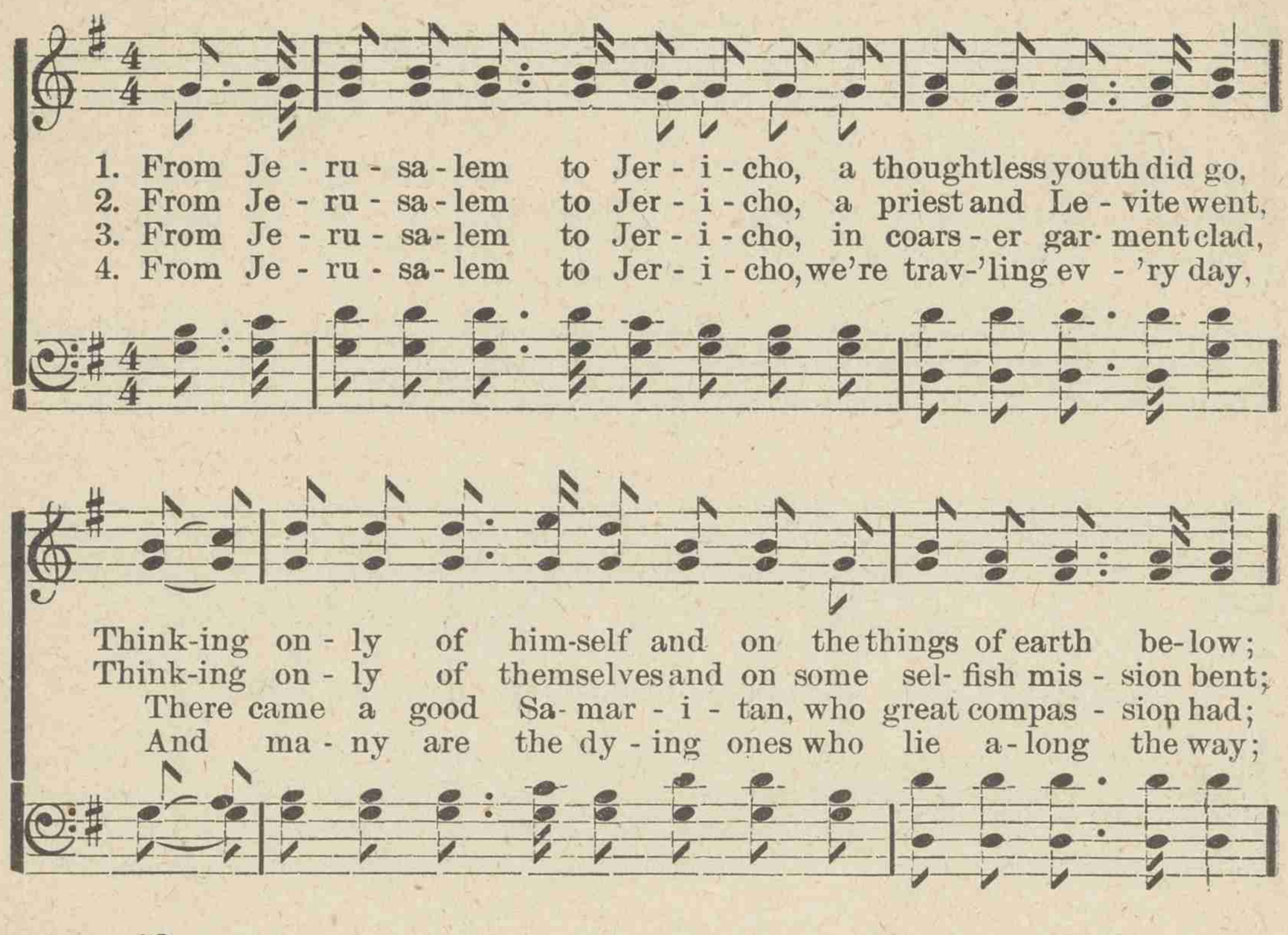
W. F. McCAULEY.

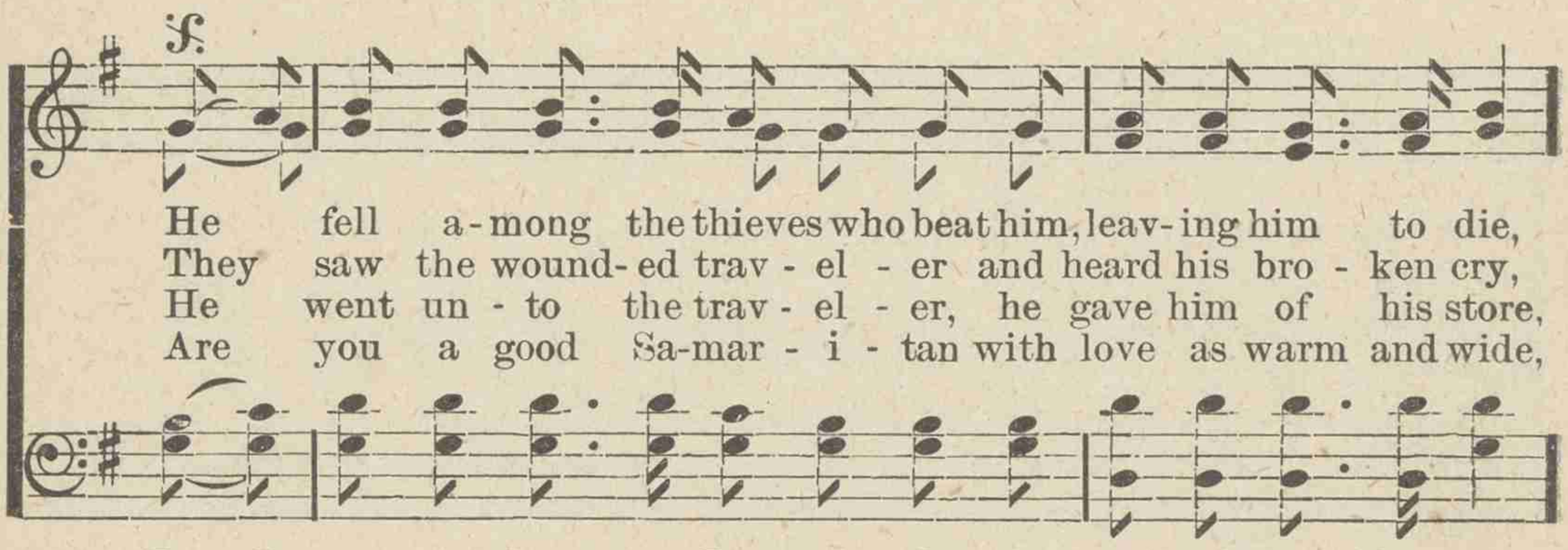


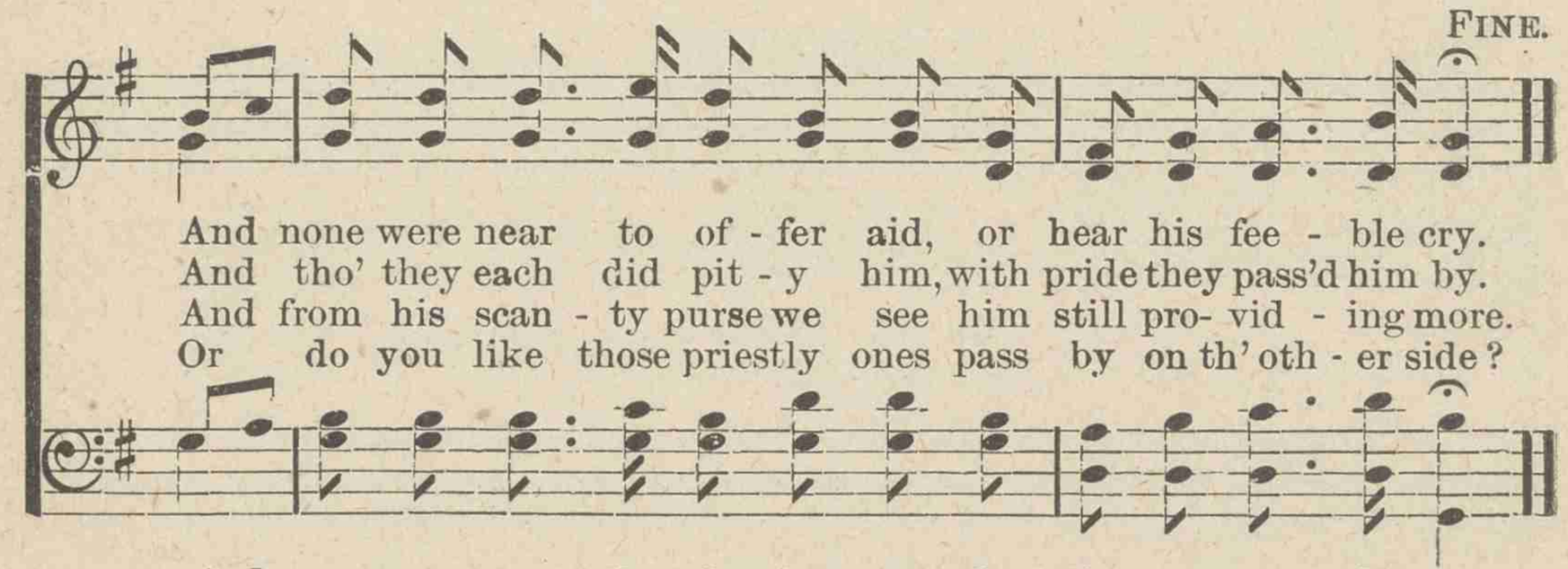
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12. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

W. M. R. REV. W. M. ROBISON.







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THE GOOD SAMARITAN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then who, tell me who, Tell me
tell me who, then who, tell me who,

who was his neigh-bor kind and true,
kind and true?

D. S.

13. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
   { Gent- ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
   { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop- ing on in dark-ness drear,
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait- ing still for sweet re- lease,
   { Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there;

D. C.—*Whis- per soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*

D.C.

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

14.

CALL THEM IN.

ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call them in, hear the King in love command-ing, Call the wand'rers who
2. Call them in, for their hearts are torn and bleed-ing, And they long for the
3. Call them in, spread the roy - al in - vi - ta - tion, Tell the love that the
4. Call them in! O the joy of earn - est call - ing! Joy the an - gels on

'mid the hedg-es lie; While in sloth and in i - dle-ness we're standing,
sym - pa - thy di-vine; Then with joy to their help let us be speeding,
feast for them prepared; All ye ser-vants of God, whate'er your sta-tion,
high de - light to share; When they come from the doom of death ap-pall - ing,

CHORUS.

Shall their souls in the dark-ness pine and die?
On their hearts cause the light of life to shine.
Call them in, for the King for them has cared.
In your heart springs a joy be - yond compare.

Call them in!
Call them in!

the King has sent you! call them in! let naught pre-

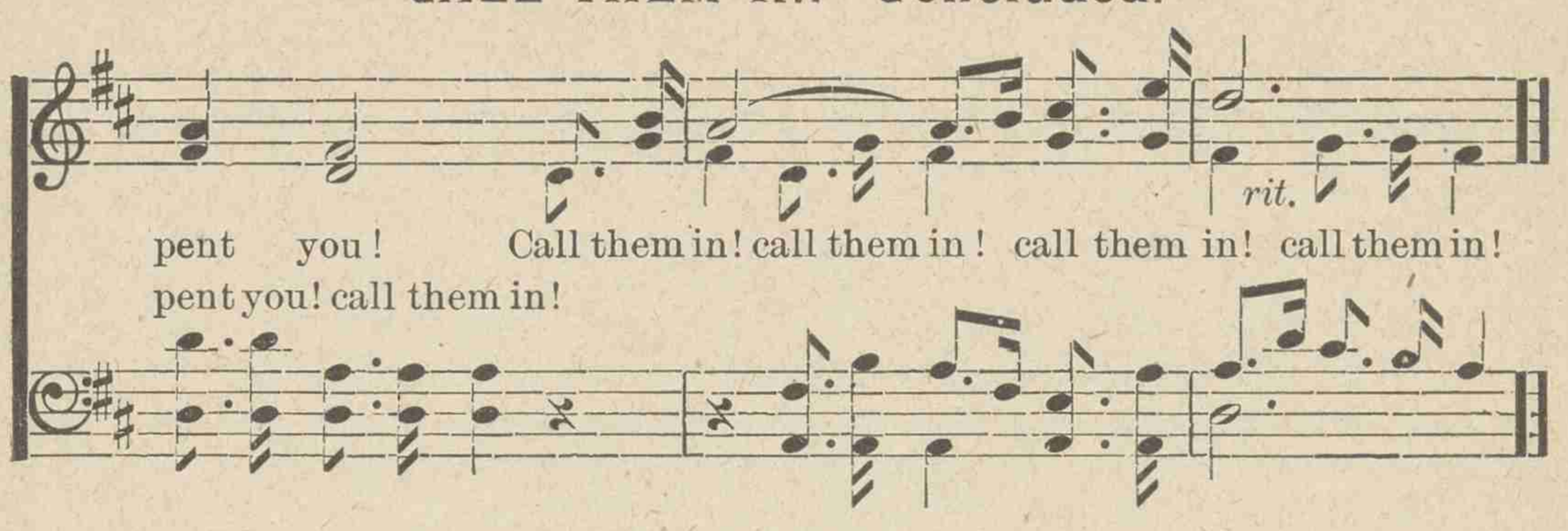
the King has sent you! call them in! Call them in! . . . . let naught pre-

vent you!

vent you! call them in! Call them in! for your work will ne'er re -

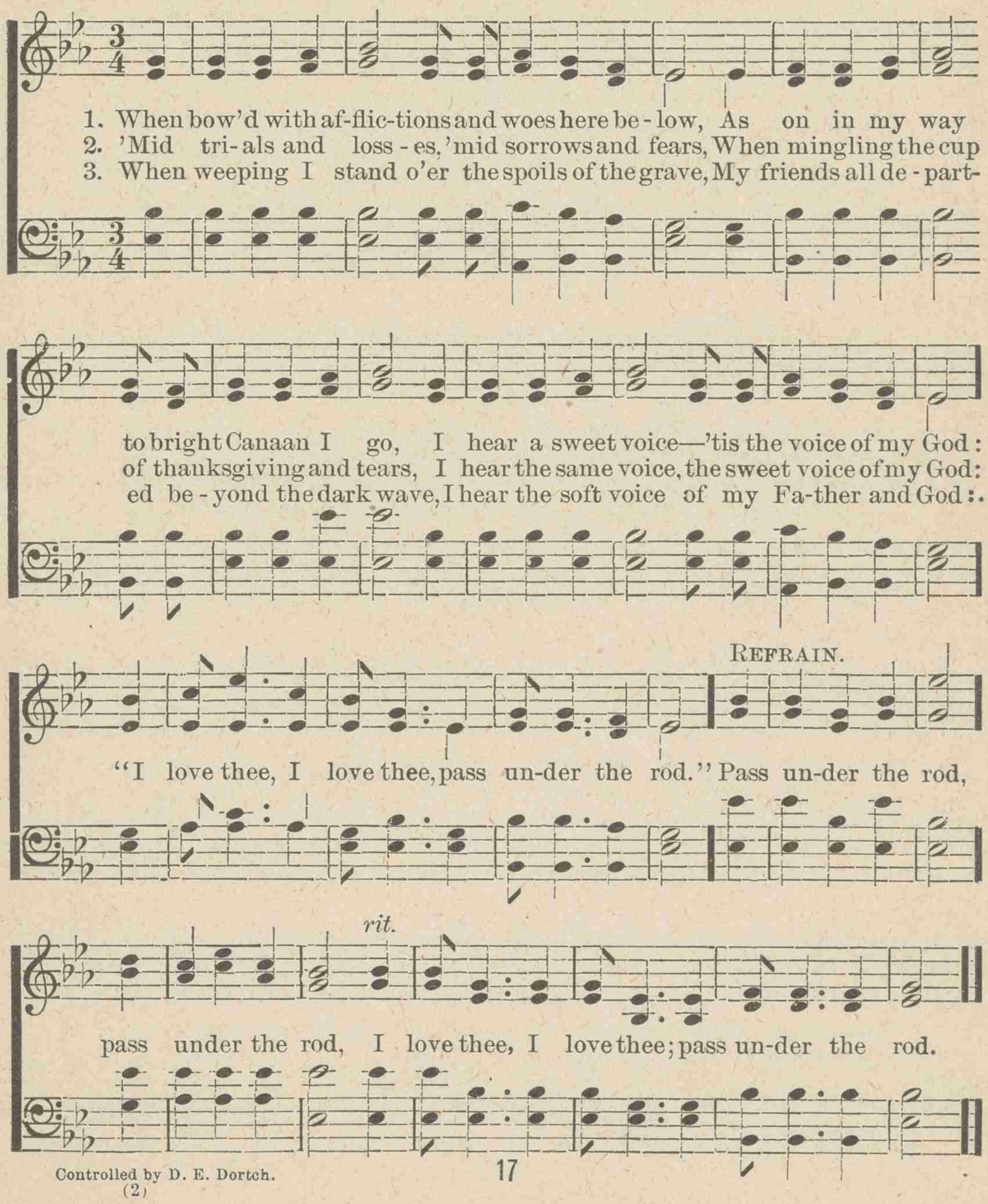
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CALL THEM IN. Concluded.



15. PASS UNDER THE ROD.

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



16. # THE SPIRIT OF GOD.
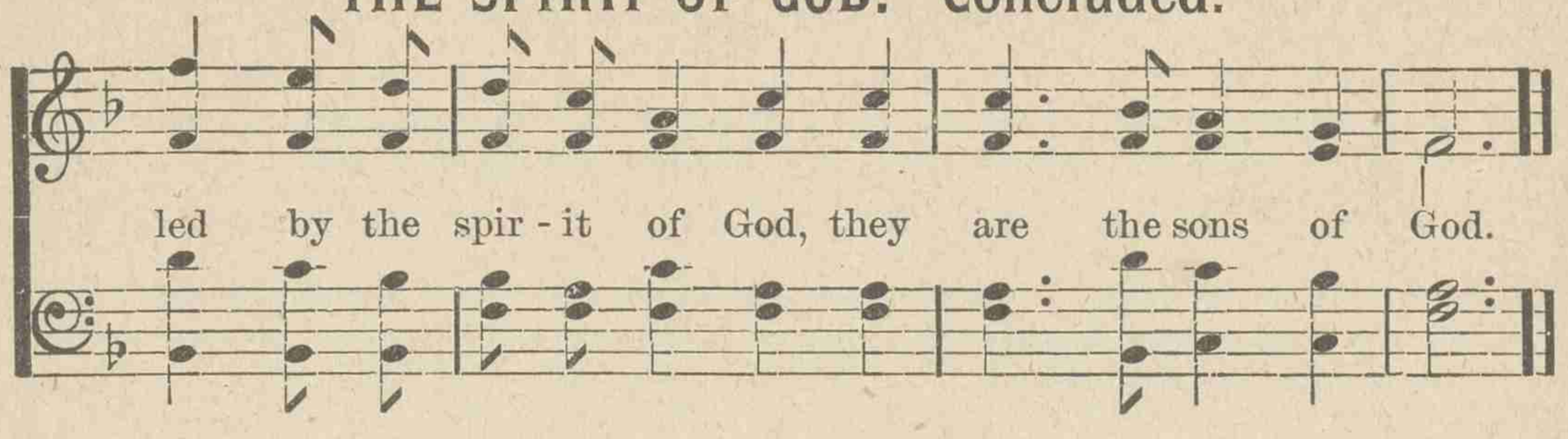
E. H. E. HANKS.

1. Is the spir - it of God lead- ing you, broth-er, Does his com - fort, joy and peace o'er you roll? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, broth-er, Do you feel its cleans- ing pow'r in your soul?
2. Is the spir - it of God lead- ing you, broth-er, Do you fol - low at his call ev - 'ry day? Are you faith-ful - ly walk- ing with him, broth-er, Are you ea - ger his com-mands to o - bey?
3. Is the spir - it of God lead- ing you, broth-er, Do you lis - ten for his voice in your breast? Are your feet on the Rock, firm and strong, broth-er, Do you long to reach that sweet heav - 'nly rest?

CHORUS.

As ma- ny as are led by the spir - it of God, By the spir- it of God, by the spir - it of God, As ma- ny as are

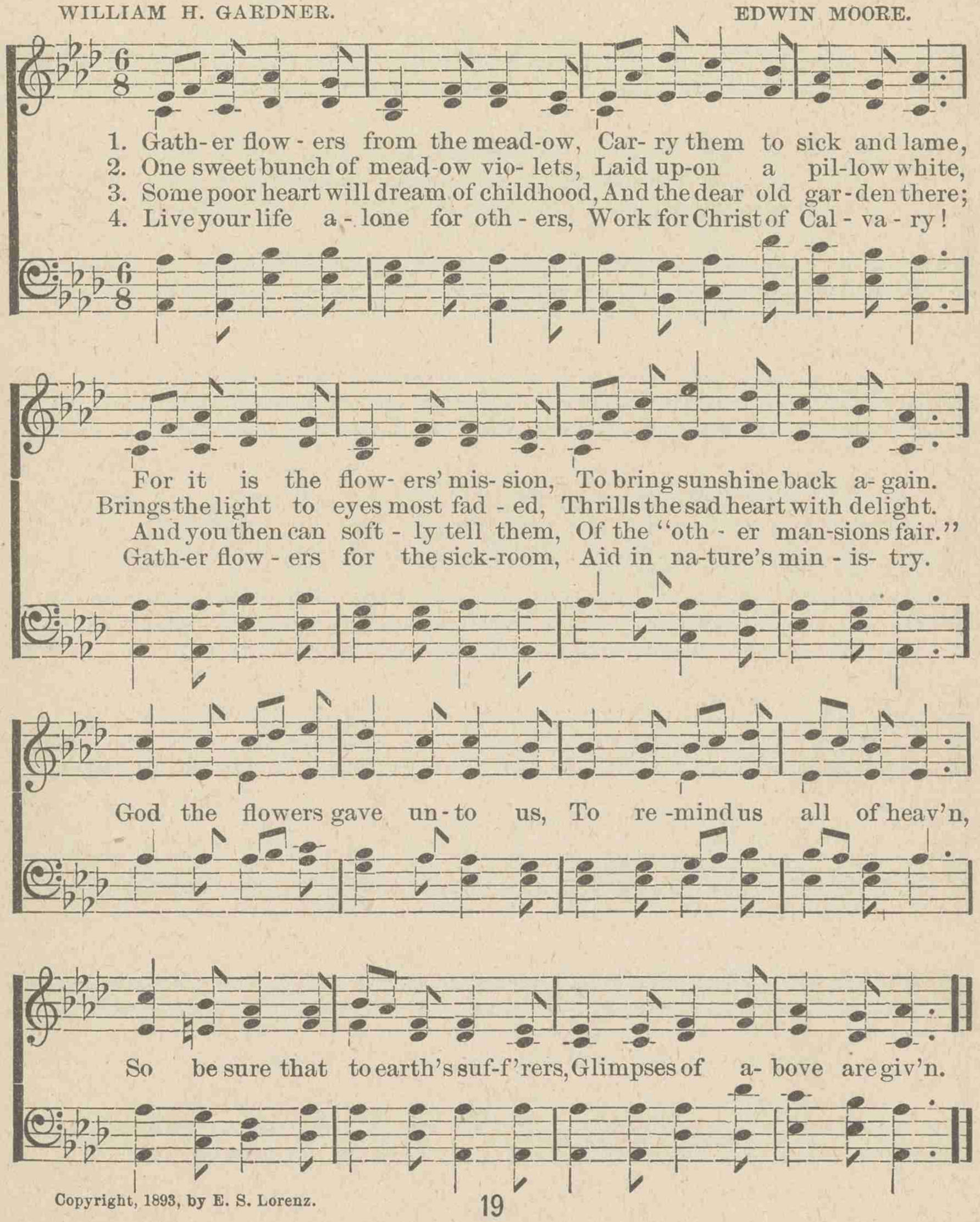
THE SPIRIT OF GOD. Concluded.



17. GOD'S FLOWERS.

Dedicated to the King's Daughters of America.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.



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18. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

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

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King;
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.
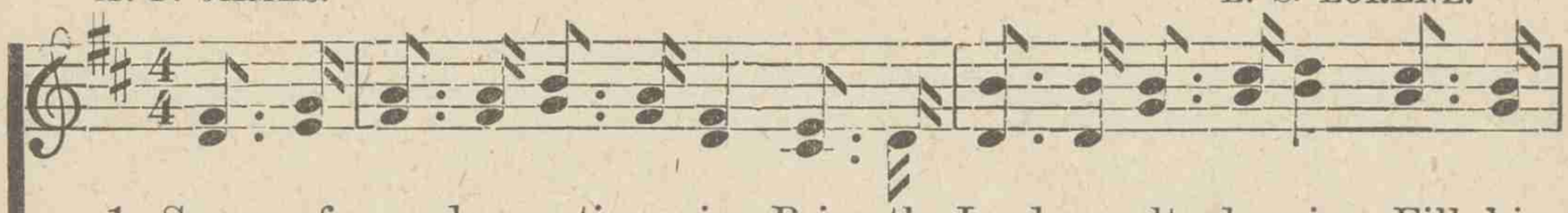
REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,
While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll,
Je-sus shows his smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

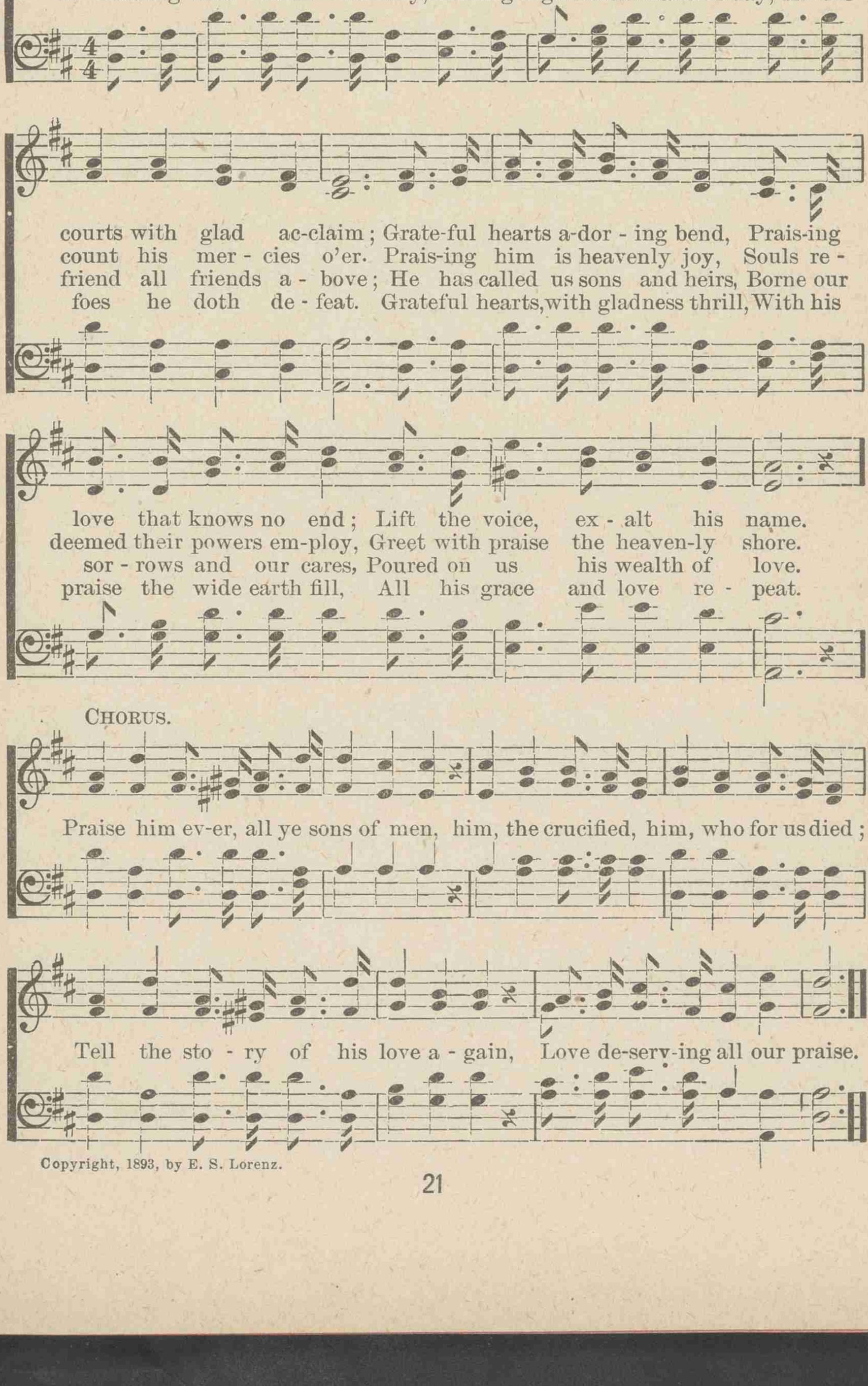
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19. # PRAISE HIM EVER.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Songs of a - dor - a-tion raise, Bring the Lord ex- alt-ed praise, Fill his
2. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Let his children aye rejoice, As they
3. He who saved us from our sin, Made us whole and pure within, Is a
4. Walking with us all the way, Fill-ing night with heaven's day, All our



courts with glad ac-claim; Grate-ful hearts a-dor - ing bend, Prais-ing
count his mer - cies o'er. Prais-ing him is heavenly joy, Souls re -
friend all friends a - bove; He has called us sons and heirs, Borne our
foes he doth de - feat. Grateful hearts, with gladness thrill, With his

love that knows no end; Lift the voice, ex - alt his name.
deemed their powers em-ploy, Greet with praise the heaven-ly shore.
sor - rows and our cares, Poured on us his wealth of love.
praise the wide earth fill, All his grace and love re - peat.

CHORUS.

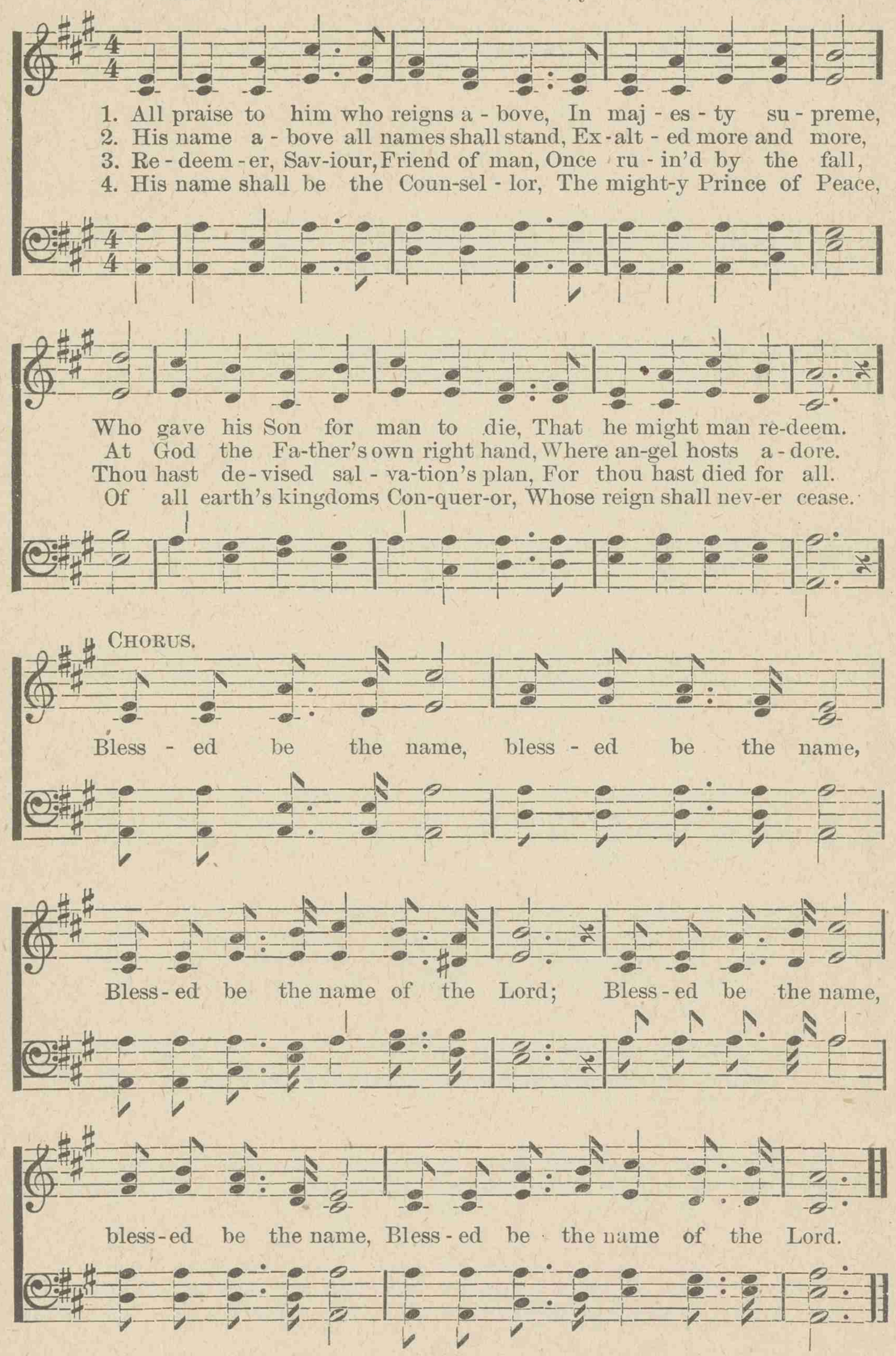
Praise him ev-er, all ye sons of men, him, the crucified, him, who for us died;

Tell the sto - ry of his love a - gain, Love de-serv-ing all our praise.

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20. BLESSED BE THE NAME.
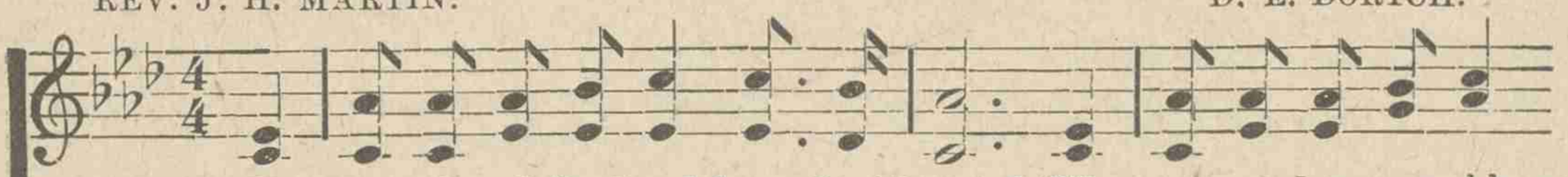
W. H. CLARK. C. M. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



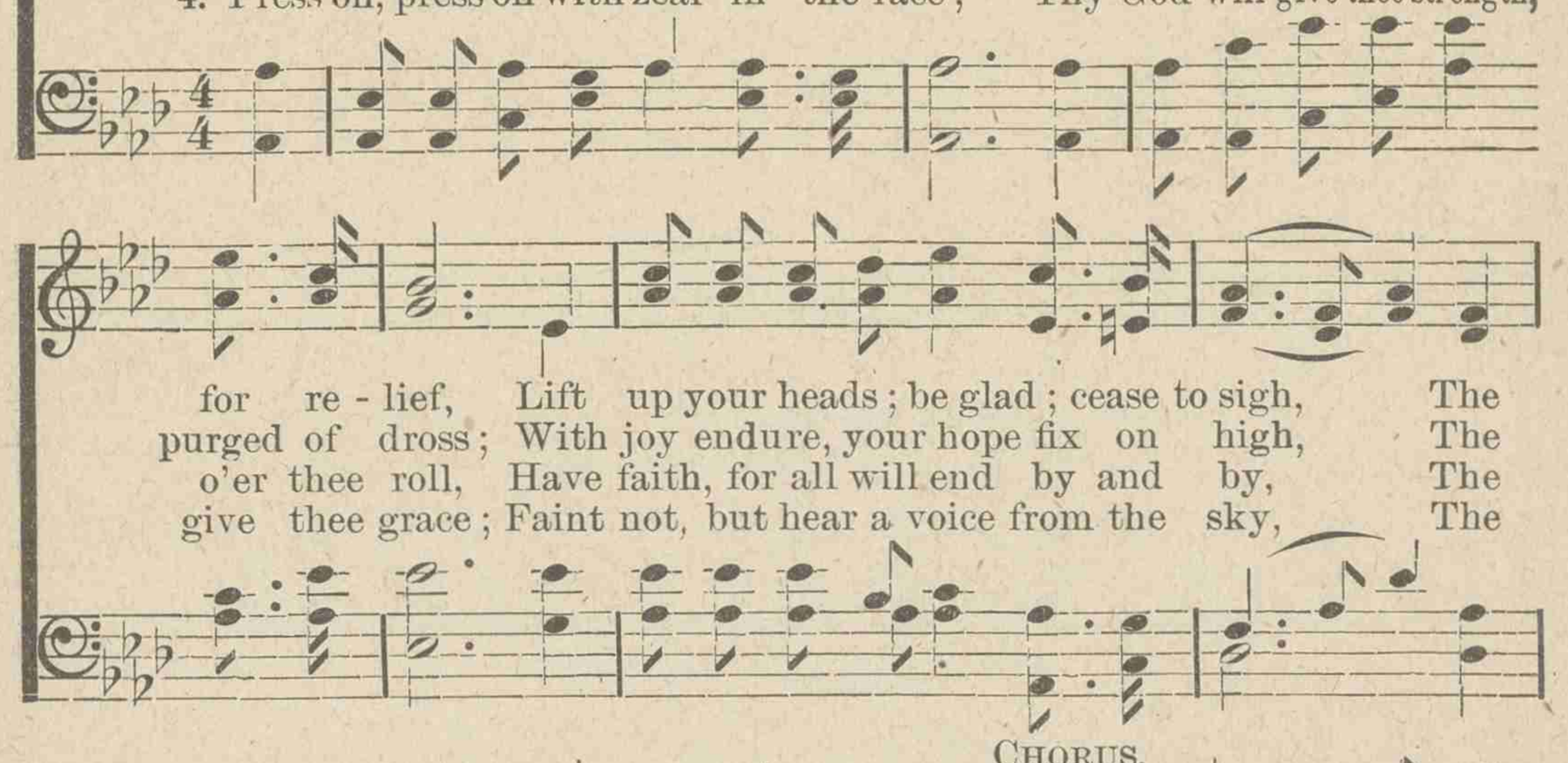
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21. THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH.

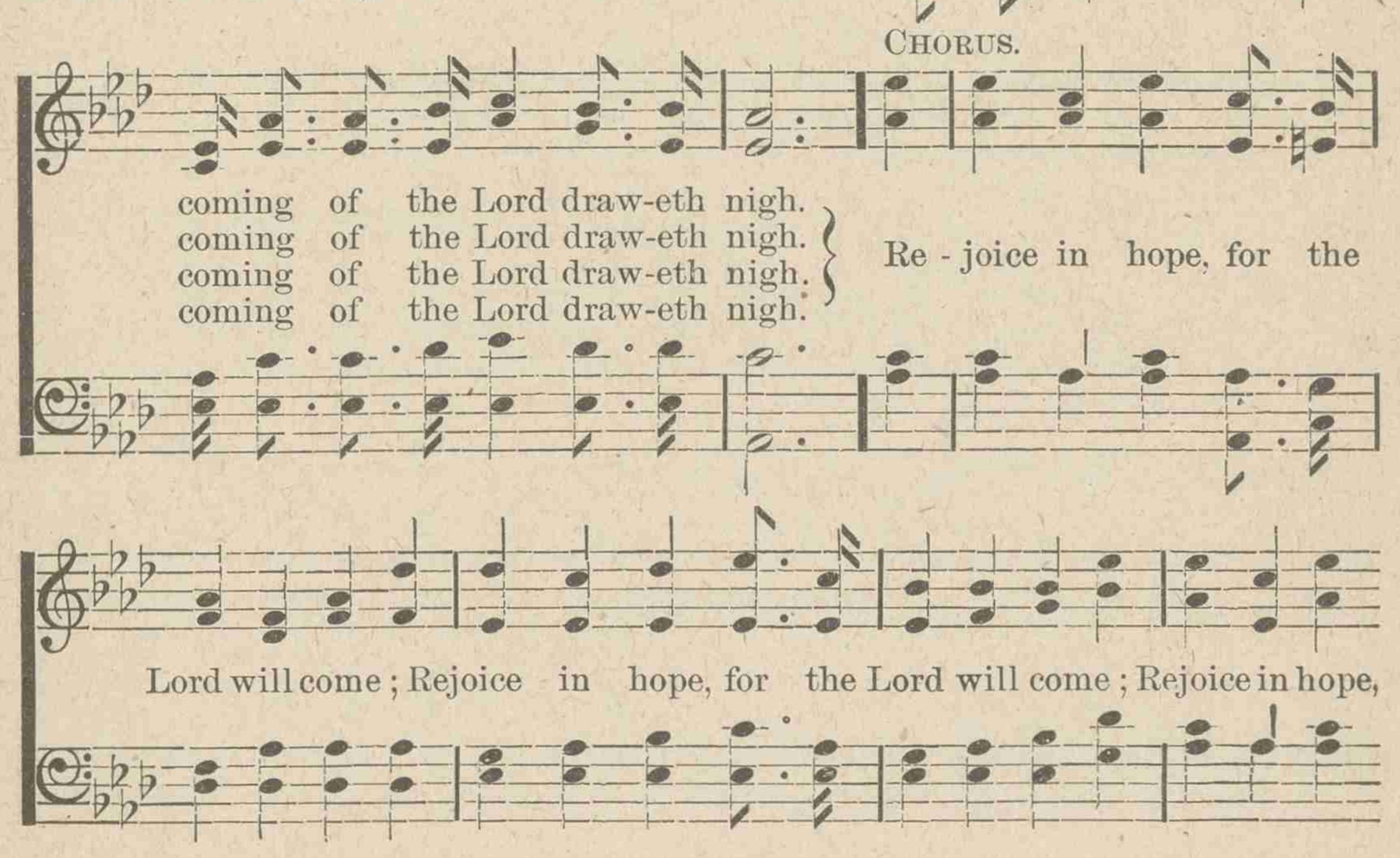
REV. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Ye peo-ple of the Lord bowed with grief, Who weep and mourn and long
2. In sor-row are you bear-ing the cross, Af - flict-ed, tried, as gold
3. When sins and fears and doubts vex thy soul, When trials fierce like waves
4. Press on, press on with zeal in the race; Thy God will give thee strength,



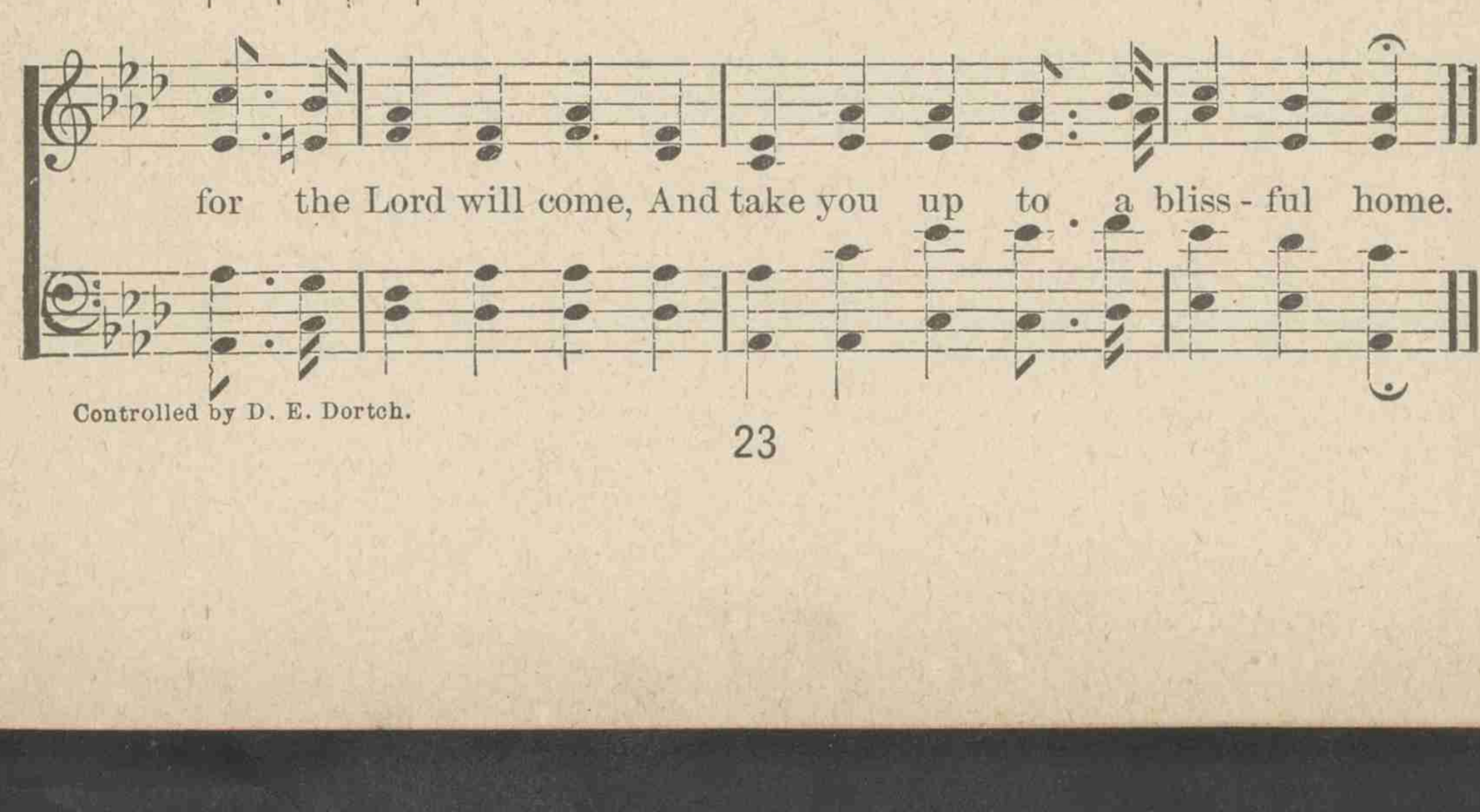
for re - lief, Lift up your heads; be glad; cease to sigh, The
purged of dross; With joy endure, your hope fix on high, The
o'er thee roll, Have faith, for all will end by and by, The
give thee grace; Faint not, but hear a voice from the sky, The



CHORUS.

coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.

} Re - joice in hope, for the



Lord will come; Rejoice in hope, for the Lord will come; Rejoice in hope,

for the Lord will come, And take you up to a bliss - ful home.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

22. I AM THE WAY.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In from the highways, In from the by- ways, Gather souls in Je- sus'
2. Go to the err - ing, Kind-ly and cheer-ing, Point them to the Cru-ci -
3. Go, then, believ- ing, Bless-ing re-ceiv - ing, You shall reap re - ward a -

name; Publish the sto - ry, Her-ald his glo - ry, Un- to the world his
fied; Res-cue the pray'rless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Je - sus
bove; Je-sus is call - ing,—Darkness is fall-ing, On with the bless-ed
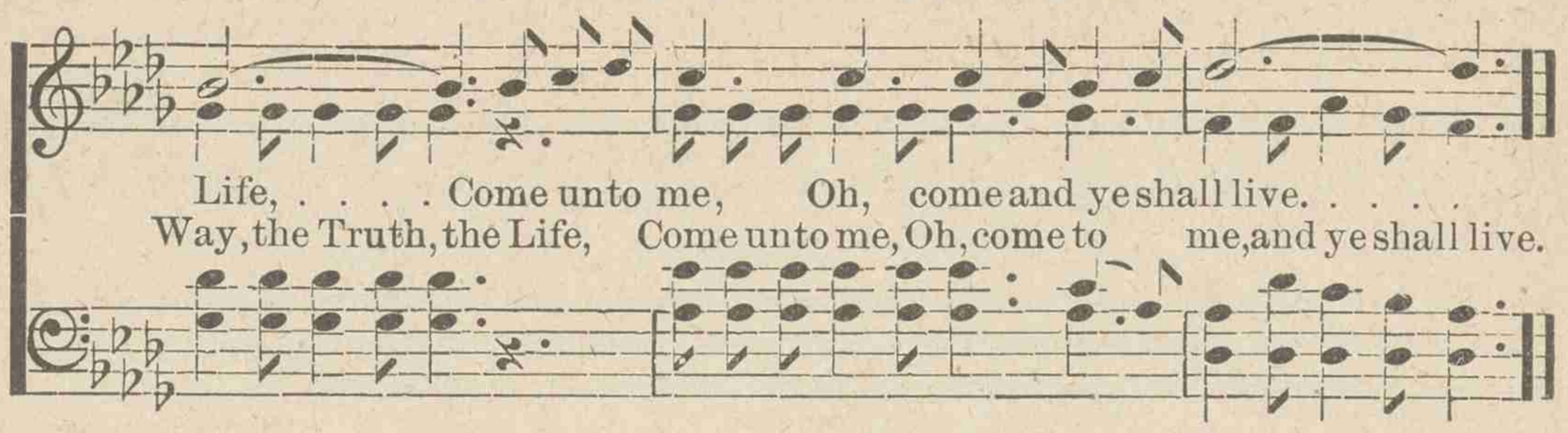
CHORUS.

message pro - claim.
safe - ly a - bide.
lab - or of love.

I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the
Life, ... Come without mon - ey, free - ly will I
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come without mon-ey free - ly,
give; . . . . . I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
free - ly will I give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the
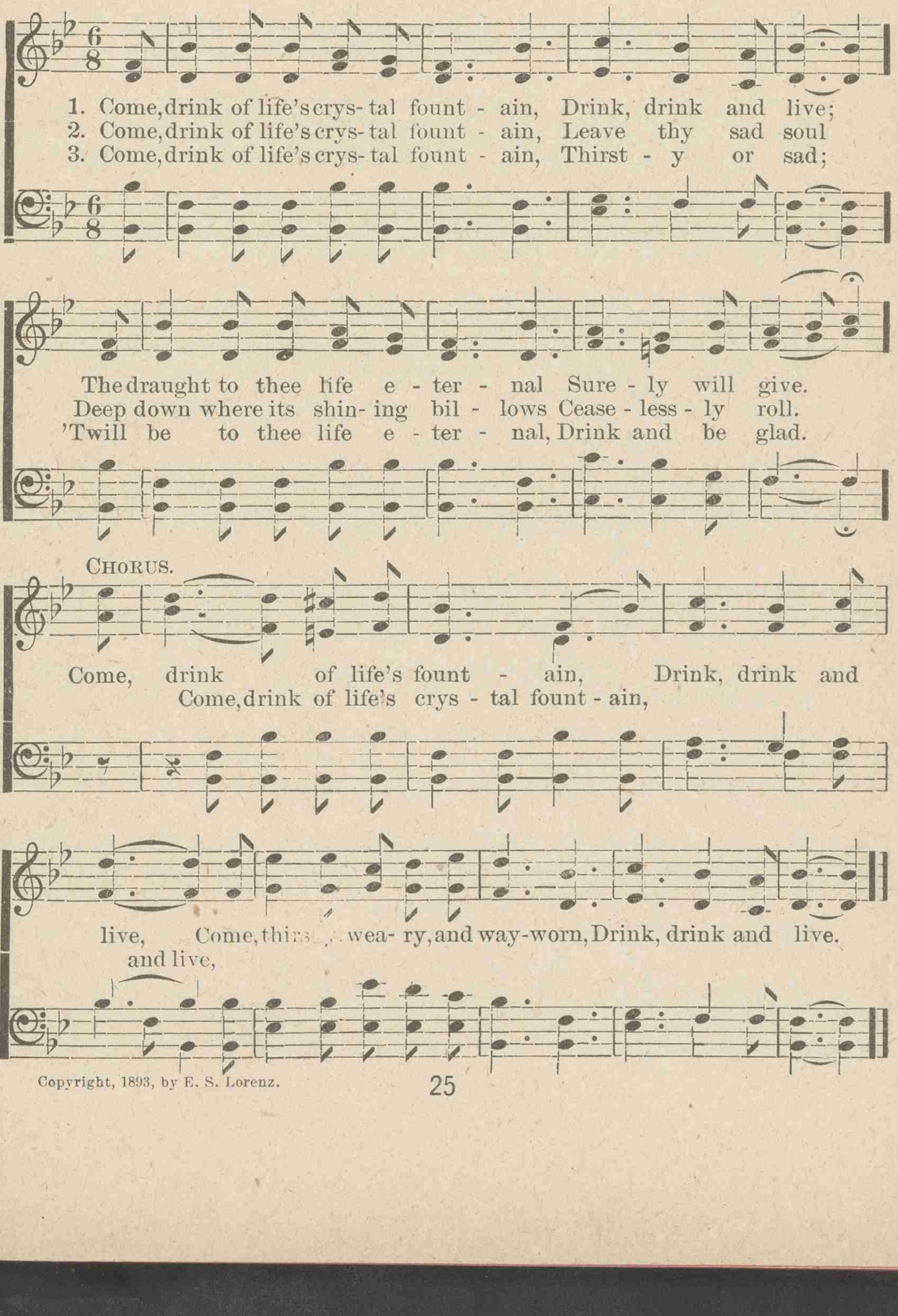
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I AM THE WAY. Concluded.



23. DRINK AND LIVE.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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24. WAITING AT THE PORTAL.

K. M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
2. Many a wea - ry path I've travelled In the dark-est storm and strife,
3. Ma - ny friends who traveled with me Reach'd that portal long a - go,
4. Yes, their pil - grim-age was short-er, And their triumph soon-er won;

To the glo - ry of his presence, To the glad-ness of his home.
Bear - ing many a heav - y bur-den, Oft-en struggling for my life.
One by one have left me bat-tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
Oh how lov - ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done!

CHORUS.

They are watch - - - ing at the por - tal, They are watch-ing, they are wait-ing,
wait - - - ing at the door; Waiting on - - - ly for my waiting, they are watching, on-ly, wait-ing on-ly
com-ing, All the loved . . . . . ones gone be - fore. loved ones, all the loved

By permission.

25. QUICKLY COME.

LORELLE DAMON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a cleans-ing, heal-ing tide, That flows from Jesus' wounded side;
2. Oh, flee to Christ, forsake your sin, He'll make and keep you pure within;
3. Although you're lost in darkest night, The darkness will he turn to light,
4. Oh, do not lon - ger then de-lay, Lest you should grieve his love away,

Come now and plunge in-to its flow, 'Twill make your heart as pure as snow.
And led by his al-might-y hand, You'll gain the bright ce-les-tial land.
If on - ly you will come and prove The sweetness of the Sav-iour's love.
Lest while you tar - ry death may come, And bring you ev-er - last-ing doom.

CHORUS.

Do not spurn your lov-ing Sav-iour, quick - ly come, quick - ly come;
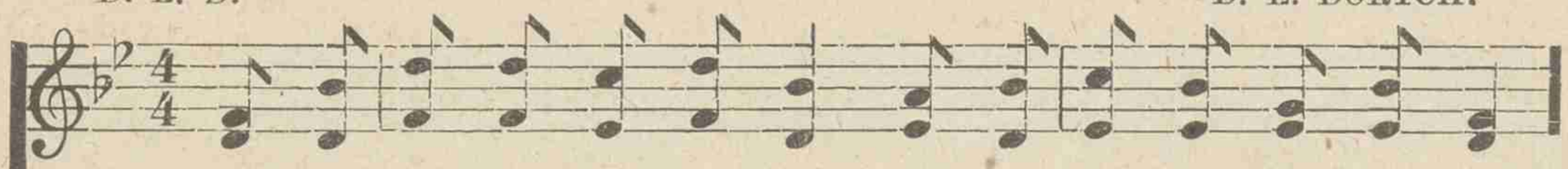
Legato.

It is fol - ly now to wa - ver, quick - ly come, quick-ly come.
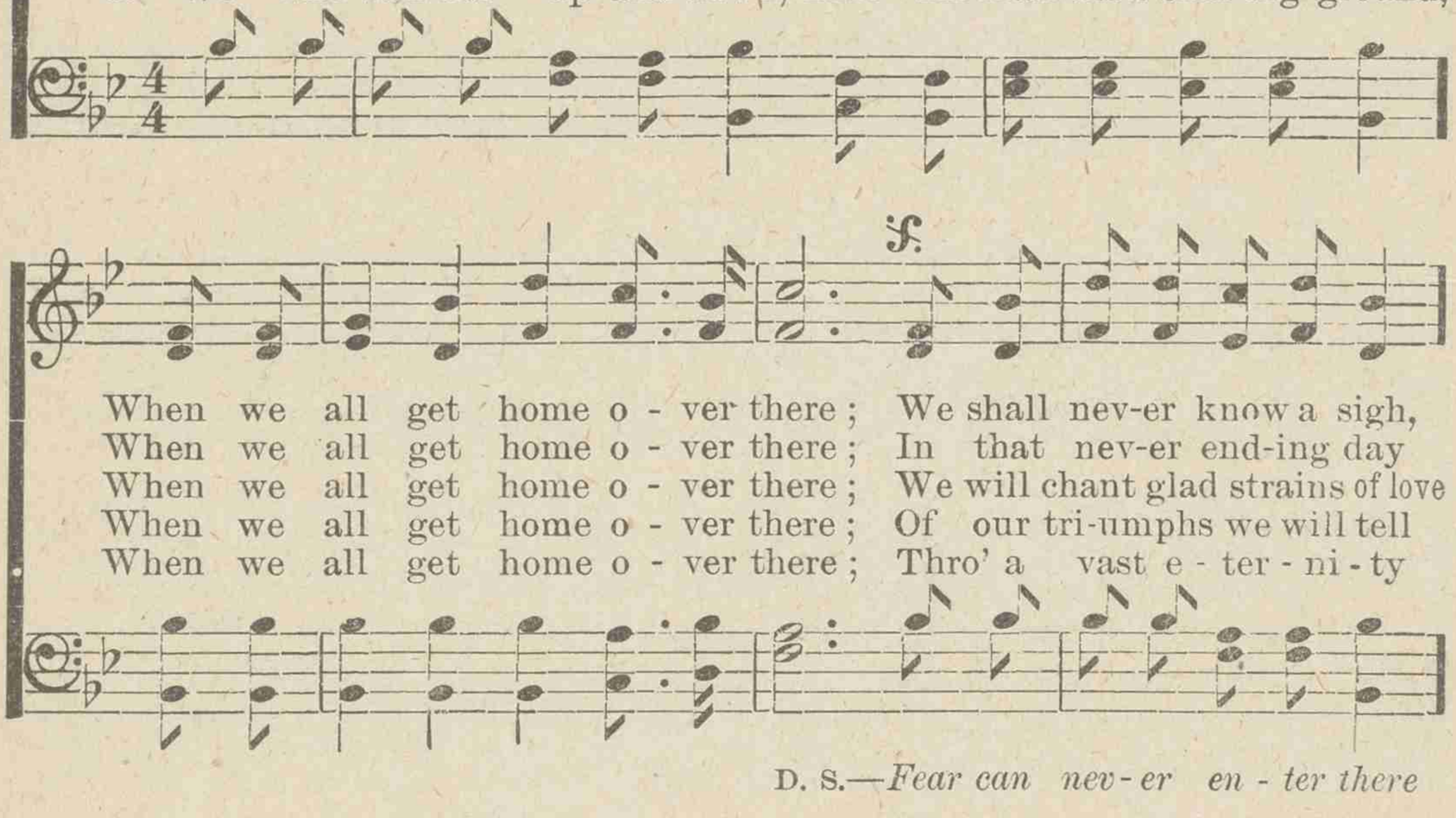
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

26. WHEN WE ALL GET HOME OVER THERE.
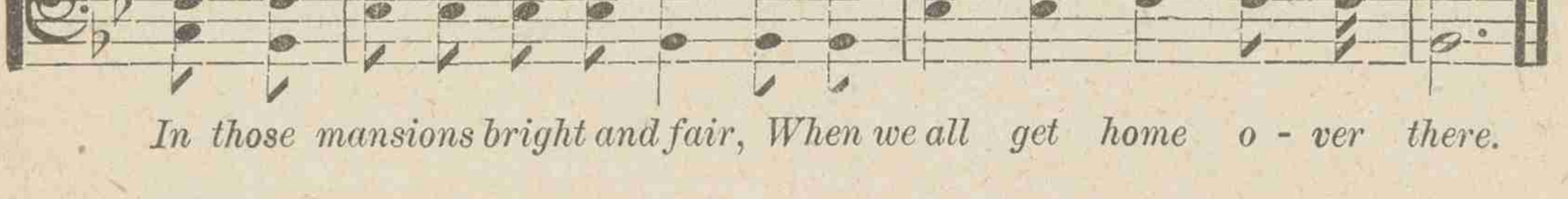
D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



1. There are man-sions for the blest, Where we ev - er - more shall rest,
2. In that ci - ty of pure gold, Sweet-est pleas-ures will un - fold,
3. O how hap - py we will be, When from sor - row we are free,
4. At the bless - ed Sav-iour's feet, There a hap - py band we meet,
5. We will wan-der up and down, Thro' Im-man-uel's shin-ing ground,

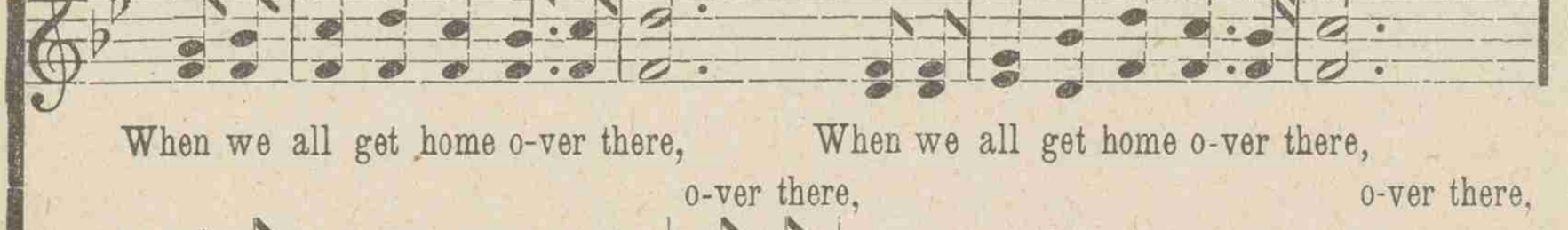


When we all get home o - ver there; We shall nev-er know a sigh,
When we all get home o - ver there; In that nev-er end-ing day
When we all get home o - ver there; We will chant glad strains of love
When we all get home o - ver there; Of our tri-umphs we will tell
When we all get home o - ver there; Thro' a vast e - ter - ni - ty



D. S.—*Fear can nev-er en - ter there*

FINE.



In those mansions bright on high, When we all get home o - ver there.
Naught shall cloud the Lamb's pure ray, When we all get home o - ver there.
In that cit - y fair a-bove, When we all get home o - ver there.
While in love we sweetly dwell, When we all get home o - ver there.
Per - fect bliss our lot shall be, When we all get home o - ver there.



In those mansions bright and fair, When we all get home o - ver there.
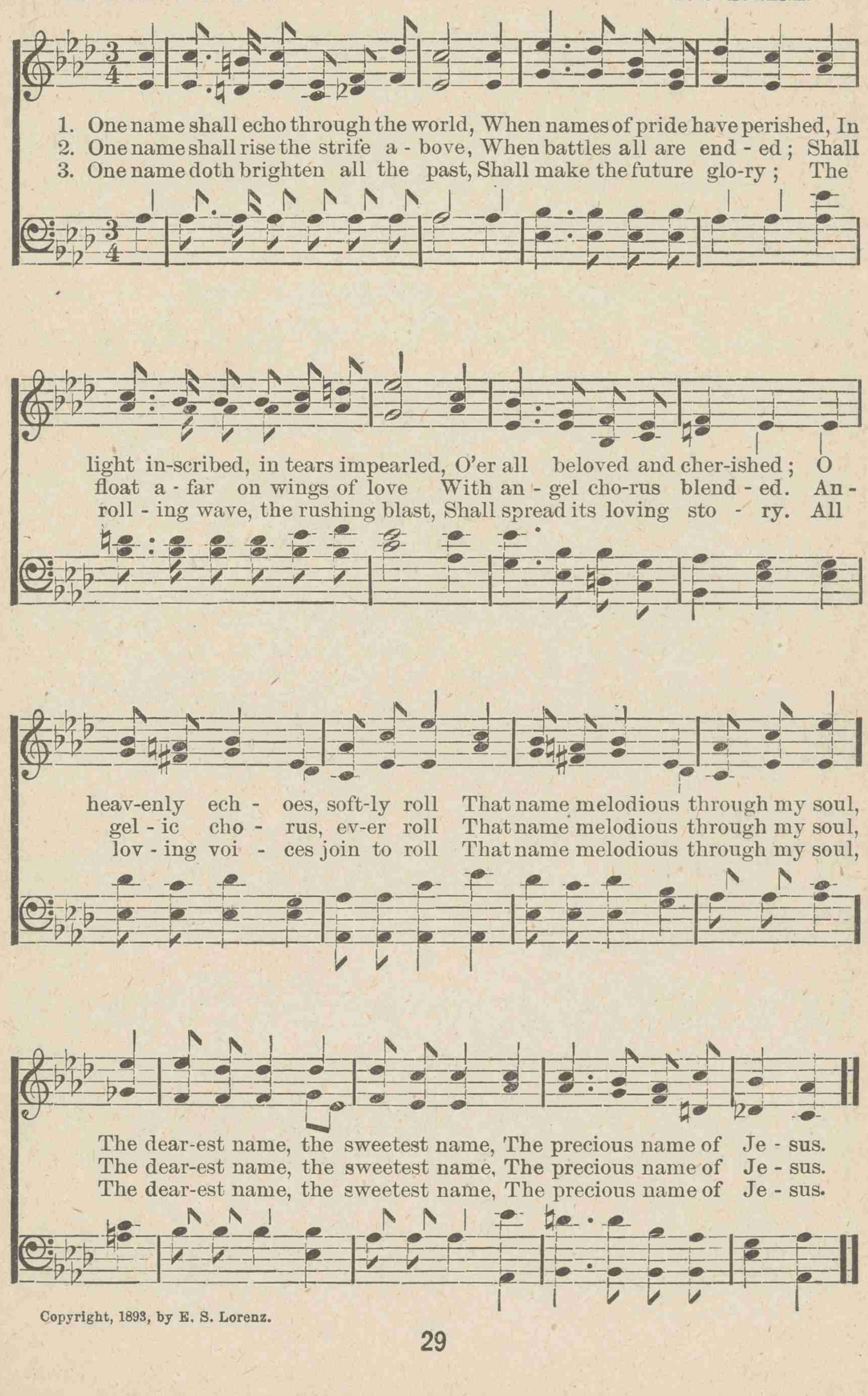
CHORUS. *D. S.*

When we all get home o-ver there, When we all get home o-ver there,
o-ver there, o-ver there,

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

27. THE PRECIOUS NAME.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



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28. JOIN THE SONG.

MARK ADAMS. E. S. LORENZ.
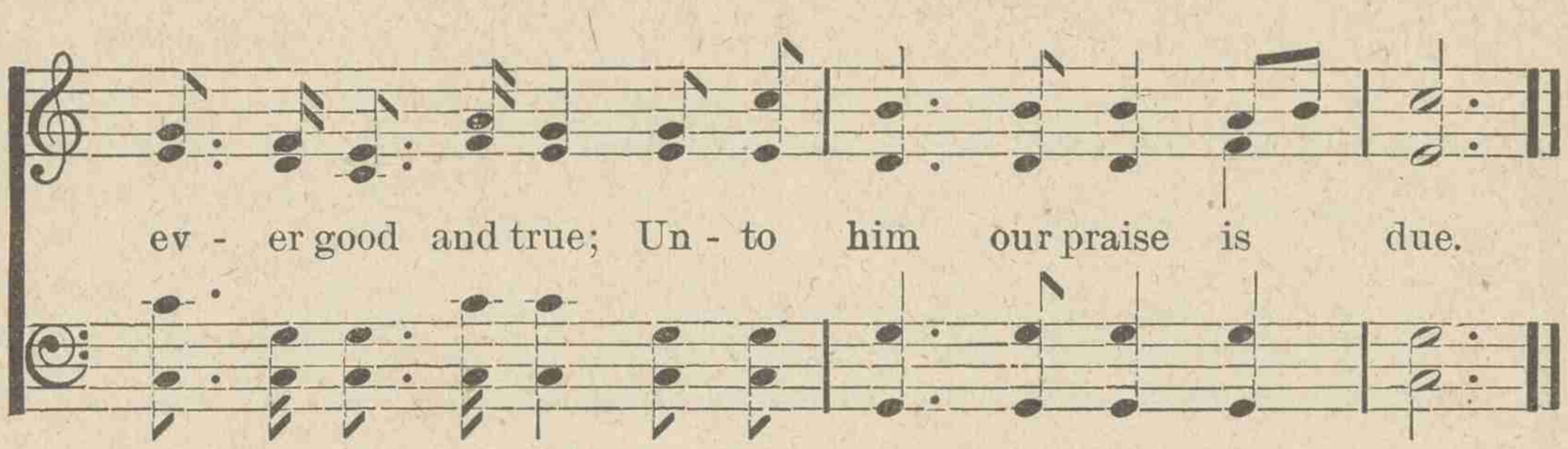
1. Let us join the hap-py song which the morn - ing stars, Filled with won - der and de-light, In the world's fair morn- ing bright, Bring to Him who rules on high, in mel - o-dious bars, And a- dore the Lord of might.
2. Let us join the sol-emn song of the hosts un - told, Long since crum- bled in - to dust; Yet their praise re-vive we must, As his law of ho - ly truth we a-gain be-hold, Let us praise the Lord so just.
3. Let us join the song of life, sung by hosts a - bove, Who, once vile in sin and base, Now be - hold the Fa-ther's face; 'Tis the grand-est song of heav'n, 'tis a song of love; Praise the Lord of wondrous grace.

CHORUS.

Join the song! Sing his praise with heart and voice! Join the song!
join the song! join the song!
With the hosts a-bove re-joice! For the Lord our God is great, he is

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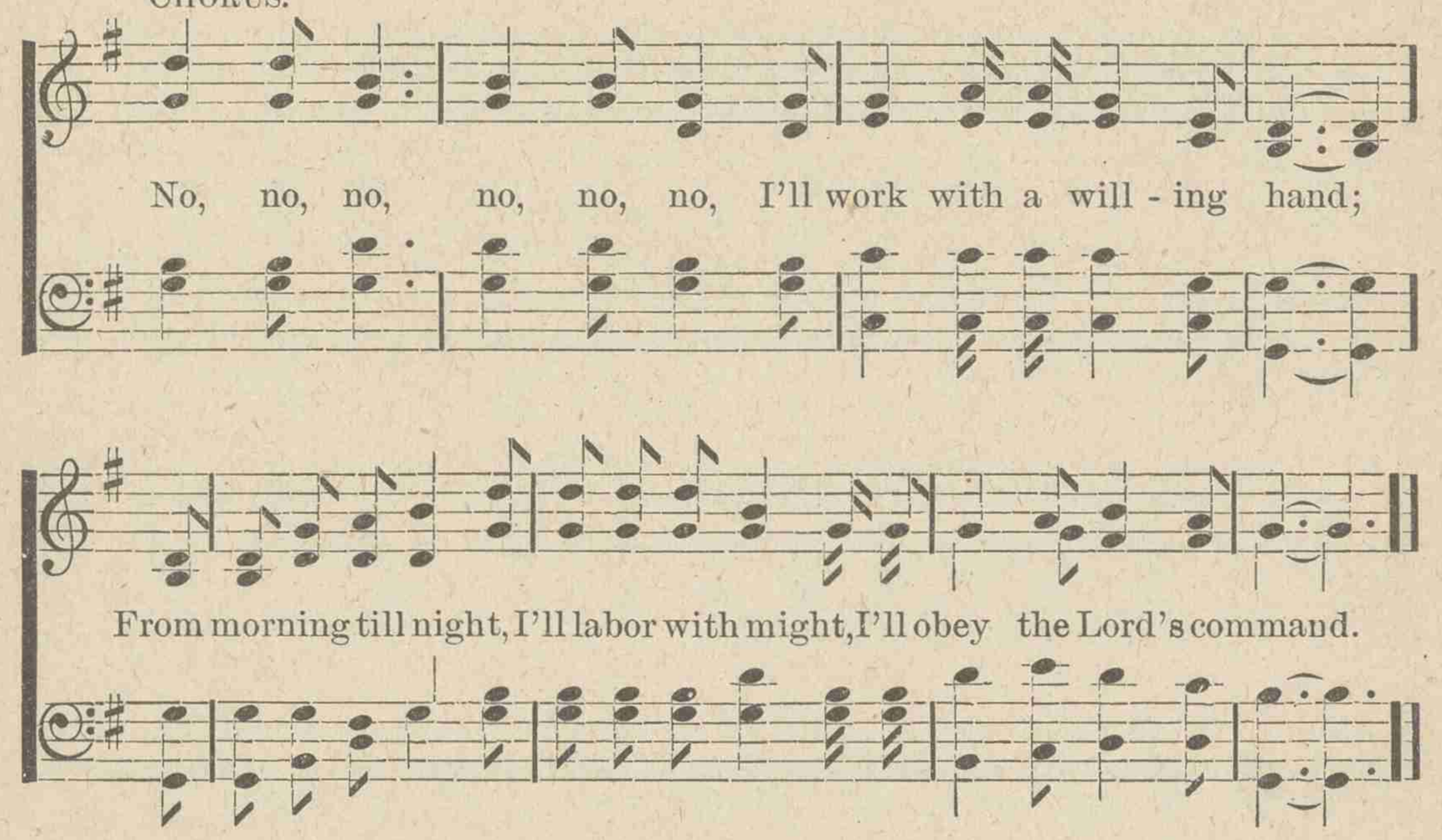
JOIN THE SONG. Concluded.



29. MUST I GO WITH EMPTY HANDS?

REV. J. H. MARTIN. E. HANKS.

CHORUS.



3 Must I go with empty hands,
And appear before the King,
Where the heavenly temple stands,
Bearing him no offering?

4 Must I go with empty hands,
While the vast triumphant throng,
Souls redeemed from many lands,
Come with gifts and joyful songs?

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

30. # THE GRACE OF GOD.
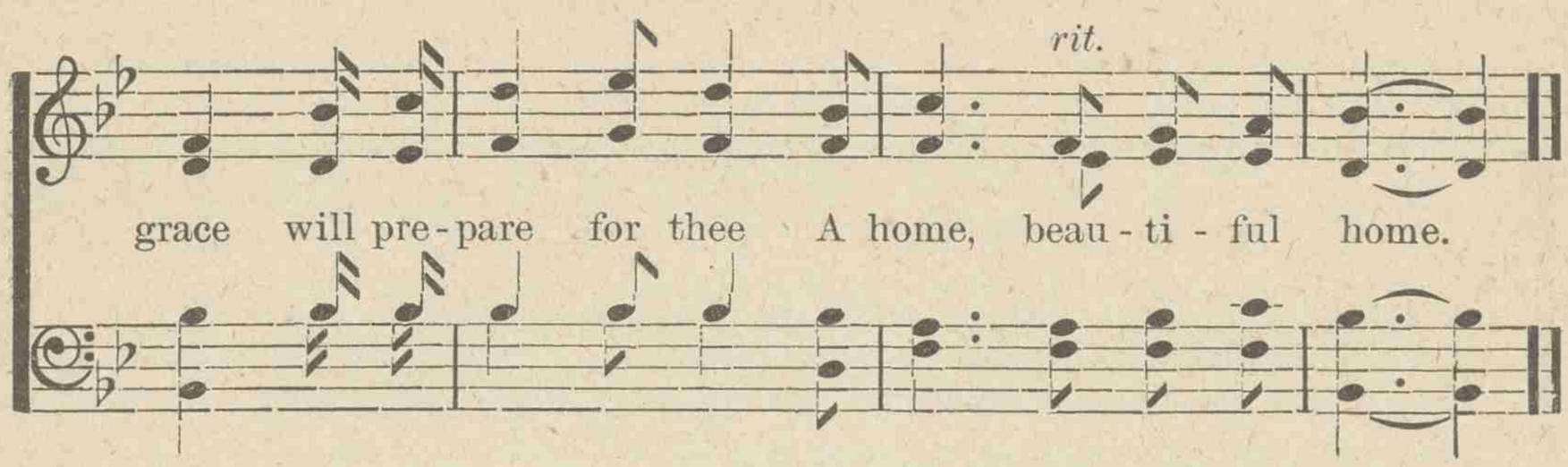
ESTELLE DAVISON. E. HANKS.

1. Oh, hast thou not heard of the prom - is - es sweet, That our Fa- ther hath giv - en to men; And dost thou not see in the book of our God, They are writ - ten a - gain and a - gain?
2. All his chil- dren in grace shall for - ev - er a- bound, And his good-ness their needs will sup-ply; Se - cure in their faith not a fear can they know! To the Rock of Sal - va - tion they fly.
3. As the wom - an of old to the proph - et ap- peals, In the hour of her bit - ter - est need; They ask for the help that they know will not fail, From the Friend ev - er read - y to heed.

CHORUS.

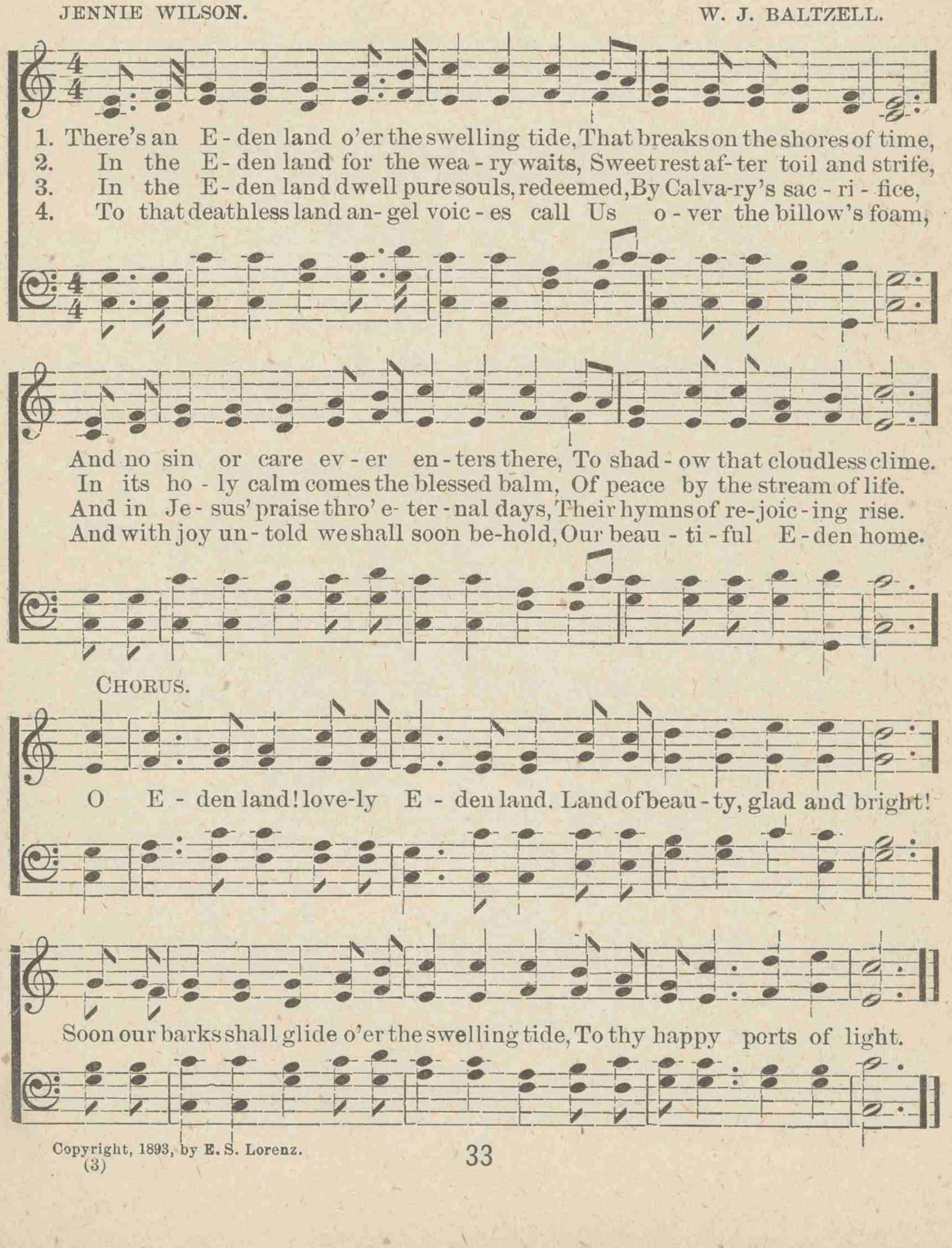
He is a - ble and will- ing to care for thee, Oh, be - lieve in his word, trust him and come; And his love and his

THE GRACE OF GOD. Concluded.



31. THE EDEN LAND.
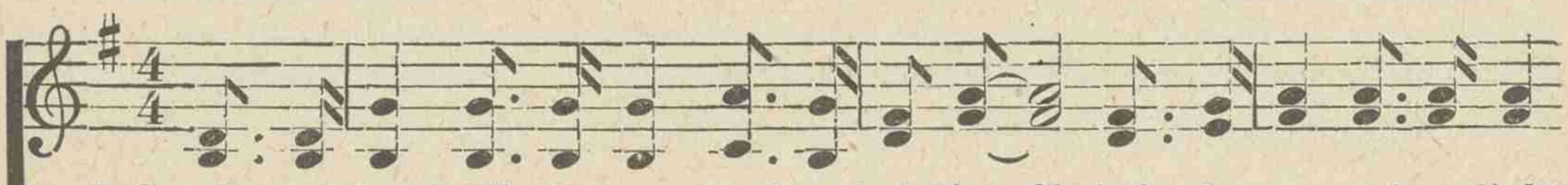
JENNIE WILSON. W. J. BALTZELL.
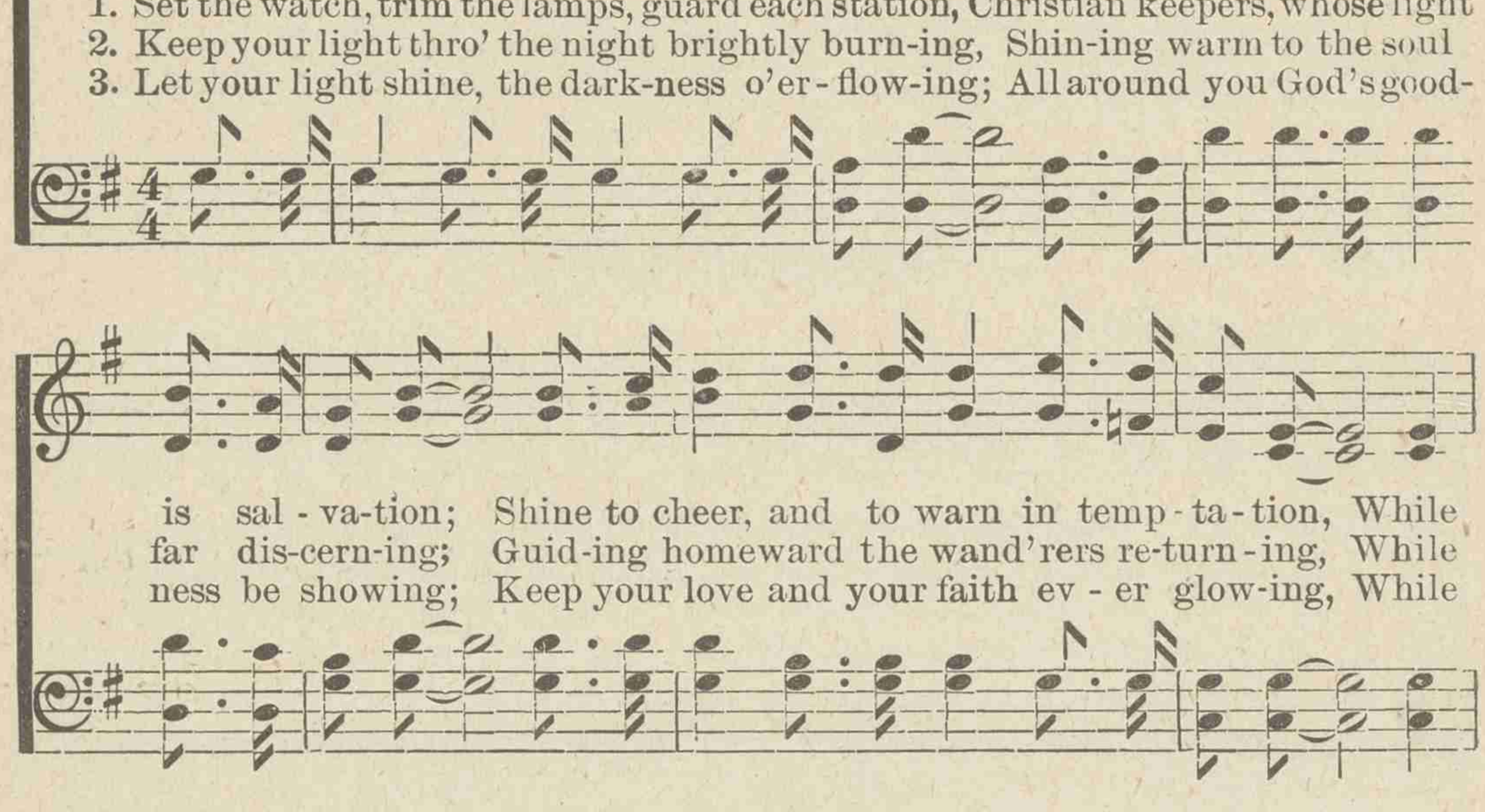


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32. LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Set the watch, trim the lamps, guard each station, Christian keepers, whose light
2. Keep your light thro' the night brightly burn-ing, Shin-ing warm to the soul
3. Let your light shine, the dark-ness o'er-flow-ing; All around you God's good-

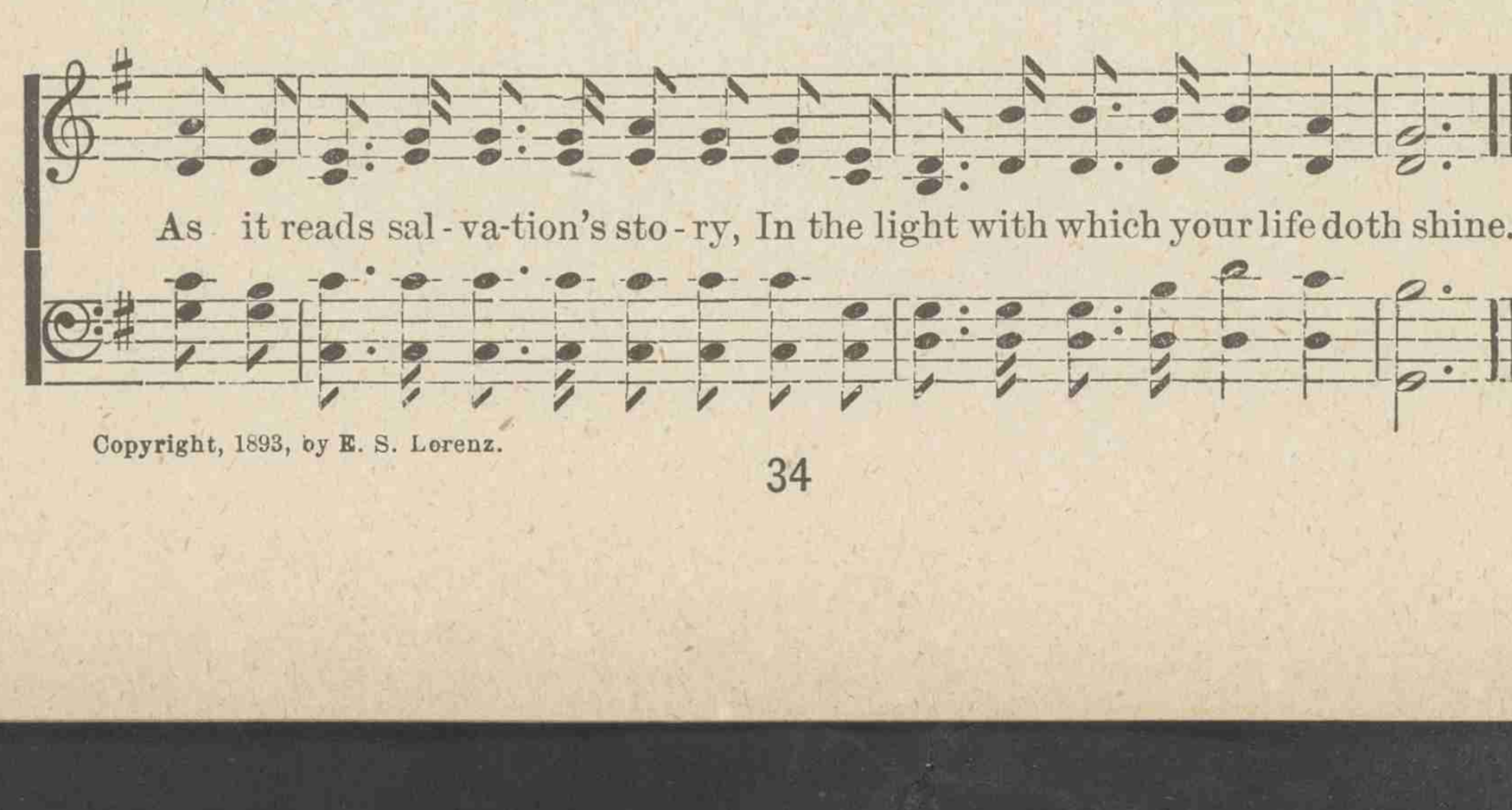


is sal-va-tion; Shine to cheer, and to warn in temp-ta-tion, While
far dis-cern-ing; Guid-ing homeward the wand'rers re-turn-ing, While
ness be showing; Keep your love and your faith ev-er glow-ing, While

CHORUS.

God makes glo-ry in the soul.
God makes glo-ry in your soul.
God makes glo-ry in the soul.
} Let your light so shine, O my broth-er!

Glow with pow'r di-vine, O my brother! That the world may ev-er glo-ry,



As it reads sal-va-tion's sto-ry, In the light with which your life doth shine.

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33. JESUS IS THE BLESSED NAME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a name so sweet to me, A name that charms my ear;
2. There is a voice so low and sweet, That oft - en speaks to me;
3. O, bles - sed name, O, hal-low'd voice, Di - rect me here be - low,

That bids my ach - ing heart re-joice, And gives my spir - it cheer.
My droop-ing soul it wakes, inspires, And helps me faith-ful be.
And when I die, oh, lead me home, From sin and grief and woe.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the bles - sed name, bles - sed name, Je - sus blessed name,
is the blessed name that I love; I will sing it while I've breath,
I will laud it e'en in death, Join the praise of hosts a-bove, hosts a-bove.

34. IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR.

E. H. E. HANKS.

1. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the
2. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the
3. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the
4. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the

countenance that we shall wear; But we know that when the Lord shall
glo - ries of our man-sions fair; But we know that we shall go with
rap-ture of the mu - sic sweet; But we know that we shall strike the
beau-ties we shall there unfold; But we know that we'll be more than

D. S.—*But we know that when the Lord shall*

FINE.

come a - gain, We shall see him as he is and his im - age bear.
him to dwell, In that cit - y of pure gold and its bless - ing share.
gold - en lyre, And shall sing with kindred dear at the Sav - iour's feet.
sat - is - fied When we en-ter through the gates of those courts of gold.

come a - gain, We shall see him as he is, and his im - age bear.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Be - lov-ed, now are we the sons of God, What we shall be doth not yet appear;

I WILL COME TO THEE.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sav-iour in the morn-ing I will come to thee; Low-ly at thy foot-stool I will bend the knee. Wait-ing for thy bless-ing
2. Sav-iour at the noon-day I will draw a-side From life's act-ive du-ties, Near-er to thy side, And de-vout-ly wait-ing
3. Sav-iour in the eve-ning, When the shadows fall And the heart is ten-der On thy name I'll call; Thankful for thy good-ness

D. S.—*Heark-en, bless-ed Sav-iour,*

FINE.

Thro' the coming day, Trust-ing in thy mer-cy I will kneel and pray.
Will my strength renew For the rug-ged paths that dai-ly I pur-sue.
Thro' the passing day, Humbly at thy foot-stool I will kneel and pray.

Our pe-ti-tion hear, Fill our souls with glad-ness And our hearts with cheer.

CHORUS.

Pray-ing, Plead-ing prom-ise sweet,
bless-ed Sav-iour,
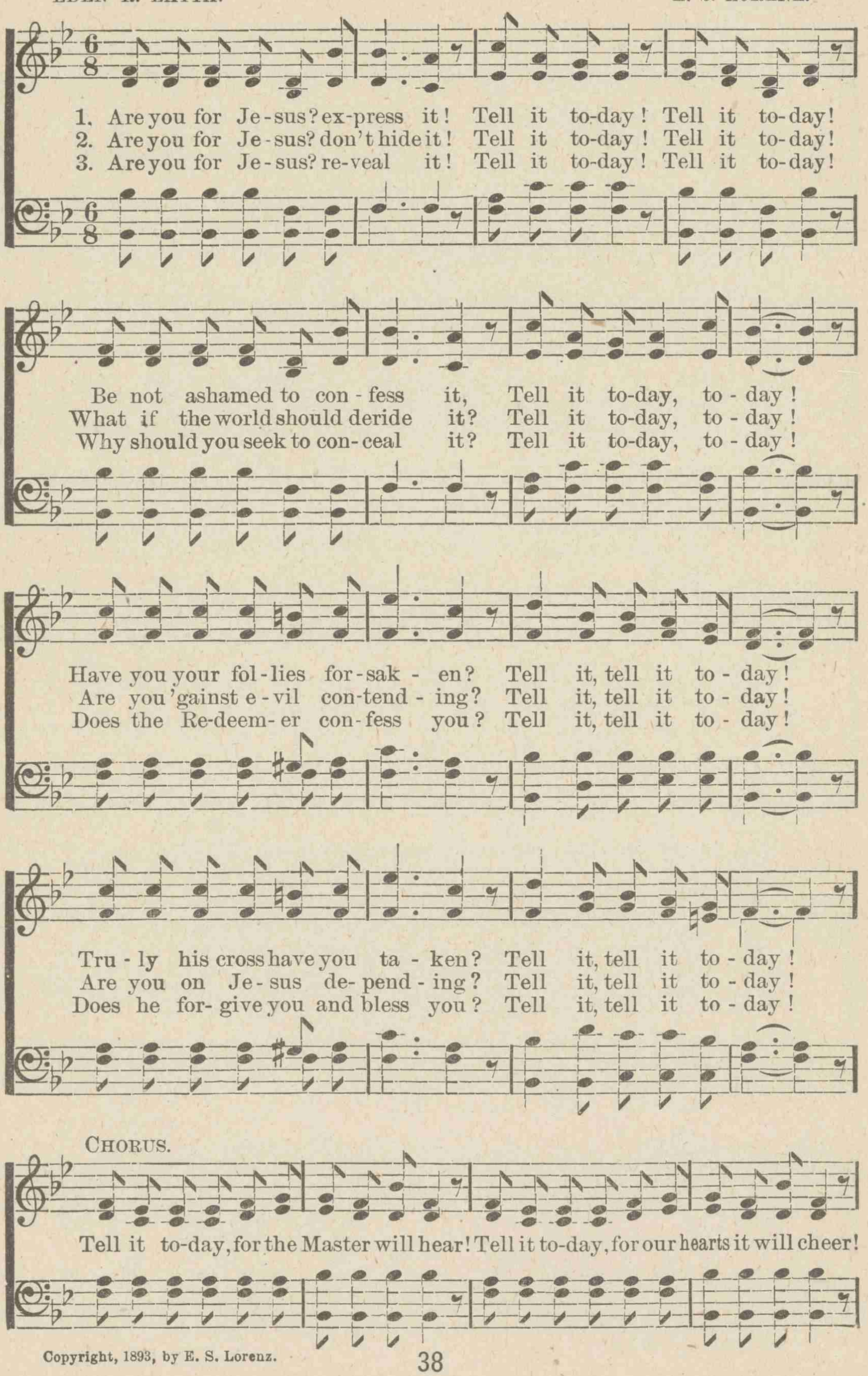
Hear us, Fall-ing at thy feet;
bless-ed Sav-iour,

D. S.

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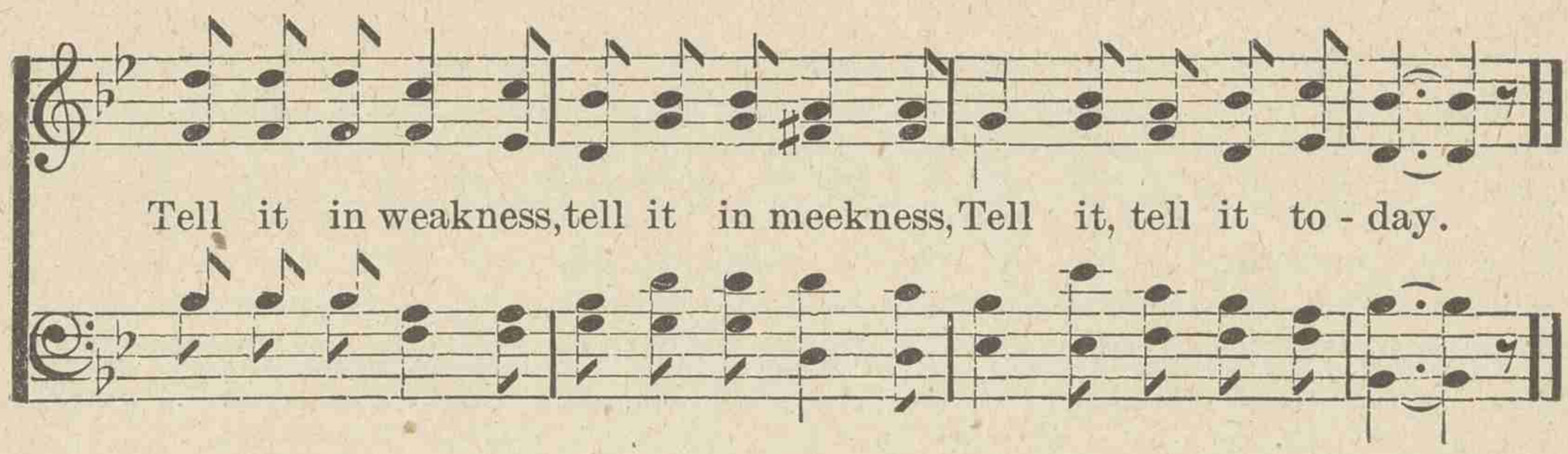
36. ARE YOU FOR JESUS?

EDEN R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.



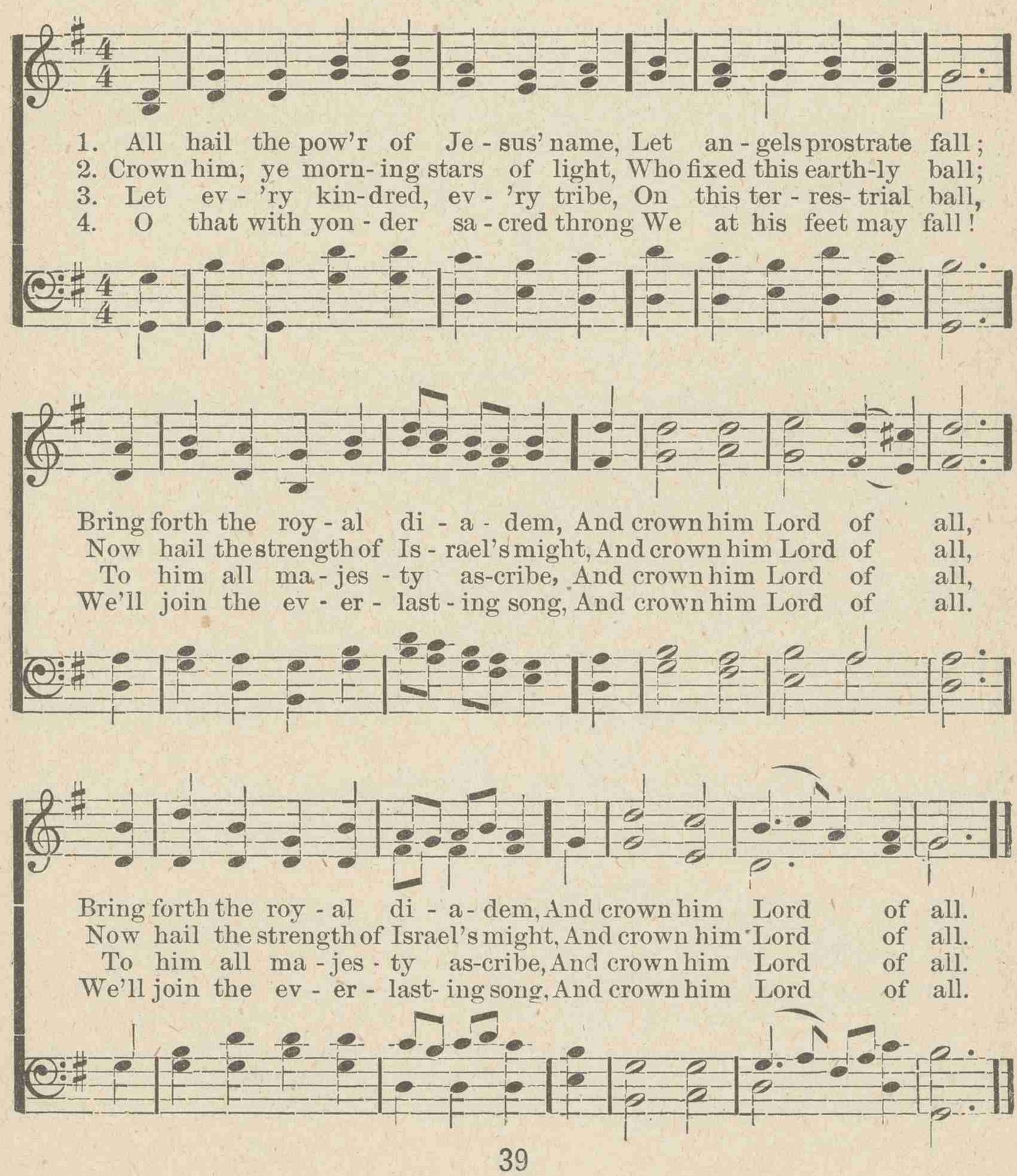
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ARE YOU FOR JESUS? Concluded.



37. CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



38. COME SING TO ME OF JESUS' LOVE.

REV. BEN. HELM. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Come sing to me of Je- sus' love, For life's low tide is ebb- ing fast;
2. Draw near and soft- ly sing to me, How then on him my sins are laid,
3. Oh, sing a- gain of Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died my soul to save;
4. Sing how, tho' now ex - alt - ed high, At his Almight-y Father's side,

Sing how he came from heav'n above, How with lost men his lot he cast.
That I now in his cross may see That all my debt is ful - ly paid.
Yea, sing the glorious mys-ter - y, Of how he triumph'd o'er the grave.
In death's lone wave he still is nigh, To bear me safe - ly o'er the tide.

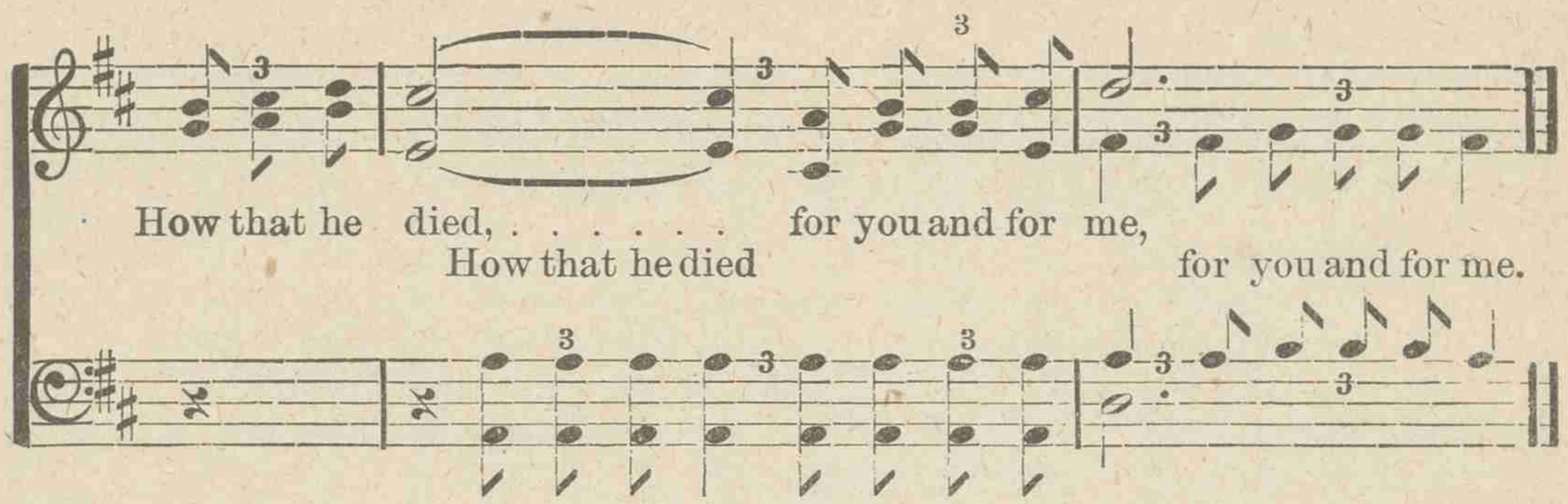
CHORUS.

Sing of his love, ... his won-der-ful love,
Sing of his love, his wonder- ful love,

How that he died, ... on Calv'ry for me,
How that he died on Calv'ry for me;

Sing of his love, ... His wonder-ful love,
Sing of his love, His won-der-ful love,

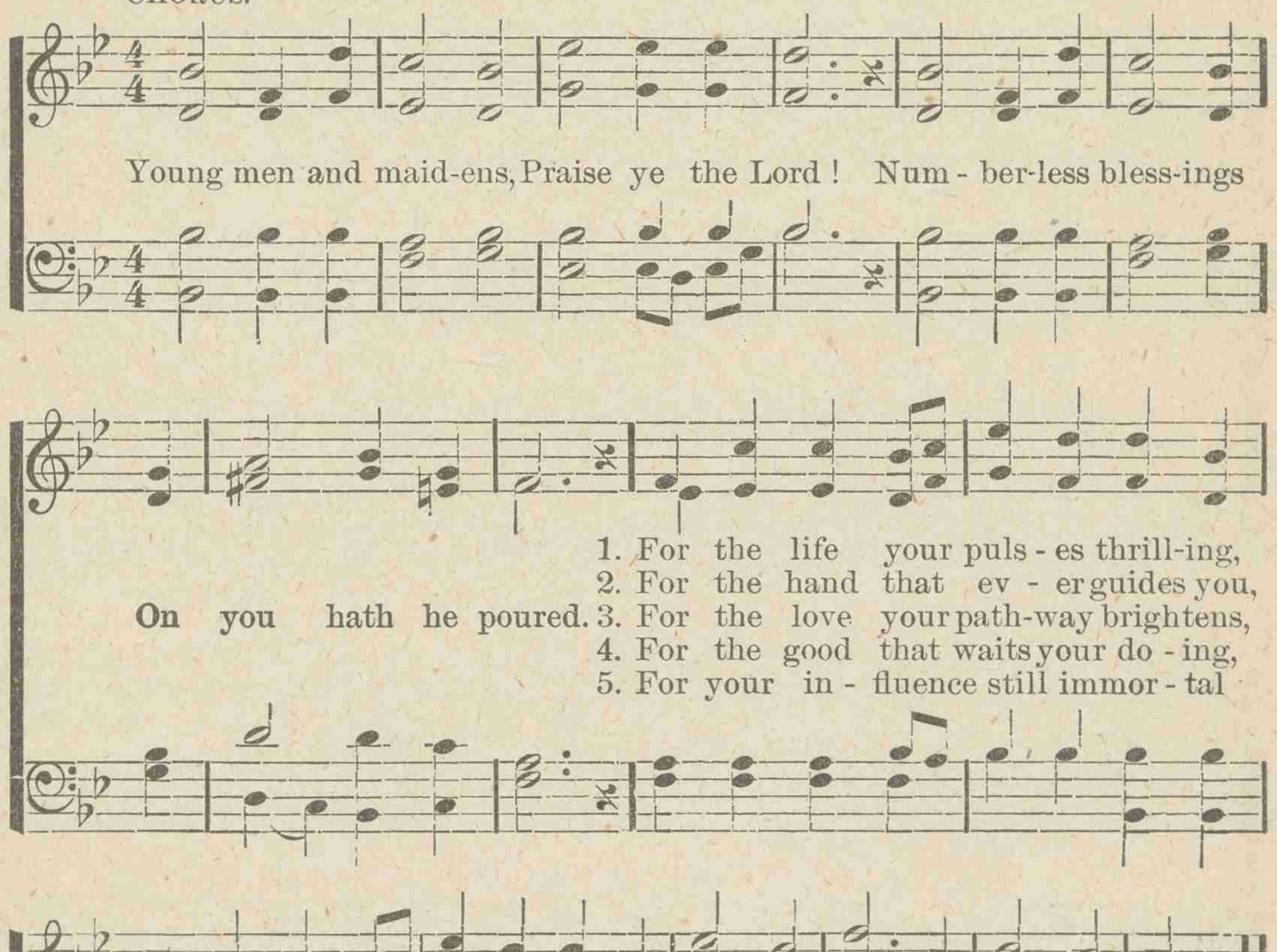
COME SING TO ME OF JESUS' LOVE. Concluded.



39. YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.

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

CHORUS.



Copyright, 1891, by E. S. Lorenz.

40. WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

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

1. Why stand ye here i - dle, with so much to do? The
2. Why stand ye here i - dle the whole of the day? The
3. Why stand ye here i - dle, when great is the need? To

har - vest un - gath-ered, all round ye may view! The Mas - ter your
mo-ments are pass - ing with swift-ness a - way! The lab'-rers are
gath - er the har - vest, or scat - ter the seed? Go work for the

la - bor will ful - ly re-quite! Go toil in his vine-yard from
glean-ing the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, has - ten to join them, or
Sav - iour with heart and with hand, No long - er be will - ing thus

CHORUS.

morn - ing till night.
soon 'twill be vain.
i - dle to stand.

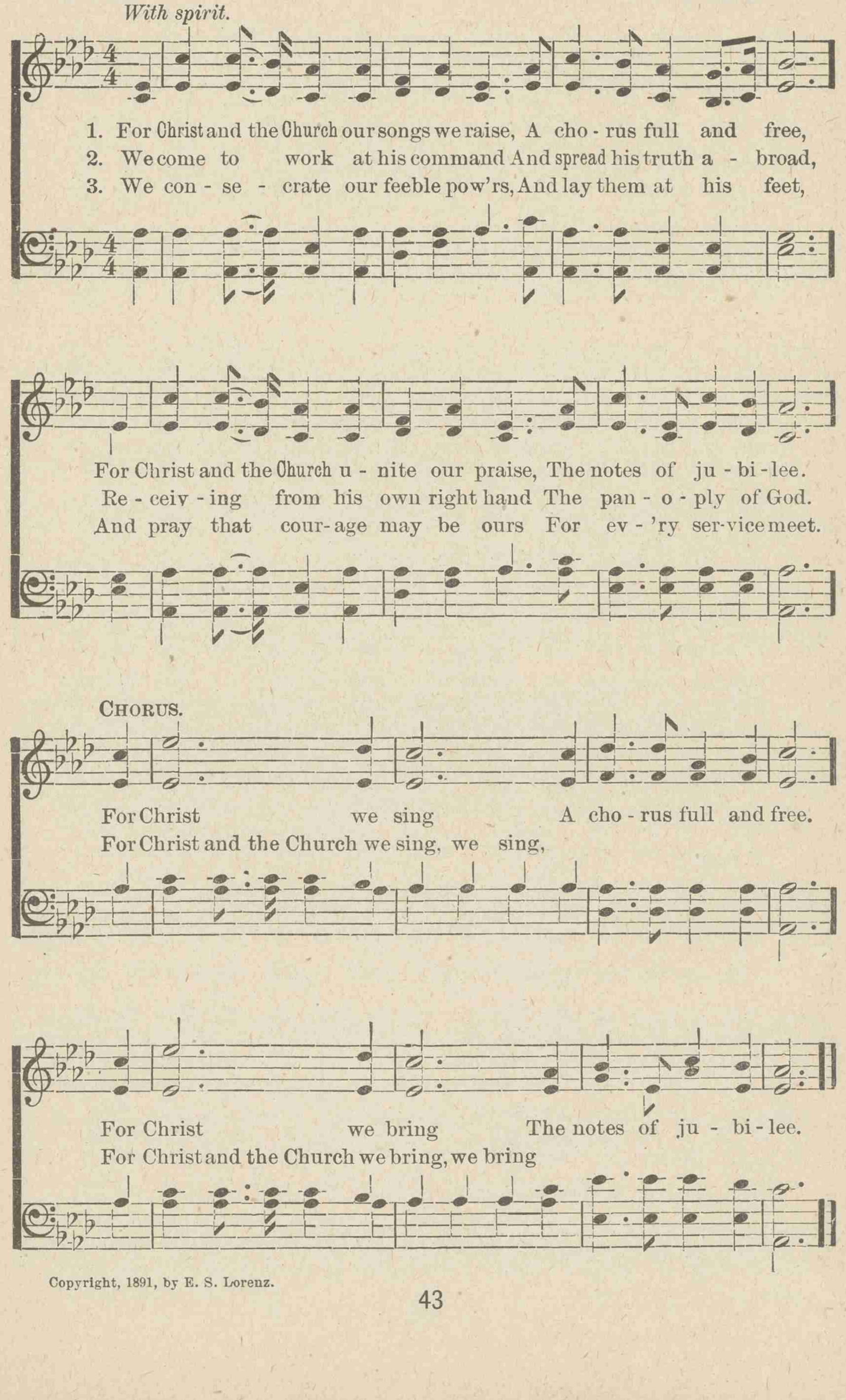
Do much or do lit - tle, still toil with your
might! Go work for the Mas - ter, from morn - ing till night.

Copyright, 1882, by D. E. Dortch.

41. FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

W. F. M. W. F. MCCAULEY.
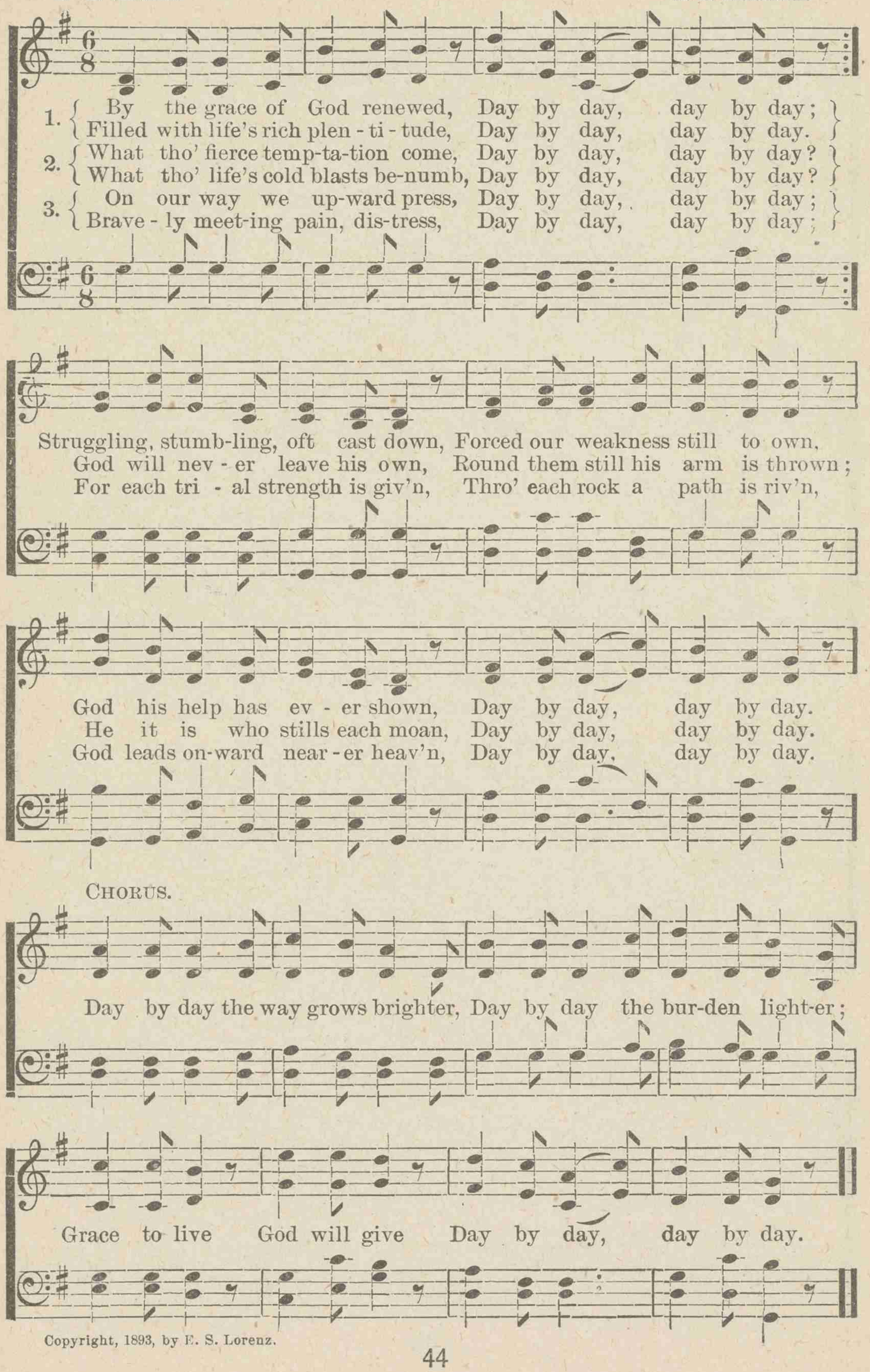
With spirit.



Copyright, 1891, by E. S. Lorenz.

42. DAY BY DAY.

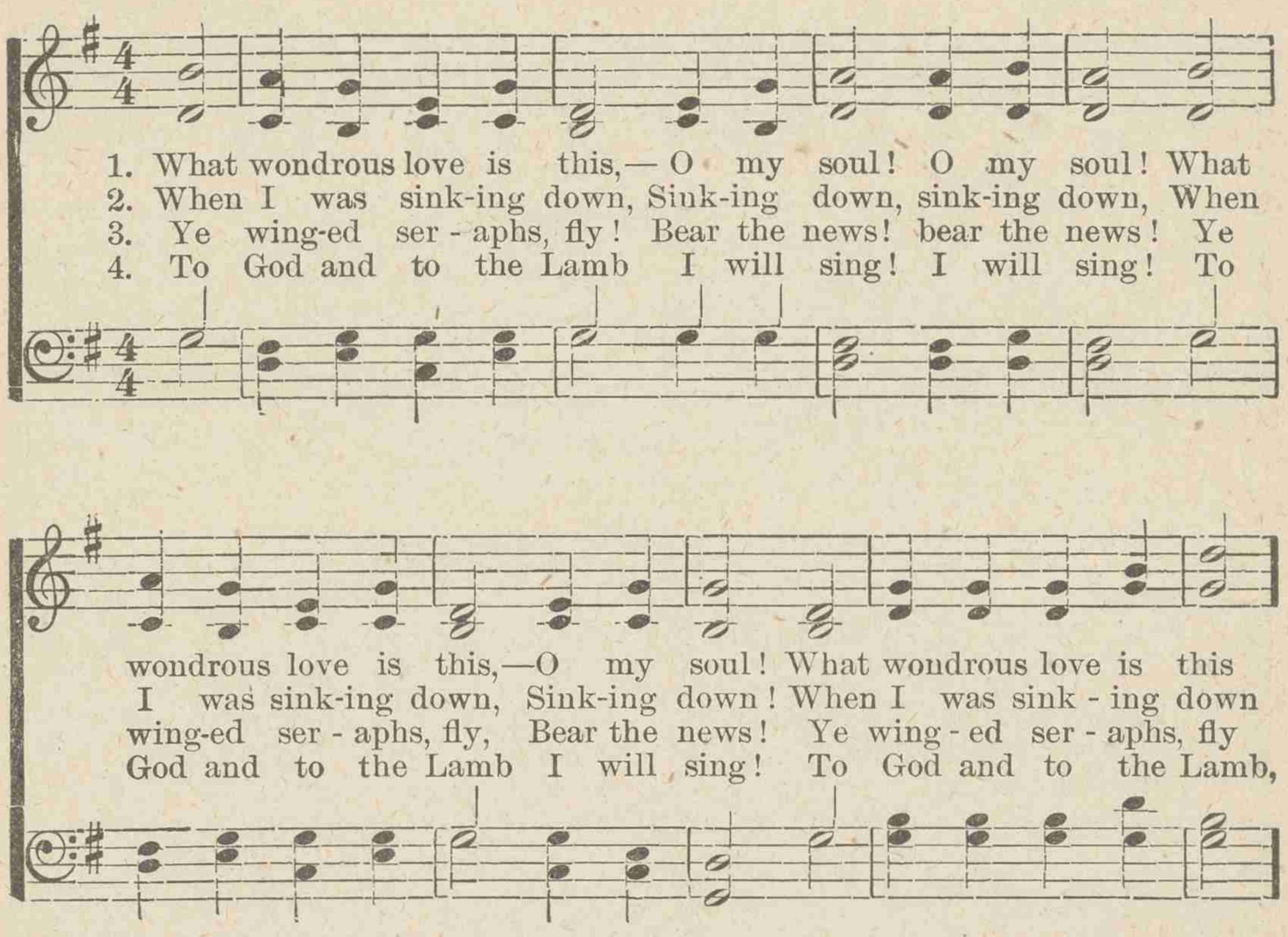
E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

43. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

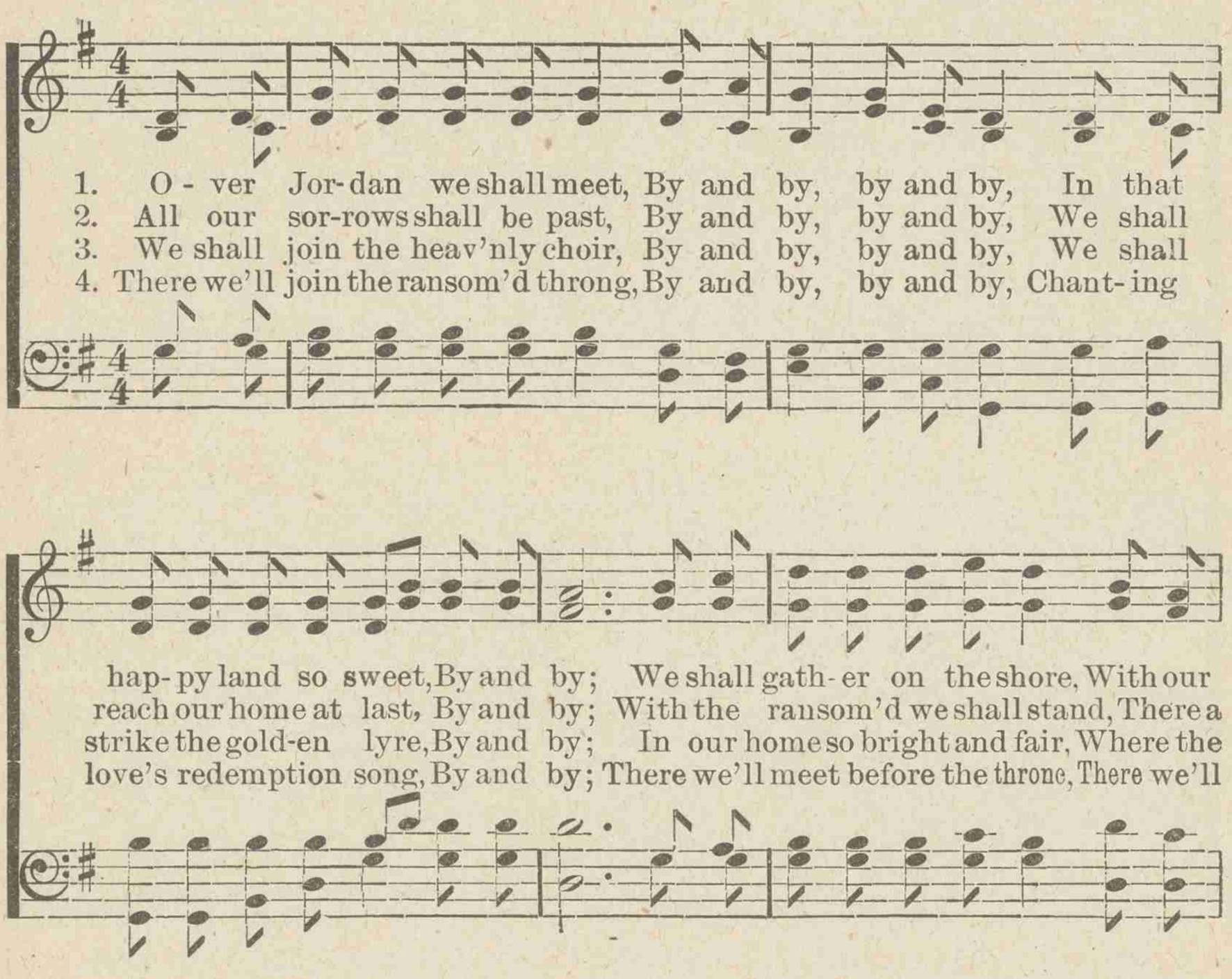
ANON. ARR. BY D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1887, by D. E. Dortch.

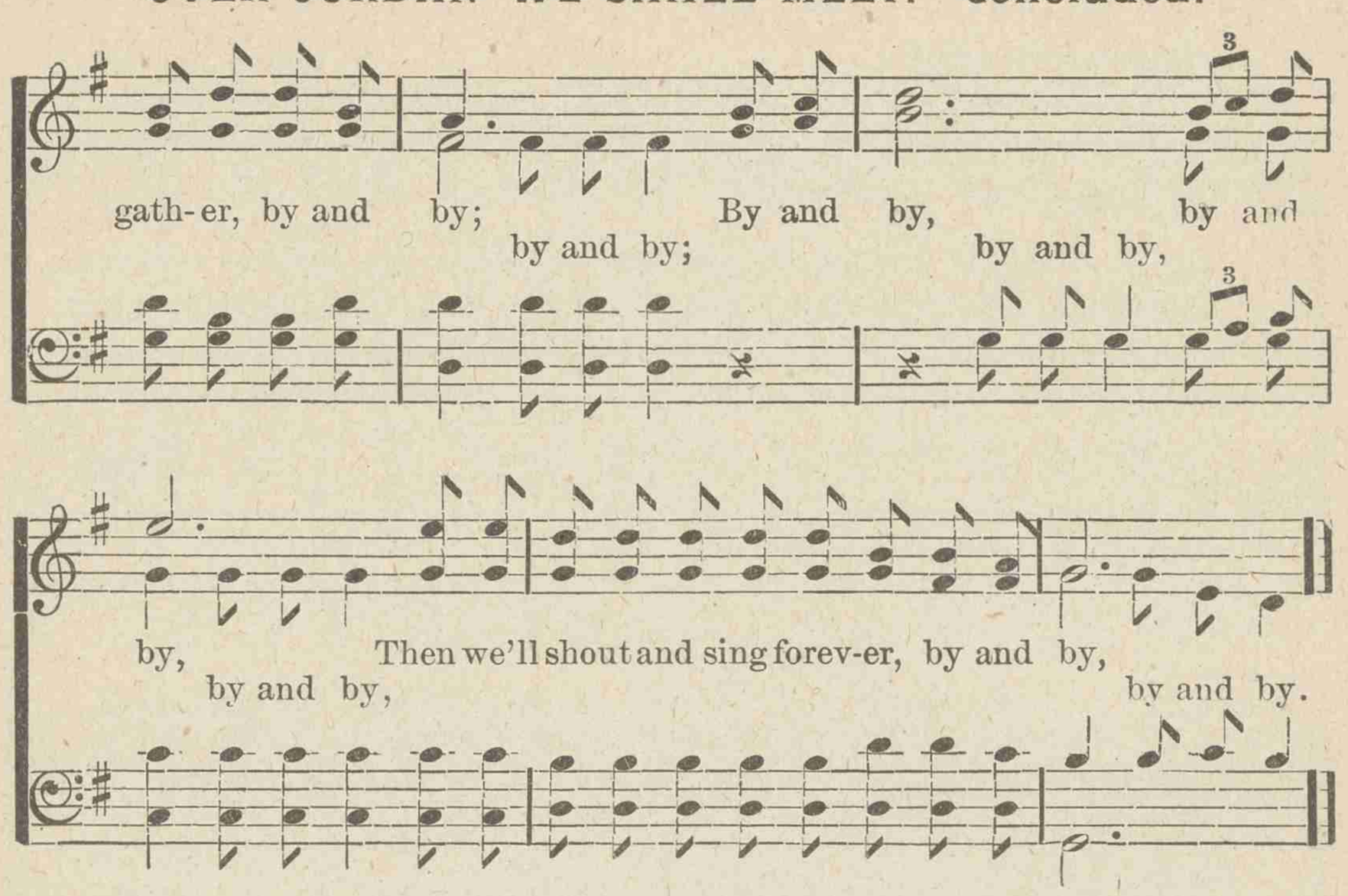
44. OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET.

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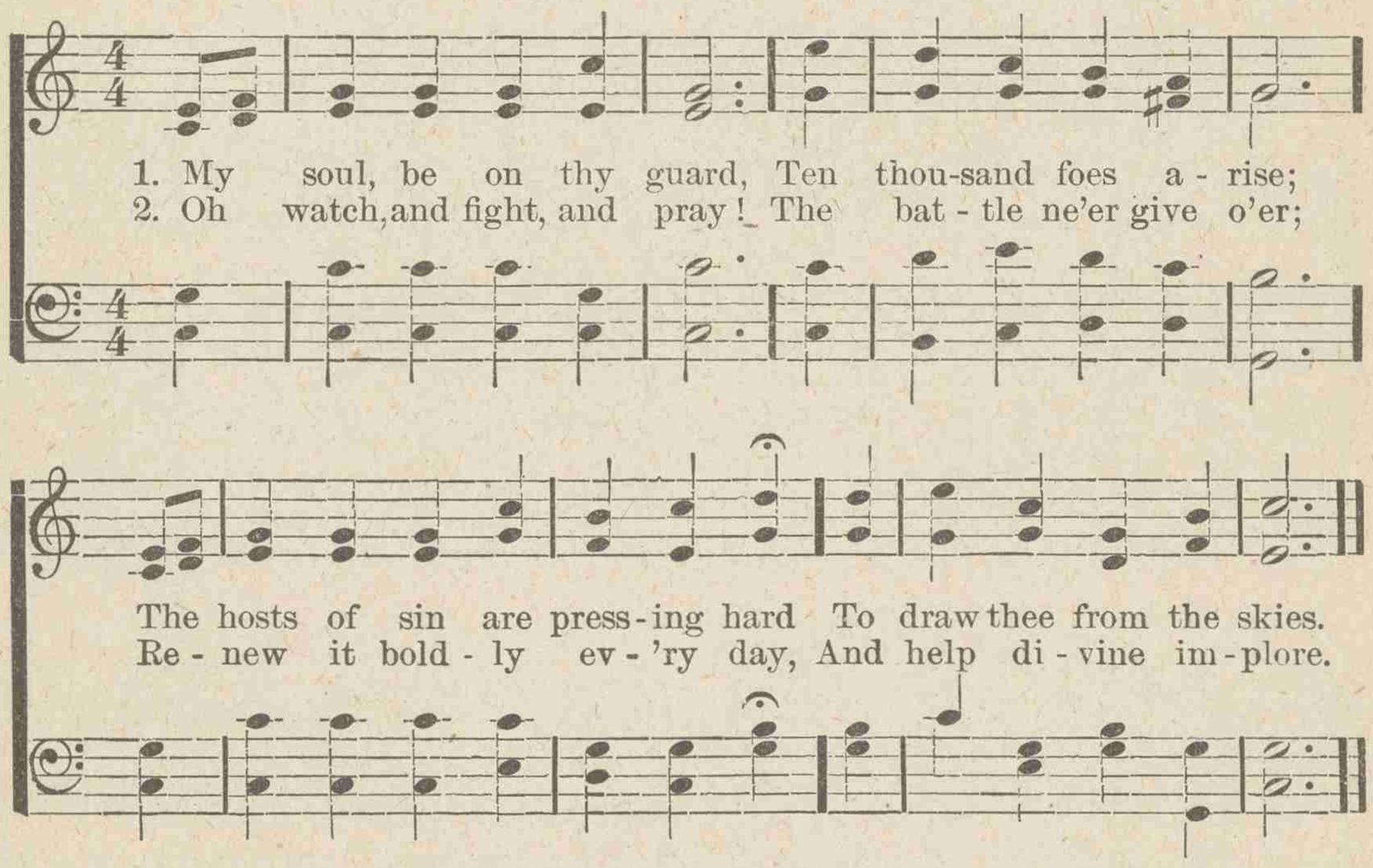


Copyright, 1885, by D. E. Dortch.

OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET. Concluded.



45. LABAN.

GEO. HEATH. DR. L. MASON.
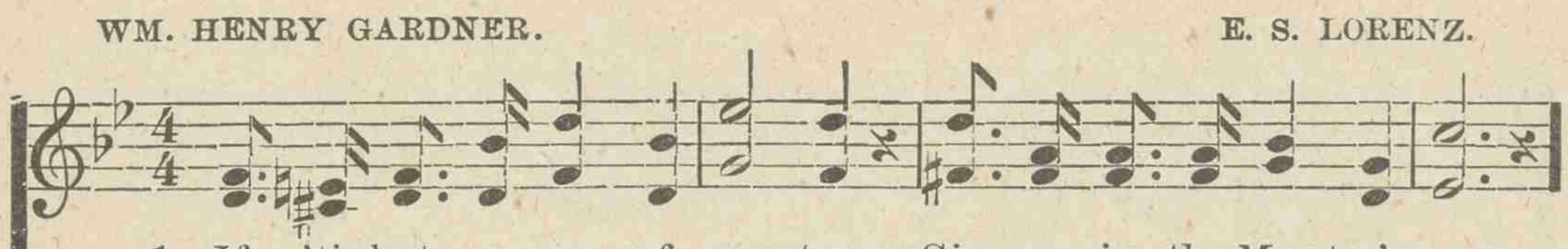


3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
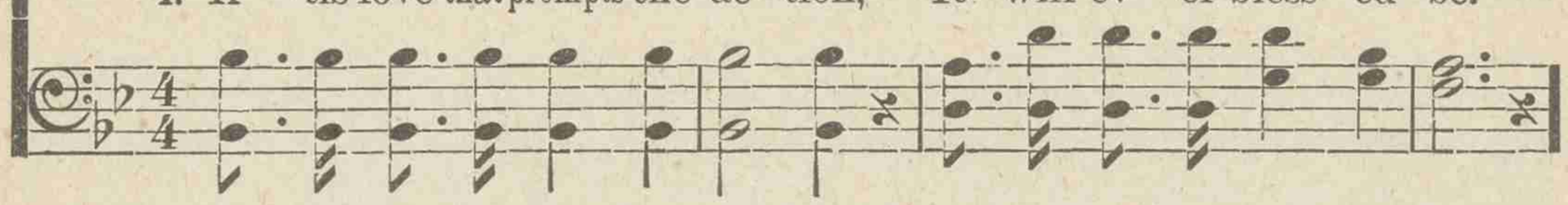
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.
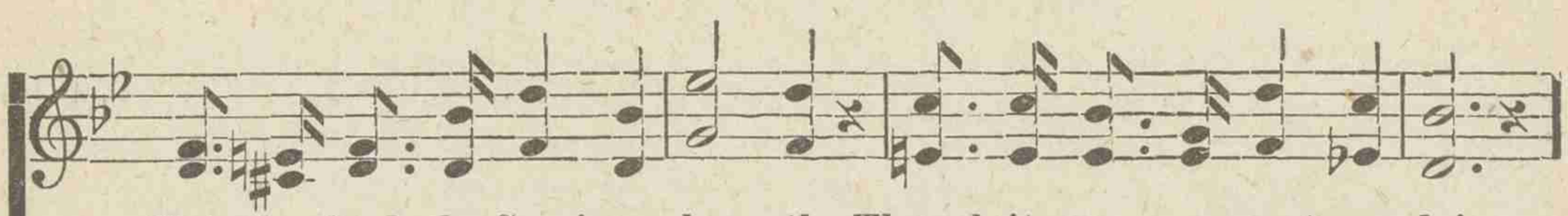
46. # "A CUP OF WATER."

WM. HENRY GARDNER. E. S. LORENZ.
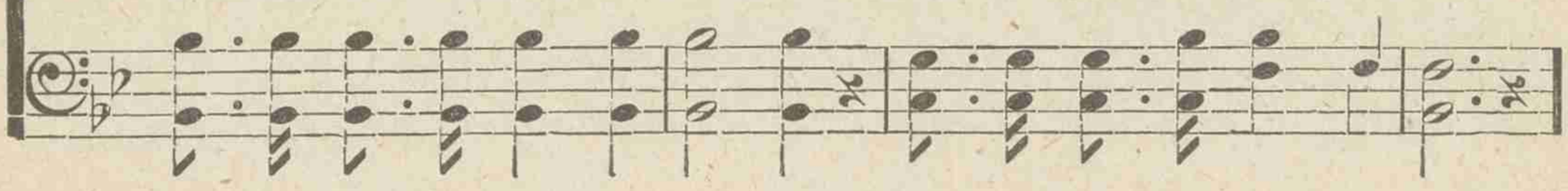


1. If 'tis but a cup of wa - ter, Giv - en in the Mas-ter's name,
2. Just a lit - tle word of com-fort, Spo - ken to some fainting heart,
3. One sweet smile of kind-ly wel-come, Flashed in - to a stranger's face,
4. If 'tis love that prompts the ac - tion, It will ev - er bless - ed be.
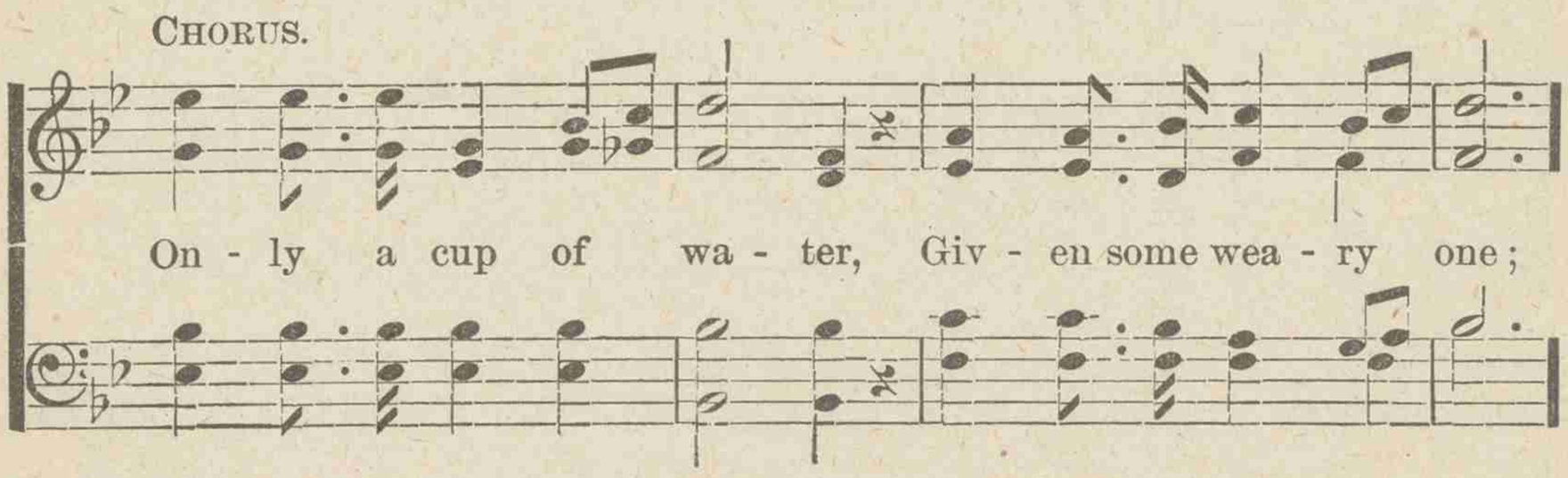




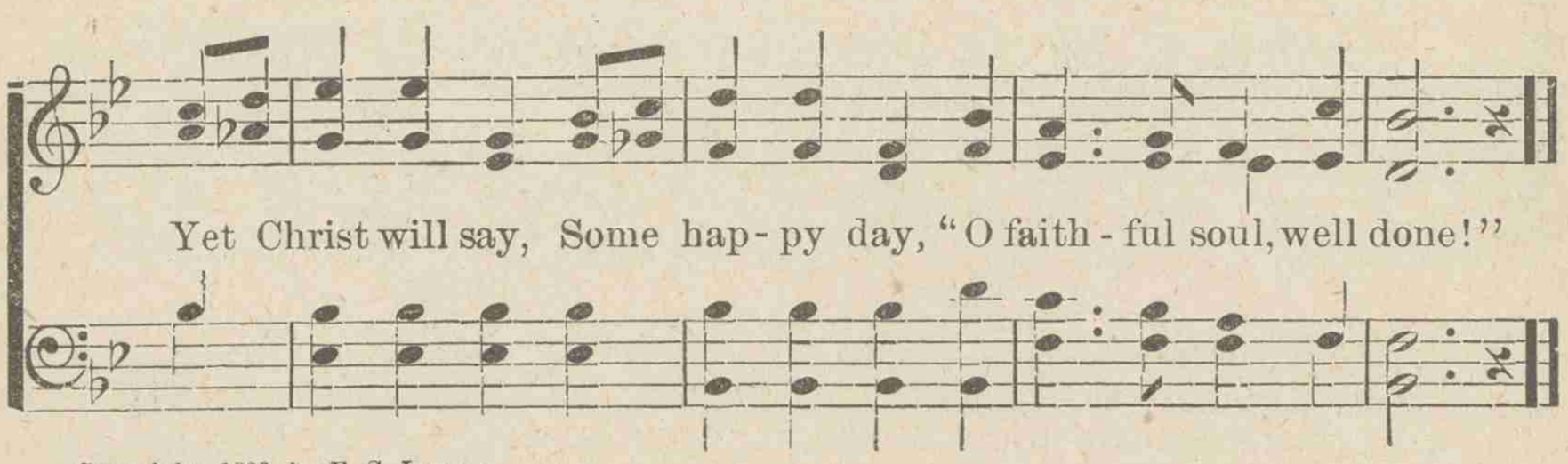
Yet the deed the Sav-iour pleas-eth, Though it can no greatness claim.
Yet the Sav-iour loves the speak-er, Do - ing thus her lit - tle part.
Makes the drear - y way look brighter, Fills his heart with ho - ly grace.
Je - sus knows each ten-der long - ing, He the in-most heart doth see.



CHORUS.



On - ly a cup of wa - ter, Giv - en some wea - ry one;



Yet Christ will say, Some hap - py day, "O faith - ful soul, well done!"

Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

47. JESUS WILL FORGIVE.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Art thou burdened with thy sin? Is there deep un - rest with-in?
2. Is thy soul oppressed with gloom? With the dread of wrath and doom?
3. Come to Him with all thy stain, He will cleanse thee, soothe thy pain;
4. On his pre - cious prom - ise rest, Lean by faith up - on his breast,

Wouldst thou pardon, peace, receive? Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.
Long-ing to es-cape and live? Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.
On the Son of God be-lieve, Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.
He will all thy woes re-lieve, Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will for - give, Je - sus will for - give, Con -

fess thy sins and Je-sus will for - give; Je - sus will for-give,

Rit. . . . . . .

Je - sus will for-give, Con - fess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

48. OPEN ARMS OF JESUS.

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

1. O - pen are the arms of Je - sus, Re-fuge for a dy- ing race;
2. O - pen are the arms of Je - sus, Love is beam-ing from his eye;
3. Safe with-in the arms of Je - sus, All the world may storm and rage;
4. O - pen are the arms of Je - sus, Love's de-light-ful hid - ing place;

Oh what love, what ten-der pit - y, That afford such wondrous grace.
He will shel - ter, he will cher - ish, All who to his bos - om fly.
Strong his arm is to de - liv - er From the foes our souls en-gage.
Who can speak the joy, the rap - ture, Of the soul in his embrace.
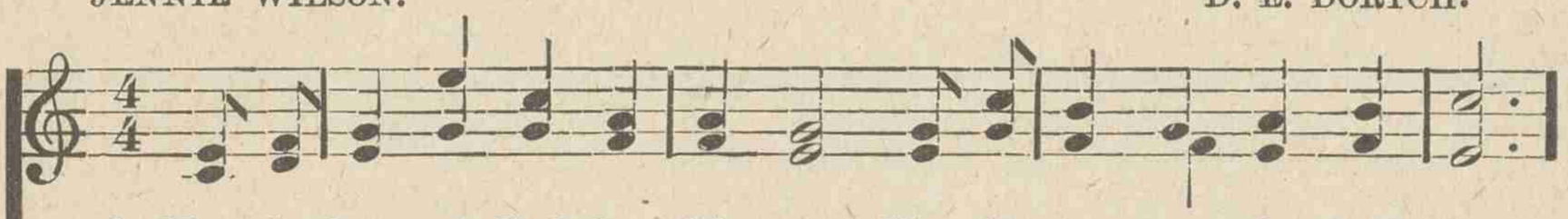
CHORUS.

Lov - ing arms of Je - sus, hid - ing place for me,
Ref - uge in temp - ta - tion, whith - er I may flee;
Ev - er may the arms of Je - sus Ten - der - ly en - cir - cle me.
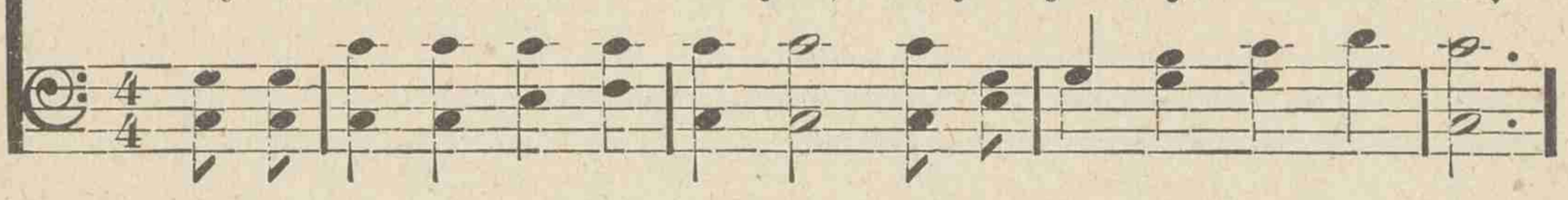
Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.
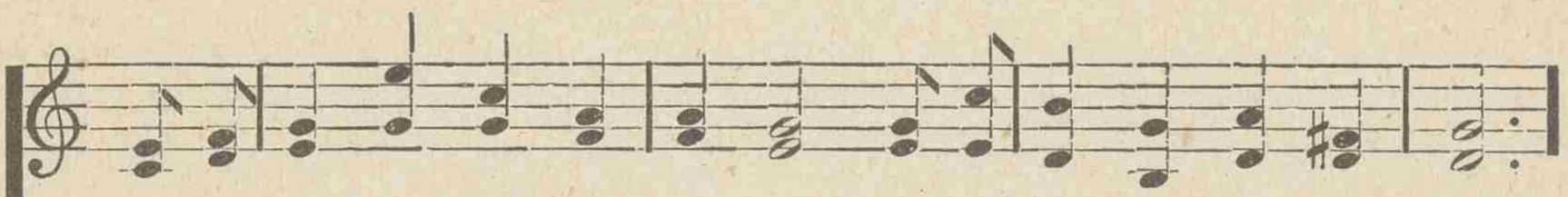
49. TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.
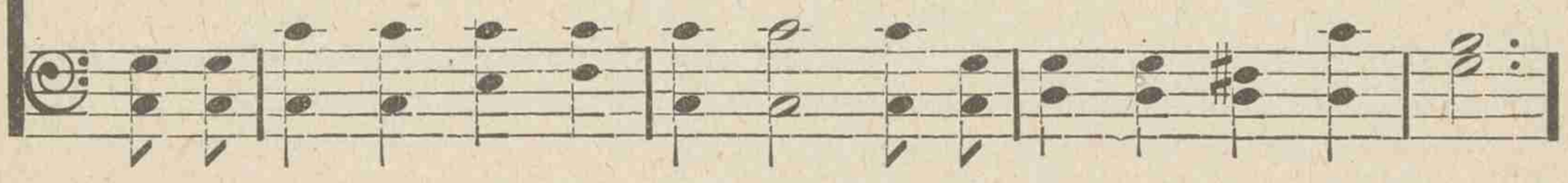


1. May the love of God be with you, Un - til we a - gain shall meet,
2. May the love of God be with you, Whate'er path your feet may tread,
3. May the love of God be with you, Thro' the flight of ev - 'ry hour,
4. May the love of God be with you, Till your journey's sol - emn end,
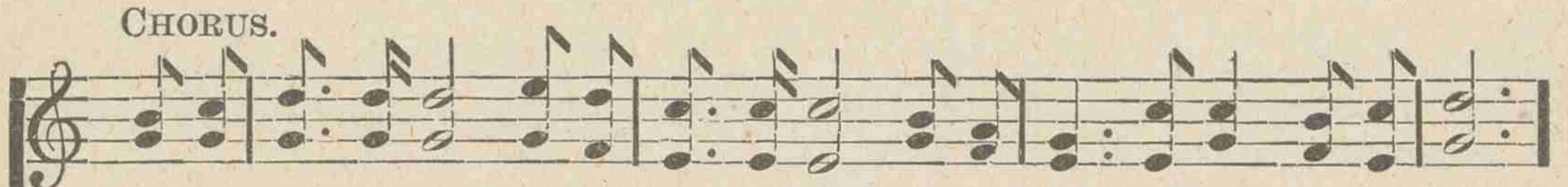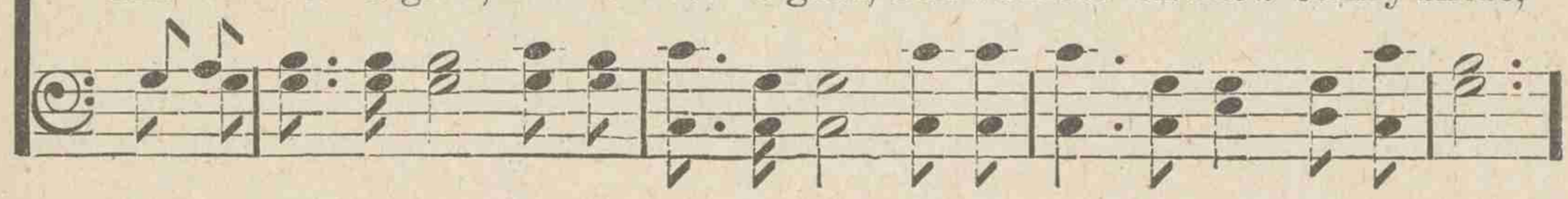




Strength and guidance may he give you, And his con - so - la - tion sweet.
May you thro' the light or shad - ow Ten-der - ly by him be led.
Sanc- ti - fy - ing grief or glad - ness By its sweet and sa - cred pow'r.
Where the words of earth - ly part - ings With an - gel - ic wel-come blend.
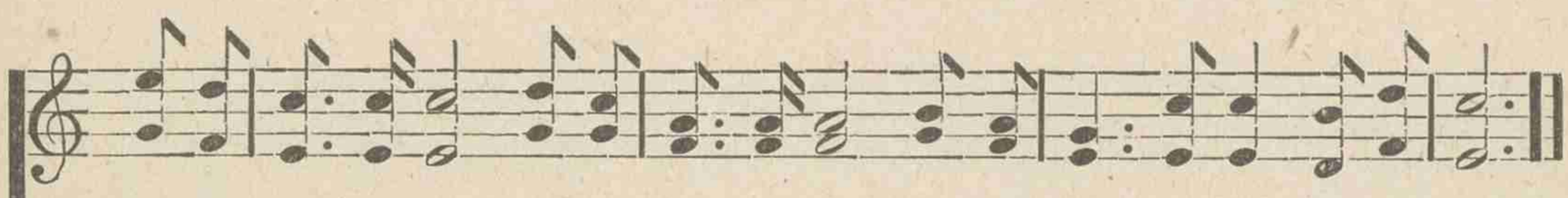


CHORUS.
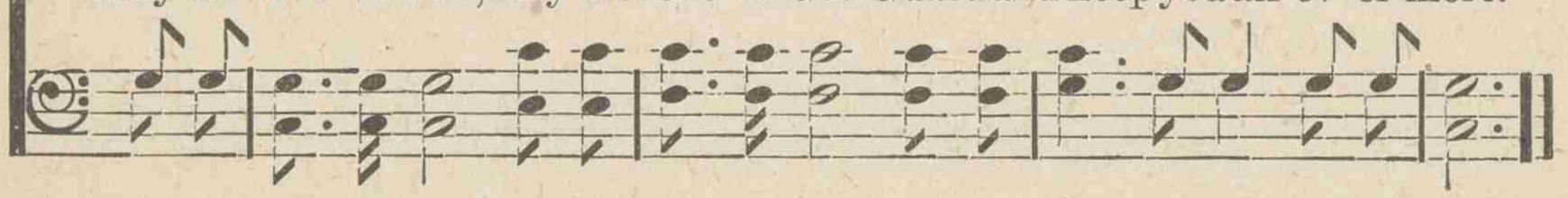


Till we meet a-gain, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet on life's sunny shore,
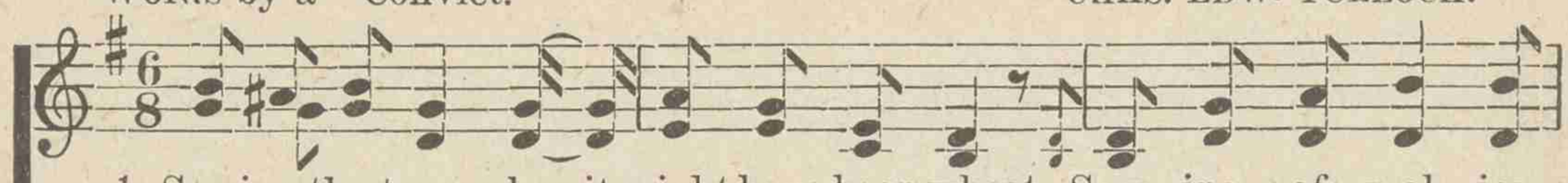




May the love of God, may the love of God Guard and keep you all ev-er-more.

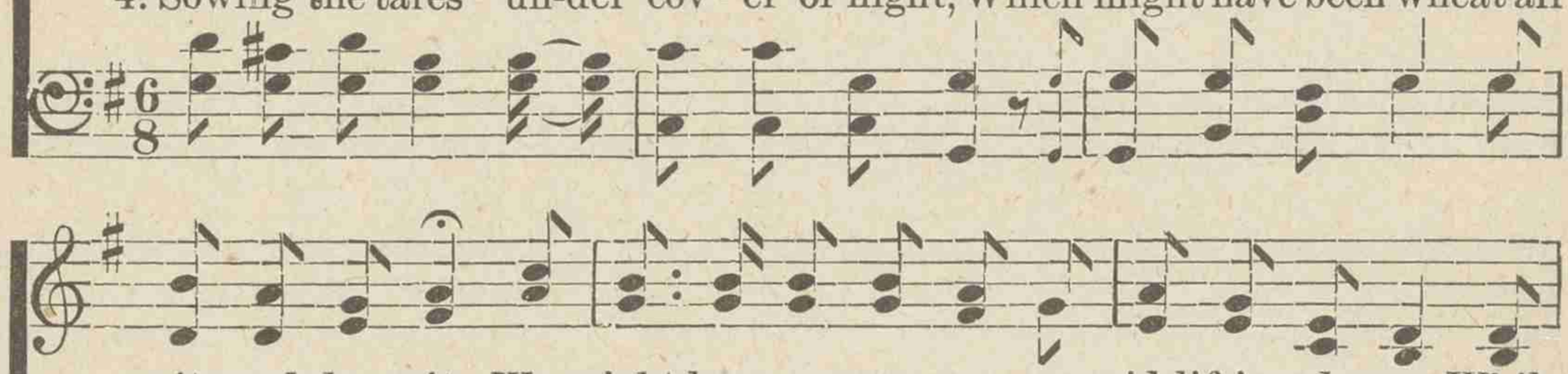


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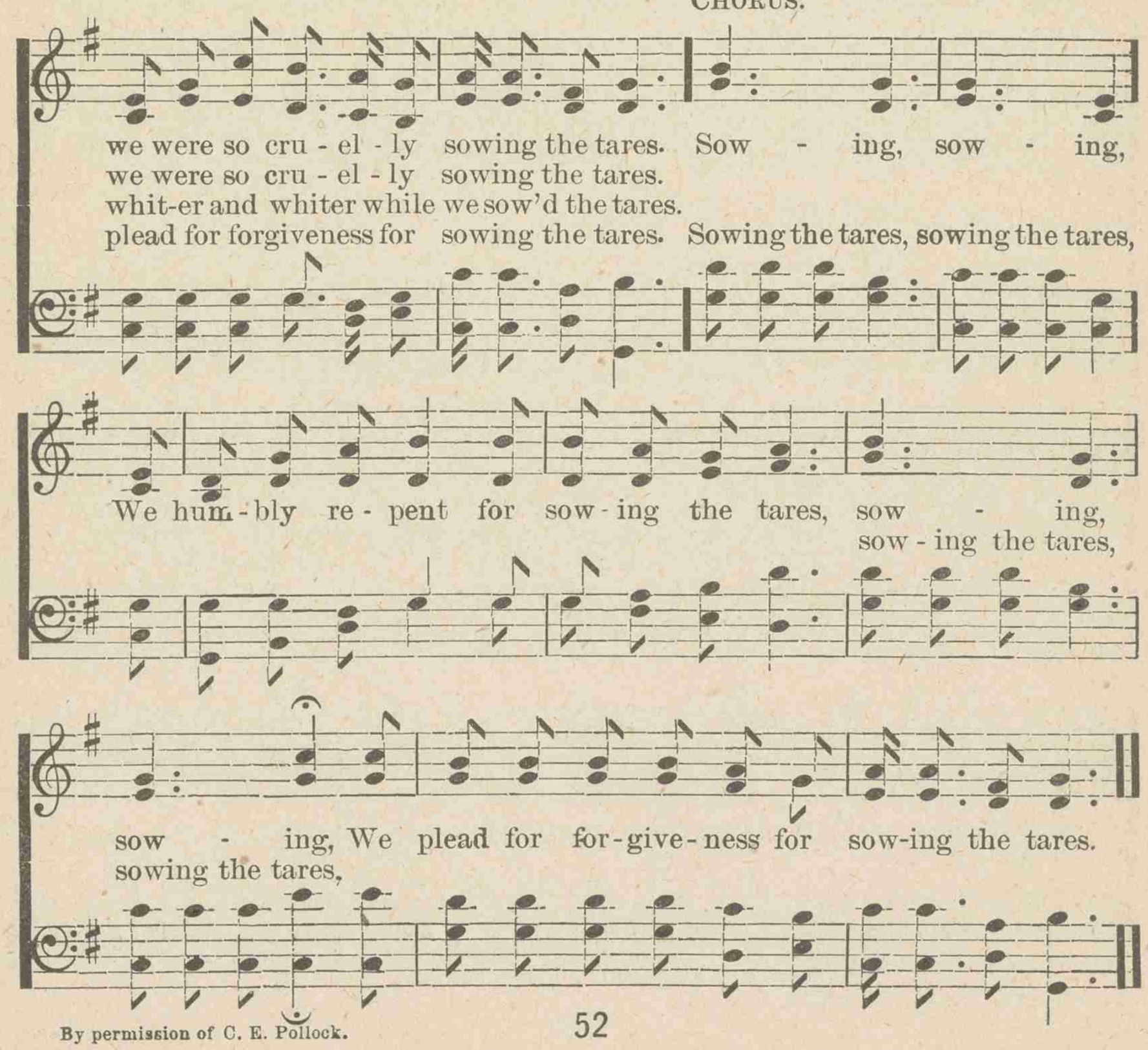
50. SOWING THE TARES.

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





CHORUS.



By permission of C. E. Pollock.

51. TRUSTING ONLY THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am trust-ing thee, dear Sav-iour, Trust-ing on - ly thee;
2. I am trust-ing thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust-ing thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Oh, how great and free!
For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy I am trust-ing now.
Trust - ing thee to make me ho - ly By thy pre-cious blood.
I am trust-ing thee for ev - er, Trust - ing thee for all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing thee, tho' dark-ness fall, tho' dark - ness fall; Trust - ing

thee, tho' sins ap - pall, tho' sins ap - pall; Trust - ing

thee, I con-quer all, I con-quer all, Trust - ing on - ly thee.

Copyright, 1886, by E. S. Lorenz.

52. HEAR THE SAVIOUR CALLING.

E. S. F. E. S. FOGG.

1. When I was far a - way from God, And all was dark to me,
2. Yet still I wander'd on in sin, Still world-ly pleas-ures sought,
3. But in my hopeless- ness that voice Was speaking love e'en then,
4. And now that I this new birth have, And God lives in my soul,

I heard a voice from heav-en say, "The Sav-iour calls for thee."
Un - til it seemed all hope had fled, I had my ru - in wrought.
"If thou would'st full sal - va-tion have, Thou must be born a - gain."
I pray you sin - ner turn to Christ, That he may make you whole.
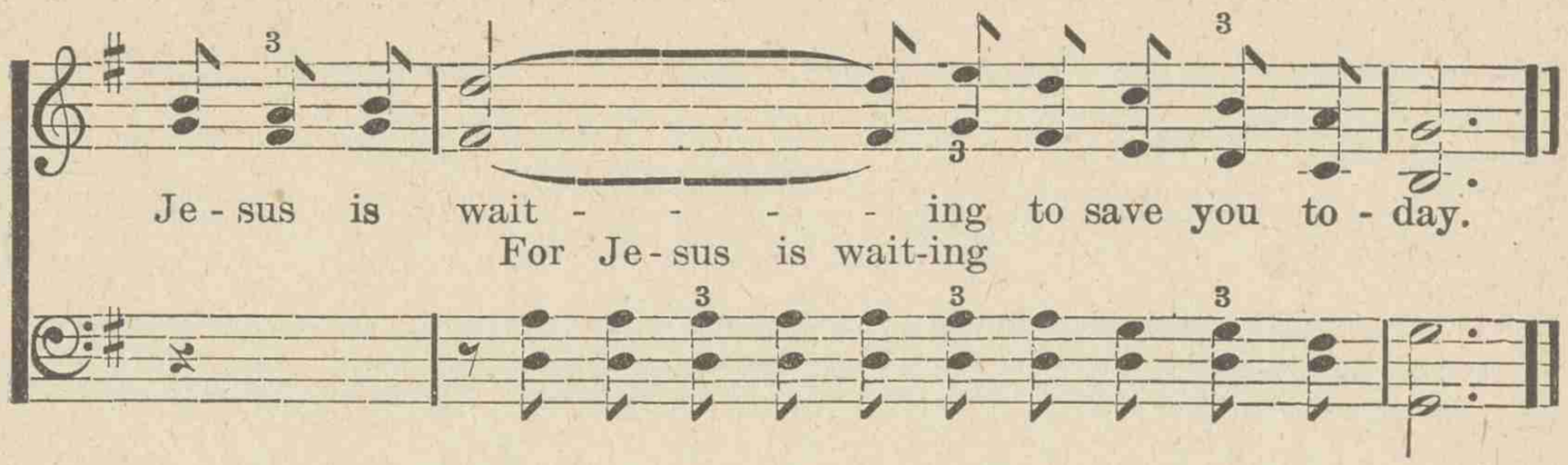
CHORUS.

He's calling for thee, ... oh, sin-ner o - bey, ... The
He's calling for thee, oh, sin-ner o - bey,

Saviour still pleads, ... he's pleading to- day, ... Oh,
The Saviour still pleads, he's pleading to-day,

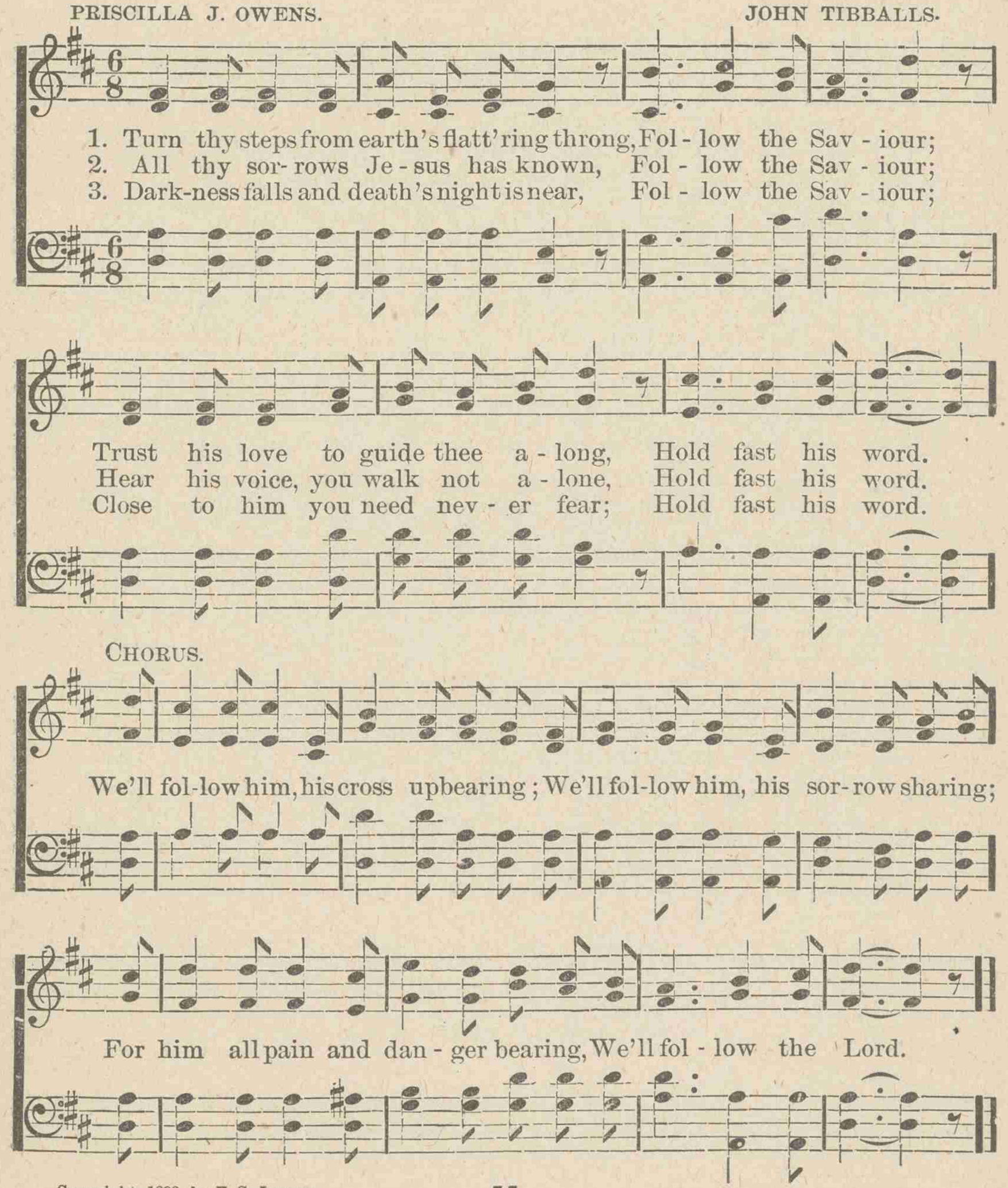
hear his sweet voice, ... and turn not a - way, ... For
Oh, hear his sweet voice, and turn not away,

HEAR THE SAVIOUR CALLING. Concluded.



53. WILL FOLLOW HIM.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. JOHN TIBBALLS.



Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

54. WAITING IN THE BORDERLAND.

Words and Melody by
MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

Harmonized by
C. K. LANGLEY.

SOLO. *Legato.*

1. I'm wait - ing in the bor - der-land, While sun-set tints the skies,
2. I'm wait - ing in the bor - der-land, Tho' friends I love the best
3. I'm wait - ing in the bor - der-land, My mor - tal strength may fail;

And soon my soul shall un - der-stand The bliss of Par - a - dise, . .
Have join'd the hap - py ran-somed band, And dwell a-mong the blest. . .
But e - ven now my brow is fanned By E - den's gen - tle gale. . .

For He is walk-ing by my side, Who walk'd up-on the sea; . . In
But I have nev - er walked a-lone, A friend has clung to me, . . Whose
Dear hands are beck'ning me to come, And Je - sus leads the way, . . To

his blest love I still a - bide,—My Sav - iour lead - eth me. . .
love and peace for all a - tone, His face I soon shall see. . .
yon - der bet - ter, heav - 'nly home, Where bides e - ter - nal day. .
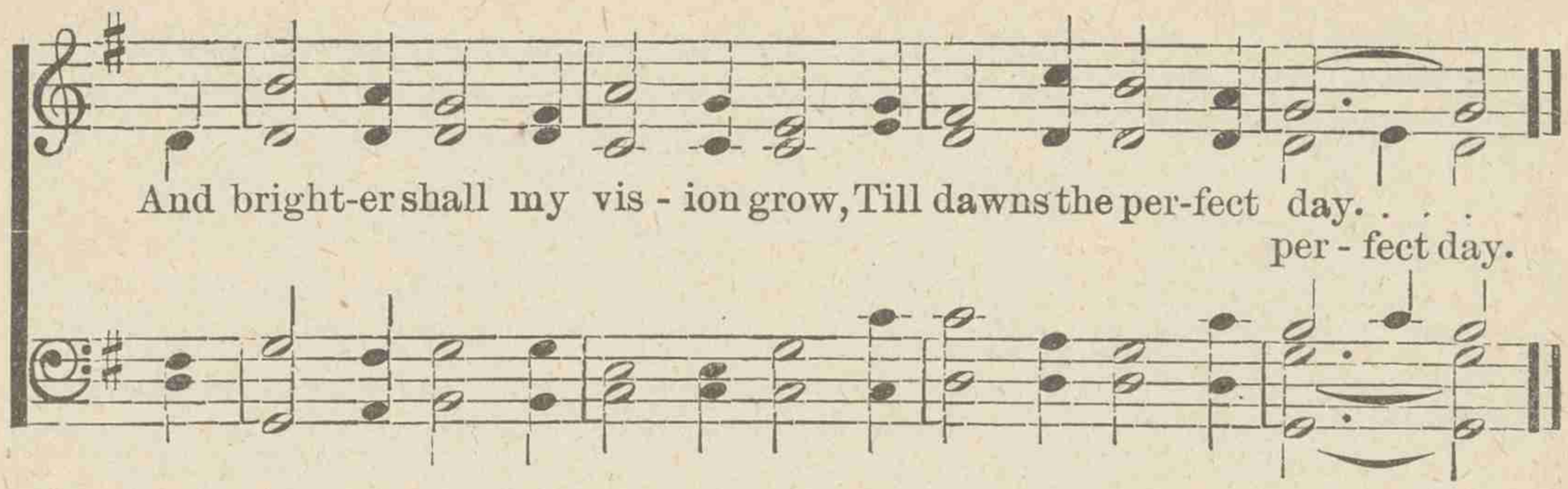
REFRAIN.

all the way, . . .

I'm wait - ing in the bor - der-land, Yet clear - er, clear - er all the way;

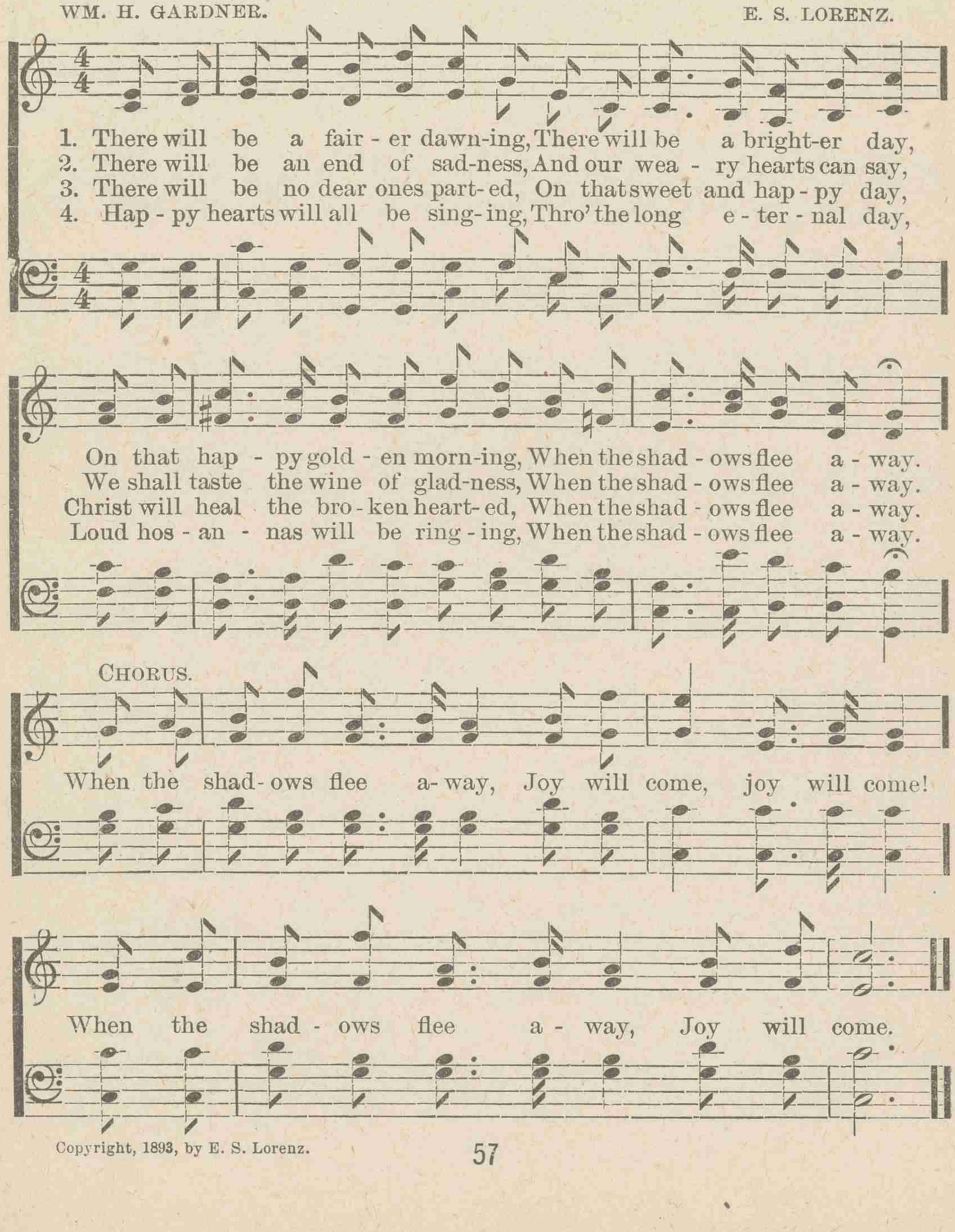
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WAITING IN THE BORDERLAND. Concluded.



55. WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

WM. H. GARDNER. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

56. SOWING, EVER SOWING.

E. R. LATTA.

J. M. HOGAN.
Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

1. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, In the paths where others move;
2. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;
3. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, In the home and on the street;

And the har - vest that shall follow, Shall a bane or blessing prove;
Heed-less-ly how oft we scat-ter, Where there's need of greatest care;
Sow-ing good or sow-ing e - vil, For our-selves and all we meet;

Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce the trav'ler's feet;
Now's the seed - time, full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si - bil - i - ty;
Let us ear - nest-ly en-deav - or, Seeds of hap - pi - ness to strew;
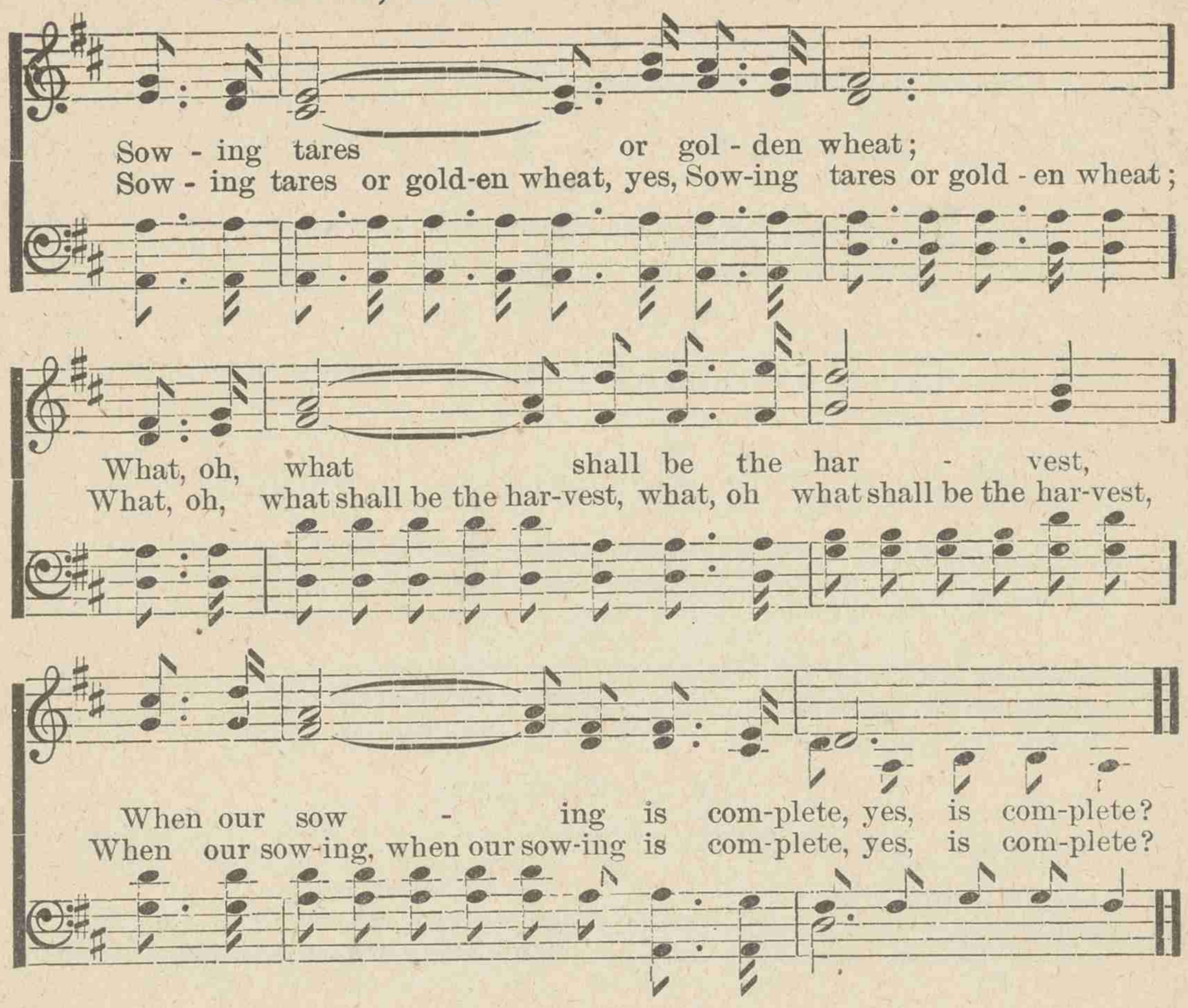
Or the seeds of love and mer-cy, That shall make existence sweet?
What the fruit - age we shall gather, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty?
That our fel - low men may bless us, Where-so-ev - er we may go.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas - ure,
Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure, Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,

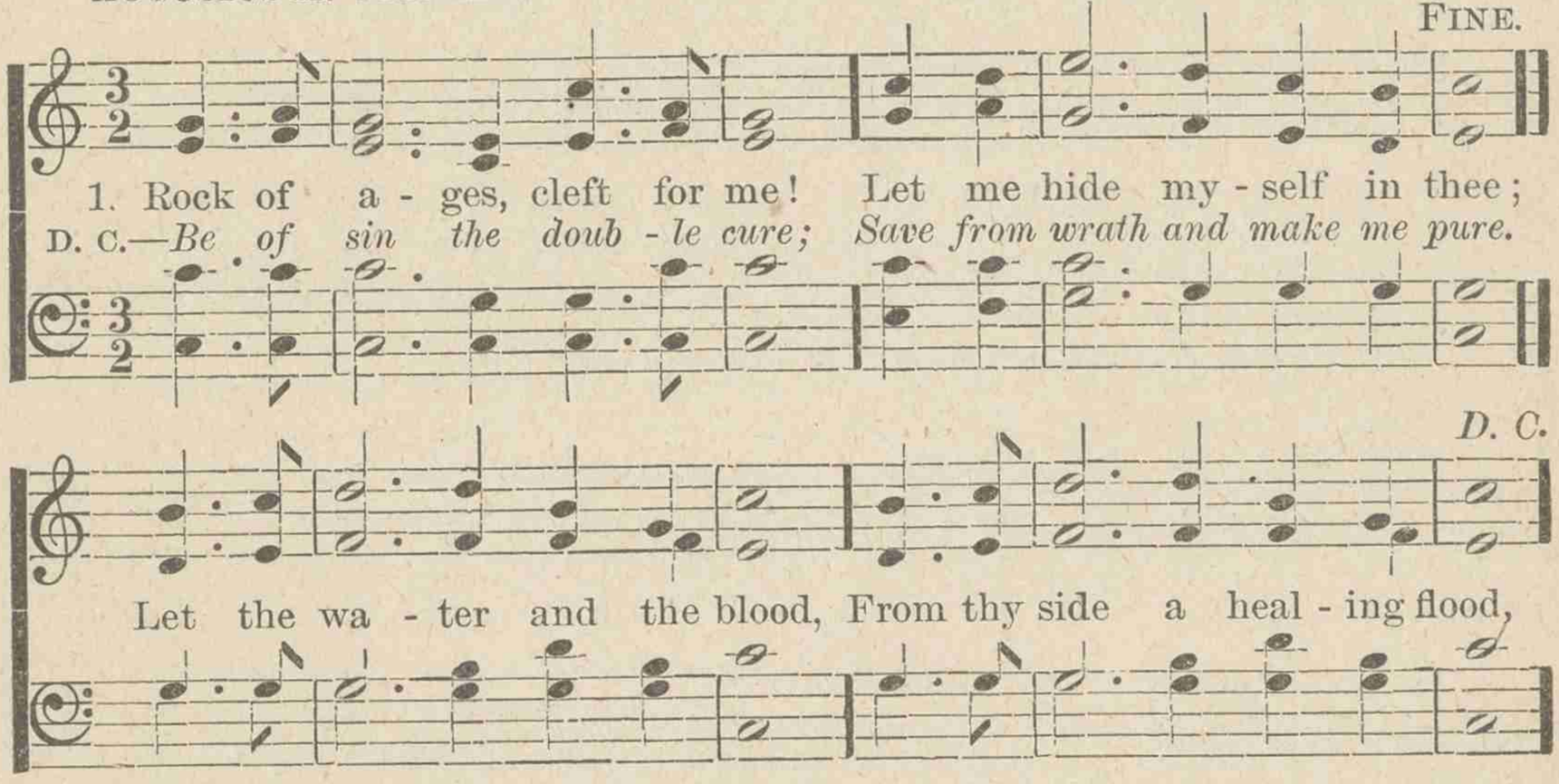
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

SOWING, EVER SOWING. Concluded.



57. ROCK OF AGES.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All 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 mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

58. THE BLESSED BIBLE.

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

1. 'Tis a lamp un - to my feet, The bless-ed Bi - ble; On my
2. 'Tis a treas - ure rich and vast, The bless-ed Bi - ble; And for
3. 'Tis rich food un - to my soul, The bless-ed Bi - ble; It will

way a guide complete, The blessed Bi - ble. When my soul would blindly stray,
aye its wealth will last, The blessed Bi - ble; Oth-er treasures fade and fail,
strengthen, make me whole, The blessed Bi - ble; On its prom-is - es I feed;

It re - veals the gold - en way, Lead - ing on to end - less day,
All their joy and glo - ry pale, But this treas - ure will pre - vail,
In my sor - est want and need 'Tis the bread of life in - deed,

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Bi - - - ble, how I

The bless - ed Bi - ble.
The bless - ed Bi - ble.
This bless - ed Bi - ble.
} Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it, Bless - ed

love it, Hold no oth - - - er book a -

Bi - ble, how I love it, Hold no oth - er book a - bove it, Hold no

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bove it; It a - bides. . . . . tho' oft I

oth - er book a-bove it; It a-bides, tho' oft I prove it, It a -

prove it,

bides, tho' oft I prove it, It a-bides, it a-bides, The blessed Bi - ble.

59. REMEMBER ME.

(Male Voices.)

ANON. JOANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms a-round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark des - pair dis-tress - es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp-ters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Re-member me, O Mighty One! Re-member me, O Might-y One.

60. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to - day, I am
2. All the doubts are van-ished, all my fears are gone, I am
3. O the bliss and rap-ture! O the wond-'rous peace! I am
4. So I live re - joic-ing in his love each day, I am

rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta-ken all my
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am walk - ing with him in the

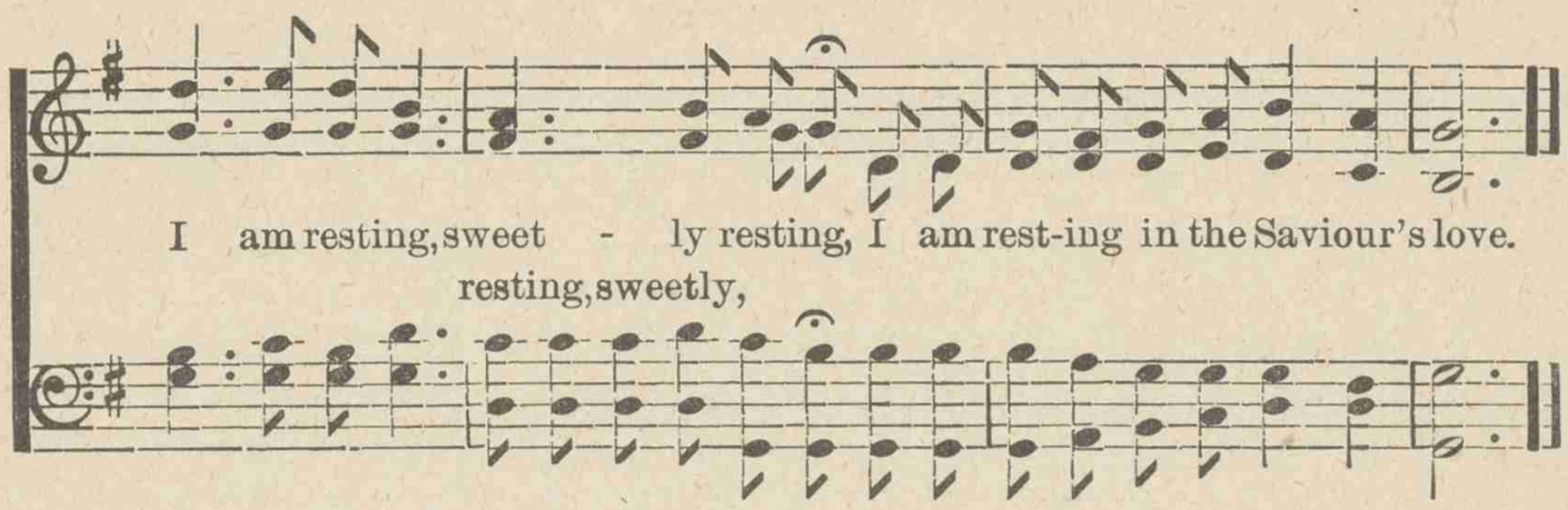
sins a - way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
work was done, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
joy as this, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
nar - row way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.

REFRAIN.

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
rest-ing sweetly,

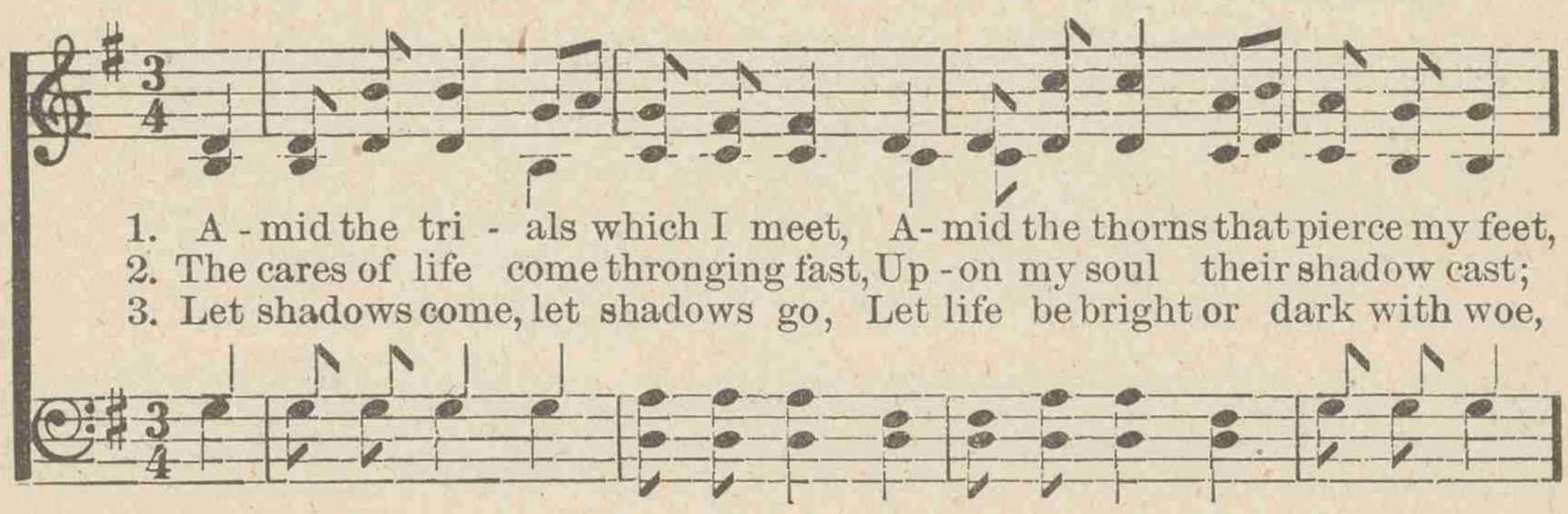
Copyright, 1886, by D. E. Dortch.
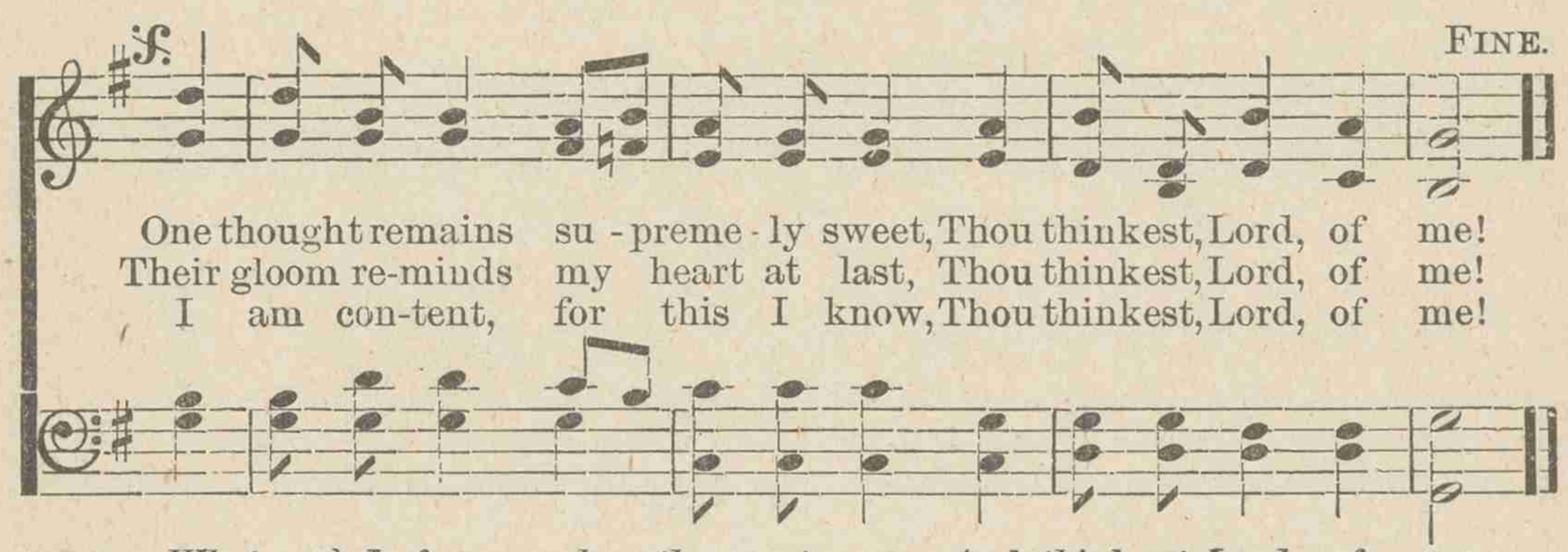
I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. Concluded.
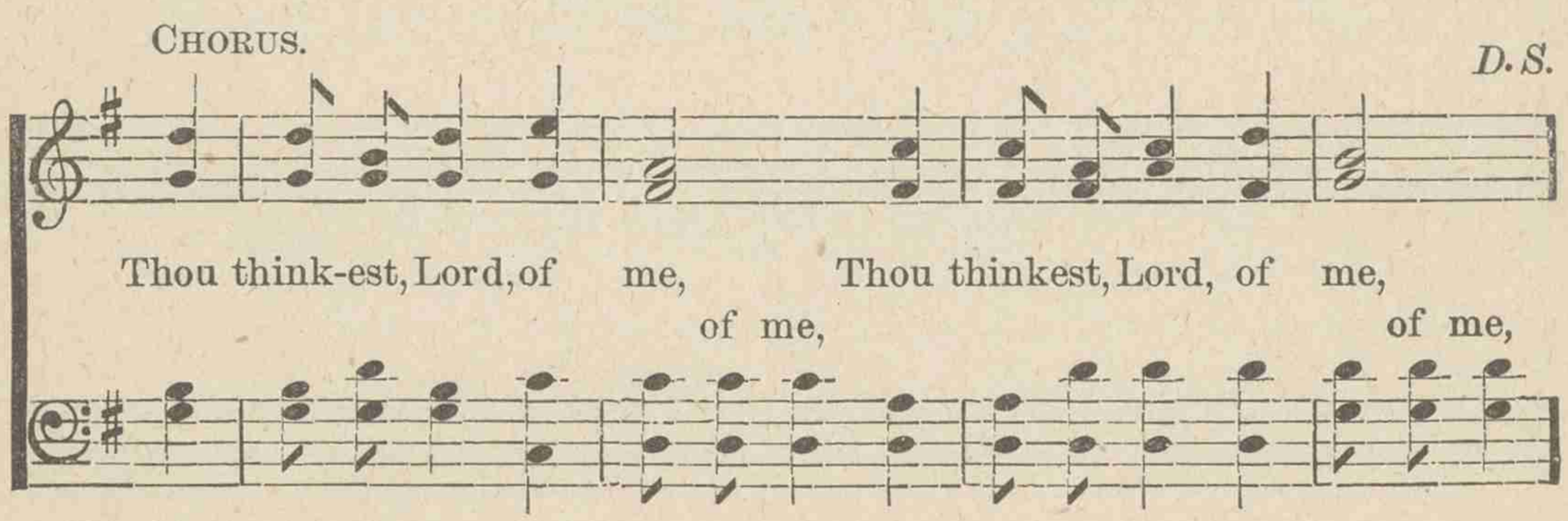


61. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

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



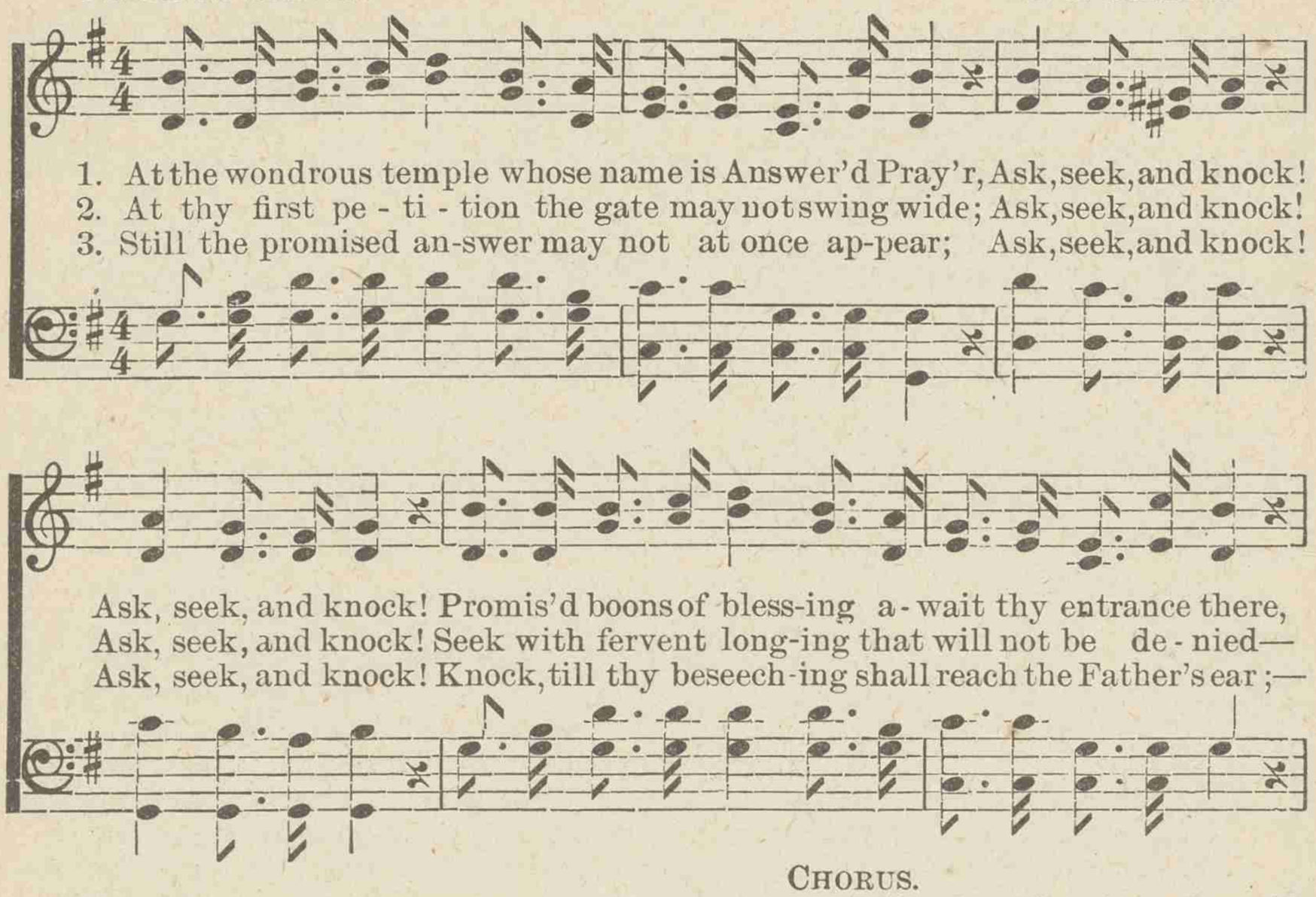




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62. THE TEMPLE OF PRAYER.

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

63. BUILDING ON THE ROCK.

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

1. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my home will
2. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing; Pre-cious stones, gold,
3. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing; Wood and hay and
4. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my work will
5. O my broth-er, where are you build - ing, Is your house up -

sure-ly stand the storm; Tho' the tempest rage fierce and mad - ly, All is
sil-ver, may all be That I place each day in the tem - ple, I am
stub-ble will not stand For the fires of God will de-stroy them, His ap -
sure-ly there a - bide; Then the Lord will say, Faith-ful ser-vant, A re -
on the Rock, or sand? When the winds and waves beat up-on it, Will it

D. S.— *On the sol - id Rock I am build-ing, And my*

CHORUS.

safe, for it can do no harm.
build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
prov - al they can ne'er command. On the sol - id Rock is my
ward a-waits you by my side.
fall in wreck, or will it stand?

house will sure - ly stand the storm.

D. S.

build-ing sure, Tho' the tem - pest shock, still it is se - cure.

64. THE HARBOR IN SIGHT.

P. J. O. E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. What tow'rs are those that rise A - bove the mists of death?
2. What groves are those that bend A - bove the wa - ters clear?
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls, "A - rise, Come and go hence with me;
4. A - bove the sil - ver waves Sweet kin - dred fa - ces shine;

What splen-dor greets my fad - ing eyes, And thrills my fail - ing breath?
What voice of mu - sic comes to send, Its greet - ing to my ear?
Fear not to lift thy fail - ing eyes, My glo - ry thou shalt see."
Now fare-well, earth, thou land of graves, E - ter - nal life is mine.

QUARTETTE.

The beau - ti - ful har - bor comes in sight A - cross the bil - lows foam;

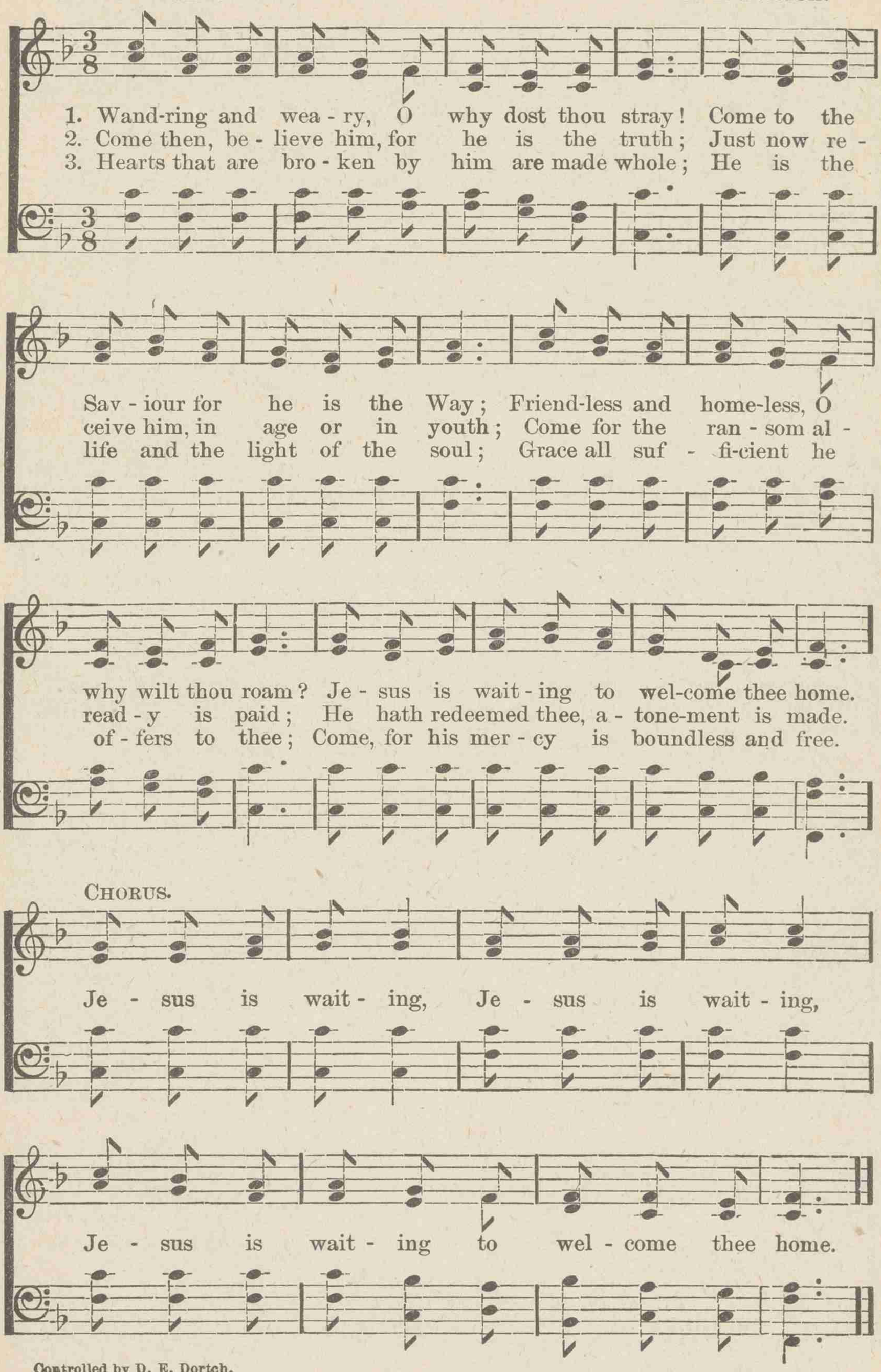
It throws a - far a glit-ter - ing light, A wel-come, welcome home!
welcome home!

It throws a - far a glit-t'ring light, A wel-come, wel-come home.

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65. JESUS IS WAITING.
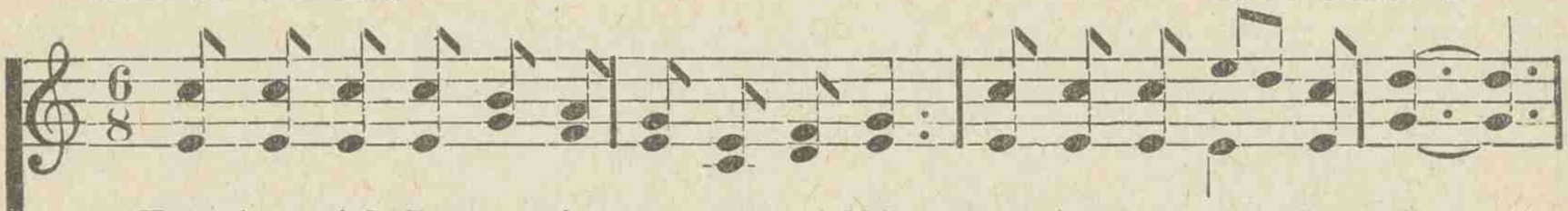
MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.
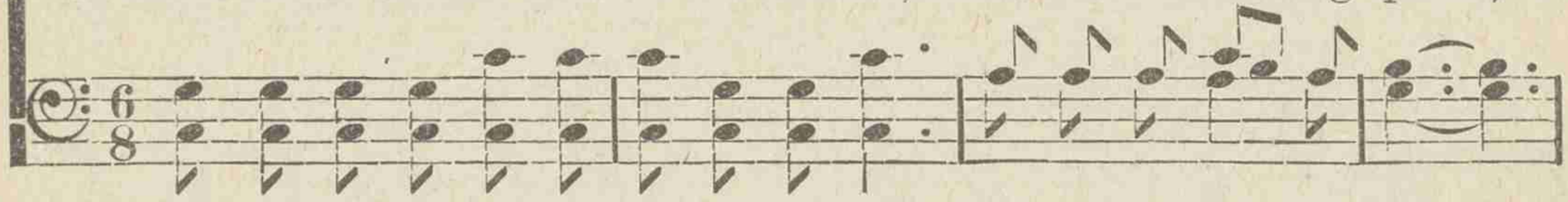


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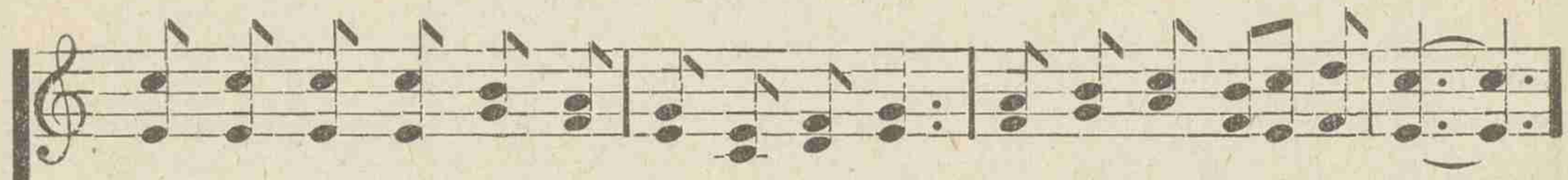
66. IN NEWNESS OF LIFE.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.
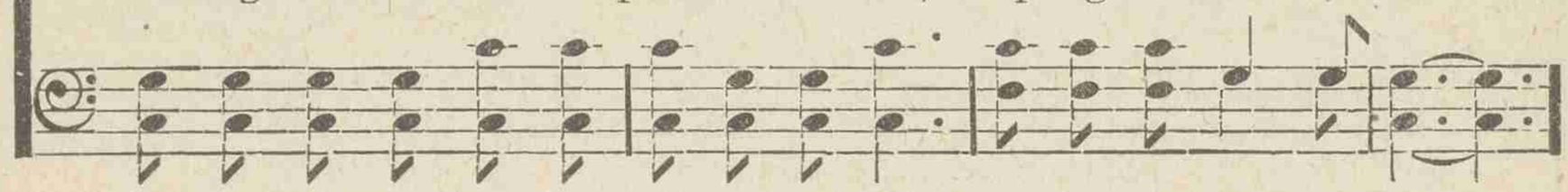


1. Walk-ing with Je-sus in newness of life, Trust-ing him day by day,
2. Rest for the wea-ry and strength for the weak, In the new life is found;
3. Newness of life brings us promis-es sweet, Hopes that ex-tend past time,
4. Praise be to God for his in-fin-ite love, Praise for his cleansing pow'r,
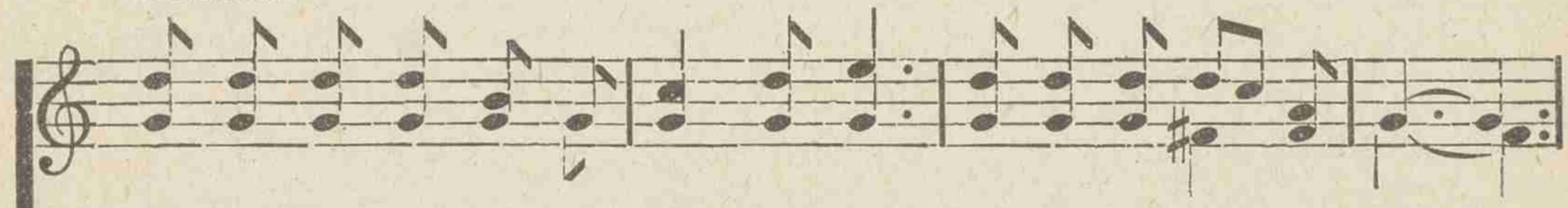




Trav-el-ing homeward 'mid sor-row and strife, Tread we the nar-row way.
Close to our lov-ing Lord ho-ly and meek, Gladness and peace a-bound.
Hopes that will have the fru-i-tion complete Found in the land sub-lime.
Fit-ting our souls for his pure home above, Keep-ing us safe each hour.



CHORUS.



Walk-ing in new-ness of life how blest! Knowing our sins for-giv'n;

Sweet-ly in Christ's saving love we can rest, Jour-ney-ing home to heav'n.

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67.

LOVE IS KING.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Faith is might - y, vic - to - ry giv - ing, And Hope a bless - ed
2. Love is King! O mes-sage so ten - der, That moves the wings of
3. Love is King! and glad - ly we're yielding Our hearts to his be -

com - fort can bring: O'er them all, a - dored by all liv - ing, Sits
an - gels on high; Glad they haste o - be-dience to ren - der, And
nef - i - cent sway; In our lives the sole pow - er wield - ing, O

CHORUS.

Love enthron'd, for Love is the King!
quick - ly on Love's er - rand they fly.
may he there his glo - ry dis - play.
} Yes, Love is King in

earth and heav - en! To Love, the King, the crown is giv - en; To

him we yield That we may wield The pow'r of Love, for Love is the King!

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68. STEP IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

PERLA E. HIGGINS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The life - boat is launch'd on the wild, stormy sea, To res - cue the
2. The life - boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out -
3. The life - boat is launch'd, she is tak-ing us home, While thousands are

lost who are drift - ing a-way; For Sa - tan is striv-ing their
stretch'd to af - ford you re-lief; Ac - cept the kind aid and be
drift - ing to end - less de-spair; O, broth - er, come with us, sal -

Rit.

souls to ob-tain, Yes, Je - sus is call - ing, "I'll save you to-day."
rescued from death; Re - ject - ing is choos - ing your soul's end - less grief.
- va-tion is free; The Sav-iour will par - don, sub - mit to his care.

CHORUS.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus invites you, no long-er de-lay;
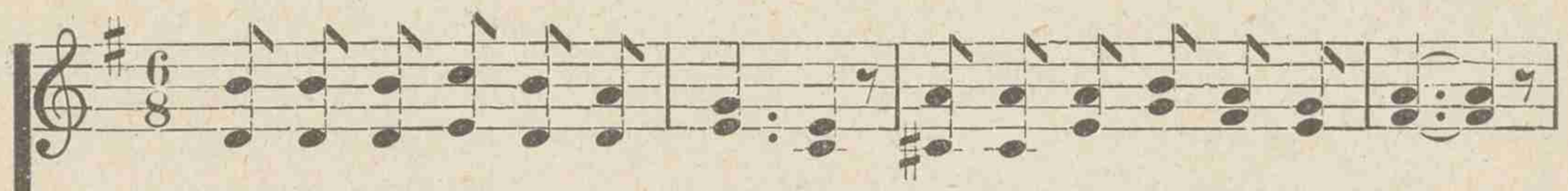
Rit.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Je-sus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."
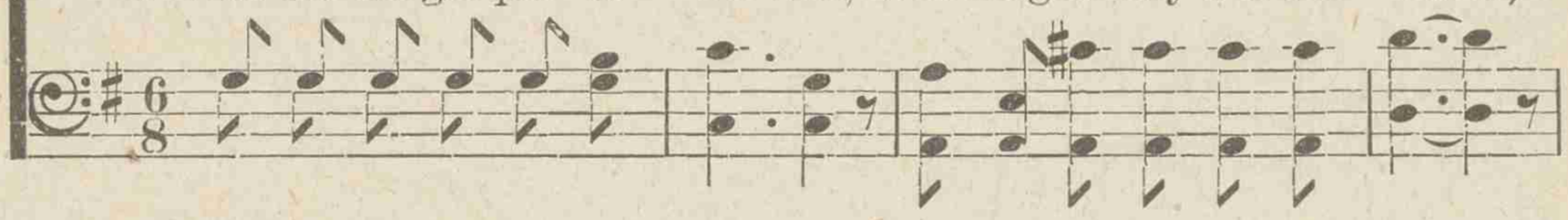
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

69. WONDERFUL GOSPEL.
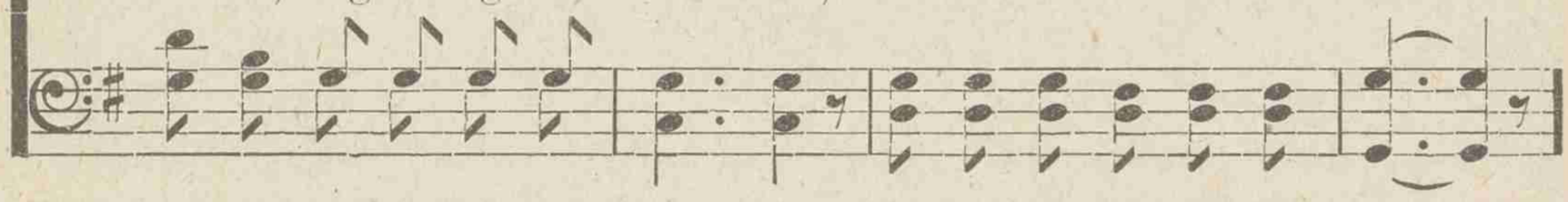
ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.
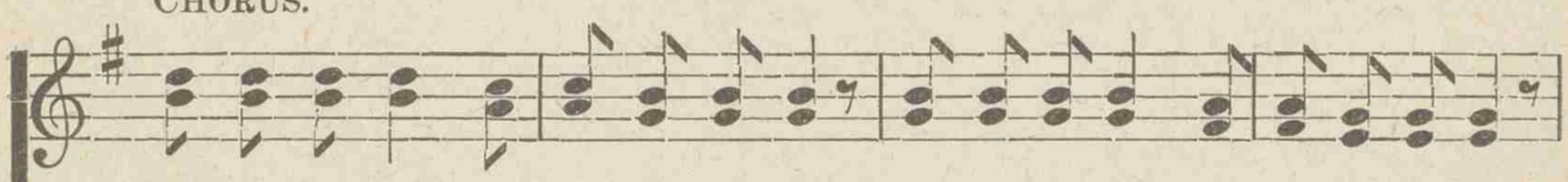


1. Won-der-ful gos-pel of Je - sus! Won-der-ful message of peace!
2. Won-der-ful gos-pel of Je - sus, Hearts once despairing now hope;
3. Won-der-ful gos-pel of Je - sus, Heal-ing the broken in heart;
4. Won-der-ful gos-pel of Je - sus, Win-ning its way o'er the world;
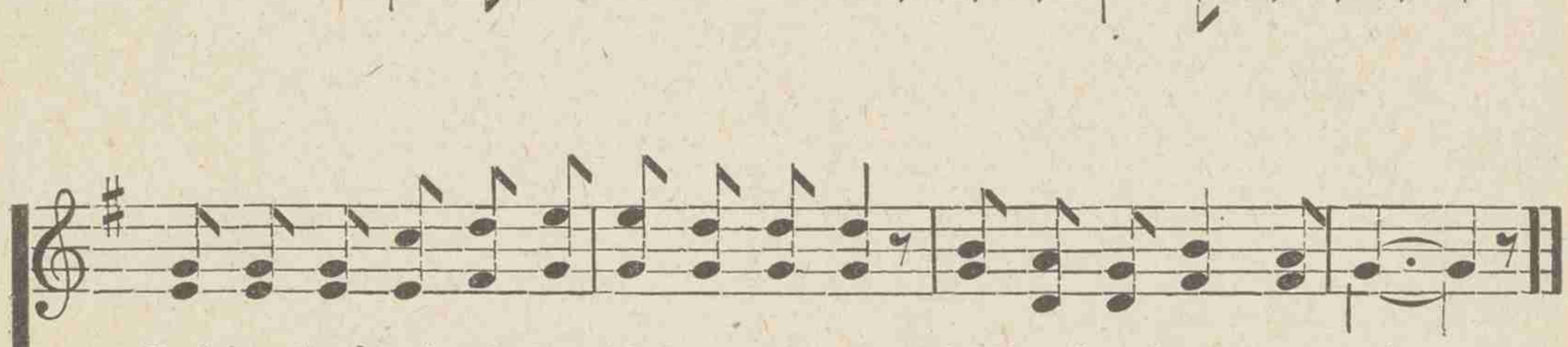


Bringing the world from its bur - den Per-fect and blessed re - lease.
Now with the pow-ers of dark - ness E - ven the weakest may cope.
Wiping the tears from all fa - ces, Bidding all sor-row de - part.
I-dols, long rul-ing the na - tions, Soon from their thrones shall be hurled.



CHORUS.



Won-der-ful gos - pel! wonderful pow'r! Winning new vict'ries ev-e - ry hour;



Rul-ing the hearts of the children of men, Bidding them hope a - gain.

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70. WILL YOU BE THERE?

ANON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and tears, There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and no decay—No night ob-scures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that de-files can en-ter in To mar its beau-ty rare; Up-on that bright e-ternal shore Earth's bitter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
3. No droop-ing form, no tear-ful eye, No hea-vy head, no wea-ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor-tals may not know, Like peaceful riv-ers ev-er flow! Oh, say, will you be there?
4. Our Sav-iour once a mor-tal child—As mor-tal man by man re-viled, There ma-ny crowns doth wear; While thousand thousands swell the strain Of glory to the Lamb once slain; Oh, say, will you be there?
5. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and an-gels stand And all its glo-ries share. And there with Christ I'll ev-er stay;— In that e-ter-nal, hap-py day; Oh, say, will you be there?

REFRAIN.

Will you be there, will you be there? Oh, say, will you be there? will you be there?

In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

71. FEARING NO DANGER.

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

1. Fear-ing no dan - ger, no an - gry foe, On-ward we go!
2. Loud-ly the li - ons a-round may roar, On-ward we go!
3. What tho' the gi - ants of sin op - pose, On-ward we go!
4. What tho' the bat - tle be fierce and long, On-ward we go!

On-ward we go! Fa - ces so bright-ly with cour - age glow,
On-ward we go! Je - sus has bound them, they harm no more,
On-ward we go! Pow-er di - vine on us God be-stows,
On-ward we go! Some day we'll join the tri - umphant throng,

CHORUS.

On-ward we brave-ly go. Why should we fear? no ill can be-tide,

While Je - sus ev - er walks by our side! No harm we're

dread-ing, We're safe - ly tread-ing The way to end - less life.

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72. WONDERFUL LOVE OF GOD.

MRS. D. M. HORNER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Tell it abroad till the world shall hear, Won-der-ful love of God!
2. Fol - low-ing still how-so-e'er I stray, Won - der-ful love of God!
3. Bear-ing the shame of the cross for me, Won - der-ful love of God!

Free - ing my soul from its guilt and fear, Won - der-ful love of God!
Plant - ing the cross in my downward way, Won - der-ful love of God!
Nail - ing my sins to the cru - el tree, Won - der-ful love of God!

Bridging the chasm that so deep and wide Sever'd my soul from the Father's side;
Teaching by lessons of loss and pain, Earth and its pleasures are fleeting,—vain,
Help me to o - pen my heart's door wide, Let this great love of the Cru-ci-fied
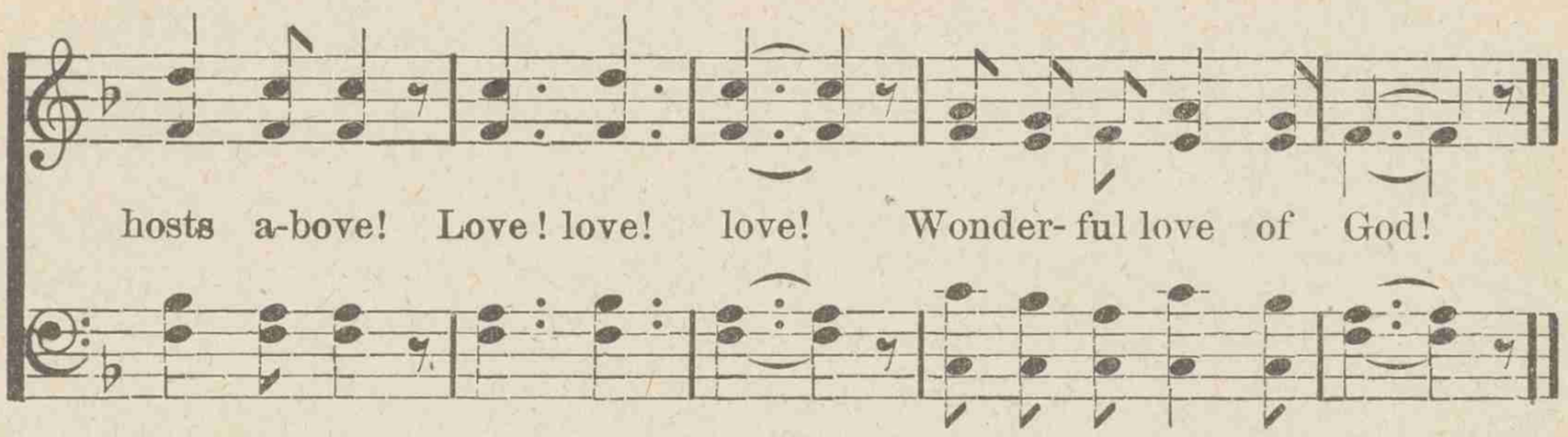
Bid- ding me trust it whate'er be-tide, Won - der- ful love of God!
Christ and his grace can a - lone sus-tain, Won - der- ful love of God!
Sweep thro' my soul with resist - less tide, Won - der- ful love of God!

CHORUS.

Love! love! won - der - ful love! Join in its prais - es the

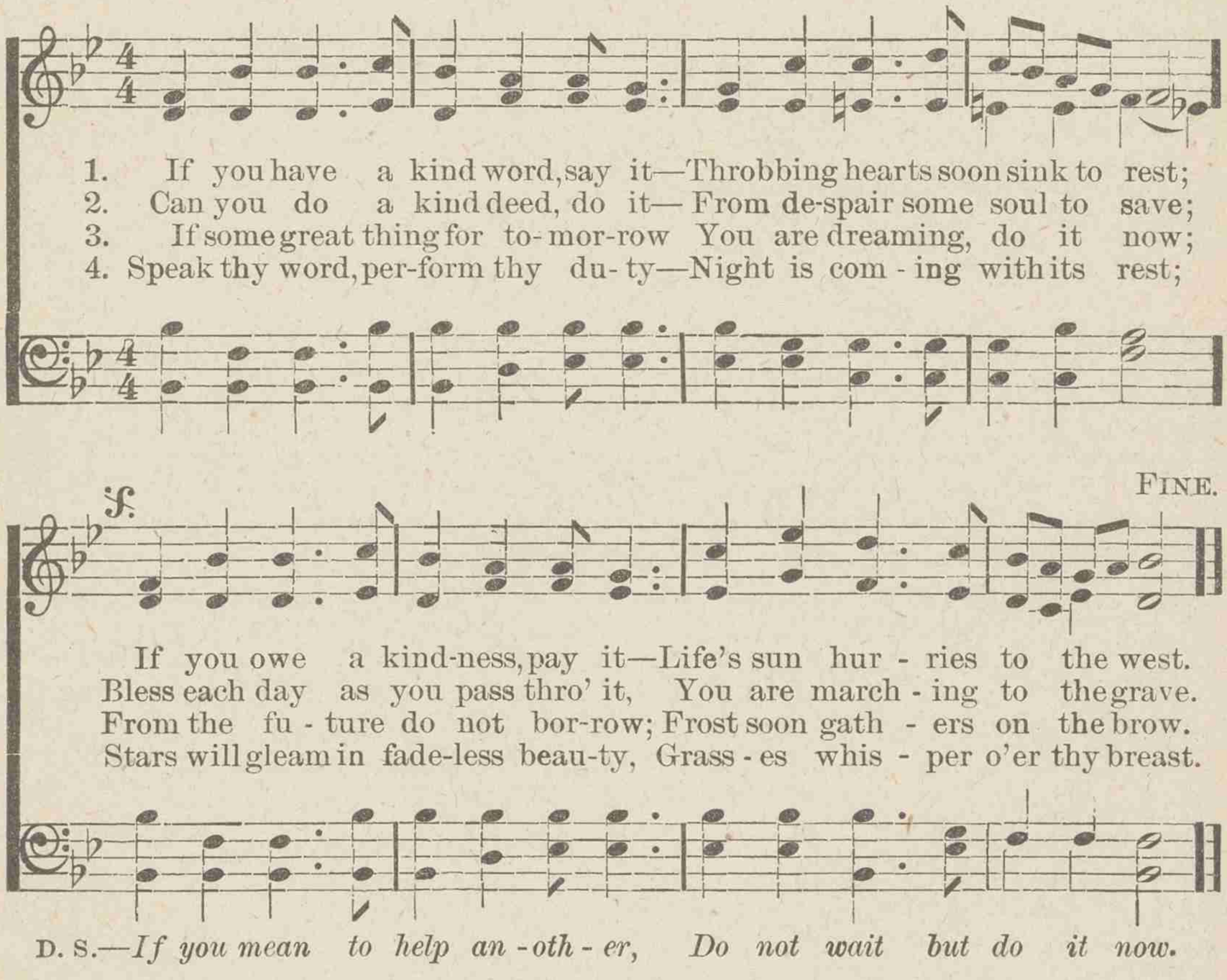
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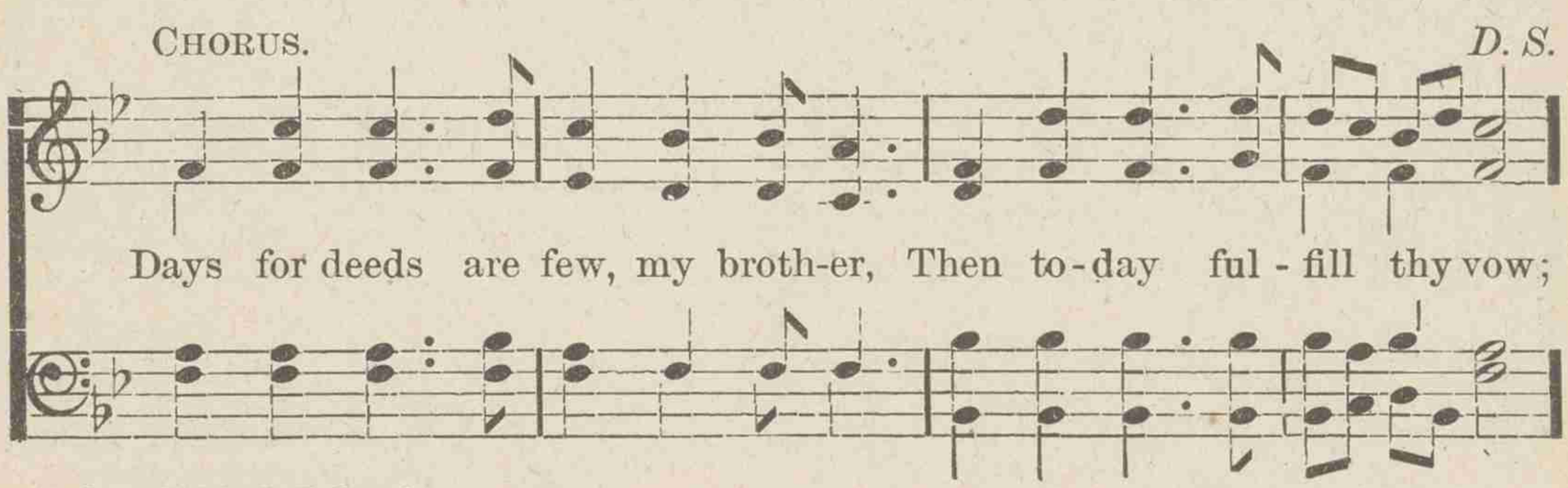
WONDERFUL LOVE OF GOD. Concluded.



73. DO IT NOW.

From "Glasgow Christian Leader." D. E. DORTCH.





Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

74. IT IS FINISHED.

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

1. It is finished! cried the Saviour; man is ransomed from the fall, And the
2. It is finished! cried the Saviour, as he hung on Cal-va - ry; There is
3. It is finished! cried the Saviour, and he yielded up the ghost; He had
4. It is finished! cried the Saviour; there is rest for ev - 'ry soul, Who will

plan of his redemption is com-plete; It is finished! hal - le-lu - jah!
nothing more that an-y one can do; It is finished! hal - le-lu - jah!
made a way for men to be for-giv'n; It is finished! hal - le-lu - jah!
come and trust the Mighty One to save; It is finished! hal - le-lu - jah!

it is finished once for all, There is peace and pardon at the mer-cy seat.
his sal - va-tion now is free, And his grace is of-fered free-ly now to you.
shout the happy ransomed host, Who are walking in that blessed way to heav'n.
he can make the wounded whole; For the perishing his precious life he gave.
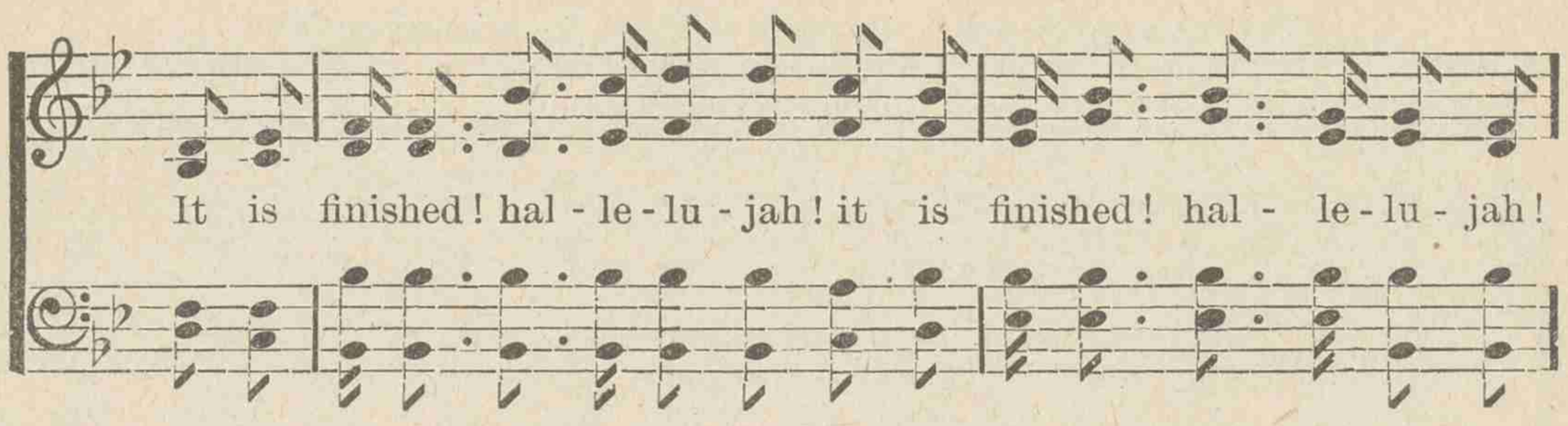
CHORUS.

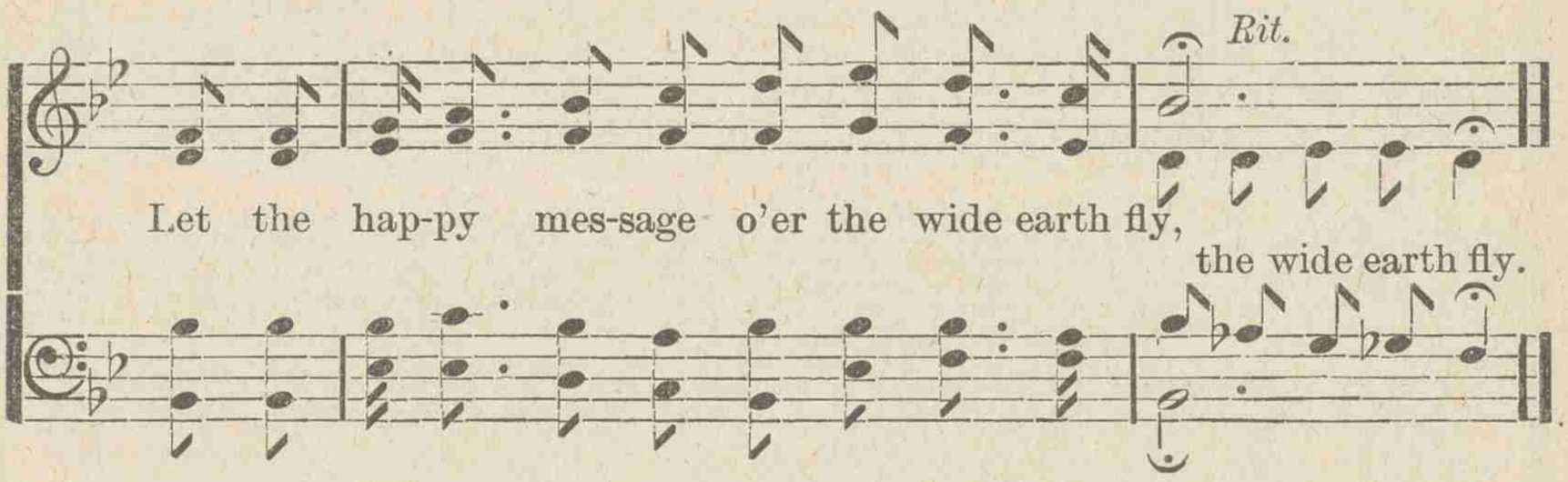
It is finished! hal - le - lu - jah! it is finished! hal - le - lu - jah!

It is fin-ished, was the Sav-iour's dy - ing cry.
dy - ing cry.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

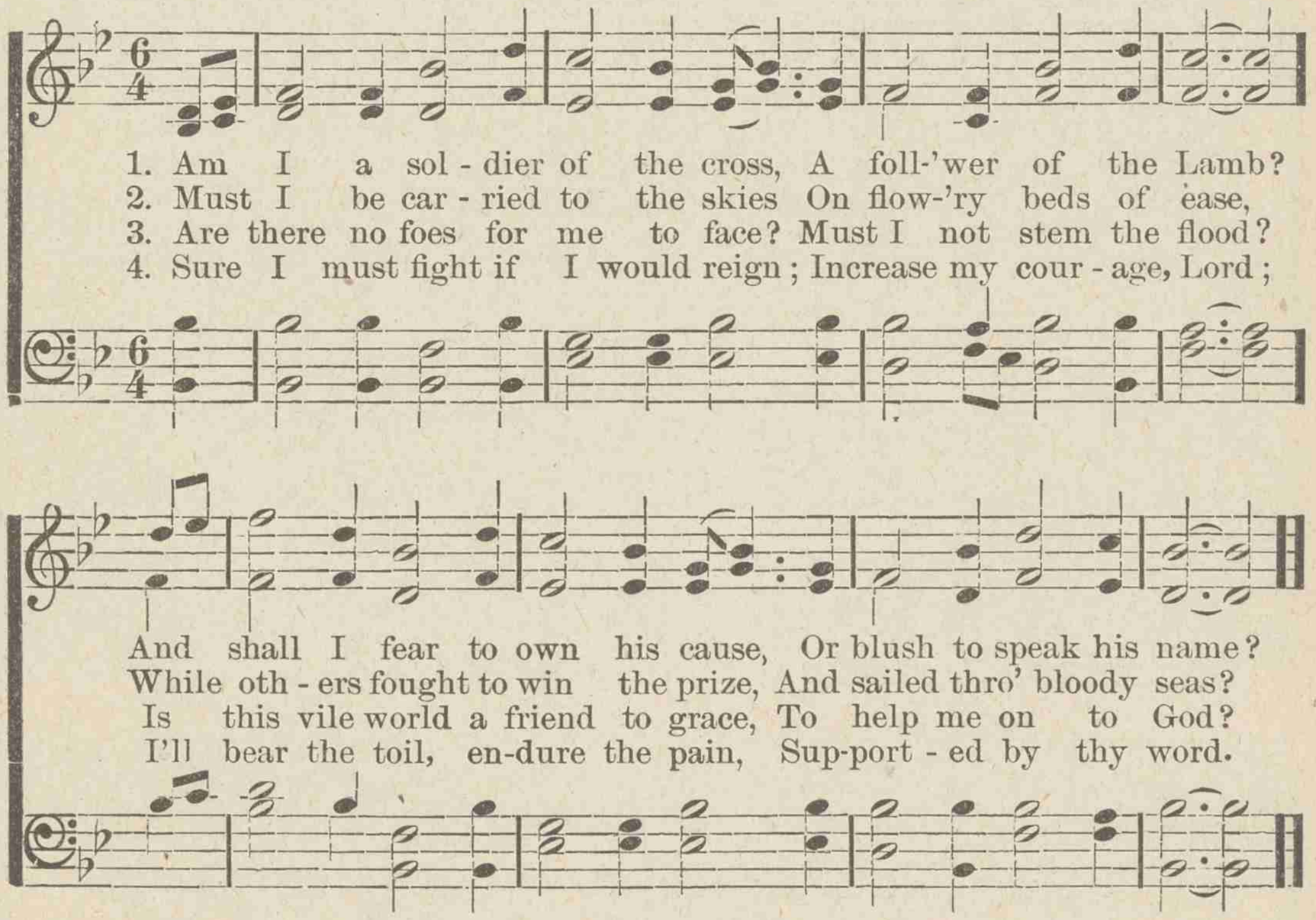
IT IS FINISHED. Concluded.





75. A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ANON. GEO. N. ALLEN.



5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

76.

ALL FOR JESUS.

The last song composed and sung in public by its lamented author.
Written out from memory by a friend.

C. M. H. REV. C. M. HOTT.

1. All day long I'd bear the cross for Je - sus, He up - on it died for me; He from sin my bur-dened soul re - leas - es, And he gives me vic - to - ry.
2. All day long I'd glad - ly speak for Je - sus, He is plead - ing now for me; And his ten - der mer - cy nev - er ceas - es, Ev - er kind and true is he.
3. All day long I'd glad - ly work for Je - sus, Yield - ing him my ev - 'ry pow'r; Do - ing on - ly what the Mas - ter pleas - es, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.
4. All day long how sweet the love of Je - sus, Keep - ing, com - fort - ing my soul, While the light of glo - ry still in - creas - es, As the days shall o'er me roll.

CHORUS.

All day long I'd give him glo - ry, glo - ry, For he is so good to me;
All day long I'd tell the same sweet sto - ry, How he gave his life for me.

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77. THERE IS MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

T. W. WILLIAMS. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. I was once in sin and far from God, And dis-cord reign'd su-preme;
2. Give me a heart that's tuned by God, A heart that's like his own;
3. All now I crave is that my heart May beat in time with Thine,

But now I'm sav'd thro' Je - sus' blood, My soul's tuned to that theme.
A heart that's wash'd in Je - sus' blood, A heart of pur - est tone.
Thy rich - est mel - o - dy im - part, And har - mo - ny di - vine.

CHORUS.

There is mu - sic in my soul, Sweet mu - sic in my soul, For

Christ has tuned my heart a - right; There is mu - sic in my soul,

Sweet mu - sic in my soul, For Christ has tuned my heart a - right.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

78. SAIL ON.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The waves roll high, the clouds are dark, Yet onward steers each Christian bark;
2. We will not fear the tempest's war, No shadow hides sweet Bethlehem's star;
3. With cheerful hearts we hold our way, The darkest night precedes the day,

Our homeward course we safe-ly keep, For Je-sus rules the wa-t'ry deep.
We trust in One, who guides and saves, We know that Jesus walks the waves.
This stormy blast will waft us o'er, Where Christ, our Lord, has gone before.

CHORUS.
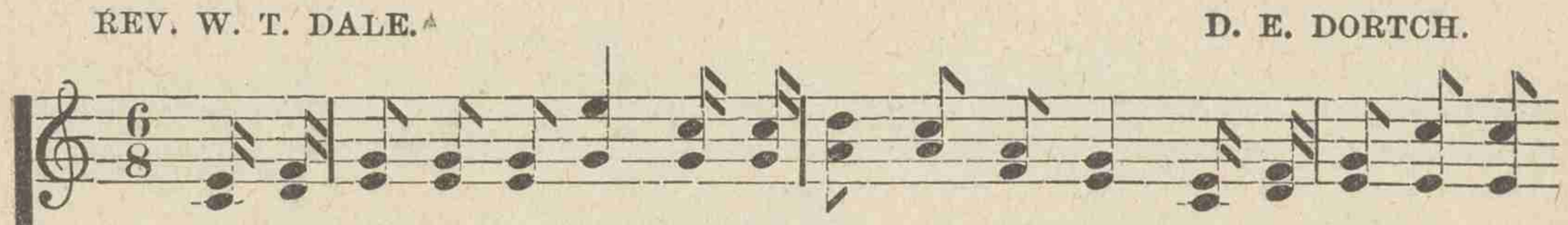
Although the billows roar We shall reach the heav'nly shore; Sail on, ...
Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on! Although the billows roar
sail on! Yes, al-though the bil-lows roar, We shall
We shall reach the heav'nly shore; Sail on! sail on! sail
reach the heav'nly shore; Sail on! . . . . . sail on!
on! sail on! Yes, although the billows roar, We shall reach the heav'nly shore.

rit.
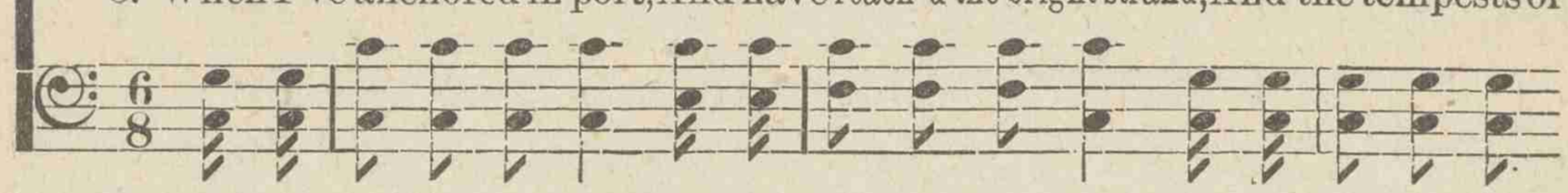
Copyright, 1892, by E. S. Lorenz.
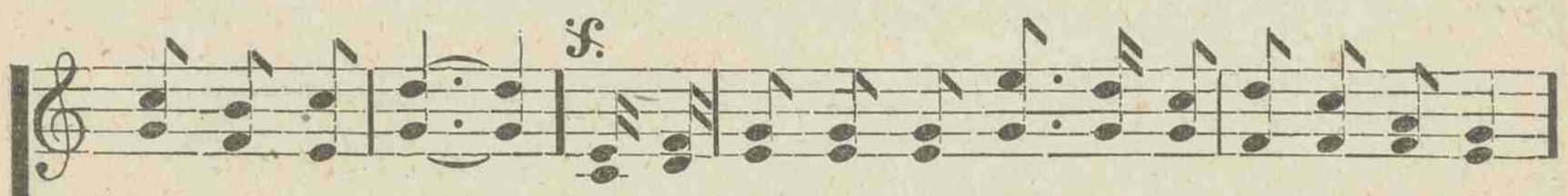
79. NEARING THE PORT.

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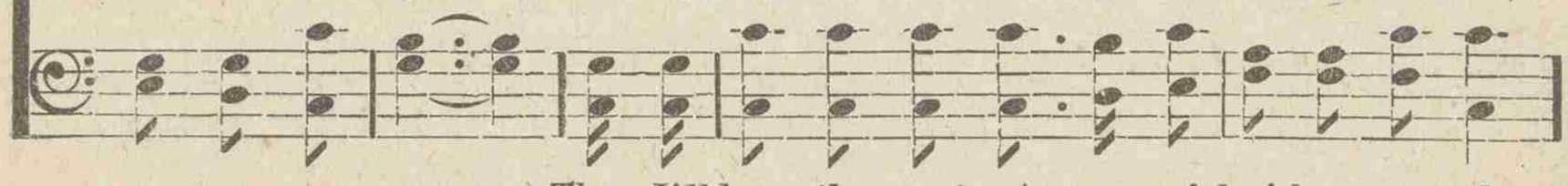


1. I am nearing the port, I shall soon be at home, And the voy-age of
2. I am nearing the port, For the land is in sight, And the mountains e-
3. I am nearing the port, I will soon be at rest, I will an-chor in
4. I am nearing the port, See the bless-ed have come, They are gath'ring a-
5. When I've anchored in port, And have reach'd the bright strand, And the tempests of
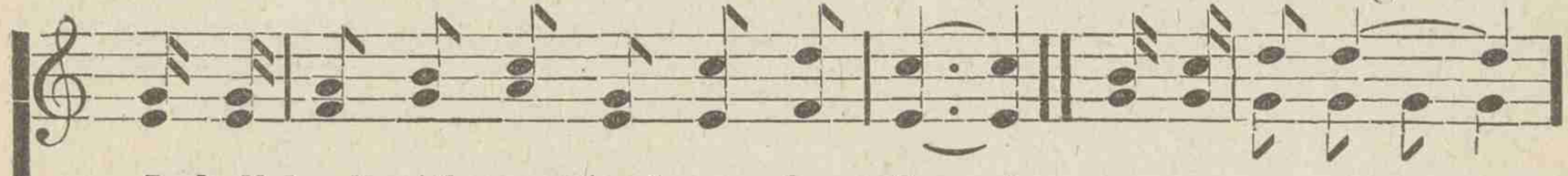




life will be o'er; And beneath the high arch-es of heaven's bright dome,
ter-nal are seen; The bright land-scapes of E-den I hail with delight,
peace by that strand; I will stand on the shore 'mid the throng of the blest,
long on the shore; Now they watch to re-ceive me and welcome me home,
life all are past, With my Sav-iour I'll dwell in that beau-ti-ful land,



D. S.—*Then I'll hear the sweet voic-es of lov'd ones now there,*
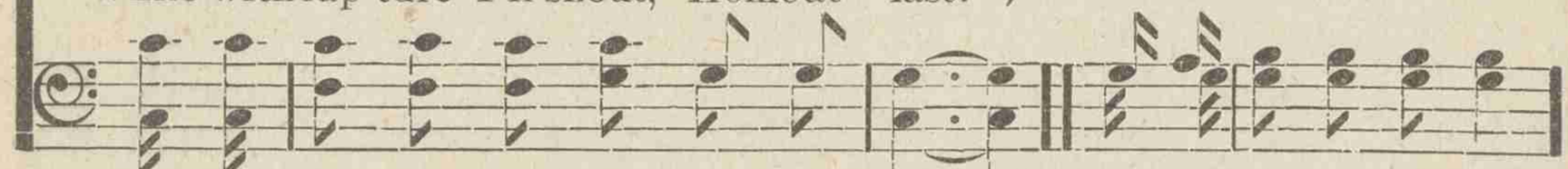
CHORUS.

FINE. I am near-ing . . .



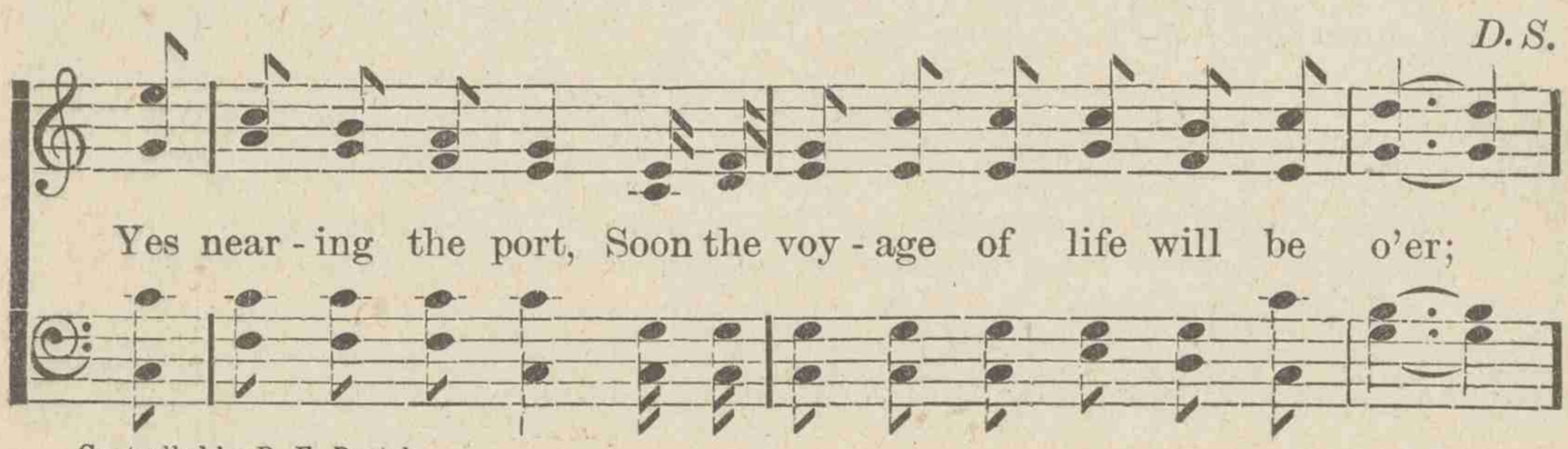
I shall dwell with my friends gone be-fore.
And the plains that lie cov-ered with green.
Those who dwell in that beau-ti-ful land.
There from them I will part nev-er-more.
While with rap-ture I'll shout, "Home at last!"

I am nearing the port,



On the beau-ti-ful, glit-ter-ing shore.

D. S.



Yes near-ing the port, Soon the voy-age of life will be o'er;

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

80. COME TO THE WATERS.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come to the wa-ters of life! Sin-ner a-thirst, draw nigh!
2. Come to the wa-ters of life! Wa-ters that God doth give!
3. Come to the wa-ters of life! Free-ly for all they flow!

Out in the des-ert of sin, Why will you thirsting die?
Wa-ters that nev-er shall fail, Long as the soul shall live!
Je-sus in-vites you to come, Je-sus who loves you so!

Long you have wander'd from God! Far you have gone a-stray!
Sin has your spir-it un-done! You are of sin the slave!
Do not re-fuse him, and die! Drink of the heal-ing tide!

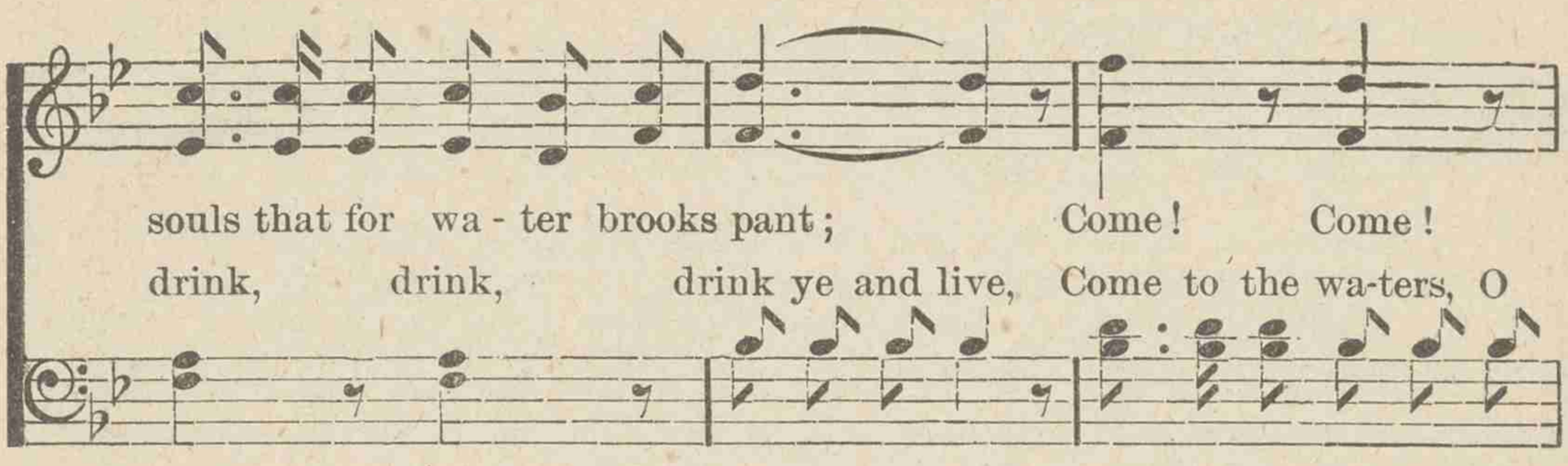
But there is mer-cy for you, If you re-turn to-day!
Je-sus has suf-fered for you! Je-sus a-lone can save!
Come to the wa-ters of life! Drink and be sat-is-fied!
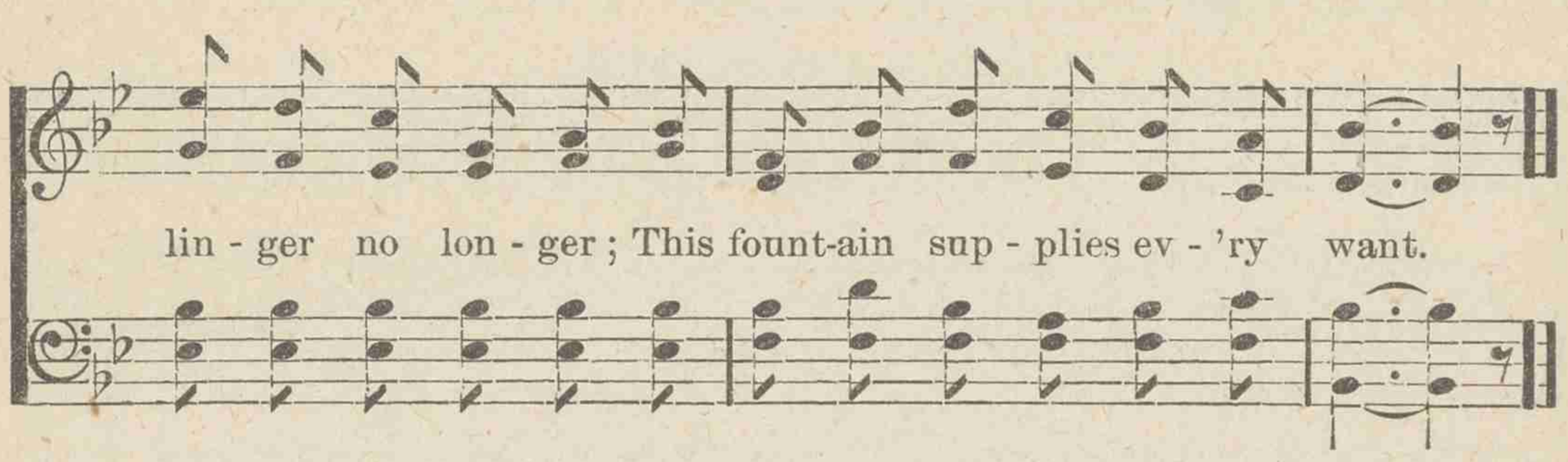
CHORUS.

Come! come! come to the wa-ters, O
Come to the wa-ters, O come! Come,

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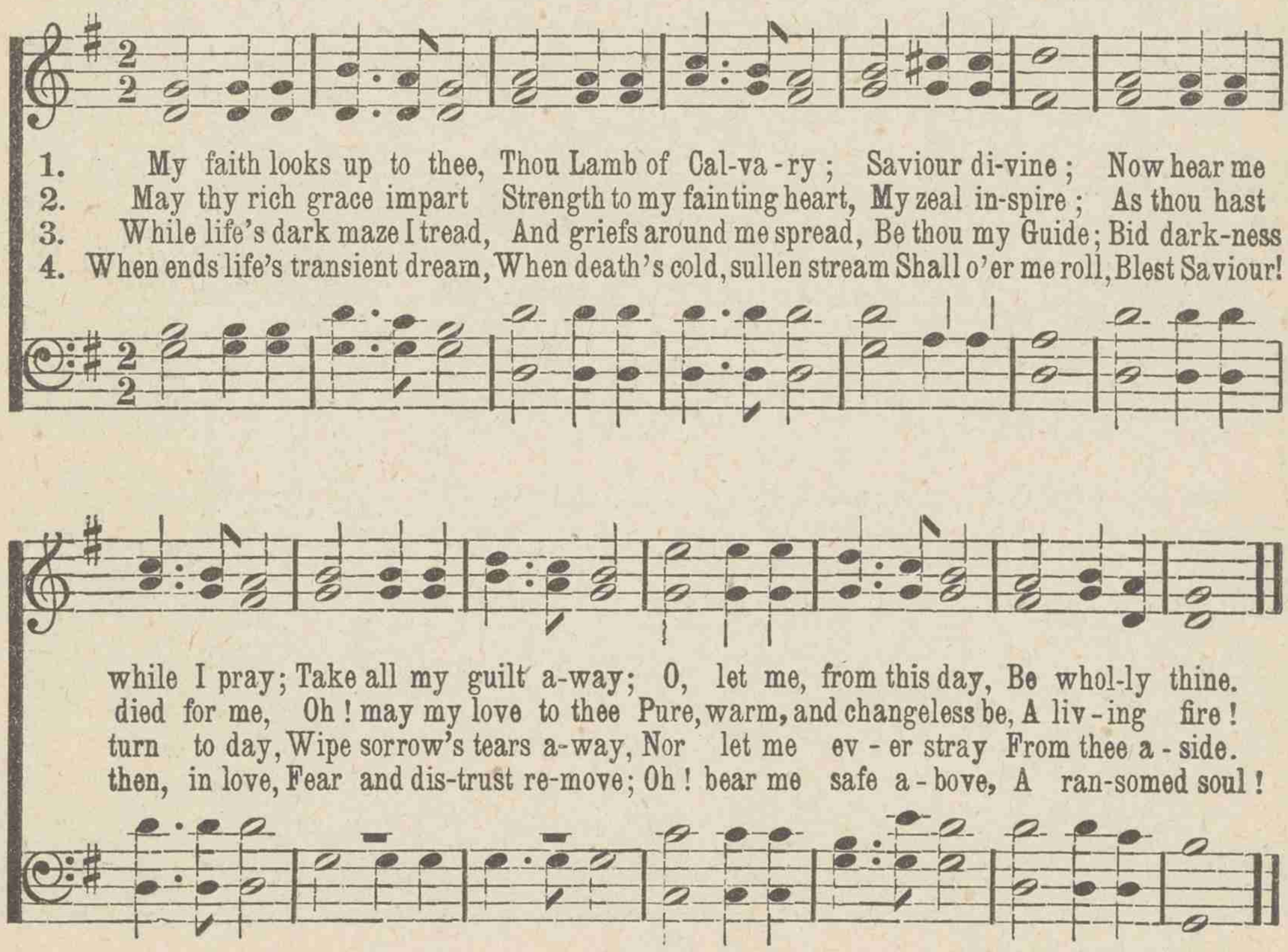
COME TO THE WATERS. Concluded.





81. NEW HAVEN.

RAY PALMER. THOS. HASTINGS.



82. THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

ARR. FROM D. M. CASEY. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a dark tur - bid stream, flow - ing o'er the path of all,
2. O'er its dark foam - ing waves from the bright ce - les - tial shore,
3. Ma - ny forms we have loved that are from our homes re - moved,
4. And I know that some day to this riv - er we must come,

And its wa - ters are deep and wide; But by faith I can see
An - gel bands in their beau - ty glide; They will bear us a - way
Walked by faith thro' the mys - tic tide; They have passed o'er the stream
And must cross o'er its wa - ters wide; Hap - py then we will be

there's a bea - con light for me Just down at the riv - er side.
to the realms of end - less day, To the light on the oth - er side.
out of dark - ness in - to gleam, In - to light on the sun - ny side.
if ap - proaching we can see A light at the riv - er side.
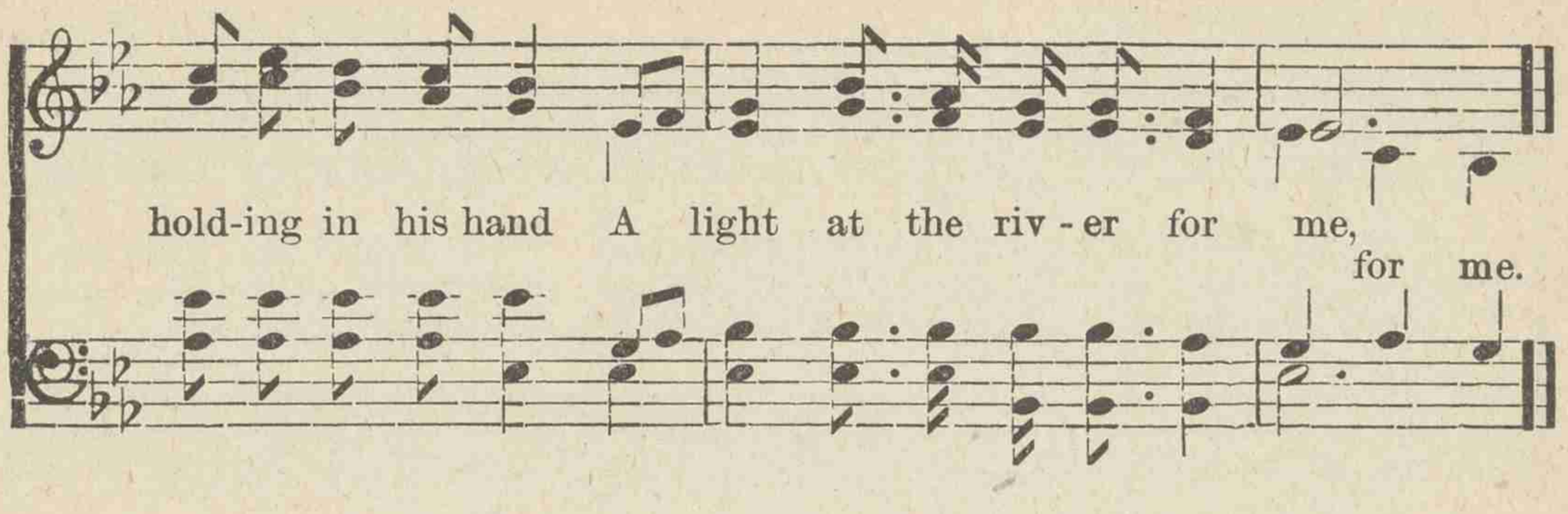
CHORUS.

There's a light, there's a light, There's a light, at the riv - er,
at the riv - er, at the riv - er,

light at the riv - er I can see; There my Sav - iour will stand, gladly
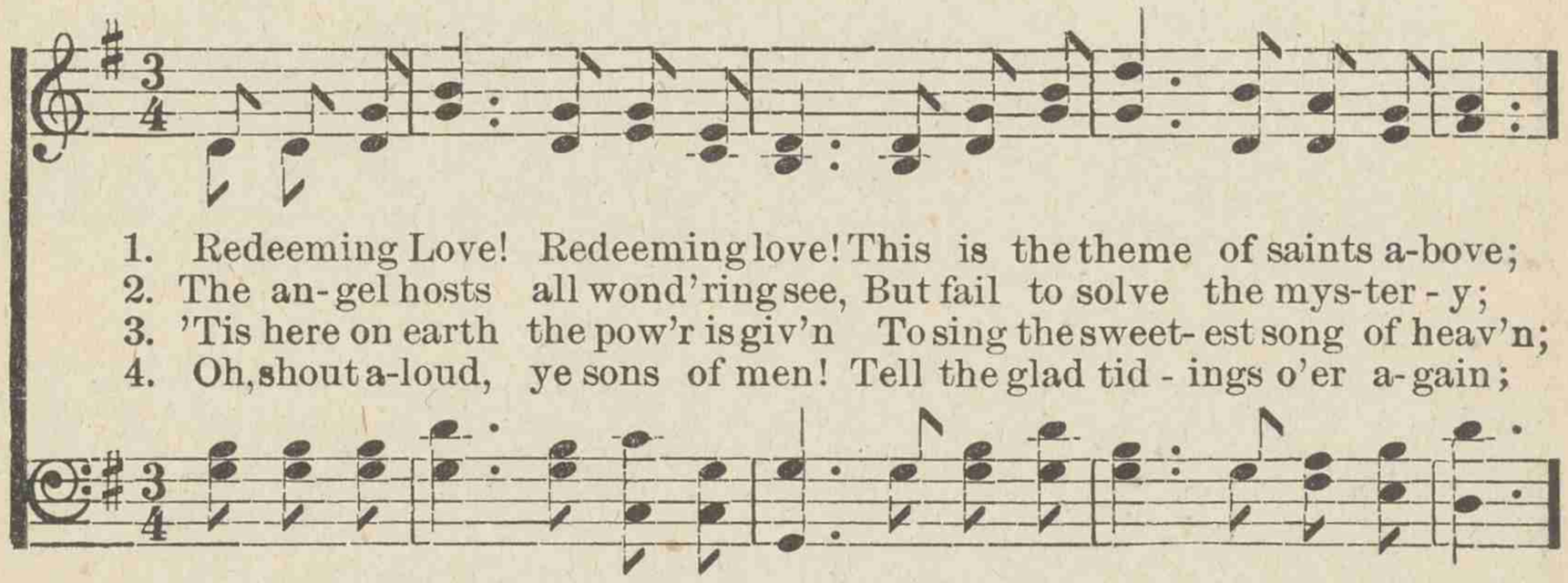
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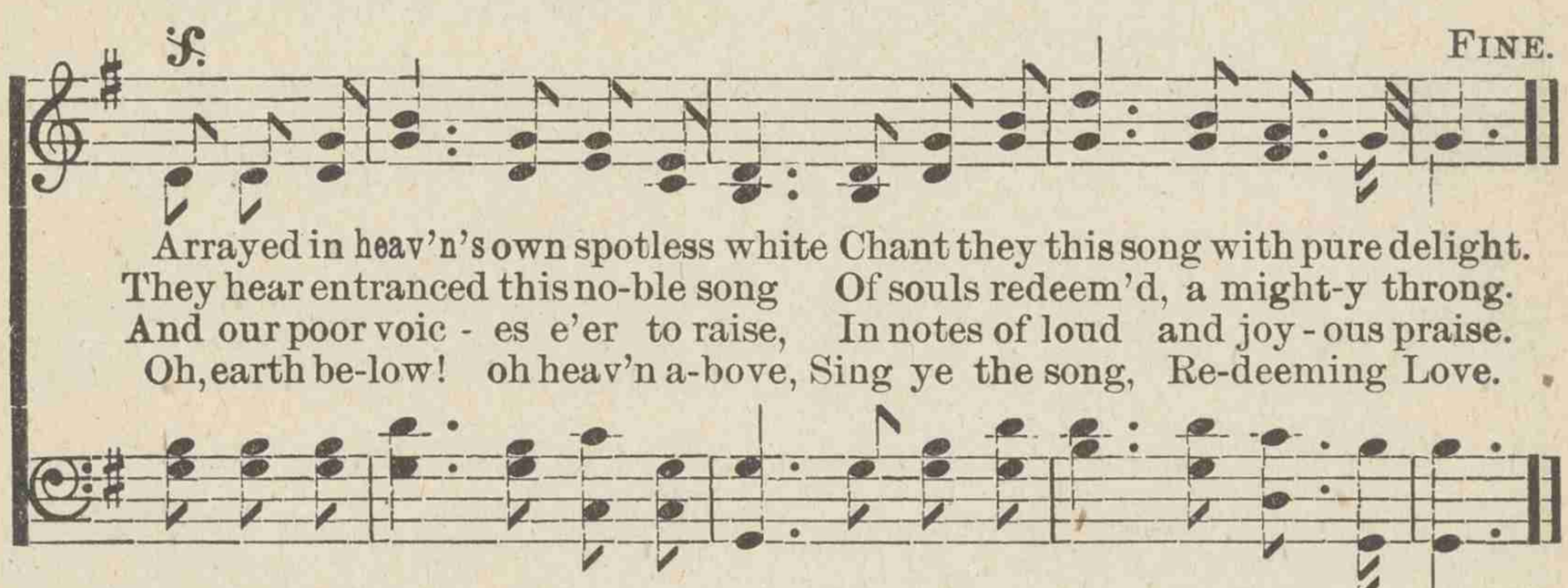
THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE RIVER. Concluded.
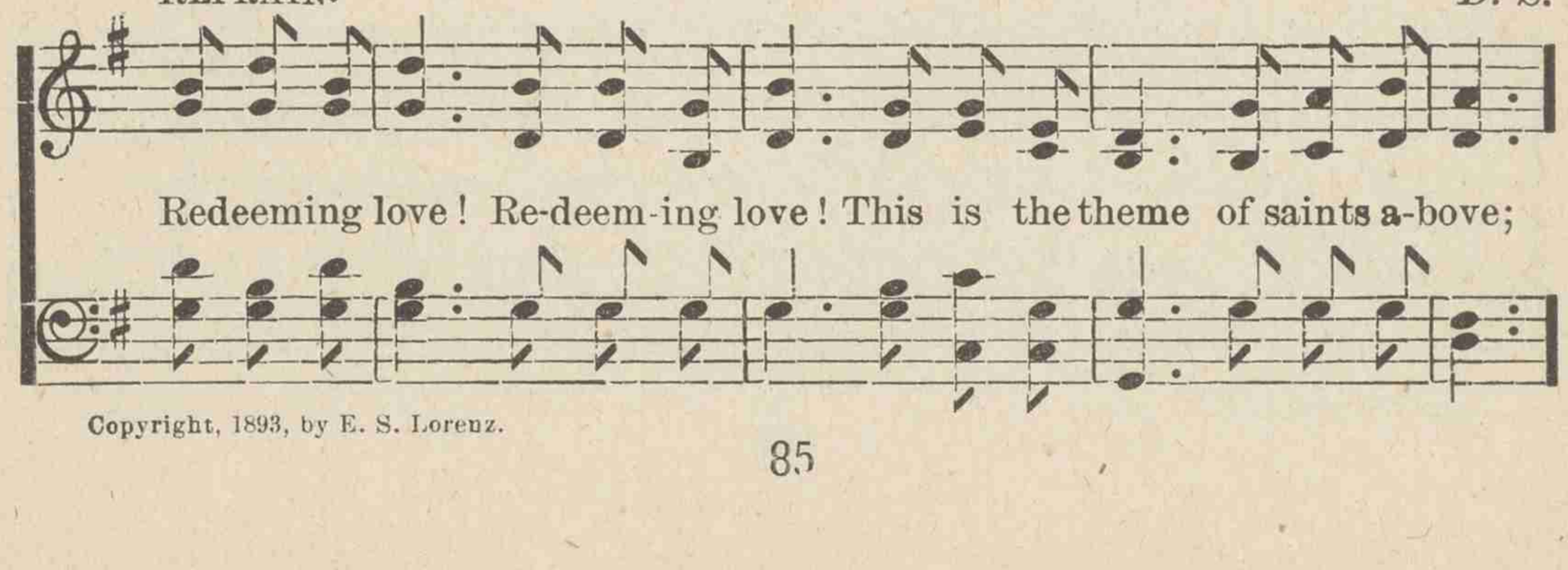


83. REDEEMING LOVE.

J. A. C. ARR. JOHN TIBBALLS.





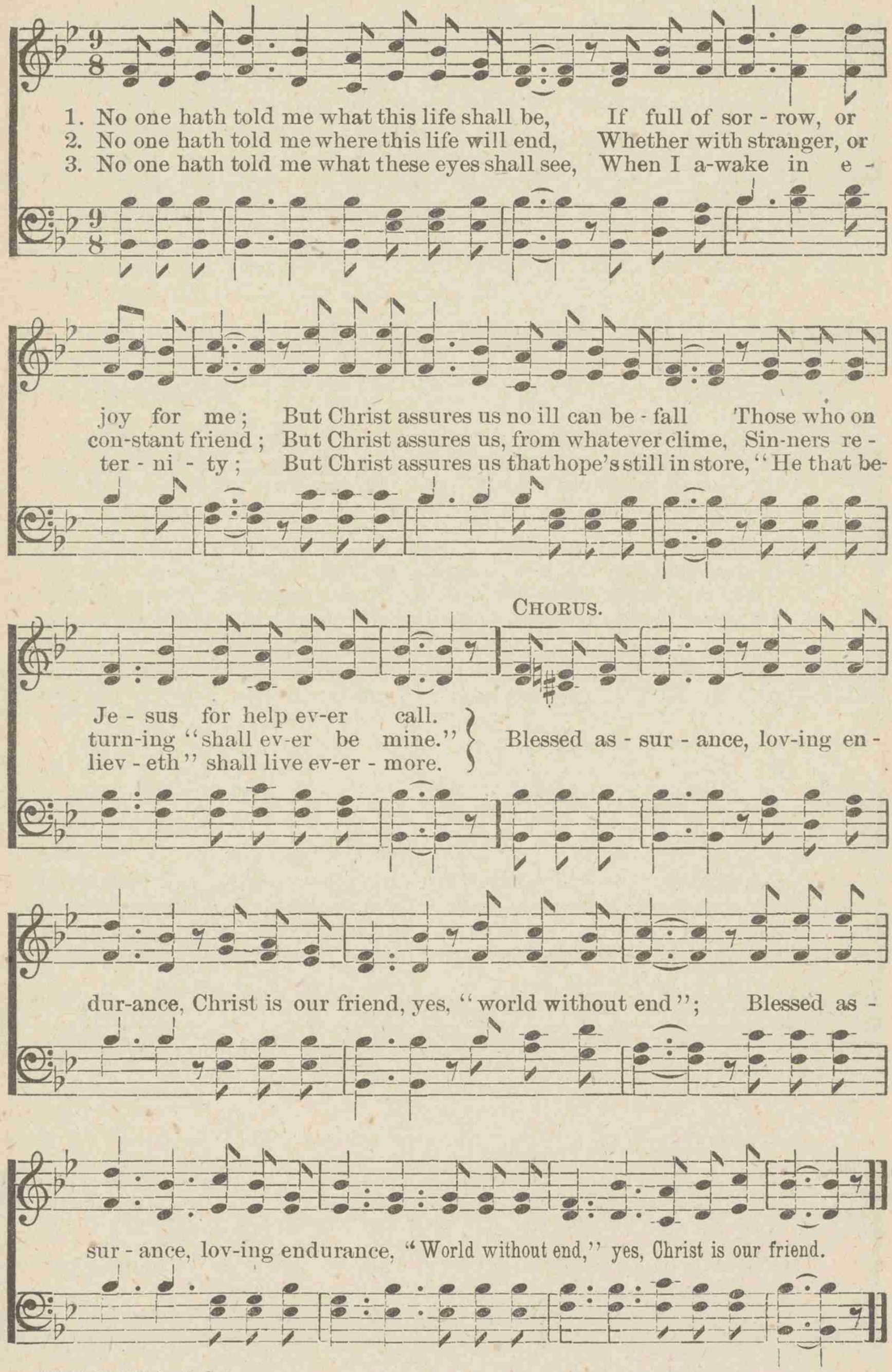
Refrain. D. S.



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84. CHRIST ASSURES US.

REV. GEO. P. HOTT. JAS. H. RUEBUSH.



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85. SALVATION IS FREE.

JOHN McPHERSON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sal - va - tion is free for you and for me, The fountain is
2. Sal - va - tion for all! now on his name call, And bow and con -
3. Sal - va - tion at last when earth life is past, He'll grant you when

opened on Cal - va-ry's side; There Jesus bought peace from sin full re-
fess at the dear Saviour's feet; On him cast your care each burden he'll
ent-'ring the heav-en-ly door; In that home of light so glorious and

Rit. CHORUS.

lease; For poor dy-ing sin-ners he died.
bear, And grant you a par-don complete.
bright, We'll meet there to part nevermore.
} Sal - va - tion is free, to

Je - sus now flee, O sin-ner no lon-ger de-lay; Now fall at his

Rit.

feet, ac-cept par-don sweet, The Sav-iour is call-ing to-day.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

86. WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

D. E. DORTCH.

1. "Sirs, what must I do to be, do to be sav'd?" Was the jailor's earn - est plea; He felt his great need of sal - va - tion, For he was as
2. Oh, what must I do to be, do to be sav'd?" For my sins o'erwhelm me so; My heart is now breaking with - in me, Oh, where for re -
3. Oh, what must I do to be, do to be sav'd?" Is there par-don at the cross? Will Je - sus, the Sav - iour for sin - ners, Re-ceive me and
4. If you will on Je-sus, on Je-sus re - ly, He will make you white as snow; Oh, plead then for mer - cy and par-don, He'll cleanse and for-

CHORUS.

vile as could be.
lief can I go?
save me from loss?
give you, I know.

Oh, what must I do to be, do to be saved? saved?

Oh, what must I do to be, do to be saved? My sins are ma-ny, my sor - rows sore, Oh, what must I do to be sav'd, to be saved?

rit.

87. # PRAISE.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Praise to the Fa - ther; great is he and glo - rious, Guid-ing the stars of light with e - qual hand; Bring him your prais - es,
2. Praise to the Sav - iour, full of grace and glo - ry, Leav-ing his throne, on earth to live and die; Earth, join your voi - ces,
3. Praise to the Spir - it, in our hearts a - bid - ing, Fill - ing with light where dark - ness once had reigned; Grate-ful - ly praise him,

louder swell the cho-rus, Bow ye a - dor-ing, sons of ev - 'ry land.
tell the wondrous sto-ry, Ev - er ex - alt his name who rules on high.
comforting and guid-ing, Giv-ing as - surance of sal - va - tion gained.

CHORUS.

Praise to the Fa - ther, great is he and glo - rious,
Praise to the Son, o'er sin and death vic - to - rious,
Praise to the Spir - it, loud-er swell the cho-rus, Praise ye the Lord.

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88. THERE IS NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

R. H. LYON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a Friend, a Friend in need, A Friend with God to in - ter-cede,
2. A Friend to guide thee day by day, And by thy side to guard the way,
3. What matchless love was this for thee! From heav'n above to earth's de-gree,
4. Yield to him now, no more de- lay, Thy spir - it bow, his voice o - bey—

His pre - cious name is Je - sus; A Friend thy soul to save from sin,
A lov - ing Friend is Je - sus; A Friend whose pow'r a-lone can cheer
He came, the pre-cious Je - sus; He bled and died thy soul to save,
Ac - cept this pre-cious Je - sus; Oh, then to thee, thy sins forgiv'n,

And make thee whole and pure with-in, Oh, such a Friend is Je - sus!
In that dark hour when death is near—No earth - ly Friend like Je - sus!
For thee con-quer'd death and grave, Oh, what a Friend is Je - sus!
Thy joy will be, in earth and heav'n, For-ev - er-more with Je - sus.
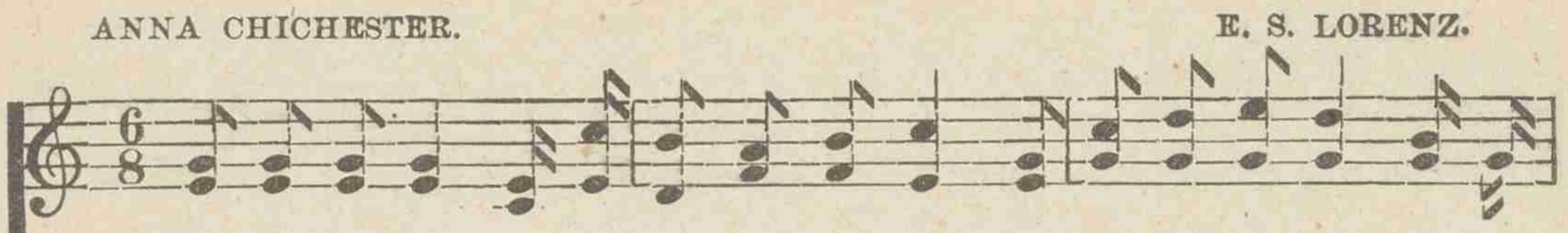
CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, There is no Friend like Je - sus;
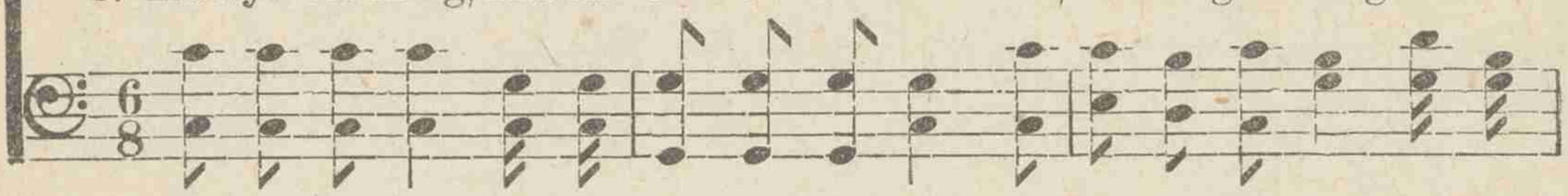
'Tis Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, There is no friend like Je-sus.

89. # HAIL YE THE KING.

ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.
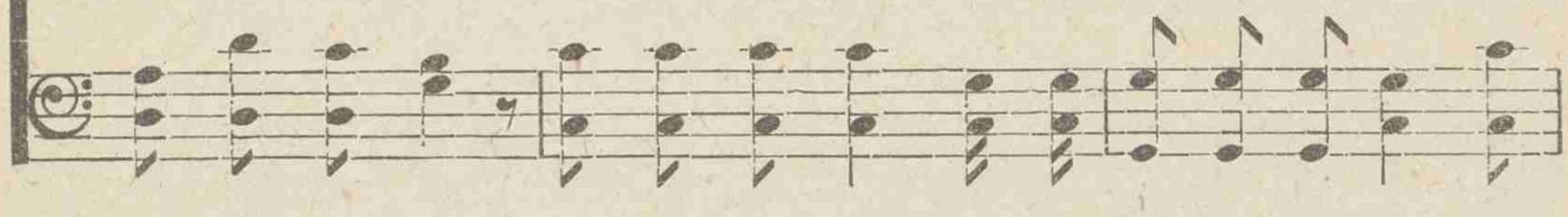


1. Hail ye the King, as he comes in his glo - ry, Hail him who rules o'er the
2. Hail ye the King, as in righteousness reign- ing, Just-ly he judg- eth the
3. Hail ye the King, hast-en now to a - dore him, Winning his kingdom with
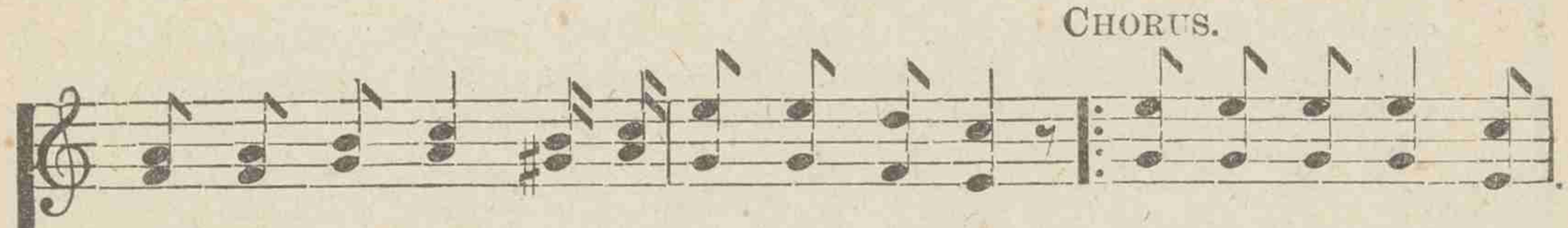




na- tions of earth; Firm - er his throne than the mountain peaks hoar-y,
chil-dren of men; Sin - ners condemned, constant mer-cy ob- tain - ing,
love, not with sword; Join in the cho - rus, and bow down be- fore him,
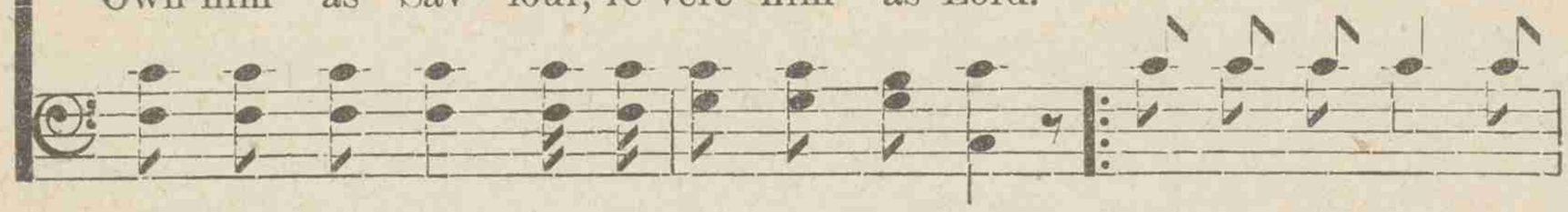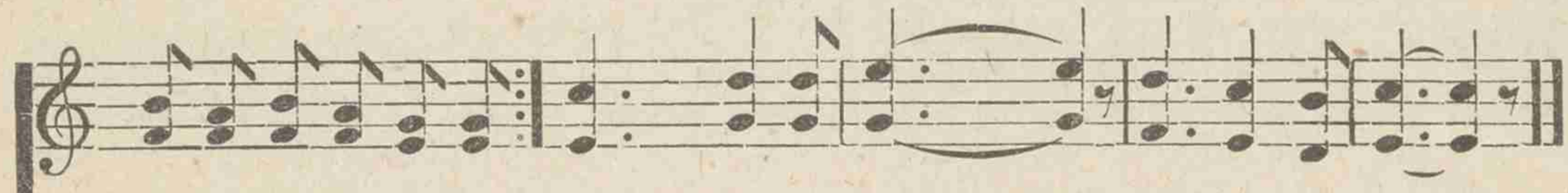


CHORUS.
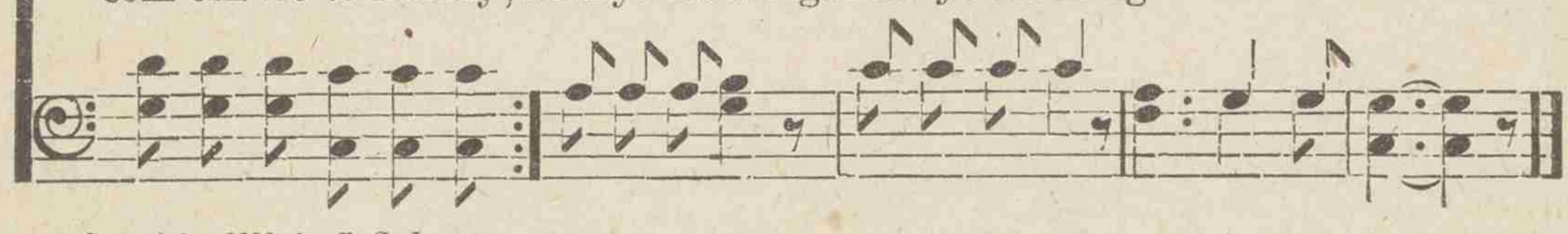


Age un - to age tells his beau - ty and worth.
Hail him your Sav - iour, a-dore him a - gain.
Own him as Sav - iour, re-vere him as Lord.

} Hail ye the King, who
} Hail ye the King, who





reigneth so gloriously! Hail ye the King! . . . Hail ye the King!
com-eth vic-to-riously; Hail ye the King! Hail ye the King!



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90. THE DAY OF DAYS.

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

1. Fill with loft - y praise This the day of days, Whose ef - ful - gent rays
2. God him-self draws near, Greets his children here, Bring-ing life and cheer
3. Souls released, take wing! Rise from earth, and sing Praises to your King,

Fill all the world with light; In its beau - ty drest,
To those who love his name; Gives from care re-lease,
And spread his fame a - broad; When our Sab - baths end,

Let the world, at rest, Find- ing vig - or blest, In God's dear praise u - nite.
For our tri - als peace; Bids our doubtings cease; Asks us his grace to claim.
Sab-bath we shall spend Where our praise shall blend With choirs who praise our God.

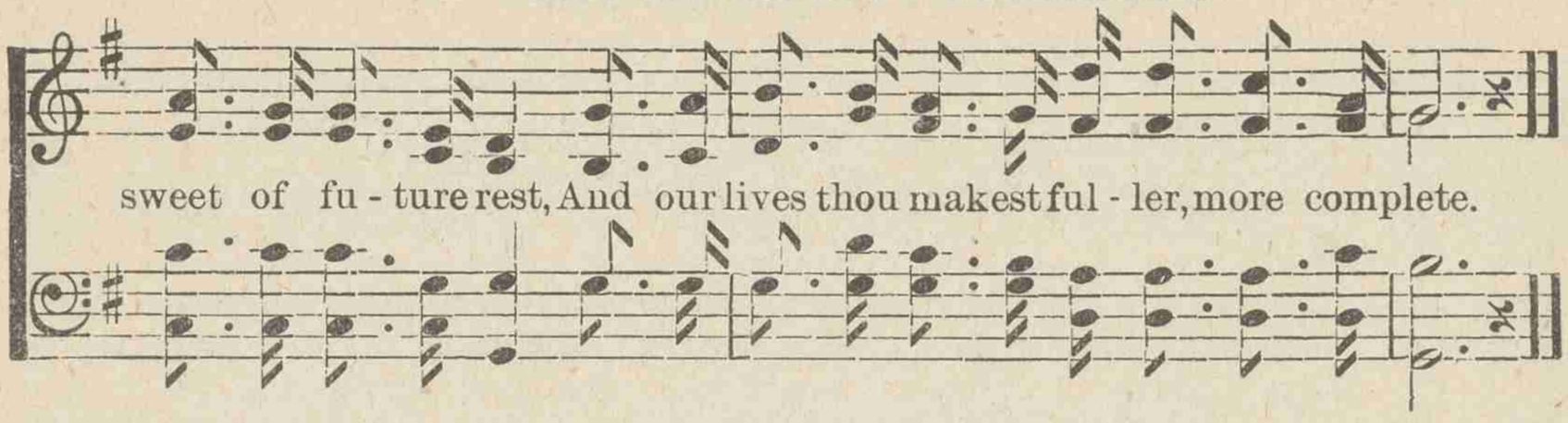
CHORUS.

Day of days! . . . we hail thy coming fair and sweet! Joy and praise . .
Day of days! Joy and praise

a-lone for thy blest hours are meet! All thy moments God has blest, Promise

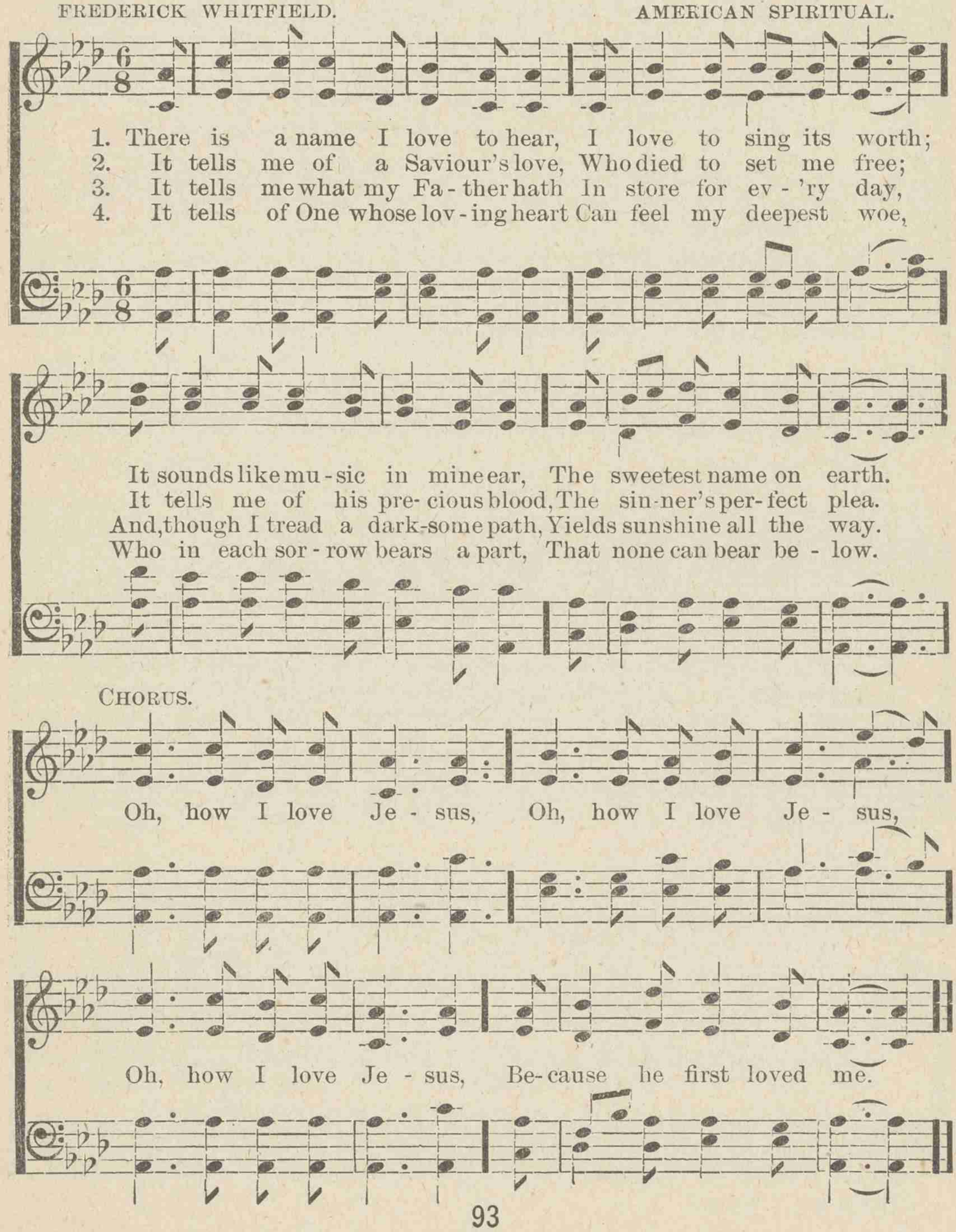
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THE DAY OF DAYS. Concluded.



91. HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



92. IT REDEEMED ME.

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

1. I was once in sin and the dark-ness of the night, But the
2. I was bowed with grief, and my guilt op-pressed me sore, But the
3. When in faith I came I could feel the cleans-ing power, Then the
4. Soon my soul shall fly to that ci - ty of pure gold, For the

precious Saviour's blood redeemed me; I was vile with-in, could not
precious Saviour's blood redeemed me; Je-sus gave re - lief and in
precious Saviour's blood redeemed me; Now I praise his name and will
precious Saviour's blood redeemed me; In that home on high his own

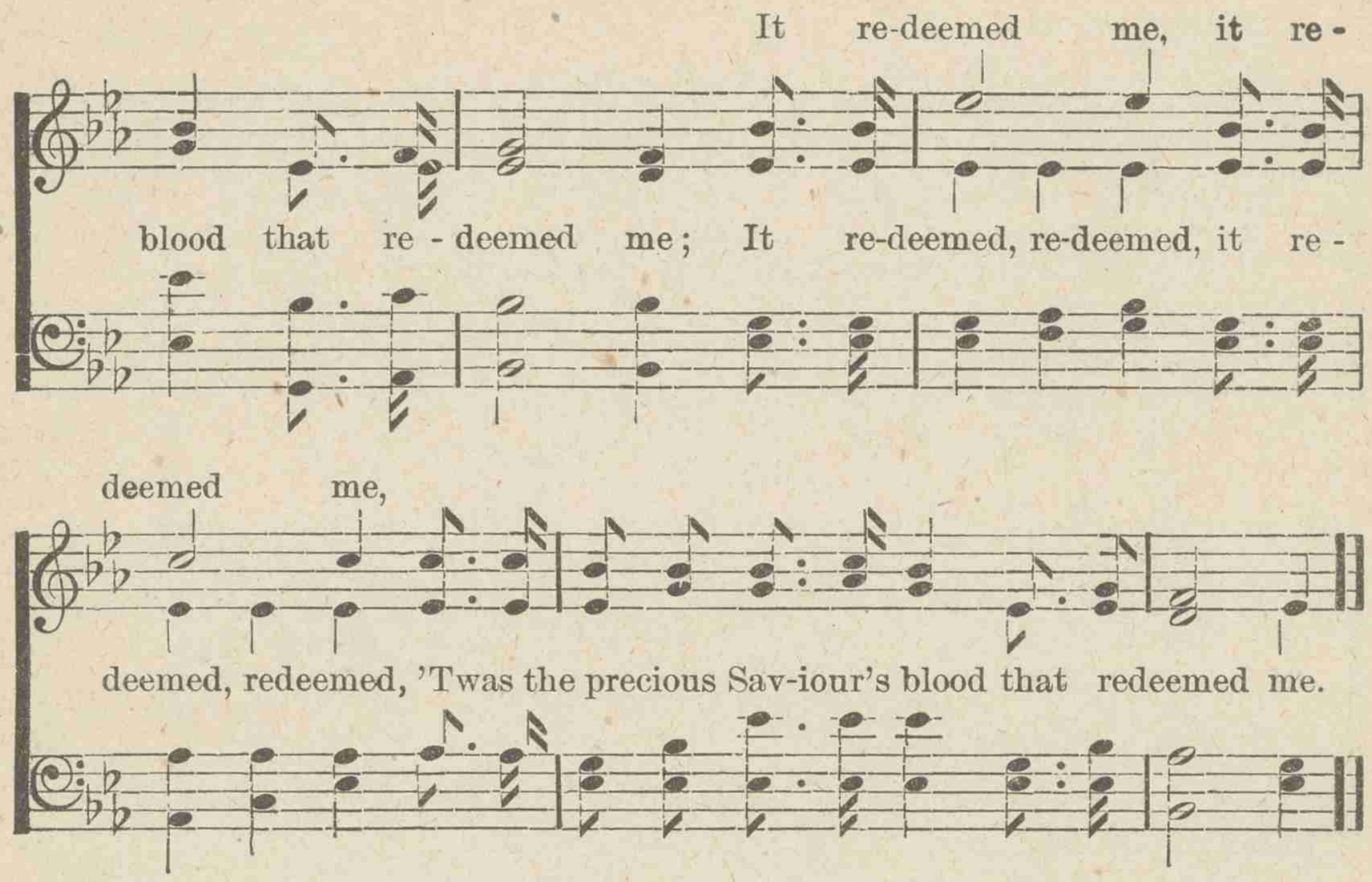
see a ray of light, But the precious Saviour's blood redeemed me.
sin I walk no more, For the precious Saviour's blood redeemed me.
praise him ev - 'ry hour, For the precious Saviour's blood redeemed me.
face I shall be-hold, For the precious Saviour's blood redeemed me.

CHORUS.

It re-deemed me, it re-deemed me,

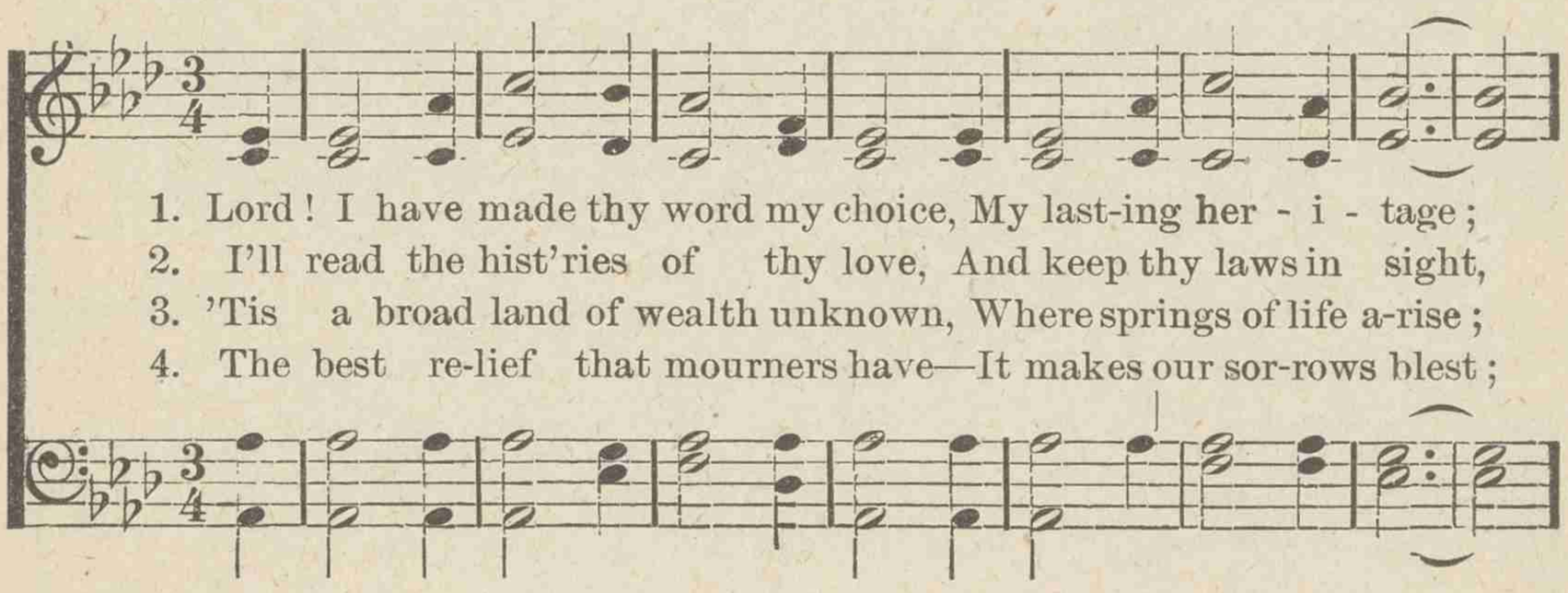
It redeemed, redeemed, it redeemed, redeemed, 'Twas the precious Saviour's

IT REDEEMED ME. Concluded.



93. LORD, I HAVE MADE THY WORD MY CHOICE.

ISAAC WATTS. W. H. HAVERGAL.



94. ARE YOU READY FOR SERVICE?

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Should the "Forward march!" be echoed down the lines to - day, Would it find you fac - ing tow'rd the foe? Is your ar - mor buckled tight-ly?
2. Should the bu - gle-note of bat - tle come to you to - day, Would the summons find you nerv'd for fight? Are your pul - ses true and steady?
3. Should the call to death and judgment reach your ear to - day, Would it find you in the bat-tling host? At the ev - en or the morning,

D. S.—*read - y for his ser-vice?*

FINE.

Are your weapons burnished brightly? Are you ready, should the call be, "Go?"
Could you an-swer, "I am ready!" If the foe were marshalled just in sight?"
Should it come without a warning, Would the mes-sage find you at your post?

Are you read - y for his ser-vice? Will you dare to be a sol-dier true!

CHORUS.

Are you read - y for the ser - vice of Je - ho - vah? are you read-y for it now?

D.S.

Hear his summons ring - ing out to you, (out to you:) Are you

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95. THE MASTER WELCOMES THE CHILDREN.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. A beau - ti - ful sto - ry in God's book is told Of Je - sus so
2. His hands in kind blessing on chil-dren were laid When earth was our
3. The lov - ing Lord welcomes the lit - tle ones still As fond - ly as
4. Oh, go for the glo - ri - fied Mas-ter's dear sake, His gen - tle com -

pure and mild; As ea - ger throngs gathered around him of old He
Saviour's home; "Of such is the king-dom of heaven," he said, And
he did then; To bring them to Je - sus is do - ing his will, He
mand re - peat; The hands of the lit - tle ones lov - ing - ly take, And

CHORUS.

welcom'd the humblest child.
ten - der - ly bade them come.
calls them to him a - gain.
lead them to Je - sus' feet.
} The Mas-ter still welcomes the chil-dren,

Lead them to him, yes, lead them to him; If ye love him go

out in the highway of life, And guide lit - tle feet to the Sav-iour.

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96.

LOOK UP, LIFT UP.

Dedicated to the Epworth League.

LAURA E. NEWELL. A. F. MYERS.

1. In our grand Epworth League we are work-ers to - day, And the
2. Now the blest gos - pel ban - ner is grand-ly un-furled, All for
3. Come and en - ter the rank of our grand Epworth League, And to
4. Epworth League *one in Christ*, 'tis for God and the right, Where the

Sav - iour is lead - ing our band. For we're striv-ing to walk in the
Christ, for he died for his own; We would pub-lish the tid-ings of
geth - er we'll la - bor and pray, That the lost may come home like the
young and the old sing and pray, Where we stud - y his word and our

straight nar-row way, As we're near - ing the beau - ti - ful land.
peace o'er the world, And would wor-ship the King on his throne.
prod - i - gal son, And be wel-comed by Je - sus to - day.
souls may u - nite, In im - plor - ing God's aid all the day.

CHORUS.

In our League, Ep-worth League, we are
our League, our Epworth League,

From "The Life Line," By permission.

LOOK UP, LIFT UP. Concluded.

Spirited.

working for Je-sus to-day, Look-ing up, lift-ing up, we the to-day,

Repeat Chorus pp.

whole world would bring, as we work in our blest League to-day, to-day.

97. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C.

Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God.
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God.
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God.

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God.

By per. of author.

98.

CAST YOUR BREAD.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Cast your bread . . up-on the wa - ters! Let them bear it where they may!
2. Cast your bread . . up-on the wa - ters, In the burn - ing noontide ray!
3. Cast your bread . . up-on the wa - ters! Feed the hun - gry! clothe the cold!

Not in vain, . . shall it be scat-tered You shall gath - er it some day!
Cast it in . . . the ros - y ev - 'ning! Cast it in the morning gray!
Tell the sto - ry of redemp-tion, To the young and to the old!

When or how, you need not ques - tion! Trust the prom - ise you have read!
God will bless it! he has promised! He will keep his word with you!
Soon or late, 'twill glad your spir - it! It will be as God has said!

You have but . . . to do your du - ty! You have but to cast your bread!
Do then just . . what he has bid - den, That is all you have to do!
You shall gath - er, surely gath - er, If you on - ly cast your bread!

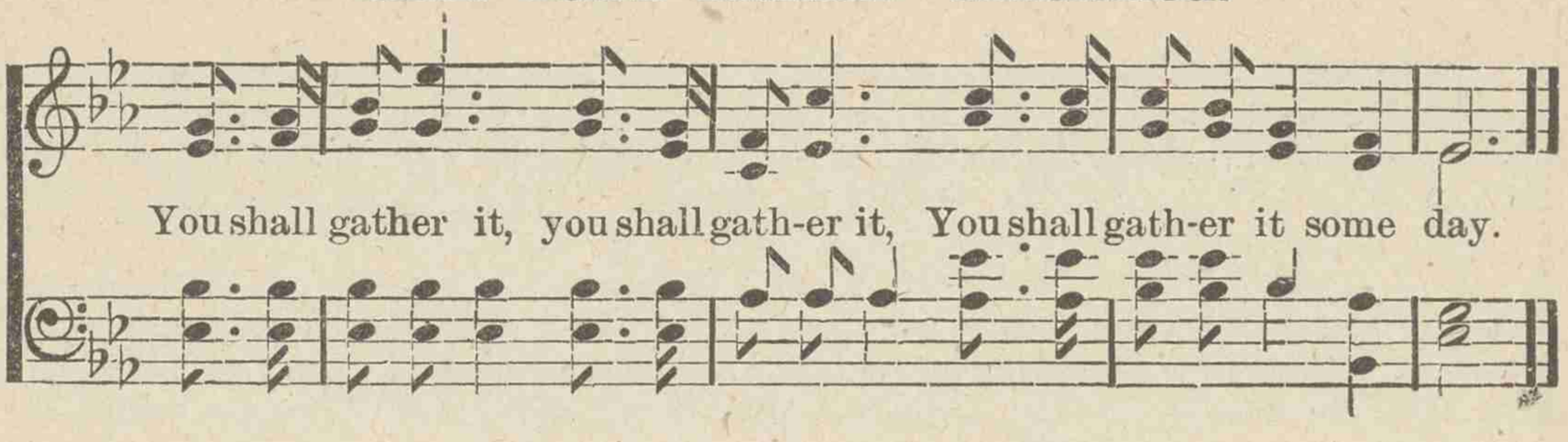
CHORUS.

Cast your bread upon the waters! Cast your bread up-on the waters!

Cast your bread upon the waters wide; Send it forth to bless on ev'ry tide;

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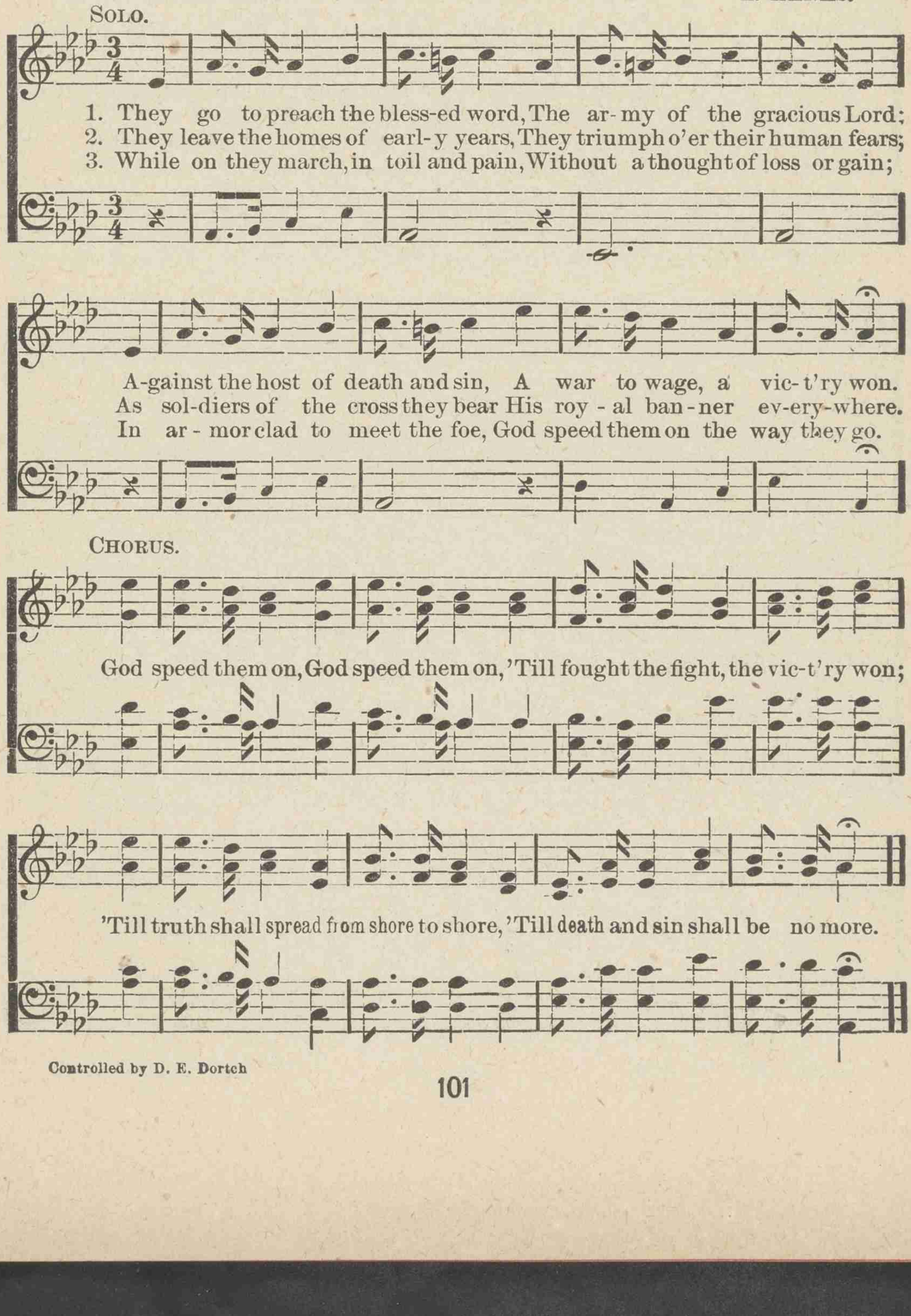
CAST YOUR BREAD. Concluded.



99. GOD SPEED THEM ON.

(Missionary Song.)

MRS. C. L. SHADDOCK. E. HANKS.



100. # HOSANNA TO JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. J. R. VALENTINE.

1. Ho-san-na to Je-sus, the loving friend of children; The guide who goes be-
2. Ho-san-na to Je-sus, the ev-er faith-ful shepherd, Who longs each lamb to
3. Ho-san-na to Je-sus, the wise, unerr-ing teach-er; The laws of God's pure
4. Ho-san-na to Je-sus, our blessed Lord and Saviour, Who gave his life a

fore us, ev-er true and kind, To mark for us safe pathways where our
shel-ter safe-ly in his fold, To guard them from all e-vil in his
kingdom we of him may learn; When hard seem life's stern lessons he is
ran-som that our souls might live. To him praise and glo-ry be thro' e-

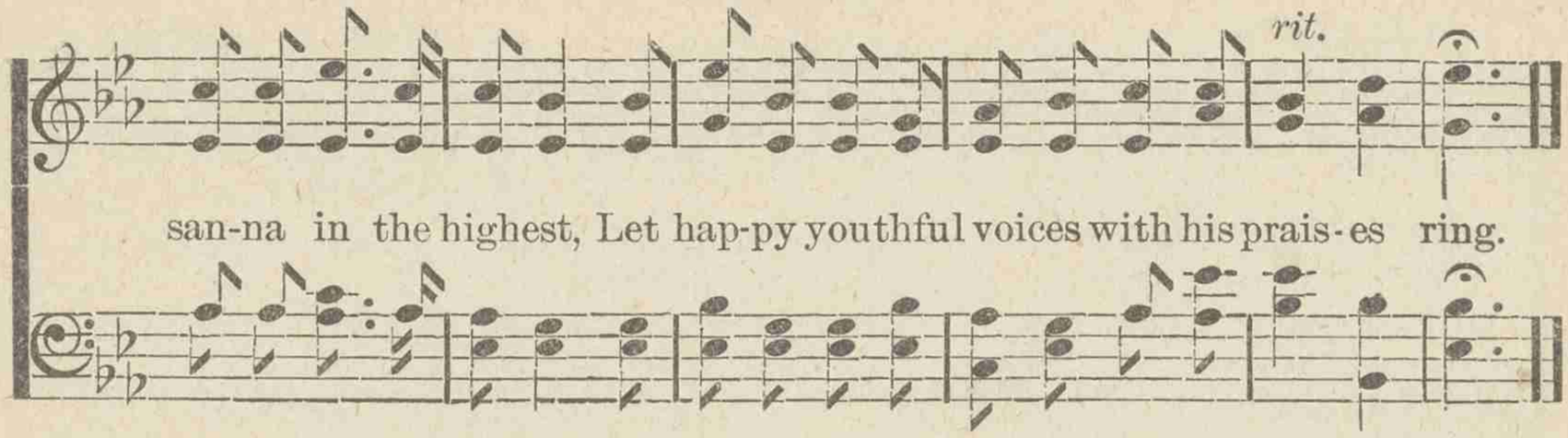
eag-er foot-steps In fol-low-ing his lead-ing shall no dan-ger find.
ten-der keep-ing And lead them to the cit-y of un-tar-nished gold.
ev-er will-ing To help us in our weakness if to him we turn.
ter-nal a-ges, Let all the world to Je-sus grateful hom-age give.

CHORUS.

Ho-san-na to Je-sus, the ho-ly Son of Da-vid; As sang the
Jew-ish children, so we glad-ly sing: Ho-san-na to Je-sus, ho-

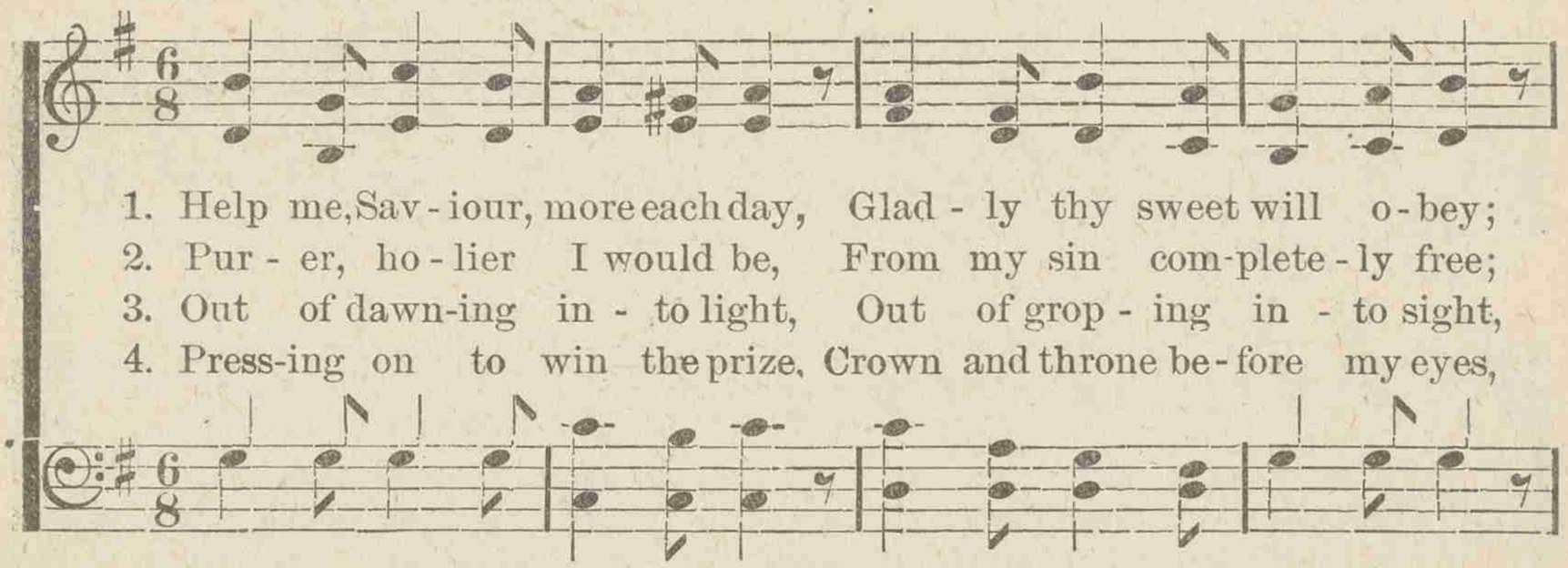
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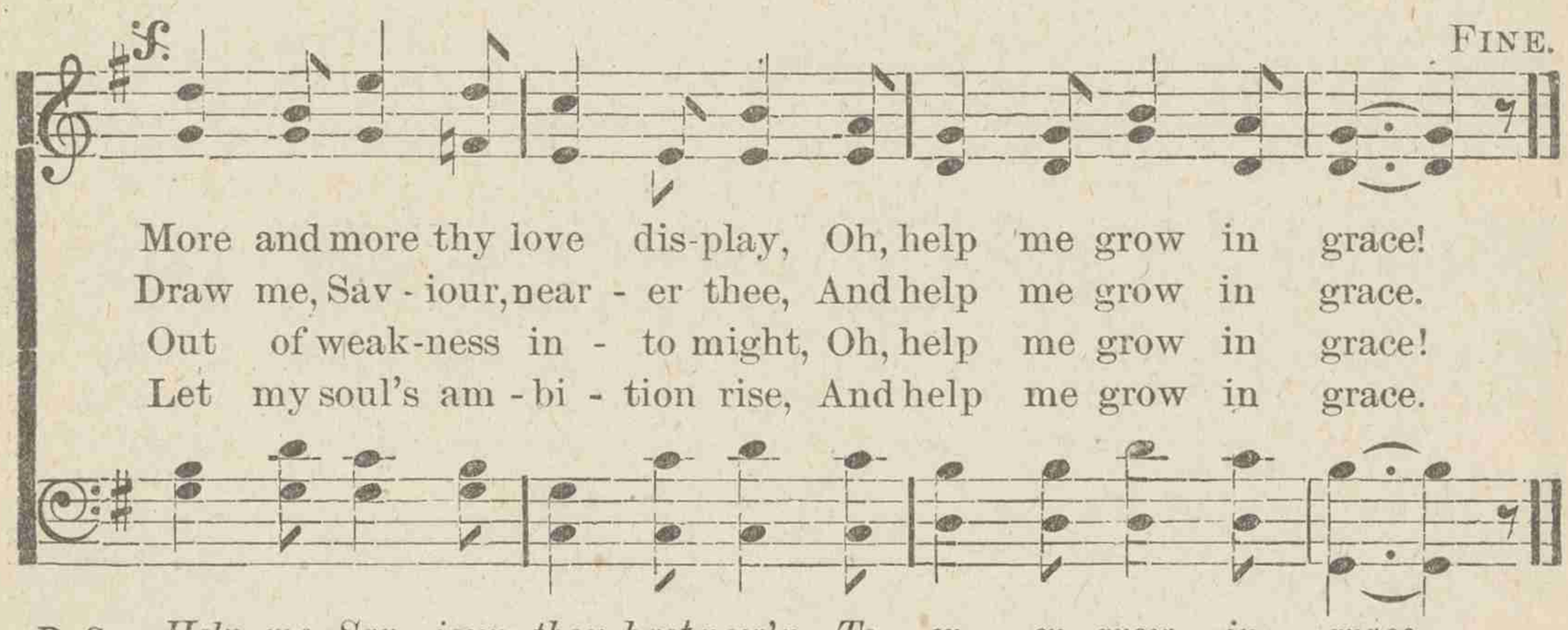
HOSANNA TO JESUS. Concluded.

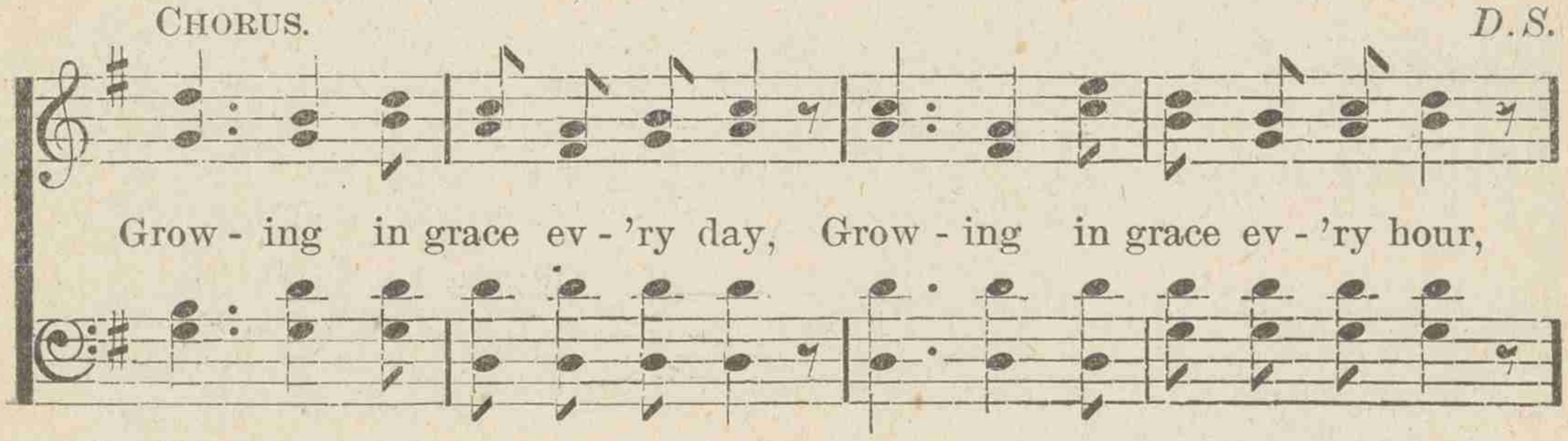


101. GROWING IN GRACE.

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







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102. PEACE, BE STILL.

(Male Quartet.)

D. M. JAMES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When our hearts are sad and wea - ry, When our paths seem lone and drear - y, Sweet the voice can make us cheer - y, Peace, be still.
2. Do we grieve at man's be-hav - ior? Mourn we all in vain our la - bor, Pre-cious ac - cents of our Sav - iour, Peace, be still.
3. Have you heard his voice within you? Does the joy it brings con- tin - ue? From all e - vil may it win you, Peace, be still.

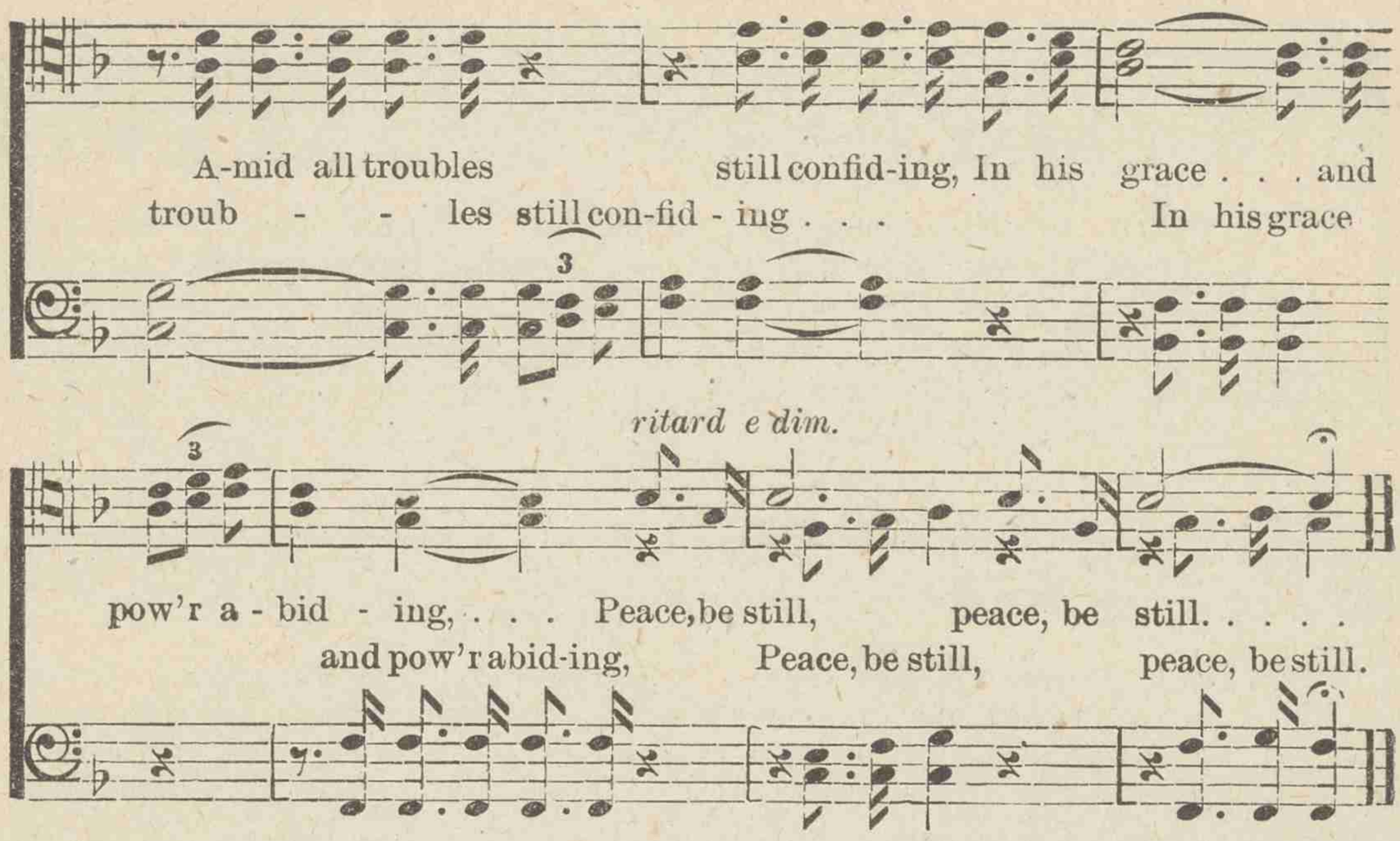
When we meet with trib - u - la - tion, Chaf - ing un - der sore temp- ta - tion, Bless the Lord for con - so - la - tion, Peace, be still.
Can the Lord for - get us ev - er? Can his love from us e'er sev - er? Ours may fail but his, ah, nev - er! Peace, be still.
Soon will drop our heav - y cross - es, Re-compensed for all our loss - es, An-chored safe where storm ne'er toss - es, Peace, be still.

CHORUS.

In all thy ways, ... Oh, seek his guid - ing, . . .
In all thy ways, Oh, seek his guiding; 'Mid all

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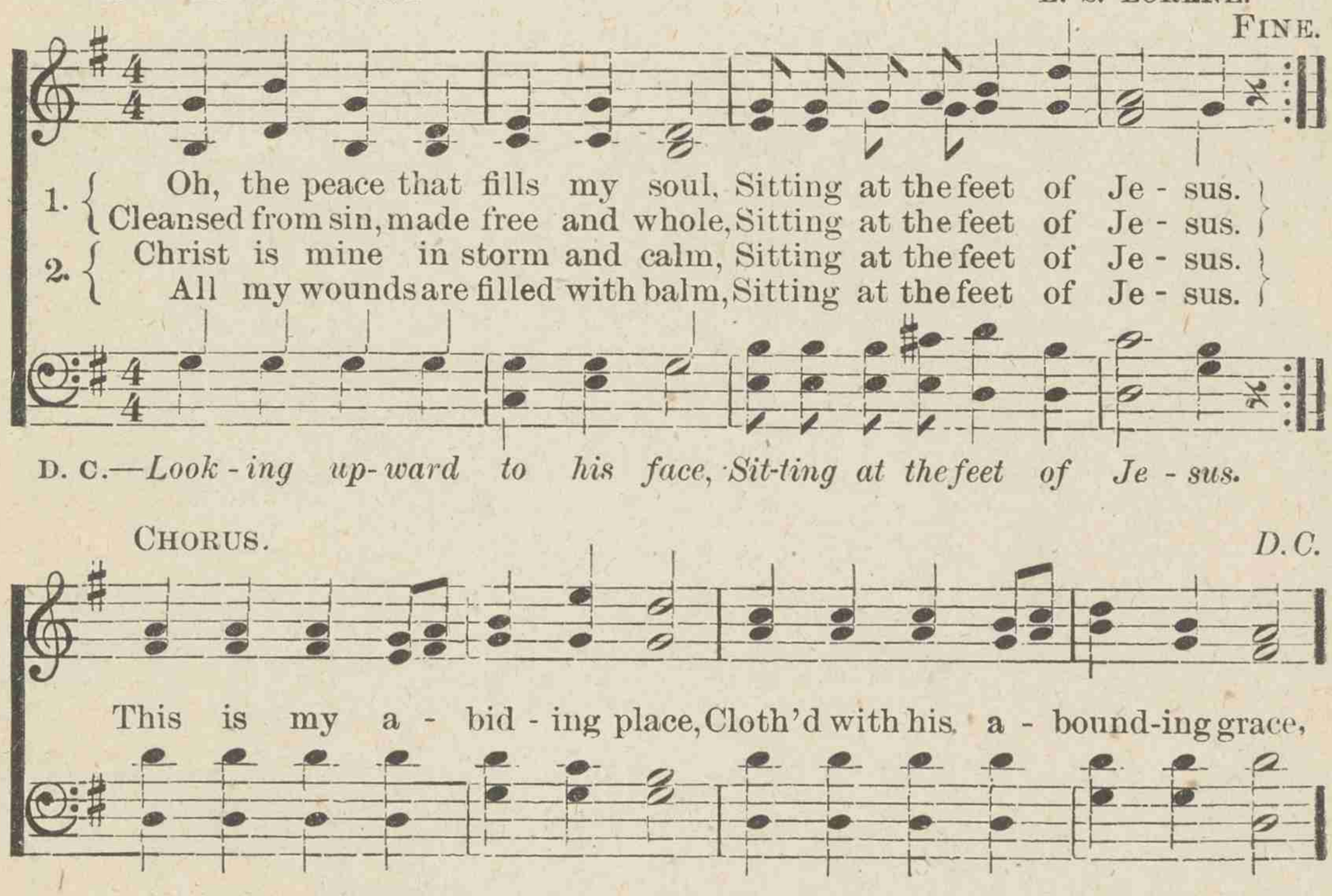
PEACE, BE STILL. Concluded.



103. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.



3 Here I rest from toil and strife,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Safe beneath the Tree of Life,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

4 Come ye guilty and be healed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Freely in God's love revealed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

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104. WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un - to me"; Wea-ry, heav-y

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard. Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known. Kind to the er-ring one,
la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is and
Faith - ful is he; He the great ex - am - ple is and
Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - iour, and thy
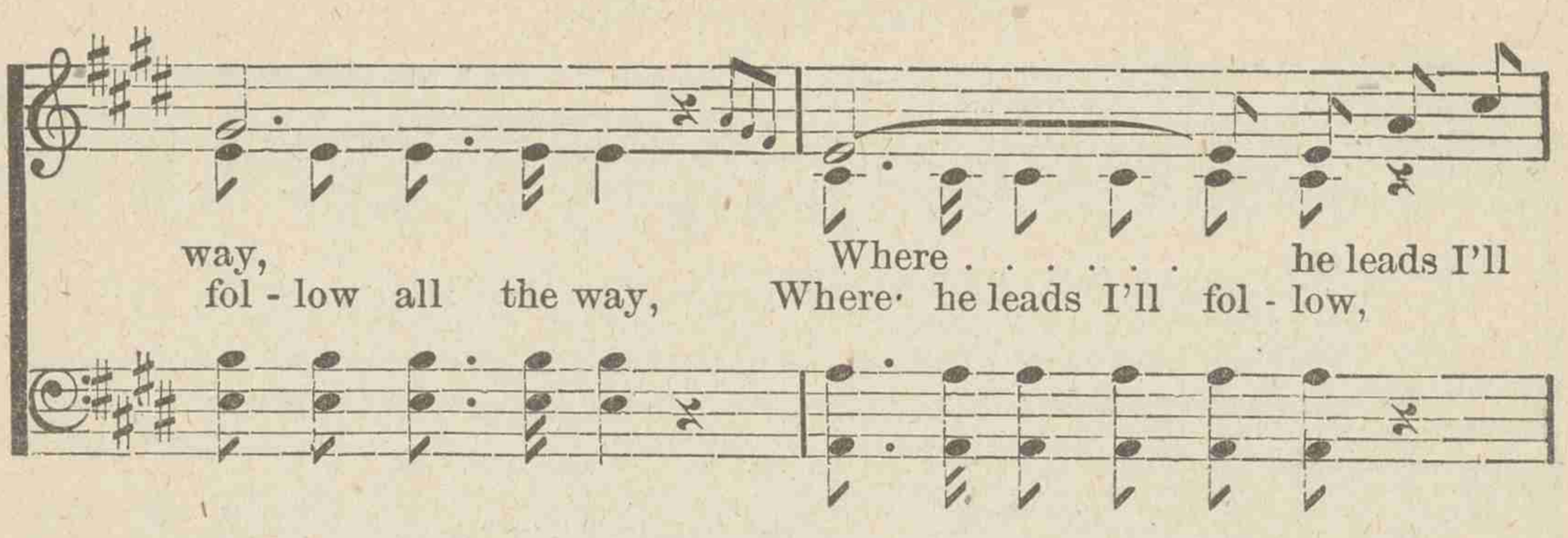
CHORUS.
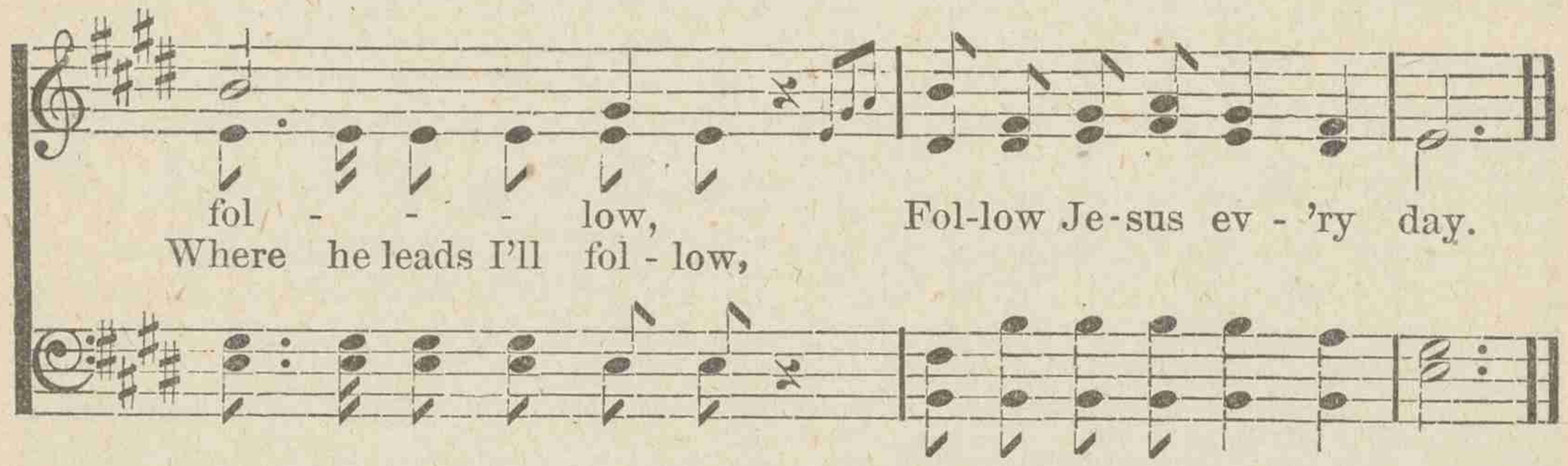
pat - tern for me. Where . . . . . he leads I'll
pat - tern for me.
soul is se - cure. Where he leads I'll fol - low,

fol - - - low, Fol - - - low all the
where he leads I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way, yes,

By permission.

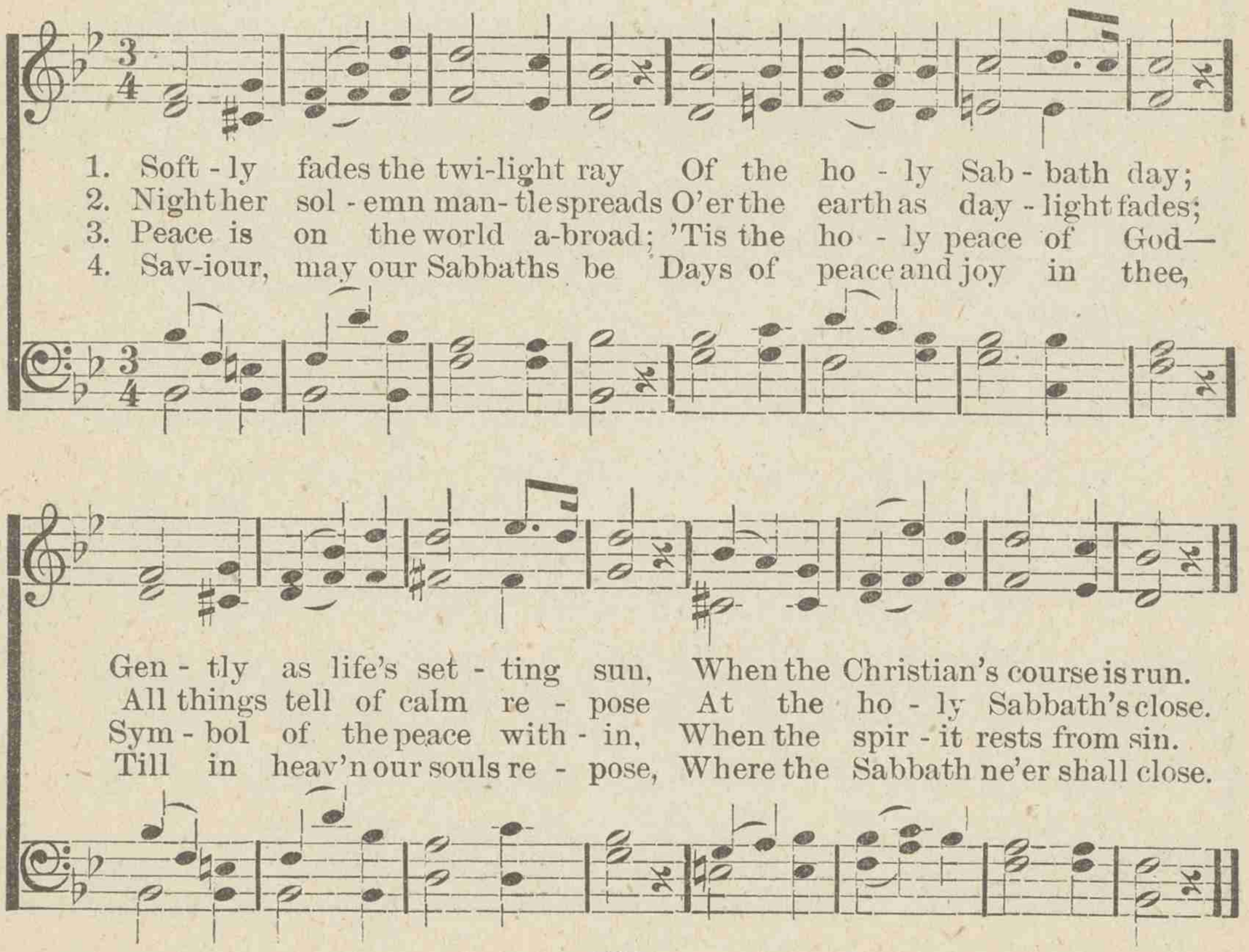
WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW. Concluded.





105. SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



106. GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

Dedicated to Chaplain McCabe.

WM. M. DARWOOD, D. D. REV. R. L. SELLE.

1. Ye mes-sen-gers of grace, ye flaming heralds, go To ev-'ry clime and coast, and let the na-tions know My gos-pel's one of light to those in darkness chain'd, To those in black-est night, where sin so long has reigned.
2. My gos-pel's one of grace; to all mankind 'tis given; It seeks to save the race, and lift it up to heav'n. My gos-pel's one of power to those that shall be-lieve; E'en those who murder'd me, the mes-sage may re - ceive.
3. Lord, we o - bey thy call, we'll to the nations go; And tell them of the blood that wash-es white as snow; On Congo's mighty stream, on Tan-gan- i - ka's shore, We'll spread the glorious truth that man may sin no more.
4. Ring out the blessed sound, praise to our God be given, And Jesus Christ his Son, who brought us home to heav'n; Sal-va-tion to the Lamb, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, Ring out, the work is done: reign, Christ, for-ev-er reign.
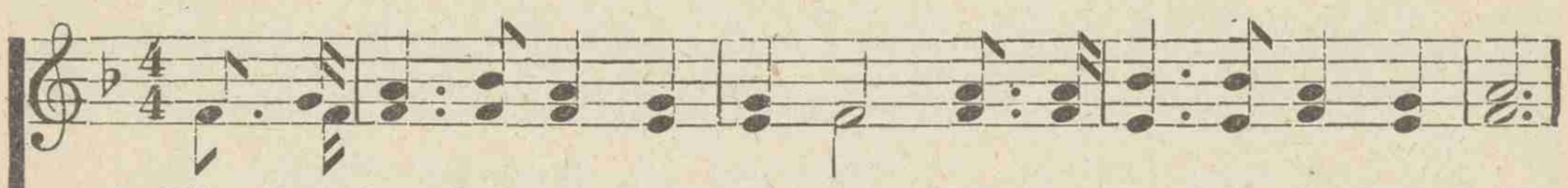
CHORUS.

Go in - to all the world, To all the na - tions go;
And tell them of the blood that wash - es white as snow.
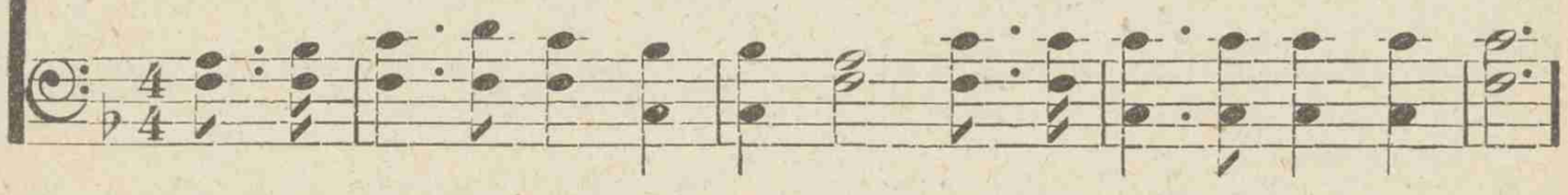
From "Choicest Gems," by per R. L. Selle, Fort Worth, Tex.
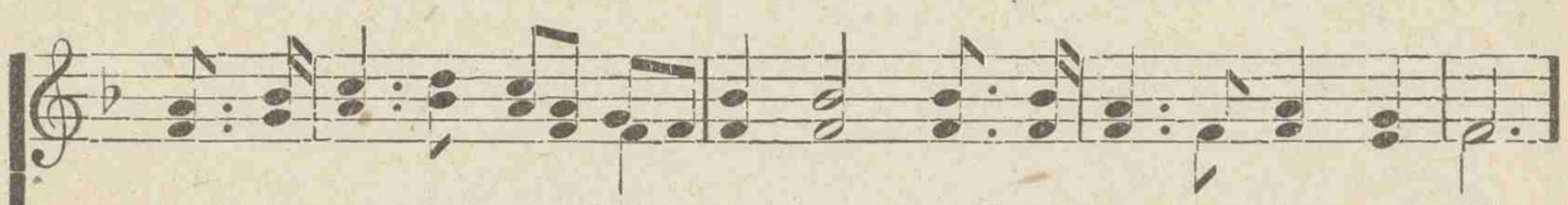
107. THE WONDROUS NAME.

MARK ADAMS. REV. A. A. ARMEN.
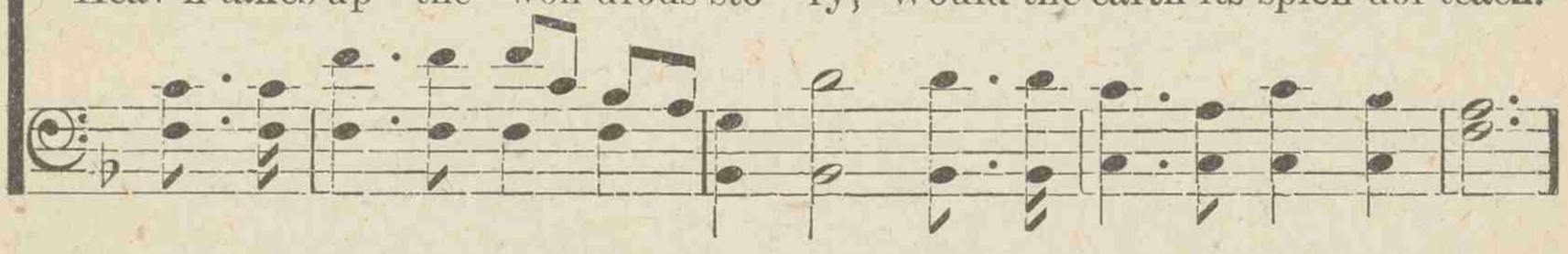


1. We have heard a name of pow - er, All the na-tions it shall thrill;
2. We have heard a name of glad-ness, Earth bowed down is filled with joy;
3. We have heard a name of glo - ry, Earth its full - ness can-not reach;
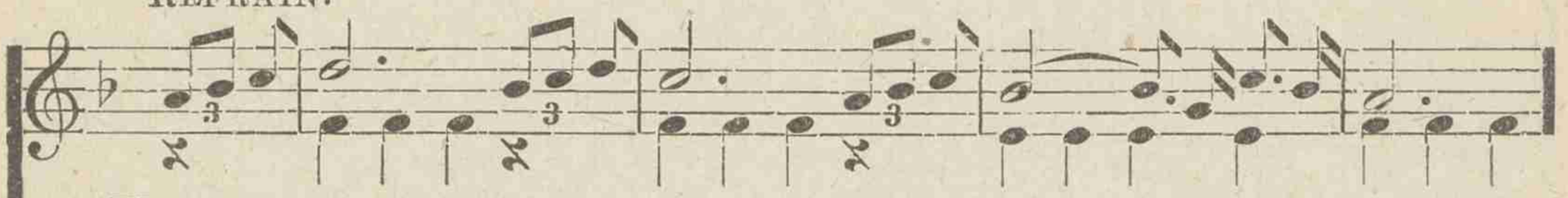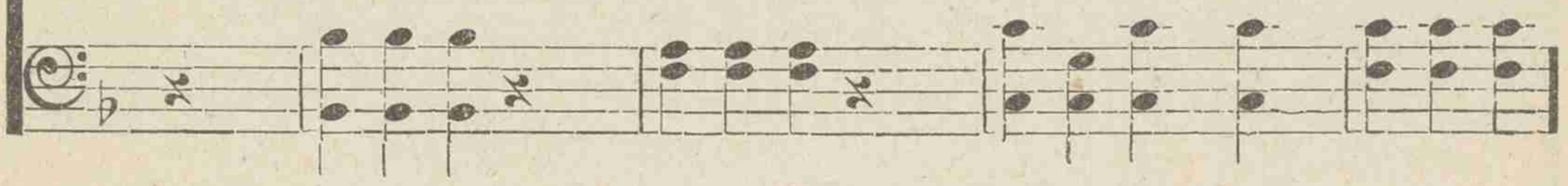




It shall men with new life dow-er, Stubborn hearts subdue and fill.
Songs of cheer now ban - ish sad-ness, Je - sus' name glad lips em-ploy.
Heav'n takes up the won-drous sto - ry, Would the earth its splen-dor teach.
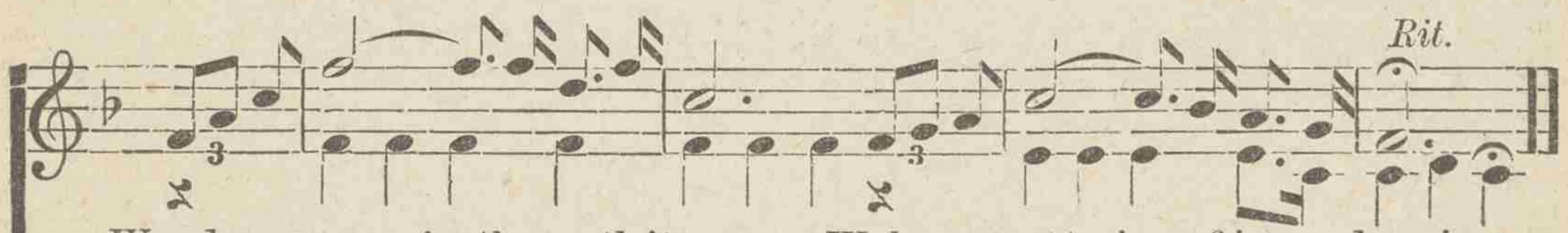


REFRAIN.
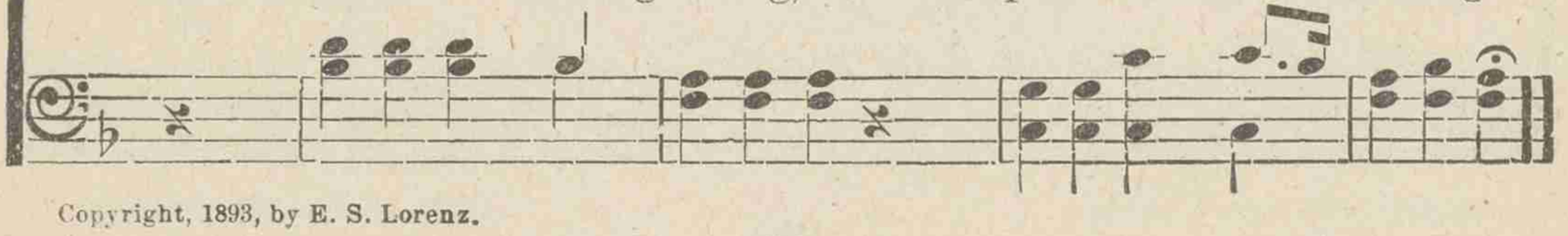


Wondrous name! Name of pow'r! Winning con - quests ev-'ry hour!
Wondrous name! Name of cheer! Deep'ning, wide'ning ev-'ry year;
Wondrous name! glo-ri-ous Name! Thro' e - ter - nal years the same;





Rit.

Wondrous name! the earth it sways, Wakes new strains of joy and praise.
Hearts once broken, bowed, and sad, Now with heav'n-ly joy are glad.
Wondrous name! while angels sing, We our prais - es too would bring.



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108. ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST?

H. F. JAMES. D. E. DORTCH.

1. As you strive for the world, for its fame and its joy, Have you care-ful - ly count-ed the cost? Is the prize rich e-nough all your
2. In the crav - ing for wealth, for its glit - ter and show, In - to grief and de-spair you are cast; And you know not the peace heav'n a -
3. Leave the rich - es of earth, seek the treas-ures a - bove, And thro' years that un-ceas - ing - ly roll, Heavenly powers shall be yours, with the

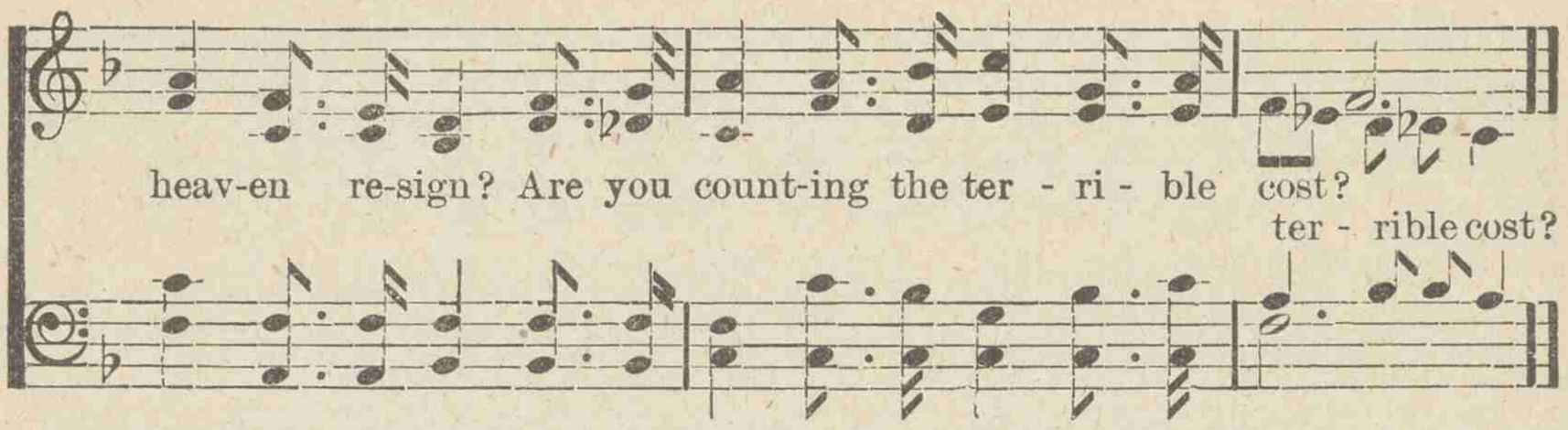
strength to em-ploy, When to win it the soul must be lost?
lone can be-stow, While your soul will be lost at the last!
full - ness of love, And the life, end - less life of the soul!

CHORUS.

Are you care-ful - ly counting the cost, Have you thought what it means to be lost, For the joys that decline do you count-ing the cost? to be lost?

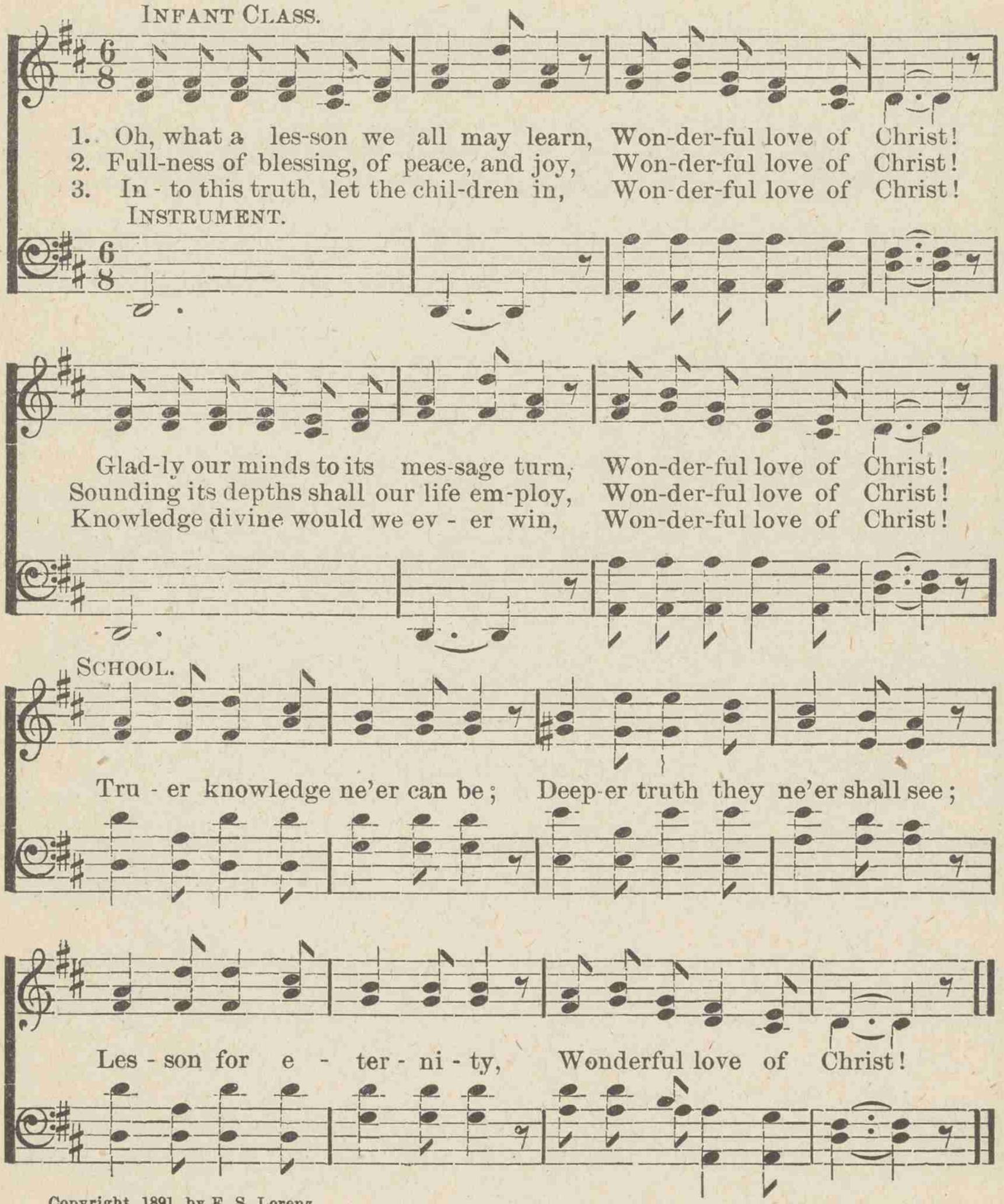
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ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST? Concluded.



109. LESSON FOR ETERNITY.

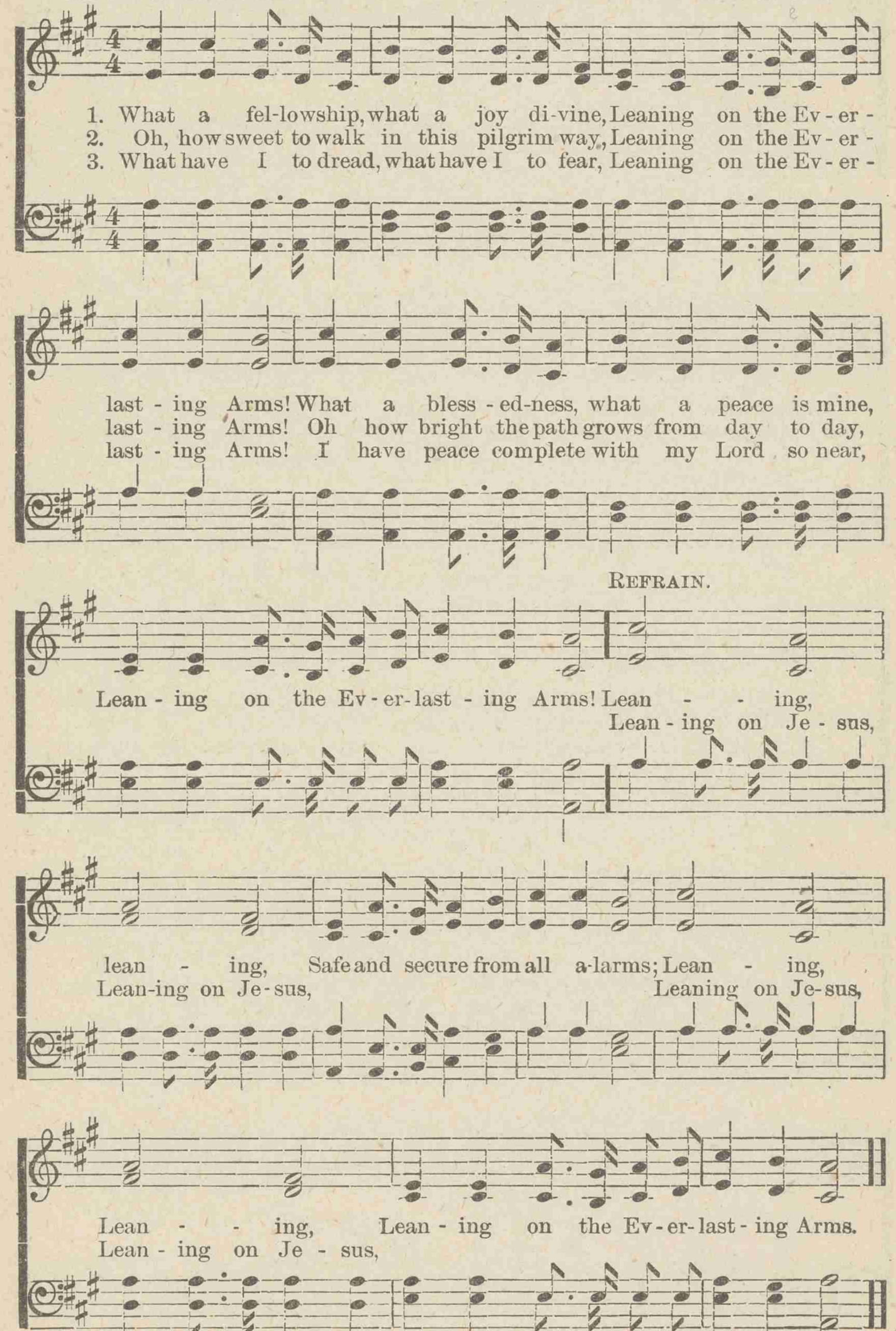
E. D. M. E. S. LORENZ.



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110. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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111. LIFE AND LIGHT.

REV. T. W. BARBER. E. S. FOGG.

1. My soul is joy-ful in the Lord, His light shines all a-round;
2. His blood has cleans'd me from all sin, I'm ev-'ry whit made whole;
3. My life is hid with Christ in God; My bread is in his word;
4. I care not for this world be-low, It has no charms I love;

For Je-sus is my life, my way, His love and grace a-bound.
The fount-ain of e-ter-nal life Wells up with-in my soul.
My meat and drink to do his will, For he doth grace af-ford.
I live by faith and faith a-lone, I seek a home a-bove.

CHORUS.
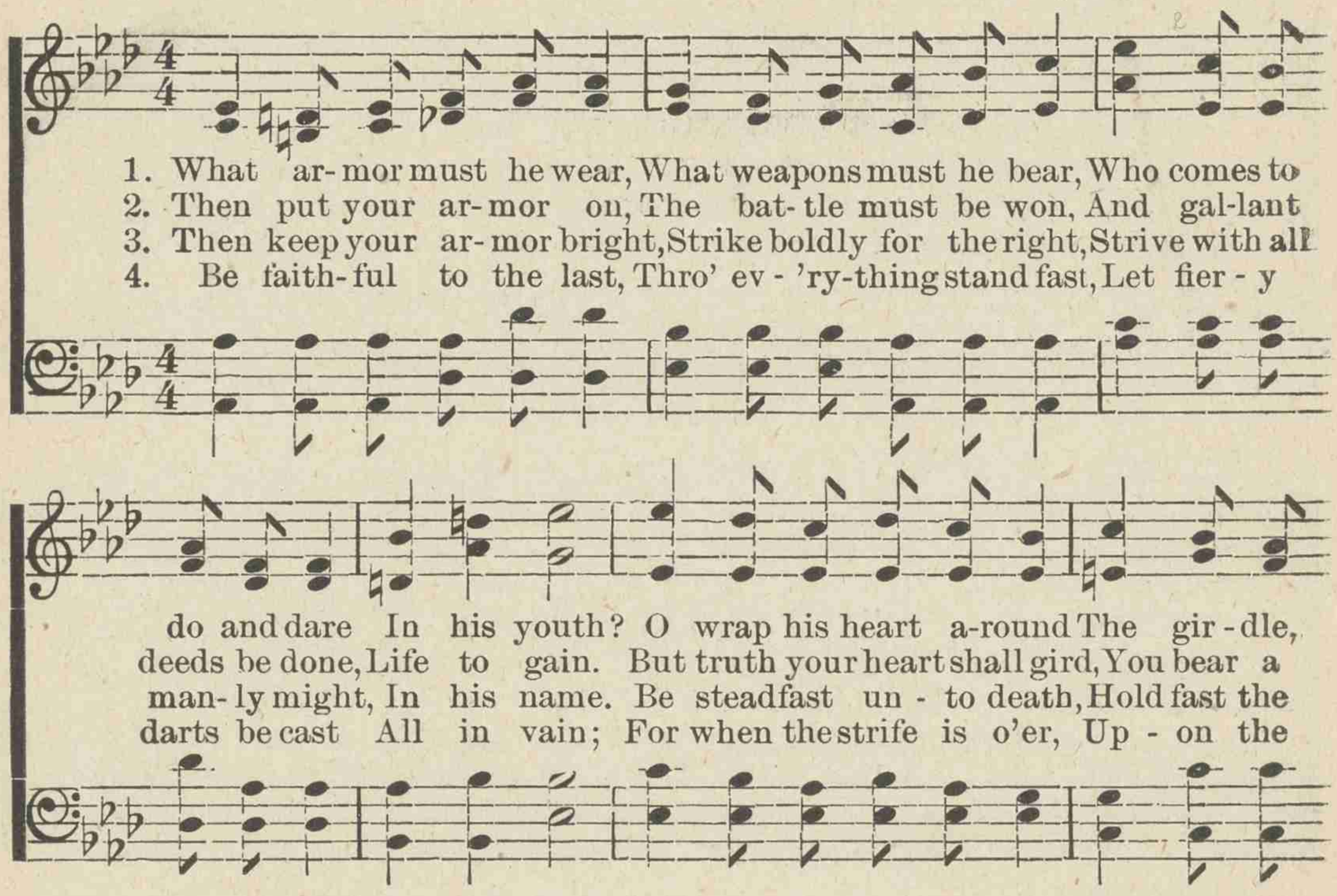
I am walk - - ing, walk-ing in the light, The
I am walk - ing, walk - ing,

beau-ti-ful light a-long the way, I am walk - ing,
a-long the way; I am walk-ing, walking,

walk-ing in the light, The beau-ti-ful light of God each day.

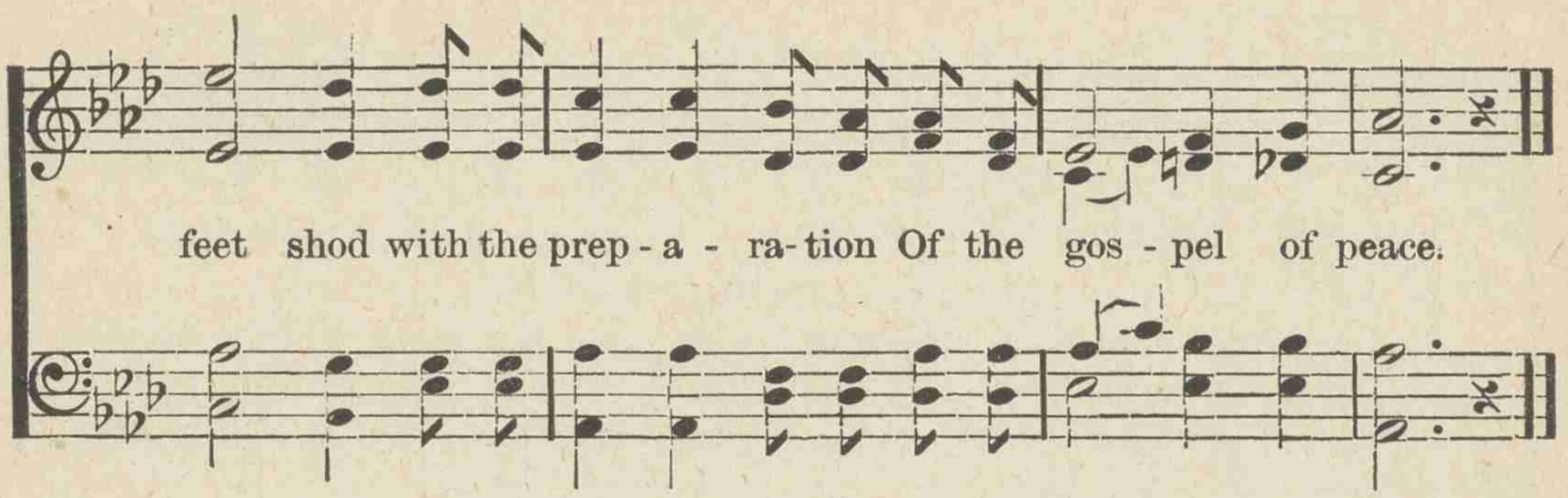
112. STAND THEREFORE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



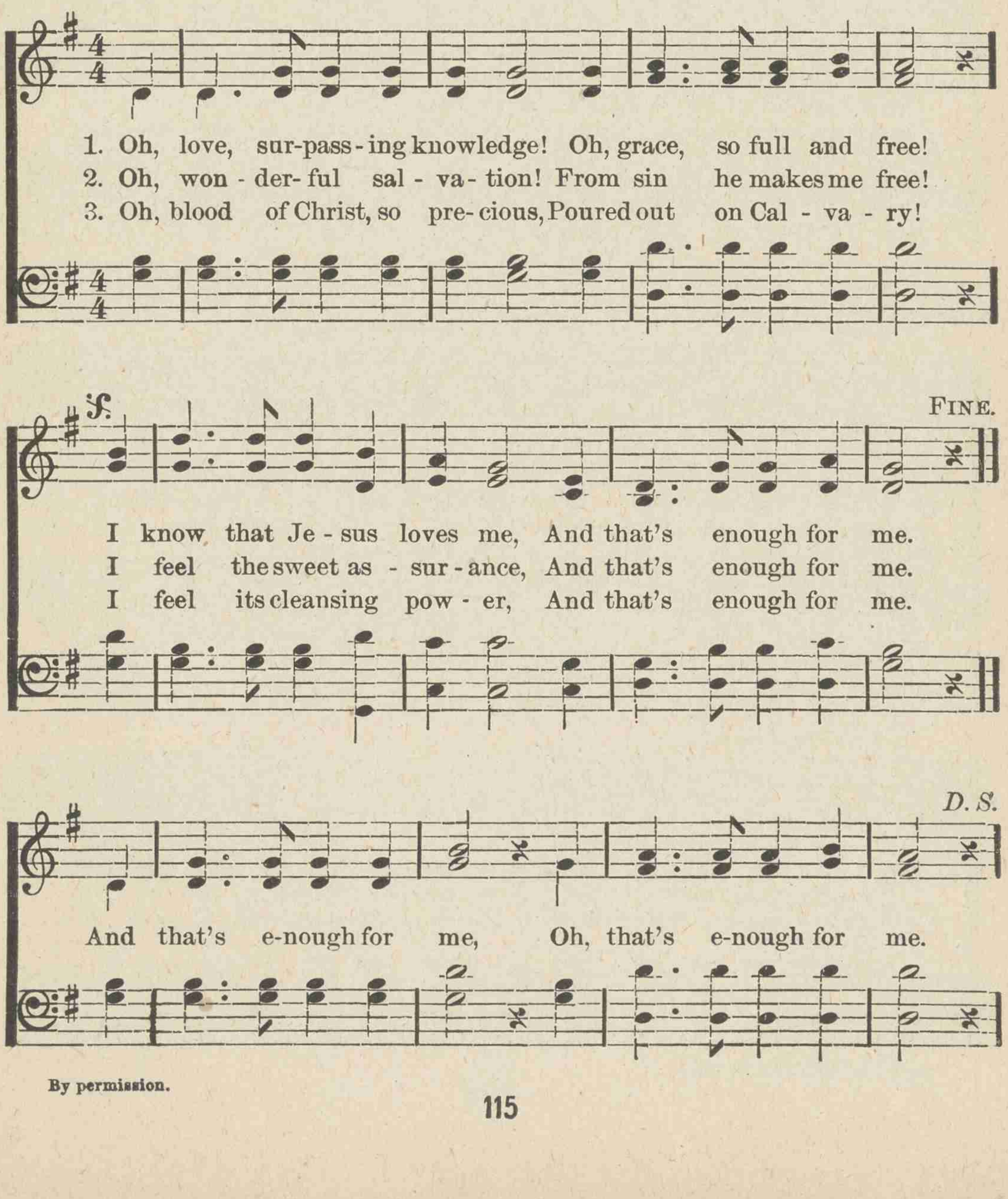
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STAND THEREFORE. Concluded.



113. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



FINE.
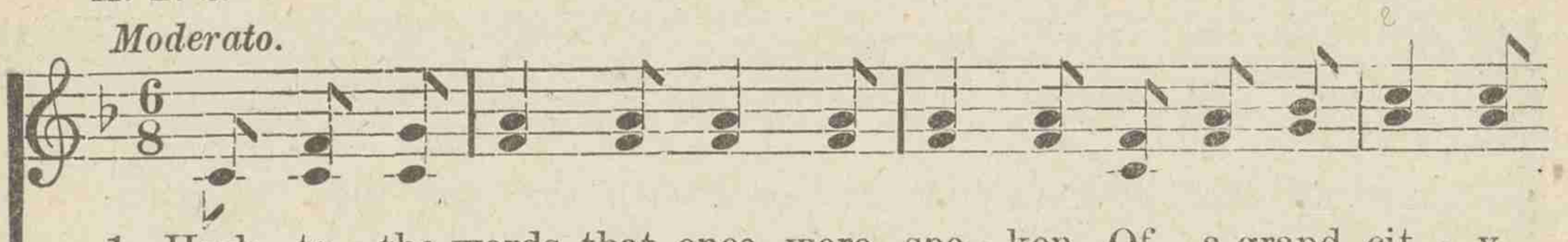
D. S.

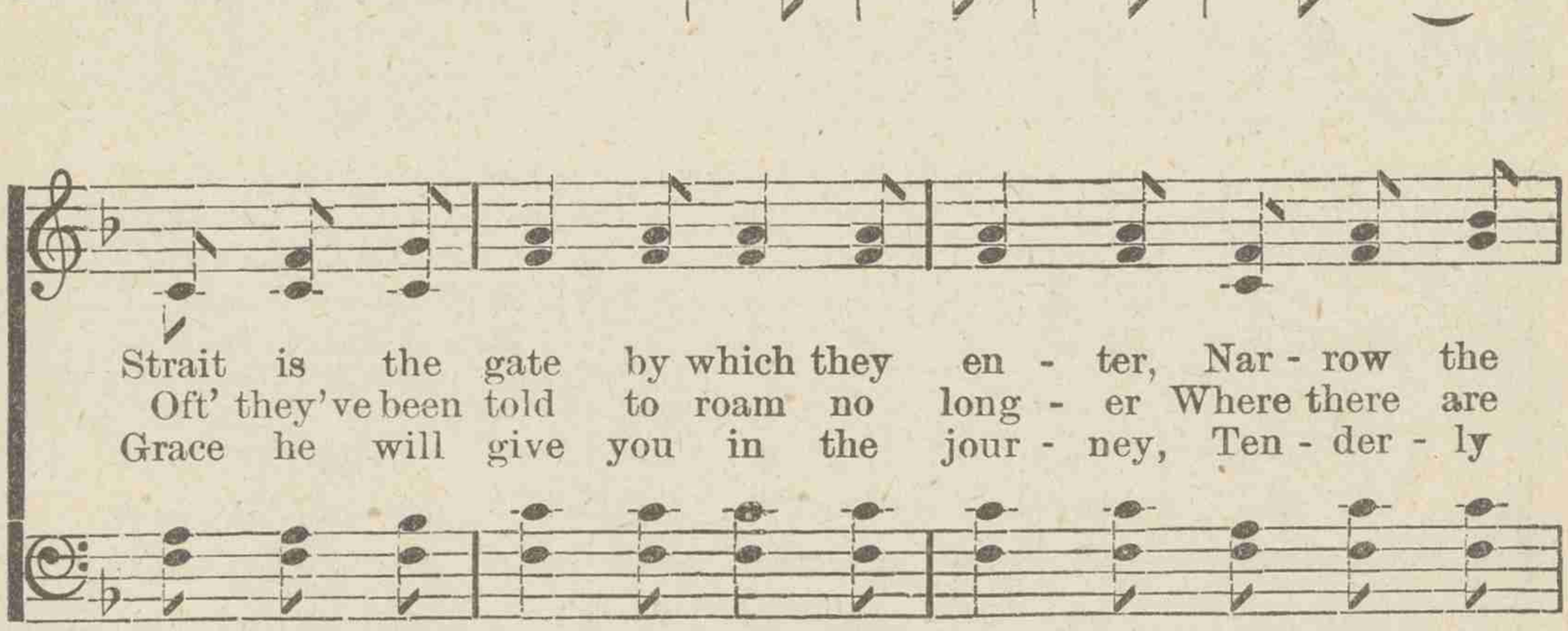
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114. ENTER THE PEARLY GATES.

M. B. S. M. B. SIMON.

Moderato.

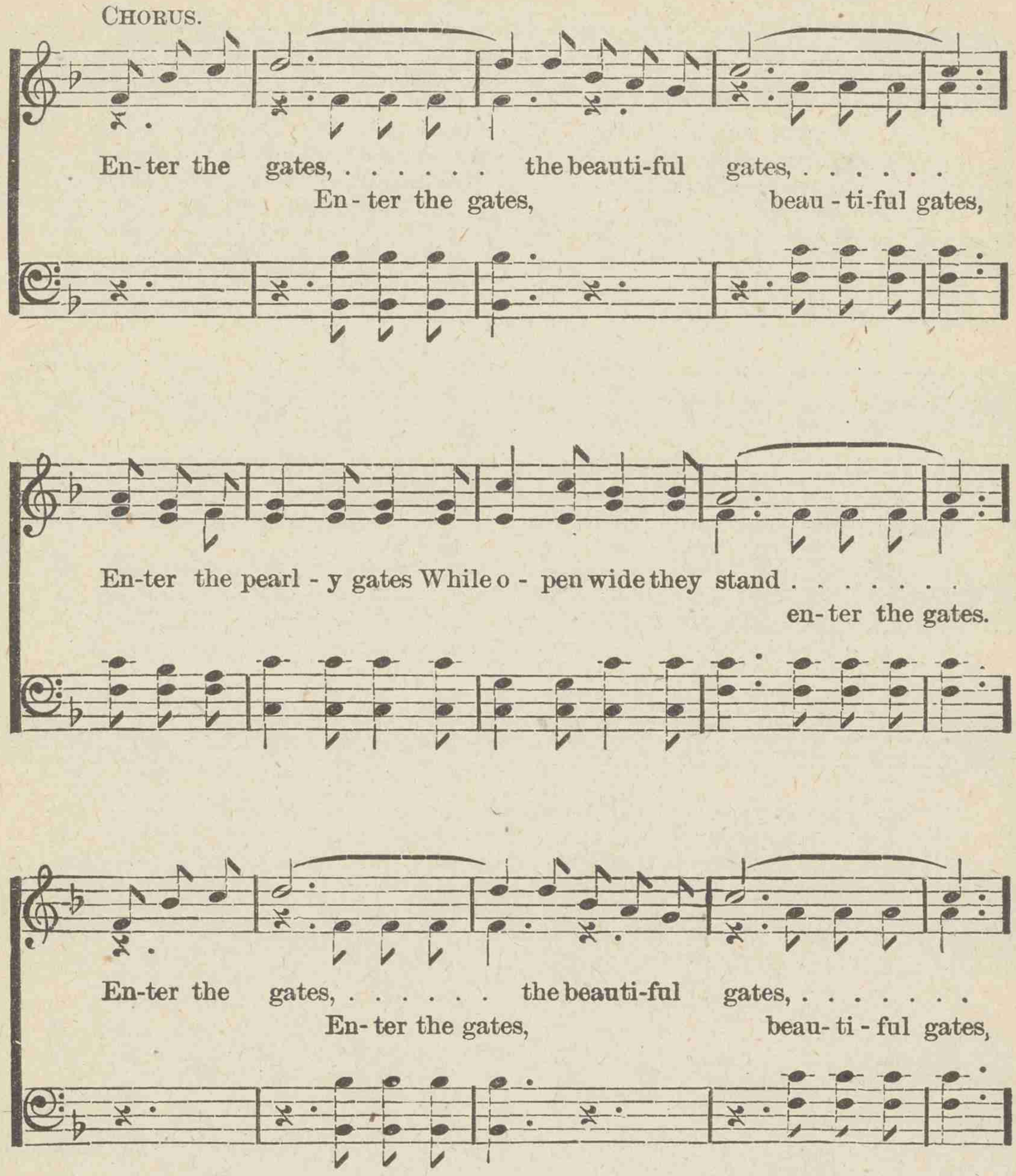




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ENTER THE PEARLY GATES. Concluded.

CHORUS.



115. OH, THE JOY I FEEL.

M. F. NOBLE. D. E. DORTCH.
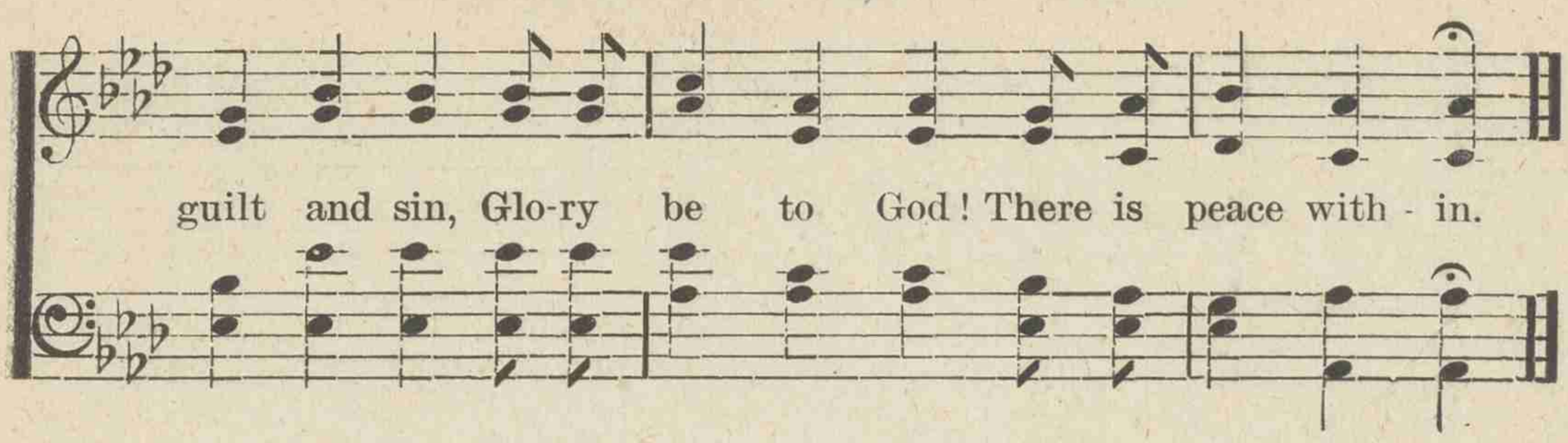
1. I will sing all day of the Saviour's love, That once brought him down from his home a - bove; All my sins he par-doned and set me free; Soon he'll take me home with him-self to be.
2. Oh, the day will come when we all shall stand, At the throne of God as a blood-washed band; What a bliss 'twill be our dear Lord to see, And to sing his praise thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
3. Will you come, dear friend; give the Lord your heart, Ere his spir - it grieved from your soul de - part; There are crowns in glo - ry a - wait - ing those Who in Christ the Sav - iour their trust re - pose.

CHORUS.

O the joy I feel, As I hum - bly kneel, At the Sav-iour's feet in com-mun-ion sweet! He has cleansed my soul from its

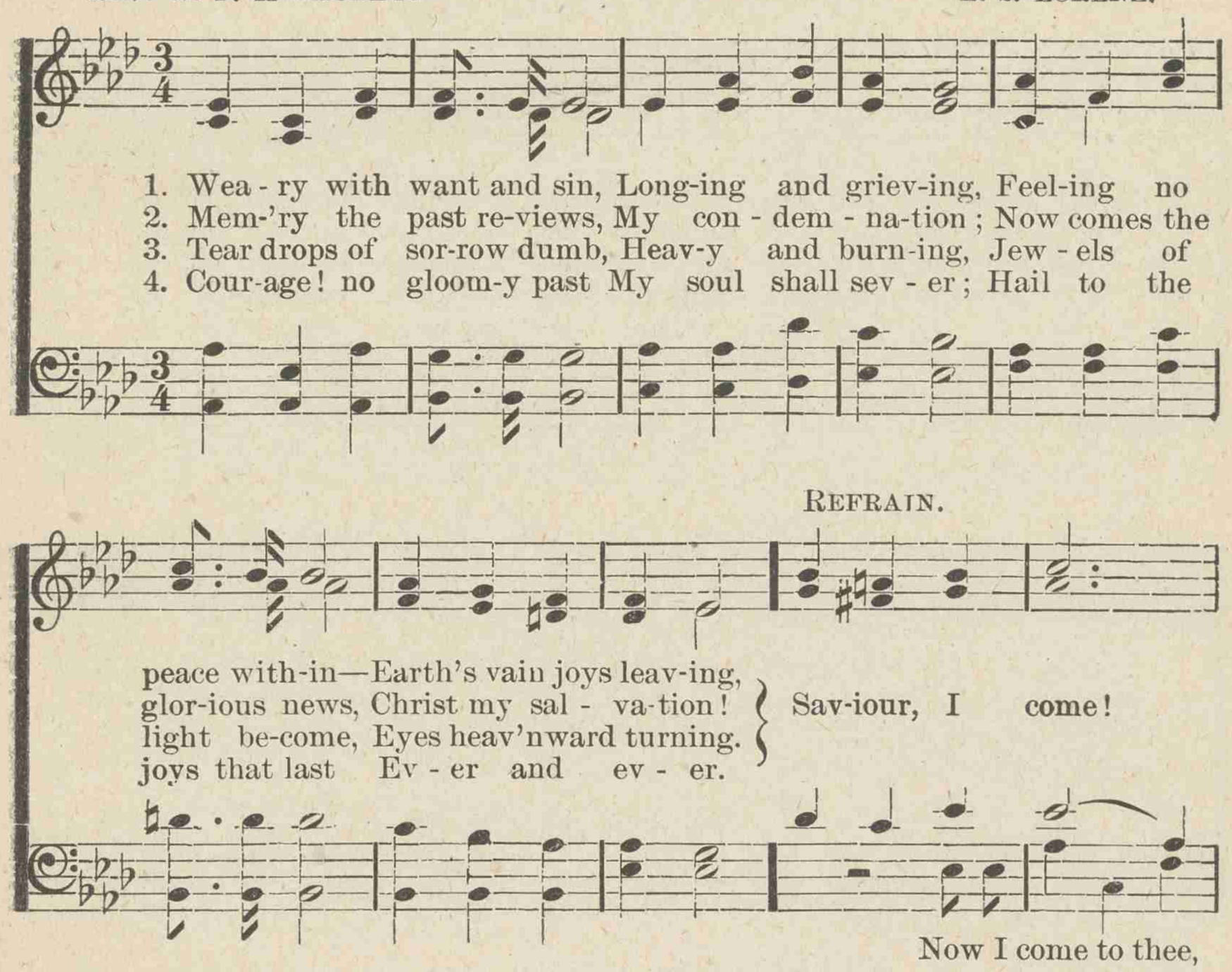
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

OH, THE JOY I FEEL. Concluded.



116. SAVIOUR, I COME.

REV. W. F. McCAULEY. E. S. LORENZ.



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117. JUST BEYOND THE RIVER.

FRED WOODROW. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a cit - y bright and fair, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er,
2. Sin and sor - row are no more, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er,
3. There we shall with Je - sus meet, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er,
4. In that cit - y bright and fair, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er,

All are good and hap - py there, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er;
Death comes not up - on the shore, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er;
And the good in glo - ry greet, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er;
All at last may gath - er there, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er;

Streets of gold are shin - ing bright, An - gels walk the plains of light,
None are sad with want or care, Pain or sick - ness none shall bear,
Lives whose tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old,
We may meet to part no more,—All our troub - les will be o'er,
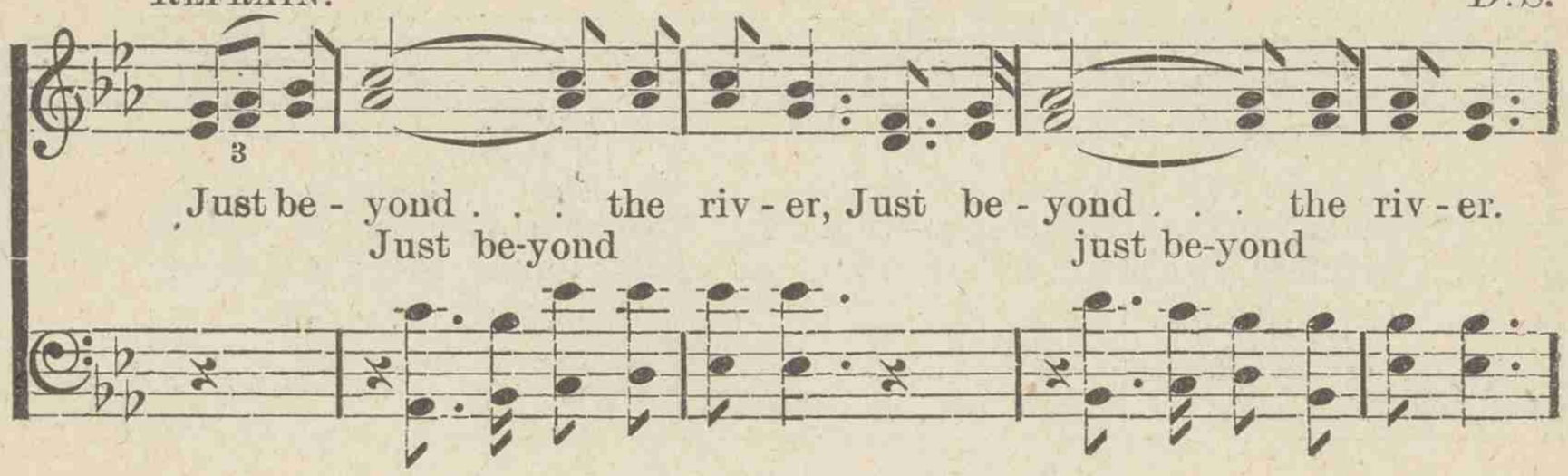
f. FINE.

And there nev - er com - eth night, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er.
All are hap - py "o - ver there," Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er.
Mar - tyrs with their crowns of gold, Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er.
When we reach that "shining shore," Just be-yond, beyond the riv - er.

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JUST BEYOND THE RIVER. Concluded.

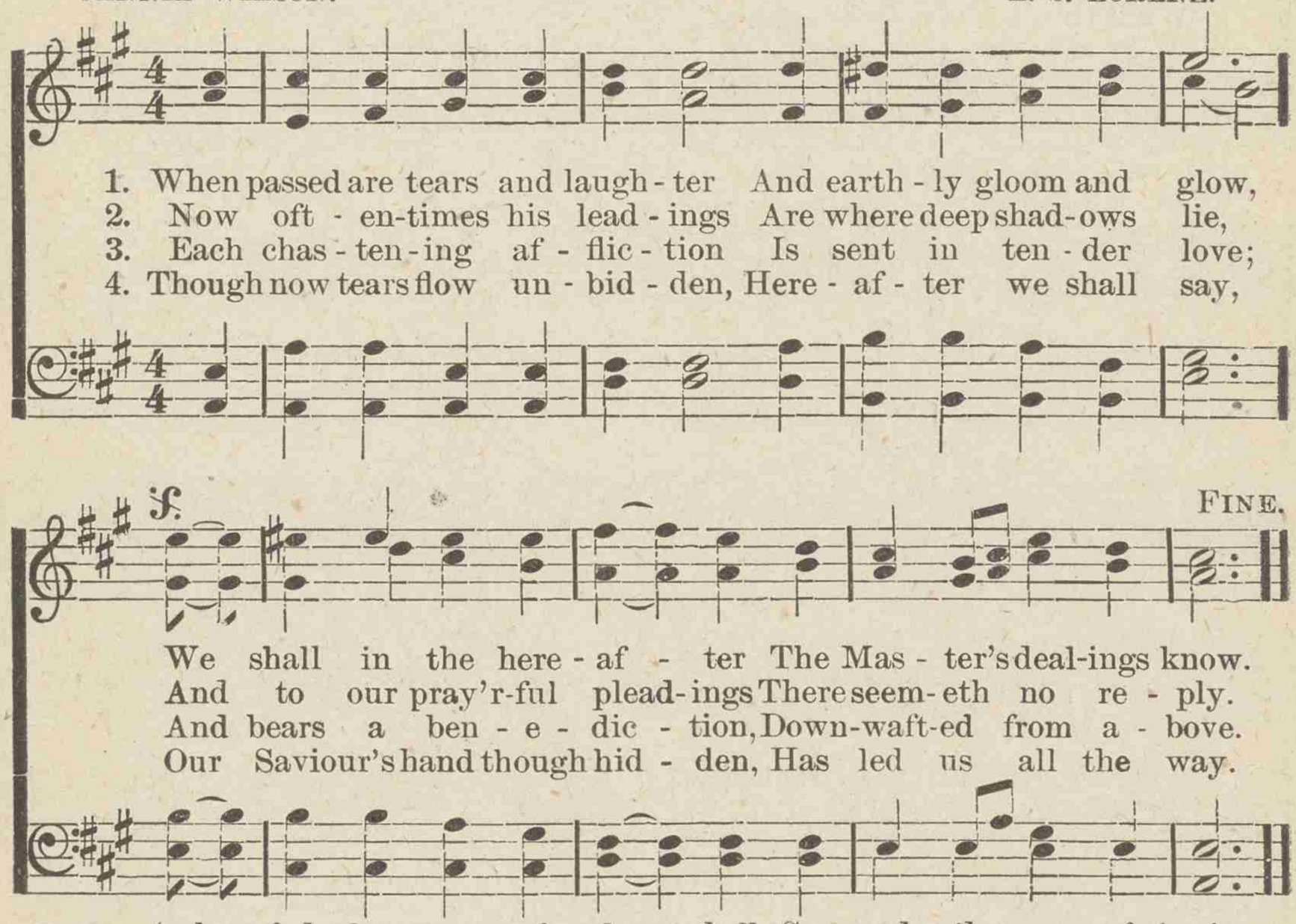
REFRAIN. *D.S.*
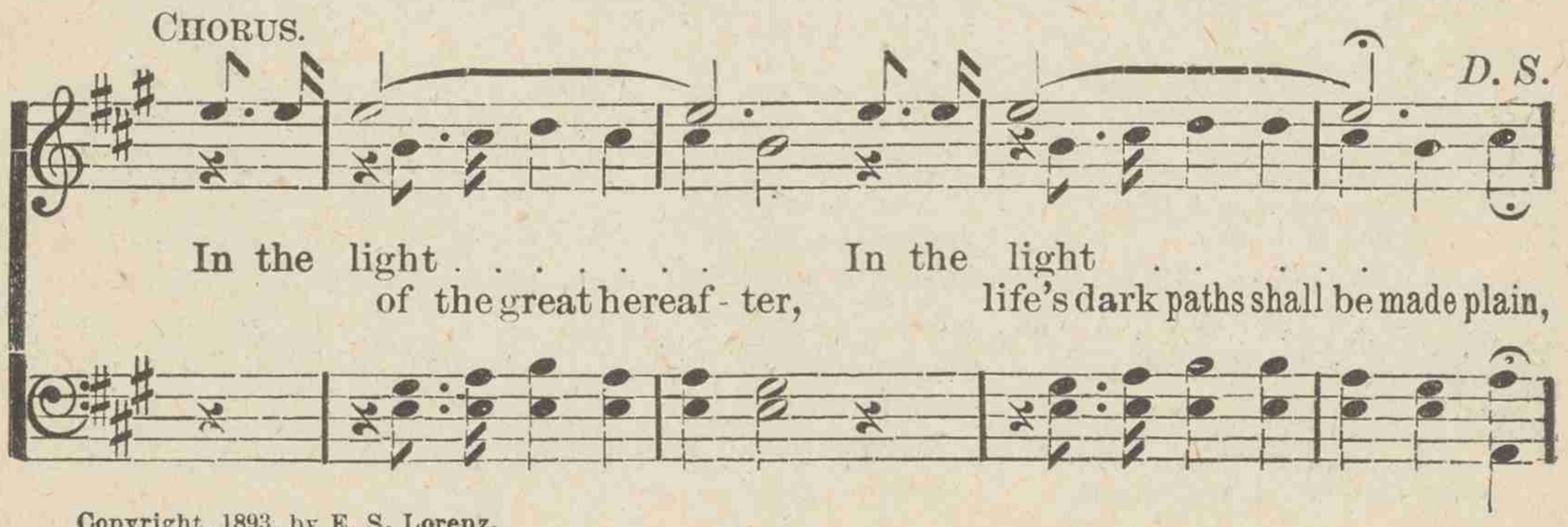


118. THE GLAD HEREAFTER.

(For Male Voices.)

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.



CHORUS. *D. S.*



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119. LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

REV. GEO. MATHESON, D. D.

1. Lights in the up - per dwell-ing, Darkness in rooms be - low;
2. Each cross in earth's cre - a - tion Beams in a star a - bove;
3. Therefore, O heav'nly Fa - ther, Lift I mine eyes to thee,

Harps in the high halls swell-ing, Si-lence where time-flow'rs grow;
Each sigh of man's pros-tra - tion Moves in God's harp of love;
What time a cloud shall gath-er Ov - er my hu - man sea:
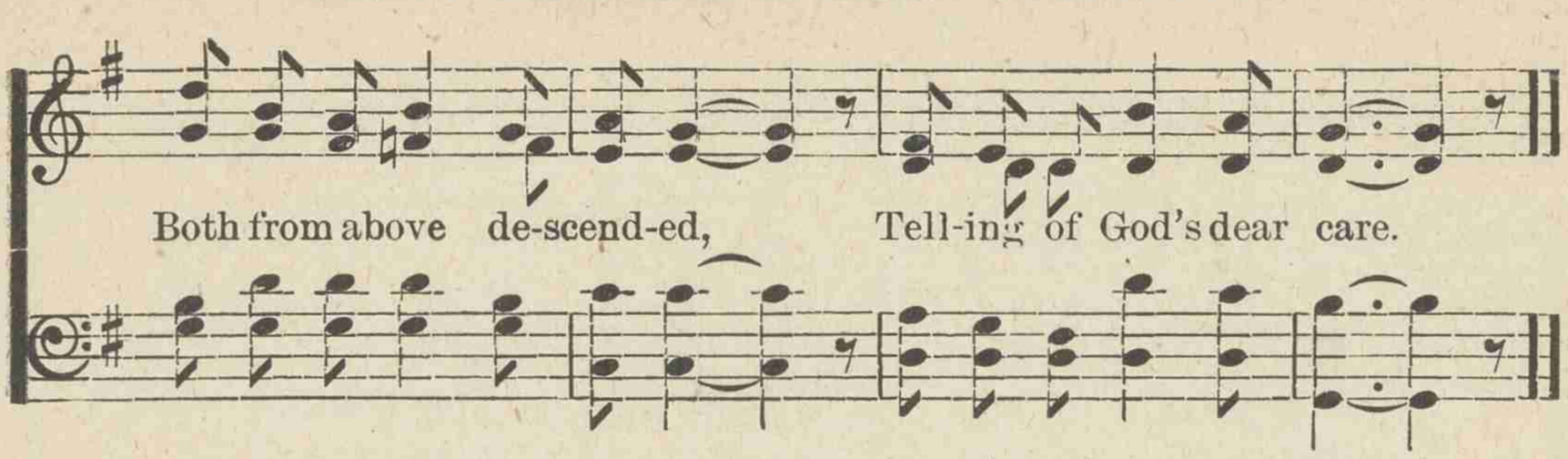
Songs in the heav'nly mansions, Sighs in the low - er air;
Each tear of hearts made ten-der By the deep folds of night
Dark to my sight ap - pear-ing, Yet there is light some-where,

Crowns in the space ex - pan-sions, Cross-es in homes of care.
Sparkles with rainbow splen-dor, Rays of the Fa-ther's light.
Fraught with a mes-sage cheer-ing Those in the up - per air.

REFRAIN.
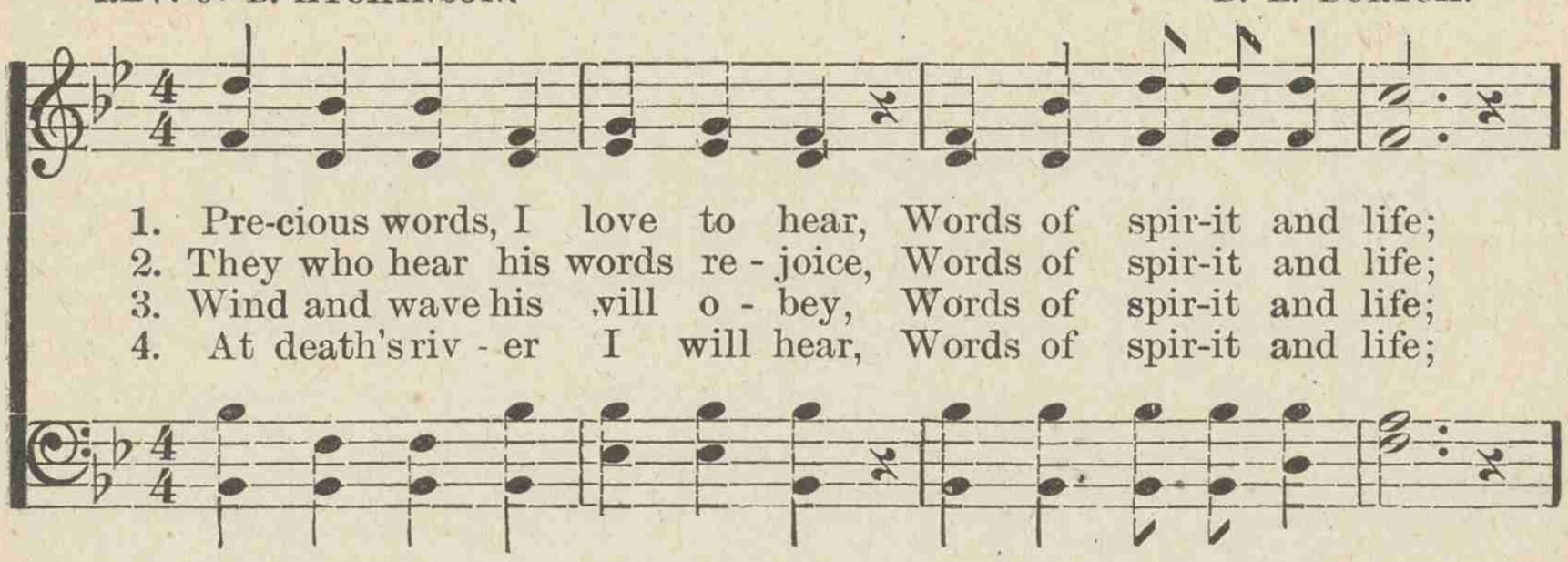
Un - til our lives are end-ed; Darkness and light are blen-ded;

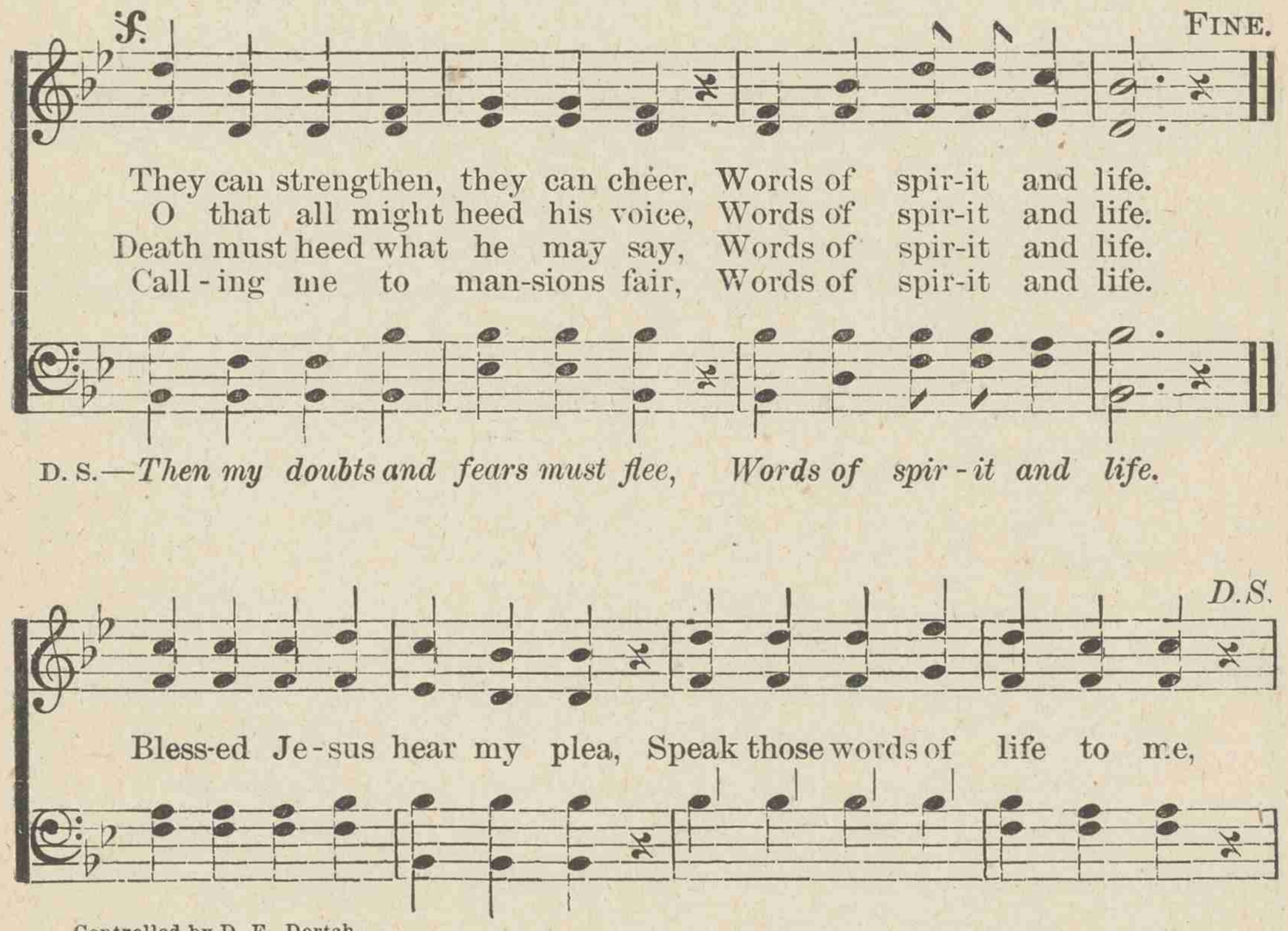
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120. WORDS OF SPIRIT AND LIFE.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. D. E. DORTCH.





Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

121. SOWING TIME.

ADALINE H. BERRY. C. D. AMSTUTZ.

1. See, the morn is bright'ning, In the east-ern sky; Up! for work make read - y, Lie not i - dly by; Has - ten to the grain-fields,
2. Sow the seeds of kind-ness In your neighbor's heart; You will soon with glad - ness See the plant-lets start; If the soil is sto - ny,
3. Sow a-long the high-way, Strangers may be there; You may make them bet - ter By a gift or pray'r; Sow be-neath the noon - tide,

With your precious seed; Ma - ny will - ing workmen, Yet the Lord will need.
Nev - er fear to sow; Some rift may be o-pen, Where the stalk may grow.
While your strength is giv'n, Sow till life is end - ed, You will reap in heav'n.

CHORUS.

'Tis . . . . . the time for sow - - ing Seeds . . . . of
'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'Tis the time for sow -

By permission.

prec-ious worth; . . . . . Scat - - - - ter them like
ing Seeds of pre-cious worth; Scat- ter them like sun - shine,

sun - - shine O - - - - ver all the earth . . . . .
O - ver all the earth, Scatter them like sun - shine, O - ver all the earth.

'Tis . . . . . the time for sow - - ing Seeds . . . . . of
'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'Tis the time for sow -

pre-cious worth, ... Scat - - - - - ter them like
ing Seeds of pre-cious worth; Scat- ter them like sun - shine,

sun - - - shine, O - - - - ver all the earth. . . . . .
O - ver all the earth, Scatter them like sunshine, O - ver all the earth.

122. WE SHALL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

D. S.

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

By permission.

123. I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high - er than I; This my
2. I am safe in the Cleft that was riv - en for me; From the
3. I am safe in the Rock and what ev - er be - tide Death and

ref - uge thro' storms e'er shall be; Ma - ny barks are there tossed on the
pow'r of the tempt - er I'm free; Tho' my path-way be dark and the
hell have no ter - ror to me; I can walk with-out fear thro' the

bil - lows' mad foam, But I'm shel-tered for - ev - er in thee.
storms sweep the sky, Yet se - cure - ly I'm shel - tered in thee.
shad- ow - y vale, For se - cure - ly I'm shel - tered in thee.

CHORUS.

Shel - tered in thee, Shel - tered in thee, O thou
Shel - tered in thee, in thee,
blest Rock of A - ges, I am shel - tered in thee.

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124. HOW YOU GROW.

FOR INFANT CLASS.

D. E. DORTCH.

Question. SOLO.

1. How do lit - tle bird- ies grow, Fly-ing, chirp-ing, sing-ing so?
2. How do lit - tle fish - es grow, Swimming, playing to and fro?
3. How do lit - tle children grow? Not by drinking rum I know;

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

Answer. DUET.

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

FULL CHORUS.

bird - ies grow; Rain drops patter, dew drops scatter, So the fresh and
fish - es grow; Rain drops patter, dew drops scatter, Brooks and riv -ers
child-ren grow; Rain drops patter, dew drops scatter, Fountains fill and

cooling water Wets their ti-ny beaks and lo! This is how the bird-ies grow.
flow with water, Where they live and thrive, and lo! This is how the fish-es grow.
flow with water, See they bathe and drink and lo! This is how the children grow.
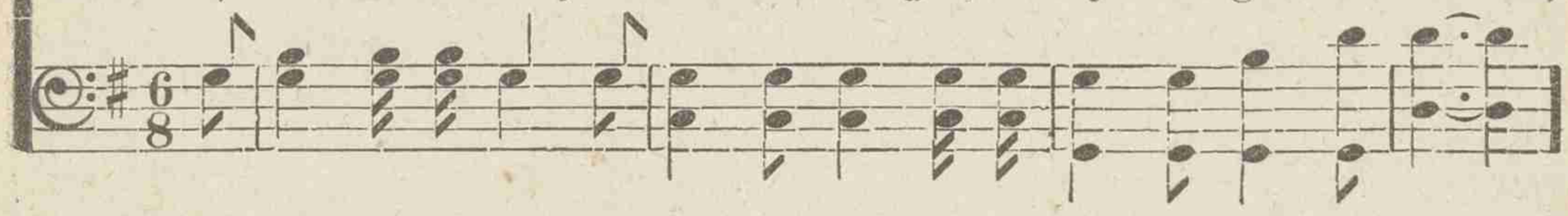
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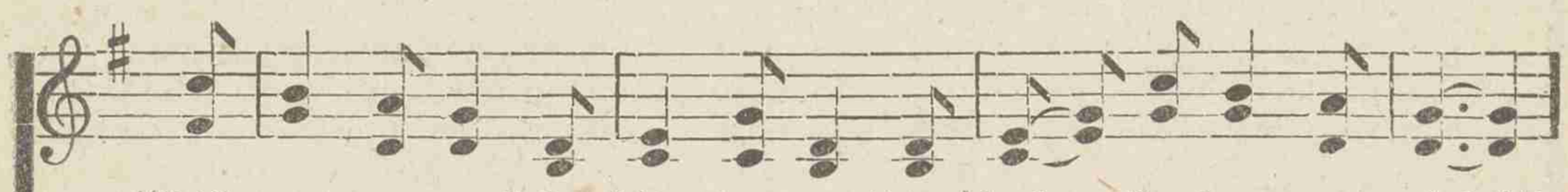
125. # LOOKOUT SONG.

W. F. McCAULEY. W. F. McCAULEY.
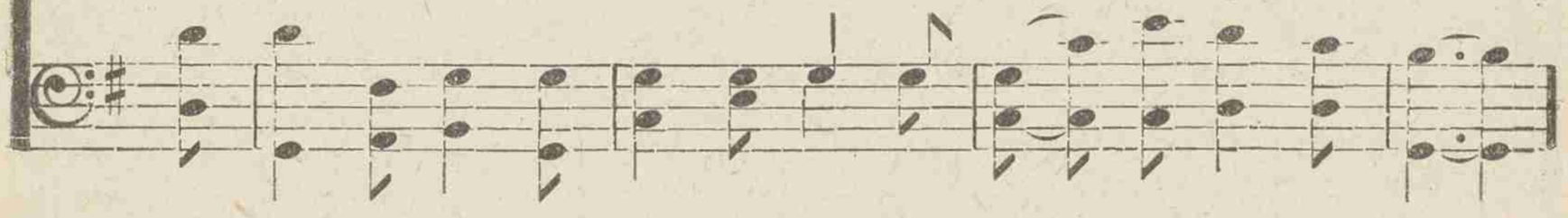


1. They tell us the fields are read - y quite With their weight of ripen'd grain;
2. Look out on the hedg-es by the way Where the poor and need-y lie;
3. Look up for the love that God can give, And the wis-dom for each day;
4. Oh, work while the day shines fair and bright, With your might to do and dare,
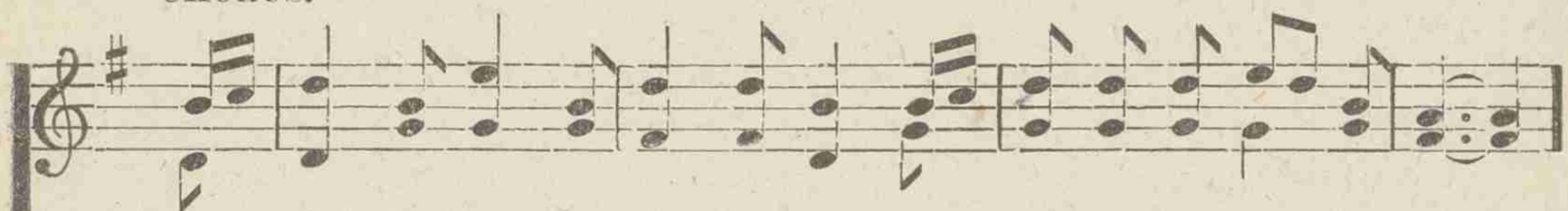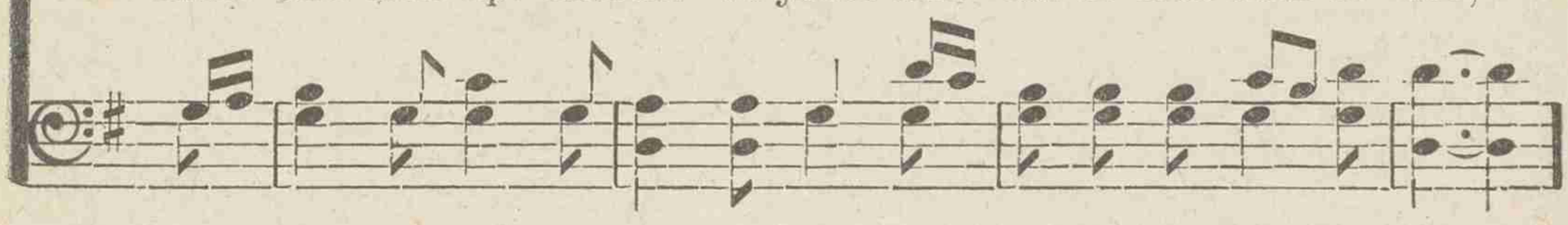




"Lift up your eyes," the Mas - ter says, "And look on the har - vest plain!"
Reach out the ea - ger hand of love, Oh, help them ere they die!
Our need - y hearts his grace can fill With strength for the toiler's way.
And la - den to the har-vest home Your sheaves with gladness bear.



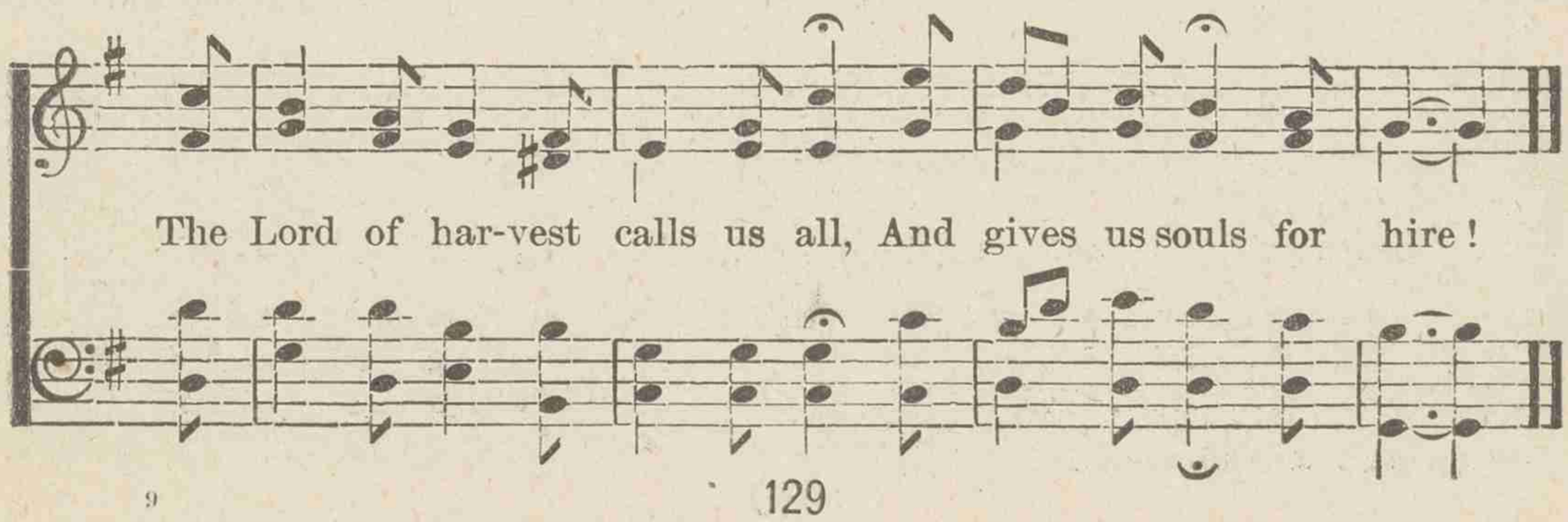
CHORUS.



Look out! look up! look in! be-yond! But nev-er look back or tire;



The Lord of har-vest calls us all, And gives us souls for hire!



126. LEARN OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND. REV. ISAIAH BALTZELL.

1. Are you seek-ing for the truth? Learn of Je- sus! Yield your mind to Him in
2. Bowing low- ly at his feet, Learn of Je- sus! He has les-sons rare and
3. Are you stumbling, weak, and blind? Learn of Jesus! He is gen-tle, true, and
4. Deep-er vis-ion he will give, Learn of Je- sus! Larg-er life you then will

youth, Learn of Je - sus! Wise is he beyond our thought, Knowing
sweet, Learn of Je - sus! Life will rich- er treasure show, Earth with
kind, Learn of Je - sus! He will lead in wisdom's way, Fill with
live, Learn of Je - sus! He will sat - is - fy your soul, And his

all things we have sought; Wealth of wisdom he has brought, Learn of Je- sus!
heav'nly light will glow; Deeper truth will he be-stow, Learn of Je - sus!
light your darkest day, By your side will ev- er stay, Learn of Je - sus!
truth will make you whole; Would yo u reach life's truest goal? Learn of Je - sus!
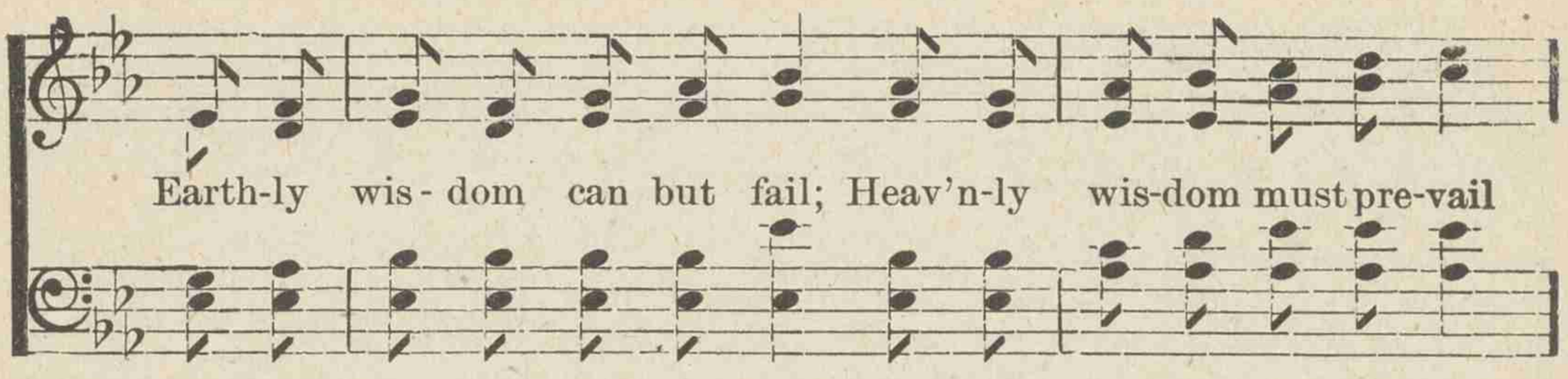
CHORUS.

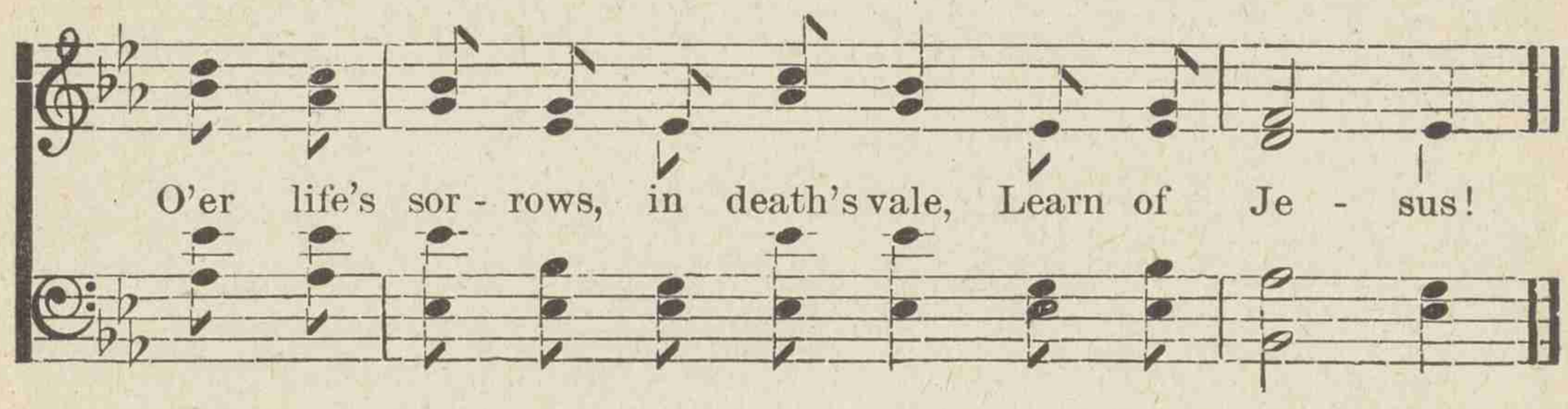
Learn of Je - - - sus! Learn of Je - - sus!
Learn of Je- sus! ev- 'ry day; At his feet for - ev - er stay,

Learn of Je - - - sus! Learn of Je - - sus!
Learn of Je- sus! ea ger - ly, Les - sons for e - ter- ni - ty!

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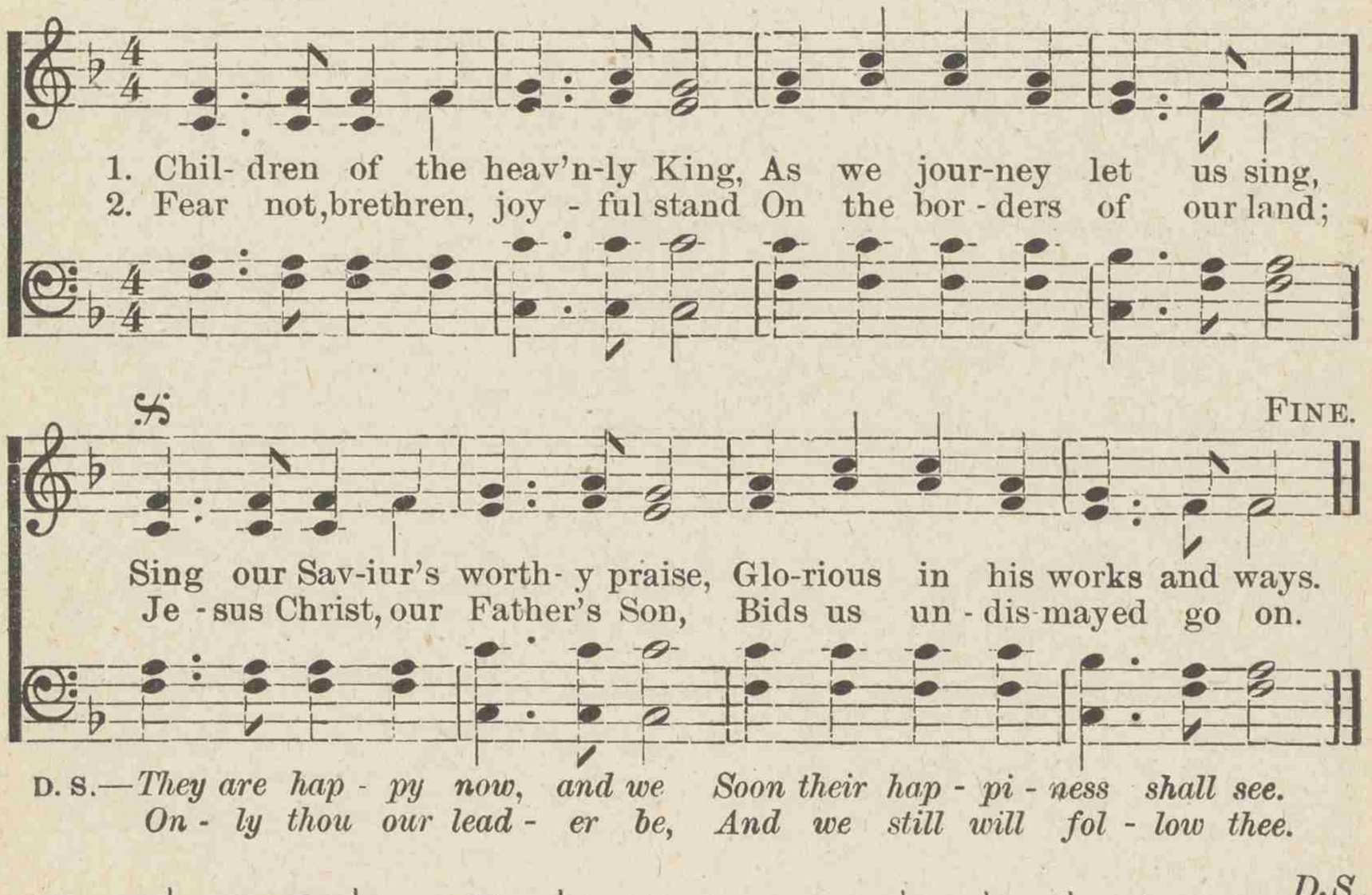
LEARN OF JESUS. Concluded.
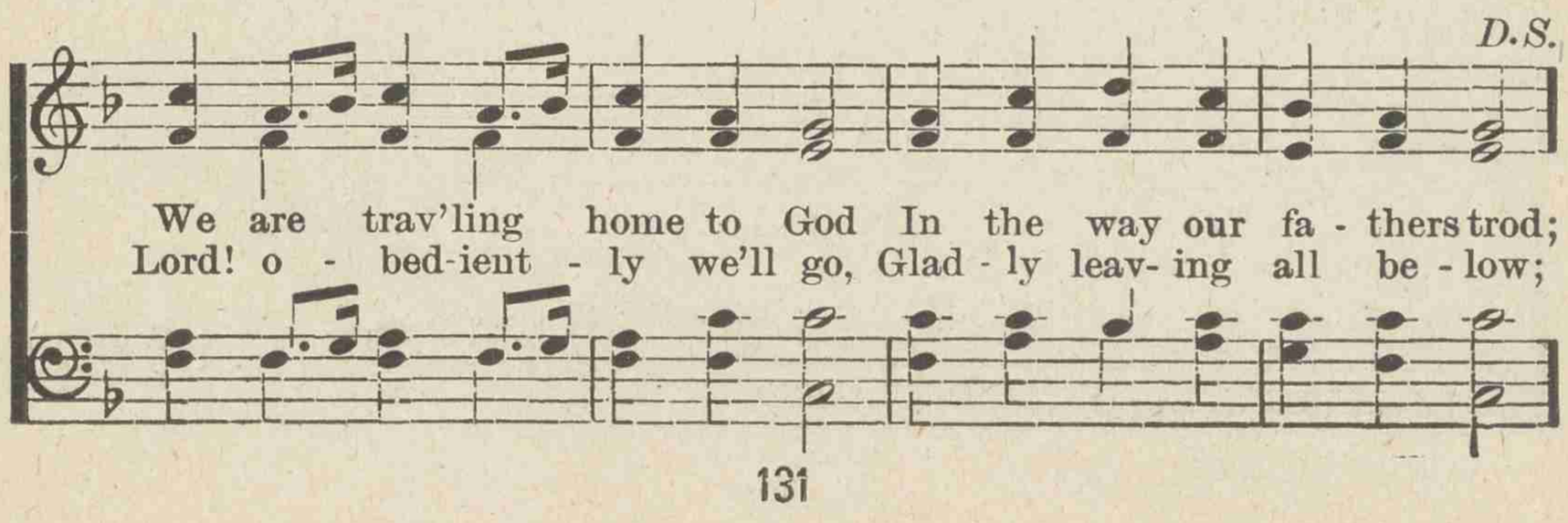




127. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENNICK. AMERICAN MELODY.





128. SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Shoul-der to shoul-der, the face to the foe, Firm and u - nit - ed, right on - ward we go;
2. Ten - der the ties that our hearts firm u-nite: Love to our Lord, to his word full of light;
3. O'er all the land now the foe we en-gage, Why should we fear, tho' he men - ace and rage?

Not in our mighty host—This is our on - ly boast,
Love for his fal- len ones, Care for his er- ring ones,
Wielding the sword of truth, Knowing for wrong no ruth,

CHORUS.

This cheers and nerves us most, God leads us on.
Joy, that as lov- ing sons, God owns us all.
God claims our pow'r and youth, He leads us on.

Shoulder to shoulder we on-ward go to vic- to - ry! Firm and u - nit - ed, our God with us, the foe must flee; Clad in God's pan - o - ply we on - ward go.

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129. HIS LEADING HAND.

DR. S. FILLMORE BENNETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. How oft this heart of mine Has been be-set by fears: How oft these weeping eyes Have flowed with bitter tears: Yet, ev-en when to sight Rose
2. How of-ten have the clouds Hung heavy o'er my way, When scarce a sunbeam came To bless the drea-ry day. Yet, al-ways, ere my soul Quite
3. Why should I be a-fraid When such a friend is near, Or mur-mur at the cross I may be called to bear? Nay, be my trust in Him Whose

dangers strange and new, And waters closed around, His hand has led me through.
faint-ed in the night, His lov-ing hand appeared To lead me to the light.
grace is free to all, Who guides with loving hand, What ever may be-fall.

CHORUS.

His hand has led me, His hand has led me
His hand has led, has led me through, His hand has led me, led me through,
His hand has led, has led me through, And still is lead-ing me.

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

130. LET US PAY OUR VOWS.

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

1. We have entered roy - al ser-vice, pledged our utmost pow'r, We have
   His commands we heed with gladness, ev - 'ry day and hour, We have
2. There are words of praise and hon-or we are pledged to speak, We have
   Tho' our speech be slow and stamm'ring, and our hearts be weak, We have
3. There is light we must be seek - ing in his ho - ly word, We have
   There are hid - den words of com-fort that we have not heard, We have
4. Oh, the joy of loy - al ser - vice, oh, the ten - der grace, When we
   We shall walk in white be-fore him, see his lov - ing face, If we

made our vows un - to the Lord! made our vows un - to the Lord!
made our vows un - to the Lord! made our vows un - to the Lord!
made our vows un - to the Lord! made our vows un - to the Lord!
pay our vows un - to the Lord! pay our vows un - to the Lord!

CHORUS.

Let us pay our vows un-to the Lord, (un - to the Lord.) Let us pay our vows

un - to the Lord, (un - to the Lord!) Now in the presence of his

peo - ple Let us pay our vows un - to the Lord!

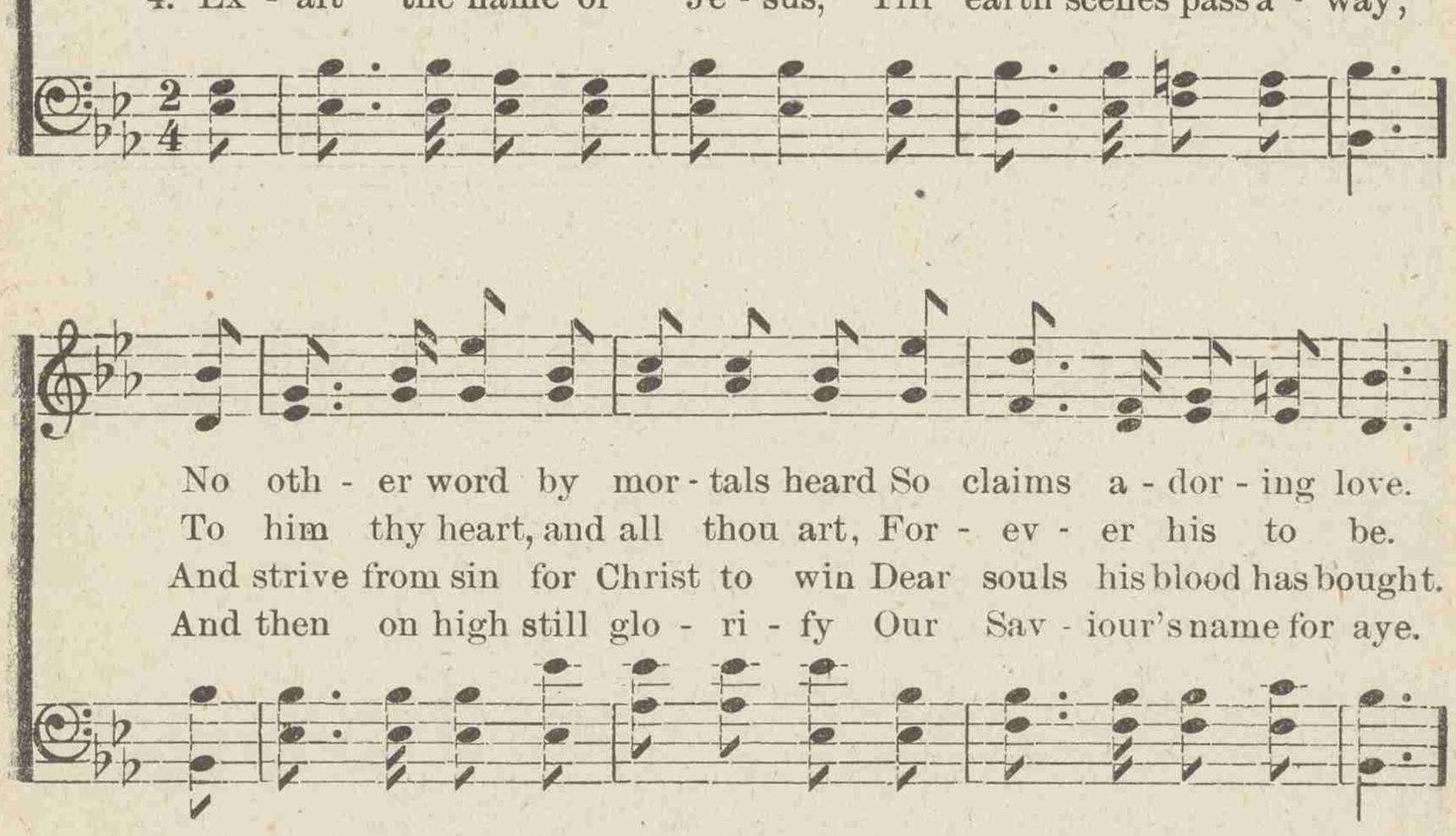
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131. EXALT THE NAME OF JESUS.
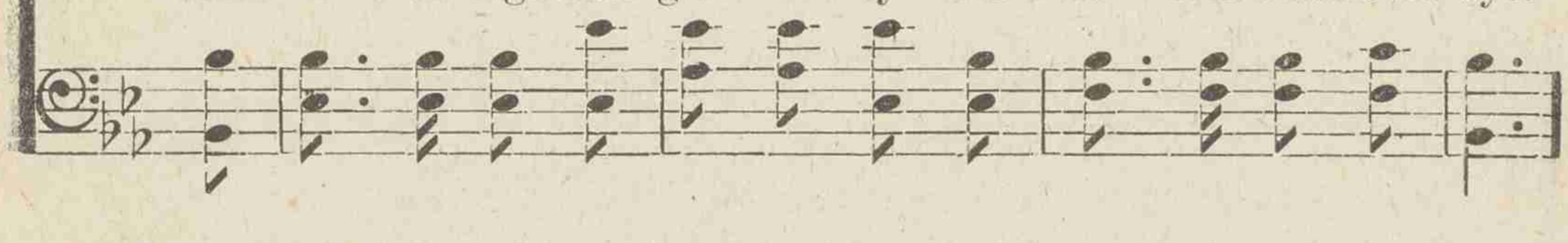
JENNIE WILSON. I. BALTZELL.



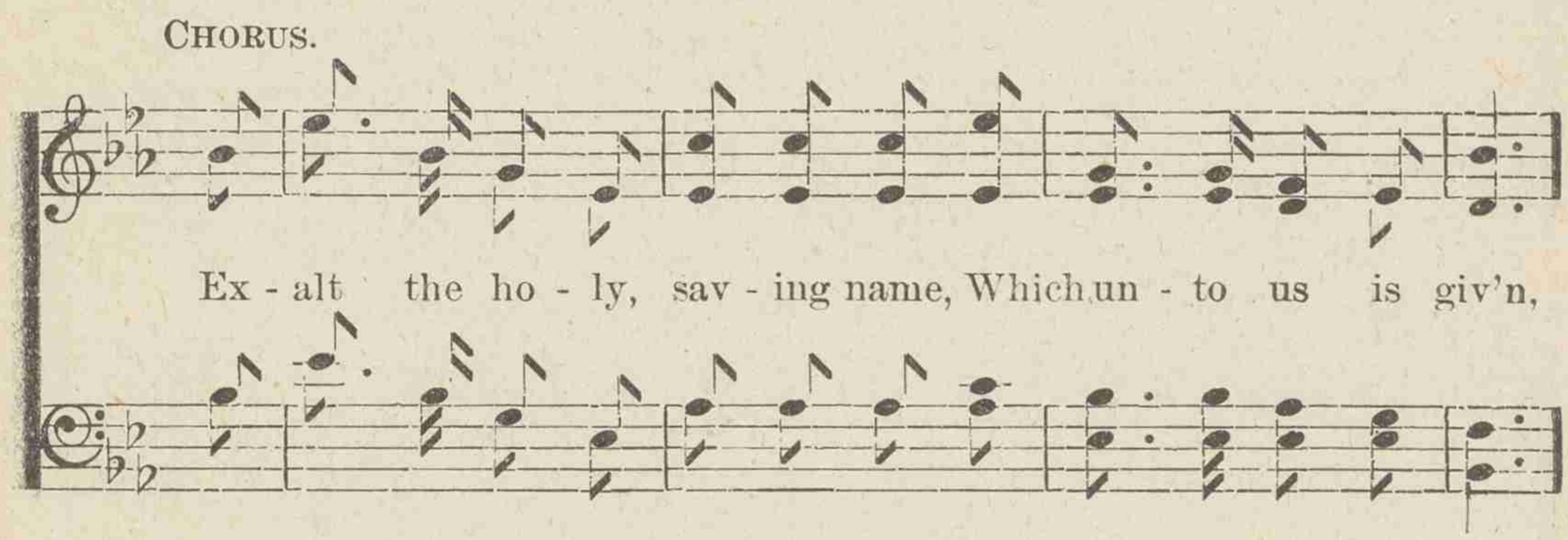
1. Ex - alt the name of Je - sus, All oth - er names a - bove;
2. Ex - alt the name of Je - sus, By yield - ing, glad and free,
3. Ex - alt the name of Je - sus, By lov - ing la - bor wrought;
4. Ex - alt the name of Je - sus, Till earth scenes pass a - way;



No oth - er word by mor - tals heard So claims a - dor - ing love.
To him thy heart, and all thou art, For - ev - er his to be.
And strive from sin for Christ to win Dear souls his blood has bought.
And then on high still glo - ri - fy Our Sav - iour's name for aye.



CHORUS.



Ex - alt the ho - ly, sav - ing name, Which un - to us is giv'n,
Where-by to gain e - ter - nal life, And end - less joy in heav'n.

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132. READY FOR THE MASTER.

W. F. McCAULEY. W. F. McCAULEY.

1. My heart has a bur - den of joy to - day—Read - y when the
2. But should he command me to lin - ger still—Read - y till the
3. The path may be rough, and the strife be long—Read - y where the
4. Though sin - ful and weak, yet his voice I hear—Read - y! for the

Mas - ter shall call me! I am walk - ing now in the
Mas - ter shall call me! I'll re - joice to serve at his
Mas - ter shall call me! There's a crown at last and a
Mas - ter doth call me! By his sav - ing love I can

heav'n - ward way, Read - y when the Mas - ter shall call me.
ho - ly will, Read - y till the Mas - ter shall call me.
glad new song, Read - y where the Mas - ter will call me.
come, nor fear, Read - y as the Mas - ter doth call me.

REFRAIN.

Read-y now, O bless - ed Mas - ter, Serving thee no ill shall be - fall me;

Read-y for the Master, tell-ing me to-day, "In-to love and mercy I call thee!"
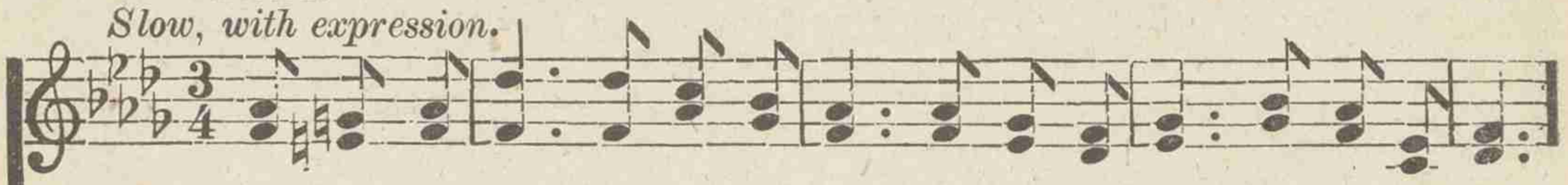
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133. SOME DAY.

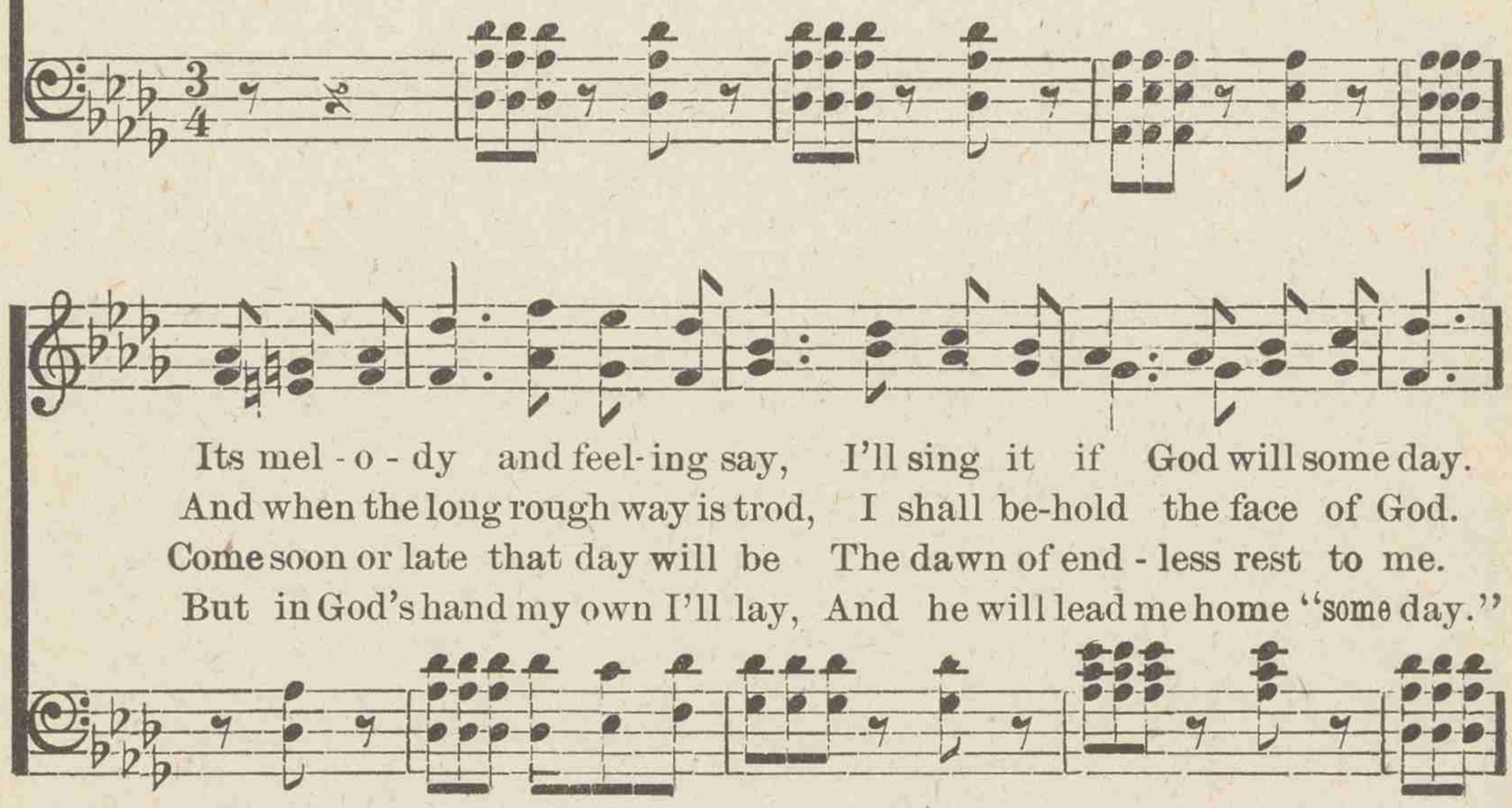
E. E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS.

DUET.
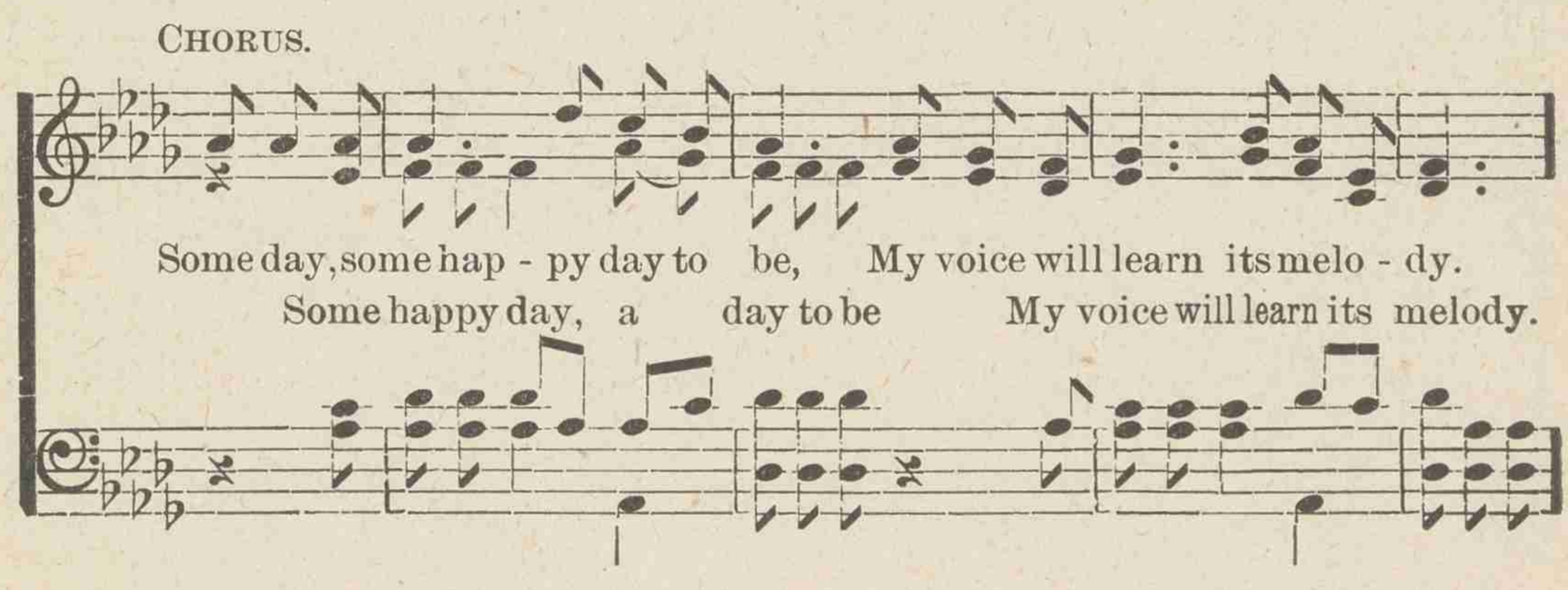
Slow, with expression.



1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re-peat,
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be pass'd and heaven won;
3. "Some day" I say, con-tent to wait The opening of the Jas-per gate;
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,
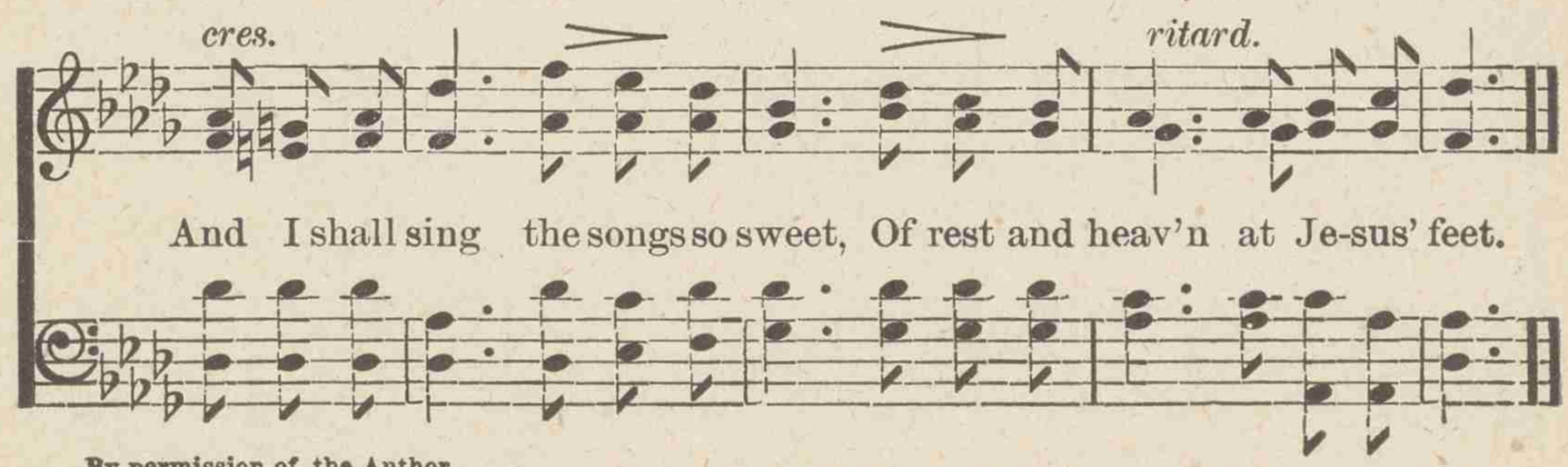


Its mel - o - dy and feel-ing say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
And when the long rough way is trod, I shall be-hold the face of God.
Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And he will lead me home "some day."



CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its melo - dy.
Some happy day, a day to be My voice will learn its melody.



And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je-sus' feet.

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134. GRACE AND GLORY.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. My light and strength, . . . my sun and shield, ... How
2. The days are dark, ... the nights are long . . . . . But
3. No bless-ed gift . . . . . will he with-hold, ... If
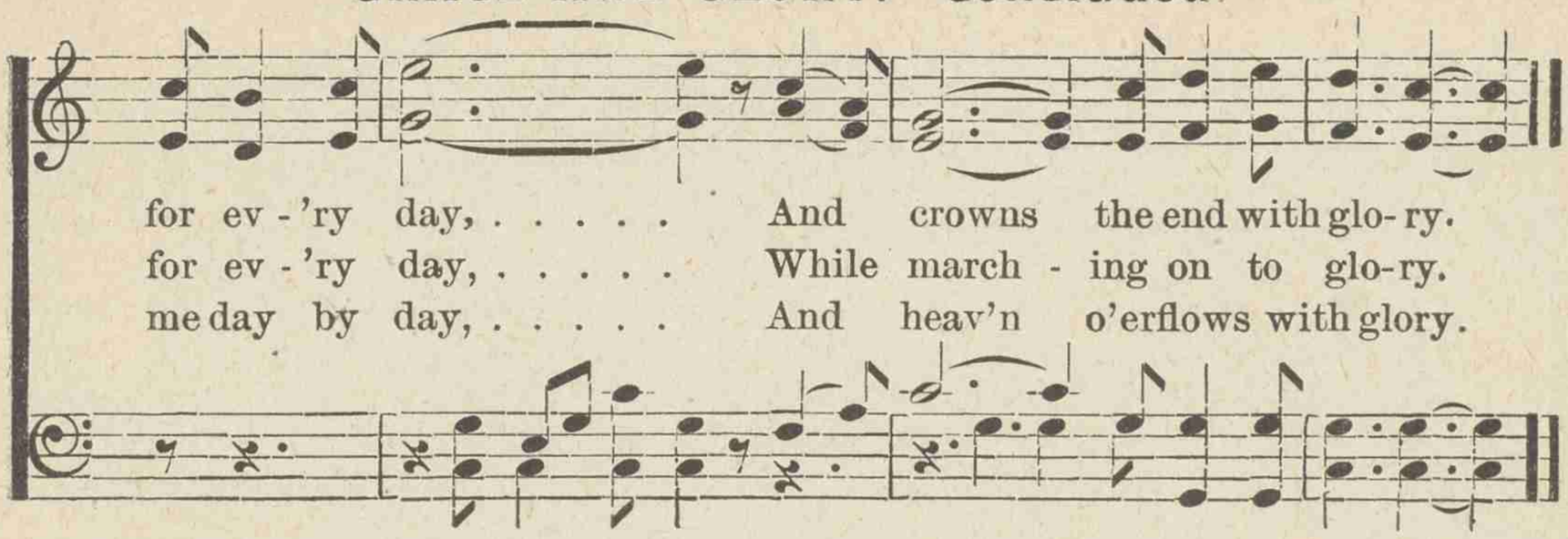
can I do with-out thee? How soon my poor . . . . . .
Christ, my sun, is shin-ing; He teach-es me . . . . . .
I but walk up-right-ly; And when the deep . . . . . .

weak heart would yield. . . . Wert thou not close a-bout me:
a pre-cious song, ... While on his arm re-clin-ing.
black shades en-fold, ... His truth is shin-ing bright-ly;

But ev-ry day, ... the nar-row way . . . . . Grows
My help and stay, ... not far a-way, ... But
And when foes stand . . . . . to bar my way, ... His

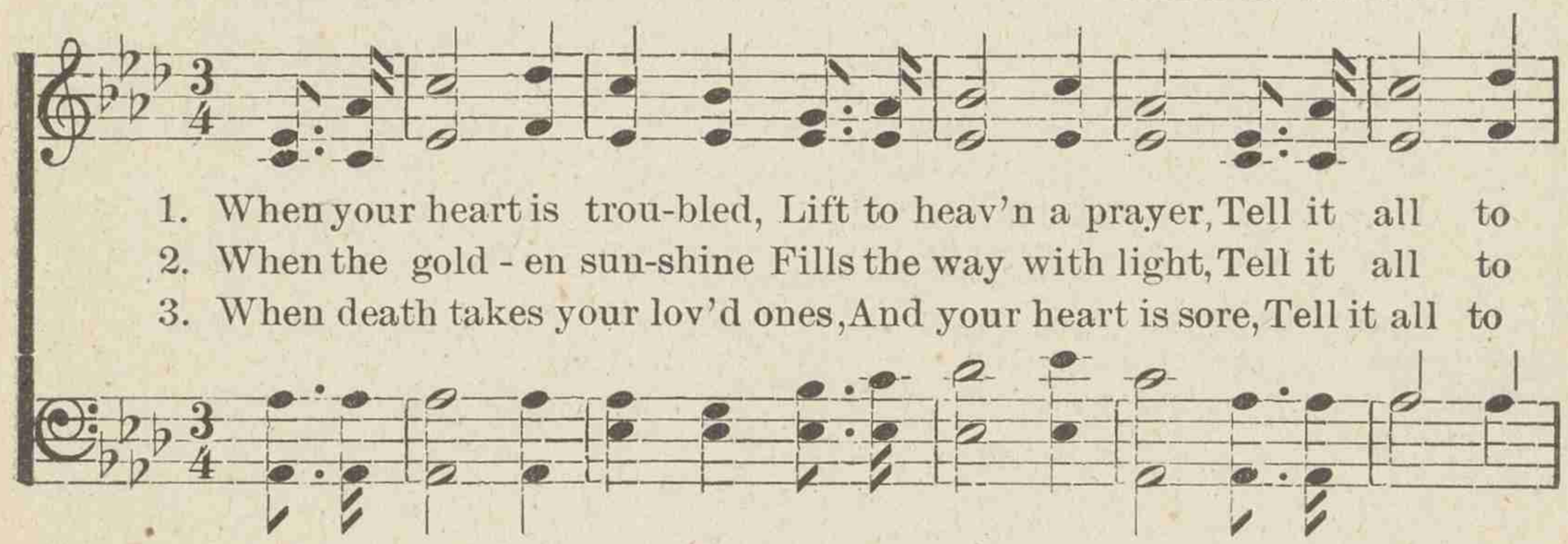
bright-er still be-fore me; The Lord sends grace . . . . .
con-stant watching o'er me. The Lord sends grace . . . . .
shield is spread be-fore me; His grace still keeps . . . . .
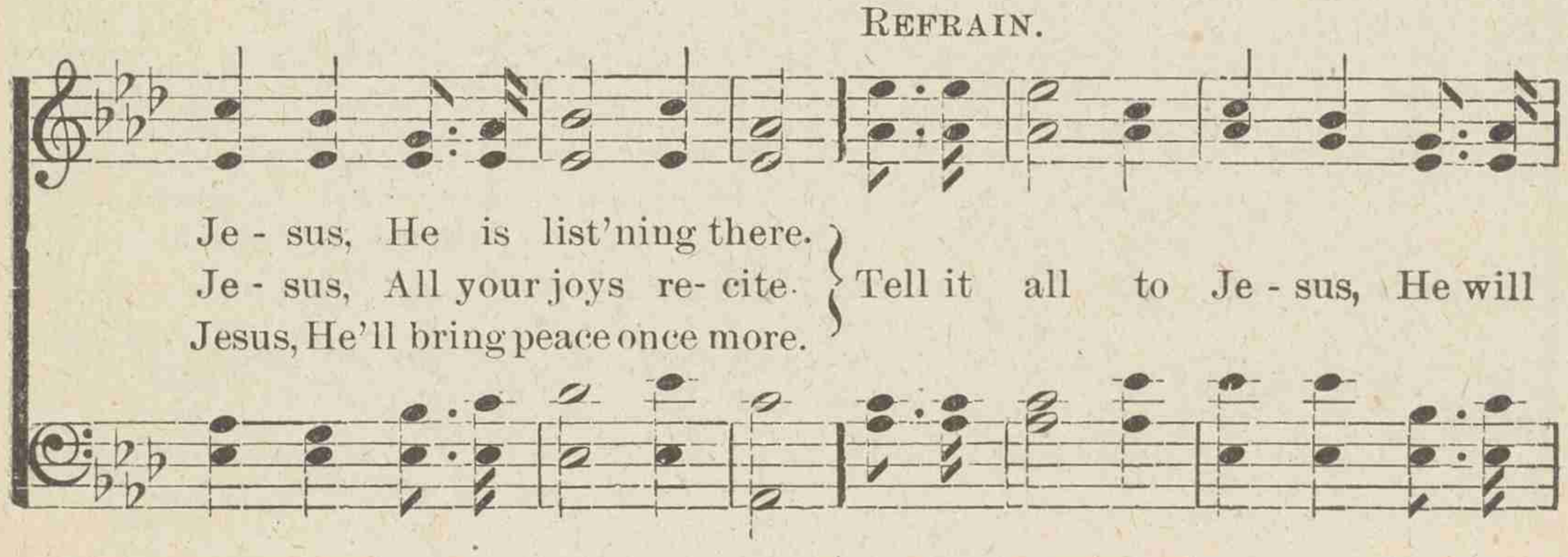
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135. TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
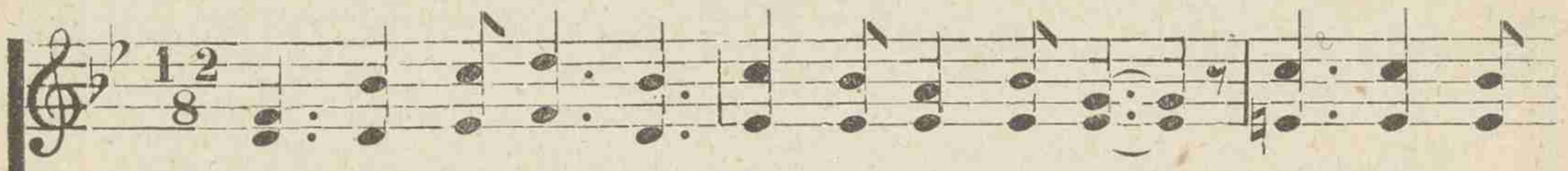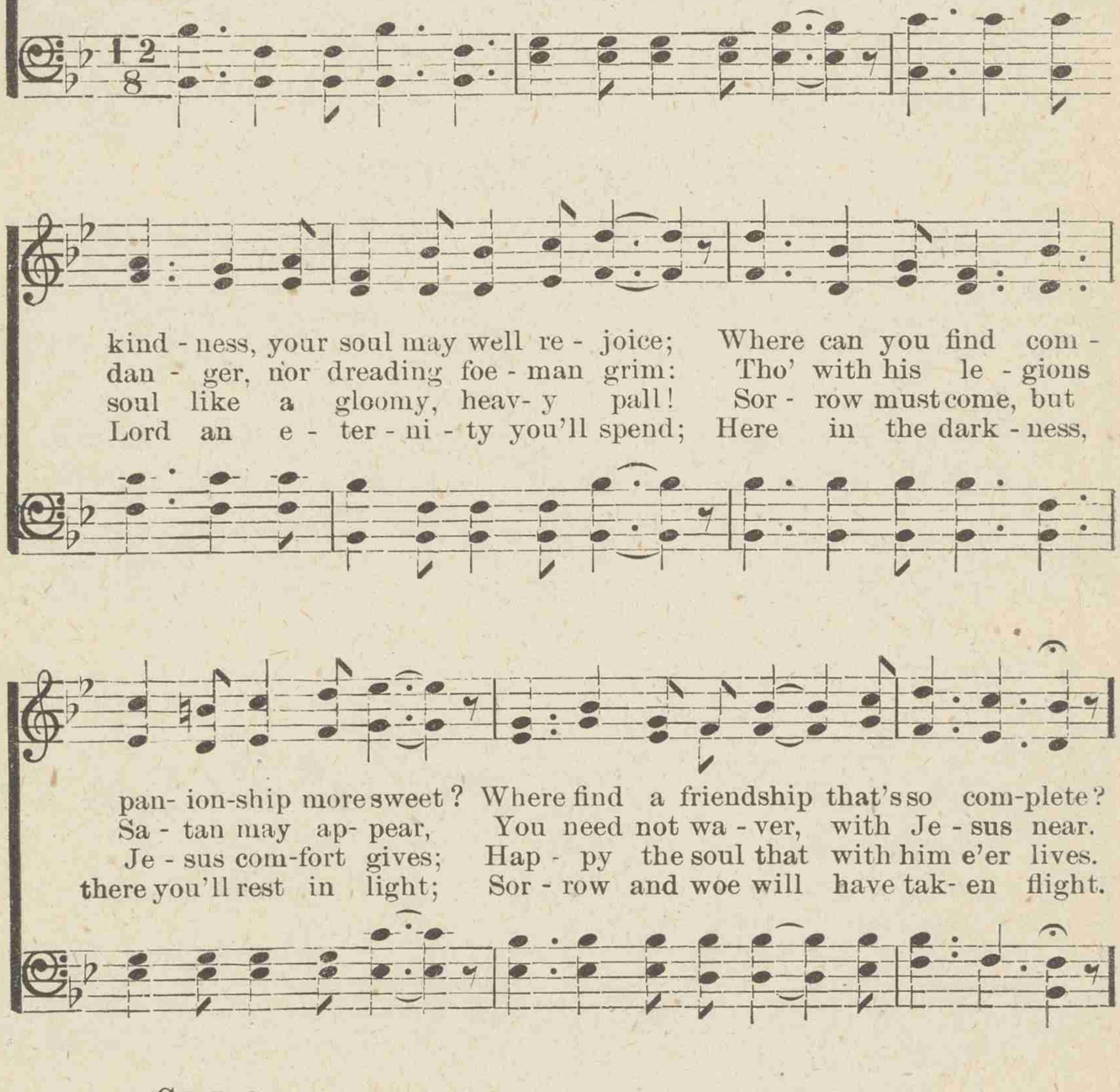




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136. WALK WITH THE SAVIOUR.

ANNA CHICHESTER. F. E. POWELL.
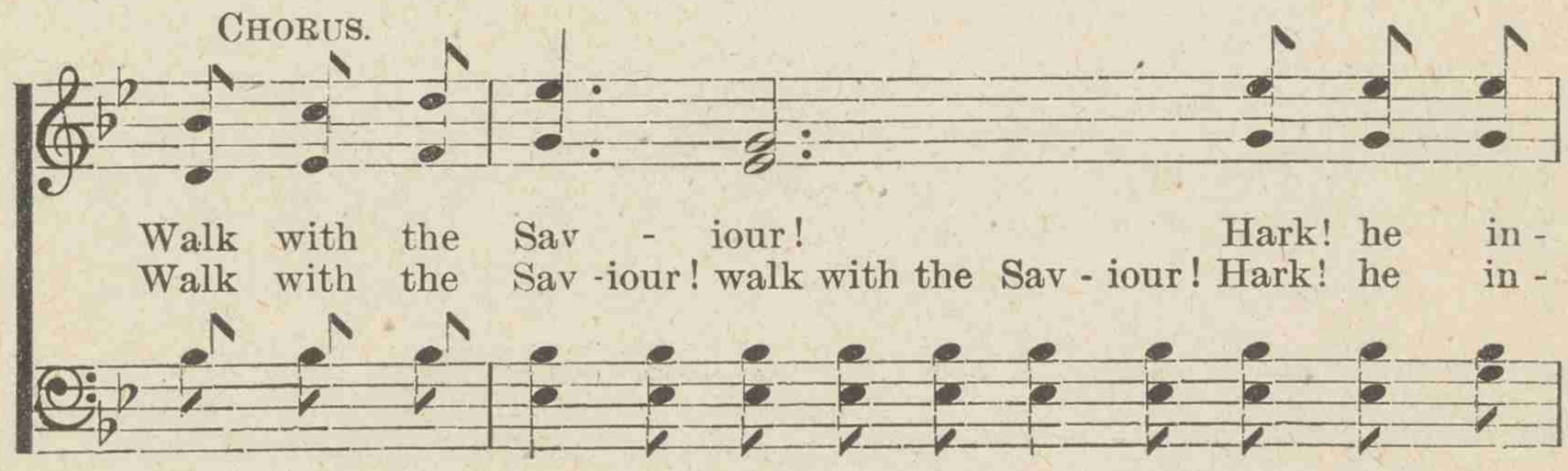


1. Walk with the Sav-iour, make his ways your choice; Know- ing his
2. Walk with the Sav-iour, keep - ing step with him, Fear - ing no
3. Walk with the Sav-iour, what tho' sor - row fail O - ver your
4. Walk with the Sav-iour, till your journey's end, Then with your



kind - ness, your soul may well re - joice; Where can you find com -
dan - ger, nor dreading foe - man grim: Tho' with his le - gions
soul like a gloomy, heav- y pall! Sor - row must come, but
Lord an e - ter - ni - ty you'll spend; Here in the dark - ness,

pan- ion-ship more sweet? Where find a friendship that's so com-plete?
Sa - tan may ap- pear, You need not wa - ver, with Je - sus near.
Je - sus com-fort gives; Hap - py the soul that with him e'er lives.
there you'll rest in light; Sor - row and woe will have tak- en flight.

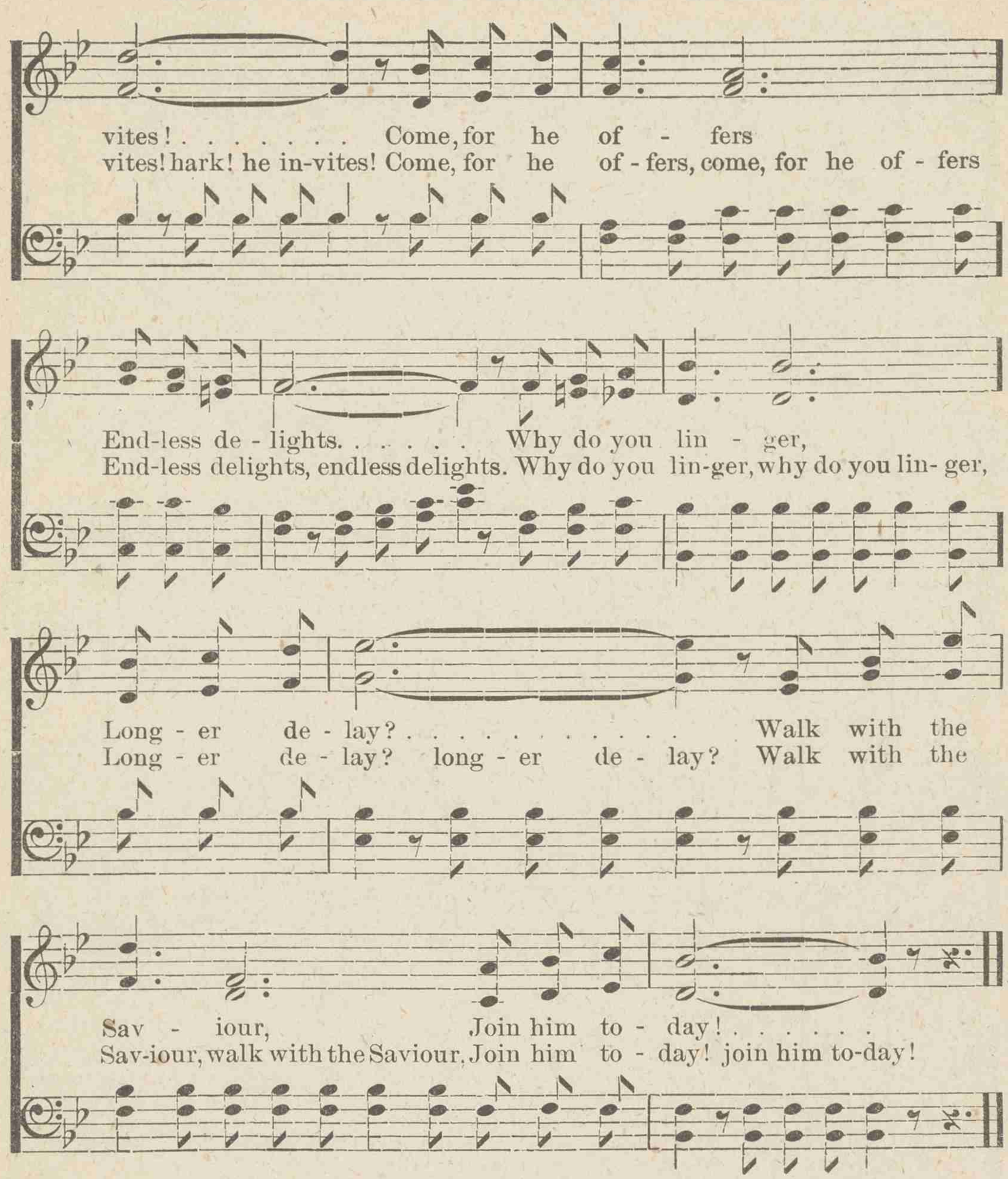
CHORUS.



Walk with the Sav - iour! Hark! he in -
Walk with the Sav -iour! walk with the Sav - iour! Hark! he in -
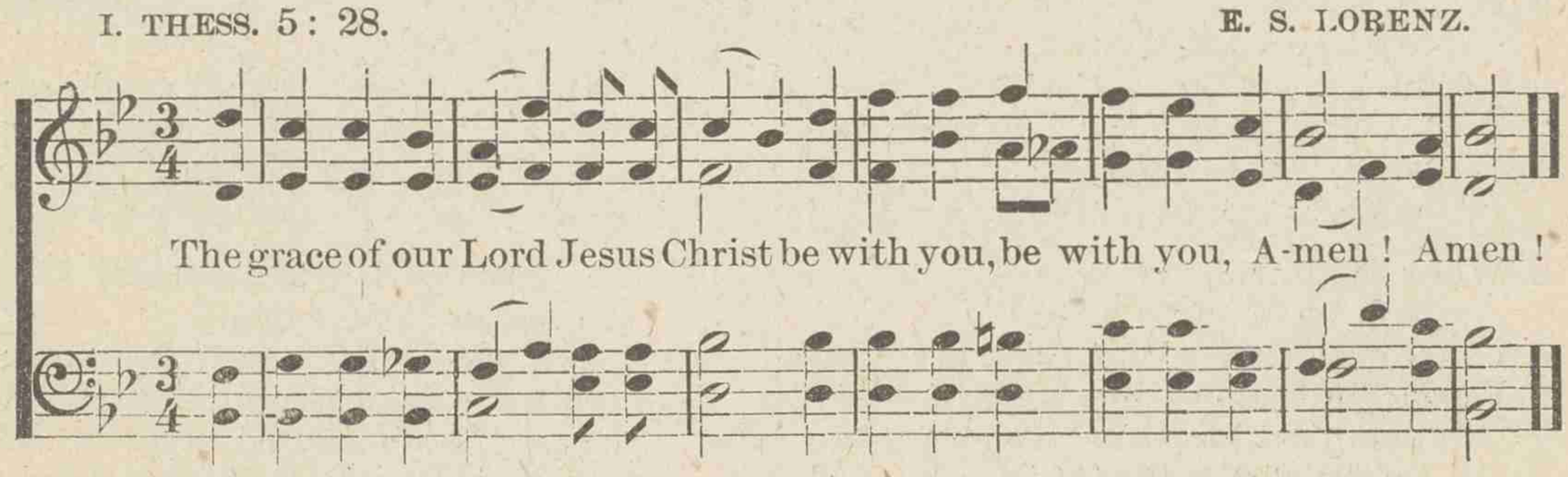
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WALK WITH THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.



137. BENEDICTION.
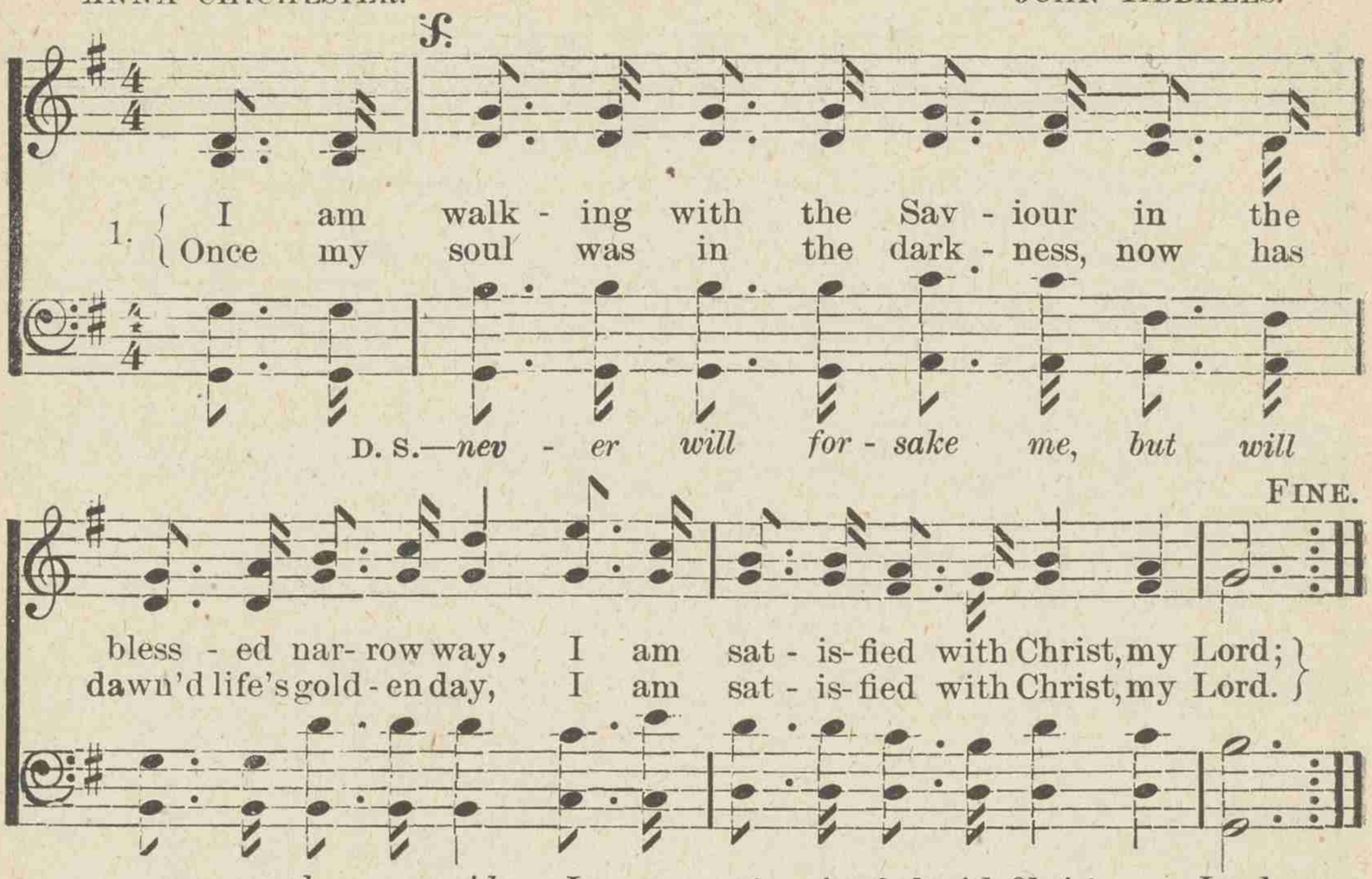
I. THESS. 5 : 28. E. S. LORENZ.



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138. SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

ANNA CHICHESTER. JOHN TIBBALLS.



2 In my griefs he's consolation, and in trial he's my stay,
I am satisfied with Christ my Lord;
With his tender arms around me I can never know dismay,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

3 When I falter in my weakness, on his arm he bids me lean,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;
When temptation overwhelms me, with his blood he makes me clean,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

4 I am happy in his service, I rejoice in God, my King,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;
For each day he opens treasures, gives new songs of joy to sing,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

5 Oh, the words of love and comfort! Oh, the tender loving hand!
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;
Through the waters it will lead me to the fair Lamb-lighted land,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

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139. COME UNTO ME.

ANNA SHARE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sweet-ly the Sav-iour's voice is ev-er call-ing, Come un-to me!
2. Long have I sought you, lost in darkness drear-y. Come un-to me!
3. Here is the rest that I a-lone can give you, Come un-to me!
4. Je-sus, for-sak-ing all that would deceive us, Come we to thee;

Come un-to me! See shad-ows dark a-round you now are fall-ing,
Come un-to me! I am the ref-uge, wait-ing for the wea-ry,
Come un-to me! Come, for my heart is long-ing to for-give you,
Come we to thee! Safe in thy lov-ing arms, O Lord, re-ceive us,

CHORUS.

Come un-to me!
Come un-to me!
Come un-to me!
Com-ing to thee!

Je-sus, the Lord of all, Oh, hear his lov-ing call,

Come un-to me, all ye wea-ry ones, O come! Come un-to me!

Come un-to me! Come, all ye wea-ry ones, no lon-ger roam.

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140. GOD BE WITH YOU.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you. With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se-cure-ly hide you; Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per-ils thick con- found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave be-fore you, God be with you
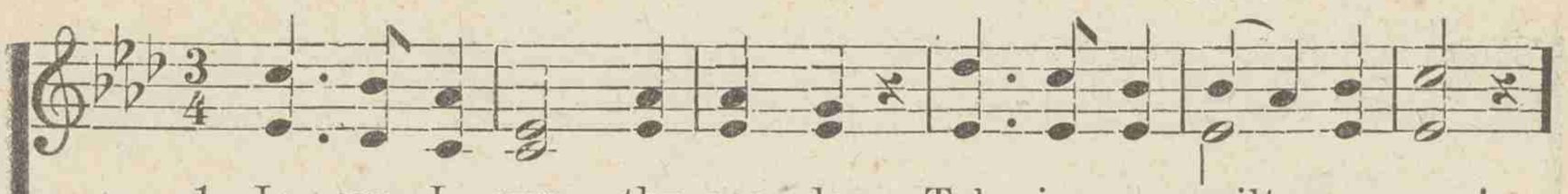
CHORUS.

till we meet a - gain, Till we meet, . . . till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,
Till we meet at Je- sus' feet, Till we meet, . .
Till we meet; Till we meet,
till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet a - gain,
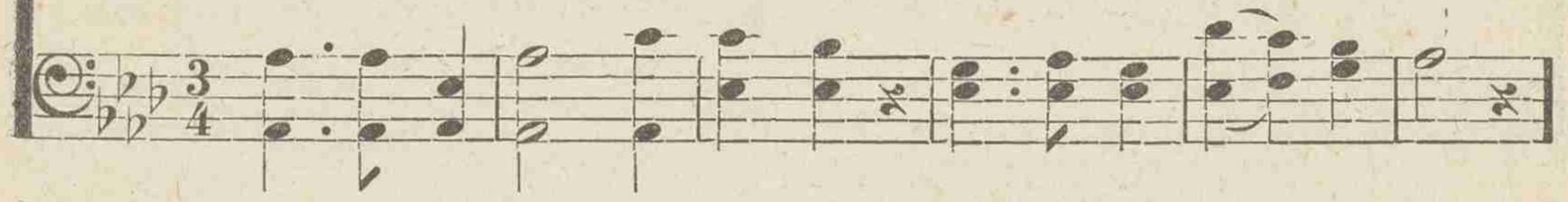
Copyright, by J. E. Rankin. Used by permission.
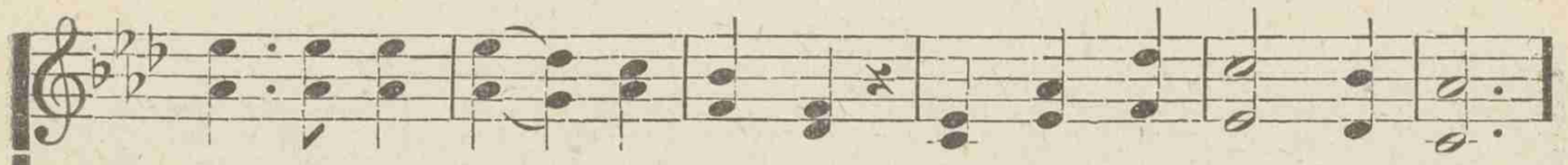
141. MAKE IT A FULL SALVATION.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. RUEBUSH.
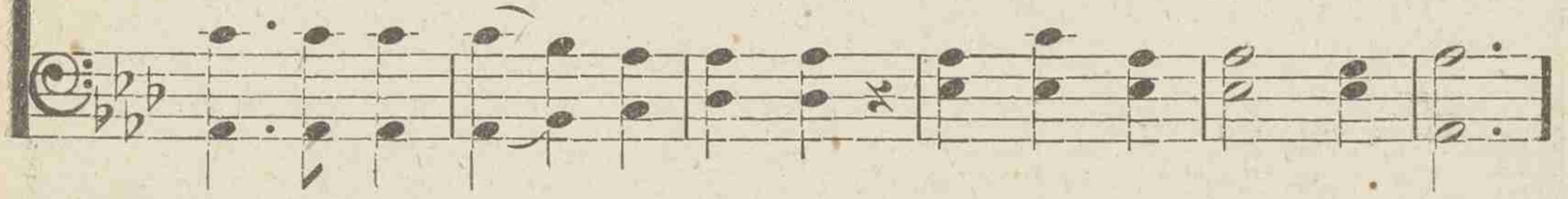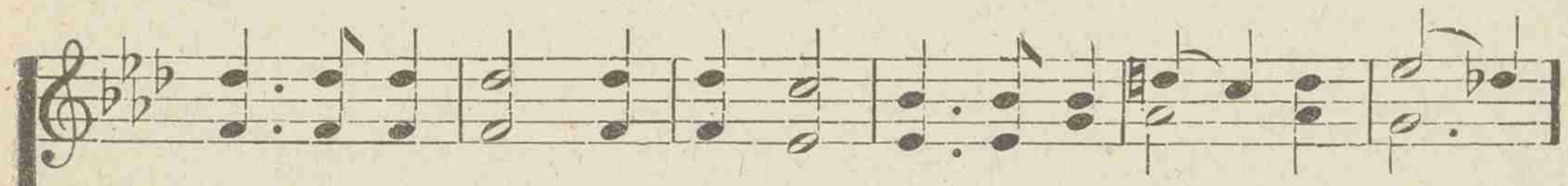


1. Je - sus, I own thy par - don, Tak - ing my guilt a - way!
2. Brok-en the bonds of Sa - tan, Gone are my guilt - y fears!
3. Gone is thy right- eous an - ger! Sweet - ly thy face hath smiled!
4. Patience and hope, un- fail- ing, Un - to thy ser - vant give!
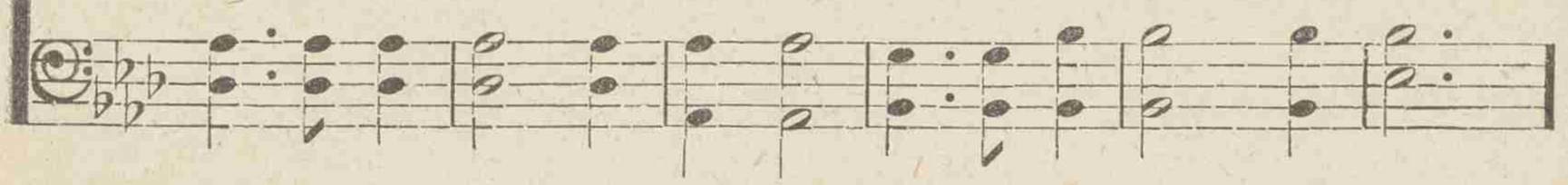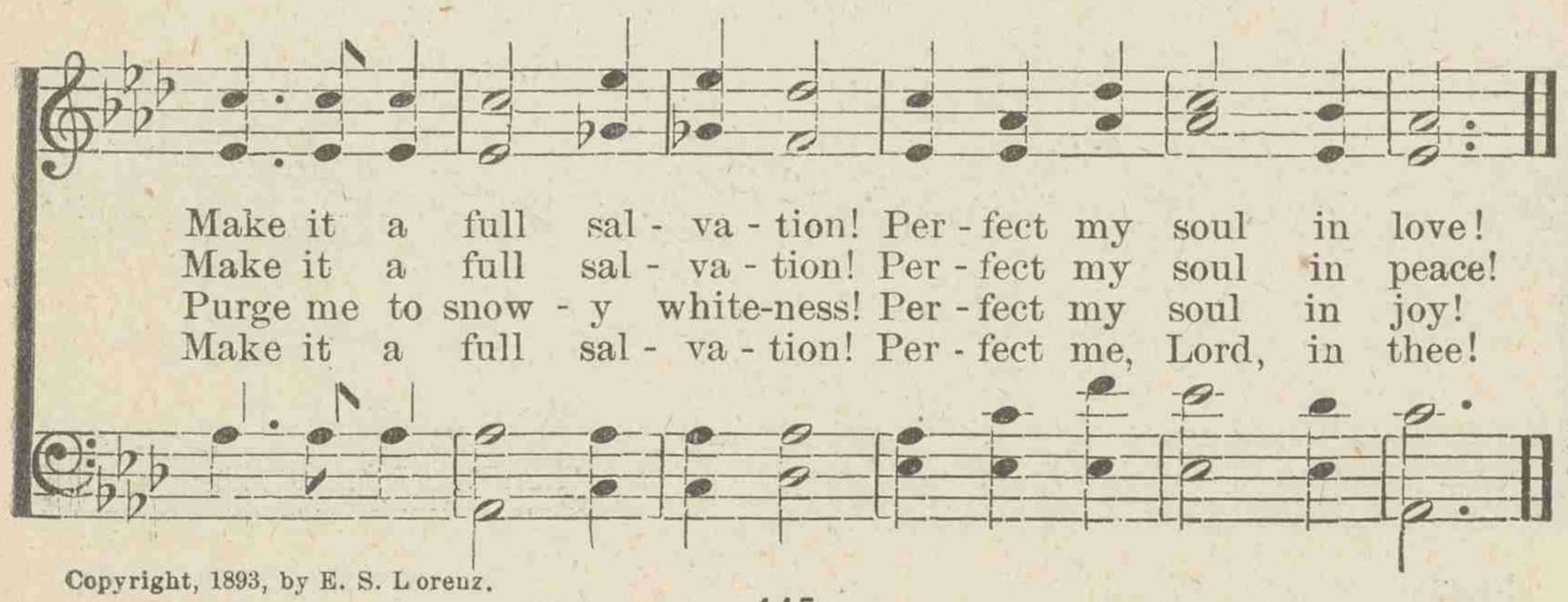




Gone is the blind - ing dark-ness, Gone is my soul's dis - may!
Spok- en thy words of mer - cy, Dry - ing a - way my tears!
Bless - ed, the Spir - it's wit - ness, Own - ing me as thy child!
Faith that will nev - er wav - er, Let me from Thee re - ceive!





Make it a full sal - va - tion! Let me thy full - ness prove!
Make it a full sal - va - tion! Grant a com- plete re - lease!
Make it a full sal - va - tion! Roots of my sin de - stroy!
All that thy word re - quir - eth, Let it be done in me!





Make it a full sal - va - tion! Per - fect my soul in love!
Make it a full sal - va - tion! Per - fect my soul in peace!
Purge me to snow - y white-ness! Per - fect my soul in joy!
Make it a full sal - va - tion! Per - fect me, Lord, in thee!

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142. LINGER NOT.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Lin - ger not, the Lord is call - ing, Sin-ner friend, will you o - bey?
2. Lin - ger not, the Lord is call - ing, Ye who id - ly wait-ing stand,
3. Lin - ger not, the Lord is call - ing, Go and cheer some stricken heart.
4. Lin - ger not, the Lord is call - ing, Go and tell the sto - ry sweet,
5. Lin - ger not, the Lord is call - ing, Go wher-ev - er he may lead,

Cross the line in - to his king-dom, Heed his pleading voice to-day.
In the Master's world-wide vineyard There is work for ev - 'ry hand.
In his name to grief-bound spir-its Christian hope and rest im-part.
Un - to souls in sin and dark-ness Je - sus' lov- ing call re- peat.
Seek- ing in his stead to light - en, Hu-man sor - row, sin and need.

CHORUS.

Lin - ger not, lin - ger not, heed the Mas-ter's call, Lin- ger not,
Lin - ger not, lin - ger not, there is work for all, Lin- ger not,
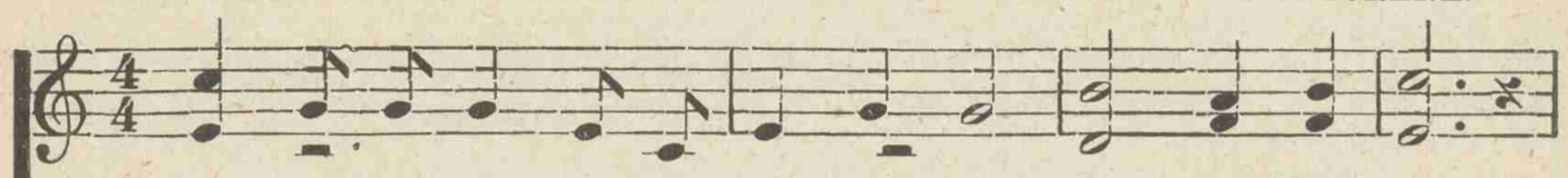
1 2

lin - ger not, heed the Mas-ter's call!
lin - ger not, (*Omit*. . . . .) There is work for all.

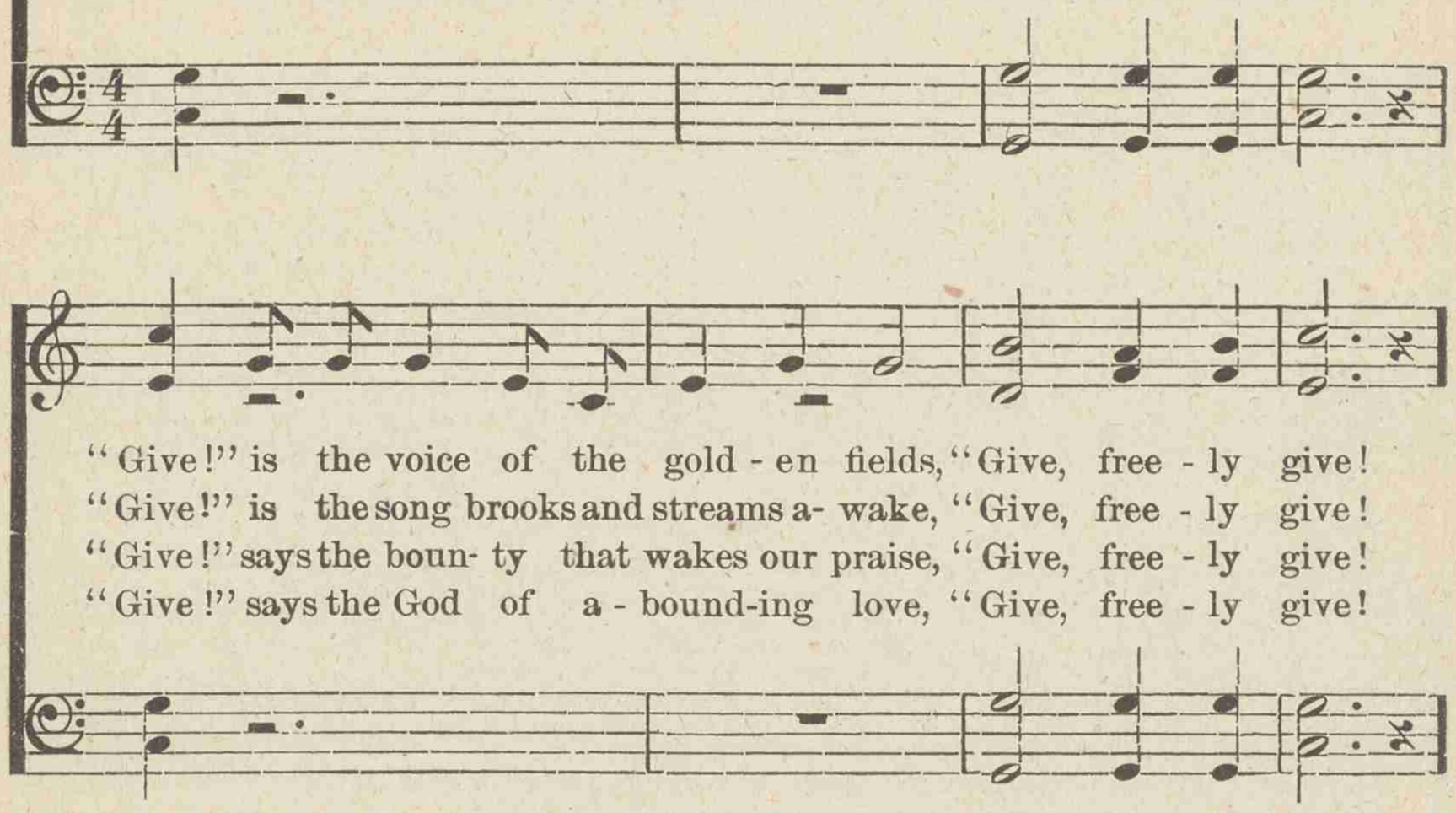
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143. GIVE, FREELY GIVE.
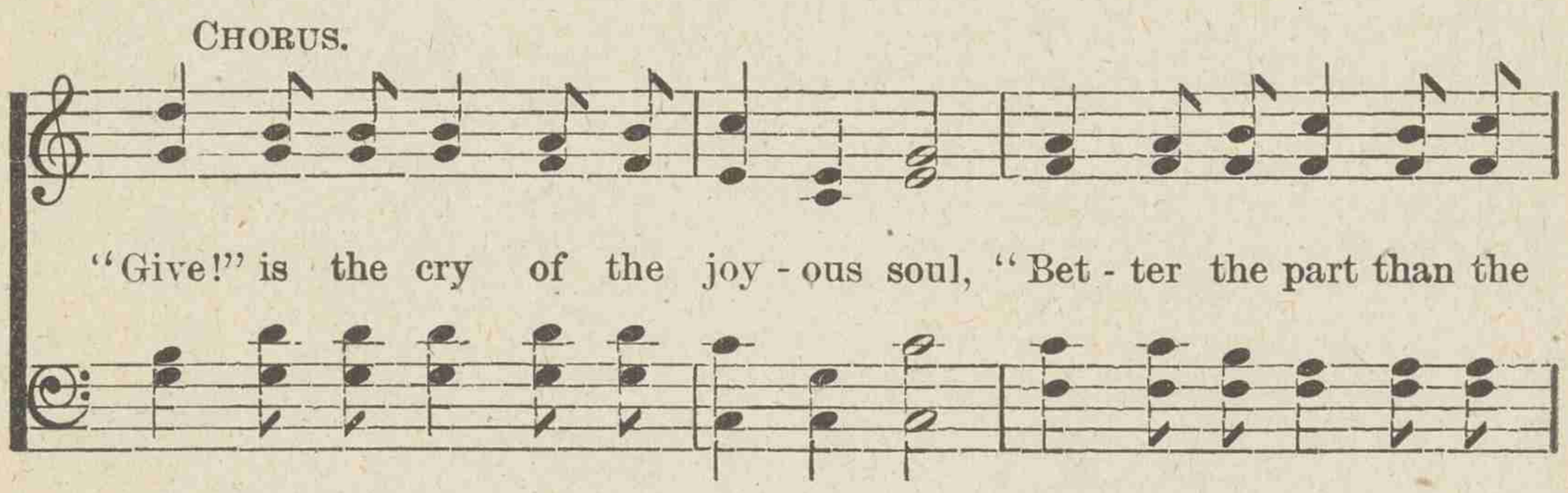
E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



1. "Give!" says the earth, as her fruit she yields, "Give, free - ly give!"
2. "Give!" say the clouds, as earth's thirst they slake, "Give, free - ly give!"
3. "Give!" is the les - son of har - vest days, "Give, free - ly give!"
4. "Give!" says the gift, oth - er gifts a - bove, "Give, free - ly give!"



"Give!" is the voice of the gold - en fields, "Give, free - ly give!
"Give!" is the song brooks and streams a- wake, "Give, free - ly give!
"Give!" says the boun- ty that wakes our praise, "Give, free - ly give!
"Give!" says the God of a - bound-ing love, "Give, free - ly give!



CHORUS.

"Give!" is the cry of the joy - ous soul, "Bet - ter the part than the

unshared whole!" "Give!" let the gen-er-ous cho-rus roll, "Give, free - ly give!"

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144. WE ARE READY.

EVA SMITH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We're a hap - py pilgrim band, Marching on to Can'an's land, To that bright ce - les - tial home so far a - way; We are sav'd from guilt and sin,
2. We are hap - py all the day, Since he wash'd our sins a-way, And we'll serve our Sav - iour tru - ly to the end; Then a crown of joy we'll wear,
3. O ye wand'rers, quickly come And go with us to that home; If you seek him he will save your soul from sin; Now for heav'n and glo - ry start,
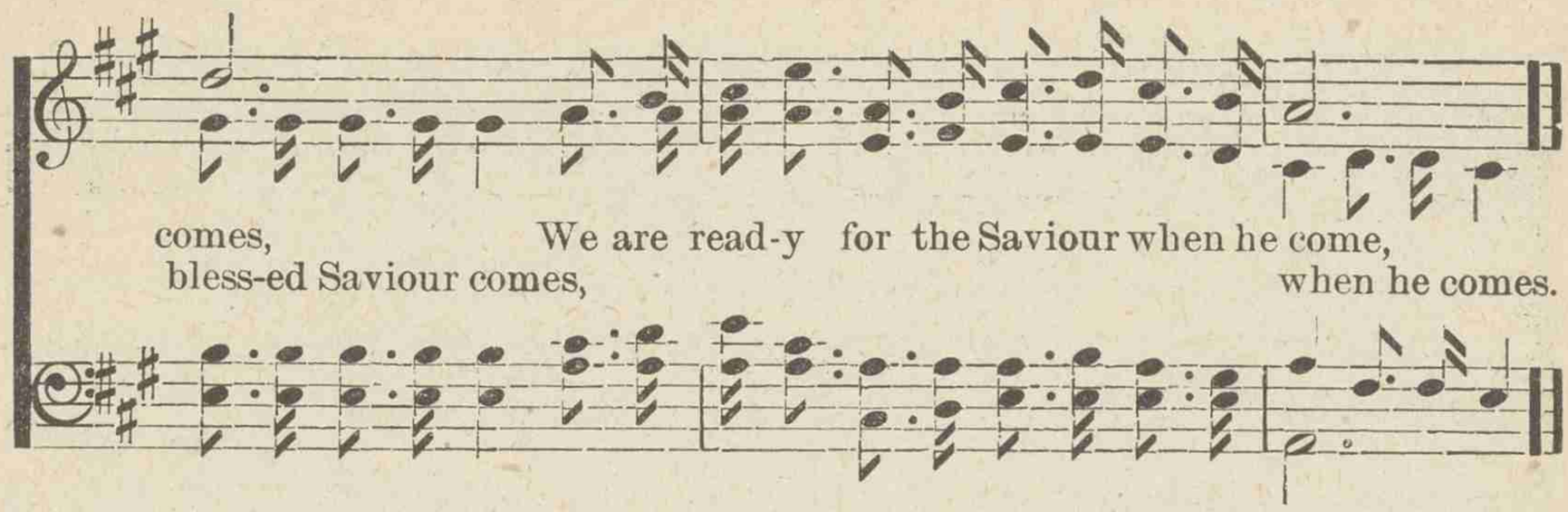
And his spir - it dwells within, And we're ready for the Saviour when he comes.
In that home so bright and fair; We are read - y for the Saviour when he comes.
From the paths of vice de-part, And be ready for the Saviour when he comes.

REFRAIN.

When he comes, when he comes, We are
When the bless - ed Sav - iour comes, when the blessed Sav-iour comes,

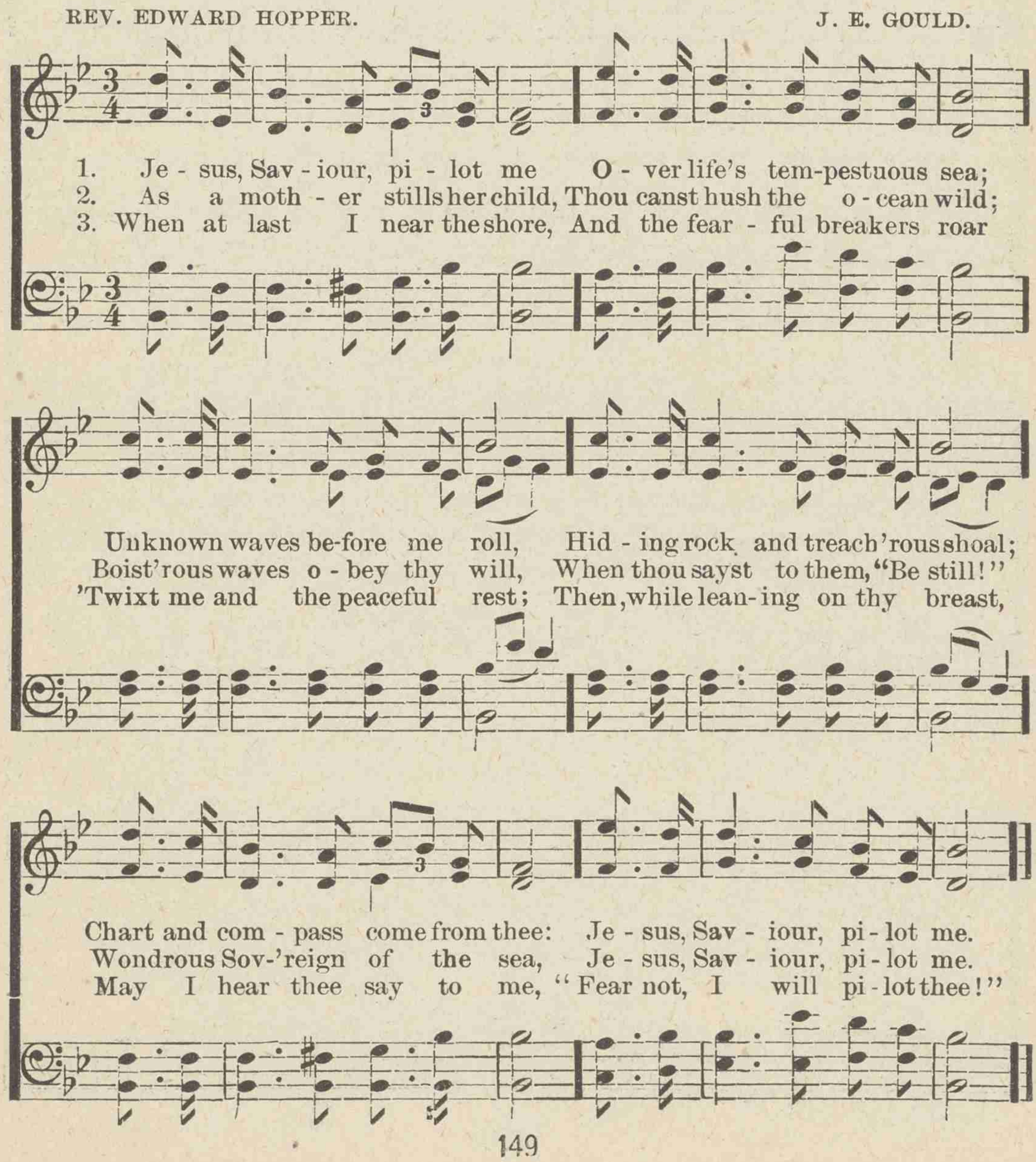
read-y for the Saviour when he comes; When he comes,
When the bless-ed Saviour comes, When the

WE ARE READY. Concluded.



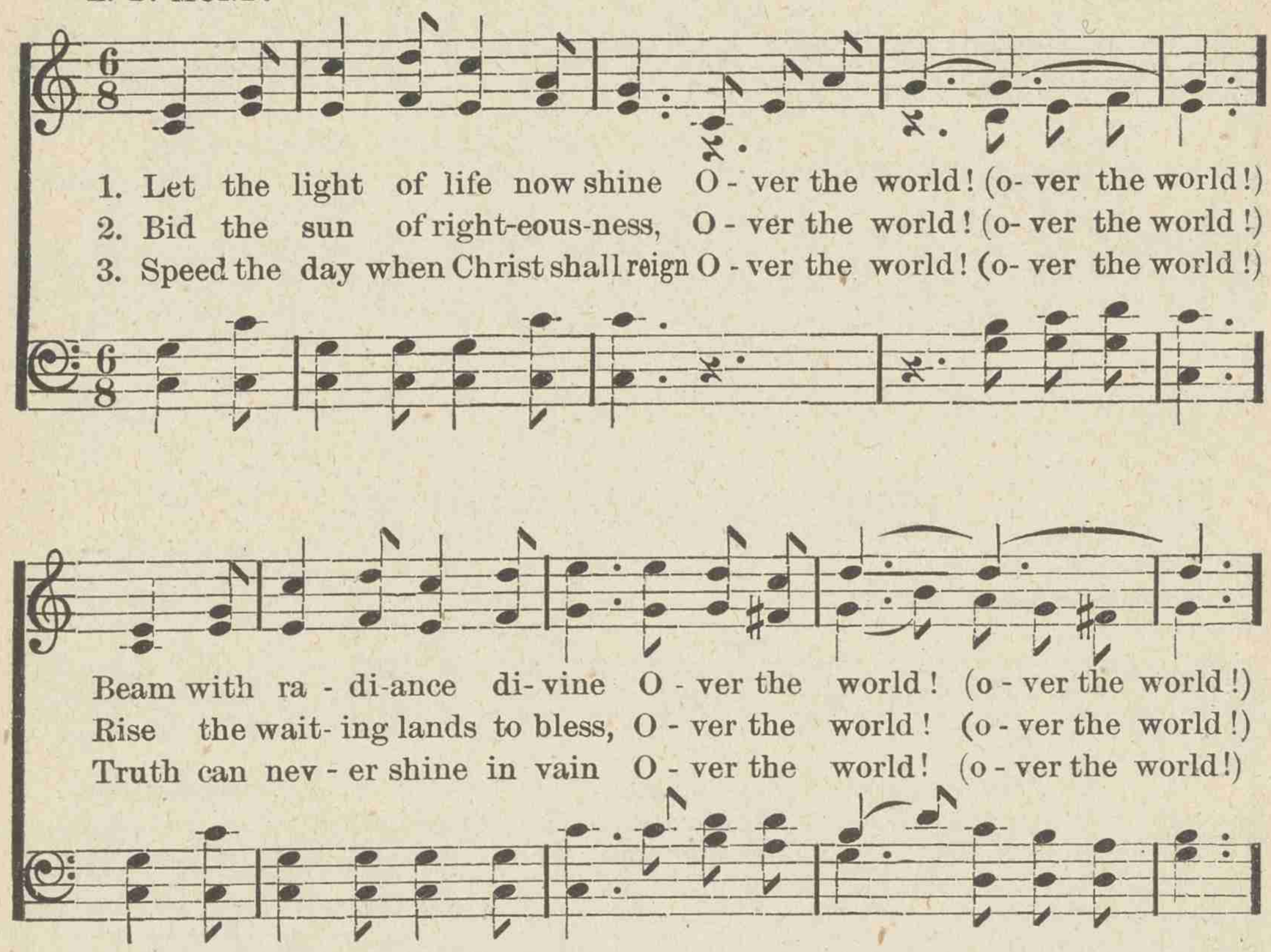
145. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



146. OVER THE WORLD.

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



By permission.

147. CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

F. W. H. REV. F. W. HOOVER.

1. Oft - en in our jour-ney here, We're oppressed by doubt and fear, And the
2. Earth-ly friends may come and go, Fail when storms of trial blow, But this
3. In your hour of deep-est grief, He will sure-ly send re-lief, He is

cares of life our faith would almost smother; But there's One who lives above,
love a-bides when dis-ap-pears all oth - er; He will nev-er leave his own,
far more ten-der than the fond-est moth-er; On - ly good doth he in-tend,

D. S.—*If you need a loy - al friend*

One whose ver - y name is "Love," He's the Friend that stick-eth
Kind-ness hath he ev - er shown, He's the Friend that stick-eth
Trust him, he will still de-fend, He's the Friend that stick-eth

Who'll be with you till the end, Christ's the friend that stick-eth

FINE. CHORUS.

clos - er than a broth - er.
clos - er than a broth - er.
clos - er than a broth - er.

O that Friend! Tru - est

O that Friend!

clos - er than a broth - er.

D. S.

Friend! Friend to those that walk his ways and seek none oth-er;
tru - est Friend!

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148. WHEN HE CALLS HIS CHILDREN HOME.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

1. How our hearts will throb with gladness, When no more we have to roam.
2. How the air will ring with prais-es, As the gold-en streets they tread.
3. Then the Lord will bid his chil-dren, En - ter ev - er-last - ing rest,

Oh, how bright will be the morn - ing, When he calls his chil-dren home.
What a boun - teous, roy - al ban - quet, For the ransom'd will be spread.
And they'll dwell with him for-ev - er, In his wondrous mansions blest.

REFRAIN.

When our wea - ry wand'ring's o - ver And no more the earth we roam,
When our wear-y wand'ring's over, And no more the earth we roam,

There will be a great re- joic - ing, When he calls his chil-dren home.
There will be a great rejoic-ing,

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149. SOW THE GOOD SEED.

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

1. Youth is the seed time, and life is the field;
2. Har - vests of e - vil will fol - low your tares,
3. Bless - ing and hon - or the sow - er a - wait,

Sow the good seed! sow the good seed! What we are sow - ing its
Sow the good seed! sow the good seed! Shame and dis- grace e - vil
Sow - ing good seed! sow - ing good seed! Sheaves of re - joic - ing he'll

har - vest will yield; Sow the good seed! sow the good seed!
seed ev - er bears; Sow the good seed! sow the good seed!
bring to heav'n's gate; Sow - ing good seed! sow - ing good seed!

CHORUS.

Har - vest days will come at last, Days of weep - ing soon be past;

At His feet our sheaves we'll cast, Grown from good seed! grown from good seed!

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150. IN THE GLAD NEW TIME.

REV. GEO. MATHESON, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There are com-ing chang - es great In the glad new time, It is worth our while to wait For the glad new time; Mountain fears shall prostrate lie,
2. We shall lift op - pres-sion's load In the glad new time, We shall bear the cross of God In the glad new time; We shall seek the valleys deep
3. There shall be a might-y love In the glad new time, It shall come from heights above In the glad new time; It shall stoop with Christ below
4. There shall be a joy in heav'n In the glad new time, For God's rest-ing shall be giv'n In the glad new time; For his Sabbath shall be found,

Vales of hope be lift - ed high, Trembling earth embrace the sky,
Where the wear - y strive or sleep, And con - vey them up the steep,
To the path where sin-ners go, And shall gird them with the glow
When the skies have touch'd the ground, And the val - leys shall re-sound
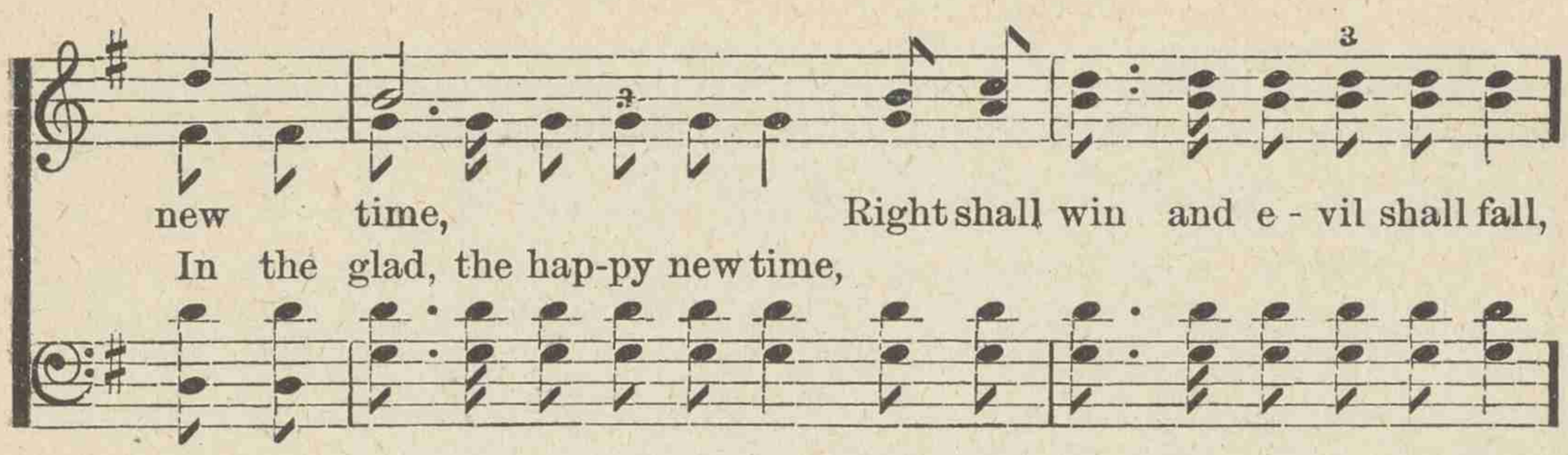
CHORUS.
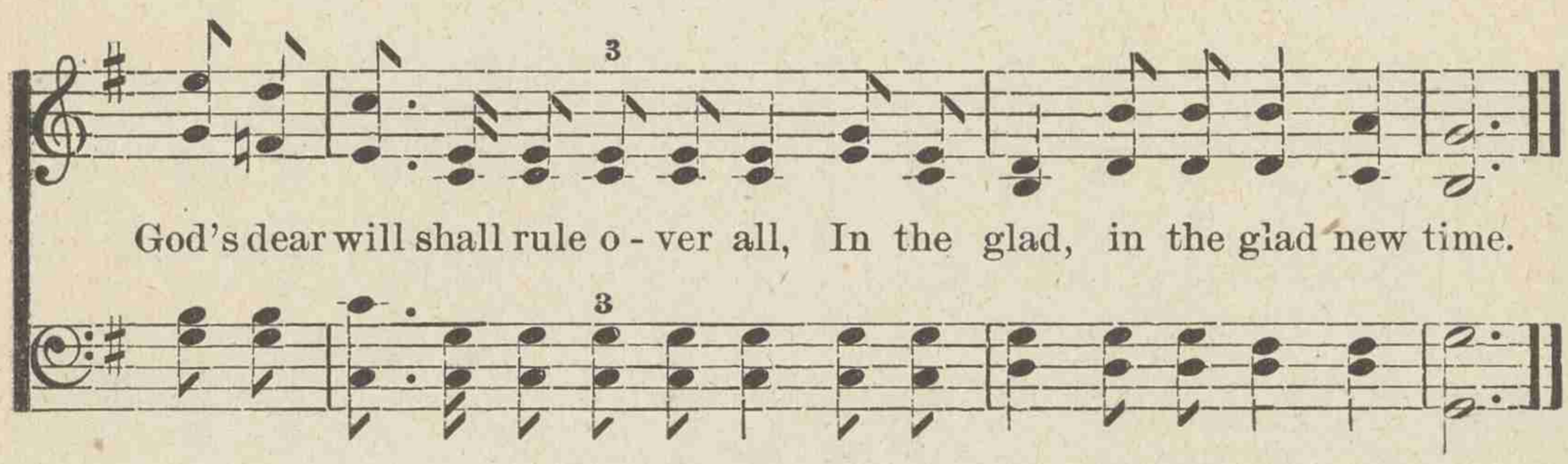
In the glad new time. In the glad . . . . . .
To the glad new time.
Of the glad new time.
With the glad new time. In the glad, the hap - py new time,

new time, In the glad,
In the glad, the hap-py new time, The happy new time,

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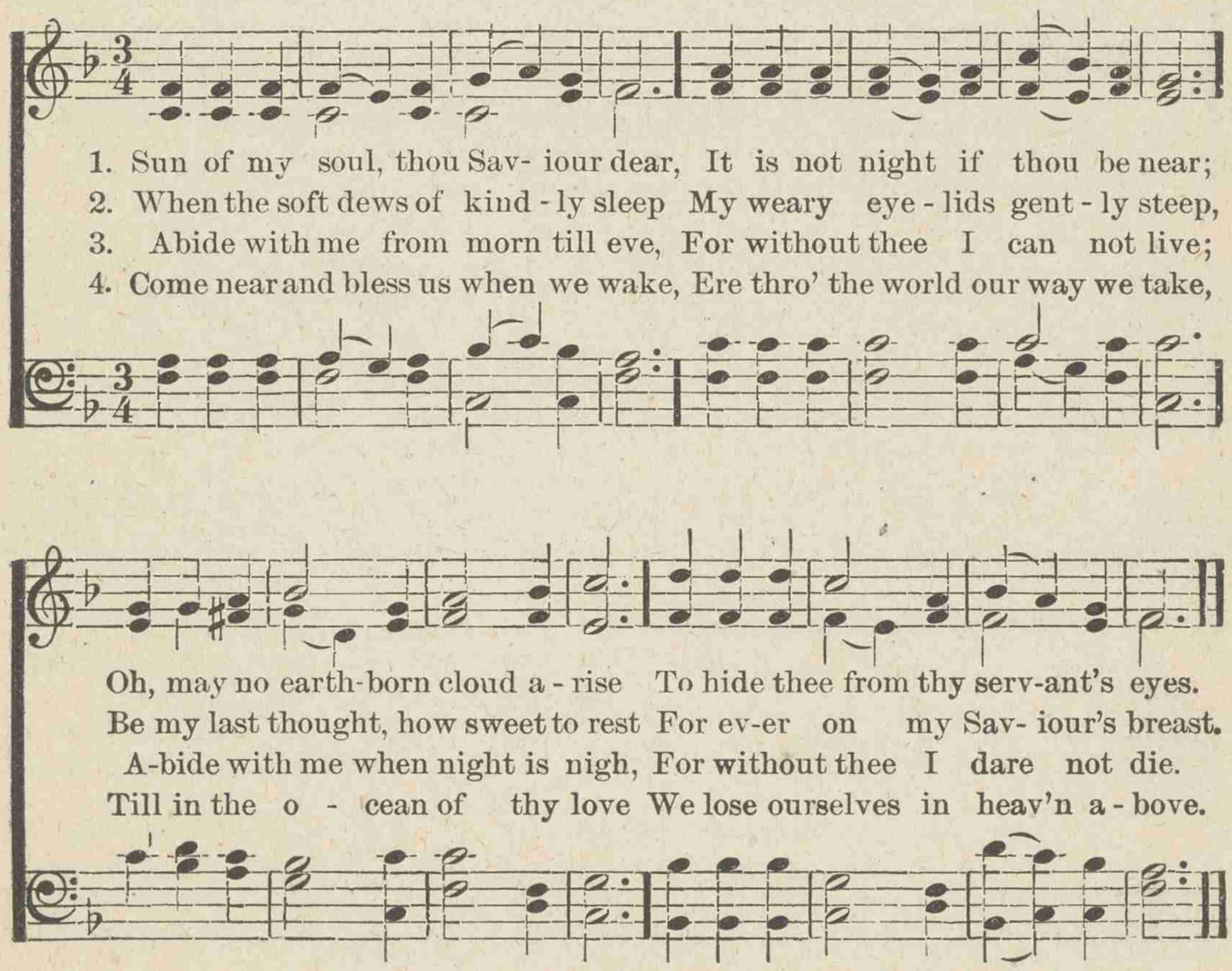
IN THE GLAD NEW TIME. Concluded.





151. SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE. RITTER.



152. # TARRY WITH US.

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

1. Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, For the ev'n - ing shad-ows fall;
2. Tar - ry with us, lov - ing Mas - ter, Till the morn - ing light ap - pears,
3. Here our hearts are press'd with sadness For our kin - dred gone be - fore,

And the day is fast re - ced - ing, Darkness gath - ers like a pall;
For we're pilgrims sad and lone- ly, Let thy pres-ence calm our fears;
Friends who now are watching for us, Wait - ing on the oth - er shore.

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Sav - iour, For we're in a des - ert drear;
Tar - ry with us for we're pilgrims, Camping on a des - ert plain;
When we gath - er in the morn-ing, Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest,

See the day of life is pass- ing, And the night of death is near.
All is lone - li - ness with-out thee, Gra-cious Mas - ter here re- main.
Shall we meet no more to sev - er, Be with Christ for - ev - er blest?

CHORUS.

Tar - ry with . . . . . us, bless - ed Je - - - - sus,

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry with us thro' the night;

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

TARRY WITH US. Concluded.

Tar - ry till . . . . . the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, tar - ry till the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with . . . . . us thro' the dark - - - - ness,
Tar - ry with us thro' the dark-ness, tar - ry till the morn-ing light,
Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, all the night (all the night).

153. COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

ISAAC WATTS. ADAPTED BY R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,—
2. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all thy quick'ning powers,—

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great.
Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

154. # HARVEST PRAISE.

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

1. Wake the voice of gladness, praise the Lord to - day! Praise his ho - ly name!
2. Earth is filled with plenty by his ten- der care, Praise his ho - ly name!
3. All the earth is smiling, brings its si- lent praise, Praise his ho - ly name!

praise his ho-ly name! Filled with joy of har- vest, all his grace dis - play,
praise his ho-ly name! None need want or hun-ger, all his bless-ings share,
praise his ho-ly name! As you view his boun-ty, add your joy- ful lays,

CHORUS.

Spread abroad his wondrous fame.
Praise ye him with hearts a-flame.
All his tender care pro-claim!
} To the Lord of Harvest bring sincerest praises;

Ev'ry heart re-joic - ing as its song it rais-es! Crowned with love and mercy,

with un-bounded grac-es, Praise the Lord of harvest, praise his ho - ly name!

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155. JESUS IS MY JOY AND SONG.

Words arr. D. E. DORTCH.

1. On sin's dark mountain I had wandered far a - way; Blackness of dark- ness Hid from me the light of day; My sins were heav - y
2. Oft-times I've listened To the sto - ry o'er and o'er; Heard Je-sus knock-ing, But I o - pened not the door; My sins were heav - y
3. Now I am hap-py For I feel the cleansing pow'r; On Je-sus lean- ing, Jour-ney with him hour by hour; My sins were heav - y
4. Come now to Je- sus, He will cleanse your soul from sin; Oh hear him knock-ing, Let the bless- ed Sav-iour in; Your sins are heav - y

and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je-sus trusting and I
and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je-sus trusting and I
and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je-sus trusting and I
and your burdens hard to bear; If you come to Je-sus trusting you can

D. S.—*I will go with him some day to dwell with*

D.S.

FINE. CHORUS.

left them there.
left them there.
left them there.
leave them there.

Je-sus, dear Je-sus, Je-sus is my joy and song;

that bright throng.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

156. BY NO OTHER NAME.

W. HALPIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Come to Je - sus, dear sin - ner, He is wait-ing to save; He will wash you and cleanse you, In his blood's crimson wave; All the dark past will
2. Come to Je - sus, dear sin - ner, And for-sake all your sin; Peace and com - fort he'll give you, If you let him come in; Tho' your sins be like
3. Come to Je - sus, dear sin - ner, Stand no lon-ger in doubt; Who-so- ev - er comes to him, He'll in no wise cast out; You may bring him your
4. Come to Je - sus, dear sin - ner, While 'tis yet called to-day; For the mo-ments are pass-ing, Swift-ly pass-ing a-way; If the last chance is

van-ish, With its sin and its shame,
mountains, He can save you the same,
bur-den, That has brought you such blame,
slight-ed, O the an-guish and shame,
} And sal-va-tion is giv - en, By

REFRAIN.

no oth - er name, By no oth - er name, By no oth - er name,
Our sal - va - tion is giv - en By no oth - er name.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

157. IN HIS NAME WE GO FORTH.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Boldly.

1. In the name of Je - sus go we forth To wage a war with sin;
2. In the name of Je - sus go we forth His ban- ner to up-hold;
3. In the name of Je - sus go we forth A faith- ful hap- py throng,

By the pow'r and might of him we serve We shall the bat - tle win.
We are bat-tling for the cause of right And in that cause are bold.
In the cit - y of our Lord we'll join The grand tri-umph-ant song.

CHORUS.

In his name go we forth To
In his name go we forth
meet the might - y foe, March-ing close a - round the
might-y foe;
ban- ner of the cross, On to vic - to - ry we go.

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158. THE KING WE OWN.

W. F. McC. W. F. McCAULEY.

1. On-ward is our war cry! Pass the word a-long, Bear our ban-ner
2. Press we on to con-quer, Not with human might, Clad in God's own
3. Soon the con-flict end-ed, More than conq'rors we, Glo-ry, praise, and

brave - ly, Lift the vic - tor's song; Ma - ny mon-archs proud-ly
ar - mor, Sword of Spir - it bright. Cour-age! do not fal - ter,
hon - or To our Sav-iour be! Then we'll shout ho - san - na,

Claim our be-ing's throne—Jesus, King of glo - ry, is the King we own.
For his word hath shown We shall have the power of the King we own!
And up - on his throne Reign in joy for-ev-er with the King we own!
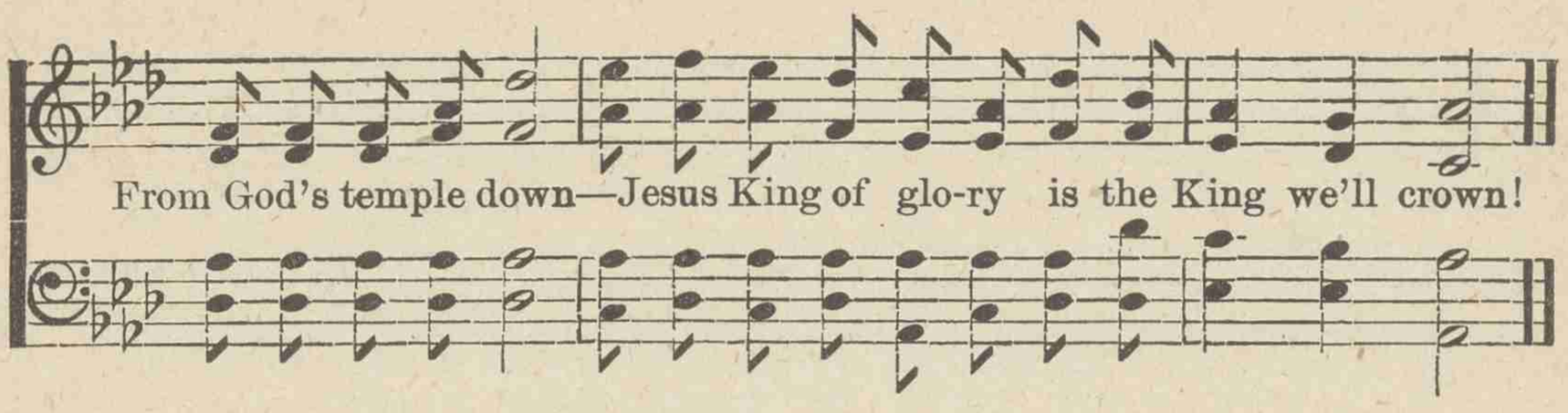
CHORUS.

On-ward to the con - flict! Forward to the prize! Up-ward to the

glo - ry shin - ing in the skies! Tear each i - dol rul - er

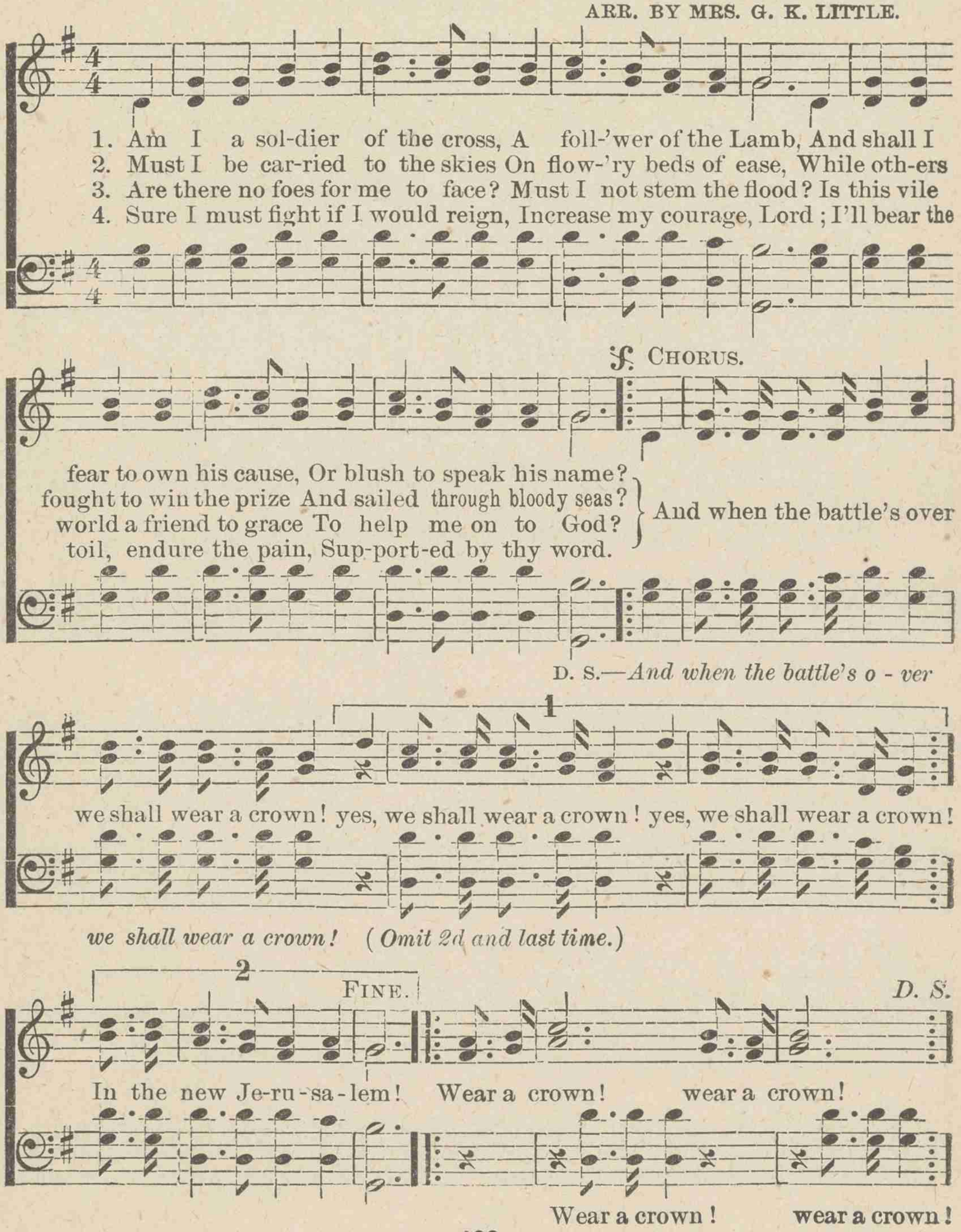
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THE KING WE OWN. Concluded.
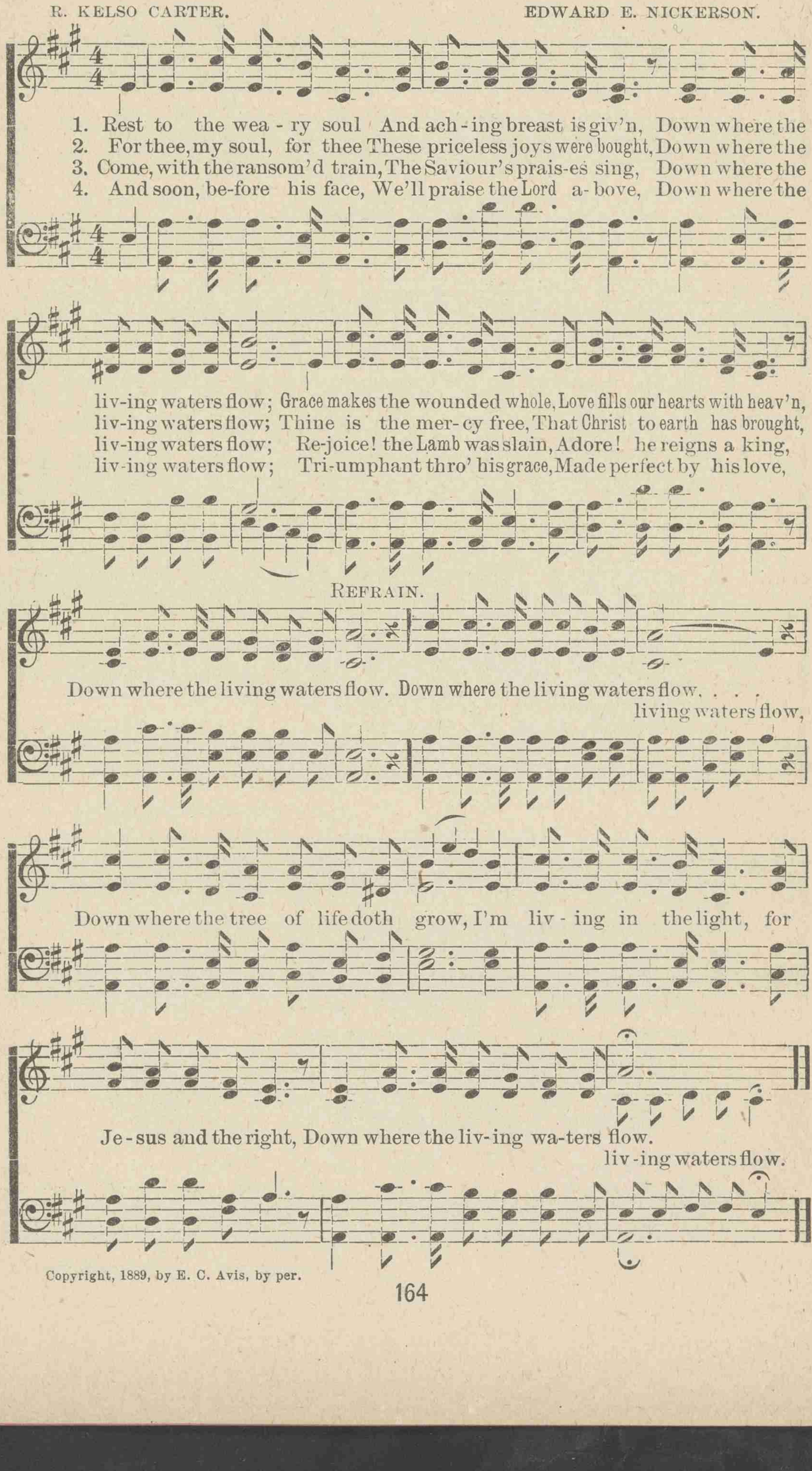


159. BATTLE HYMN.

ARR. BY MRS. G. K. LITTLE.



160. WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW.

R. KELSO CARTER. EDWARD E. NICKERSON.



Copyright, 1889, by E. C. Avis, by per.

161. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

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

1. When I walk'd with my Lord in the sun-shine, His com-panion-ship was sweet;
2. When I stood on the mount in the sun-shine, Felt I strong to walk a - lone;
3. When I walk'd with my Lord in the sunshine, With my love was mingled pride;
4. Oh, how precious the walk in the dark-ness! Oh how dear the hours of pain!

Then I wandered with him in the shad - ow, And my joy was made complete.
Then I groped in the gloom of the val - ley, And my helplessness was shown.
When the dark shadows fell I was hum-bled, And my love was pu - ri - fied.
When the Sav-iour is walk-ing be-side me, Mak-ing loss suprem-est gain.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry-where, dark or fair, Where my Sav-iour leads me will I
glad - ly go; Up on the mount-ain, down in the val - ley,
Ev - 'ry step he leads me rich - er grace doth show.

Copyright, 1889, by E. S. Lorenz.

162. # SAILOR ON THE OCEAN.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sail - or, on the o - cean sail - ing, sail - ing, See the bea- con light a - far; Bless- ed ones thy craft are hail - ing, hail - ing,
2. Pil - grim, on the high - way go - ing, go - ing, On thy jour-ney here be - low, There's a per- fect 'Guide' e'er show- ing, show-ing
3. Shepherd, who thy flock art guid-ing, guid- ing, Lead them in - to pas- tures fair; By the bless- ed 'Rock' be hid - ing, hid - ing,

REFRAIN.

Yon-der from the har- bor bar. Sail - or, sail - or on life's o - cean,
Thee the way that thou should 'st go. Pil- grim, pil-grim on life's jour-ney,
Where the cooling wa- ters are. Shepherd, shepherd gent - ly guid - ing,

Look to the 'Light' that's shin- ing clear; In the way of beau- ty,
Look to the 'Guide' he's ev - er near; In the way of beau- ty,
Look to the 'Rock,' it stand- eth near; In the way of beau- ty,

In the path of du - ty, Go thou and nev - er fear.

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163. BOLDLY STAND FOR CHRIST.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Bold-ly stand for Christ in the battle's strife, Let your courage e'er be shown;
2. Bold-ly stand for Christ whatso-e'er be- fall, All your pilgrim journey through;
3. Bold-ly stand for Christ till the bat-tle's o'er, Till the vic- to - ry is won;

Raise his standard high ov - er all the earth, Bold-ly stand for Christ a- lone.
Strive to en- ter in - to the promised rest, To the rest prepared for you.
Then how sweet the words of the Lord will be When he says to thee "Well done!"

CHORUS.

Bold- ly stand . . . . . for Christ a - lone, Who is
Bold - ly stand stand for Christ a- lone,

faith - - ful to his own; Raise his
Who is faith-ful faith - ful to his own;

standard high ov - er all the earth, Boldly stand for Christ a - lone.

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164. # THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

(May be used as a solo.)

Words and Melody by
J. K. ALWOOD.

Arranged by
J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

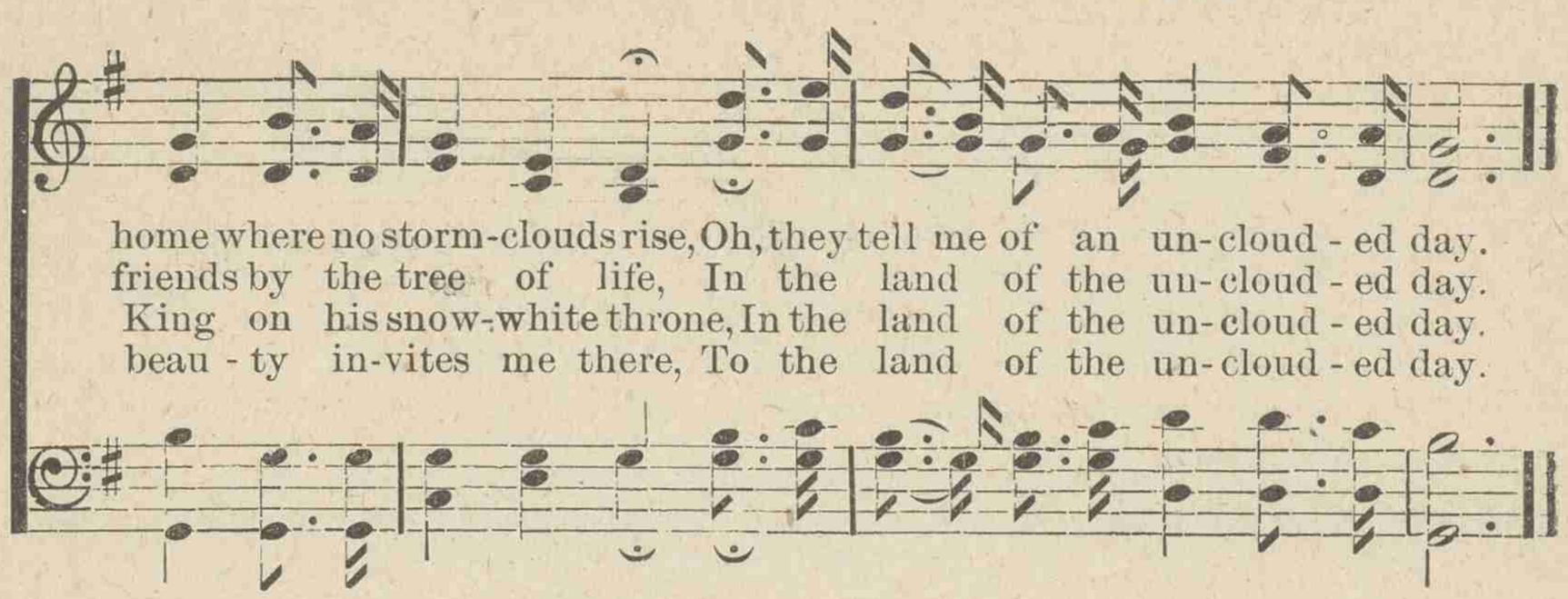
1. Oh, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a home far a - way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom,
3. Oh,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

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

Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a day,
Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my home,
Oh, that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the King in his
Oh, the smiles of his love-beaming eye; Oh, the King in his
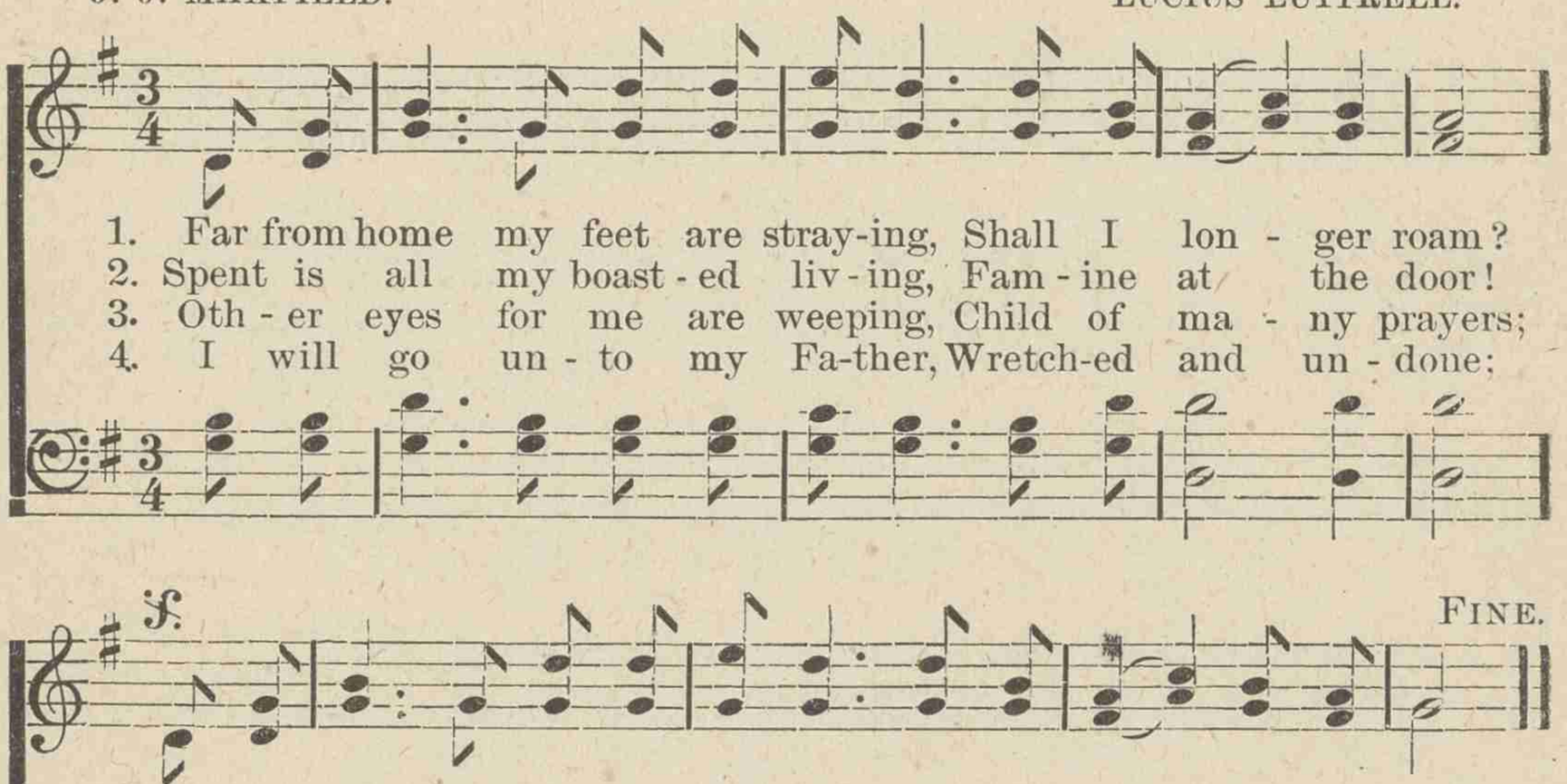
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THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.
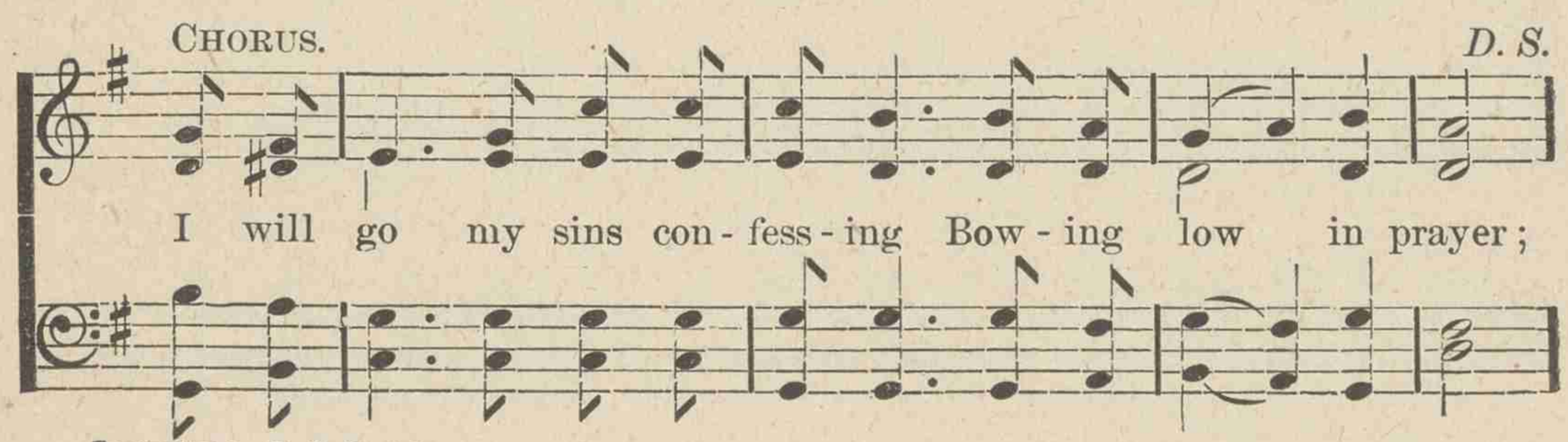


165. THE PRODIGAL SON.

J. J. MAXFIELD. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



D. S.—*I may find a Fa-ther's bless-ing Wait-ing there, wait-ing there.*



166. **LET ME REST.**

DR. H. BONAR. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, ... When I
2. On the parch'd and des - ert way where I tread . . . . . With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see . . . . . That the

let me rest,

feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast; All in
scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me; That the

thrill my breast;

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, ...
find a wel - come shade cool and still, ...
burn- ing heats are past and the day . . . . . .

while I hide,

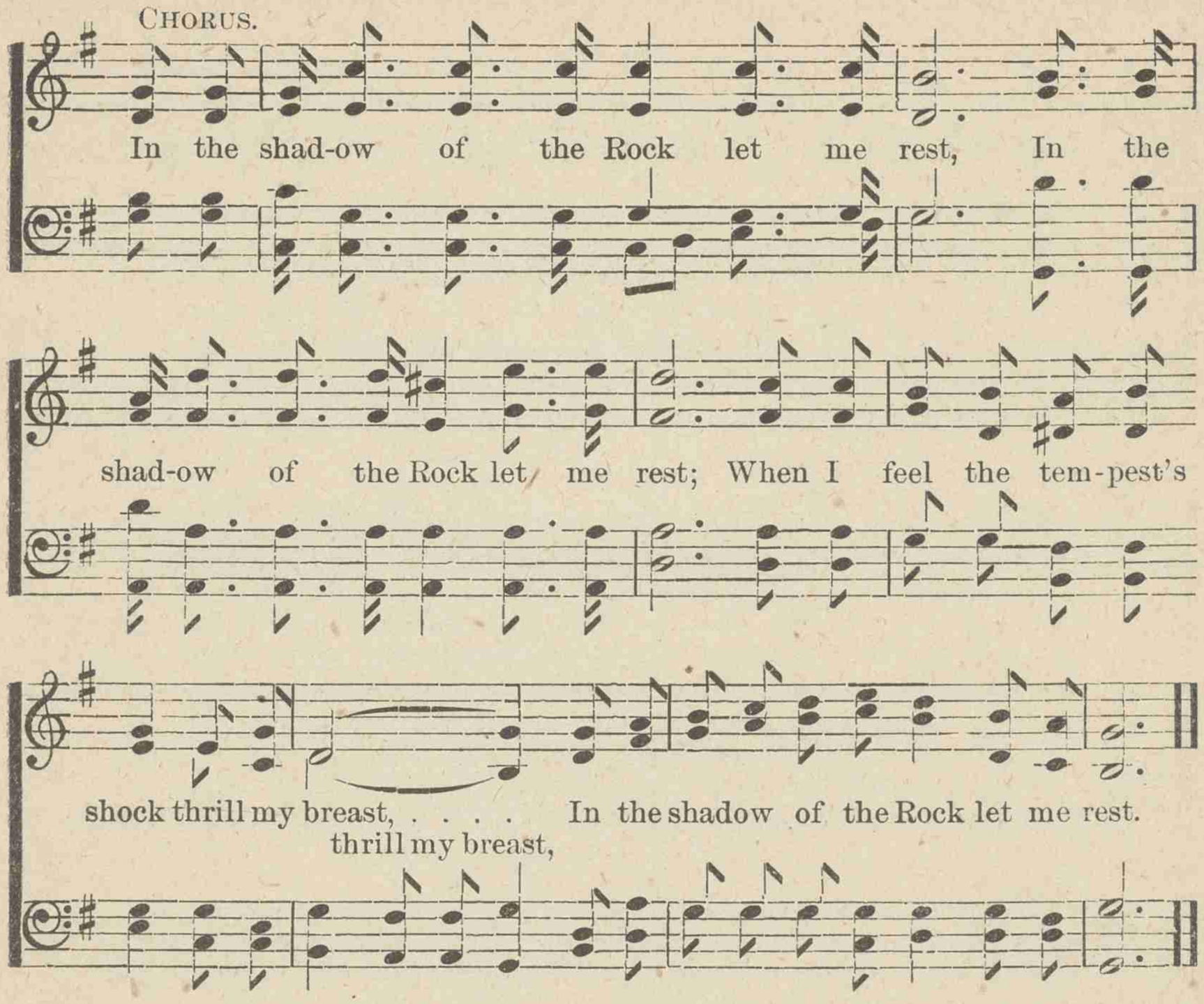
And my tran- quil vig - il keep by thy side.
And my wea - ry steps be stayed by thy will.
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.

by thy side,

By permission.

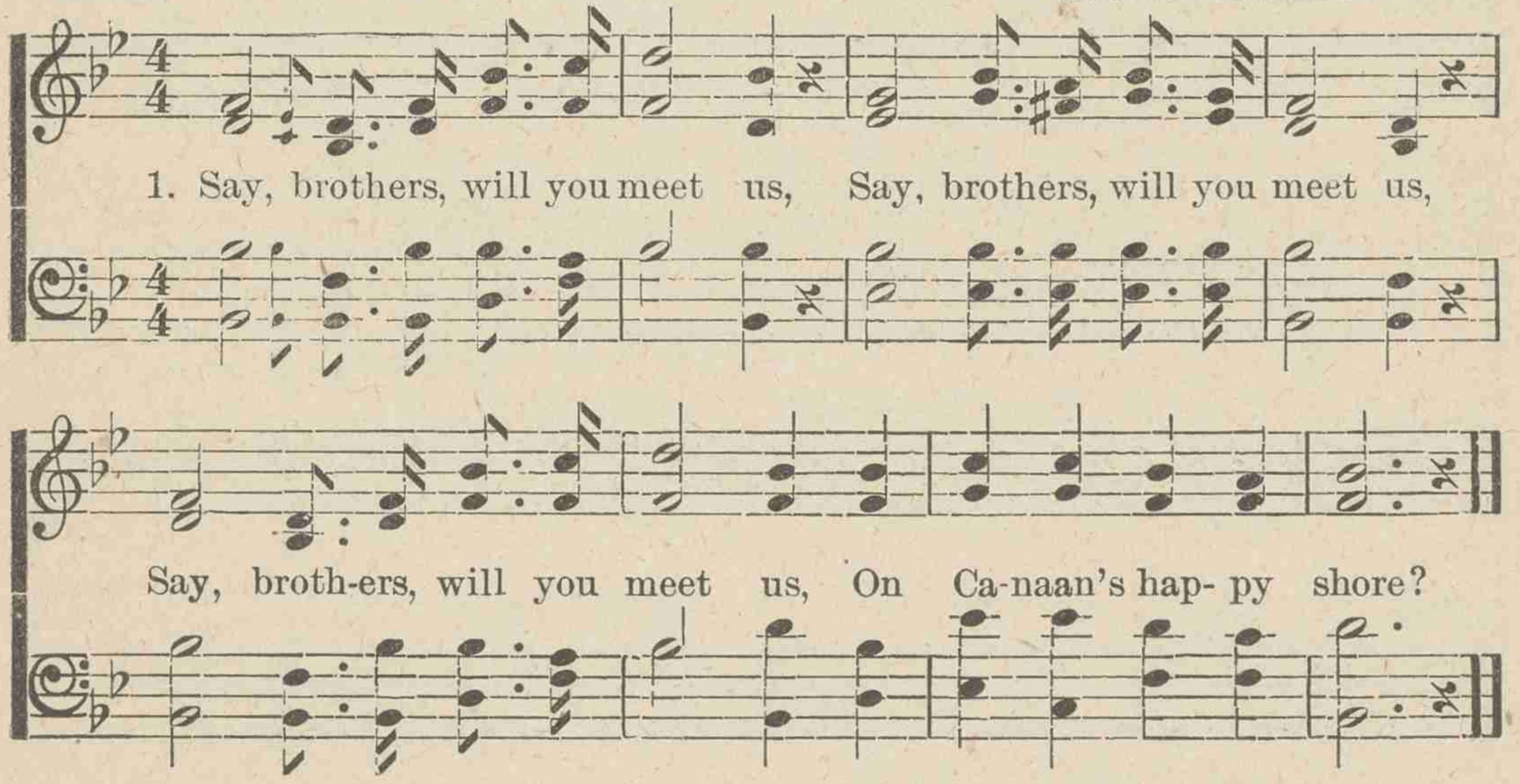
LET ME REST. Concluded.

CHORUS.



167. WILL YOU MEET US?

ANON. AMERICAN MELODY.



2 Say, sisters, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?

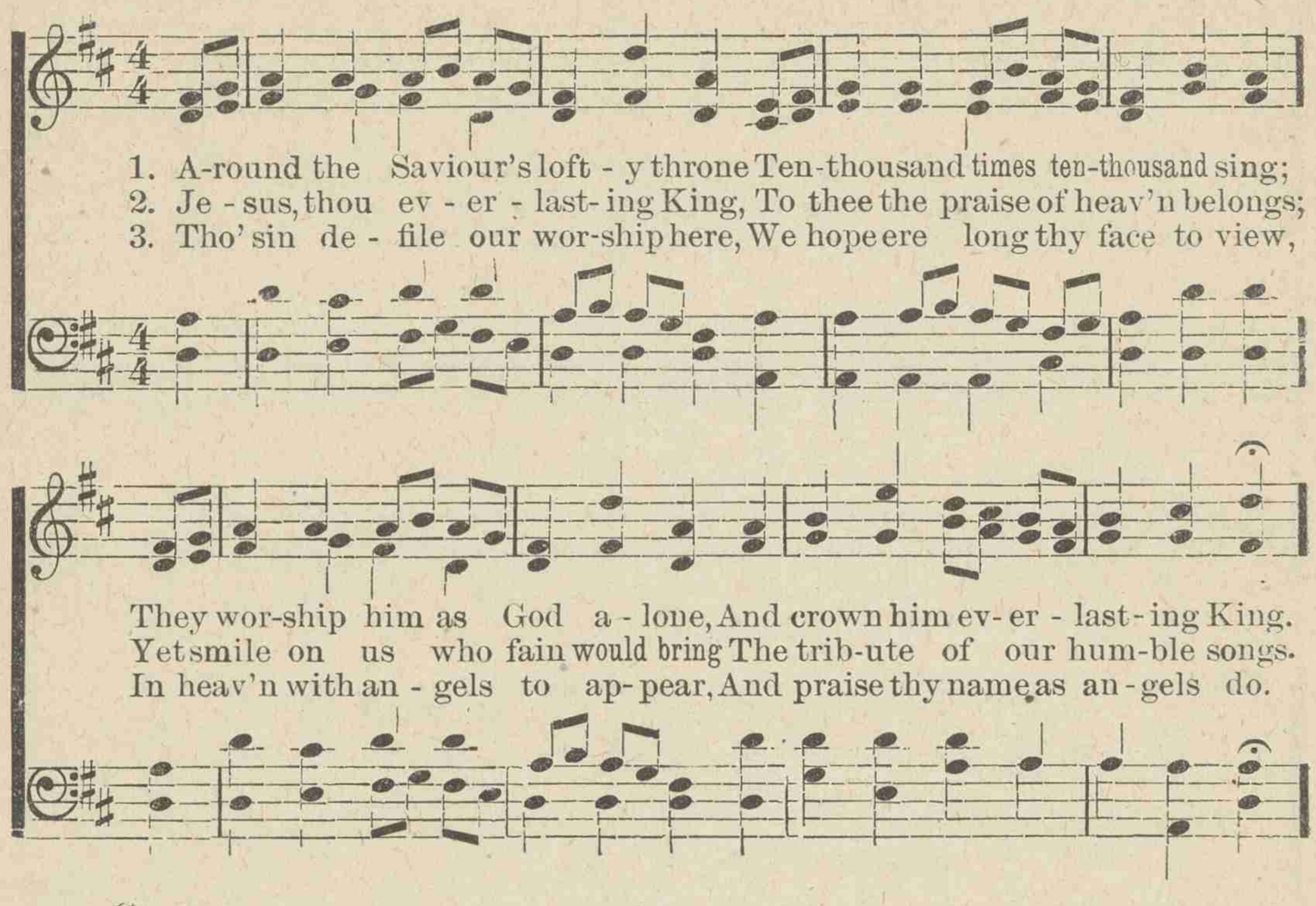
3 By the grace of God I'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 That will be a happy meeting
On Canaan's happy shore.

5 Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore.

168. AROUND THE SAVIOUR'S LOFTY THRONE.

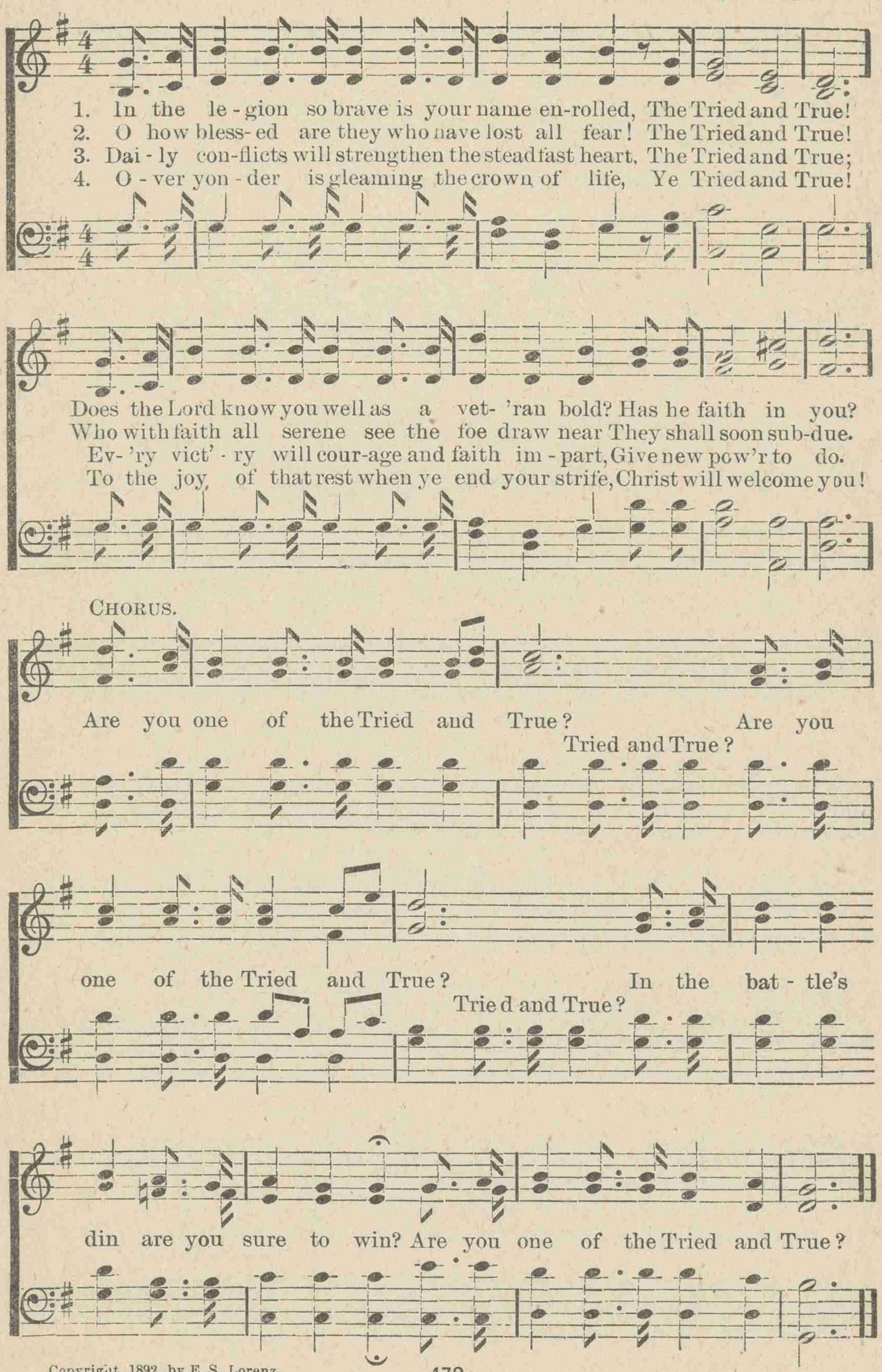
THOMAS KELLY. J. H. RUEBUSH.



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169. THE TRIED AND TRUE.

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



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170. MY HEAVENLY HOME.

Respectfully inscribed to Hon. M. B. Templeton, of Waxahachie, Texas.

REV. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a land where 'tis morn-ing for - ev - er, There no
2. There the riv - er of life, ev - er flow - ing, Keeps the
3. O how sweet when our war - fare is o - ver, And we
4. Sweet-er still it will be with our Sav - iour In that

clouds ev - er dark-en the sky; Those who meet in that land naught can
hills and the vales bright and fair; And the Sav - iour, his pres - ence be -
pass from the scene of earth's strife, It will be in that land to dis -
land of his glo - ry to meet, To re - joice in the light of his

sev - er, There true friend-ship and love nev - er die.
stow-ing, Fills with bliss ev - 'ry heart that is there.
cov - er Hearts we know to be true in this life.
fa - vor, With the glo - ri - fied saints at his feet.

CHORUS.

O that land is my home,

O that land, that beau-ti-ful land, is my home, my peaceful home! Oft in

MY HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.

And I think, as I

dreams I its beau-ties be-hold, And I think, I ten-der-ly think, as I

roam,

roam, I onward roam, Of the glo-ries that can not be told.

171. TRUSTING IN THEE.

W. F. McC. W. F. McCAULEY.

1. Sav-iour, I long to come, Yet fear to fall; Weak-ness a-lone am I,
2. Could I the vict-'ry win, If I should try? Ma-ny the vows I've made,
3. Wea-ry at heart I sink, Trust self no more: Je-sus, my all I yield,

REFRAIN.

Sins dark en-thrall. 1.
Brok-en they lie. 2.
Thy grace im-plore. 3.
} Yet I will trust in thee, Thou Lamb of
Now I will trust in thee, Thou Lamb of

Cal-va-ry; Thy blood can set me free, Trust-ing in thee.
Cal-va-ry; Thy blood will set me free, Trust-ing in thee.

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172. RING, YE SWEET BELLS.

J. M. DUDLEY. SAM'L MITCHELL.

1. Glad - ly we hail the sweet mu - sic of bells; They are
2. Hush ye the clan - gor and tur - moil of life, Bid the
3. Ring, ye sweet bells, the e - van - gel di - vine; Fill the

ring-ing and peal - ing o - ver the land; Gent - ly the sound to de -
wea - ry re-joice,—to - day they may rest; Calm-ing life's fe - ver, sub-
earth with your mu - sic, soothe it with peace; Hearts that were bro-ken no

vo - tion com - pels, And in pres-ence di - vine we stand.
du - ing its strife, Her - ald wide - ly the Lord's day blest.
more may re - pine,—Now their sor - row and pain must cease.

CHORUS.

{ Ring, ye sweet bells! . . . Hail the day of the Lord! . . . . . .
{ In-to our hearts . . . Ring the blessing of peace! . . . . . .

ring, ye sweet bells! hail the day of the Lord!
in-to our hearts ring the blessing of peace!
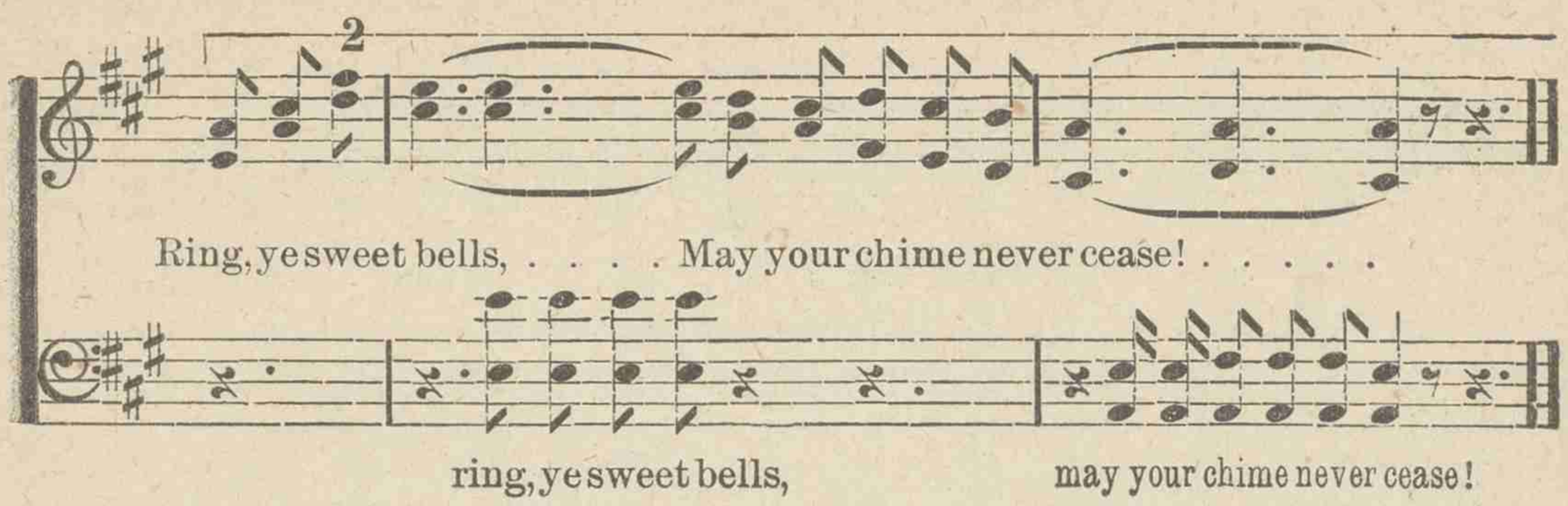
1

Ring, ye sweet bells! . . . . Join in grandest ac - cord! . . . . . .

ring, ye sweet bells! join in grandest accord!

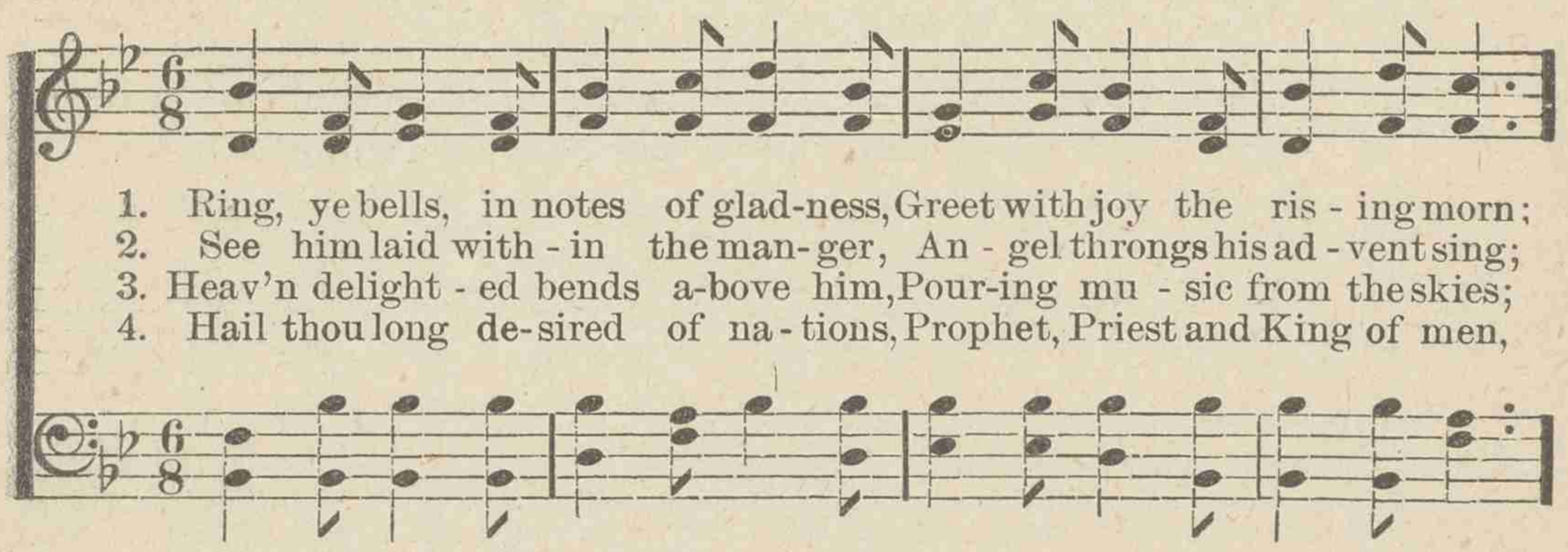
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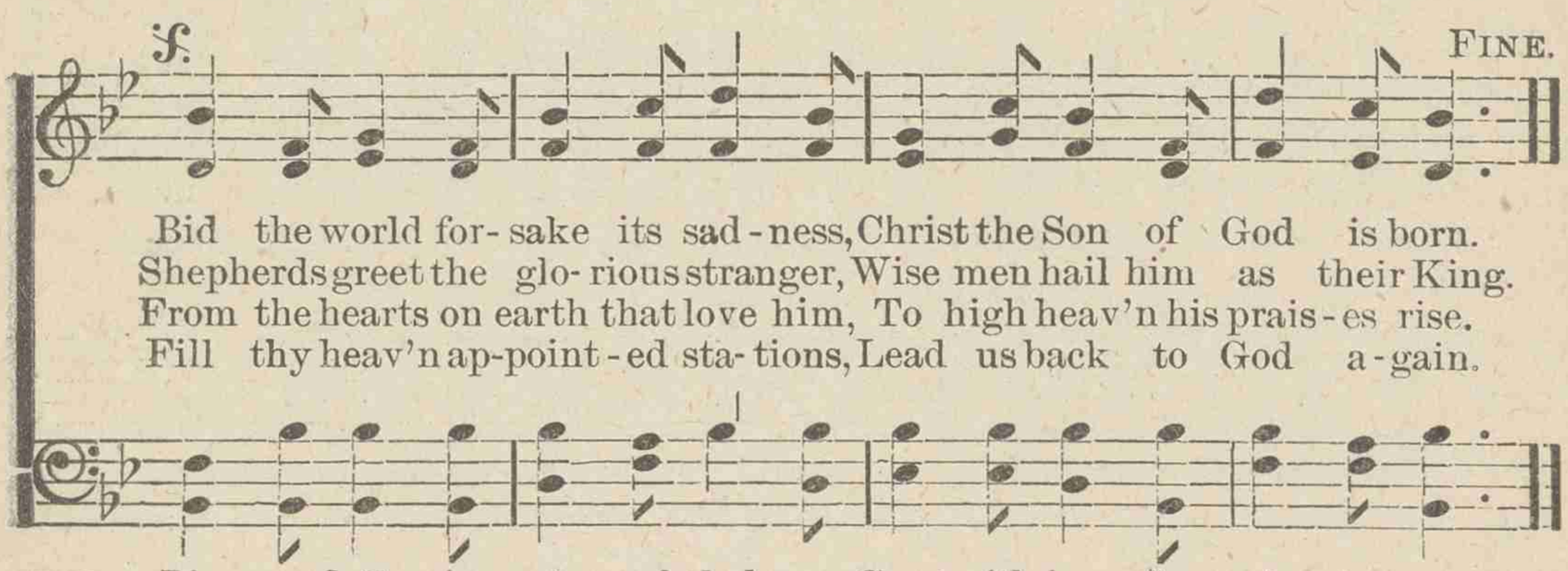
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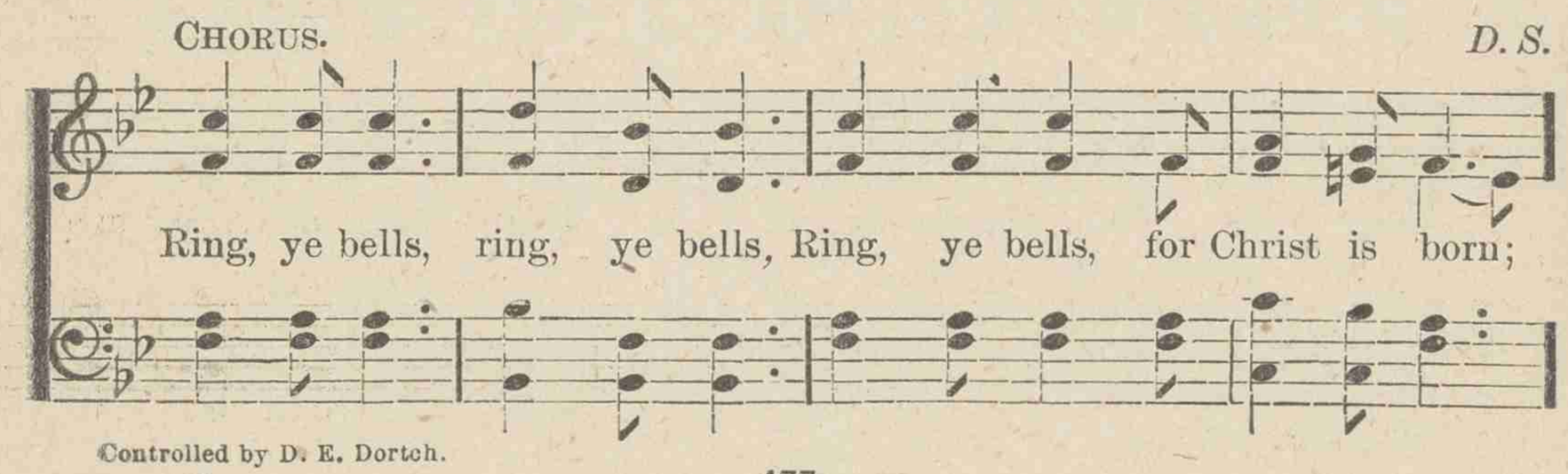


173. RING, YE BELLS.

REV. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.
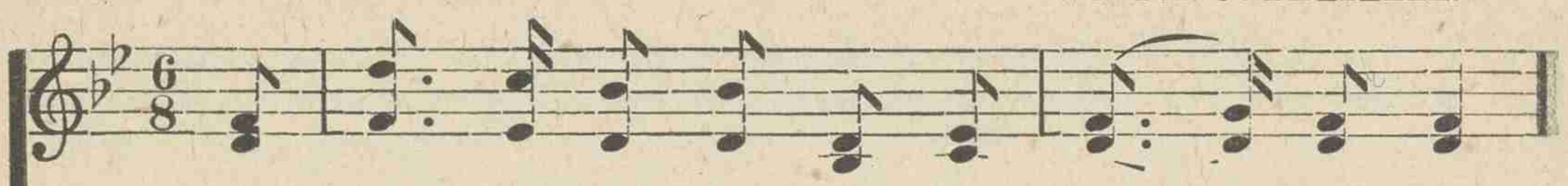




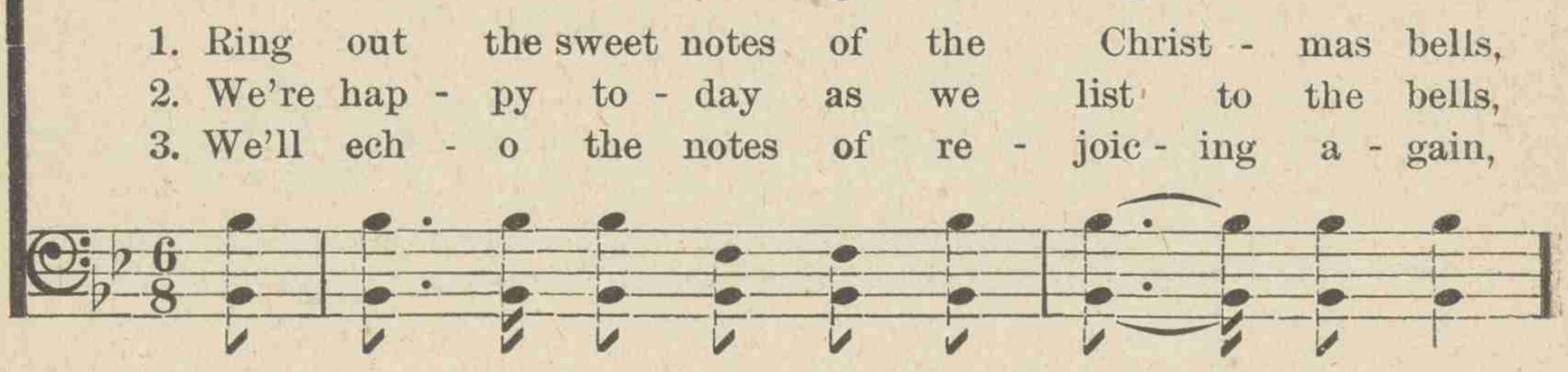


174. THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

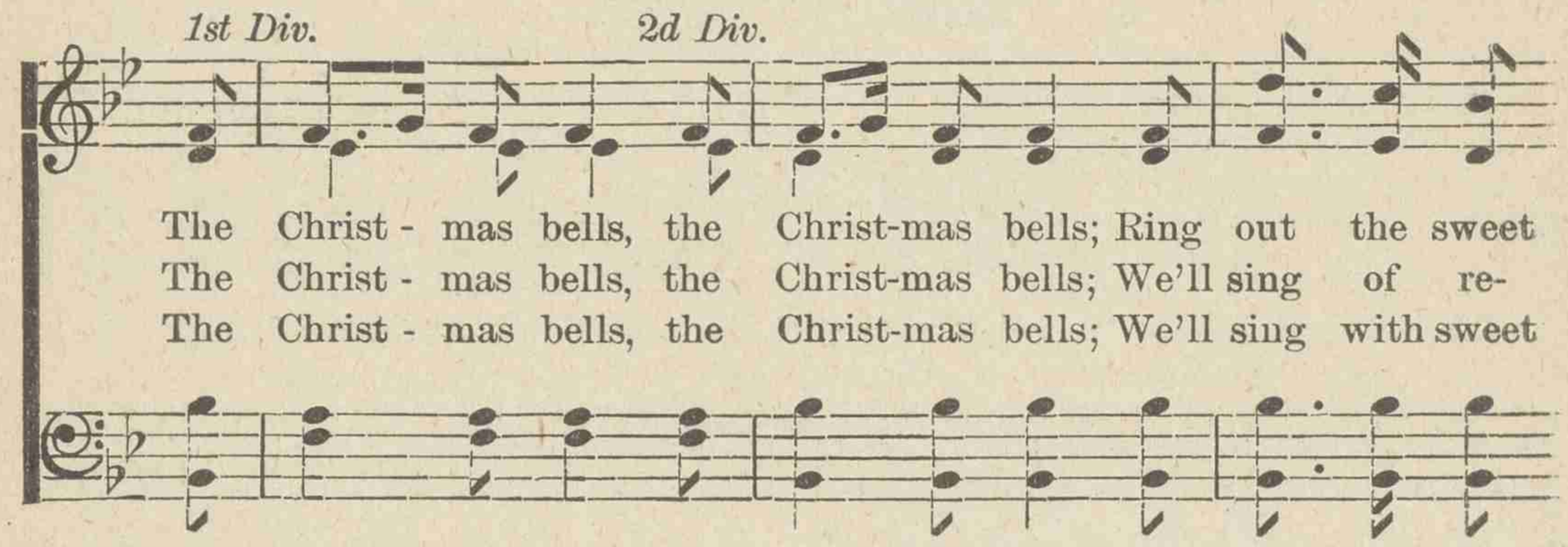
REV. I. BALTZELL. WINTON J. BALTZELL.



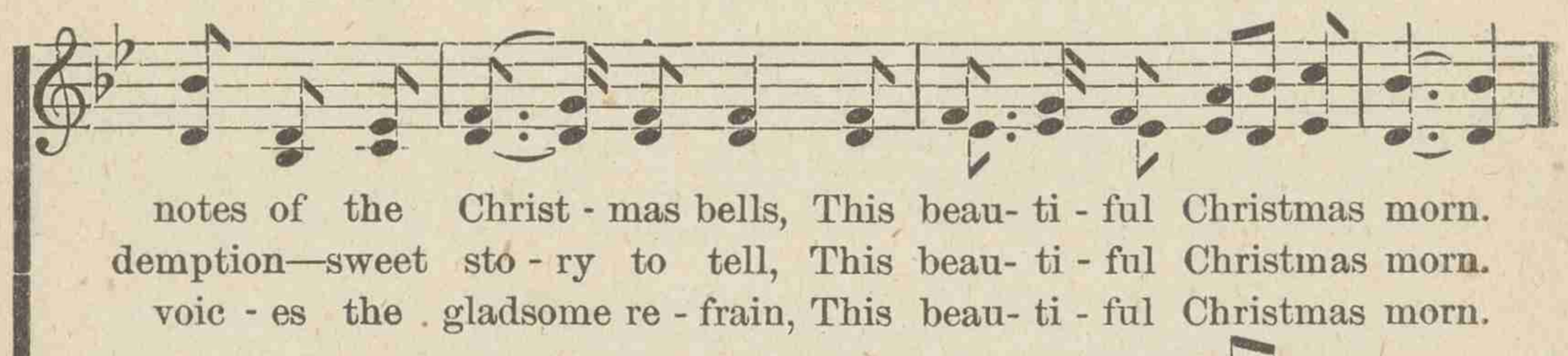
1. Ring out the sweet notes of the Christ - mas bells,
2. We're hap - py to - day as we list to the bells,
3. We'll ech - o the notes of re - joic - ing a - gain,
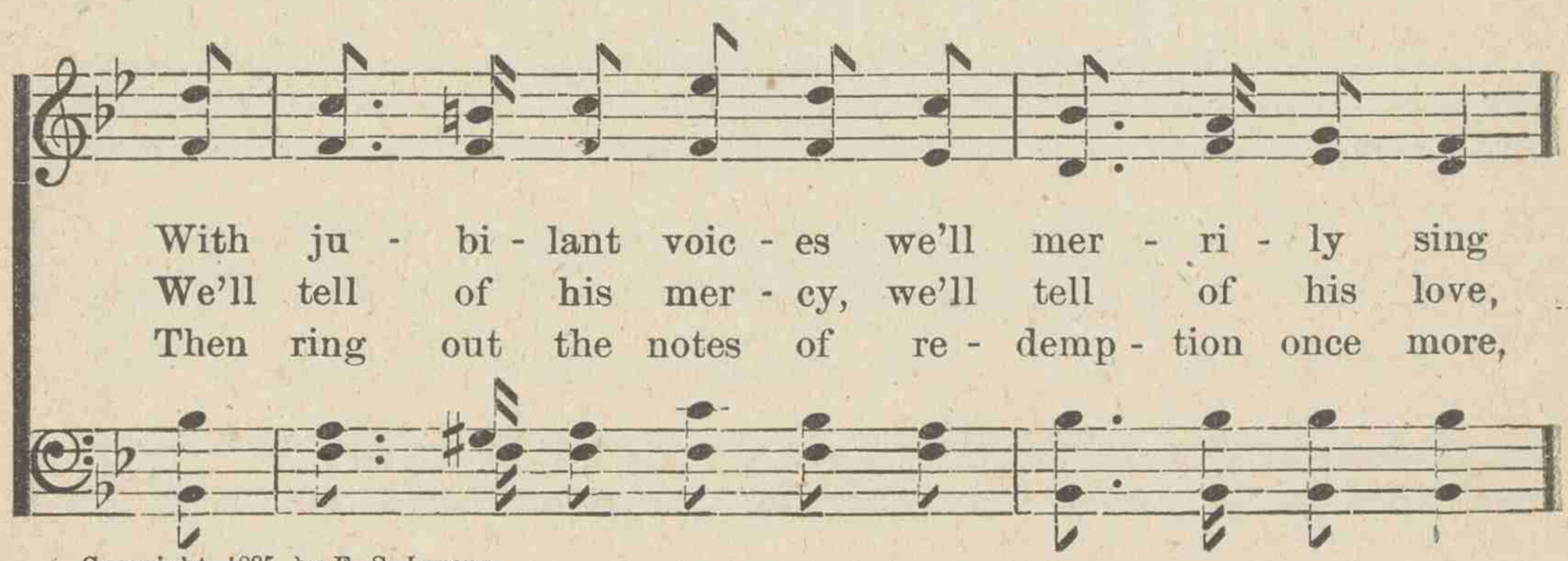


1st Div. *2d Div.*



The Christ - mas bells, the Christ-mas bells; Ring out the sweet
The Christ - mas bells, the Christ-mas bells; We'll sing of re-
The Christ - mas bells, the Christ-mas bells; We'll sing with sweet



notes of the Christ - mas bells, This beau- ti - ful Christmas morn.
demption—sweet sto - ry to tell, This beau- ti - ful Christmas morn.
voic - es the gladsome re - frain, This beau- ti - ful Christmas morn.



With ju - bi - lant voic - es we'll mer - ri - ly sing
We'll tell of his mer - cy, we'll tell of his love,
Then ring out the notes of re - demp - tion once more,

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THE CHRISTMAS BELLS. Concluded.

1st Div. *2d Div.*

O ring the sweet bells, the Christ-mas bells, We'll glad - ly re -
While they ring the sweet bells, the Christ-mas bells, We'll car - ol with
With the Christ - mas bells, the Christ-mas bells, Let mu - sic go

mem-ber the heav - en-born King, This beau - ti - ful Christ-mas morn.
an - gel - ic harp-ers a - bove, This beau - ti - ful Christ-mas morn.
ring- ing from shore un - to shore, This beau - ti - ful Christ-mas morn.

REFRAIN.
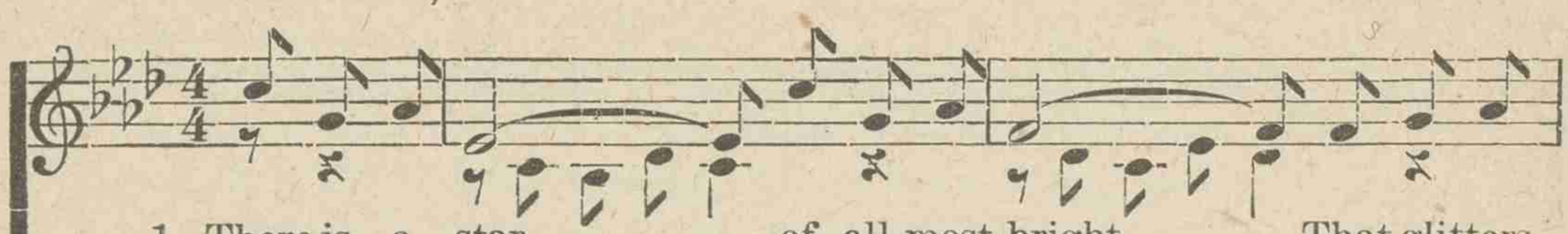
O mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing the glad sto - ry That

Je - sus, our Sav- iour is born, Ring out the glad notes with the

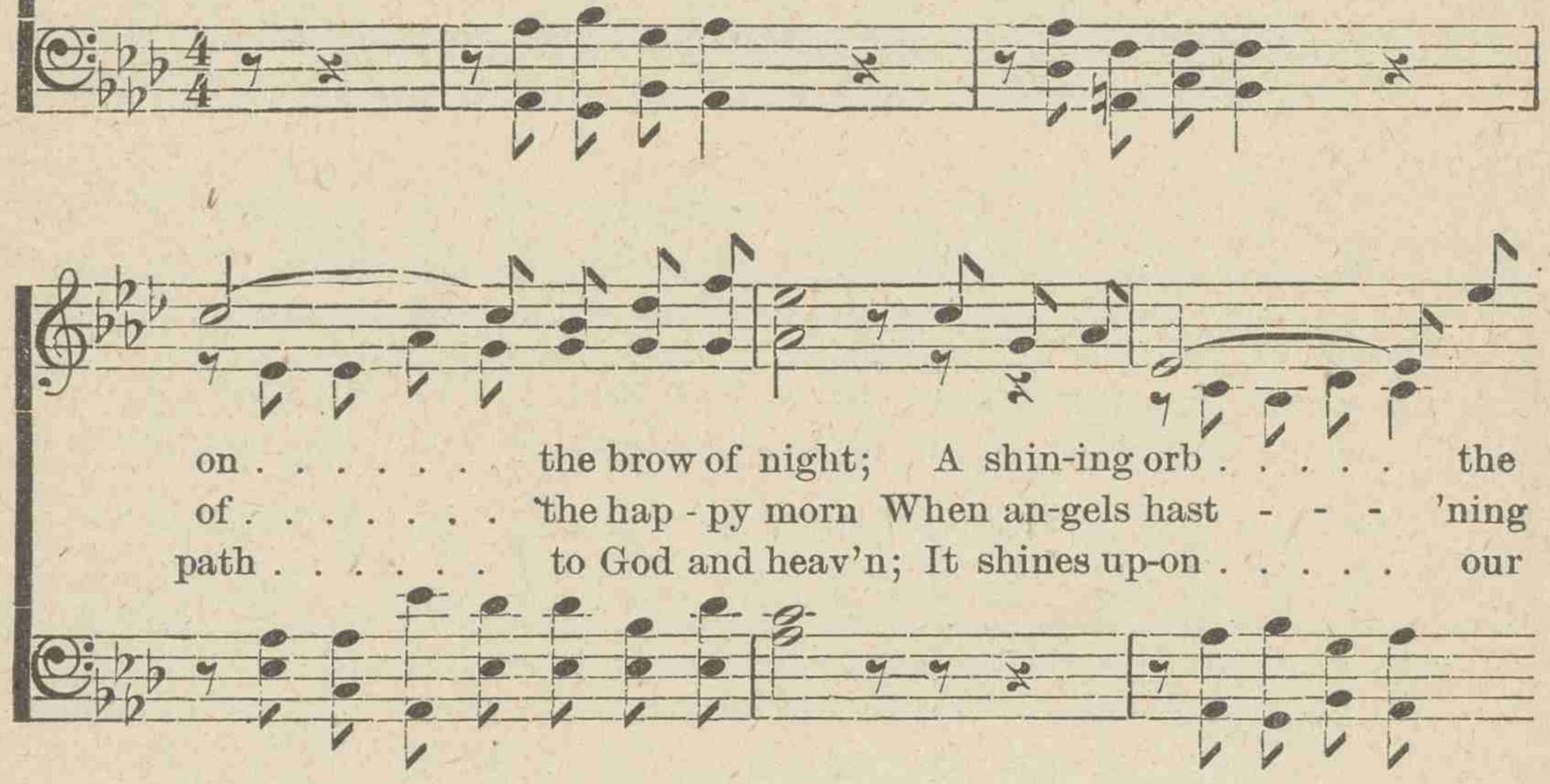
Christ - mas bells, This beau - ti - ful Christ- mas morn.

175. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

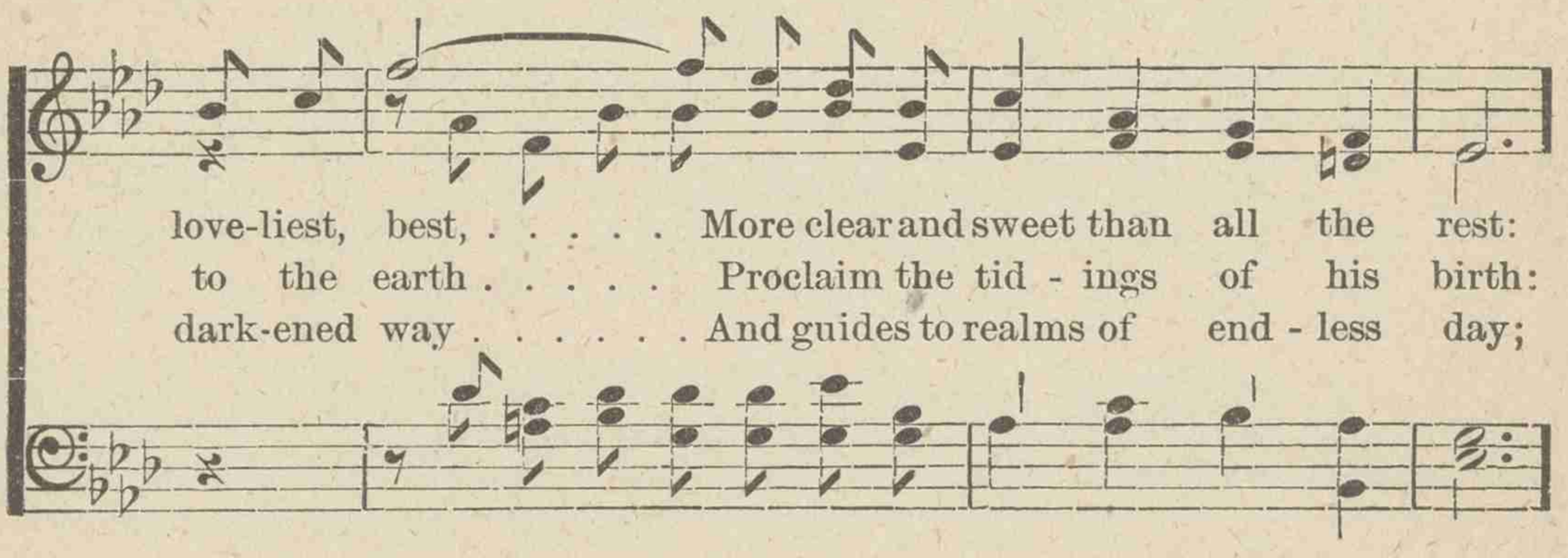
REV. J. H. MARTIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.



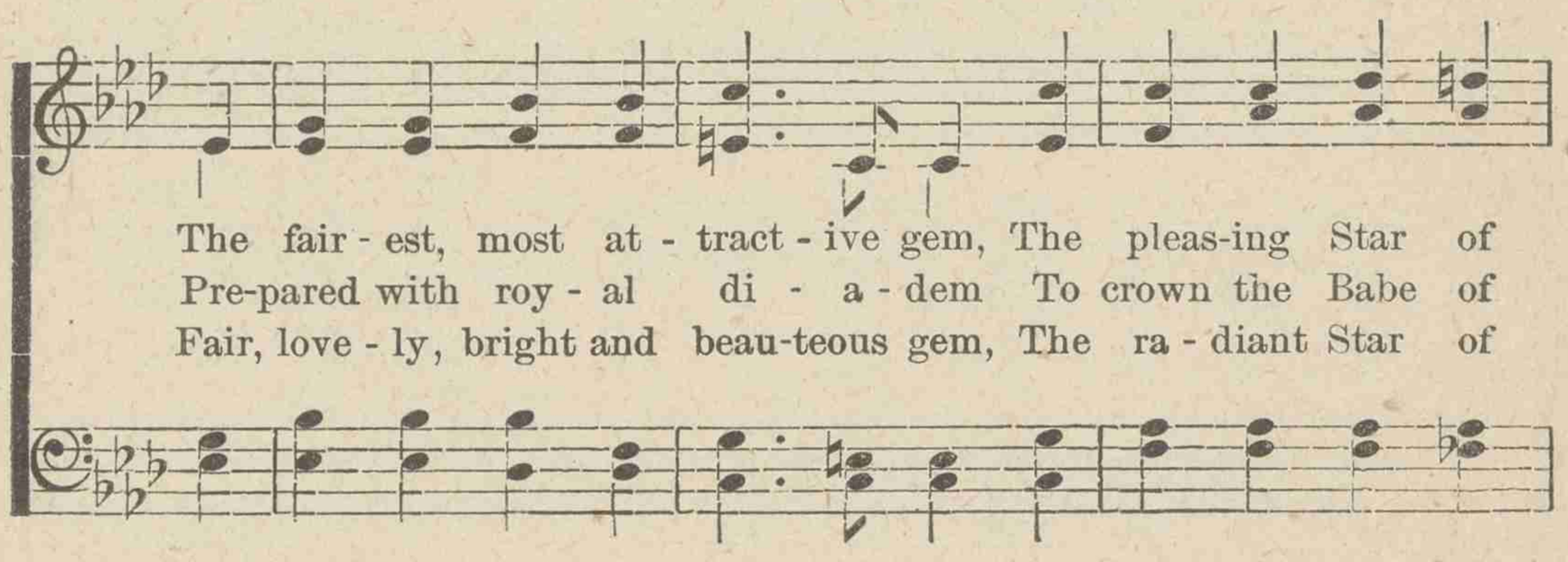
1. There is a star, ... of all most bright, ... That glitters
2. It tells us of . . . . . a Saviour born, ... Me-mo-rial
3. It speaks to us . . . . . of sins for-giv'n, ... Re-veals the



on . . . . . the brow of night; A shin-ing orb . . . . . the
of . . . . . the hap - py morn When an-gels hast - - - 'ning
path . . . . . to God and heav'n; It shines up-on . . . . . our
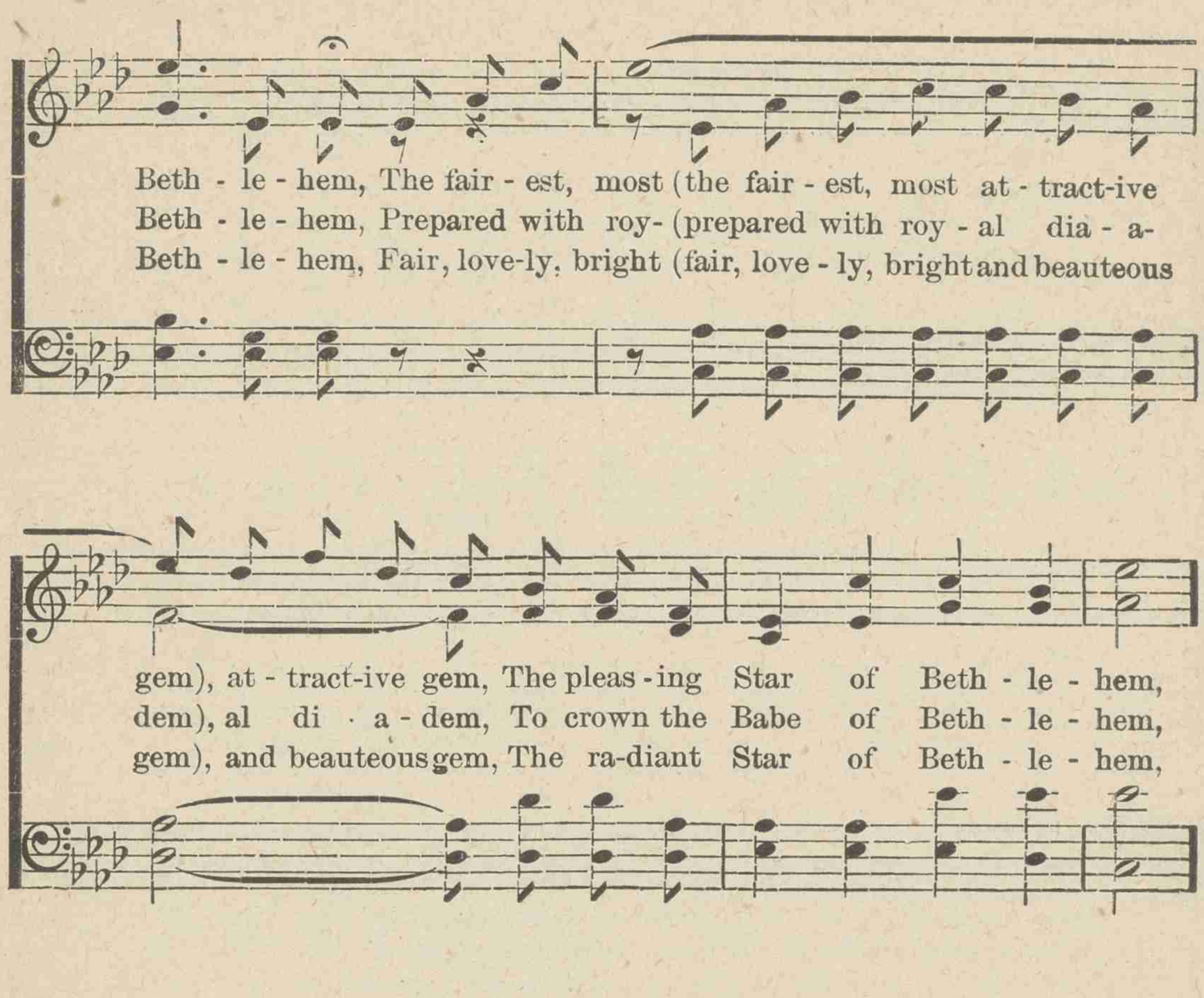


love-liest, best, ... More clear and sweet than all the rest:
to the earth . . . . . Proclaim the tid - ings of his birth:
dark-ened way . . . . . And guides to realms of end - less day;
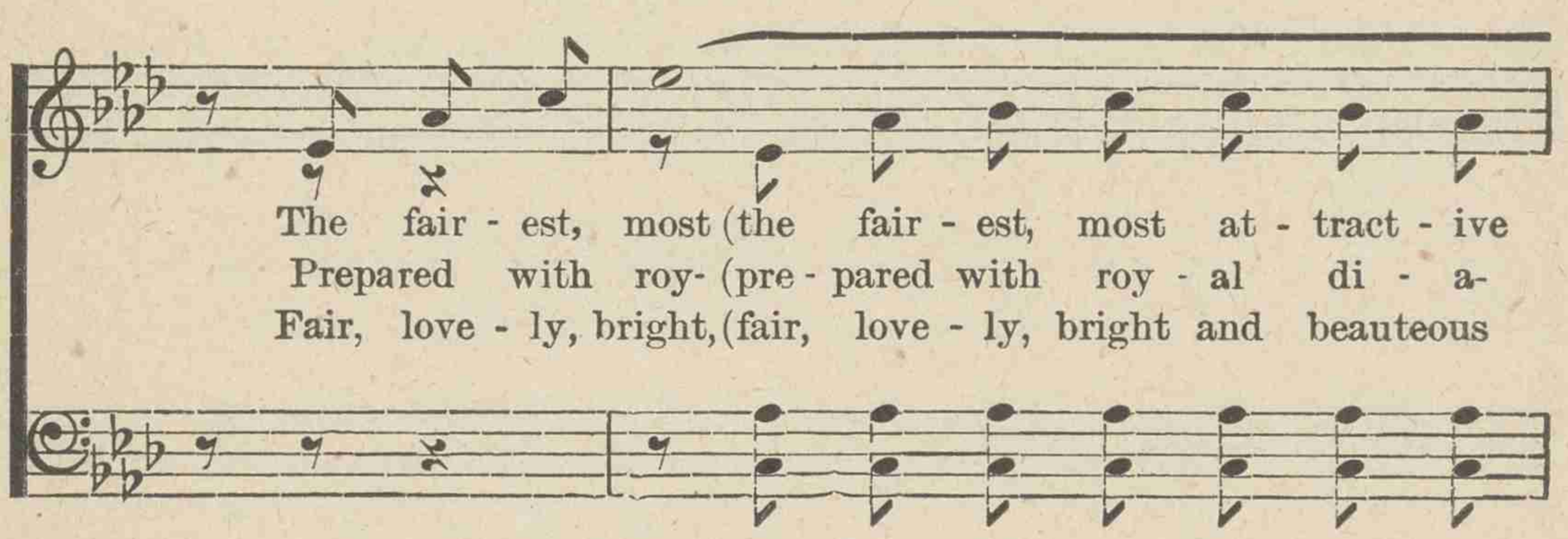


The fair - est, most at - tract - ive gem, The pleas-ing Star of
Pre-pared with roy - al di - a - dem To crown the Babe of
Fair, love - ly, bright and beau-teous gem, The ra - diant Star of

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STAR OF BETHLEHEM. Concluded.





176. **EASTER BELLS.**

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ring out, oh, hap - py Eas - ter bells, Fill earth and air with nois - y swells, And ma - ny tune - ful lay; A - far and near let songs of cheer, In car - ols sweet the joy re-peat Of res - ur-rec-tion day.
2. Ring out, oh, hap - py Eas - ter bells, Your cheer-ful voice of joy im-pels The hu-man heart to praise; Your mer - ry rhyme of clang and chime, With ho - ly fire our souls in-spire, A sac - ri-fice to raise.
3. Ring out, oh, hap - py Eas - ter bells, To all the world your mu - sic tells Of fair - er things a - bove; Our songs of joy we will employ, To praise his name and wide proclaim The wonders of his love.
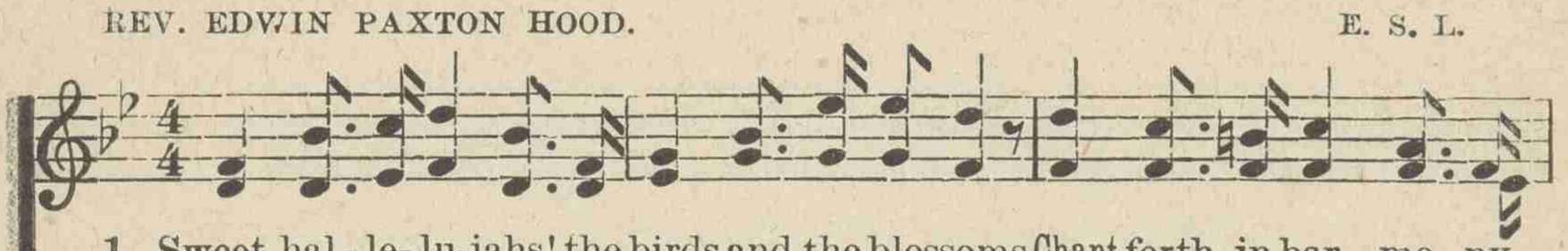
CHORUS.

Ring, sweet bells, Oh, Eas - ter bells, Oh, hap - py bells,
Ring, sweet bells, sweet Easter bells, Oh, ring, sweet bells,
Then ring, sweet bells,
Then ring, sweet bells, sweet Eas-ter bells, Ring out, oh, hap - py bells.

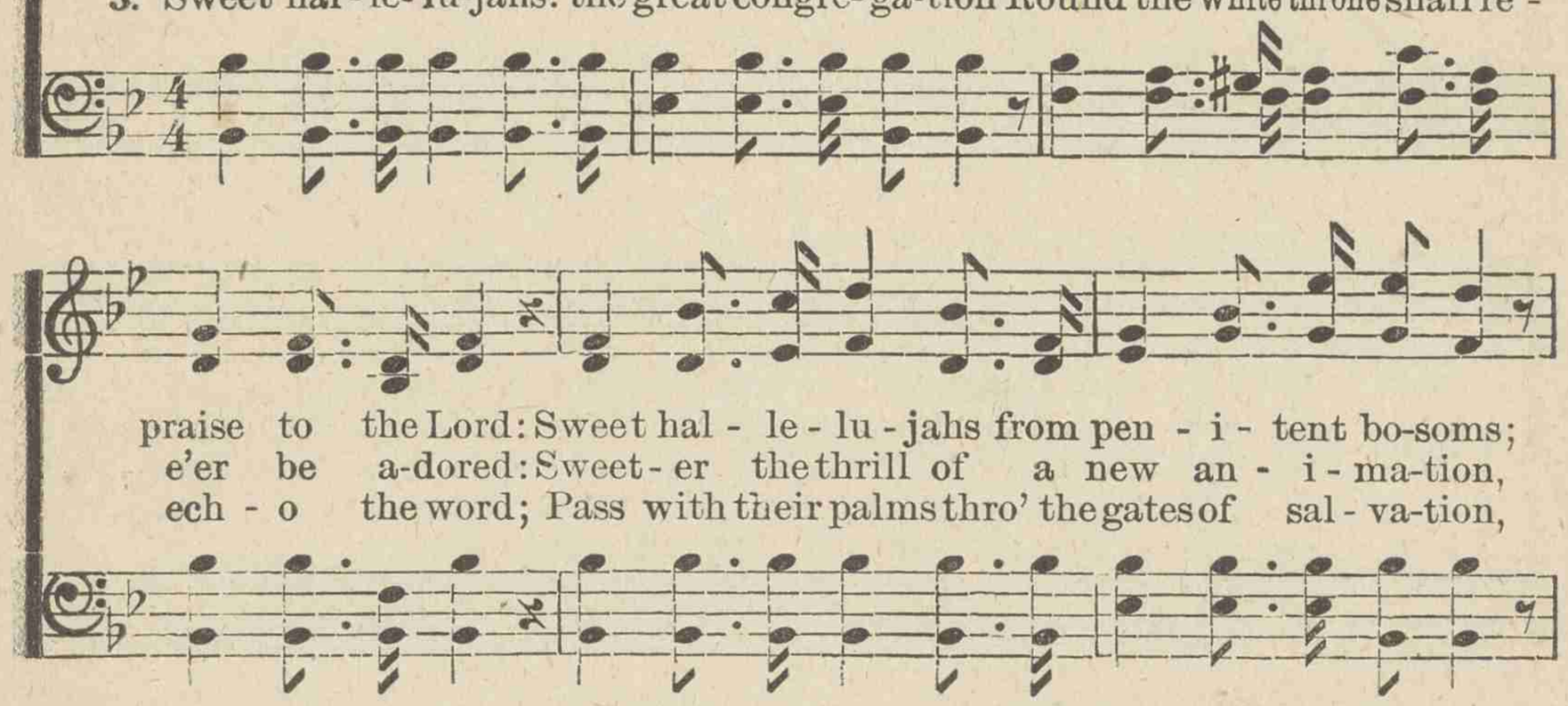
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177. SWEET HALLELUJAHS.

REV. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. E. S. L.
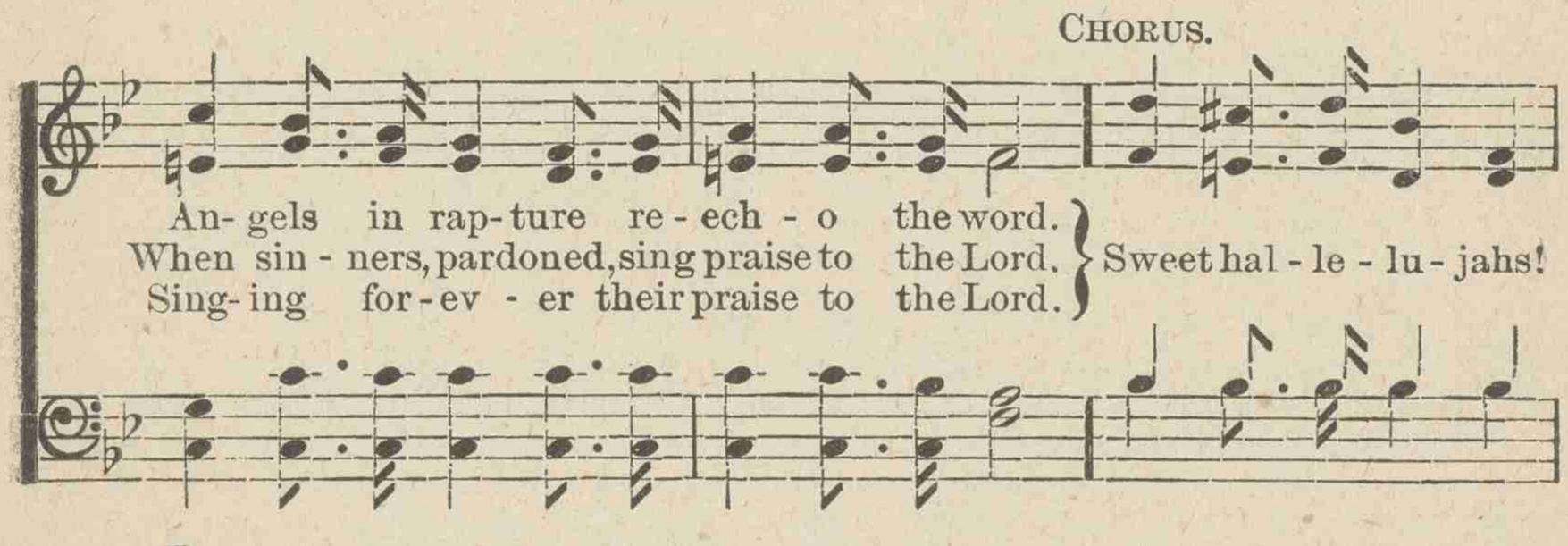


1. Sweet hal - le- lu-jahs! the birds and the blossoms Chant forth in har - mo - ny
2. Sweet hal - le- lu-jahs! the works of cre - a - tion Praise him who on - ly may
3. Sweet hal - le- lu-jahs! the great congre- ga-tion Round the white throne shall re -
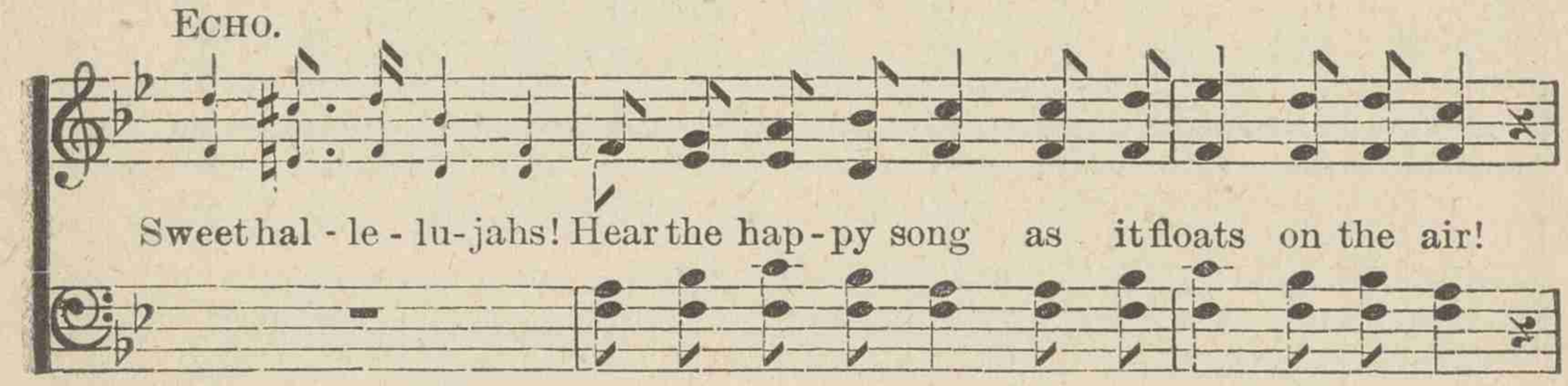


praise to the Lord: Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs from pen - i - tent bo-soms;
e'er be a-dored: Sweet - er the thrill of a new an - i - ma-tion,
ech - o the word; Pass with their palms thro' the gates of sal - va-tion,

CHORUS.
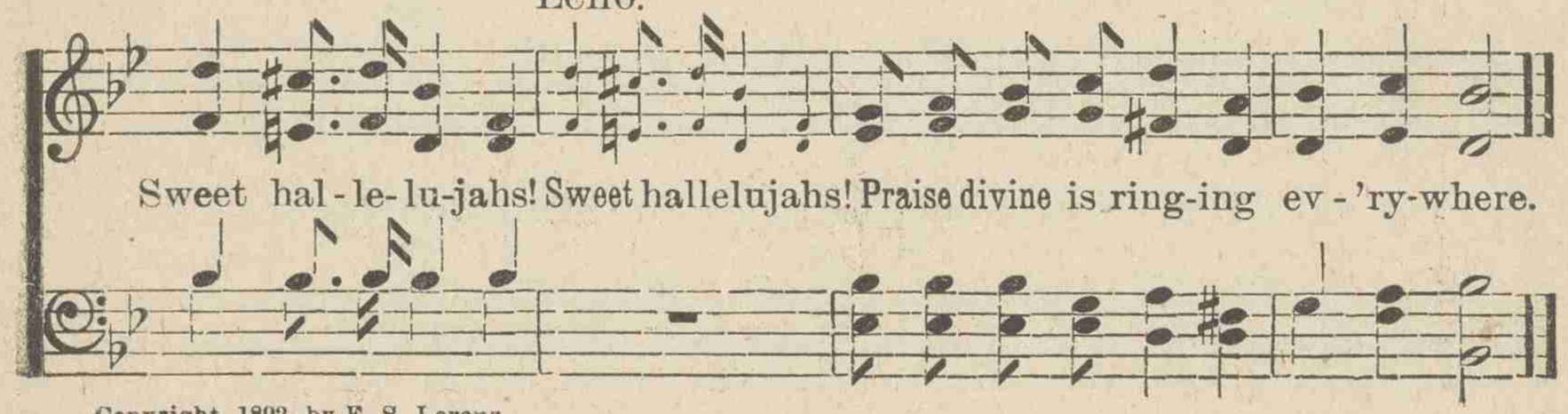


An- gels in rap-ture re - ech - o the word.
When sin - ners, pardoned, sing praise to the Lord.
Sing- ing for - ev - er their praise to the Lord.
} Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs!

ECHO.



Sweet hal - le - lu-jahs! Hear the hap - py song as it floats on the air!

ECHO.



Sweet hal - le- lu-jahs! Sweet hallelujahs! Praise divine is ring-ing ev - 'ry-where.

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178. IN BLOSSOM TIME.

E. D. MUND. E. S. L.

1. The win - ter reigns no more, But field and for - est o'er The blos - som
2. The world to joy a-wakes, The win-ter's si-lence breaks And laughs with
3. While all the world is gay Shall hearts be cold and gray? No! we will

time re - joic - es; While ev - 'ry tree-clad hill, And laughing, rippling rill,
joy so mer - ry; The bees that skim the air To buds and blossoms fair
join the cho - rus! Thro' all the sum-mer days We'll sing God's cheerful praise,

DUET.

Its full de - light now voic - es. The birds sing hap - py tunes the
The hap - py mu - sic car - ry. Thro' all his course a - cross the
Who doth Spring's joy re - store us. With cheer-ful hearts and mer - ry

whole day long, The woods are ring - ing with their glad - some song:
heav - ens blue, The sun re - joic - es in his pow'r a - new:
voic - es sweet His mer - cies ten - der we will oft re - peat:

CHORUS.

For it is hap - py blos-som time! De - light - ful blos - som time!

179

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure, retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

180

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.

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

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

181

THE great Physician now is near,
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.

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.

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

182

I HEAR the Savior 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.

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

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

183

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

184

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made.
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

185

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest
By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

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

186

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

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

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

187

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

188

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

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.

189

THE holiest place stands open wide
Enter by the blood of Jesus!
The shadowing veil now hangs aside;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!

CHO.—Within the sacred veil
Pure love and peace prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!

Come enter now this holiest place;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!
Where Christ unveils his shining face;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!

Here, soul, is cleansing, full and free;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!
Here God's Shekinah you can see;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!

By faith your soul may now prevail;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!
And pass beyond the second veil;
Enter by the blood of Jesus!

190

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.

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

Here I give my all to thee,
Friends and time and earthly store
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

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

191

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

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

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.

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.

192

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

193

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 He will cleanse you.
13 He will clothe you.
14 Jesus loves you.
15 Don't reject him.
16 Only trust him.
17 Hallelujah, Amen.

194

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,—
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

195

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

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.

'Tis done,—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart,—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here I have found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

196

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.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions 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.

197

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

198

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

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.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, 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.

199

HE leadeth me—oh, blessed thought;
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught,—
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

200

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

201

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.

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,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

202

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

203

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,—
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

204

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

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

205

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

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

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.
REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

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

206

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
||: All other ground is sinking sand. :||

When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, his covenant, and blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

207

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

CHO.—O glorious fountain!
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

208

MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full; he has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own Son, the Savior so fair,
Once wandered on earth human sorrow to share:
But now he is reigning forever on high;
He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.

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

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet my glad heart can sing,
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

209

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour
Which manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

210

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r.

Now, ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!

These words can be used with this chorus:

CHO.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his near name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

Or with the following:

CHO.—I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

211

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 Savior,
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?

Lord, my sins, they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Savior,
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."

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,—
Yes, my name's written there.

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