SONGS FOR THE HARVEST FIELD

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

FILLMORE BROS PUBLISHERS.

141 West Sixth Street, CINCINNATI, O

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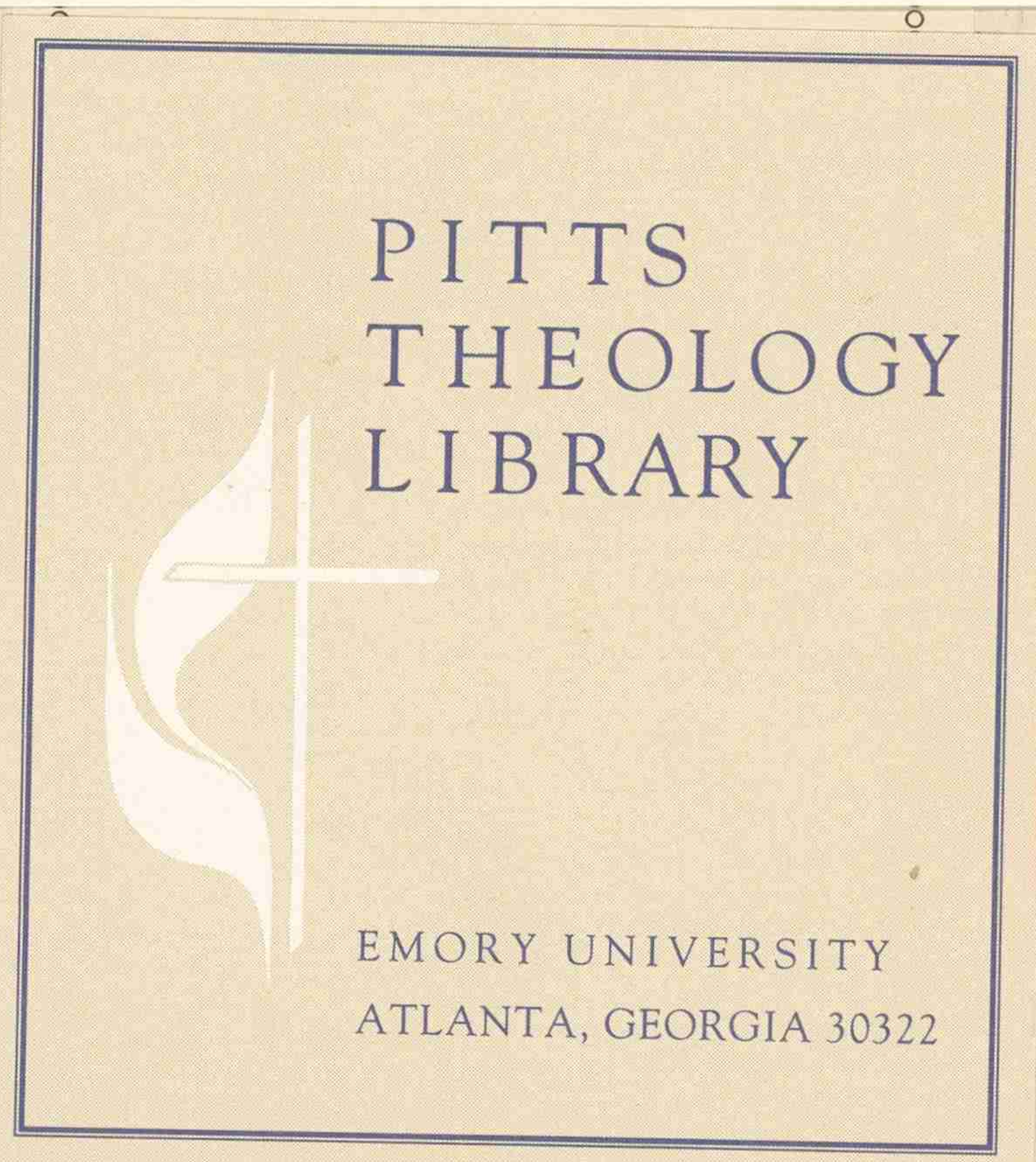

SONGS

FOR THE

HARVEST FIELD,

FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Revival Meetings, etc.

BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL,

AUTHOR OF

"Scripture Songs," "Gospel and Temperance Songs," "Gabriel's Sunday School Songs," "Gabriel's Anthem Book," "New and Selected Anthems," "Golden Gate Anthems," etc., etc., etc.

FILLMORE BROS., PUBLISHERS,

No. 141 W. SIXTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

No. 40 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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Hymn
1891
Gabr

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PREFACE.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with SONGS, and everlasting joy upon their heads. . . . *Isa.* 35: 10.

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields;
FOR they are white already to harvest. . . . . *Jno.* 4: 35.

Put ye in the sickle; for
THE harvest is ripe. . . . . *Joel* 3: 13.

The
HARVEST truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. *Matt.* 9: 37.

The
FIELD is the world. . . . . *Matt.* 13: 38.

Thanking those friends who have kindly assisted by orginal contributions, or who have granted the use of valuable copyrights contained herein, and hoping to meet the musical requirements of the most important departments of Christian work, SONGS FOR THE HARVEST FIELD is submitted.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1891.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel of peace."

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

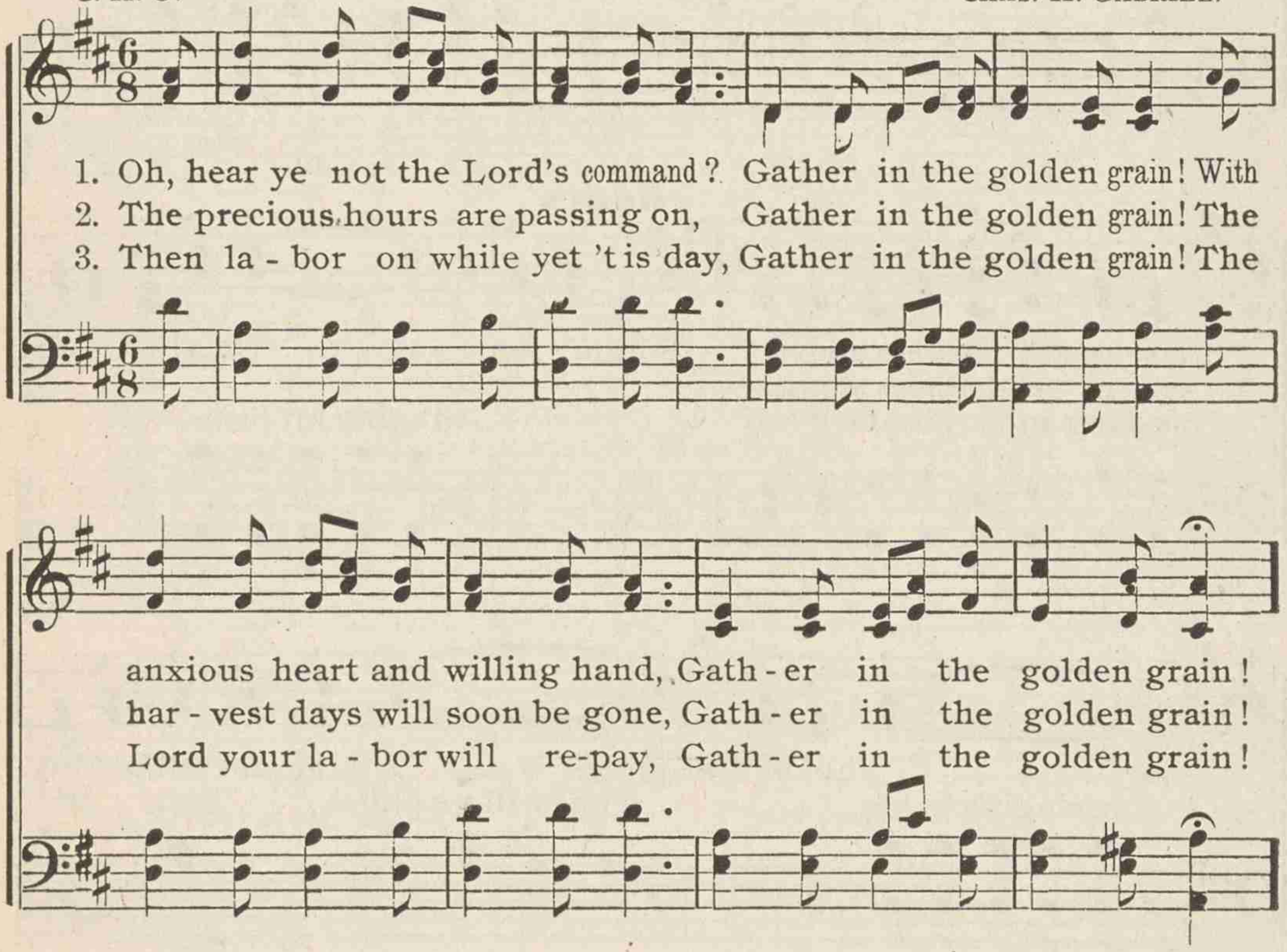
SONGS

FOR THE

HARVEST FIELD.

No. 1. Gather the Golden Grain.

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



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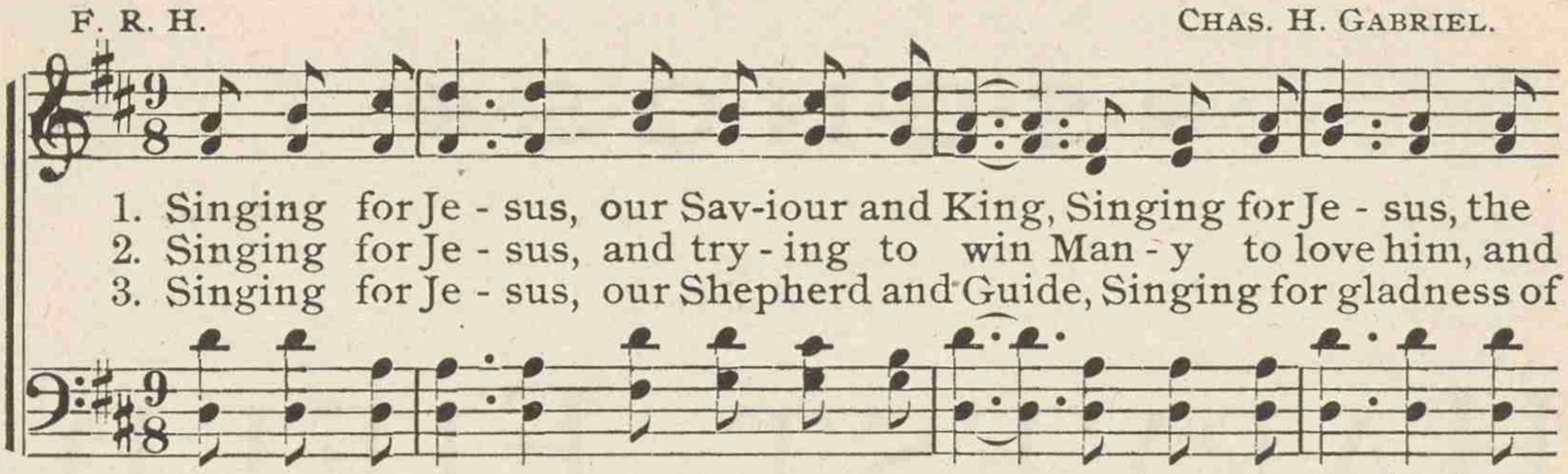
No. 2. Singing for Jesus.

F. R. H. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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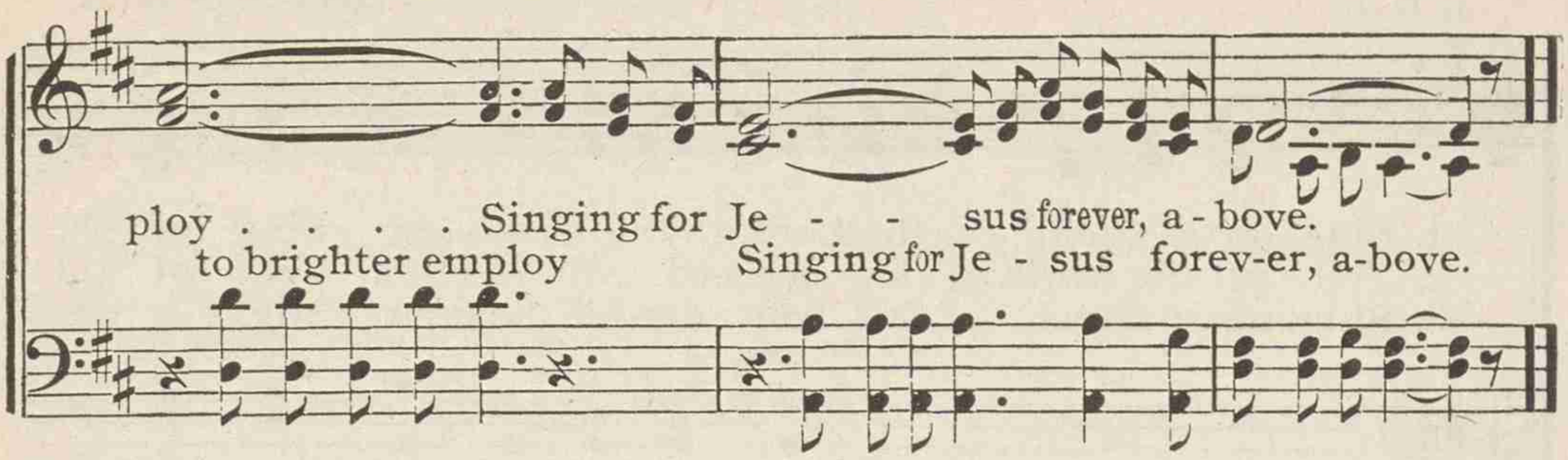
Singing for Jesus. Concluded.



No. 3. The Gospel Trumpet.

REV. W. E. PENN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. H. Gabriel and W. E. Penn.

No. 4. Sing, oh my Soul.

C. H G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sing, oh my soul, to the Lord, thy Redeem - er, Sing of the love that he bear - eth for thee; Tell to the world how he
2. Tell to the world of his bless-ed sal - va - tion, Tell of the fount - ain that cleanseth from sin; Tell of the joy like a
3. Sing, oh my soul, of this won - der-ful Saviour, Might - y and will - ing to cleanse and to save; Tell of his pow - er thy

scattered the darkness, Tell how he suffered and died on the tree.
deep flowing riv - er, Fill - ing the heart that has Je - sus within.
soul to de - liv - er, Tell how in triumph he conquered the grave.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh my soul, and re - joice in his mer - cy, Sing of his love, of his wonder - ful love; Sing of the glo - ry and

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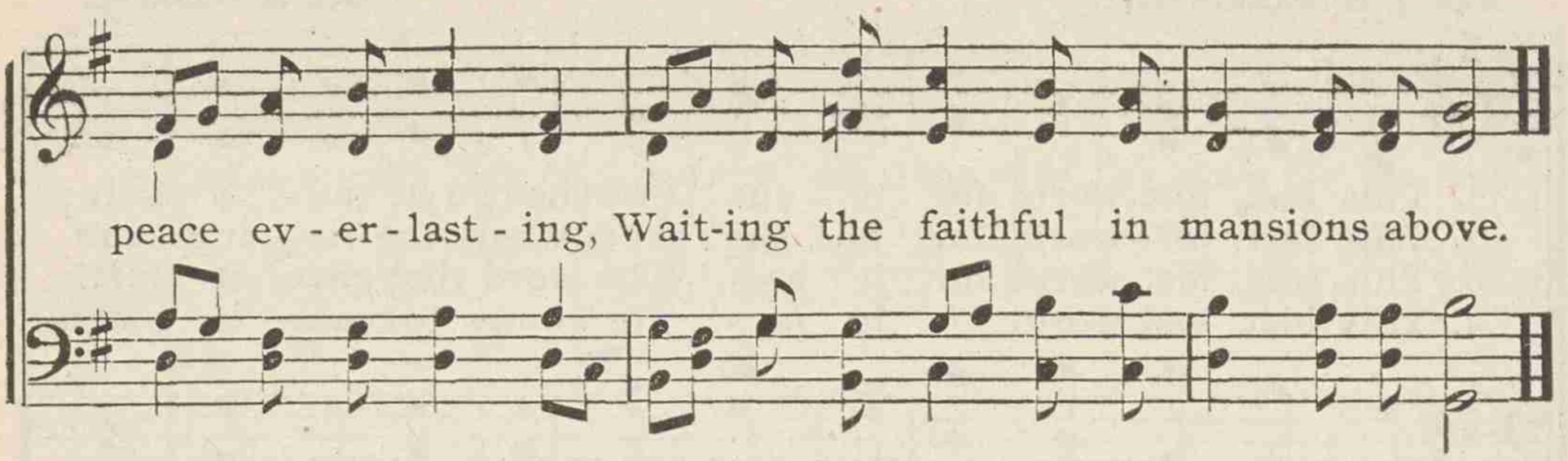
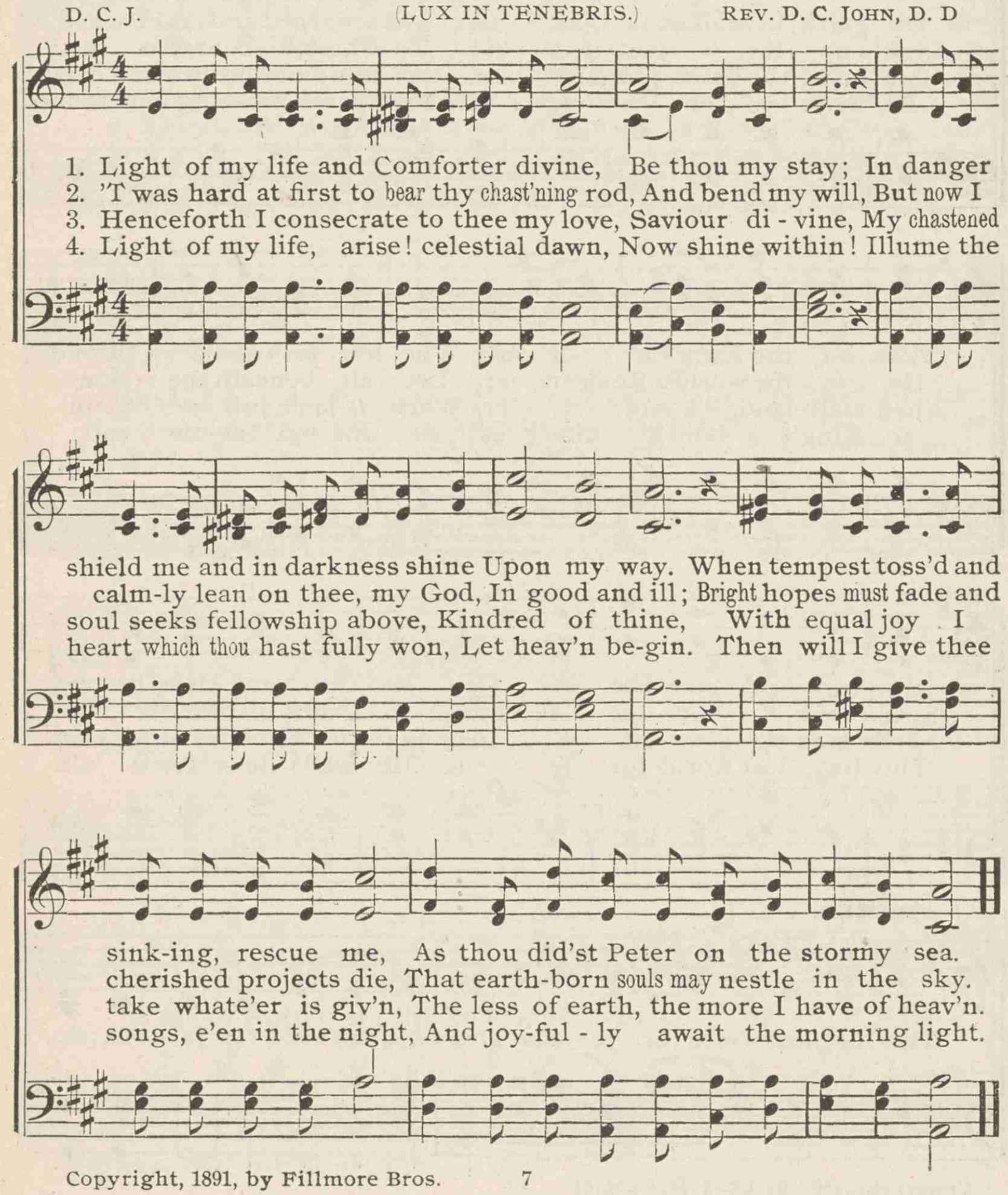
Sing, oh my Soul. Concluded.



No. 5. Light of my Life.

D. C. J. (LUX IN TENEBRIS.) REV. D. C. JOHN, D. D



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No. 6. This Lost World for Jesus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. This lost, lost world for Je - sus! 'Twas heav'n he put a - side;
2. This lost, lost world for Je - sus! From where the ris - ing sun
3. This lost, lost world for Je - sus,! The word that gave it birth
4. This lost, lost world for Je - sus! He comes to make it bloom,

On earth he walked in - car - nate, Was scourged and cruci - fied,
Lights up the o - rient man - kind To where his course is run;
Can bring the dawn prophet - ic, Can bring new heav'n and earth;
Be read - y for the sig - nal, Pre - pare his kingdom room;

Then let the King Im - an - uel, Who left for us a throne,
He is the world's Re-deem - er, Let all beneath the skies
When main-land, sea and riv - er, When is-land, hill and plain
A King's a - bout a - mong us! Be this our bat - tle call;

Re - turn and take pos - ses - sion, Re - turn and claim his own.
Speak back to him, one lan - guage In hymns of praise a - rise.
Shall catch the glow of E - den, Smile back to heav'n a - gain.
This lost, lost world for Je - sus, He well de-serves it all.

CHORUS.

This lost, lost world for Je - sus, This world, (this world) for Je - sus; Be

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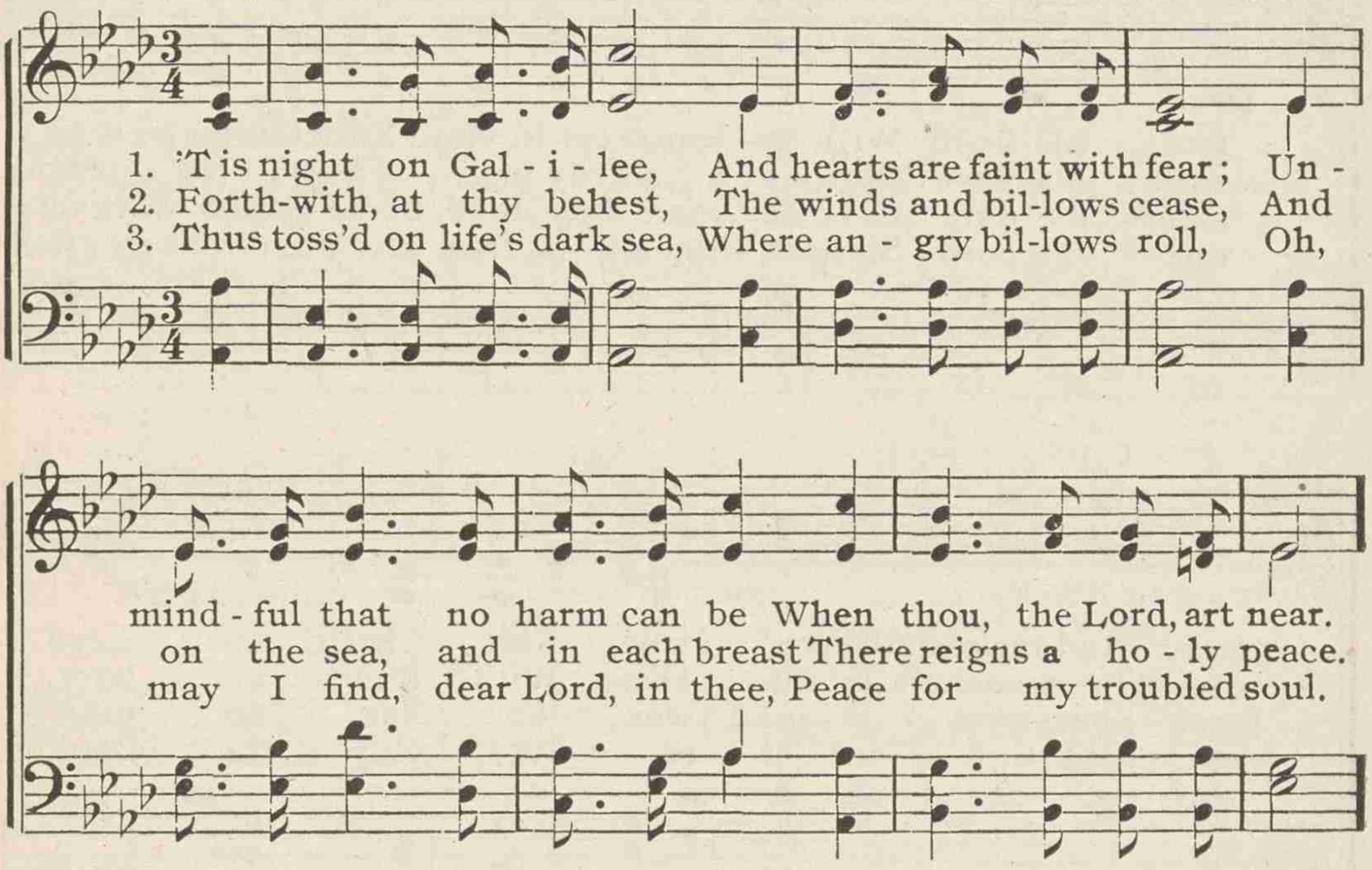
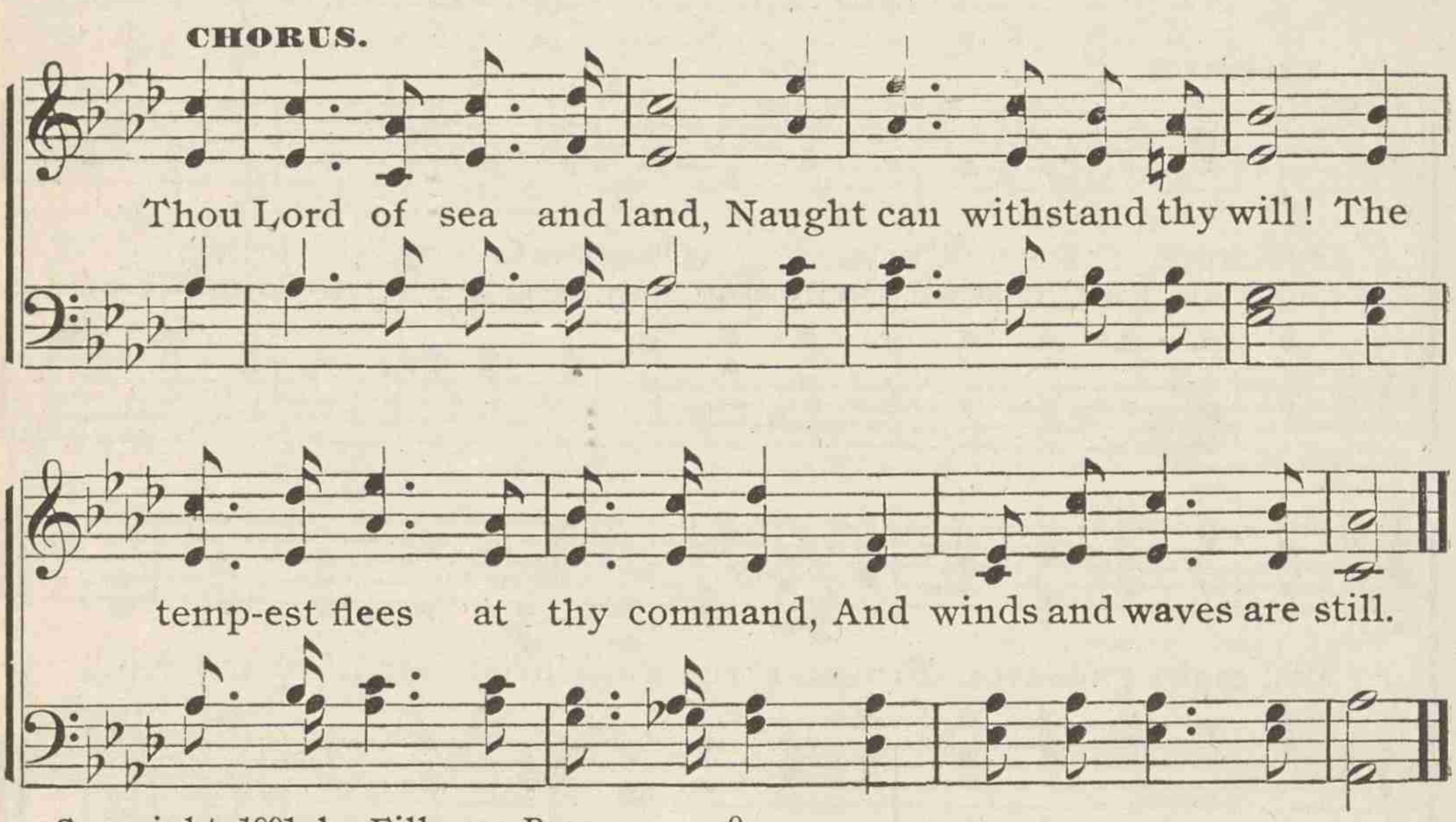
This Lost World for Jesus. Concluded.

No. 7. Peace Be Still.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





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No. 8. Christian Endeavor Hymn.

C. G. CLARK. *To the Y. P. C. E. Societies of the U. S.* CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Allegretto.

1. Our state for Christ we sing; Our hearts to him we bring, And trust his word; With his dear cross in view, Each Christian grace re - new, And make endeavor true, For Christ, our Lord.
2. Our state for Christ we sing; A - way earth's fol - lies fling, And seek his love: Ours be a heav'nly prize, Unseen by mortal eyes, In mansions in the skies, With him a - bove.
3. Our state for Christ we sing; Christ, Prophet, Priest and King, Whom saints a - dore; Each day some duty done, Some Christian work be - gun, Some soul to Je - sus won, We ask no more.
4. Our state for Christ we sing; Our all to him we bring, With one ac - cord; Sinners, from sin set free, His wond'rous grace shall see, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Wor - ship the Lord.

CHORUS.

Our state for Christ, Our hearts we bring,
Our state for Christ we gladly sing, Our hearts to him, to him we bring
And make endeavor firm and true For Christ, our Lord and King.

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No. 9. We will Sing Praises.

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

1. We will join in songs of gladness, Our Redeemer's name to praise;
2. He will be our Guide and Shepherd, He will be our lov - ing Friend;
3. He will keep our feet from straying, Lead us in-to pastures fair;

For he loved us, died to save us, And with blessing crowns our days.
He will be our Eld - er Brother, He will keep us to the end.
Guard us with his ten-der mer-cy, Hear and free-ly answer pray'r.

CHORUS.

We will sing, . . . glad - ly sing, . . . We will sing prais-es
We will sing, glad-ly sing, Sing,

un - to our King. . . . . We will sing, ... glad-ly
sing, praises to our King. We will sing,

sing, . . . We will sing praises un - to our King. . . .
gladly sing, Sing, sing, praises to our King.

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No. 10. One of His Jewels.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. When the dear Sav-iour shall make up his Jew - els, Call - ing to heav'n a - bove his loved and his own, Shall I be numbered a - mong the redeem'd ones, Crown'd and re - joic-ing at the beau - tiful throne?
2. When the dear Sav-iour shall make up his Jew - els, And they shall gath-er in a glo-ri - ous throng, Sing-ing the songs of e - ter - nal redemption, Shall I be present, and u - nite in the song?
3. When the dear Sav-iour shall make up his Jew - els, Call - ing by name the friends who lov'd him be-low, Shall I be one of the glo - rified number, Washed in his precious blood, and whit-er than snow?

CHORUS.

Yes, he will call me, lov - ing - ly call me, Call me to heav-en with his ransom'd and his own. Ev - er to serve him,

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One of His Jewels. Concluded.

No. 11. Hold up the Standard!

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

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No. 12. O Saviour, Loving Saviour.

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

1. O Saviour, loving Saviour, we hear thee gently call - ing Us forth to the vineyard to la - bor for thee; "Go preach to ev - 'ry
2. O Saviour, loving Saviour, thy message of sal - vation Is free un - to all who on thee will believe; But millions yet in
3. O Saviour, loving Saviour, despise not our endeav-or, But give us more courage to la - bor and pray: Oh, help us to re -

nation," thou hast to us commanded, Oh, give us thy spir - it, more
darkness are bowing to their idols, Oh, may they a - waken, thy
member the cross thou did'st endure to Redeem us from darkness to

CHORUS.

faithful to be.
grace to receive. We are ready, dear Saviour! with zeal now enkindle These
glo-ri - ous day.

hearts to thy service, and show us the way; May thy spir - it, o-ver -

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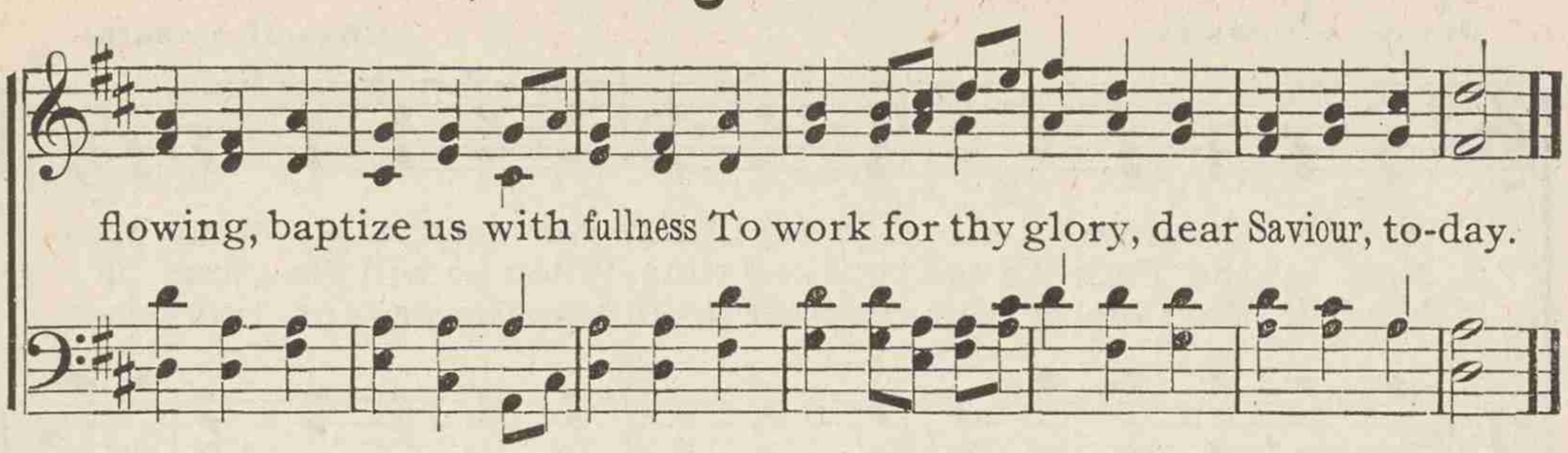
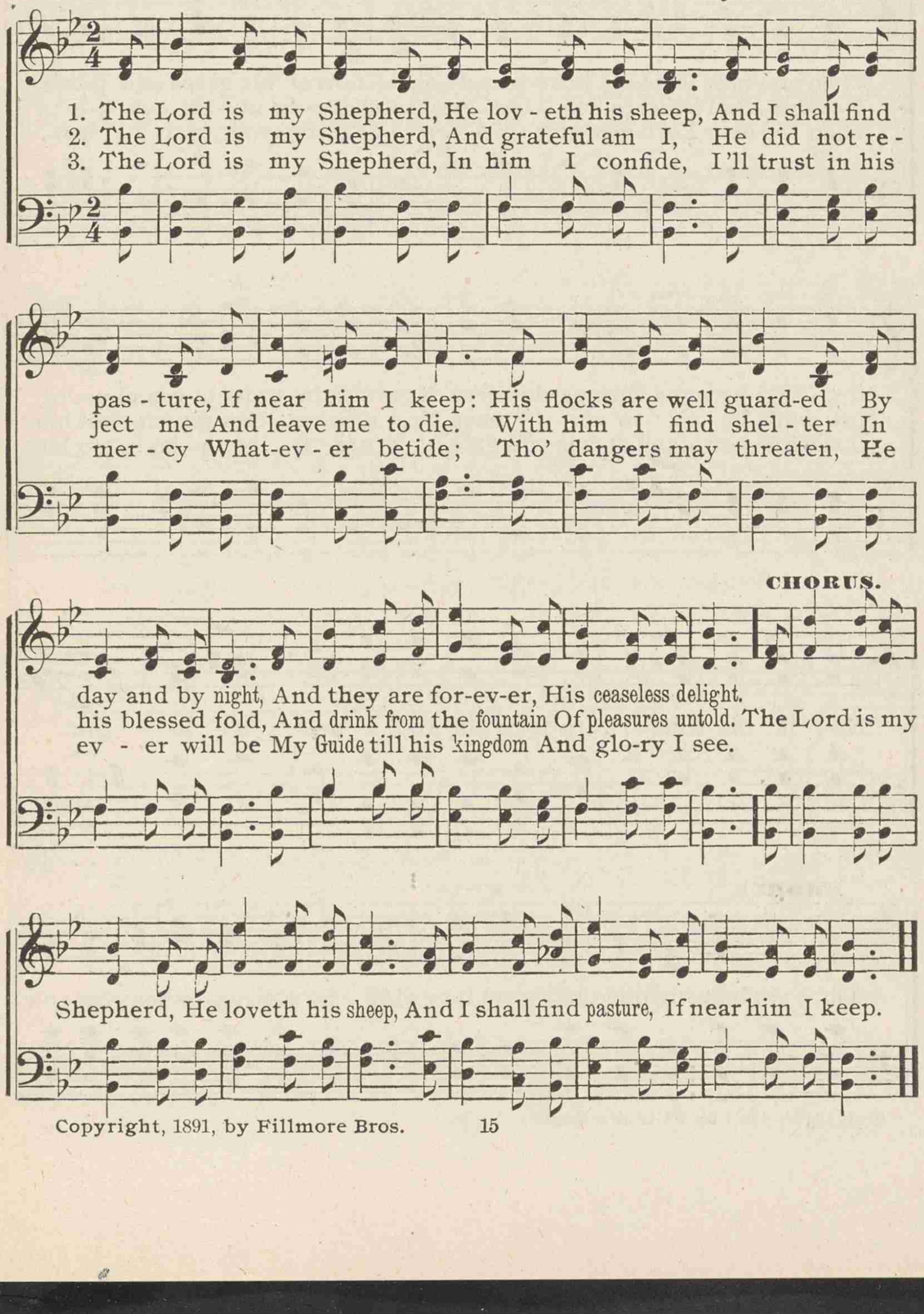
O Saviour, Loving Saviour. Concluded.



No. 13. The Lord is my Shepherd.

REV. C. W. RAY. JNO. R. BRYANT



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No. 14. Now!

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Now is the time to de - cide for Christ, Now is the pre-cious hour
2. Now is the Father's ac - cept - ed time, When he will gra-cious be;
3. Now is the time of your deep-est need, Now the pro - pi - tious day,

When you may taste his love unpriced,—Know of his grace and pow'r!
Now his kind heart in pi - ty yearns O'er your im - pu - ri - ty;
When the dear Lord will save in - deed, Tak - ing your guilt a - way,

Now while he waits with pardon free, Now while he waits to gra-cious be,
Now while he is so ver - y near, Now while you bow repent - ant here,
Now while you stand at mer-cy's gate, Now, ere it be, a- las! too late,

Now is the time to turn from sin And a new life be - gin.

CHORUS.

Oh, ye halt-ing ones, now, just now, God is waiting to hear your vow;

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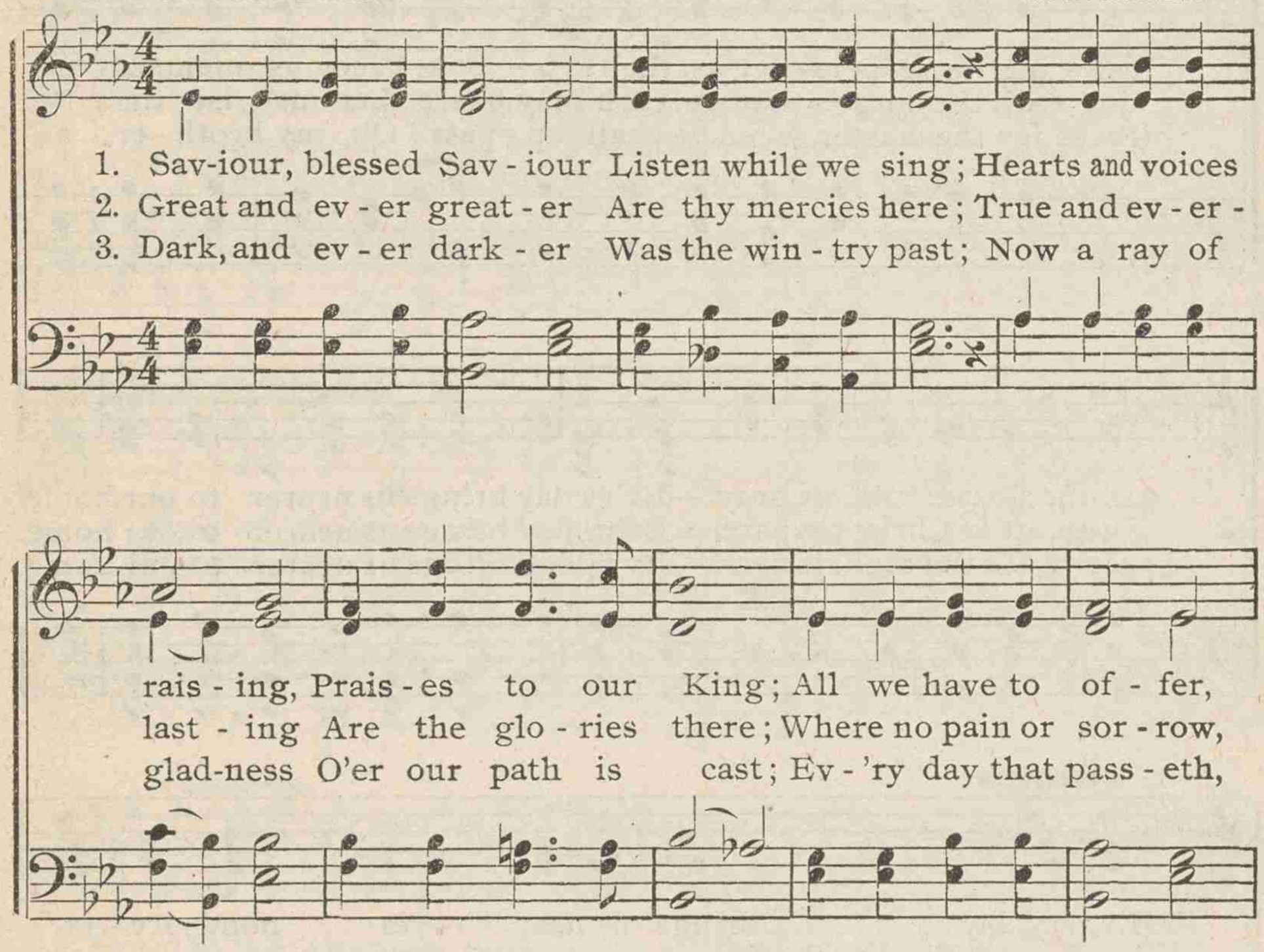
Now! Concluded.

No. 15. Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

REV. GODFREY THRING. H. P. DANKS.



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No. 16. One Day Nearer.

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

1. Let us work with a will for Je - sus while we may,—He is call - ing for reapers—let us then o - bey; Precious moments are
2. There's a cross to be borne if we the crown would wear, There is joy with the an-gels that we each may share; Let us rise then to
3. Shall we go emp-ty handed from the har - vest here, With but leaves for the master, when he shall ap - pear? Oh, my broth - er, a -

passing, brother, watch and pray;—Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home.
du-ty, and for Christ prepare,— Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home.
rouse ye, for the night is near,— Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home, Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home, Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to our home,

day brings us near - er home, Ev - 'ry day Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home, Ev-'ry day

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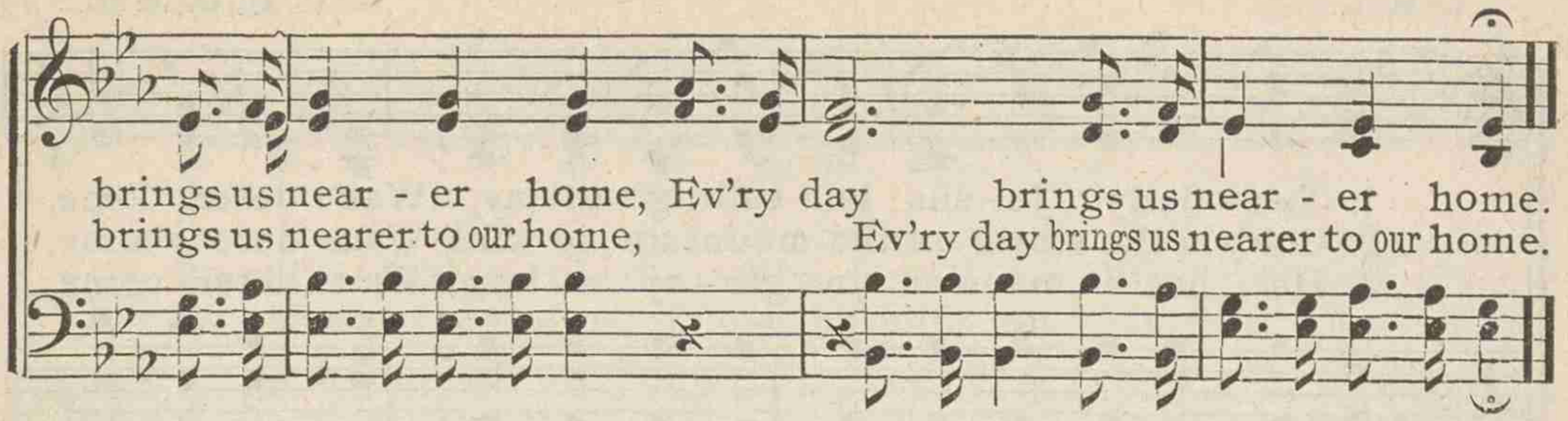
One Day Nearer



No. 17. Saved to the Uttermost.

C. D. E. C. D. EMMERSON.

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No. 18. Wanderer Come.

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

1. Ten - derly Je - sus is calling to-day, Wan - derer, come,
2. Cold is the storm on the mountain so wild, Wan - derer, come,
3. He has a mansion in glo - ry a - bove, Wan - derer, come,

wan - der - er, come, Lov - ing - ly pointing my feet in the way,
wan - der - er, come, Dear - ly he lov-eth thee, poor wayward child,
wan - der - er, come, Where you shall dwell with the ransomed in love,

Wan - der - er, come to Je - sus, Come, for the feast is pre -
Wan - der - er, come to Je - sus, Long thou hast wandered a -
Wan - der - er, come to Je - sus, Soon will the shadows so

pared on high, Come, for the evening is draw-ing nigh; Come, for the
far from home, Long he has followed thee, call-ing "come." Why from his
dark and deep Fall, and the storms of the night shall sweep Wildly a -

har-vest is pass-ing by, Wan - derer, come, wan-derer, come!
love and compassion roam? Wan - derer, come, wan-derer, come!
round thee, and thou shalt weep, Wan - derer, come, wan-derer, come!

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No. 19. The Hollow of God's Hand.

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

1. I am safe, what-ev - er may betide me; I am safe, who -
2. What tho' fiercely roar the storms around me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er-last - ing arms of love en-fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may deride me; I am safe, as long as I confide me
trials oft confound me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me
voice divine has told me; I am safe, for God himself doth hold me

CHORUS.

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

hand . . . In the hollow, hol - low of his hand . . . .
hollow of his hand. In the hol - low, in the hollow of his hand,

I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hollow of his hand.

No. 20. We're on the Way.

REV. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.

1. From E - gypt's cru - el bond-age fled, O - bedient to our
2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock controls; A crys-tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at

Lord's com-mand, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
steps a - right; Be - hold to prove his pres - ence here, The
need sup-plies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint-ing souls With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
his right hand; And there re - ceive a welcome sweet, From

CHORUS.

on the way to Ca - naan's Land!
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, A
pres - ence cheers us on the way!
our dear Lord, to Ca - naan's Land!

pil - grim band; We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di -

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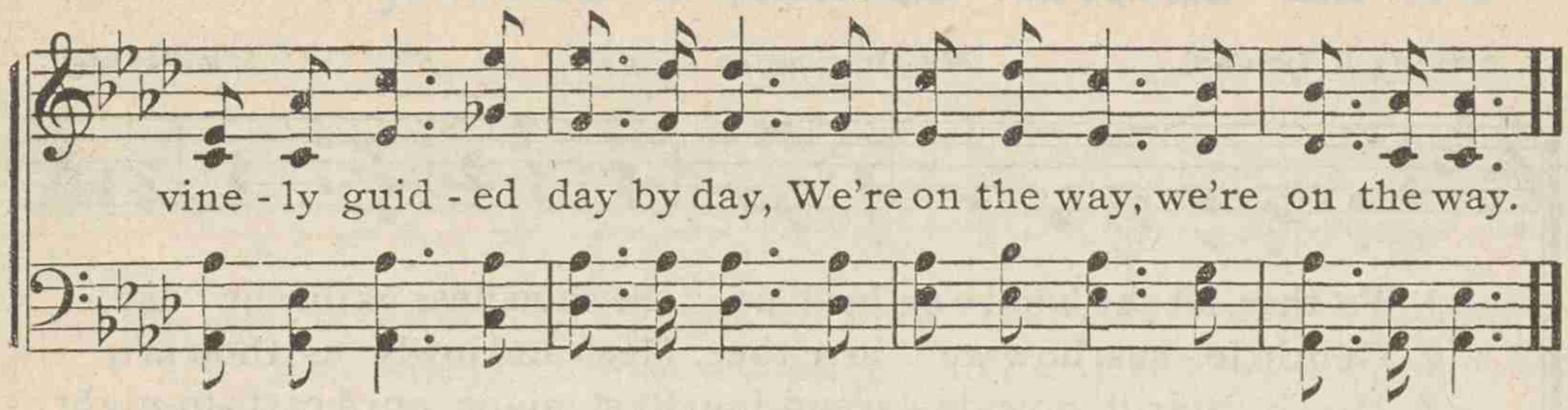
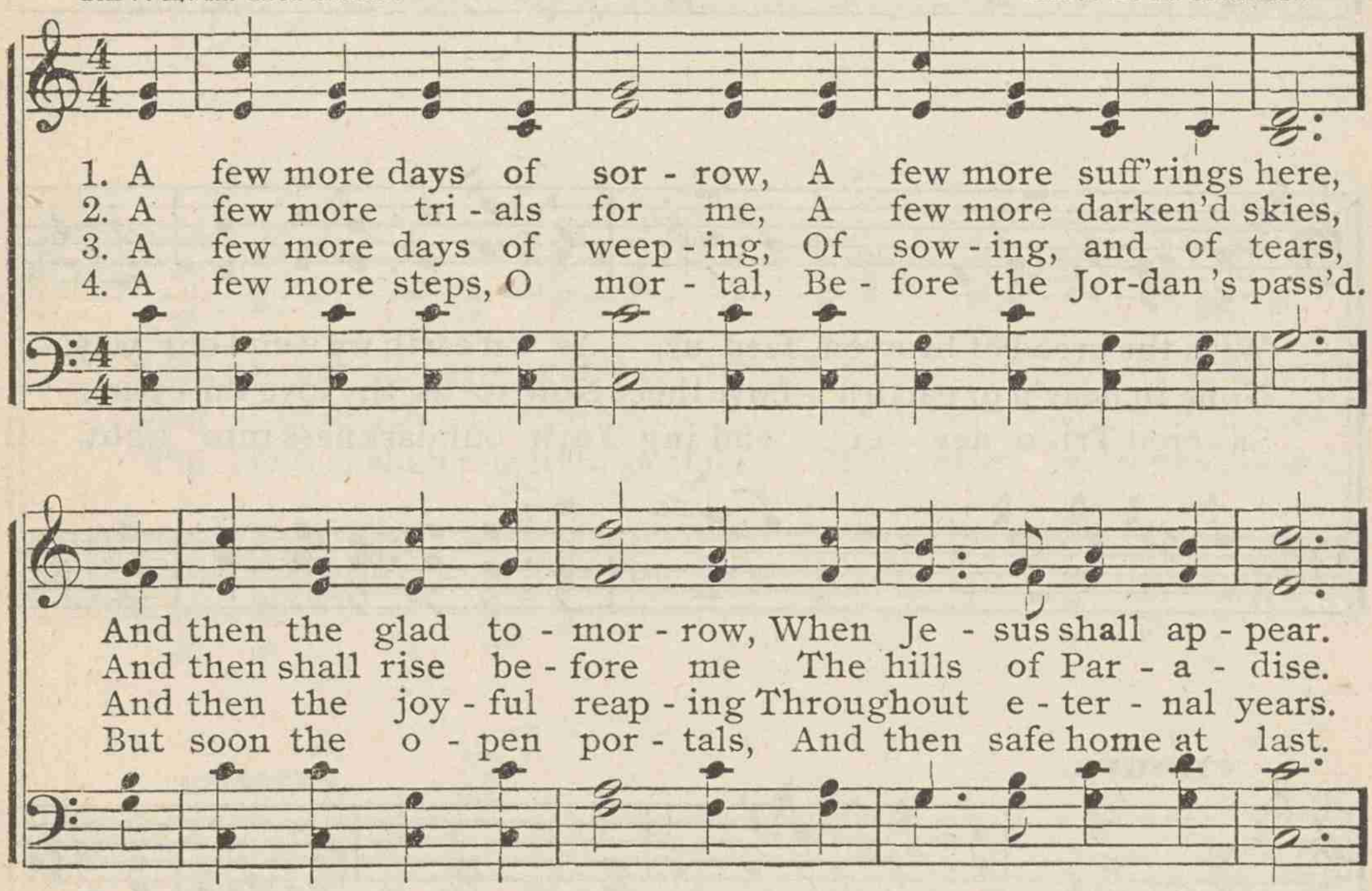
We're on the Way. Concluded.



No. 21. A Few Days More.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. A. A. ARMEN.



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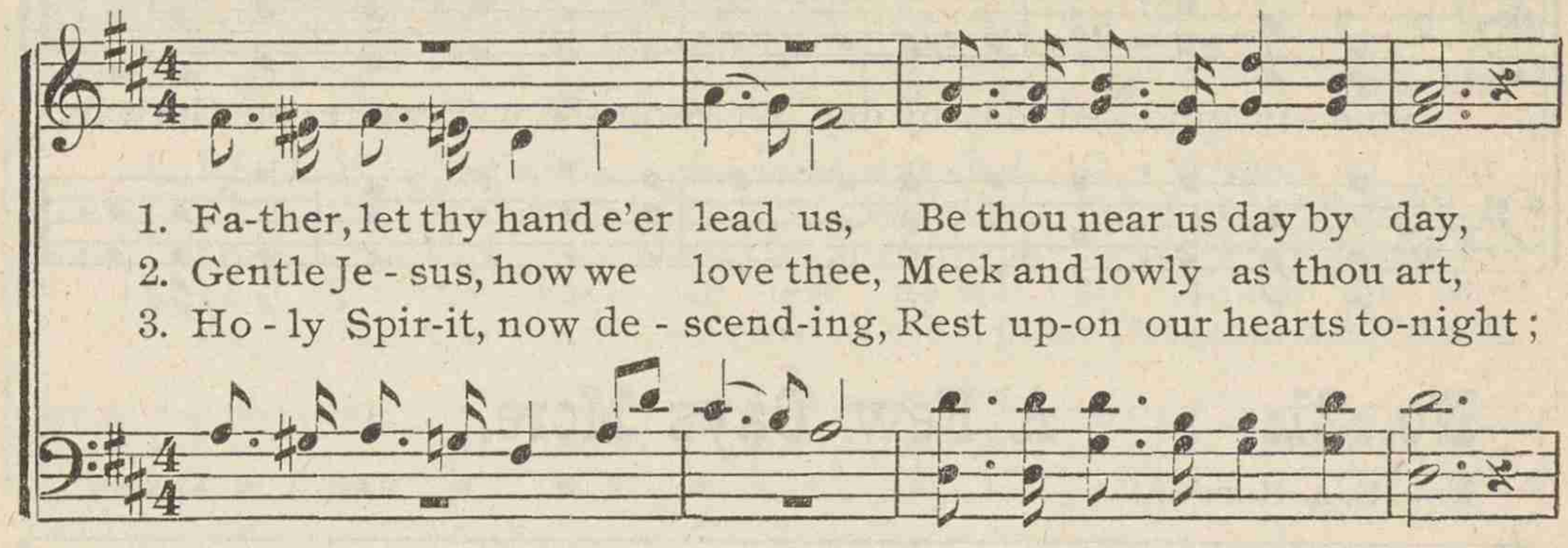
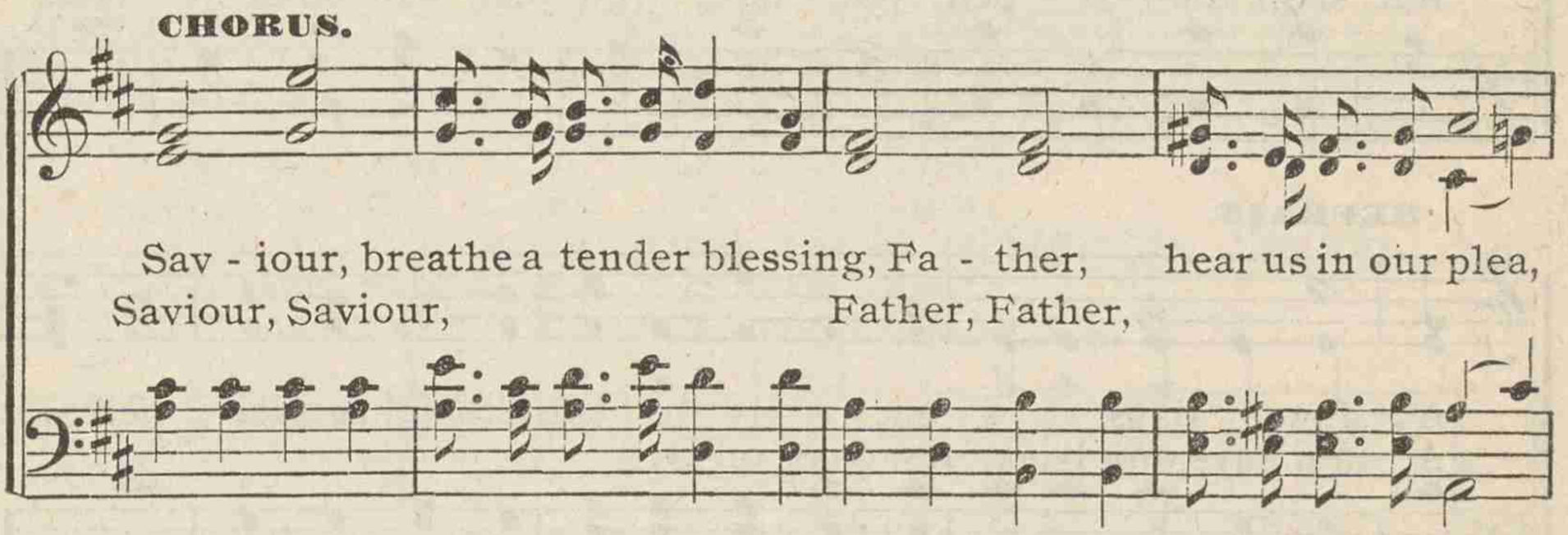
No. 22. Saviour, Breathe a Blessing.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. *May be sung in D-flat.* J. E. HALL.





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No. 23. Lord, I Come.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All my weakness, all my fail - ings, Lord, in sor - row I deplore;
2. I have failed to fol-low close-ly All the steps marked out for me,
3. Henceforth, Saviour, walk be side me, Lead me by thy loving hand,

Make me pur - er, stronger, bet - ter, That my heart may love thee more.
Yet I dare to hope for mer - cy, For my heart still trusts in thee.
Till my feet shall reach the portals Of the dear Immanuel's land.

CHORUS.

Full of failings, yet I come, Saviour, make my heart thy home! Let it

be, let it be, Full of light and pur - i - ty.
let it be, let it, let it be,

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No. 24. Send the Light.

C. H. G. (MISSIONARY.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac - e - donian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound, "Send the light!
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are
Send the light!" And a gold - en off'ring at the
Send the light!" And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry -
Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a

Send the light!

souls to save, Send the light! . . Send the light!
cross we lay, Send the light! . . Send the light!
where be found, Send the light! . . Send the light!
crown a-bove, Send the light! . . Send the light!

Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *The first eight measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted.*

We will spread the ev - erlasting light,
We will spread . . the ev - er-last - ing light, With a

Bass Solo.

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Send the Light. Concluded.

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the
will - ing heart and hand, . . . Giving God . . the glory

glo - ry ev - ermore, We will follow, follow his command.
ev - er - more, We will follow his command. . . . .

Send the light, . . the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
Send the light, the blessed gospel light,

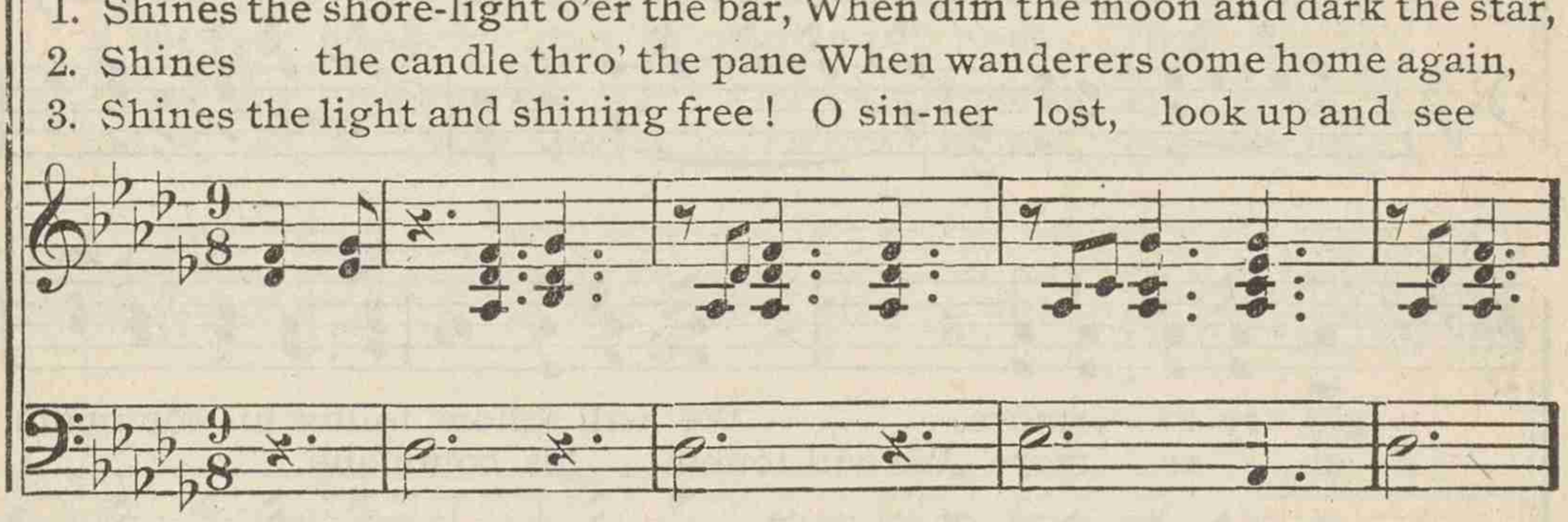
shine from shore to shore! . . Send the light! and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

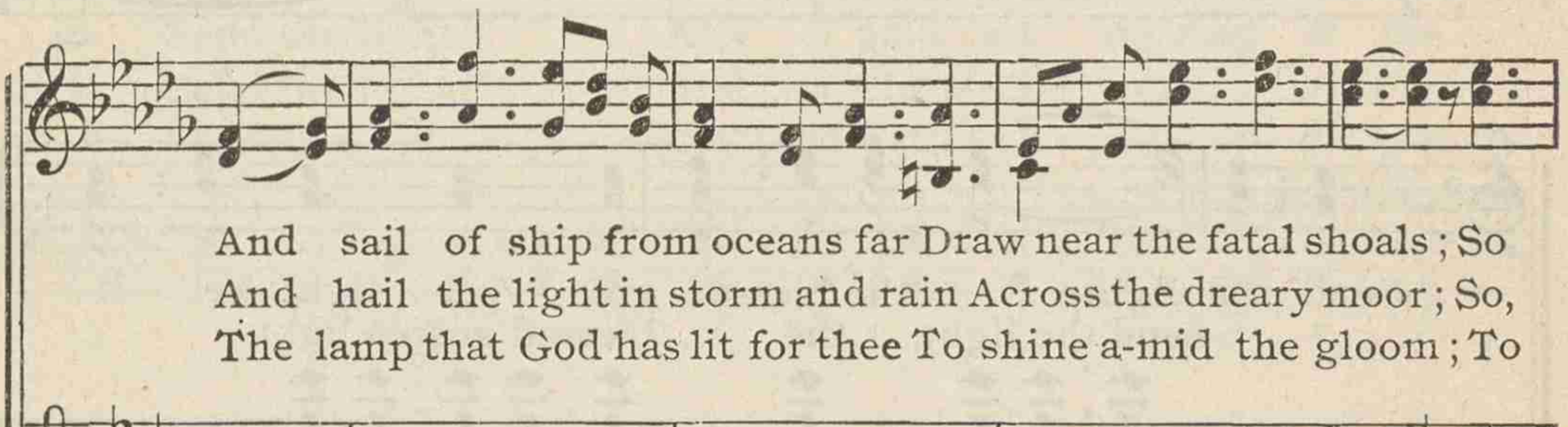
ra-diant beams Light the world for ev - er-more. . . . .
let its radiant beams Light the world for ev - ermore.

No. 25. The Shore-Light.

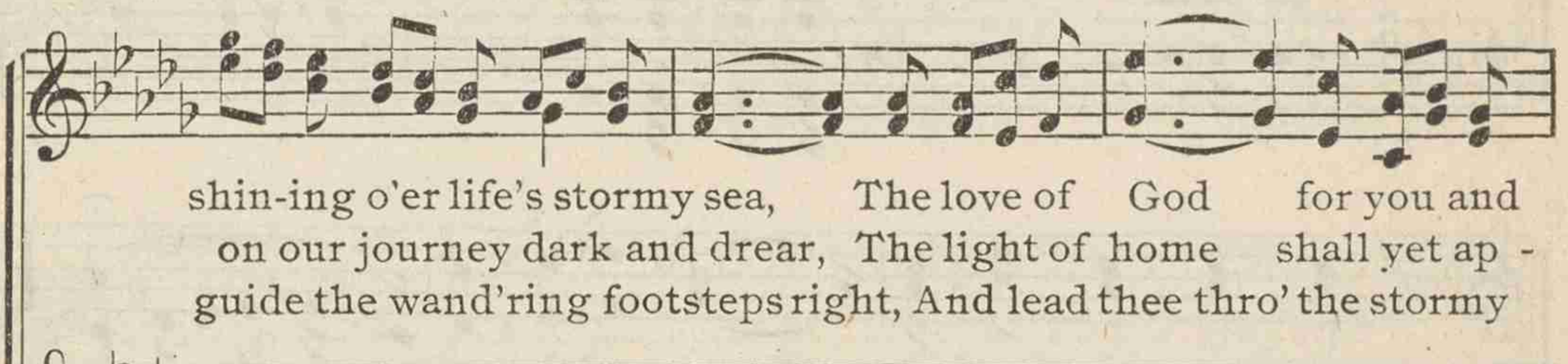
FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Shines the shore-light o'er the bar, When dim the moon and dark the star,
2. Shines the candle thro' the pane When wanderers come home again,
3. Shines the light and shining free! O sin-ner lost, look up and see





And sail of ship from oceans far Draw near the fatal shoals; So
And hail the light in storm and rain Across the dreary moor; So,
The lamp that God has lit for thee To shine a-mid the gloom; To



shin-ing o'er life's stormy sea, The love of God for you and
on our journey dark and drear, The light of home shall yet ap -
guide the wand'ring footsteps right, And lead thee thro' the stormy

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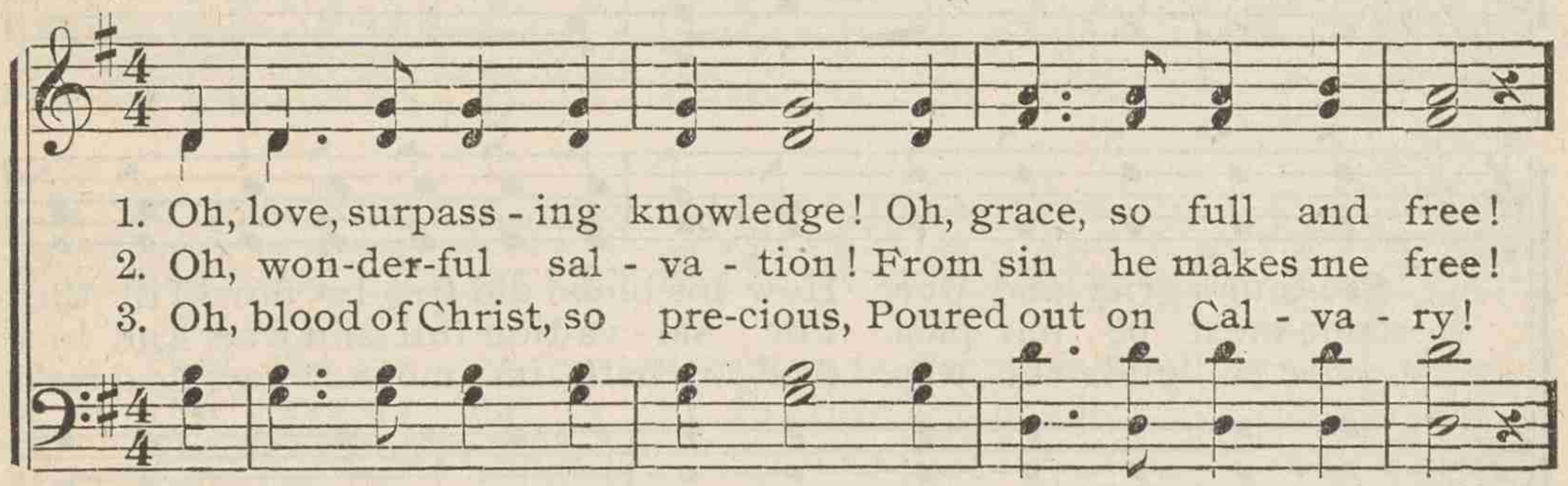
The Shore-Light. Concluded.

No. 26. Enough for Me.

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



By permission.

No. 27. Story of the Cross.

REV. W. P. RIVERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Oh, the gos-pel sto - ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the
2. Let us plead the ho - ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the
3. Oh, the song shall never cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

ech - o rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the
Sav-iour's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For his
mer - cy, grace and peace, Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Sav-iour's grief and woe, How his blood did free-ly flow, Till the
name must be our plea, For sal - va-tion full and free, And in
glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im - mor-tal ray, And we'll

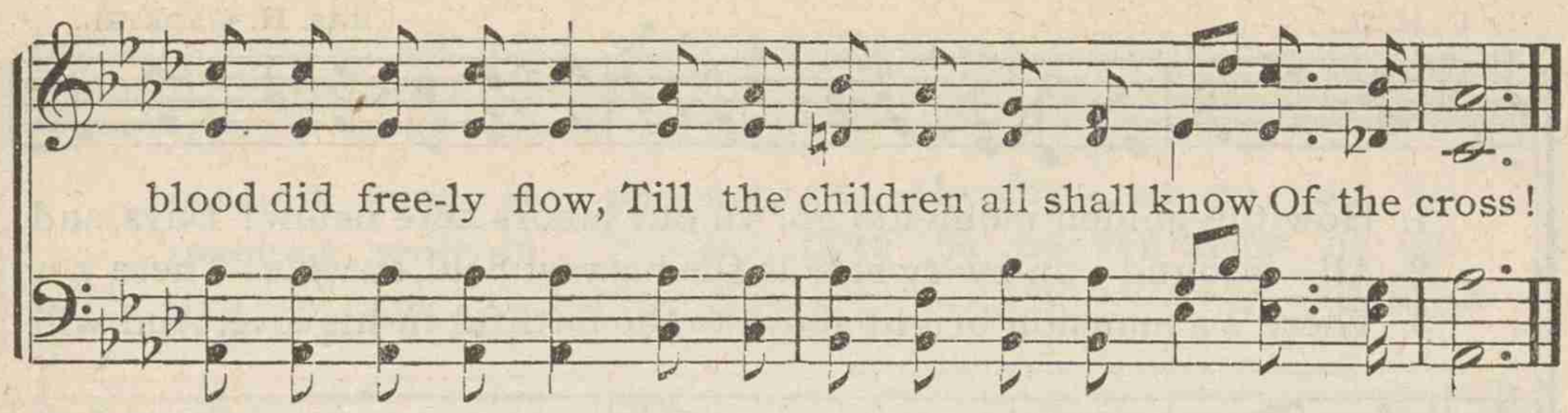
CHORUS.

children all shall know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . . of the
death our hope must be Of the cross!
sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! Of the cross on which the

cross! . . . . . Sing the Saviour's grief and woe, How his
bless - ed Sav-iour died,

By permission.

Story of the Cross. Concluded.



No. 28. Always With Us.

E. H. NEVIN. C. H. G.

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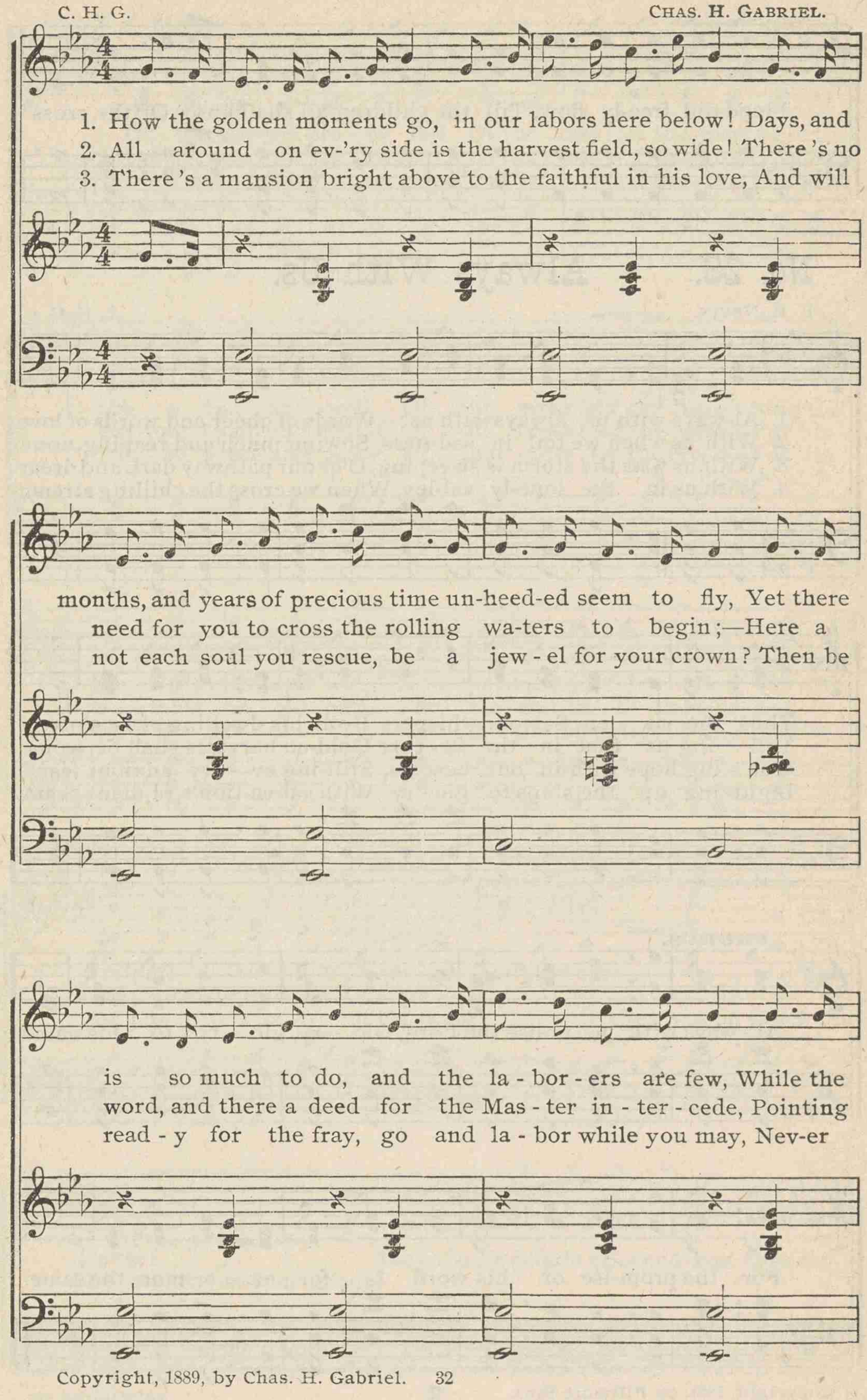
No. 29. Work Away.

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



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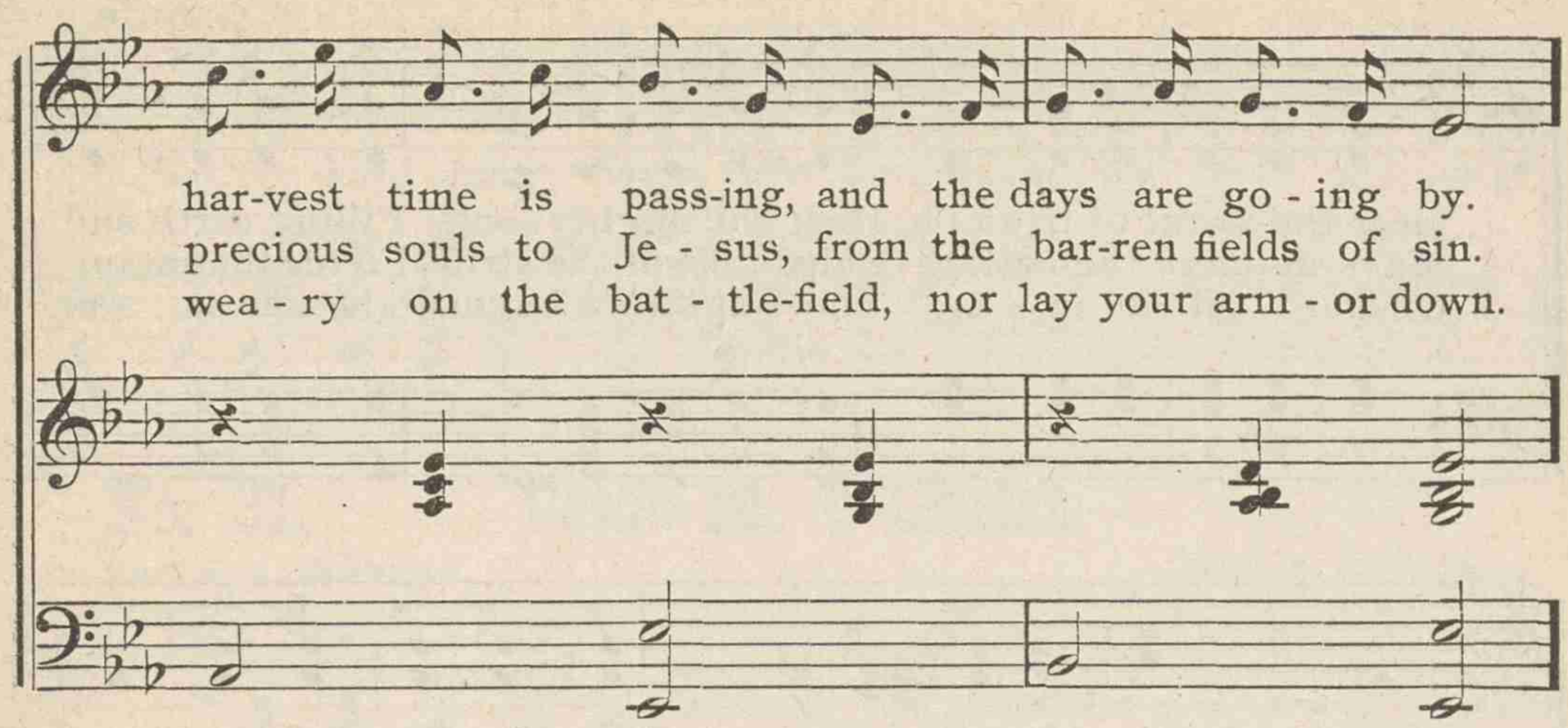
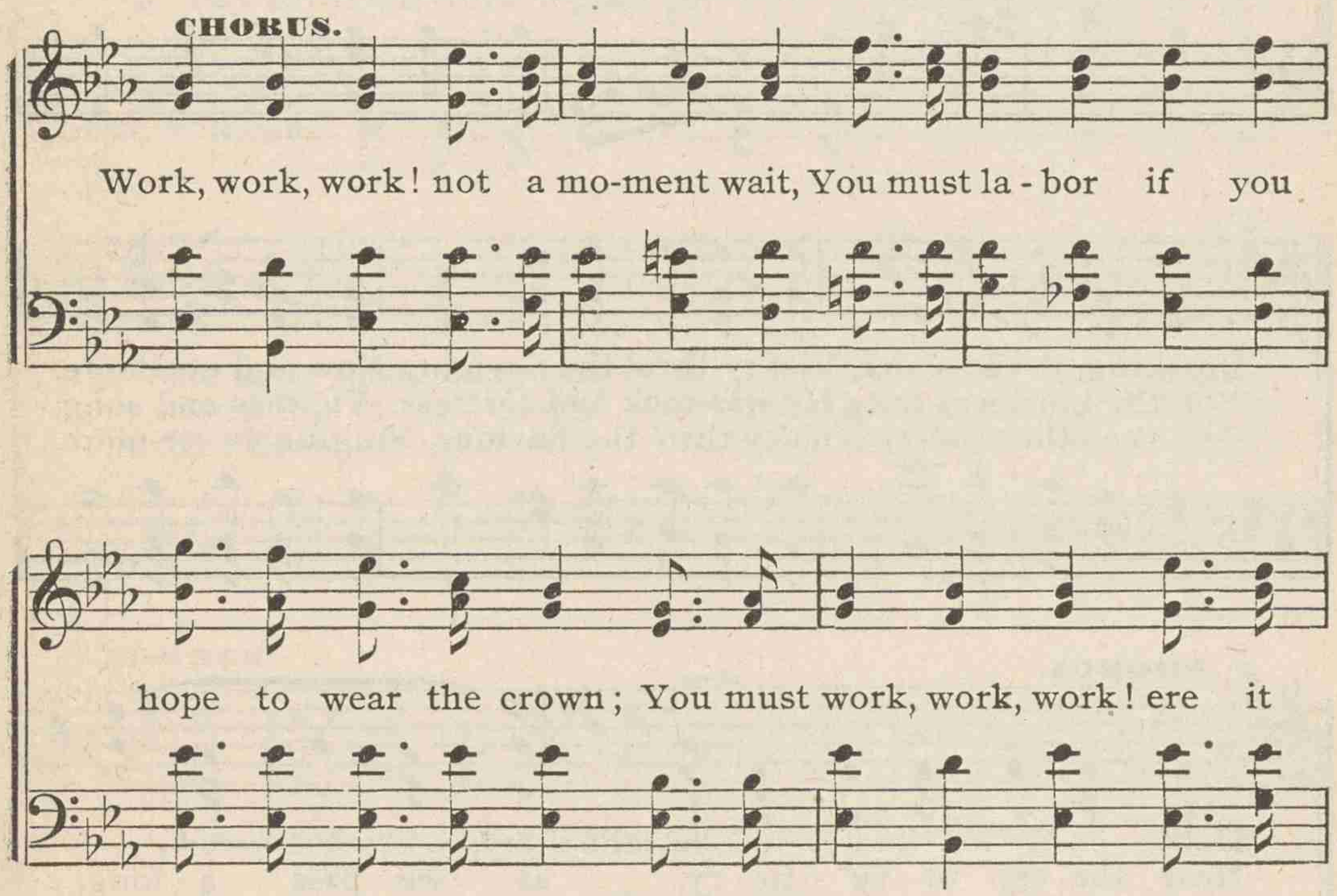
Work Away. Concluded.





No. 30. Hear the Shout of Triumph.

S. G. SMITH.

1. Hear the shout of triumph, Hear the mighty song, Filling earth and heav-en, As it rolls along, Like the roar of o-cean,
2. Ma - ny were the battles, Constant was the strife, Fierce the raging conflicts, In their earthly life, Yet they nev - er faltered,
3. On-ward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small, Je - sus is our Lead-er, Ev - 'ry foe must fall; Then we'll join the ransomed

Breaking on the shore, Vict'ry thro' the Saviour, Now and evermore.
For the Lord was strong, He was rock and fortress, Vic-tory and song.
On the other shore, Vict'ry thro' the Saviour, Singing ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Hear - - - - - - - - ye the cry, - - - - - - - - -
Hear the cry of vic - to - ry, as we pass a - long,
Hear ye the cry, hear ye the cry, Vic - t'ry thro' the Saviour,

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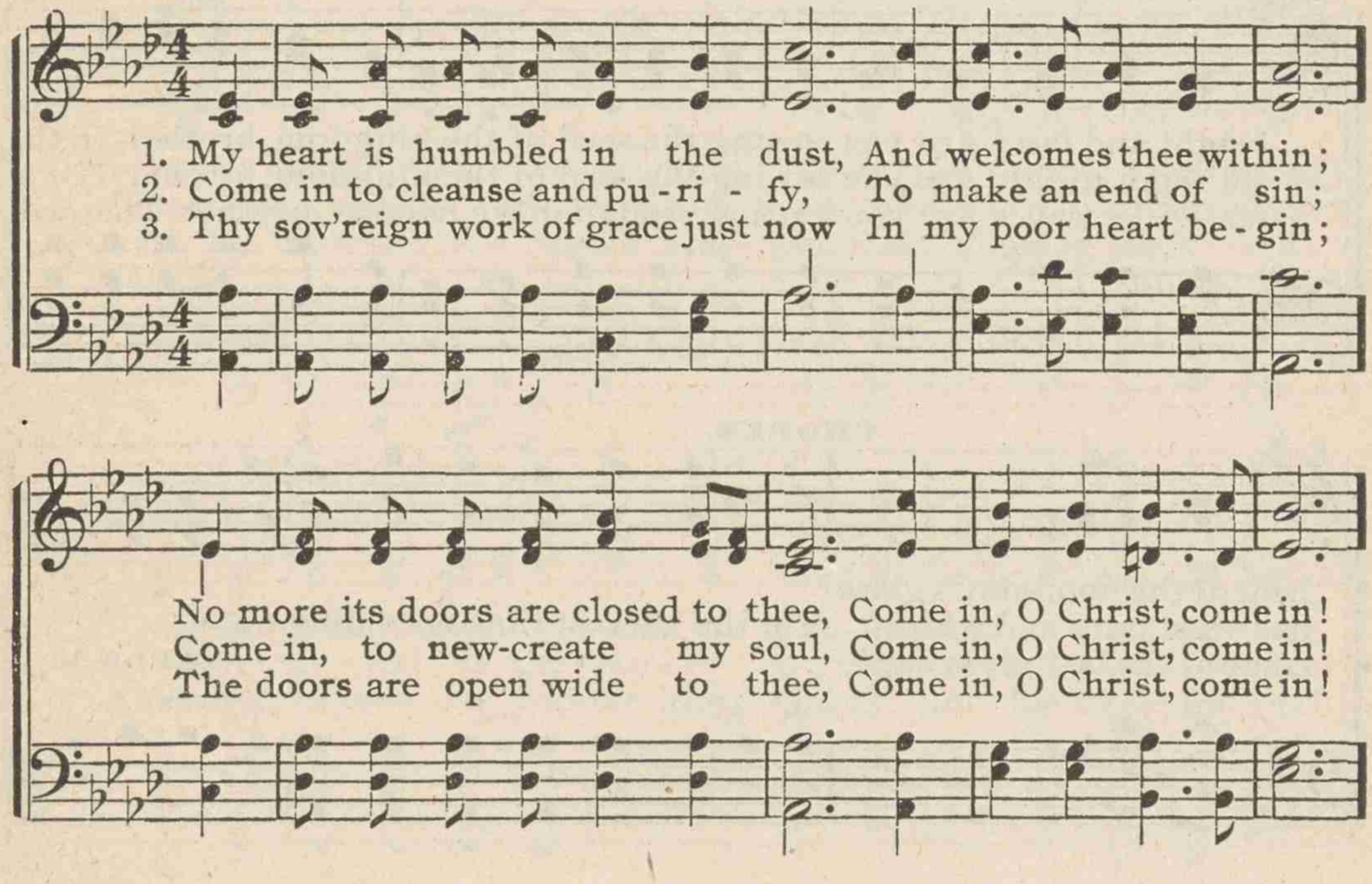
Hear the Shout of Triumph. Concluded.

No. 31. Come in, O Christ.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.

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No. 32. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the morning bright and fair? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the sol - emn night? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, For a fer - tile way? Are you getting ready for the harvest, brother, That will

CHORUS.

heat of the noon-day's glare?
har - vest pure and white? For the harvest time is coming on,
come at the last great day? coming on,

And the reaper's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be soon be done,

ma - ny, will you garner any, For the gath'ring at the harvest home?

Copyright, 1888, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 33. Sing of His Glory.

C. H. G

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah, Christ is ris - en, To the world the news proclaim!
2. See the tomb wherein they laid him; Lo! an an-gel standing near!
3. To the faithful he ap-pear-eth, Talking with them on the way;

Ov - er death he rose vic - tor-ious, Glo-ry, glo - ry to his name!
Hear the glorious tidings spoken, "Lo, thy Master is not here!"
In the chamber now behold him—Doubting Thomas, see, o - bey!

Angels rolled the stone a-sund - er, And he forth a vic - tor came.
"He is ris - en!" is the sto - ry Ev'rywhere that greets the ear.
Heaven o-pens to receive him,—Glo-ry to his name for aye!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu-jah! sing of his glo-ry! He a-rose for sinners to plead; Sing his pow'r, his love, and greatness, Sing, for he is ris'n indeed.

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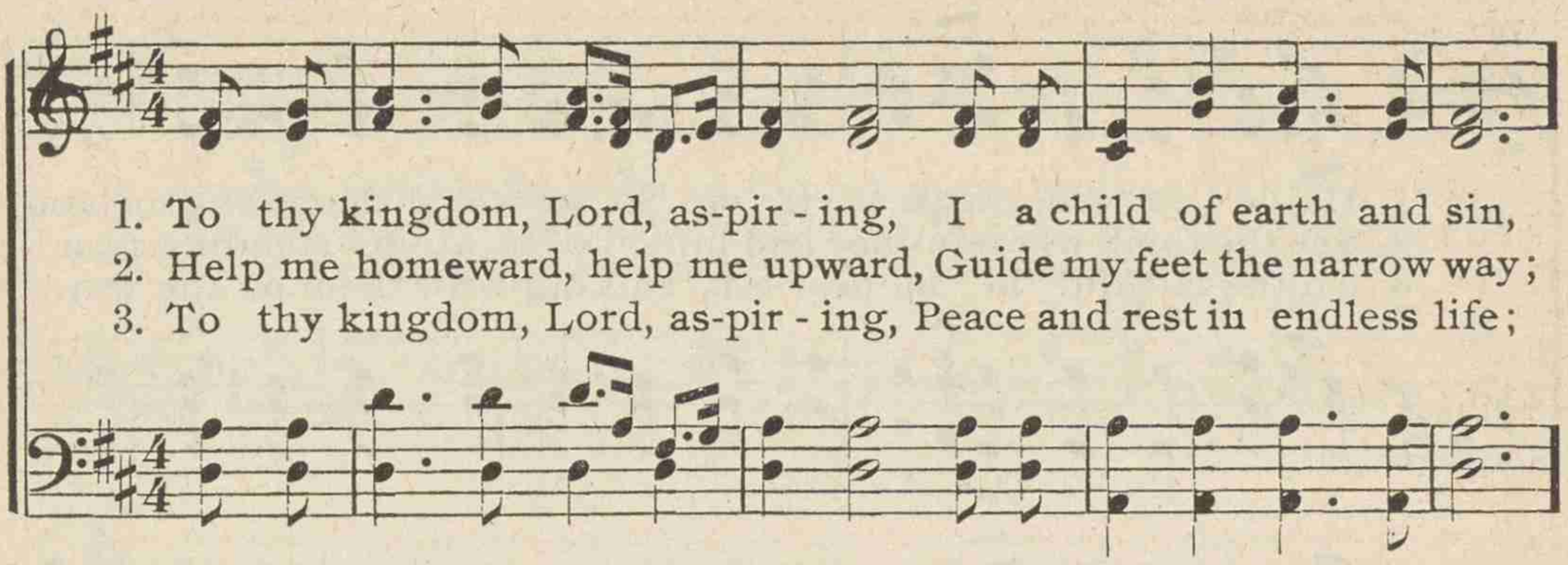
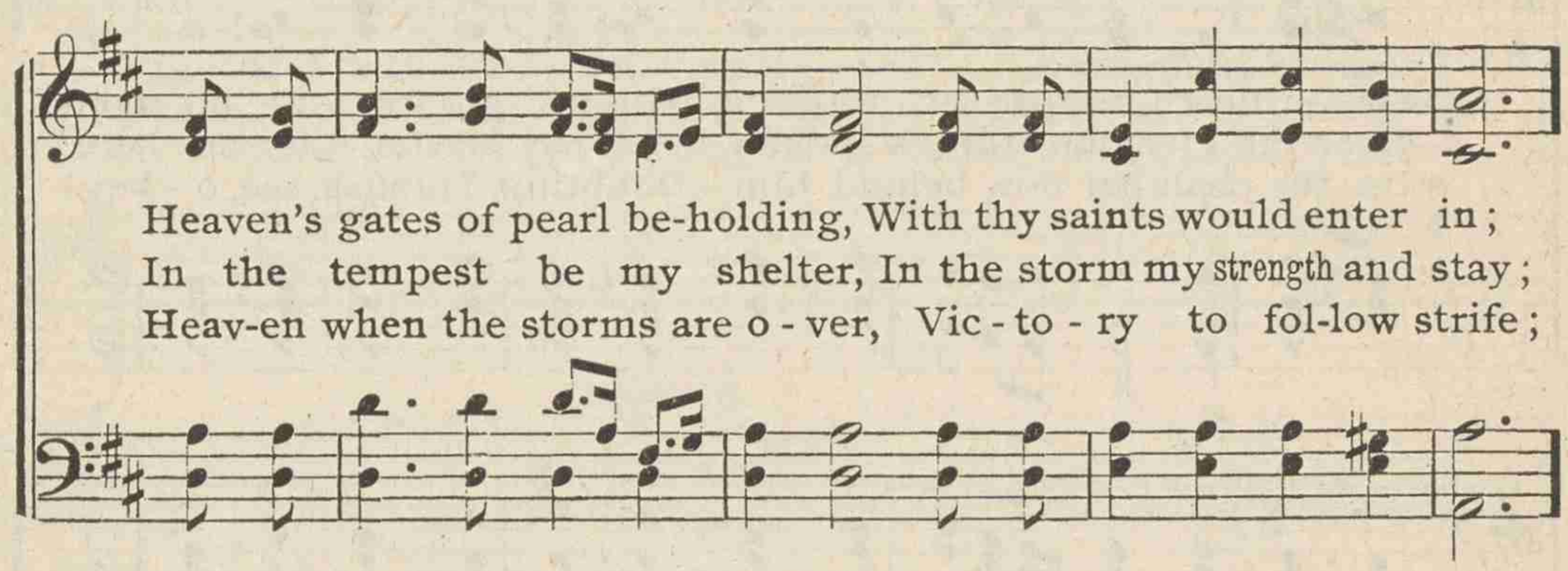
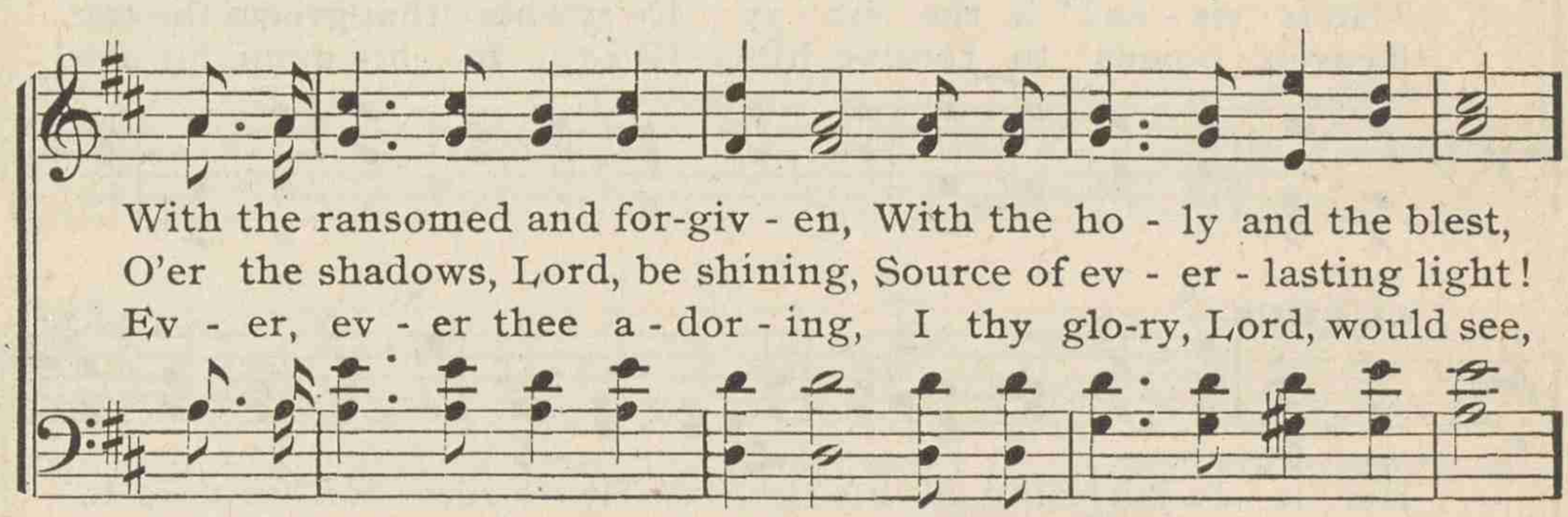
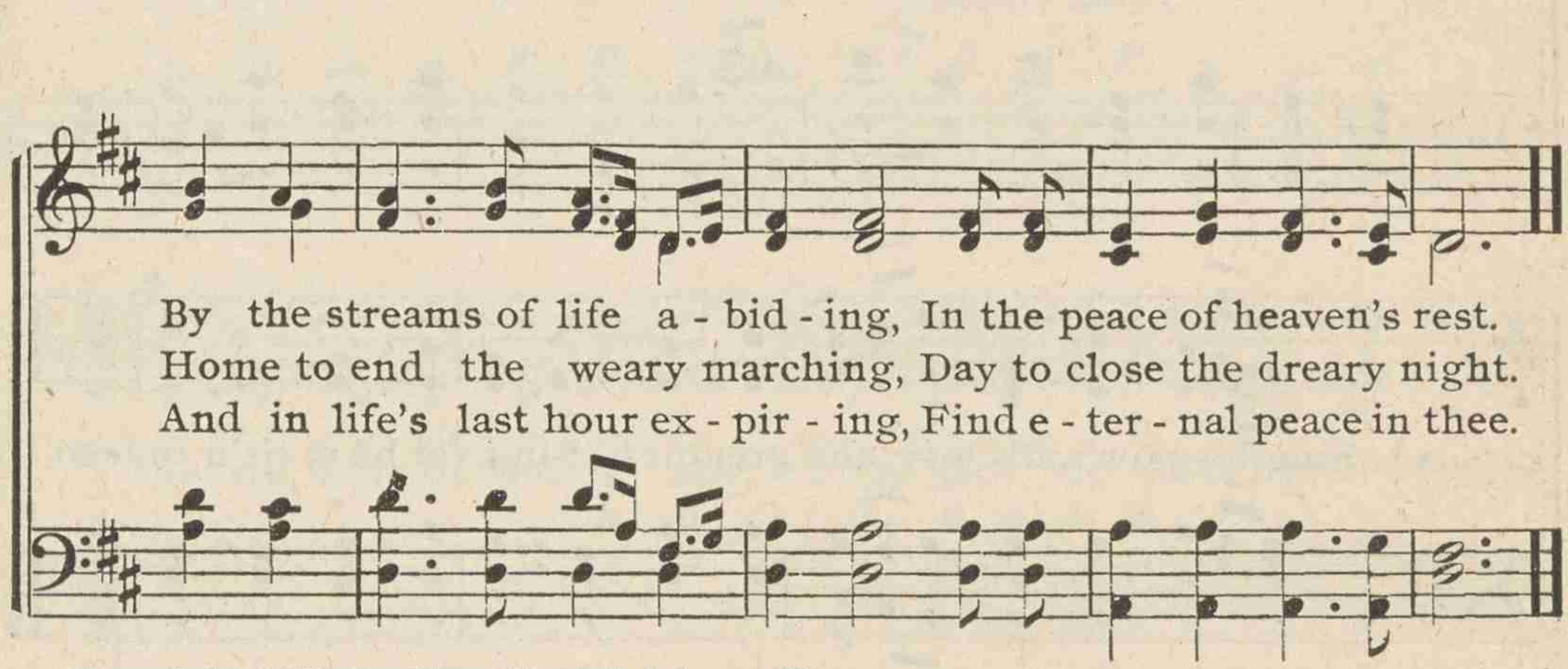
No. 34. To Thy Kingdom.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.









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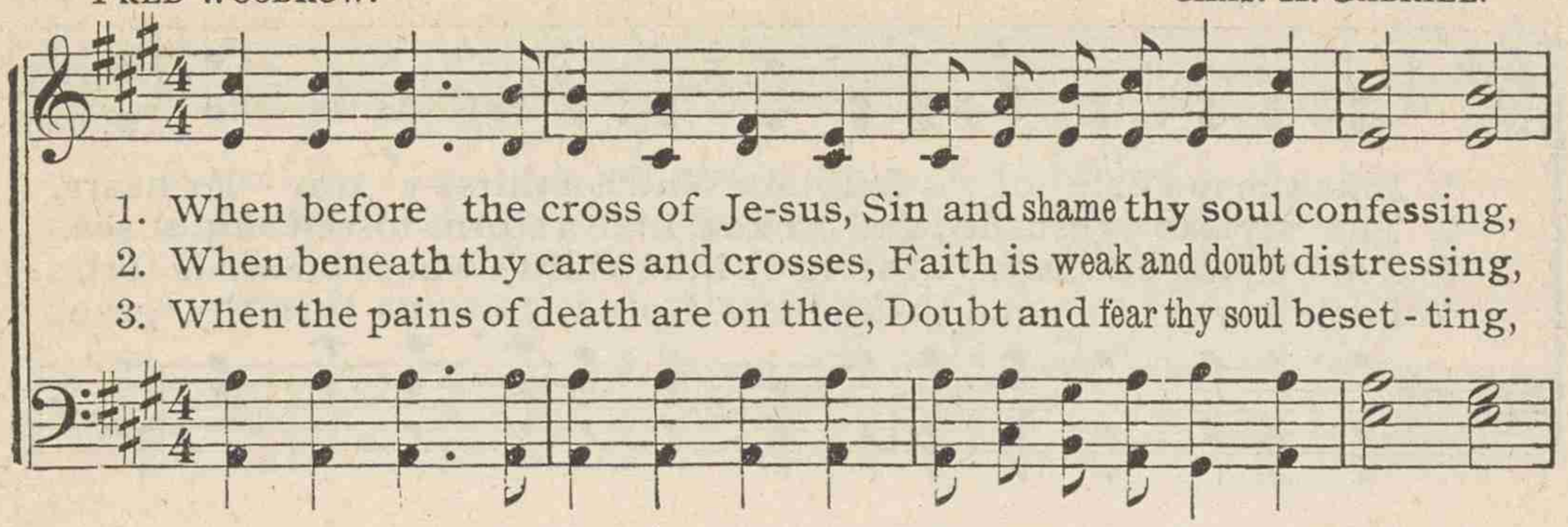
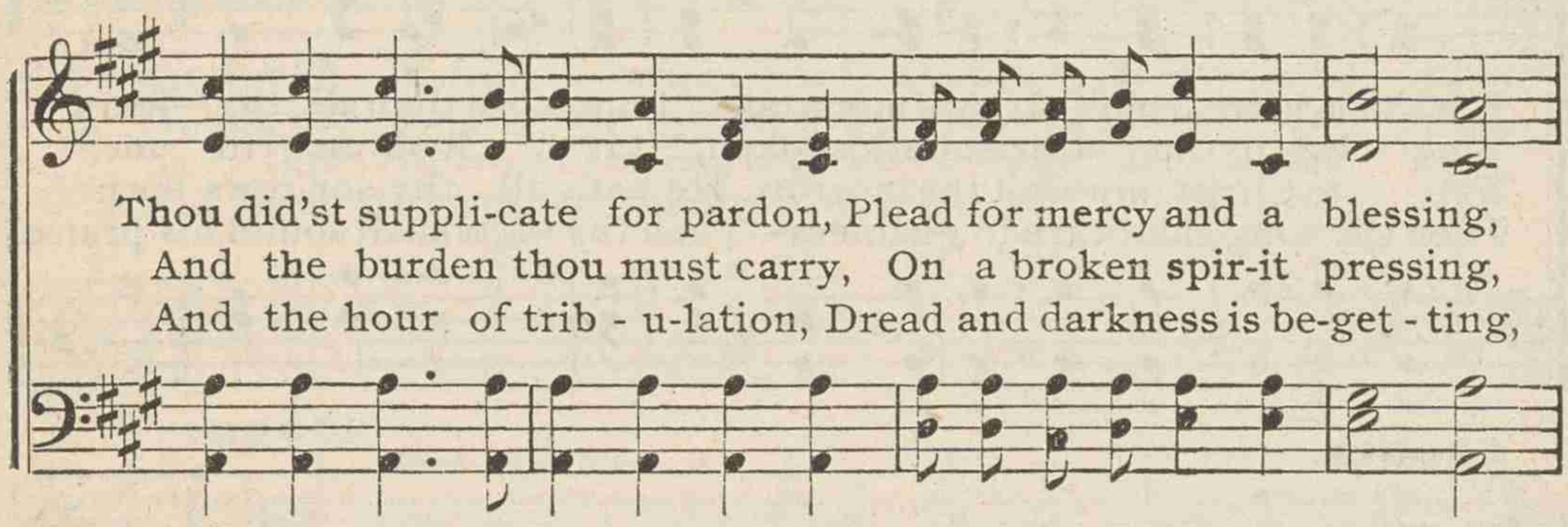
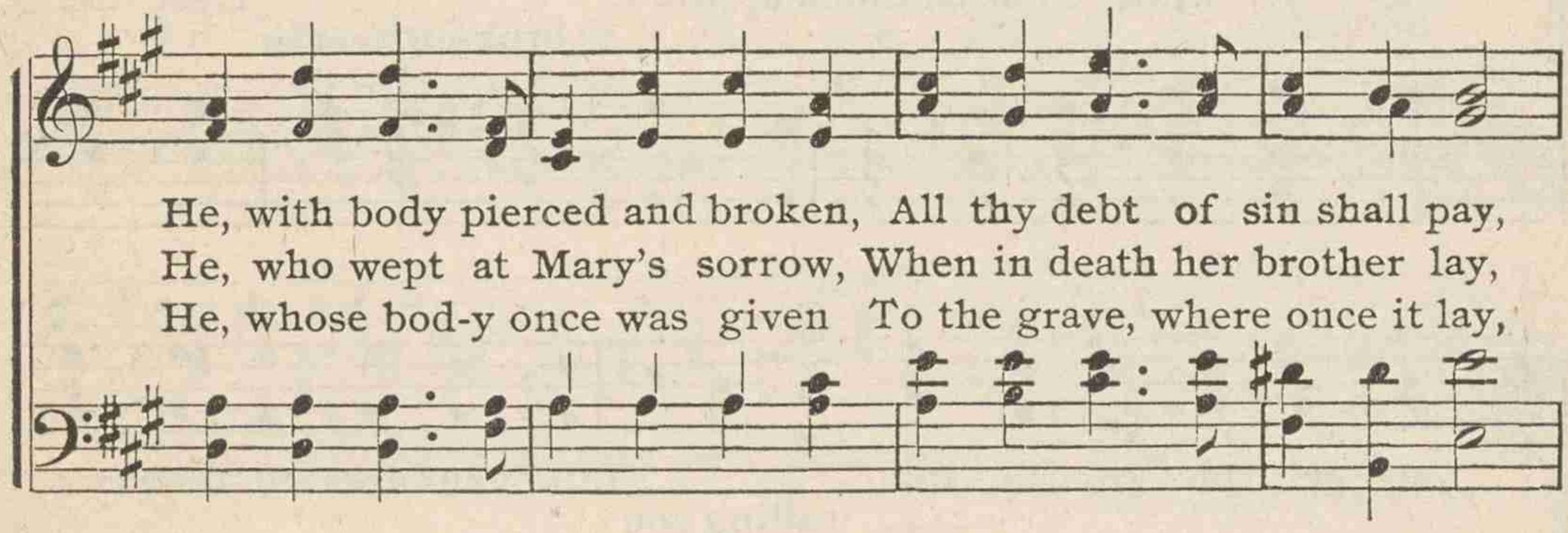
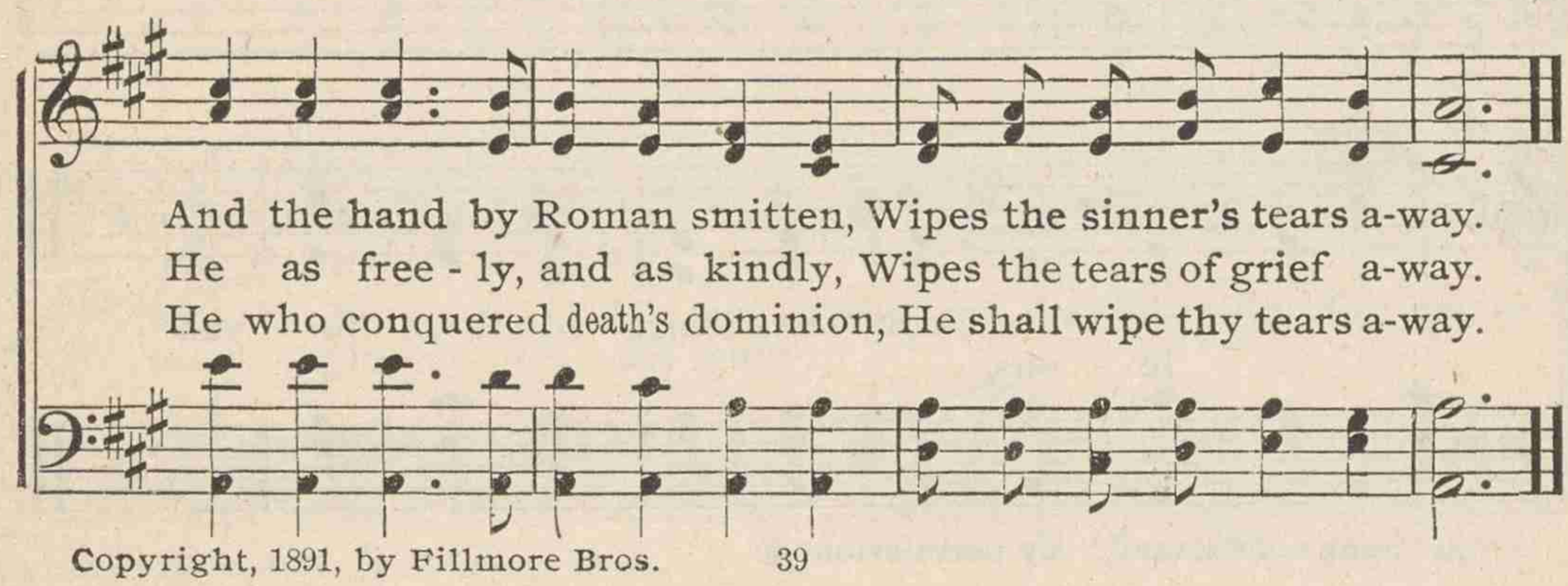
No. 35. He Shall Wipe Thy Tears Away.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.









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No. 36. Broken Hearts.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Like the mu - sic of a fountain Which a thirst-y trav - 'ler hears,
2. Tho' thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm-tossed ship at sea,
3. Tho' thy song hath naught but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
4. Look a-way be-yond thy sadness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;

Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears."
Sink - ing, dy-ing,—Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un - to me."
Fly to Christ, nor wait the morrow, He hath all thy sor-rows borne.
Then thy song shall turn to gladness—Then thy tongue shall sound his praise.

CHORUS.

p

Oh, ye brok - en hearts, look up-ward! Hear the brok-en hearts,
an - gel voic - es call - ing, Lift your eyes to Calv'ry's calling you

p

Je - sus, Brok - en heart - ed there for you.
Je - sus,

No. 37. I'll Bear the Cross.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would win, In-crease my cour - age, Lord;

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

CHORUS.

I'll bear . . . . . the cross of Je - - sus, I'll
I'll bear the cross of Je - sus, glo - ry to his name

bear the cross that I may wear the crown, I'll bear . . . . the
I'll bear the cross of Je -

cross of Je - - sus, And I shall wear the crown.
sus, glo - ry to his name

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No. 38. The Gospel Call.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And take the water of life!
2. Let ev'ry one who hears, say, "Come!" And joyful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a-thirst, forsake Your broken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who-so - ev - er will, may come, Your longings Christ can fill;

Oh, blessed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
Then come, partake, One draught will slake Your soul's consuming thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.

CHORUS.

The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . says, "Come!"
The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"

And take . . of the wa - ter of life . . . . . free-ly.
And take the wa-ter of life, of life, The water of life . . free-ly.

The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . says, "Come!"
The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"

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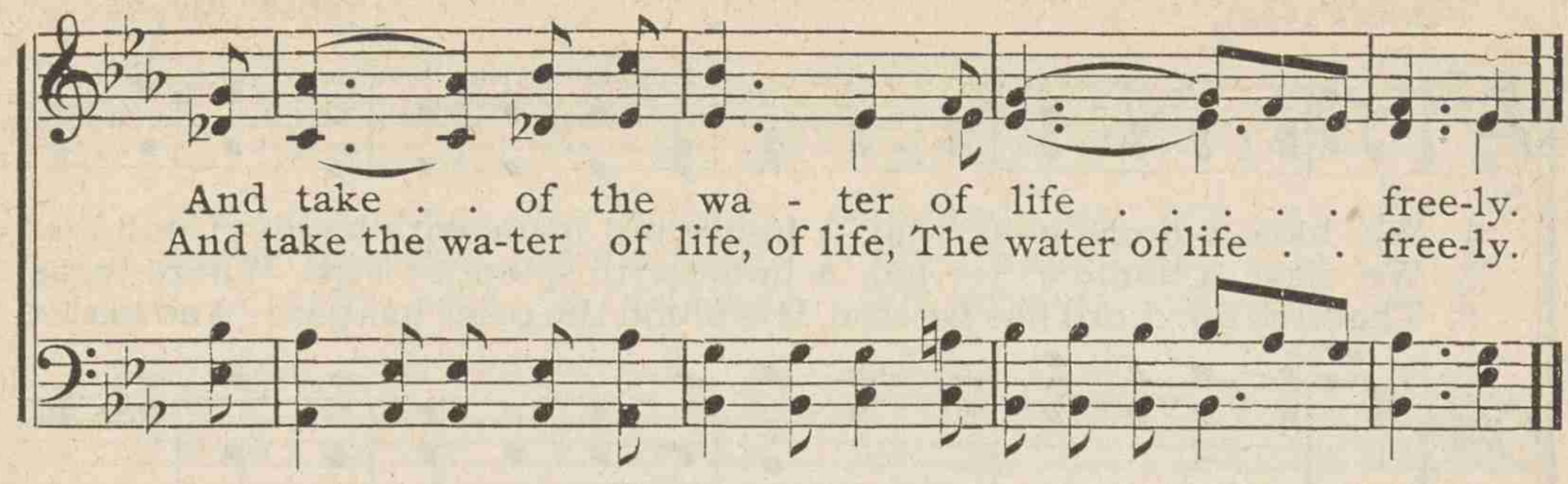
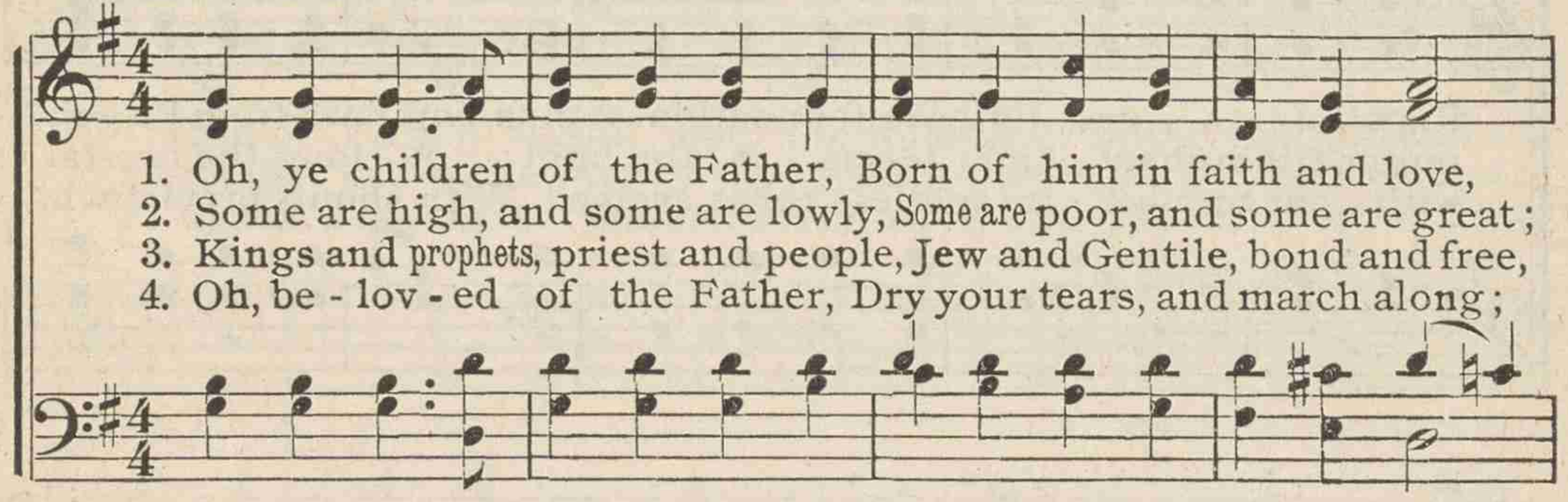
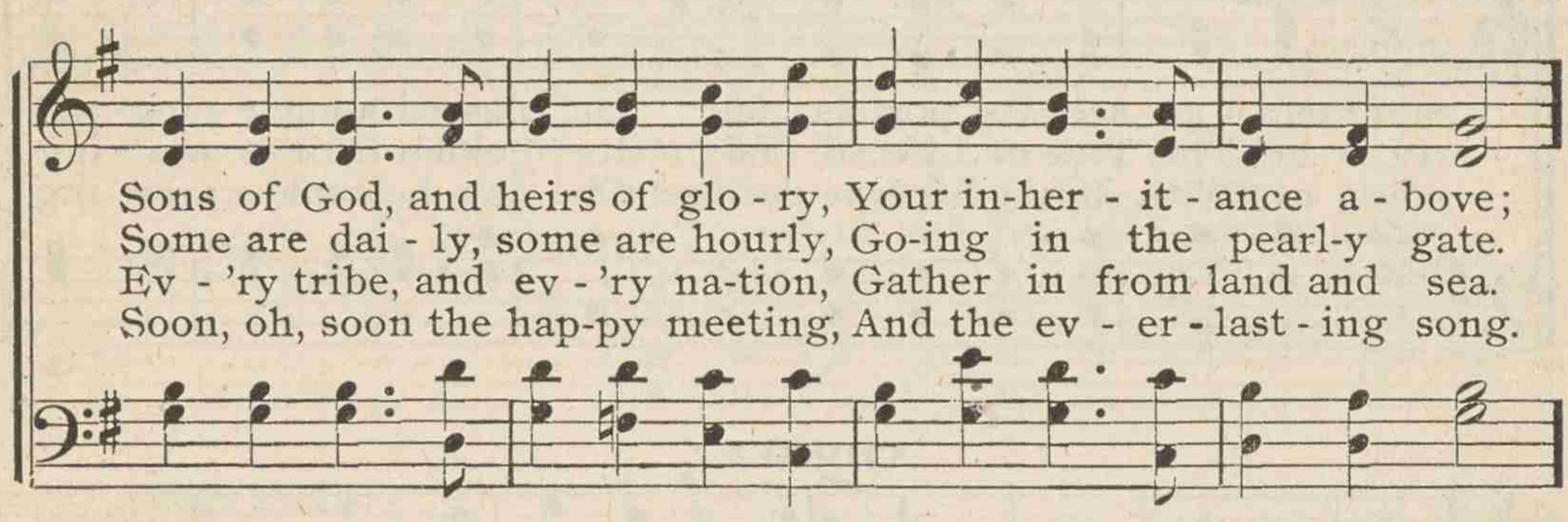
The Gospel Call. Concluded.



No. 39. One Family.

FRED WOODROW. C. H. G.





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No. 40. We 'll Soon be There.

FANNY CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We have a home e - ter-nal, A house not made with hands; Upon the
2. We have a home e - ter-nal, A home with splendor bright, Where Jesus
3. That home our Lord has purchased, His blood the price has paid: And numbers

Rock of A - ges, Its sure foundation stands. Our faith from Pisgah's
reigns triumphant, And Je-sus is the light; A - long the crystal
with - out number, In spotless robes arrayed, With shouts proclaim his

mountain Can see its portals fair, Oh, blessed home e - ter - nal,
riv - er, The Tree of Life so fair, Its golden fruit is wav - ing,
mer - cy, With shouts his love declare, Oh, joy beyond express-ing,

CHORUS.

Praise God, we 'll soon be there. A few more toils and trials, A few more

storms to bear, And all will then be o-ver, Praise God, we 'll soon be there.

Copyright, 1878, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 41. Hear the Master Calling.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 42. Blessed Redeemer.

ABBIE MILLS. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Oh, I have found him who only gives rest, Blessed Redeemer is he;
2. Now ev - 'ry day he is saying to me, Blessed Redeemer is he;
3. Oh! now I love him, but I would love more, Blessed Redeemer is he;
4. Glo-ry to God I will sing day and night, Blessed Redeemer is he;

Fair-er than angels, the brightest and best, Blessed Redeemer is he;
Trust me for all and from care be thou free, Blessed Redeemer is he;
Down at his feet I would cast all my store, Blessed Redeemer is he;
Washed in the blood, he has made me all white, Blessed Redeemer is he;

Down from above he has come to my soul, Healing and cleansing and making me whole,
I have redeem'd thee and ne'er will forsake, Strong to deliver when all is at stake,
Fol - low wherever his footsteps I see, Fully content his disciple to be,
Ready to walk on the streets paved with gold, When Jesus calls me to that upper fold,

Say-ing all burdens on him I may roll, Blessed Redeemer is he.
Ne'er with the faithful my promise I break, Blessed Redeemer is he.
Tell-ing the world how this Jesus loves me, Blessed Redeemer is he.
Oh! with what rapture his face I 'll behold, Blessed Redeemer is he.

CHORUS.

Bless - - ed is he, . . . Love . . . set me free, . . .
Blessed Redeemer, once dying for me, Loving the sinner,—Oh! how could it be?

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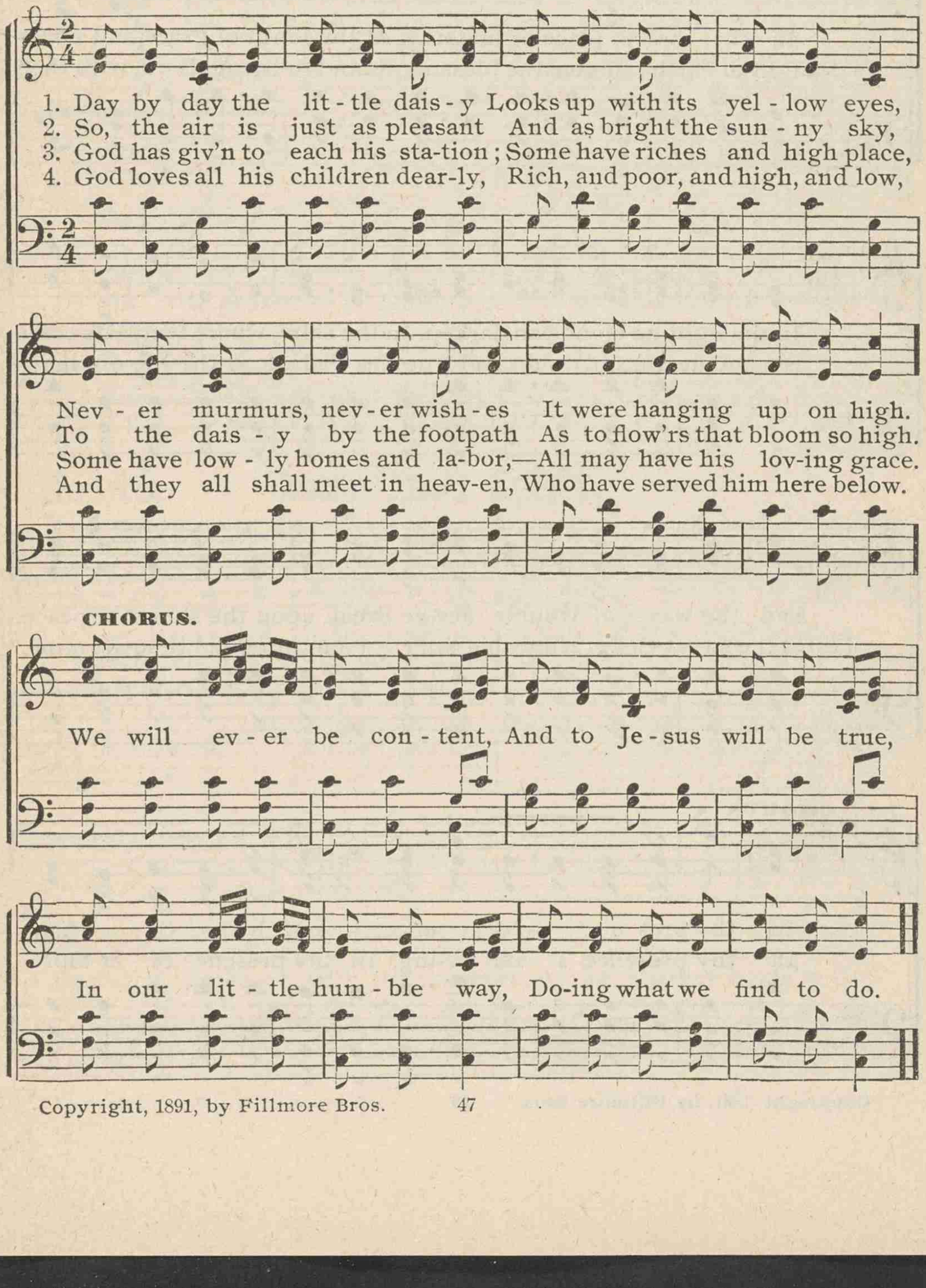
Blessed Redeemer. Concluded.

No. 43. We will be Content.

(INFANT CLASS.) C. H. G.



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No. 44. In Thy Presence.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In thy presence I am living, Ev - 'ry day and ev -' ry hour,
2. Not of man, and not of wisdom, What I know, or feel, or see,

In the secret place of blessing, At the fount of grace and pow'r;
Naught of earth can give the blessing Found in living, Lord, with thee;

In the light no cloud can darken, In the calm, where tempests cease,
Sin and death, and doubt and troubles Fading, as the life di-vine

And the waves of trouble nev-er Break upon the shores of peace.
Tastes the sweet and gracious blessing: "I am thine, and thou art mine."

CHORUS.

In thy pres - - - - - ence I am liv - - - - - ing,
In thy presence I am liv-ing, In thy presence ev - er-more,

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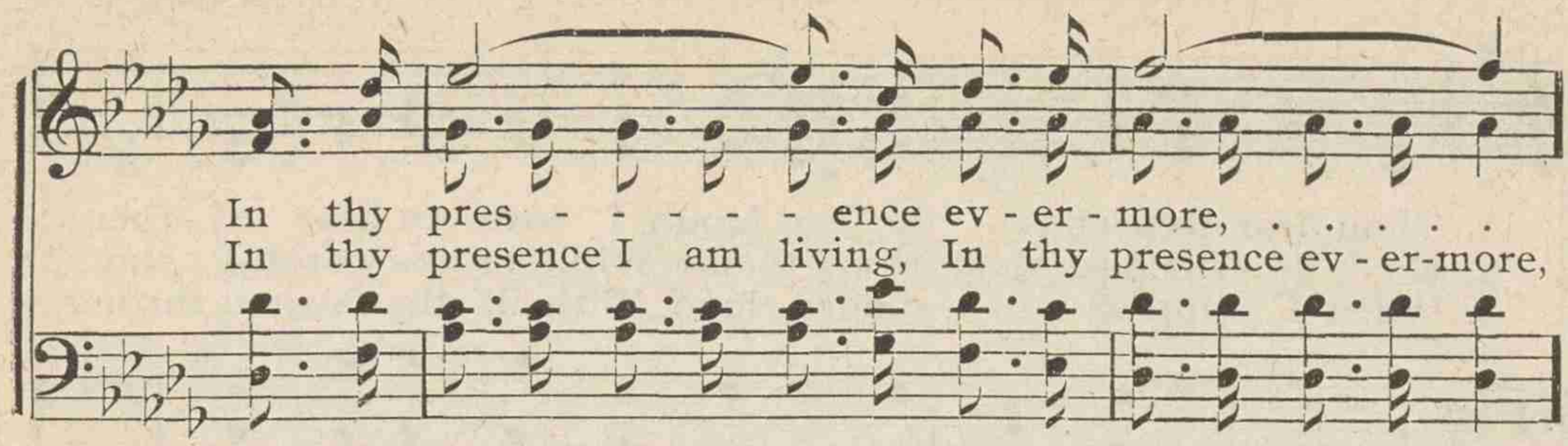
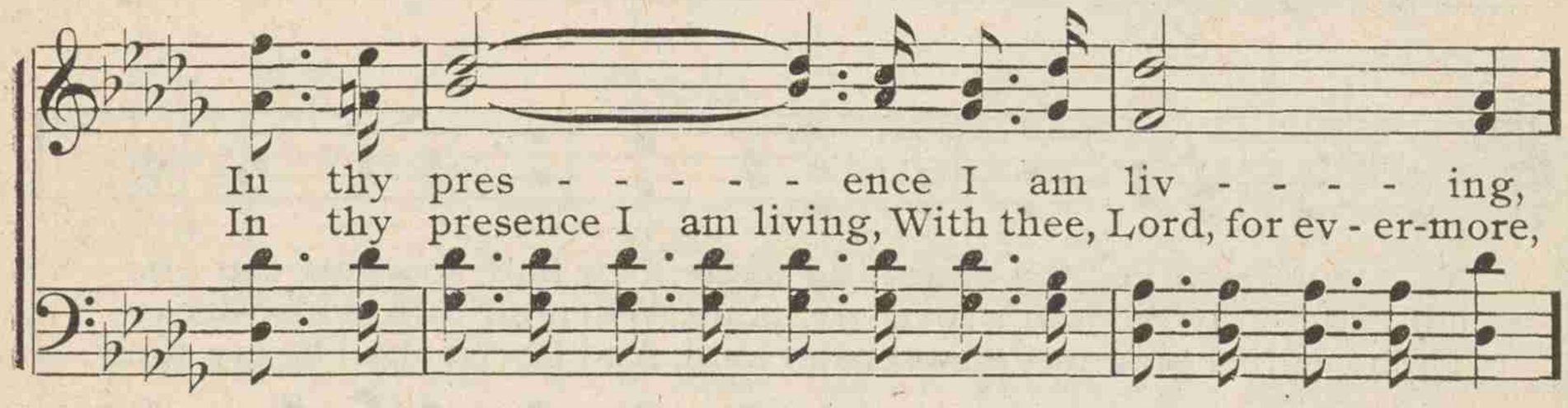
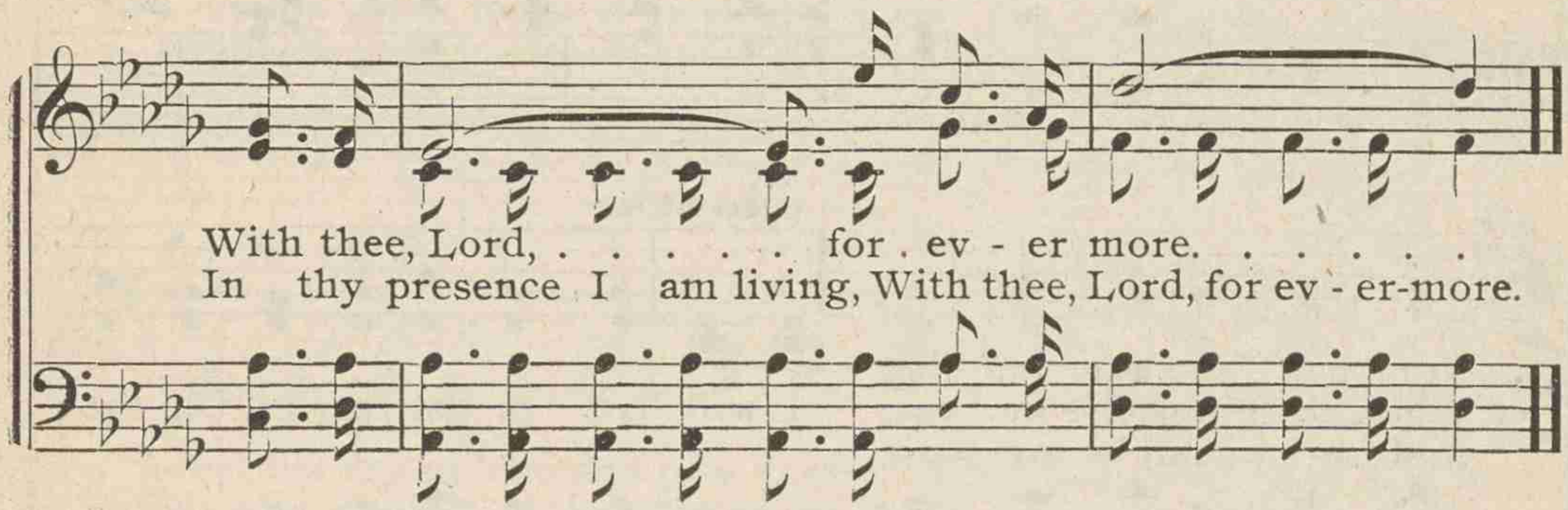
In Thy Presence. Concluded.

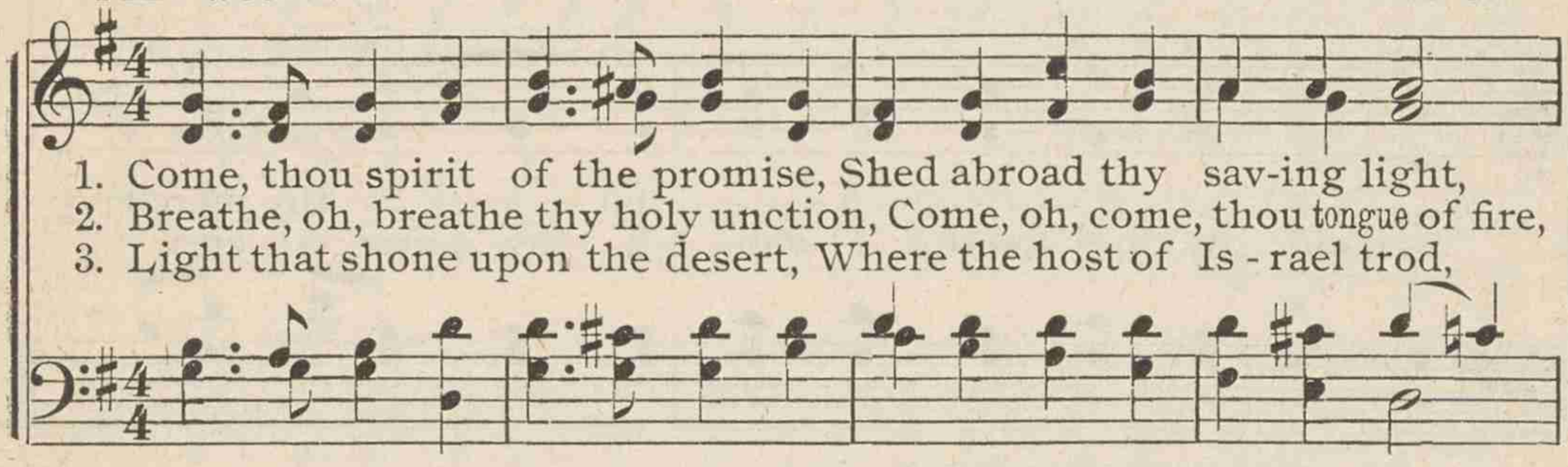


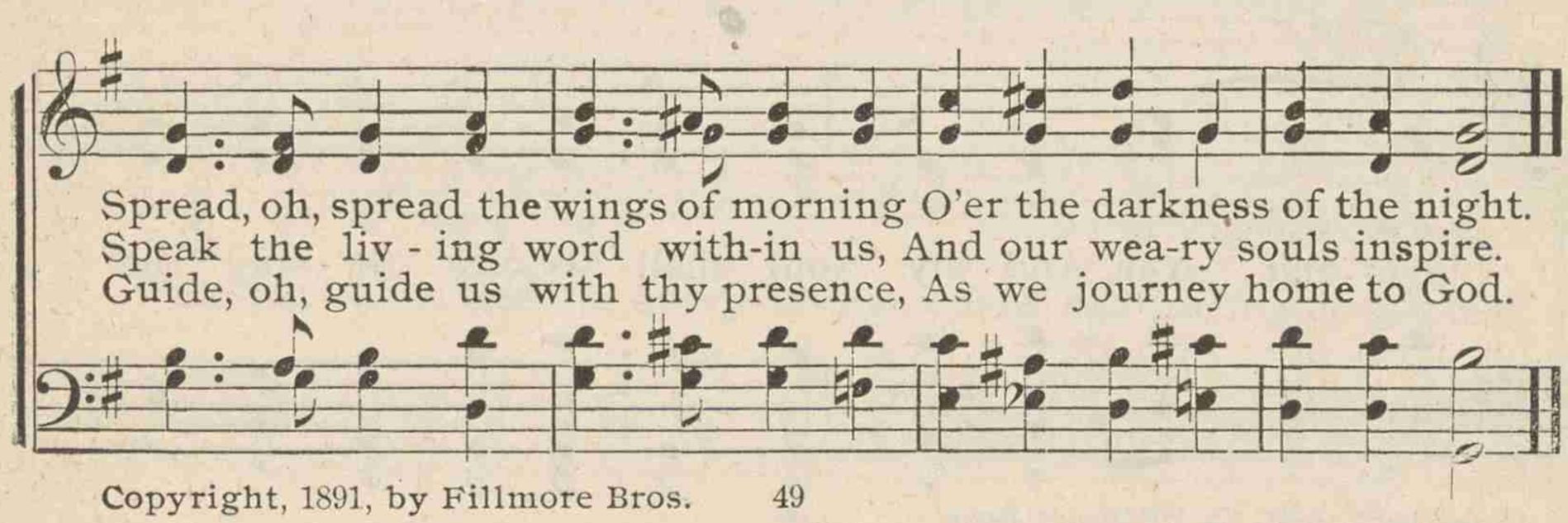




No. 45. Come, Thou Spirit.

FRED WOODROW. C. H. G.





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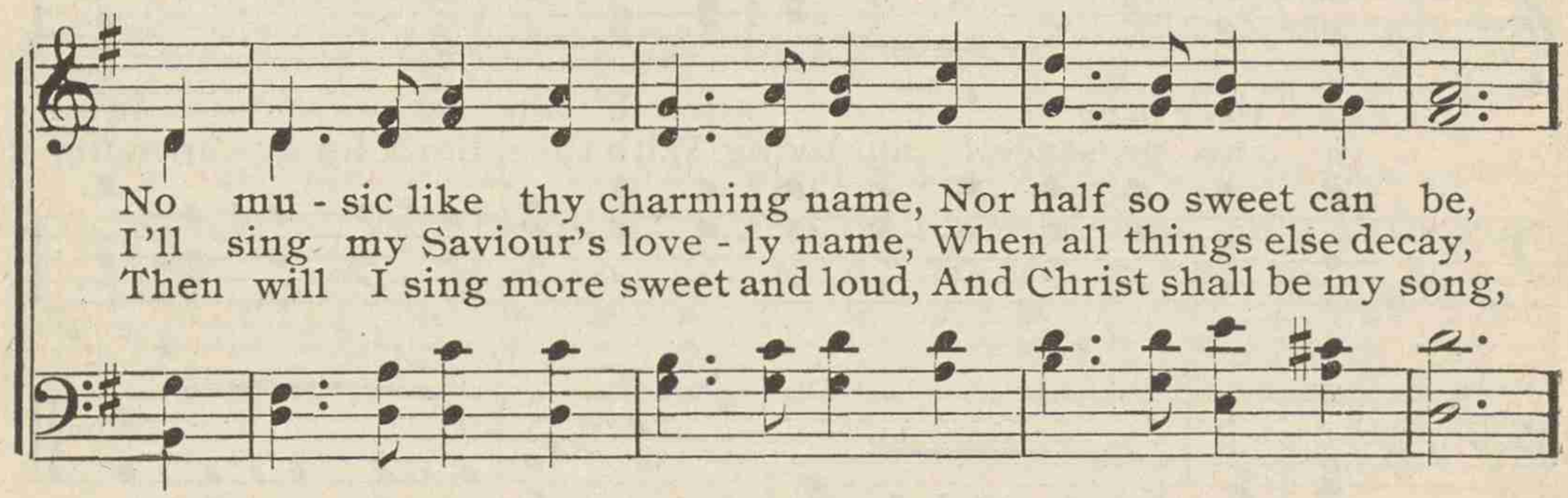
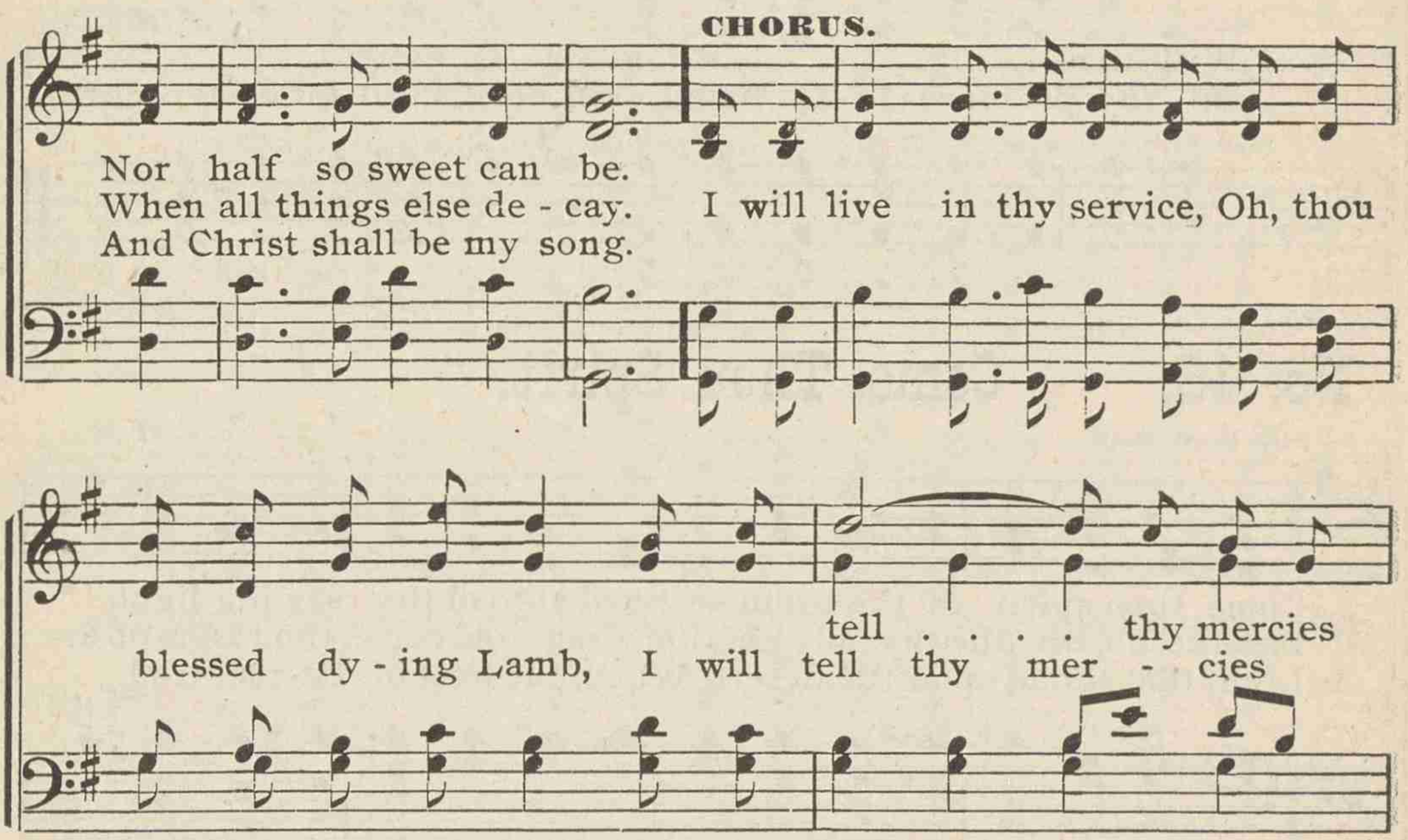
No. 46. Dear Redeemer.

C. D. EMMERSON.





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Dear Redeemer. Concluded.

No. 47. Come Unto Me.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

No. 48. Watch and Pray.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master com - eth, If at morn - ing,
2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je - sus watch'd and
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the

noon or night, He may find a lamp in ev-'ry window, Trimm'd and
jeal - ous care, Lest the door a moment left unguard - ed, E - vil
pray'd a - lone; Pray'd for us when on-ly stars be-held him, While on
Bridegroom's voice; Then with him the marriage feast partaking, We shall

CHORUS.

burn-ing clear and bright. Watch and pray, . . . the Lord com-
thoughts may enter there.
Ol - ive's brow they shone.
ev - er - more re-joice. Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and

mand - - eth; Watch and pray, . . . 't will not be
pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and pray, 't will not be long, Watch and

long; Soon he'll gath - - - er home his
pray, 't will not be long; Soon he'll gather home his lov'd ones, Soon he'll

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Watch and Pray. Concluded.

lov'd ones, To the hap - py vale of song, (of song.)
gather home his lov'd ones the (happy vale of song.)

No. 49. On the Heavenly Way.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

March tempo.

1. Marching on the heav'nly way, Home to glo - ry and to God,
2. Cares may come, and tribulation, And the cross we all must bear,
3. Sins and doubts and sorrows many, Wea-ry watch-es in the night,
4. Marching on the heav'nly way, Ends the journey soon or late,

Mov - ing on the old, old route Where the saints of old have trod.
But we seek the Jasper ramparts, Of the cit - y bright and fair.
But be - yond the gloomy shadows, Shines the ev - er - last - ing light.
And we all with shouts and singing, En - ter in the pearl - y gate.

CHORUS.

Marching on, marching onward With the host that went before,
We are march - ing, marching onward,

Marching on, marching onward, Marching to the shining shore.
Marching on - ward, ev-er on - ward,

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No. 50. The Time of Harvest.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, ye who are reaping in life's golden grain, Where shadows of Autumn may fall;
2. The fields are in - vit-ing, the harvest is great, And reap - ers are wanted to - day;
3. Then garner the beau-ti-ful sheaves for the Lord, A soul-cheer - ing harvest be - gun;

Be patient awhile, till the close of the day,
Go forth to the la-bor, although it be late,
And life ev - er - last-ing will be your reward,

And work till the Master shall call.
Your toil will the Master re - pay.
When life and its la - bors are done.

CHORUS.

Ring out . . . . the glad
Ring out the glad chorus while

cho - - - - rus, Break forth . . . in - to song, . . . The
toil - ing be - low, Break forth in - to raptures of song, of song, The
rich - - - - est of fruit - age, Is gathered while passing a - long.
richest of fruitage that mortals may know,

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No. 51. Oh, Tell Me of Jesus.

Words and melody by REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by C. H. G.

1. Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The wonderful Saviour of men! It is such a beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Repeat it a-
2. Once more tell the sto-ry of Je-sus, Whose mercy is plenteous and free, And read me the words that assure me, He ten - der - ly
3. Yes, tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus; If he is so precious to you, To me he will be no less dear-er, And I may be-
4. Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, I love the sweet message to hear; It is such a beau-ti - ful sto - ry, And Christ is a

CHORUS.

gain and a - gain. Oh, tell . . me of Je - - sus, The
loves ev-en me.
lieve on him too.
Saviour so dear. Oh, tell me the beautiful story of Jesus, The

Sav - - - - - iour of men, ... That I, . . .
won-der - ful, mer - ci - ful Saviour of men, That I, too, may

too, may love . . him For - - ev-er, A - men.
give him my heart, and may love him For-ev-er and ev-er, A - men.

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No. 52. Soldiers of a King.

J. W. W. J. W. WARD.

1. We are soldiers of a King, Heav'nly tidings we will sing, Marching
2. With our shield and banner bright, We 're contending for the right, Marching
3. We 've enlisted for the cross, And we shall not suffer loss, Marching

on, . . . marching on, . . . Go - ing boldly to the fray,
on, . . . marching on, . . . Tho' the foe is pressing near,
on, . . . marching on, . . . Swell the chorus o'er the lands,
Marching on, marching on,

Praising him who leads the way, Marching on, marching on.
With our King we do not fear, Marching on, marching on.
Follow where the King commands, Marching on, marching on.
Marching on, marching on.

CHORUS.

We are sol - diers of a King, . . . Heav'nly
We are soldiers of a King,

tidings we will sing, Glory, glory to our King, Halle - lu - jah,
Hallelujah,

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Soldiers of a King. Concluded.

No. 53. For Me?

F. R. HAVERGAL. C. H. G.

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No. 54. The Sinner and the Song.

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

Solo.

1. A sin - ner was wand'ring at ev - en - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for the time he once loved the Lord; Come on! says the tempter, come on with the throng, But hark! from the church he hears a sweet song:

2. He stop'd and list-ened to ev - 'ry sweet chord, He remember'd right against wrong, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song:

pp **Quartet.**

{ Je - sus, lov - er of my soul Let me to thy bo - som fly,
{ While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. }

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The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

Solo.

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

Sav-iour, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?

pp **Quartet.**

Oth-er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee.

Solo. **Quartet.**

f *pp*

I come, Lord, I come: Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And oh, receive my soul at last.

No. 55. Tell it To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. If the name of the Sav - iour is precious to you, If his care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
2. If your faith in the Sav - iour has brought its reward, If a strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
3. If the souls all a - round you are liv - ing in sin, If the Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi -

pre-sence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
rest in his pal - ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
ta - tion they nev - er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

glad-ness to - day? Oh, will you not tell it to - day? . . .
sto - ry re - peat?
cheer-bringing word? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to - day? . . . . If the light of his
Will you not, will you not tell it to - day?

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Tell it To-day. Concluded.

No. 56. I am Trusting.

C. H. G.

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No. 57. Happy in Jesus.

C. H. G. C. D. EMMERSON.

1. I am so hap - py in Je - sus now! Sin's chain is broken and
2. The clouds that once hovered over me, The worldly troubles and
3. I 'll sing up - on my pilgrim way, His mer-cy and his un -

I am free! The blessed Saviour I slighted long, Now has
worldly fear, No more annoy or disheart - en me, Since my
dy - ing love, Un - til I stand 'midst the ransomed ones, In a

CHORUS.

free - ly pardoned me.
bless-ed Lord is near. Sins forgiv - en, yes, all forgiv - en! Now
brighter world a - bove.

I can tell the sto - ry Of his grace and glo - ry, Hal - le -

lu - jah sing to my Saviour King, I am happy in his love.

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No. 58. Thou Dear Redeemer.

C. H. G.

1. Thou dear Redeem-er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee;
2. My Je - sus, dear, shall be my theme, While in this world I stay;
3. When I appear in yon - der cloud, With all the favored throng,

No mu - sic like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.
I 'll sing my Je - sus' love - ly name, When all things else de - cay.
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.

CHORUS.

Ev - - - - er
Ev - er will I praise, will I praise my Redeem - er,

Glo - - ry to his name . . For ev - - er
Glory to his name, all glory to his name, Forever will I praise,

will I praise my Redeem-er, Glory, hal - le-lu - jah, to his name.
Glo - - ry to his name.

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No. 59. Come to Jesus Now.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D. VIOLA FROST MIXER.

1. Sin - ner, now the Spirit warns you, Seek salvation while you may,
2. Heed the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion, Fly to Christ from sin and shame,
3. Long you 've halted, doubting, wav'ring, Half persuaded to o-bey;
4. Wait no longer, Je - sus calls you, Now decide for him to live;
5. Jus - ti-fied by faith in Jesus, All your doubts and fears will cease,

Now the door of mercy's o - pen, But there 's danger in de - lay.
Par - don now is offered free-ly, Free-ly offered in his name.
Long you 've tarried at life's portals, Oh, come in, come in to - day.
Come and prove his boundless mercy, Prove how freely he 'll forgive.
And your soul become God's temple, Filled with light and love and peace.

REFRAIN.

Come to Jes-us, Come to Je-sus, At his feet now humbly bow,

Repeat *pp*

Oh, de- lay not, oh, de - lay not, But come, come to Je-sus now.

By per. W. S. Nickle.

No. 60. We are Singing.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. P. P. BLISS.

1. We are singing, praises bringing, To our Saviour to - day,
2. He hath led us, kindly fed us, With sweet manna di - vine,
3. Cares and trials, self - de - ni - als, Meet we day af - ter day;
4. Brother, love him, come and prove him Your Redeemer and King,

For his kindness in our blindness, Leading safe - ly al - way.
Gently chid - ing, ere a - bid - ing On our pathway to shine.
But so sweet-ly and complete - ly Je - sus drives them a - way.
He 'll receive you and relieve you, Hal - le - lu - jah then sing.

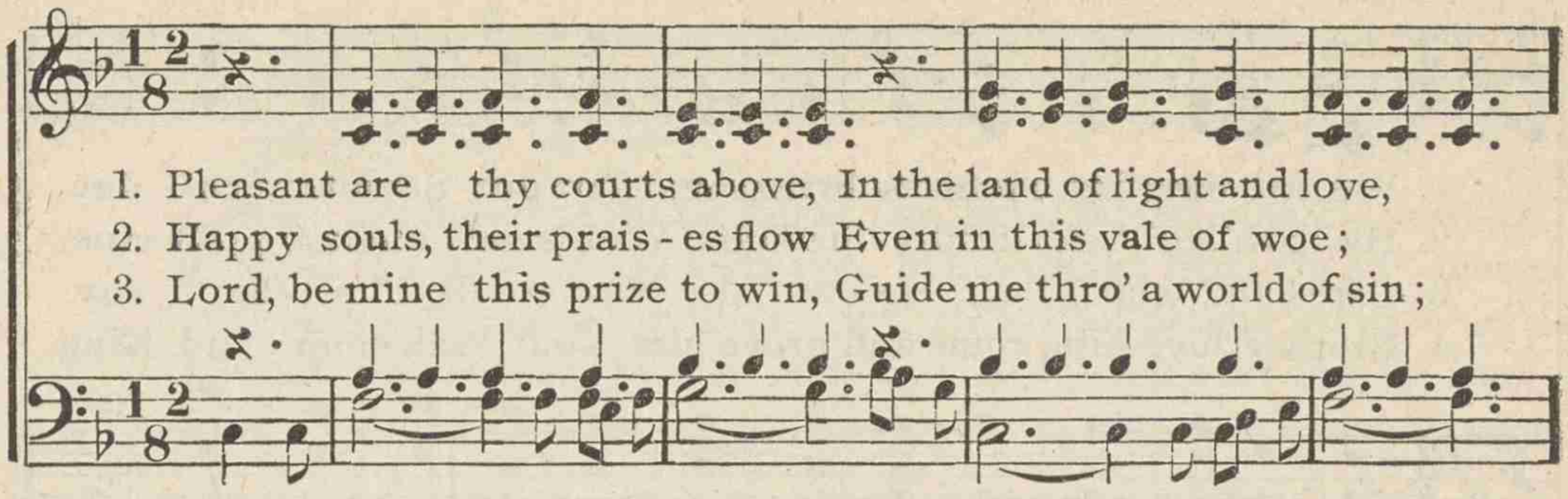
CHORUS.

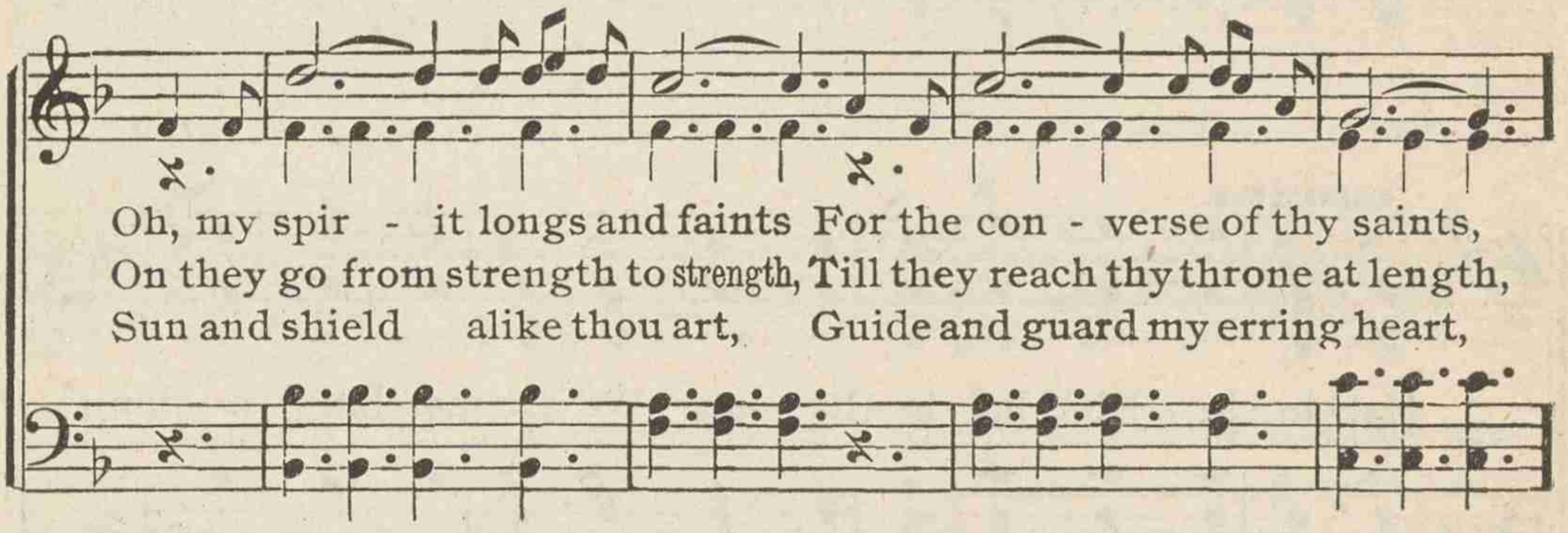
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are marching a - long;
Christ and glo - ry, wondrous sto - ry, Is the theme of our song.

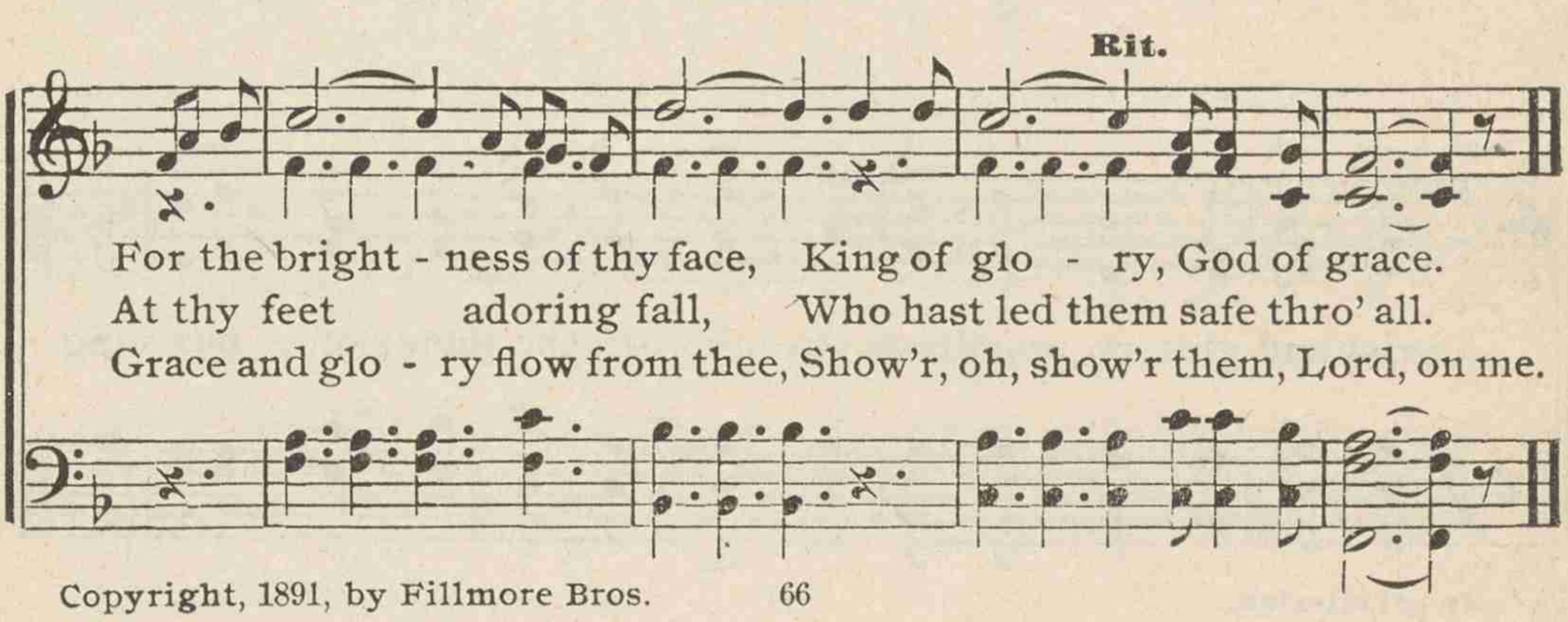
By permission.

No. 61. His Courts.

REV. F. H. LYTE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.







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No. 62. Ships of God.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Going in the blessed ha - ven, Where the Lord has gone before,
2. Going in the blessed ha - ven, Ships of God from ev - 'ry sea;
3. Going in the blessed ha - ven, Rich and poor, and young and old,
4. Going in the blessed ha - ven, Go - ing till the last is there,

And the tree of life is blooming On the ev - er-last - ing shore.
Oh, the comrades and the meetings, Oh, the happy days to be!
From the shores of cold and hunger, And the land of pearls and gold.
And the ships of God are anchored In the harbor, bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Days of tempest, nights of darkness, Fled a-way for ev - er - more,
And the crystal sea is break - ing Gently on the shining shore.

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No. 63. Because He First Loved Me.

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

1. Do you ask why I love Je - sus? 'Tis because he first loved me;
2. Once I had no love for Je - sus, For my soul was sunk in sin,
3. But I gave my-self to Je - sus For the love he showed to me;
4. Sin-ner, love this loving Je - sus, Who in mer-cy died for thee;

He from sin and death redeems us, He from bondage sets us free.
Charmed with that alone which pleases, Grat-i - fies the lusts with-in.
Now I love my blessed Je - sus, Bleeding Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
He the cap-tive soul re - leas - es, Bids the pris-on - er go free.

REFRAIN.

'T is for this . . . . my heart loves Je-sus, . . . 'T is be-
'T is for this, 't is for this my heart loves Je-sus, 't is for this, 'T is be-

cause . . . he first loved me; He from guilt . . . my
cause he first loved me, he first loved me; He from guilt, yes, he from guilt my

soul re - leas - es With a par - - - - don full and free.
soul re - leas - es With a par-don, with a par-don full and free.

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No. 64. He Arose.

G. C. H. **Slowly.** GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Low - ly entombed he lay, My bless-ed Sav-iour; Wait-ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch him, now, My bless-ed Sav-iour; Sure - ly he'll
3. Bursting the seal, he rose, My bless-ed Sav-iour; Scattering his

CHORUS. Faster.

promised day, My precious Lord.
keep his vow, My precious Lord. Up from the tomb he a-rose!
arm - ed foes, My precious Lord. he a-rose!

And in tri - umph vanquish'd all his foes, He a -
all his foes,

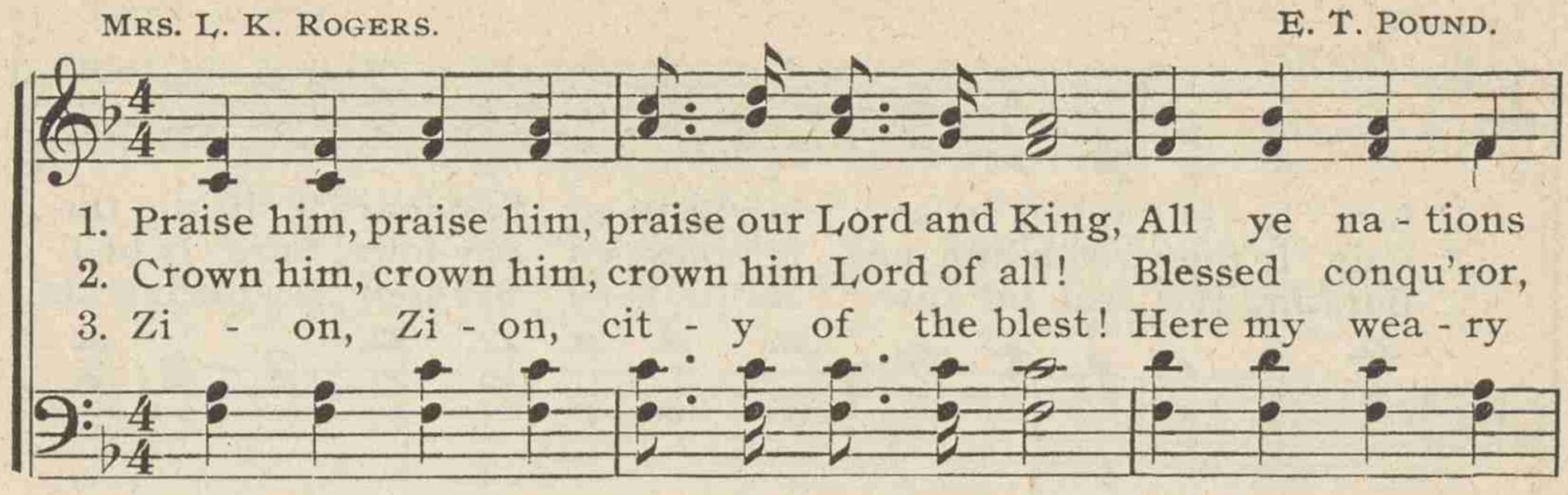
rose a vic-tor o'er the realms of night; And he reigns forever with his

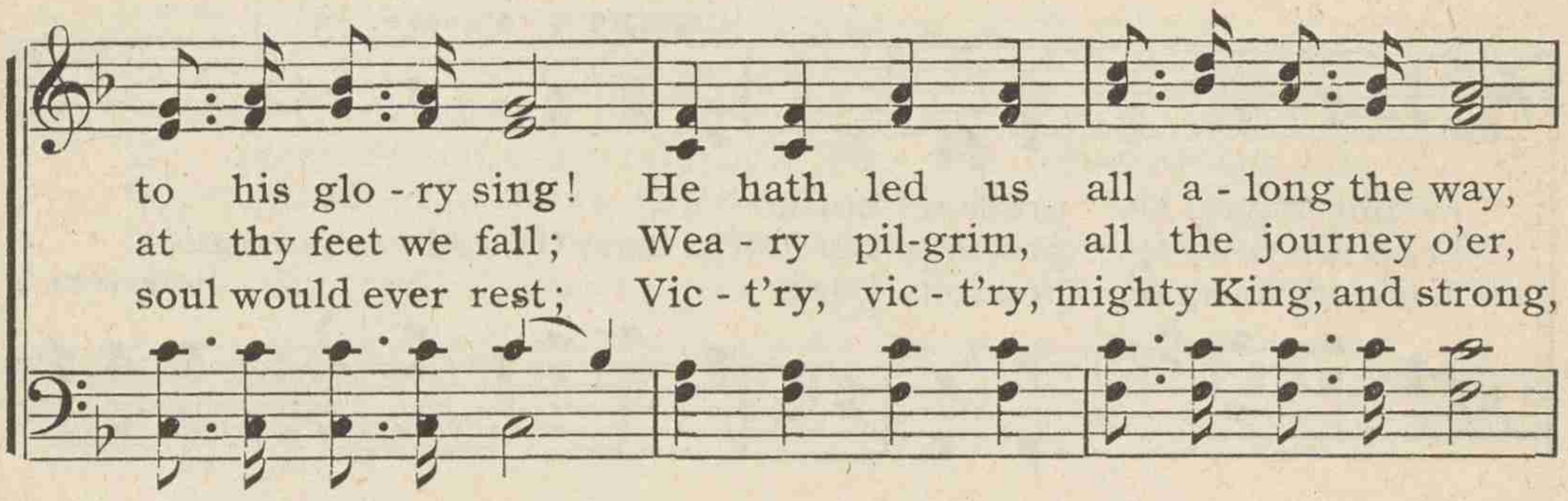
saints in light, He arose, he a-rose, Victor o-ver all his foes.
He arose, he arose,

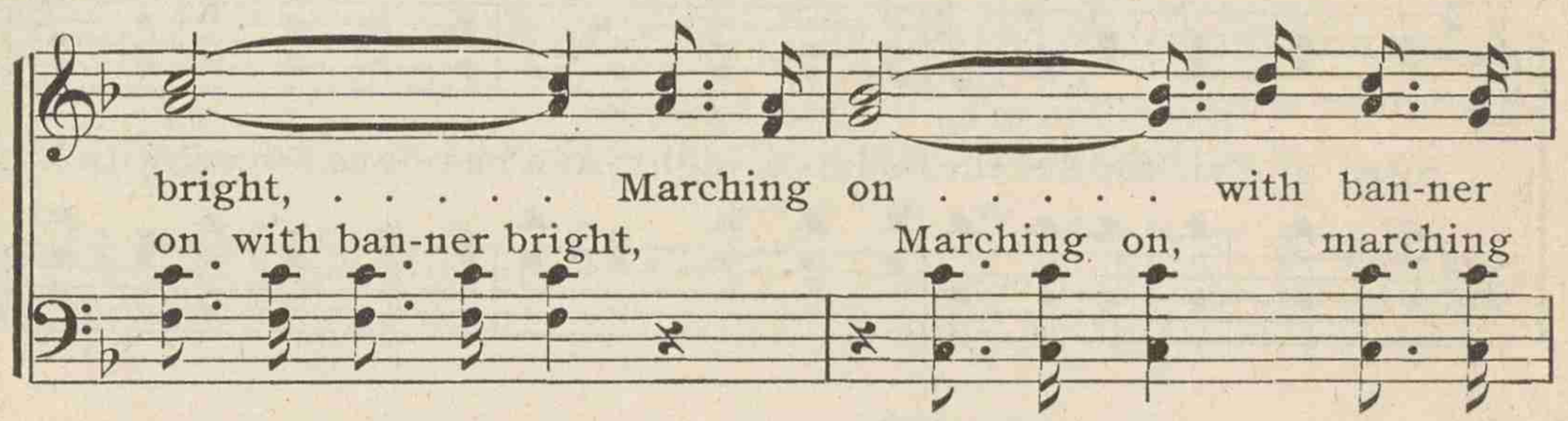
By permission.

No. 65. Praise Him With Joy.

MRS. L. K. ROGERS. E. T. POUND.







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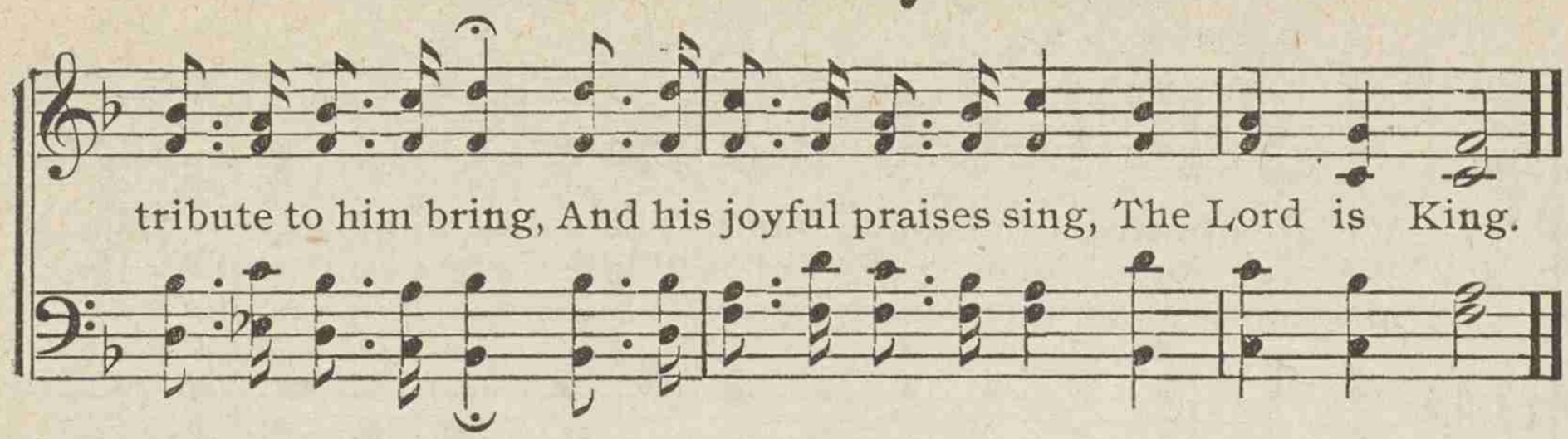
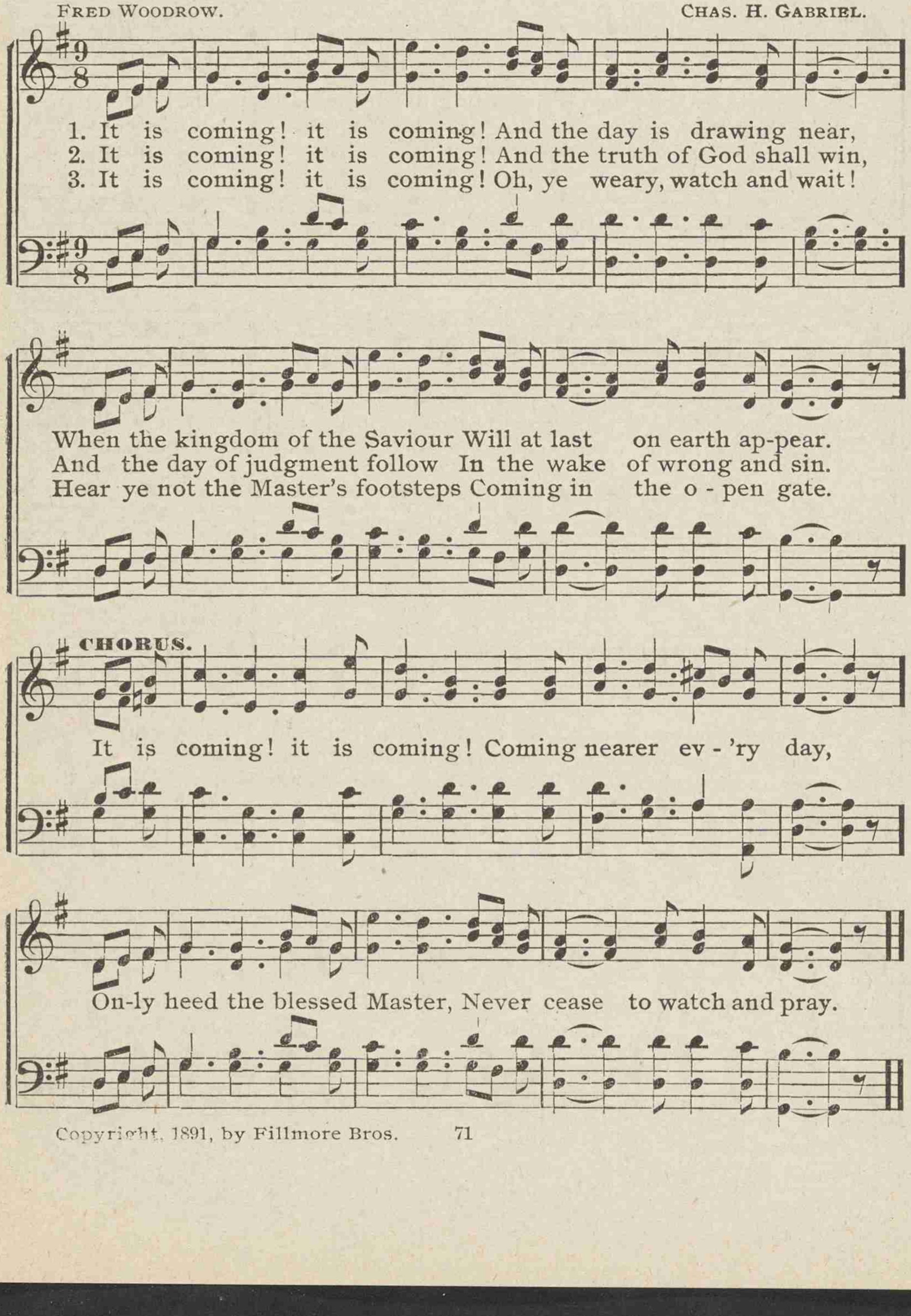
Praise Him With Joy. Concluded.



No. 66. That Day is Coming.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 67. Drawing from the Fountain.

DR. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are drawing from the fountain, That is flow-ing like a tide;
2. We may not ascend Mount Tabor, While there 's other work to do;
3. May our zeal be warm and glowing, While we la - bor in his sight,

We ascend God's ho - ly mountain, With the Saviour cru - ci - fied.
In the vales below we la - bor, All the wea - ry journey through.
God will bless our patient sowing, If we serve him with our might.

Dearer seems the Word to-day, Blessed lamp to light the way, Shining
To the weary rest is sweet; Sit-ting low at Je - sus' feet, We shall
Bread up-on the waters cast, We shall find when life is past, For his

CHORUS.

to the perfect day, That for-ever shall abide. We are draw -
find our joy complete, When we trust his promise true.
love and truth will last, While we walk with him in white. We are draw-

ing from the fountain, ... That is flow - ing like a
ing from the fountain deep and wide, That is flow-ing like a

Drawing from the Fountain. Concluded.

tide, (like a tide,) We are drawing from the fount, We ascend God's ho - ly

mount, With the Sav - - ior cru - ci - fied . . . . . .
Saviour cru-ci-fied, With the Saviour cru - ci - fied.

No. 68. I am the Door.

Words and melody by
REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. By per.

Harmonized by
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "I am the door," come in, come in, And leave without thy
2. "I am the door," come, gently knock, And I will loose the
3. "I am the door," no lon - ger roam, Here are thy treasures,
4. "I am the door," my Fath - er waits To make thee heir of

load of sin; The night is dark, the storm is wild, Oh,
heav - y lock, That guards my Fath - er's precious fold; Come
here thy home; I purchased them for thee and thine, And
rich estates; Come, dwell with him and dwell with me, And

venture in, thou stranger child, Oh, venture in, thou stranger child.
in from darkness and from cold, Come in from darkness and from cold.
paid the price in blood divine, And paid the price in blood divine.
thou my Father's child shall be, And thou my Father's child shall be.

No. 69. Dare to do Right.

E. E. STARKEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If fi - ery temp - ta - tions en - com-pass thy soul, And high-dash-ing pas - sion-waves o - ver thee roll, Be strong in the Lord, in the strength of his might, Gird on the whole ar-mor and

2. If dark-ness o'er - take thee and dang - ers ap - pall, Re - mem-ber, thine ar - mor is proof against all, And strong suppli- ca - tion will ban - ish the night; Then gird on the ar-mor and

3. The word is the sword which the Spir - it doth wield, Sal - va - tion and faith are its helm - et and shield; The breast-plate of righteousness pray'r will keep bright, Gird on the whole ar-mor and

CHORUS.

dare to do right.
dare to do right. Dare to do right, yes, dare to do right;
dare to do right.

Gird on the whole ar - mor and dare to do right.

By permission.

No. 70. At Heaven's Gate.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When in the light of the pearl - y gate The servants of the
2. When the glad song of the ransom'd throng Comes floating o'er the
3. When the dear face of the Sav - iour kind Is seen up - on the
4. When mem-'ry wings us re - gretful thoughts Of loving friends we

Lord ap - pear, And for the du - ty left un - done, And
crys - tal sea, If thought should prompt again the tear, That
gold - en throne, And starts a tear when he shall say, "Why
left be - hind, And one and all with wand-'ring feet, Are

prizes lost they might have won They shed the burning tear—
none of all now sing-ing there Was saved by you or me—
come a - lone the heav-'nly way A - lone! a - lone! a - lone"—
seeking not the gold - en street, Nor heaven's gate to find—

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Lord, in pit - y great, Wipe the tear at heav-en's gate!

At heav-en's gate, at heav-en's gate, Wipe the tear at heaven's gate.

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No. 71. The Prodigal Coming Home.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the wilds of sin, a wea - ry soul astray, From the home of love had gone; Like a poor, lost lamb, he
2. But he heard a voice in ten-der mer-cy say, "Sinner, come! why long - er stray?" And he comes, he comes, a-
3. Coming home, all faint and hungry and a-thirst, To the feast of love and peace; Coming home, by all the
4. Coming home, to seek a blessed mer-cy seat, With a load of guilt and shame, And a con - trite heart to

wandered far a - way, In his grief and woe a - lone.
long the homeward way; Coming home, no more to stray.
woe of sin accurst, To receive a quick re - lease.
lay at Je - sus' feet, In the faith of his dear name.

CHORUS.

Yes, the prodigal 's coming home, coming home, no more to roam, He is wea - ry of wand'ring far a - way from home; He is

By permission.

The Prodigal Coming Home. Concluded.

seeking the Father's face; he is longing for his grace; Yes, the

prod - i - gal's com-ing home, com-ing home. . . . . com-ing home.

No. 72. The Cross.

H. HARBAUGH. S. G. SMITH.

1. Do you look for rest? look to the cross! Do you ev - er
2. Do you ev - er bend? bow at the cross! Do you ev - er
3. Do you ev - er mourn? mourn at the cross! Do you feel for-
4. Do you seek a home? seek at the cross! Vain-ly you may

mourn? look to the cross! Look, love, live, look and live at the
vow? vow at the cross! Preach, praise, pray, praise and pray at the
lorn? flee to the cross! Fly, fly, fly, fly and kneel at the
roam, far from the cross; Hope, home, heav'n, hope and home at the

cross; Look, love, live, look and live at the cross.
cross; Preach, praise, pray, praise and pray at the cross.
cross; Fly, fly, fly, fly and kneel at the cross.
cross; Hope, home, heav'n, hope and home at the cross.

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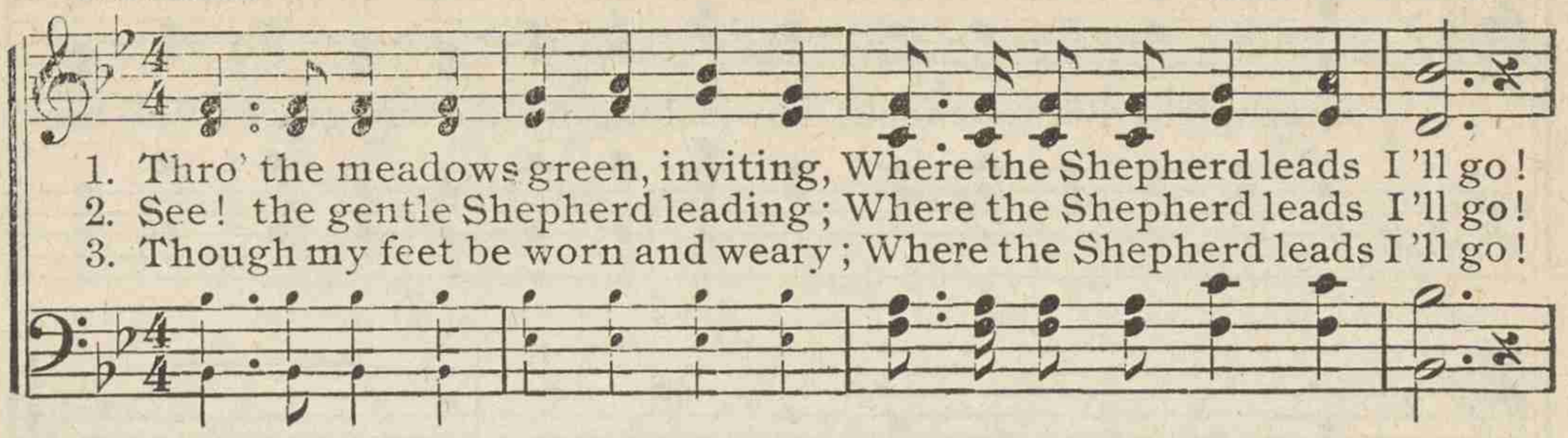
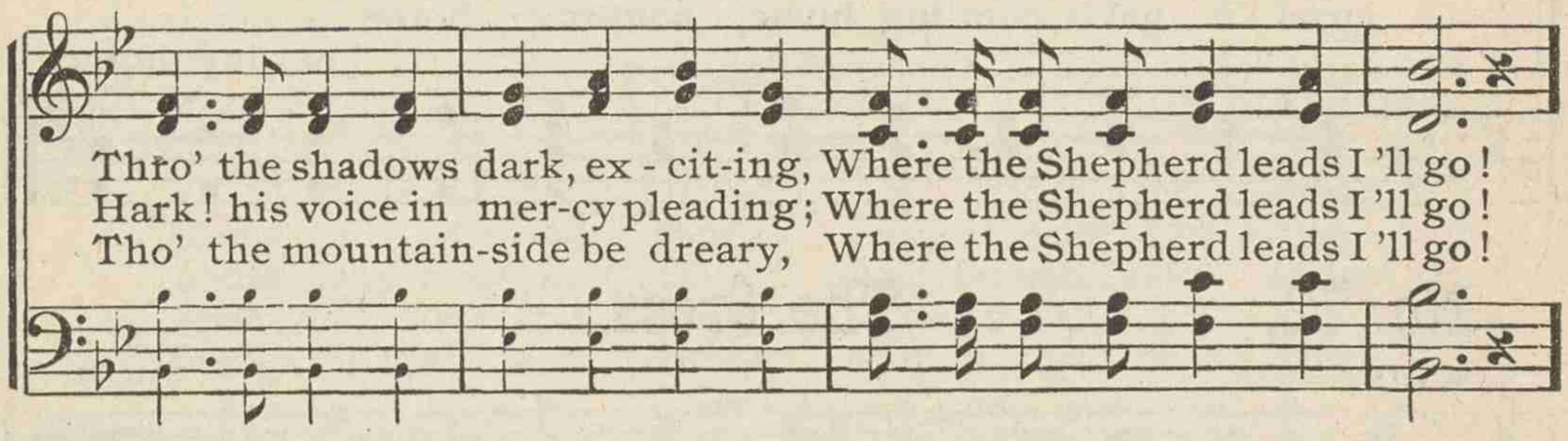
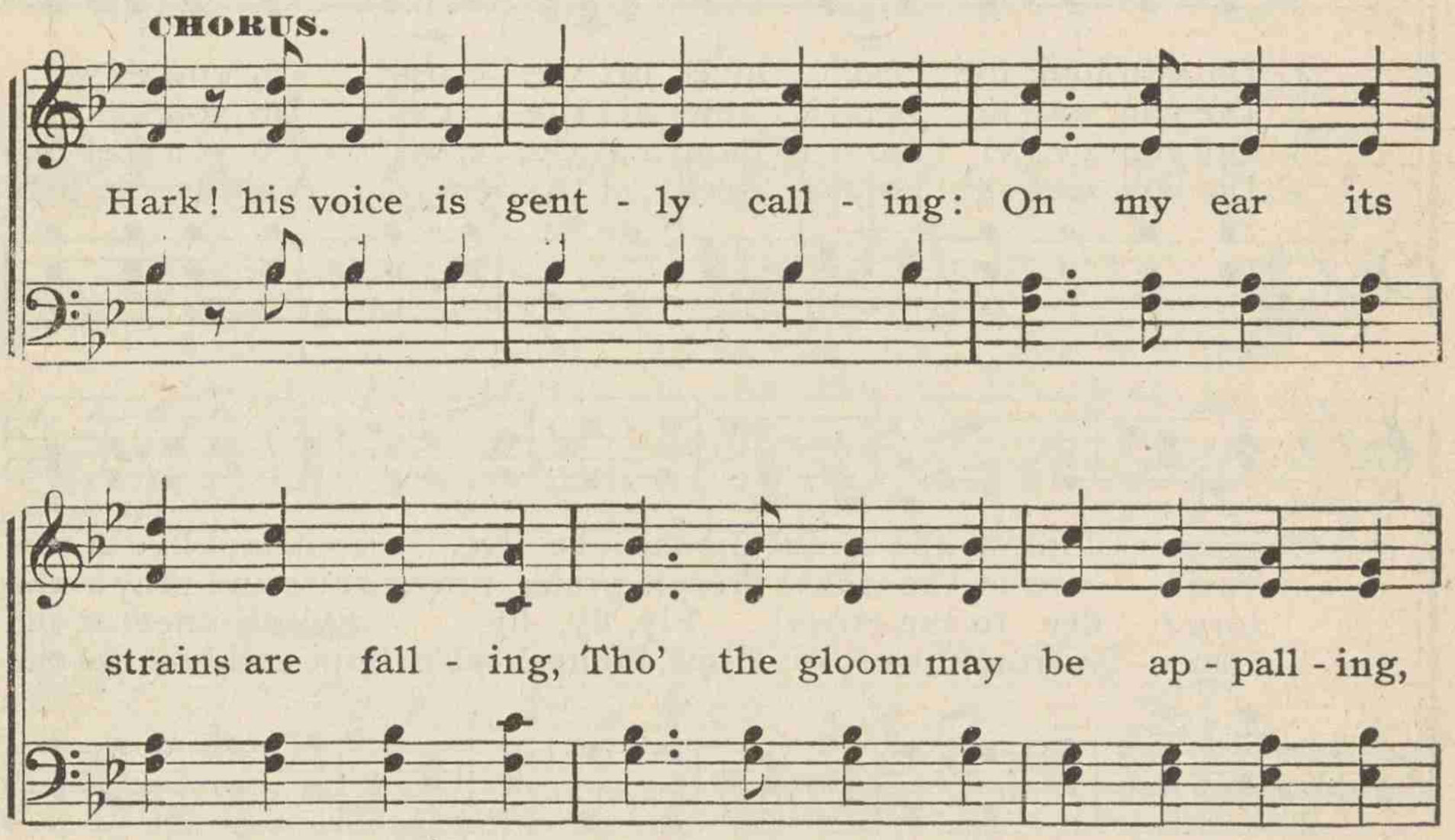
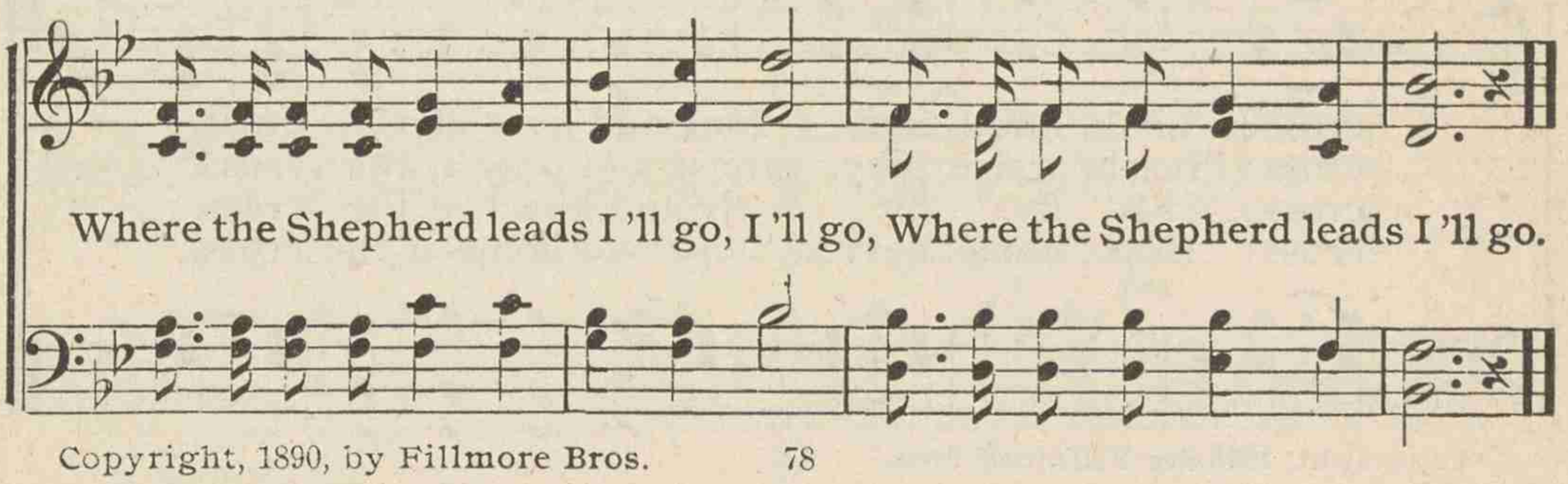
No. 73. Where the Shepherd Leads I 'll Go.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.









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No. 74. Jesus is Calling To-day.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Duet. **Semi-Chorus.**

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,
2. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee now, Calling thee now, yes,
3. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing, O come! Calling to - day, yes,

Duet.

call - ing for thee, List - en and hear him say, "fol-low thou me,"
call - ing thee now, Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,
call - ing to - day, All who are wea-ry and longing for home,

Semi-Chorus. **Full Chorus.**

Fol - low, yes, fol - low thou me. Je - - - sus is
Call - ing, yes, call - ing just now.
Je - sus is call - ing to - day. Je - sus is call-ing,

call - ing to - day, Je - - - sus is call-ing to - day;
call - ing to - day, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing to - day;

Je - - - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Je - sus is call-ing, calling to-day,

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No. 75. Rose of Sharon.

G. H. G.

1. Oh, the gracious love of Christ! Oh, the beauty of our King!
2. To the thirs - ty he's a Fount! Oh, ye wea-ry and oppressed,

He is tru - ly all in all, Let us of his glo - ry sing;
Hear ye not his gracious call, "Come to me, and ye shall rest?"

He's the Sun to light our path, And a Star to guide our way;
He's the true and liv - ing Vine, We the branch-es of his love;

He will lead us safe - ly home To the realms of endless day.
Are we bear - ing fruit for him To be garnered up above?

CHORUS.

He's the Lil-y of the Valley, He's the Rose of Sharon fair; He's the

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Rose of Sharon. Concluded.

Lil - y of the Valley so sweet, (so sweet,) He is al - together lovely,

And the Chief among ten thousand, Let us bow in ad-o - ration at his feet.

No. 76. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

f.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his
bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glory to his
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glory to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glory to his

Fine. **CHORUS.** **D. S.**

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

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No. 77. The Lord's Day.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In the Spirit this Lord's day, our spirits abide, The Lord of the Sabbath we hear at our side; Oh, work-ers, sent forth with a message divine, Oh, star of the churches, he holds you to shine.
2. "In the Spirit this Lord's day,"—a heav'n op'ning key, These words, ev'ry soul from its sorrows to free, Re-veal-ing the King on his glo-rious throne, Who keepeth watch o-ver this day of his own.
3. In the Spirit this Lord's day, to hear what he saith, "By blood of the Lamb thou shalt overcome death," The Sabbath e-ter-nal, Je-ho-vah's, receive, In service un-ceas-ing, re-joic-ing to live.

CHORUS.

In . . . . . the Spirit this Lord's day, We . . . . . will hear him, and o-bey, Glad - - - - - ly we his
In the Spirit this Lord's day, this happy day, We will hear him, and we gladly will o-bey, Gladly we his word, his

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No. 78. Cross of Jesus.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Copyright, by T. C. O'Kane.

No. 79. Passing Away.

D. M. C. D. M. CHUTE.

* 1. We are a lit - tle pil-grim band, To Je - sus we have come;
2. We are a youth-ful pil-grim band, And rough the way ap-pears,
3. We are an a - ged pil-grim band, Our locks are turn-ing gray;

We're pass - ing through a des-ert land,—We're on our journey home;
While we're be - set on ev - 'ry hand With sin and doubts and fears;
For ma - ny years that faith - ful hand Hath led us in the way;

Up - on the strait and nar - row way, In sim - ple trust we go,
Tho' sub - tle foes may oft as - sail To turn our feet astray,
We're al - most to our journey's end, We've sighted Ca-naan's shore,

Our faith - ful guide will take our hand And lead us safe - ly through.
Our faith - ful guide will nev - er fail To keep us day by day.
And soon he 'll bid the boat-man come To bear us safe - ly o'er.

CHORUS.

Passing a - way, . . . passing a - way, . . .
Pass-ing a - way, passing a - way,

* May be sung as follows:—1st stanza by children, 2nd by youths, 3rd by teachers and older persons, all joining in chorus each time.

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Passing Away. Concluded.

Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y where to stay, ...
passing a-way,

Passing a - way, . . . pass-ing a - way, ...
Pass-ing a - way, pass-ing a - way.

To our home beyond the tide we're passing a - way. . . . .
pass-ing a - way.

No. 80. Dismission.

JOS. HART. S. S. TURLEY.

1. Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up-on thy word;
2. Tho' we are guilty, thou art good, Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;

All that has been a-miss for-give, And let thy truth within us live.
Give ev - 'ry burden'd soul release, And bid us all de-part in peace.

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No. 81. Worthy is the Lamb.

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

1. Hark! the voice of countless thousands singing, "Worthy is the Lamb
2. Who will join to chant the wondrous sto - ry, "Worthy is the Lamb
3. Let each heart be fill'd with em - u - la - tion! "Worthy is the Lamb
4. Life or death e - ter - nal, ev - er - last - ing: "Worthy is the Lamb

that was slain!" All the might - y hosts of heav - en join - ing:
that was slain!" Who will join the choirs of highest glo - ry:
that was slain!" Let them chant the notes of full sal - va - tion!
that was slain!" Hon - or, glo - ry, rich-es, pow'r and blessing!

CHORUS.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" Hear the heav'nly chorus ringing,

'Round the throne for - ev - er sing - ing, Wor - thy is the Lamb,

wor - thy is the Lamb, Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain!

By permission.

No. 82. We are Bought with a Price.

IDA L. REED. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. We are bought with a price, we are not our own, We are heav'n's happy
2. He has purchas'd each one, the dear Prince of Peace, There is room 'round his
3. We are bought with a price, we to God be - long, Let us work for him

children now; Jesus' blood has been shed for our sin to atone, And his
throne for all; And he asks you to come into heav'n's pure bliss, Ere the
ev - 'ry day; We can tell burden'd souls of the Saviour's love, We can

CHORUS.

seal is upon each brow.
shadows about you fall. On the cross, on the cross our dear Saviour died;
point to the narrow way.

With his blood he has bought our souls; We will bur - y our sins

in its deep red tide, And rejoice while e - ter - ni - ty rolls.

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No. 83. Walking and Talking with Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto - ry of the cross and Calva-ry,
2. Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, what a rapture in the thought,
3. I can walk and talk with Je - sus, tho' I can not see his face,

With what joy my heart runs o - ver, as I think he died for me;
Oh, to be like his dis-cip-les, by the world's great teacher taught,
I can feel the Lord who loves me, near in ev - 'ry time and place;

And my soul is filled with longing as I read that long a - go,
And my heart o'erflows with gladness, as the sto - ry I re-peat,
I can feel his smile up - on me, "Fol - low me" I hear him say,

Persons walked and talked with Jesus as he journeyed to and fro.
Let me walk and talk with Je - sus, let me learn at Je - sus' feet.
Soul be glad—with those who love him, Je-sus walks and talks to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, 'T is a bless-ed tho't to me;

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Walking with Jesus. Concluded.

No. 84. Hiding in the Rock.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

By permission.

No. 85. Beautiful City of Gold.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. There 's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its glo - ries can nev-er be told; There the sun nev-er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
2. There the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith - ful with rapture behold; There the righteous for-ev - er shall shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have lead to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry lamb we have brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jewels, our crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
4. In that cit - y of light, where the sun nev - er sets, The in- hab - it - ants nev-er grow old; There no sorrow, no sickness, no death ev - er comes, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

That beau - ti - ful cit - y, the home of the soul, Oh, what joy, and what rapture to behold (to behold)! My Saviour to see,

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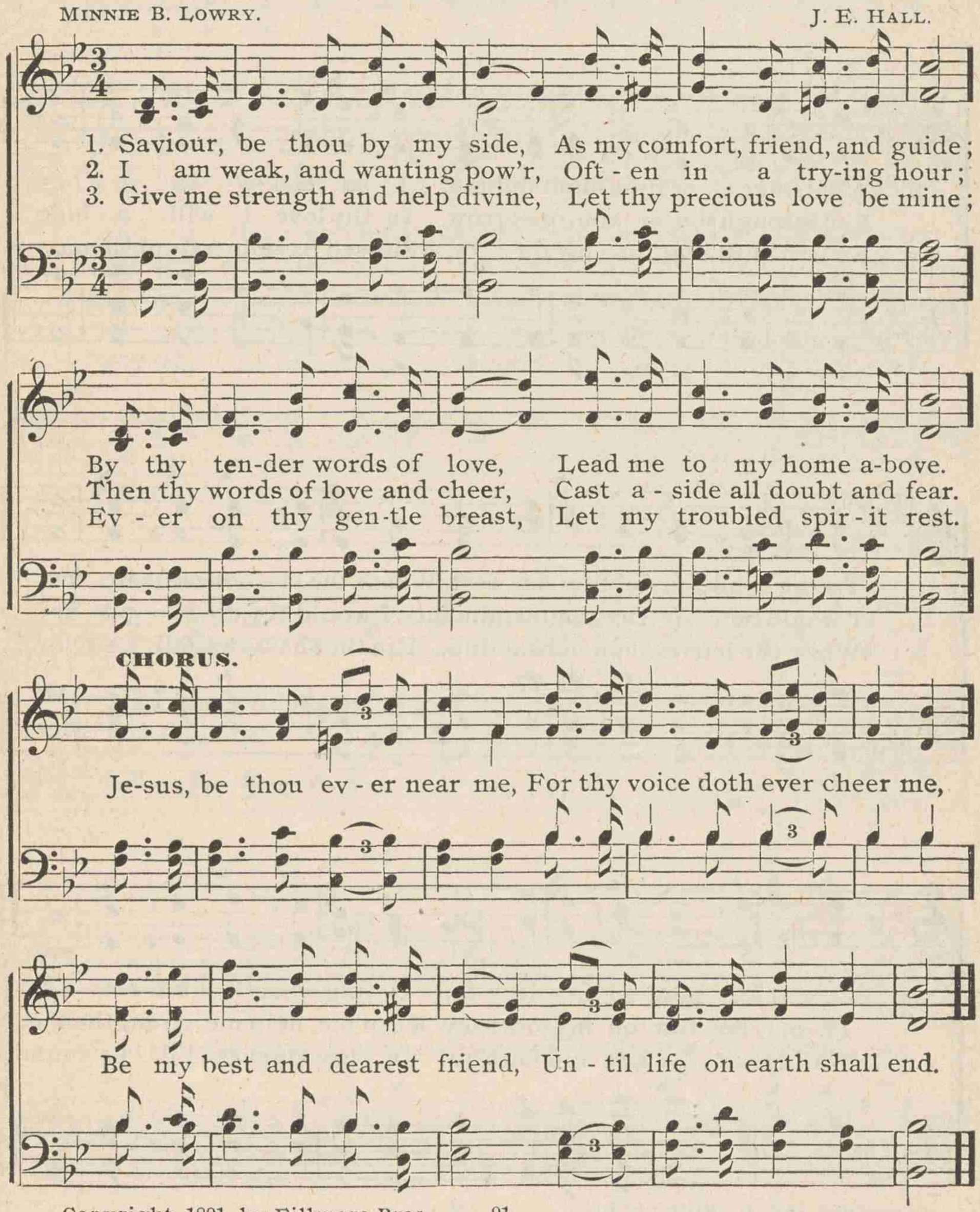
Beautiful City of Gold. Concluded.

No. 86. Saviour Near.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. J. E. HALL.



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No. 87. I Will Follow Thee.

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

1. I will fol - low thee, my Saviour, All a-long my pilgrim way;
2. I will fol - low thee, my Saviour, On - ly lin - ger at my side;
3. I would fol - low thee, my Saviour, Hap-py in thy love to be,

Whatso-ev - er thou shalt bid me, I am read - y to o - bey;
For through joy, or pain, or sorrow, In thy love I will a - bide;
Ev - er faith - ful to my du - ty,—Blessed Saviour, strengthen me;

To the bend-ing fields of har-vest, Where the la - bor-ers are few,
I would hon - or thy commandments, I would thy dis-ci - ple be,
While the harvest sun is beaming, Ere the shad-ows fall a-round,

I will fol - low to my du - ty, Do-ing what I find to do.
Then, O Saviour, on my journ-ey, Keep me, help me, strengthen me.
Toiling ear - ly, late and faith-ful In thy vineyard I'll be found.

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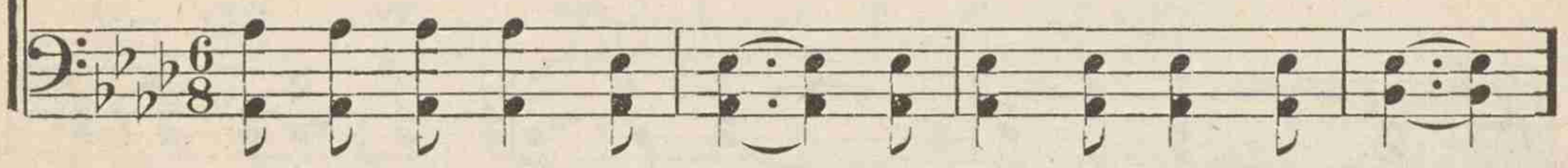
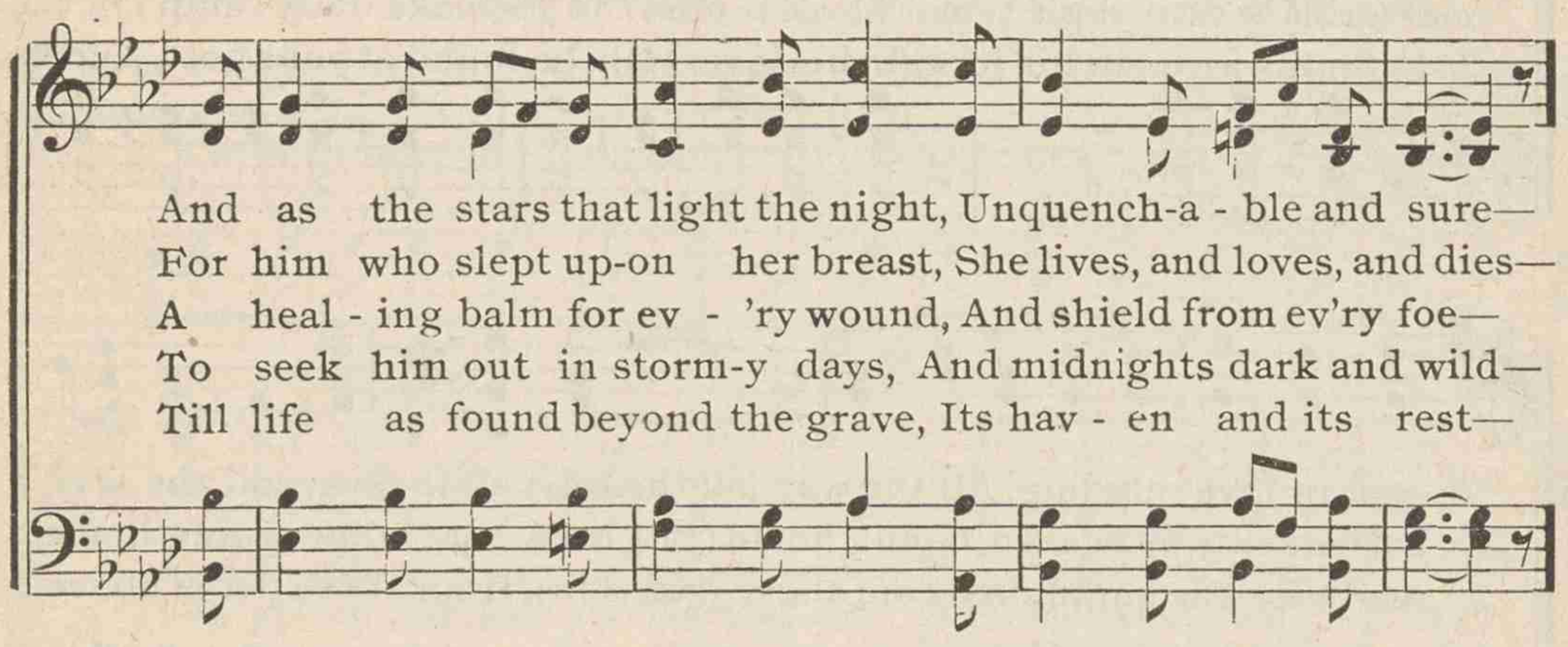
No. 88. As is a Mother's Love.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

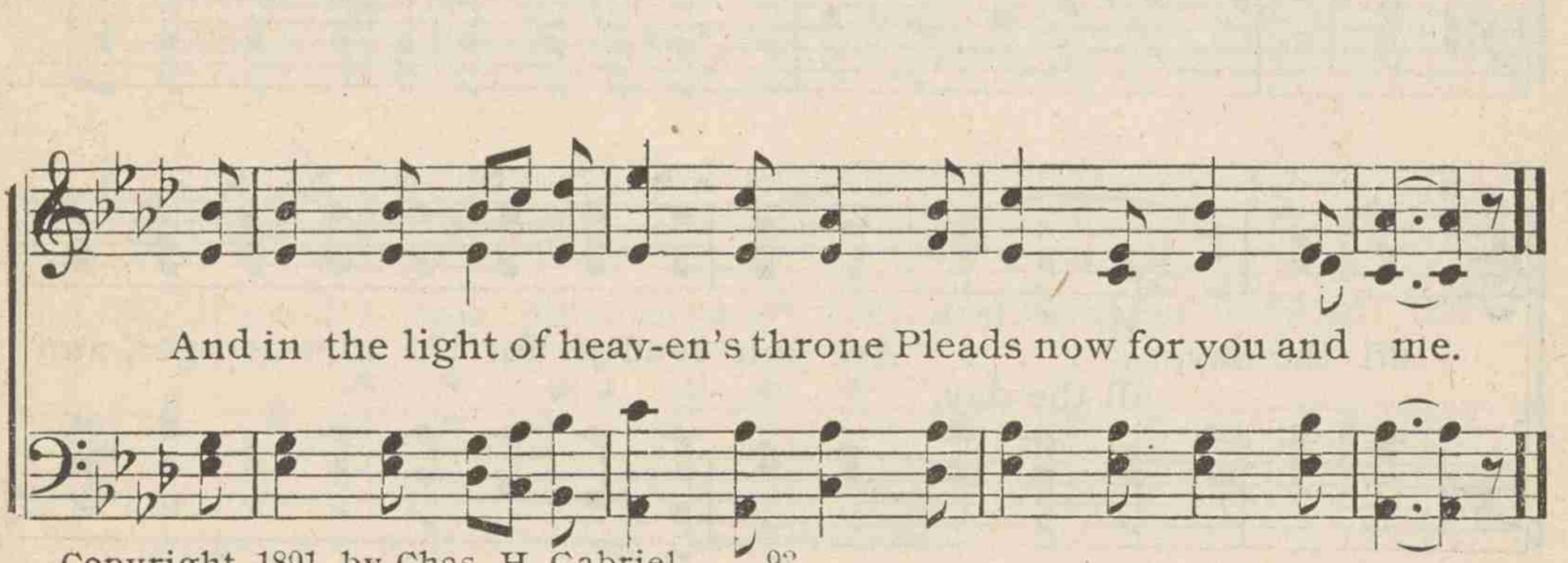
1. As is a moth-er's love, Unchanging, true and pure,
2. As is a moth-er's love, Tho' all the world de - spise,
3. As is a moth-er's love, In dan - ger, pain, or woe,
4. As is a moth-er's love, When lost her err - ing child,
5. As is a moth-er's love, Of all earth-gifts the best,





And as the stars that light the night, Unquench-a - ble and sure—
For him who slept up-on her breast, She lives, and loves, and dies—
A heal - ing balm for ev - 'ry wound, And shield from ev'ry foe—
To seek him out in storm-y days, And midnights dark and wild—
Till life as found beyond the grave, Its hav - en and its rest—

So is love, the wondrous love That bled up - on the tree,



And in the light of heav-en's throne Pleads now for you and me.

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No. 89. Is Your Trust in the Lord?

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Is your trust in the Lord, Are you leaning on his promise All the way (all the way), all the way (all the way)? Have you faith in his word, Is your soul in love abiding, All the way (all the way) all the way (all the way)?

2. Have you oil in your lamp, Are you ready for the Bridegroom Should he come (should he come), should he come (should he come)? Do you make daily camp On the battlements of heaven, Going home (going home), going home (going home)?

3. Are you pointing the lost To an ut - ter-most salvation In his love (in his love), in his love (in his love)? Oh, be found at your post, And be ready for the summonsFrom above (from above), from above (from above).

CHORUS.

Is your trust in the Lord all the way, . . . Have you faith in his word all the way, all the day, ... Are you read-y for the mes-sen-ger, and all the day,

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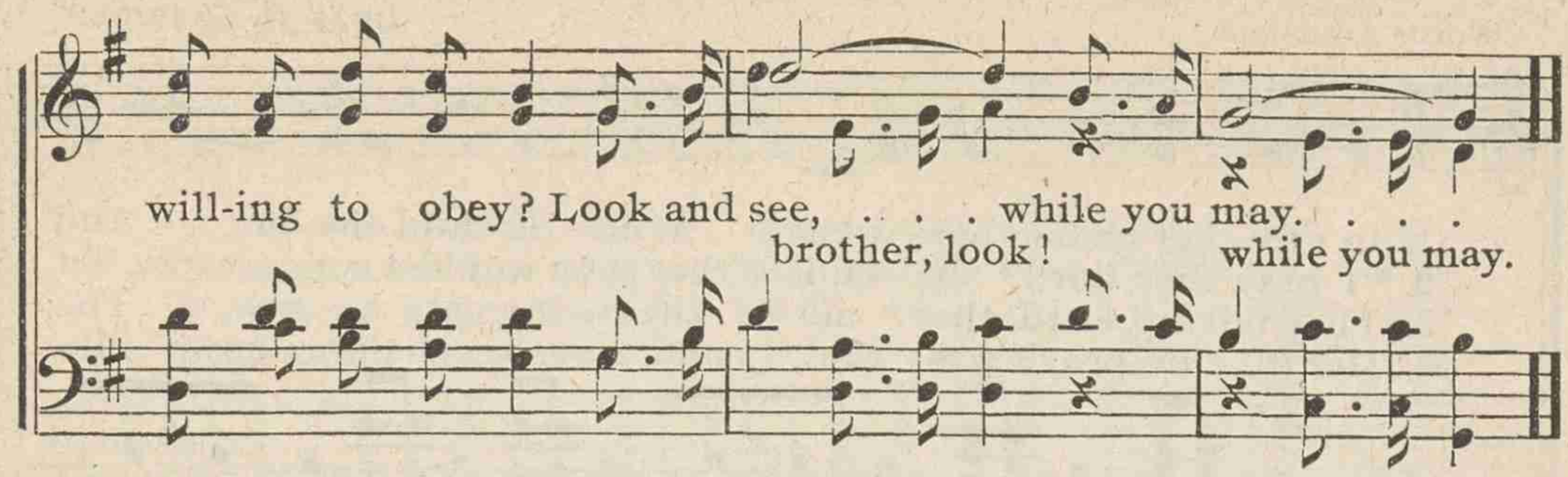
Is Your Trust in the Lord? Concluded.



No. 90. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

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

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No. 91. A Child at Prayer.

Words Arranged. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In - to her cham - ber went a lit - tle child one day, And
2. "I pray thee Lord," she said, "that thou wouldst condescend To
3. They tell me, Lord, that all the liv-ing pass a - way, The
4. Her lit - tle pray'r was said, and, from her chamber now, She

by a chair she knelt, and thus be-gan to pray: "Dear
tar - ry in my heart, and ev - er be my friend; The
a - ged soon must die, and e - ven child-ren may; O,
passed with joy and light of heav'n up - on her brow; Dear

Je - sus, now my eyes I close, thy form I can-not see, . . . If
path of life is dark, so dark, I would not go a - stray, . . Oh,
Je - sus, let my pa-rents live till I a wom-an grow, For
mother I have seen the Lord, his hand in mine I felt, And

thou art near me, bless-ed Lord, I pray thee, speak to me."
let me have thy lov - ing hand to lead me in thy way."
if they die be - fore, what can a lit - tle or - phan do?
oh, I heard, I heard him say, as by my chair I knelt:—

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A Child at Prayer. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

A still small voice she heard with - in her soul,
"Fear not, I will not leave thee, child, a - lone,"
"Fear not, my child! what - ev - er ills may come,
"Fear not, my child! what - ev - er ills may come,

"What is it, child? I hear thee, tell me all."
She tho't she felt a soft hand press her own.
I'll not for - sake thee, I will bring thee home."
I'll not for - sake thee, I will bring thee home."

No. 92. There is a Happy Land.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand,
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Father's hand,

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a crown and

Sav - iour King, Loud let his prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
king-dom won, And bright a - bove the sun We reign for aye.

No. 93. Watchers in the Night.

FRED WOODROW. J. L. MOORE.

1. We are weak, O Lord, and fee - ble, Dim and dull our human sight,
2. On the wonders of re-demp-tion, Faith but gaz-es thro' her tears;
3. Where thy hand, O Lord, would lead us, Moving on with stumbling feet,
4. Kind-ly Saviour, gent-ly lead us, Through the shadows to the light,

Walking in the shifting shadows, Wea-ry watchers in the night.
On the shining page of mer - cy, Spreads the shadow of our fears.
Finding but a wea - ry mountain, See-ing not the golden street.
Till the dawning of the morning Greets the watchers of the night.

CHORUS.

Till the dawn - - - - ing of the morn - - - - - ing,
Till the dawn-ing of the morning bright and fair,

Wea-ry watch - - - ers in the night, ... We are
Wea-ry watchers in the night, in the night,

walking in the shifting shadows, Wea-ry watchers in the night.

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No. 94. The Door of God's Mercy.

J. H. H. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. The door of God's mercy is o - pen to-day; Will you come in,
2. The door of God's mercy is o - pen to-day; Will you come in,
3. Still pleading and waiting, has wait-ed so long; Will you come in,
4. Oh, why not ac - cept his sal-va-tion just now? Will you come in,

will you come in? Tho' strait be the gate, and narrow the way, There's
will you come in? And Jesus stands waiting, why will you delay To
will you come in? His spirit has called you in sermon and song, To
will you come in? Oh, hasten and come, at his feet lowly bow, And

CHORUS.

in - fin - ite wideness within. Then hast - en, O sin - -
choose that blest portion within?
leave the low service of sin.
turn from the broad road of sin. Then hasten, O sinner, while Jesus is

ner, while Jesus is calling, "come in," . . Still wait - - -
calling, come in, Still waiting and

ing and plead - ing, And ten-der - ly calling, "come in."
pleading, still waiting and pleading,

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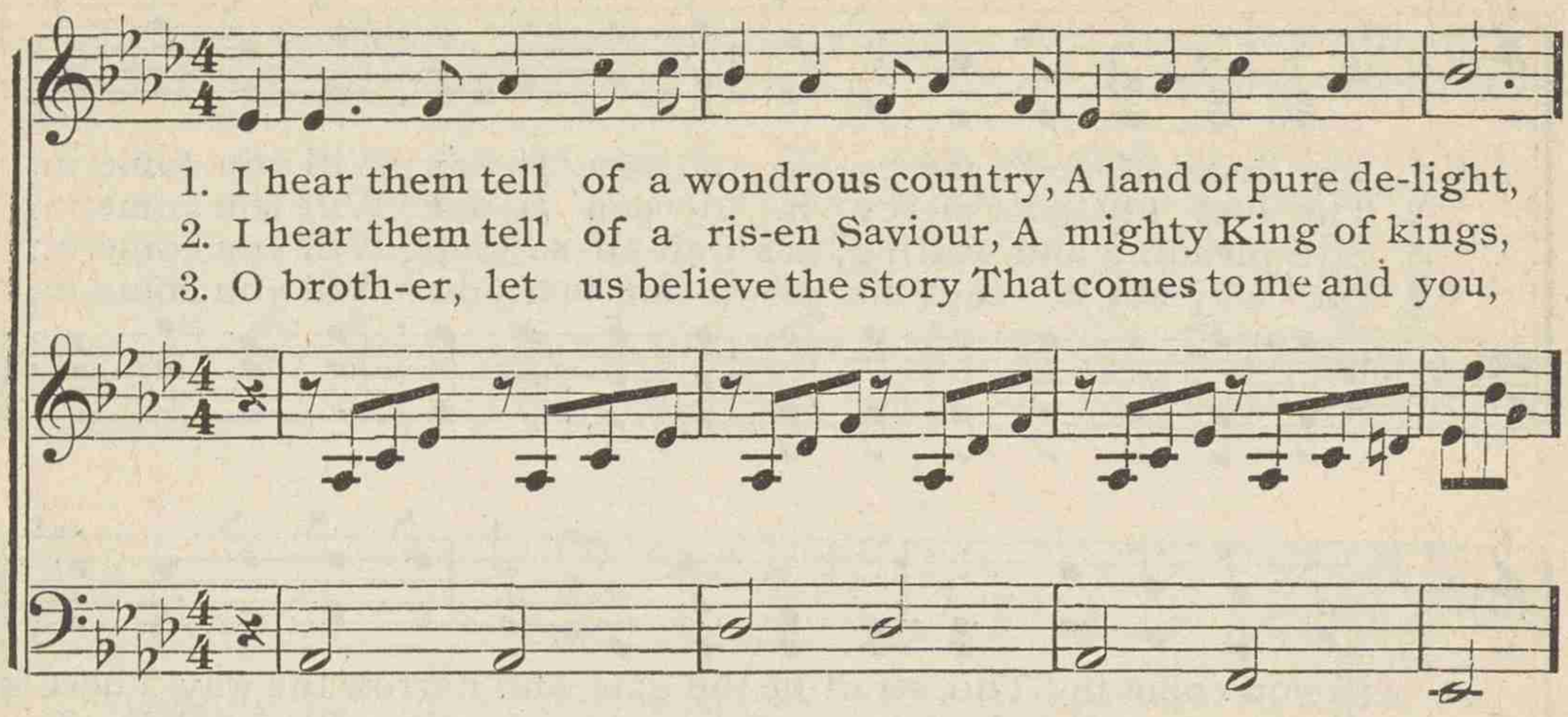
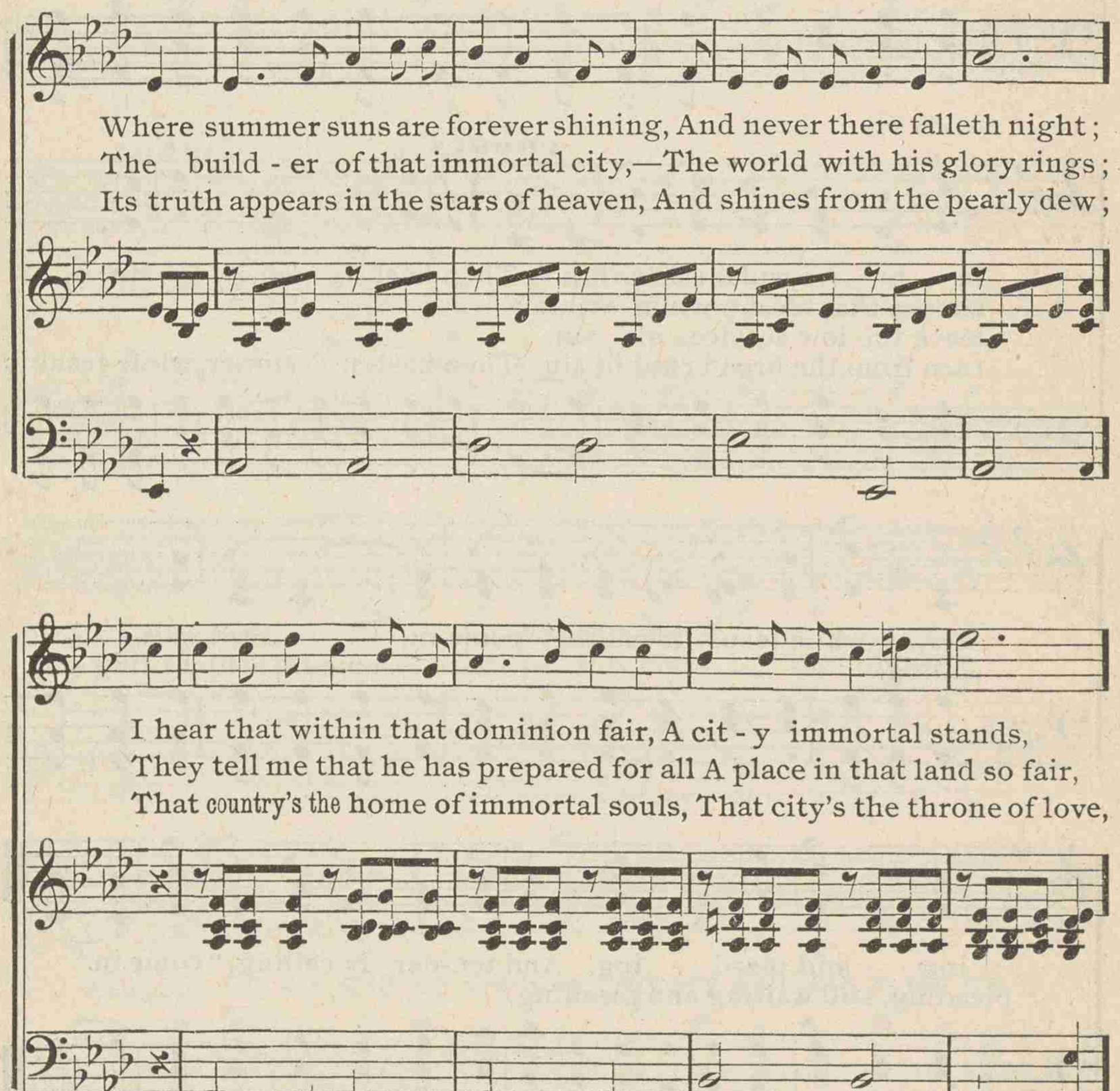
No. 95. The Wonderful City.

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





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The Wonderful City. Concluded.

A city whose beauty is yet untold, A city not built with hands.
And sends down a full invitation, too, That all may be present there.
That king is the Saviour who shed his blood, To build us that home above.

CHORUS.

Blessed cit - y, love-ly cit - y, Cit - y in a world so fair,

Bless - ed cit - y, love - ly cit - y, Broth - er, may we
Blessed cit - y, love-ly cit - y,

one and all meet there, . . . May we one and all meet there. . .
meet there, meet there.

No. 96. Calvary's Fountain.

LUCRETIA S. ARMEN. REV. A. A. ARMEN.

1. Have you heard of Calvary's fountain, Where the living waters flow,
2. Where the heart, when sick and weary, Fainting, drooping by the way,
3. Where the soul, sin-scarred and sadden'd By the tempests of this life,

And where sins, tho' red like crimson, May be washed as white as snow?
At this fount may ev - er ling - er, Till the darkness turns to day?
May by faith and trust in Je - sus, Wash and free itself from strife?

CHORUS.

We will tar - - - - - ry at the fount - - ain,
We will tar - ry at the fountain, We will tar - ry at the fountain,

Where the liv - ing wa - ter flows; We will tar - - - - - - -
tar - ry at the fount-

ry at the fount - - . ain, There to dwell in sweet repose.
ain, We will tarry at the fountain,

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No. 97. Golden Grain.

REV. JOHN. O. FOSTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. From the harvest field there's a blessed yield, Of a rich and ripe display;
2. Ev'ry want supplied, ev'ry good applied, Naught but gratitude we bring;
3. With our songs of joy in his glad employ, We will shout God's praise amain;
4. Aft - er toil is done, and the vict'ry 's won, In the Canaan of our Lord,

For the Master's hand o-ver all the land, Gives a hundred-fold to-day.
With a grateful heart each will bear a part, In a tribute to our King.
With the reapers' song we will join the throng, That has gathered golden grain.
Where the skies are bright in the holy light, We shall have our rich reward.

CHORUS.

Then we 'll gath - er, gath - er, Then we 'll gather from the
Then we 'll gather, gather, gather, gather,

val-ley and the plain, Then we 'll gath - er, gath - er,
Then we 'll gather, gather, gath-er, gather,

With our hearts full of glad-ness for the bright gold-en grain.

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No. 98. That Golden Land.

D. H. LLOYD. Arranged and partly written by C. H. G.

1. Oh, that land, the golden land, just beyond the Jordan's strand, Where the
2. In the ev - er-last-ing word is the sto - ry of my Lord, How to
3. With the dear ones gone before we shall dwell for evermore, In that

promised mansions wait for you and me; I can see the glitt'ring tow'rs,
earth he came to save the sons of men; And I love it more and more,
bless - ed land of glo - ry by and by; And with Jesus, hand in hand,

and the fragrance of her bow'rs On the winds of heav'n are waft - ed
as I near the golden shore, For I know my soul will share the
a united blood-washed band, We shall dwell while endless a - ges

CHORUS.

o'er the sea. Oh, the land, . . . sun-ny land, . . . Oh, the
glo - ry there.
wan-der by. Oh, the land, sunny land,

land, ... blessed land, ... I can see her glitt'ring tow'rs,
Oh, the land, blessed land,

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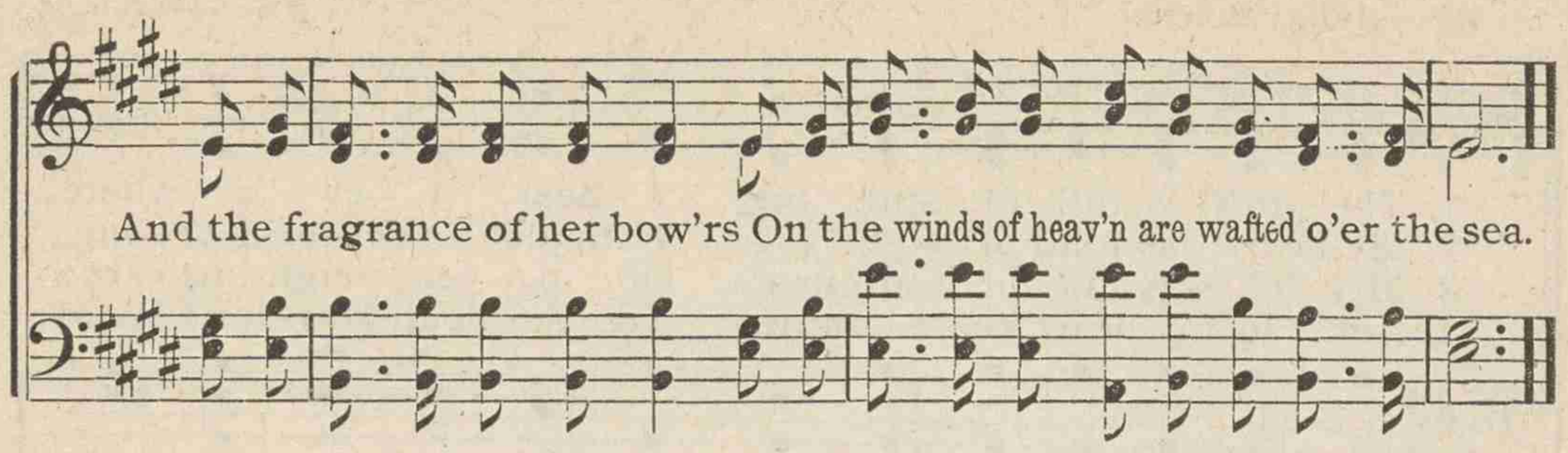
That Golden Land. Concluded.



No. 99. I will Early Seek the Saviour.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

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No. 100. Music in my Soul!

REV. HENRY BURTON. JOSHUA GILL.

1. The world is full of sing - ing, I hear it ev - 'ry - where;
2. My heart was fond of sigh - ing, With just some breaks of song,
3. My life was full of sad - ness, Of o - ver - weigh-ing care;
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Mas - ter's Word;

The flow'rs their bells are ring - ing, Out on the scent - ed air:
As self was ev - er try - ing To make its weak - ness strong;
But now the "oil of glad - ness," Has turned to praise the prayer;
And it is al - ways singing, Just like a spring-time bird:

And up a - bove, around me, The si - lent an - thems roll:
But now in him con - fid - ing, His Word has made me whole,
And so I keep pur - su - ing, And pressing t'ward the goal;
I know not what the harps be, Where heav'nly anthems roll,

The glorious Lord has found me, There 's mu - sic in my soul!
And e'er in Christ a - bid - ing, There 's mu - sic in my soul!
But praying, wait - ing, do - ing, There 's mu - sic in my soul!
I know that heav'n is near me, There 's mu - sic in my soul!

CHORUS.

The blood of Christ is flowing, Its waves a - round me roll,

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Music in my Soul! Concluded.

No. 101. Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.

No. 102. There is no Rest.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There was no rest . . . . for Noah's dove, . . . That left the
2. There was no rest . . . . for Hebrew host, . . . Till o'er the
3. There was no rest . . . . for Israel's king, . . . Till God for-
4. There was no rest . . . . for Magdalene, ... Till she had
5. There is no rest . . . . from sin and care, . . . Till we have

float - - - - - - ing ark, No branch of tree, ... or welcome
Jor - - - - - - dan's tide, The Canaan land, ... they sought and
gave . . . . . his sin, And David thro' . . . . the o - pen
found . . . . . her Lord, And heard again . . . . in Ol - i-
found . . . . . the breast Where Jesus, in . . . . his love, has

CHORUS.

nest . . . . Above the wa - - - - - ers dark. There is no
found . . . . Upon the oth - - - - - - er side.
gate . . . . Of mer-cy en - - - - - tered in.
vet, ... The dear Redeem - - - er's word.
said, ... Ye weary, come, ... and rest.

rest, ... there is no rest, ... There is no rest at

all . . . . . Till wea-ry sin - - - - - - - ners seek the

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There is no Rest. Concluded.

No. 103. Calling Now for Thee.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

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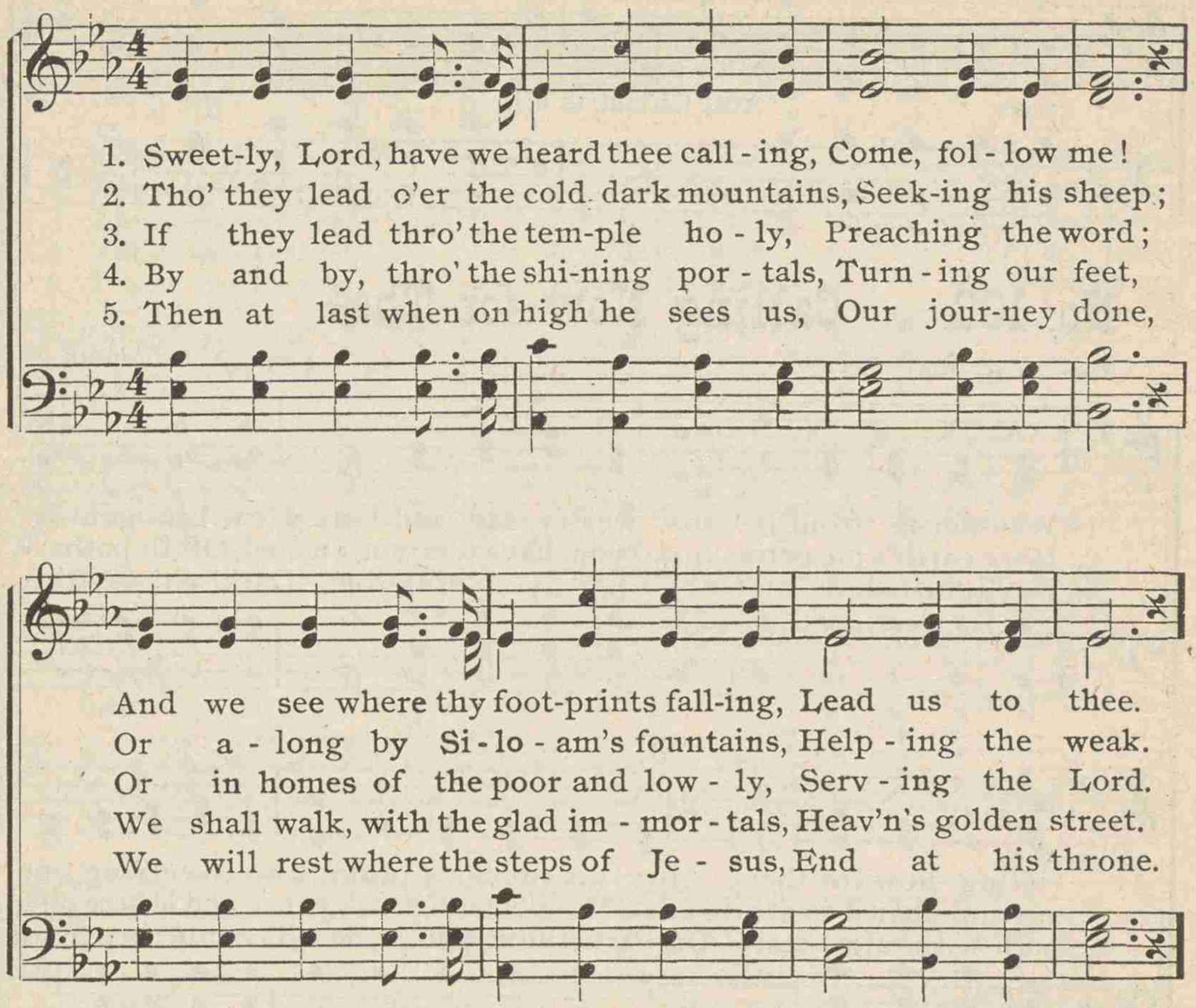
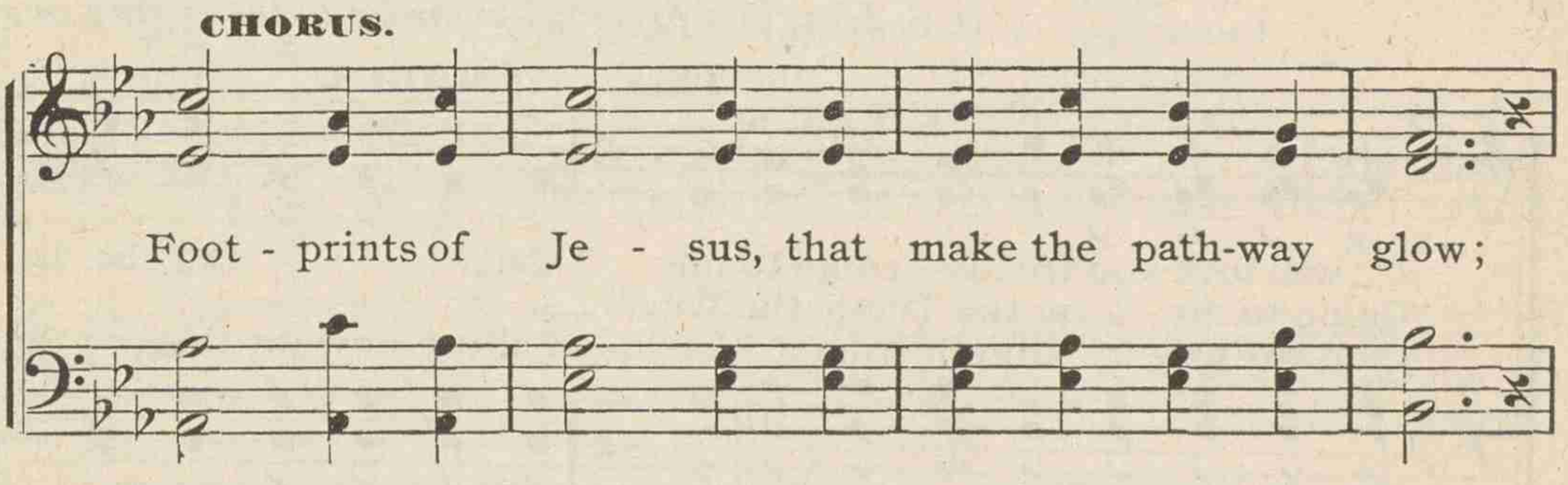
No. 104. Footsteps of Jesus.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.





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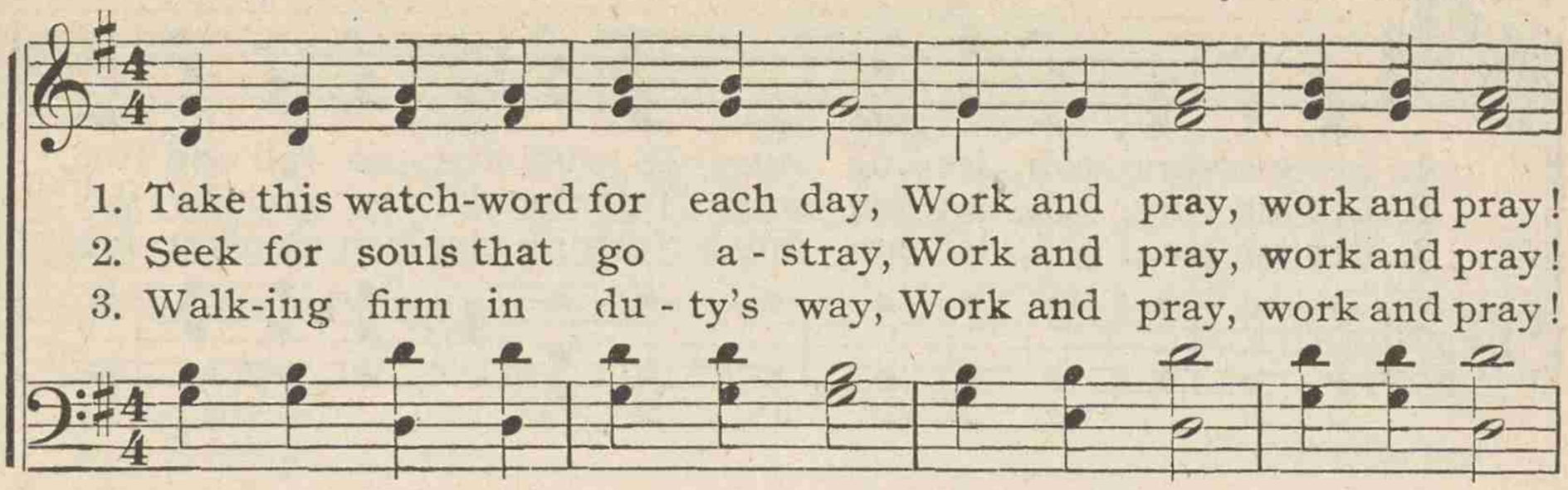
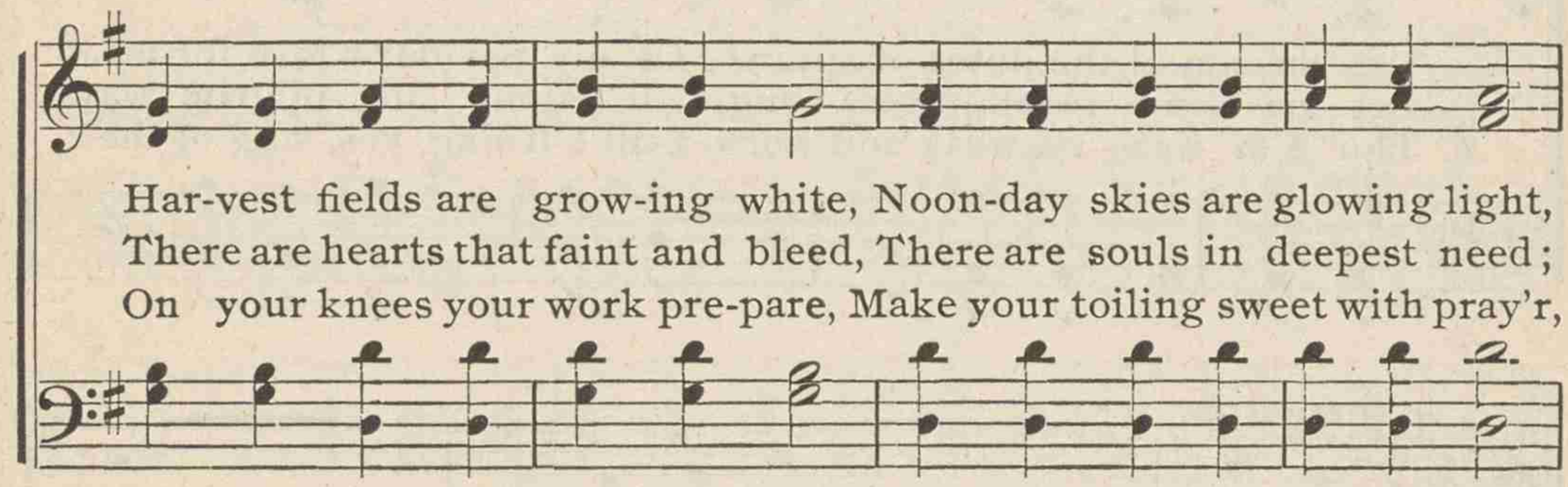
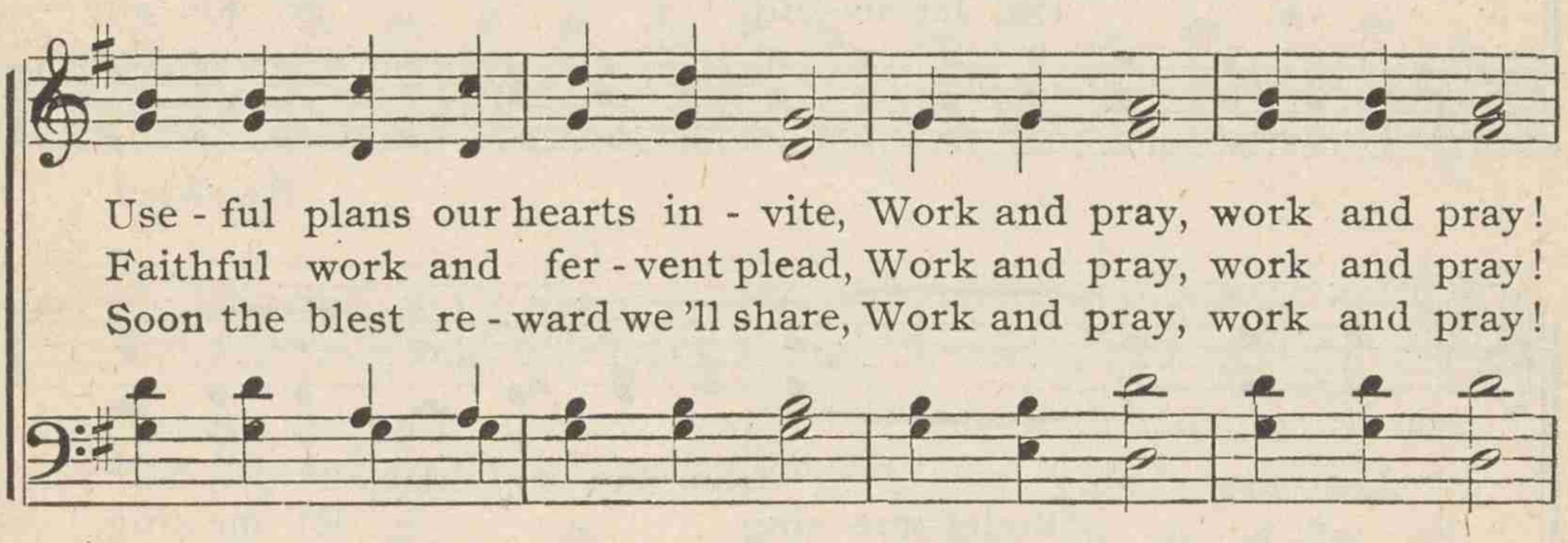
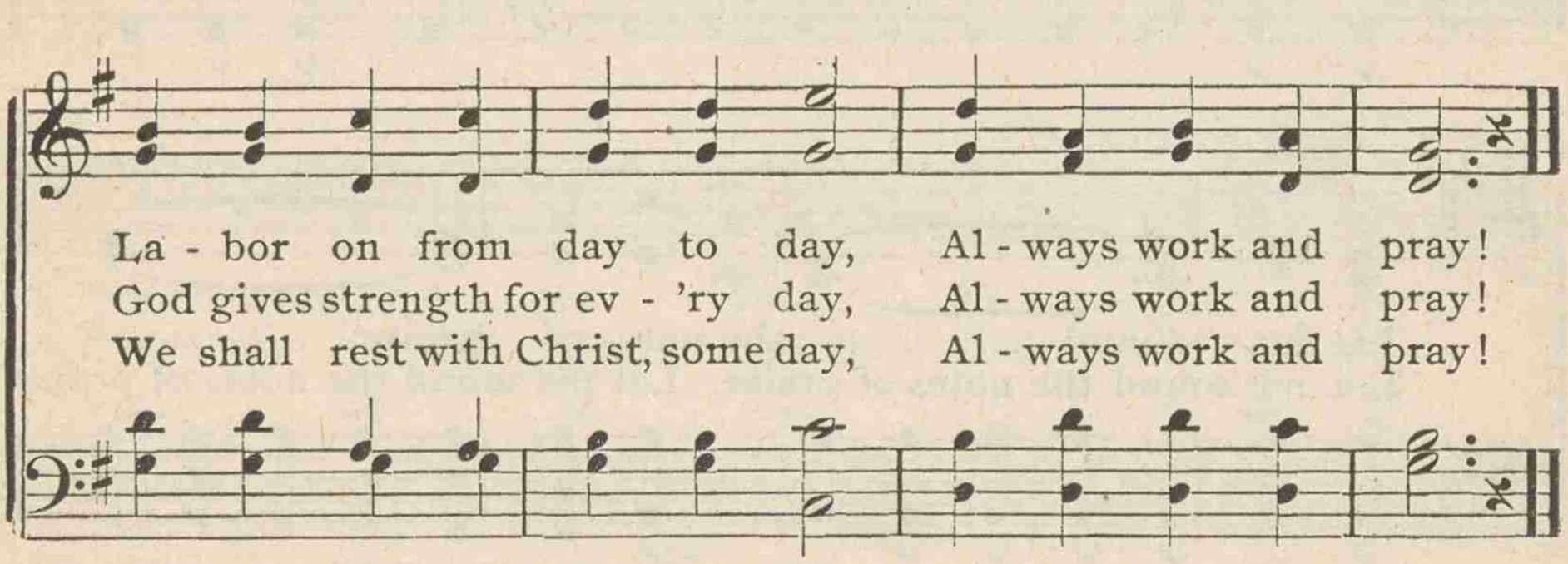
No. 105. Work and Pray.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. JNO. R. BRYANT.









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No. 106. Let me Sing.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.

1. Let me sing, oh, let me sing, Je - sus' love so full and free,
2. Let me sing, oh, let me sing, Tell the sto - ry day by day;
3. Let me sing, oh, let me sing, Nothing else can comfort me,

Let me sound the notes of praise, Of my Saviour's love for me.
Let me sing redemption's song, All along my pilgrim way.
Tho' I'm wea - ry, weak and worn, Still I'll sing, yes, sing of thee.

CHORUS.

Let me sing . . . . from day to day, ...
Oh, let me sing let me sing,

Let me sing . . . . from day to day, ...
Oh, let me sing let me sing,

Let me sound . . . . the notes of praise, ...
Let me sound the notes of praise, Let me sound the notes of praise

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Let me Sing. Concluded.

No. 107. Move Forward.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.

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No. 108. Peace of God.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Peace of God, the sweetest blessing, Ev-er spoke by mortal tongue,
2. Passing thought and understanding, Measured not by mortal span,

Heard in anthems of the heavens, Or by an - gel voic - es sung;
God himself the shoreless o-cean, Of the peace he gives to man;

O'er the curse of sin and sorrow, Spreading like a heal-ing balm,
Lord, I ask no greater blessing! Give, oh, give thy peace to me:

And up - on the seas of trouble, Fall-ing like a bless-ed calm.
Earth has not so rich a treasure, As the peace I find in thee.

REFRAIN.

Sweetest sto - ry ev - er told; Al-ways new, and nev - er old;

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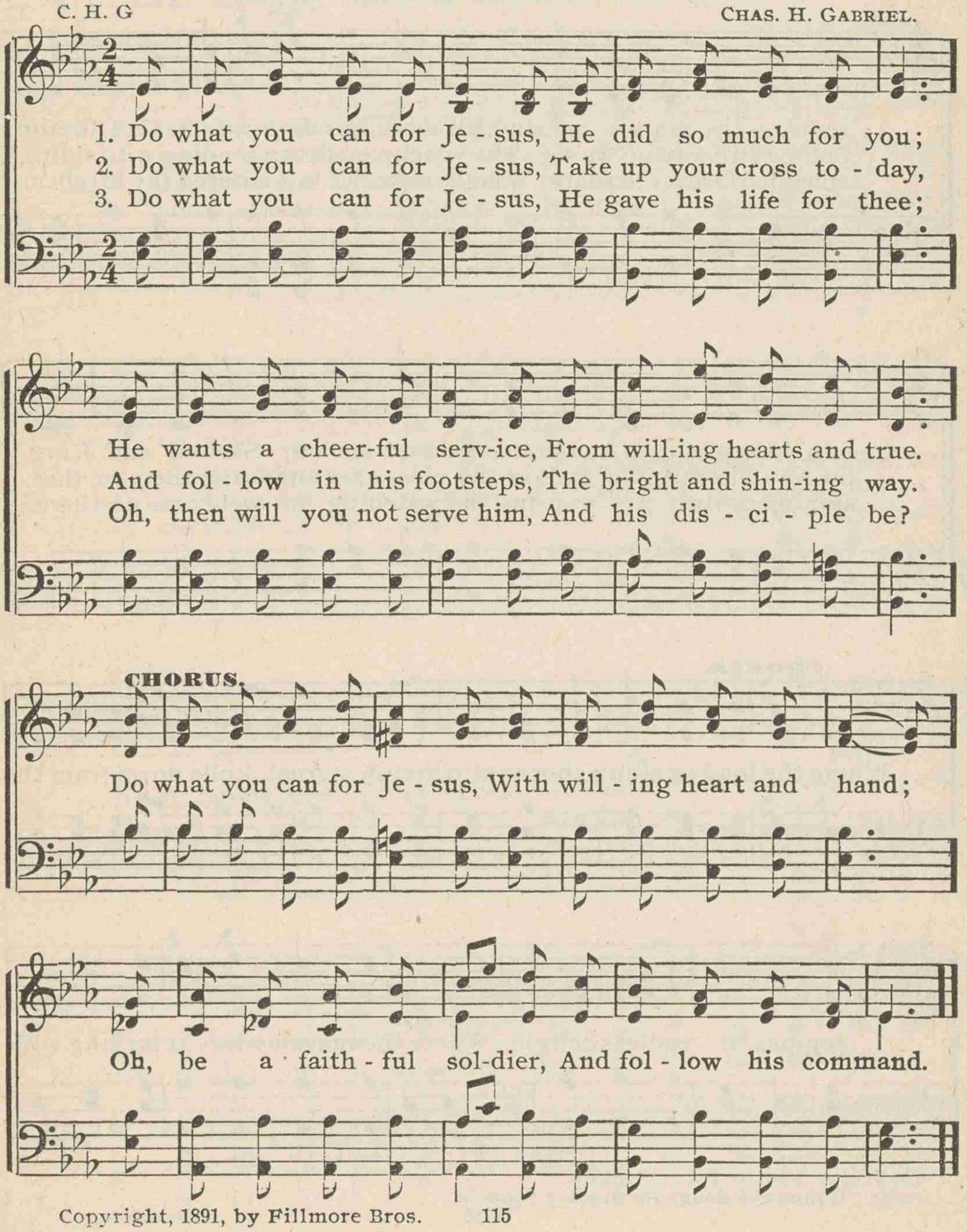
Peace of God. Concluded.

No. 109. Do What You Can.

C. H. G

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 110. Zion! Lovely Zion!

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

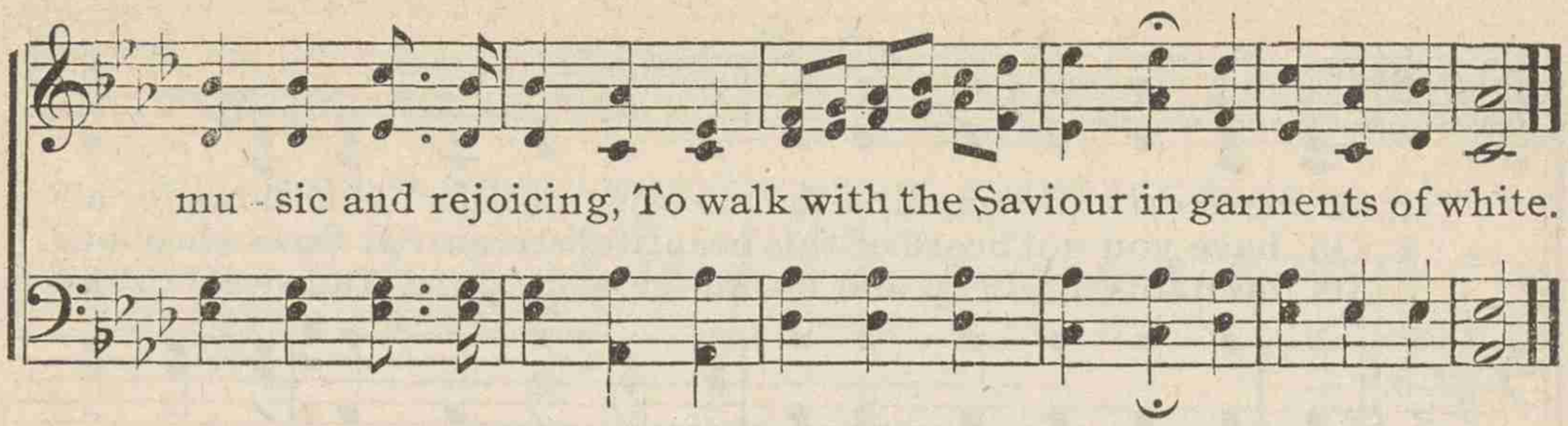
1. O Zi-on! love-ly Zi - on! thou cit-y of the faithful, How often with rapture thy praises we sing,! Where millions of redeemed ones are dwelling now in brightness, And praising for-ev-er our Saviour and King.
2. O Zi-on! love-ly Zi - on! thou carest for the lowly, Thy banner of mer-cy still waving we see; Thy watchmen thou art sending with tidings, joy - ful ti-dings, To gath-er the lost ones and bring them to thee.
3. O Zi-on! love-ly Zi - on! Oh, when shall we behold thee, Thy beauty and splendor forever to share; Where loved ones who have entered thy bright and shining portals, Are wait-ing and watching to wel-come us there?

CHORUS.

Where the loud swelling chorus of triumph eternal, Rolls down from the regions of endless delight; Where the ransomed are returning with

Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.
From "Winnowed Songs for Sunday Schools."

Zion! Lovely Zion!



No. 111. Happy Little Lambs Are We.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. H. A. LEWIS.

By permission.

No. 112. Wonderful Stream.

C. H. C.

1. A beau - ti - ful stream is the riv - er of life, That flows for all
2. Oh, have you not heard of this beautiful stream? It flows thro' our
3. Its fountains are deep and its wa - ters are pure, And sweet to the

na - tions free; A balm for each wound in its wa-ter is found; Oh,
Father's land! Its waters gleam bright in the heaven-ly light, And
wea - ry soul; It flows from the throne of glo - ry a - lone; Oh,

CHORUS.

sinner, it flows for thee. Oh, beau - ti-ful stream, . .
ripple o'er golden sand.
come where its bright waves roll. Oh, beautiful stream, oh, river of life,

Oh, riv - - er of life, . . . Why will . .
Oh, beauti - ful stream, oh, riv - er of life, Why will you not come

you not come, . . . And dwell on its peaceful shore? The
to this beauti - ful stream,

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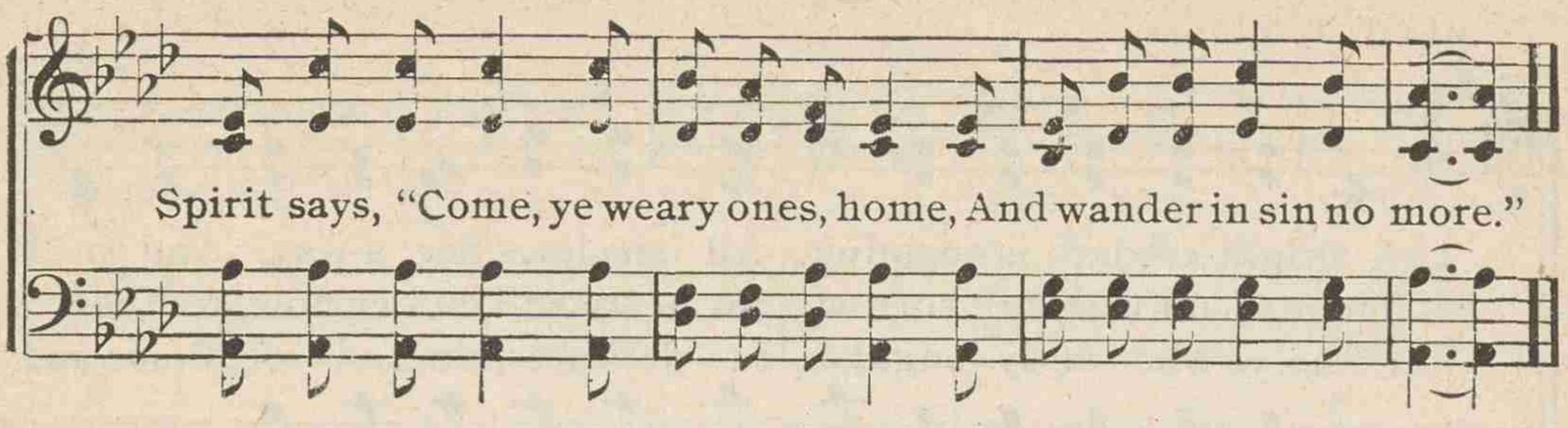
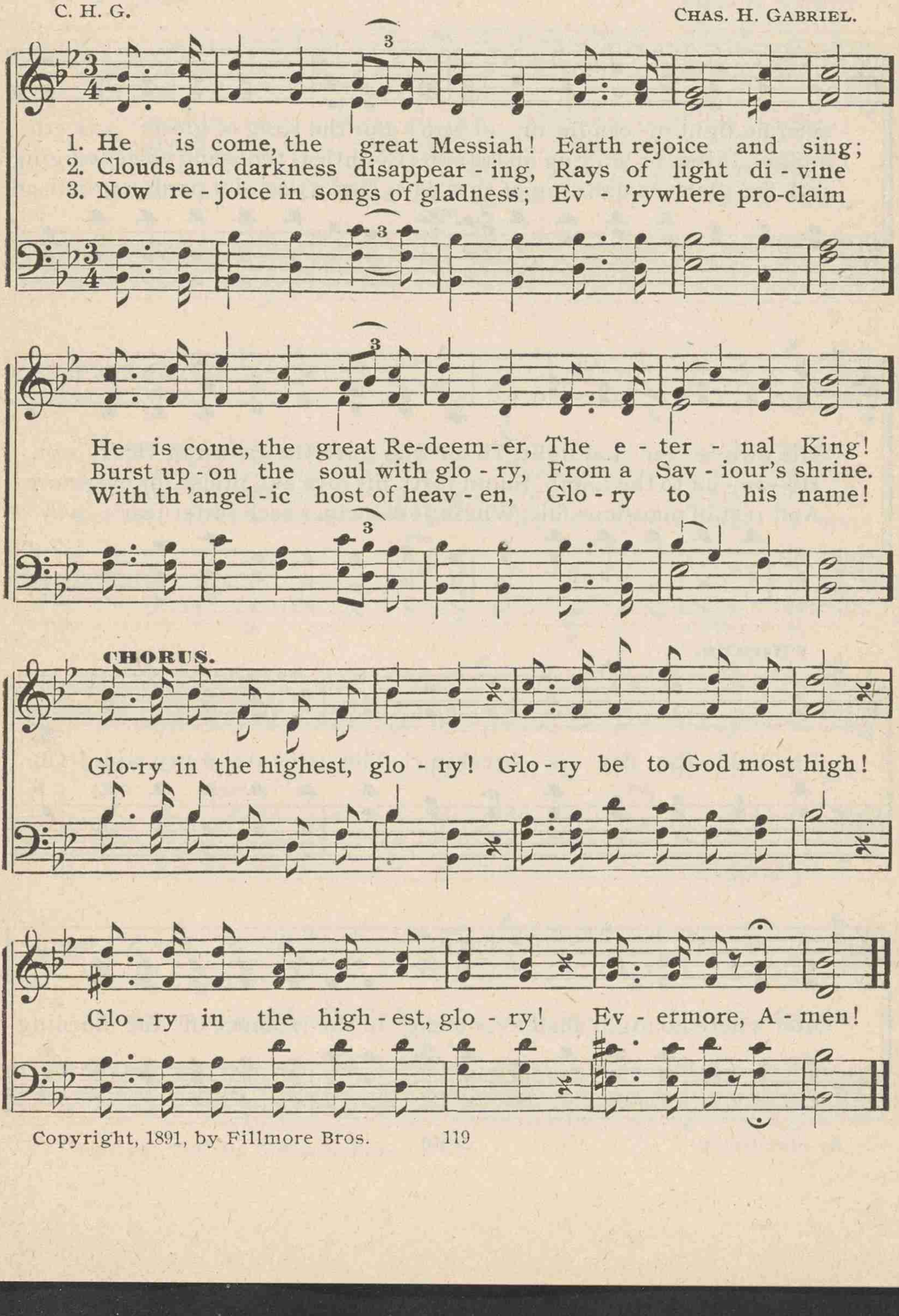
Wonderful Stream. Concluded.



No. 113. He is Come.

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



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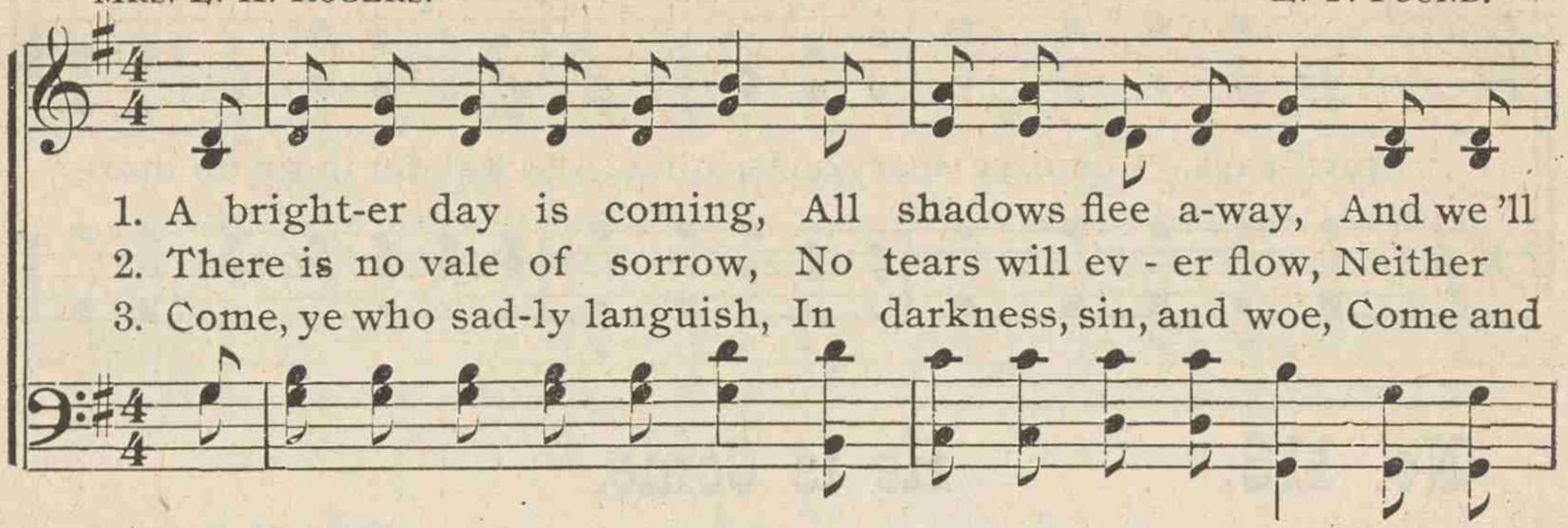
No. 114. A Brighter Day.

MRS. L. K. ROGERS. E. T. POUND.



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A Brighter Day. Concluded.

No. 115. Glorify Thyself in Me.

E. A. GIRVIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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No. 116. Just Beyond the River.

FRED WOODROW. T. C. O' KANE.

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

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

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

f.

Fine.

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

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Just beyond . . . the riv - er, Just beyond . . . the river.
Just beyond just beyond

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No. 117. Jesus Loves Me.

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

1. Would you know the rea - son why I can sing and nev-er sigh?
2. Close to him I sweet - ly live, Grace and peace from him receive,
3. Since he has prepared above, Mansions bright with heav'nly love,

I can on - ly make re - ply— Je - sus loves me! I can
And in-deed I do be-lieve Je - sus loves me! When I
This a - lone to me would prove, Je - sus loves me! When I

D. S. *He has*

nev - er have a care That my Sav-iour will not share—Mine's a
think he died for me, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Then I
reach that golden shore, With the lov'd ones gone before, I shall

washed my sins a - way, And he hears me when I pray; Yes, I

CHORUS.

Fine.

bliss beyond compare—Je - sus loves me!
know, and feel, and see Je - sus loves me! Yes, I know, this is
sing for ev-er-more,—Je - sus loves me!

know that ev - 'ry day Je - sus loves me.

D. S.

all— Je - sus loves me! Yes, I know, this is all— Je - sus loves me.

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No. 118. You May, if You Will.

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

Earnestly.

1. If you will, you may know the gladness of your sins forgiv'n, If you will, . . . if you will, . . If you will, you may make the angels
2. If you will, you may close the door and let him knock in vain, If you will: but his Spirit it may not
3. If you will, there are souls that you may lead to life and love, If you will, there 's a crown that you may
4. If you will, you may sing in heav'n forever with the blest, If you will, you may meet the loved ones

will, if you will, if you will, if you will, if you will, if you will, if you will, if you will, if you will,
sing for joy in heav'n, If you will, ... if you will,
ev - er knock a - gain,
wear in heav'n above,
in that home of rest. If you will, if you will, if you will.

CHORUS.

If you will, . . oh, hallelujah, praise the Lord, I am happy in the promise of his word; Brother, you may share the blessing here and
if you will, hallelujah!

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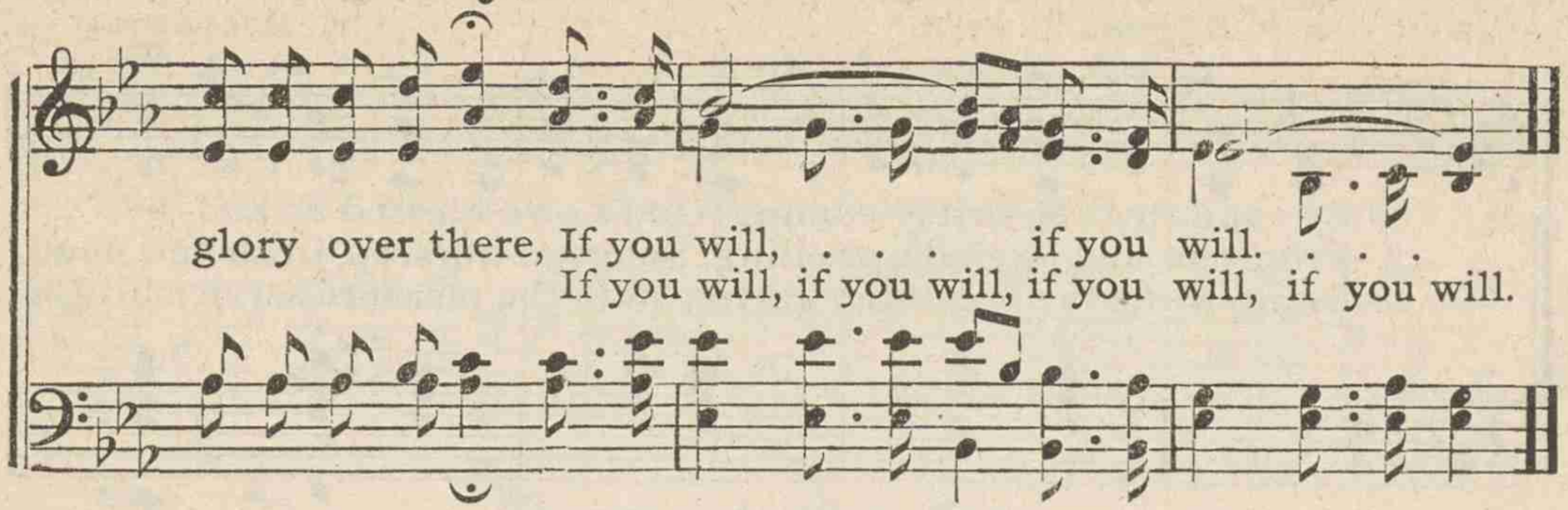
You May, if You Will. Concluded.



No. 119. Praise His Name.

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

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No. 120. By and By is Surely Coming.

REV. GEO. F. HUNTING, D. D. D. C. McALLISTER.

1. By and by is surely coming, God's own blessed by and by,
2. From the soul in glad upwelling, Songs of worship, fresh and new,
3. Doing while the heart-strings quiver, With the pleasure service brings;

When we shall no longer question, What, and when, and how, and why?
Fill the hours of toil with music, And to live is just to do;
Do - ing for the hearts that love us, Till the raptured spir-it sings,

Toil and care, and task and du-ty, Will be buried with the dust,
Life is joy, the joy of la-bor, When the heart, aglow with love,
That is heav'n, the heav'n of glory, And 't is coming, yes, 't is near,

May, and can, and choice, and pleasure, Take the place of ought and must.
Reach - es up and onward ev - er, To the high-er joys a - bove.
Faith already sights the harbor, God's own welcome soon we 'll hear.

f CHORUS.

Welcome the time, glo - rious day! Welcome the time, glo - rious day!
oh, glorious day! oh, glorious day!

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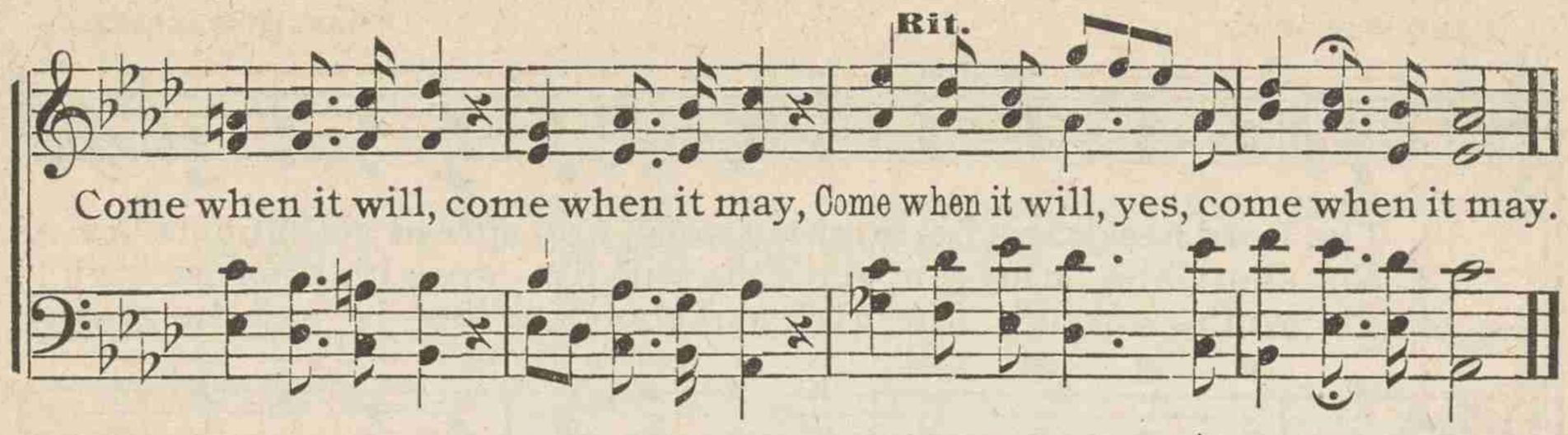
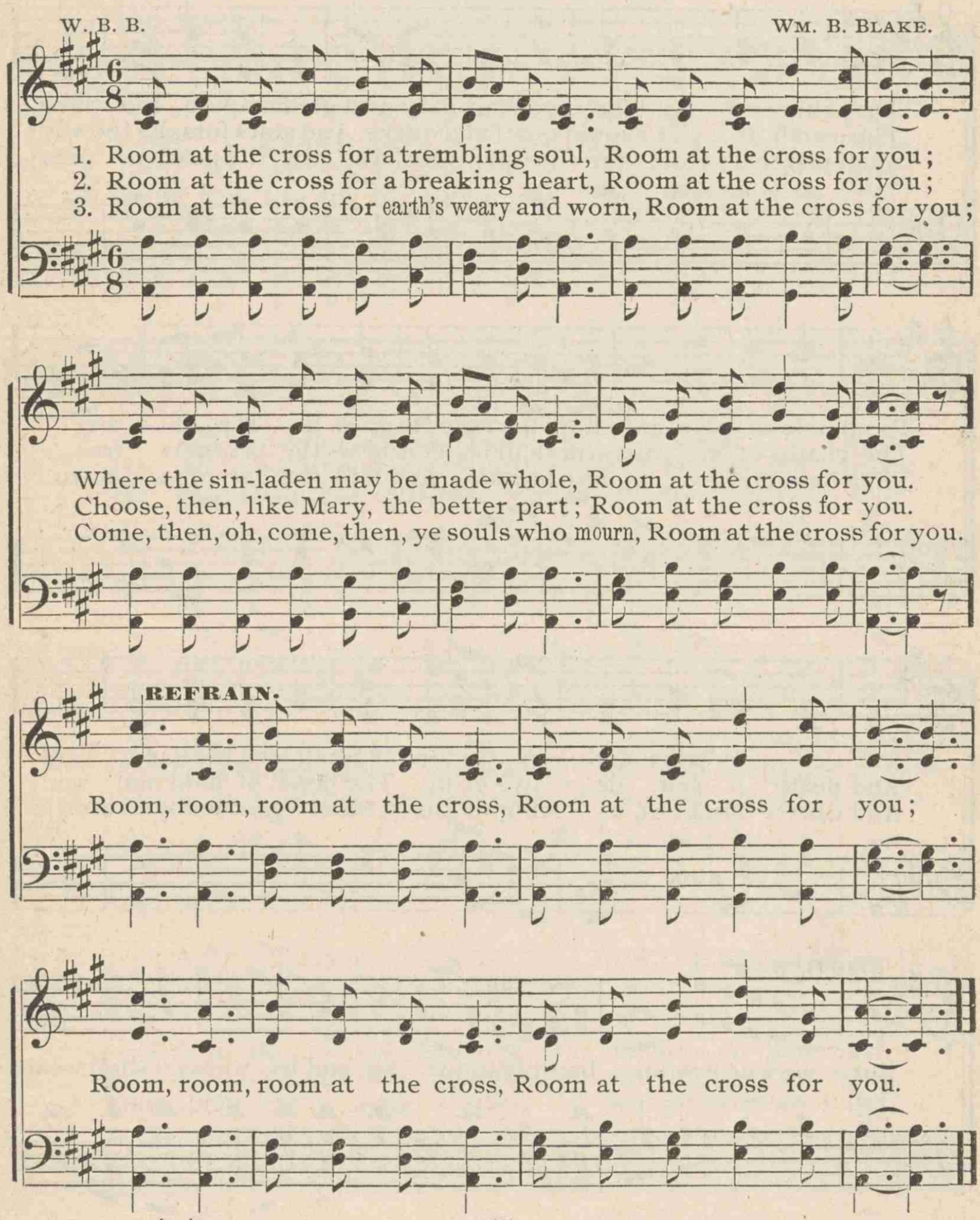
By and By is Surely Coming. Concluded.



No. 121. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE.



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No. 122. Soldiers of Christ.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The Lord has drawn his mighty sword, And spread his banners brave;
2. Nor short his arm, nor slack his will, To work his purpose high;
3. The young and old, the rich and poor, The low-ly and the great,

They shine up-on the mountain top And gleam up-on the wave;
Tho' earth it-self should quail and quake, And stars forsake the sky;
Shall march be-yond the Jas-per walls, And in the pearl-y gate;

From pole to pole and shore to shore He goes his roy-al way
The chains of sin his arm shall break And set the pris'ners free,
Then heard the ev-er-last-ing song, And laid the ar-mor down,

Till ev-'ry tribe and ev-'ry tongue Shall own his Kingly sway.
And death it-self de-liv-er up The dead of land and sea.
And Christ our Lord as King of kings, Shall wear the royal crown.

CHORUS.

But we who now his ban-ners bear, By and by a crown shall wear;

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Soldiers of Christ. Concluded.

No. 123. Come to Jesus.

REV. H. G. JACKSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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No. 124. The Sweet Olden Story.

M. S. K. M. S. KIRBY.

1. I have read of the sweet olden sto - ry, Of the fair, happy E - den above; Of the beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry,
2. I have read of the clear sparkling riv-er, Bursting out 'neath the great throne of God; How its sweet waters glide on for - ev - er,
3. I have read how the banks of that riv - er, By the saints and the an - gels are trod, How their glo-ri-ous an - thems forev - er,

CHORUS.

In the bright golden cit - y of love. Oh, the sweet old - en sto - ry Of the fair, happy E-den above; Of the
Making glad all the host of the Lord. sto - ry dear, Of the fair, hap-py Eden above;
Swell the praise of our Saviour and Lord. Oh, the sweet old beau-tiful mansions of glo - ry, In the bright golden cit - y of love.

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No. 125. Where Lies the Land.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Where lies the land thy bark would reach, Beyond the troubled sea? Hast
2. The nights are dark, the waters deep, And blows the angry wind; O'er
3. It is so fair, so sure, and good, Thou canst the danger brave The
4. In peace and strife, in life and death, Faith looks across the sea; The

thou a hope to find its shores, And such as sailed the seas before, And
sunk - en bar, and rugged rock, The thunder bolt and tempest shock, Oh,
sweet - er in its calm and rest; For per - il in the darkened breast, Of
sig - nal lights along the shore, Where storms are past and tempests o'er, Are

CHORUS.

watch and wait for thee? Oh, promised rest, . Oh, peaceful shore,
where a ha - ven find?
midnight and the wave.
shin - ing now for me. Oh, promised, promised rest, Oh, peaceful, peaceful shore,

Oh, land di-vine - ly fair; Tho' beats the storm and breaks the wave,
Oh, land di-vine - ly, di-vine-ly fair;

The land that shines beyond the grave, My heaven, my home is there.

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No. 126. He was Despised.

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

1. He was despised and re - ject - ed of men, The man of many
2. He was despised and re - ject - ed of men, But by his stripes we're
3. He was despised and re - ject - ed of men, Oh, sing the melting

sor-rows was tak - en and slain; Cru - el hands have nailed him up -
healed from the wounding of sin; By his res - ur - ec - tion from
sto - ry a - gain and a - gain! Tell it to the na - tions that

on the rug-ged tree, And thus he suffered ev - en death for me.
death and from the grave, I am per - suad-ed he a - lone can save.
all the world may know, That from this fountain living wa - ters flow.

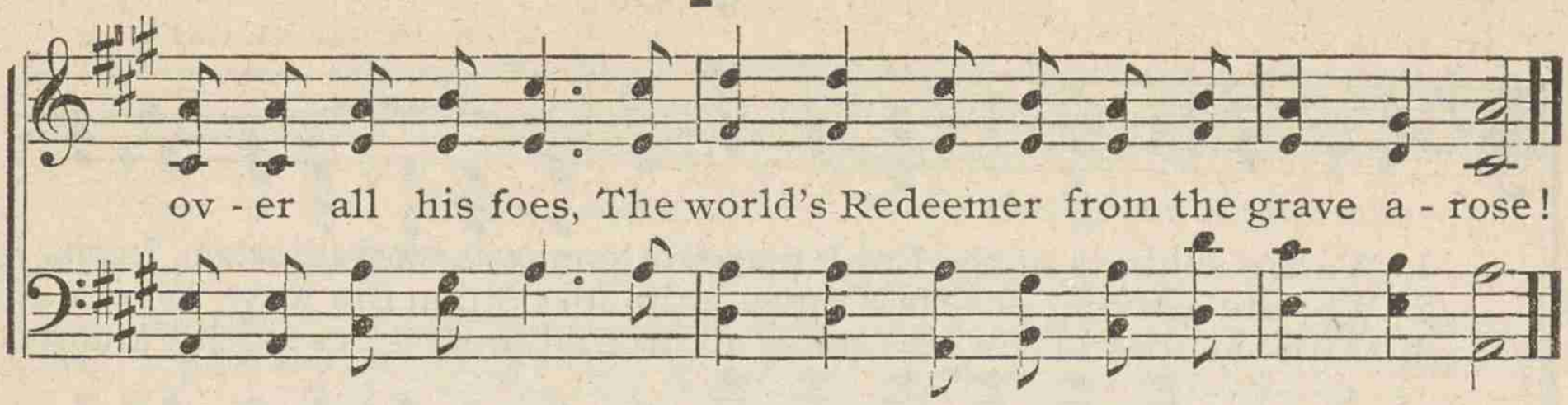
CHORUS.

Now thanks be to God! Thanks be to God! Who giv-eth us the

vic - to - ry through Jesus' blood; Ov - er death he triumphed, and

By permission.

He was Despised. Concluded.



No. 127. Song of the Ages.

G. C. H. GEO. C. HUGG.

By permission.

No. 128. Marching On.

C. H. G

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are soldiers of the Lord, marching on (with sword and shield), Trusting in his bless-ed word we will go (and nev - er yield), Tho' the bat - tle may be long, Yet be this our dai - ly song, We are
2. We are striving for the fainting, the lost (upon the way), Who are marching in the van of the host (of sin to - day), For they must, and shall be free, And in Christ is lib - er - ty; So re-
3. With the foes of sin and sense all around (on ev- 'ry side), Valiant-ly we will contend thro' the love (of him who died), Tho' the pow'rs of hell oppose, We shall ov - er - come our foes,—Nothing

CHORUS.

safe, for Christ the Sav-iour has command (on the field).
joic - ing, we will fol - low, fol - low on (to the fray). Marching
from the Christian sol - dier is withheld (or de-nied).

on . . . to victory, . With a glad new song of joy and love, marching
marching on, to vic-tory,

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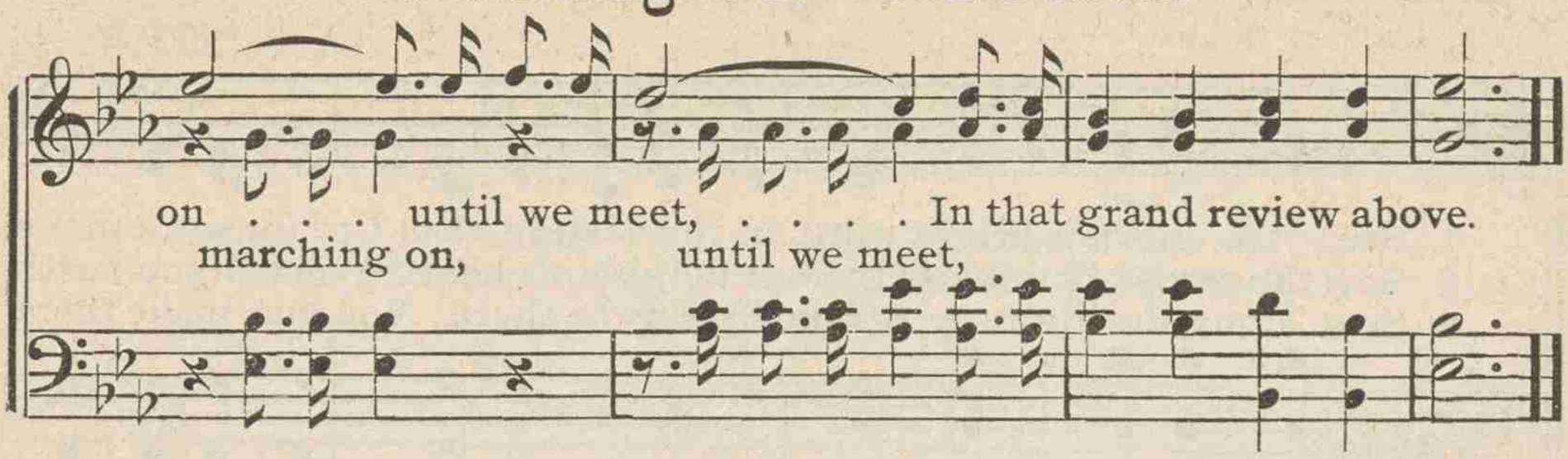
Marching On. Concluded.



No. 129. Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. FILLMORE.

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No. 130. Sowing Time.

ADALINE H. BERRY. C. D. AMSTUTZ.

1. See, the morn is bright'ning, In the eastern sky; Up! for work make
2. Sow the seeds of kindness In your neighbor's heart; You will soon with
2. Sow along the highway, Strangers may be there; You may make them

read - y, Lie not i - dly by; Has-ten to the grain-fields,
gladness See the plantlets start; If the soil is sto - ny,
bet - ter By a gift or prayer; Sow beneath the noon-tide,

With your precious seed; Many willing workmen, Yet the Lord will need.
Nev - er fear to sow; Some rift may be open, Where the stalk may grow.
While your strength is giv'n, Sow till life is ended, You will reap in heav'n.

CHORUS.

'T is . . . . the time for sow - ing Seeds . . . . of
'T is the time for sowing Seeds of precious worth, 'T is the time for sow-

precious worth; . . . . Scat - - ter them like
ing Seeds of precious worth; Scatter them like sun - shine,

Sowing Time. Concluded.

No. 131. Come, Thou Almighty King.

(TUNE AMERICA. KEY F.)

1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all glorious!
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

No. 132. Will You Do What You Can.

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

1. Will you do what you can for the Mas-ter's cause, Will you help to res - cue the lost in sin? Will you gird on the
2. You have tast - ed the sweets of the Sav-iour's love, You have felt the glad-ness of sins for - giv'n, Will you do what you
3. Will you do what you can for the wan - der - er, Who has left the way that the Mas - ter trod? Will you scat - ter the

armor and go with pray'r That you may some soul from destruction win?
can oth-er souls to win, Pointing them to joys that a-wait in heav'n?
rays of the light di - vine, That may lead the prod-i - gal back to God?

CHORUS. Bass Solo.

Yes, I 'll glad - ly, glad-ly work for Je - sus, For he gave his
Yes, I 'll glad - - ly work for Je - - - - sus, Who gave his

life, his life up-on the tree, I will nev - er,
life up-on the tree, ... I will nev - - - - er grow a -

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Will You Do What You Can. Concluded.

No. 133. Clinging to the "Rock of Ages."

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

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No. 134. Speak A Word for Jesus.

LAURA E. NEWELL. M. L. BARTLETT.

1. Will you speak a word for Je - sus, Lo! he waits, he sad - ly
2. On - ly speak a word for Je - sus, Bear your cross, a crown a -
3. Just a word, a word for Je - sus, Friends are watching from a -
4. On - ly speak a word for Je - sus, Time is brief! 'T will soon be

waits, Oh, con - fess him if thou wouldst his glory see. At thy
waits Those who brave-ly bear their burdens all the way. Bear his
far, Who have nev - er tast - ed joys that Je - sus gives. Tell his
o'er, Oh! be loy - al for your la - bors soon will end. Op-por -

heart he's long been pleading, Who would ope to thee the gates Of the
standard high a - bove you, Be a soldier staunch and true, Be an
goodness and his mer - cy, Let your light shine as a star, That the
tun - i-ties to serve him, Will not long to us be giv'n, Own your

REFRAIN.

cit - y of the ransomed and the free.
earnest, will - ing work-er day by day. Will you speak a word for
ones you love may look to Christ and live.
Saviour, he's your dear-est, tru-est friend.

Je - sus, while you may, (while you may,) La-bor in the Master's

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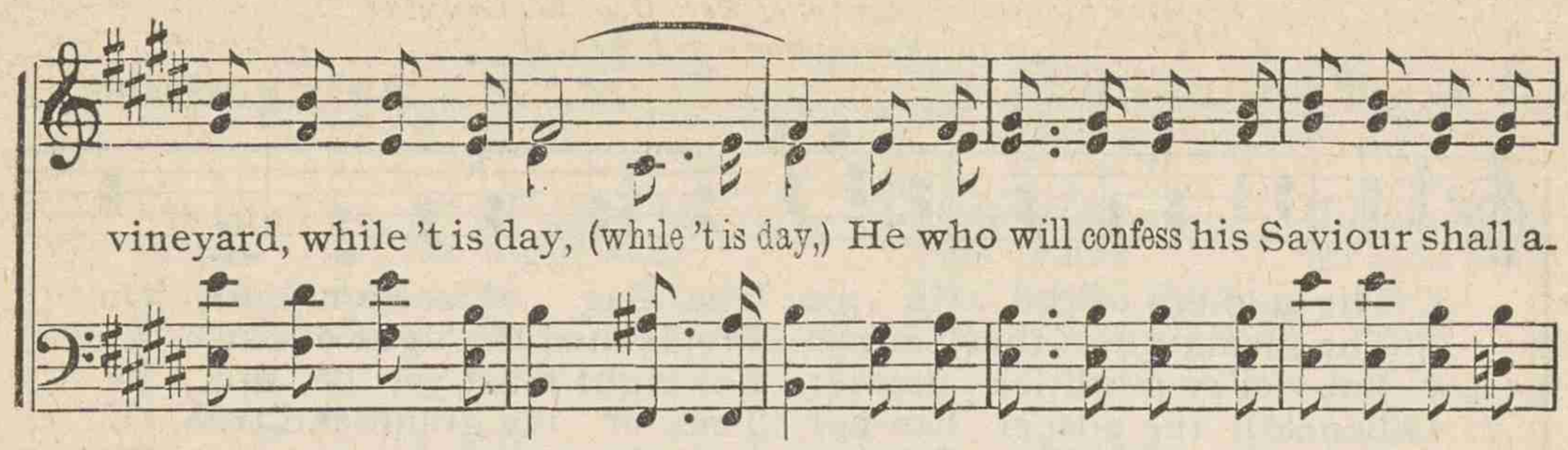
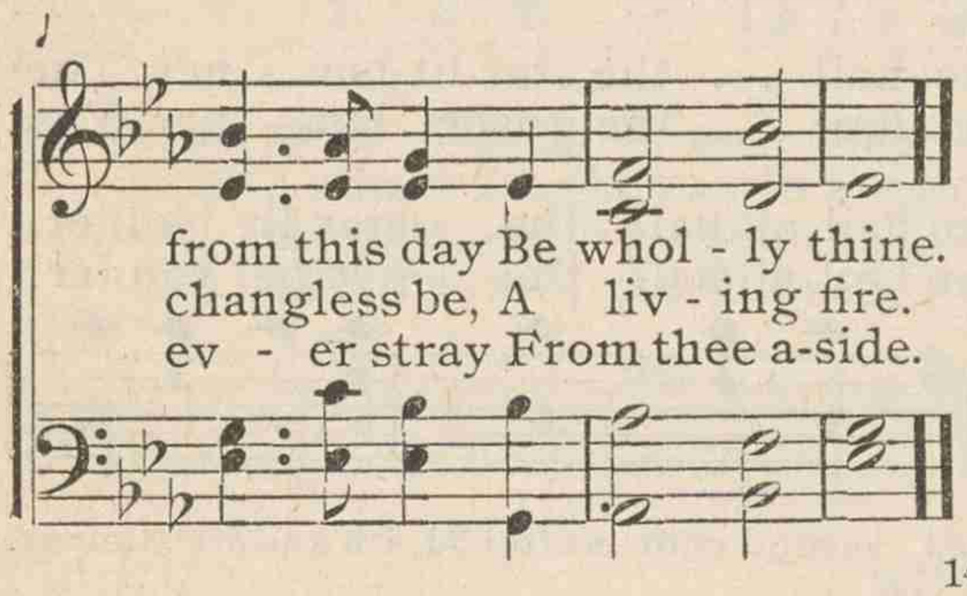
Speak A Word for Jesus. Concluded.



No. 135. My Faith Looks up to Thee.



4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 136. The two Flags.

Written by special request of Rev. Geo. W. Gray, D. D., of the Freedman's Aid Society.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The soldiers of the Un - ion, The flag of freedom bore, On
2. The gleaming of that banner, Proclaimed the light of day, And
3. But vict'ry mightier, no-bler, For right must yet be won, Be -
4. Beneath the gospel ban-ner, The ar - my grand and true Of
5. They come to help the helpless, And where their banner flies, The

many a field of carnage, 'Mid smoke and battle roar; Thro' all the burning
slav'ry's night of hor-ror For - ev - er passed away; Oppression's pow'r is
fore the task is finished, By freedom's host be-gun; In vain are shackles
Christian ed - u - ca-tors In - vades the south anew! They come, from chains of
Christian cohorts ral-ly, And schools and churches rise; Their youths and maidens

south-land, From mountain to the sea, It waved o'er patriot he - roes,
bro - ken, The fettered limbs are free, And breathes the sons of bondage,
bro - ken, A bond - man still is he Whose mind is still in bondage,
er - ror, To set the bondman free, And bring the soul in darkness,
ea - ger To walk in wisdom's way, Are trained for truth and freedom,

CHORUS. *

Who fought for lib - er - ty. 1. Then hail . . the star-lit ban - ner, The
The air of lib - er - ty. 2. Then hail . . the gospel ban - ner, That
Whose spir-it is not free.
True light and lib - er - ty. 1. Then hail, all hail the star-lit banner,
Ten thousand ev-'ry day. 2. Then hail, all hail the gos-pel banner,

*Sing first chorus after 1st and 2nd stanzas; second chorus after 3d, 4th and 5th stanzas.

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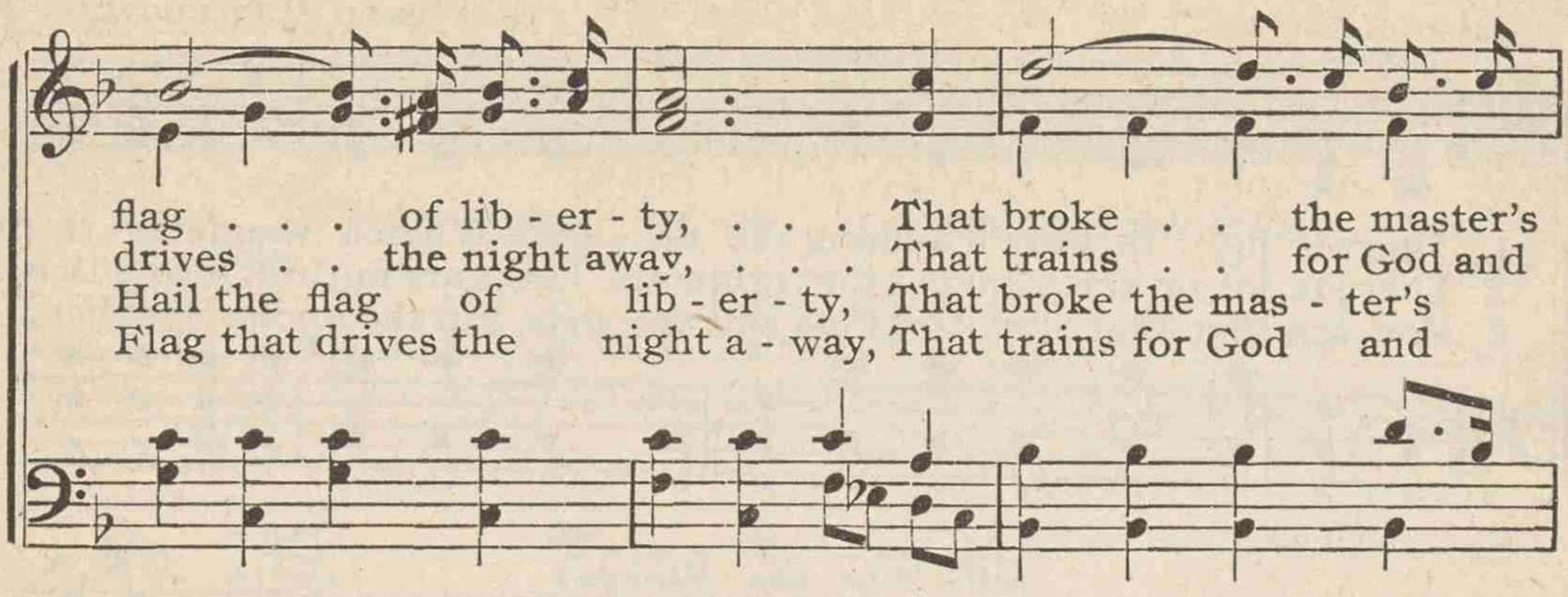
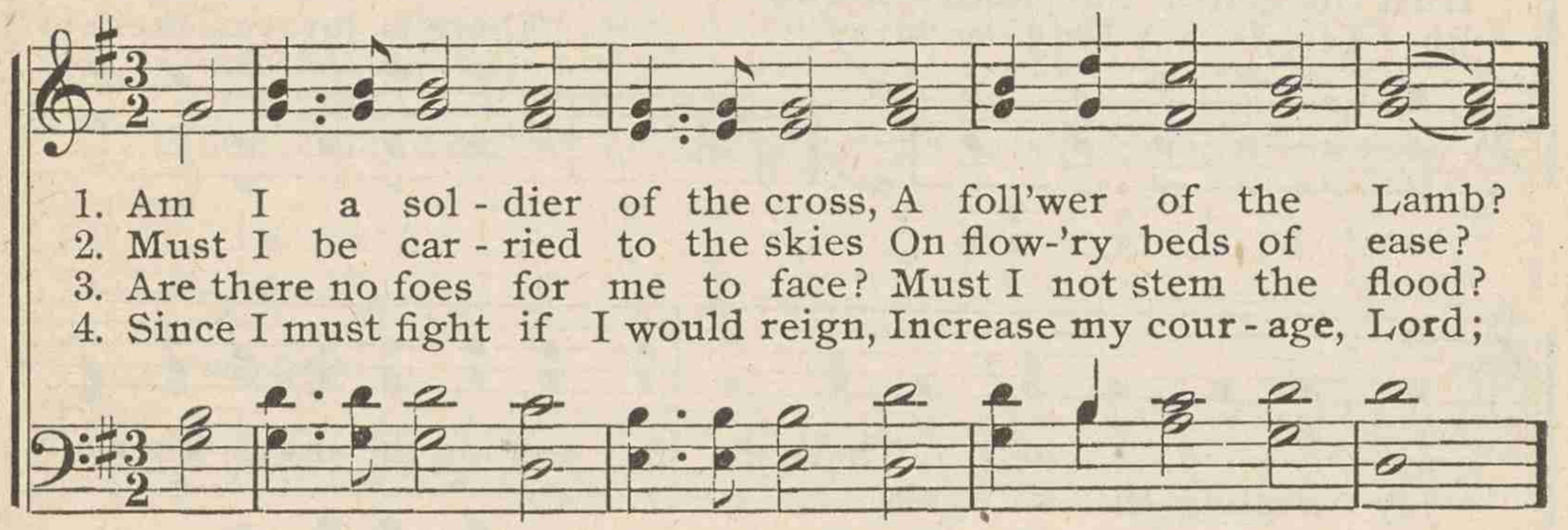
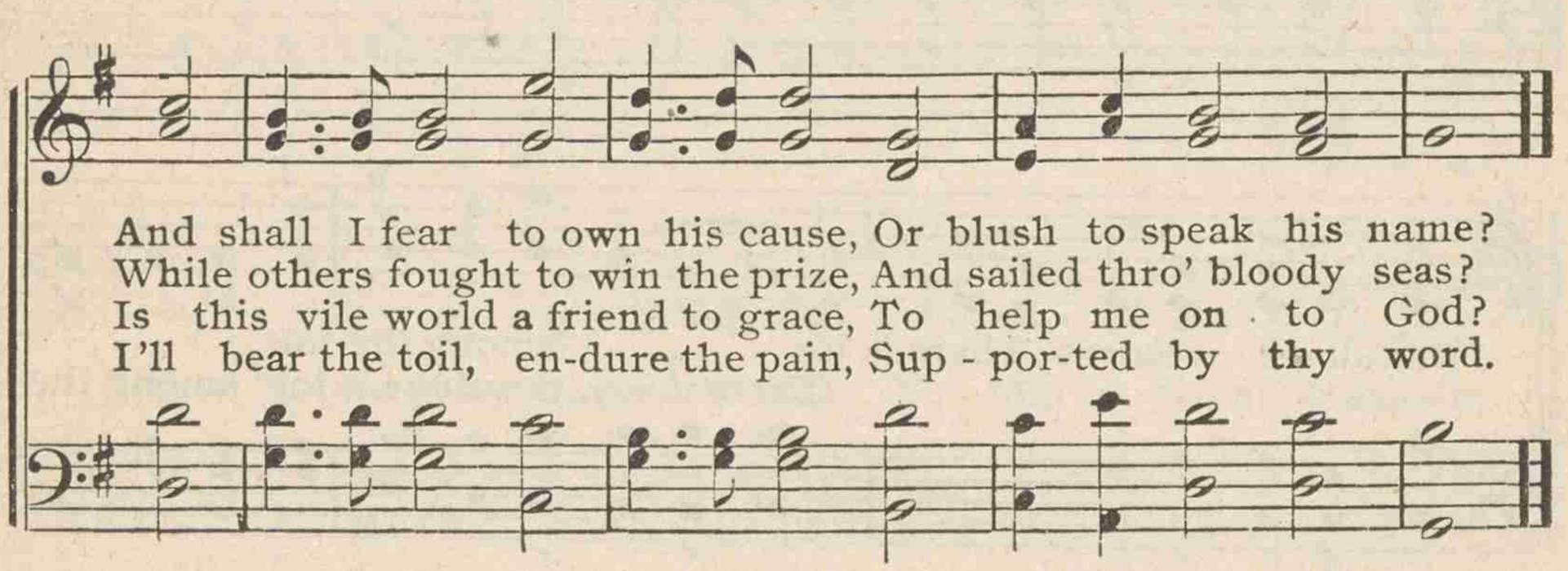
The two Flags. Concluded.



No. 137. Am I a Soldier?





No. 138. Joy Among the Angels.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an - gels, When a wanderer re -
2. There is joy on earth among the righteous, There are faithful hearts that
3. You can give that joy to saints and an - gels, For the loving Shepherd

turns to the fold,—When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, After
thrill with de-light, When a soul is giv - en to the Sav-iour—Led to
calls you to - day, Heav'n and earth will join to bid you welcome, Do not

CHORUS.

straying in the dark and cold. There is joy . . . among the
trust the gen-tle Shepherd's might.
lin - ger, do not long - er stray. There is joy, yes, there is

an - - - - - gels, There is joy among the angels when a
joy a-mong the an - gels,

wan-derer returns; There is joy . . . among the an - .
There is joy, yes, there is joy among the

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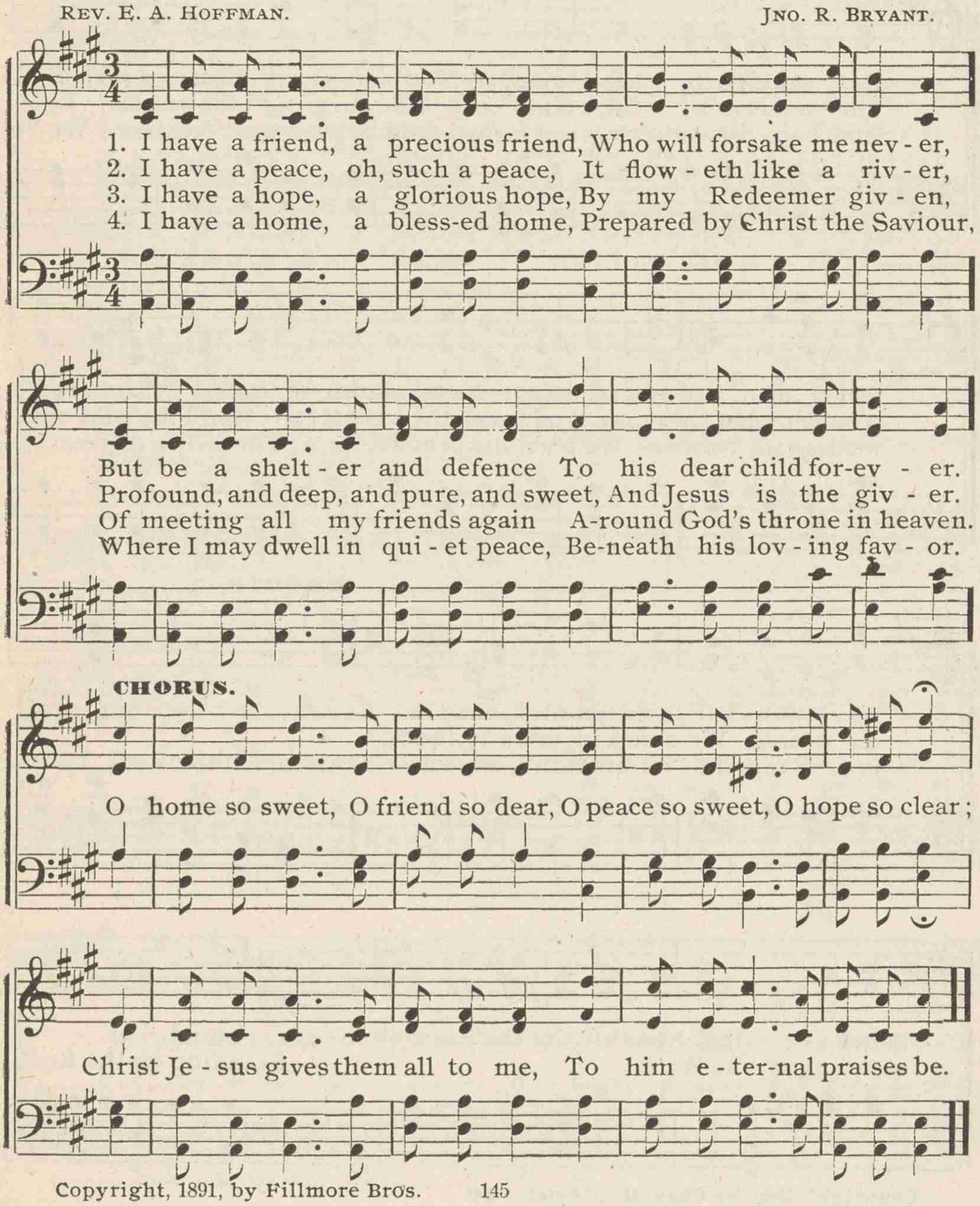
Joy Among the Angels. Concluded.

No. 139. Home So Sweet.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 140. Standing on the Rock.

FRED WOODROW. C. C. CASE. Chorus by C. H. G.

1. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, The Rock of A - ges old;
2. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, We view the tranquil soul;
3. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, No need have we to fear;

Not shak-en by the tempest, Nor bought with beaten gold; E-
The ter-rors of the temp - est, The surg-ing billows roll; Be
God ban - ish-es our sor - row, God wipes away our tear; We're

ternal, firm, and sure, A refuge strong and free A-mid the stormy
troubles what they may, And break the waves of care, Amid the wild com-
watching, and believe—We trust his promise sure; The crown of great re-

CHORUS.

bil - lows Of life's tempestuous sea. Stand - - ing,
mo - tion, We stand in safe - ty there.
joic - ing, For all his saints se - cure. Standing on the Rock, I am

stand - - ing, Standing on the Rock of A - ges, Stand - - -
standing on the Rock, Standing on the Rock,

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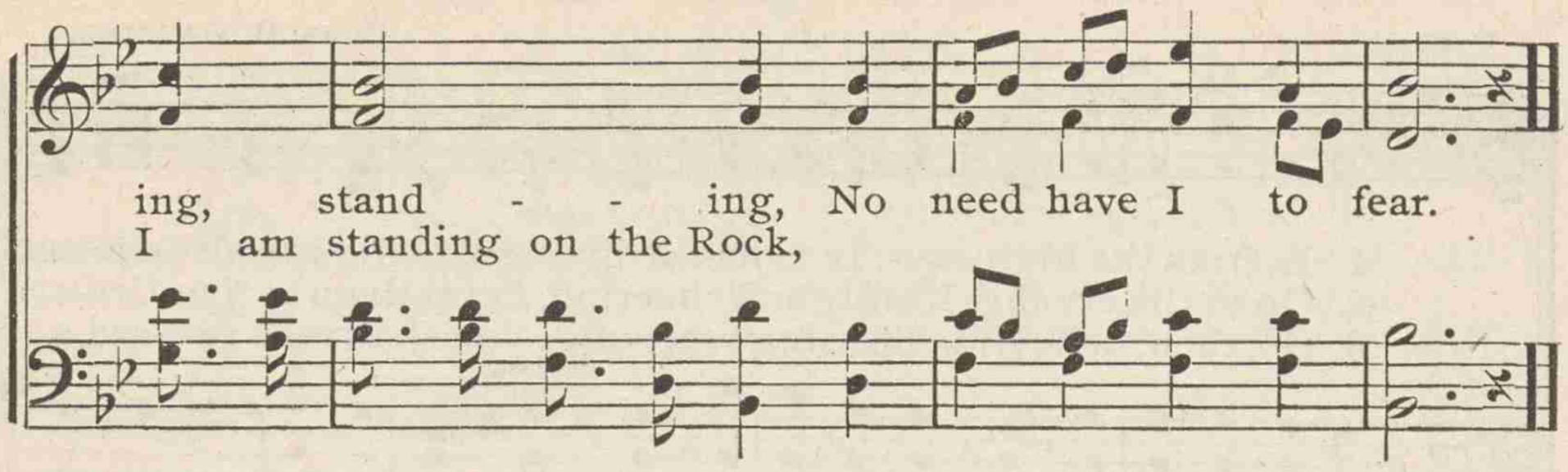
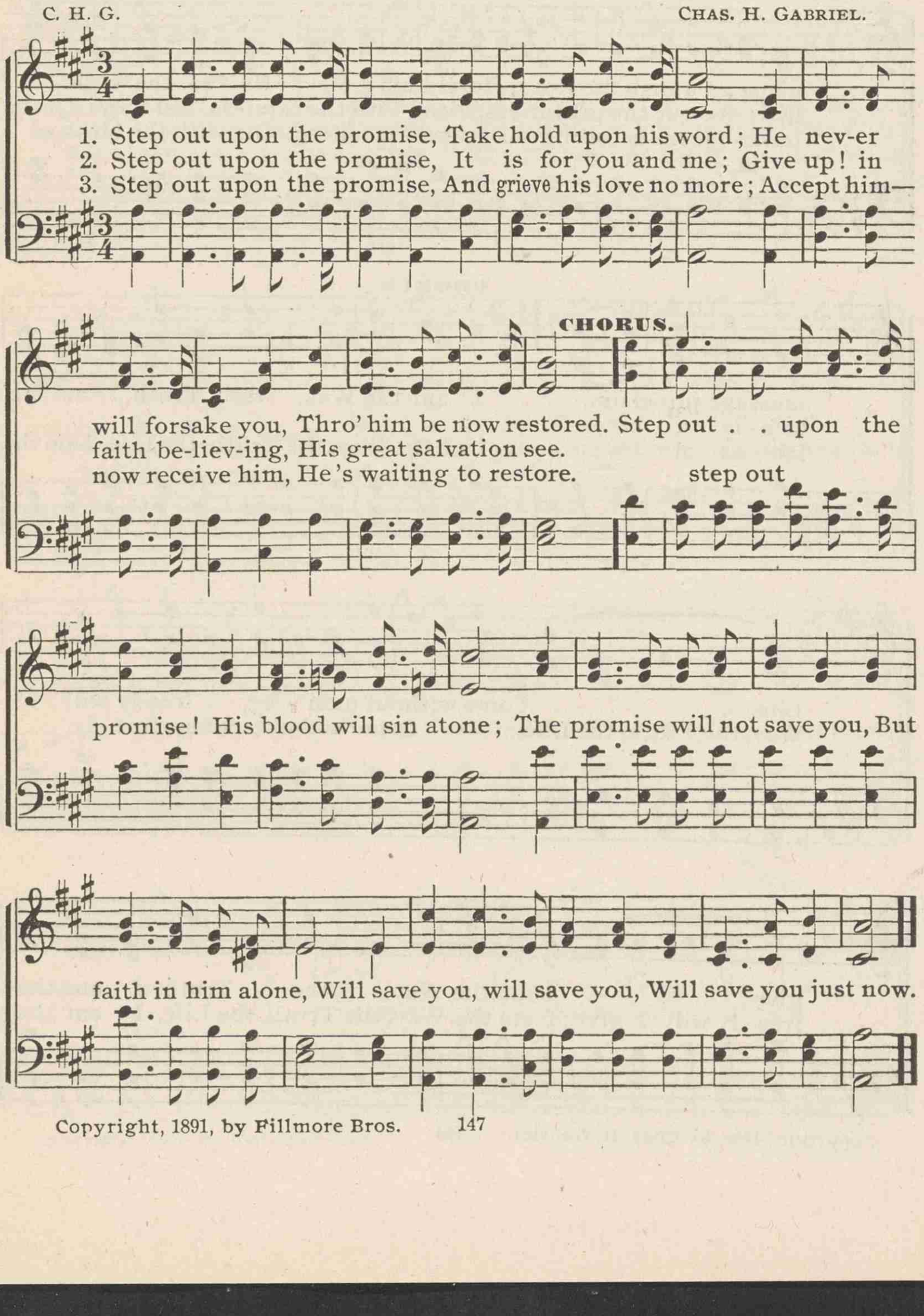
Standing on the Rock. Concluded.



No. 141. The Promise.

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



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No. 142. I am the Way.

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

1. In from the highways, In from the by-ways, Gather souls in Jesus,
2. Go to the err-ing, Kindly and cheering, Point them to the Cru-ci -
3. Go, then, believing, Blessing receiving, You shall reap re-ward a -

name; Publish the story, Herald his glo-ry, Un - to the world his
fied; Rescue the prayerless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Jesus
bove; Jesus is calling,—Darkness is falling, On with the bless-ed

CHORUS.

message pro-claim. I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
safe - ly a - bide.
lab - or of love. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life, ... Come without mon - ey, free-ly will I
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come without money, free - ly,

give; . . . . I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
free - ly will I give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

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I am the Way. Concluded.

No. 143. I will Love Thee.

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No. 144. We Have Heard the Call.

FRANK M. DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We have heard the Saviour calling far a - way o'er Jordan's wave,
2. We have had the blest assurance that there's peace for us at last,
3. Ev - er onward with the prize before us, faithful to the end,

We have grasped the hand that 's mighty, that is reaching out to save;
And bright crowns of vict'ry waiting, when the bat - tle shall be past;
We will fol-low where he leadeth, and his gracious cause defend,

We have faith in our Redeemer, he will safe - ly guide us o'er,
Man - ful-ly we 'll keep on fighting 'gainst the mighty hosts of sin,
Tho' the way be thorn-y, and may lead thro' deserts wild and bare,

We shall reign with him in glo-ry, when we reach the oth-er shore.
Trusting in the blessed promise that the right shall surely win.
Yet we know 't will end in glo-ry, o - ver Jordan, bright and fair.

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor - - - dan, rolling Jor - - - dan,
O - ver Jordan, rolling Jordan, o - ver Jordan's rolling wave,

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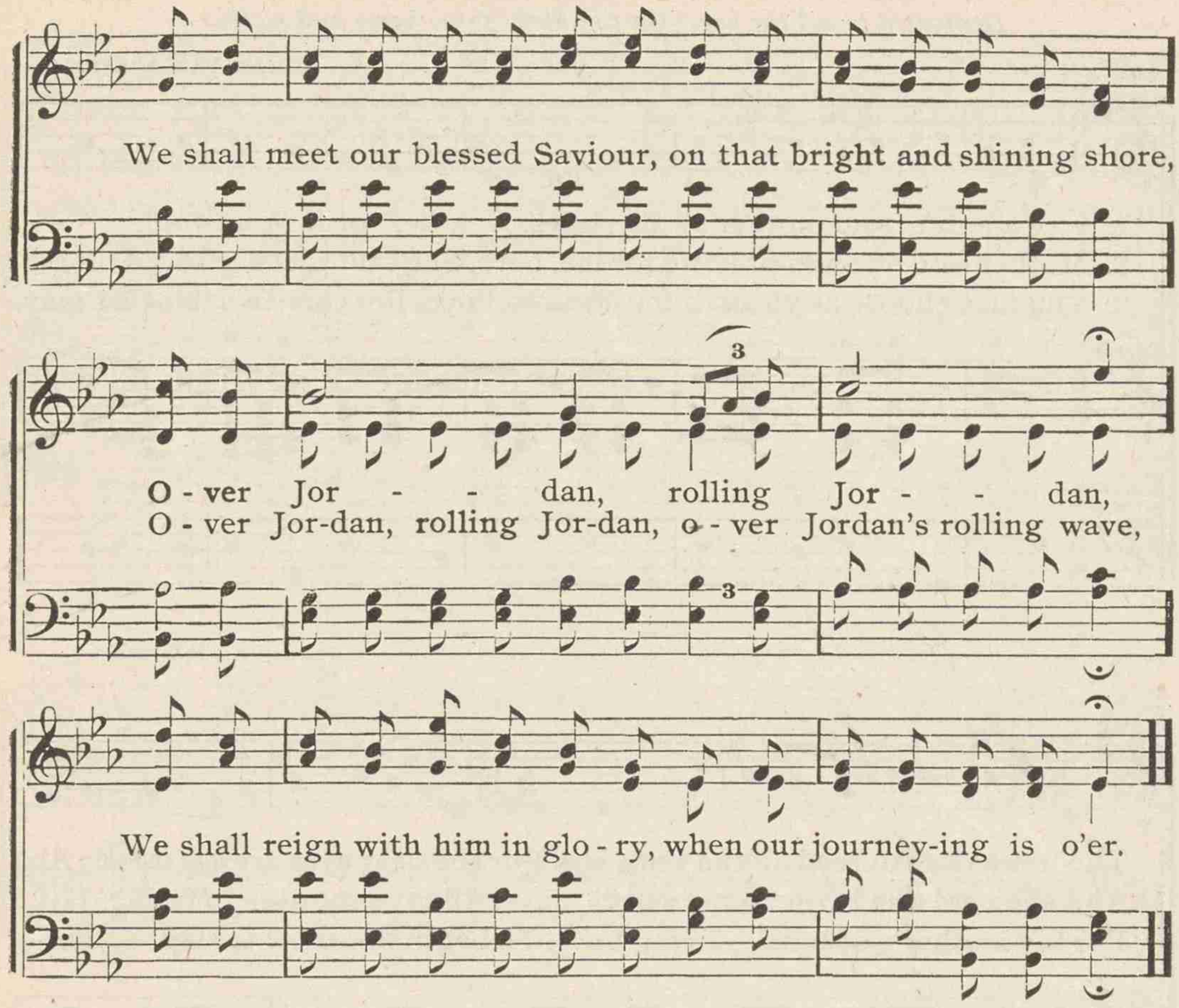
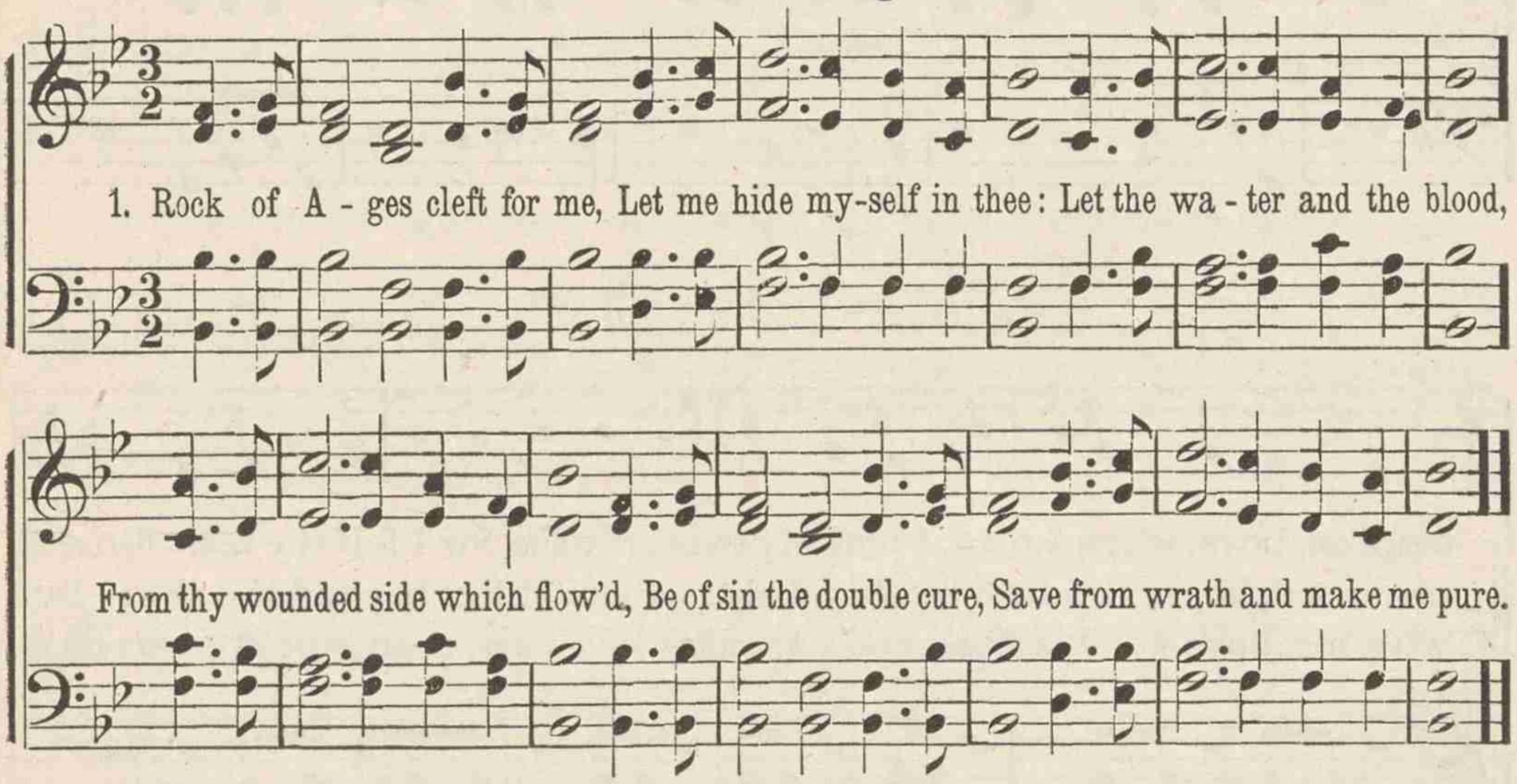
We Have Heard the Call. Concluded.



No. 145. Rock of Ages.



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

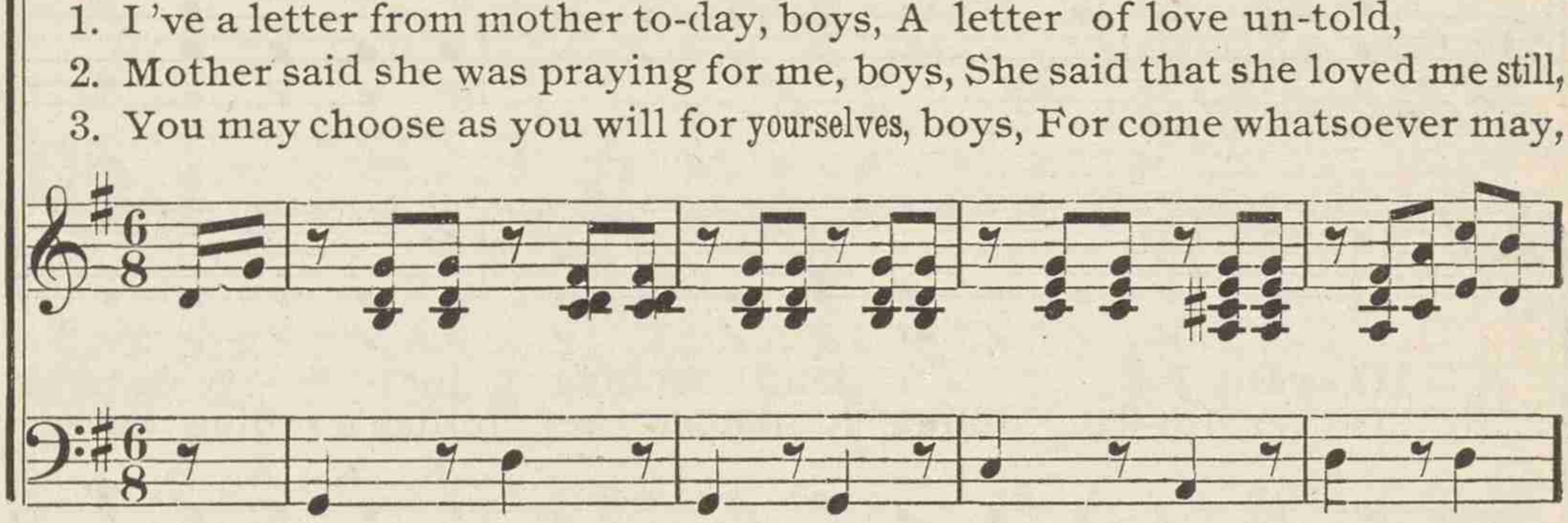
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 146. Mother's Letter.

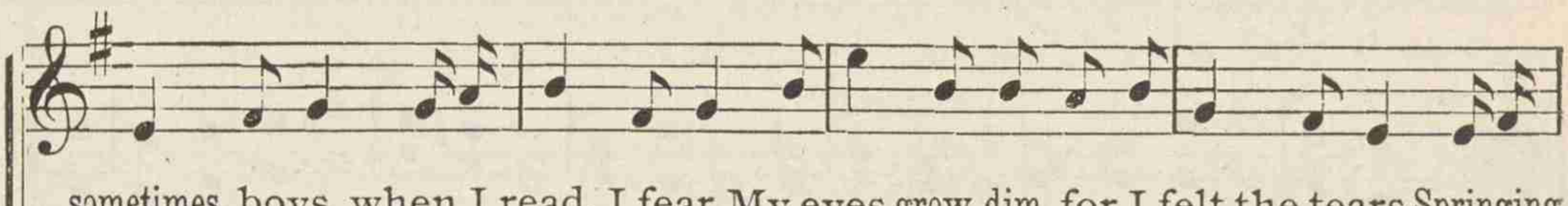
Dedicated to all the boys who are away from home and mother.

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

1. I 've a letter from mother to-day, boys, A letter of love un-told,
2. Mother said she was praying for me, boys, She said that she loved me still,
3. You may choose as you will for yourselves, boys, For come whatsoever may,



Tho' t 'was hard to read all the words, boys, For the dear eyes are dim and old; Ah!
And she asked was I true to my words, boys, All my promises to fulfill; I
For my mother's dear sake I vow, boys, To begin life anew to-day; Join



sometimes, boys, when I read, I fear My eyes grow dim, for I felt the tears Springing
promised, boys, when I said good-by, I 'd try to meet her beyond the sky;—But I
with me, boys, you 've a mother, too; As mine loves me, even yours loves you; Let us

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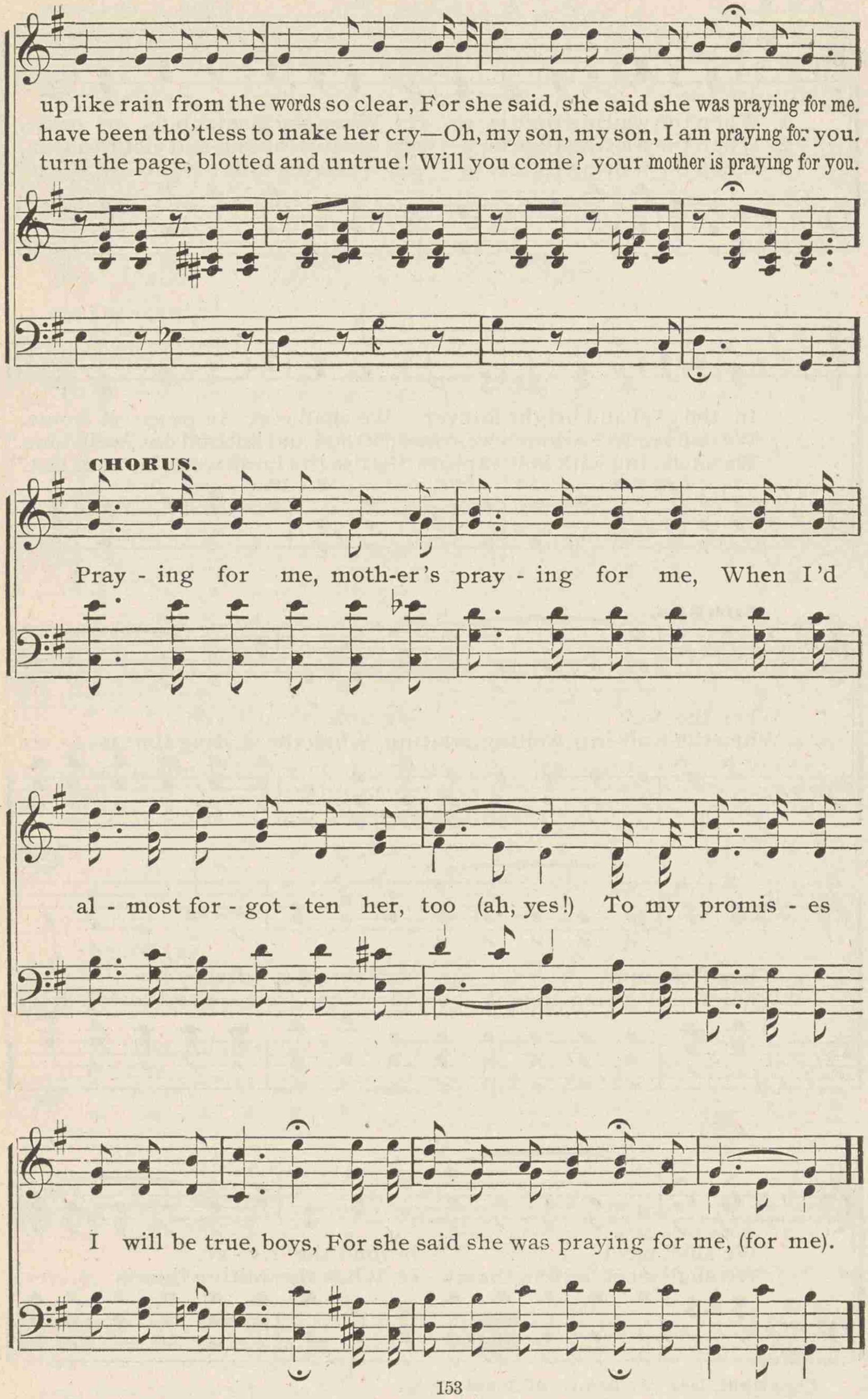
Mother's Letter. Concluded.



No. 147. When the Waiting Time is Over.

J. H. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the waiting time is o - ver, When the Master bids us come,
2. When the waiting time is o - ver, Battles fought, and vict'ries won,
3. When the waiting time is o - ver, When the toils of life are past,

In the glad and bright forever We shall rest in peace at home.
We shall hear the Saviour's welcome: "Good and faithful one, well done."
We shall sing with holy rapture "Praise the Lord, we're home at last."

CHORUS.

When the wait - - - ing time is o - ver, . . .
When the wait-ing, waiting, waiting, When the waiting time is o - ver,

When from sin . . . and sor-row free,
When the wait-ing time is o - ver, When from sin and sorrow free,

We shall meet . . . beyond the riv - er, . . .
We shall meet beyond the riv - er, When the waiting time is o - ver,

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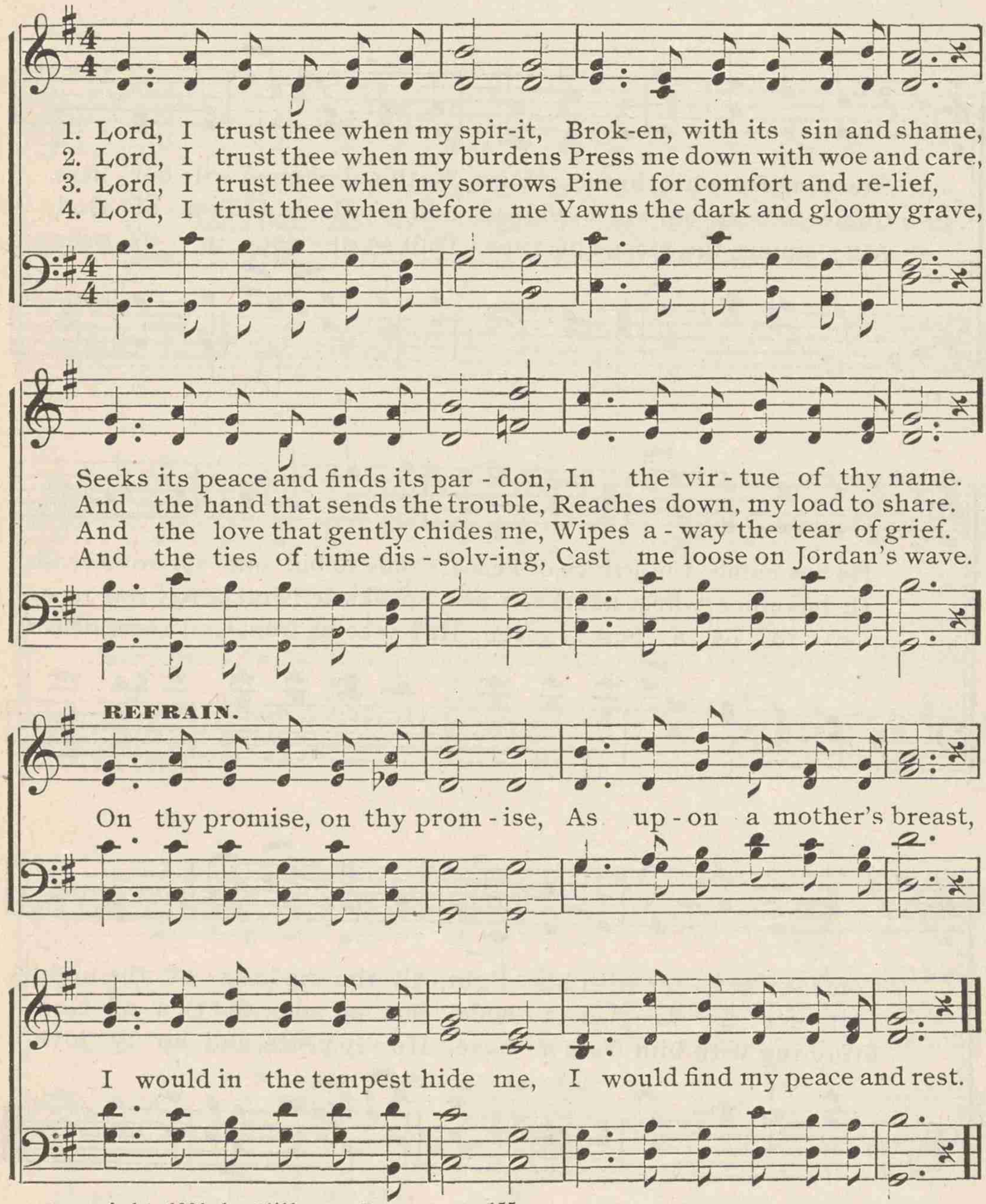
When the Waiting Time is Over. Concluded.

No. 148. Lord, I Trust Thee.

FRED WOODROW. C. H. G.



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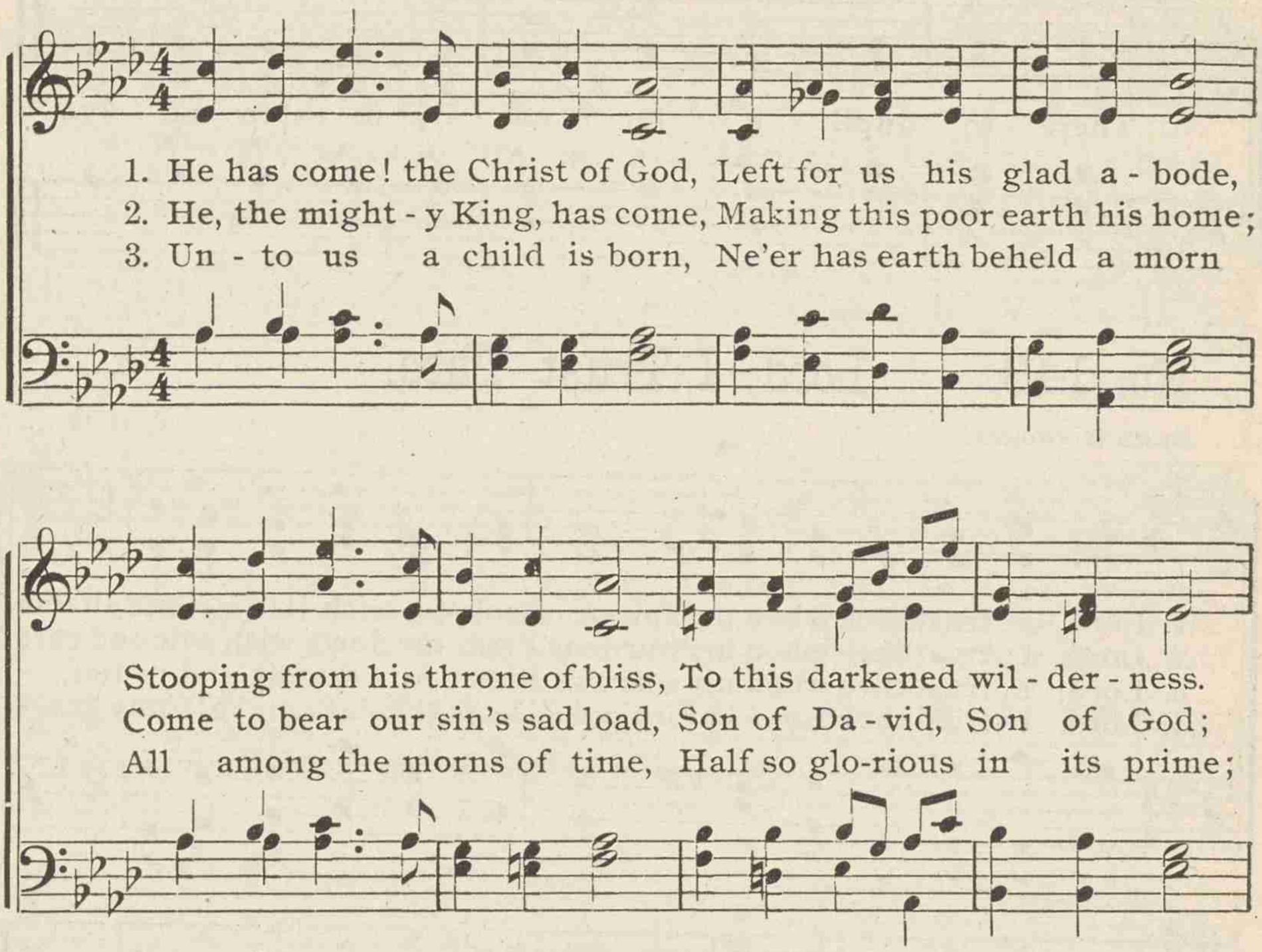
No. 149. He has Come.

H. BONAR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 150. Welcome Home.

(BETTER AS A SOLO OR QUARTET.)

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. This earth is not my home; A pilgrim here, I journey on from
2. This earth is not my home; With staff in hand, An alien in an
3. This earth is not my home; For me there waits, With jasper walls and

year to year, Still longing for the time to come, The wel - come
al - ien land, 'Mid scenes of joy and grief I roam, Nor heed what
pear - ly gates, In realms of light beyond the tomb, A cit - y

day, When my dear Lord to me will say, "Come home, my child, come
cheer, If on - ly I his voice may hear, "Come home, my child, come
fair; E'en now, he bids me welcome there, "Come home, my child, come

home," When my dear Lord to me shall say, "Come home, my child, come home."
home," If on - ly I his voice may hear, "Come home, my child, come home."
home," E'en now he bids me welcome there, "Come home, my child, come home."

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No. 151. Be Ready When He Comes.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

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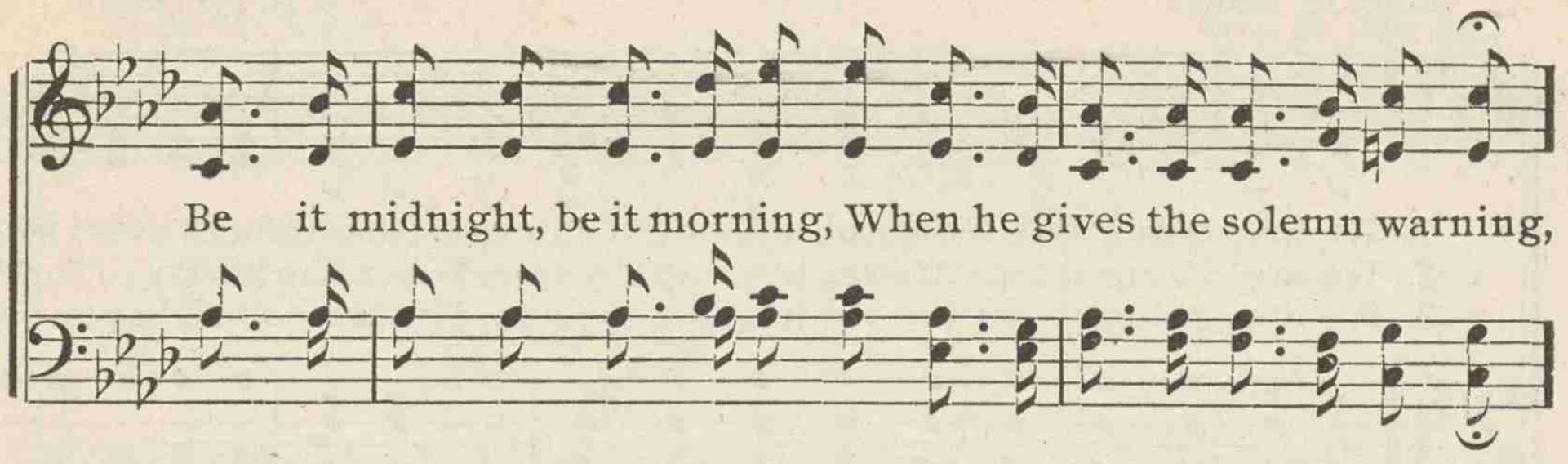
Be Ready When He Comes. Concluded.



No. 152. All Hail the Power.

No. 153. Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are going down the val-ley, one by one, With our faces toward the
2. We are going down the val-ley, one by one, When the labors of the
3. We are going down the val-ley, one by one, Human comrade you or

setting of the sun; Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows,
weary day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
I will there have none, But a tender Hand will guide us lest we fall,

CHORUS.

Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.
We shall stand up-on the riv - er bank at last. We are going down the
Christ is go-ing down the val - ley with us all.

valley, going down the valley, Going toward the setting of the sun, We are

going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

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No. 154. The Face at Heaven's Gate.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a face at heaven's gate, A face I long to see,
2. There is a face at heaven's gate, With smile divine and kind
3. There is a face at heaven's gate, And if for me a prayer,
4. There is a face at heaven's gate, It cheers me on my way;

Lin - gering by the Jas - per walls, And watching there for me.
For one who in this stormy world, Is left awhile be - hind.
The altar of a mother's love, It still is standing there.
And is the morning star that shines Be - fore the wake of day.

CHORUS.

Watch - - ing as the an - gels wait, As the
Watching as the an - gels, as the angels wait,

bells . . . . . of heav - en ring, ... Watching
Watching as the bells, as the bells of heaven ring,

till . . . . . the race is run, Waiting for the absent one.
Watching till the race, till the race is run,

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No. 155. We Are Marching Onward.

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

1. Marching, we are marching onward, Un - derneath the ban-ner
2. We will nev - er be discouraged, In the strength of Christ we
3. Plant-ed on the field of bat - tle, Ev - er shall our glorious

of the cross, With the helmet of sal-va - tion, We shall nev - er
march along, Tho' an host encamp against us, Still his glo - ry
banner be, Un - til Christ and his salvation Rules the world in

fear nor suffer loss; Foes are strong arrayed be-fore us, But u -
is our joy and song. He is a - ble to de - liv - er! Glo - ry
love from sea to sea; Brave and loyal hearts are swell-ing, Glorious

ni - ted in glad cho - rus, With our banner floating o'er us,
to his name for - ev - er, We will fol - low on and never
prom-is - es fore - tell - ing, When with glad immortals dwelling,

CHORUS.

We may o - ver - come an host.
Yield un - to the powers of wrong. Glory hal - le - lu - jah,
We shall sing in vic - to - ry.

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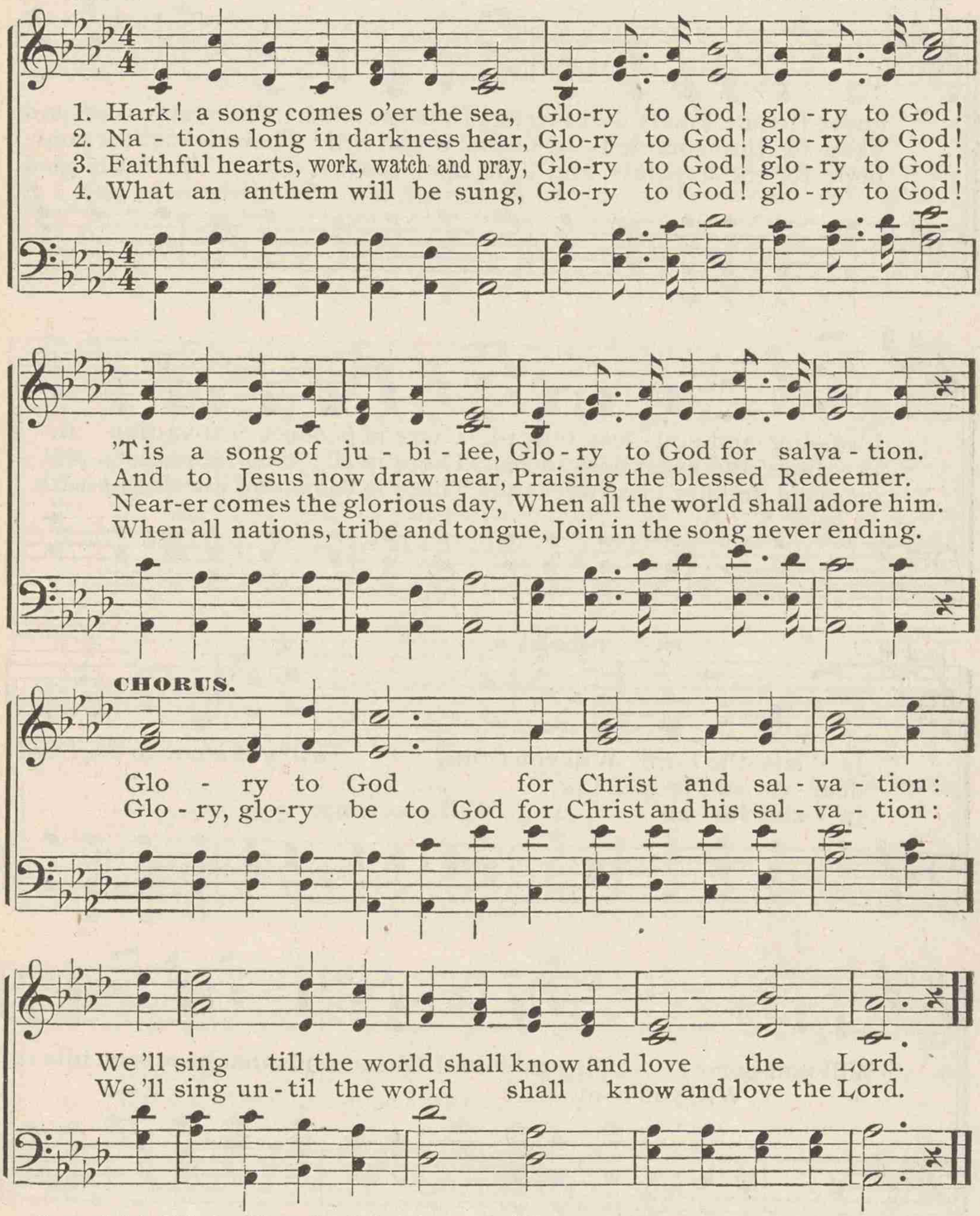
We are Marching Onward. Concluded.

No. 156. Praise for Salvation.

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



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No. 157. Will you Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is rest for the weary, if rest they will seek, There is
2. There is sight for the blinded and cure for the ill, There is
3. There is peace for the troubled and freedom for slaves, There is

cheer for the lonely and strength for the weak; There is pardon and
balm for the wounded—be healed if you will; There is zest for your
hope for the hopeless, and light upon graves; Oh, hear the glad

bless-ing and end-less reward, There is per-fect sal-va-tion in
la - bors, and sweetness in rest, There is all that is purest, and
message, and heed its sweet call! There is room and a welcome with

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Lord. Will you come, will you come to the Lord?
dear-est and best.
Je - sus for all. Will you come,

Will you come? will you come? Oh, ye souls that have seen him re-
Will you come?

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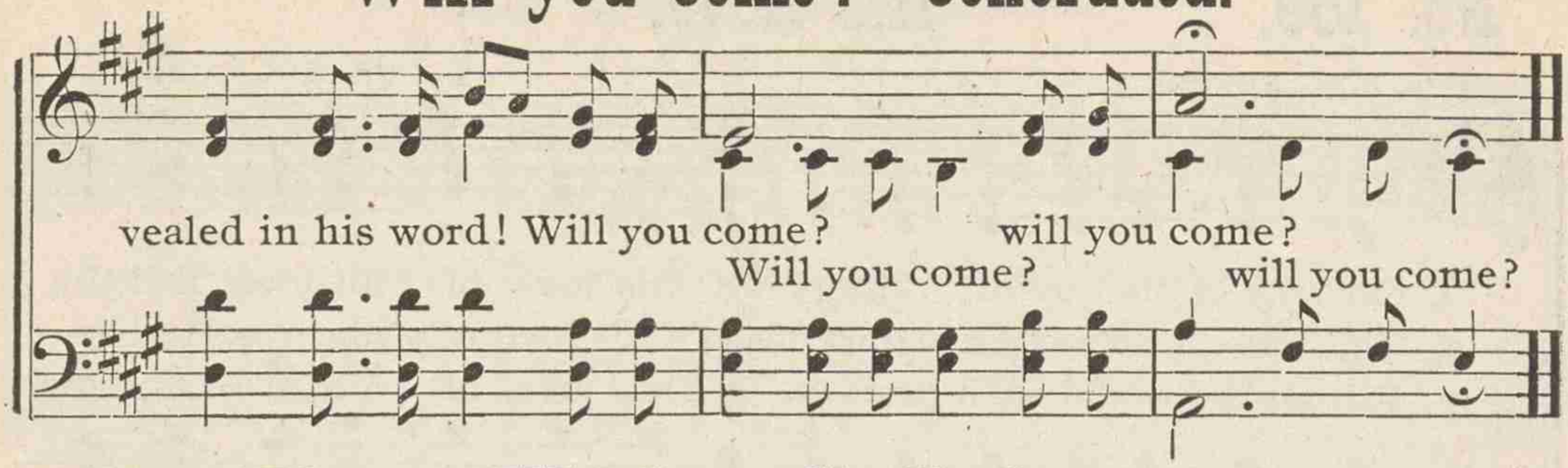
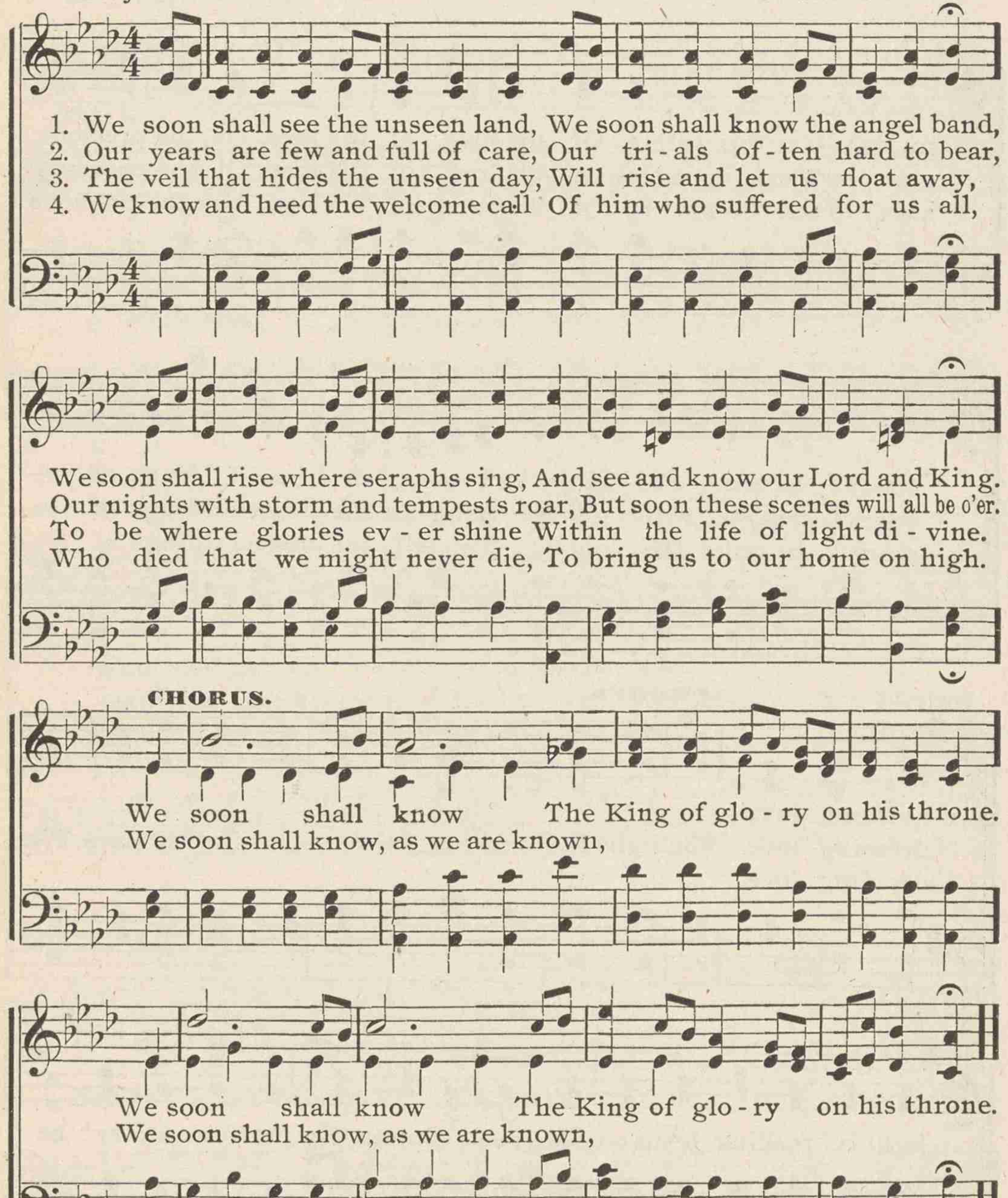
Will you Come? Concluded.



No. 158. We Soon Shall See.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 159. His Love.

MRS. L. K. ROGERS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Go spread the joy-ful tidings Of his love, of his love, Tell the
2. Tell those who mourn in darkness Of his love, of his love, And re-
3. Fill all the world with prais-es Of his love, of his love, Oh, how

na-tions o'er the waters Of his love, of his love. Oh, the precious
peat the blessed promise Of his love, of his love. Oh, the precious
sweet to tell the sto - ry Of his love, of his love. Yes, the precious

sto-ry! be mine the glo-ry! To sound the blessed tidings of re-
sto-ry! replete with glo-ry! Ring out the blessed tidings of re-
sto-ry! be mine the glo-ry To tell the blessed tidings of re-

CHORUS.

deeming love.
deeming love. The light is breaking, Je-sus comes, Jesus comes, The
deeming love.

light is breaking, Jesus comes, (Jesus comes), Oh, precious sto-ry! be

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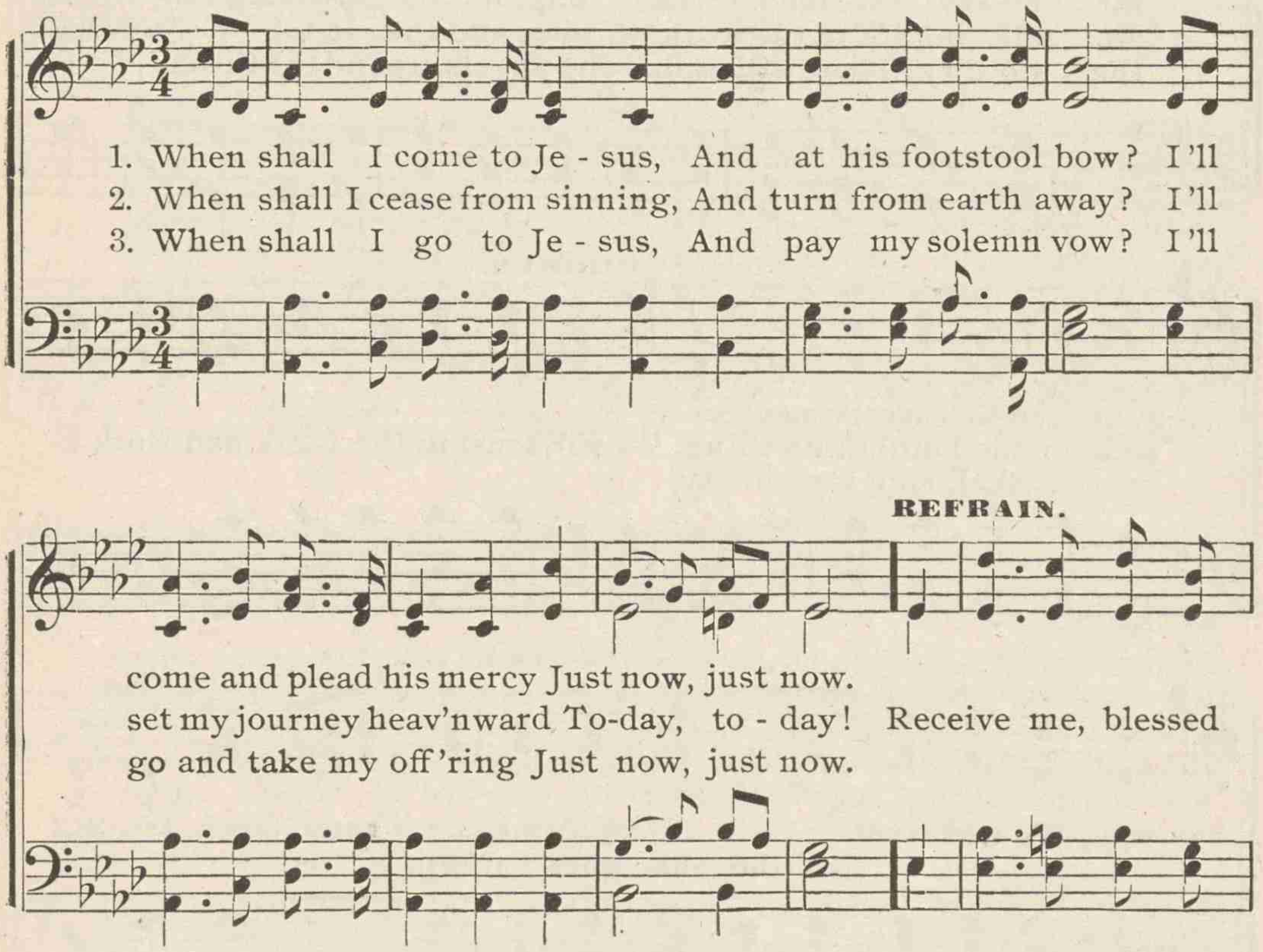
His Love. Concluded.

No. 160. When Shall I Come to Jesus?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 161. We Will Trust and Work Away.

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

1. We will trust in God as we onward go, We will sing of his love for - ev - er; Tho' the way seems long, and the clouds hang low, He has
2. He has left a work for us each to do, Full of glo - ry beyond all tell - ing; 'T is the work of love, and the vic-tor - y, We shall
3. We will trust in God, and a-long our way, We will tell to the world the sto - ry; Then, with saints and angels around the throne, We for-

CHORUS.

promised to leave us nev - er.
sing in the Father's dwelling. We will trust in the Lord, and work a-
ev - er shall sing his glo - ry.

way, We will trust . . . . till the sun goes down, We will
till the sun goes down, ...

trust un - til we hear his call, Then go home to receive a crown.
trust, we will trust until we hear his call,

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No. 162. Christ is All.

W. A. W. **SOLO. Ad lib.** W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage
4. I saw the gos-pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their
6. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Father, Son, and Spirit

there, Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lone - ly mother
head, Waiting for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 't was sweet as
shake, Nor death his soul appall; I asked him whence his strength was
snow, To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life he counted
dead, A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ransomed
say; The bride repeats the call; For he will cleanse your guilty

whence Her helpless widowhood's defence, She told me, "Christ was all."
May, And as his spir - it passed away, He whispered, "Christ is all."
giv'n, He looked triumphantly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'T was, "Christ is all in all."
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Christ is all, all in all, * She told me "Christ was all."

*Repeat the last line of each stanza here as it is above.

By permission.

No. 163. His Mother's Grave.

FRED WOODROW. (SOLO.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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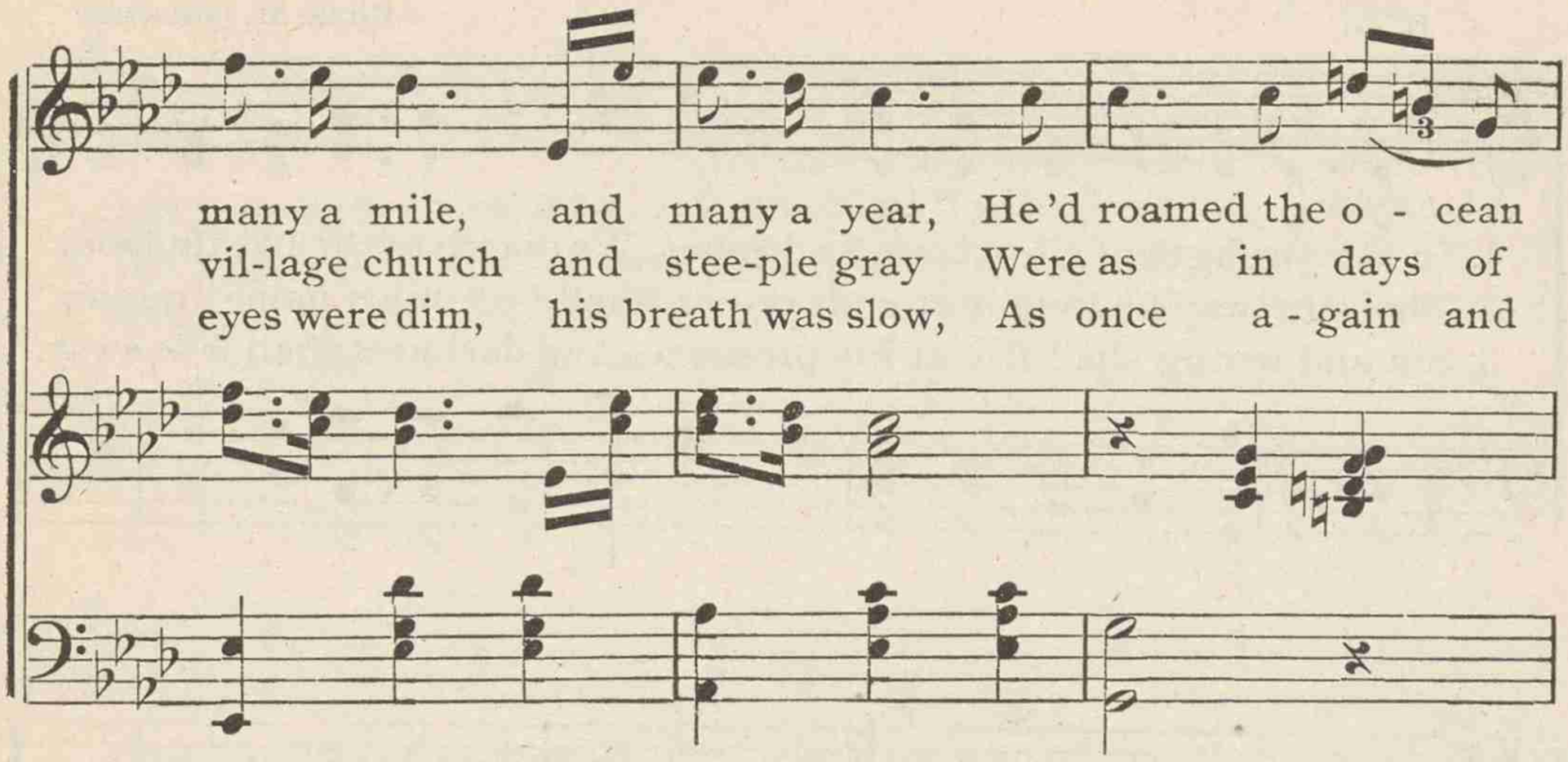
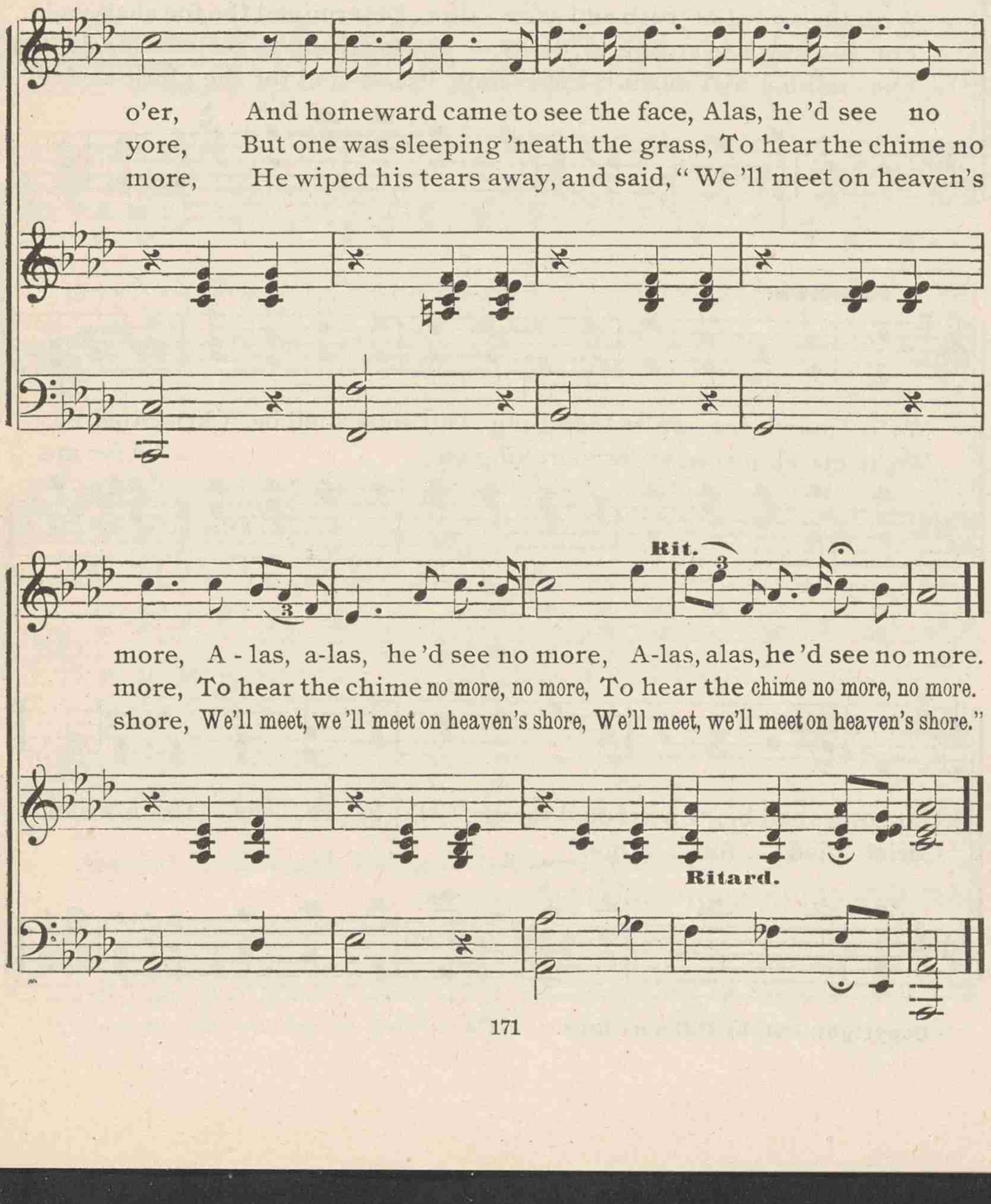
His Mother's Grave. Concluded.





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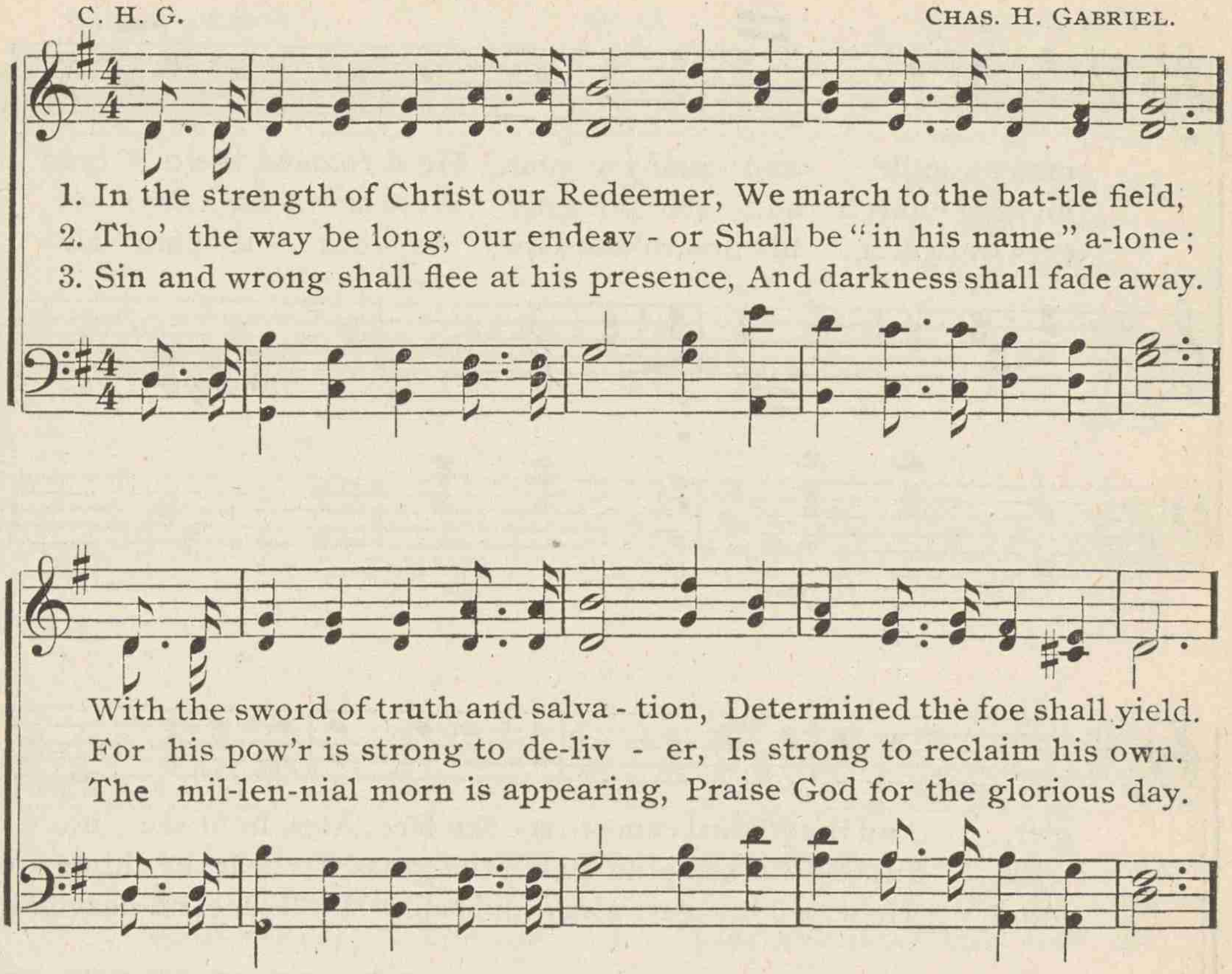

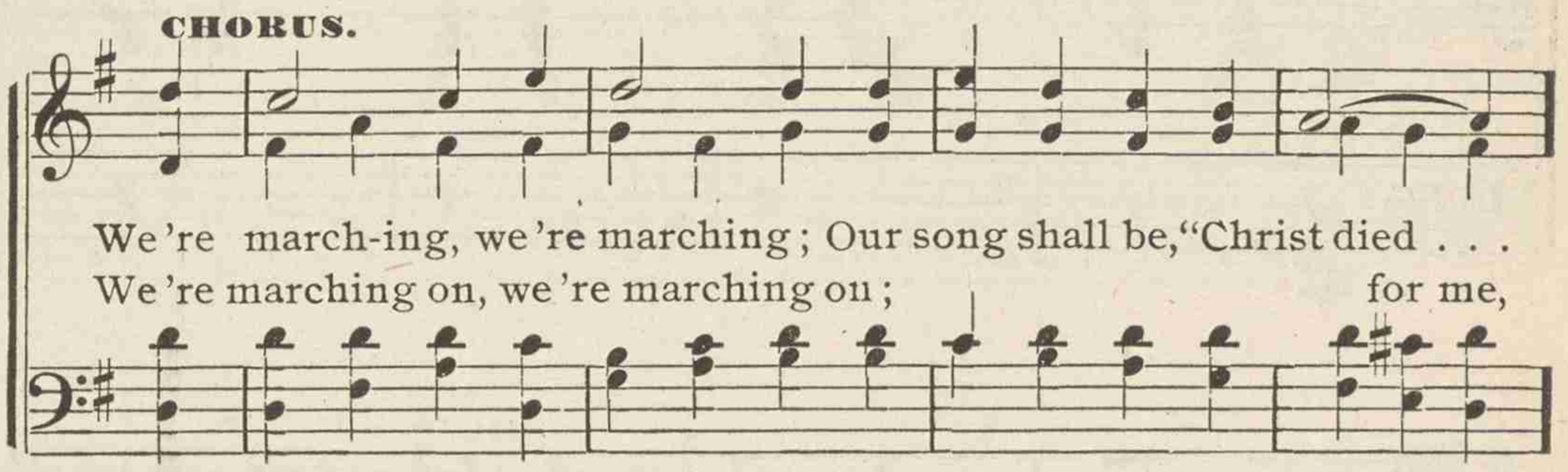

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No. 165. Let Your Light Shine.

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

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That others may behold! Its glow-ing rays perchance may bring Some wand'rer to the fold.
2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams abroad; 'T will show the world you're not ashamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see Your works of mer-cy and of love, That they may fol-low thee.

CHORUS.

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light (brightly) shine, Oh, let it shine (brightly shine); It may prove a bea-con-light to some trav'ler in the night, Let your light . . shine, brightly shine. . . .

Let your light shine, let your light brightly shine.

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[Titles are capitalized; the first lines are in lower case.]

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