# VOICE OF PRAISE

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1895

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# VOICE OF PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF

## New Songs for Gospel Meetings and Sunday Schools.

BY LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Hymn
1895
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# ...PREFACE...

In preparing this book, I have selected songs suited to all kinds of religious work and worship. Work Songs, Prayer Meeting Songs, Funeral Songs, Children's Songs, Opening and Closing Songs.

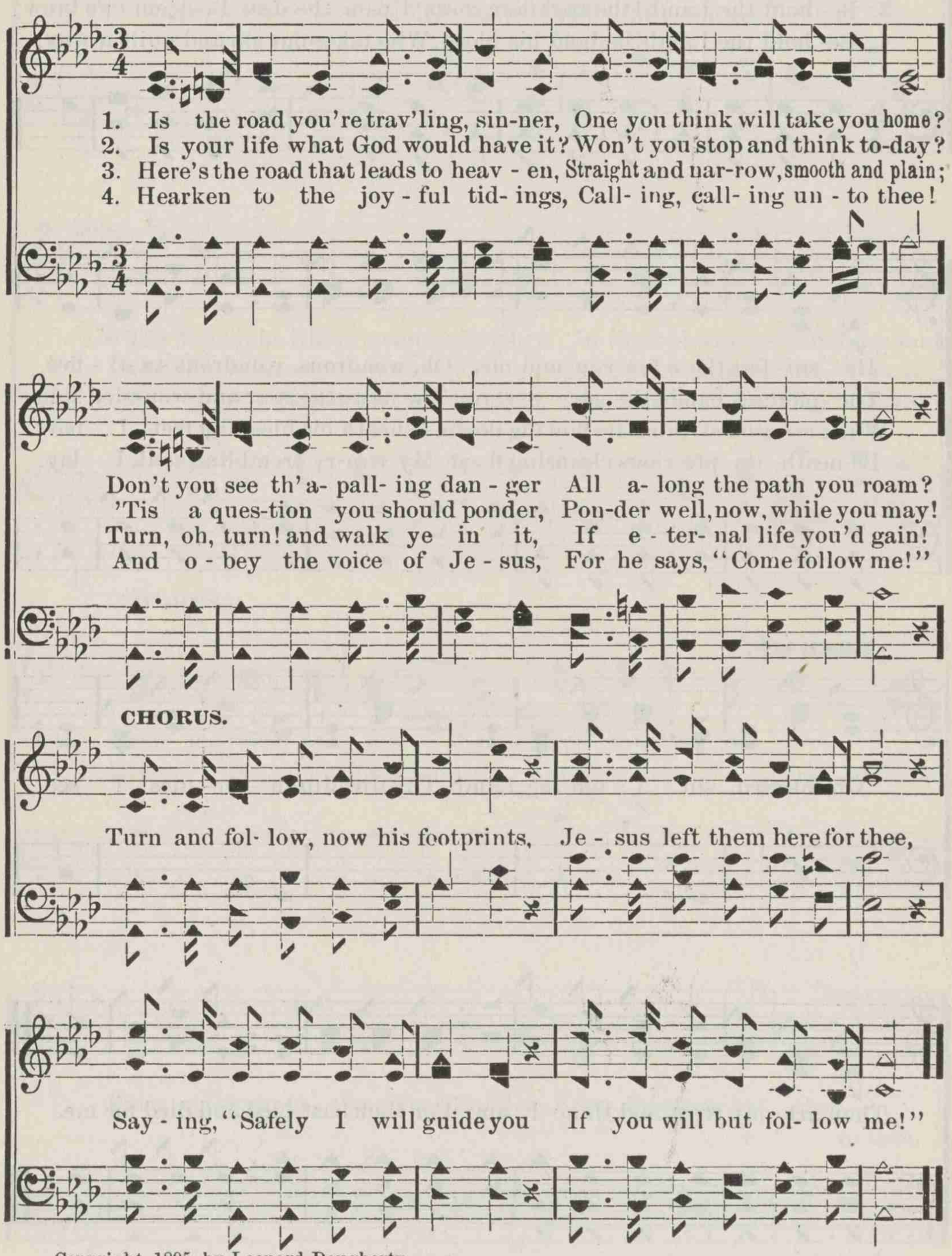
Evangelists will find this book especially suited to the Evangelistic work.

I have used a number of these songs in my work in protracted meetings and Sunday Schools, and, together with the new, I believe "VOICE OF PRAISE" will meet all of the above requirements. That it may prove a blessing to all who sing for Christ, is my Prayer.

# VOICE OF PRAISE.

## No. 1. Follow Me.

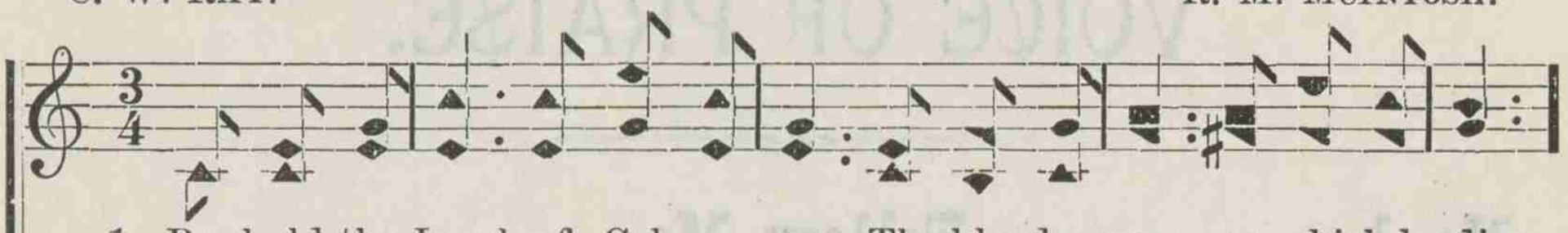
F. L. EILAND. J. H. ROSECRANS.



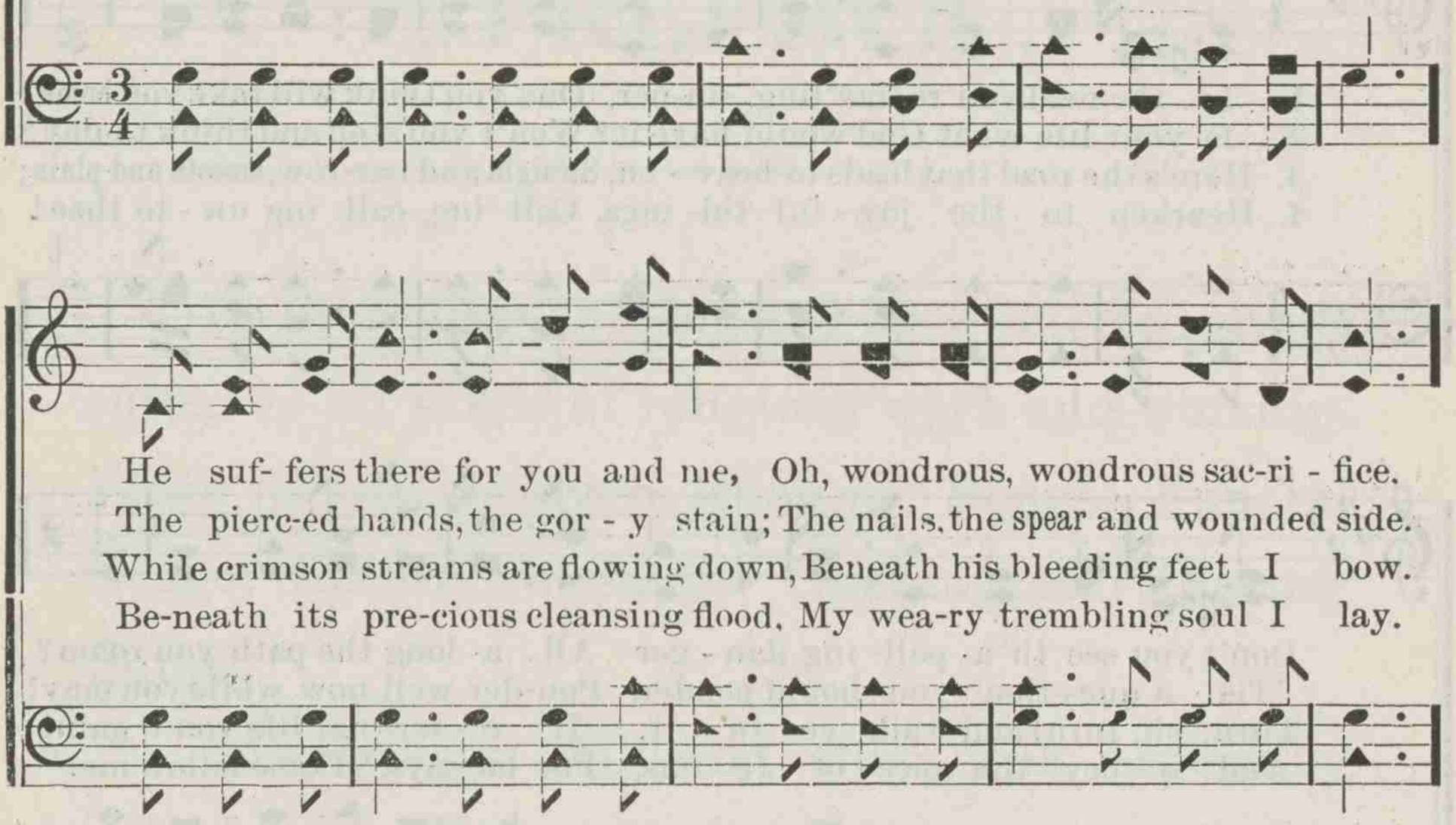

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# No. 2. Behold the Lamb.

C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH.
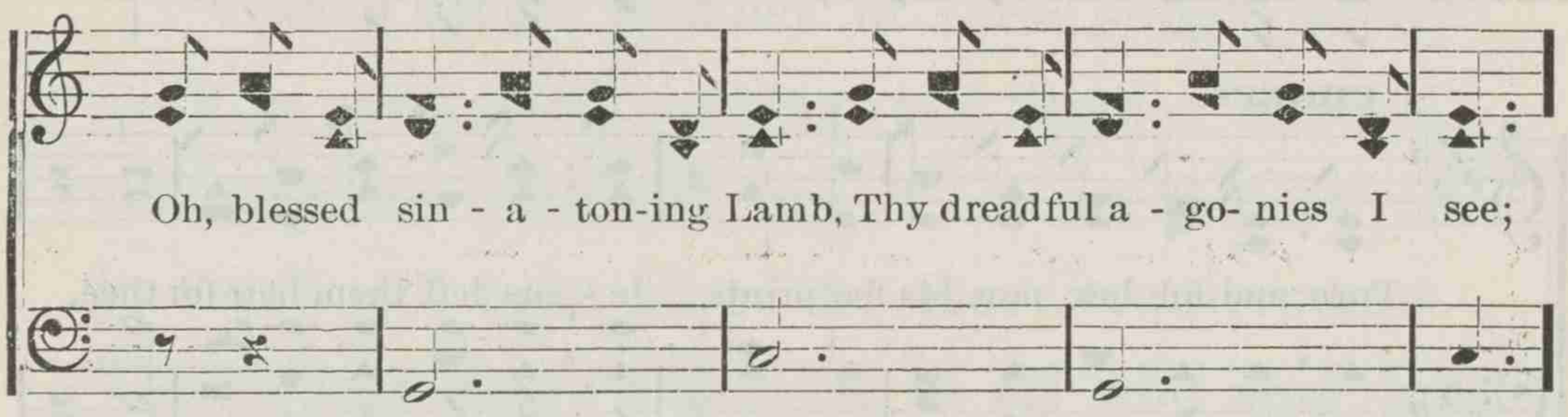


1. Be- hold the Lamb of Cal- va - ry— The bloody cross on which he dies;
2. Be- hold the Lamb for sin-ners slain; Betrayed, reviled and cru- ci - fied;
3. Be- hold the Lamb! the rough thorn-crown, Up-on the dear Re-deem er's brow;
4. Be- hold the Lamb! be-hold his blood, Who takes our sin and guilt a-way;



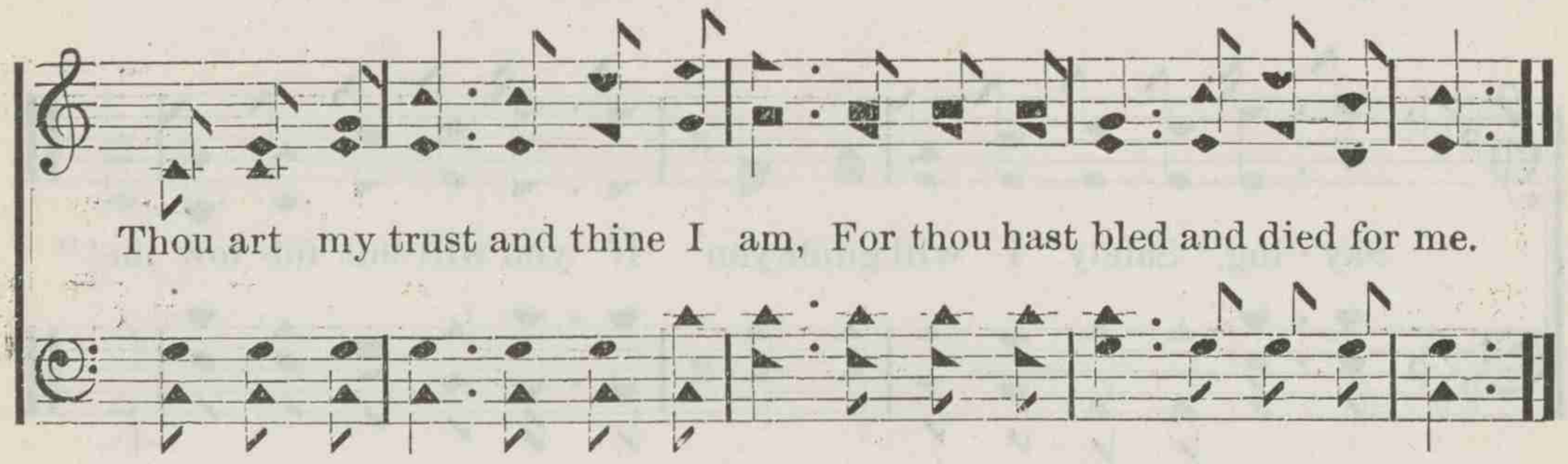
He suf- fers there for you and me, Oh, wondrous, wondrous sac-ri - fice.
The pierc-ed hands, the gor - y stain; The nails, the spear and wounded side.
While crimson streams are flowing down, Beneath his bleeding feet I bow.
Be-neath its pre-cious cleansing flood, My wea-ry trembling soul I lay.



**REFRAIN.**



Oh, blessed sin - a - ton-ing Lamb, Thy dreadful a - go- nies I see;



Thou art my trust and thine I am, For thou hast bled and died for me.

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# No. 3. Keep Me Close to Thee.

Dr. A. C. WOODRUFF. By per.

**Pleadingly. May be Solo.**

1. Keep me close to thee, dear Fa- ther, While the bil-lows o'er me roll;
2. Keep me close to thee, dear Mas-ter, While temptations still as - sail;
3. Keep me close to thee, dear Spir- it Of the cloudless light of day,

While the night winds moan and gather In their blackness round my soul.
Soft - er, sweet-er, deep - er, fast - er Let thy deathless love pre-vail.
Un - til I thy light in - her - it, Tho' the heav-ens fade a- way.

**CHORUS.**

Keep me close to thee. . . . Keep me close to thee, . . .
Keep me close to thee, Keep me close to thee,

Keep me close to thee, dear Fa-ther, Keep me close to thee, . .
to thee.

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# No. 4. Go Gather the Golden Grain.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

**Vigoroso.**

1. The fields are ripe with the harvest, And the Master calls a - gain:
2. In youth's bright gold- en morn-ing, Hear the Saviour's voice so plain:
3. While suff 'ring is a-round us, Shall the Mas-ter call in vain?
4. If we would dwell in heav- en With the ho - ly an - gel train,

"Why stand ye i - dly wait - ing? Go gath-er the gold- en grain!"
"If you love not one an- oth - er, Who'll gather the gold- en grain?"
Lending aid for fall - en broth- ers, Is gath-er- ing gold- en grain.
We must la - bor in the vine- yard, Must gather the gold- en grain.

**CHORUS.**

Go work, . . . . It
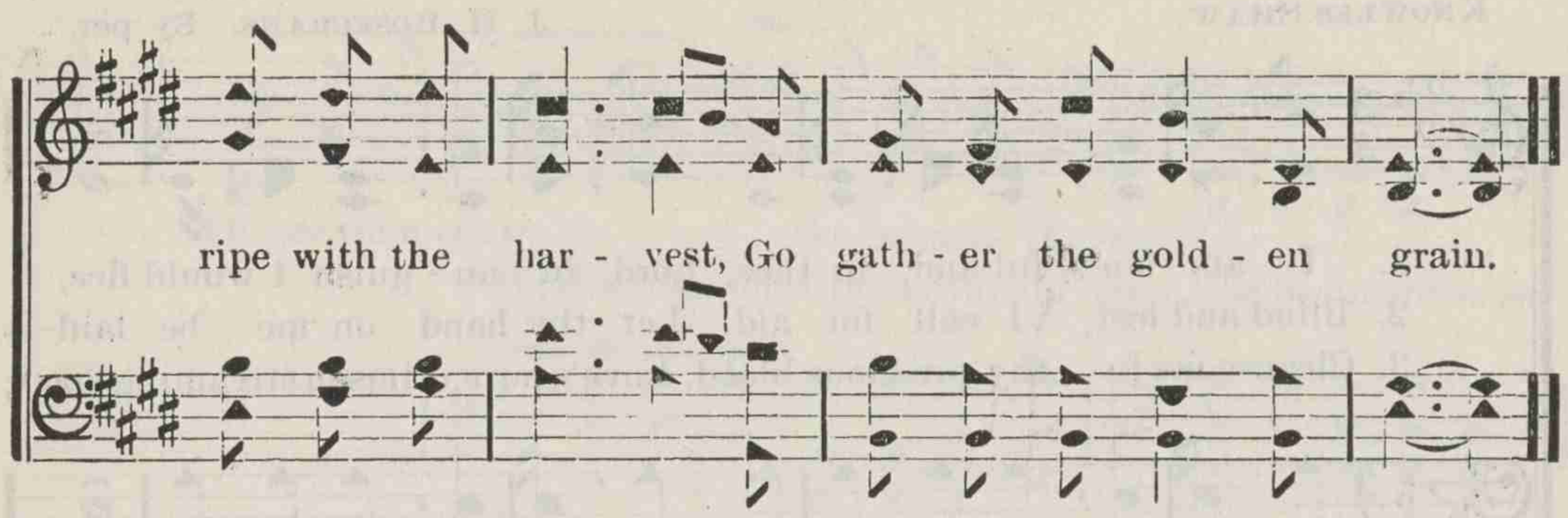
Go work, go work in my vine - - yard, It
Go work, work. work in my vine - yard, It

will . . . . . .

will not be, will not be vain, . . . . The fields are
will not. will not be vain,
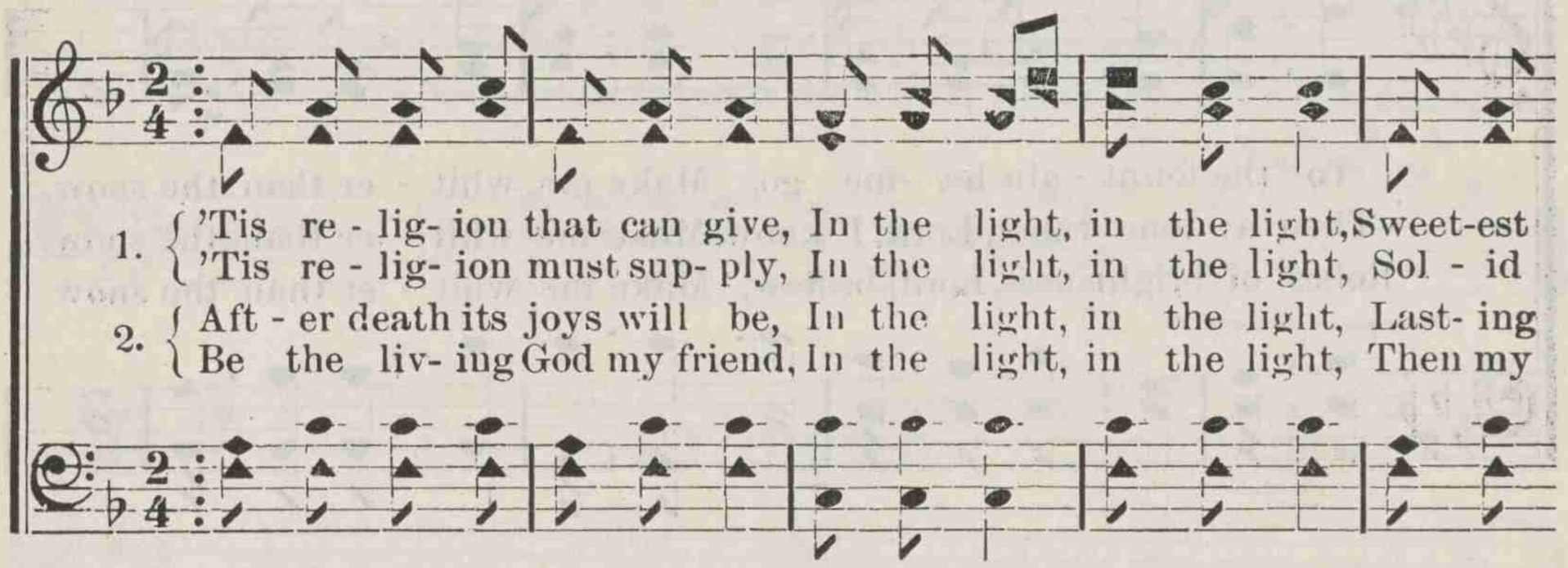
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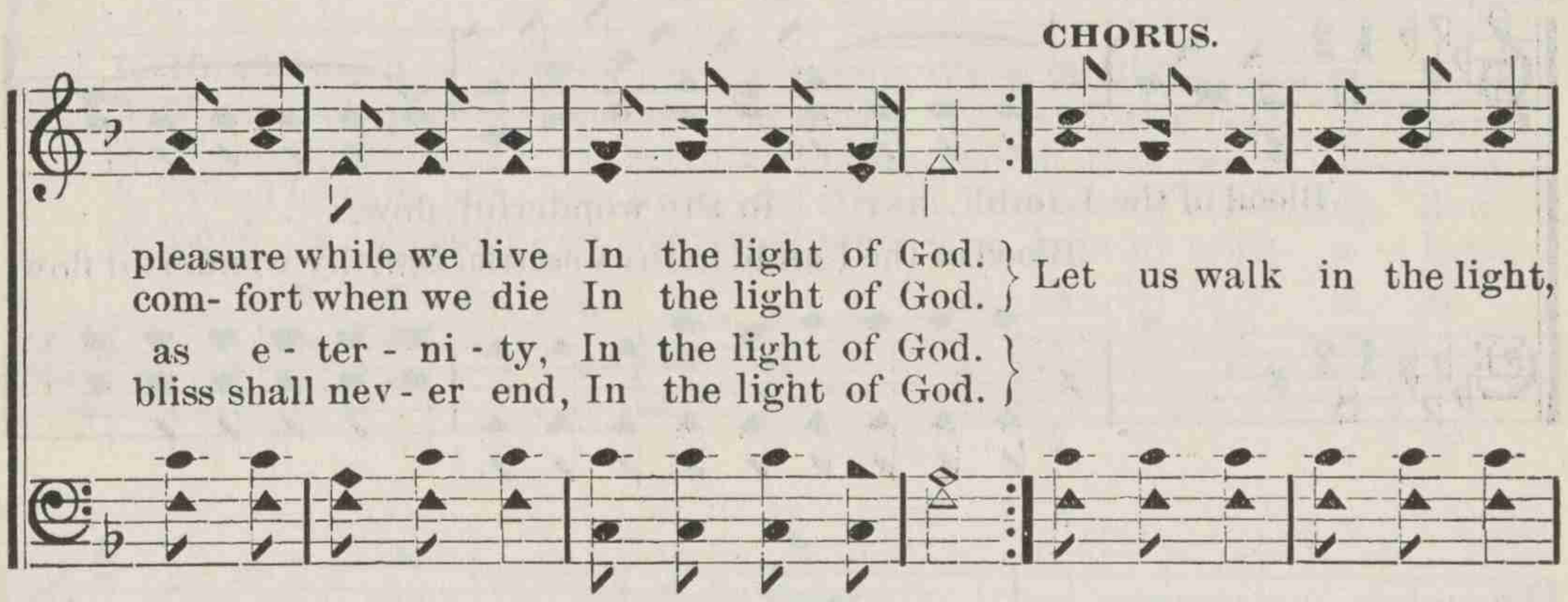
## Go Gather the Golden Grain. Concluded.
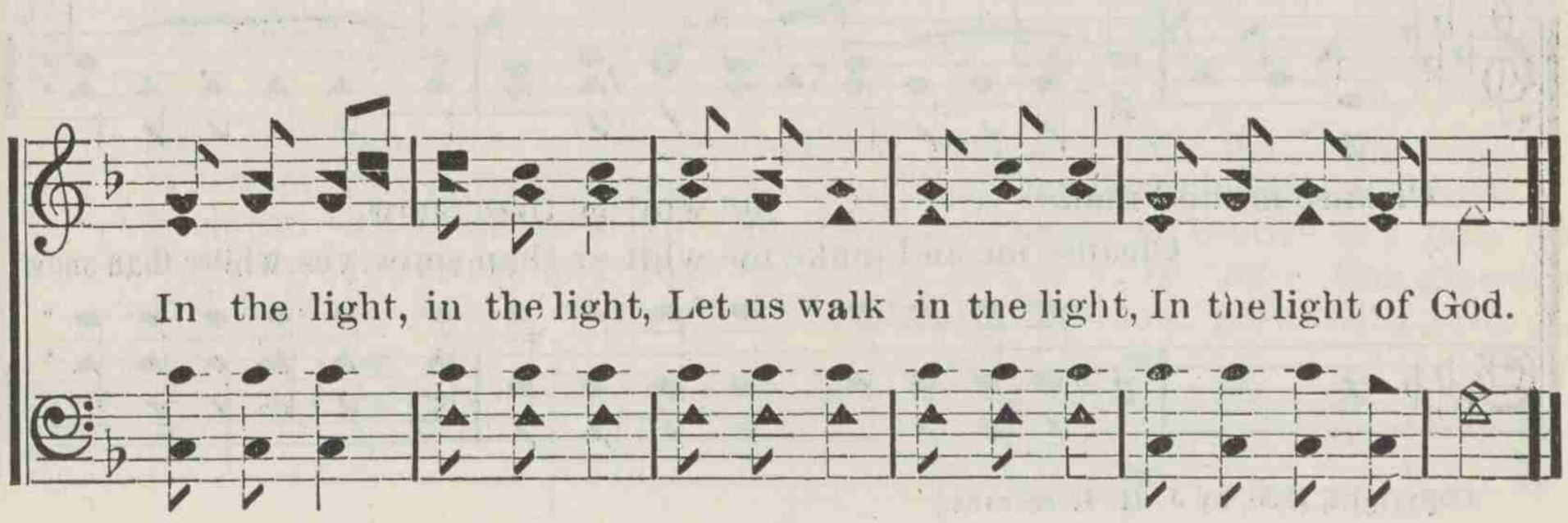



## No. 5. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon. Anon.









# No. 6. Blood of the Lamb!

KNOWLES SHAW. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. I am sin - ful and to thee, Lord, in an - guish I would flee,
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid, Let thy hand on me be laid—
3. Cleanse me in thy pre-cious blood, Love's pure, crimson streaming flood;

To the fount - ain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Thou a - lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Robes of bright-ness, Lord, bestow, Make me whit - er than the snow.
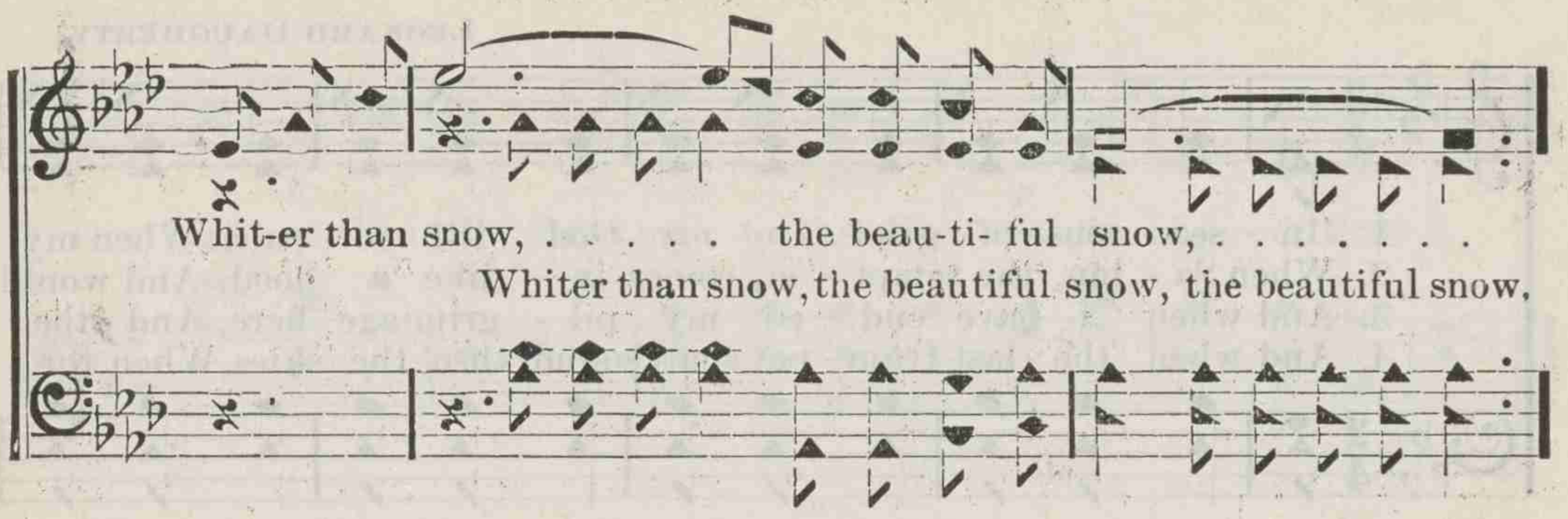
**CHORUS.**
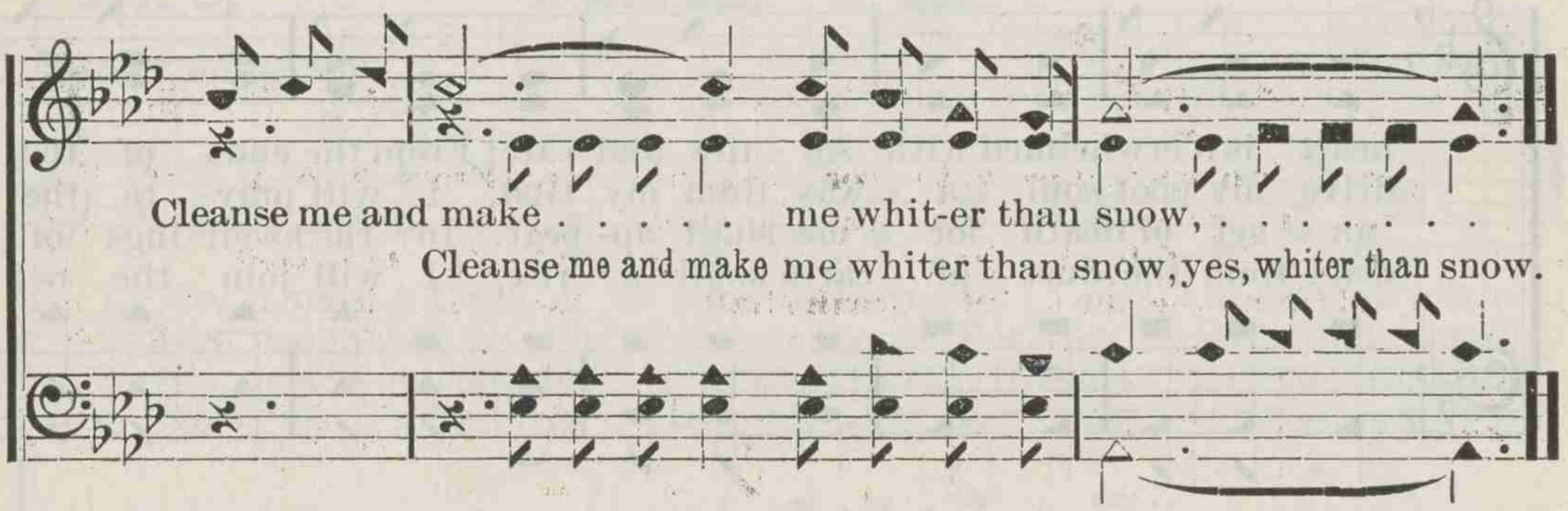
Blood of the Lamb! . . . . in thy wonderful flow. . . . . .
Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy wonderful flow,

Cleanse me and make . . . . me whit-er than snow, . . . . . .
Cleanse me and make me whit-er than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
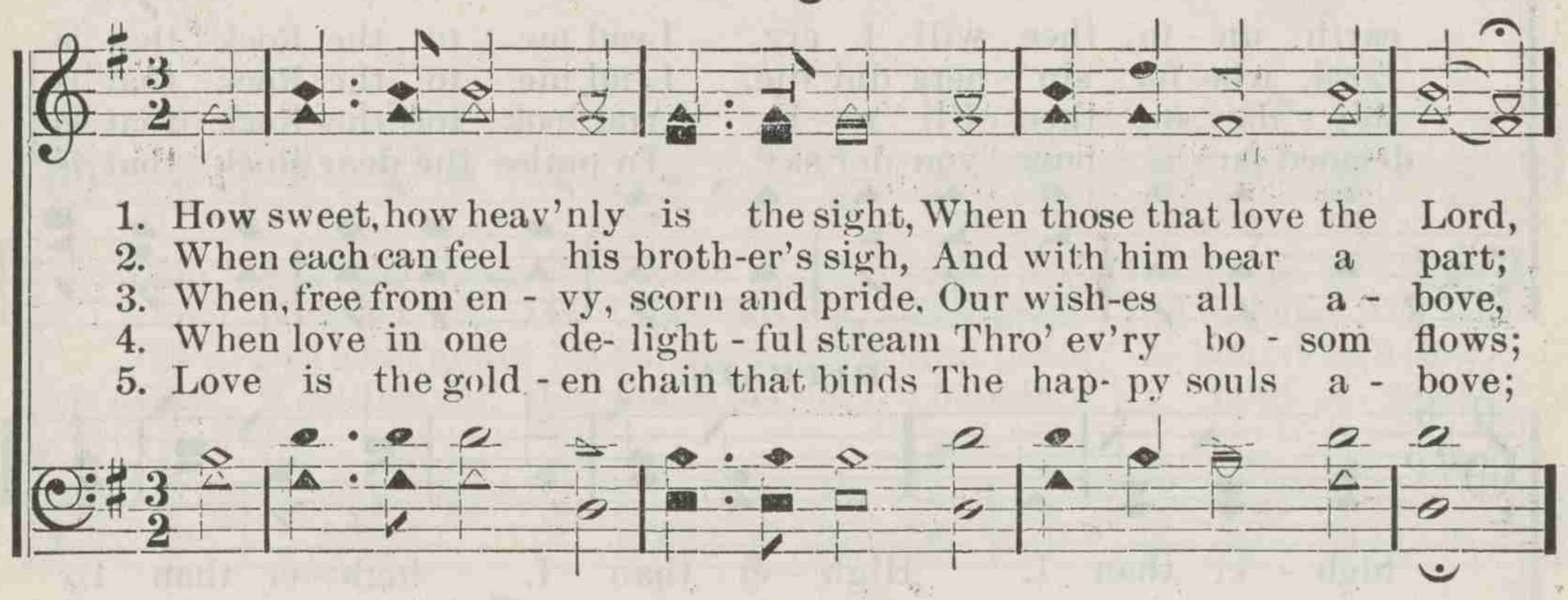
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## Blood of the Lamb! Concluded.

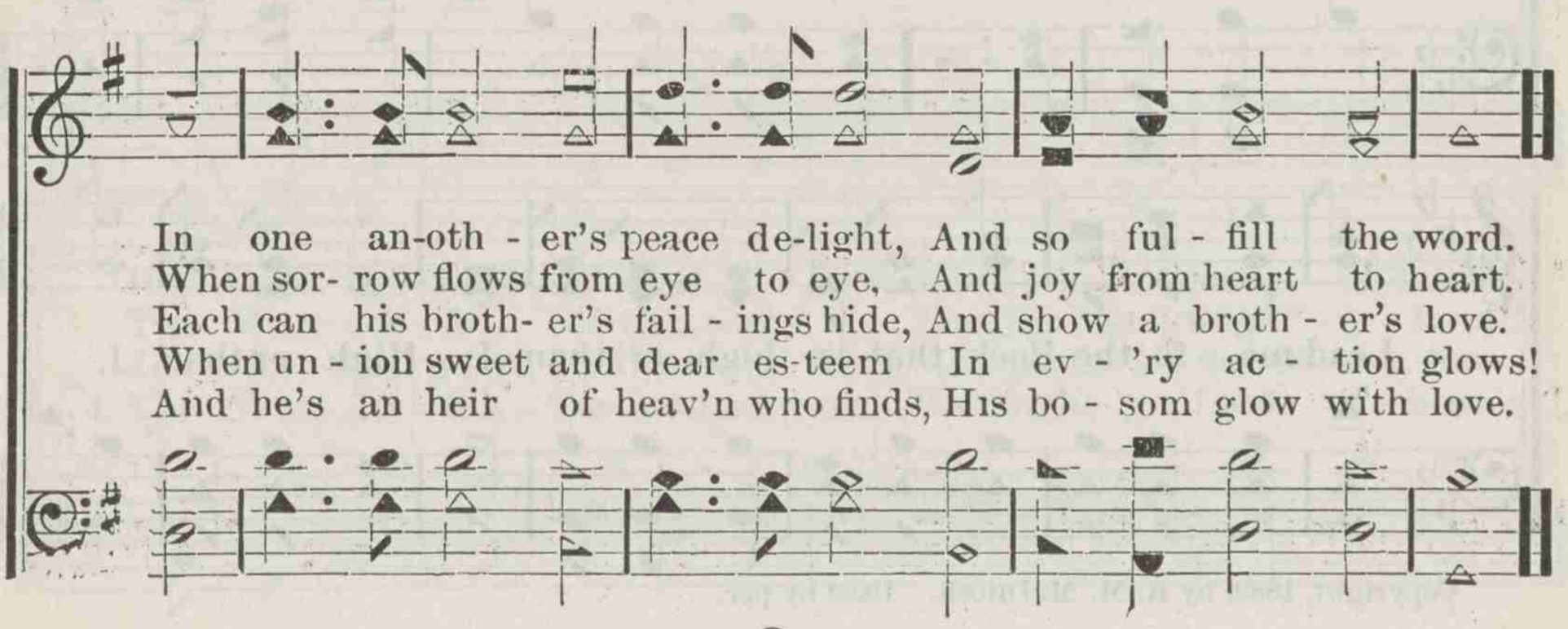






## No. 7. Arlington.



# No. 8. Lead Me to the Rock.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

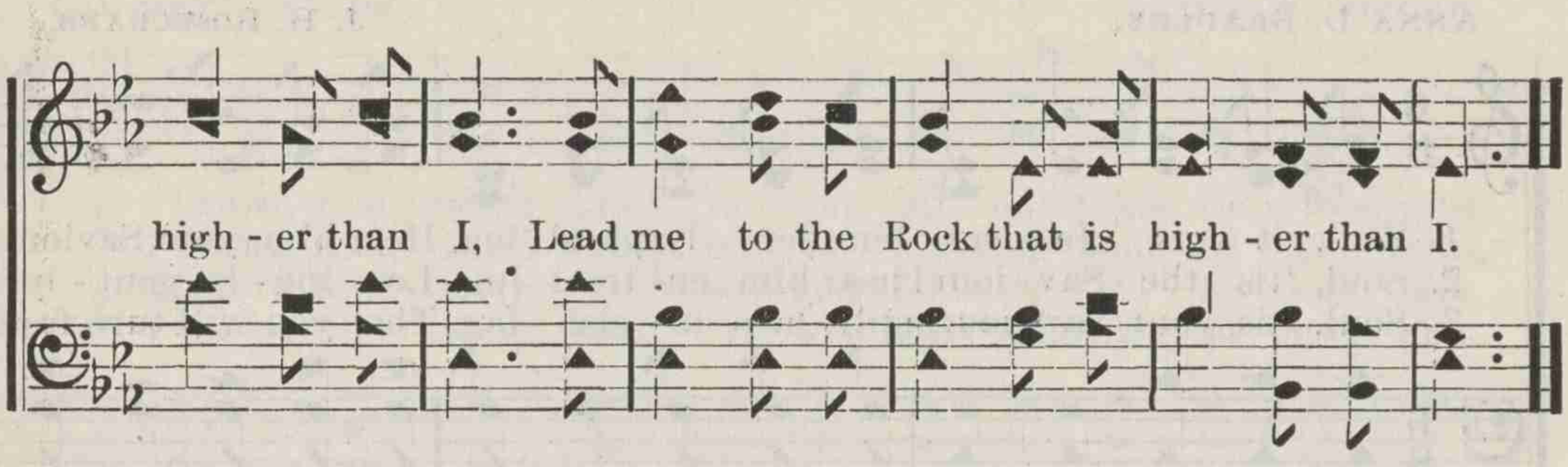
1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is
2. When Sa - tan, the tempt - er, comes in like a flood, And would drive my poor soul a - way from my God; I will pray to the Lord, who for sin - ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is
3. And when I have end - ed my pil - grim-age here, And the an - gel of death for me shall ap- pear: In the swell- ings of Jor - dan on thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is
4. And when the last trum - pet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of earth shall a - rise, I will join the re - deemed far a - bove yon- der sky, To praise the dear Rock that is

REFRAIN.

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

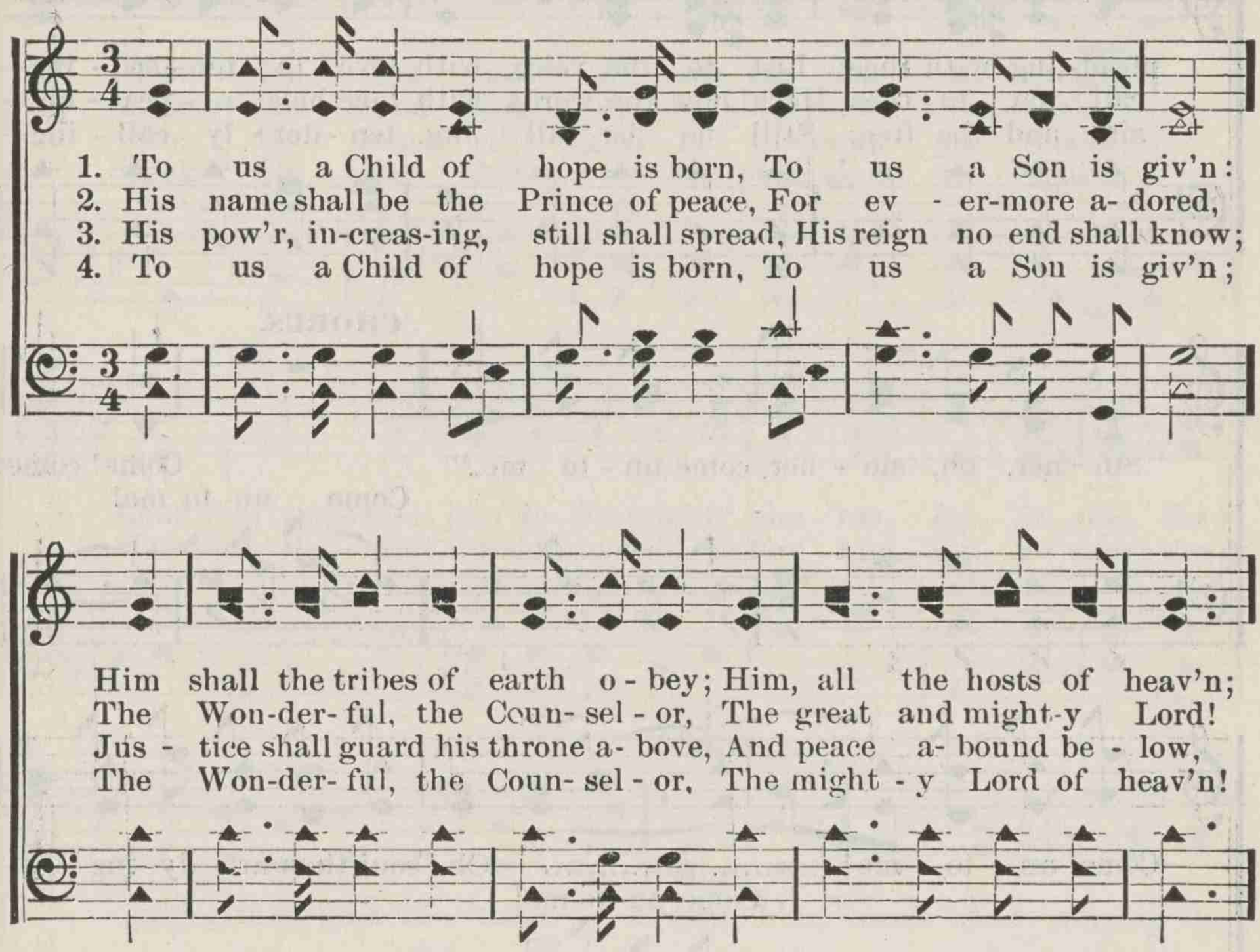
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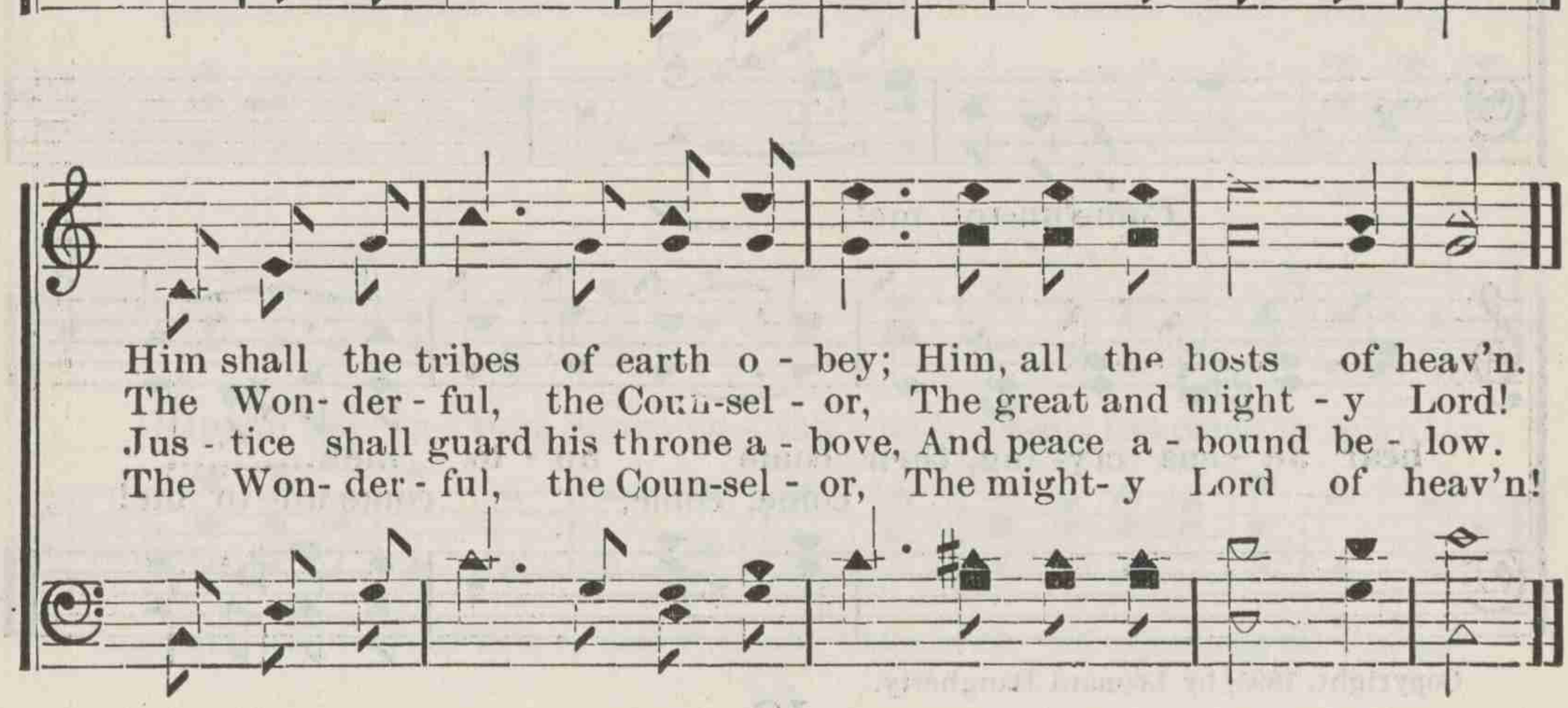
## Lead Me to the Rock. Concluded.




## No. 9. Zerah. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.






# No. 10. Soul, It Is Jesus.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Soul, it is Je - sus ten- der - ly plead- ing, Hear him, your Saviour,
2. Soul, 'tis the Sav- iour! hear him en- treat- ing, Lov- ing- ly, gent - ly,
3. Soul, 'tis your Sav- iour, still he's in - sist - ing, That you will turn from

plead- ing with thee; List to the voice, with love in - ter - ced - ing—
call - ing to thee; Hark! how the words with love he's re - peat - ing—
sin and be free; Still he is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing—

CHORUS.

"Sin - ner, oh, sin - ner, come un - to me." Come! come!
Come un- to me!

Come un - to me!..... Oh, soul, thou art dy- ing! Oh,
Come un- to me!

Come un-to me!.....

hear Je - sus cry- ing, then come un - to me!.....
come, come, come un- to me!

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# No. 11. Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Crown him, crown him! o - ver all na - tions vic - to - rious,
   Crown him, crown him! tell of his king- dom all - glo - rious,
2. Crown him, crown him! now and for - ev - er a - dore him,
   Crown him, crown him! ye, who have wandered, im- plore him,

Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign;
Raise the stand - ard, ev - er his cause main - tain.
Lo, he com - eth! glad - ly the news pro - claim;
Seek his par - don, he will your souls re - claim;

Laud him! praise him, join in the mighty cho - rus, Joy - ful sing the
Hail him! bless him! worship and fall be-fore him, Joy - ful sing the

CHORUS.

song with its glad re - frain. Crown him, crown him! worship the

King of Sal- va - tion, Shout ho - san - na! Je-sus has come to reign!

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# No. 12. Calling for You.

MARY SPARKS WHEELER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Broth - er, look out o'er the fields white and wav- ing, The harvest is
2. "Work in my vineyard!" the Mas- ter is cry - ing; The harvest is
3. Heark- en the voice of the hun- gry and weep- ing; The harvest is
4. Bold - ly, my broth- er, pro-claim the glad sto - ry—The harvest is

great and the laborers are few, Come thrust in your sick - le, the
great and the laborers are few; Go strengthen the fee - ble and
great and the laborers are few; No long - er stand i - dle, but
great and the laborers are few— Till Christ shall il - lu - mine the

ripened grain sav-ing, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
comfort the dy- ing, The Lord of the harvest is call ing for you.
en - ter the reap-ing, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
earth with his glo - ry, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
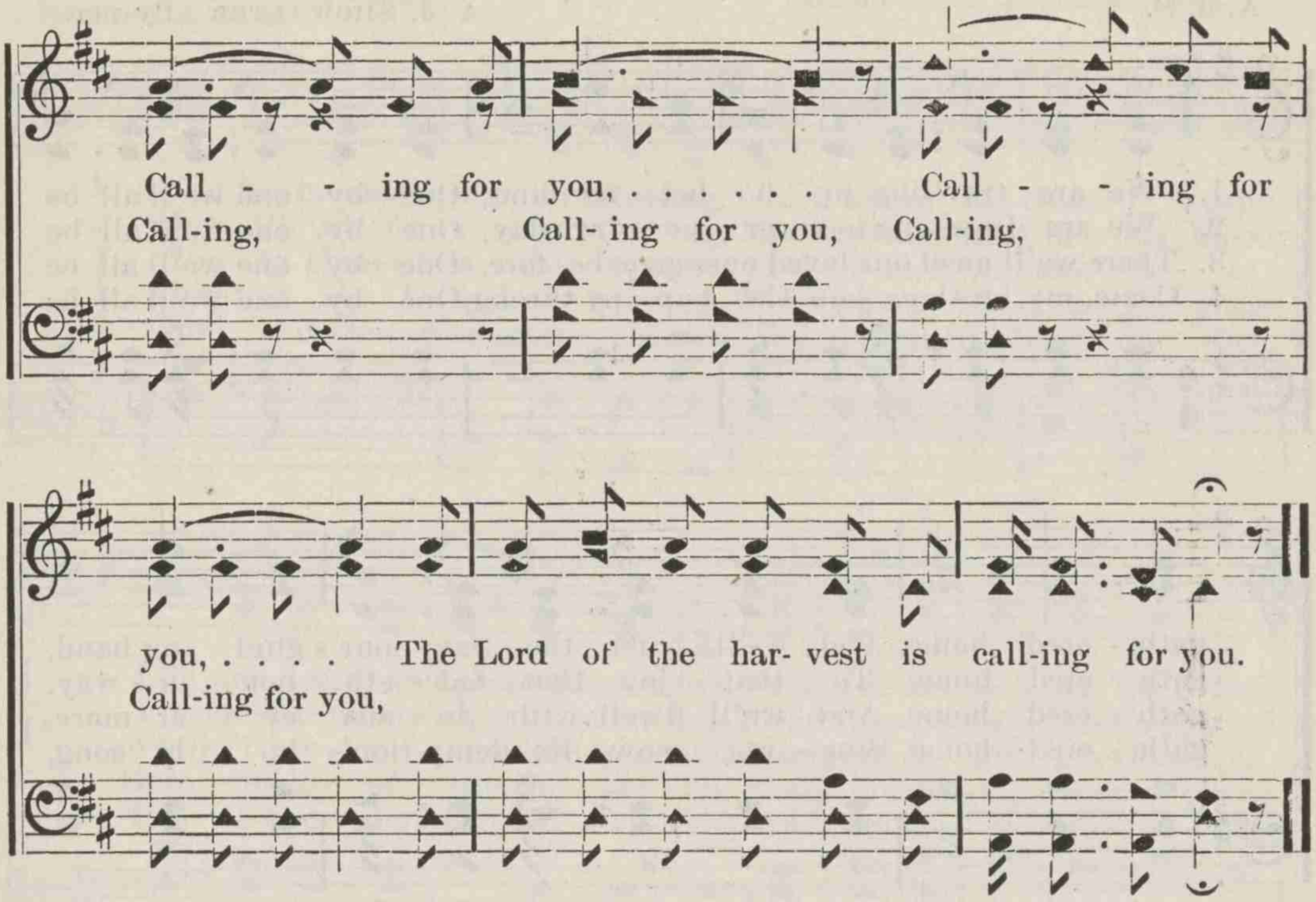
**CHORUS.**

Call - - ing for you,..... ..... Call - - ing for
Call-ing, Call - ing for you, Call-ing,

you,..... The Lord of the har-vest is call - ing for you;
Call-ing for you,
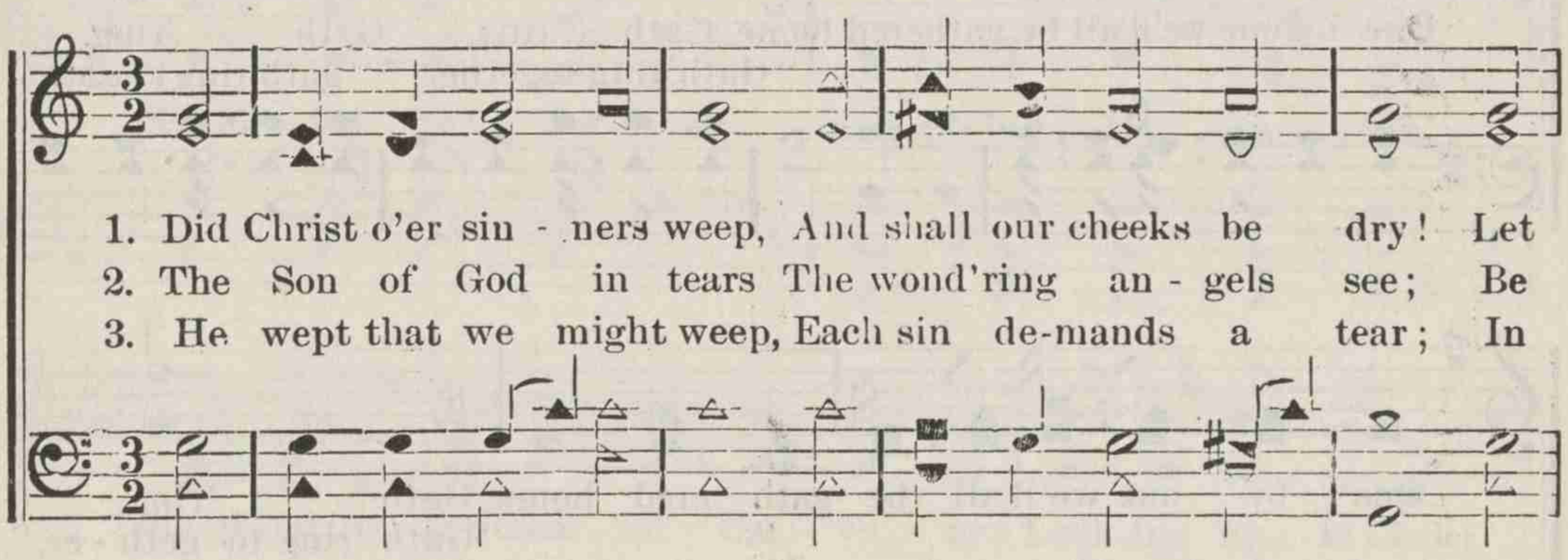
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## Calling for You. Concluded.




## No. 13. Boylston. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME. DR. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 14. Gathered Home.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we'll all be
2. We are draw- ing near- er ev - 'ry day, One by one we'll all be
3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone be- fore, One by one we'll all be
4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap - py throng, One by one we'll all be

gath - ered home, And we'll trust the Sav - iour's guid - ing hand,
gath - ered home, To that joy that fad - eth not a - way,
gath - ered home, And we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er- more,
gath - ered home, Sing - ing now Re- demp-tion's ho - ly song,

CHORUS.

One by one we'll all be gathered home. Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring,
"Gath'ring together," "gath'ring together,"

One by one we'll all be gath - ered home; Gath - 'ring,
"Gath-'ring to- geth - er,"

Gath - - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gath - ered home.
"Gath-'ring to - geth - er,"

# No. 15. Standing by the Cross.

Words by ALLEN SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit for- ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy streaming in his blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be- fore his cross to lie,
4. Here it is I find my heav- en, While up on the cross I gaze,
5. Lord, in cease-less con- tem- pla-tion, Fix my trusting heart on thee,

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy- ing Friend.
Precious drops! my soul be - dew- ing, Plead they now my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com- pas-sion, Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.
Here the joy of sins for - giv - en, Shall in-spire my songs of praise.
Till I know thy full sal - va- tion, And thy face in glo - ry see.

**CHORUS.**

Stand - ing by the cross, Stand - ing by the cross,

Stand-ing by the cross of Cal - va - ry; Look-ing up to Christ,

Trust-ing in his love, Hop- ing in his mer - cy full and free.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

# No. 16. Lost! Lost!

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lost! lost! Hear the death cry! Men are dy- ing day by day;
2. Haste! haste! Soul, it is Christ Call- ing thee to fly to him;
3. Lost! lost! but Christ can save, Will you spurn his love di - vine?

'Tis Sa - tan's might-y pow'r That's work - ing ev - 'ry hour To
His might - y love can shield If you to him but yield The
Soul, soul, he calls to thee, "Look now from self to me, Lo,

lead souls in - to end - less gloom.
soul at which death hurls his dart.
I will guide thee to the light."
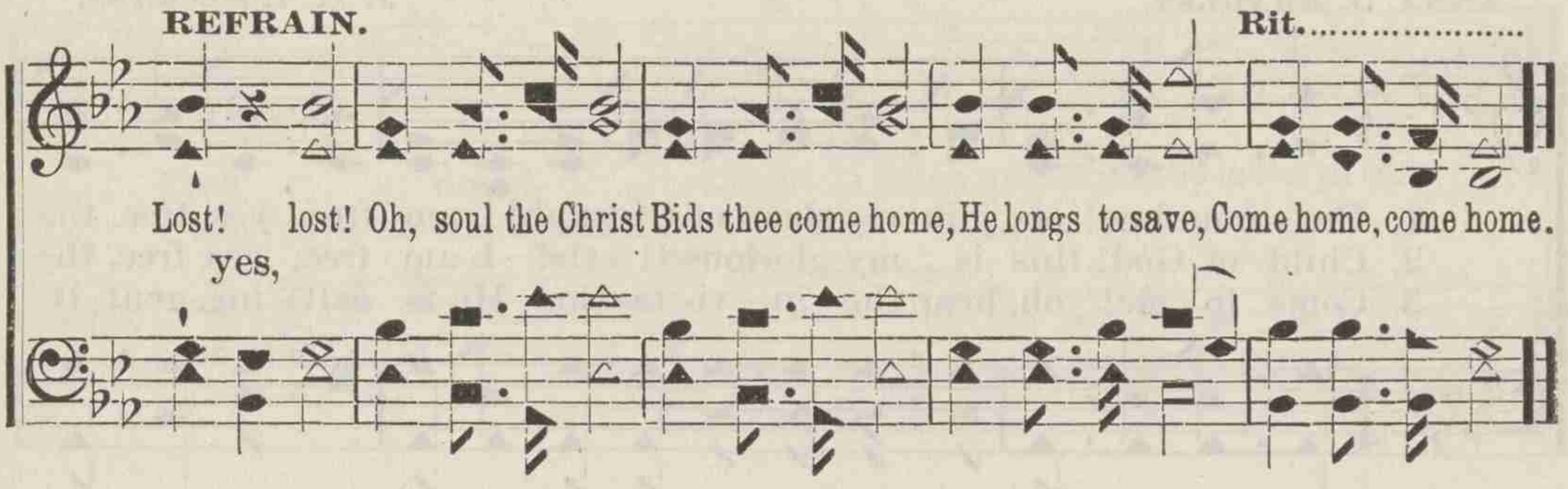
Haste! haste! Soul it is death!
Soul! soul! Christ calls to thee,
Soul! soul! Speak Je- sus' name!

Haste! for soon 'twill be too late! Oh, haste, the moments fly. Hear,
Will you still re-main in sin? Oh, do not wait till light Is
It will give you strength to trust; What tho' you're stained by sin, He'll

hear the Mas - ter cry "Soul, I would save thee from death's doom."
lost in end - less night! Turn now, and yield to Christ thy heart.
wash and make you clean— Oh, lost one, turn to Christ to - night.

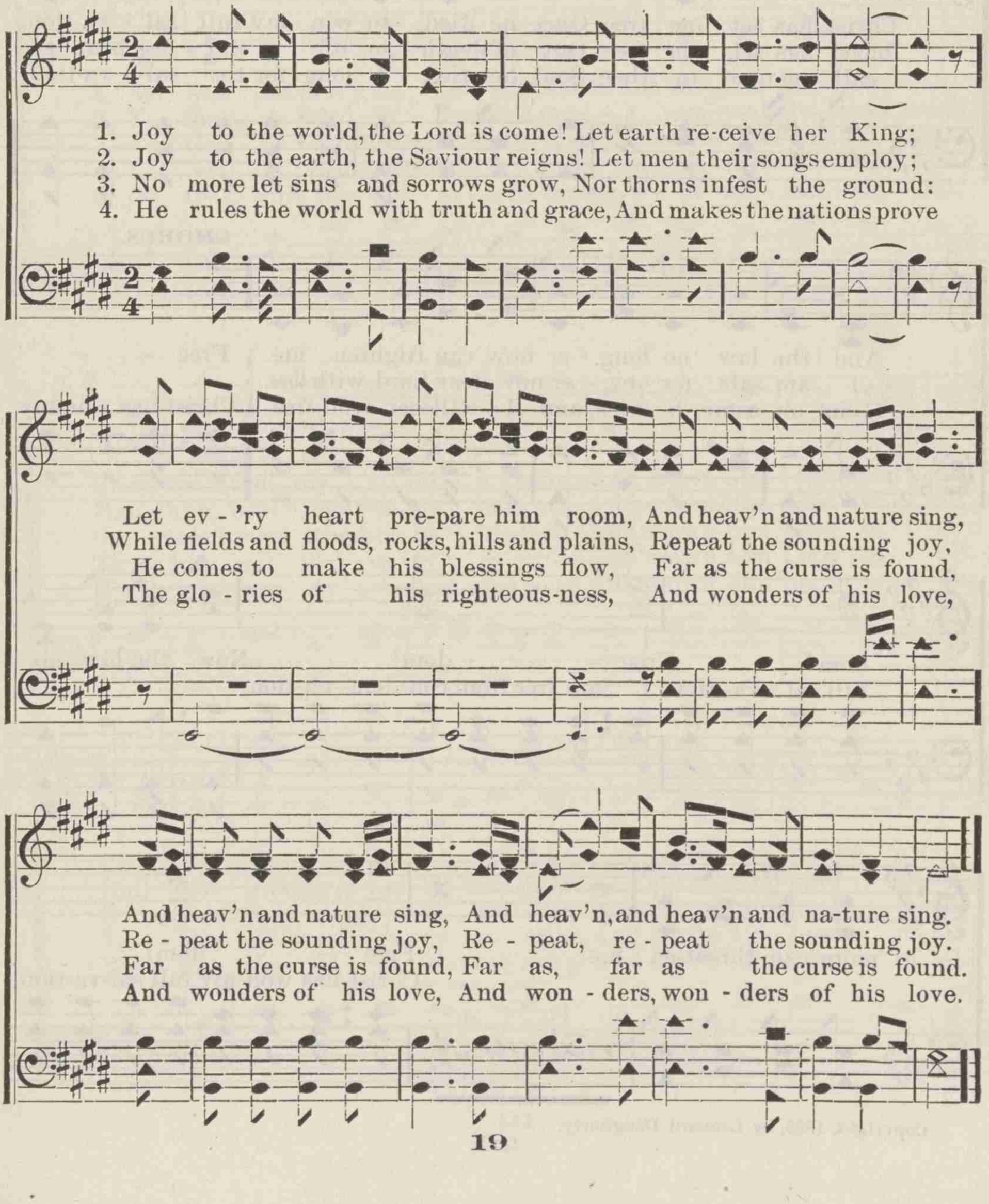
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# Lost! Lost! Concluded.




## No. 17. Antioch. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.



# No. 18. Christ Has Set Me Free.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Free from law! oh, join my shout of triumph! I am free, yes, free, the
2. Child of God! this is my glorious ti - tle! I am free, yes, free, the
3. Come to me! oh, hear the in - vi- ta- tion, He is call - ing, gent- ly

Christ has set me free; Once he died to win my full sal - va-tion,
blood has set me free; Out of death to life of end - less beau- ty,
call- ing now to thee; Soul, he cries, I long for thy sal - va-tion,

CHORUS.

And the law no long - er now can frighten me.
I am safe for - ev - er now, dear Lord, with thee.
Come, oh, come, he cries, and I will set you free.
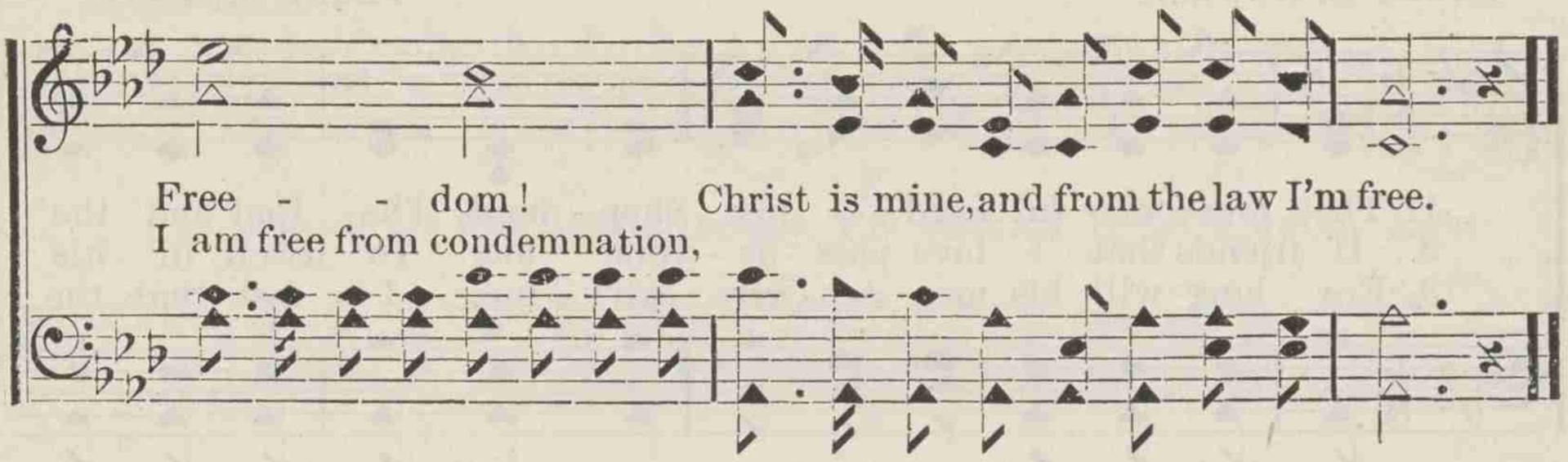
Free - - -
Christ has won my

dom! Free - - - dom! Now the law no
full sal - va- tion, I am free from con-dem- na-tion,

more can threat-en me! Free - - dom!
Christ has won my full sal-va-tion,

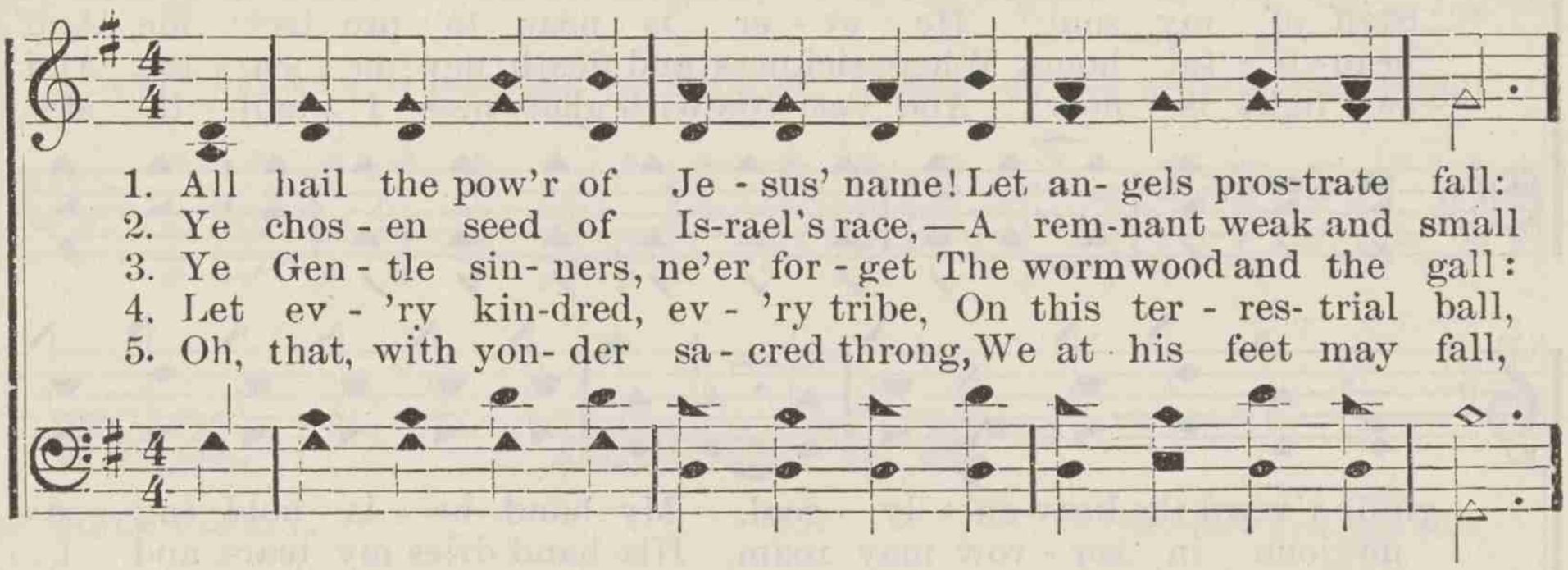
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# Christ Has Set Me Free. Concluded.
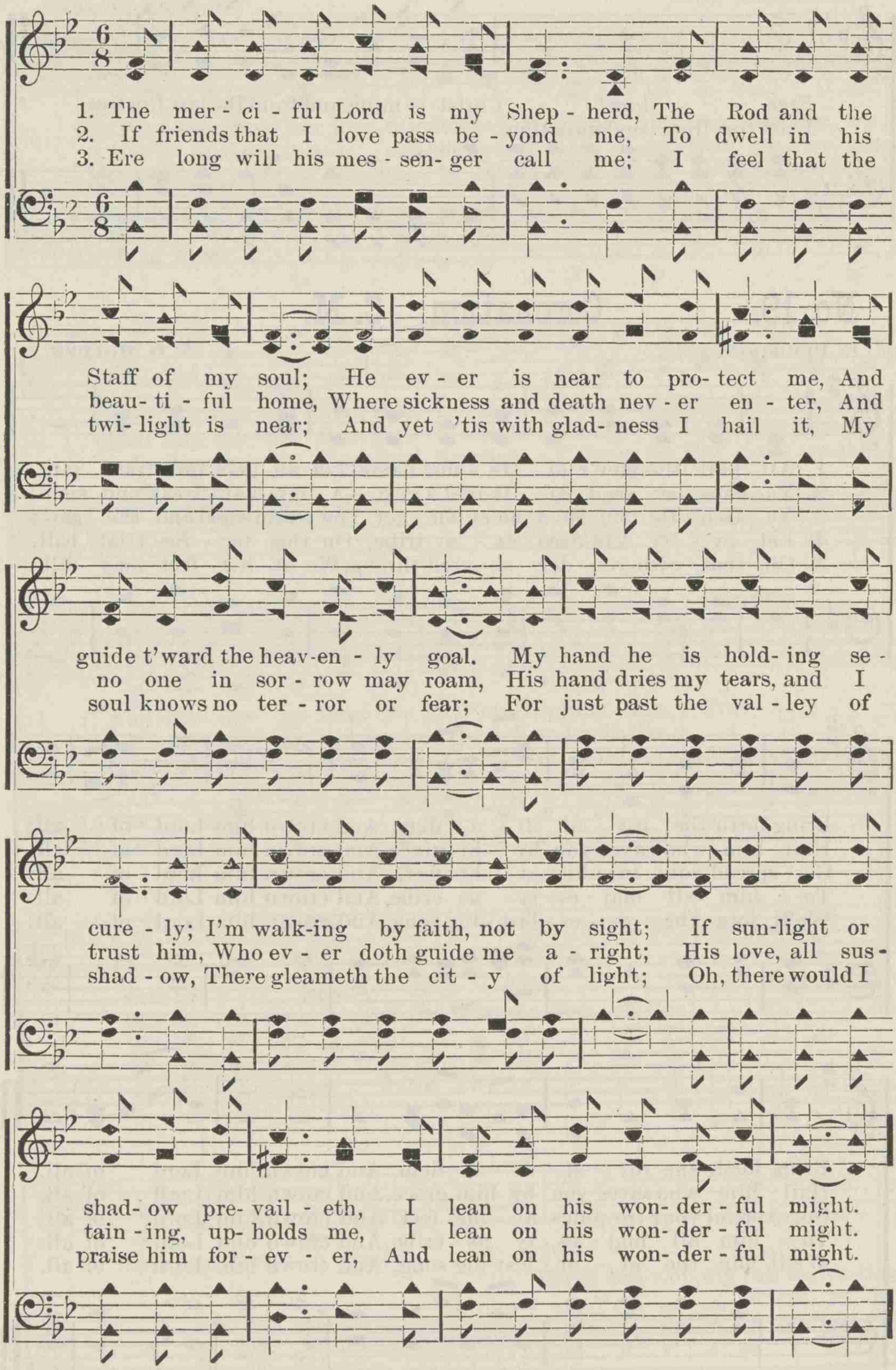



## No. 19. Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



# No. 20. I Lean on His Wonderful Might.

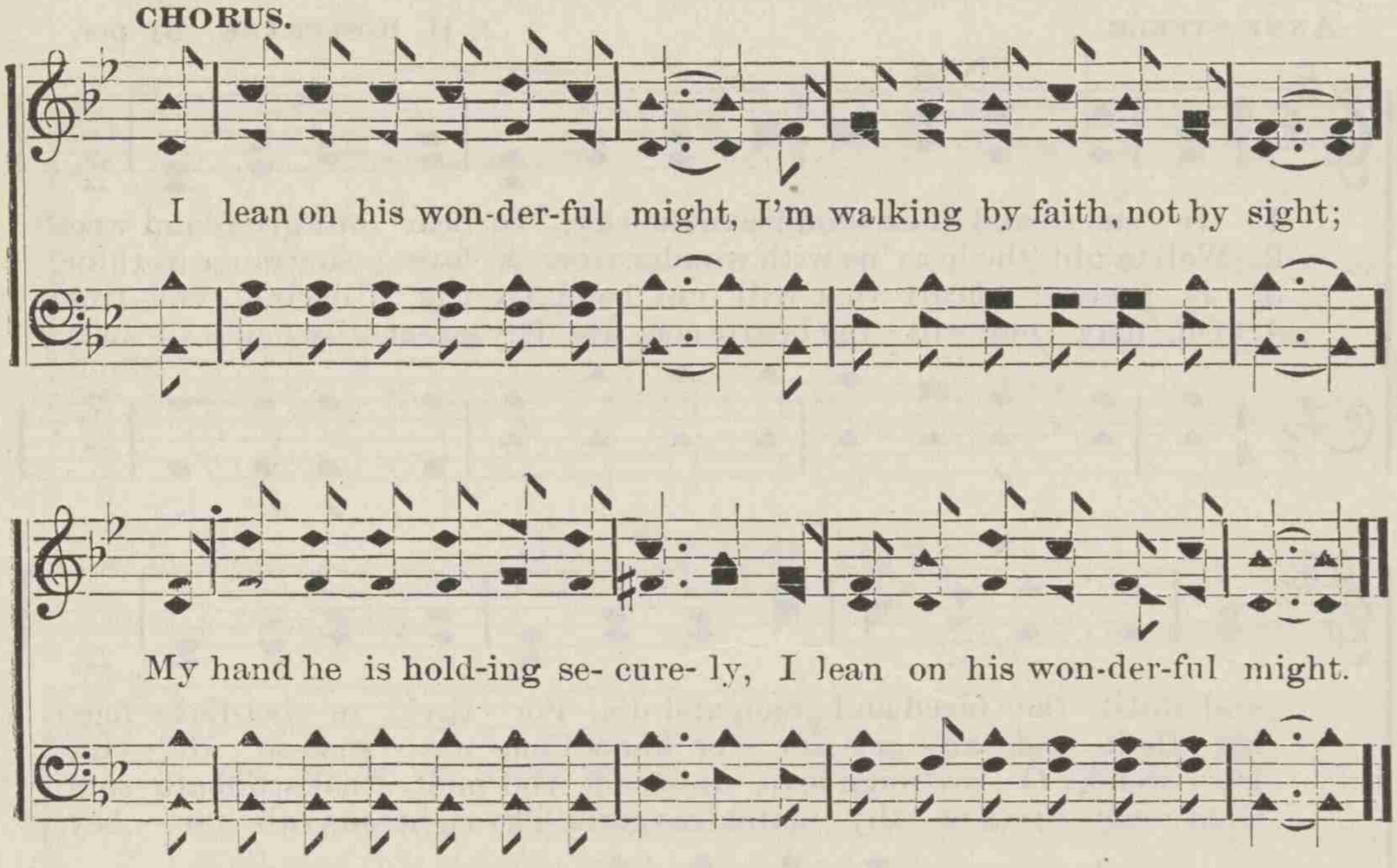
LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK M. DAVIS.




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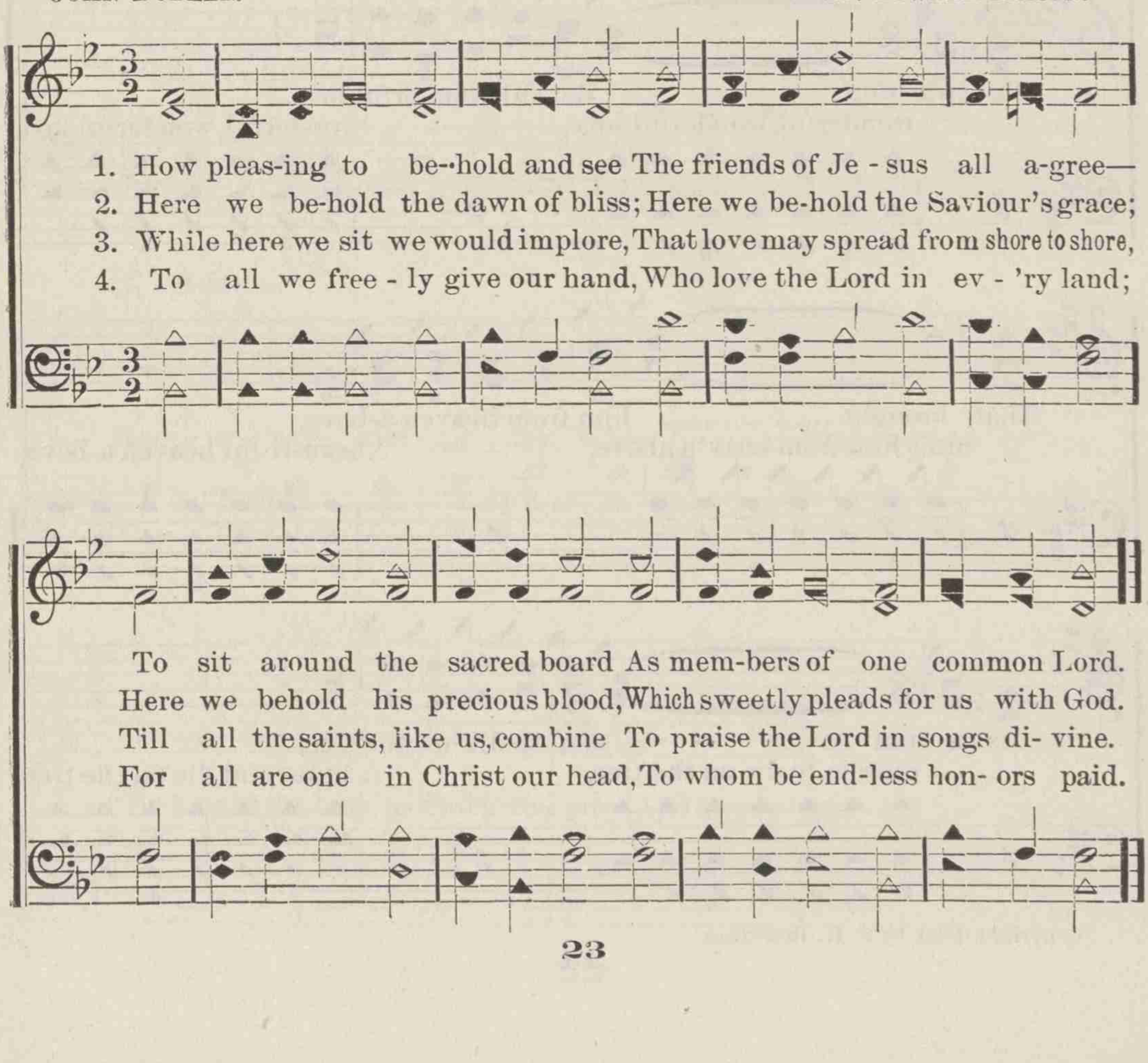
# I Lean on His Wonderful Might. Concluded.

CHORUS.




## No. 21. Hebron. L. M.

JOHN DOBELL. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 22. Wonderful Love.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Je - sus— and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy divine con- trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con- fess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway;

And didst thou bleed and groan and die, For thy re - bel-lious foes?
No tho't of an - gels ev - er knew Com- pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov'reign love, de-scend, And melt that stubborn soul.
Glad cap - tives of thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.
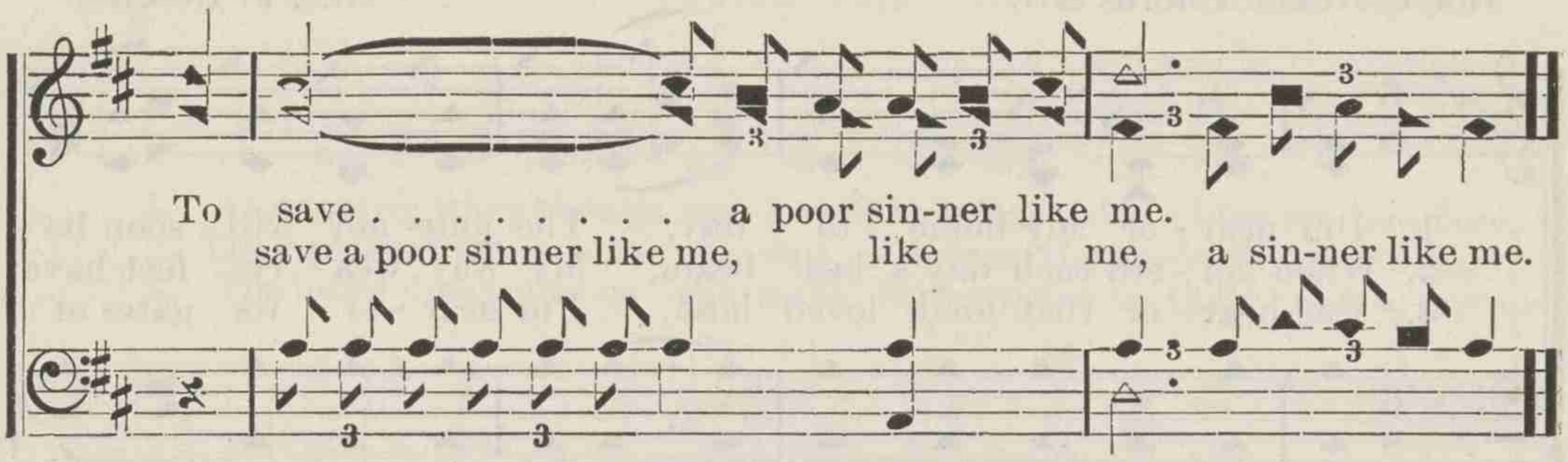
Oh, 'twas won - - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love,

That brought..... ..... him from heaven a-bove,
bro't him from heav'n above, beau-ti-ful heaven a-bove,

As a ran - - - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

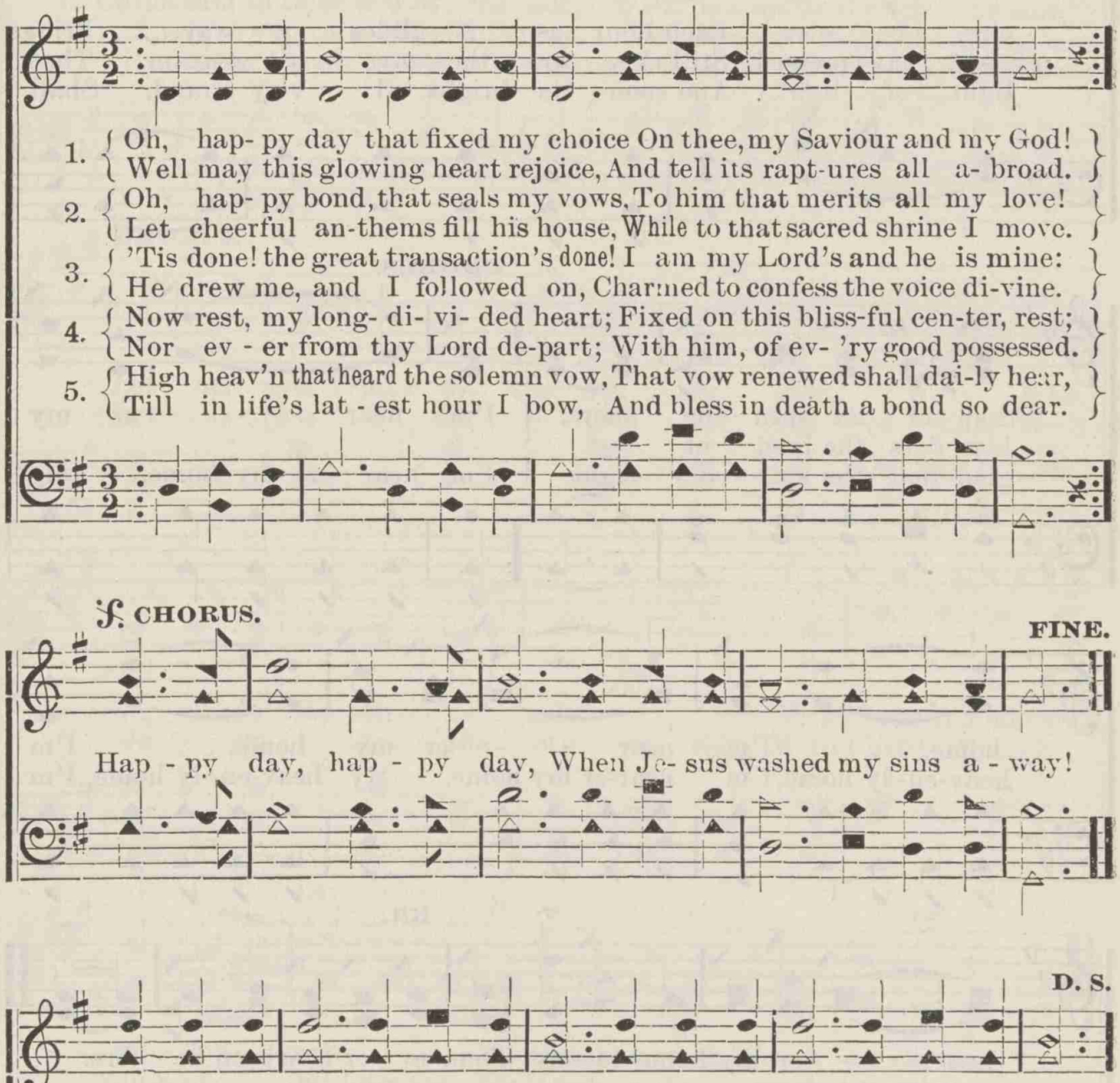
Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

# Wonderful Love. Concluded.




## No. 23. Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



# No. 24. I'm Nearer My Home.

IDA L. REED. Chorus Arr. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I'm near - er my home to - day, The jour- ney will soon be
2. When fad - eth each day's last beam, My way wea - ry feet have
3. I'm near - er that fond loved land, I'm near - er its gates of

o'er, (be o'er,) Each hour as it glides a - way,..... Brings
pressed, (have pressed,) Still clos - er the mys - tic stream, That
light, (of light,) And soon its bright sil - v'ry strand, Shall

**CHORUS.**

near - er its shin - ing shore.
bor - ders the land of rest.
glad- den the spir - it's sight.

I'm near - - - - er my
I'm near - er my home, my

home, . . I'm near - - er my home, . . . I'm
heav-en- ly home, I'm near-er my home, My heav-en- ly home, I'm

Rit. - - - - - - -

near - - er my home to- day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
nearer my home,

Copyright, 1891, by Geo. F. Rosche, Chicago, Ill. By per.

# No. 25. We'll Safely Reach the Other Shore.

MARIA STRAUB. (QUARTET.) S. W. STRAUB. By per.

1. At evening when the sun was low Where Gal - i-lee's blue wa-ters flow,
2. They entered in a ship to sail A-cross the sea with scarce a gale;
3. The loved dis-ci-ples on the wave Now trusted in their Lord to save—

Christ said to those e'er by his side, "We'll pass un-to the oth - er side."
A might-y storm soon bro't dismay, Tho' Je- sus sweetly slumb'ring lay.
He rose and made the storm to cease, And filled their hearts with joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Let us pass un - to the oth - er side, With
Let us pass un - to the oth - er side, With

*f*

Je - sus to the oth - er side; With Christ tho' storm or
Je - sus to the oth - er side; With Christ though

*p*

bil - lows roar We'll safe-ly reach the oth - er shore.
storm or bil-lows roar, We'll safe - ly reach the oth - er shore.

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# No. 26. Golden Day of Promise.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Oh, gold - en day of prom-ise when the Lord shall come To
2. Oh, gold - en day of prom-ise in the "by and by," When
3. Oh, gold - en day of prom-ise, bless- ed day of peace, When

take the ones he ransomed to his own bright home; That morn I'll hear him
Je - sus comes to reign a- gain o'er earth and sky, When ev -'ry tribe and
from all cares and sigh-ing I've a full re - lease; That morn each cloud and

call - ing and his word o - bey,
na - tion shall his voice o - bey,
sor - row will be rolled a - way,
} Oh, beau - ti - ful day of
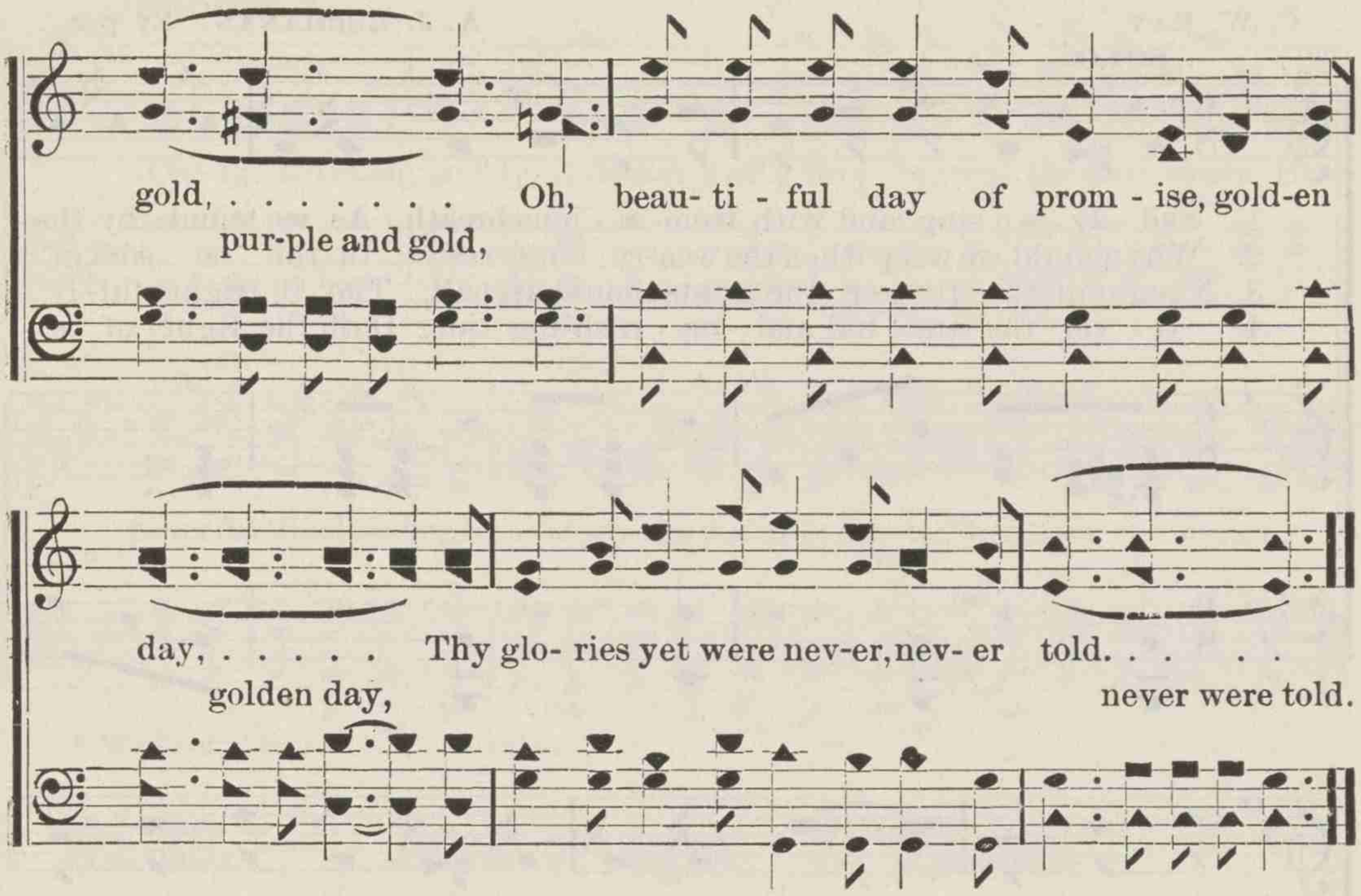
**CHORUS.**

prom- ise, gold-en day. Oh, beau- ti- ful day of prom-ise, gold-en

day,..... When Je - sus comes in pur - ple and in
gold - en day.
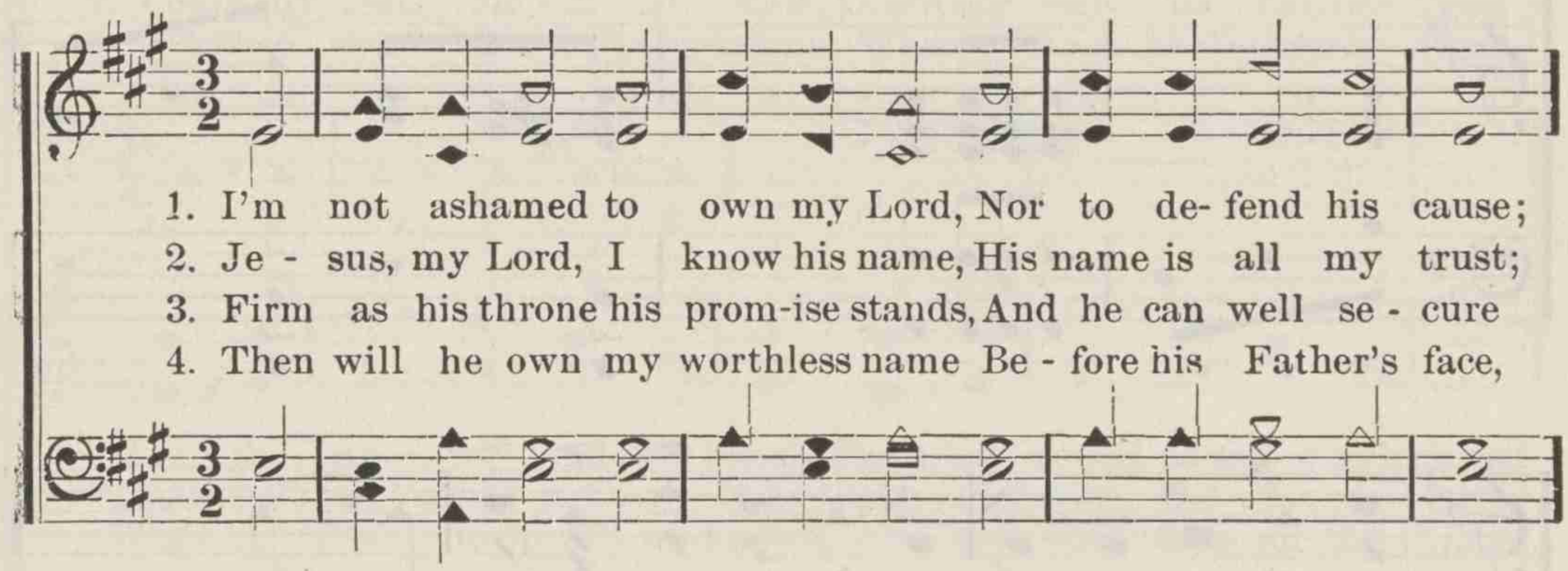
By per. of S. W. Straub.

## Golden Day of Promise. Concluded.




## No. 27. Azmon. C. M.
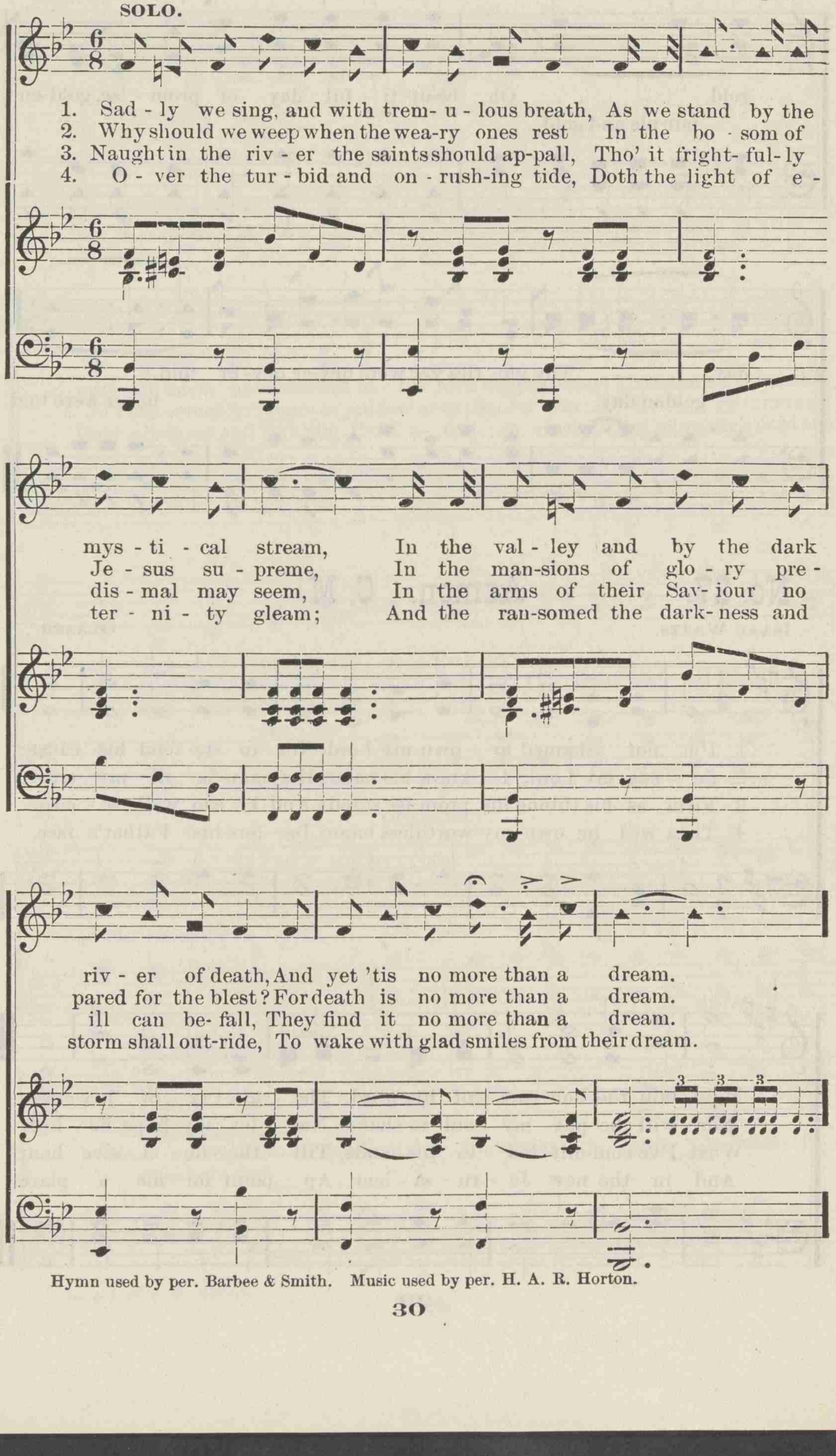
ISAAC WATTS. GLASER.



# No. 28. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY. A. J. BUCHANAN. By per.
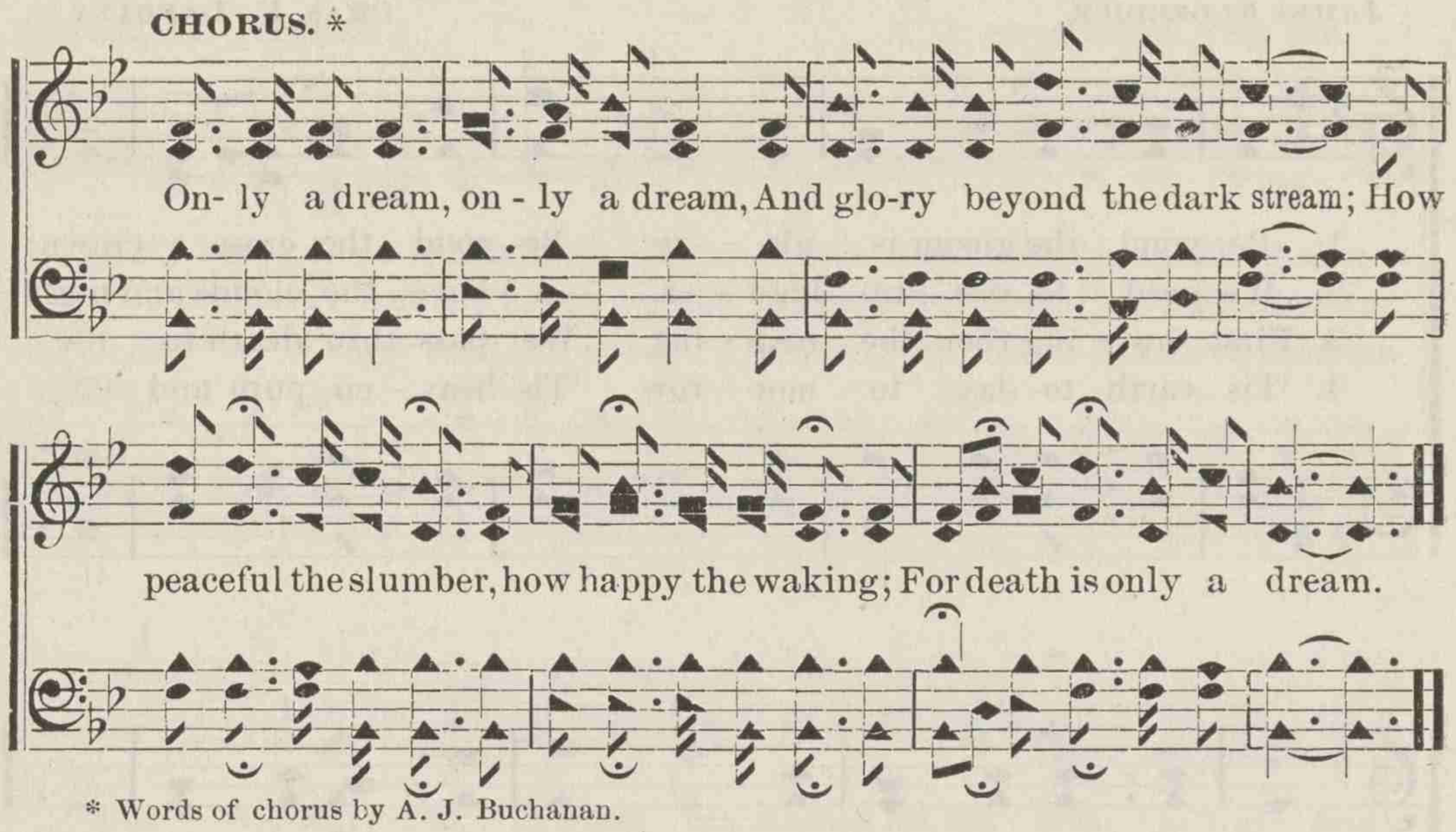
SOLO.




Hymn used by per. Barbee & Smith. Music used by per. H. A. R. Horton.
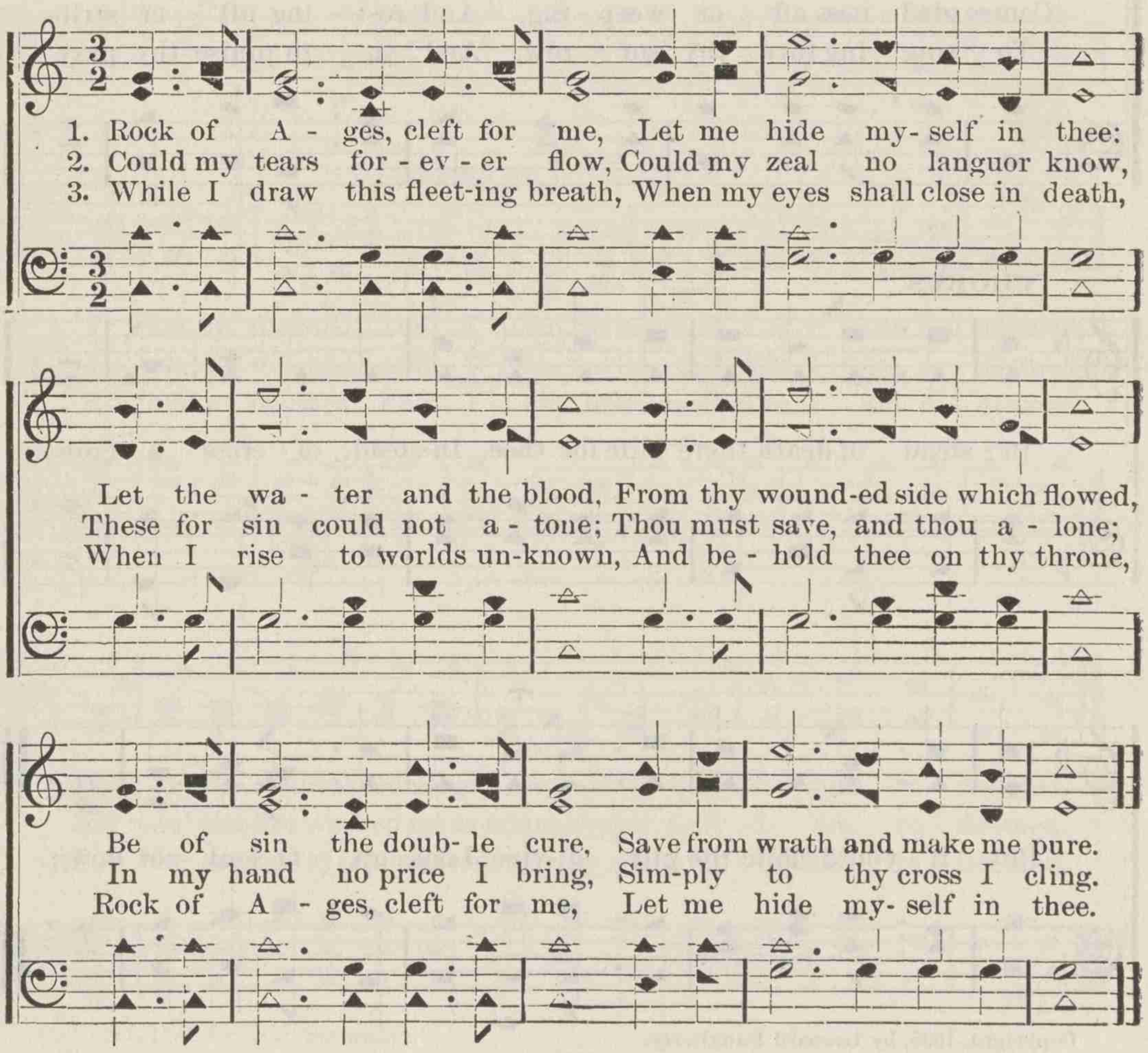
# Death is Only a Dream. Concluded.

**CHORUS.** *




* Words of chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

# No. 29. Rock of Ages. 7s 6 lines.



# No. 30. Look Up.

JAMES ELDERDICE. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Be- yond the gloom is glo - ry, Be- yond the cross a crown:
2. We need to rise up high - er, A - bove the clouds and night,
3. First sow - ing, then the reap - ing, We pass thro' death to life;
4. 'Tis earth to- day, to - mor - row 'Tis heav - en, pure and fair,

Not half so sad life's sto - ry, Did we look up not down.
To feel that heav'n is nigh - er, To see e - ter - nal light.
Comes glad - ness aft - er weep - ing, And rest - ing aft - er strife.
To sing - ing turn thy sor - row, And in - to praise thy pray'r.

CHORUS.
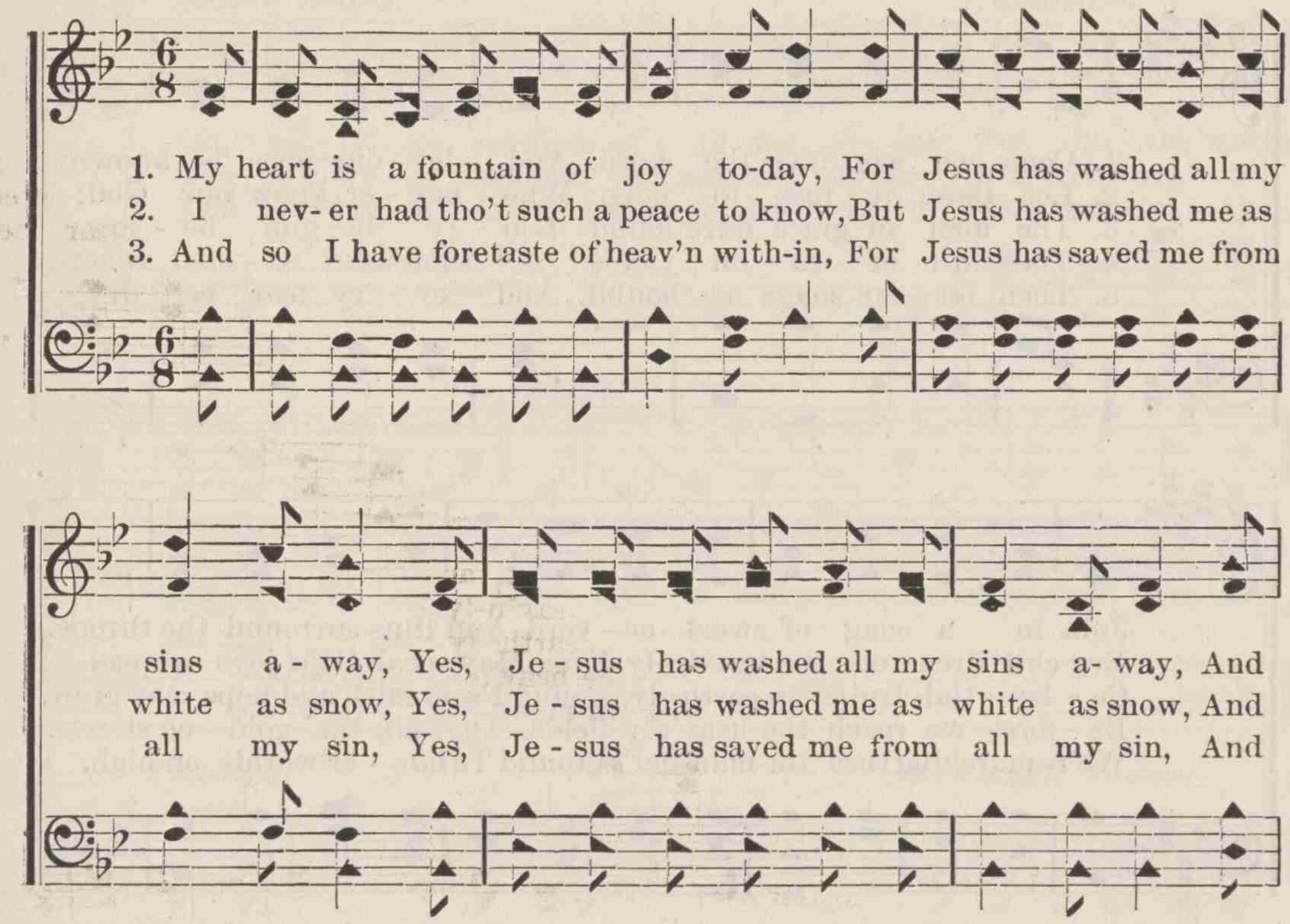
In - stead of death there's life for thee, In-stead of cross a crown;

But if you'd claim the gift di-vine, Look up, O soul, not down.
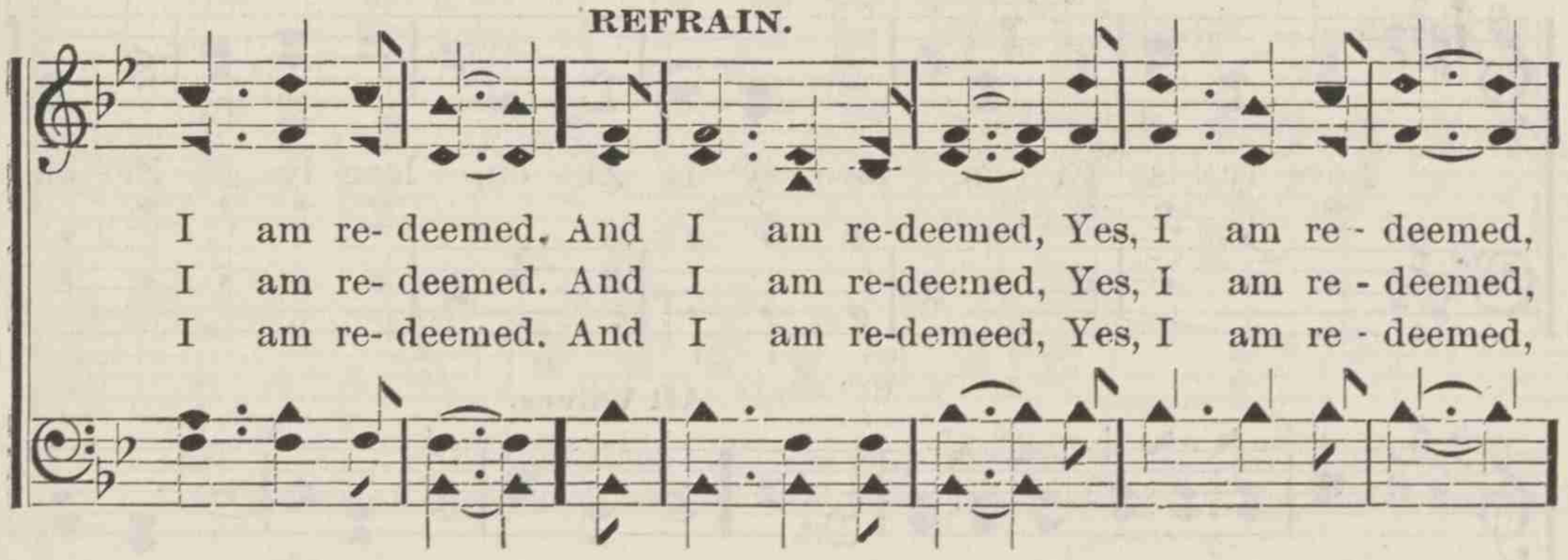
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# No. 31. I Am Redeemed.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.
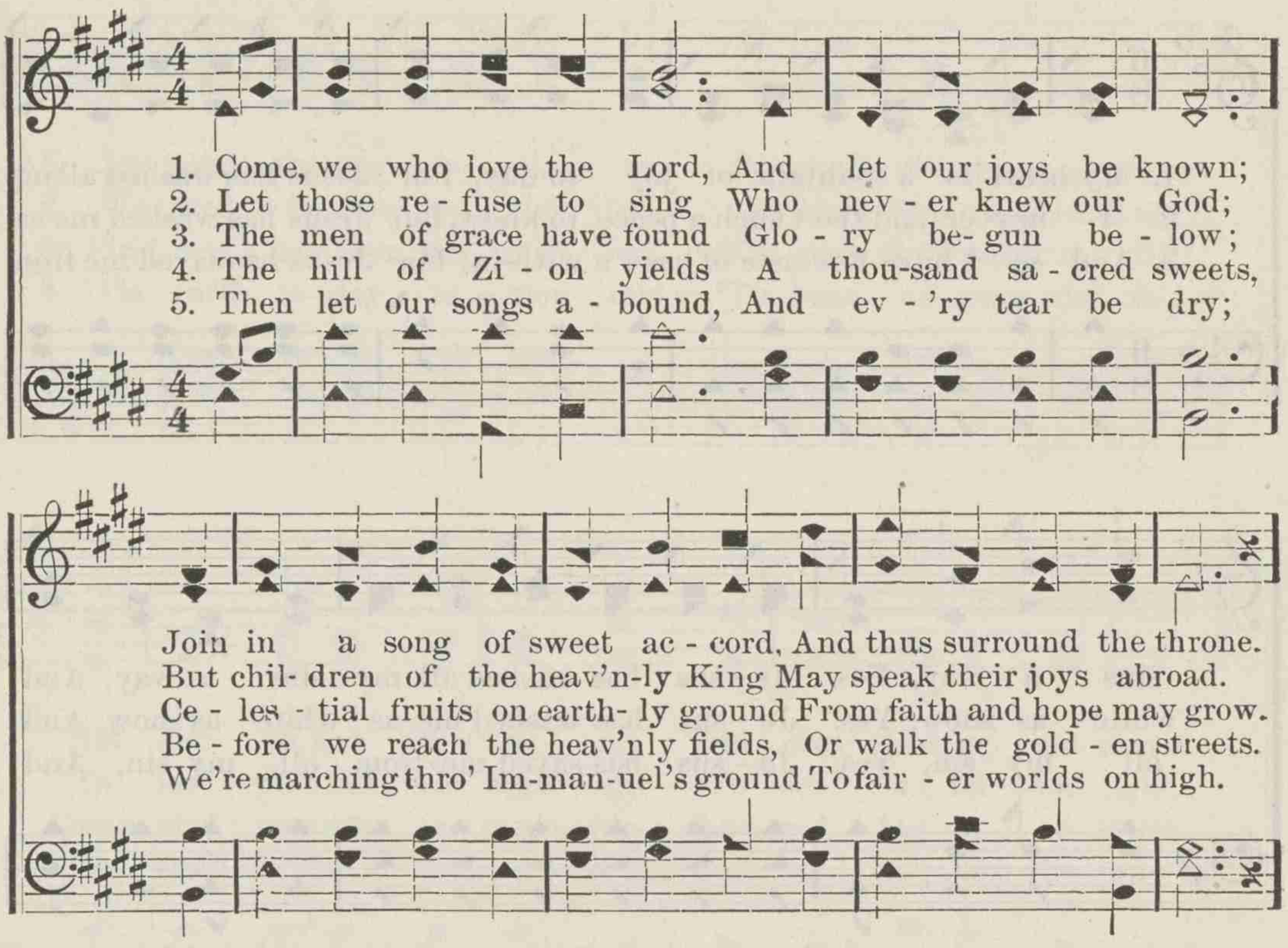



REFRAIN.




Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter.

# No. 32. Lovely is Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.




Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans. By per.

# No. 33. Rally! Ye Soldiers of Jesus!

L. B. M.

L. B. MITCHELL.

SOLO. Boldly.

*f* CHORUS.

1. Oh, ral - ly! ye sol-diers of Je- sus, to - day, Put on the whole
2. The pow-ers of darkness in might-y ar - ray Are striv- ing to
3. The bless-ing of heav- en shall fol-low the true, Who faith- ful - ly

SOLO.

ar- mor of God; The breast-plate of righteousness shall be thy stay,
conquer the field; But trust- ing in Je-sus, our strength and our stay,
work for their Lord; His Spir - it and presence shall be, their lives thro',

CHORUS.

REFRAIN. Faster.

With the gos - pel of peace be shod.
The ar- mies of Sa - tan must yield.
A fore-taste of fi - nal re - ward.
} Ral - - ly!

Ral-ly! ye sol-diers of

ral - ly! Soldiers of Je- sus, our King!..... For - -
Je- sus, our King, Soldiers of Je- sus, of Jesus, our King! Forward! and

ward! for - ward! And trophies of vic - to - ry bring!.....
trophies of victo-ry bring, And trophies of vic - to - ry, vic- to- ry bring!

Copyright, 1893, by S. W. Straub. By per.

# No. 34. Come, Blessed Saviour.

C. C. ARMSTRONG. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come, oh, come, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Fill the chambers of my soul,
2. When I bow my knee be - fore thee, Lord, oh, hear me while I pray,
3. When I sleep, oh, be thou near me, Let thy wings be o'er me spread,
4. When in grief's dark door I'm standing, Come and cheer me with thy love,
5. When I stand by death's dark riv - er, Which my soul has dread-ed long,

Let me feel thy mer - cy ev - er Thro' my heart un-ceas- ing roll.
Let thy ten - der love with - in me. Draw me close to thee al - way.
With thine ev - er - last - ing mer- cy "Cov- er my defenceless head."
When to earth my heart is bend-ing, Lift and fix my tho'ts a - bove.
Take me, then, my bless- ed Sav- iour, "To the sum-mer land of song."

CHORUS.

Come,..... my lov- ing Sav - · - ing, Fill..... my
Come, yes, come, come, oh, lov- ing Sav- iour, Fill my soul,

soul with peace and joy, May I feel thy presence
fill with peace and joy. May I feel

ev - - - er— Love abound without al- loy.
feel thy presence ev - er— without al- loy.

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# No. 35. He Calls To-day.

J. DOBELL. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
2. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, The Sav- iour calls to - day;
3. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, The gos - pel bids you come;

Now sin- ners, come, with- out de - lay, And seek the Sav-iour's face.
To - mor- row it may be too late; Then why should you de - lay?
And ev - 'ry prom- ise in his word De-clares there yet is room.

CHORUS.

He calls to - day, then why de - lay? Why
He calls to- day, then why de-lay?

should you long-er, long-er wait? His pleadings hear
long-er wait? His pleadings

while he is near; To- mor - row it may be too late.
hear while he is near;
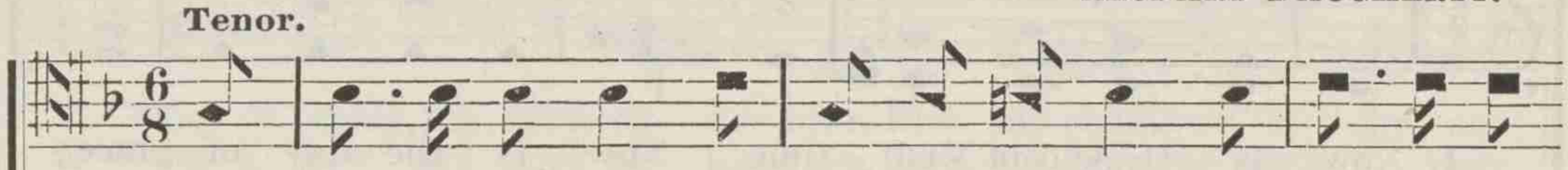
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# No. 36. This Night.

TENOR AND SOPRANO DUET.
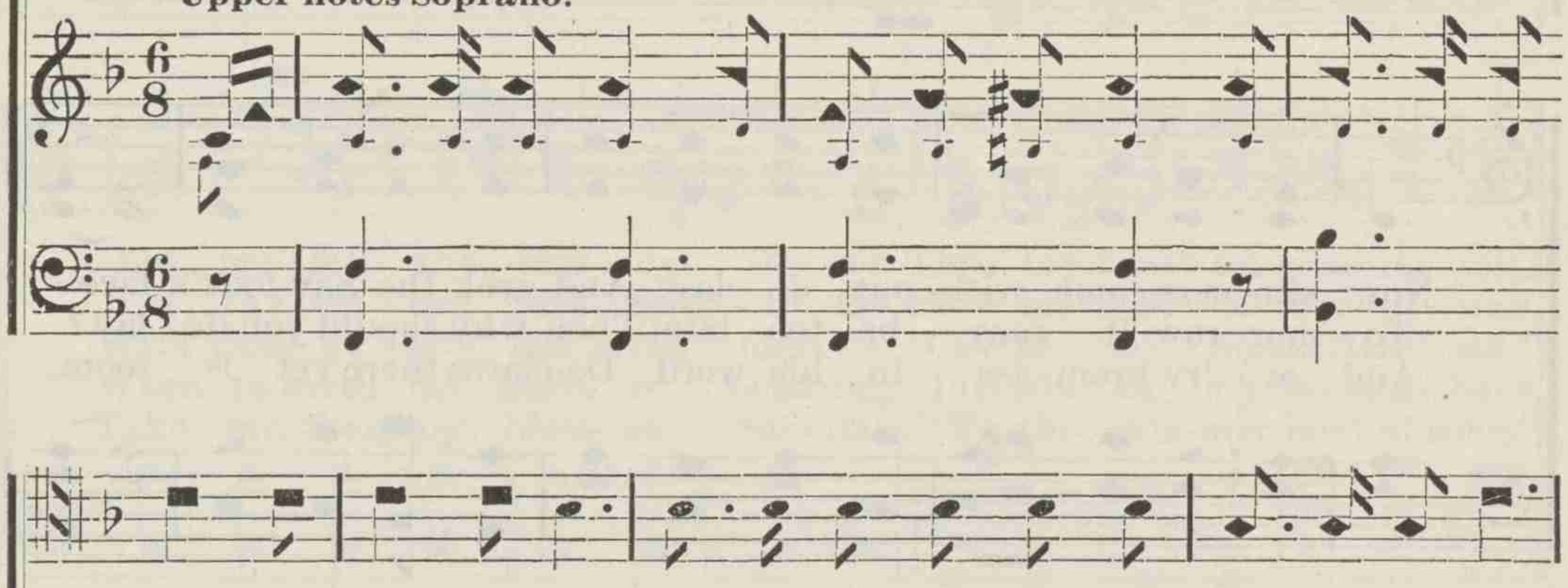
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

**Tenor.**
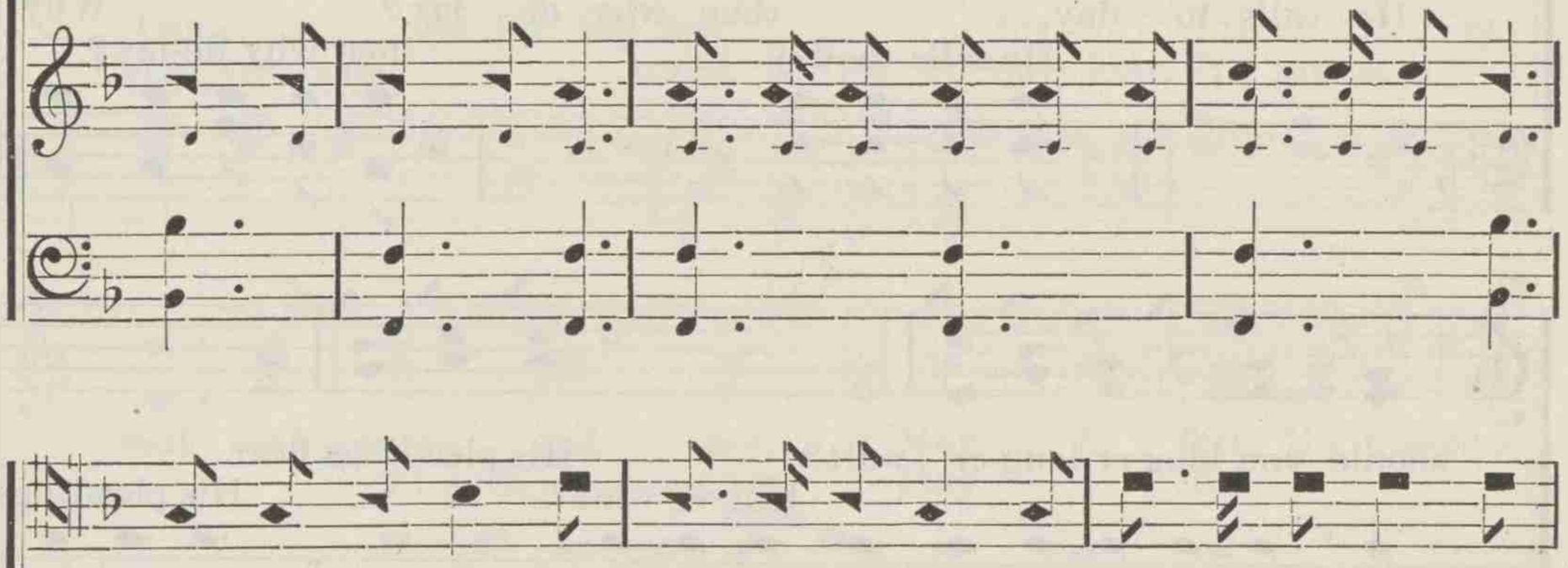


1. Oh, cov - e- tous soul, who car - est for naught Save heap-ing up
2. Thou lov - er of pleas - ure more than of God, Sail - ing so
3. Ah! fool - ish and fair one, gid - dy and frail, Tempting and
4. And thou who hast heard the gos - pel so oft, Care-less, in -
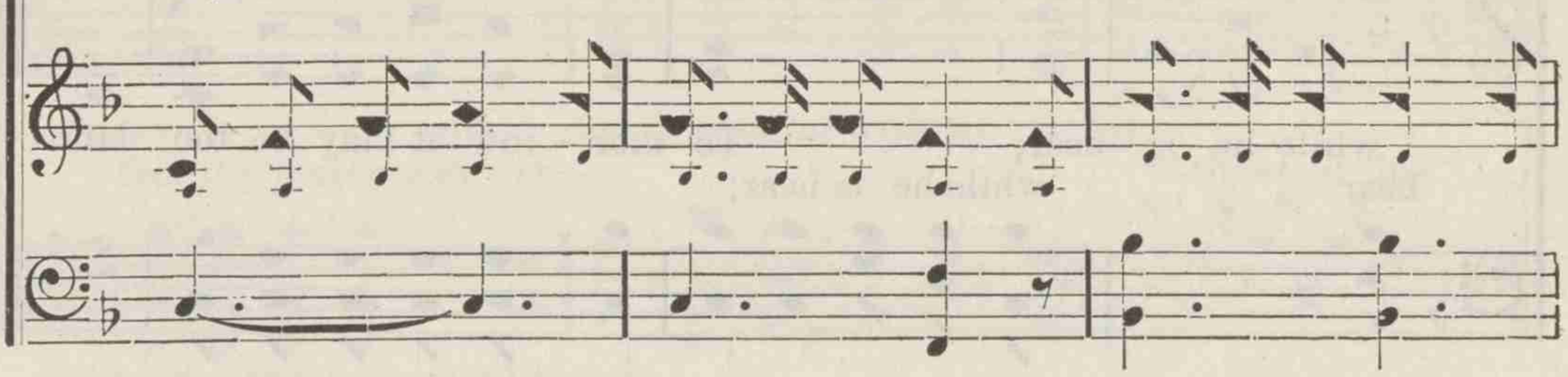
**Upper notes Soprano.**



wealth, a gold - en store, Filled are the store-hous - es, filled are the barns,
gaily down the broad stream, Leading thee straight to the bot - tom-less pit,
tempted, hope hast thou none, Steeped in sin's depths, without Christ, without God,
diff'rent, trifling with grace, Hardening thy heart a- gainst meas-ure-less love,
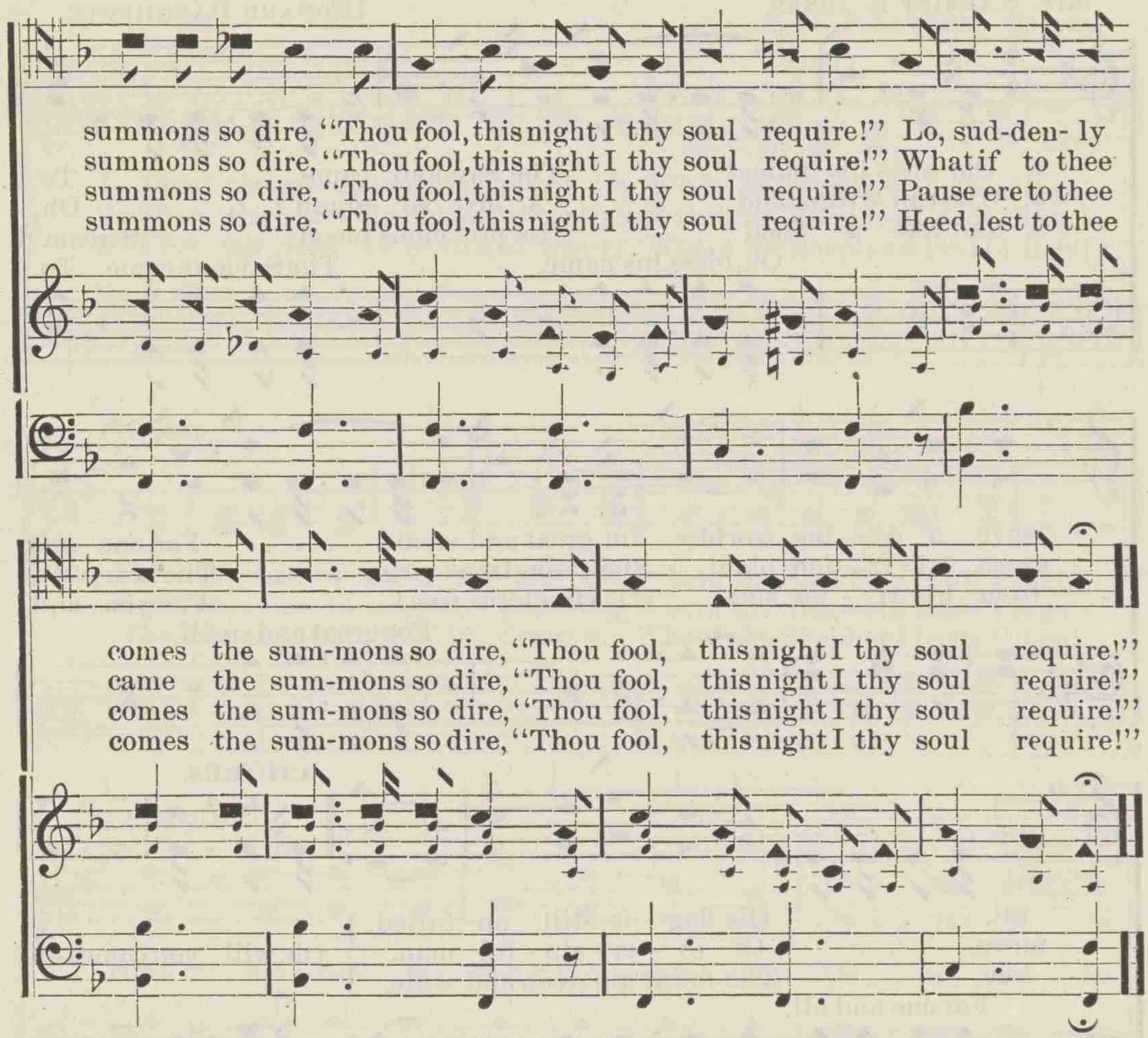


Plen - ty thou hast, thou need- est no more; Lo, sud- den- ly comes the
Wake! oh, a- wake from thy frivolous dream, What if to thee came the
Think thee in time, while heav'n may be won, Pause ere to thee comes the
Heed, lest in hell thou find- est a place, Heed, lest to thee comes the



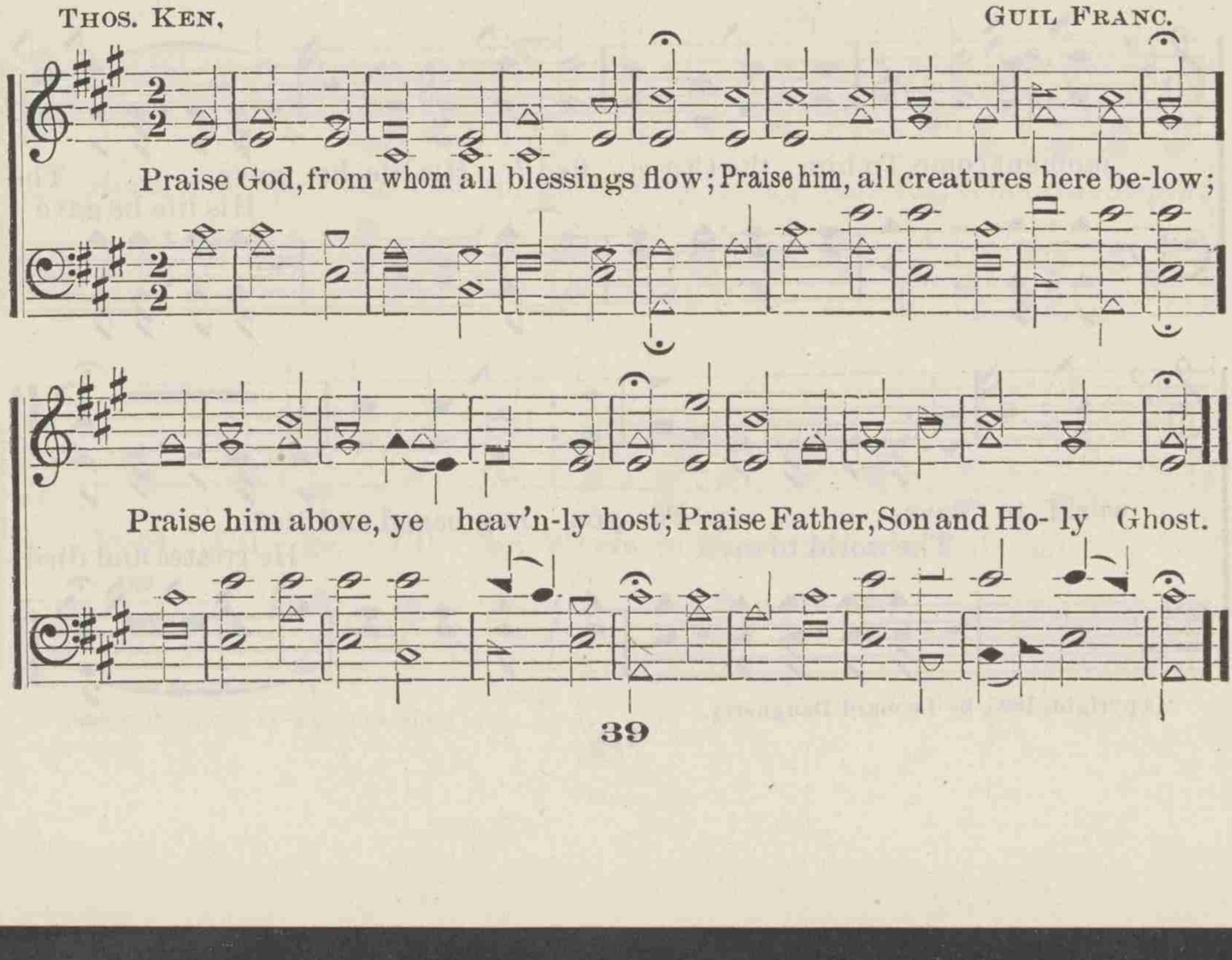
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# This Night. Concluded.




## No. 37. Praise God.

THOS. KEN. GUIL FRANC.



# No. 38. For You He Died.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Oh, bless his name! . . . . The Sav-iour came . . . . . To
2. Who can with-stand . . . . A love so grand? . . . . Oh,
3. Lo! like a flood . . . . His pre- cious blood . . . . . Stream'd

Oh, bless his name, The Saviour came To

save a dy - ing world; For great and small, . . . . For one and
sweet sal - va- tion plan! Such wondrous love . . . . The heart should
from his riv - en side; 'Tis free! 'tis free! For you and

For great and small,

CHORUS.

all, . . . . . His flag is still un- furled.
move, . . . . . Of ev - ery sin - ful man.
me, . . . . The fount-ain deep and wide.
} Oh, will you come this

For one and all.

moment come, To him the Cru-ci - fied? His life he gave, . . . . The

His life he gave

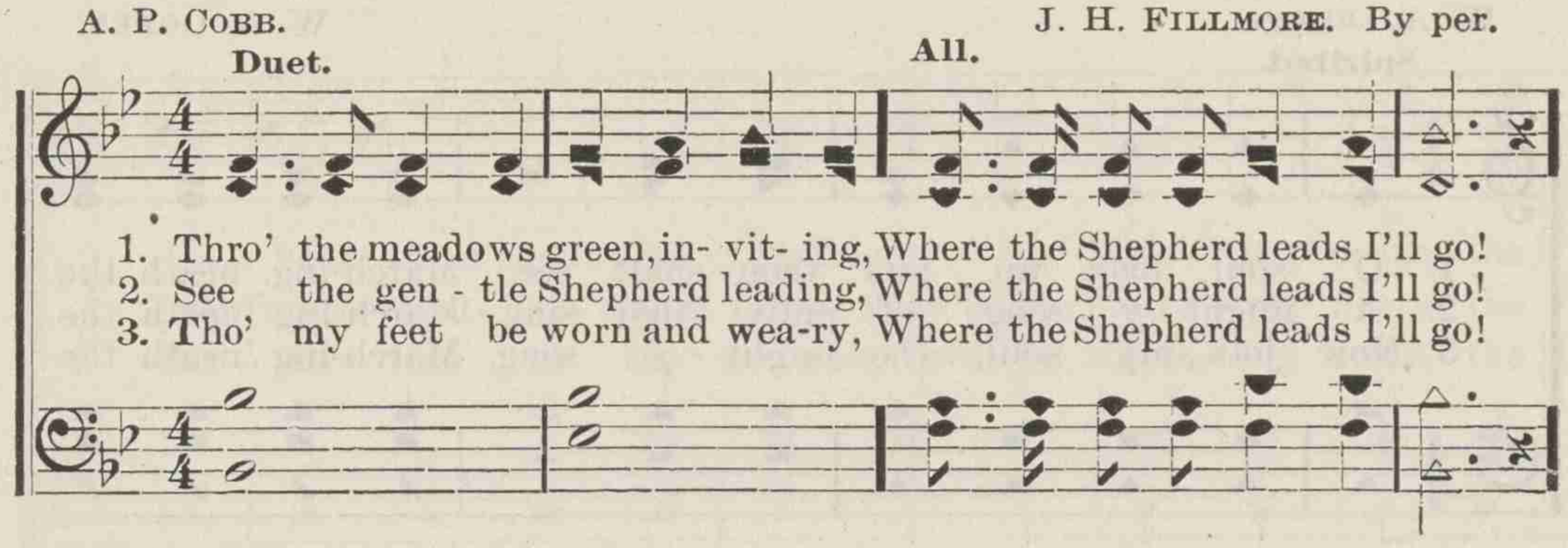
world to save, . . . . . For you he groaned and died. . . . . .

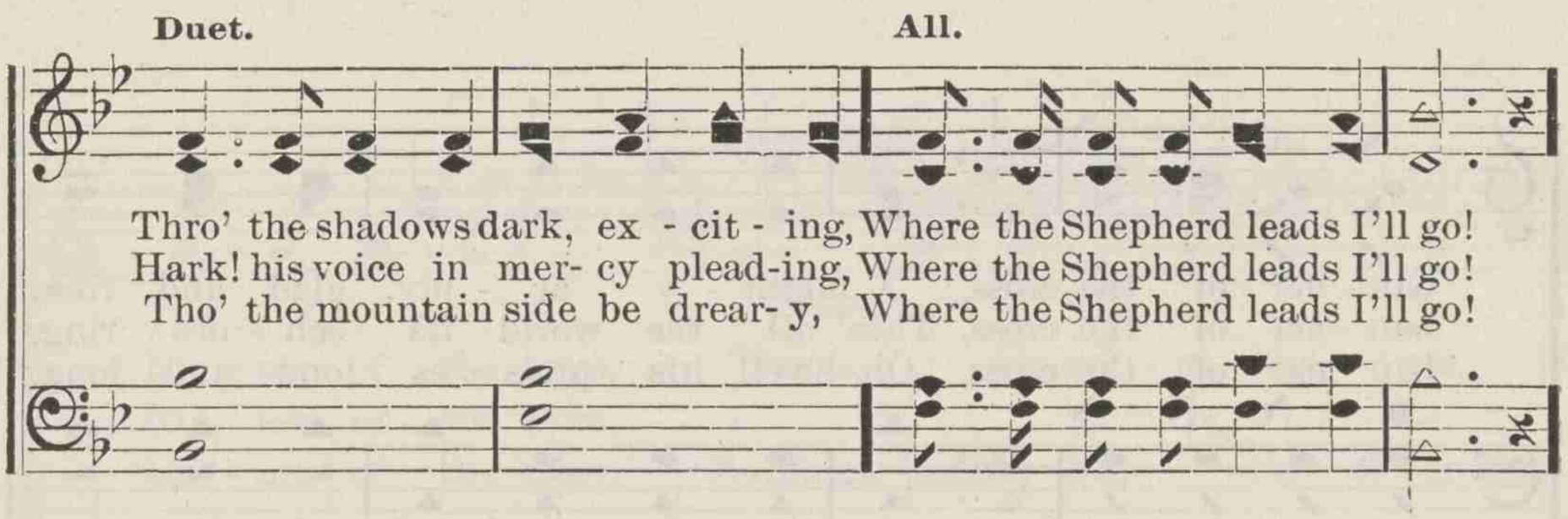
The world to save, He groaned and died.
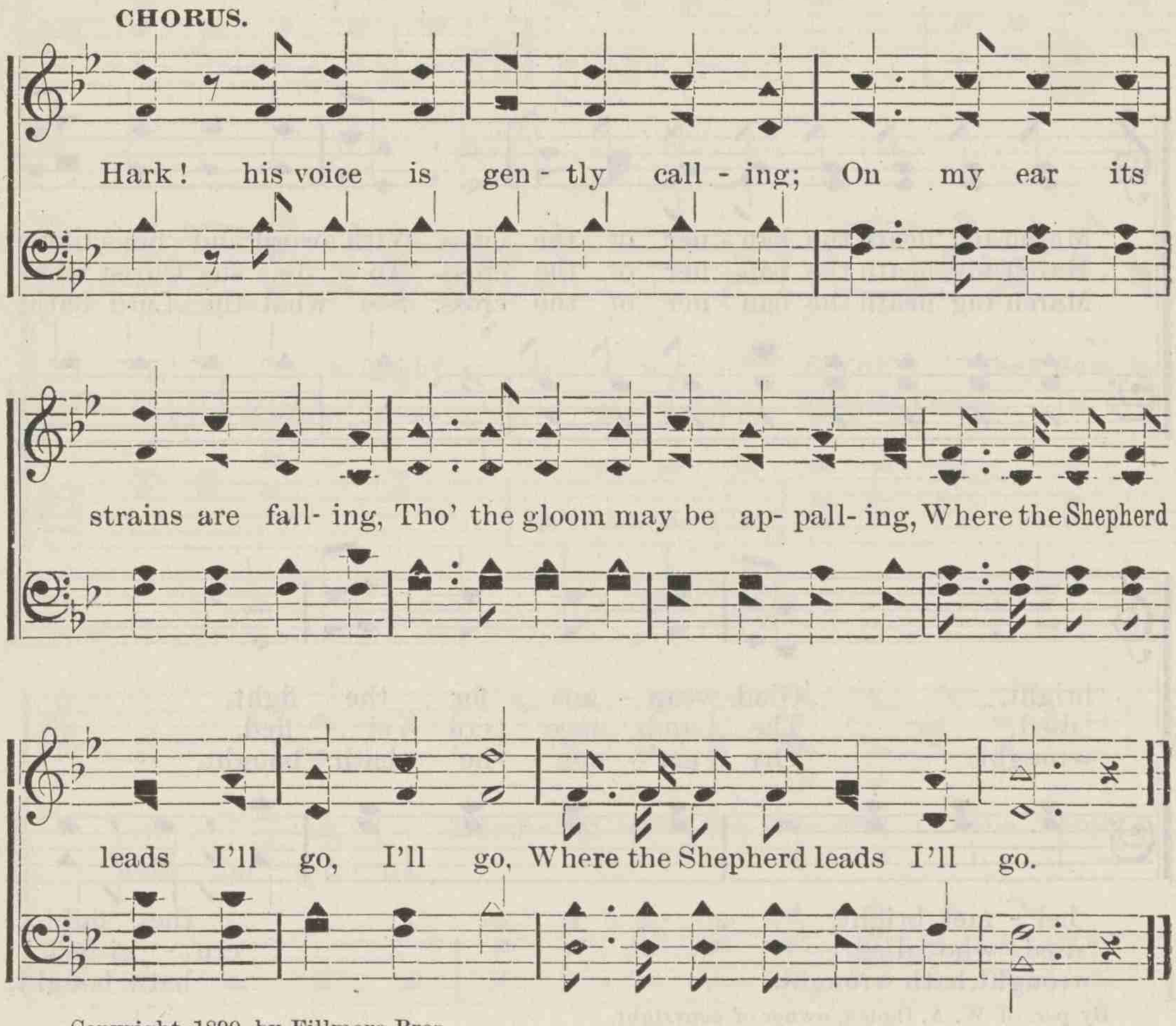
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# No. 39. Where the Shepherd Leads.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE. By per.







Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

# No. 40. Army of the Lord.

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

**Spirited.**

1. O soul, look up, and thou shalt see, March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross, A might - y ar - my, glad and free,
2. A might - y song of praise they sing, March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross, Thro' all the world its ech - oes ring,
3. Now join, my soul, the might - y song, March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross, Oh, swell his prais - es loud and long,

March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross. With sword and hel - met bright,
March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross. To Je - sus Christ who died,
March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross. See what the Lord hath wrought,

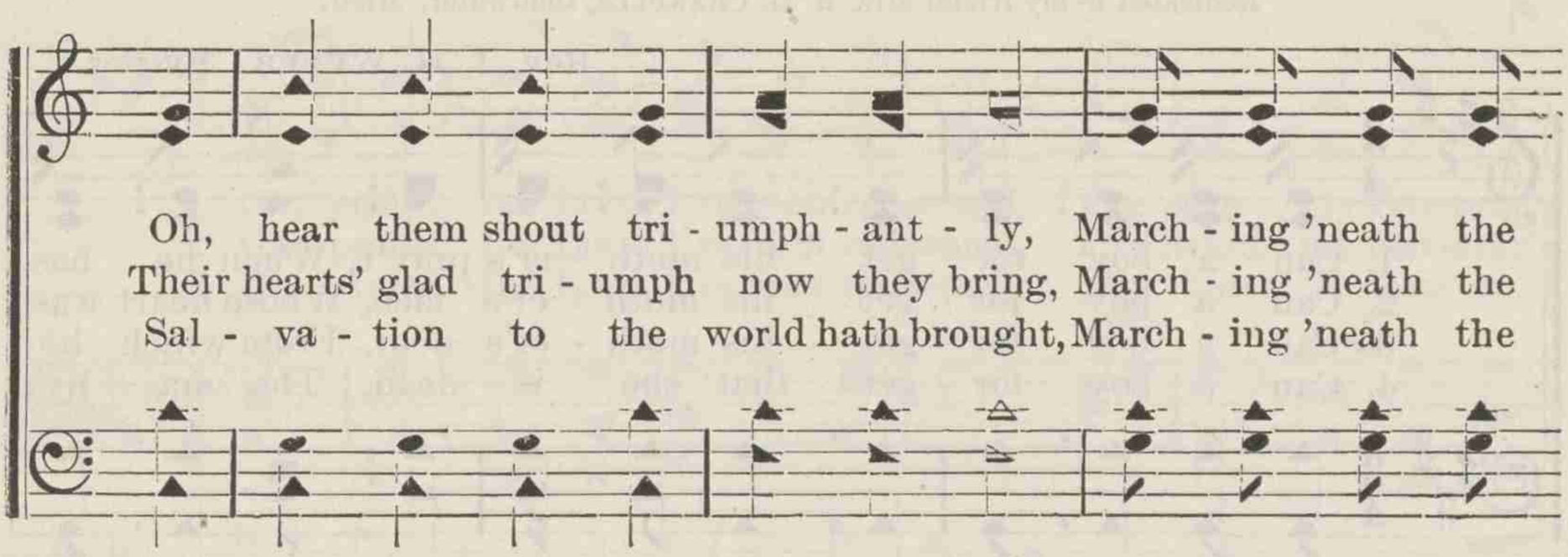
Glad weap - ons for the fight,
The Lamb once cru - ci - fied,
Thy par - don he hath bought,
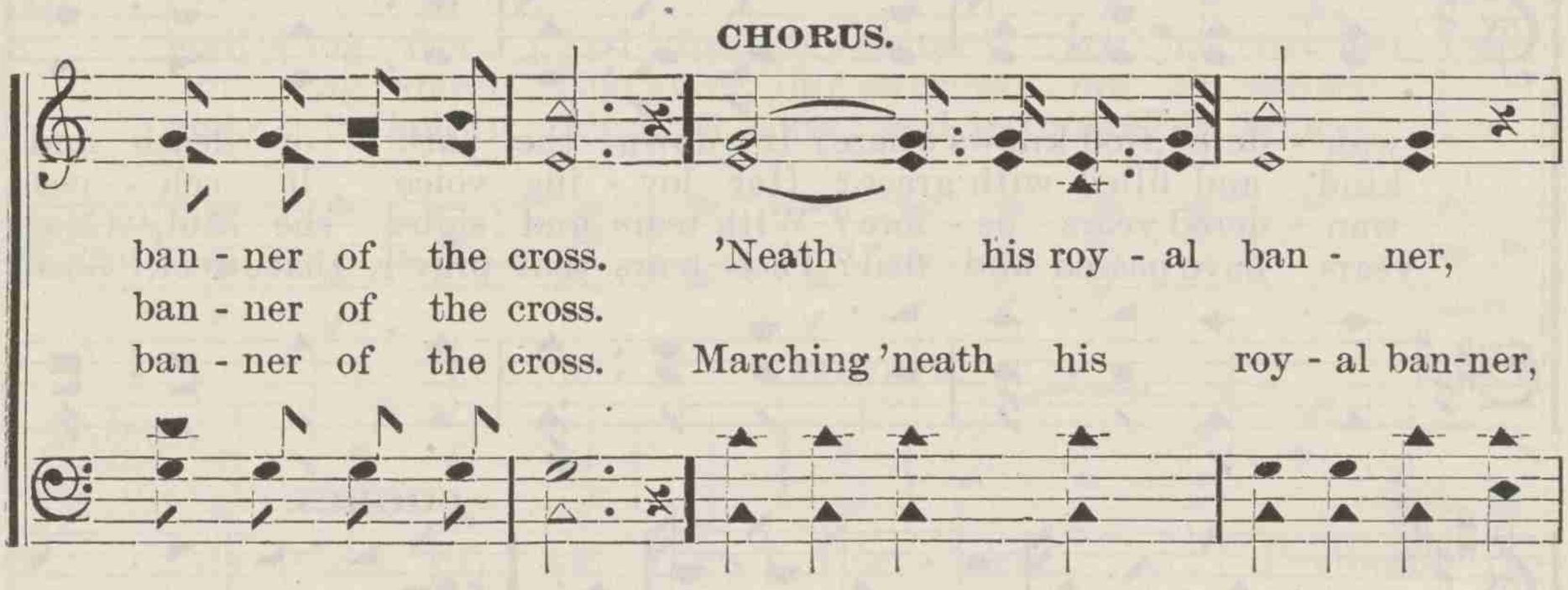
hel - met bright,
died, who died,
wrought, hath wrought,
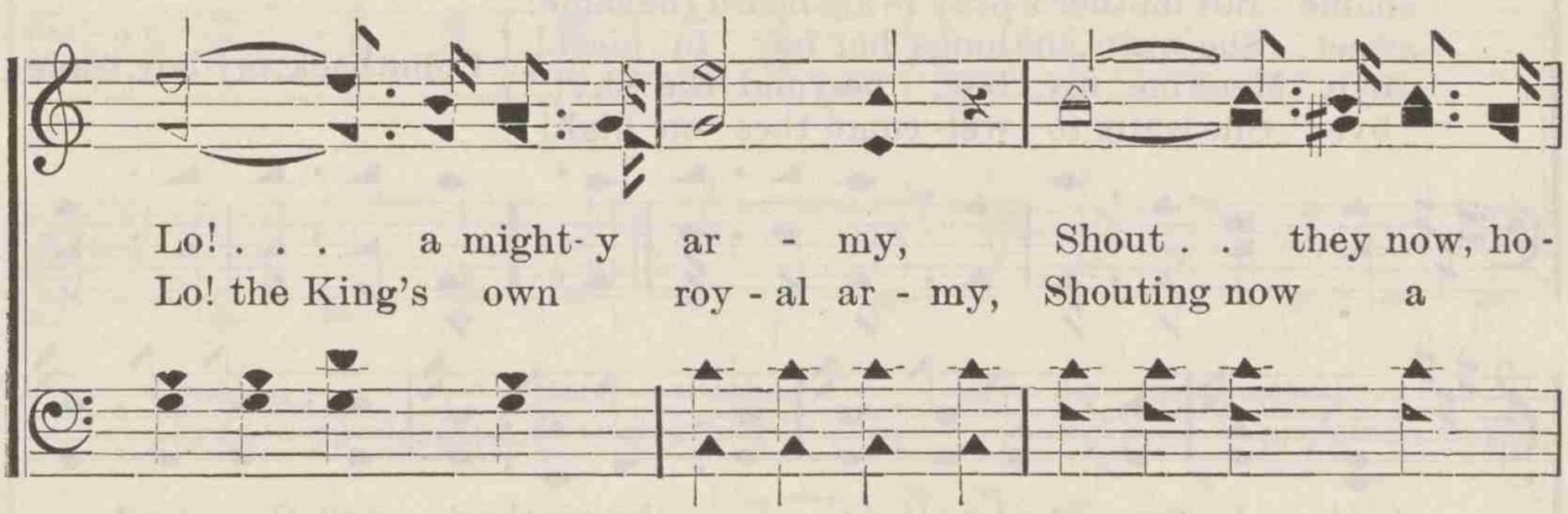
the fight,
cru - ci-fied,
hath bought,

By per. of W. A. Ogden, owner of copyright.

# Army of the Lord. Concluded.









# No. 41. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

Dedicated to my friend Mrs. R. G. CHANDLER, Coldwater, Mich.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny

wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet, "Good-

CHORUS.

shame But mother's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet: She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
bye, Meet me, my boy, be-yond the sky!"
bye;" She waits to wel- come thee on high!

} Come back, my boy, come

back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way! Come back, my

boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way.

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

# No. 42. I'm Now a Child of God.

HARRIET E. JONES FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, I've seen my Sav-iour's
2. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, I've heard my Sav-iour's
3. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, Oh, how I love to

smil - ing face, And thro' my thirst- y soul has streamed The
lov - ing voice; That voice like sweet-est mu - sic seemed, It
make it known, Up - on my soul has sweet- ly beamed The

CHORUS.

riv - ers of his grace. } I've been, . . . . I've been re -
made my heart re - joice. }
light from heav - en's throne. } I've been re - deemed, I've

deemed, Been washed in Je - sus' blood;
been re- deemed, Been washed in Je - sus' pre-cious blood;

Oh, praise his name, I've been redeemed, I'm now a child of God.

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# No. 43. In Newness of Life.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Walk - ing with Je - sus in new- ness of life, Trust- ing him day by day, Trav - el - ing homeward 'mid sor - row and strife,
2. Rest for the wea - ry and strength for the weak, In the new life is found; Close to our lov - ing Lord, ho - ly and meek,
3. New - ness of life brings us prom - is - es sweet, Hopes that ex - tend past time, Hopes that will have the fru - i - tion com-plete
4. Praise be to God for his in - fin - ite love, Praise for his cleansing pow'r, Fit - ting our souls for his pure home a - bove,

CHORUS.

Tread we the nar - row way.
Glad - ness and peace a - bound.
Found in the land sub - lime.
Keep - ing us safe each hour.

} Walk-ing in new-ness of life how blest! Knowing our sins for - giv'n; Sweet- ly in Christ's sav- ing love we can rest, Jour- ney- ing home to heav'n.

Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz. By per.

# No. 44. There is a Voice.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS

1. There is a voice so sweet and low, Yet heard in ac-cents clear,
2. There is a voice that speaks to - day, In tones so ten- der - ly;
3. 'Tis Je - sus' voice that speaks to you, Oh, list - en and o - bey;

It sound a - bove earth's toil and strife, 'Tis mu - sic to the ear.
It is to you, de-spond- ing ones, Oh, heed its earn- est plea.
He waits to give you peace and rest, To be your strength and stay.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, come to me, Ye
Oh, come to me, ye wea - ry and op-press'd, Ye
wea - ry and op - press'd, (oppress'd,) Oh, come (oh, come) to
me, . . . . . And I will give you rest.
me, And I will give you rest, sweet rest.

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# No. 45. The Hollow of God's Hand.

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

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be- tide me; I am safe, who-
2. What tho' fierce the storm-y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de-ride me; I am safe, as long as I con-fide me
tri- als oft confound me; I am safe, for nought of ill can wound me
voice di- vine has told me; I am safe, while God him-self doth hold me

**CHORUS.**

In the hol-low of God's hand. } In the hol-low, hol- low of his
In the hol-low of God's hand. }
In the hol-low of his hand. } In the hol- low, in the
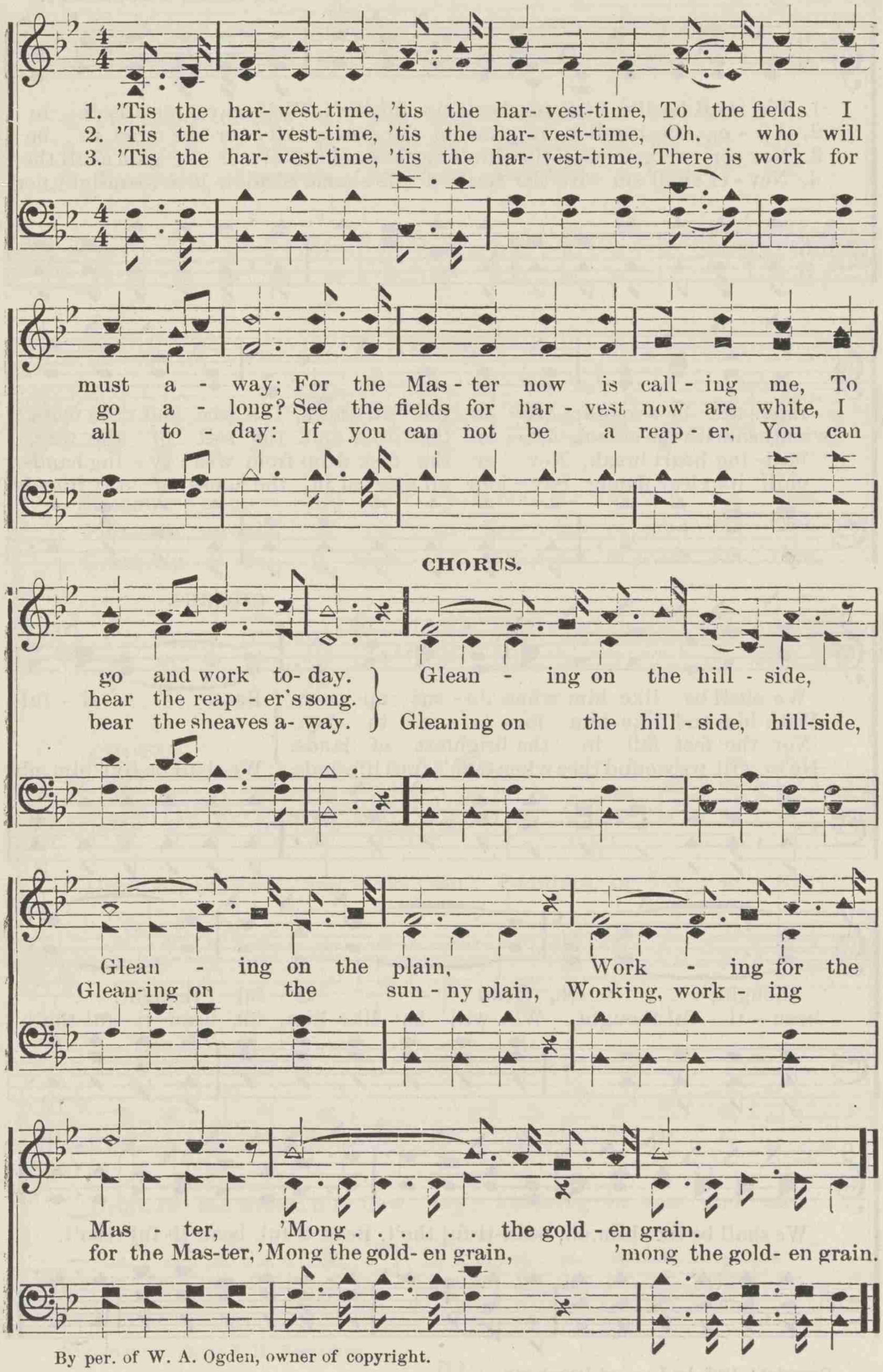
hand! In the hol-low, hol- low of his hand!
hollow of his hand, In the hol- low in the hollow of his hand,

I am safe, while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.

Copyright, 1890, by E. S. Lorenz. Used by per.

# No. 46. 'Tis the Harvest-Time.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN. By per.




By per. of W. A. Ogden, owner of copyright.

# No. 47. Beautiful Thought.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. We shall be like him, oh, beau-ti - ful tho't, Well may our souls in - to
2. Aft - er the conflict in peace to sit down, Aft - er the cross to be
3. Nev - er a - gain shall the throbbing head ache, Nev - er a - gain shall the
4. Nev - er shall sin with the trail of its shame Shadow love's sunlight, nor

rapt - ure be wrought; Aft - er the sor- rows, the woe and the tears,
wreathed with the crown, Aft - er the dust and the soil of the way,
beat- ing heart break, Nev - er the task drop from wea - ry - ing hands,
chill its clear flame; Sav - iour, oft grieved in the house of thy friends,

CHORUS.

We shall be like him when Je - sus ap- pears. Beau - ti - ful
With him and like him for - ev - er to stay.
Nor the feet fail in the brightest of lands.
Ne'er will we wound thee when earth's frail life ends. We shall be like him, oh,

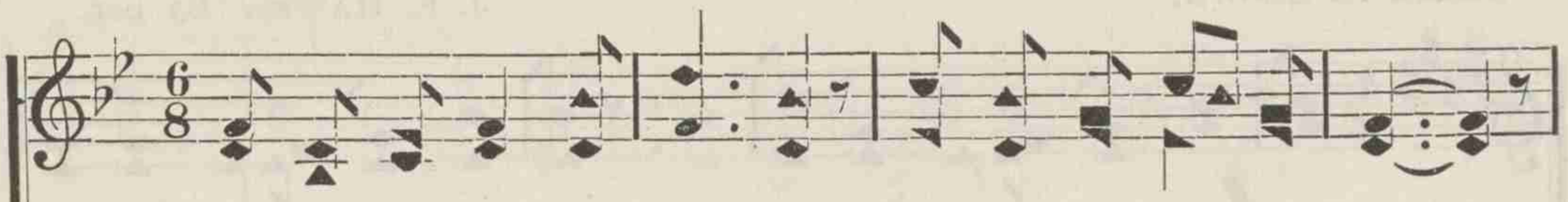
thought, . . . . Oh, beau - - ti - ful thought, . . .
beau - ti - ful thought, We will be like him, oh, beau- ti - ful tho't,

We shall be like him, oh, beau-ti-ful tho't, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti- ful tho't.
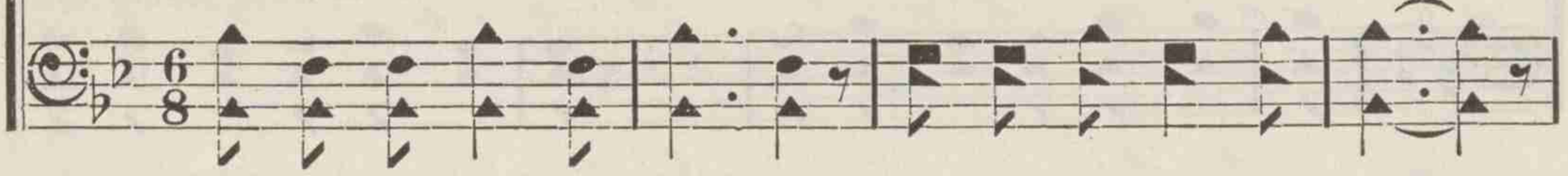
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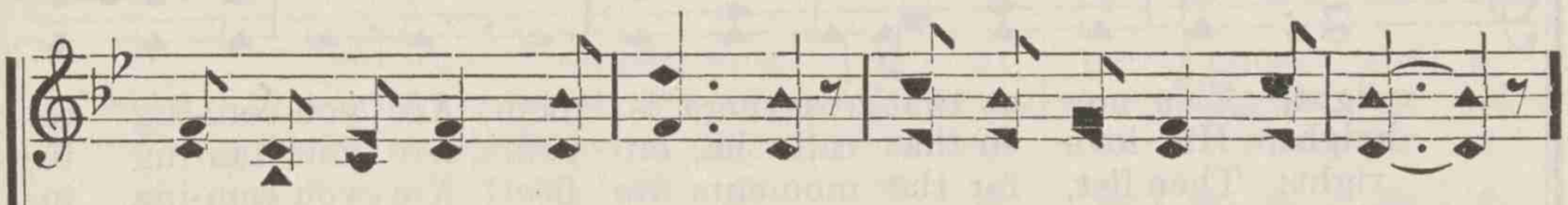
# No. 48. The Flowing Fountain.

J. H. R. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.
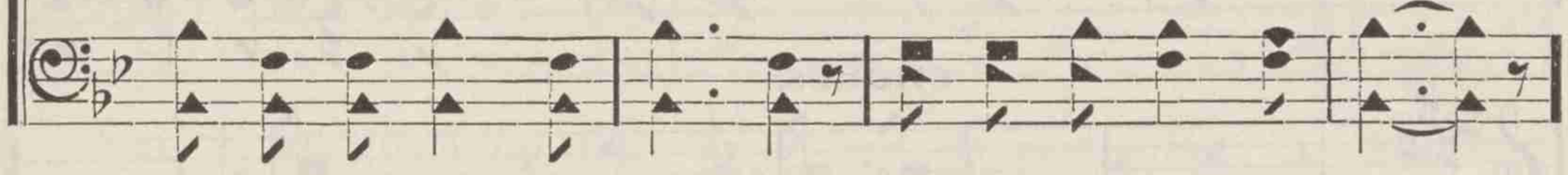


1. Fount-ain of love is flow- ing, Fountain of love for me;
2. Fount-ain of joy is flow- ing, Fountain of joy for me;
3. Fount-ain of peace is flow- ing, Fountain of peace for me;
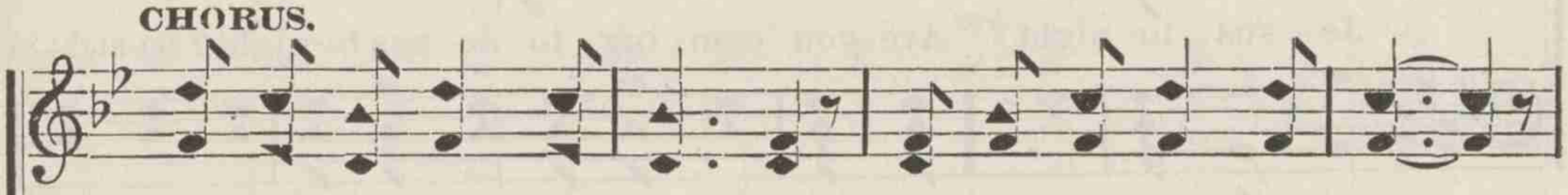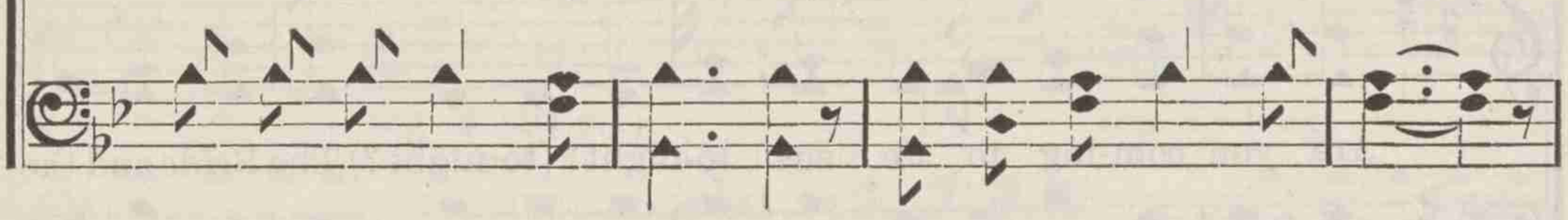




Stream ev - er pure and ho - ly—Fount-ain of love for thee.
Pleas-ure un-told is giv - en—Fount-ain of joy for thee.
Grant-ing a dai - ly bless - ing—Fount-ain of peace for thee.



CHORUS.



Drink of the flow - ing fount - ain, Fountain of life so free!



Drink of the stream o'er-flow - ing— Flow-ing for you and me.

Copyright, 1893, by J. H. Rosecrans.

# No. 49. Are You Coming to Jesus?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. E. HAWES. By per.

1. The voice of the Sav-iour says "Come." The cross where he died is in
2. The voice of the Fa - ther im-plores, From mer- cy's most wonderful
3. The voi - ces of loved ones en- treat; You know in your heart they are
4. The voi - ces of friends gone be-fore, Come float-ing from regions of
5. Oh, who to him-self will be true, Of all whom these voices in -

sight, E'en now at that cross there is room, Are you com-ing to
height, His love in that call he out- pours, Are you com-ing to
right; Then list, for the moments are fleet! Are you com-ing to
light; They ten - der- ly say, o'er and o'er, Are you com-ing to
vite? Who an-swers, my bro- ther, do you? I am com-ing to

**CHORUS.**

Je - sus to- night? Are you com- ing to Je- sus to-night? (to-night?)
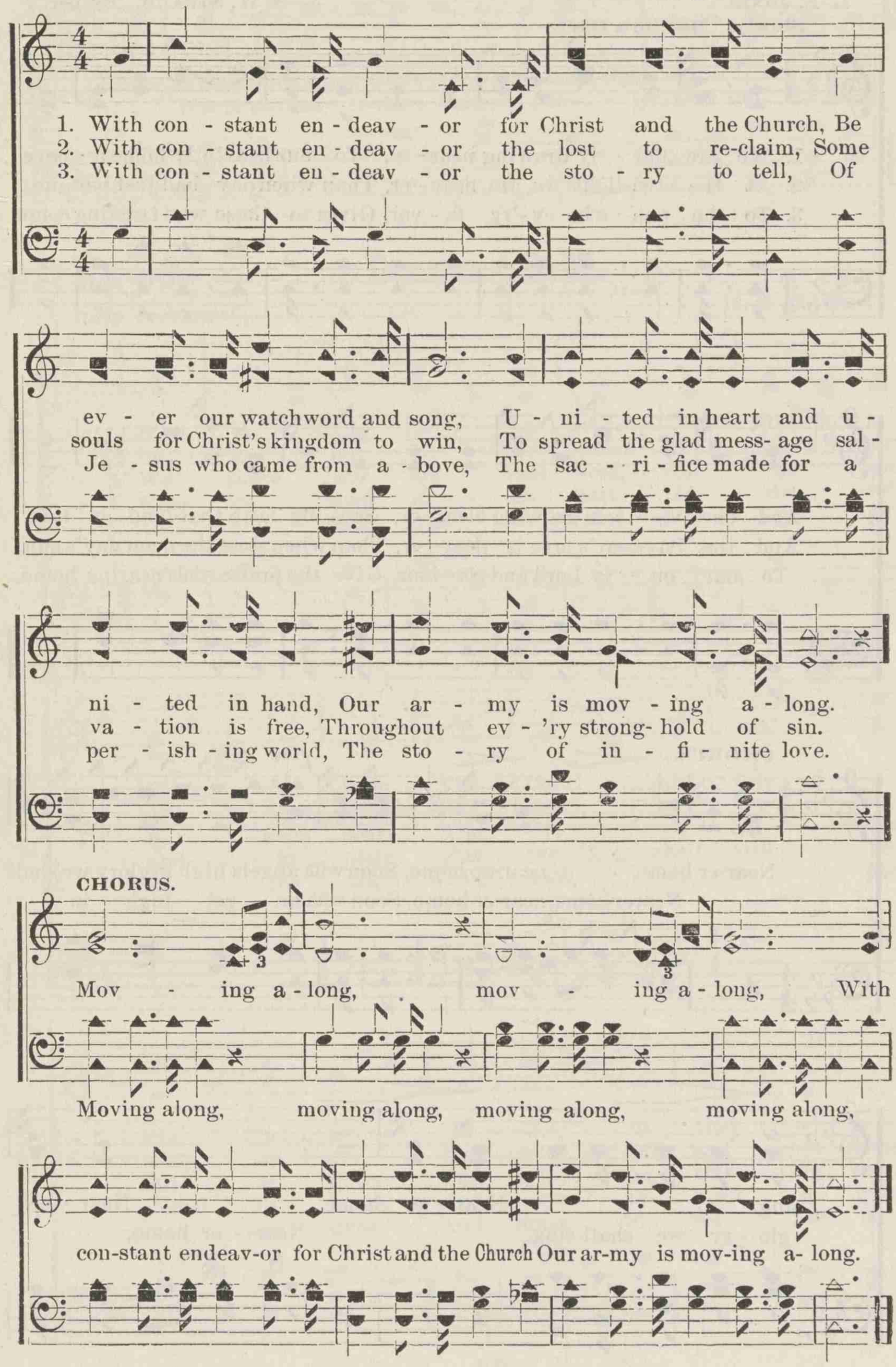
Are you com-ing to Je - sus to-night? (to-night?) The Bride and the

Spir - it in - vite, Are you com-ing to Je - sus to - night?

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# No. 50. With Constant Endeavor.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

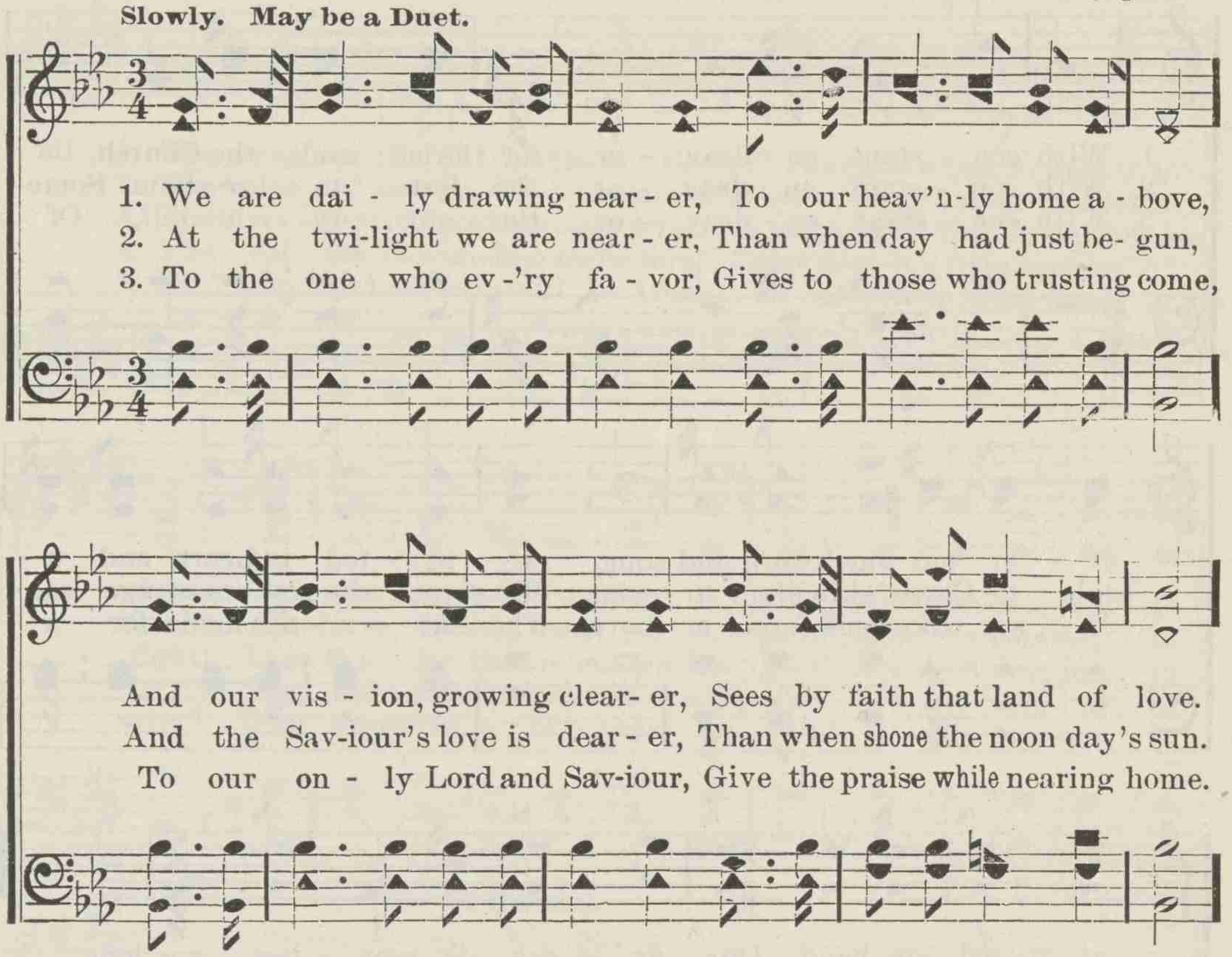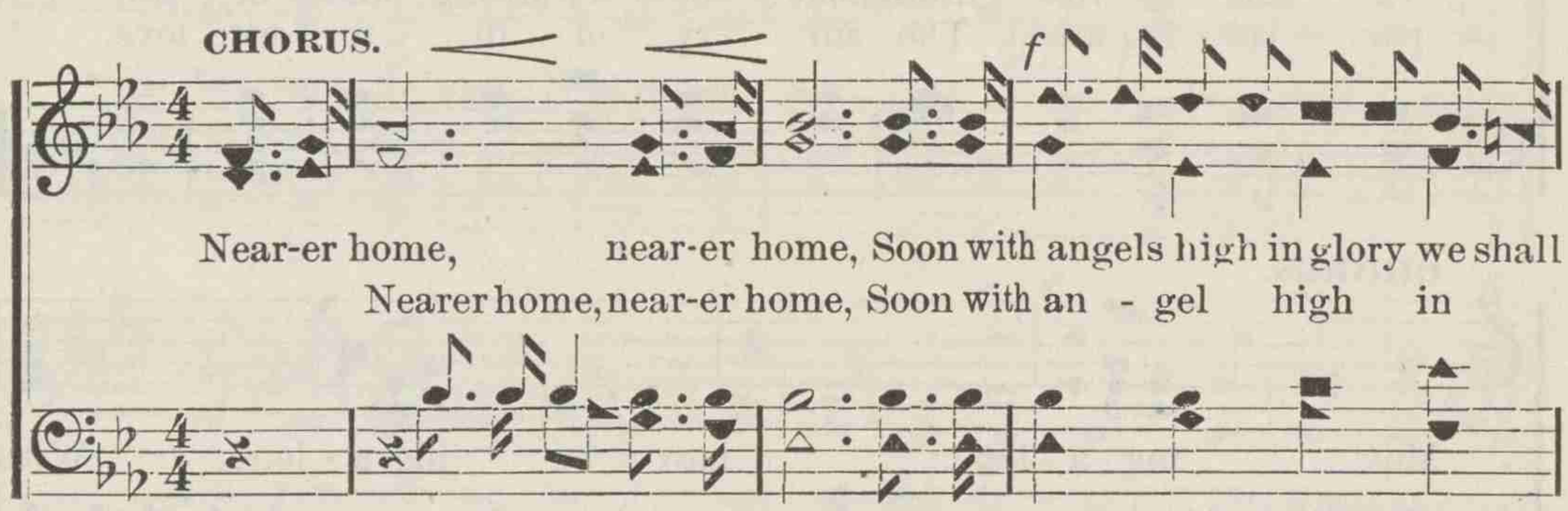



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# No. 51. That Land of Love.

L. E. JONES. S. W. STRAUB. By per.

**Slowly. May be a Duet.**
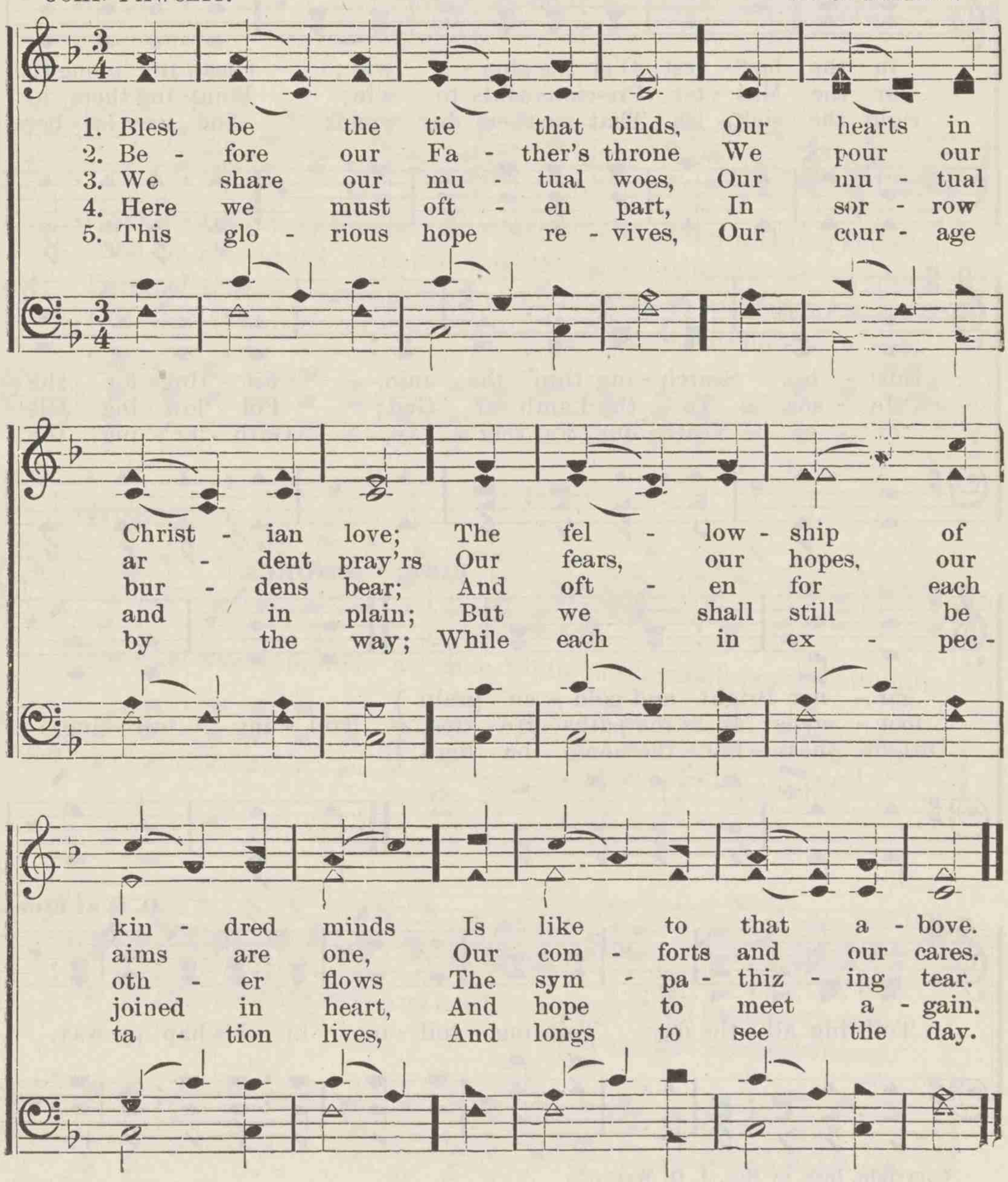
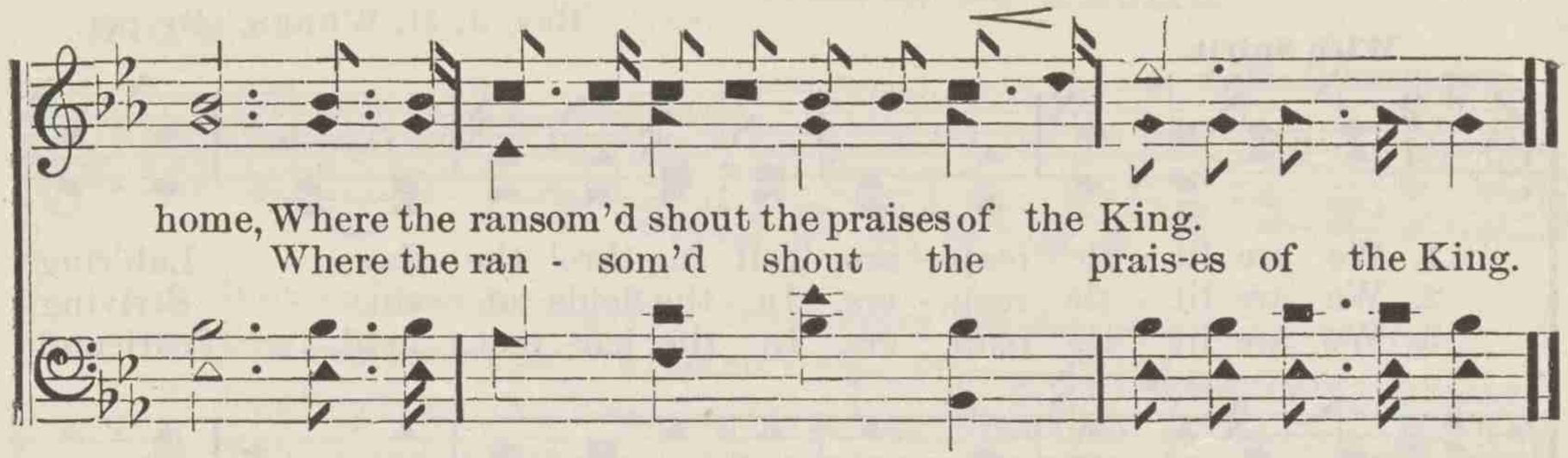






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# The Land of Love. Concluded.




## No. 52. Dennis. S. M.
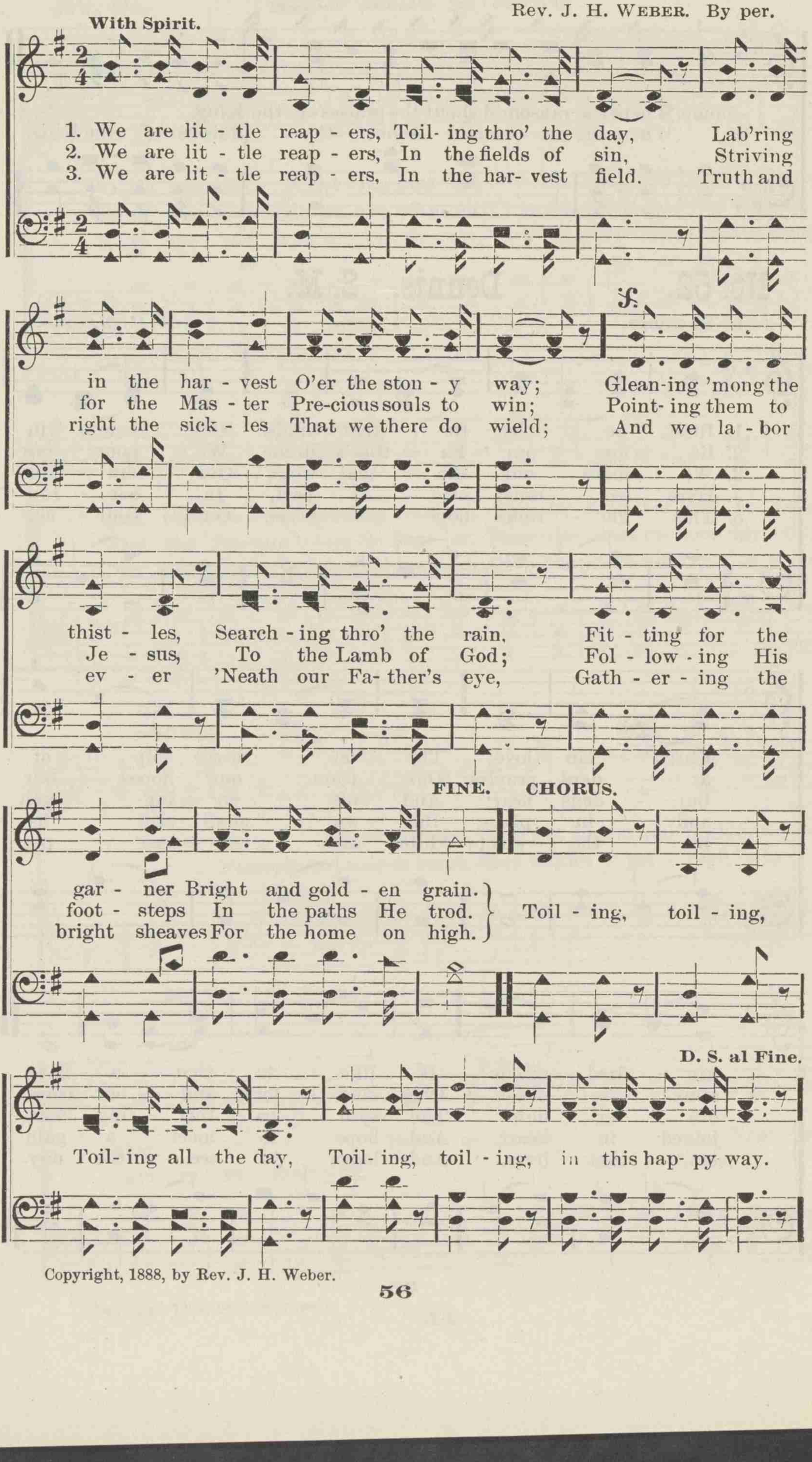
JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.



# No. 53. Little Reapers.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.
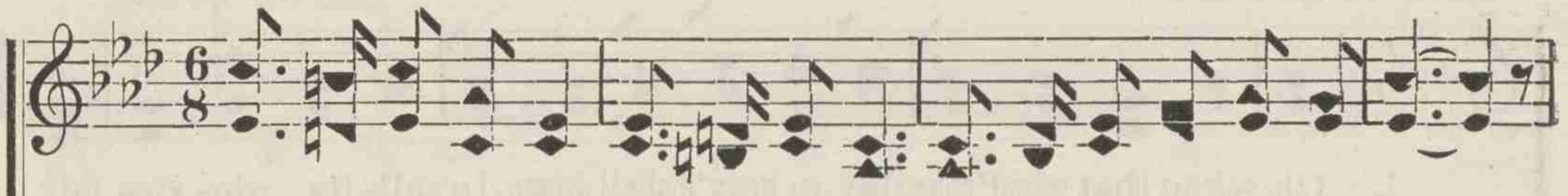
With Spirit.



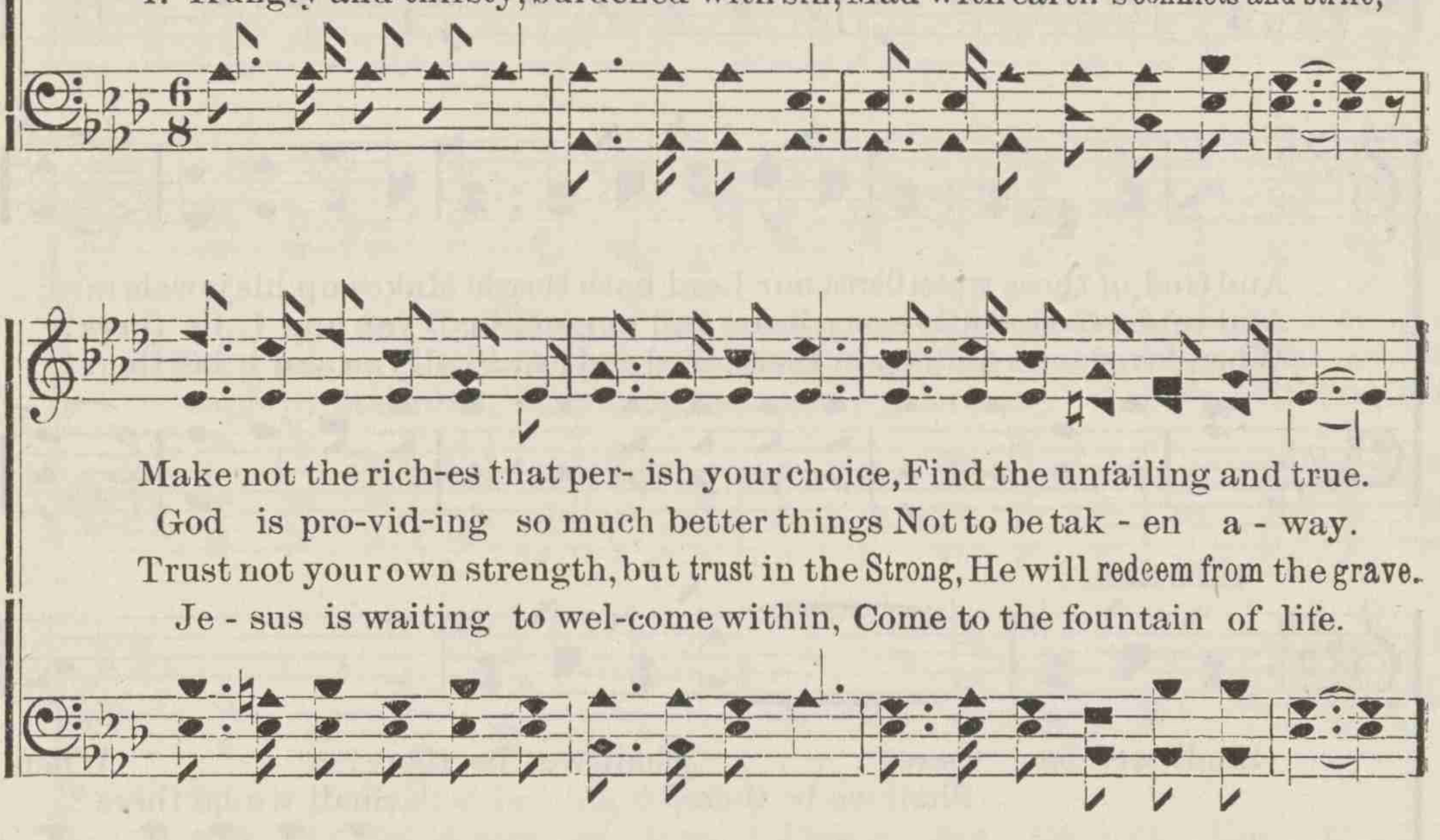

Copyright, 1888, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

# No. 54. For What Shall It Profit.

R. G. P. J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Wak-en, O world-ing; list to the voice Ten-der-ly call-ing to you;
2. Earth-ly possessions fly as on wings; Why do you make them your stay?
3. No other friend has been patient so long, None is so a - ble to save,
4. Hungry and thirsty, burdened with sin, Mad with earth's conflicts and strife,—

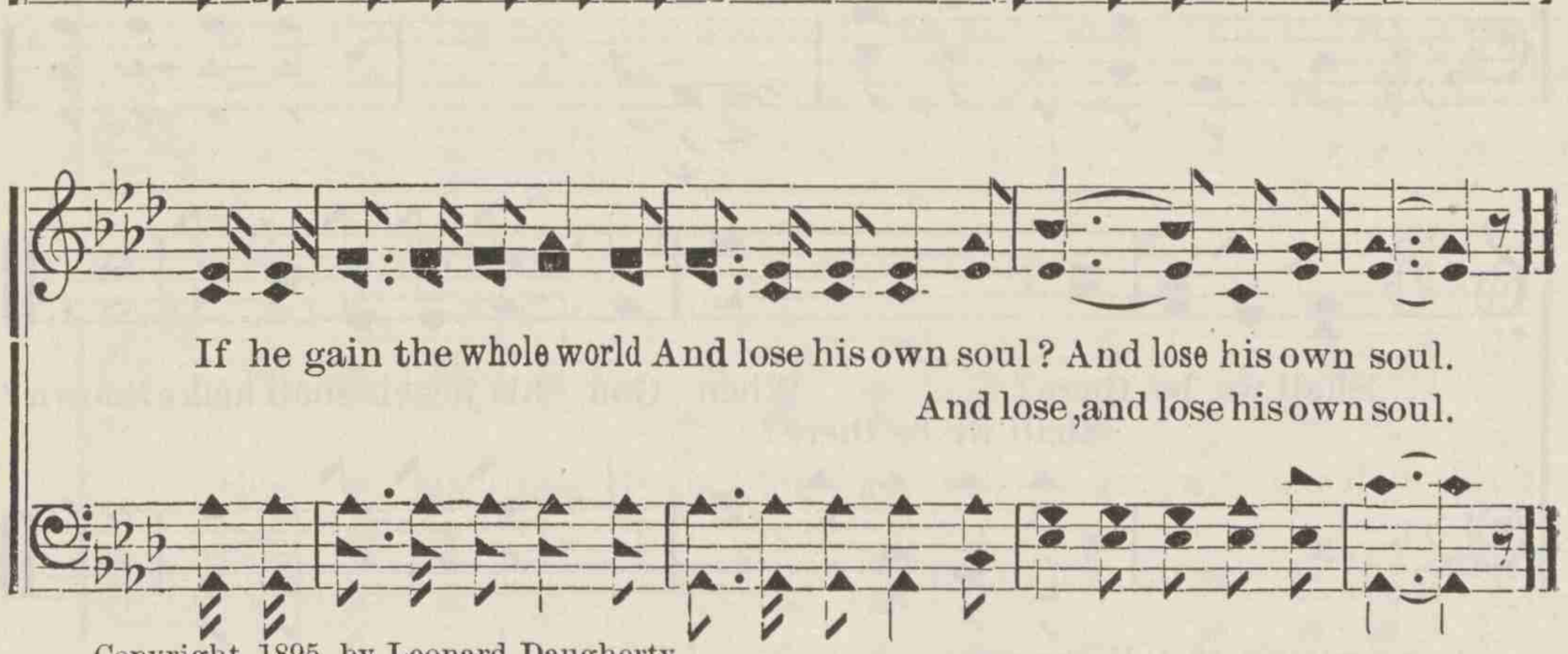


Make not the rich-es that per- ish your choice, Find the unfailing and true.
God is pro-vid-ing so much better things Not to be tak - en a - way.
Trust not your own strength, but trust in the Strong, He will redeem from the grave.
Je - sus is waiting to wel-come within, Come to the fountain of life.



CHORUS.

For what shall it prof-it a man, While the moments beyond him roll,



If he gain the whole world And lose his own soul? And lose his own soul.
And lose, and lose his own soul.

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# No. 55. Shall We be There?

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Oh, when that wond'rous day in heav'n shall dawn, In all its glo- ries fair,
2. When ransomed voices in triumphant song, Re- ech - o through the air,
3. When death's cold river we have o-ver-crossed, Be-yond earth's pain and care,

And God, of those whom Christ our Lord hath brought Makes up his jewels rare;
And praise to God fills every heart and tongue, Shall you and I be there?
When loved ones find again their loved and lost, Shall you and I be there?

CHORUS.

Shall we be there? . . . . Shall we be there? When
Shall we be there? Shall we be there?

Christ our Lord shall claim his own? Shall we be there? . . . . .
Shall we be there?

Shall we be there? When God his jewels shall make known?
Shall we be there?

Copyright, 1892, by J. H. Rosecrans.

# No. 56. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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

glo - ry di- vine! Heir of sal - va- tion, purchased of God, Born of his
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend- ing, bring from a- bove, Ech- oes of
hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a- bove, Fill'd with his

**REFRAIN.**

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good- ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto - ry, this is my
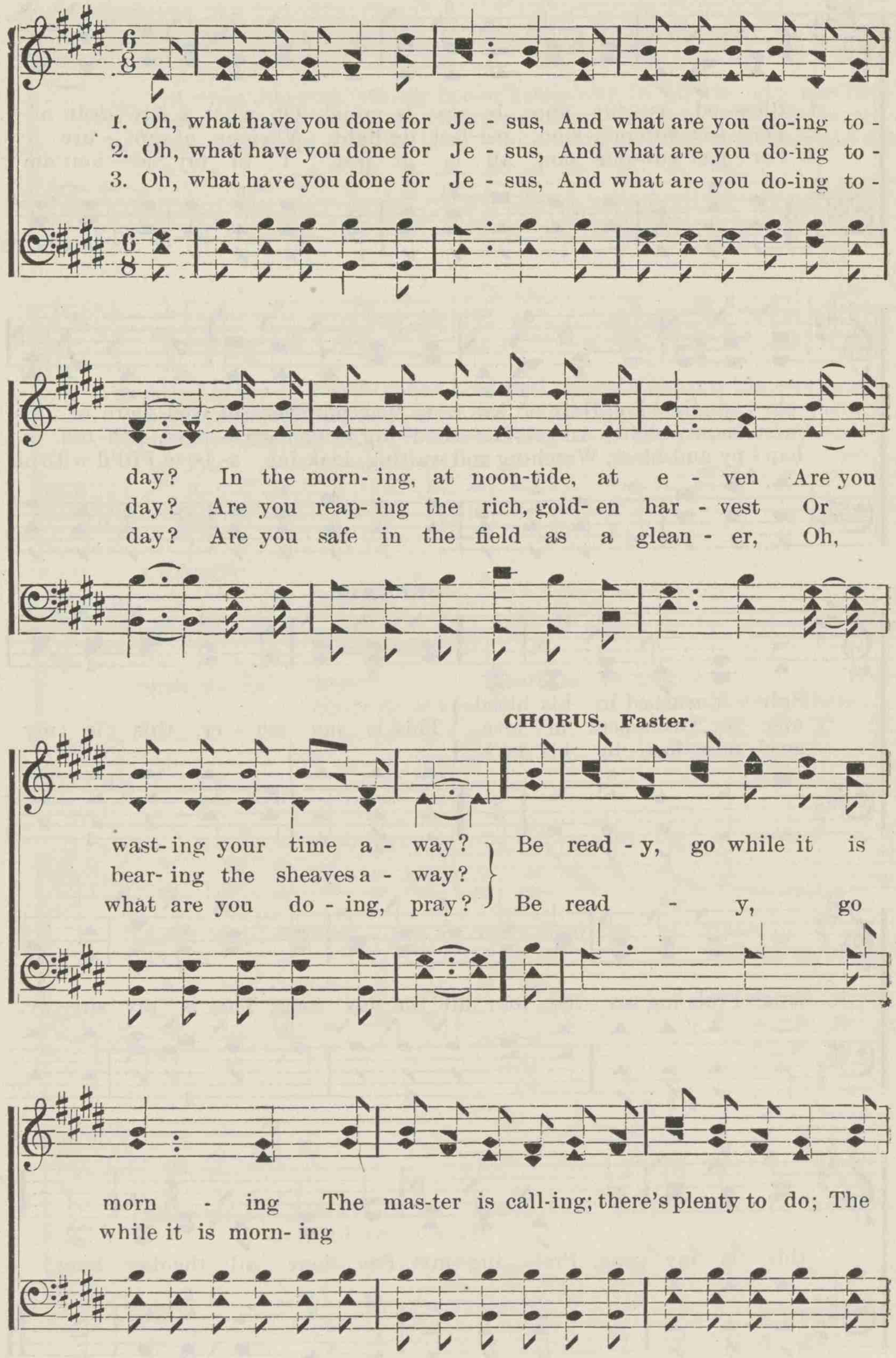
song, Prais-ing my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

By permission.

# No. 57. Go While it is Morning.

L. M. A. LOUISE M. ANDERSON.



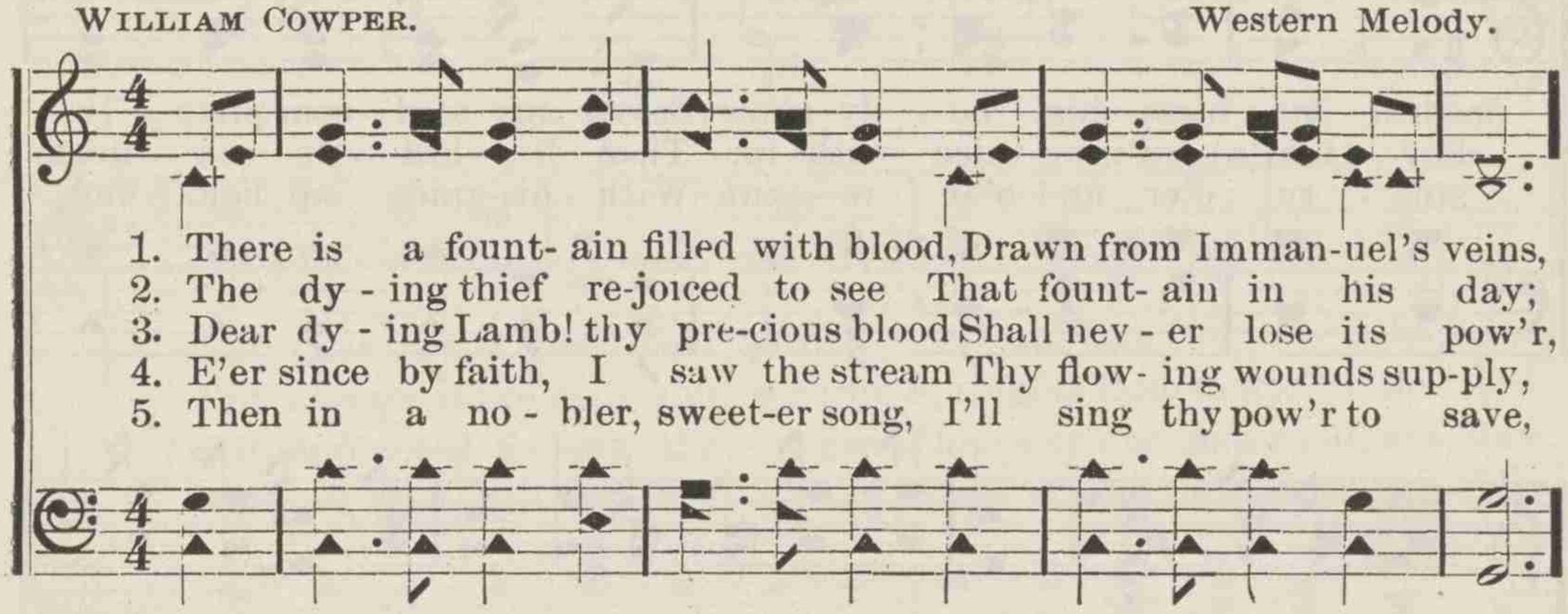

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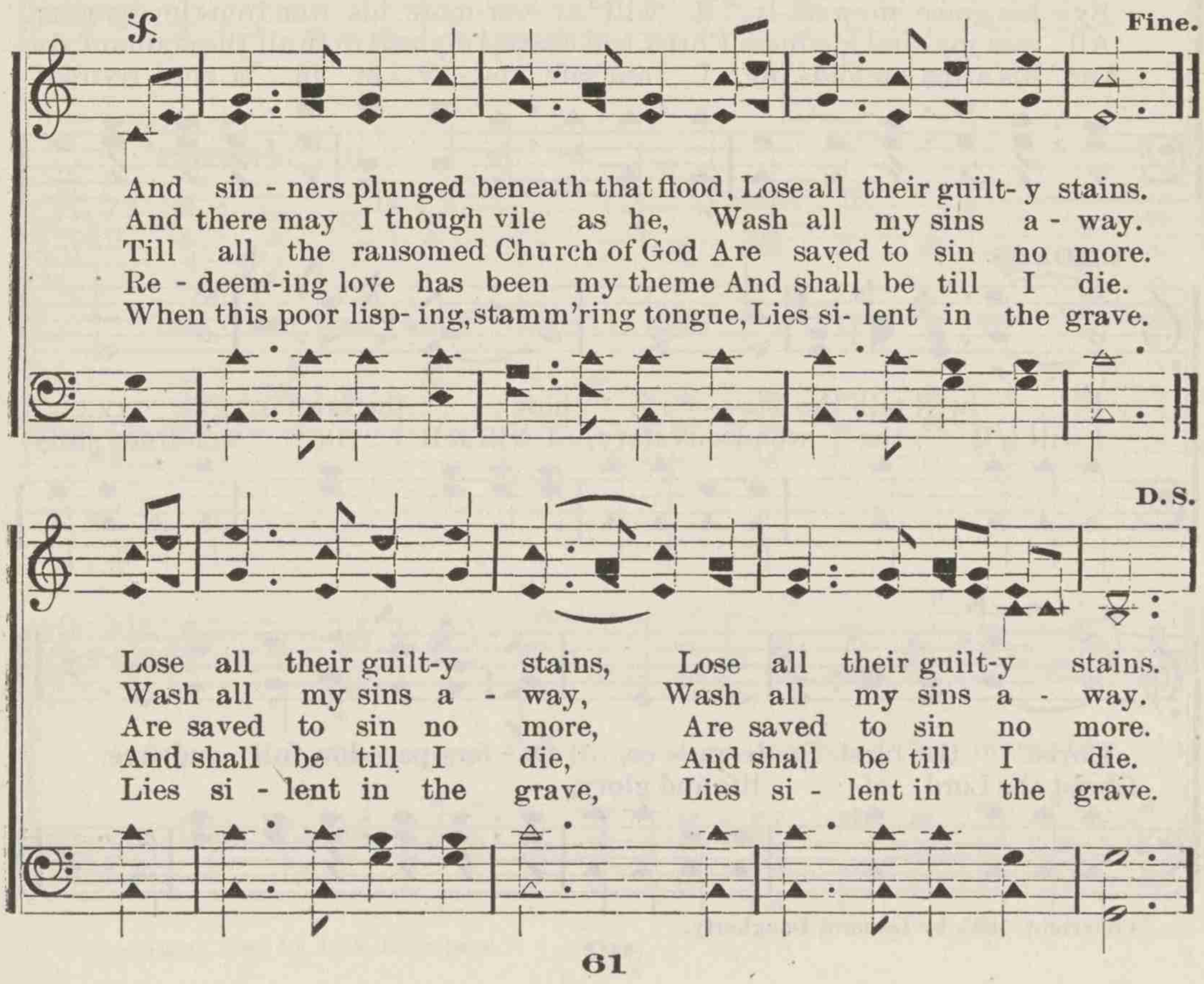
# Go While it is Morning. Concluded.




## No. 58. Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



# No. 59. I Will Tell The Story.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I will tell the sto - ry How the Lord in glo - ry Has from sin re-
2. I was worn and wea- ry All my way seemed dreary Till I heard my
3. In his love a- bid - ing In his shad- ow hid- ing I will still the

deemed me bless his ho - ly name, Saved my soul com-plete - ly
Sav - iour's pard'ning voice with- in, Then life lost its sad - ness,
sto - ry o'er and o'er re - peat, With his grace up- hold - ing,

By his grace so sweet-ly, I will ev - er-more his wondrous love proclaim.
All was joy and gladness, Christ had cleansed my heart from all the stains of sin.
And his arms en-fold- ing, I am safe for - ev - er in a sure re-treat.

CHORUS.
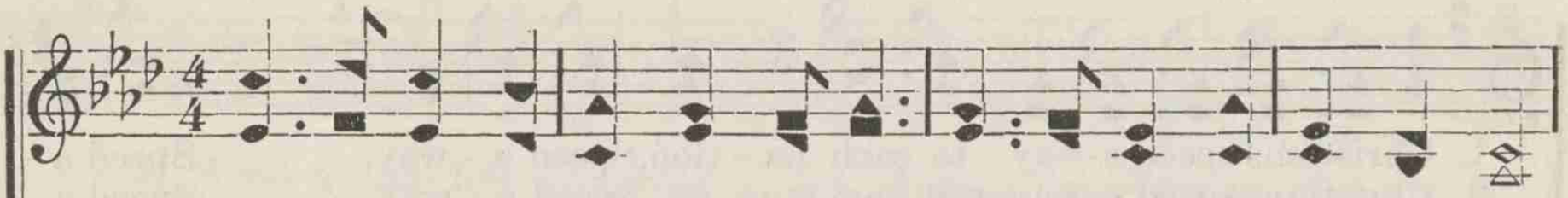
I . will tell the sto - ry, how . . the Lord in glo - ry.
I will tell the wondrous story, I will tell the wondrous story.

Christ the blest Re-deem - er, Of - fers par- don full and free.
Christ the Lord of life and glory,

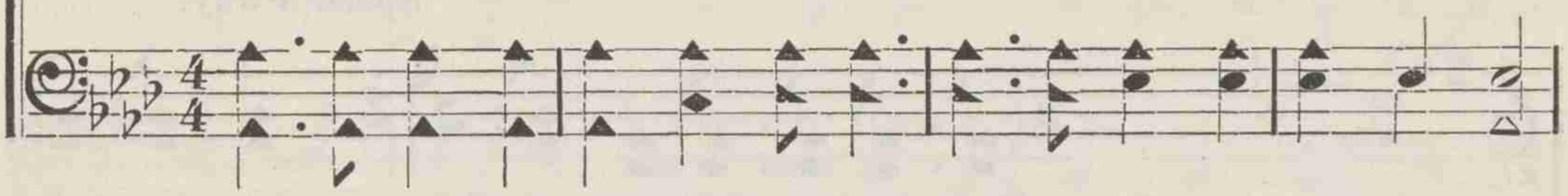
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# No. 60. More Like Thine.

FANNY DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.
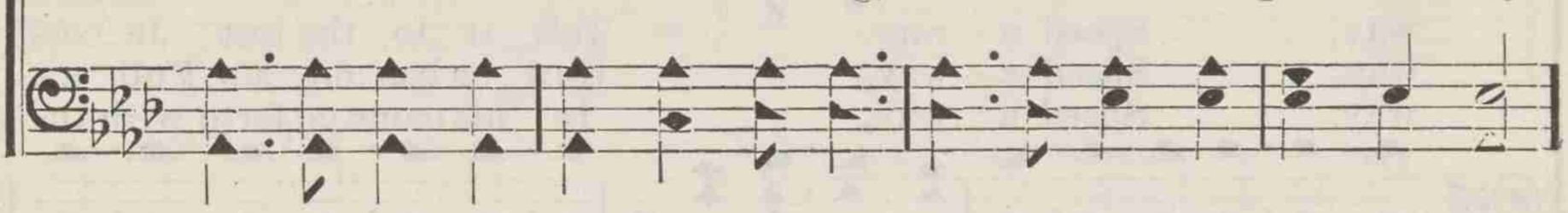


1. Such a lit - tle thing we thought it, Just a word, an i - dle word,
2. Such a tri- fling lit - tle ac-tion, Just a deed, an un-kind deed,
3. Words and deeds are oft im - mor-tal, And the words and deeds un-just,
4. If we seek to be like Je- sus, Love will guard our words and ways;
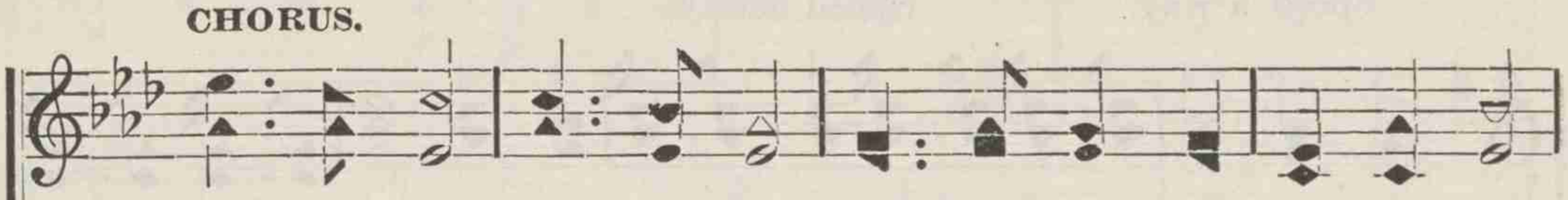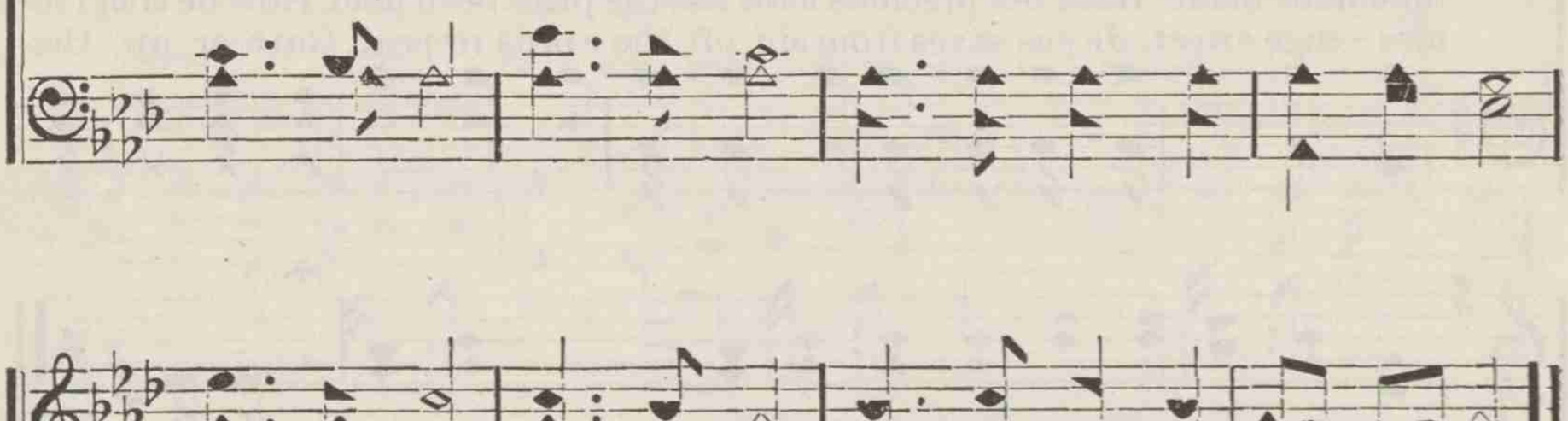




But 'twas like a pois-oned arrow In the heart of one who heard.
But how great the pain and sor-row Springing from that lit - tle seed.
Still may speed a - long the a- ges When our lips and hands are dust.
Wis - er then will be our liv-ing, Near- er him through endless days.
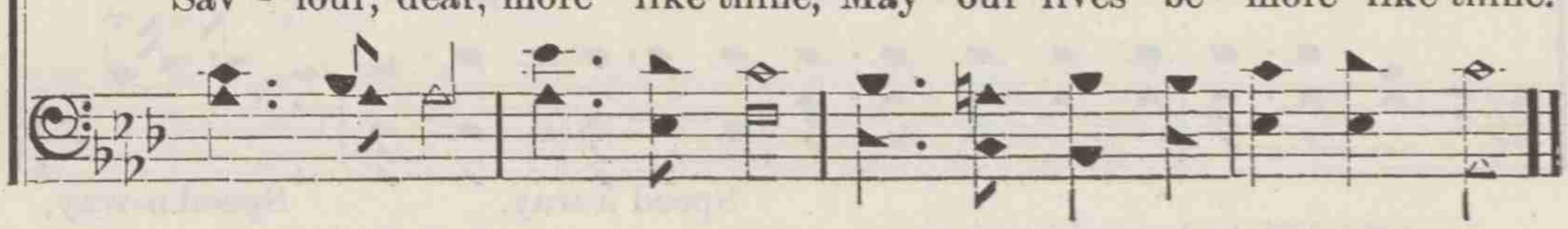


**CHORUS.**



Sav - iour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine,



Sav - iour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine.



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# No. 61. Christians Speed Away.

F. M. D

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Christians speed a-way to each na - tion, Speed a - way, Speed a -
2. Christians speed a-way tell the sto - ry, Speed a - way, Speed a -
3. Christians speed a-way on love's mission Speed a - way, Speed a -

Speed a-way,

way, Bear the joy - ful news of Sal - va - tion, Speed a -
way, Of the Christ who died and his glo - ry, Speed a -
way, Lighting up the world's dark condi - tion, Speed a -

Speed a-way,

way, Speed a - way, Tell it to the lost Je - sus
way, Speed a - way, How he has for sin Full a -
way, Speed a - way, In his name go forth with the

Speed a-way, Speed a-way,

comes to save, Gained a glorious vic-t'ry o'er death and grave, That his blood re-
tonement made, With his precious blood has the price been paid, How he brings re-
mes - sage sweet, Je-sus saves from sin, oft the words re-peat, Gath-er up the

deems, waft it o'er the wave, Speed a- way, Speed a - way.
lief to the lost dismayed, Speed a- way, Speed a - way.
jew-el's with tire-less feet, Speed a- way, Speed a - way.

Speed a-way, Speed a-way,

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# No. 62. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. What a fel- low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing Arms; What a bless- ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a- larms; Lean - ing,
leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

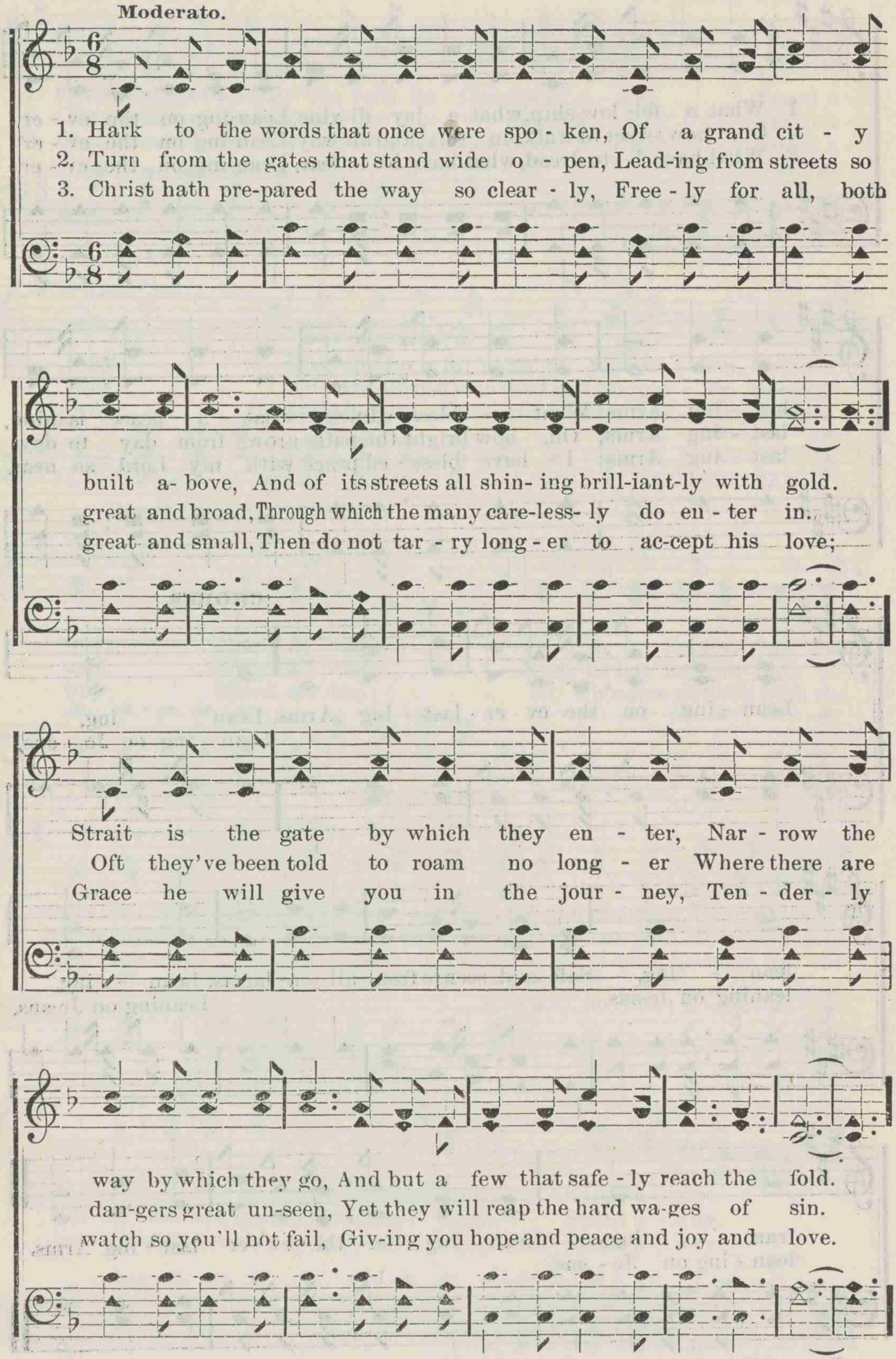
lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

By permission.

# No. 63. Enter The Pearly Gates.

M. B. S. M. B. SIMON.
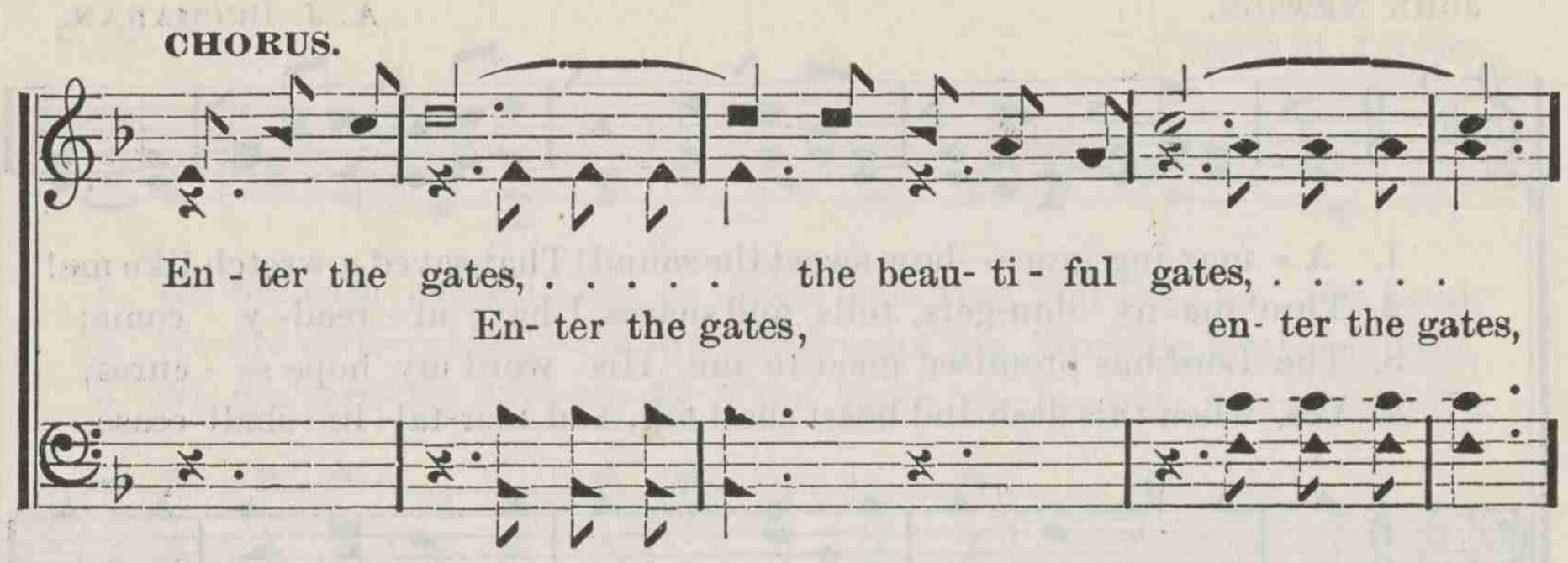
**Moderato.**

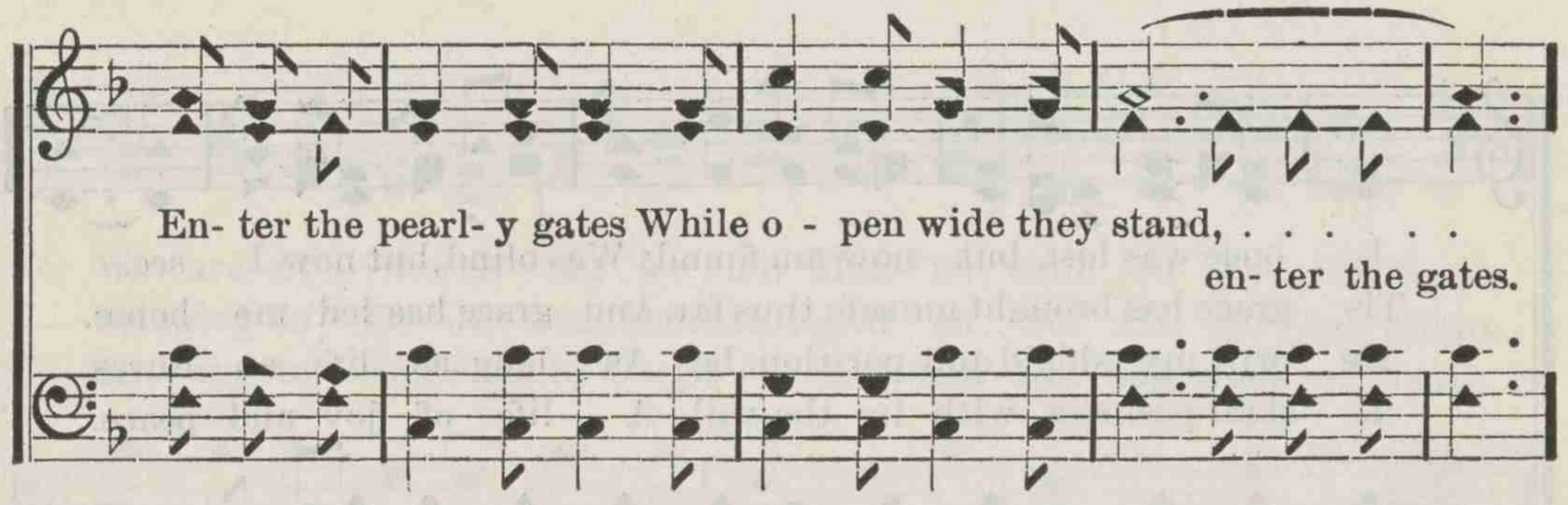


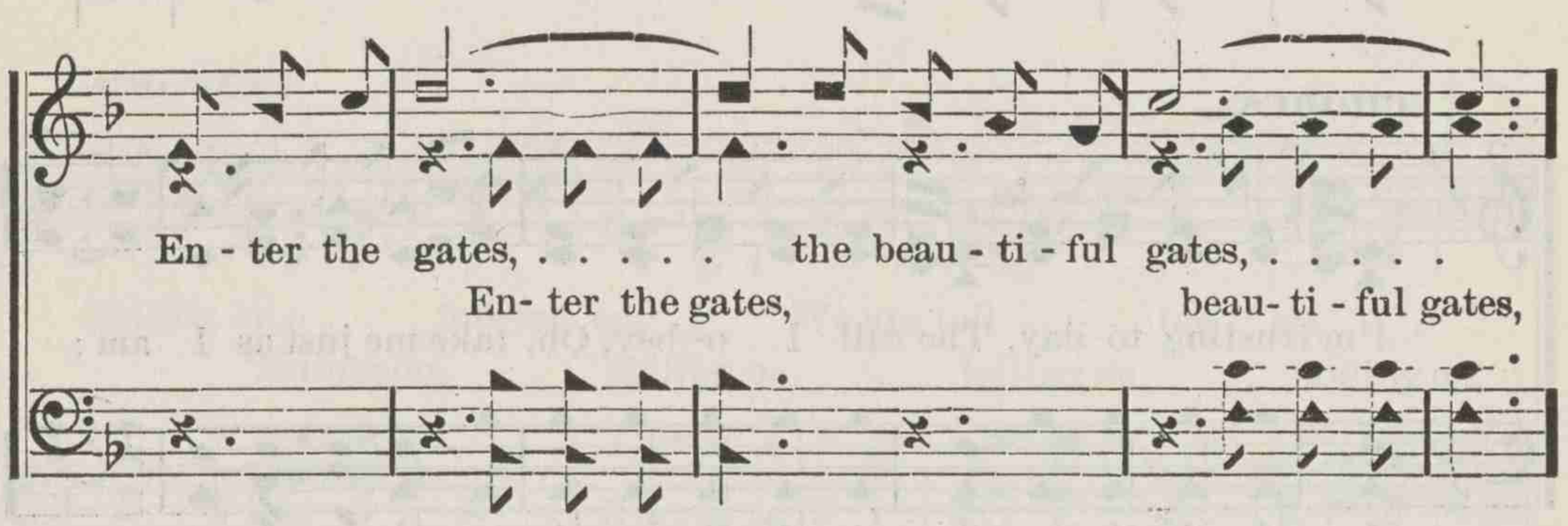

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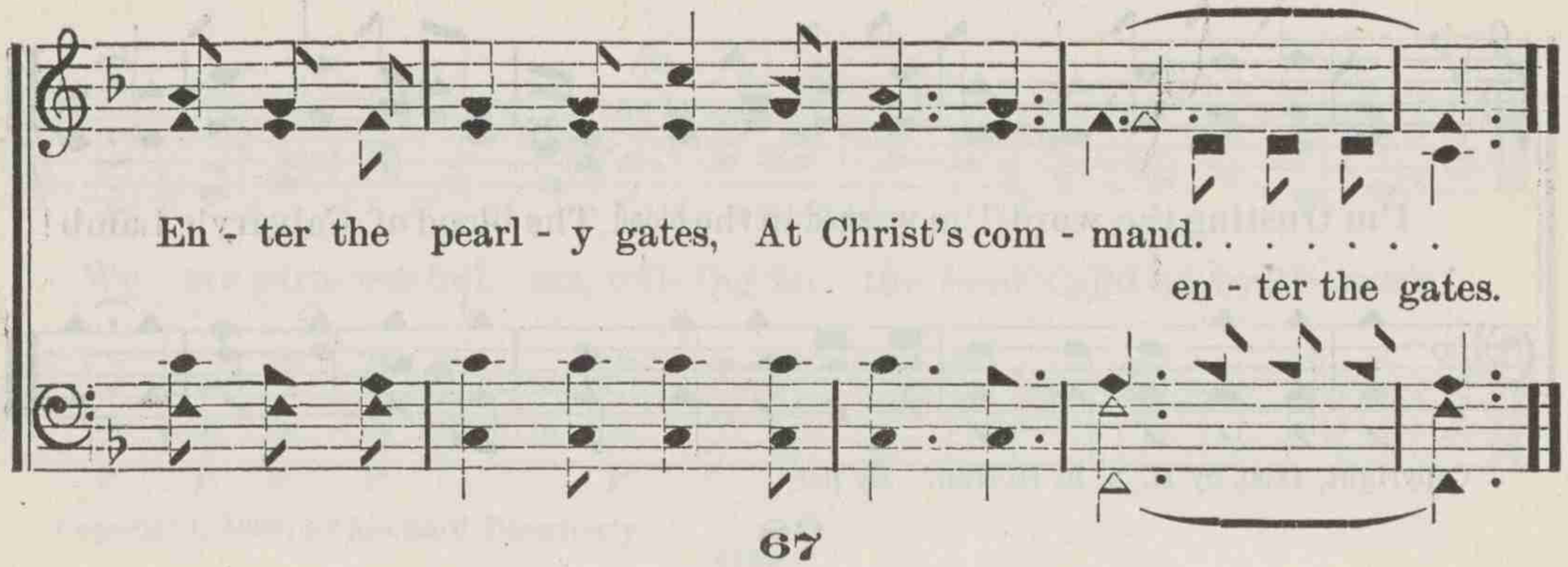
# Enter The Pearly Gates. Concluded.

**CHORUS.**
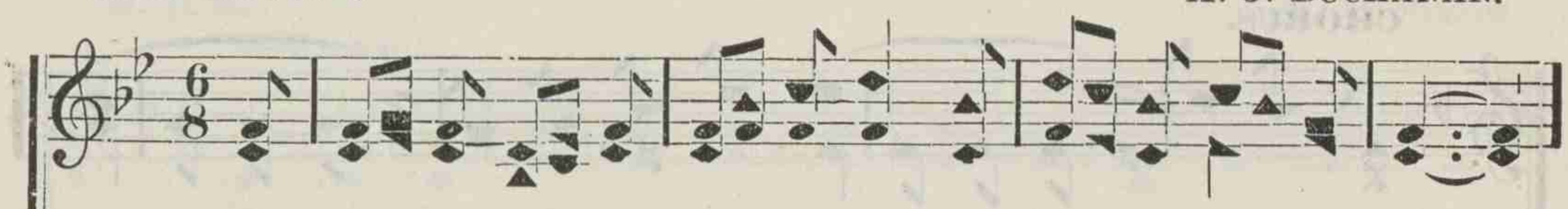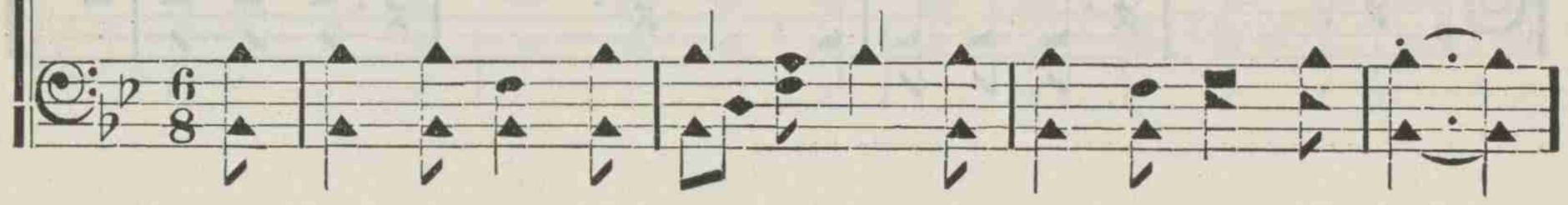


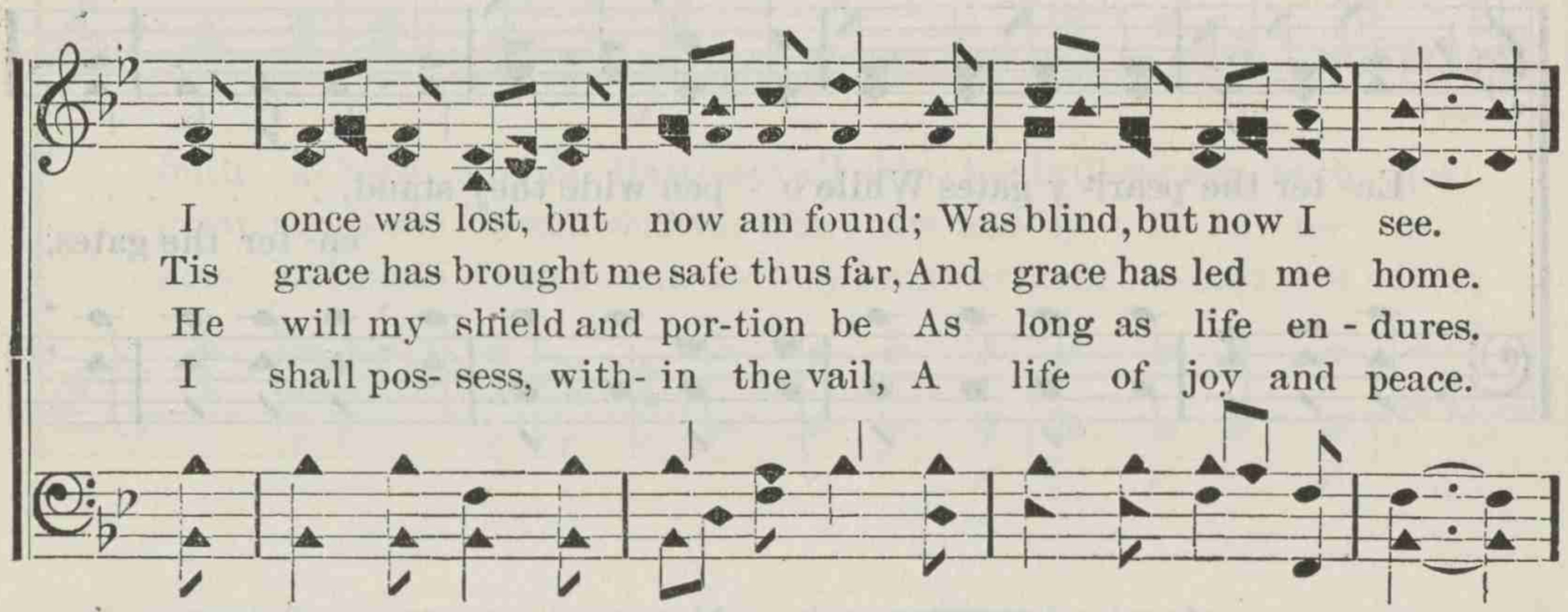
# No. 64. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. A. J. BUCHANAN.
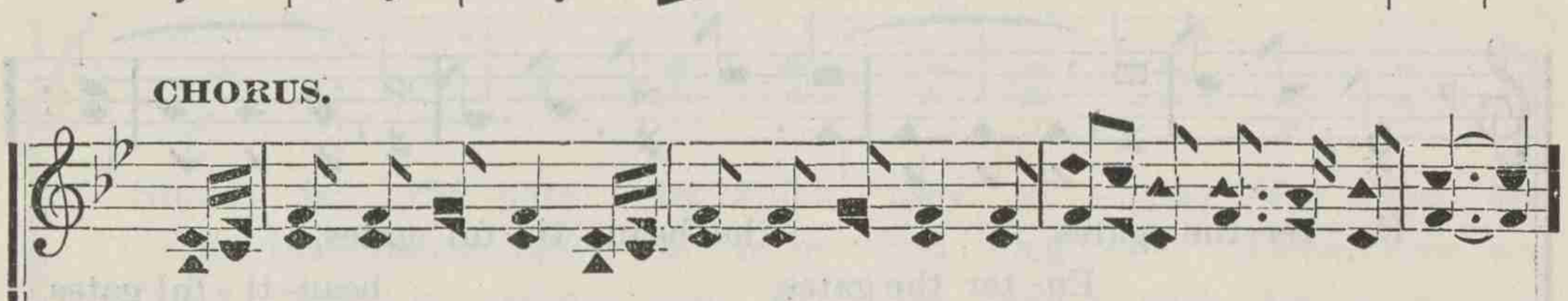


1. A - maz-ing grace—how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' ma- ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read- y come;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,



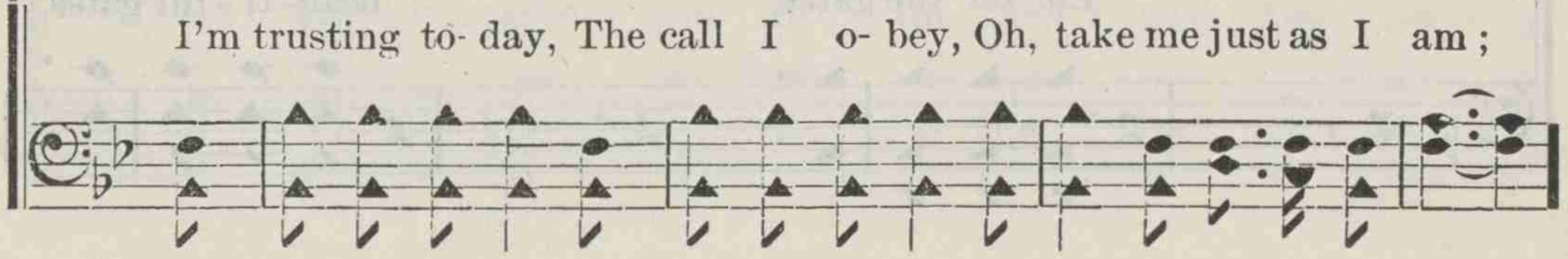


I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace has led me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos- sess, with- in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

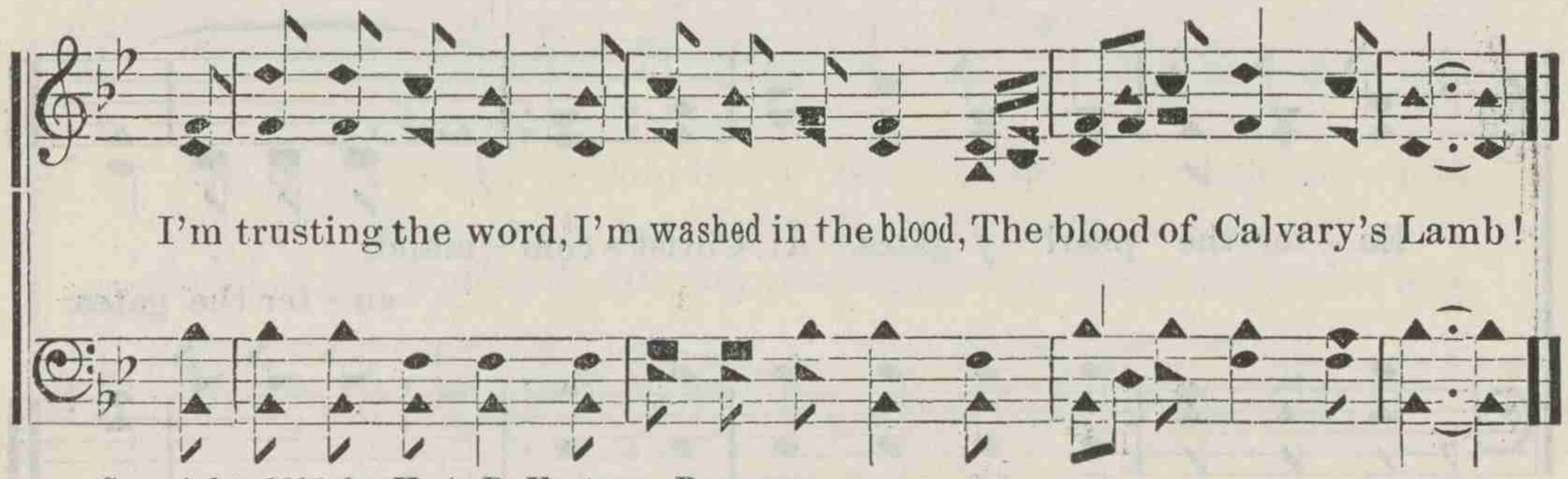


CHORUS.

I'm trusting to- day, The call I o- bey, Oh, take me just as I am;
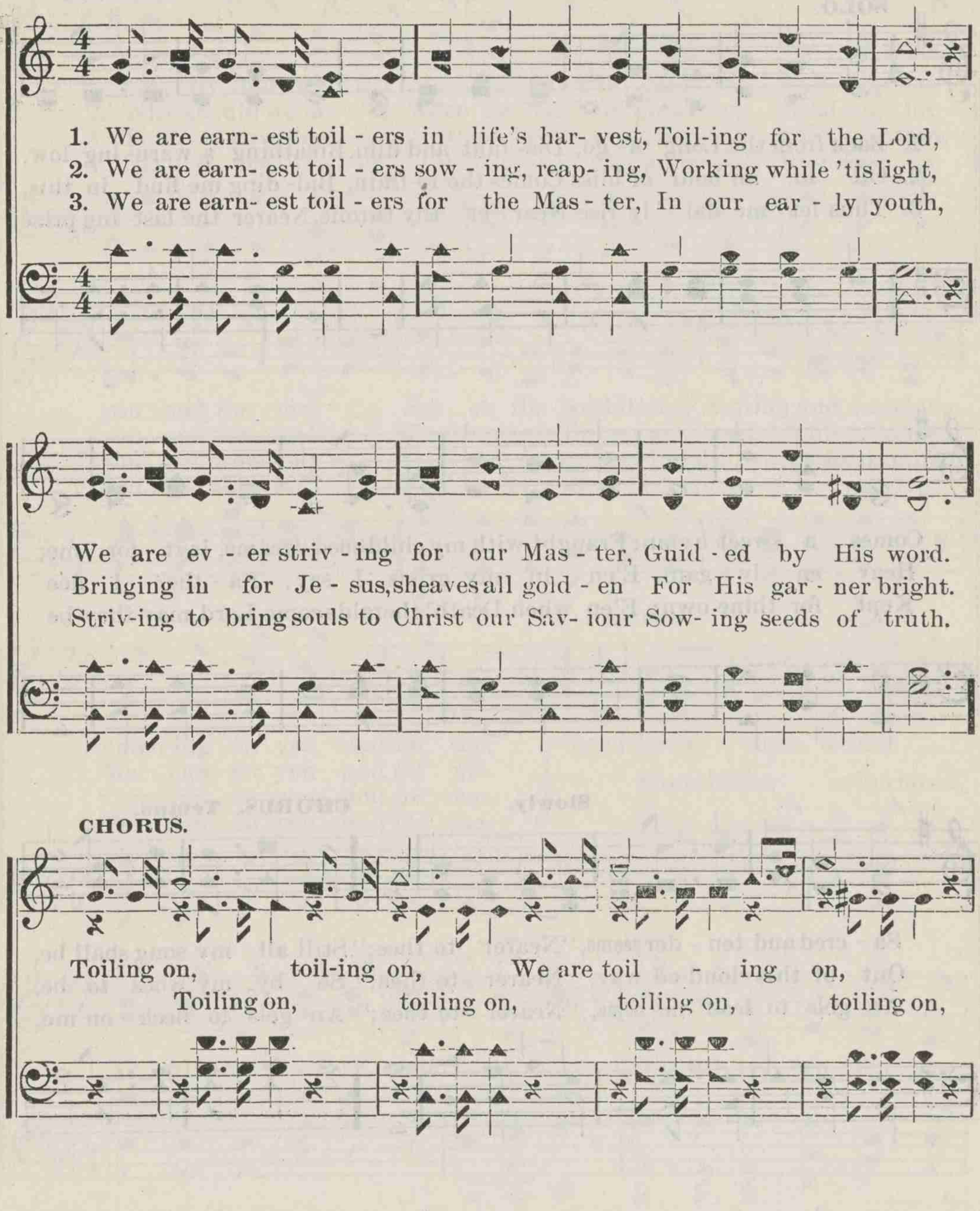


I'm trusting the word, I'm washed in the blood, The blood of Calvary's Lamb!



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# No. 65. We Are Earnest Toilers.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

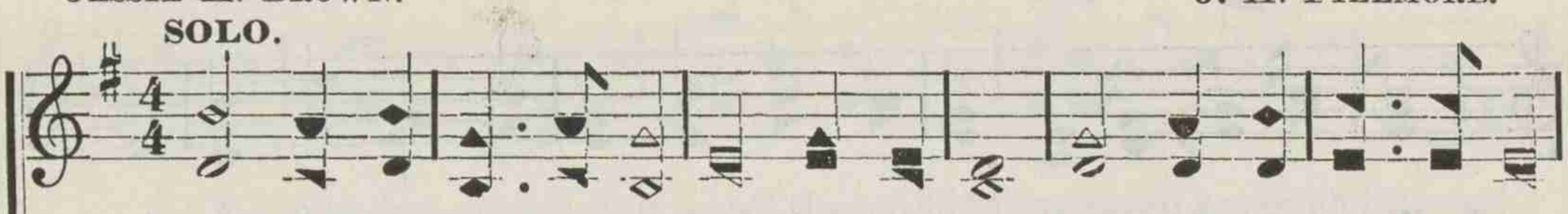



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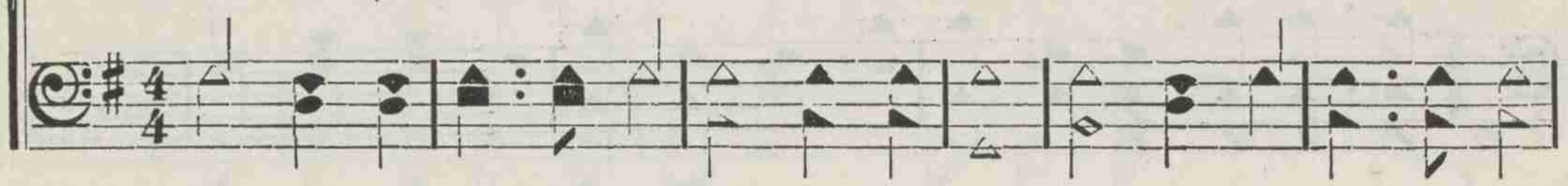
# No. 66. Nearer To Thee.
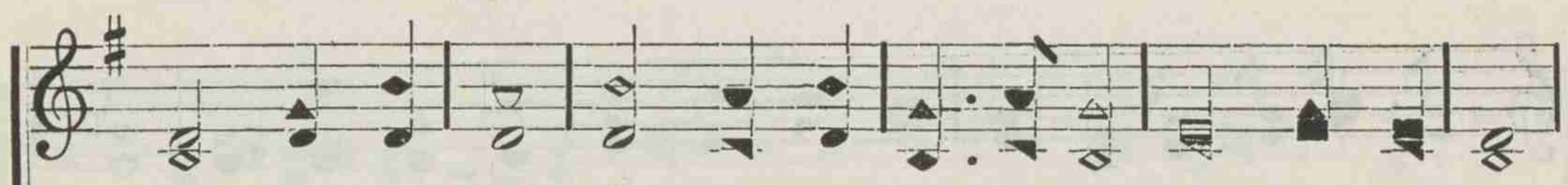
JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

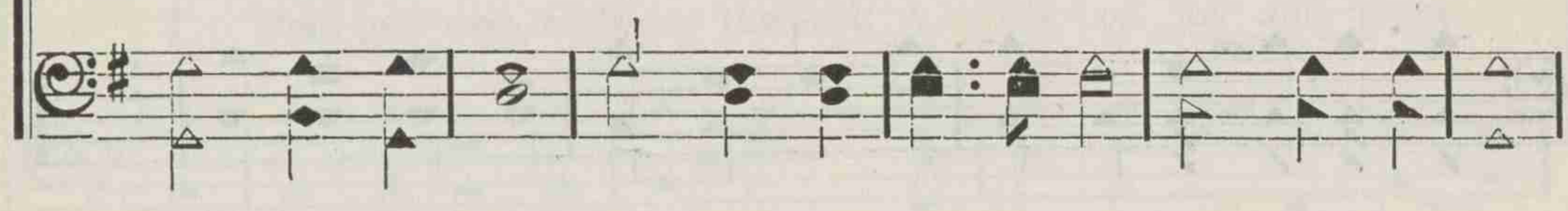


1. Back from the Long A- go, Dis- tant and dim, Breathing a warn- ing low,
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re-frain, Bid- ding me find in this,
3. Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne, Nearer the last- ing prize

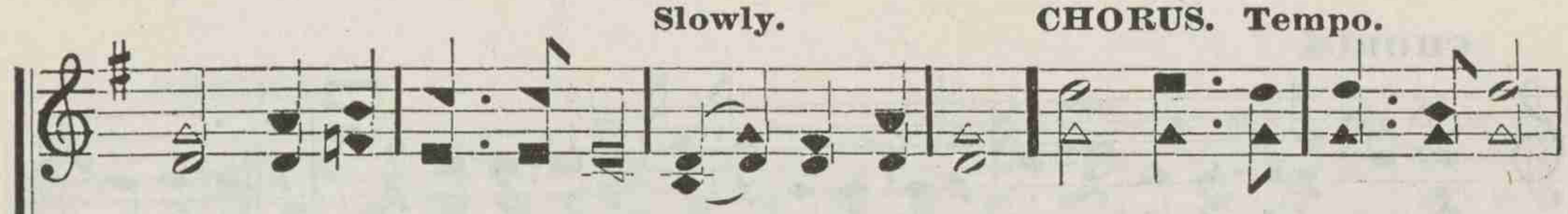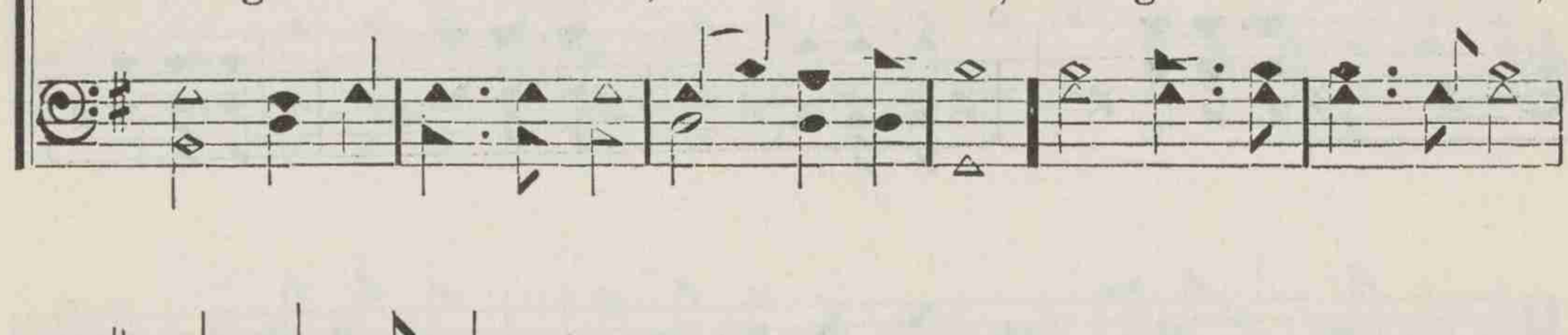




Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me;
Heav - en - ly gain, E'en in my griefs I say; Fa - ther I flee
Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be
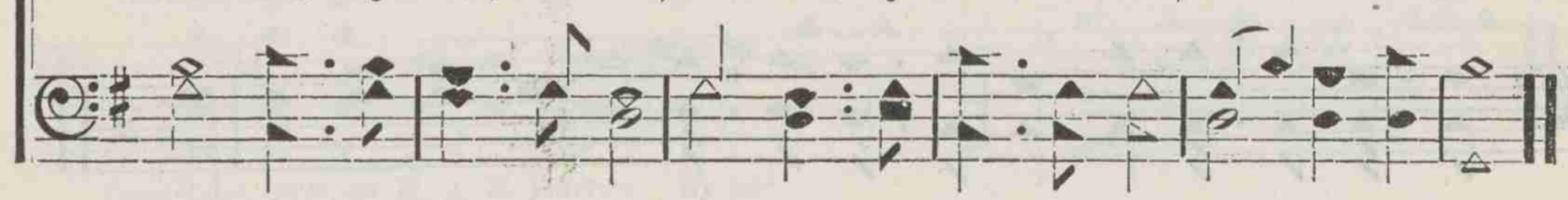


Slowly. CHORUS. Tempo.



Sa - cred and ten - der seems, "Nearer to thee;" Still all my song shall be,
Out of this cloud-ed way, "Nearer to thee;" So by my woes to be,
An- gels to lead me home, "Nearer to thee;" An- gels to beck - on me,



Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er to thee."



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# No. 67. For You And For Me.

W. L. T. WILLIAM L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for you and for me; See on the por-tals he's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead- ing, Plead-ing for you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not his mercies,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing, Pass- ing from you and from me; Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming,
4. O for the won - der - ful love he has prom-ised, Promised for you and for me, Tho' we have sinned he has mer-cy and par-don,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com- ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home, . .
Come home, come home,

Ye who are wea- ry, come home. . . Earn - est- ly, ten - der - ly,
Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home.

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# No. 68. Lend a Hand.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.
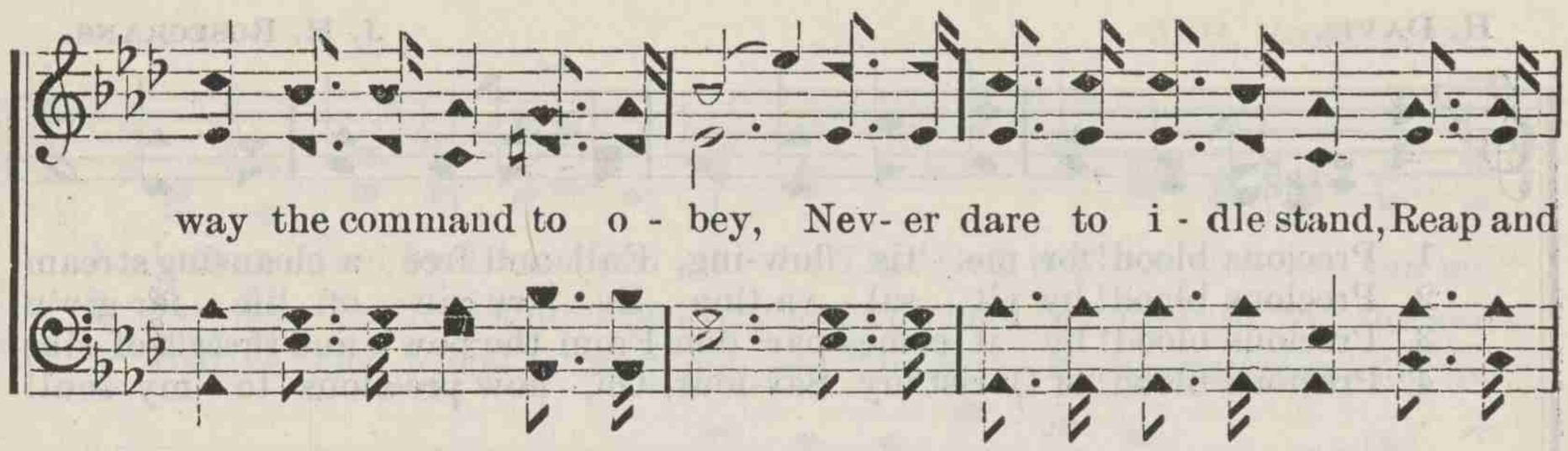
1. Lo, the ma - ny fields are white, Christian broth - er, While the la - bor-ers are few in the land, Look a-broad on hill and plain, See the long ne-glec - ted grain, If you precious sheaves would gain, lend a hand.
2. Would you gath - er fin - est wheat, Christian broth - er, For the storehouse of our King and our Lord, Go and search among the leaves, For the hid- den gold - en sheaves, Such our gra-cious Lord receives, say the word.
3. Though with weeping you go forth, Christian broth - er, With re - joic- ing you shall come in that day, With the sheaves you've gathered in, From the ma - ny fields of sin, Claim the crown the faithful win, bless - ed day.

CHORUS.

Up and a - way, . . . . up and a - way, . . . . up and a - way,
While 'tis day, while you may,

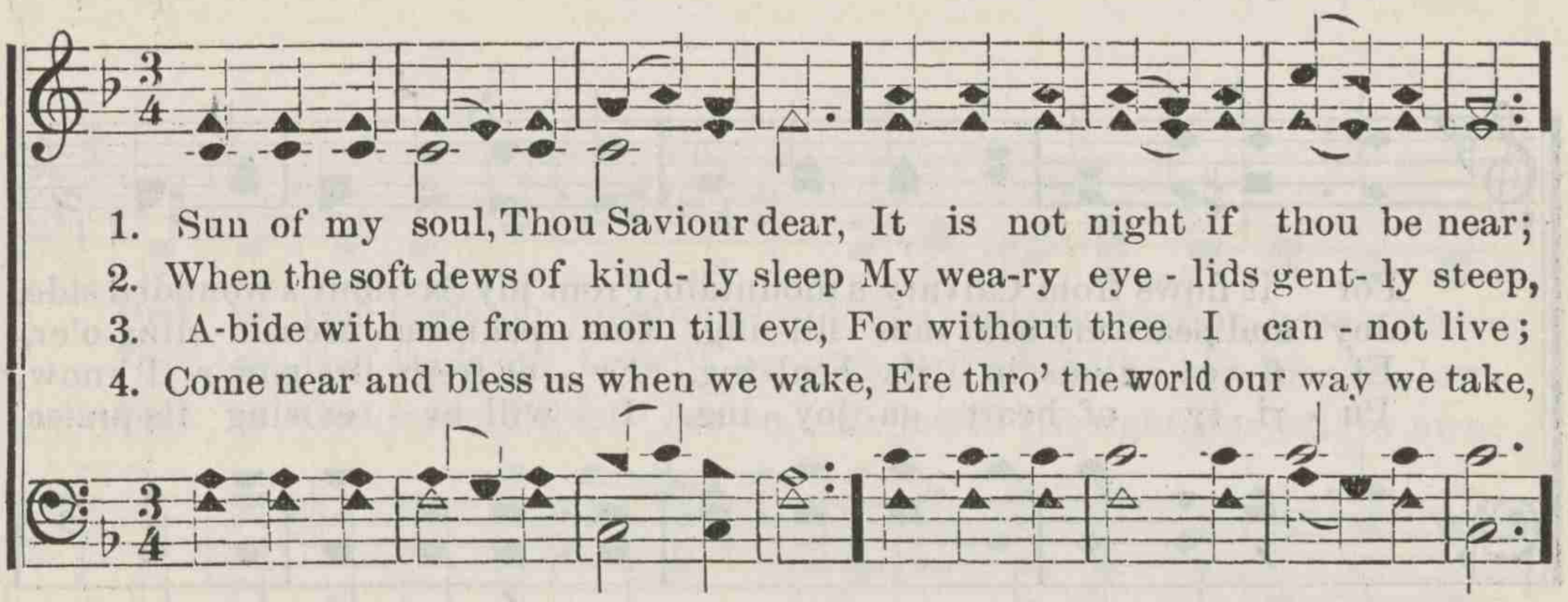
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## Lend a Hand. Concluded.



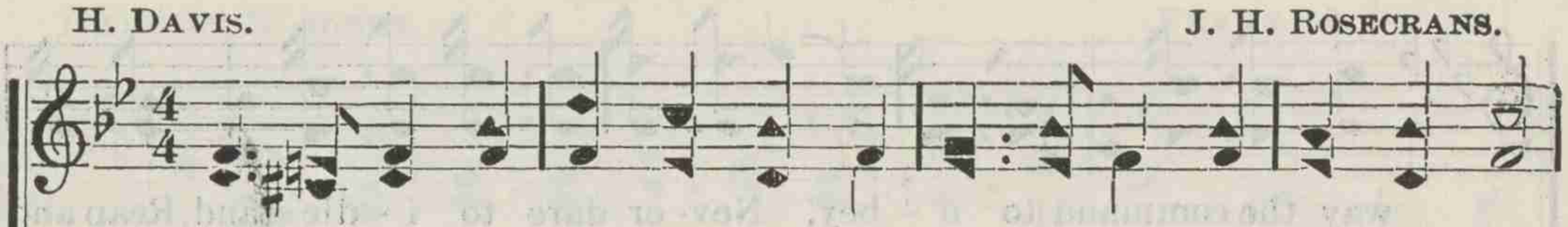

## No. 69. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. RITTER.

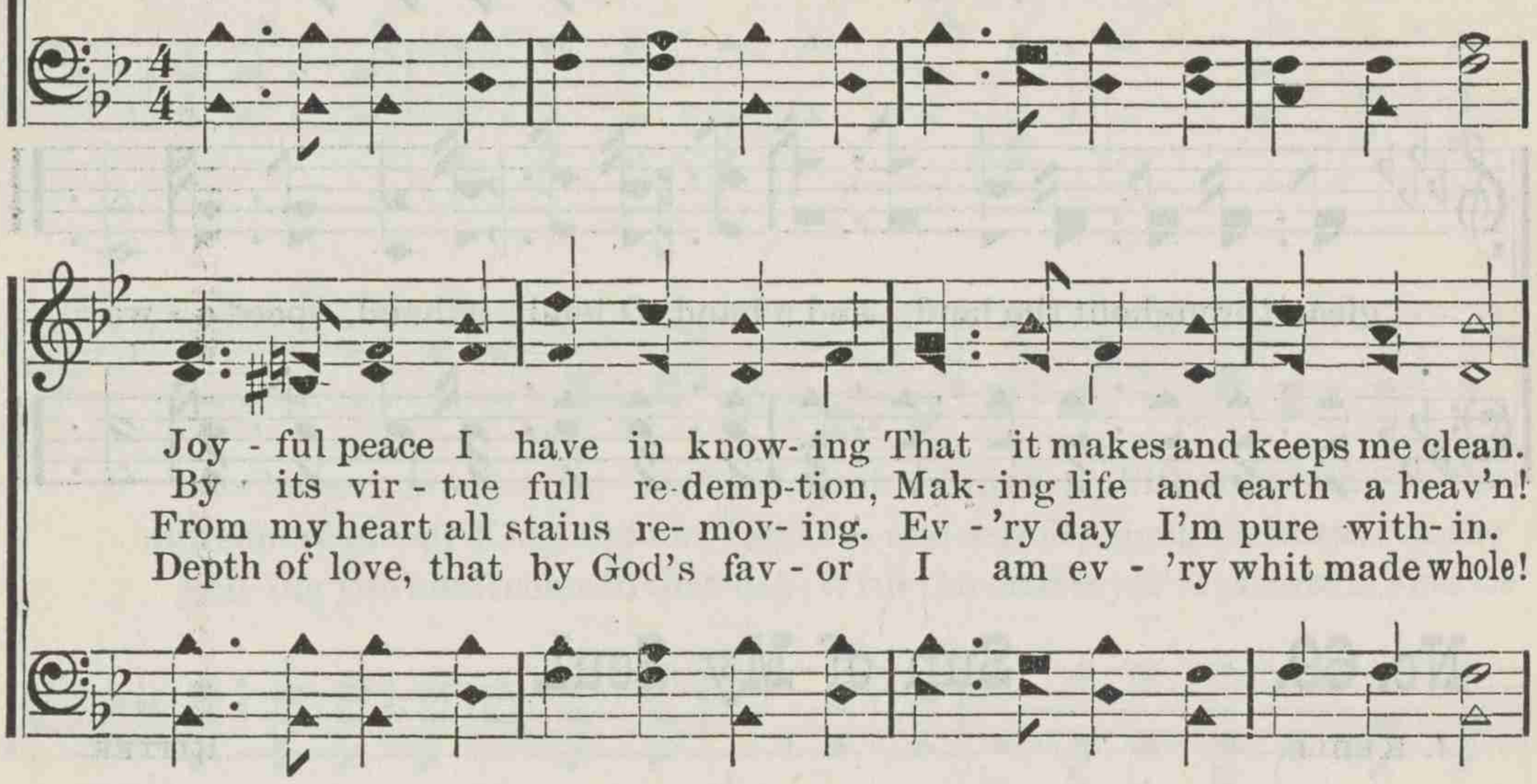


# No. 70. Precious Blood of Christ.

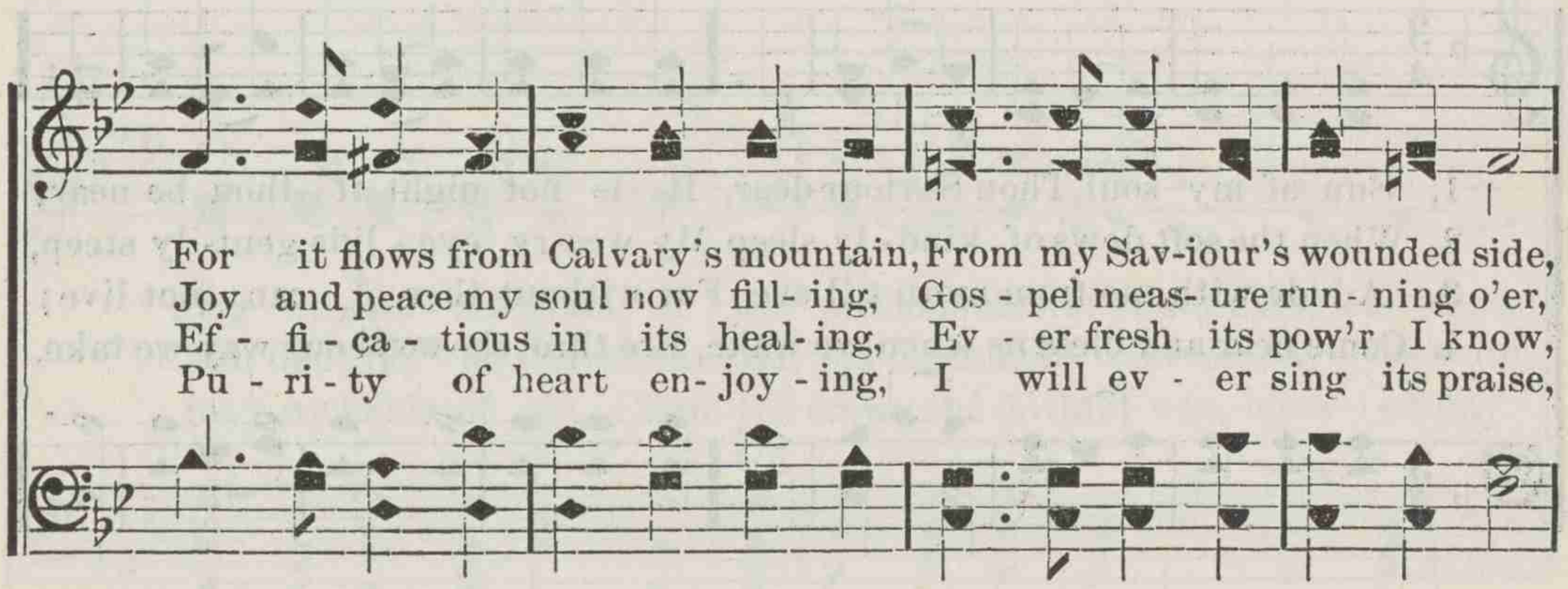
H. DAVIS. J. H. ROSECRANS.



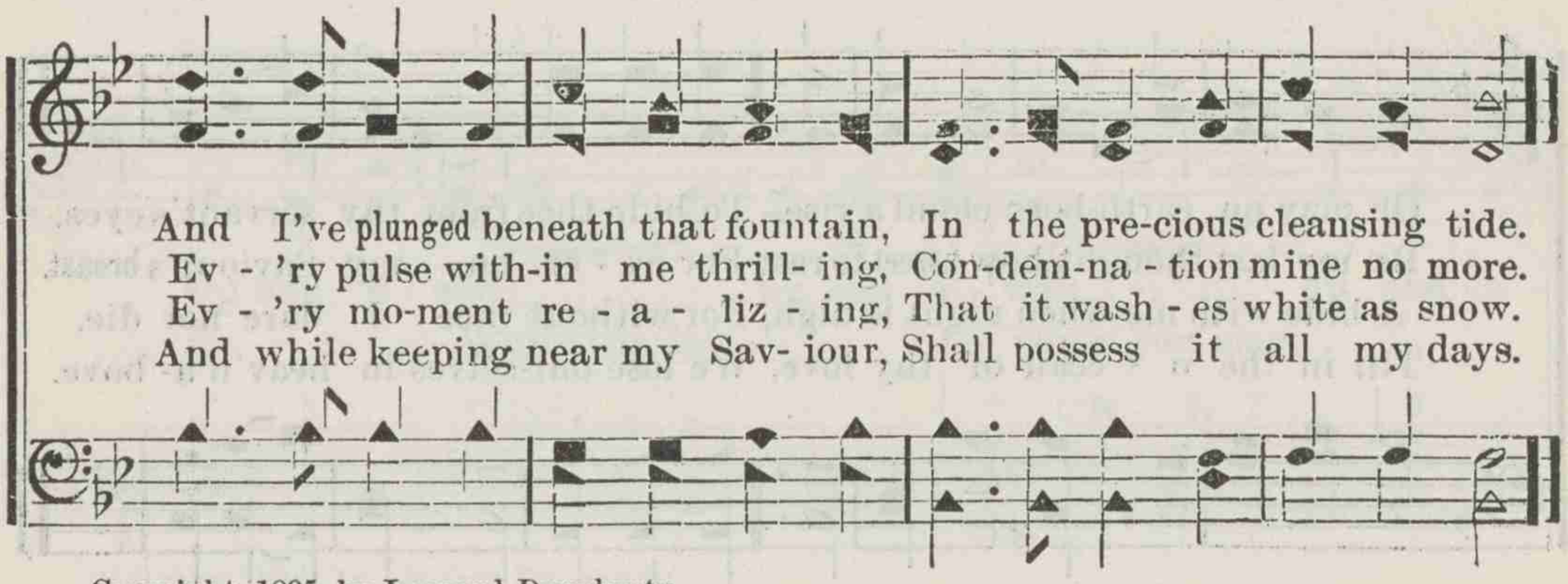
1. Precious blood! for me 'tis flow-ing, Full and free a cleansing stream;
2. Precious blood! by it sal - va-tion Ev - 'ry sin of life for-giv'n;
3. Precious blood! by it comes par- don From the pow'r and strength of sin;
4. Precious blood! of Christ my Sav-iour, Oh, how pre-cious to my soul!



Joy - ful peace I have in know- ing That it makes and keeps me clean.
By its vir - tue full re-demp-tion, Mak- ing life and earth a heav'n!
From my heart all stains re- mov- ing. Ev - 'ry day I'm pure with- in.
Depth of love, that by God's fav - or I am ev - 'ry whit made whole!



For it flows from Calvary's mountain, From my Sav-iour's wounded side,
Joy and peace my soul now fill- ing, Gos - pel meas- ure run- ning o'er,
Ef - fi - ca - tious in its heal- ing, Ev - er fresh its pow'r I know,
Pu - ri - ty of heart en- joy - ing, I will ev - er sing its praise,

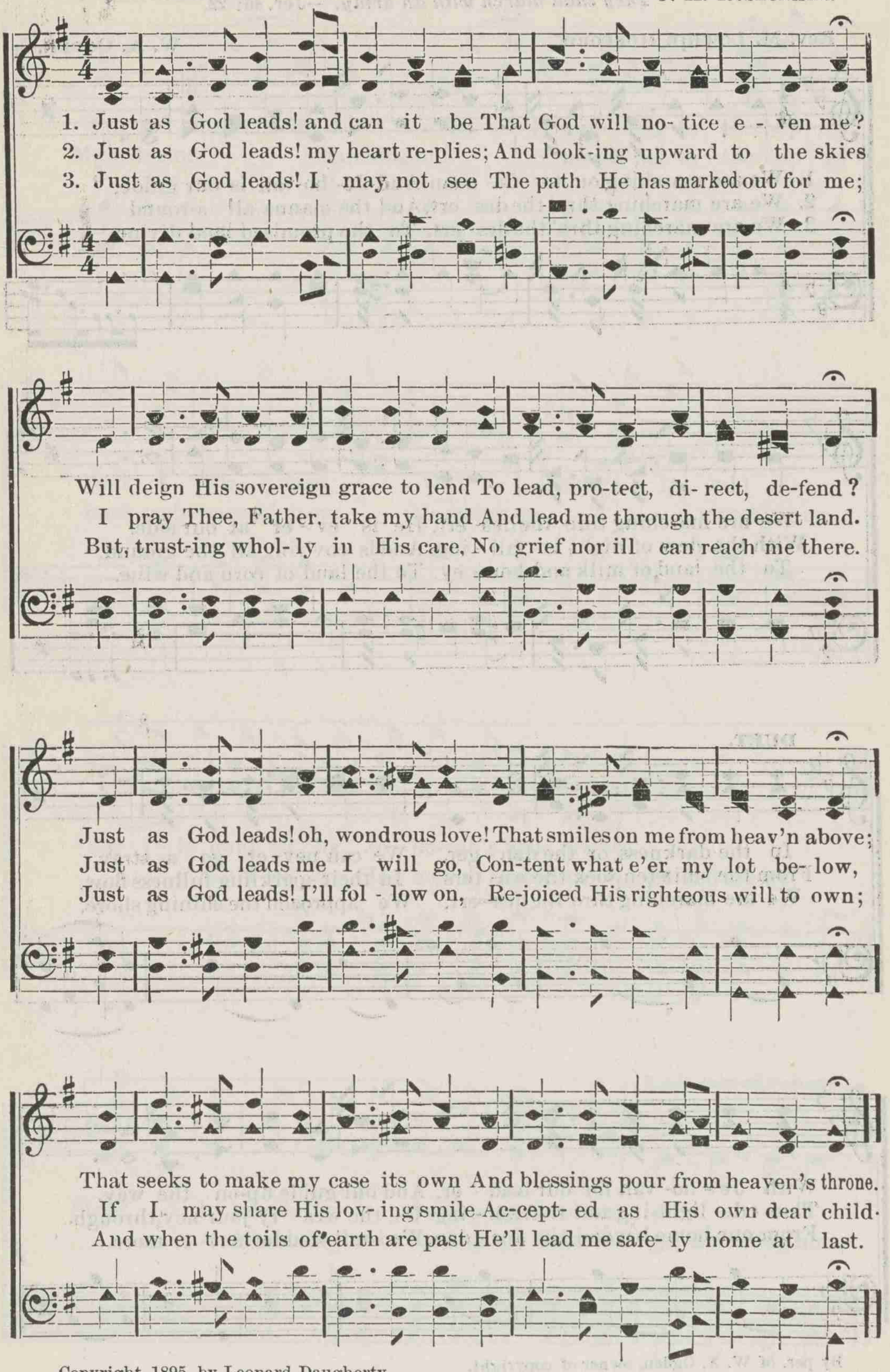


And I've plunged beneath that fountain, In the pre-cious cleansing tide.
Ev - 'ry pulse with-in me thrill- ing, Con-dem-na - tion mine no more.
Ev - 'ry mo-ment re - a - liz - ing, That it wash - es white as snow.
And while keeping near my Sav- iour, Shall possess it all my days.

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# No. 71. Just as God Leads.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

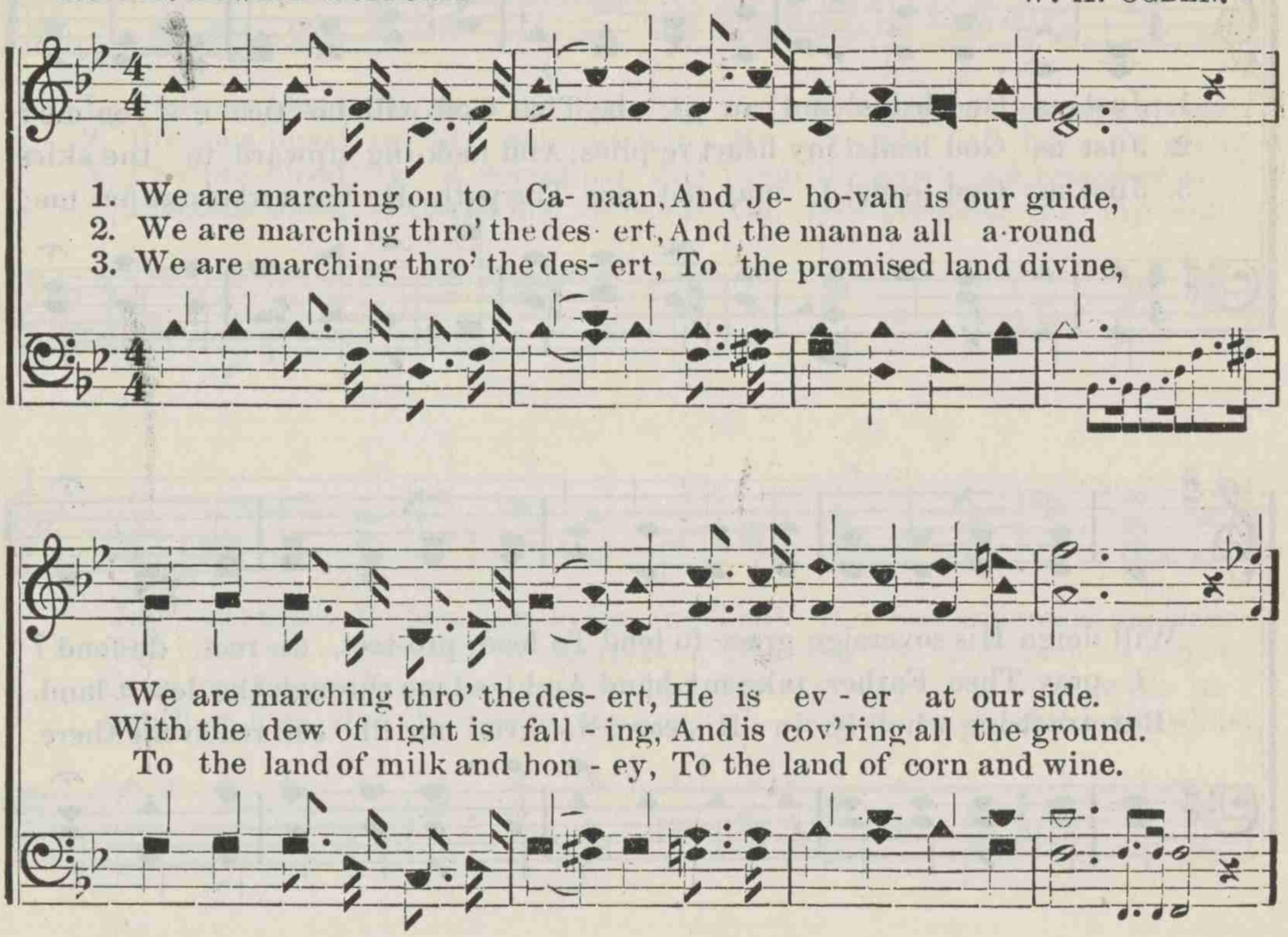



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# No. 72. Marching On to Canaan.

*"They shall march with an army."*—Jer. 46: 22.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. W. A. Ogden.




By per. of W. A. Ogden, owner of copyright.

# Marching On to Canaan. Concluded.

*f* **Full CHORUS.**

On! stead - i - ly on! stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap - py
Marching on! marching on! march-ing to the hap - py

land of Ca - naan; On! stead - i - ly on!
land, we're marching on; Marching on, marching on,

1

Ver - i - ly guid- ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are we.
Guid- ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are we, guided are we.

2

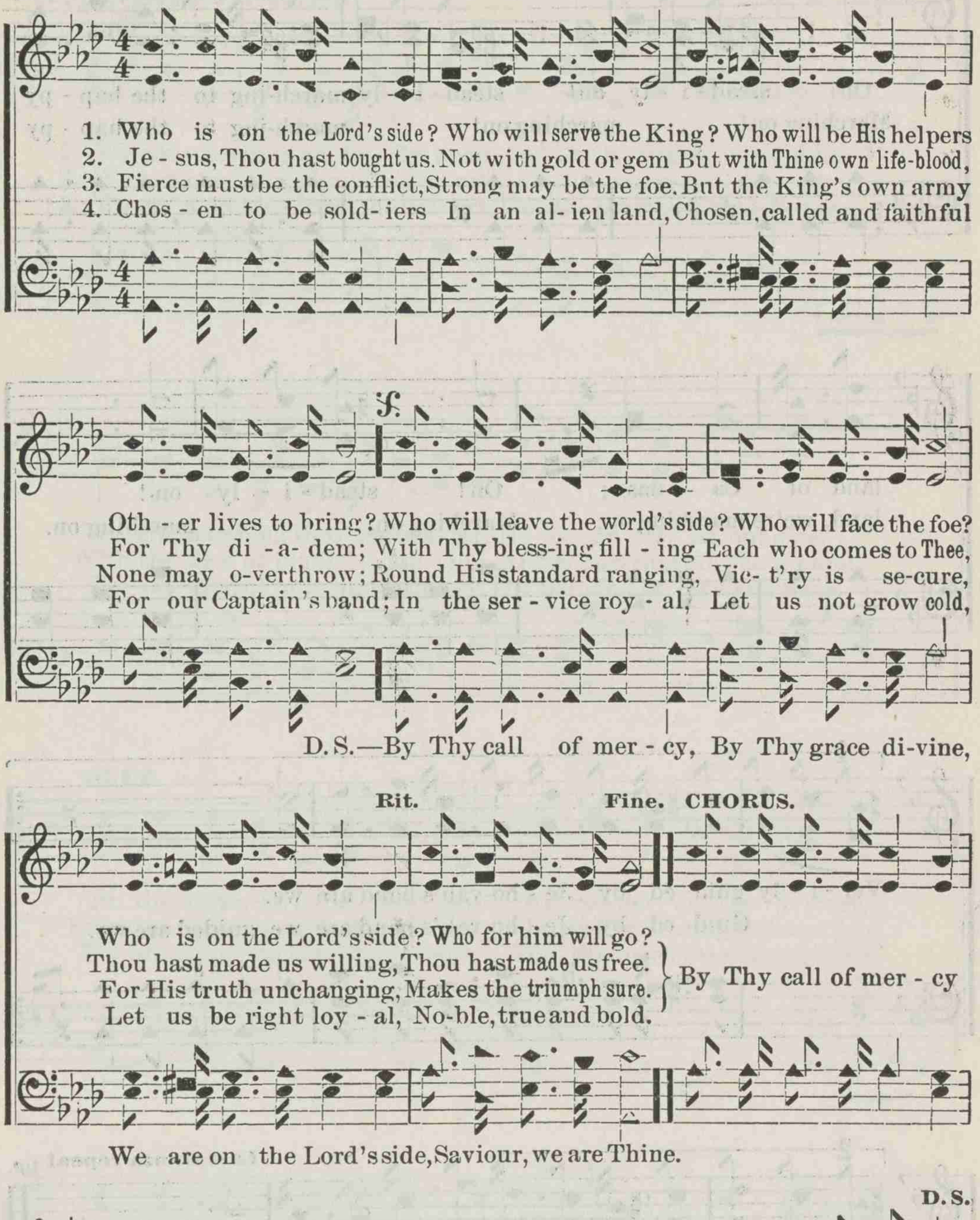
Stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap- py land we go.
March-ing to the hap- py land we go, marching home.

**Last stanza repeat** *pp.*

# No. 73. Who is On the Lord's Side?

*"Choose you this day whom you will serve."*—Jos. 24: 15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.



# No. 74. My Soul is Stayed.

1. On thee, my Lord, . . . my soul is stayed, . . With thee my
   Thy pres-ence makes . . . my path-way bright, . . (*Omit.* . . . . .
2. His gra- cious hand . . . my need sup- plies, . . . His cheer-ing
   And all the way . . . I'll trust in him, . . . (*Omit.* . . . .

heart . . . . is un - dis-mayed; . . . } Thy smile il - lumes . . .
. . . . . .
voice . . . makes joy to rise, . . . . } Tho' strength should fail . .
. . . . . .

**REFRAIN.**

the dark-est night. }
and sight grow dim. } Let tempests rage, . . . Let ills be - fall, . . .

Let hell en - gage, Let death ap - pall. On thee, my Lord, . . . .

my soul is stayed, . . . On thee my soul is stayed.

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# No. 75. Praise, Praise the Lord.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Praise, praise the Lord, O bless his ho - ly name, Sing forth the prais-es
2. Praise, praise the Lord, O praise him ev - 'ry tongue, Glorious are all his
3. Praise, praise the Lord, Who ransoms you from death, His sav- ing name let

of your King, Praise, praise the Lord, His good - ness loud pro- claim,
works and ways, Praise, praise the Lord, Whose grace has made you whole,
all a - dore, Praise, praise the Lord, In one im - mor - tal song,

**CHORUS.**

Let earth and heav'n with praises ring. } Praise, praise the Lord,
Whose loving-kindness crowns your days.
Throughout all a - ges, ev - er-more. } Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,

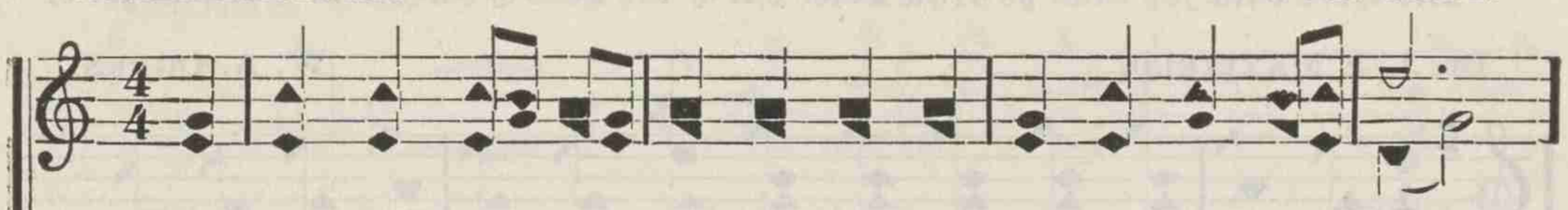
Voi - ces raise, sing his praise, All the earth re-joice, He who brings sal-va-tion,

To each tribe and na - tion, Praise him, with the harp and voice.
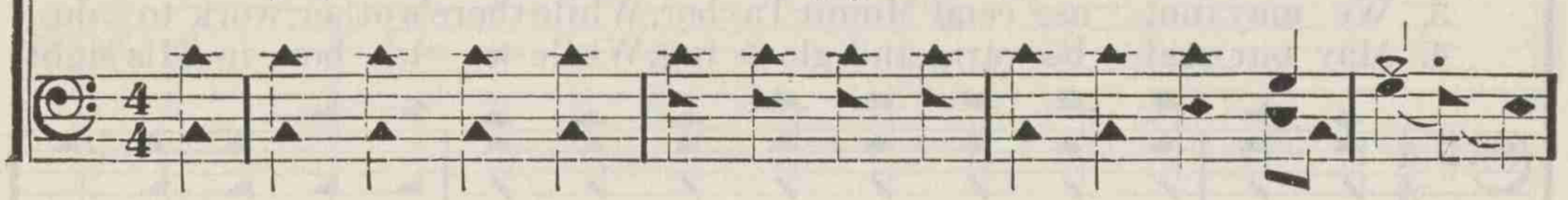
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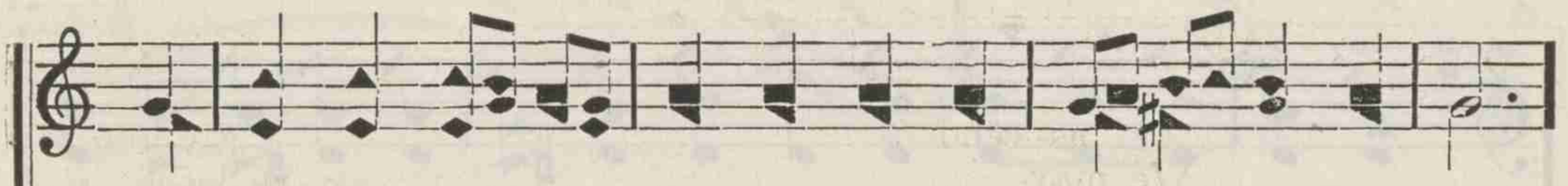
# No. 76. In His Praise.

HELEN REYBURN. W. T. GIFFE.

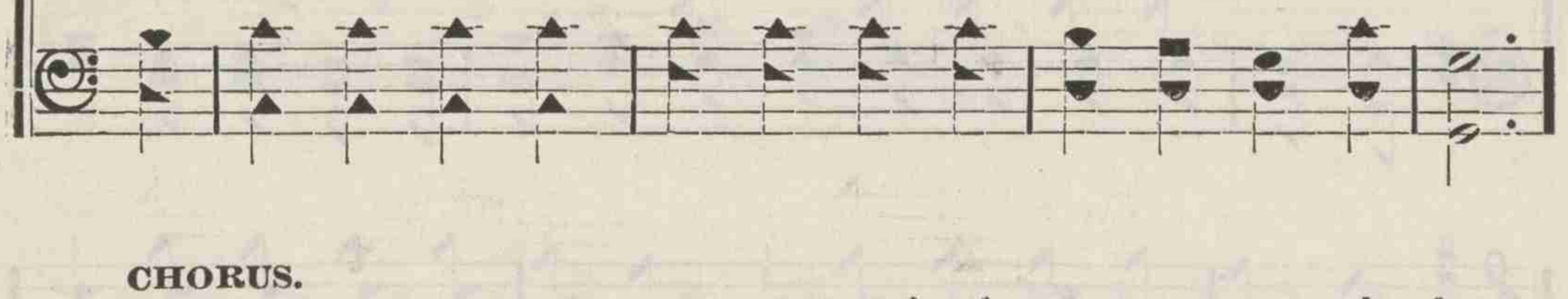


1. The heav'ns declare His glorious pow'r, Earth echoes back His praise,
2. And flow'rs from dainty chal - i - ces, Send clouds of in - cense up,
3. Then, oh, what words can tell the joy Of an im- mor - tal soul?

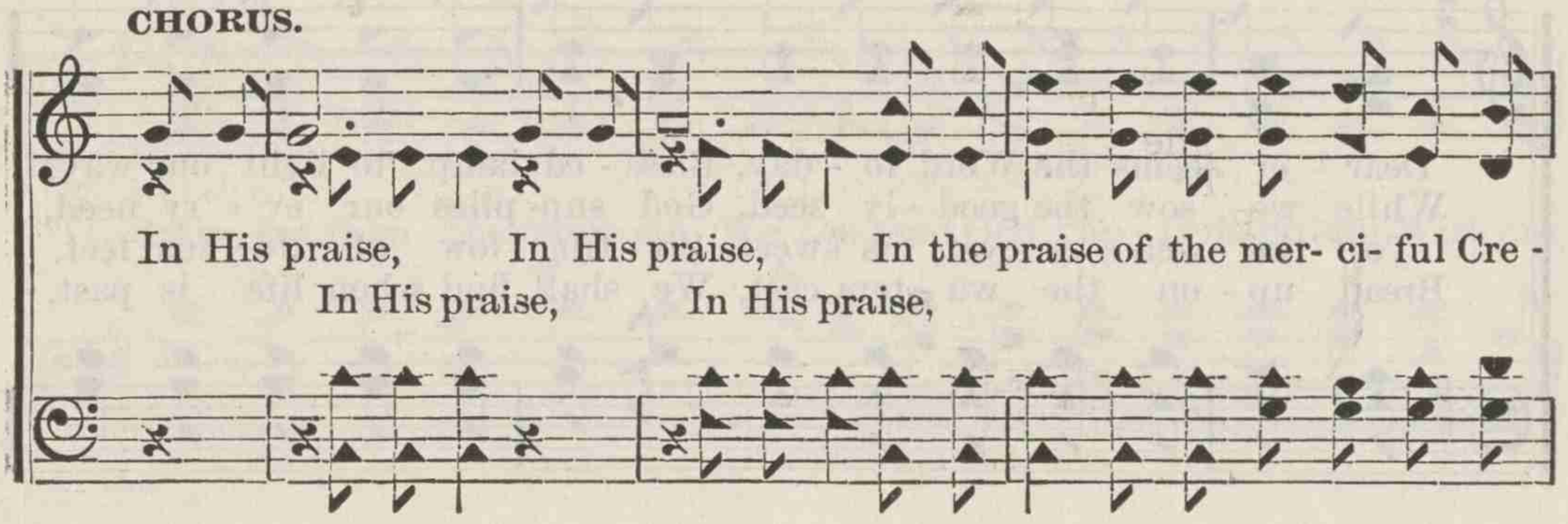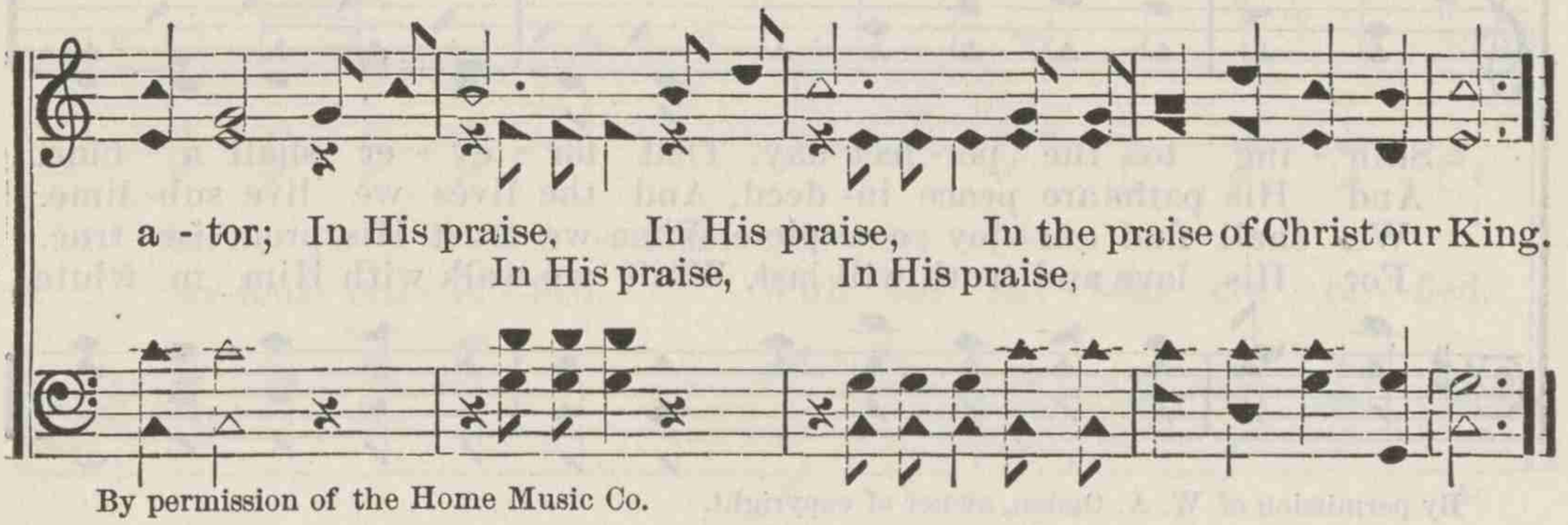




As count-less birds from hour to hour Pour forth their joy- ous lays.
That rise like voice-less hymns of praise From ev - 'ry fra- grant cup.
From glow-ing hearts and grate-ful lips, Should ceaseless anthems roll.



**CHORUS.**



In His praise, In His praise, In the praise of the mer- ci- ful Cre -
In His praise, In His praise,



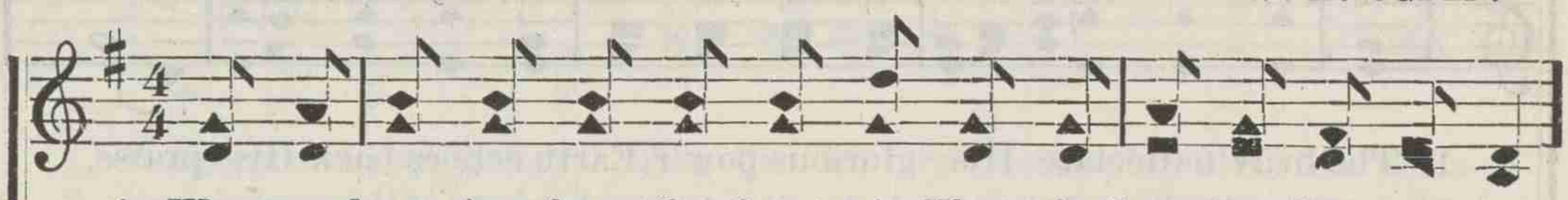
a - tor; In His praise, In His praise, In the praise of Christ our King.
In His praise, In His praise,

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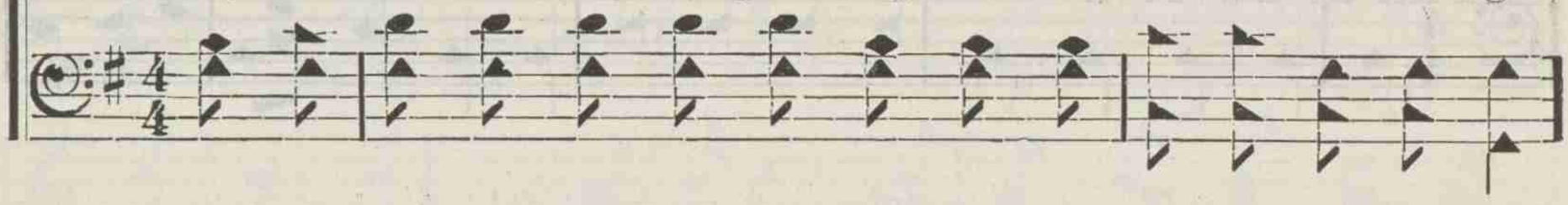
# No. 77. Drawing from the Fountain.

"*Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.*"—Isaiah 12: 3.
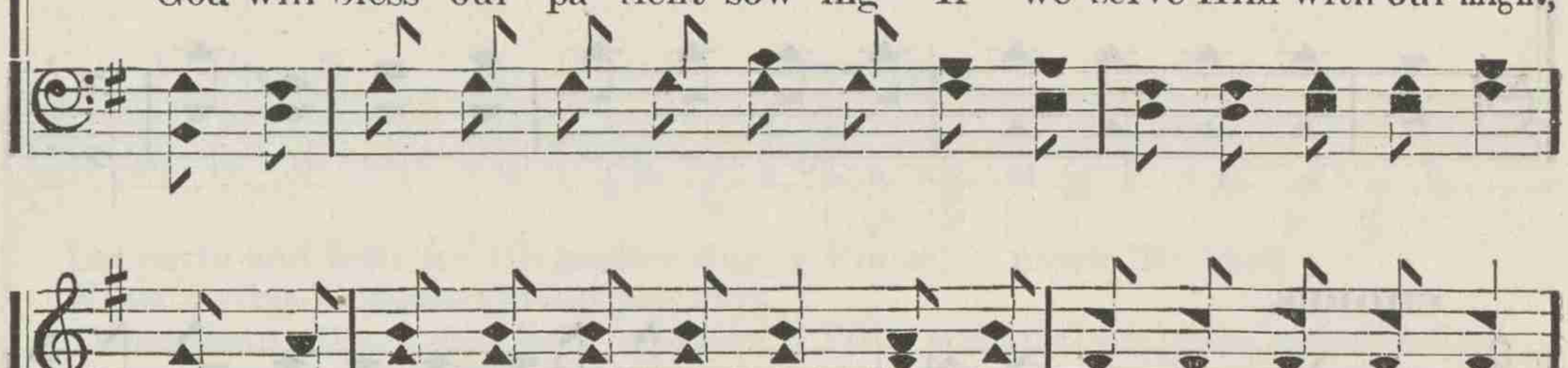
Dr. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.
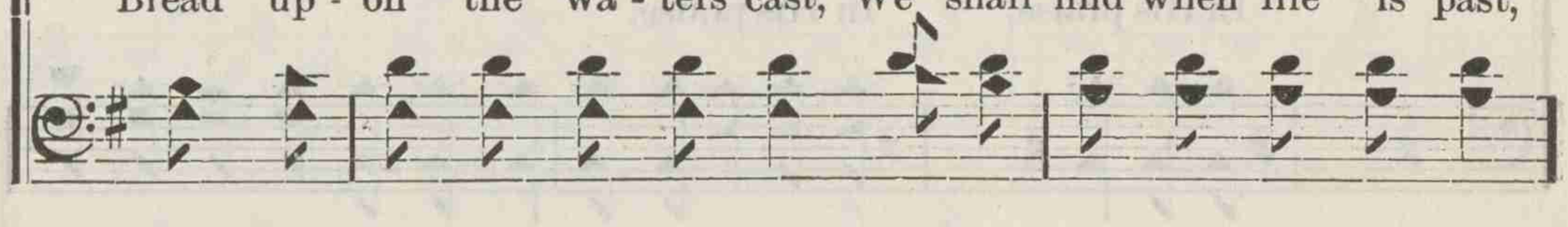


1. We are draw- ing from the fount- ain That is flow- ing like a tide,
2. We may sing our loud ho - san - na While our Ol - i - vets we climb,
3. We may not as - cend Mount Ta- bor, While there's other work to do.
4. May our zeal be warm and glow- ing, While we la - bor in His sight,



We as- cend God's ho - ly mount-ain With our Sav-iour cru - ci- fied,
We may eat the hid- den man - na Through the des-ert waste of time,
In the vales be - low we la - bor All the wea - ry journey through,
God will bless our pa- tient sow- ing If we serve Him with our might,



Dear - er seems the Word to - day, Bless - ed lamp to light our way,
While we sow the good - ly seed, God sup- plies our ev - 'ry need,
To the wea - ry rest is sweet, Sit - ting low at Je - sus' feet,
Bread up - on the wa - ters cast, We shall find when life is past,

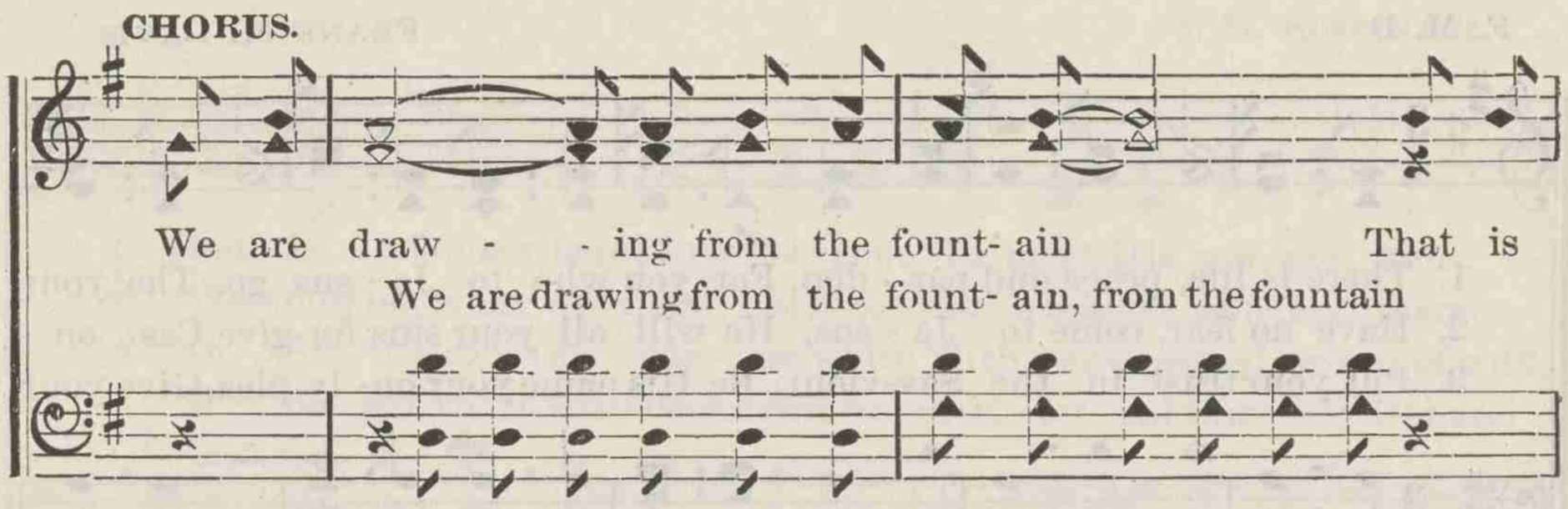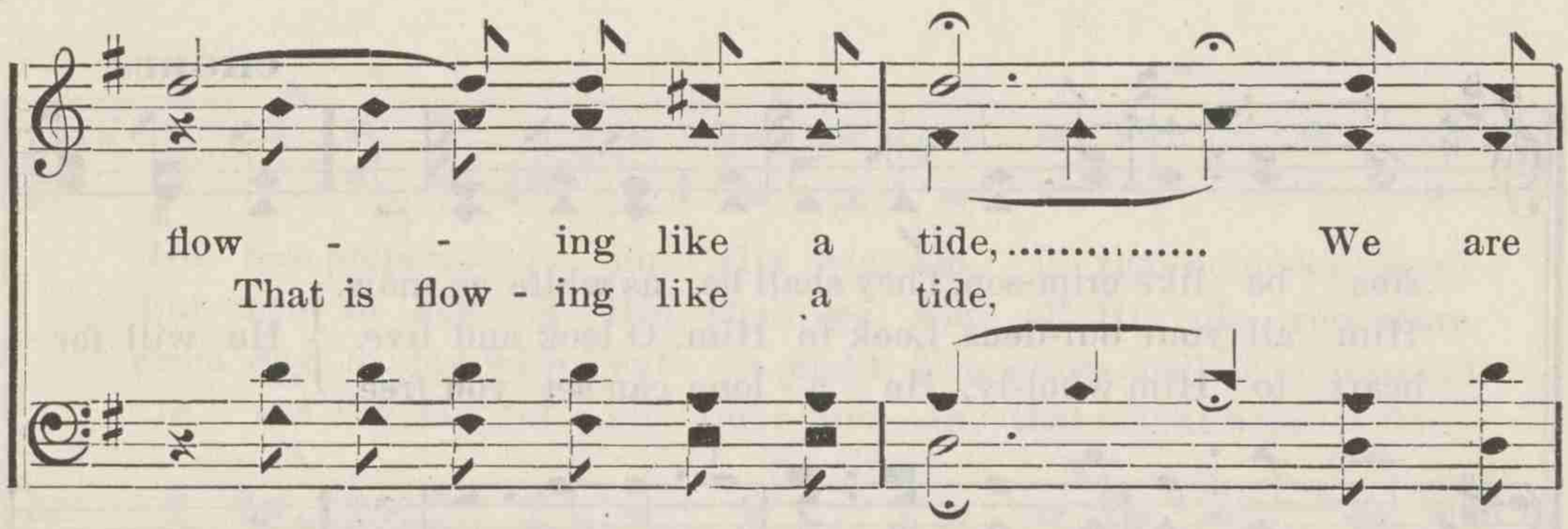


Shin - ing to the per- fect day, That for - ev - er shall a - bide.
And His paths are peace in- deed, And the lives we live sub- lime.
We shall find our joy com-plete, When we trust His prom- ise true.
For His love and truth will last, While we walk with Him in white.
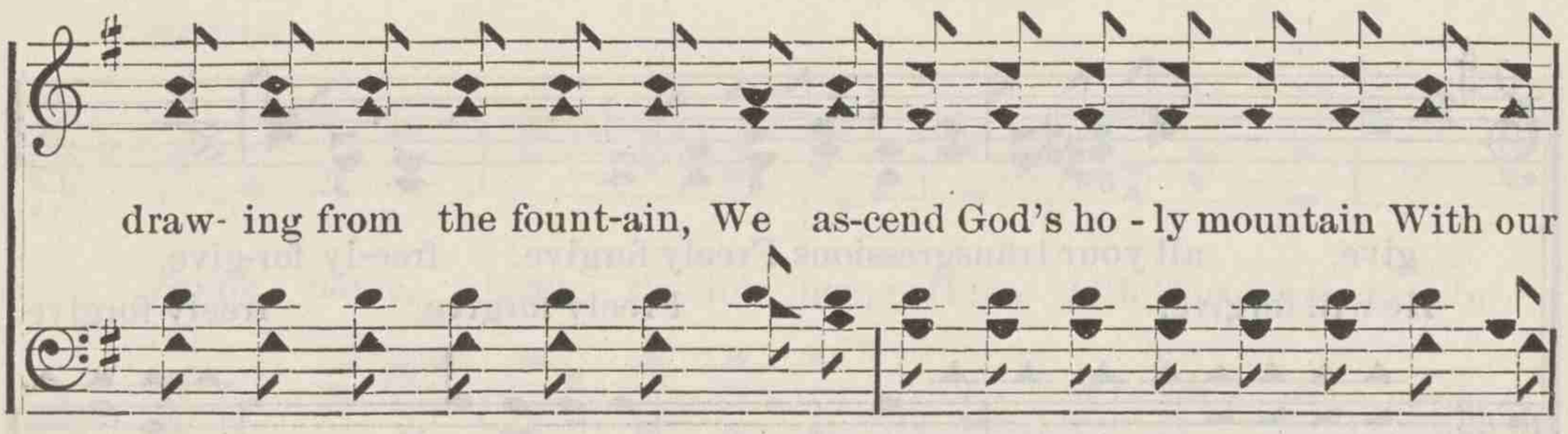
By permission of W. A. Ogden, owner of copyright.
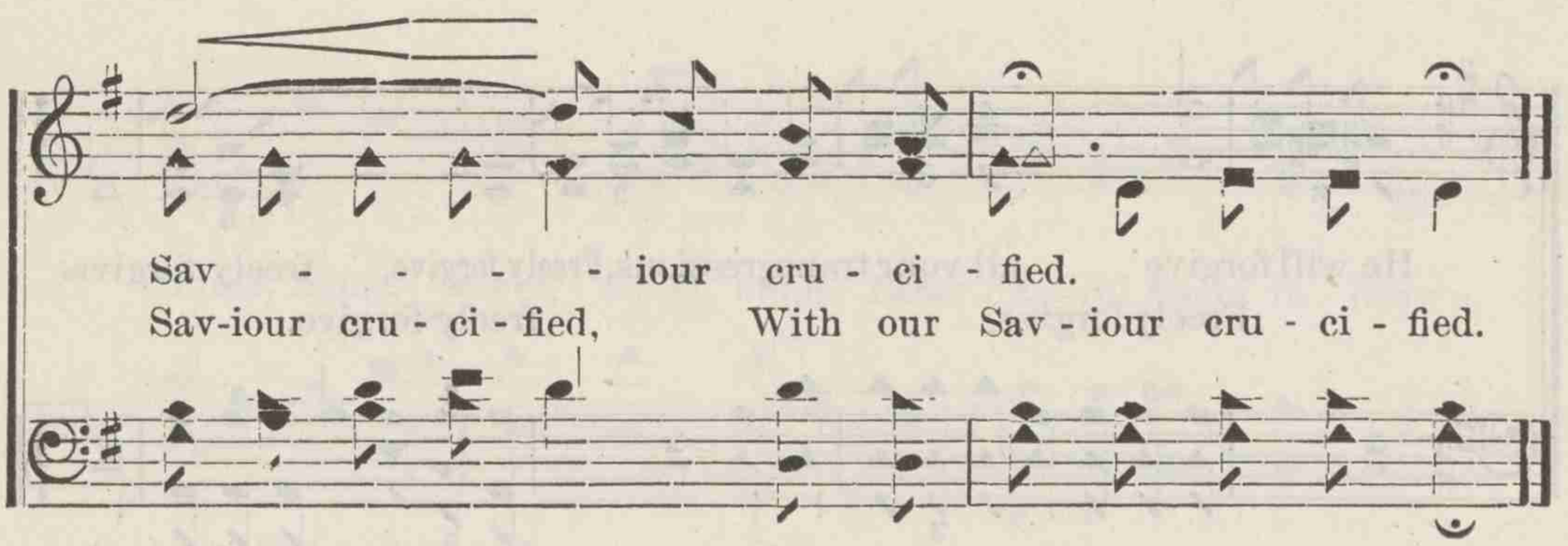
# Drawing from the Fountain. Concluded.

**CHORUS.**
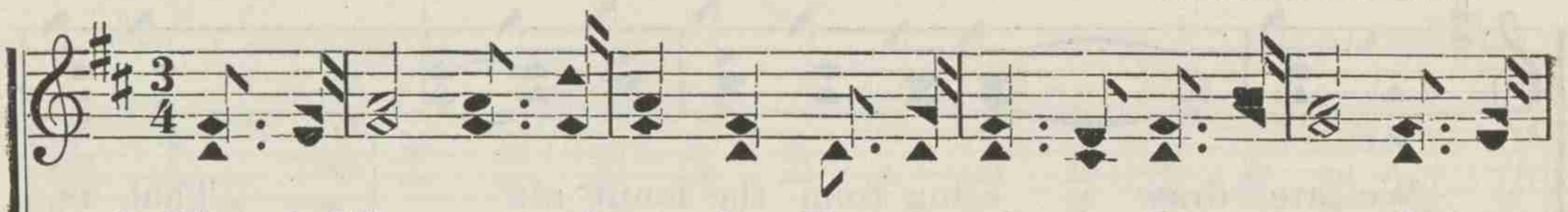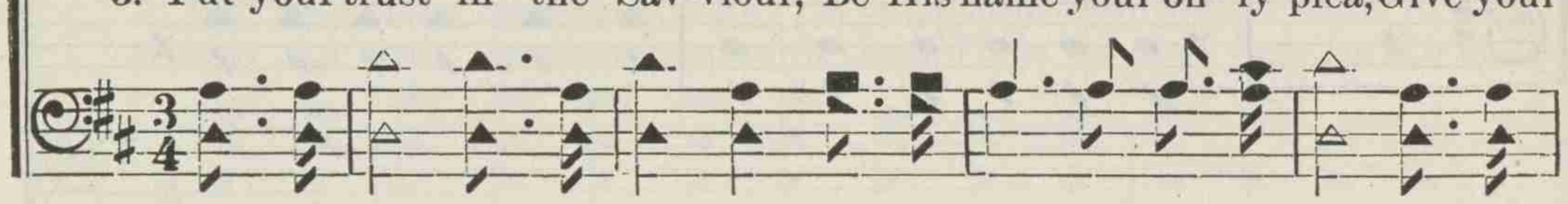











# No. 78. He Will Forgive.

F. M. D

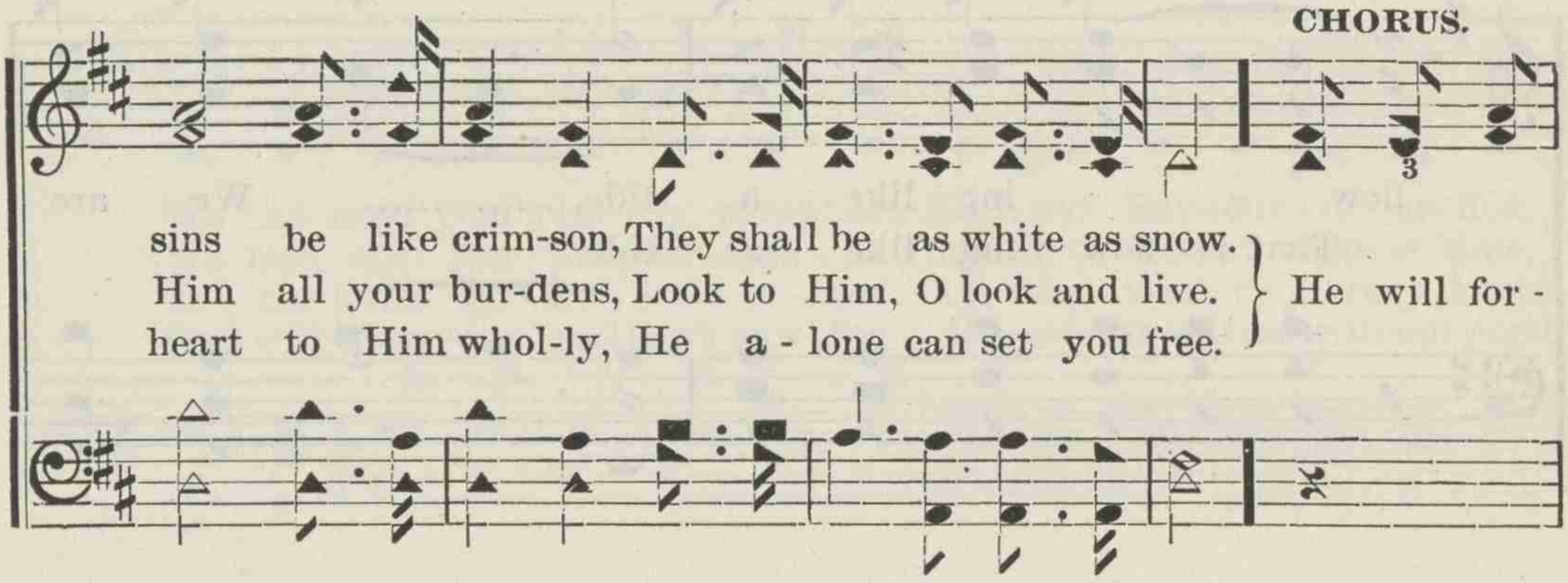
FRANK M. DAVIS.
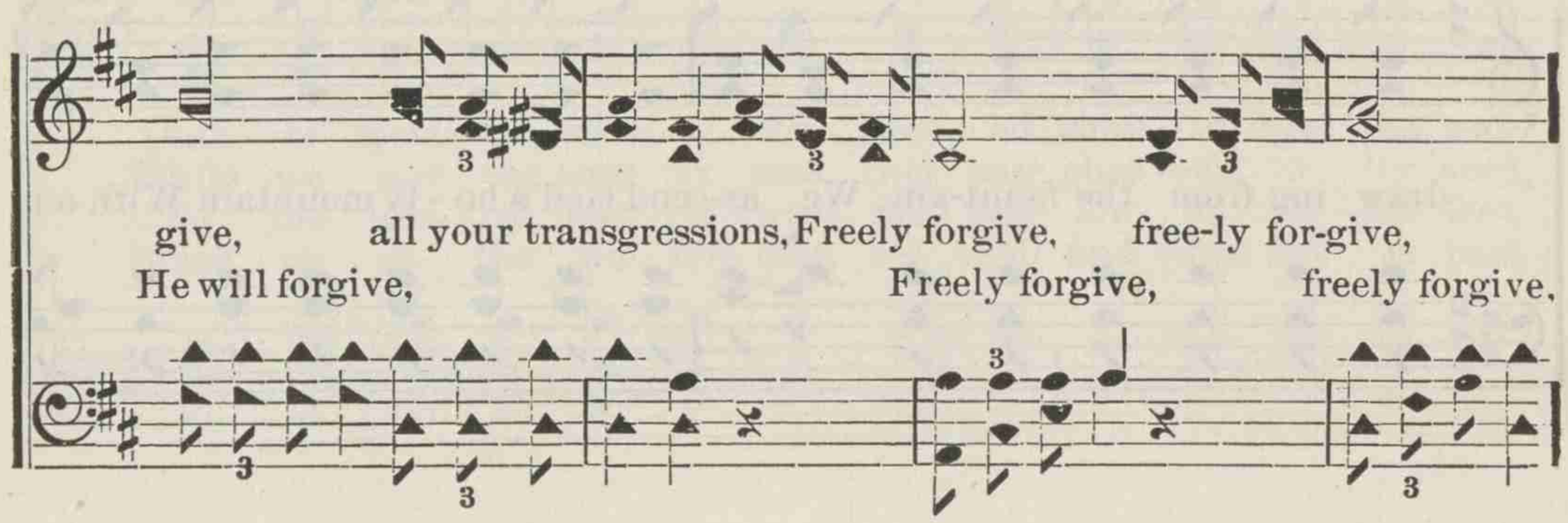


1. There is life, peace and par - don, For you who to Je - sus go, Tho' your
2. Have no fear, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins for-give, Cast on
3. Put your trust in the Sav-viour, Be His name your on- ly plea, Give your
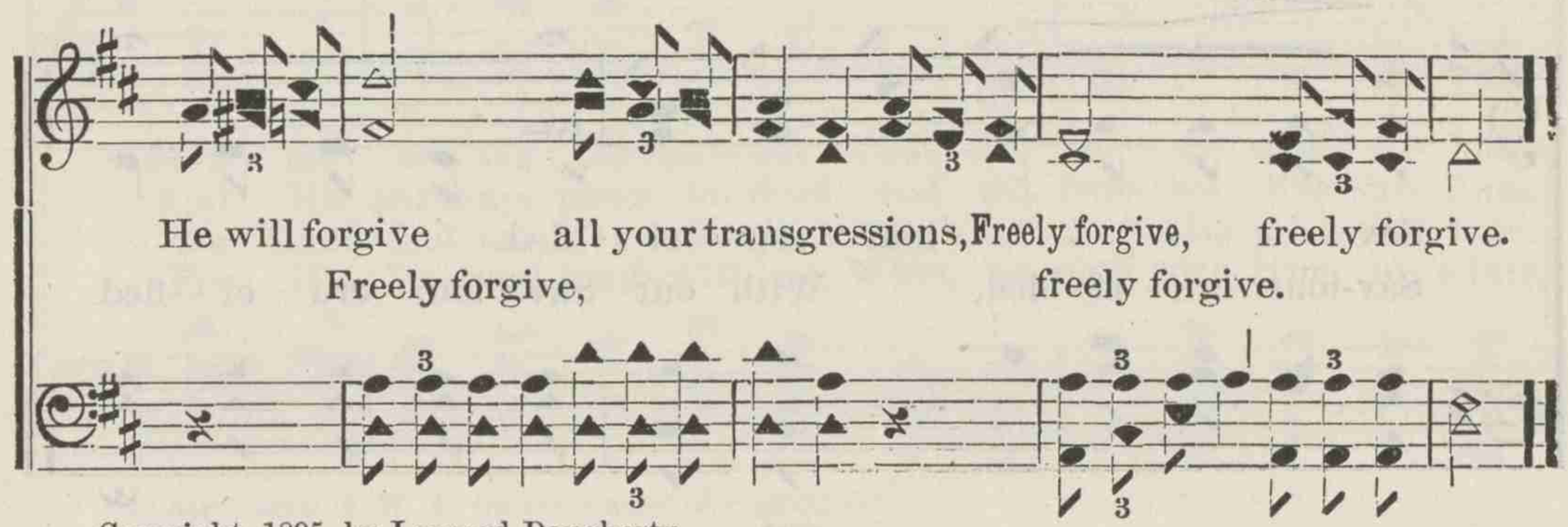


CHORUS.



sins be like crim-son, They shall be as white as snow.
Him all your bur-dens, Look to Him, O look and live.
heart to Him whol-ly, He a - lone can set you free.
} He will for -



give, all your transgressions, Freely forgive, free-ly for-give,
He will forgive, Freely forgive, freely forgive.

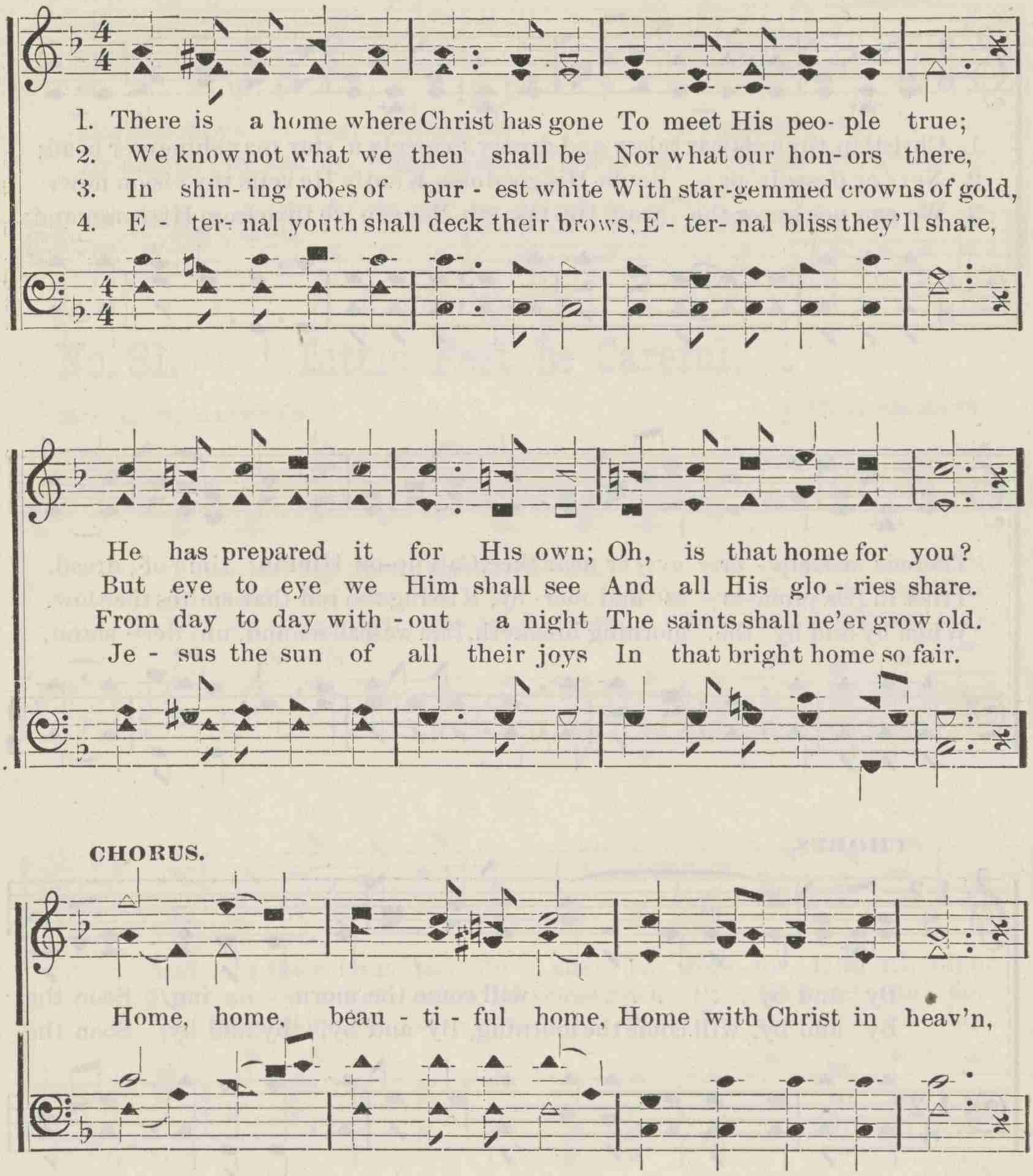


He will forgive all your transgressions, Freely forgive, freely forgive.
Freely forgive, freely forgive.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

# No. 79. Beautiful Home in Heaven.

J. H. ROSECRANS.




Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

# No. 80. By and By Will Come the Morning.

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.

1. Christian, thy night may be long and dreary, Scarcely a star may shine o'er head;
2. Nev- er despair or doubt His goodness, Kindly He veils thy vision now;
3. We can not know the way He tak-eth, Nor can we turn from His command;

There is a Help - er ev - er near thee, Call up-on Him in time of dread.
Trust in His prom-is - es and mer- cy, Kissing the rod that smites thee low.
When by and by the morning breaketh, Then we shall see and un - der - stand.
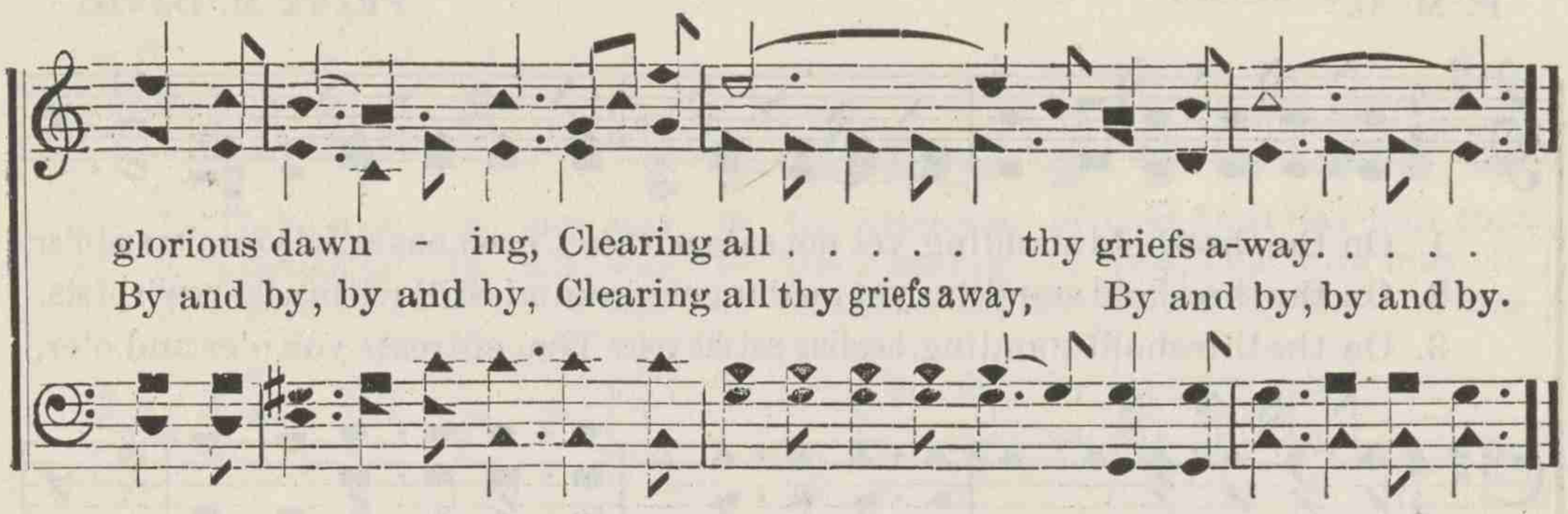
CHORUS.

By and by . . . . . will come the morn - ing, Soon the
By and by, will come the morning, By and by, by and by, Soon the

dark . . . . will turn to gray, . . . . Then will break . . . . a
dark will turn to gray, By and by, by and by, Then will break a glorious dawning

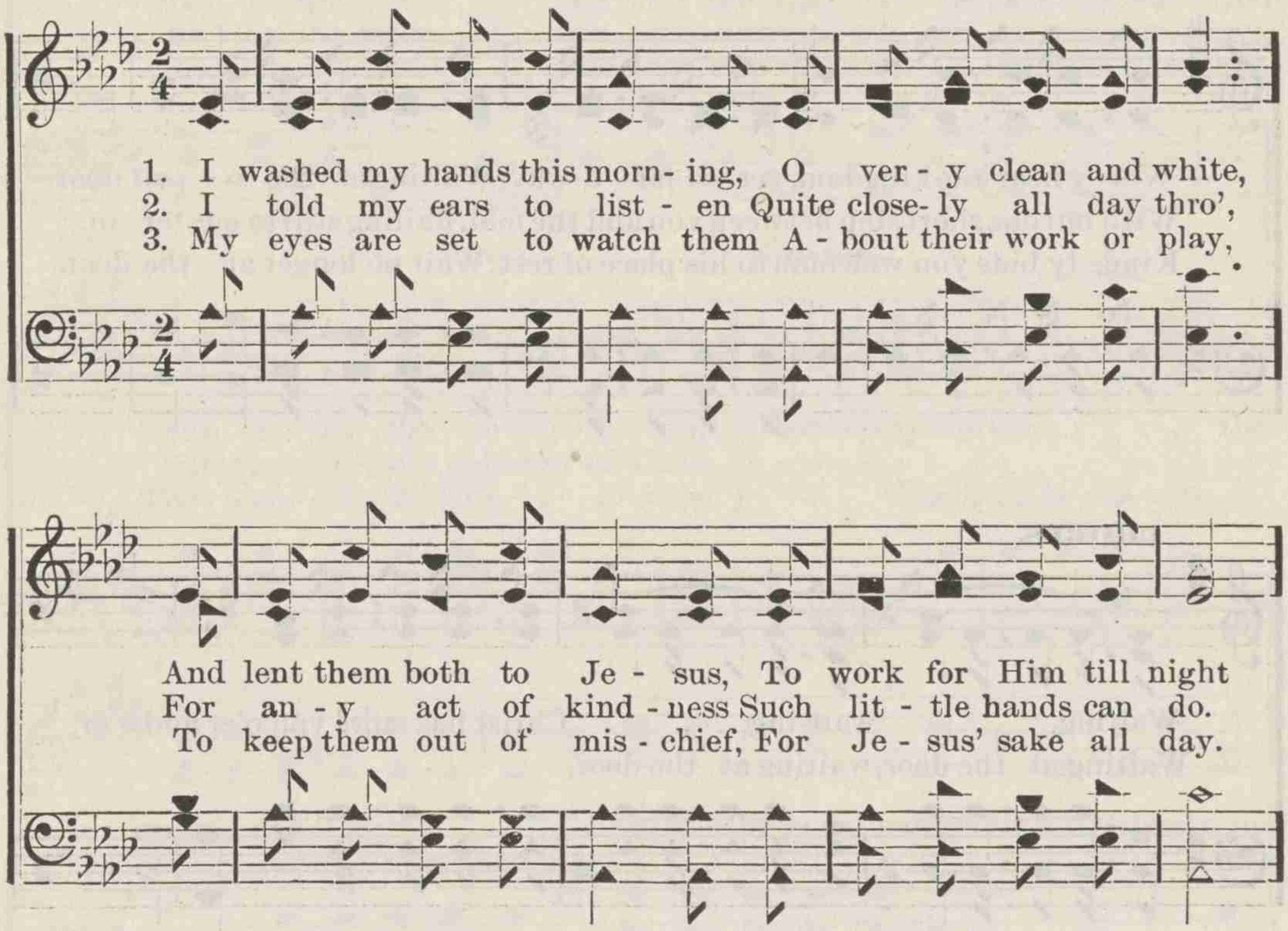
By permission of the Home Music Co.

# By and By Will Come the Morning. Concluded.




## No. 81. Little Feet be Careful.
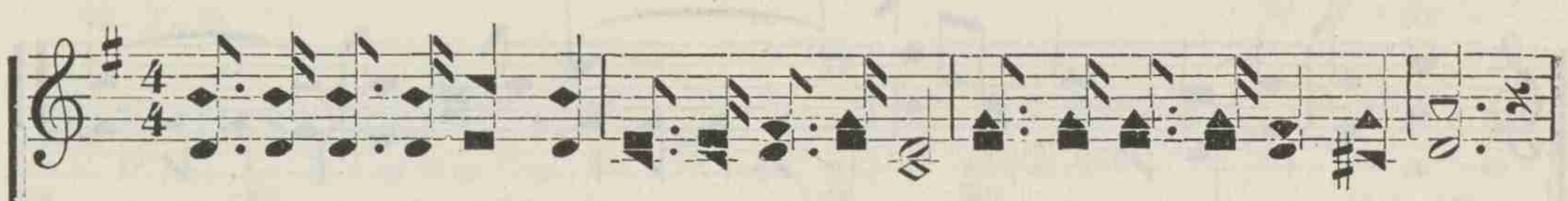
Mrs. L. M. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



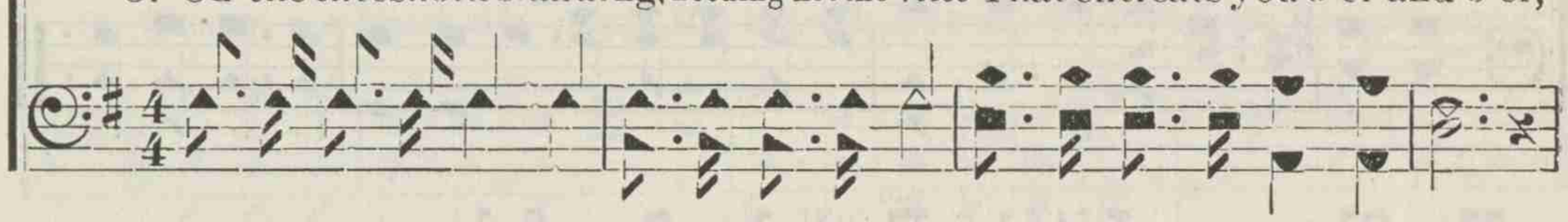

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. By per.
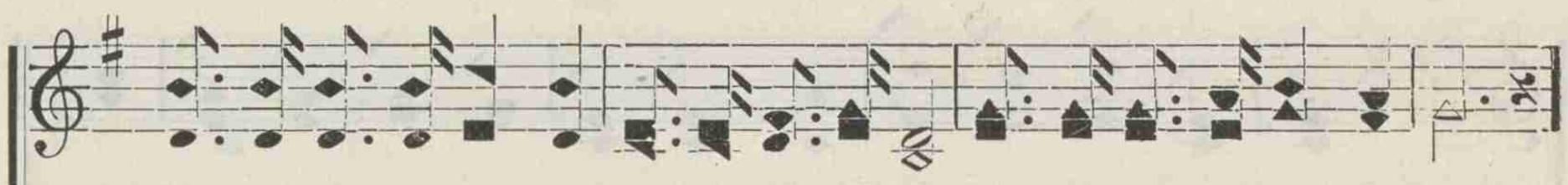
# No. 82. On the Threshold Standing.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

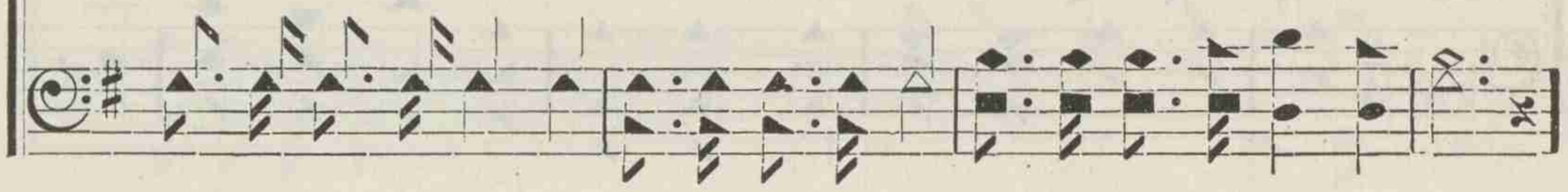


1. On the threshold standing, yet not safe within, Christ has called you o'er and o'er,
2. On the threshold standing, yet on danger's ground, Still within the pow'r of sin,
3. On the threshold standing, heeding not the voice That entreats you o'er and o'er,





Ver- y near the kingdom, yet so far a-way, Waiting at the o - pen door.
With but one short step between you and the fold, Failing still to en- ter in.
Kind- ly bids you welcome to his place of rest; Wait no longer at the door.



**CHORUS.**



Waiting, . . . wait-ing, . . . Christ has called you o'er and o'er,
Waiting at the door, waiting at the door,

**Rit - - e - - dim.**

On the threshold standing, yet not safe within, Waiting at the o - pen door.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

# No. 83. There's Only One Way.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's on - ly one way to the kingdom of God, Dear Sav-iour that way is thine own A - pos- tles and mar-tyrs the pathway have trod
2. There's on - ly one way to the kingdom of rest, That way may it ev - er be mine All oth - ers must lead me for- ev - er a - stray,
3. There's on - ly one way to the robe and the crown, My Sav-iour has gone on be - fore; I take up my cross and I fol- low the steps
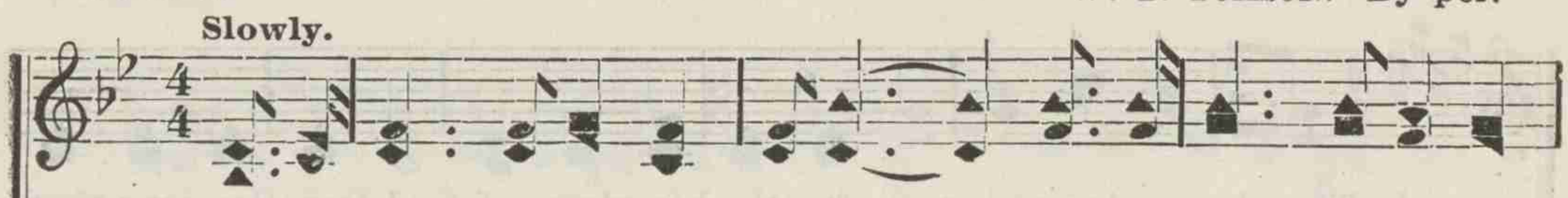
CHORUS.

Faith giv- ing the vic-t'ry a - lone.
But Sav-iour that pathway of Thine.
That lead- eth to Him I a - dore.
} There's only one way, . . . . the strait narrow way, . . . The path that my Saviour has trod, There's only one way, the strait narrow way, There's on-ly one way, the strait narrow way, . . . That leadeth me upward to God.
There's on-ly one way, the strait narrow way.
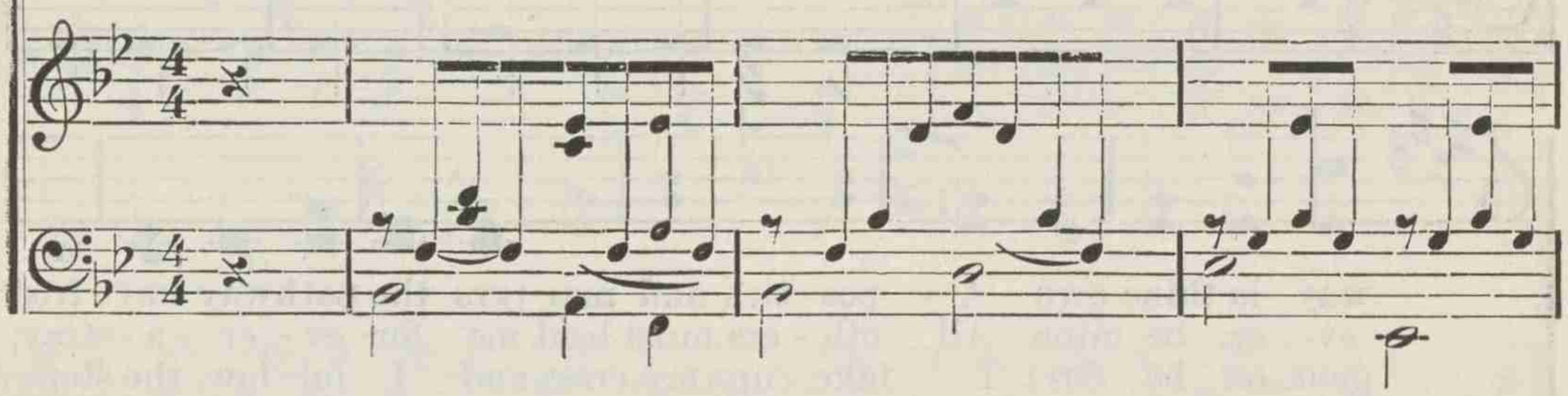
Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis. By per.
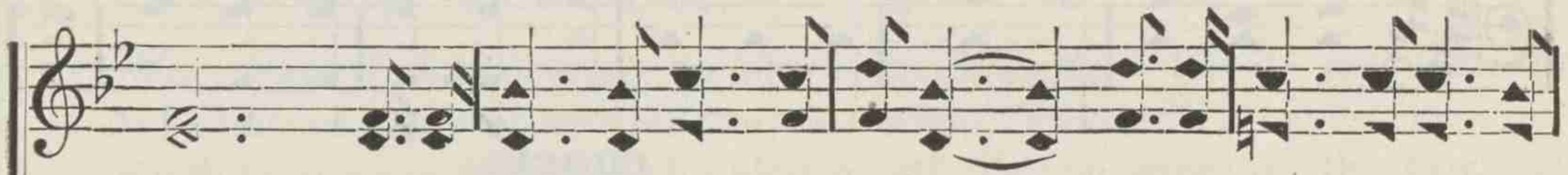
# No. 84. When the Day is Full of Gladness.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson. By per.
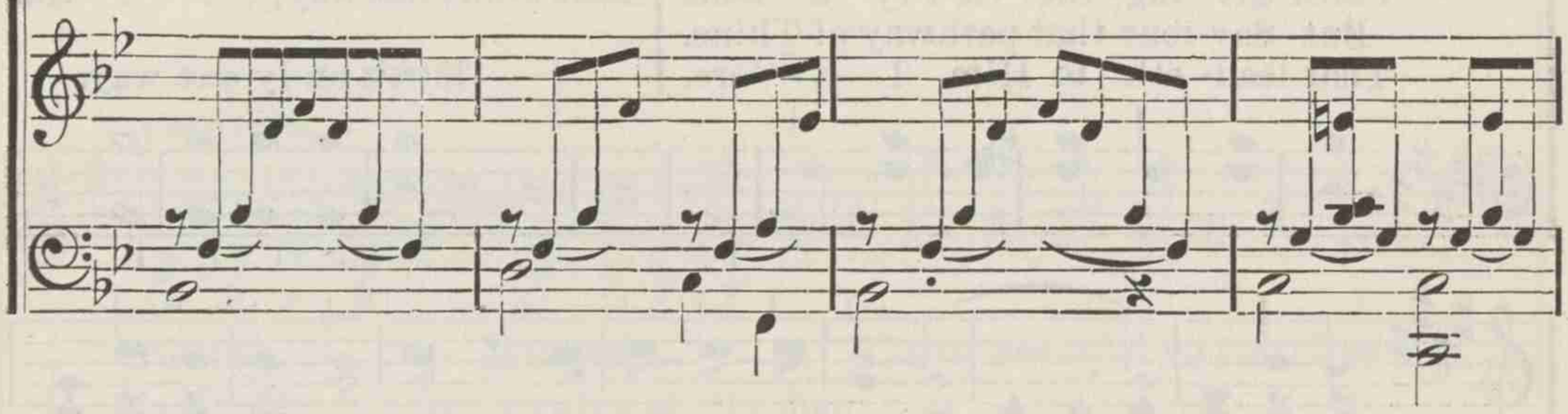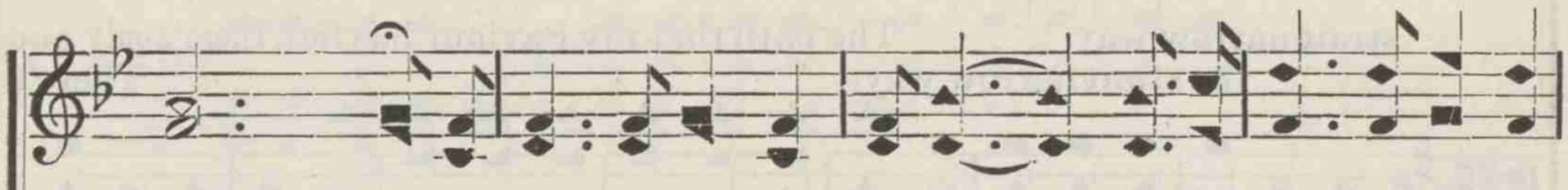



1. When the day is full of glad-ness, When the sun shines bright and
2. You have heard the old, old sto- ry, How the Sav - iour died for
3. He has prov - en how he loves you, Won't you love him in re -
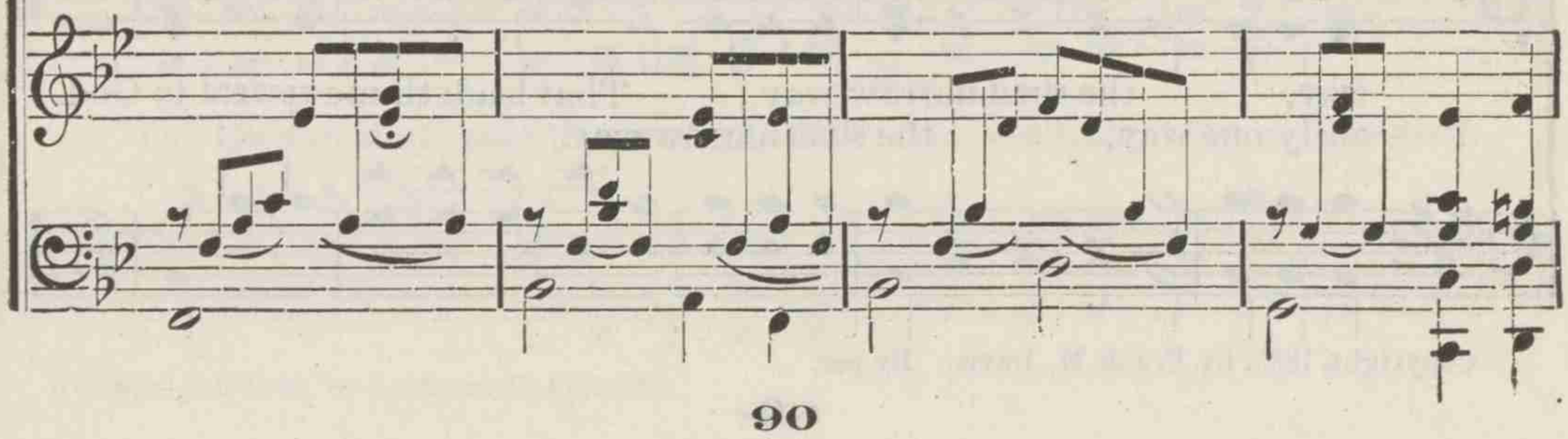




clear, When the heart is free from sad-ness And the cares that vex us
you, And I'm sure you must believe it, For the dear, old sto- ry's
turn, And o - bey his just commandments? Can you still his mer-cy





here, Don't for-get a-mid earth's pleasures, There is one who died to
true; He as-cend - ed in - to glo - ry, To pre-pare for you a
spurn? He has promised peace and par-don, All your sins he will for-



# When the Day is Full of Gladness. Concluded.

Rit.

save And you'll need his ten- der guidance, When you cross death's cold dark wave.
home, And he calls you, "Come un- to me." O, my brother won't you come?
give, If you'll love him and o - bey him; Won't you come to him and live?

**CHORUS. A little animated.**

Won't you come . . . . . un - to the Sav - iour?
Won't you come un-to the Sav- iour, Won't you come un-to the Saviour?

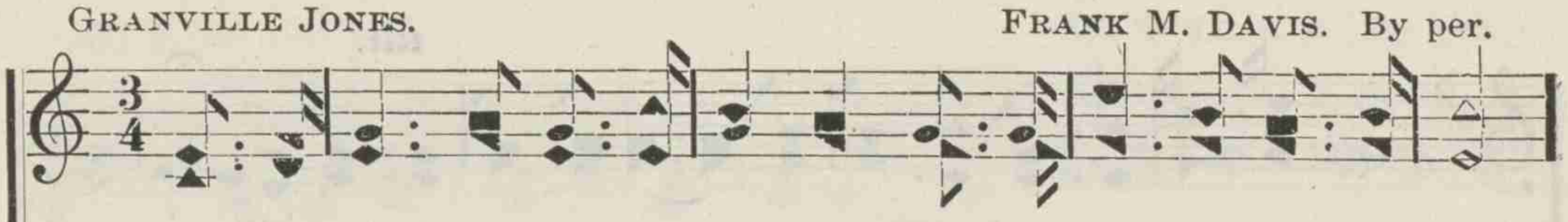
He a - lone . . . . . hath pow'r to save, . . . You can
lone hath pow'r to save, He a - lone hath pow'r to save,

Rit.
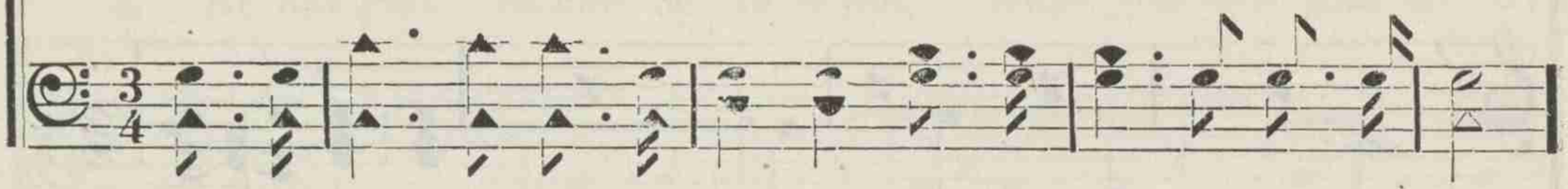
trust and lean up- on him, dear brother, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.

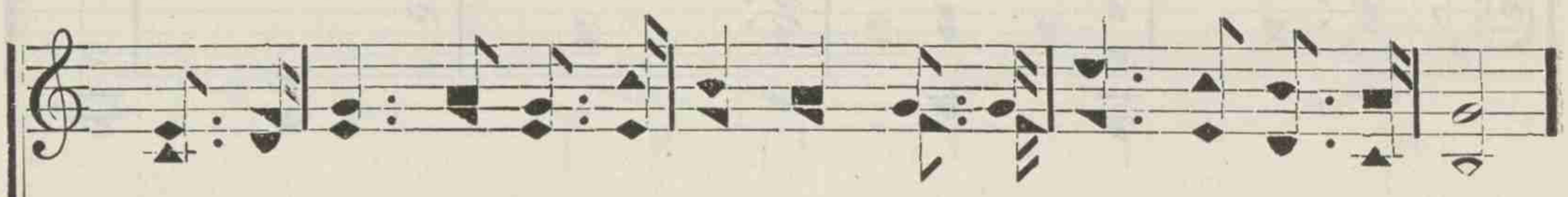
# No. 85. Fall in Line.

GRANVILLE JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.
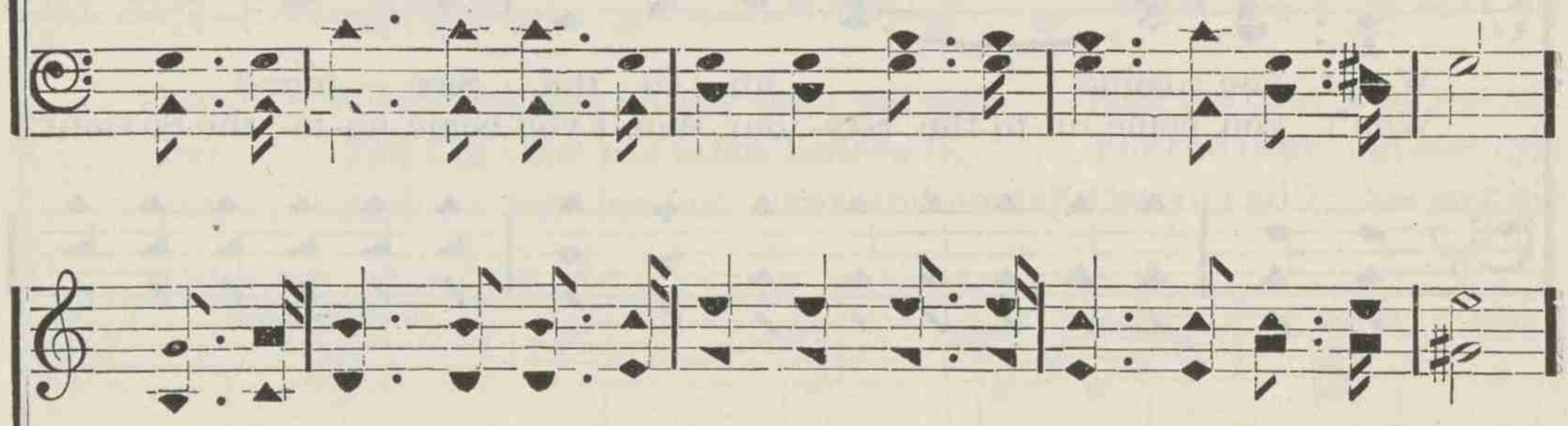


1. There's a trum - pet call re-sound-ing Through the nations far and wide,
2. Loud - er rolls the trump of heav- en He is call - ing all his own,
3. Though the host of sin is might-y And the bat - tle fear- ful be,
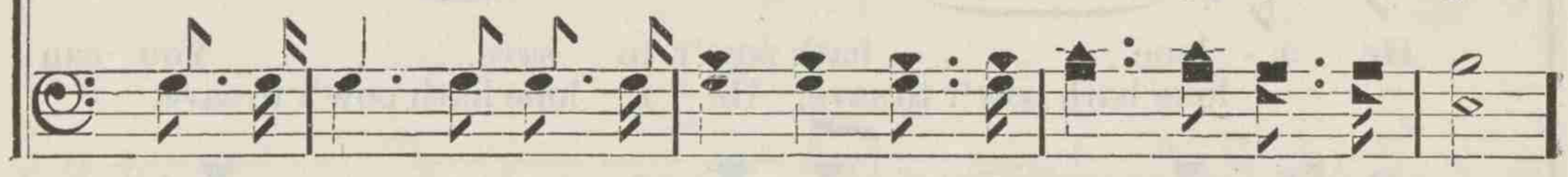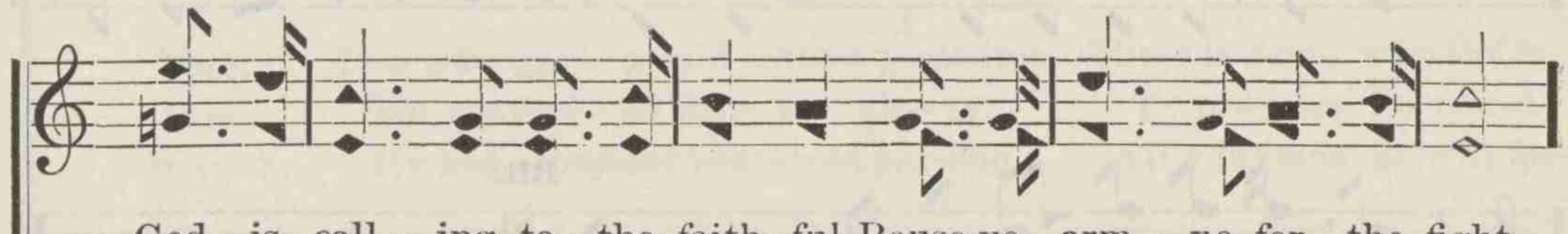




'Tis the gos - pel call to ral - ly Roll - ing like a might- y tide;
Let no sol - dier be un-faith-ful For each vic - tor wins a crown;
Je - sus leads his chos - en peo- ple And will lead to vic - to - ry;
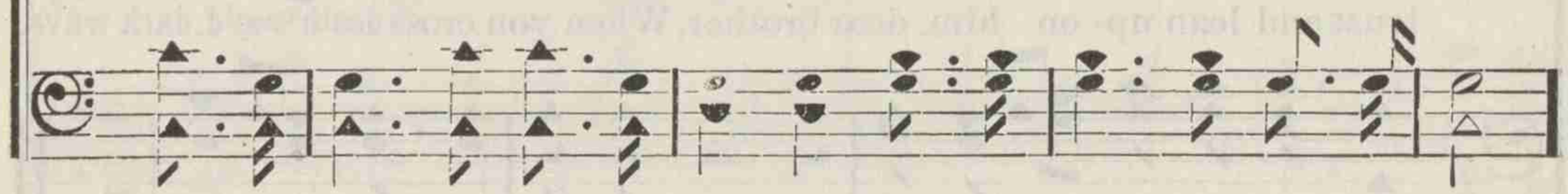


Hear it O ye worn and wea - ry Batt'ling for the truth and right,
Let the bu - gle blast un- wak- en Ev - 'ry child of God to - day,
Sat - an's host will soon be vanquished Wrong will soon give place to right
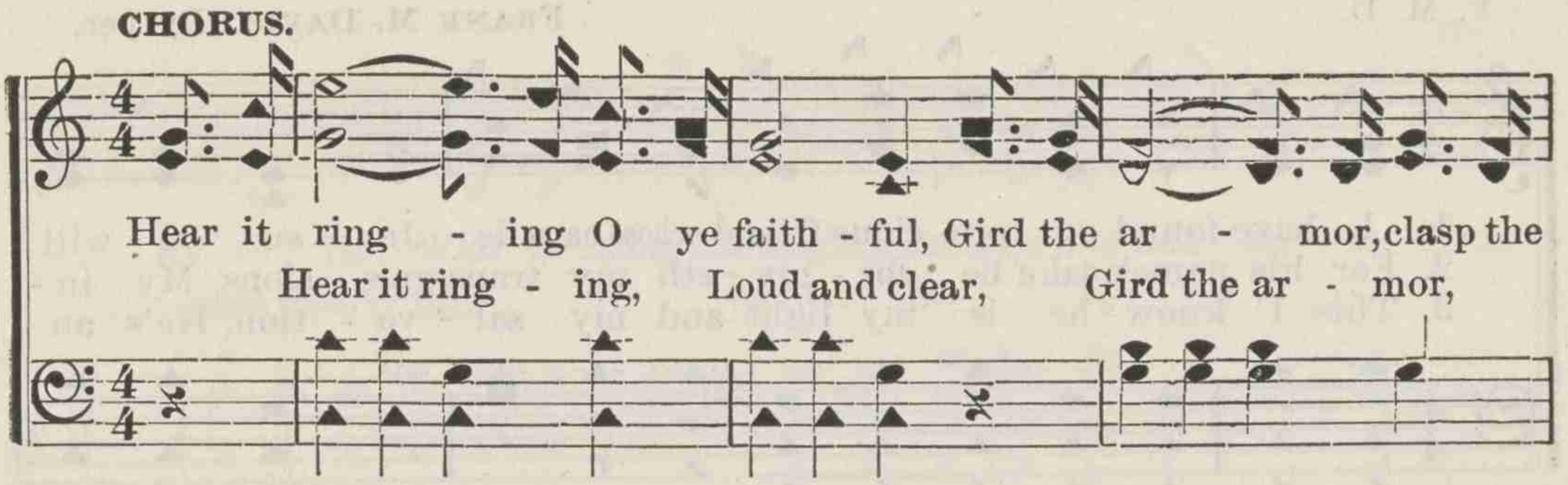




God is call - ing to the faith- ful, Rouse ye, arm ye for the fight.
Till an ar - my strong and val-iant, Stands in bat - tle's stern ar - ray.
And each vic - tor be re-ward- ed With a crown of fade - less light.
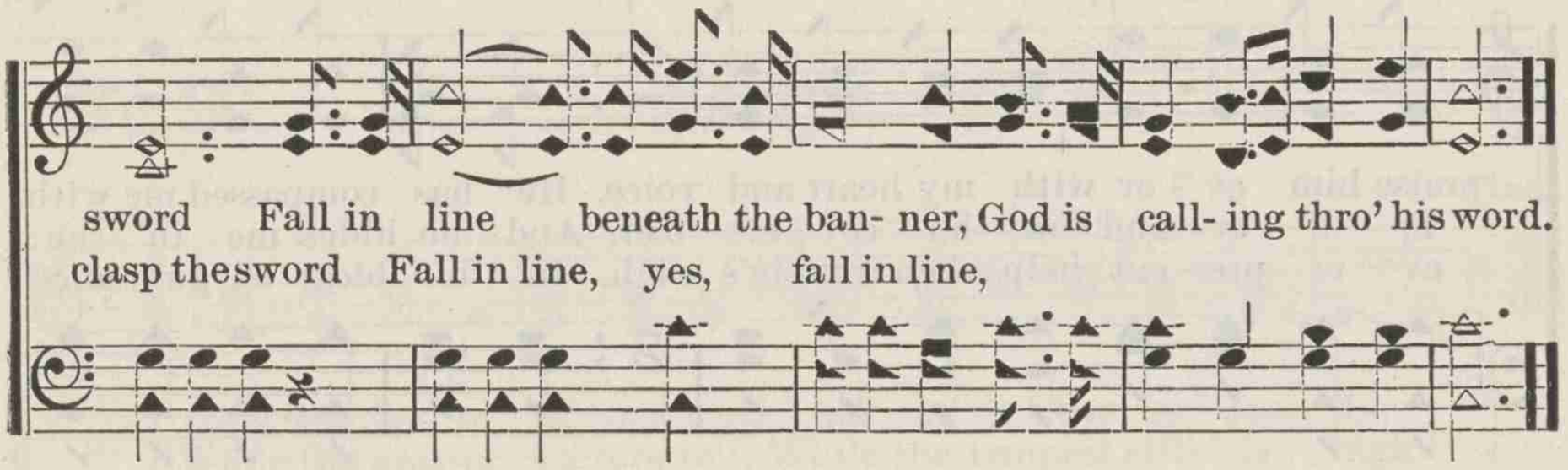


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# Fall in Line. Concluded.

CHORUS.

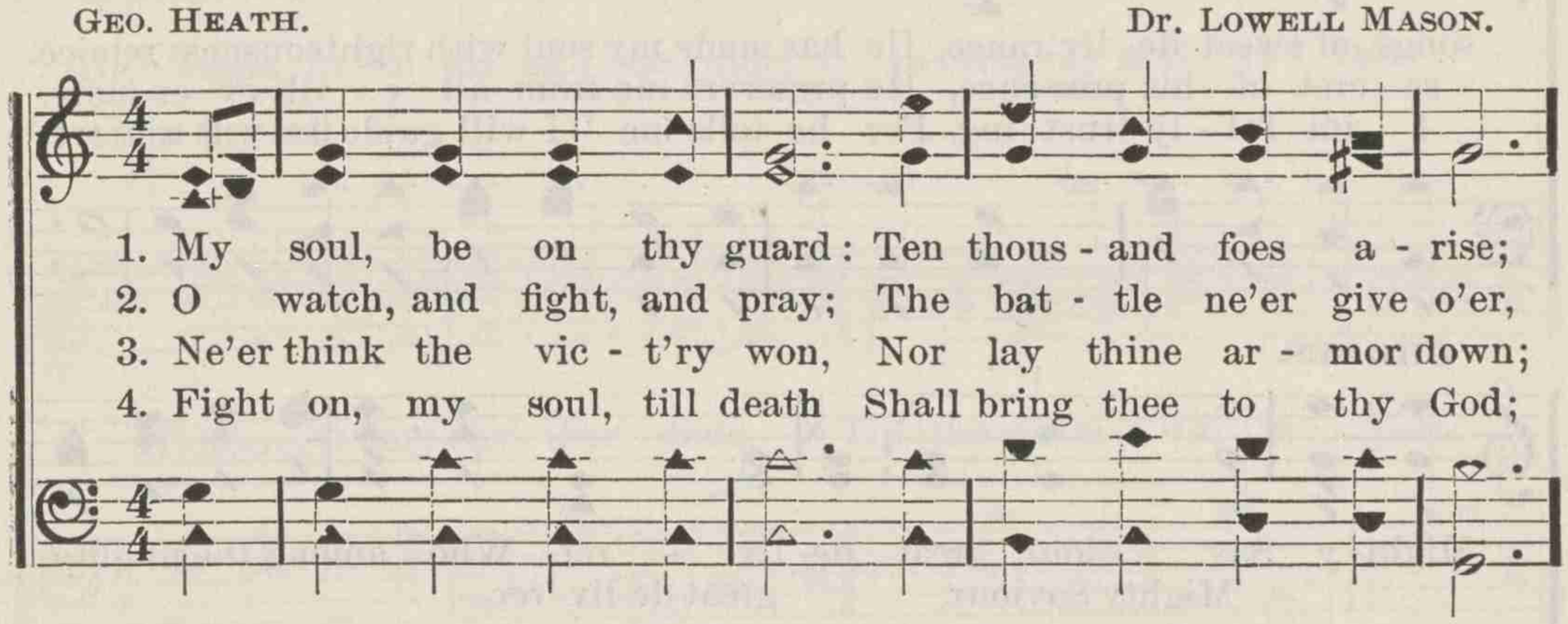


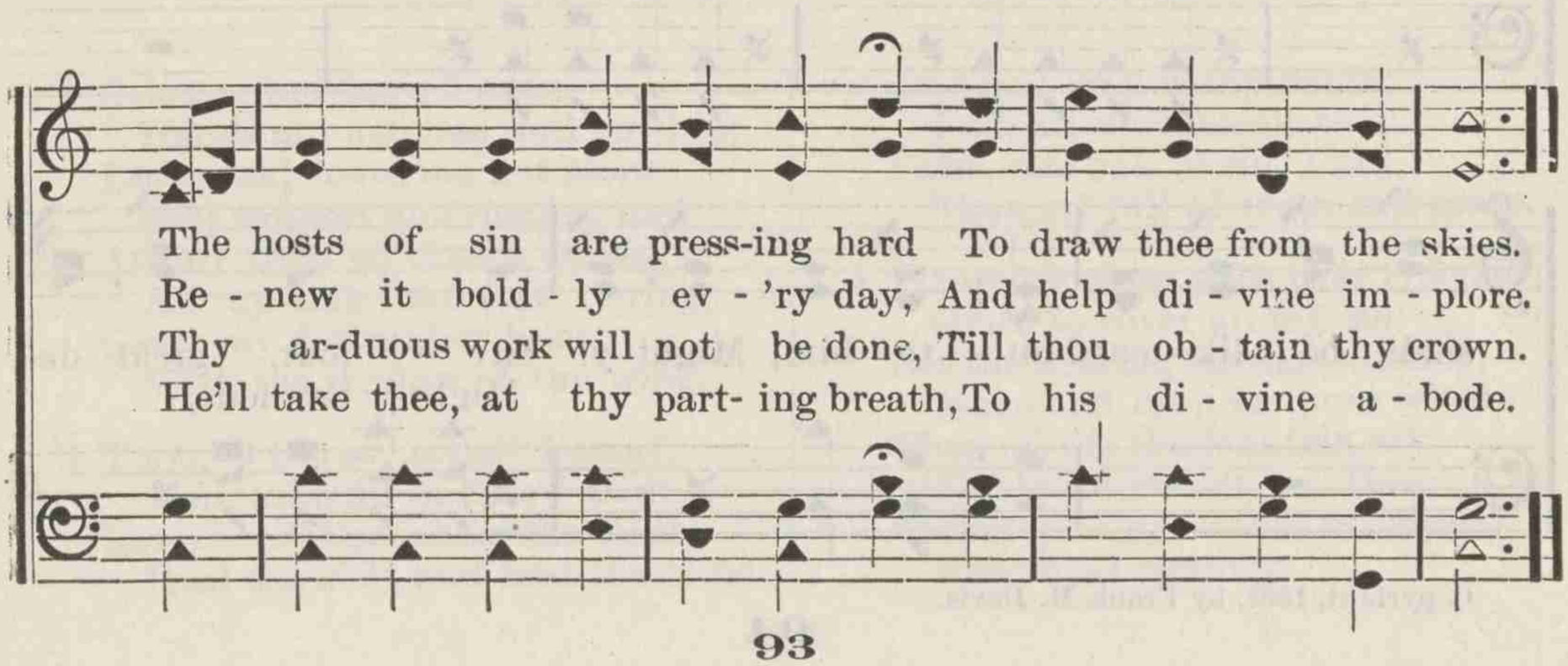




## No. 86. Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 87. Great Deliverer.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. I have found a pre- cious friend whose name is Je - sus, I will praise him ev - er with my heart and voice, He has compassed me with songs of sweet de- liv'rance, He has made my soul with righteousness rejoice.
2. For his name's sake he for - giv - eth my trans-gres - sions, My in - iq - ui - ty and sin he cov - ers o'er, And he hides me in the se - cret of his pres-ence, He preserves me from all e - vil ev- er-more.
3. This I know he is my light and my sal - va - tion, He's an ev - er pres- ent help when trouble's nigh, In his bless- ed guid-ance I am ful - ly trust- ing, For he tells me "I will guide thee with mine eye."

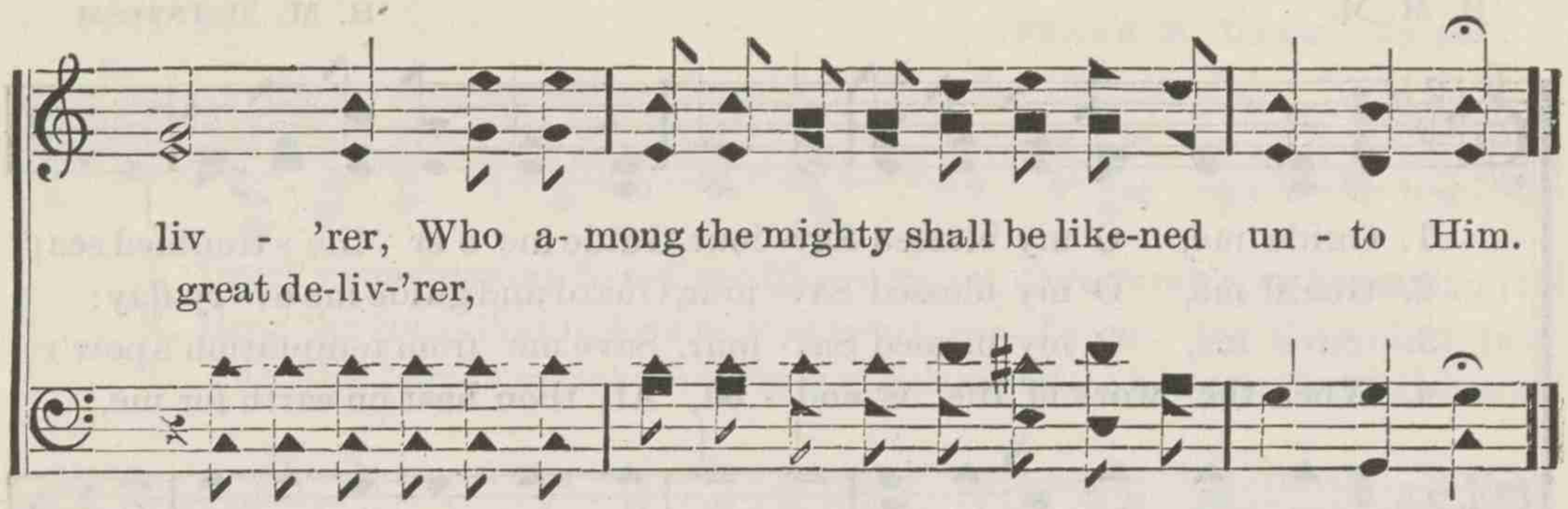
CHORUS.

Might- y Sav - iour, great de- liv - 'rer, Who among the mighty shall be lik - ened un - to him, Might- y Sav - iour, great de-
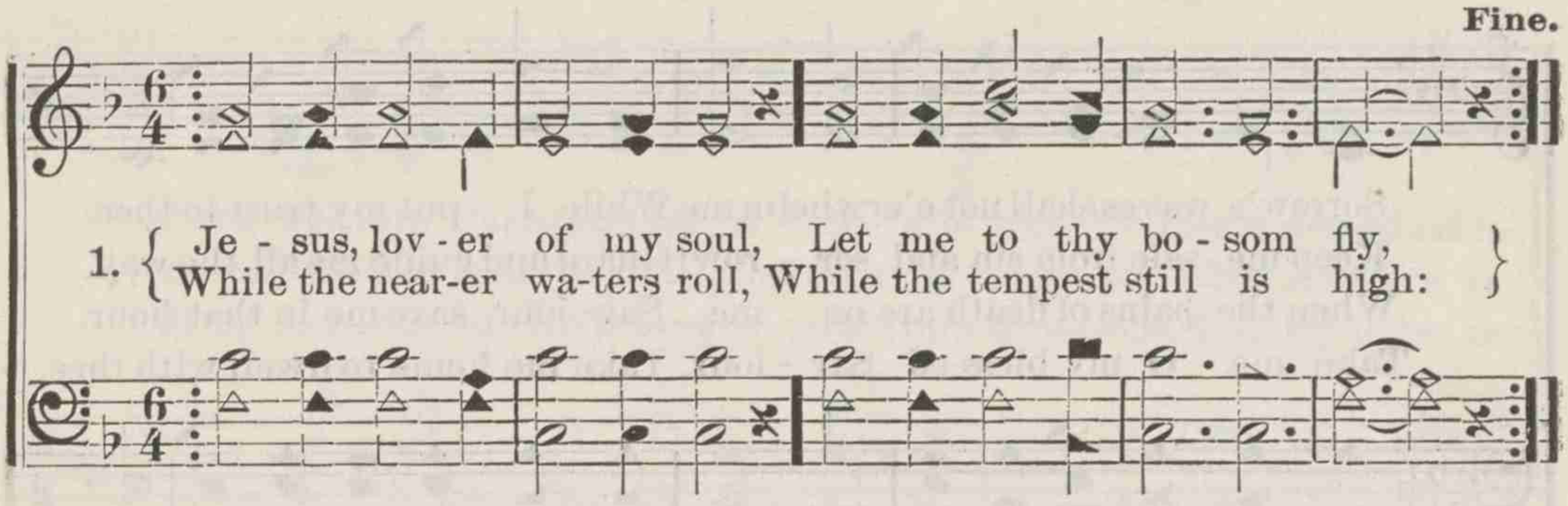
Mighty Saviour, great de-liv-'rer, Might-y Sav-iour,

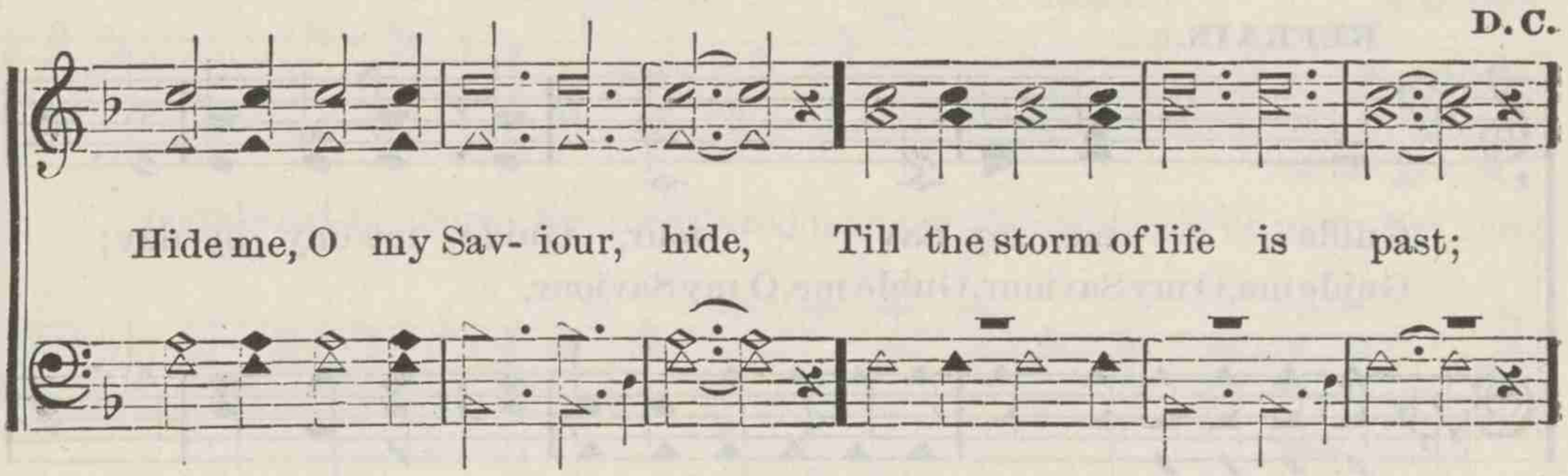
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## Great Deliverer. Concluded.




## No. 88. Martyn.



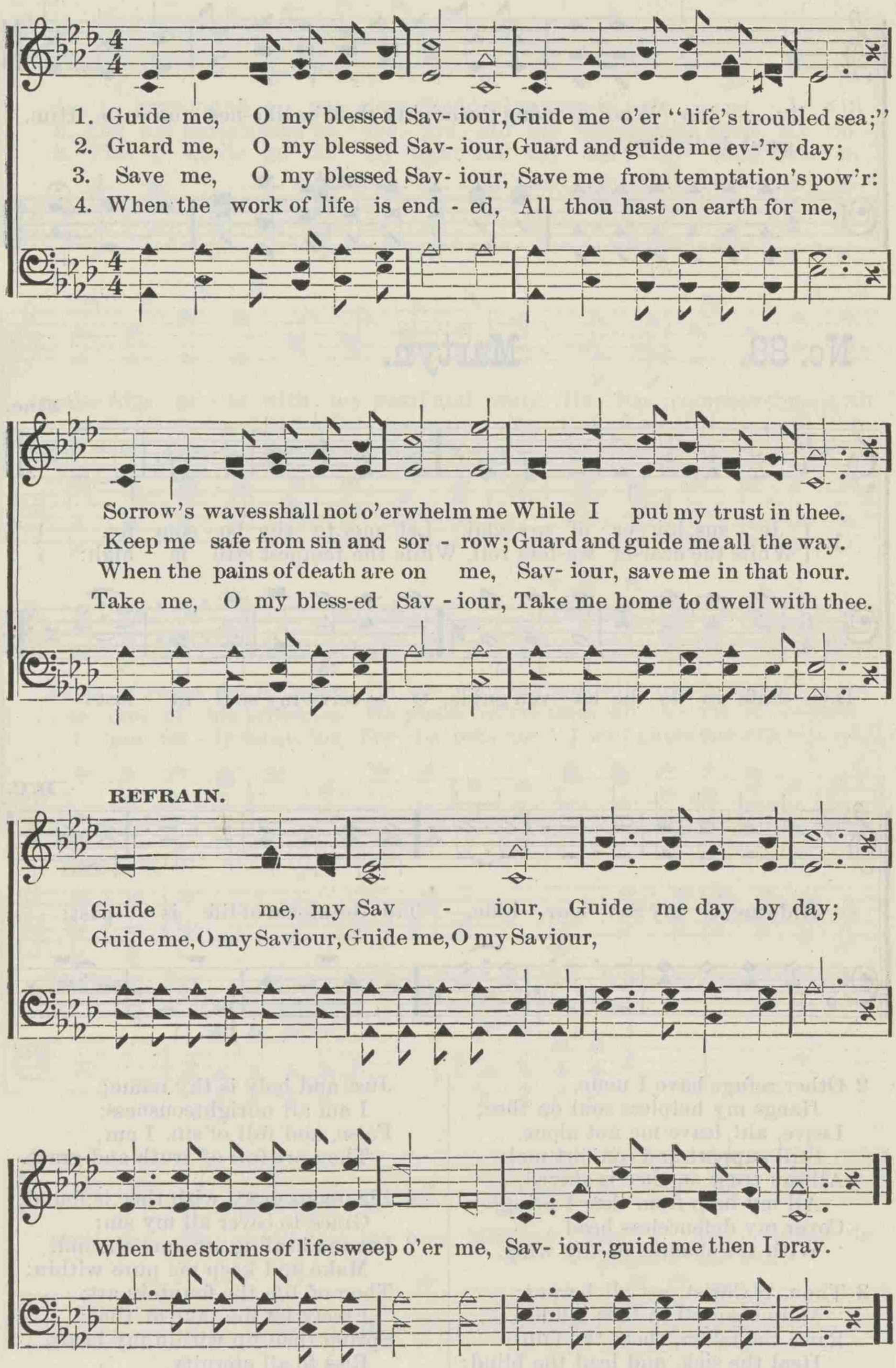

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

# No. 89. Saviour, Guide Me.

R. M. M. R. M. McINTOSH.




Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 90. Remembered No More.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Though your sins may be red and like scar- let, Out numb'ring the sands on the
2. Hear the voice that in love now entreats you To en - ter the wide o- pen
3. At the door of your heart Christ is knocking, He oft- en has knocked there be-

shore, Yet thro' Christ and his in - fi - nite mer - cy, They're cleansed and re-
door, That will lead to the king-dom of heav- en, Where sins are re-
fore, Let him in, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And they'll be re-

REFRAIN. Ritard. A tempo.

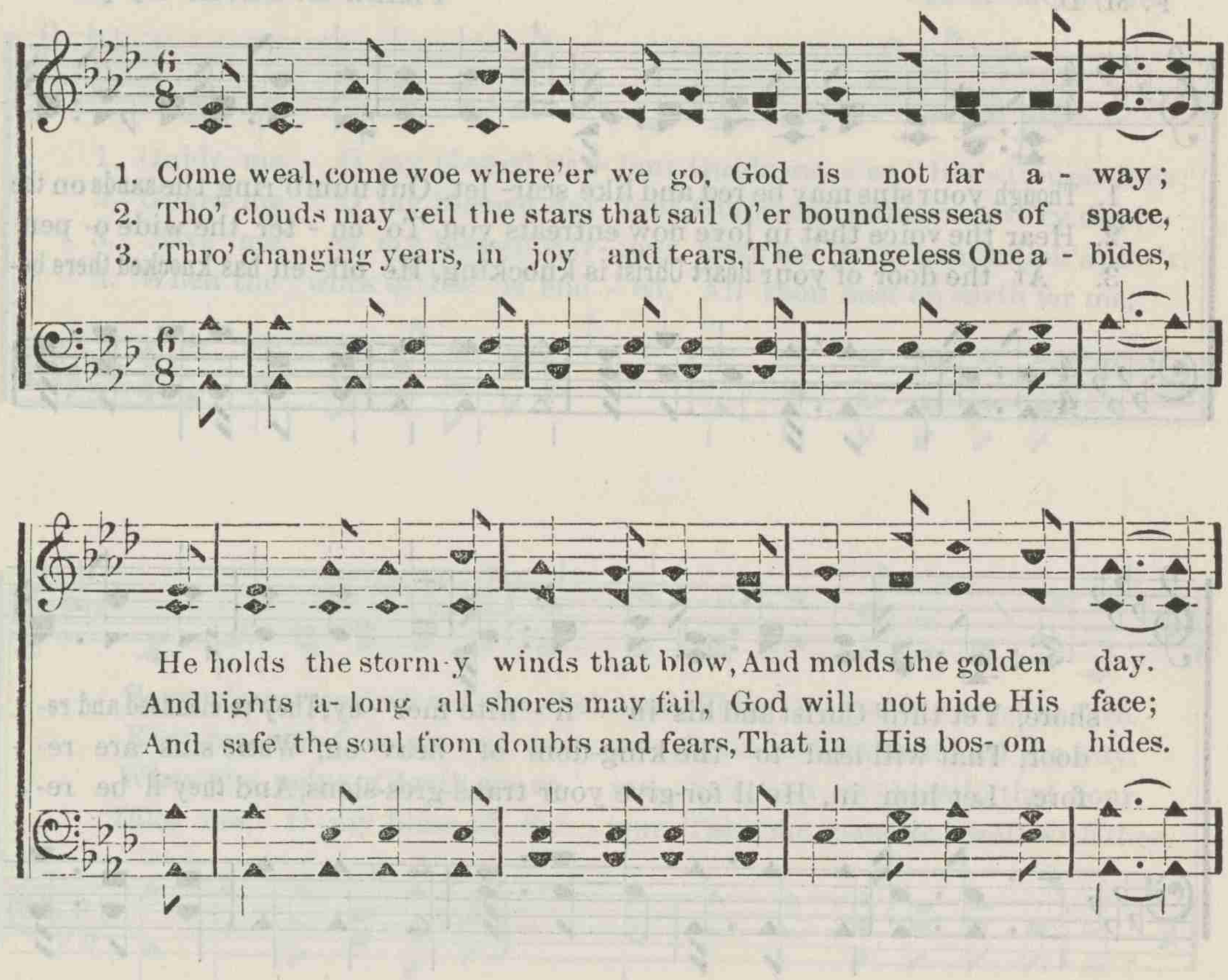
membered no more. Re- membered no more, Remembered no more, Yet thro'

Christ and his in - fi - nite mer - cy, Your sins are remembered no more.

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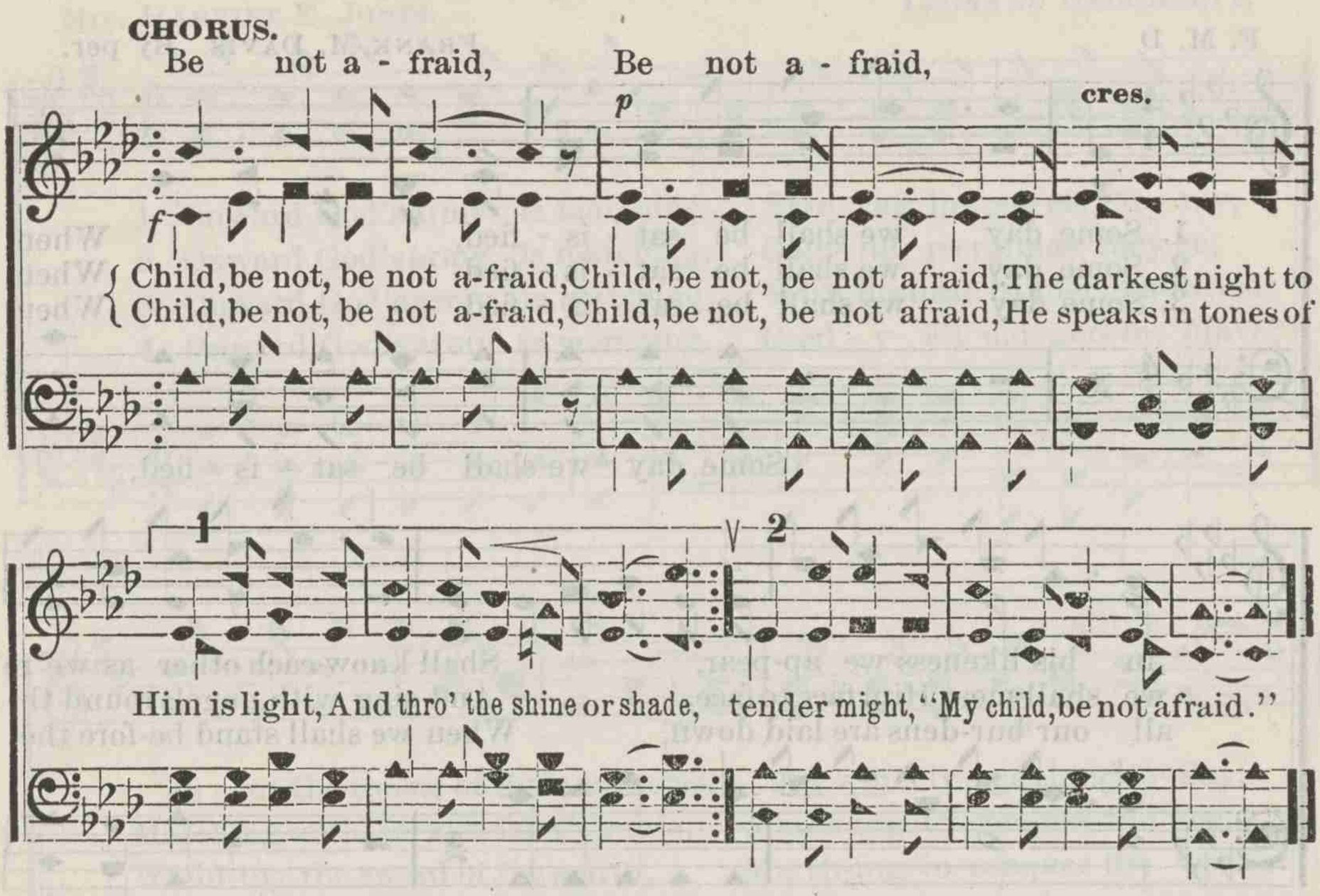
# No. 91. Be Not Afraid.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



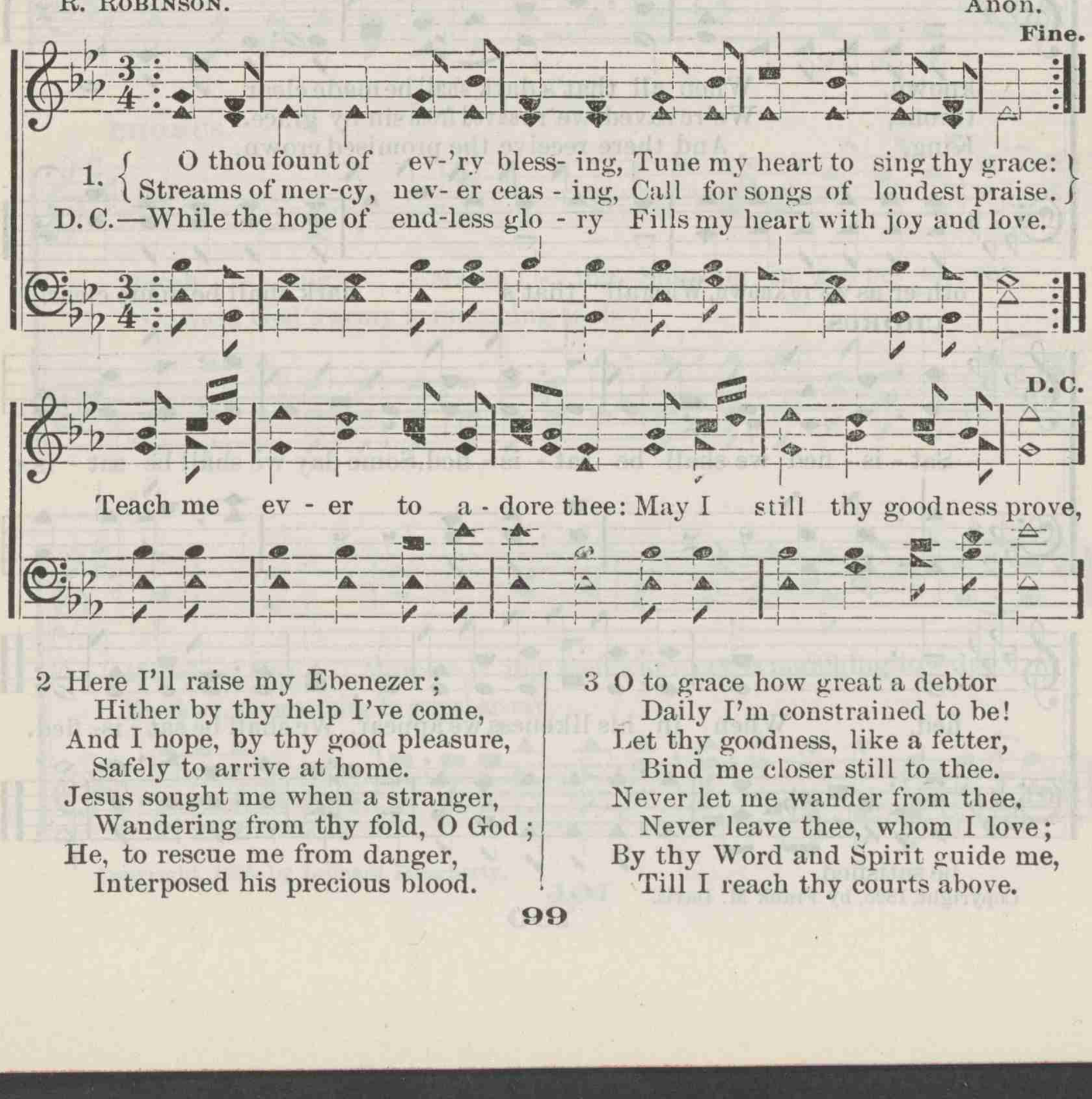

Geo. F. Rosche, owner of Copyright, Chicago, Ill.

# Be Not Afraid. Concluded.




## No. 92. Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

R. Robinson. Anon.




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

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

# No. 93. We Shall be Satisfied.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When

Some day we shall be sat - is - fied,

in his likeness we ap-pear, Shall know each other as we're
we shall meet Him face to face, And sing with angels round the
all our bur-dens are laid down, When we shall stand be-fore the

in his likeness we appear, Shall know each

known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.
throne, We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.
King, And there receive the promised crown.

oth-er as we're known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.

**CHORUS.**

Sat - is - fied we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is -

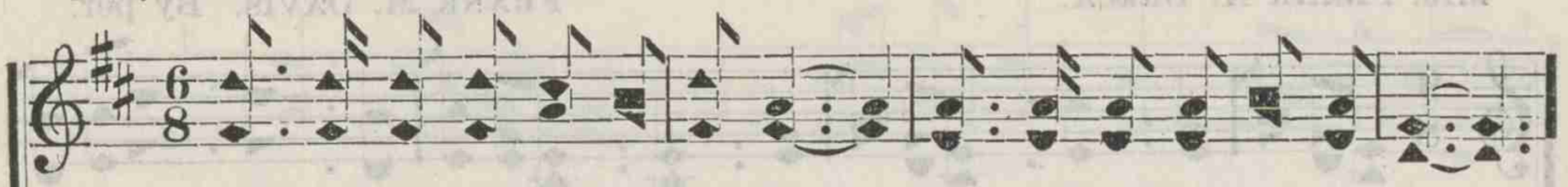
fied, When in his likeness we appear, We shall be sat - is- fied.

be satisfied.
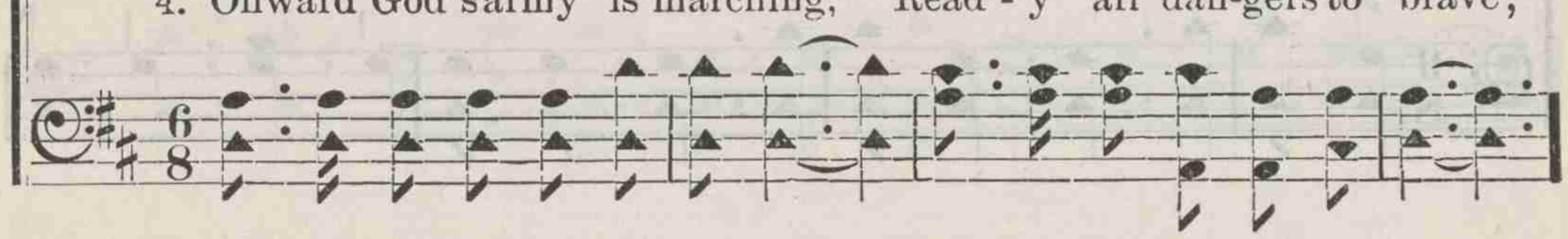
Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.
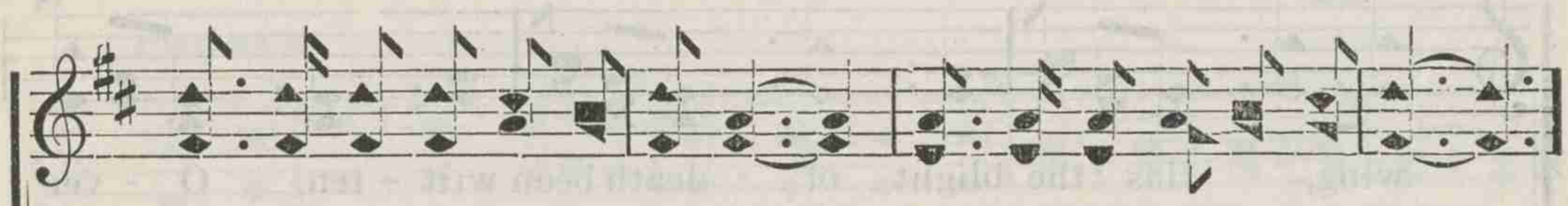
# No. 94. God's Army is Marching.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

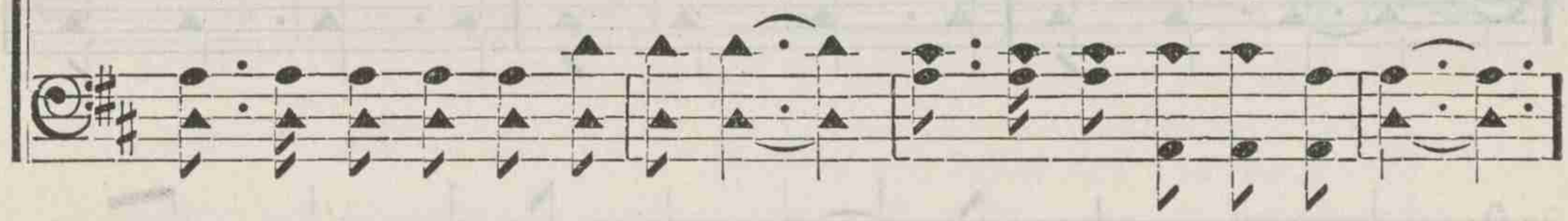


1. Onward God's army is marching, Shin- ing in gos-pel ar - ray,
2. Onward God's army is marching, Gain- ing recruits as they go,
3. Onward God's army is marching, With his dear banner un-furled;
4. Onward God's army is marching, Read - y all dan-gers to brave;
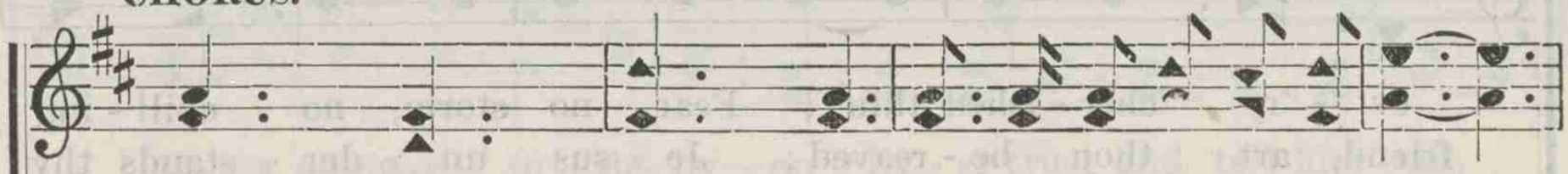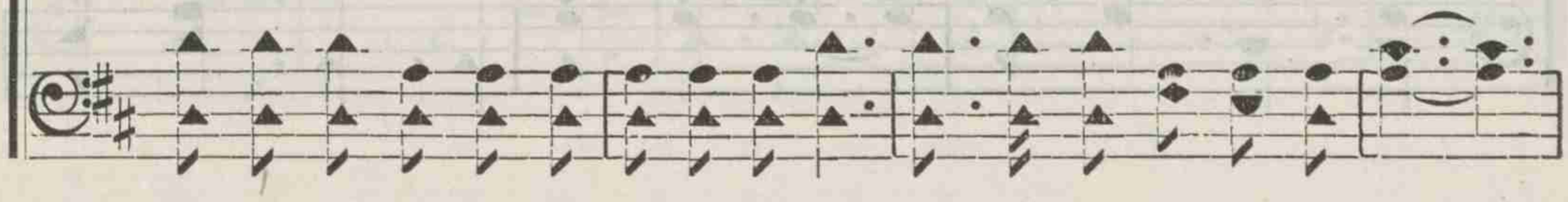




Je - sus, the theme of their anthems, Joy - ful- ly marching to- day.
Marching with Je- sus, the Cap-tain, March-ing to conquer the foe.
Wield-ing the sword of the spir-it, March-ing to conquer the world.
They shall be vic-tors thro' Je-sus, Je - sus the mighty to save.
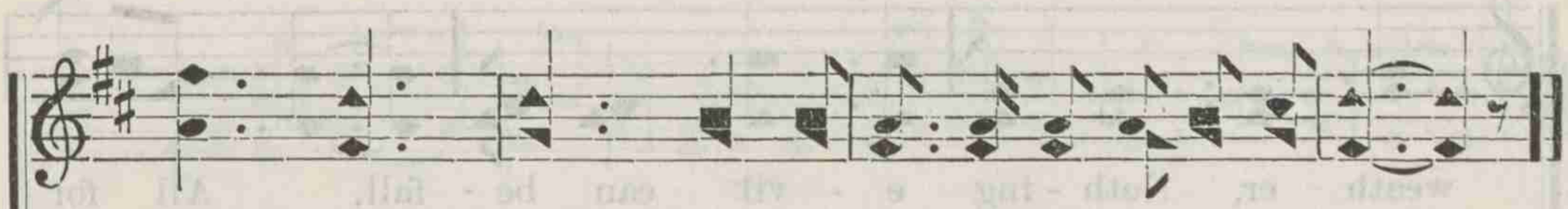


CHORUS.
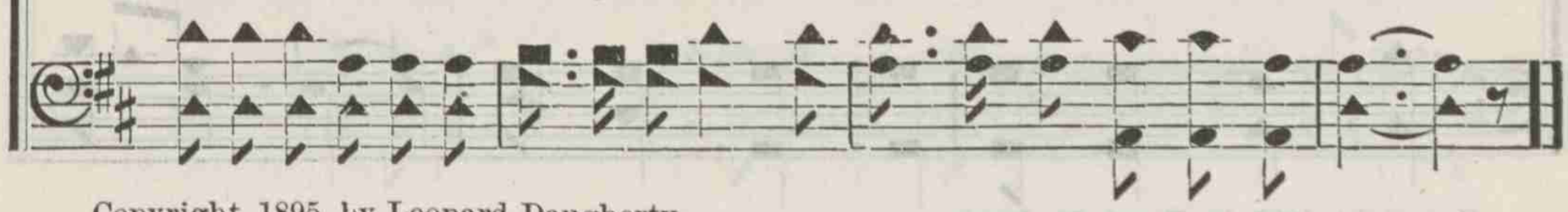


March - ing, March - ing, Shin-ing in gos-pel ar - ray,
Onward God's army is marching to-day,





March - ing, March - ing, God's ar - my is marching to - day.
Marching, yes marching in gospel ar-ray,



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# No. 95. Tell Him All.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Frank M. Davis. By per.

1. Is thy heart with sor- row smit - ten, Has thy glad - ness tak- en
2. Have ills come in quick suc-ces - sion, Is thy in - most spir- it
3. Must some grief re - main un-spok - en, Is thy soul with burdens
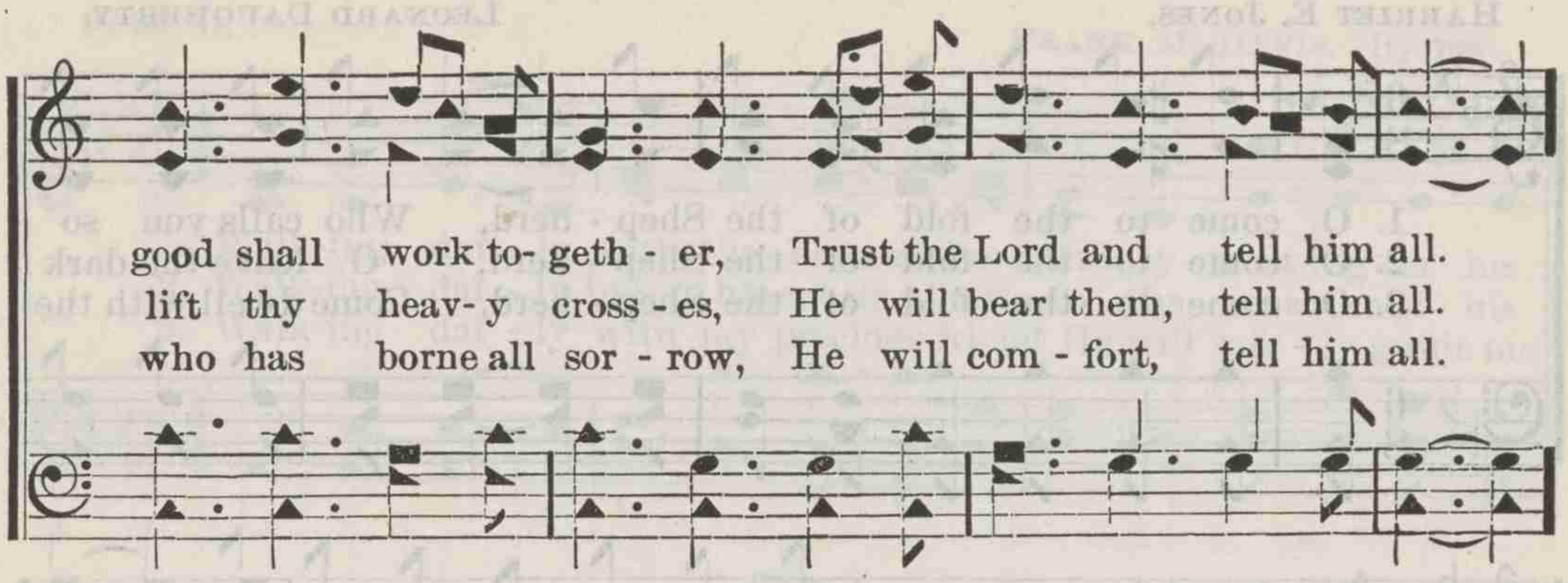
wing, Has the blight of death been writ - ten, O - ver
grieved, Hast thou lost some dear pos - ses - sion, Of some
weighed, Hast thou had some e - vil to - ken Of a

ev - 'ry cher - ished thing; Fear no storm, no chill - ing
friend, art thou be - reaved; Je - sus un - der - stands thy
con - fi - dence be - trayed; Fear - est thou some sad to -

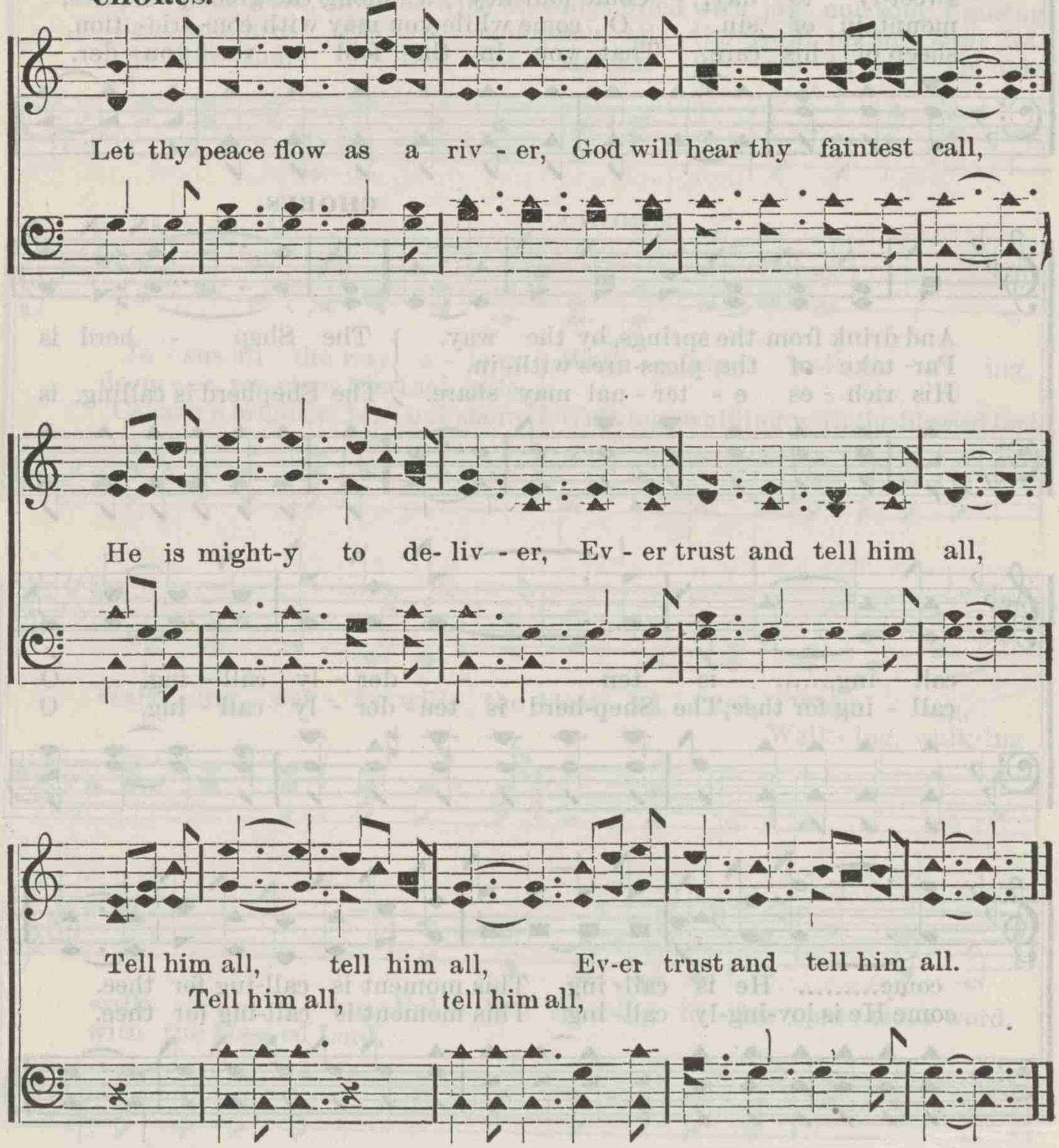
weath - er, Noth - ing e - vil can be - fall, All for
loss - es, He re - gards a spar - row's fall, He can
mor - row, Does some threat-ened woe ap - pall, Tell him

Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.

# Tell Him All. Concluded.




**CHORUS.**



# No. 96. Come to the Fold.

HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. O come to the fold of the Shep - herd, Who calls you so
2. O come to the fold of the Shep - herd, O leave the dark
3. O come to the fold of the Shep - herd, Come dwell with the

sweet-ly to - day, Come jour-ney a - mong the green past- ures,
mountain of sin, O come while you may with con- tri - tion,
sheep of his care, That you, in the fold o - ver yon - der,

CHORUS.

And drink from the springs, by the way. } The Shep - herd is
Par- take of the pleas-ures with- in. }
His rich - es e - ter - nal may share. , The Shepherd is calling, is

call - ing,..... is ten - - der - ly call - ing, O
call - ing for thee, The Shep-herd is ten - der - ly call - ing, O

come..... He is call- ing, This moment is call-ing for thee.
come He is lov-ing-ly call- ing, This moment is call-ing for thee.

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# No. 97. Walking with the Lord.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Walk-ing dai - ly with the bless-ed Lord, Ful- ly trust-ing in his pre- cious word, Crowned with blessings, filled with joy and song, Praising
2. Walk-ing dai - ly tow'rd his courts a-bove, In the sunshine of his light and love, He is more than all the world be- side, Dear Re -
3. Walk-ing dai - ly with my precious friend, He will safe - ly guide me to the end, To that rest He has for me in store, On fair

CHORUS.

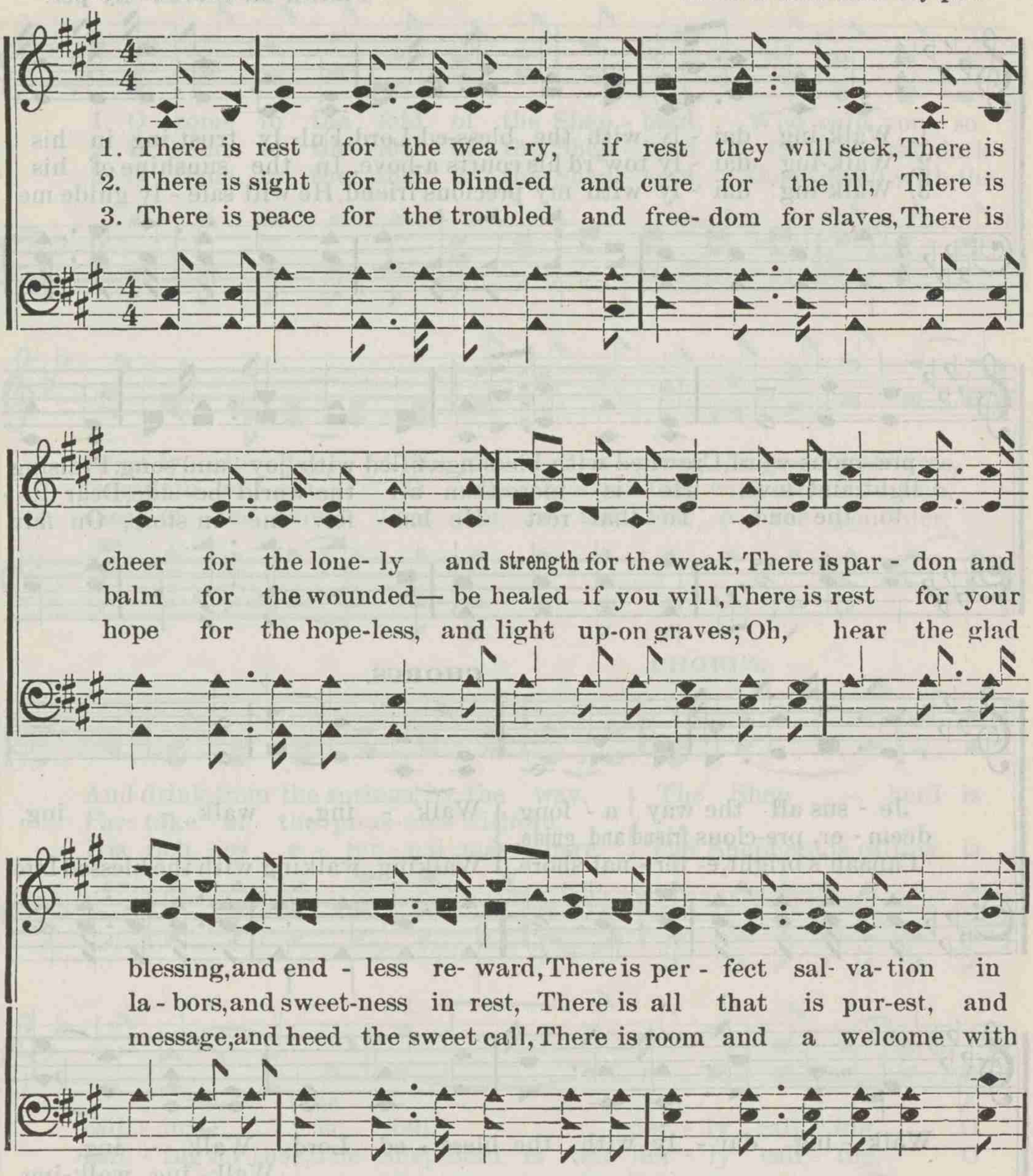
Je - sus all the way a - long.
deem - er, pre-cious friend and guide.
Canaan's bright, e- ter - nal shore.

Walk - ing, walk - - ing,
Walking, walking with the blessed Lord,
Walk - ing dai - ly with the bless - ed Lord, Walk - ing,
Walk- ing, walk-ing
walk - - - ing, Ful - ly trust-ing in his pre - cious word.
with the bless-ed Lord,
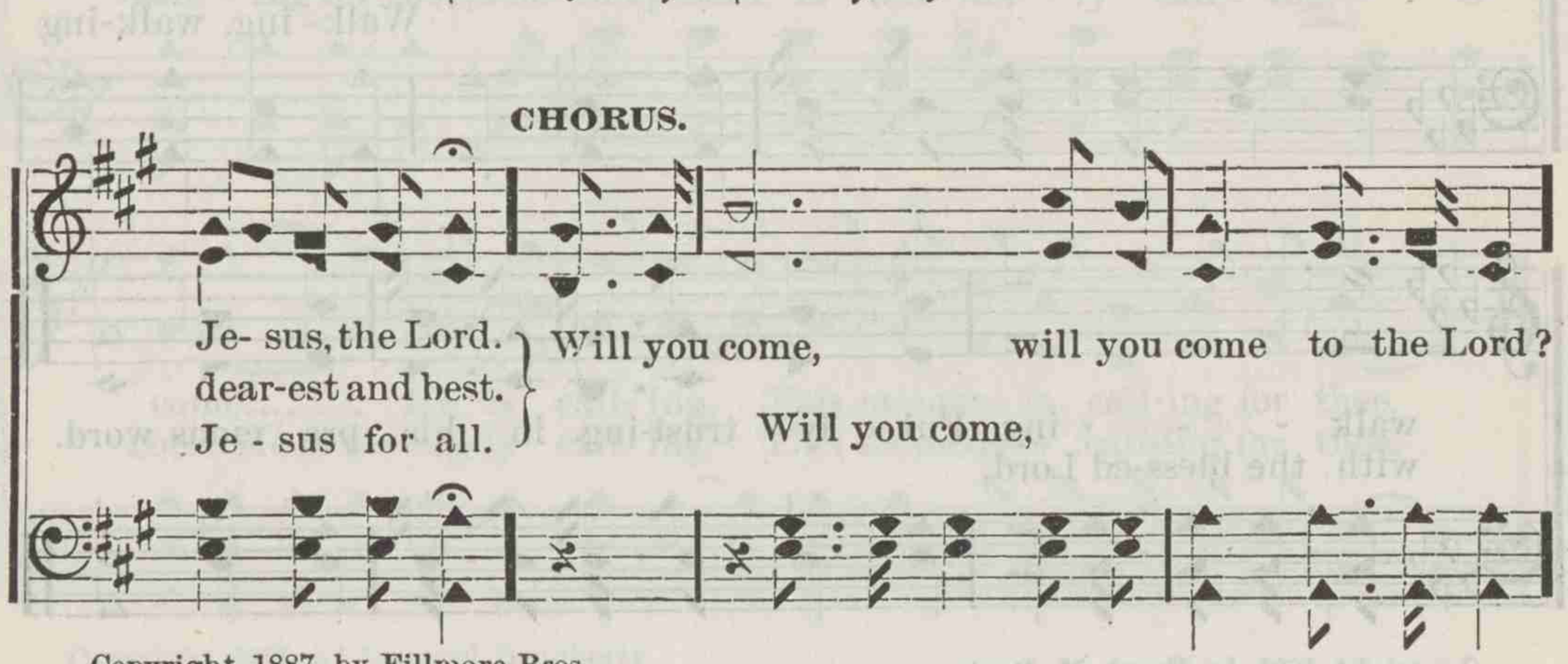
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# No. 98. Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE. By per.

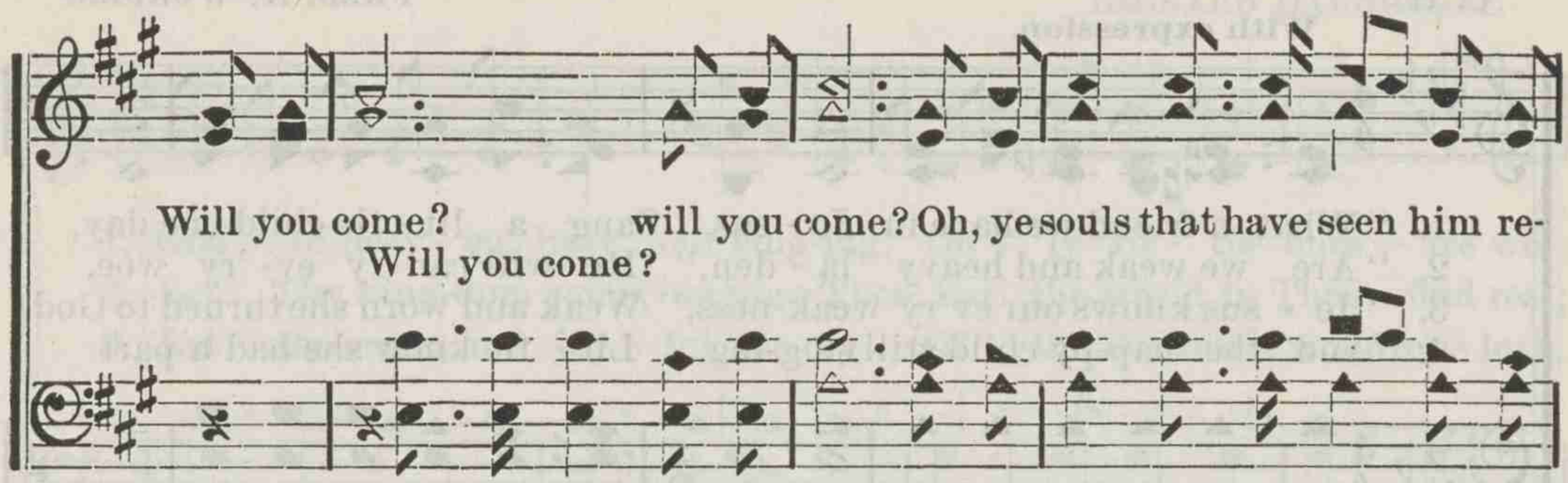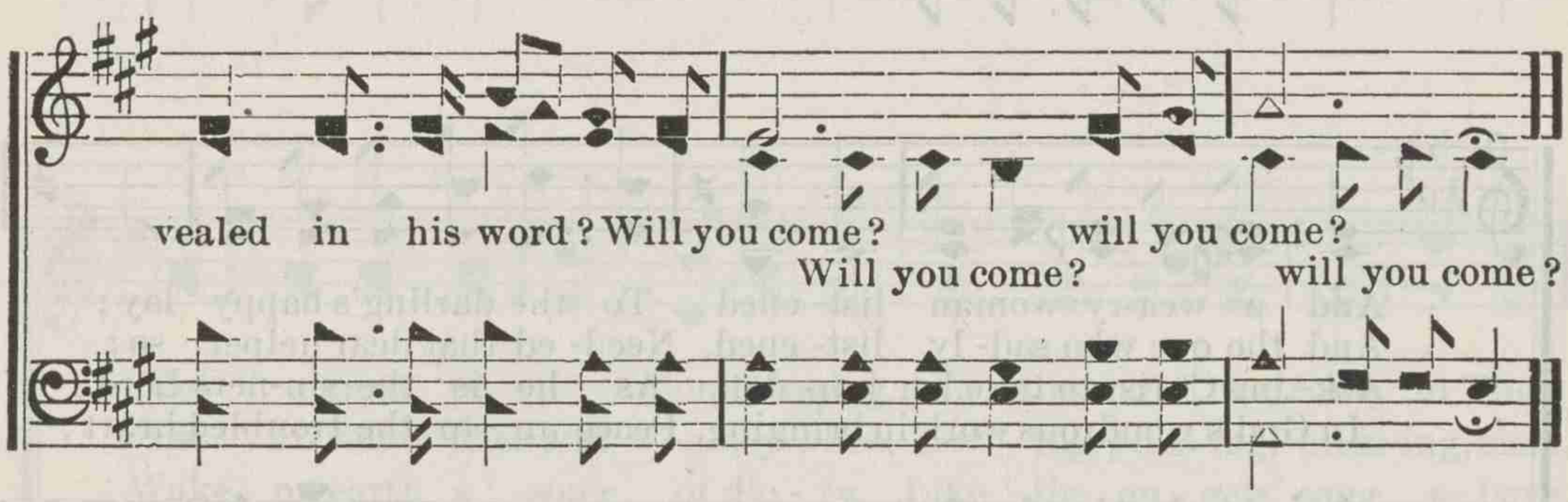



**CHORUS.**




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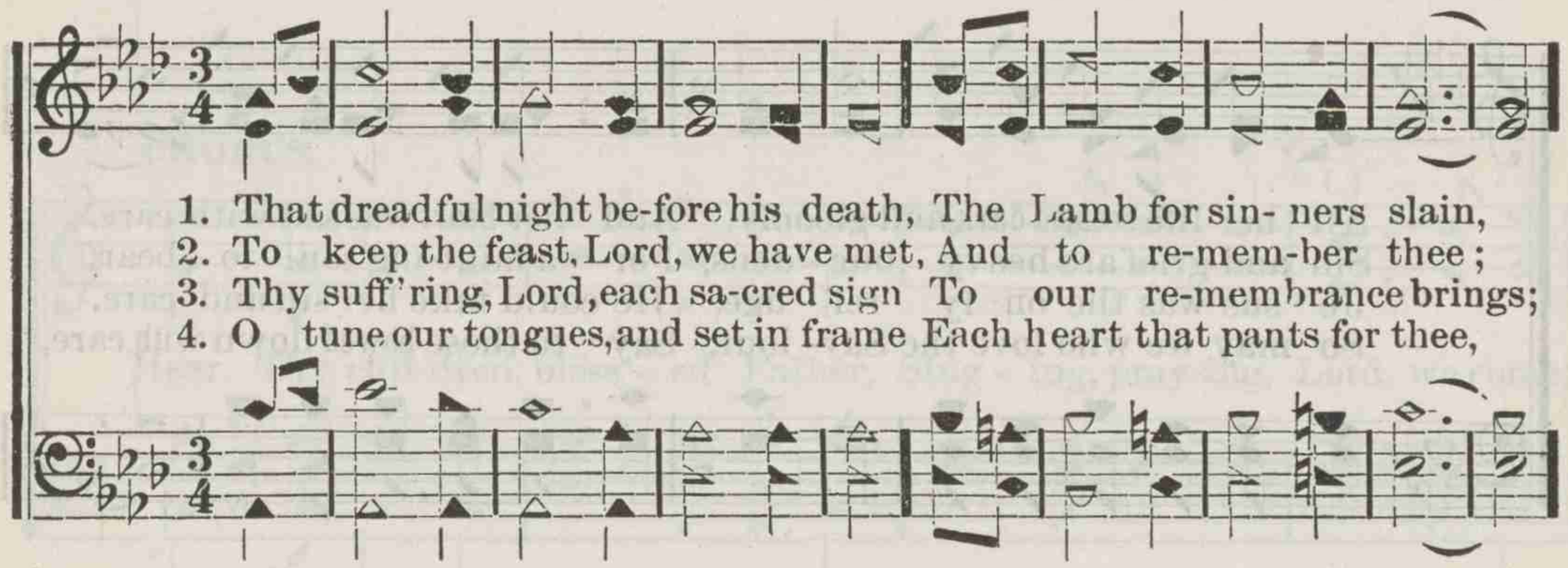
# Will You Come? Concluded.



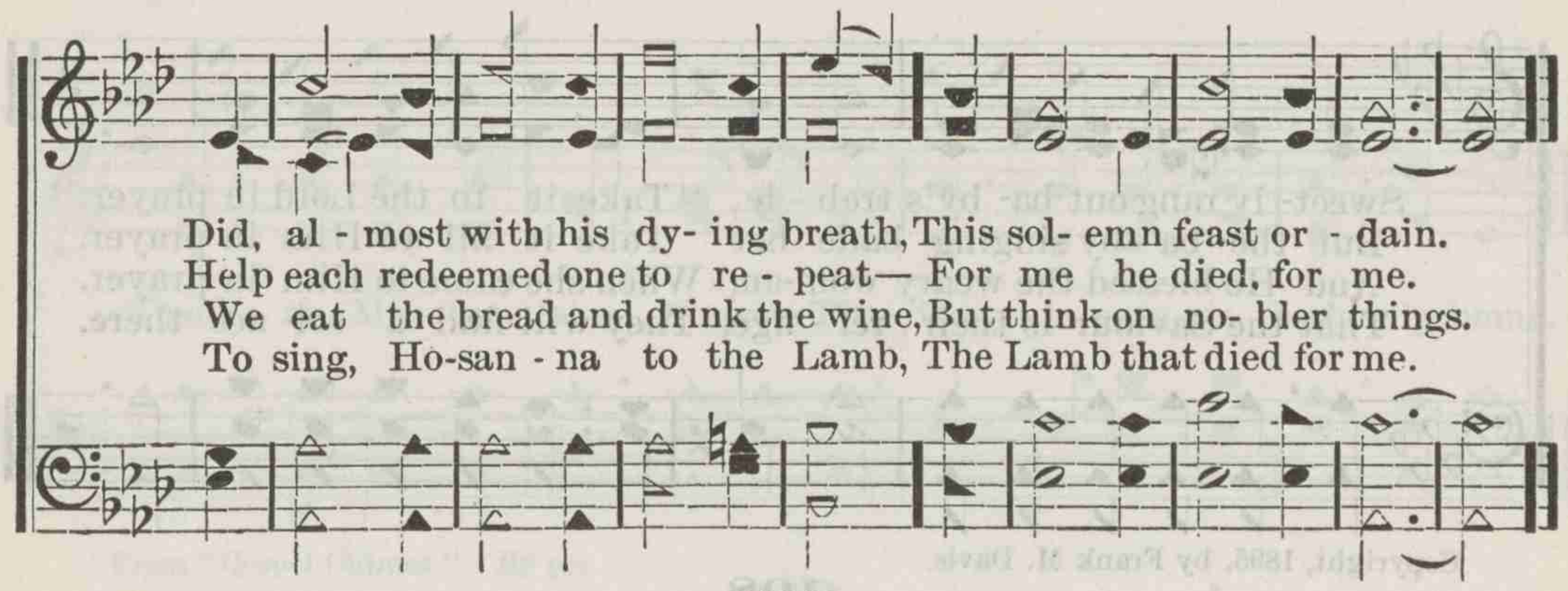




## No. 99. Manoah. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



# No. 100. The Blessing of Song.

C. H. FRED. A. WORDEN.

**With expression.**

1. "What a friend we have in Je - sus," Sang a lit - tle child one day,
2. "Are we weak and heavy la - den," He will car- ry ev- 'ry woe,
3. "Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak-ness," Weak and worn she turned to God,
4. And the hap-py child still sing-ing, Lit - tle knew she had a part

And a wea-ry woman list- ened To the darling's happy lay;
And the one who sad- ly list- ened, Need- ed that dear helper so;
Ask- ing Christ to take her bur- den, As he is the sin-ners Lord;
In God's wondrous work in bringing, Peace un - to the troubled heart;
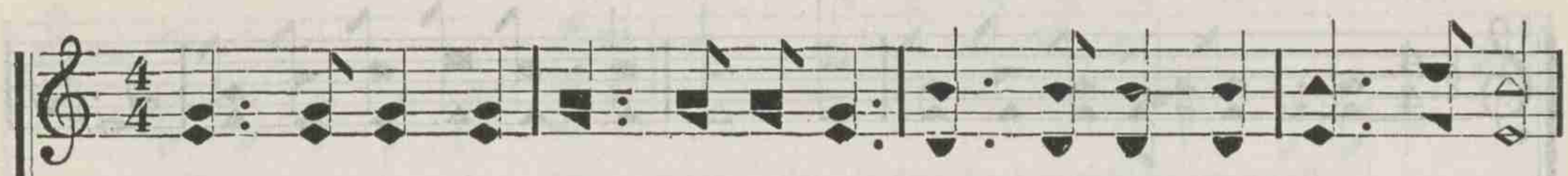
All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care,
Sin and grief are heavy bur - dens, For a faint-ing soul to bear,
Je - sus was the on- ly ref - uge, He could take her sin and care,
So may we who love the Sav- iour, Say to those bowed down with care,

Sweet- ly rang out ba- by's treb - le, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
But the ba - by singing bade her Take it all to Him in prayer.
And He blessed the weary wom-an, When she came to Him in prayer.
That the Saviour is their ref - uge, They will find a sol- ace there.
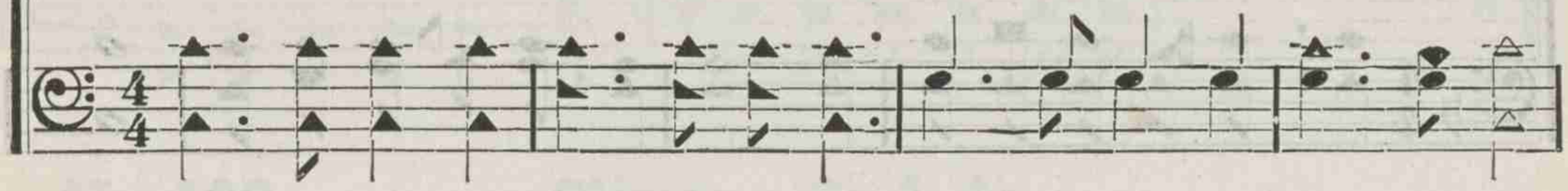
Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.

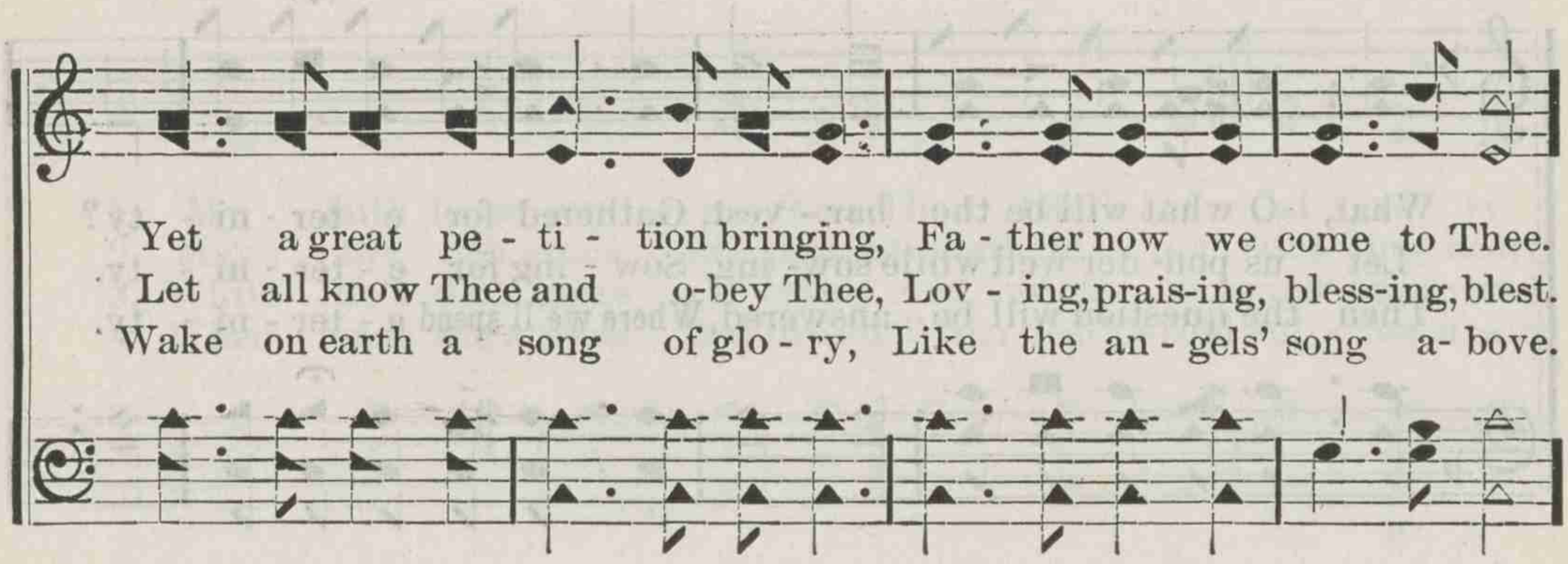
# No. 101. Hear Thy Children.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



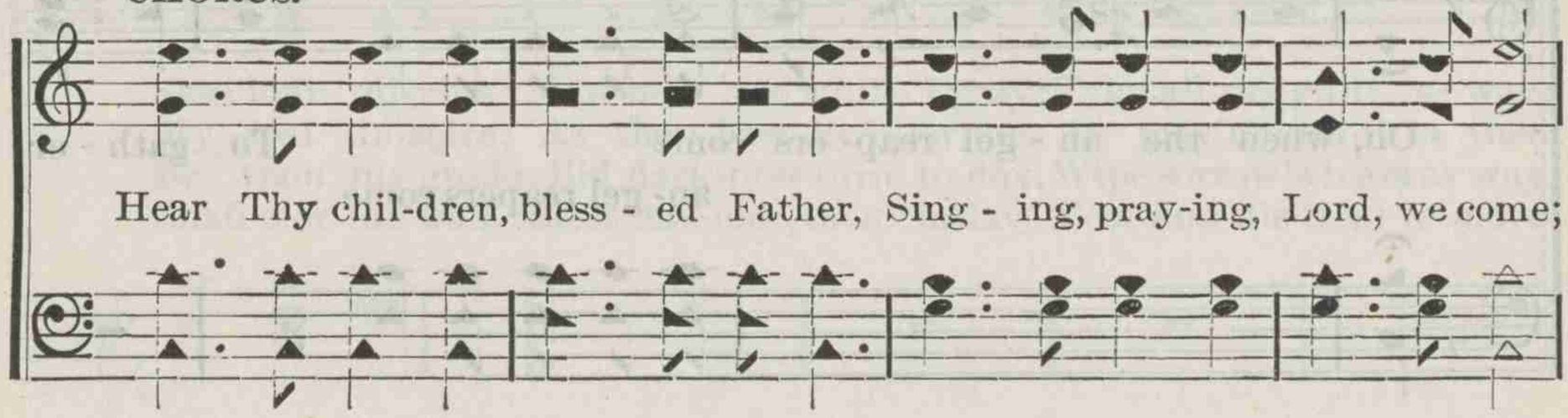
1. God of heav - en, hear our sing-ing, On - ly lit - tle ones are we,
2. Let Thy king-dom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in Thee find rest;
3. Let the sweet and joy - ful sto- ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love,



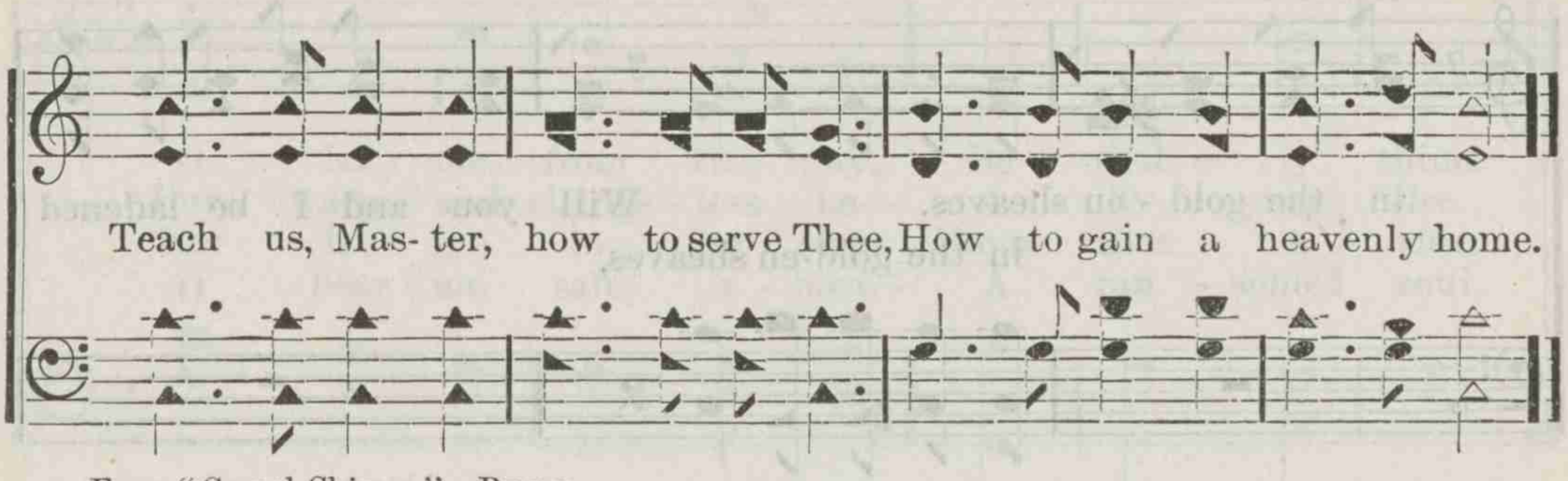


Yet a great pe - ti - tion bringing, Fa - ther now we come to Thee.
Let all know Thee and o-bey Thee, Lov - ing, prais-ing, bless-ing, blest.
Wake on earth a song of glo - ry, Like the an - gels' song a- bove.

**CHORUS.**



Hear Thy chil-dren, bless - ed Father, Sing - ing, pray-ing, Lord, we come;

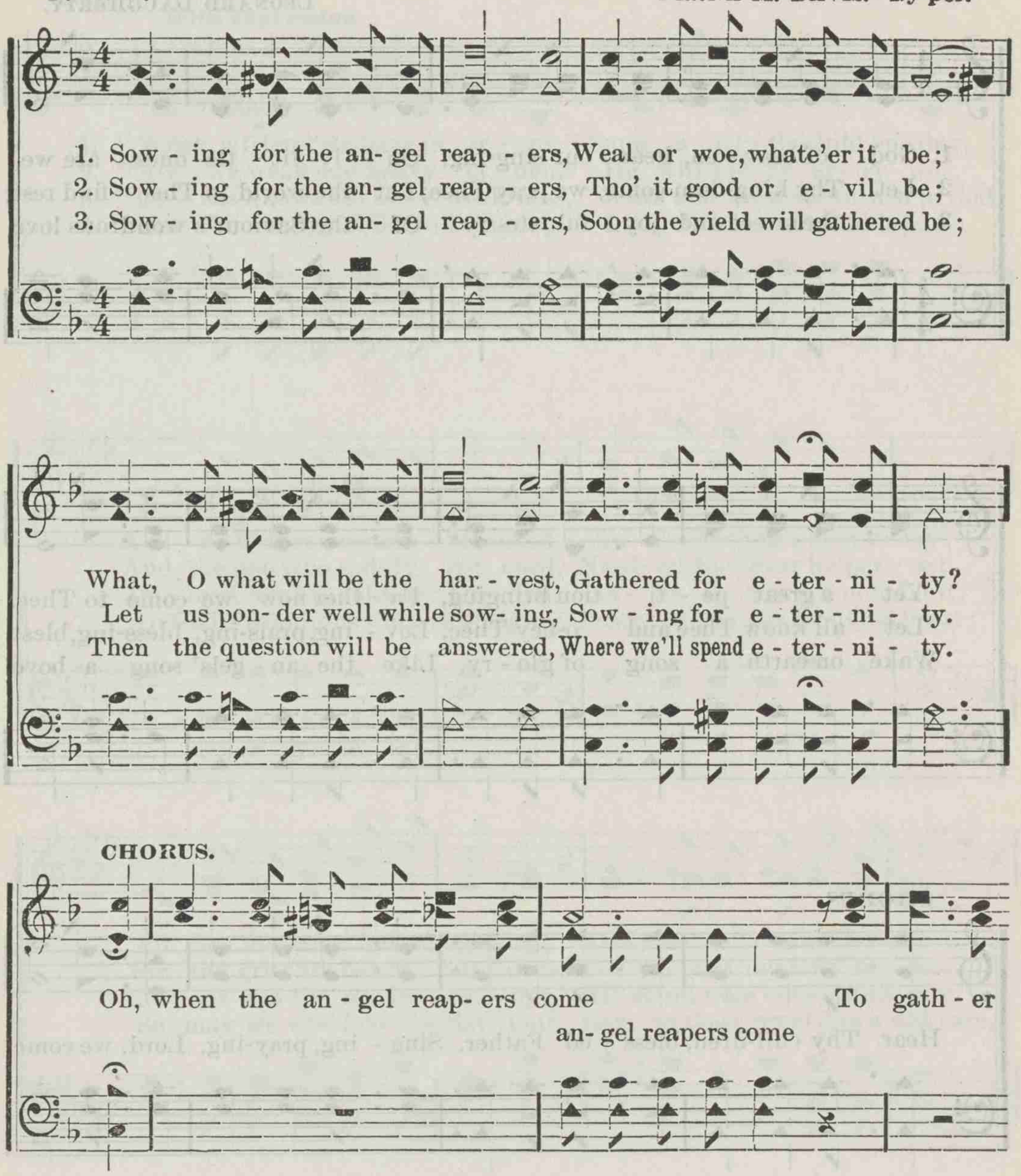


Teach us, Mas- ter, how to serve Thee, How to gain a heavenly home.

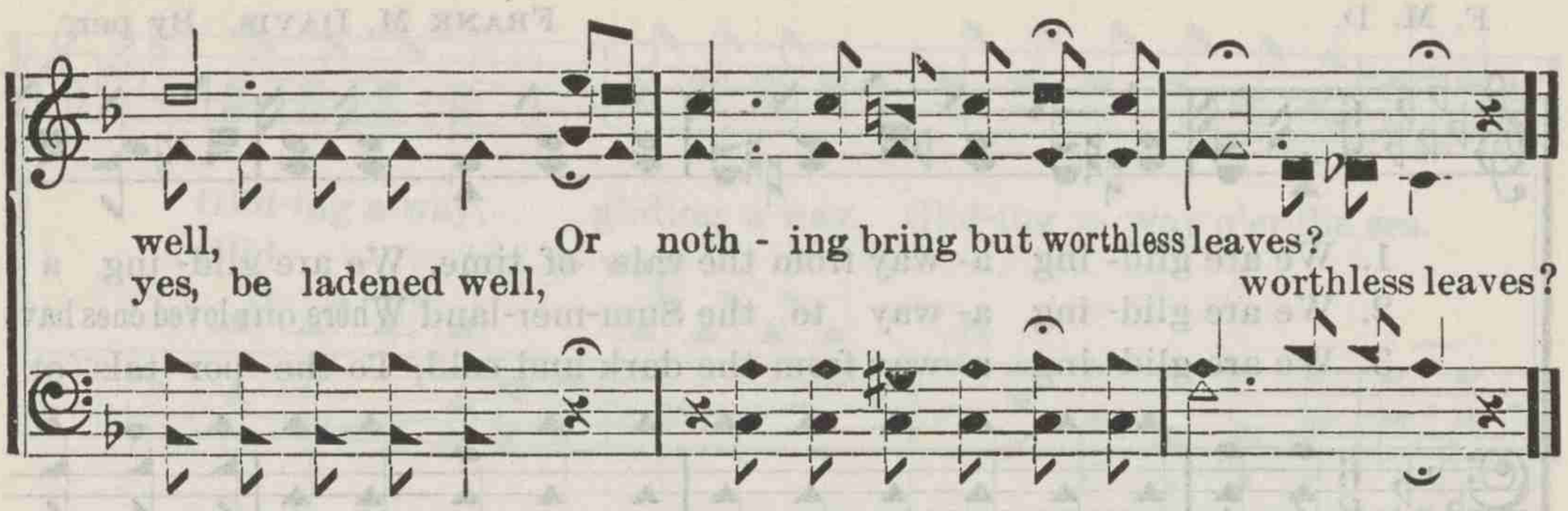
From "Gospel Chimes." By per.

# No. 102. The Angel Reapers.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.
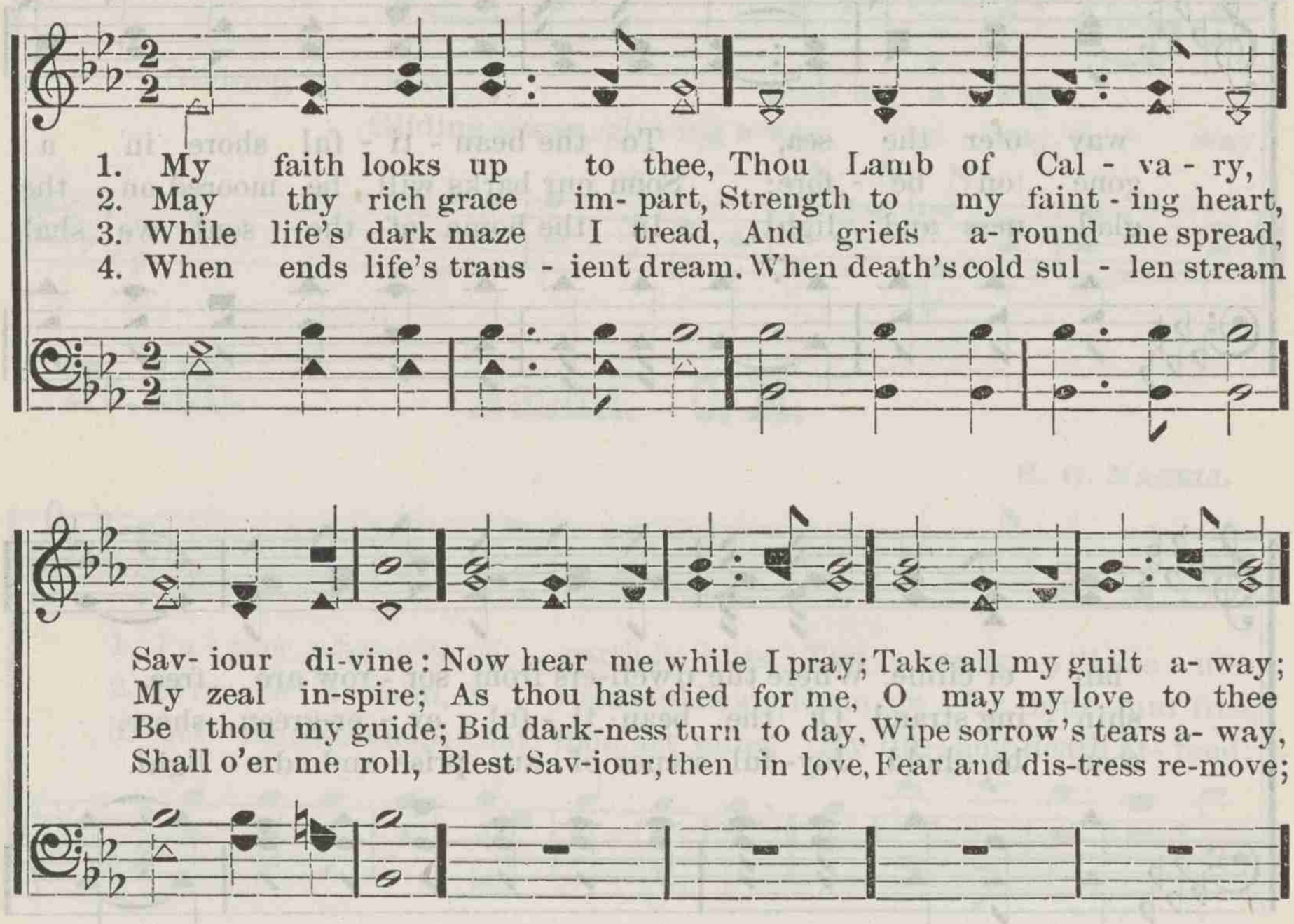


# The Angel Reapers. Concluded.
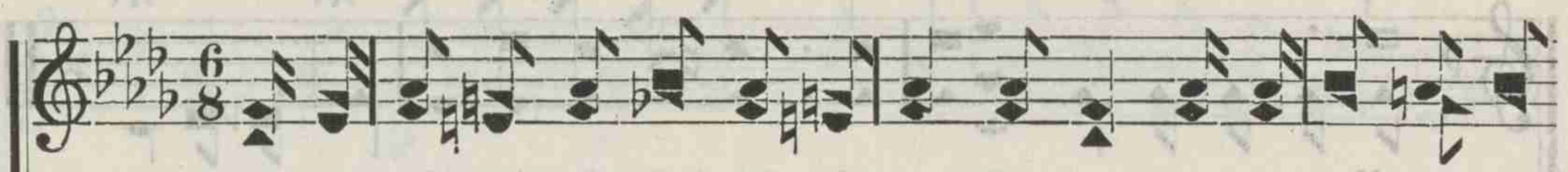



## No. 103. Olivet. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

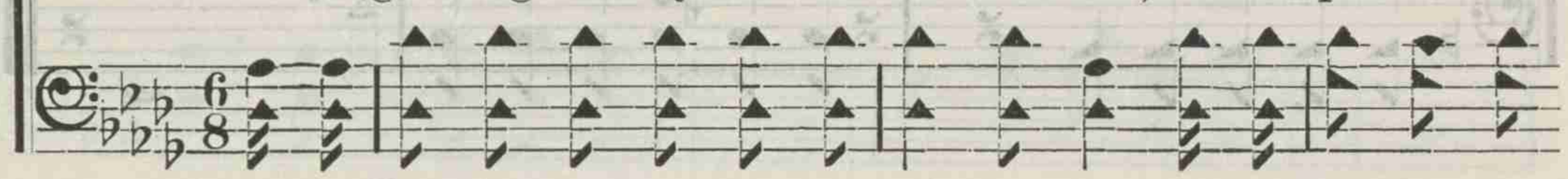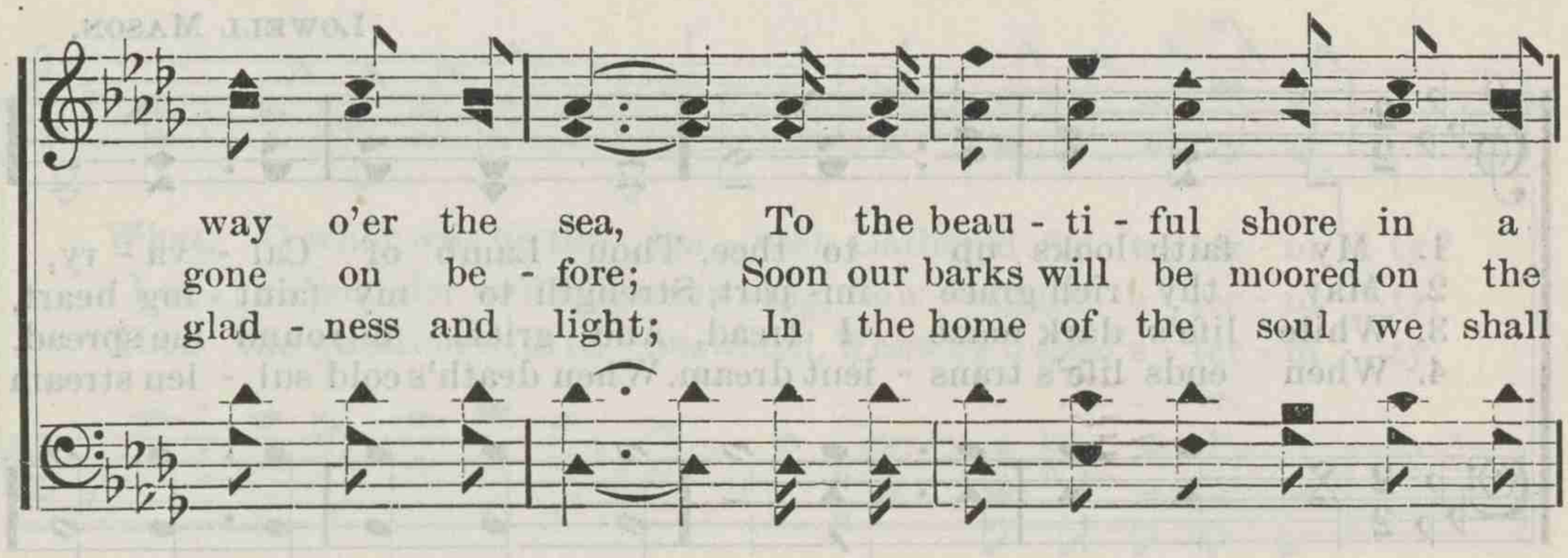


# No. 104. Gliding Away.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

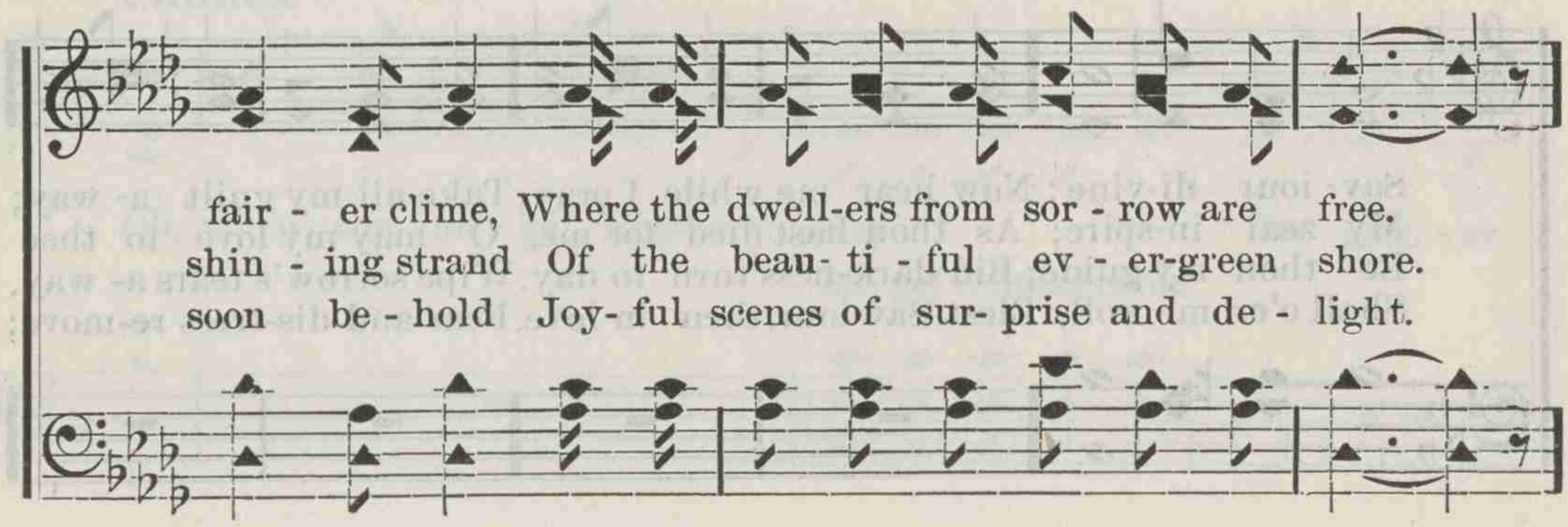


1. We are glid- ing a- way from the vale of time, We are glid- ing a -
2. We are glid- ing a- way to the Sum-mer-land Where our loved ones have
3. We are glid- ing a- way from the dark and cold, To the por- tals ot



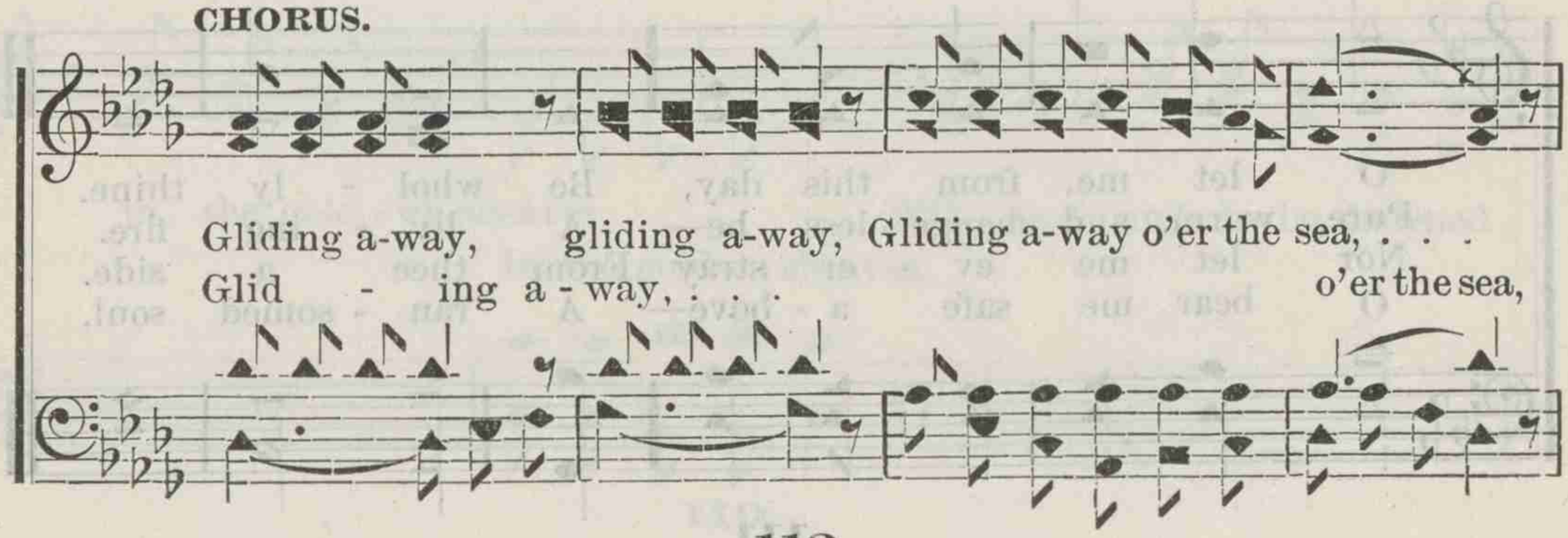


way o'er the sea, To the beau - ti - ful shore in a
gone on be - fore; Soon our barks will be moored on the
glad - ness and light; In the home of the soul we shall
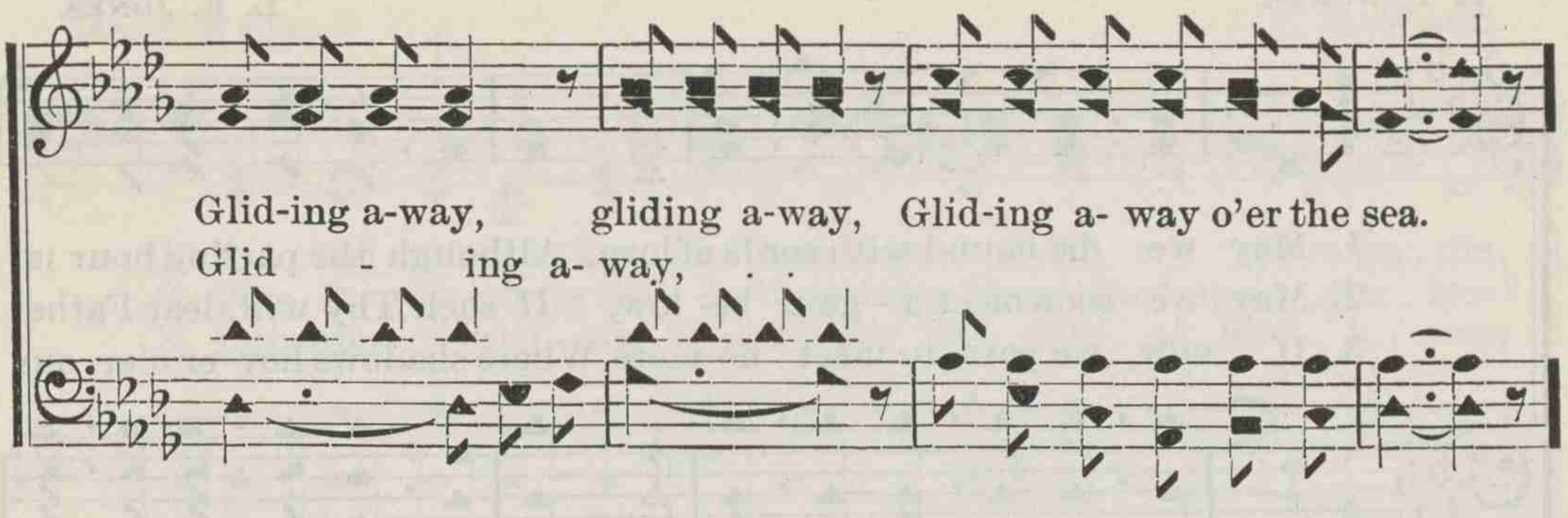


fair - er clime, Where the dwell-ers from sor - row are free.
shin - ing strand Of the beau- ti - ful ev - er-green shore.
soon be - hold Joy- ful scenes of sur- prise and de - light.
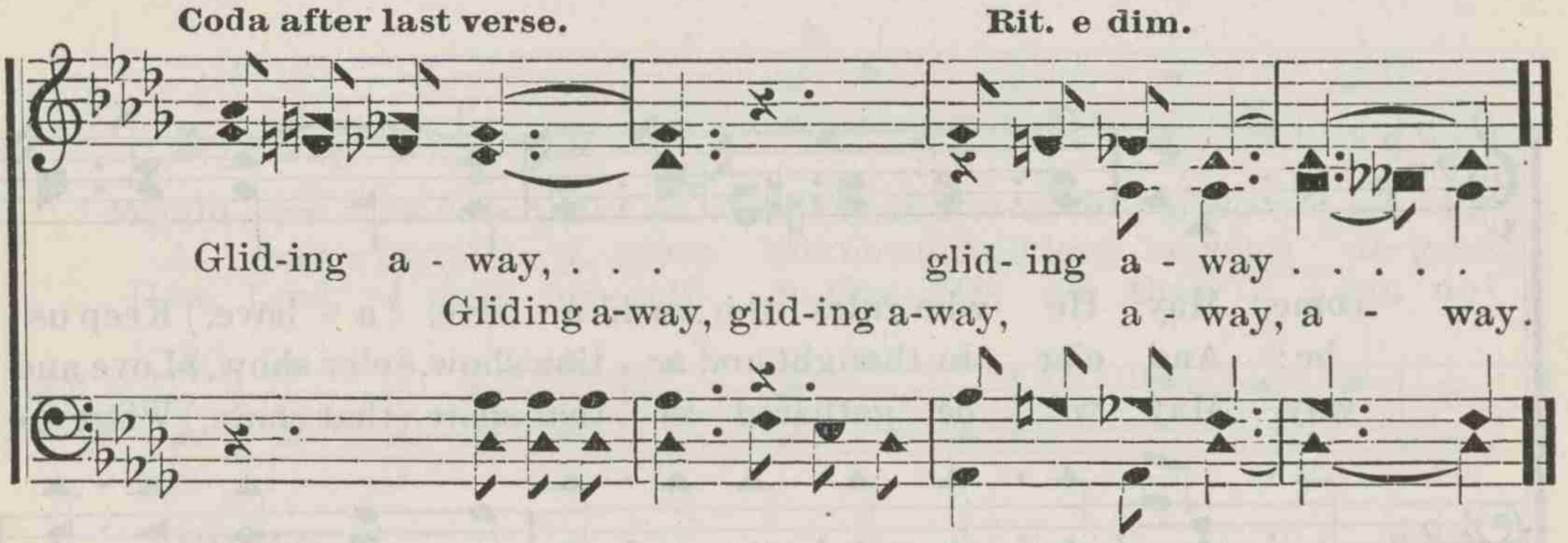
**CHORUS.**



Gliding a-way, gliding a-way, Gliding a-way o'er the sea, . . .
Glid - ing a - way, . . . o'er the sea,

## Gliding Away. Concluded.

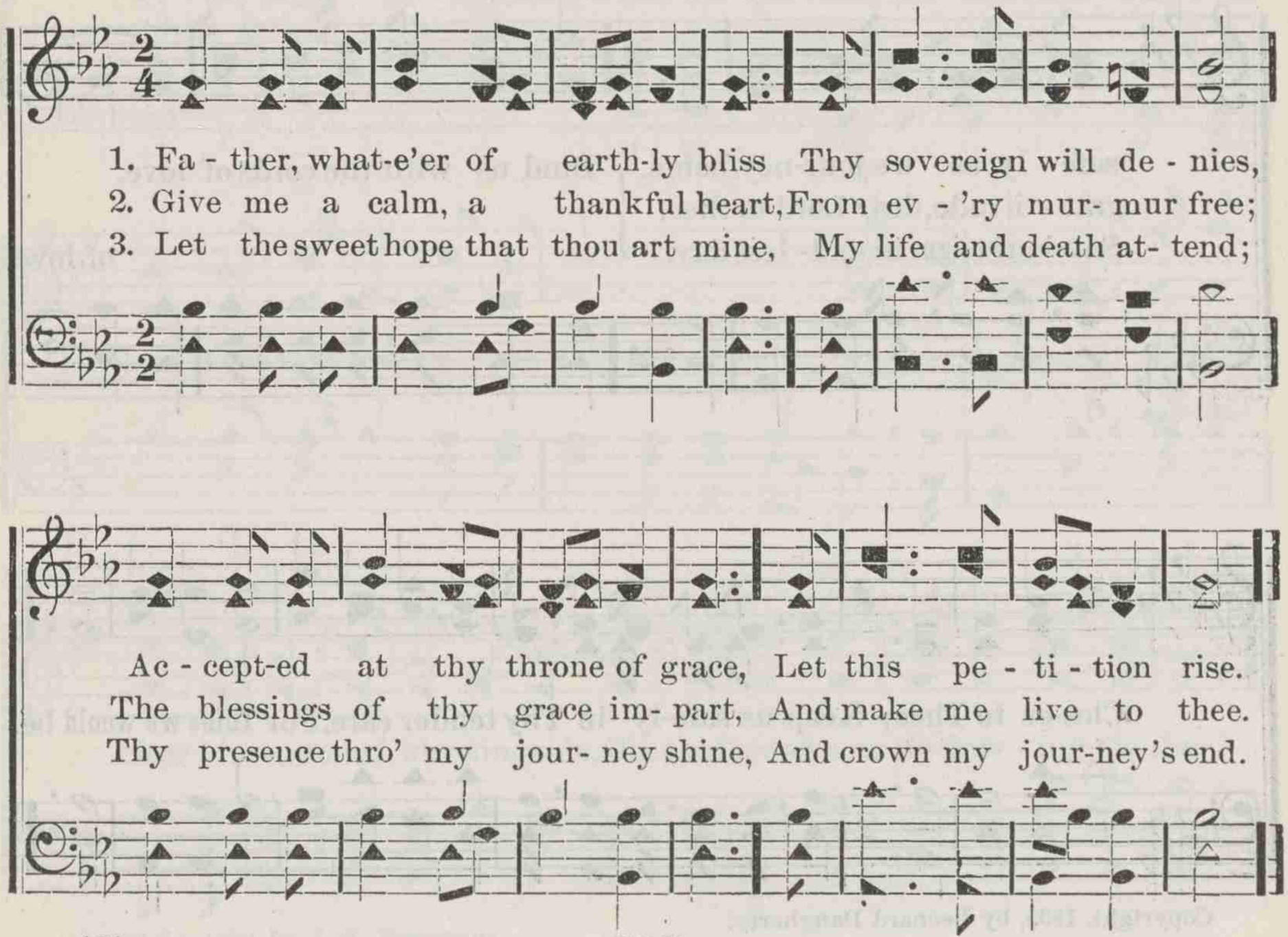






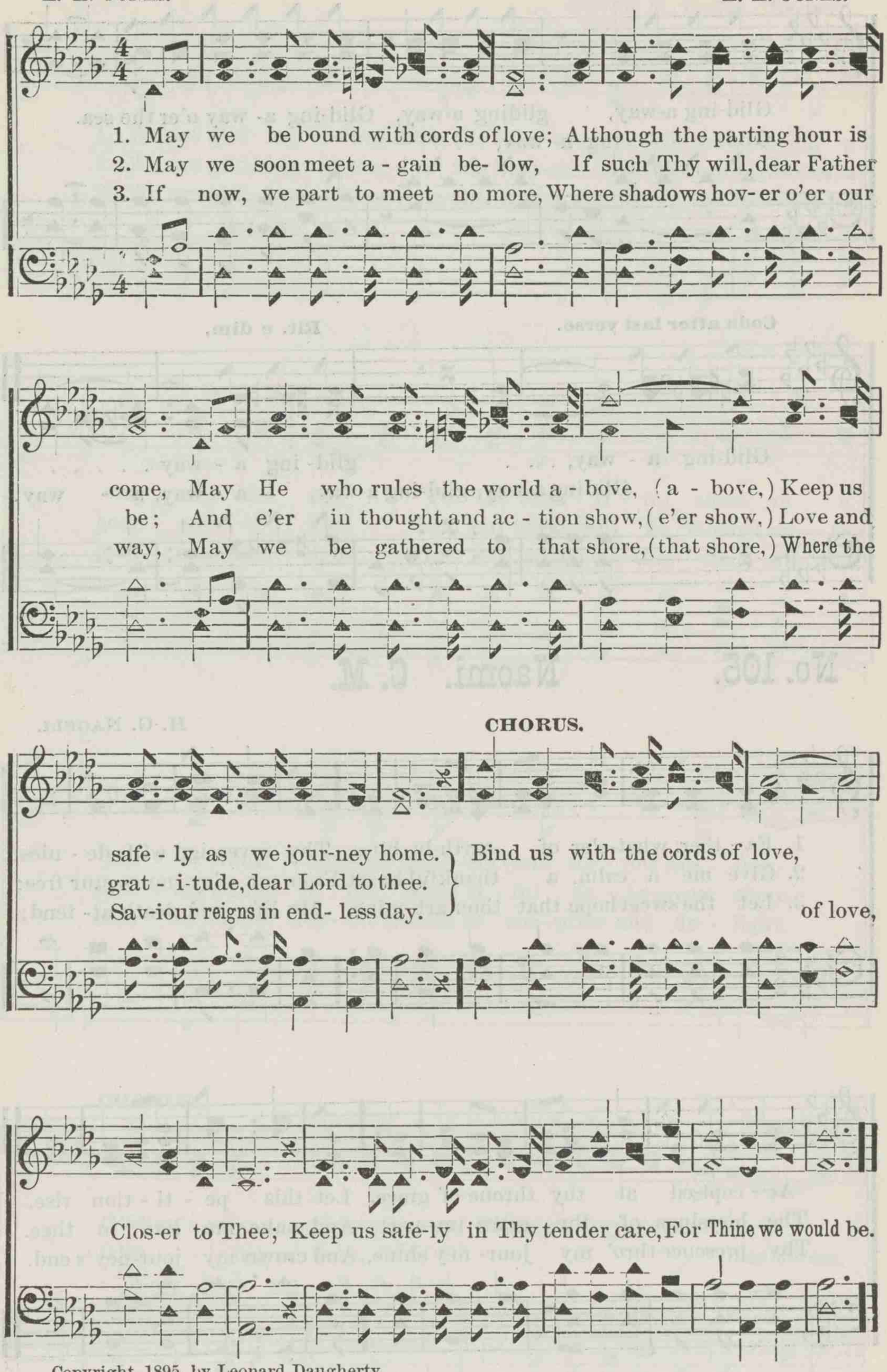
## No. 105. Naomi. C. M.

H. G. Nageli.



# No. 106. Bind Us With the Cords of Love.

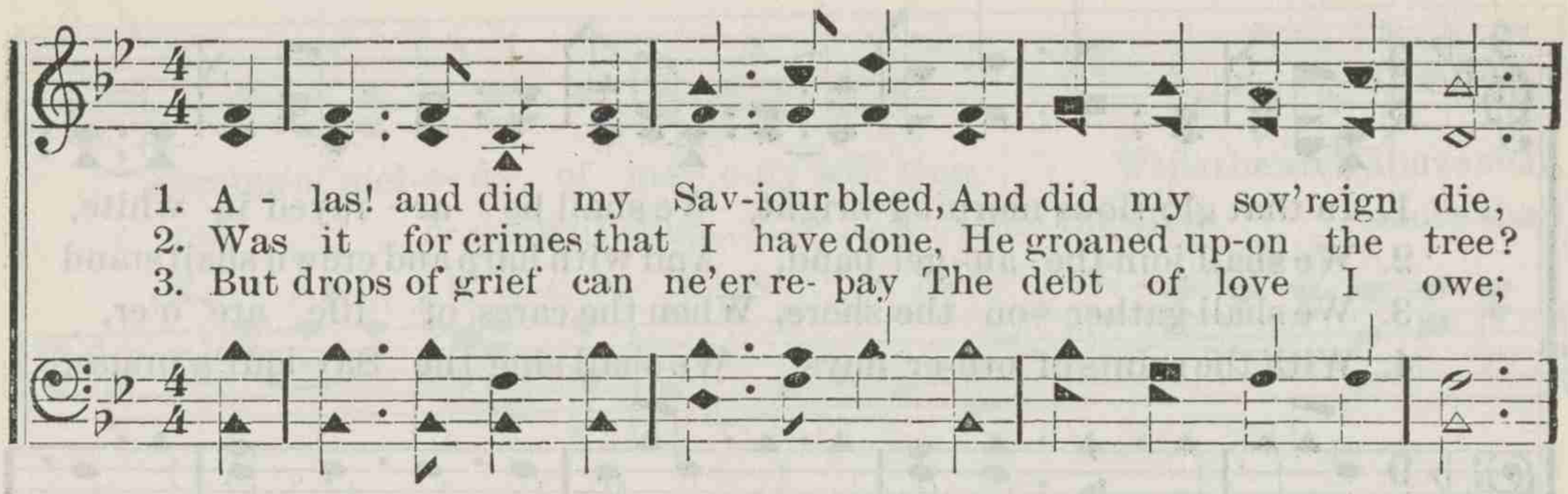
L. E. JONES. L. E. JONES.

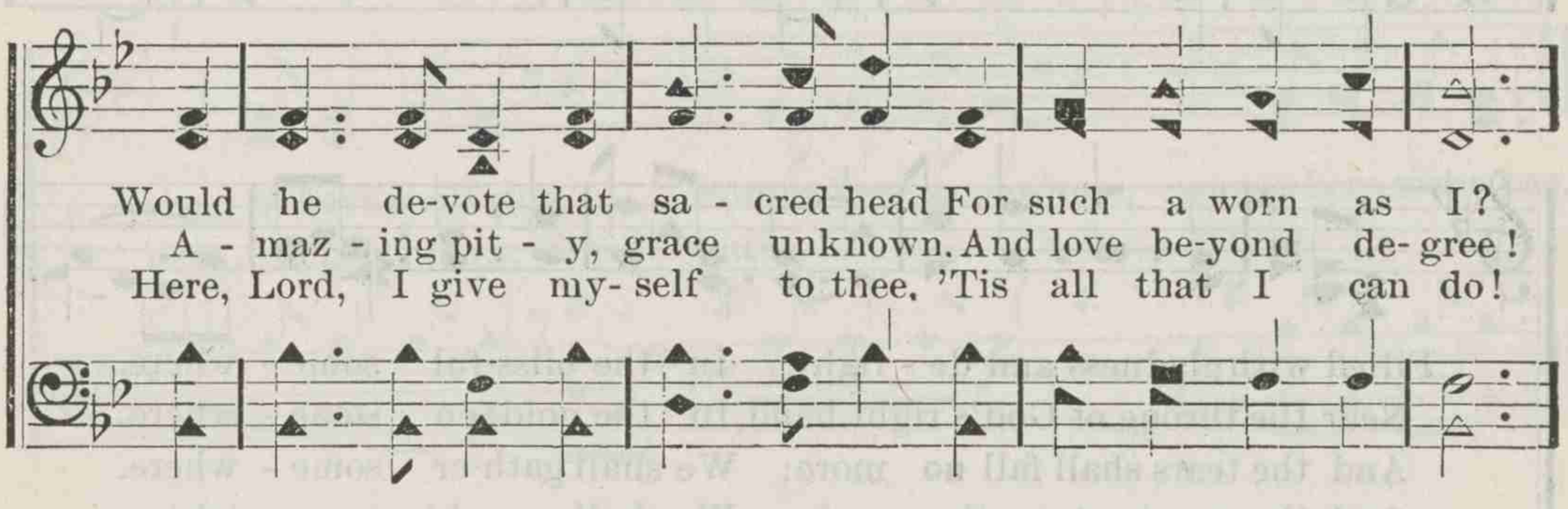



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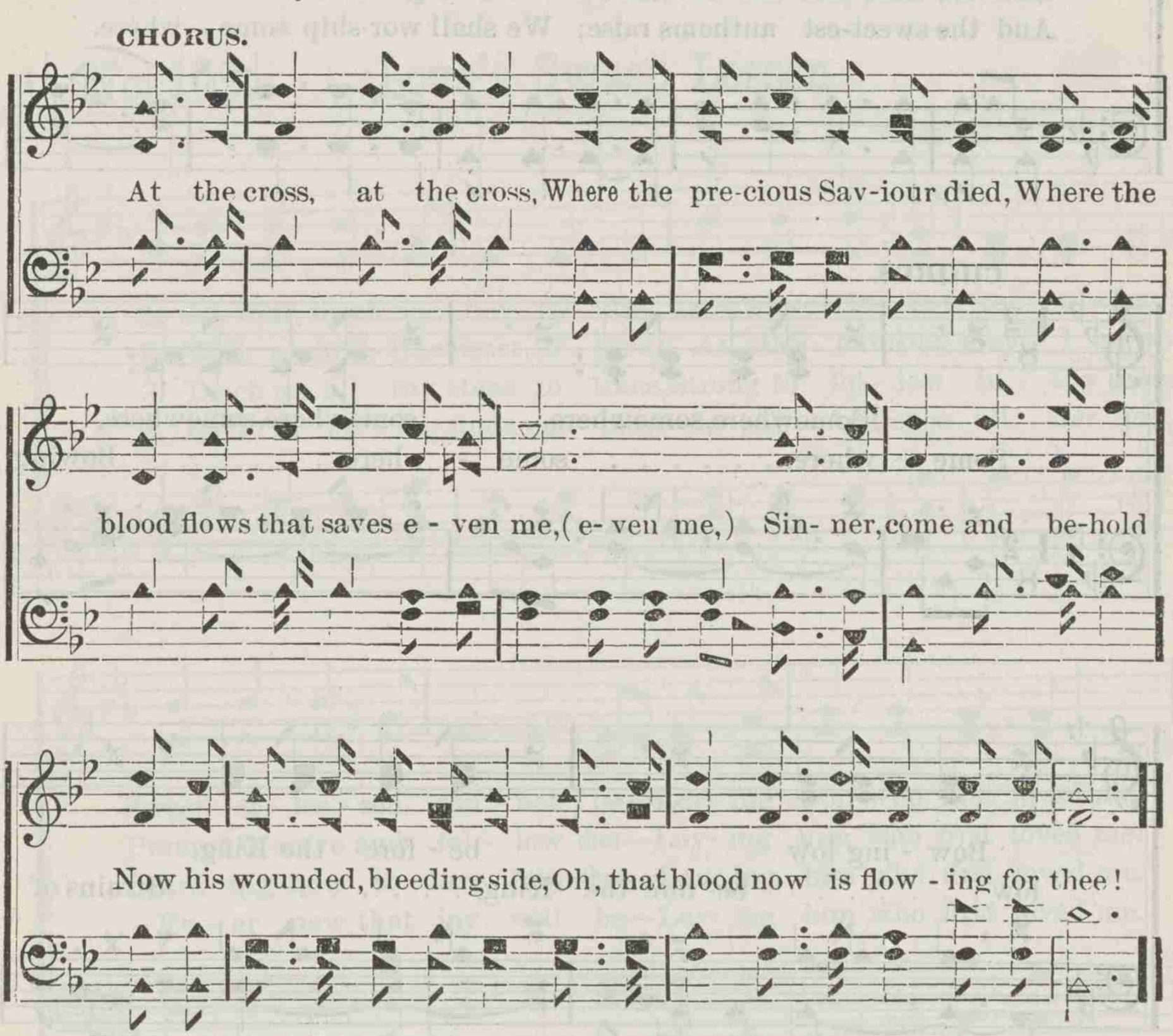
# No. 107. At the Cross Where Jesus Died.

ISAAC WATTS. E. B. WARE.




**CHORUS.**




Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

# No. 108. Somewhere.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. In that glo-rious morning bright, We shall be ar - rayed in white,
2. We shall join the an- gel band, And with harp and crown shall stand
3. We shall gather on the shore, When the cares of life are o'er,
4. With the saints of oth-er days, We shall sing the Sav-iour's praise,
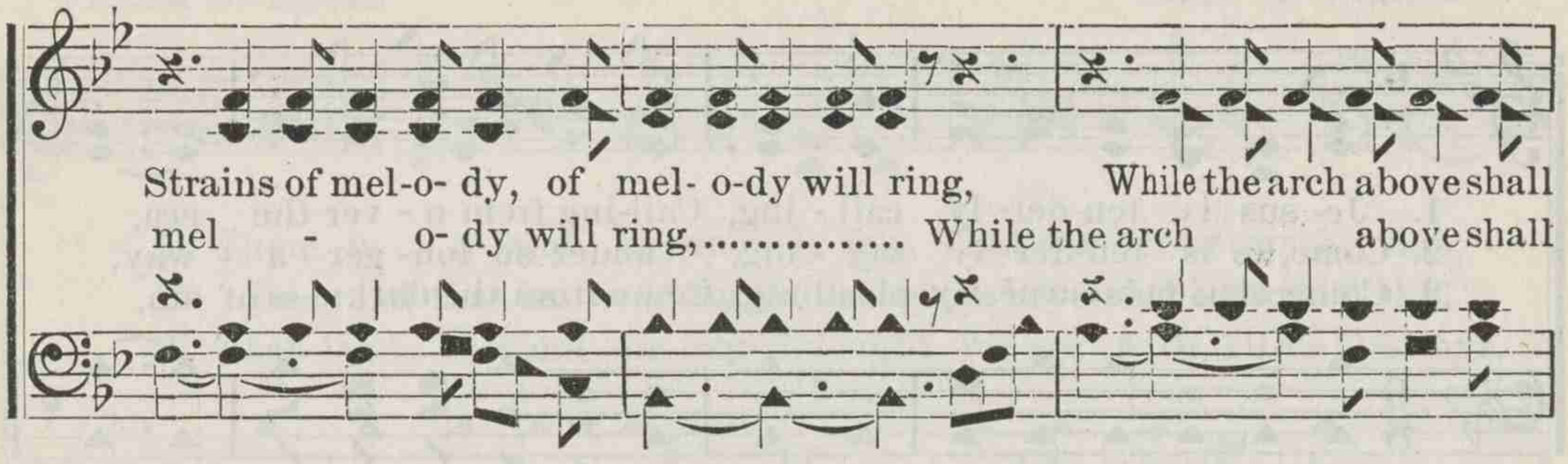
Filled with gladness and de - light, In the bliss-ful some - where.
Near the throne of God's right hand, In the gold- en some - where.
And the tears shall fall no more; We shall gath-er some - where.
And the sweet-est anthems raise; We shall wor-ship some - where.

**CHORUS.**

Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere,
Some - where, . . . . . some - where. . . . . Bowing

Bow - ing low be - fore the King,
low . . . . . be- fore the King, . . . . . Strains of

## Somewhere. Concluded.
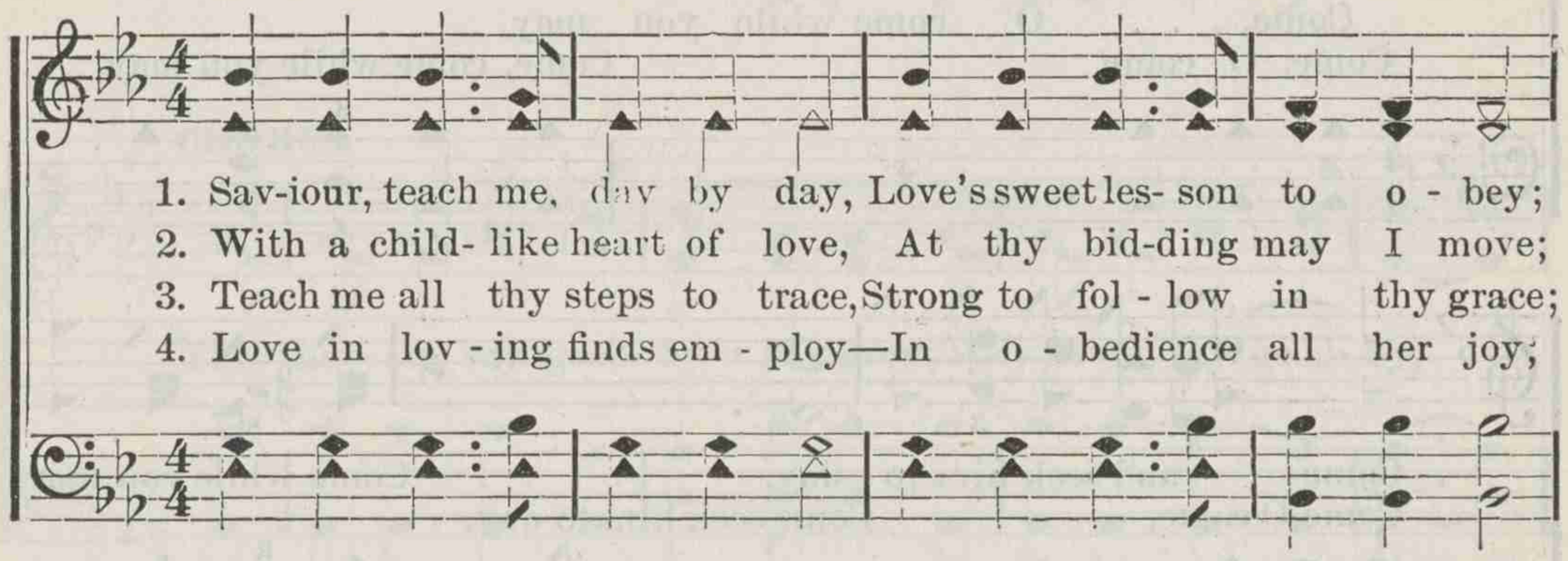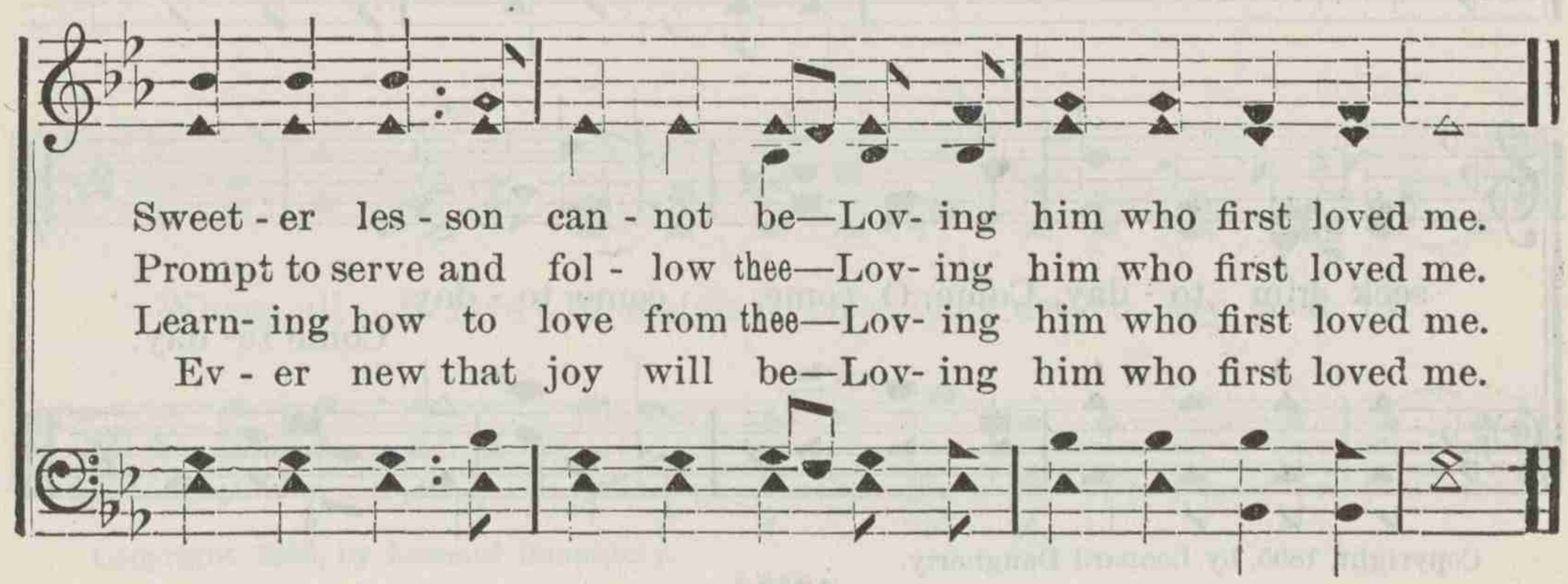






## No. 109. Love's Sweet Lesson.

Adapted by J. H. F.






# No. 110. Come While You May.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je- sus is ten-der- ly call - ing, Call-ing from o - ver the sea,
2. Come, he is ten-der- ly say - ing, Wander no lon- ger a - way,
3. Come while he's earnestly plead-ing, Come from the darkness of sin,

Hear the sweet accents now fall - ing, Come weary ones un- to me.
Cease from your long weary stray- ing, Come to the Saviour to - day.
Come and your Lord's command heeding, Quickly a new life be - gin.

**CHORUS.**

Come, . . . O come while you may,
Come, O come, Come, come while you may,

Come and seek him to - day, Come while you may.
Come, O come, Come seek him to-day,

seek him to - day, Come, O come, come to - day.
Come to- day.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

# No. 111. They Never Say Good-By.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRED. A. WORDEN

1. There is a land di-vine - ly fair, That nev - er knows a sigh,
2. Be- yond that banks of Jor-dan's stream, Beyond this earthly sky,
3. That land be-yond our mor- tal sight, We see with faith's clear eye,

Where loved ones meet to part no more, To nev- er say good- by.
Where angels strike their harps of gold, They nev- er say good- by.
Where saints who've joined the blood washed throng, Will never say good- by.

CHORUS.

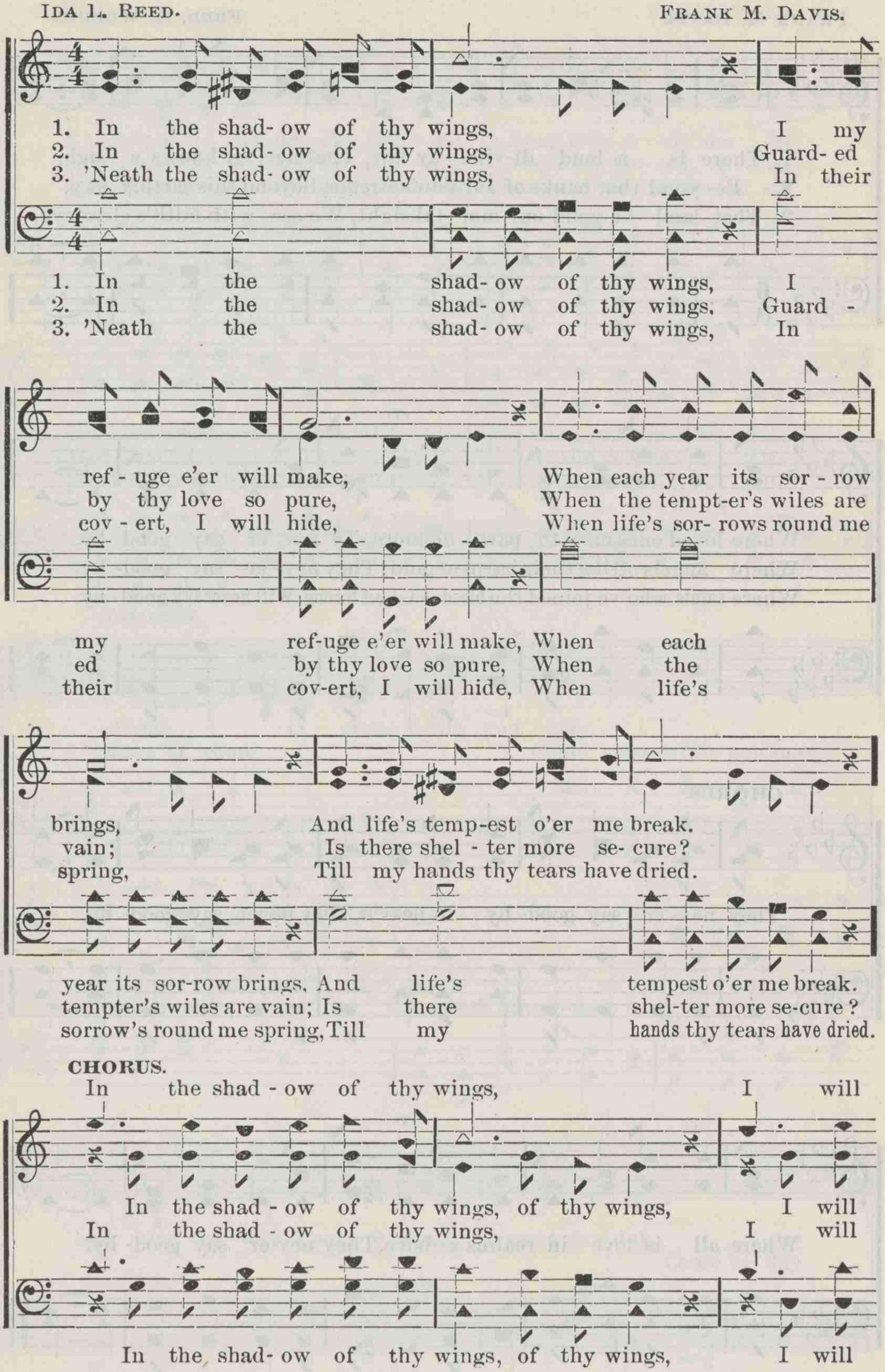
They nev- er say good- by in heav'n, They never say good- by,

Where all is love in realms a- bove, They nev-er say good- by.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

# No. 112. In the Shadow of Thy Wings.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.




**CHORUS.**



Copyright, 1892, by Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

# In the Shadow of Thy Wings. Concluded.

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

sweep,

sweep, o'er me sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.

sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.

## No. 113. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

E. H. DAYMAN. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, till th' eternal morrow:
2. Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness; Bright-ly at last dawns a day of gladness:
3. Though we may mourn those in life the dearest, They shall re-turn, Christ when thou appearest,

*pp* **cres.**

*f* **rall.** *pp* **slower.**

Though dark waves roll o'er the si- lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv- er.
Un - der the sod, earth receive our treasure, To rest in God, waiting all his pleasure.
Soon shall thy voice comfort those now weeping, Bidding re- joice all in Je-sus sleeping.

# No. 114. Try to Save Some One.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Wounded and dy - ing on Jer - i - cho's road, Thousands of prec- ious ones lay;
2. Few the Sa - mar - i - tans bring - ing re - lief, Pass o'er the Jer - i - cho way;
3. Are we neg - lect - ing our du - ty so great? Have we good cause for de - lay?
4. How can we meet our dear Sav - iour at last, Fail - ing to do his com - mands,

Shall we, like Le-vites, pass care-less - ly by?
Shall we not, Christians, in du - ty go down
Shall we not haste, ere the time be too late,
If, aft - er life and its toil- ing are past,

**CHORUS.**

Or try to save some one to - day?
And try to save some one to - day?
And try to save some one to - day?
We come with no sheaves in our hands?

Try to save some one,

Try to save some one, some one,

Try to save some one, Try to save some one to - day;
Try to save some one, some one,

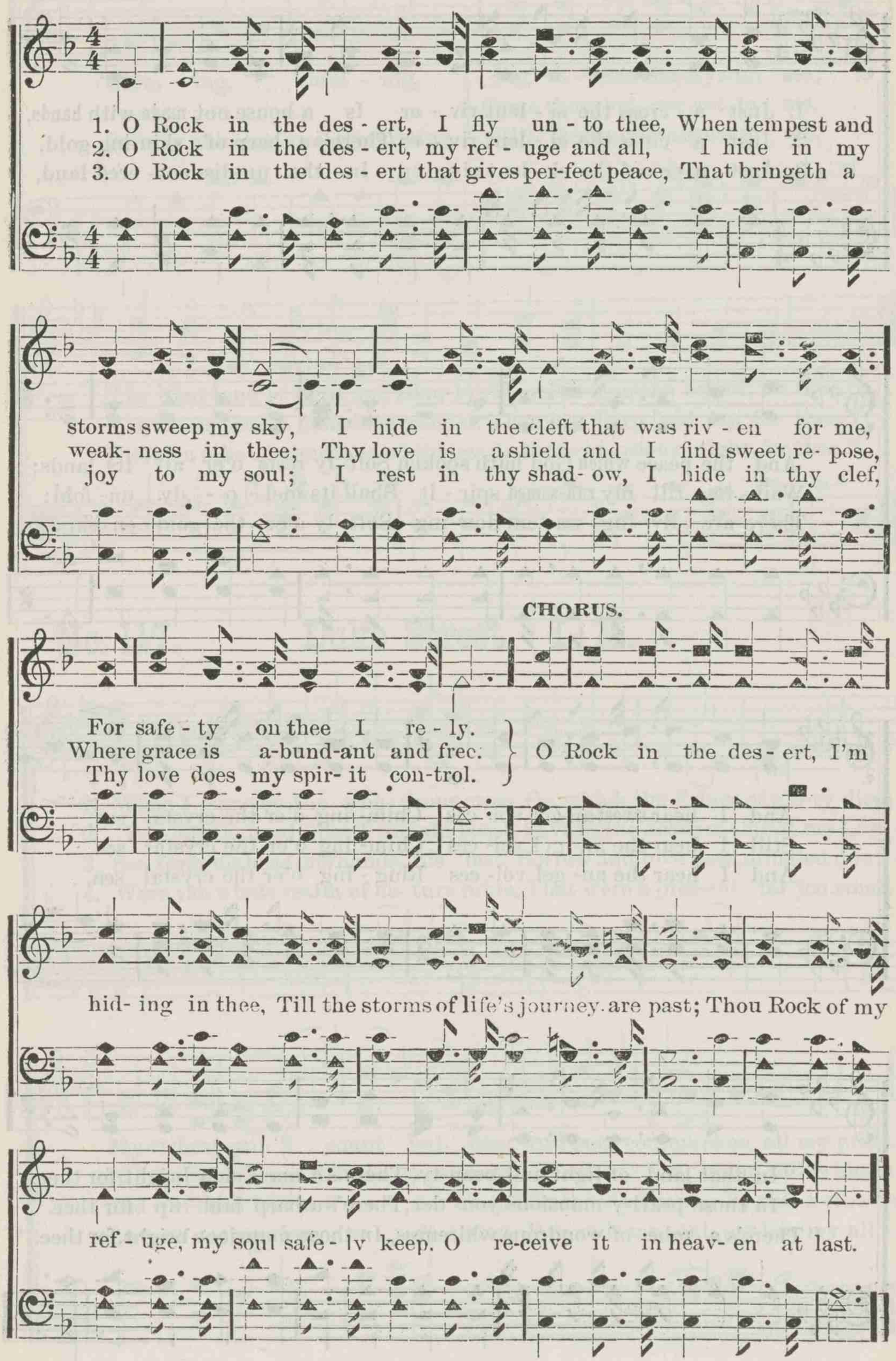
**Ad lib.**

Shall we, like Le-vites, pass careless-ly by, Or try to save some one to - day?

Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.

# No. 115. Rock in the Desert.
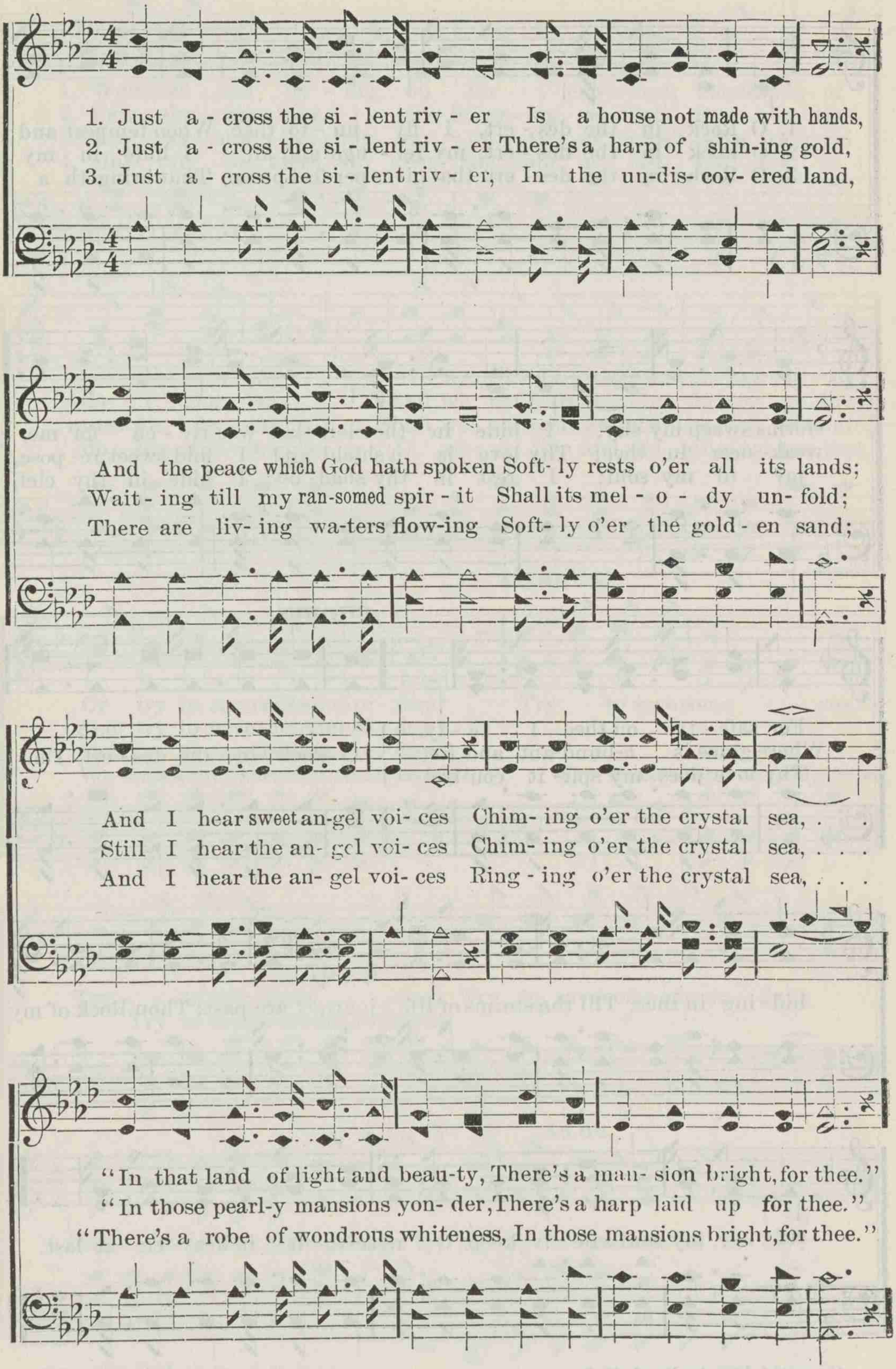
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.




Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.

# No. 116. Angel Voices.
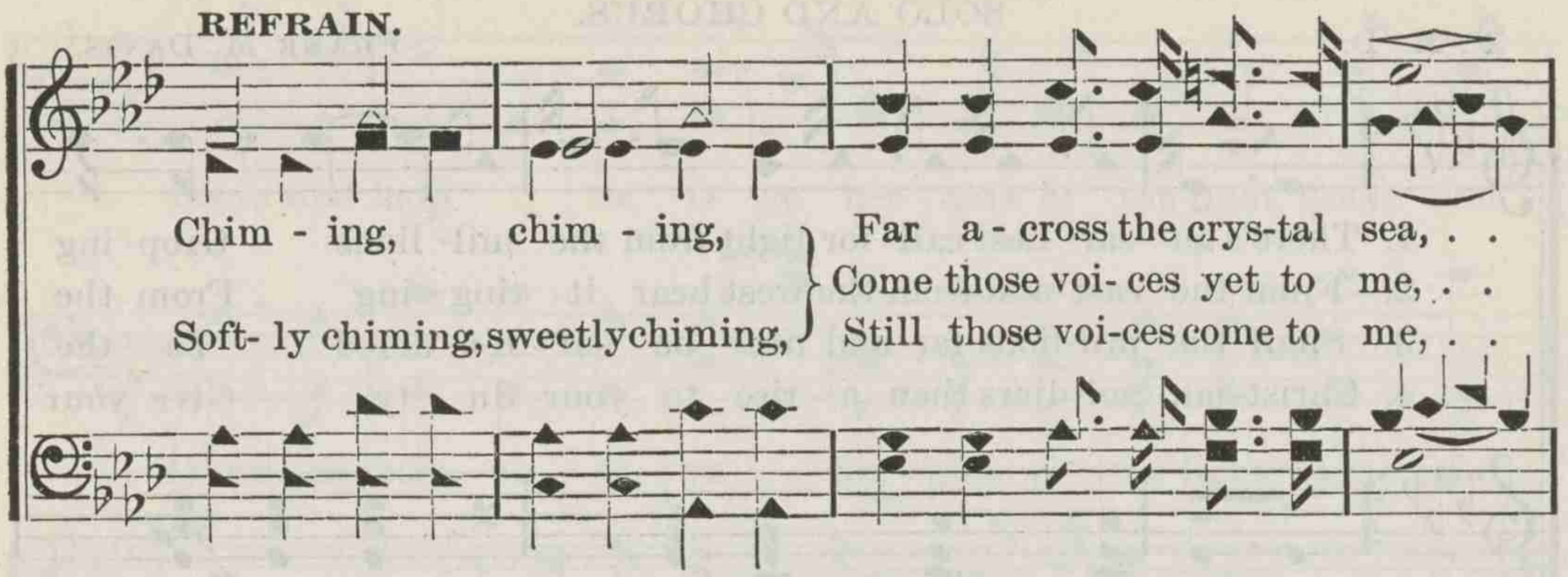
ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.

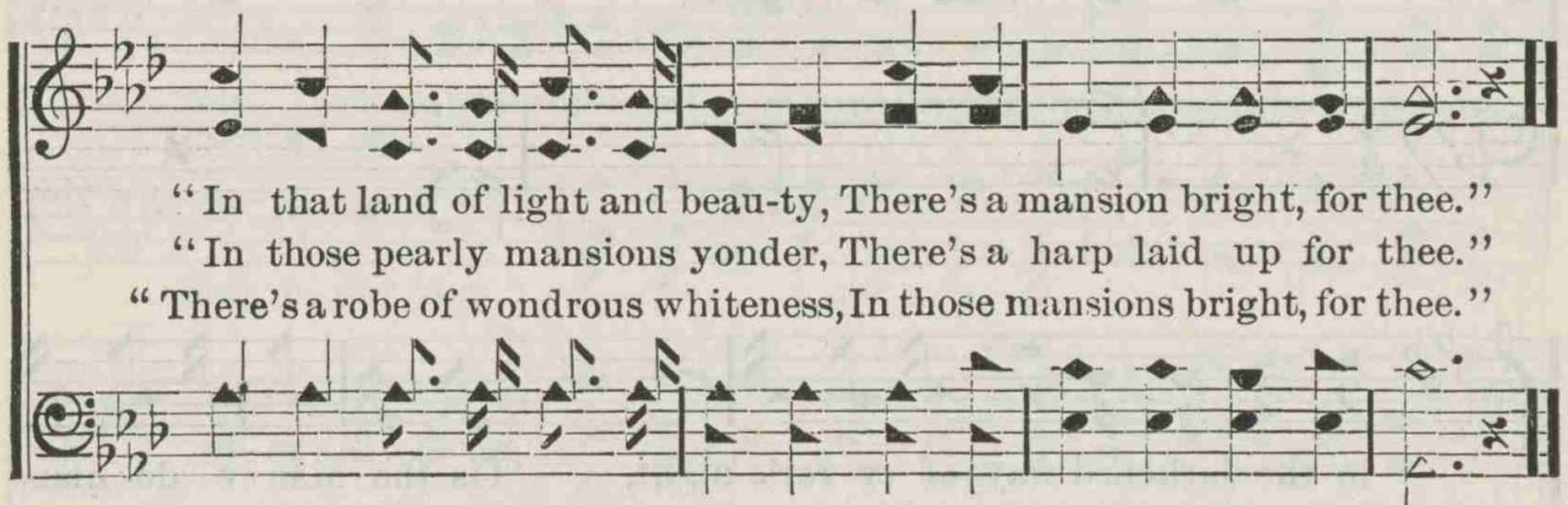



By permission.

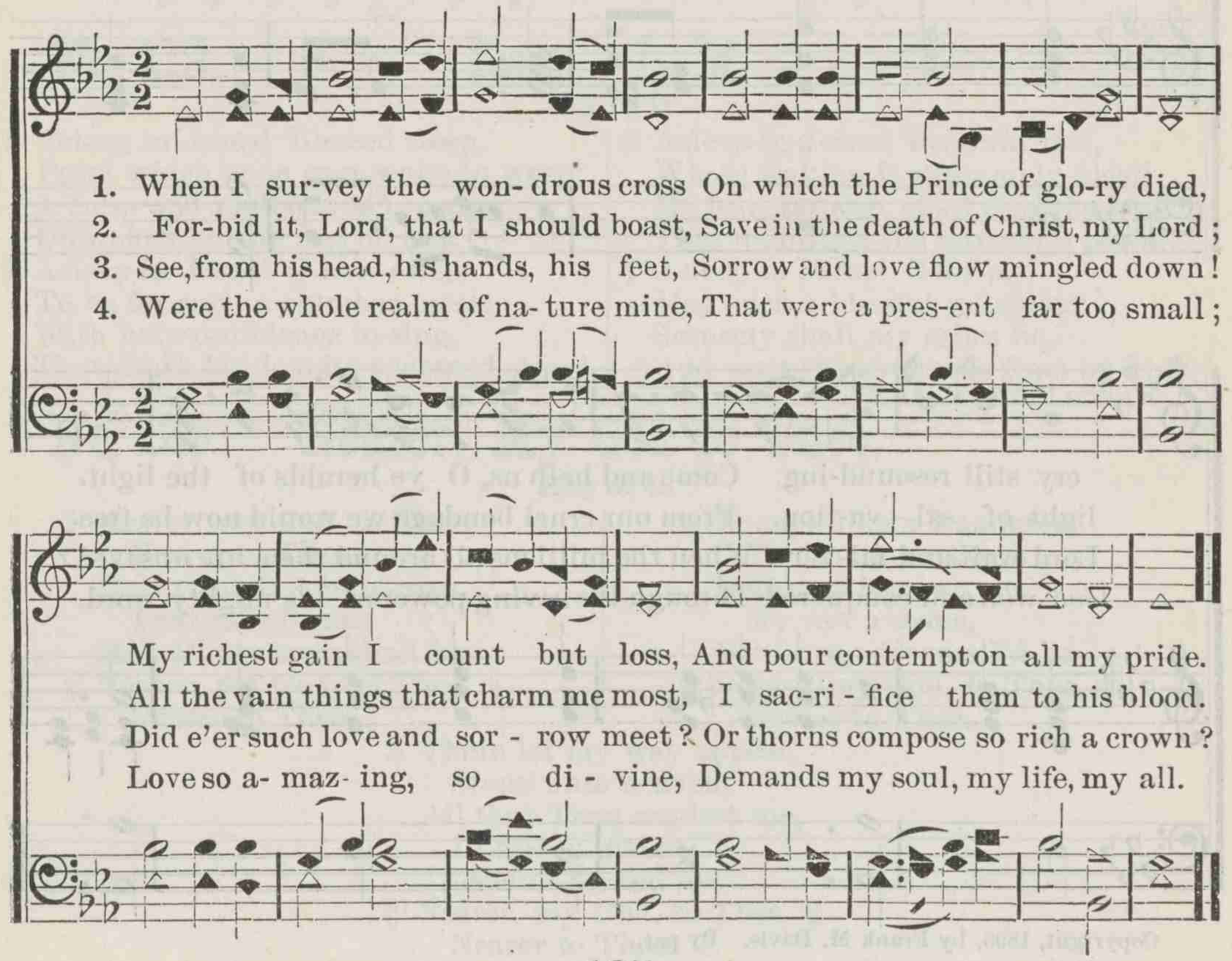
# Angel Voices. Concluded.

**REFRAIN.**



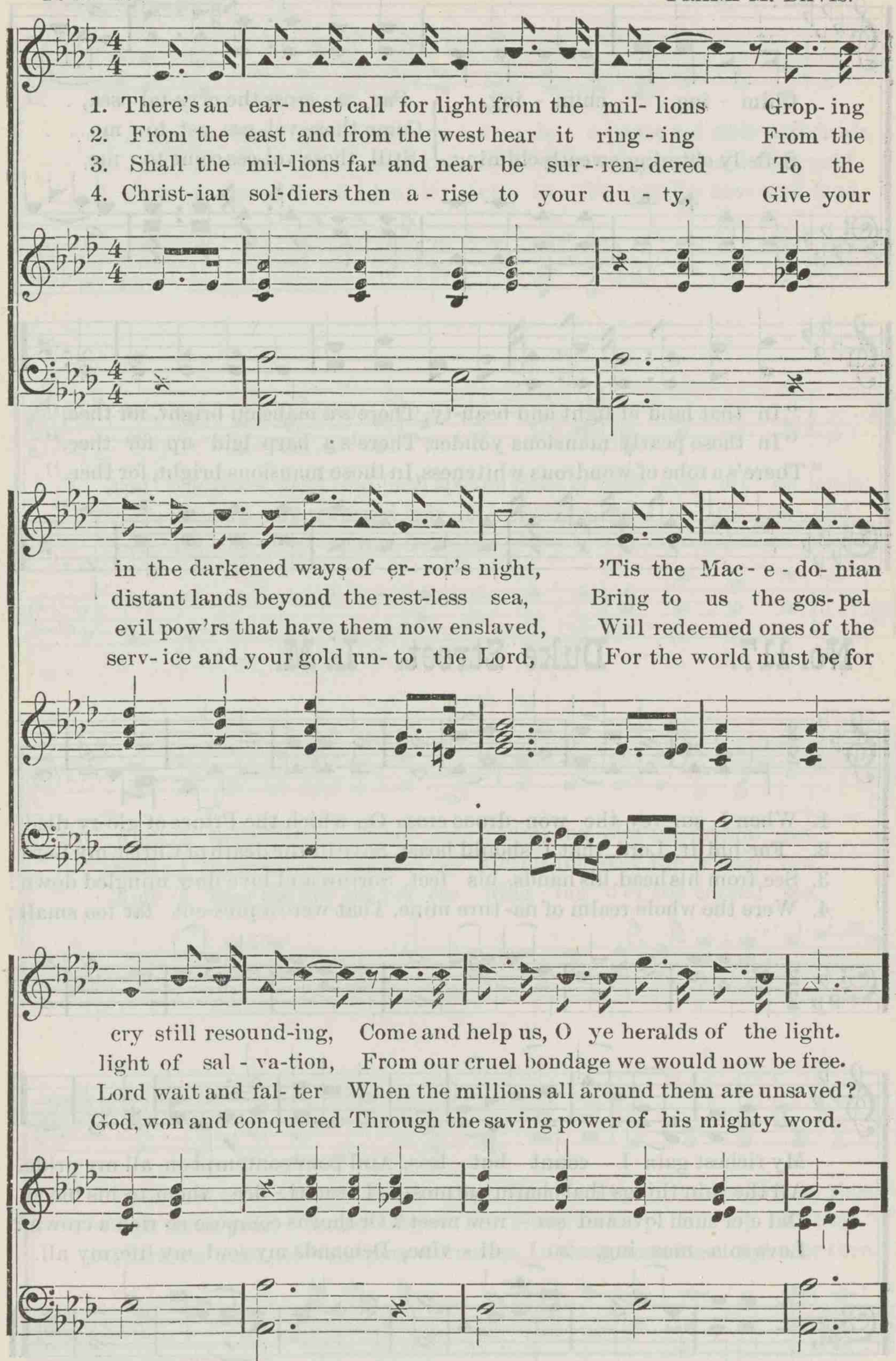

## No. 117. Duke Street. L. M.



# No. 118. Come an Help Us.
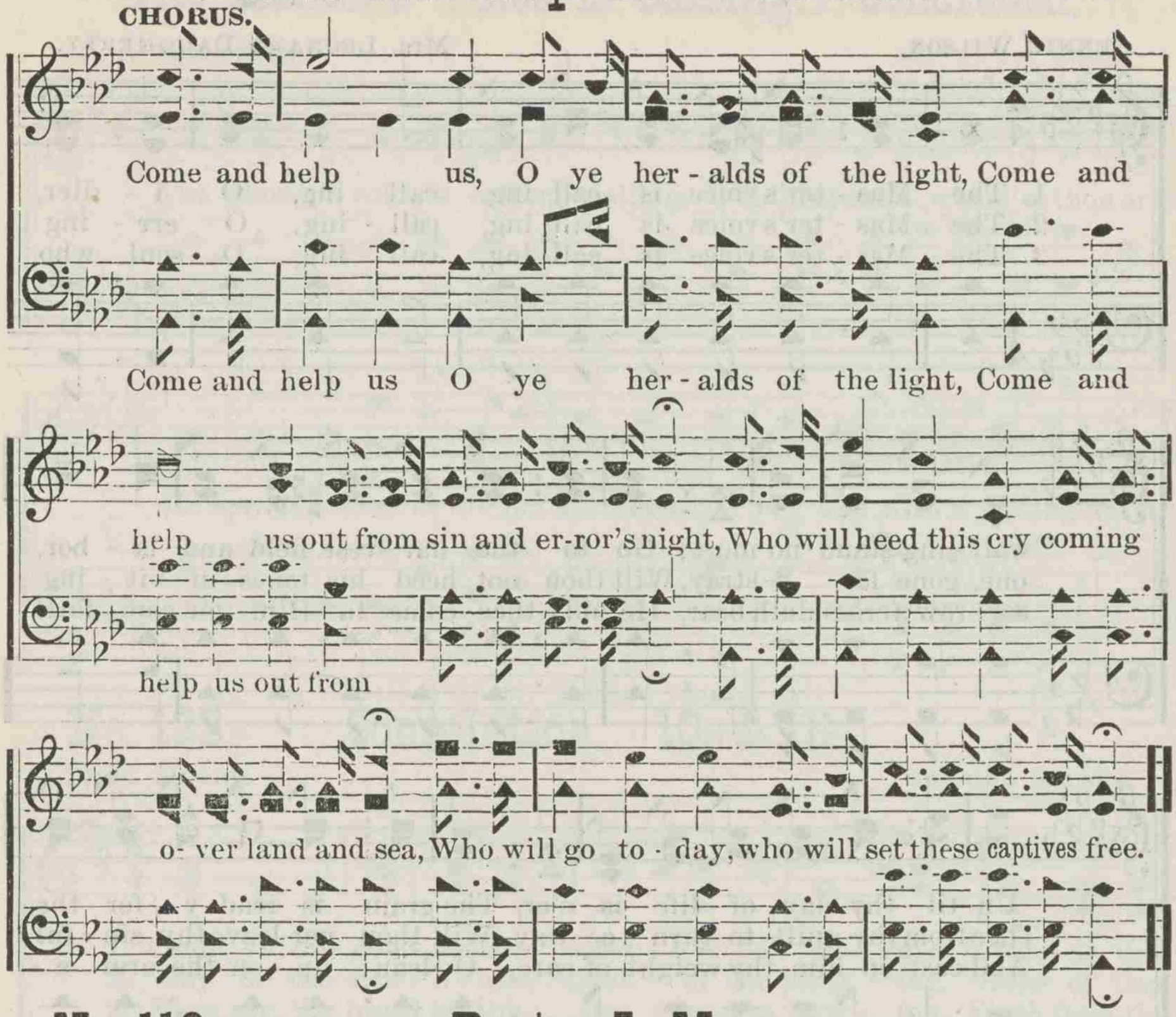
SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.




Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis. By per.

## Come and Help Us. Concluded.




## No. 119. Rest. L. M.

Key of D.

1 Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

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

MARGARET MACKAY.

## No. 120. Nearer, My God to Thee.

Key of G.
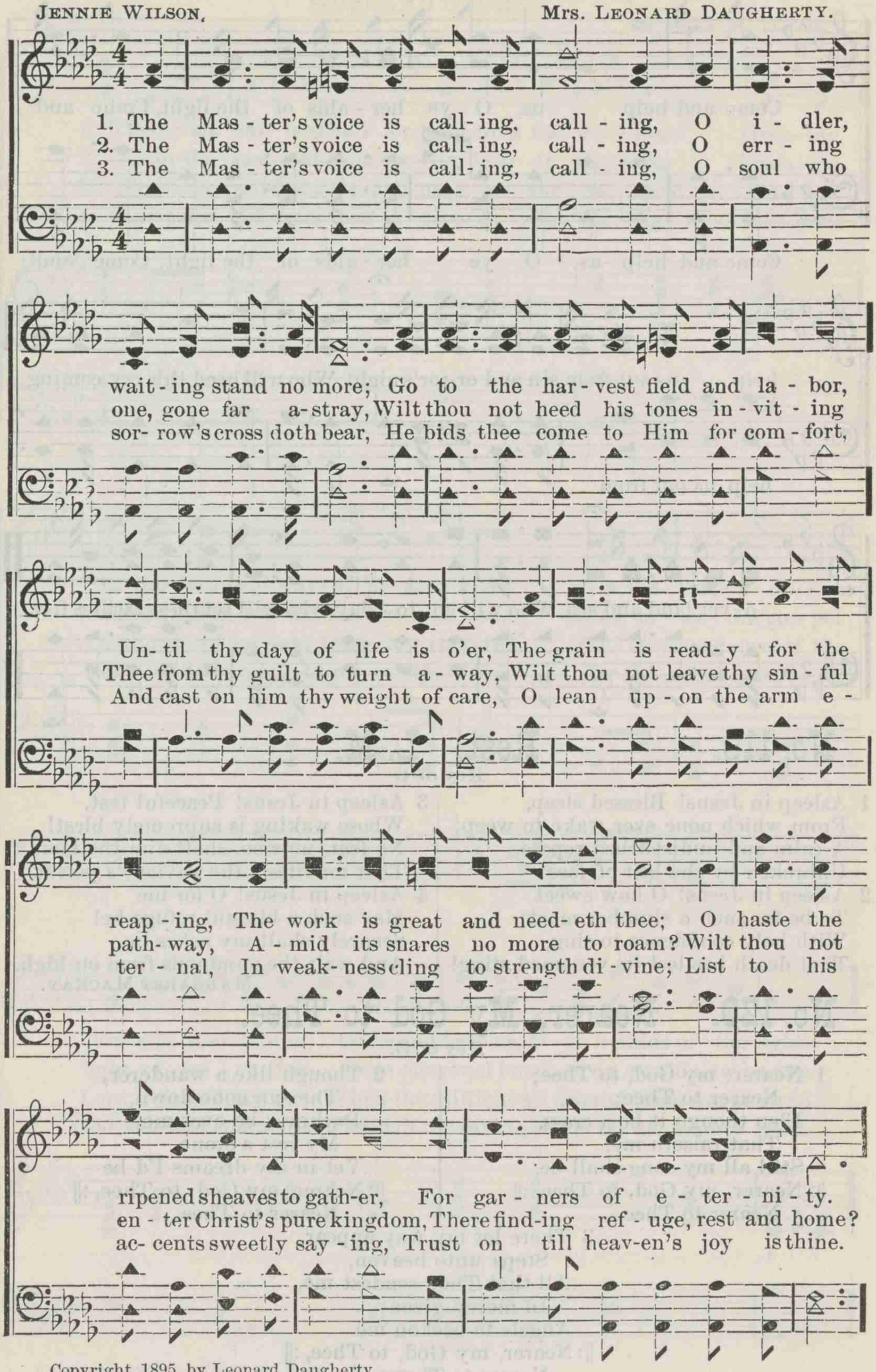
1 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a 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.

3 There let my 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.

# No. 121. The Master's Voice is Calling.

JENNIE WILSON. MRS. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.




Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

# The Master's Voice is Calling. Concluded.

**CHORUS.**

The Master's voice is calling, calling, O child of earth, where'er thou art;

He speaks to thee in lov-ing kindness, O - bey him with a willing heart.

## No. 122. Consolation. 10s & 11s.

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

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

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

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.
ten- der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.
come, ev - er knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re- move.

# No. 123. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip- ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
2. Dim - ly thro' gath- er - ing darkness I see Je - sus, my
3. Nar- row the wa- ters, and tran- quil the shore; There my be-

onward they glide; Still are their voic-es, as backward they stray,
Friend and my Guide; An- gels are watching and wait- ing for me,
lov- ed a - bide,— Christ and the an- gels and friends gone be- fore,

**REFRAIN.**

Call- ing me o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me, they are

call-ing to me, Loved ones are call- ing me o - ver the tide, They are

call- ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Calling me o - ver the tide.

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

# No. 124. Beyond.

W. H. GARDNER. J. D. PATTON.

**Soprano and Tenor Duet.**

1. There is a world where sorrow never comes, Where weeping ne'er is heard,
2. There is a world where hearts can never break, Where bitterness ne'er comes,
3. There is a golden shore whereon some day Our shatter'd barks shall land,
4. The way is rough, life's hill is hard to climb, But, dear ones, list to me!

And O, I long to hast - en there Like some home fly - ing bird.
And O, there in that realm of light, Are our de - part - ed ones.
And dear ones then will meet us there, And clasp us by the hand.
There's peace and rest for you be-yond, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

**CHORUS.**

Be - yond the shadows and the dark- ness, There is a home of light,

And, O, my wea-ry heart is long - ing To hast - en there to night.

Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

# No. 125. Turn, Turn to Him.

Arr. by H. A. L. HENRY A. LEWIS. By per.

1. As pant - ing in the sul - try beam,
2. But ris - ing griefs dis-tress my soul,
3. For I have walked the hap - py round,

The hart de - sires the cool - ing stream,
And tears on tears suc-cess - ive roll;
Of Zi - on's bright and ho - ly ground,

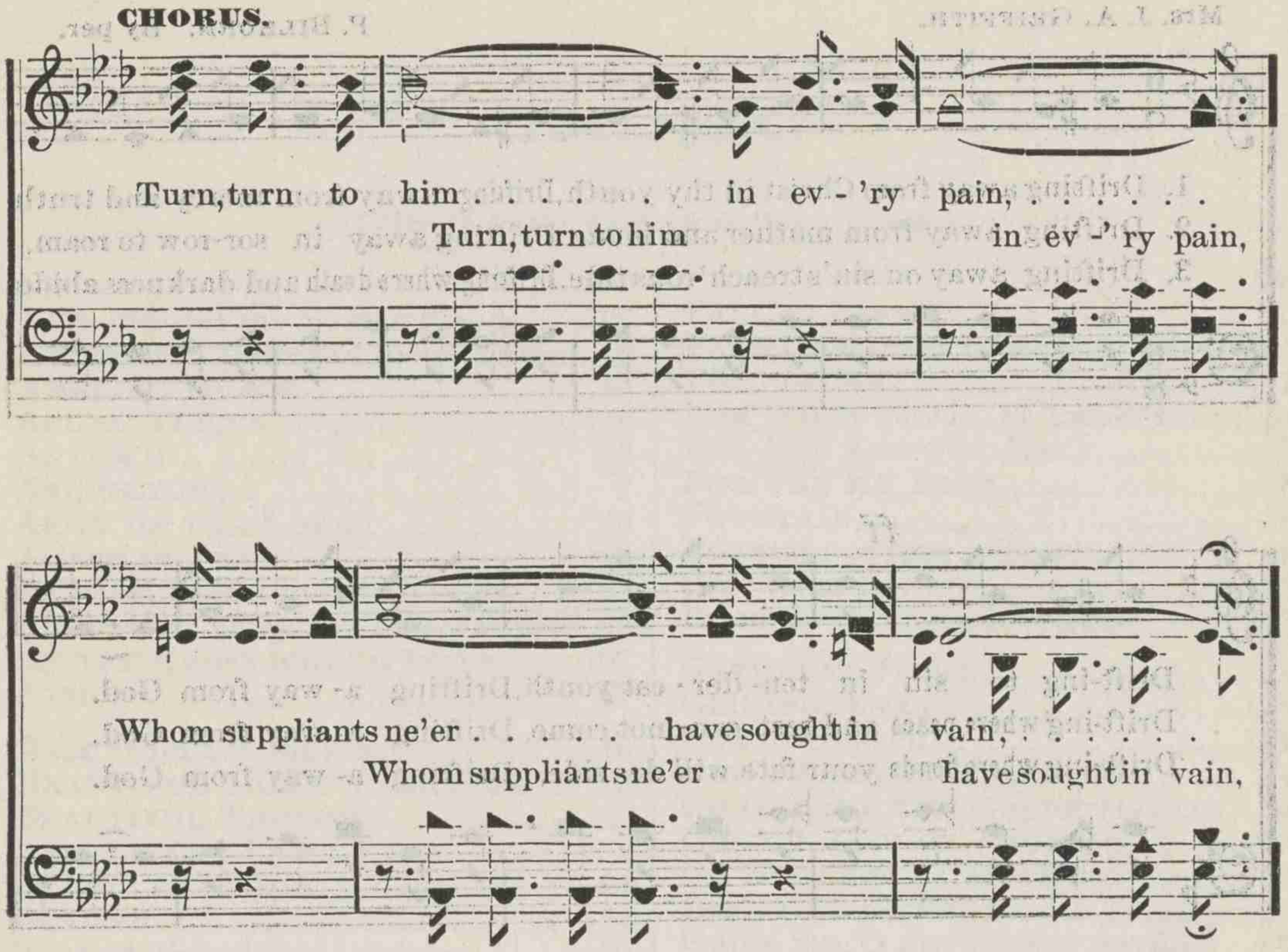
So to thine arms, dear Lord, I flee;
An e - vil voice is ev - er near;
And glad - ly swelled the cho - ral lays

So longs my soul, O God, for thee.
To chide my woe and mock my fear.
That hymned my great Re-deem-er's praise.

Copyright, 1892, by H. A. Lewis.

# Turn, Turn to Him. Concluded.

**CHORUS.**



# No. 126. Drifting Away From God.

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Drifting away from Christ in thy youth, Drifting away from mercy and truth,
2. Drifting away from mother and home. Drifting away in sor-row to roam,
3. Drifting away on sin's treach'rous tide. Drifting where death and darkness abide,

*ff*

Drift-ing to sin in ten- der - est youth, Drifting a- way from God.
Drift-ing where peace and rest can- not come, Drifting a- way from God.
Drift-ing where fiends your fate will de- ride, Drifting a- way from God.

**CHORUS.**

Broth- er, the Saviour has called you be - fore; See! you are near-ing e -

*f* *ff* **Rit.**

ter-ni-ty's shore! Soon you may perish, be lost ev - er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.

4 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
Drifting away where wild breakers roar,
Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
Far from the light of God.

5 Why will you drift on billows of shame,
Spurning His grace again and again?
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain,
Ever away from God.

Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

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# Christian Hymns

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(Separated from the
"Disciples of Christ.")

# CHRISTIAN HYMNS:

A COLLECTION

OF

## HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

## ALL OCCASIONS

OF

## CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP.

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EDITED BY

**E. G. SEWELL AND R. M. McINTOSH.**

ASSISTED BY

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.


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# PREFACE.

In preparing this volume for the use both of regular worshiping assemblies and of the Lord's day school, we have earnestly striven to accomplish three important ends; first to get up a selection of hymns, the sentiment of which should be in harmony with the Word of God; and in the second place, such as should make song service instructive and edifying to all engaging therein; and thirdly, such a selection for the use of the Lord's day school as shall impart life and animation to the young, and at the same time to impress their young and tender hearts with the goodness and mercy of God and of Christ, and with the importance of an early surrender of the heart and life to the Lord. We appreciate the truth that if people would "sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also," the songs they sing must in a good degree reflect the teaching of the Lord's word, so that they may not at any time sing sentiments that are not in agreement with revealed truth. We know moreover that deep and lasting impressions are made upon the young by the sentiment of the songs they sing; hence eternity alone can develop the extent of the good that may be done by the use of such hymns as shall impress Scripture sentiments. We have tried to include in the collection the best of the old standard hymns, giving such number and variety as will satisfy the lovers of the songs of by-gone days, and the choicest and best of the new, enough we trust to satisfy those who love the more recent style of sacred song. Song service will never cease to be impressive and instructive; not even when we sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb in the eternal home of the blest. We leave it with those who shall use this book to determine to what extent we have succeeded in our undertaking; humbly trusting that many hearts may be benefitted, elevated, purified and made glad thereby, and that sadness and gloom may be taken from many a sad and care-worn soul, and that in all the purposes for which it is intended, the blessings of the heavenly Father may rest upon it.

PUBLISHERS.
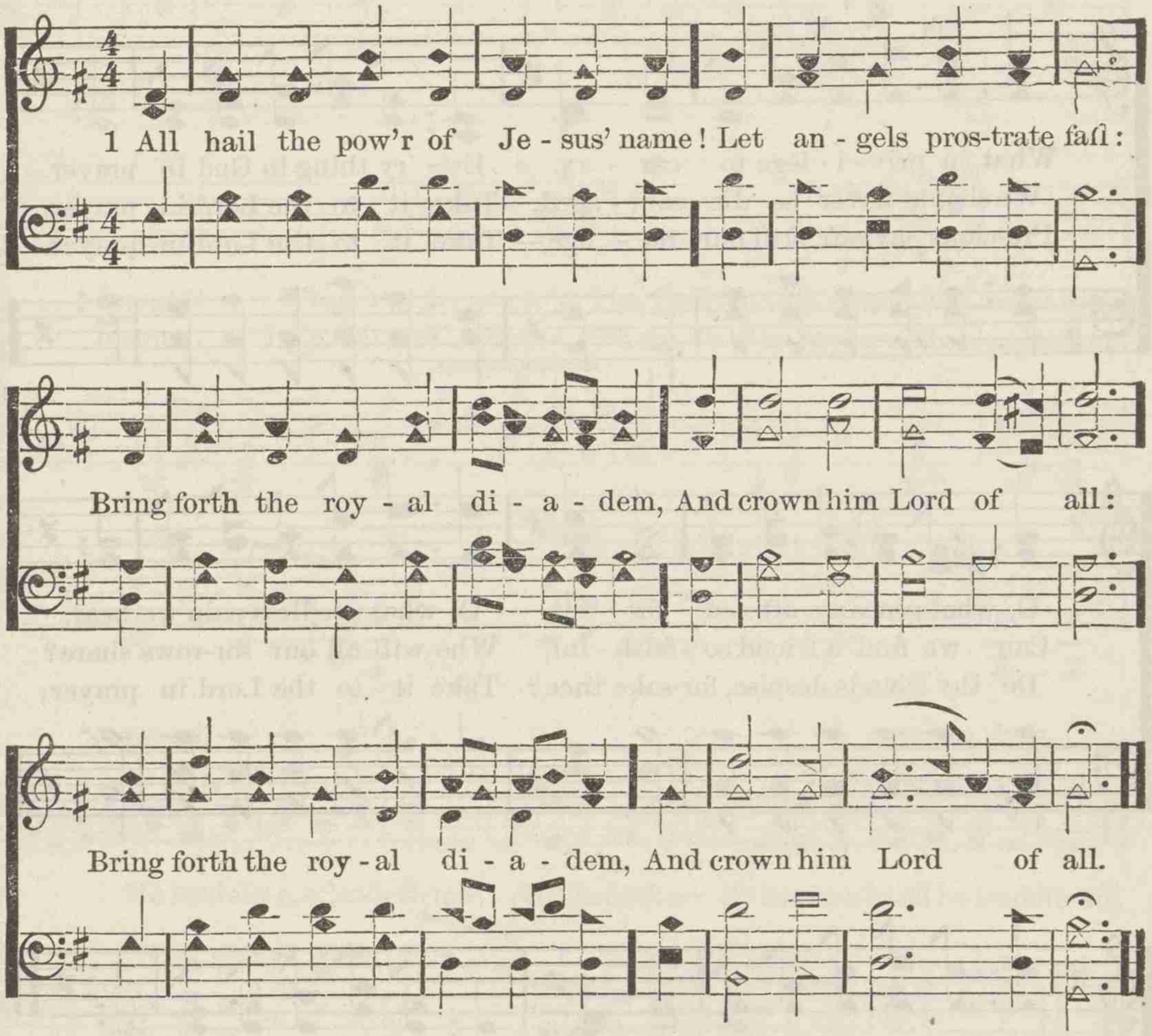
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# CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

## FIRST PART.

### No. 1. CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.




2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
‖: Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖
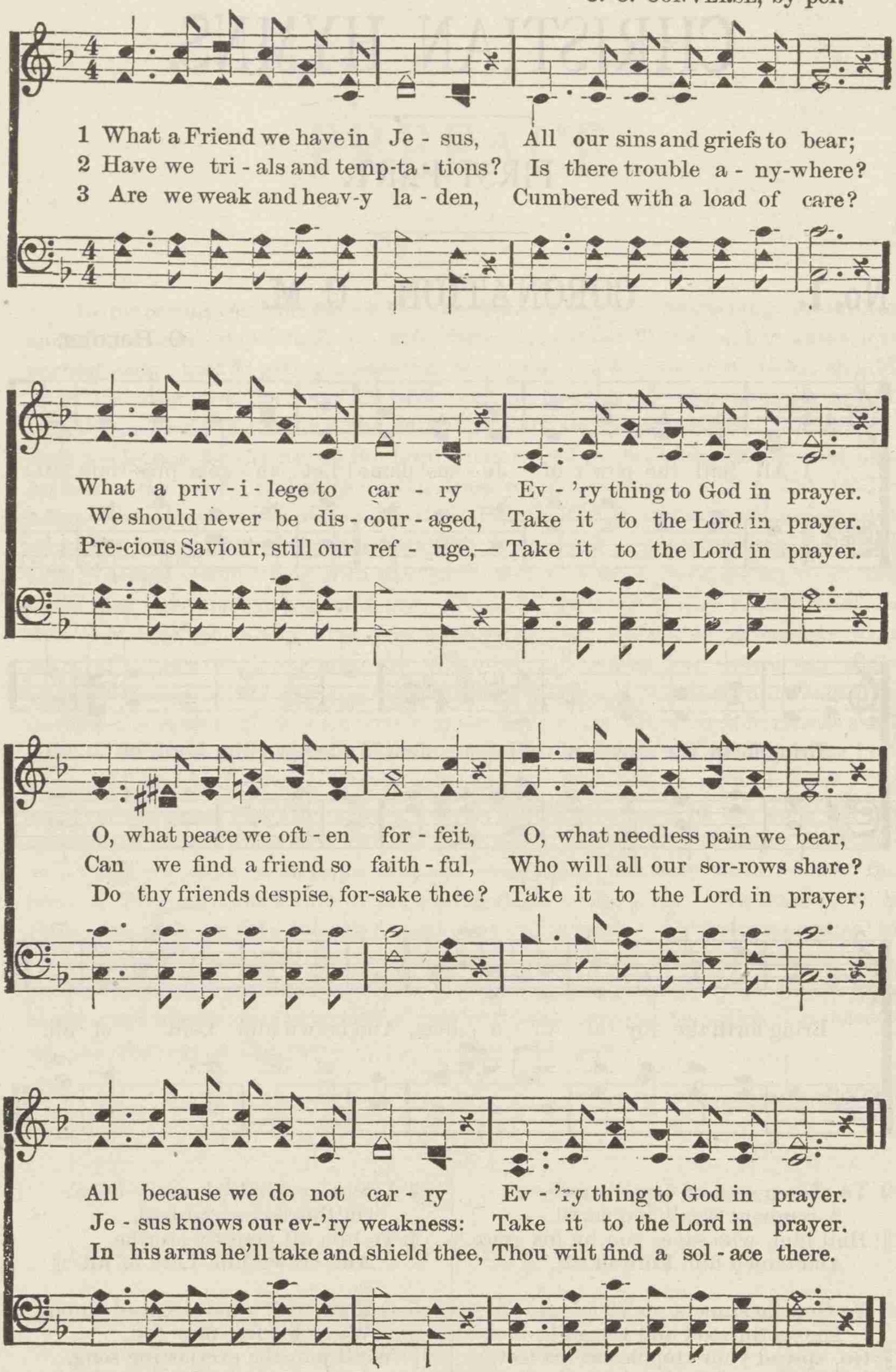
3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
‖: Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

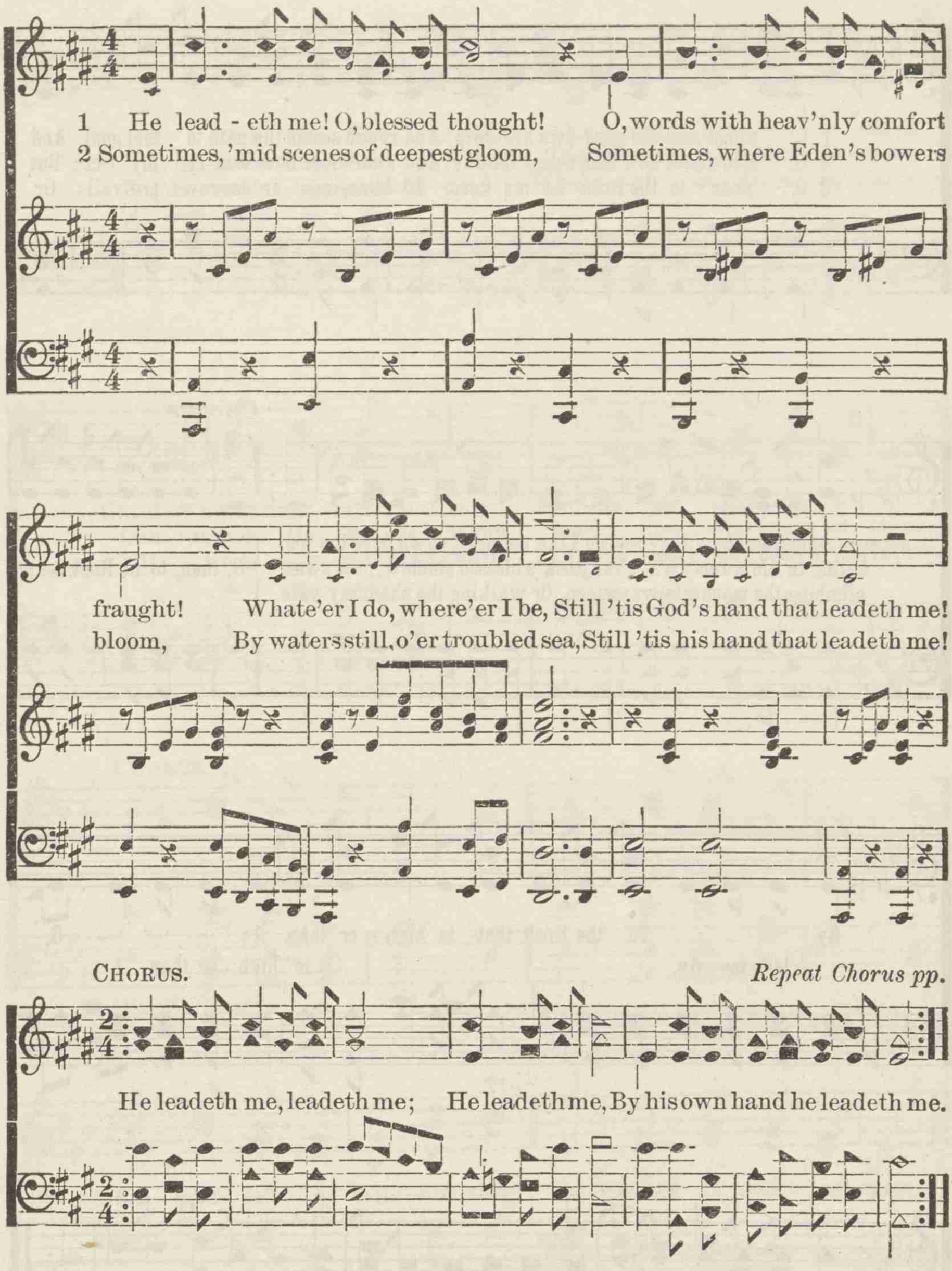
# No. 2. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

Anon. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



# No. 3. HE LEADETH ME.

Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.




3

Lord, I would place my hand in thine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!

By per. R. M. McIntosh

# No. 4. The Rock that is Higher than I.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per

1 O, sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And
2 O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet; But
3 O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail; Or

CHORUS.

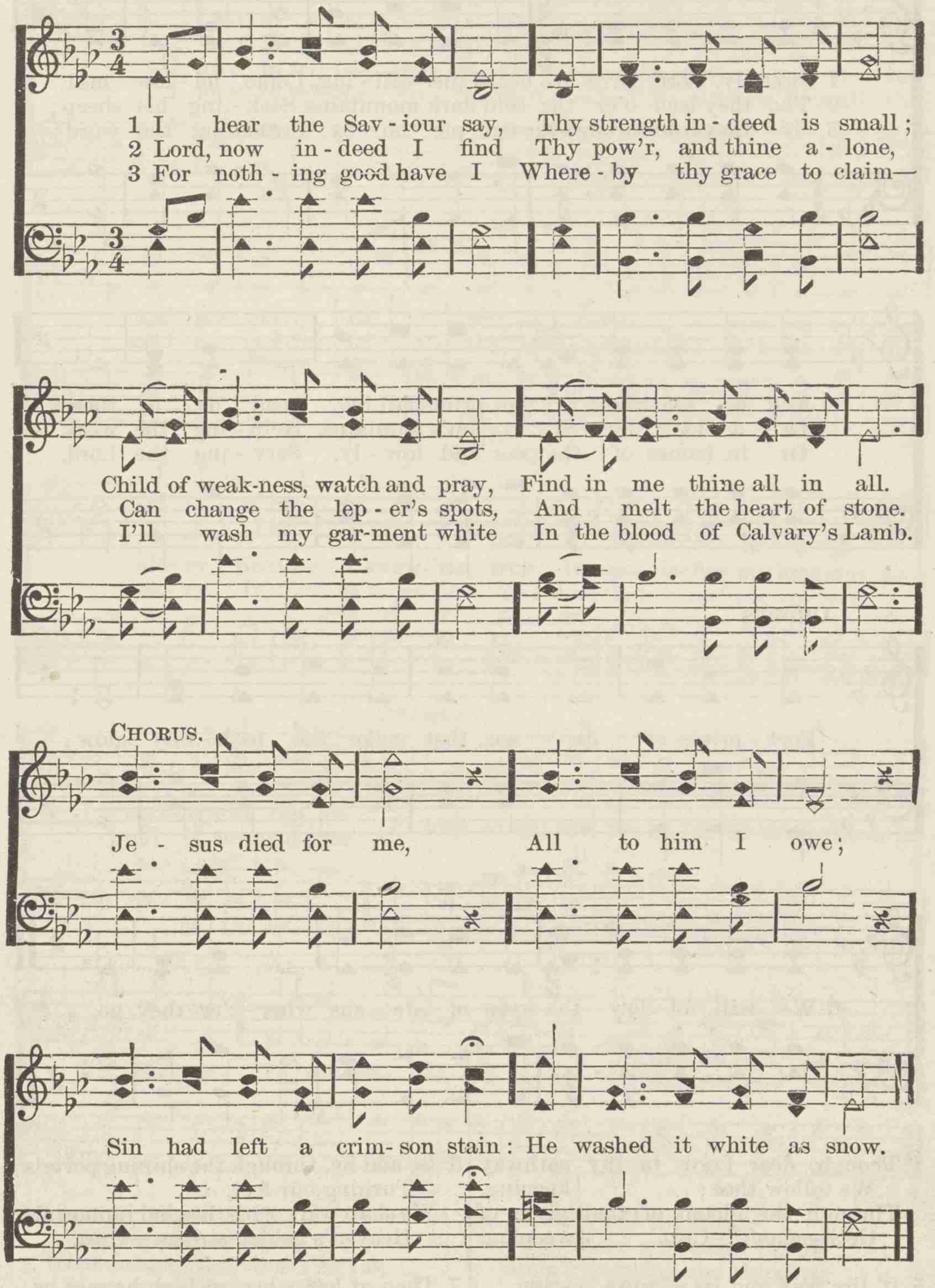
sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.
} O, then, to the Rock let me

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

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

# No. 5. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

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

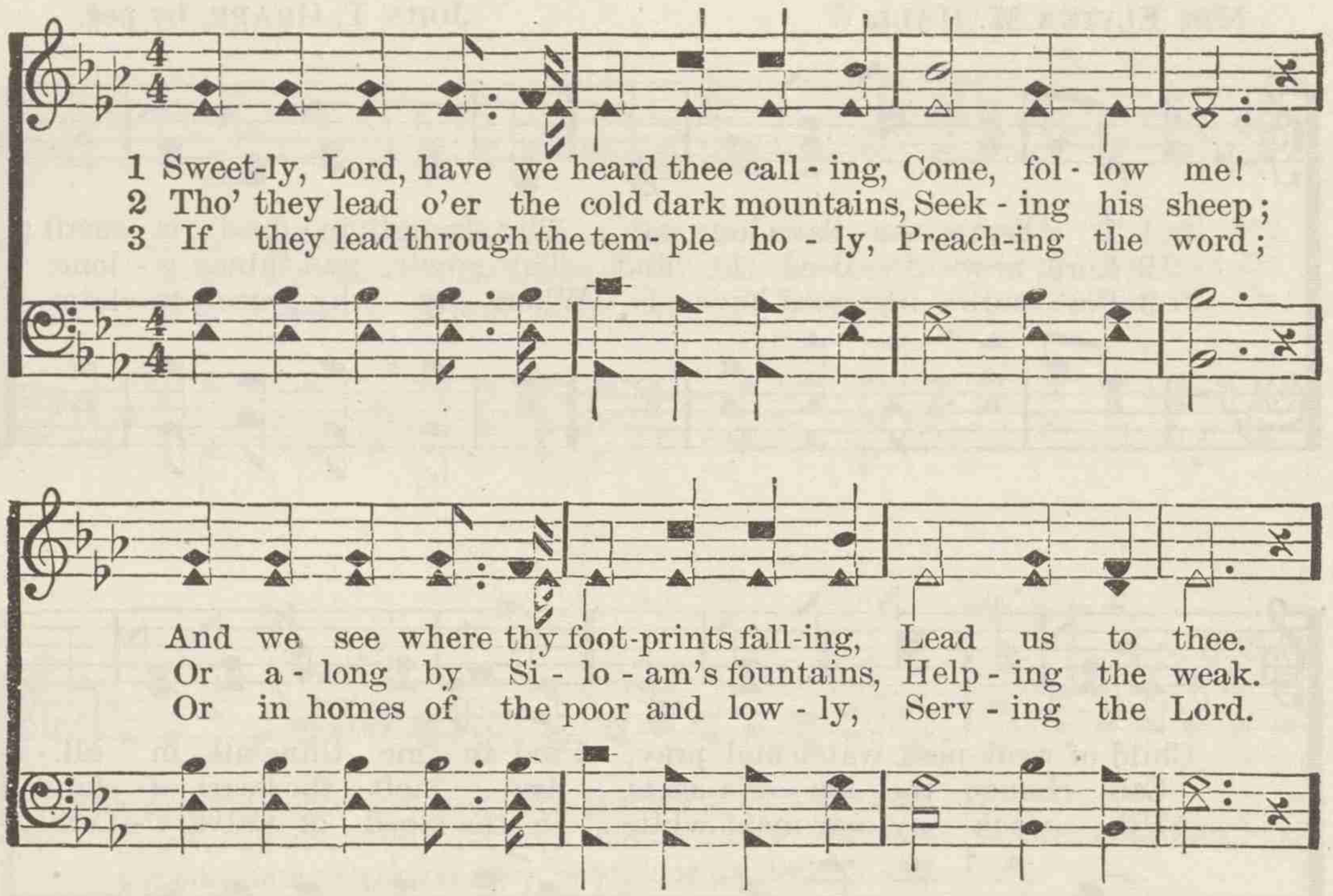



4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus died for me"
Shall rend the vaulted skies,—CHO.

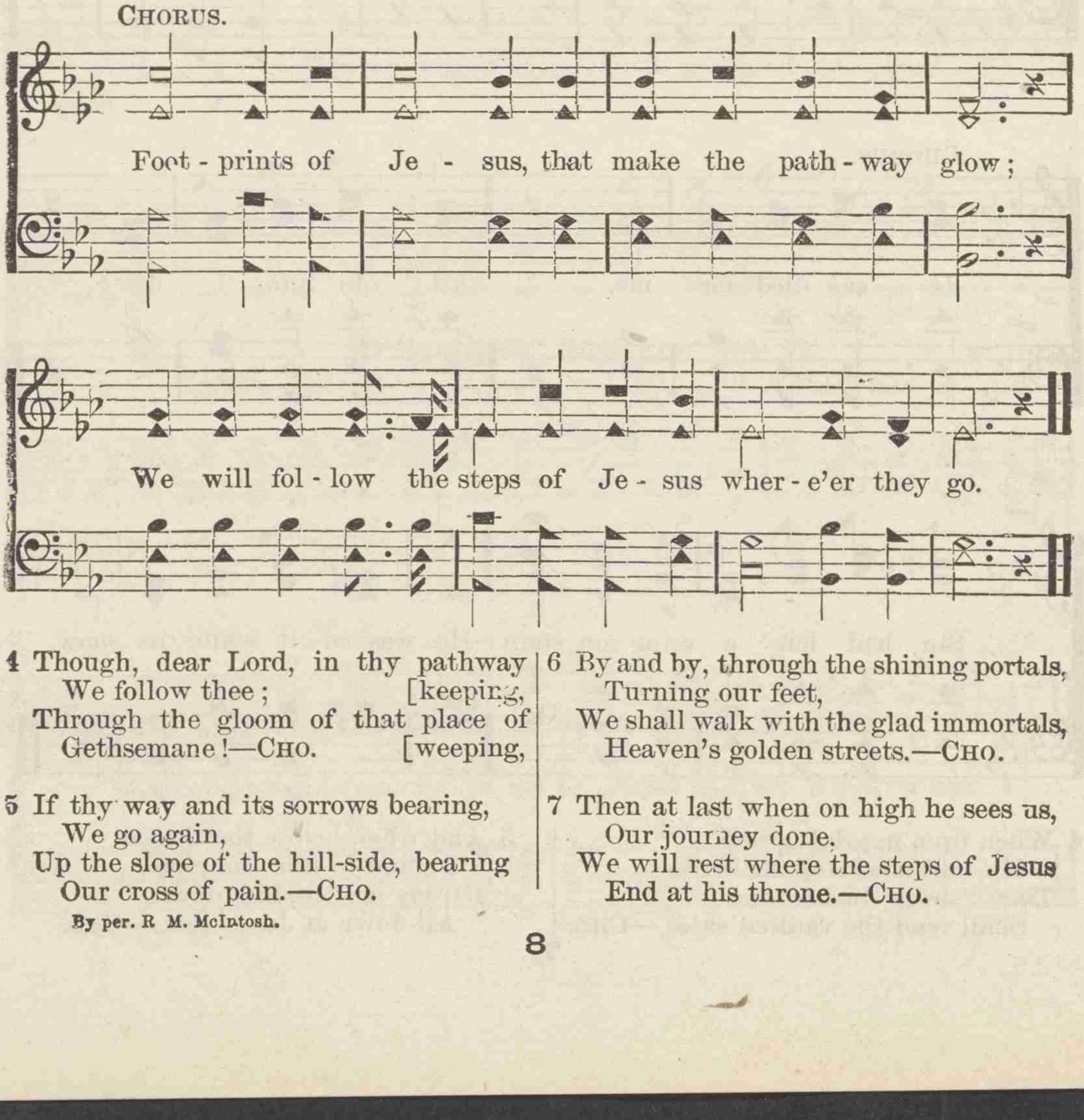
5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

# No. 6. FOOT STEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.




Chorus.




4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway
We follow thee; [keeping,
Through the gloom of that place of
Gethsemane!—Cho. [weeping,

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—Cho.
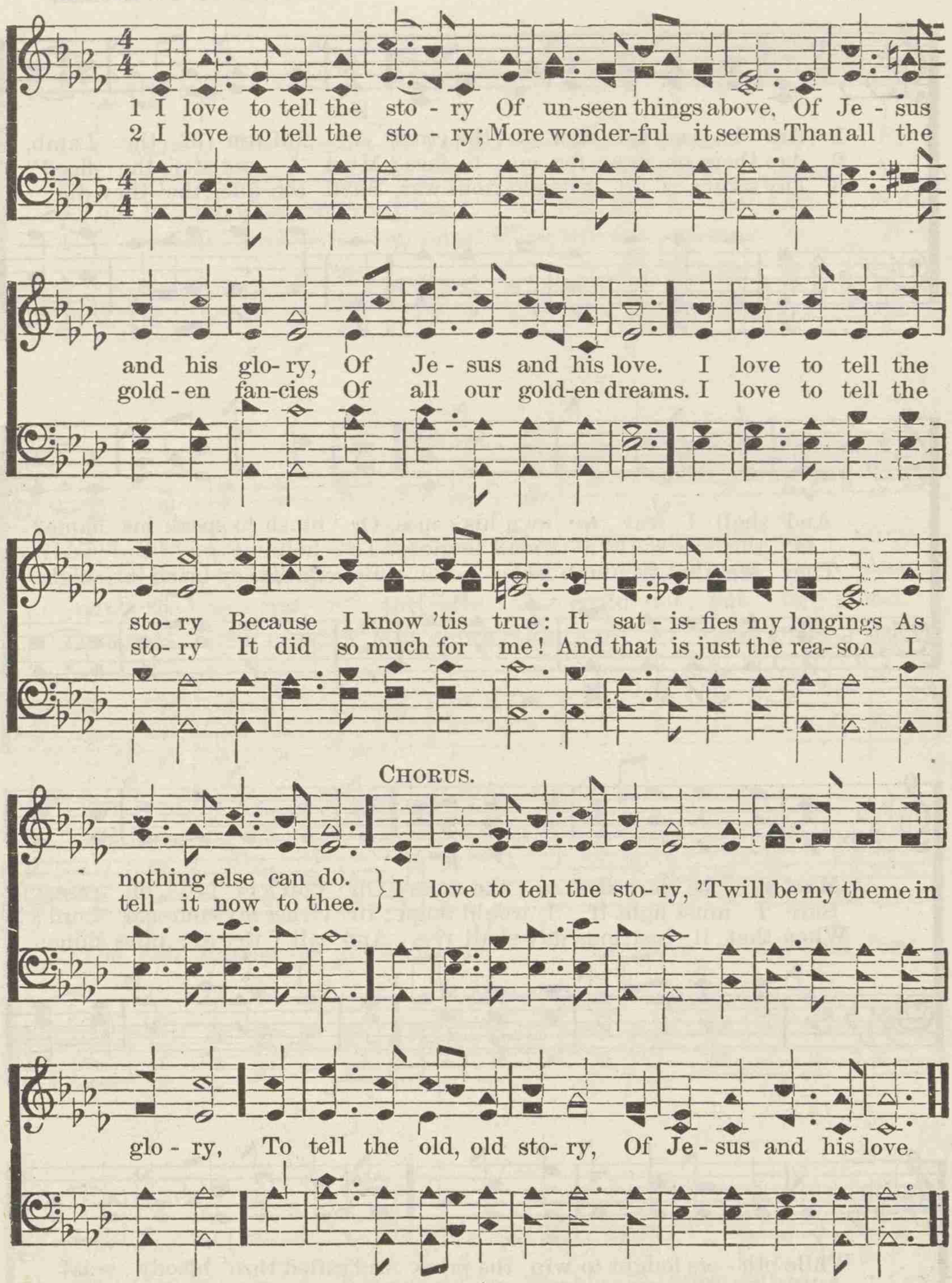
6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—Cho.

7 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.—Cho.

By per. R M. McIntosh.

# No. 7. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

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




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

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

# No. 8. McANALLY. C. M. Double.

Arr. R. M. McIntosh.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
2 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3 Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall con-quer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.

Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'- ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord;
When that il - lustrious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine,

While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.
In robes of vict' - ry, thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 9. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per

1 I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy, For
2 I know that thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth-ly throng, And
3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad With-
4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will thy pres-ence be If

thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
sweet - er is the thought of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?
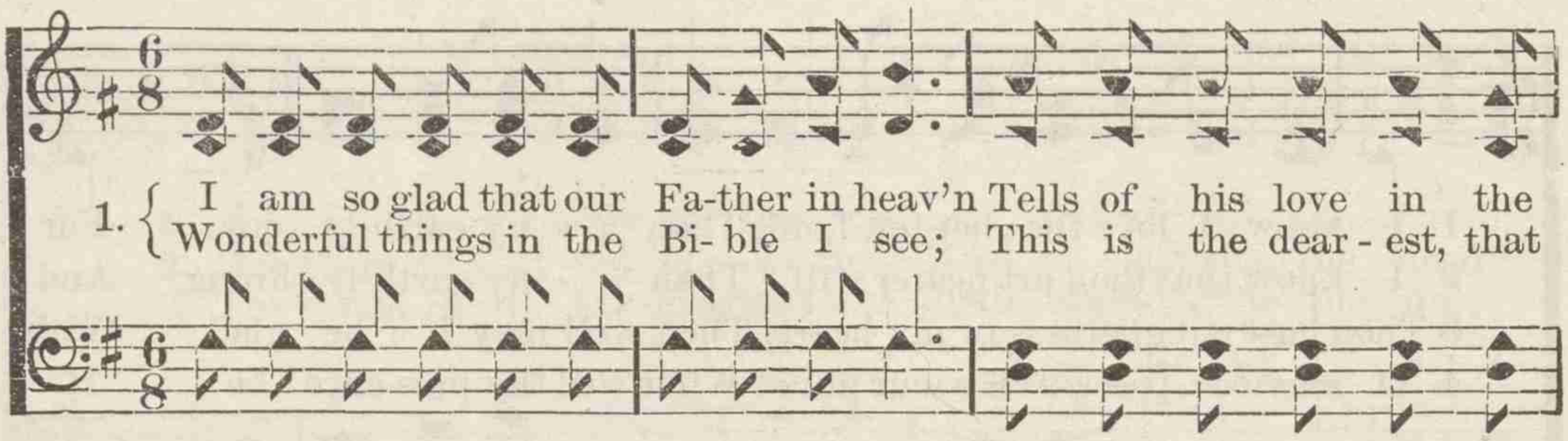
CHORUS.
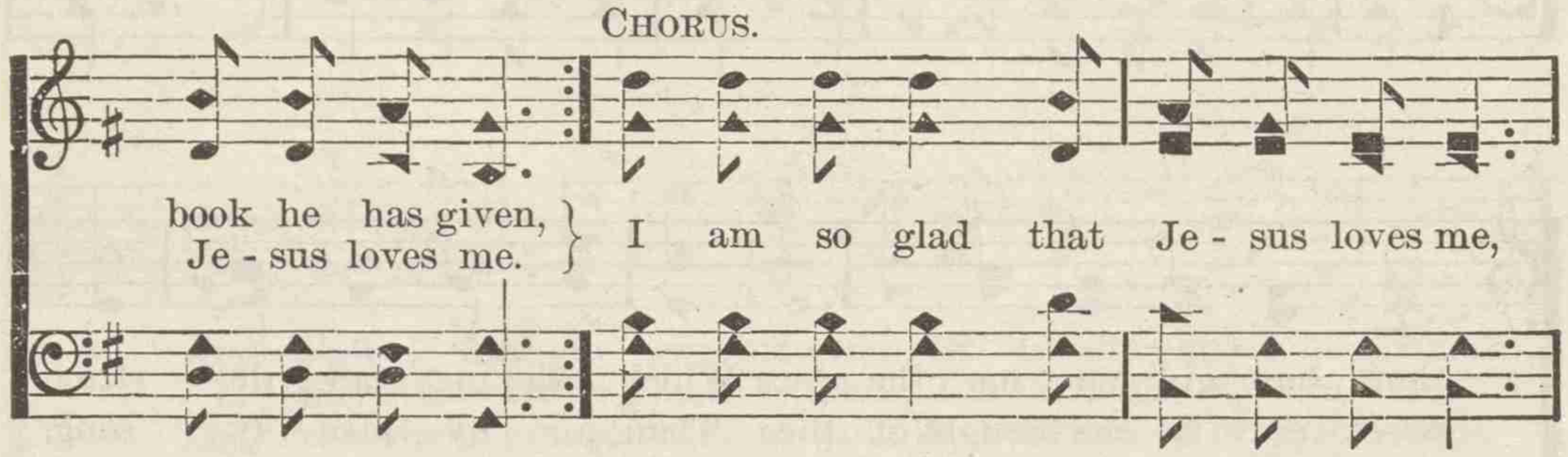
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
been told,
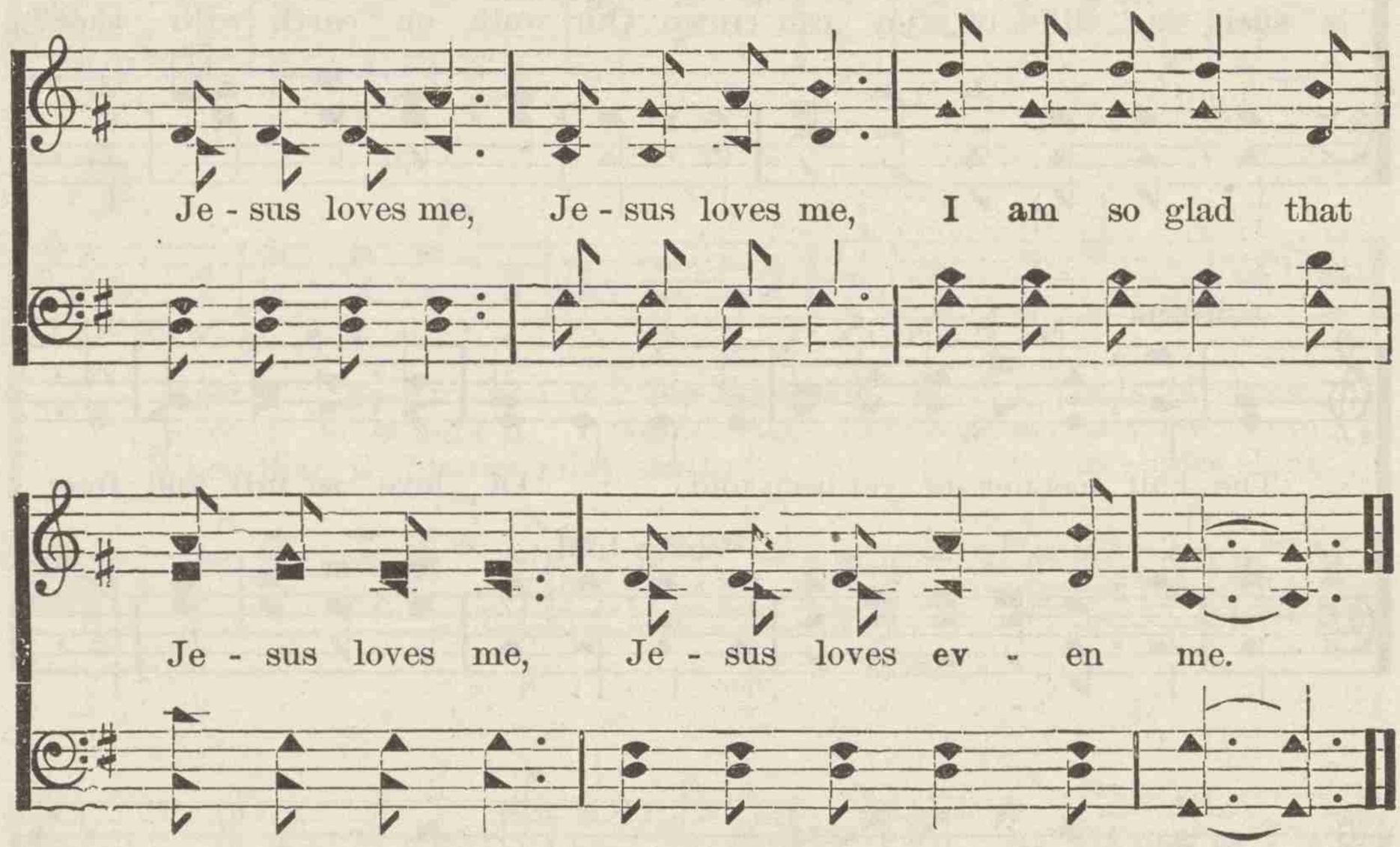
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
been told, cleanseth me.

# No. 10. JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.










2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.—CHO.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."—CHO.

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# No. 11. THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET.

1 Do not faint when trib- u - la - tion Darkens, like a cloud, thy sky,— When the storms of des - o - la - tion On thee
2 Should thy way be rough and drear-y With a gloom - y shade o'er- cast, Should thy feet be sore and wea - ry, Thou shalt
3 On-ward press, a - mid thy sad- ness, Till thy toils and cares are o'er: All thy grief shall turn to glad - ness, On the

CHORUS.

beat and o'er thee fly.
reach thy home at last.
fair ce - les - tial shore.

Though in dark - ness, God will nev - er Cease to love, or thee for - sake: In thy sor - row he will ev - er Be thy Stay for Je - sus' sake.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 12. BEULAH LAND.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1 I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2 My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we,
3 A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4 The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.
As an - gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demption song.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev-er-more!

# No. 13. Are you Washed in the Blood?

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

1 Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2 Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
3 When the Bride-groom com - eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4 Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un - clean, O be

CHORUS.

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
in the blood, of the Lamb?

spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

# No. 14. HOW ARE YOU LIVING?

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 How, oh, how are you liv - ing, my broth-er? Are you go - ing the pil-
2 Earth will of-fer you pleasures, my brother, Have you turn'd from these pleas-
3 Sin will sure- ly en- tice you, my broth-er, Quickly turn from tempta-
4 You may grow cold and careless, my broth-er, And from Christ and his fol-

- grim-age way? Are you do - ing the will of your Mas - ter? Are you
- ures a - way? Are you striv-ing to work for the Mas - ter? Are you
- tion a - way; O then give all your life to the Mas - ter, And be
- low - ing stray; Are you watching and pray-ing and trust-ing? Are you

REFRAIN.

liv - ing for Je - sus to - day? Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to-

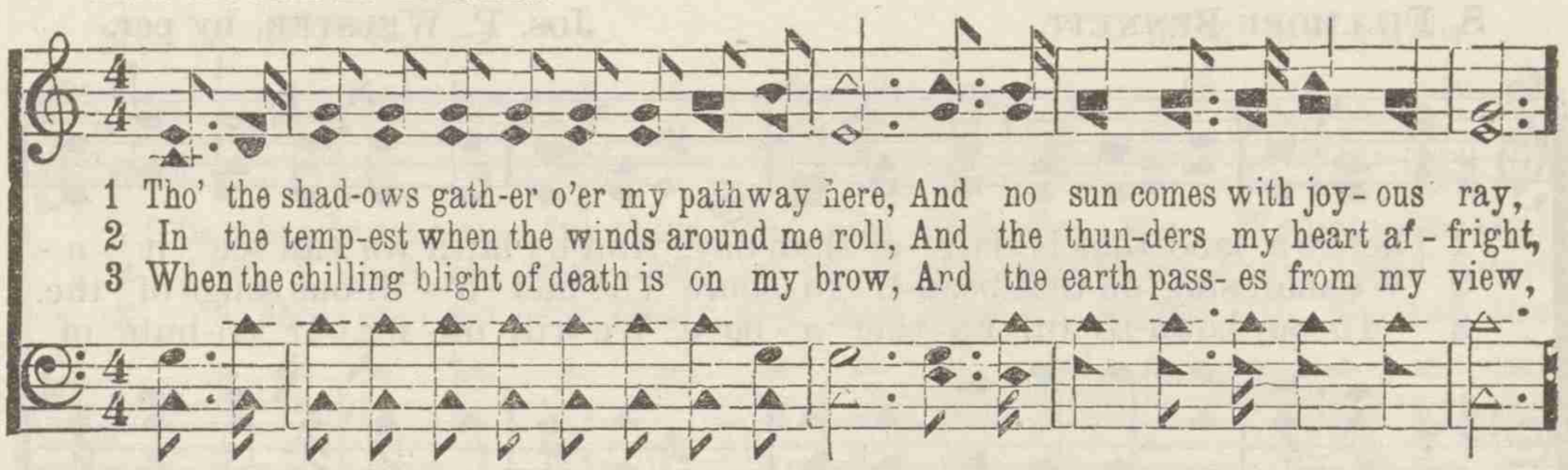
- day, to- day? Are you liv-ing for Je- sus to - day? O tell me, my friend
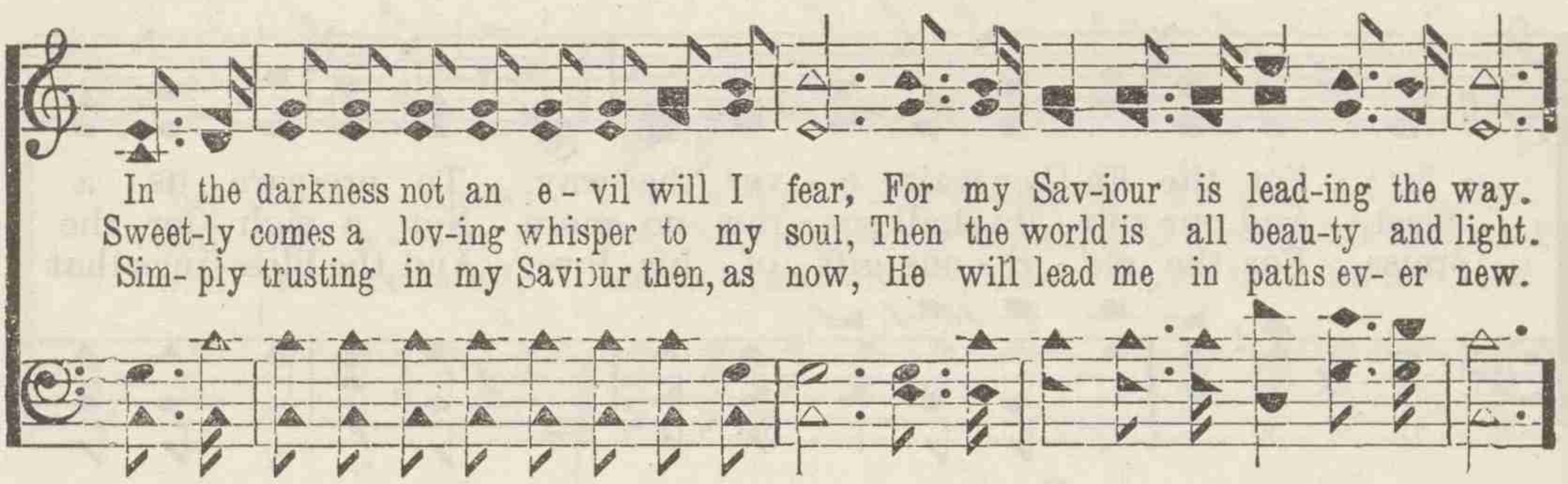
and my broth - er, Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to - day?

By per. R. M. McIntosh.
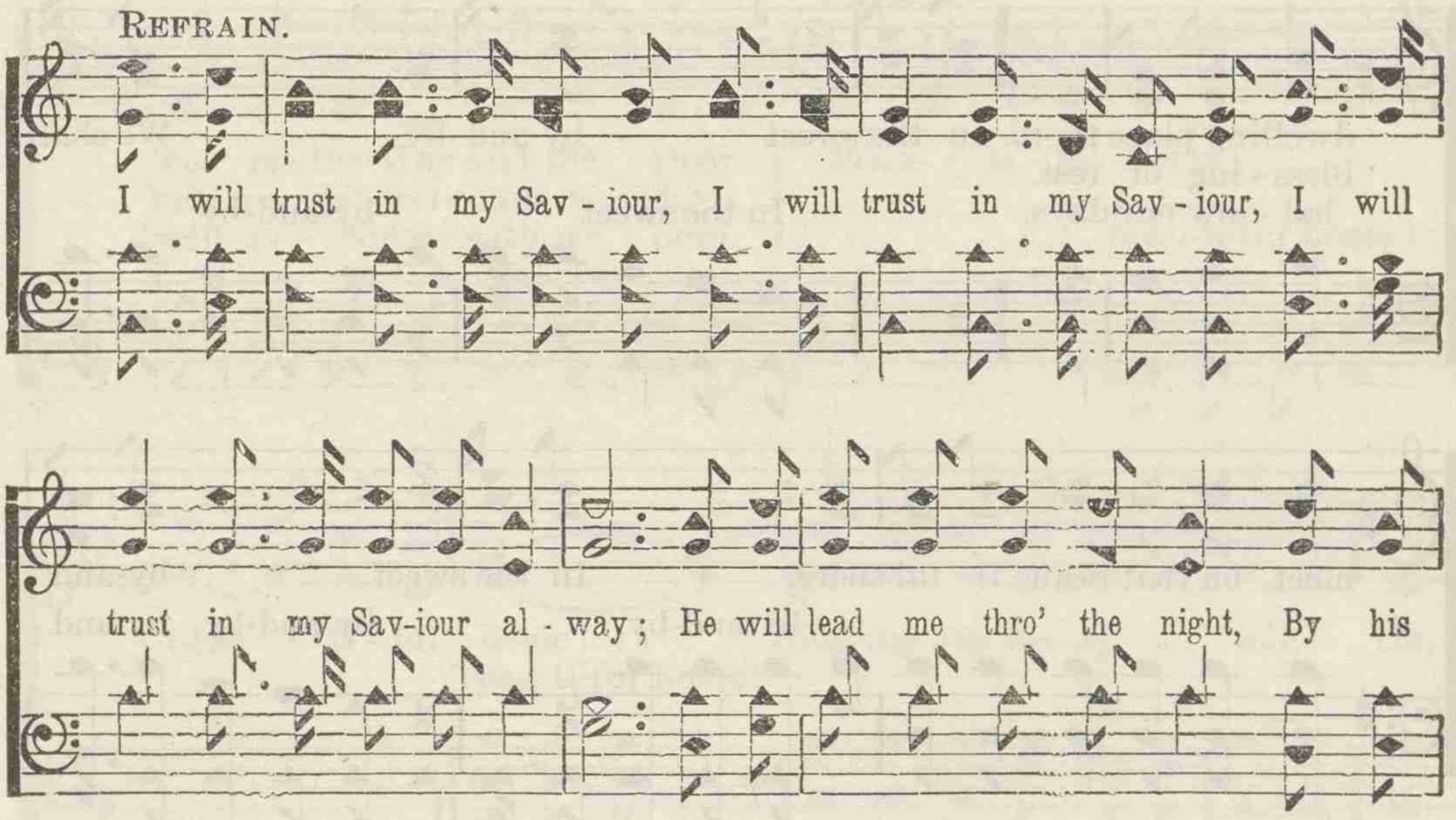
# No. 15. I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOUR.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.
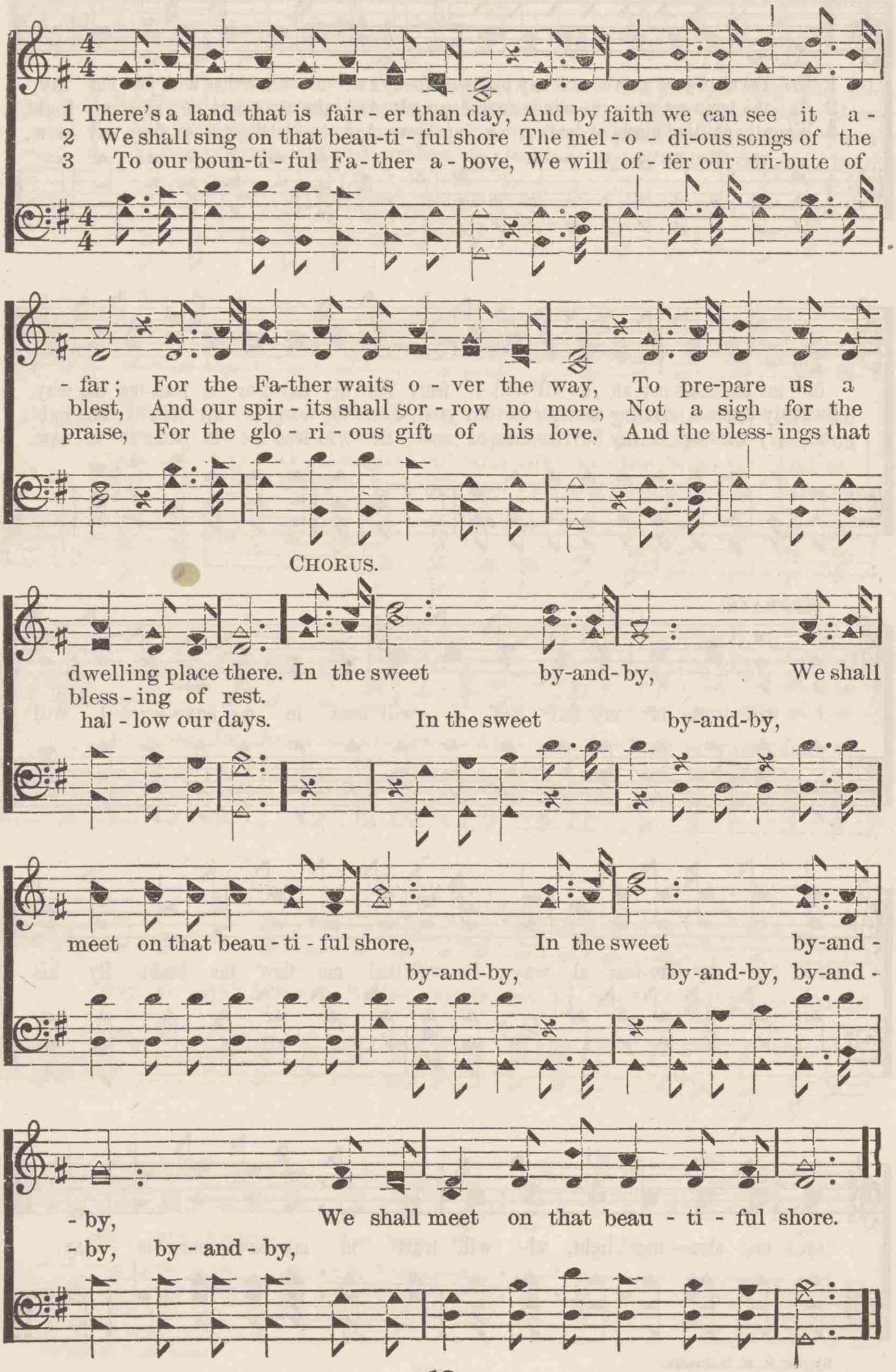






REFRAIN.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

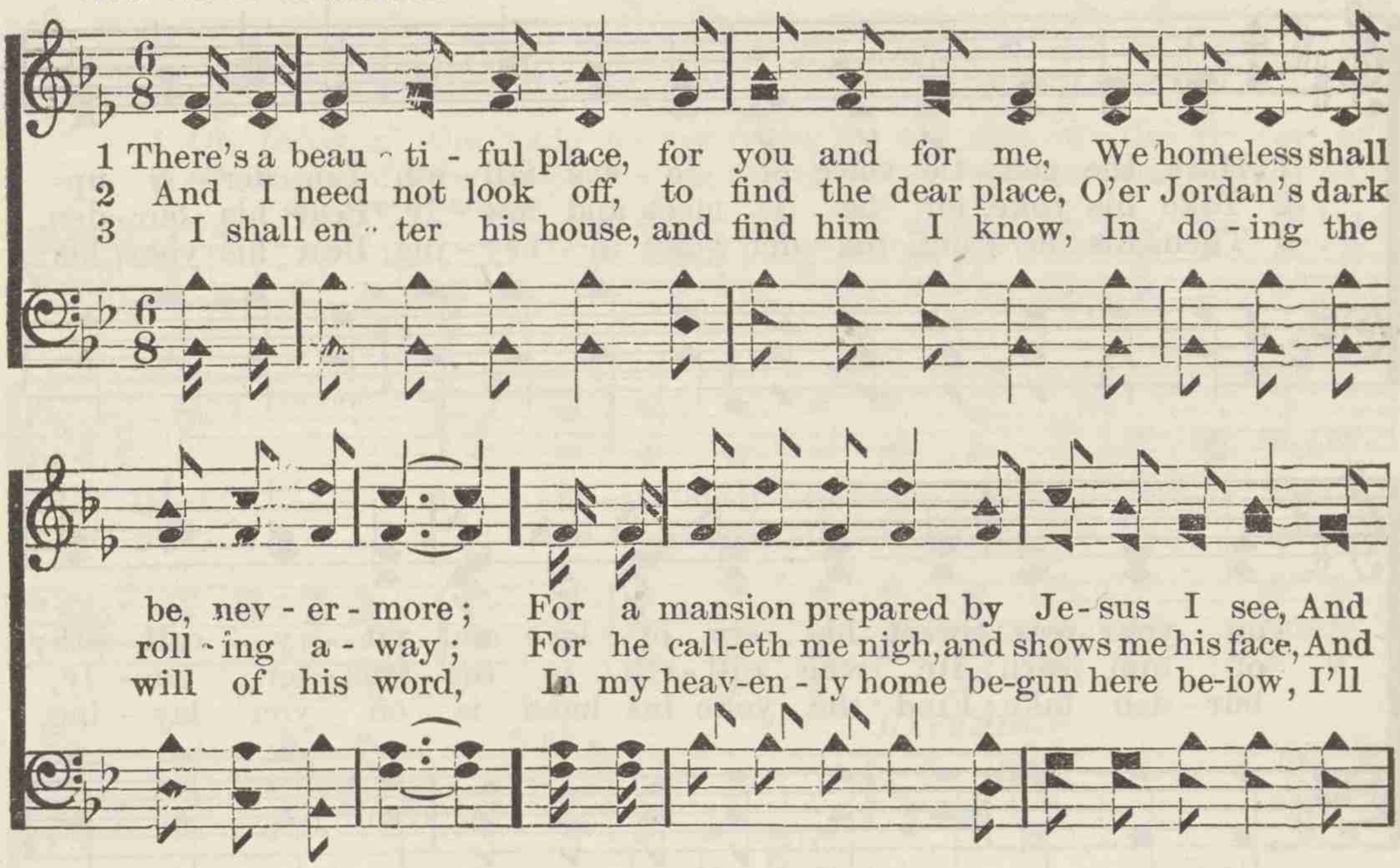
# No. 16. SWEET BY-AND-BY.
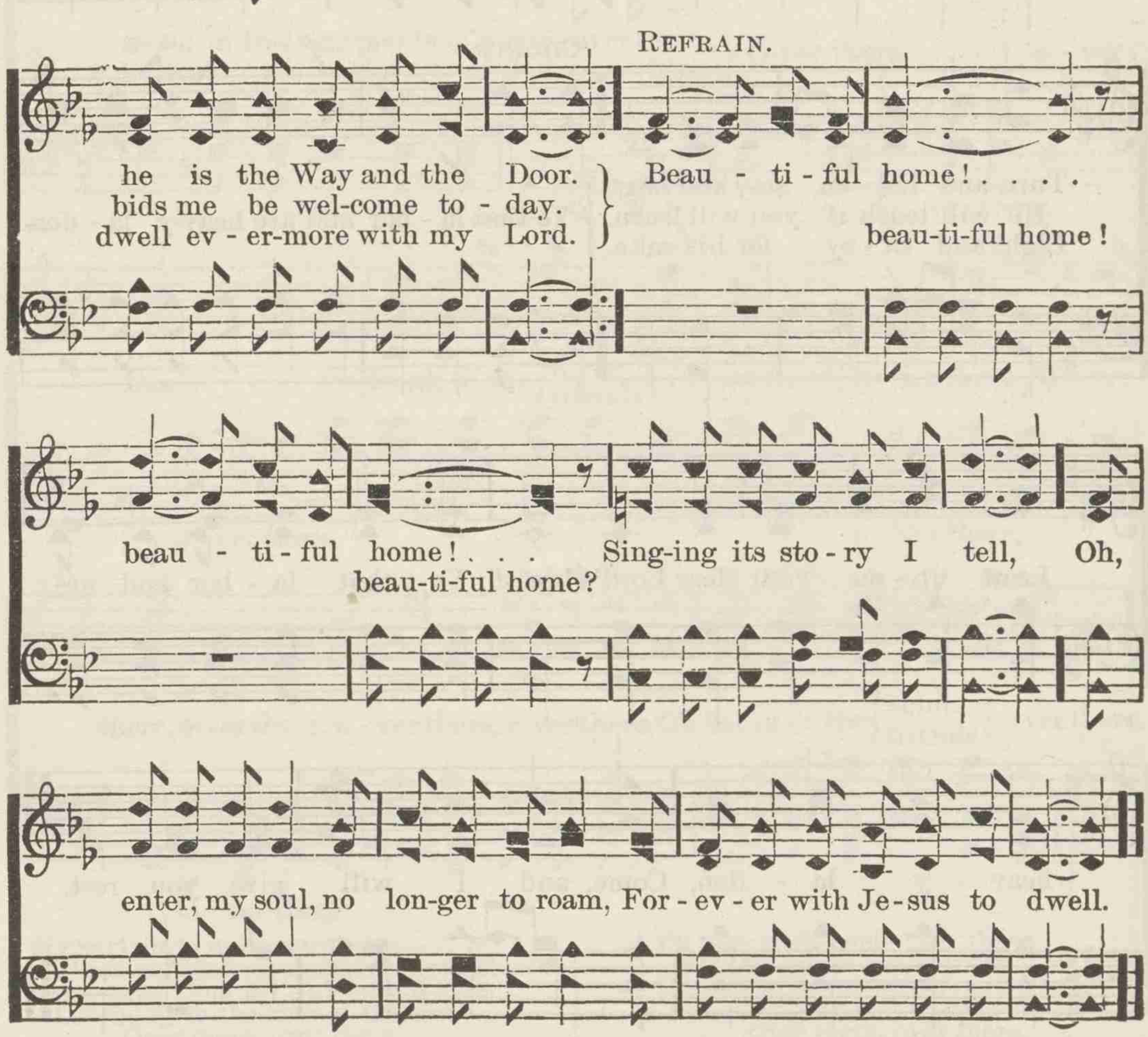
S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.



# No. 17. THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



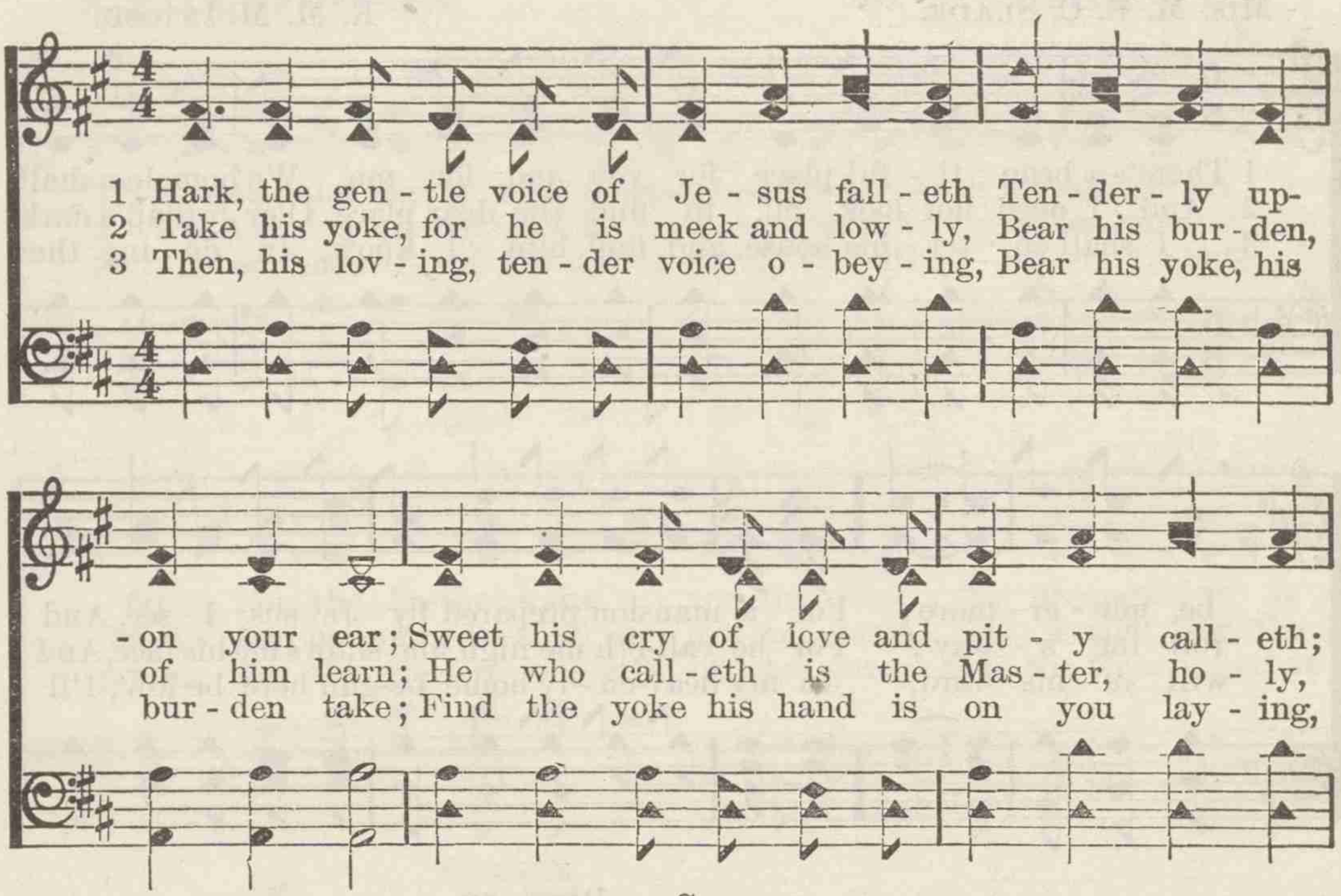




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 18. COME UNTO ME.
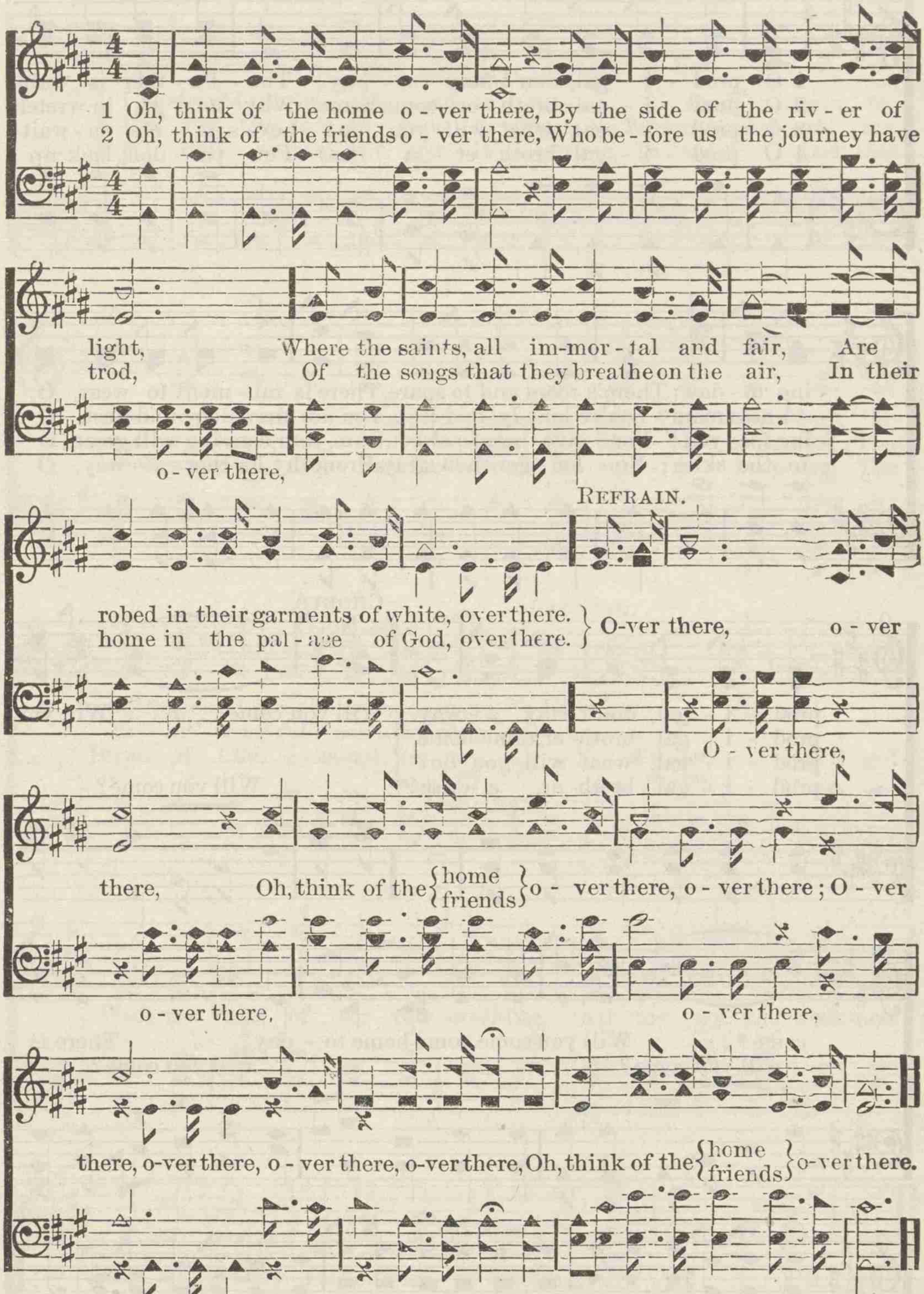
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 19. OVER THERE.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.




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

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

# No. 20. O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

1 O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way! The Fa - ther is wait-
2 O prod - i - gal broth - er, come home! Why lon - ger in wretch-
3 O prod - i - gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is wait-
4 O prod - i - gal broth - er a - rise! For par - don, look up

- ing to - day; There's room and to spare, There is rai - ment to wear, O
- ed-ness roam? You're lone-ly and lost, You are driv - en and tost, O
- ing for you; For - give- ness so sweet, Sure, your com-ing will greet, O
to the skies; No lon - ger then stray From thy Fa-ther a - way, O

CHORUS.

prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way. Will you come? . . . . Will you
prod - i - gal broth- er, come home.
prod - i - gal, what will you do?
prod - i - gal broth- er, a - rise!
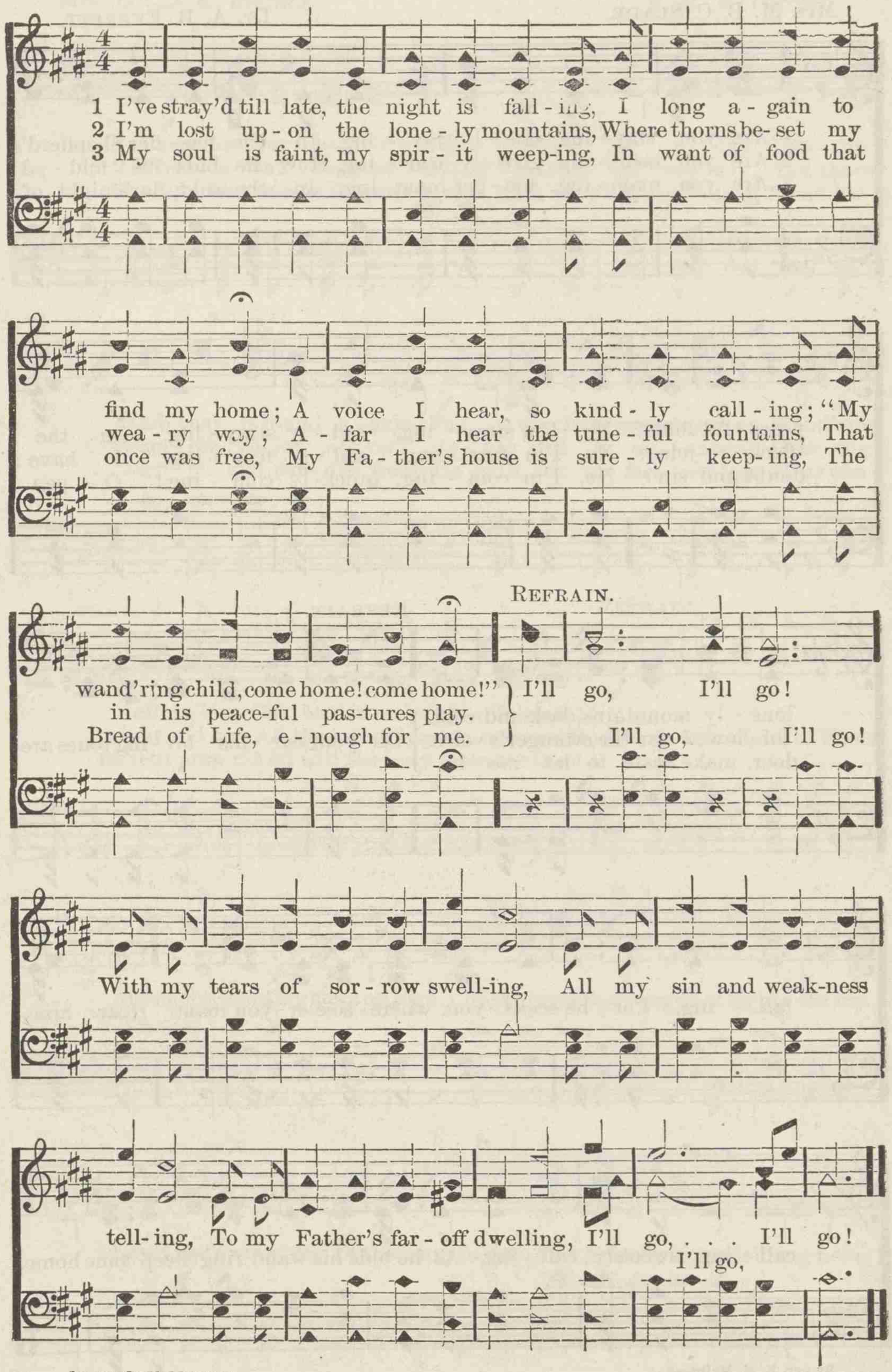
Will you come?

come? . . . . Will you come, come home to - day? There is welcome for you, From the Father so true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.

will you come? will you come?

# No. 21. I'LL GO.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 22. HEAR HIM CALLING.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
2 Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed
3 Are you roam - ing, lon - ger roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

peace - ful folds? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
flock re-joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick-ly com - ing! O - pen

REFRAIN.

lone - ly mountains, dark and cold.
fol - lowed far the stranger's voice.
door, make haste to let me in.

} On your ear his lov - ing tones are

fall - ing, For he seeks you, where - so-e'er you roam. Hear him

call - ing, sweet-ly call - ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 23. JOY IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

1 There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day O'er the
2 When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar-row way, And there
3 Sin-ner, bow with grat-i-tude, And, with heart subdued, Plead his

lamb that is found a-gain, Far a-way from pastures green, Wand'ring
seem-eth no joy nor rest, Je-sus still is ev-er near, Hear-ing
mer-cy and par-don free! He will see the fall-ing tear, Hear the

Refrain.

all a-lone On the des-o-late barren plain!
night and day All the cries of the sin-oppress'd!
fervent pray'r, And will tenderly welcome thee!
} Glo-ry to the Lord of Hosts,

Shout the morning stars on high, Praise him ever, ye angels of light! He has

heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And he bears it re-joic-ing home!

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 24. TIDINGS OF JOY.

E. T. B. E. T. BOWERS, by per.

1 Tidings of joy, oh, wonderful sto - ry! Voic-es ce - les - tial sing o'er the plain, Je - sus the Lord de - scend-ed from glo - ry, Voic - es on
2 Tell it abroad o'er valley and mountain, Je - sus in - vites the wan-der - er home; Free - ly for all he o - pened a fount-ain, Tid - ings of
3 Tell it with joy, there're mansions in heaven, Home of the ransomed, ho-ly and blest, Crowns of re - joic - ing there shall be giv - en, Prais- es to

CHORUS.

earth re - ech - o the strain.
joy, the sin-ner may come.
him who giv-eth us rest.

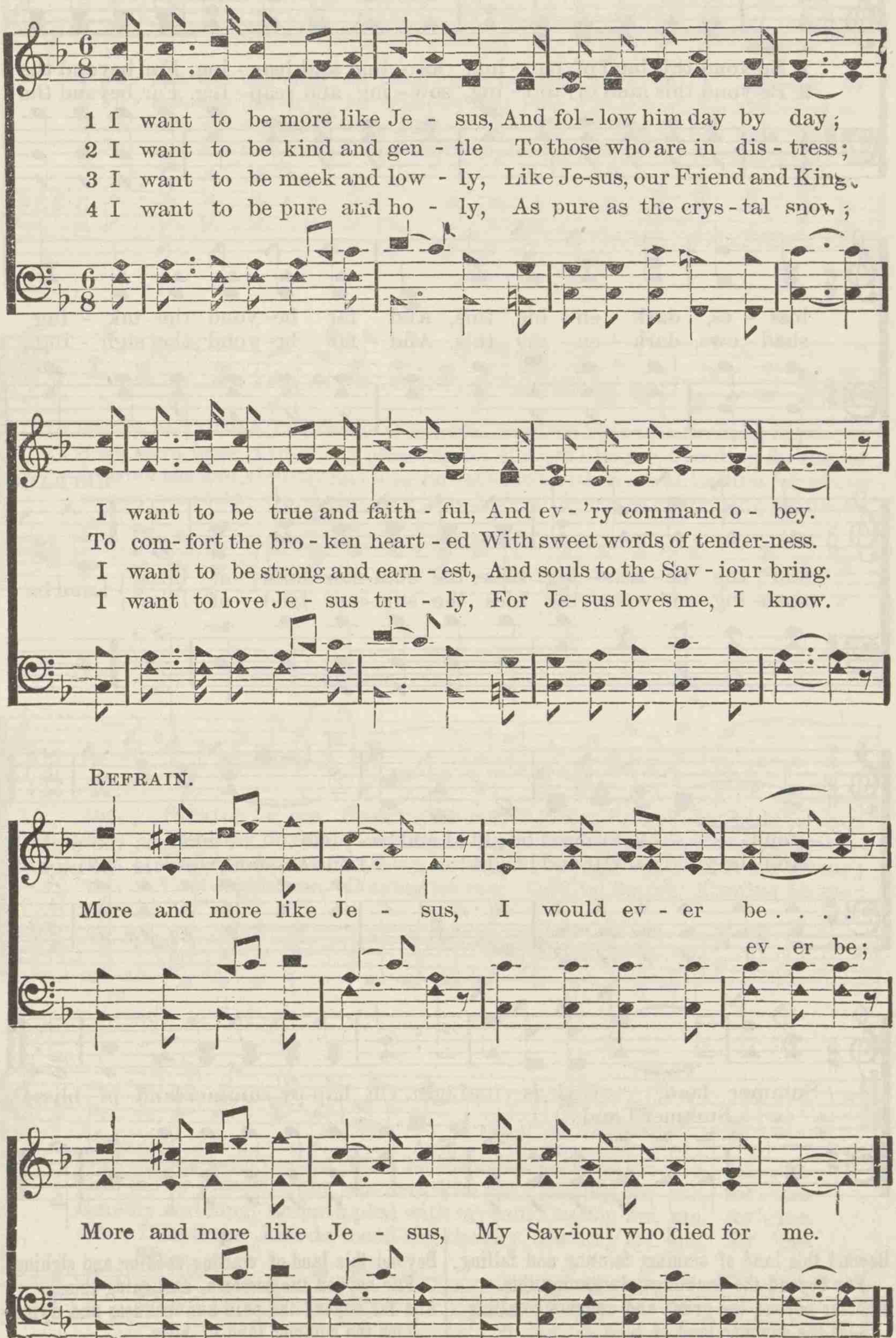
Tid-ings of joy, . . . . tid-ings of joy, . . . . Tidings of joy,

joy, . . . . Je - sus the Lamb for sin-ners was slain; Tid-ings of tid-ings of joy,

joy, . . . tidings of joy, . . . . Tidings of joy, he liv-eth a - gain.
Tidings of joy, tidings of joy,
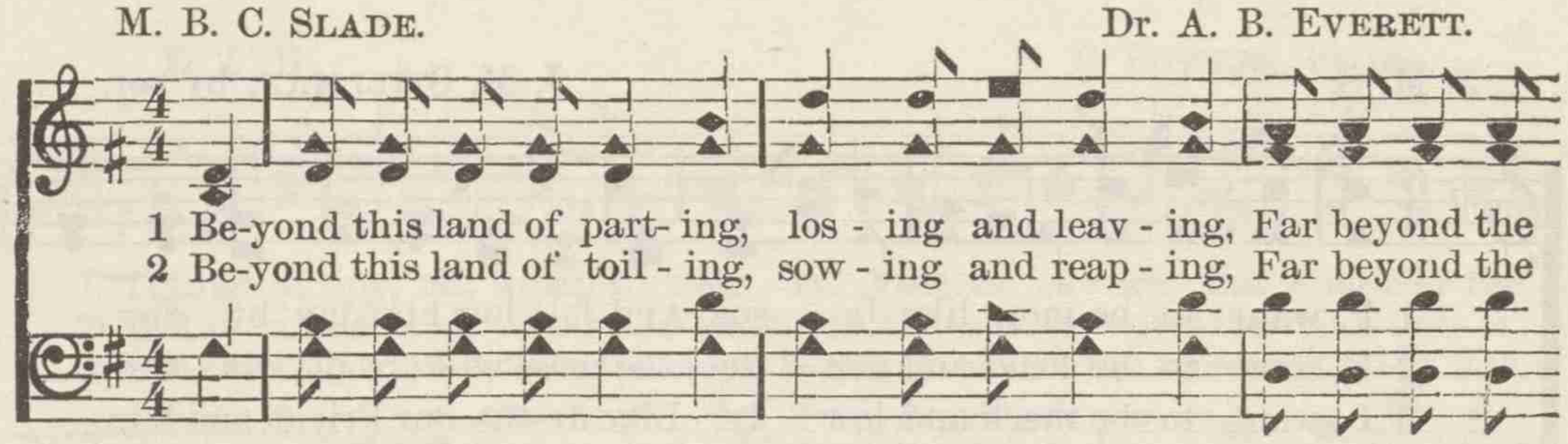
# No. 25. MORE LIKE JESUS.
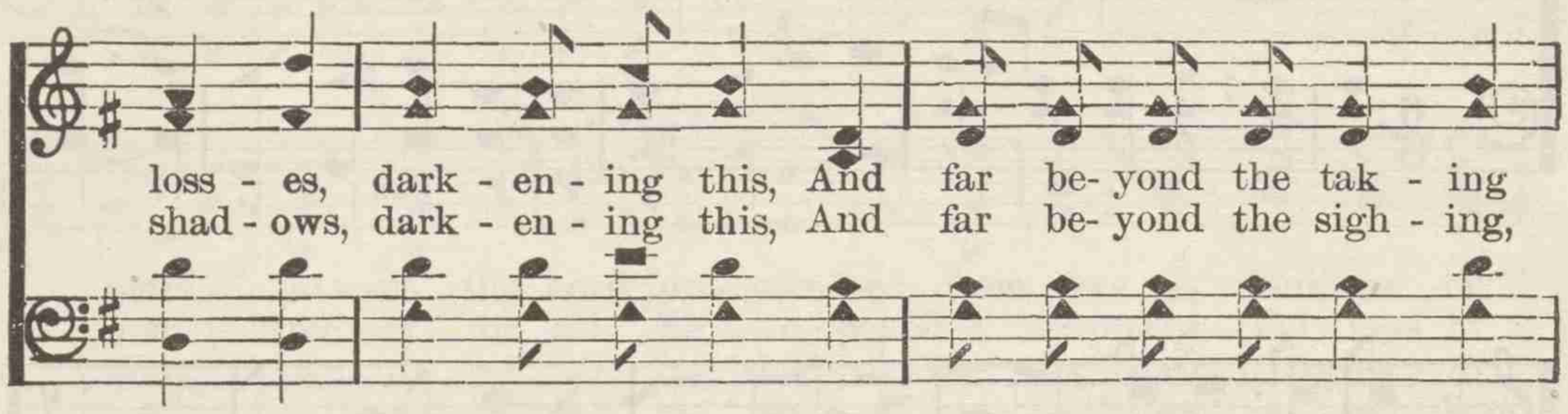
J. M. S. J. M. STILLMAN, by per.
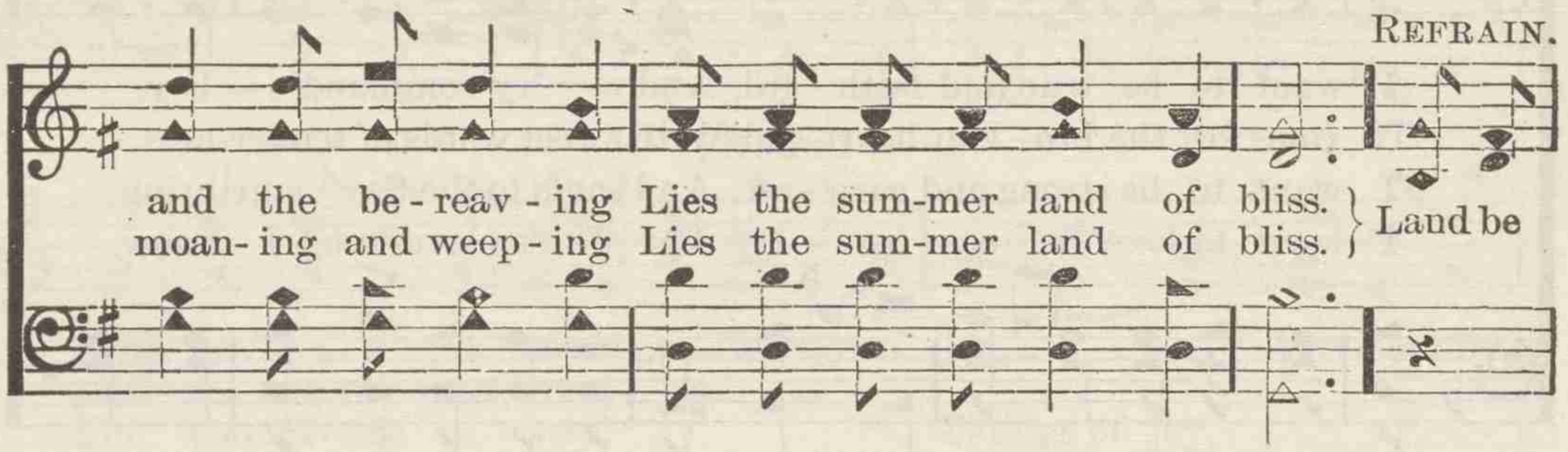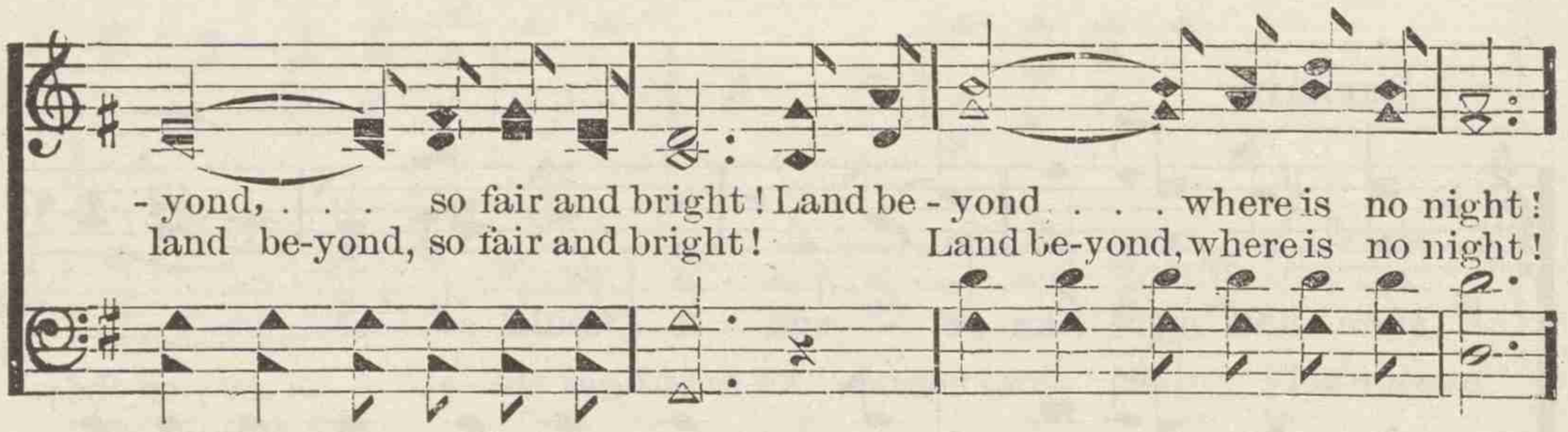


# No. 26. SUMMER LAND.
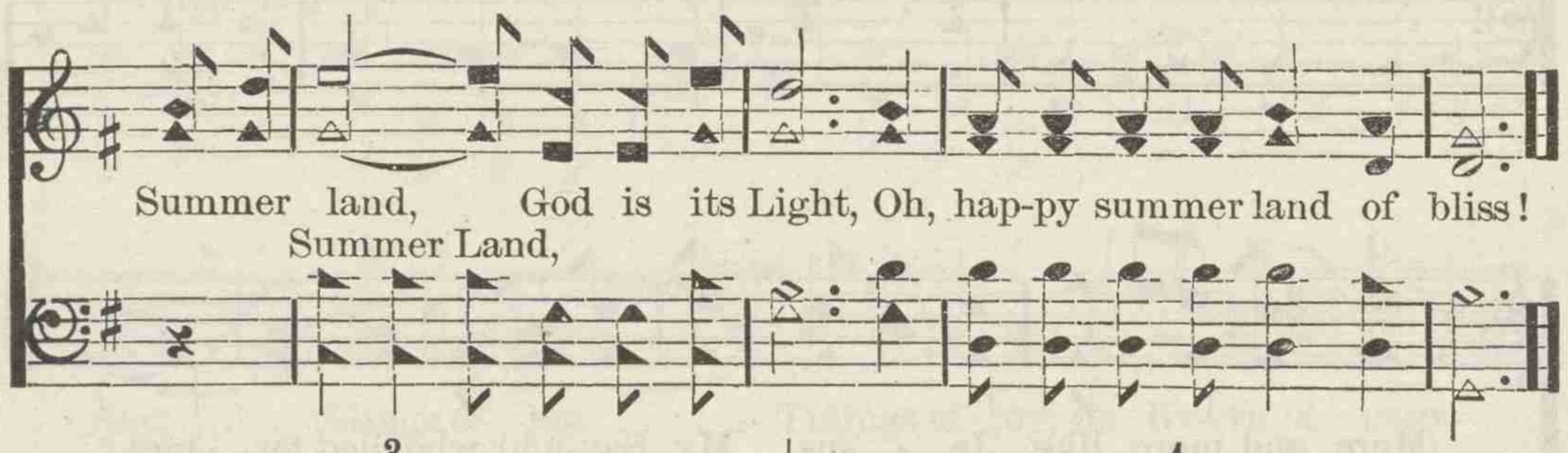
M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.
















3

Beyond this land of sinning, fainting and falling,
Far beyond the doubtings, darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling
Lies the summer land of bliss.

4

Beyond this land of waiting, seeking and sighing,
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this,
And far beyond the pain and sickness and dying
Lies the summer land of bliss.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 27. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY, by per.

1 Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2 Je - sus, my Sav-iour, in mer - cy and love, Came from the mansions of
3 Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I did wan- der a
4 Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for
heav-en a-bove, Ten-der-ly pleading for sinners like me, Pleading for me, for
- far from the fold, Gen-tly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Com-ing for me, for

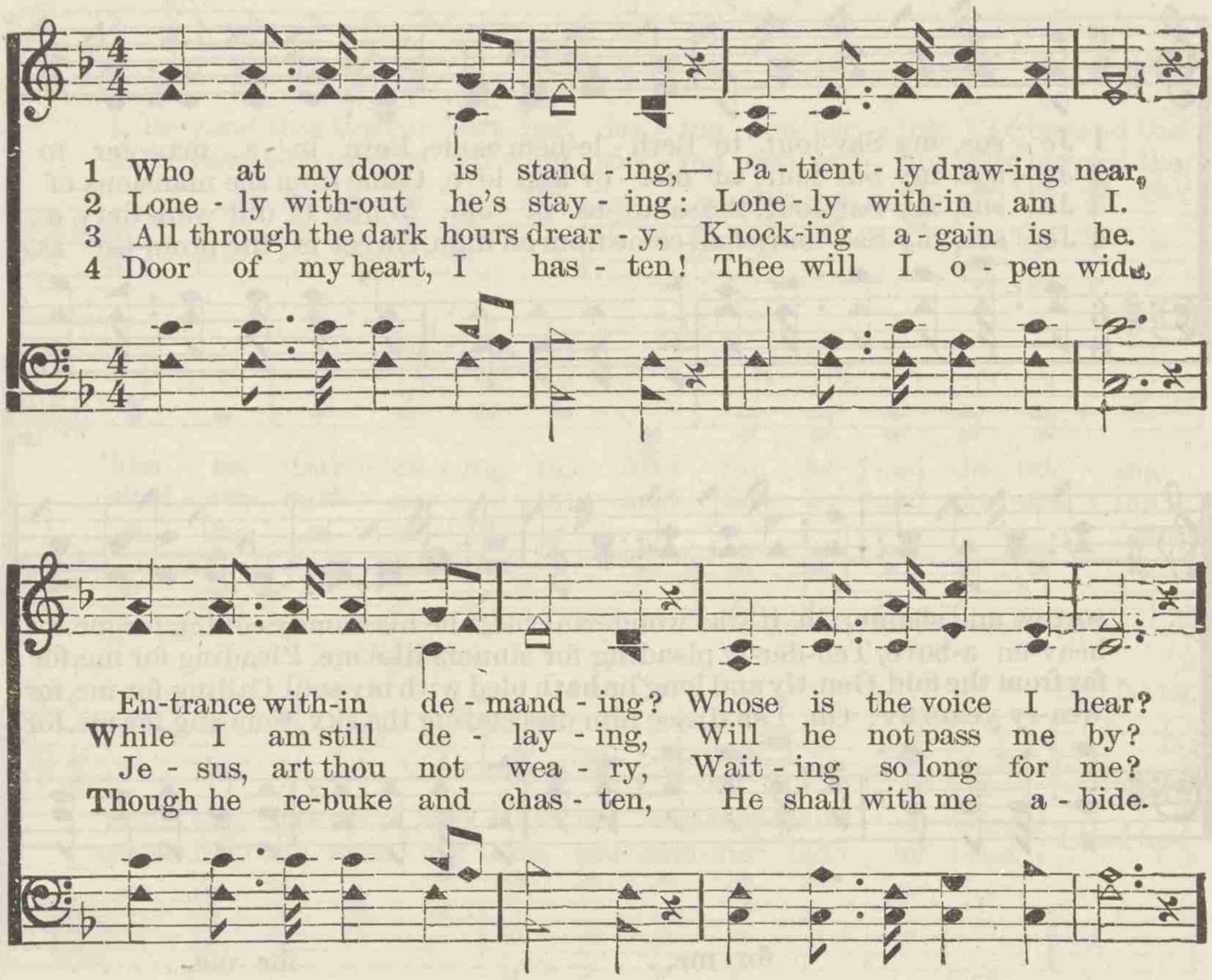
for me, . . . . for me, . . . .

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Pleading for me, Pleading for me, Pleading for me, Pleading for me;
me, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me;
me, Com-ing for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

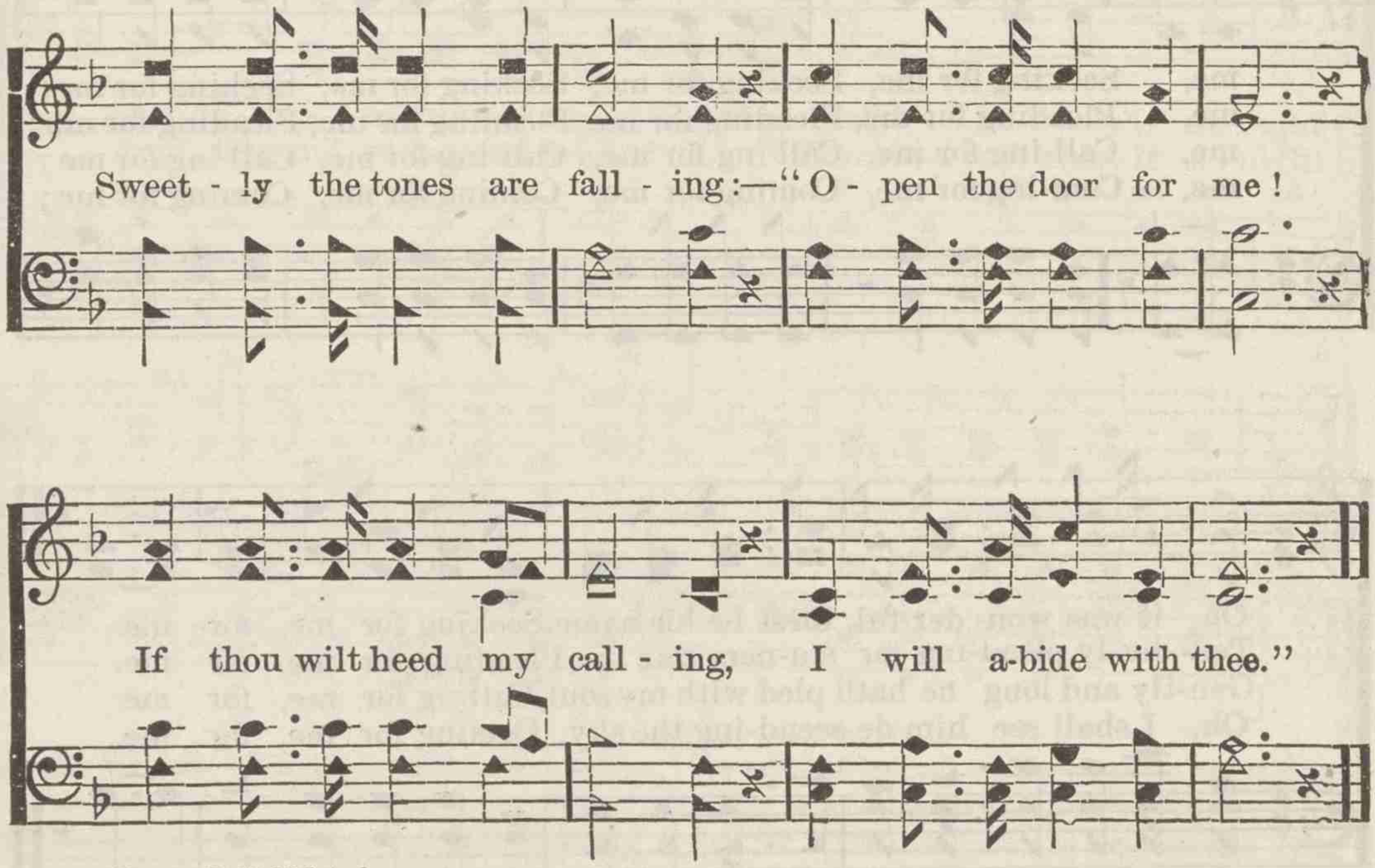
Oh, it was won- der-ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
Ten- der-ly plead-ing for sin-ners like me, Pleading for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Coming for me, for me.

# No. 28. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.
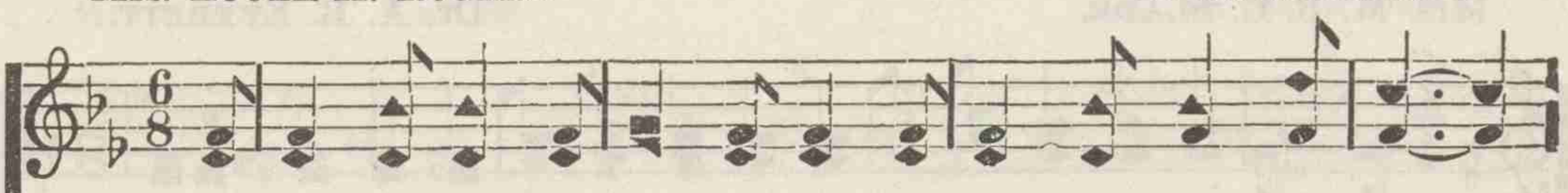



Refrain.
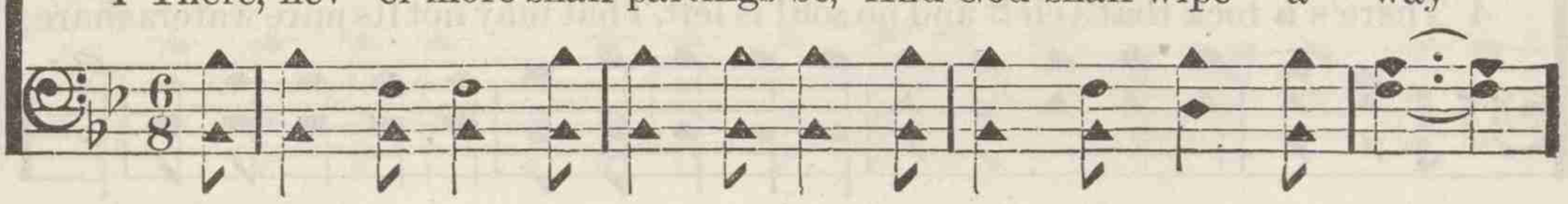



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 29. THE CITY ABOVE.

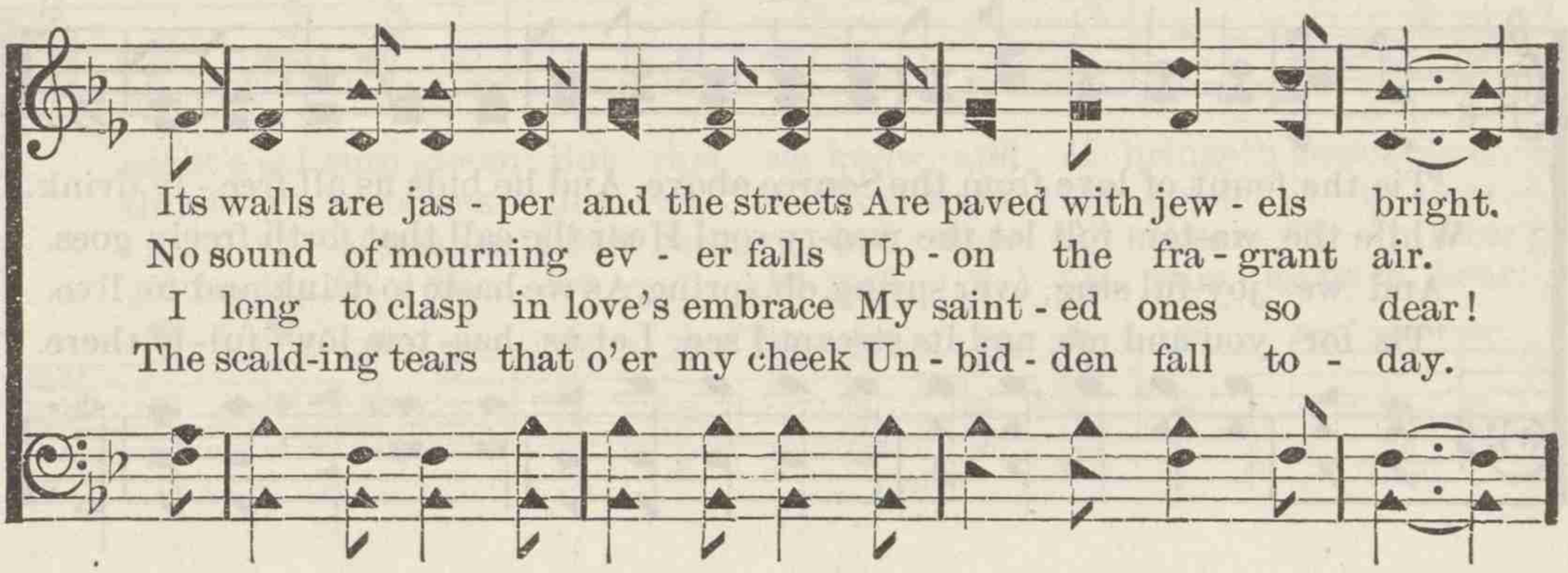
Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.



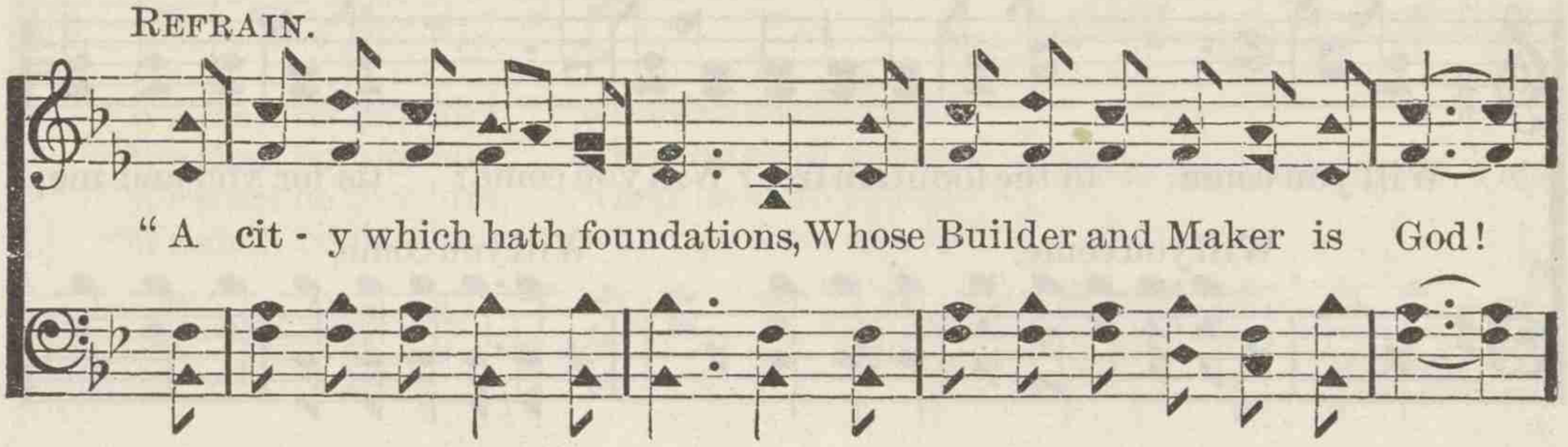
1 There is a cit - y built a-bove, With mansions of de - light,
2 No chill-ing breath may find its way With-in those por - tals fair;
3 Oh, let us seek that joy-ful home! Why should we lin - ger here?
4 There, nev - er more shall partings be, And God shall wipe a - way



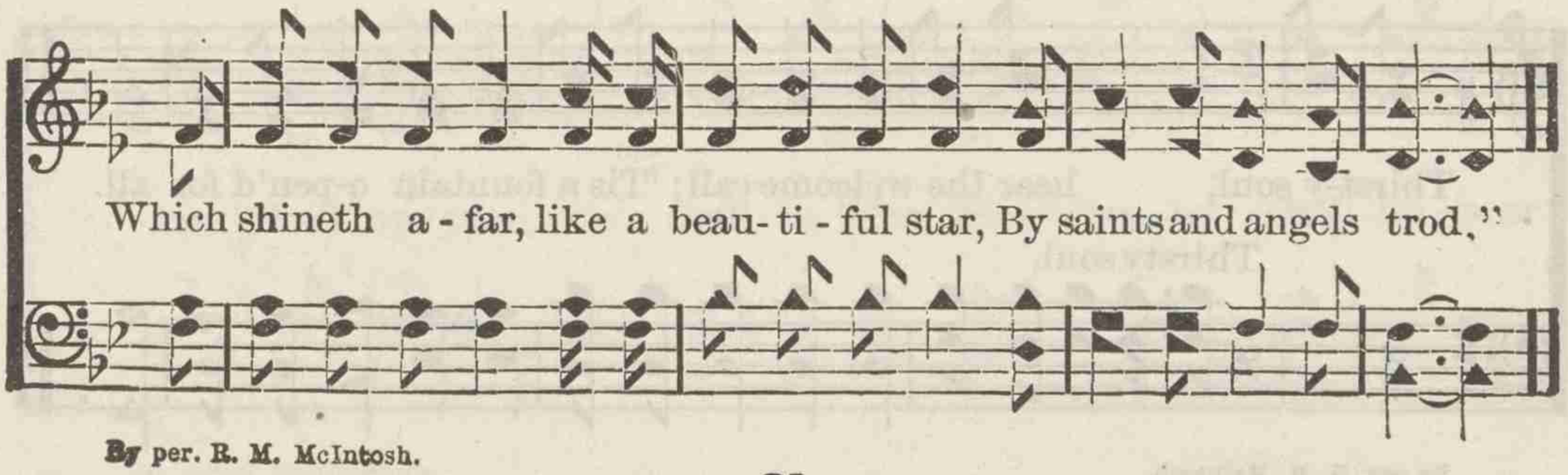
Its walls are jas - per and the streets Are paved with jew - els bright.
No sound of mourning ev - er falls Up - on the fra - grant air.
I long to clasp in love's embrace My saint - ed ones so dear!
The scald-ing tears that o'er my cheek Un - bid - den fall to - day.



Refrain.



" A cit - y which hath foundations, Whose Builder and Maker is God!
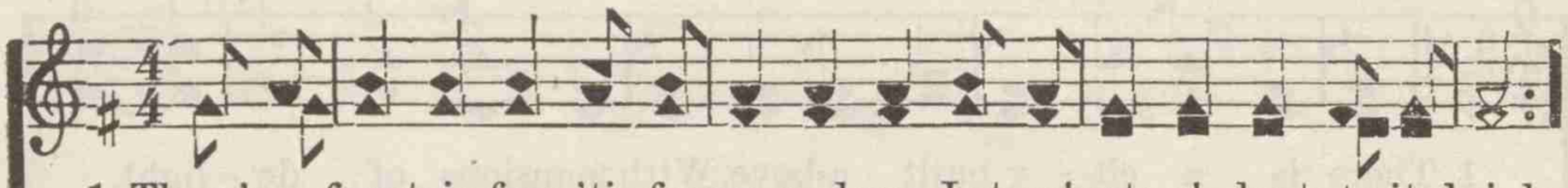


Which shineth a - far, like a beau - ti - ful star, By saints and angels trod."
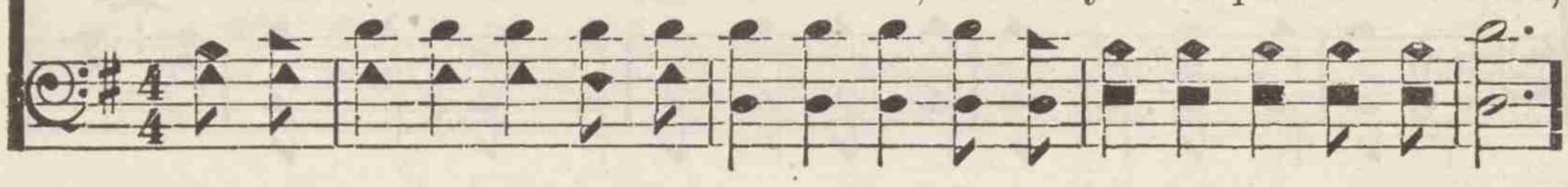
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

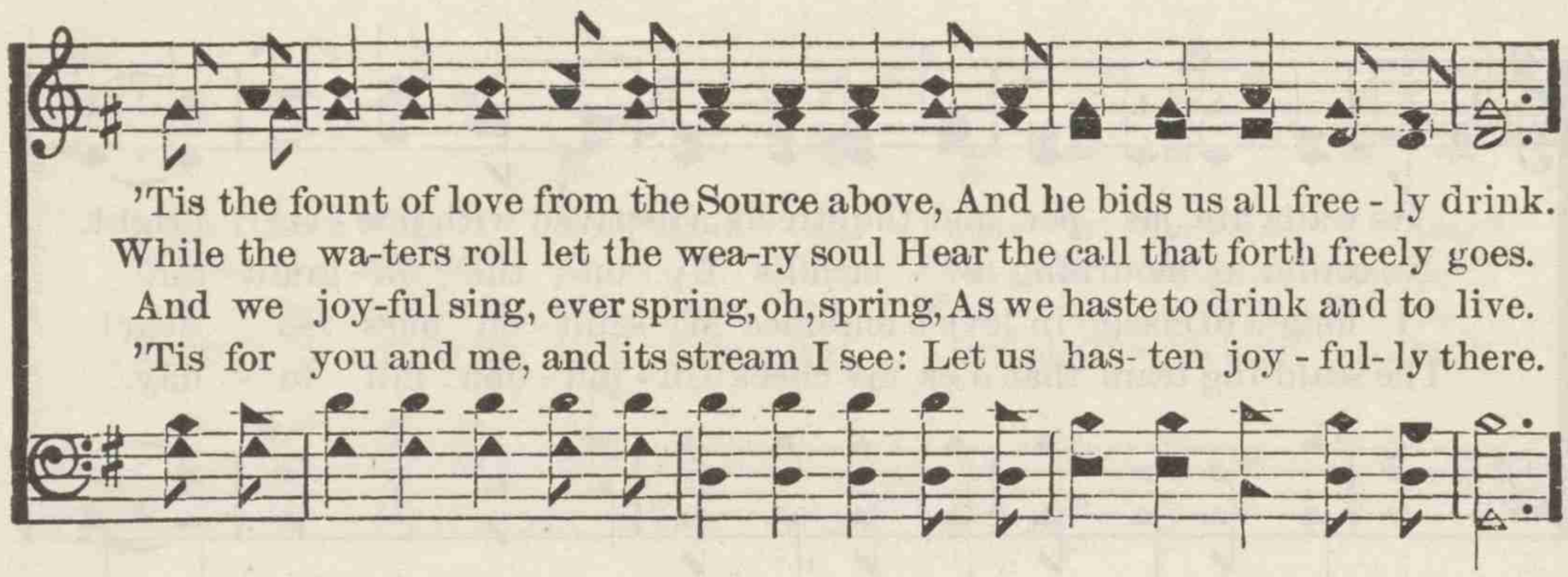
# No. 30. FREE WATERS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.

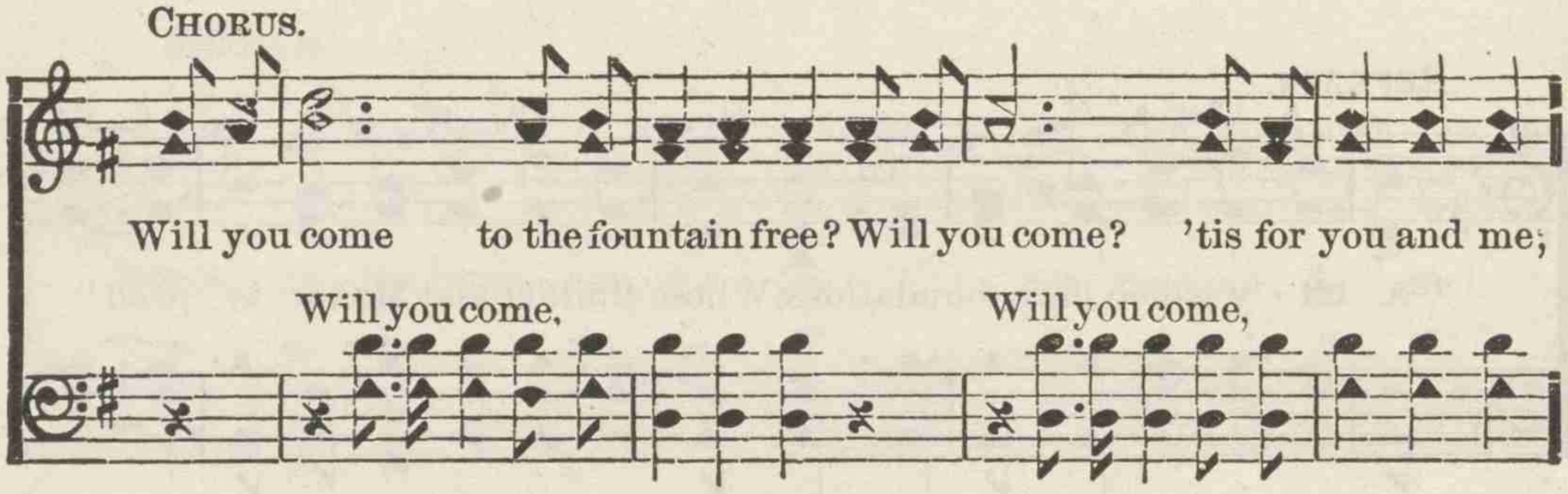


1 There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink;
2 There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam: From the throne of life now it flows;
3 There's a liv - ing well and its waters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give;
4 There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;





'Tis the fount of love from the Source above, And he bids us all free - ly drink.
While the wa-ters roll let the wea-ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joy-ful sing, ever spring, oh, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see: Let us has- ten joy - ful- ly there.
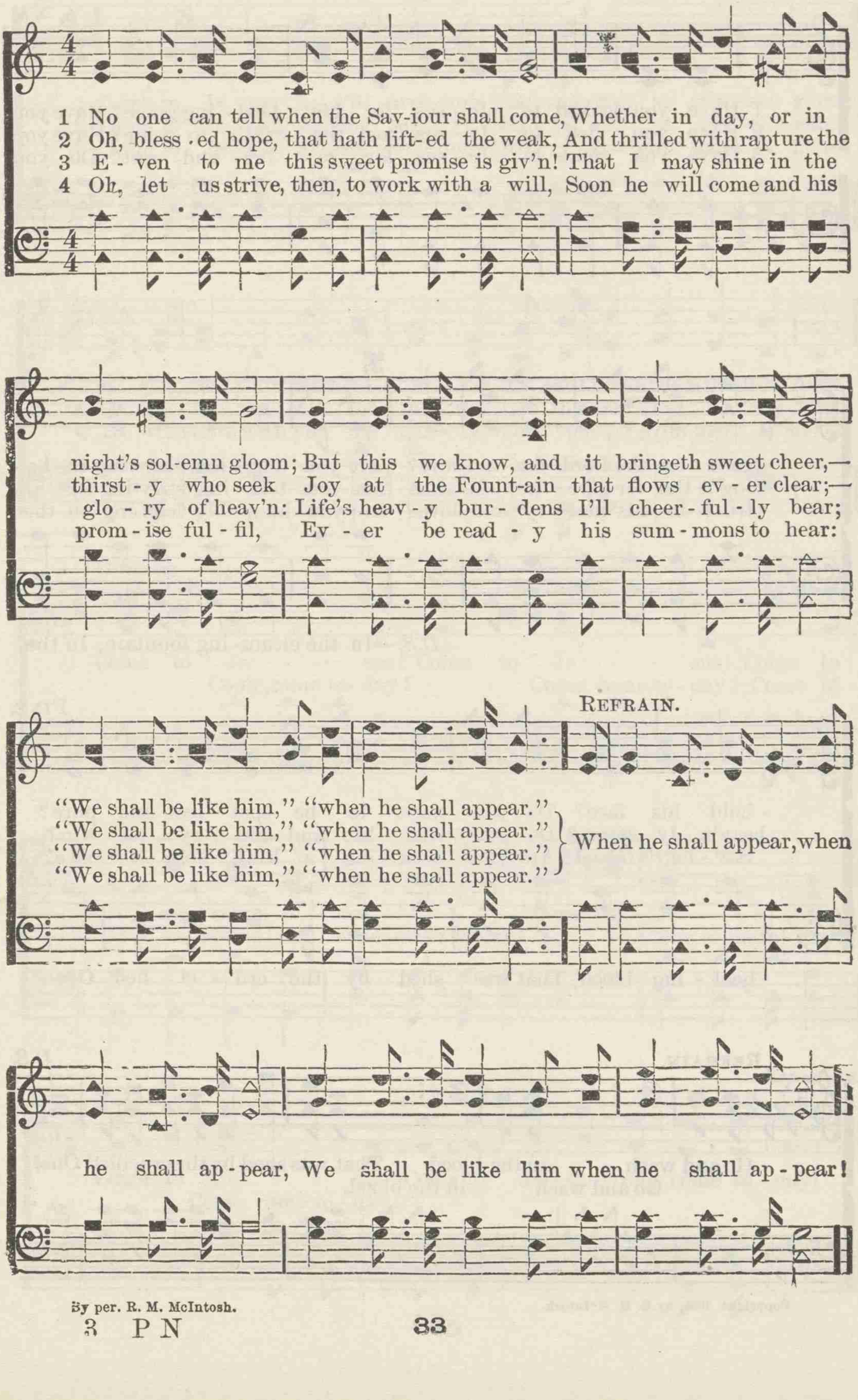






By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 31. WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.
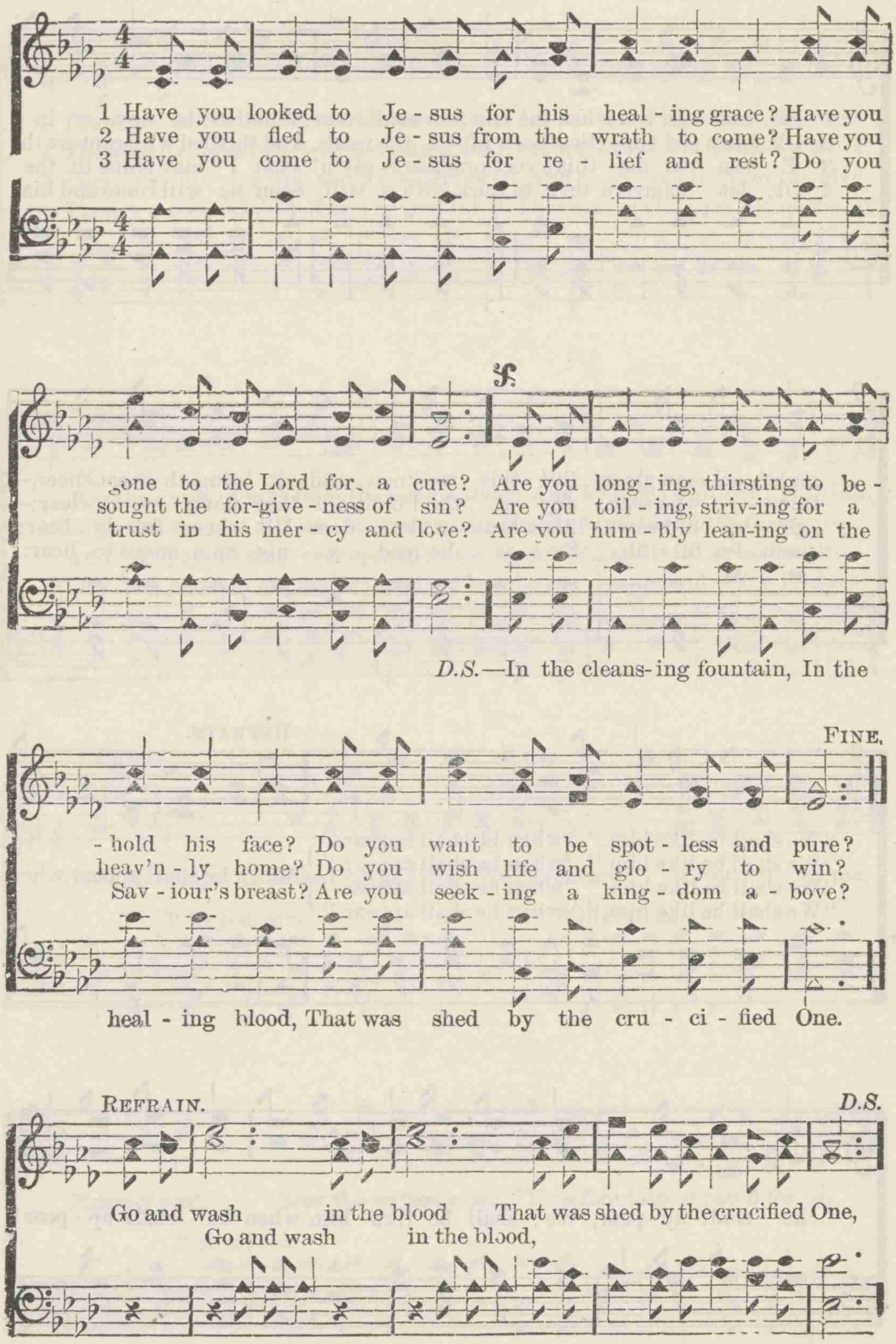
Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 32. GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D. R. M. MCINTOSH.




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# No. 33. COME TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Come to Je - sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crim- son glow;
2 Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer- cy's gate;
3 Come to Je - sus, dy- ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none;

If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.
Oh, de - lay not till the mor- row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.
He will share with you his glo - ry, When your pil-grim-age is done.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to
Come, come to- day! Come, come to - day! Come to

Je - sus! come to - day, Come to Je - - sus!
Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to - day!

*Repeat pp.*

Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to - day!
Come, come to - day!

# No. 34. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

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

1 Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me,
2 Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3 Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4 Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me,

See on the por-tals he's waiting and watching,
Why should we ling-er and heed not his mer-cies,
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing,
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

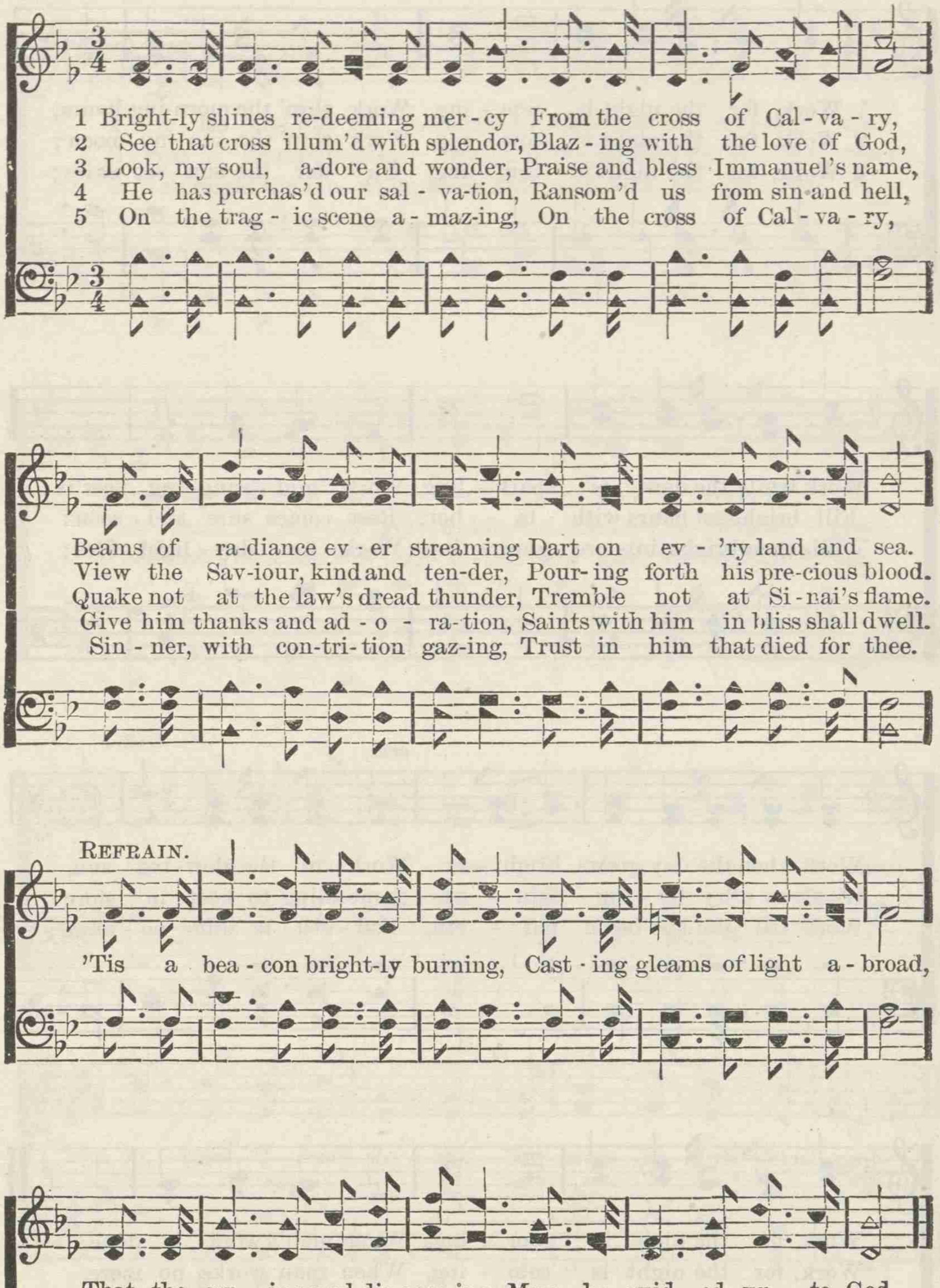
Come home, come home,
come home, come home.

Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn-est- ly, ten - der - ly,
Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home.

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

# No. 35. REDEEMING MERCY.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D. R. M. McINTOSH.




REFRAIN.




Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 36. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. MASON, by per.

1 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours,
2 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3 Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring- ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

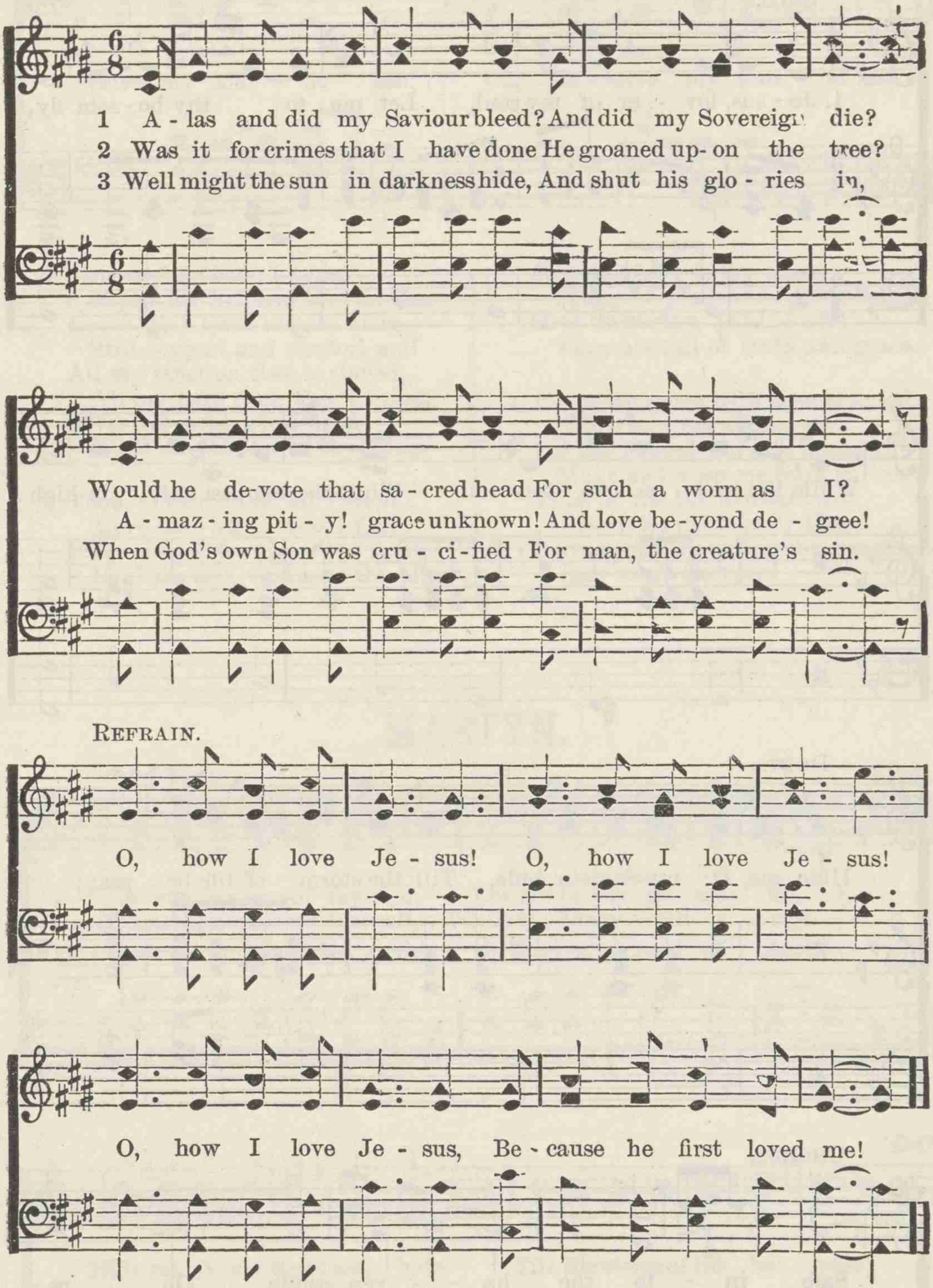
*cres.*

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow- ing sun,
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

# No. 37. O, How I Love Jesus! C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.




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

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

# No. 83. REFUGE.

**1st Tune.** Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
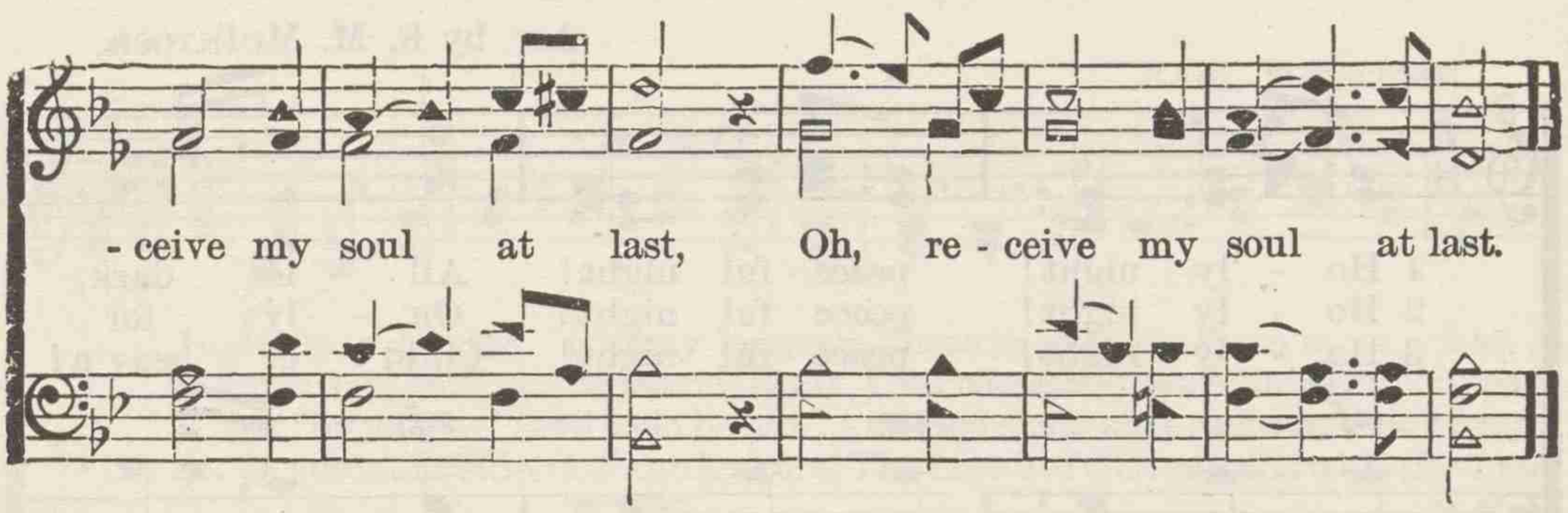
DUET.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

CHORUS.

Safe in - to the ha - - ven guide, Oh, re -

## REFUGE. Concluded.




2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
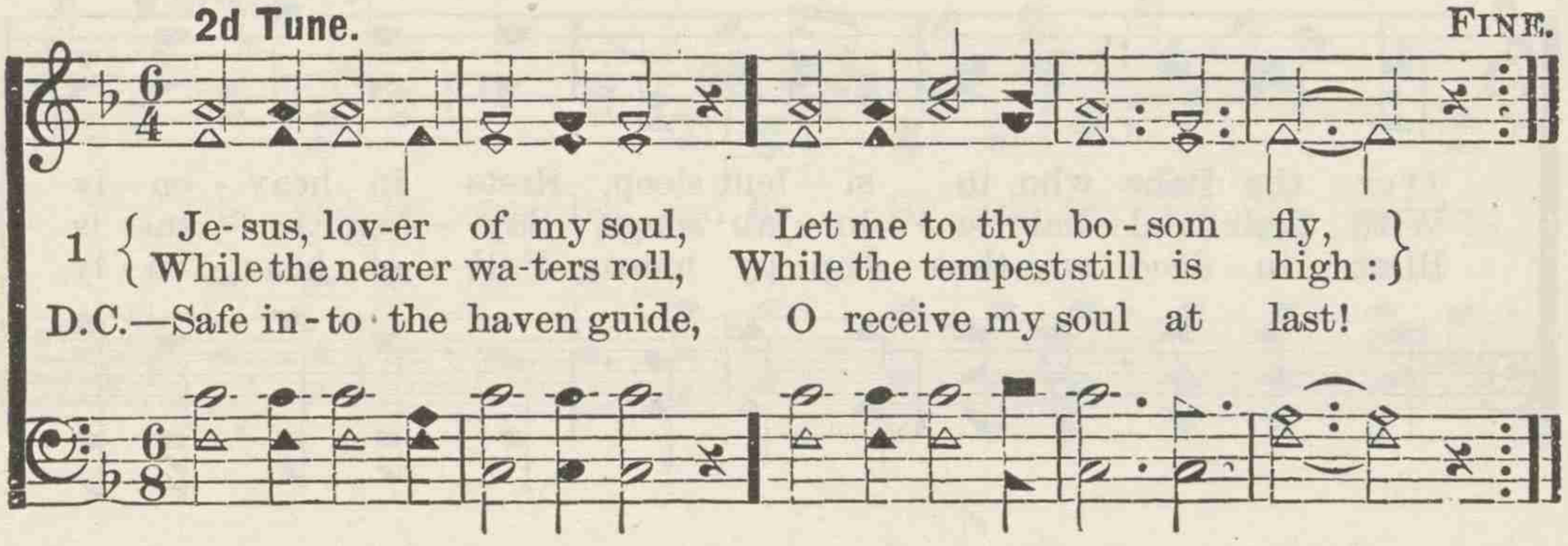
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, Cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name;
Prince of peace and righteousness:
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!
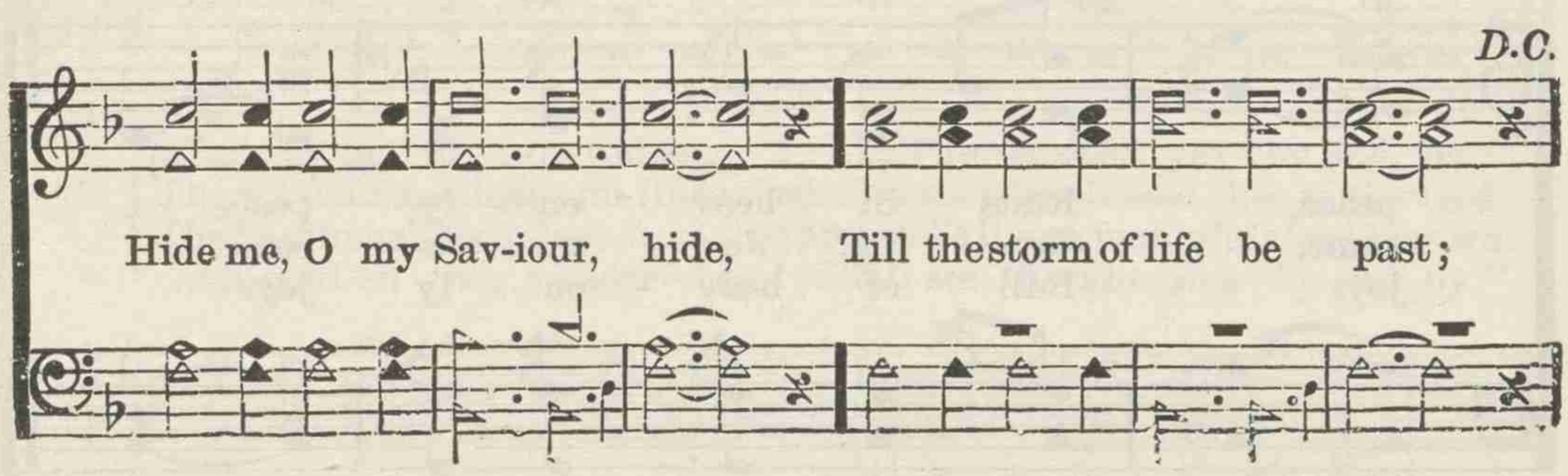
## MARTYN.

2d Tune.

FINE.
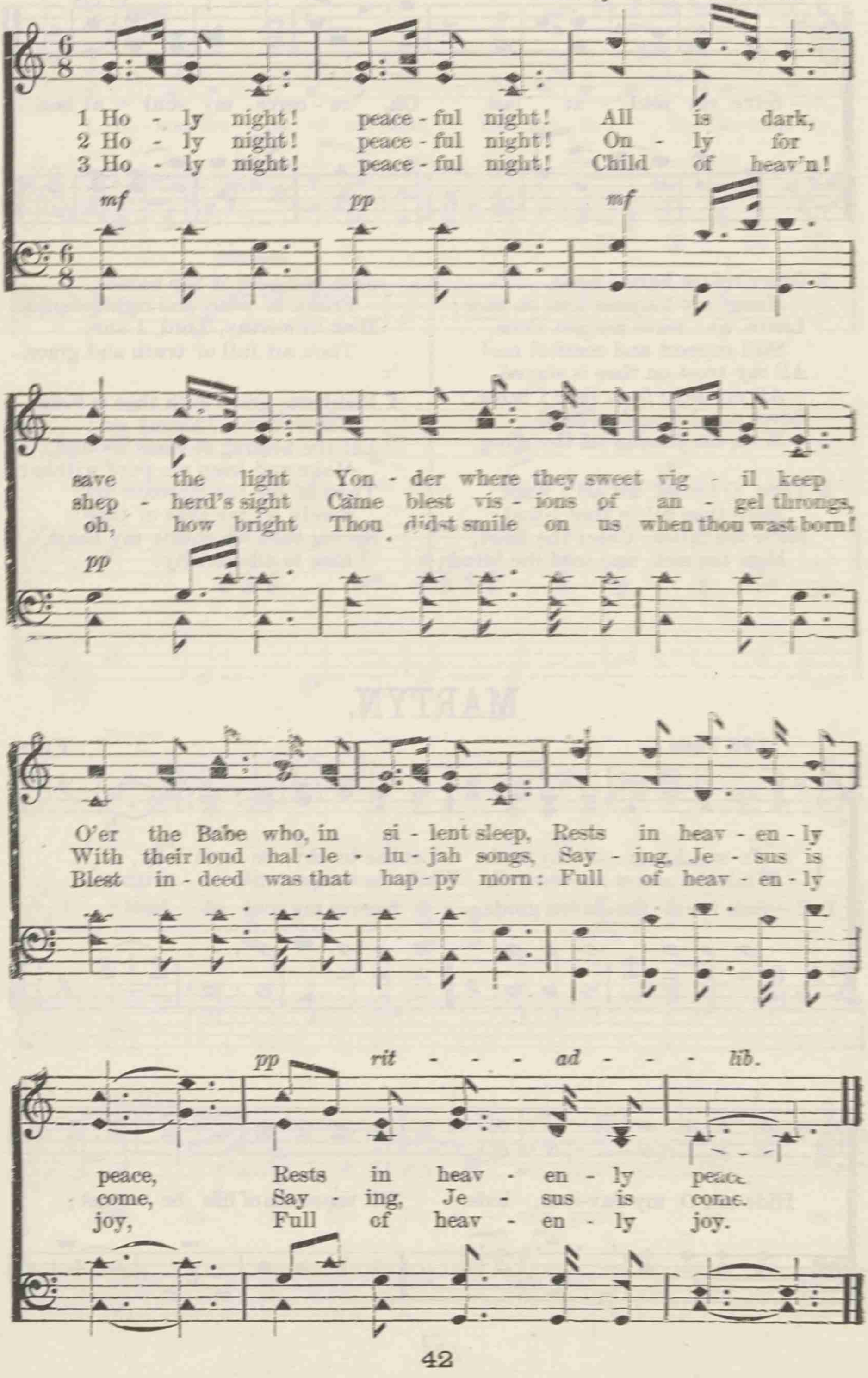



D.C.



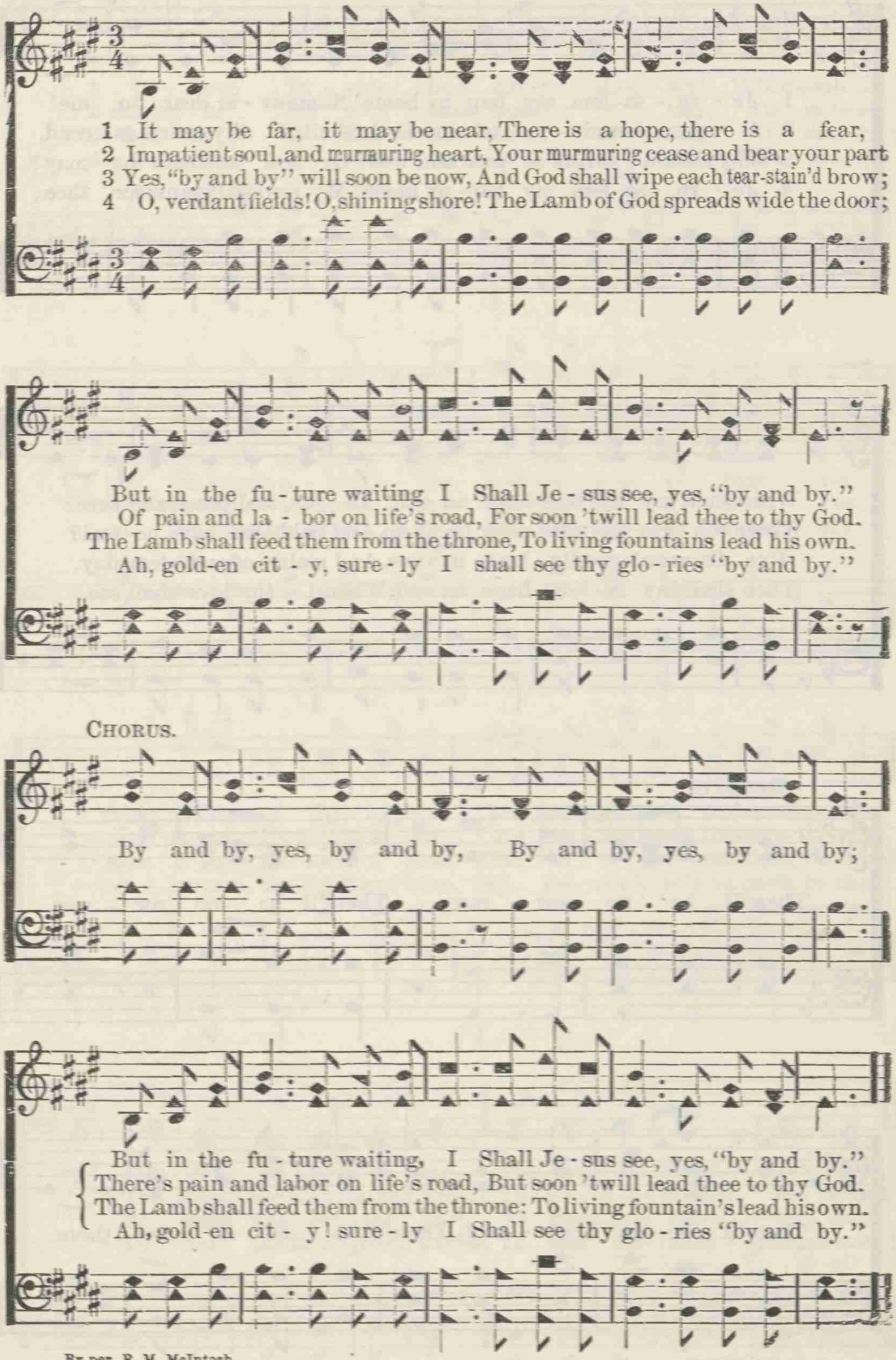
# No. 39. HOLY NIGHT!

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



# No. 40. BY AND BY.

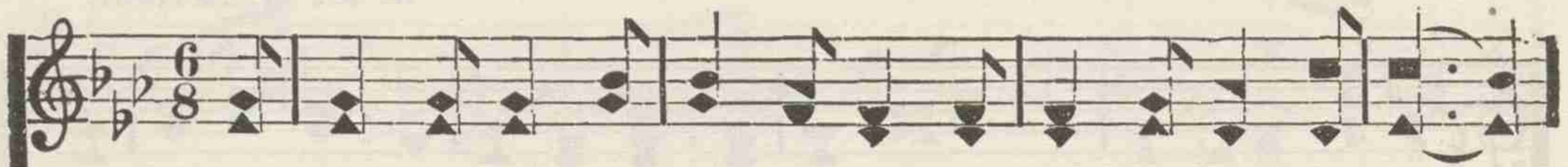
R. M. McINTOSH.
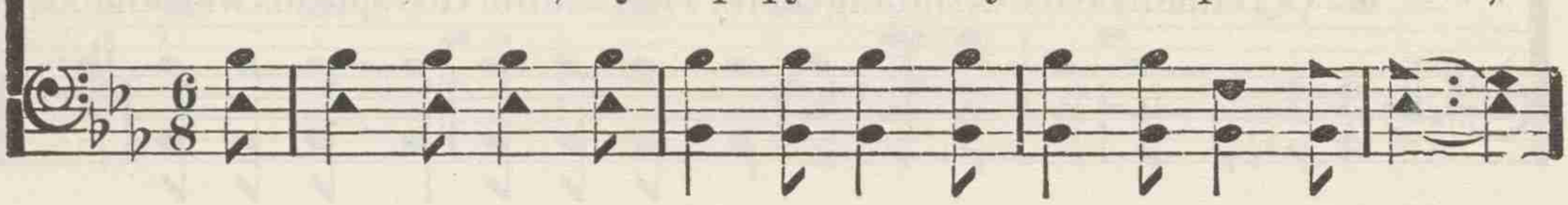



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 41. THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

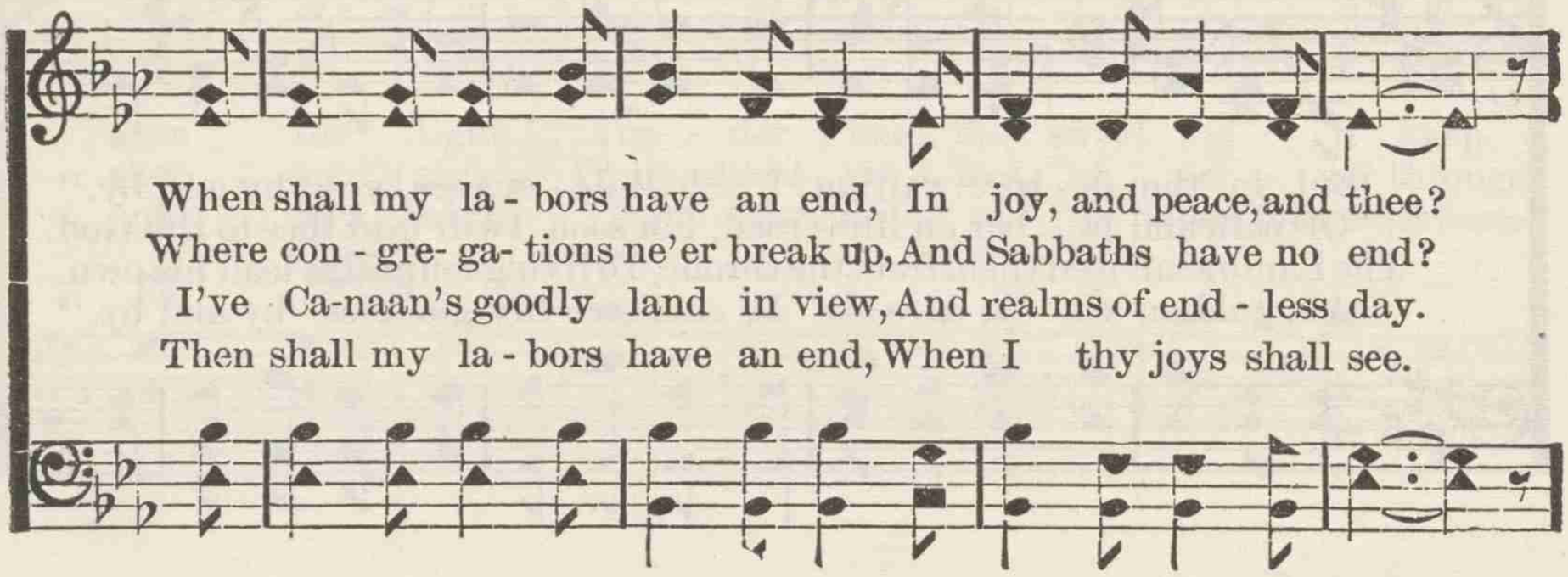
R. M. McINTOSH.
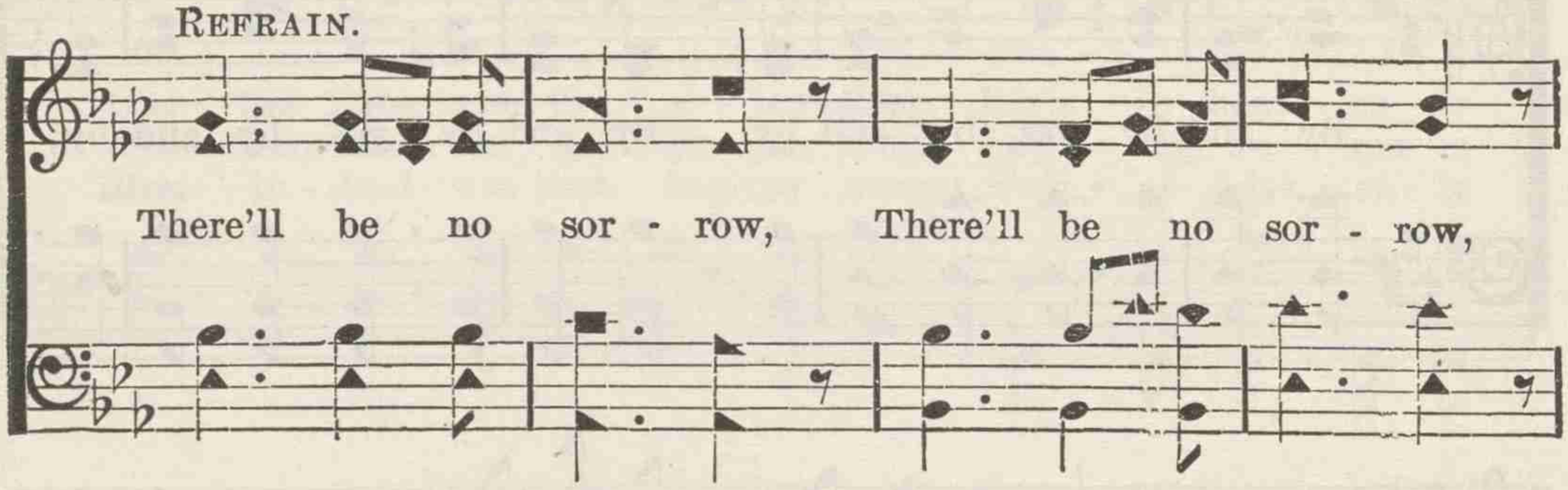


1 Je - ru - sa- lem, my hap- py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2 O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death dis - may?
4 Je - ru - sa- lem, my hap- py home! My soul still pants for thee;
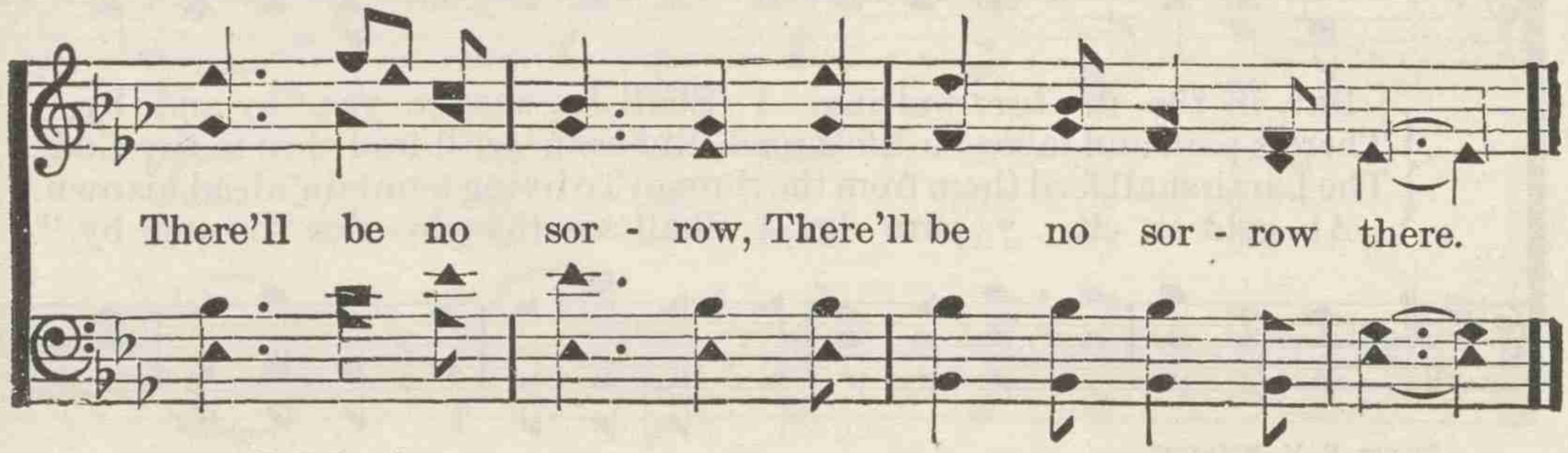


When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
Where con - gre- ga- tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
I've Ca-naan's goodly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.



REFRAIN.







By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 42. ARIEL.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 O Love Di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I
2 Strong - er his love than death or hell; Its rich-es
3 God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it
4 O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma-ry

find my will-ing heart All tak - en up by thee? I
are un-search-a - ble: The first-born sons of light De-
now were shed a - broad In this poor sto - ny heart! For
at the Mas-ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice: My

thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness of re-deem-ing love,
- sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the mys- ter - y,
love I sigh, for love I pine: This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine!
on - ly care, de- light, and-bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,

The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.
The length, the breadth, and height, The length, the breadth, and height.
Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part!
To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bride - groom's voice!

# No. 43. I WILL TELL OF THE SAVIOUR.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

SOLO.

1 I will tell of the Sav - iour who died That the
2 I will tell of the peace he has sent To the
3 I will tell of the home where he waits To re-

world might be saved thro' his love, For may be I can
hearts that are rest - ing in trust, For who knows but that
-ceive me, be - yond the dark sea, For per - chance I may

win to his side Some dear soul for his king - dom a - bove.
per - fect con - tent May up - lift some poor life from the dust?
lead thro' its gates One who learned of its glo - ries from me.
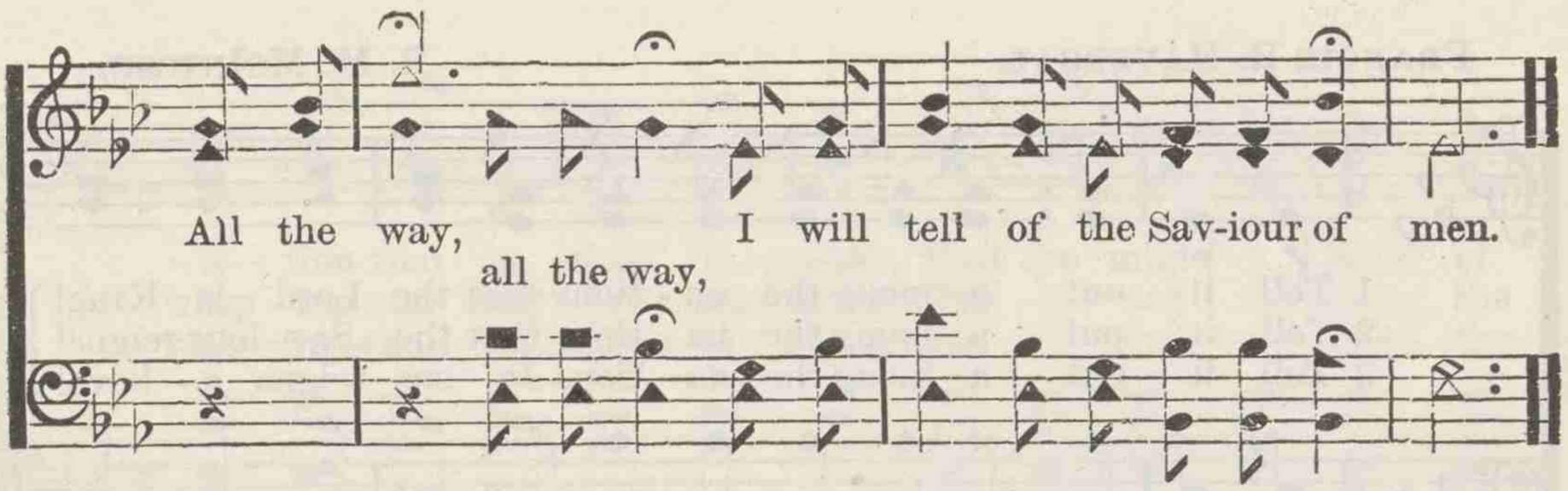
CHORUS.

Day by day, All the way, I will
day by day, all the way,

tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain, Day by day,
and a - gain; day by day,

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# I WILL TELL OF THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.




## No. 44. C. M.

1 My Father, to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

*Anne Steele.*

## No. 45. C. M.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

*I. Watts.*

## No. 46. C. M.

1 To him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold! on flying clouds he comes;
His saints shall bless the day,
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee,
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be!

*Unknown.*

## No. 47. C. M.

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

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed—
By war without, and fear within—
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

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

*John Newton.*

# No. 48. TELL IT OUT.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Lord is King!
2 Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Sav - iour reigns!
3 Tell it out a - mong the na - tions Je · sus reigns a - bove!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
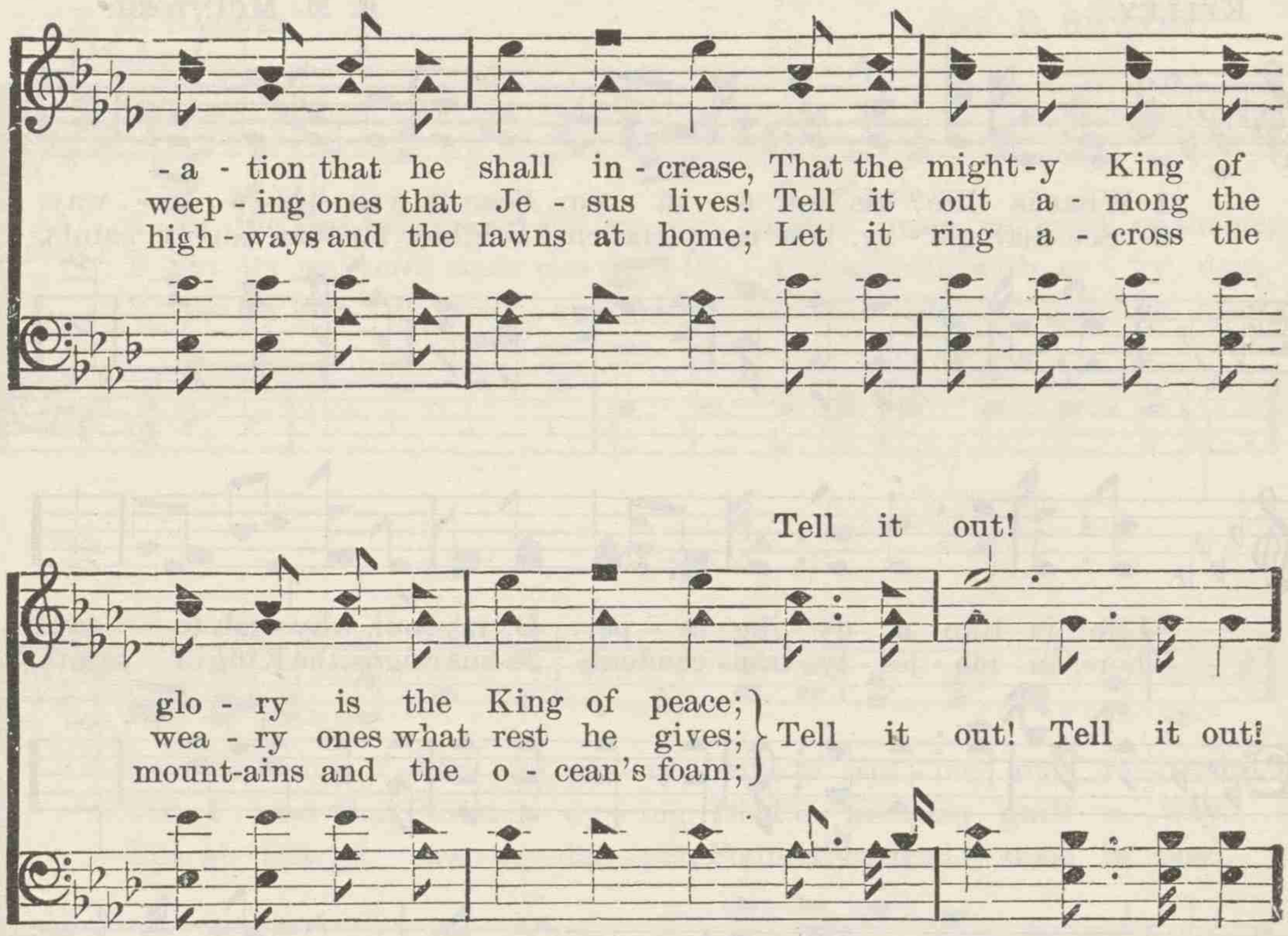
Tell it out a - mong the hea - then, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out a - mong the hea - then, bid them break their chains!
Tell it out a - mong the hea - then that his reign is love!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a-dor-
Tell it out among the
Tell it out among the
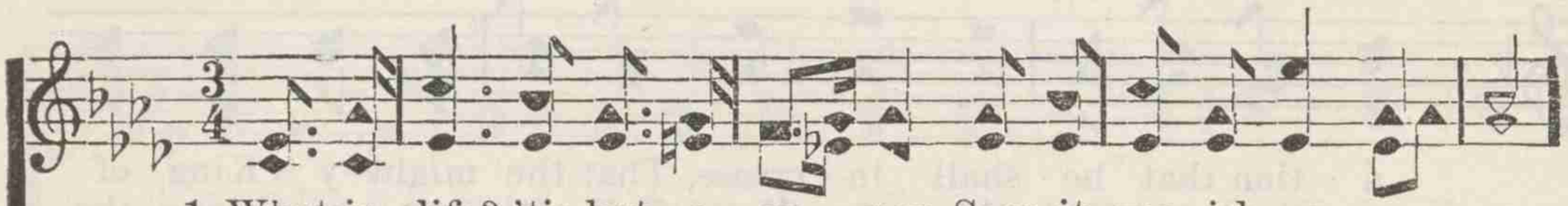
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# TELL IT OUT. Concluded.



# No. 49. THE WORLD OF JOY.

KELLEY. R. M. McINTOSH.




3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love: [ing,
Through the heavens his praises sound-
Filling all the courts above!
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. :‖

4 Go, and share his people's glory!
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. :‖

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 50. OH! 'TIS WONDERFUL.

E. A. BARNES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1 In the Gos-pel's sweet old sto - ry, Lo! I read its gold - en theme,
2 Sin its se - cret work was ply - ing, Adding guilt with ev - 'ry day,
3 To his love I was a stran-ger, To his call I gave no heed,

How the Prince of life and glo - ry, Came to suf - fer and re - deem.
Till I read that Christ in dy - ing, Died to take my guilt a - way.
Till at last I saw my dan - ger, Found the friend I stood in need.
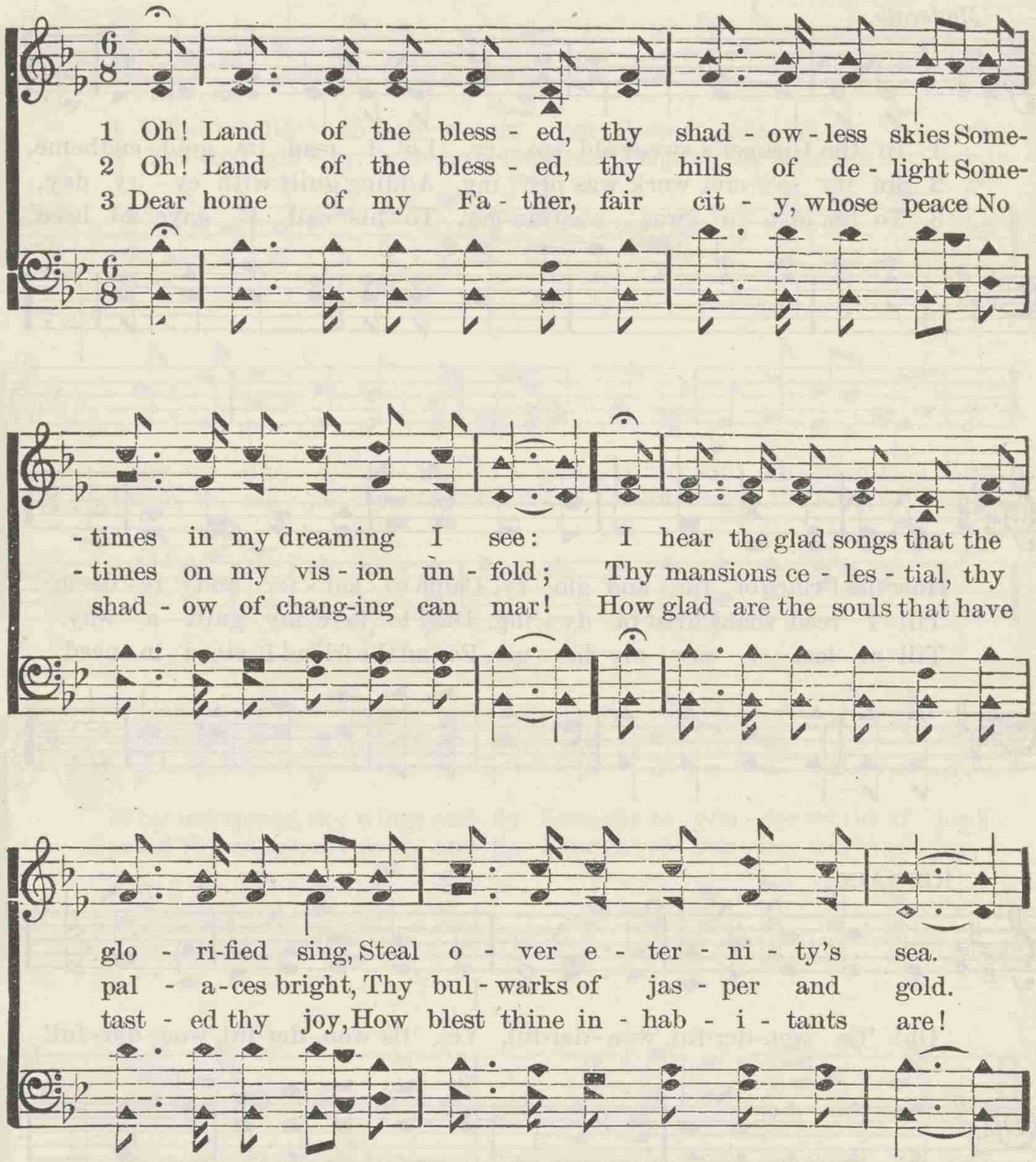
REFRAIN.

Oh! 'tis won-der-ful, won - der-ful, Yes, 'tis won - der-ful, won - der - ful!
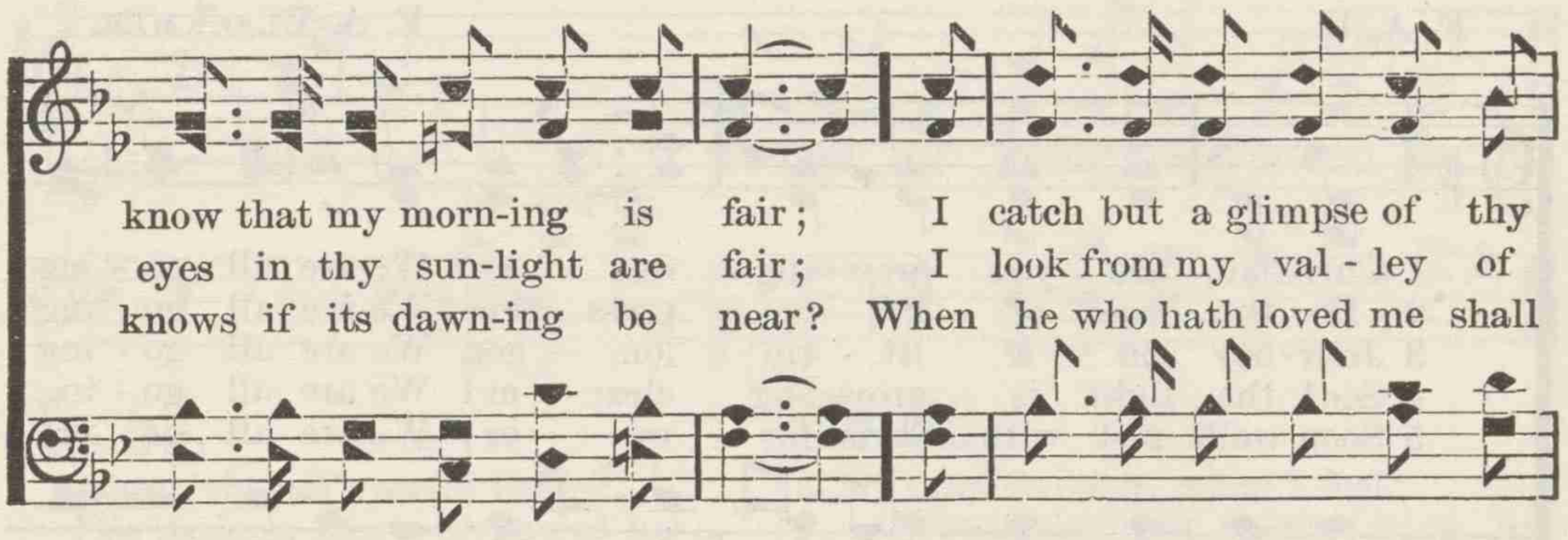
Oh! 'tis won-der - ful, won - der - ful, The sto - ry of his love.

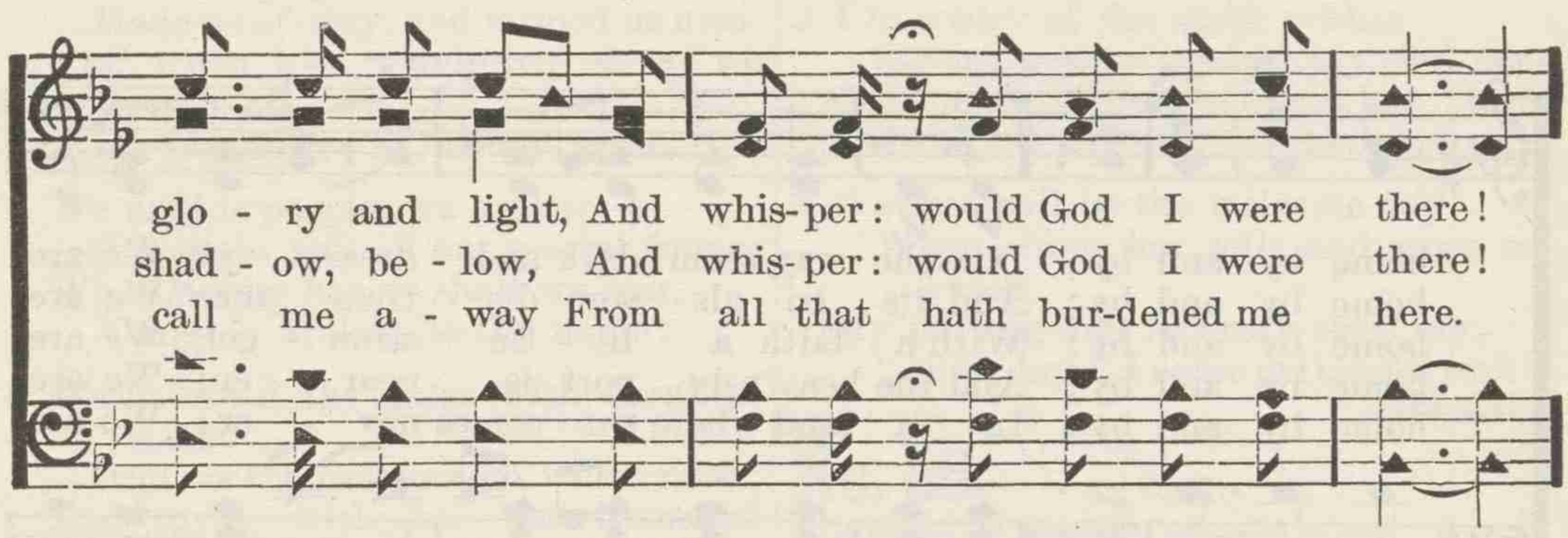
# No. 51. LAND OF THE BLESSED.
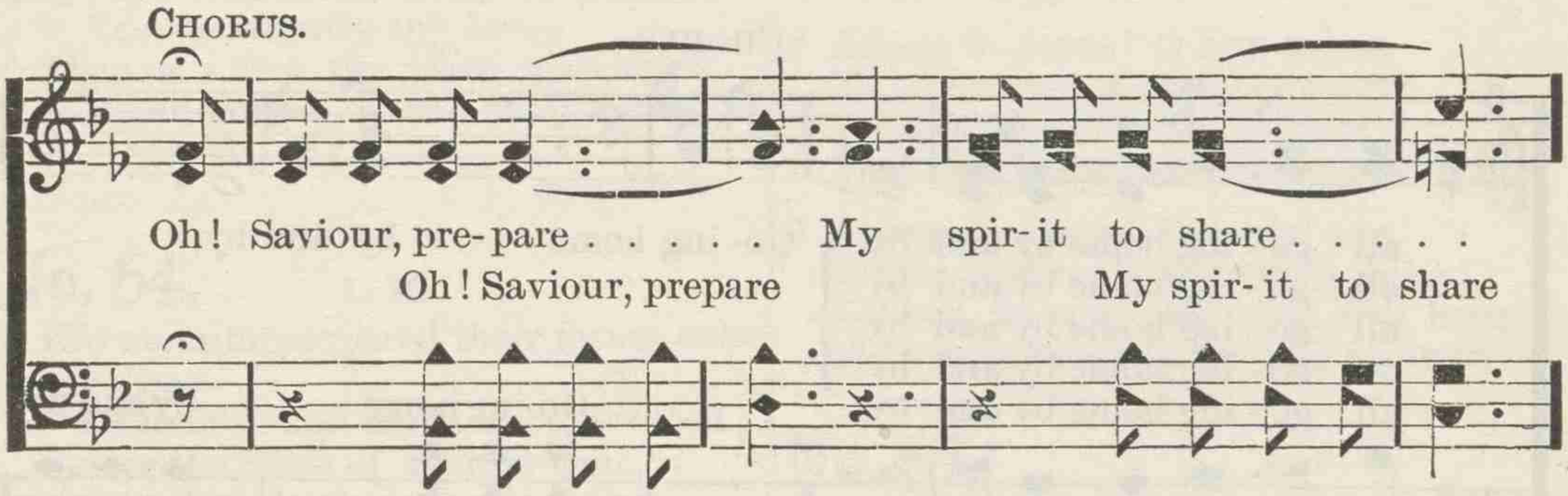
Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. T. C. O'Kane, by per.
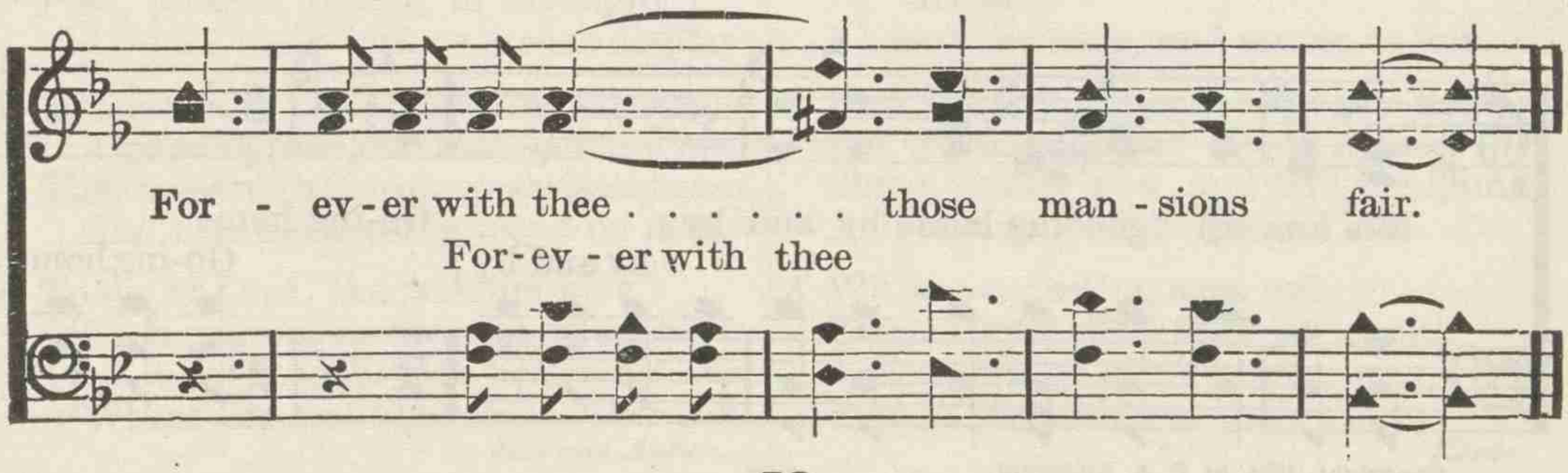


# LAND OF THE BLESSED. Concluded.









# No. 52. GOING HOME BY AND BY.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Christian, are you grow - ing wea - ry? We are all go - ing
2 Do the woes of life op - press thee? We are all go - ing
3 Jour - ney on a lit - tle lon - ger, We are all go - ing
4 See! the light is grow - ing clear - er! We are all go - ing
5 Soon we'll rest with Christ for - ev - er; We are all go - ing

home by and by; Does the way seem dark and drear - y? We are
home by and by; And its tri - als sore dis - tress thee? We are
home by and by; With a faith a lit - tle stron - ger, We are
home by and by; And the heav'n-ly port is near - er; We are
home by and by; In a land where sin comes nev - er; We are
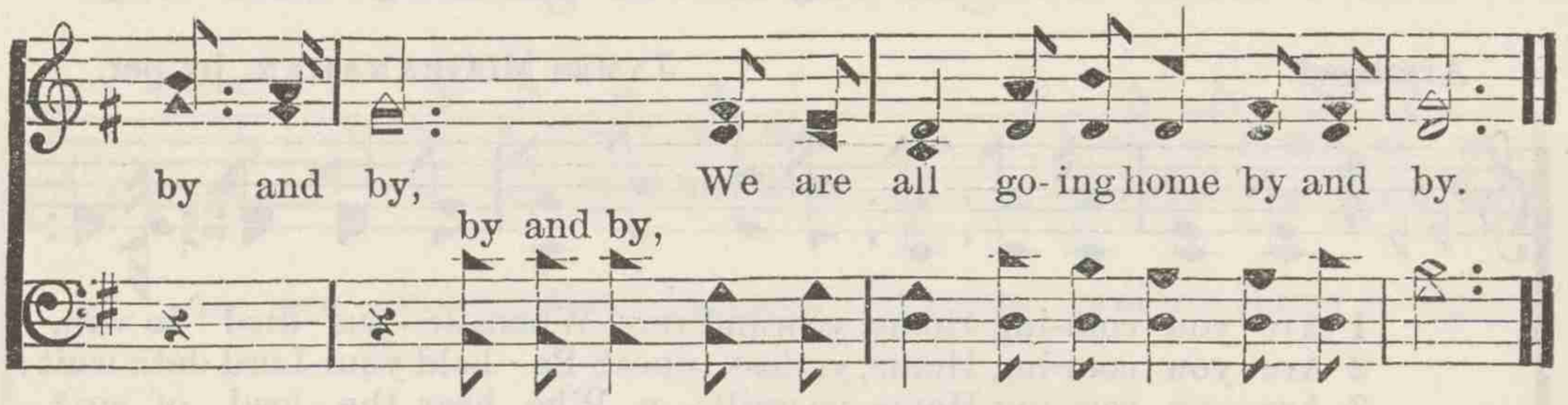
CHORUS.

all go - ing home by and by. } Go- ing home by and by,
all go - ing home by and by.
all go - ing home by and by.
all go - ing home by and by.
all go - ing home by and by. Go-ing home by and by,

We are all go - ing home by and by; Go-ing home
by and by; Go-ing home

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

# GOING HOME BY AND BY. Concluded.




## No. 53. L. M.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Isaac Watts.*

## No. 54. L. M.

1 Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting, thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er—
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend
That we at length with thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

*Harriet Auber.*

## No. 55. L. M.

1 My only Saviour, when I feel
O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, oppressed,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet, thou art my rest.

2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O let me turn from self and sin
To thy dear cross, for there is rest.

3 O sweet will be the welcome day
When, from her toils and woes released,
My parting soul in death shall say,
"Now, Lord, I come to thee for rest."

*Unknown.*

## No. 56. L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

## No. 57. L. M.

1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeemed by blood;
They hymned their King in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffered sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss, forever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

*Kent.*

# No. 58. Are You Coming Home To-night?

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1 Are you com-ing Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Je - sus died to win,
2 Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:
3 Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin?

All foot-sore, lame, and wea - ry, Your gar-ments stain'd with sin?
Come, then no lon - ger lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in;

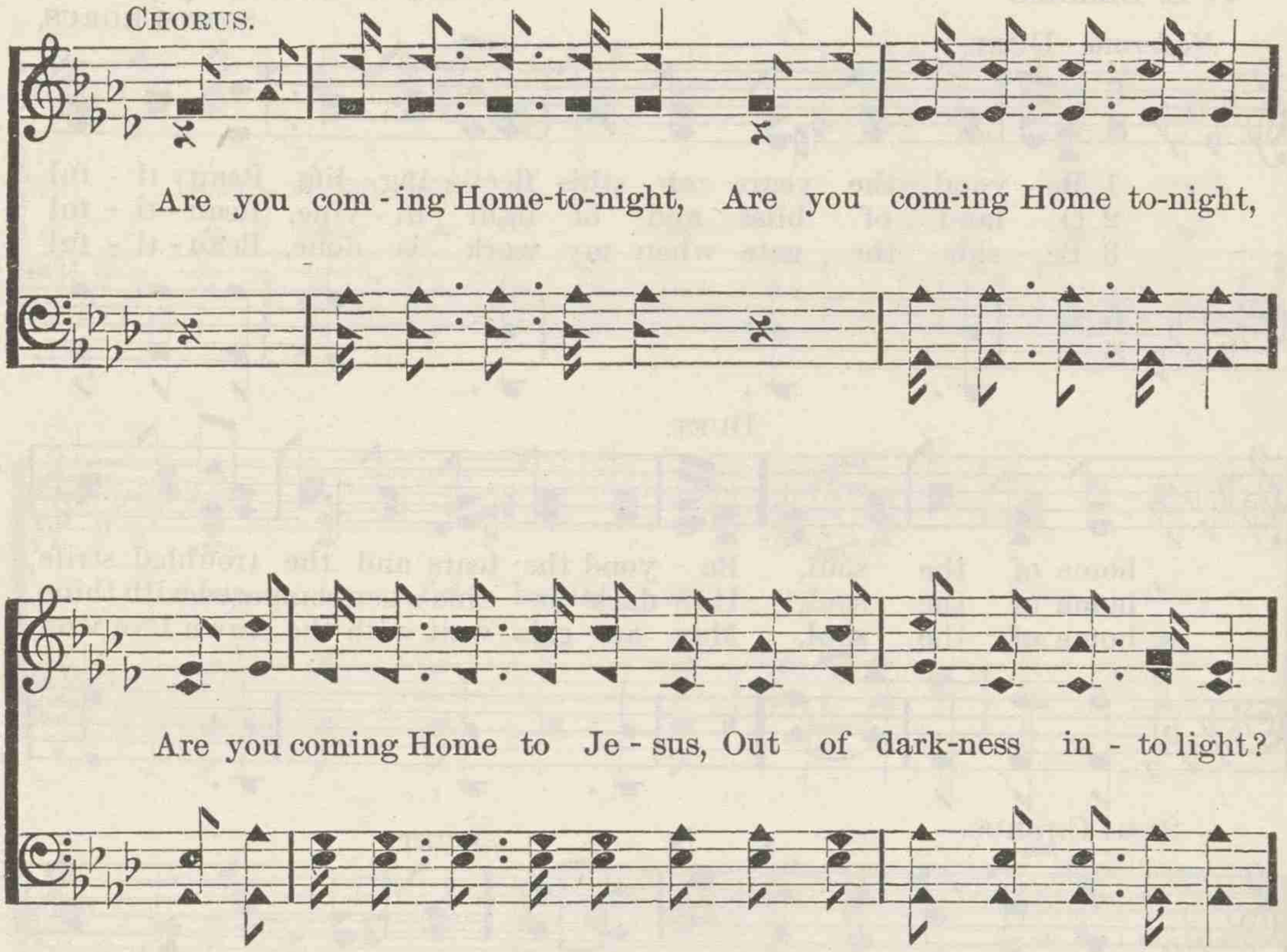
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white?
Will you come and let him save you? O trust his love and might;
Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust him quite?

*Rit.*.....

Will you trust his pre-cious prom-ise, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you come while he is call - ing, Are you coming Home to-night?
"Come un - to me," saith Je - sus, Are you coming Home to-night?

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# Are You Coming Home To-night? Concluded.



# No. 59. BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE SOUL.

F. E. BELDEN. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

*Moderato.* DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

1 Be - yond the years of this fleet - ing life, Beau - ti - ful
2 O land of bliss and of light di - vine, Beau - ti - ful
3 Be - side the gate when my work is done, Beau - ti - ful

DUET.

home of the soul, Be - yond the tears and the troubled strife,
home of the soul, How dark is this when compared with thine,
home of the soul, May an - gels wait with the crown I've won,

SEMI-CHORUS. DUET.
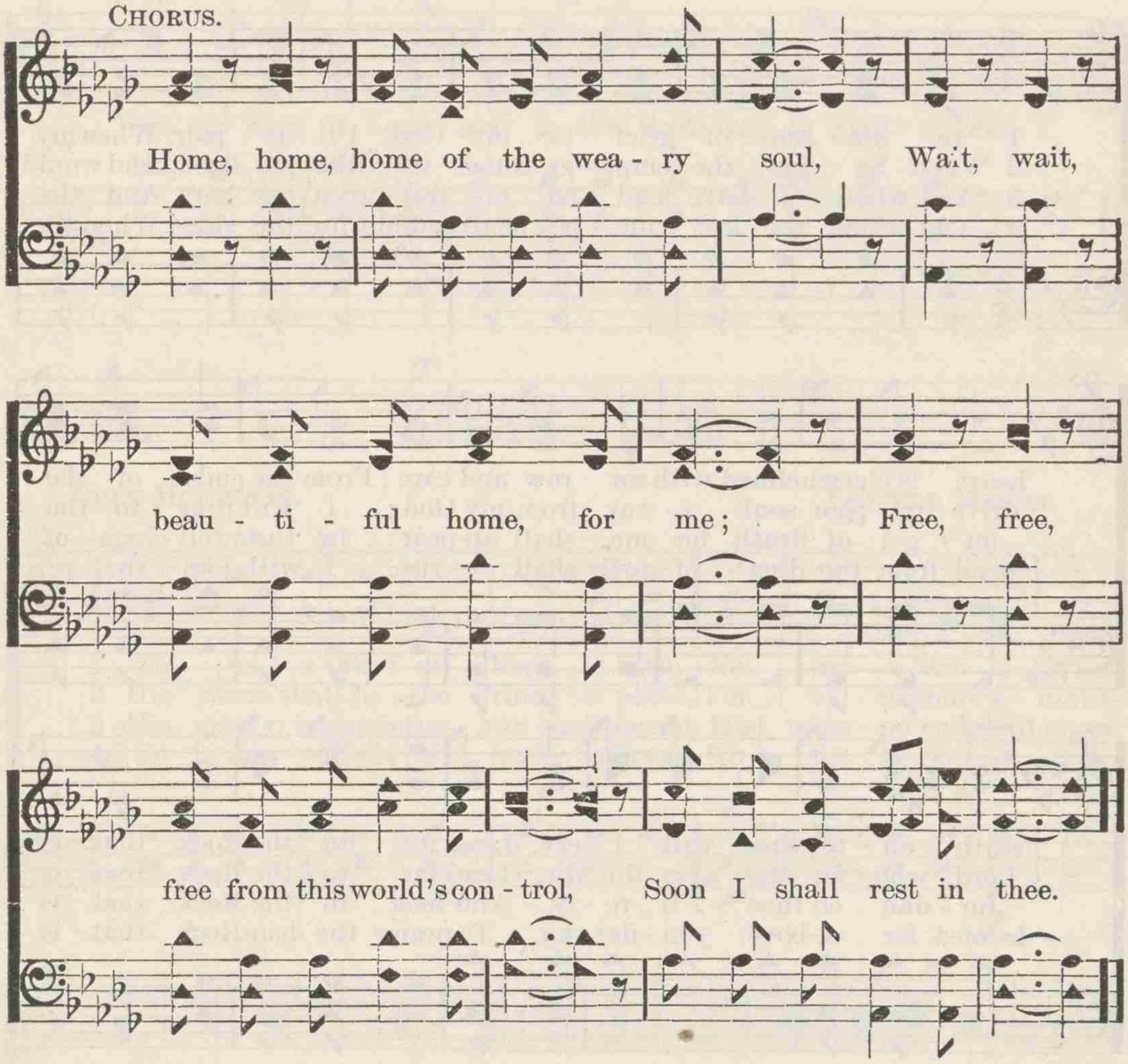
Beau - ti - ful home of the soul, Oh, may thy gates to
Beau - ti - ful home of the soul; No tears can dim the
Beau - ti - ful home of the soul; The snow - y robes the

me un - fold, May I my Sav - iour - King be - hold, And
star - ry eyes That wak - en once in glad sur - prise With-
just shall wear, The palms and harps that they shall bear, Oh,

SEMI-CHORUS.

walk the shin - ing streets of gold, Beau-ti - ful home of the soul.
in the por - tal to the skies, Beau-ti - ful home of the soul.
may they all be wait - ing there, Beau-ti - ful home of the soul.

# BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE SOUL. Concluded.




## No. 60. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt!

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

*W. H. Balhurst.*

## No. 61. L. M.

1 Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep; [take,
These lambs within thine arms now
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

3 O teach them to discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove,
And reach the heavenly fold above.

*W. B. Collyer.*

# No. 62. LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1 In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is
2 When Sa - tan, the tempt - er, comes in like a flood, And would drive my poor soul a - way from my God; I will pray to the Lord, who for sin - ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is
3 And when I have end - ed my pil - grim - age here, And the an - gel of death for me shall ap-pear: In the swell - ings of Jor - dan on thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is
4 And when the last trum - pet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of earth shall a - rise, I will join the re - - deemed far a-bove yon - der sky, To praise the dear Rock that is

REFRAIN.

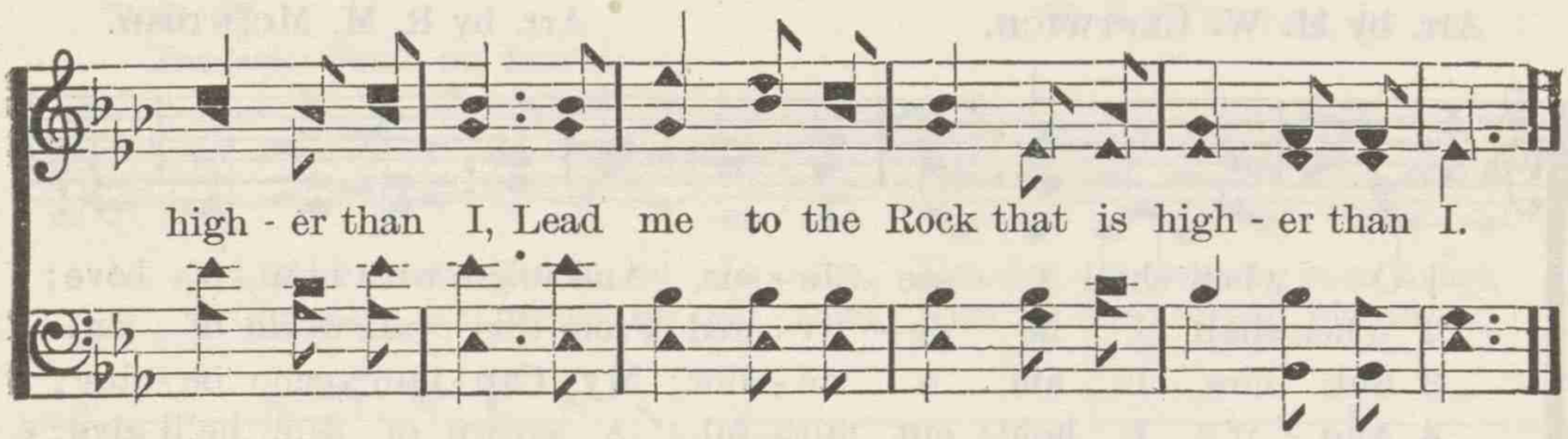
high - er than I.
high - er than I.
high - er than I.
high - er than I.

High - er than I, high - er than I,

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I; High - er than I,
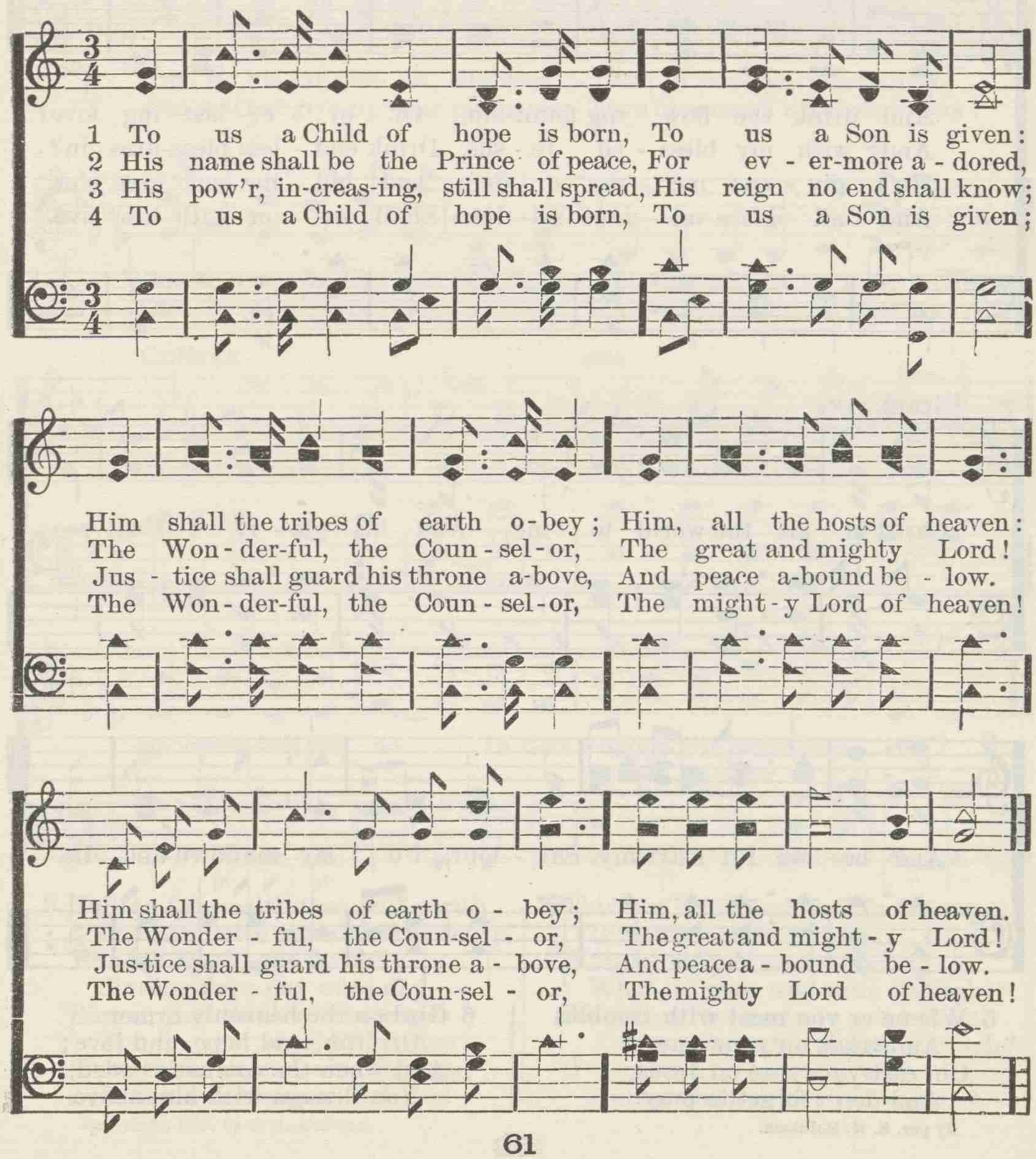
Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

## LEAD ME TO THE ROCK. Concluded.
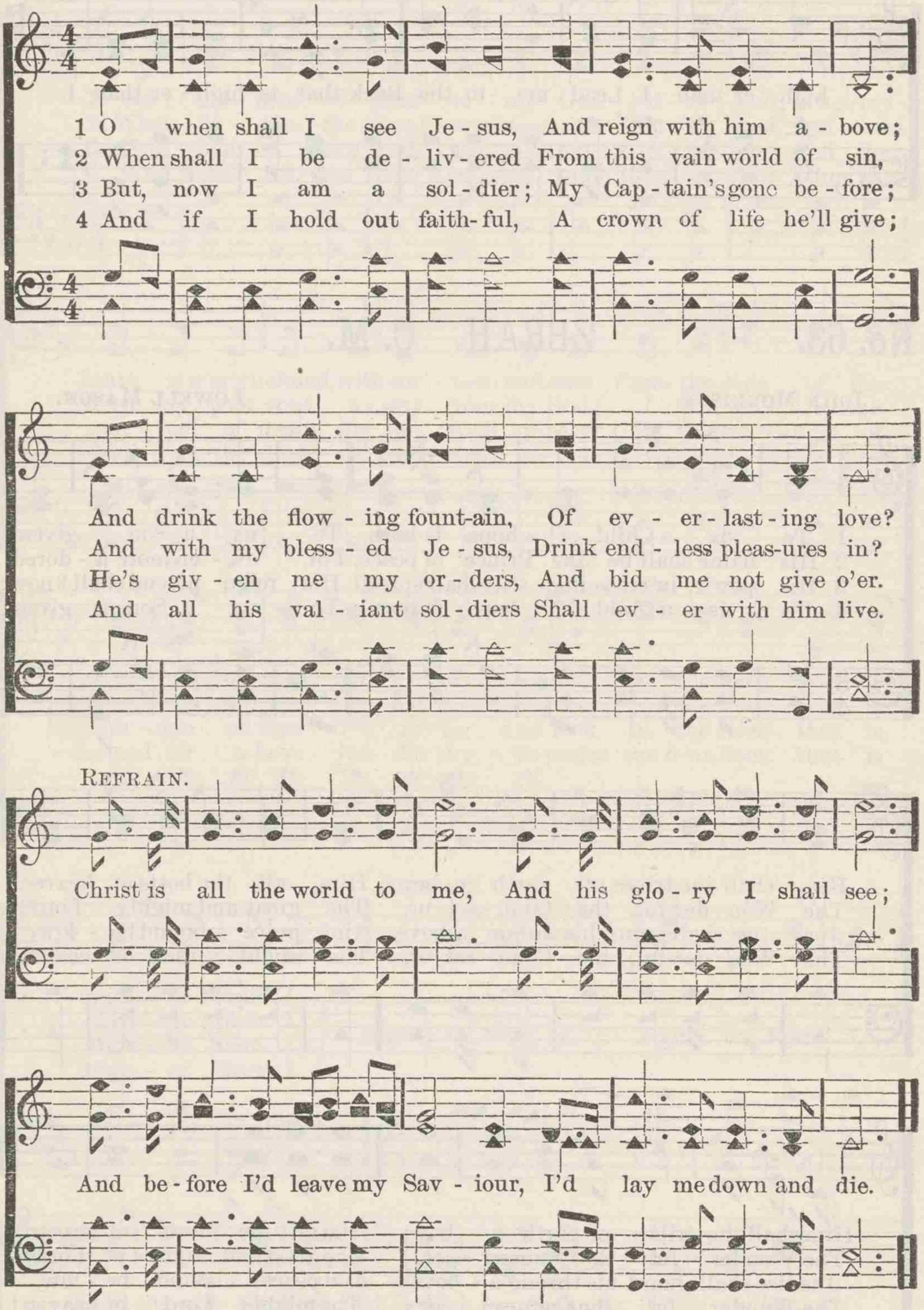



## No. 63. ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 64. O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

Arr. by M. W. LEFTWICH. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.




5 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Oh, cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

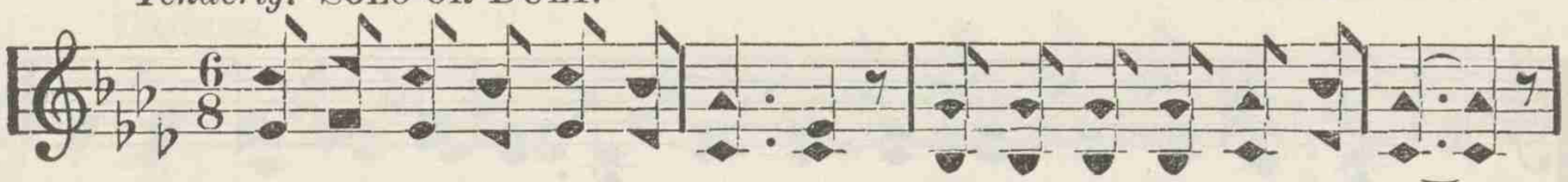
6 Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

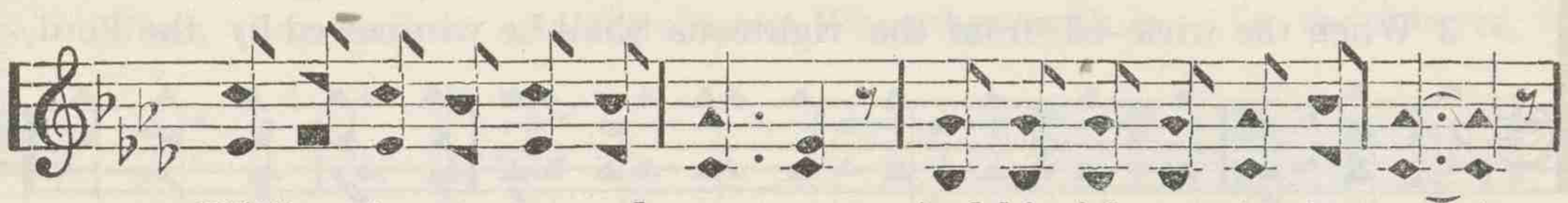
# No. 65. WHAT WILL YOU DO IN THAT DAY.

T. B. W. T. B. WEAVER, by per.
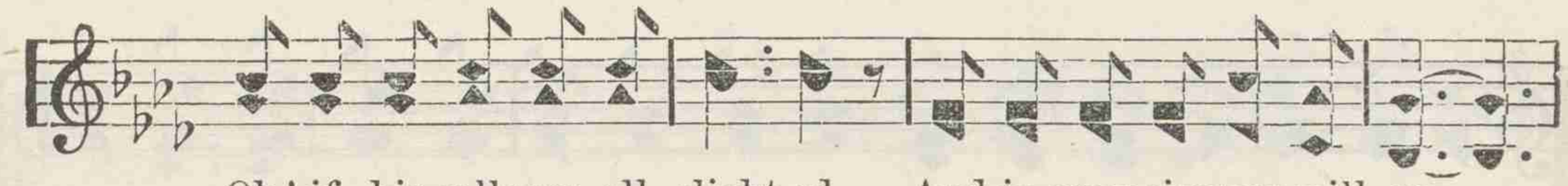
*Tenderly.* SOLO OR DUET.



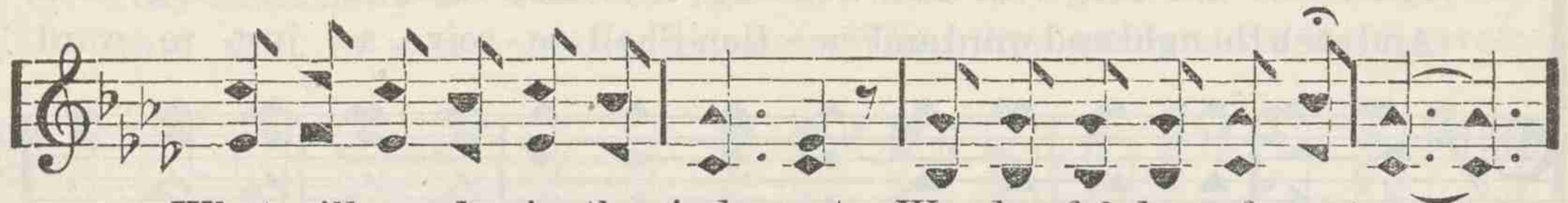
1 List - en, oh! list-en to Je - sus, Ten-der - ly ask-ing your heart,
2 Christ is a ref-uge for sin - ners, Flee to the arms of his love;



Willing to res-cue and save you, And his rich grace to im - part!
If you neglect this sal - va - tion, How can you meet him a - bove?
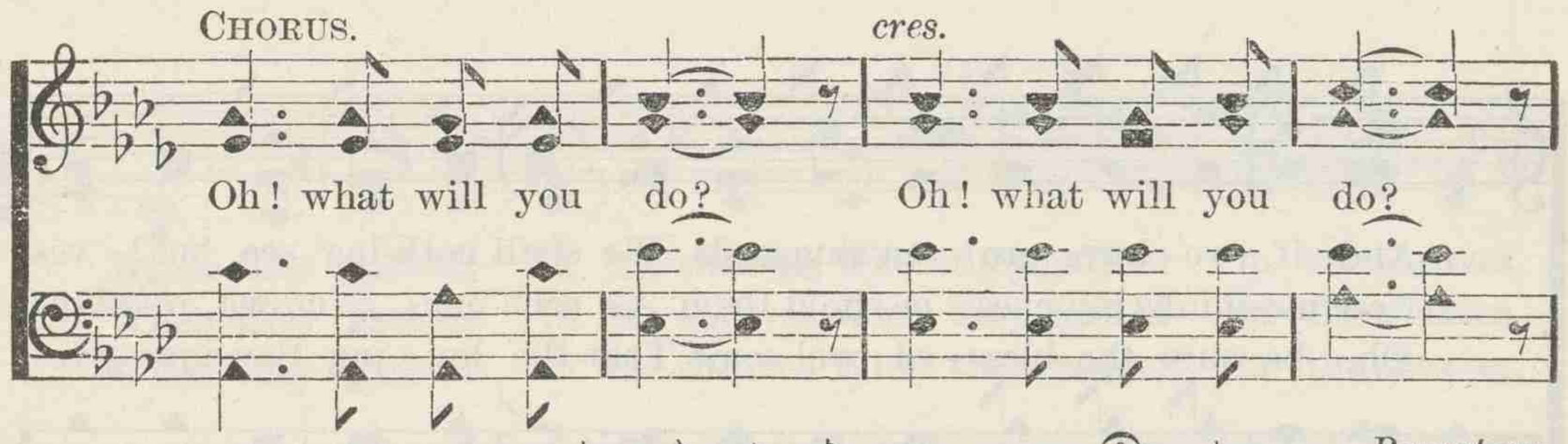


Oh! if his calls are all slight-ed, And in your sins you will go,
Can you not give up your pleasures, Turn from earth's trifles a - way!
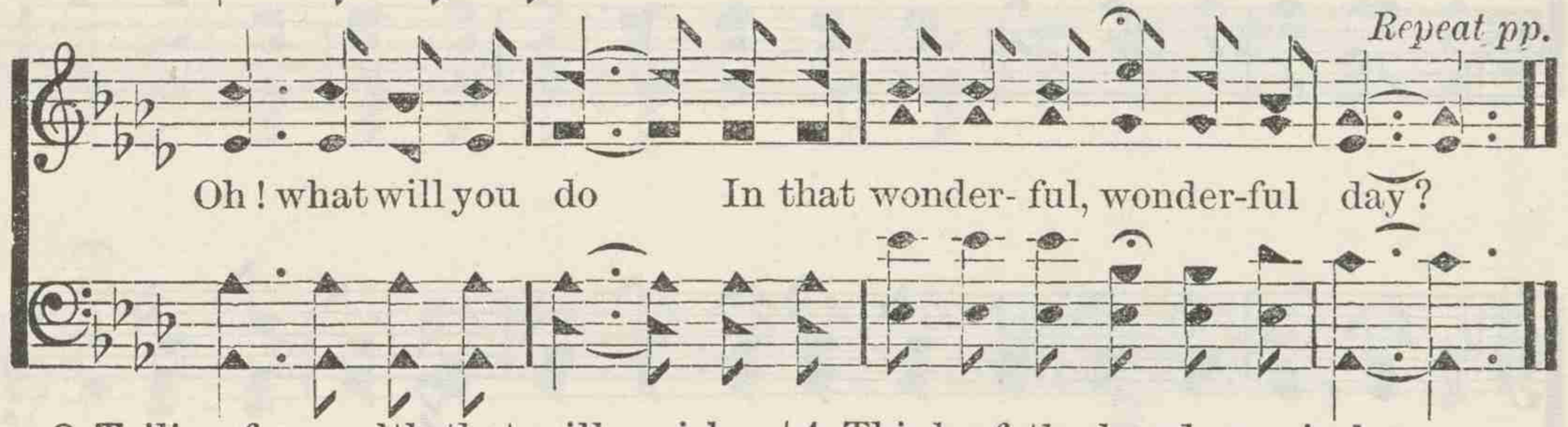


What will you do in the judgment, Wonder-ful day of great woe?
Oh! if you cling to your i - dols, What will you do in that day?

CHORUS. *cres.*



Oh! what will you do? Oh! what will you do?

*Repeat pp.*



Oh! what will you do In that wonder- ful, wonder-ful day?
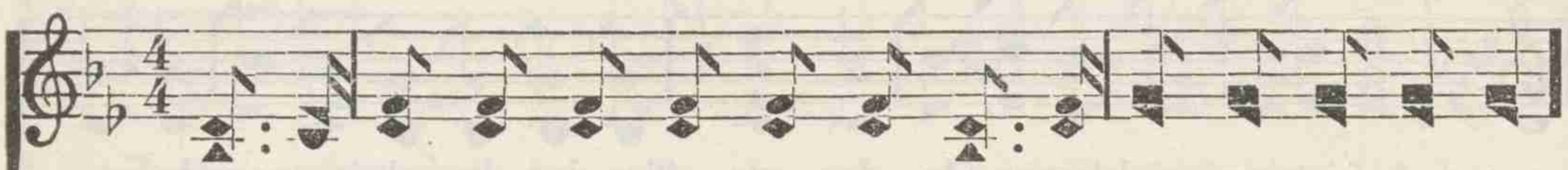
3 Toiling for wealth that will perish,
Charmed with the toys that decay,
Blinded by sin and by folly,
Sinning from day unto day,
Sinner, just think of the wages
You for your sin shall receive!
Turn to the dear, loving Saviour,
Humbly confess and believe!

4 Think of the loved ones in heaven,
In yonder city of Light,
Waiting for you at the portal;
What, if your soul take its flight?
Would you be ready to greet them,
Anxious the gates to pass through?
If you have no hope in Jesus,
Sinner, then, what will you do?

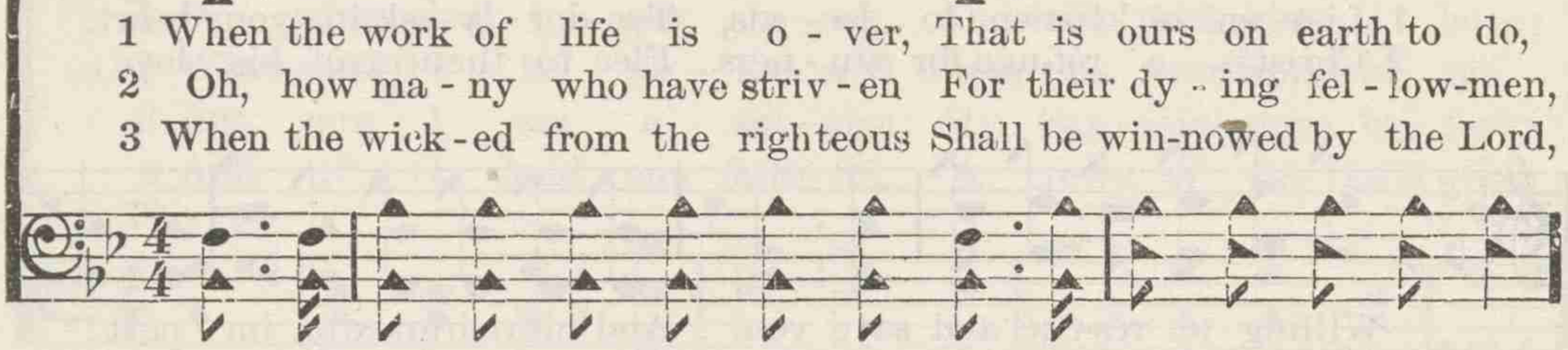
Copyright, 1883, by E. A. Hoffman.
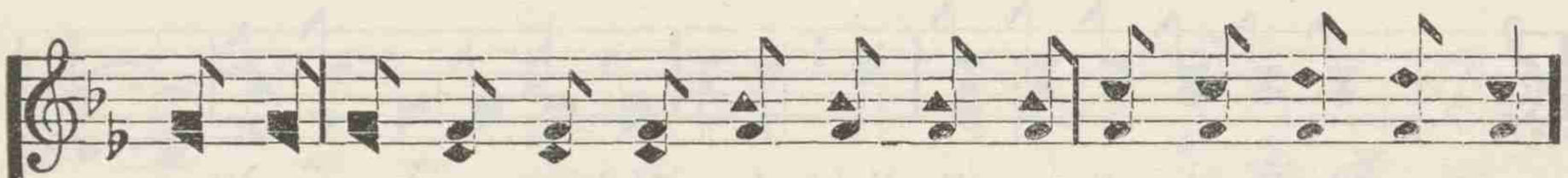
# No. 66. When They Gather In The Sheaves.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

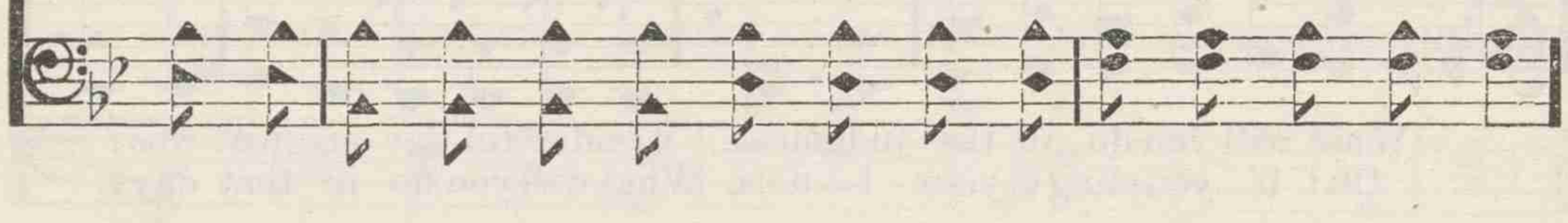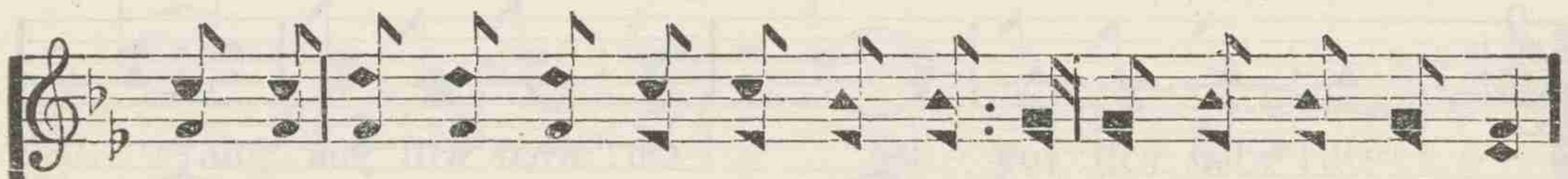


1 When the work of life is o - ver, That is ours on earth to do,
2 Oh, how ma - ny who have striv - en For their dy - ing fel - low-men,
3 When the wick - ed from the righteous Shall be win-nowed by the Lord,
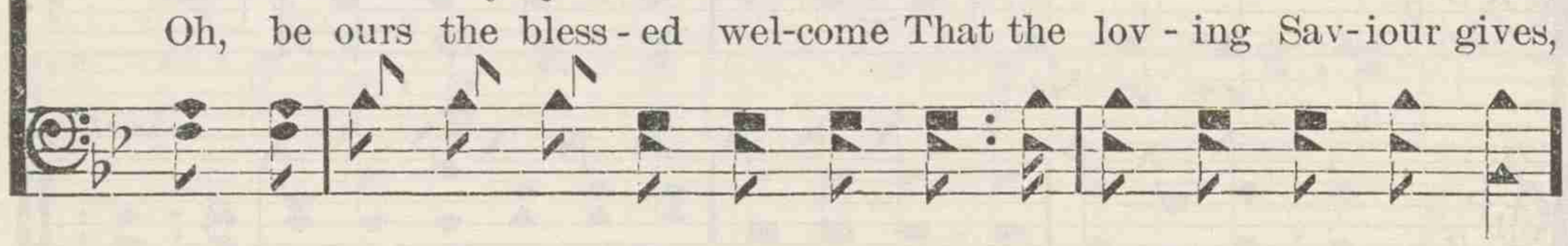




Then the pro-ducts of our sow - ing We shall all be called to view;
Shall be la - den with their treasures, And shall come re - joic - ing then,
And each thought and word and ac - tion Shall re - ceive a just re - ward,

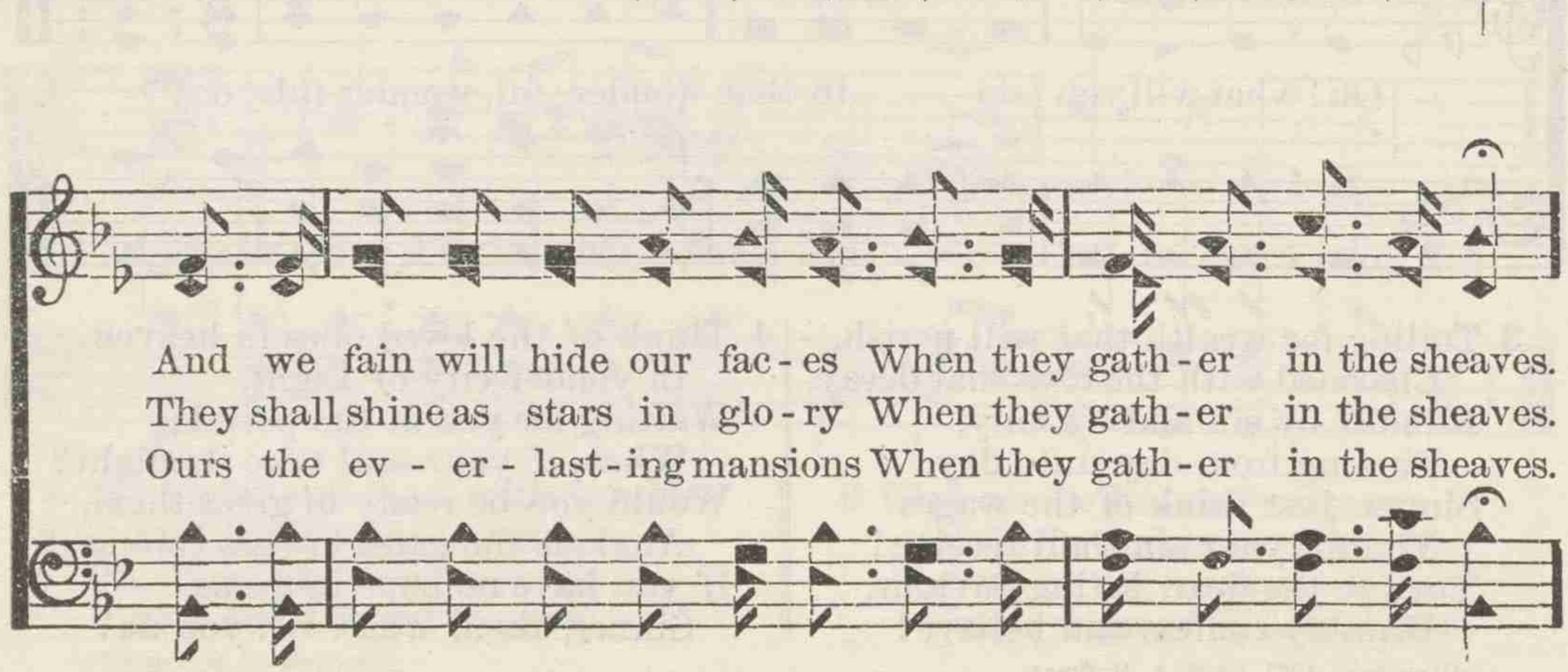




And if we have pro - ven sluggards We shall noth-ing see but l ves,
Now me-thinks my eyes be - hold them As each one a crown re-ceives,
Oh, be ours the bless - ed wel-come That the lov - ing Sav-iour gives,

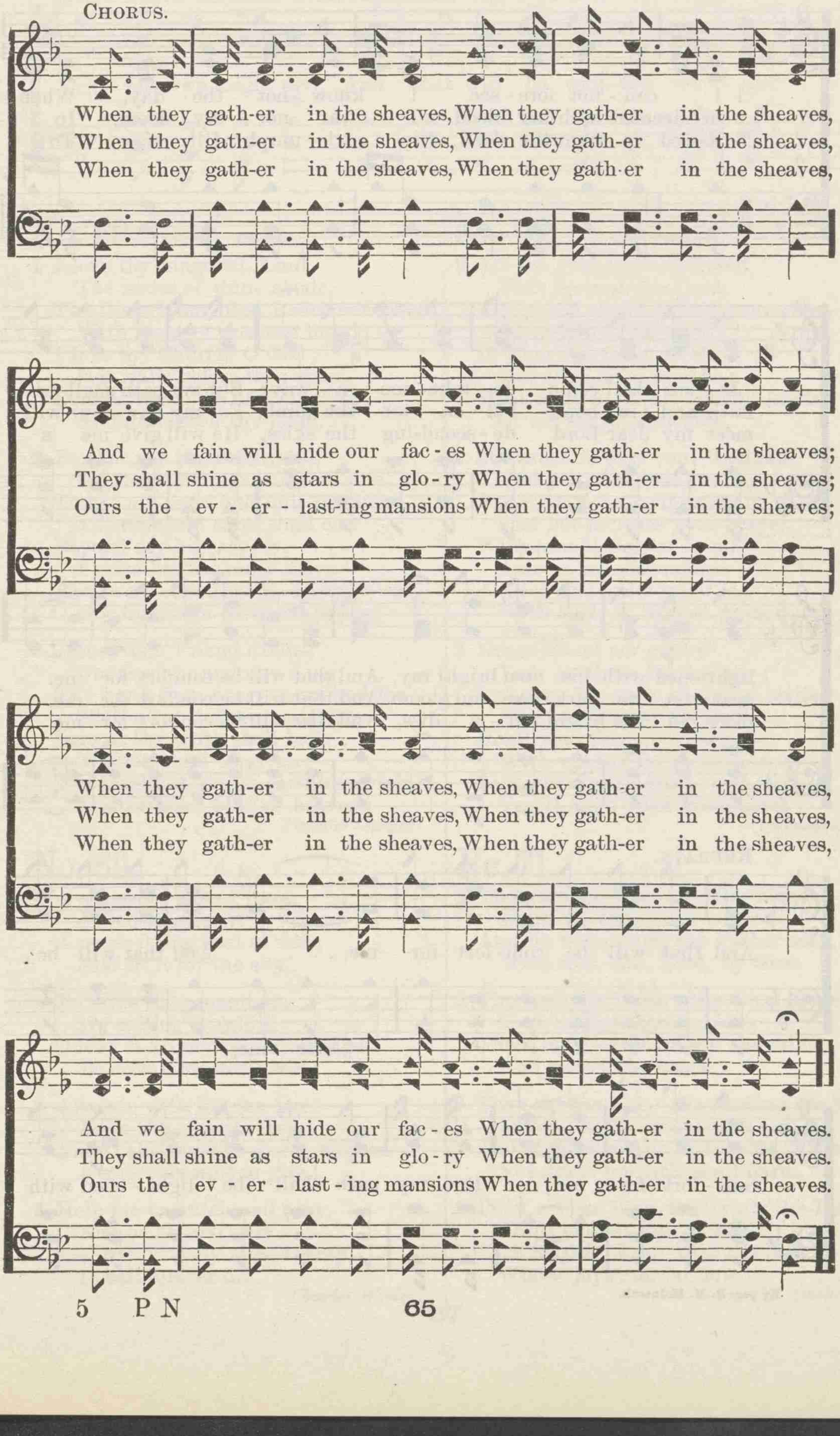


And we fain will hide our fac - es When they gath - er in the sheaves.
They shall shine as stars in glo - ry When they gath - er in the sheaves.
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions When they gath - er in the sheaves.



# When They Gather In The Sheaves. Concluded.

CHORUS.



# No. 67. I FEAR NOT THE HOUR.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 I can - not fore - see, I know not the day, When
2 Re- deemed with his blood, I fear not my doom, In
3 Raised up from the dead, in tri - umph I'll rise, To

Je - sus shall come to take me a - way; But my path shall be
faith and in hope, I'll en - ter the tomb, For my Sav - iour will
meet my dear Lord de - scend-ing the skies, He will give me a

light-ened with his own bright ray, And that will be comfort for me.
scat - ter its dark - ness and gloom, And that will be comfort for me.
place in the bright par - a - dise, And that will be comfort for me.
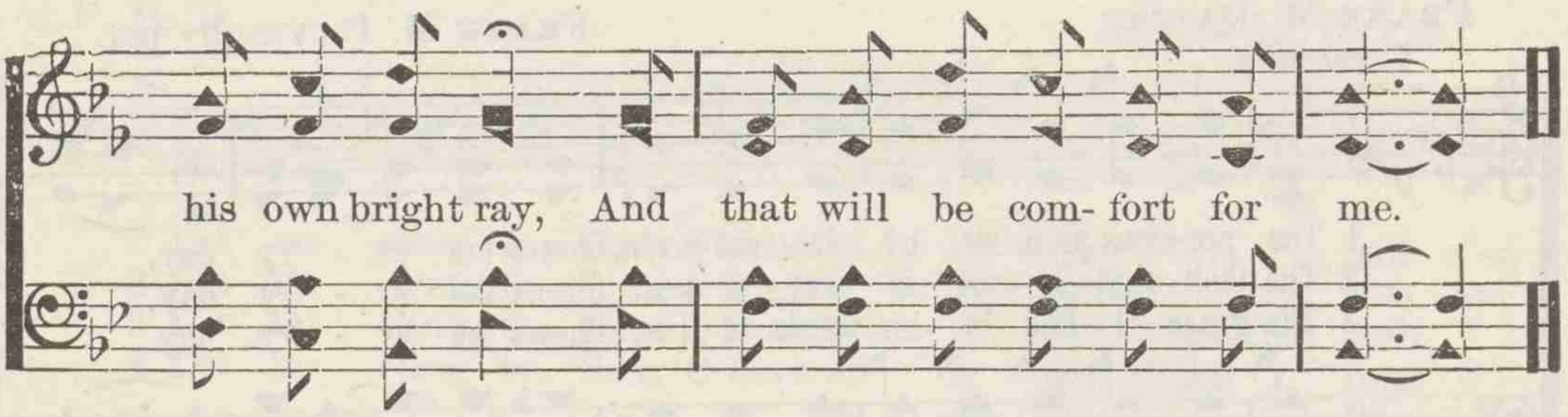
REFRAIN.

And that will be com- fort for me, . . . . And that will be
for me,

com - fort for me; But my path shall be light - ened with

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

## I FEAR NOT THE HOUR. Concluded.




## No. 68. S. M. Double.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood;
I love thy Church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*Timothy Dwight.*

## No. 69. S. M.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

*Charles Wesley.*

## No. 70. S. M. Double.

1 All you that have confessed
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people joined yourselves,
According to his word,
In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

2 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.
With humbleness of mind
Among her sons rejoice—
A meek and quiet spirit is,
With God, of highest price.

3 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.
In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

*Unknown.*

## No. 71. C. M.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

*George W. Doane.*

# No. 72. CHEERS ME EVERY DAY.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

*Cheerfully.*

1 The pre-cious prom-ise by Je- sus giv'n, Cheers me ev - 'ry day,
2 The tho't that Je- sus is ev - er near, Cheers me ev - 'ry day,
3 The grace I find in his words of life, Cheers me ev - 'ry day.

That rest is wait-ing for me in heav'n, Cheers me ev - 'ry day;
Sus-tains me when all is dark and drear, Cheers me ev - 'ry day;
The peace he brings to this world of strife Cheers me ev - 'ry day;

On the sea and on the shore, Storms may beat or winds may roar,
All his ten - der love for me, Comes thro' mer - cy full and free,
I will love him more and more, Till this fleet - ing life is o'er,

That my Sav - iour leads the way, Cheers me ev - 'ry day.
He, my com - fort and my stay, Cheers me ev - 'ry day.
For he is my life and way, Cheers me ev - 'ry day.

REFRAIN.

1 2

Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day, Cheers me ev - 'ry day. day.

# No. 73. LET ME CLING TO THEE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, While I sail o'er
2 Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When my sins are
3 Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When the path I
4 Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When I near e -

life's rough sea; When the shad-ows thickly 'round me gath - er
press-ing me; When the temp-ter's fie-ry darts are fly - ing,
fail to see, When the cup of sor-row is o'er - flow - ing,
-ter - ni - ty, When I pass the dark and lone-ly val - ley,

CHORUS.

Let me ev-er cling to thee. Let me ev - er cling to

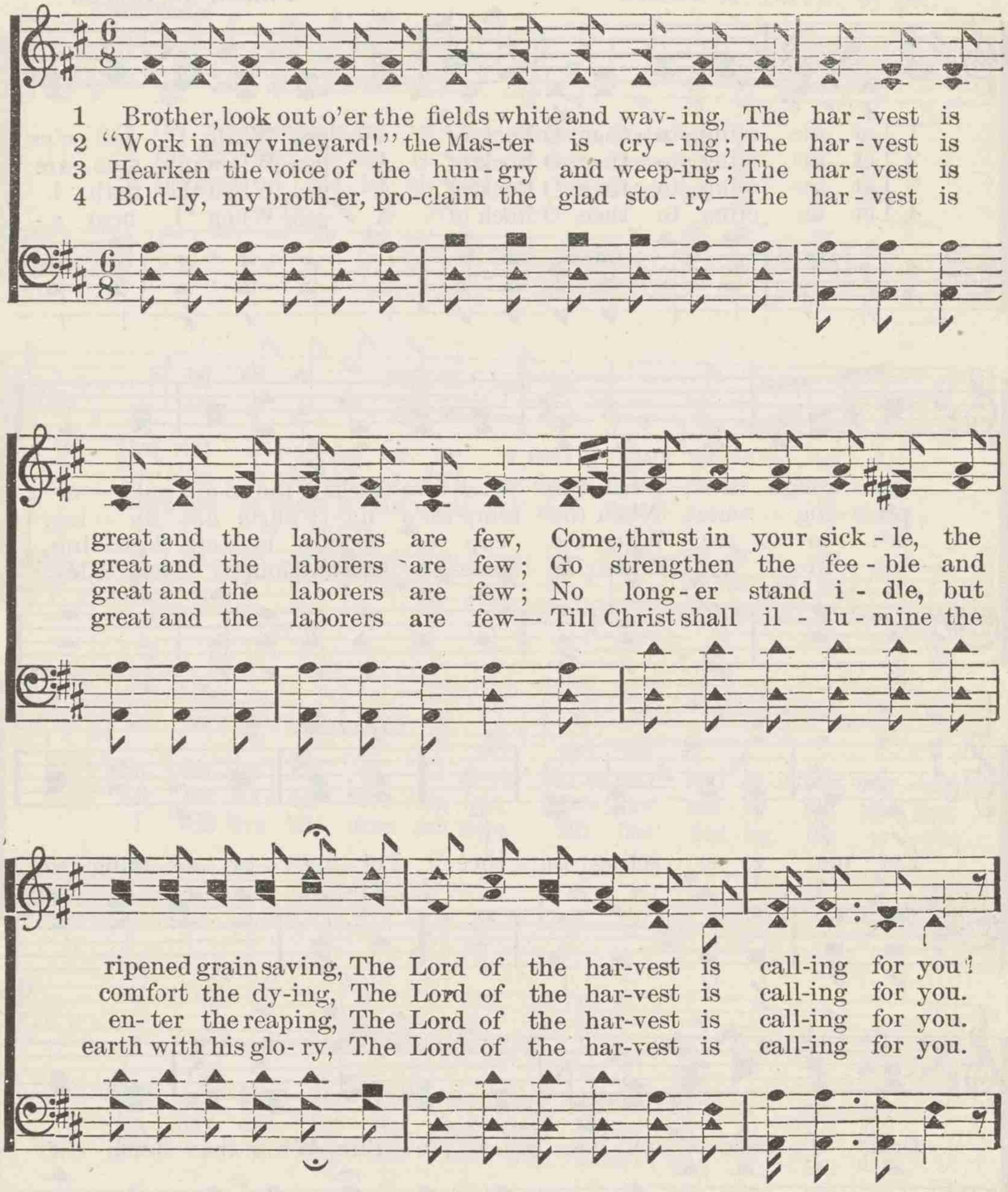
thee, O Rock of A - ges, cling to thee, While the storm of
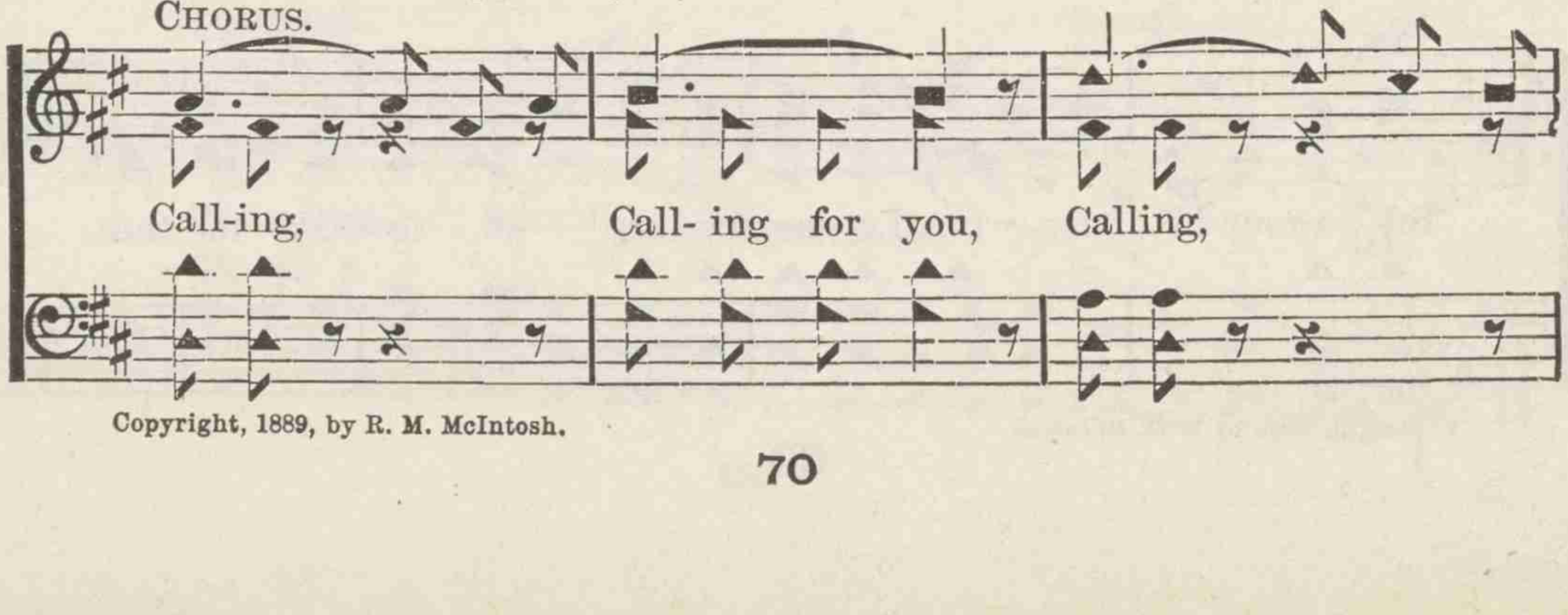
life a-round is rag - ing, Let me ev - er, ev - er cling to thee.

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# No. 74. CALLING FOR YOU.
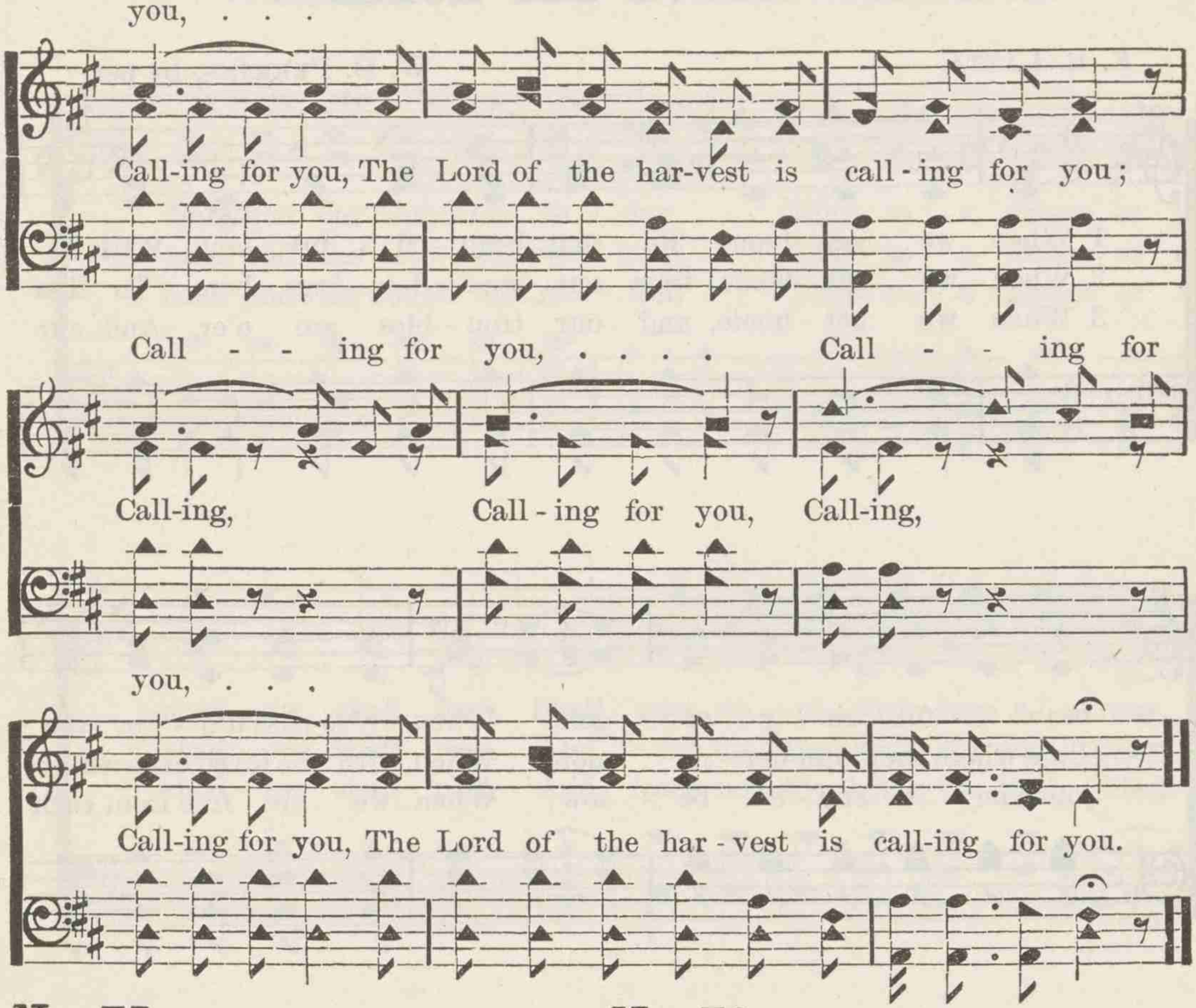
MARY SPARKS WHEELER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.







Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

# CALLING FOR YOU. Concluded.




## No. 75. S. M.

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

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

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

4 Here we must often part,
In sorrow and in pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

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

*John Fawcett.*

## No. 76. S. M. Double.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal;
How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are:
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

*Isaac Watts.*

# No. 77. WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, by per.
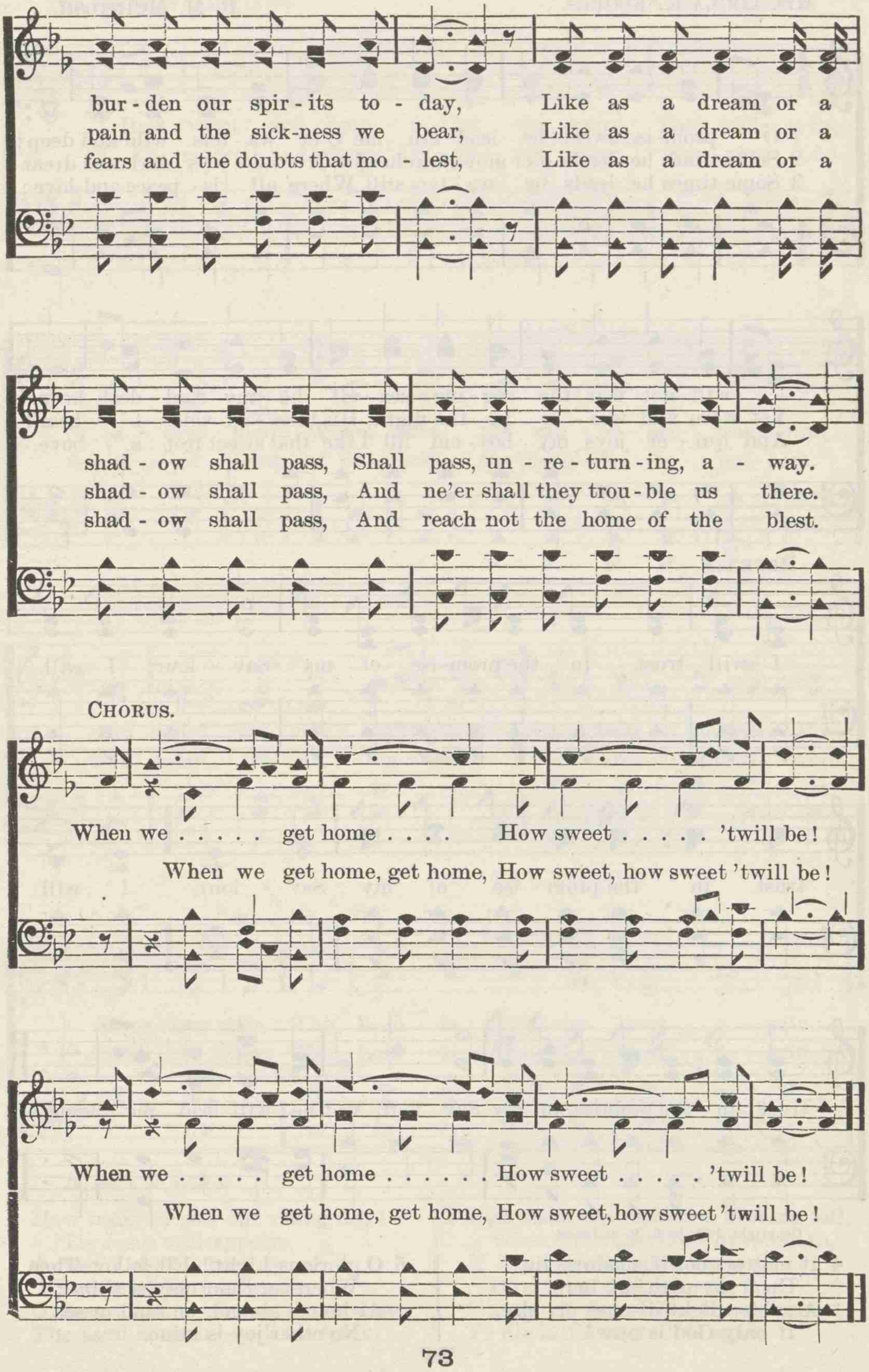
1 When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its
2 When we get home from our wan - der - ings here, To that
3 When we get home, and our trou - bles are o'er, And our

beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold: When we've pass'd o - ver the
clime where they wan-der no more; When, with the loved ones who've
jour - ney is end - ed be - low; When we are free from each

riv - er of death, And are safe in the heav - en - ly fold;
pass'd in - to rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
cum - ber - ing weight, And the sins that doth hin - der us so:
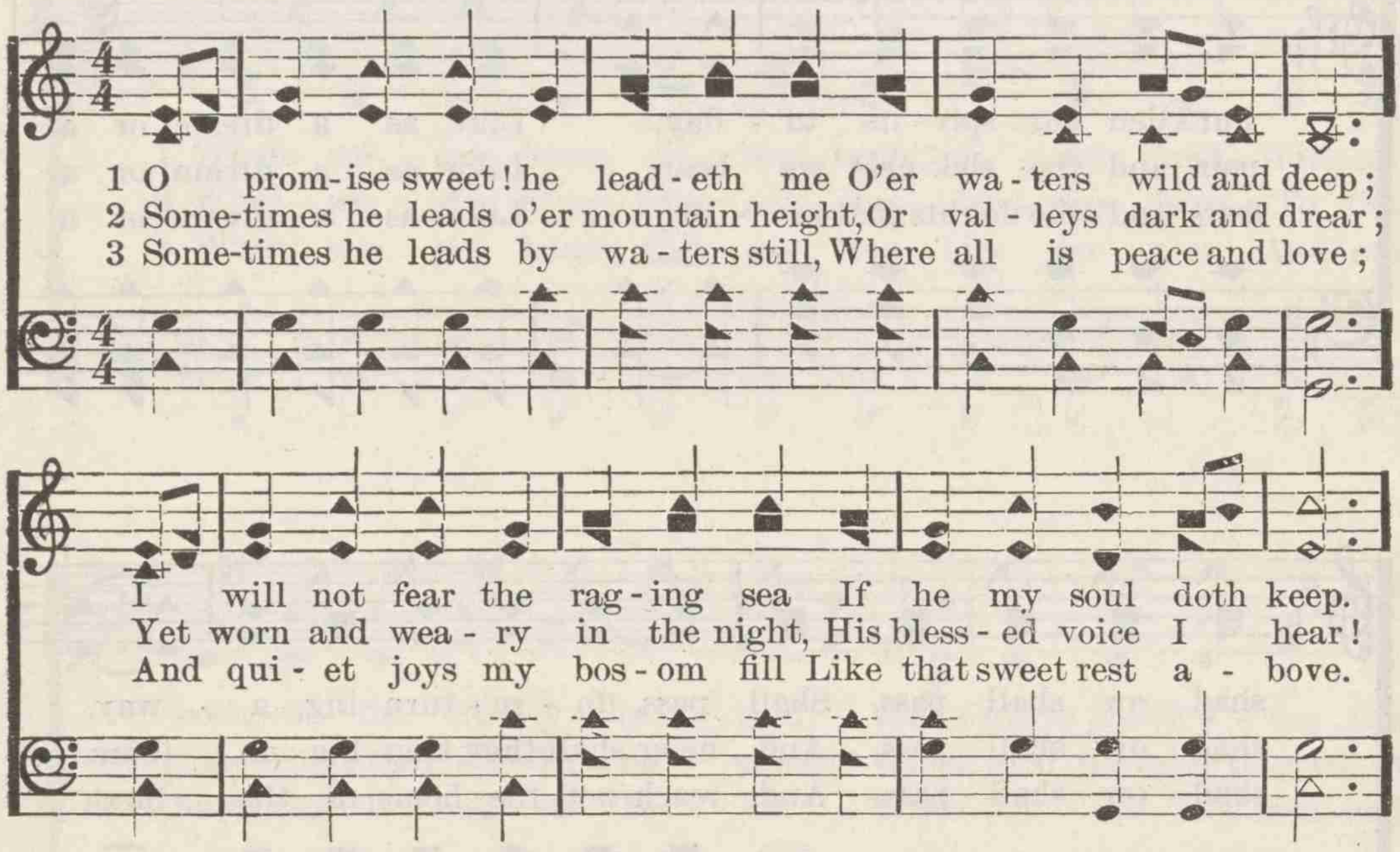
Wea - ri - some toil, trib - u - la - tion and care, That
Sor - row and strife, and our prone - ness to err, The
Tears that we shed in our sor - row - ful hours, The

# WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.



# No. 78. "I WILL UPHOLD THEE."

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.
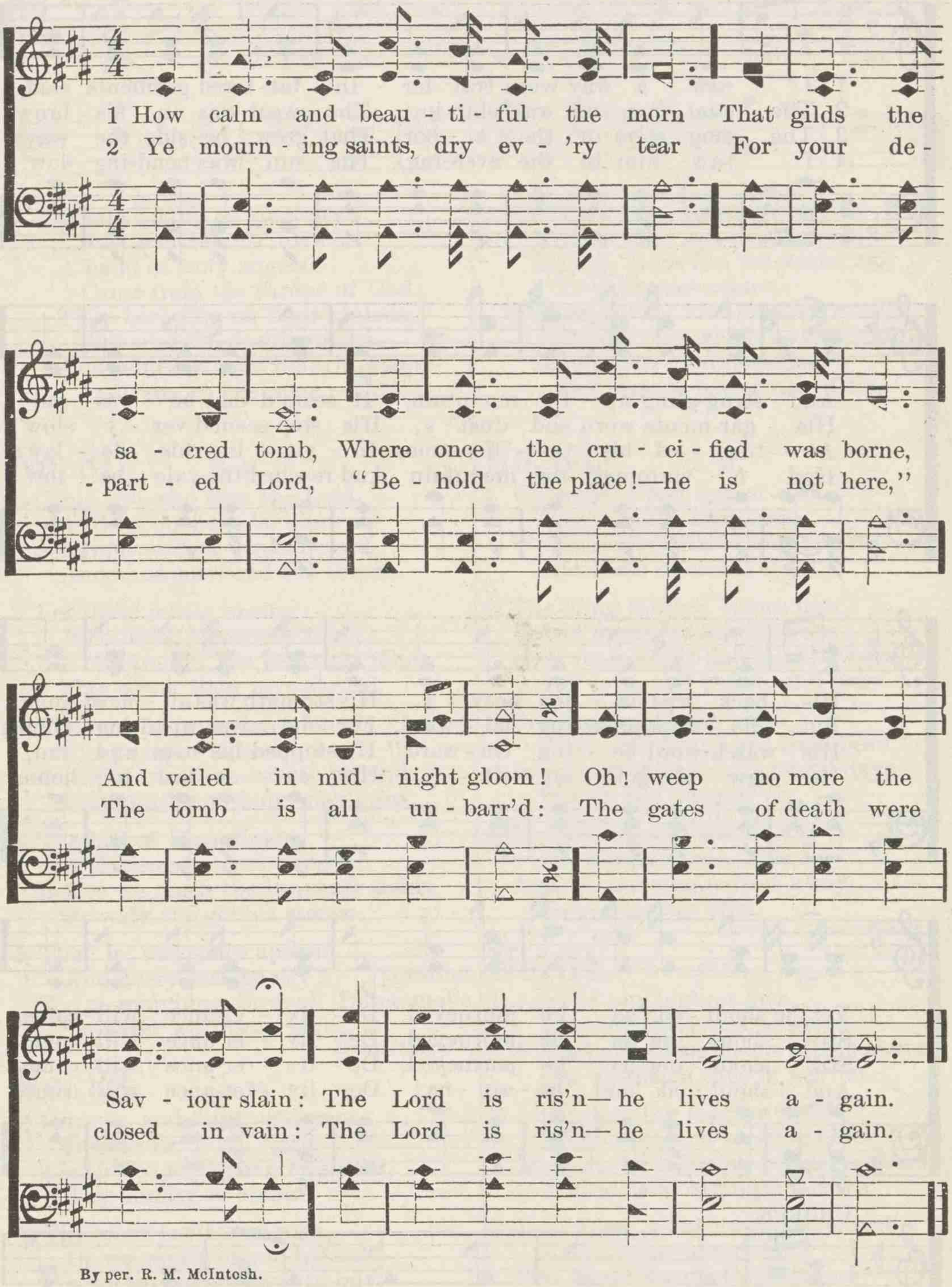



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4 It matters not if shadows lie
Upon my pathway here,
A golden light illumes my sky,
If only God is near!

5 O glorious Light! I'll follow Thee
Wherever thou may'st shine;
At home, abroad, on land or sea
No other joy is mine.

# No. 79. THE LORD IS RISEN.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain:
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he is risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

# No. 80. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

Arr. by D. W. McDONALD.

1 I saw a way-worn trav'-ler In tat-tered garments clad,
2 The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
3 The song-sters in the ar-bor That grew be-side the way,
4 I saw him in the even-ing, The sun was bend-ing low,

And strug-gling up the mountain, It seem'd that he was sad;
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seem'd ver-y slow;
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Had o-vertopped the mountain And reached the vale be-low:

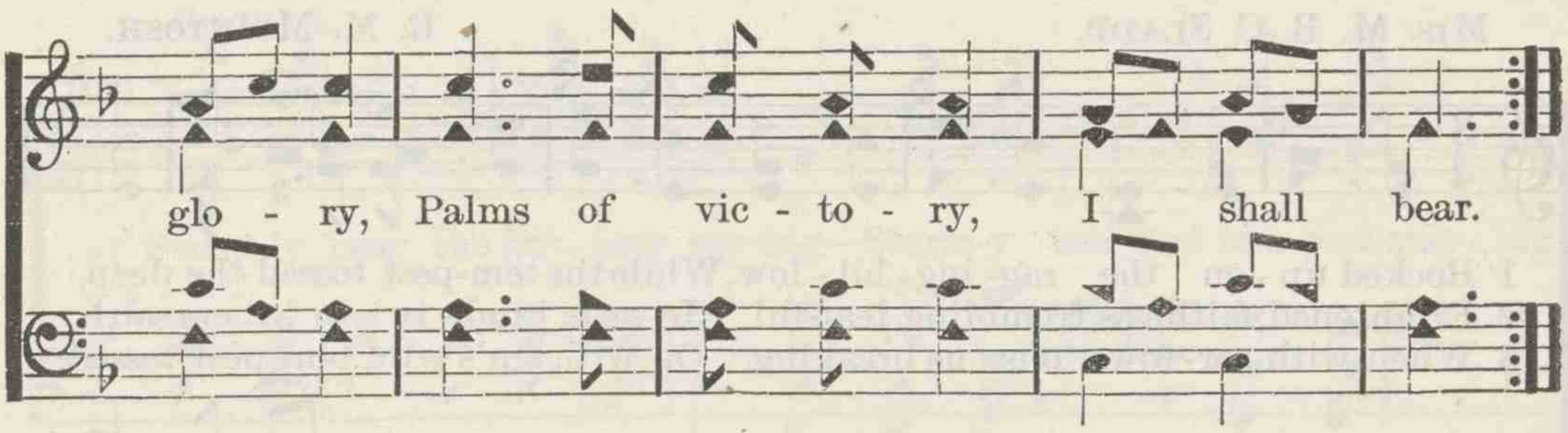
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
His watch-word be-ing "On-ward" He stopped his ears and ran,
He saw the gold-en cit-y, His ev-er-last-ing home,

Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
And shout-ed loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of

## DELIVERANCE WILL COME. Concluded.




5 While gazing on that city
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come.—CHO.

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward,
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud hosanna!
Deliverance has come.—CHO.

---

## No. 81. S. M.

1 Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

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

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

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

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

*Isaac Watts.*

## No. 82. S. M.

1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

*Unknown.*

## No. 83. S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

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

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

*Isaac Watts.*

## No. 84. S. M.

1 Lord of our highest love,
Let now thy peace be given;
Fix all our thoughts on things above,
Our hearts on thee in heaven.

2 And when the loaf we break,
Thine own rich blessing give;
May all, with loving hearts, partake,
And all new strength receive.
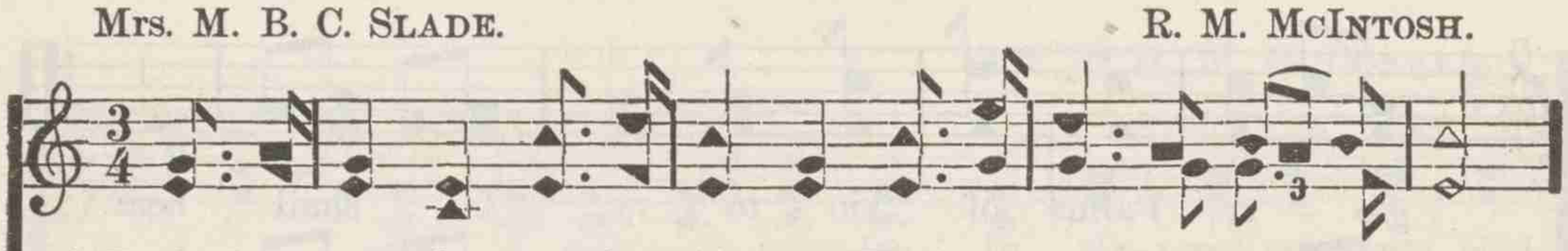
3 Dear Lord, what memories crowd
Around the sacred cup:
The upper room—Gethsemane—
Thy foes—thy lifting up!

4 O scenes of suffering love,
Enough our souls to win;
Enough to melt our hearts, and prove
The antidote of sin!
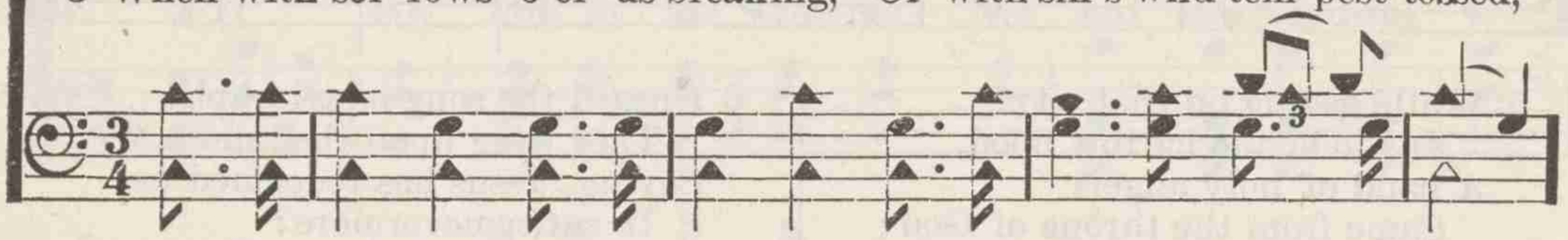
*G. Y. Tickle.*

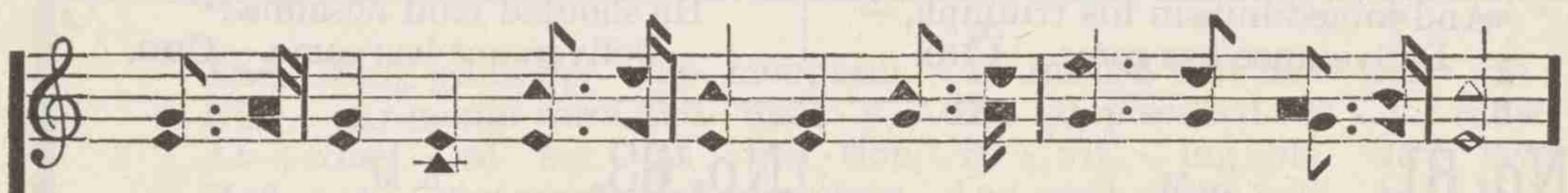
# No. 85. PEACE, BE STILL!

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.
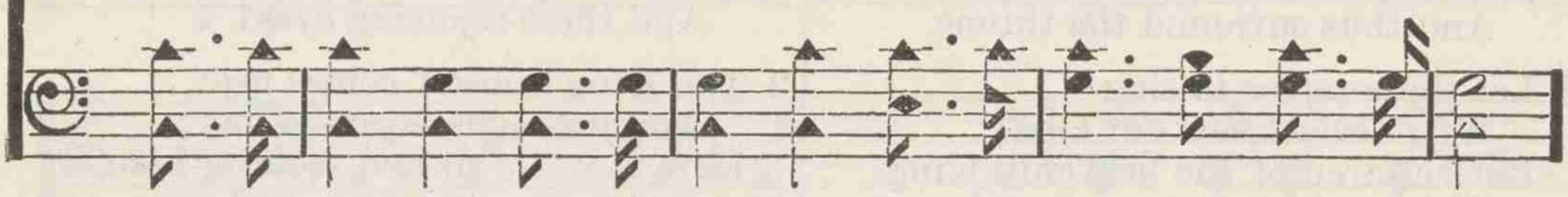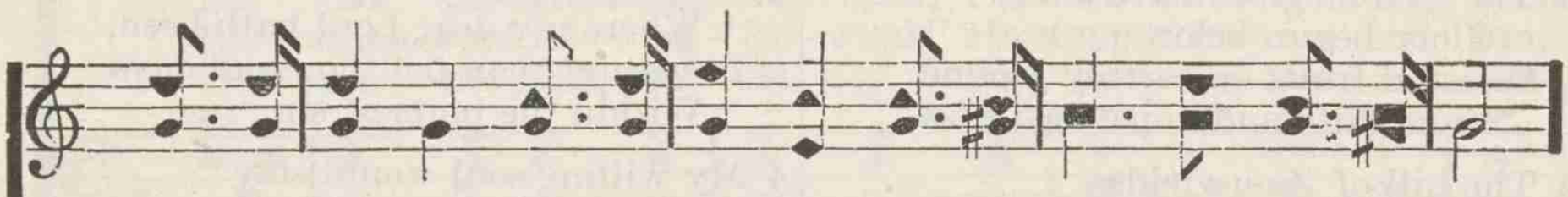


1 Rocked up - on the rag- ing bil - low, While the tem-pest tossed the deep,
2 Frightened, faithless, trembling, tear-ful, Je - sus kind - ly to them saith:
3 When with sor- rows o'er us breaking, Or with sin's wild tem-pest tossed,



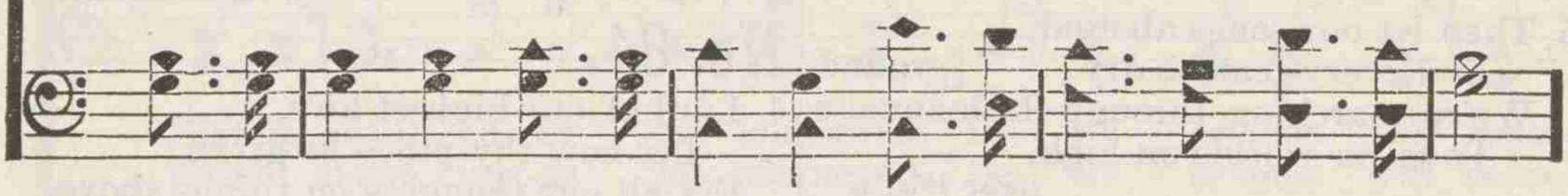


Calm - ly on the seaman's pil - low, Je - sus lay in qui - et sleep,
Why, O, why are ye so fear- ful? How is it ye have no faith?
If we cry the Mas - ter seek-ing, Save us, Lord, or we are lost!

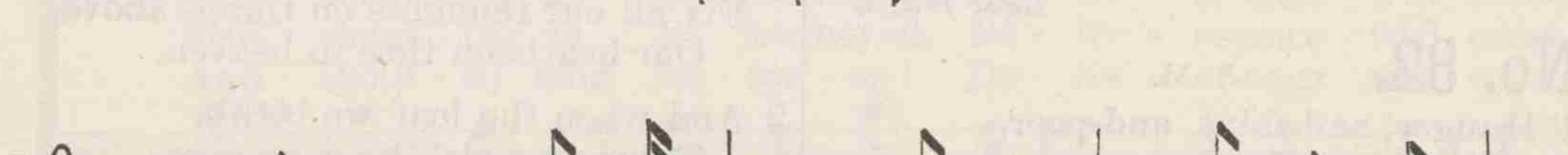




Wild - er grew the storm and fast - er; Soon the waves the ves - sel fill;
Lord, we per - ish, they are cry - ing; Save us, Lord, they pray, un - til,
Neith-er wind nor sea shall harm us; All o - bey the heaven-ly will;



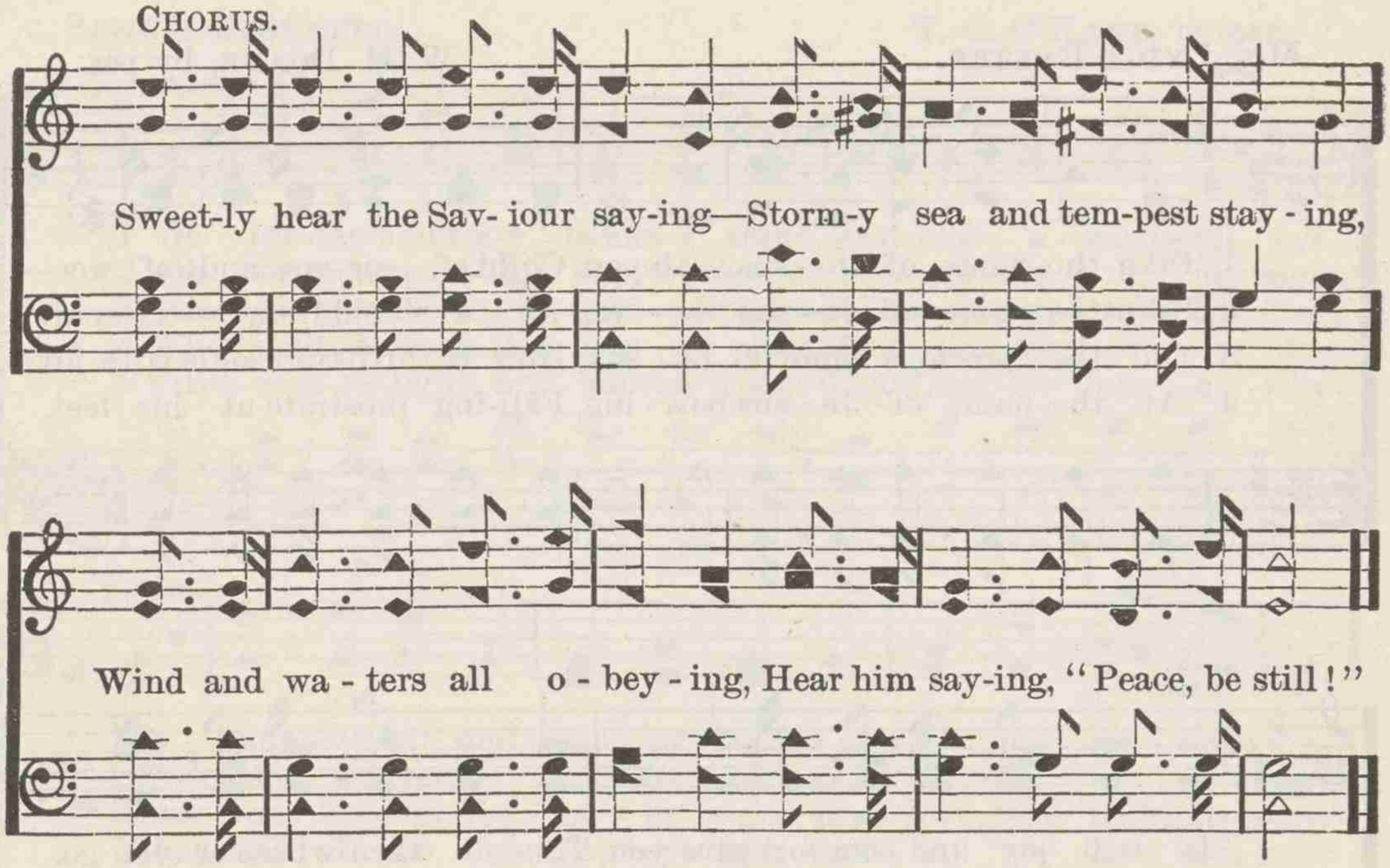
Wake, they cry, we per - ish, Mas- ter! He can save us if he will.
Calm as soft - est zeph- yrs sigh-ing, Wind and sea o - bey his will.
If we trust him he will calm us; Peace di- vine our souls shall fill.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

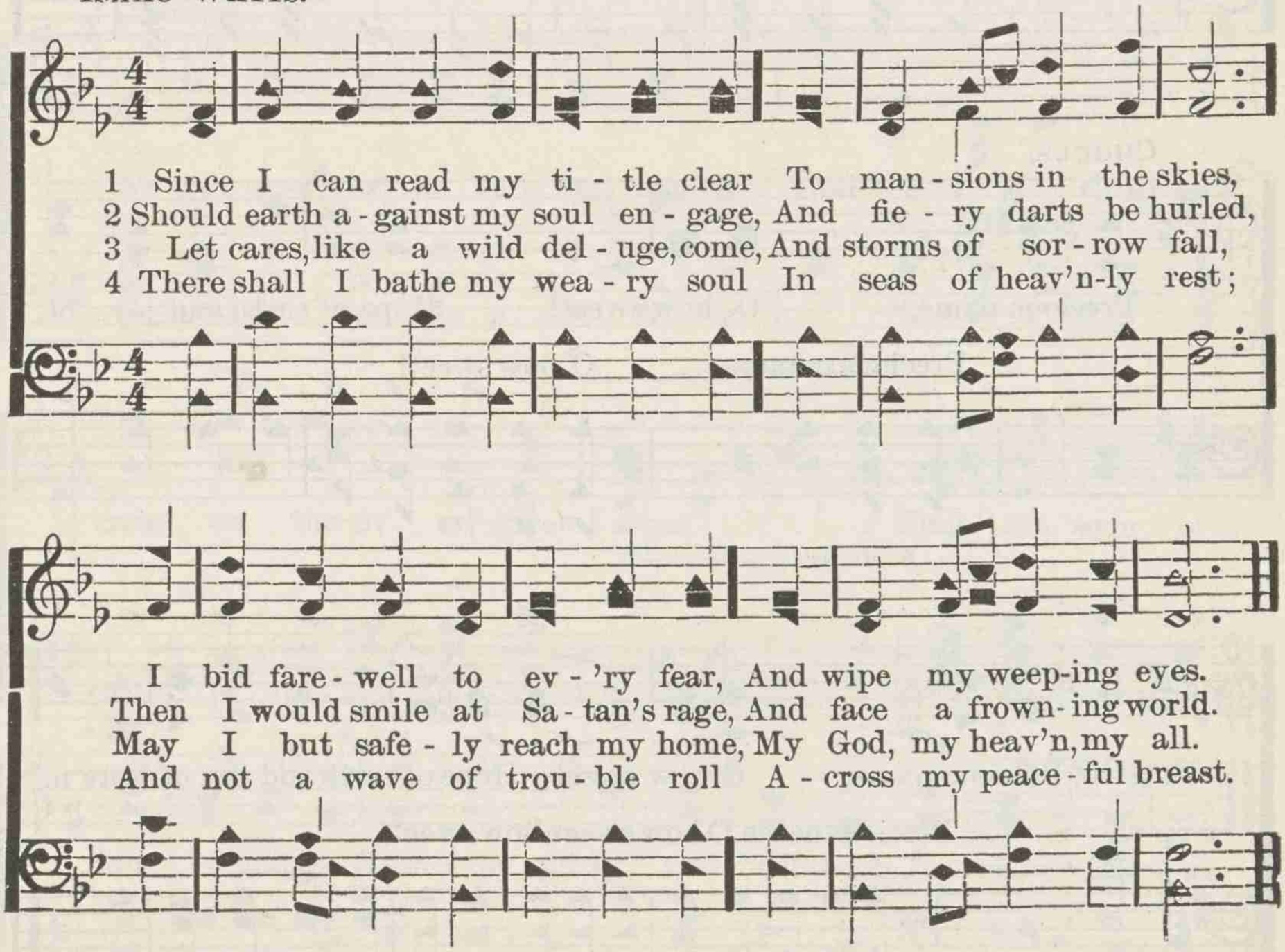
# PEACE, BE STILL! Concluded.

CHORUS.




## No. 86. DOGGETT. C. M.

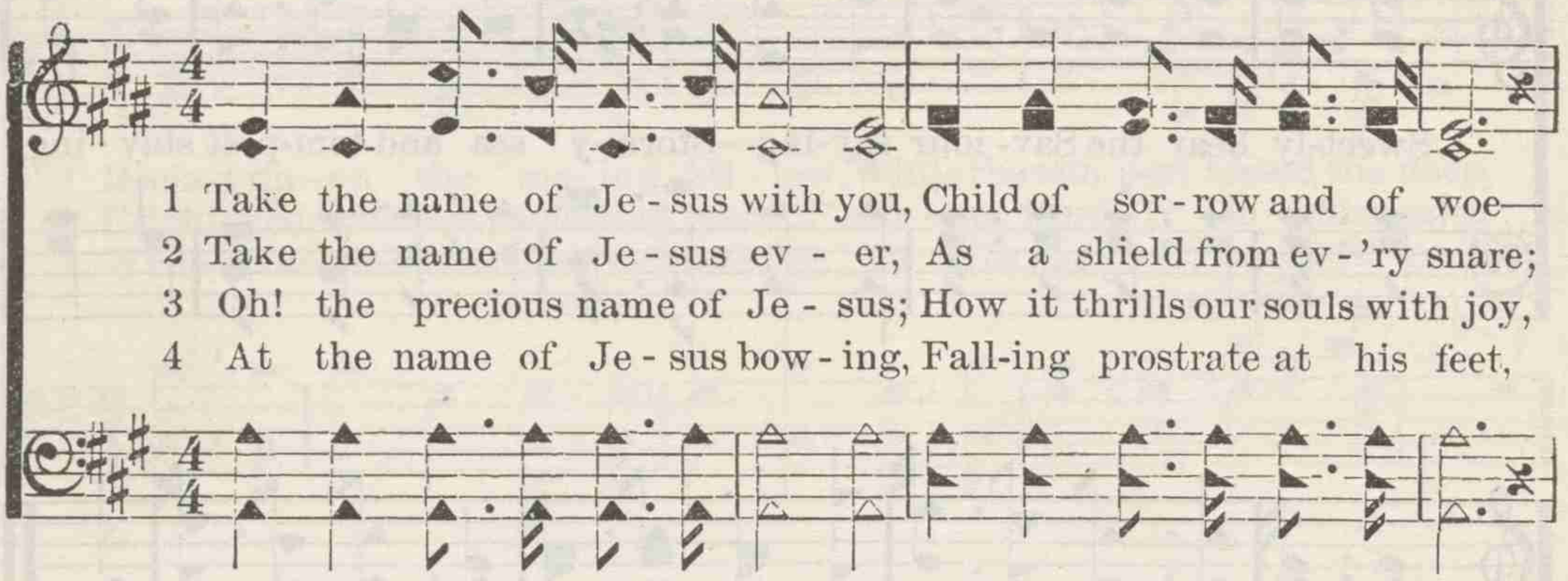
ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

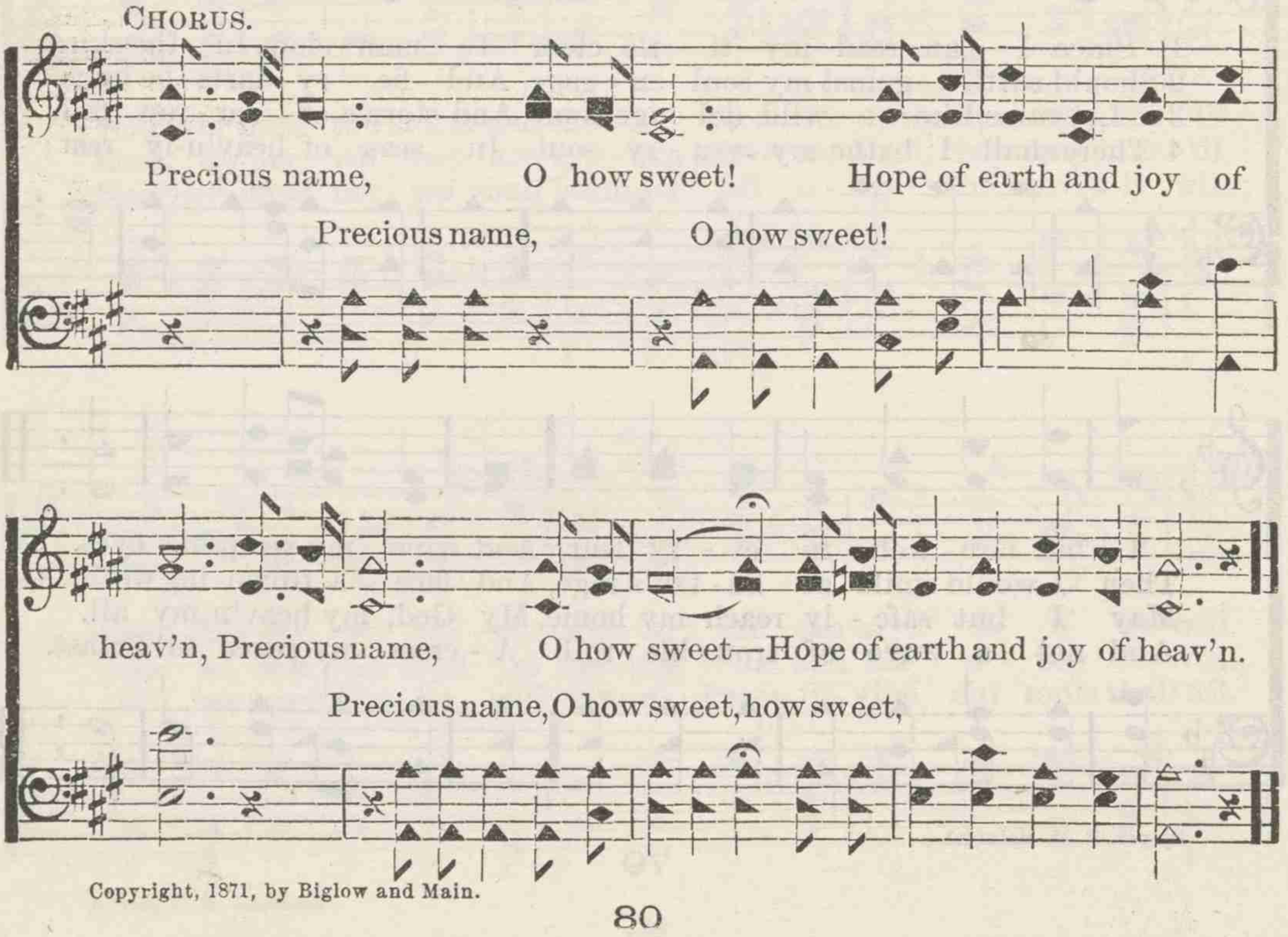



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 87. THE PRECIOUS NAME.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE, by per.
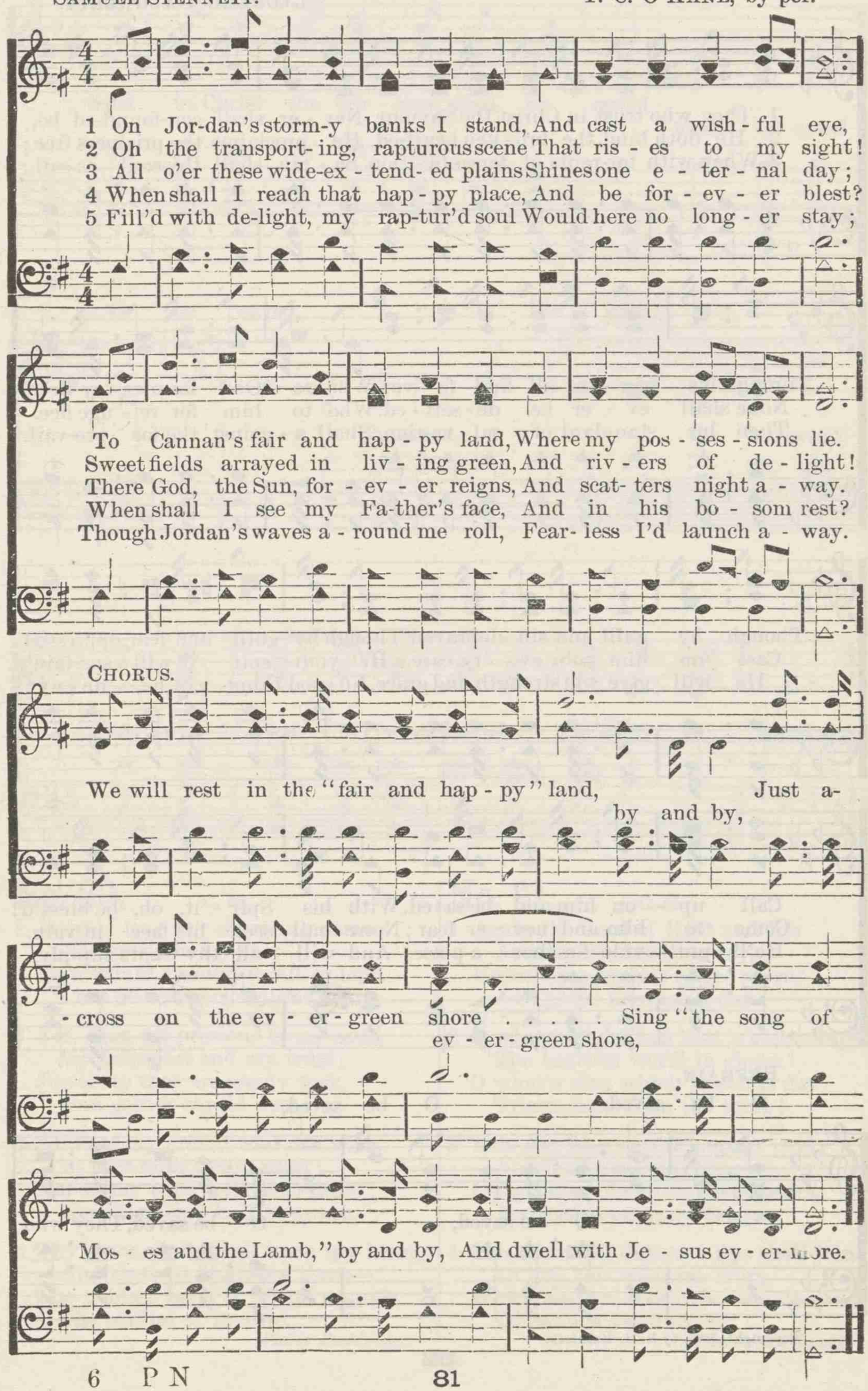



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# No. 88. EVERGREEN SHORE.

SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



# No. 89. THEY WHO TRUST.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1 They who trust in Christ the Saviour, Nev - er shall con-found-ed be,
2 He doth bind the bro - ken heart-ed, He proclaims the pris'ners free;
3 When with tor-rents of temp-ta - tion, Sa - tan shall thy soul as-sail;

Through his mer - its all find fa - vor, Who to God for mer - cy flee.
None shall ev - er be de - sert - ed, Who to him for ref - uge flee.
Then his stan-dard of sal - va-tion, Shall a - gainst the foe pre-vail.

Though by guilt and sin depraved, Though by guilt and fear oppressed.
Cast on him your ev - 'ry care, He your spir - it will sus-tain;
He will give you strength and grace, No good thing will he de - ny;
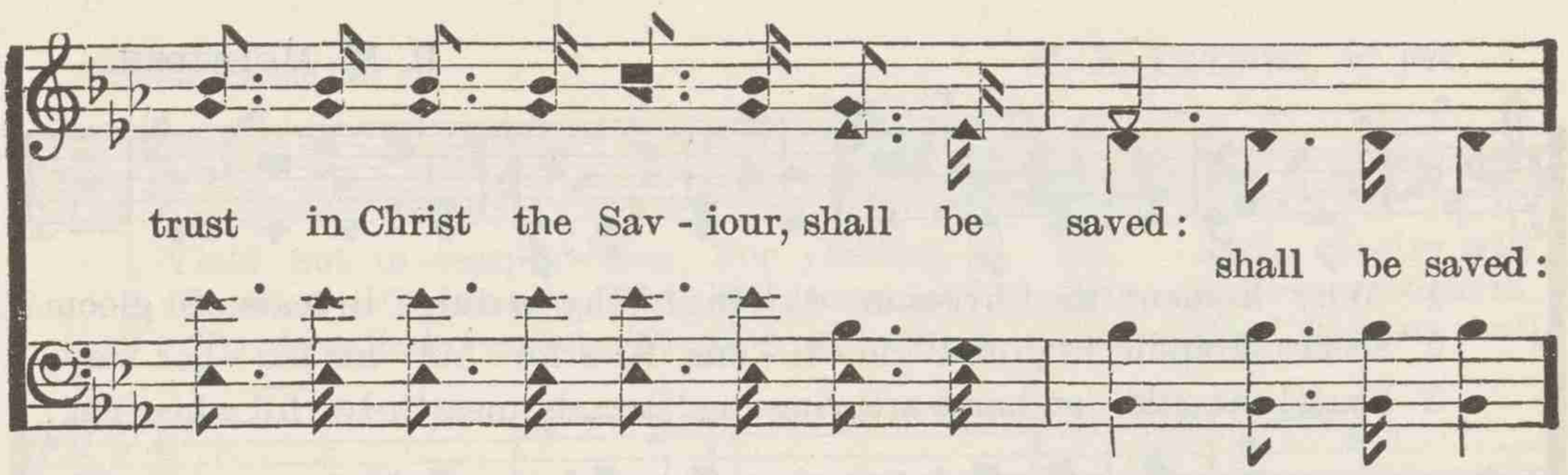
Call up - on him and be saved, With his Spir - it, oh, be bless'd!
Come to him and nev - er fear; None shall seek his face in vain.
He'll pro - vide for thee a place, And will all thy wants sup-ply,
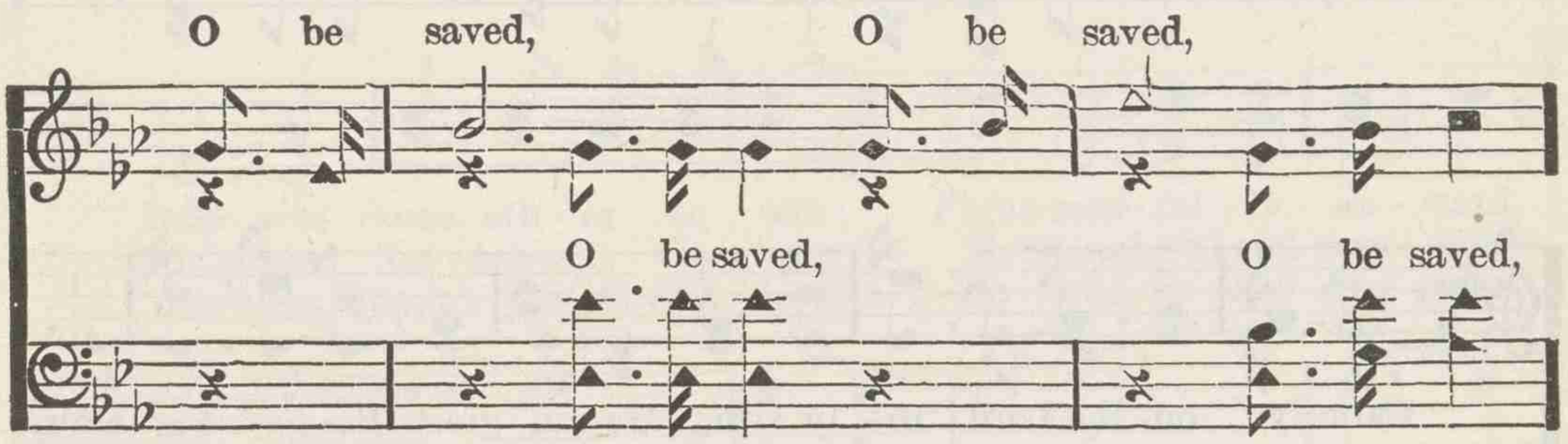
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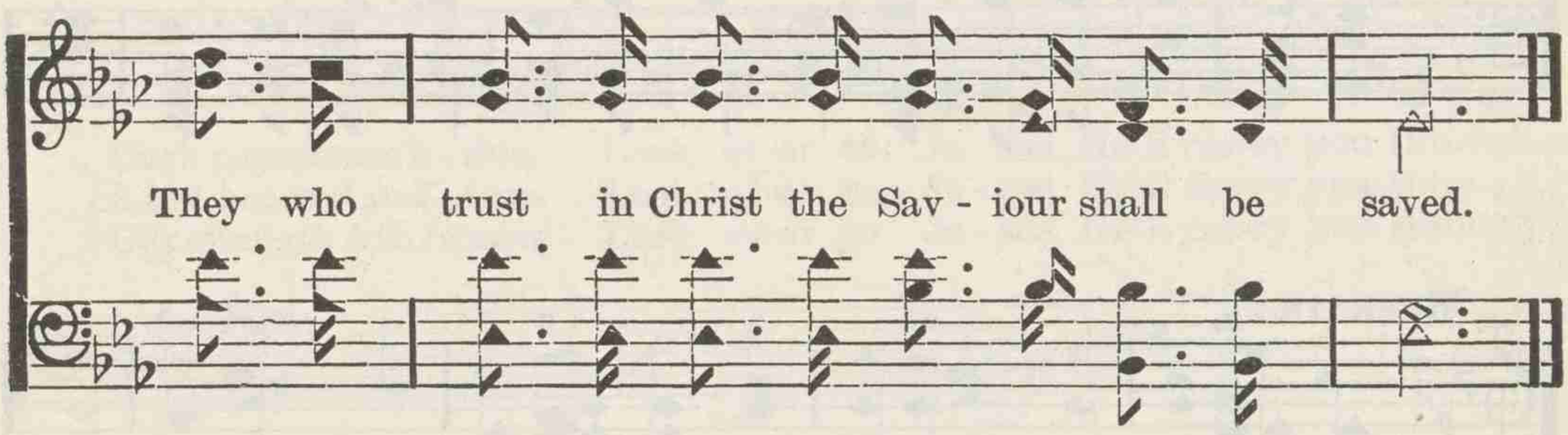
O be saved, O be saved,
O be saved, O be saved, They who

Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

# THEY WHO TRUST. Concluded.










## No. 90. C. M.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## No. 91. C. M.

1 Again the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb!
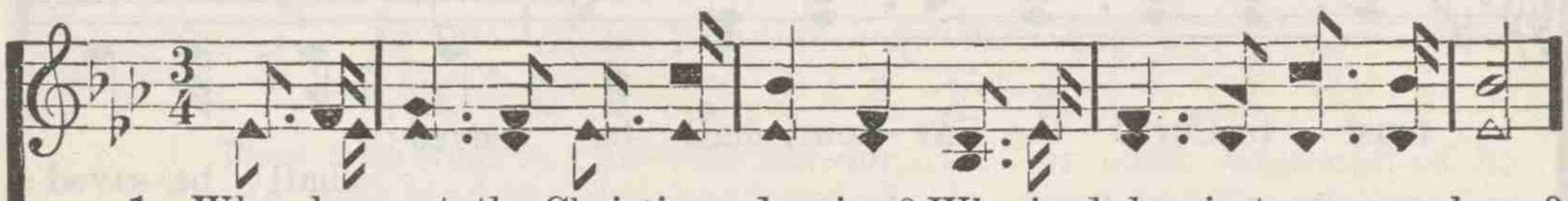
3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
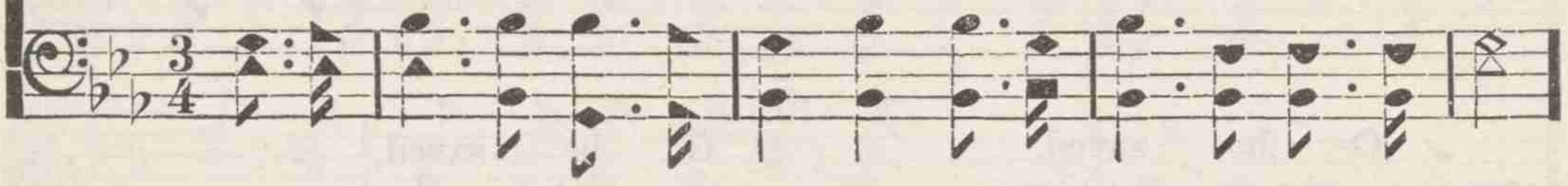
*Anna L. Barbauld.*
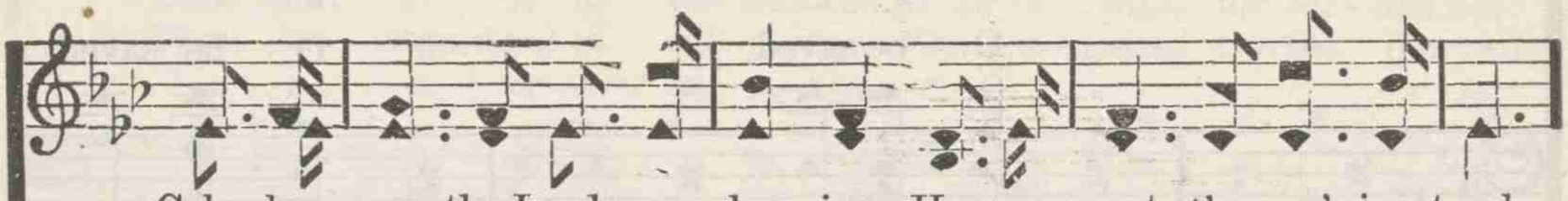
# No. 92. GONE TO HEAVEN.

R. M. McINTOSH.
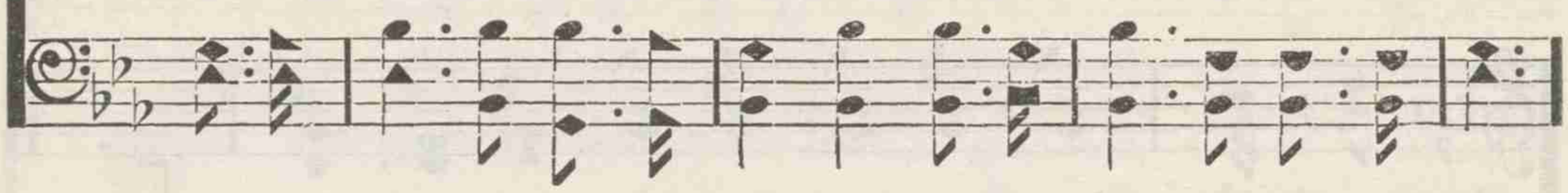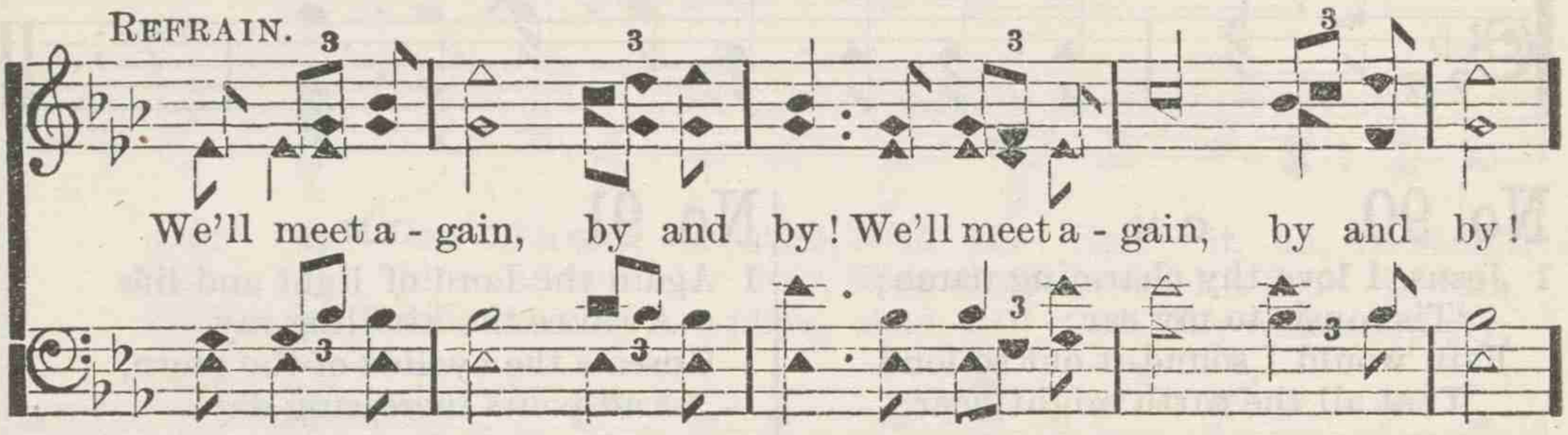


1 Why la-ment the Christian dy - ing? Why in-dulge in tears or gloom?
2 Scenes seraphic, high and glo - ri - ous, Now for - bid his lon - ger stay:
3 Hark! the gold - en harps are ring-ing! Sounds unearth-ly fill his ear:





Calm-ly on the Lord re - ly - ing He can greet the op-'ning tomb.
See him rise, o'er death vic - to-rious! An-gels beck - on him a - way.
Millions now in heav-en sing-ing, Greet his joy - ful en-trance there.









By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 93. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1 Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
2 Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
3 To him that o'ercom - eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

# No. 94. THERE'S LIGHT OVER THERE.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney, by per.

1 When the way seems long and drear - y, And thy heart is
2 When the hours seem dark and lone - ly, Fill'd with grief and
3 Ev - er in his love a - bid - ing, Strong in faith and

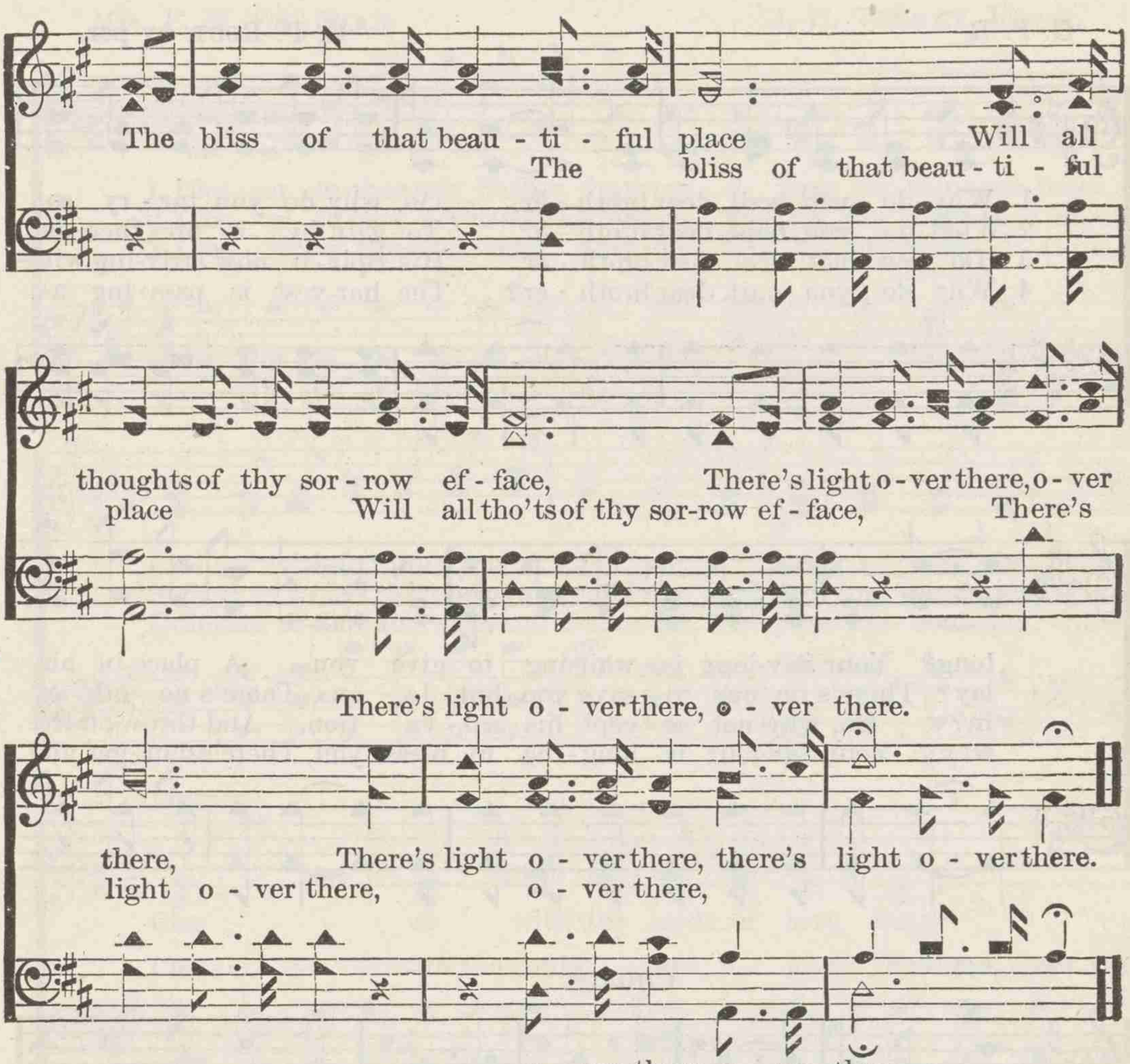
weak and wea - ry, Still pur - sue the path of right,
sor - row on - ly, Then the watch-word keep in sight,
hope con - fid - ing, Keep in view the man - sions bright,

Chorus.

"At eve- ning time it shall be light." } There's light o - ver
"At eve- ning time it shall be light." }
"At eve- ning time it shall be light." } O- ver there,

there, o - ver there, There's light o - ver there,
o - ver there, There's light o - ver there,

# THERE'S LIGHT OVER THERE. Concluded.




## No. 95. L. M.

1 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned,
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold!
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

*John Needham.*

## No. 96. L. M.

1 King Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrivaled in thy courts, above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
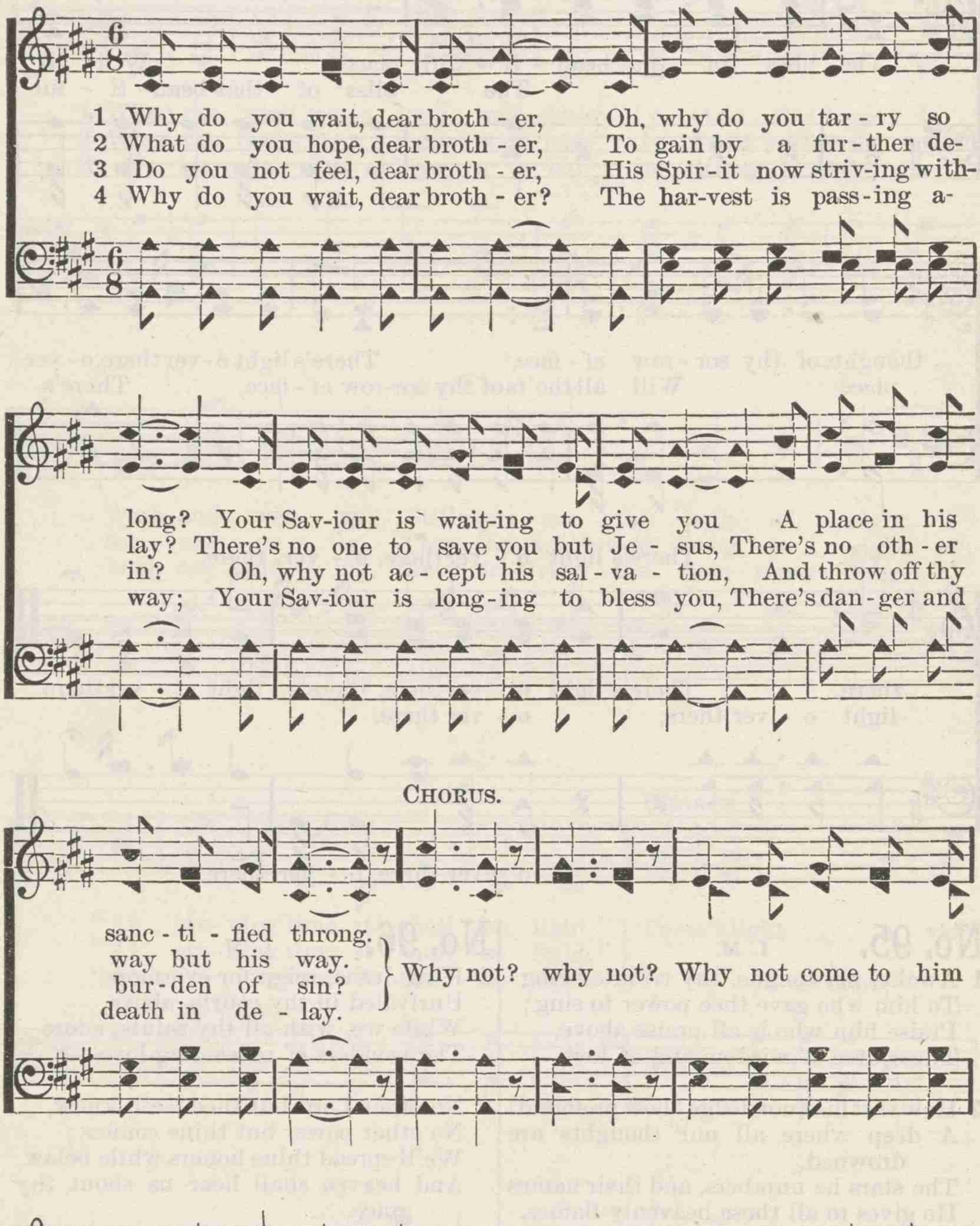
3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng,
We join in heaven's triumphant song:

4 Till, with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love,
In everlasting strains above.

*Ralph Wardlaw.*

# No. 97. WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R. G. F. Root, by per.




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# No. 98. DRAW ME TO THEE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Clos - er to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine em-brace;
2 Clos - er to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more,
3 Clos - er by thy sweet spir-it draw me, Till I am whol - ly thine;

Clos - er with-in thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Sigh - ing to feel thine arms a - round me, And all my wanderings o'er.
Quicken, re-fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

CHORUS.

Clos - - - - - er with the cords of love, Draw
Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me
me to thy - self a - bove; Clos - - - - - er
to thy - self a - - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,
draw me to thy - self a - bove.
Draw me to thy - self a - bove, Draw me to thy - self a - bove.

# No. 99. DO GOOD.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are go - ing by;
2 There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing While the days are go - ing by;
3 All the lov - ing links that bind us While the days are go - ing by;

There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

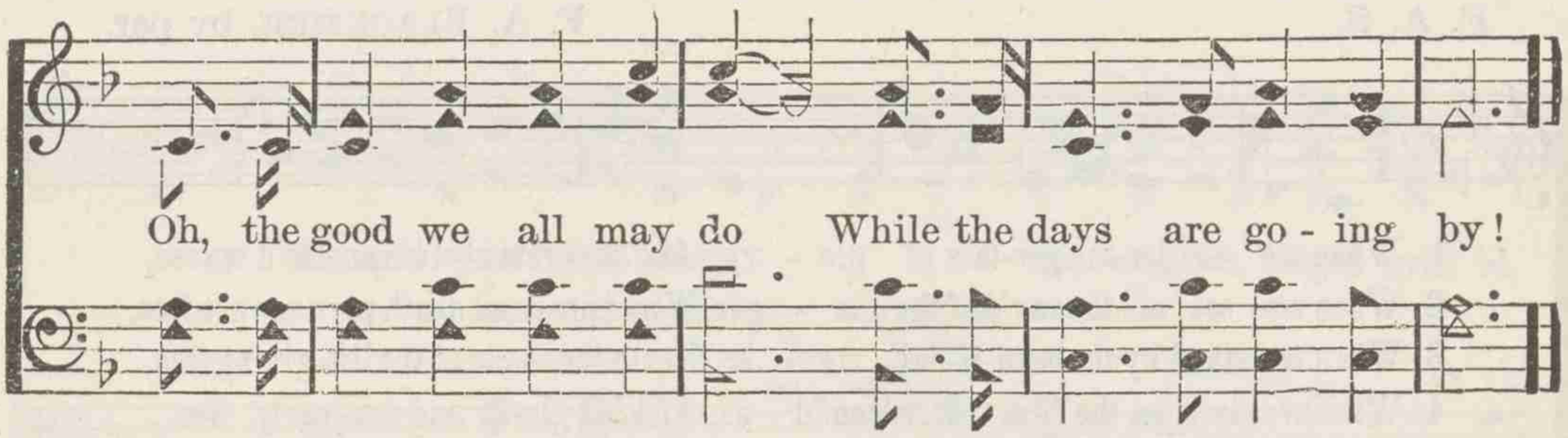
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes,—
But the seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do
Help your fall - en broth - er rise } While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow

CHORUS.

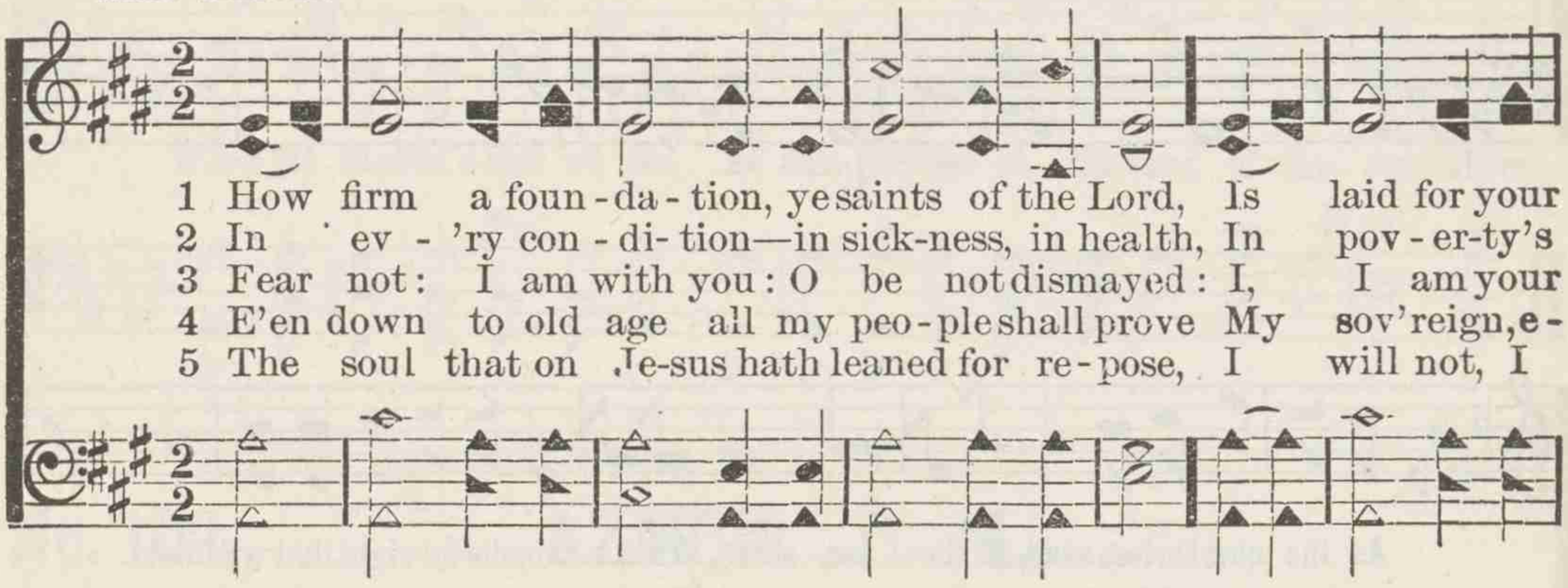
While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by,

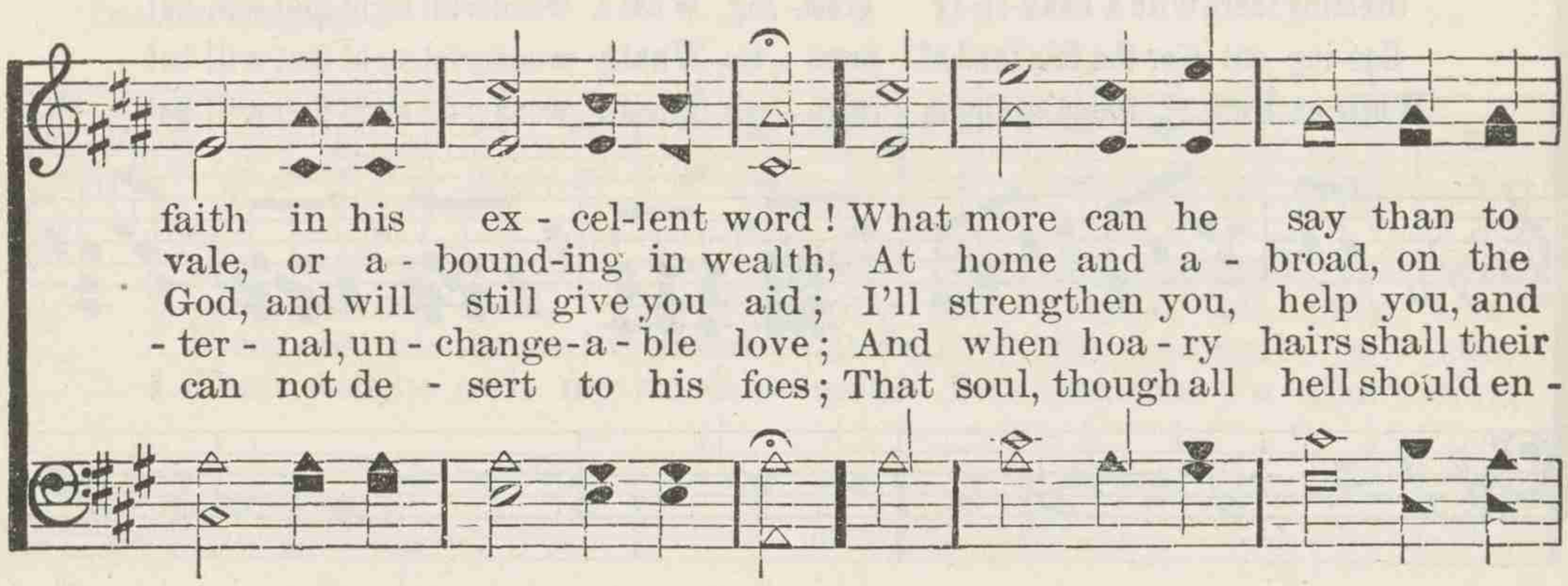
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

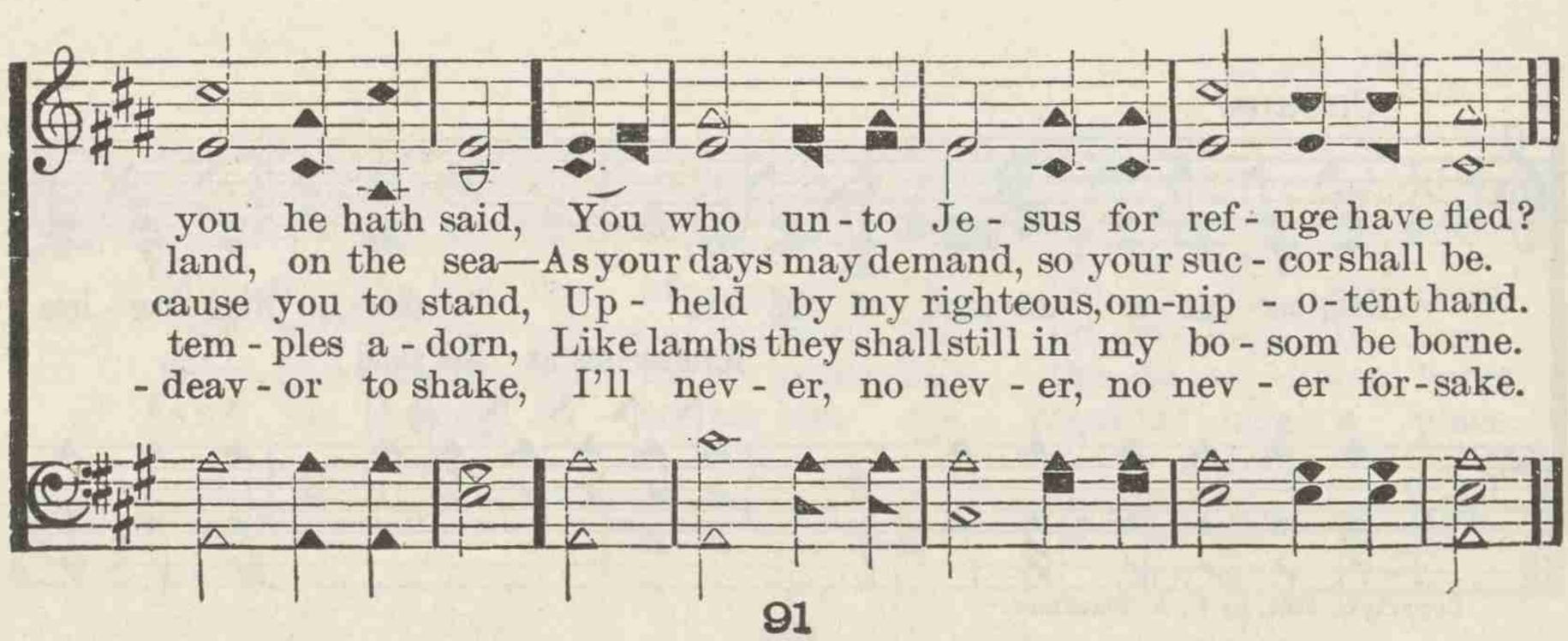



## No. 100. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEO. KEITH.



# No. 101. THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1 When we en- ter the por-tals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,
2 When we see all the sav'd of the a - ges, Who from cruel death partings are free,
3 When we stand by the beau-ti-ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
4 When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glo-ry and ma-jes-ty see,
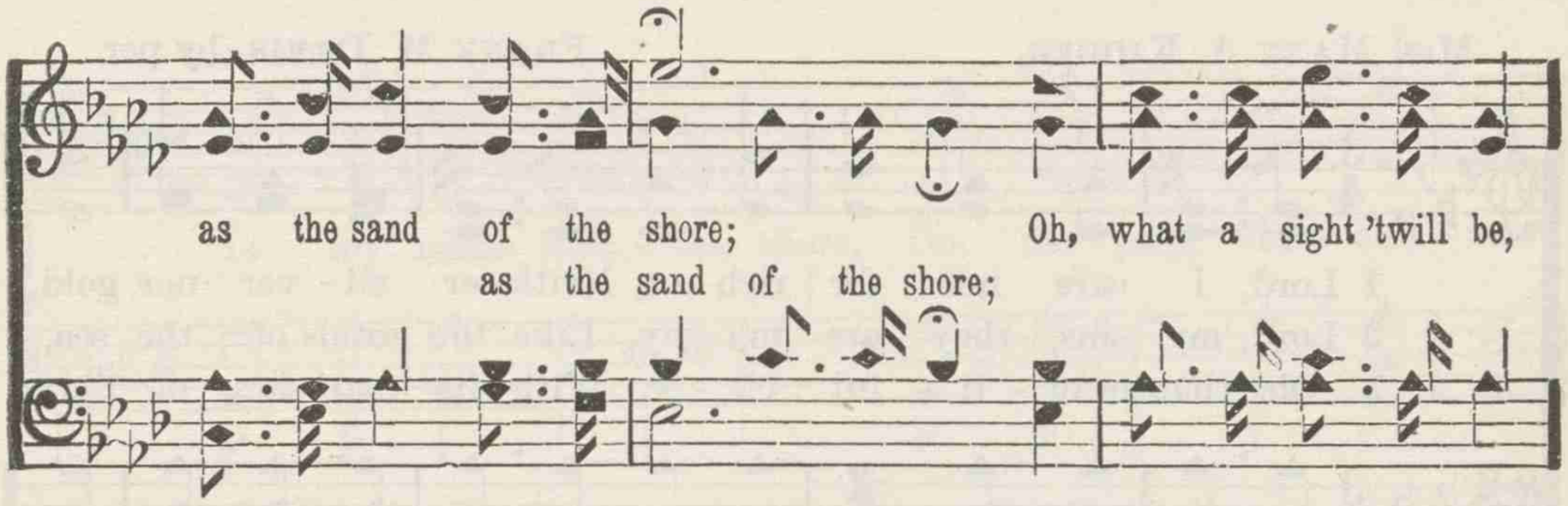
As the numberless sand of the sea- shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!
Greeting there with a heav-en-ly greet- ing, What a wonderful sight that will be!
Gaz-ing out o'er the fair land of prom - ise, What a wonderful sight that will be!
While as King of the saints he is reign - ing, What a wonderful sight that will be!
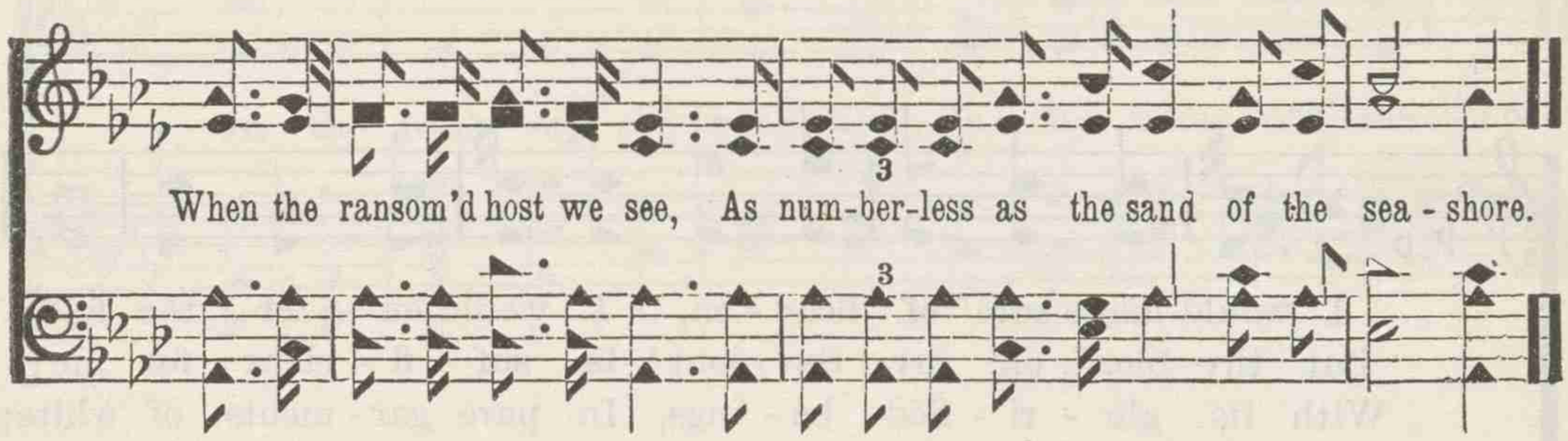
CHORUS.

Num-ber- less as the sand of the sea - - shore, Num - ber - less
Numberless as the sand,

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# THE NUMBERLESS HOST. Concluded.
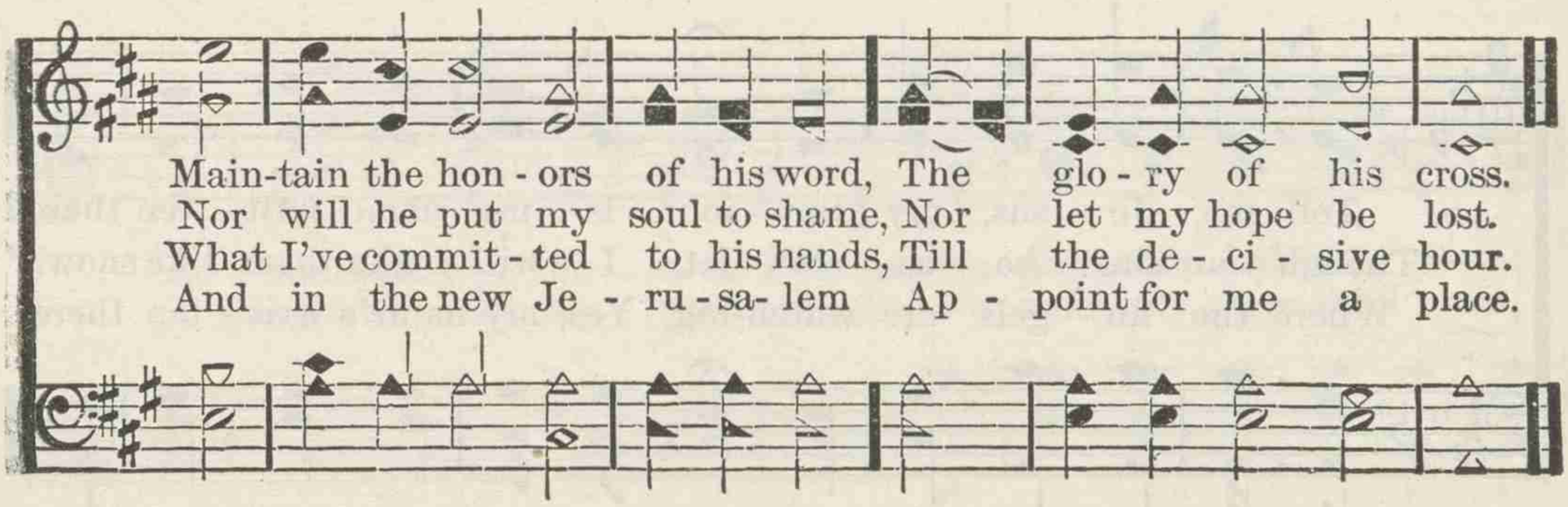
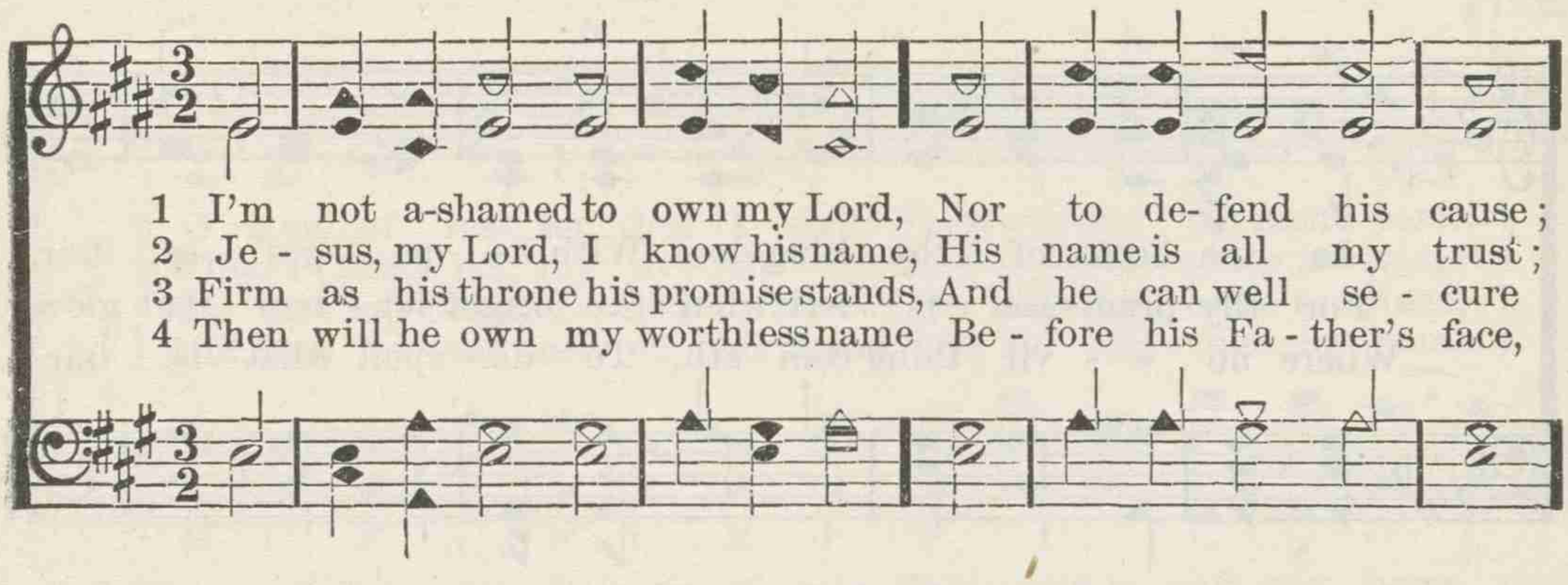






## No. 102. AZMON. C. M.
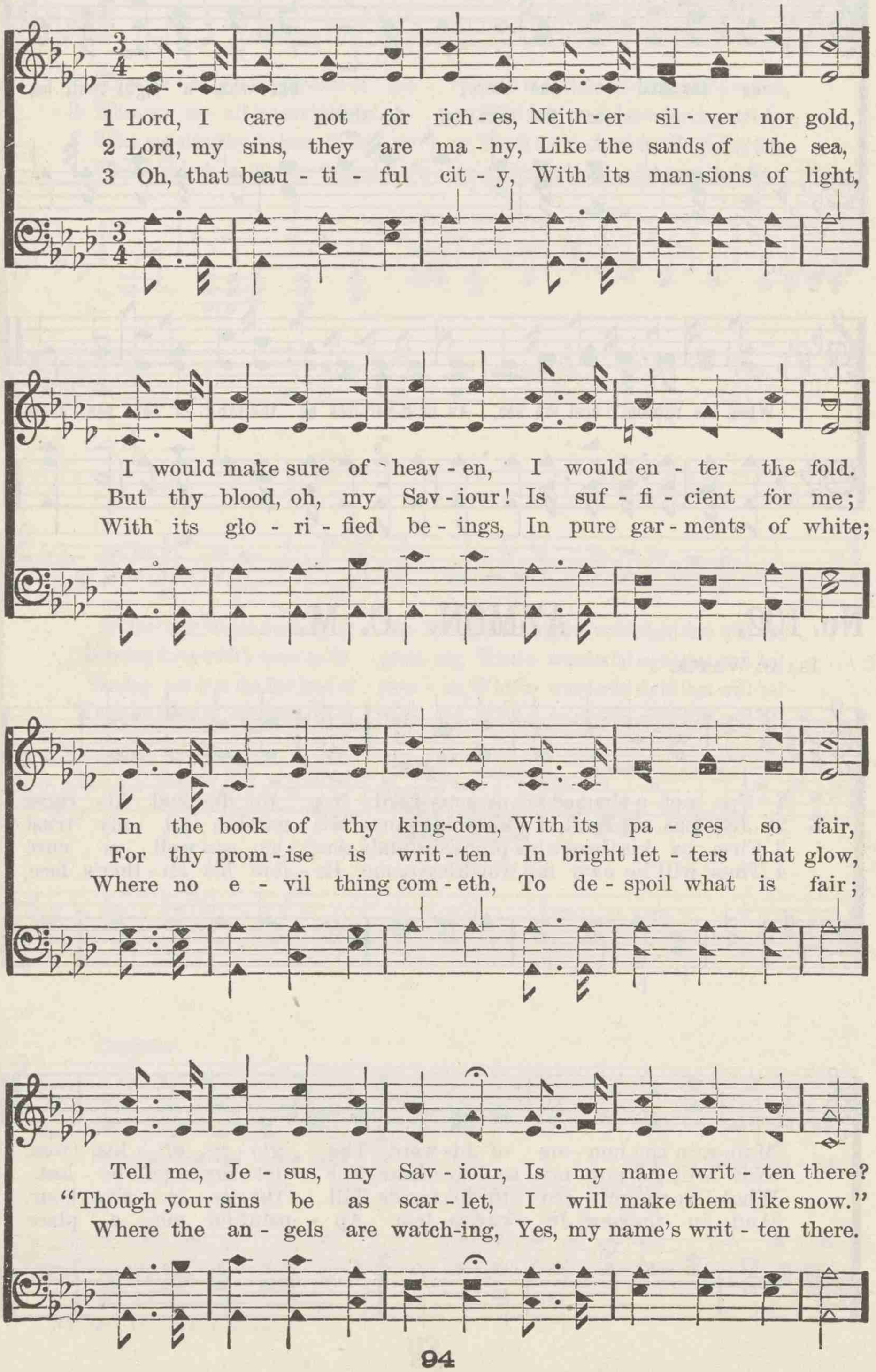
ISAAC WATTS.






# No. 103. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



# IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

## No. 104. HOME. C. M.

ELIZABETH MILLS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

FINE.

1 { O land of rest, for thee I sigh: When will the mo-ment come,
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? }

2 { To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc - cor on his breast, Till he con - duct me home. }

*D.C.* This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.

*D.C.*

No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
I sought at once my Saviour's side; No more my steps shall roam;

# No. 105. ARE YOU READY?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1 Soon the eve - ning shad-ows fall - ing, Close the day of mor - tal life;
2 Soon the aw - ful trum-pet sound-ing, Calls thee to the judgment-throne:
3 Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Are you read-y—read - y now—
4 Price-less love and free sal - va - tion Free - ly still are of-fered thee:

Soon the hand of death ap pall-ing, Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.
Now pre-pare, for love a - bounding Yet has left thee not a - lone.
Read - y, should death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
Yield no lon - ger to temp - ta - tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

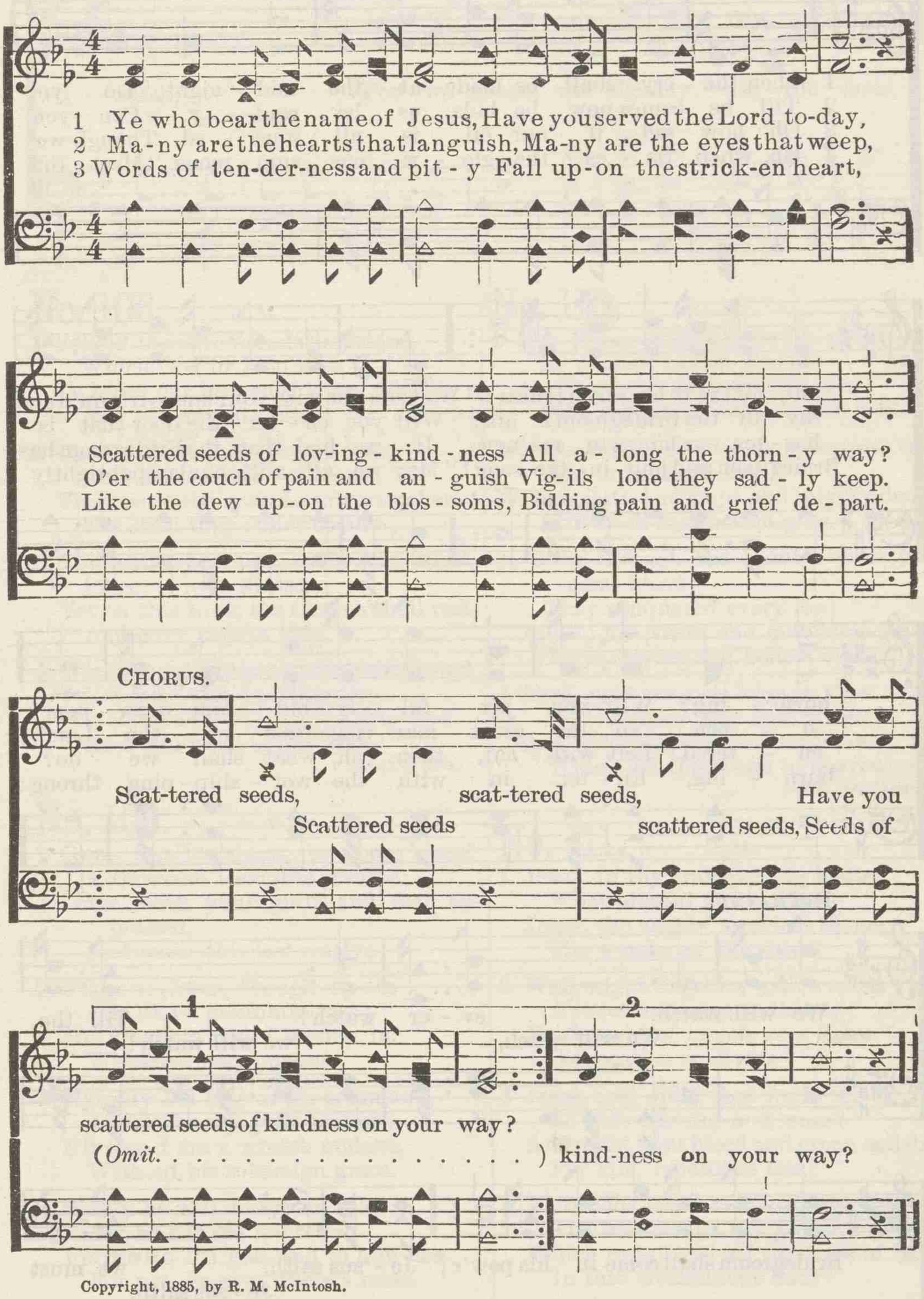
REFRAIN.

Are you read-y? Are you read - y?
Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
'Tis the Spir - it calling: why de - lay? Are you read-y?
Are you ready?
Are you read-y? Do not lin - ger lon-ger: Come to-day.
Are you ready?

Copyright, 1878, by E. S. Lorenz.

# No. 106. SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. FRANK M. DAVIS.



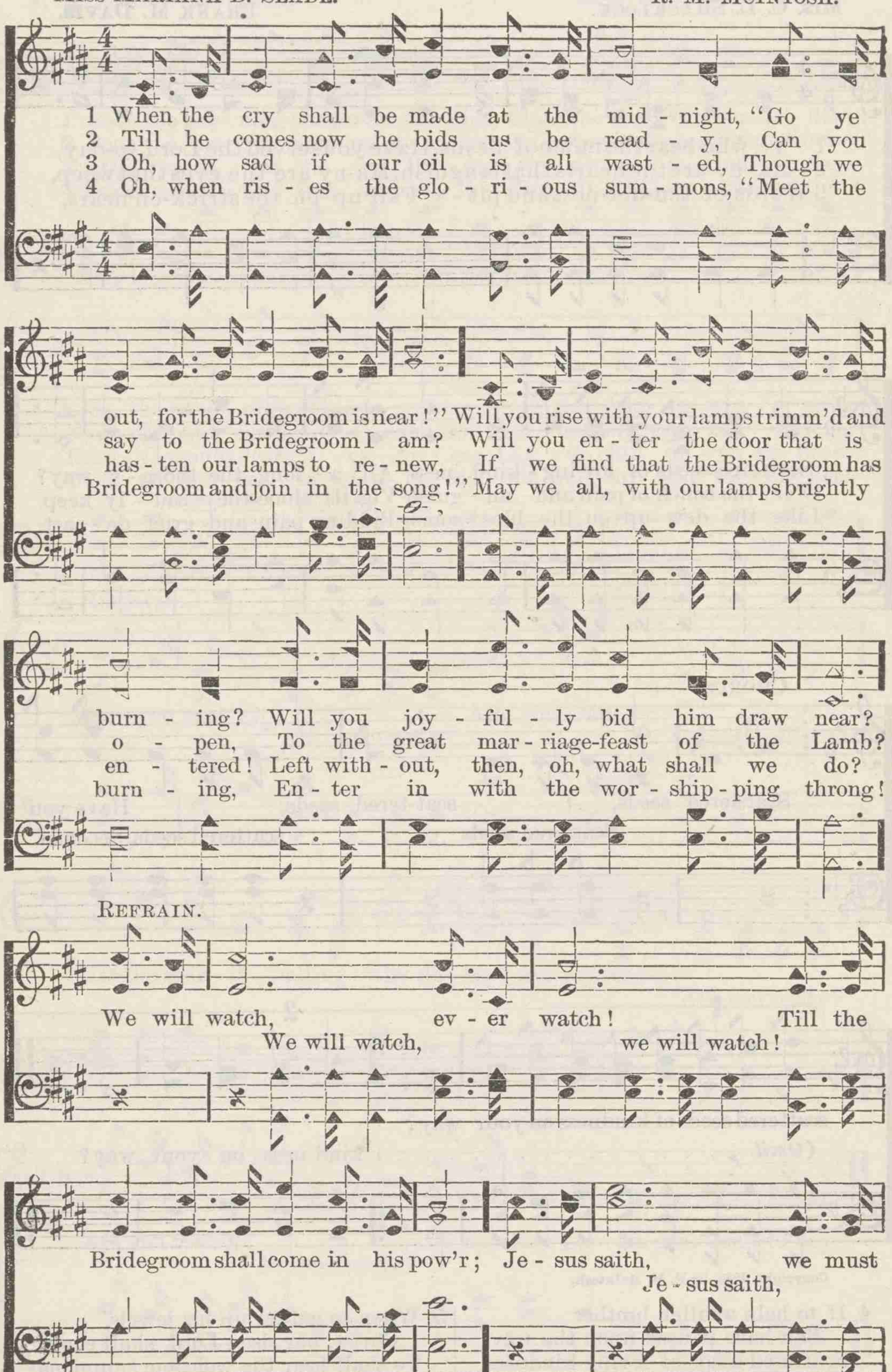

Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

4 If to help a fallen brother
You have paused upon the way,
Scattered seeds of loving-kindness,
You have served the Lord to-day.

5 When to gather up his jewels,
Christ, our risen Lord, shall come,
Ye shall hear the welcome summons:
"Ye are blessed, freely come!"

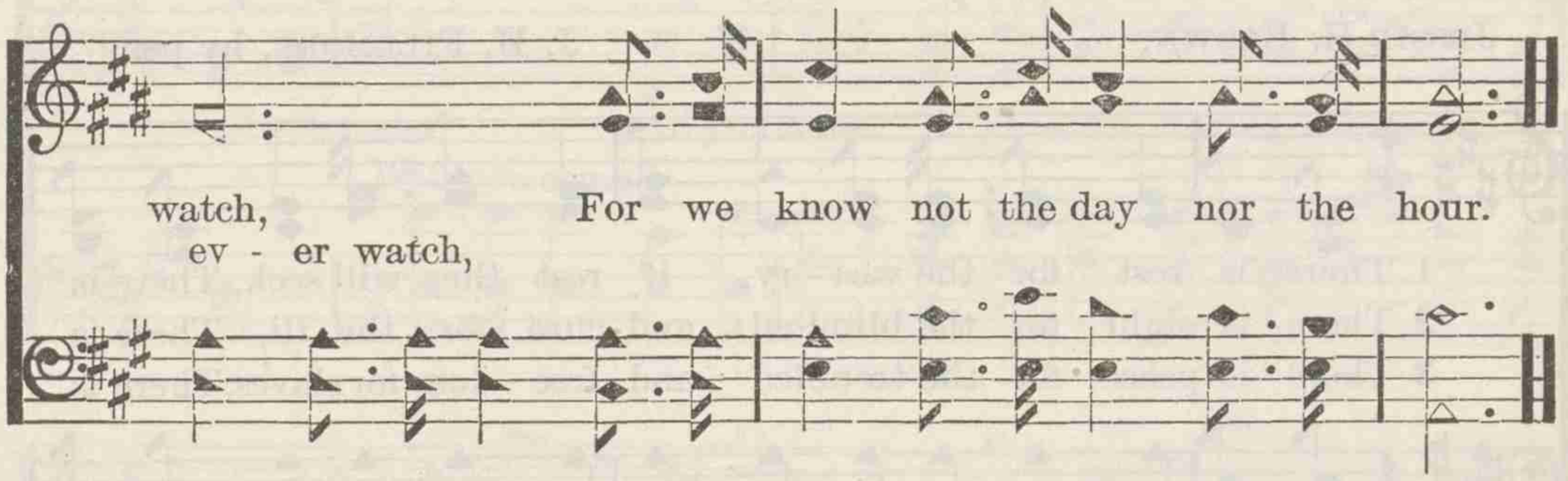
# No. 107 WATCH!

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# WATCH! Concluded.




## No. 108. C. M.

1 Behold the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

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

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

*Isaac Watts.*

## No. 109. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

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

*E. Jones.*

## No. 110. C. M.

1 Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
Which led them safe to heaven.

*John Needham.*

## No. 111. C. M.

1 Jesus, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise—
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst thou bleed and groan and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

*Anne Steele.*

# No. 112. WILL YOU COME?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 There is rest for the wea - ry, if rest they will seek, There is
2 There is sight for the blind-ed and cure for the ill, There is
3 There is peace for the troubled and free - dom for slaves, There is

cheer for the lone - ly and strength for the weak; There is par - don and
balm for the wounded—be healed if you will; There is rest for your
hope for the hope-less, and light up - on graves; Oh, hear the glad

bless-ing, and end - less re - ward, There is per - fect sal - va - tion in
la - bors, and sweetness in rest, There is all that is pur - est, and
mess-age, and heed its sweet call! There is room and a wel-come with

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Lord. dear-est, and best. Je - sus for all. } Will you come, will you come to the Lord?

Will you come,

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# WILL YOU COME? Concluded.







## No. 113. MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT. GREATOREX.

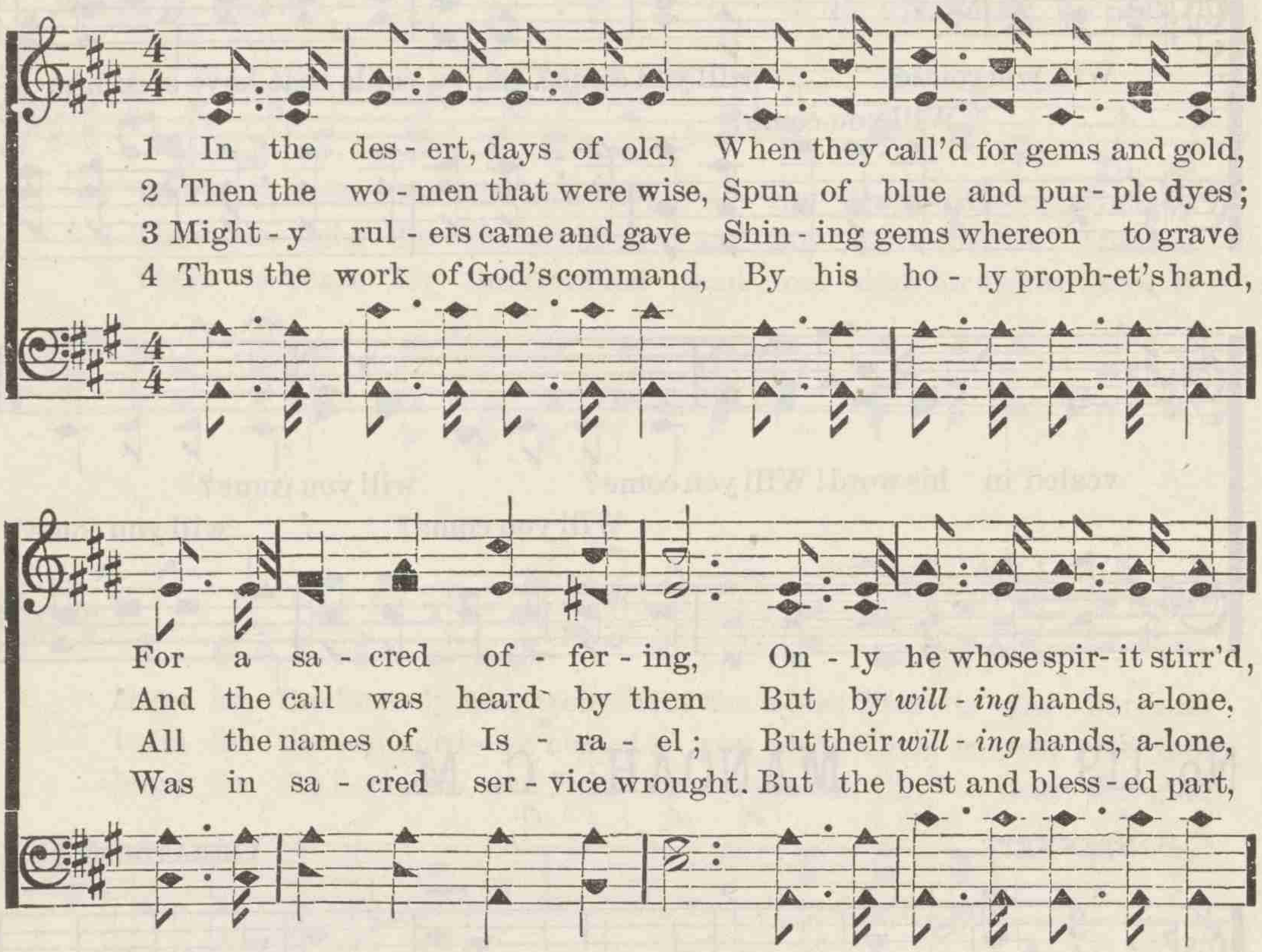



5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
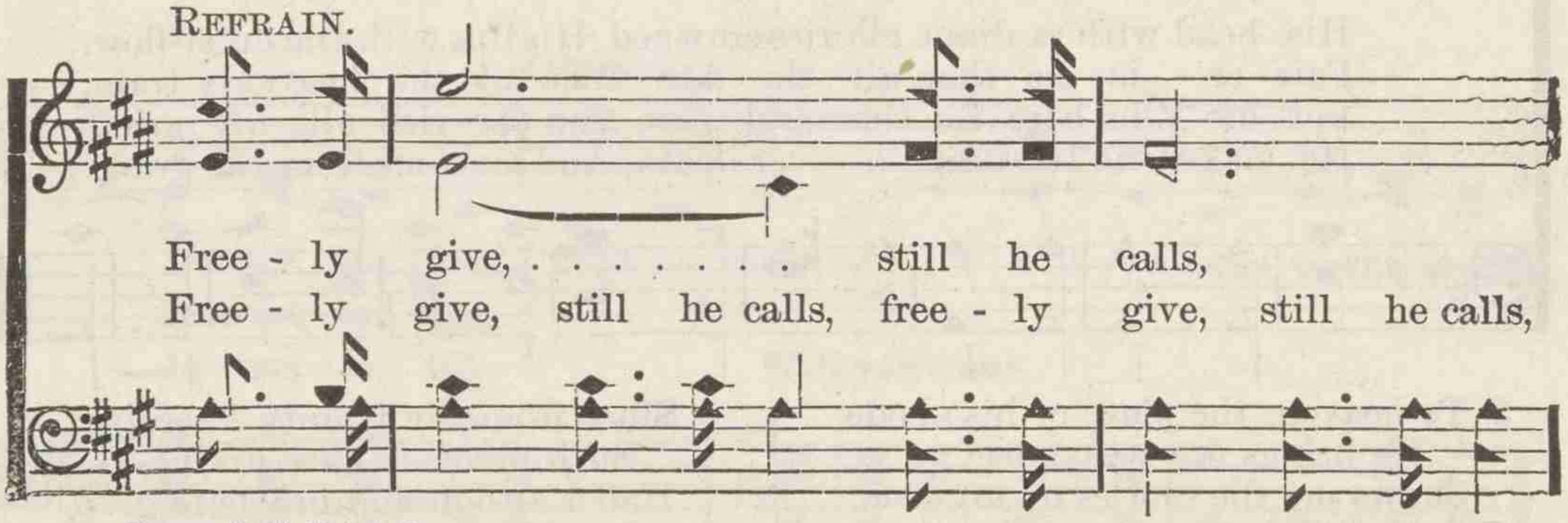
6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

# No. 114. FREE GIVING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

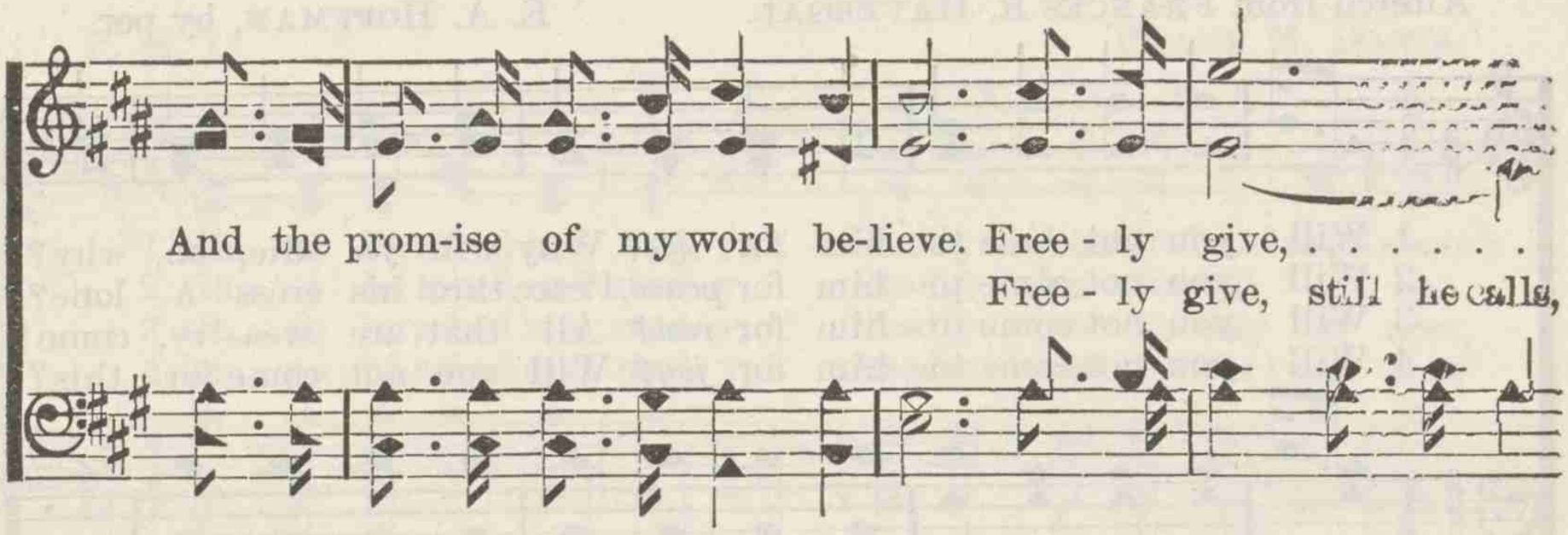


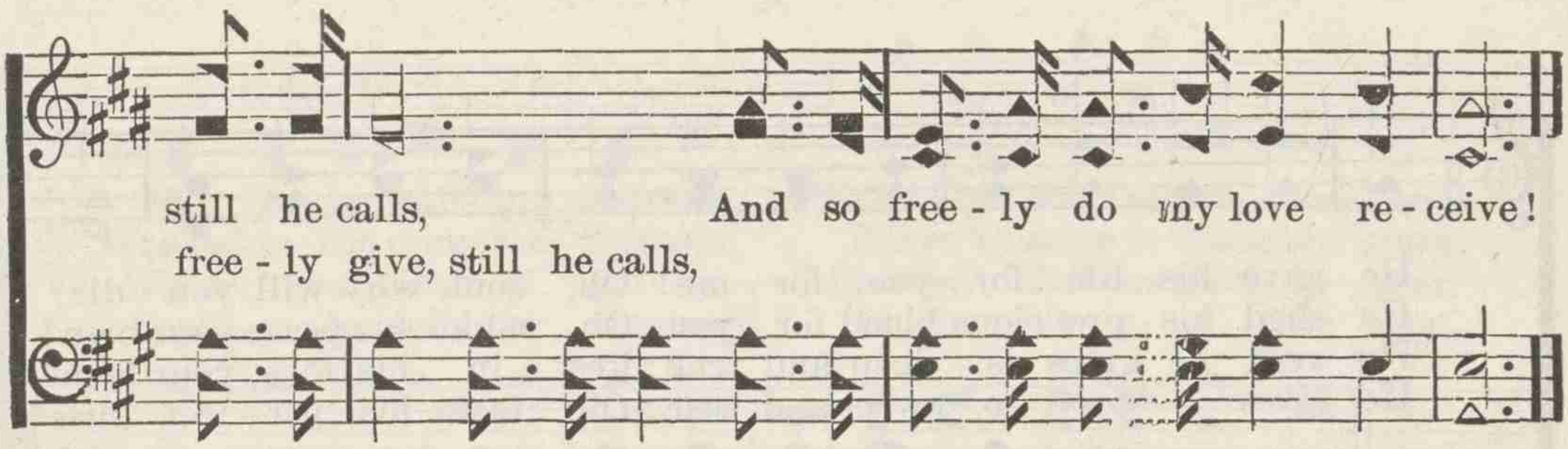

Refrain.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.
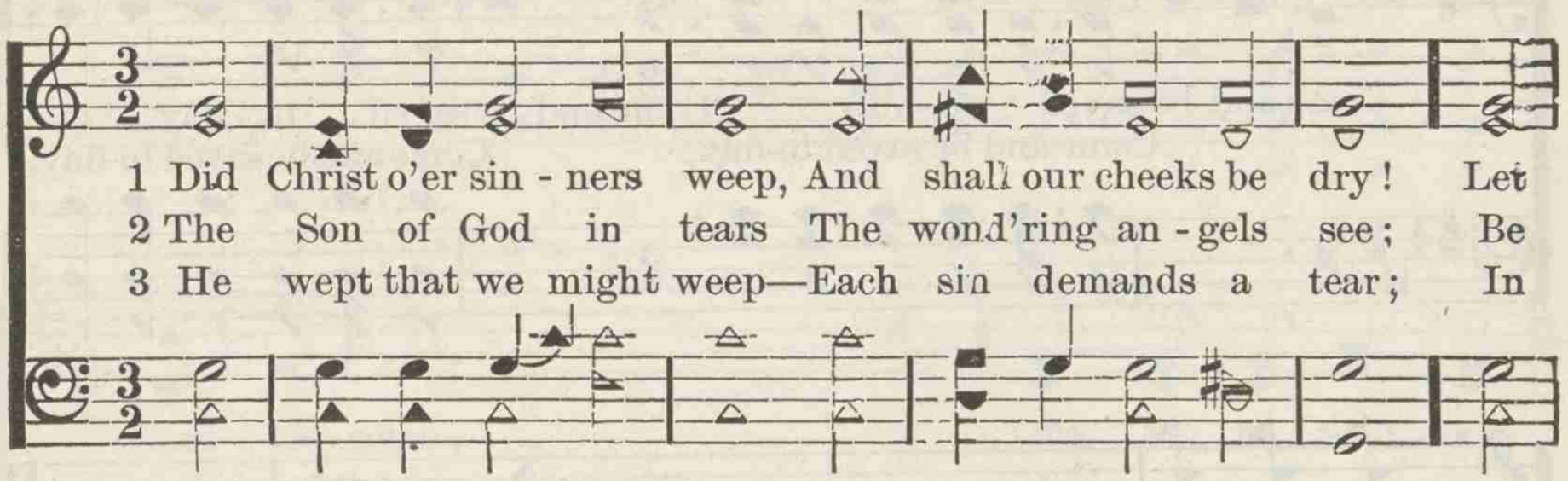
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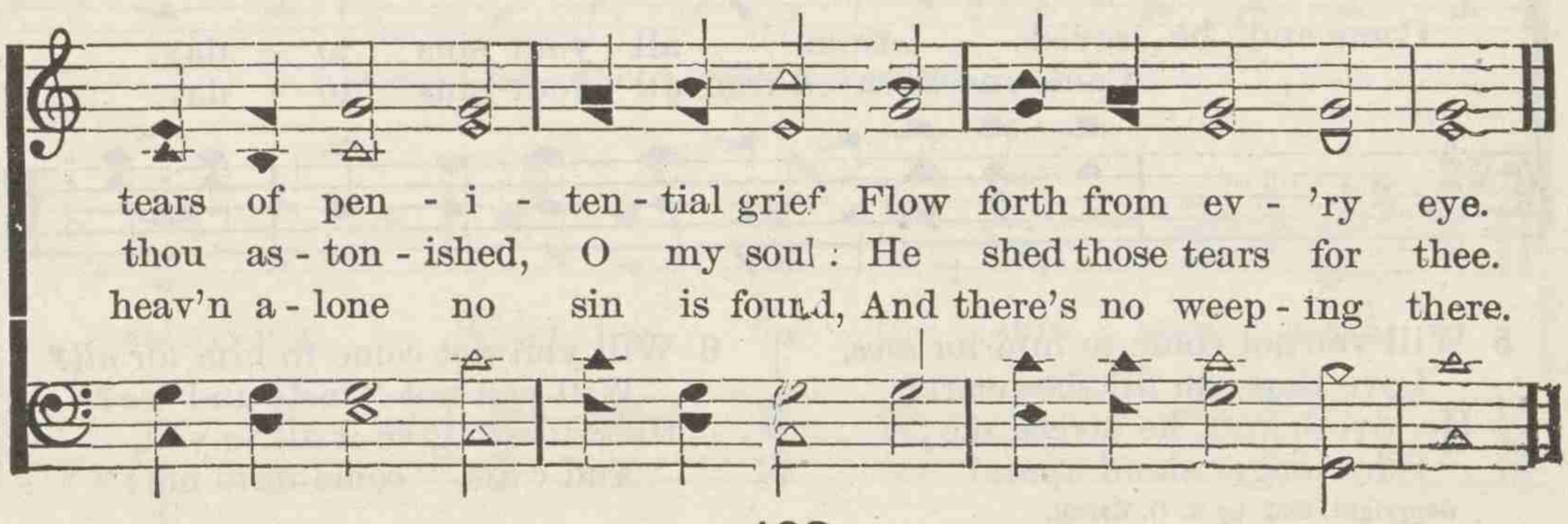



## No. 115. BOYLSTON. S. M.

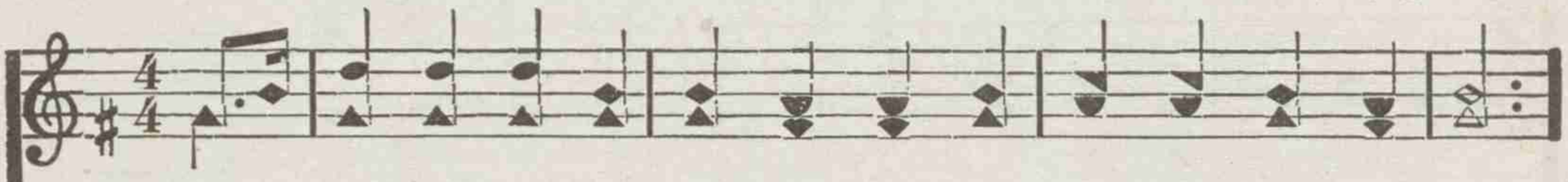
BENJ. BEDDOME. DR. LOWELL MASON.
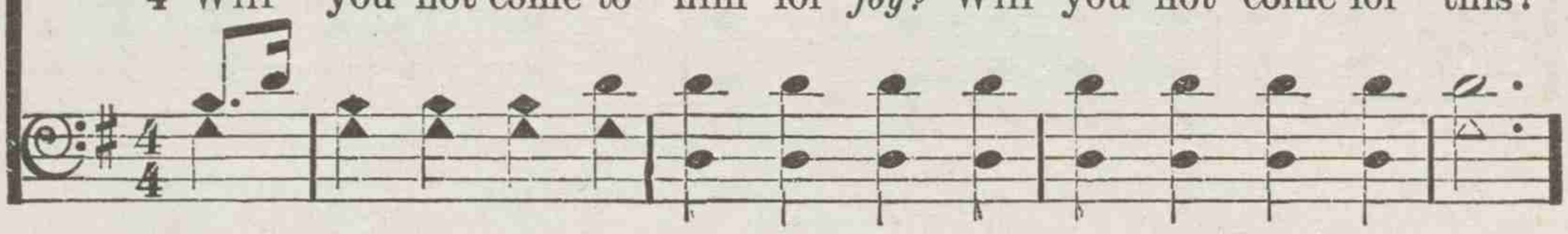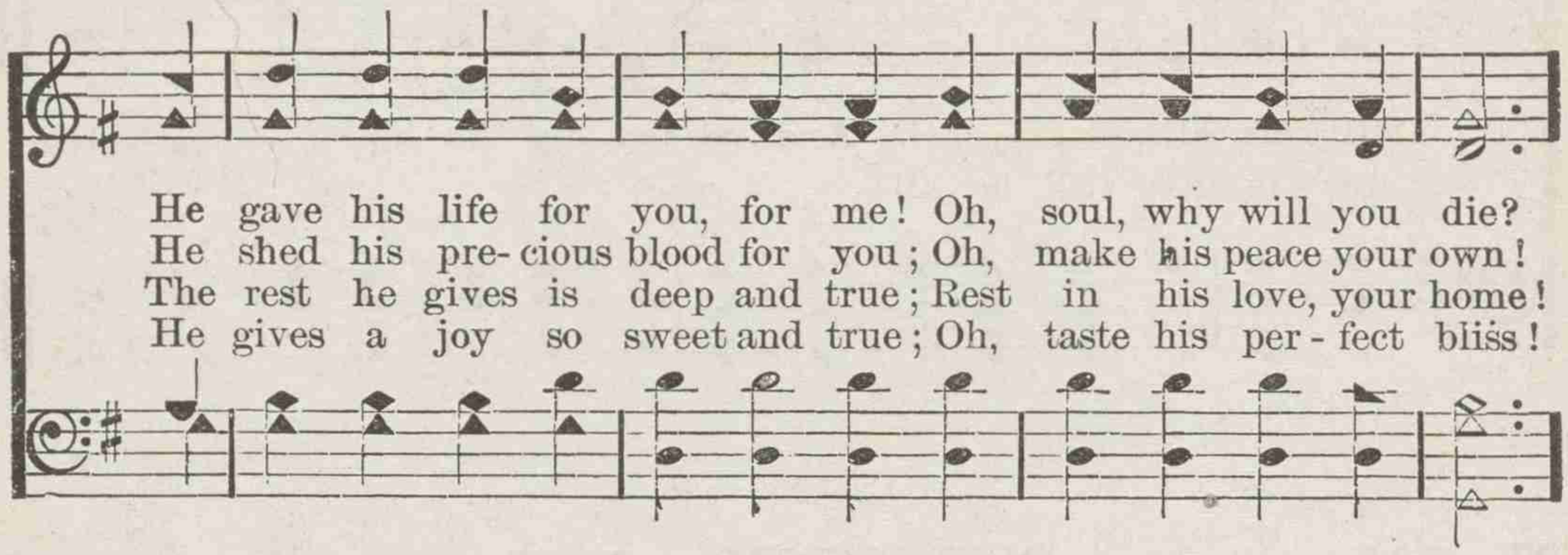





# No. 116. COME AND BE SAVED.

Altered from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



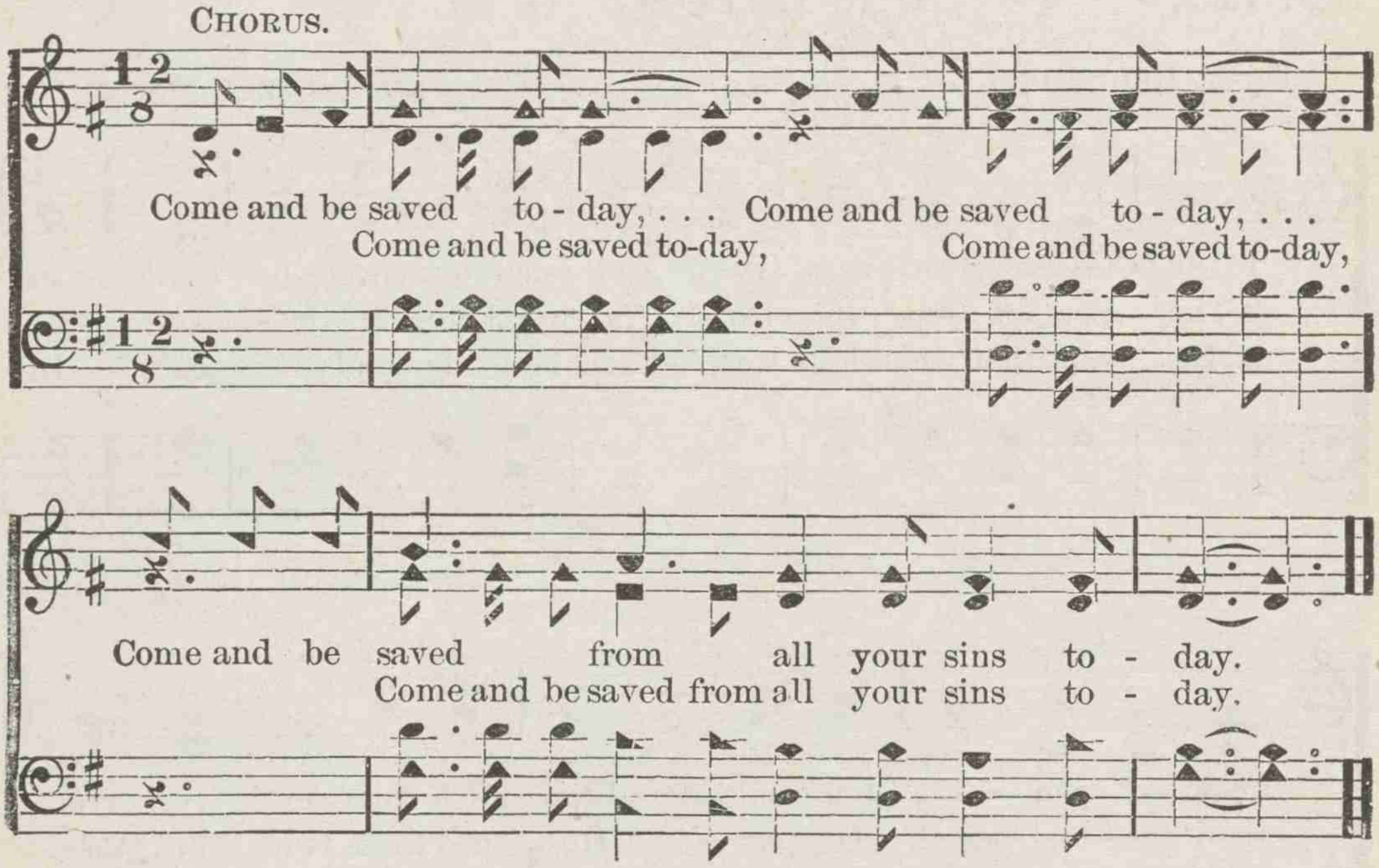
1 Will you not come to him for *life?* Why will ye die, oh, why?
2 Will you not come to him for *peace,* Peace thro' his cross a - lone?
3 Will you not come to him for *rest?* All that are wea - ry, come!
4 Will you not come to him for *joy?* Will you not come for this?





He gave his life for you, for me! Oh, soul, why will you die?
He shed his pre- cious blood for you; Oh, make his peace your own!
The rest he gives is deep and true; Rest in his love, your home!
He gives a joy so sweet and true; Oh, taste his per - fect bliss!

CHORUS.



Come and be saved to - day, . . . Come and be saved to - day, . . .
Come and be saved to-day, Come and be saved to-day,
Come and be saved from all your sins to - day.
Come and be saved from all your sins to - day.

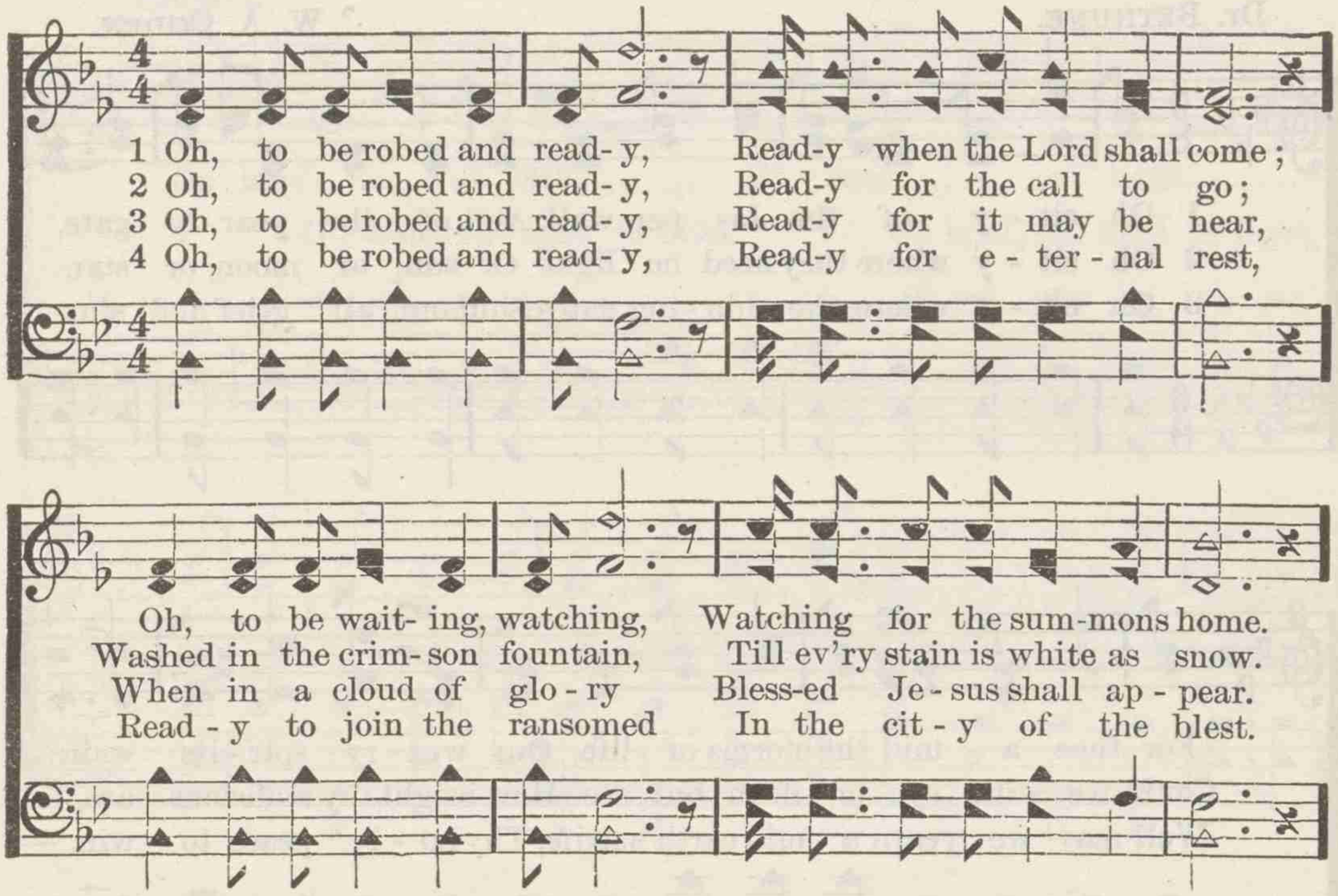
5 Will you not come to him for *love,*
Love that can fill the heart?
He loveth you, he loveth me;
Why longer stand apart?
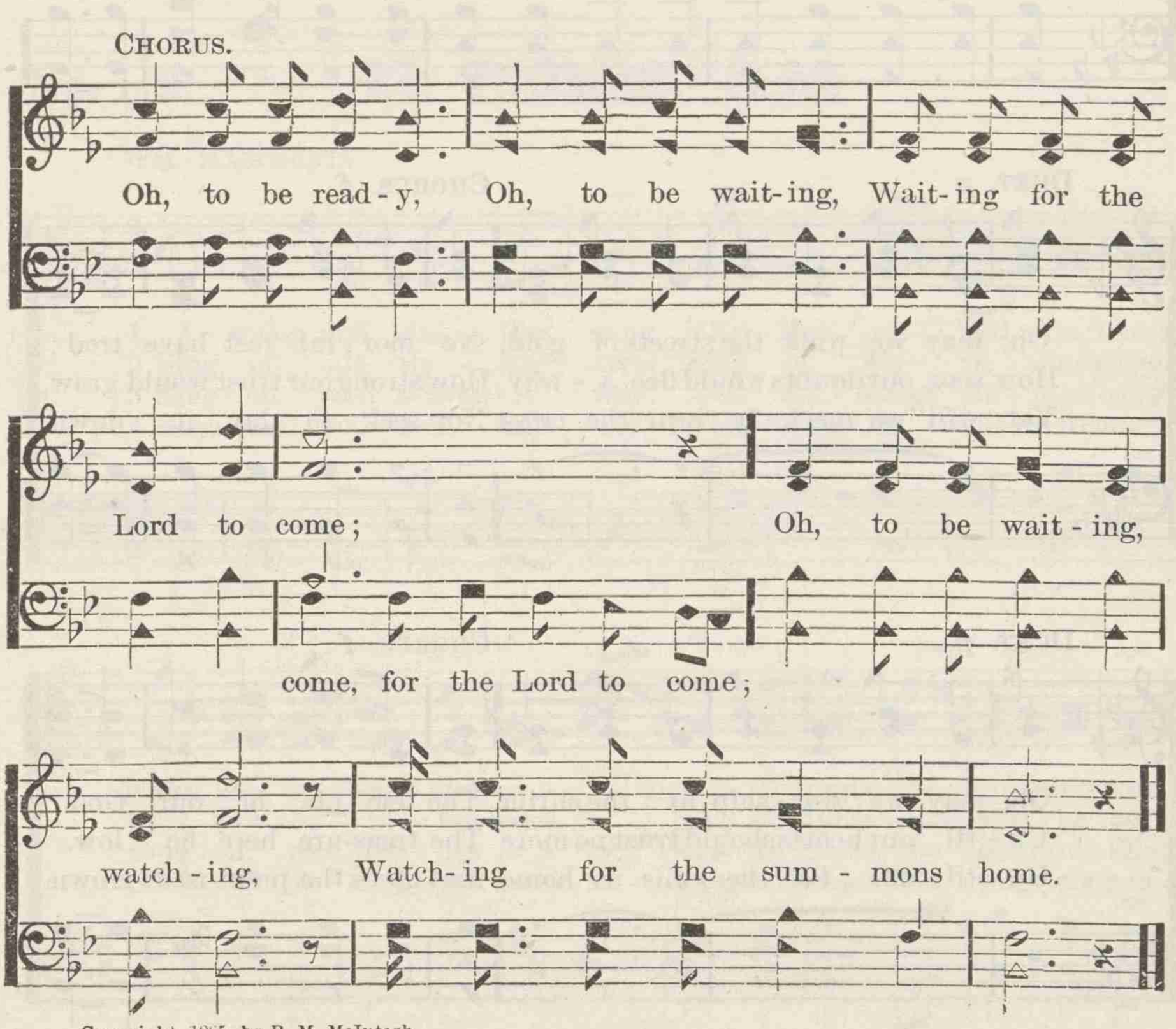
6 Will you not come to him for *all?*
Will you not "taste and see?"
He waits to give it all to you,
And calls, "come unto me!"

Copyright, 1882, by E. O. Excell.

# No. 117. OH, TO BE READY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.







Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 118. CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

Dr. BETHUNE. W. A. OGDEN.

1 Oh cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pear - ly gate,
2 Oh cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star,
3 Oh cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin,

For thee a - mid the stòrms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait,
Could we with eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are,
Well may we yearn a - mid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win. —

DUET. *p* CHORUS. *f*

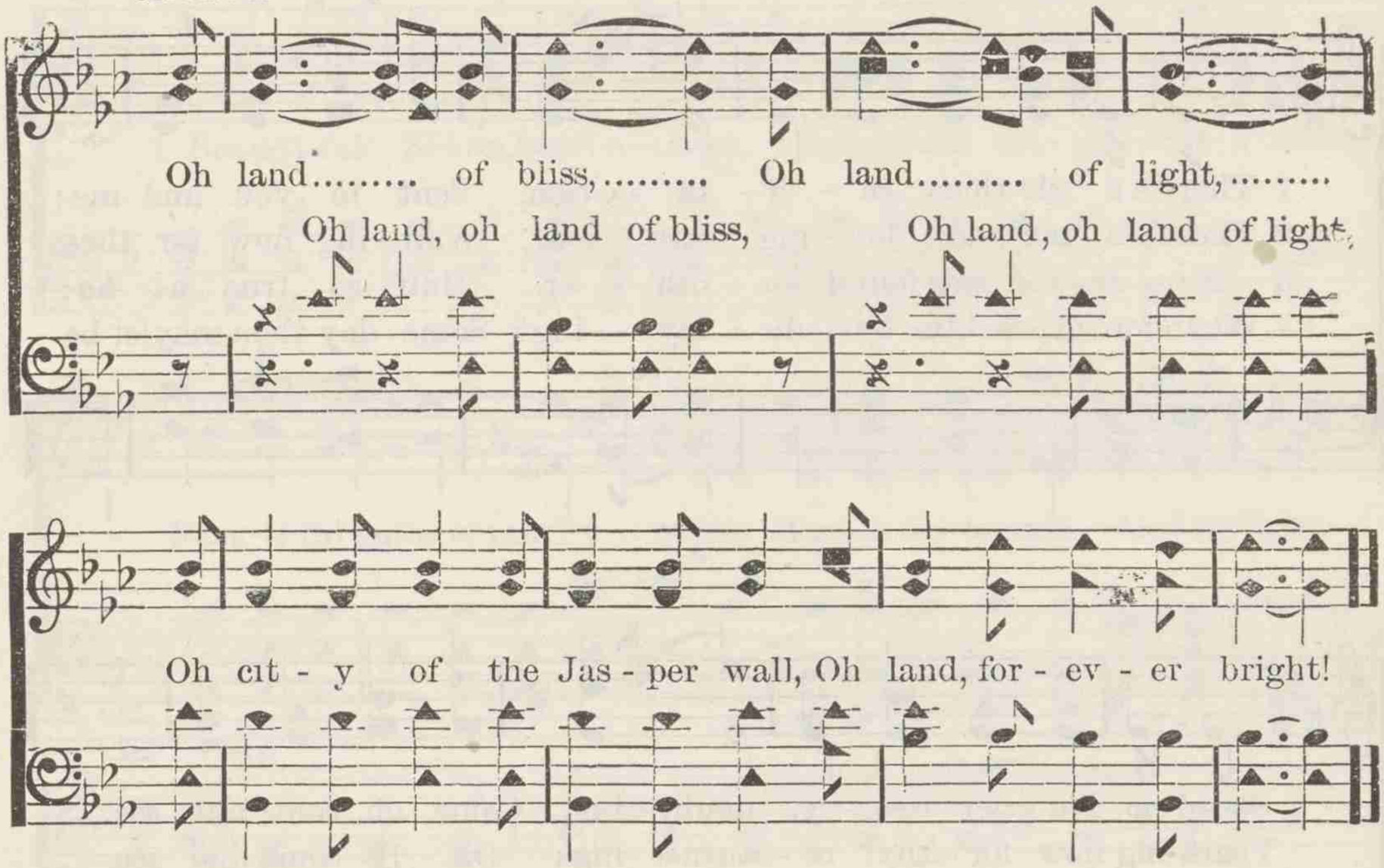
Oh, may we walk the streets of gold, No mor - tal feet have trod;
How soon our doubts would flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow,
Yet will we meek - ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down,

DUET. *p* CHORUS. *f*

Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine, The tem - ple of our God.
Un - til our hearts should trust no more The treas - ure here be - low.
Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home, And gives the prom - ised crown.

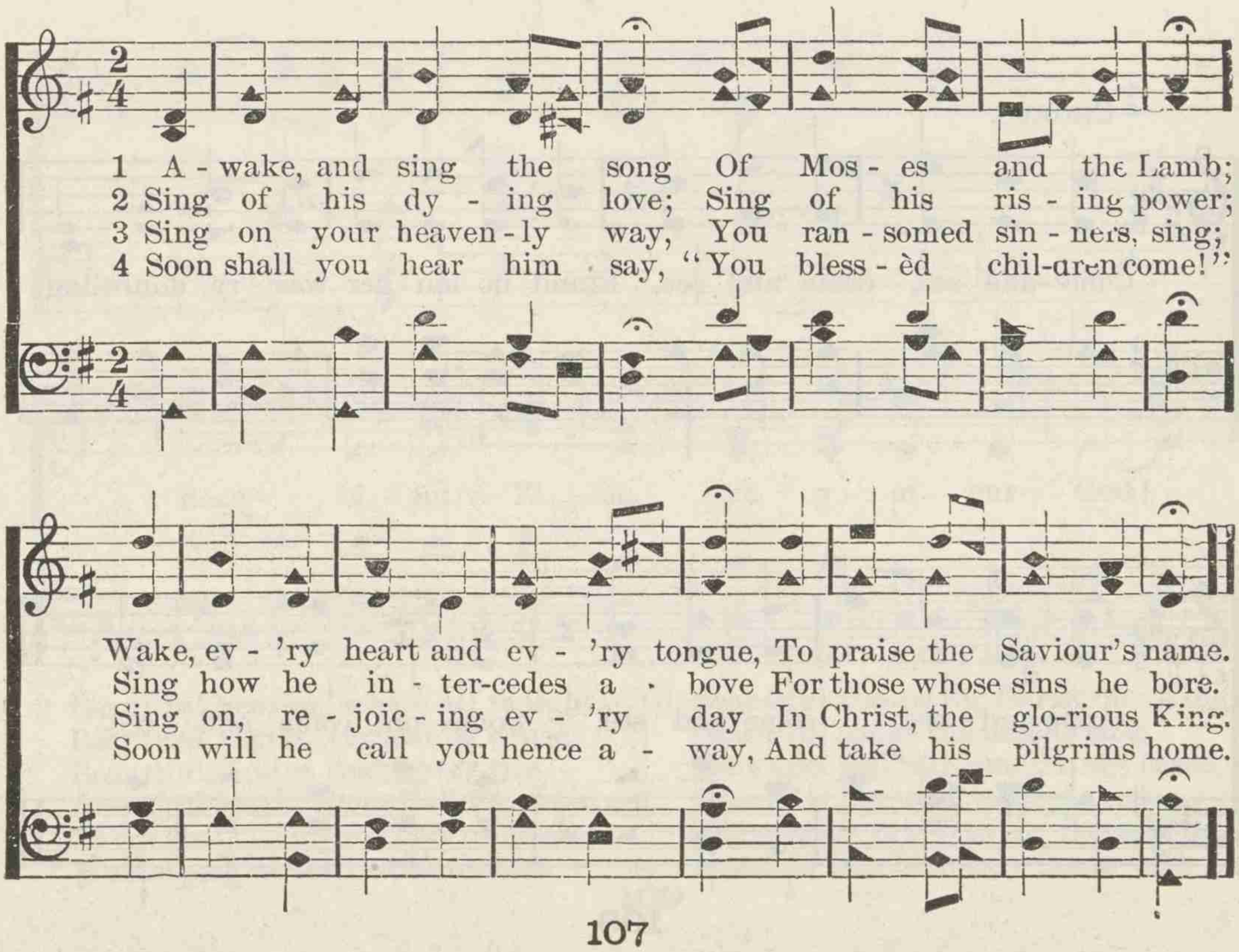
# CITY OF THE JASPER WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.



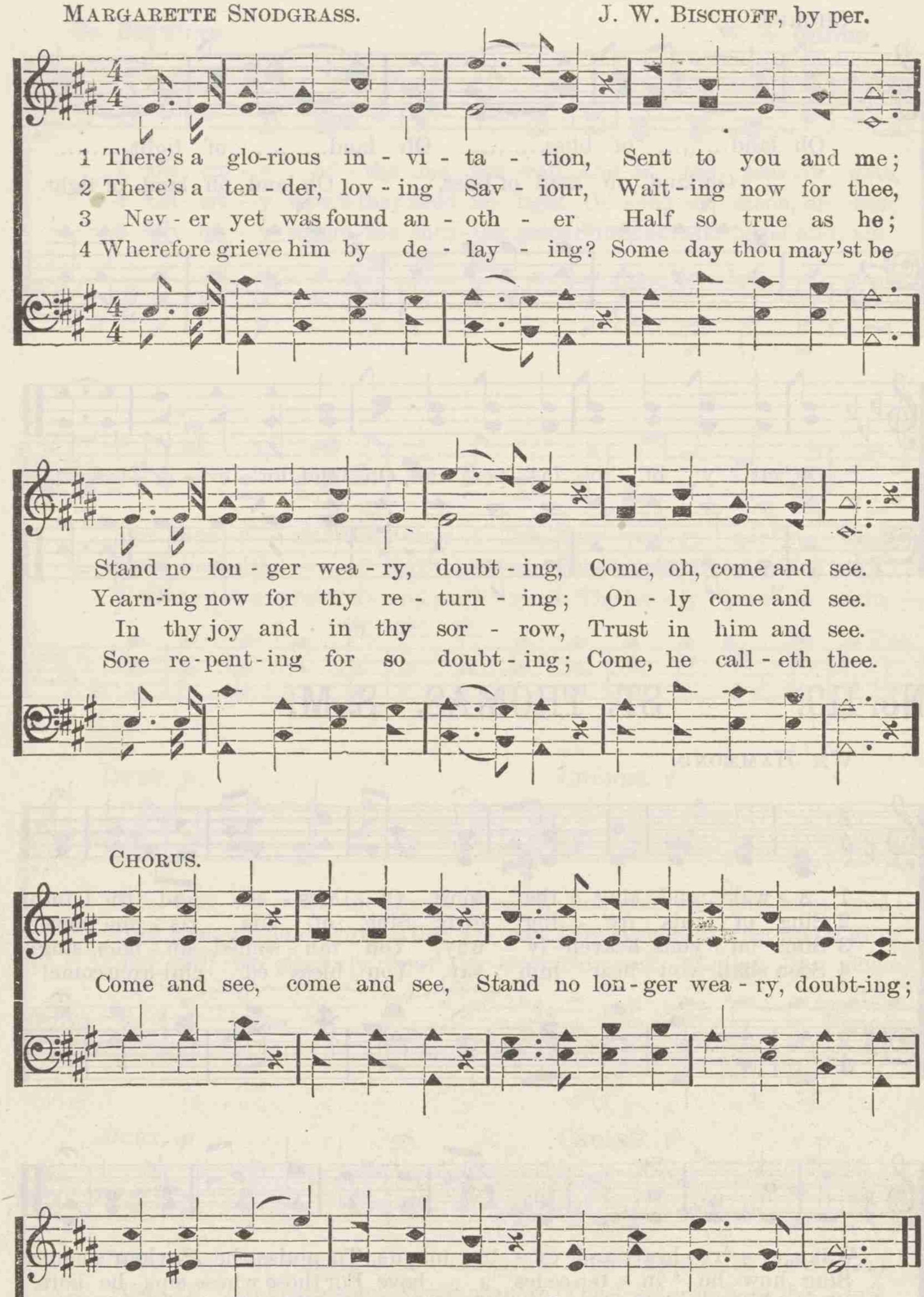

## No. 119. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WM. HAMMOND.



# No. 120. COME AND SEE.
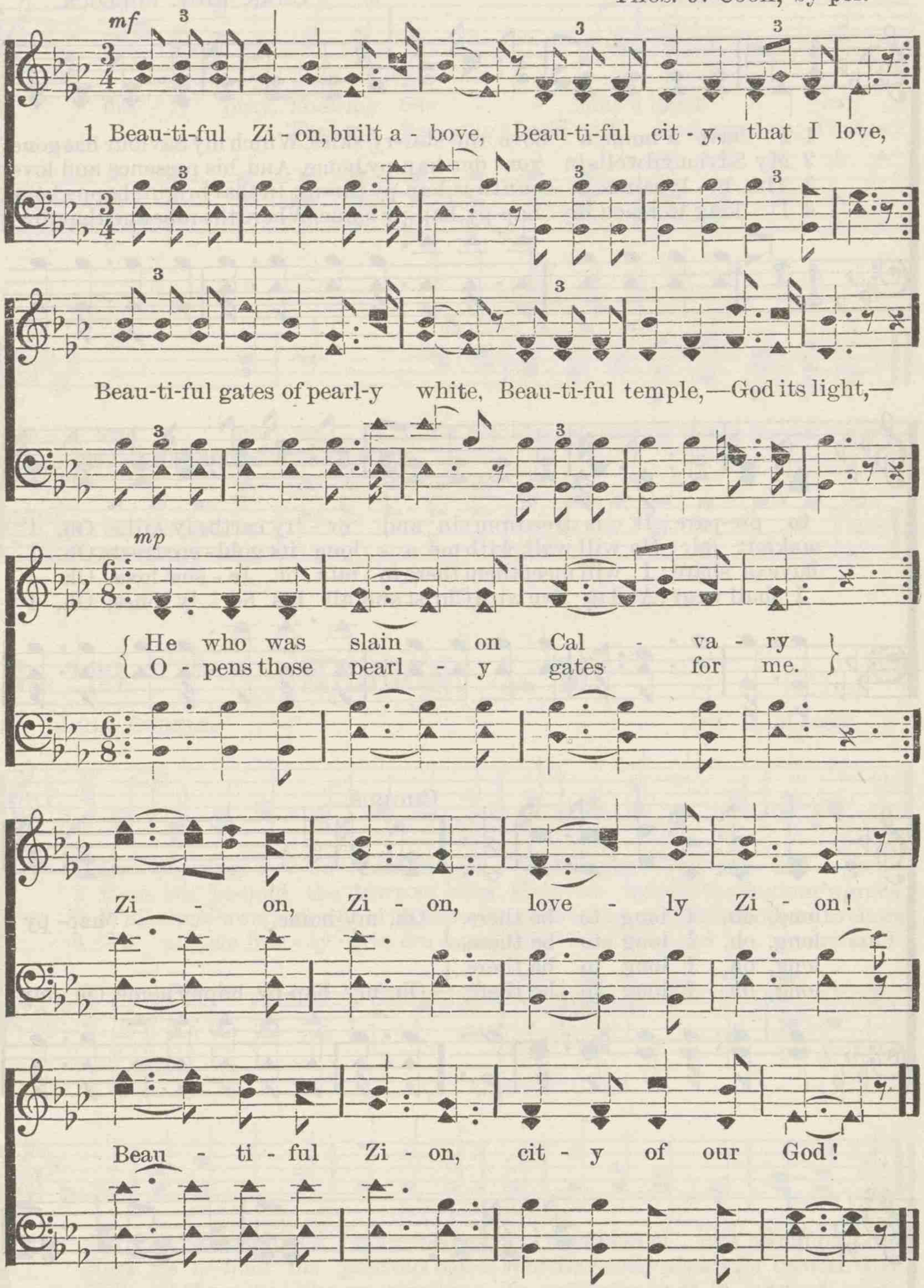
MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.




CHORUS.

# No. 121. BEAUTIFUL CITY.

THOS. J. COOK, by per.




2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir,—
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace,—
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

# No. 122. MY HAPPY HOME.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 I have a home a - bove the star-ry skies, Which my Saviour has gone
2 My Saviour dwells in yon- der hap-py home, And his presence and love
3 The ho- ly saints, a countless, hap-py throng, In that bright, happy home
4 I long to reach my hap-py, hap-py home, Where the robe and the crown

to pre-pare; It is free from sin and ev - 'ry earth- ly ill, Oh, I
make it fair; He will walk with me a - long its gold - en streets, Oh, I
have a share; I will meet them there to talk of Je - sus' love, Oh, I
I shall wear; And to live with Christ and all his ho - ly ones, Oh, I

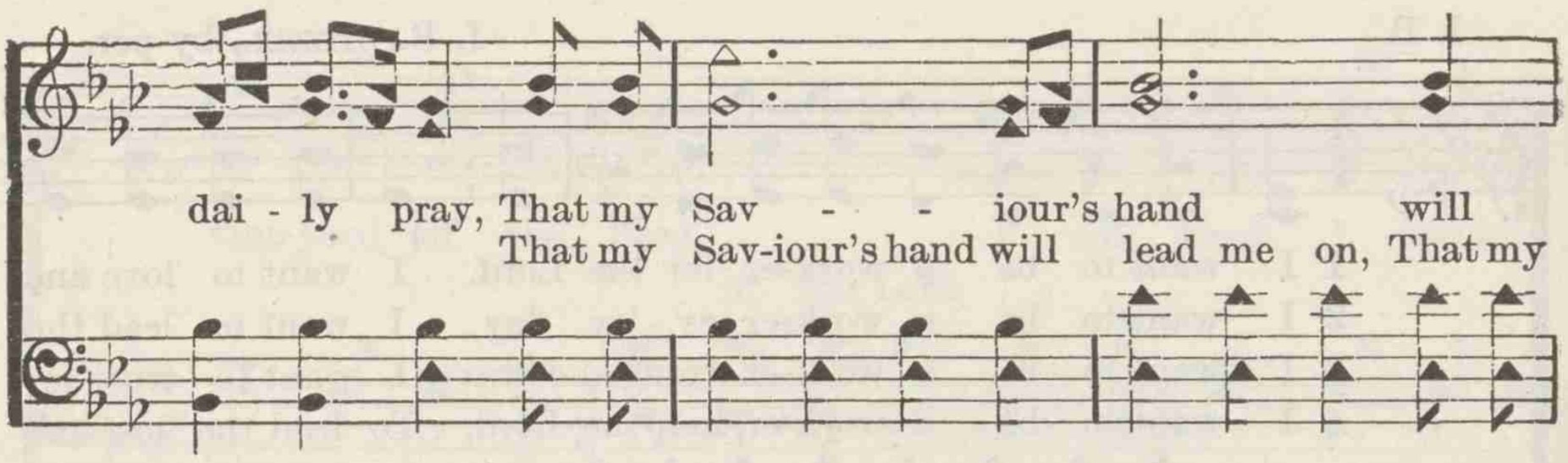
CHORUS.
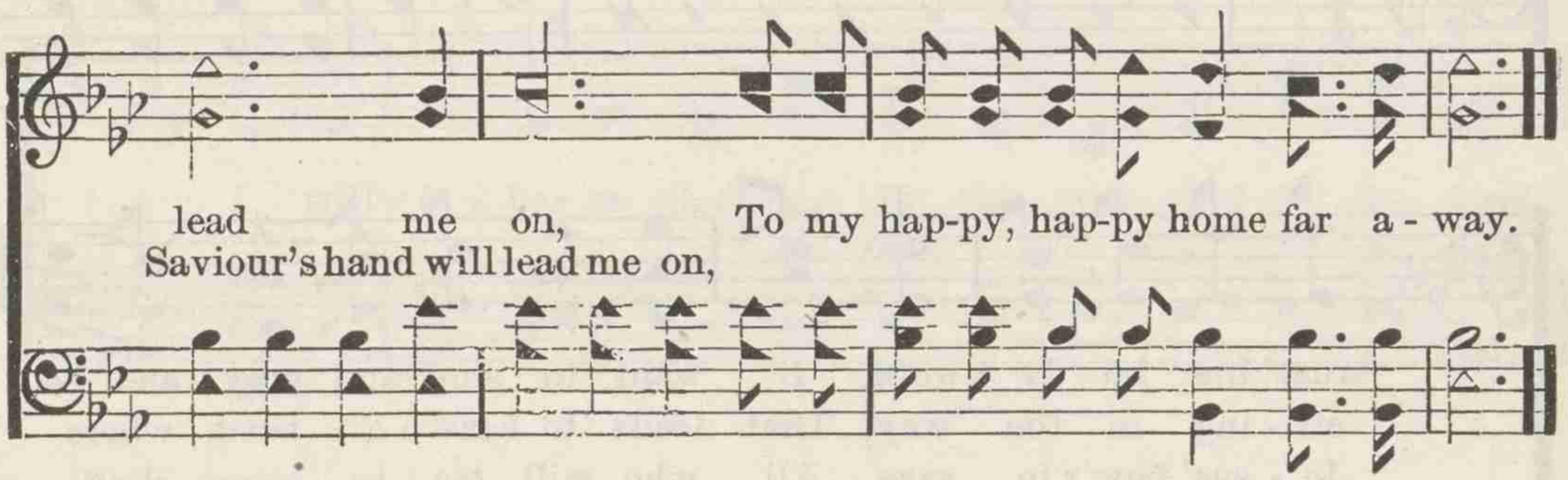
long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my home, hap- py
long, oh, I long to be there.
long, oh, I long to be there.
long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my hap-py, happy home, Oh, my

home, far a - way; To reach thee safe I
hap-py, hap-py home, far a - way, far a- way;

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. Penn.
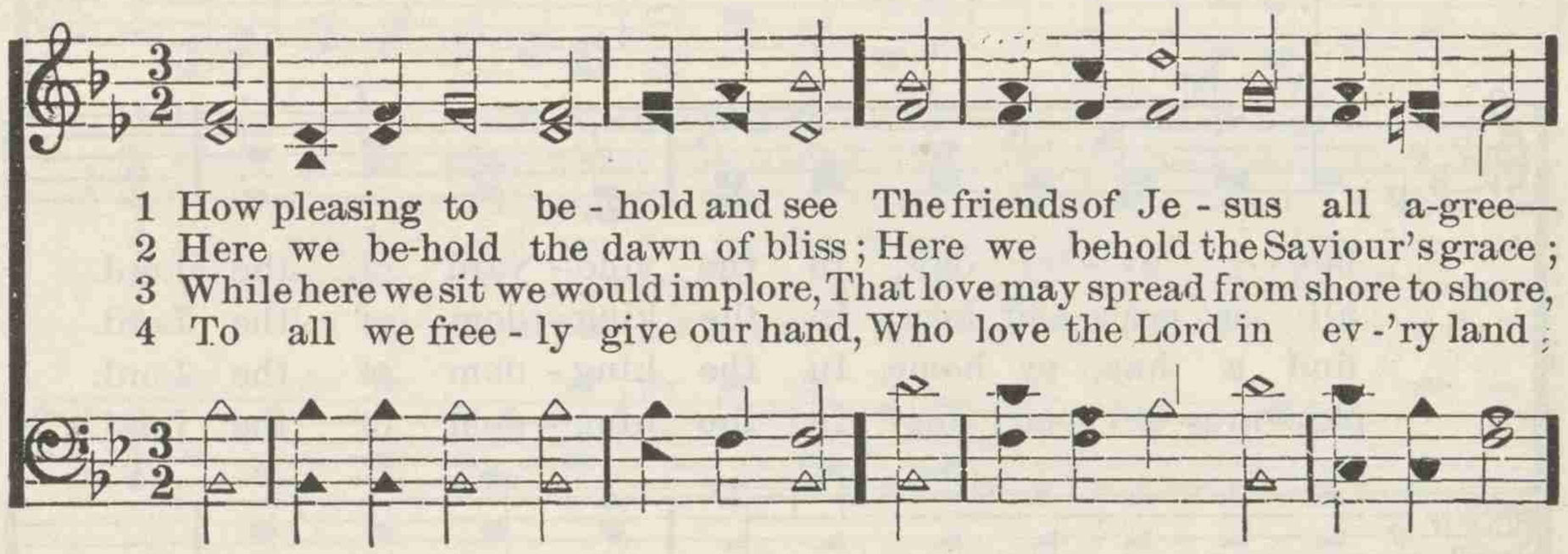
## MY HAPPY HOME. Concluded.



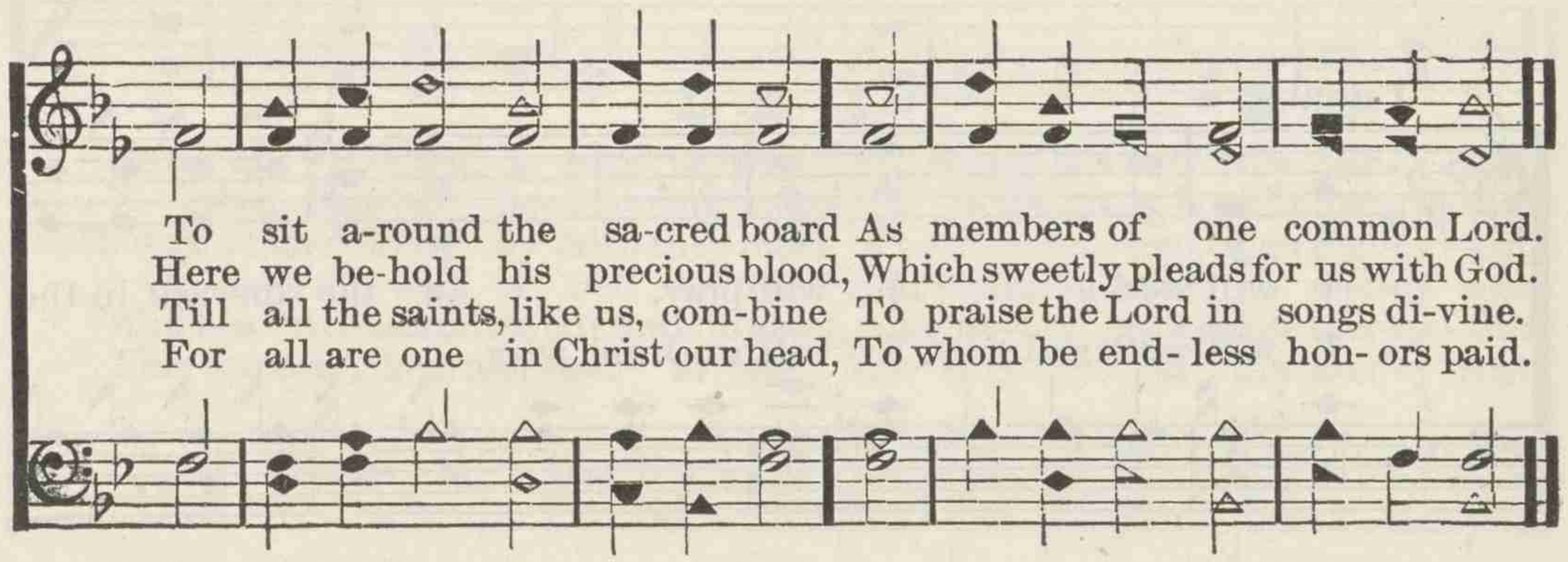




## No. 123. HEBRON. L. M.
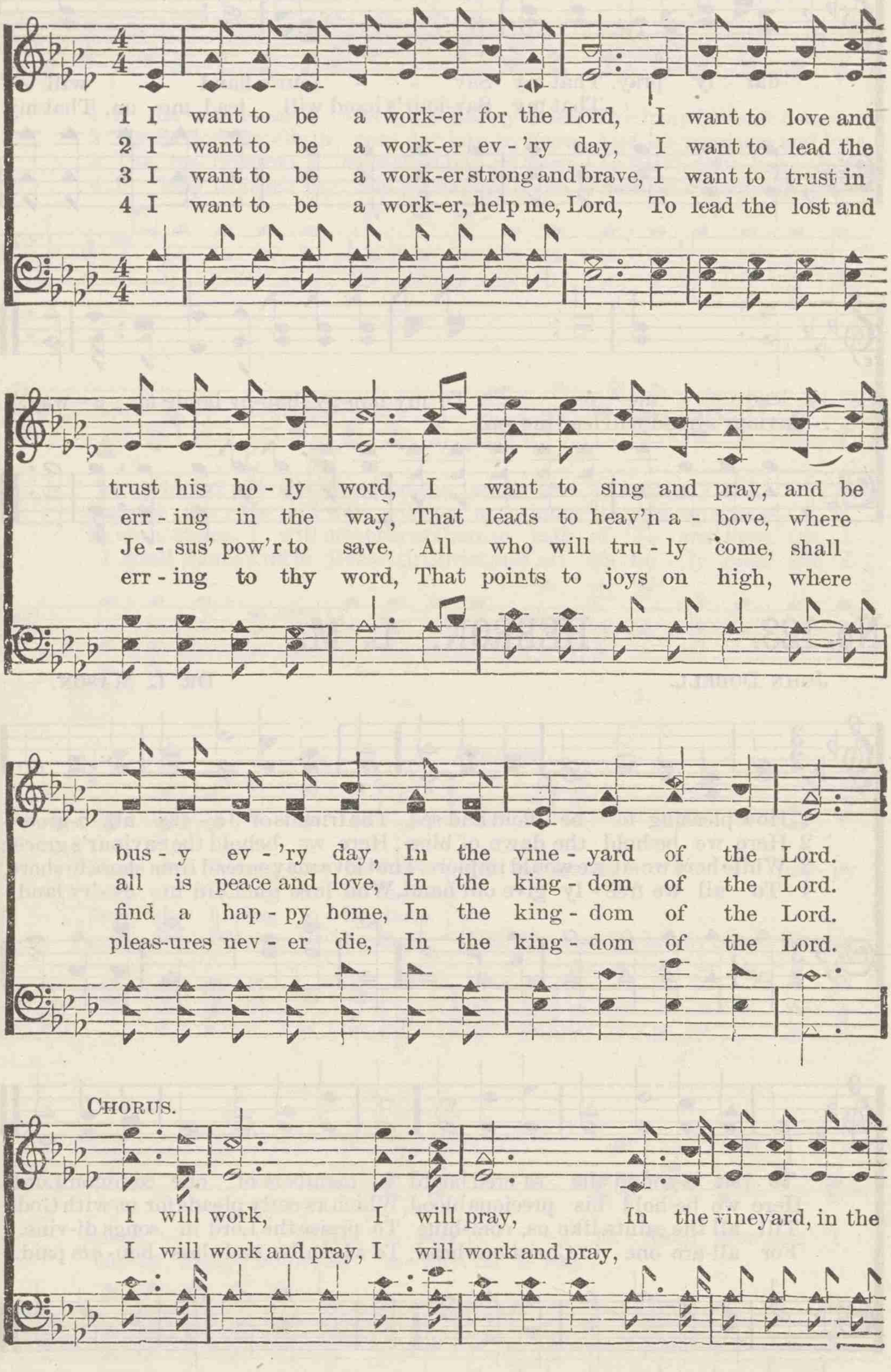
JOHN DOBELL. DR. L. MASON.



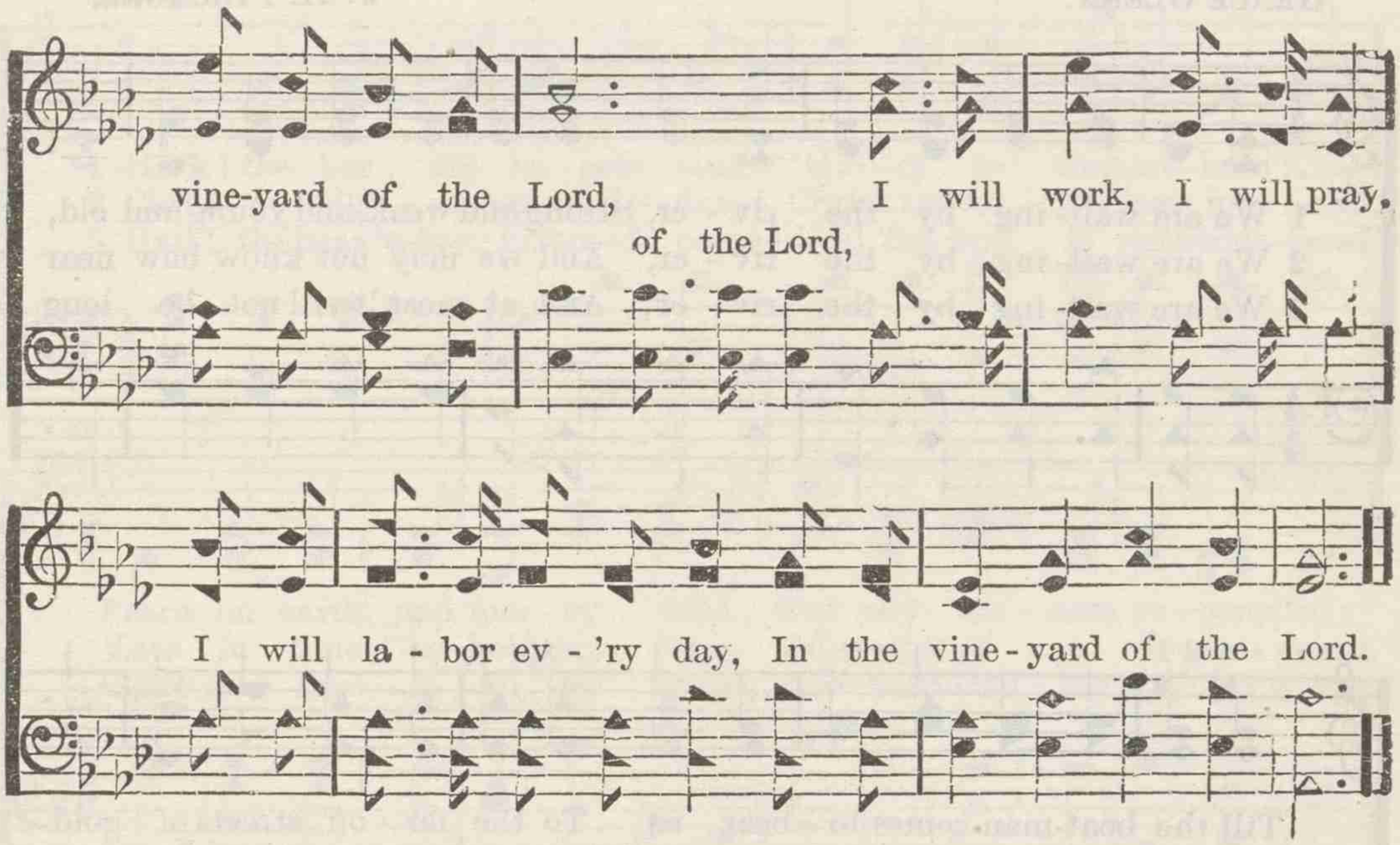



# No. 124. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.

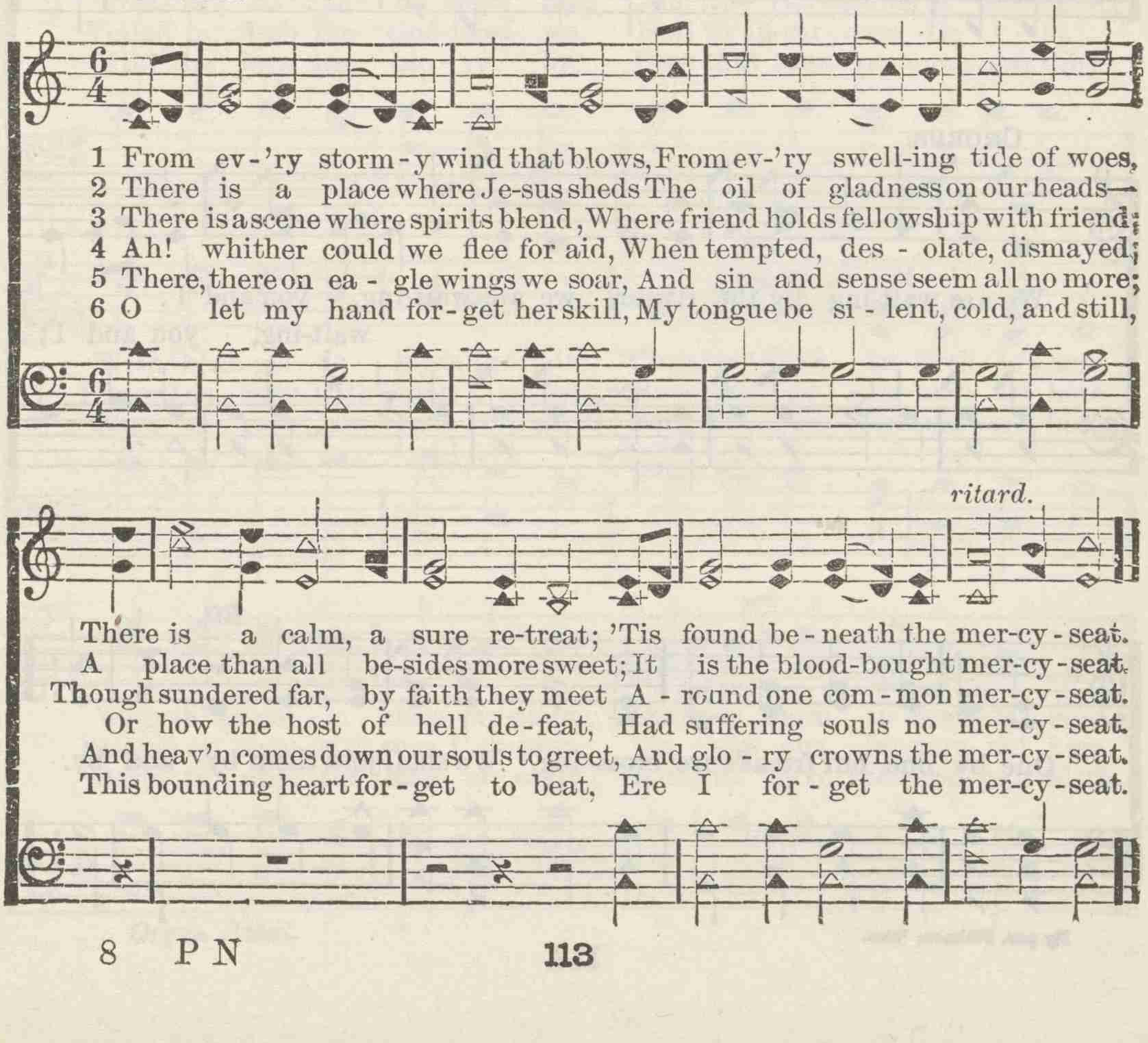


## I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.
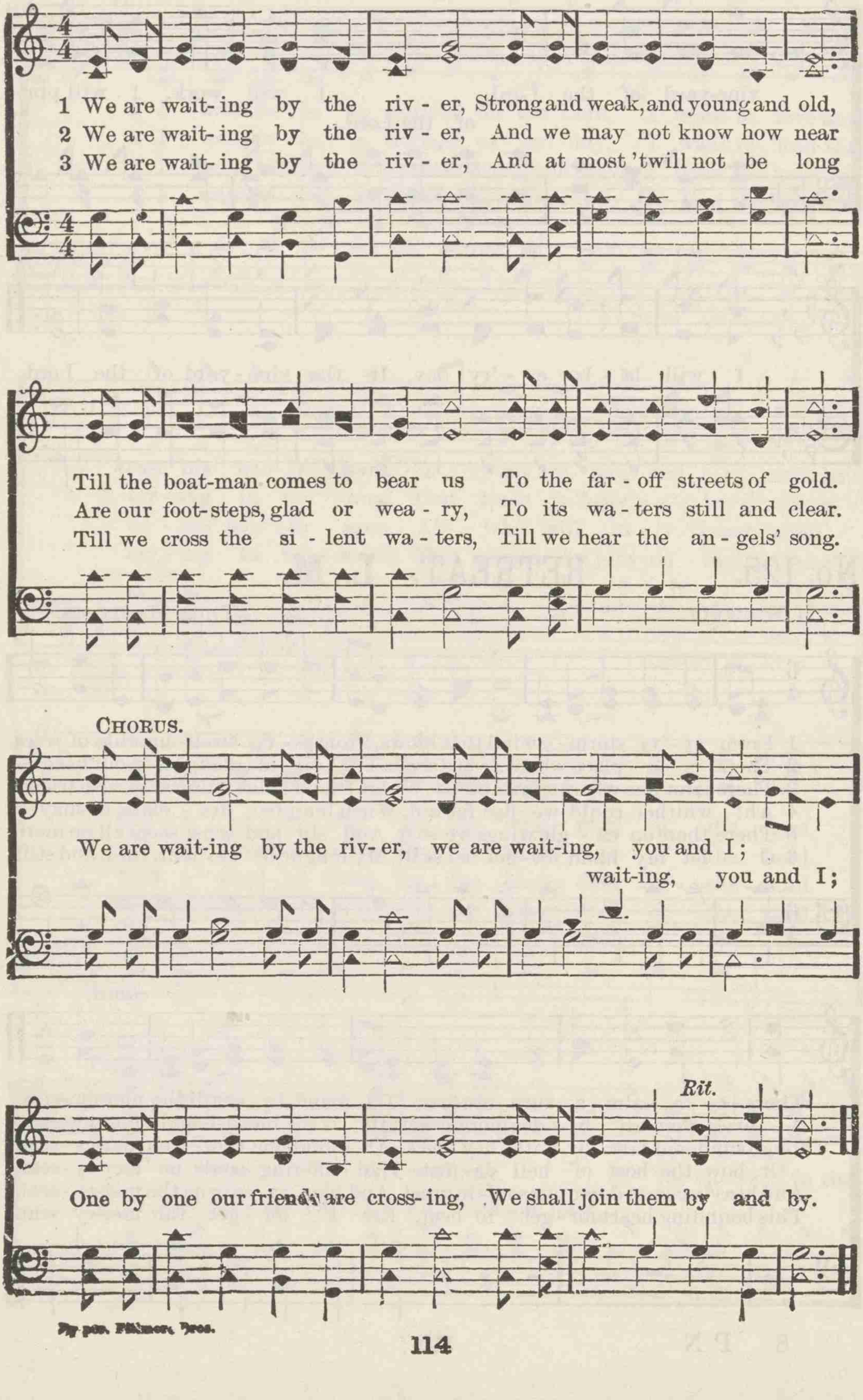



## No. 125. RETREAT. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.
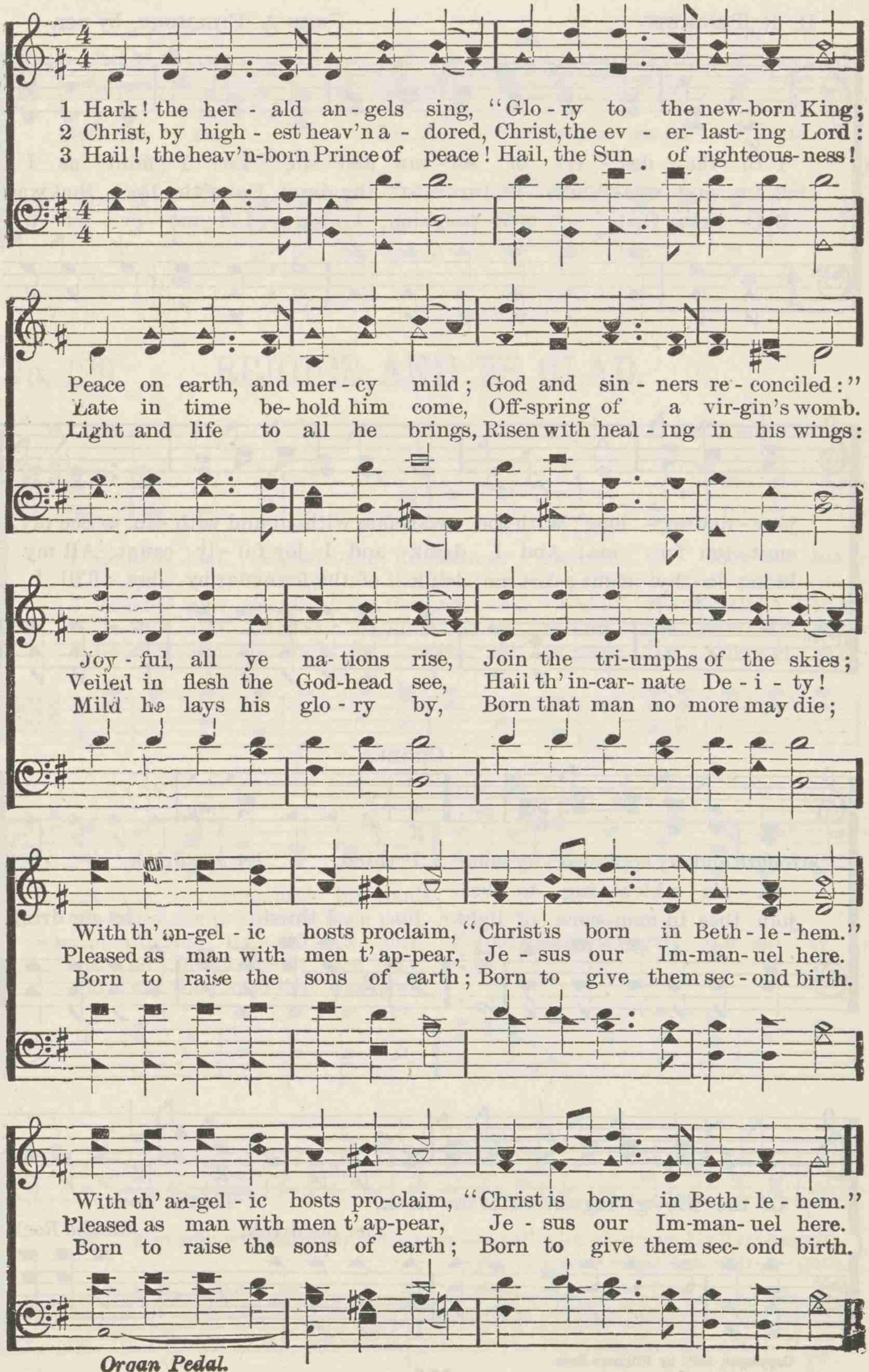


# No. 126. WE ARE WAITING.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.




By pm. Fillmore, Bros.

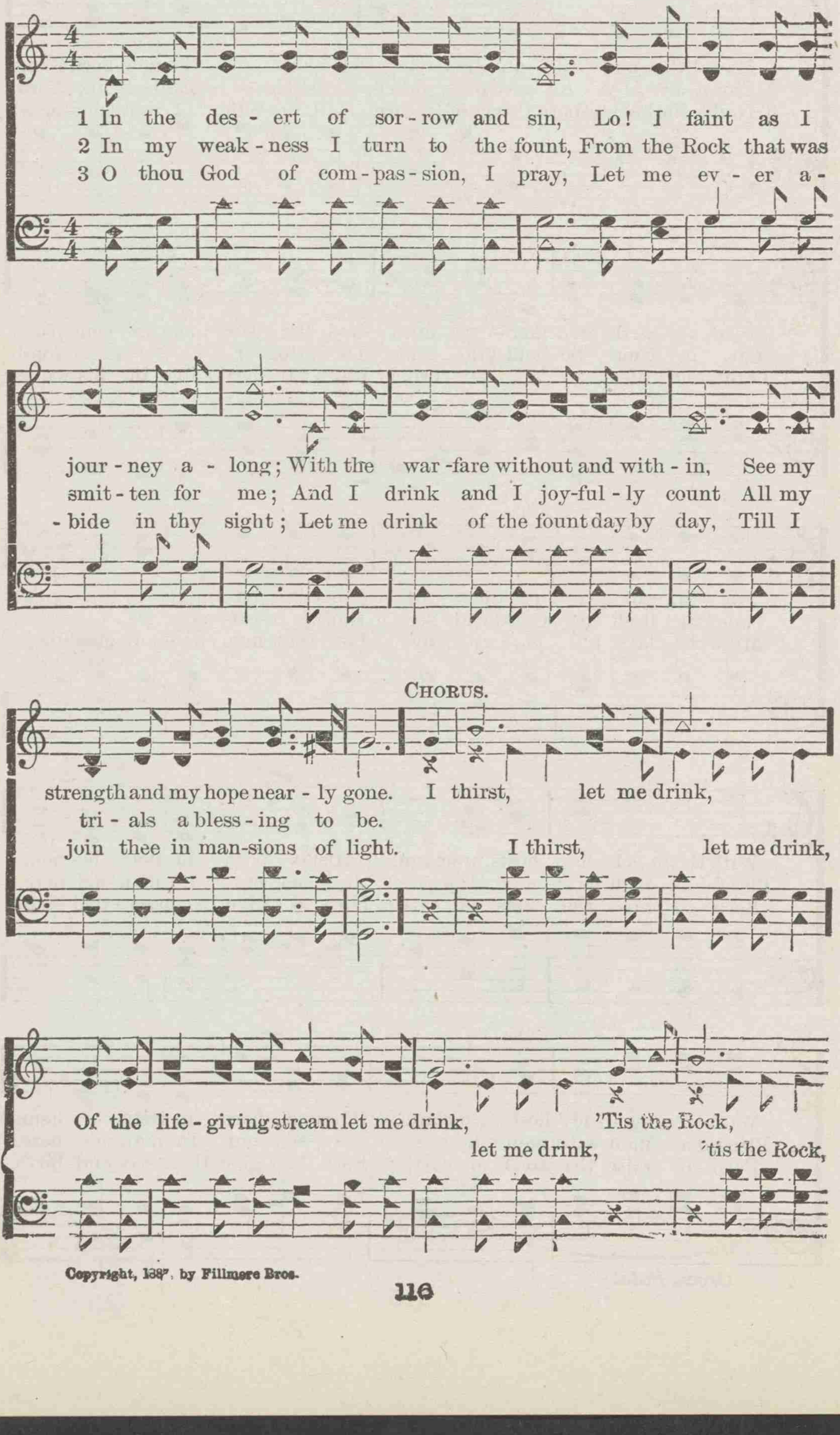
# No. 127. HARK! THE HERALD. 7s. Double.




*Organ Pedal.*
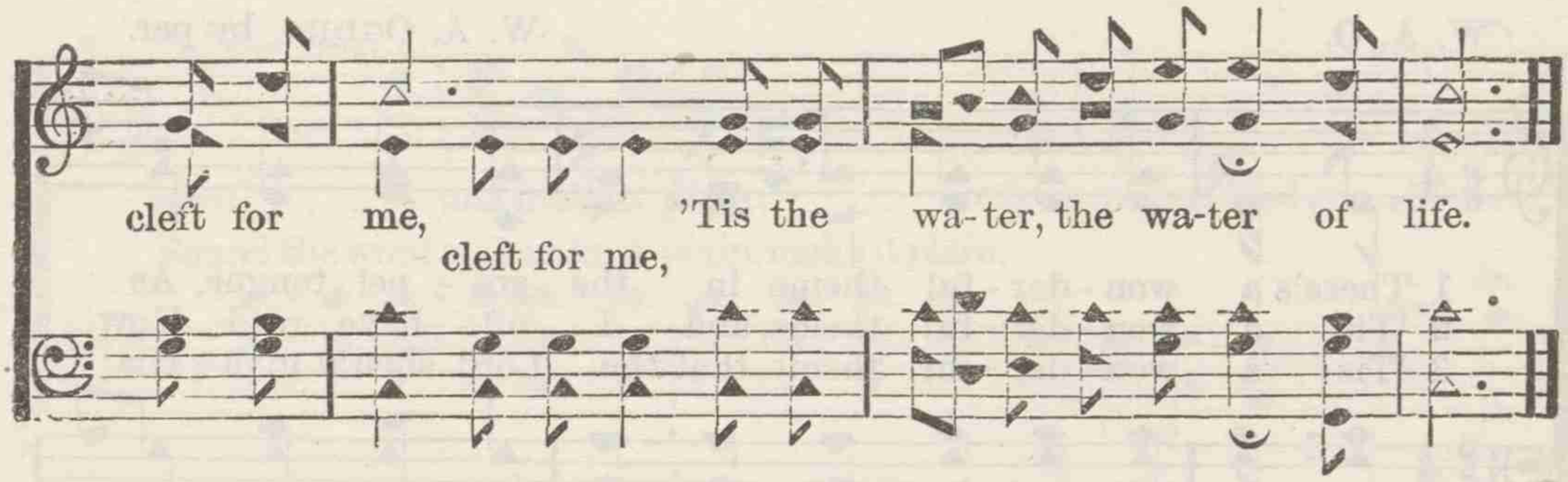
# No. 128. THE WATER OF LIFE.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED A. FILLMORE, by per.



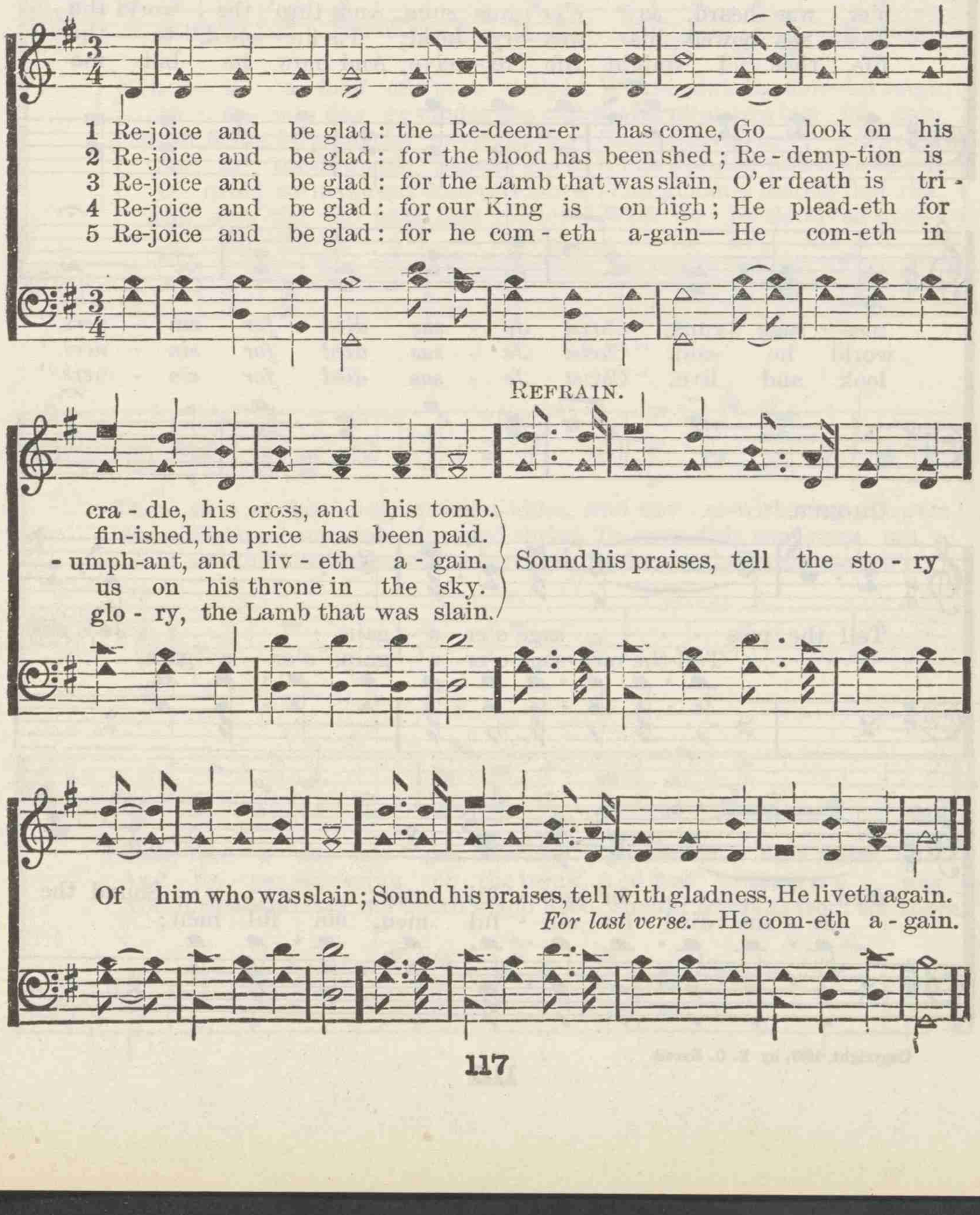

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# THE WATER OF LIFE. Concluded.




## No. 129. REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.



# No. 130. "Christ Jesus Died For Sinners."

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 There's a won - der - ful theme in the gos - pel tongue, As
2 'Tis a won - der - ful theme, and I oft have read How
3 'Tis a won - der - ful theme, that the Lord should give His

e'er was heard, as e'er was sung, And thro' the world the
Je - sus bowed his wea - ry head; "'Tis fin - ished," to the
life, that I might life re - ceive; And now he bids me

mes - sage rung, "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
world he said: "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
look and live: "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
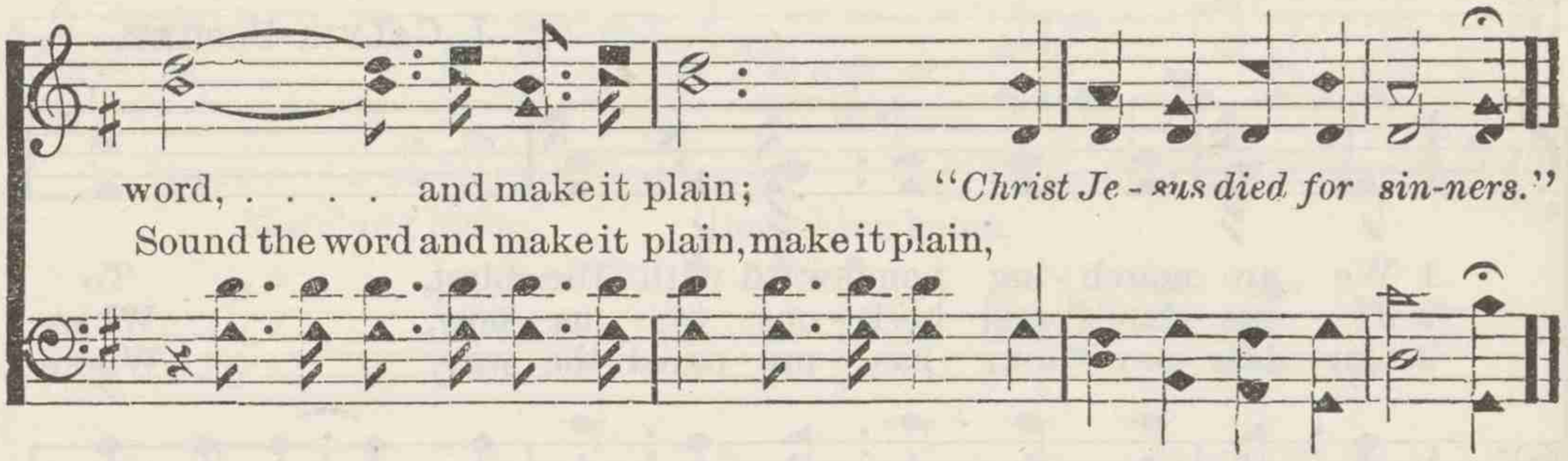
CHORUS.

Tell the mes - - - - - sage o'er a - gain, Je - sus
Tell the mes - sage o'er a - gain, o'er a - gain,

died . . . . . for sin - ful men; Sound the
Je - sus died for sin - ful men, sin - ful men;
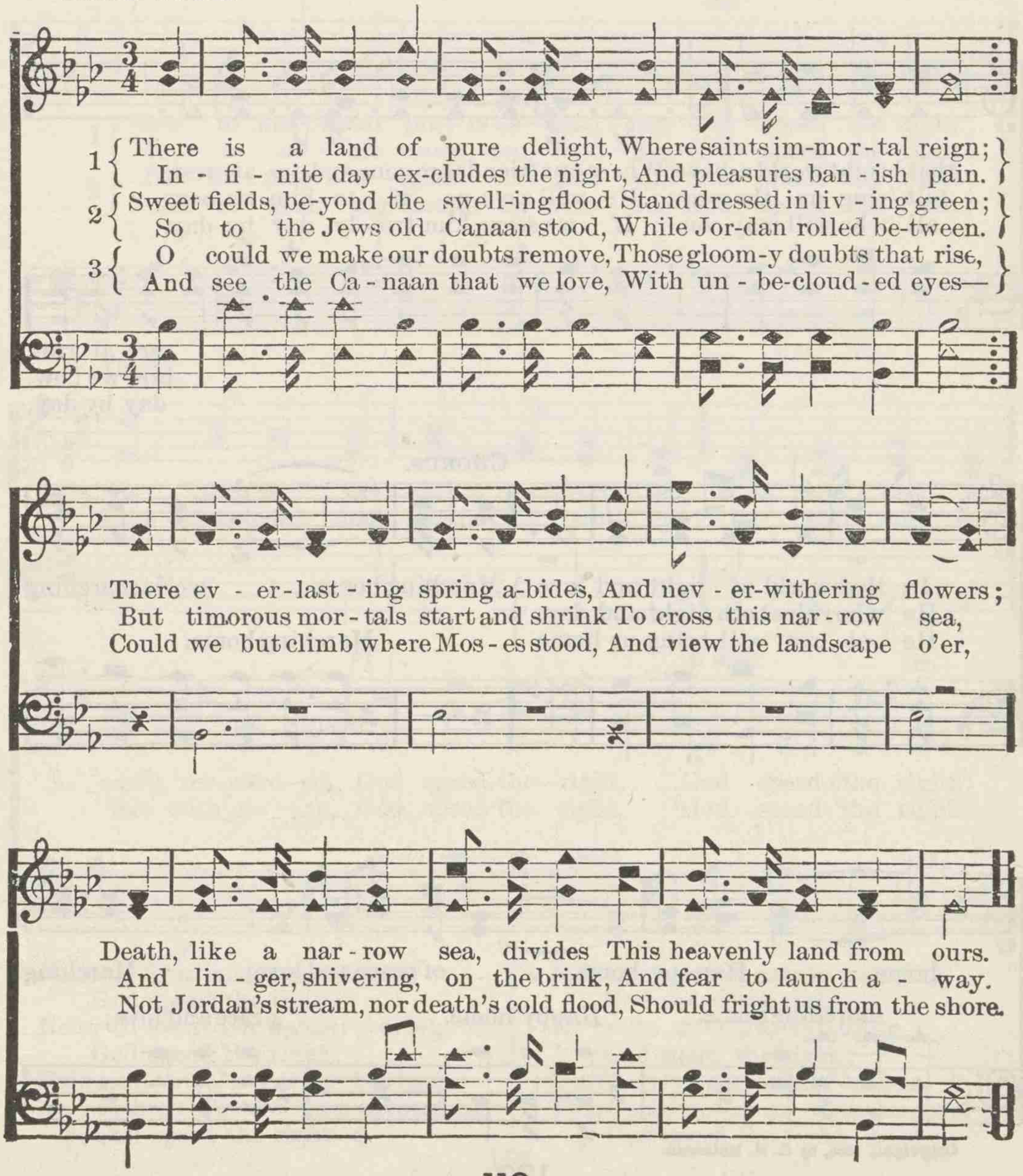
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## "Christ Jesus Died For Sinners." Concluded.



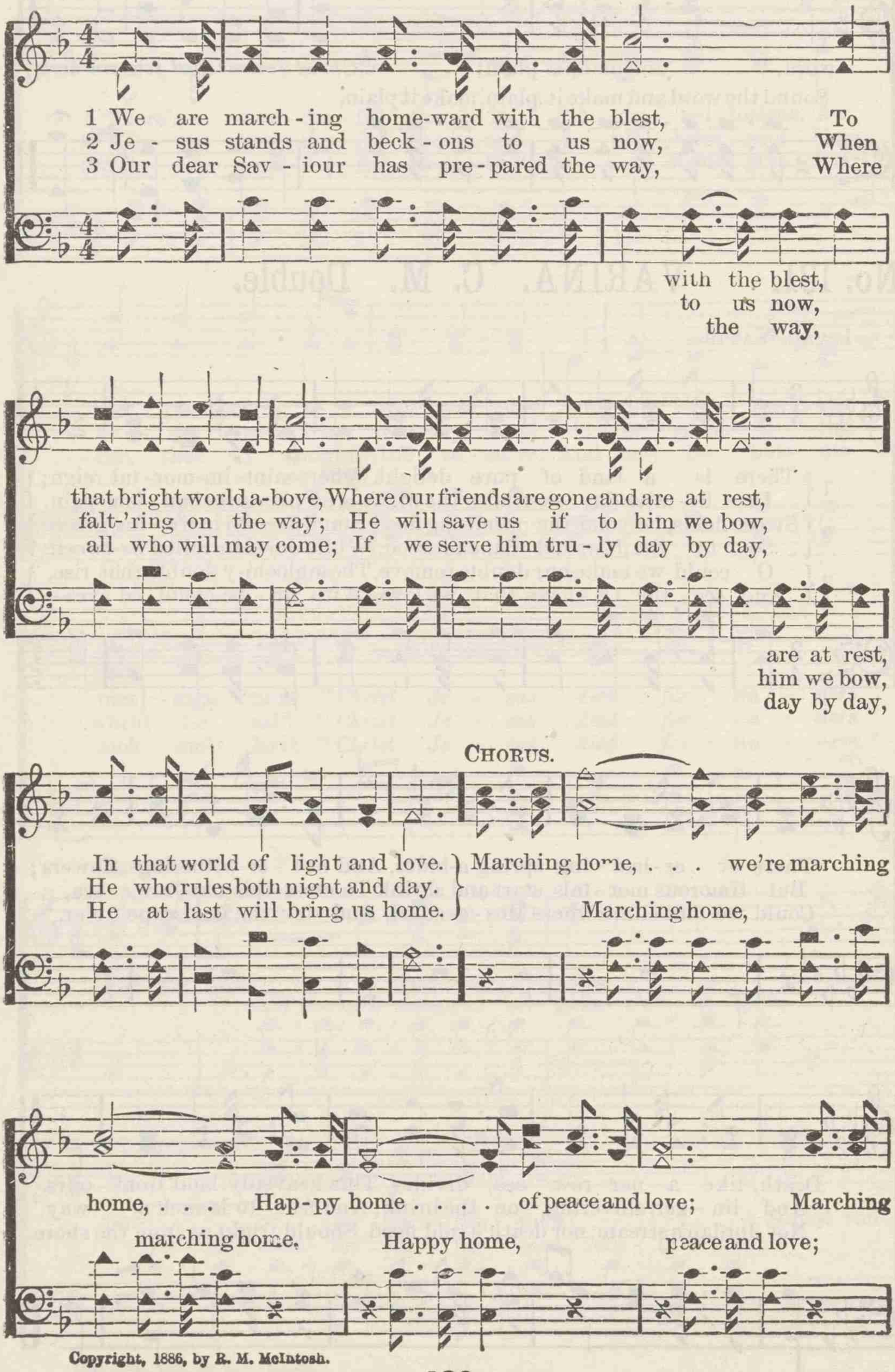

## No. 131. VARINA. C. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS.
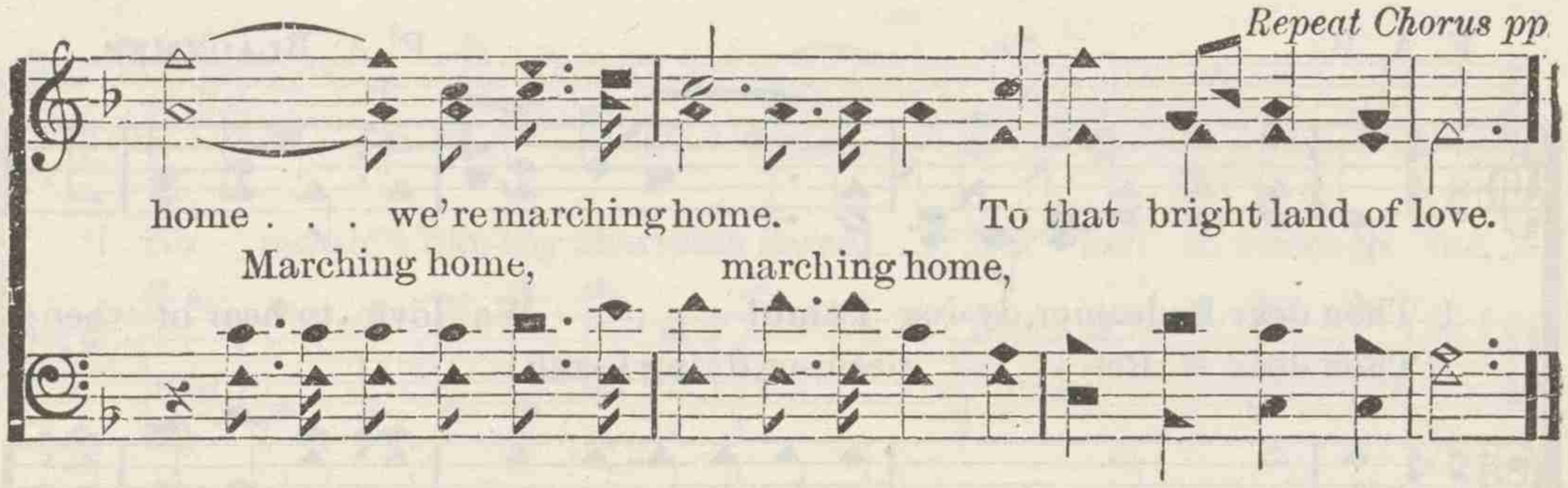


# No. 132. MARCHING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.
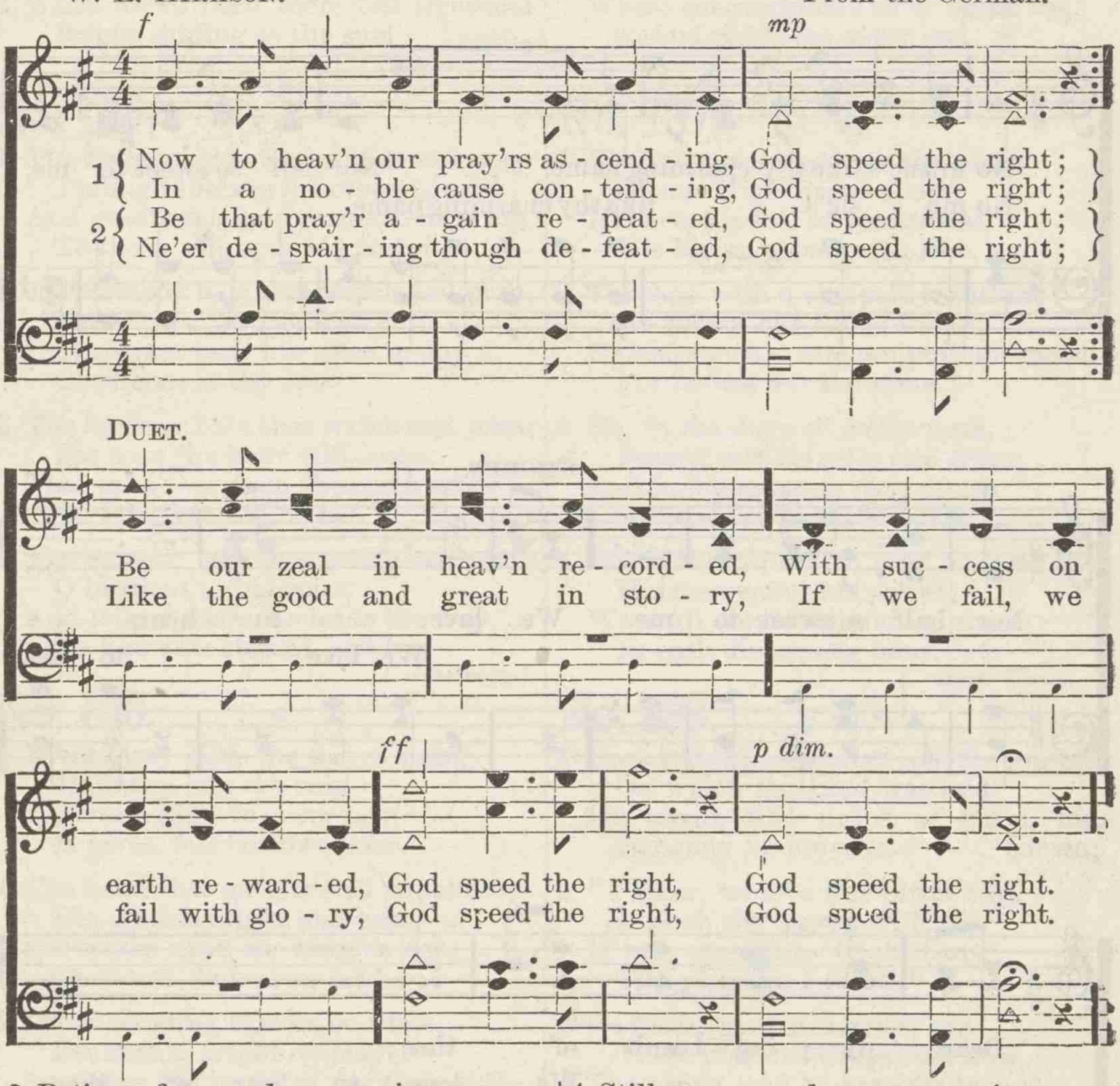



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# MARCHING HOME. Concluded.




## No. 133. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. HIRKSON. From the German.

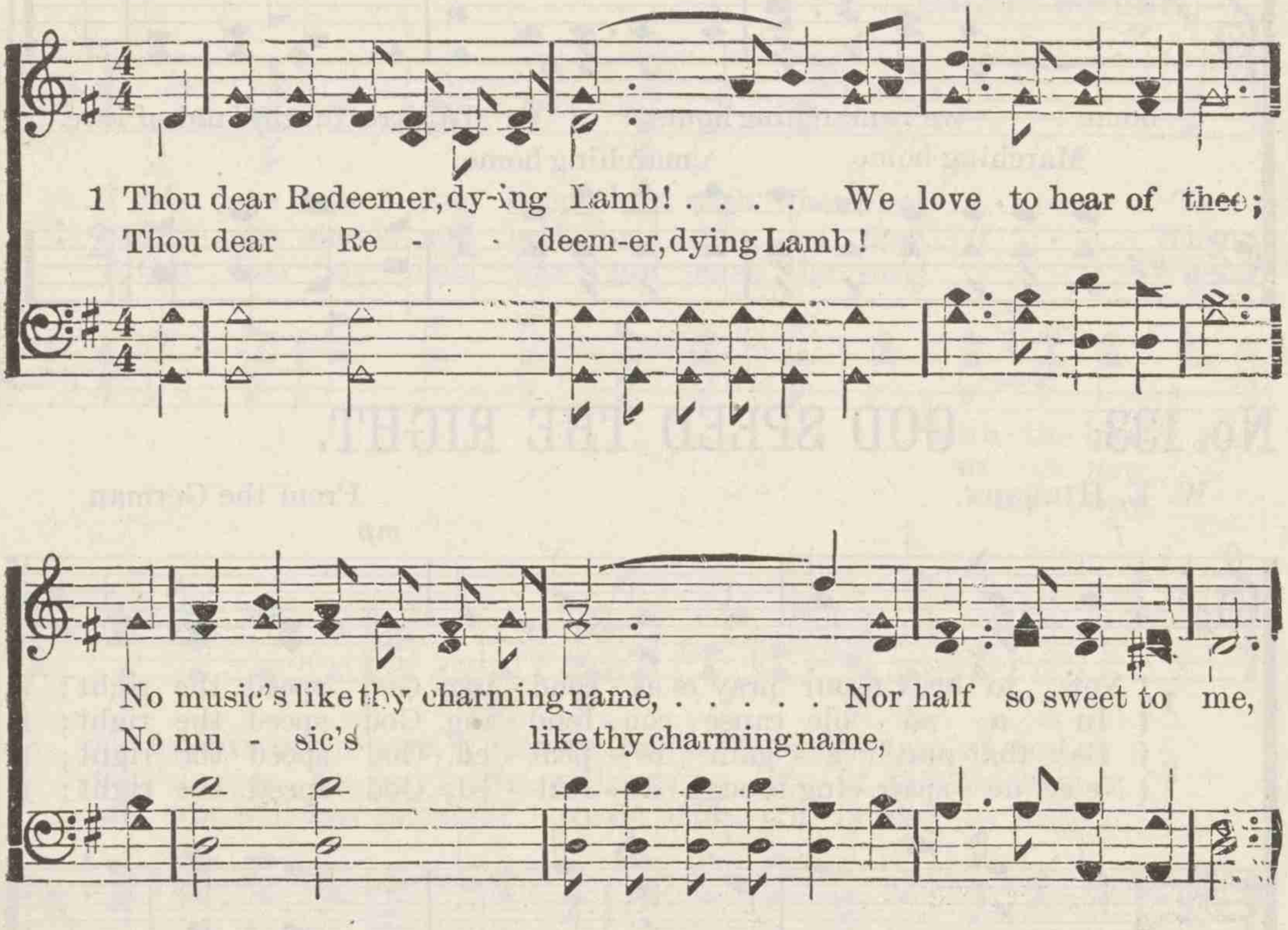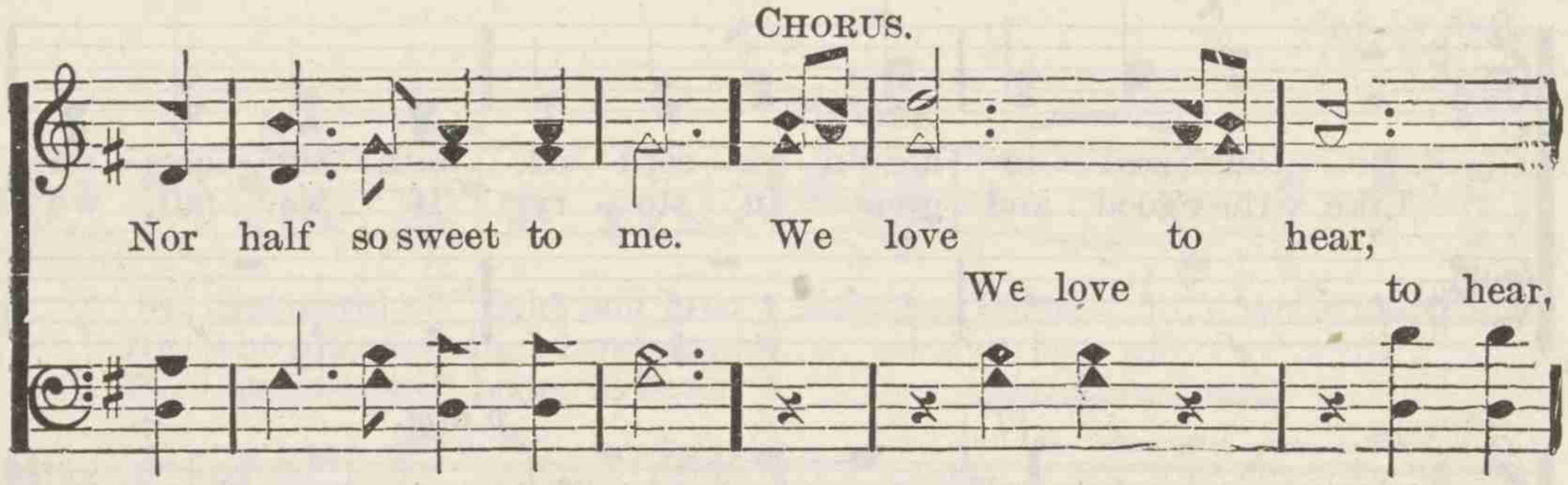



3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th'event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right,
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right;
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
‖: God speed the right. :‖

# No. 134. THOU DEAR REDEEMER.
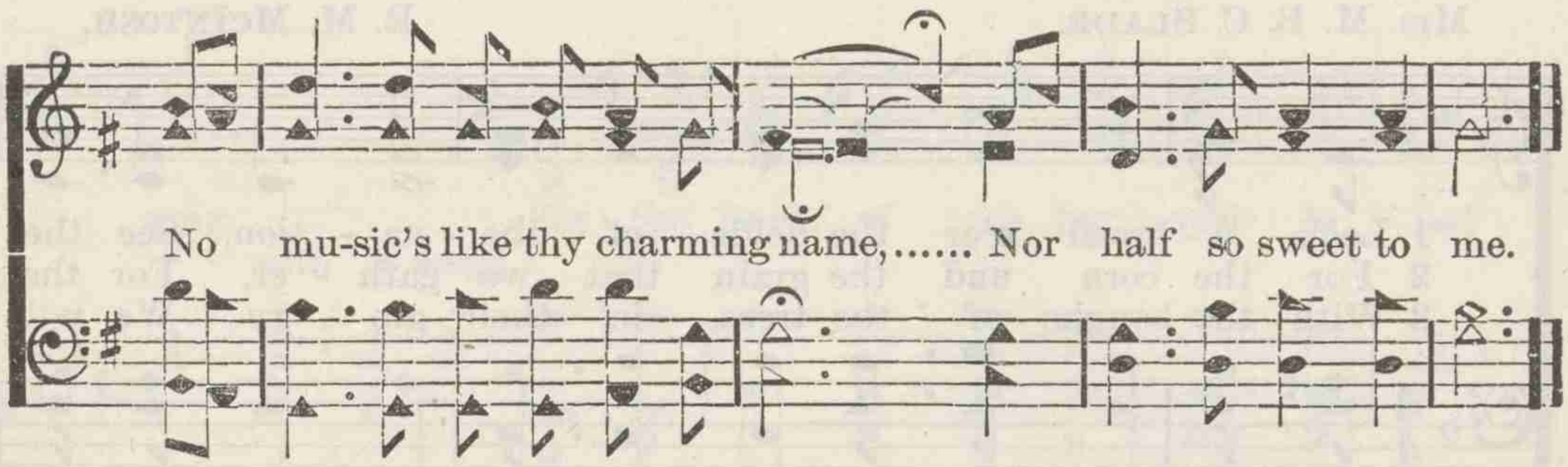
F. A. R. F. A. BLACKMER.







Copyright, 1884. by F. A. Blackmer.

## THOU DEAR REDEEMER. Concluded.




2 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favor'd throng,
Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,
‖: And Christ shall be our song. :‖

3 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
‖: Than when we first begun. :‖

4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
‖: And Sabbaths never end. :‖

## No. 135. C. M.

1 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian, hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thine eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
O hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

*T. Hastings.*

## No. 136. C. M.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

*William Cowper.*

## No. 137. C. M.

1 With joy, we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

*Isaac Watts.*

## No. 138. C. M.

1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down;
In agony he prayed:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow,
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

*Unknown.*

# No. 139. HARVEST SONG.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.
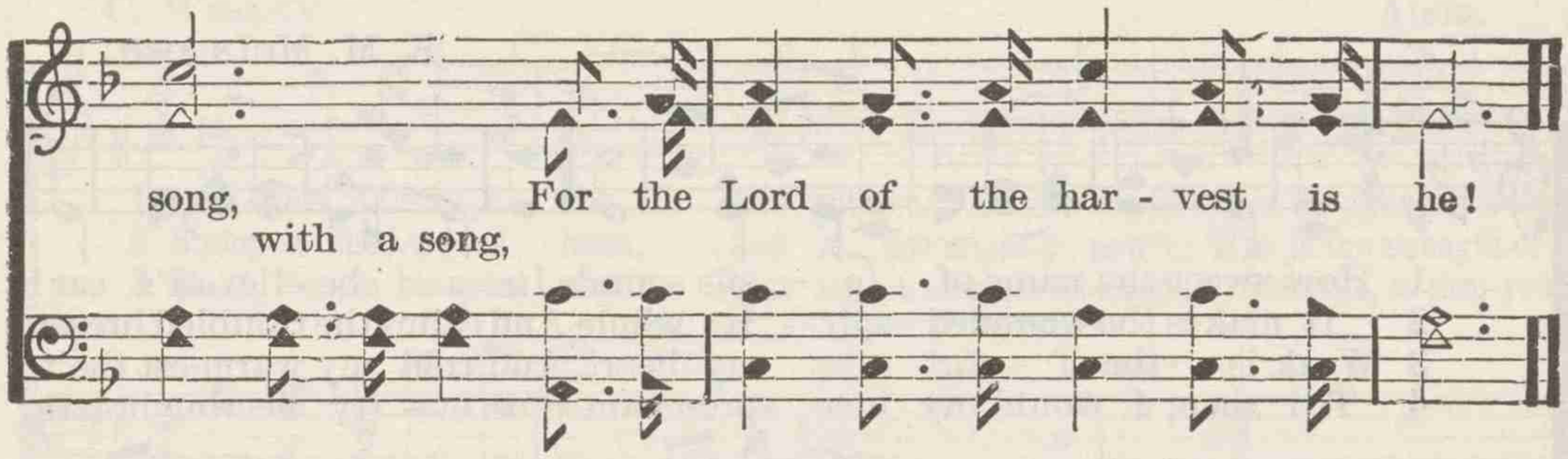
1 Look a - broad o'er the fields of the na - tion, See the boun - ty that gladdens the land, Raise your voice in the great con - vo - ca - tion; Praise the Lord for the work of his hand.
2 For the corn and the grain that we gath - er, For the fruit of the field and the vine, We will thank thee, oh, boun - ti - ful Fa - ther, For the earth and its full - ness are thine.
3 With the boughs of the trees, in their glo - ry We will glad - den the house of the Lord, And re - mem - ber the beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Of the fes - ti - val days of his word.

Refrain.

Praise his name, with a song, For the praise his name, with a song, gifts of his love, full and free; Praise his name, with a full and free; Praise his name,
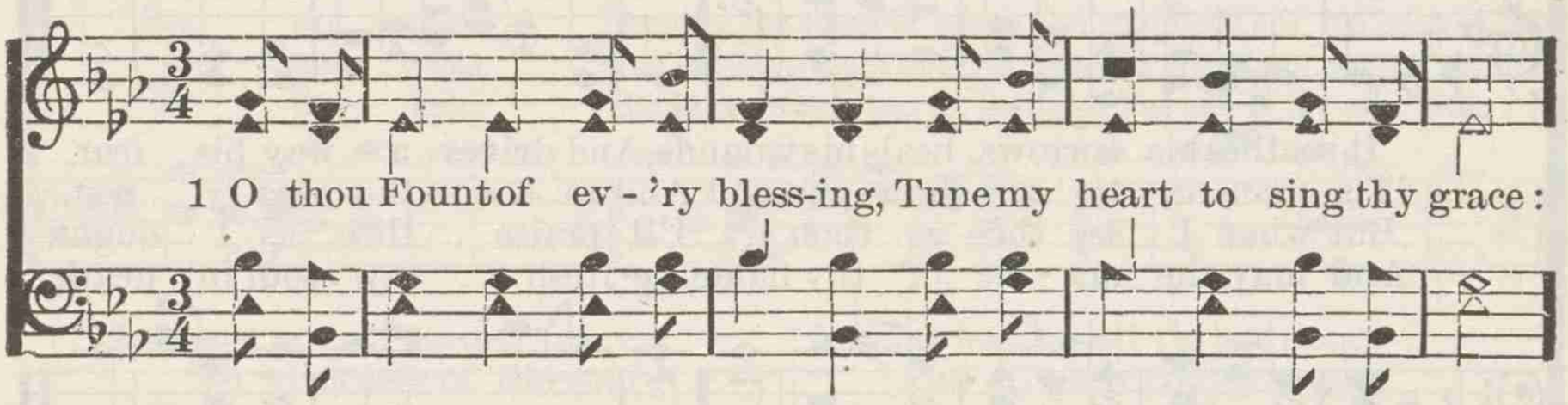
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

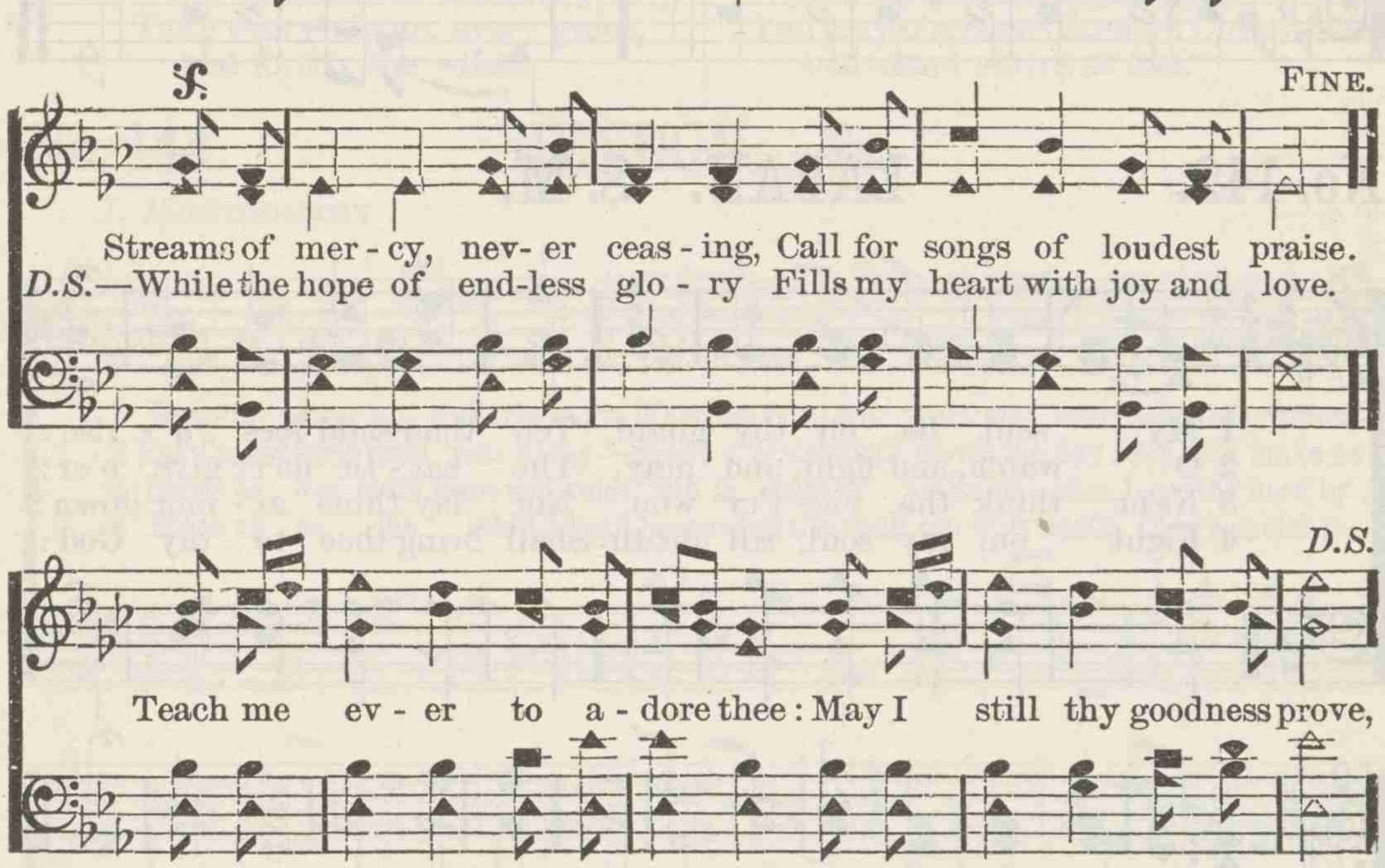
## HARVEST SONG. Concluded.




## No. 140. NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

R. ROBINSON. Anon.



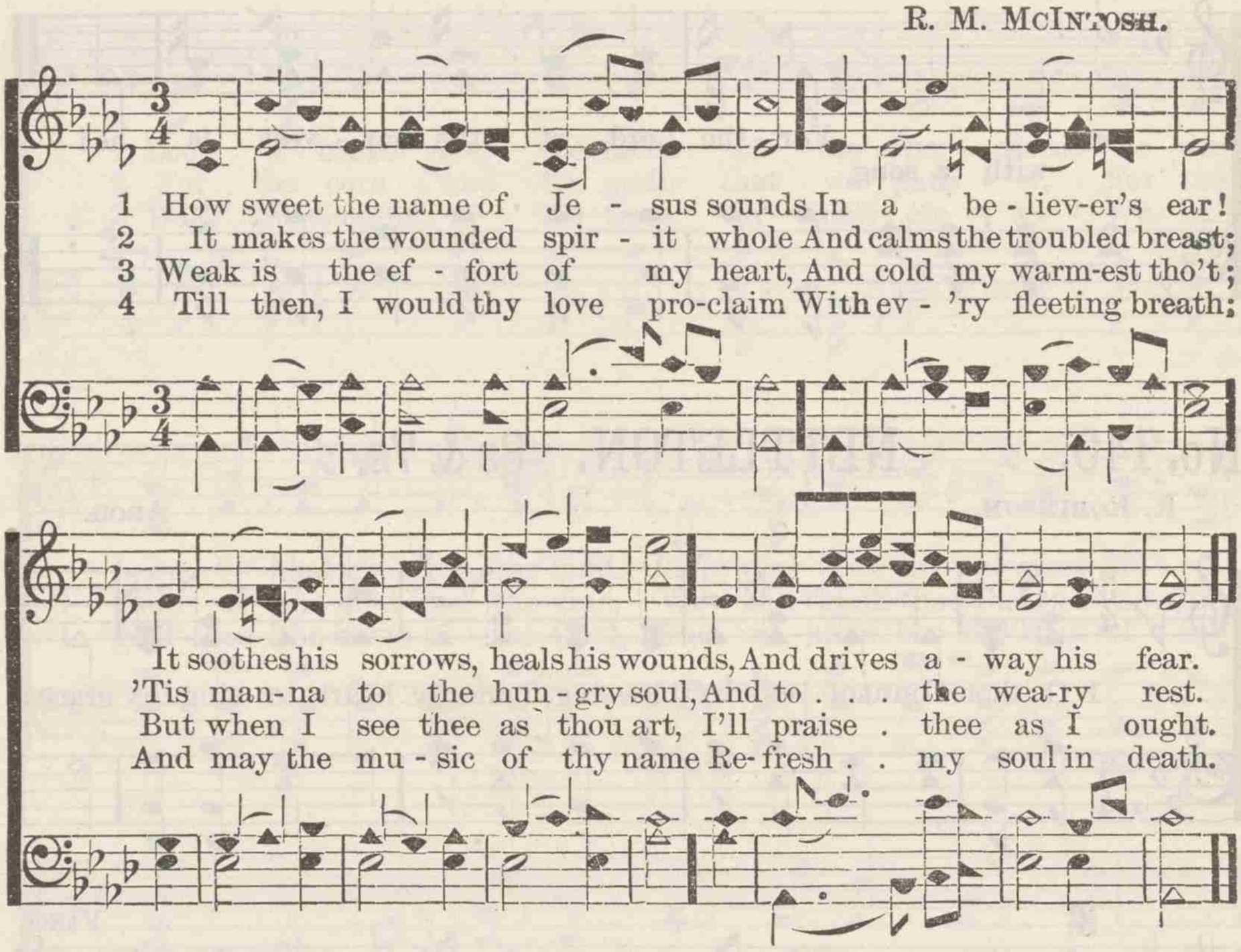




2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
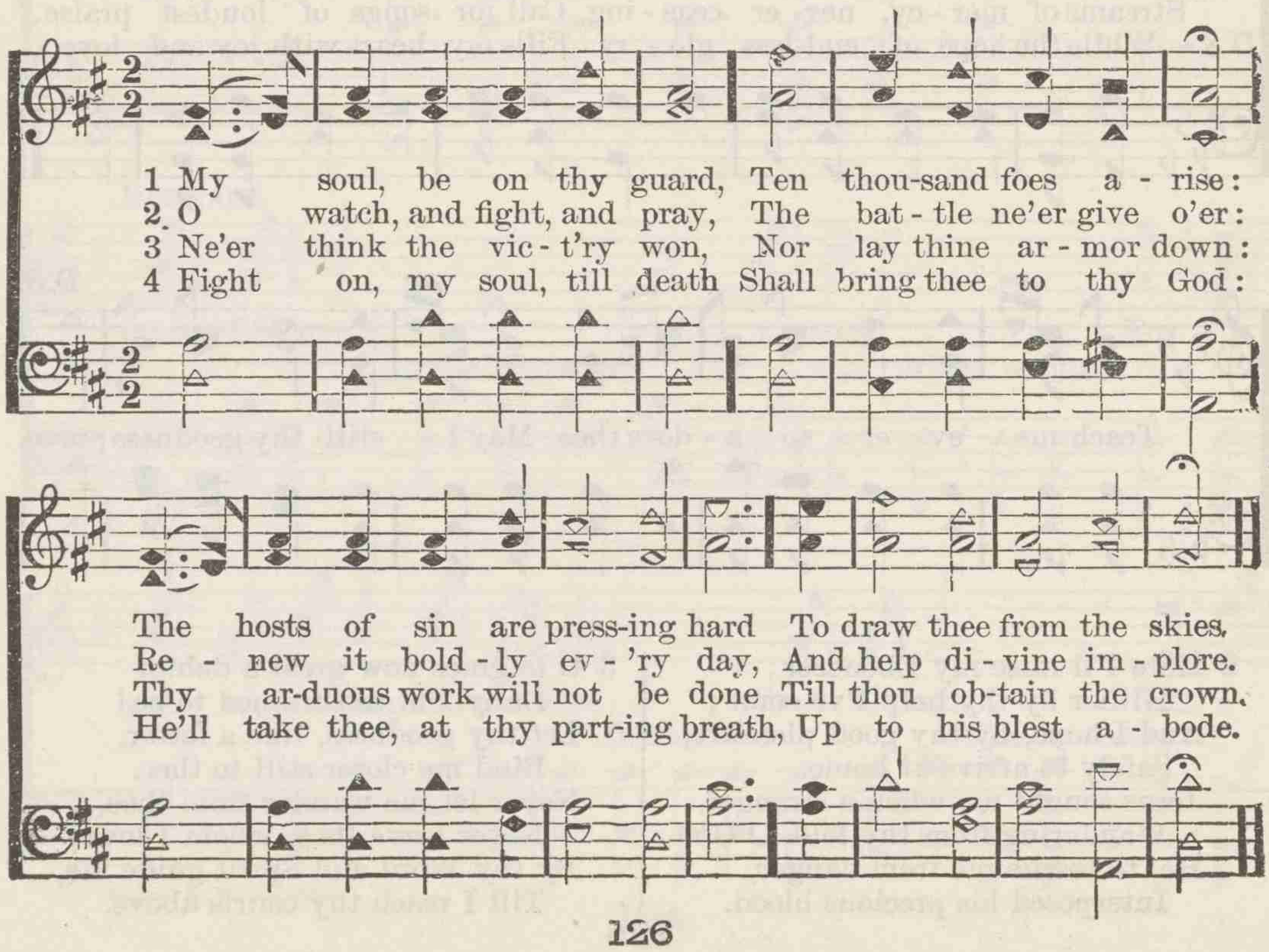
3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

## No. 141. BONNELL. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

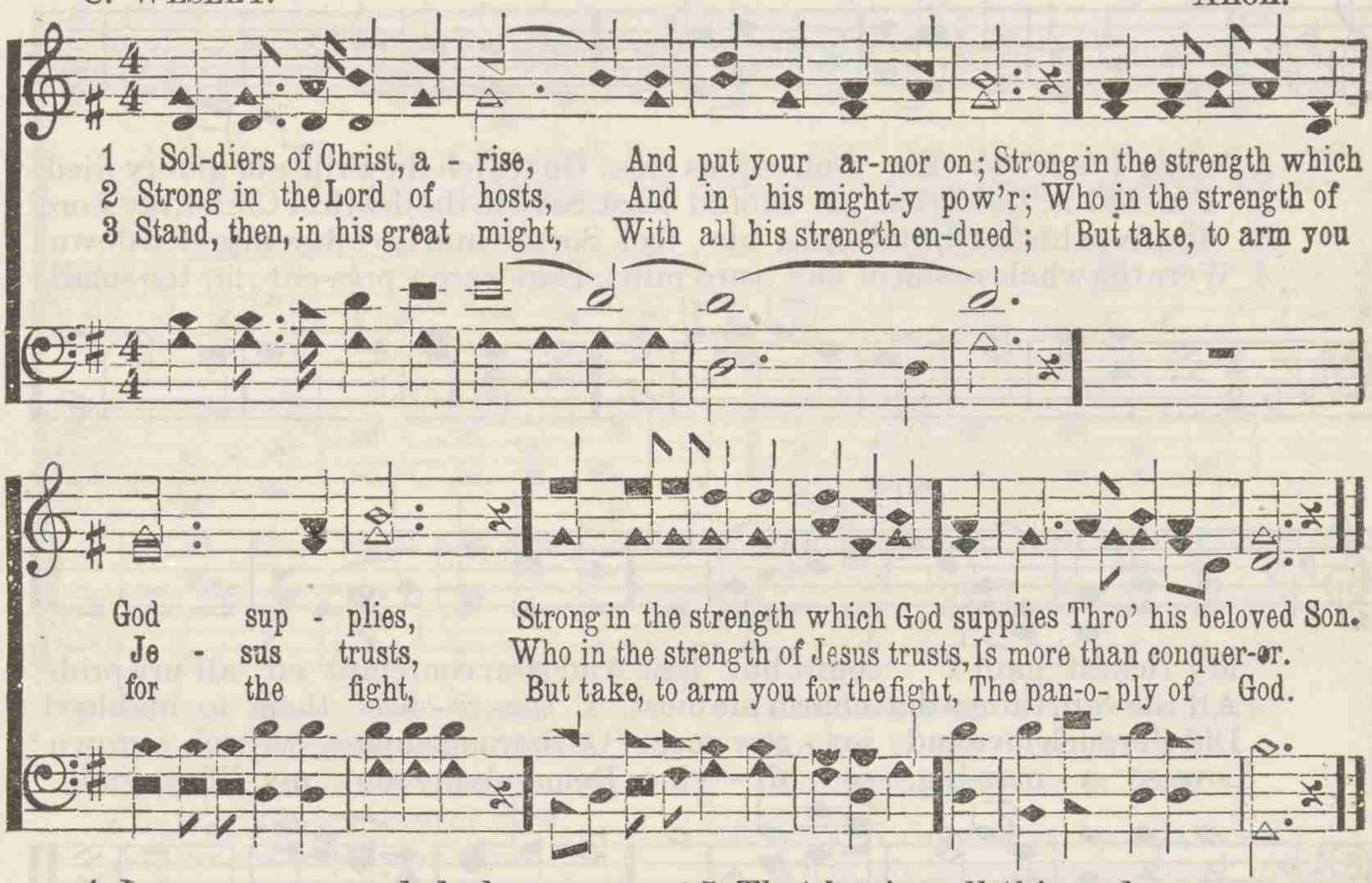



## No. 142. LABAN. S. M.



## No. 143. KIRKWOOD.

C. WESLEY. Anon.

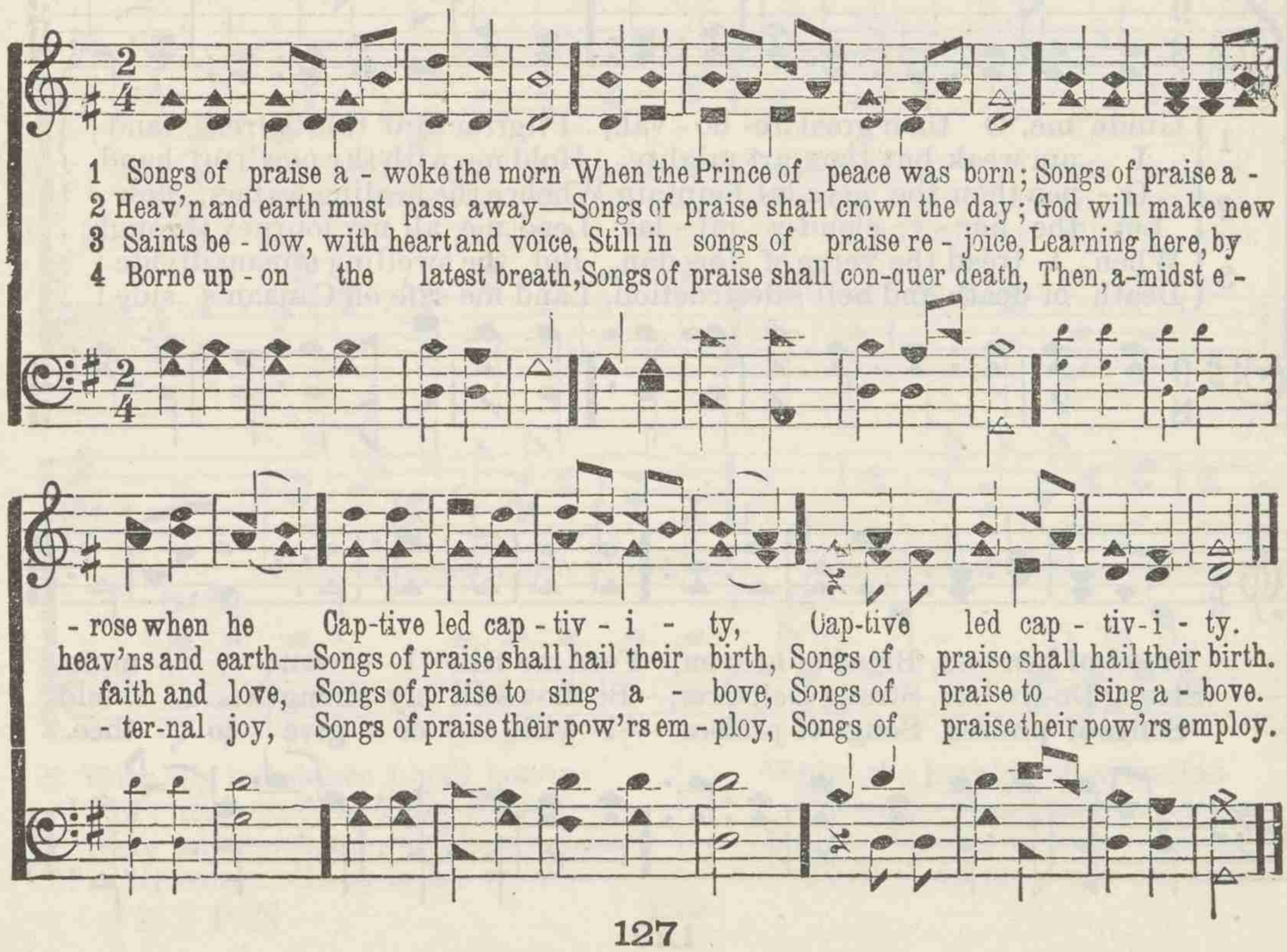



4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

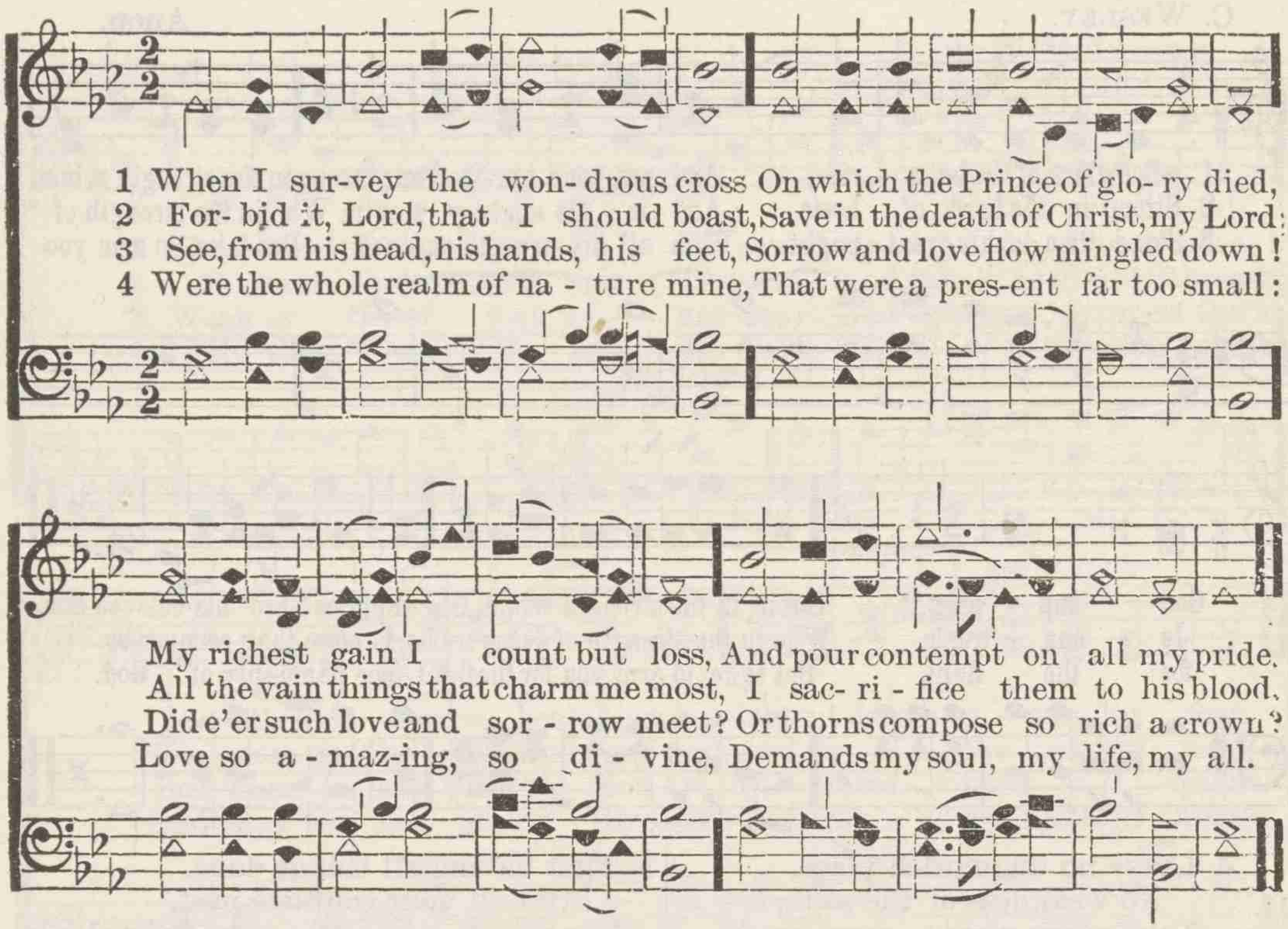
5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

## No. 144. HENDON. 7s.

J. MONTGOMERY.

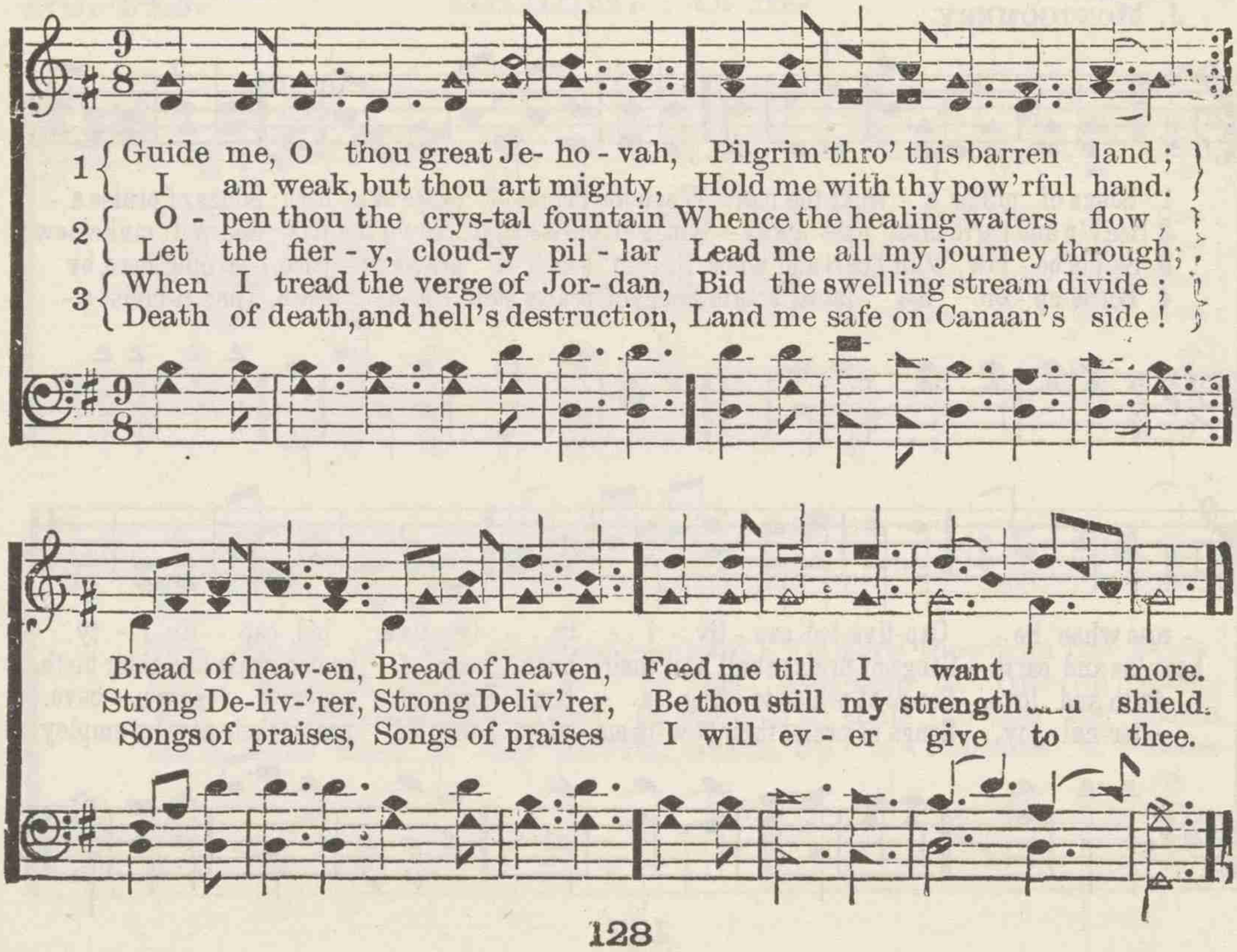


## No. 145. DUKE STREET. L. M.



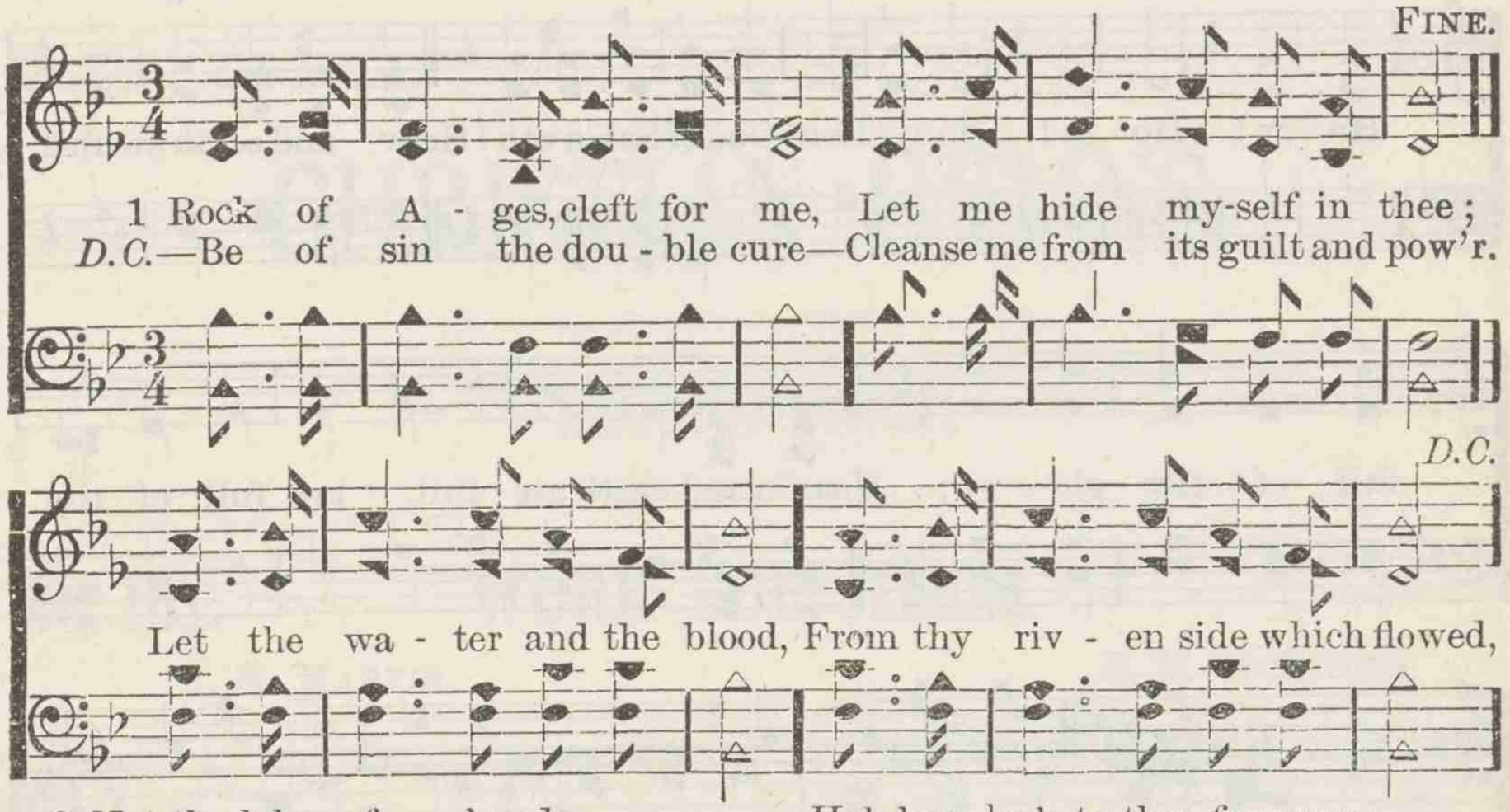

## No. 146. PERON. 8s, 7s & 4.

W. WILLIAMS. Anon.



## No. 147. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 l.

THOS. HASTINGS.



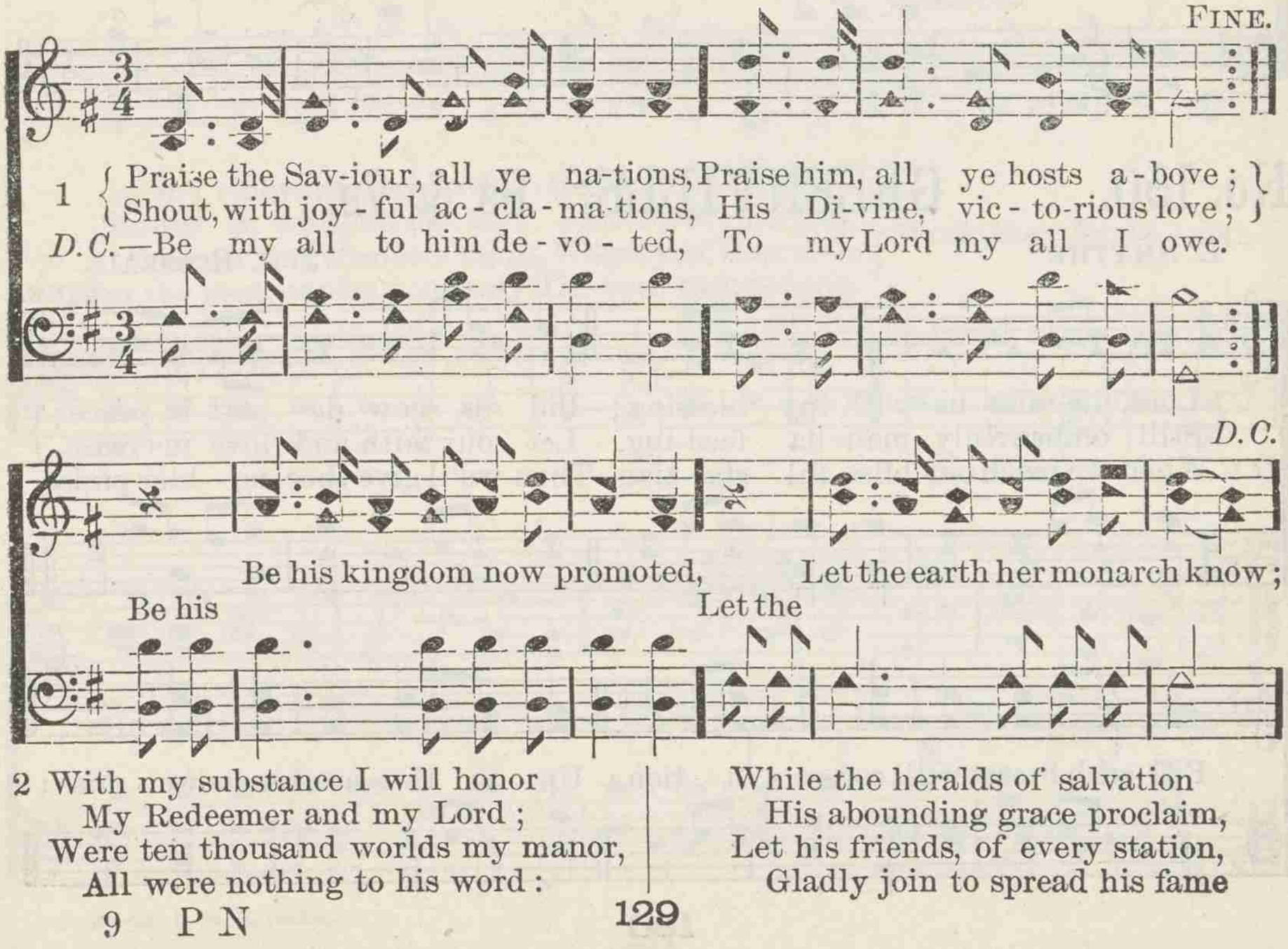

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone —
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

## No. 148. HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

Dr. L. MASON.
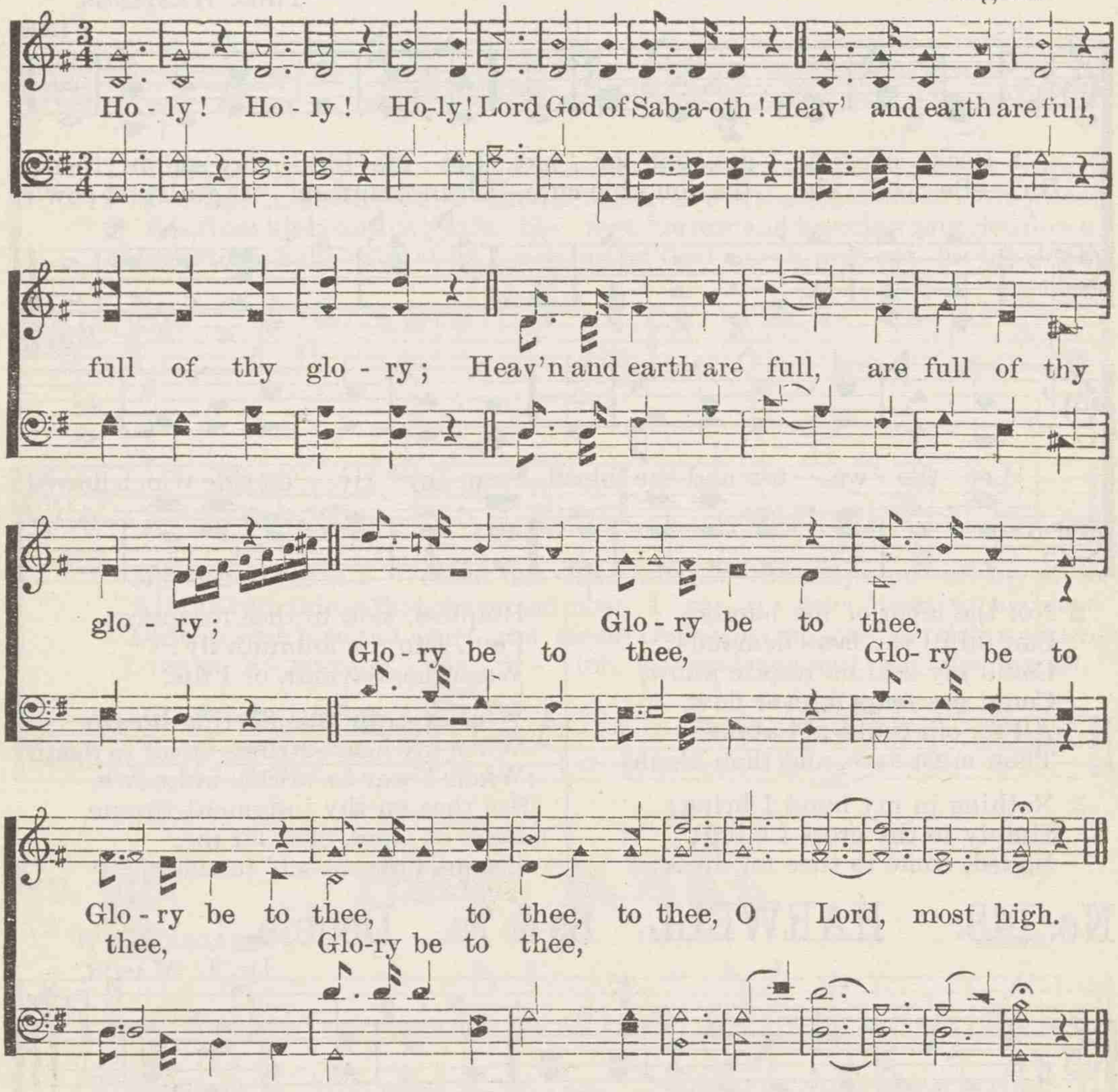



2 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame

## No. 149. DOXOLOGY. Irr.
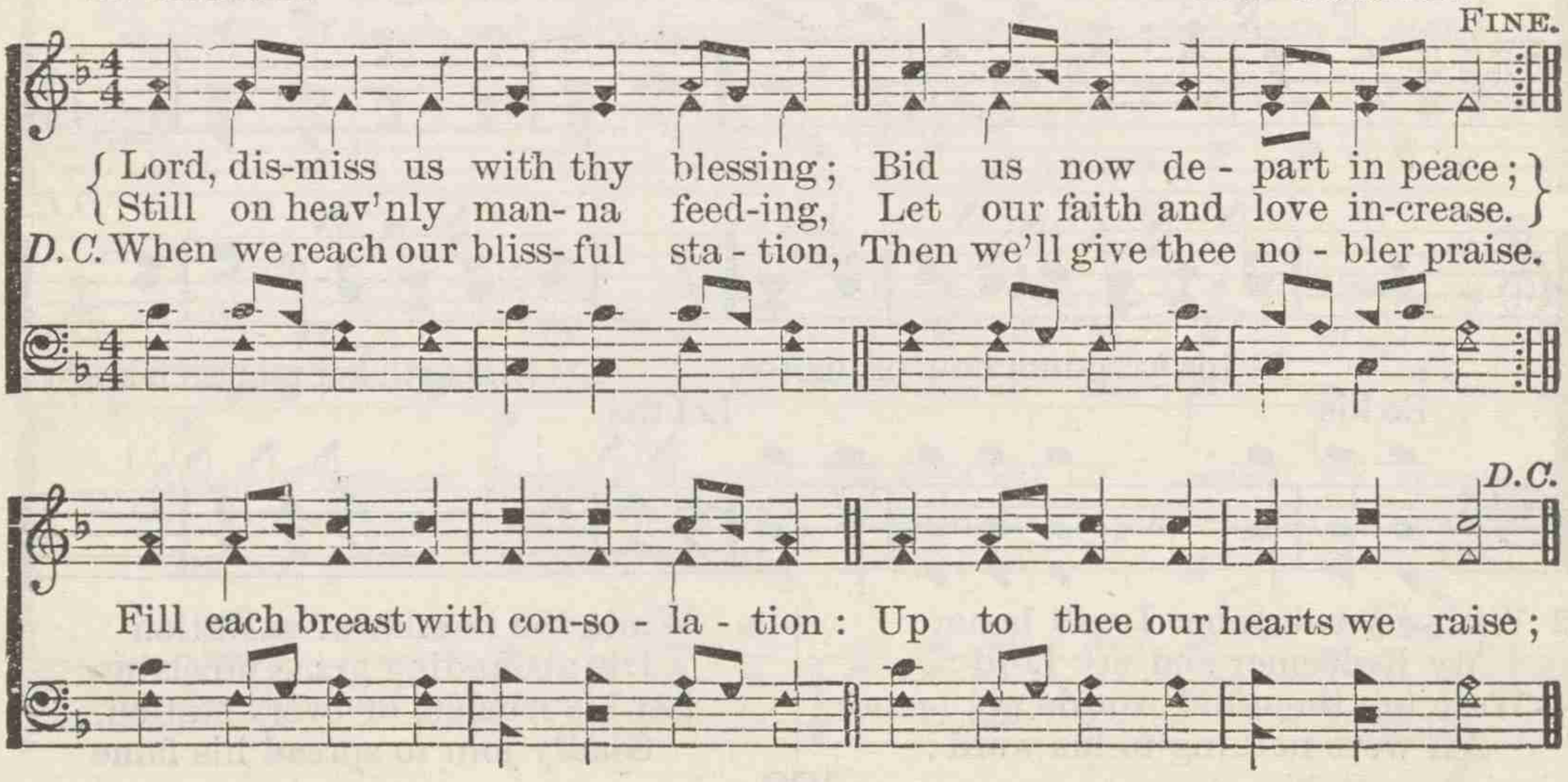
English.




## No. 150. GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

E. Smythe. J. J. Rosseau.

Fine.

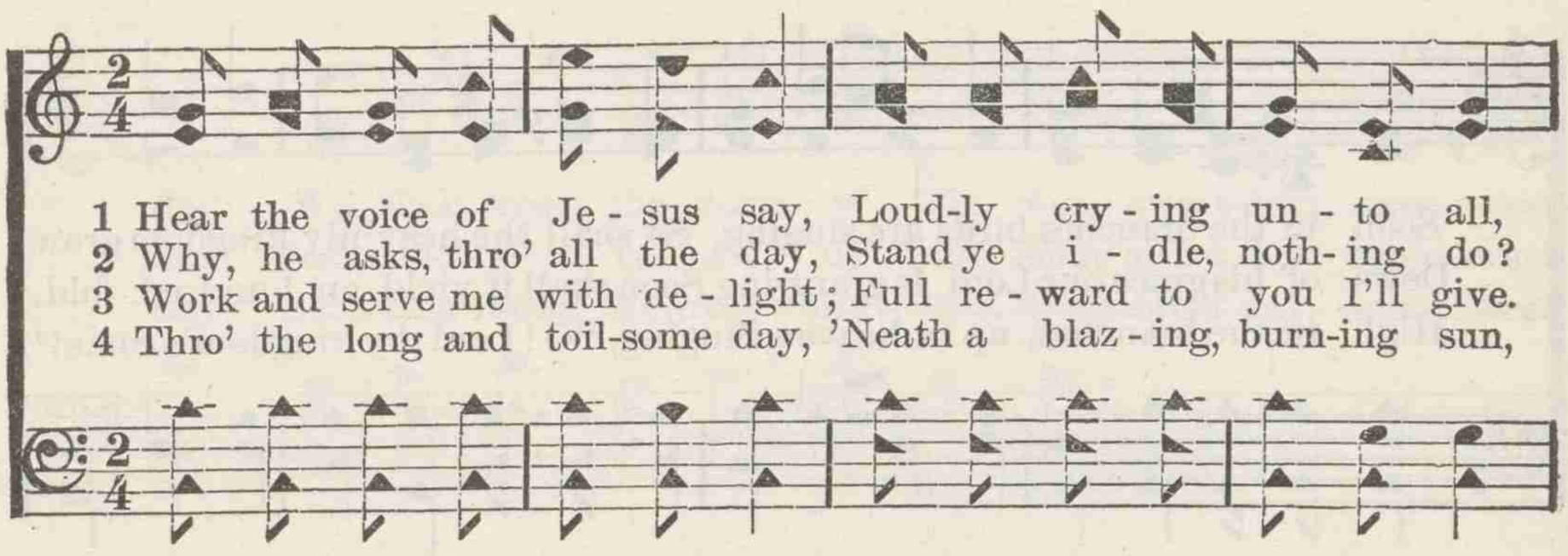


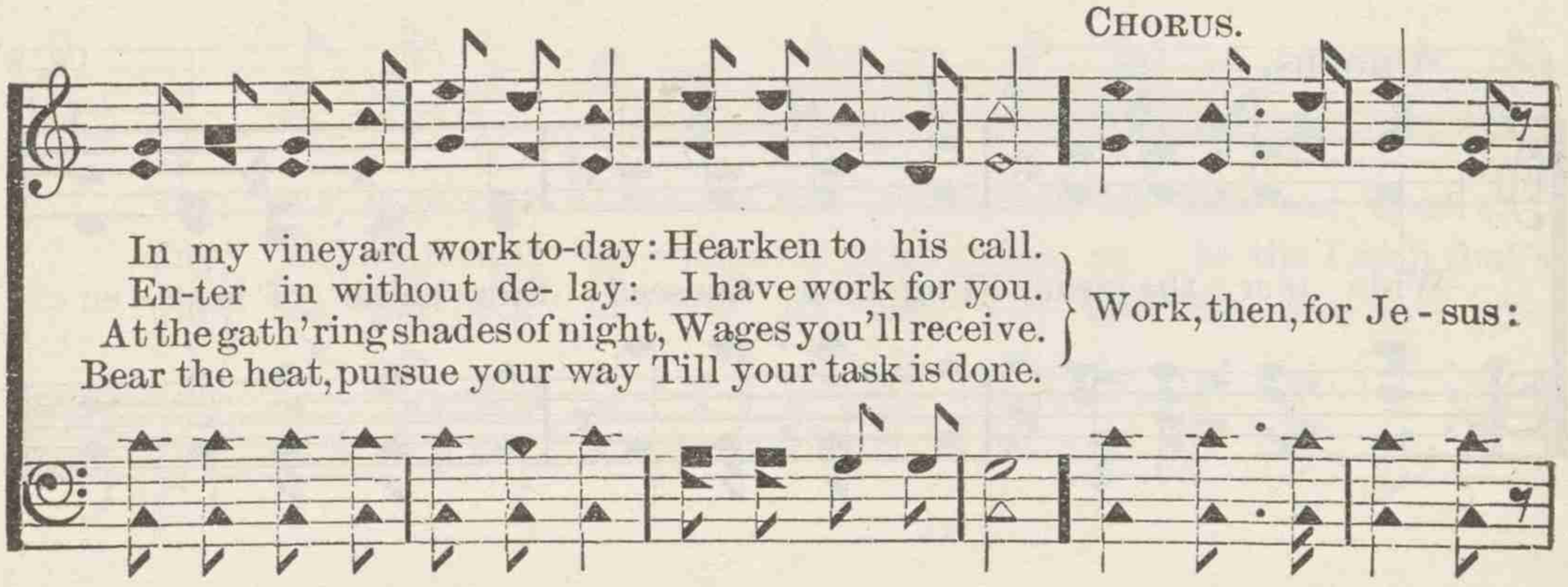
# CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

## SECOND PART.

## No. 151. WORK FOR JESUS.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.
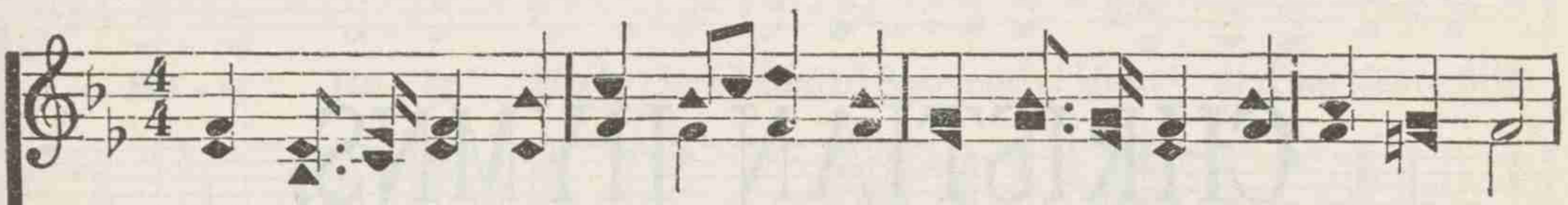



By per. R. M. McIntosh.
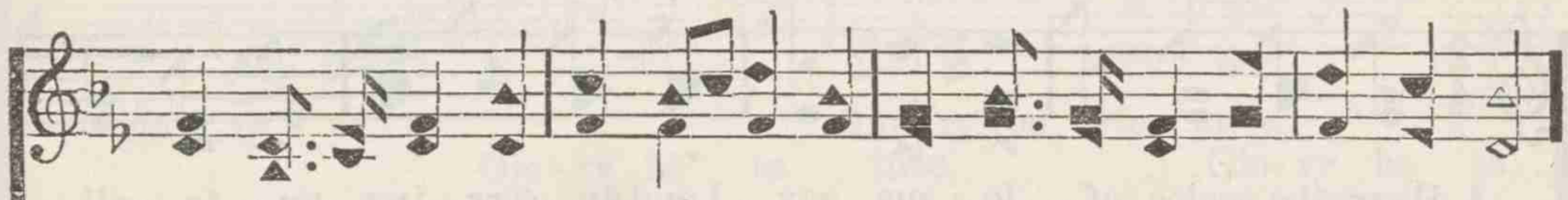
# No. 152. THE MUSTARD SEED.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.
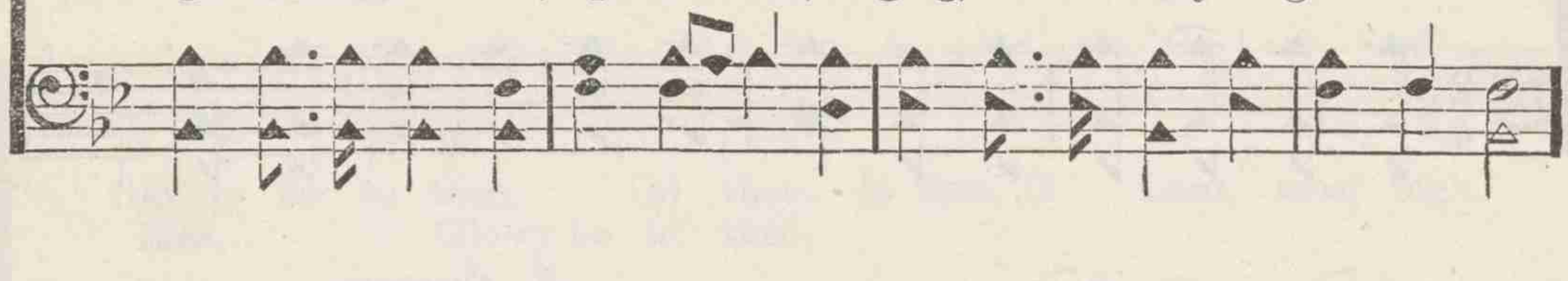


1 Lik - en the kingdom to the springing, Springing of smallest seeds we know:
2 Say not, too humble seems thy planting, Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told,
3 O! the re-joic-ing, when at e - ven, Thy la- bor end - ed, safe at home,
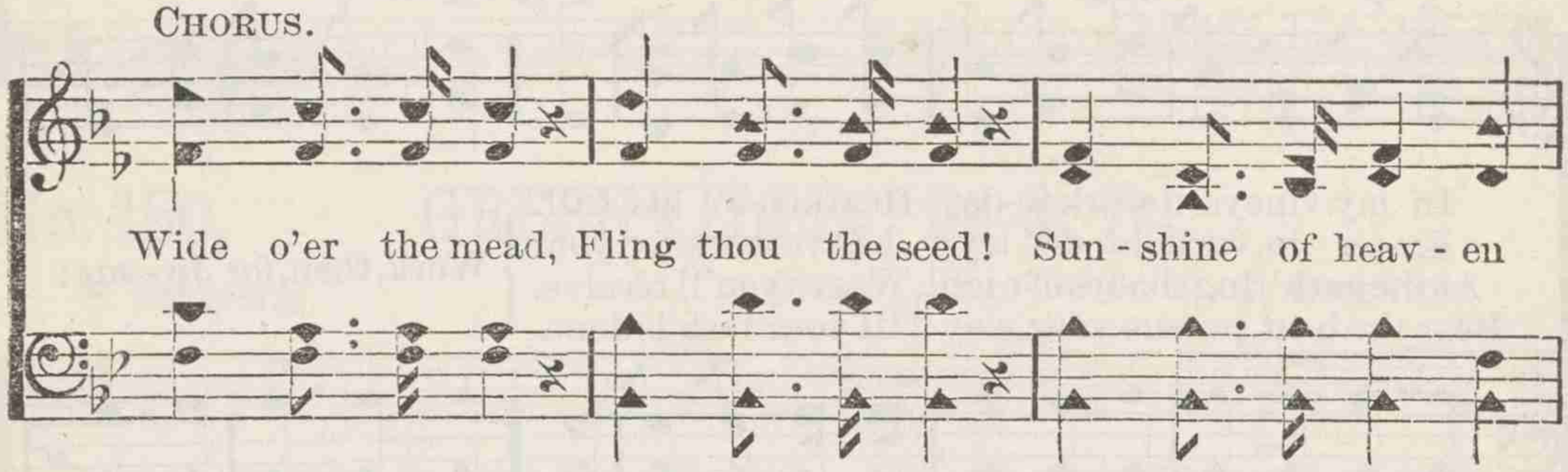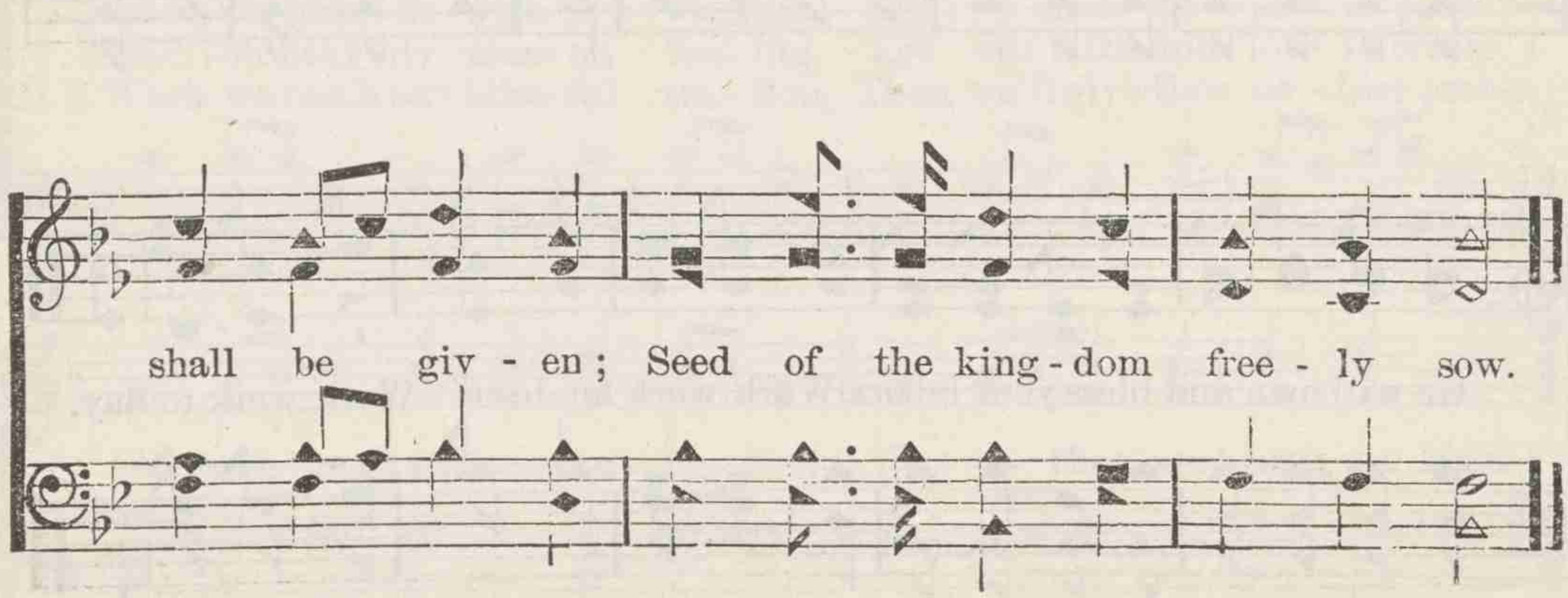




Soon in the branches birds are singing, So shall the heav'nly kingdom grow.
Dews of his grace our Lord is grant-ing, Soon shall it yield an hundred fold.
High in the branches, up in heaven, Singing, "O! Lord thy kingdom's come!"



Chorus.



Wide o'er the mead, Fling thou the seed! Sun - shine of heav - en



shall be giv - en; Seed of the king - dom free - ly sow.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 153. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

*Moderato.*

1 We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
2 We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
3 We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un-
day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's
day; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry-

fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

# No. 154. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER, by per.

1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2 God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3 God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . till we
meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Copyright, J. E. Rankin, D.D. Orange Valley, N. J.

# No. 155. WE WAIT HIS COMING.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per

1 We wait the com-ing of the Lord, The Sav- iour reigning now a - bove;
2 We wait the com-ing of our Friend, Who loves us with immor-tal love,
3 We wait the com-ing of the King, Who holds the keys of ev- 'ry grave,

The prom-ise of his ho - ly word, He shall con- firm in truth and love.
And shall himself from heav'n descend, And bring us to our home a - bove.
Who will the palms of vic-t'ry bring, And all his loy- al peo-ple save.

CHORUS.

O wait! . . . . O wait! . . . .
O wait, calm-ly wait, calmly wait, for he will come! O wait, calm-ly wait,

O wait! . . . . .
he will come and bring us home! O wait, calm - ly wait, calm - ly

*Rit.*
wait, for he will come! O wait, he will come and bring us home,
bring us home!

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

# No. 156. When the Mists have Cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the sum - mit of the
2 If we err in hu-man blindness, And for - get that we are
3 When the mists shall rise a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his

hills, And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we
own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter
strug - gle to be just, Snowy wings of love shall cov - er
know as we are known; Lo! be-yond the o-ri-ent meadows

In the rain- bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er
All the faults that cloud our day, When the wea - ry watch is
Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the

REFRAIN.

bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a - way.
o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.
shad - ows Till the mists have clear'd a - way.

We shall

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# When the Mists have Cleared away. Concluded.

know . . . . . as we are known, . . . . . Nev - er
We shall know as we are known,

more . . . . . to walk a - lone; . . . . . In the
Nev - er more to walk a - lone;
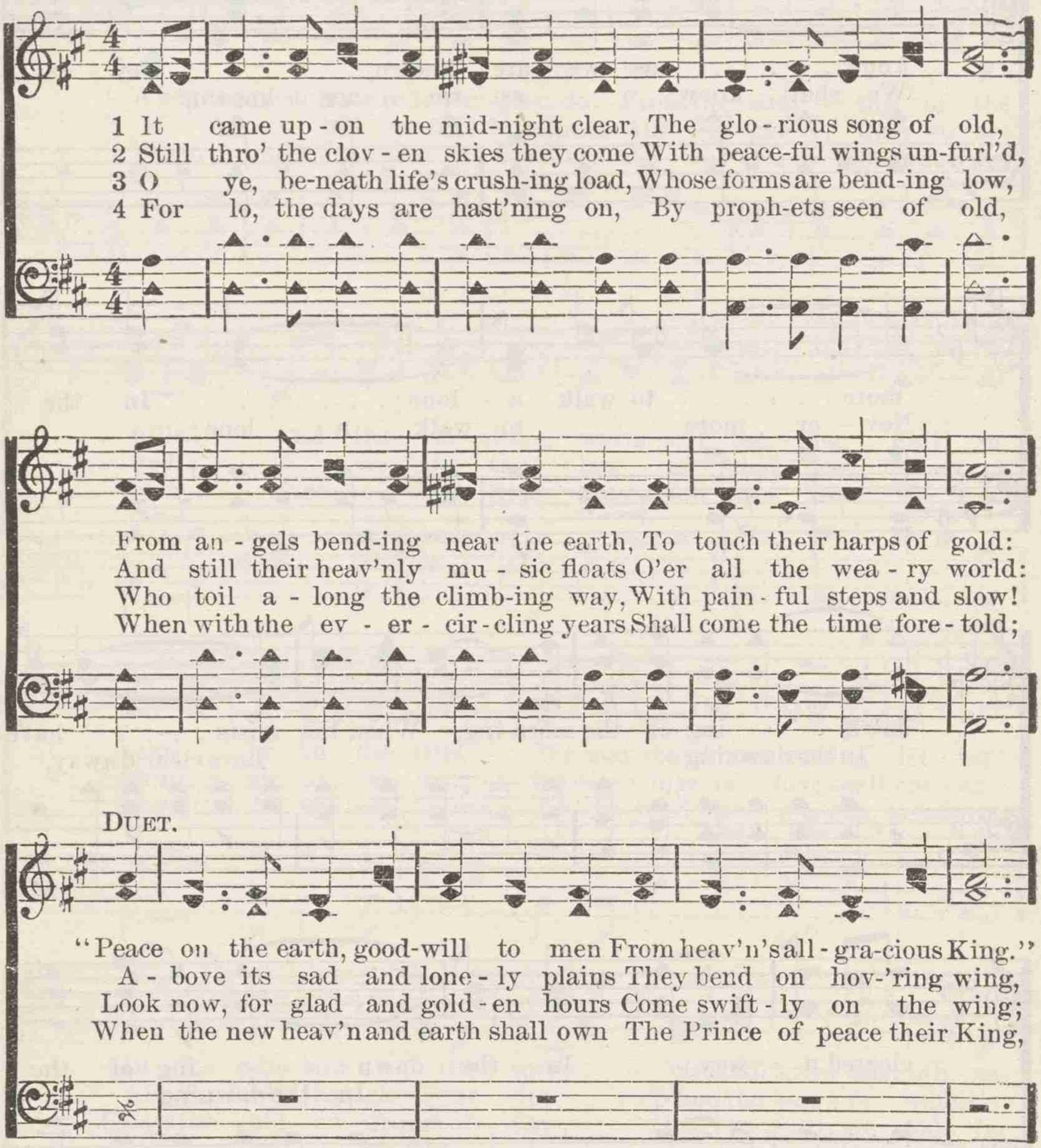
dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists . . . . have
In the dawning have clear'd away,

cleared a - way; In the dawn - - ing of the
In the dawning
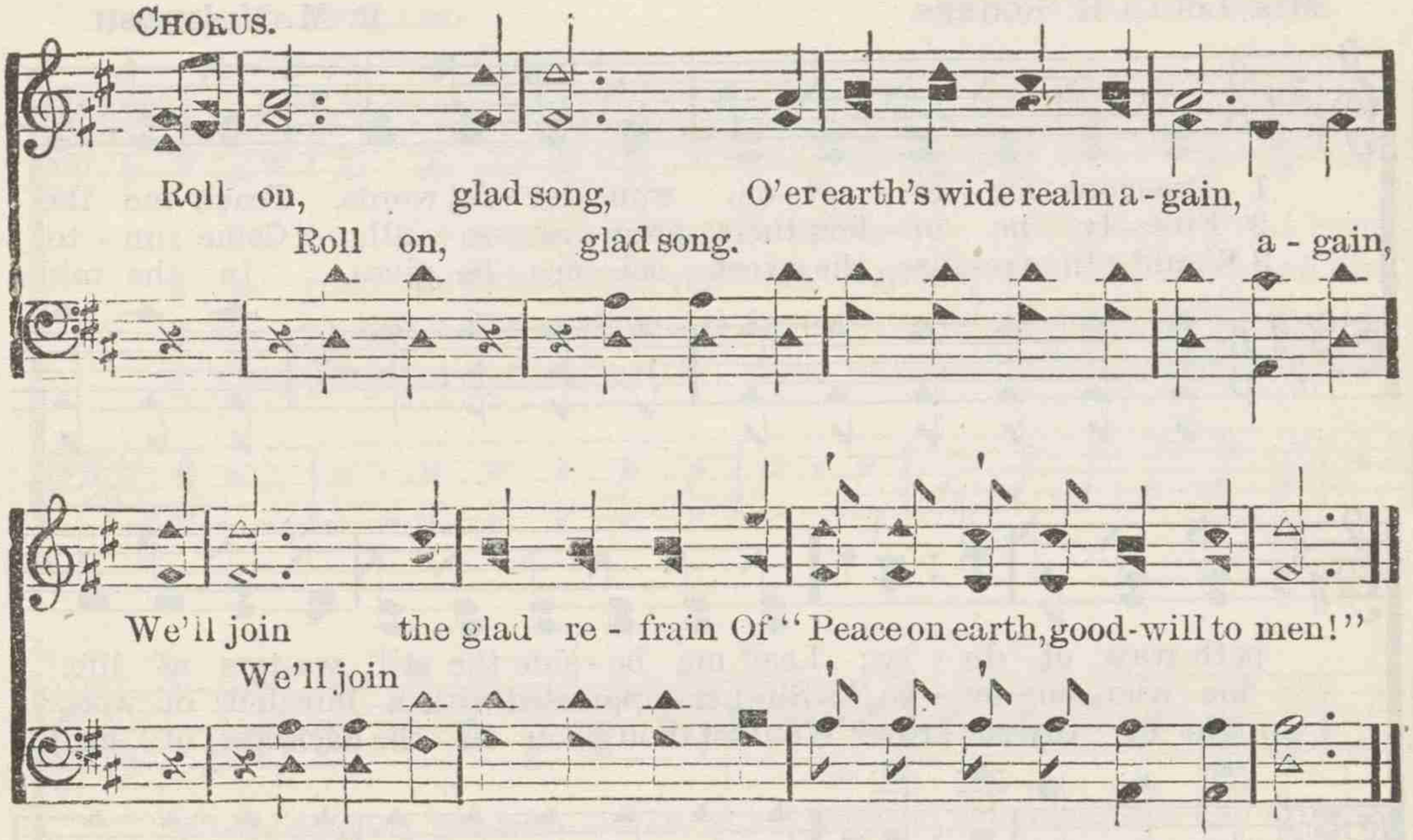
morn-ing, When the mists . . . . . have clear'd a - way.
have clear'd a-way,

# No. 157. SONG OF THE ANGELS.

E. H. SEARS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

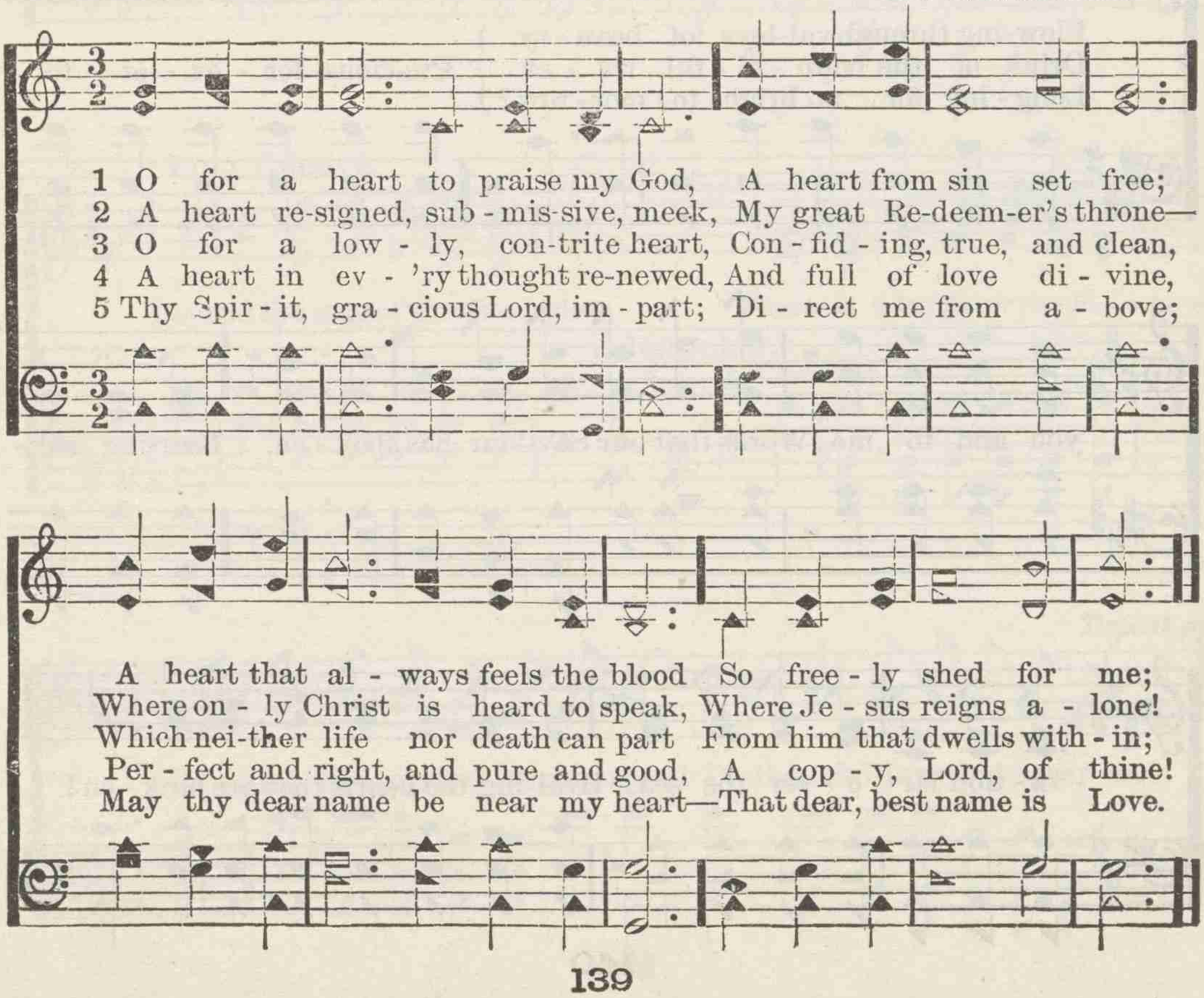


# SONG OF THE ANGELS. Concluded.




## No. 158. SPRING. C. M.

L. C. Everett.



# No. 159. PRECIOUS WORDS.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

1 Pre-cious for - ev - er! oh, won - der - ful words, Teach me the
2 Free - ly he of - fers their prom - ise to all, "Come un - to
3 Wouldst thou re-fuse the sweet sol - ace he gives, In the mid -

path-way of du - ty; Lead me be - side the still wa-ters of life,
me who - so - ev - er," Sin-ners oppressed with a bur-den of woe,
- night of thy sor - row? Wouldst thou go on in the darkness of sin,

REFRAIN.

Flow-ing through val-leys of beau - ty.
Drink of the boun - ti - ful riv - er.
Long - ing for no bright to - mor - row?

Pre-cious for - ev - er to you and to me, Words that our Sav-iour has spok - en, Bear-ing sal - va - tion far o - ver the sea, Heal-ing the hearts that are brok - en!

# No. 160. BEYOND THE SUNSET.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1 Be - yond the sunset's radiant glow, There is a brighter world, I know,
2 Be - yond the sunset's pur-ple rim, Beyond the twilight deep and dim,
3 Be - yond this des-ert dark and drear, The gold-en cit - y will ap-pear,
4 Those gold - en portals ev - er shine Beyond the reach of day's de-cline,

Where gold-en glo-ries ev - er shine, Beyond the thought of day's decline.
Where clouds and darkness never come, My soul shall find its heavenly home.
And morning's lovely beams a - rise Up - on my mansion in the skies.
And Je - sus bids my soul pre-pare To gain a hap-py entrance there.

FULL CHORUS.

Beyond the sunset's radiant glow, There is a brighter world I know;
radiant glow,
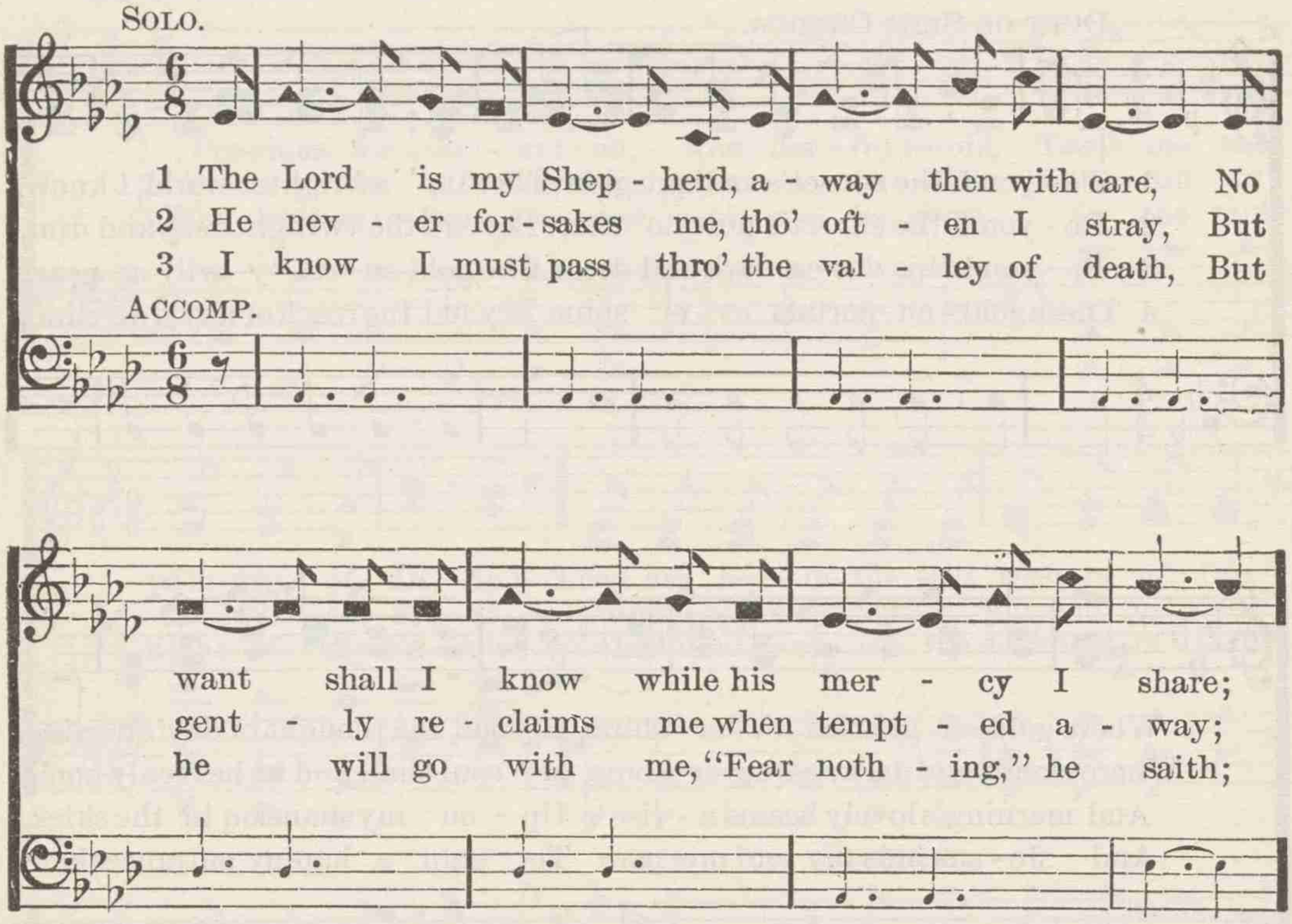
Be - yond the sun-set, I may spend De-light-ful days that never end.

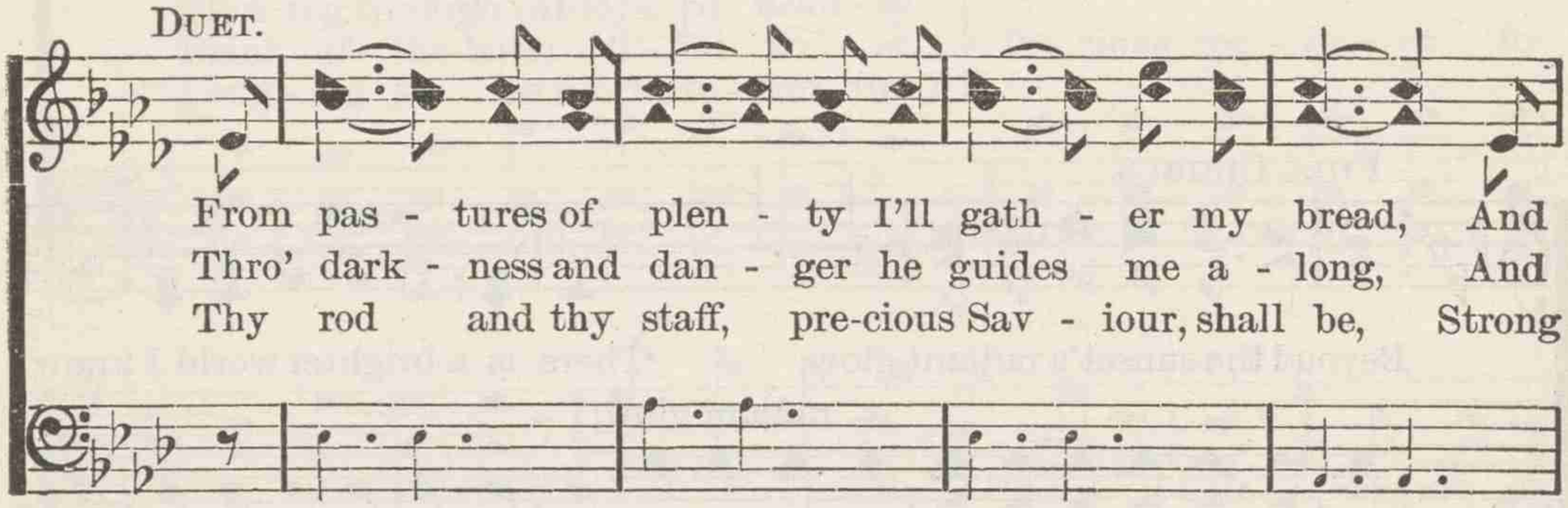
*Repeat pp.*

# No. 161. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

FANNIE CHADWICK. R. M. MCINTOSH.

SOLO.
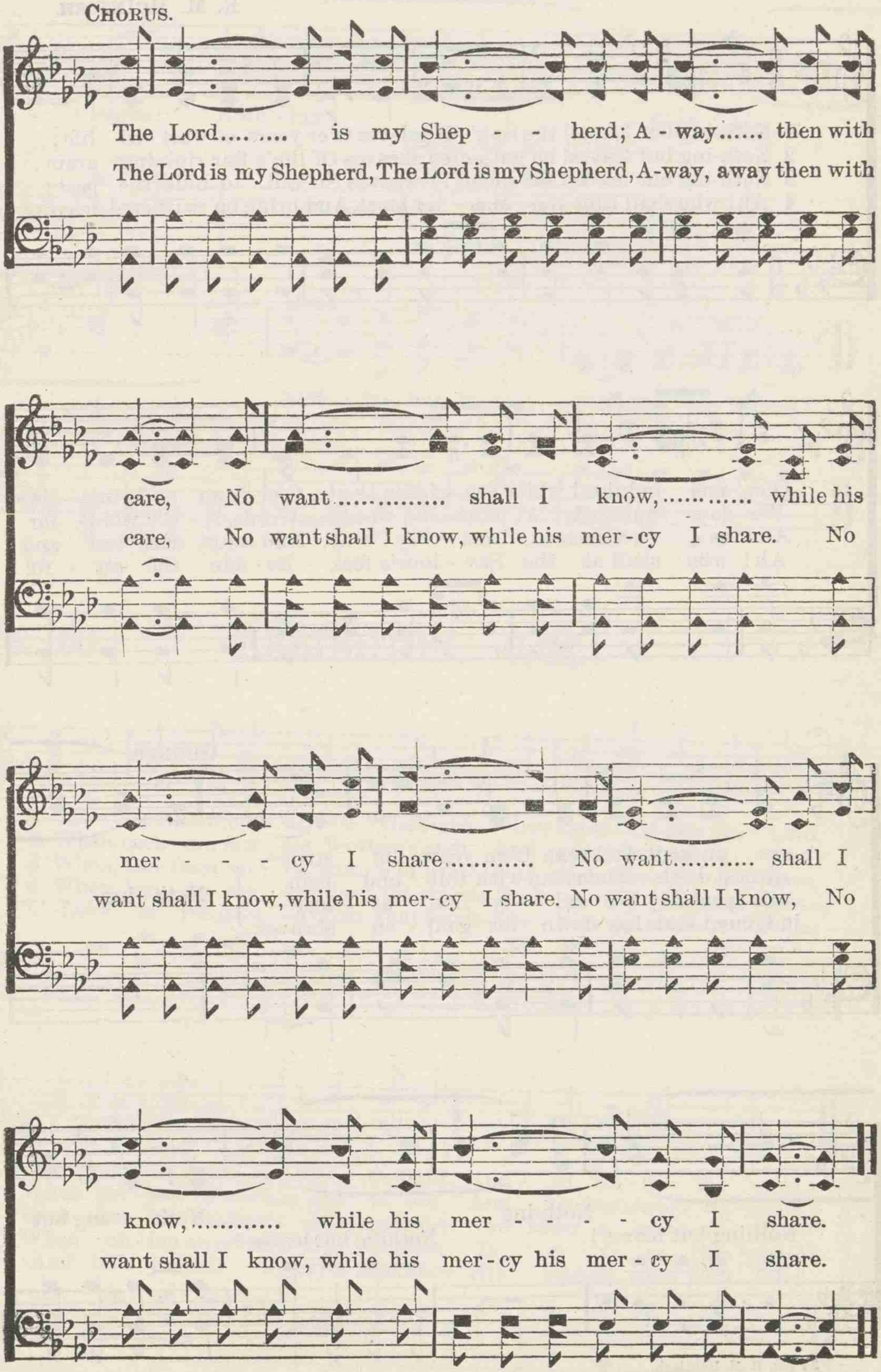



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

CHORUS.



# No. 162. WASTED LIFE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Noth-ing but leaves! the Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;
2 Noth-ing but leaves! no gath-ered sheaves Of life's fair rip'ning grain.
3 Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past:
4 Ah! who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring bu withered leaves?

O'er sins indulged while con-science slept, O'er vows and prom - is -
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, i - dle words, for
And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and
Ah! who shall at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful

- es un-kept, And reap from years of strife—
earnest deeds—Then reap with toil and pain.
mis-spent day We sad - ly find at last—
judgment-seat, Lay down for gold - en sheaves.

CHORUS.
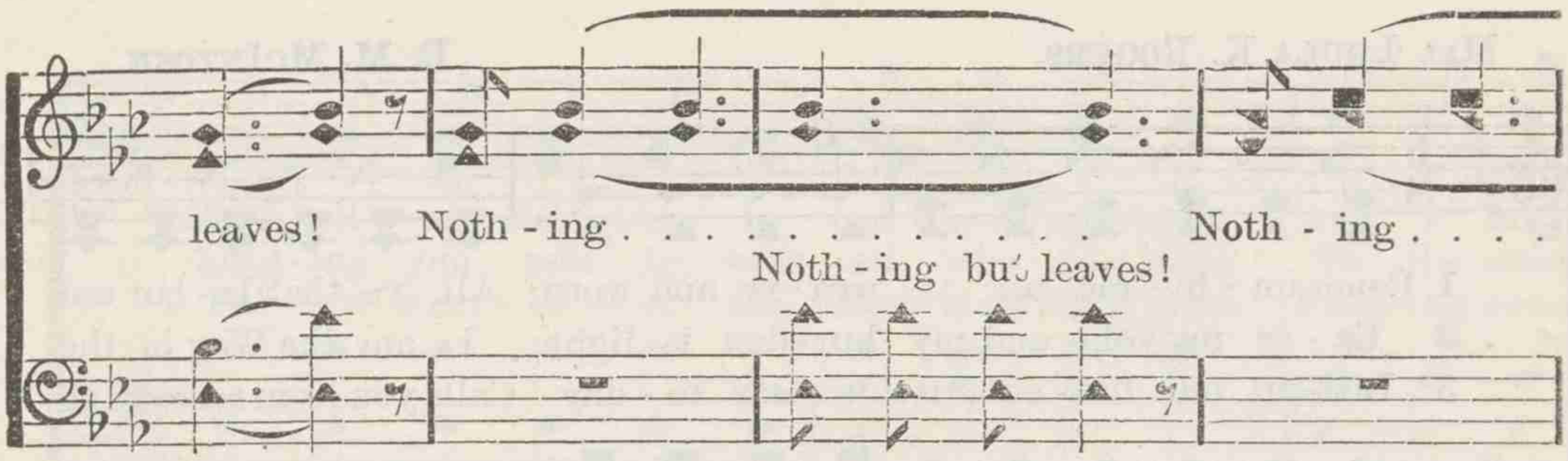
Noth - ing . . . .
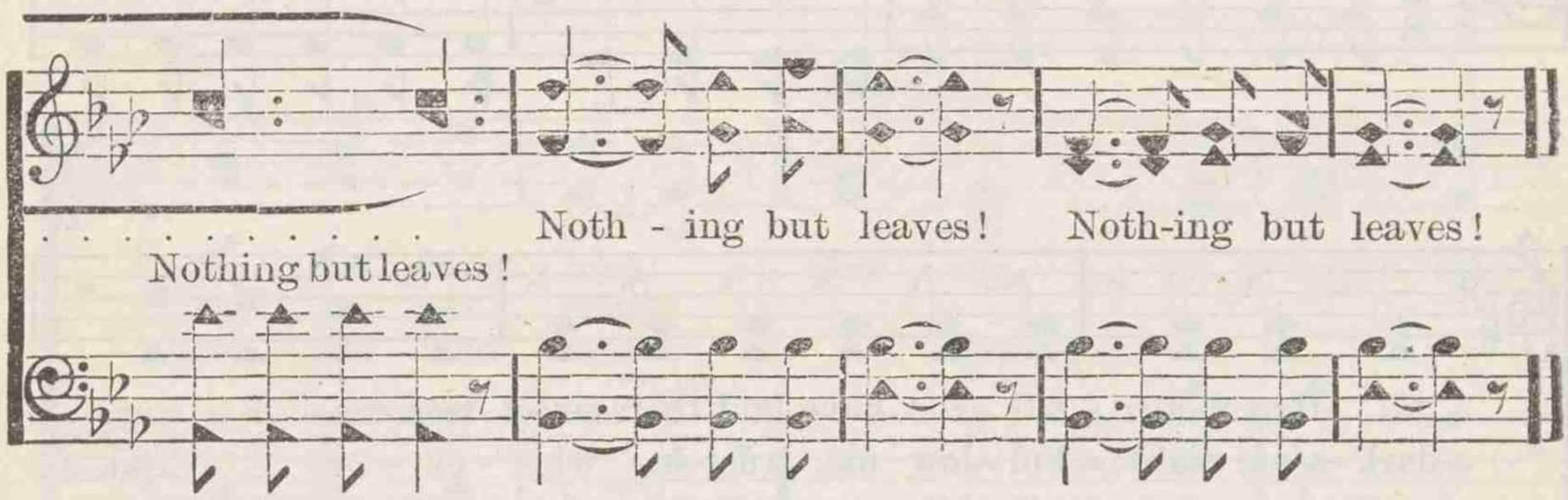
. . . . . Noth-ing . . . . . Noth - ing but

Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
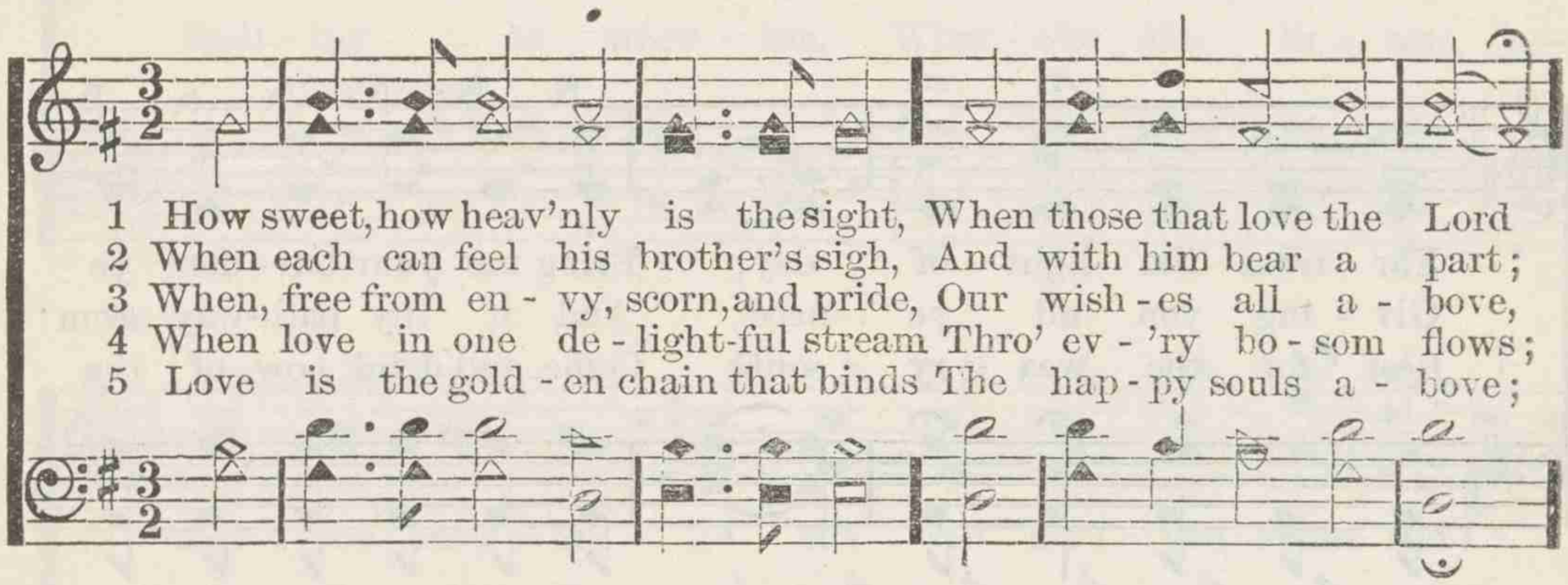
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# WASTED LIFE. Concluded.





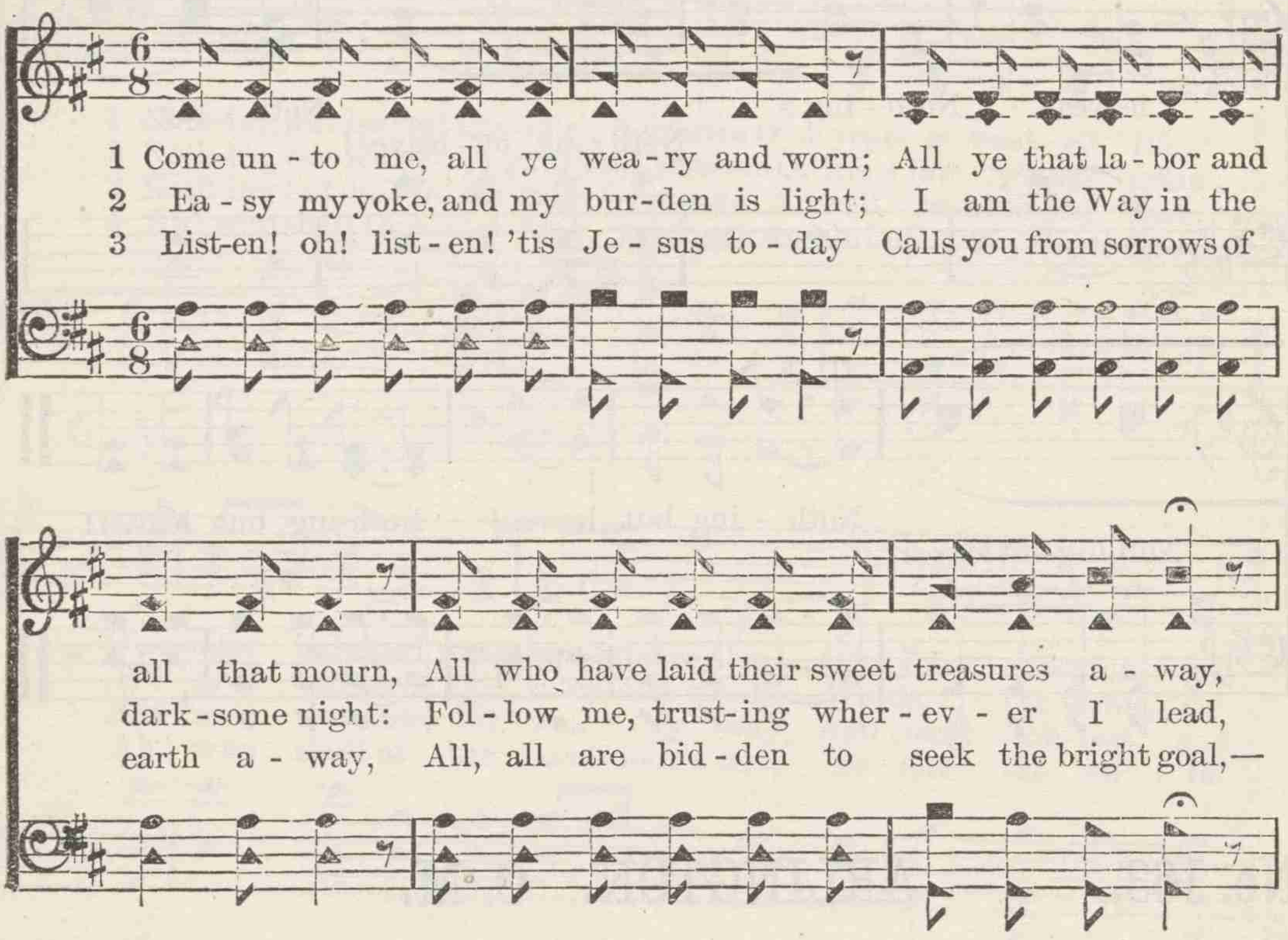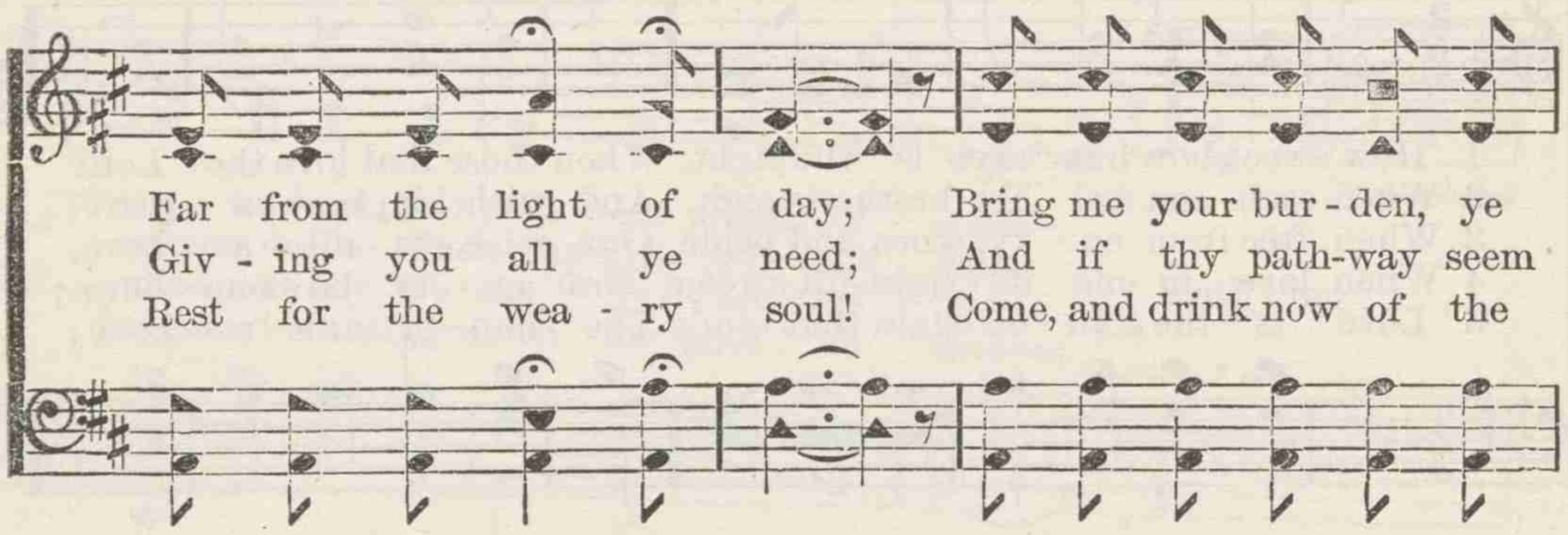


## No. 163. ARLINGTON. C. M.



# No. 164. SWEET REST.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.







By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# SWEET REST. Concluded.

Come, all ye strick - en, by sor - row oppress'd, And I will
Lead - ing you safe - ly, with all who are blest, To the sweet
Fol - low wher - ev - er his foot - step hath prest, Find - ing sweet

REFRAIN.

give you sweet rest!
hav - en of rest!
com - fort and rest!

Sow - ing or reap .- ing,
Sow - ing

Smil - ing or weep - ing, What - e'er the la - bor as-
Smil - ing
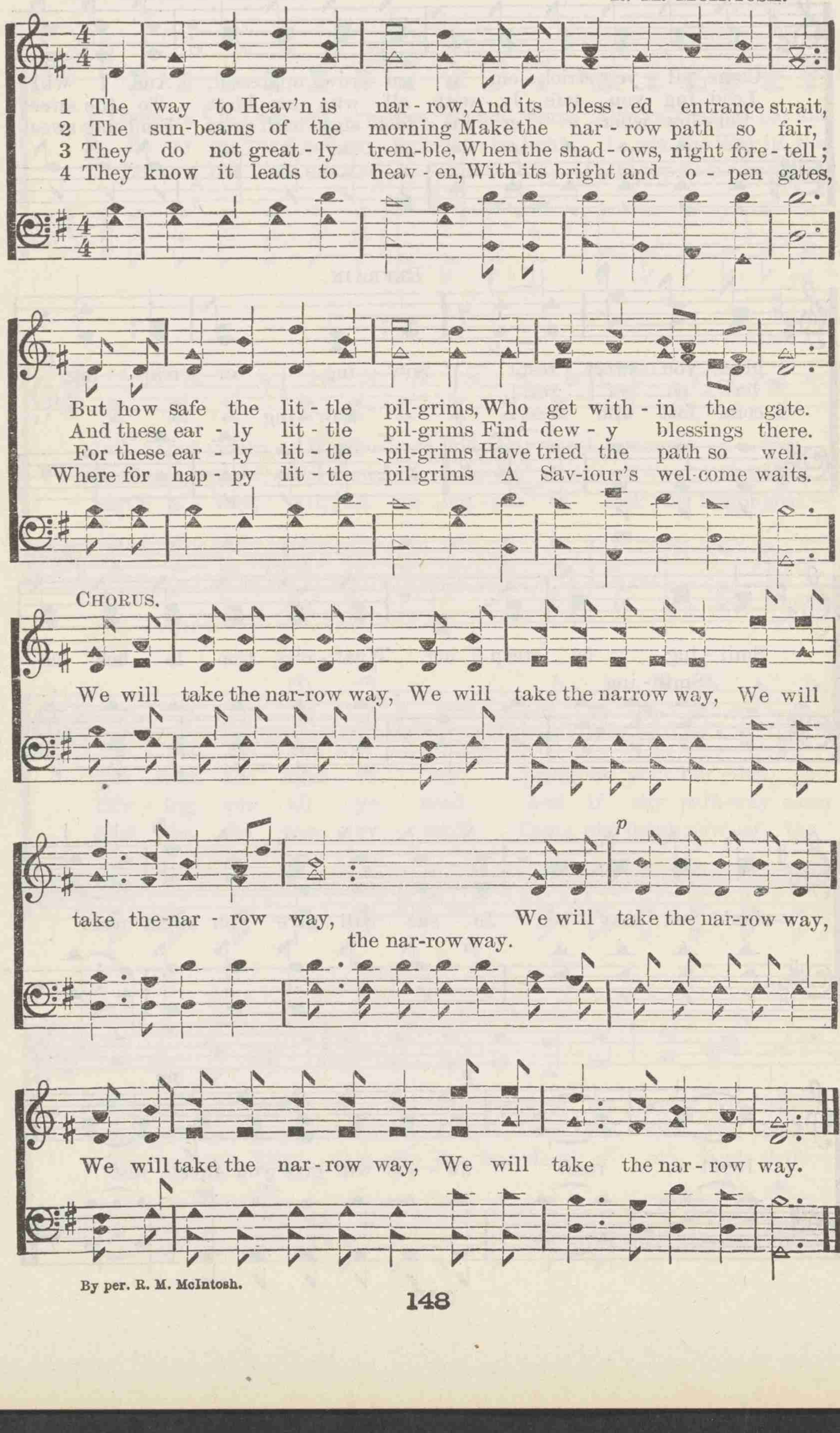
- sign'd you may be, Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

*p* *pp*

Rest! rest! Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

# No. 165. THE NARROW WAY.
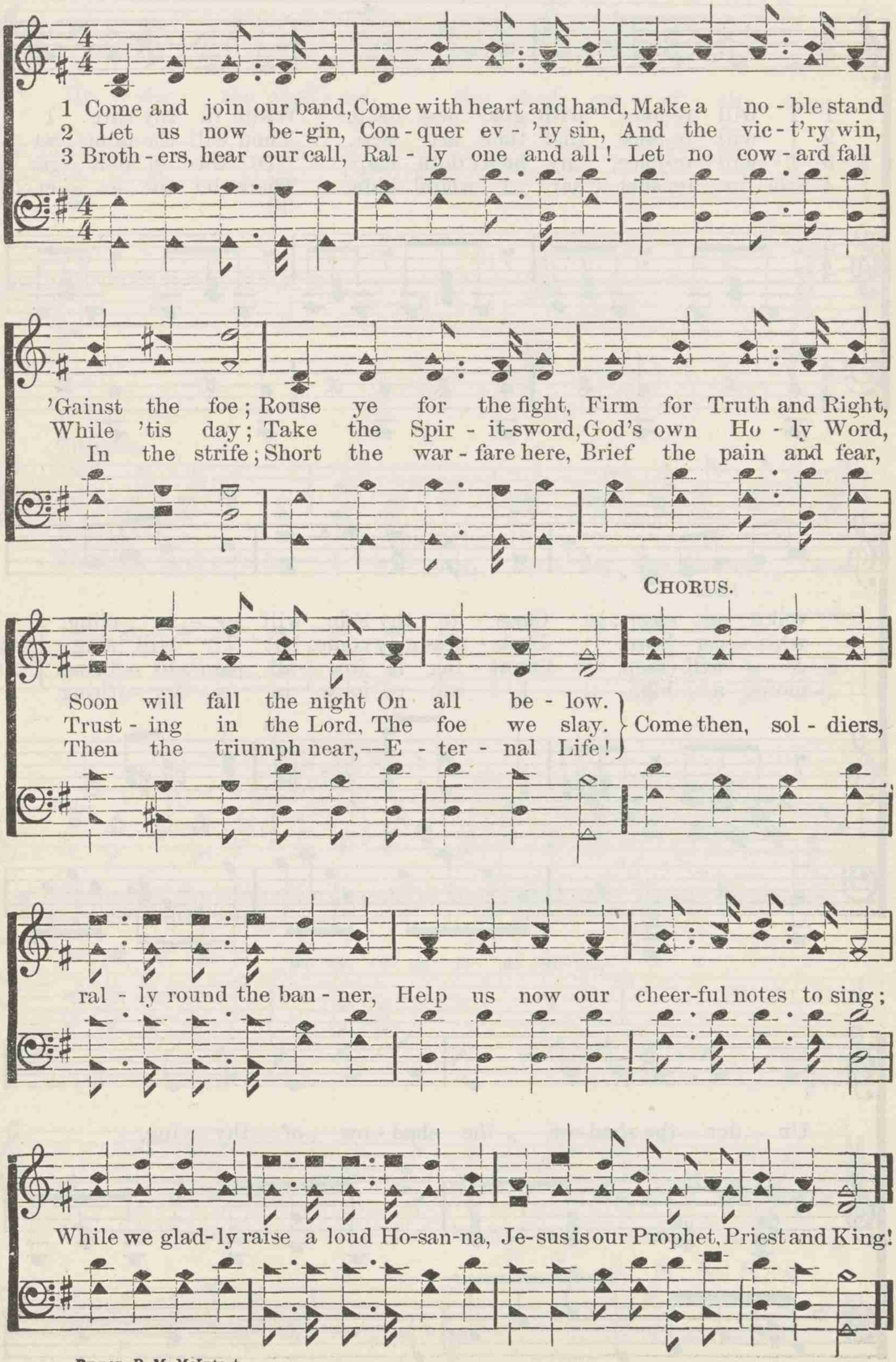
R. M. McINTOSH.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 166. RALLYING SONG.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 167. Under the Shadow of Thy Wings.

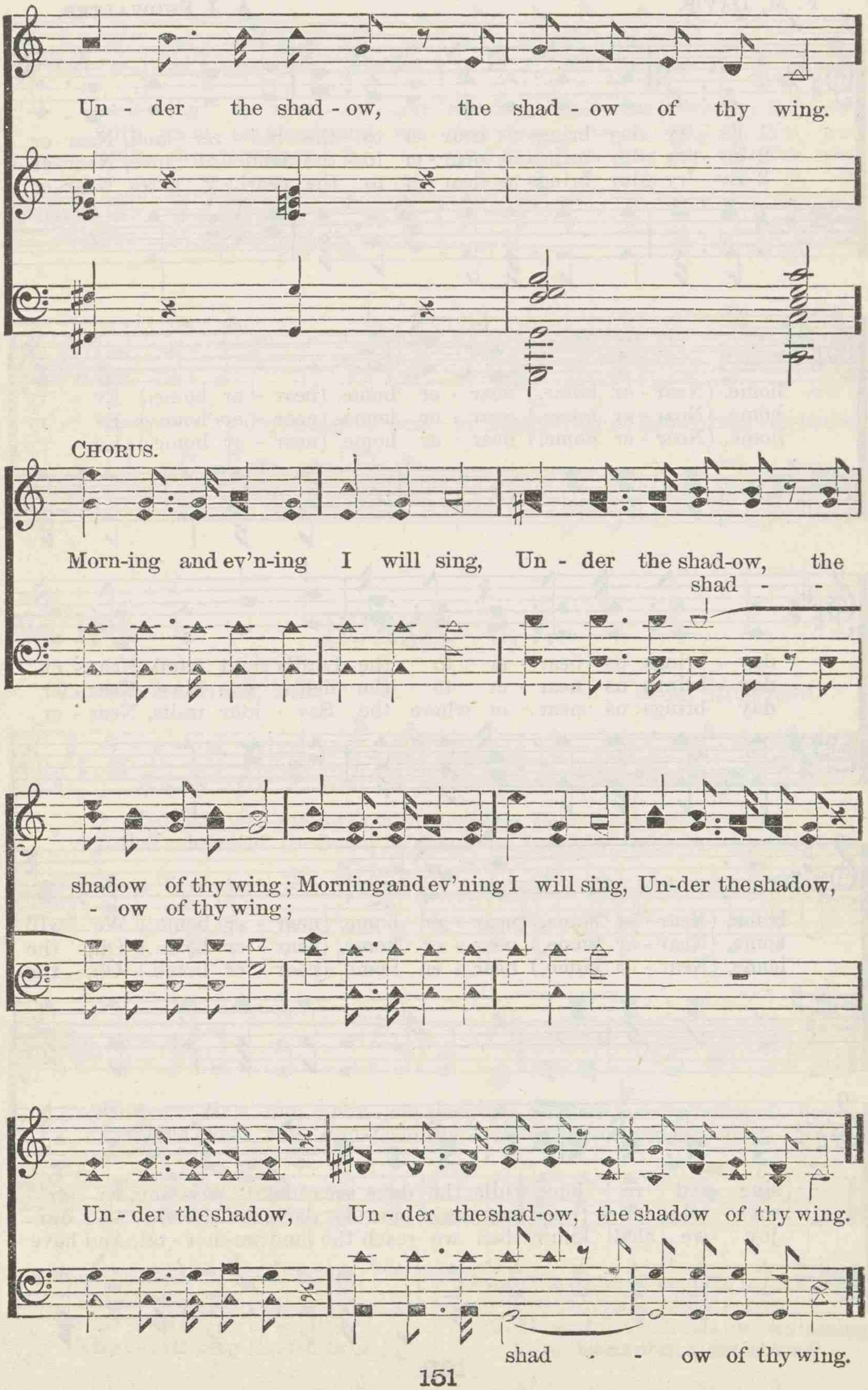
MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. FREDERIC H. PEASE, by per.

1 I will re-joice with glad - ness deep, While in thy care I
2 I will re-joice that thou art near, Thou wilt the faint - est
3 I will re-joice, my heart doth leap; To thee in dan - ger
4 Safe in its shel - ter I would hide, There let me ev - er-

wake or sleep; Close to thy side will ev - er cling,
whis - per hear; Dark - ness may come, but I will sing,
I will creep, Count - ing it joy all pain to bring,
- more a - bide, I can re- joice in ev - 'ry - thing,

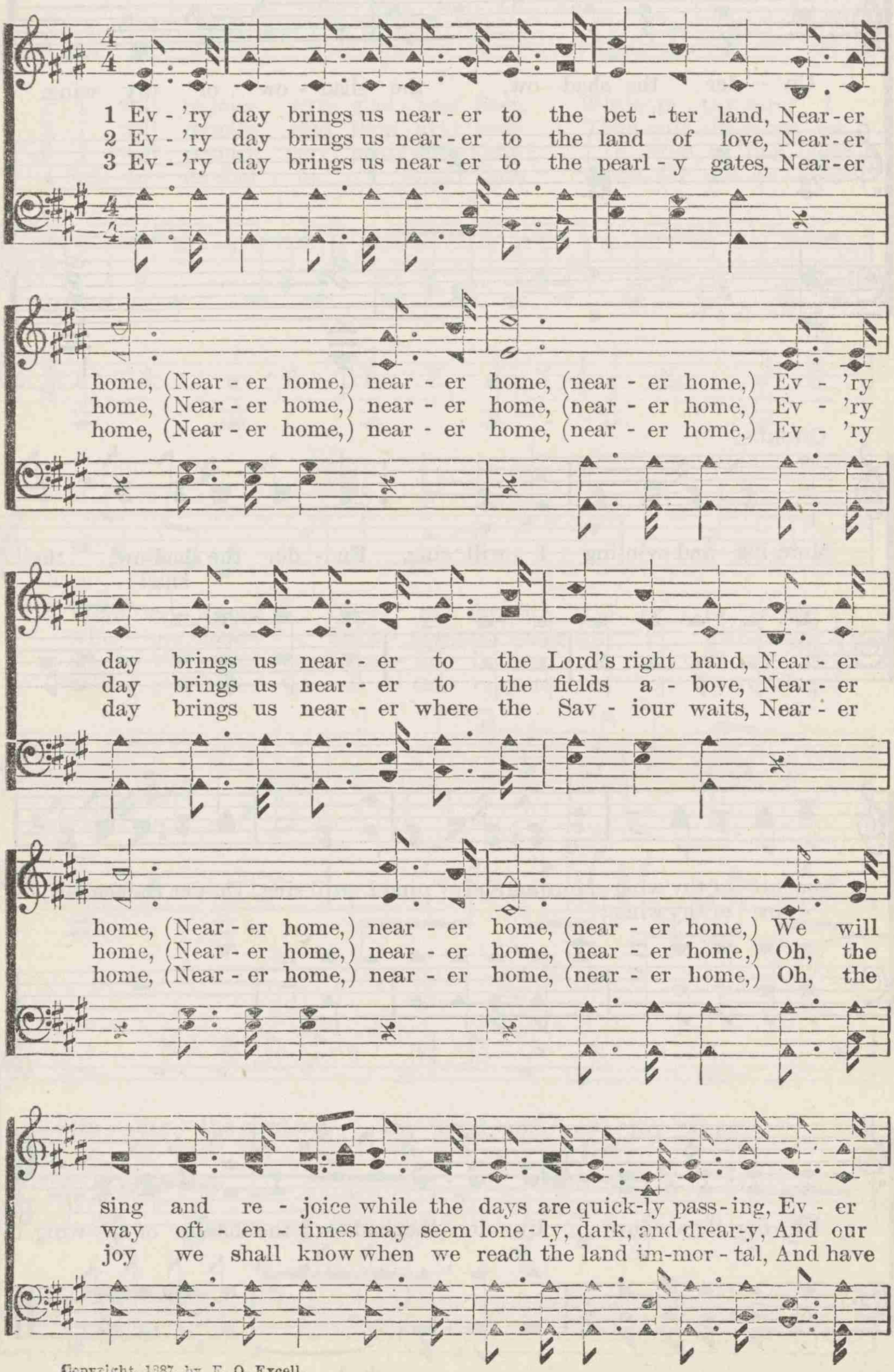
Un - der the shad-ow, the shad - ow of thy wing,

# Under the Shadow of Thy Wings. Concluded.



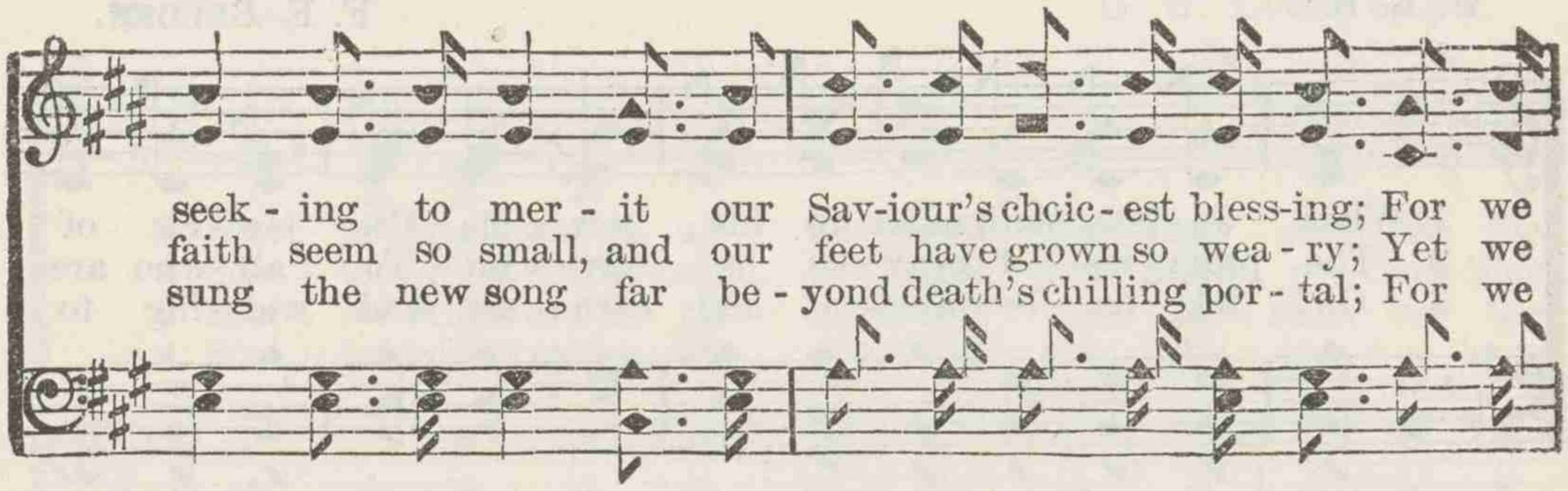
# No. 168. NEARER HOME.
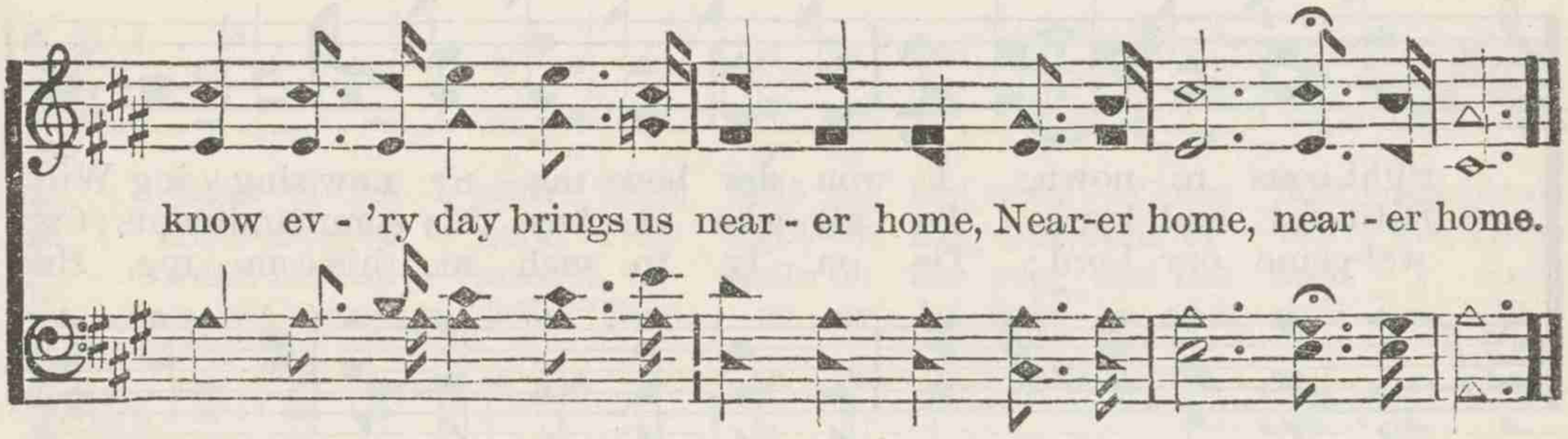
F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.




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# NEARER HOME. Concluded.

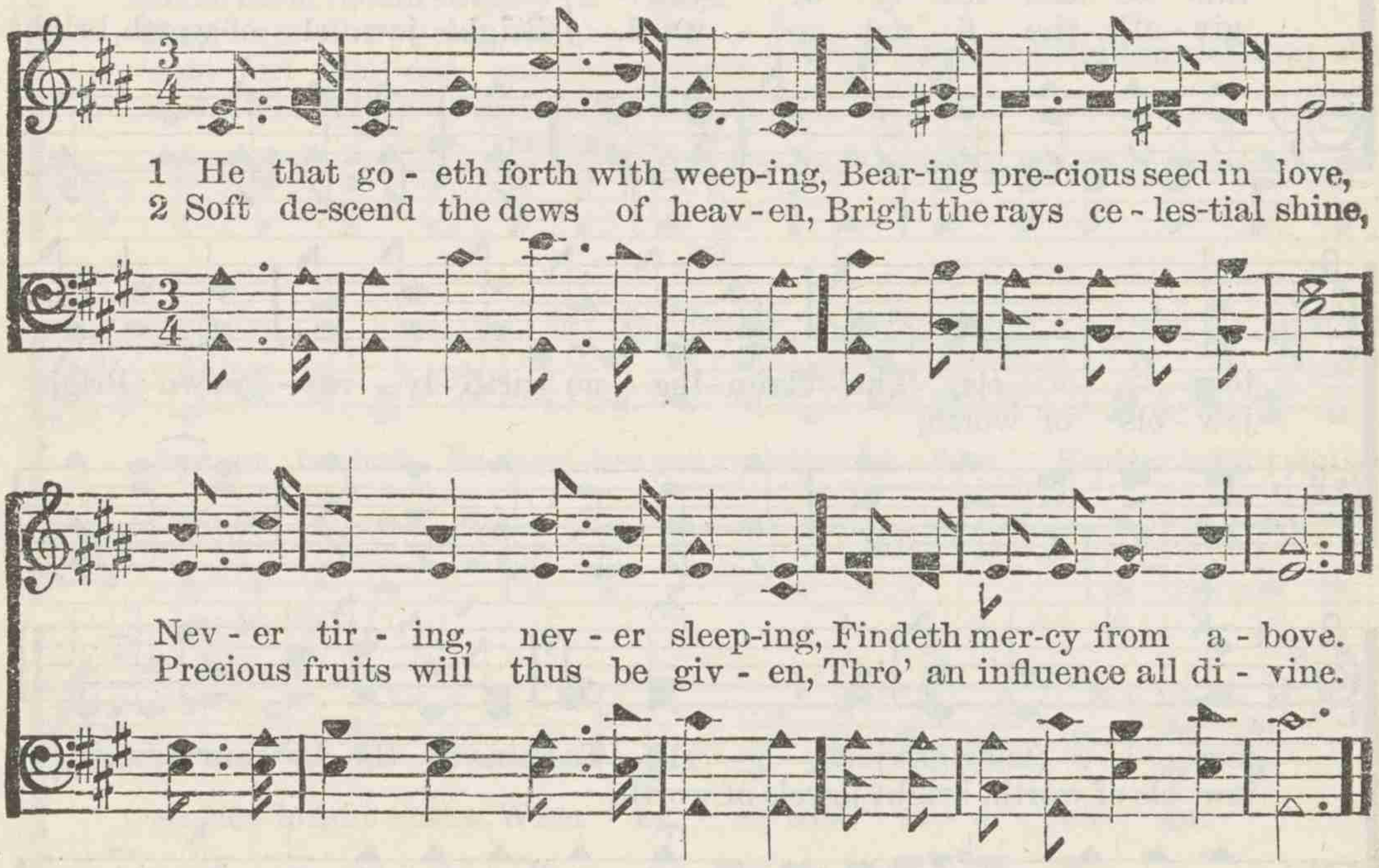






## No. 169. BURKE. 8, 7.

THOMAS HASTINGS, D.D. R. M. MCINTOSH.
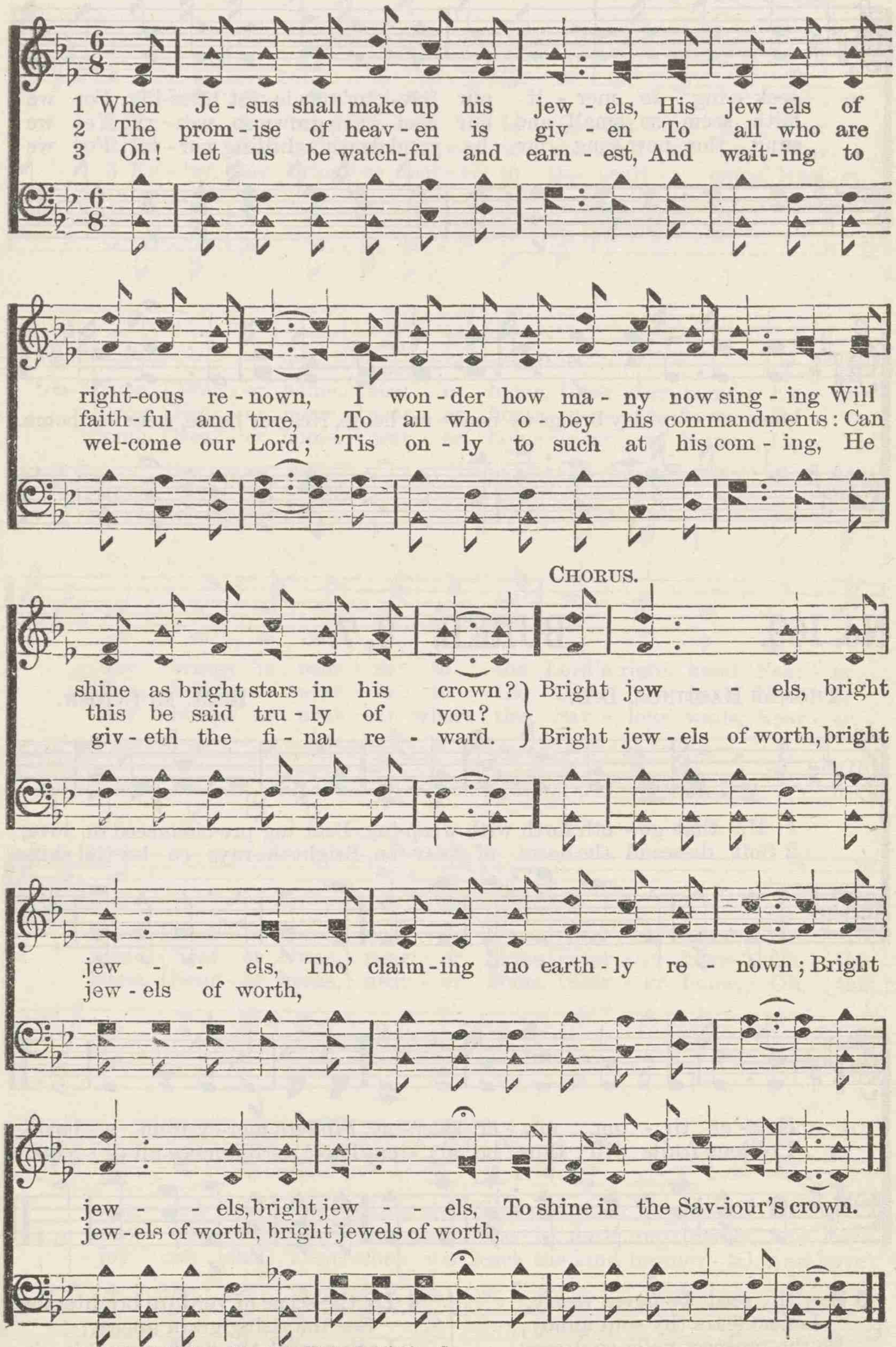



**3** Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

**4** Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening
Sure the harvest time is near.

# No. 170. BRIGHT JEWELS.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.




Copyrighted, 1885, by The J. A. White Publishing Co.

# No. 171. SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.

1 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the
2 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More pre-cious than
3 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the
4 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

beau - ti - ful rain, That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And
treas-ures of gold, They light-en the bur-dens of oth - ers, They
weak and op - press'd, O, smile on the poor and the need - y, And
where they may fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing, To

CHORUS.

makes them bloom sweetly a - gain.
cheer up the young and the old.
com - fort the sad and dis - tress'd.
scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.

} Then scatter bright smiles, they will

nev - er be lost, Re-mem-ber your mission be - low; Scatter bright smiles,

scatter bright smiles, Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go.

# No. 172. WE ARE COMING.

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon, by per.

*Lively.*

1 We have heard thy gen - tle voice, O bless- ed Sav - iour,
2 We will fol - low in thy foot-steps pre-cious Mas - ter,
3 We will fol - low tho' the temp-est burst a - round us,

We are com - ing, we are com - ing at thy call,
From the path of love and du - ty nev - er stray,
Though the waves of earth - ly sor - row o'er us roll,

Take us in thy might - y arms and keep us
And thy lov - ing voice shall cheer us as we
For we know thy might - y hand will part the

ev - er Safe - ly shel-ter'd in thy bliss - ful fold.
jour - ney To the land of beau - ty far a - way.
wa - ters And thy "peace be still" the storm con - trol.

# WE ARE COMING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing,
We are com-ing, we are com-ing,
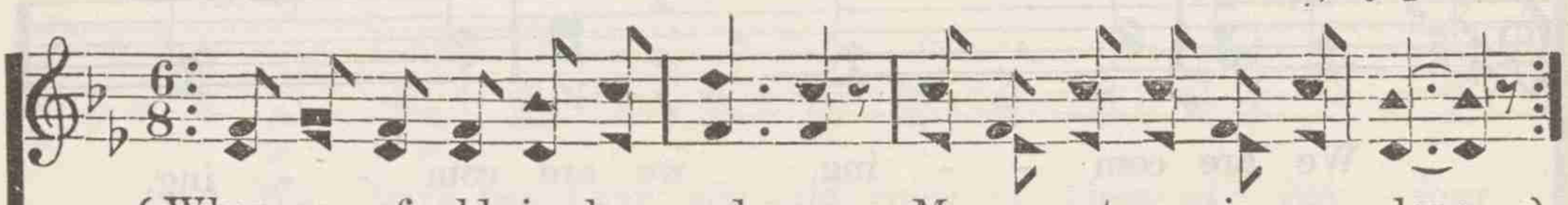
We are com-ing bless-ed Sav-iour at thy call,
at thy call,

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing,
We are com-ing, we are com-ing,

We are safe when shel-ter'd in thy bliss-ful fold.

# No. 173. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.
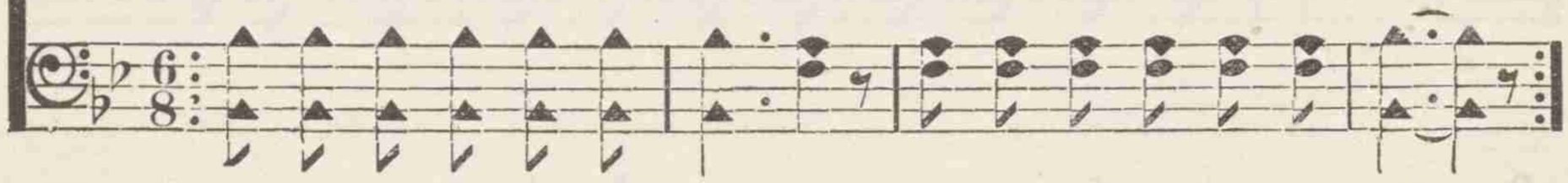
GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

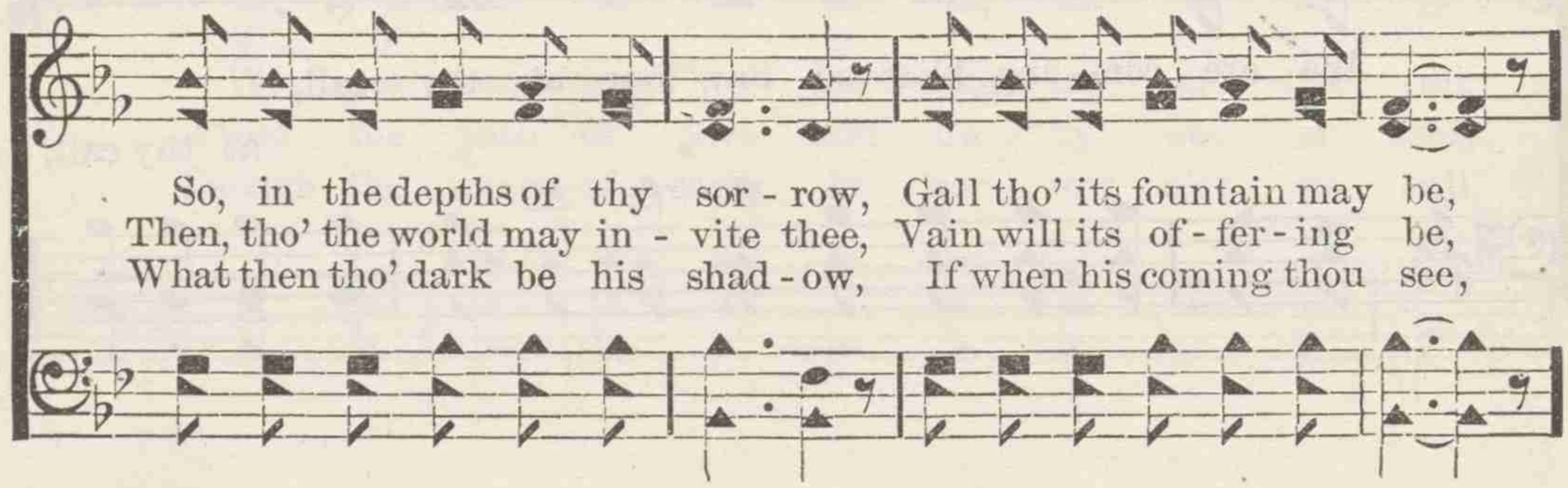


1 When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma-ry sat weeping a - lone,
Soft-ly the voice of her sis - ter Whisper'd, "The Master has come."

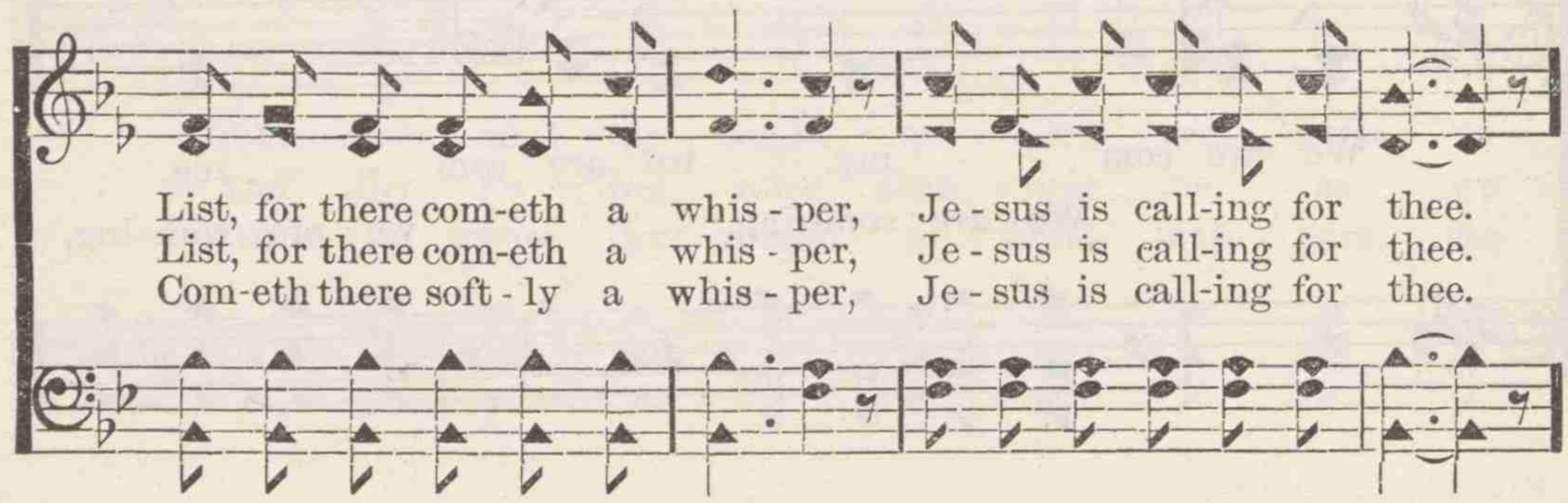
2 Oh, when thy pleasures are flow - ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust,
When of the dear-est earth-treasures Dust shall re - turn un - to dust.

3 Down by the shore of death's riv - er, Some time thy footsteps shall stray,
Where waits an an-gel to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.
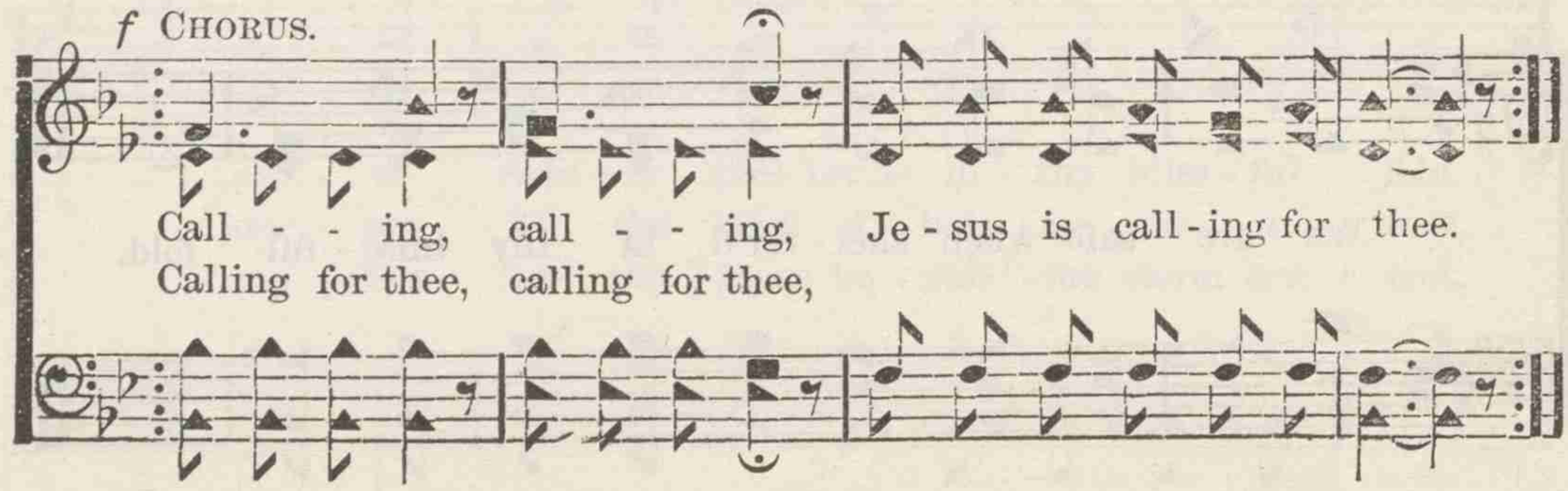




So, in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,
Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be,
What then tho' dark be his shad - ow, If when his coming thou see,



List, for there com-eth a whis - per, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.
List, for there com-eth a whis - per, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.
Com-eth there soft - ly a whis - per, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.

*f* CHORUS.



Call - - ing, call - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Calling for thee, calling for thee,

# No. 174. NEARER TO THEE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

SOLO.

1 Back from the Long A - go, Dis - tant and dim, Breath-ing a
2 Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re - frain, Bid - ding me
3 Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne, Near - er the

warn - ing low, Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams,
find in this, Heav - en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say:
last - ing prize Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's her - alds come,

*Slower.*

It is for me; Sa - cred and ten-der seems, "Near - er to thee;"—
Fa - ther I flee Out of this cloud-ed way, "Near - er to thee;"—
Lord, may they be An - gels to lead me home, "Near - er to thee;"—

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

"Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
"So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
"An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to thee,
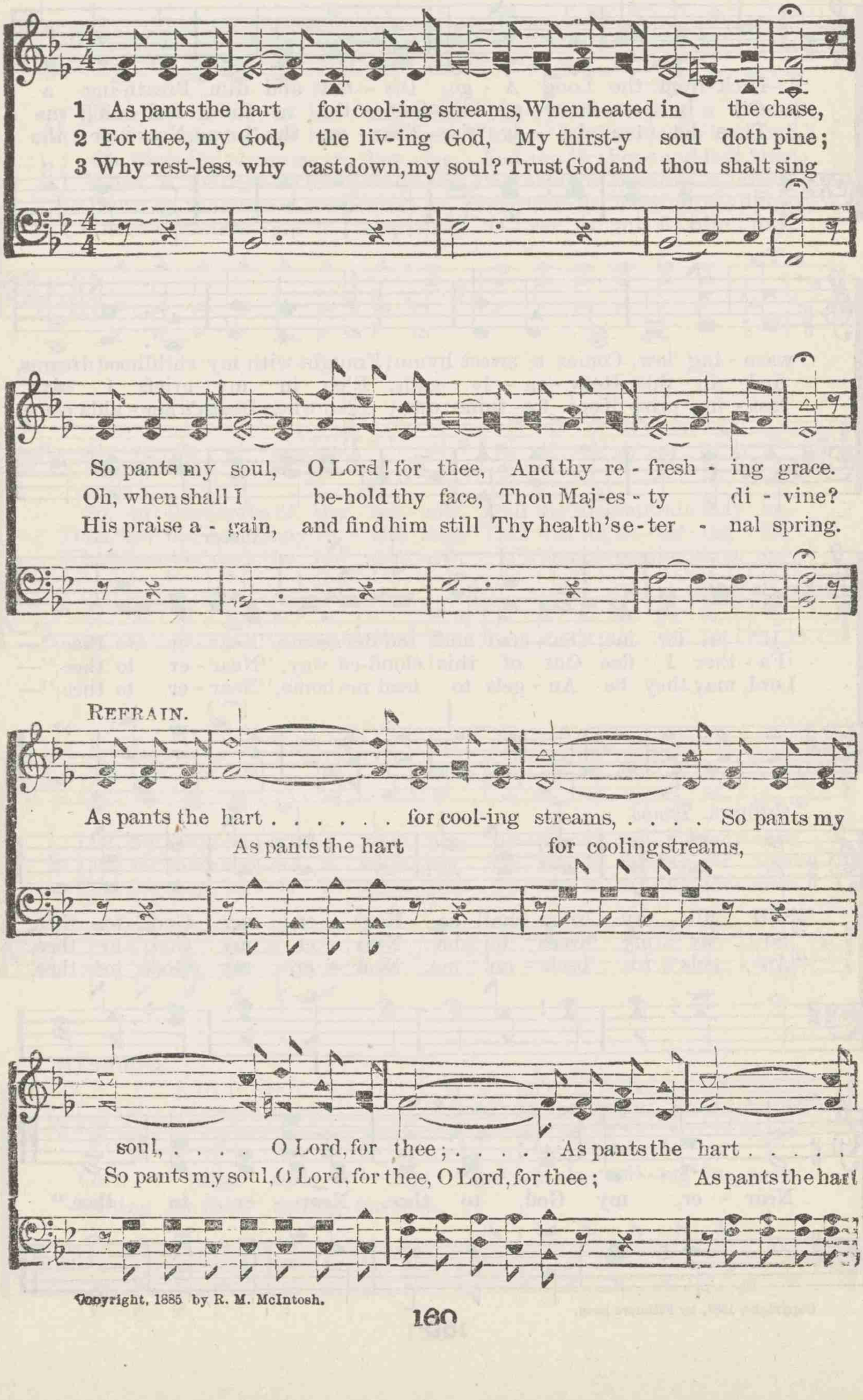
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

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# No. 175. AS PANTS THE HART.
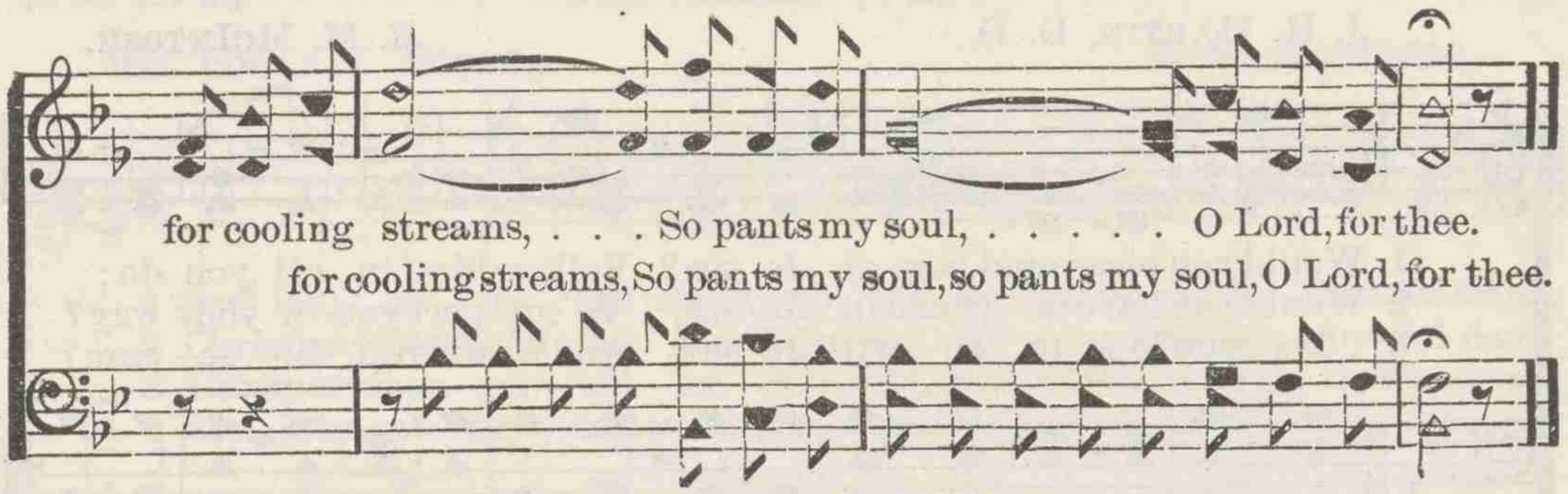
NAHUM TATE, 1696.
Altered by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

R. M. McINTOSH.



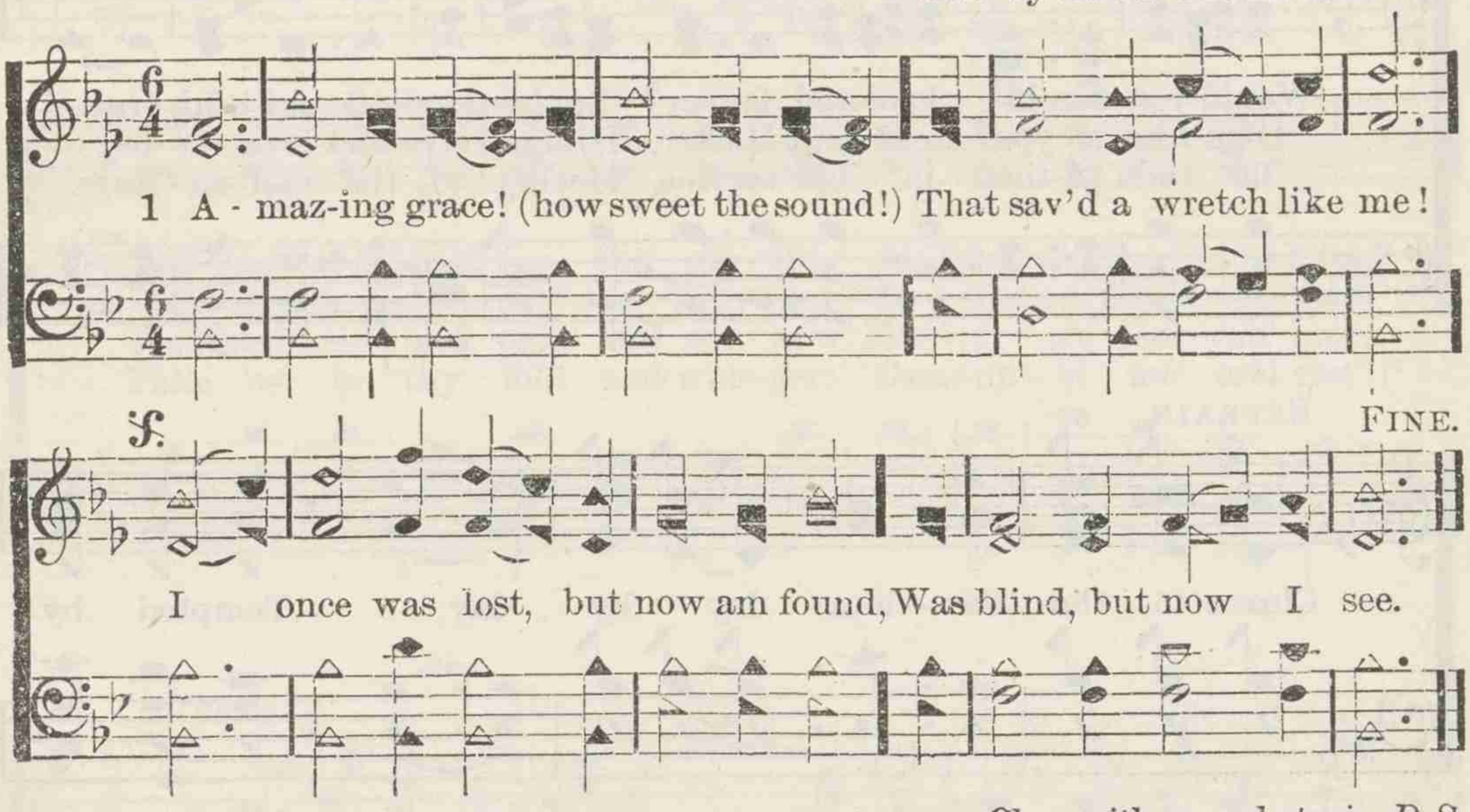

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# AS PANTS THE HART. Concluded.




## No. 176. HARP. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3

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

4
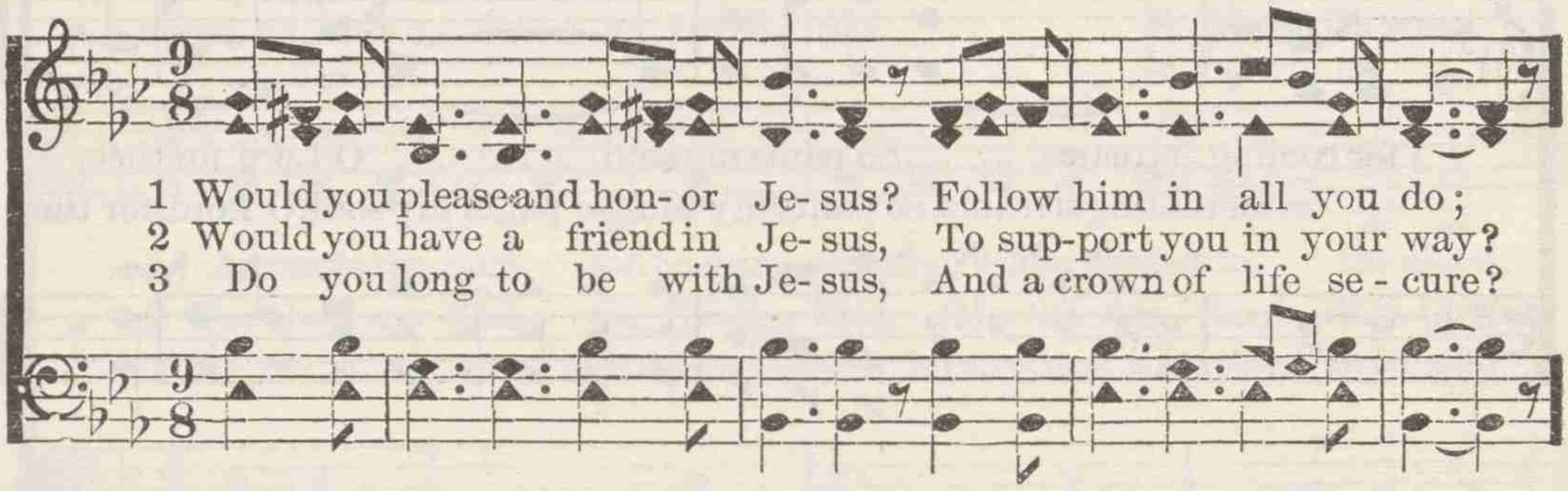
The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures·
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
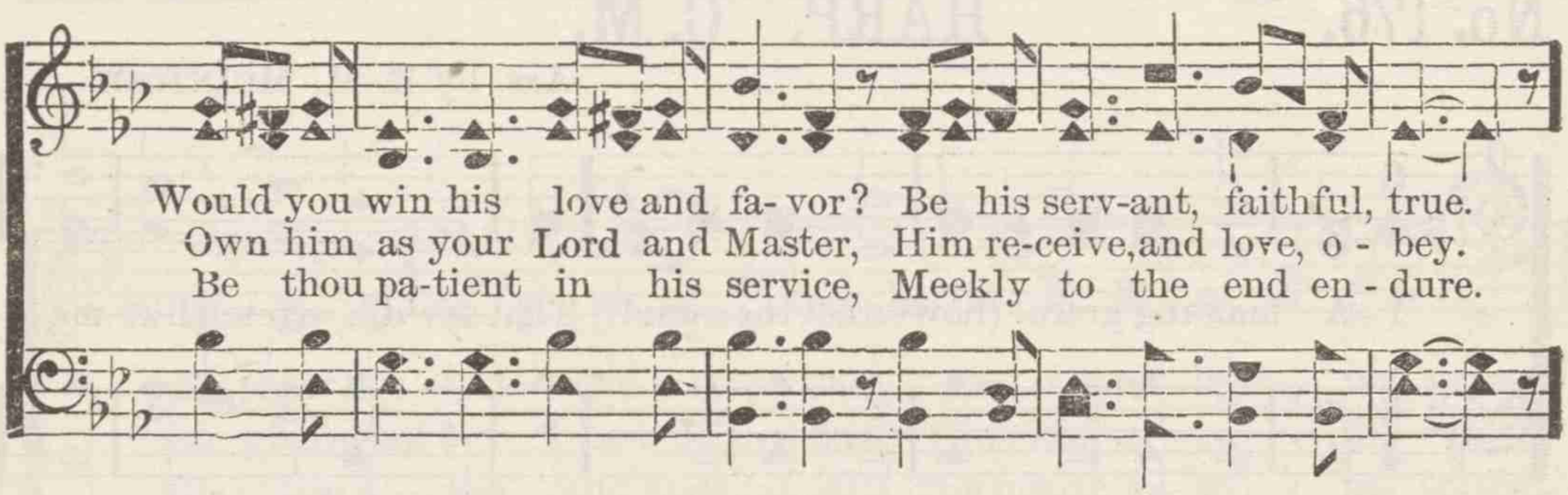
5

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
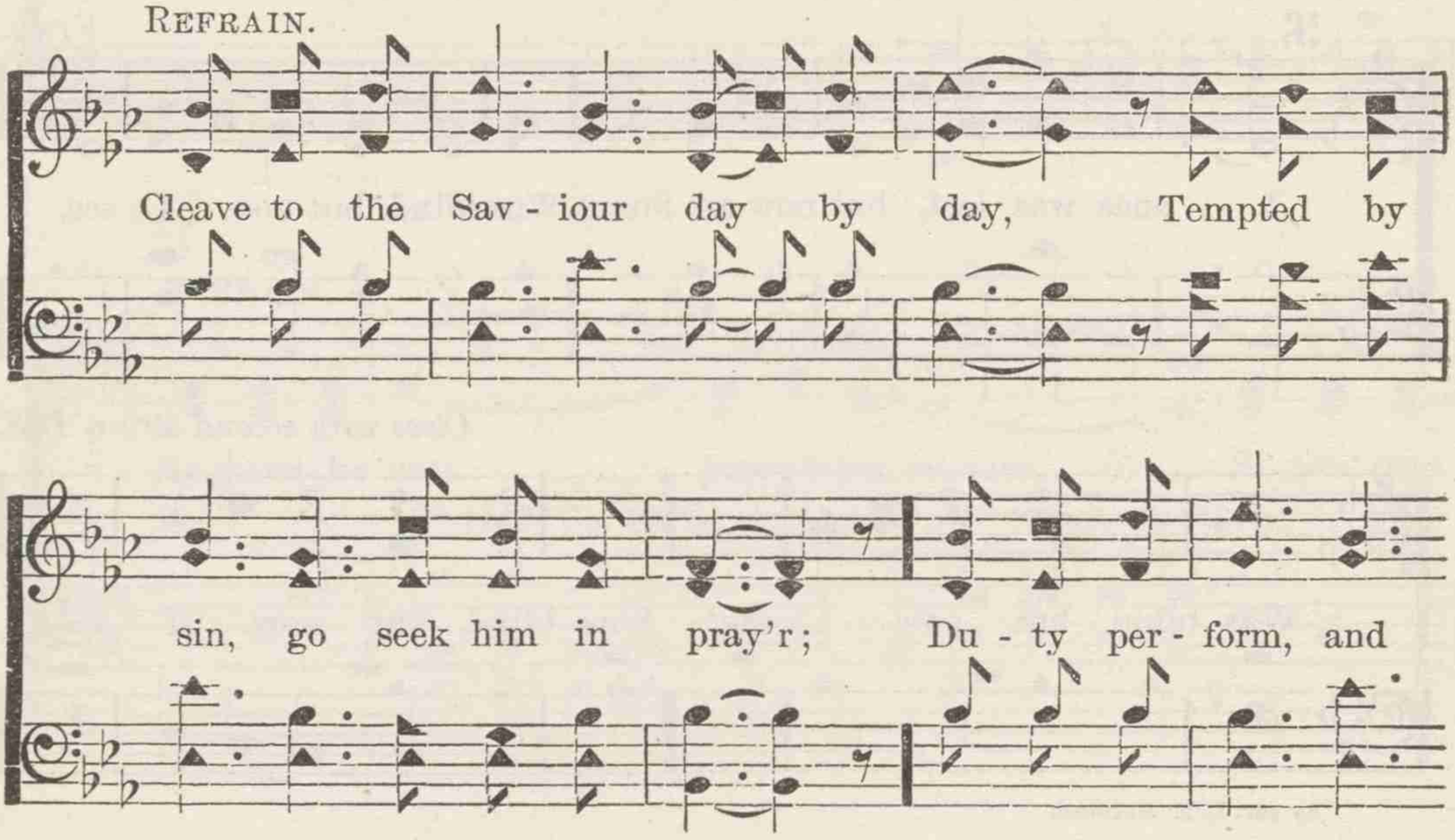
# No. 177. CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.







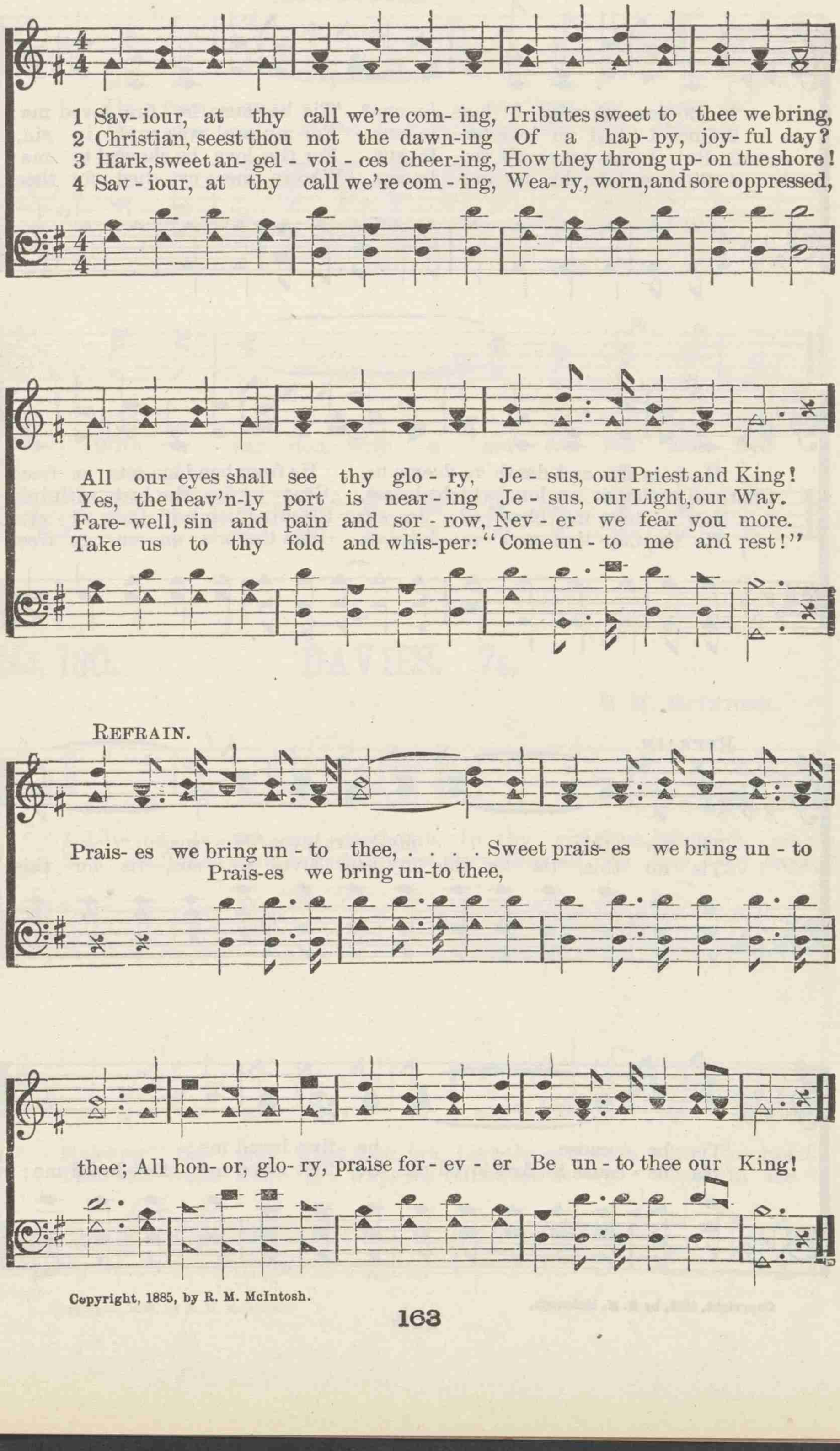
REFRAIN.




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# No. 178. ON THE WAY.
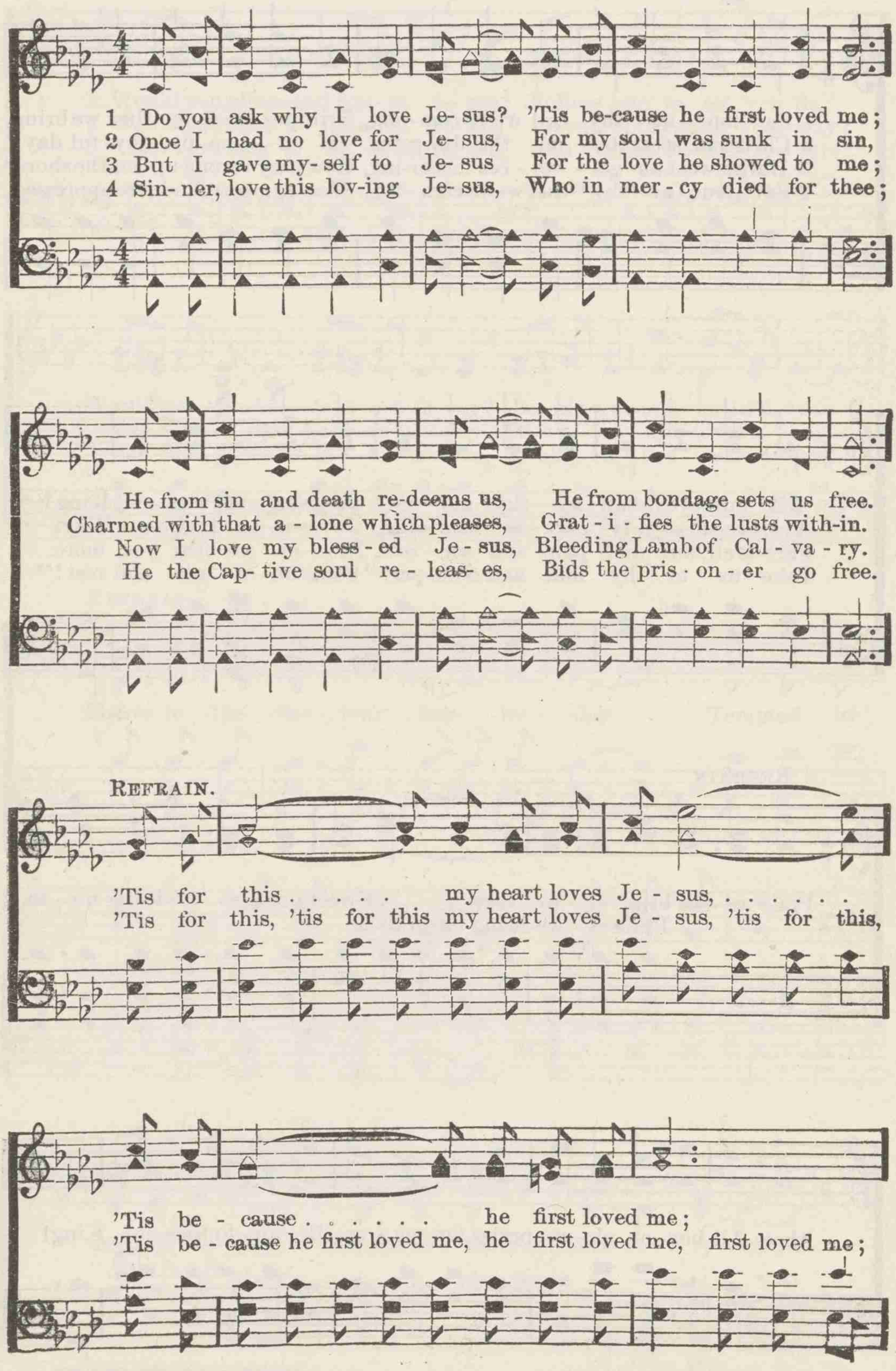
Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.




Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.
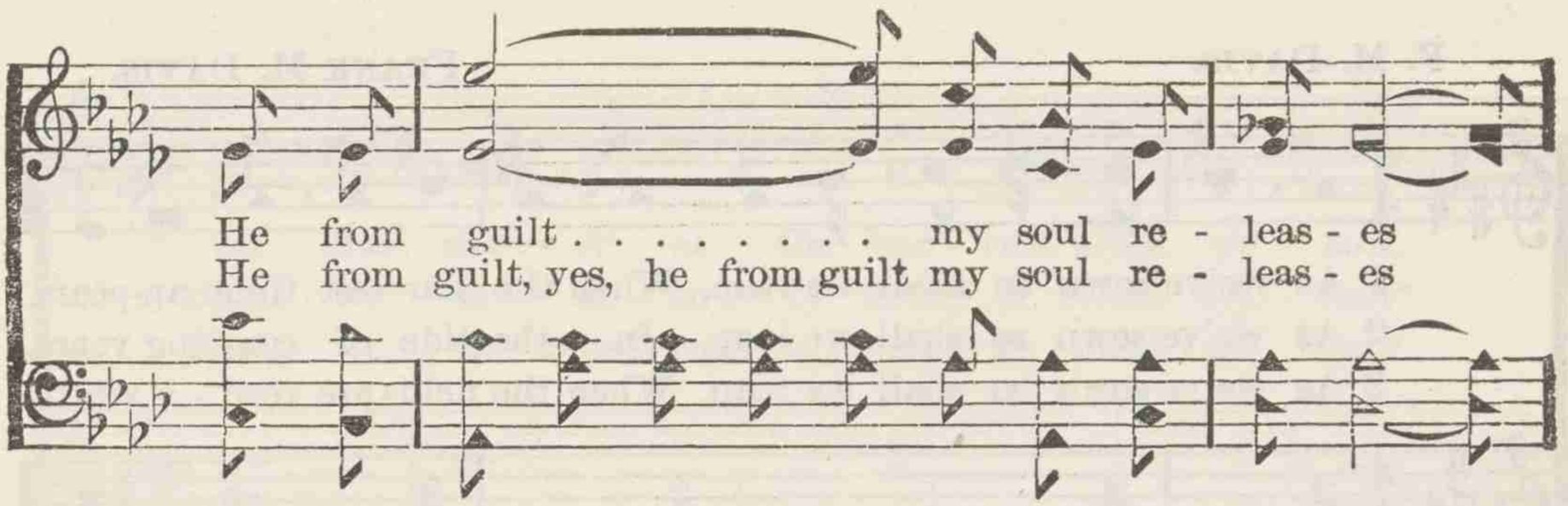
# No. 179. BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.
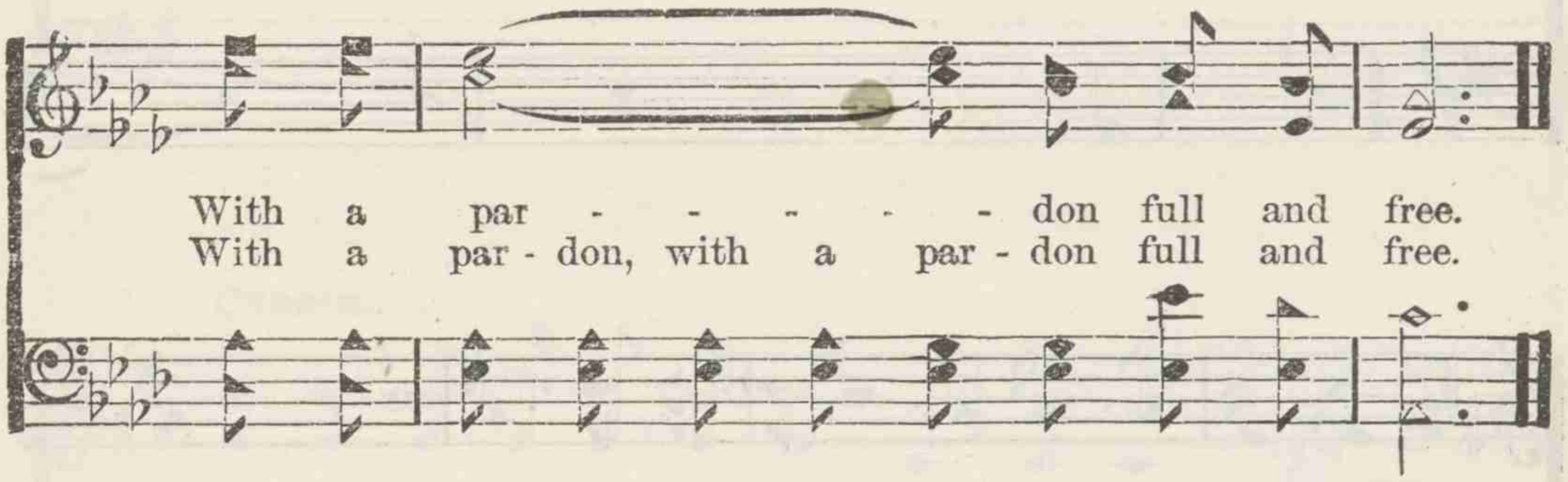
J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.




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## BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME. Concluded.

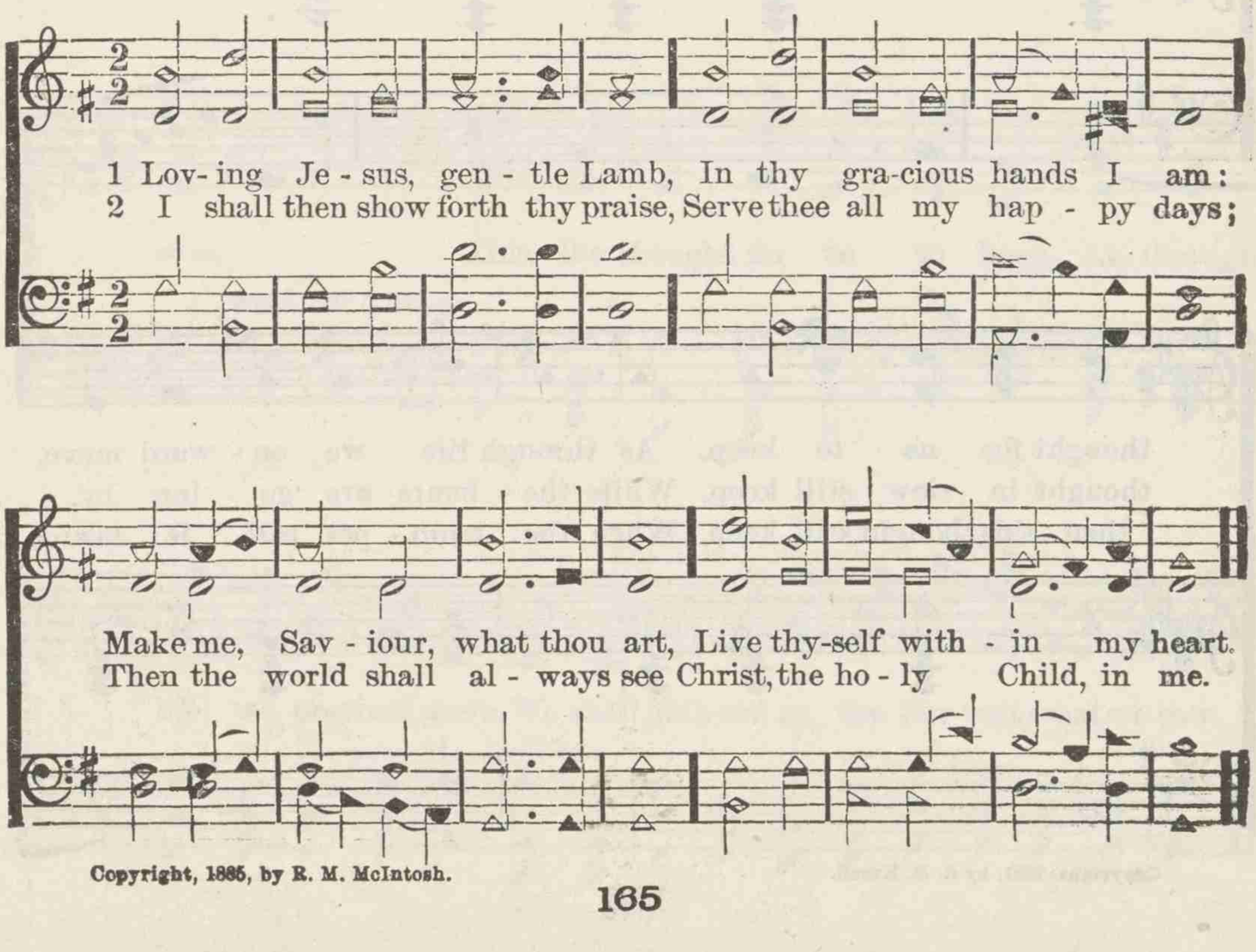






## No. 180. DAVIES. 7s.

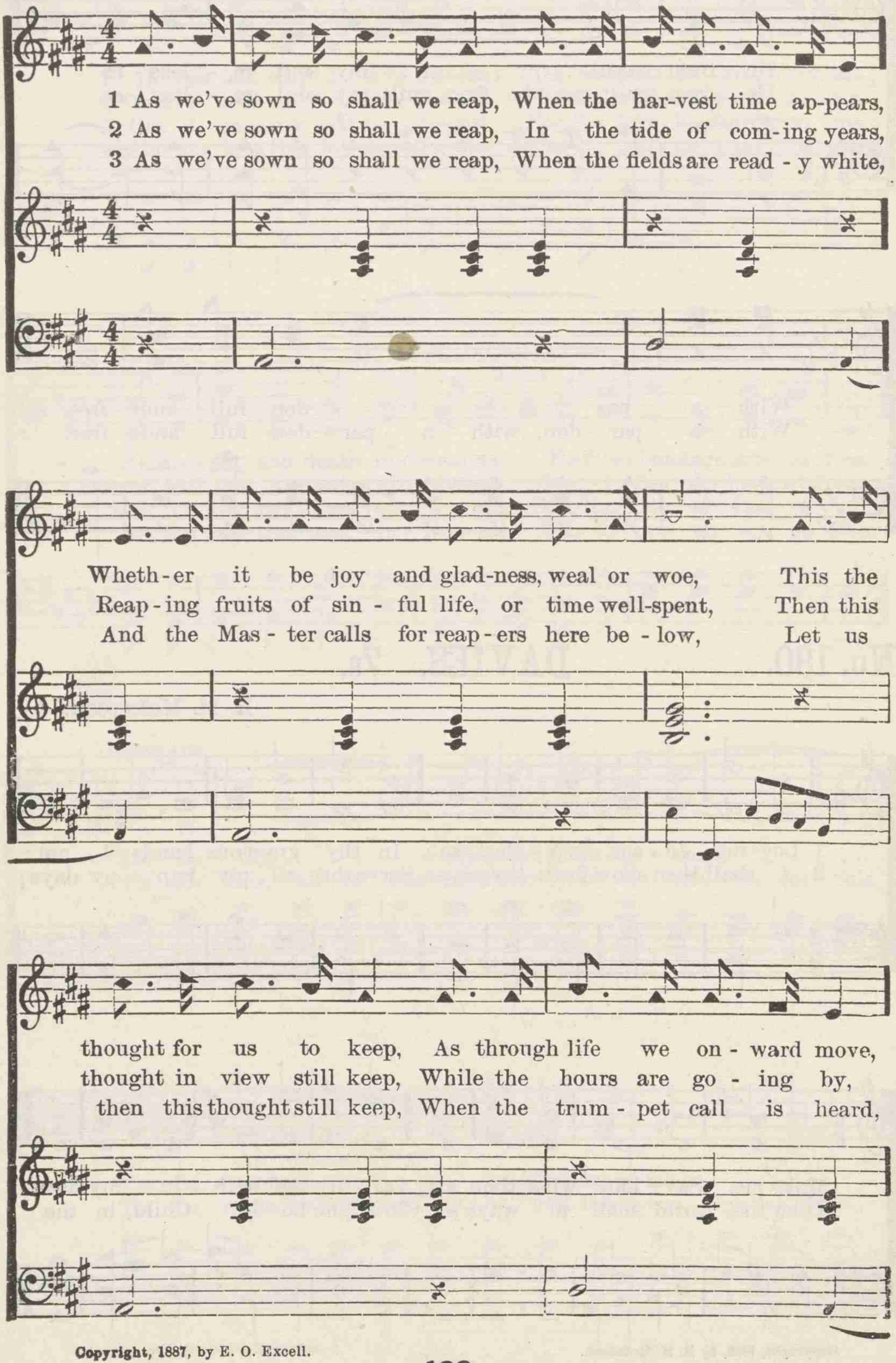
R. M. McINTOSH.




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# No. 181. As We've Sown So Shall We Reap.

F. M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



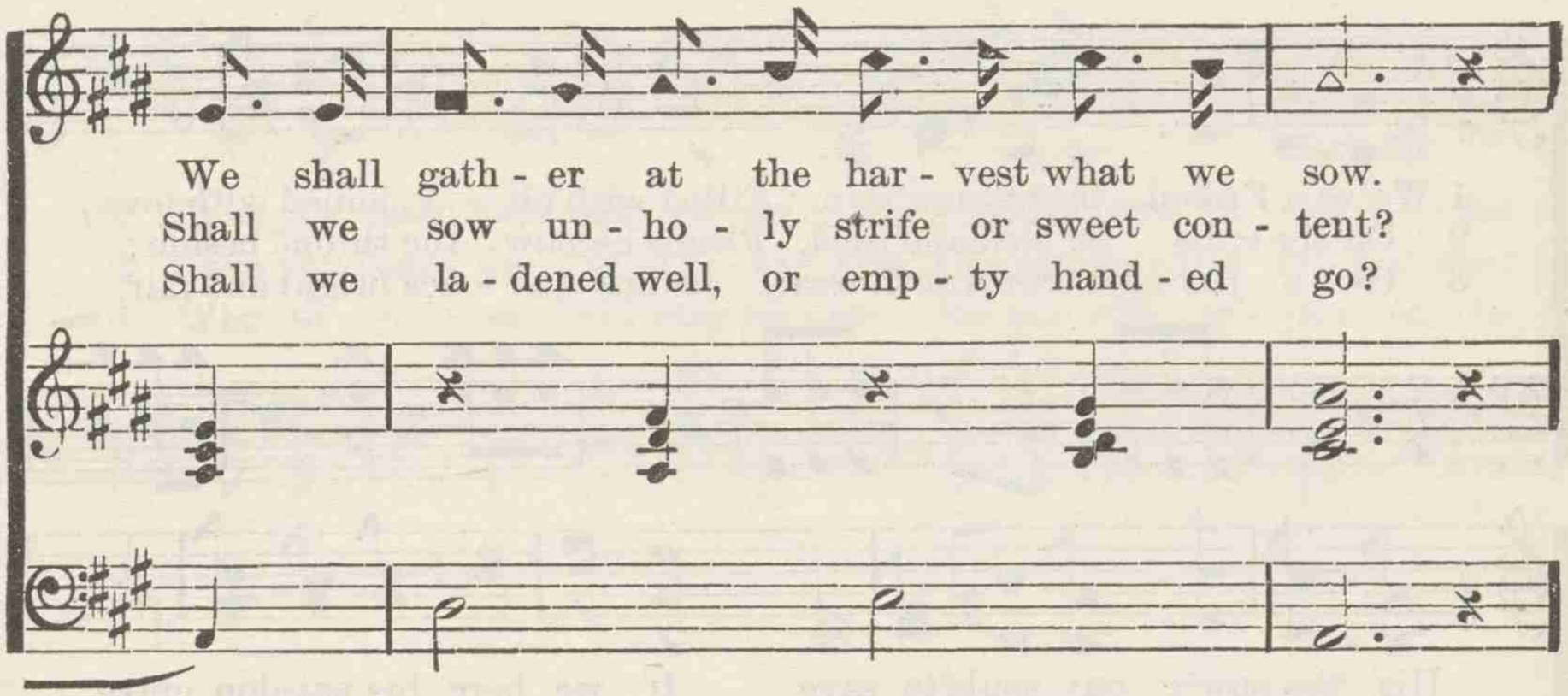
1 As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time ap-pears,
2 As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com-ing years,
3 As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read - y white,
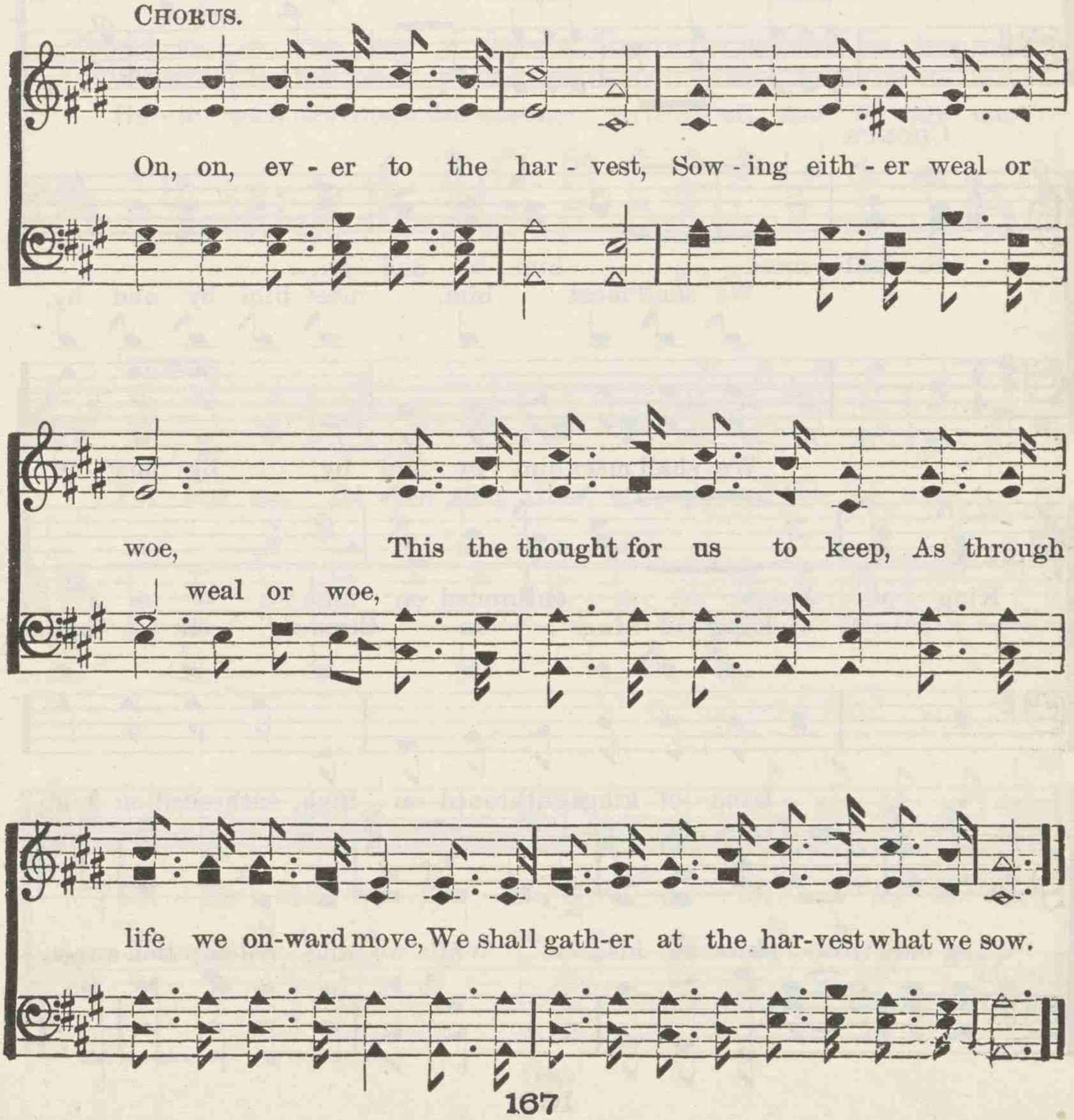
Wheth-er it be joy and glad-ness, weal or woe, This the
Reap-ing fruits of sin - ful life, or time well-spent, Then this
And the Mas - ter calls for reap-ers here be - low, Let us

thought for us to keep, As through life we on - ward move,
thought in view still keep, While the hours are go - ing by,
then this thought still keep, When the trum - pet call is heard,

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

# As We've Sown So Shall We Reap. Concluded.






# No. 182. WE SHALL MEET HIM.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. A. J. ABBEY, by per.

1 We've a Friend in realms above Filled with pit - y, joined with love;
2 On the cross he bled and died, Pleads he now the throne beside;
3 He a jew-eled crown doth wear, In his pal - ace bright and fair,

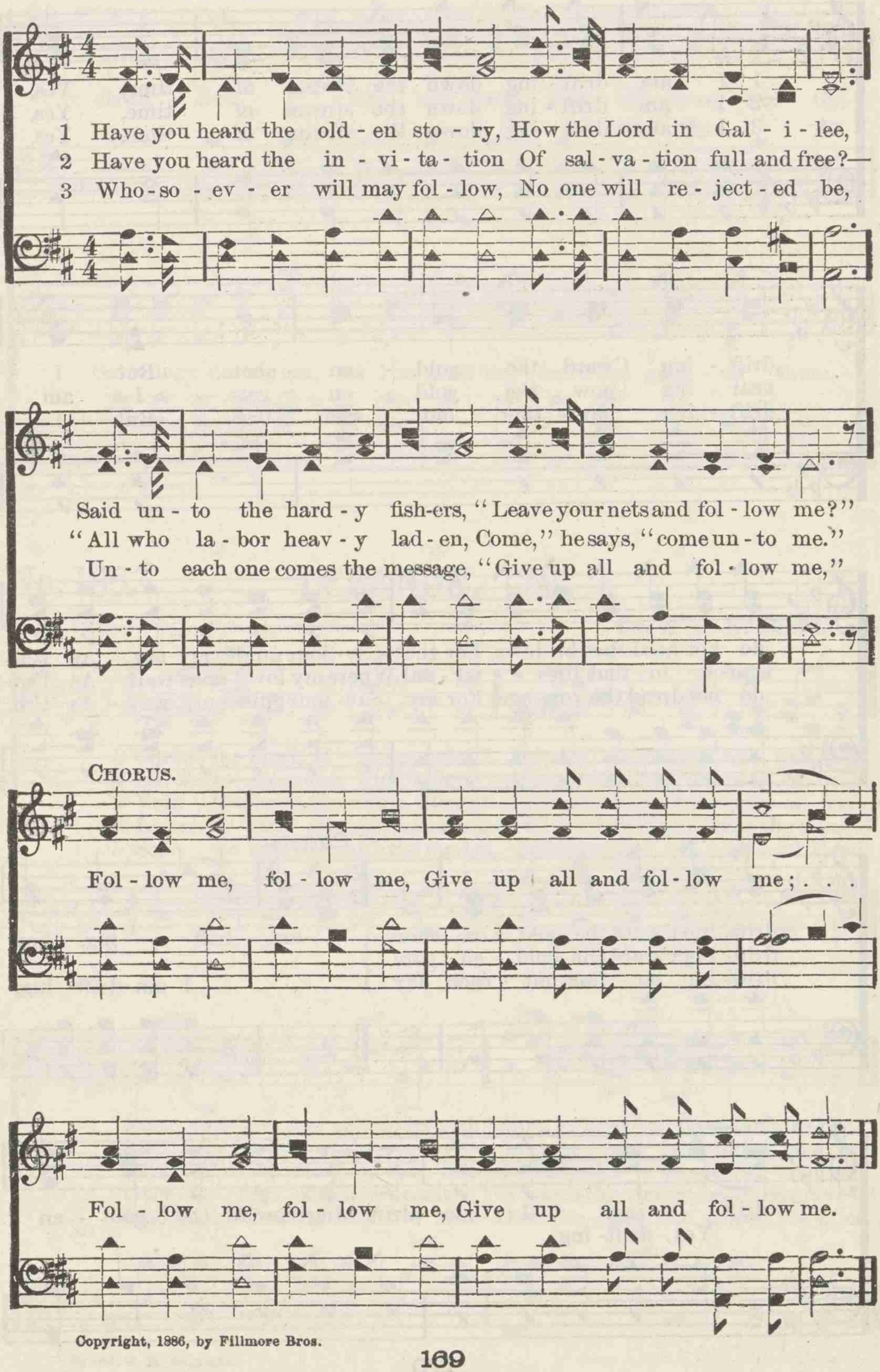
His the pow'r our souls to save If we here his par-don crave.
Shows his nail-scarred hands and feet— His the right-eousness com-plete.
An - gel throngs at- tend him now, At his feet with reverence bow.

CHORUS.

We shall meet . . . . . him by and by,
We shall meet him, meet him by and by,
We shall meet him by and by, by and by,
King of kings . . . . . enthroned on high;
King of kings en - throned on high,
King of kings enthroned on high, enthroned on high,
Lay our tro - phies at his feet While we sing redemp-tion sweet.

# No. 183. THE OLDEN STORY.

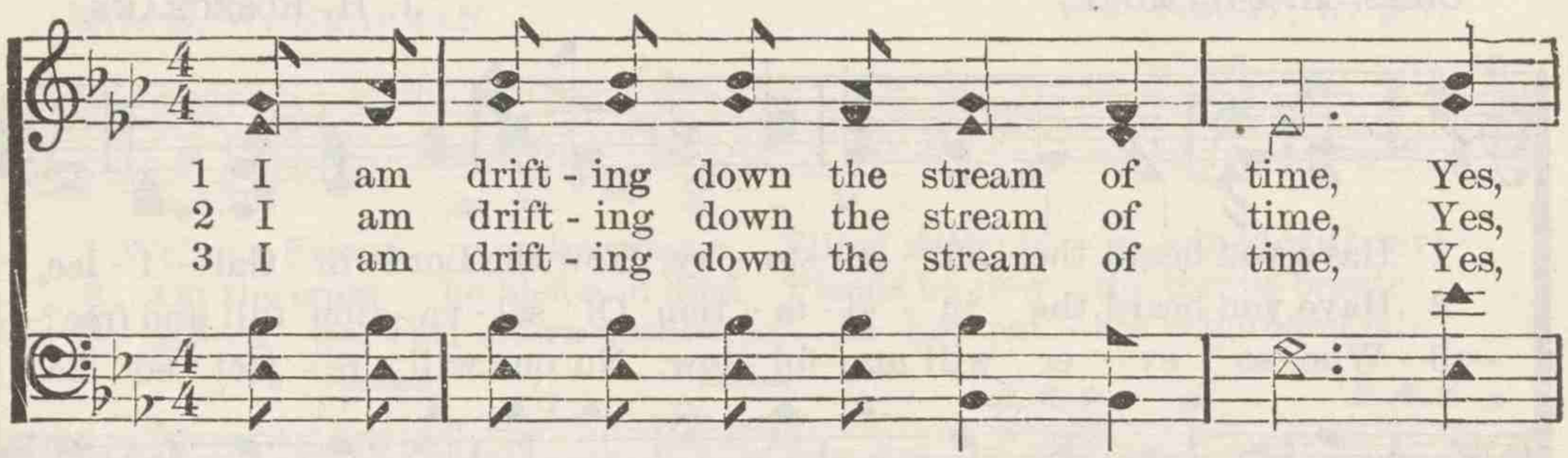
CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.
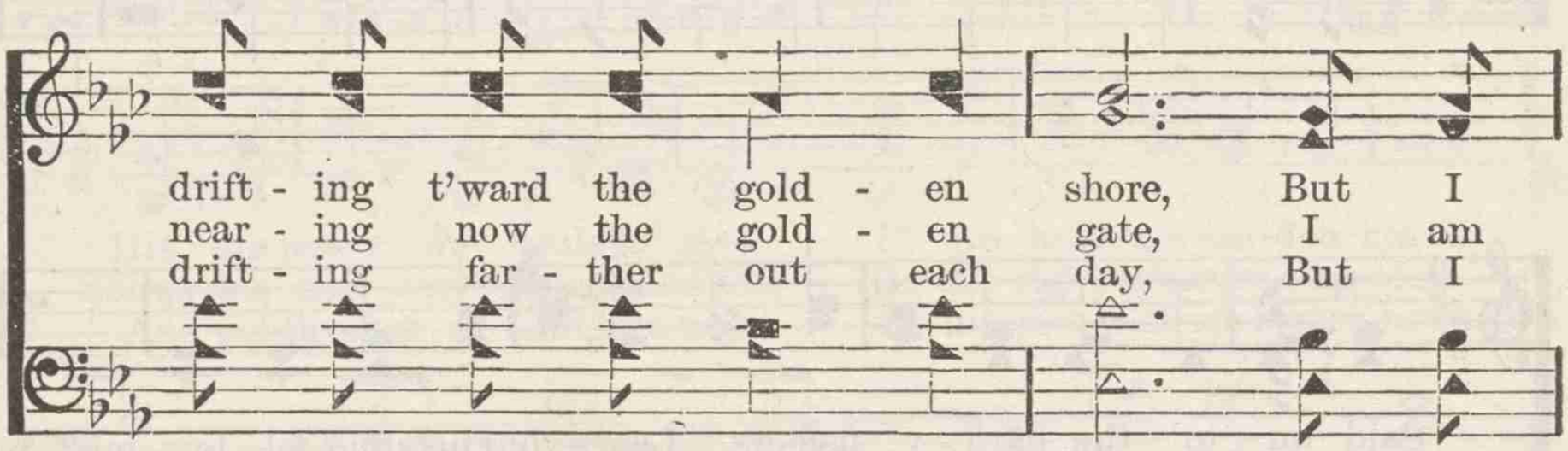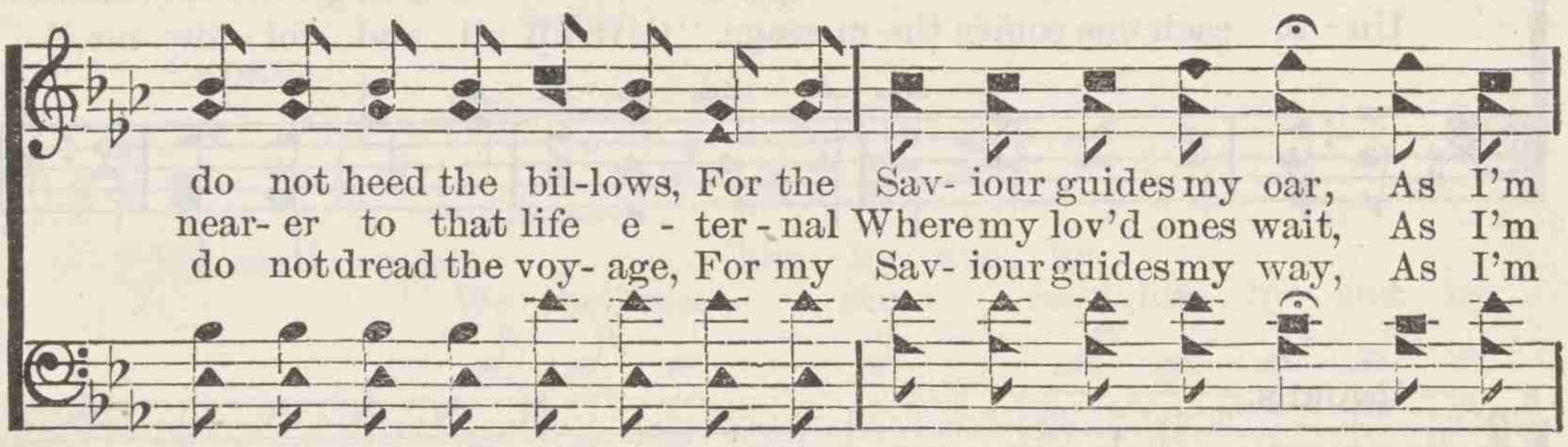



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# No. 184. Drifting Toward the Golden Shore.
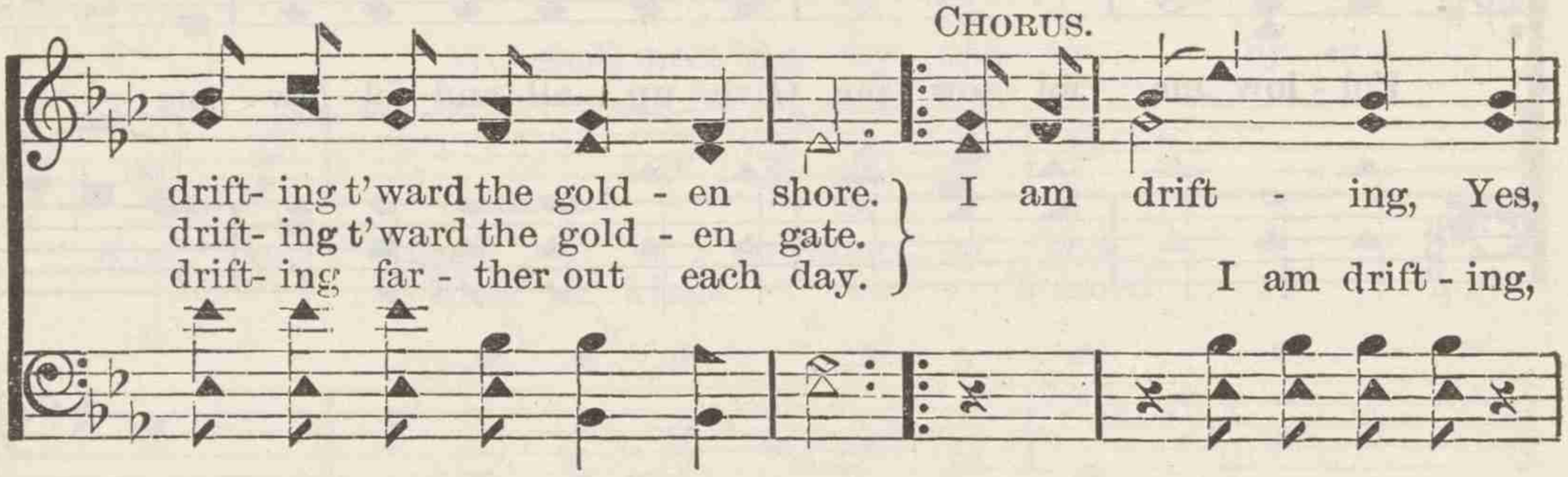
Mrs. ALLIE L. CRISS. C. E. LESLIE, by per.
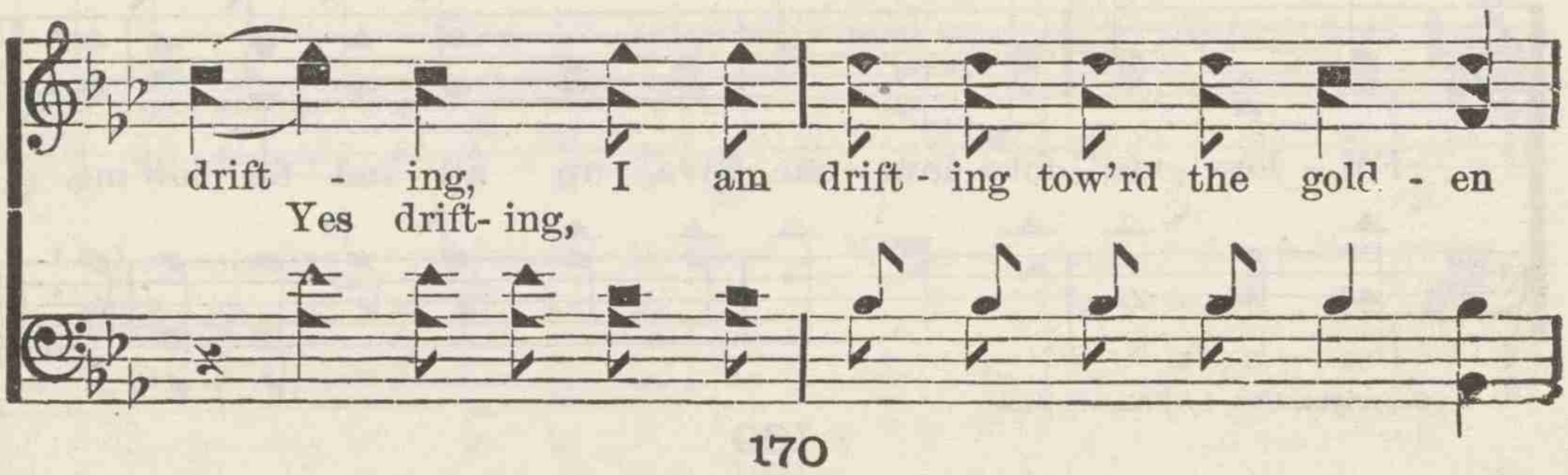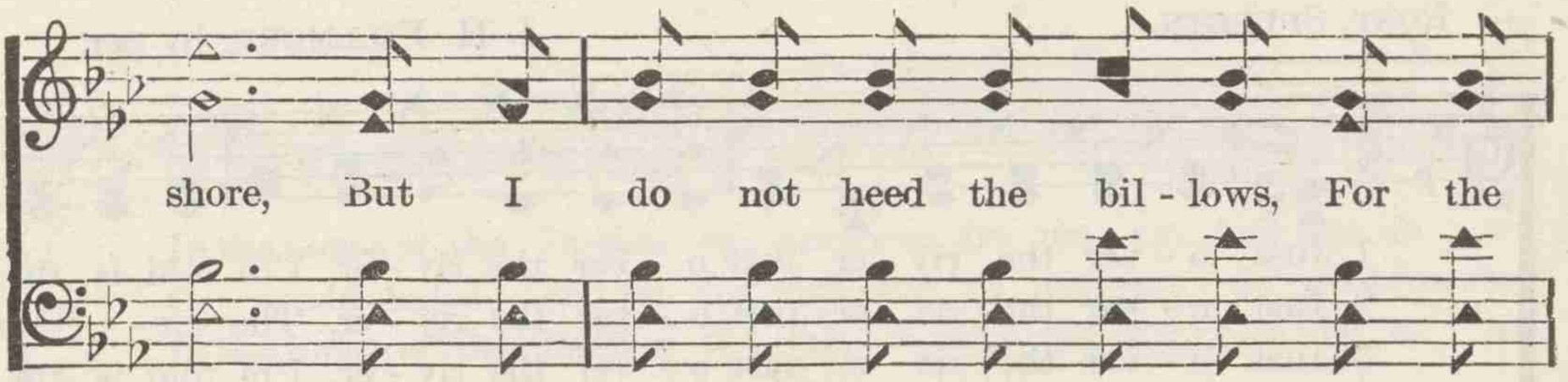








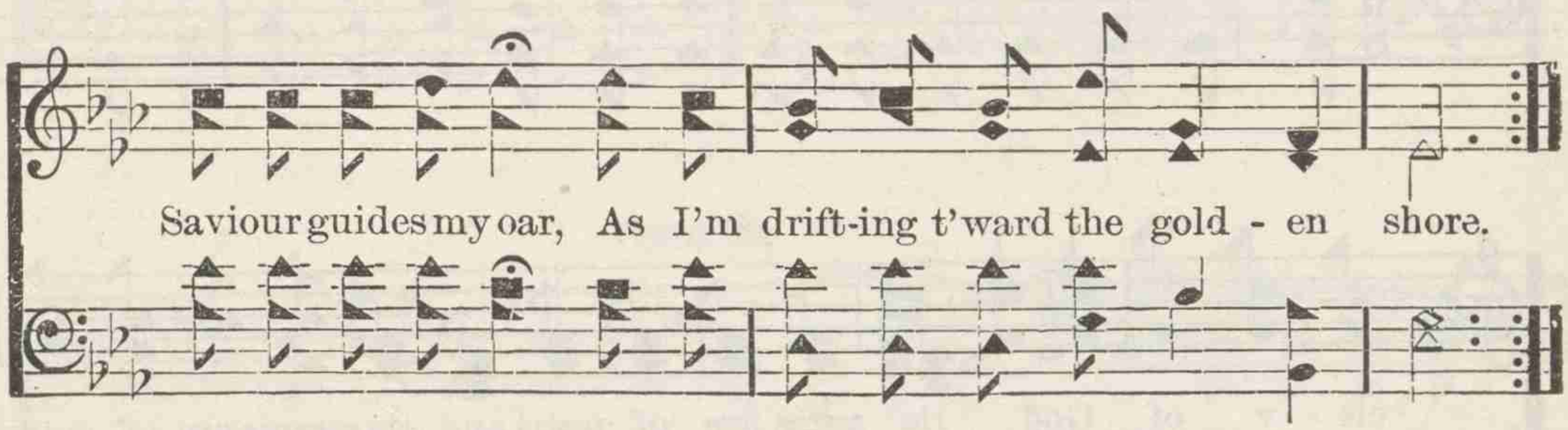

CHORUS.





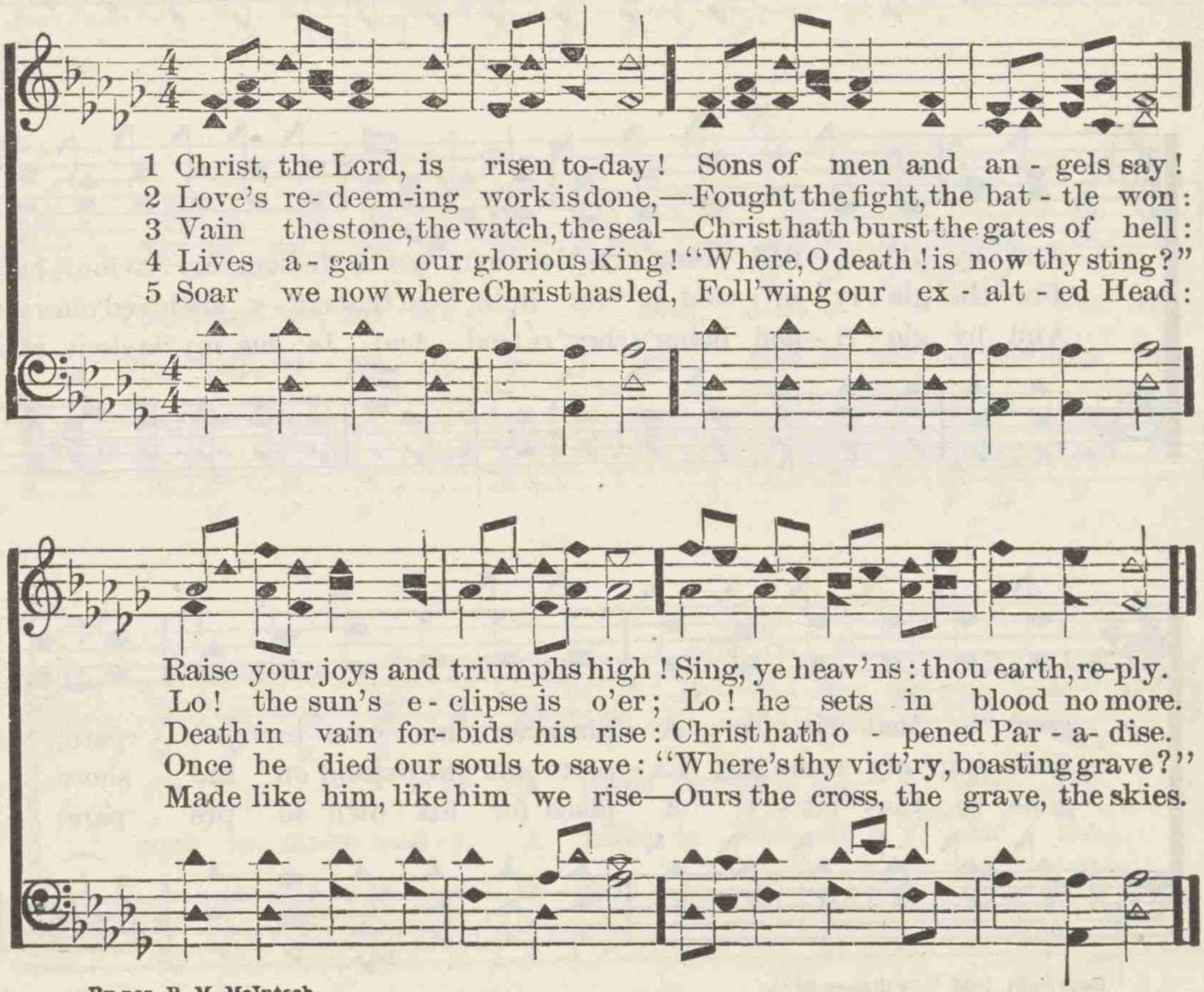

## Drifting Toward the Golden Shore. Concluded.




## No. 185. LEBANON. 7s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 186. JUST OVER THE RIVER.

ROBT. SPURGIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the
2 Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that
3 Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the

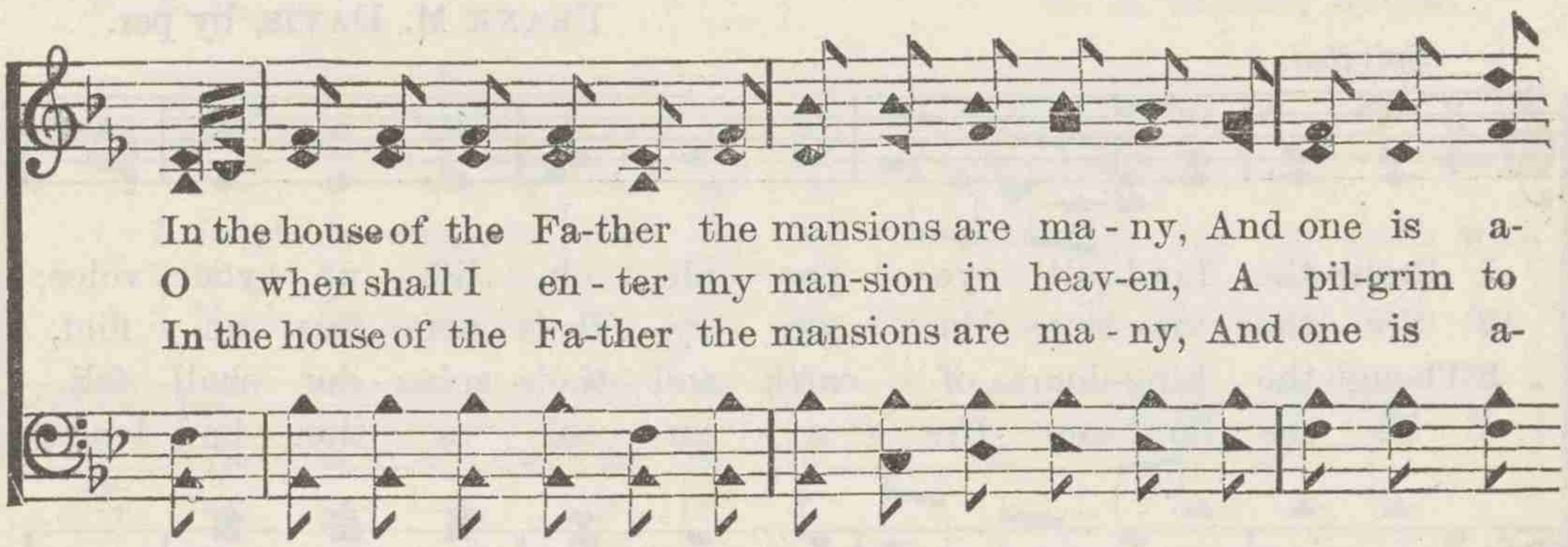
cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,
know-eth no night; It need-eth no sun, neith-er need-eth the moon,
cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,

And by glo - ri - fied being's they're trod. And Je - sus, my Saviour, has
For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that cit - y are loved ones a-
And by glo - ri - fied being's they're trod. And Je - sus, my Saviour, has
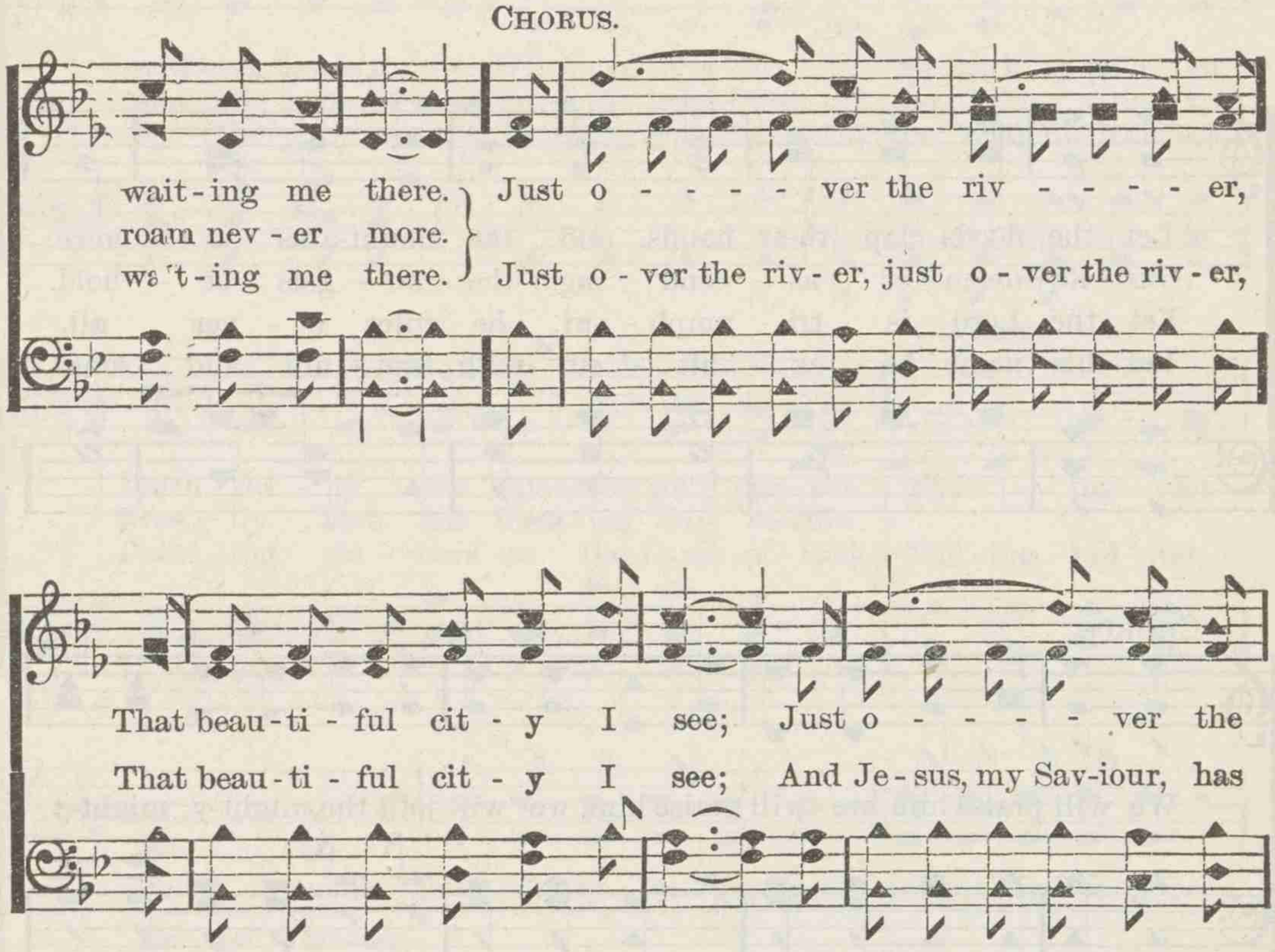
gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare;
wait - ing my com - ing, Ex - pect - ant they stand on the shore;
gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare;

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

# JUST OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.
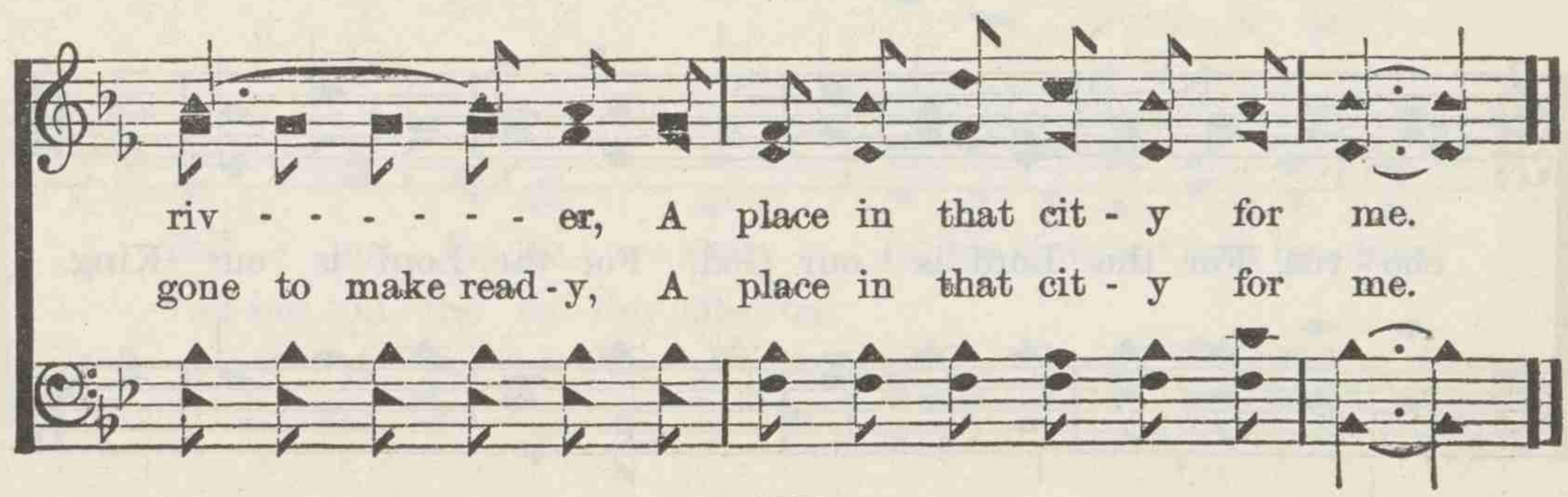



CHORUS.
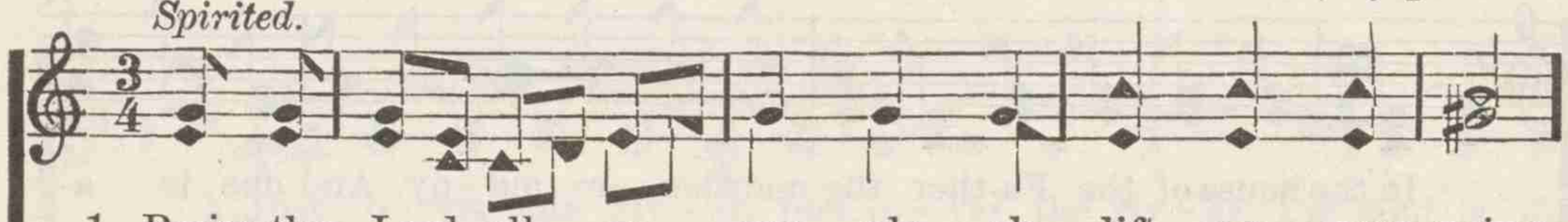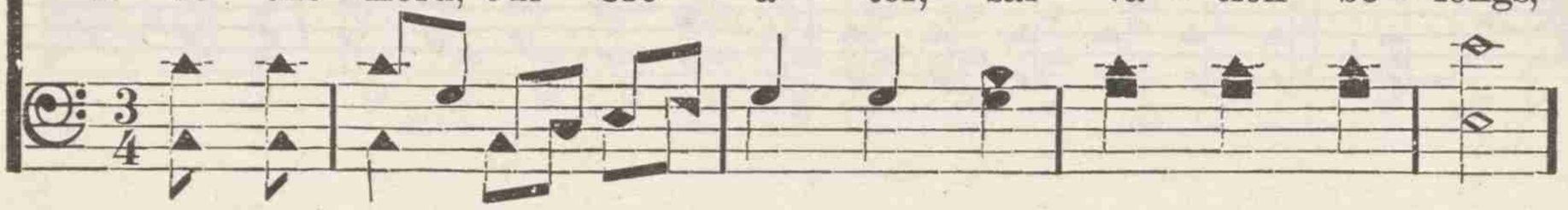








# No. 187. WE WILL PRAISE HIM.
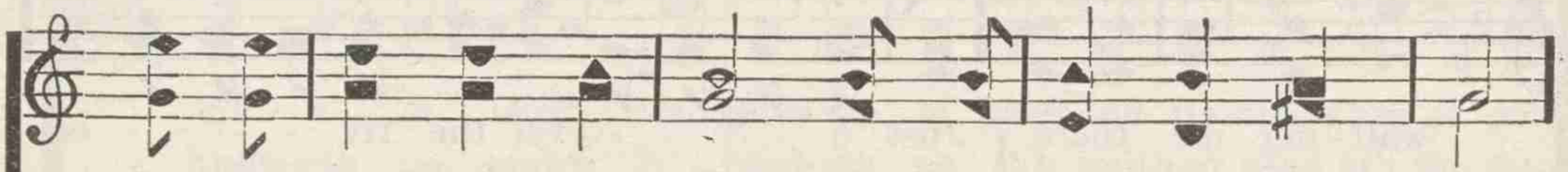
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

*Spirited.*
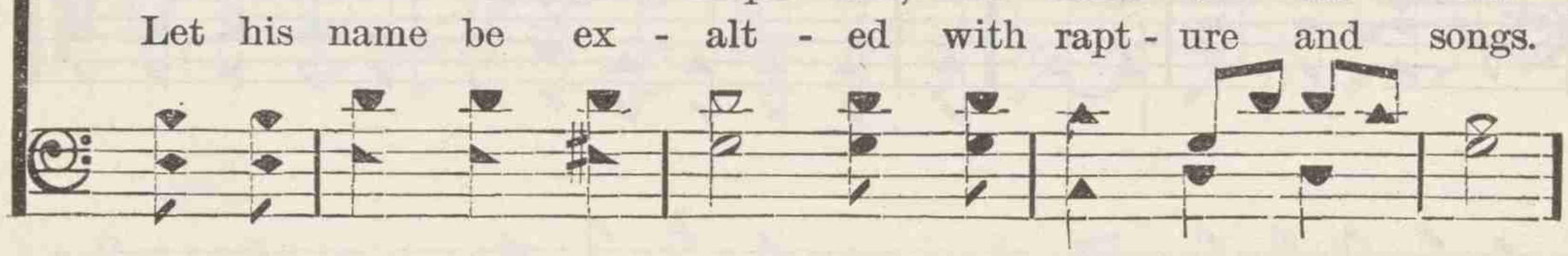


1 Praise the Lord, all ye peo - ple, oh, lift up your voice;
2 See the man-sions in glo - ry their por - tals un - fold,
3 Though the king-doms of earth and their splen - dor shall fall,
4 To the Lord, our Cre - a - tor, sal - va - tion be - longs,
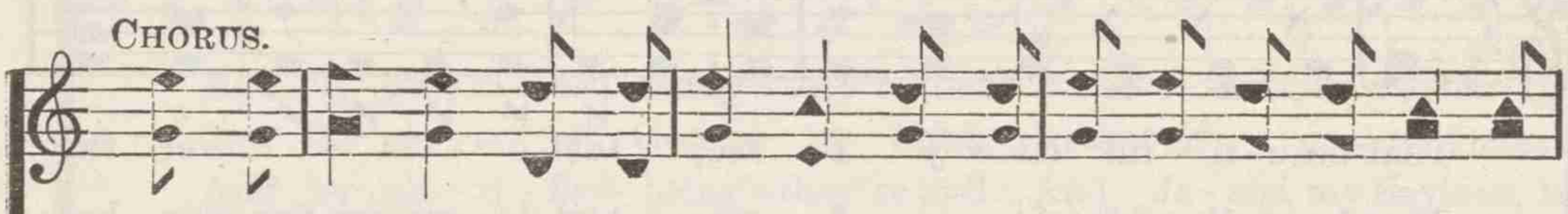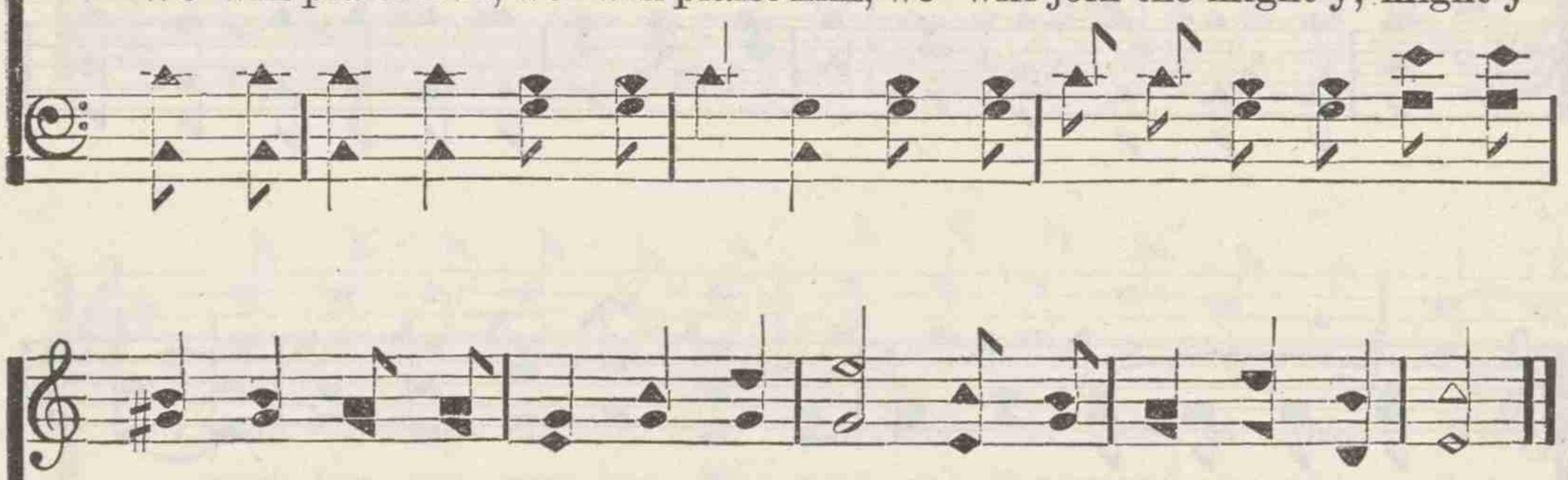




Let the floods clap their hands, and the mount-ains re - joice.
Our Re - deem - er as - cend - ing the an - gels be - hold.
Yet the Lord is tri - umph - ant, he rules o - ver all.
Let his name be ex - alt - ed with rapt - ure and songs.



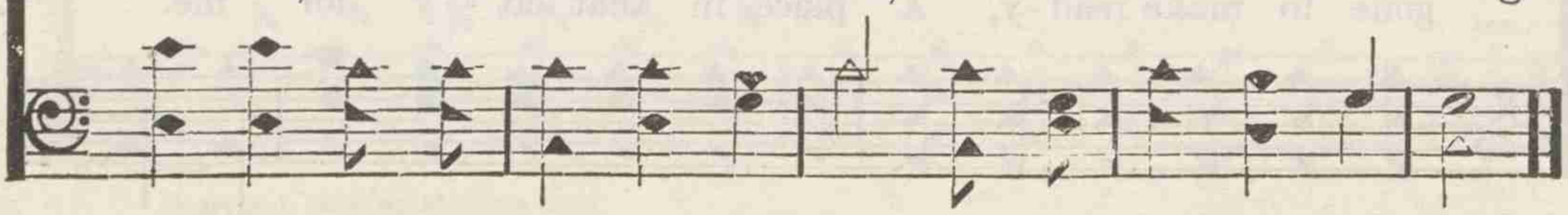
CHORUS.



We will praise him, we will praise him, we will join the might-y, might-y



cho - rus, For the Lord is our God, For the Lord is our King.



# No. 188. TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Go we forth with
2 Glad - ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto - ry, Of his love to
3 Meek - ly, meek-ly toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Walk-ing faith - ful-

will - ing hands to do What - so - e'er to us he hath ap-point - ed,
mor - tals here be-low; Christ, the brightness of the Father's glo - ry,
- ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'rers to the dear Re-deem - er;

CHORUS.

Faith - ful - ly our mis - sion we'll pur - sue.
Free - ly here his bless - ing will be-stow.
Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God.
} Toil - ing for

Toil - ing for Je - - sus, Joy - ful - ly we go; yes, joy-ful - ly we go;
for the Mas - ter,

Toil - ing for Je - - sus, In his vineyard here be - low.
Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas - ter.

# No. 189. THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.

W. P. RIVERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1 The soul hath a hope ev - er dear Of life in a clime of
2 Sweet hope of the life ev - er blest With God in his home, with,
3 Dear hope of the soul's bet - ter life— An o-cean of Peace—sweet
4 Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev - er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of fear,
Je - sus a - bove; Where an - gels and saints are at rest,
Pu - ri - ty's sea! Where nev - er is tem - pest or strife,
vir - tue and truth, Where vis - ions of glo - ry en - dure,

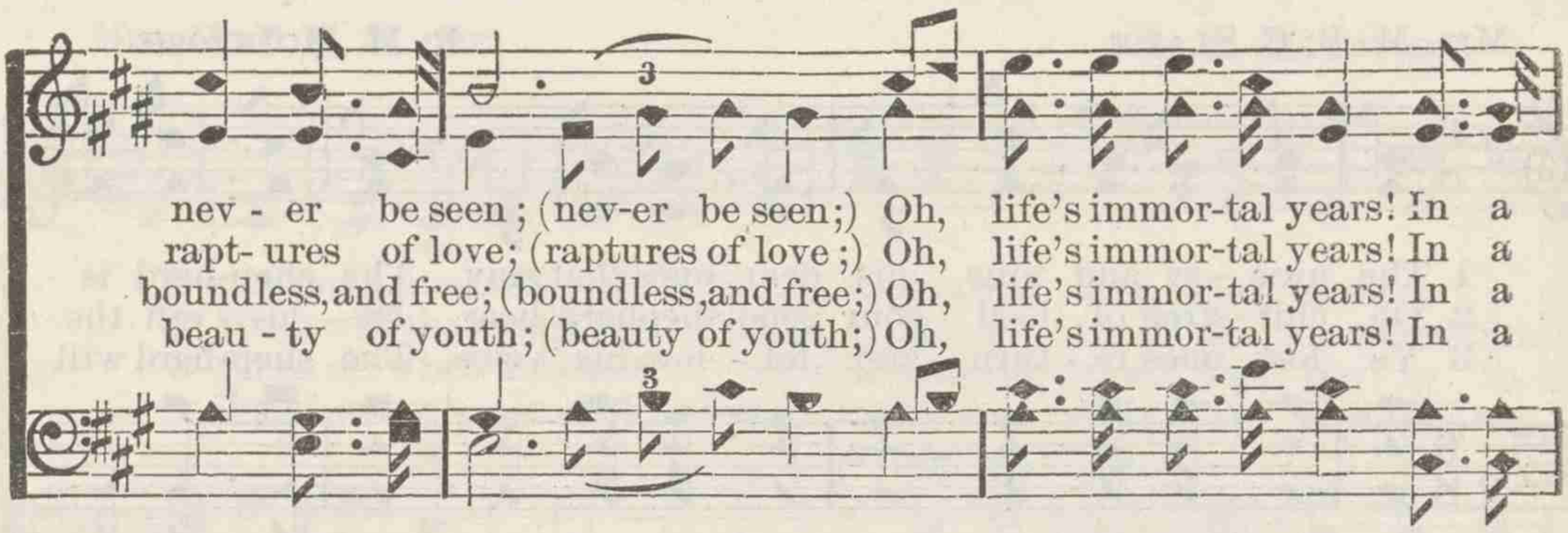
CHORUS.
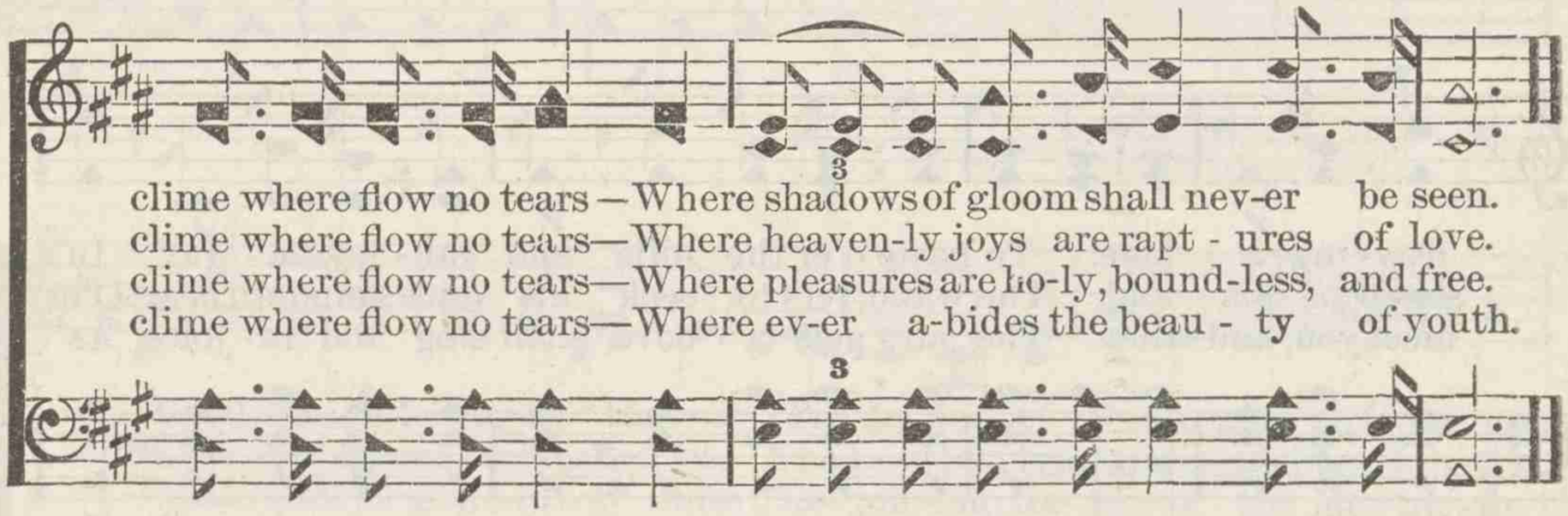
Where shadows of gloom shall nev-er be seen; Where shadows of gloom shall
Where heaven - ly joys are rapt-ures of love; Where heaven-ly joys are
Where pleasures are ho - ly, boundless, and free; Where pleasures are ho - ly,
Where ev - er a-bides the beau - ty of youth; Where ev - er a-bides the

nev - er be seen, (nev - er be seen,) Where shadows of gloom shall
rapt - ures of love, (rapt-ures of love,) Where heav-en - ly joys are
bound - less, and free, (boundless, and free,) Where pleasures are ho - ly,
beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth,) Where ev - er a-bides the

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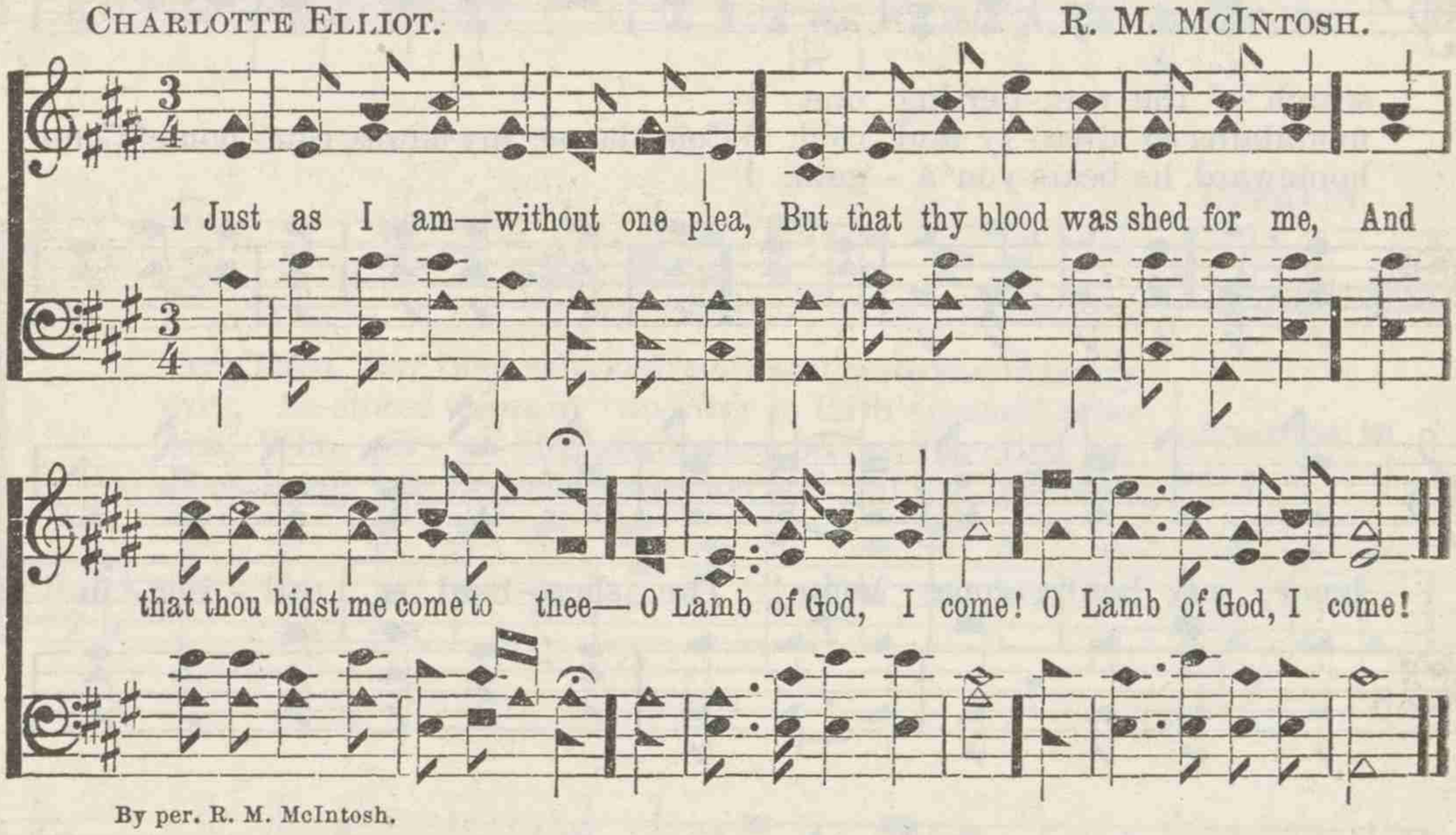
## THE HOPE OF THE SOUL. Concluded.







## No. 190. FARMVILLE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. R. M. MCINTOSH.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

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

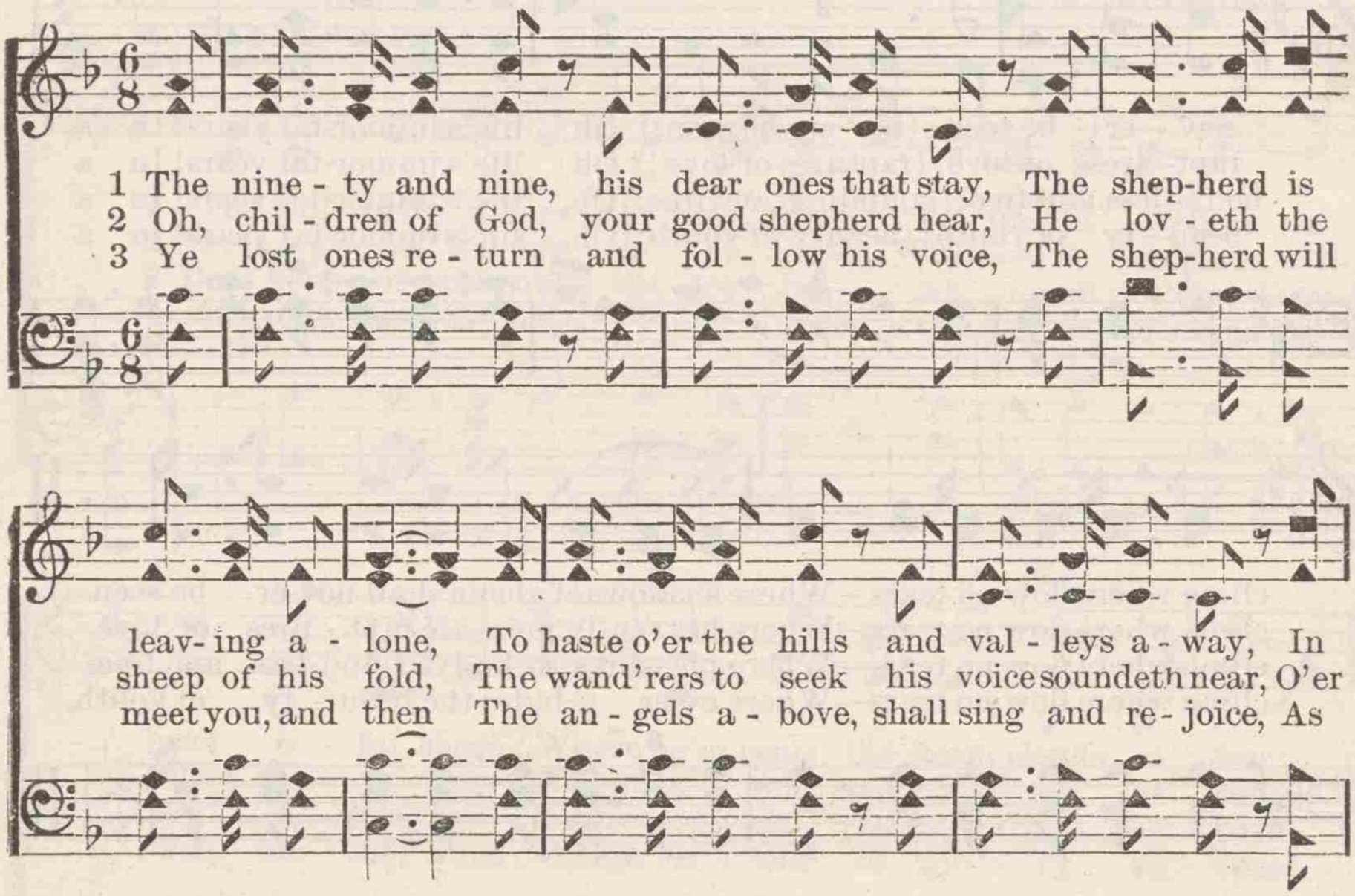
3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

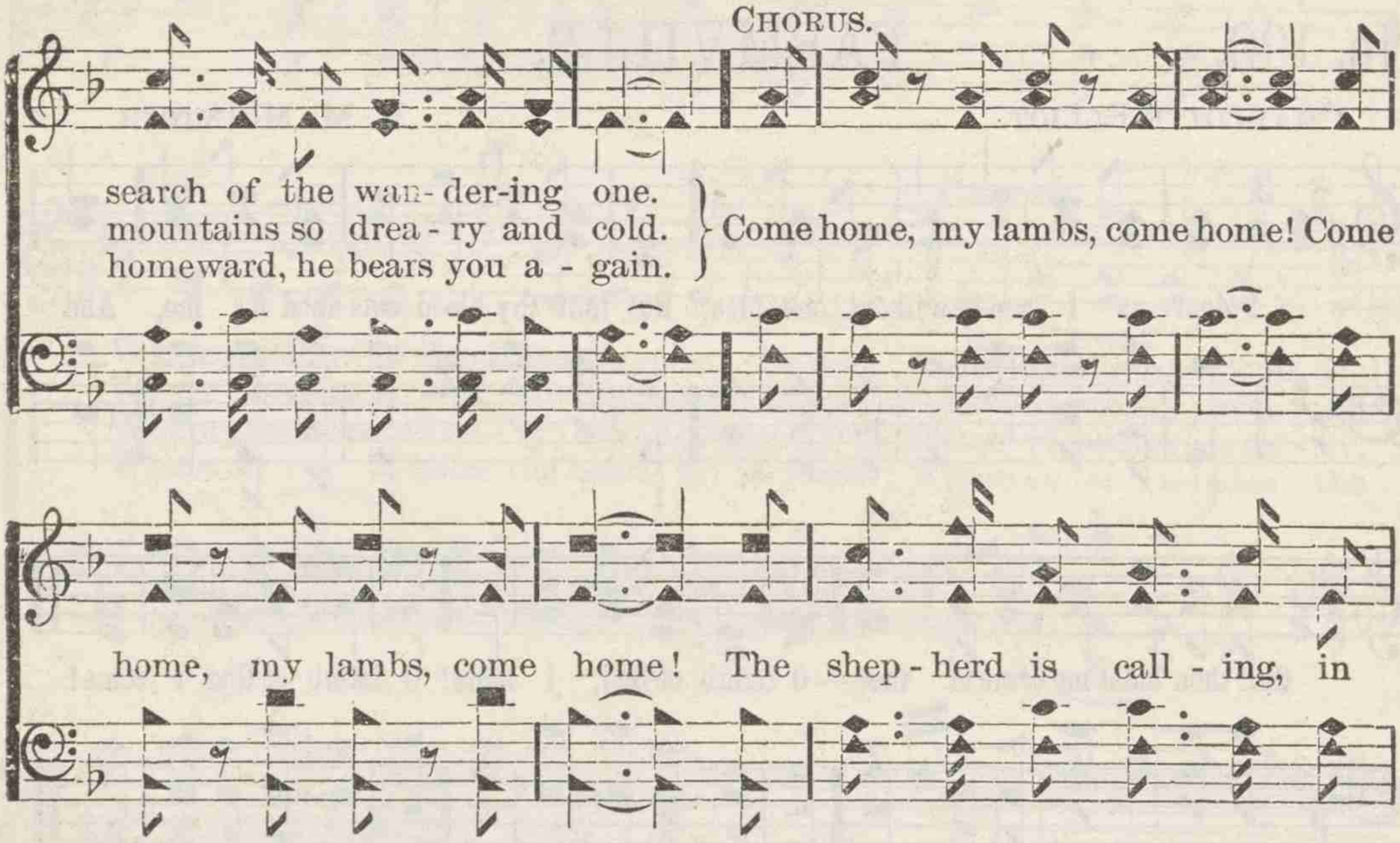
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

# No. 191. THE LOST SHEEP.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.
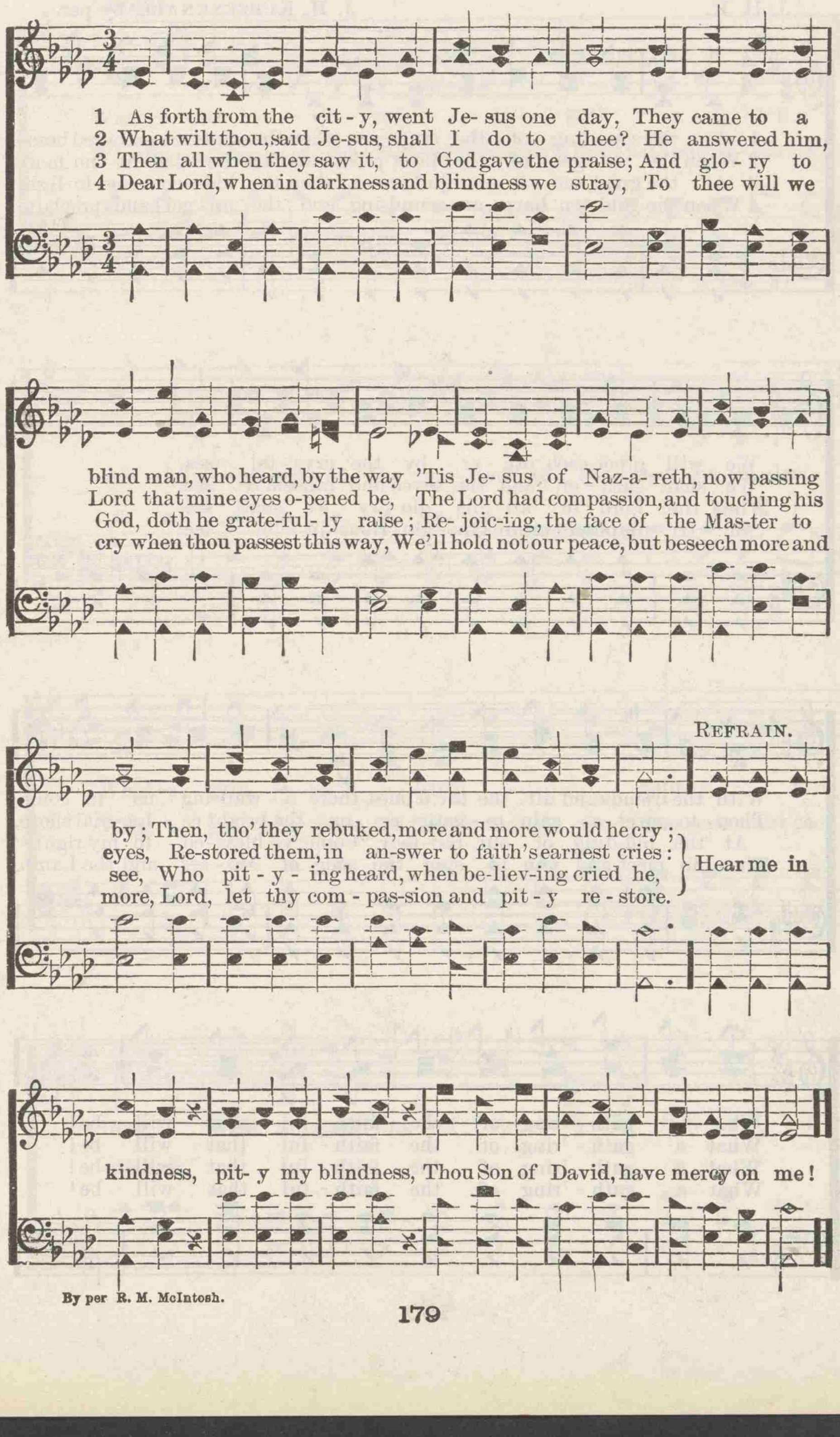



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 192. BLIND BARTIMEUS.

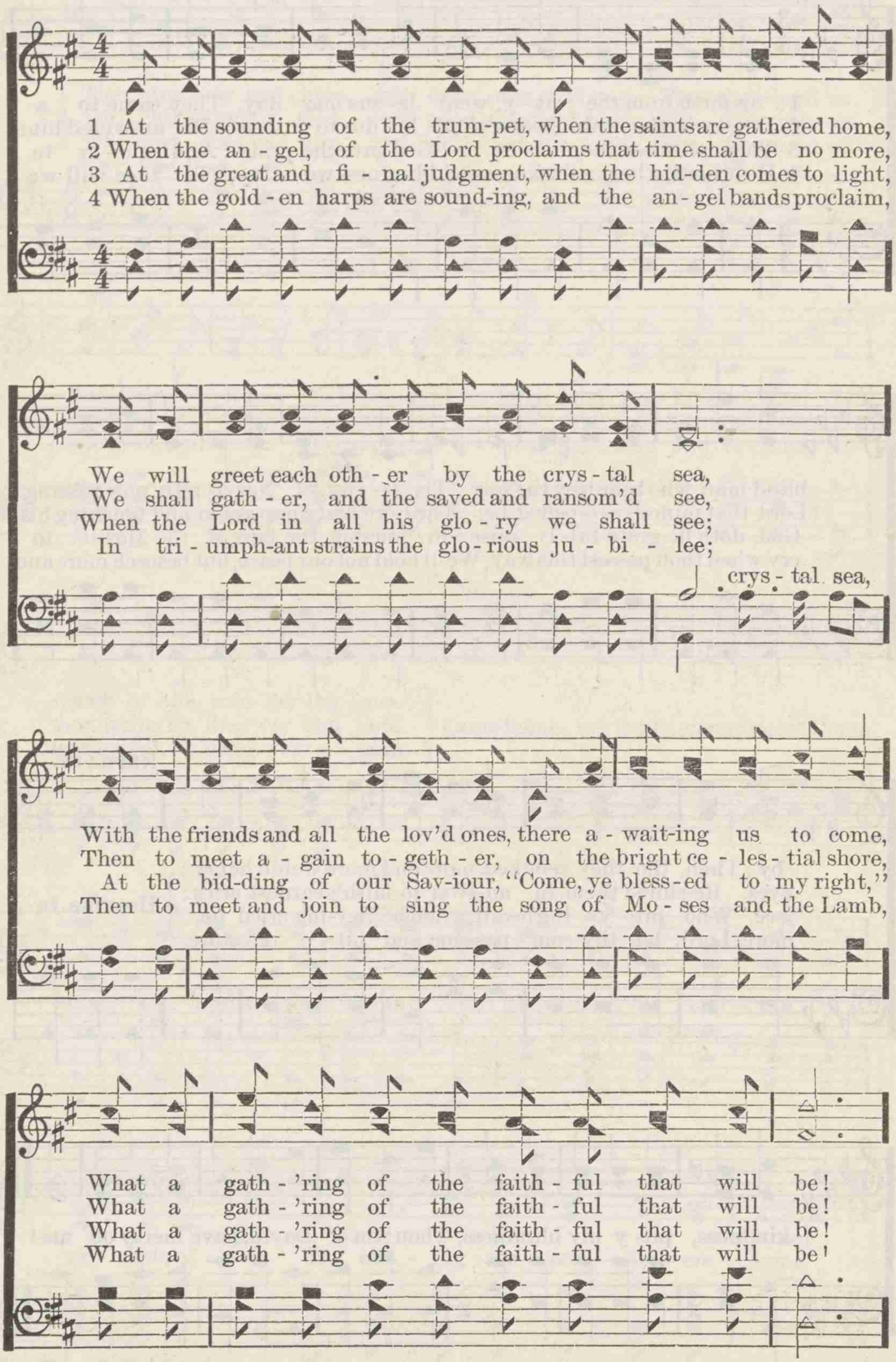
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



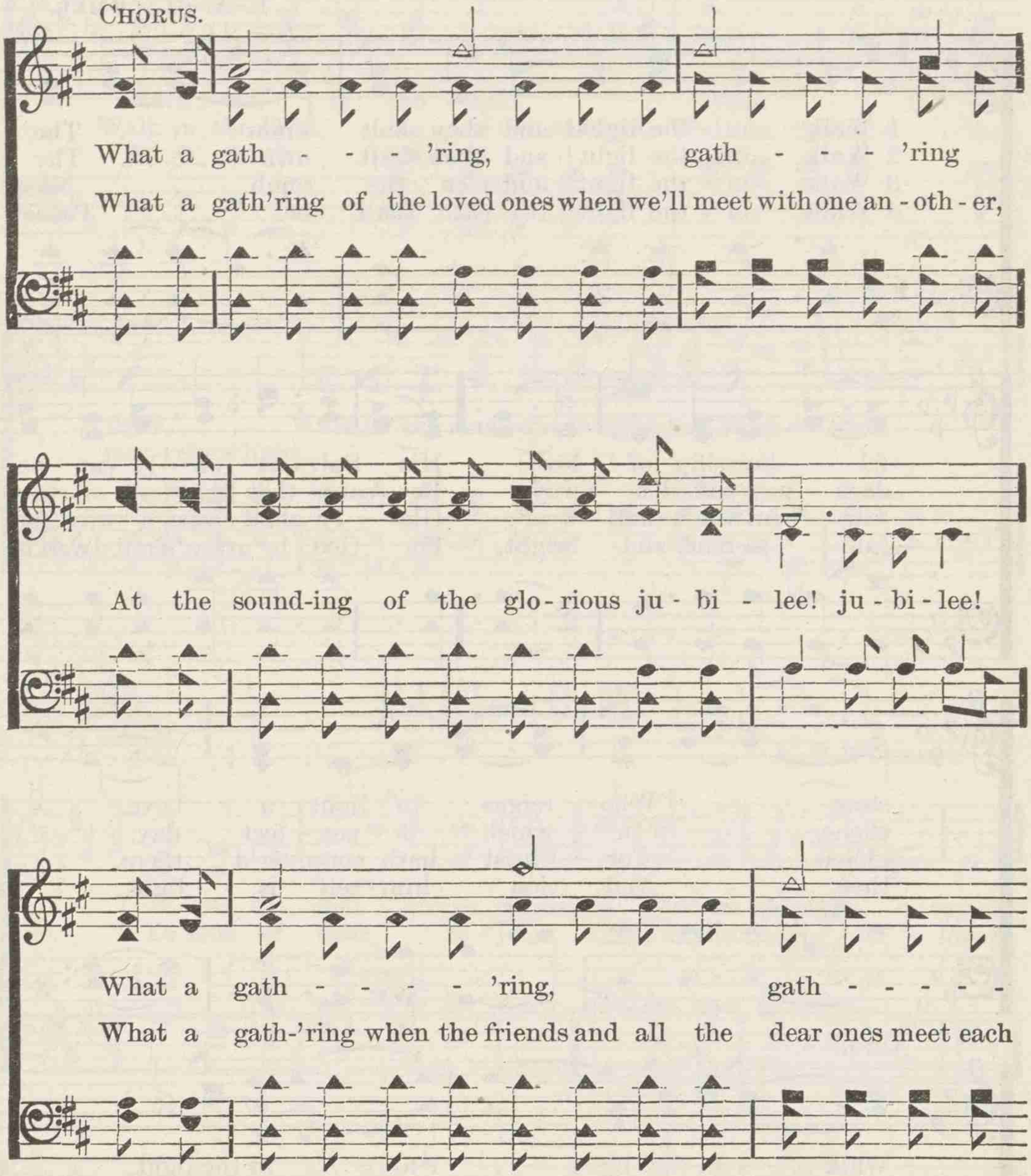

By per R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 193. What a Gathering That will be.

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



# What a Gathering That will be. Concluded.



# No. 194. Walk in the Marvelous Light.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know . . . . . The
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own . . . . . Thy
3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb . . . . . No
4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be . . . . . Peace -

fel - low-ship of love; His Spir - it on - ly can be -
dark - ness passed a - way, Be - cause that light hath on thee
fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a - way the
- ful, se-rene, and bright, For God, by grace, shall dwell in
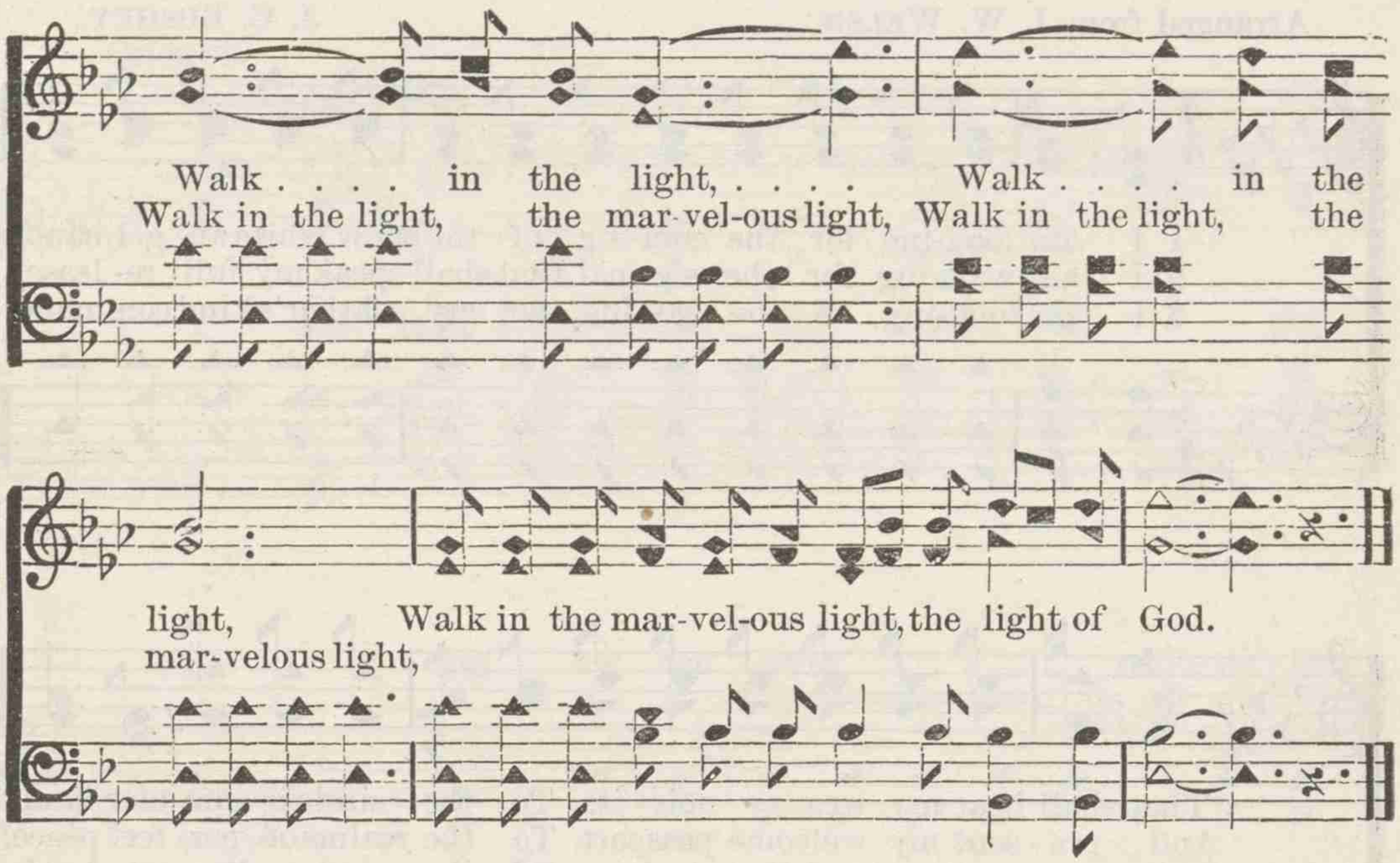
stow, . . . . . Who reigns in light a - bove.
shone . . . . . In which is per - fect day.
gloom, . . . . . For Christ hath con-quer'd there.
thee, . . . . . And God him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Walk . . . in the light, . . . Walk . . . in the light,
Walk in the light, the marvelous light, Walk in the light, the marvelous light,

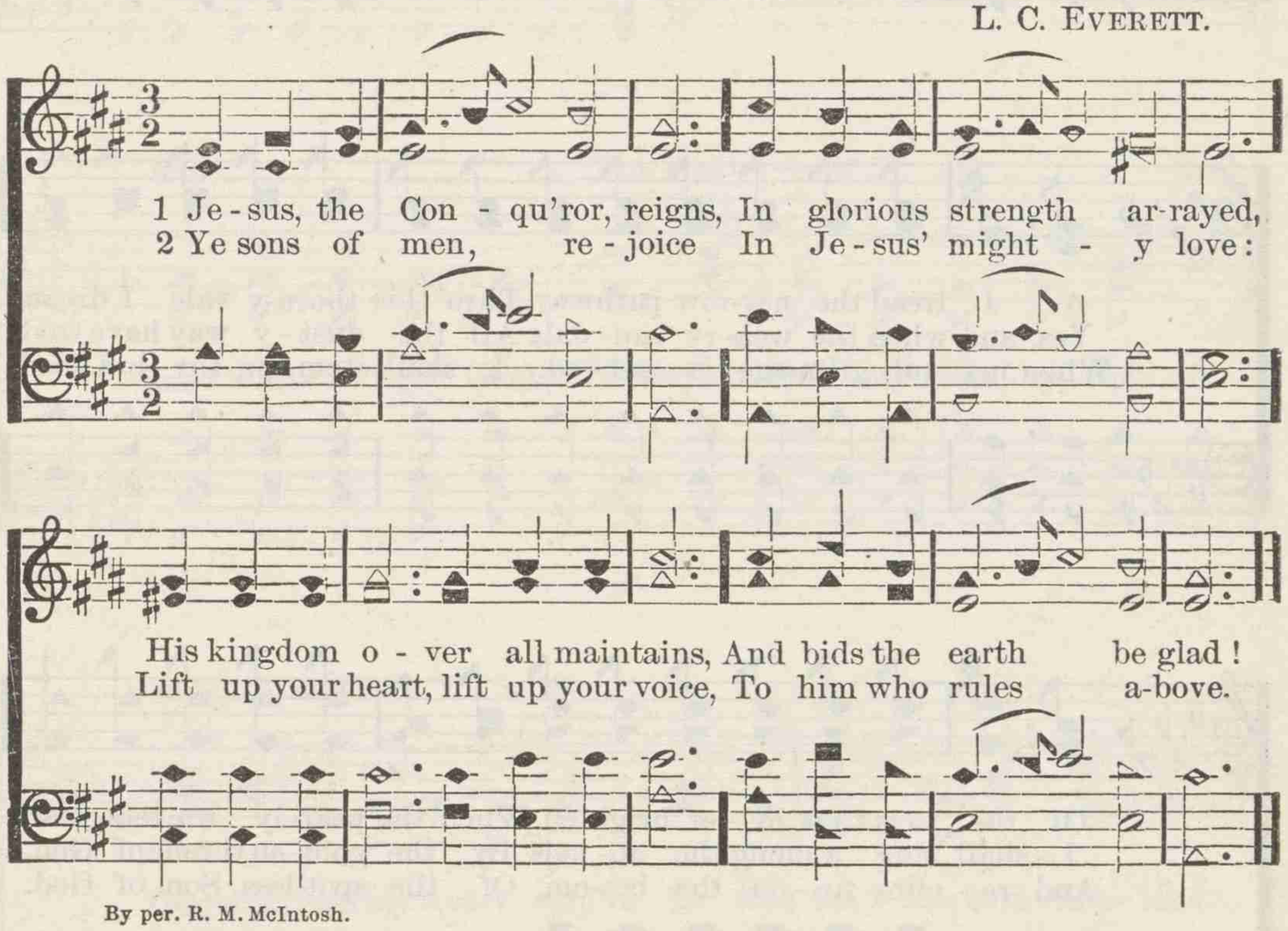
Walk in the mar - vel - ous light, the light . of God;

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.




## No. 195. PAUL. S. M.

L. C. Everett.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad,
The victory of his cross.

# No. 196. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH. J. C. BUSHEY.

1 I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow white an- gel band,
2 I am wait-ing for the sig- nal that shall speak my full re- lease,
3 I am long-ing to be go- ing, yet my father's kind command,

That shall bear my wea- ry spir - it, To the sin-less sum-mer-land,
And pre - sent my welcome passport, To the realms of per- fect peace,
Bid's me tar - ry 'mid the shadows Of the mist- y low - er - land,

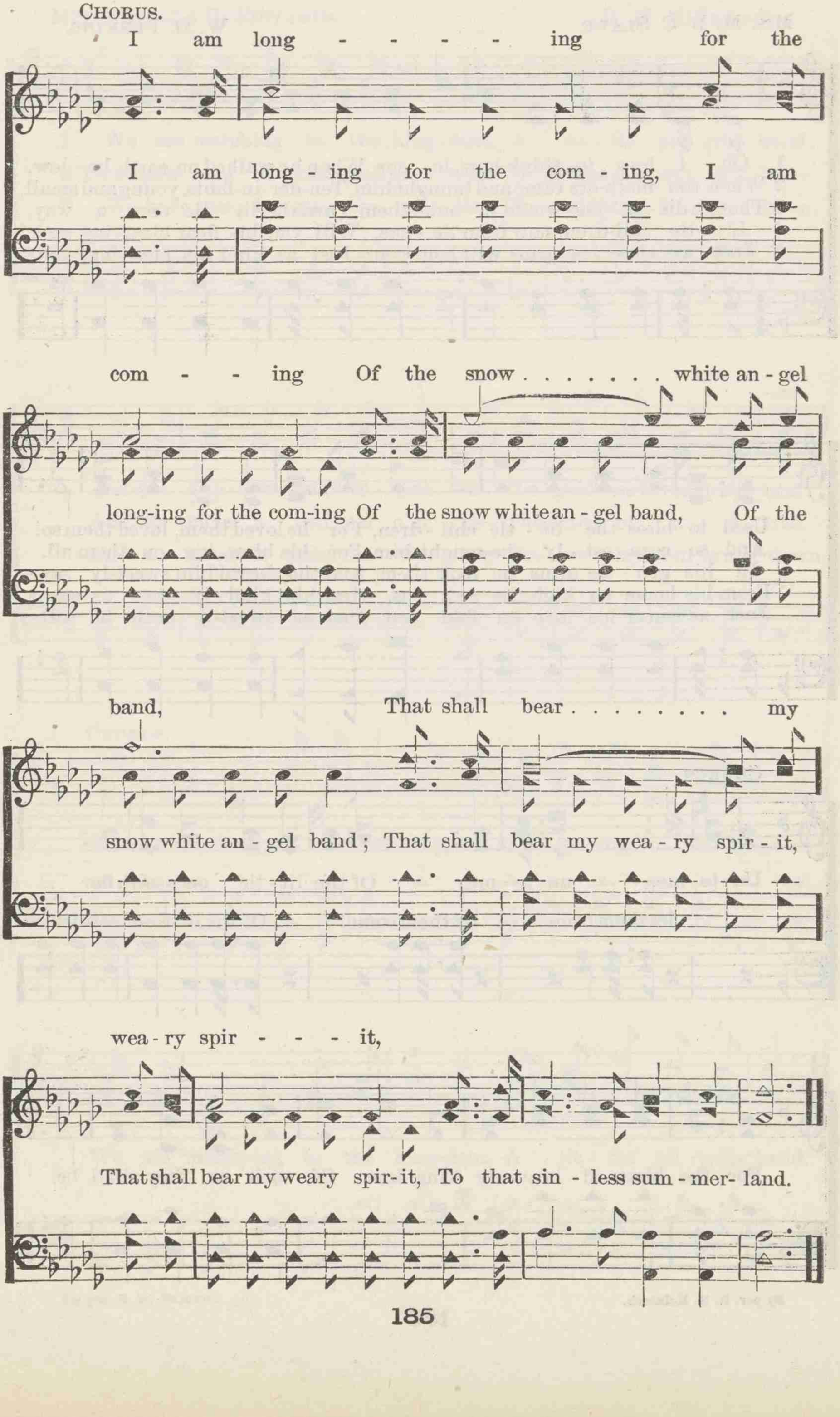
As I tread the nar-row pathway, Thro' this thorn-y vale I dream
Yes, and when the wea- ry san- dals All the dust - y way have trod,
When my pil- grim-age is end - ed, I shall stem the tur - bid flood,

Of the joys that ev - er brighten, Where the pear- ly wa- ters gleam.
I shall sing a-mong the an- gels By the gold- en throne of God.
And re - cline up - on the bos-om, Of the spot-less Son of God.

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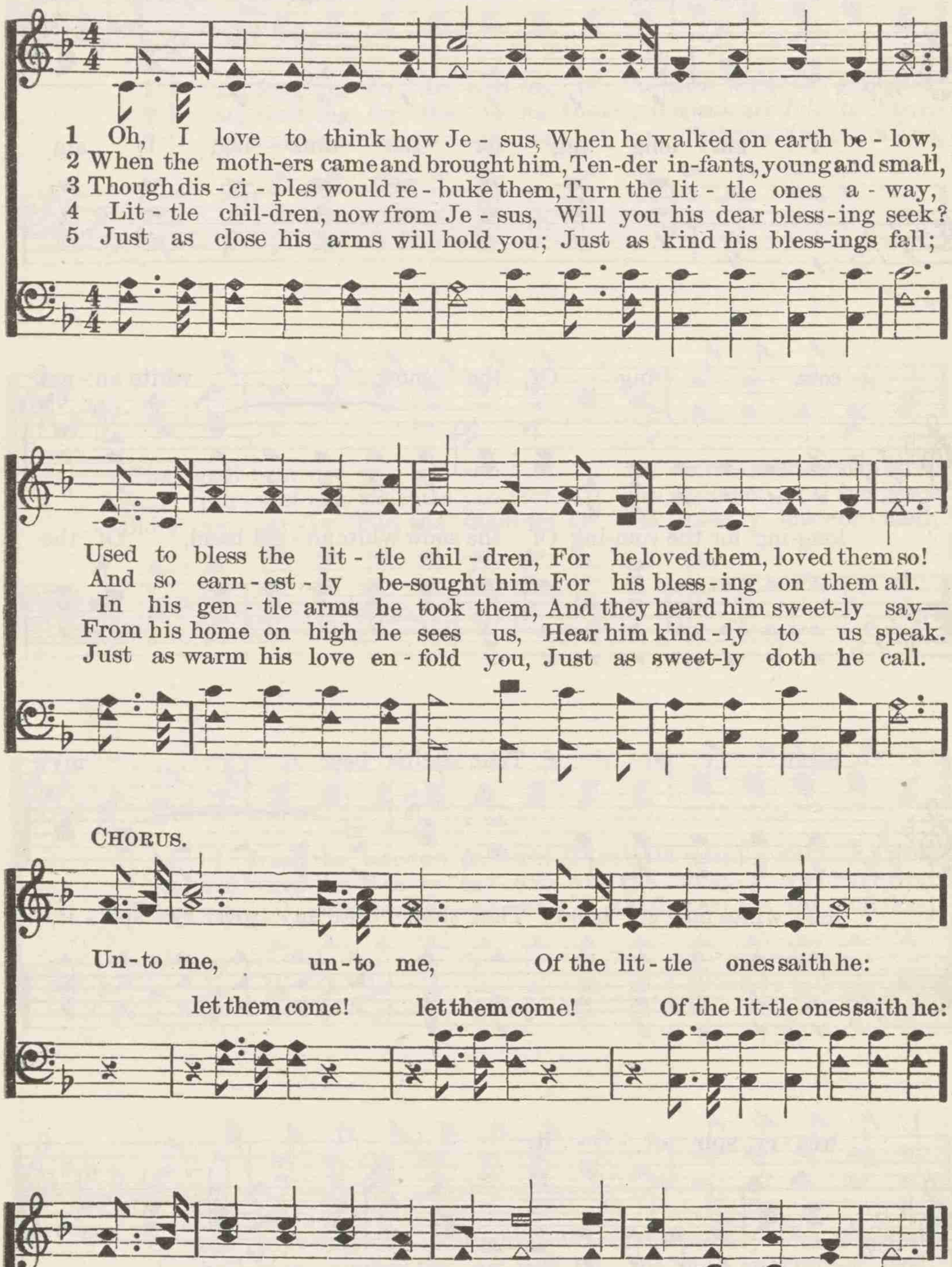
# THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

CHORUS.



# No. 197. LET THEM COME.
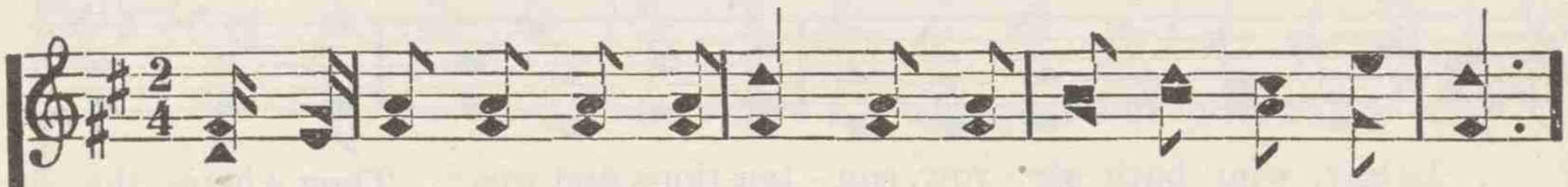
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. W. O. Perkins.
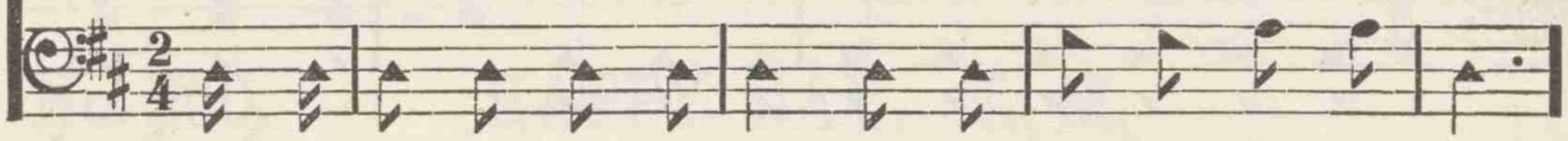



By per. R. M. McIntosh.
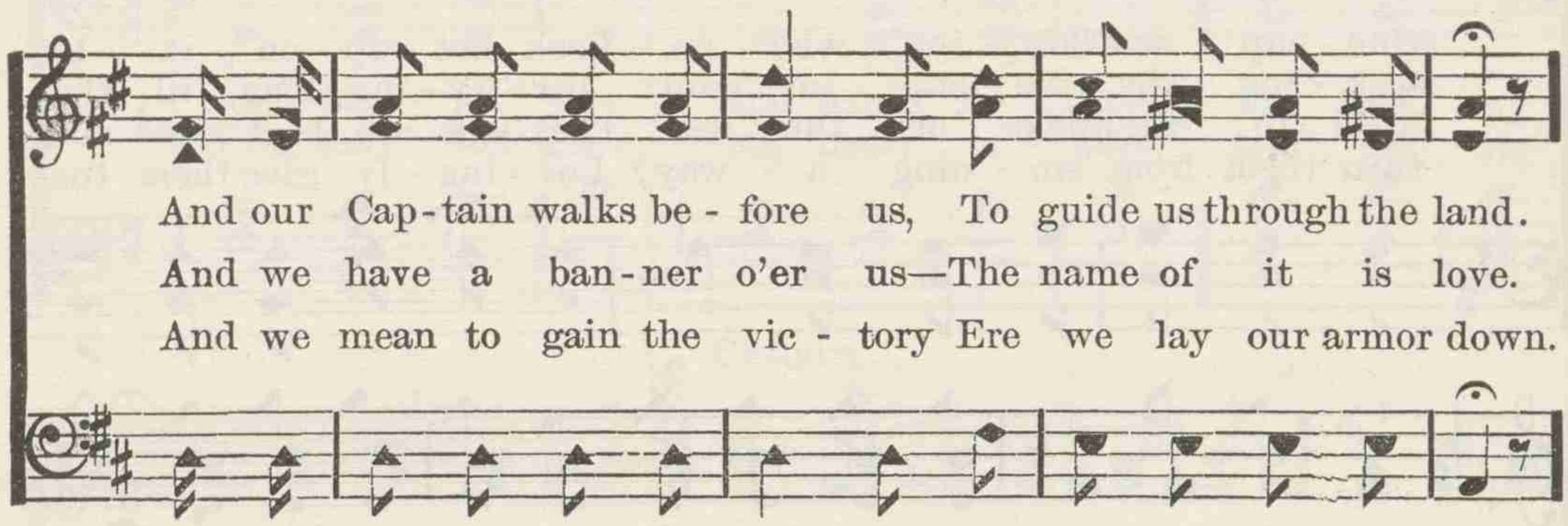
# No. 198. We Are Marching To The Kingdom.

MRS. MATILDA C. EDWARDS. R. M. MCINTOSH.
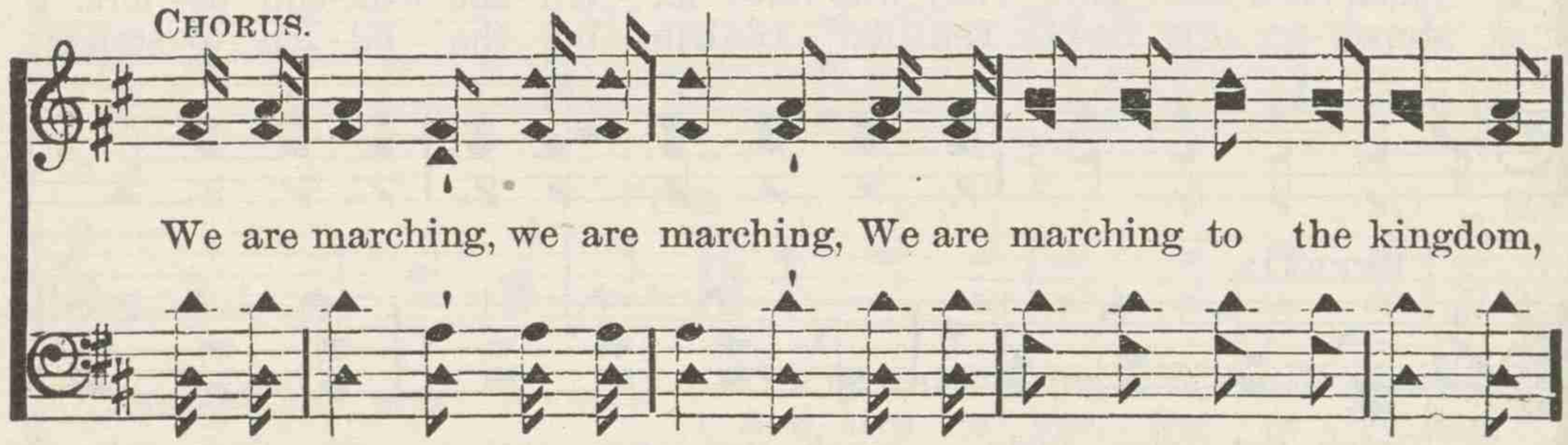


1 We are marching to the king-dom, A lit - tle pil - grim band;
2 Through a land of clouds and dark-ness, To bright-est joys a - bove;
3 We have just be-gun the bat - tle, We are fighting for the crown;
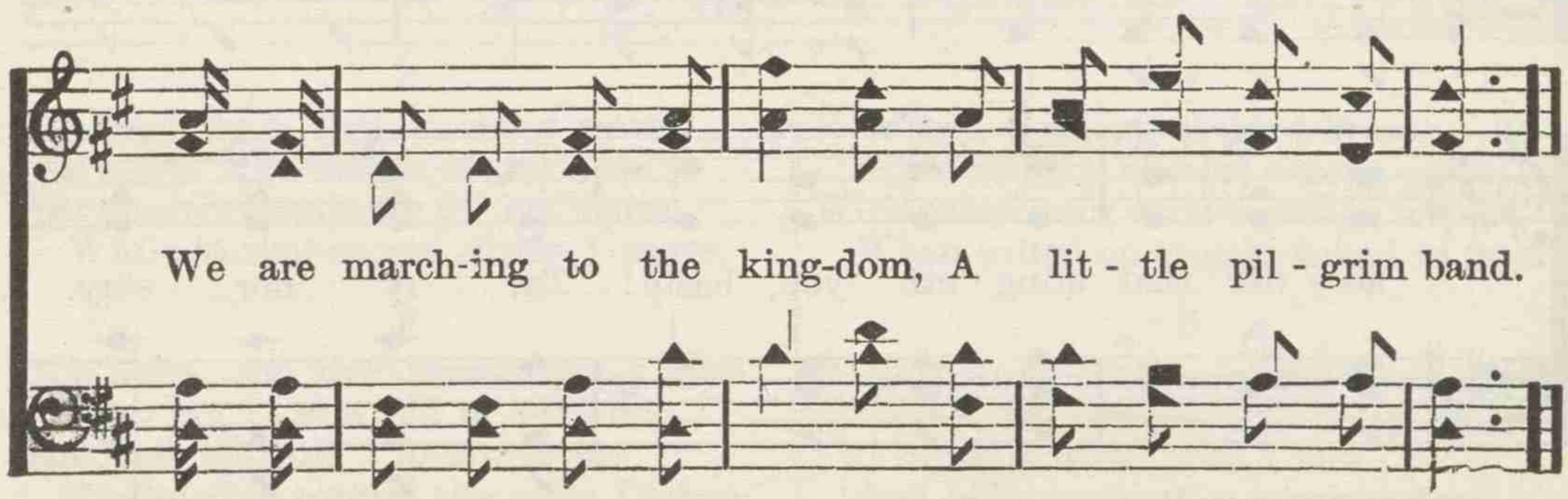




And our Cap-tain walks be - fore us, To guide us through the land.
And we have a ban-ner o'er us—The name of it is love.
And we mean to gain the vic - tory Ere we lay our armor down.

CHORUS.



We are marching, we are marching, We are marching to the kingdom,
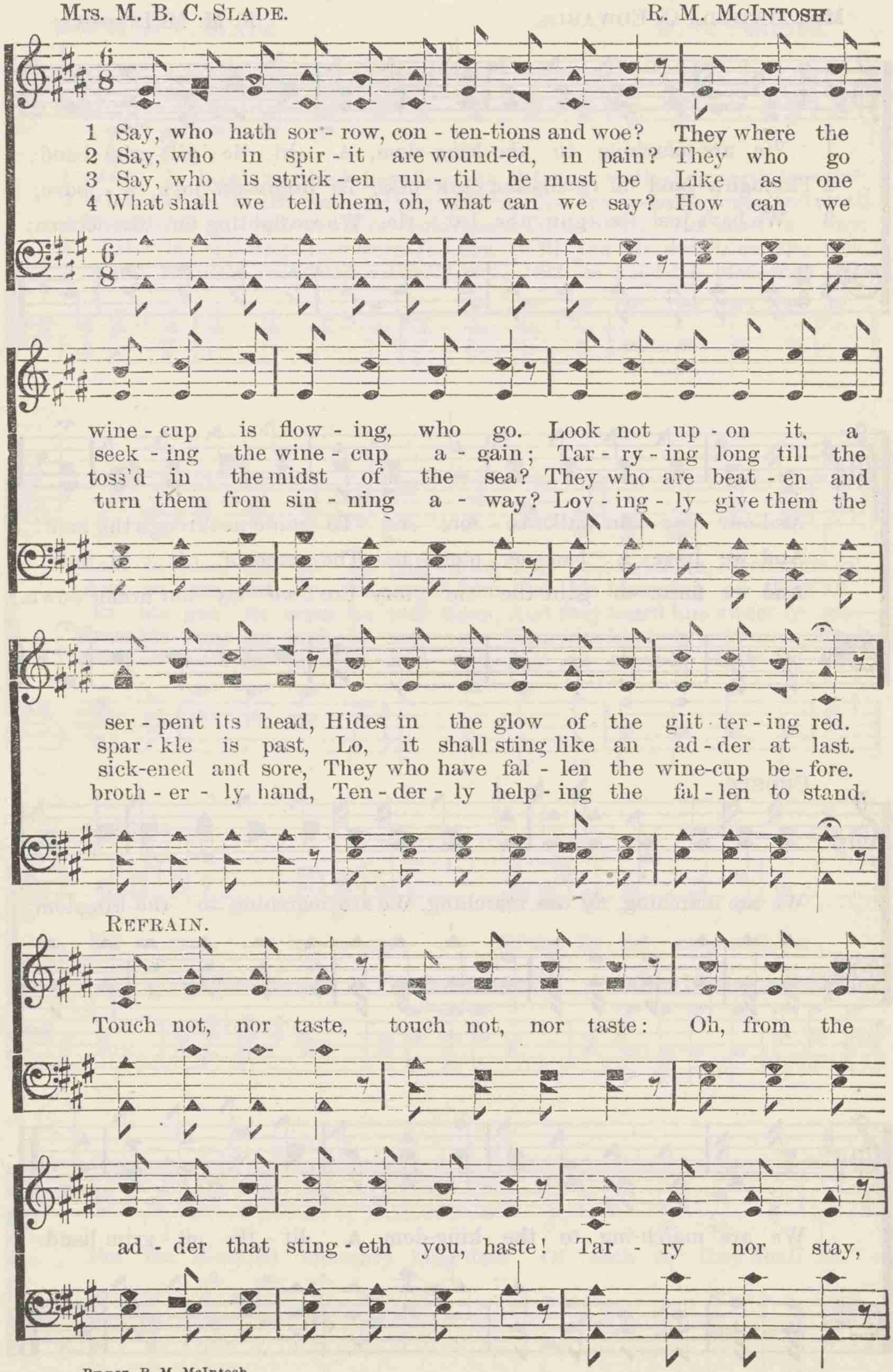


We are march-ing to the king-dom, A lit - tle pil - grim band.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.
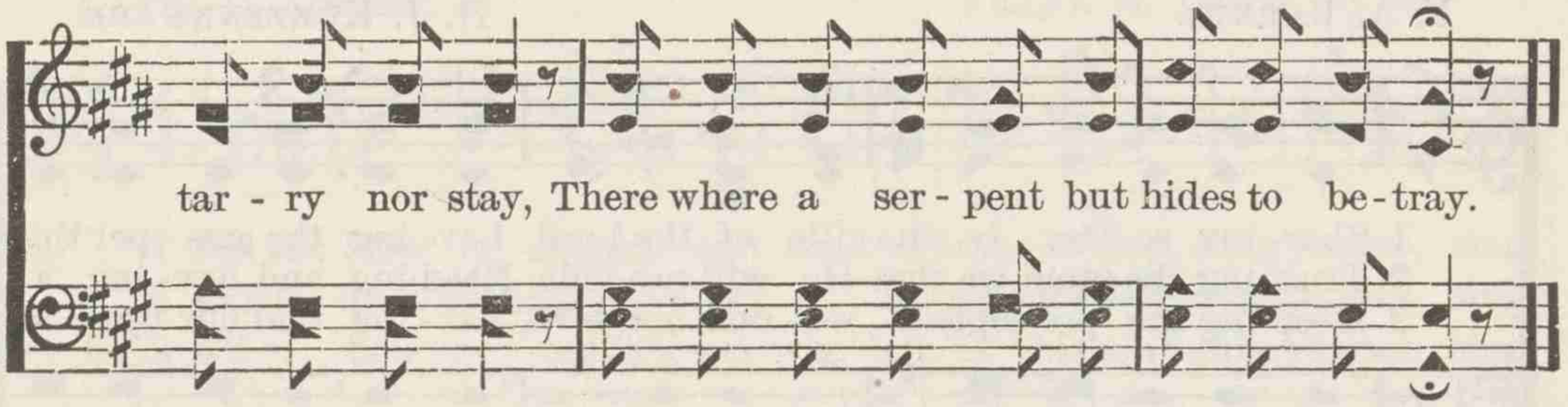
# No. 199. TOUCH NOT, NOR TASTE.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.
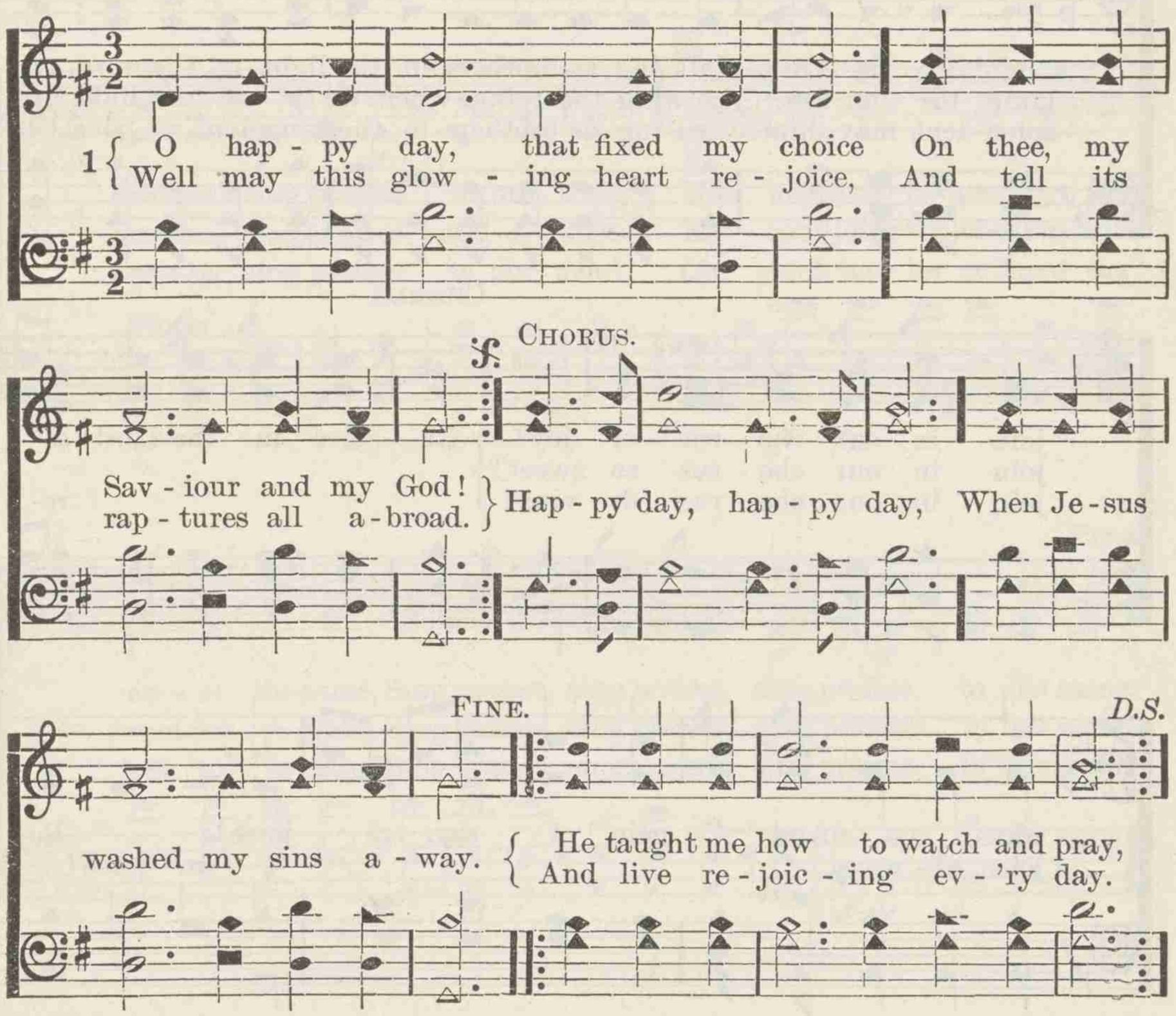



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

## TOUCH NOT, NOR TASTE. Concluded.




## No. 200. HAPPY DAY. L. M.




2

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3

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

4

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?

5

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

# No. 201. REJOICE IN THE LORD.

E. A. BARNES. H. J. KURZENKNABE.

1 Shar- ing so free - ly the gifts of the Lord, Lov- ing the gos - pel that
2 Trust-ing the prom-ise that He will pro-vide, Need-ing and hav- ing a
3 Keep-ing the pre-cepts of wis- dom and love, Liv - ing that our light re-

naught can de- stroy, Walk-ing as brothers in the light of the word, Oh,
lamp to our feet, Knowing the refuge where we ev - er can hide, Oh,
- splen-dent may shine, Com-ing as brothers to the king-dom a - bove, Oh,

CHORUS.

join in our cho - rus of joy!
join in our cho - rus so sweet!
join in our cho - rus di - vine!
} Re - joice in the Lord al- re-

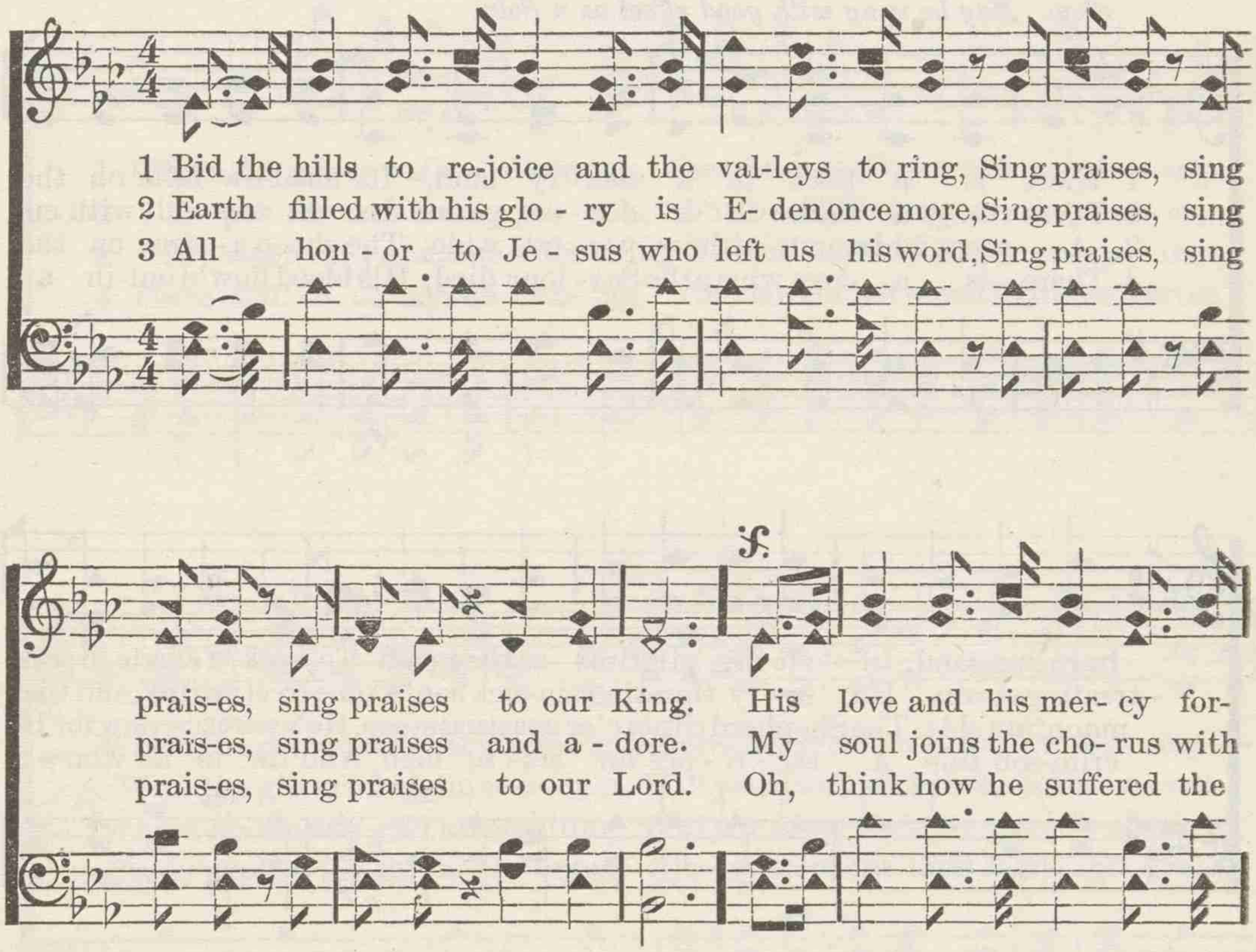
- ways, And a - gain I say, re - joice! Re-
- joice al - ways, re - joice!

- joice in the Lord al - ways, And a - gain I say, re- joice!
re - joice al-ways,

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# No. 202. SING PRAISES.

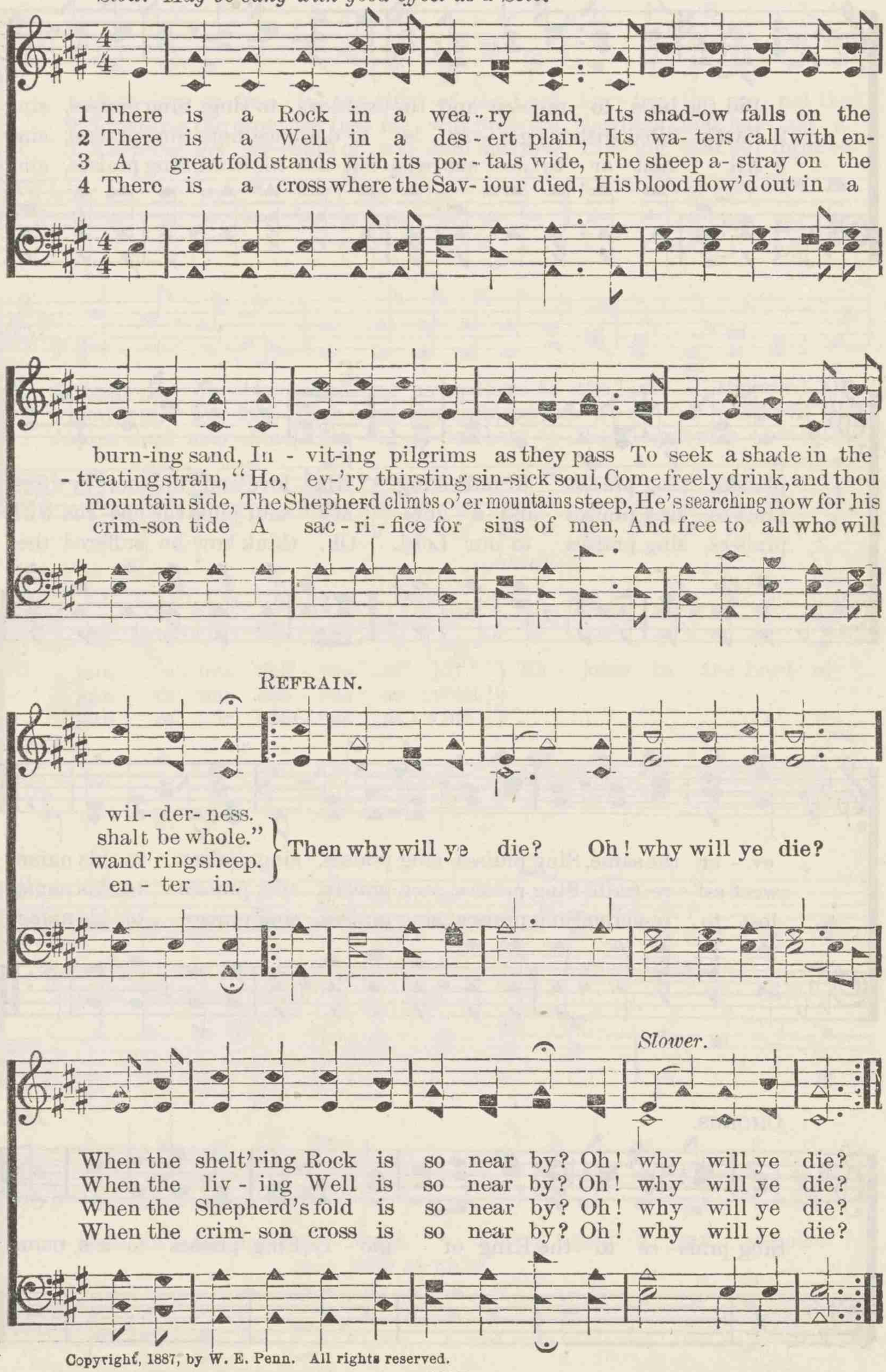
LAURA C. NOURSE. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



# No. 203. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN, by per.

*Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.*
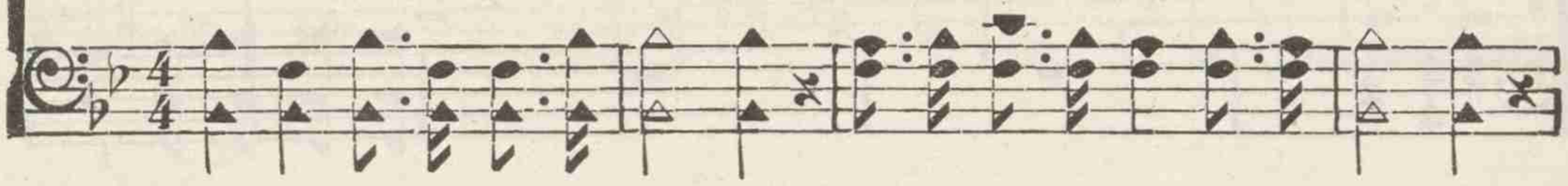



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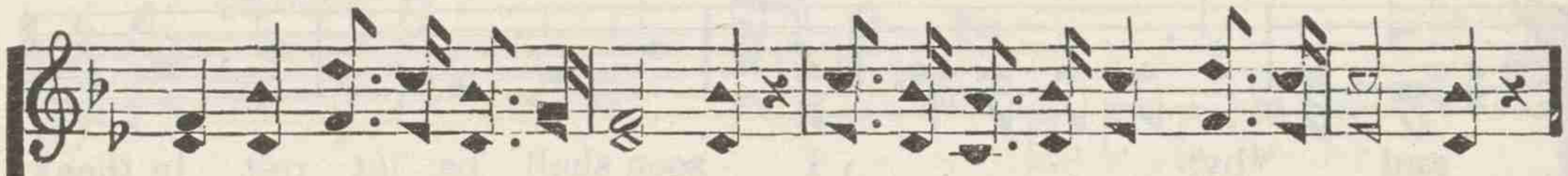
# No. 204. TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.
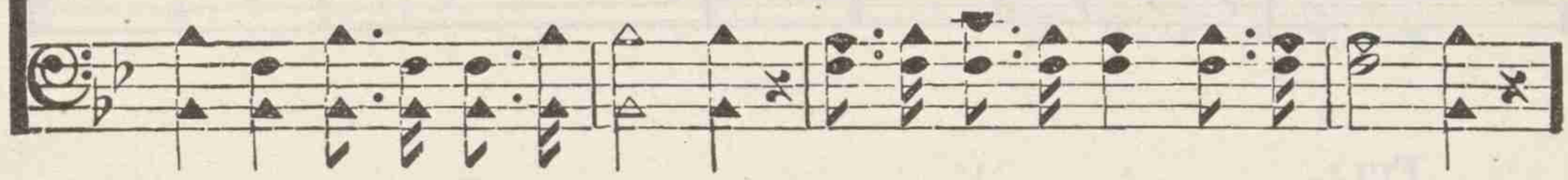


1 Where the jasper walls are beaming, Where the pearly por-tals are glow-ing;
2 O - pen are the shining por - tals, Shut by night or day are they nev- er,
3 In that man-y mansioned dwelling, Je-sus, one for you is pre-par- ing;
4 There shall be no days de- clin- ing, Tho' no sun nor moon light the heaven;
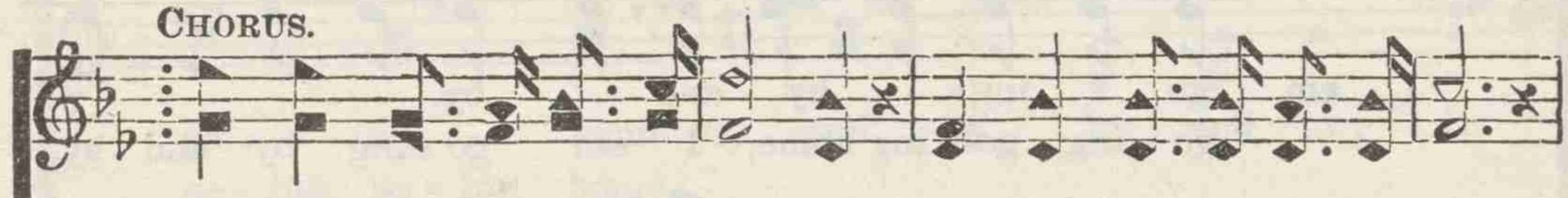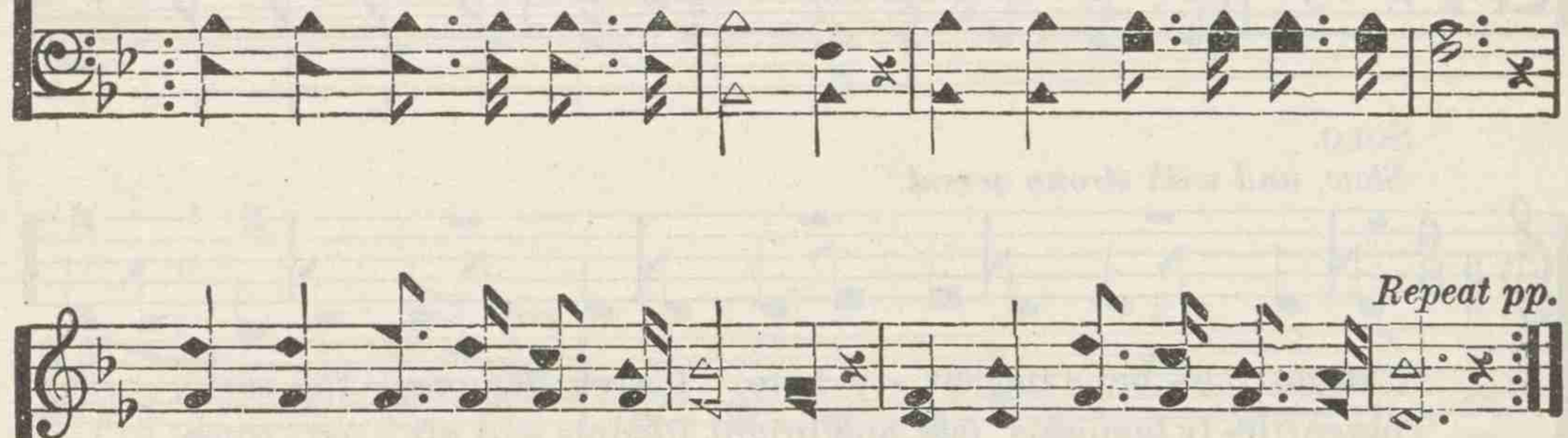




Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal wa- ters are flow- ing:—
With the glo - ri-fied im-mor- tals, Will you dwell within them for-ev - er?
Where ho-san-nas glad are swelling, Will you come their joy sweetly sharing?
From amidst the throne is shining, Glo - ry from the Lord freely giv - en.



CHORUS.
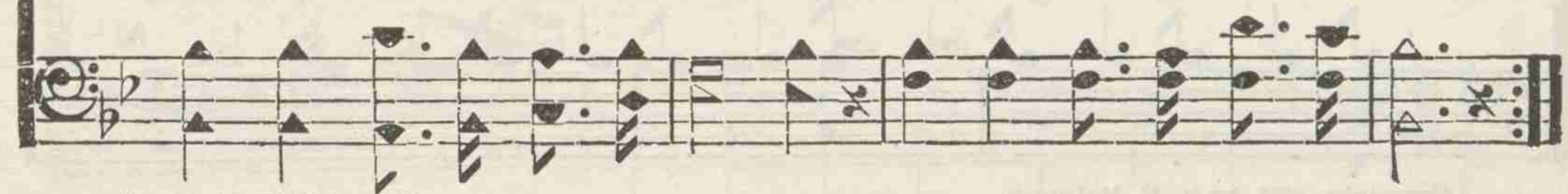


Down be - side that wondrous riv - er, Where the trees of heal-ing grow,



*Repeat pp.*
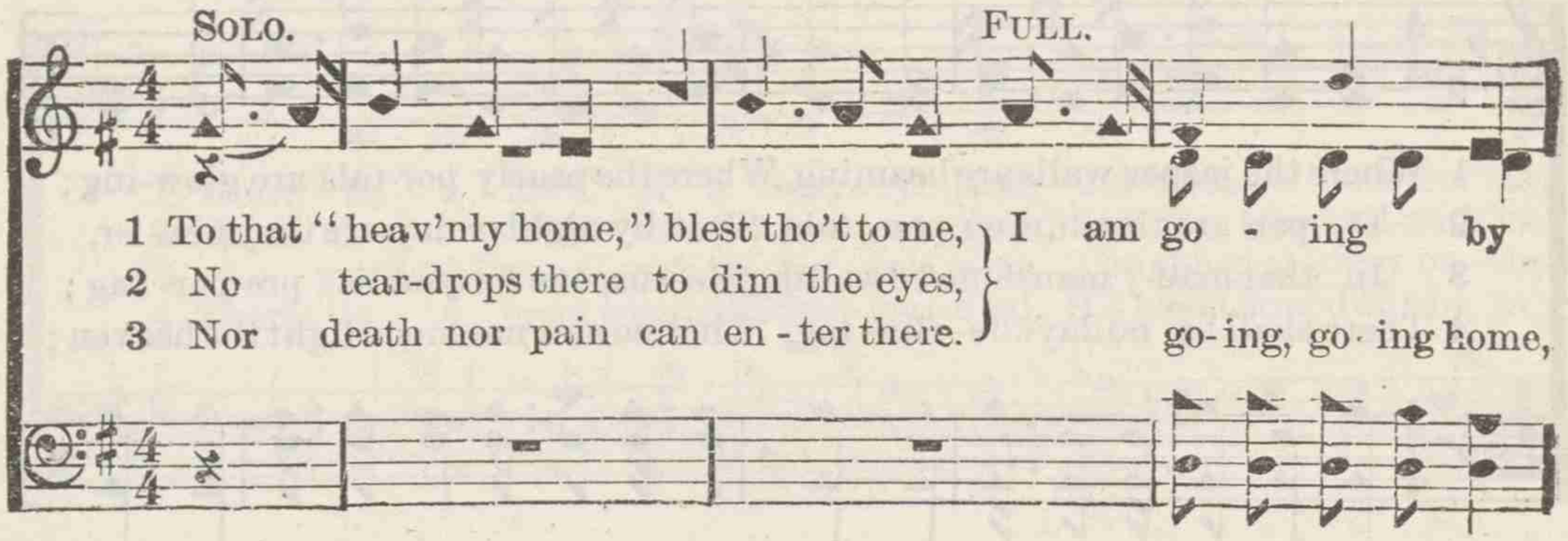
We shall meet and live for- ev - er, To that Cit - y will you go?
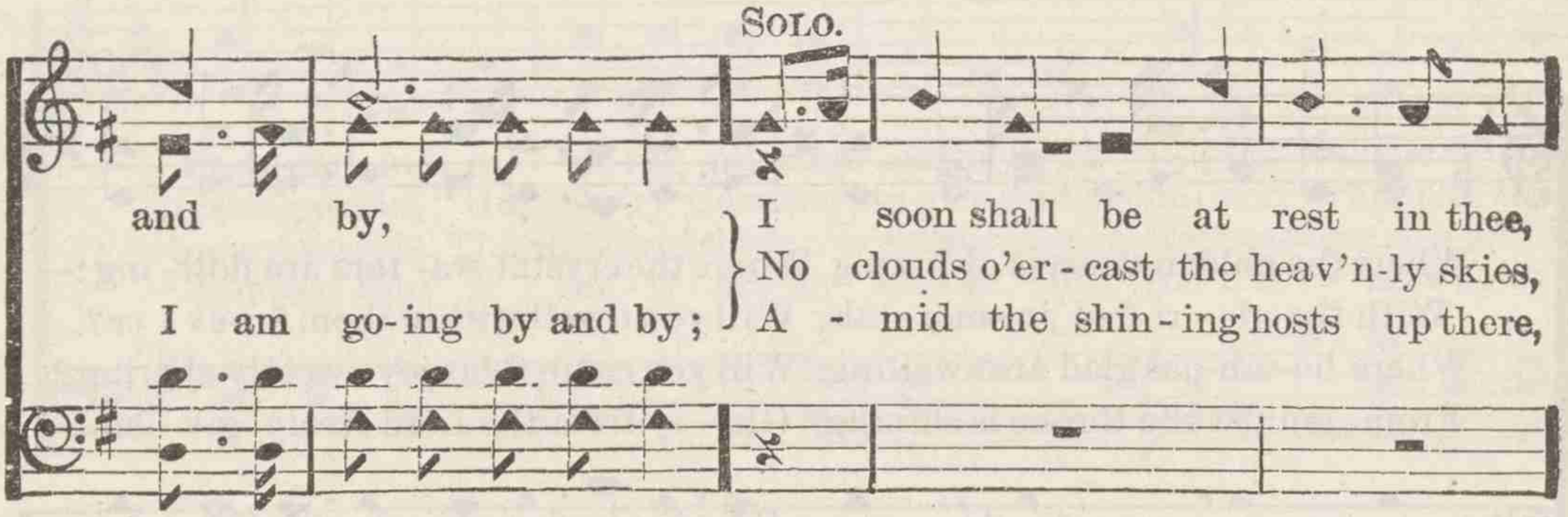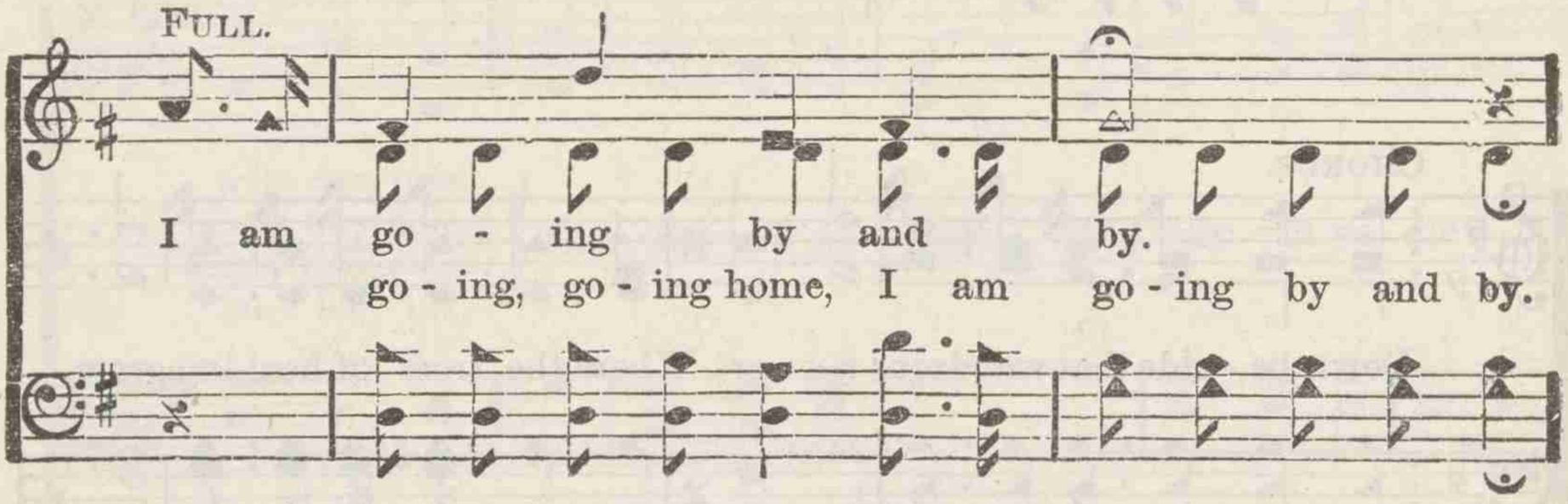


By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 205. GOING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.
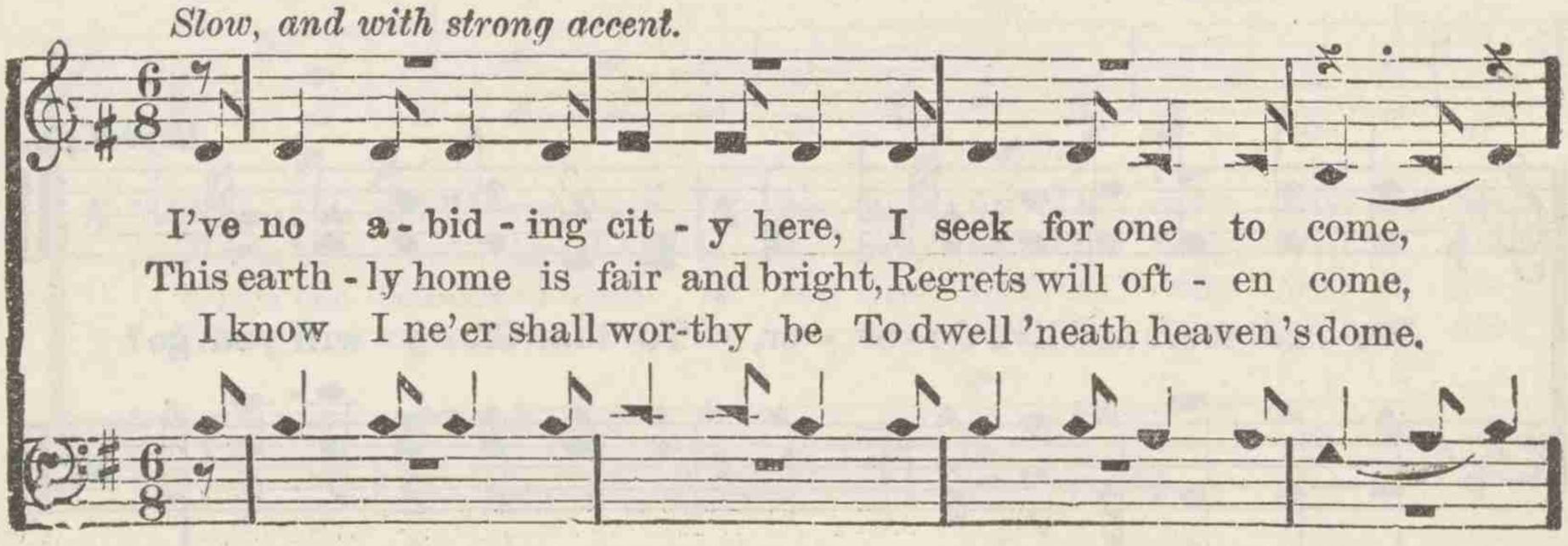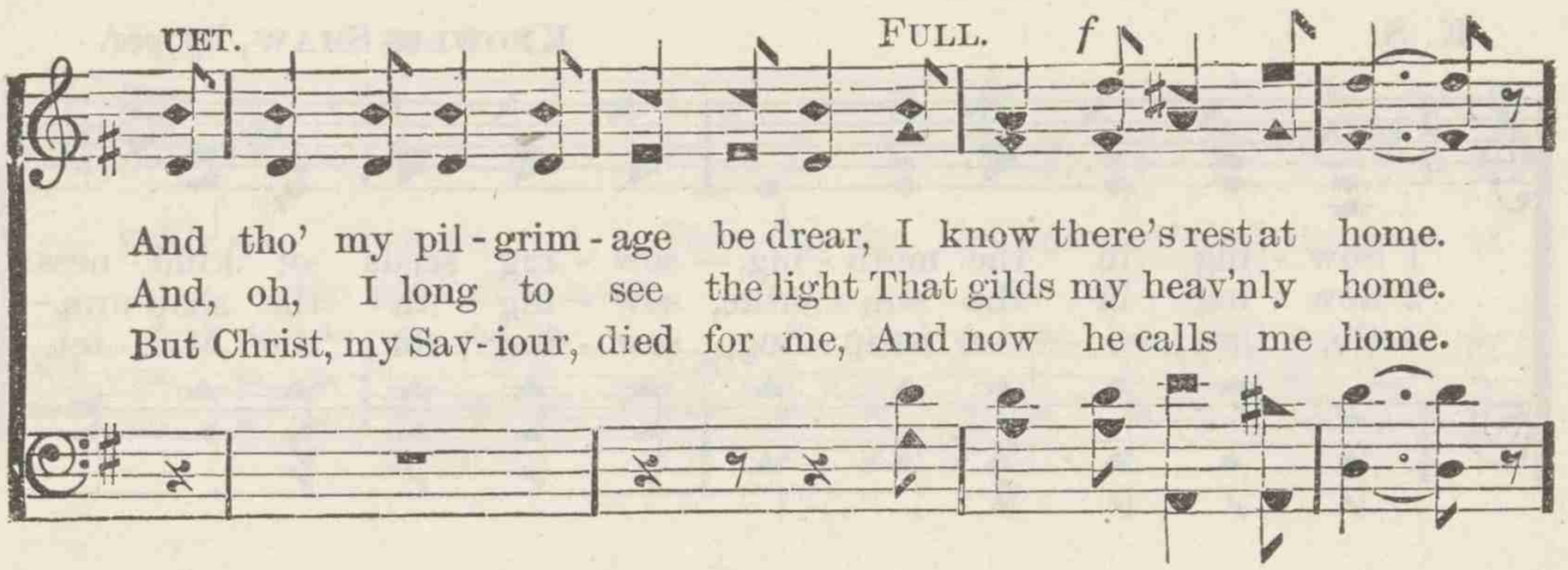









SOLO.

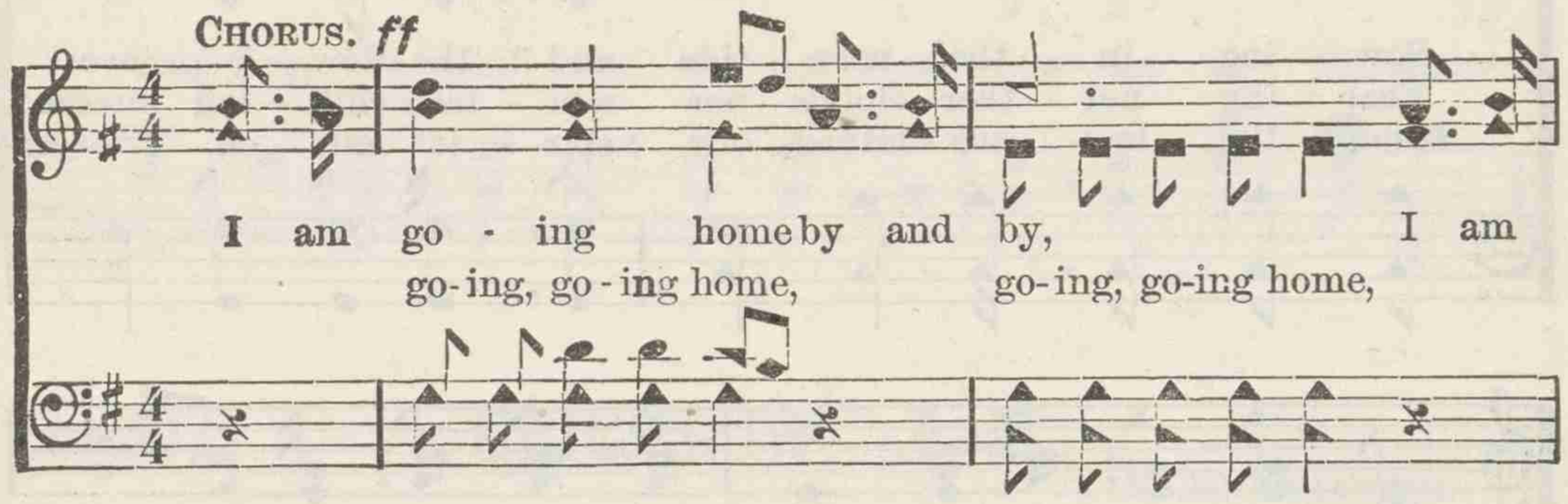
*Slow, and with strong accent.*
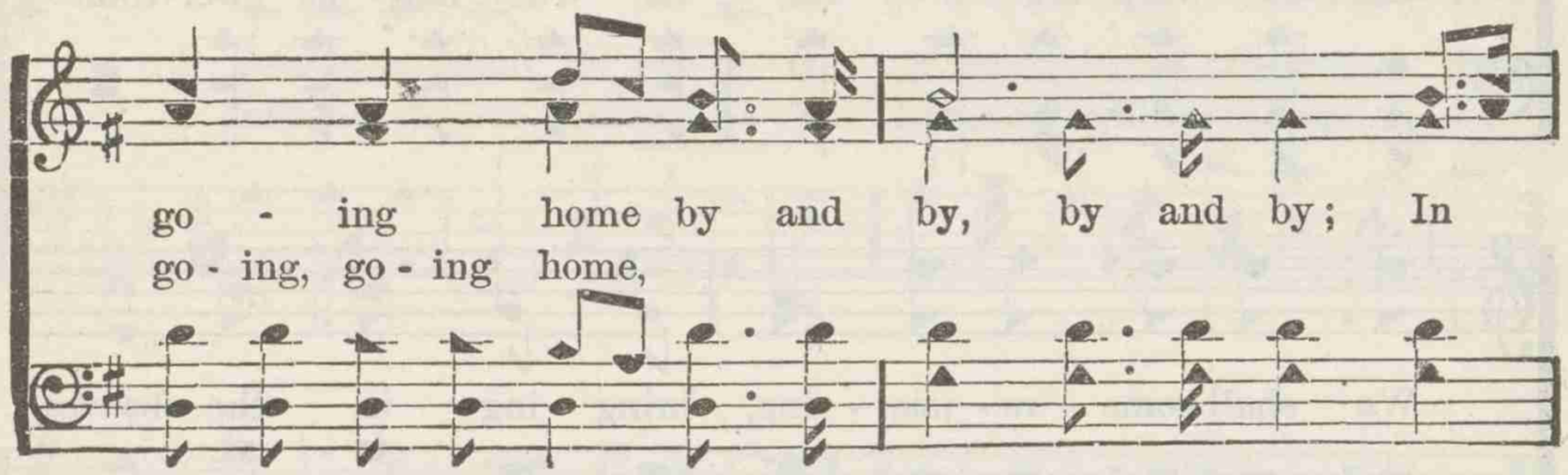



Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

# GOING HOME. Concluded.






# No. 206. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW, by per.

1 Sow - ing in the morn - ing,— sow - ing seeds of kind - ness:
2 Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad-ows,—
3 Go, then, e - ven weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve:
Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze:
Though the loss sus - tained our spir - it oft - en grieves:
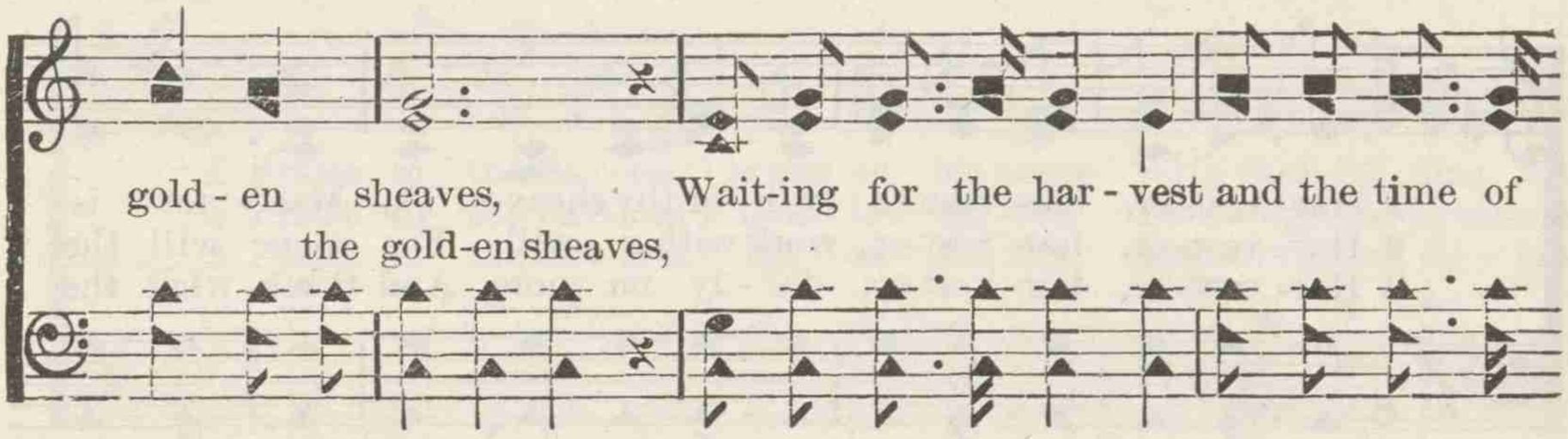
Wait - ing for the har - vest and the time of reap - ing,
By and by the har - vest, and the la - bors end - ed,
When our weep - ing's o - ver, he will bid us wel - come:
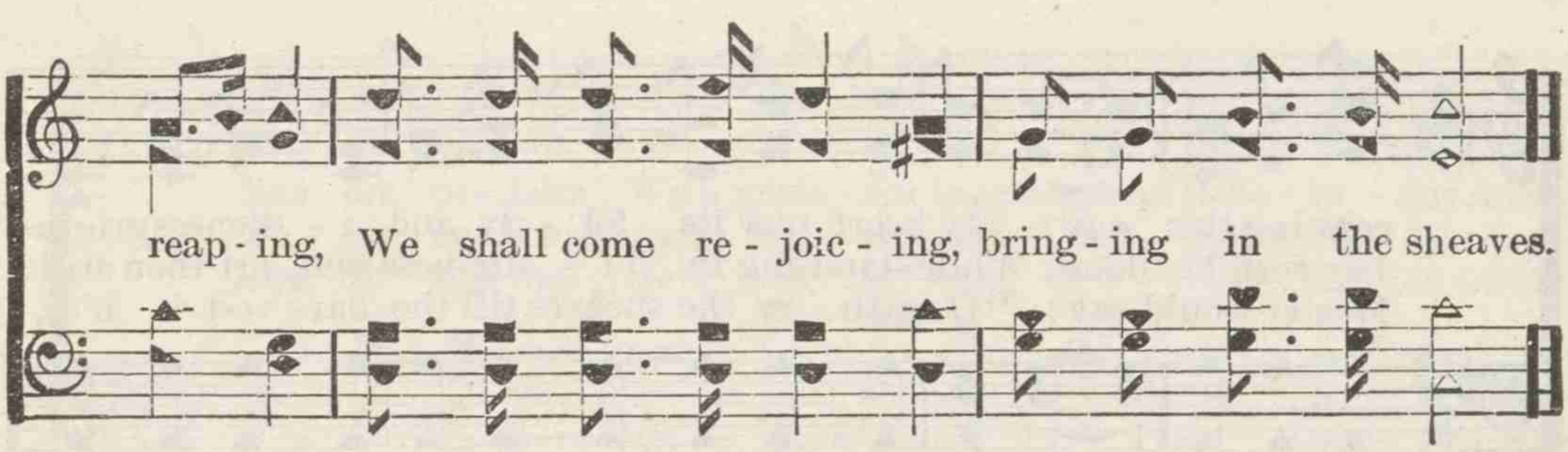
We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN.

Bring - ing in the gold - en sheaves, Bring - ing in the
the gold - en sheaves,

# BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. Concluded.

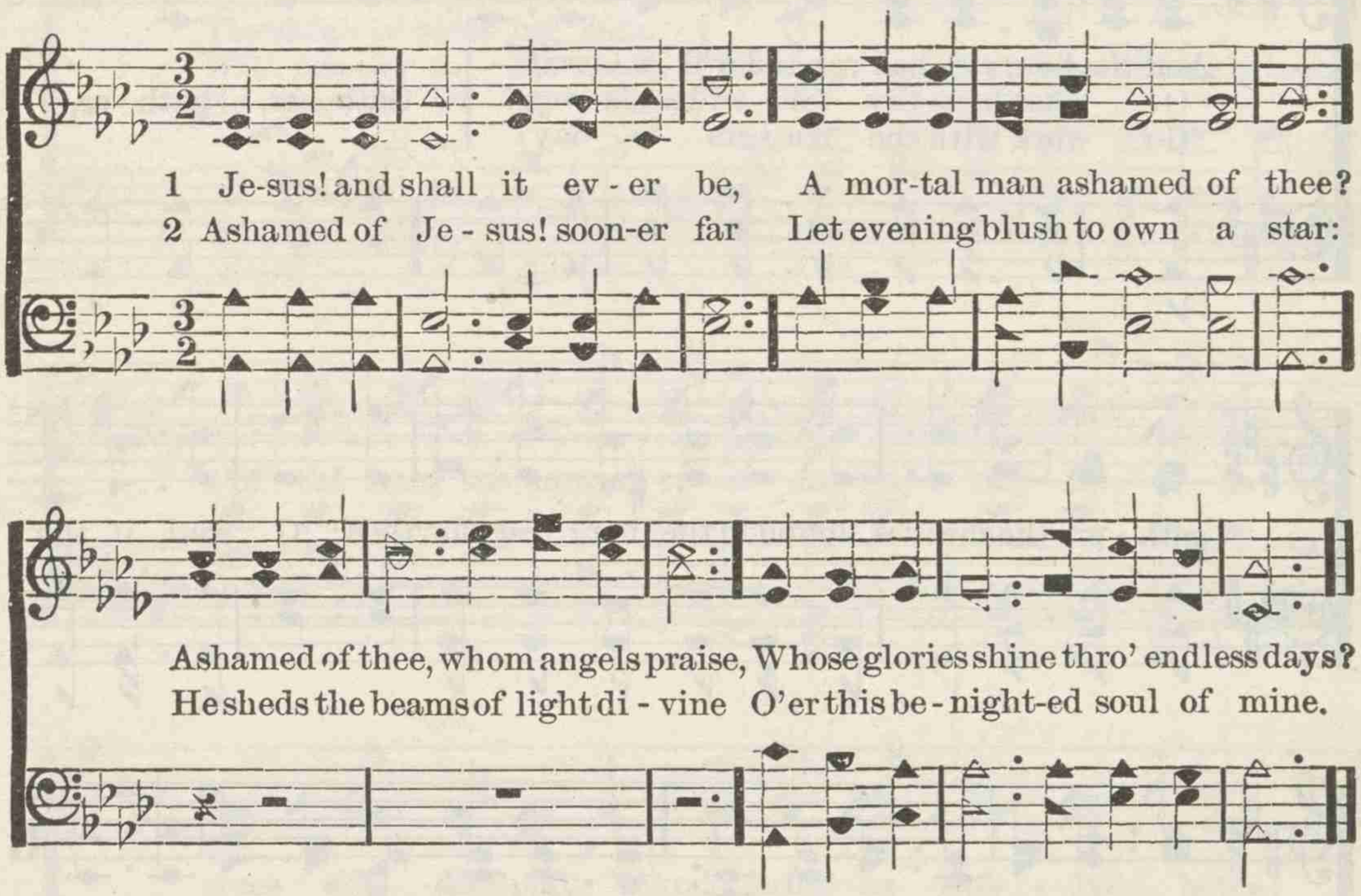






## No. 207. CRICHLOW. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.




3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 208. WHAT WILL THE RECOMPENSE BE?

EBEN E. REXFORD. S. W. STRAUB, by per.

1 Har- vest-er, har- vest-er, gath - er thy sheaves! The Mas - ter is
2 Har- vest-er, har- vest-er, work with a will, For soon will the
3 Har- vest-er, har- vest-er, dal - ly no more, And think what the

com-ing this way; My heart o'er its fol - ly and i - dleness grieves,
har-vest be done; While stand-ing in i - dle-ness soul, art thou still?
Master would say: "O gath - er the sheaves till the har - vest is o'er,

CHORUS.

And the hours it has squander'd a - way.
O what have thy fold- ed hands won?
Go work with the reap-ers to - day!"

Gath - er, gath - er,

gath - er the sheaves, Bound in the har - vest for thee; O soul, if thy

hand hath pluck'd nothing but leaves, What will the rec - om-pense be?

# No. 209. ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

J. H. MARTIN. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Praise to the Sav-iour! praise to his name! With tune-ful lips his
2 Praise to the Sav-iour! now let us sing Glad songs and hymns to
3 Praise to the Sav-iour! let us o - bey, And serve, and fol - low

hon - ors proclaim; With grate - ful hearts spread wide - ly his fame,
Je - sus our King; And let our voic - es joy - ful - ly ring
him in the way; He's pres - ent here, he's with us to - day:

CHORUS.

Thankful - ly bless - ing him.
With ech-oes to his name.
Ho - san-nas let us raise.
} Hap- py, hap- py are our hearts to-day,

For the Lord has brought us on our way; May he to us his

grace still dis - play, And bring us safe - ly home!

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 210. THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1 From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heath-en ra - ces, Oh,
2 The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing To
3 With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con - quer the king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His
arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

- wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

Chorus.

The king - dom is spread-ing, Oh, tell ye the sto - ry, God's

ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# THE KINGDOM COMING. Concluded.

know-ledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

## No. 211. ANTIOCH. C. M.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
2 Joy to the earth, the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy.

And heav'n and na -
Re - peat the sound-

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
- ture sing,
- ing joy,

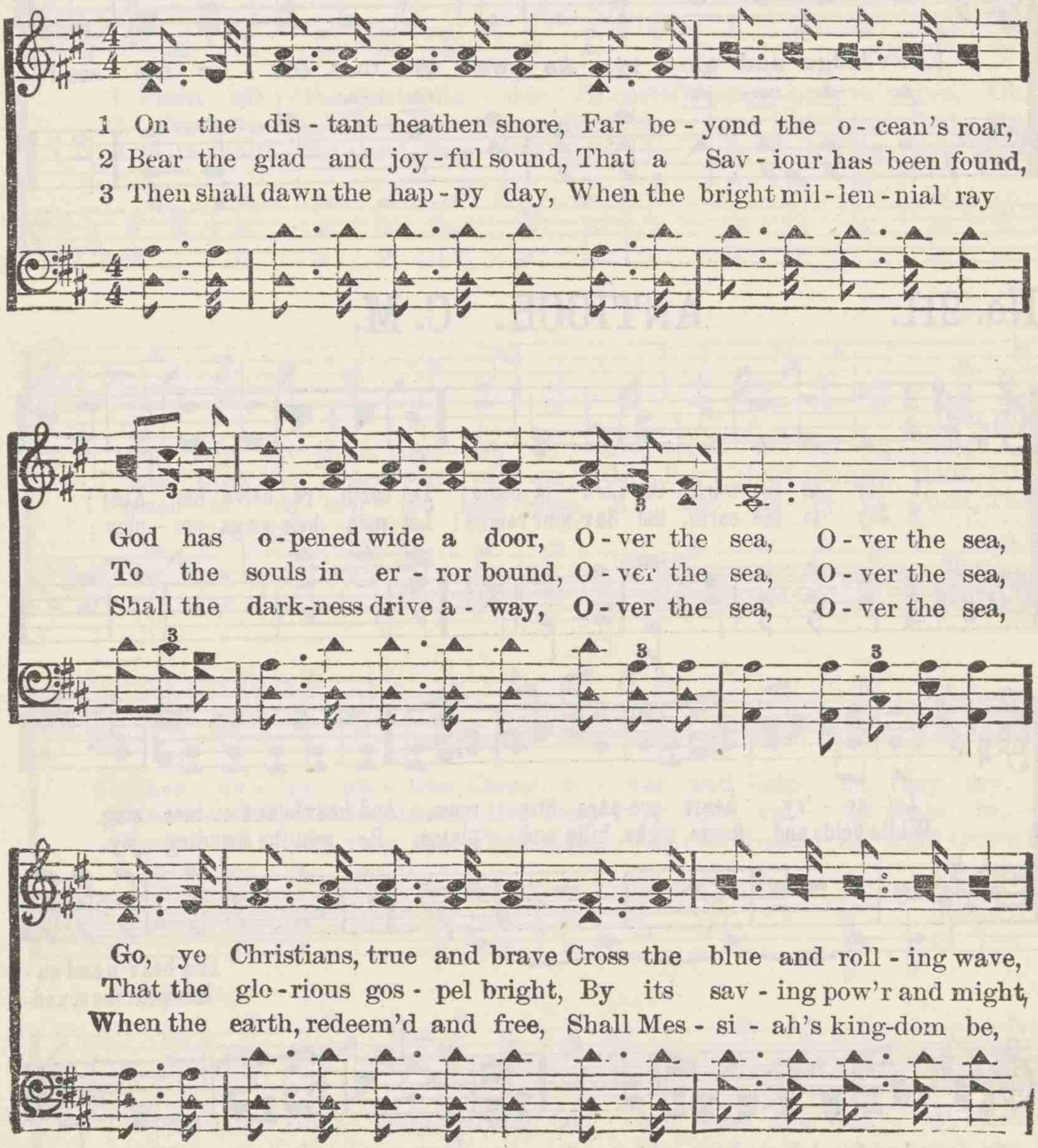
- ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
- ing joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

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

# No. 212. OVER THE SEA.

E. ALBRIGHT. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



# OVER THE SEA. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

And those ma - ny mil-lions save, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea,
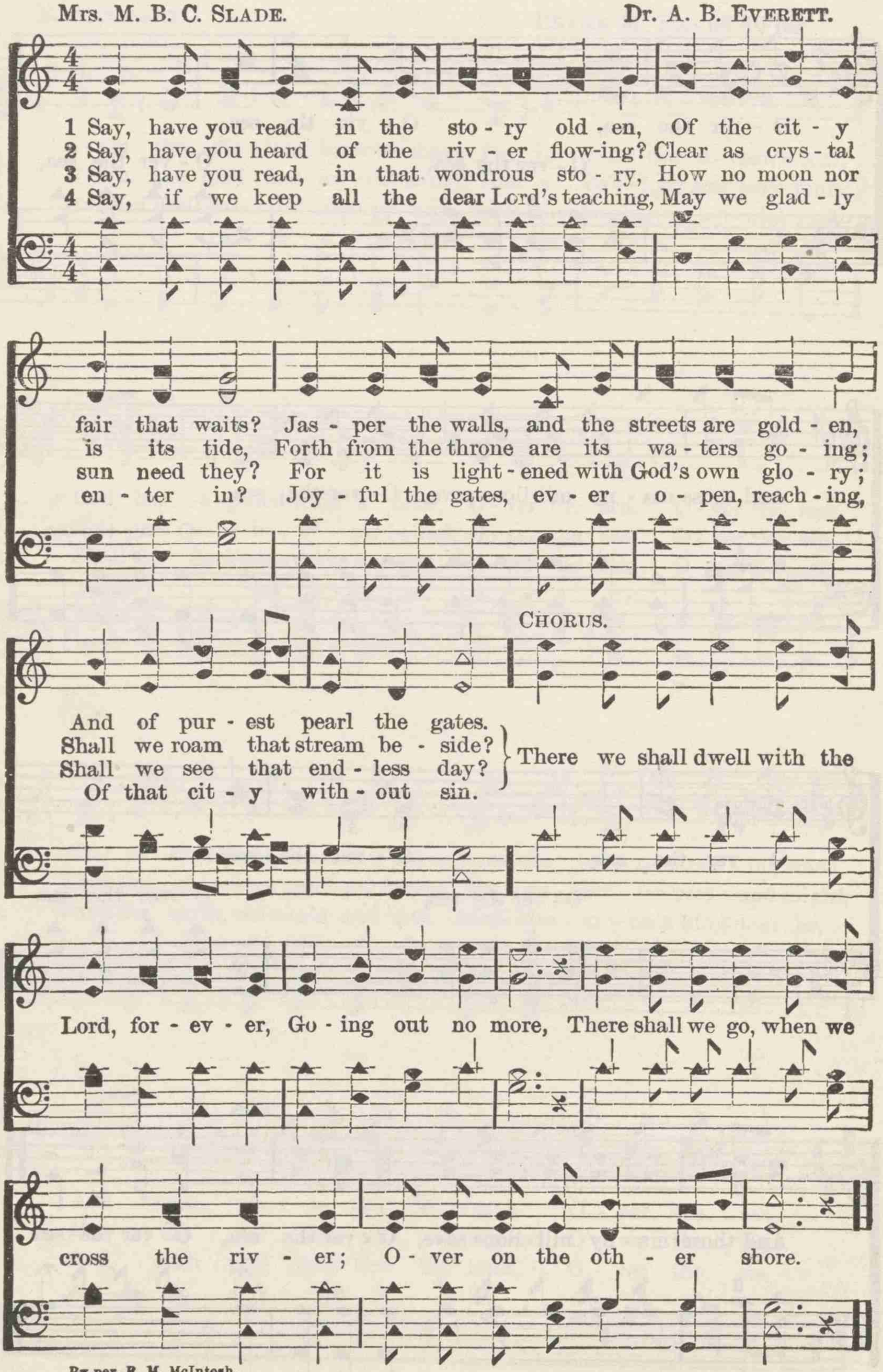
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

And those ma - ny mil-lions save, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea.

# No. 213. THE GOLDEN CITY.

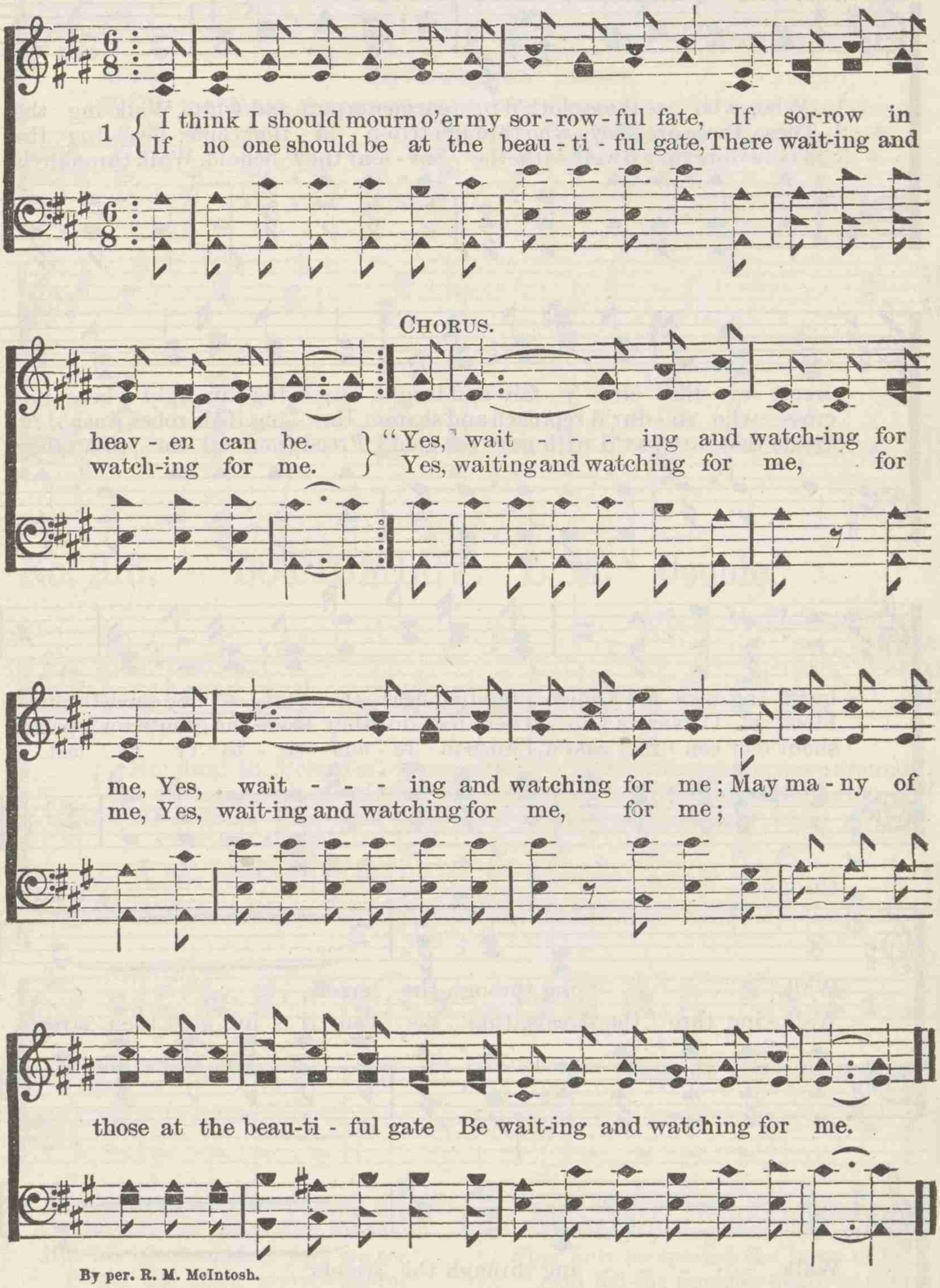
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 214. AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2

How sadly I'd feel in the heavenly state,
If sadness in heaven can be.
If no one shall be at the beautiful gate,
Conducted to glory by me.

3

O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace,
In winning lost souls unto thee.
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.

# No. 215. Walking The Golden Streets.

A. S. DOUGHTY. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1 Who, who are these cloth'd in garments pure and white, Walk-ing the
2 These, these are they who through trib-u - la - tion came, Bear - ing the
3 There - fore they dwell with the Sav - iour they behold, Walk through the

streets of that cit - y fair and bright, Dwell-ing in light where no
cross—who en - dur'd reproach and shame; Hav - ing their robes wash'd in
streets that are pav'd with pur - est gold, Freed from all sor - row, they

burn - ing rays are known, Standing near the great e - ter - nal throne.
blood of Calvary's Lamb, There-fore do they bear the conqueror's palm.
shout o'er con - flict pass'd, Praise to Je - sus—vic - to - ry at last.
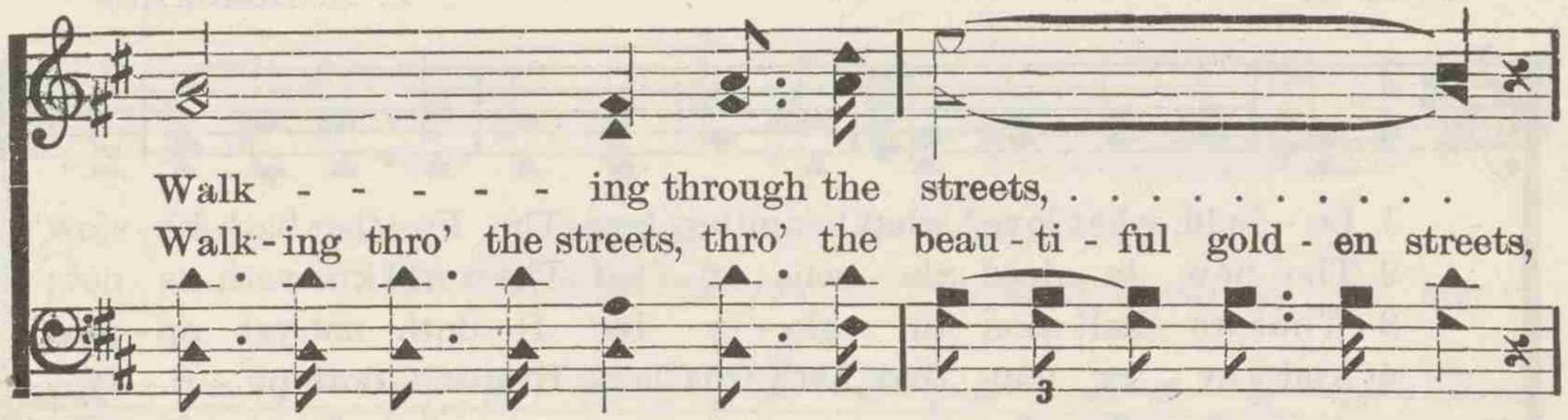
CHORUS.

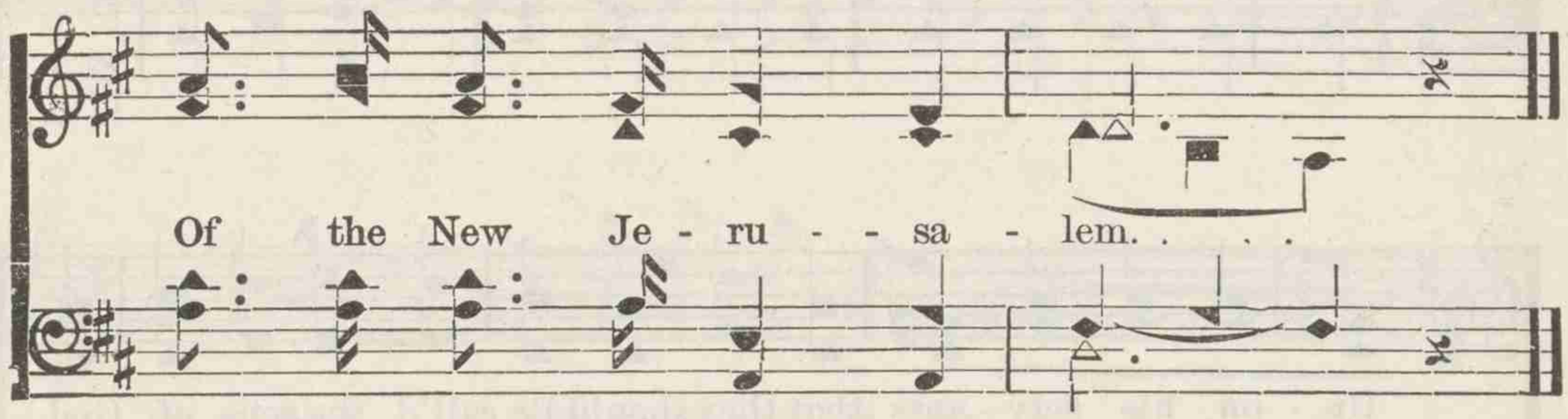
Walk - - - - - - ing through the streets, . . . . . .
Walk - ing thro' the streets, thro' the beau - ti - ful gold - en streets,

Walk - - - - - - ing through the streets, . . . . . .
Walk - ing thro' the streets, thro' the beau - ti - ful gold - en streets,

Copyright, 1882, by Hugg & Armstrong.

## Walking The Golden Streets. Concluded.

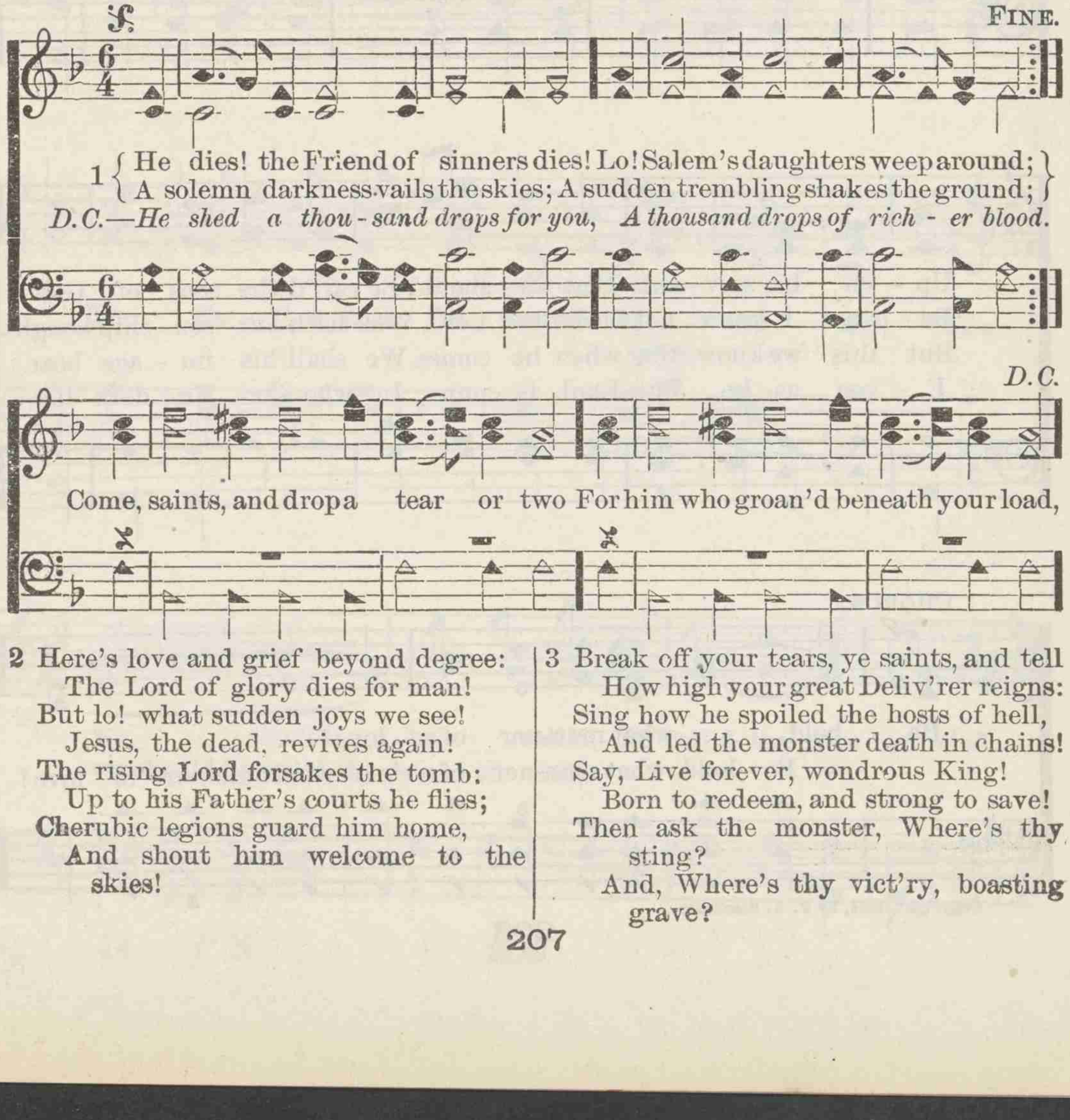



## No. 216. BOTTOMLEY. L. M. Double.

Arr. R. M. McINTOSH.

FINE.




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

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

# No. 217. BEHOLD, WHAT LOVE!

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER

1 Be - hold, what love! what boundless love The Fa - ther hath be - stow'd
2 Tho' now in - deed the sons of God, The world knoweth us not;
3 What we shall soon in glo - ry be It doth not yet ap - pear;
4 And ev - 'ry man that hath this hope Him-self doth pu - ri - fy,

Up - on his serv - ants that they should Be call'd the sons of God.
Be - cause it knew not Christ, the Lord, Who hath our son-ship bought.
But this we know, that when he comes, We shall his im - age bear.
E - ven as he, our Lord, is pure, In whom no sin doth lie.
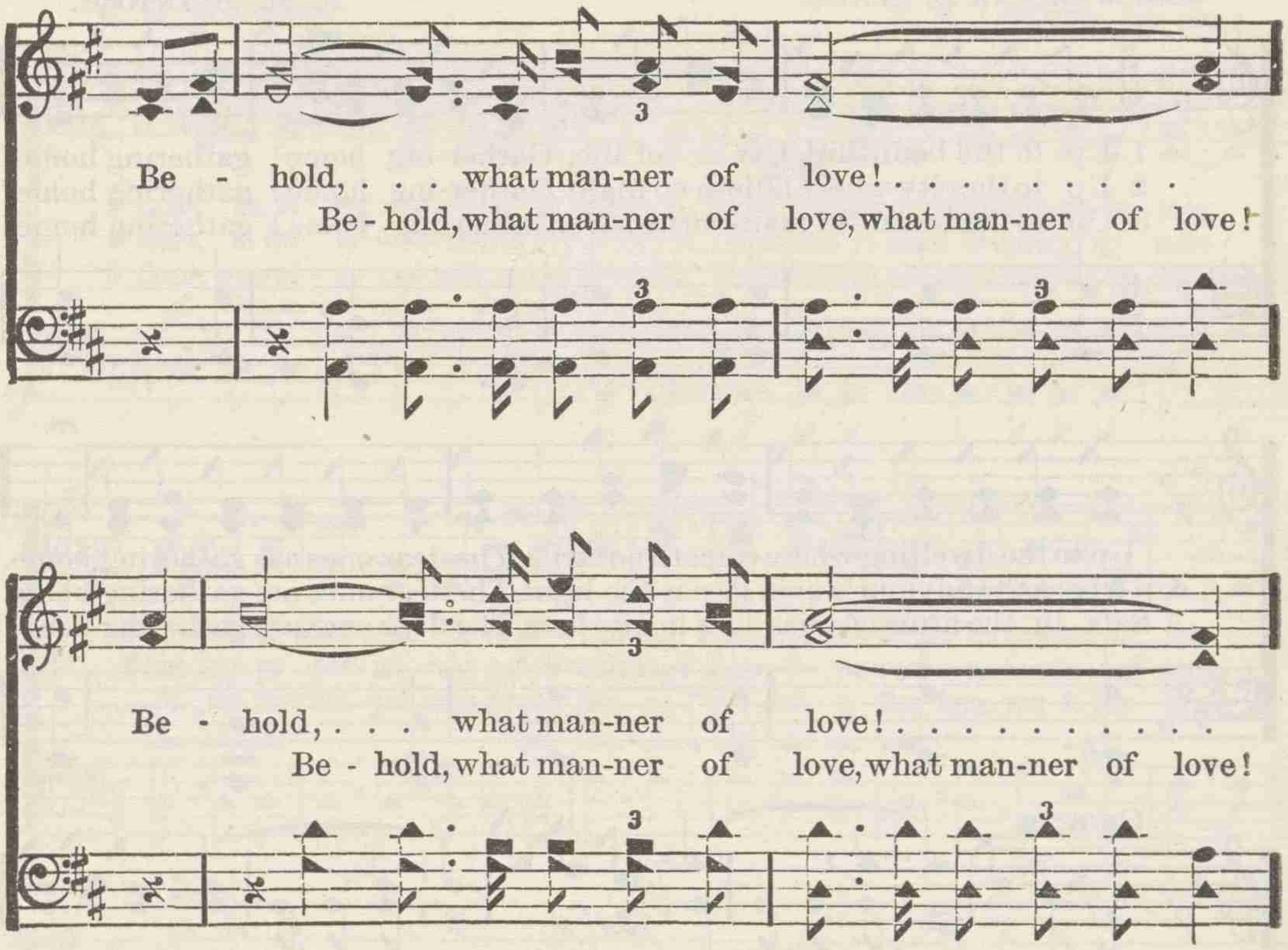
Up - on his serv - ants that they should Be call'd the sons of God.
Be - cause it knew not Christ, the Lord, Who hath our son - ship bought.
But this we know, that when he comes, We shall his im - age bear.
E - ven as he, our Lord, is pure, In whom no sin doth lie.
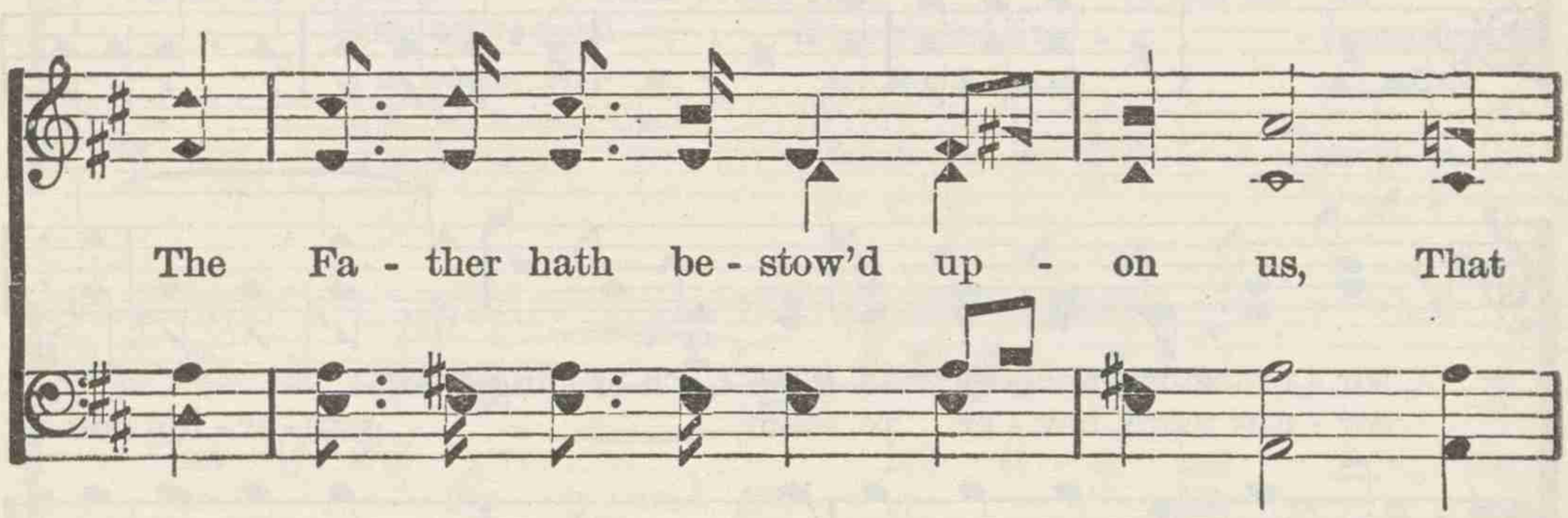
CHORUS.

Be - hold, . . . what man-ner of love! . . . . . .
Be - hold, what man-ner of love, what man-ner of love!

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.
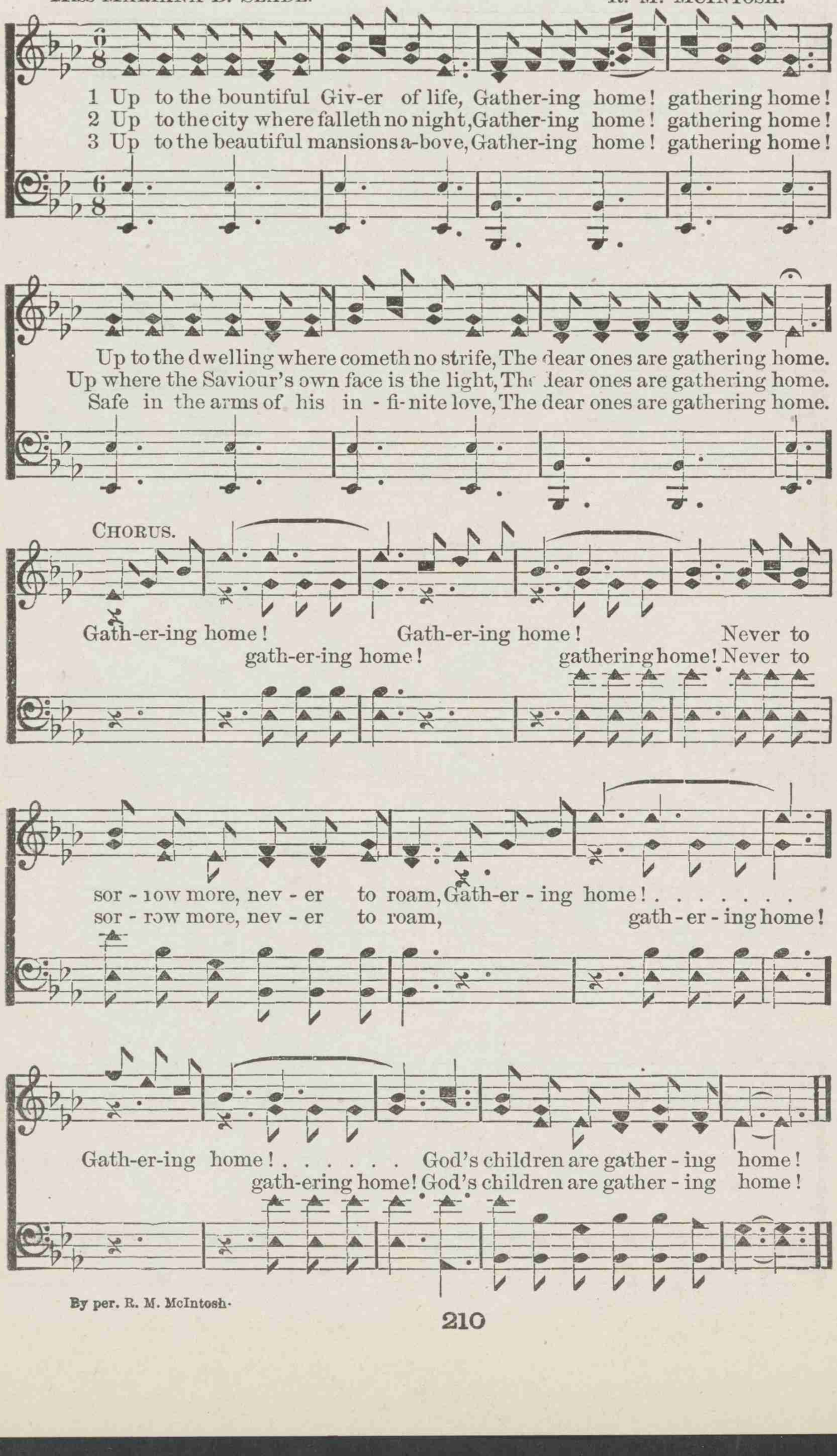
# BEHOLD, WHAT LOVE! Concluded.






# No. 218. GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 219. DRINK AND LIVE.

C. H. GABRIEL. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1 Come un-to me, who-ev-er is thirst-y, Drink from the fountain flowing for thee,
2 Hark to the in-vi-ta-tion God gives you, Drink, and ye shall be thirsty no more;
3 Come, who-so-ev-er will, to the fount-ain, Come without money, come ye and drink;

Foun-tain of glad-ness, life ev-er-last-ing, Forth from the throne 'tis flowing so free.
Come, lest ye per-ish, why are ye wait-ing? Come, O ye wear-y, thirsty, and poor.
Je-sus in-vites you, why do you tar-ry? 'Tis but a step from you to the brink.

CHORUS.
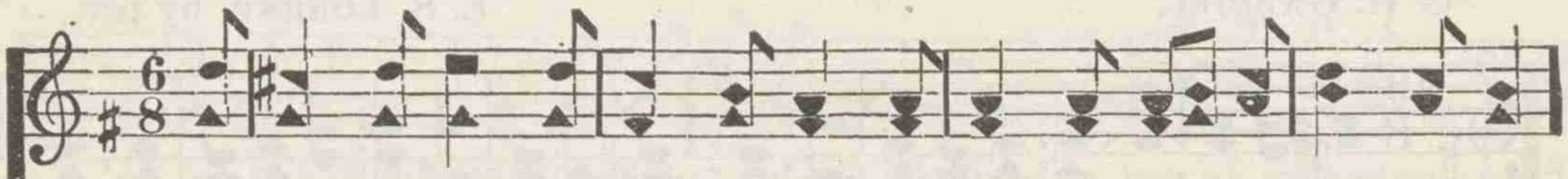
Come, all ye thirst-y, drink ye and live, . . . . Je-sus the wa-ter
Come, all ye thirst-y, Drink ye and live, Je-sus the wa-

free-ly will give; . . . . . Life ev-er-last-ing,
-ter free-ly will give; Life ev-er-last-
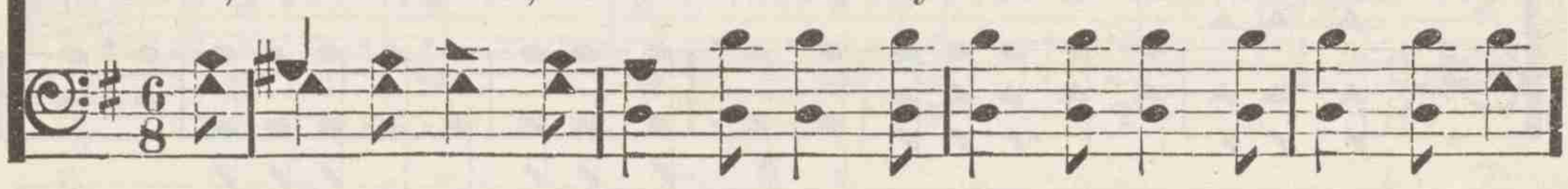
drink to your soul, . . . Drink, of the wa-ter, drink, and be whole.
-ing, drink to your soul, Drink of the wa-ter, drink, and be whole.
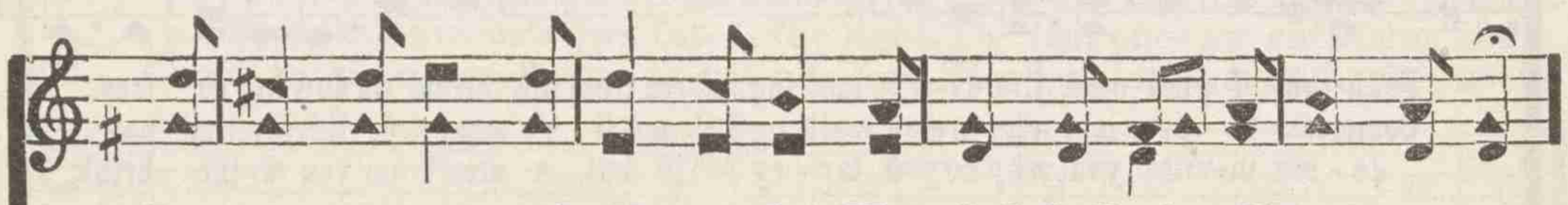
# No. 220. God shall Wipe all Tears away.

E. E. REXFORD. DANIEL E. LORENZ, by per.
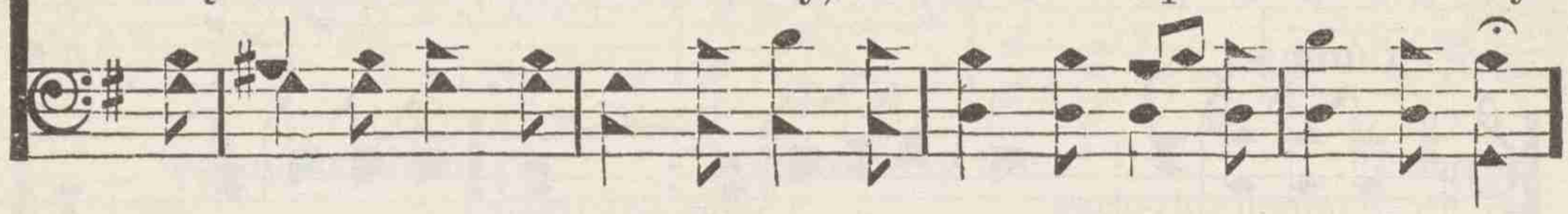


1 God's word is full of prom - is - es To wea - ry souls of rest and peace;
2 Here we may bear a heav - y cross, Our hearts grow sore with pain and loss;
3 Oh, burdened heart, be brave to bear Thy cross awhile—the crown is there!
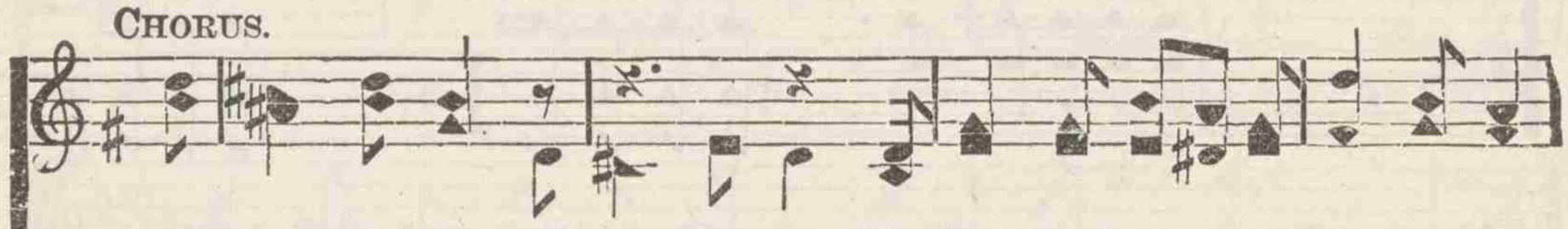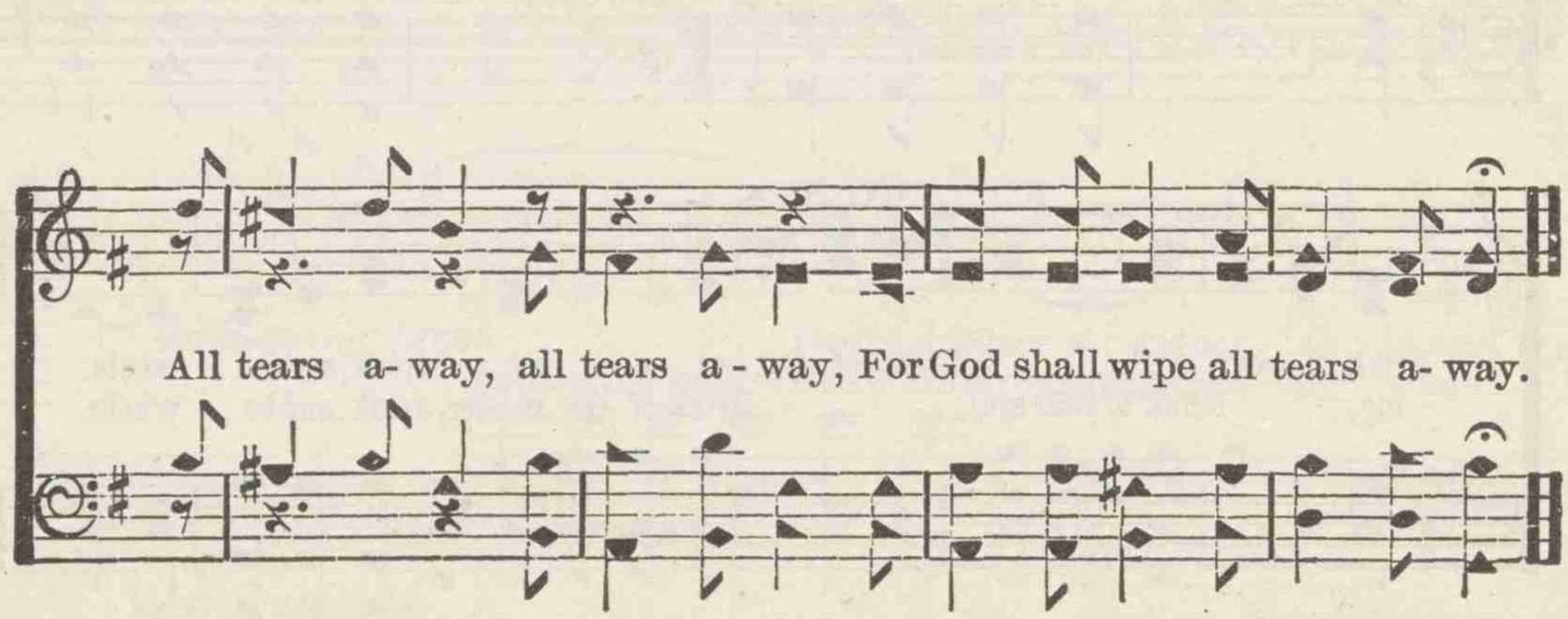




But oh, most sweet of all to- day, That God shall wipe all tears a- way.
But there in God's e - ter - nal day, His hand shall wipe all tears a- way.
Thy hand with-in the Fa-ther's lay, Un - til he wipes all tears a- way.



CHORUS.



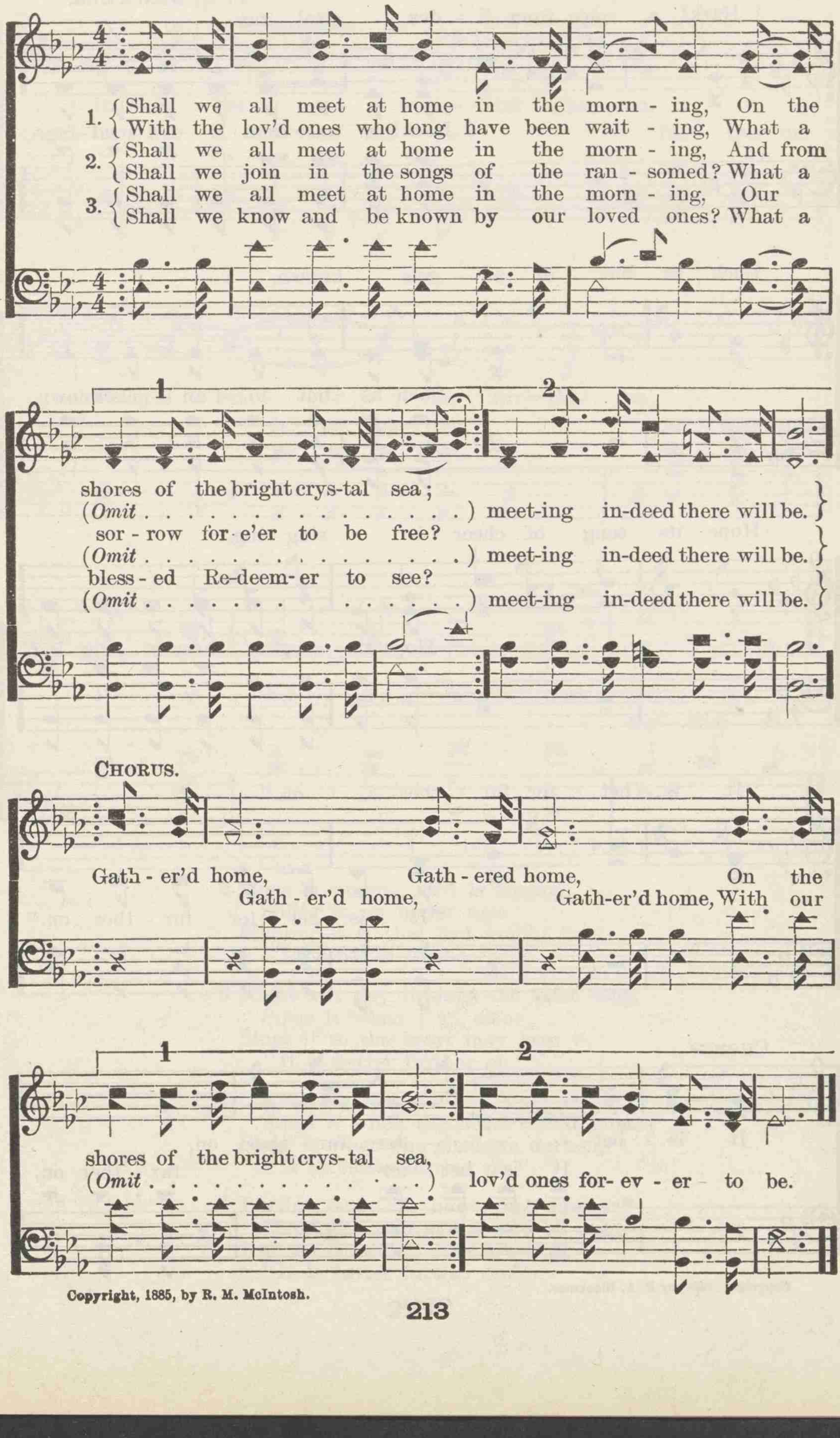
All tears a - way, all tears a- way, For God shall wipe all tears a - way;



All tears a- way, all tears a - way, For God shall wipe all tears a- way.

# No. 221. GATHERED HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.




Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 222. IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,

1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,

Such as but to an - gels known,

Such as but to an - gels known,

Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,

Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,

"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."

"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."

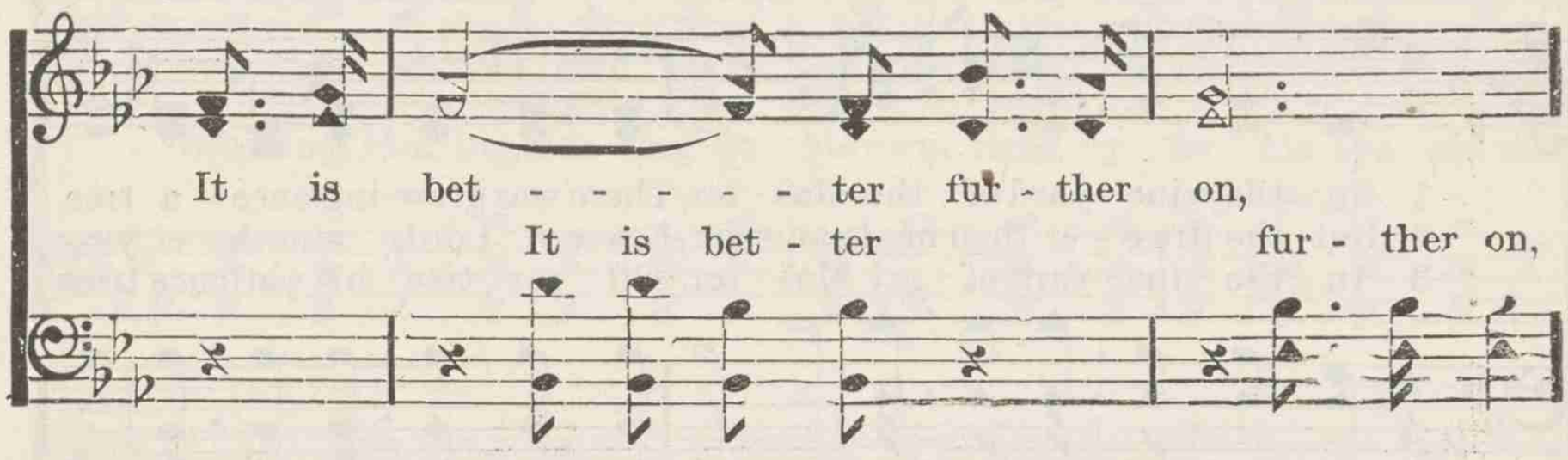
CHORUS.
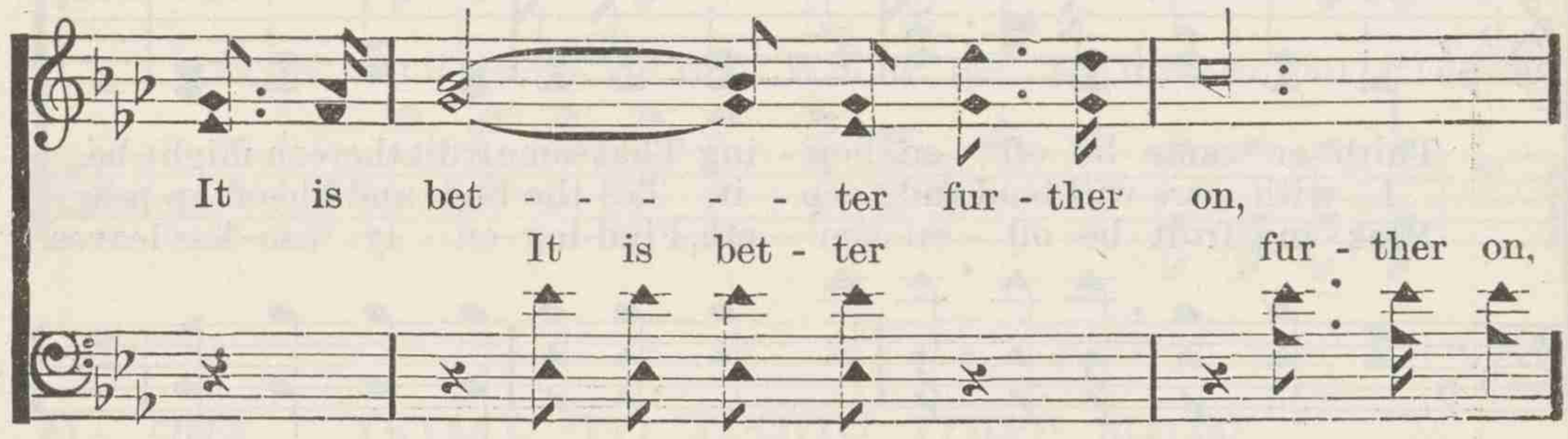
It is bet - - - - - ter fur - ther on,
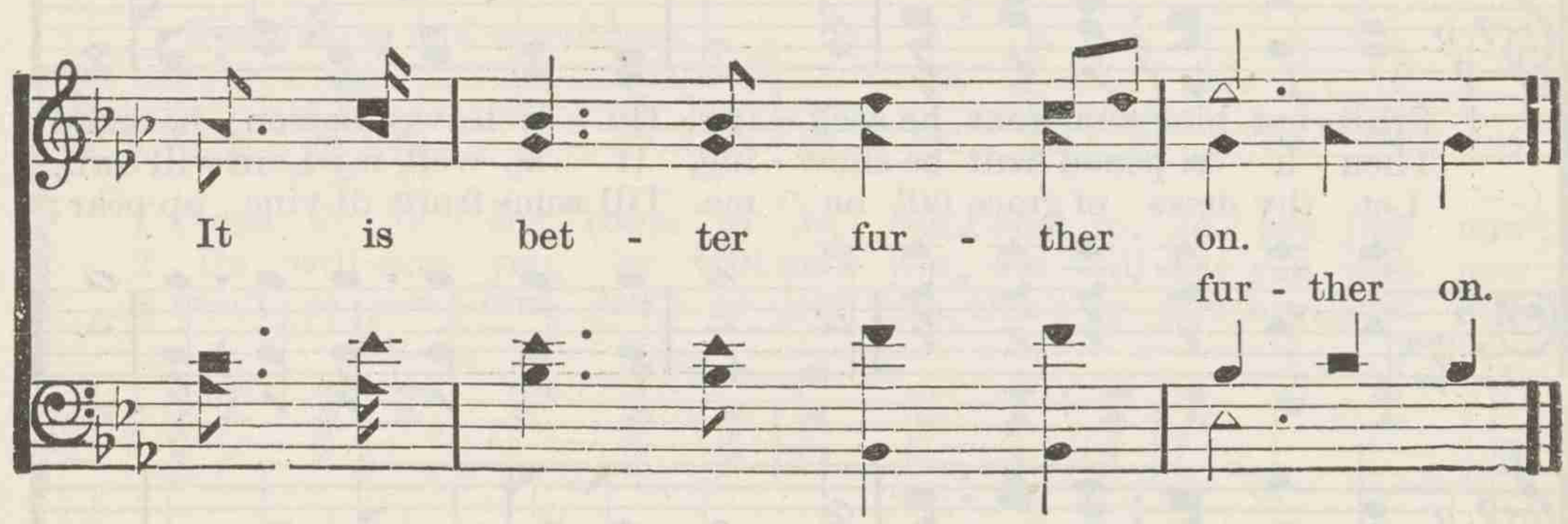
It is bet - ter fur - ther on,

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

# IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON. Concluded.










2 Hope is singing, still is singing,
Softly in an under tone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better further on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it when I sit alone;
Sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better further on."

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

5 Further on! Oh! how much further?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better further on."

# No. 223. THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1 In the vine - yard of the Mas - ter, There was grow-ing once a tree,
2 But the dress - er then made an-swer, Leave it Lord, a-noth - er year;
3 In the vine - yard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree his patience tries,

Thith - er came he, oft - en, hop - ing That some fruit thereon might be.
I with care will tend and keep it, Till the bud and bloom ap-pear.
Seek - ing fruit he oft - en com - eth, Find-ing on - ly use - less leaves.

Fruit, not blos-som, went he seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon he found;
Then if ri-pened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own,
Let thy dews of grace fall on me. Till some fruits di-vine ap-pear;
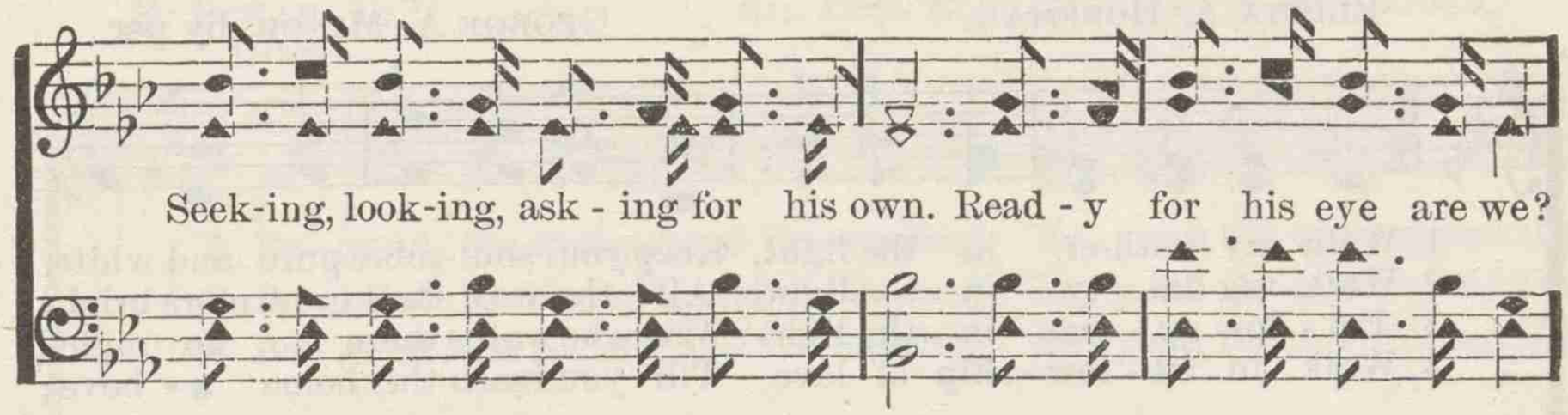
To his dress - er, hear him speak-ing, Lo, it cum-ber - eth the ground.
If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Af - ter that, Lord, cut it down.
Let thy patience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, a - noth - er year.
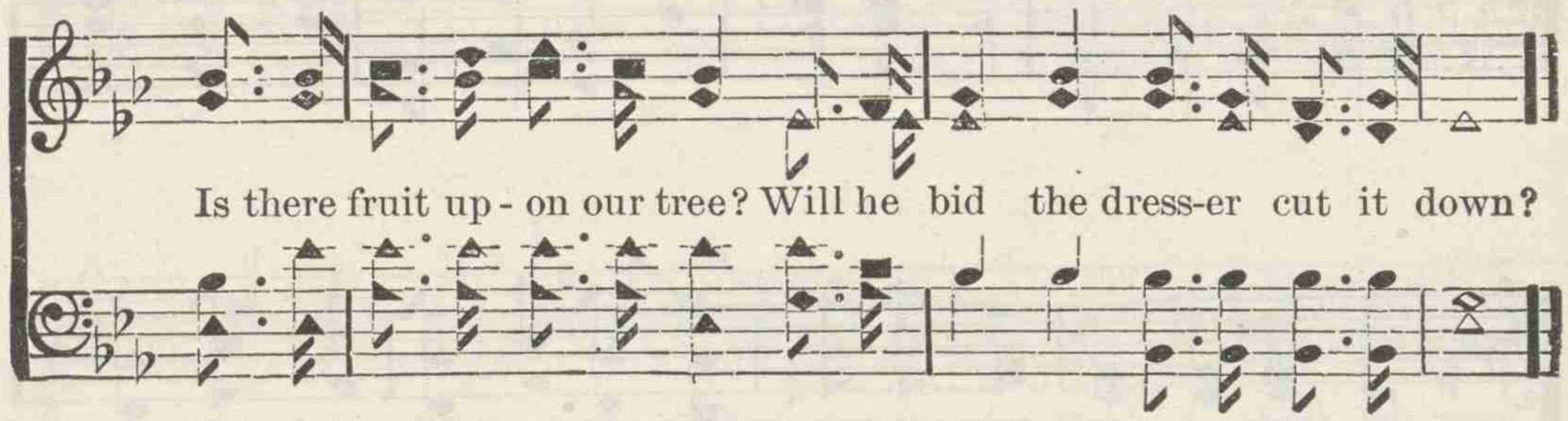
Chorus.

If the Mas - ter to our vine-yard, Should this day come down,

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

## THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Concluded.

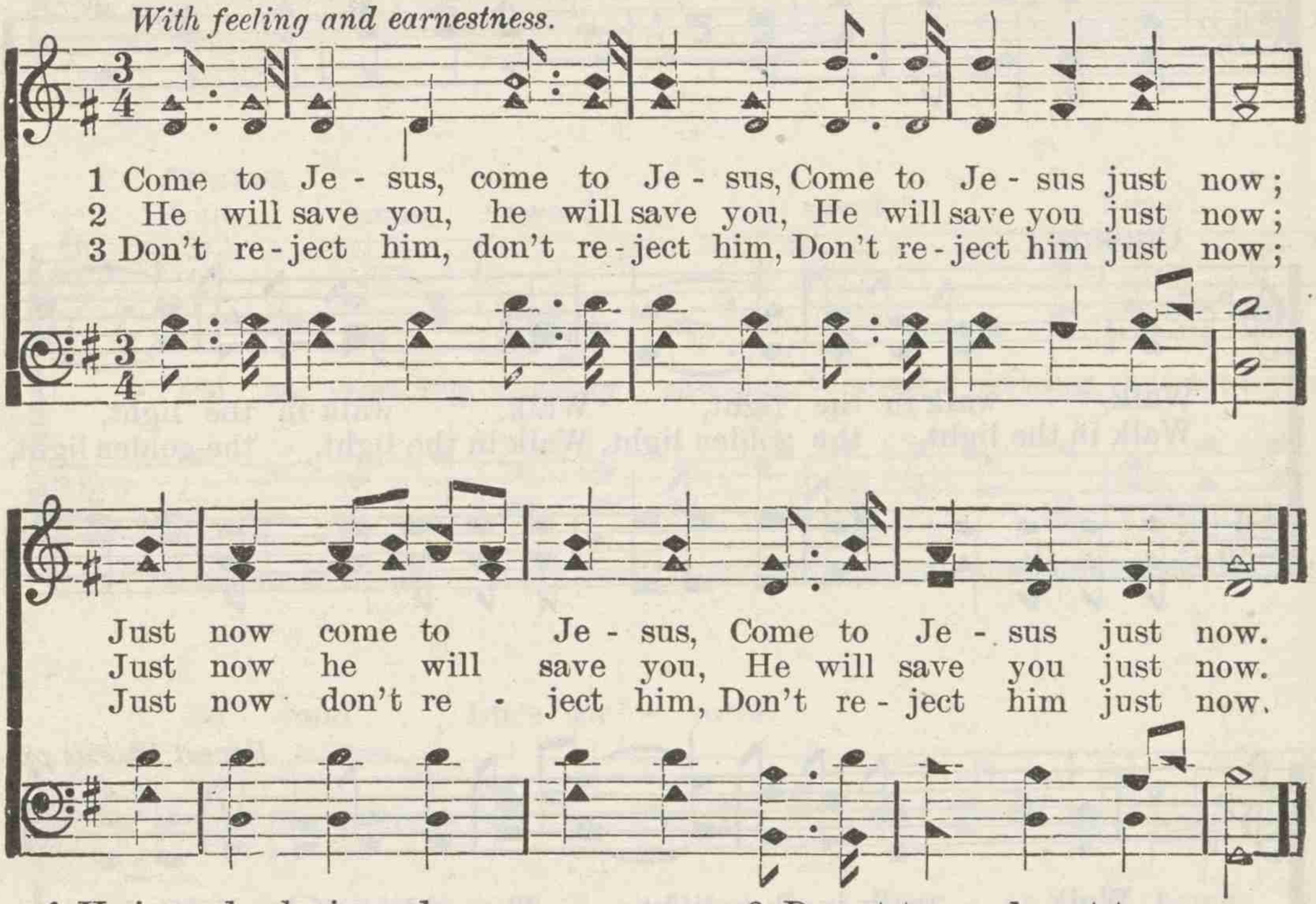






## No. 224. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

*With feeling and earnestness.*




**4** He is ready, he is ready,
He is ready just now;
Just now he is ready, &c.

**5** Oh, believe him, oh, believe him,
Oh, believe him just now;
Just now oh, believe him, &c.

6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now;
Just now do not tarry, &c.

7 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, &c.

# No. 225. THE GOLDEN LIGHT.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1 Walk, my broth-er, in the light, Keep your soul-robes pure and white,
2 Walk-ing dai - ly in the light, All the way shall grow more bright;
3 Fol - low Je - sus in the light; Where he walks there is no night;
4 Walk in fel - low - ship of love Till you reach the home a - bove;

Spot-less, stainless, free from sin, In the blood of Je - sus clean.
God his wealth of love will pour On your spir - it more and more.
All is per- fect, bliss- ful day; Heaven's glo - ry floods the way.
They who fol - low in the light Shall with Je - sus walk in white.

CHORUS.

Walk, walk in the light, Walk, walk in the light,
Walk in the light, the golden light, Walk in the light, the golden light,

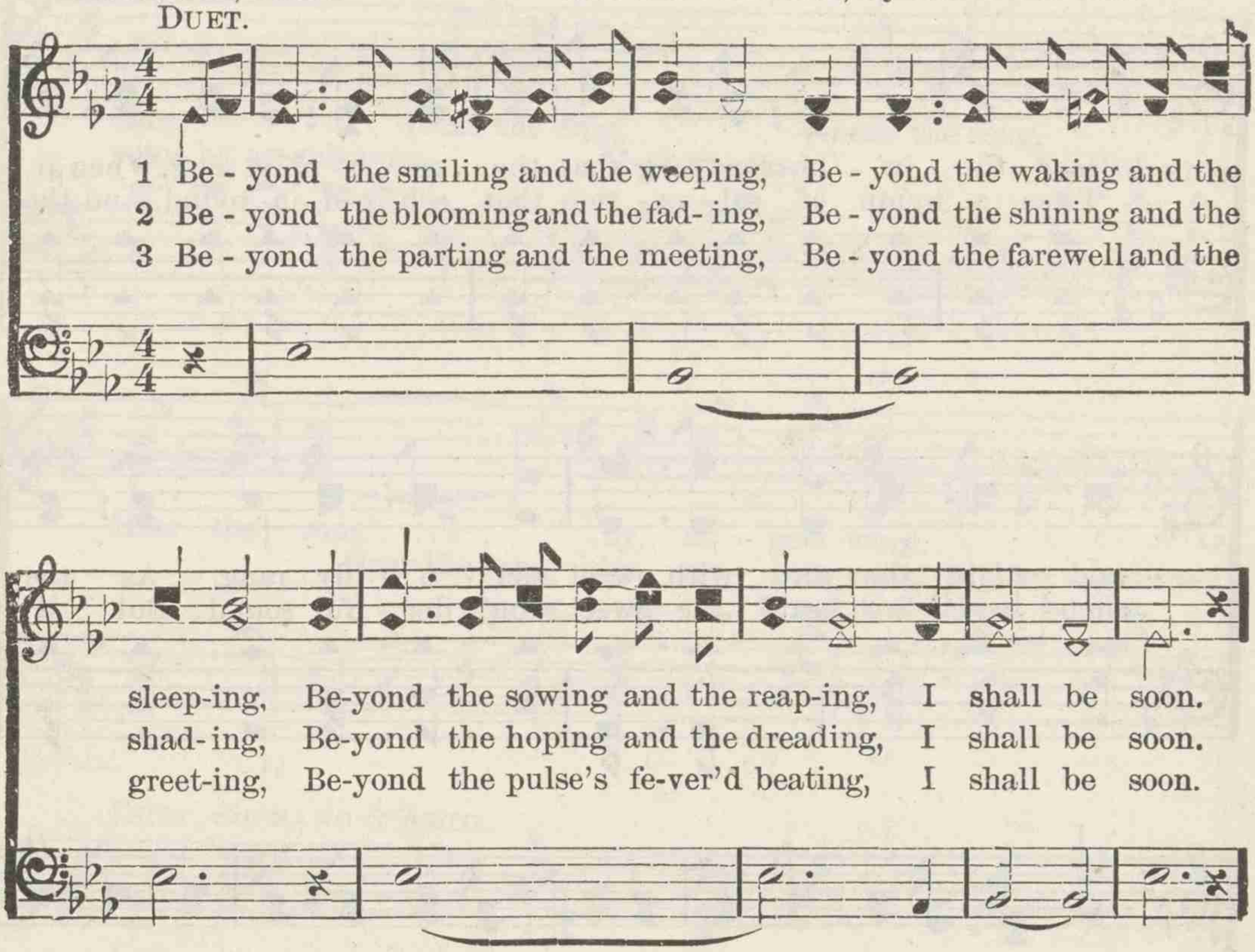
*Repeat Chorus pp.*

Walk, walk in the light, The gold- en light of God.
We'll walk in the light, the golden light, The gold- en light of God.

# No. 226. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

H. Bonar, D. D. Arr. from Bushey, by R. M. McIntosh.

Duet.




Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 227. THE WELCOME REFRAIN.

J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Hear the ju - bi - lant song that the ser - a- phim sang, When at mid - night the air with sweet mel - o - dy rang, As the
2 'Twas a hymn of sal - va - tion that ech - oed a- round, And the shep - herds first heard the sweet, won - der - ful sound; But it

her- alds of heav - en glad tid - ings they bring, For they pub- lish the
rolls thro' the earth and the a - ges of time, As a cho - rus of
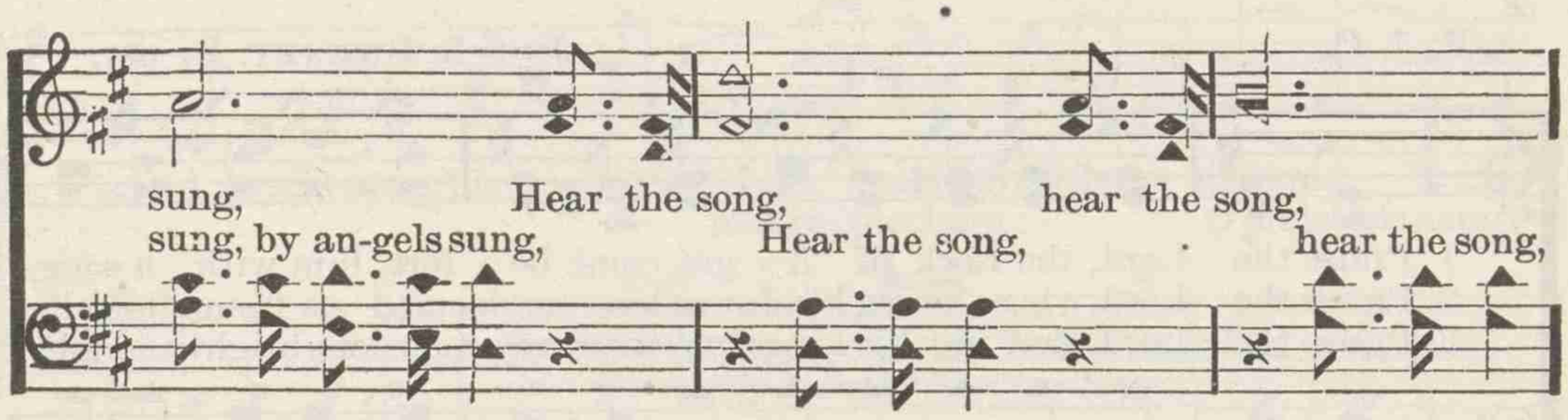
REFRAIN.
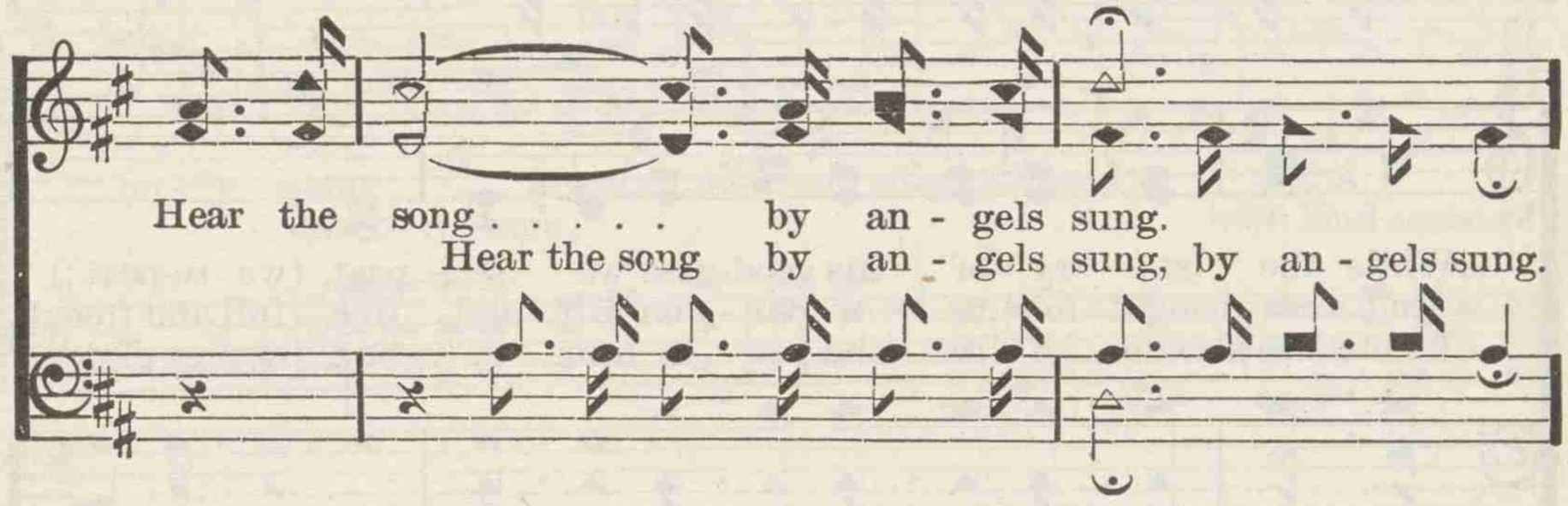
birth of a Sav - iour and King. } Hear the song, hear the
glad - ness, an an - them sub-lime. } Hear the song,

song, Hear the song . . . . . by an - gels
hear the song, Hear the song by an - gels
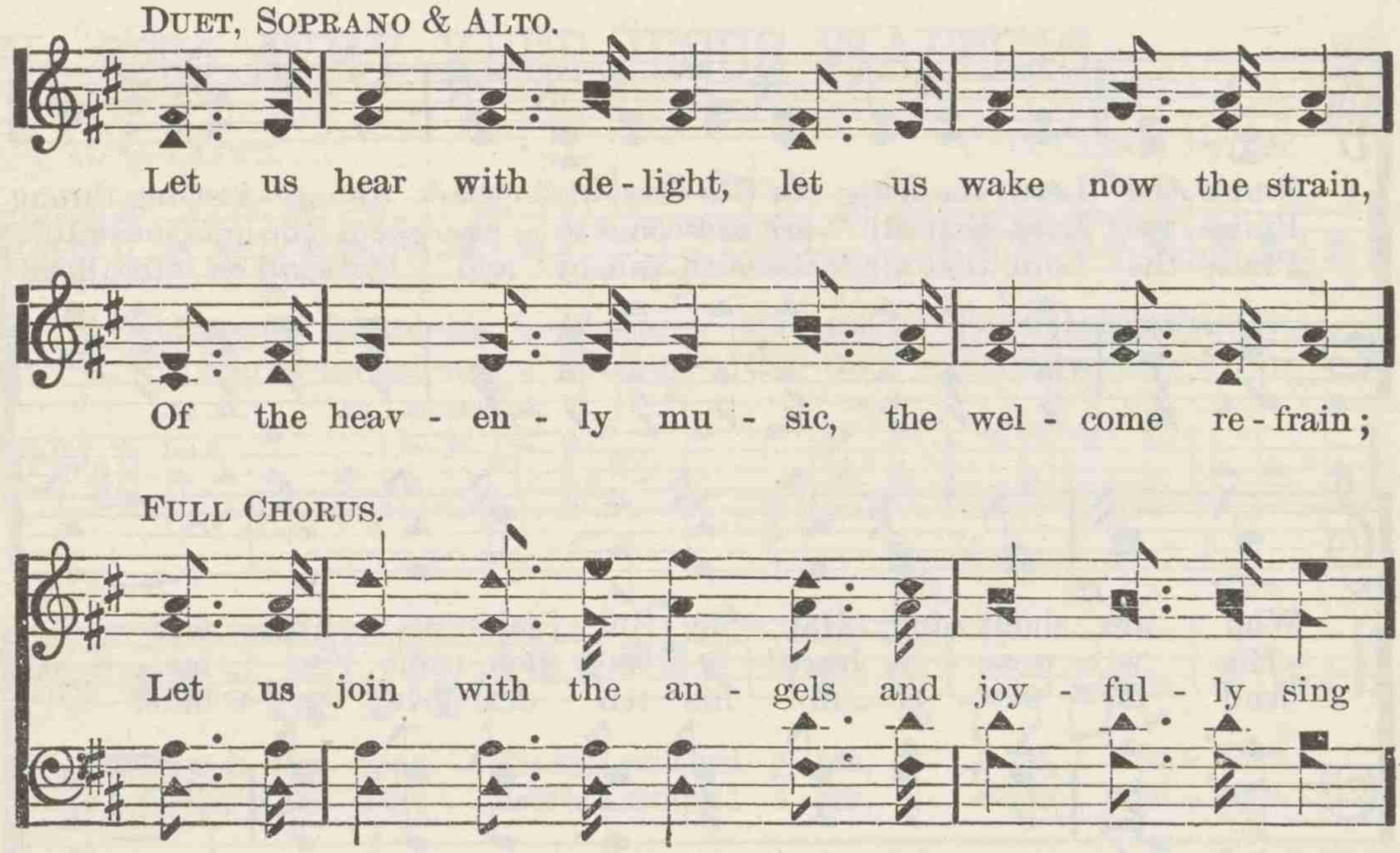
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# THE WELCOME REFRAIN. Concluded.







DUET, SOPRANO & ALTO.




FULL CHORUS.

# No. 228. O PRAISE HIS NAME.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1 Praise the Lord, the Rock of A - ges, come be - fore him with a song,
2 Praise the Lord, whose loving kind-ness has re-deemed us from the fall,
3 Praise the Lord, that in his king-dom there are mansions bright and fair,

While the sto - ry of his good-ness we re - peat, (we re-peat;)
And has bought for us a par - don full and free, (full and free;)
Where the streams of life and joy in beau - ty glide, (beauty glide,)

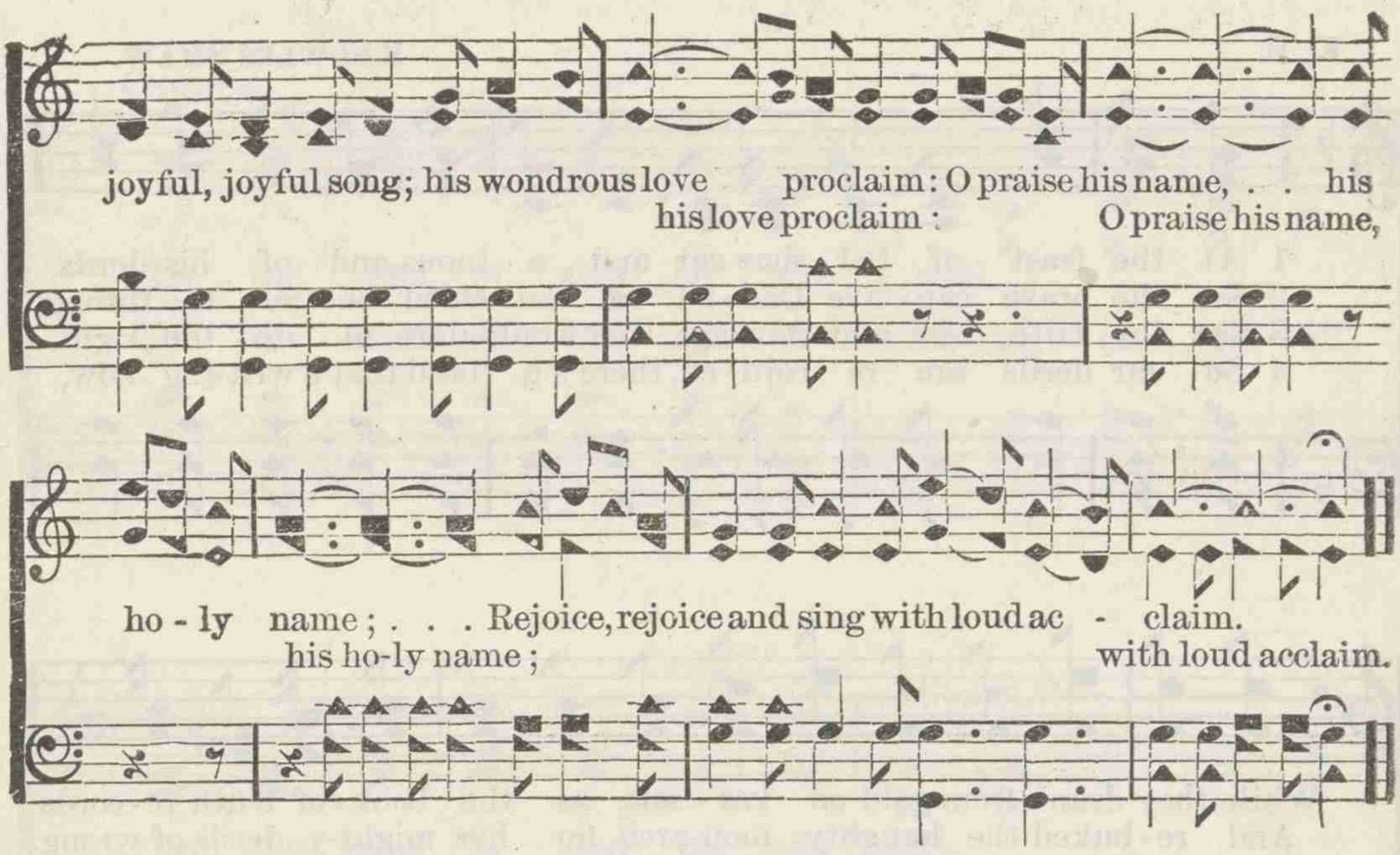
Praise the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, with the ev - er-last-ing throng
Praise the Lord that all are wel-come to ac - cept the gra-cious call,
Praise the Lord that all the faith-ful by and by shall en - ter there,

Who are shout - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! at his feet.
Ho, ye wear - y, heav - y la - den, come to me.
And for - ev - er in his ten - der love a - bide.

CHORUS

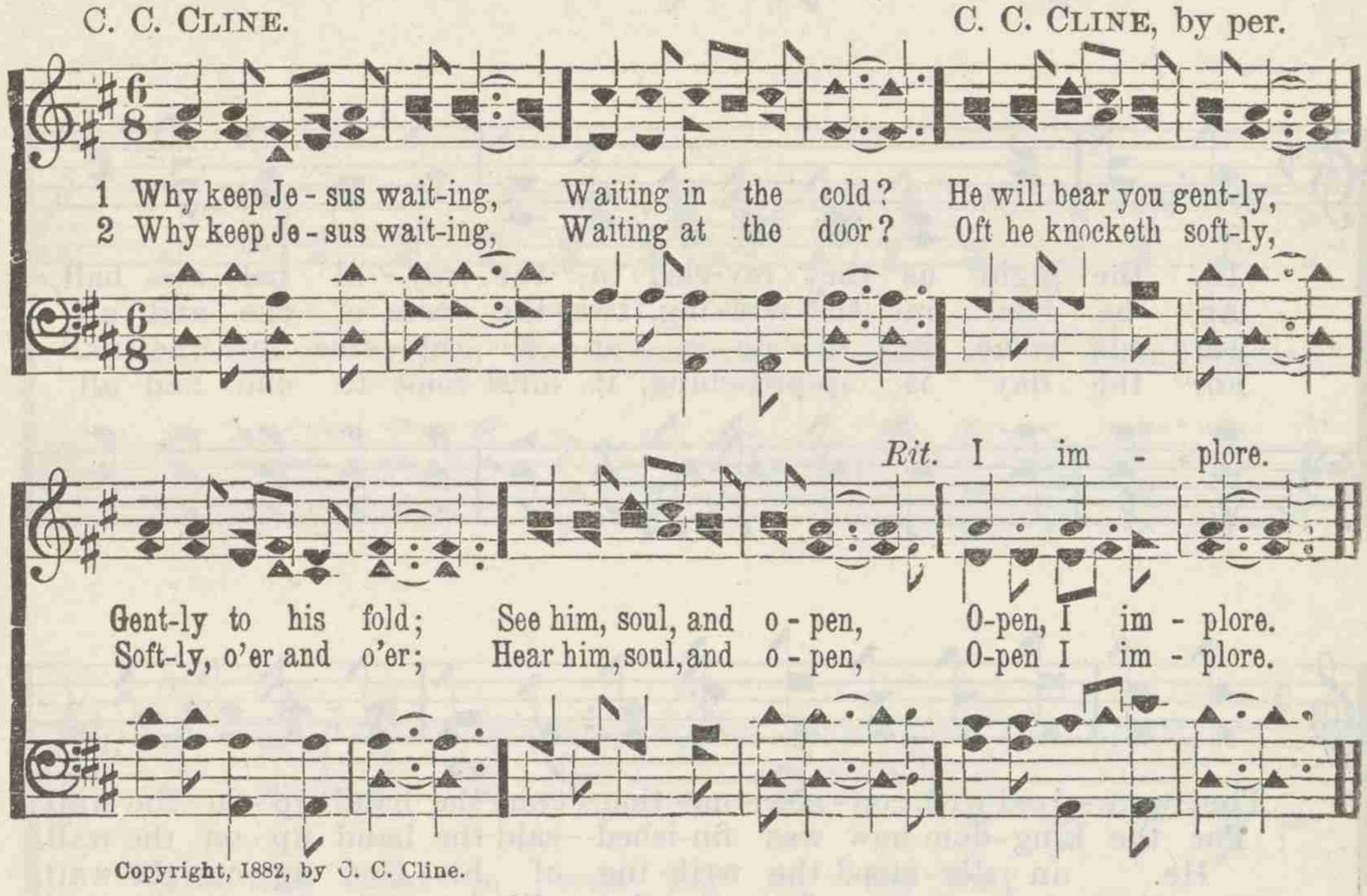
O praise his name, . . . . his ho - ly name, . . . O come with
O praise his name, his ho - ly name,

# O PRAISE HIS NAME. Concluded.




# No. 229. WHY KEEP JESUS WAITING.

C. C. CLINE. C. C. CLINE, by per.




Copyright, 1882, by C. C. Cline.

3 Why keep Jesus pleading,
Pleading at the door?
He would be your Saviour,
Ever, evermore;
LOVE him, soul, and open,
I im-plore.

4 Why keep Jesus waiting—
Knocking at the door?
Soon he'll cease his pleading,
Yes, for evermore;
Come, poor soul, OBEY him,
I im-plore.

# No. 230. HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

1 At the feast of Bel - shaz-zar and a thous-and of his lords,
2 See the brave cap - tive Dan - iel as he stood be - fore the throng,
3 See the faith, zeal and cour-age that would dare to do the right,
4 So our deeds are re - cord - ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now,
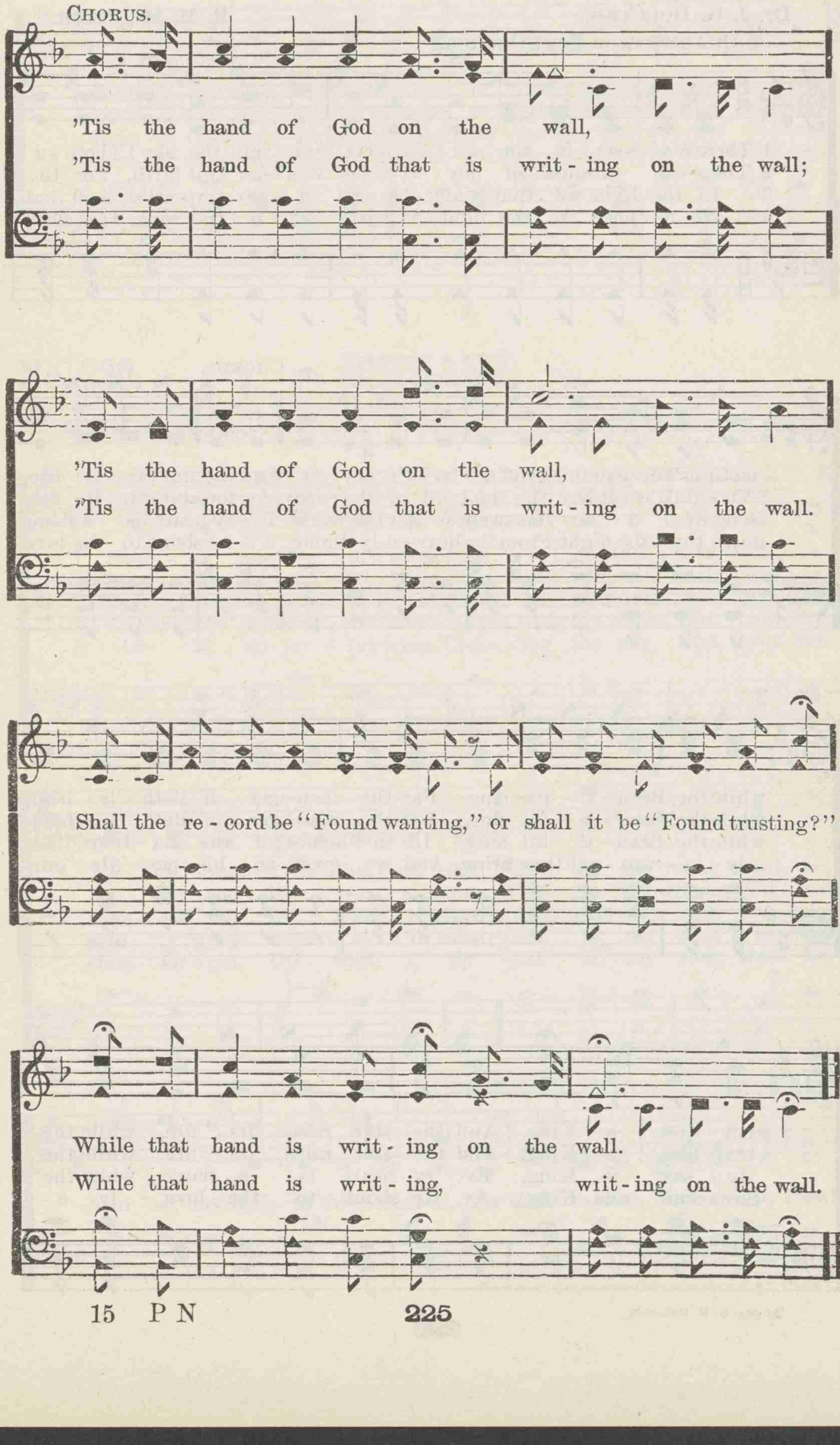
While they drank from gold-en ves - sels, as the book of truth re - cords;
And re - buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the spir - it gave to Dan - iel,—this the se - cret of his might;
Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus, to his roy - al man-date bow;

In the night as they rev-eled in the roy - al pal - ace hall,
As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall—
For the day is ap-proaching, it must come to one and all,

They were seized with con - ster - na - tion, 'twas the hand up - on the wall,
For the king-dom now was fin-ished—said the hand up - on the wall.
He un - der-stood the writ - ing of his God up - on the wall.
When the sin - ner's con - dem - na - tion will be writ - ten on the wall.

By permission of Mrs. Knowles Shaw. Hannibal, Mo.
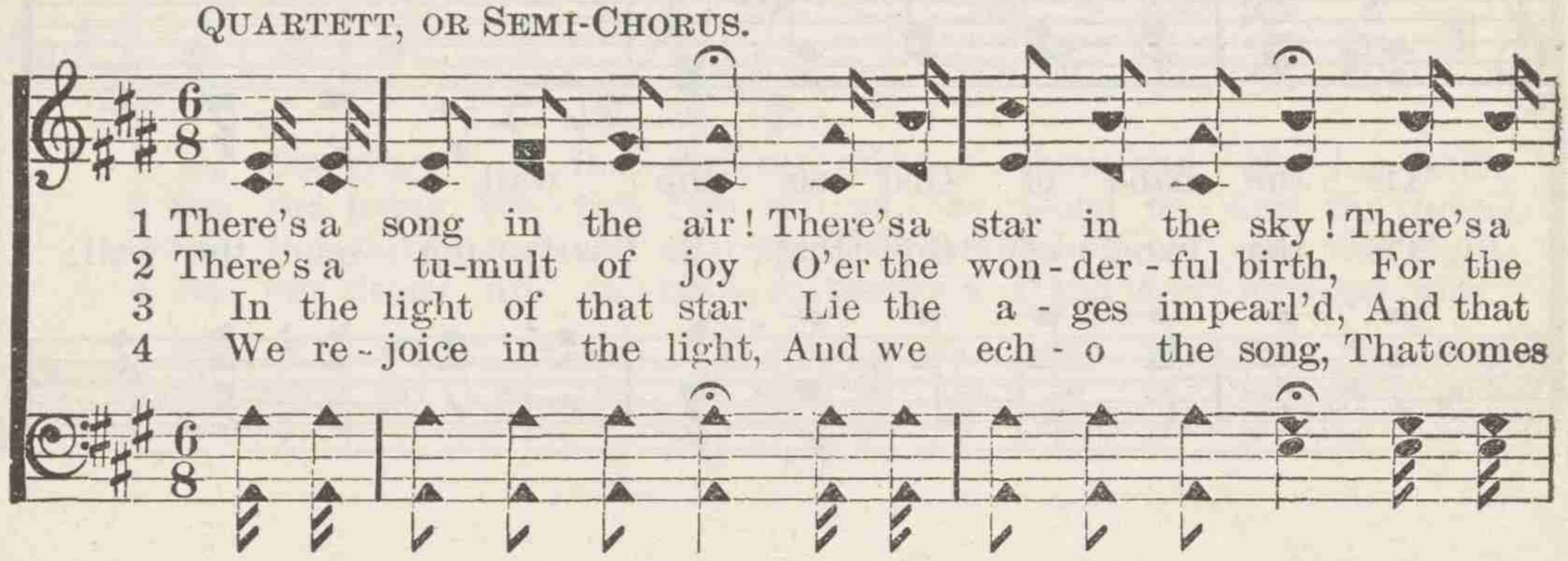
# HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.



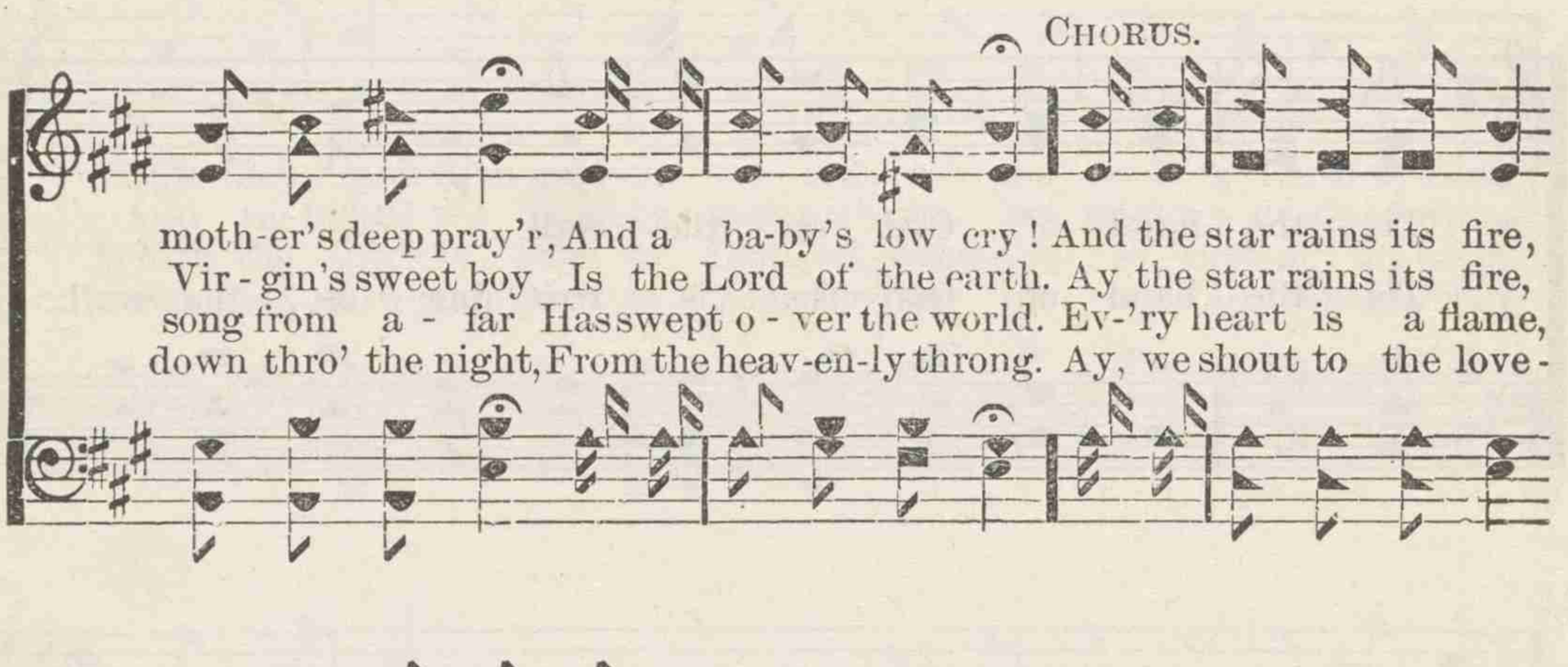
# No. 231. THE KING IN THE MANGER.

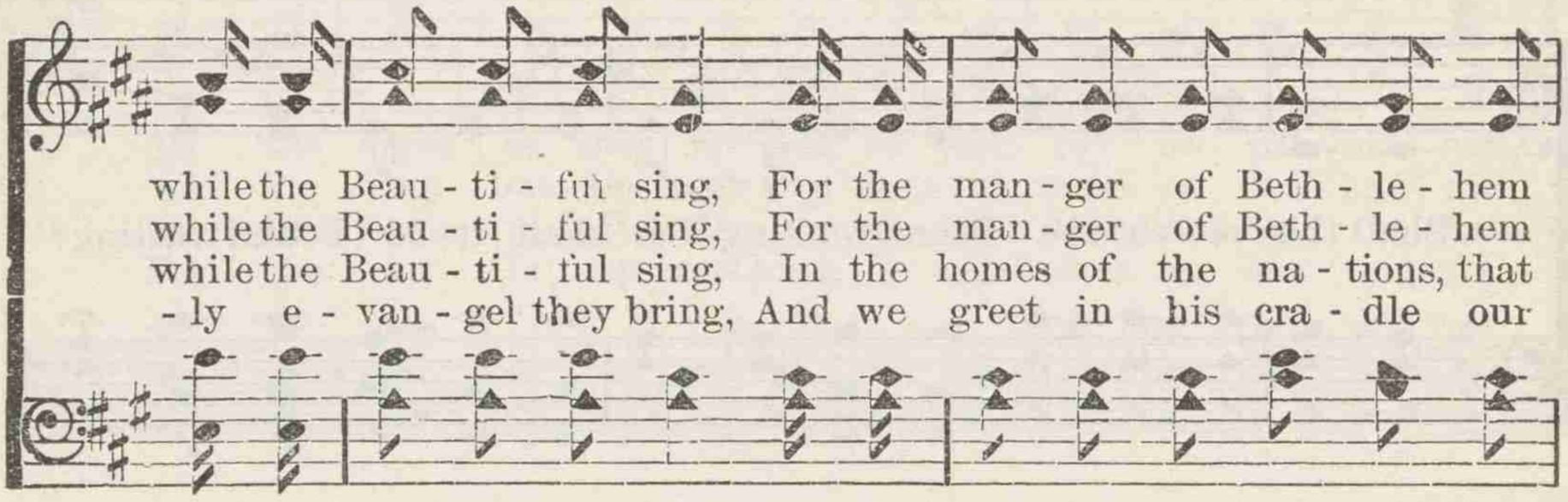
Dr. J. G. Holland. R. M. McIntosh.
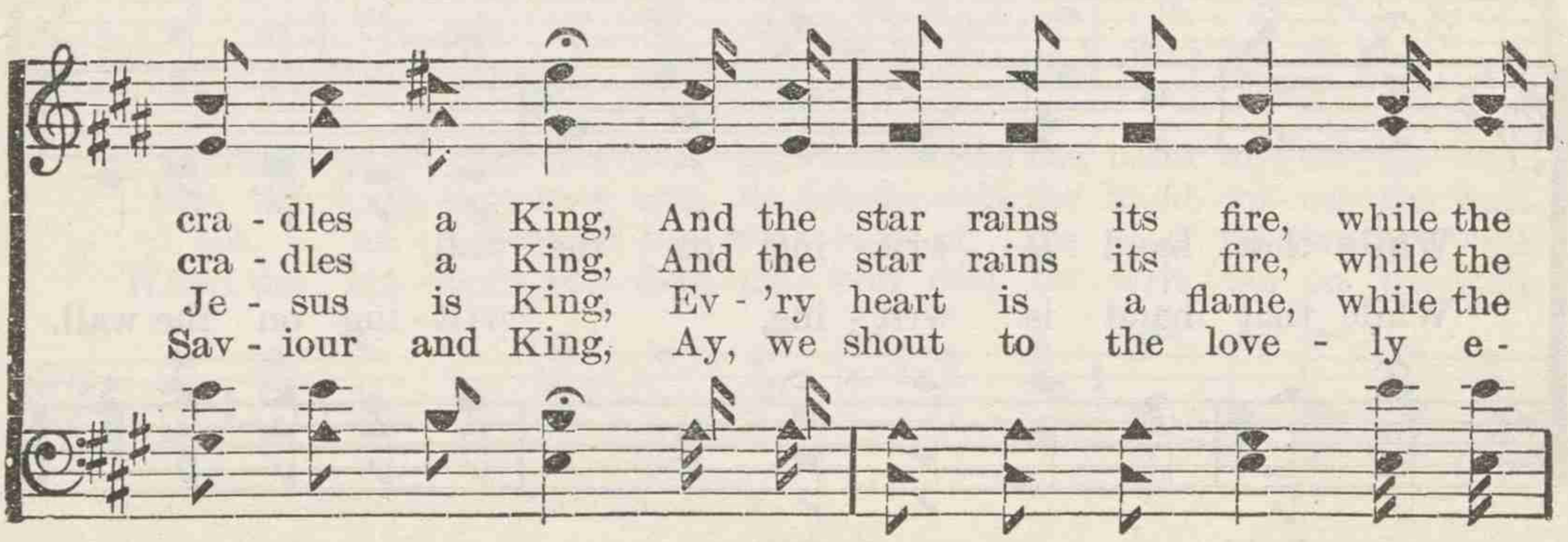
Quartett, or Semi-Chorus.




Chorus.



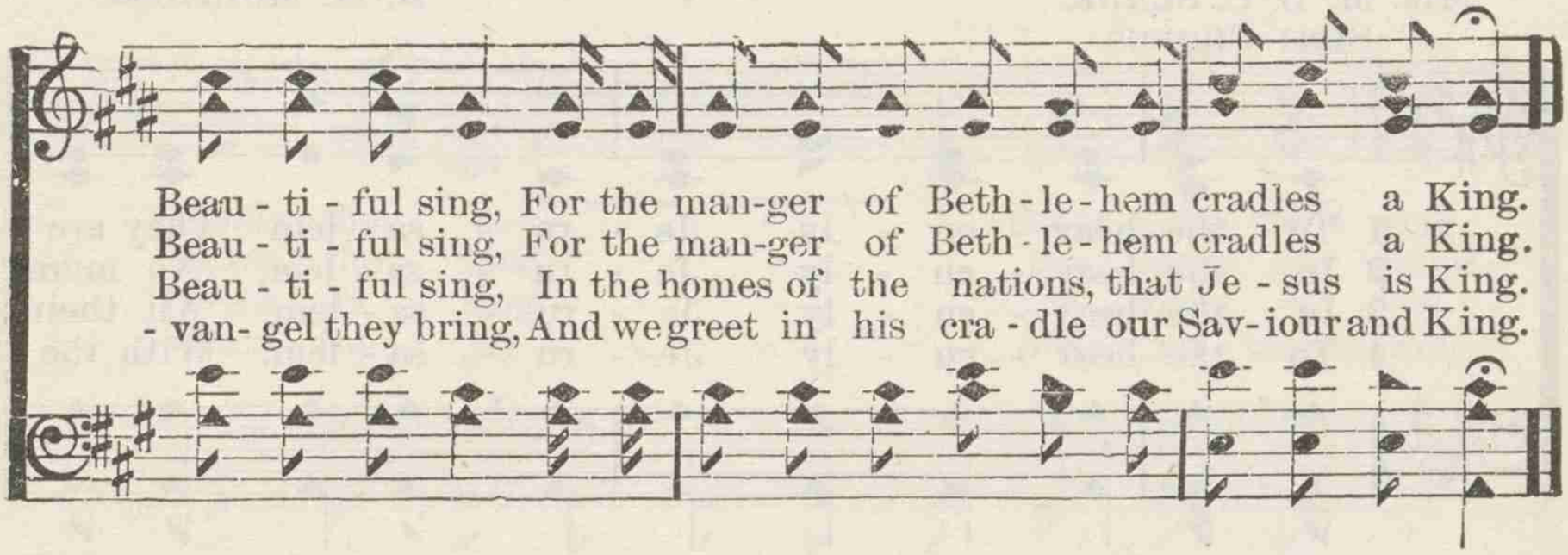







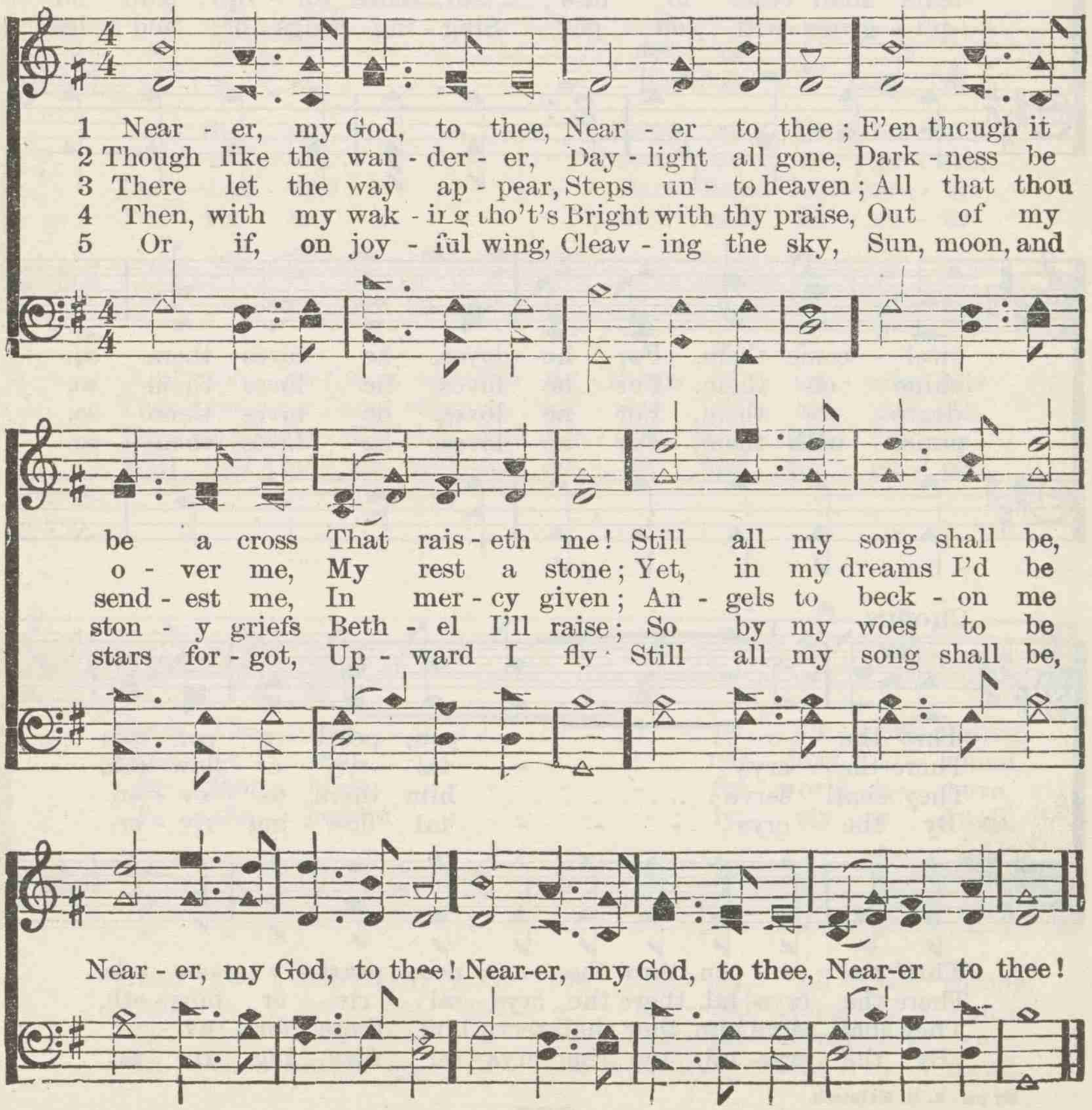
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# THE KING IN THE MANGER. Concluded.




## No. 232. BETHANY.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON, by per.



# No. 233. HAPPY PILGRIMS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

Semi-Chorus.

1 To the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem They are
2 In the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, No more
3 In the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, All their
4 To the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, With the

sing - ing, as they go; And the King there - of shall
night their souls shall know; There the Lord's dear face shall
tears shall cease to flow; No more sor - row, pain nor
pil - grims will you go? Sing - ing songs of end - less

wel - come them, For he loves, he loves them so.
shine on them, For he loves, he loves them so.
death for them, For he loves, he loves them so.
praise with them, For he loves, he loves them so.

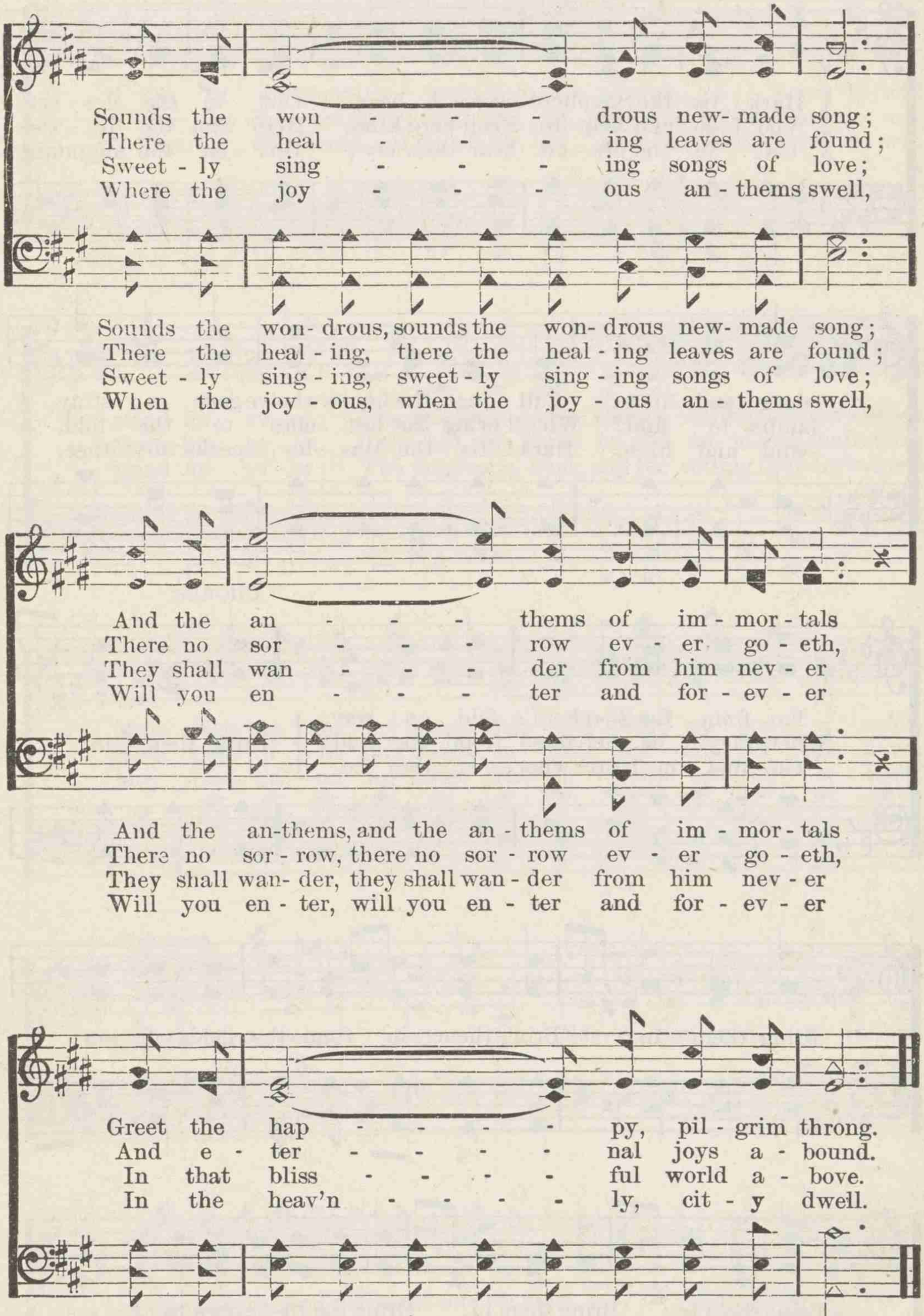
Chorus.

Thro' the o - - - pen, pearl - y por - tals
There the crys - - - tal riv - er flow - eth,
They shall serve . . . . . him there for - ev - er,
By the crys - - - tal flow - ing riv - er,

Thro' the o - pen, thro' the o - pen, pearl - y por - tals,
There the crys - tal, there the crys - tal riv - er flow - eth,
They shall serve him, they shall serve him there for - ev - er,
By the crys - tal, by the crys - tal flow - ing riv - er,

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# HAPPY PILGRIMS. Concluded.



Sounds the won - - - drous new- made song;
There the heal - - - ing leaves are found;
Sweet - ly sing - - - ing songs of love;
Where the joy - - - ous an - thems swell,

Sounds the won- drous, sounds the won- drous new- made song;
There the heal - ing, there the heal - ing leaves are found;
Sweet - ly sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing songs of love;
When the joy - ous, when the joy - ous an - thems swell,

And the an - - - thems of im - mor - tals
There no sor - - - row ev - er go - eth,
They shall wan - - - der from him nev - er
Will you en - - - ter and for - ev - er

And the an-thems, and the an - thems of im - mor - tals
There no sor - row, there no sor - row ev - er go - eth,
They shall wan- der, they shall wan - der from him nev - er
Will you en - ter, will you en - ter and for - ev - er

Greet the hap - - - - py, pil - grim throng.
And e - ter - - - - nal joys a - bound.
In that bliss - - - - ful world a - bove.
In the heav'n - - - - ly, cit - y dwell.

Greet the hap - py, greet the hap - py, pil - grim throng.
And e - ter - nal, and e - ter - nal joys a - bound.
In that bliss - ful, in that bliss - ful world a - bove.
In the heav'n- ly, in the heav'n- ly cit - y dwell.

# No. 234. BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 235. MY HOUSE ON A ROCK.

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

1 Oh, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will
2 For he whose truth is last- ing as the hills, Whose word is un-
3 Then I will build my house up - on a rock, And there it will

stand for ev - er; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock,
- chang-ing ev - er, Hath said my house on the sol- id rock shall stand;
stand for ev - er; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock,

May beat up - on my house that is built up - on a rock,
He'll hold it by his might in the hol - low of his hand,
May beat up - on my house that is built up - on a rock,

CHORUS.

And 'twill nev - er fall, Nev - er fall, Nev- er, nev-er, nev- er; Its foun-
- dation is sure, And will stand for ever more, Yes, it will stand for ev - er.

# No. 236. ONE BY ONE.

Words arr. by Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1 They're gathering homeward from ev-'ry land One by one, one by one;
2 Ere resting they pass thro' the toil and strife One by one, one by one;
3 And we, too, shall come to the riv - er - side One by one, one by one;

SOLO. CHORUS.

As, wea-ry, their feet touch the shin-ing strand: Yes, one by one.
Thro' wa-ters of death ere they en - ter life: Yes, one by one.
We're near-er its wa-ters each e - ven-tide: Yes, one by one.

DUET.

Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown; Their travel-stained garments are
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, While wending their way to the
We hear the great roar of death's chilly stream, Ev-er and a-non thro' life's

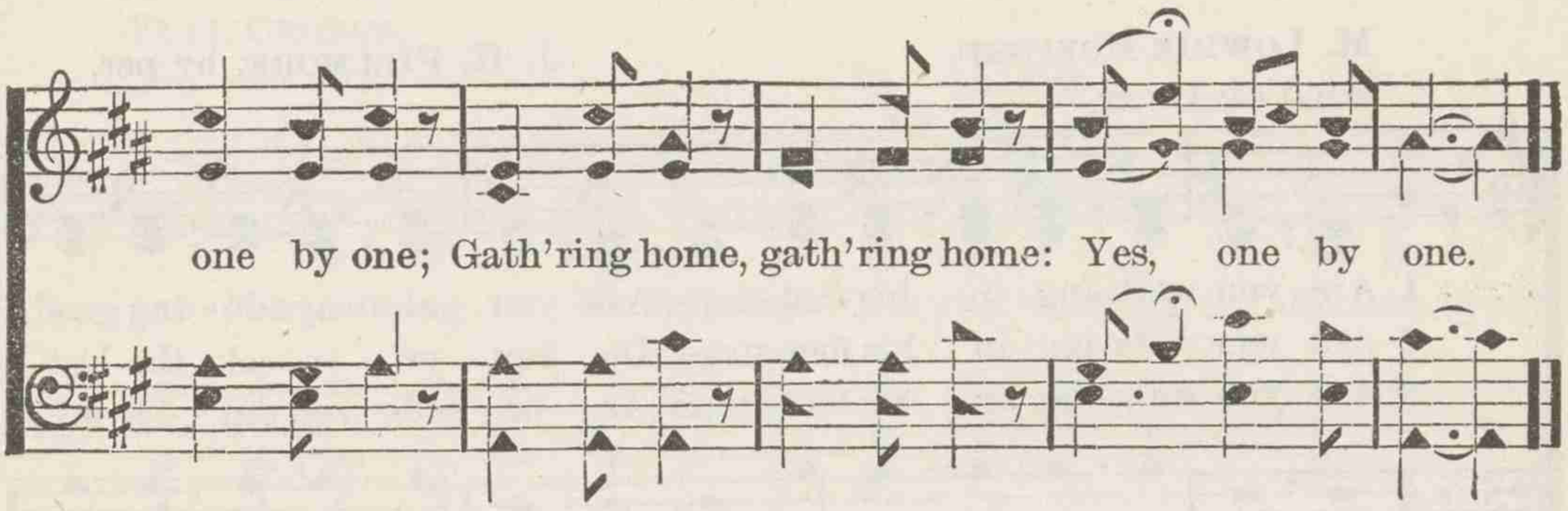
all laid down, And, cloth'd in white raiment, they rest in the mead Where Jesus doth
heav'nly hill, To others the waves o'er-flow fiercely and wild, But rest will be
fev'rish dream, But Jesus will point out the bright silv'ry strand And lead us thro'

CHORUS.

love his saints to lead.
giv'n the un - de-filed.
storms to peaceful land.
} Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Crossing the river
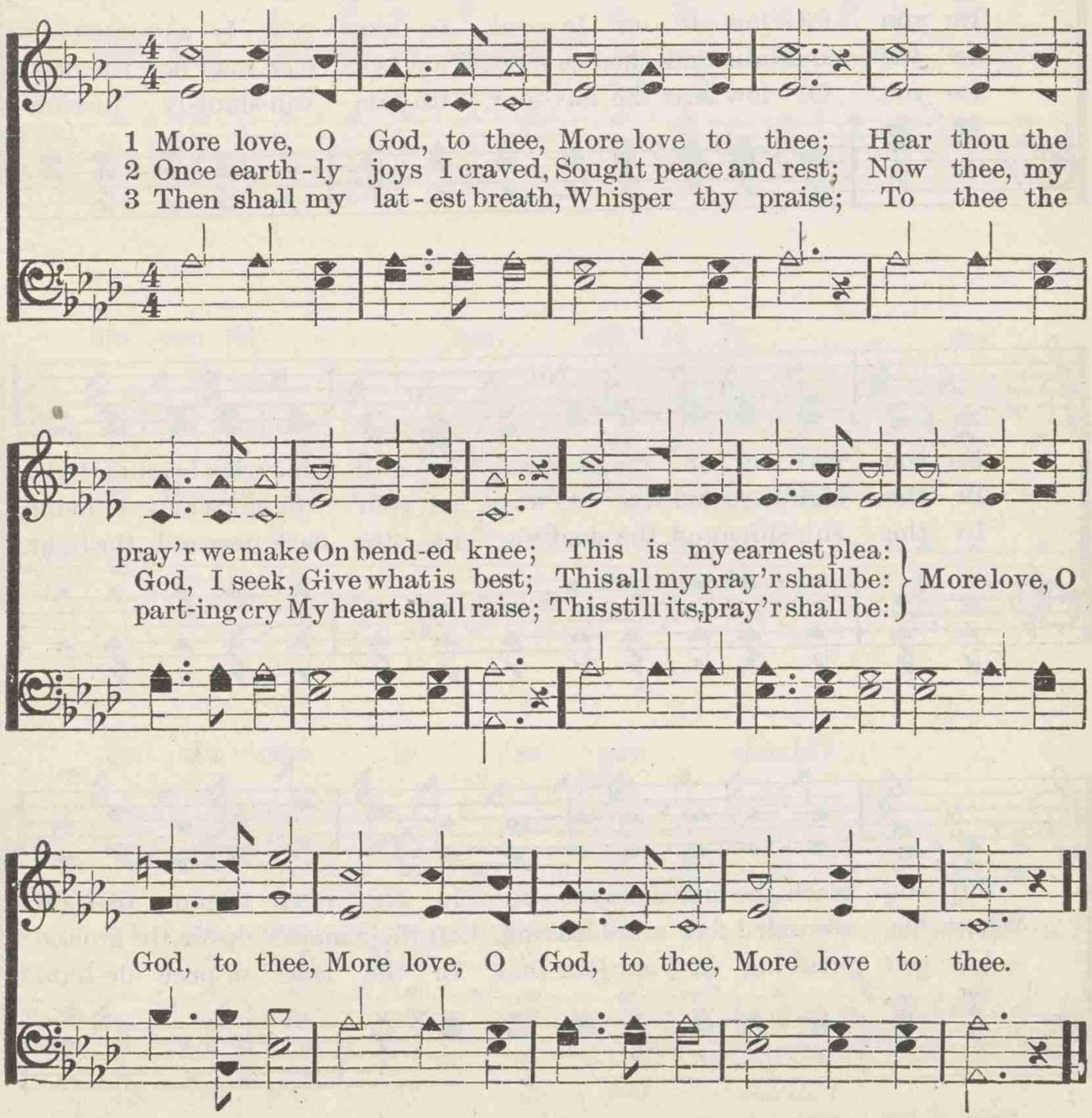
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# ONE BY ONE. Concluded.




## No. 237. MORE LOVE, O GOD, TO THEE.

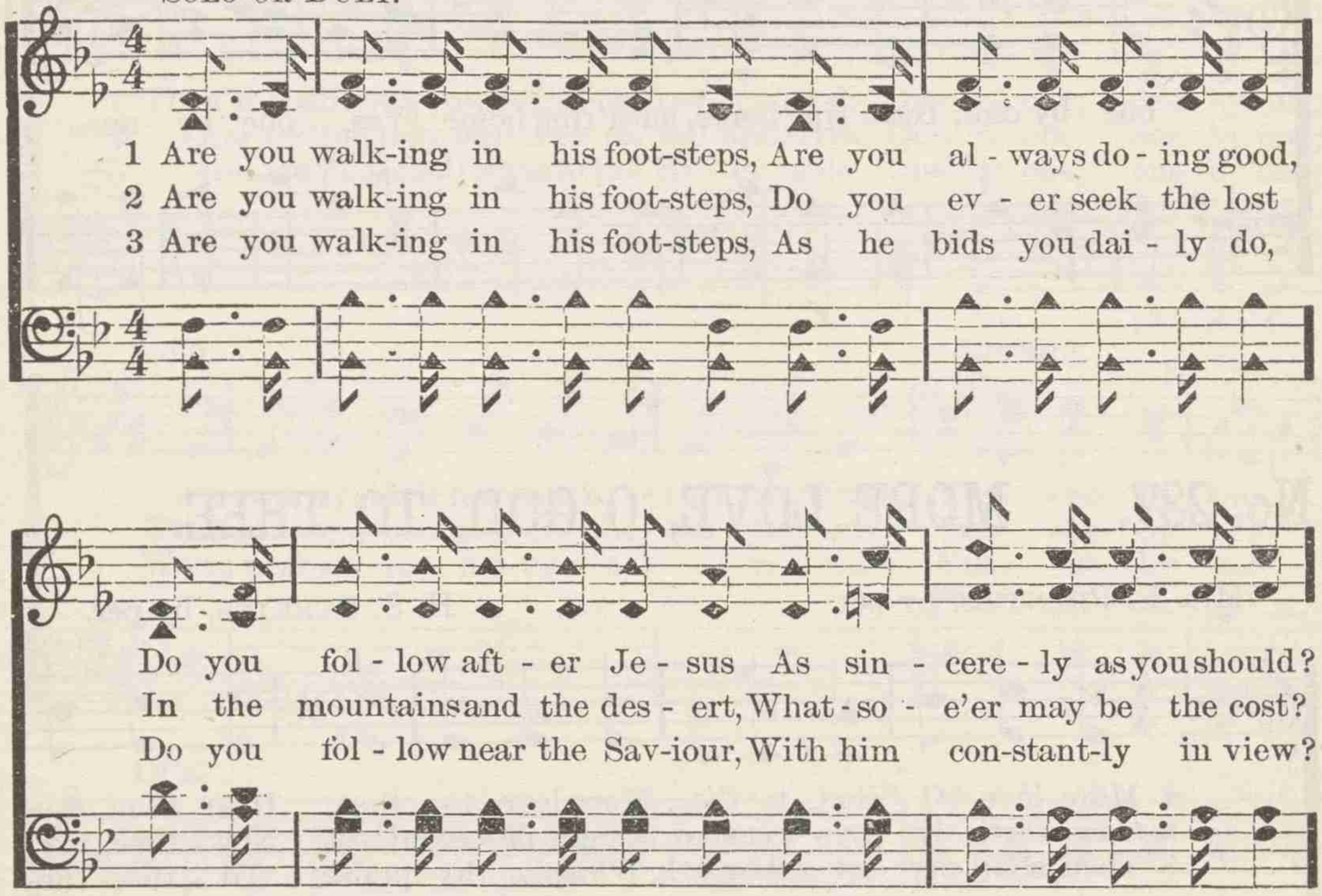
Mrs. E. PRENTISS, by per. H. S. PERKINS, by per.

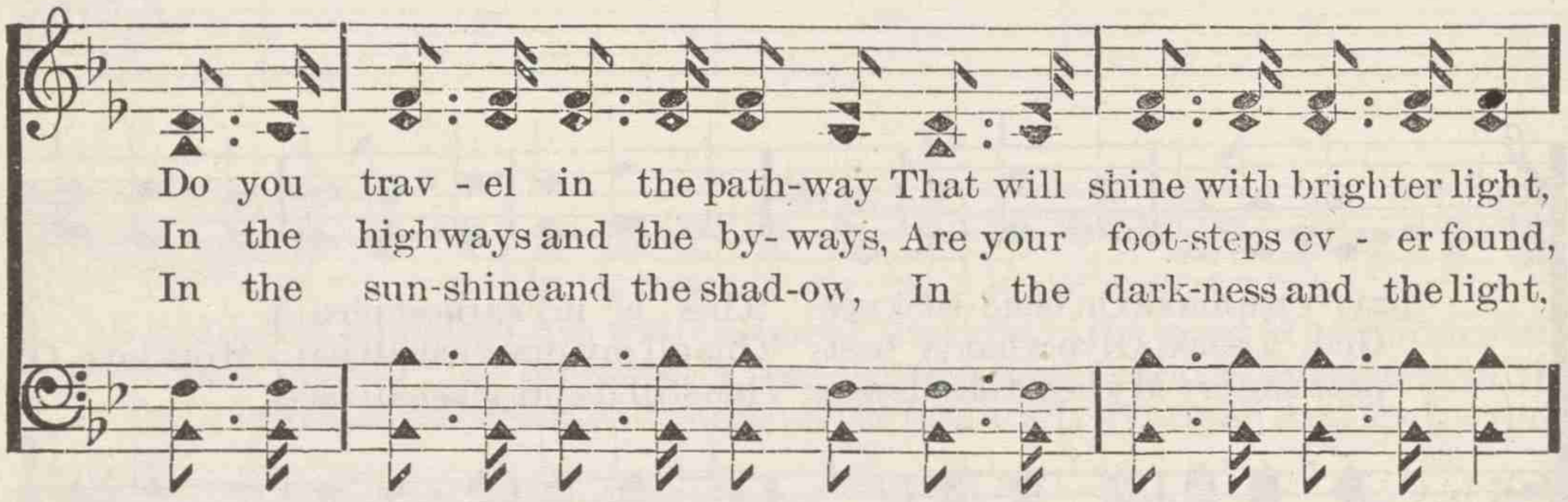


# No. 238. Are you Walking in His Footsteps?

M. Lowrie Hofford. J. H. Fillmore, by per.

Solo or Duet.
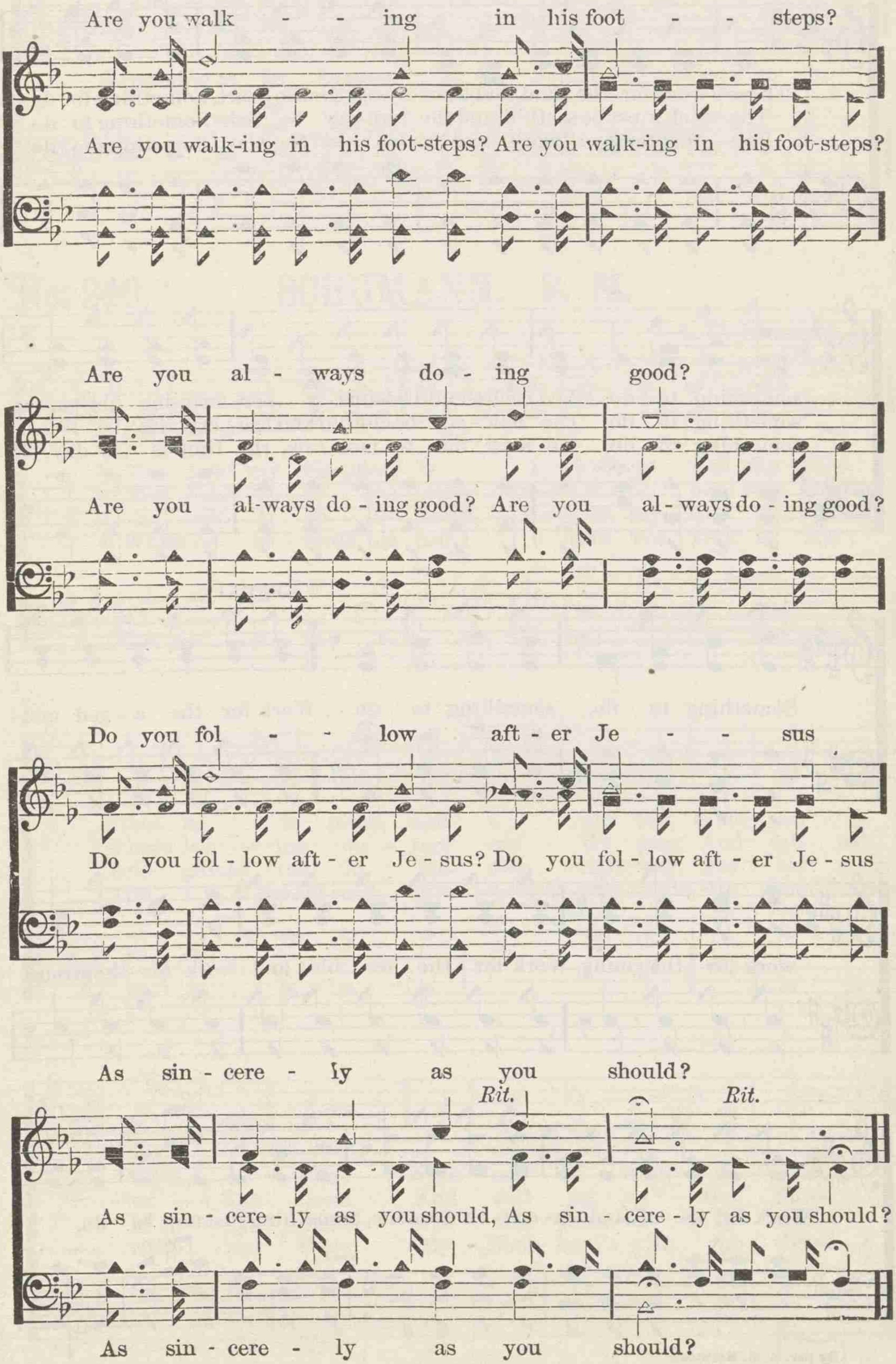



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# Are you Walking in His Footsteps? Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.



# No. 239. SOMETHING TO DO.

W. H. WOODALL. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 There's work for the hand, and there's work for the heart, Something to do,
2 The sick must be sooth'd, and the hun-gry be fed, Something to do,
3 The Mas-ter says "work" and has led us the way, Something to do,

something to do, And each should be bus - y per- form-ing his part,
something to do, The nak - ed be cloth'd and the err- ing be led,
something to do, He says "not to- mor- row, the time is to- day,"

REFRAIN.

Something to do, something to do. Work for the a - ged and

work for the young, Work for the fee - ble and work for the strong,

Work for us all and ex- cus - es for none, Something just now to do,
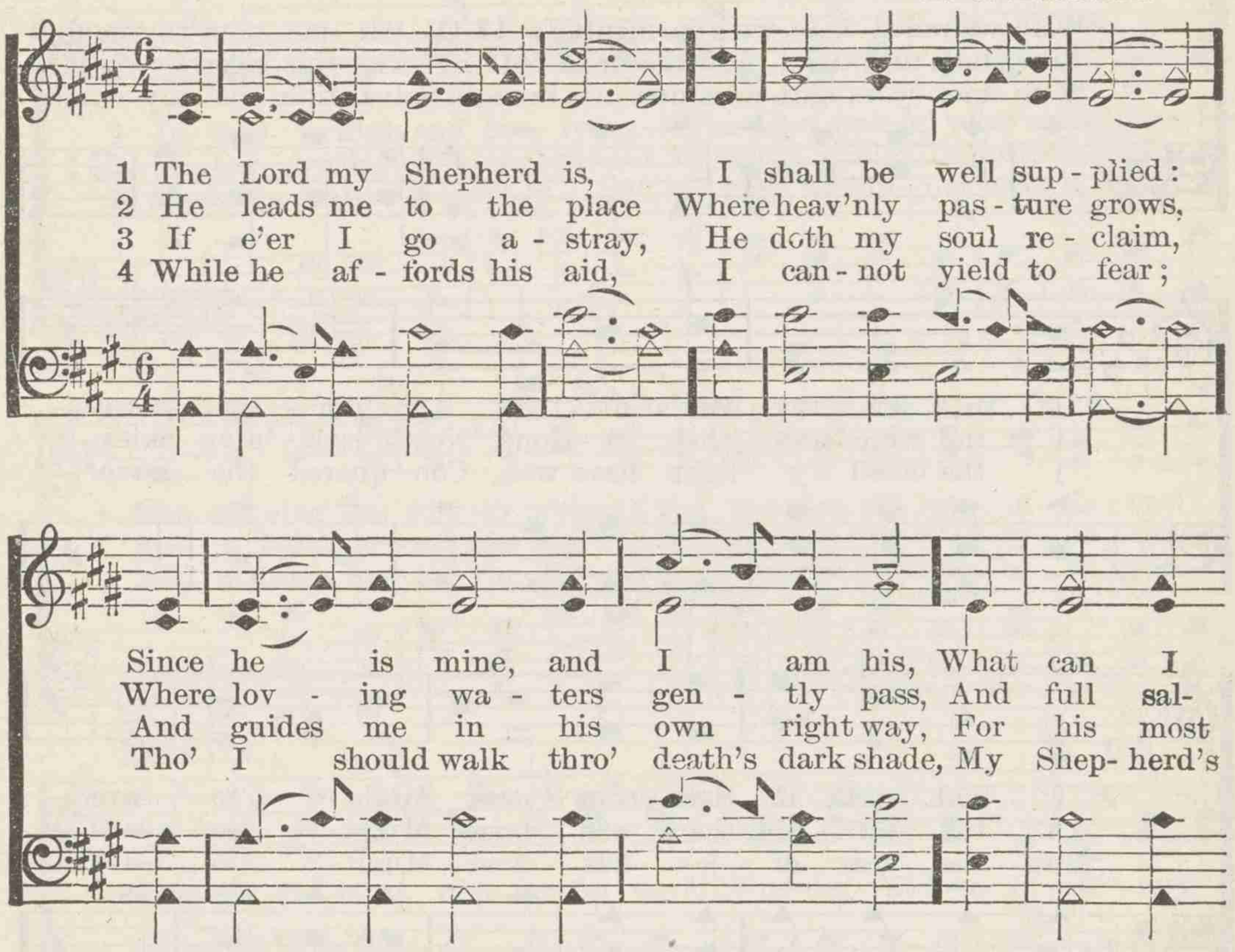
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

## SOMETHING TO DO. Concluded.




## No. 240. SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 241. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

R. W. TODD. HARRY SANDERS, by per.

1 O who is this that com - eth From E - dom's crim - son plain,
2 O why is thy ap - pa - rel With reek - ing gore all dyed,
3 O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - iour! How could'st thou bear this shame?

With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy name!
Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this blood - y tide?
With mer-cy fraught, mine own arm brought Salva - tion in my name;

I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave;
I the wine - press trod a - lone, 'Neath dark - 'ning skies;
I the blood - y fight have won, Con - quered the grave:
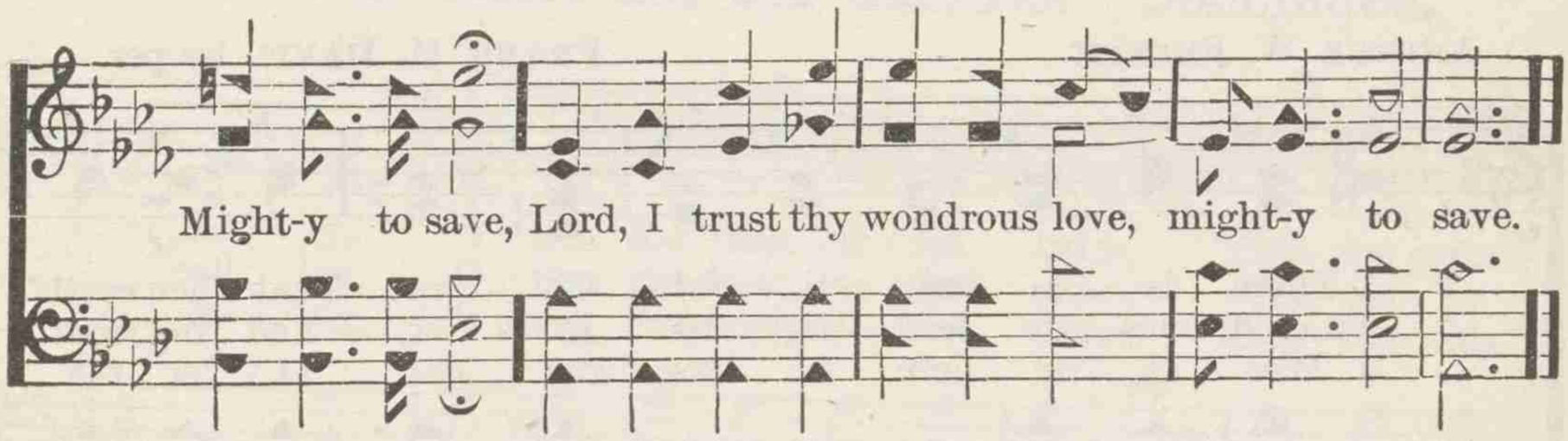
I that speak in right - eous - ness, Might - y to save.
Of the peo - ple there was none Might - y to save.
Now the year of joy has come, Might - y to save.

Might - y to save, Might - y to save,

CHORUS.

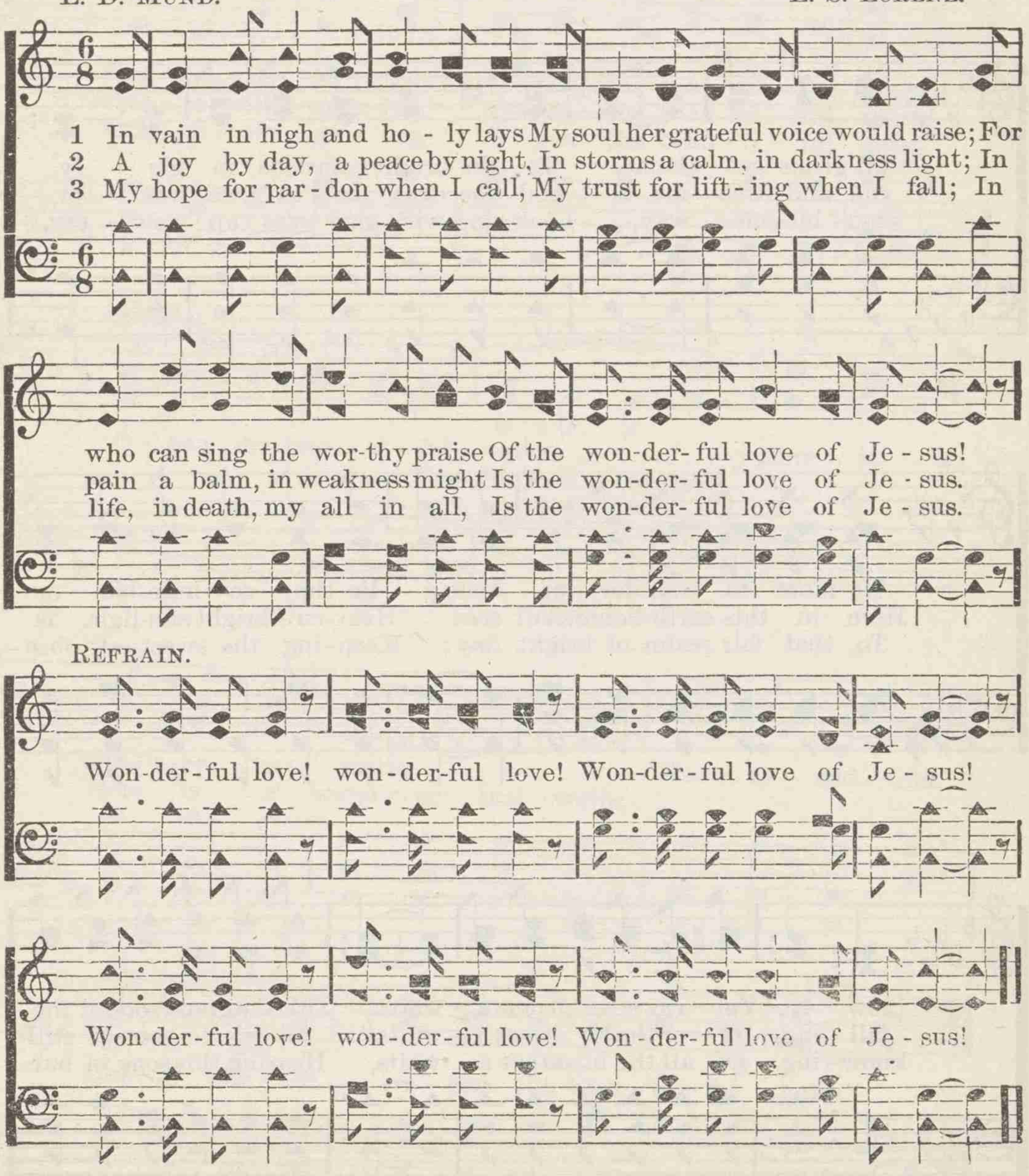
Might - y to save, Might - y to save,

# MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.




## No. 242. WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

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




From "Holy Voices," by per.

# No. 243. OPEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

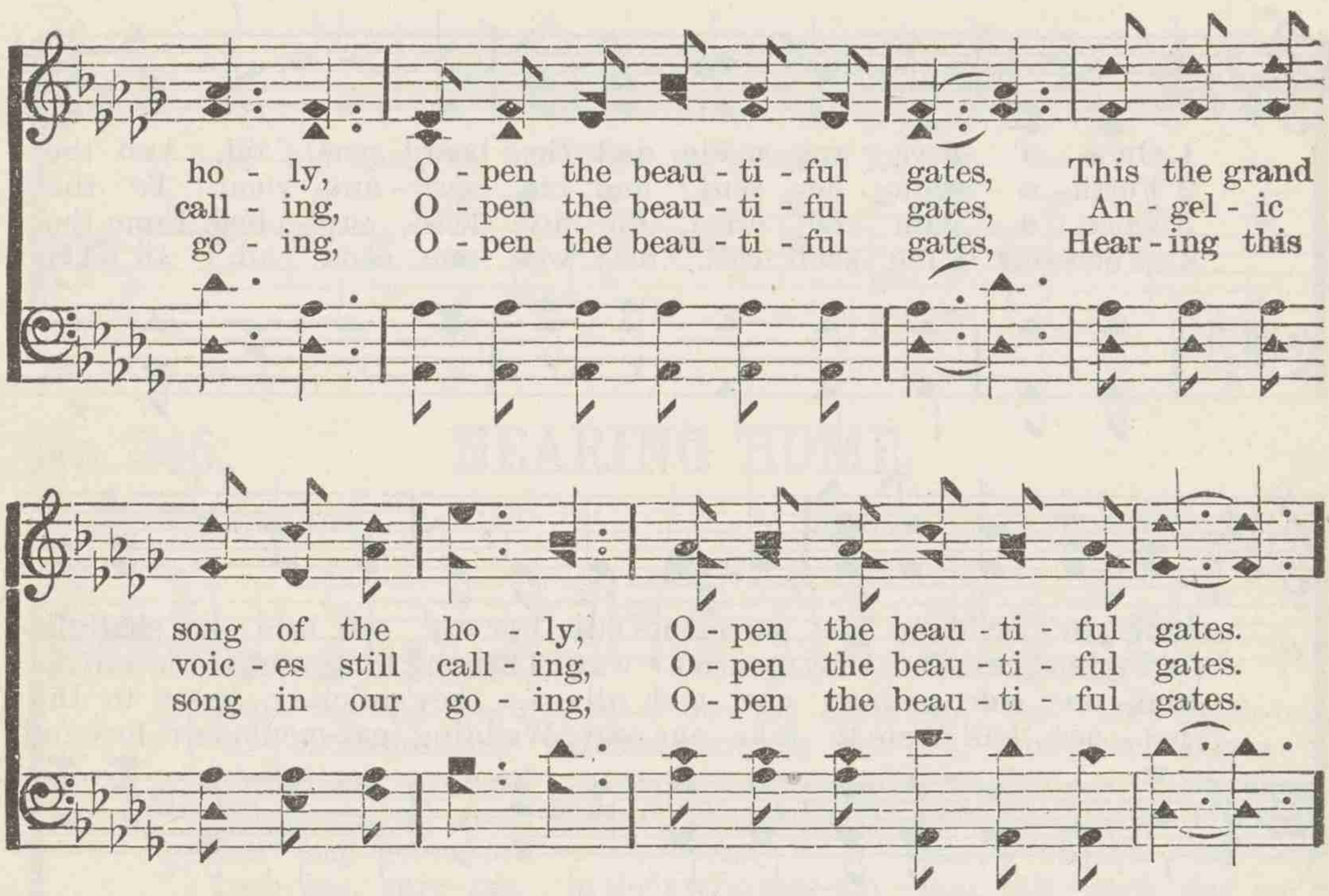
1 There is a beau - ti - ful sto - ry That when earth's
2 Lov'd ones are leav - ing us ev - er, Fad - ing from
3 Wea - ri - ly here we now wan - der, O - ver the

pil-grims get home, To the bright mansions in glo - ry,
you and from me, And the dear fac - es we nev - er,
trou - ble-some way, Look - ing with glad eyes up yon - der,

No more to wan-der or roam; Be they so hum-ble or
Here in this earth-home shall see; Heav-en's bright sun-light is
To that fair realm of bright day; Keep - ing the sweet-est fore -

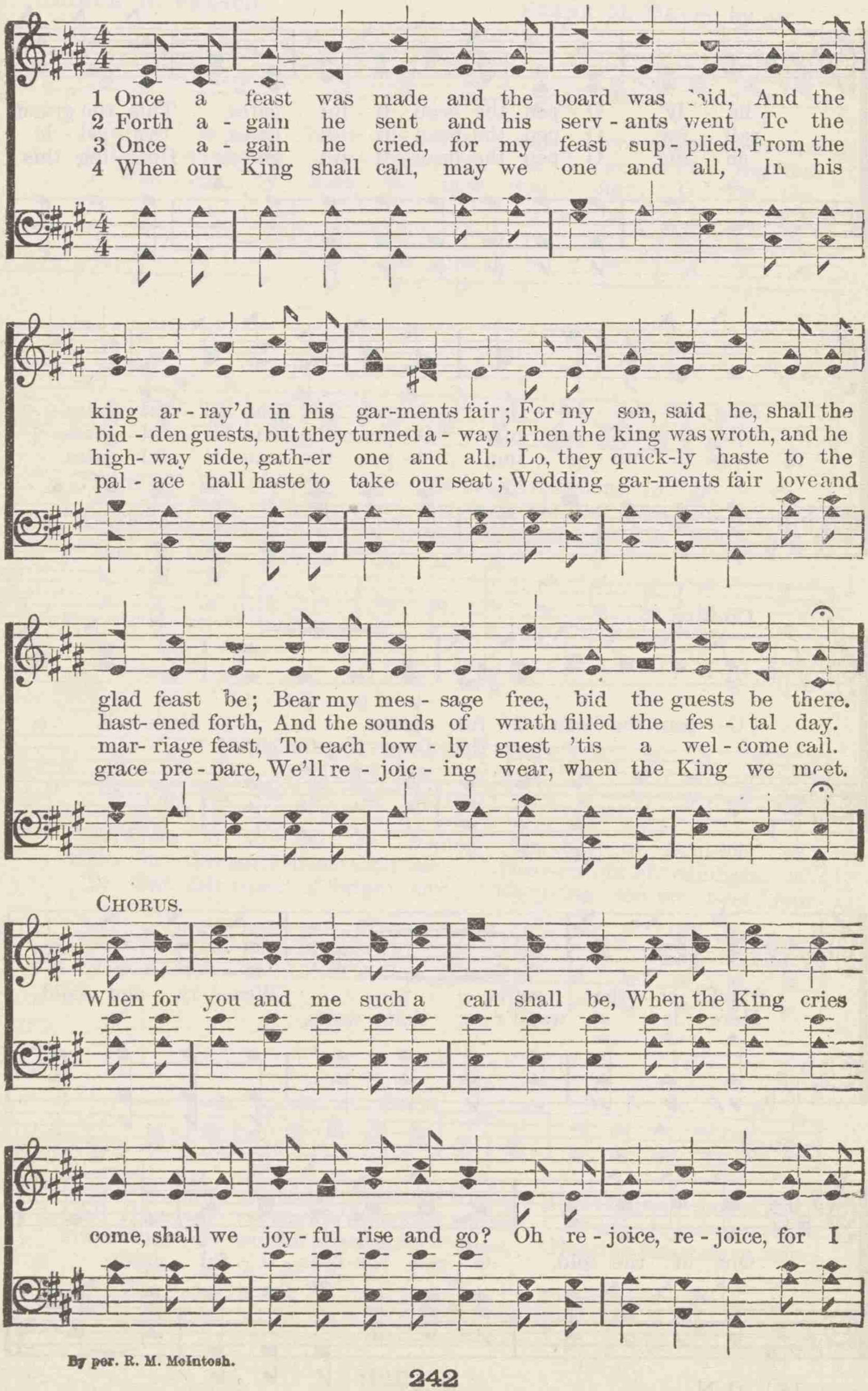
low - ly, Yet a sweet welcome a - waits, This the grand song of the
fall - ing, O - ver the lov'd one that waits, An-gel - ic voic - es still
know - ing, Of all the bliss that a - waits, Hearing this song in our

# OPEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES. Concluded.
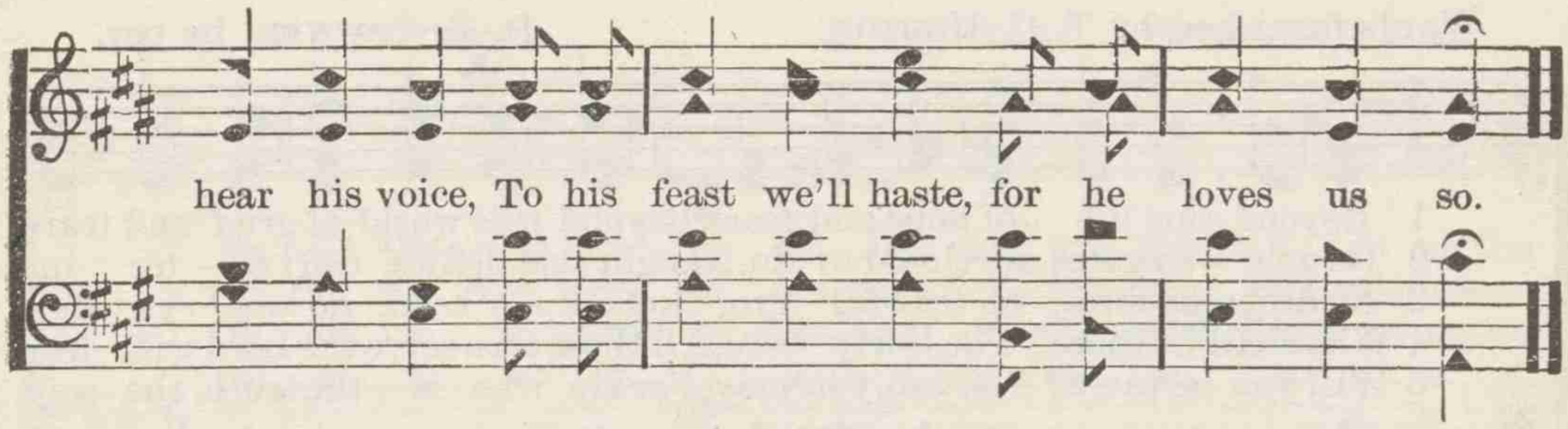


# No. 244. The Marriage of the King's Son.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH



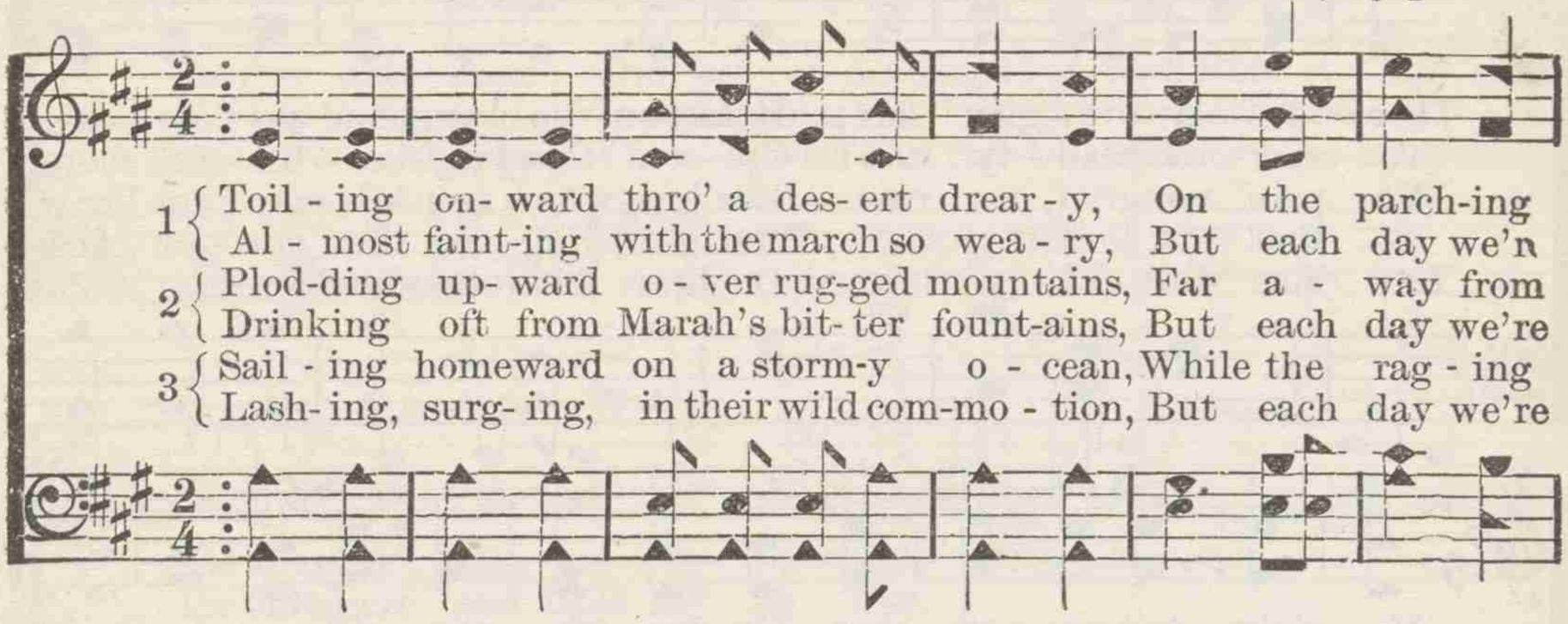

By per. R. M. McIntosh.
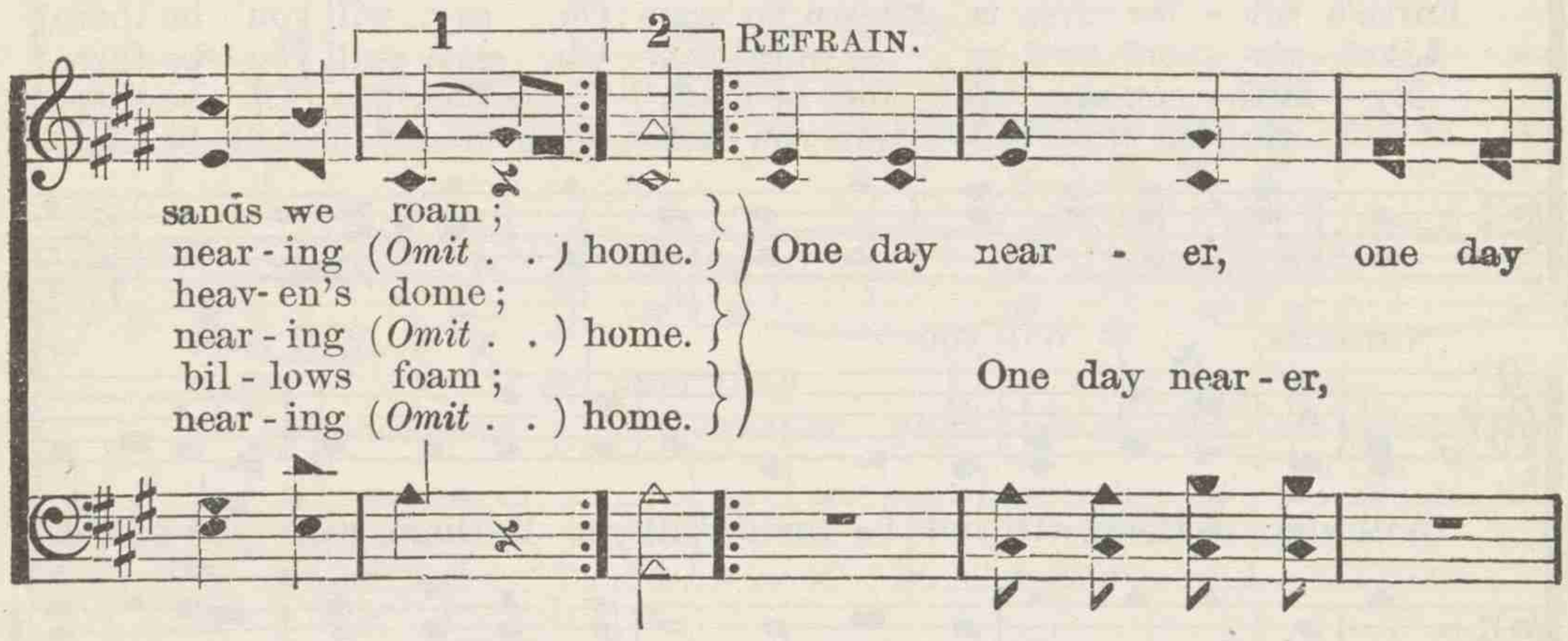
# The Marriage of the King's Son. Concluded.
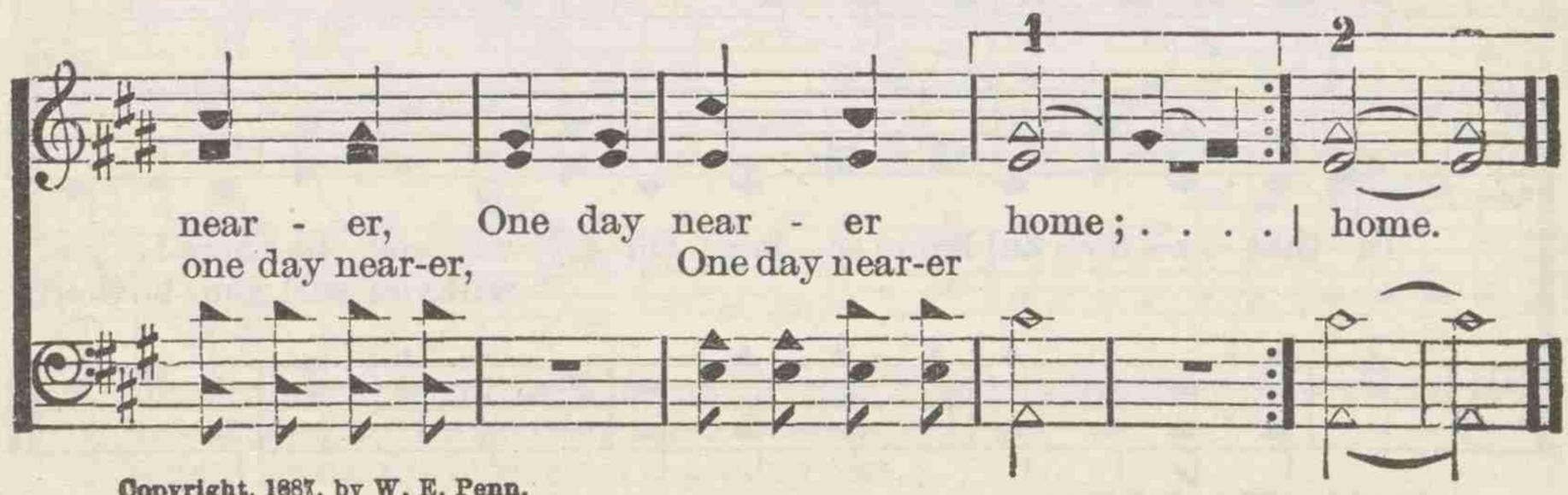



## No. 245. NEARING HOME.

H. N. LINCOLN. Miss ALICE LINCOLN, by per.
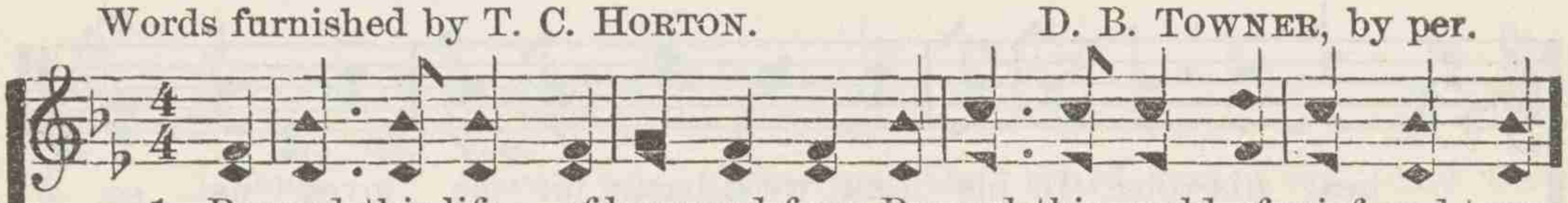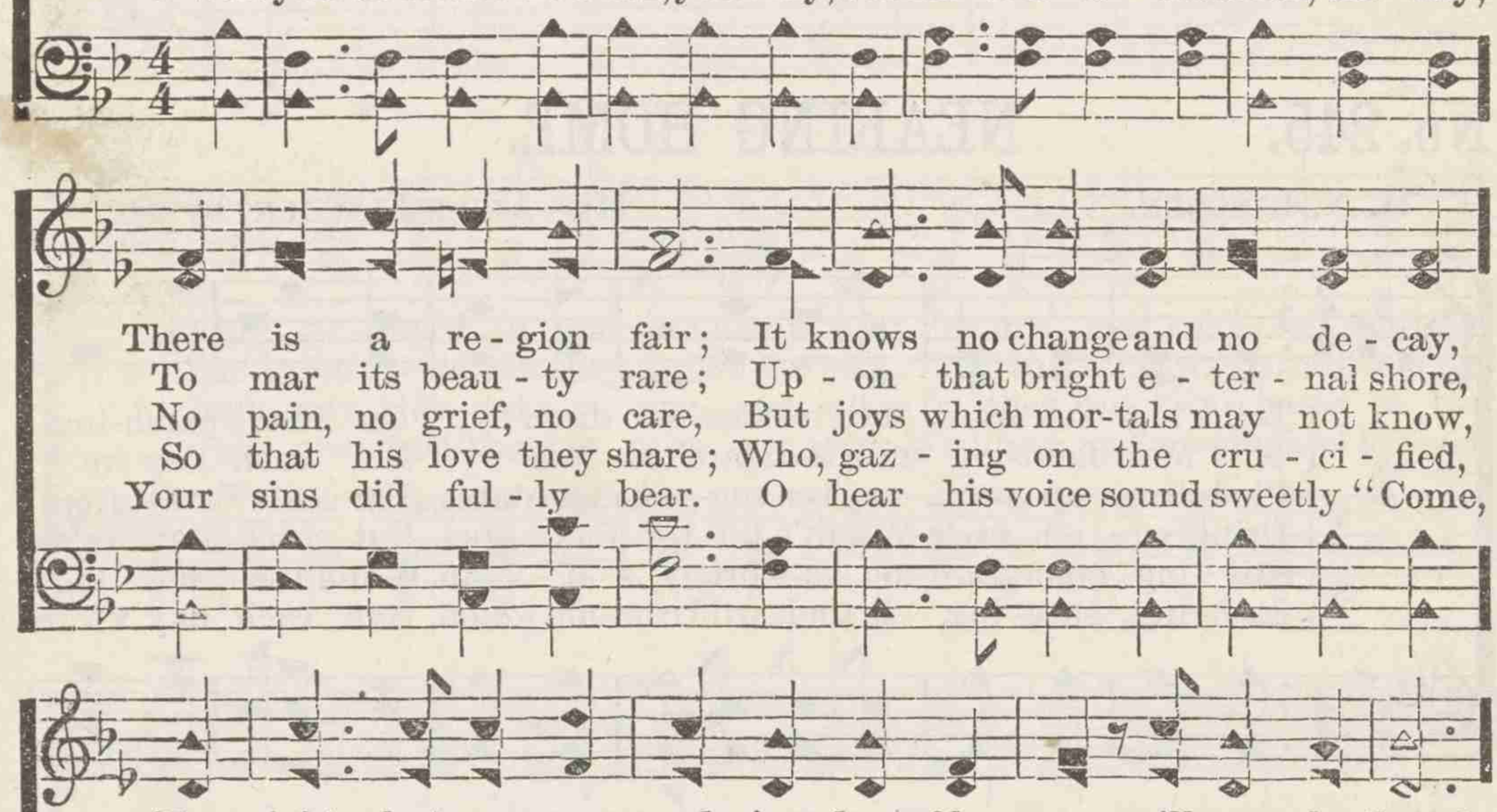









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# No. 246. WILL YOU BE THERE?

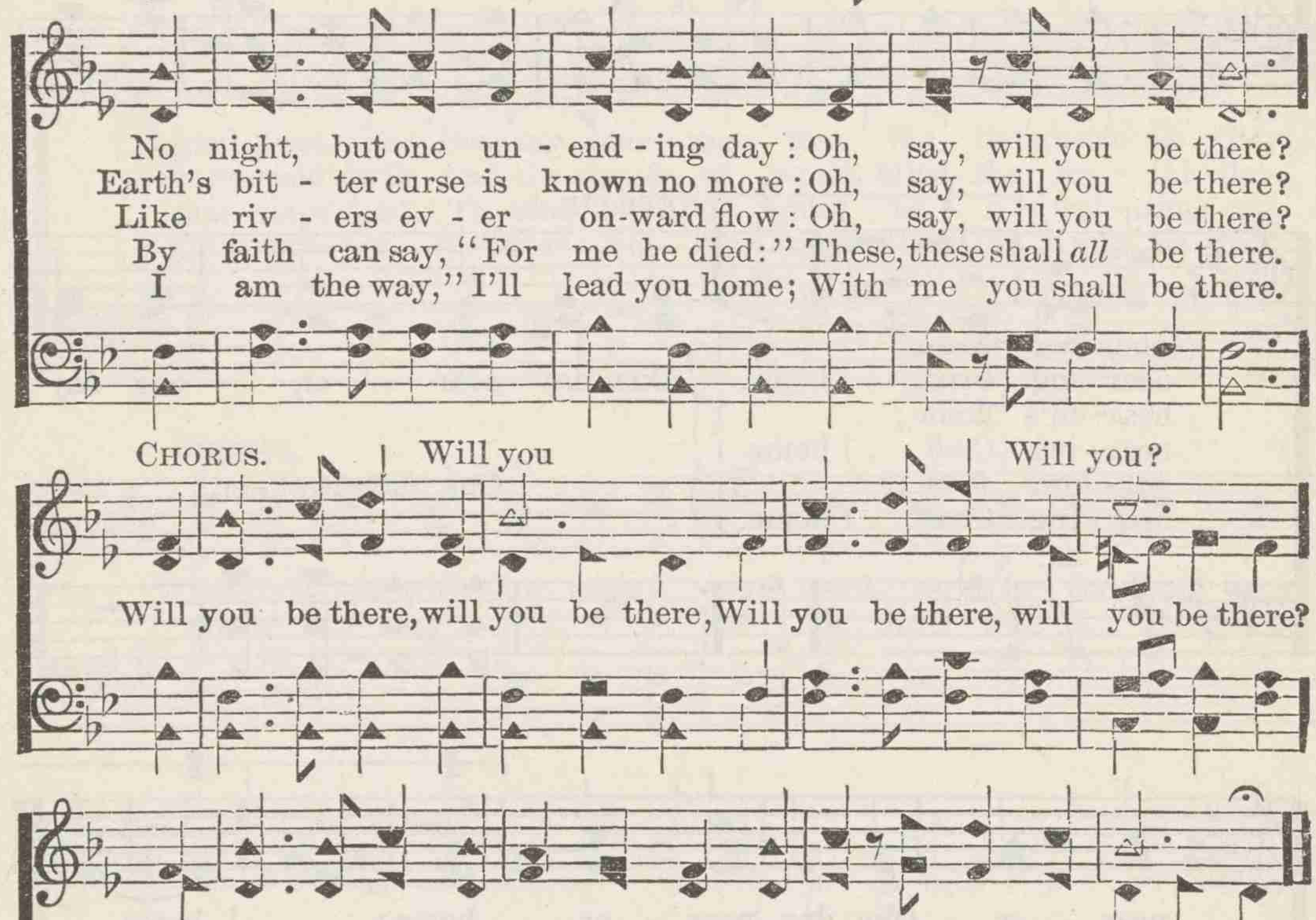
Words furnished by T. C. HORTON. D. B. TOWNER, by per.



1 Beyond this life of hope and fears, Beyond this world of grief and tears,
2 Its gold - en gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter in
3 No drooping form, no tear-ful eye, No hoar - y head, no wea - ry sigh,
4 Who shall be there? The lowly here, All those who serve the Lord with fear,
5 Will you be there? You can, you may, For He who is the truth, the way,



There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de - cay,
To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore,
No pain, no grief, no care, But joys which mor-tals may not know,
So that his love they share; Who, gaz - ing on the cru - ci - fied,
Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear his voice sound sweetly "Come,



No night, but one un - end - ing day: Oh, say, will you be there?
Earth's bit - ter curse is known no more: Oh, say, will you be there?
Like riv - ers ev - er on-ward flow: Oh, say, will you be there?
By faith can say, "For me he died:" These, these shall *all* be there.
I am the way," I'll lead you home; With me you shall be there.



CHORUS. Will you Will you?

Will you be there, will you be there, Will you be there, will you be there?



In that e - ter - nal home so fair: Oh say, will you be there!
will you, will you be there?

Copyright, 1886, by D. B. Towner.

# No. 247. THE SWEET STORY.

J. B. ATCHINSON. PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.

1 Re-peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, Oh, tell me the
2 Oh, tell me once more of his won - der - ful love, His goodness and
3 Oh, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and

sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,
mer - cy to me; When hopeless - ly lost in the dark-ness of sin,
sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav-iour shall ev - er-more dwell,

CHORUS.

'Tis sweet-er than ev - er be - fore. } 'Tis sweet - - - er, yes,
He found me and bade me go free.
Oh, tell me of heav - en my home. } Oh, tell me the sto - ry of

sweet - - er each time . . . . . than be - fore, . . . .
Je - sus once more, 'Tis sweet-er, yes, sweet-er each time than before;

Then tell . . . me the sto - - ry of Je - - sus once more.

1 How he died on the tree for sinners like me, Oh, tell me the story of Jesus once more.
2 How his wonderful love bro't him from above.
3 Where I with the blest shall evermore rest.

# No. 248. WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1 The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor - row, toil nor care;
2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3 If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow:
4 Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got;
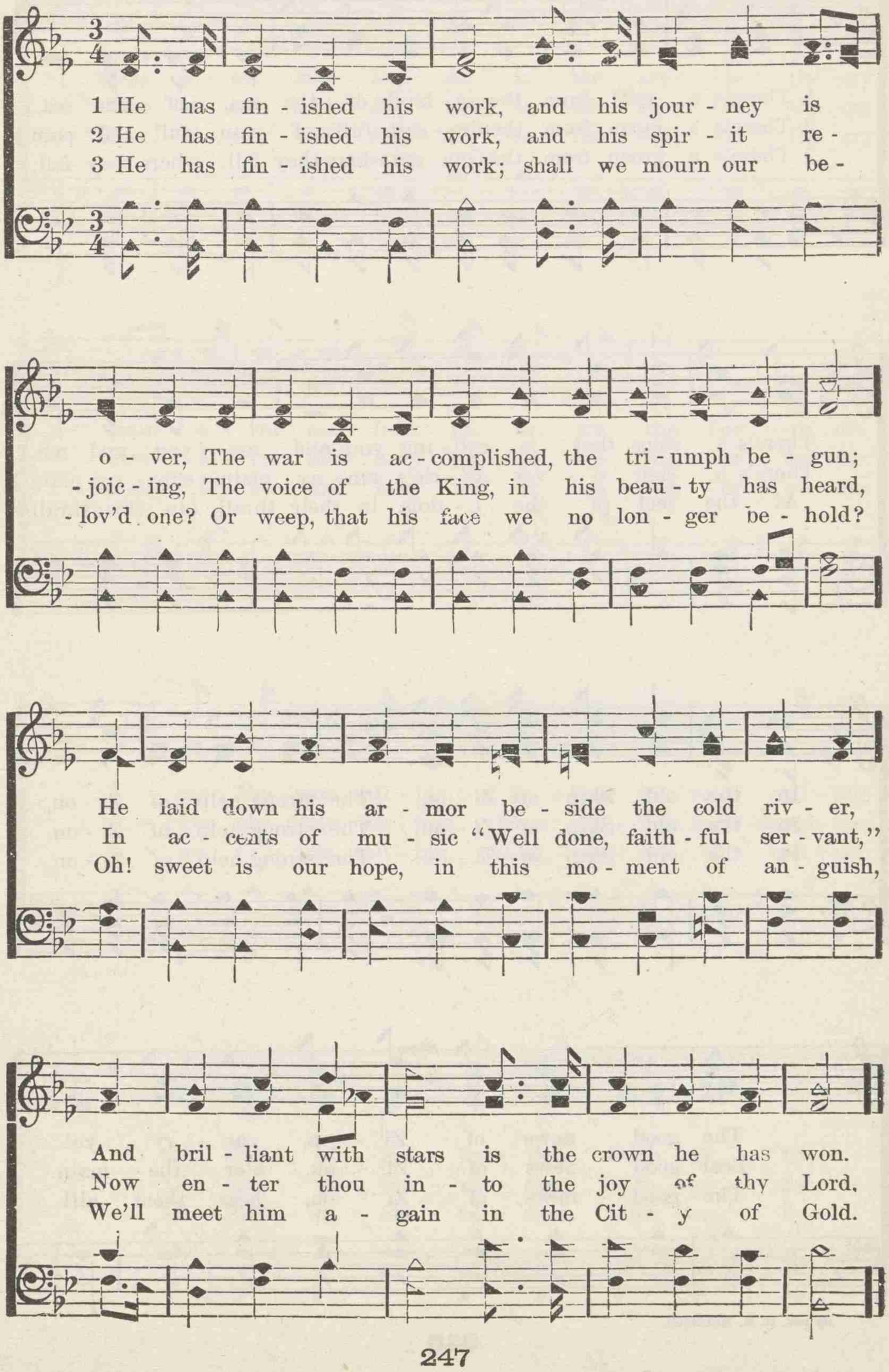
Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and mur-mur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait,
meek-ly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O mur-mur not.
meek-ly wait,
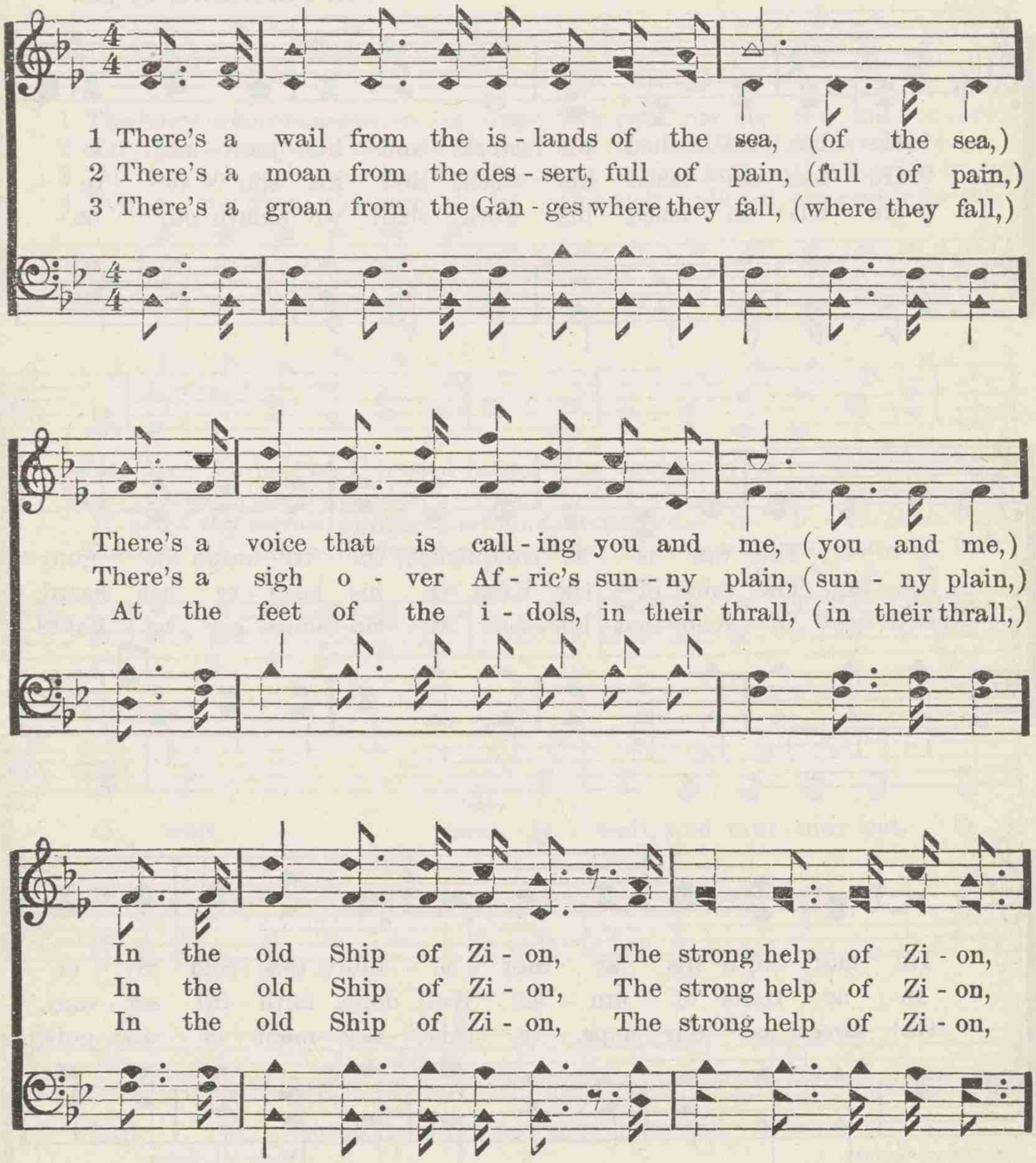
# NO. 249. REST FROM LABOR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. PETTIBONE, by per.
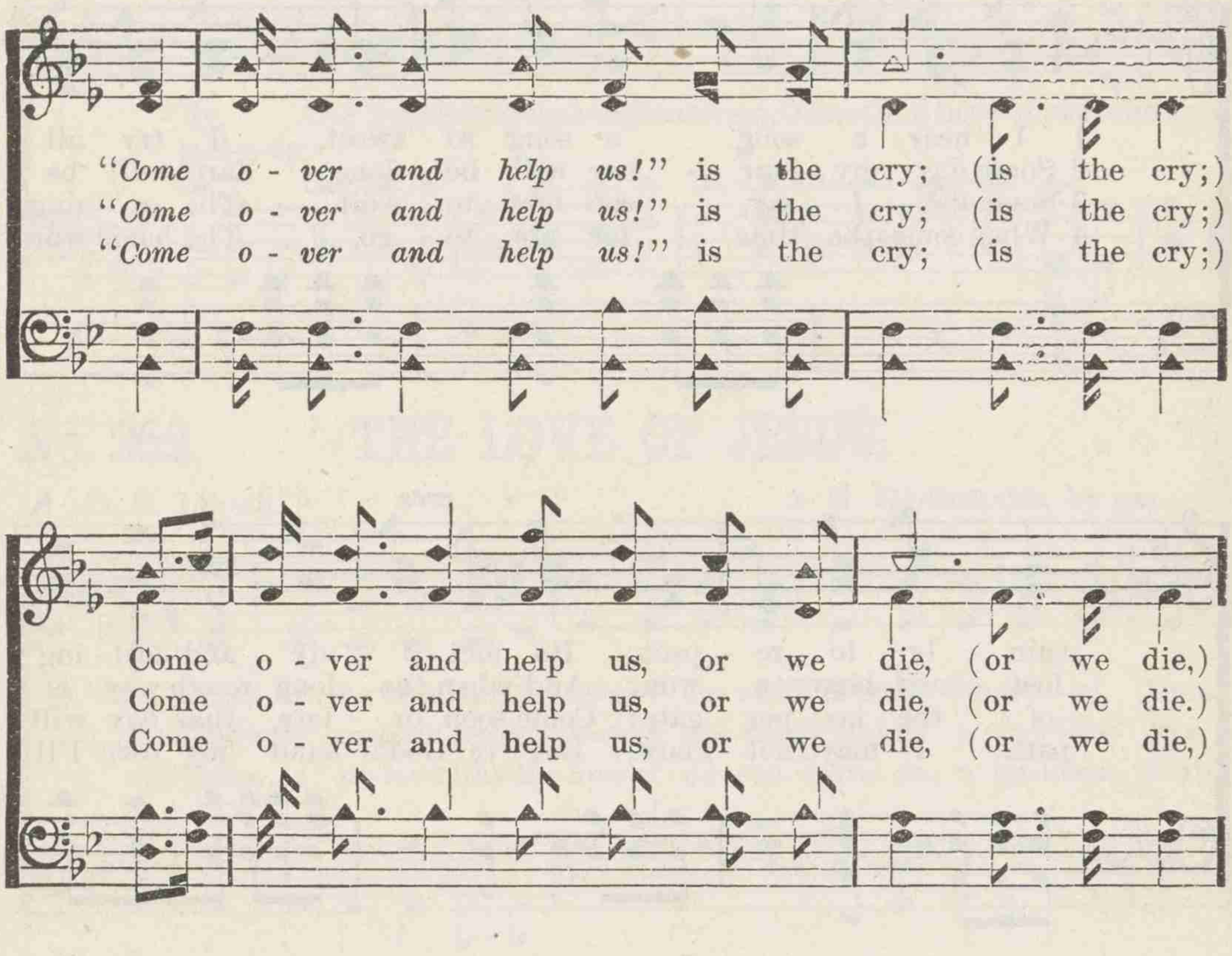


# No. 250. SHIP OF ZION.
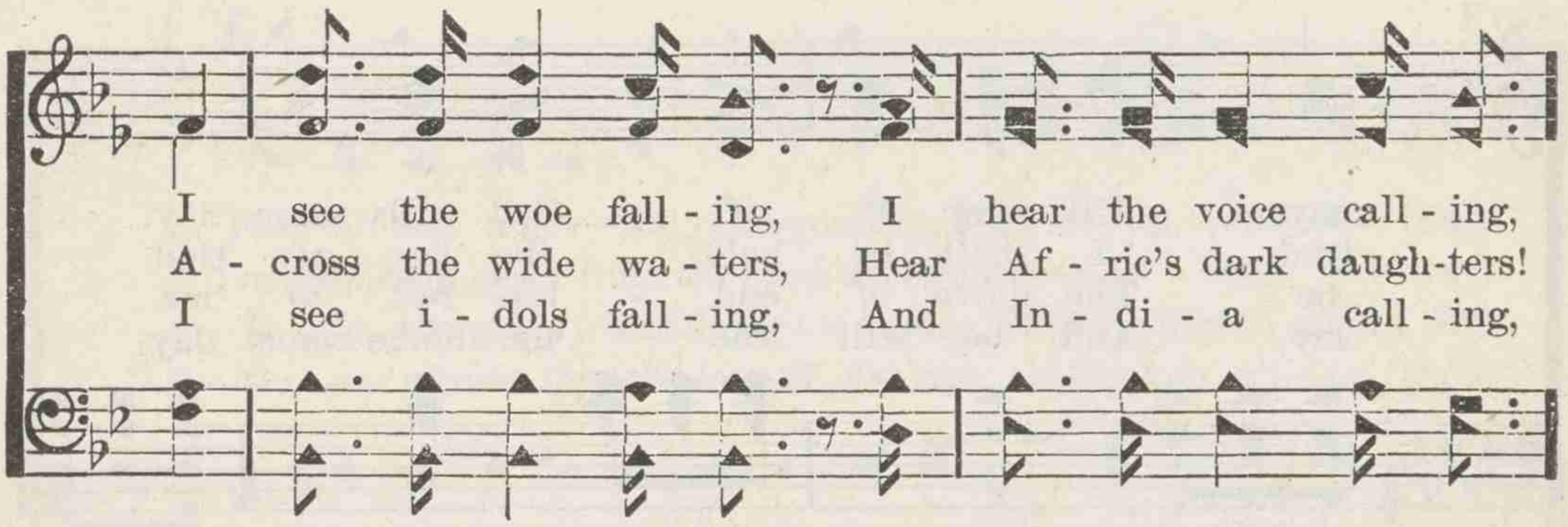
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.
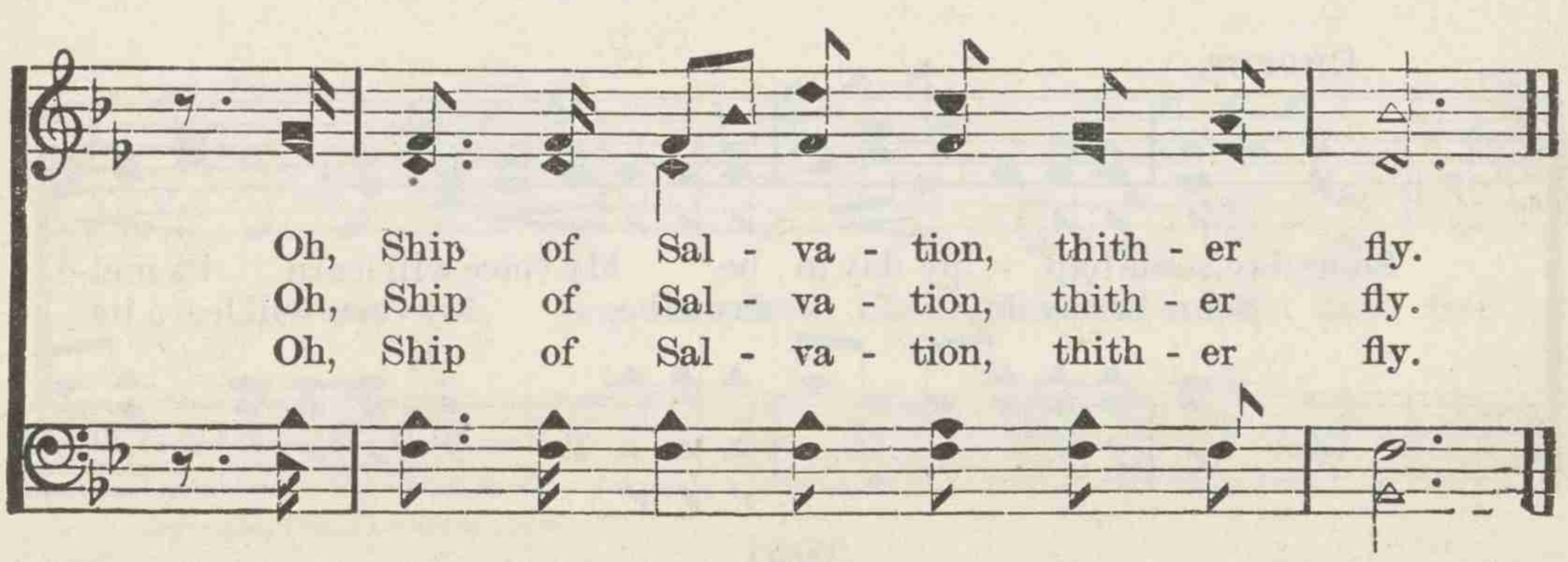



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# SHIP OF ZION. Concluded.









# No. 251. SOME DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

DUET.

1 I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all
2 Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be
3 Some day I say, con- tent to wait The op'- ning
4 When comes the time for me to go, The home-ward

*cres.*

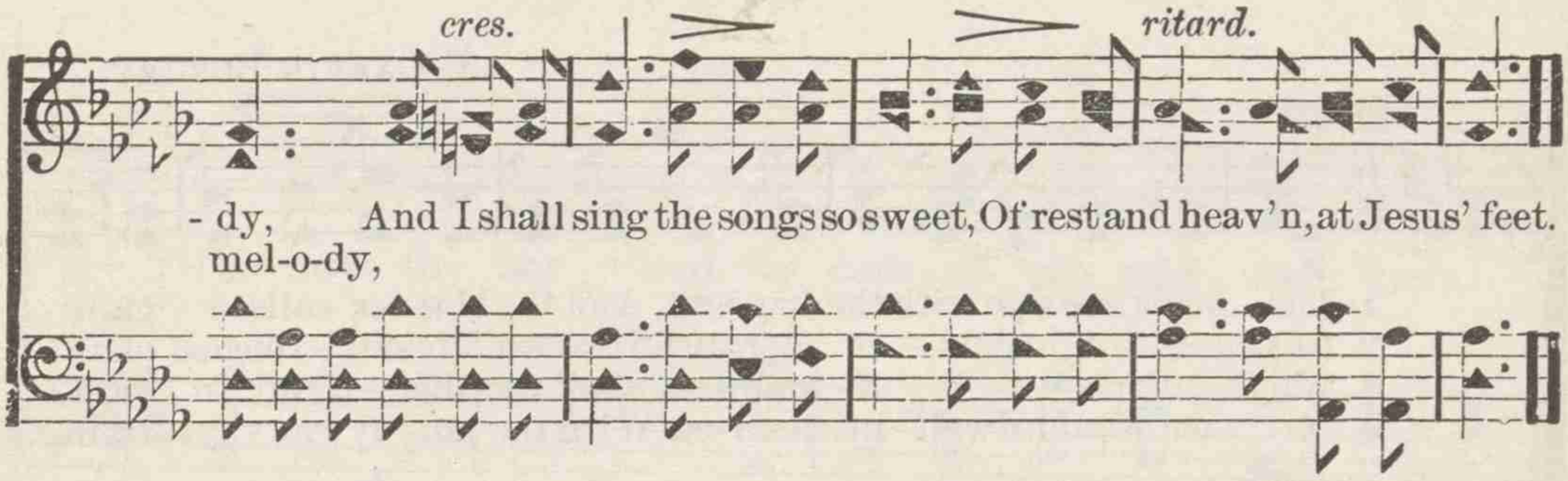
vain - ly to re - peat; Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing
lost and heav- en won; And when the long rough way is
of the jas - per gate; Come soon or late, that day will
path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
lay, And he will lead me home some day.

CHORUS.

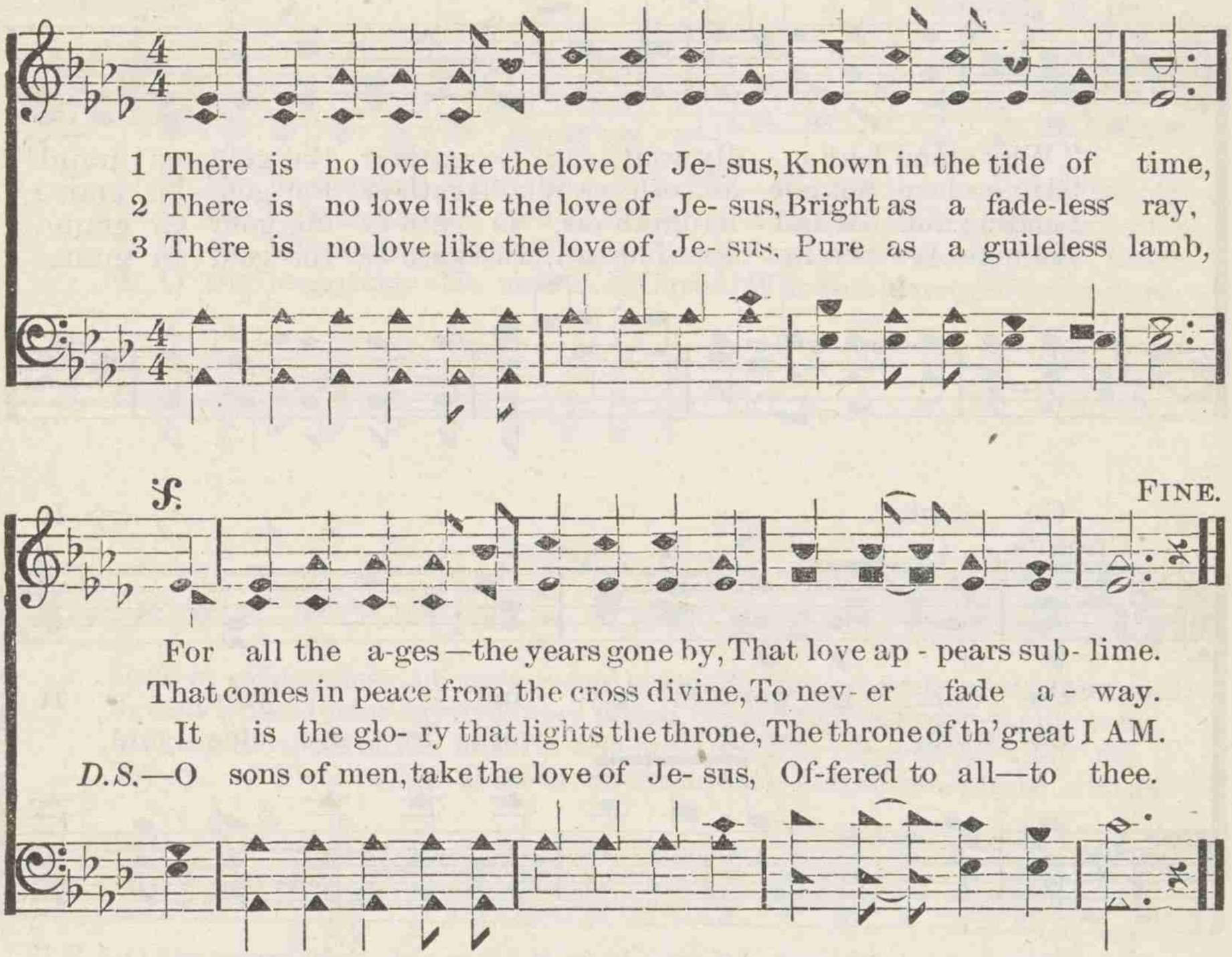
Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o-
Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its
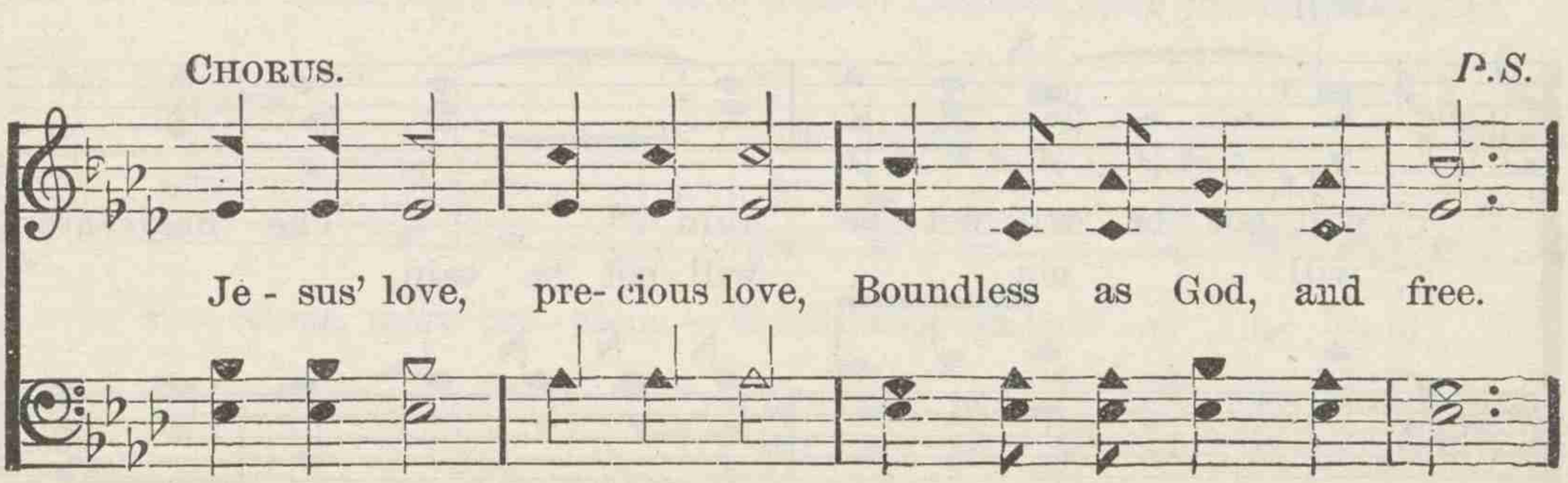
# SOME DAY. Concluded.




## No. 252. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.





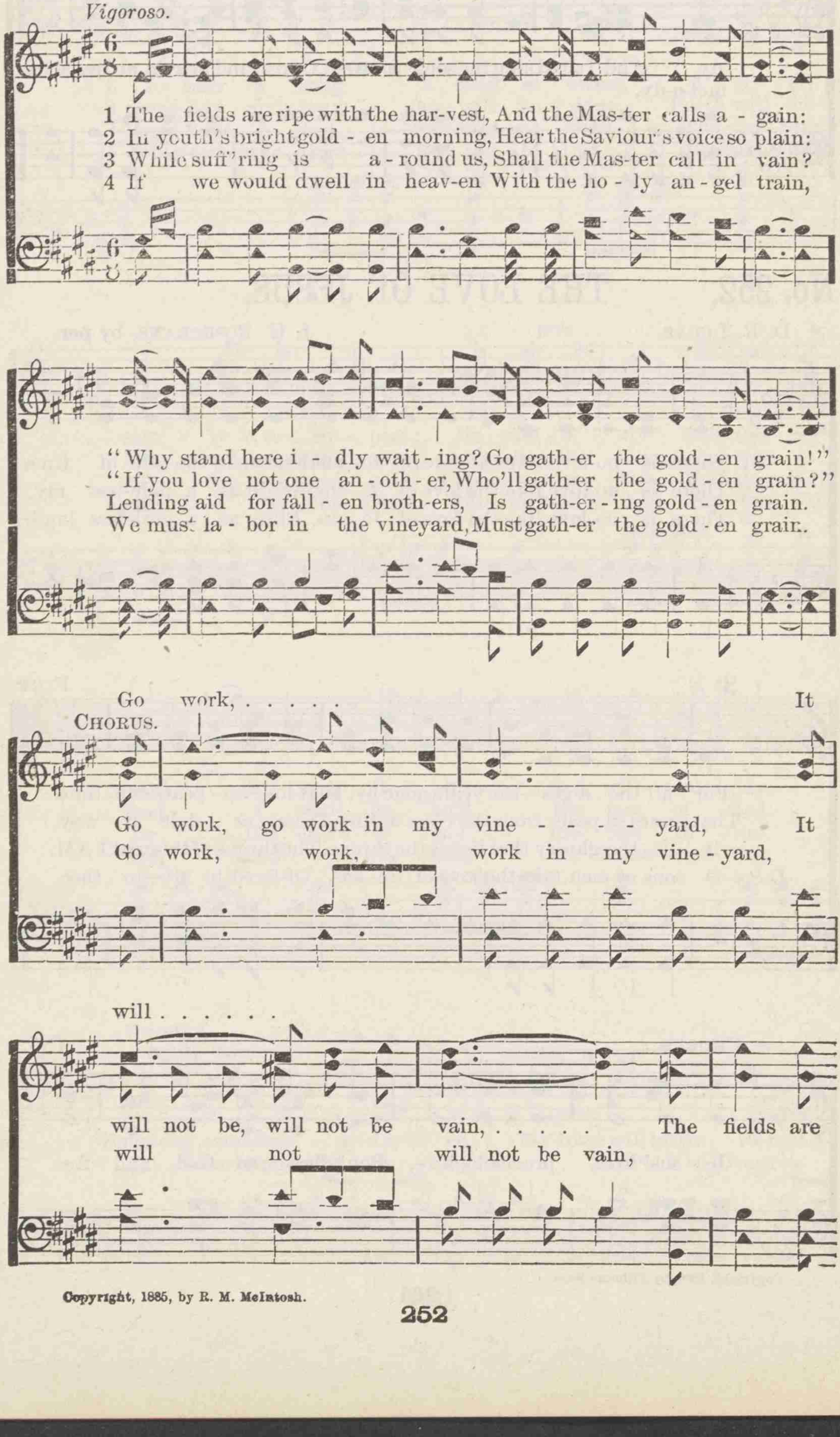


Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

# No. 253. GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.
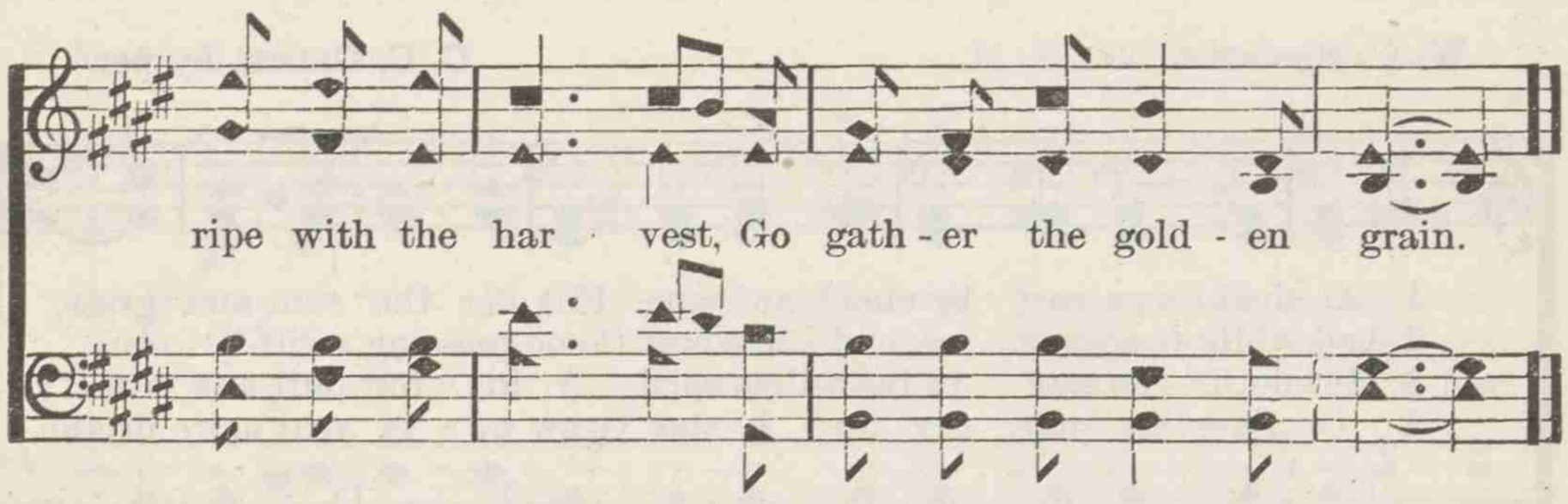
J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

*Vigoroso.*



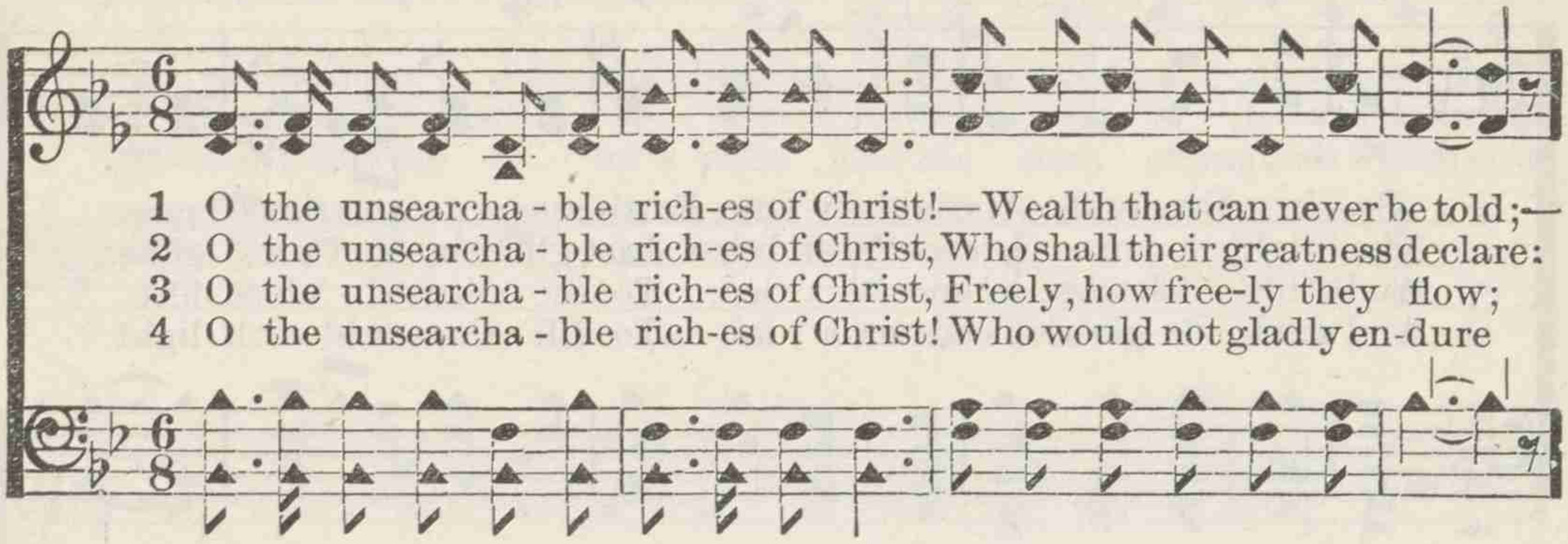

Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

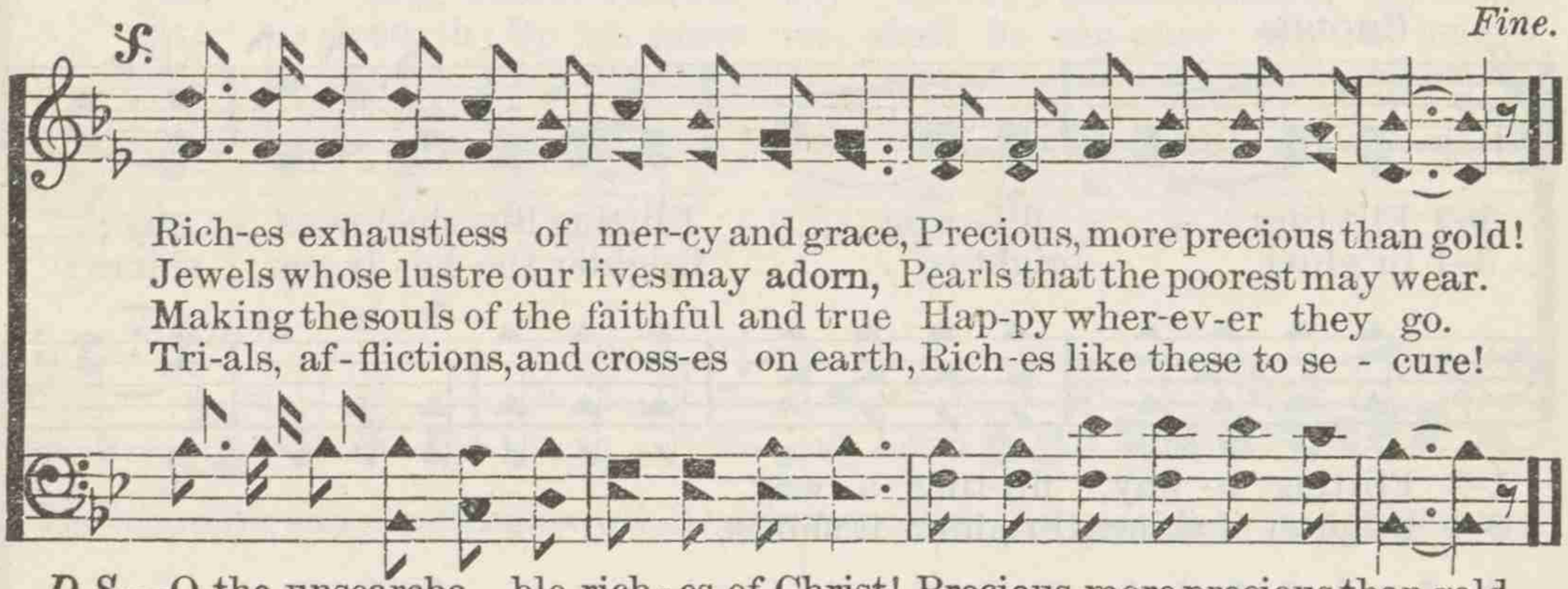
# GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN. Concluded.
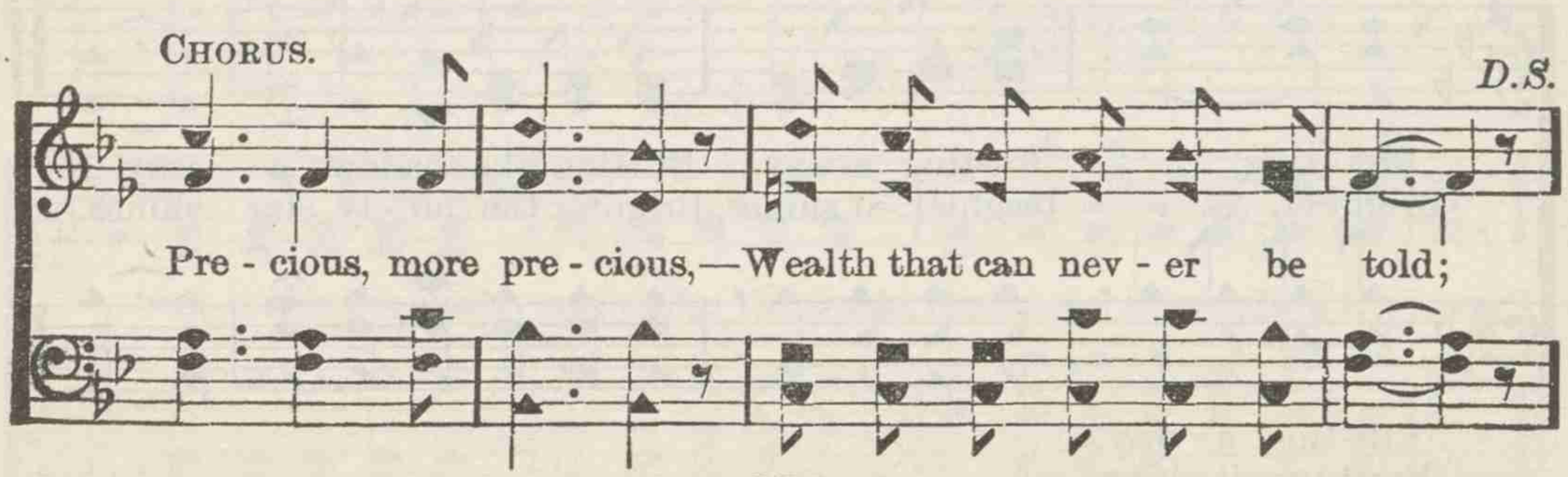



## No. 254. UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

F. J. C. J. R. SWENEY, by per.

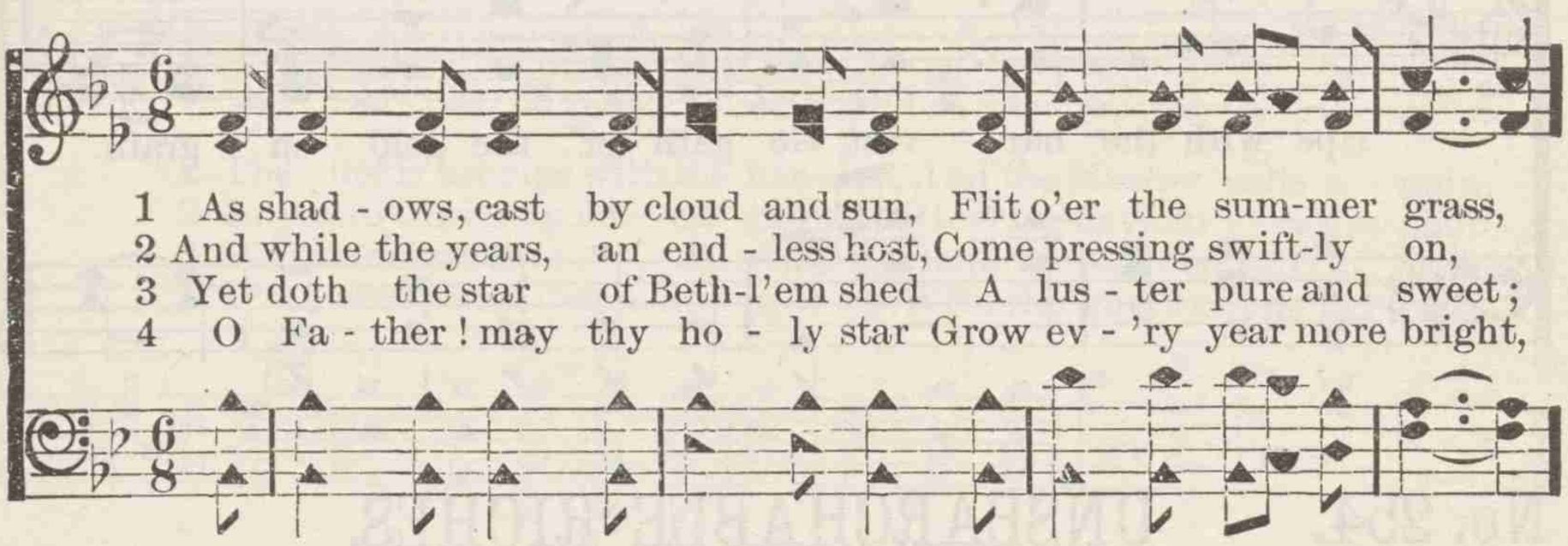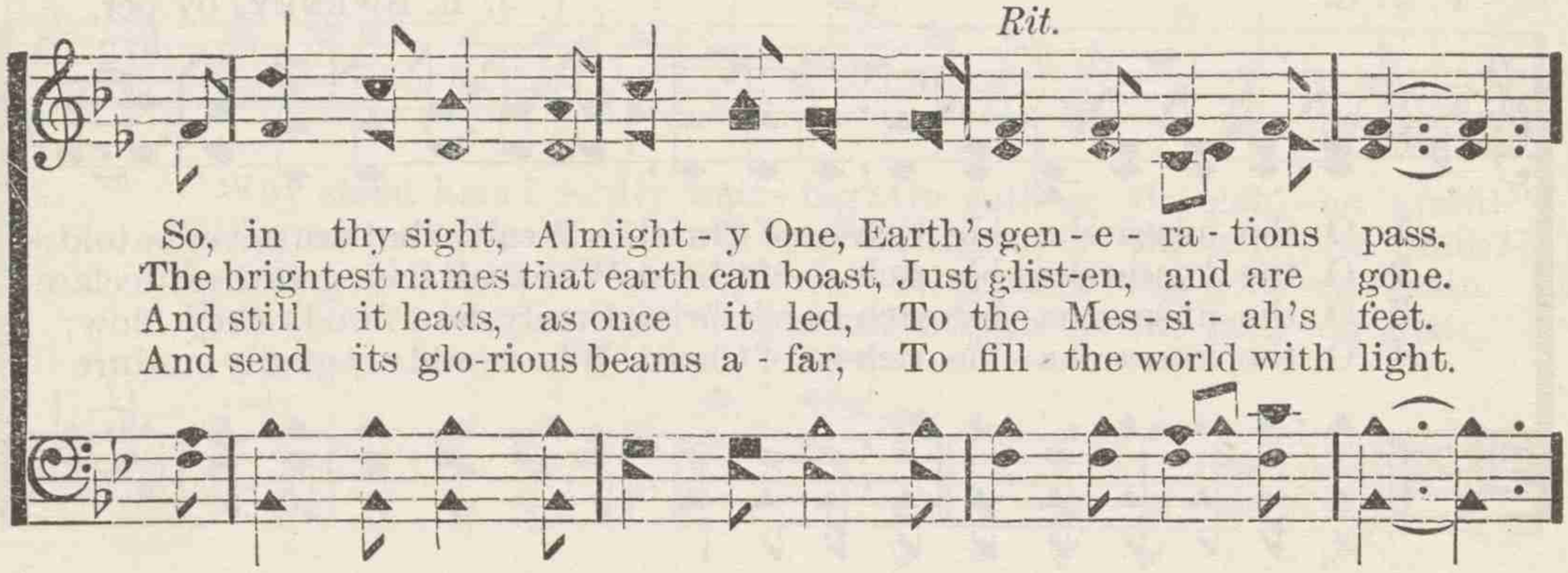





# No. 255. FLITTING AWAY

W. C. BRYANT. C. C. CLINE, by per.

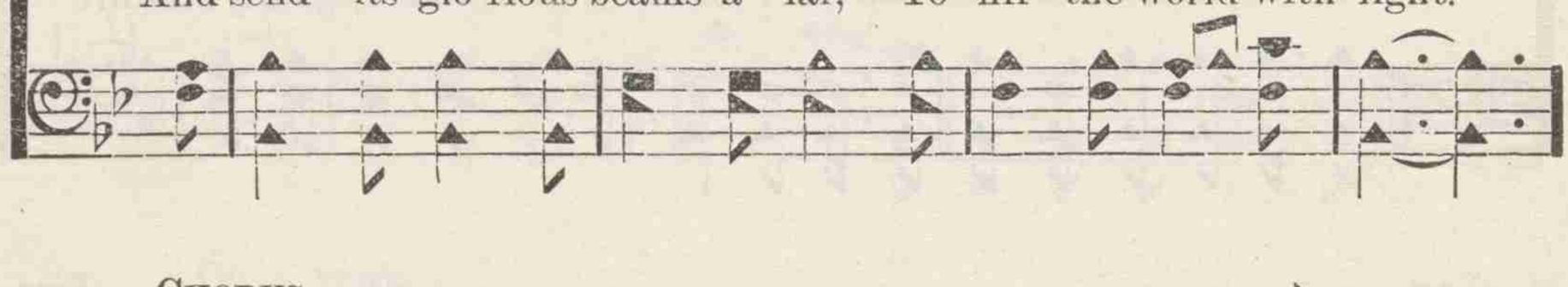


1 As shad - ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
2 And while the years, an end - less host, Come pressing swift-ly on,
3 Yet doth the star of Beth-l'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;
4 O Fa - ther! may thy ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright,
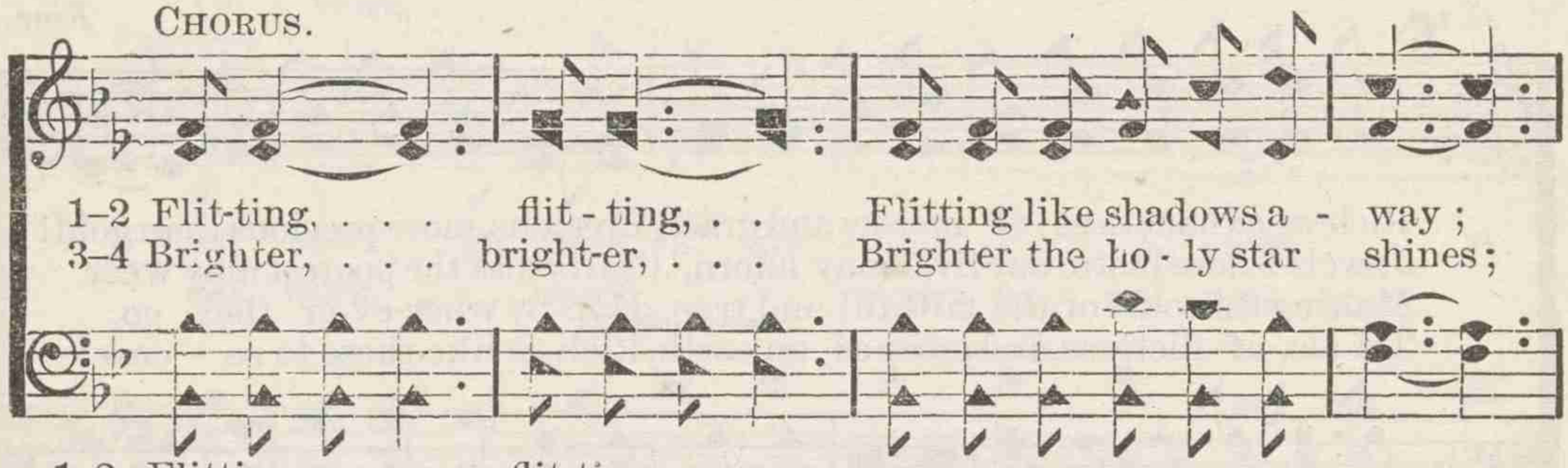


*Rit.*

So, in thy sight, Almight - y One, Earth's gen - e - ra - tions pass.
The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glist-en, and are gone.
And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.
And send its glo-rious beams a - far, To fill the world with light.
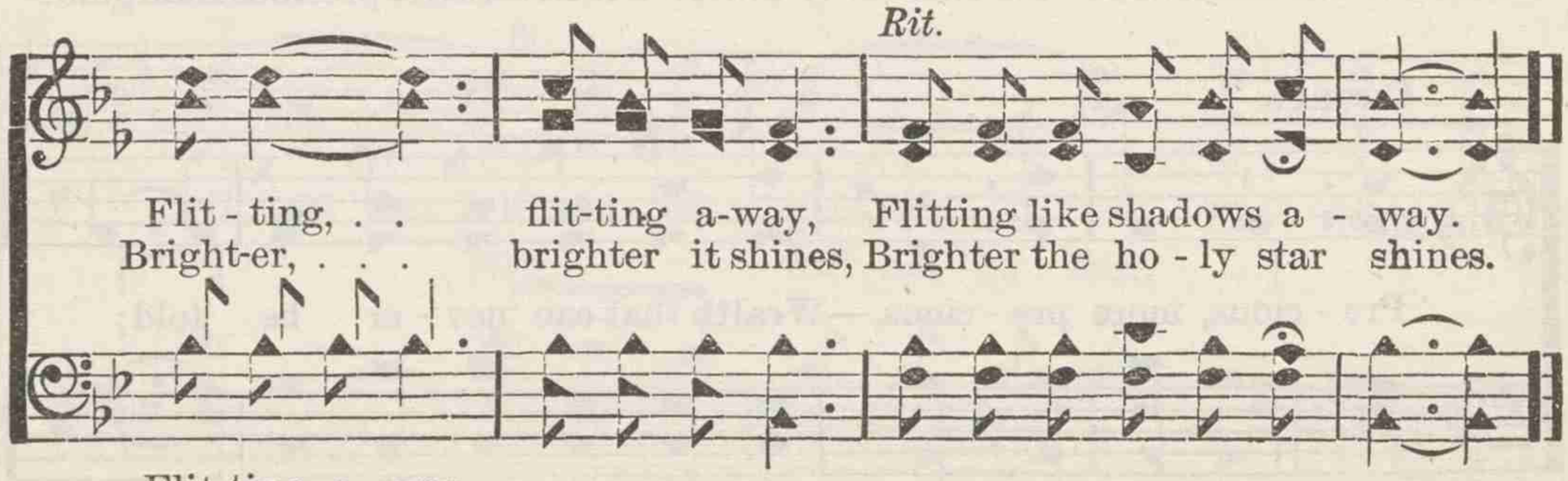


CHORUS.



1–2 Flit-ting, . . . flit - ting, . . Flitting like shadows a - way;
3–4 Brighter, . . . bright-er, . . . Brighter the ho - ly star shines;

1–2 Flitting a - way, flit-ting a - way,
3–4 Brighter it shines, Brighter it shines,

*Rit.*

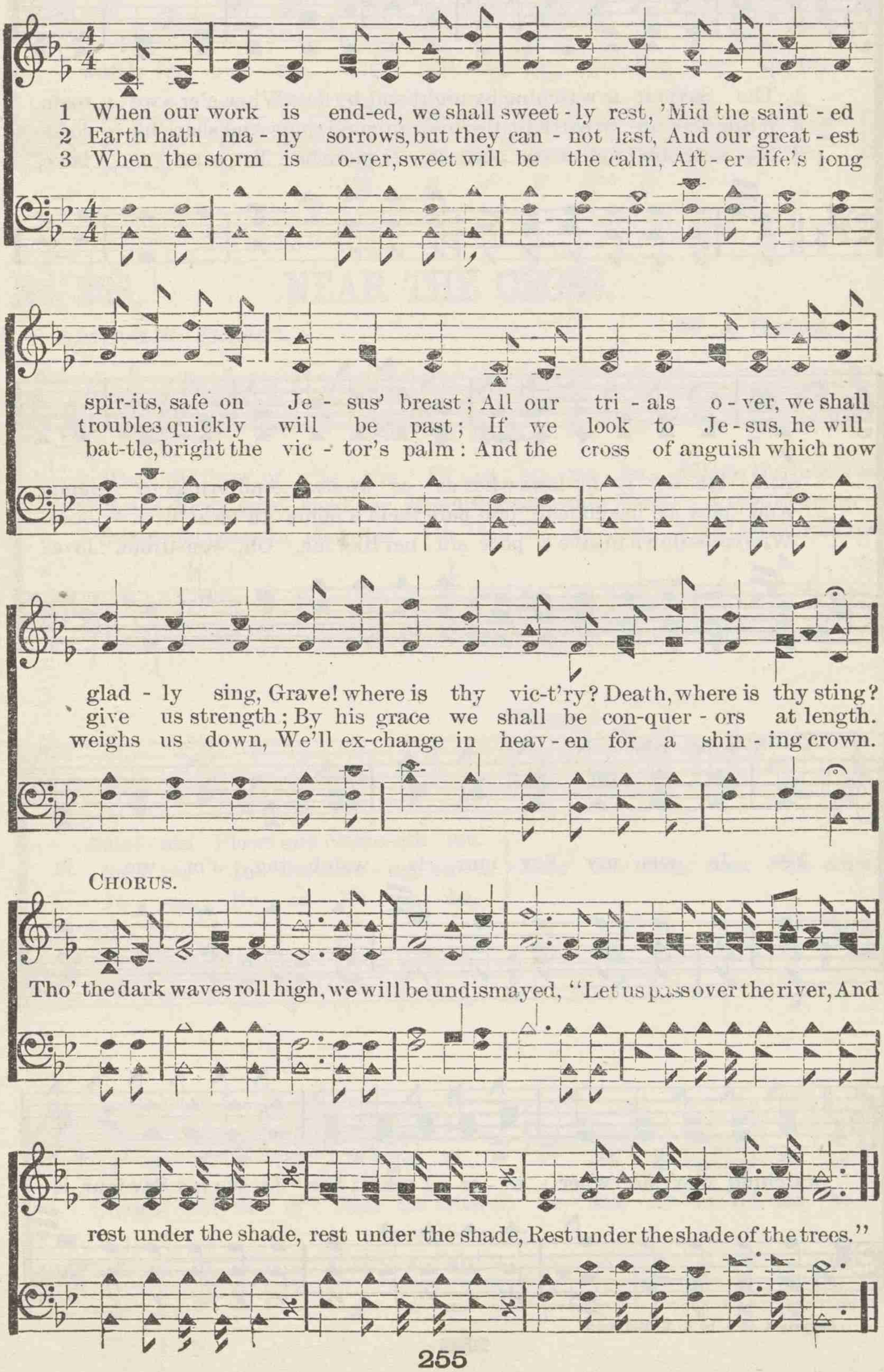


Flit - ting, . . flit-ting a-way, Flitting like shadows a - way.
Bright-er, . . . brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

Flit-ting a - way,
Brighter it shines,

# No. 256. LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



# No. 257. HE'S WATCHING O'ER ME.

J. C. B. (CHILD'S SONG.) J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1 The Saviour is watching by night and by day Wher-e'er we roam,
2 While here up- on earth lit-tle children could come And share his love;
3 My song shall for- ev - er and ev - er-more be To him a - bove,

And ten- der- ly fol-lows wher-ev - er we stray, And brings us home.
And now he has gone to pre- pare them a home In heav'n a - bove.
Who came down to save a poor sin - ner like me, Oh, won- drous love!
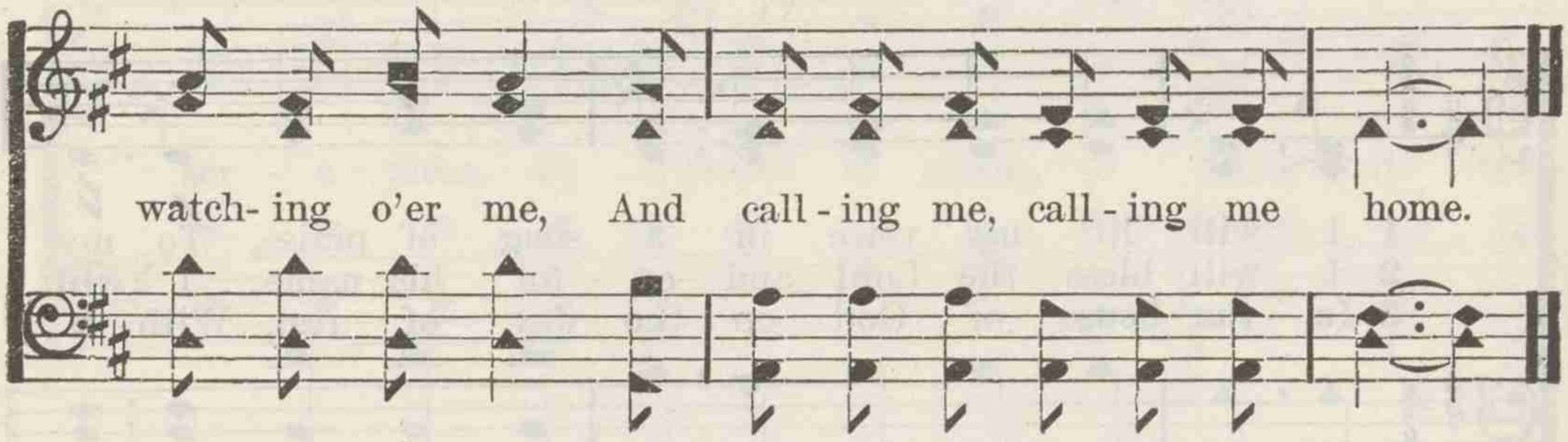
CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus my Sav - iour, is watch - ing o'er me, Is

watching o'er me wher - ev - er I roam; Yes, Je- sus my Sav-iour, is

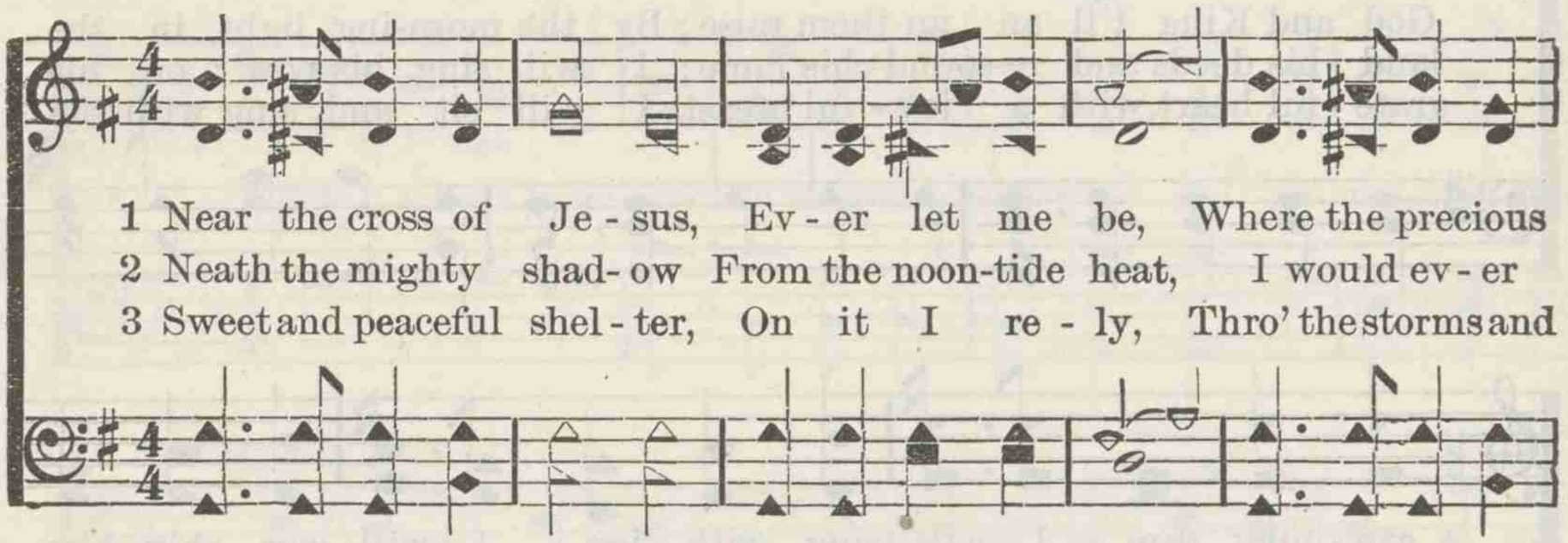
Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.
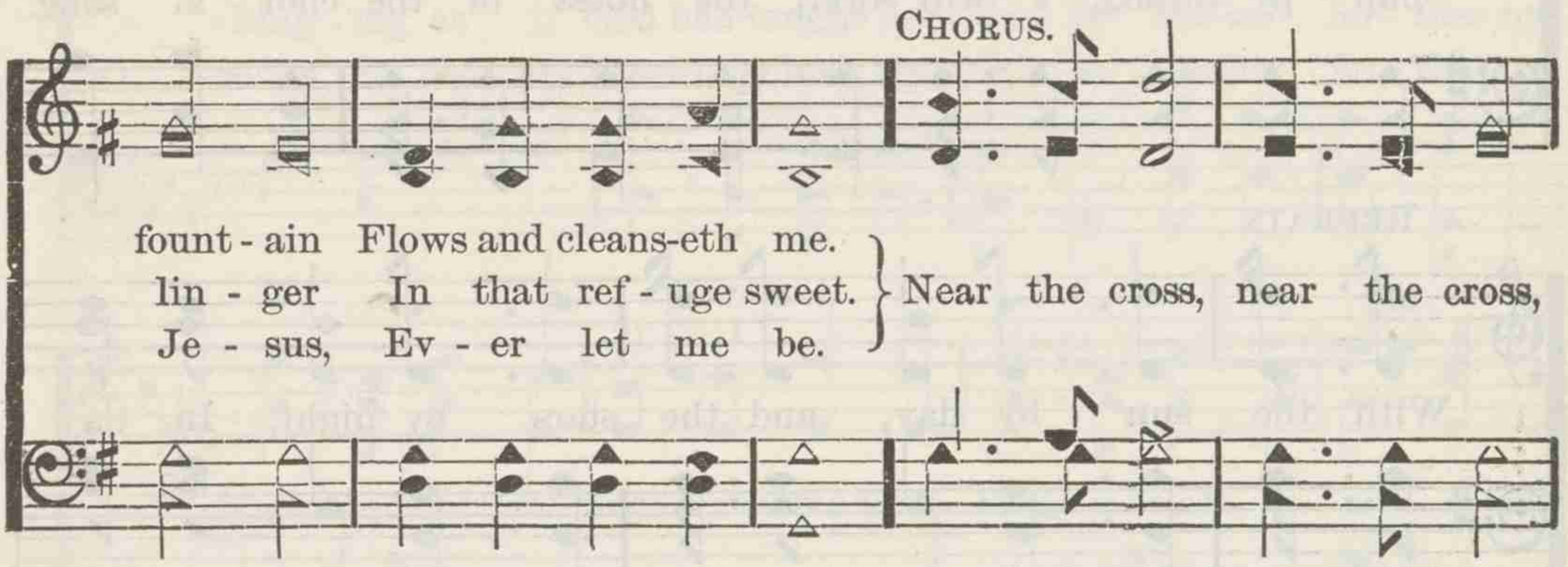
## HE'S WATCHING O'ER ME. Concluded.
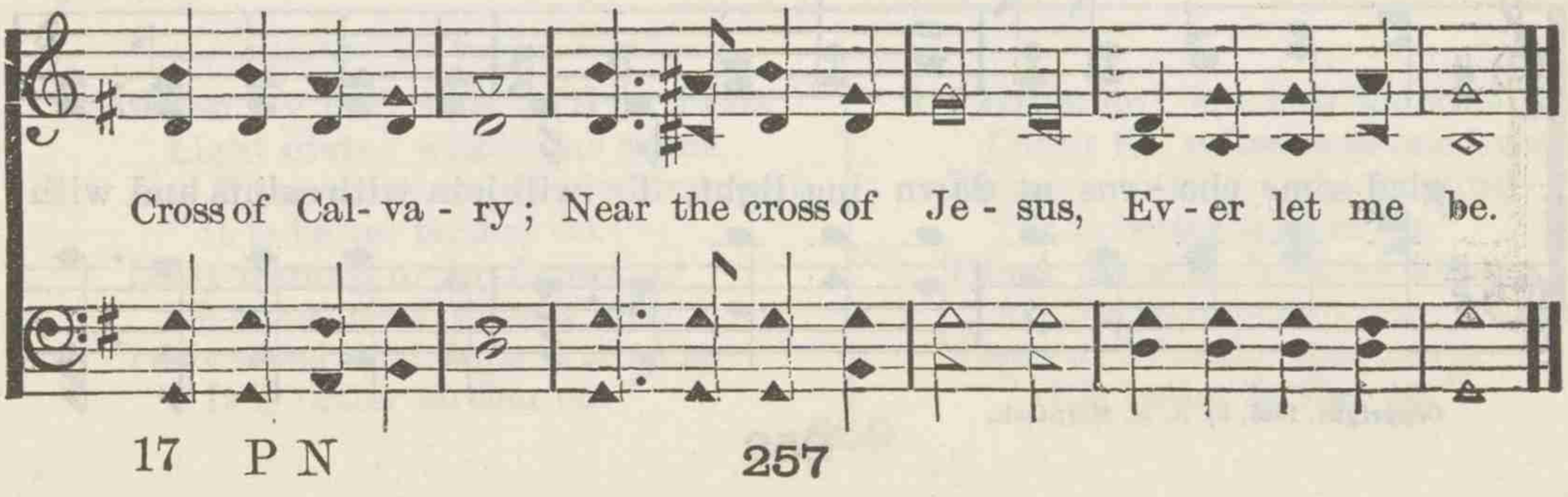



## No. 258. NEAR THE CROSS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. A. OGDEN.
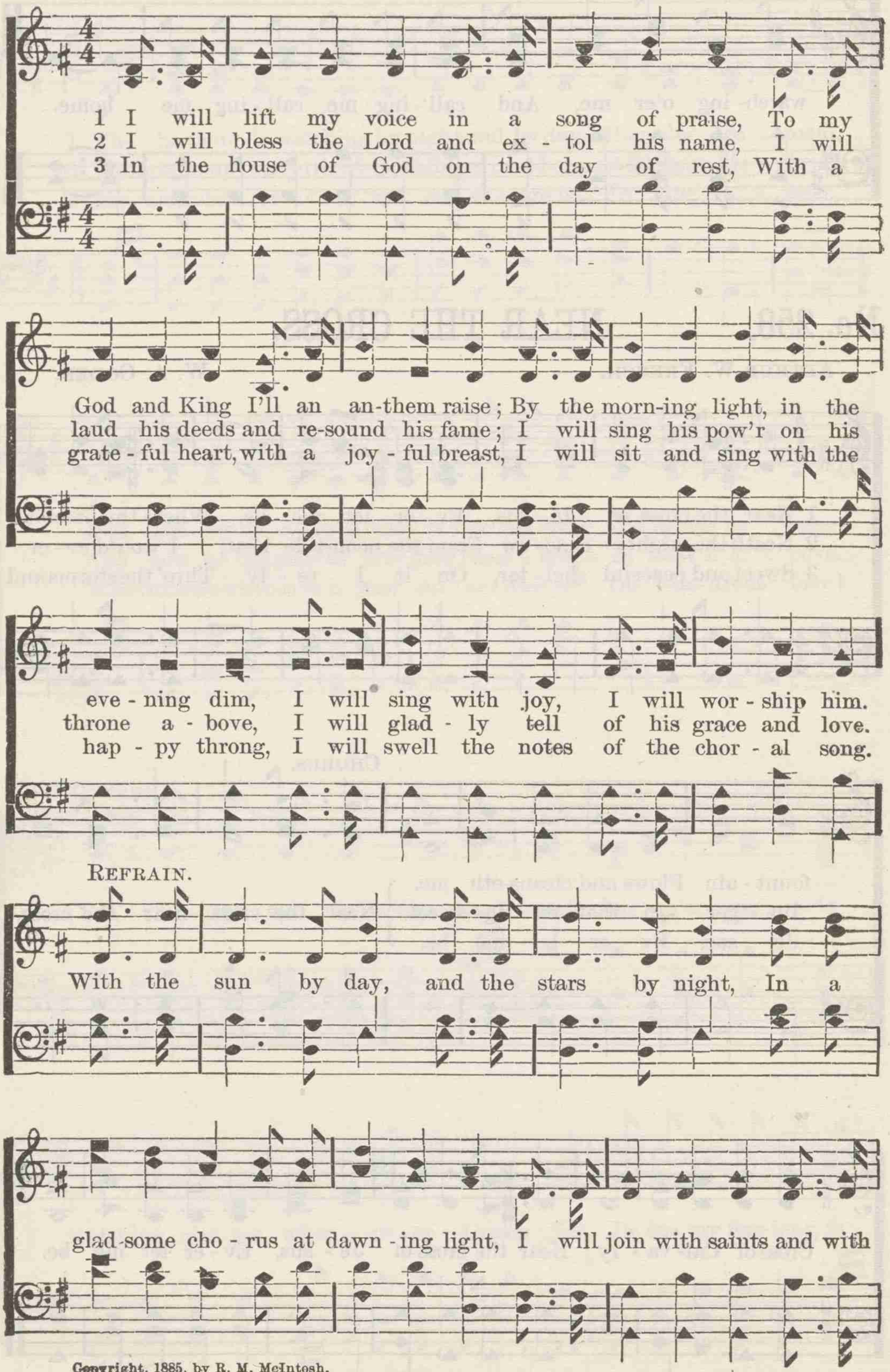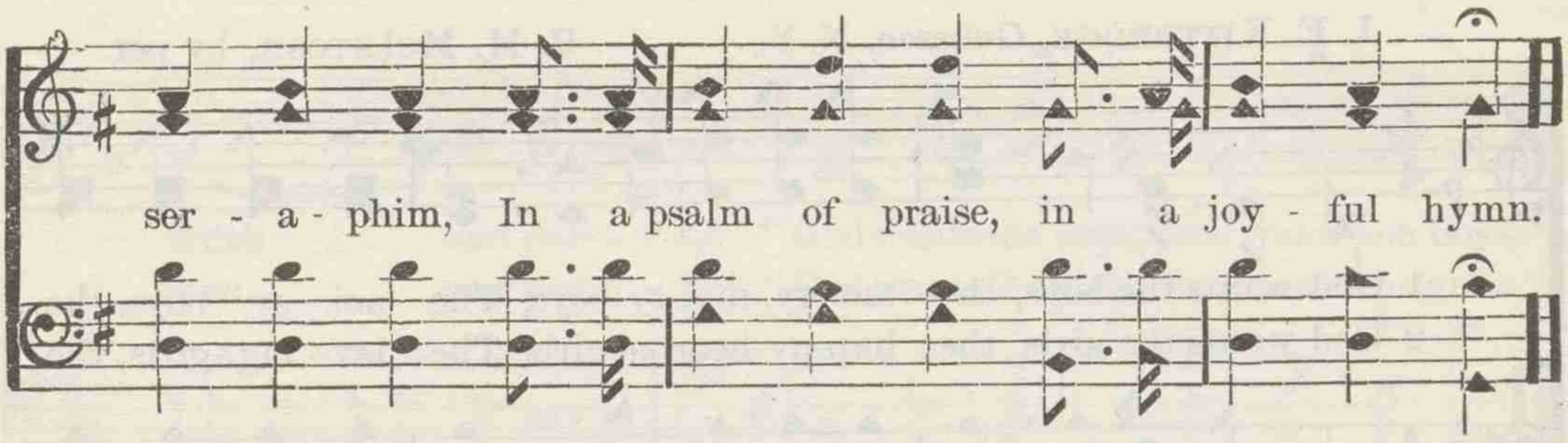








# No. 259. I WILL SING WITH JOY.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D. R. M. McINTOSH.
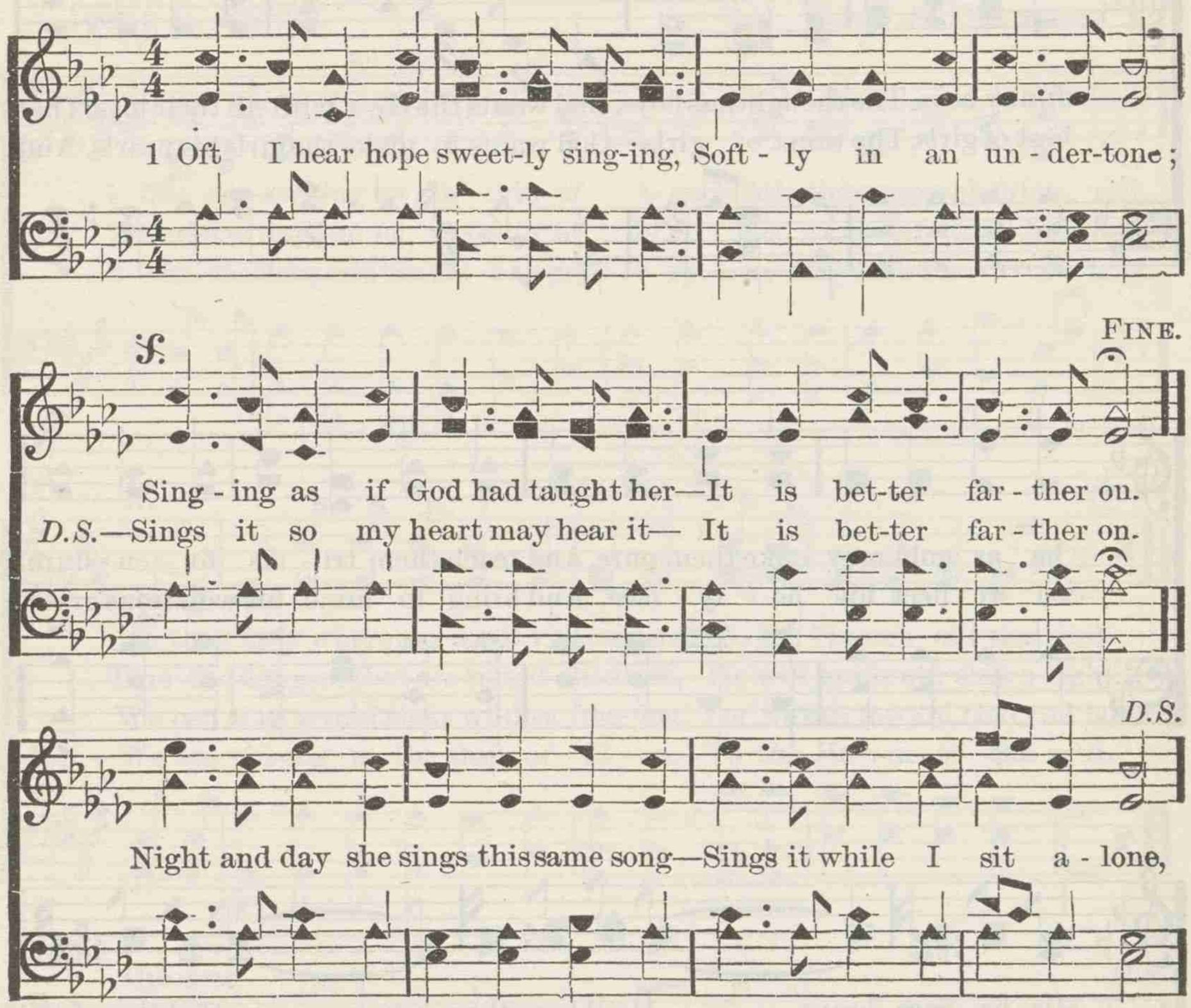



Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

# I WILL SING WITH JOY. Concluded.




## No. 260. BETTER FARTHER ON.

Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON. W. L. THOMPSON, by per.



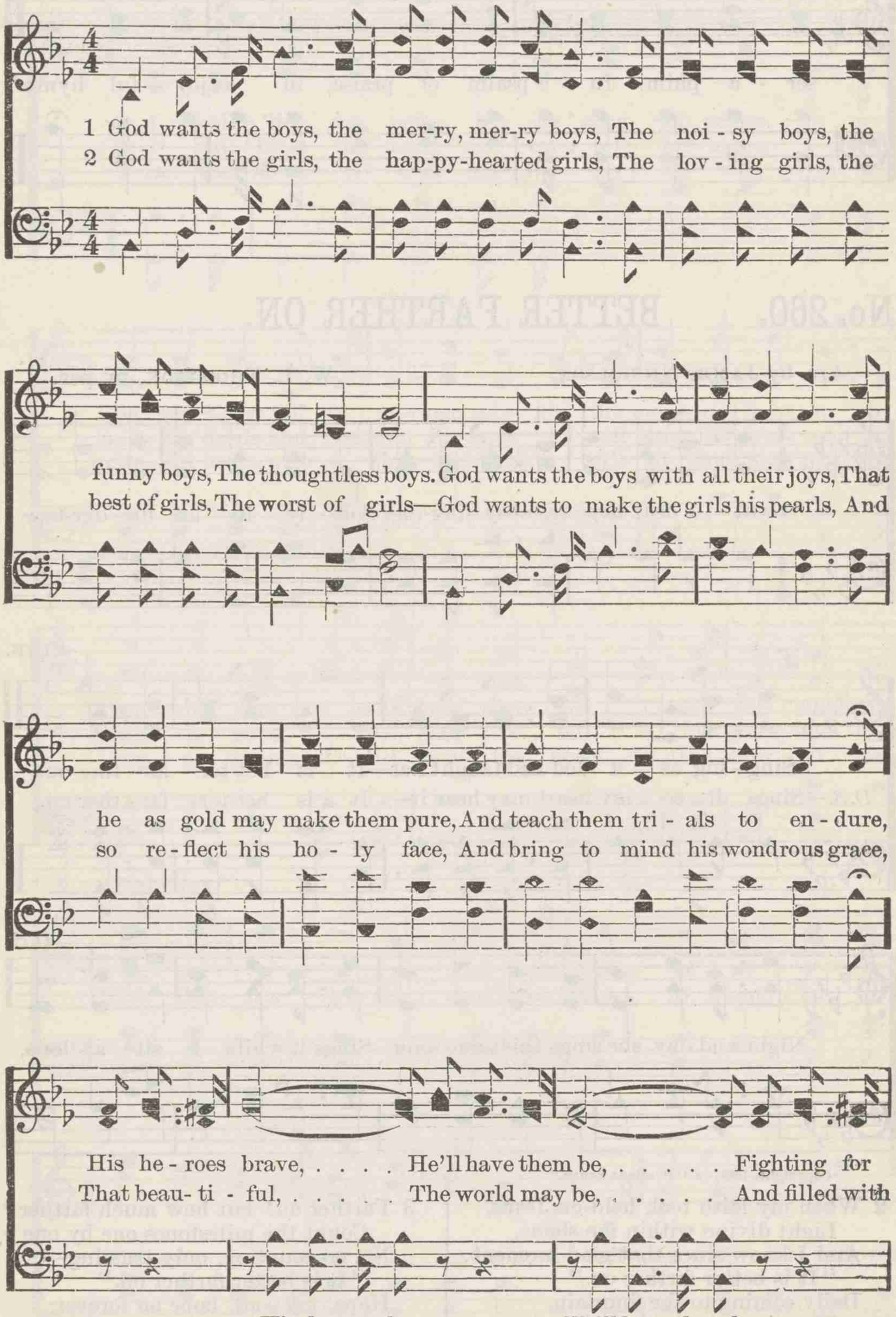

Copyright, 1875, in "Precious Songs."

2 When my faith took hold on Jesus,
Light divine within me shone,
And I know since that glad moment,
"It is better farther on."
Daily coming to the fountain,
Flowing free for every one,
I am saved, and hope is singing—
"It is better farther on."

3 Farther on! but how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
No, no counting, only trusting—
"It is better farther on."
Hope, my soul, hope on forever,
All thy doubts and fears be gone,
Jesus will forsake thee never—
"It is better farther on."

# No. 261. God Wants the Boys and Girls.

J. E. KITTREDGE, Genesee, N. Y. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.




Copyright, 1881, by Oliver Ditson & Co.

# God Wants the Boys and Girls. Concluded.

truth . . . . and pur- i - ty. "God wants the boys, God wants the boys."
love . . . . and pur- i - ty. "God wants the girls, God wants the girls."

Fighting for truth and puri - ty.
And filled with love and puri-ty.

## No. 262. THE HAVEN OF THE SOUL.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1 We are sail-ing on the ship of Zi- on, While the storms about us roll,
2 Christ is Captain of the ship of Zi- on, We can surely trust his might,
3 Tho' the tempests beat in an - gry fu- ry, Tho' they lash the waves to foam,

To the Cit- y where our wealth is treasured, To the Ha-ven of the soul.
Thro' the dangers that are round about us, He will guide our ship a-right.
We can sing a-mid their wildest rag- ing, For we sail toward God and home.

*D.S.*—We are sail-ing in the ship of Zi - on, To the Ha-ven of the soul.
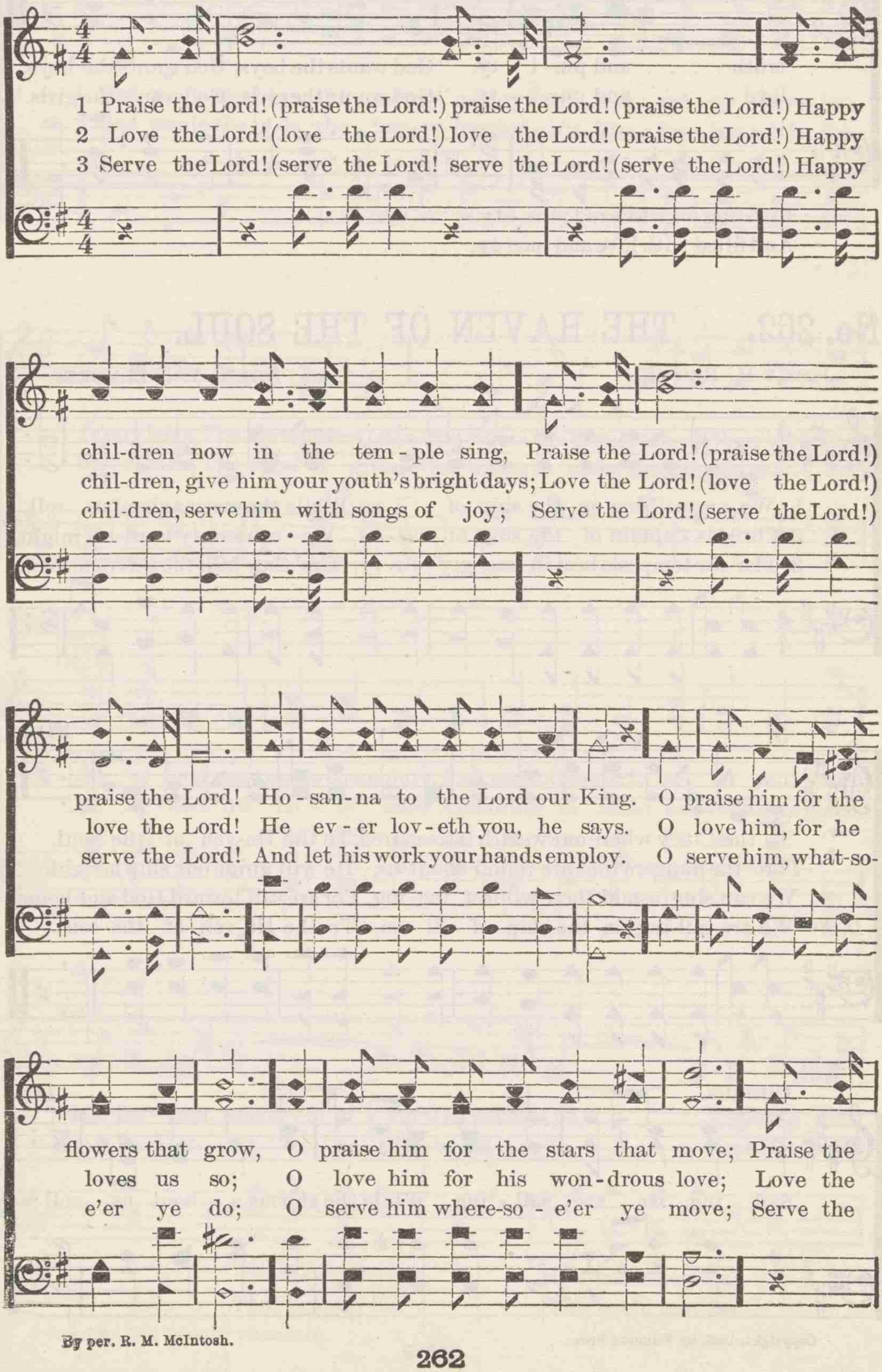
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Sail - ing, we are sail - ing, While the storms a - bout us roll;

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.
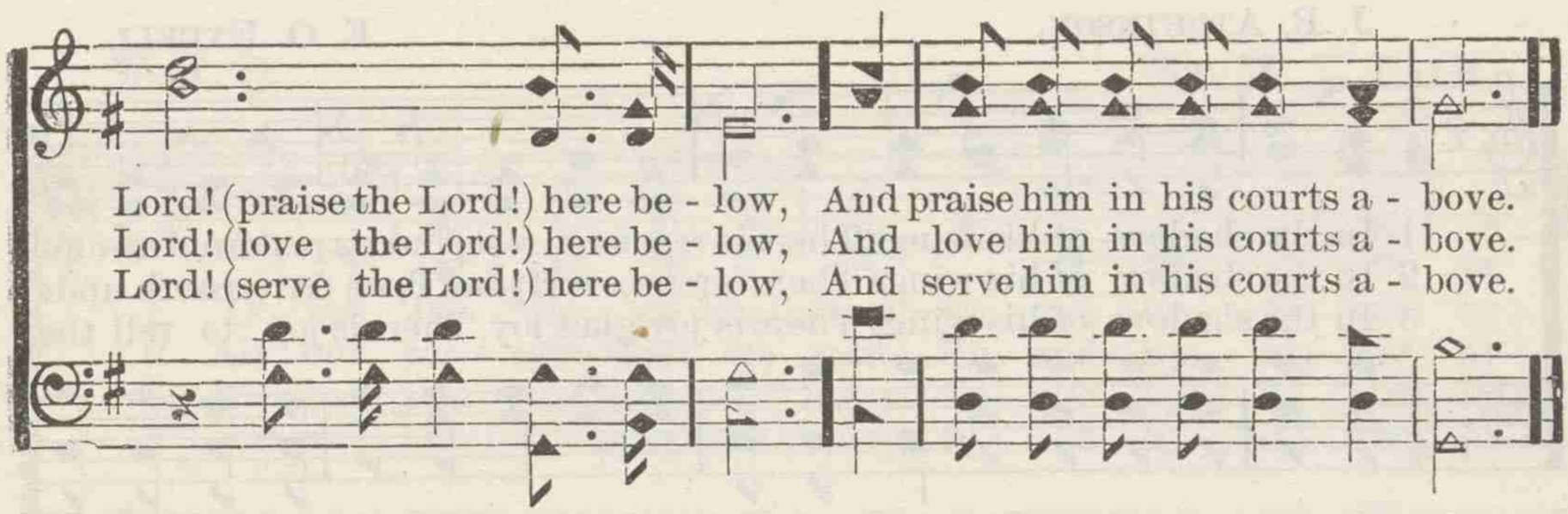
# No. 263. PRAISE THE LORD.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.
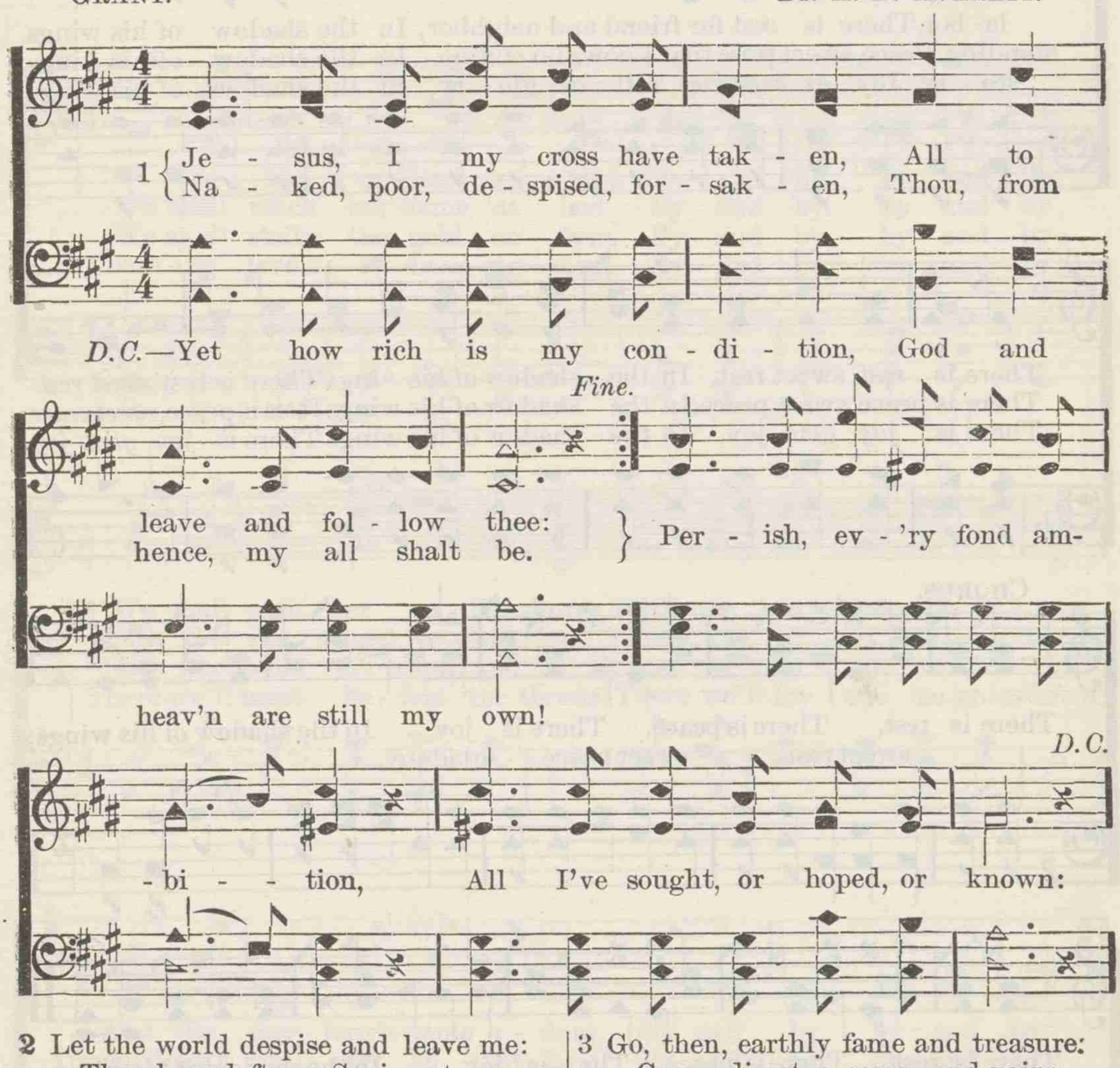



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.




## No. 264. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

GRANT. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



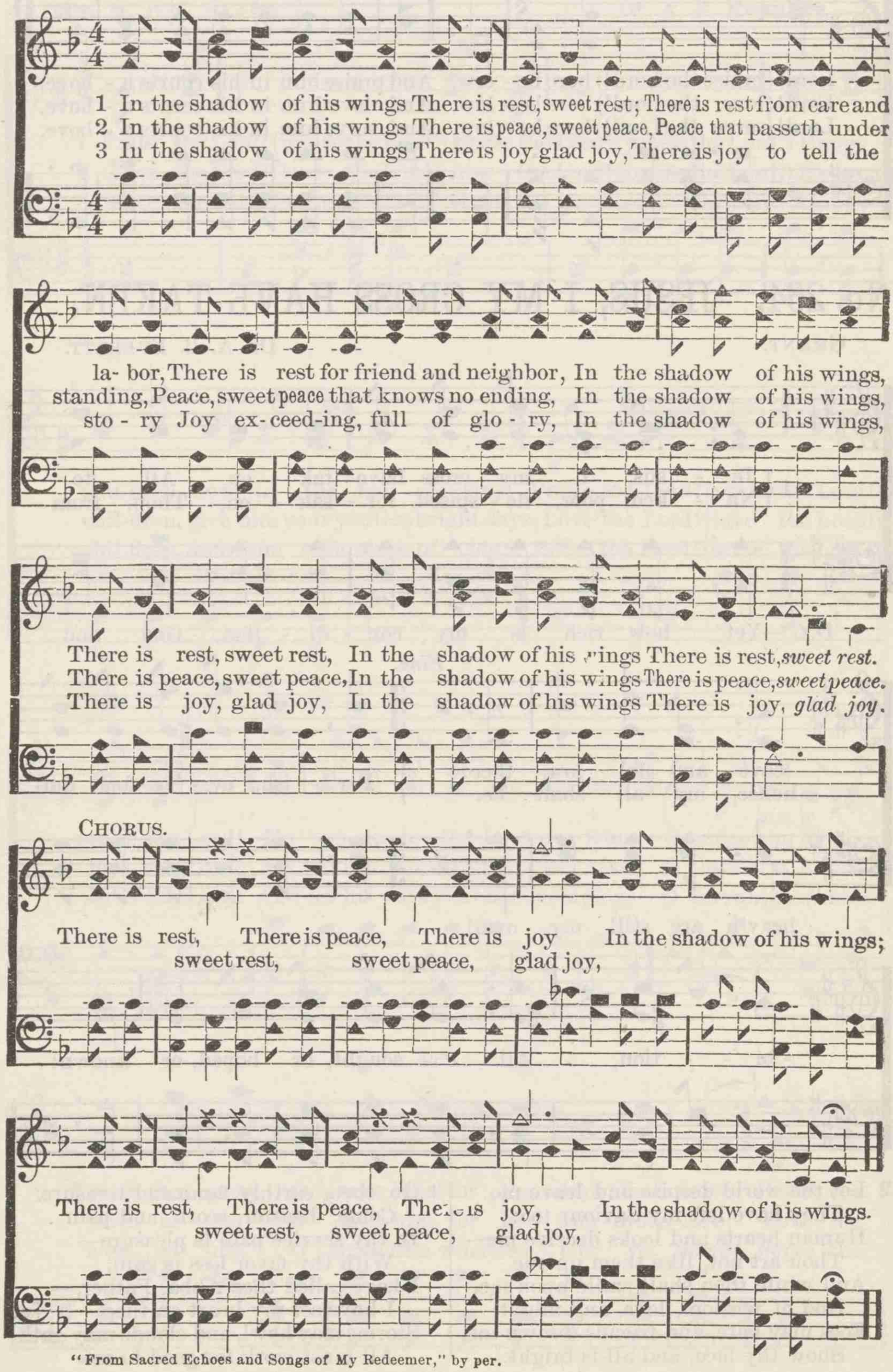

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-[er
All must work for good to me.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 265. IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.
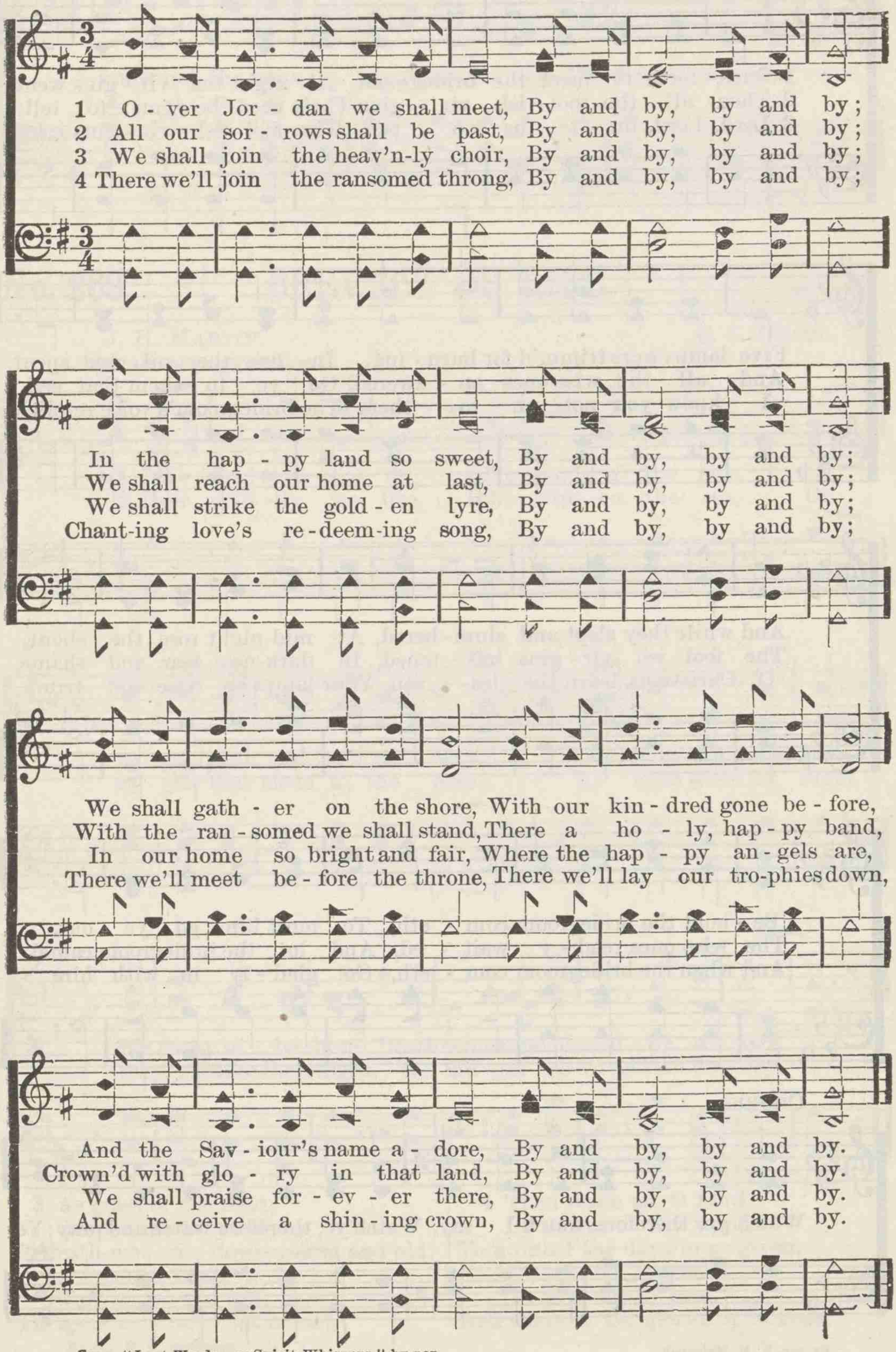
J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.




"From Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.

# No. 266. BY AND BY.
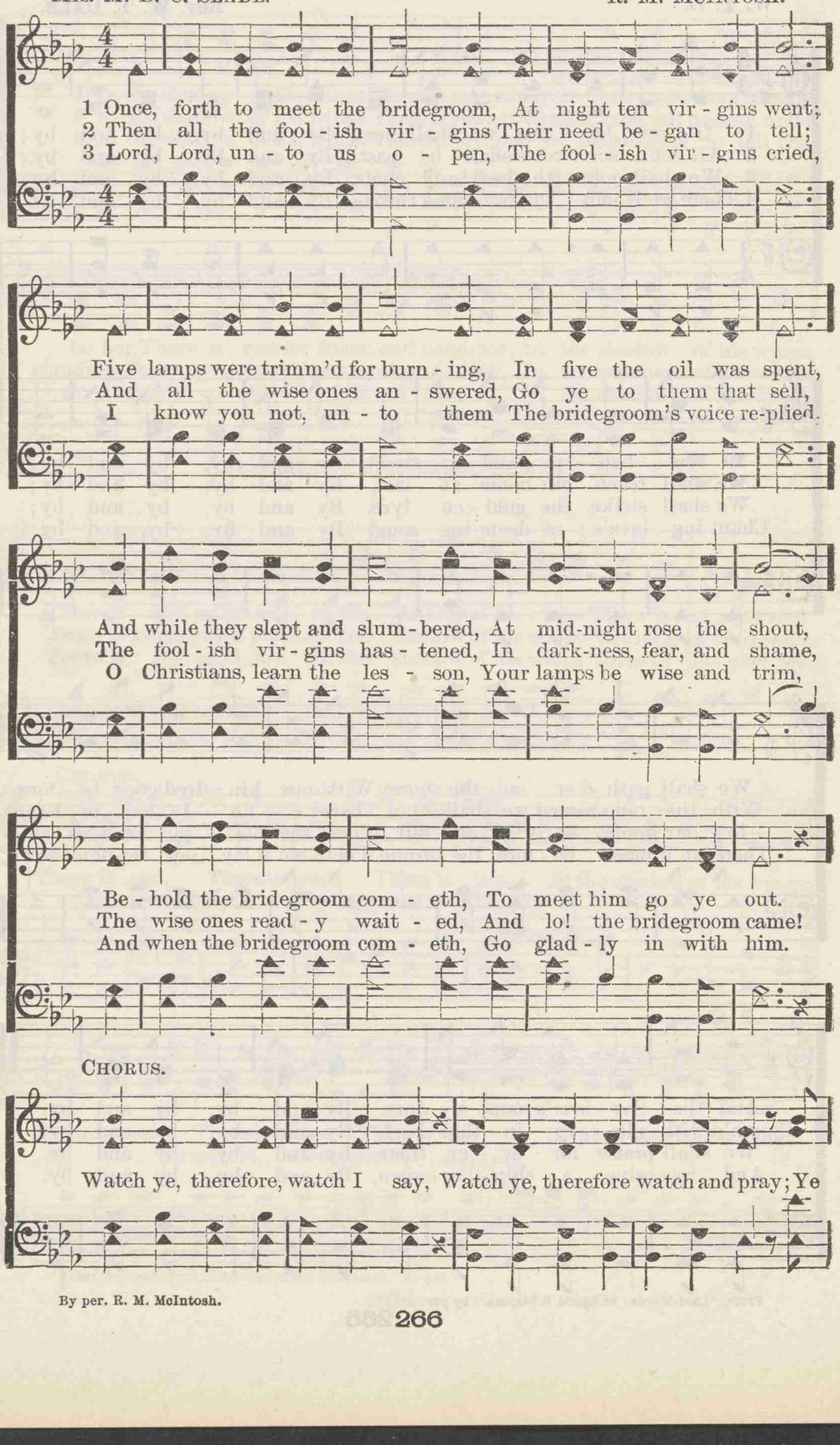
W. T. D. Rev. W. T. DALE.




From "Last Words; or Spirit Whispers," by per.

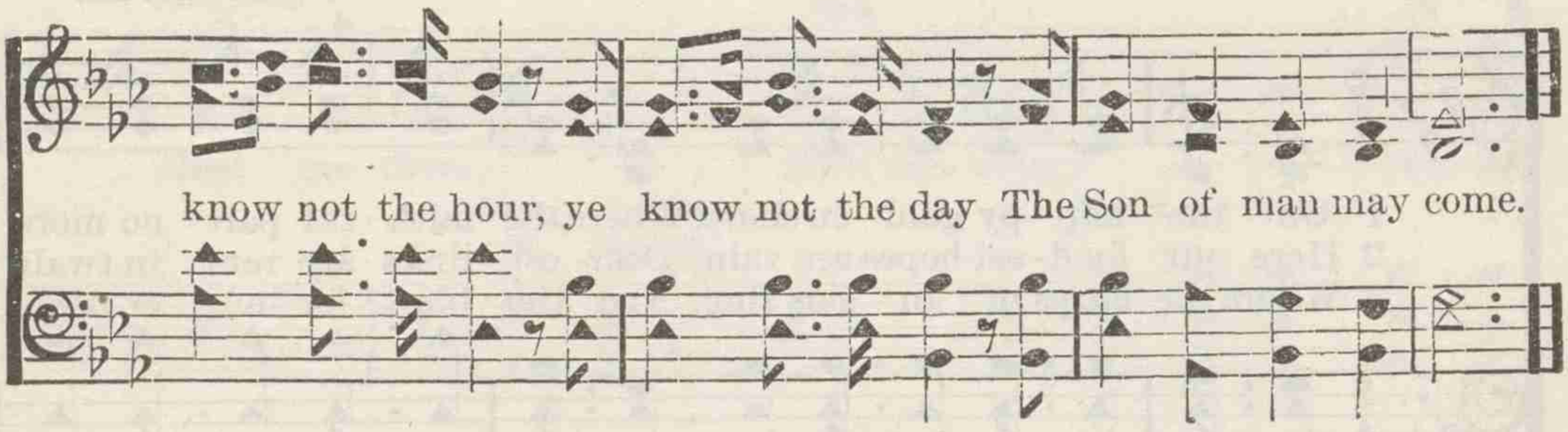
# No. 267. THE TEN VIRGINS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.
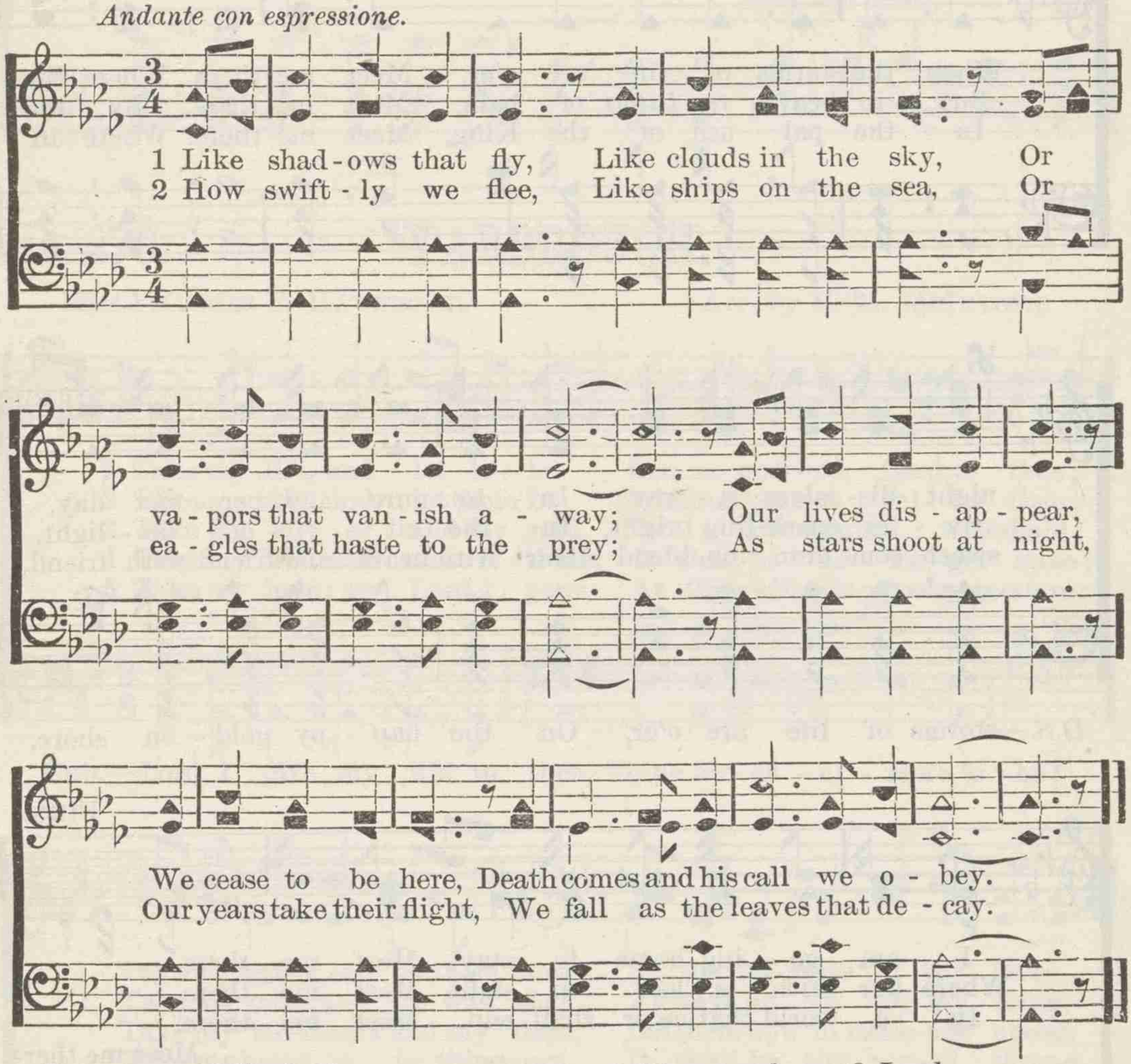
# THE TEN VIRGINS. Concluded.




## No. 268. BREVITY OF LIFE.

J. H. MARTIN. C. C. PRATT.

*Andante con espressione.*
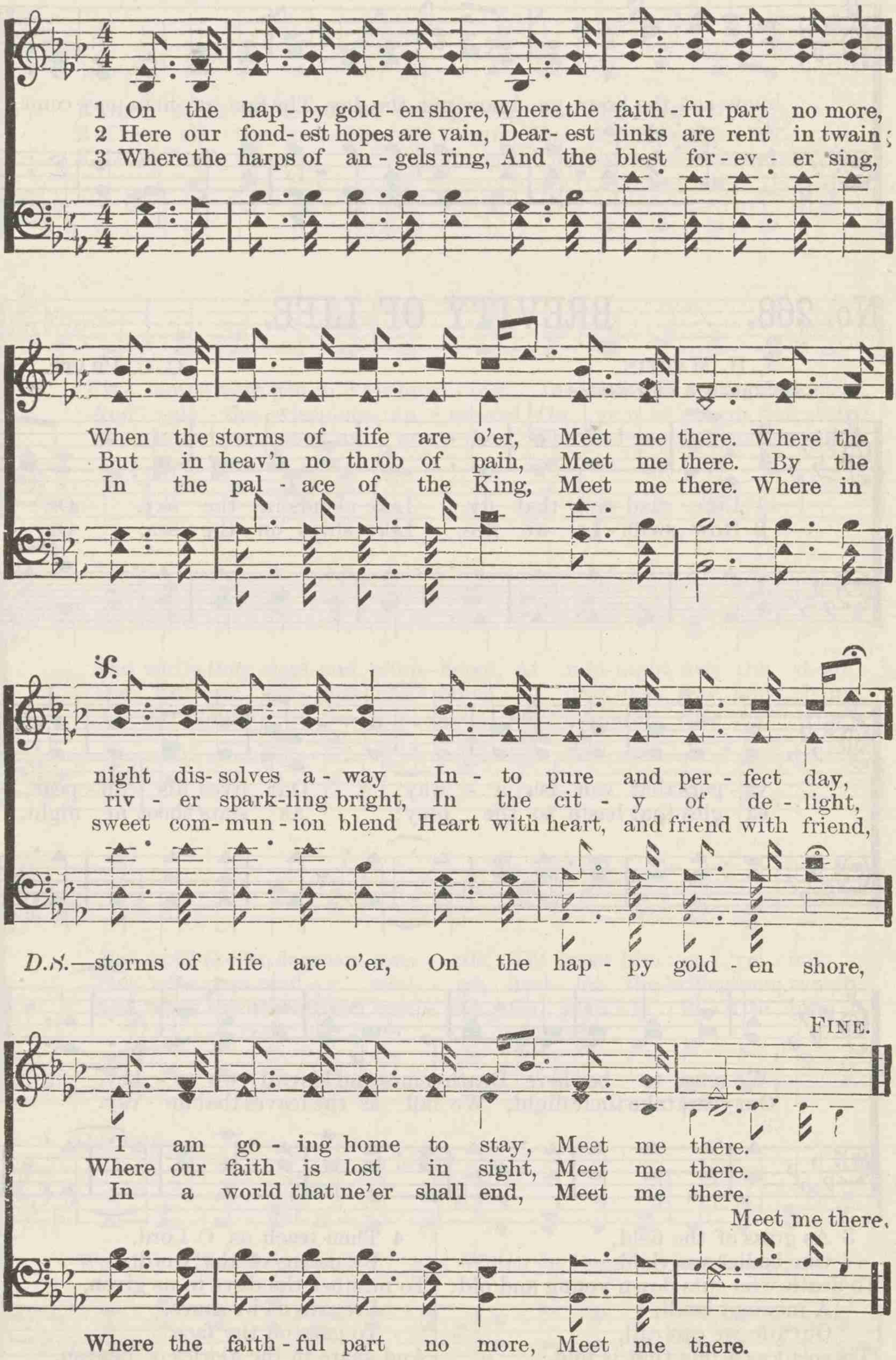



3 As grass of the field,
Our bodies we yield,
To death who cuts down young and old;
A moment is all,
Our life we can call,
'Tis spent as a tale that is told.

4 Then teach us, O Lord,
By means of thy word,
To number the days to us given,
Prepare us by grace,
To gaze on thy face,
And share in the glories of heaven.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.
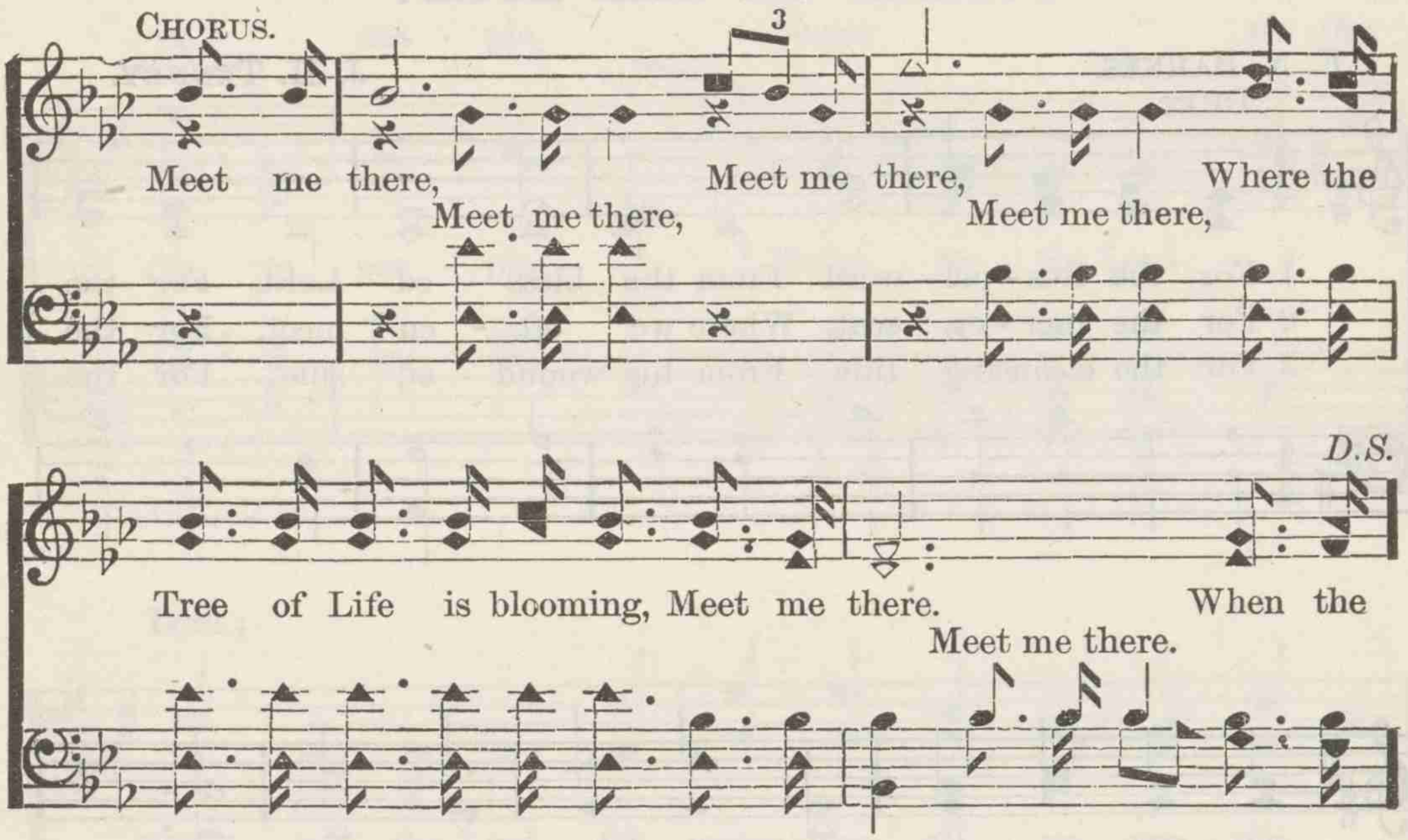
# No. 269. MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
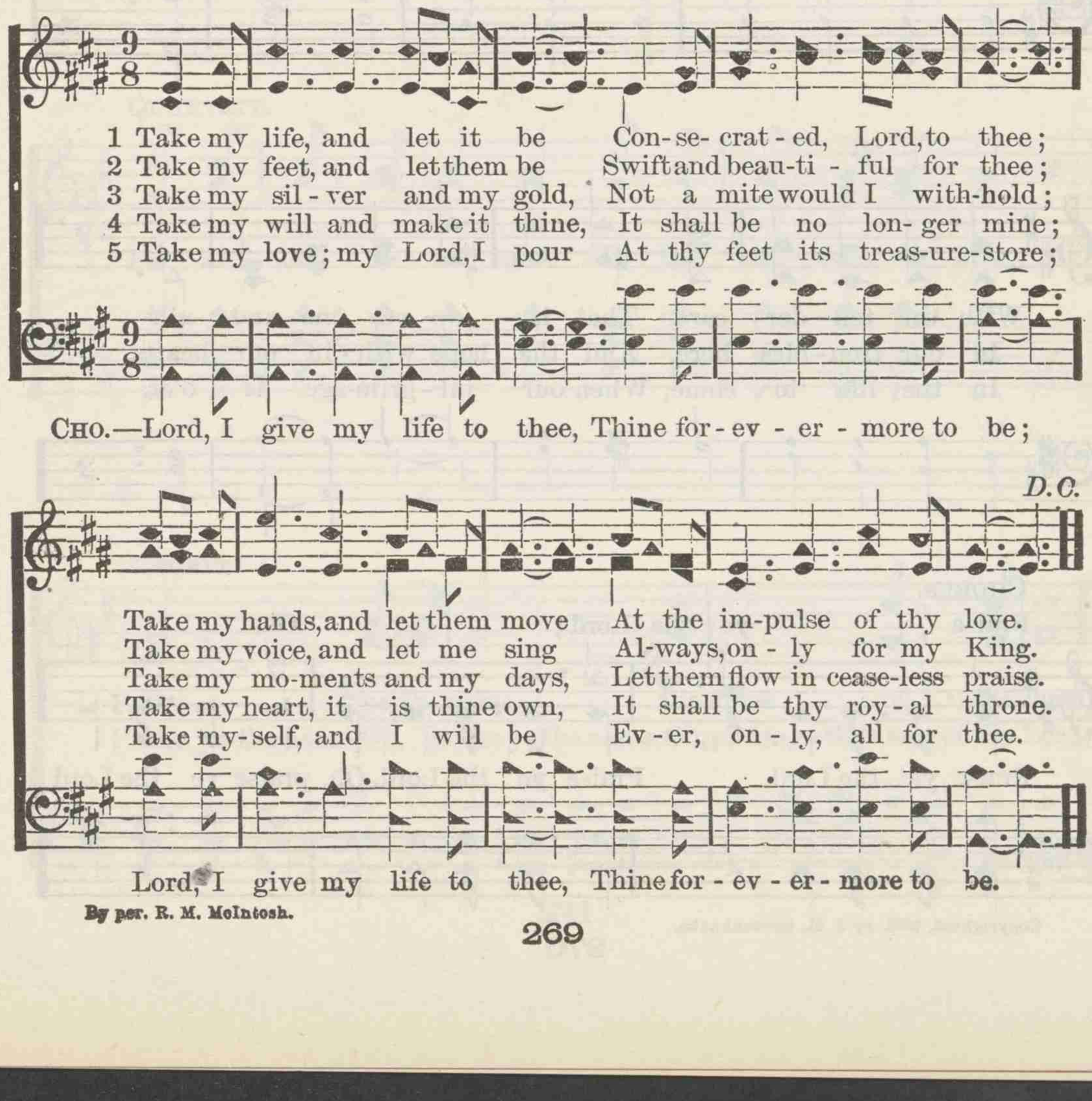



From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per. Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

# MEET ME THERE. Concluded.




## No. 270. YARBROUGH.

Miss Frances E. Havergal. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.
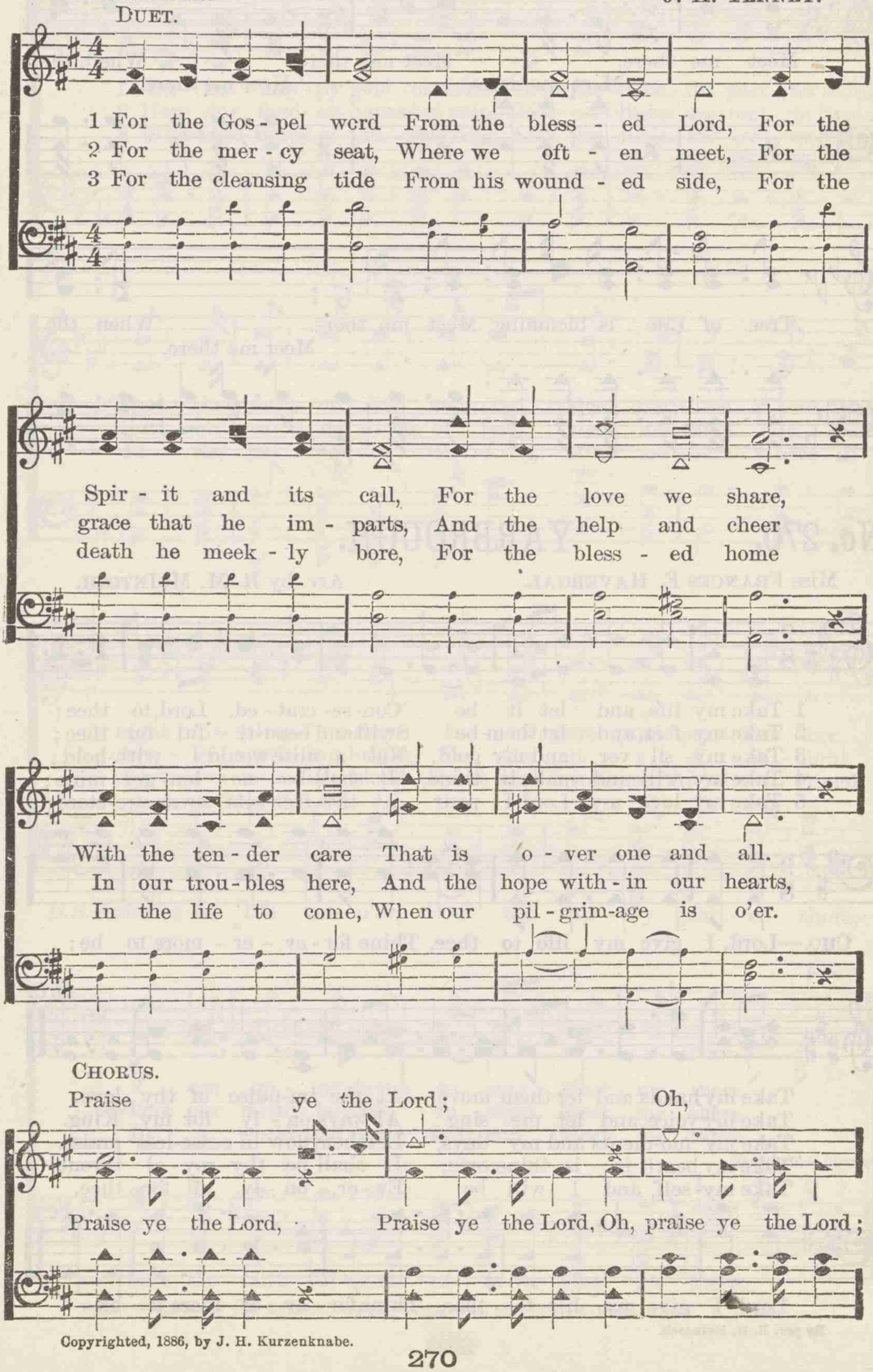



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

# No. 271. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

E. A. BARNES. J. H. TENNEY.

DUET.
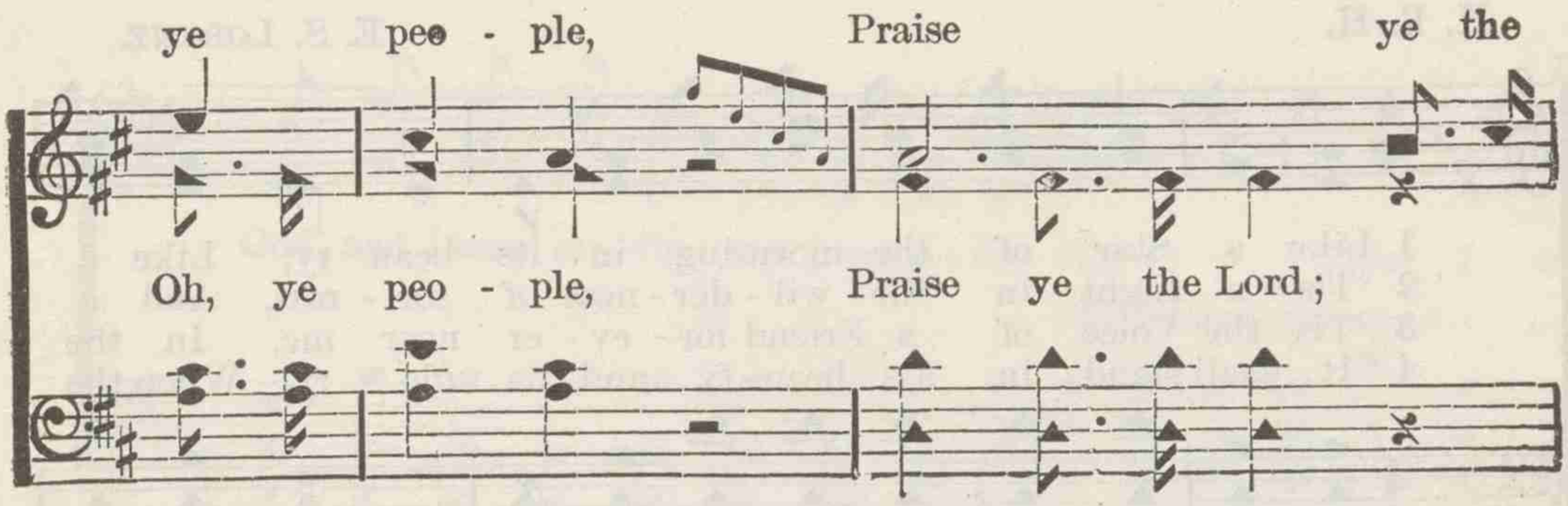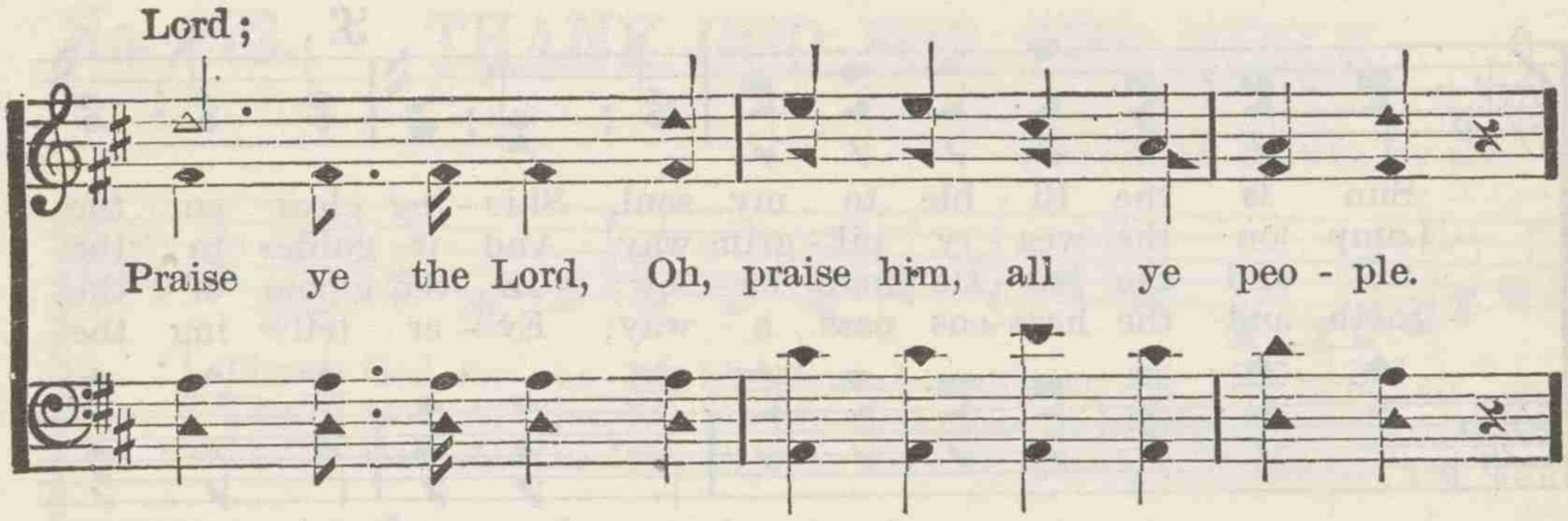



CHORUS.
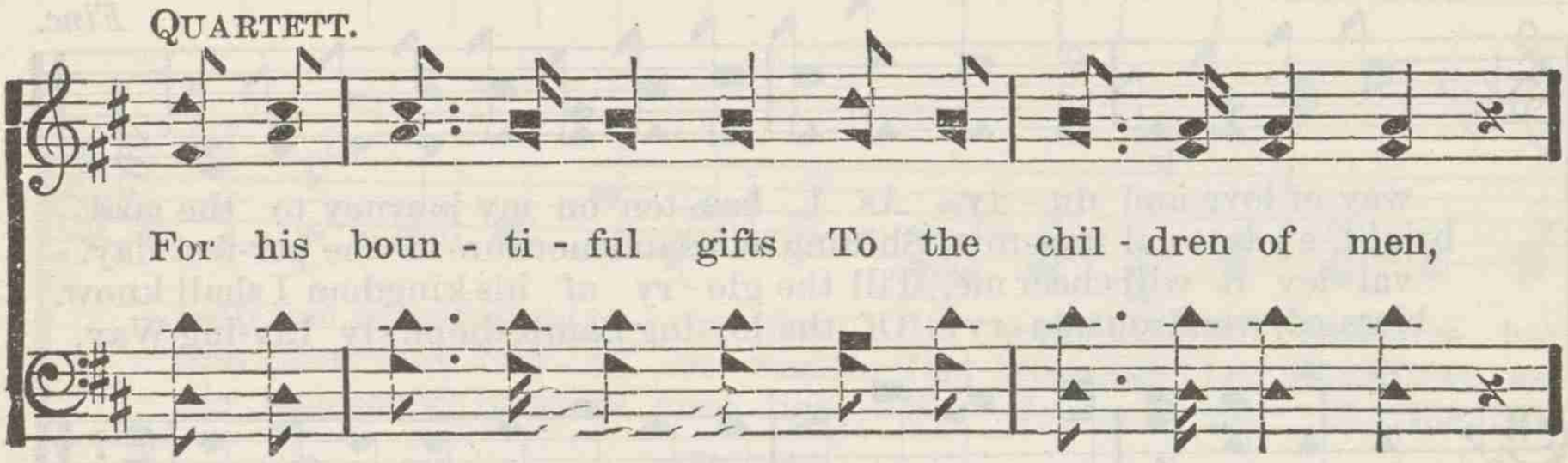



Copyrighted, 1886, by J. H. Kurzenknabe.

# PRAISE YE THE LORD. Concluded.
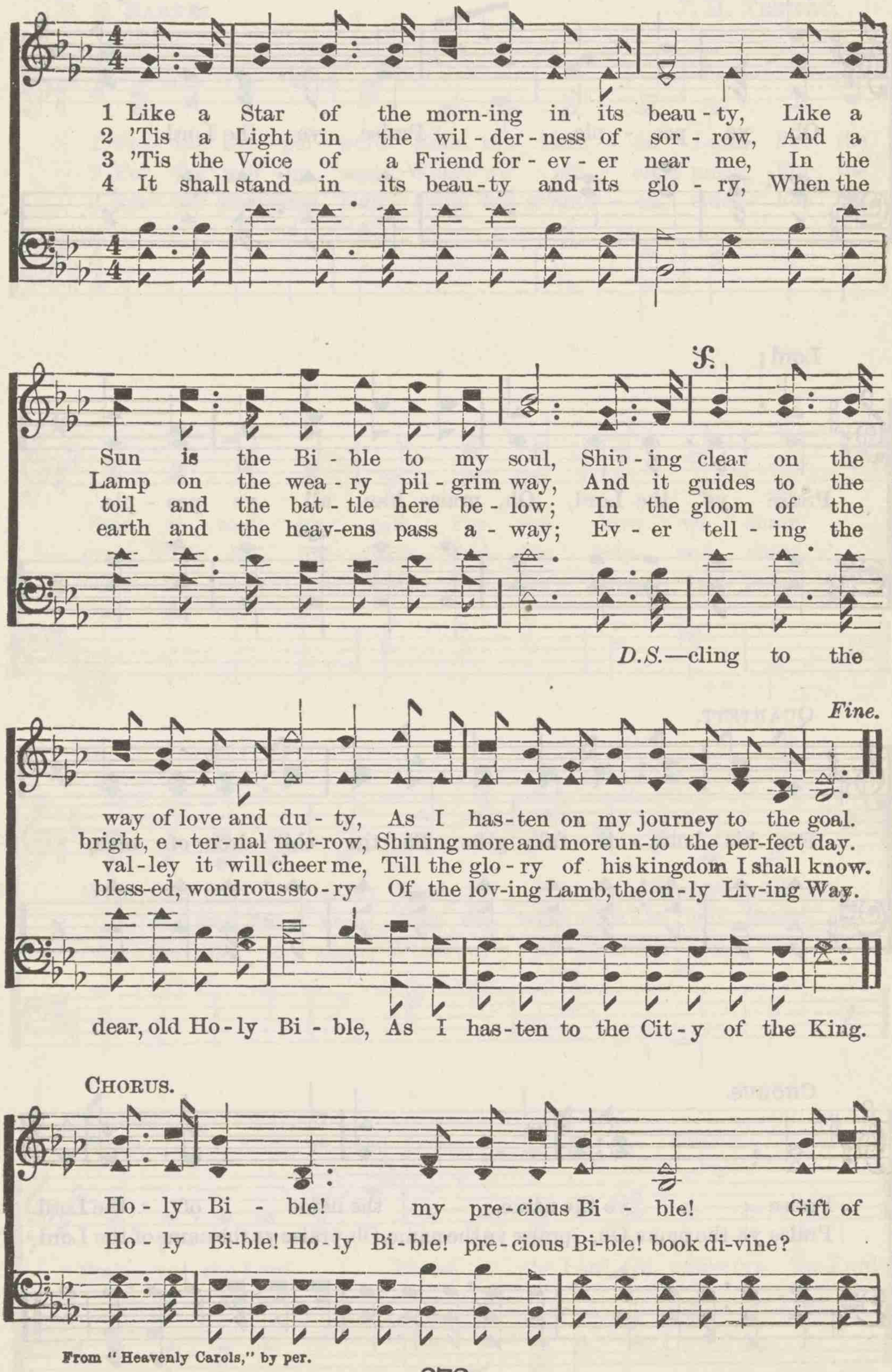








# No. 272. MY PRECIOUS BIBLE.
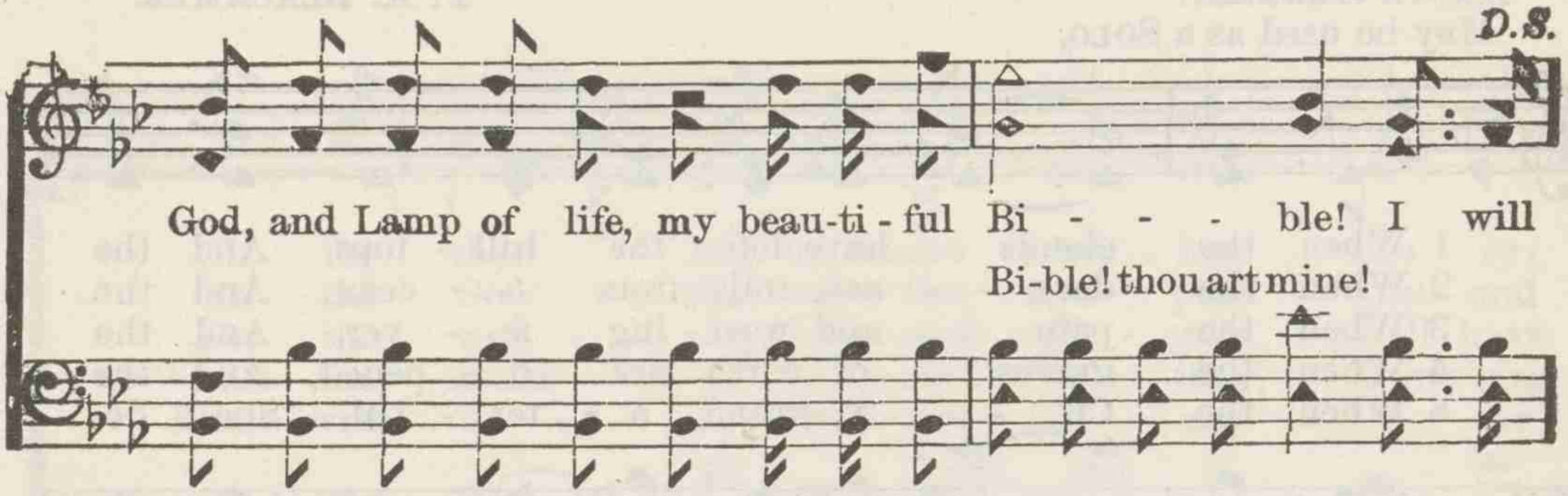
H. B. H. E. S. LORENZ.




*Fine.*
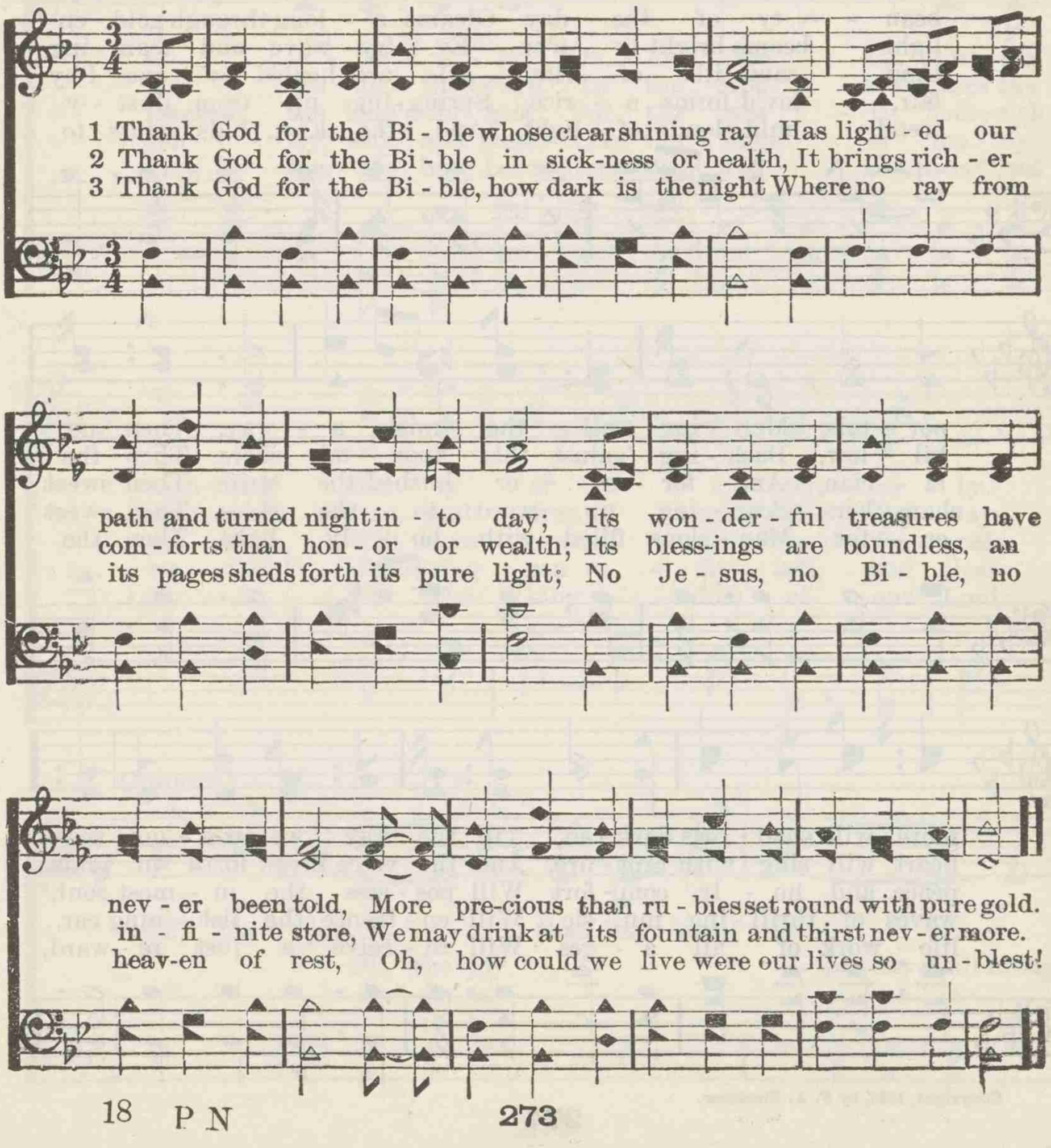
From "Heavenly Carols," by per.

# MY PRECIOUS BIBLE. Concluded.




## No. 273. THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



# No. 274. DAY-BREAK.

ANNIE HERBERT. F. A. BLACKMER.

May be used as a SOLO.

1 When the clouds have left the hill - tops, And the
2 When the dark - - ness rolls from o - cean, And the
3 When the pain and wast - ing fe - ver, And the
4 When the graves of earth are o - pened, And the
5 When the Cit - - y, grand, e - ter - nal, Shall de-

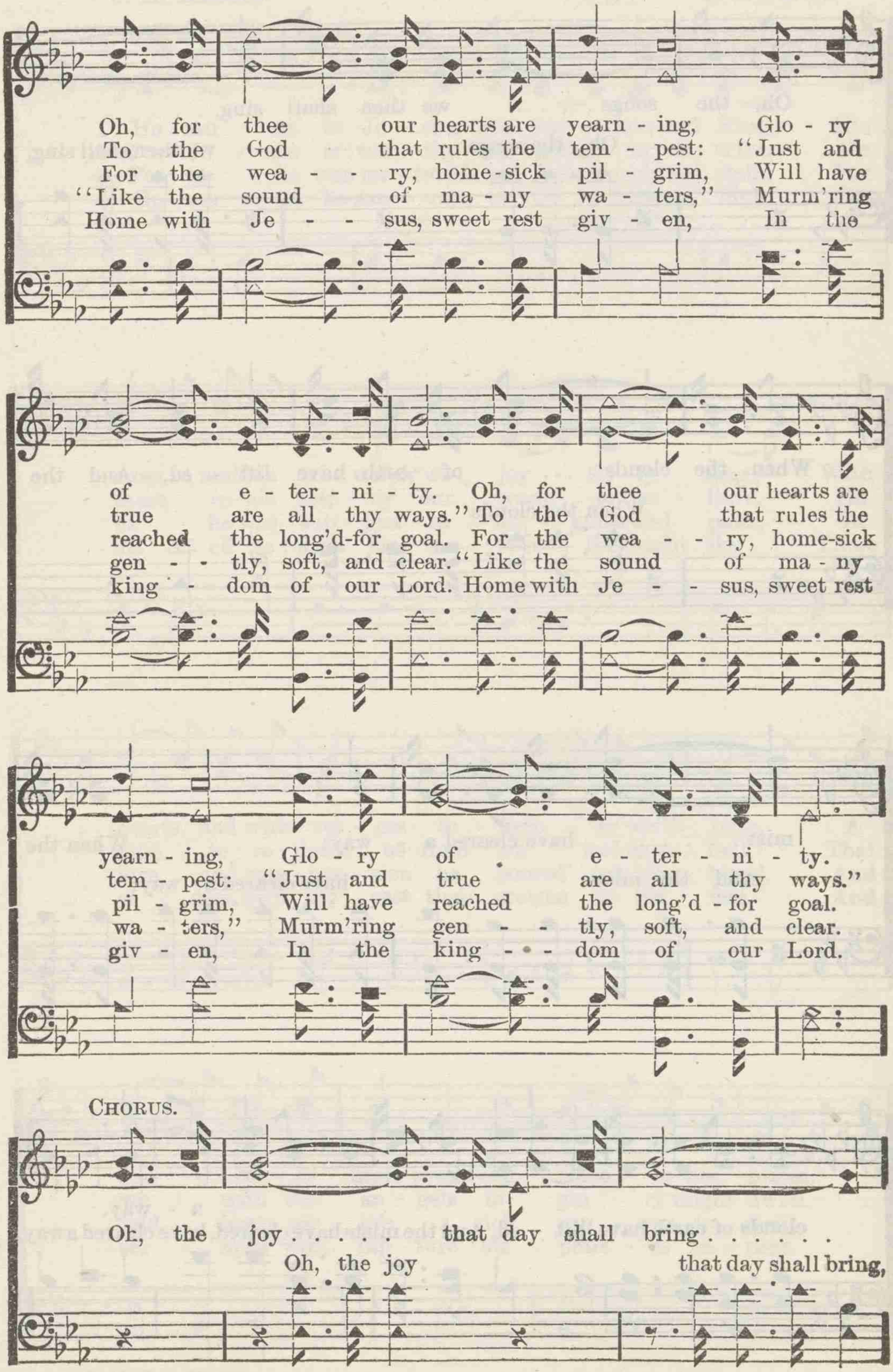
beau - - ty of the day Gleams a - long through gold - en
light beams bright-ly o'er Ev - 'ry wave and foam - ing
thou - sand ills of life, All are healed by one Phy-
fair, lov'd forms a - rise, Spring - ing up from dust - y
scend 'mid clouds of light, And the King bids saints to

por - tals, Melt - ing all the mists a - way, Then no
bil - low, Dash - ing 'gainst this mor - tal shore, Then the
si - cian, And for - ev - er hushed the strife, Then sweet
cham - bers, Soar - ing up - ward to the skies, Then sweet
en - ter Man - sions filled with ho - ly light, Then the

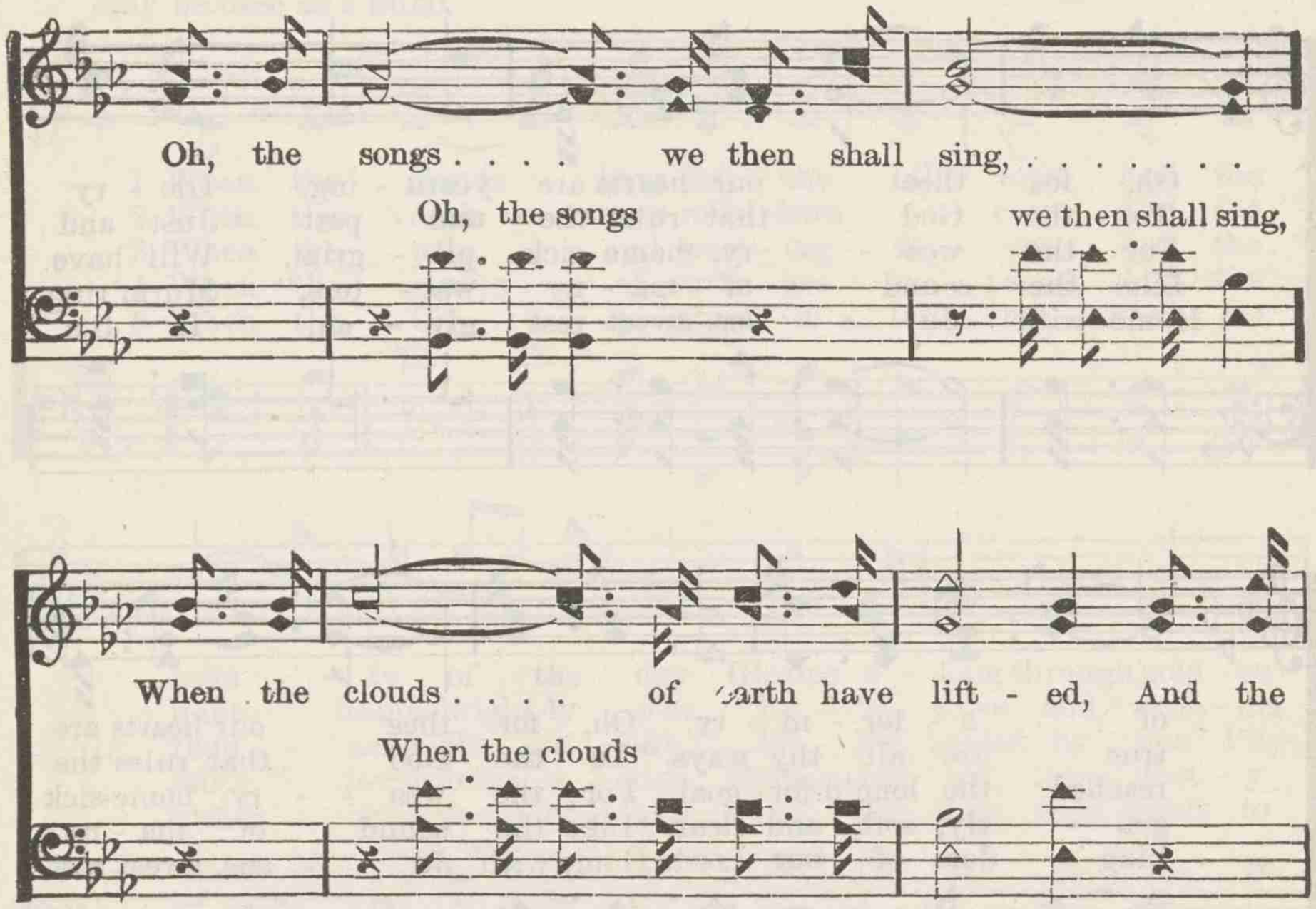
more will shad - ows dark - en, Till the way we can - not see—
heart will sing with rapt - ure, And the voice break forth in praise
peace and ho - ly com - fort Will pos - sess the in - most soul,
waves of thrill - ing mu - sic Will en - trance the list - 'ning ear,
life - work of all a - ges Will re - ceive a just re - ward,

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

# DAY-BREAK. Continued.

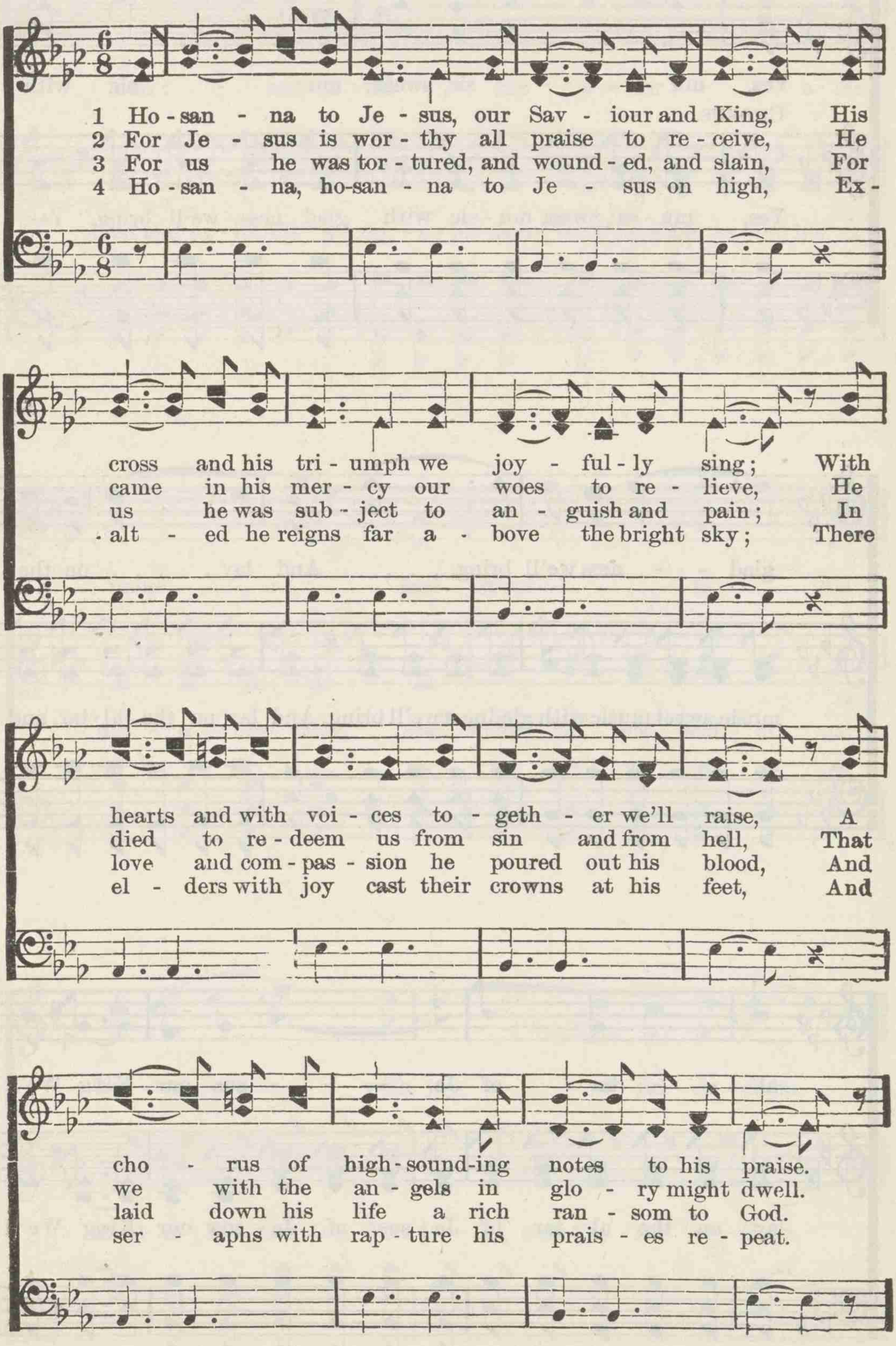


# DAY-BREAK. Concluded.



# No. 275. HOSANNA.
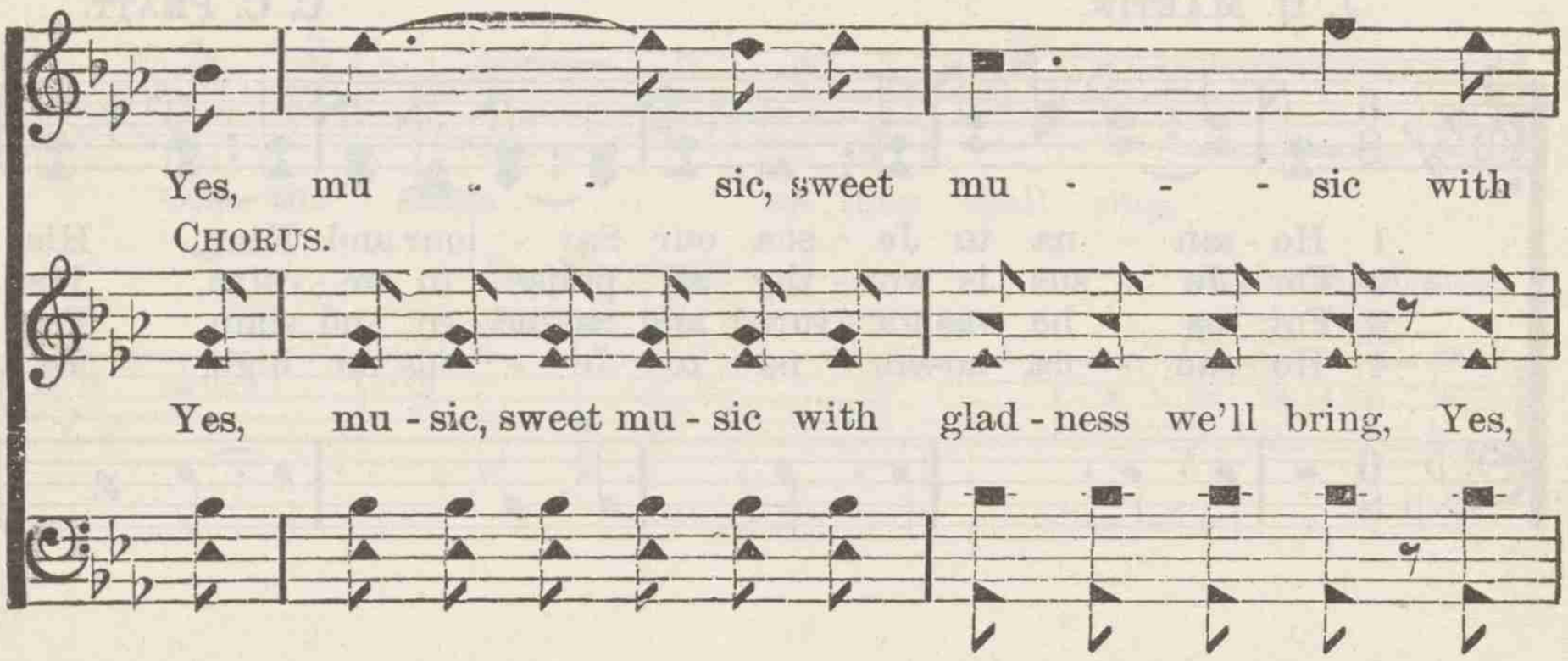
J. H. MARTIN. C. C. PRATT.




By per. R. M. McIntosh.
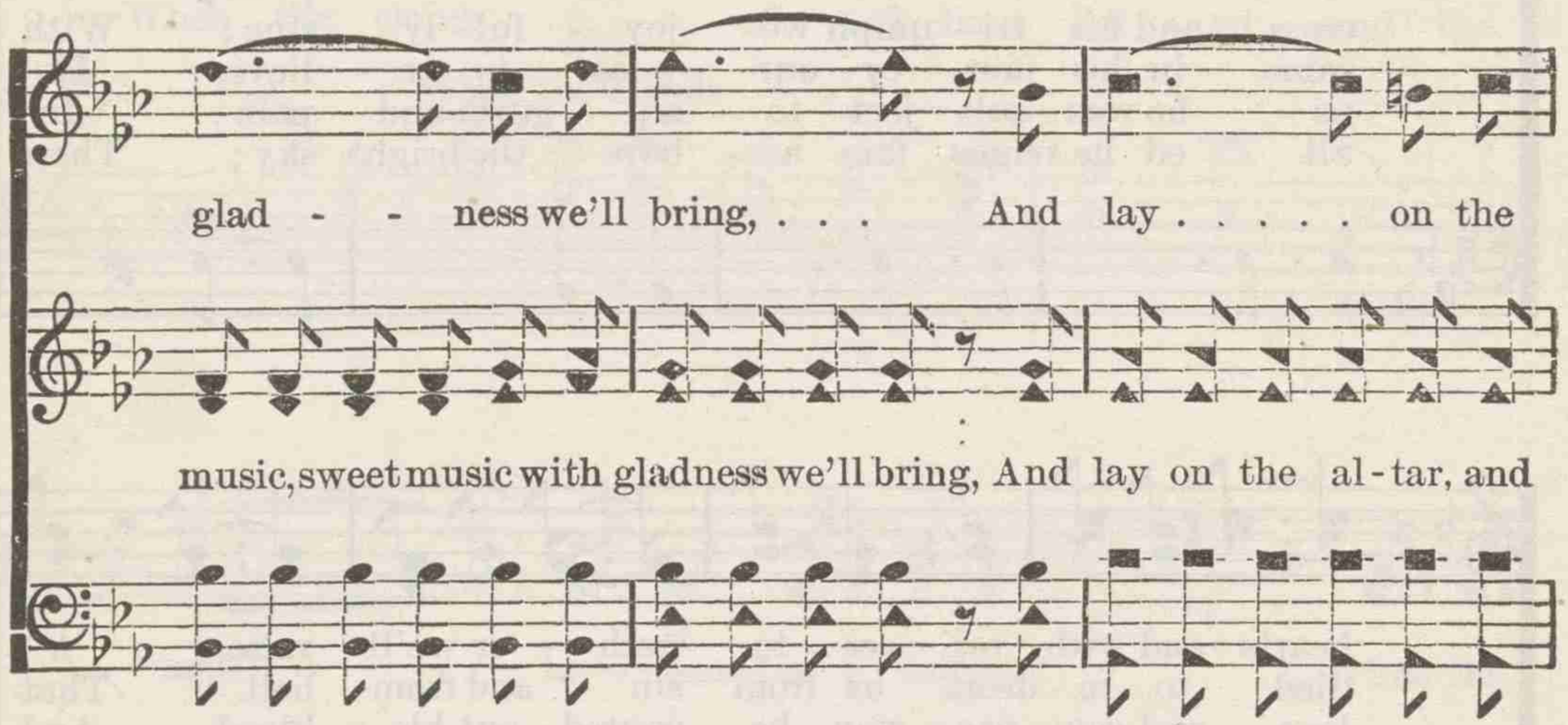
# HOSANNA. Continued.
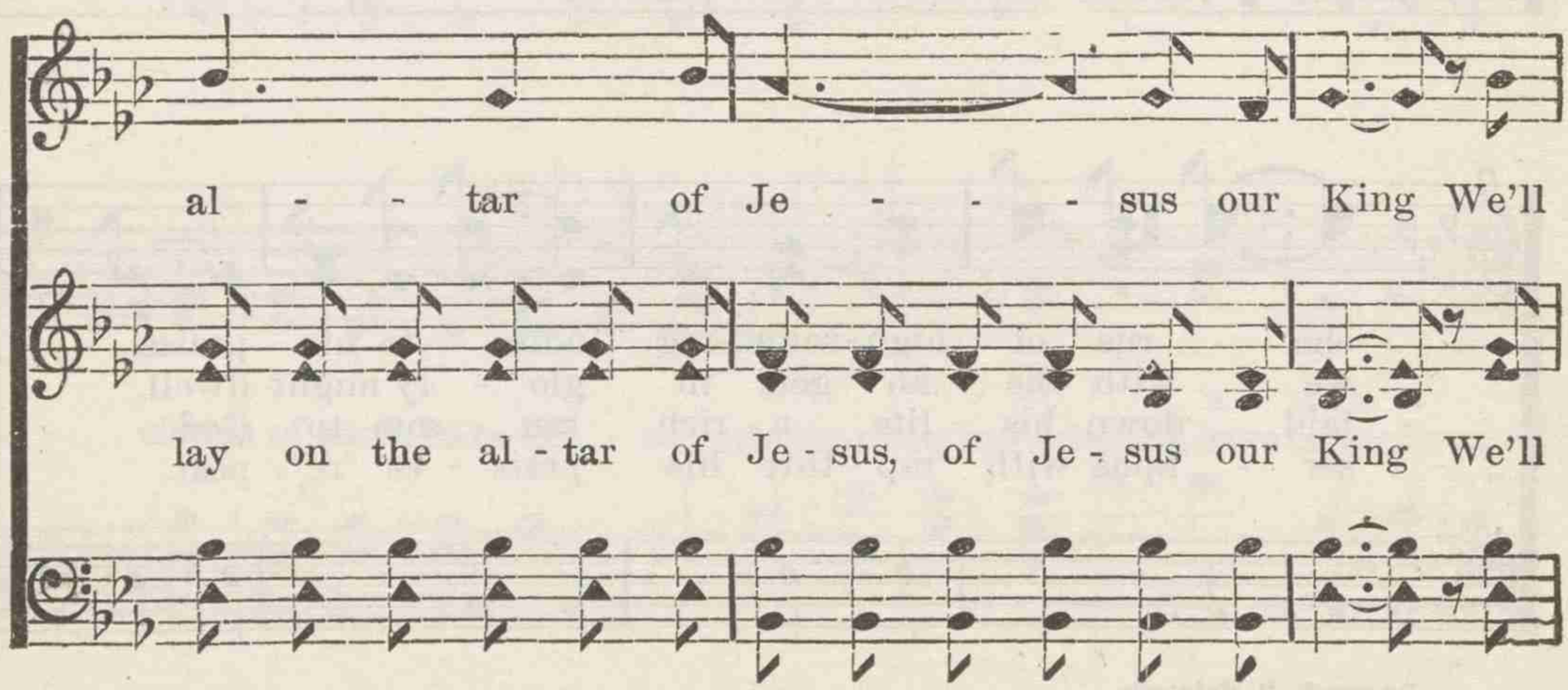
SOPRANO. *Obligato.*




CHORUS.
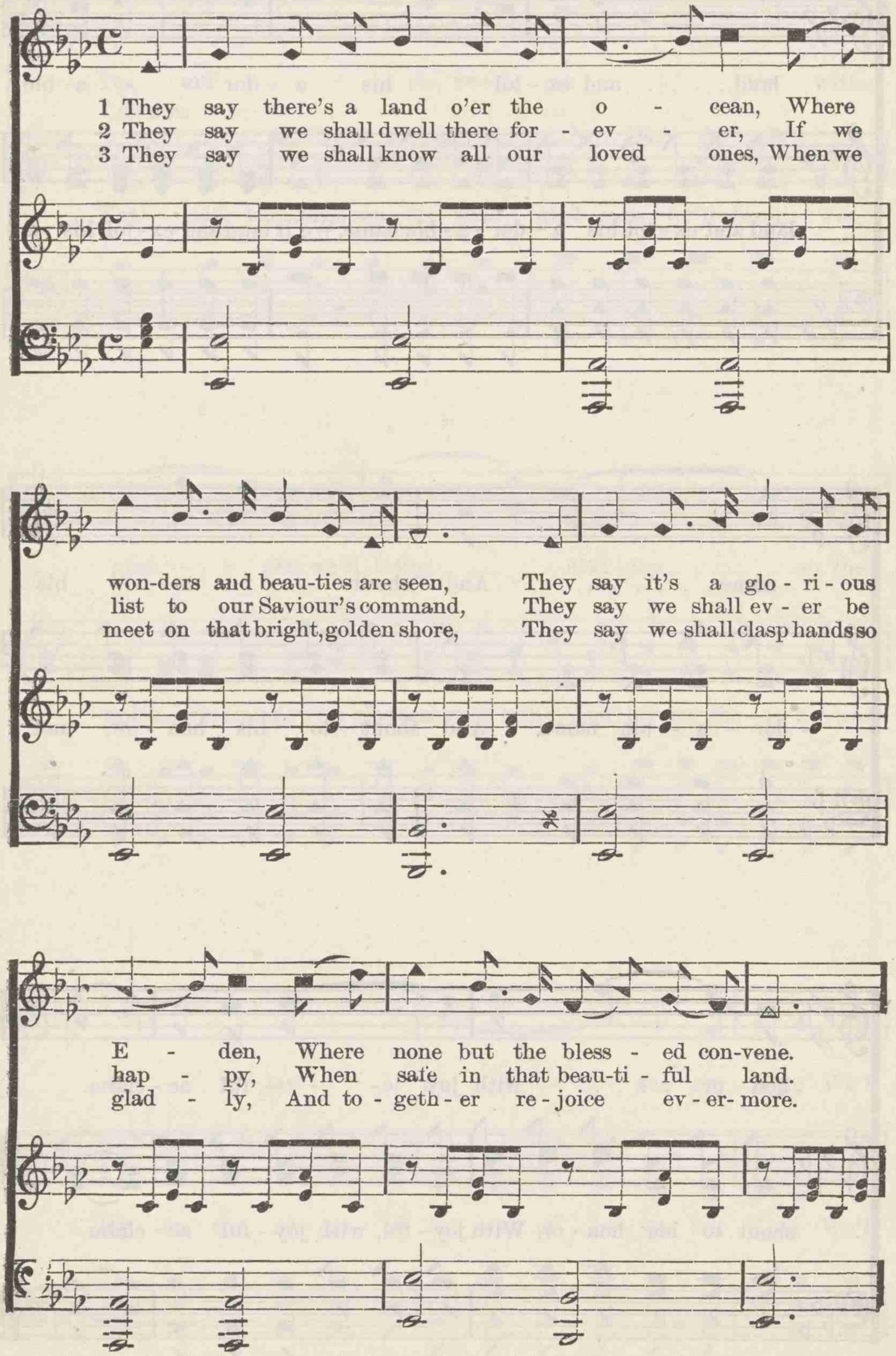
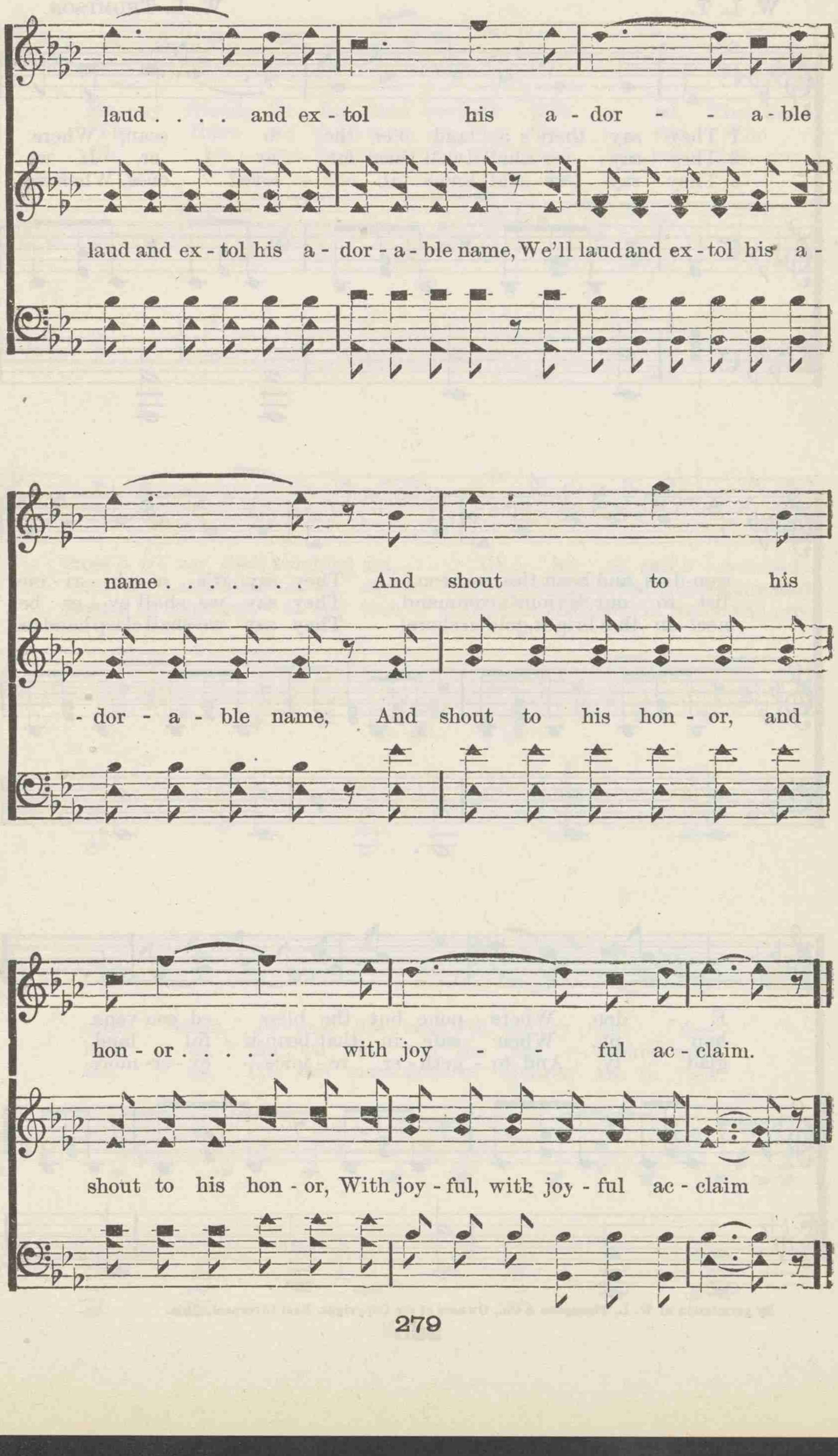








# HOSANNA. Concluded.



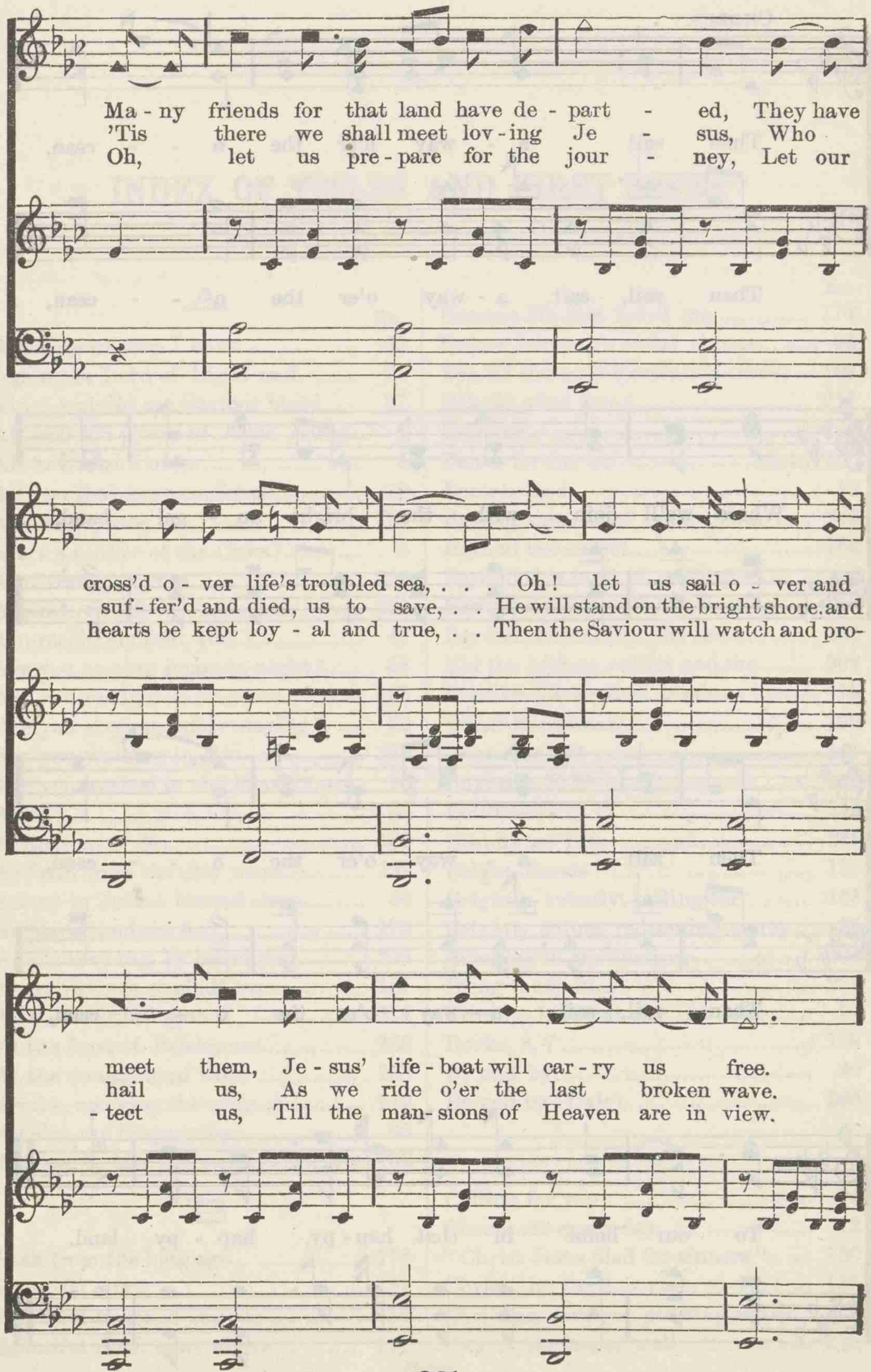
# No. 276. They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean.

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




By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., Owners of the Copyright, East Liverpool, Ohio.

# They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean. Continued.



# They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Then sail, sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Where we'll join with the bright an - gel band,

Then sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Then sail, sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

To our home in that hap - py, hap - py land.

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