Hymns, Tunes,

AND

GOSPEL SONGS,

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER, PRAISE and REVIVAL MEETINGS,

AND

General Public Worship.

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER,

AUTHOR OF

"Singing School Tribute," "Hours of Singing," "Temple of Song," "Good Tidings," "Good Tidings No. 2," "Good Tidings Combined," "National Singer," "Work and Worship," "Glad Evangel," "Showalter's New Method for Singing Schools," etc., etc.

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No. 1. WORK FOR THE MASTER.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis nev - er too late to be sow - ing the seed, While rain and the sun-shine shall last,
2 'Tis nev - er too late to be gath - er - ing grain, While calls for the reap - ers we hear,
3. 'Tis nev - er too late to be work-ing for God, While souls are in per - il by sin,

FINE.

For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field Where seed can with prof - it be cast.
For somewhere or oth - er is ripening the wheat, And homeward a sheaf we may bear.
For somewhere or oth - er is one we may save, Per - chance, there are ma - ny to win.

D.S.—For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field, And work there is wait - ing for you.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Then work, yes, work, There al - ways is something to do;
Then, work for the Mas - ter, while work can be found, to do;

No. 2. WONDERFUL LOVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9. J. H. T.

1. Love of the Sav - iour, ten - der and precious, Deep - er and broad-er than o - cean or sea,
2. Out of the liv - ing- heart of the Sav-iour Swells the rich stream of his mer - cy so free,
3. Nev - er a heart so warm with af - fec - tion, Will-ing to die that our souls may be free;

Stron-ger than death, so pure and so gra- cious, Oh, in thy full - ness flow sweet-ly to me!
Like a deep foun- tain, flow- ing for - ev - er, Oh, that this mer - cy may reach e - ven me!
Oh, for this love let earth and let heav - en Join in a song of thanksgiv - ing with me!

CHORUS.

Won- der - ful love, the love of the Sav- iour! Won- der- ful love, so rich and so free,

From "Beacon Light," by permission of O. Dixson & Co.

WONDERFUL LOVE. Concluded.

Flow-ing so free - ly, flow- ing for - ev - er, Flow-ing in full-ness to you and to me.

No. 3. WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY? A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap-py throng? Round the al - tar
2. Clad in rai - ment pure and white, Vic - tor palms in ev - 'ry hand; Thro' the great Re -
3. Hun - ger, thirst, dis - ease un- known, On im - mor - tal fruits they feed; Then the Lamb, a -
4. Joy and glad - ness ban - ish sighs, Per - fect love dis - pels all fears; And for - ev - er

night and day Hymning one tri - umph-ant song, Hymning one tri - umph - ant song!
deem - er's might More than con - quer - ors they stand, More than con - quer - ors they stand.
- midst the throne, Shall to liv - ing fountains lead, Shall to liv - ing fount - ains lead.
from their eyes God shall wipe a - way their tears, God shall wipe a - way their tears.

No. 4. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY CROSBY. "Come unto me,—and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28. J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Will you come, will you come With your poor brok-en heart, Bur- den'd and sin - op - press'd? Lay it
2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly
3. Will you come, will you come? You have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus who loves you best, By his
4. Will you come, will you come? How he pleads with you now; Fly to his lov - ing breast And what-

down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord, Je - sus will give you rest.
come, as you are, and be- lieve on his name, Je - sus will give you rest.
death on the cross purchased life for your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
- ev - er your sin or your sor-row may be, Je - sus will give you rest.

FINE. CHORUS.

Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest,

D. S —Je - sus will give you rest.

D. S.

Je - sus will give you rest, (hap-py rest,) Oh, why won't you come in sim- ple, trusting faith?

No. 5. PRECIOUS NAME.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Pre- cious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth un - fold, Far be - yond an - gel - ic
2. Pre- cious is the me - di - a - tor, By the Fa- ther raised on high, Pre- cious, when he took our
3. Pre- cious, when to cal - vary groaning, He sus - tained the cursed tree; Pre- cious, when His death a -
4. Pre- cious, when in death vic - to - rious, He the hosts of hell o'er-throws; In His res - ur - rec- tion
5. Pre- cious Lord, be - yond ex - press - ing Are Thy beauties all di - vine; Glo - ry, hon - or, power, and

CHORUS.

prais-es, Sweet-ly sung to harps of gold. Pre-cious name, O how sweet, Pre-cious
nat- ure, Laid his aw - ful glo - ry by.
ton - ing, Made an end of sin for me.
glo - rious, Vic- tor crown'd o'er all His foes.
bless-ing, Be henceforth for - ev - er thine.

Precious name, O how sweet,

name, O how sweet, Pre- cious name, O how sweet, O how sweet!

rit. *Repeat pp.*

Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet,

No. 6. SOME SWEET DAY.

"We according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth."—2 PETER 3: 13.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. We shall reach the gold- en strand, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Of that fair and sun - ny land,
2. We will meet up - on the shore, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Those who journeyed on be - fore,
3. We shall pass in - side the gates, Some sweet day, some sweet day, To the joy that us a - waits,

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Where the sil - ver wa - ters flow, Where the soft - est breez- es blow,
Some sweet day, some sweet day, Where the sun-light nev - er dies, Where our Fa-ther's mansions rise,
Some sweet day, some sweet day, To the raptures of the blest, To our dear e - ter - nal rest,

CHORUS.

Where the fair - est flow- ers grow, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
We will rest our wist - ful eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
To its bliss a welcome guest, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Welcome, welcome, full and free,

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SOME SWEET DAY. Concluded.

All our tri - als passed a- way, And that hap- py time shall be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 7. GONE HOME.*

W. T. D. Arr. from Rev. W. T. DALE.

Andante.

1. Oh, where is now our brother dear? Gone home to mansions bright and fair; No more he'll shed the bitter tear, He's
2. No more he'll meet us here below, His toil and sac- ri - fice are o'er, And by the riv - er's gen-tle flow, He
3. But tho' he'll vis-it us no more, Yet we may go to him at last; And there we'll sing our troubles o'er, When
4. Farewell, dear brother, till we meet Before the throne of God above; And cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet, And

REFRAIN.

1 2

hap-py in his mansion there. Gone home, gone home, With Je - sus there to dwell;
stands up-on the gold-en shore.
all life's la- bors here are past.
sing the triumphs of his love. Gone home, gone home, His prais- es (*Omit.....*) there to swell.

* This may be adopted to the funeral of a sister by changing *nouns* and *pronouns* to suit.

No. 8. I KNOW THAT JESUS SAVES ME.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know that Je - sus saves me, He heard my fee - ble pray'r, And in the great re -
2. He is the great Phy - si - cian His balm hath made me whole, I'm hap - py, oh, I'm
3. I once op - posed the Sav - iour, I would not hear his voice; But now I know he
4. I know that Je - sus saves me, I know he loves me, too, He sweet - ly dwells with -

CHORUS.

- demp - tion I now do free - ly share.
hap - py, I know he saves my soul.
saves me, In him I do re - joice.
- in me,— Say, does he dwell in you?

I know that Je - sus saves me, I know that I am his, And by and by I'll meet him, And see him as he is.

No. 9. I'M THE CHILD OF A KING.

ATT. from KATE BUELL. ROM. 8: 16. J. H. TENNEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. My Fa - ther is rich, not in hous- es and lands, But he hold - eth the wealth of the world in his hands;
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav iour from sin, Once wander'd o'er earth as the poor- est of men;
3. I once was an out- cast, a stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth;
4. A tent or a cot -tage, O why should I care? They are build- ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there:

The ru - bies and diamonds, the sil- ver and gold Of the earth are all his; he has rich- es un - told.
But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down As an heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
Though ex - iled from home, yet for - ev - er I'll sing, "Hal - le - lu - jah to God, I'm a child of a king!"

CHORUS.

I'm a child of a King! I'm a child of a King! For Christ is my Sav - iour, I'm a child of a King!

Copyright, 1886, by J. H. TENNEY.

No. 10. HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With Vigor.

1. He has come, the Christ of God! Left for us his glad a - bode, Stoop - ing
2. He has come, whose name of grace Speaks de - liv' - rance to our race, Left for
3. Un - to us a Son is giv'n, He has come from God's own heav'n, Bring - ing

CHORUS.

from his throne of bliss, To this darksome wil- der- ness. He has come,..... the Prince of
us his glad a - bode, Son of Ma - ry, Son of God. He has come,
with him from a - bove Ho - ly peace and ho - ly love.

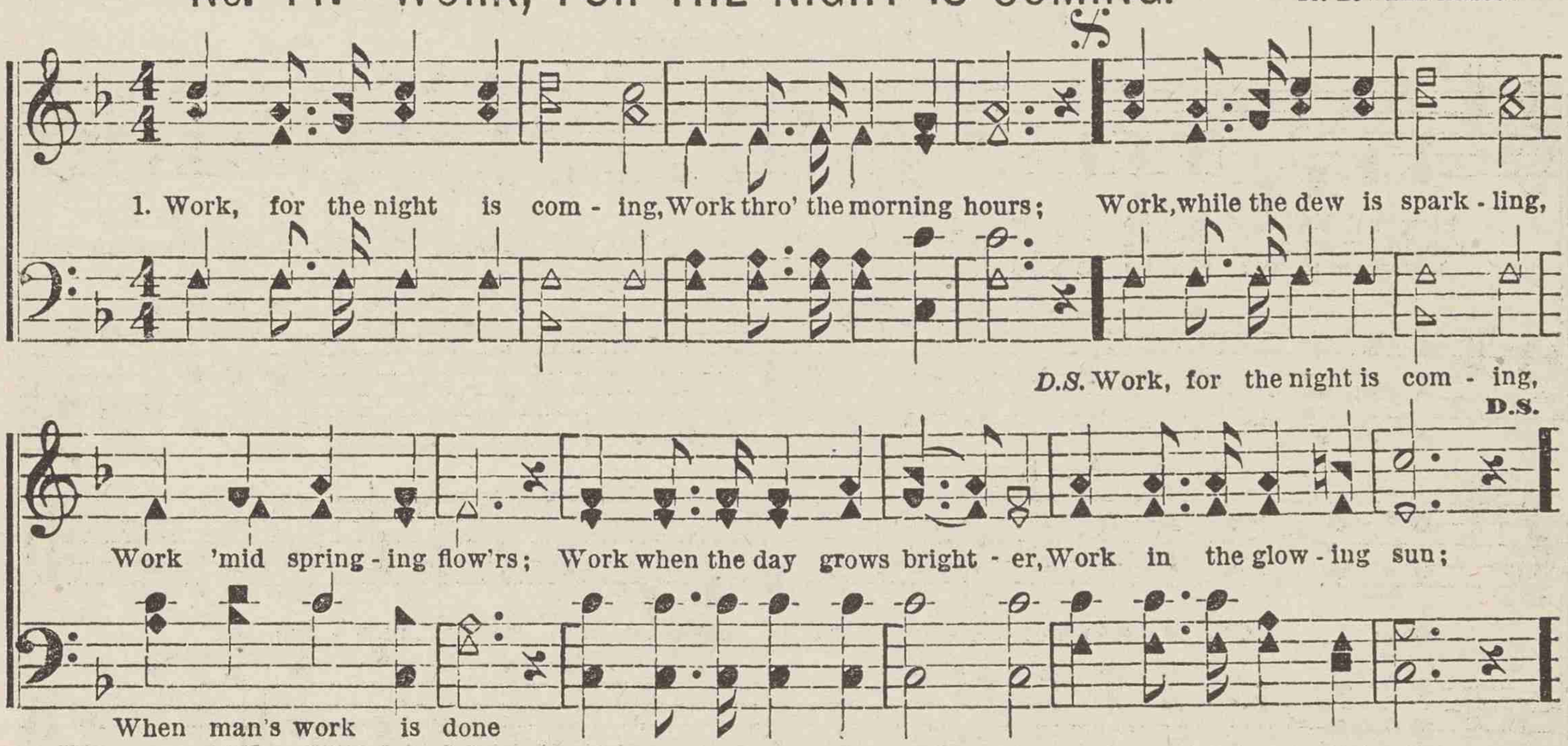
Peace, Come to bid our sor - rows cease, Come to
the Prince of Peace, Come to bid our sor-rows cease, to bid our sorrows cease, Come to

HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Concluded.



No. 11. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 Work, for the night is coming, work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor, rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming, when man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, under the sunset skies;
While their brightest tints are glowing, work for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning, when man's work is o'er.

No. 12. PASSING THIS WAY.

Arr. by D. W. C. "He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47 D. W. CRIST.

1. Je - sus of Naz'reth, to Beth-le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it w .s wonderful,
2 Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a - way from the fold, Gent-ly and long he hath
3. Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va -ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and set my soul free; Oh, it was wonderful,

CHORUS.

blest be his name! Still he is pass - ing by.
sought for my soul; Still he is pass - ing by.
how could it be? Still he is pass - ing by.

Pass-ing this way, pass-ing this way, Je-sus is passing this way; Oh, it was won-der - ful, blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.

FROM "GOSPEL GLEANINGS, by per.

No. 13. GOING HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die, A - mid our tears while
2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their pow'r, And mur- mur not when
3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part- ing word; O sin - ner, to the

CHORUS.

here we roam, How sweet the tho't, we're go- ing home. Go- ing home, go- ing home, How
sor-rows come, For by - and- by we're go- ing home.
Sav iour come, And join the band that's go- ing home. Go- ing home, go-ing home,

sweet the tho't, we're going home; Go-ing home, go-ing home, How sweet the tho't, we're going home.
Going home, going home,

No. 14. HEAVEN.

ELLA LEA. KNOWLES SHAW.

DUET.

1. Oh! would to me were on - ly giv'n A tongue in - spired to tell The beau- ties of yon
2. There hope's sweet flow'rs e-ter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go Un-touched by sor - row's
3. There limp - ed wa - ters bright and clear Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic
4. And all whose hopes are cen- tered there Shall rise o'er grief and pain, For in that land no

CHORUS.

peaceful heav'n, Where saints im- mor - tal dwell.
chill- ing winds, That blight them here be - low.
strikes the ear—Harps swept by an - gel hands.
earth- ly care Shall vex our souls a - gain.

Bright, beau - ti - ful heav'n,.....

Bright, bright, beau- ti - ful heav'n,

Bright, beau-ti - ful heav'n, Home where the pilgrim forever shall rest, Bright, beau-ti - ful heav'n.
Bright, bright, beautiful heav'n,

By per. of FILLMORE BROS.

No. 15. COME TO JESUS.

E. E. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to Je - sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow; If you give your hearts to Je-sus, He will make them white as snow.
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate; Oh, de - lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.
3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Saviour there is none, He will share with you his glory, When your pil - grim- age is done.

CHORUS.

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

From "Spiritual Songs." By per.

No. 16. MEET ME THERE.

Mrs. E. W. SAWYER. 1 Cor. 13: 12. I. N. McHOSE, by per.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, In that glo-rious land of bliss, Where the
2. We shall meet with those de-part-ed From this world of sin and strife, Meet no
3. We shall meet with Christ our Sav-iour; Soon he's com-ing for his own, Then we'll

Son shall reign for-ev-er As the King of right-eous-ness; We shall
lon-ger bro-ken-heart-ed, But with an im-mor-tal life; We shall
know his bless-ed fa-vor, And shall know as we are known; Oh, the

meet in yon-der cit-y, With its walls of jas-per bright, We shall shout our songs of triumph, No more
meet and share the glo-ry Of that count-less hap-py throng, We shall tell redemption's sto-ry, Sing his
joy, the ex-ul-ta-tion Of the saints who're truly his! Oh, the glorious transformation When we

MEET ME THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

sor - row, pain nor night. Meet me there, meet me there, In that
prais - es loud and long.
see him as he is! O - ver there, o - ver there,

beau-ti-ful home of love so bright and fair; Meet me there, meet me
bright and fair; O - ver there,

there, In that cit - y of light a - bove, O meet me there.
o - ver there, meet me there.

No. 17. THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY, Mus. Doc.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing When my heart was as blithe as a bird..... in Spring;
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din..... of strife;
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas - ter hath made..... me glad?

But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the dark-ness here.
But I know of a home that is wond-rous fair, And I sing the psalm they are sing- ing there.
When he points where the ma - ny bright man-sions be, And sweet - ly says, "there is one for thee?"

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Oh, the new, new song, Oh, the new, new song, I can
Oh, the new, new song, new song, Oh, the new, new song, new song,

From "GEMS OF PRAISE," by per.

sing it now With the ran - - - - som'd throng: Pow- er and do-
I can sing it now, just now, With the ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:

- min - ion to Him... that shall reign; that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. **No. 18. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.** LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. To - day the Sav- iour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; Oh, ye be- night- ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
2. To - day the Sav- iour calls; Oh, hear him now; With- in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav- iour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus- tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his pow'r; Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer- cy's hour.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 19. ON THE OTHER SIDE.

S. W. STRAUB.

1 On the oth - er side there's a land of rest, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;
2. On the oth - er side there's a land of peace, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;
3. On the oth - er side there are an - gels fair, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;

There dwell the ransomed ones su-preme - ly blest, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
There joys su - per- nal nev - er more shall cease, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Their wings are sweeping thro' the balm - y air, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

Forth they came from trib - u - la- tions great, In - to the shin - ing, gold - en gate,
There all robes are pure and snow- y white, There all the glo - ry strangely bright,
In that cit - y, gold- en, bright and fair, There, there the glo - ry we shall share,

ON THE OTHER SIDE. Concluded.

There our joy - ful entrance they a - wait, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Bathes the saved in ev - er-sheen-ing light, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Oh, what bliss is ev - er, ev - er there, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

CHORUS.

On the oth - er side, On the oth - er side, There with - in the gold - en gate,

There our en - trance they a wait, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

No. 20. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

"These are they.....which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

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

Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Lamb; There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood, In the soul - cleans-ing blood of the
Are you washed in the blood,

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Concluded.

Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
of the Lamb?

* * * *

No. 21. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his mer - cy
2. Moth - ers then the Sav - iour sought, In the pla - ces where he taught, Un - to him their
3. Did the Sav - iour say them nay? No, he kind - ly bid them stay; Suf - fer'd none to
4. Chil - dren, then, should love him now, Strive his ho - ly will to do, Pray to him, and

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

passed not by, chil-dren bro't, turn a - way, praise him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;

B

No. 22. MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. "My soul followeth hard after thee."—Ps. 63: 9. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. More like thee, O Sav-iour! let me be, More like thee from day to-day; Nev-er
2. More like thee, O Sav-iour! let me be, Pure with-out and pure with-in; Keep me
3. More like thee, O Sav-iour! let me be, All my pil-grim jour-ney thro'; Meek and

CHORUS.

let me from thy foot-steps stray, Keep me in thy per-fect way.)
ev-er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
low-ly, ev-er kind and true, Like thy-self in all I do.

Like thee, like thee, like thee, More and more like thee; Bless-ed Sav-iour, let me, day by day, Grow more and more like thee.
Like thee, yes, more and more like thee, like thee,

No. 23.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet- ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy, For thou hast giv - en me the peace
2. I know that thou art near er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng, And sweet er is the tho't of thee
3. O Sav- iour, precious Sav-iour mine! What will thy pres ence be If such a life of joy can crown,

CHORUS.

Which noth- ing can de - stroy.
Than a - ny love - ly song.
Our walk on earth with thee?

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

Rit.

The half has nev - er yet been told, yet been told, The blood— it cleans - eth me, cleans- eth me.

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG," published by R. E. HUDSON, Alliance, O.

No. 24. BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. J. B. VAUGHN.

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Bring them to the Mas- ter; To the ten- der Shepherd, Lead them to his fold;
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, And he died to save them; Heed his lov - ing mes-sage, Suf - fer them to come;

Let him bless the chil-dren, Bring them, parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessing As in days of old.
Teach them love their Saviour While their youth is passing, Gath- er in the children To their sabbath home.

D.S.—Gath - er in the chil-dren, Hap - py lit - tle children: Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold

CHORUS.

Gath - er in the chil-dren, The hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

No. 25. THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. LUKE, 14: 22. E. ROBERTS.

1. In those beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, Whose won - ders I'm long - ing to see, There's a
2. Oh, I'm glad, yes, I'm glad that a Sav - iour To per - ish - ing sin - ners was giv'n; For His
3. 'Tis the tho't that sus-tains me in tri - al, And com - forts when burdened with care, There is
4. Not a sigh nor a groan shall es - cape us; No tear - drops of sor - row shall fall; There's a

CHORUS.

room and a place that is wait - ing, Oh, yes, that is wait-ing for me.
love and his pit - y se- cured me A share in the glo - ries of heav'n.
rest and a ref- uge in heav - en, And, oh, there is room for me there.
peace and a joy that's e - ter - nal In heav'n, and there's room for us all.

Yes, oh, yes, there is room,

Room for all in heav'n; In those beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry; There's room, there's room for all.

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No. 26. MY NEW NAME.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. I'm dreaming of a bet- ter land, Be - side the crys- tal sea, Where I shall clasp the waiting hand, And those who love me see;
2. I know that pure un- sul- lied joys A - wait the blest a - bove; Thro' endless years a Fa-ther's hand Sus- tains them with his love;
3. I may not know while here be-low, E'en an - gels may not tell, But Je- sus, on his king- ly throne, The se - cret knoweth well;

Laid down the wea - ry cross of pain, A harp and crown be giv'n; I'm thinking,
An an - gel presence seemeth here, This qui - et peaceful ev'n; I faint- ly
The hid - den man - na shall be mine, A pure white stone be giv'n, And in the

won- d'ring what shall be My new, new name in heav'n.
whis - per, "What shall be My new, new name in heav'n?"
stone, by love in-scribed, My sweet, new name in heav'n.

CHORUS.

My new, new name, my name in heav'n. To

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MY NEW NAME. Concluded.

me by Je - sus giv'n; When he shall call I then shall know My sweet, new name in heav'n.

No. 27. BOOK OF GRACE, AND BOOK OF GLORY.

Arr. from Dr. MASON.

1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy
2. Book of love! in ac - cents ten - der, Speak - ing un - to such as we; May it lead us,
3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sigh - ing, Sweet - est com - fort finds in thee, As it hears the
4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare- well to friends we love, Give us for the

sa- cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth; Wondrous is thy sa- cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth.
Lord, to ren- der All, all to thee; May it lead us, Lord, to ren- der All, all to thee.
Sav- iour cry-ing, "Come, come to me!" As it hears the Sav-iour cry-ing, "Come, come to me!"
life then clos- ing, Life, life a - bove; Give us for the life then clos-ing, Life, life a - bove.

No. 28. BLESSED HOME.

J. E. BIGBIE

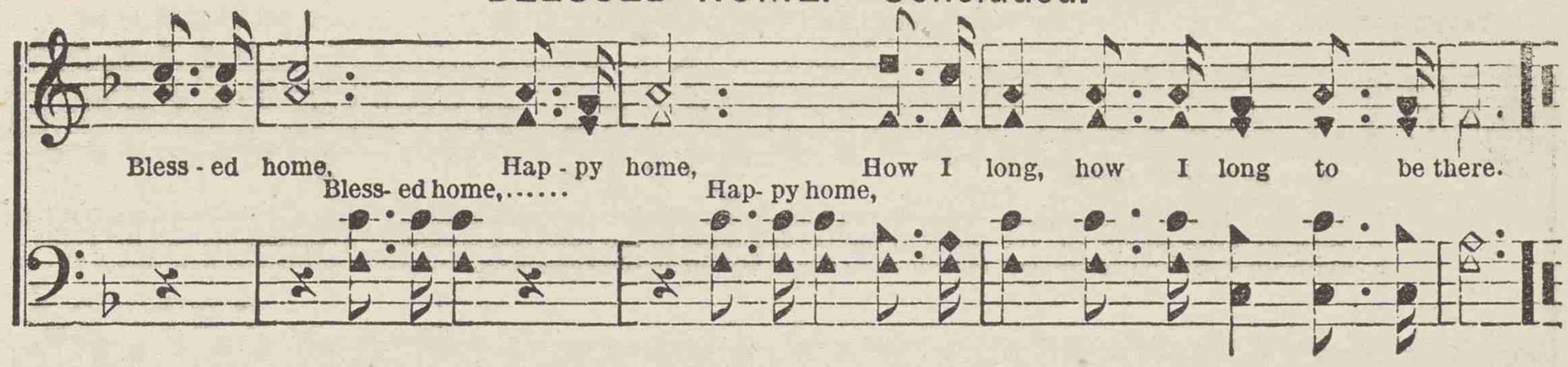
1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod,
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I see,

Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white,
Of the songs that they breath on the air, In their home in their pal - ace of God.
Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch - ing and wait - ing for me.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home, hap - py home, How I long, how I long to be there;
Bless - ed home, hap - py home,

BLESSED HOME. Concluded.



No. 29. SUBMISSION. L. M.

Rev. B. F. BRIGHT.



No. 30. TOILING IN THE VINEYARD.

FRANK M. DAVIS. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Up in the morning and a - way to the field, Toiling in the vineyard ground; Few are the workers, but how
2. Nev - er grow weary in the work of the Lord, Toiling in the vineyard ground; Winning of souls for Jesus
3. Faith-ful - ly toiling till the Master shall come, Toiling in the vineyard ground; Soon we may hear the welcome

CHORUS.

great is the yield, Toil-ing in the vine - yard ground.
brings great reward, Toil-ing in the vine - yard ground.
call, Harvest home, Toil-ing in the vine - yard ground.

Toil - ing, toil - ing,
Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing,

Toiling in the vineyard of the Lord; Toil - ing, Toil - ing, Toiling for the great re-ward.
Toil-ing, toiling, toiling, toiling,

No. 31. BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

J. C. BUSHEY.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be- low,
2 No night shall dim that glo-rious home. For Je- sus is the light, And mourning pilgrims here be- low,
3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands They with the ransom'd sing; All praise to him who wash'd us white,

CHORUS.

Shall wear the crown a - bove. My home, sweet home, My beau- ti - ful home a -
Shall there be clad in white.
Our Sav- iour, God, and King. My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beau- ti - ful, beautiful

- bove; My home,..... sweet home,..... My beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
home a - bove; My home, beau- ti - ful home of joy and love,

No. 32. SINGING ON THE WAY.

M. E. SERVOSS. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—ISA. 35: 10. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We will sweet - ly sing on the gold-en shore, Where all is joy and glad - ness; For -
2. We are sure our Fa - ther knows all our need, Each heart-ache, pain, and sor - row; So
3. We will sing of Je - sus, our Sav-iour-King, Whose wondrous love is o'er us; Who
4. We will sing of heav - en,—our home a - bove, With all its joy and glo - ry; And

FINE. CHORUS.

- ev - er- more with Christ we'll reign, Released from care and sad - ness.
in His hands we'll leave it all, And trust Him for the mor - row.
guides our footsteps, lest they stray, And makes all plain be- fore us.
to the world, where'er we go, We'll tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry.

} Then a - long the way, the

D.S.—as we go, And en - ter Zi - on sing - ing.

D.S. al fine.

Lord's high - way, With voi - ces clear and ring ing, We'll shout ho - san - na

From "CROWNING TRIUMPH." by per.

No. 33. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "I will glorify thy name forever."—Ps. 63: 4. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried;
2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in;
3. Oh, pre-cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in;
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav iour's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
There at the cross where he took me in;
There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,

Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his name.

No. 34. ALINA.

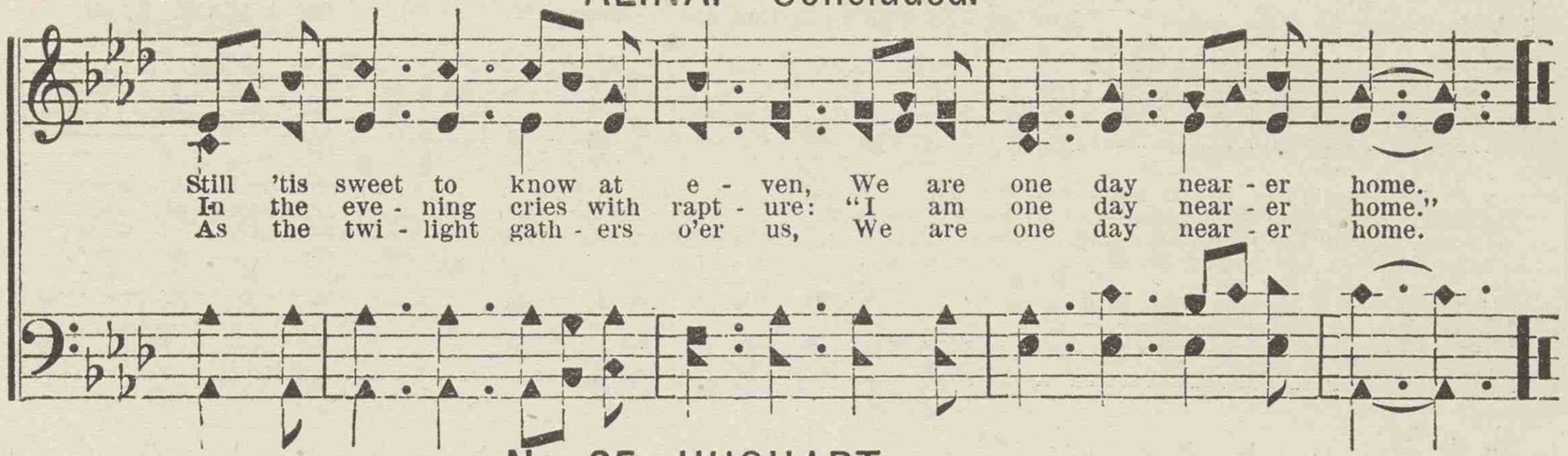
W. H. SAMPSON.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on,
2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,
3. Worn and wea - ry, oft, the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On his dis - tant na - tive shore.
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver; Soon the dark - er shades will come,
Thus the Chris - tian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal worn we roam,

ALINA. Concluded.



No. 35. HUGHART.

W. H. SAMPSON.



No. 36. GOLDEN LIGHT.

G. A. M. "And the light shineth in darkness."—JOHN 1: 5. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. There's a bright gold - en light, That is shin - ing on our way, And it com - eth from a - bove;
2. 'Tis the light that led me up. From the dark-ness of my sin, To the glo - rious light of day;
3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life, Up the wea - ry hills of time;

'Tis the pre-cious light of truth That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav - iour's love.
'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
Thro' the trou-bles and the care, Thro' the con- flict and the strife, And this light shall be ev - er mine.

D.S. And bright- en up the way That will lead to end-less day; With the light of a Sav - iour's love.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Gold - en light, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,

No. 37. ALL MY LIFE LONG.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. All my life long have my steps been at - tend - ed, Sure - ly by One who re - gard-ed my ways;
2. All in the dark would I be, and un - cer- tain Whith - er to go, but for One at my side;
3. He will not wea - ry, O bless - ed as - sur - ance! In - fi- nite love will the fi - nite out - last;

Ten - der - ly watched o - ver, sweet - ly be- friend - ed, Bless - ings have fol - lowed me all my life long.
Who from the fut - ure re- moves the dim cur - tain, Lin - ing the glo - ry to mor - tals de - nied.
But, for my heav - en - ly Fa - ther's as - sur - ance, In - to the depths of de- spair I were cast.

FINE.

D. S.—An - gels have guard - ed the gate - way of sad - ness, Sum - mer and win - ter, yea, all my life long.
D. S.—With an- gels' food he has prom - ised to feed me, Who hath be-friend - ed me all my life long.
D. S.—Earth is to - day, but there's heav-en to mor - row, And Je - sus will guide me all my life long.

D.S.

Tears have been quench'd in the sun - shine of glad - ness, An - thems of sor - row been turn'd in - to song;
No oth - er friend could so pa - tient- ly lead me, No oth - er friend prove so faith - ful and strong;
This is my star in a - mid - night of sor - row, This is my ref - uge, my strength, and my song;

No. 38. I HAVE CALLED THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "I, the Lord, have called thee."—Isa 42: 6. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have called thee to the fount - ain, Where the crim - son waves o'er-flow; Plung'd be-neath its cleansing
2. I have called thee to the vine - yard, Where the rip - en'd har-vest waves; Pa - tient toil in ear - ly
3. I have called thee to the ban - quet, Love di - vine hath free-ly giv'n; Wrought for thee a wed - ding

REFRAIN.

wa - ters, Pure thy soul as spark-ling snow.
morn - ing, Thou at eve shalt bind the sheaves.
gar - ment, For the mar - riage feast in heav'n.

I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee

from thy sin and woe: I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

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No. 39. HOMEWARD WE'RE WANDERING.

E. E. LATTA. "We have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Homeward we're wan- der-ing From day to day; Till Je - sus beck - ons us From earth a - way:
2. Homeward we're wan- der-ing At God's command; And he to us will give The Promised Land!
3. Homeward we're wan- der-ing 'Mid toil and care! But Je - sus help - eth us Each ill to bear!

We are but pil- grims here, Brief-ly to roam; Soon shall our jour - ney end In heav'n our home!
More fair than Ca- naan's clime, Or aught be - low, That bright, e - ter - nal shore To which we go!
By faith his voice we hear In mer - cy call, Bid- ding us trust in him Whate'er be - fall!

Chorus.

rit.

Homeward we're wan - der - ing, Wea - ry, op - prest! Homeward we're wan - der - ing—Soon we shall rest.

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No. 40. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Newly Arranged by
J. H. TENNEY, 1886.

1. I've found a Friend in Je- sus, he's ev- erything to me, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul;
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp - tation he's my strong and mighty tow'r;
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and do his bless-ed will;

The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in him a- lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
I've all for him for- sak- en, I've all my i- dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
A wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his man-na, he my hun-gry soul shall fill.

CHO.—In sor- row he's my com-fort, in troub-le he's my stay, He tells me ev -'ry care on him to roll;
Tho' all the world for- sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal;
Then sweeping up to glo - ry we see his bless- ed face, Where rivers of de-light shall ev- er roll.

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.

D. S.



No. 41. BOYLSTON.



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 must forever die.

No. 42. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.



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

CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.

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

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

No. 43. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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

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

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

No. 44. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Rev. RAY PALMER. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. In the shad - ow of the rock let me rest, let me rest, When I
2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, till I see, That the
3. Then my pil - grim staff I'll take and once more, and once more, I'll my

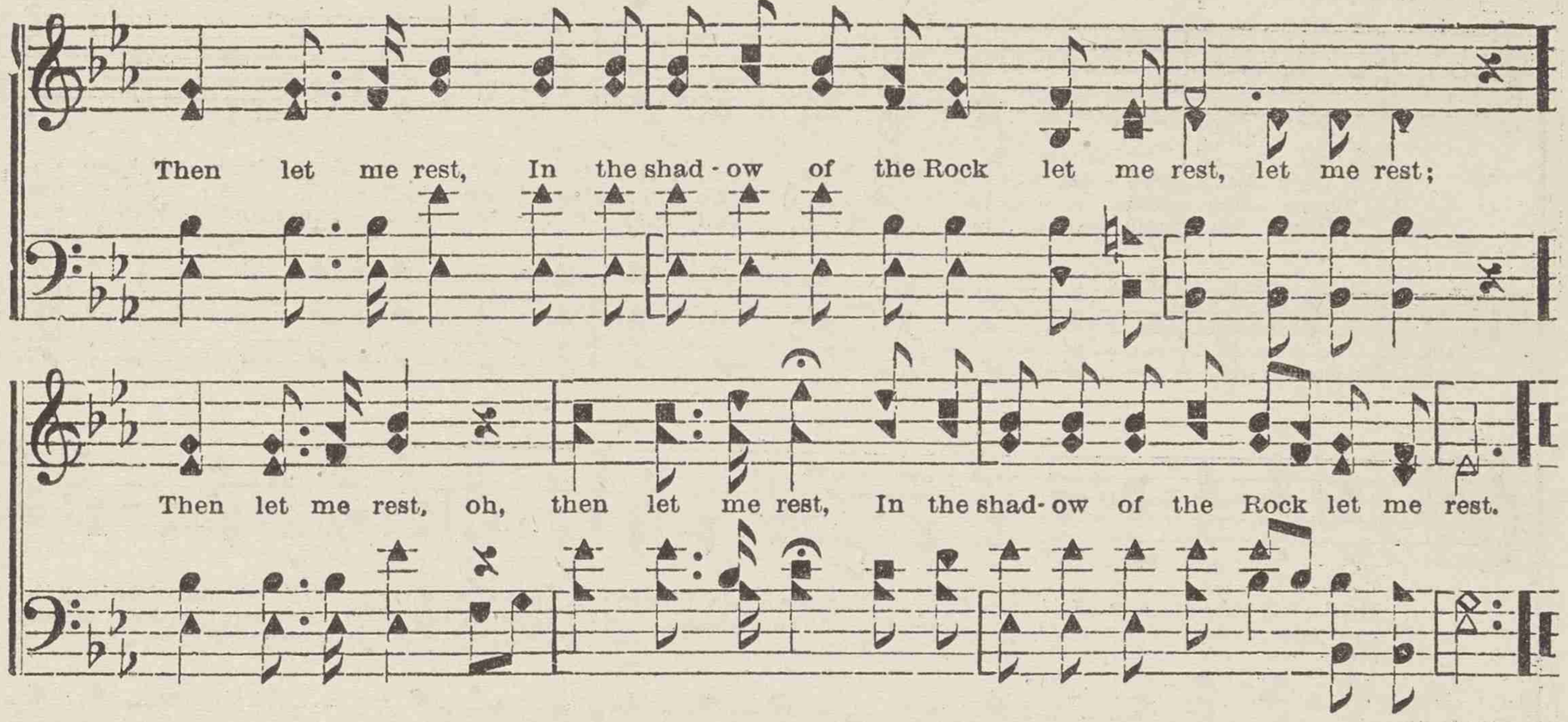
feel the tem- pest shock thrill my breast, thrill my breast, All in vain the storm shall sweep while I
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the burn-ing heats are past, and the
on-ward jour- ney make as be - fore, as be - fore, And with joy-ous heart and strong I will

hide, while I hide, And my tran- quil sta- tion keep by thy side.
day, and the day, Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.
raise, I will raise, Un - to thee, O Rock, a song, glad with praise.

CHORUS.

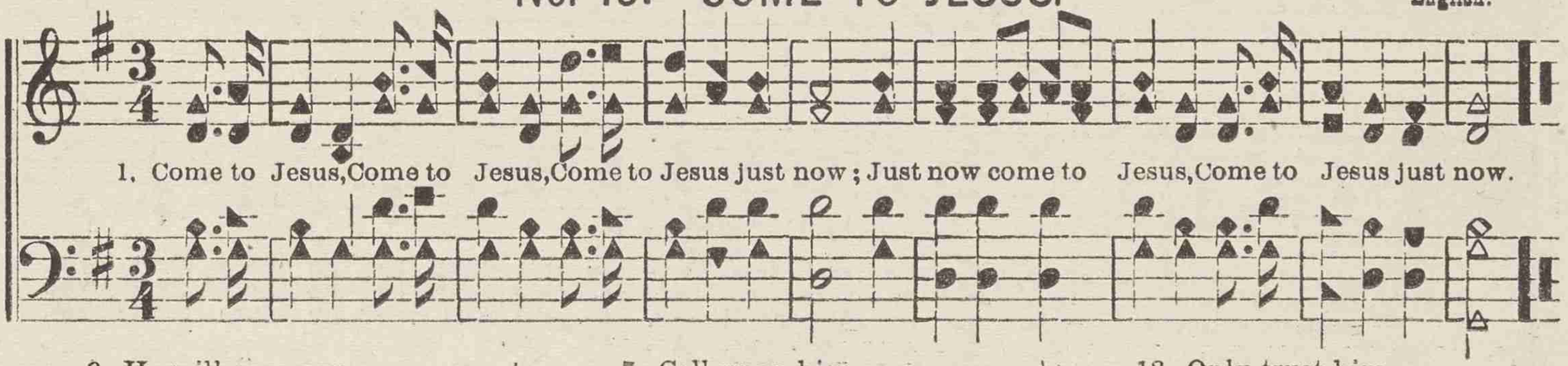
Then let me rest, oh,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK. Concluded.



No. 45. COME TO JESUS.

English.



2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

E. R. LATTA.

No. 46. NO MORE GOOD-BYES.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crys - tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no
2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasp'd the part - ing hand; Fa - thers,
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more, Where no

chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet-ly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro'
moth-ers, chil - dren dear, A - round the throne shall stand; There no tem-pests e'er shall blow, There no
sick-ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r; Where they feel no weight of care, And no

all the cloud-less skies, There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.
dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good - byes.
tears be - dim the eyes, All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good - byes.

From "Grateful Praise," by permission of Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NO MORE GOOD-BYES. Concluded.

CHORUS.

No more good - byes,..... no more good - byes..... O bless - ed

No more good-byes, no more good-byes,

thought!..... ..... No more good - byes; 'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that

O, bless-ed thought!

home be - yond the skies, Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.

No. 47. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Rev. R. W. TODD. "I, that speak in Righteousness, mighty to save."—ISA. 63: 1. HARRY SANDERS, by per.

1. O! who is this that com - eth From E- dom's crim- son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed?
2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek- ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the winepress red?
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How could'st thou bear this shame? With mer - cy fraught, mine own arm bro't,

O tell me now thy name! I that saw thy soul's dis- tress, A ran - som gave;
O why this blood - y tide? I the winepress trod a - lone, 'Neath dark- 'ning skies;
Sal - va - tion in my name; I the blood - y fight have won, Conquered the grave;

CHORUS.

mf

I that speak in right- eous-ness, Might- y to save. Might - y to save, Might - y to save,
Of the peo - p.e there was none, Might- y to save.
Now the year of joy has come, Might- y to save.

MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.



No. 48. JESUS IS MINE.

Arr. from a Scotch Air.



No. 49. WORK AND PRAY.

KATE SUMNER BURR. "Go work in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the harvest now is white, Work will soon be o - ver, fast falls the shade of night;
2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er, Harvest days are pass- ing to come a - gain no more;
3. Shout, friends of Je- sus for when our work is done, Joy - ful we will gath- er to greet the har-vest home;

Strong in his strength let us find the gold-en sheaves; Could we meet the Mas - ter with naught but leaves?
Wake from re- pose, hear the Mas- ter call - ing still, Rise to earn- est ef - fort with right good will.
Then let us has - ten the gold - en sheaves to bind, Rest and life e - ter - nal we all shall find.

CHORUS.

Work and pray,..... yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass a-
Work and pray, Work and pray,

-long, Work and pray, while 'tis day, Come and join our hap - py throng.

Work and pray, while 'tis day,

No. 50. HOW I LOVE THEE.

KATE CONRAD. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Precious Sav- iour, how I love thee, For I know that thou art mine; All I have I free - ly give thee,
2. Vain the boasting world al-lures me, Rich- es fade and gold is dross; Life with all its charms is fleet - ing,
3. Precious Sav- iour, come and teach me How to love thee more and more; Thro' this sin- ful world, oh, lead me,

D.S.—Ev - er near - er! ev - er near - er!

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Make me ev - er, ev - er thine.
I will lin - ger near the cross.
Till I reach yon gold- en shore.

How I love thee! How I love thee, Be thou ev - er near to me,

Till I find my all in thee.

No. 51. THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

W. F. COSNER. "I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18. J. H. SHOWALTER.

1. The Sav - iour in-vites you, poor wan - der- er, come, The Fa-ther is wait-ing to welcome you home;
2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther who holds you so dear, Say, why will you per - ish when plen - ty is near?
3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draw-eth nigh; Say, why will you lin- ger still,—why will you die?

Now cease from your wand'rings so lone - ly and wild; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child.
Though poor and un - wor - thy with sin all de - filed, The Fa-ther will welcome his prod - i - gal child.
Oh, leave the lone des - ert where shad - ows are piled; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home;
Come home, come home, come home;

THE PRODIGAL CHILD. Concluded

Come home, come home, come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home, come home.

No. 52. BY AND BY.

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

1. O- ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that hap- py land so sweet, By and by, by and by;
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by; We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by, by and by;
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by; Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by, by and by;

We shall gath-er on the shore, With our kindred gone before, And the Saviour's name adore, By and by, by and by.
With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a ho- ly, hap-py band Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by, by and by.
In our home so bright and fair, Where the happy angels are We shall praise forev-er there, By and by, by and by.
There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.

No. 53. SOME DAY.—Duet and Chorus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. "And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15: 8. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Duet. *Slowly, and with expression.*

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re-
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav - en
3. Some day, I say, con - tent to wait The ope - ning of the Jas - per

cres.

- peat, Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say I'll sing it if God wills some day.
won, And when the long rough way is trod I shall be - hold the face of God.
gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - - - - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o

Some hap - py day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

From "CAROLS OF JOY," by per

SOME DAY. Concluded.



No. 54. COME TO-DAY.

S. J. DALTON.



No. 55. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—JOEL 3: 13. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Go out and gath - er the gold - en grain, The world is your har - vest field, Your
2. Go lift the soul from the haunts of sin, The treas - ures of grace dis- play, Your
3. Go find some pearl on the o - cean strand, The shell may be rough and brown, But

CHORUS.

toil for Je - sus will not be vain For he will the in-crease yield. Gath - er, gath - er,
mis-sion here is to work and win, Go show to the lost the way.
pol-ished by the dear Master's hand, 'Twill shine in his jew- el'd crown. Gath- er, gath-er, gath -er, gather,

Gath-er in the gold - en grain; Gath - - er, gath - - er, Gath-er in the gold - en grain.
Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,

From "CAROLS OF JOY." By per.

No. 56. THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Rev. FRANCIS POLLOCK. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Oppressed with sin, be - yond de-gree, The voice of Je - sus came to me—"Come, heav- y - la - den
2. My soul was lured, I could not stay, But rose and went with- out de - lay; Up - on me there, with
3. A thrill of bliss my bo-som swelled, My heart was cleansed, its tumults quelled; He said, "Take com- fort,

CHORUS.

one, and rest, Come, lean thy head up - on my breast.)
look se-rene, He spoke the words, "I will, be clean"
need - y soul, Be strong, thy faith hath made thee whole."

} The voice of Je - sus! oh, how sweet! No

voice so kind, no words so meet; They woo my heart, my passions still; The Lord doth lead me where he will.

A. S. K.

No. 57. A PILGRIM SONG.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. I'm a lone- ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour -ney a - long by the way;
2. Here the des-ert wilds expand Round a - bout on ei -ther hand, But I'm near- ing the Jor - dan, you see!
3. When the wil -der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how hap - py my poor soul will be!

FINE.

But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sor-row, from doubt and dismay.
And be -yond that nar -row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
With the glo - ri - fied to stand On that glit'ring glo - ry-land, And the Sav- iour, my Sav -iour, to see.

D.S. Thro' the stil - ly hours of night, From the plains of end-less light, Spir- it voic - es oft whis -per to me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Oh, I know there's rest be-yond, That some oth - er souls have found, For in vis - ions their fac - es I see;

By permission.

No. 58. IT IS THE MASTER'S LOVING HAND.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. LUKE 13: 6-9. J. H. TENNEY.

1. It is the Mas - ter's lov - ing hand That plants the ten - der tree; Oh, shall he
2 When bud and leaf have wak-ened hopes, And bright the fol' - age green, Oh, shall he
3. The wait - ing years perchance have fled, But love no care a - bates; That hand with
4. An - oth - er year, the last for thee, Is draw - ing to its close; Oh, shall thy

CHORUS.

look in vain for growth, No bud, no leaf to see?
look in vain for fruit, No clus - ters ripe be seen?
pa- tience prunes and digs, But still the fruit-age waits.
soul, un- fruit-ful still, Be doomed to end - less woes?

"Cut down that tree," stern justice cries, "I will no more de - lay;" "One year, one year," sweet mer- cy pleads, "Oh, stay thine hand, oh, stay."

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No. 59. WHEN WE GET HOME.

R. E. LATTA. Dr. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

1. When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold;
2. When we get home from our wan- der- ings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
3. When we get home, and our troub-les are o'er, And our jour- ney is end - ed be - low;

When we've pass'd o - ver the riv - er of death, And are safe in the heav- en - ly fold;
When, with the loved ones who've pass'd in - to rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
When we are free from each cum- ber- ing weight, And the sins that doth hin - der us so;

Wea - ri- some toil, trib - u - la - tion and care, That bur-den our spir - its to - day,
Sor - row and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sick-ness we bear,
Tears that we shed in our sor- row - ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo - lest,

WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.

Like as a dream or a shad- ow shall pass, Shall pass, un - re - turn- ing, a - way.
Like as a dream or a shad- ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they troub- le us there.
Like as a dream or a shad- ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

When we..... ..... get home,..... How sweet .... 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... ..... 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

No. 60. I AM COMING, FATHER.

LUKE 15: 18.

J. H. T., by per.

1. I am coming to my Fa- ther, And, low-bending at his knee, Wounded, sore, and sadly pleading,
2. I behold him in the dis- tance, Tears are gushing from his eyes, And his hands reach out in pleading,
3. It is late, and now the evening Com-eth down upon us fast; Soon I'll rest upon his bo - som,

CHORUS.

Just a serv- ant I would be.
As the gold - en day- light dies.
And be safe at home at last.

I am coming, Father, coming, Wea-ry, worn, and full of pain, To the

rall.

waiting, lov-ing Father, I am com- ing home a - gain, Com-ing, coming, I am com- ing home a - gain.

No. 61. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



No. 62. LINGER NO LONGER AWAY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS

1. Je-sus is wait-ing so near, Come while He's calling to - day. Come without doubting or fear,
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad-ly the summons o - bey. Seek for the Kingdom above,
3. He will your sins and griefs bear; He is the Life, Truth and way: Cast on Him then all your care,

CHORUS.

Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come,..... come,..... Je - sus is call ing to -
Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way.
Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come while He's calling, come while He's calling, Yes,

- day;..... Come,..... come,..... Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way.
call-ing to-day; Come while He's calling, come while He's calling,

W. C. H. No. 63. BEYOND THE GOLDEN SUNSET SKY. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Be - yond the golden sunset sky, Be - yond the roll-ing wave, Be - yond each earthly tear and sigh,
2. Beyond these pangs that partings bring, Be - yond this earth-ly vale, We'll meet where joys eternal spring,
3. Our ref - uge is the Lord our God; His life for us he gave, He gave that life that we might live,
4. Then as we journey let us sing— Sing of his pow'r to save; Sing how he burst the bars of death,

CHORUS.

We'll meet beyond the grave. And love shall never fail. And he a- lone can save. And triumphed o'er the grave.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more; We shall meet, we shall meet, We'll meet to part no more.

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, part no more; yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

No. 64. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. LUKE, 18: 37. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
2. Broth - er, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is com - ing to bless you While in con - tri - tion you bow;

Wel - come the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
Why not this mo - ment ac - cept him, Trust in his mer - cy and live?
Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Rea - dy to save you just now;

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Par- don and peace to be - stow, Com - ing to save the poor
He is so ten- der and pre-cious! He is so near you to - day! Op - en your heart to re -
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - f'ring to - day? Op - en your heart to ad -

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JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
- ceive him, While he is pass- ing this way.
- mit him, While he is pass- ing this way.

Je - sus is pass- ing this way..... to -
Je - sus is passing this

- day,..... to - day!..... While he is near, O be- lieve him, Op - en your hearts to re -
way to - day, is passing to-day!

- ceive him, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way,..... Is pass- ing this way to - day.
to - day,

No. 65. I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I know if I come be - liev - ing, My Sav-iour will let me in: For the door of his love is o - pen, He wait - eth for those who seek, But I trem - ble with fear and doubt-ing, Oh,
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in dark - ness, And pray till the light I see; For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est, Will sure - ly a - vail for me; I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died, And with on - ly my heart to give him, I
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I knock at the door be - liev - ing, That Je - sus will let me in; Oh, the faith in my soul grows stron-ger, I trem - ble with fear no more, 'Tis my Sav - iour that bids me wel- come, I'll

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I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.



No. 66. AMAZING GRACE!

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

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

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No. 67. GOD'S CARE.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—MATT. 6: 25-34. 1 PET. 5: 7.

J. C. PROCTOR. D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. The birds on restless wing May flit from branch to spray; They sow not, neither do they reap, Nor
2. The lil - ies of the field, Con - sid - er how they grow; They toil not, neither do they spin, But
3. Ye children of his love! Think not, "what shall we eat," Nor "what to drink," nor "what to wear," Your

store their food a - way: And yet they nev - er lack, These songsters of the air, Your heav'nly Father
with rich beauty glow: And yet, e'en Sol - o - mon, In all his glo - ry crown'd, Was not arrayed like
life is more than meat;" Your heav'nly Fa - ther knows Of these ye all have need; And if he cares for

feedeth them, With lov-ing watch and care, Your heav'nly Father feedeth them With lov - ing watch and care.
one of these, In such pro-fus-ion found, Was not arrayed like one of these, In such pro-fus - ion found.
bird and flow'r, Then *you* he'll clothe and feed, And if he cares for bird and flow'r, Then *you* he'll clothe and feed.

No. 68. THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

G. E. STREET

1. There is a land of pur- est love,
2. I'm glad that I am born to die,
3. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go - ing home,

I have a home in glo - ry; Where we shall dwell with
From grief and woe my
My Sav-iour smiles and

CHORUS.

Christ a - bove,
soul shall fly,
bids me come,

I have a home in glo - ry. For the chariots now are wait-ing for to

1st time. *2d time.*

car - ry me home, For car - ry me home, For to car - ry me home; To the saints' sweet home in glory.

No. 69. HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

J. B. MARTIN.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the harvest
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex-plore, You can find the heathen
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you, Let none hear you i - dly

wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re -
near - er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you
say - ing, There is noth - ing I can do! Glad - ly take the task he gives you, Let his

- ward he of - fers free; Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me!"
can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
work your pleasure be; An - swer quick - ly, when he call-eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

No. 70. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be
3. Our Lord in pit - y ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus- ed none Who would to him their souls u - nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is

CHORUS.

heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

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

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

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 71. HARK! THE TRUMP OF GOD!

J. B. TENNEY.

1. Hark! the trump of God is sound-ing! Cor-o-na-tion day is come!
2. Sum-moned to a home of glo-ry, And a robe of pur-est white,
3. To the front, my faith-ful com-rades! Christ is wait-ing for you there;

Christ ap-pears to take the faith-ful To their ev-er-last-ing home.
Take your place a-mong the ran-somed In the land of peer-less light.
To the front for cor-o-na-tion, Your in-her-it-ance to share.

CHORUS.

Sol-diers! mus-ter to the roll-call! In-to line at God's com-mand! in-to line! And

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HARK! THE TRUMP OF GOD IS SOUNDING! Concluded.

an - swer to your names, and for - ward To your place at God's right hand.

No. 72. PARTING HYMN.

ELLERTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part- ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be - gan, with thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com- ing night: Turn thou for us its darkness in - to light;
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth-ly life. Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless thee, ere our wor- ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait thy word of peace.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
From harm and dan - ger keep thy chil-dren free; For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
Then, when thy voice shall bid our con- flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 73. WE SHALL KNOW.

J. H. ANDERSON, by per.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are dust, If we
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to

sunshine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter In the
miss the law of kindnesss When we struggle to be just, Snow-y wings of peace shall cov - er All the
face with those that love us *We shall know as we are known;* Low, be-yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the

rain - bow of the spray, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have clear'd a - way.
plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.
gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have clear'd a - way.

WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er - more..... to walk a - lone, In the
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,

dawn - - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way; In the
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away;

dawn - - - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way,
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away.

Rit.

No. 74. I AM COMiNG, LORD, TO THEE.

W. A. O. ISA. 30: 15. ESTHER, 4: 16. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a tremb - ling heart, I am com- ing with my soul dis -
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a load of sin, I am com- ing, wea - ry, faint, and
3. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, but my faith is weak; I am com- ing, wilt thou hear my

- trest; To thy promise now I fly, Leave, oh, leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to thee for rest.
sore; Tho' I've slighted oft thy grace, And have turn'd from thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
cry? I have heard thy gracious call, At thy loving feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.

I am

Com- ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com- ing with my soul dis - trest:

From "Pearls of Gospel Song," by per.

I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE. Concluded.

com- ing,..... I am com- ing,.....

Com- ing, Lord, to thee, Com- ing, Lord, to thee, I am com- ing, Lord, to thee for rest.

No. 75. JESUS OUR FRIEND.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. 28: 24. J. B. MOON.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus our friend! Prais - ing thy love so free, Je - sus our friend!
2. When thou wast here be - low, Je - sus our friend, Thou tast - ed all our woe, Je - sus our friend;
3. By thy re - deeming grace, Je - sus our friend, We hope to see thy face, Je - sus our friend;

Oh, for a heart to praise, Thro' all my earth-ly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus our friend!
Grant to each heart to feel That thou hast pow'r to heal, And, oh, thy - self re - veal, Je - sus our friend.
Then will we sing thy praise Throughout e- ter - nal days, And bless thy works and ways, Je - sus our friend.

No. 76. THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

(Effective as a Solo.)

D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he
2. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And
3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Ne'er heard of that heav-en - ly home; I should

called lit - tle chil-dren, as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
if I now ear- nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me; And that
In that beau - ti-ful place he has gone to pre-pare For all that are wash'd and for - giv'n; And
I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest, and brightest, and best; When the

THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD. Concluded.

I might have seen his kind looks when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
ma - ny dear chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."
dear lit - tle chil-dren of ev - e - ry clime, Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

No. 77. REVIVE US.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HEB. 3: 2. English.

1. All glo - ry and praise be to Je - sus our Lord, So plenteous in grace and so true to his word.
2. To us he hath giv - en the gift from a - bove, The ear-nest of heav-en, the spir - it of love.
3. Ye all may re - ceive who on Je - sus do call, The gift of his Spir - it is promised to all.

REFRAIN.

1 2

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, (*Omit.*) Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 78. GATHER THE LITTLE ONES IN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

QUARTET. SEMI-CHORUS. QUARTET.

1. Go to the hedg-es and broad highways,
2. Gath-er them in from the drear-y home,
3. Gath-er them in with a glow-ing love,

Gath-er the lit-tle ones in;

Hast-en, the Saviour's com-
Je-sus has bid-den them
Lead them a-long to the

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

-mand o-bey,
all to come,
home a-bove,

Gath-er the lit-tle ones in.

Gath - - - er them in,.....
Gath-er them in, let the room be full,

1st. 2d.

Gath - - - er them in,..... Gath-er the lit-tle ones in;..... in.
Gath-er them in to-the Sun-day school, Gath-er the lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones in;

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No. 79. EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. E. TENNEY.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing, Un - to thee I pray; Let thy lov - ing
2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the eve-ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then, I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day, In its shad-owy

CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
pray thee, Bless thy child to - night.
eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

will..... I pray! Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to thee I'll pray!
Ev - er will Un - to thee

No. 80. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B. MATT. 9: 37. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and trust his ho-ly word;
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day; I want to lead the err-ing in the way
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy word

I want to sing and pray, and be toil-ing ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.
That leads to heav'n a-bove where all is peace and love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the king-dom of the Lord.
That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er die In the king-dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray

I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.

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

No. 81. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes- se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

EBEN E. REXFORD. **No. 82. OUR COMING HOME.** CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.

1. I read each ten-der prom - ise Of God to those who roam, And all the dear old chap- ters Are
2. From earth- ly paths to heav - en, The way seems long and wild, And we grow wea-ry wait - ing Like
3. Dear Fa-ther, let heav'n's glo- ry Shine thro' its o - pen door, To guide our wand'ring footsteps Un -

blent with tho'ts of home; And by the gates of heav - en I see my dear ones stand, And from that
a - ny wand'ring child; But sweet with rest and com - fort, The tho't that, while we roam, It is not
- til we roam no more; And when with work all end - ed, No need have we to roam, To heav'n and

D. S.—God lov - eth

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

fair, white cit - y, They wave the beck'ning hand.
far to heav-en, And soon we'll all be home.
all its dear ones Call all thy children home.

O thought as sweet as heav- en! Wher-e'er my feet may roam;

all his children, And waits their coming home.

No. 83. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—Psa. 56: 13. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love, His spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and sin ab - horred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain; The blood of Je - sus
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a-
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorn - y, bright, For God by grace shall

can be- stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Christ the Lord Shall cleanse from ev - 'ry sin.
- way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.
dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

Walk in the light of the Liv - ing,

Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing,

Walk in the light of God; Walk in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light of God!
Walk in the light, in the light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing,

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No. 84. THE MODEL CHURCH.

'OHN YATES. (Effective as a Solo.) E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to - day; It made me think of
2. The sex - ton did not set me down A- way back by the door, He knew that I was
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old - time ring; The preacher said, with

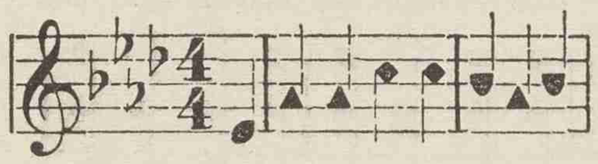
good old - times, Be - fore my hair was gray; The meet - ing house was fin - er built Than
old and deaf, And saw that I was poor, He must have been a Chris- tian man, He
trum-pet voice: "Let all the peo - ple sing!" "Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune The

they were years a - go,
led me bold - ly through
mu - sic up - ward roll'd,

But then, I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas- ant pew.
Till I tho't I heard the an- gel-choir, Strike all their harps of gold.

THE MODEL CHURCH. Concluded.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;



Bring forth the ro-yal di-adem,



And crown him Lord of all."

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me,
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
There'll be no sorrow there.



There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,



In heaven a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 85. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

1 Together let us sweetly live,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Together let us sweetly die,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

REFRAIN.

Happy on the way, happy on the way,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

2 If you get there before I do,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming, too,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And I'm resolved to follow on,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
While higher still our joys arise,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 86. I LONG FOR MY HEAVENLY HOME.

D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their bright array? How came they to the bliss- ful seats Of
2. Lo, these are they from suff'ring great, Who came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those
3. Now with tri-umph-al palms they stand Be- fore the throne on high, And serve the God they love a - mid The
4. His pres-ence fills each heart with joy, Tunes ev-'ry voice to sing; By day, by night, the sacred courts With

CHORUS.

ev - er - last - ing day
robes which shine so bright.
glo - ries of the sky.
glad ho - san - nas ring.

My home,..... sweet home,..... I long for my

My beau- ti - ful home, sweet home of the blest, I long for my heav'n-ly

home, My home,..... sweet home,..... my heav'n - ly home.
home, sweet home, My beau - ti - ful home, sweet home of the blest, I long for my heav'nly home, sweet home.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **No. 87. BEYOND THE SUNSET.** DR. W. O. PERKINS.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Be - yond the sun-set's radiant glow There is a brighter world, I know, Where gold- en glo- ries ev- er
2. Be - yond the sun set's purple rim,—Be- yond the twilight, deep and dim, Where clouds and dar knes never
3. Be - yond this des-ert, dark and drear, The gold - en cit - y will ap - pear; And morning's love-ly beams
4. Those gold - en por-tals ev - er shine Be -yond the reach of day's de - cline; And Je - sus bids my soul pre-

FULL CHORUS.

shine,—Be - yond the thought of day's de - cline.
come, My soul shall find its heav'n-ly home.
- rise Up - on my man-sion in the skies.
- pare To gain a hap - py entrance there.

Be-yond the sun - set's ra- diant glow, There
radiant glow,

After last verse repeat pp.

is a bright er world, I know; Be - yond the sun - set I may spend De - light- ful days that nev - er end.

By permission.

No. 88. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd? Great joy and sal - va - tion for all!
2. Have you heard that a Fount-ain was o - pened for you To cleanse you from sor- row and shame?
3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear? The glo - ry so full and complete,
4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies To th'patient and faith- ful is giv'n?

O ye starv- ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you hast - en to an - swer his call?
And tho' strange it may be that the wa - ters are free,—On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
When your life - work is done and the vic - to - ry won,—Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet?
Give the Sav - iour your love; it will bear you a - bove To the man-sions pre- pared up in heav'n.

CHORUS.

And just . . . . o - ver there in the beau - - - ti - ful
And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS? Concluded.

land,— From sor - - - - row and sin ev - er free,
beau - ti - ful land, From sor - row and sin, sor - row and sin ev - er free, ev - er free,

Hap - py an - - - - gels of light, Robed in gar - - - ments of
Hap - py an - gels of light, an - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of white,

white, Fond - ly wait - - - ing for you . . . and for me.
gar - ments of white, Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

No. 89. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Jos. 24: 15. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers Oth-er lives to bring?
2. Je-sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood, For thy di-a-dem;
3. Fierce must be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my None may o-ver-throw;
4. Cho-sen to be sol-diers In an al-ien land, Cho-sen, called and faith-ful For our Captain's band;

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
With thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
Round his stand-ard rang-ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure, For his truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri-umph sure.
In the serv-ice roy-al, Let us not grow cold, Let us be right loy-al, No-ble, true and bold.

rit. FINE.

D. S.—By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are thine

CHORUS.

D. S.

By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are thine;

No. 90. GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guarding that cit - y of splen - dor and light!
2. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some an - gel - ic hand!
3. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I pict - ure thy glo - ries un - told!

Oft I be - hold thee, in dis - tance and dream, Flash in the sun - light of heav - en - ly gleam.
Down from thy port - als there floats a sweet song, Waked by the lips of the pu - ri - fied throng.
Ea - ger - ly yearn - ing, my spir - it doth wait, Till I shall come to the Beau - ti - ful gate.

CHORUS.

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, O - pen to me!

No. 91. GATHERING HOME.

Mrs. MARY B. C. SLADE. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

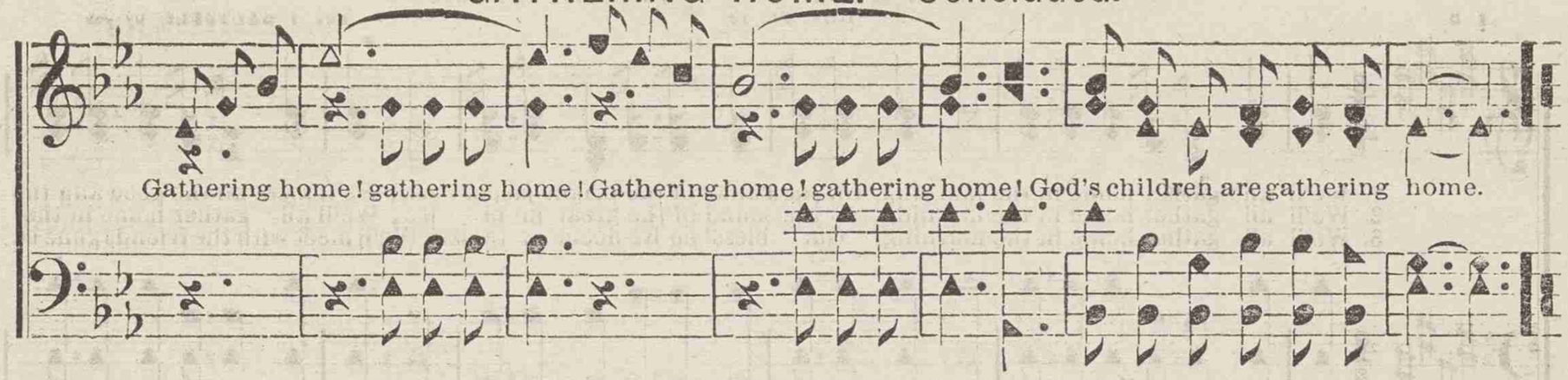
1. Up to the boun-ti - ful Giv - er of life, Gath - er - ing home! gath- er - ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where fall -eth no night, Gath - er - ing home! gath- er - ing home!
3. Up to the beau - ti - ful mansions a - bove, Gath - er - ing home! gath- er - ing home!

CHORUS.

Up to the dwell-ing where com- eth no strife, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home! Gath -er - ing
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home!
Safe in the arms of his in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath - er - ihg home!

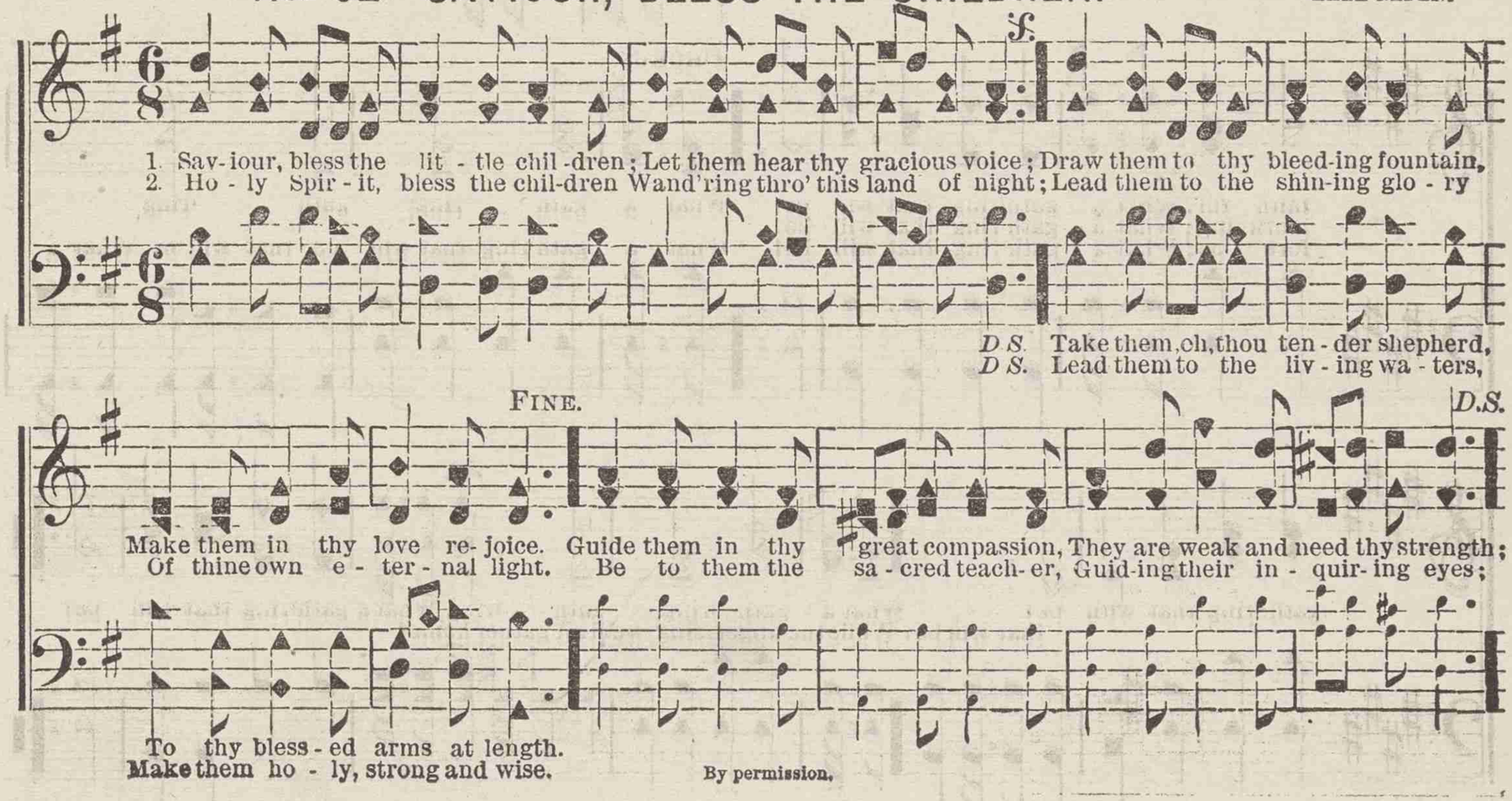
home!..... Gathering home!..... Nev- er to sor - row more, nev - er to roam;
gath-er-ing home! gath-er ing home!

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.



No. 92. SAVIOUR, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

KARL REDEN.



By permission.

No. 93. WE'LL ALL GATHER HOME.

I. B. Rev. 20: 12. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper sea; We'll meet all the good and the
2. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju- bi - lee; We'll all gather home in the
3. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless- ed Re-deem- er to see; We'll meet with the friends gone be-

CHORUS.

faith - ful; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath - ring, gath - 'ring,
morn- ing; What a gath'ring that will be!
-fore us; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, What a

gath-'ring that with be! What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be!
that will be! While the angels sing, we'll all gather home!

No. 94. I AM THE LORD'S FOREVER.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. My glad - some heart these words re - peat: "I am the Lord's for - ev - er!" And
2. Too long and far from Christ I strayed, But he for - sook me nev - er; Now
3. 'Twas Christ, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, That loved and sought me ev - er, That
4. I am the Lord's! O bless - ed thought! And he will leave me nev - er; By

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry time they seem more sweet; Oh, praise his name for - ev - er!
walk - ing in the nar - row way, I am the Lord's for - ev - er!
broke my chains and set me free; Oh, praise his name for - ev - er!
Je - sus' blood my soul was bought, And I am his for - ev - er!

Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah!

hal - le - lu - jah! Light breaks in up - on my soul;
hal - le - lu - jah! (*Omit*.....)

Je - sus' blood has made me whole!

No. 95. MARCHING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. We are march-ing homeward with the blest, (with the blest,) To that bright world a - bove,
2. Je - sus stands and beck-ons to us now, (to us now,) When fal - t'ring on the way;
3. Our dear Sav - iour has pre-pared the way, (the way,) Where all who will may come;

Where our friends are gone and are at rest, (are at rest,) In that world of light and love.
He will save us if to him we bow, (him we bow,) He who rules both night and day.
If we serve him tru - ly day by day, (day by day,) He at last will bring us home.

CHORUS.

Marching home, marching home, we're marching home, marching home, Hap- py home, hap - py home of peace and

MARCHING HOME. Concluded.



No. 96. WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.



W. T. G.

No. 97. THE PRAYER OF GETHSEMANE.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.

Moderato.

1. Oh, won-der-ful place where Je - sus prayed; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
2. Oh, bless-ed be e'er the place di - vine; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
3. Oh, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.

On Ol - i-vet's slope, by Ki-dron's side; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth - sem - a - ne.
Where Je-sus breathed forth that prayer sub-lime; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth - sem - a - ne.
May this be my prayer, by faith up-built; Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.

Slow.

"Fa - ther," he cried, as he ten-der-ly knelt, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."
Fa - ther, I too would come nigh un - to thee, Pray-ing the pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne.
Fa - ther, I pray for the faith of thy Son, Not that my will, but thine be done.

THE PRAYER OF GETHSEMANE. Concluded.

This was his prayer in Geth - sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.
"Not as I will," be it e'er my plea; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.
This was the prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.

No. 98. MY FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Now I have found a Friend: Je - sus is mine: His love shall nev - er end: Je - sus is mine:
2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine: Though I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine:
3. When earth shall pass a - way Je - sus is mine: In the great judgment day, Je - sus is mine:

Though earthly joys decrease, Tho' earth-ly friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.
He shall my wants supply: His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy; Je - sus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing Then to be- hold my King, On tune- ful harp to sing Je - sus is mine.

No. 99. JESUS BIDS US COME.

Arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Don't you hear him sweet- ly call - ing? Je - sus speaks in tones of love; Hear the tones in ac - cents
2 Hear him plead-ing in the gar - den, See him bleed-ing on the cross; Will you slight the prof-fer'd
3. Christians need not be af - flict - ed When the night of death shall come; All the pas - sage will be

fall - ing, Gen - tly fall - ing from a - bove: In my Fa-ther's house in heav - en Is pre -
par - don? Can you bear the dread - ful loss? Let us climb the ho - ly mount - ain, Safe from
light - ed To that blest im - mor - tal home. When the sil - ver cord is bro - ken, When our

- pared a place for thee; Love - ly man - sions free - ly giv - en, On - ly come and fol - low me.
an - ger, strife and pride; Lin - ger near the heal - ing fount - ain, Flow - ing from Im - man - uel's side.
earth - ly home shall fall, When the last fare - well is spo - ken, Save us, Je - sus, save us all!

CHORUS.

Let us fol - - - low, Let us fol - - - low, Let us
Let us fol - low aft - er Je - sus, Let us fol - low aft - er Je - sus,

JESUS BIDS US COME. Concluded.

fol - low, it is Je - sus bids us come; bids us come; He will lead us, He will
He will lead us thro' the val - ley, He will

lead us, He will lead us o'er the riv - er safe - ly home.
lead us thro' the val - ley, safe - ly home.

No. 100. HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Hear me, Saviour, while I pray On this ho-ly Sabbath day; Bless me as thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Israel's fold.
2. Hold my hand within thine own, That I may not walk alone; Guide my footsteps lest they stray Into sin's dark desert way.
3. Bless mine eyes that they may see Light and life a-lone in thee; Bless my heart that it may find Joys of an immortal kind.
4. Bless my soul with Faith and love, Leading to thy courts above, There to praise thy name on high, While eternal years go by.

No. 101. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L. E. LOWRY, by per.

1. What can wash a - way my sin?
2. For my cleans - ing this I see,—
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone,
4. This is all my hope and peace—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; What can make me
For my par - don
Naught of good that
This is all my

CHORUS.

whole a - gain?
this my plea—
I have done,
right - eous - ness—

Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus. Oh, pre - cious is the flow

That makes me white as snow, No oth - er fount I know,—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 102. ONE BY ONE THE YEARS ARE FLYING.

Miss IDA HEDRICK. G. E. LEONARD.

1. One by one the years are fly - ing, Leav-ing still the num-ber less; One by one the dear ones
2. One by one our fond dreams fad-ing, Pass for - ev - er from our sight; One by one the clouds o'er -
3. One by one the clouds will van - ish, Leav-ing our ho - ri - zon clear; May the Lord each ter - ror

dy - ing, Pass from this sad world to rest.
shad - ing, Hide from us our prom-ised light.
ban - ish As the stream of death we near.

One by one, when life is end - ed, One by

one we'll all go home; There we'll sing with voic - es blend - ed: Christ has sav'd us one by one.

J. C. B.

No. 103. SINNER, COME TO-NIGHT.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Sin - ner, come, oh, come to-night, Do not for the mor- row wait, For thy soul might take its
2. Life is short, death com-eth sure, Just a - jar he's left the gate; Come to him, find peace at
3. Ma - ny souls have care-less gone, But, a - las! the dread- ful fate, Death had come be- fore the

CHORUS.

flight, And thy com- ing be "too late." Sin - ner, come, sin - ner, come, Do not
last Ere it ev - er be too late.
dawn, And their com-ing was toc late. Come to-night, come to- night,

for the morrow wait; Come to night, sin - ner, come, Ere thy com-ing be too late.
Come, oh, come, come, oh, come,

Do not for the mor- row wait:

No. 104. A LIGHT ON THE FARTHER SHORE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. While sail - ing o'er the sea of life, Where foam - ing surg - es roar, A gleam we catch be -
2. In storm or calm it beckons on, And as we're pass - ing o'er, The bil - lows high or
3. Shine on for souls up - on the deep, Who sail the dark sea o'er, In ra - diant splendor

CHORUS.

- yond the wave, We see a light on the far-ther shore.)
qui - et - deep, We see the light on the far-ther shore. } Oh! when shall we come to that blest land, Our
spread thy rays, O bless - ed light, on the far-ther shore.)

dang'rous voy- age o'er? Oh! when shall we reach the gold-en strand, Beneath the light on the farther shore?

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No. 105. NEAR THY SIDE.

E. E. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Thro' life's wil - der-ness we stray, Sav- iour, do not thou for- sake us,
2. While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Press-ing on from day to day, Let thy love and thy pro - tec-tion,
3. While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Foes may fill us with dis - may! Sav - iour, com-fort and de- fend us!

But go with us all the way! As thou didst thy an-cient peo- ple Lead to Canaan's land, of old,
Bless and keep us all the way! When our spir - its thirst and hun-ger, And with sink - ing hearts we tread,
Oh, go with us all the way! When we reach the Jordan riv - er, And the Heav'n-ly Ca-naan view,

CHORUS.

So di- rect our er-ring foot-steps, Till we reach the Up- per Fold!
Lead us un - to liv- ing fountains, Let us be on man- na fed!
Let the wa - ters be di - vid - ed, For our feet to jour-ney thro'!

Near thy side! Near thy side!
Near thy side! Near thy side!

NEAR THY SIDE. Concluded.

While up - on our pil-grim jour- ney, Keeps us ev - er, keep us ev - er near thy side!

F. M. D.

No. 106. KEEP ON PRAYING.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Do not fal - ter, broth- er, press brave- ly on, Je - sus will aid you in the work be- gun.
2. Make your arm - or, faith and prayer all the way, Trust - ing the prom - ise of a bet - ter day.
3. Cling - ing to the arm of Je - sus your guide, There is no dan- ger, let what- e'er be - tide.

REFRAIN.

Keep on work - ing till the work is done, Keep on pray- ing till the crown is won.

No. 107. THOU SHALT REST AT EVE.

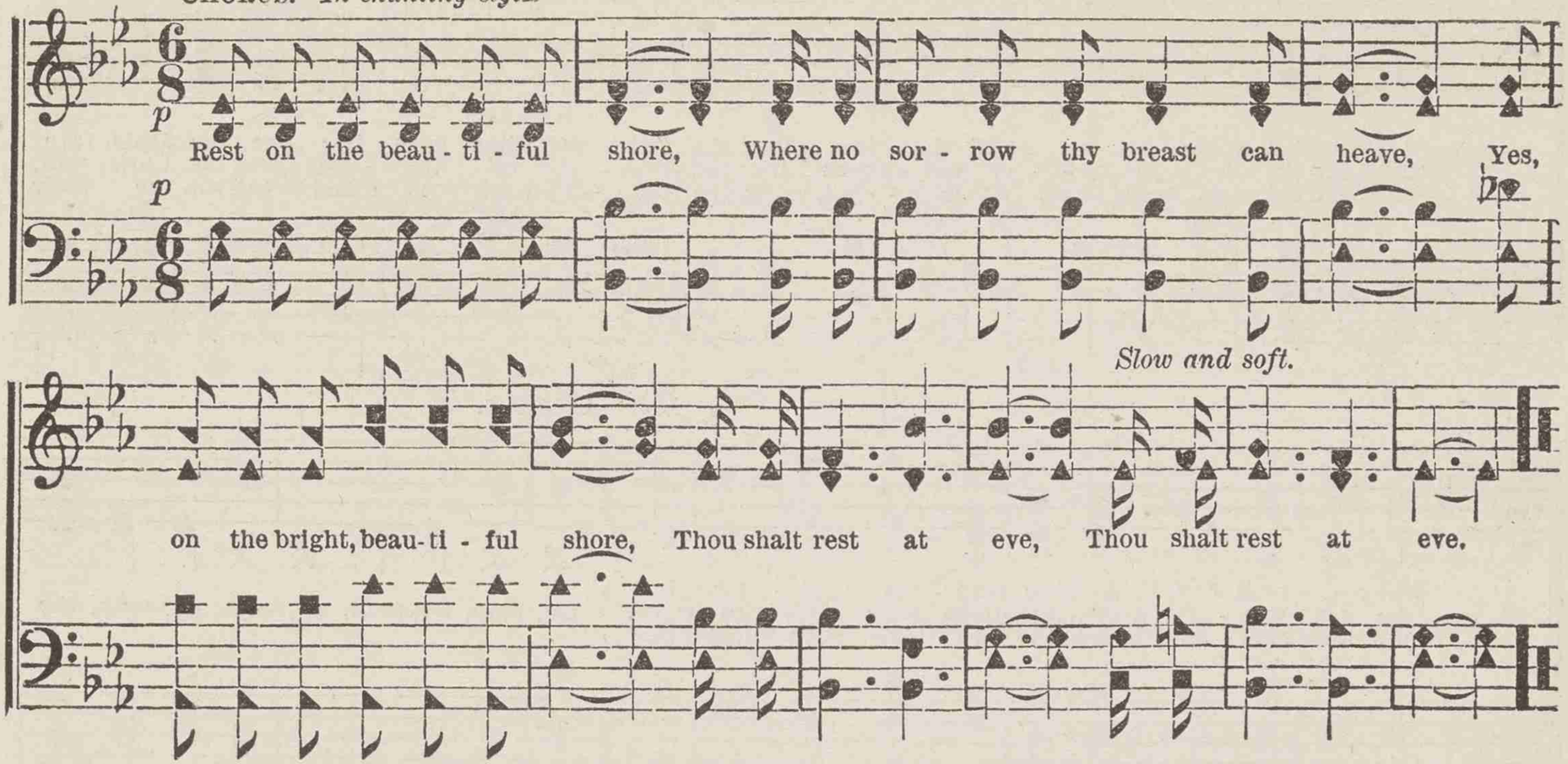
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. On - ward press, tho' faint and wea - ry, Droop not 'neath the parch - ing sun, On - ward
2. Du - ties wait for thy ful - fill - ing, Let thy whole strength go to each, With an
3. Though the prom - ise long may tar - ry, And the way seem dark and drear, Gloom - y

through the des - ert drear - y Till the day is won; Though thy feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the
earn - est heart, and will - ing, La - bor, pray, and teach; Fal - ter not beneath thy bur - den, Je - sus'
doubts and fears still par - ry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones wait beyond the riv - er, They no

nar - row path - way leave, Thro' thy Sav - iour's in - ter - ced - ing, Thou shalt rest at eve.
pre - cious word be - lieve, Faith pre - sents the prom - ised guer - don, Thou shalt rest at eve.
lon - ger sin or grieve, With them, in the bright for - ev - er, Thou shalt rest at eve.

THOU SHALT REST AT EVE. Concluded.



No. 108. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

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

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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I felt it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

No. 109. BE UP AND DOING.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Chris-tian, wake! be up and do - ing, For the har - vest time goes by; See the fields are white al - read - y, And the reap - ers loi - ter by.
2. Gath-er in the wea - ry wan - d'rers To the serv - ice of the Lord, Faint not, Chris - tian, be not wea - ry, Work, and great your last re - ward.
3. When the last sheaf home is gath - ered, And the reap - er's work is done, Great will be their joy and glad - ness Round the Mas - ter's snow-white throne.

CHORUS.

Go, reap, Go, reap, go, reap, go, reap, the har - vest of the Lord is great; Go, reap, go, reap, No lon - ger i - dle stand and wait.

Go, reap, go, reap,

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 110. SLIGHT NOT THE SAVIOUR.

W. V. VICKERY.

1. Oh, slight not the Saviour, poor sinner, He calls you in tender-est love; Oh, list to the message of
2. His Spir-it is pleading in earn-est, Is striv-ing to win you from sin; He of - fers you life and sal-
3. To you he is speaking in mer-cy, Some- times he is whis-per-ing low; Some - times in the voice of his

CHORUS.

Je - sus, No lon - ger a - way from him rove.
-va - tion, Oh, come to the fount and be clean.
judgment, His wish and his will you may know.

Oh, slight not his of - fer of par - don, His

patience and kindness re- view, And sweetly, ah, sweetly remember, The Mas-ter is calling for you.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

No. 111. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

Not too slow.

1. Oh, Je - sus, I have promised To serve thee to the end; Be thou for-ev - er near me, My
2. Oh, Je- sus, thou hast promised To all who fol-low thee, That where thou art in glo - ry, There

Mas- ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art at my side, Nor wan-der from the
shall thy servant be; Oh! guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end, And then in heav'n re-

REFRAIN.

path - way, If thou wilt be my Guide. }
- ceive me, My Sav-iour and my Friend! }
Tender-ly lead me, Sav - iour! Ten-der- y lead me,
Ten-der-ly lead me, Sav - iour!

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 112. O SPEED THEE.

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.



No. 113. LIST TO THE CALL.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hear ye the call of your Mas - ter and Lord, Ye who believe in his prom - ise and word;
2. Ma - ny the souls that are wand'ring in sin; Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come them in;
3. Where are the poor, and the sick, and the sad? Je - sus can com - fort, and lead, and make glad;

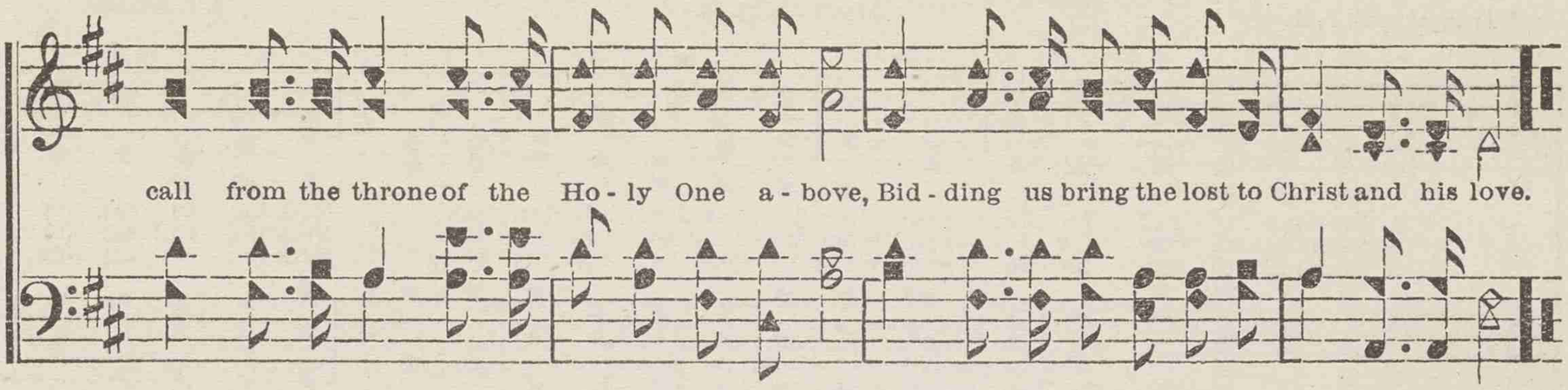
Does he not call you to do and to dare, That in his glo - ry all peo - ple may share?
Bring them to him, and his grace they shall see, Rich and for - giv - ing, a - bun - dant and free.
Will ye not find them and bring them to One Who will have mer - cy, and sac - ri - fice none.

CHORUS.

List to the call, to the call, one and all, 'Tis a
List to the call, list to the call, heav - en - ly call, List, one and all,

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LIST TO THE CALL. Concluded.



No. 114. SINNER, GO, WILL YOU GO?

Scotch.



2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasing flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, then come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

No. 115. I'LL TELL IT.

Arranged by E. F. M. MATT. x: 32, 33. E. F. MILLER.

1. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When he has done all for me; Noth-ing to say for
2. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When sin - ners are dy - ing, too; Noth-ing to say for
3. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When an - gels be - fore him bow; Noth-ing to say for

Je - sus, Who suf - fered on Cal - va - ry; Re - deem - ing my soul from
Je - sus, Just tell - ing what they must do, To flee from the wrath that's
Je - sus, A - shamed of my Sav - iour now! Oh, does he not plain - ly

sor - row, And fit - ting it for the skies; Oh, how can I then be si - lent, In
com - ing, Es - cap - ing the fires of hell; Then why of his great sal - va - tion, Can
tell me, If thou wilt say naught for me, In glo - ry be - fore my Fa - ther, I

I'LL TELL IT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

view of the heaven - ly prize? I'll tell . . . it, I'll tell . . . it, To
I not have something to tell?
will not say aught for thee? Tell it to all, tell it to all, To

ev - 'ry poor sin - ner and slave, ... I'll tell . . . . of his
ev - 'ry poor sin - ner, yes, sin - ner and slave, Tell of his love,

love, ... And his won - der - ful pow - er to save.
Tell of his love, And his won - der - ful pow - er, his pow - er to save.

A. E. CHILDS. **No. 116. BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.** J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yes, we shall meet be- yond the flood, In robes made white thro' Je- sus' blood, And hold sweet converse,
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this tho't of home, And spir - it - voic - es
3. That meet-ing, O, how sweet-ly dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What thrills of rapt- ure

CHORUS.

free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be-yond the swelling flood! } Be - yond..... the
soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way Be-yond the swelling flood!" } We'll meet..... to
wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll, Be-yond the swelling flood.

Be-yond the swelling
We'll meet to part no

swell-ing flood. Be - yond..... the swelling flood, Be - yond.... the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
part no more, We'll meet.... to part no more, We'll meet... to part no more, Be-yond the swelling flood,

flood,..... Be-yond the swelling flood,..... Be-yond the swelling flood,..... We'll meet to part no more.
more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... Beyond the swelling flood.

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No. 117. ONLY THEE.

F. E. BELDEN. J. H. T.

1. On - ly thee, in joy or sor- row, I will fol - low on - ly thee; Of thy meekness let me
2. On - ly thee! oh, precious jew - el! May thy lus - tre hide from view All of self, so proud and
3. On - ly thee, my dear Re- deem- er, On - ly thee till life is done; Let me not, an i - dle

CHORUS.

bor - row When I ask on bend- ed knee.
cru - el, Earth so false, and joys so few.
dream - er, A - ny path of du - ty shun.

On - ly thee, on - ly thee, I will
On-ly thee, on-ly thee,

pf

fol - low on - ly thee; On - ly thee, on - ly thee, Will I trust e - ter - nal - ly.
On-ly thee, on-ly thee,

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Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 118. HELP ME OR I DIE.

J. H. T.

1. O thou ten - der, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear my pen - i - ten - tial cry!
2. While be - fore a throne of mer - cy In con - tri - tion deep I kneel,
3. In thy won-drous mer - cy trust - ing, Help - less at thy feet I lie;

CHORUS.

Do not leave me in my an - guish, Pass me not un - heed-ed by.
O re - move my wea - ry bur - den, And thy grace to me re - veal!
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Sav - iour, help me or I die!

Save me, save me,

Do not pass me by; Help me, O my Sav- iour, help me, Help me, or I die!

By per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

No. 119. THE LAMP OF LIFE.

C. W. RAY. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



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No. 120. BEYOND.

Miss IDA HEDRICK. G. E. LEONARD.

1. Be - yond this vale of sor - row, Be- yond life's set- ting sun, Be - yond the dread to -
2. Be - yond the star - ry heav - en, Be- yond the roll- ing sea, Be - yond sweet rest is
3. Be - yond are joys im-mor - tal, Be- yond sweet flow- ers bloom, Be - yond are ma - ny

CHORUS.

- mor - row, We'll meet when life is done.
giv - en Sweet rest for you and me.
man - sions,—Our ev - er - last - ing home.

} Be - yond when life is o - ver, Be -

- yond each tear and sigh, Be - yond if we are faith - ful, We'll gath - er by and by.

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Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 121. THE COMING OF CHRIST.

W. V. VICKERY.

1. Christ is com- ing, sure- ly com- ing, Sweet- ly now the Chris- tian sings, Zi- on's King, our eyes shall
2. Night is dark, but glorious morn- ing Will dis- pel each som- bre shade, Fear-ful souls, now weak and
3. Christ in glo- ry with the an- gels, To the earth will quick- ly come, And the lit- tle flock, his

CHORUS.

see him Soon with heal- ing in his wings.
wea- ry, Kings and priests shall then be made.
cho- sen, Soon shall be with him at home.

Hail the grand tri- umph-ant morning! Earth's glad
Hail the grand triumph- ant morn- ing,

voice shall not be dumb! Has-ten, Lord, thy reign of glo- ry, Let thy kingdom quick- ly come!
Earth's glad voice shall not be dumb!

Miss IDA HEDRICK. **No. 122. HEAR THE BLESSED PROMISE.** G. E. LEONARD.

1. Lo, this world is full of sor-row, Here we find no last-ing joy, Gloom- y storms of doubt come
2. Faint not, broth - er, tho' thy bur-den Dai - ly grows more hard to bear; Go and tell it all to
3. We are wait - ing on the sea-shore, Gaz - ing on the far a - way, Where our friends in peace are

CHORUS.

o'er us, And temp - ta - tions e'er an - noy.
Je - sus, He can light - en ev - 'ry care.
dwell-ing, Safe in realms of end- less day.

} Hear the prom - ise, bless- ed prom-ise, May it keep us from the fall, "He that to the end en - dur-eth Shall be saved" once for all.

Arr. from BONAR. # No. 123. I SHALL BE SATISFIED. WM. B. BLAKE.

1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Af-ter whose dawn-ing night ne'er re-turns,
2. When I shall meet with those I have lov'd, Clasp in my arms the long, long re-mov'd,
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with eyes no more dim,

REFRAIN.

And with whose glo-ry day ev-er burns, I shall be sat-is-fied.
And find how faith-ful thou then hast prov'd, I shall be sat-is-fied.
And praise Him with heav'n's deeps welling hymn, I shall be sat-is-fied.

I shall be sat-is-fied.

I shall be sat-is-fied When I a-wake in thy like-ness at last, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 124. CHRIST WILL STRENGTHEN THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. M. S. KERBY.

1. Pil - grim, on thy way a - wea - ry, Christ will strengthen thee; Thorn - y be thy
2. Are the shad - ows o'er thee creeping? Christ will strengthen thee; Sor - rows sometimes
3. Toil - ing 'neath a heav - y bur-den, Christ will strengthen thee; Fear - ing lest thou

CHORUS.

road and drear - y, Christ will strengthen thee.
quick - ly sweep-ing, Christ will strengthen thee.
lose the guer-don, Christ will strengthen thee.

} In his might a - lone we conquer, Thro' him all things

we can do, Grace suf - fi - cient he will give us, Ev - 'ry foe we shall sub- due.

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No. 125. CLING TO JESUS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Cast thy burden on the Lord.—Ps. 55: 22. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Cling when the storm-cloud gath - ers, Cling in the sweet sun-shine, Cling in the howl - ing
2. Cling when the buds are spring- ing, Cling when the li - lies bloom Cling when the Rose of
3. Cling in the ear - ly morn - ing, Cling at the bright noon- tide,, Cling at the day's de-

CHORUS.

tem - pest, Cling to the Help - er di - vine.
Sha - ron Fills the whole earth with per-fume.
clin - ing, Cling to the dear Sav-iour's side.

Cling, cling to Je - sus, Cling, cling to Je - sus,

As you cross the riv - er To the glad for - ev - er, Cling, oh, cling to Je - sus.

C. H. G.

No. 126. JESUS IS WAITING FOR ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Long sail- ing on life's troubled sea, In tempest, in storm, and thro' calm,
   I yield- ed and anchored at last In Je - sus, the (*Omit*.....) cru-ci-fied Lamb.
2. From o - ver the wa - ters so dark, The cry of the Sav- iour I heard,
   He call'd me in ac- cents so sweet, I yield- ed, o - (*Omit*.....) bey-ing his word.
3. Now rest - ing so calm - ly in him, My voy- age, shall ev - er be sweet;
   With him at the helm I am safe, What-ev - er the (*Omit*.....) danger I meet.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, 'tis done, . . My soul now is free;
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done, 'tis done, My soul now is free, is free;

I am saved . . . . by his blood, ... And Je - sus is wait - ing for me.
I am saved by his blood, his blood, And Je - sus is wait - ing for me.

No. 127. TOILING TILL THE MASTER COMES.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Go work to - day for the Sav - iour - King, Go, toil in his name with care; The
2. The rip - en'd grain you may reap to - day, It waves in the gold - en light; Like
3. Go work, my son, in my vine - yard now, Rings loud the sweet voice of love; The

CHORUS.

fields are white, and the lab'rers few, Oh, haste, and their labors share. } Toil - ing, toil - ing,
sum- mer clouds pass the hours a - way, Rest not till the shades of night.
sheaves se - cure with a will - ing hand, For Je - sus who reigns a- bove. } Toil-ing, toil - ing, toil- ing, toil - ing,

Toil-ing till the Mas ter comes; Toil - ing, toil - ing, Toiling till the Mas- ter comes.
Toil-ing till the Mas-ter, the Mas- ter comes; Toil- ing, toil- ing, toiling, toiling,

No. 128. WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

ASA HULL.

Cheerfully.

1. There are lone- ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days and go-ing by; There are wea- ry souls who per- ish, While the
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days and go-ing by; Let your face be like the morning, While the
3. All the lov ing links that bind us, While the days and 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
days are go - ing by; Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep- ing eyes— Help your
days are go - ing by; But the seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, It will

FINE.

D.S.

good we all may do, While the days are going by.
fall- en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are going by.

} While the days are go-ing by, While the days are going by;

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

No. 129. THE INVITATION.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—JOHN 16: 24.

J. C. PROCTOR. D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. To ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing child, With-in these sa - cred walls, The bless- ed Sav - iour
2. To ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing child, Who longs the Lord to see, The bless- ed Sav - iour
3. To ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing child, Who longs to be for - given, The bless- ed Sav - iour

comes to - day, And gen - tly, sweet- ly calls: "Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Ask' for grace, And
calls to - day: "Come, lit - tle child, to me; Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Seek' for grace, And
says to - day: "I am the door to heav'n; Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Knock,' for grace, And

'Ask' for mer - cy, too; To all who 'Ask' the prom-ise is,— It shall be giv - en you."
'Seek' with earn-est mind; To all who 'Seek' the prom-ise is,—'Seek, Seek,' and ye shall find."
'Knock' for mer - cy, too; To all who 'Knock' the prom-ise is,— It shall be o - pened you."

No. 130. THE HOME OF PEACE AND REST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. T.

1. By and by, when our pil- grim-age is o'er, We shall stand on the heav - en - ly shore; By and
2. By and by, when our earth-ly toil is done, And the glo - ry of heav'n is be- gun, We shall
3. By and by, we shall stand be- fore the Throne, And be crown'd by the Lord as his own; Sweetest

CHORUS.

by, with the ho - ly and the blest, We shall meet in the home of peace and rest. } We shall meet
meet all the lov'd ones gone before O-ver yonder, where parting comes no more. }
pleasure will fill each hap-py breast O - ver there in the home of peace and rest. } We shall meet among the blest,

In yon home, We shall meet with all the pure and the blest, We shall
In the home of peace and rest, we shall rest, We shall

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THE HOME OF PEACE AND REST. Concluded.



No. 131. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

1.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's 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;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 132. THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE.

D. B. WATKINS. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis called "The sweet sto - ry of old;"
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri - umph- ant o'er death and hell;
4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good - will to men;

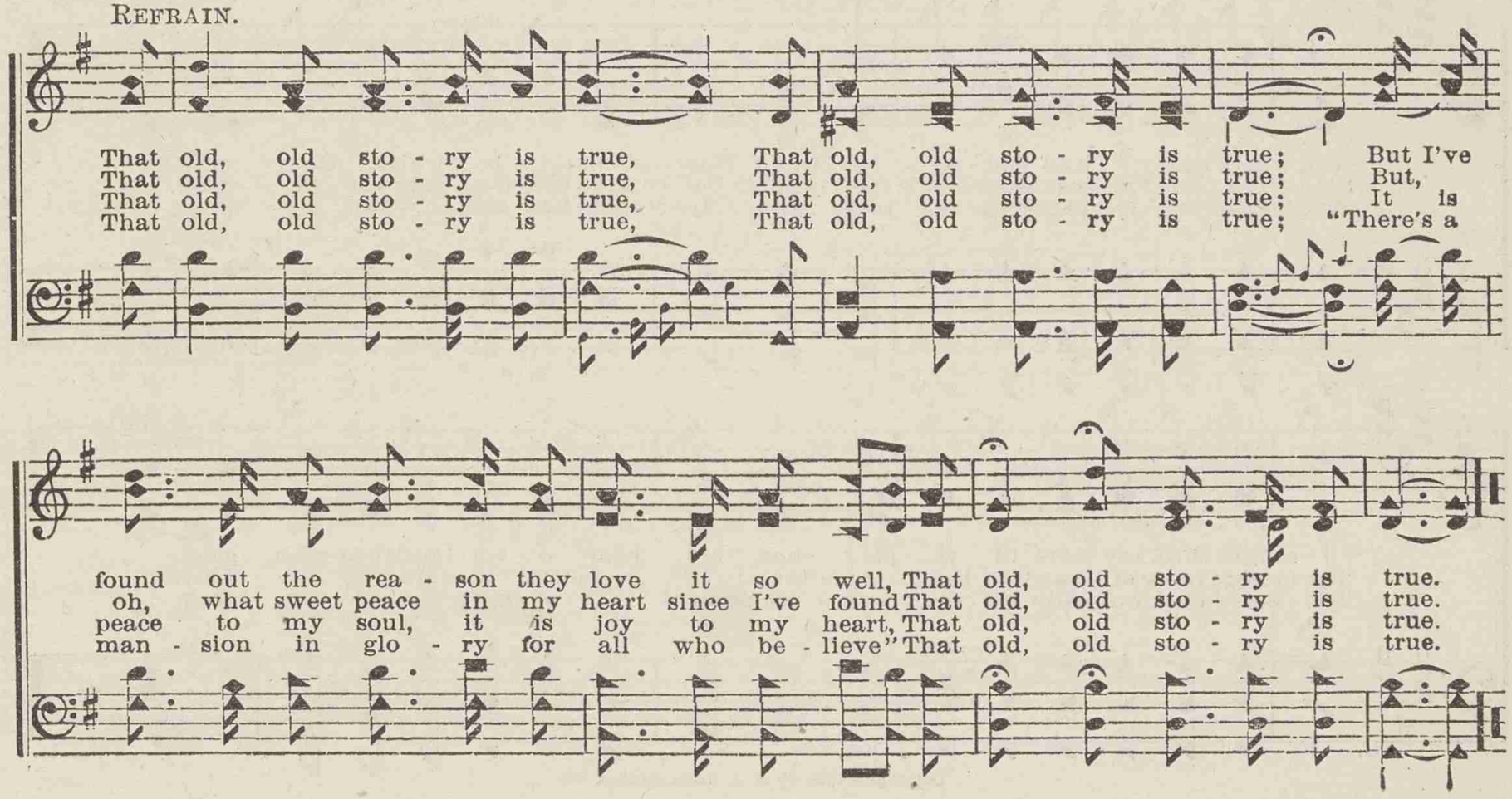
I hear it so oft - en, wher - ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told;
To seek for his lost ones, and make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell;
He's pre - par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell.
There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a gain and a - gain.

And I've thought it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
That he was de-spised, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was ex - tend - ed to view;
Where our kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er-more part, And, oh, while I tell it to you,
He in - vites you to come— He will free - ly re- ceive, And this mes- sage he send- eth to you,

THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE. Concluded.



REFRAIN.



No. 133. THE WAY OF SALVATION.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I sought for the bless-ing of par-don, My sins were like crim-son, I know;
2. The spir-it that first bade me wel-come To kneel at the al-tar of prayer
3. Then, up-ward I looked at the Sav-iour, My sins there had nailed to the tree.

Oh, where could I find con-so-la-tion? How could they be "whit-er than snow?"
Said "Cal-va-ry's scene was en-act-ed To save thee from dark-est de-spair."
And trembling-ly ventured to trust him, My help-less con-di-tion my plea;

I sought thro' my tears of re-pent-ance, My heart o-ver burdened with grief;
The cross! (more at-trac-tive than ev-er) I wondered if view-ing the blood
The peace that was calm as the sun-set Seemed all of my powr's to con-trol,

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THE WAY OF SALVATION. Concluded.

I wres-tled in pray'r for de - liv'-rance, Be - seech-ing the throne for re - lief.
That flow'd for my spir- it's re - demp - tion Could bring me the par- don of God.
As faith,firm - ly grasp-ing the prom - ise, Brought sav - ing and health to my soul.

No. 134. YET THERE IS ROOM.

Rev. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry, beck- ons thee a- long;
2. Day is de- clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows length- en, light makes haste to go:
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:

CHORUS.

Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en-ter now!

Last Verse.

No room, no room:—Oh, wo-ful cry, "No room!"

5 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:—CHO.

6 Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee:
That cup of everlasting love is free:—CHO.

7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:—CHO.

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come ling'rer, come; enter that festal hall:—CHO.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
CHO.

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No. 135. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is there;
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;

He has gone to prepare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
Where the wat - ers of life sweet - ly mur - mur by,— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - - - - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land

From "Temple Star." By per.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

meet, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land.
shall meet, shall meet, shall meet,

No. 136. EACH DAY I NEED THEE, LORD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "Without me you can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Each day dear Lord, I need Thy presence and thy peace, That more and more my soul May in thy love in crease.
2. I need thee when the storms My soul would over - flow, And plunge me in the depths Of wretchedness and woe.
3. I need thee and thy grace Each mo-ment that I live. Thy com- fort to be- stow, Thy wondrous help to give.
4. I need thee when I near The dark, e- ter-nal shore, To cheer my fainting heart, And bear me safely o'er.

CHORUS.

I need thy sav-ing grace, I need thy keeping pow'r; Thy strength and righteousness, I need each day and hour.

No. 137. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DAN. 5: 5.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords, In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel— as he stood be-fore the throng, And rebuked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand up-on the wall.
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel— this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

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THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God that is

wall; Shall the rec - ord be, "Found want - ing," or
writ - ing on the wall;

shall it be, "Found trust - ing," While that hand is writ - ing on the wall?
writ - ing on the wall?

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. **No. 139 THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.** J. L. SWIPES.

1. There's a home in a beau - ti - ful bow'r, By the side of the pure crys - tal sea,
2. There's a home which the ten - der - est love, Hath cre - a - ted and fur - nished a - new,
3. There's a home where the streets are of gold, And I'm press - ing a - long o'er the hills,

Where the ros - es a rich fragrance show'r, And the fruits of the gar - den are free.
With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.
There's a beau - ty that ne'er can be told, And a joy that my spir - it en - thrills.

CHORUS.

In that home, glorious home, we shall rest, ev-er rest, And the Sav-iour we love we shall see, glad-ly see;

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, ev-er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.

E. A. H.

No. 140. ENOUGH FOR ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love, surpass- ing knowledge! O grace, so full and free! *D.S.* I know that Je - sus saves me, And
2. O won- der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free! *D.S.* I feel the sweet as - sur ance, And
3. O blood of Christ, so prec-ious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! *D.S.* I feel its cleansing pow - er, And

FINE. *D.S.*

that's e - nough for me. And that's e - nough for me, Oh, that's e - nough for me;

No. 141. ALL BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3, 16. J. H. T.

1. Why does Je - sus come with mer - cy To poor sin - ners here be - low? Why does he for - give their
2. Why did Je - sus, my Re-deem - er, Give his pre- cious blood to flow, To a - tone for help - less
3. Why does Je - sus come en- treat- ing, In a ten - der voice, and low, Hum - ble sin - ners to ac -

CHORUS.

err - ings? All be- cause he loves them so.
sin - ners? All be- cause he loves them so.
- cept him? All be- cause he loves them so.

All be- cause he loves us so, All be- cause he loves us so, All be- cause he loves us so, He par - dons sin, and saves our souls, All be - cause he loves us so.

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No. 142. WELCOME TO ALL.

C. C. C. [ANNIVERSARY.] C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. We wel-come you, friends of our Mas- ter and Lord, To share in the joys which our feasts will af-ford;
2. We bid you a wel-come to homes and to hearts A- glow with the friendship which Jesus imparts;
3. We greet you, dear brethren in Christ, with a prayer, That love, joy, and peace may a-bide with us here;
4. At last when our meetings and part-ings are o'er, May all find a welcome on heaven's bright shore,

To fill us with love for the work of our King, And help us to him great-er trib-ute to bring.
With us to re-joice in the boun - ti - ful love, And bless-ings so rich from the Fa-ther a- bove.
That wis - dom and prudence may guide us a - right In all that per- tains to the kingdom of light.
When hon- or and praise to our God we will sing, Thro' Je - sus, our Sav- iour, Re-deem-er, and King!

CHORUS.

Ritard.

Then a welcome to all, hap-py wel-come to all; Thrice welcome, happy welcome, happy welcome to all.

No. 143. WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the an- gels we shall sing, By and by, . . . by and
2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall stand be - fore the King, By and by, . . . by and
3. Wake, my soul, thy trib-ute bring, Thou shalt stand be - fore the King, By and by, . . . by and

By and by,

by; Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing him for ev - er- more, By and
by; There our sor - rows will be o'er, There his name we will a - dore, By and
by; Lay thy tro - phies at his feet, In his like- ness stand complete, By and

By and by;

CHORUS.

by, . . . by and by.
by, . . . by and by.
by, . . . by and by.

We shall stand . . . be - fore the

By and by, by and by.

We shall stand

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WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING. Concluded.



No. 144. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1.

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

2.

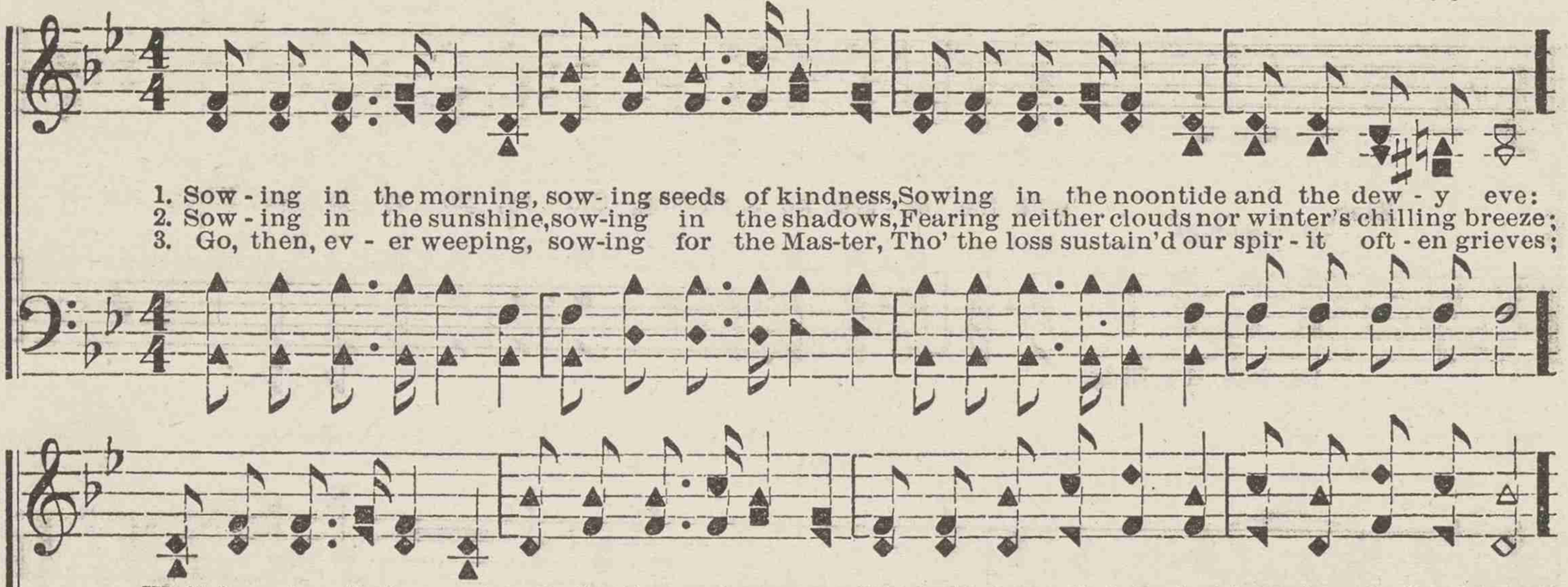
Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

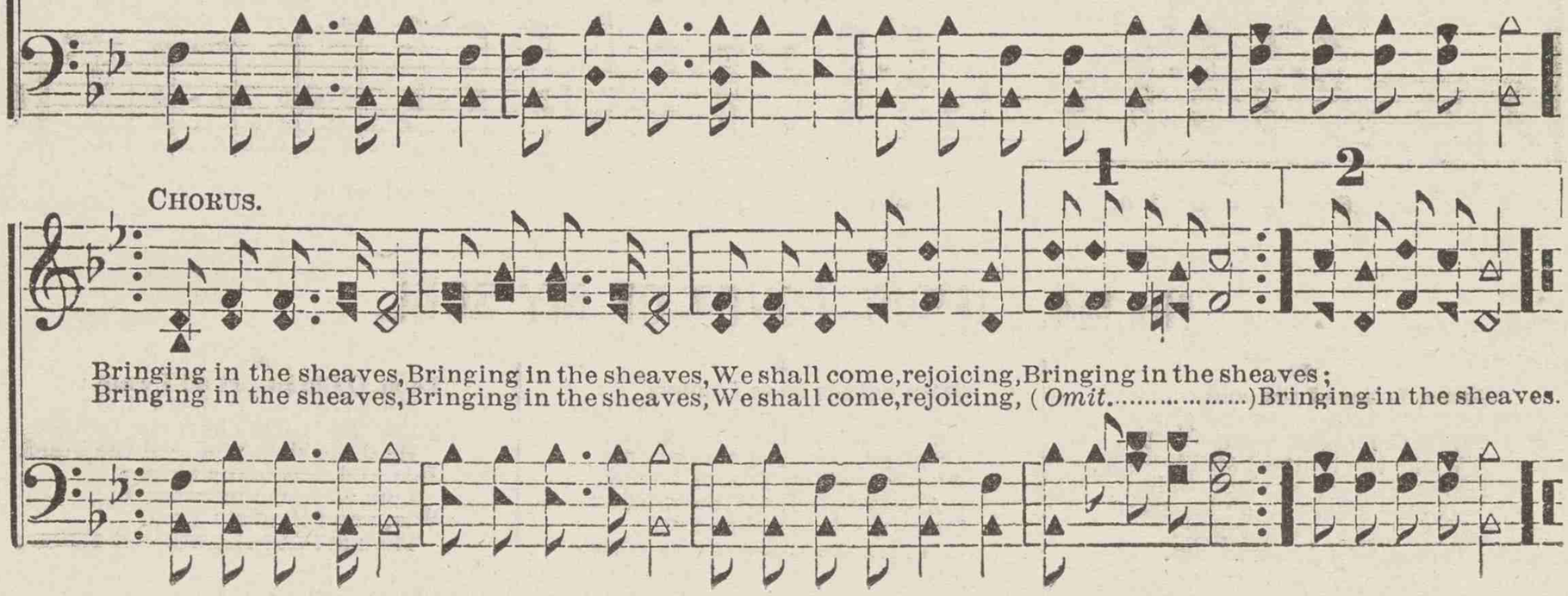
No. 145. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

MATT. 13: 39. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow- ing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dew - y eve:
2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves;

Wait- ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's o - ver, he will bid us welcome, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, (*Omit*.....) Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 146. PLEASANT ARE THE PASTURES. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

SOLO. *Allegro.*

1. Pleasant are the past - ures where Je - sus feeds his flock, Un - der-neath the shad - ow of the rock
2. Pleasant are the past - ures, all echo-ing with the song, Where the liv - ing wa - ters glide a - long;
3. Faith-ful is the Shep - herd who car - eth for his sheep, Nev- er do his eye - lids close to sleep;
4. Bless- ed are the weak ones who on his arms re- pose, Fear-ing not the fierce - ness of their foes;

See the Shepherd stand - ing; how gra-cious is his mien! Standing, wait-ing to ad - mit us in!
There in peace re - pos - ing, up - on the flow-ing banks, Standing with the Shep - herd, we'll give thanks!
All his flock he know - eth, and call- eth them by name, And his love is con - stant - ly the same.
They shall grow and flour - ish, who in the Lord a - bide, Like the trees that grow by the riv - er's side.

CHORUS.

Sheep of his past - ure! there at his side, 'Neath his pro - tec - tion, safe a - bide!

Lost sheep now wand'ring, thith - er re - pair, E - vil can - not harm you, can - not harm you there.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 147. HOME OVER YONDER.

J. H. TENNEY.

HEB. 4: 9.

1. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Waft- eth a fra- grance sweet, In - to the hearts of the
2. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Float- eth an an - gel song, Sung in the sweet fields of
3. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Shin- eth a gold - en ray, In - to the home of the

CHORUS.

wea - ry, Bring-ing a rest com - plete.
glo - ry, Sung by the white-robed throng.
mourn - er, Bring-ing the beams of day.

Beau- ti - ful home o - ver yon - der! Long- ing thy glo - ry to see;

Oft 'mid the shad-ows of eve - ning, Sweet dreams of thee come to

HOME OVER YONDER. Concluded.

me; Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams of thee come to me.
me, come to me;

No. 148. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn-ing in the night,
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for him; Well he sees and knows it, If our light is dim;
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness, In this world a - bound,

In this world of dark - ness, We must shine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.
He looks down from heav - en, Sees us shine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.
Sin and want and sor - row; We must shine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.

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No. 149. ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

JOHN McPHERSON. My God is the rock of my refuge.—Psa. 94: 22. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. My faith looks now . . . . . un - to a Rock, ... That Rock was
2. Up - on this Rock . . . . . I cast my soul, ... And trust his
3. This Rock stands firm . . . . . what - e'er be - tide . . . . . Be-neath its

My faith looks now un - to a Rock,

Christ, ... a stronghold sure; . . . . Tho' foes would oft . . . . . this High Tow'r
love . . . . . to res - cue me; . . . . . He'll bear me home . . . . . to his dear
shade . . . . I sweet- ly rest, ... Tho' foes would e'er . . . . . this Rock de -

That Rock was Christ, a stronghold sure; Tho' foes would oft

CHORUS.

mock, ... Yet stands it strong, ... 'twill e'er en - dure.
fold, ... And from my sins . . . . . will set me free.
- ride, ... I could not be . . . . . more great-ly blest.

O, pre - cious

this High Tow'r mock, Yet stands it strong, 'twill e'er en - dure.

ROCK OF MY REFUGE. Concluded.



No. 150. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

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

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

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 151. WILL YOU COME?

CARRIE M. WILSON. "The spirit and the bride say, come."—REV. 22: 17. J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. There's a mes-sage from the Lord, will you come? Hear it sound-ing from his word,—will you come?
2. He has tar - ried long for you, will you come? See his locks are wet with dew,—will you come?
3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? will you come? To the feast pre-pared for all,— will you come?

Who- so - ev - er on his name will be - lieve, Life e - ter - nal shall from him re - ceive.
He a - lone your ma - ny sins can for - give; Will you look to him by faith and live?
You will find him at the cross, wait- ing there, With the gar-ment that your soul must wear.

CHORUS.

{ He is call- ing you to - day,— will you come, (will you come?) }
{ To the on - ly liv - ing way,— will you come, (will you come?) }
Will you plunge be-neath the

WILL YOU COME? Concluded.

flood of his all - a - ton - ing blood? Will you be a child of God,— will you come?

No. 152. MARCHING ON.

J. P. DEVEREUX. [TEMPERANCE.] J. H. TENNEY.

CHORUS.

1. { We're sol - diers in a no - ble band, Marching on, marching on: }
   { We'll drive in-temp'rance from the land, Marching on, marching on. }
2. { Come, join this grand and no - ble throng, Marching on, marching on: } We're pledg'd to justice
   { "We won't sur- ren - der," is our song, Marching on, marching on. }
3. { We will not lay our ar - mor down, Marching on, marching on: }
   { Un - til we gain the heav'n-ly crown, Marching on, marching on. }

and the right, And in this ho - ly cause we'll fight, While march-ing on, while march- ing on.

No. 153. WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN.

J. C. JOHNSON. A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

SOLO. *Andante.*

1. Ma - ny sweet children have lived and died, We said good bye at the riv - er side, They dipped their feet
2. Ma - ny dear children we know do stand And tune their harps in the Bet- ter Land; Their lit - tle hands
3. They used to mourn when the children died, Be - fore King Je-sus was cru - ci-fied, The Cross with its
4. Ma - ny loved chil-dren we know do stand, Tun- ing their harps in the Bet - ter Land, Their lit - tle hands

in the glid-ing stream, And fad-ed a- way like a lovely dream! And fad-ed a-way like a love- ly dream!
from each gold-en string, Bring music sweet while the angels sing, Bring music sweet while the angels sing!
bright, unchanging beam, Now lights the way o'er the misty stream, Now lights the way o'er the misty stream.
from each sounding string, Bring music sweet while the an-gels sing, Bring music sweet while the angels sing!

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

We shall meet them a- gain on the shore! We shall meet them a- gain on the shore! With fair - er

face and angel grace, Each loved one will welcome us there, We shall meet them again on the shore, Where the fields are

WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN. Concluded.

ev- ermore fair! When our days have fled, and our brief lives o'er, We shall meet them and part no more!

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 154. CLINGING TO THEE.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Je - sus, since thy dear blood Was shed for me, The glo - ry of my God My aim shall be;
2. Je - sus, this life of mine Thou gav - est me, And now the gift divine I bring to thee;
3. Faith-ful in ev'ry-thing Fain would I be; My soul is on the wing Thy will to see;

And since I love thy will, Thro' ev-'ry good or ill, My trust-ing heart is still Cling-ing to thee.
And, joy-ful in the tho't That thou my life hast bought, All else I count but naught, And cling to thee.
In ev-'ry pain or joy, If but in thy employ, Naught can my heart annoy, Cling-ing to thee.

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W. F. S.

No. 155. THROUGH THE JORDAN!

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sing a - loud a joy - ful cho-rus! Come with rejoicing, Praising him who guided his peo - ple of old:
2. When thou passest thro' the wa-ters, I will be with thee; They shall not o'erflow thee nor give thee alarm,
3. Thro' the flames, if Je - sus calls us, We'll go with singing, Wheresoe'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand,

For the God who led the fa - thers, Liv - eth for - ev - er, And in ten-der mer-cy doth the
Lo! the Ho - ly One of Is - rael, Might - y to save thee, Guardeth still the loved ones who will
Trust - ing in the bless - ed prom - ise "I'm with you al - ways, Till you reach the mansions of the

CHORUS.

chil-dren behold.
lean on his arm.
fair promised land."

Thro' the Jor - dan, thro' the Jor - dan, We will go when he gives us the

thro' the Jordan,

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THROUGH THE JORDAN! Concluded.

word, In the Jor - dan, in the Jor - dan, We are safe with the Ark of the Lord.

the word, in the Jordan,

No. 156. CROSS AND CROWN.

THOS. SHEPHERD, "And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me,
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.

No. 157. GUIDE US EVER.

VIOLET E. KING. J. H. KYLE.

Moderato.

1. Fa- ther, thou wilt guide us In the way of right, Cleanse and keep us ev - er By thy wondrous might;
2. When the mists shall gather O'er us on our way, Veil- ing all in dark-ness, Be thou near, we pray;
3. When be- yond the cross ing Of the wa-ters dark, Gained the bless-ed ha - ven, Anchored there our bark.

In the hour of con - flict, 'Mid the bus - y din, Shield us from tempta - tion, Keep us pure within.
From the an - gry tem- pest, And the bil- lows' roll, Wilt thou, O our Father, Love our storm-toss'd soul?
Glad - ly we shall en - ter, Thro' the shin- ing way, To the land of beau - ty, And e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Guide us ev - er, O our Saviour! To that land of song, Where we evermore shall praise thee With the happy throng.

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No. 158. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum- bly en- treat; I wait, bless- ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet;
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre- ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
By faith, for my cleans-ing I see thy blood flow;
To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;
} Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

I. W. McE. L. W. McCOSH.

No. 159. BEAUTIFUL CITY ABOVE.

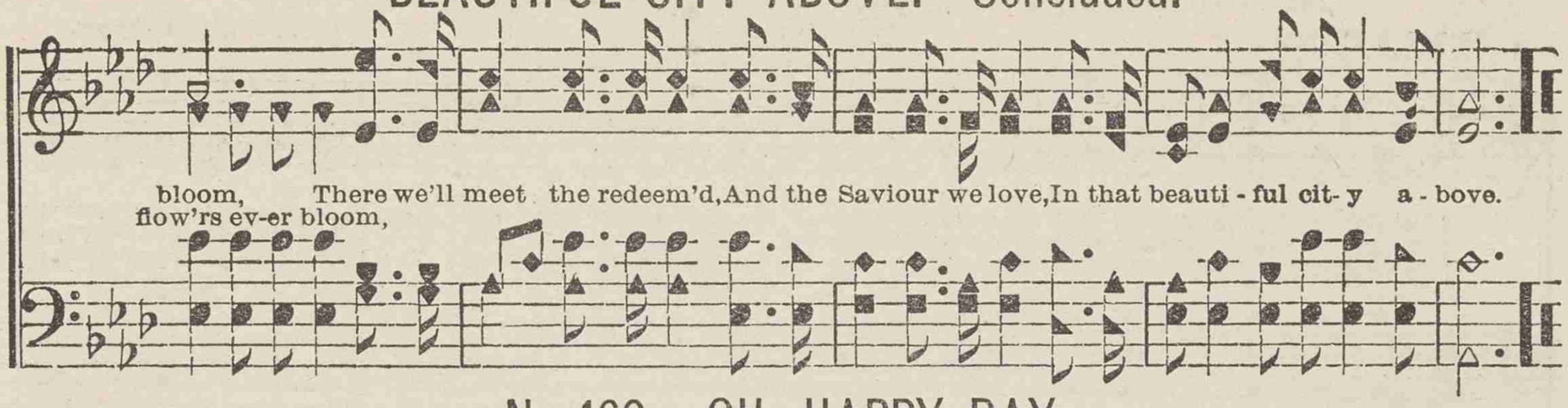
1. While we live up - on earth we have some-thing to do, Souls to win in the spir - it of love;
2. Ye dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why do ye not strive For the souls that in sin - ful - ness rove?
3. Would you shine forth as glo-rious - ly bright as the sun In the Fa-ther's blest king-dom of love?
4. When the jour - ney of life we have finished on earth, And have ceas'd from our la - bor of love;

We must point them to Je - sus, the Sav - iour from sin, And the beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.
Lo! the Sav - iour doth of - fer a crown as a prize In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.
Then be wise and lead souls to the foot of the cross, And be crown'd in that cit - y a - bove.
We will all meet a - gain by the riv - er of life, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.

CHORUS.

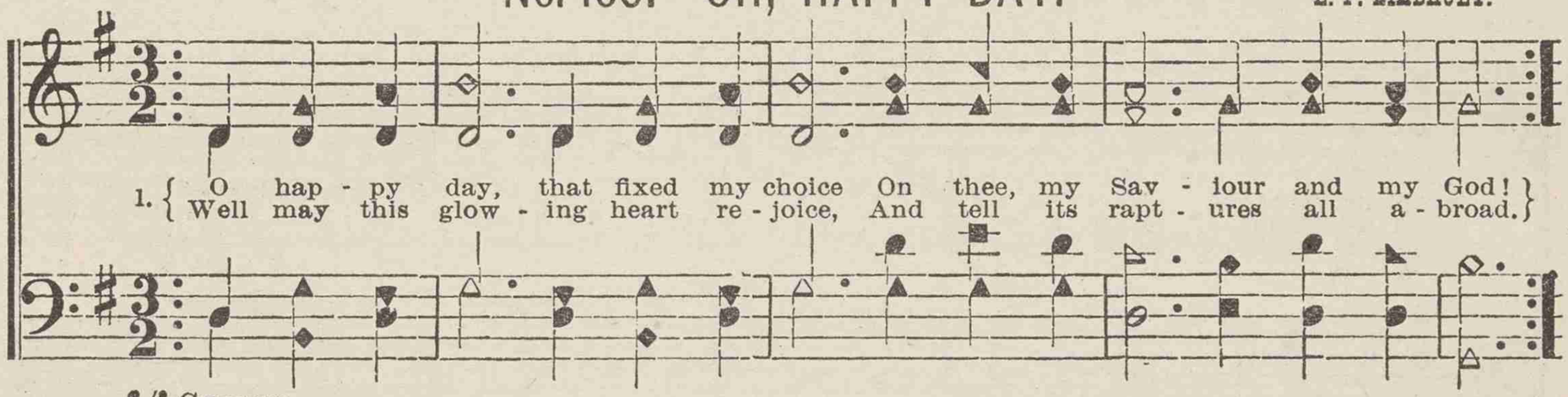
There the sun ev - er shines, Fra-grant flow'rs ev - er
There the sun ev - er shines, there the sun ev - er shines, Fra-grant flow'rs ev - er bloom, fra-grant

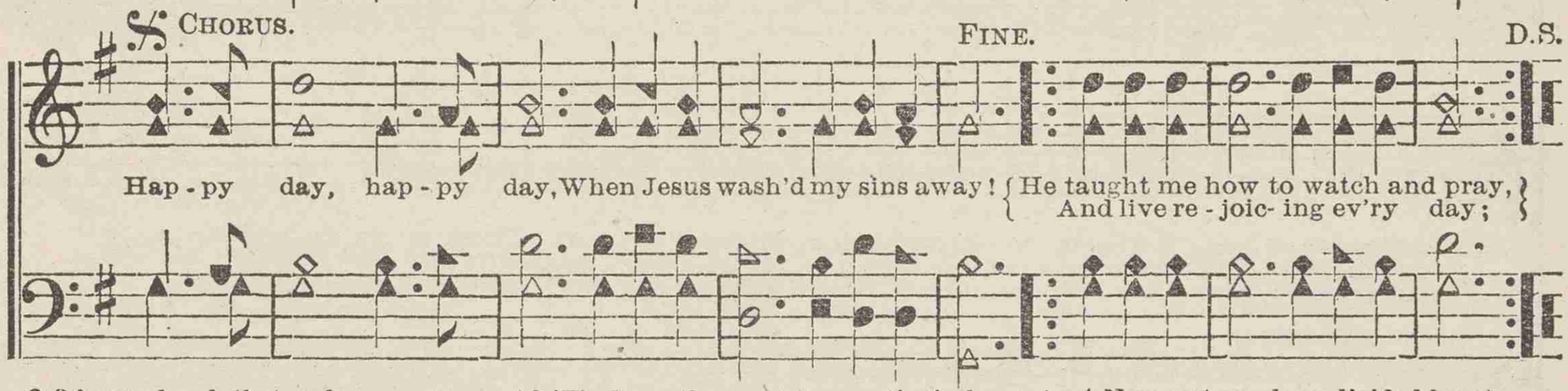
BEAUTIFUL CITY ABOVE. Concluded.



No. 160. OH, HAPPY DAY.

E. F. RIMBAULT.





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

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
'r ever from thy Lord depart,
With him, of every good expressed.

No. 161. SHOUT IT ALOUD EACH HIGH MOUNTAIN.

GEORGE B. PEARSON. [FOR CHRISTMAS.] D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. Shout it a- loud each high mountain! Sing it a - broad ev - 'ry sea! Je- sus is born, whom the
2. Shout it a- loud each high mountain! Sing it a - broad ev - 'ry sea! Joy is in heaven, the
3. Shout it a- loud each high mountain! Sing it a - broad ev - 'ry sea! Bring him your jewels far

prophets fore-told, Ma- ry's arms soft - ly the in - fant en - fold; Kings bring him off'rings of
glad tid- ings sing, Peace is on earth, for her God is her King; Je - sus is born! Then ex -
rich - er than gold— Love for each des - ti - tute lamb of his fold, Love that grows deeper as

spi - ces and gold, An - gels to shepherds the tid- ings have told, "Peace up - on earth bringeth he!"
- ult - ing - ly ring Forth the glad tid- ings, and lov - ing - ly bring Gifts to such monarch as he.
time groweth old, Love that the an - gels de- light to be- hold, Love pure as earth's love can be.

SHOUT IT ALOUD, Etc. Concluded.



No. 162. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

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. 163. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "Tell it to Jesus.—MATT. 14: 12. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious
4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming

CHORUS.

o - ver joys depart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
to man's eye are hidden? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
what shall be to-mor-row? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
Kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

} Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth er such a friend or brother; Tell it to Je-sus a - lone.

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Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

No. 164. LET HIM IN.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in, He has been there oft be-
2. O-pen now to him your heart, If you wait he will de-
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Now, oh, now make him your
4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in, He will make for you a

-fore, Let him in;
-part,
choice,
feast, Let the Saviour in, Let the Sav-iour in;

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him
Let him in, he is your Friend, He your
He is standing at the door, Joy to
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when

in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let him in.
soul will sure de-fend, He will keep you to the end.
you he will re-store, And his name you will a-dore.
earth ties all are riven, He will take you home to heav'n. Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

No. 165. WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. O. E. REV. 1: 5. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood? Je - sus died to make you free,
2. Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood? Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name,
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood? And the wit-ness you may know,
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood? Don't re - ject the Spir-its's call,

Will you be washed in the blood? Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
Will you be washed in the blood? Claim him as your Sav - iour, He can save for - ev - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? You can know this hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? Grace is all a - bounding, Joy thro' heav'n re-sound - ing.

CHORUS.

1 2

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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No. 166. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil- grim way, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!

FINE.

What a bless - ed- ness, what a peace is mine,
O how bright the path grows from day to day,
I have peace complete with my Lord so near,
} Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!

D.S.—Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!

CHORUS. D.S.

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

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FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 167. VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. We are vol - unteers for Je - sus, Fighting 'gainst the mighty wrong, And 'tis He, our Captain, leads us So suc -
2. "Ev - er onward" is our watchword, For our Saviour and the Right, See our ban-ners waving o'er us, In the
3. When the bat - tle shall be end - ed, And we lay our ar-mor down, We shall then go home re-joic-ing, Worthy

𝄋

- cess - ful - ly a - long; We will nev - er grow dis-cour-aged, But will strike the heav - y blow, That will
thick-est of the fight; We will nev - er yield or fal - ter, Bat - tling on till set of sun, Till the
to re ceive the crown: Then to dwell in peace for - ev - er, With our Cap - tain, Sav-iour, King, Sing - ing

D.S.—fal - ter, chris-tain broth-ers, Raise your ban - ners to the sky, When the

FINE. CHORUS.

end the fear - ful con - flict, And put down a craft - y foe.
strife with sin is end - ed, And a vic - t'ry has been won.
forth His praise tri-umph - ant, Mak ing heaven's arch - es ring.

} On- ward, ev - er onward marching, Fully

foe at last is vanquished, We shall rest at home on high.

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VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS. Concluded.

D.S.

armed to meet the foe; Je - sus leads our swelling columns, On to vic - to - ry we go. Do no

No. 168. I DO BELIEVE.

Arr. by A. J. S.

(*Use any Common Metre Hymn with either Chorus.*)

CHO. No. 1. I can, I will, I do believe, I
CHO. No. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm

can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus saves me now.
kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.

No. 169. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20. ARR. from FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en-ter the fold;
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, is suf - ficient for me;
3. O, that beau-ti- ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
For thy promise is written In bright letters that glow, Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow.
Where no e vil thing cometh To de -spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching—Is my name written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On its pag-es so fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

No. 170. JESUS MY REFUGE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. Wea - ry with toil - ing and bur-den'd with care, Un - to the Sav - iour I turn in my pray'r;
2. Tempted and tried, for a ref - uge I yearn, And in my trou - ble to Je - sus I turn;
3. I am so weak from my strug - gle with sin, Fee - ble and faint from the con - flict with - in,

FINE.

He is so ten - der of heart and so kind, Rest and re - freshment in Je - sus I find.
He will not chide me, his heart is so kind; Peace and de - liv'rance in Je - sus I find.
Therefore to Je - sus I go in my need, Sure that my Lord is a help - er in - deed.

D.S.—Therefore to Je - sus I go in my need, For I have found him a help - er in - deed.

CHORUS. D.S.

Tempt - ed and tried, Seek I his side, Tell - ing my grief, Find I re - lief,

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No. 171. I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have been to Je - sus to be cleansed with pow'r, In the blood, the precious blood,
2. I will walk in meek-ness at my Sav - iour's side, O the blood, the precious blood!
3. I will keep un - spot - ted from the world and sin, Through the blood, the precious blood,

And I lin - ger at the fount this ver - y hour, At the fount of Je - sus' blood.
I will trust each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied, O the blood, the pre - cious blood!
In the fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, In the fount of Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

I am washed in the blood, In the heart-cleansing blood of the Lamb;
Hal - le - lu - jah! precious blood,

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I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD. Concluded.

I am washed in the blood, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Hal - le - lu - jah! precious blood,

No. 172. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. This world is not my resting place, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, I seek a bet - ter home than this,
2. In that blest home there is no night, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, The face of Je - sus is the light,
3. O wea - ry one, with sin opprest, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, Come, go with me, and find sweet rest,

D.S.—My mansion fair a-waits me there,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home. My home a-bove! sweet home of love! Tho' a - while the earth I roam.

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

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EBEN E. REXFORD. **No. 173. GATHER THEM IN.** F. M. DAVIS.

1. In - to the light of God's glo - ri - ous love, Gath-er them in, gath - er them in, In - to the path-way that
2. Out of the paths where in er -ror they stray, Welcome them in, welcome them in, Tell them of Je - sus and
3. Go to them lov-in g-ly, kind words are strong, Bid them come in, bid them come in, Lead them by lov -ing them

lead-eth a- bove, And out of the val - ley of sin.
show them the way, A home in his Heav en a - bove.
out of the wrong And souls for His har-vest-time win.

CHORUS.

{ Gath-er them in, Gather them in, Gather them
{ In - to the light, in -to the light, out of the

1st. in, Gather them in, Out of the highways and by-ways of sin.
night, Out of the night,

2d. O gath - er the wand'rers in.

From "CAROLS OF JOY," by per.

No. 174. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. I have but one, one on - ly plea, It is the blood of Je - sus, And this I know a -
2. I'm kneel-ing at the bless - ed Cross, Where flows the blood of Je - sus, Re - fin - ing, cleansing
3. Re - joic - ing, as I go a - long, In the dear blood of Je - sus, This e'er shall be my

CHORUS.

- vails for me, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus! The blood, the blood, The
me from dross, O pre - cious blood of Je - sus!
theme of song, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus! The blood, the pre - cious, cleansing blood,

cleansing blood of Je - sus, It is the theme of joy and song, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus.

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ELLEN L. GOVEH. Arr.

No. 175. MY REFUGE.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. In the se - cret of his pres-ence, how my soul de- lights to hide! O, how pre-cious are the
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad-ow of his wing There is cool and pleas - ant
3. On - ly this I know: I told him all my doubts and griefs and fears; O, how pa-tient - ly he
4. Do you think that I could love him half so dear - ly as I ought, If he did not tell me

* Earthly cares etc.

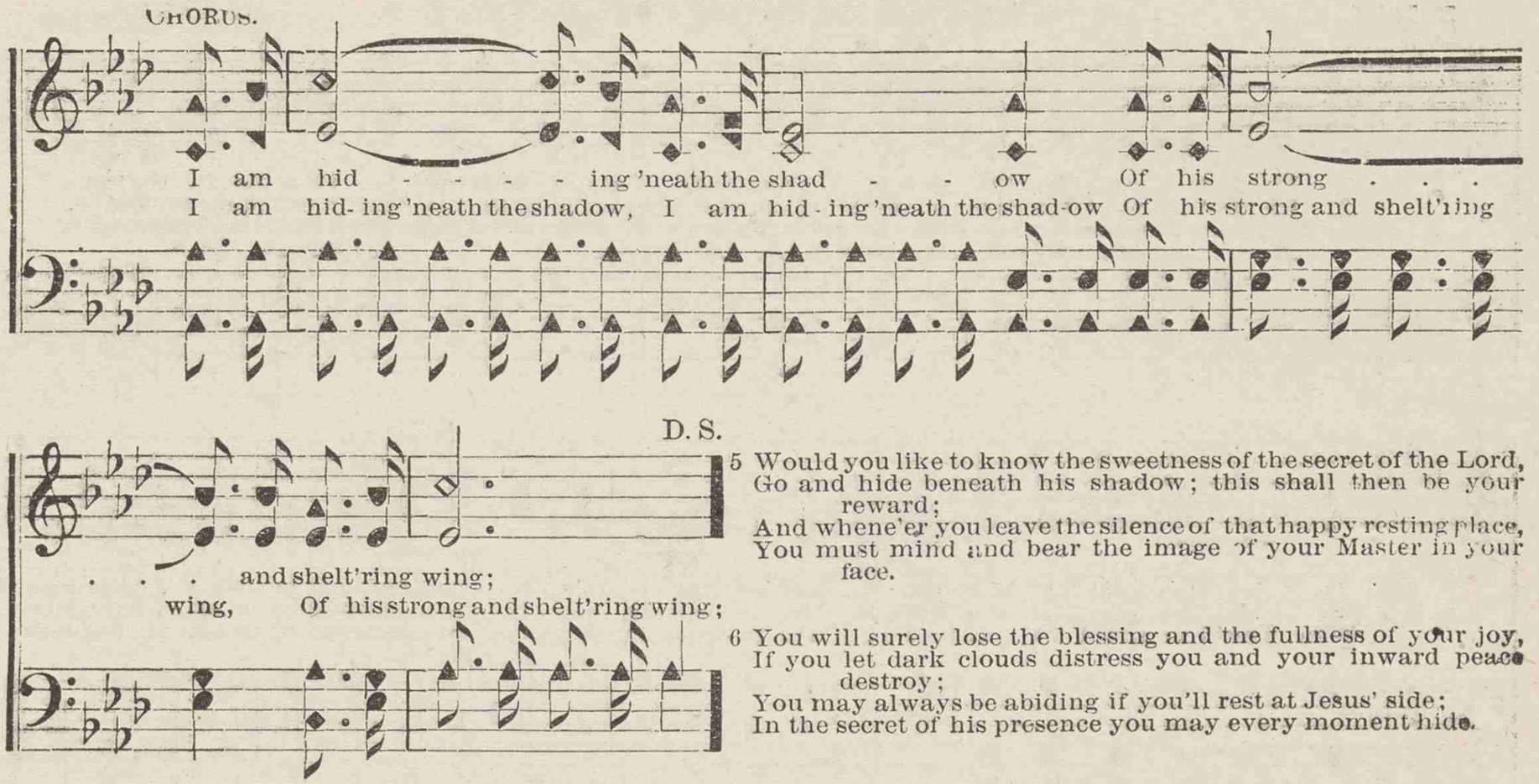
les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth - ly cares can nev - er vex me, nei - ther
shel- ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my Sav - iour rests be - side me as we
list - ens, and my droop - ing soul he cheers. Do you think he ne'er reproves me? what a
plain- ly of each sin - ful word and tho't? No, he is so ver - y faith-ful, and that

FINE.

tri - als lay me low, For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, to this "se - cret place" I go.
hold com-mun - ion sweet, If I tried I could not ut - ter what he says when thus we meet.
false friend he would be, If he did not al - ways tell me of the sins which he must see.
makes me trust him more, For I know that he does love me, though he wounds me ver - y sore.

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MY REFUGE. Concluded.



5 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord,
Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy resting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

6 You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace destroy;
You may always be abiding if you'll rest at Jesus' side;
In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

No. 176. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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

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

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

No. 177. ONLY REMEMBERED.

Dr. BONAR. And they judged every man according to his works.—Rev. 20: 13. A. J. SHOWALT.

1. Up and a-way! like the dew of the morning, Soar- ing from earth to its home in the sun,—
2. Up and a-way! like the o - dors of sun - set, Sweet'ning the twi- light as dark-ness comes on,
3. Need I be miss'd if an - oth - er succeeds me, Reap-ing those fields which in spring I have sown?

So let me steal a - way, gen - tly and lov - ing - ly, On - ly re-membered by what I have done.
So let me pass a - way, peace- ful - ly, si - lent- ly, On - ly re-membered by what I have done.
Who plow'd or sow'd is not miss'd by the har- vest- er, But he's re-membered by what he has done.

CHORUS.

1. 2.

On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done; what I have done.

LAST VERSE. On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what he has done; what he has done.

No. 178. BLESSED WORDS.

Mrs. E. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I was weak in sin and a wan - der - er, When Je - sus whisper'd to me, "Come, ye
2. Tho' my sins were great and my heart oppress'd, My bur - den heav - y to bear, Yet he
3. Then I bro't my care and my grief to him, And laid them down at his feet: Je - sus

CHORUS.

wea - ry one, with your sin oppress'd, There's rest and pardon for thee." } Oh, bless - ed words, "There is
bade me "Come" and with him find rest, And droop no lon-ger with care.
took my bur - den up - on him - self, And made my blessing complete. } What blest, sweet words,

est and pardon for thee," How my heart re-joiced when the Sav - iour said These words of comfort to me.

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No. 179. CLOSER, STILL CLOSER.

L. B. C. "It is good for me to draw near to God."—Psa. 73: 28. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav - iour, to thee, Clos - er to Je - sus, fain, fain would I be;
2. Clos - er by day, tho' my sky be all - right, Clos - er, still clos - er when fall - eth the night;
3. When to the Jor - dan of death I de - scend, Dan - ger I'll fear not if Christ be my friend;

Round me his arm, on his bo - som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal - va - ry bled.
Earth hath no spot where with-out him I'm safe, Time has no mo - ment I need not his grace.
Breast-ing the bil - lows, my death-song shall be, Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav - iour, to thee.

CHORUS.

Ritard e dim.

Clos - er, still clos - er, still clos - er to thee, Clos - er, still clos - er, clos - er to thee.

No. 180. COMING AGAIN.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and mount-ains, Rings out the shout from wood - land and plain;
2. Cheer - ing each pil - grim, way - worn and wea - ry, No more we hear him fret or com-plain;
3. Com - ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of him who was slain;

FINE.

Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fount - ains, Je - sus to earth is com- ing a - gain.
Bright is the way that once was so drear - y, Je - sus to earth is com- ing a - gain.
Glad - ly then sing his prais - es for - ev - er, Je - sus to earth is com- ing a - gain.

D.S. Shout it a - loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com- ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Com - ing a- gain, Oh, glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re- frain!

No. 181. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH.

J. C. BUSHBY, by cet.

1. I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow-white an- gel band, That shall bear my wea - ry
2. I am waiting for the sig- nal that shall speak my full re- lease, And pre - sent my wel- come
3. I am long-ing to be go - ing, yet my fa-ther's kind command Bids me tar - ry 'mid the

spir - it To the sin - less sum-mer-land; As I tread the nar- row path-way, Thro' this
pass-port To the realms of per - fect peace; Yes, and when the wea - ry san- dals All the
shad-ows Of the mist - y, low - er land; When my pil - grim-age is end - ed I shall

thorn-y vale, I dream Of the joys that ev - er brighten Where the pearl- y wa - ters gleam.
dust - y way have trod, I shall sing a - mong the an- gels By the gold- en throne of God.
stem the tur - bid flood, And re - cline up - on the bo - som Of the spot-less Son of God.

THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

I am long - - - ing for the com - - - ing
I am long - ing for the com - ing, I am long - ing for the com - ing

Of the snow..... white an - gel band, That shall bear..... my
Of the snow white an - gel band, Of the snow white angel band, That shall bear my weary spirit,

wea - ry spir - - - it To that sin - less sum - mer - land.
That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it To that sin - less sum - mer - land.

No. 182. COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS. Answer to "Are you Coming Home To-night?" A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I had wan-der'd long in dark-ness on the mountains lone and cold, I was
2. I will trust his pre-cious prom-ise and his might-y pow'r to save, Free-ly
3. I am com-ing home, my Sav-iour, nev-er-more from thee to stray, Glad-ly

lost in sin and doubtings, far a-way from Je-sus' fold, When a voice so sweet and ten-der bade me
in the fount of cleansing I my sin-stained garments lave, Tho' they be as crim-son yet his blood will
will I fol-low in thy bless-ed foot-steps day by day, In thy ser-vice ev-er, Sav-iour, will my

rise and seek the light; Now I'm com-ing home to Je-sus, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.
make them pure and white; I am com-ing home, my Sav-iour, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.
soul take new de-light; I am com-ing home to Je-sus, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.

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COMING HOME TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 183. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

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

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

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

No. 184. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

EMMA STURTEVANT. On earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE 2: 14. GEO. BAKER.

1. On a bless - ed Christ-mas night, Eighteen hun- dred years a - gone, Came the Lord of Life and Light—
2. Bend-ing low with joy - ful fear, Shepherds knelt with one ac -cord; Sa - ges from a - far drew near To
3. Bless - ed be the old and gray, Wait-ing for God's har -vest time; Bless-ed be the young and gay

Came to earth God's Bless - ed Son.
view the dear face of their Lord.
Through life's ev' - ry Christ - mas time;

Then the ho - ly an - gels sang, Sang a - bove the
Bless - ed be the Christ - mas - tide, Bless - ed be the
Till with heav - en's white-robed throng, And with an - gels'

Christ-child's head, Then the glo - ry an-thems rang,— Rang a - bove his man - ger bed.
dy - ing year, When our pass - ing joys a - bide, Bless - ed be the draw - ing near.
sweet ac - cord, We shall sing the Christmas song In the pres-ence of our Lord.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God in the high - est! Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God most high!

Peace, peace on earth, good will, good will to men. Glo - ry be to God in the high - est!

Glo - ry be to God most high, and on earth Peace, peace on earth, good will, Good will to men.

No. 185. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

MRS. E. A. EVILSIZER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land where the sun ev - er shines, With a clime like one long sum-mer day;
2. There no sick - ness nor trou - ble can ev - er-more come, For the Heal - er will watch o - ver all;
3. There the good and the pure with the saints ev - er dwell, And sing praise to the Fa-ther of Love,
4. There thro' a - ges of bliss they shall dwell ev - ermore, Whom the Sav - iour o - bey here be - low;
5. Then a - way to that beau - ti - ful land let me go, For I long all its won-ders to see;

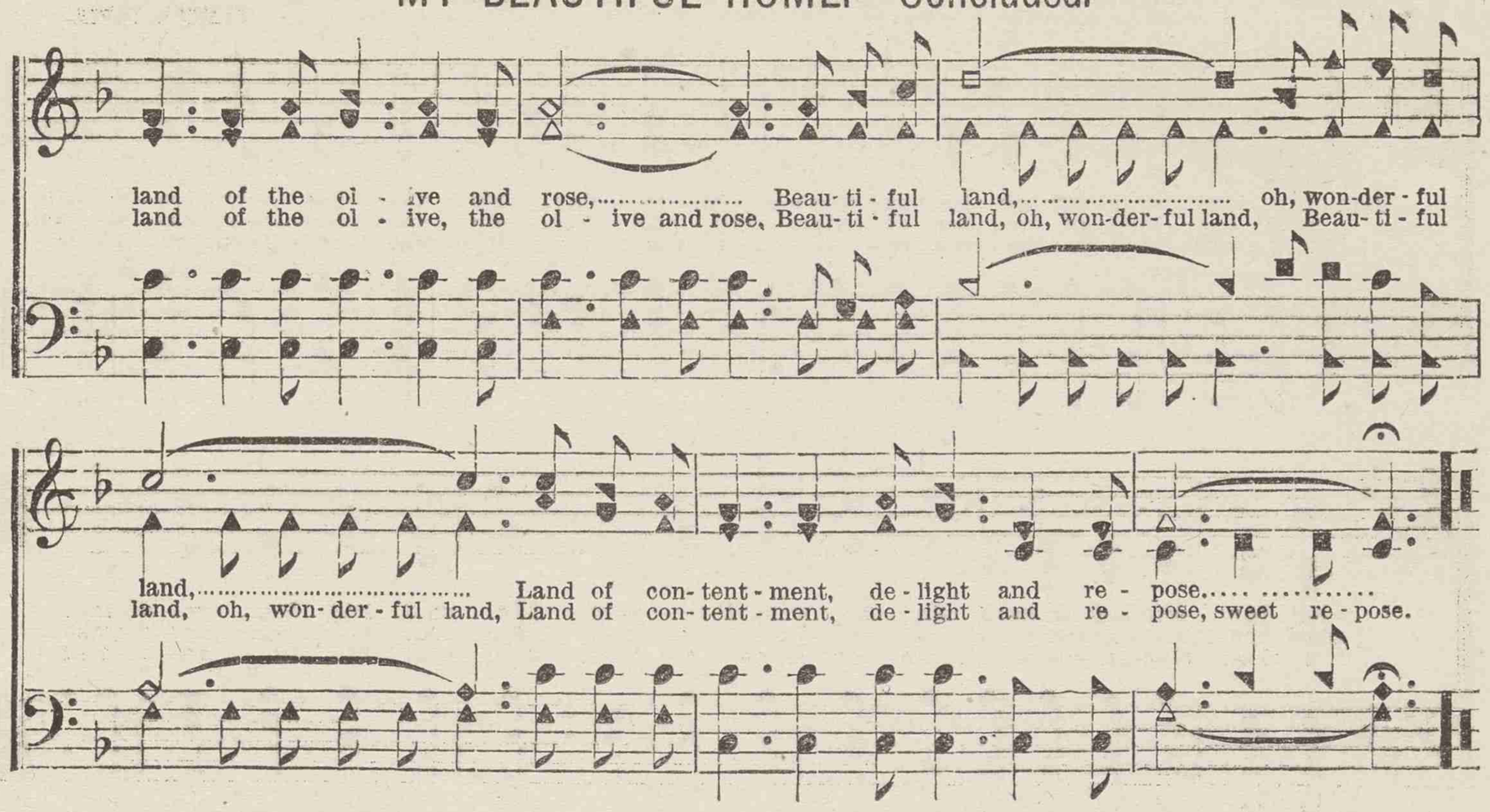
Where the rose and the lil - y with myr - tle entwines, And the land is as flow - 'ry as May.
There the loved ones shall nev - er be snatched from our home, For the death shades shall there nev - er fall.
And the an - thems of heav - en - ly sweet - ness that swell Ring with joy thro' the mansions a - bove.
With the loved and the pure who have gone be-fore, They shall meet where life's clear fountains flow.
There I nev - er shall weep nor grow wea - ry, I know, But e - ter - nal - ly blest I shall be.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land,..... bright beau - ti - ful land,..... Won-der- ful
Beau - ti - ful land, bright beauti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, bright beauti - ful land, Won-der- ful

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MY BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.



No. 186. JUST AS I AM. L. M.

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

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

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

4 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 187. MY SOUL HAS BEEN REDEEMED.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

D.C.—1. I am walk-ing on Re-demp-tion's ground to - day, My soul has been re - deemed,
2. O the bliss of this sal - va - tion full and free, My soul has been re - deemed,
3. I will sing the won-ders of my Sav - iour's love, My soul has been re - deemed

FINE.

All the crimson stains of sin are wash'd a - way, My soul has been re - deemed.
And the Ho - ly Spir - it now a - bides in me, My soul has been re - deemed.
I shall sing it when I reach my home a - bove, My soul has been re - deemed.

Thro' the all - a - ton - ing flood Of my Sav-iour's precious blood, My soul has been re - deemed,
O the fel - low-ship di - vine, I am his and he is mine, My soul has been re - deemed,
Je - sus paid the debt I owe, Saved my soul from end - less woe, My soul has been re - deemed,

MY SOUL HAS BEEN REDEEMED. Concluded.



No. 188. Come, Holy Spirit, etc. C.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 189. Come, Holy Spirit, etc. S.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

No. 190. ALL FOR THE BEST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Wheth-er God shall call me to joy or to sor-row, Whether he ap- por - tion me la - bor or rest,
2. Sometimes seems the pathway so lone - ly and dreary, Sometimes is my spir - it with sor - row op-prest,
3. In the fie - ry furnace, where grace is re-fin-ing, I am oft-en tried—O how pain - ful the test!
4. So the days roll on in their glad-ness and sweetness; So my soul with peace and con-tent-ment is blest;

I will have no care for the un-known to-mor-row, But a - bide his will— it is all for the best.
Sometimes with the bur - dens of life I am wea-ry, Still I am content— it is all for the best.
I will not com-plain, nor be filled with re- pin-ing, For I know full well— it is all for the best.
So my life is rich in its joy and completeness; All the Father sends—is it not for the best?

CHORUS.

All for the best, all for the best, Wheth-er smiles or tears mark my life's fu - ture years, The

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ALL FOR THE BEST. Concluded.

shad - ow or sunlight and the la - bor or rest, I trust to my Saviour, It is all for the best.

No. 191. LENOX.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. J. EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears, The bleeding sac - ri - fice In my behalf ap- pears:
2. He ev - er lives a bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all re-deeming love, His precious blood to plead;
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Cal- va - ry; They pour effectual pray'rs, They strongly plead for me;
4. My God is re - con - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear, He owns me for his child; I can no longer fear;

Be-fore the throne my sure-ty stands, Be-fore the throne my surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For-give him oh for-give, they cry, For-give him, oh, for-give, they cry Nor let that ransomed sin-ner die.
With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, With con- fi-dence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab- ba, Fa - ther, cry.

No. 192. LORD, BRING WANDERERS HOME.

B. M. B.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

Slowly with feeling.

1. Lord, bring some wand - 'rers home to - night, Some who have gone a - stray,
2. May none thy mer - cy spurn to - night, The Ho - ly Spir - it grieve,
3. Let none un - blest de - part to - night, Un - saved and un - for - giv'n,

CHORUS.
Faster.

O give them grace to come to- night, Let them no more de - lay.
May prod - i - gals re - turn to- night, May sin - ners now be - lieve.
O - ver some yielding heart to- night, Let there be joy in heav'n.

To - night, Lord, to- night, Lord,

Rit.

Bring wand'rers home to - night, To - night, Lord, to - night, Lord, Bring wand'rers home to - night.

No. 193. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. SAMUEL WEBB.

DUET.

1. Come, ye dis - con - solate, where - e'er you lan - guish, Come to the mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i- tent, fadeless and pure,
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der - ly say- ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
Come to the feast of love: come ev - er knowing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re- move.

FULL CHORUS.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say- ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re- move.

No. 194. WILL YOU LISTEN TO THE OLD, OLD STORY?

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Will you list - en to the old, old sto - ry? It can nev - er be too oft - en told;
2. Will you heark - en to the Sav - iour's mes - sage? It was sin - ners that he came to save;
3. Will you an - swer to the heav'n - ly summons, Yes, I'm com - ing, com - ing home to - night?

Je - sus left his home on high And for sin-ners came to die, And He's calling now to you to come.
And tho' vil - est you may be He will cleanse and make you free, And He's calling now to you to come.
Tho' I've wandered long a - way I will come without de - lay, Yes, I'm coming, coming home to - night.

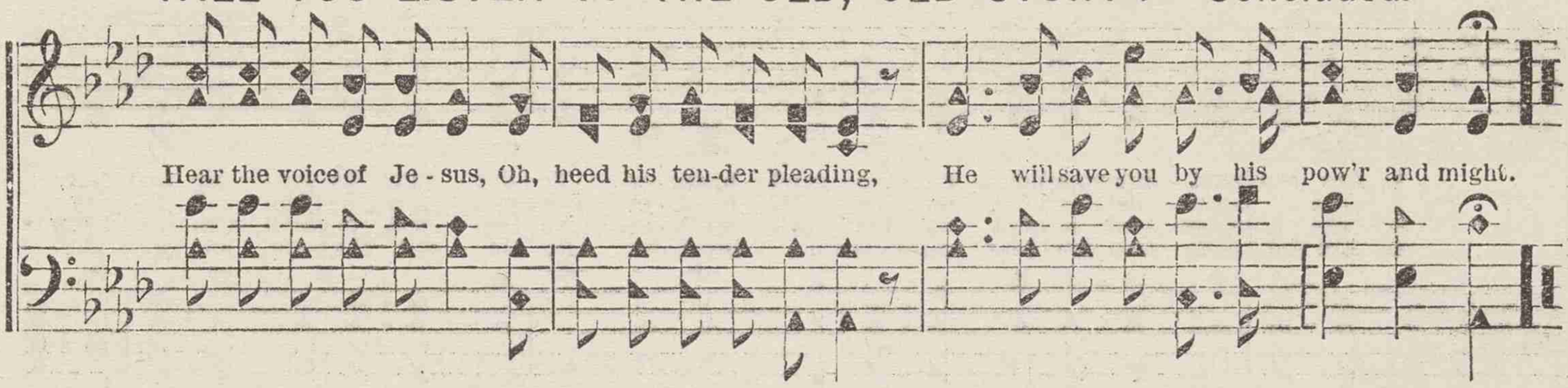
CHORUS.

Call - ing, call - ing you to come to - night, Call - ing, call - ing you to come to - night:

Last verse.

Com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing home to - night, Com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing home to - night:

WILL YOU LISTEN TO THE OLD, OLD STORY? Concluded.



No. 195. I am Coming to the Cross.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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

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

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 196. Here and Yonder.

1 Here we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn.

CHORUS.

Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blessed Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here our feet are often weary
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:

3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know.

4 Here our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down.

EBEN E. REXFORD. **No. 197. ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING.** L. S. EDWARDS.

1. Are you build - ing your house on the sand, broth - er? To - day may be sun - ny and fair,
2. The house that is built on the sand, broth - er, Does well for the calm of to - day.
3. The house that is built on the rock, broth - er, No tem - pest of earth can o'er-throw.
4. Let the rock that you build your house on, broth - er, Be Je - sus, the hope of us all;

But the mor - row may bring us the temp - est, broth - er, So choose your foun-da - tion with care.
But be wise in the sun of the pres - ent, broth - er, And build for the fu - ture, I pray.
While you're build- ing, build safe - ly and sure - ly, broth - er, On the rock that is stead - fast and sure.
The house built on this stead - fast foun - da - tion, broth - er, Will stand when the mount-ains shall fall.

CHORUS.

Let us build on the rock, ev- er build on the rock, While the storms of life are raging, Let us build on the rock.

From "CAROLS OF JOY." By per.

ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING? Concluded.

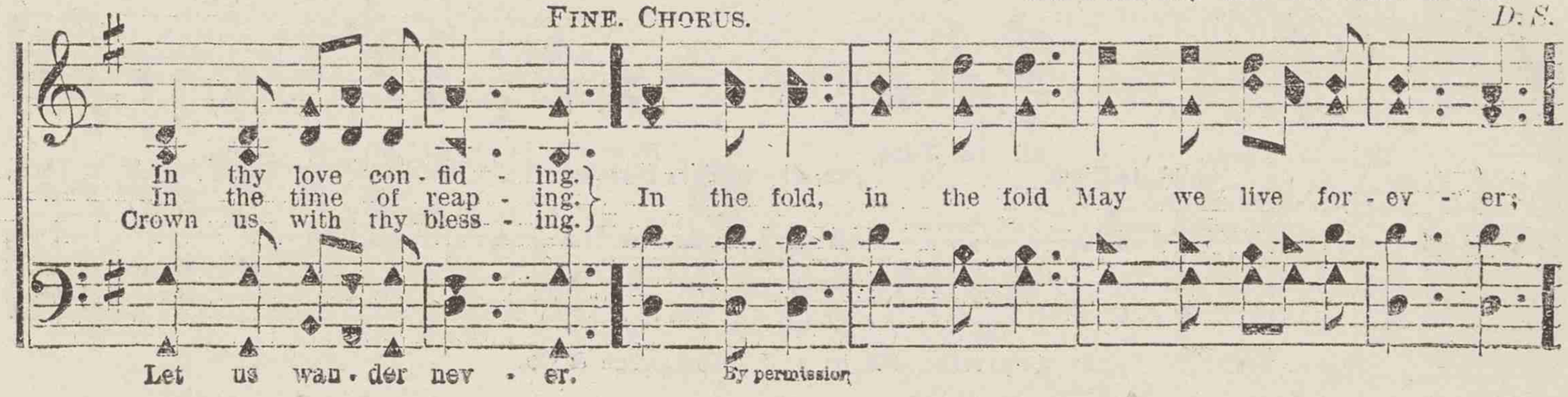


No. 198. JESUS KEEP US IN THE FOLD. Closing Hymn.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Dr. W. O. PERKINS.



FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



By permission

A. J. SHOWALTER. **No. 199. ALL TO THEE.** S. J. PERRY.

1. Sav-iour may we give our hearts to Thee,
2. Thou did'st give Thy-self that we might be
3. When we've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea,

All to Thee, all to Thee;
all to Thee, all to Thee;

All we are and all we hope to be,
And by grace di-vine our love shall be,
May our songs of tri-umph ev-er be

All to Thee,..... yes, all to Thee.
All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.

CHORUS.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee;
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

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ALL TO THEE. Concluded.

All to Thee, all to Thee, all to Thee, yes all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee.

No. 200. ARIEL. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine; I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine.
2. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Exalted on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
3. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When our dear Lord will bring us home, And we shall see His face: then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity we'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 201. LORD, I LOVE THEE.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Lord, I love Thee, fond - ly love Thee, With my best and warm - est love;
2. Lord, I love Thee, dear - ly love Thee, And like riv - ers to the sea,
3. Lord, I love Thee, and I thank Thee For the grace that made me free;
4. Lord, I love Thee, true - ly love Thee, Love Thee dai - ly more and more;

CHORUS.

Pu - ri - fy my heart - af - fec - tions; May they nev - er from Thee move.
Ev - 'ry thought, and sense, and - feel - ing, Flows un - ceas - ing - ly to Thee.
With my ran - som'd pow'rs I'll love Thee, Through a long e - ter - ni - ty.
Turn to me Thy heart - af - fec - tions; Love and bless me ev - er - more.

} Lord, I love Thee!

Love Thou me, Love me through e - ter - ni - ty! Love me through e - ter - ni - ty!

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Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

No. 202. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. When the trum - pet shall sound, And the dead shall a - rise, And the splen - dors im -
2. Then the King shall ap - pear In his beau - ty on high, And shall sum - mon his
3. Oh, the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet, With the songs of the

CHO.—In the morn - ing of joy, In the morn - ing of joy, We'll be gath - er'd to

- mor - tal Shall en - vel - op the skies— When the an - gel of Death Shall no
chil - dren To the courts of the sky; Shall the cause of your Lord All your
ran - somed We each oth - er shall greet,— Sing - ing praise to the Lamb Thro' e -

glo - ry In the morn - ing of joy; In the morn - ing of joy, In the

D.C. for Chorus.

lon - ger de - stroy, And the dead shall a - wak - en In the morn - ing of joy.
mo - ments em - ploy, That your soul may be spot - less In the morn - ing of joy?
- ter - ni - ty's years, With the past all for - got - ten With its sor - rows and tears.

morn - ing of joy, We'll be gath - er'd to glo - ry In the morn - ing of joy.

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English.

No. 203. JESUS OF NAZARETH.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God, And knew not the dan ger-ous path that I trod;
2. I oft read with pleasure to sooth or en-gage The won-der-ful truths of the in-spir-ed page;
3. When free grace a-woke me by light from on high, Then le-gal fears shook me, I thought I must die;
4. My ter-rors all vanished be-fore the sweet name; My guilt-y fears banished, with bold-ness I came;

Though friends spoke in rap-ture of Christ on the tree, Je-sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me.
But e'en when was pictured the blood on the tree, Je-sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me.
No ref-uge, no safe-ty, on earth could I see. Je-sus of Naz-'reth my Sav-iour must be.
To drink at the fountain, life-giv-ing and free. Je-sus of Naz-'reth is all things to me.

Nothing to me, Noth-ing to me, Je-sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me;
Nothing to me, Noth-ing to me, Je-sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me;
Sav-iour must be, Sav-iour must be, Je-sus of Naz-'reth my Sav-iour must be;
All things to me, All things to me, Je-sus of Naz-'reth is all things to me;

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JESUS OF NAZARETH. Concluded.

Noth-ing to me, Noth-ing to me, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth was noth-ing to me.
Noth-ing to me, Noth-ing to me, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth was noth-ing to me.
Sav-iour must be, Sav-iour must be, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth my Sav-iour must be.
All things to me, All things to me, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth is all things to me.

Dr. H. BONAR.

No. 204. JESUS HATH DIED FOR ME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly Bend I the knee;
2. Lord, I con-fess to Thee Sad-ly my sin; Now, tell I all to Thee, All I have been;
3. Faith-ful and just art Thou, For-giv-ing all; Lov-ing and kind art Thou, When sor-rows call;

Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet this is still my plea: Je-sus hath died for me, Je-sus hath died.
Purge Thou my sin a-way, Wash Thou my soul this day, Take Thou my sin a-way, Lord make me clean.
Lord, let the cleansing blood, Let the dear healing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

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No. 205. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. B. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com- pa - ny, And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what
2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to thee! In that great and aw- ful day, What shall

shall our an - swers be? What for ev - 'ry trif- ling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for
shall our an - swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we
our poor an - swers be? Oh, pre - pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry sin - ful act, We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we see,
hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above?
from each sin - ful blot, Place us, Lord, on thy right hand! When that aw-ful day we see, day we see,

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE? Concluded.



No. 206. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.



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No. 207. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his coun-sels guide, up - hold you;
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban - ner float - ing 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 threatening waves be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet;

By permission of J. E. RANKIN.

GOD BE WITH YOU. Concluded.

Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 208. I COME UNTO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Thou art my trust and stay; I follow on where thou dost lead, Thine
2. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Thou re - fuge of my soul; Thou only can speak peace, sweet peace, The
3. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Just as I am I come; Un- worth-y of the wondrous love, Yet

D.S.—as I am I come to thee, I

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

is the per - fect way.
storm of life con - trol.
thou wilt lead me home.

I come to thee, I come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come to thee; Just

come, I come to thee.

No. 209. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

I. N. McH. Written by the bedside of my sick and dying wife. Dr. I. N. McHOSE.

1. We are on our jour- ney home, jour- ney home, jour- ney home, Nev - er more in sin to roam, sin to roam, sin to roam: 'Tis de - light- ful all a - long, all a - long, all a - long;
2. Tho' as pilgrims here be - low, here be - low, here be - low; Meet - ing con - flicts as we go, as we go, as we go, But with Je - sus by our side, as our guide, as our guide,
3. When at last our journey's o'er, journey's o'er, journey's o'er, And we're safe on yon - der shore, yon- der shore, yon- der shore, We will sing for - ev - er - more, ev - er - more, ev - er- more,

CHORUS.

As we cheer it with our song, with our song, with our song.
We will trust what e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide.
With the blood washed gone be - fore, gone be - fore, gone be - fore.

We are on the King's high-

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY. Concluded.



A. J. S.

No. 210. O PRODIGAL, COME HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.





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No. 211. HOMES BRIGHT AND VERNAL.

Mrs. GERTIE JONES

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft times when wea - ry of life and its strug-gle, Tired of the com- bat, and long - ing for rest,
2. Dark clouds may shadow, and e - vil o'er-take us, Yet we may trust in his ten - der - est love,

Our hearts are yearning and our tho'ts fond - ly turn - ing Tow'rds our dear home in that bright land of the blest.
From storms he'll hide us, and his strong hand shall guide us, Safe to our home in those bright mansions a- bove.

CHORUS.

Homes bright and ver - nal, in man- sions e - ter - nal, Shin - ing with lus - tre on the heav'nly shore,

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HOMES BRIGHT AND VERNAL. Concluded.

Je - sus will give us and all who are faith- ful, There we may dwell with him for - ev - er more.

No. 212. ARE YOU COMING?

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.

1. Are you com-ing, Are you com-ing? To Je - sus will you bow?
2. Are you com-ing, Are you com-ing? The Lord will take you in:

D.C.—I am com-ing, Yes, I'm com-ing, I see the shin-ing way:

See him bleeding, Hear his plead-ing, He wait - eth for thee now.
He is will - ing, He is wait - ing To wash a - way your sin.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall be saved to - day.

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No. 213. I WILL FOLLOW WHERE MY SAVIOUR LEADS.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I will fol - low where my Sav - iour leads, I will walk with - in the paths He trod,
2. Though he lead me up the mount - ain steep, I will fol - low where - so - e'er He will,
3. If through sor - row I am called to go, I will trust in Him who reigns a - bove,
4. By and by I'll hear his wel - come voice, By and by I'll hear the sum-mons,—"come,"

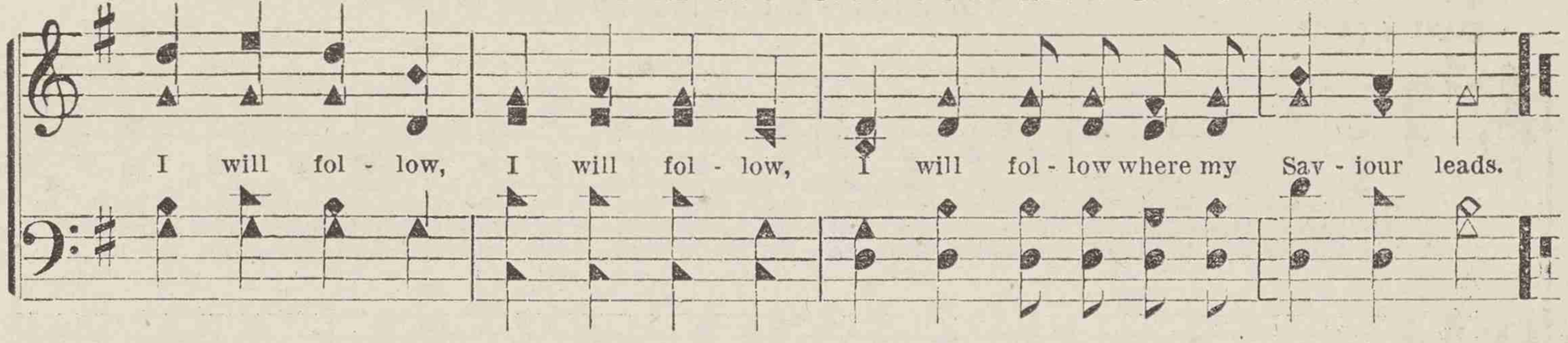
Lead - ing up to where His flock He feeds, O - ver on the shin - ing hills of God.
Or if called to tread the val - ley deep, I will fol - low in His foot - steps still.
Or if on - ly joy my life shall know, I will praise Him for His gra - cious love.
In his glo-rious pres-ence I'll re - joice That His lead-ing brought me safe - ly home.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low, I will fol - low, I will fol - low where my Sav - iour leads;

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I WILL FOLLOW WHERE MY SAVIOUR LEADS. Concluded.



A. J. S.

No. 214. MANY MANSIONS IN THE SKIES.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 215. BY AND BY.

FRANK M. DAVIS. S. J. PERRY.

1. We'll reach the land of An-cient Sto - ry, By and by, by and by, And dwell with Christ in
2. We'll reach those fields for - ev - er ver - nal, By and by, by and by, Where liv - ing streams flow
3. We'll leave this land of toil and dan - ger, By and by, by and by, And be no more a

light and glo - ry, By and by, by and by. With an - gel's joy - ful songs we'll raise, By and by,
on e - ter - nal, By and by, by and by. Where wea - ry pilgrims shall find rest, By and by,
pil - grim stranger, By and by, by and by. We'll lay our heav - y arm - or down, By and by,

by and by, Of ad - o - ra - tion, love and praise, By and by, by and by.
by and by, Where ev - 'ry soul is tru - ly blest, By and by, by and by.
by and by, Re - ceive the vic - tor's glo - rious crown, By and by, by and by.

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No. 216. AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies

CHORUS.

all their guilty stains.
all my sins a - way.
shall be till I die.
si-lent in the grave.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-

- way,
rolled a-way,

It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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Mrs. EMMA PITT.

No. 217. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea; When we cross that gold - en
2. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Where no sor - row e'er can come; 'Tis a - cross yon gold - en
3. We shall see our precious Sav - iour, When He comes His own to claim; Oh, we'll bask in Je - sus'

CHORUS.

riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
riv - er, Je - sus has a glorious home.
fav - or, Sing - ing glo - ry to the Lamb.

} Oh, the sweet . . . . . the bright for -
} Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er Oh, the

- ev - - - - er, Just be - yond . . . . the jas - per sea; When we
sweet, the bright for - ev - er Just be - yond the jas - per sea, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea; When we

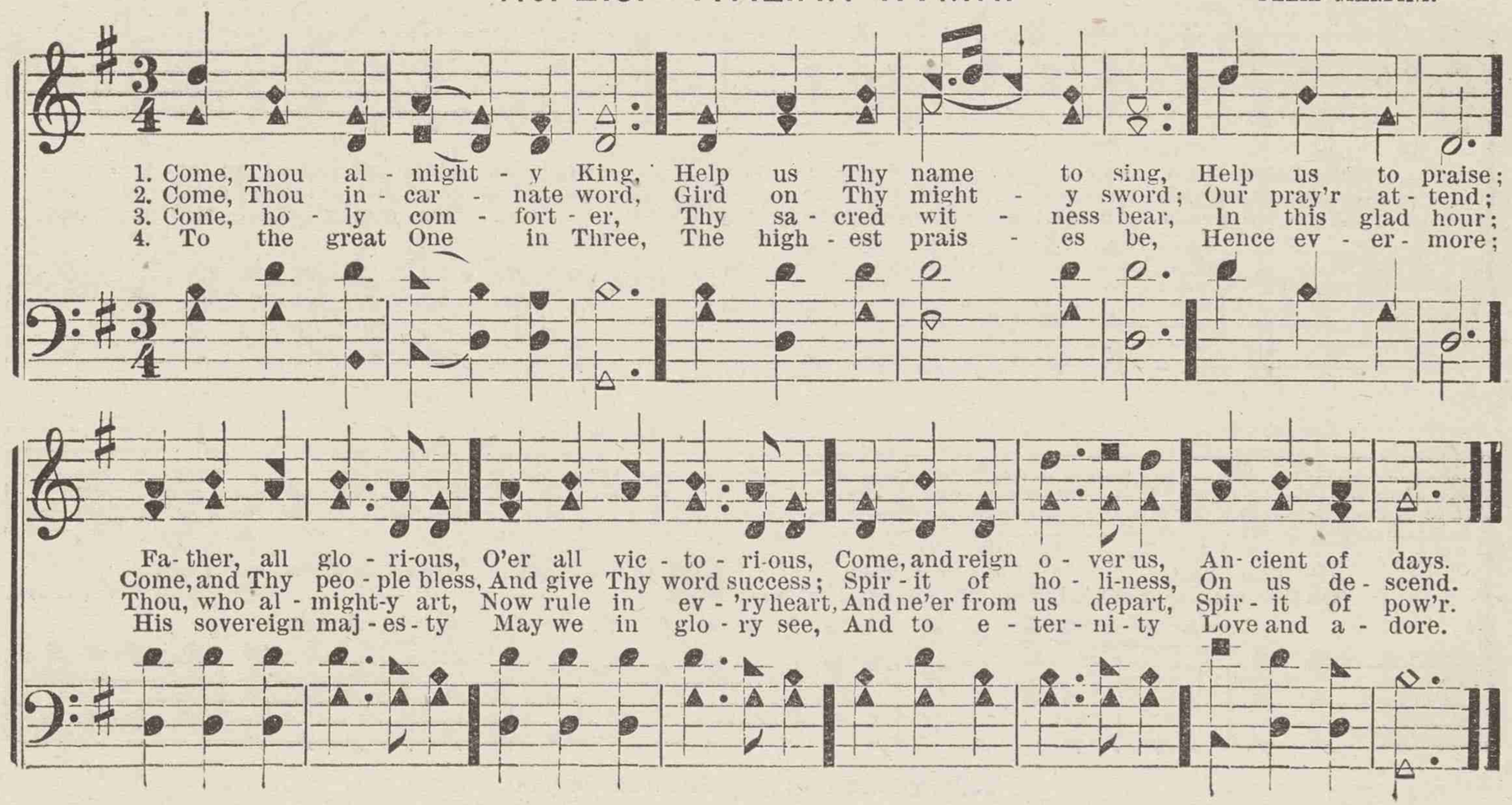
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THE BRIGHT FOREVER. Concluded.



No. 218. ITALIAN HYMN.

FELIX GIARDINI.



FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 219. HEAVENLY REST.

J. C. PERRY.

1. Bless- ed prom - ise that God has given his own, They at last shall find rest for their souls,
2. They that trust in the Lord trust not in vain, For his prom - is - es nev - er can fail,
3. As the morn of re-demp-tion draweth nigh, So the shad - ows of earth flee a - way,

Tho' the time may be long and drear-y here, Yet sweet rest waits beyond where Jor-dan rolls.
Great re - ward to the faith-ful will be given, And the blood shed for sin-ners shall pre - vail.
Wea - ry souls in the king-dom shall en - joy Bless - ed rest for one bright e - ter-nal day.

CHORUS.

Oh the rest, heav'nly rest, That a-waits the child of God o - ver there,
Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, o-ver there.

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HEAVENLY REST. Concluded.

Oh the rest, heav'nly rest, That a-waits his faithful children ev-'ry-where.
Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest,

No. 220. WHY WILL YE DIE?

Arr. by M. M.

Miss MARTHA MILLS.

1. A great Rock stands in a weary land, And its shadows fall on the parched sand: When the shelt'ring Rock is
2. A great Well stands in a weary land, And its waters call over life's rough strand: When the great deep Well is
3. A rough Cross stands near a city wall, Where the Saviour dies out of love to all: When the blood-stain'd Cross is

FINE. D.S

stand-ing by, Oh, why will ye die? Oh, why will ye die? Oh, why will ye die?
ev-er nigh, Oh, why will ye die?
stand-ing by Oh, why will ye die? Why will ye die? Why will ye die?

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No. 221. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF BEULAH.

M. M.

Miss MARTHA MILLS.

1. I oft - en dream of the shin - ing strand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, Where
2. I oft - en long for thy gold - en shore, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, Where
3. I have a man-sion in that fair land, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, And
4. I know not when the great King will come, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, To

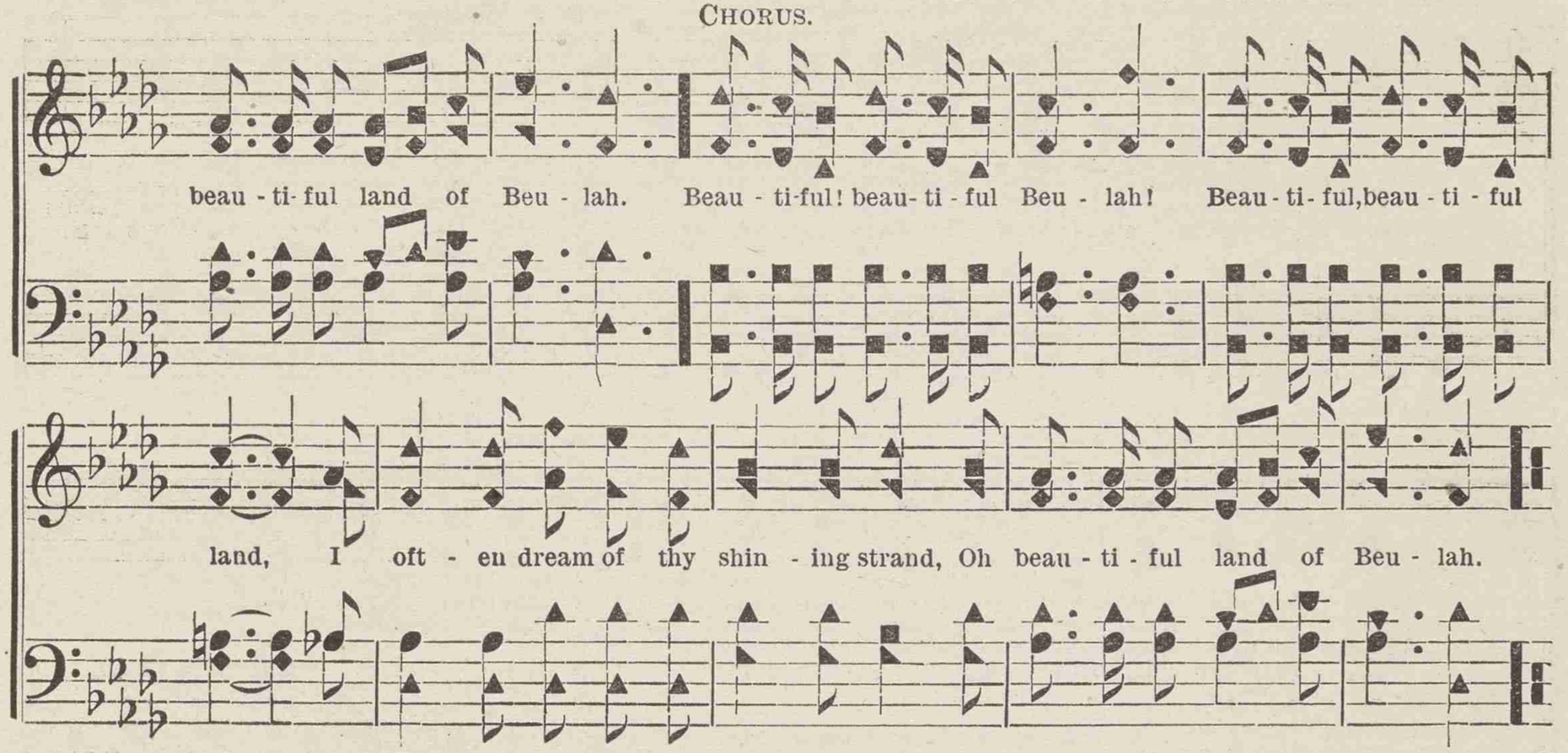
gems are thick as earth's des- ert sand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; The gates are pearl, the
grief and sigh-ing can come no more, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; There'll be no death or
friends are wait-ing up - on that strand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; When shall I see the
take me up to that hap - py home, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; But soon life's jour - ney

streets are gold, There none are sick, none e'er grow old, They know not rain or heat or cold In that
part- ing there, And naught is heard of toil or care, But fade - less are the pleas-ures fair In that
shin-ing throng, When shall I hear the an-gel's song, And reach the home for which I long In that
will be o'er, Soon I will reach the gold-en shore, Where I shall dwell for - ev - er-more In that

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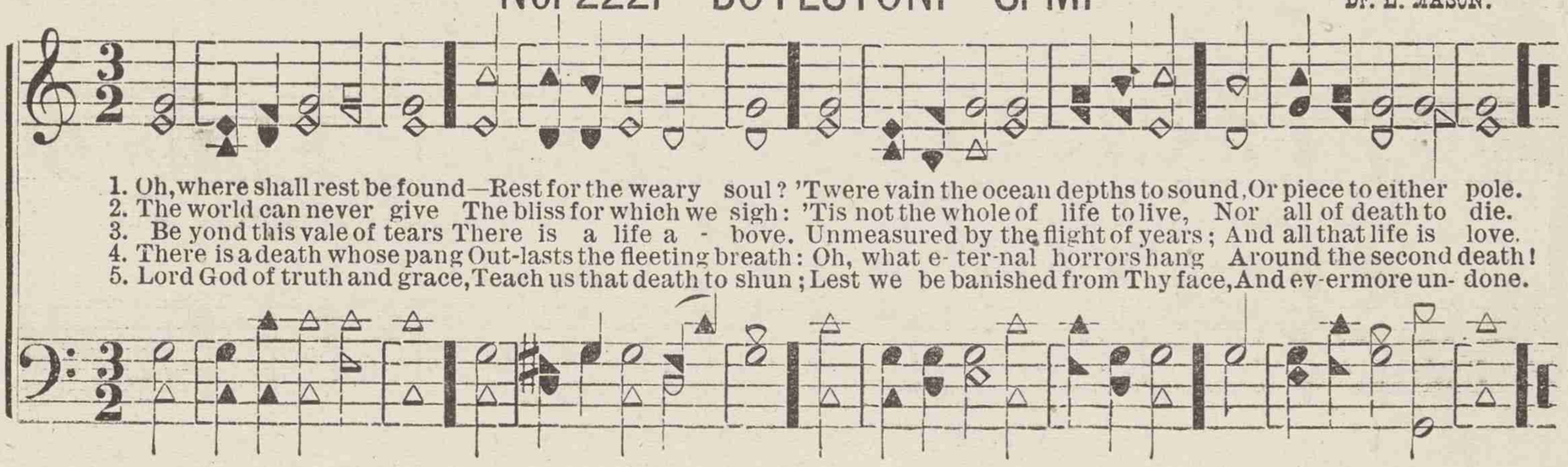
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF BEULAH. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 222. BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



No. 223. LET IT MAKE THEE WHOLE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb - els,
2. Pre - cious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid, Per - fect par - don
3. Tho' my sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow, Je - sus' pre - cious
4. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free, Oh, be - lieve it,

CHORUS.

shed for sin - ners, Shed for you and me.
now is of - fered, Per - fect peace is made.
blood can make them Whit - er than the snow.
oh, re - ceive it, Sin - ner, 'tis for thee.

Oh! the pre - cious blood,

pre - cious blood,

Let it make thee whole, ... Let it flow in might - y cleansing, O'er thy guilt - y soul.

make thee whole,

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No. 224. EVEN ME.

J. H. T.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free, Show'rs the thirst- y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be, Nev-er leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gracious Sav - iour! Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm long - ing for thy
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see; Witness - es of Je- sus'
5. Love of God so pure and change - less; Blood of Christ—so rich, so free; Grace of God—so strong and

CHORUS.

- fresh - ing, Let some drop-pings fall on me.
rath - er, Let thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor, Whil'st thou art call - ing, call me.
mer - it, Speak some word of pow'r to me.
bound- less, Mag - ni - fy it all in me.

E - ven me, E - ven me,

Let some
Let thy
Whil'st thou
Speak some
Mag- ni -

drop-pings fall on me;
mer - cy light on me;
art call- ing, call me;
word of pow'r to me;
- fy it all in me;

E- ven me, E- ven me,

Let some drop-pings fall on me.
Let thy mer - cy light on me.
Whil'st thou art calling, call me.
Speak some word of pow'r to me.
Mag- ni - fy it all in me.

E - ven me, Even me,

E- ven me, E-ven me,

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No. 225. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.



From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

My broth-er, the Mas - - - ter is call - ing for thee; .... His grace and His
Broth - er, the Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee;

mer - - cy are wondrously free; ..... His blood as a ran - - som for sin-ners he
Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free; Brother, His blood as a ran-som for

gave, ... And He is a - bun - - dant - ly a - ble to save.
sin-ners He gave, And He is a - bun-dant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 226. CITY OF LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. W. DENNINGTON, by per.

1. There's a cit - y of light, 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care;
2. Broth - er dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri - umph at last, If we trust in the word He has given;
3. Sis - ter dear, nev - er fear, for the Sav - iour is near, With His hand He will lead us a - long;
4. Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di-vine, Let us ev - er keep near to the cross;

Where the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the build - ings ex ceed - ing - ly fair.
When our tri - als and toils, and our weep - ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heaven.
And the way that is dark Christ will gra - cious - ly clear, And your mourning be turned to a song.
Let us love, watch and pray in our pil - grim-age here, Let us count all things else but as dross.

CHORUS.

Let us pray for each oth - er, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor - row and care;

CITY OF LIGHT. Concluded.

For that home is so bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

No. 227. WHAT ARE YOU SOWING?

F. M. DAVIS. S. J. PERRY.

1. What are you sow-ing, my brother, What are you sowing to - day? Will it be tares that you gather?
2. What are you sow-ing, my brother, Thro' this rough journey be-low? Will it be joy at the ending?
3. What are you sow-ing, my brother, Sowing the tares or the wheat, Will you go hence empty handed,

D.S.—Sure-ly the harvest is coming,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Will it be grain then I pray?
Will it be sor- row and woe?
With nought the Master to greet?
} Look quickly and see then my brother, What you are sowing to - day:

Sow the good seed then I pray.

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No. 228. TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

S. J. PERRY.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Trust - ing in the Lord; Je - sus loves to
2. Thou art com - ing to a King,— Trust - ing in the Lord; Large pe - ti - tions
3. With my bur - den I be-gin: Trust - ing in the Lord; Lord, re-move this

an - swer pray'r; Trust - ing in the Lord; He him - self has bid thee pray,
with thee bring; Trust - ing in the Lord; For his grace and pow'r are such,
load of sin; Trust - ing in the Lord; Let thy blood, for sin - ners spilt,

Trust - ing in the Lord; There - fore will not say thee nay, Trust - ing in the Lord.
Trust - ing in the Lord; None can ev - er ask too much, Trust - ing in the Lord.
Trust - ing in the Lord; Set my conscience free from guilt, Trust - ing in the Lord.

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No. 229. THE PRODIGAL.

Arr. by A. J. S.

1. Ye err - ing souls that wild - ly roam From heav'n and bliss a - stray, Your Fa - ther's voice in
2. And thou art bid - den, wea - ry one, With want and woes op - press'd; And ev - 'ry far - off
3. Re - turn, thou Prod - i - gal, re - turn, Thy Fa - ther bids thee come; He doth thy need - less
4. Come, for the feast al - read - y waits, The fat - lings are all slain; Go, seek with haste his

CHORUS.

- vites you home, He makes a feast to - day.
wand - 'ring son May be a wel - come guest.
ab-sence mourn; Thou err - ing child, come home.
pal - ace gates; Nor shalt thou seek in vain.

Oh! I'll not die here, with want se - vere, And

starve in for - eign lands; In my Father's house are rich supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

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No. 230. GLORY TO GOD.

S. J. PERRY.

1. Let ev'-ry heart re - joice and sing, Let chor-al anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known; And earth, subdued to
3. For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and hon - ors

CHORUS.

chil - dren bring To God your sac - ri - fice.
Him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne.
sound - ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.

Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Hon - or to his ho - ly name; Peace on earth, good will to men, And hon-or to his ho - ly name.

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No. 231. EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.

A. J. S. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The com ing of Christ a - gain is promised, "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," And all shall behold Him
2. The Lord shall descend with shouts from heaven, "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," With trumpet of God, voice
3. The dead that are Christ's shall first be summoned, "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," And those who remain shall
4. We then shall be with the Lord for - ev - er, "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," And never shall cease to

CHORUS.

in His glo - ry, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus."
of arch- an - gel, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus."
then be gathered, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus"
sing His prais-es, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus."

"And let him that hear-eth now say come," "And

let him that is a-thirst say come," For "Surely," saith Jesus, "I come quickly," "Even so, come Lord Je- sus."

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RUTH.

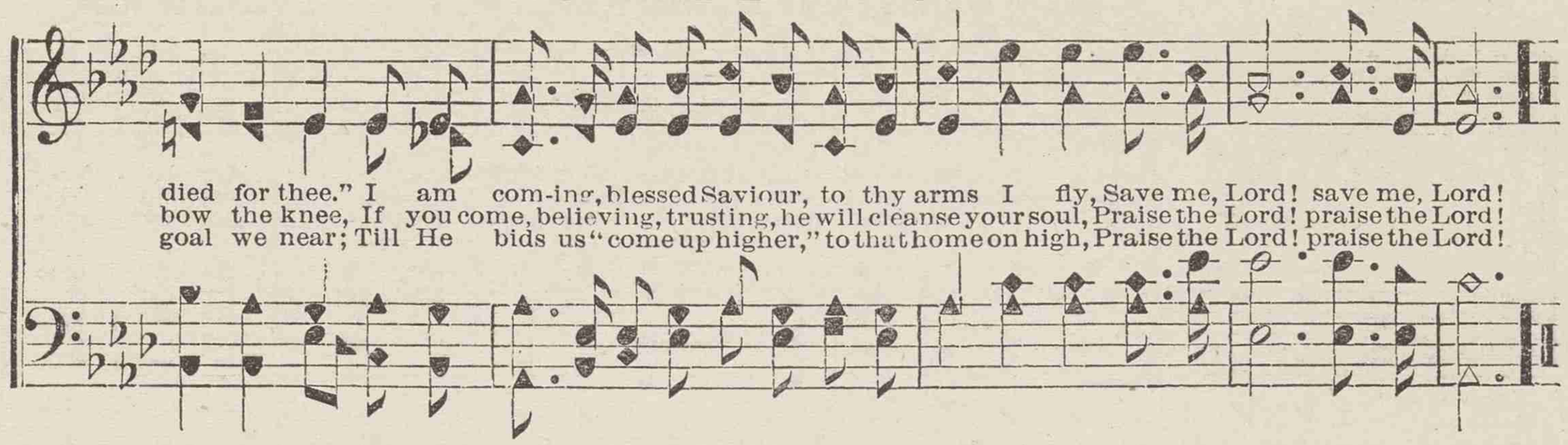
No. 232. PRAISE THE LORD.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Lo! a poor and need-y sin - ner, to the cross I cling, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord! No-thing great have I to of - fer, naught but sin I bring, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord! Yet I know he died for sin-ners on Mount Cal - va - ry, And with joy I hear his lov - ing voice "I
2. There is per-fect peace and par-don for the sin-sick soul, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Thro' the cleans - ing blood of Je - sus, sin-ners are made whole, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Come and drink ye of the fountain that is flow - ing free, Come, and bow be-fore your Sav-iour, humbly
3. There's a home of ma - ny mansions that is built on high, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Where his chos - en shall be gath-er'd to him by and by, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Just a few more years of toil-ing for the Mas - ter here; Just a few more pray'rs to heav-en till the

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PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.



No. 233. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to him in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to him in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavey-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 234. He Leadeth Me.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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.

No. 235. WATCHING, WAITING.

F. M. DAVIS. (To A. L. MURPHY, Alexander, Texas.) J. WALTER ST. CLAIR.

1. On the shore of time we're wait-ing, With death's riv - er just be - fore;
2. Be our foot - steps glad or wea - ry, Young and strong, or weak and old;
3. Near-er, near - er to the cross-ing, We are com - ing day by day;

Si - lent boat - men wait to bear us To the oth - er, bet - ter shore.
An - gel boat - men wait to bear us To the land of bliss un - told.
Soon the jour - ney will be end - ed, And we'll launch our boats a - way.

CHORUS.

Then be read - - - - - y, watch-ing, wait - ing, ... For the
Then be read - y, watch - ing, wait - ing, Then be read - y, watch-ing, wait-ing, For the

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WATCHING, WAITING. Concluded.

sum - - - - mons soon to come; An - gel boat - - - - - men wait to
summons soon to come, For the summons soon to come, An - gel boat-men wait to bear us, An - gel

bear us . . . . . To a bright e - ter - nal home.
boat - man wait to bear us, To a bright e - ter - nal home. e - ter - nal home.

No. 236. ST. CLAIR. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

CHOR

1. Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear, Delighting in Thy will; Each other's burdens learn to bear; The law of love ful-fill.
2. He that hath pit - y on the poor, Doth lend unto the Lord, And lo! His recompence is sure, For more shall be restored.
3. To Thee our all de- vot- ed be, In whom we move and live; Freely we have received from Thee, And freely may we give.

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No. 237. ABLE TO SAVE.

E. R. LATTA. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—HEB. 7: 25. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Seek ye the Sav - iour in earn - est, Thou his for - give - ness shalt have;
2. How he, on Cal - va - ry's mount - ain, Pray'd for his foes, and for - gave;
3. Think how the might - y Re - deem - er Triumphed o'er death and the grave;

Thou shalt be freed from thy bond - age; } Je - sus is a - ble to save. . . .
He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion; }
Seek him, O seek him, or per - ish; } Je - sus is a - ble, is a - ble to save.

CHORUS.

A - ble to save, ... a - ble to save. Je sus is a - ble and will - ing to save;
A-ble to save,

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ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.

A - ble to save, ... a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing to save.
A-ble to save,

No. 238. GATHER HANDFULS.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "So she gleaned in the field until even."—RUTH 2: 17. J. L. HEMBREE.

1. What if thou canst not reap the grain Like strong ones gone be - fore? Oh glean the cor - ner near - est
2. What if no sickle, sharp and strong, Is put with - in thy hand? Oh ne'er re-fuse the ears that
3. What if thy shoulders nev-er bear A sheaf of heav - y weight? Oh gath - er handfuls, one by

D.S.—And thou, with those who bind the

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

thee, Go search it o'er and o'er.
fall, Nor i - dle ev - er stand.
one, Thy har - vest shall be great.

Oh gath - er, gath - er all the day, And thy re-ward shall come,

sheaves, Shall shout the Harvest Home.

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No. 239. CHRIST WILL GUIDE US.

ADDIE EVILSIZER. "And the Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. 58: 11. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Tho' the world should all for - sake thee, Deep- est woes thy spir - it grieve, Keep your eyes on heav'n and
2. If the cross is sometimes heav- y, Christ in meekness bore it too, Do not mur-mur then but
3. Tho' the path-way may be rug-ged, Je - sus trod it long a - go, Then press on and do not

CHORUS.

Toil - ing, weep - - - ing, shouting,

glo - ry, God will ne'er his chil - dren leave.
bear it, He in mer - cy died for you.
fal - ter, He a crown will then be - stow.

'Mid the toil- ing, 'mid the toil - ing, And the

sing-ing, ... Press-ing on - - - ward, day by day, Thro' the dark - - -

weep-ing, And the weeping, Pressing on-ward, pressing on-ward, day by day, Thro' the darkness, thro' the

From "Living Gems," by per. of J. F. Kinsey.

CHRIST WILL GUIDE US. Concluded.



No. 240. I Gave my Life for Thee.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
What hast thou left for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 241. Martyn, or Refuge.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

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;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 242. I Hear thy Welcome Voice.

1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me Lord, to thee;
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

No. 243. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—REV. 21: 1. "There shall be no night there."—REV. 21: 25.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. (May be used as a Solo.) Arr. by J. F. K.

1. O they tell me of a home far be- yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-
3. O they tell me of the King in his beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-
4. O they tell me that he smiles on his chil - dren there, And his smile drives their sor- rows all a-

- way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed
- way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed
- hold; Where he sits on the throne that is whit- er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of
- way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un- cloud ed

day; O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
day; O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
gold; O that land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
day; O that land of love - ly smiles, O the smiles of his love - beam - ing eye; O the

From "Living Gems," by per. of J. F. KINSEY.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.



No. 244. Toplady.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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

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

No. 245. Bethany.

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,
Daylight all gone,
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 the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

No. 246. Arlington.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follow'r of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me unto God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

No. 247. AVONDALE. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Lord my pasture shall pre- pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my
2. When in the sul- try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountains pant; To fer- tile vales and
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom- y hor-rors o - ver- spread, My steadfast heart shall
4. Tho' in a bare and rug-ged way, Thro' devious lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy presence shall my

wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye, My noonday walks He shall at - tend, And
dew - y meads, My wea - ry wand'ring steps He leads. Where peaceful riv- ers soft and slow, A -
fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still. Thy friend-ly rod shall give me aid, And
pains be- guile, The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile. With sudden greens and herbage crown'd, And

all my midnight hours defend, My noonday walks He shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours de - fend.
- mid the verdant landscape flow. Where peaceful rivers soft and slow, A - mid the verdant landscape flow.
guide me thro' the dreadful shade, Thy friendly rod shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
streams shall murmur all around, With sudden greens and her -bage crown'd, And streams shall murmur all a - round.

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No. 248. DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Come, O my soul! in sa cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre- a - tor's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft- y theme?
2. Enthroned a - mid the ra- diant spheres' He glo-ry like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
3. In all our Mak-er's grand de - signs, Almighty power with wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De - clare the glo - ry of His name.
4. Raised on de - vo tion's loft- y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song!

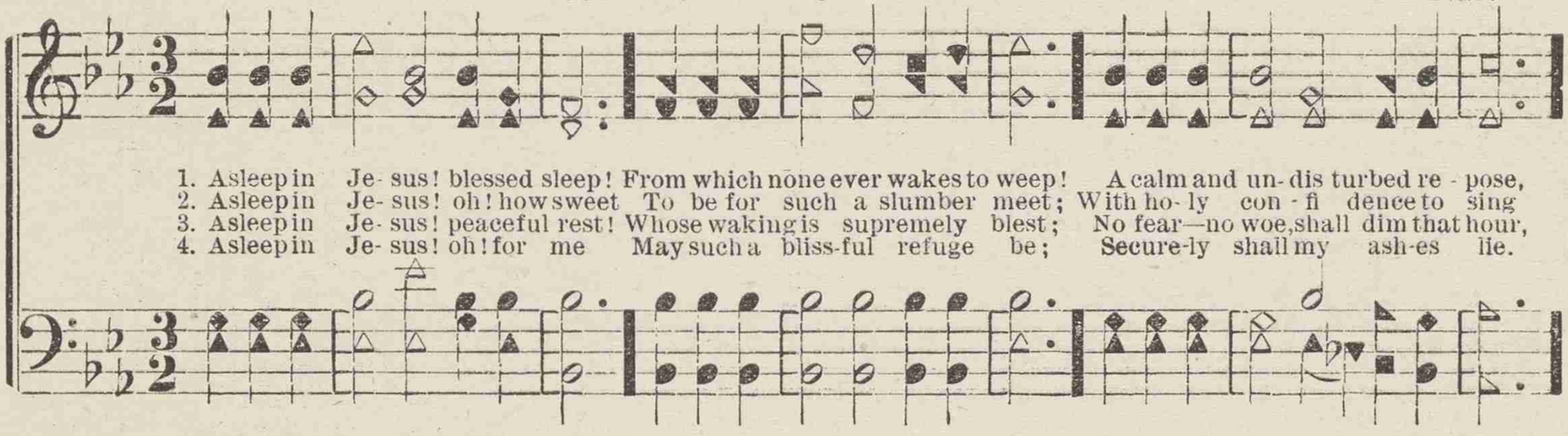
No. 249. WATSON. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Awake, my soul! and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du- ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sac-ri - fice.
2. Thanks be to thee, who safe has kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept; Oh, grant that when from death I wake, I may of endless life par- take.
3. Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry may u - nite.

No. 250. REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 251. HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



3.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.

Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 252. GRATITUDE. L. M.

Rev. AMI BOST.



No. 253. SECURITY OF THE BELIEVERS. L. M.

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths and promises and blood.

No. 254. RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 255. L. M.

1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The friend who all thy sorrow bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne
And for thy life gave up His own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 Oh, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

No. 256. SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this
2. Thy love the pow'r of thought be - stowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy
3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each bless - ing
4. In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I bear, My heart shall

No. 257. MENDOTA. C. M.

A. N. JOHNSON, By per.

con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
o'er my life has flow'd; That mer - cy I a - dore.
to my soul more dear Be - cause confer'd by Thee.
find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shady rill,
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet.
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shady rill,
4. O Thou who give - est life and breath!

How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of sharon's dew - y rose.
The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
The lil - y must de - cay, The rose that blooms be - neath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way.
We seek Thy grace a - lone, In childhood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still Thine own.

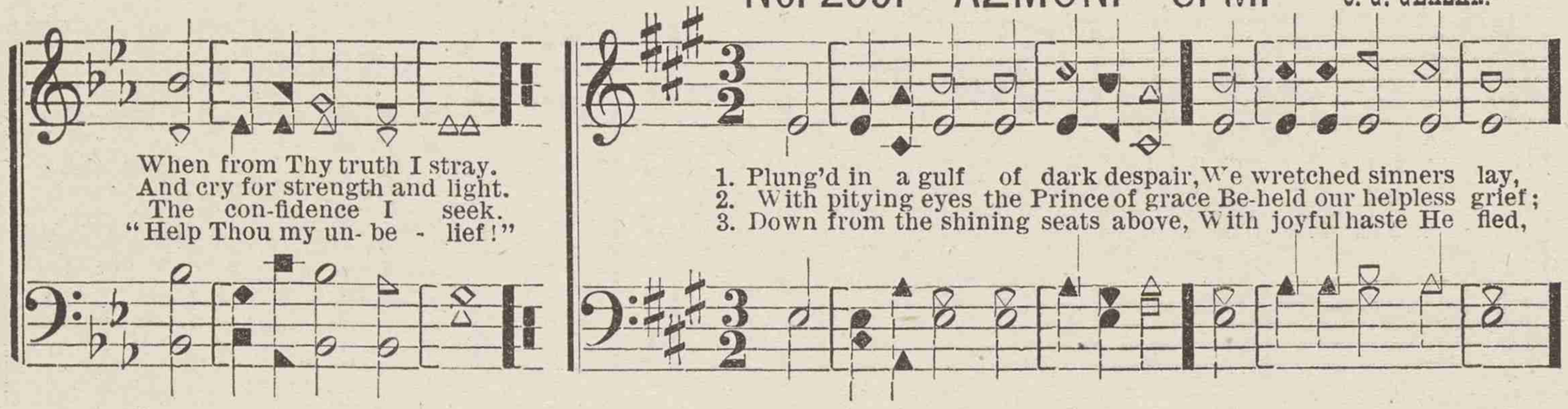
No. 258. DOWNS. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 259. AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLAZAR.





4.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5.

Oh for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

No. 260. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 261. PRAYER FOR STRONG FAITH. C. M.

1 Oh 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 nor 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 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

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

No. 262. AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 263. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME. C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

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. 264. LABAN. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er, Re - new it bold - ly
3. Ne'er think the vic- 'try won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy arduous work will
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God! He'll take thee at thy

No. 265. HAWTHORN. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
ev - 'ry day, And help div - ine im - plore.
not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

1. How beau-teous are their feet Who
2. How charm-ing is their voice! How
3. How hap - py are our ears, That
4. The Lord makes bare His arm Through

stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
sweet their tid - ings are! "Zi - on be - hold your Sav - iour King, He reigns and triumphs here!"
hear this joy - ful sound! Which kings and proph-ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found.
all the earth a - broad; Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - iour and their God!

No. 266. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book,
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray.
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

No. 267. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. S. M.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

No. 268. FERGUSON. S. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



5.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6.

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

No. 269. HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH. S. M.

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

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

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

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;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer world's on high.

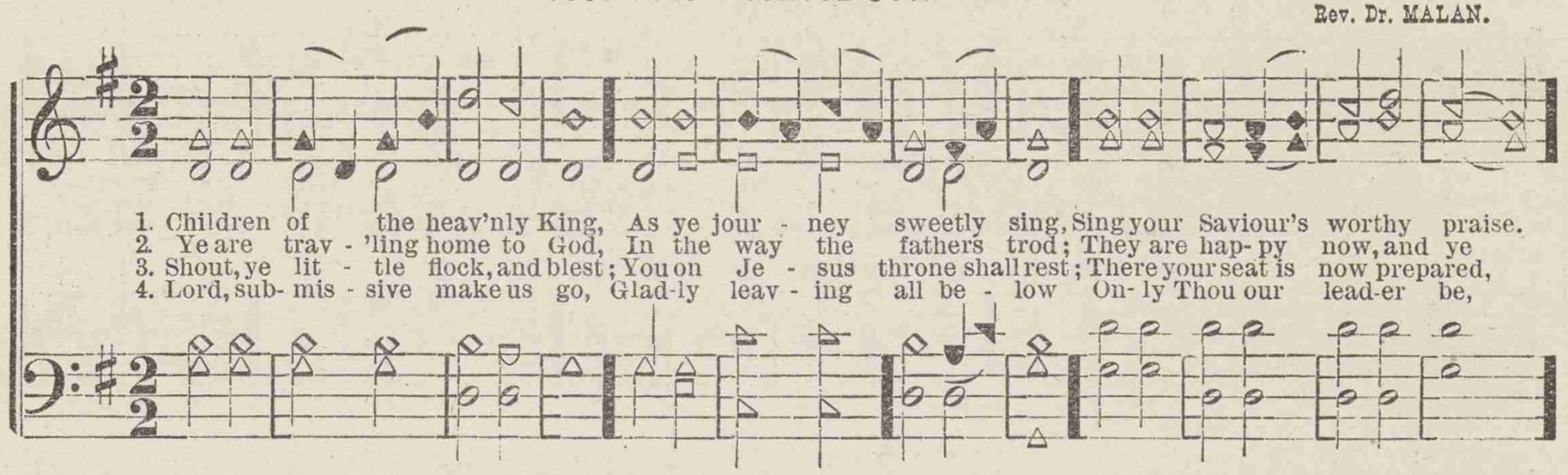
No. 270. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

Anon.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest For wea - ry souls de - signed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sor - row en - trance find? Is there a bliss - ful home, Where kin - dred minds shall meet, And live, and love, nor ev - er roam From that se - rene re - treat?
2. Are there bright, hap - py fields, Where naught that blooms shall die; Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields, And healthful breez - es sigh? Are there ce - les - tial streams, Where liv - ing wa - ters glide, With murmurs sweet as an - gel dreams, And flow - 'ry banks be - side?
3. For - ev - er bless - ed they, Whose joy - ful feet shall stand, While end - less a - ges waste a - way, A - mid that glo - rious land! My soul would thith-er tend, While toil - some years are given; Then let me, gra-cious God, as-cend To sweet re - pose in heaven!

No. 271. HENDON. 7s.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.





No. 272. DELAY DEPRECATED.

1 Haste, O sinner! now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest the season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner! now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 273. WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT DESIRED.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

No. 274. OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 275.

PRAYER FOR A MINISTER. 6s & 4s.

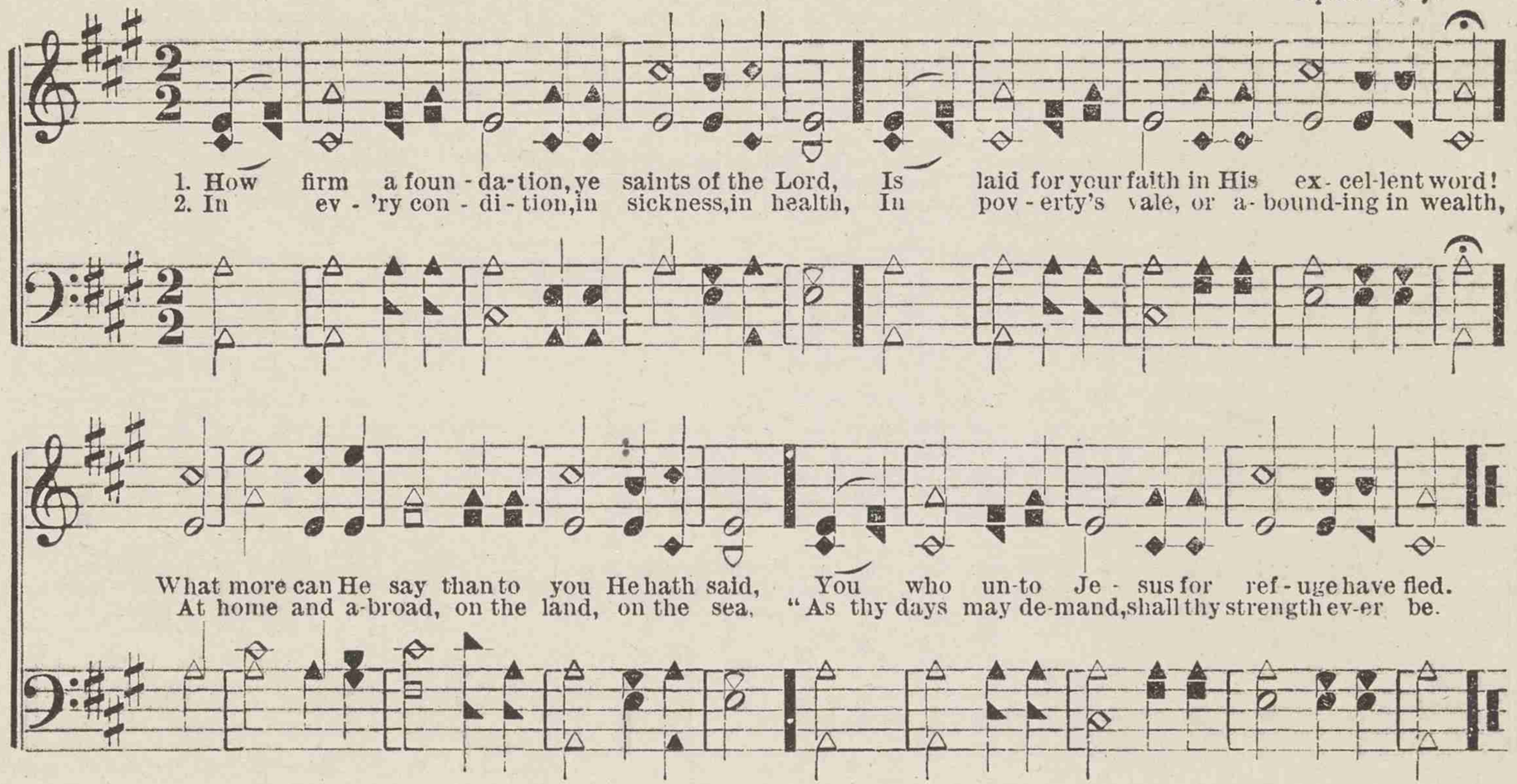
1 O holy Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray:
To thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring—
Their homage pay.

2 Here give the word success,
And this thy servant bless,
His labors own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

No. 276. PROTECTION. 11s.

Popular Melody.



3.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O! be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5.

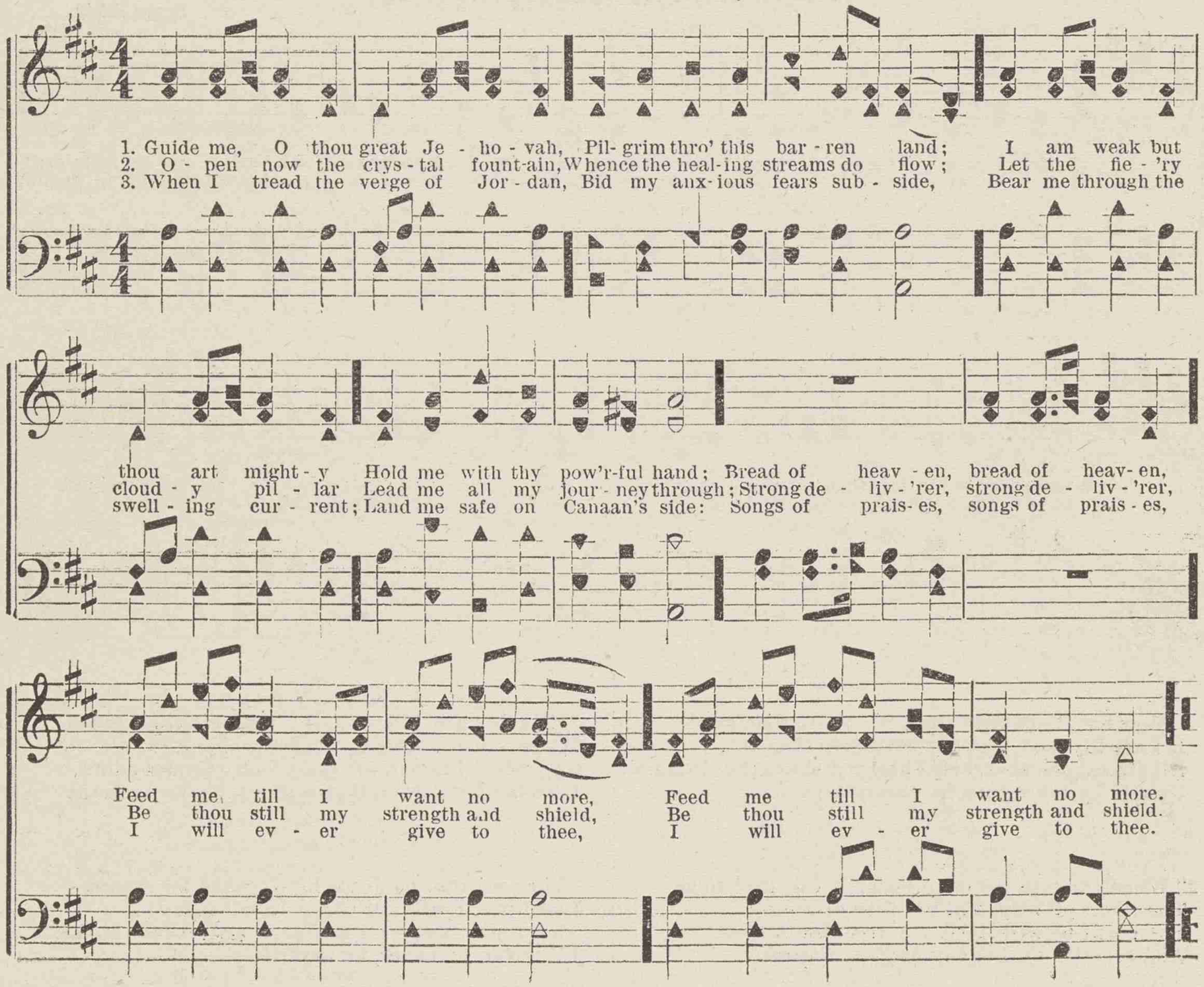
"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne

6.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

No. 277. OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

German. Arr. by Dr. MASON.



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