FOR CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN

A BOOK OF GOSPEL HYMNS

USED BY

REV. H. M. WHARTON

IN HIS MEETINGS

"Prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts; if I will not open the Windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

BY

R. G. STAPLES.

WHARTON, BARRON & CO.,
10 E. Fayette Street, - BALTIMORE, MD.

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THE J. M. ARMSTRONG CO., ENGS., PHILA., PA.

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REV. H. M. WHARTON

IN EVANGELISTIC WORK.

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R. G. STAPLES,

Author of GOSPEL ECHOES, FOUNT OF BLESSING, LOVING VOICES, etc.

BALTIMORE:

WHARTON & BARRON.

1889.

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PREFACE.

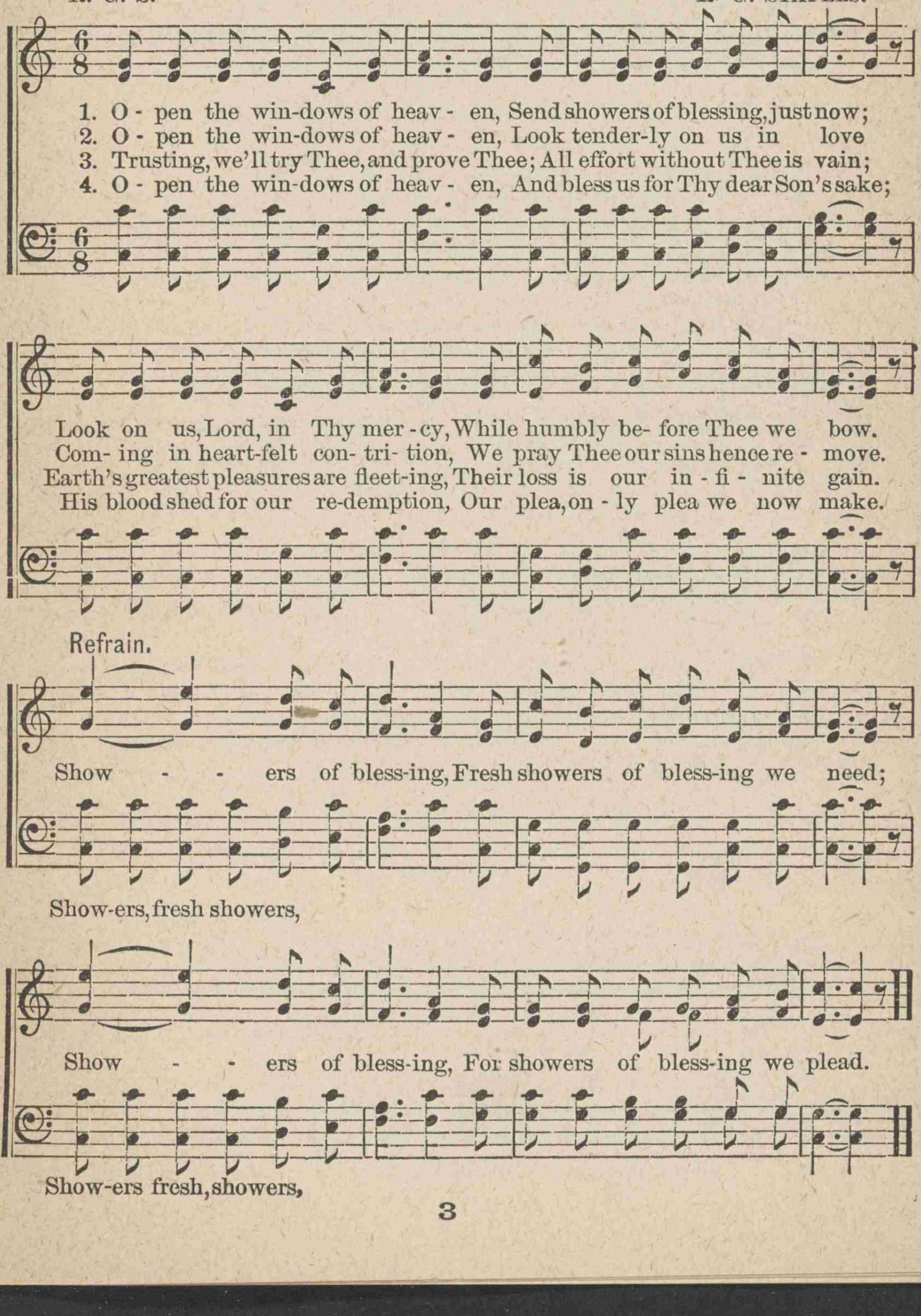
THIS book has been prepared for me and under my supervision. In my opinion, it contains the best collection of Gospel Hymns in existence. Mr. Staples is the author of many books, a distinguished composer, an earnest and devoted Christian. So without hesitation I send it forth among the people, with the prayer that God will open the Windows of Heaven, and pour out rich blessings in their hearts.

H. M. WHARTON.

THE J. M. ARMSTRONG COMPANY,
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS,
710 Sansom Street, Philada. Pa.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

No. 1. OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

No. 2. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

R. G. STAPLES.

Amoroso.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin- ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten- der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir - it! Thou can'st make the blind to see;

Show'rs the thirst- y land re - fresh- ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath- er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
I am long - ing for Thy fav - or; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
Wit-ness- er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me.

Chorus.

Ev - en me, ev- en me, Let Thy bless- ing fall on me.

Ev-en me, ev- en me,

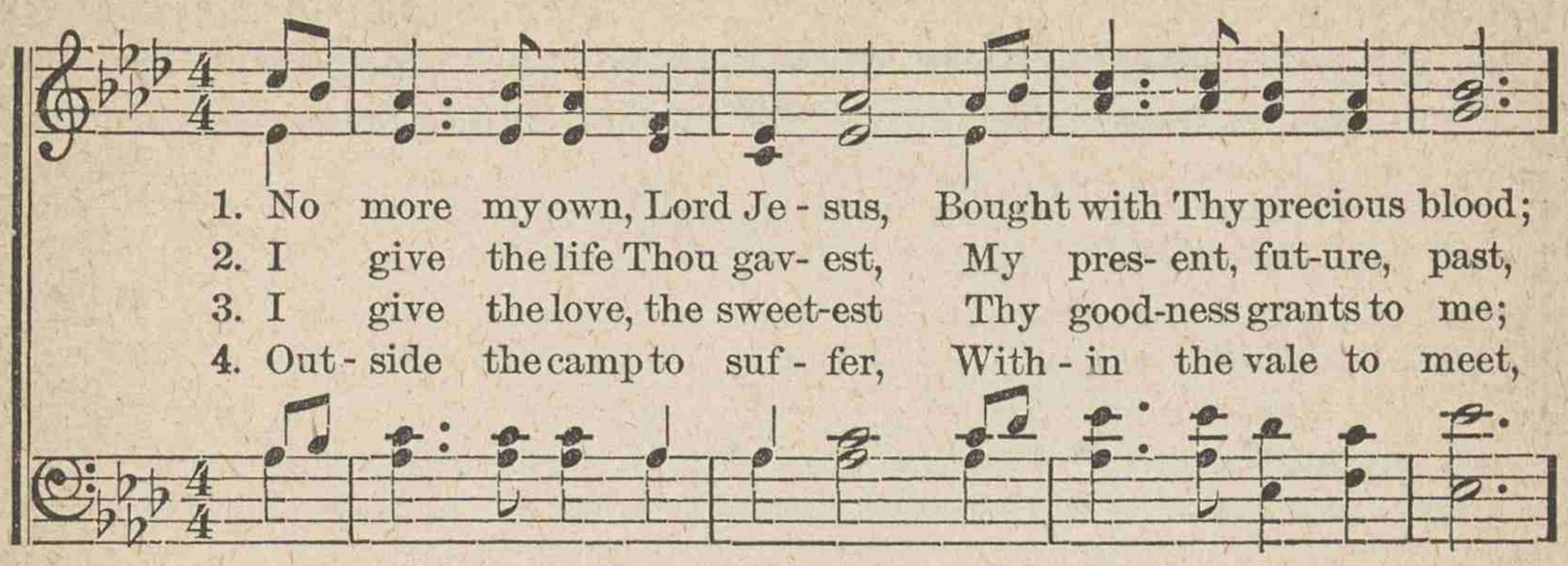
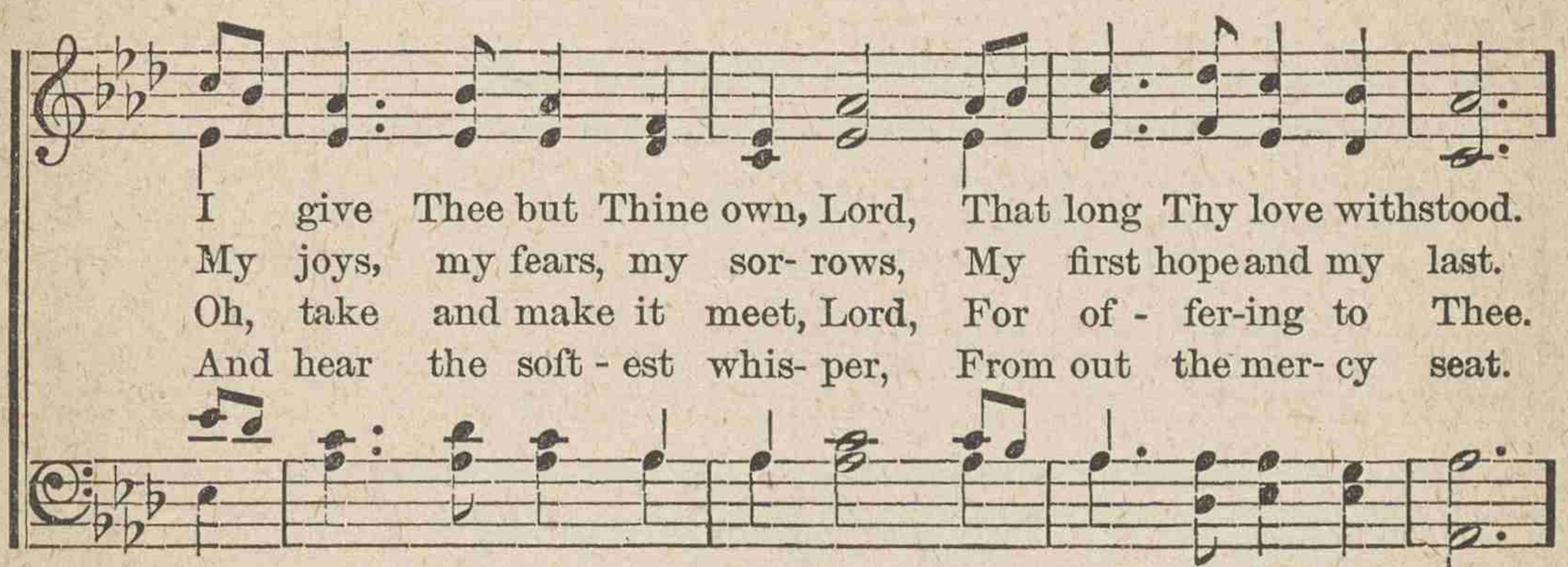
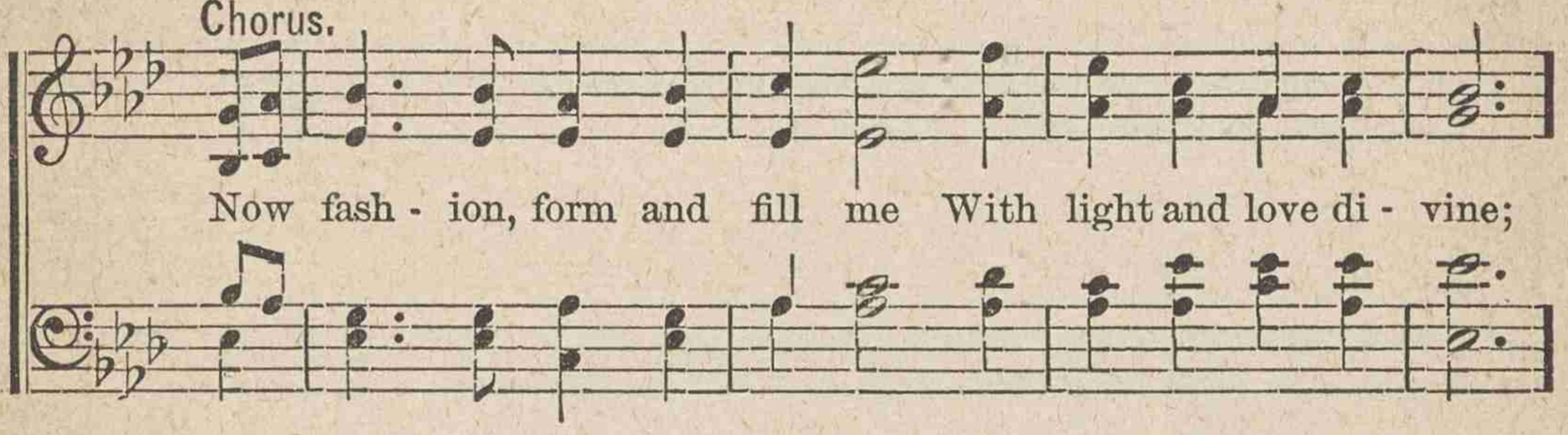
Ev - en me, ev - en me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

Ev-en me, ev- en me,

rit.

No. 3. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Cant. 11: 16.

W. W. BENTLEY, by per.

Copyright, 1886, by WARREN W. BENTLEY.

No. 4. WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. There's a hand that's writ- ing now In The book of life, they say;
2. Still that hand goes writ- ing on, Mak - ing pag - es dark or fair;
3. Time is ebb - ing fast a - way, Life for us will soon be done;

Ev - 'ry ac - tion, word or deed Is re - cord - ed there each day.
Let us pon - der well, dear friend's, What for us is writ- ten there.
Can we, trust - ing - ly, go hence, That a crown of life is won?

What shall then our re - cord be? Let us stop and think I pray!

What shall our Record be.—Concluded.

What shall then our re - cord be In the coming judgment day?

Chorus.

In the com- ing judg-ment day, in the com-ing judg-ment day,

What shall then our rec- ord be, In the com-ing judg- ment day.

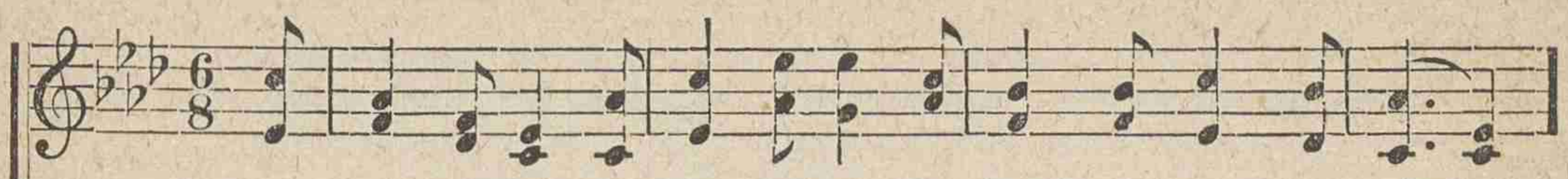
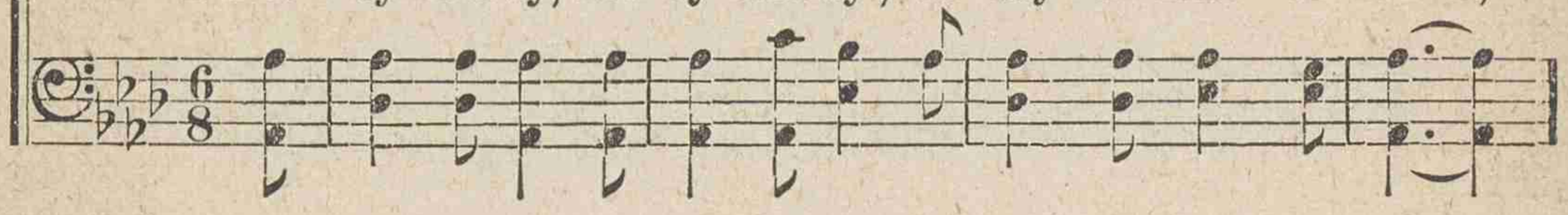
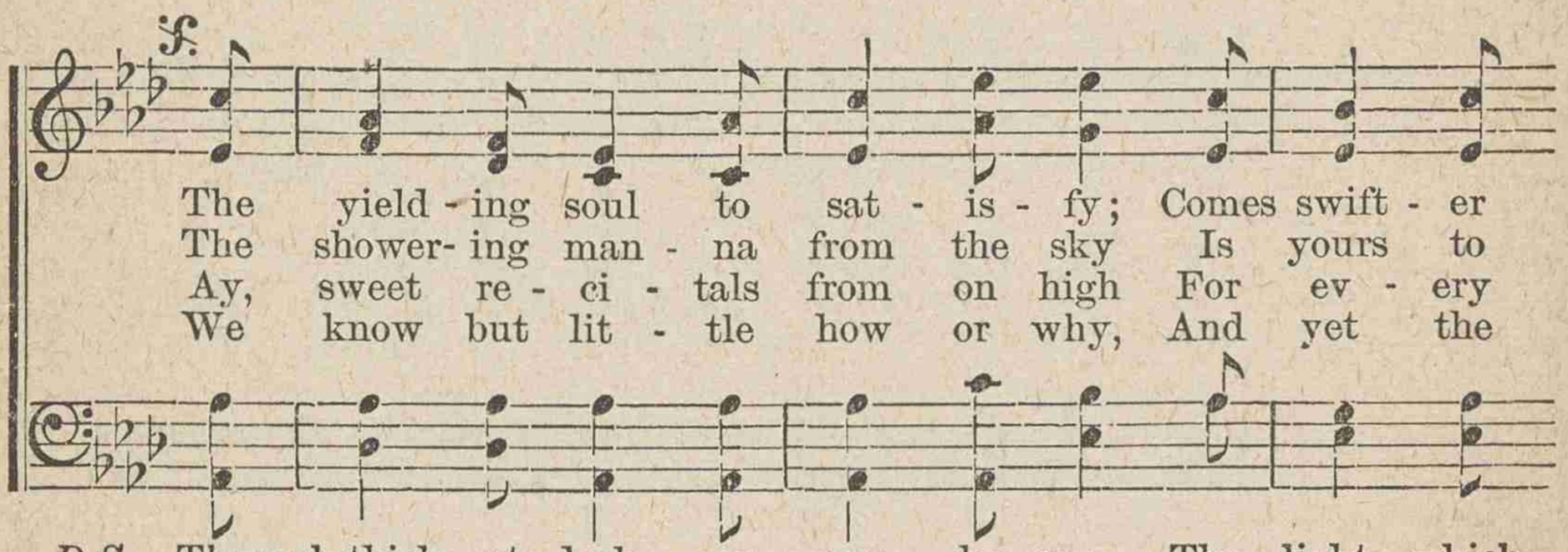
No. 5. GLORIA PATRI.

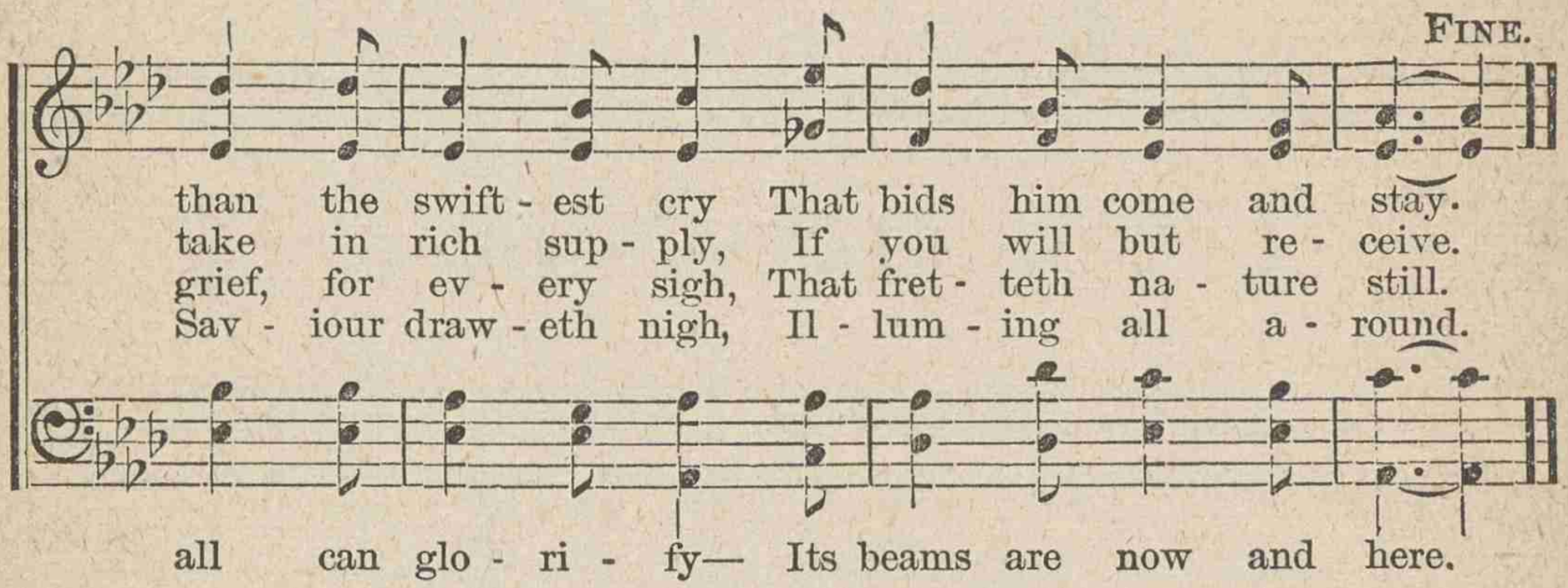
F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

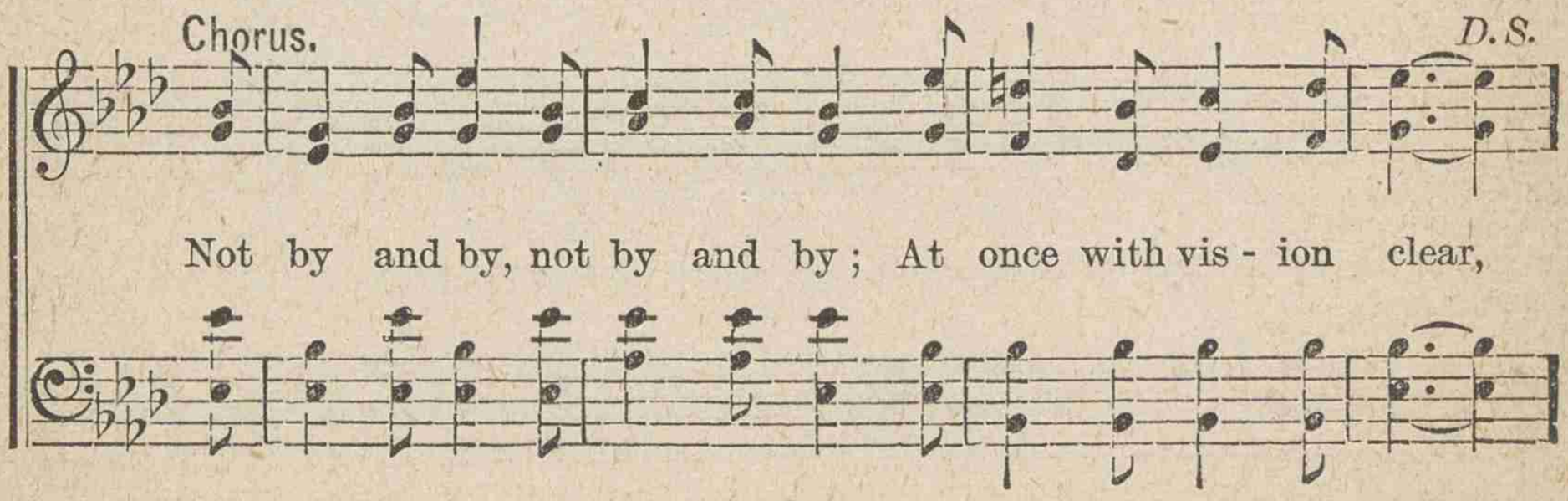
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men!

No. 6. NOT BY AND BY.

MARY B. DODGE. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Not by and by, not by and by; The Sav-iour comes to - day;
2. Not by and by, not by and by; O wear-y one, be - lieve
3. Not by and by, not by and by; He hath the life who will—
4. Not by and by, not by and by; To- day is heav - en found;

The yield - ing soul to sat - is - fy; Comes swift - er
The shower- ing man - na from the sky Is yours to
Ay, sweet re - ci - tals from on high For ev - ery
We know but lit - tle how or why, And yet the

D.S.—Through thick- est dark we may des- cry The light which

than the swift - est cry That bids him come and stay.
take in rich sup - ply, If you will but re - ceive.
grief, for ev - ery sigh, That fret - teth na - ture still.
Sav - iour draw - eth nigh, Il - lum - ing all a - round.

all can glo - ri - fy— Its beams are now and here.



Not by and by, not by and by; At once with vis - ion clear,

No. 7. SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly sheltered I a- bide;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wear-y, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,

There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel-ter, Open'd in my Saviour's breast,
Now in Je - sus I am find- ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se- cure .in this blest ref- uge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.

Refrain.

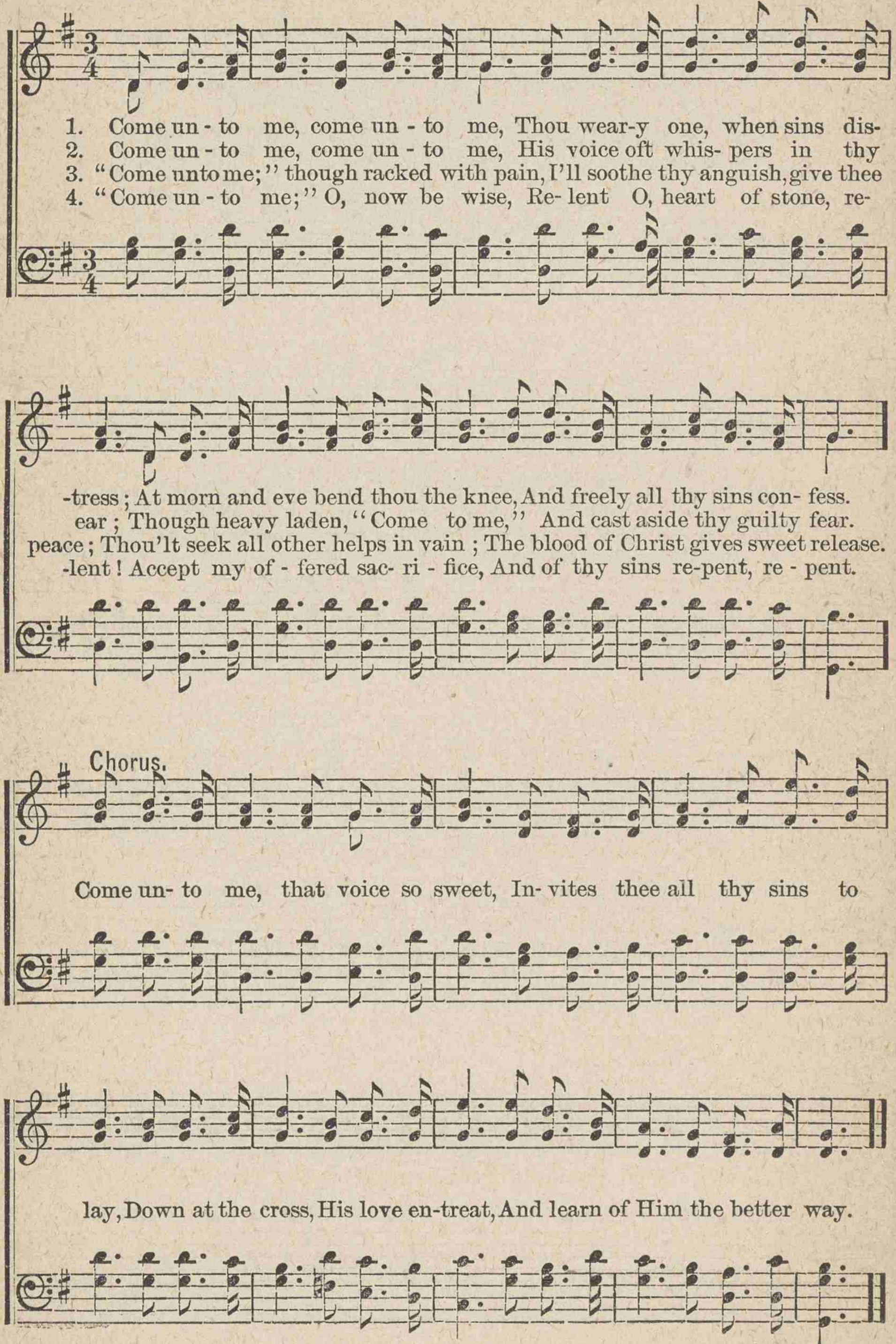
Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest- ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

No. 8. COME UNTO ME.

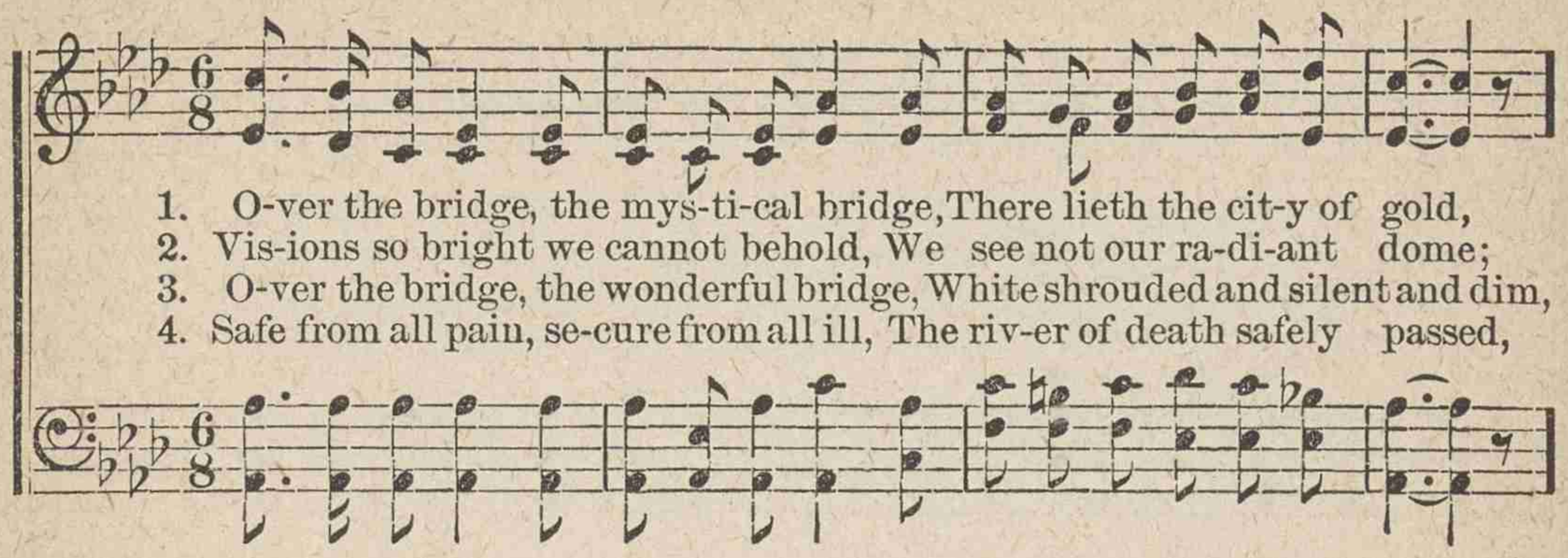
"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." Matt. ii: 28.

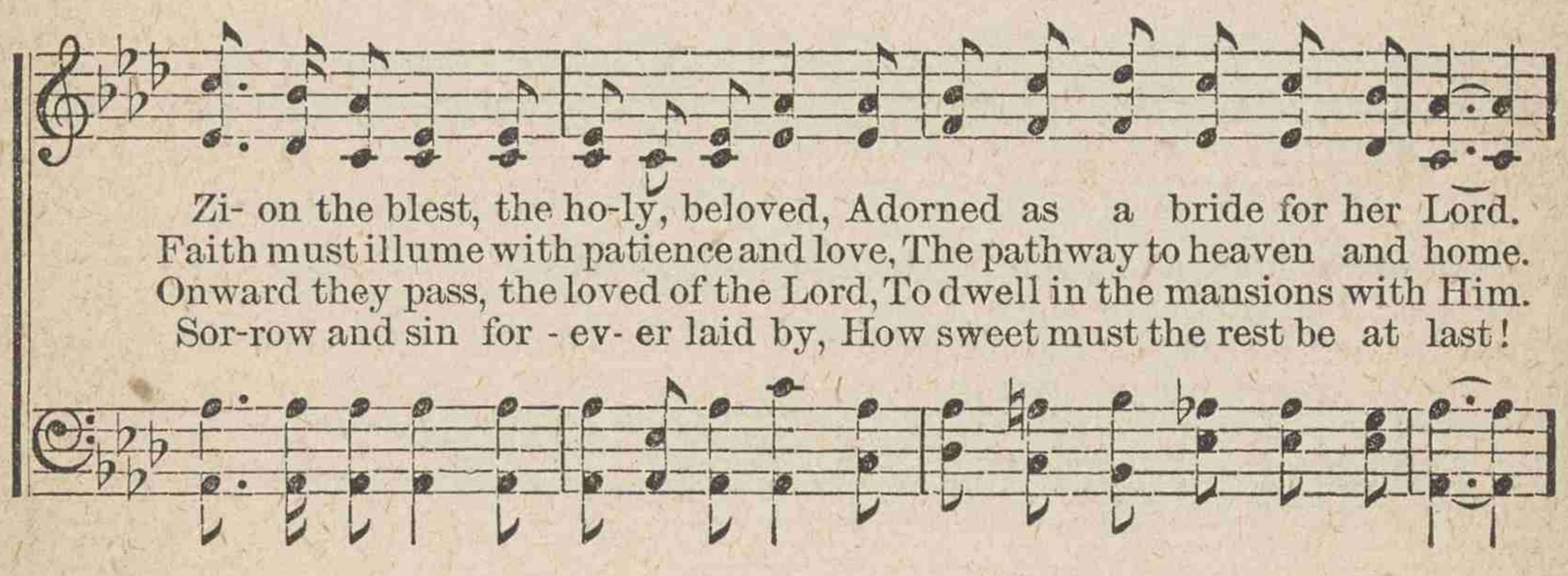
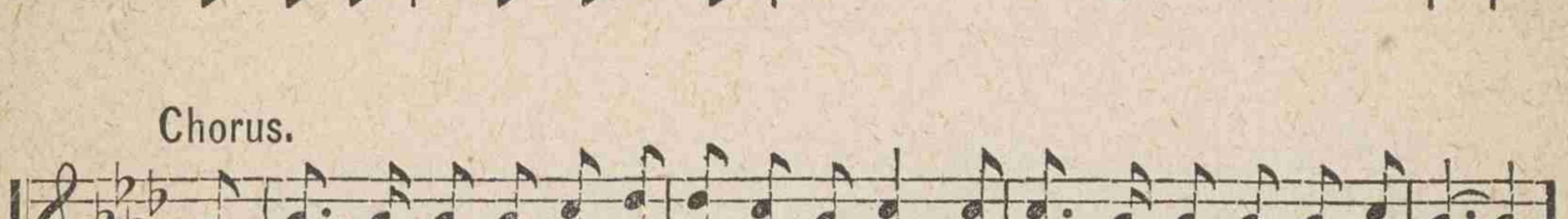
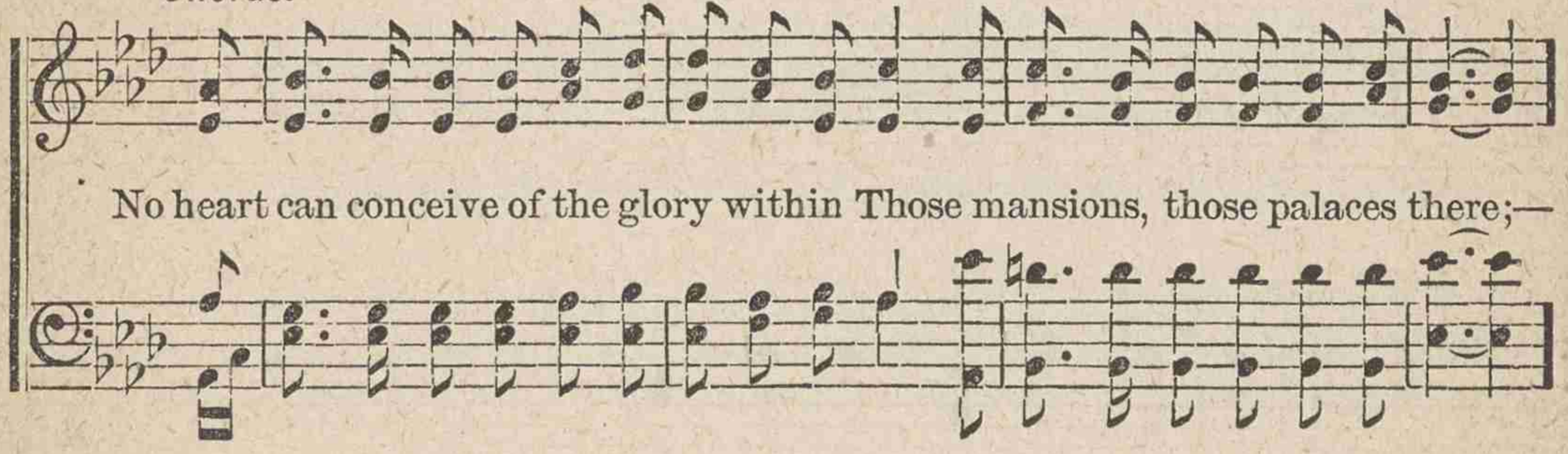
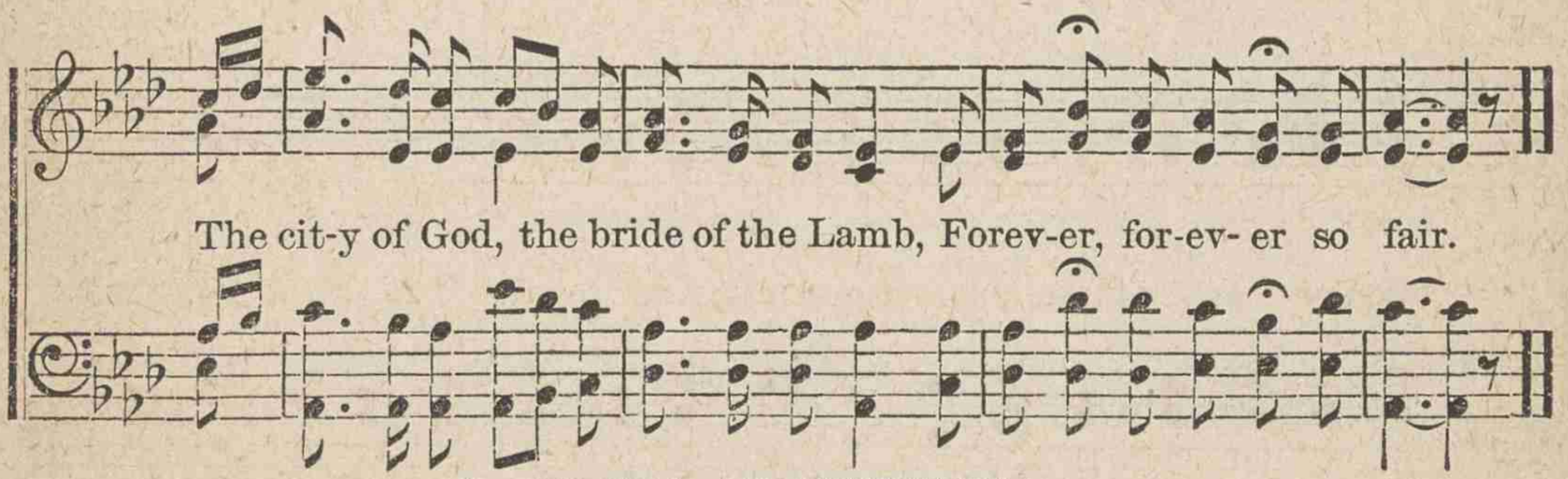
R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.



No. 9. OVER THE BRIDGE.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. T. C. O'Kane.



1. O-ver the bridge, the mys-ti-cal bridge, There lieth the cit-y of gold,
2. Vis-ions so bright we cannot behold, We see not our ra-di-ant dome;
3. O-ver the bridge, the wonderful bridge, White shrouded and silent and dim,
4. Safe from all pain, se-cure from all ill, The riv-er of death safely passed,

Zi- on the blest, the ho-ly, beloved, Adorned as a bride for her Lord.
Faith must illume with patience and love, The pathway to heaven and home.
Onward they pass, the loved of the Lord, To dwell in the mansions with Him.
Sor-row and sin for - ev- er laid by, How sweet must the rest be at last!

Chorus.

No heart can conceive of the glory within Those mansions, those palaces there;—

The cit-y of God, the bride of the Lamb, Forev-er, for-ev- er so fair.

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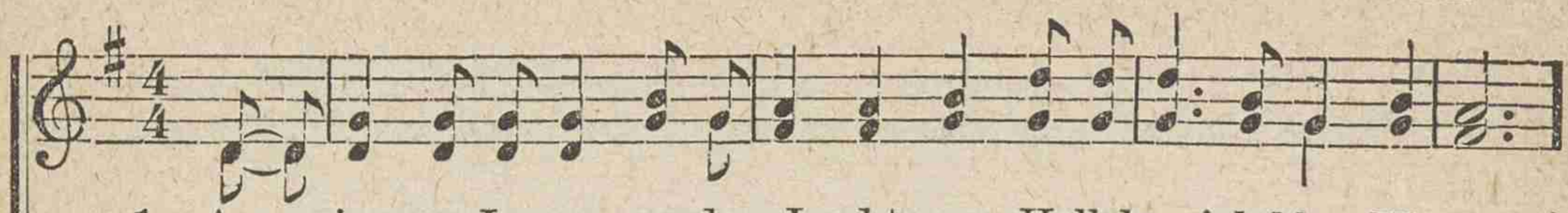
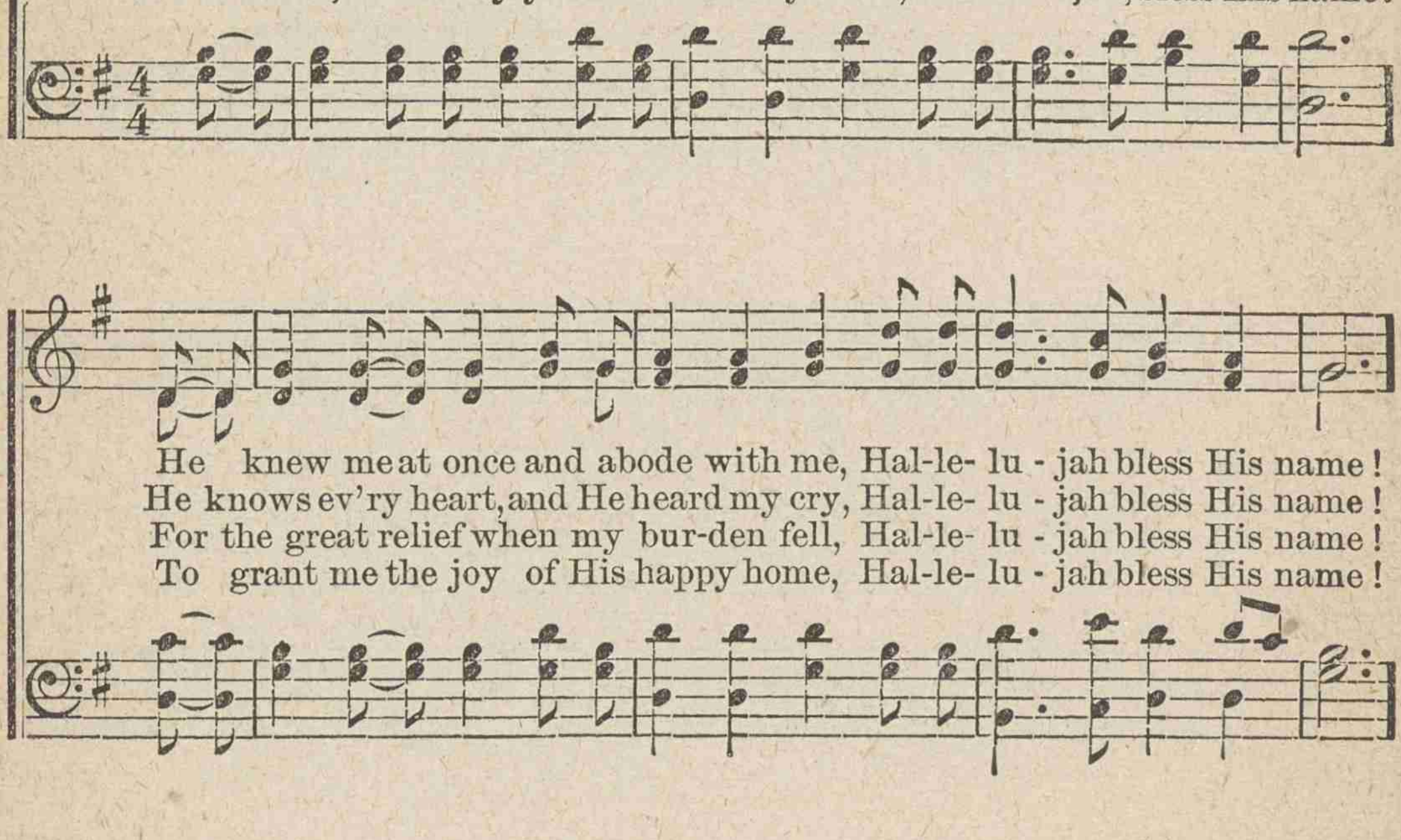
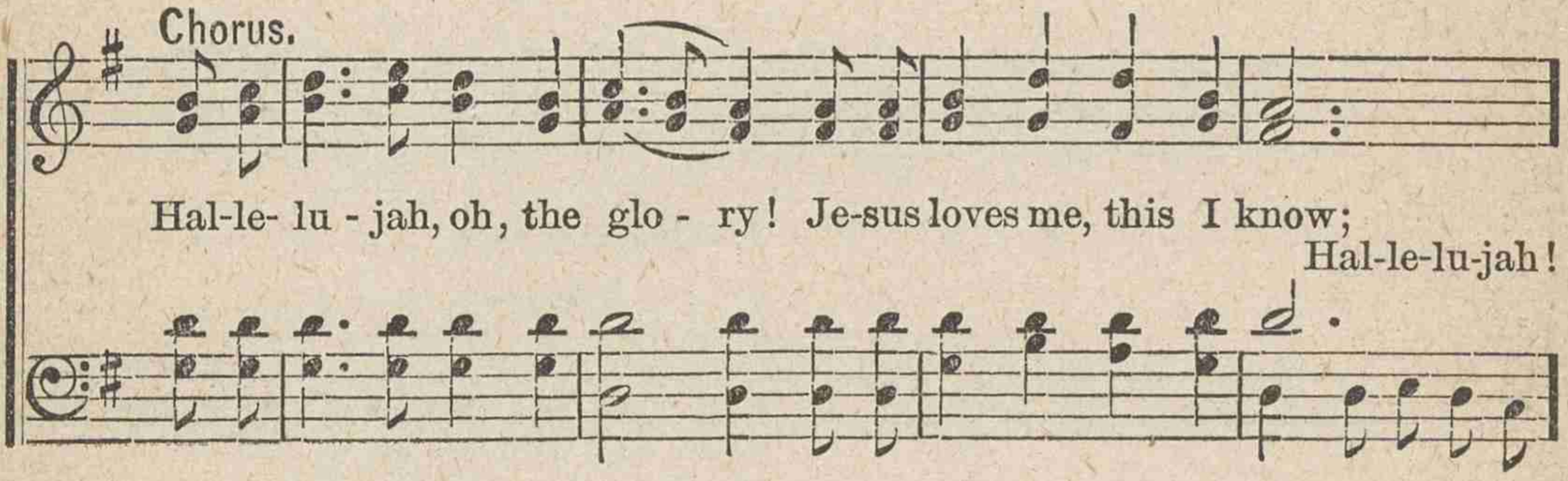
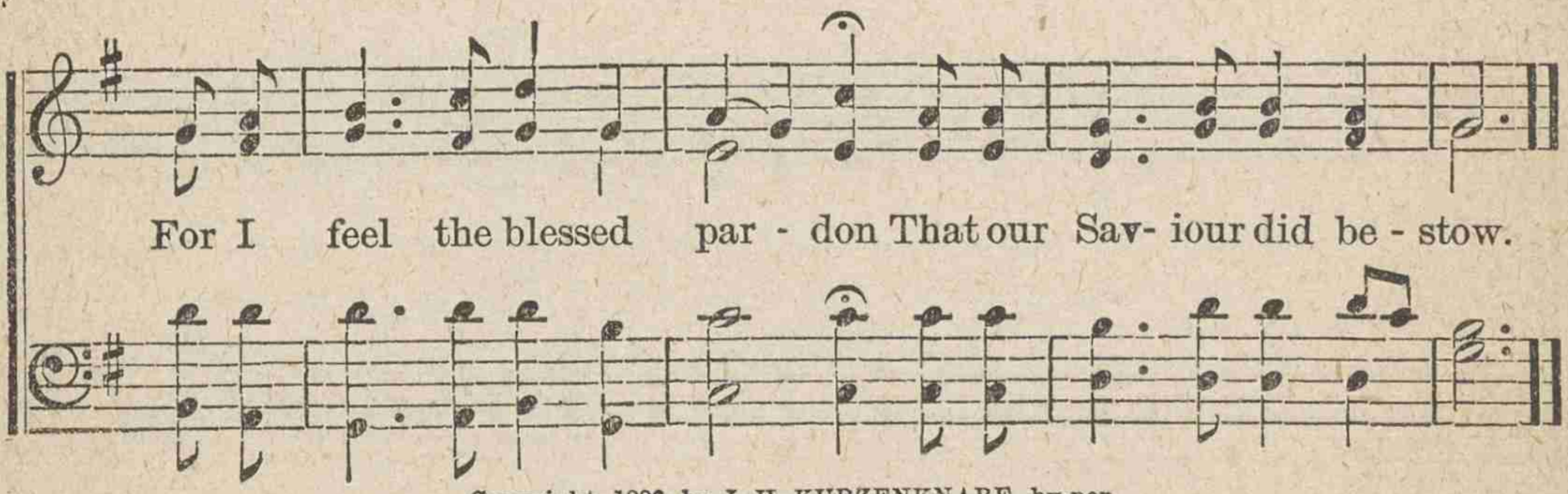
No. 10. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. A sin- ner, I came, my dear Lord to see, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!
2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!
3. Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev-er tell, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!
4. I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Hallelu - jah, bless His name!

He knew me at once and abode with me, Hal-le- lu - jah bless His name!
He knows ev'ry heart, and He heard my cry, Hal-le- lu - jah bless His name!
For the great relief when my bur-den fell, Hal-le- lu - jah bless His name!
To grant me the joy of His happy home, Hal-le- lu - jah bless His name!

Hal-le- lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry! Je-sus loves me, this I know;
Hal-le-lu-jah!

For I feel the blessed par - don That our Sav- iour did be - stow.

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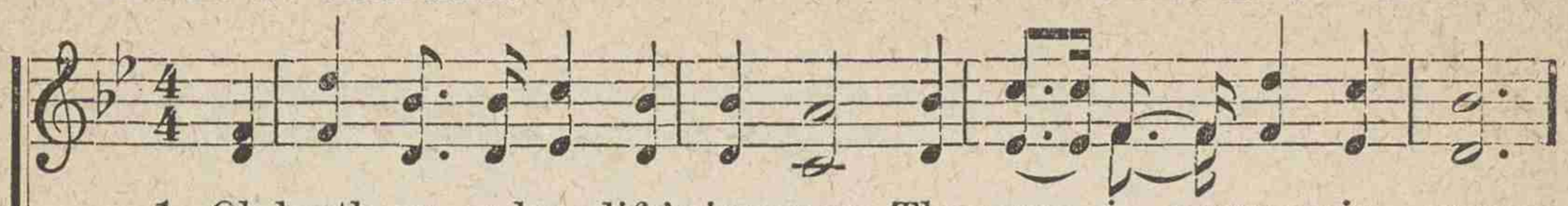
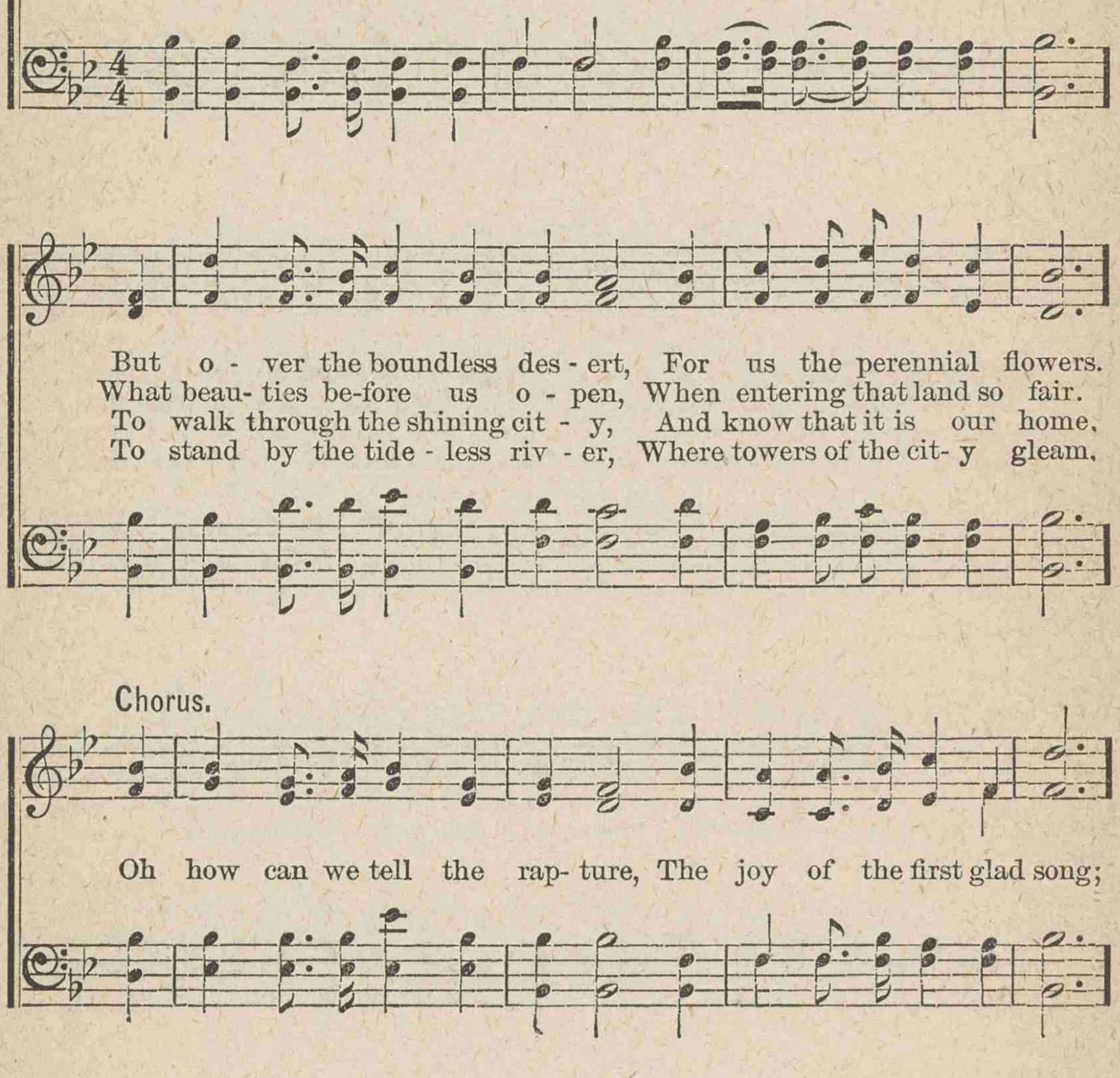
No. 11. ROOM AT THE CROSS.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE, by per.

No. 12. THE FIRST GLAD SONG.

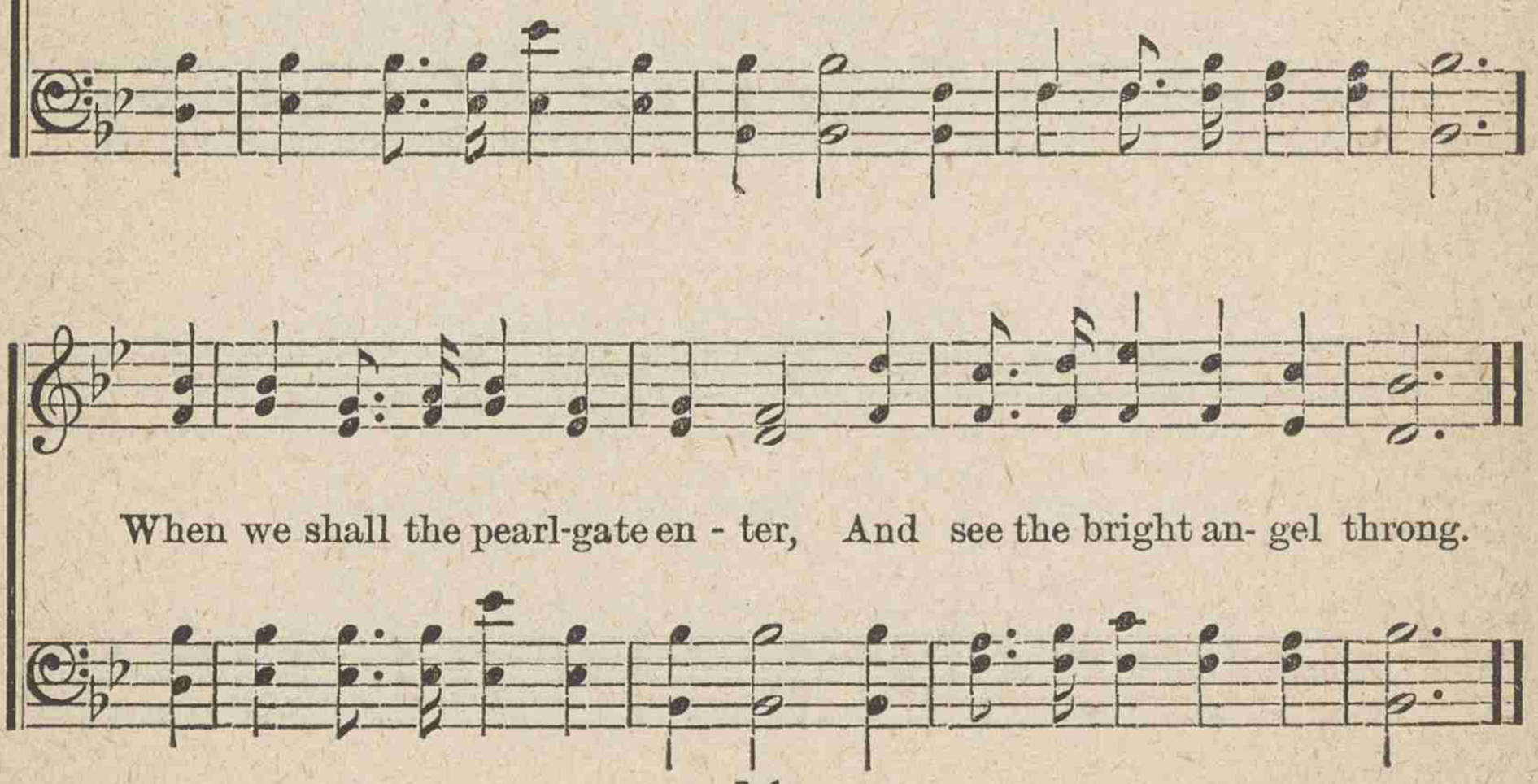
Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Oh, broth-ers a-long life's jour-ney, The wear- i - ness now is ours;
2. To- day we can on - ly won- der, What scenes will a-wait us there;
3. Oh what will it be to gath - er, Be- neath the bright Jasper dome;
4. To wan- der in fade-less gar- dens, To lave in the crys-tal stream;



But o - ver the boundless des - ert, For us the perennial flowers.
What beau- ties be-fore us o - pen, When entering that land so fair.
To walk through the shining cit - y, And know that it is our home.
To stand by the tide - less riv - er, Where towers of the cit- y gleam.

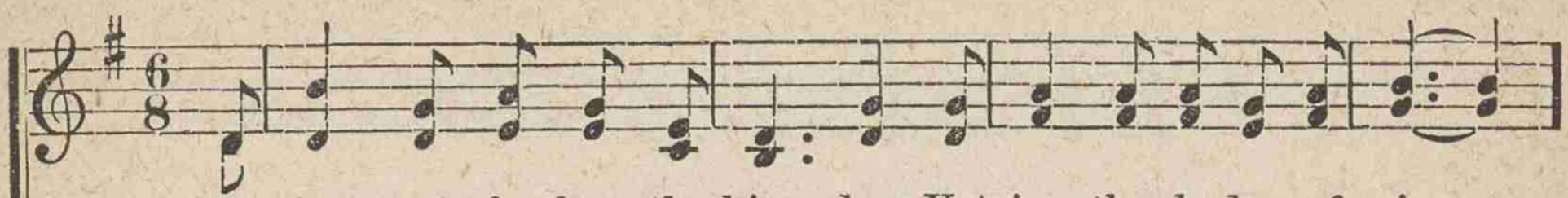
Chorus.

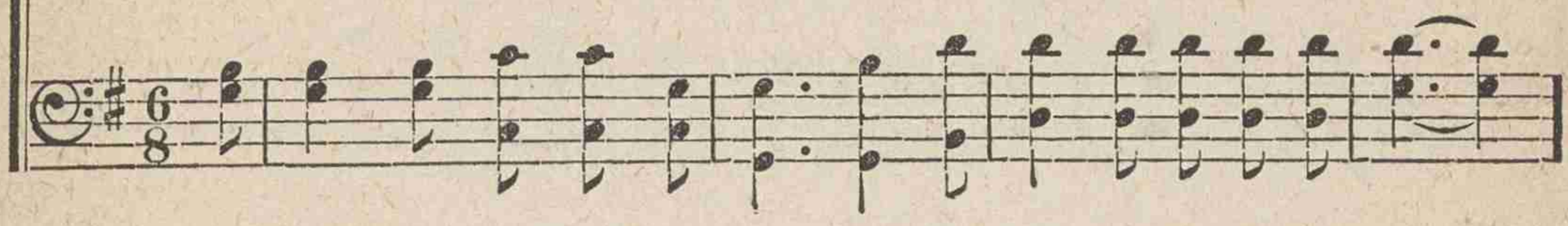
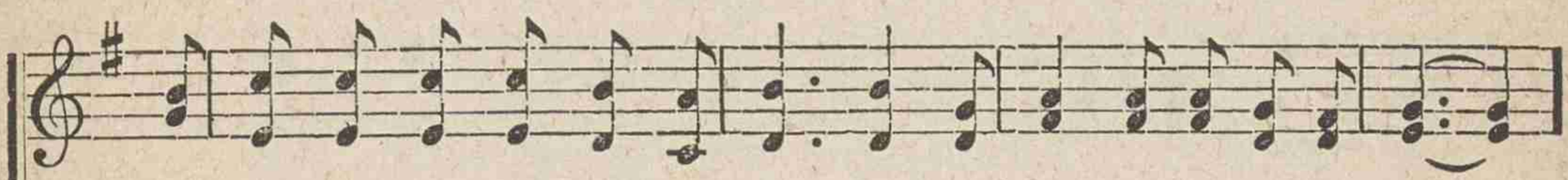
Oh how can we tell the rap- ture, The joy of the first glad song;

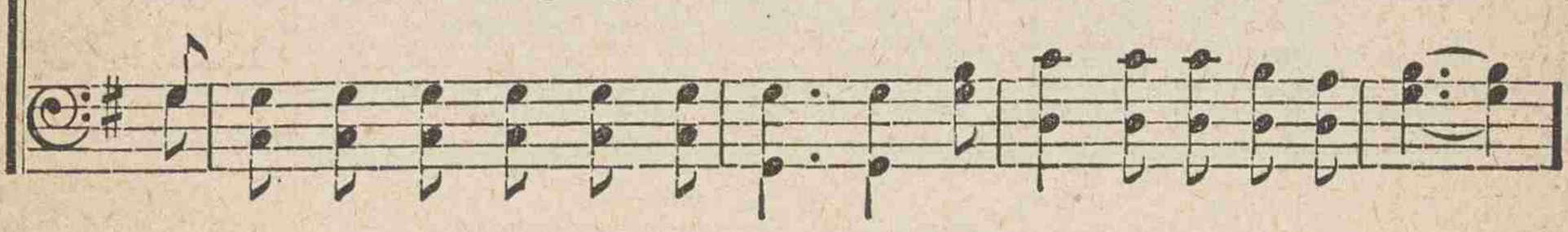
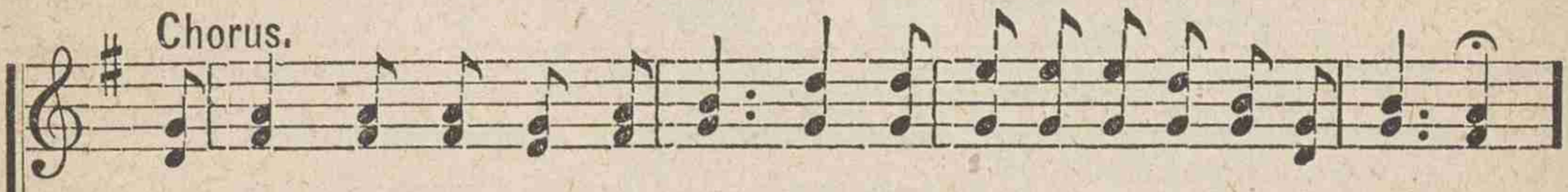


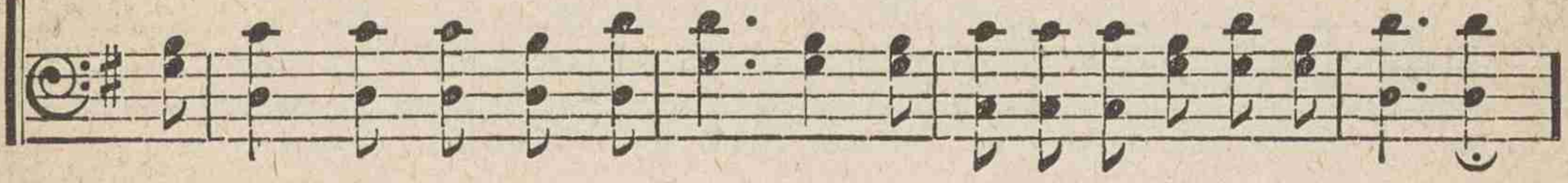
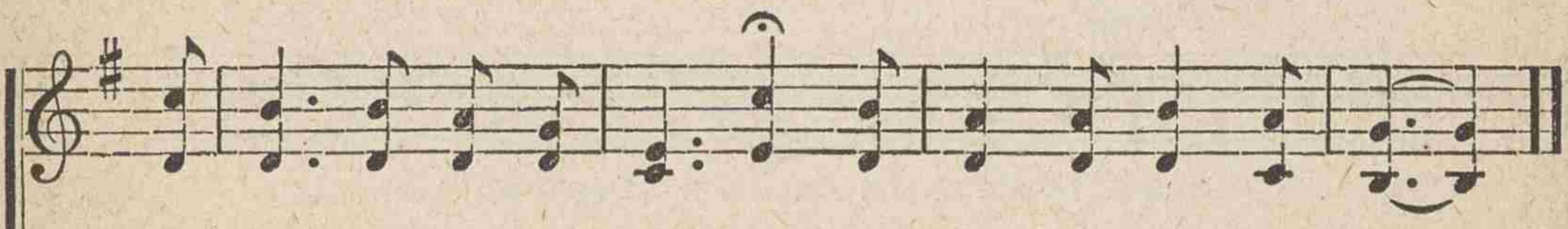
When we shall the pearl-gate en - ter, And see the bright an- gel throng.

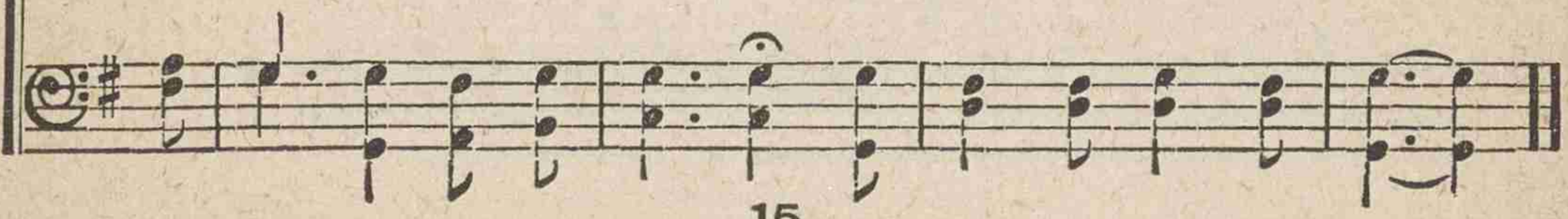
No. 13. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English. WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. Not far, not far from the king- dom, Yet in the shadow of sin,
2. Not for, not for from the gate- way, Where voices whisper and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the mu - sic, That floats so sweetly a - long;
4. They're in the dark and the dang - er, They're in the night and the cold,

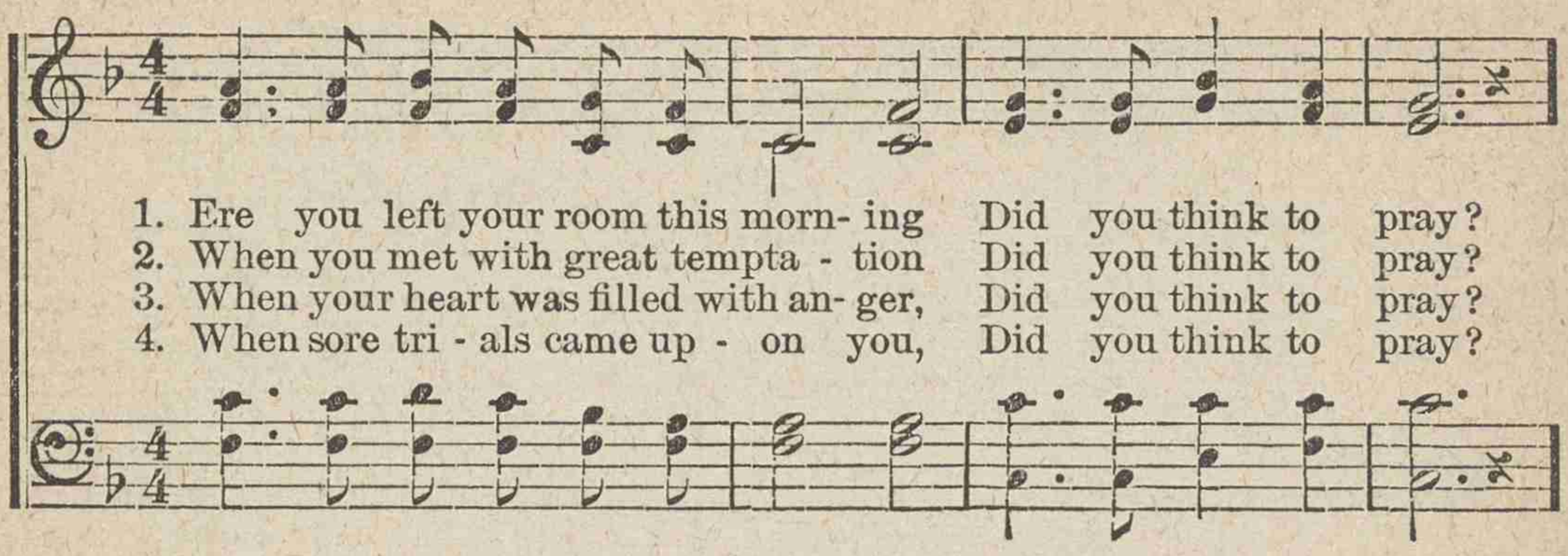


How man- y are com- ing and go - ing, How few are en- ter-ing in.
But fear-ing to en - ter in bold - ly, They ling-er still at the gate.
Tho' knowing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join-ing not in the song
Tho' He is now long-ing to lead them So kind-ly in- to the fold.

Chorus.

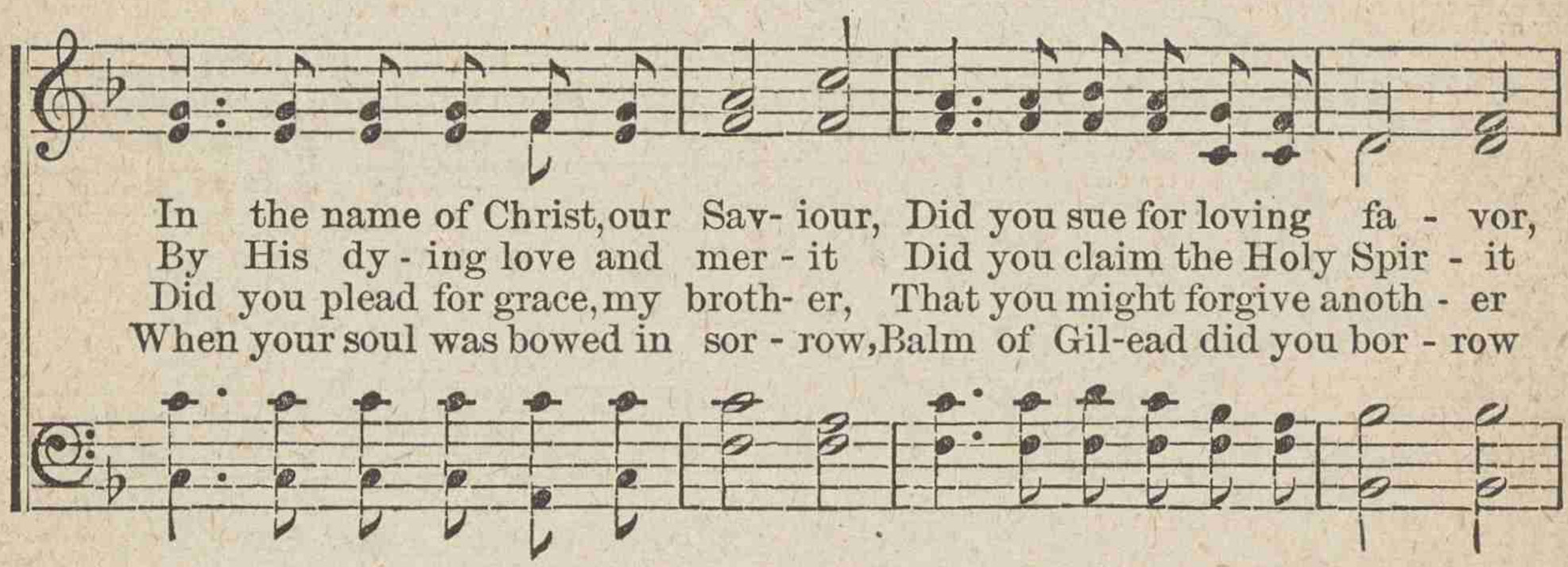
Not far, Not far from the kingdom, Yet ling-er-ing still at the gate-way;



O wait not to get near - er, But en - ter while you may.

No. 14. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY.

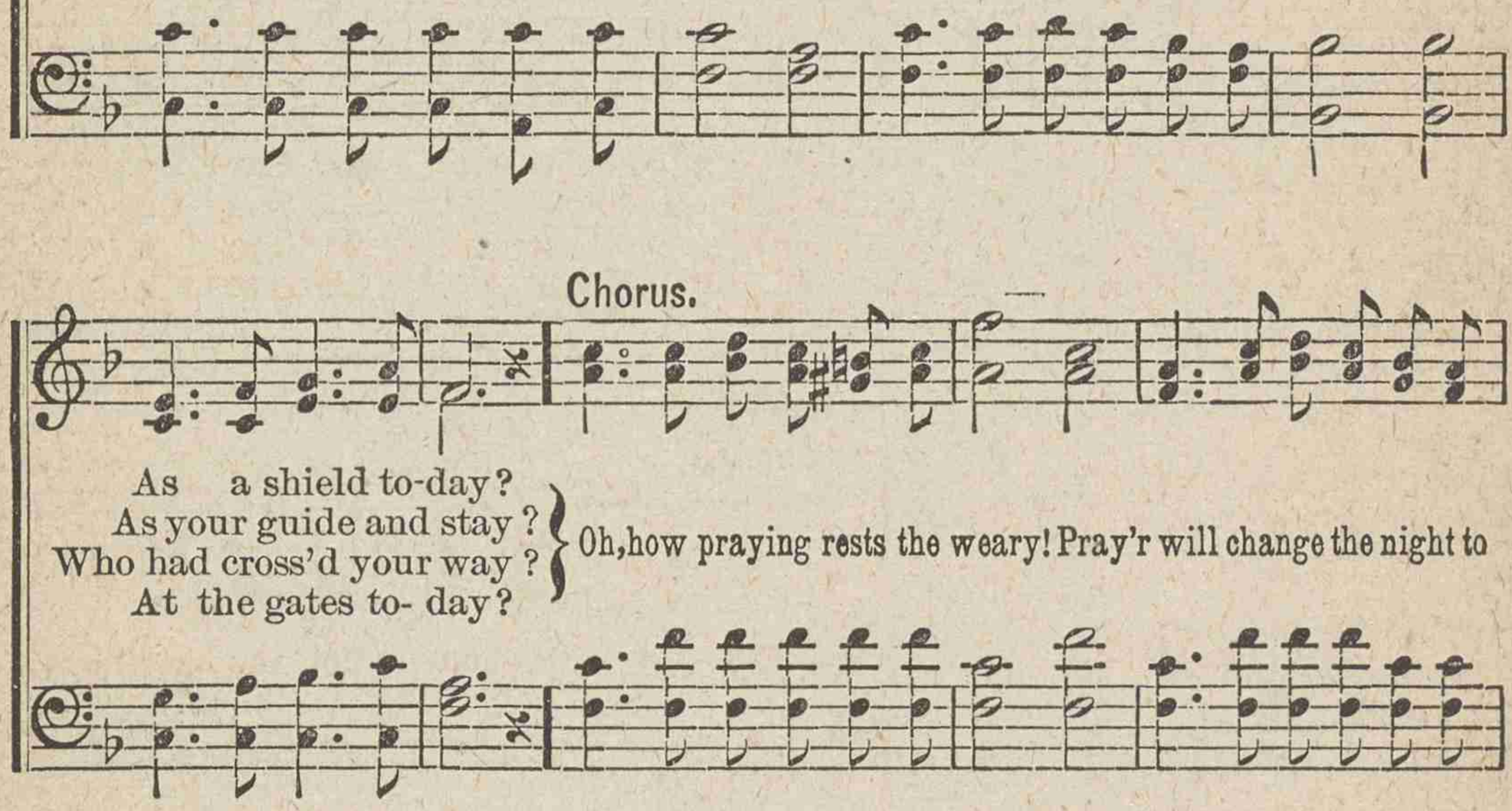
Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. O. Perkins.



1. Ere you left your room this morn- ing Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great tempta - tion Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an- ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?



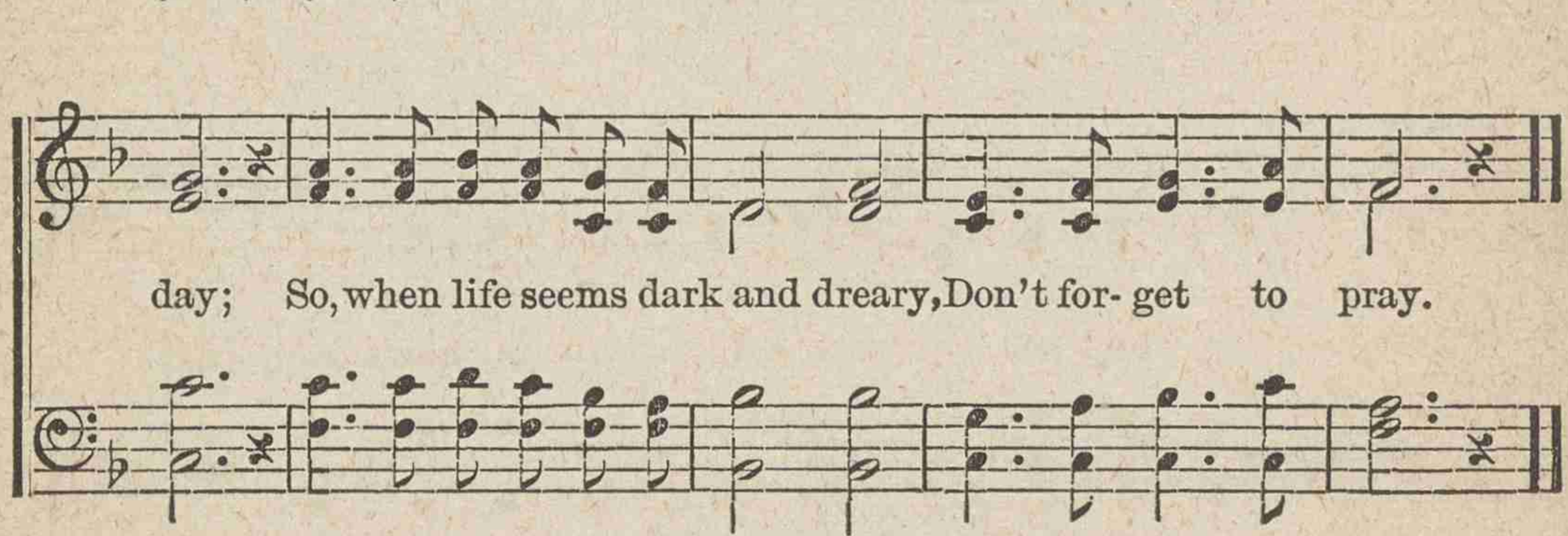
In the name of Christ, our Sav- iour, Did you sue for loving fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it Did you claim the Holy Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my broth- er, That you might forgive anoth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor - row



Chorus.

As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay?
Who had cross'd your way?
At the gates to- day?

} Oh, how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will change the night to



day; So, when life seems dark and dreary, Don't for- get to pray.

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No. 15. JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

C. E. L. Arr. by C. E. LESLIE.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Je - sus, my Sav- iour, Let me hear Thy gen- tle voice, Teach
2. Sweet - ly the Sav- iour, Whis- pers to the Christian heart, Words

me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice, I have stray'd far from Thee,
of sweet com-fort, That will ne'er de - part, Faith will bring the blessing,

Yet my soul would near Thee be, Near- er to my Sav - iour,
Faith will strengthen ev - 'ry pray'r, Come to Him con - fess - ing,

rit. *p* Chorus.

Near- er, Lord, to Thee.
Come to Him in pray'r.
} Je - sus my Sav-iour, Let me hear Thy

p *rit. dim.*

gen- tle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice.

From "Golden Anthems," by per.

No. 16. He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. He that go- eth forth with weeping, Bear- ing pre- cious seed in love,
2. Soft descends the dew of heav- en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be nev- er wear - y, Let no foes thy soul an - noy;

Nev- er tir - ing, nev- er sleep - ing, Find-eth mer - cy from a - bove.
Pre-cious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' an influence all di - vine.
Be the pros-pect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Refrain.

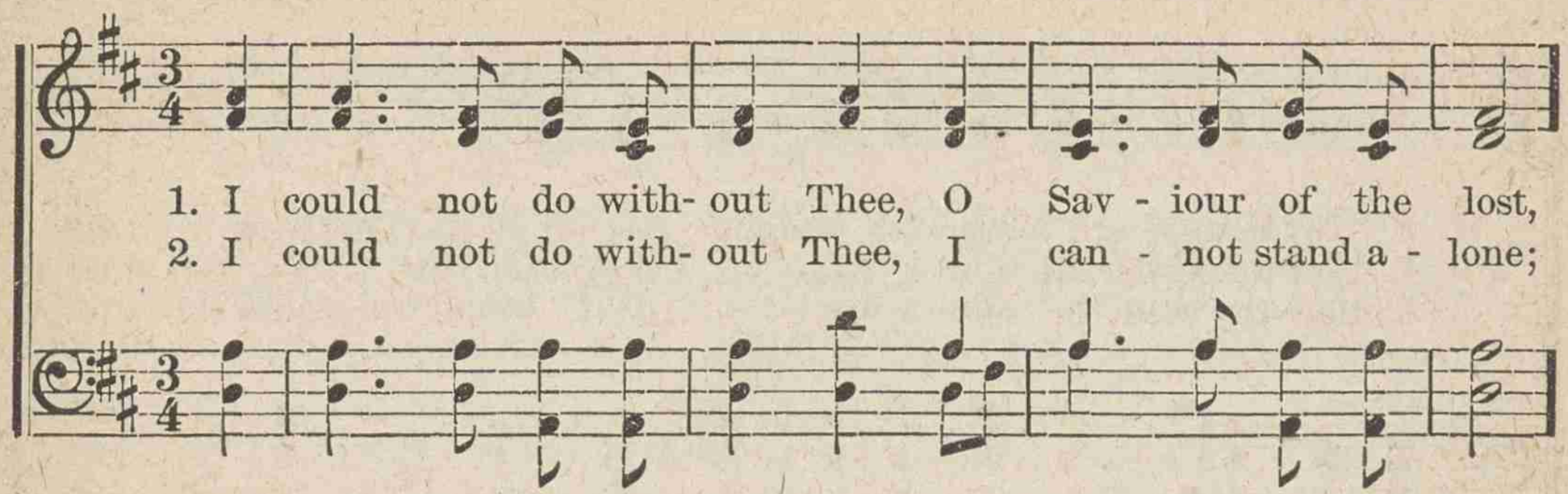
Sow - ing seed, sow - ing seed, sow - ing pre- cious seed in love,

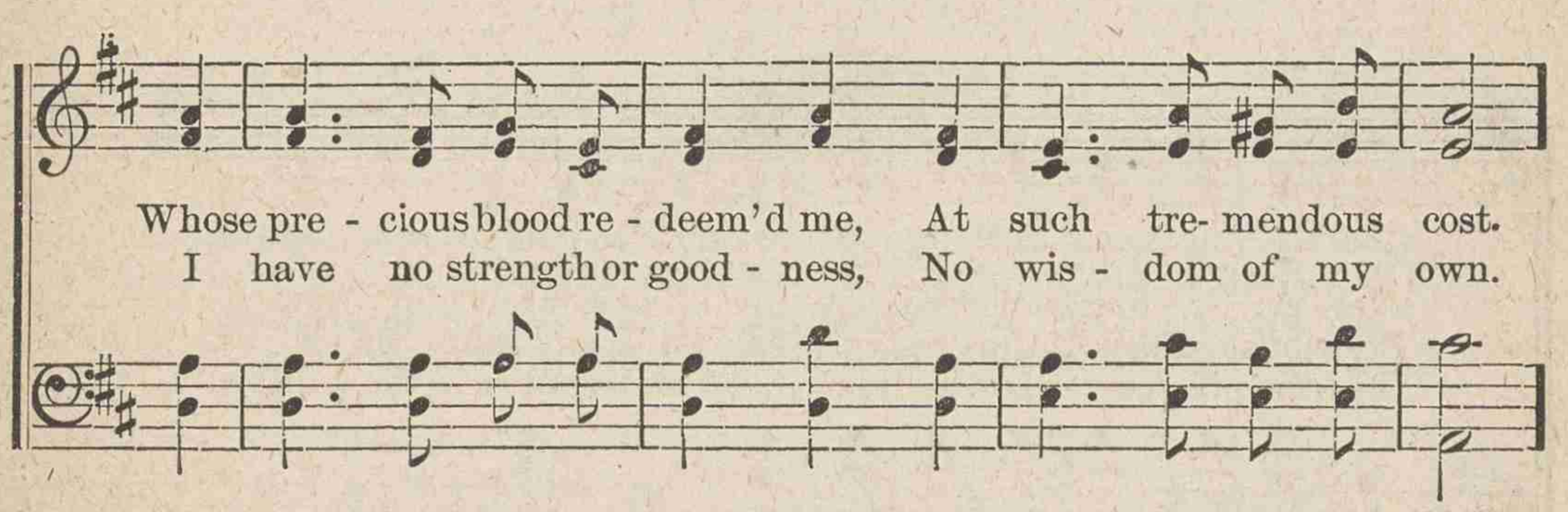
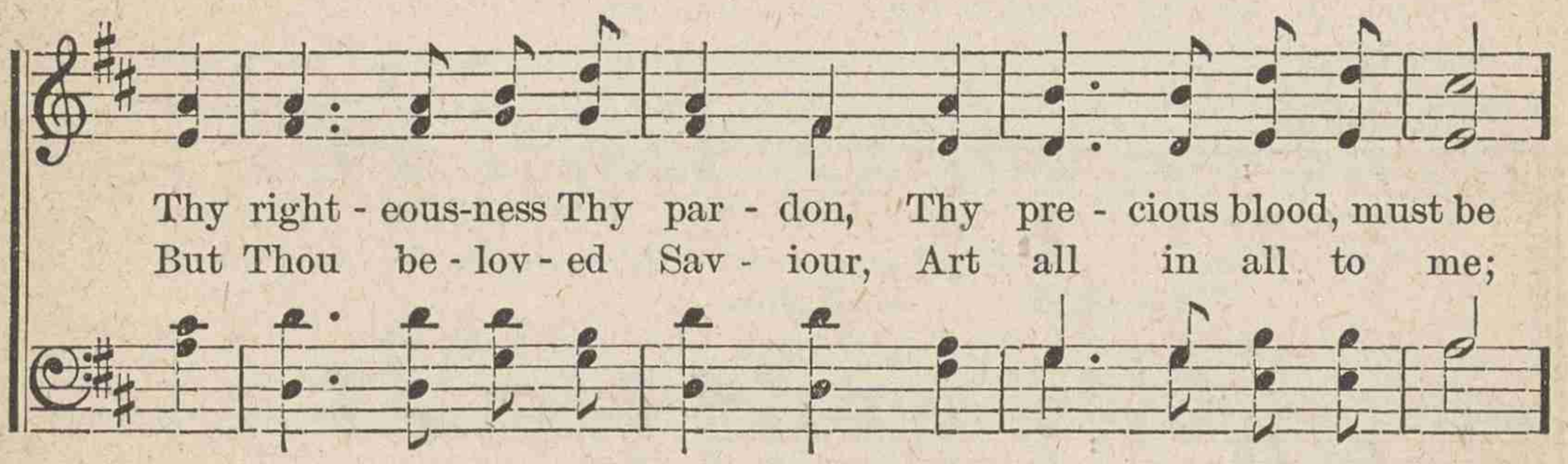
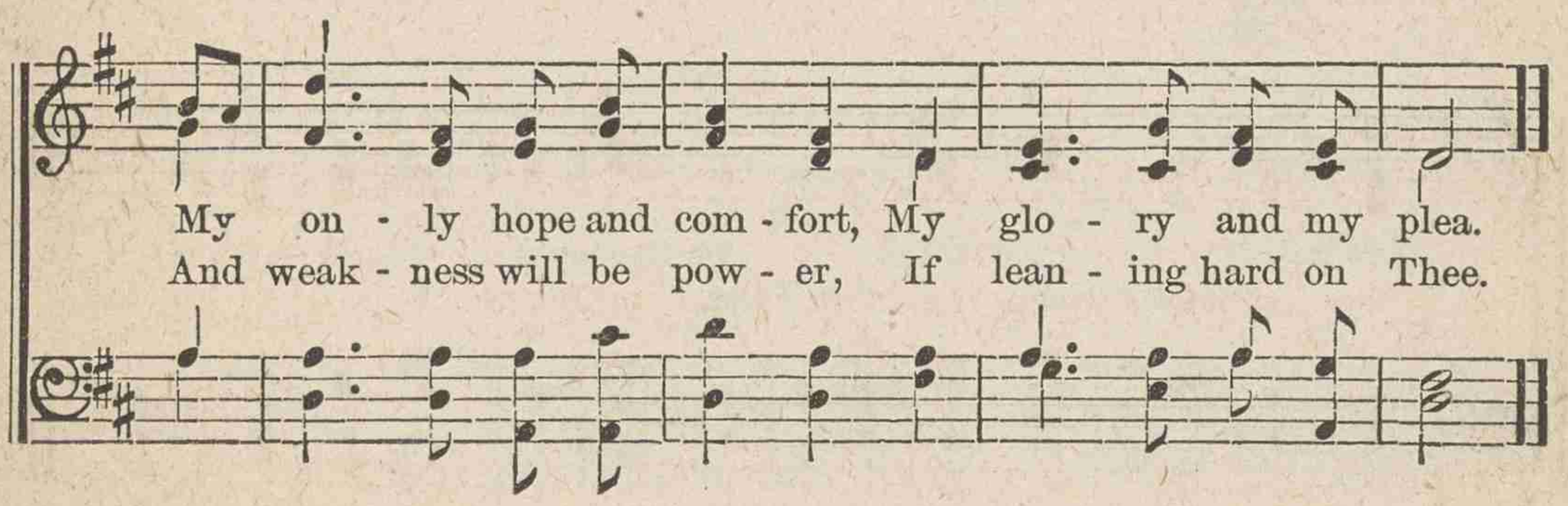
Weep- ing now, weep- ing now, Reap- ing fruits of joy a - bove.

rit.

No. 17. SAVIOUR OF THE LOST.

F. R. HAVERGAL. J. T. GRAPE.

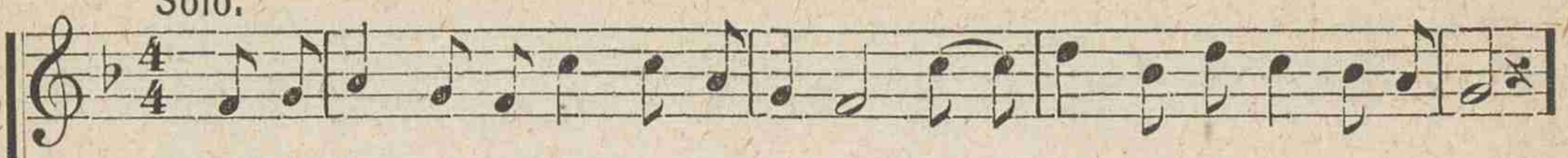




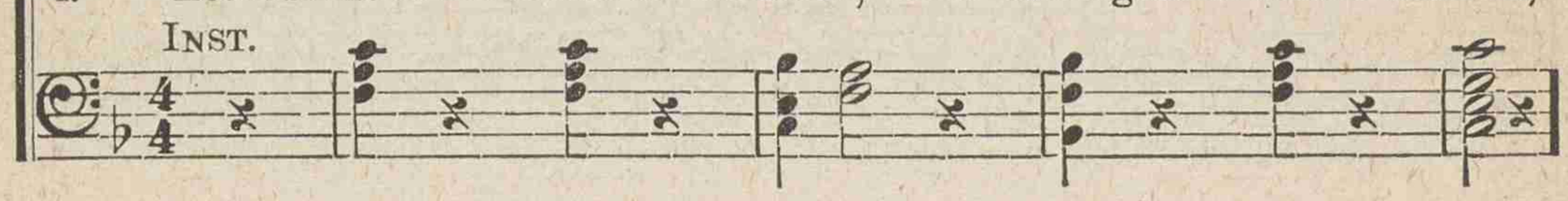
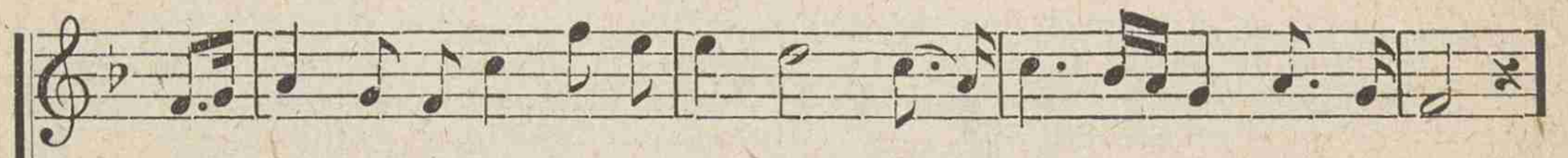
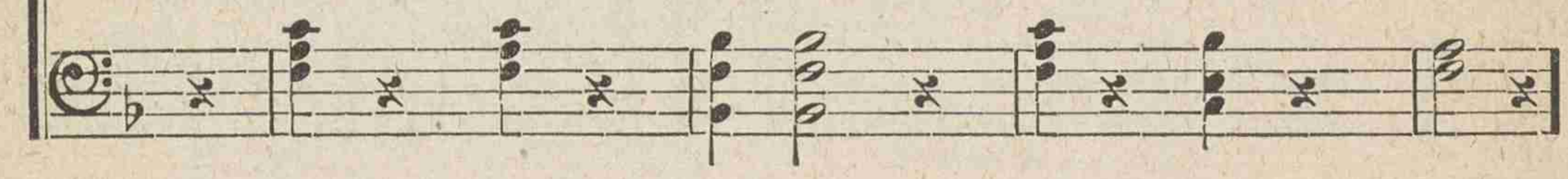
No. 18. IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING.

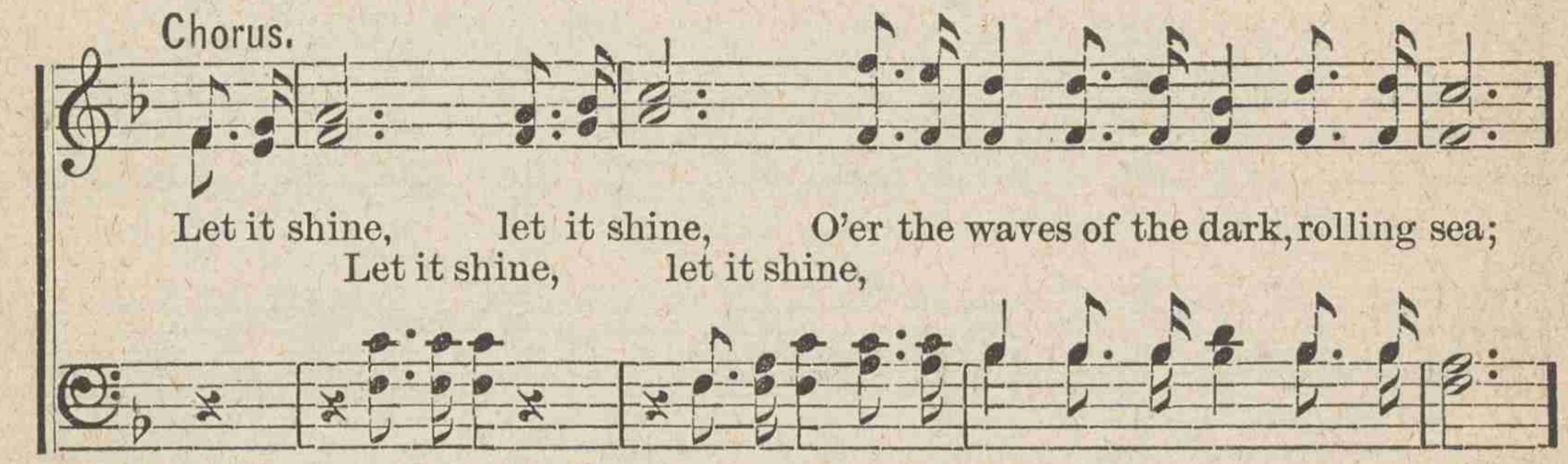
ELIZA M. SHERMAN. R. G. STAPLES.

Solo.



1. Is your light shining brightly, my brother? Does it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave?
2. Let it shine with a light bright and cheery, Let it shine with a light broad and glad;
3. Let your light shine so brightly, my brother, That oth-ers may take note of you,
4. Let it shine in the homes of the fallen, And cast a glad ra-diance with- in;

INST.

From sin, and from danger, and sorrow Some poor shipwreck'd soul it may save.
It may speak peace and hope to the weary, It may bring joy and trust to the sad.
And glo - ri- fy Je - sus in heav-en, By see-ing the good that you do.
Christ pardoned the weak and the sinful, And died to save them from sin.

Chorus.



Let it shine, let it shine, O'er the waves of the dark, rolling sea;
Let it shine, let it shine,

Let it shine, let it shine, So the na-tions its glo - ry may see.
let it shine let it shine,

No. 19. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. Tood. Music by Harry Sanders, by per.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with
2. O why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the
3. O, bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine

garments dy'd? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A
wine-press red? O why this bloody tide? "I the wind-press trod alone, 'Neath
own arm bro't Sal- vation in my name: I the bloody fight have won, Con-

ran - som gave; I, that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
darken-ing skies; Of the peo- ple there was none Mighty to save."
- quered the grave; Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."

Refrain.

f *cres.*

Mighty to save, Mighty to save,
Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

ff

Mighty to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

No. 20. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, D. D., by per.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous-and sa - cred sweets, Re-
4. Then let our songs a- bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil- dren of the heav'nly King, May
- fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be- fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

Chorus.

We're march- ing to Zi - on, Beau- ti- ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
march-ing up- ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti- ful cit- y of God.
Zi - on, Zi- on,

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No. 21. I AM SAVED.

Words by Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex- ul- ta - tion, Hoping it will reach the skies;
3. Free salva- tion! glad sal-va - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,

I have tast - ed God's salva - tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for- ev - er Under Thy pro- tect- ing eyes.
Un - til each dis - eas-ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written In the re - cords of Thy Son.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le- lu - jah! I re- joice sal - va - tion came;

Glo- ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I am sav'd in Je- sus' name.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

No. 22. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS.

Mrs. Mary E. Kail. J. H. Tenney.

1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd?
2. Have you heard that a Fount- ain was o - pened for you
3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ran - som'd shall wear?
4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies

Great joy and sal-va - tion for all.
To cleanse you from sor-row and shame?
The glo - ry so full and com-plete,
To th' patient and faithful is giv'n?

O ye starv-ing and poor,
And tho' strange it may be
When your life-work is done
Give the Sav-iour your love:

Je- sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer His call?
that the wa - ters are free,—On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
and the vic - to - ry won,—Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet.
it will bear you a - bove To the man-sions prepared up in heav'n.

Chorus.

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

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Have you Heard the Good News.—Concluded.

land,— From sor - - row and sin ev - er

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

free,— Hap - py an - - - gels of

free, ev - er free;— Hap - py an - gels of light,

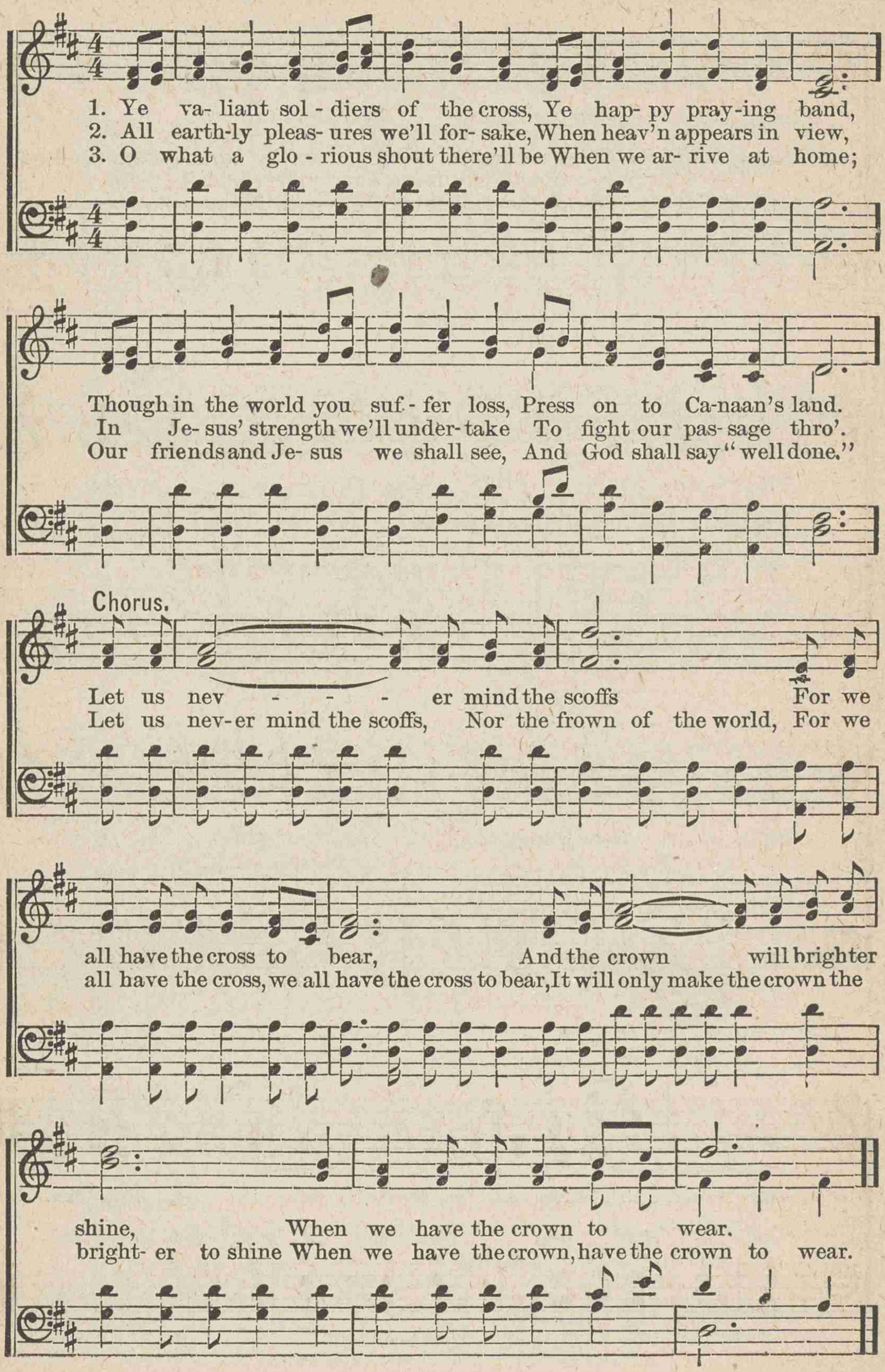
light, Robed in gar - - ments of white, Fond-ly

an- gels of light, Robed in garments of white, garments of white,

wait - - ing for you and for me.

Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

No. 23. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

R. G. STAPLES.

No. 24. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

F. R. HAVERGAL. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy, For
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than an - y earth-ly throng; And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, Then well may I be glad; With-
4. O Saviour! precious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be, If

Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can des- troy.
sweet-er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

Chorus.

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

The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
yet been told,

No. 25. HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY, by per.

1. The Lord of love ..... my Shep - herd is,.....
2. My err - ing soul ..... He safe - ly guides,.....
3. He crowns my head, ... gives dai - ly bread, ...
4. His good - ness doth ..... me still sur - round .....

He lead- eth me, ... He lead-eth me;..... Where pastures
For His name's sake, ... for His name's sake;..... And ev - 'ry
My heart to cheer,..... my heart to cheer;..... No cru - el
With tend-'rest care, ... with tend-'rest care; ..... And when my

grow..... and stream - lets flow,..... He feed-eth
day..... a heav'n- ward way ..... My path doth
foe,..... no want nor woe, ... Have I to
home..... in heav'n is found,..... I'll praise Him

me,..... He feed - eth me.....
make,..... my path doth make..... Dear Shep-herd,
fear,..... have I to fear.....
there,..... I'll praise Him there.....

Chorus.

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

keep . . . . . Thy wayward sheep, ... Be Thou my

Dear Shep-herd keep Thy wayward sheep,

guard, ... be Thou my guide, ... Till safe with-

Be Thou my guard, be Thou my guide,

in . . . . . Thy heav'nly fold . . . . . For ev - er-

Till safe with-in Thy heav'nly fold

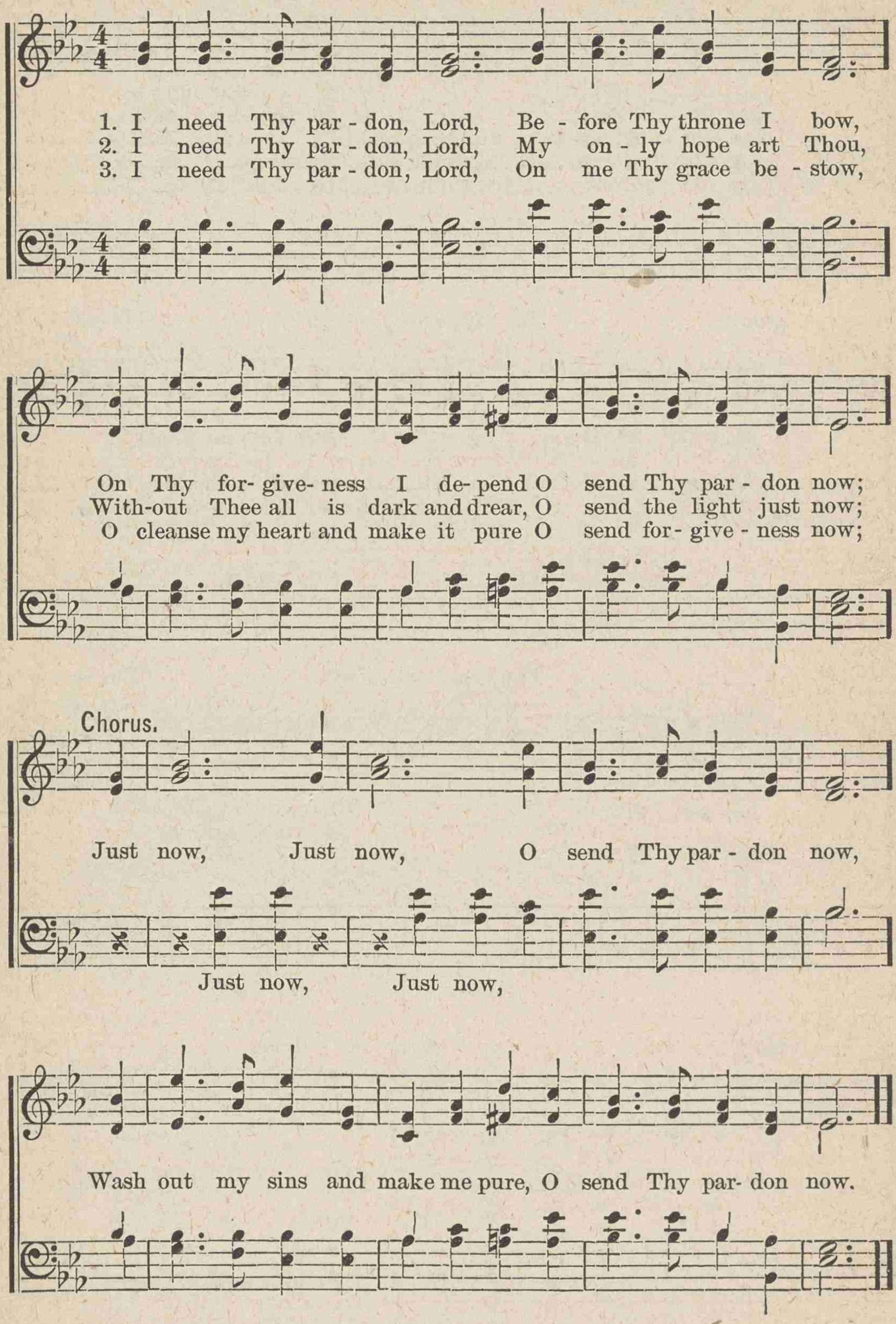
more . . . . . I shall a - bide. . . . . .

For ev - er- more I shall a - bide.

I shall a - bide.

No. 26. I NEED THY PARDON, LORD.

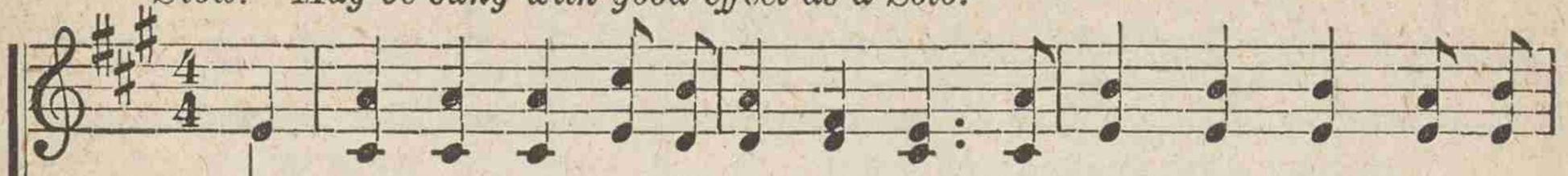
Words and music by W. L. THOMPSON.

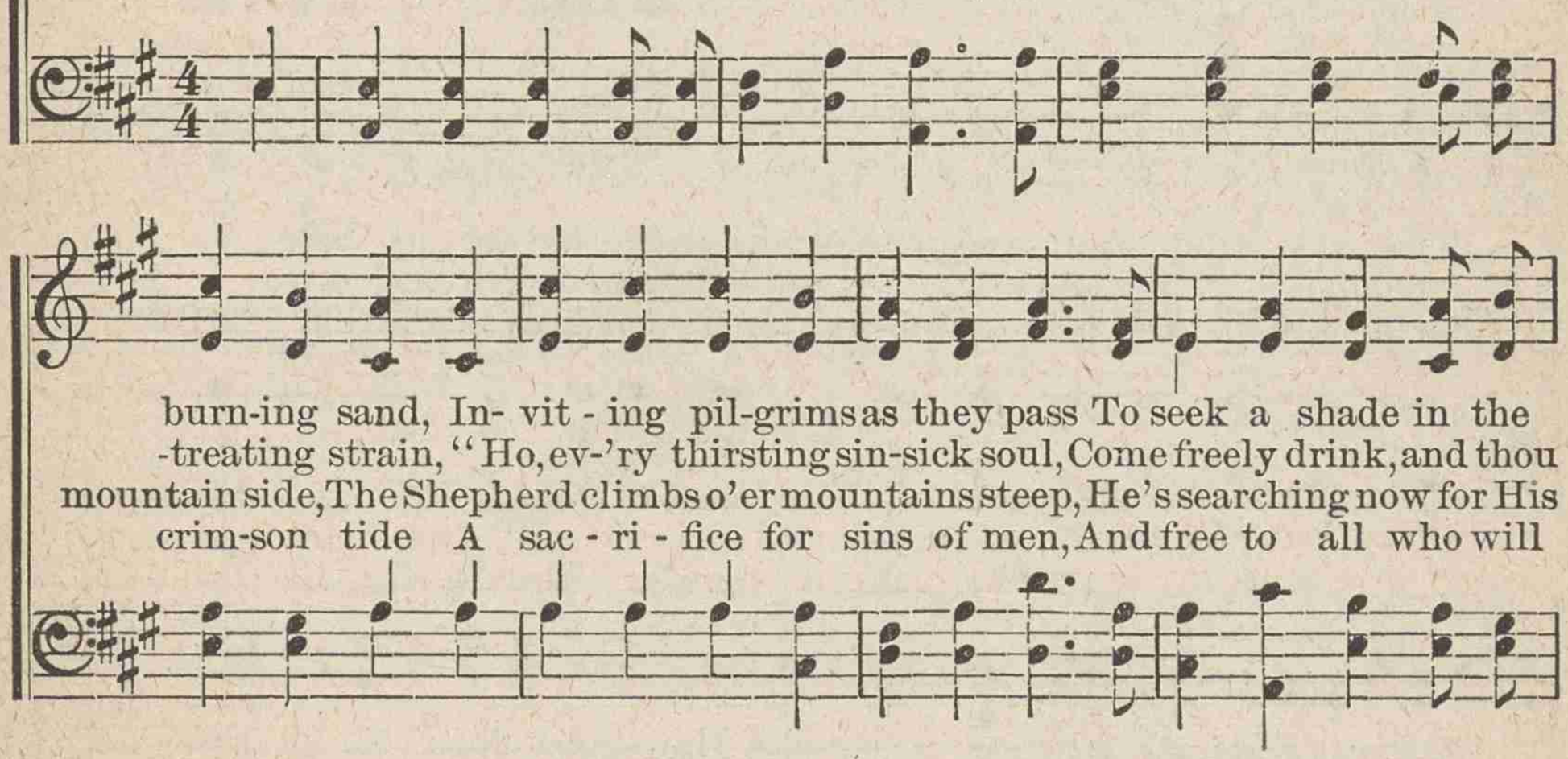


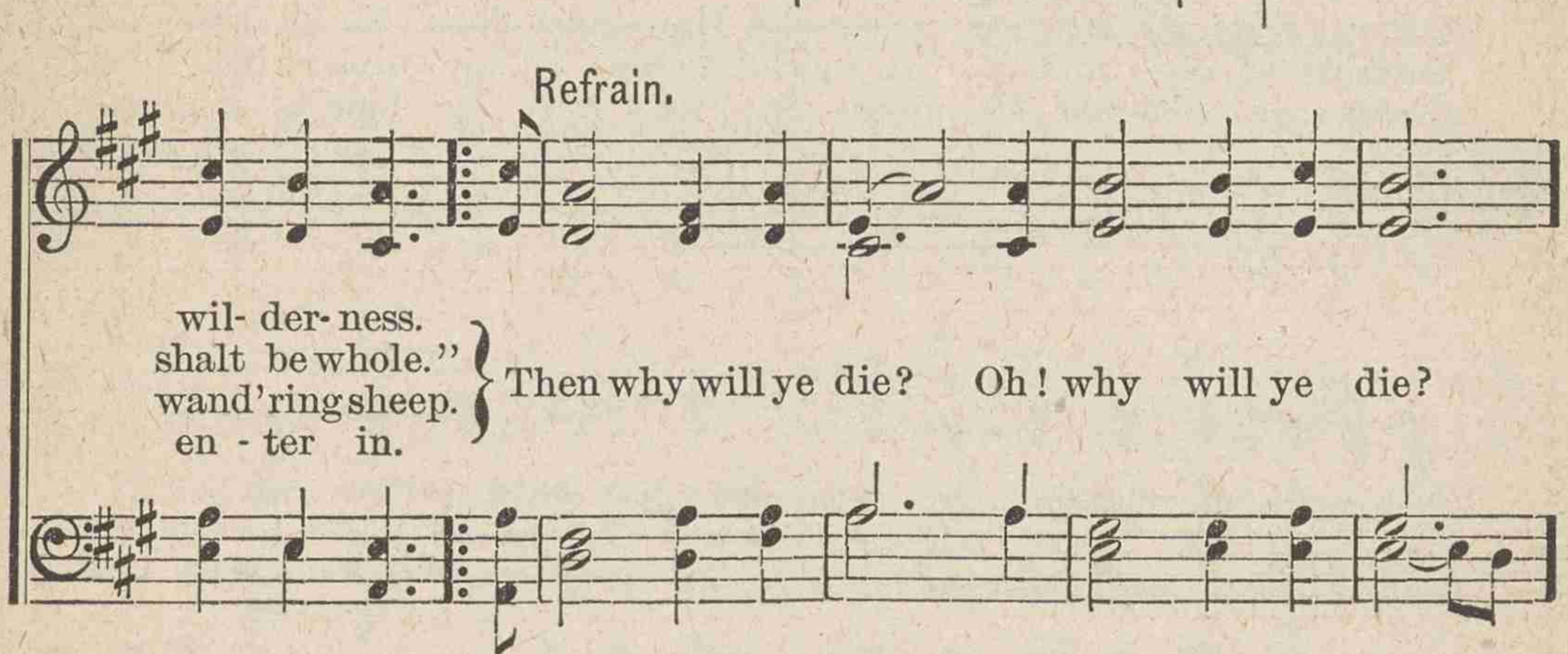
By per. of WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, Ohio.

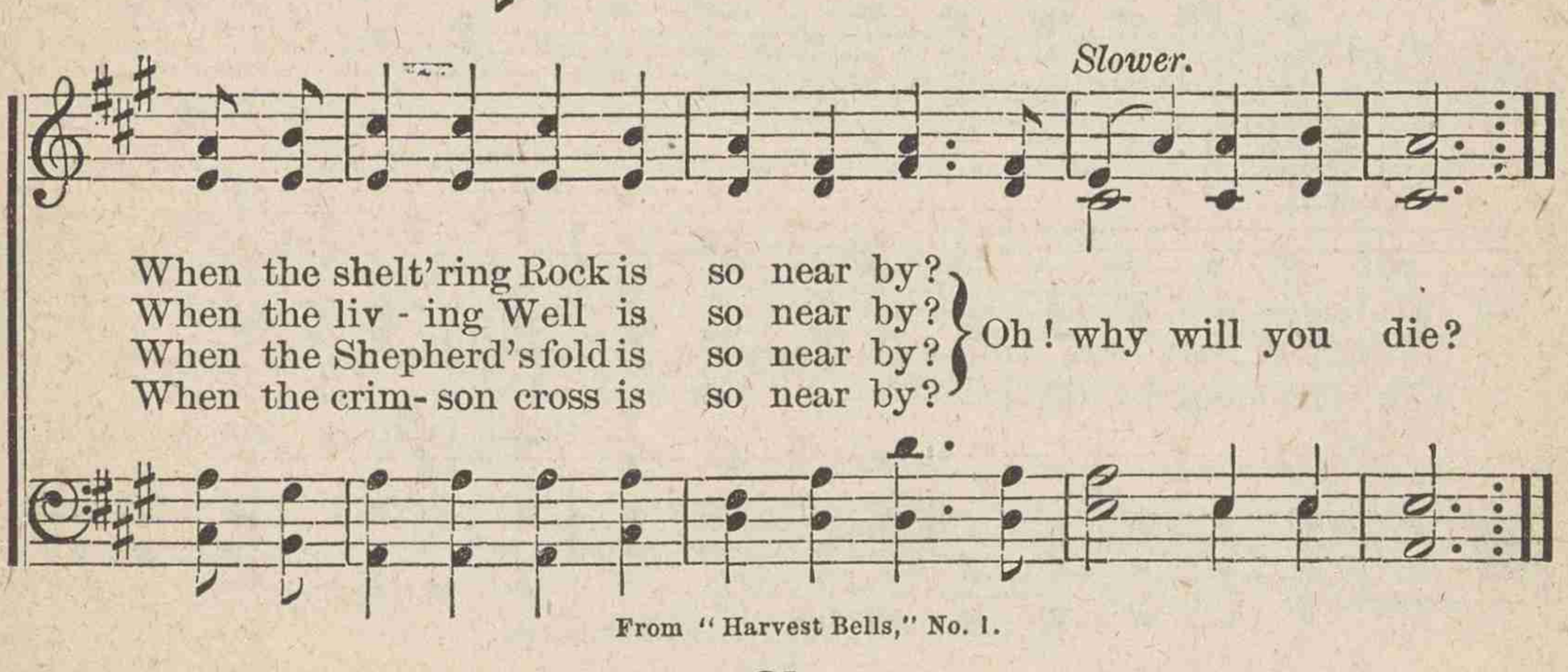
No. 27. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN, by per.

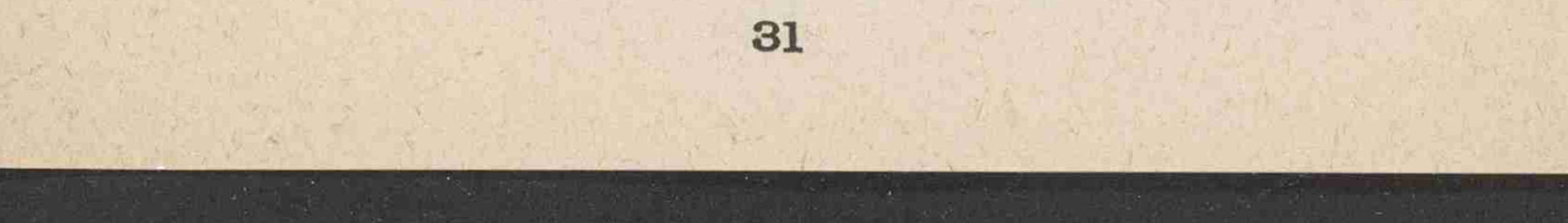
Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

1. There is a Rock in a wea- ry land, Its shad- ows falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its portals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flow'd out in a



burn-ing sand, In- vit - ing pil-grims as they pass To seek a shade in the
-treating strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
crim-son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

Refrain.

wil- der- ness.
shalt be whole."
wand'ring sheep.
en - ter in.
} Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?

Slower.

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by?
When the crim- son cross is so near by?
} Oh! why will you die?



From "Harvest Bells," No. 1.

No. 28. MASTER THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e- ments sweetly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

Car- est thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Torrents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-èd Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad- ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per- ish! I per - ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con- trol!
And with joy I shall make the best har- bor, And rest on the bliss- ful shore.

Chorus.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

By per. H. R. PALMER, owner of Copyright.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.—Concluded.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - -

ev - er it be, No wa- ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

- - - - - do.

ff *m*

Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-

m *p*

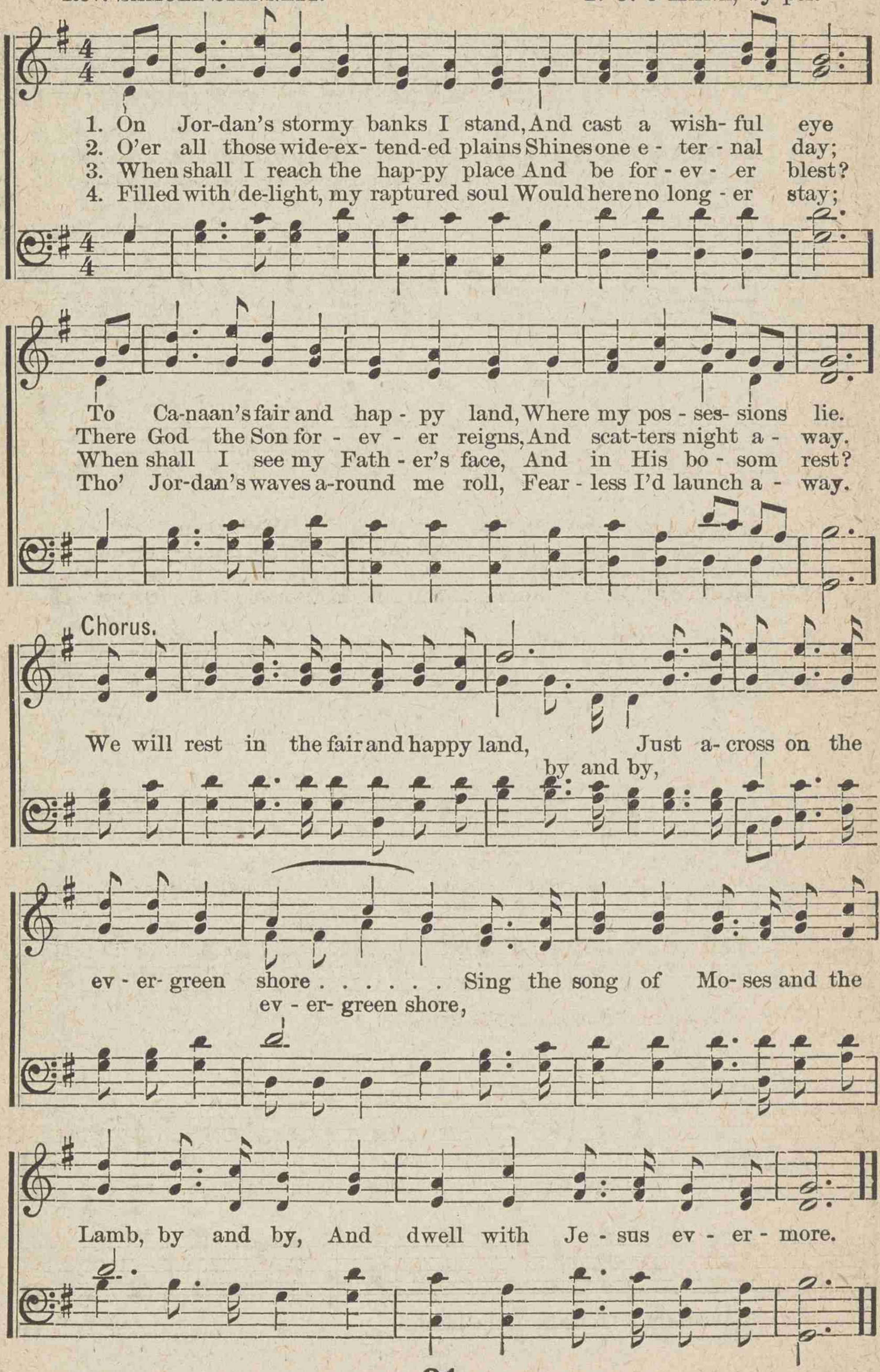
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall

p *pp*

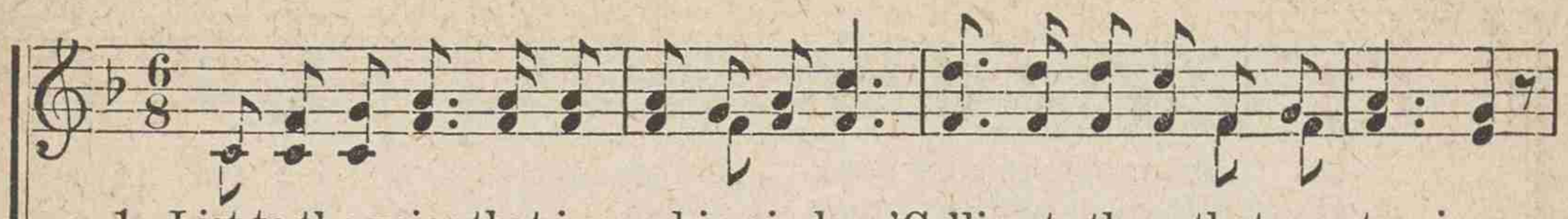
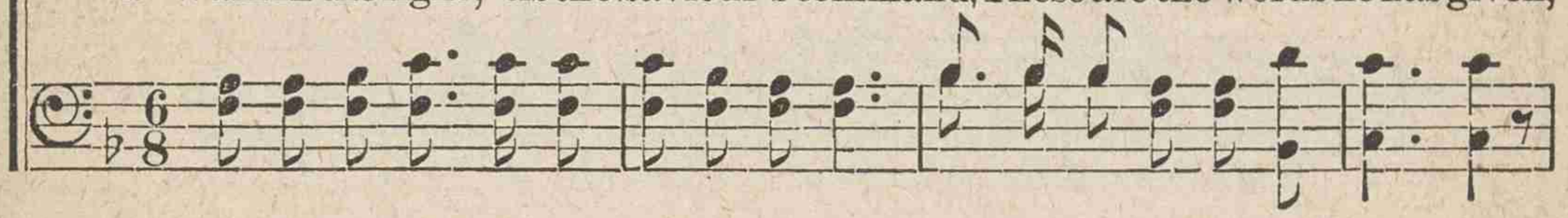
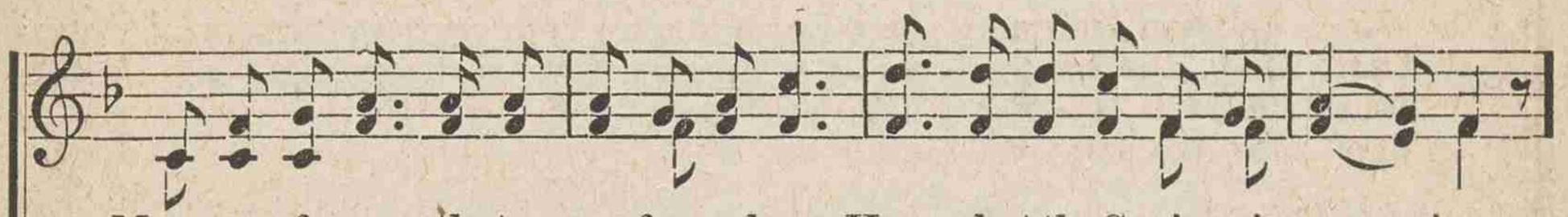
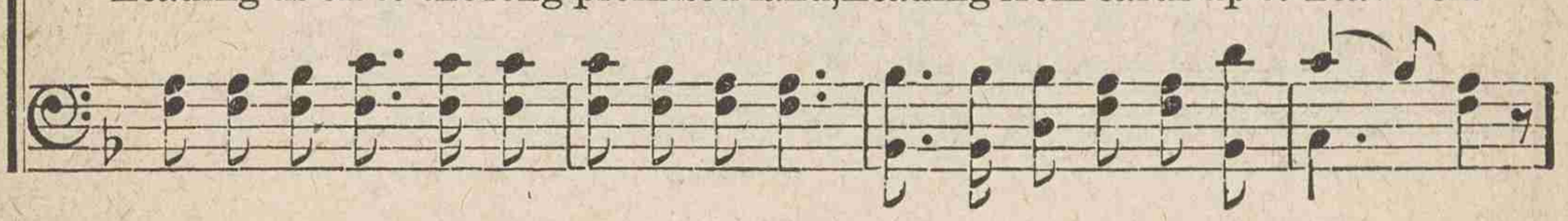
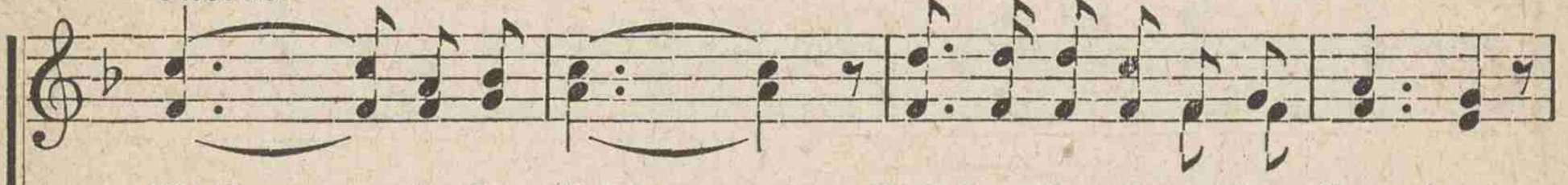
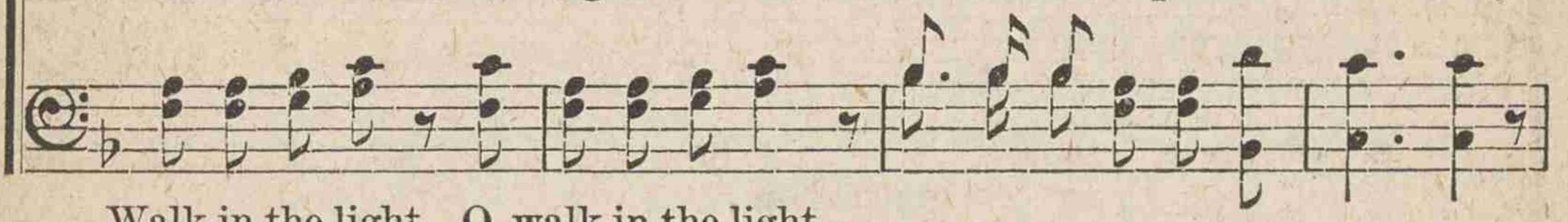
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

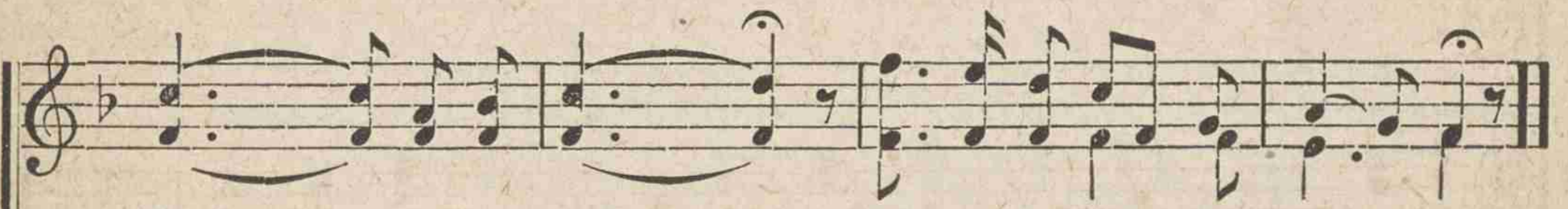
No. 29. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

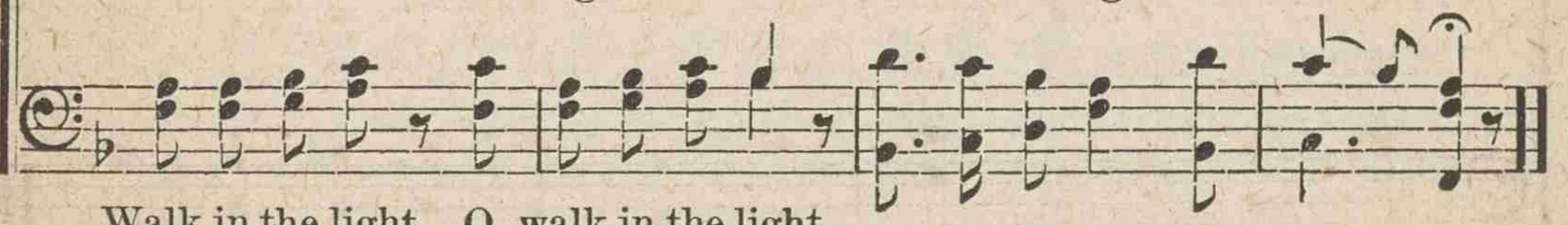
Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 30. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. List to the voice that is speaking in love' Calling to those that are straying,
2. Walk in the light; it is Jesus who pleads, Earnest-ly seeking to guide you,
3. Walk in the light; will you hear it and heed, Ye who are struggling and weary?
4. Walk in the light; 'tis the Saviour's command, These are the words he has given,

Message of mercy that comes from above, Hear what the Saviour is say - ing.
Wandering blindly in night's gloom and shades, Heedless of dangers beside you.
Heavy your burdens and pressing your need, Dark is the night-time and drear-y.
Leading us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heav - en.

Chorus.

Walk . . . in the light . . . Fol- low the step of the Sav - iour,

Walk in the light, O walk in the light.



Walk . . . in the light . . . Walk in the light for - ev - er.

Walk in the light, O walk in the light,

From the "International Lesson Hymnal," by per.

No. 31. WE'LL GREET THEM.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

Flowing.

1. In the land so bright and gold-en, Far a-way be-yond the sky;
2. On the mountain heights of Pisgah, By our faith we al-most see
3. We shall meet our dear de-part-ed, Gath-ered there hard by the throne,

Souls redeemed from earth-ly thral-dom, Shall we greet them by and by?
That fair land, dear land of prom-ise, Where our souls shall be made free.
And with voi-ces joined in con-cert, We shall know as we are known.

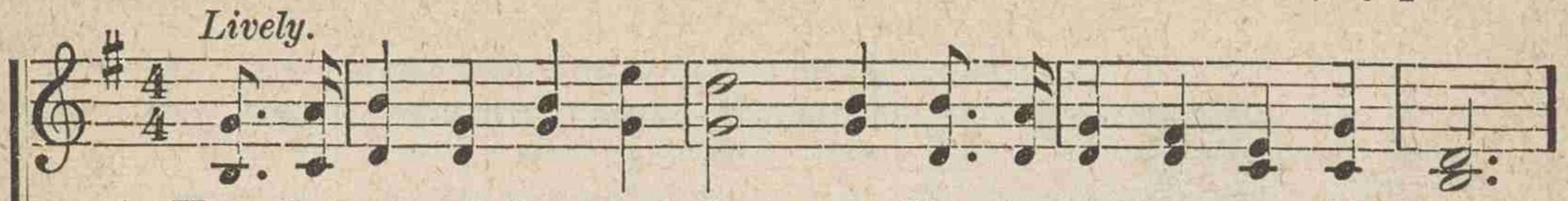
Chorus.

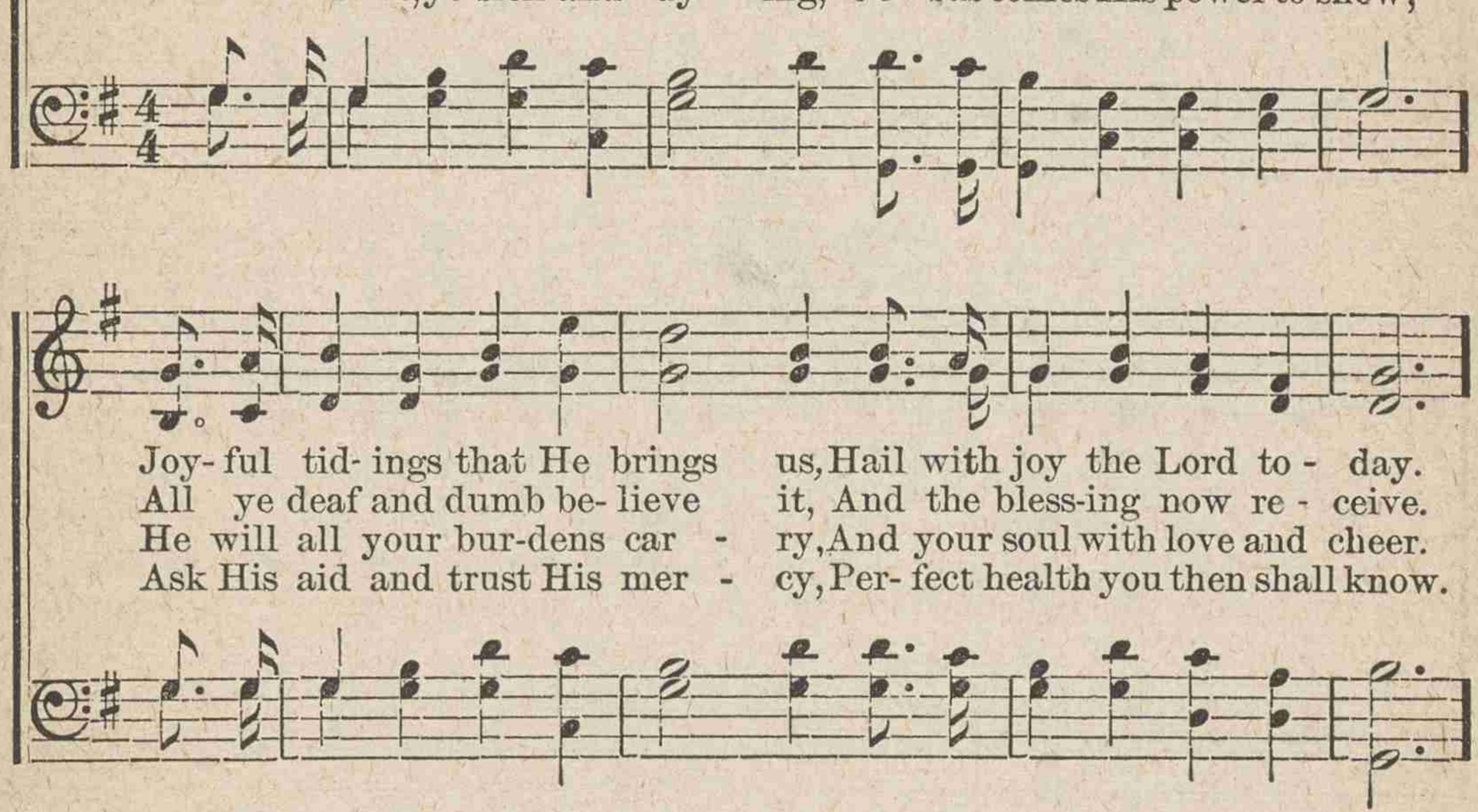
Greet them! Greet them on fair Canaan's blissful shore, Sweet! how
We shall greet them,

sweet will be the greet-ing When we meet to part no more.

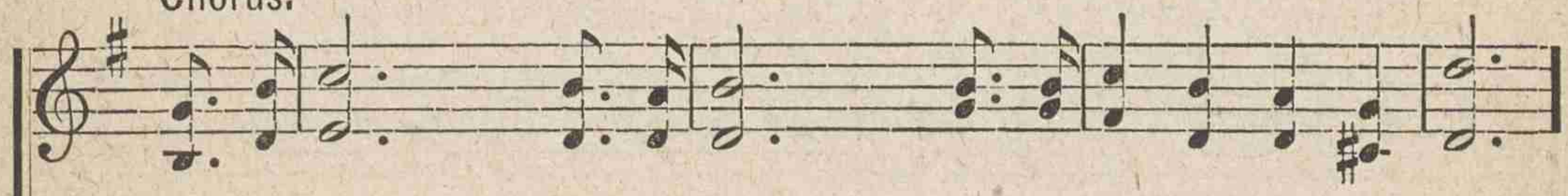
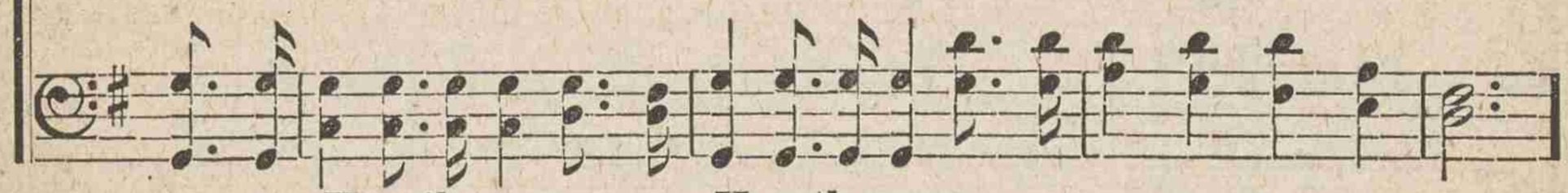
No. 32. HEAR THE NEWS.

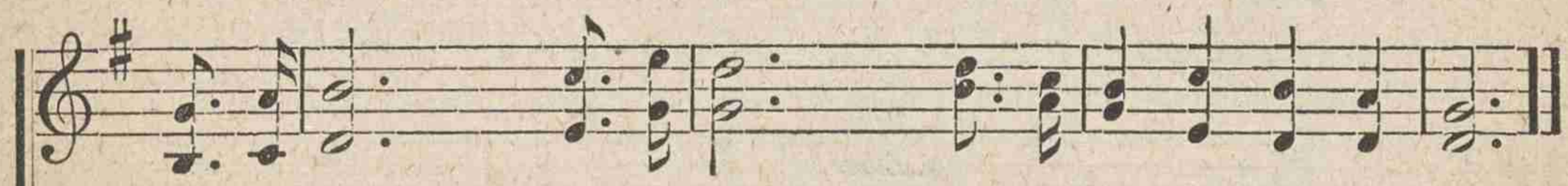
J. E. H. J. E. HALL, by per.

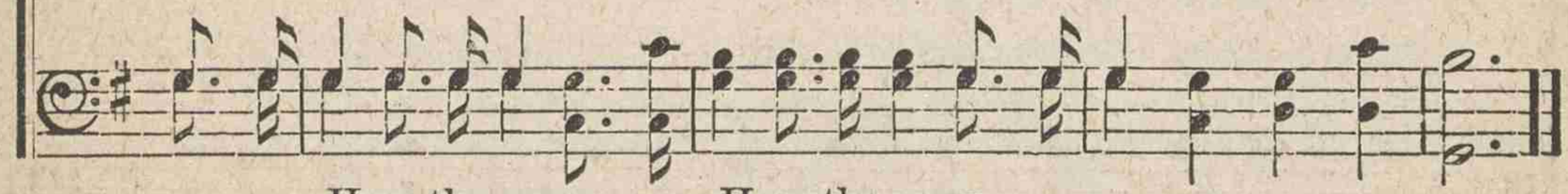
Lively.

1. Hear the news, glad news of Je - sus, He is com- ing now this way,
2. Hear the news, ye blind ones, hear it, Je - sus comes your sight to give;
3. Hear the news, O sad and wear - y, He the Lord, is now so near,
4. Hear the news, ye sick and dy - ing, Je - sus comes His power to show;



Joy- ful tid- ings that He brings us, Hail with joy the Lord to - day.
All ye deaf and dumb be- lieve it, And the bless-ing now re - ceive.
He will all your bur-dens car - ry, And your soul with love and cheer.
Ask His aid and trust His mer - cy, Per- fect health you then shall know.

Chorus.

Hear the news, Hear the news, 'Tis the Saviour comes to- day,

Hear the news, Hear the news,



Hear the news, Hear the news, Now prepare without de - lay.

Hear the news, Hear the news,

From the "International Lesson Hymnal."

No. 33. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. We are pil - grims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. We are hap - py in the Lord, Trav- 'ling on, trav- 'ling on;
3. Sin and sor - row here be- low, Soon will end, soon will end;
4. Work-ing all the way a - long, Rest will come, rest will come;

Sing- ing on our cheer- ful way, We are homeward bound.
Trust- ing in His ho - ly word, We are trav- 'ling on.
In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.
Light - en work with pray'r and song, Bless- ed rest will come.

Chorus.

On- ward, upward still, O ye hope-ful pilgrims; Forward, fear no ill,

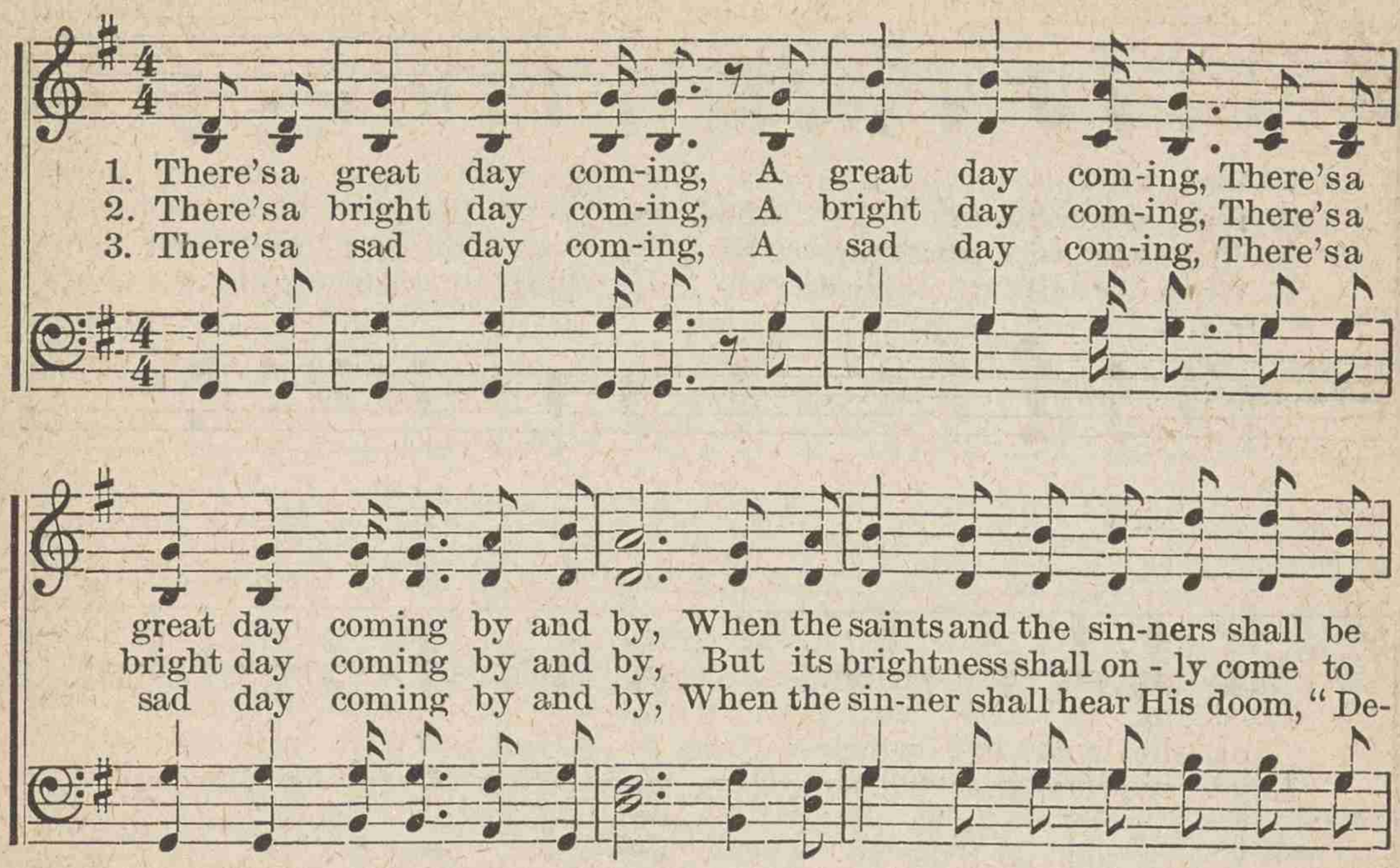
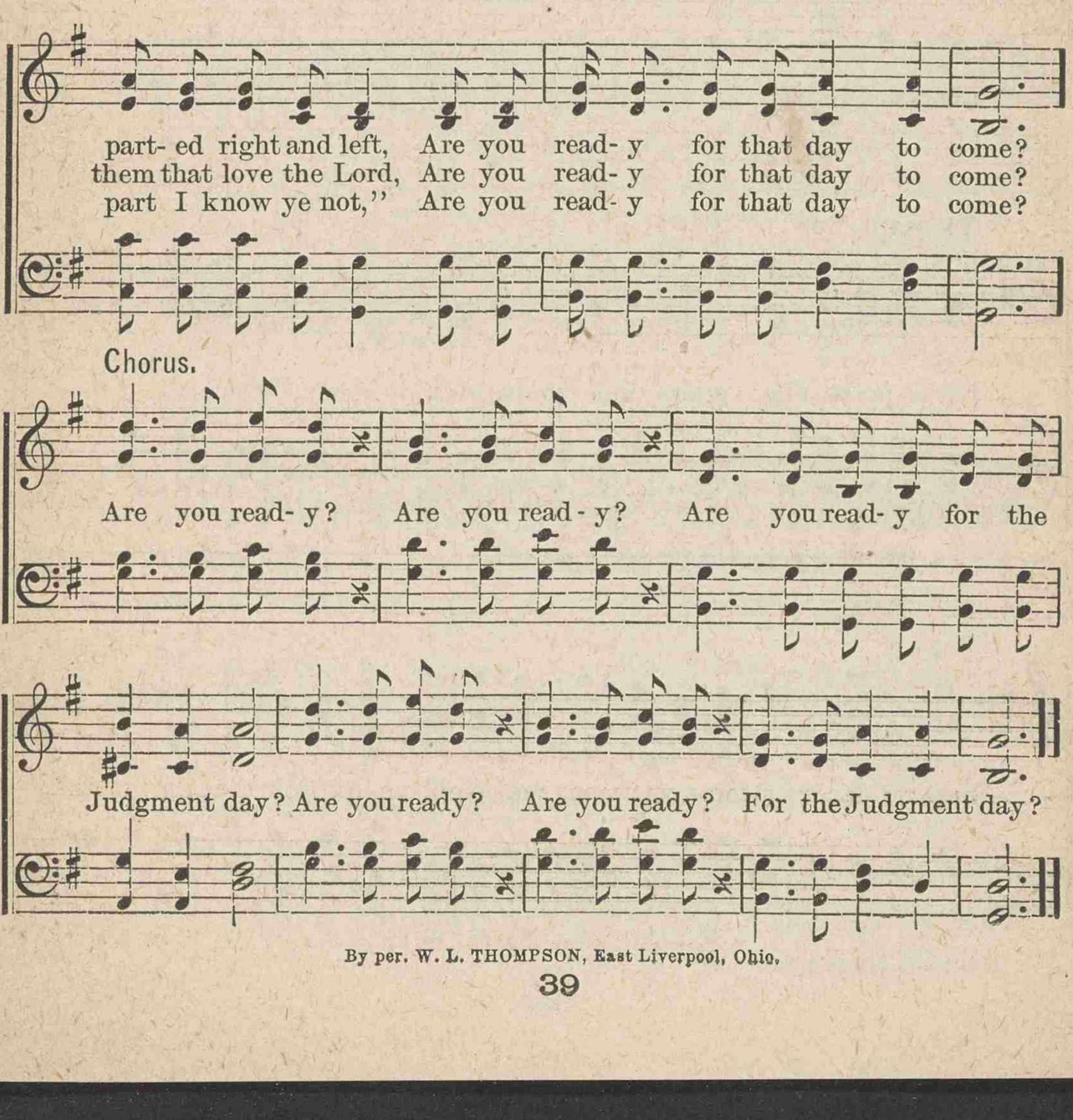
Yon-der is our home; We jour - ney, hand in hand, To Ca- naan's

hap- py land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

Copyright, 1889, by ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 34. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

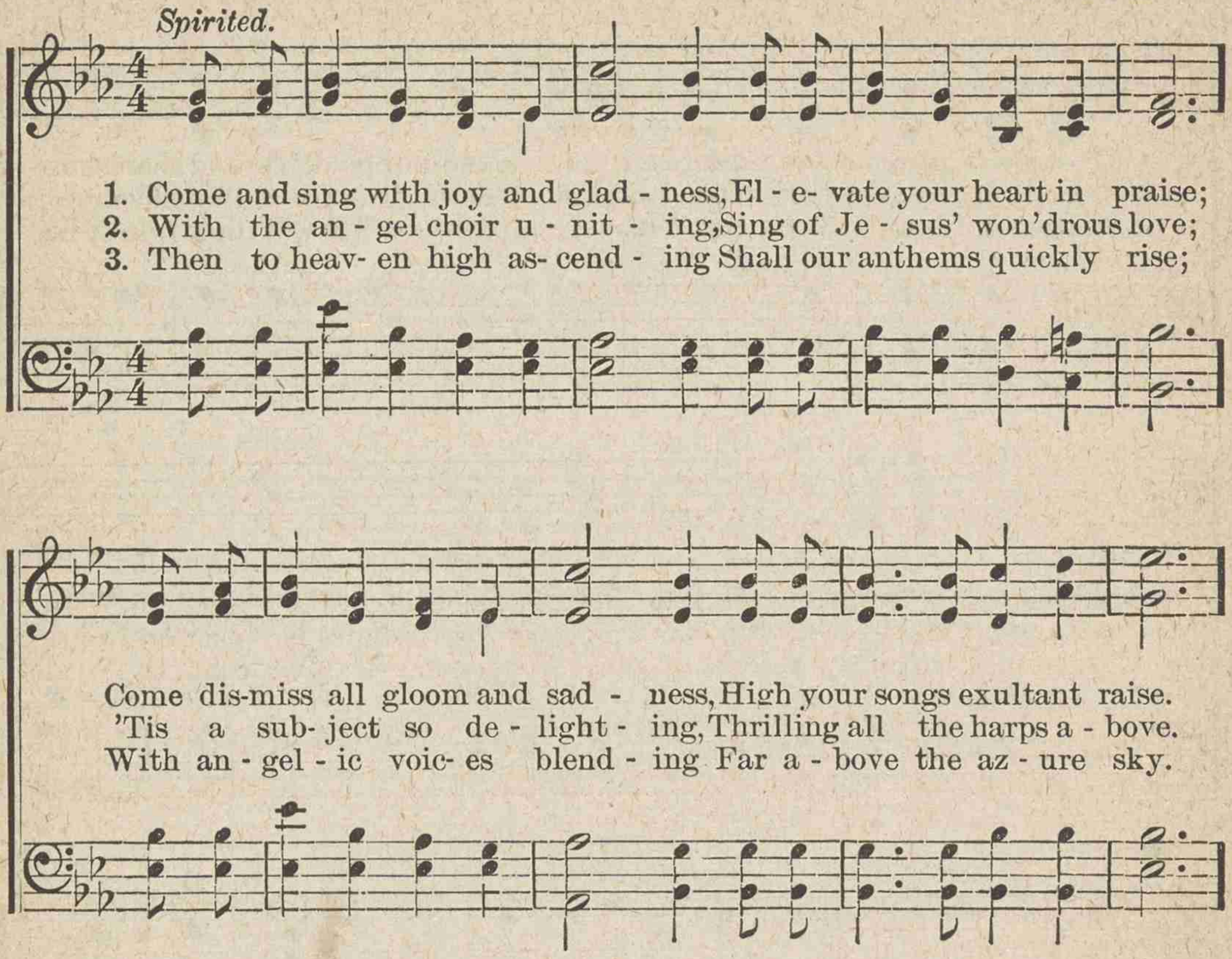
W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.



By per. W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.

No. 35. PRAISE HIM.

R. G. STAPLES.



No. 36. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord I care not for riches, Neither sil - ver nor gold, I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beauti-ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

glo - ry, I would en- ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav-iour! Is suf - fi- cient for me; For Thy promise is written In bright
be- ings, In pure garments of white, Where no evil thing com-eth, To de-

pa- ges so fair, Tell me, Je- sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

Refrain.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy king- dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

No. 37. OUR MOTHER'S WAY.

Furnished by EL. NATHAN, arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

Con espressione.

1. Oft with - in a lit - tle cot- tage, As the shadows gent- ly fall,
2. If our home be bright and cheer-y If it holds a wel-come true,
3. Sometimes when our hearts grow heavy, Or our task seems ver-y long,
4. O how oft it comes be- fore us, That sweet face up - on the wall,

While the sunlight touch-es soft- ly, One sweet face up - on the wall;
Open- ing wide its door of greet-ing, To the ma - ny not the few;
When our bur-dens look too heav- y, And we deem the right all wrong;
And her mem'ry seems more precious, As we on her Sav- iour call;

There the lone - ly loved ones gather, And in hushed and ten- der tone,
If we share our Father's boun-ty, With the need - y day by day,
Then we gain a new fresh courage, As once more we rise to say,
That at last, when evening shadows, Mark the clos - ing of life's day,

ad lib.

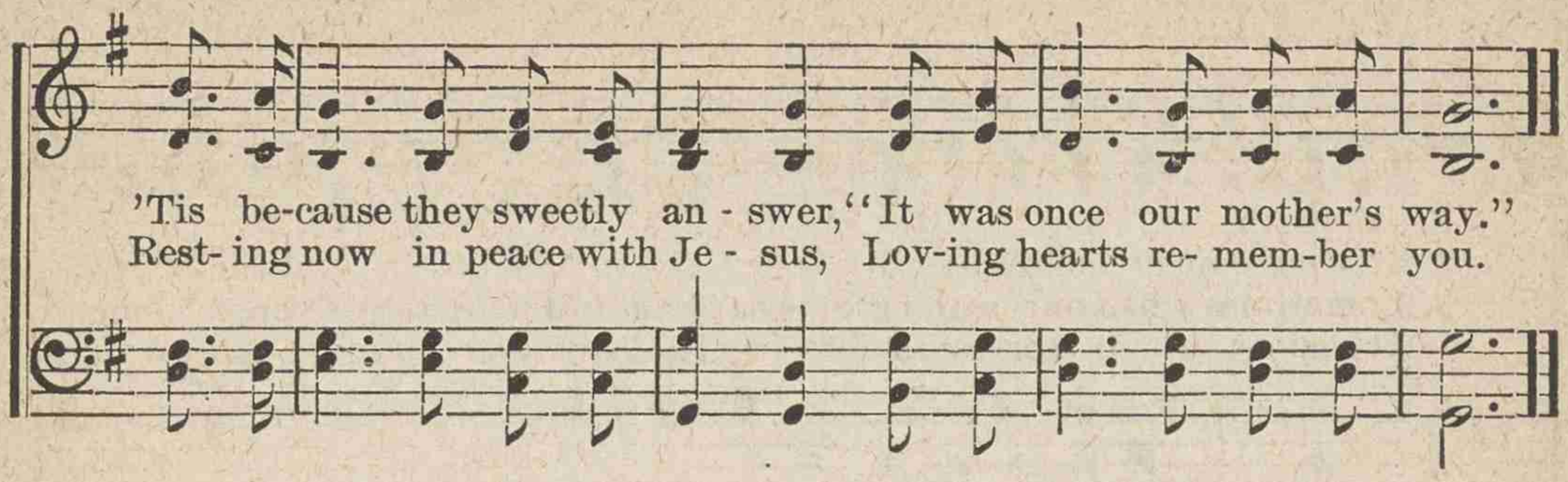
Ask each oth- ers full for-giveness, For the wrong that each had done.
'Tis be- cause our hearts remem-ber, "This was ev - er mother's way."
Let us do our du - ty brave-ly, "This was our dear mother's way."
They may find us calm- ly wait-ing, To go home our mother's way.

Refrain.

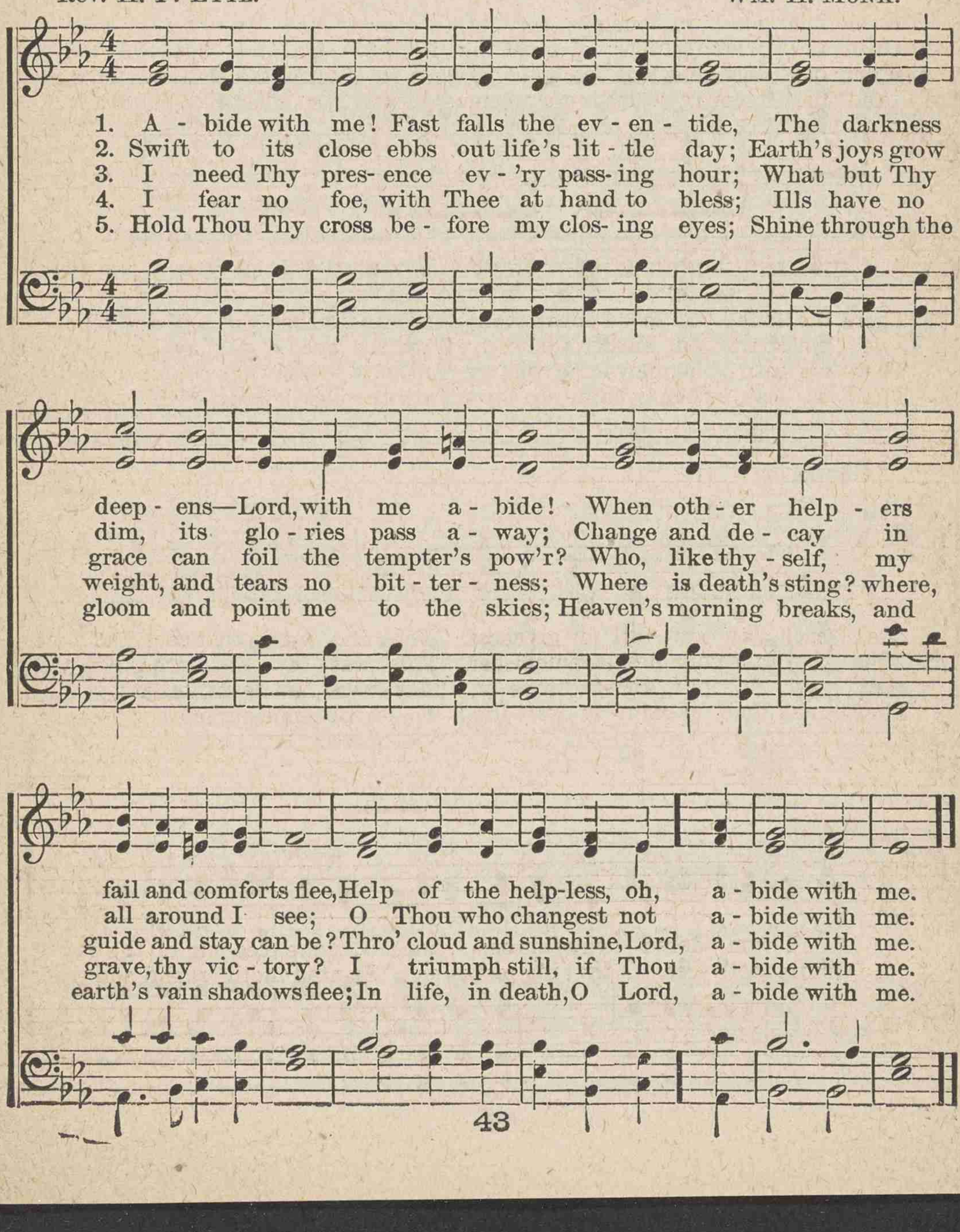
1. As I won - dered why this cus - tom, At the clos- ing of the day,
2.3.4. Gentle moth - er, lov- ing moth- er, Sainted moth-er fond and true.

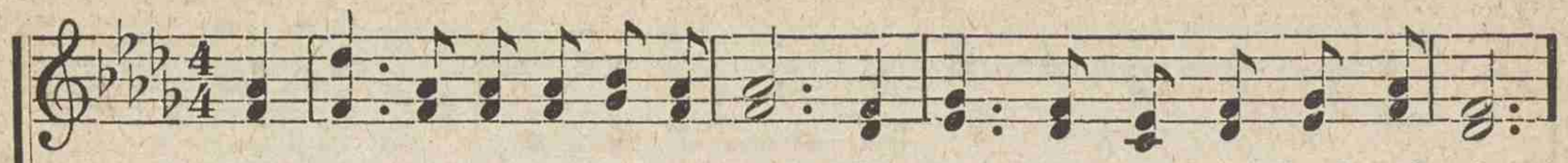
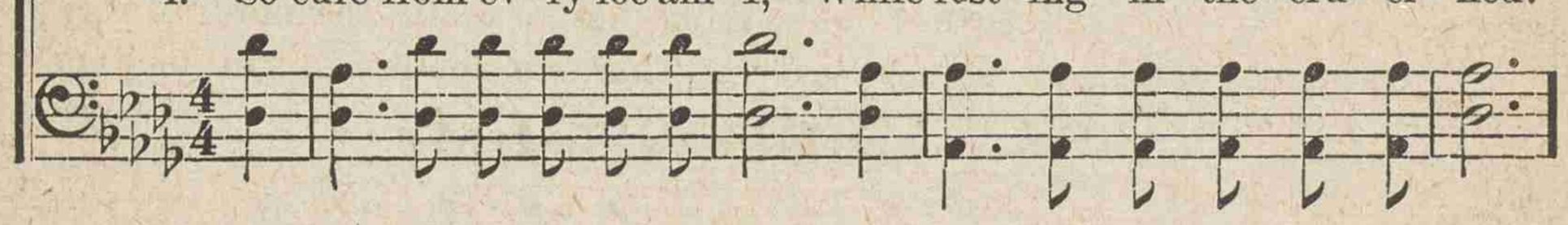
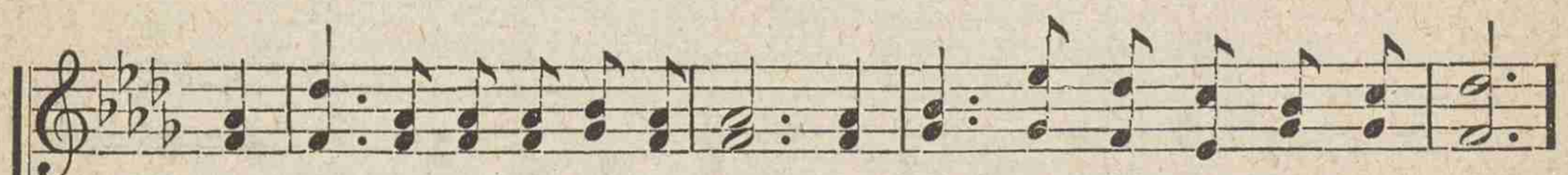
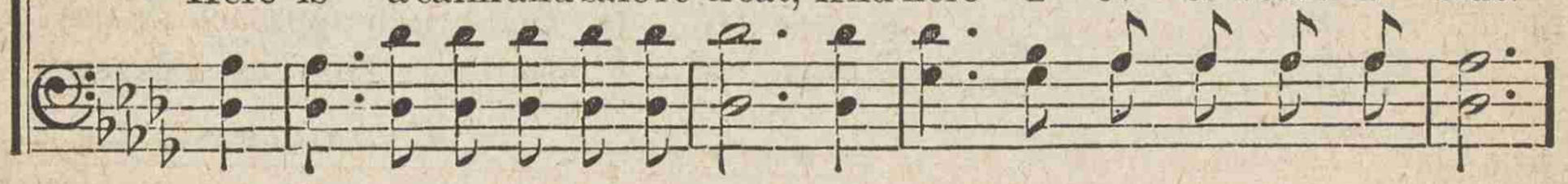
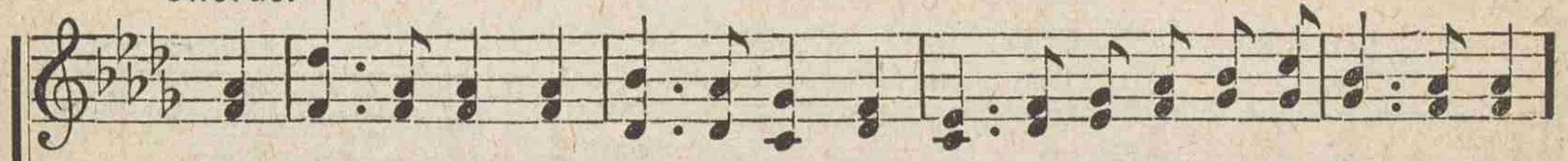
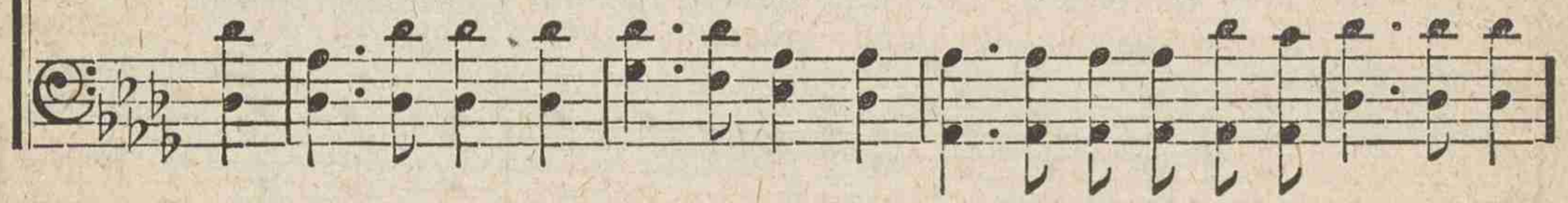
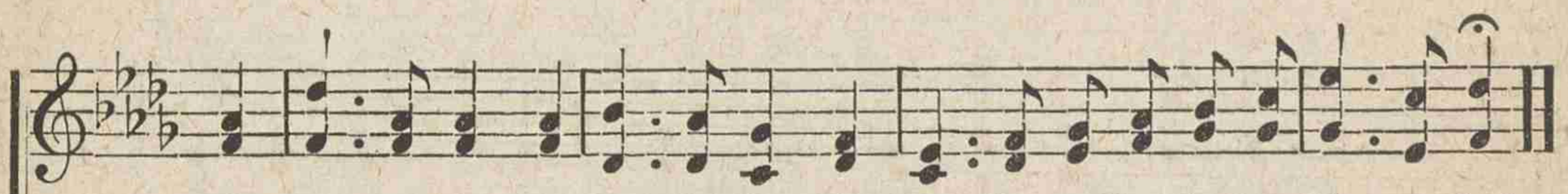
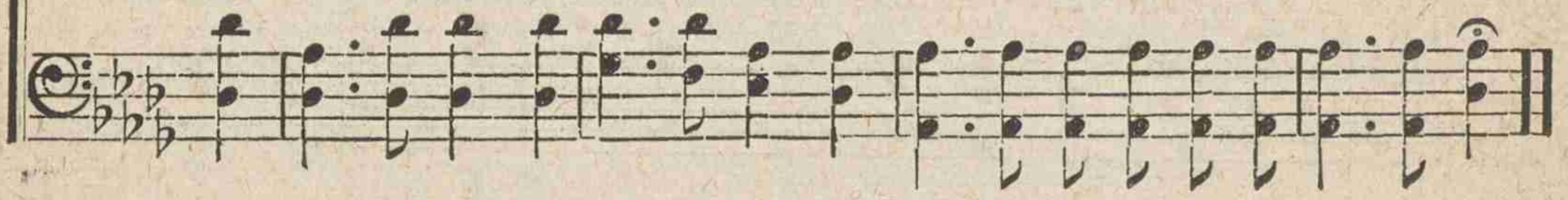
Copyright, 1885, by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

OUR MOTHER'S WAY.—Concluded.



No. 38. ABIDE WITH ME.

Rev. H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.

No. 39. I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

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

1. The Cru - ci- fied of Cal-va - ry Has ta - ken all my load of sin;
2. Wea- ry and sad I wander'd, long Oppress'd with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a resting-place is this, And ref - uge for the wea- ry soul,
4. Se-cure from ev-'ry foe am I, While rest- ing in the cru - ci - fied:

Has cleans'd my heart from ev'ry stain, And brought the glorious fullness in.
But when the Cru-ci-fied I sought, I found sweet rest and sol - ace there.
Where sin's wild ocean cannot drown, Tho' near its threat'ning billows roll!
Here is a calm and safe re-treat, And here I ev - er would a - bide.

Chorus.

The Cru- ci-fied of Cal - va-ry, I'm sweetly resting in the Cru- ci-fied:

He saves me now, and all the time I'm sweetly resting in the Cru- ci- fied.

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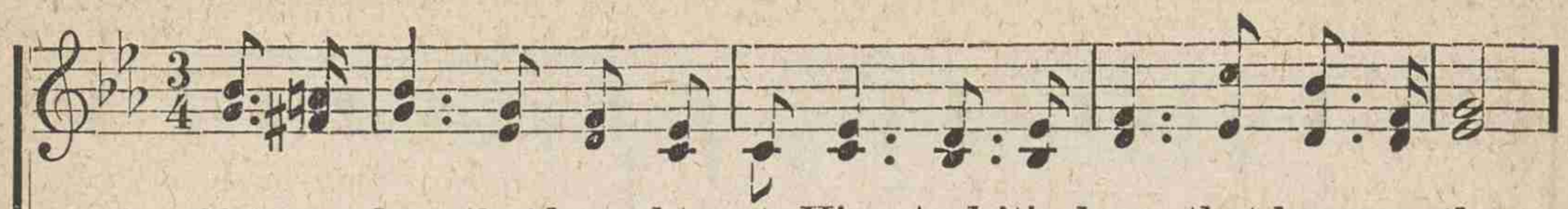
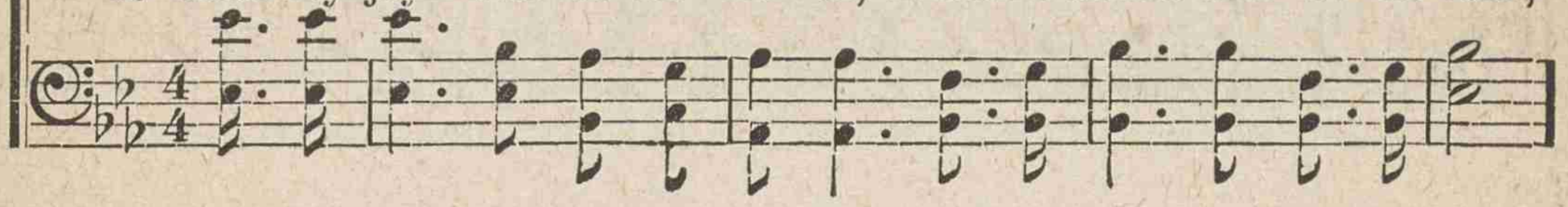
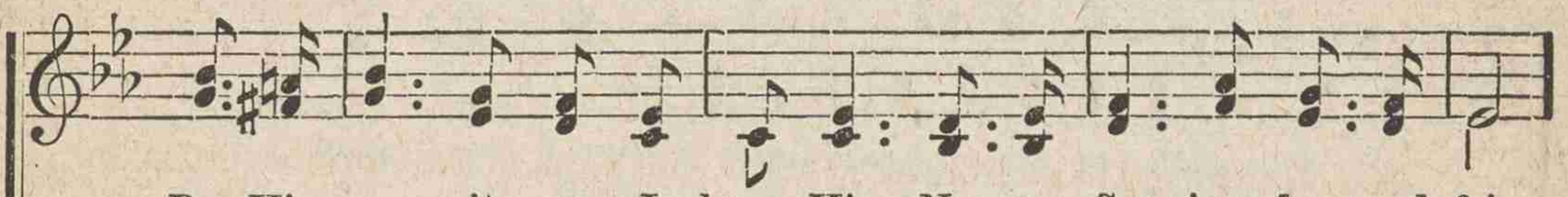
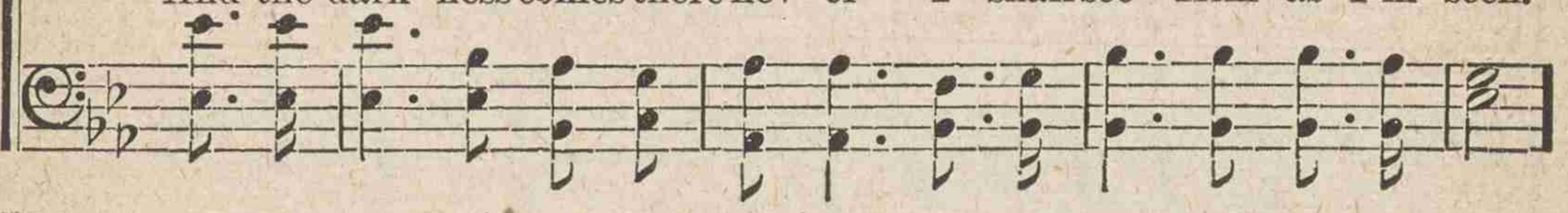
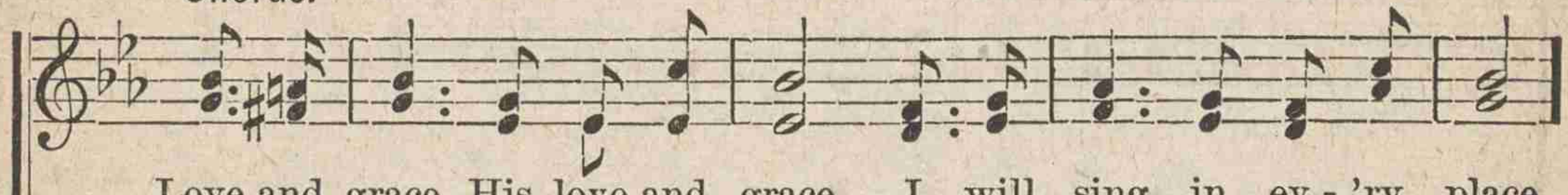
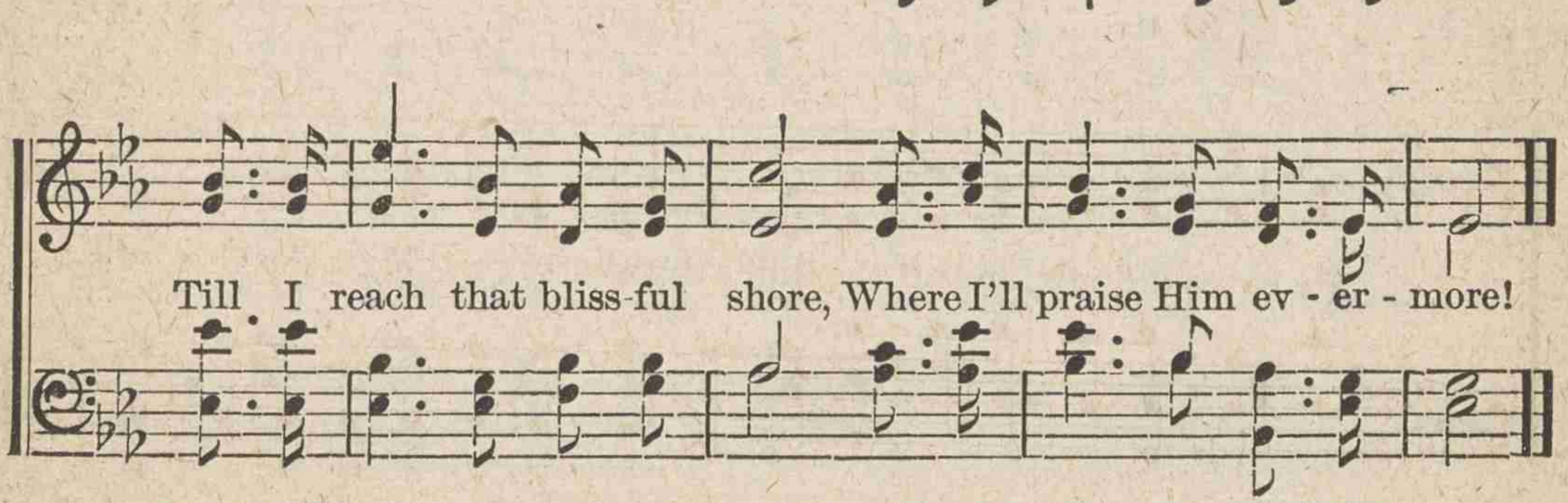
No. 40. LOVE AND GRACE.

I. I. L. I. I. LESLIE.

1. Oh! 'twas love that brought me to Him, And 'tis love that keeps me there;
2. Dark it was be- fore I found Him, And the way I could not see;
3. Oh! how blest to walk with Je - sus! Joy we nev - er knew be-fore;
4. Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk the nar- row way;
5. Then my joy will be for - ev - er; There no clouds will in- ter-vene;

By His grace it was I knew Him, Now my Sav- iour dear and fair.
Now the light that shines a-round Him, As I fol - low, falls on me.
From our fears His presence frees us, While we trust Him more and more.
But He soon will call me to Him, In that bright approaching day.
And the dark- ness comes there nev- er— I shall see Him as I'm seen.

Chorus.

Love and grace, His love and grace, I will sing in ev - 'ry place,

Till I reach that bliss-ful shore, Where I'll praise Him ev - er - more!

From the "Gospel Awakening," by per. Copyright, 1884, by F. A. BLACKMER.

No. 41. WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZEKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trum-pet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fin - al judgment, when the hid-den comes to light,
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding and the an - gel bands proclaim,

We will greet each oth- er by the crys- tal sea, crys - tal sea,
We shall gath - er and the sav'd and ransom'd see, glad - ly see,
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, we shall see,
In tri - umphant strains the glorious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee,

With the friends and all the lov'd ones, thee a - wait-ing us to come,
Then to meet a - gain to- geth- er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo- ses and the Lamb.

What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.

By permission J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

What a Gath'ring That will be.—Concluded.

Chorus.

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,

What a gath'ring of the lov'd ones, when we'll meet with one anoth- er,

At the sound-ing of the glo- rious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee!

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each oth-er,

What a gath- 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!

No. 42. Nothing, Lord, Have I to Bring.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

Flowingly.

1. Noth-ing, Lord, have I to bring; This is all my plea: Je - sus on the
2. All unclean, a - las! un-clean, Heart by sins de- filed; But my Saviour
3. Dear Redeem-er, precious Lamb, While 'tis call to- day; In con-tri-tion
4. Write Thy law up-on my heart, Stamp Thine image there; Nevermore from

rugg-ed cross Died to ran- som me. Pre - cious Sav - iour,
calls and says, "Be ye re - con - ciled."
I would come; Wash my guilt a - way.
me de-part, Be Thou ev - er near. Precious Saviour,

Chorus.

Lord of all, . . . Speak to me; oh,
Lord of all, Speak to me,
speak in love! By Thy dy - - ing ag - o-
speak in love; By Thy dy- ing
nies, . . By . . Thy blood . . . my sins . . . re - move.
ag - o- nies, By Thy precious blood my sins re - move.

No. 43. I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my refuge thro'
2. I am safe in the cleft that was riv- en for me, From the pow'r of the
3. I am safe in the Rock, let whatev- er betide, Death and hell have no

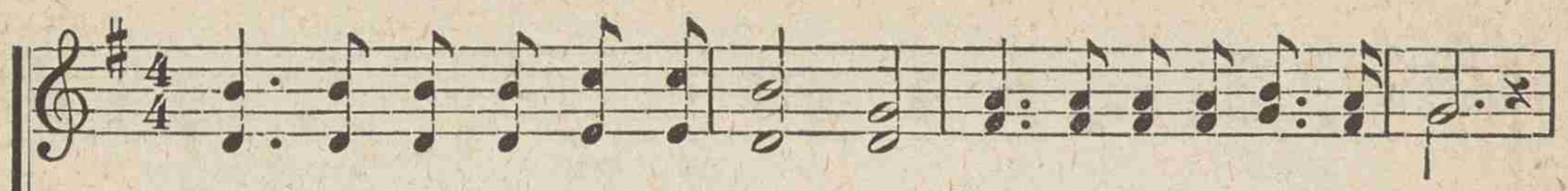
storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the billows' mad foam,
temp-ter I'm free; Tho' my pathway be dark and the storms sweep the sky,
ter - ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the shadow - y vale,

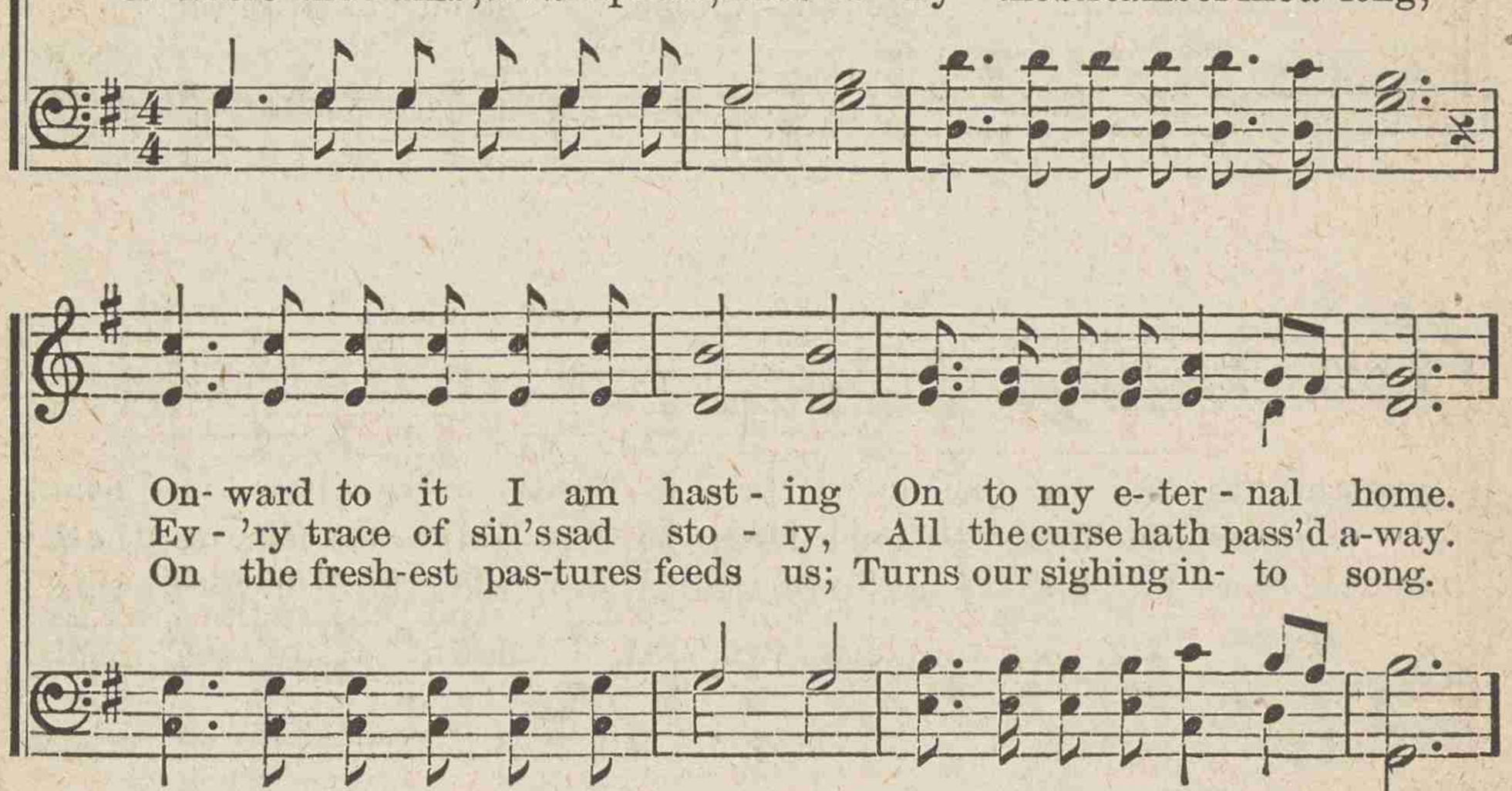
Chorus.

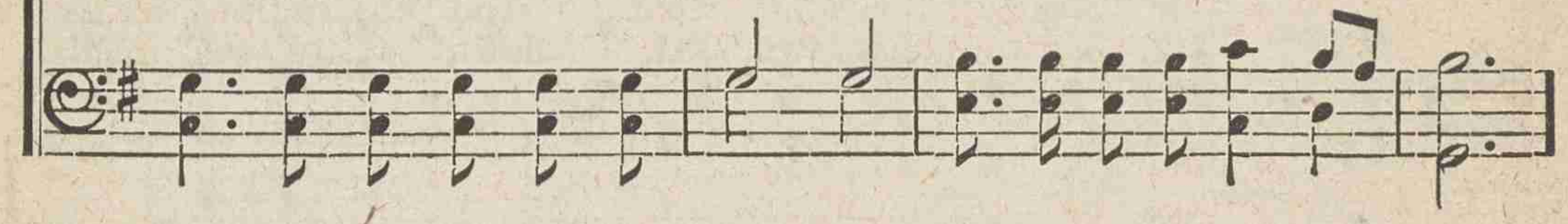
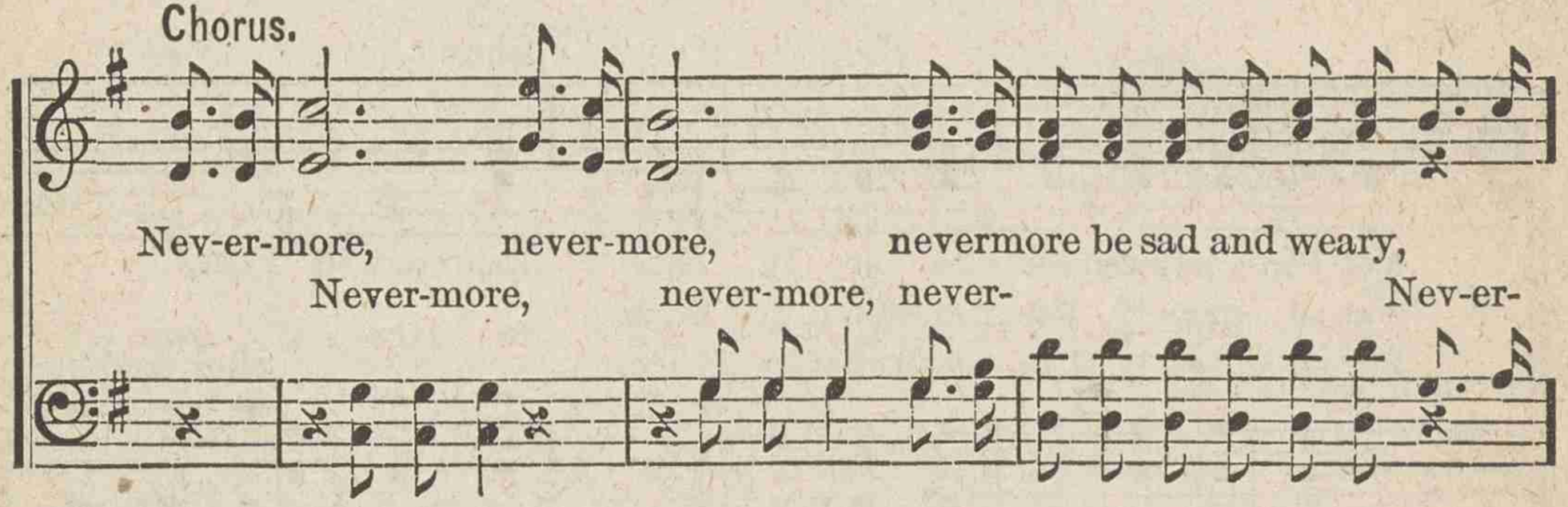
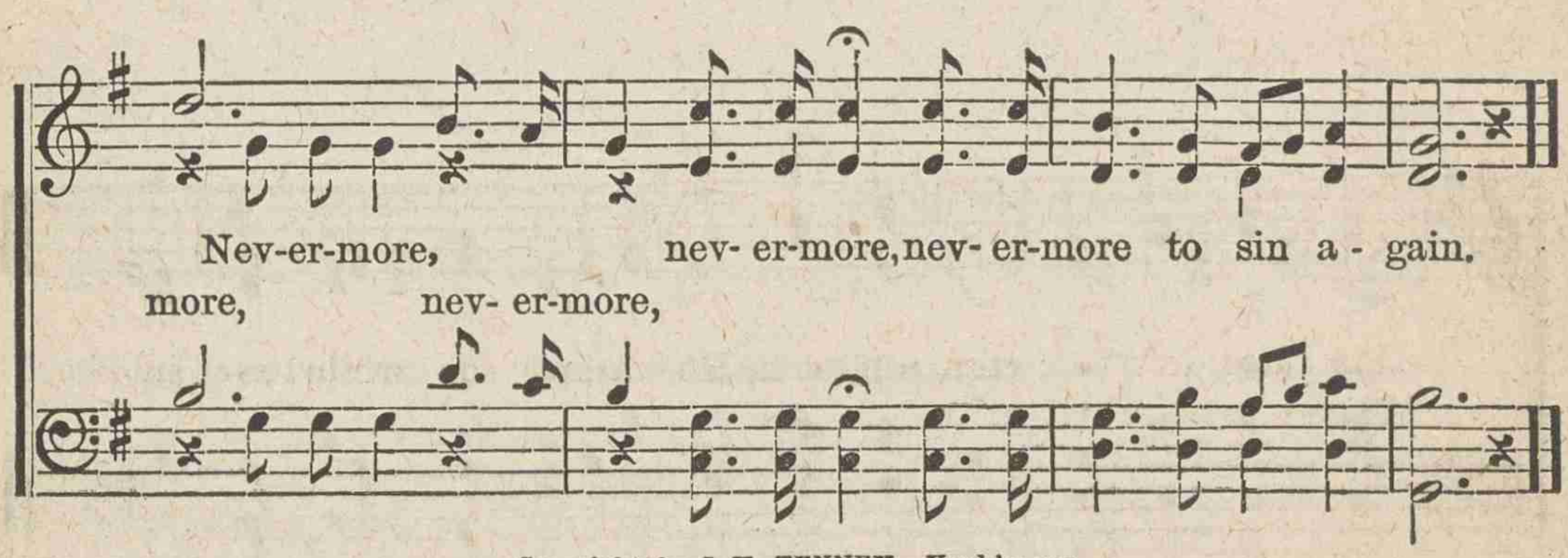
Yet I'm sheltered for - ev - er in Thee. Sheltered in Thee,
Yet se- cure - ly I'm sheltered in Thee.
For se- cure - ly I'm sheltered in Thee. Sheltered in

sheltered in Thee, O thou blest Rock of A- ges, I am sheltered in Thee!
Thee, in Thee,

No. 44. NEVERMORE.

Dr. H. BONAR. J. H. TENNEY.

1. This it not my place of rest - ing; Mine's a cit- y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day:
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a- long;



On- ward to it I am hast - ing On to my e- ter - nal home.
Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse hath pass'd a-way.
On the fresh-est pas-tures feeds us; Turns our sighing in- to song.

Chorus.

Nev-er-more, never-more, nevermore be sad and weary,
Never-more, never-more, never- Nev-er-

Nev-er-more, nev- er-more, nev- er-more to sin a - gain.
more, nev- er-more,

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No. 45. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. J. T. Grape, by per.

1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength indeed is small,
2. Then down be - neath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
3. When from my dy - ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
4. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thy all in all.
For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
Then "Je - sus paid it all," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim - son stain, He washed me white as snow.

No. 46. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. I. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. I was once far a-way from the Sav- iour, And as vile as a
2. But there in that lone - ly hour A voice sweet-ly
3. Ful-ly then trust-ed I in Je - sus, And oh, what a

sin- ner could be, I won- der'd if Christ, the Re-deem - er,
whis-per'd to me, Say- ing, "Christ, the Re-deem- er, hath pow - er
joy came to me; My heart was filled with prais - es

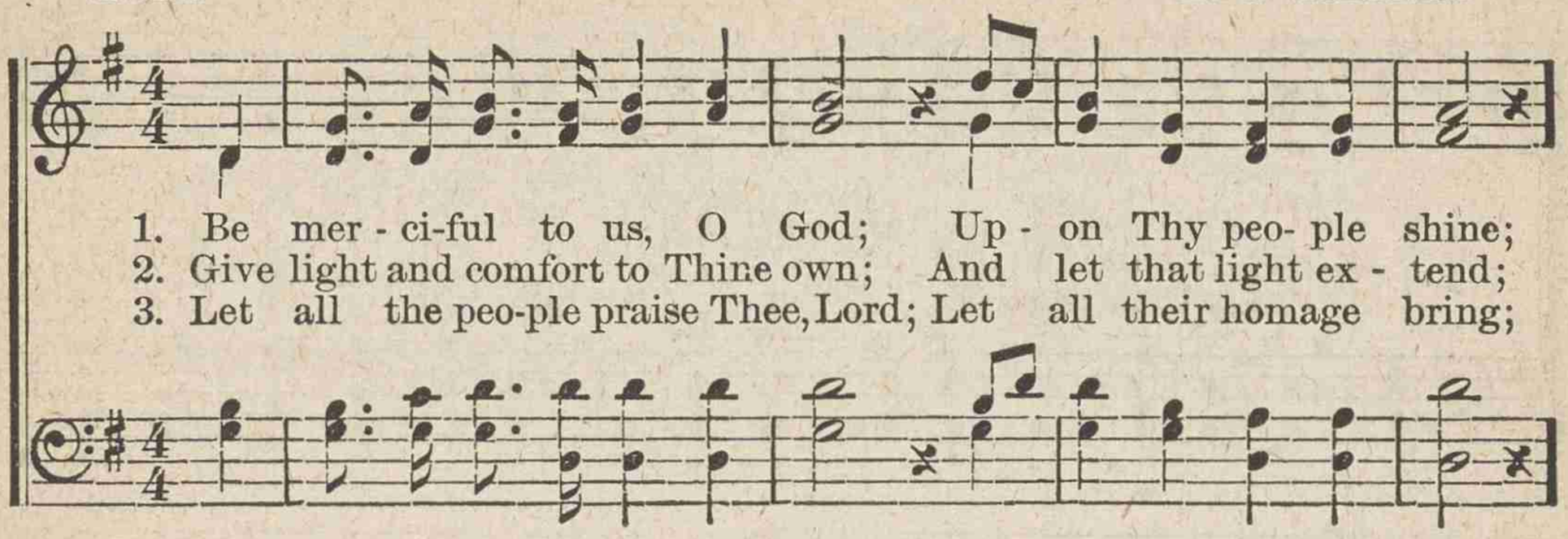
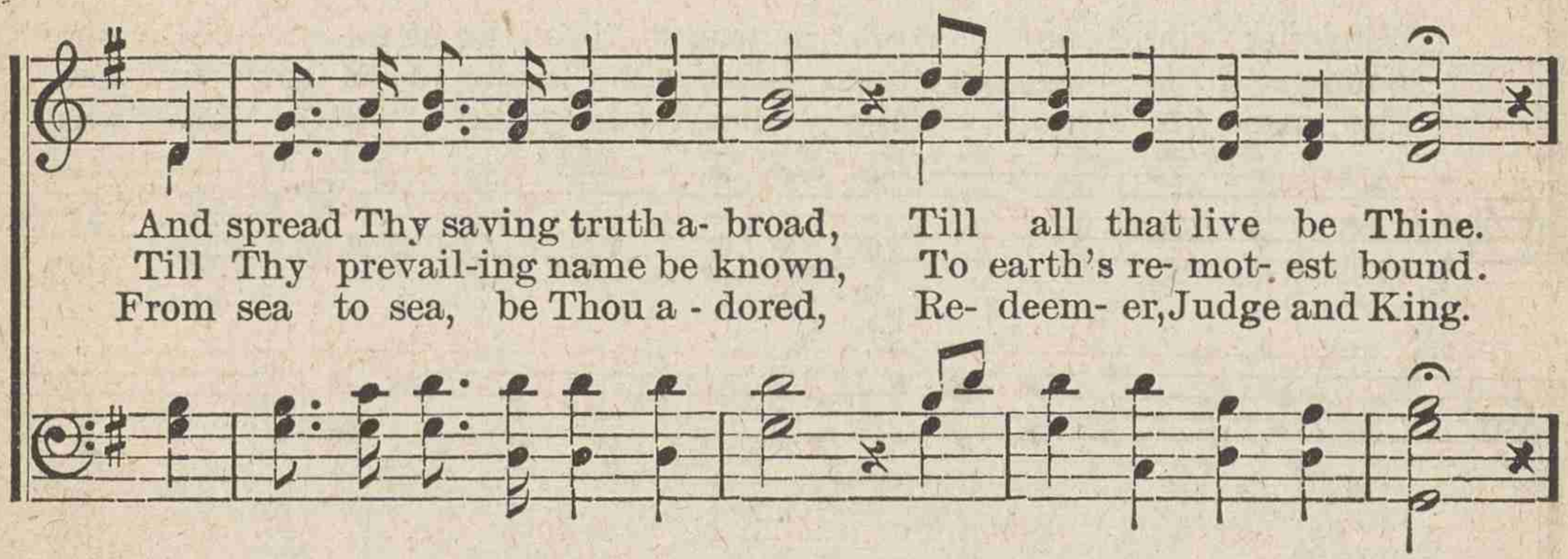
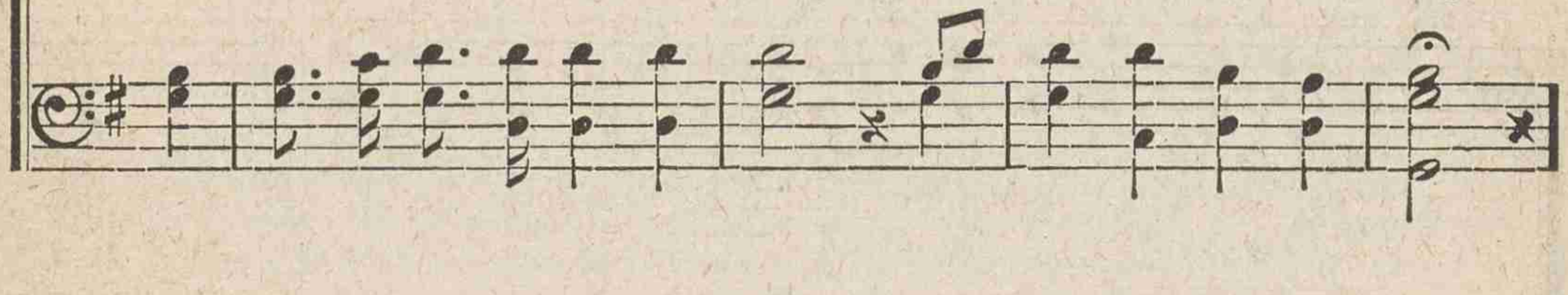
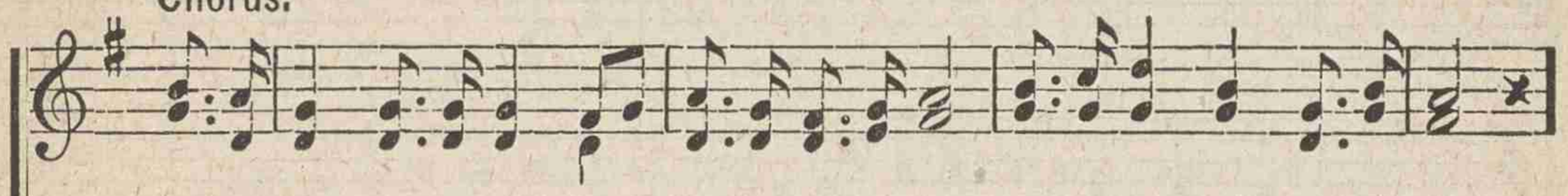
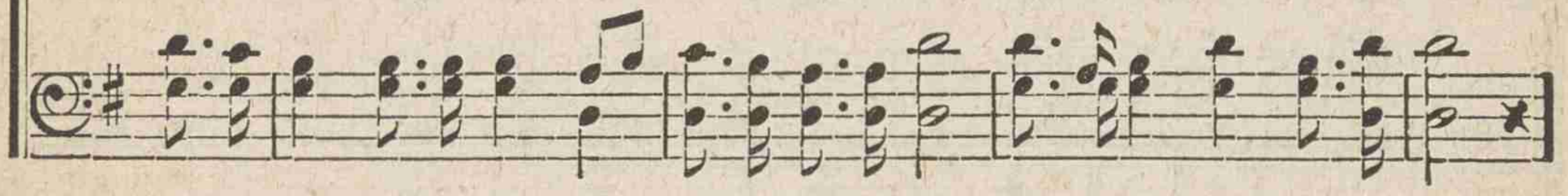
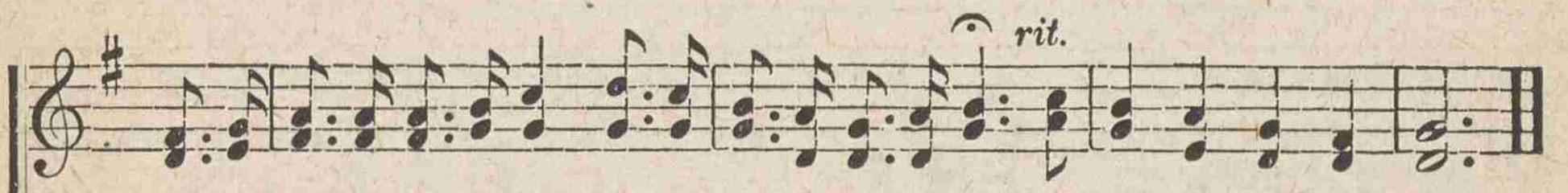
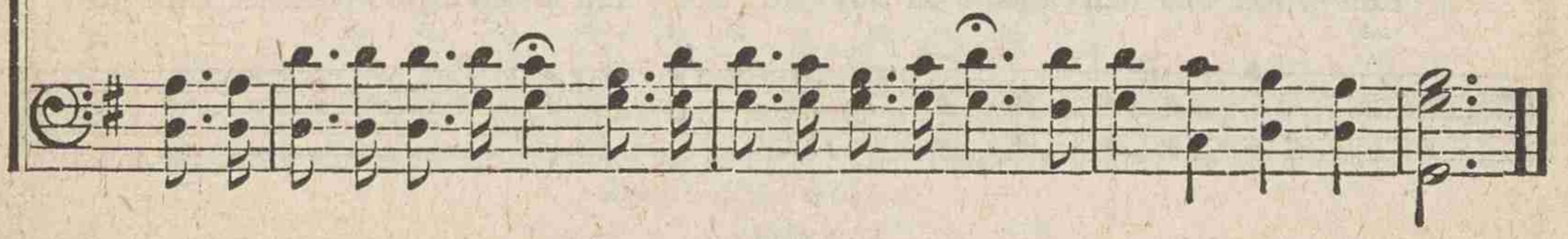
Would save a poor sinner like me. I wan- dered on in the
To save a poor sinner like thee." I listen'd, and lo! 'twas the
For He sav'd a poor sinner like me. No long- er in dark-ness I'm

dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the
Sav - iour That was speak- ing so kind to me: I
walk - ing, For the light is shin - ing on me; And

thought fill'd my heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.
cried, "I'm the chief of sin - ners, Thou cans't save a poor sinner like me.
now un - to oth- ers I'm tell - ing How He saved a poor sinner like me.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

No. 47. SPREAD THE NEWS.

LYTE. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Be mer - ci-ful to us, O God; Up - on Thy peo- ple shine;
2. Give light and comfort to Thine own; And let that light ex - tend;
3. Let all the peo-ple praise Thee, Lord; Let all their homage bring;

And spread Thy saving truth a- broad, Till all that live be Thine.
Till Thy prevail-ing name be known, To earth's re- mot- est bound.
From sea to sea, be Thou a - dored, Re- deem- er, Judge and King.

Chorus.

Spread the news far and wide, Across the ocean's tide, Tell a Saviour's boundless love,

The glad tidings noise abroad, Let us praise with one accord, Our God who rules above.

No. 48. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. What is it flows in crim-son stream? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus;
2. O where is heal - ing for the soul? In the blood of Je - sus;
3. O stream of life! O stream of love! Pre-cious blood of Je - sus;

What is it does the world re-deem? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus;
Where is the bro - ken heart made whole? In the blood of Je - sus;
Pre - pare me for my home a - bove, Cleans-ing blood of Je - sus;

Yes, Jesus' blood will cleanse each stain, And purge the heart from ev'ry sin,
There is a balm for ev- 'ry wound. For all mankind it doth a-bound.
O pre-cious fount-ain filled with blood, I'll plunge beneath the purple flood,

'Twill make man wholly pure with-in— Pre- cious blood of Je - sus.
A heal- ing stream no depth can sound—'Tis the blood of Je - sus.
And rise redeemed, restored, re- newed, In the blood of Je - sus.

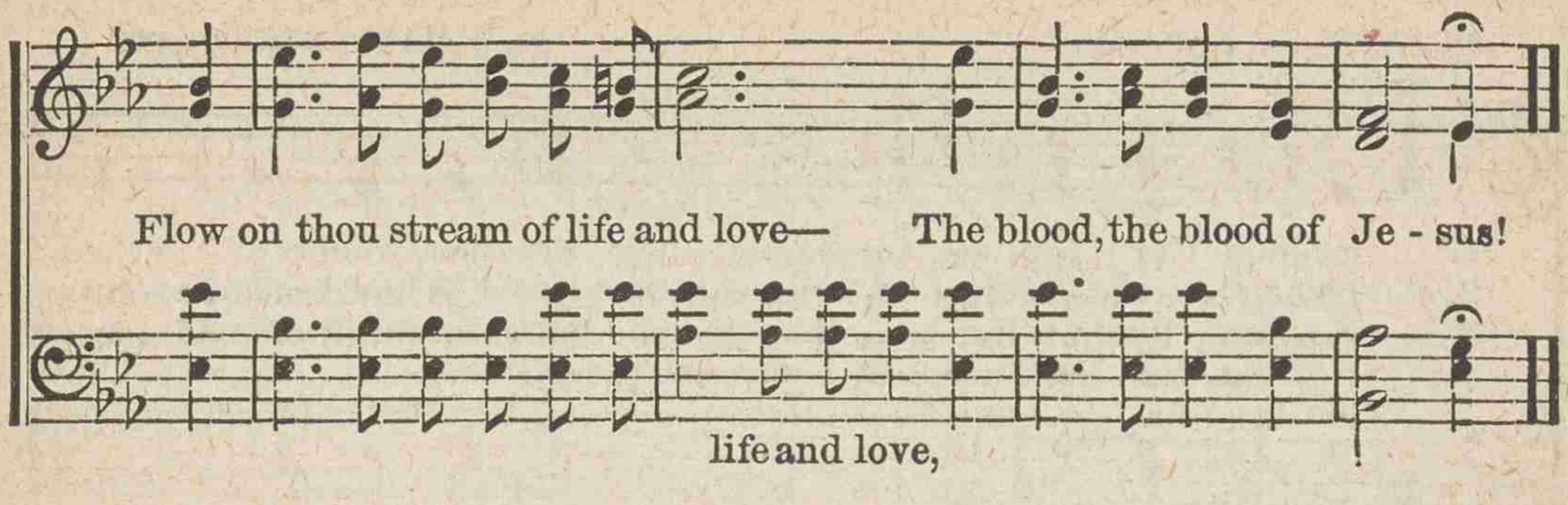
Chorus.

The blood of Jesus, precious blood! The cleansing blood of Je - sus!

precious blood,

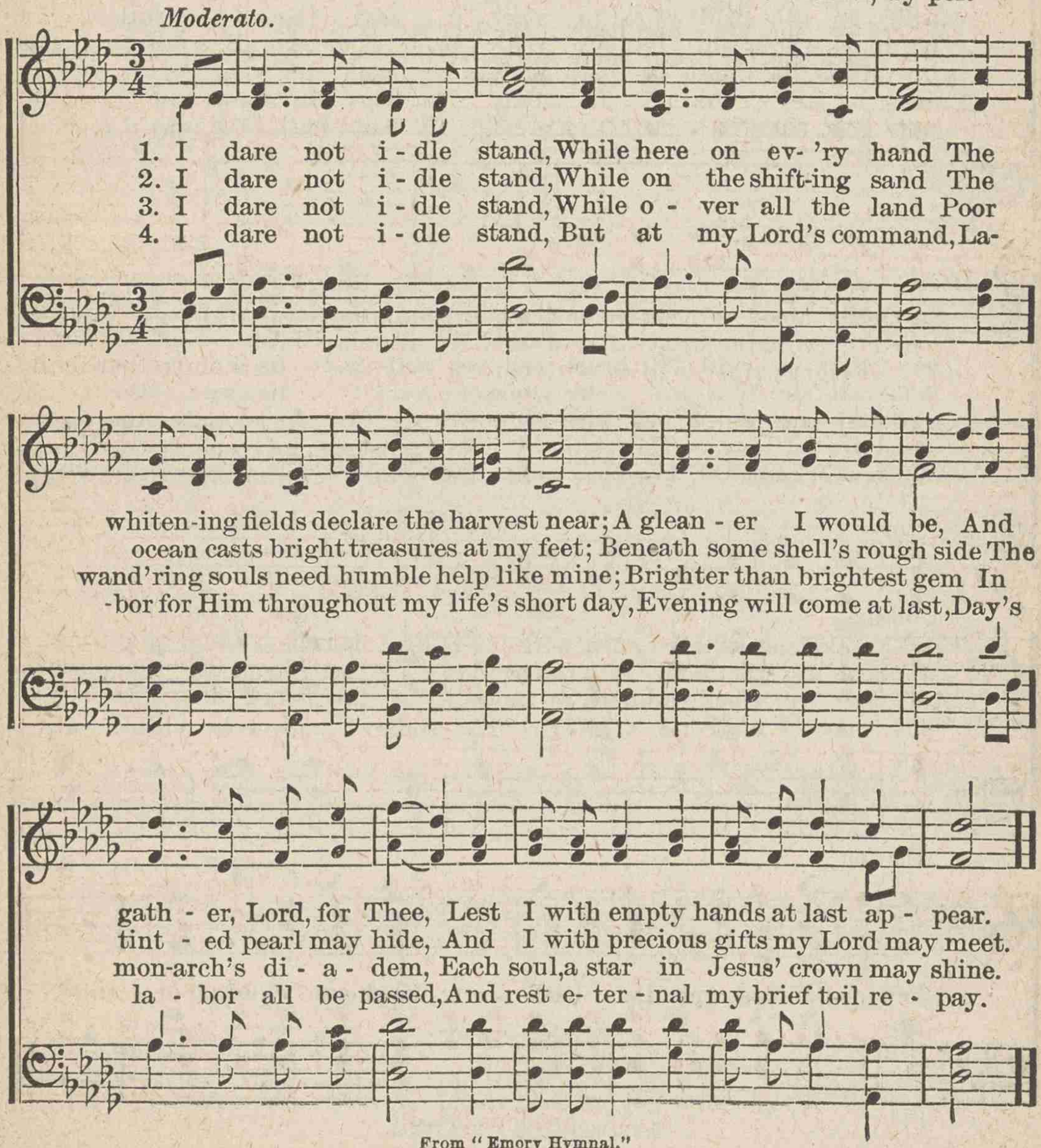
From the "International Lesson Hymnal,"

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.—Concluded.



No. 49. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



From "Emory Hymnal."

No. 50. 'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL, by per.

Solo.

1. At home or a-broad, in the al - ley or street, Wher- ev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath stray'd, No mat- ter what
4. No mat - ter how wayward his foot-steps have been; No mat- ter how
5. That head hath been pillow'd on ten - der - est breast; That form hath been

chance in the wide world to meet, A girl that is thoughtless, a -
harden'd, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wom- an all fall - en, or
in - roads dis - hon - or hath made; No mat - ter what el - e-ments
deep he is sunk- en in sin; No mat - ter how low is his
wept o'er, those lips have been press'd; That soul hath been pray'd for in

boy that is wild, My heart ech- oes soft- ly— 'tis some mother's child.
man all de- filed, A voice whispers sad - ly— 'tis some mother's child.
canker'd the pearl—Tho' tarn-ish'd and sul- lied, she's some mother's girl.
stand-ard of joy,— Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gen-tly with some mother's child.

Chorus.

'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some moth- er's child! For

her sake deal gen- tly with some mother's child, For child.

Copyright, 1883, by I. BALTZELL.

No. 51. NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. R. G. STAPLES.

1. We thank Thee, O our God, For Christ, Thy bless - ed Son,
2. We thank Thee for Thy grace, Thy mer - cy, peace, and pow'r,
3. We thank Thee for Thy hand, Our falt' - ring steps to guide;

Who, on the lift - ed cross, Our peace and par - don won.
So lov - ing - ly be - stowed Each swift - ly pass - ing hour.
Oh, nev - er let us stray One step from Thee a - side.

Chorus.

We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy name,
We thank thee, Lord, and praise thy name, We thank thee, Lord, and praise thy name,
For Christ, Thy bless - ed Son; Who on..... The cross.....
Who on the cross of blood and shame,
of blood..... and shame, Our peace and par-don won.
Who on the cross of blood and shame,

No. 52. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.

1. Is it noth - ing to you, all ye who pass by? That the
2. Is it noth - ing to you, that Je - sus is here? That He
3. Is it noth - ing to you, that still you re - fuse To ac-

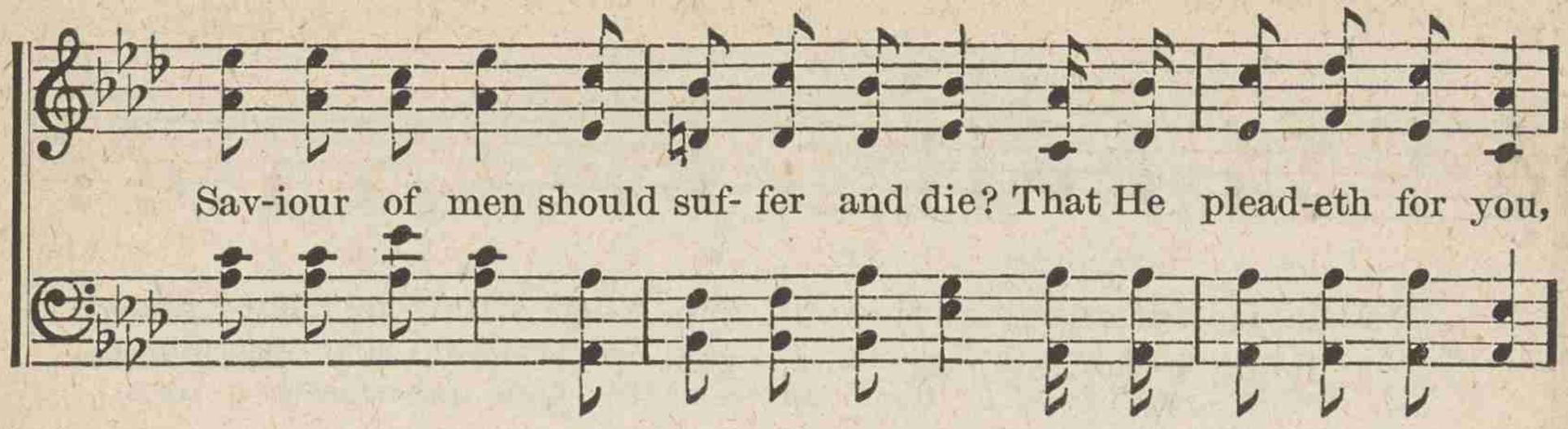
Sav-iour of men came down from on high; That He shed His own blood
waits to give joy to fill you with cheer, That He pleadeth in love
cept of His love His mer - cy to choose? That the harvest may pass

O death of such shame, That each one may be saved, who trusts in His name.
Just outside your heart, And He prom-i - ses grace, and peace to im- part.
While thus you de - lay, And the Saviour a - gain ne'er pass on your way.

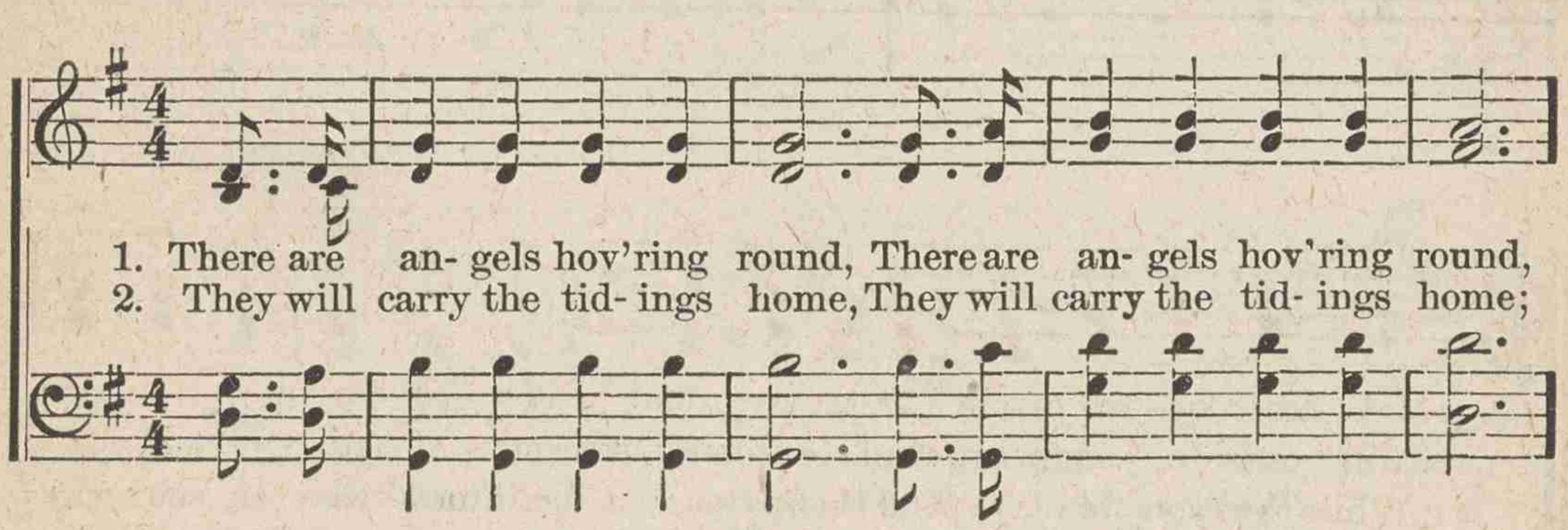
Chorus.

Is it noth- ing to you? all ye who pass by, That the

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? Concluded.

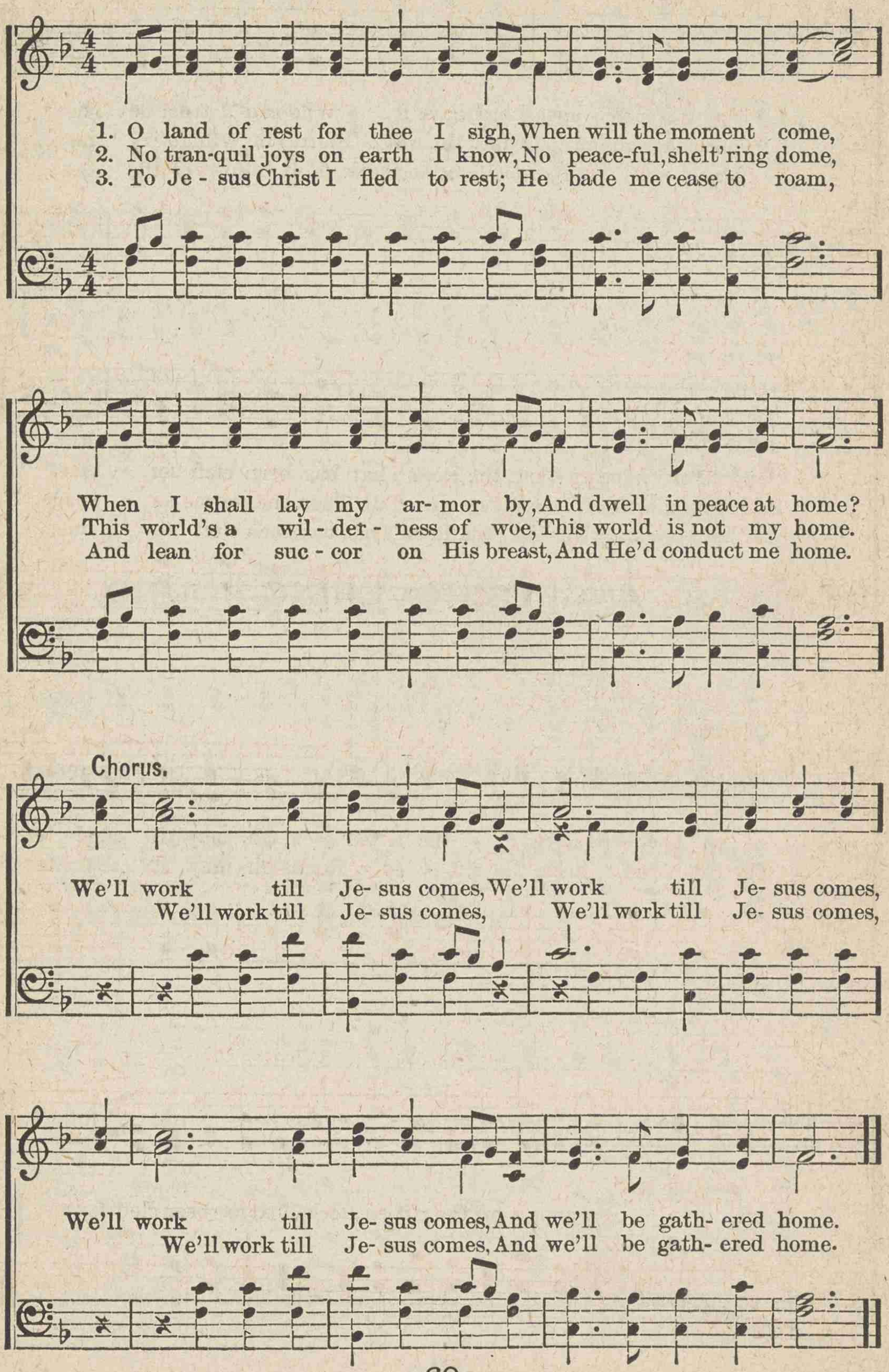


No. 53. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

No. 54. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. MILLER.

No. 55. THE RIFTED ROCK.

R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.

1. No oth-er ref- uge, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but Thee?
2. Tho' clouds obscure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu- ry rage,
3. Come, stormy wind, come, tempest shock, Roll, billows of the sea;

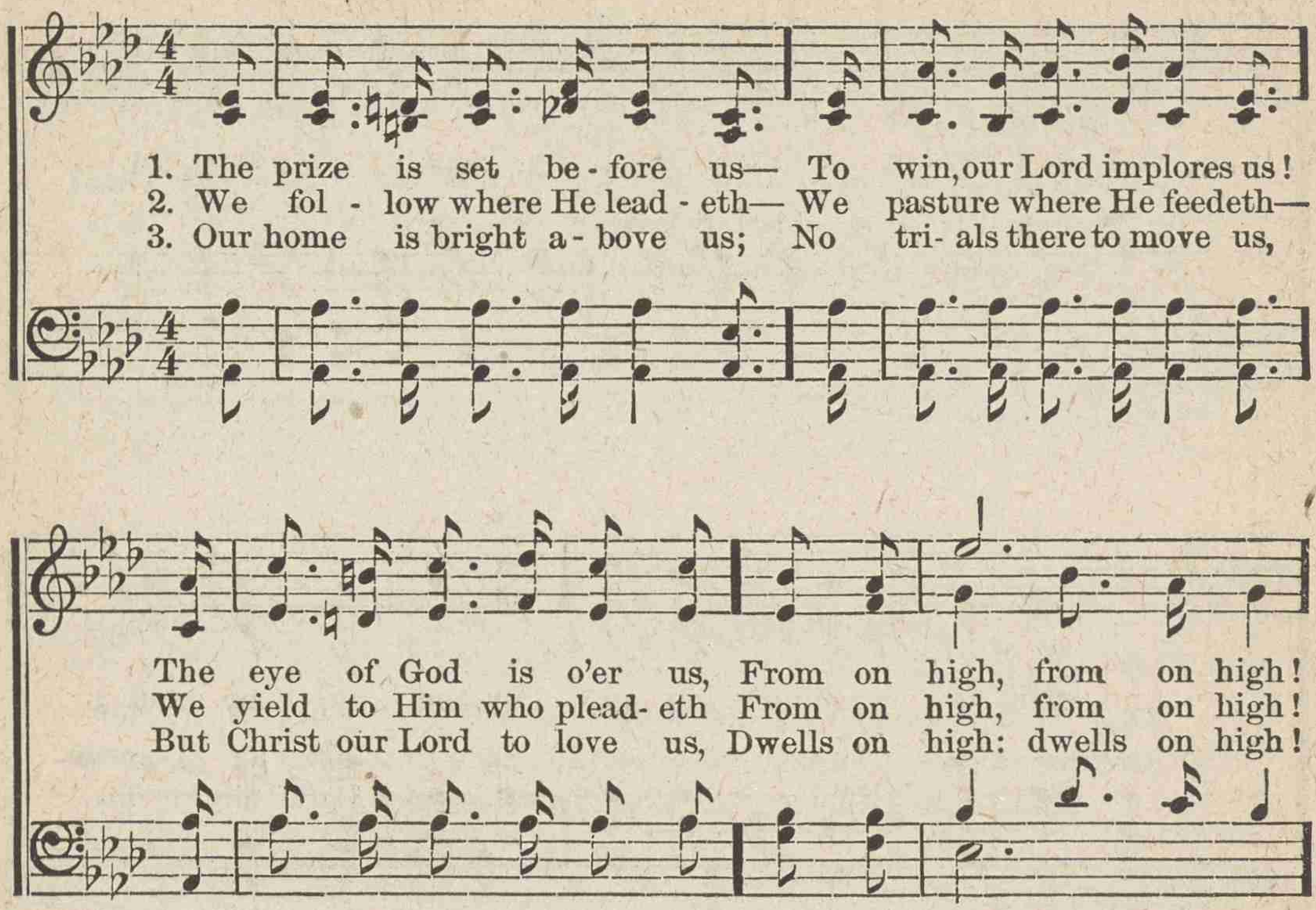
Oh, fix my hope up - on the Rock That has been cleft for me.
Safe from alarm, I rest se- cure Till Thou the storms as - suage.
I am se-cure with - in the Rock That has been cleft for me.

Chorus.

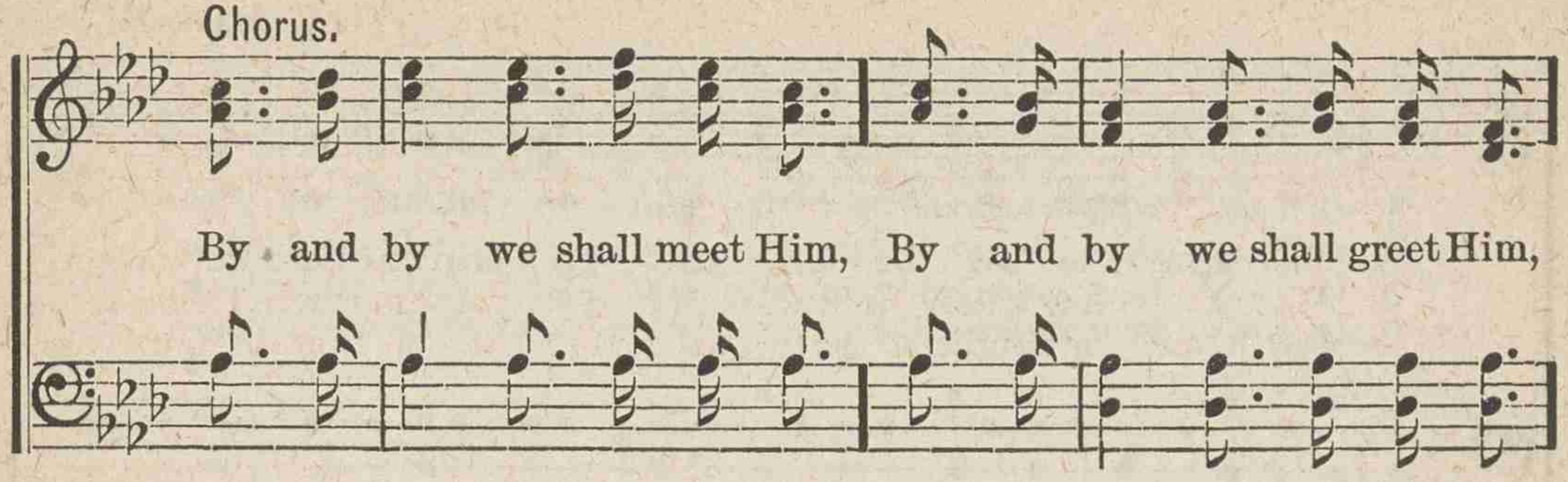
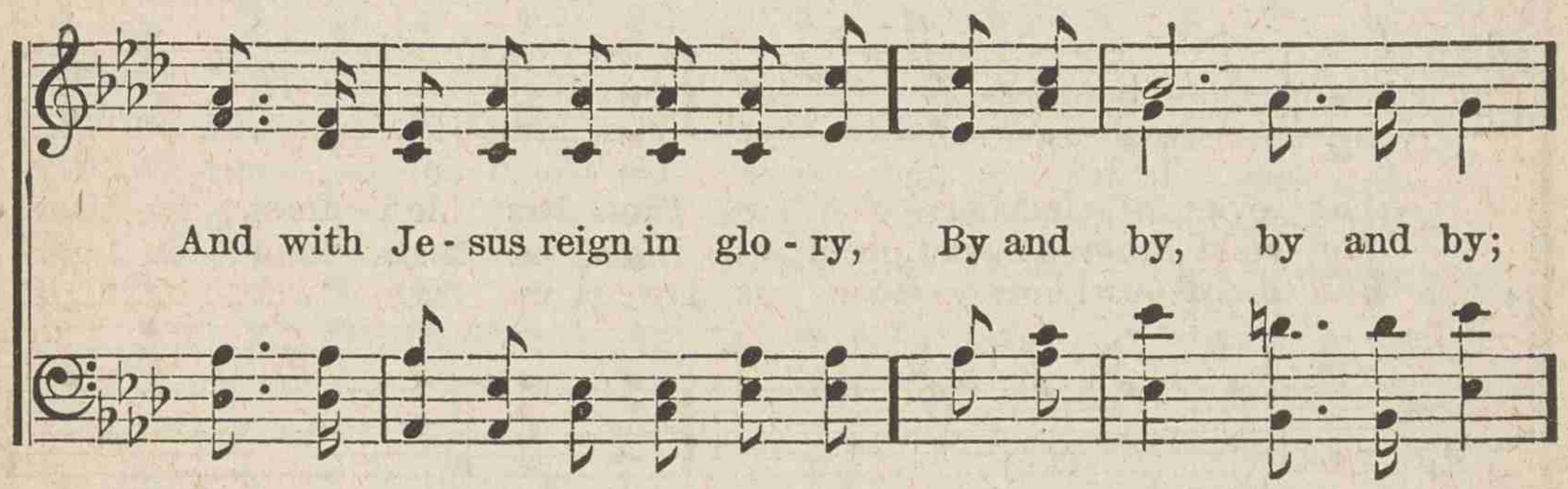
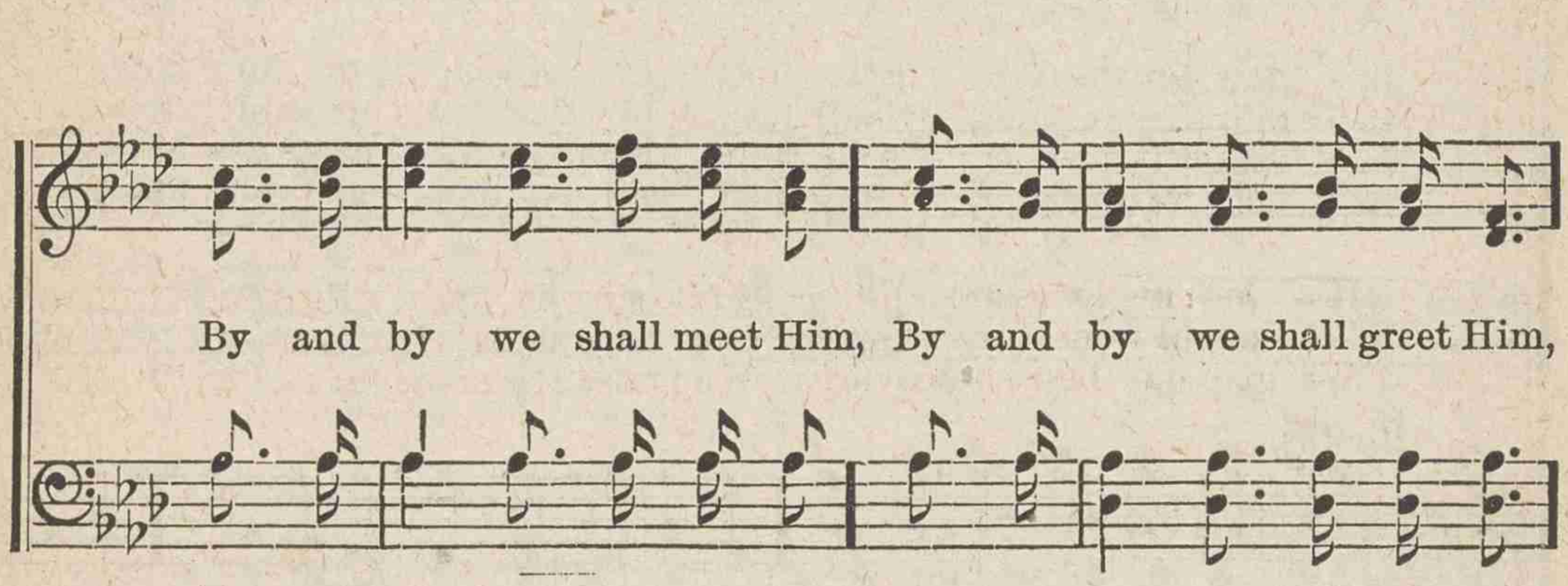
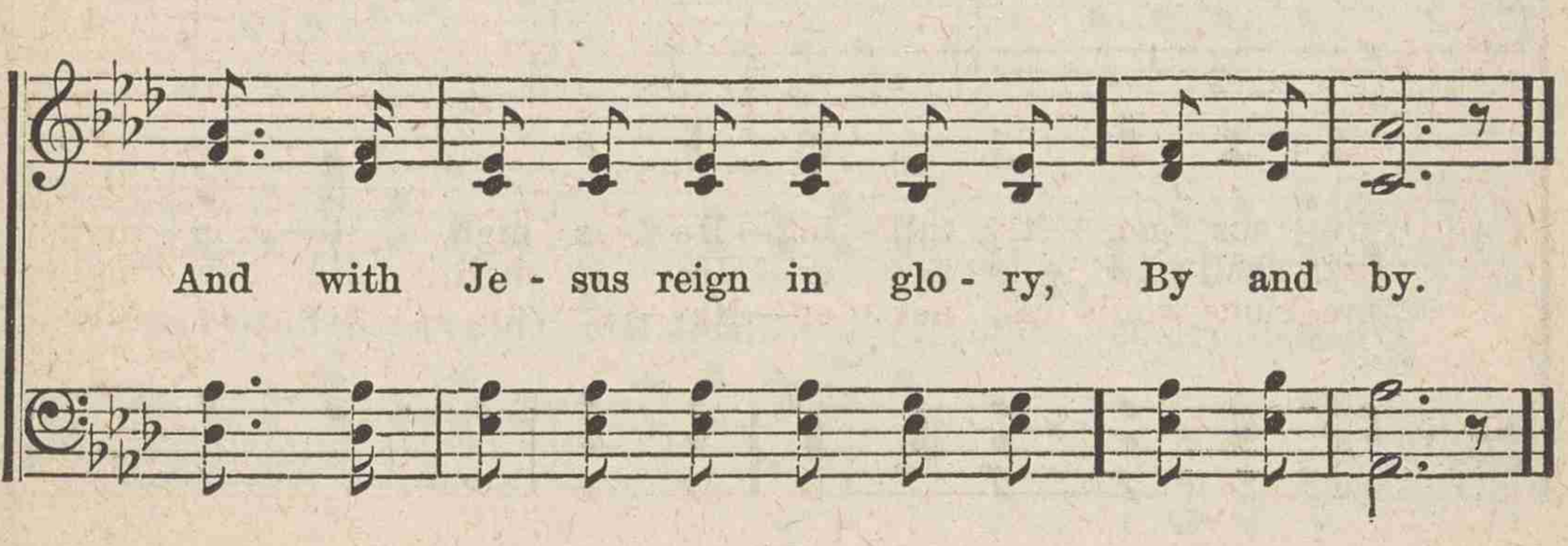
The rifted Rock, the rifted Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter
The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter

shelter me;
me, My hope is on the rift-ed Rock That has been cleft for me.

No. 56. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

H. R. PALMER.

By per. of H. R. PALMER. Owner of copyright.

THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.—Concluded.

Chorus.



No. 57. Hast Thou Looked for the Star.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
2. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
3. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
4. O say hast thou look'd for the star that shall guide thee To

Je - sus, our Lord, and our King? Go bow at the feet of the
walk in the straight narrow way? The light that surround- ed the
la - bors of mer - cy and love? Go forth in the name of the
Heav-en's blest mansions of rest? 'Tis Beth - le-hem's star, 'tis the

in - fant Re- deem-er, His prais - es for - ev - er to sing.
in - fant Re- deem-er, Shall lead to the full - ness of day.
in - fant Re- deem-er, And thine shall be treas - ures a - bove.
in - fant Re- deem-er, Be - hold, and be- lieve, and be blest.

Chorus.

O look for the light, yes fol-low it quickly, Lest waiting thy guide disappear:

O haste! for to-day, un-to all who will seek Him, The precious Redeemer is near.

No. 58. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I stand all bewildered with wonder, And gaze on the ocean of love;
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free;
3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be every whit whole;
4. The Prince of my peace is now passing, The light of His face is on me;

And o-ver its waves to my spir-it Comes peace, like a heaven- ly dove.
But when I had ceas'd from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto me.
I touch'd but the hem of His garment, And glory came thrilling my soul.
But lis-ten, be-lov-ed, He speaketh: "My peace I will give un- to thee.

Chorus.

The cross now cov- ers my sins; The past is un - der the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all; My will is the will of my God.

No. 59. BEYOND THE THINGS THAT PERISH.

Words adapted. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Be- yond the things that per - ish, That with - er in a day;
2. Though darkness gather 'round me, Though sor- row dim my eye,
3. Oh God! I'll ev - er praise Thee, For all Thy good- ness past;

Are pleas-ures far more last - ing, Which nev - er fade a - way.
Though hosts of foes sur - round me, De - liv - er- ance is nigh.
And ev - er- more I'll trust Thee, While life it- self shall last.

They're found alone in heav'n above, Where Jesus dwells and all is love.
In yonder world there is no pain; To live is life, to die is gain.
I'll cast my ev-'ry bur-den down, Put off the cross, take up the crown.

Chorus.

Be - yond this world, Be- yond its ev - er changing

Be - yond this world, Be-yond this world, Be- yond, be - yond its ev - er

sky..... Beyond,

changing sky, Beyond, beyond, Beyond this world, Are joys which never die.

No. 60. HE LEADETH ME.

Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.

1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's bowers
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re-
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's

fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
pine:— Content whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!

Chorus.

rit.

Repeat Chorus pp.

He leadeth me, leadeth me; He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me.

No. 61. GUIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

E. M. C. E. MANFORD CLARK.

Slow and pathetic.

1. { Guide me, Sav - iour, ev - er guide me By Thy coun - sel
   { Let Thy ten - der care be o'er me; (*Omit*. . . . . .

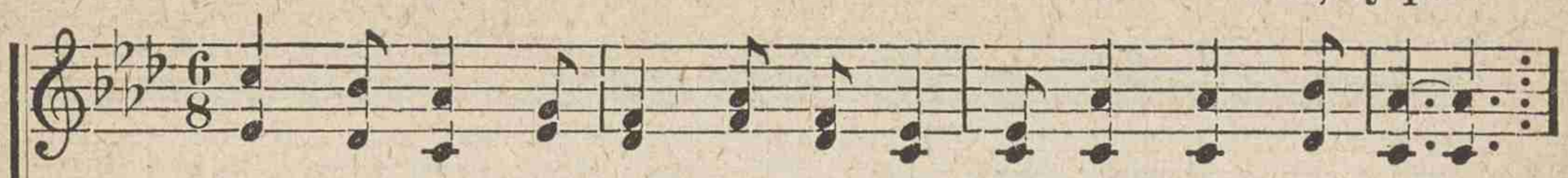
2. { Guide me, Sav - iour, in life's morn- ing; Guide me at its
   { Guide me thro' its even- ing com - ing; (*Omit*. . . . . .

and Thy word;
. . . . .) Safe - ly guide me, oh, my Lord! Guide me,
noon of day;
. . . . .) Guide me all my pil - grim way. Oh, my

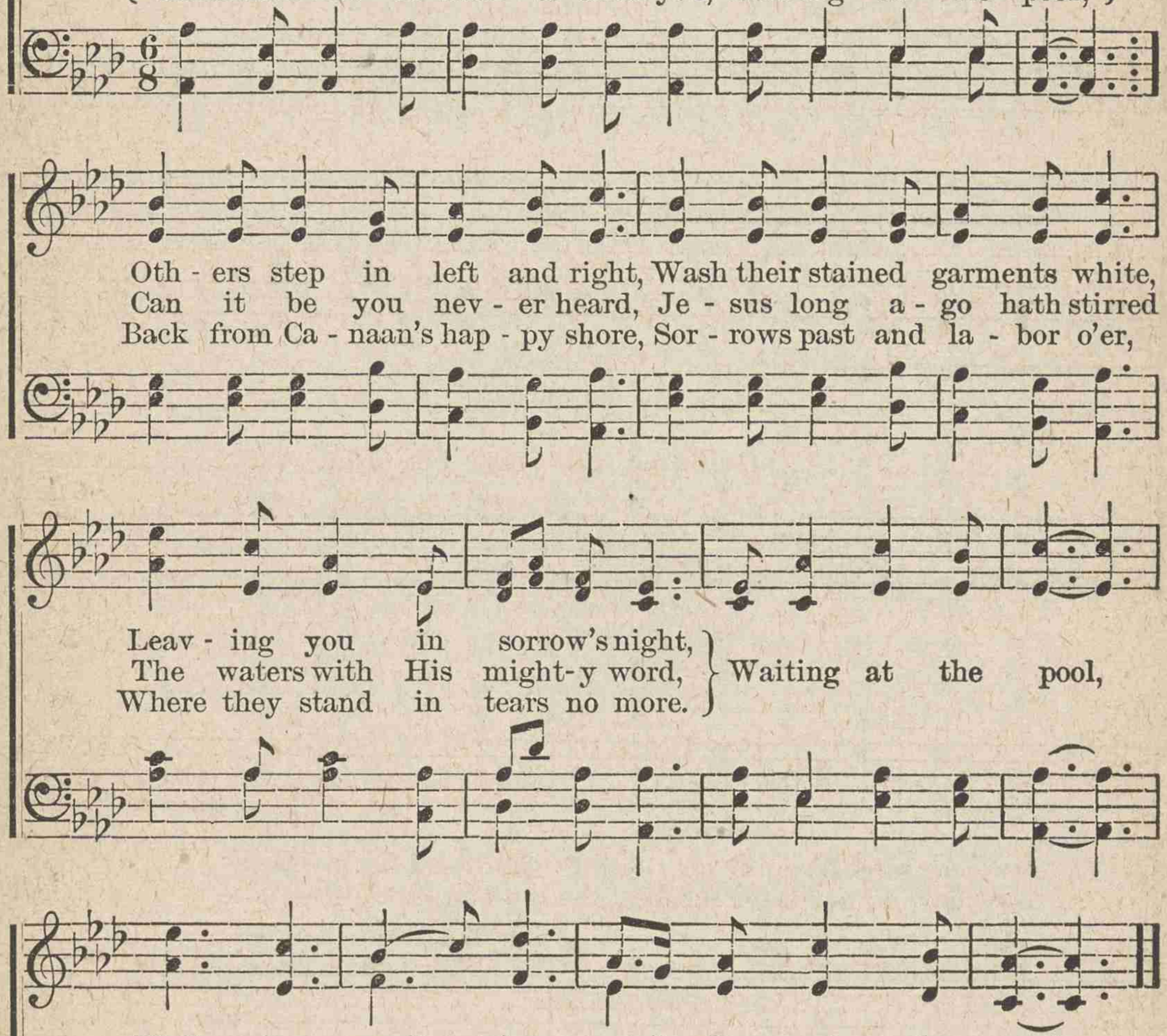
Sav- iour, safe- ly guide me, O'er life's dark and stormy sea; And Thy
Sav- iour, do not leave me, Lest the tempter should be-guile; But be

ways shall make me hap - py, Hap - py ev - er, Lord in Thee.
ev - er near to save me, Lead - ing on- ward with a smile.

No. 62. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. { Thousands stand to - day in sor- row, Wait-ing at the pool; }
   { Say - ing they will wash to - mor-row, Wait-ing at the pool; }

2. { Souls, your filth- y garments wear-ing, Wait-ing at the pool; }
   { Hearts, your heav-y bur - den bear- ing, Wait-ing at the pool; }

3. { Thousands once were stand-ing near you, Wait-ing at the pool; }
   { Come their voic - es back to cheer you, Wait-ing at the pool; }

Oth - ers step in left and right, Wash their stained garments white,
Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred
Back from Ca - naan's hap - py shore, Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er,

Leav - ing you in sorrow's night,
The waters with His might-y word,
Where they stand in tears no more. } Waiting at the pool,

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.

4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
Waiting at the pool;
Calls to them across the water,
Waiting at the pool;
You can never more embrace
Mother, or behold her face,
If you keep the leper's place
Waiting at the pool.

5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Jesus may no more invite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Faith is near you, take her hand,
Seek with her the better land,
And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool.

No. 63. LOOK AWAY FROM SELF.

R. G. STAPLES. M. J. MUNGER.

1. Look a - way, from self to the blood-stain'd cross, Where Thy
2. Look a - way, from self to the sep - ul - chre; Hear the
3. Look a - way, from self to yon courts a - bove, View the

Sav - iour died to ran - som thee; See the blood gush forth from His
Ro - man sol - dier's stead - y tread As he guards the tomb where our
Son of God; oh, hear His cry, As He pleads in love for His

wound- ed side; View the Son of Man in His ag - o - ny.
Lord doth lie, In His grave-clothes bound 'mong the si - lent dead.
chil - dren all, Lest they stray far - off from the fold and die.

Chorus.

On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross,
On the cross, the rug - ged cross,
On the cross, on the cross-

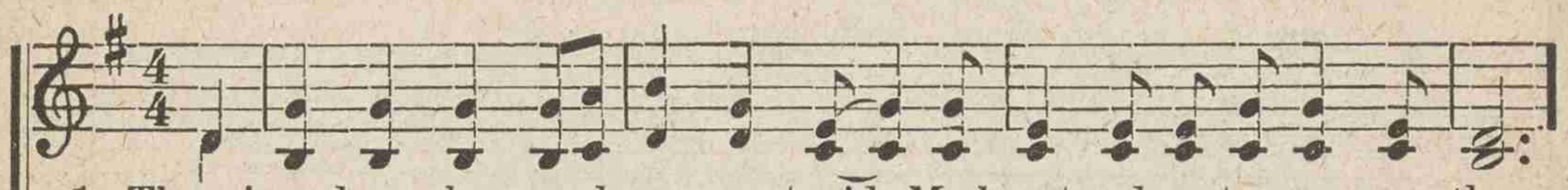
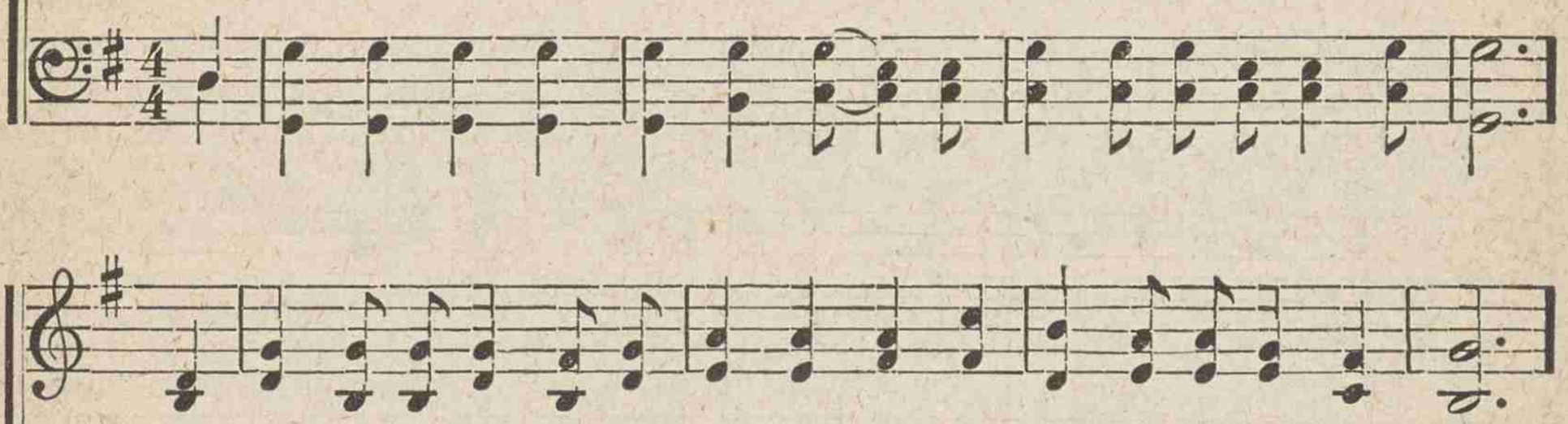
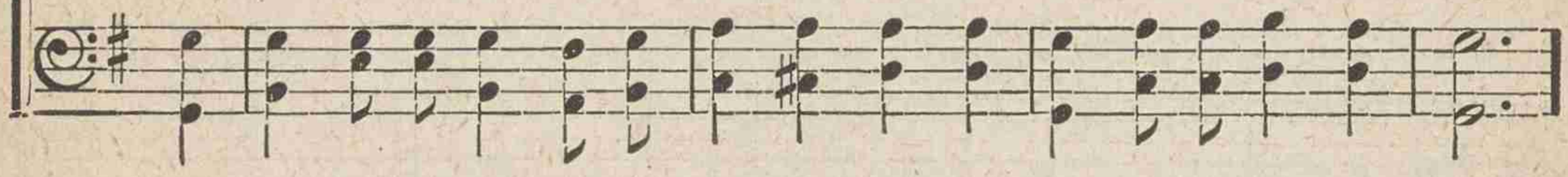
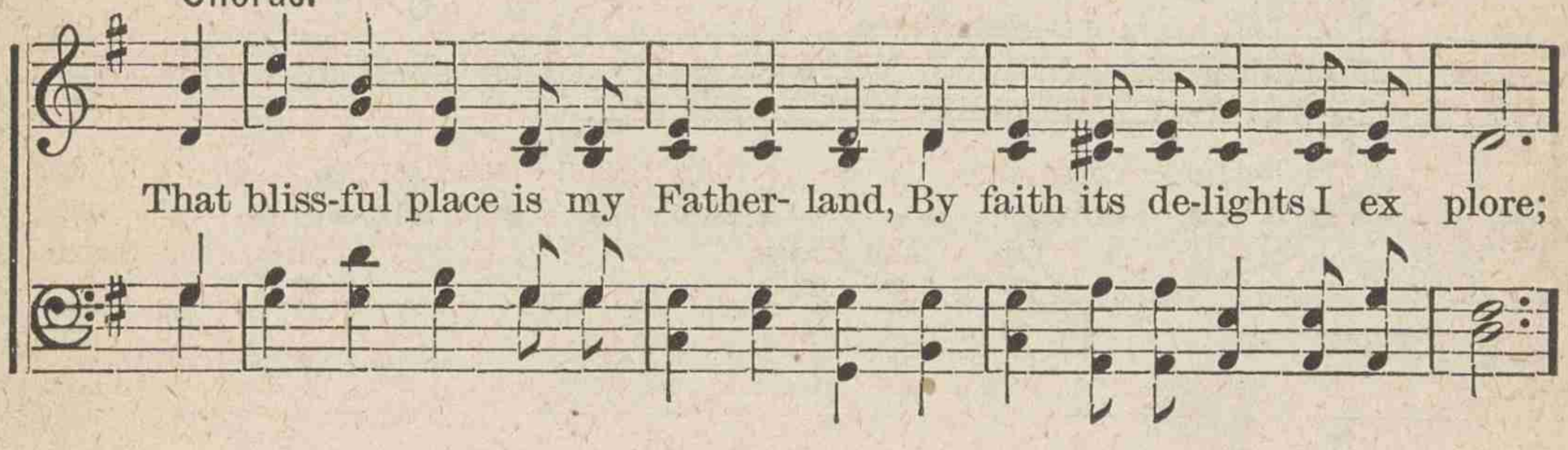
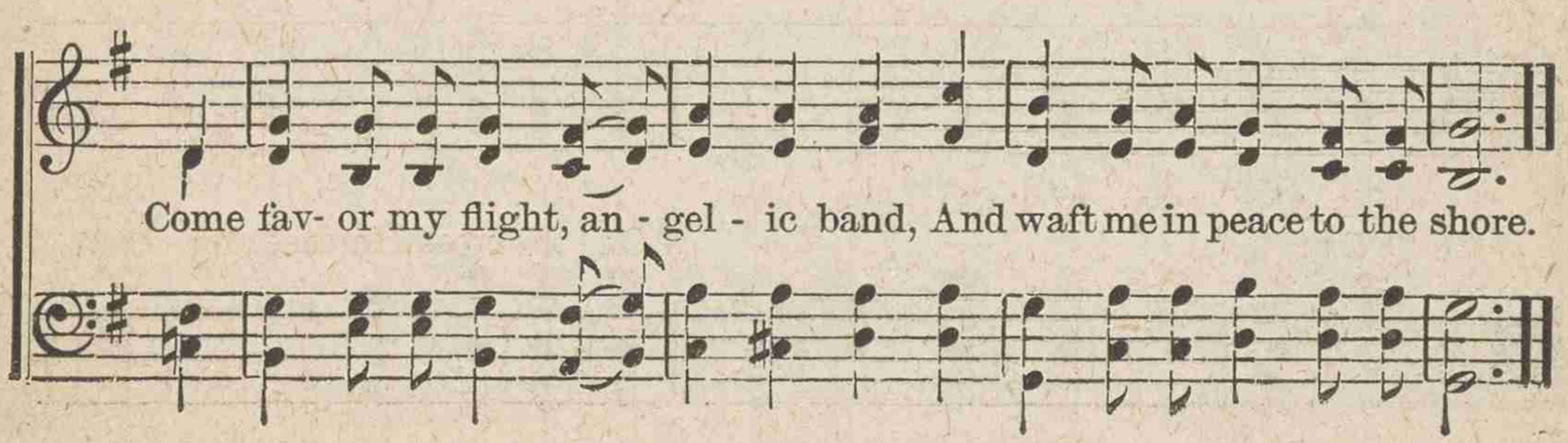
1 2

On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
(*Omit* . . . . .) On the cross He died for thee.

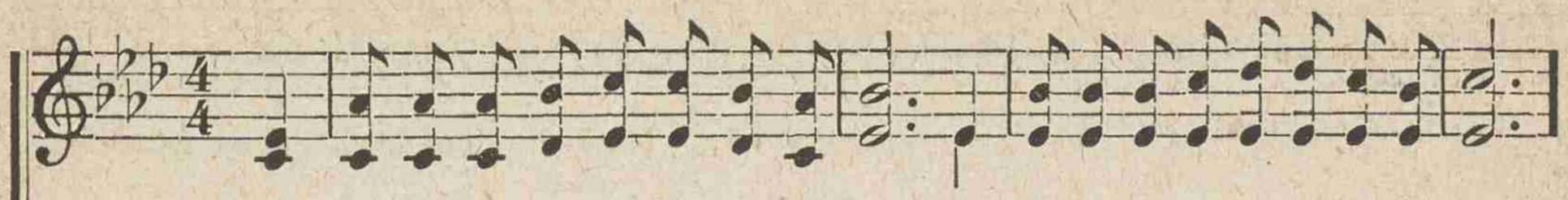
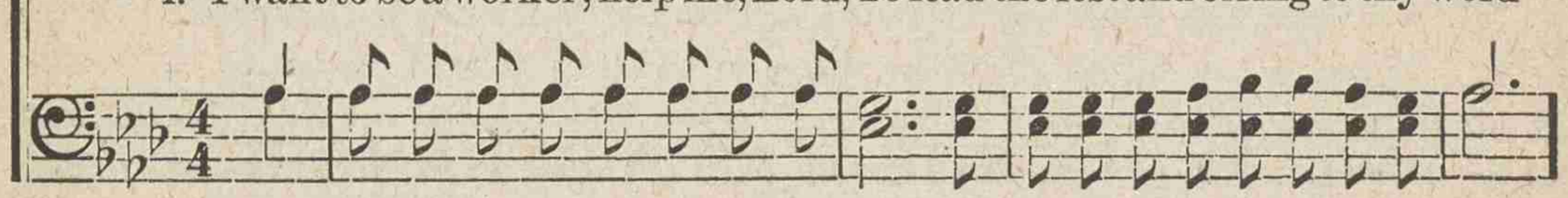
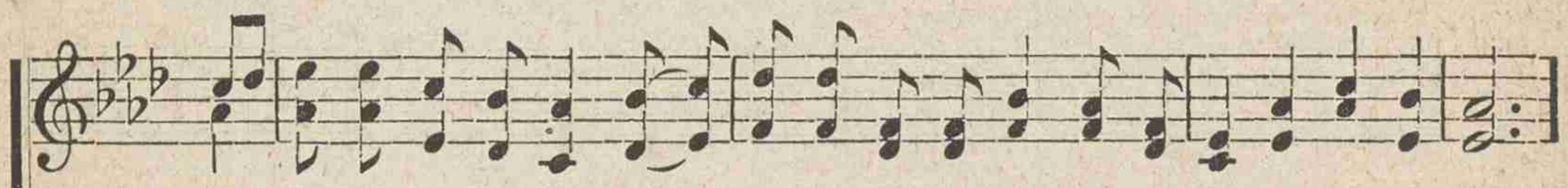
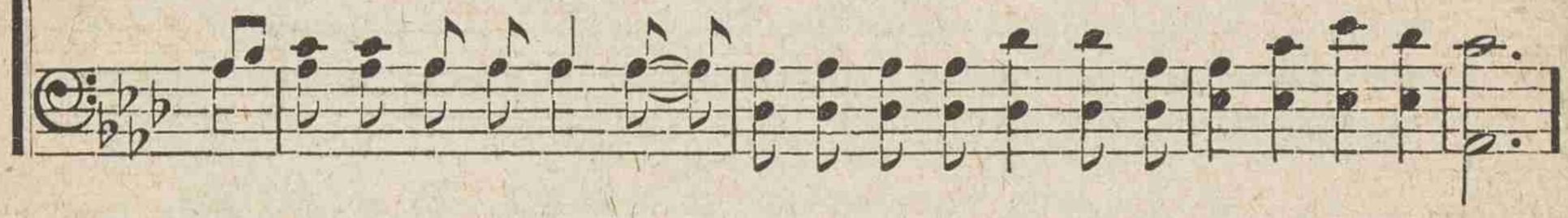
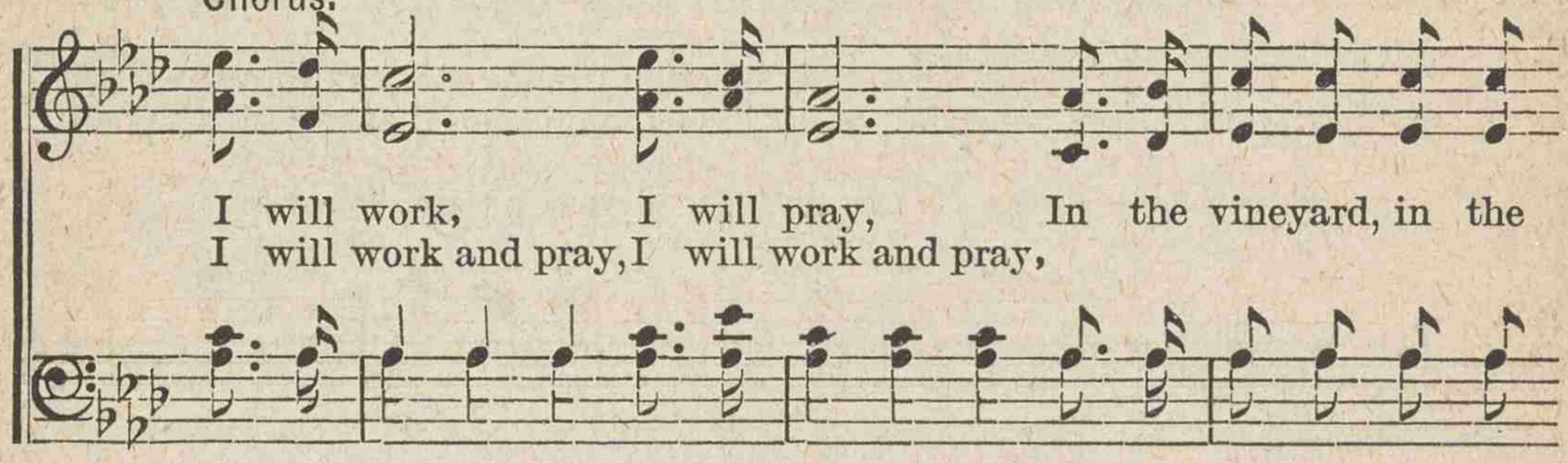
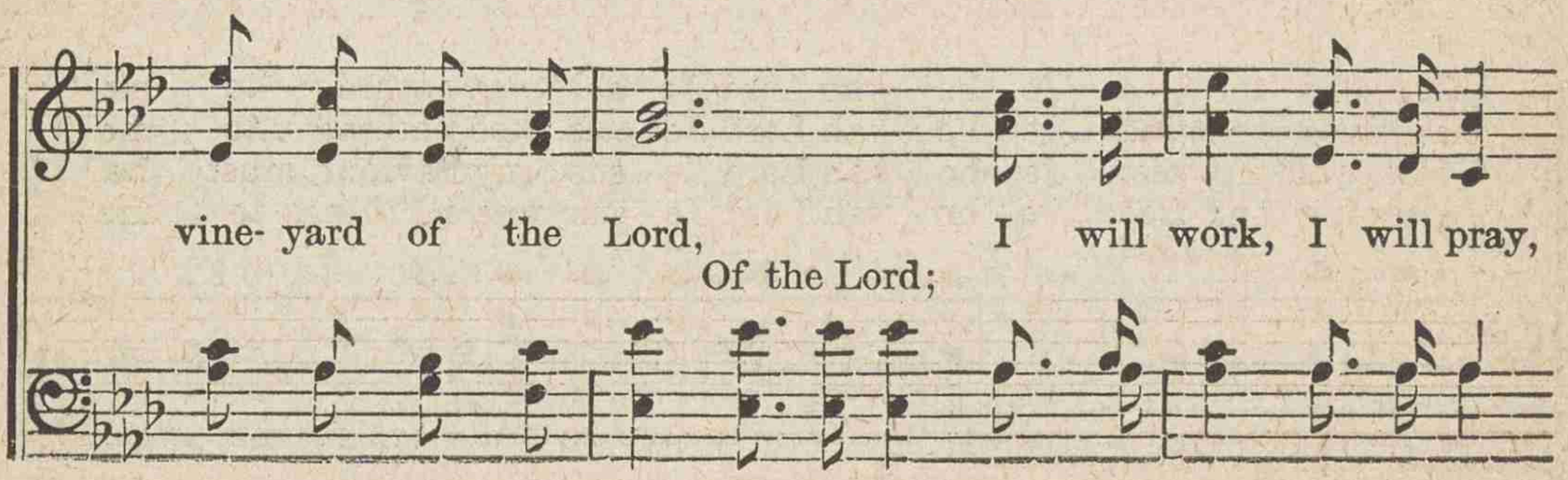
No. 64. THE FATHER-LAND.

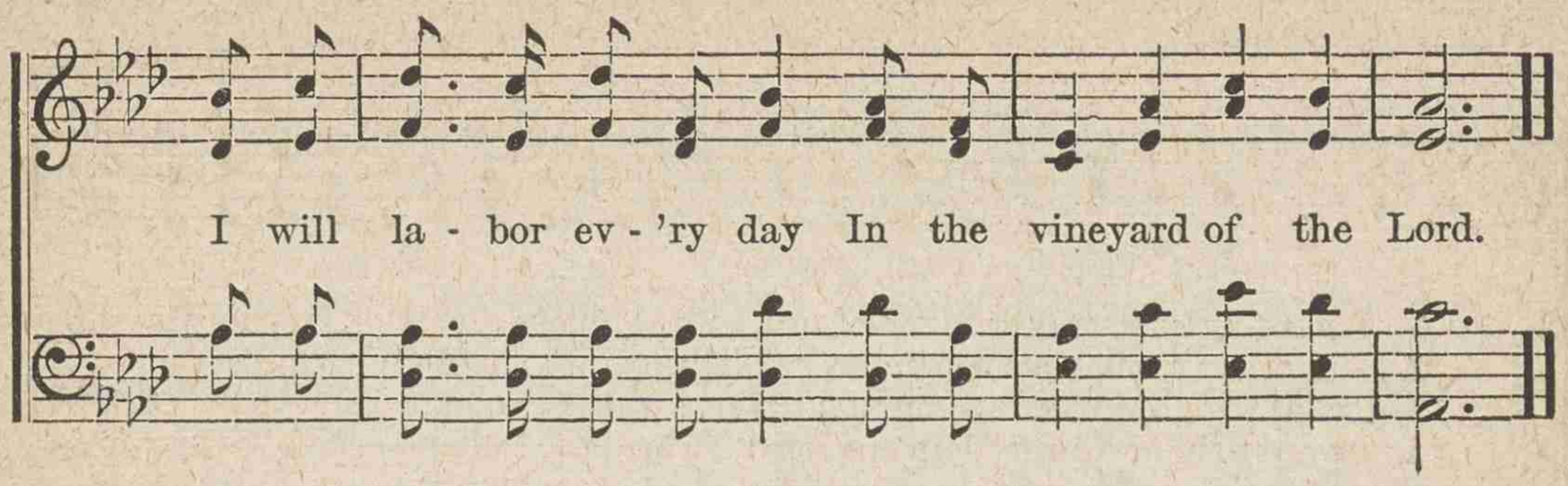
This is a song my Mother used to sing in the days of my childhood. She was a sweet singer and I know that in heaven they love to hear her sing. You may not like the song, it is very simple, but I love it for her sake. Not being acquanted with music, a friend has written it out from my memory as I heard her sing it nearly thirty years ago.

H. M. WHARTON.

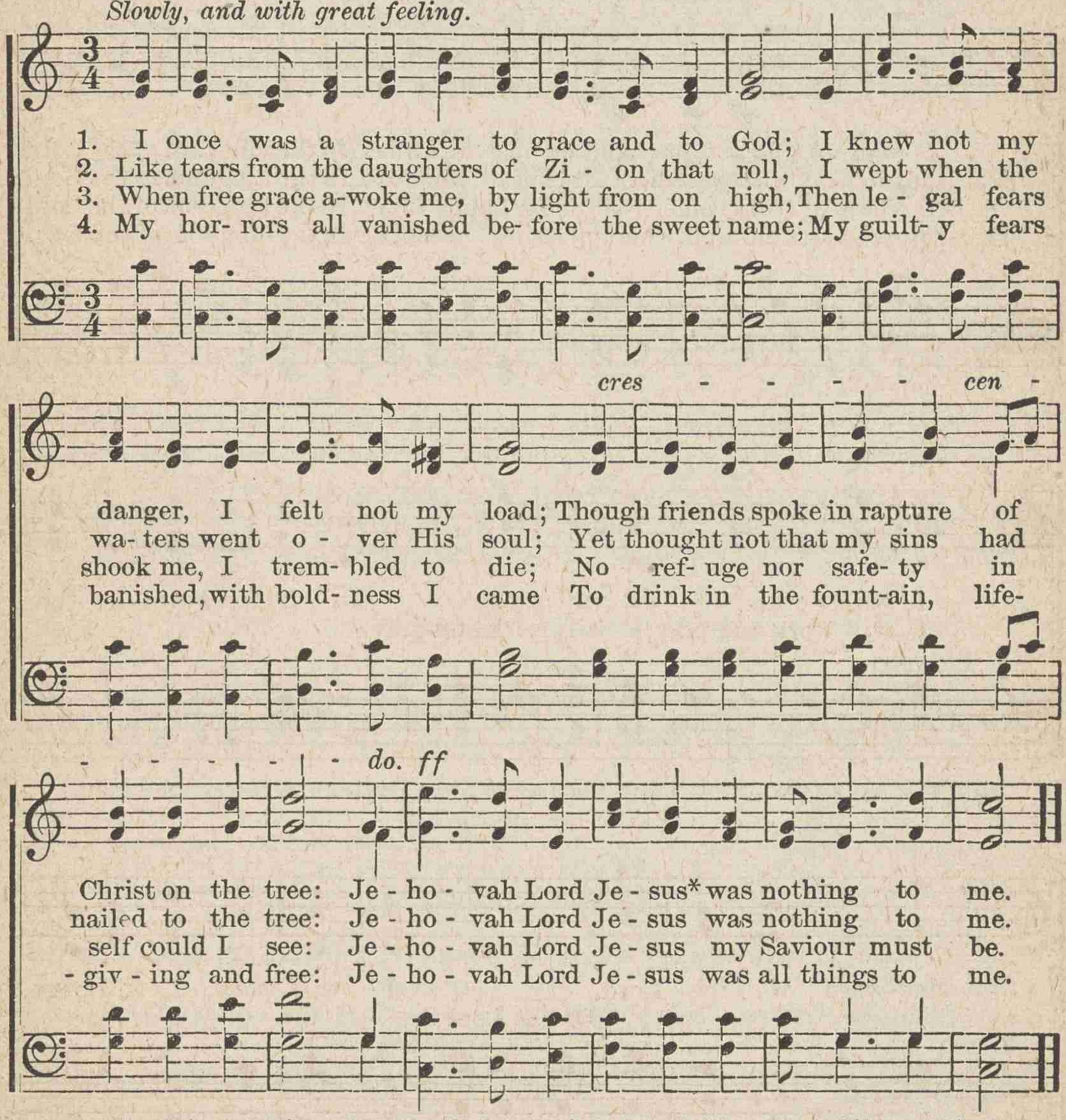
Arr. by FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasures are there;
2. There is a place where the an-gels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode;
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worship with me;
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er;

Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e- ter-nal - ly fair.
The joys of that home no tongue can tell, For there is the Palace of God.
Ex - al- ted with Christ high on His throne, The King in His beauty they see.
A land which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

Chorus.

That bliss-ful place is my Father- land, By faith its de-lights I ex plore;

Come fav- or my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

No. 65. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His holy word;
2. I want to be a worker ev'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the way
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy word

I want to sing and pray, and be busy ev'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.
That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home In the kingdom of the Lord.
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die In the kingdom of the Lord.

Chorus.

I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vine- yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
Of the Lord;

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

No. 66. I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

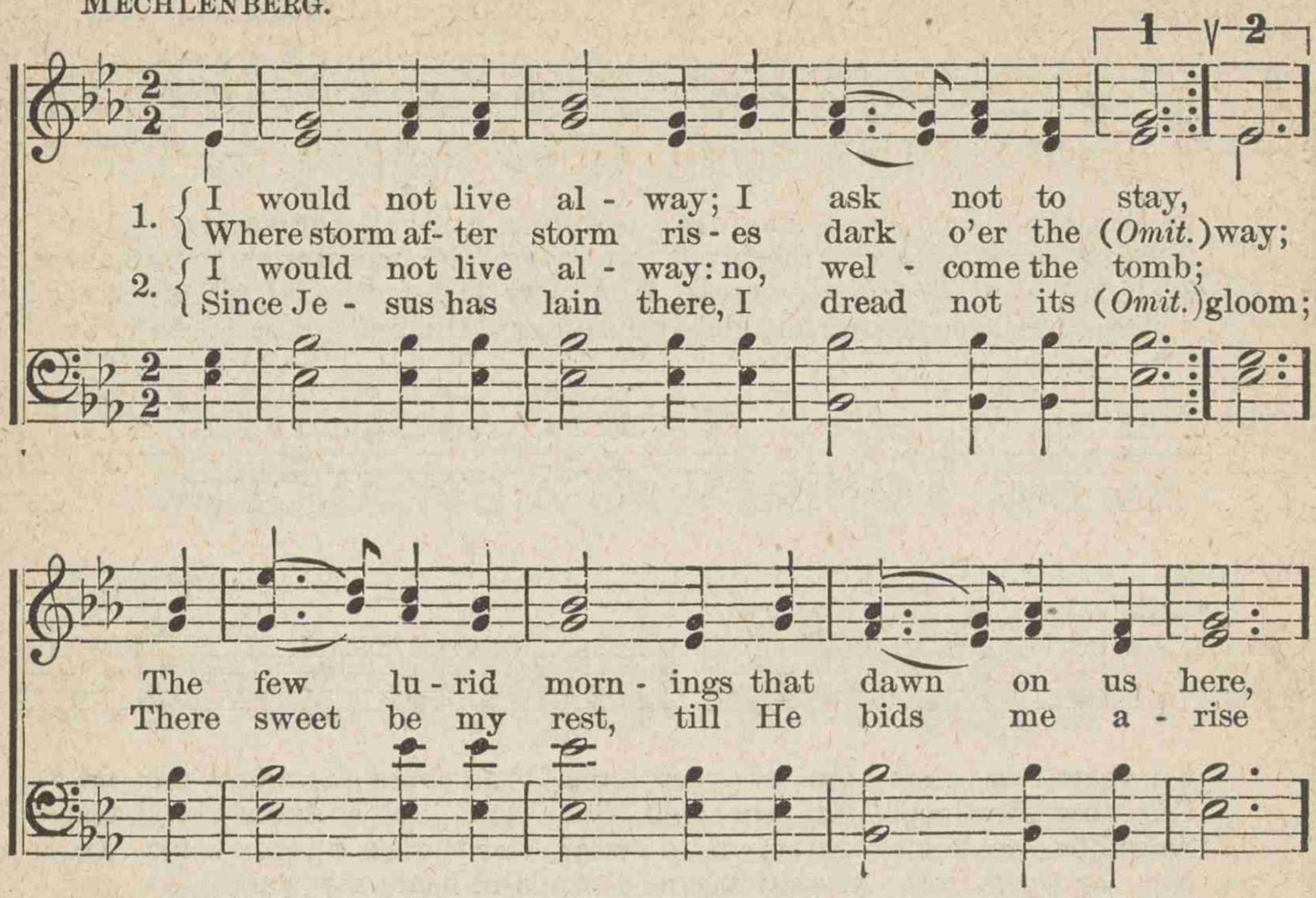
H. R. PALMER.

Slowly, and with great feeling.

*I have thought it better to insert the words "Lord Jesus," instead of the Hebrew word Tsid-ke-nu (The Lord of righteousness), which occurs in the original.—H. R. P.

Coyyright, 1879, by H. R. PALMER.

No. 67. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

MECHLENBERG.



3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethen transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

No. 68. THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

ALLEN. Chorus by I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove Who once went mourning here!
3. This con - se- cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
4. Oh, pre- cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur-rec- tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un- min- gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels from the skies, come down, And bear my soul a - way.

Chorus.

A beauti-ful crown in heaven to wear For all who here the cross will bear;

Oh, bear it, my brother! and when you get there A beautiful crown you'll wear.

No. 69. JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

Not too fast.

1. Je - sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain, Shout the glad tidings the
2. Je - sus is com-ing, redeem'd hosts, be glad, Put on the garments of
3. Je - sus is com-ing, too late it will be, When in the morning His
4. Je - sus is com-ing, O sin-ner, a-wake! Free is sal - va - tion to

good news proclaim; Je - sus is com-ing a King on His throne,
beau-ty— be clad; Watch-ing and waiting be, soon He will come,
glo - ry we see; Sleep-ing, with lamps untrim'd, fearful re - pose;
all who par-take; Drink at the fountain that flows full and free,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is com-ing to welcome His own. Je-sus is coming, re -
Come in His grandeur to welcome you home.
Je - sus has enter'd, now clos'd are the doors.
Mer - cy and par-don are of - fer'd to thee.

peat the re-frain; Je - sus is com-ing, is com-ing a - gain.

rit. *Repeat pp*

No. 70. AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Af-ter the storm that sweeps the sea; After the drift-ing to the lea;
2. Af-ter the winter long and drear; After the snowclouds dis-ap- pear;
3. Af-ter the long and toilsome day; After the sun's fierce, burning ray;
4. Af-ter the course of life is run; After its work has all been done;
5. Af-ter the march of time shall cease, After earth-strife shall end in peace;

After the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
After the winds sweet odors bring, Cometh the ev - er welcome spring.
After the toil- er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re- pose.
After the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
After the changeful dis- ap- pears, Cometh the long, e- ter - nal years.

Refrain.

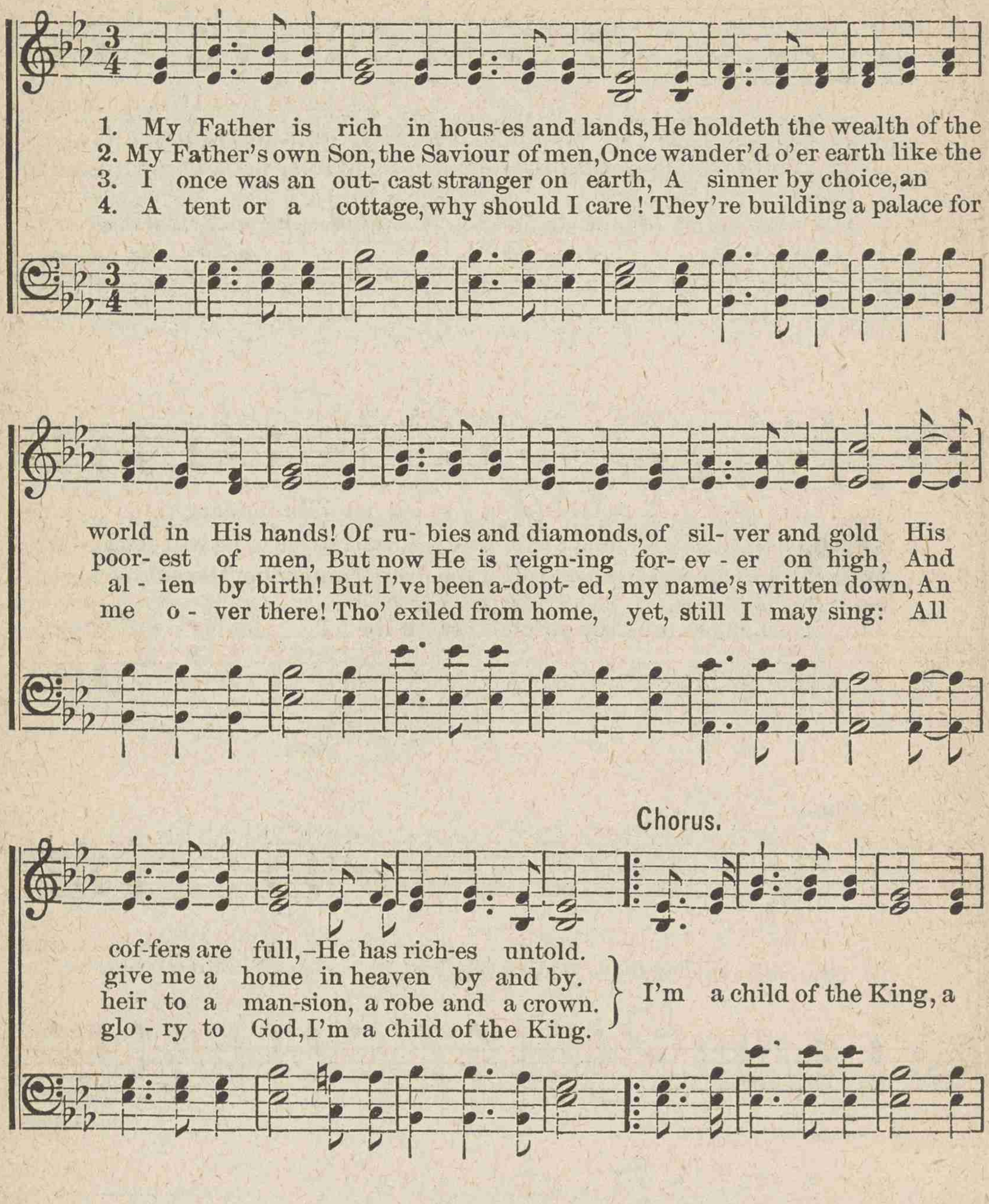
Af - ter all that here we see, What will there be, What will there be?

Af- ter all that here we see, Af - ter all, e- ter - ni - ty.

From the "Gospel Awakening," by per.
Copyright, 1884, by F. A. BLACKMER.

No. 71. A CHILD OF THE KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, by per.



No. 72. THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. I know not the time of His com - ing: The hour of the day is not known;
2. I know not what duties a - wait me, What work He requires me to do;
3. I know not! but whether the summons Shall come in the day or the night,

But I know, that if I am then read - y, I'll not walk the dark valley a- lone.
But with heart and with hands ever ready I shall strive to be will-ing and true.
I have faith–with the plea, thou hast call'd me–I shall enter the "Portals of Light."

Chorus.

I know not, I know not, I know not the day nor the year:
I know not the day, I know not the day,

I know not, I know not, Yet sometime His step I shall hear.
I know not the day, I know not the year,

No. 73. MY PEACE I WILL GIVE UNTO THEE.

R. G. STAPLES. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. To Jesus my loving Redeemer, Whose blood flowed so freely for me,
2. I sought other ways, in my folly, I groped in the darkness of night;
3. At last in my weakness, I sought Him; His hand was extended to save;
4. 'Twas Jesus who saved me, and blessed me; I'll cling to His cross while I live;

I came in my weakness and blindness–Sweet peace He has given to me.
No hope gleaned across the dark pathway, My sins they had blinded my sight.
I bowed at the cross in sub-mission– His mercy and pardon He gave.
His blood free-ly spilt for redemption, Will peace to a poor sinner give.

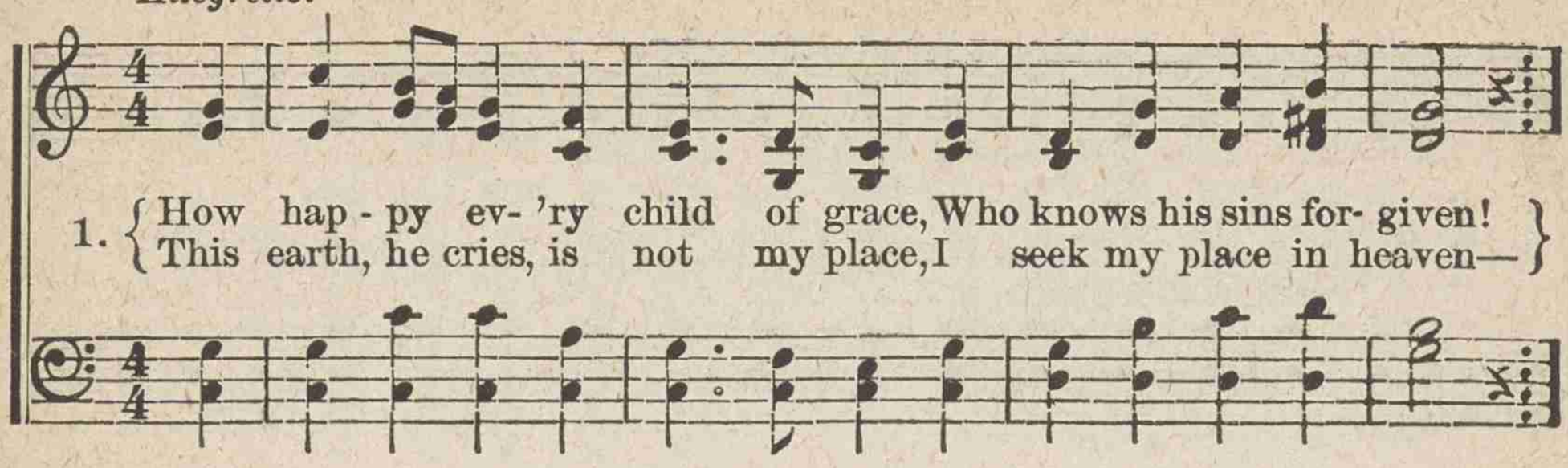
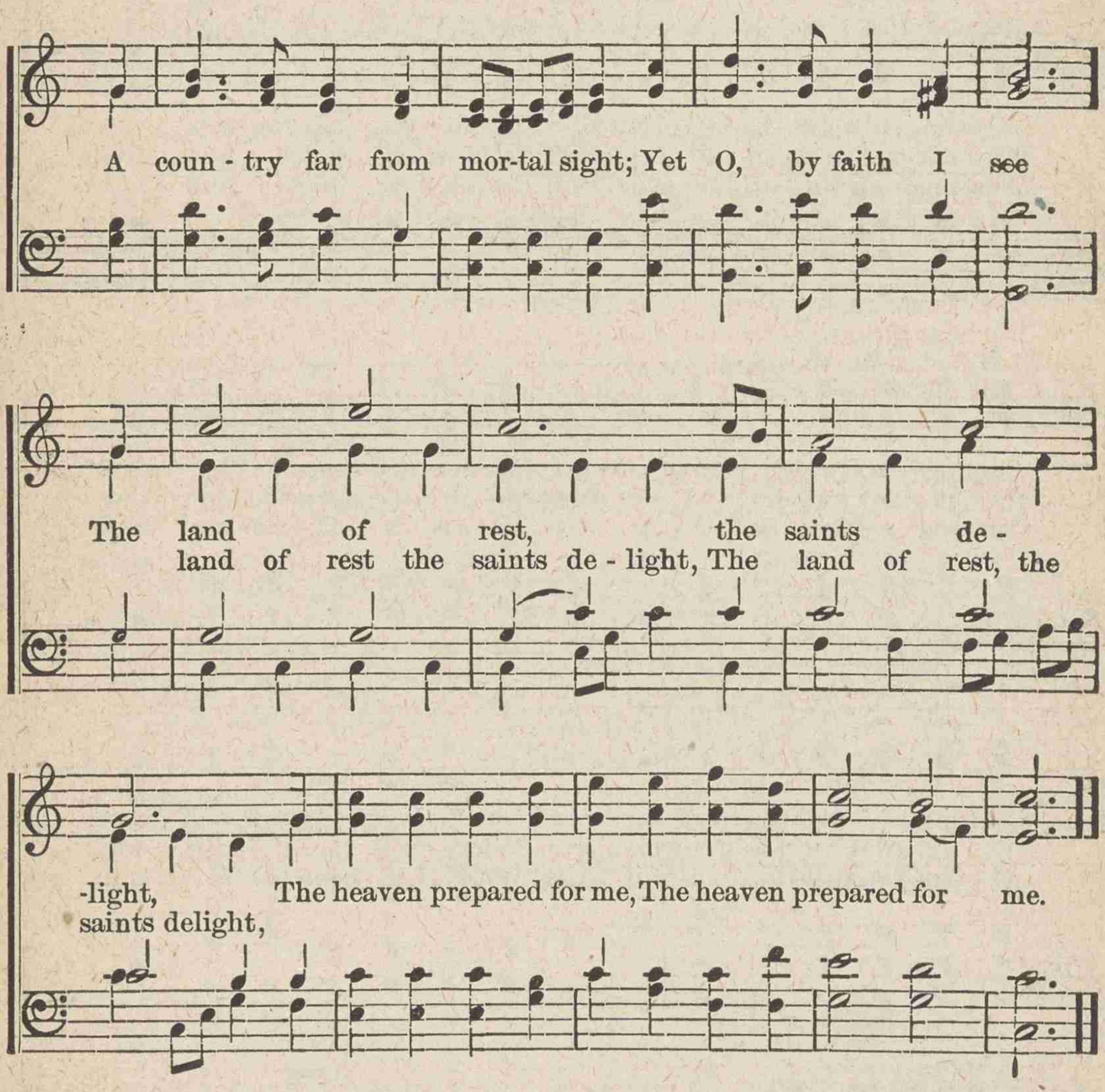
Chorus.

His blood has cleansed me from sin; My name is writ-ten on high; A

child by a - dop-tion—I'm heir To man-sions of light in the sky.

No. 74. THE LAND OF REST.

Allegretto.



2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirit go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wander at His grace,
Through all eternity.

No. 75. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

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

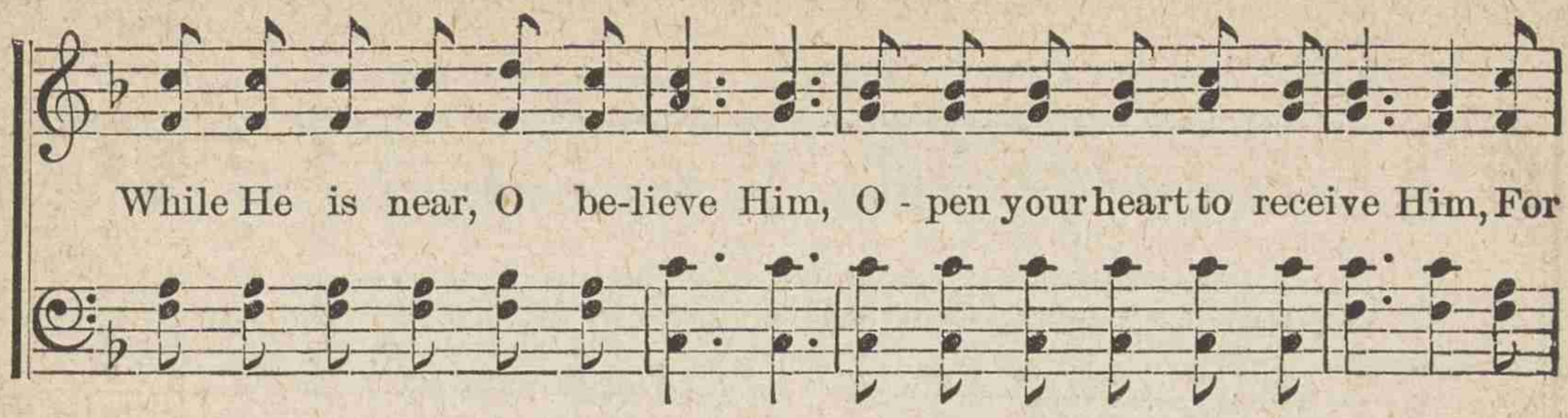
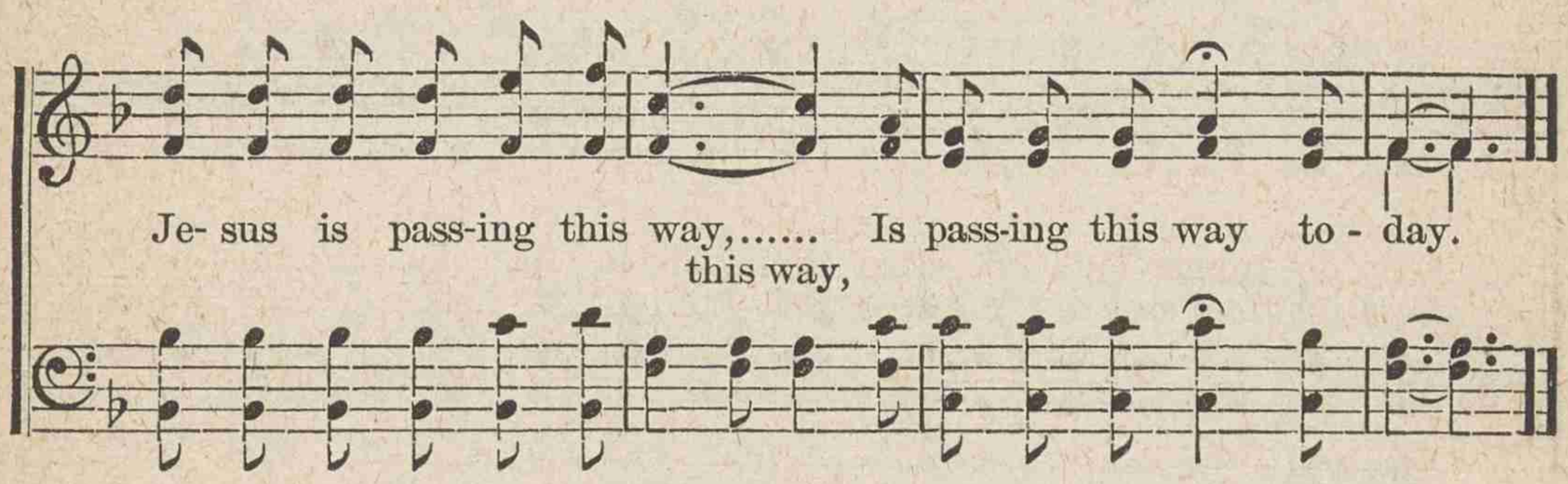
Welcome the news that we bring Him: "Je-sus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment ac-cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Coming in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be-stow,
He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;
Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?

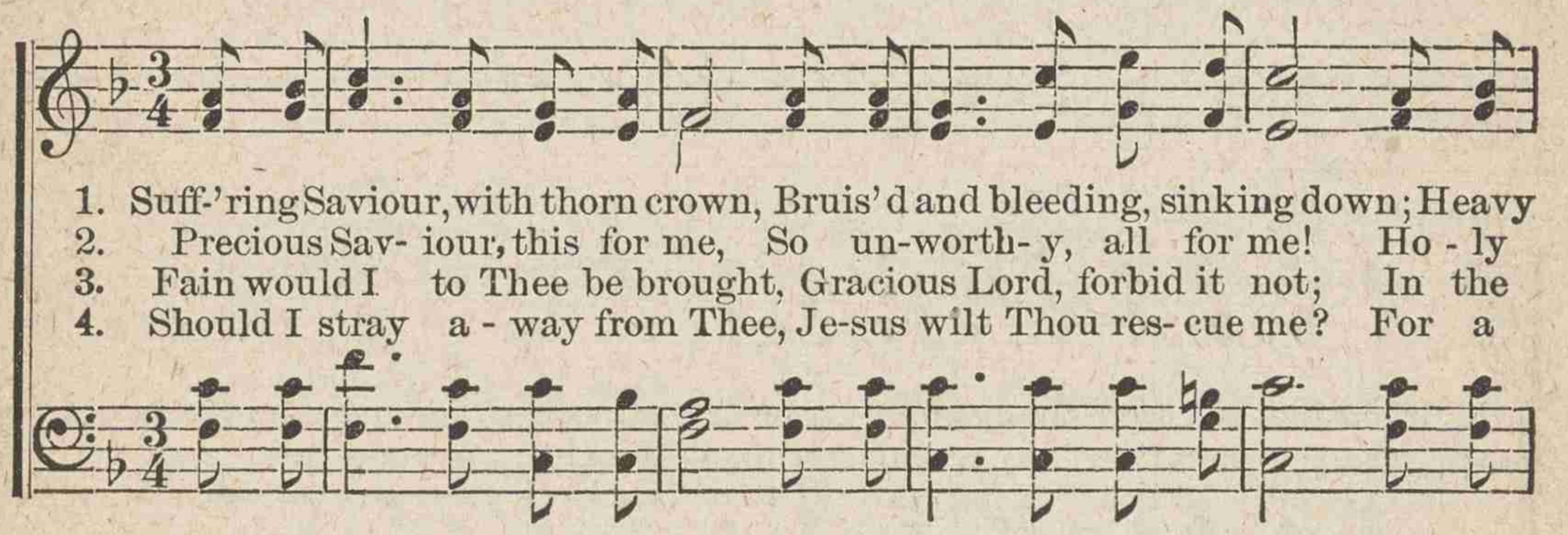
Com-ing to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad-mit Him, While He is com-ing so near.

Chorus.

Je-sus is passing this way, . . . To-day, . . To-day, . . .
Je-sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.—Concluded.

No. 76. Suffering Saviour, Save Me Now.

Words of 3d. & 4th. verses by D. H. L. D. HAYDEN LLOYD.



No. 77. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

S. STENNETT. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Yon- der, a - maz- ing sight! I see Th'in-car-nate Son of God,
2. The trem-bling earth, the darkened sky, Pro-claim the truth a - loud;
3. So great, so vast a sac - ri- fice May well my hope re - vive;
4. Oh, that these cords of love di-vine Might draw me, Lord, to Thee!

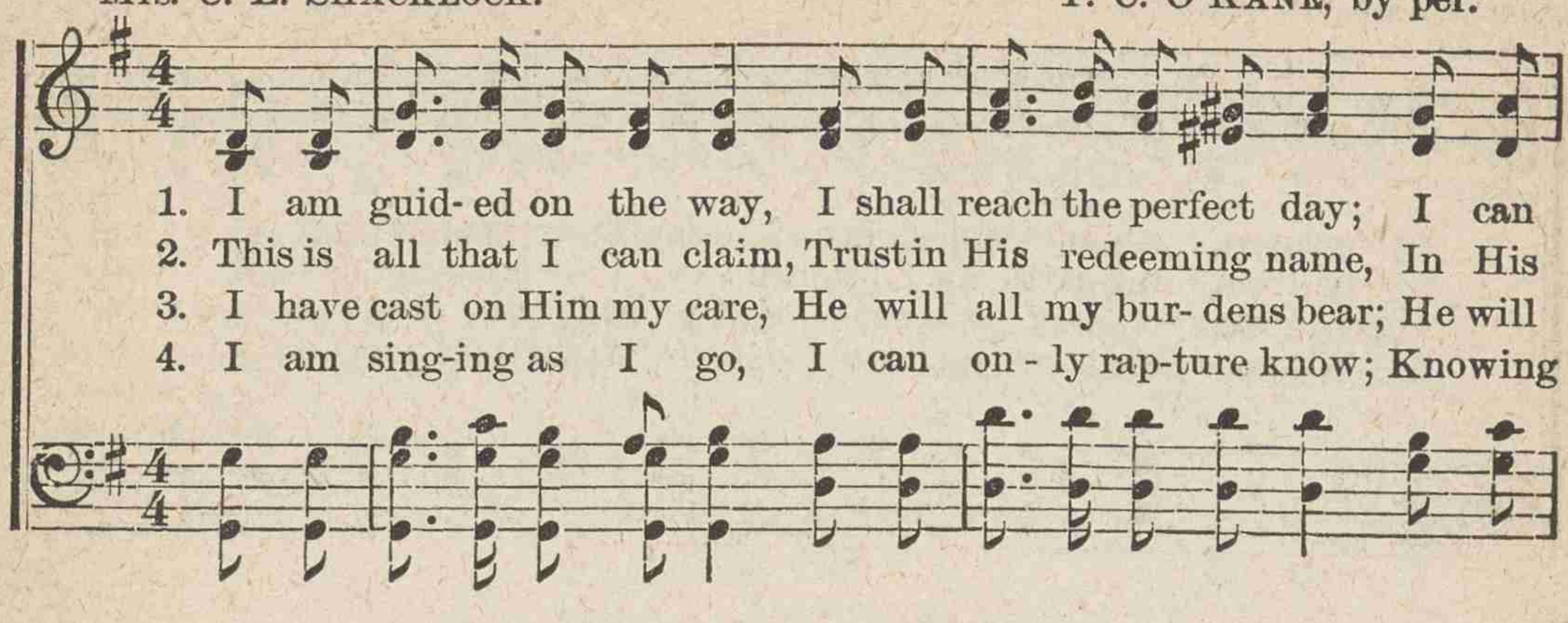
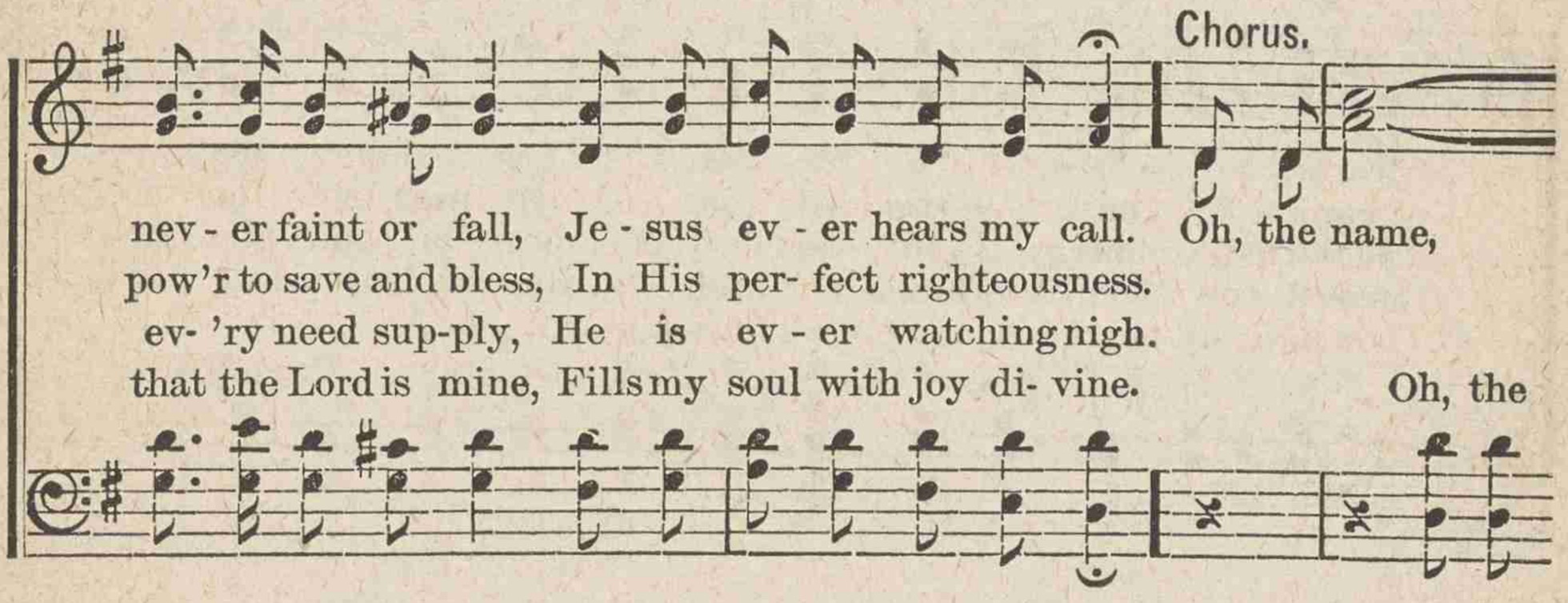
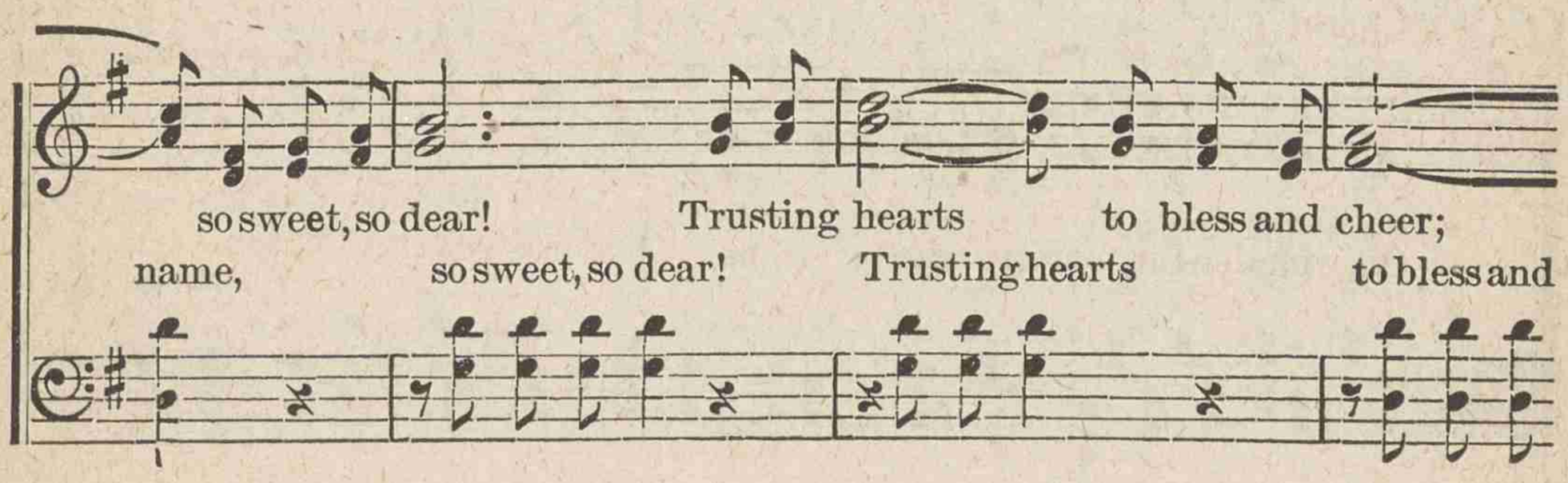
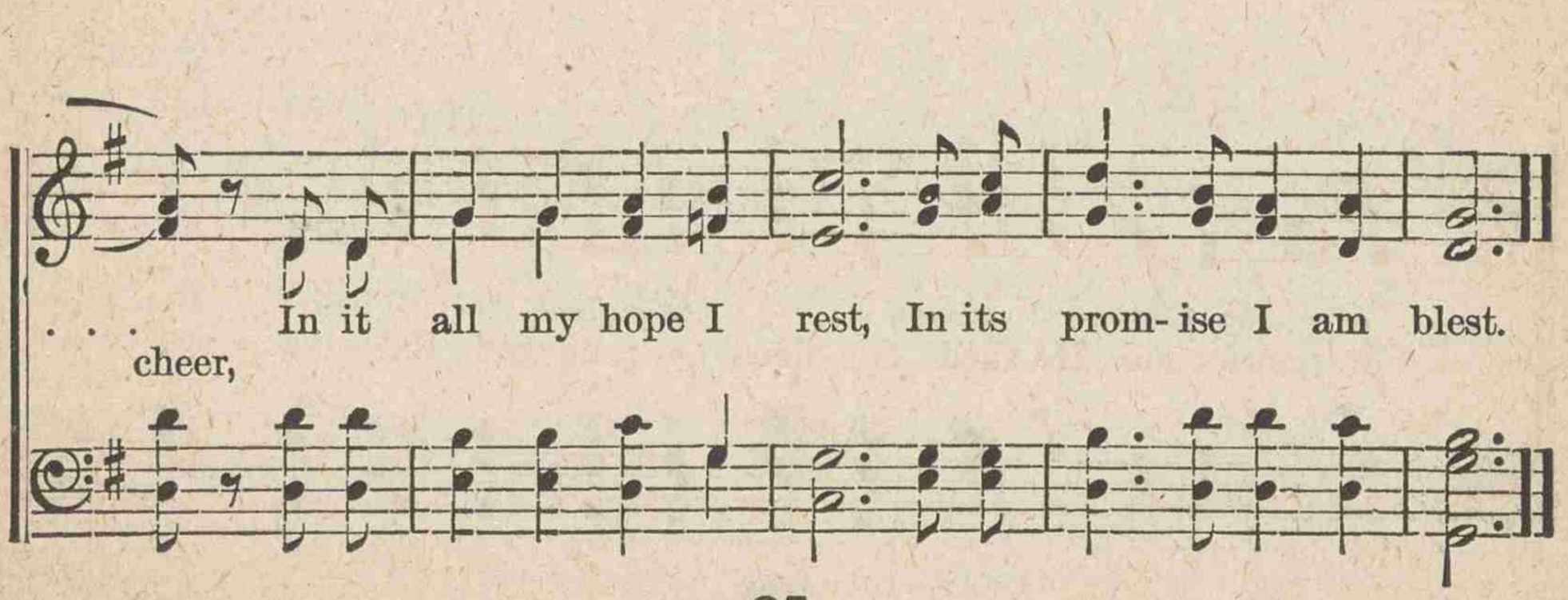
Ex- pir - ing on th'ac-curs - ed tree, And welt'ring in His blood.
And, with th' amazed cen - tu - rion cry, This is the Son of God.
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies, The sin - ner sure may live.
Thou hast my heart—it shall be Thine—Thine it shall ev - er be.

Chorus.

Oh, won-der-ful mer-cy can it be That Je- sus died for me?.....
for me,

For me, for me He shed His blood On rug- ged Cal - va - ry.

No. 78. NO OTHER NAME.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

No. 79. BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Like a vine whose ten - der branches 'Round the oak have
2. As a bird on pin- ions wear- y, Trembling seeks its
3. In Thy pre - cious lov - ing- kindness Shall my trust - ing
4. High-er than the hills that cir - cle 'Round Thy throne in

learned to cling; So my heart has found a shelt - er
par - ent nest, Came my spir - it heav- y la - den
soul a - bide, From the ar - rows of op - pres - sion
heaven a - bove, Deep - er than the might-y o - cean

Chorus.

Day by day,

In Thy love O Lord, my King.
To its ref - uge on Thy breast.
Guarded safe on ev- ery side.
Is Thy vast e - ter-nal love.

Day by day my lips shall

For Thy

of - fer, Grate-ful songs of praise to Thee; For Thy

Grate- ful song of praise to Thee.

BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.—Concluded.

won - drous

wondrous, wondrous loving kindness, Bet-ter far than life to me.

No. 80. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav- iour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }
2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love; / Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done. I am my Lord's, and He is mine. / He drew me, and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice di - vine. }

S. Chorus.

FINE.

Hap- py day, hap- py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

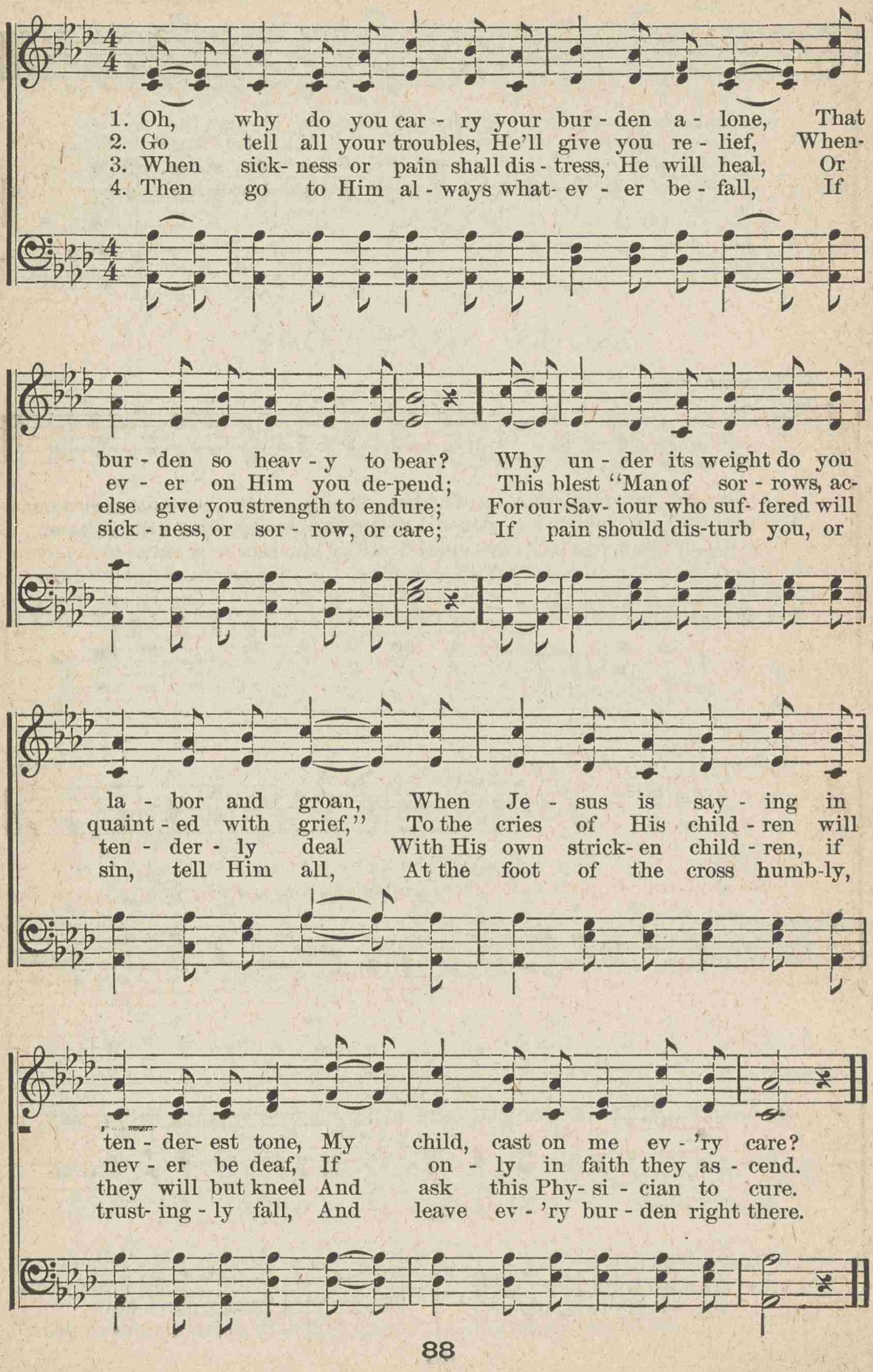
D.S.

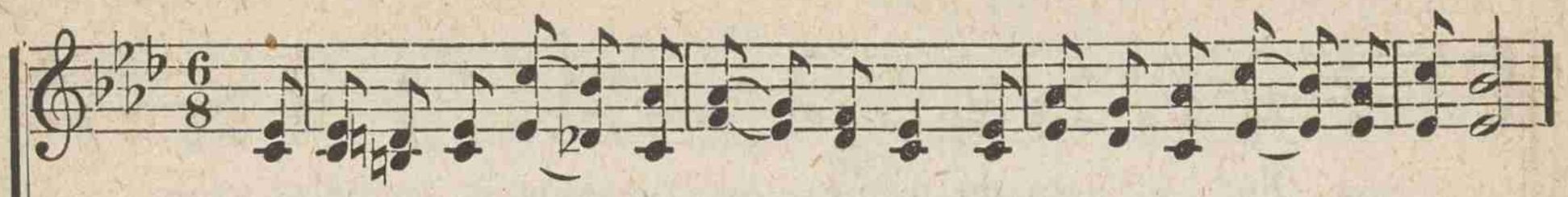
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re- joic- ing ev-'ry day.

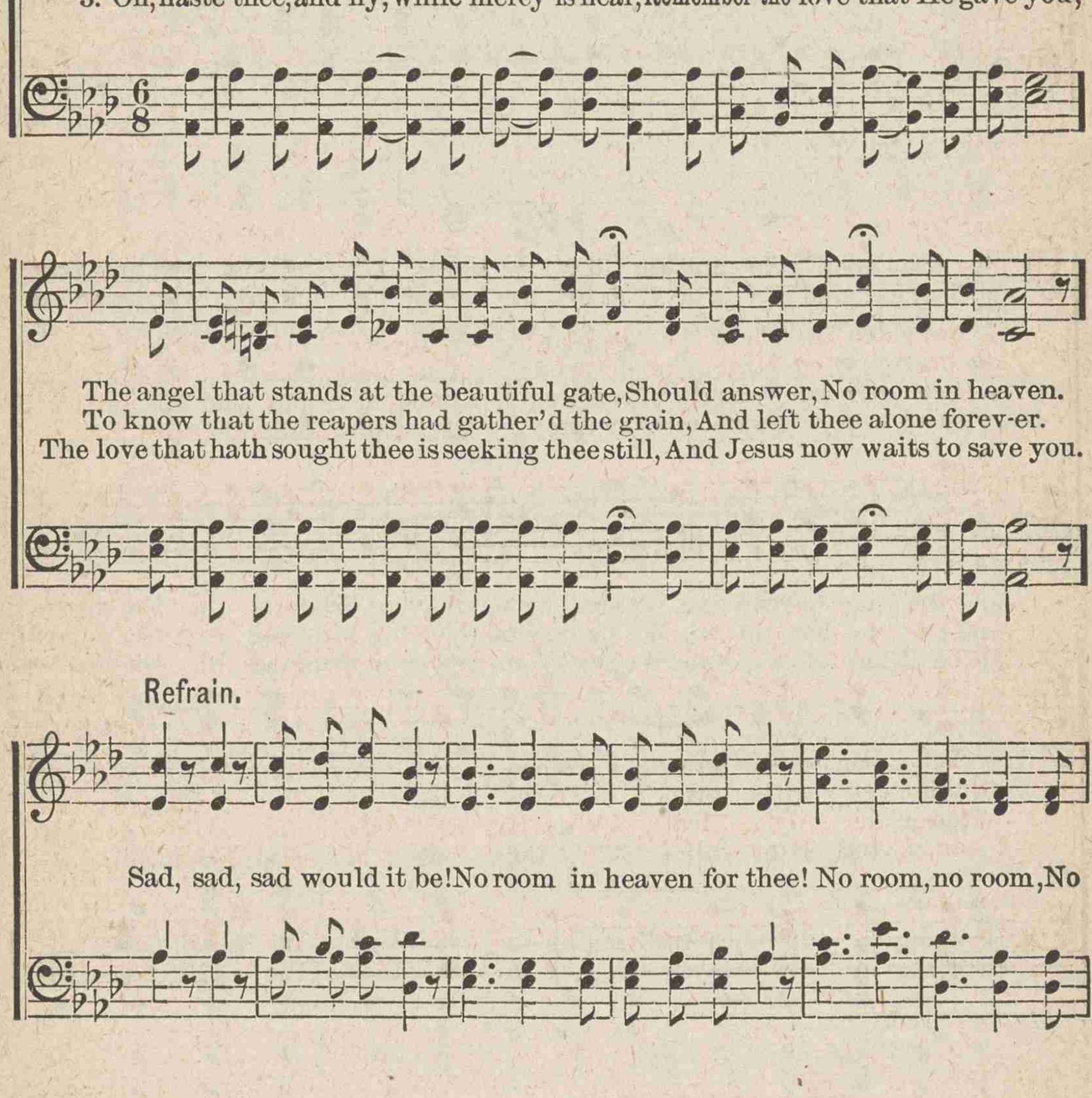
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possess'd.

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

No. 81. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

M. M. M., "Christian Intelligencer." R. G. STAPLES.

No. 82. NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

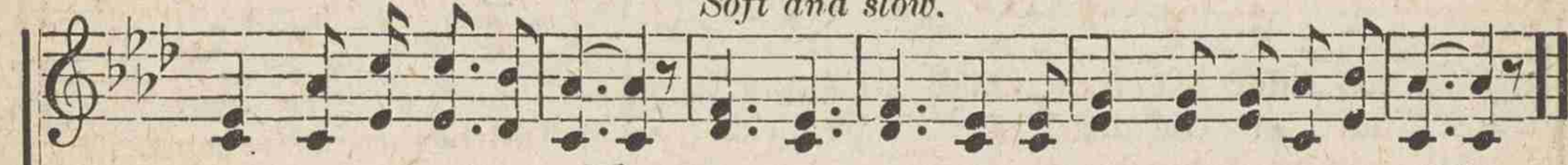
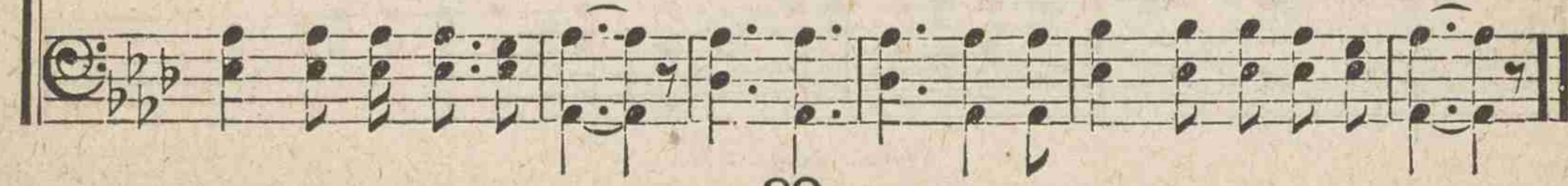
W. O. CUSHING. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un-for-given,
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all over;
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that He gave you;



The angel that stands at the beautiful gate, Should answer, No room in heaven.
To know that the reapers had gather'd the grain, And left thee alone forev-er.
The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And Jesus now waits to save you.

Refrain.

Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No

Soft and slow.

room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee.

No. 83. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.
Words by per. FILLMORE BROS. Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.

1. Sow - ing in the morn- ing, sow- ing seeds of kindness, Sow - ing in the noon- tide and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the har- vest,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow- ing in the shadows, Fear - ing neith - er clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har- vest,
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow- ing for the Mas- ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver

and the time of reap- ing, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
and the la- bor end- ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-
{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-

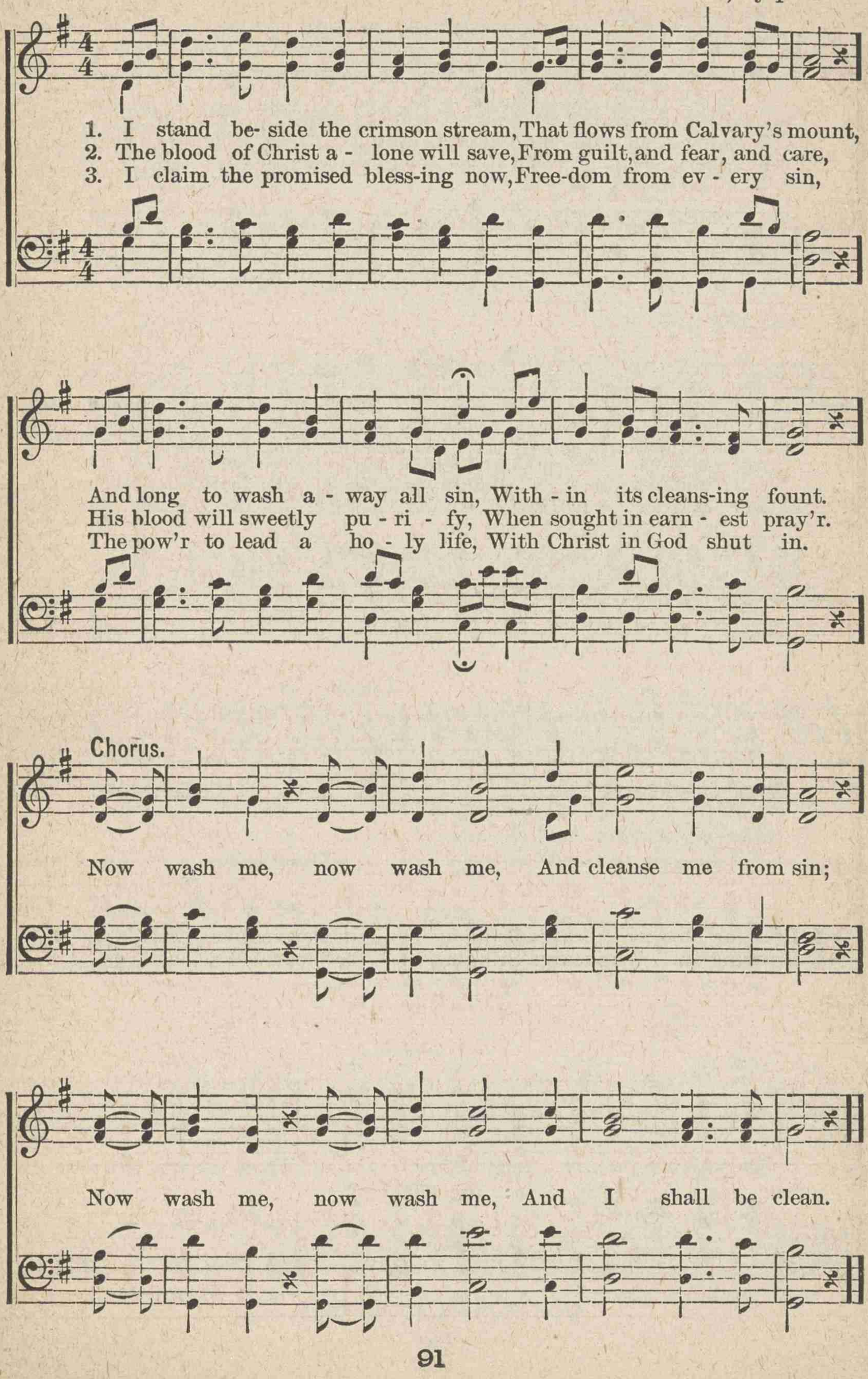
1 *Rep. pp.* 2

- joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves,
- joic - ing, (*Omit.* . . . . . bring - ing in the sheaves.

From " Gospel Echoes."

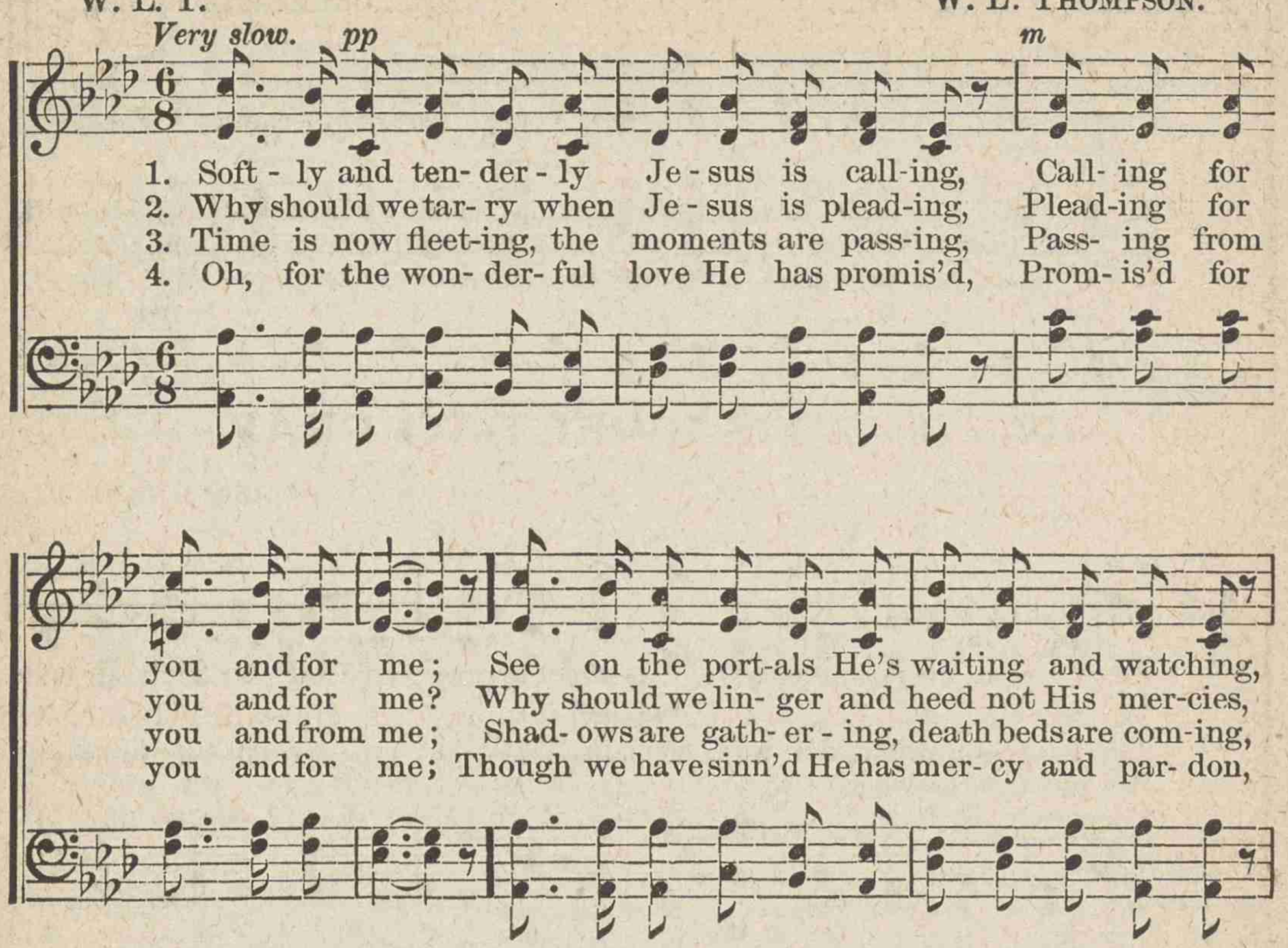
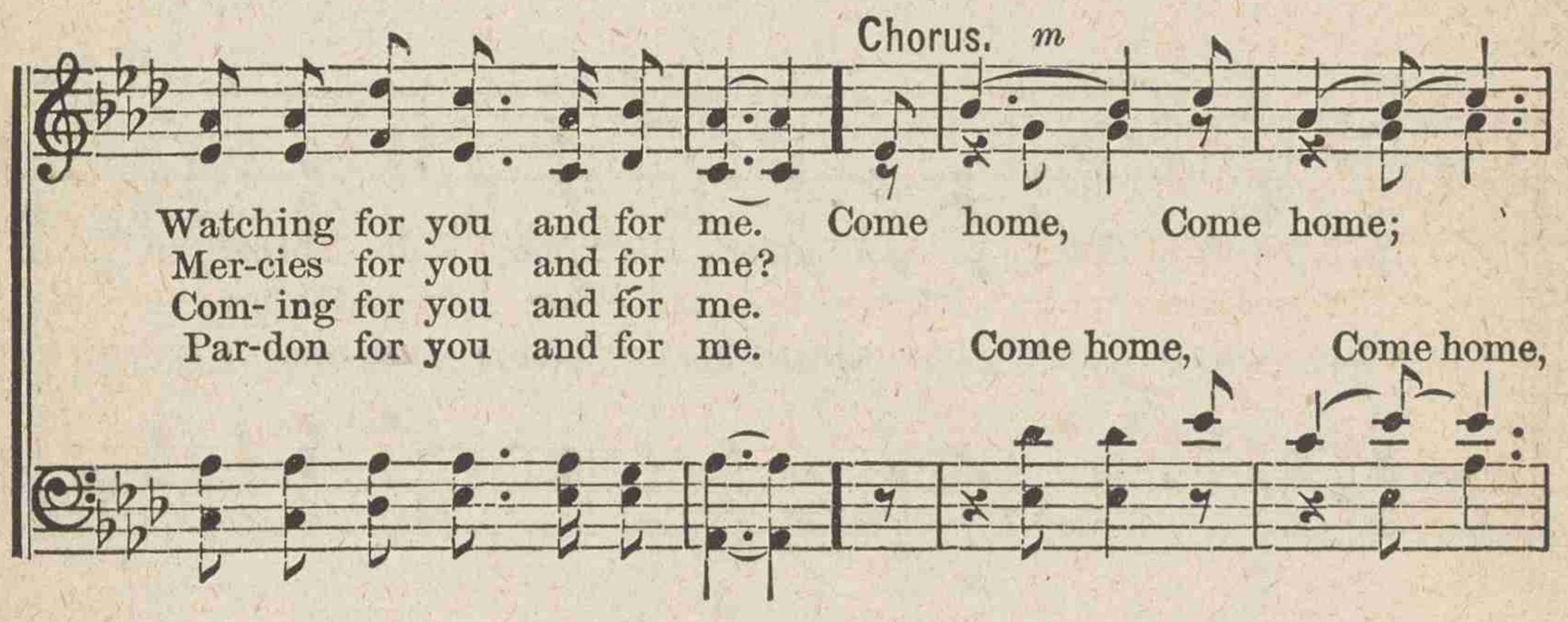
No. 84. THE CRIMSON STREAM.

Rev. J. W. STEVENSON. S. B. ELLENBERGER, by per.

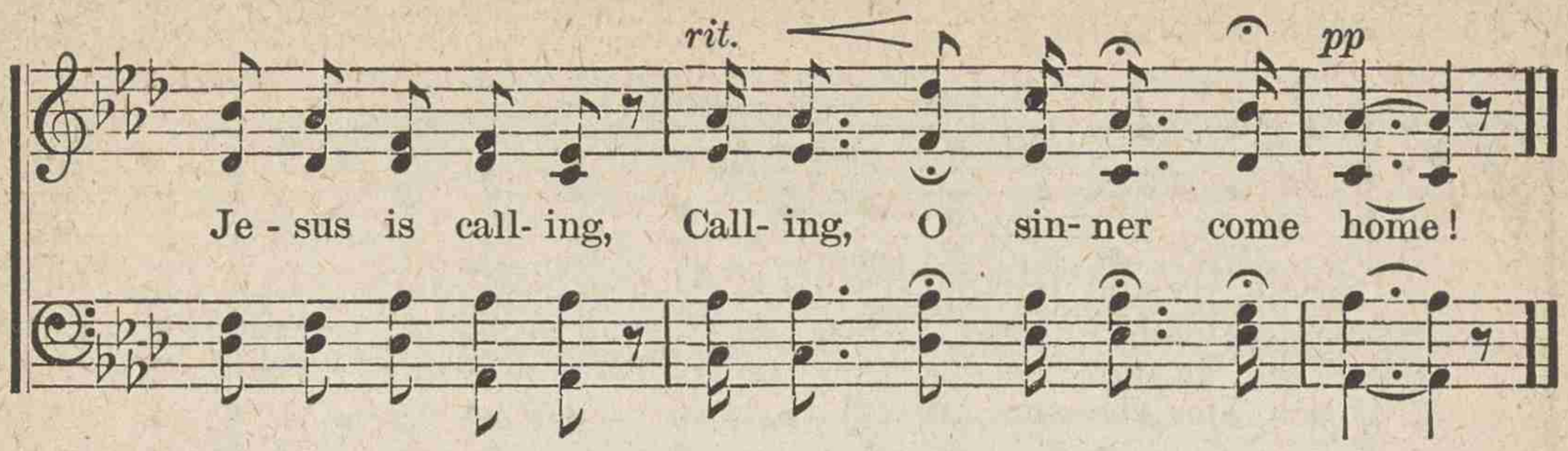


No. 85. Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

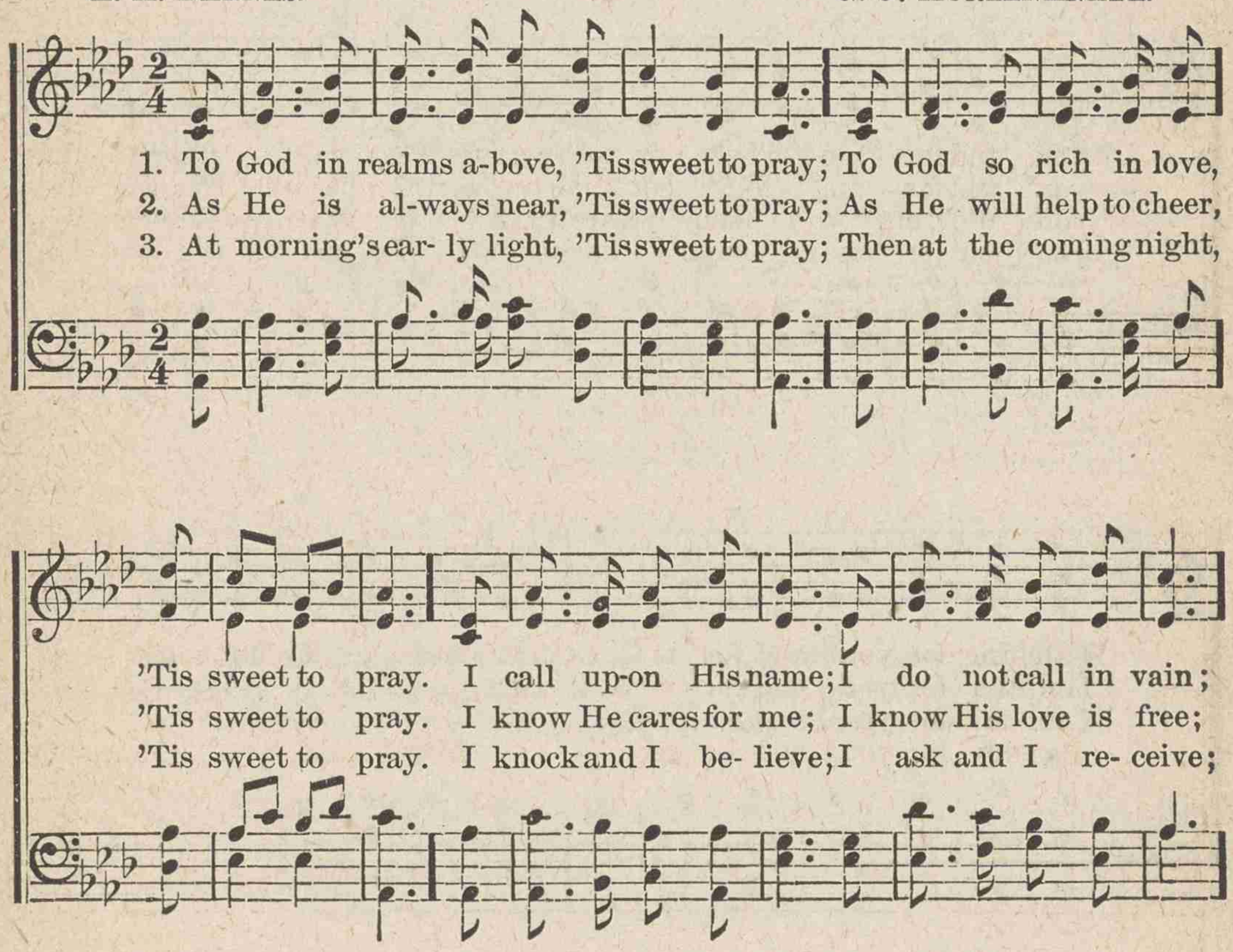
W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.



By per. W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Softly and Tenderly, Etc.—Concluded.

No. 86. 'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

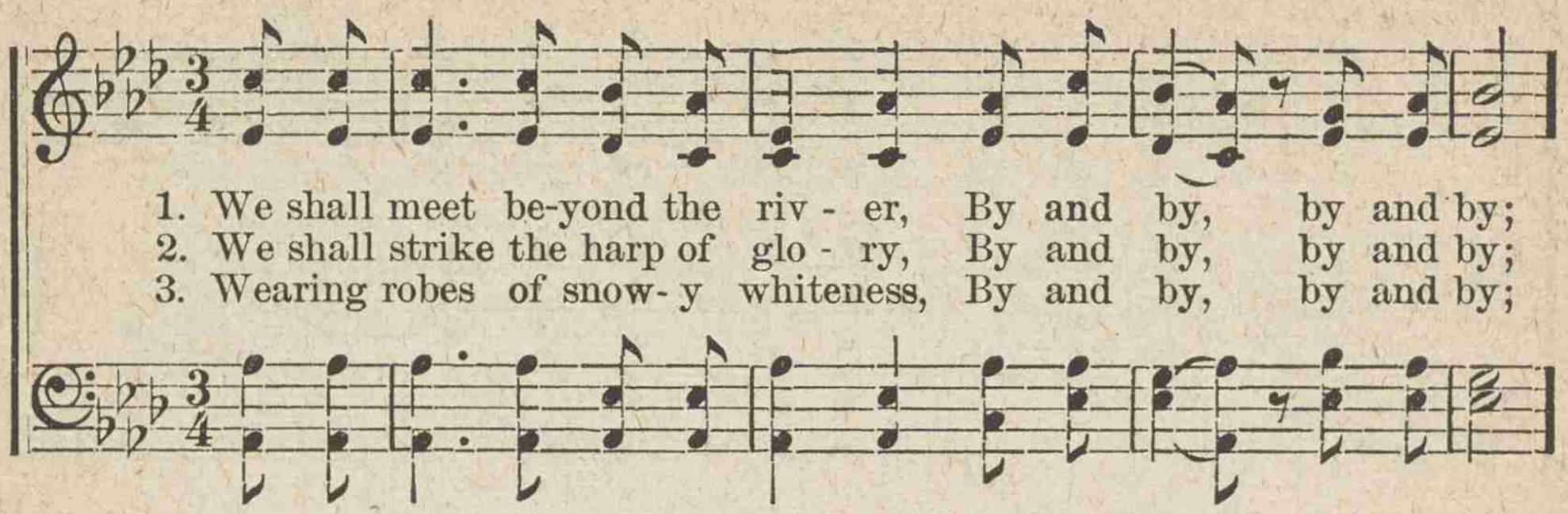
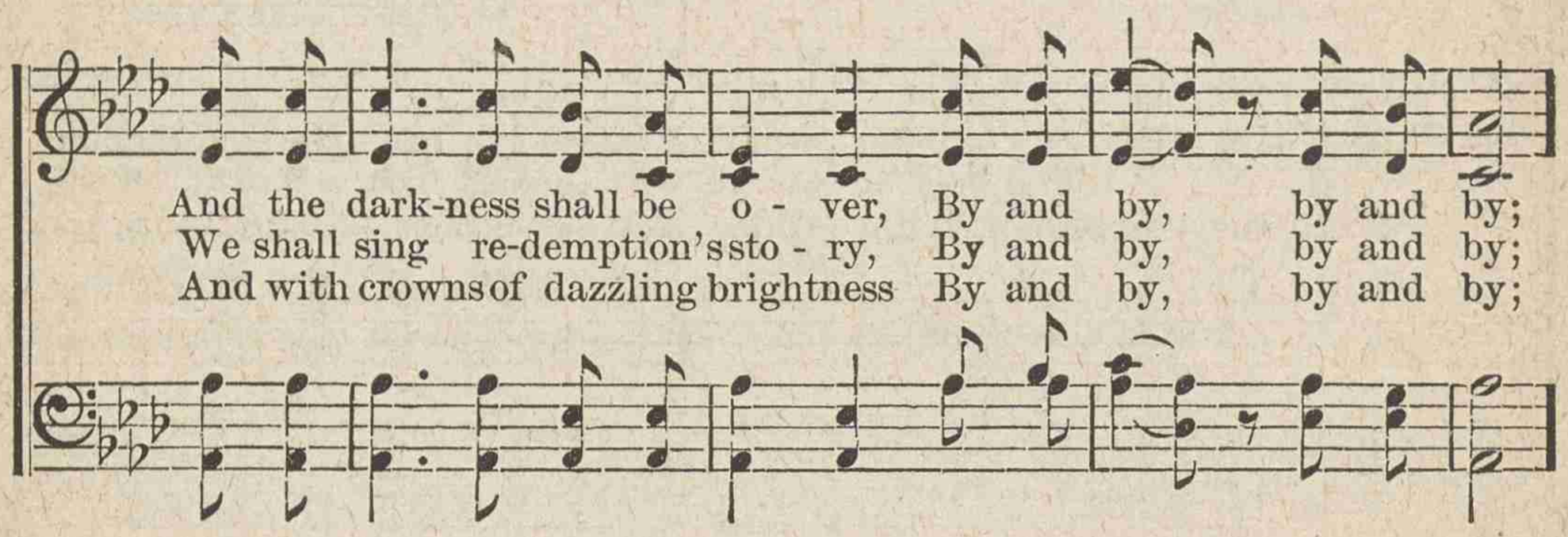
E. A. BARNES. G. J. KURZENKNABE.

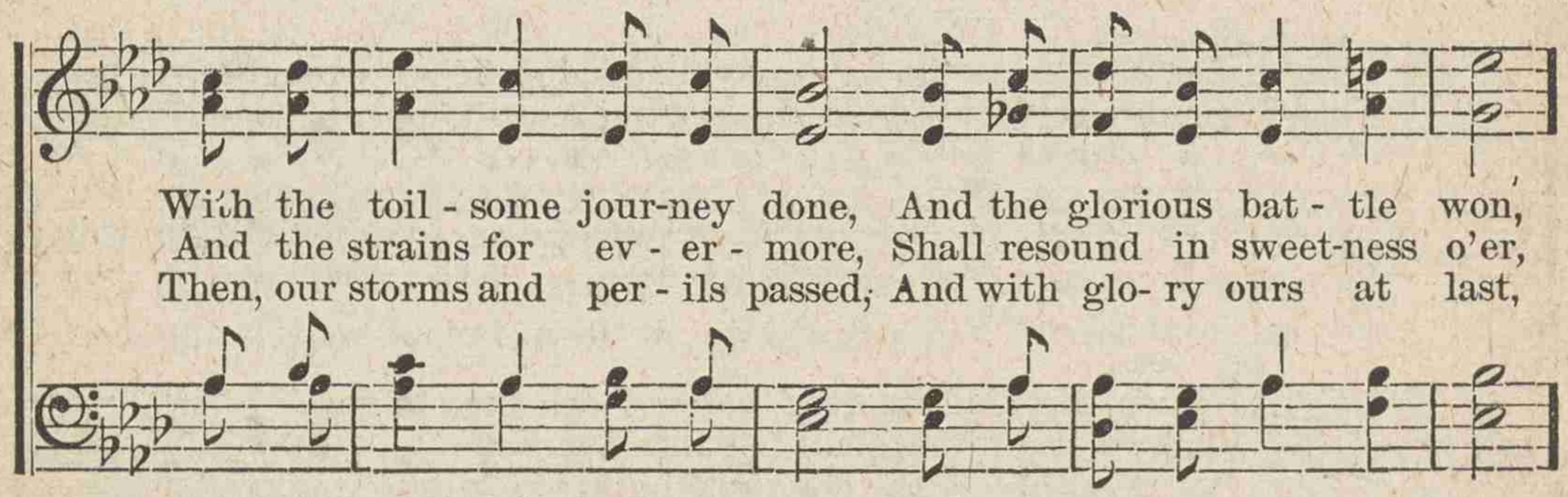
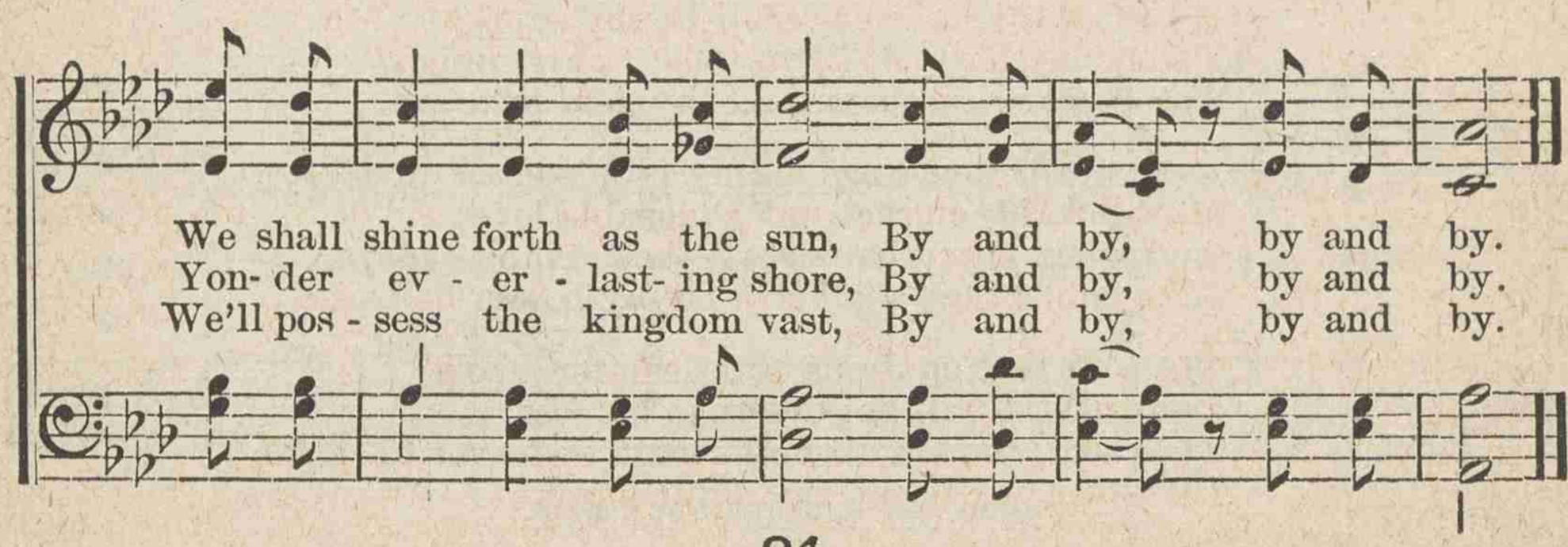


By per. J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

No. 87. BY AND BY.

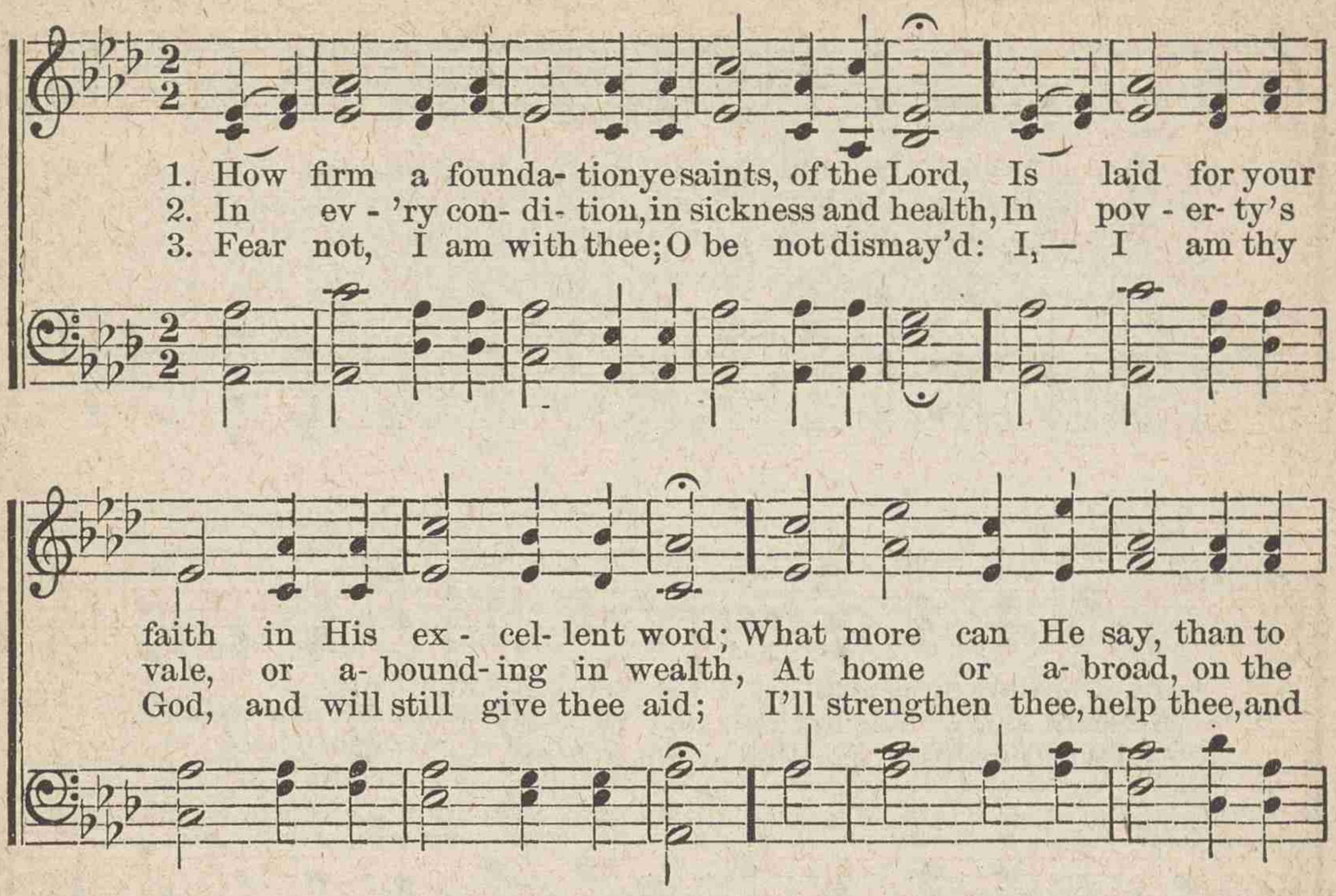
Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, D. D. R. G. STAPLES.





No. 88. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged.



4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

No. 89. JESUS, I LOVE THY CHARMING NAME.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 90. BELIEVE, AND KEEP ON BELIEVING.

Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my cru- ci-fied Lord, Believed in redemption a-
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true liv-ing One, Believed in His presence on

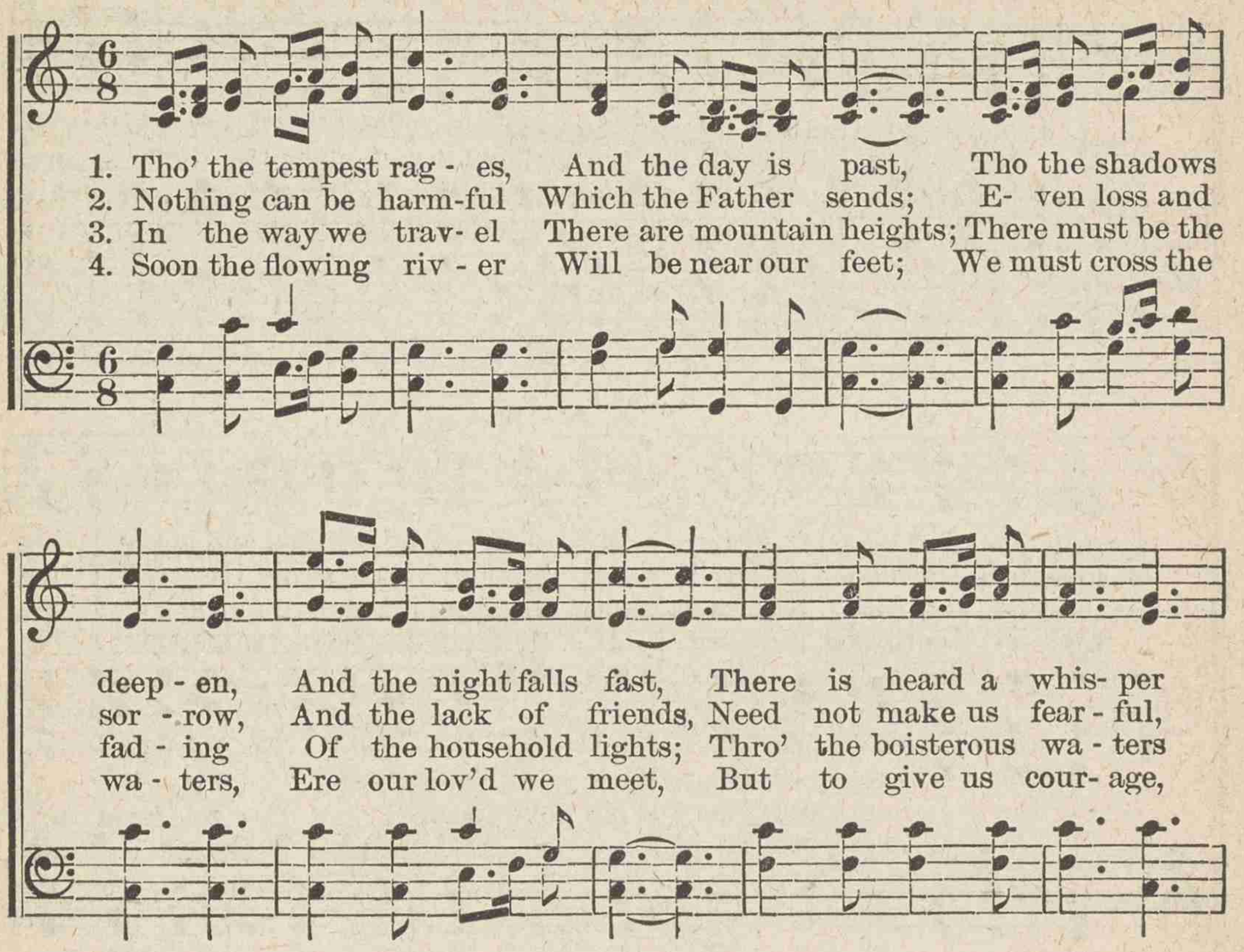
rec- on- ciled face, Believed in His message of par-don and peace, I be-
lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word; I be-
bless-ed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-
high on the throne, Believed in His com-ing in glo- ry full soon; I be-

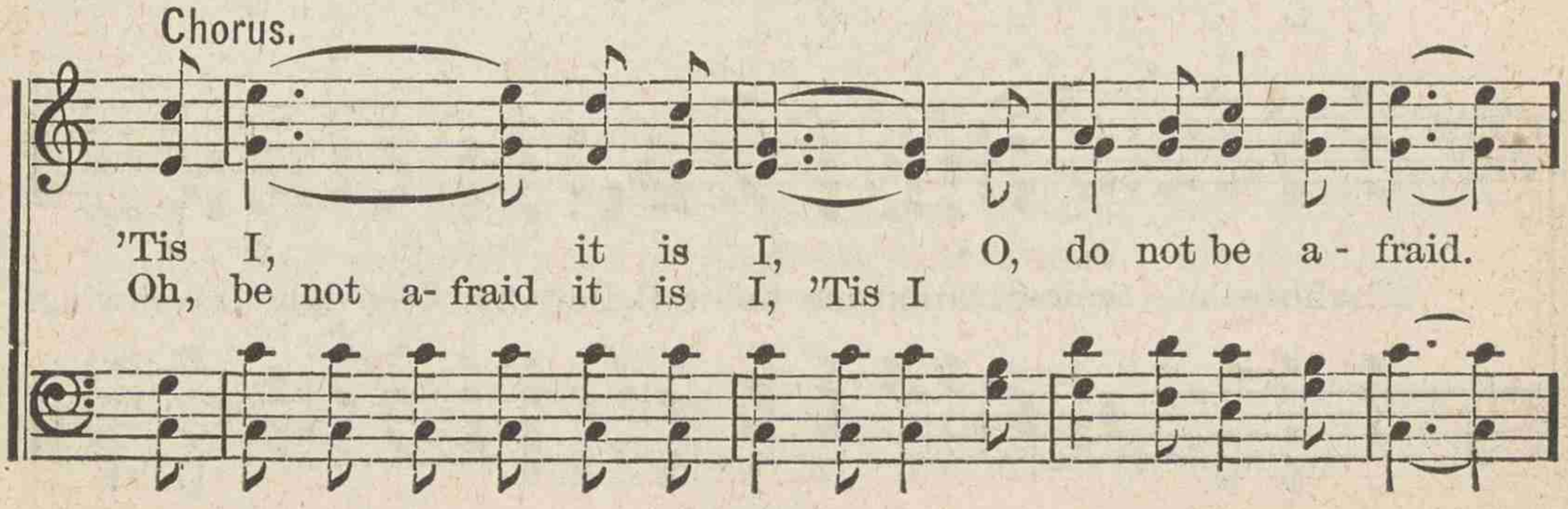
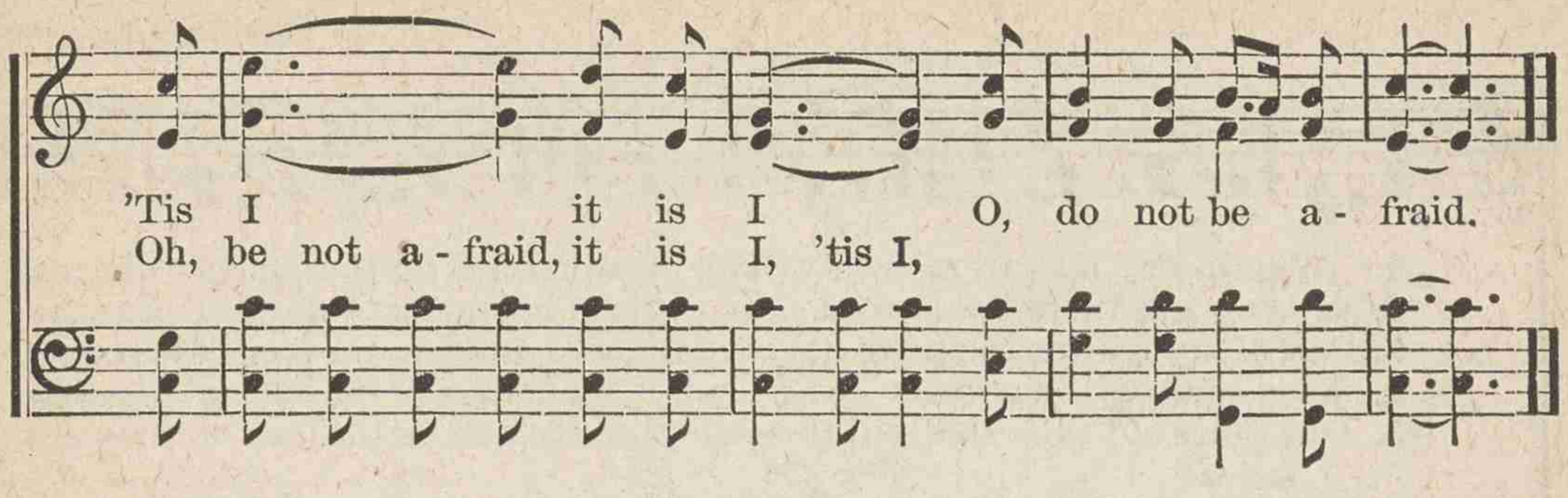
Chorus.

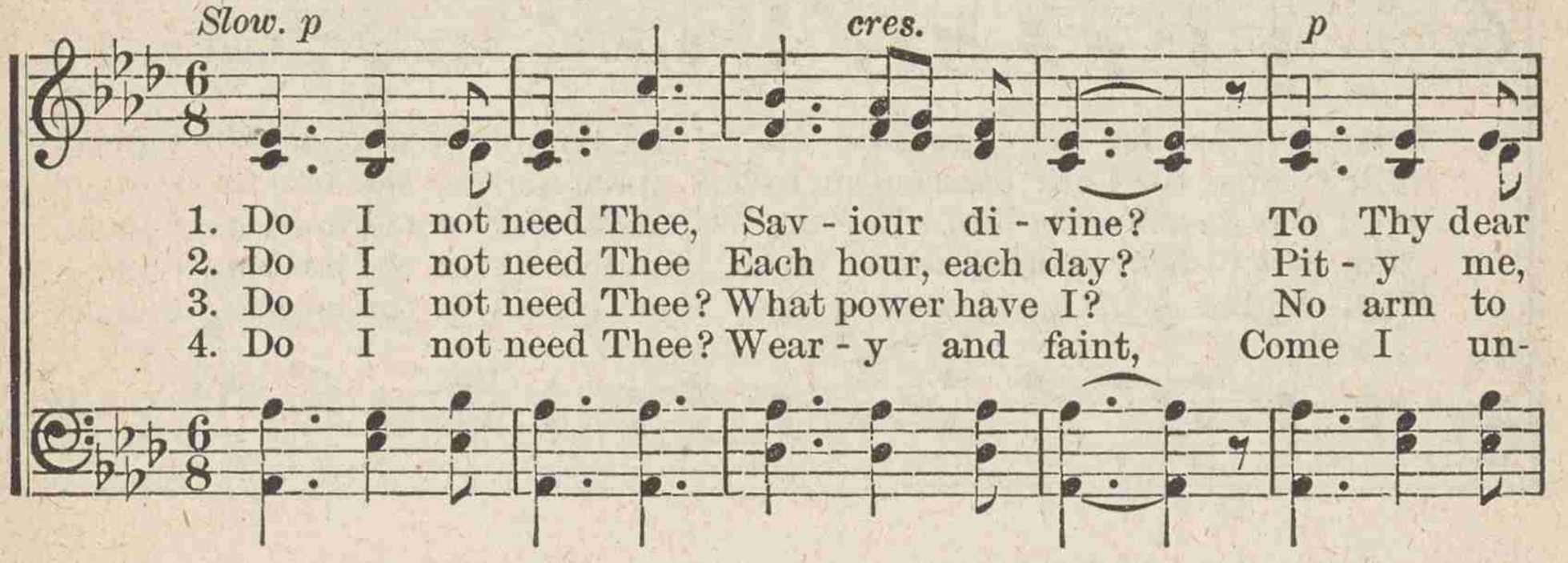
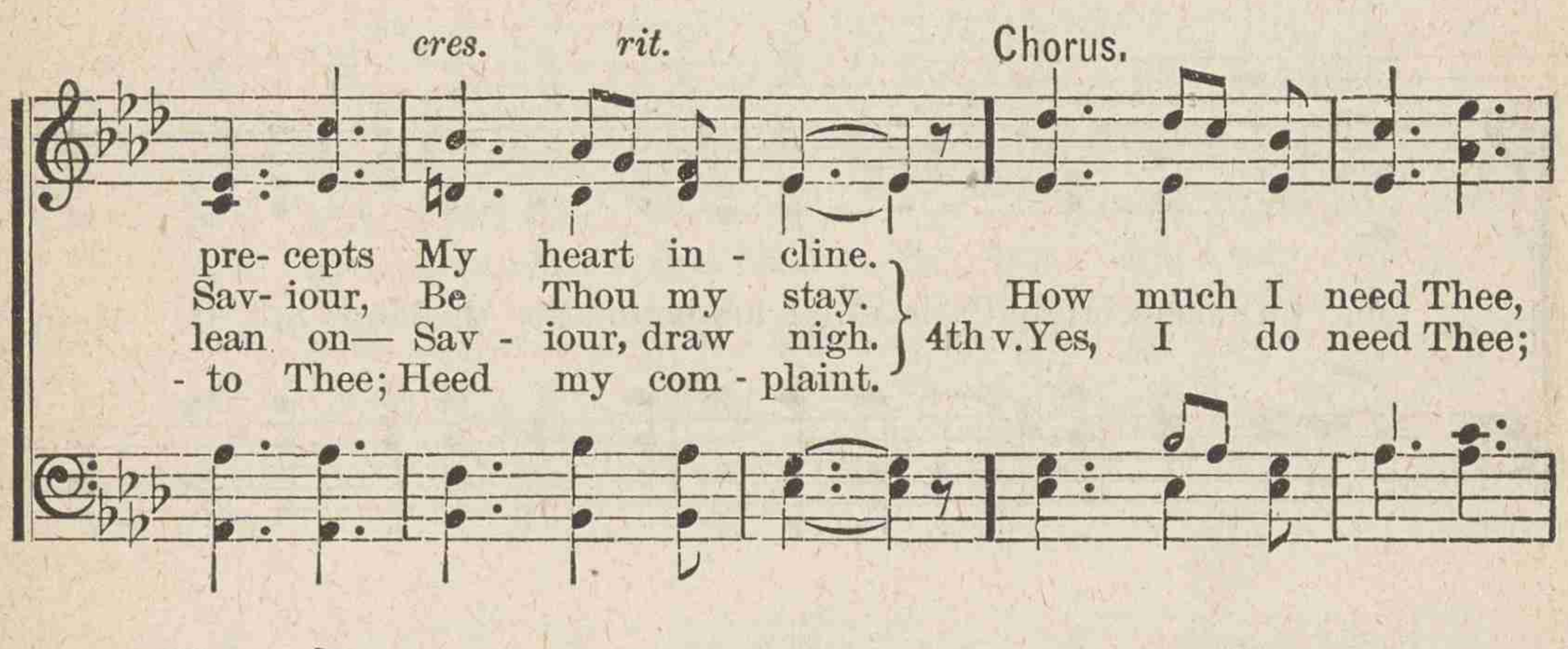
lieved, and I keep on be - liev - ing. Be - lieve! and the feel - ing may
come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ-ten to show That
all who believe, their salvation may know, Believe, and keep right on believing.

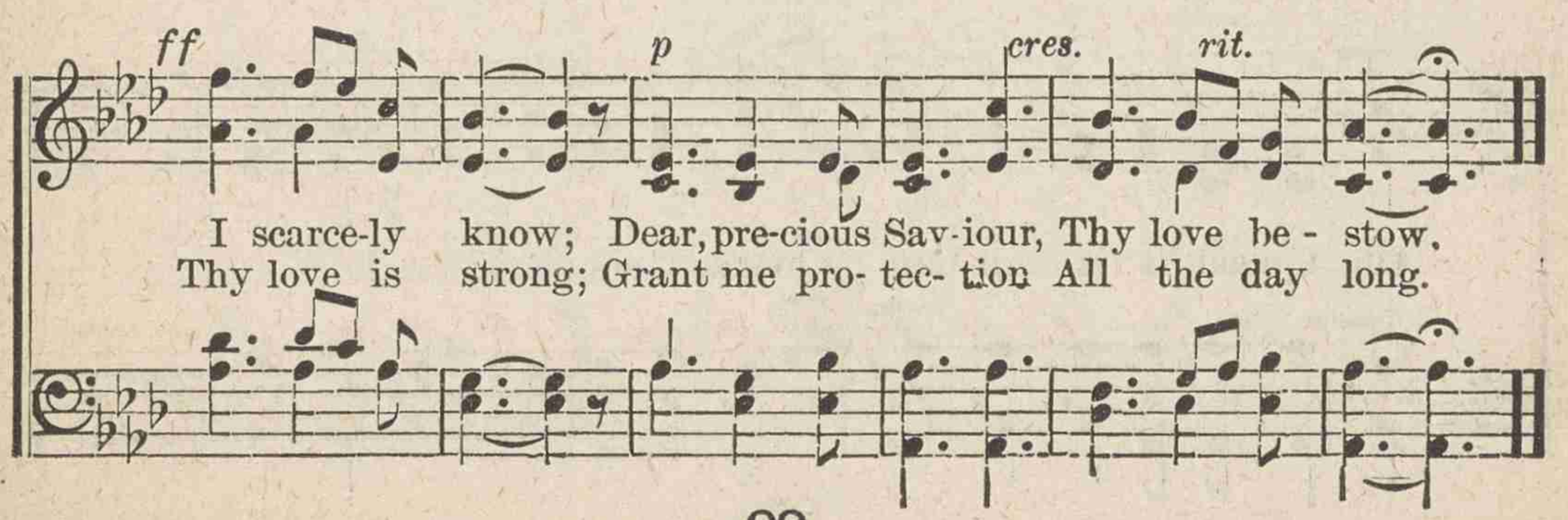
No. 91. BE NOT AFRAID.

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM. R. G. STAPLES



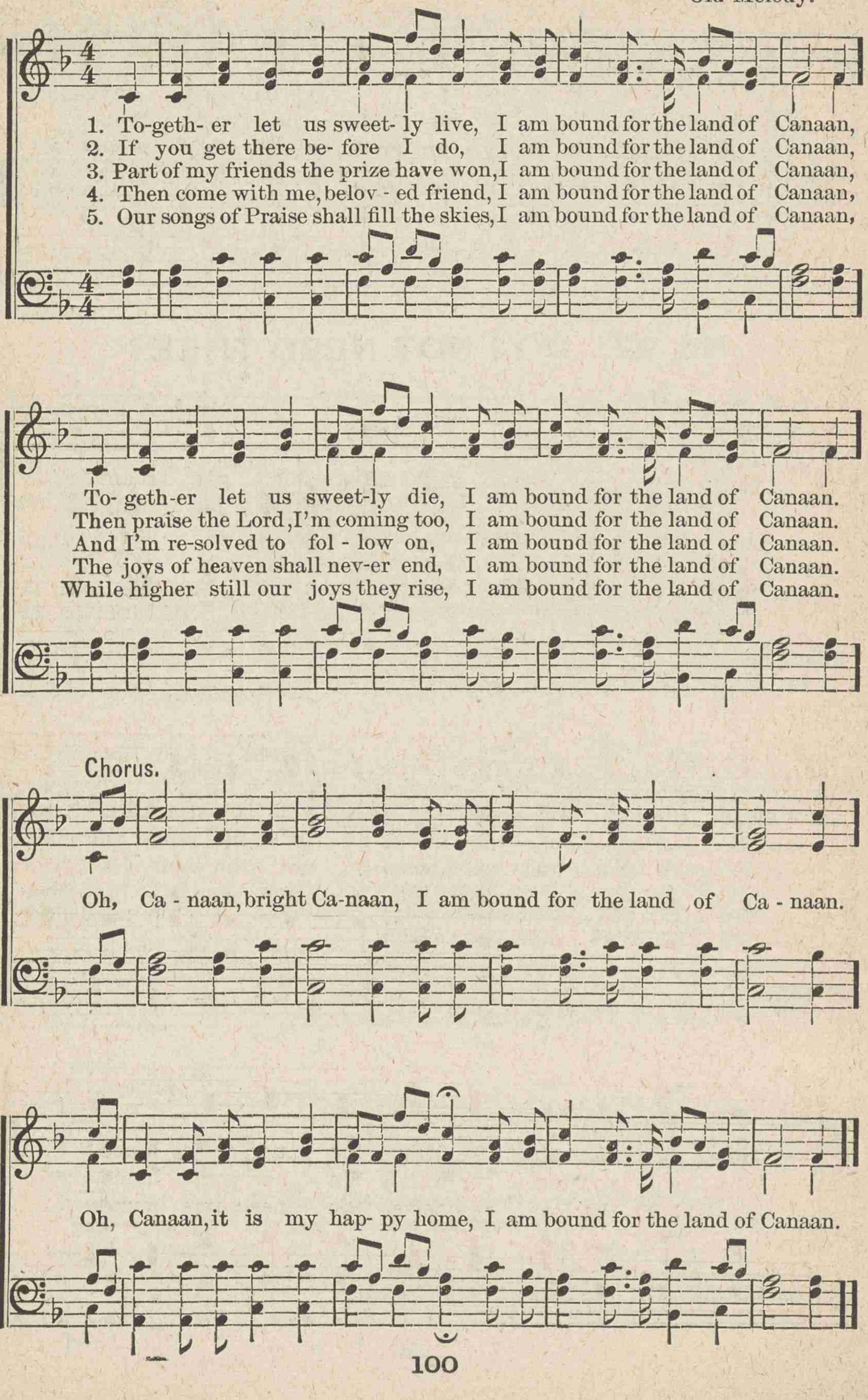
Chorus.

BE NOT AFRAID.—Concluded.

No. 92. DO I NOT NEED THEE?

R. G. STAPLES. M. L. MCPHAIL.





No. 93. BRIGHT CANAAN.

Old Melody.



No. 94. JESUS IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOMAS F. SIMMS.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home,"
2. Je - sus is call - ing, Will you not come?
3. Je - sus is call - ing, Why still de - lay?

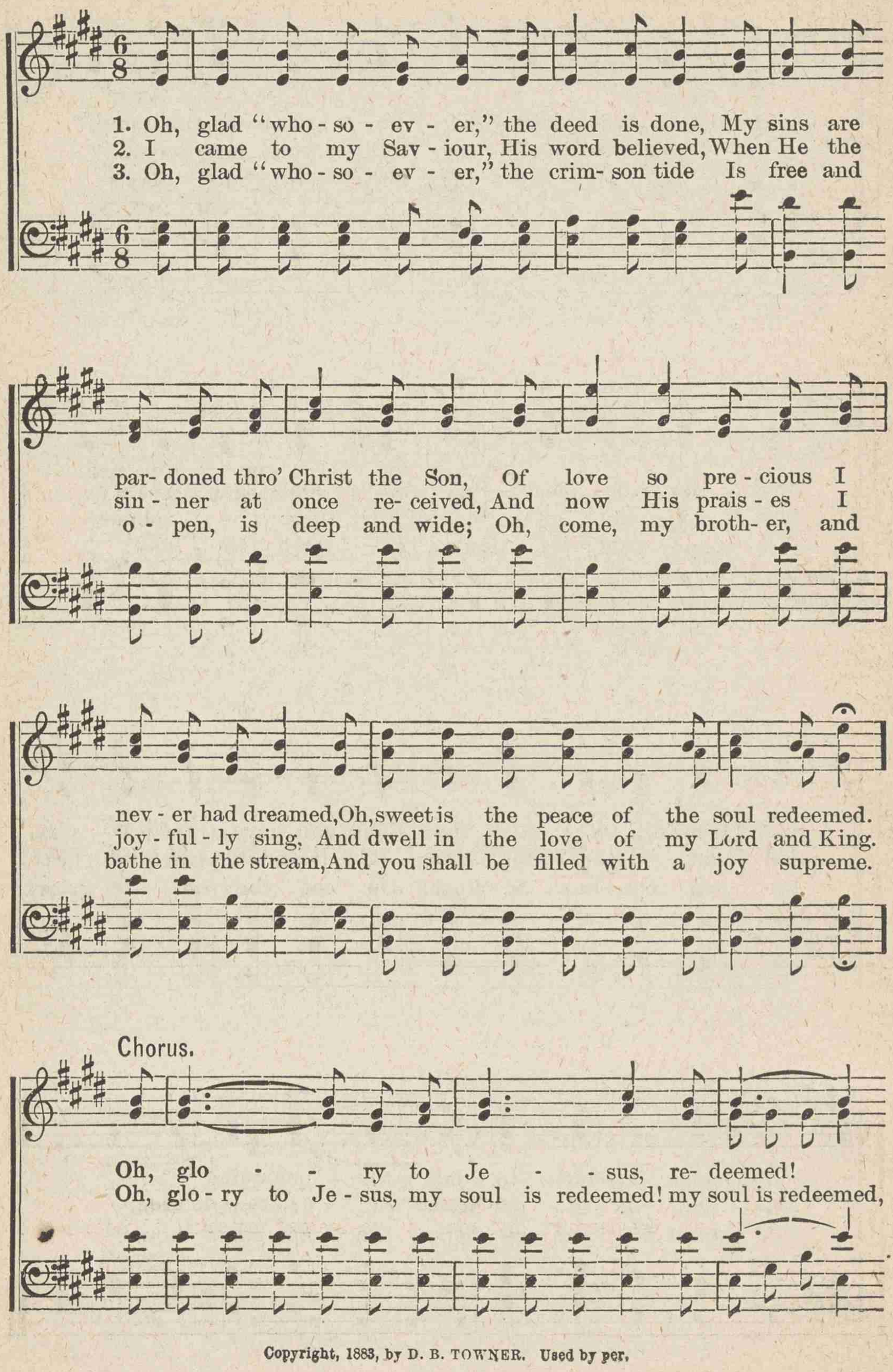
Ten - der - ly plead - ing, Why lon - ger roam?
Will you not en - ter While there is room?
Life and sal - va - tion's Of - fered to - day;

Hear Him, oh, hear Him say, "Long you have strayed a - way,
Sad, sad would be the fate If it should prove too late;
Re - pen - tant, come, be - lieve, Do not the Spir - it grieve,

Come, then, oh, come to - day, Sin - ner, come home."
Why will you lon - ger wait? Sin - ner, come home.
You should His love re - ceive, Sin - ner, come home.

No. 95. REDEEMED.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.



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REDEEMED.—Concluded.

re - deemed! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed,
my soul is redeemed! Of

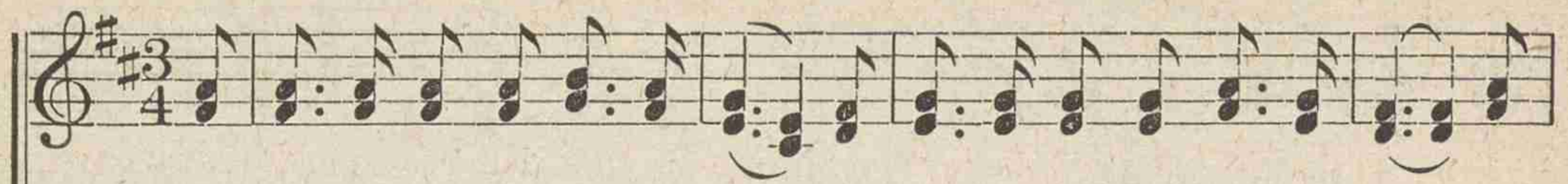
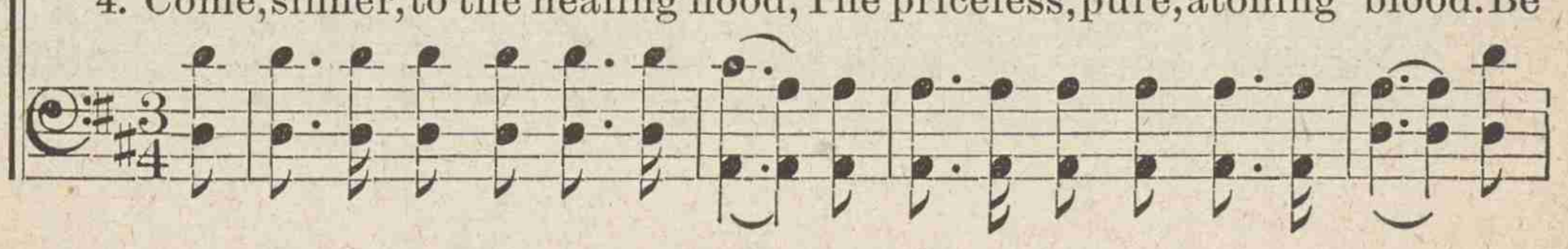
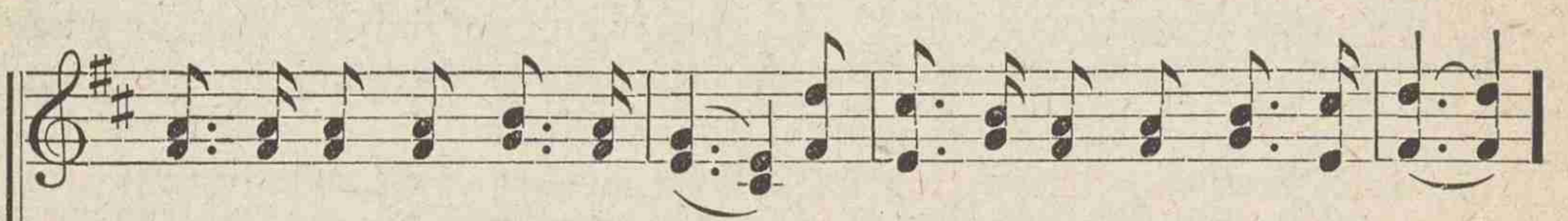
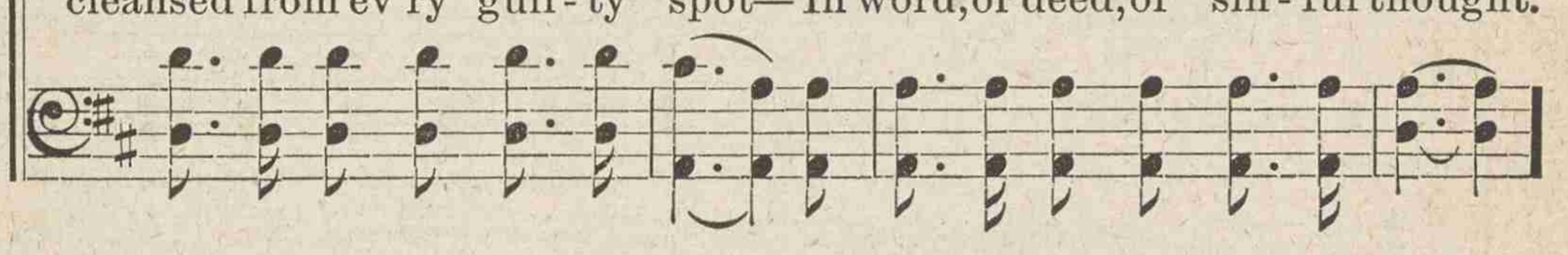
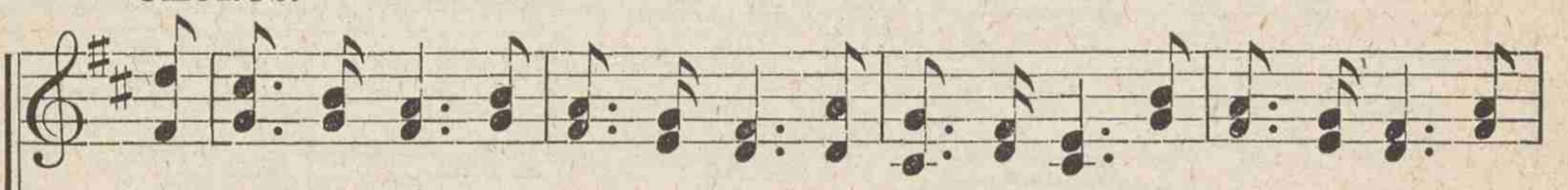
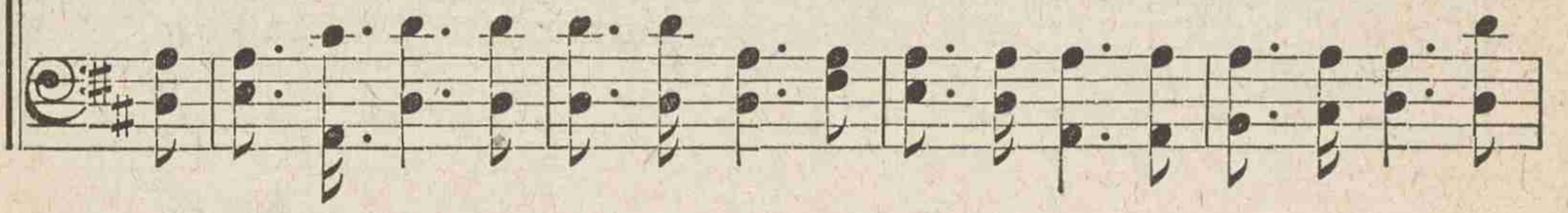
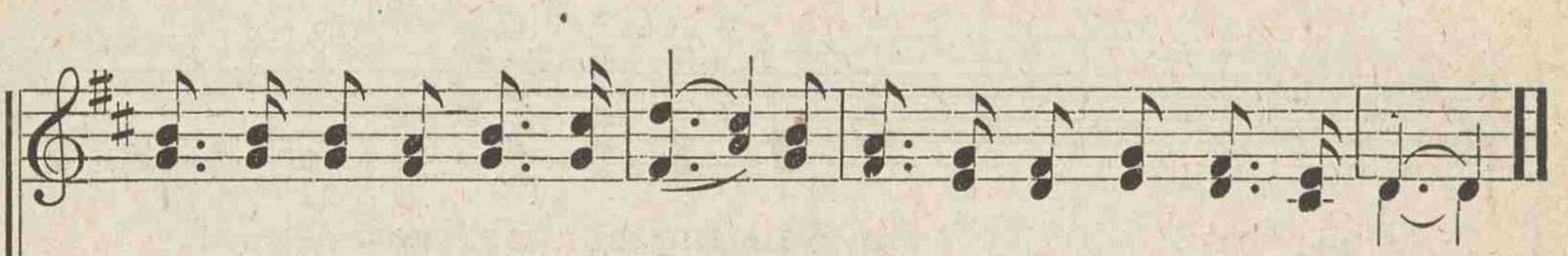
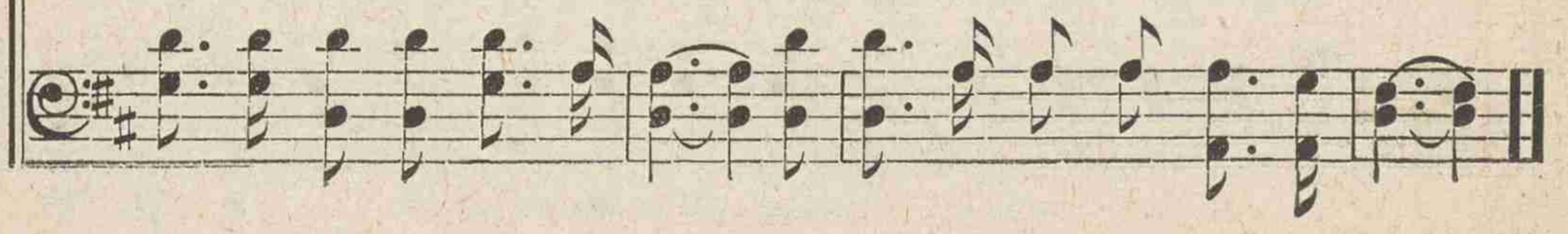
Oh rap - - tu- rous sto - ry, re - deemed!
Oh, rap- tu- rous sto - ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

re- deemed! Oh, glo - - - ry! Oh,
my soul is re-deemed! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my

rall.

glo - - ry, re-deemed! re - deemed.
soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed, my soul is redeemed.

No. 96. O SINNER, HASTE TO JESUS.

Rev. Geo. E. Truett. R. G. Staples.

1. O sinner, haste to Jesus, come While mercy waits to welcome home; As-
2. O sinner, come, thy need make known, The Lord of life, thy Saviour own; Ah,
3. His love is great, so is His grace, Then turn to Him thy tearful face. A
4. Come, sinner, to the healing flood, The priceless, pure, atoning blood. Be

cending prayers in heaven meet; Come, cast thy-self at Je - sus' feet.
trust His word, disperse thy fears, His hand will wipe a - way thy tears.
look—a cry—thy sins re - move From thee to Him, atoned thro' love.
cleansed from ev'ry guil - ty spot—In word, or deed, or sin - ful thought.

Chorus.

O Lamb of God, O Saviour dear, Un-to Thy cross I now draw near, Just

as I am, O Lord, save me, Thy promise is my on - ly plea.

No. 97. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O troubled heart, there is a home Beyond the reach of toil and care; A
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Look
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O think who bore them on His brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got; The

home where changes nev-er come; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
up! thoul't reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

Oh, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not, Oh,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not; Oh, wait,
meek-ly wait,
meekly wait,
Oh, wait, Oh, wait, and mur-mur not.
meek-ly wait, Oh, murmur not.

From "Leaflet Gems" by per. JOHN J. HOOD.

No. 98. BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

(May be sung as Chorus by using grace notes.)

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Tenderly.

1. Be-hold what man-ner of love The Fath - er doth be - stow,
2. As sons He call- eth us now, And seals us with His love;
3. We know not what we shall be, In heavenly gar- ments drest,
4. His face with glo - ry doth shine, We get but glimp-ses here;

ritard.

That we who fol- low His word May in His fa - vor grow.
His grace shall ev - er sus - tain, And guide us home a - bove.
But when His glo- ry ap - pears, In Him we'll sweetly rest.
But this we certain - ly know To us He shall ap - pear.

Chorus.

Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall be like Him,

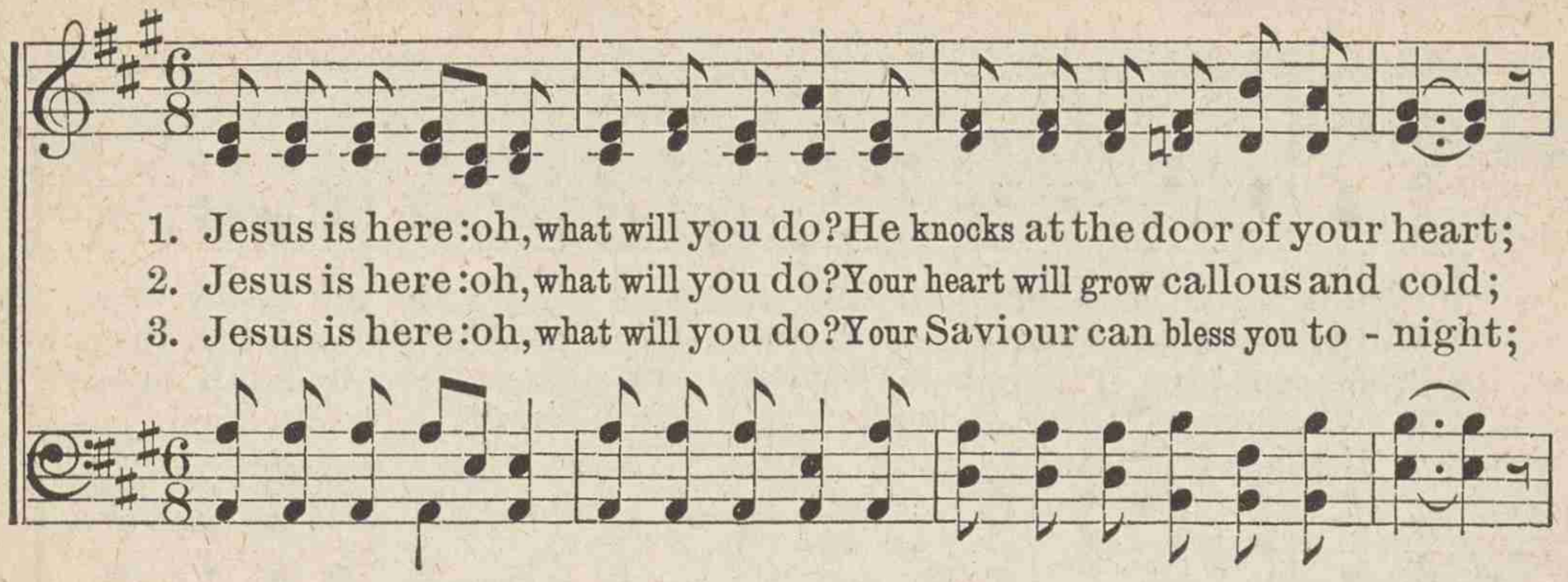
rit.

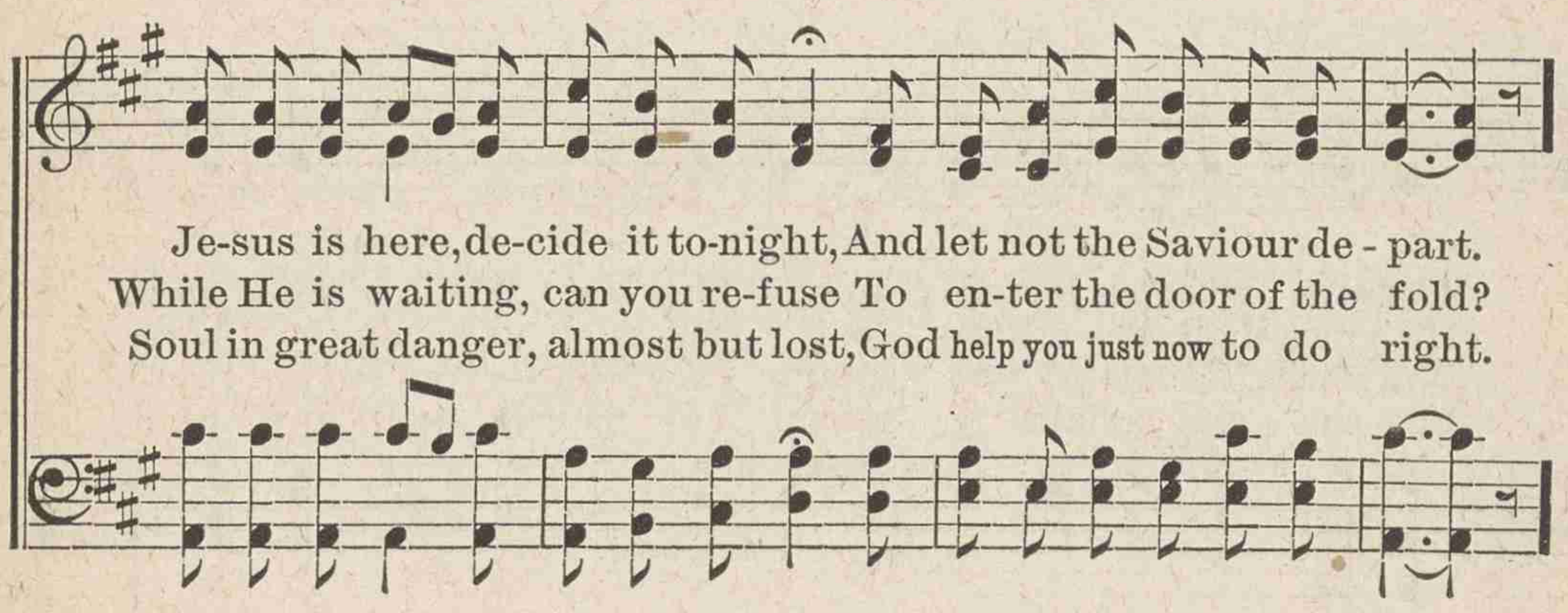
Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall see Him as He is.

Copyright, 1888, by W. H. DOANE.

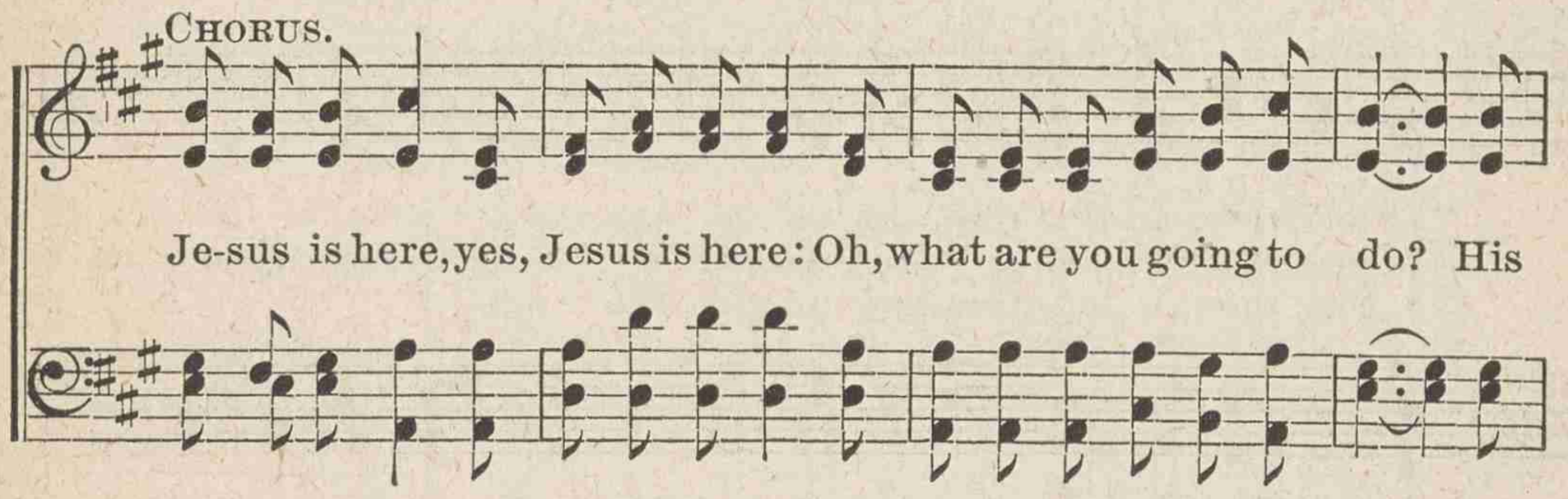
No. 99. JESUS IS HERE.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



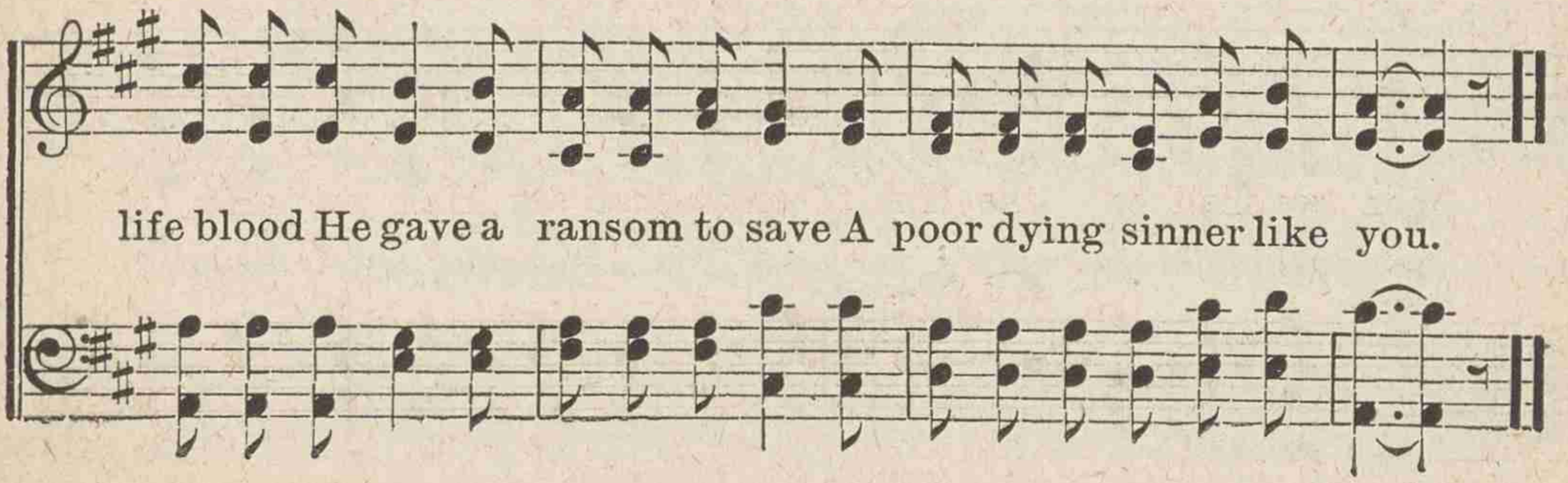
1. Jesus is here: oh, what will you do? He knocks at the door of your heart;
2. Jesus is here: oh, what will you do? Your heart will grow callous and cold;
3. Jesus is here: oh, what will you do? Your Saviour can bless you to - night;

Je-sus is here, de-cide it to-night, And let not the Saviour de - part.
While He is waiting, can you re-fuse To en-ter the door of the fold?
Soul in great danger, almost but lost, God help you just now to do right.

CHORUS.



Je-sus is here, yes, Jesus is here: Oh, what are you going to do? His

life blood He gave a ransom to save A poor dying sinner like you.



No. 100. PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

Rev. W. T. DALE. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

Slow, with feeling.

1. When bowed with afflictions and woes here below, As on in my way to bright Canaan I go, I hear a sweet voice–'tis the voice of my God:
2. 'Mid tri - als and loss - es that fall on me here, When mingling the cup of thanks-giving and tears, I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God:
3. When weeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, My friends all depart- -ed beyond the dark wave, I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God:

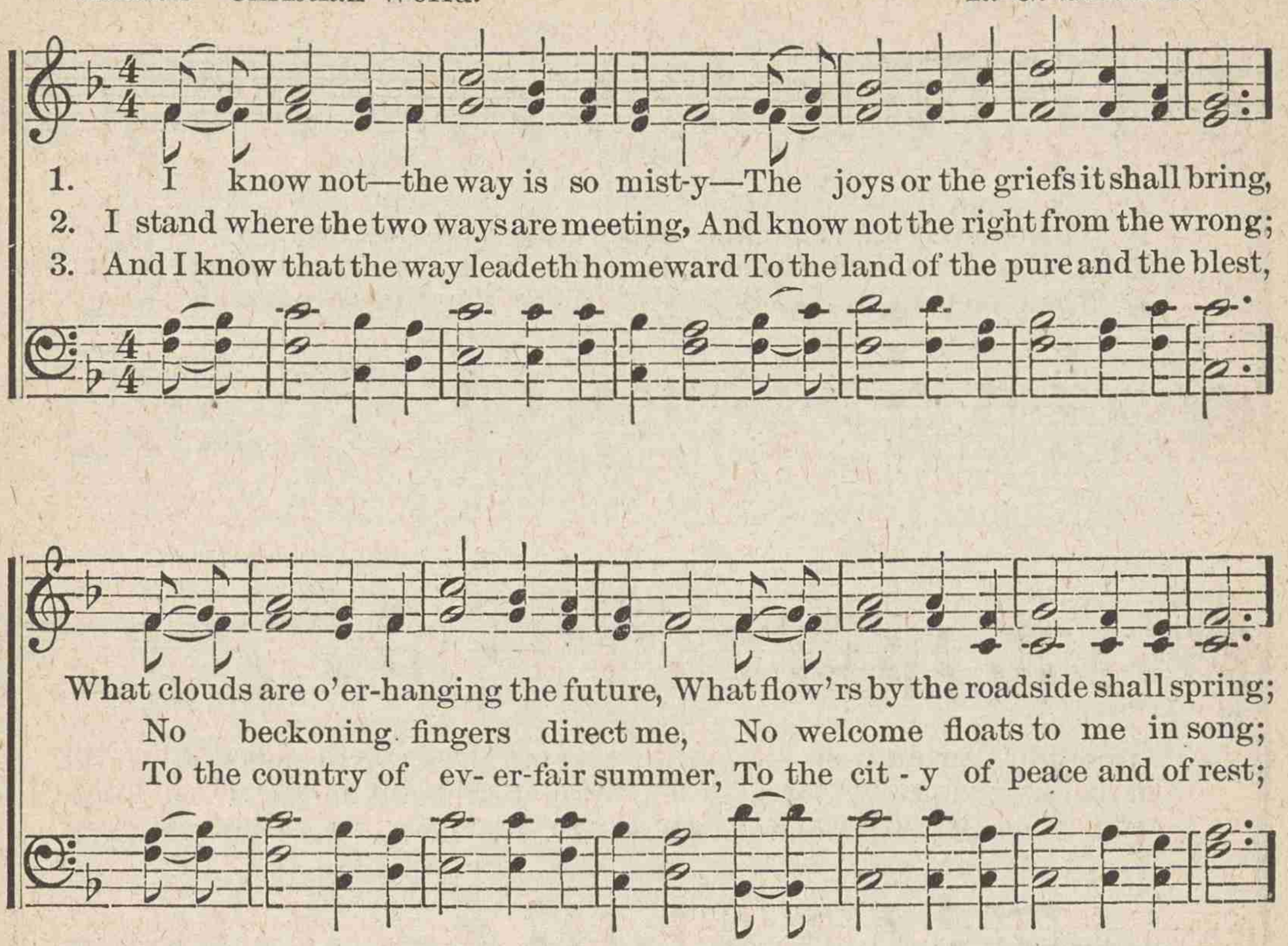
rit. e dim. Refrain.

"I love thee, I love thee, pass un- der the rod."
"I love thee, I love thee, pass un- der the rod."
"I love thee, I love thee, pass un- der the rod."
} Pass un- der the rod, pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.

rit. e dim.

No. 101. HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

London "Christian World." R. G. STAPLES.



No. 102. SATISFIED BY AND BY.

ANNIE STEEL. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

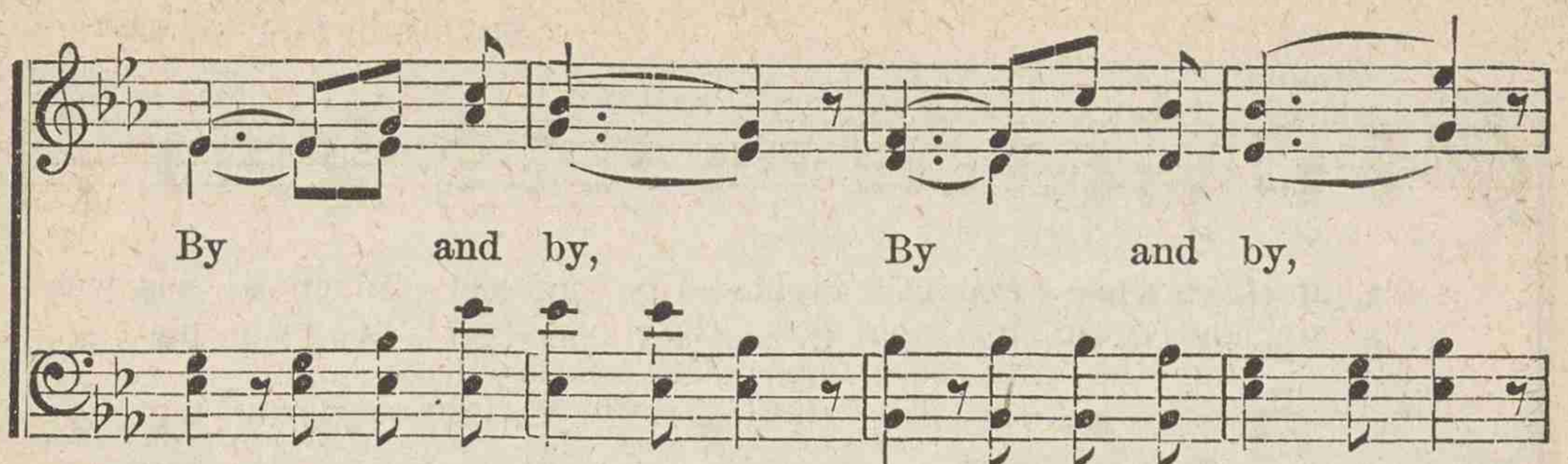
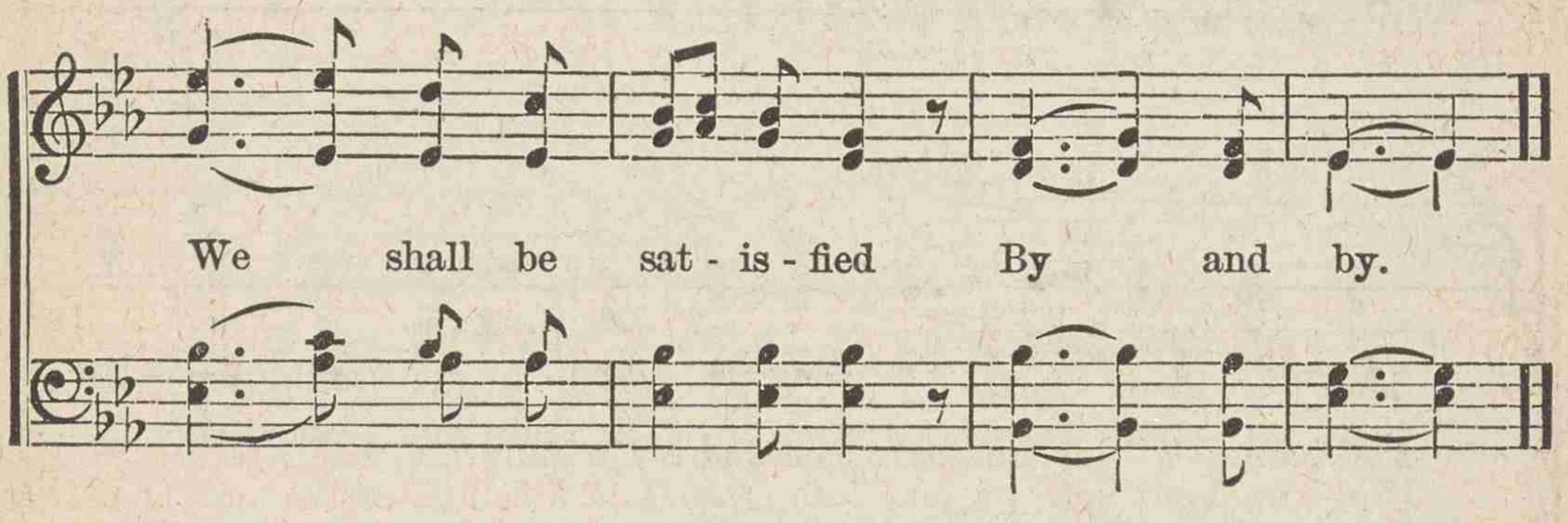
1. Far from these scenes of night Un- bounded glo - ries rise,
2. Fair land! could mor- tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore,
3. O may the pros-pect fire Our hearts with ar - dent love,
4. Pre- pared, by grace di - vine, For Thy bright courts on high,

And realms of joy and pure de- light, Un-known to mor - tal eyes.
How would our spir- its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.
Till wings of faith, and strong de- sire, Bear ev - 'ry thought a - bove.
Lord, bid our spir - its rise and join The cho - rus of the sky.

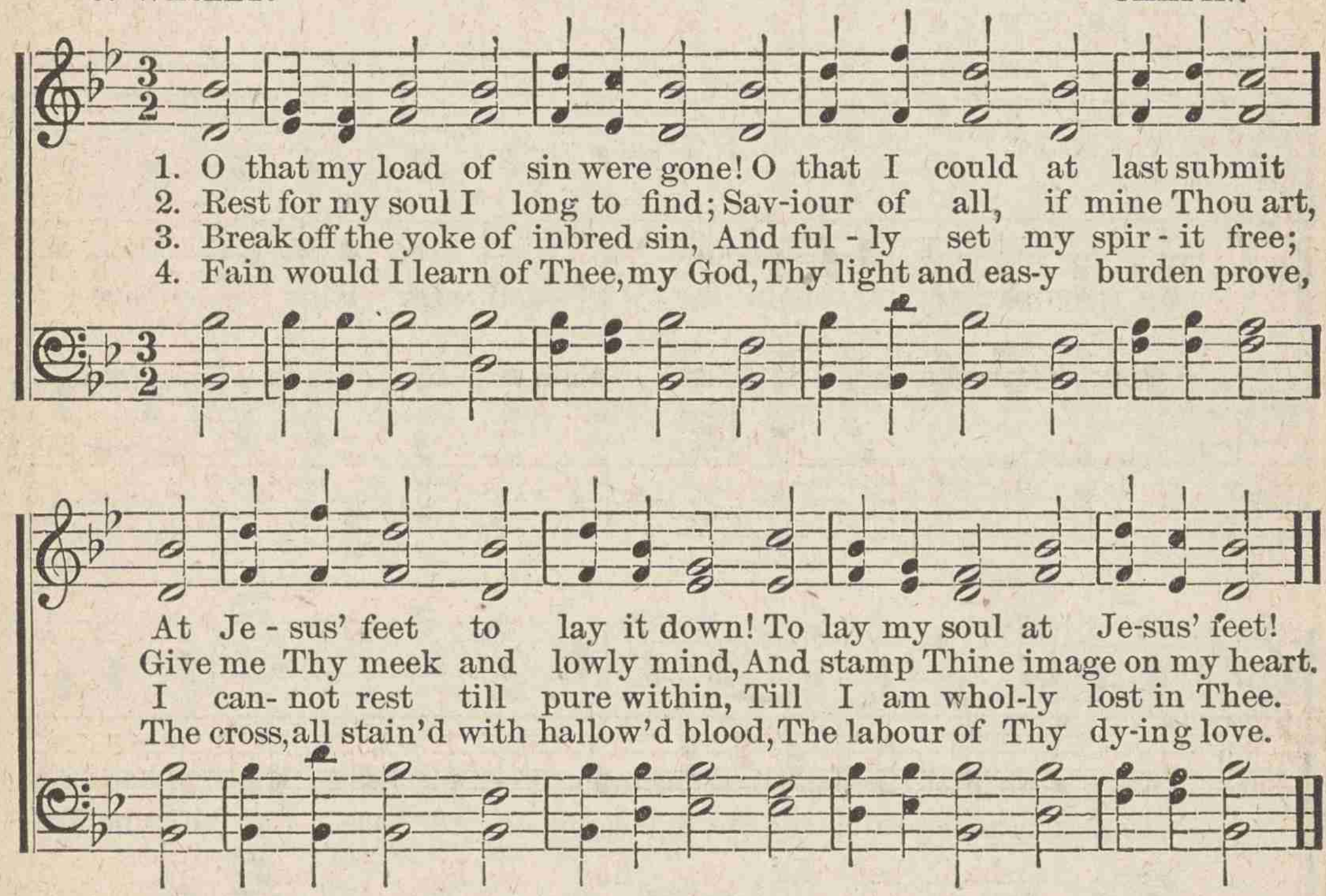
There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Sav- iour's side,

There with the Safe by our Sav-iour's side,

We shall be sat - is - fied By and by,

SATISFIED BY AND BY.—Concluded.

No. 103. FOREST. L. M.

C. WESLEY. CHAPIN.



5 I would; but Thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

No. 104. THAT SWEET OLD STORY.

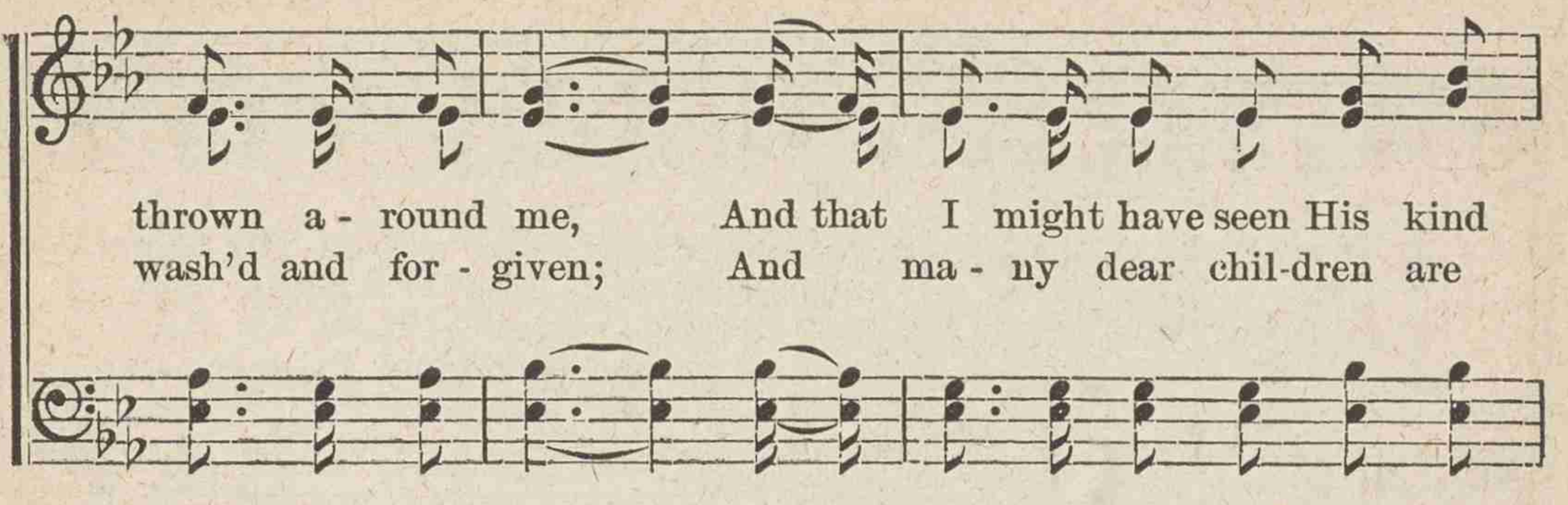
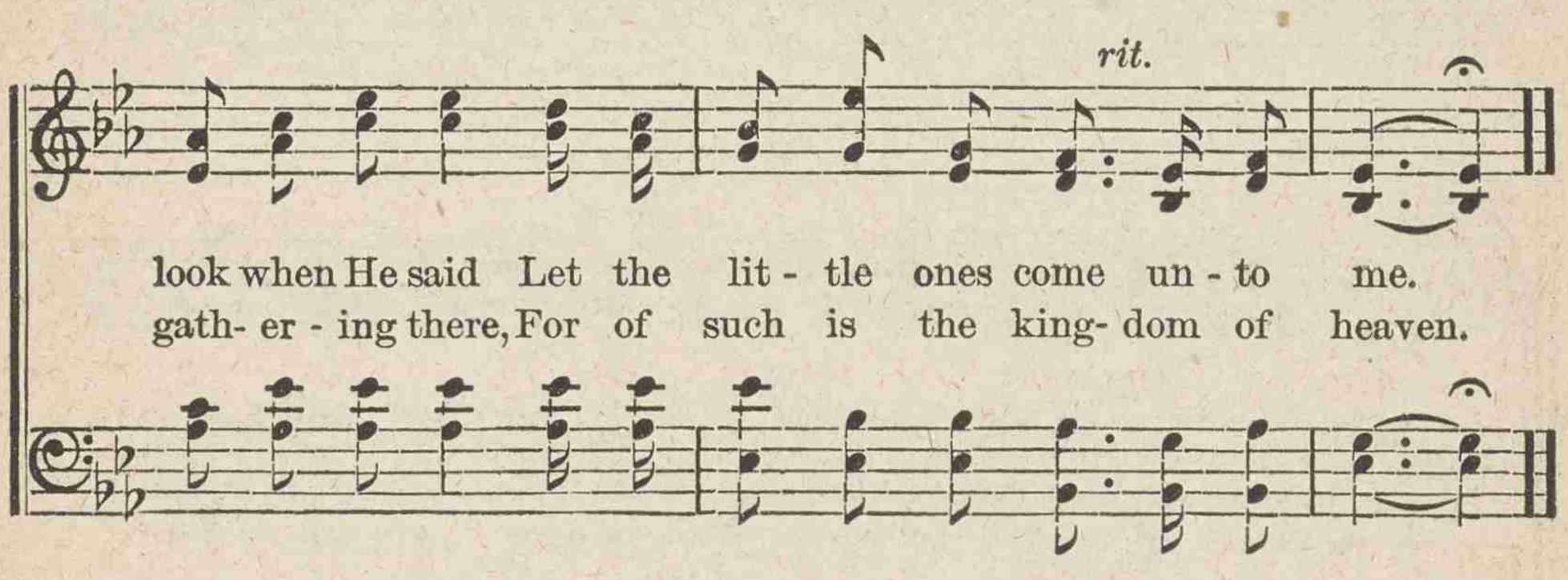
Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.

Andante.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto- ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit- tle chil- dren as
2. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love; And if I now but ear- nest - ly

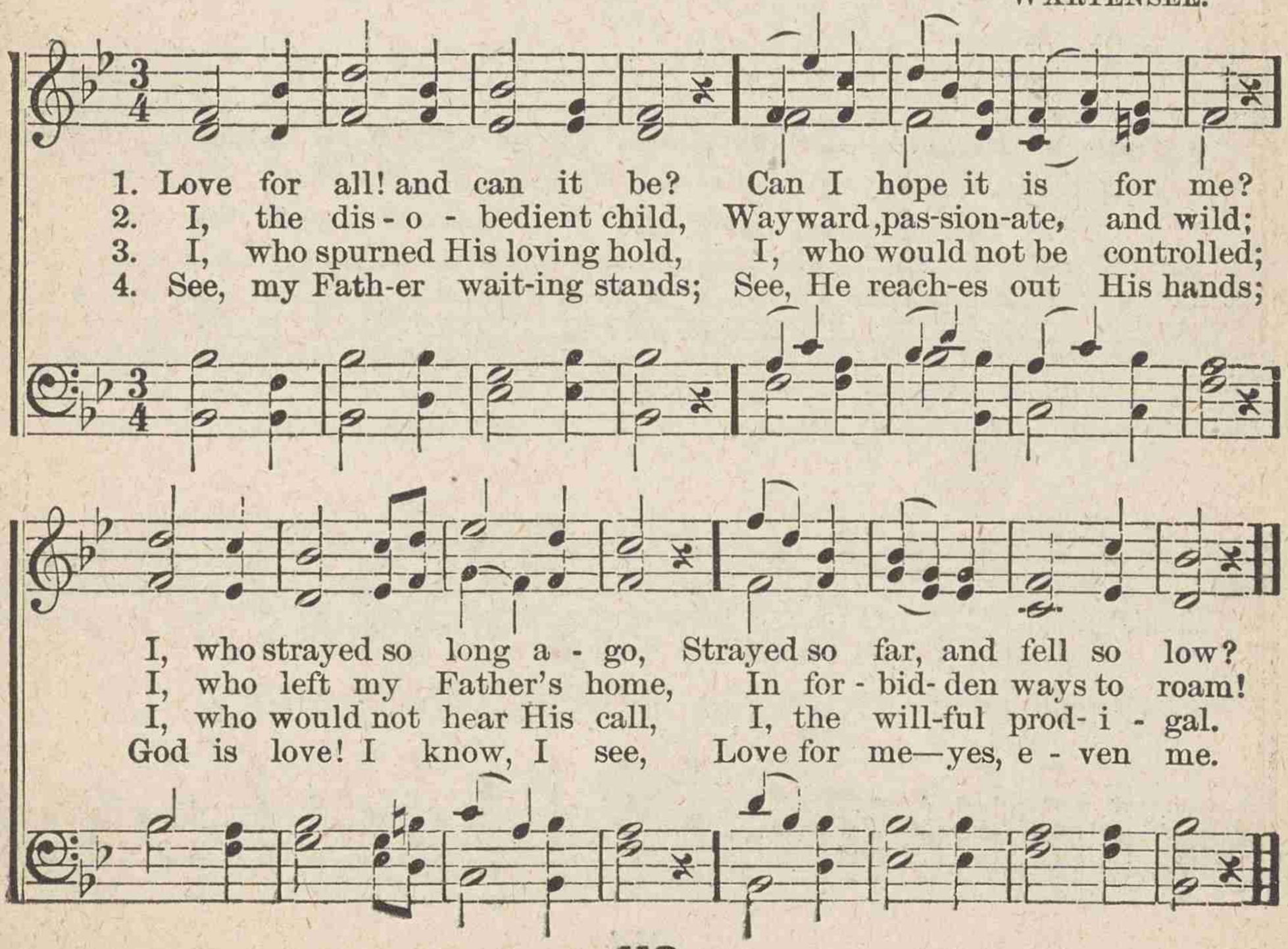
lambs to His fold I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head His arm had been
In that beauti - ful place He has gone to pre- pare, For all who are

THAT SWEET OLD STORY.—Concluded.



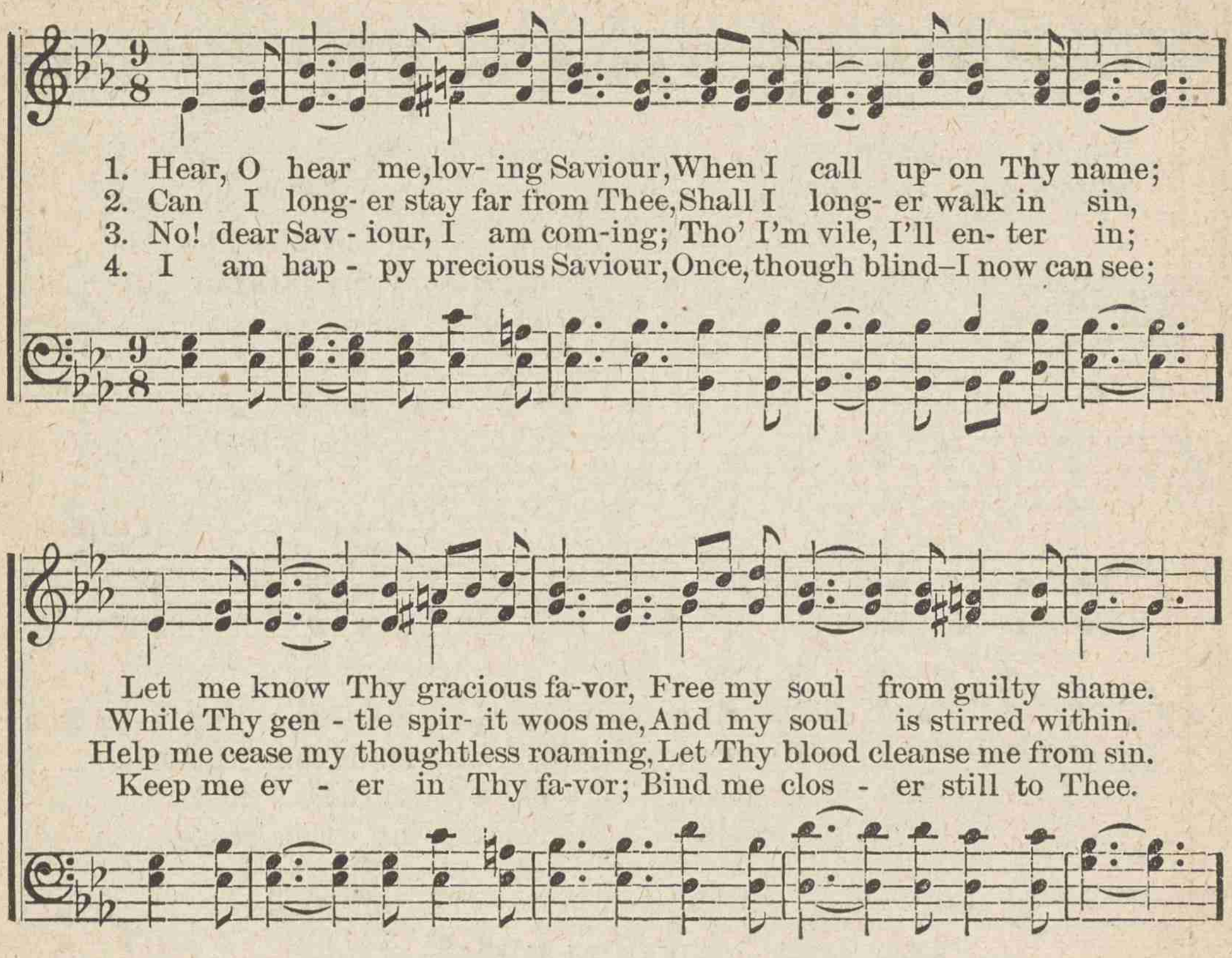
No. 105. LOVE FOR ALL.

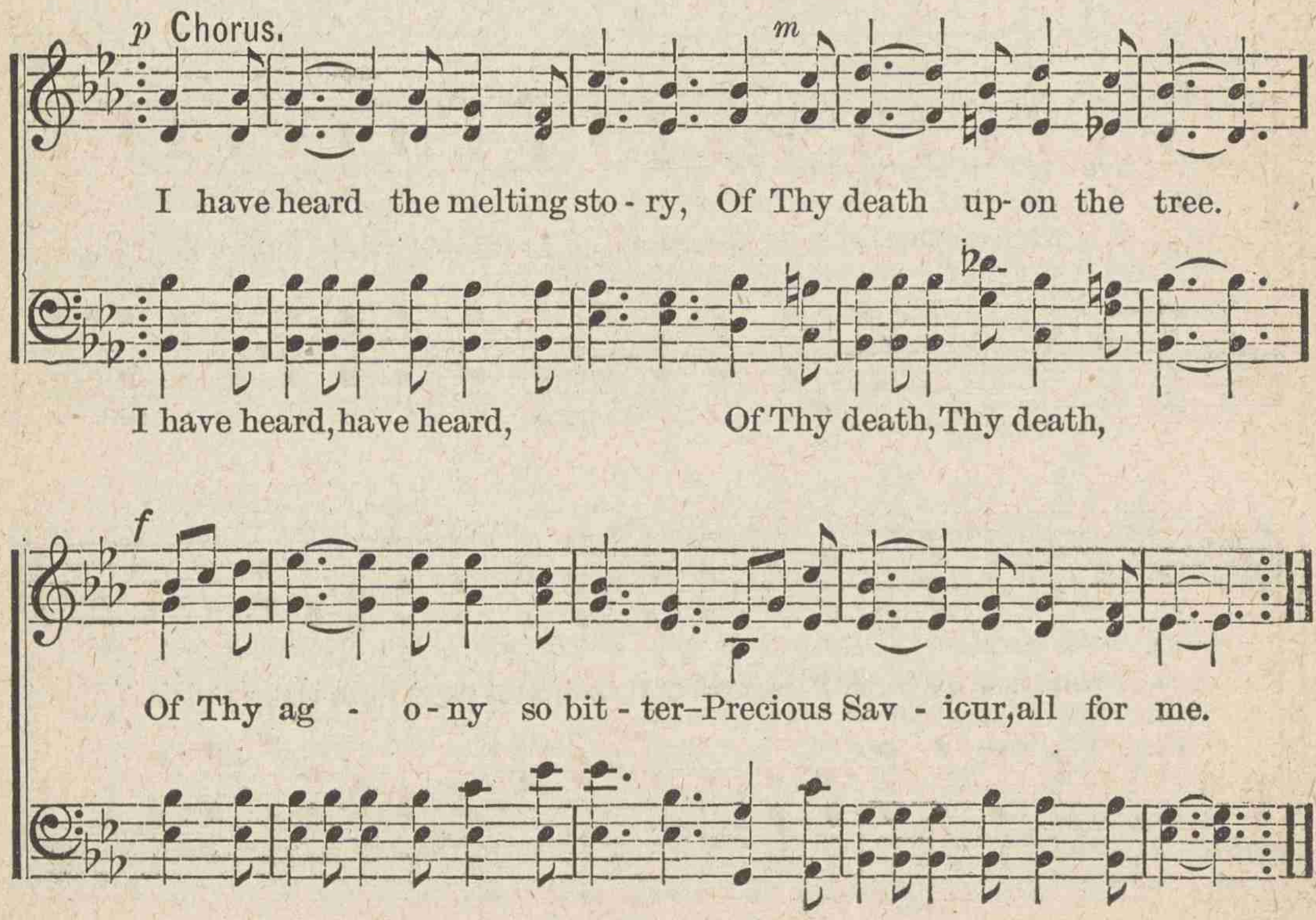
WARTENSEE.



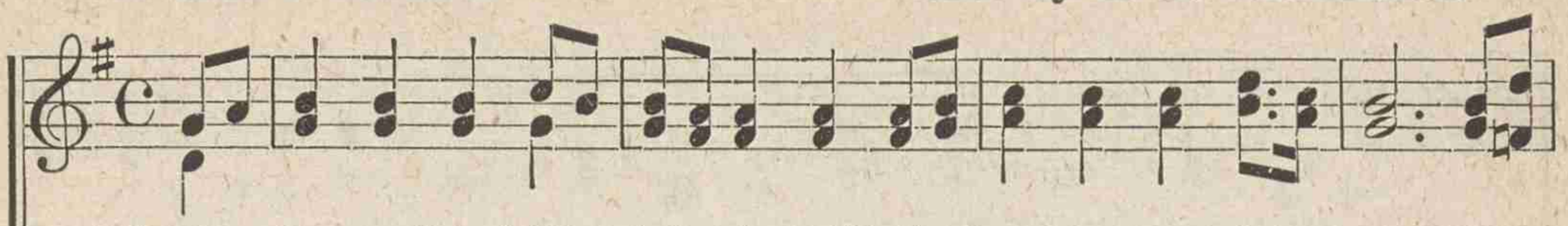
No. 106. HEAR, O HEAR ME.

R. G. STAPLES. GEO. C. HUGG.

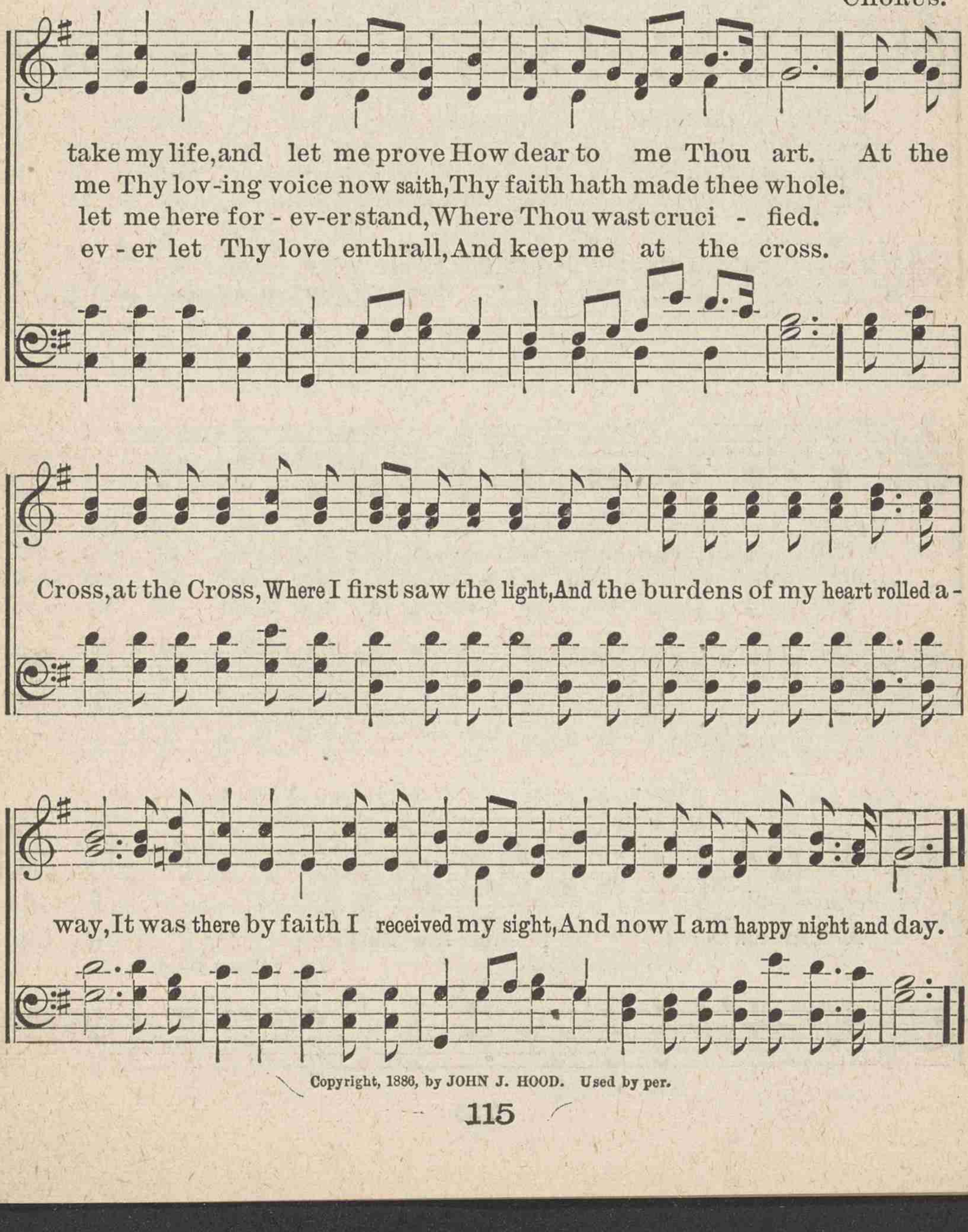




No. 107. AT THE CROSS.

R. KELSO CARTER. Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

1. O Je-sus, Lord, Thy dying love Hath pierc'd my contrite heart; Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me Thou art. At the
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul; To me Thy lov-ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I touch Thy bleeding side; Oh, let me here for - ev-er stand, Where Thou wast cruci - fied.
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss; For- ev - er let Thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

CHORUS.



Cross, at the Cross, Where I first saw the light, And the burdens of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day.

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No. 108. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

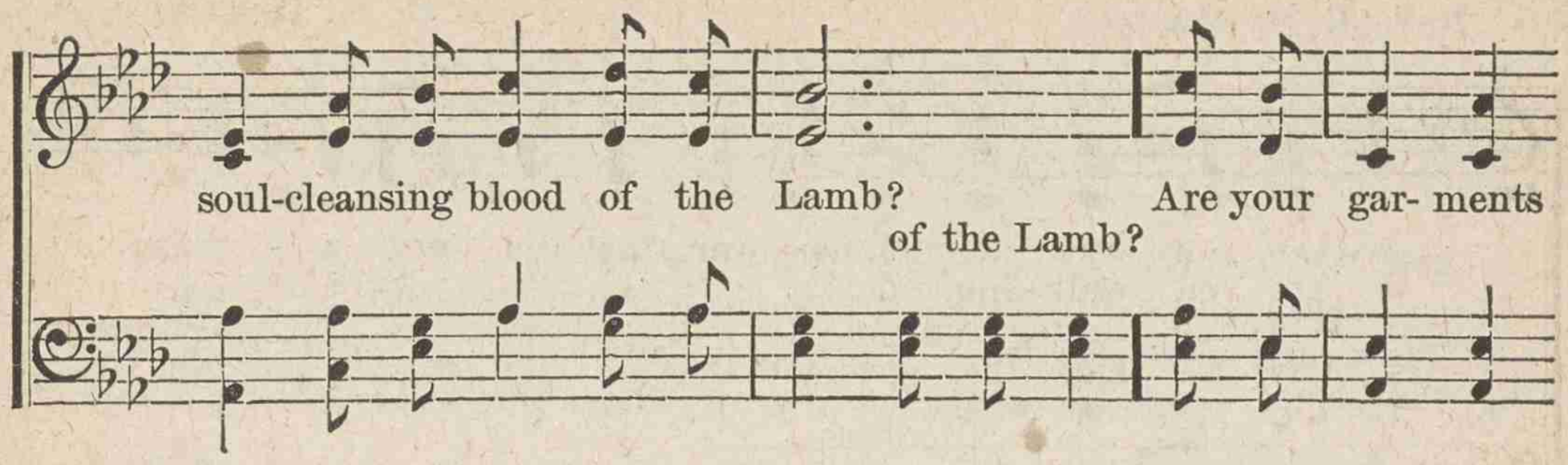
1. Have you been to Je- sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk- ing dai- ly by the Sav - iour side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

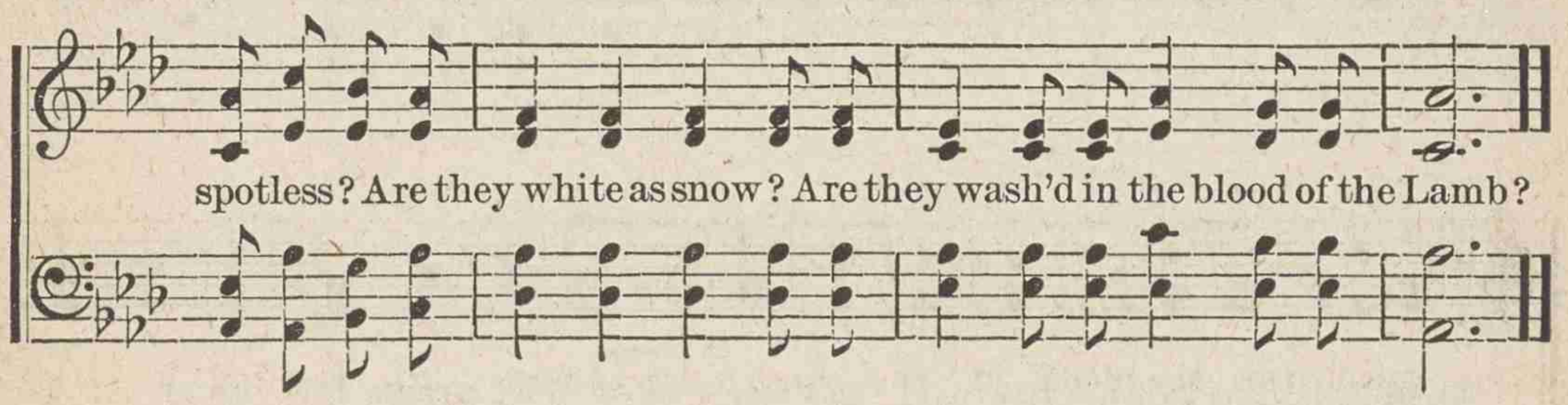
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb, There's a fount-ain flow- ing for the

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
man - sions bright? And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un - clean? Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your washed in the blood In the
Are you washed in the blood

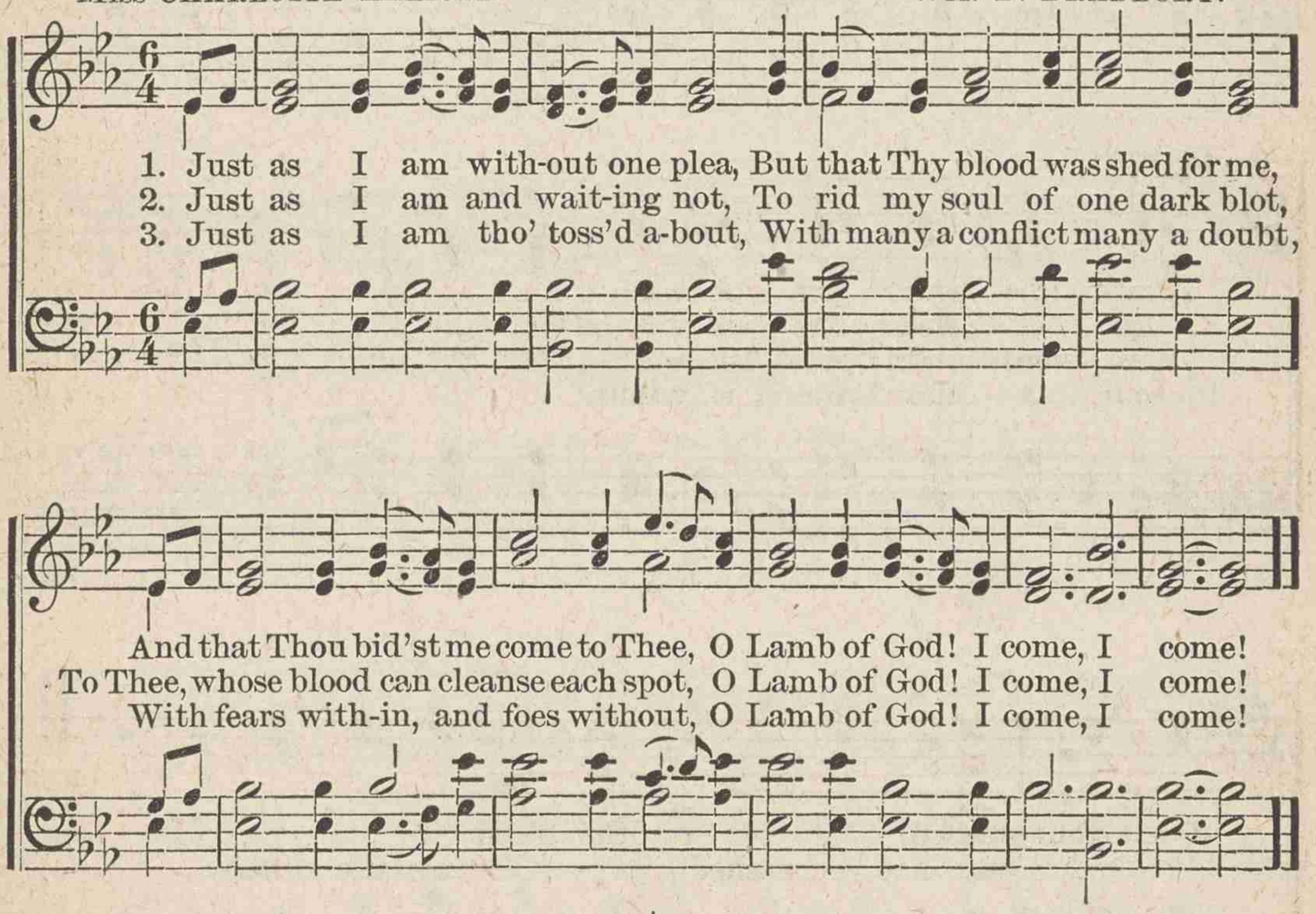
Are you Washed in the Blood?—Concluded.





No. 109. JUST AS I AM.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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

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

No. 110. SPURN ME NOT.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

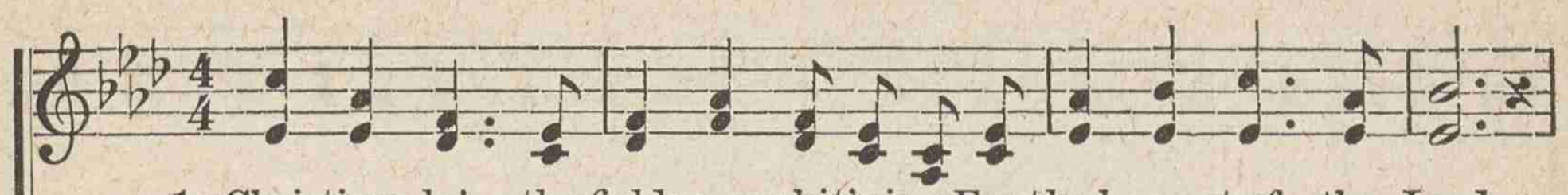
1. Spurn me not, O lov-ing Sav-iour, Cast me not a - way;
2. I am sin-ful, vile, un-wor-thy, All un - clean I am;
3. Thou hast died for me a ransom, Shed Thy precious blood;
4. To Thy cross my soul is cling-ing, There my faith is stay'd;

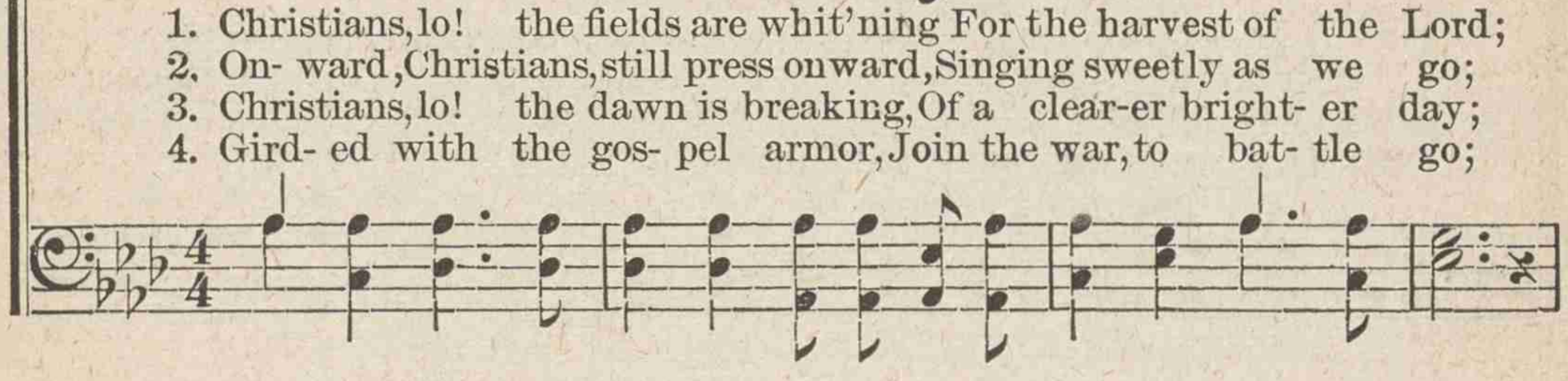
Grant me par - don, life, and fa - vor, For Thy grace I pray.
Thou art right-eous, pure and ho - ly, Spot-less, per-fect Lamb.
Thou hast purchas'd full redemption, Bought my peace with God.
Make me joy - ful, ev - er sing-ing, "Thou my debt hast paid."

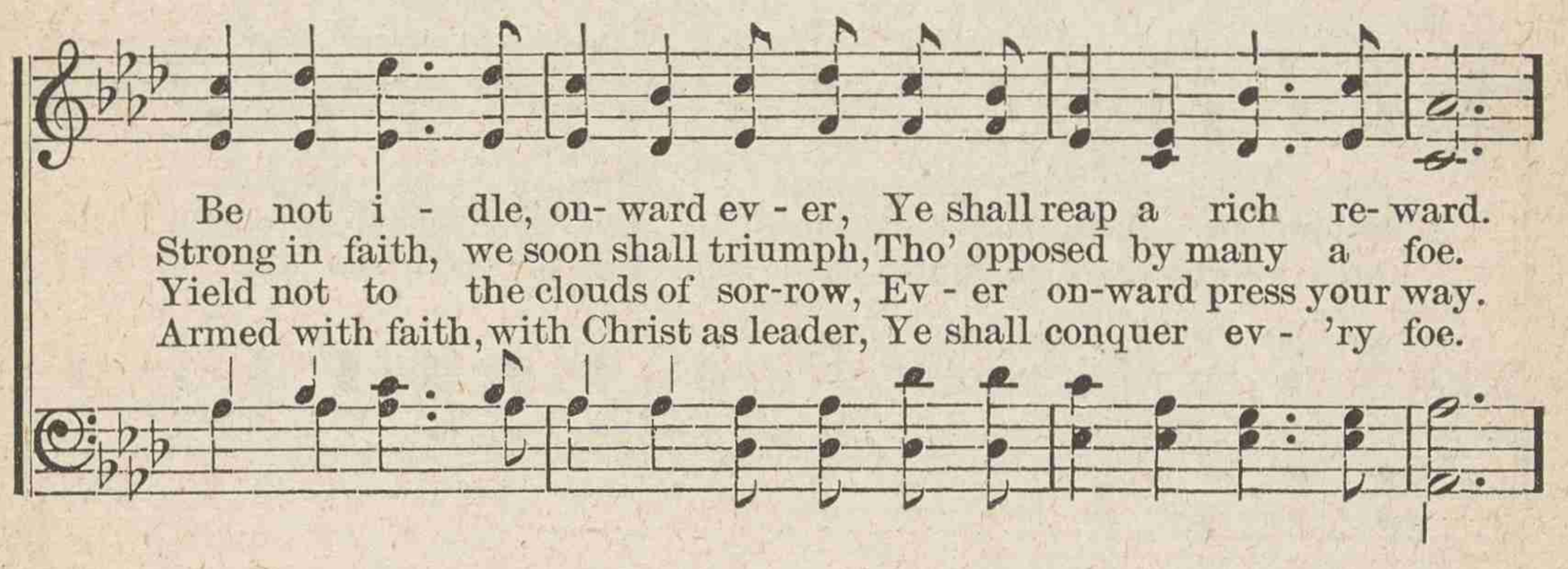
CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, Cast me not a - way,
Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - ing Sav-iour,
For I seek Thy smile and fa - vor; Hear me while I pray.

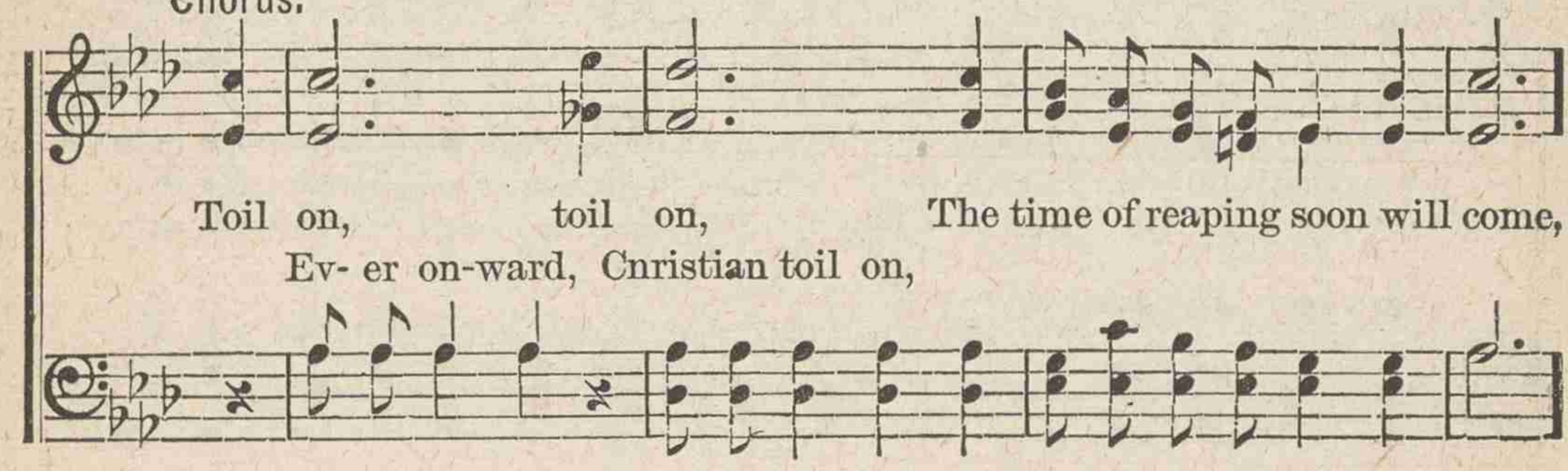
No. 111. THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

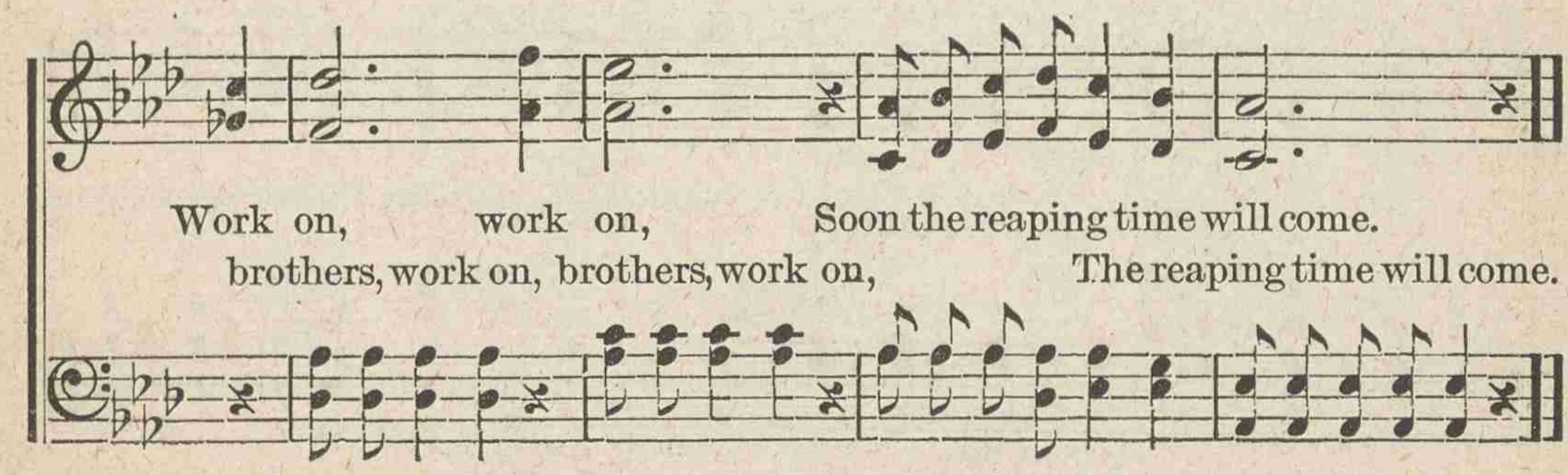
R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Christians, lo! the fields are whit'ning For the harvest of the Lord;
2. On- ward, Christians, still press onward, Singing sweetly as we go;
3. Christians, lo! the dawn is breaking, Of a clear-er bright- er day;
4. Gird- ed with the gos- pel armor, Join the war, to bat- tle go;





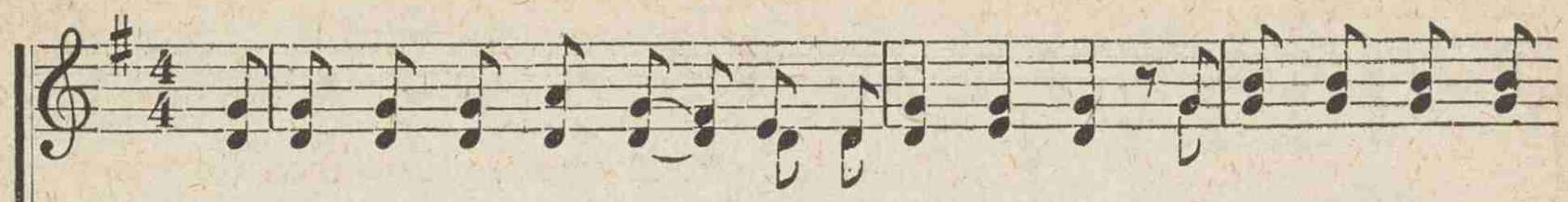
Be not i - dle, on- ward ev - er, Ye shall reap a rich re- ward.
Strong in faith, we soon shall triumph, Tho' opposed by many a foe.
Yield not to the clouds of sor-row, Ev - er on-ward press your way.
Armed with faith, with Christ as leader, Ye shall conquer ev - 'ry foe.

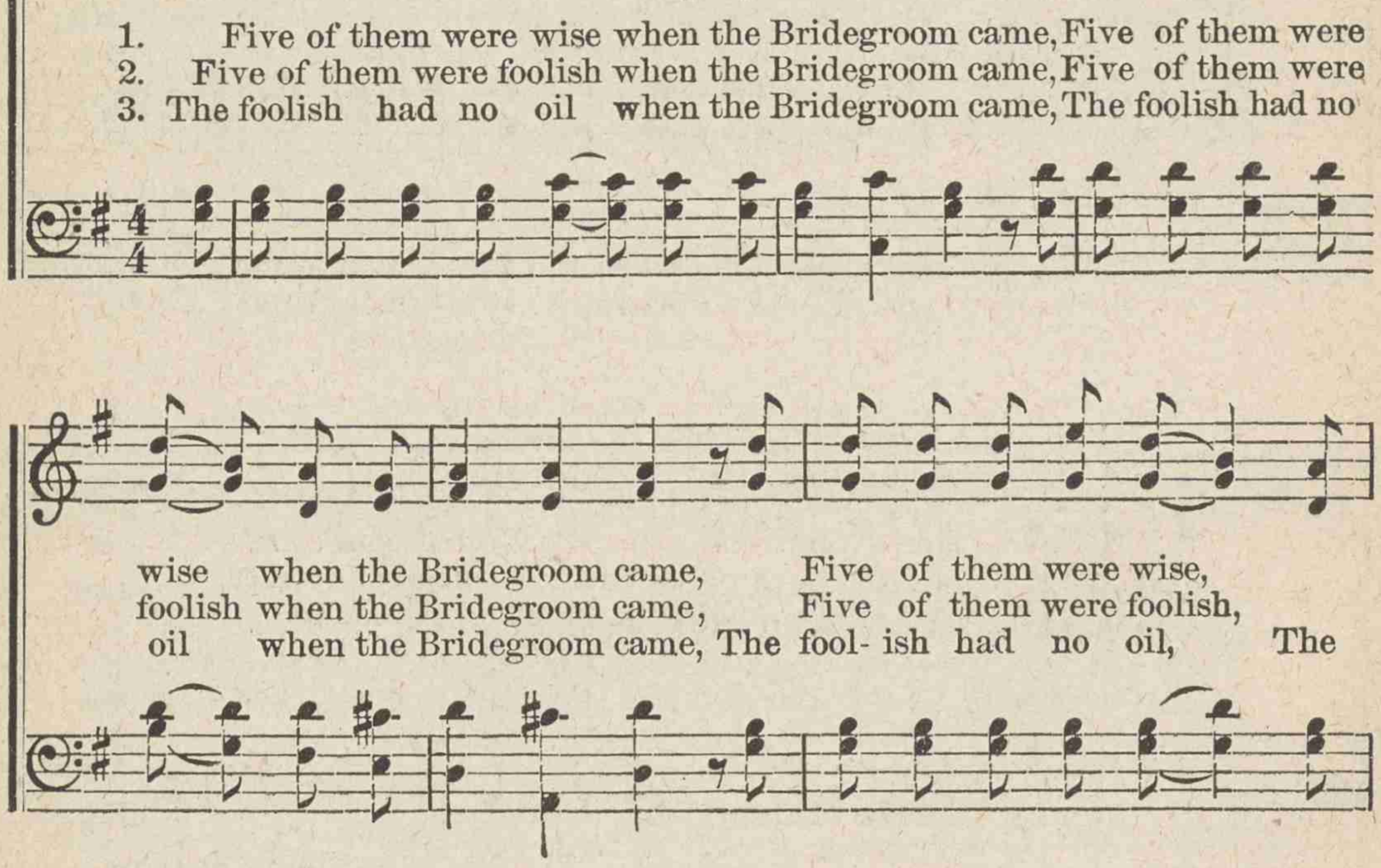
Chorus.

Toil on, toil on, The time of reaping soon will come,
Ev- er on-ward, Cnristian toil on,



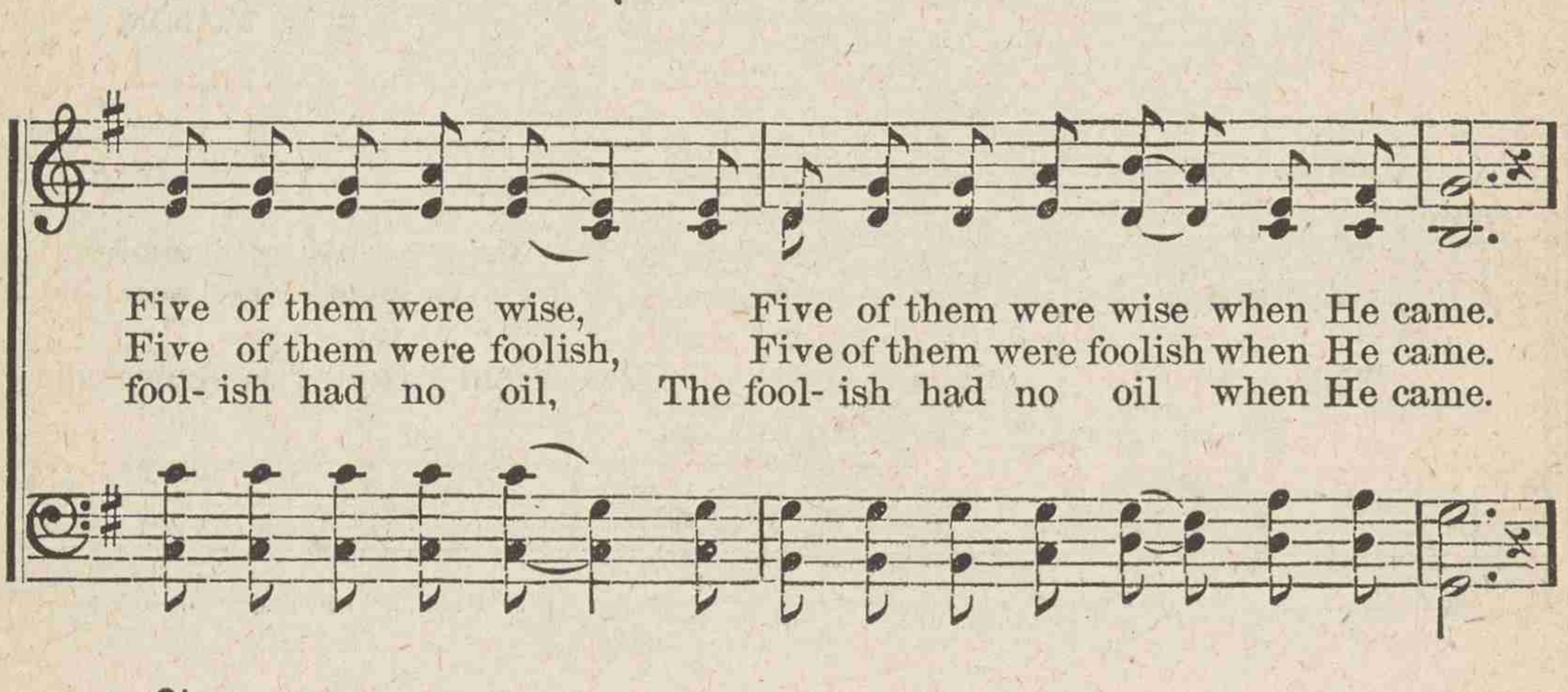
Work on, work on, Soon the reaping time will come.
brothers, work on, brothers, work on, The reaping time will come.

No. 112. THE TEN VIRGINS.

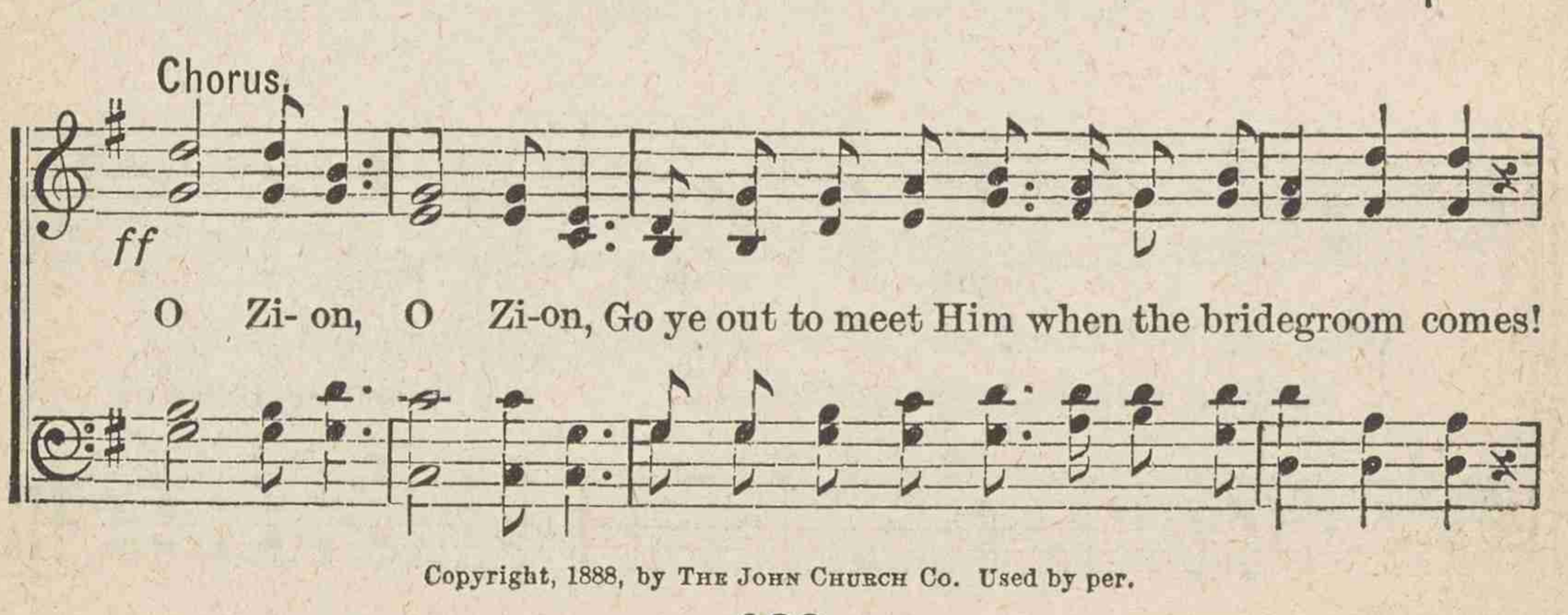
J. R. MURRAY.

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
2. Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
3. The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The foolish had no



wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise,
foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish,
oil when the Bridegroom came, The fool- ish had no oil, The



Five of them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came.
Five of them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came.
fool- ish had no oil, The fool- ish had no oil when He came.



Chorus.

ff

O Zi- on, O Zi-on, Go ye out to meet Him when the bridegroom comes!

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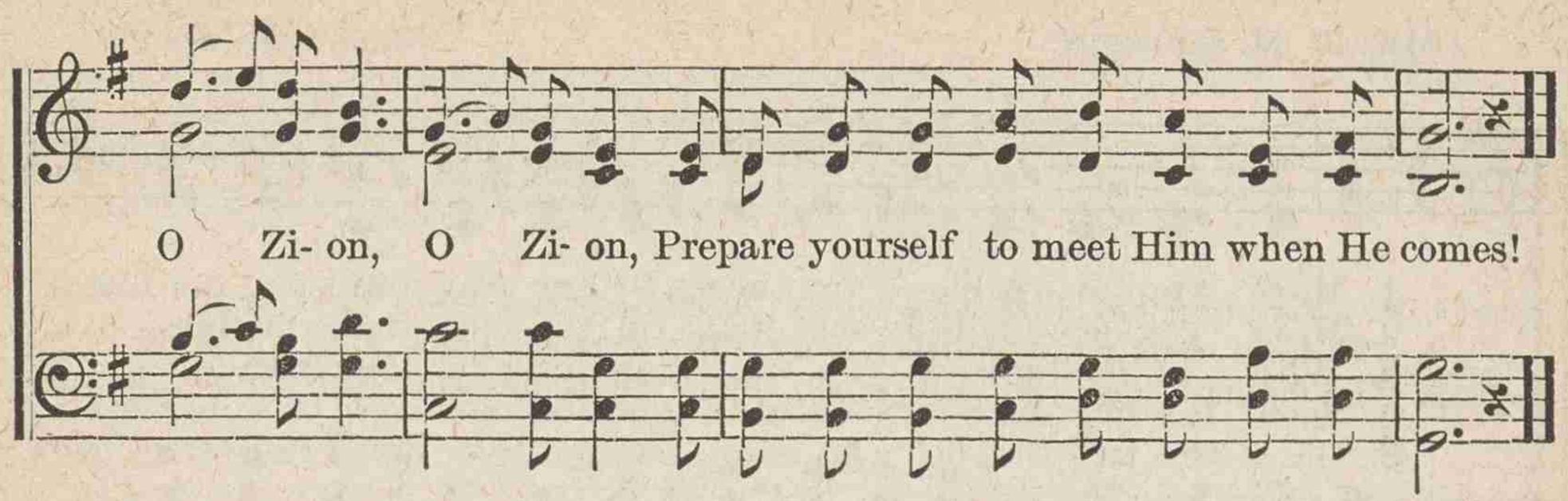
THE TEN VIRGINS.—Concluded.

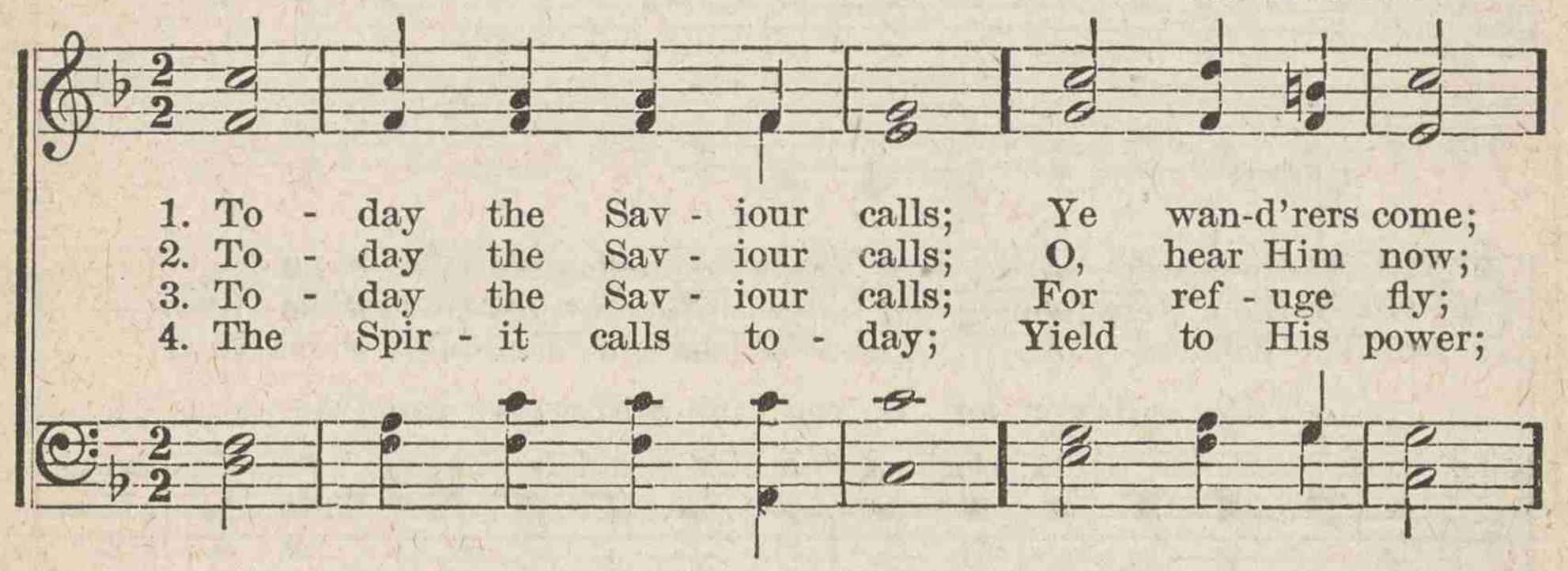
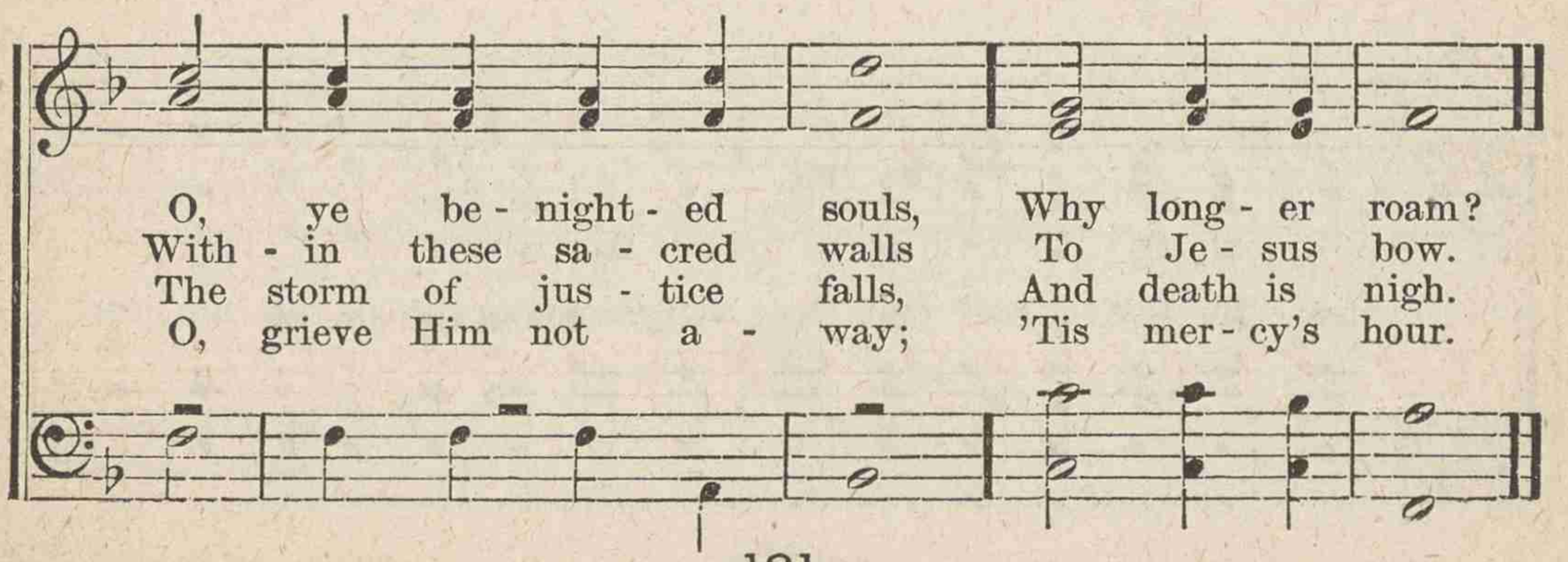


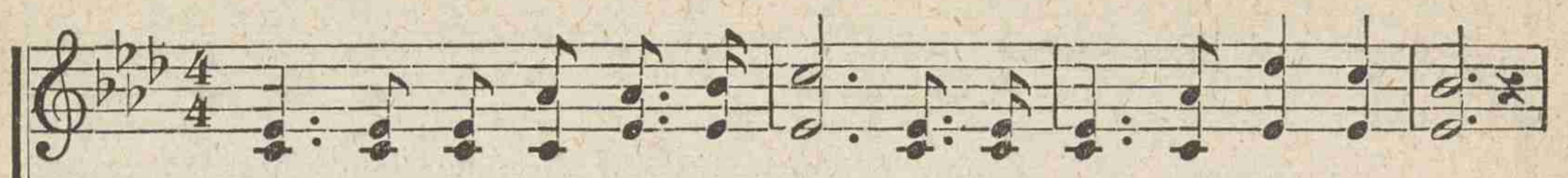
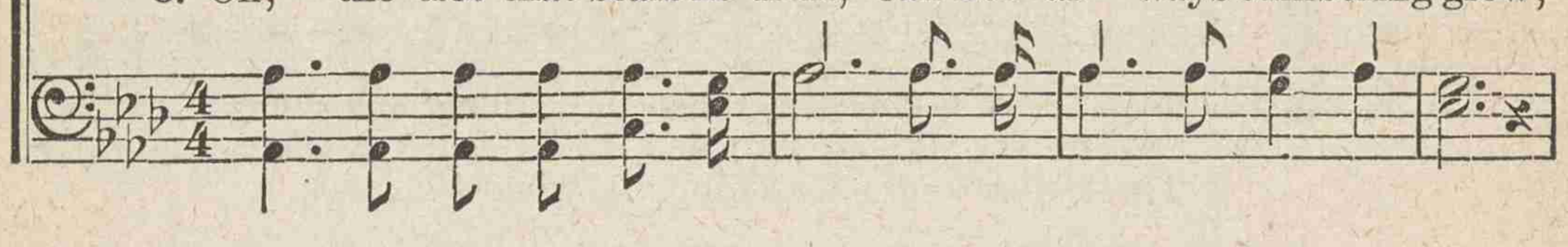
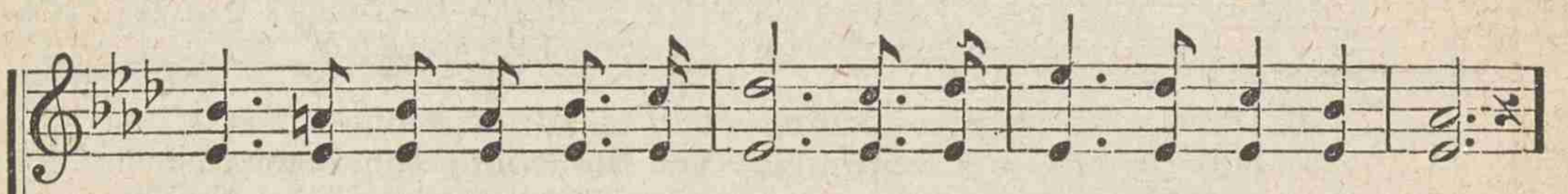
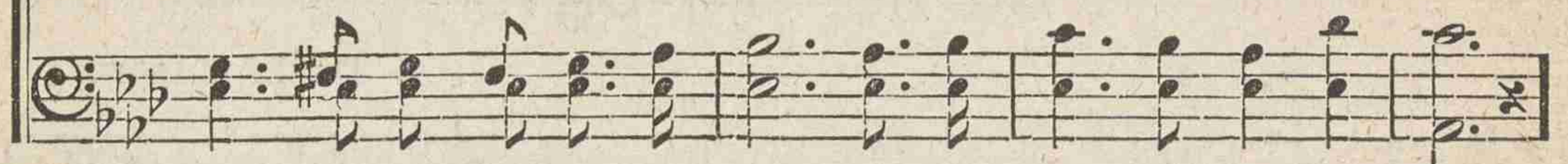
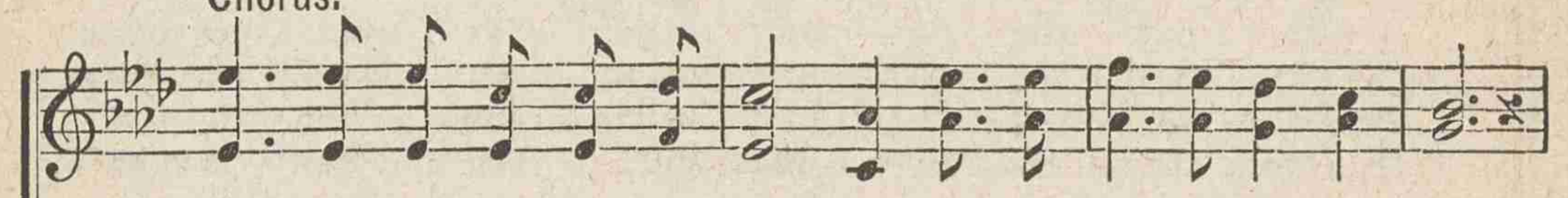
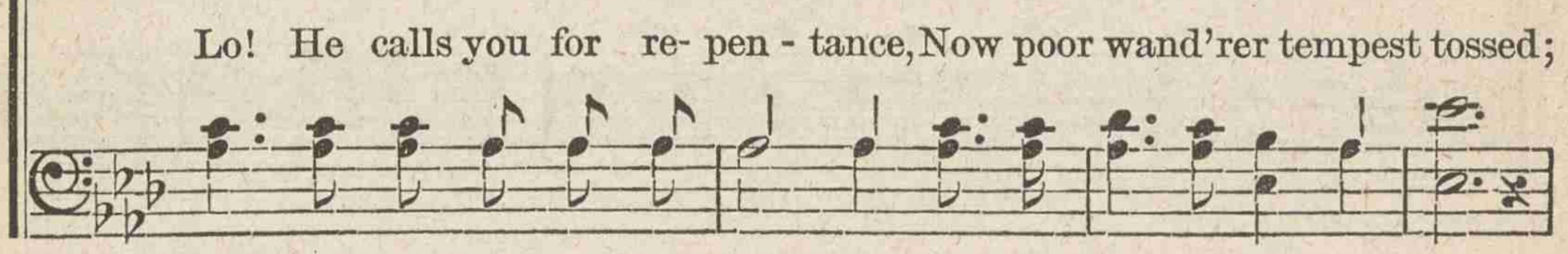
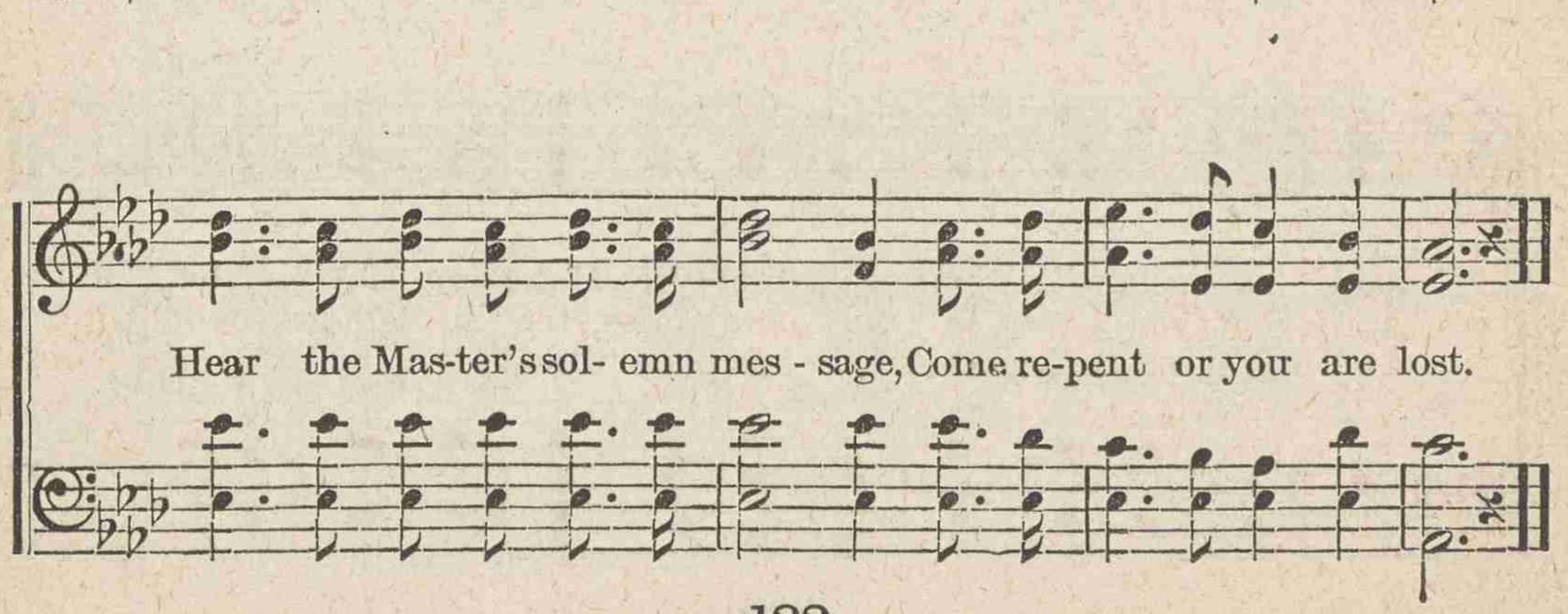
4 The foolish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came,
The foolish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came,
‖: The foolish kept a-knocking, :‖ when He came.

5 Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
‖: Go ye out to meet Him, :‖ when He comes!

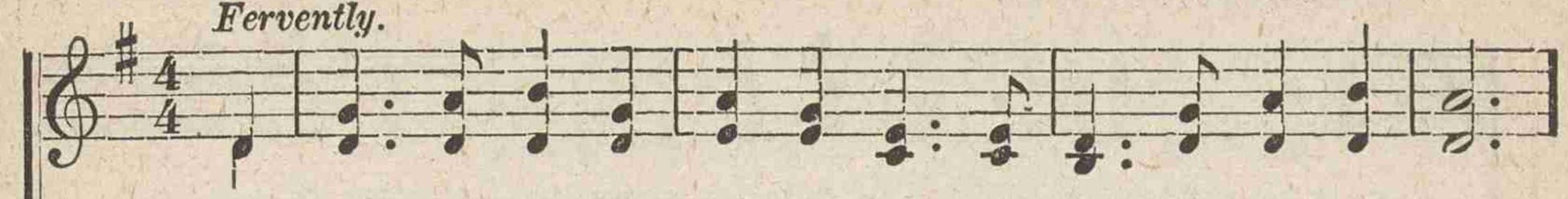
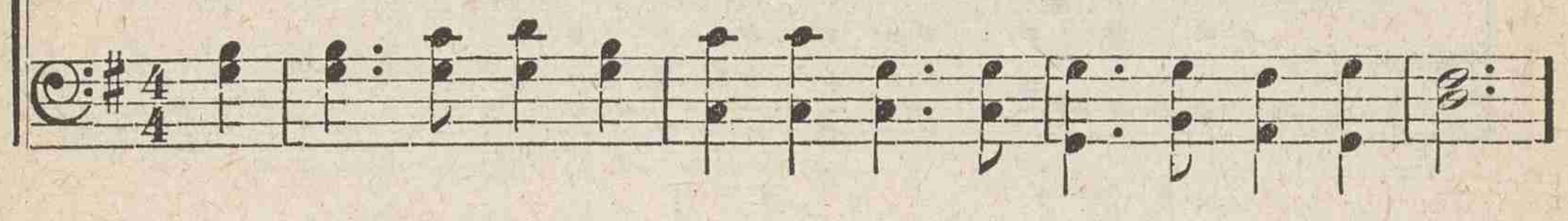
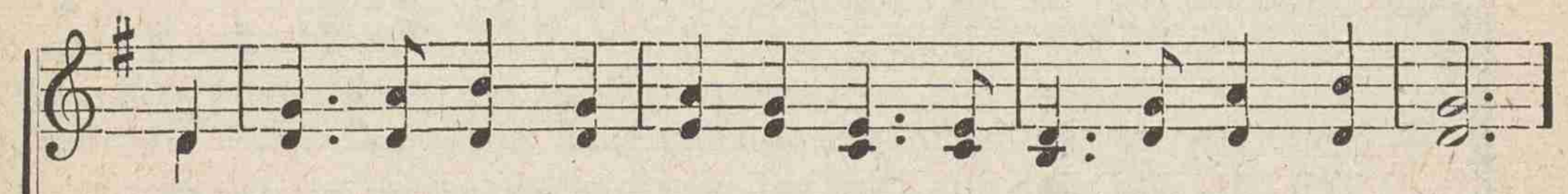
6 Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
‖: Have your lamps a-burning, :‖ when He comes.

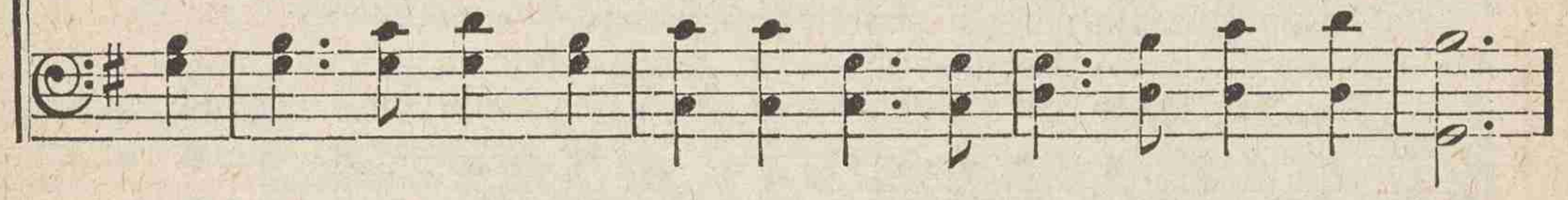
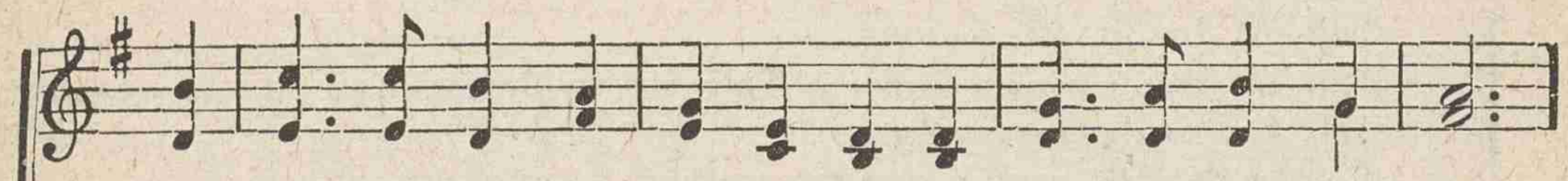
No. 113. TO-DAY.

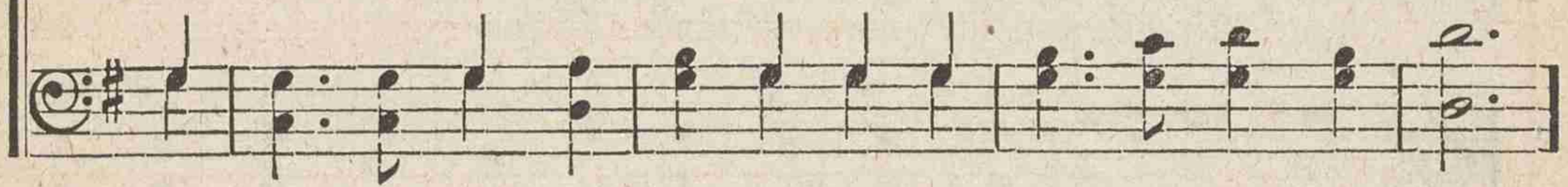
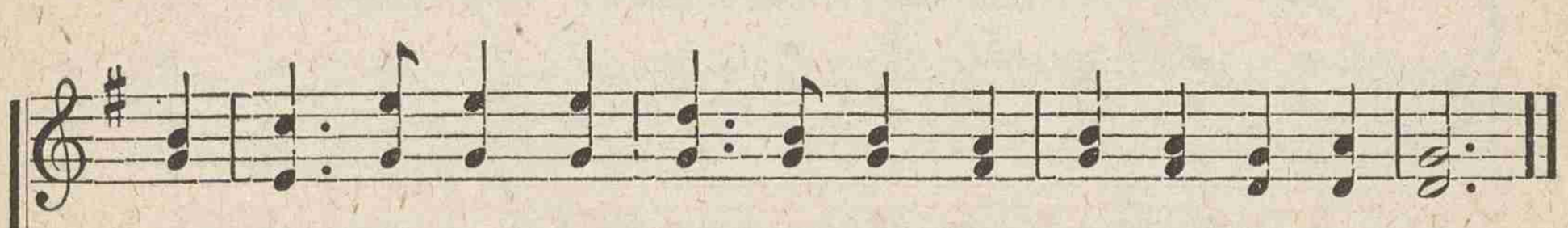
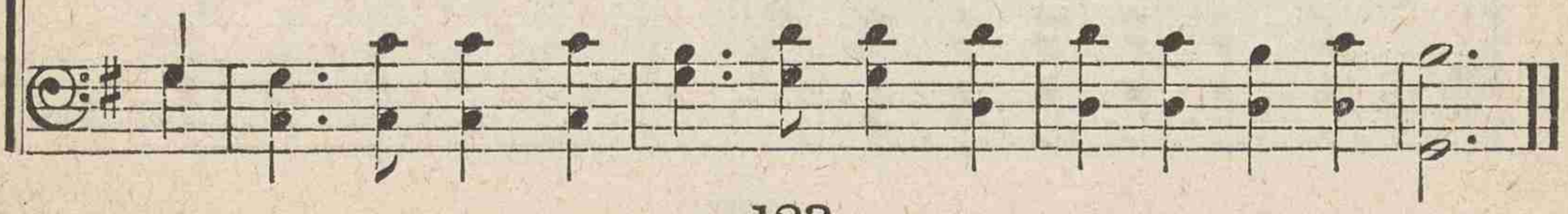
Dr. L. MASON.

No. 114. LO! HE CALLS YOU.

Mrs. T. M. Griffin. Frank M. Davis.

1. Have you ev - er closed your heart, To the Sav-iour's ten- der claim?
2. Have you heard how Je-sus died? On the cross that you might live,
3. Why in blindness do you wait, Wand'ring far- ther from the light?
4. Soon the sum-mer days will go, And the har - vest time be past;
5. Oh, the tree that bears no fruit, Can-not al - ways cumbering grow;

Have you ev - er tak- en part, With the world a-gainst His name?
Have you scorned the crimson tide, Which e - ter - nal life can give?
Loving things which you should hate, Sinking deep - er in - to night.
Then will cease His pleading low, And your doom be sealed at last.
For His blade will smite the root, And its beau - ty be laid low.

Chorus.

Lo! He calls you for re- pen - tance, Now poor wand'rer tempest tossed;

Hear the Mas-ter's sol- emn mes - sage, Come re-pent or you are lost.

No. 115. THE DAY-SPRING.

R. G. STAPLES.

Fervently.

1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night Come heav'n's melodious strains,
2. The an - swer-ing hills of Palestine Send back the glad re - ply;
3. "Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring—

Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver- man- tled plains.
And greet, from all their ho- ly heights The day-spring from on high.
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's e-ter - nal King."



Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a- bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
Light on thy hills, Je - ru - sa - lem! The Sav- iour now is born!

And an - gels with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu- sic on the air.
And Sha - ron waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
And bright on Bethlehem's joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn.

No. 116. TELL IT TO JESUS.

"*Tell it to Jesus.*"—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus. Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je-sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je-sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je-sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?

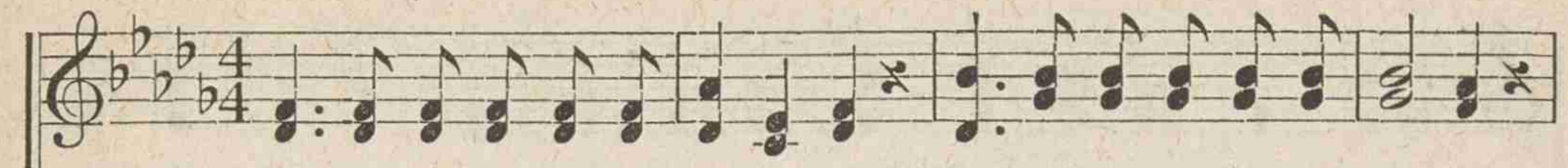
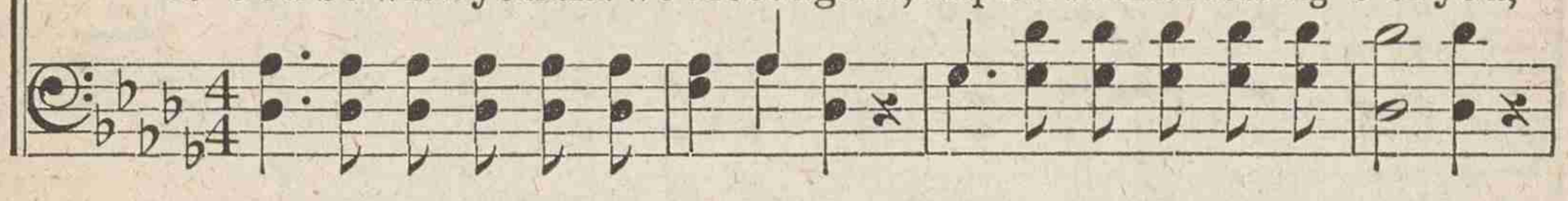
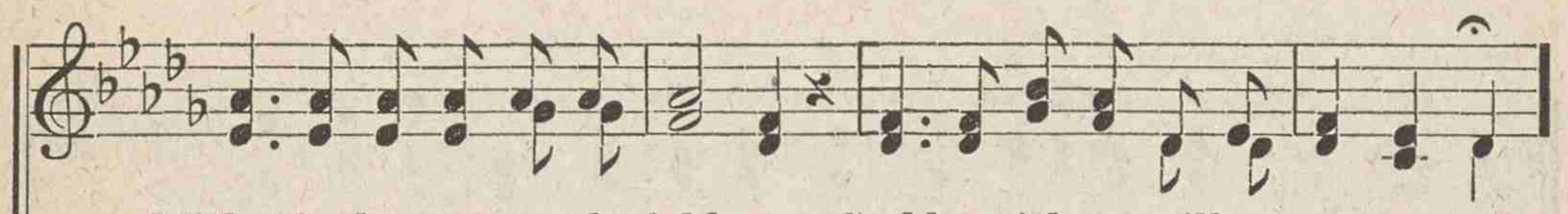
CHORUS.

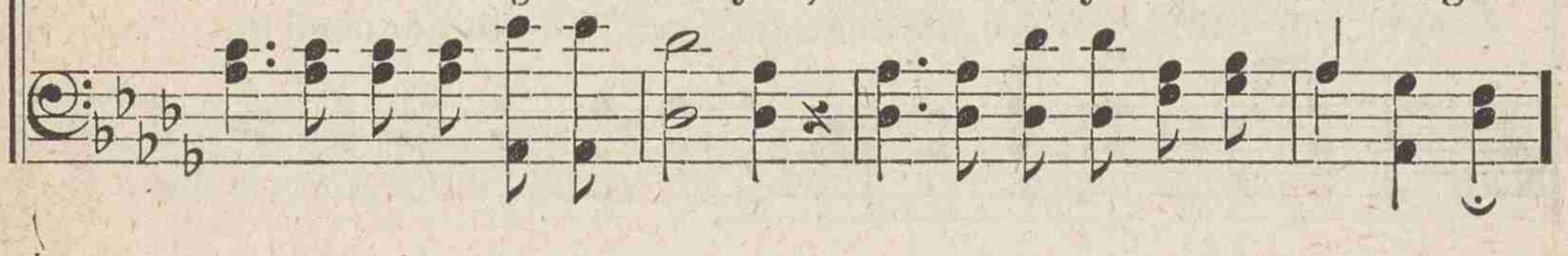
Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,
Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

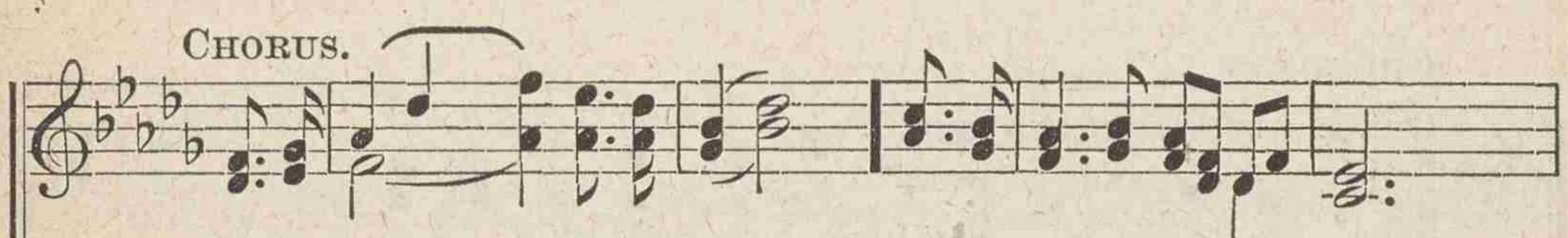
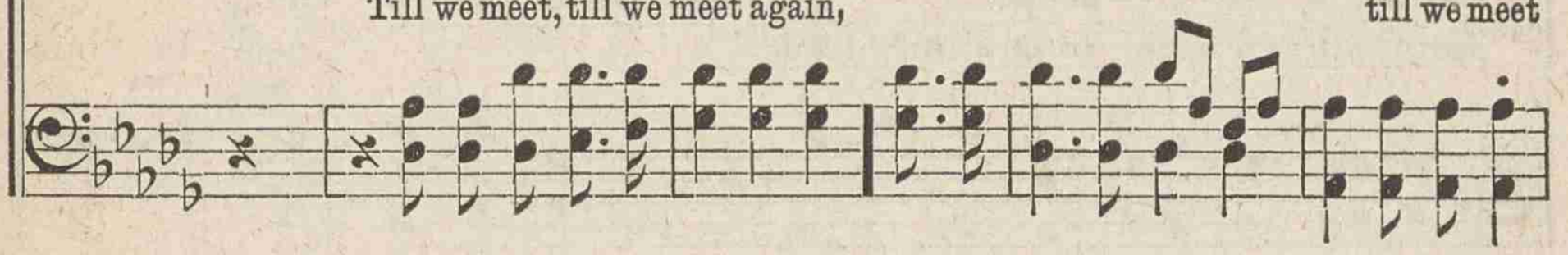
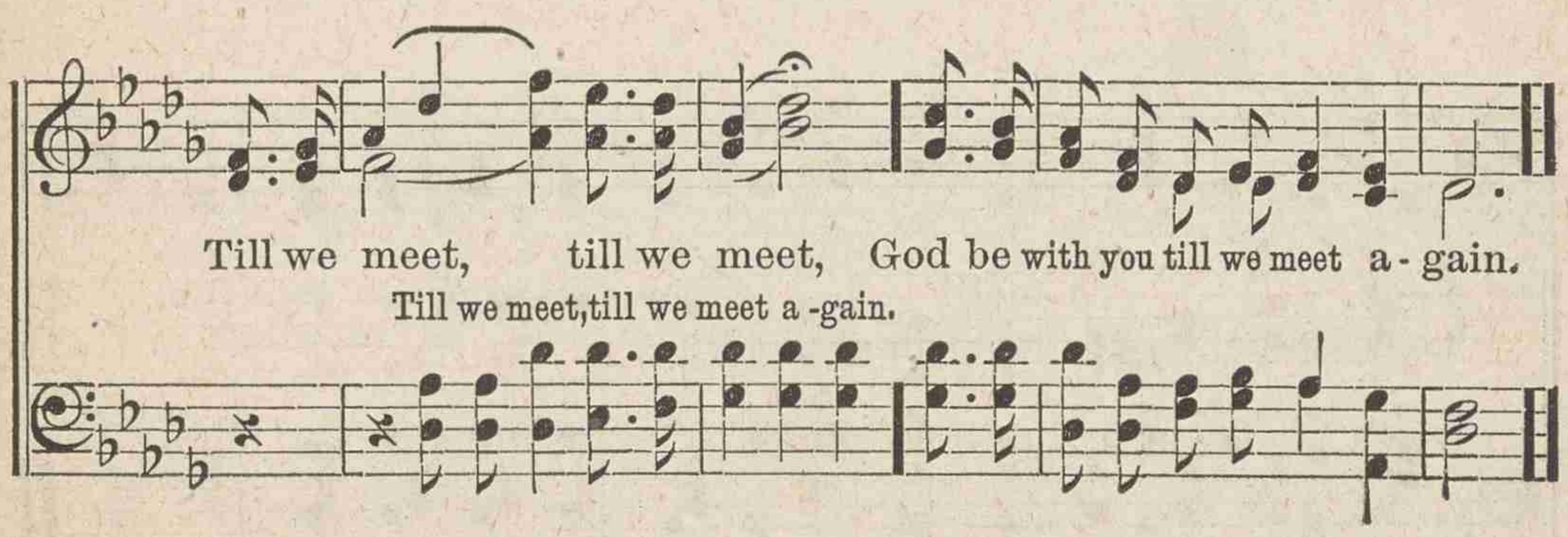
He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth-er
such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

No. 117. GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

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

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting, hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus feet.
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

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No. 118. LOOK, SINNER, LOOK!

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah 45: 22.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Look! 'tis a sim-ple thing to do; Yet fraught with bliss to all, It saves the sin-ner from his sins, It ransoms from the fall.
2. Look! 'tis the voice of love which speaks And bids the dy - ing live; To look in faith, ye ends of earth, Will full sal-va-tion give.
3. Look with the eye of faith to Him Who left His home on high, And died to save the sin-ner lost; Be-hold Him, He is nigh.
4. Look! yes, 'tis look and live, to all Who care to lift the eye; The blind can see, the deaf can hear, The sin-ner need not die.

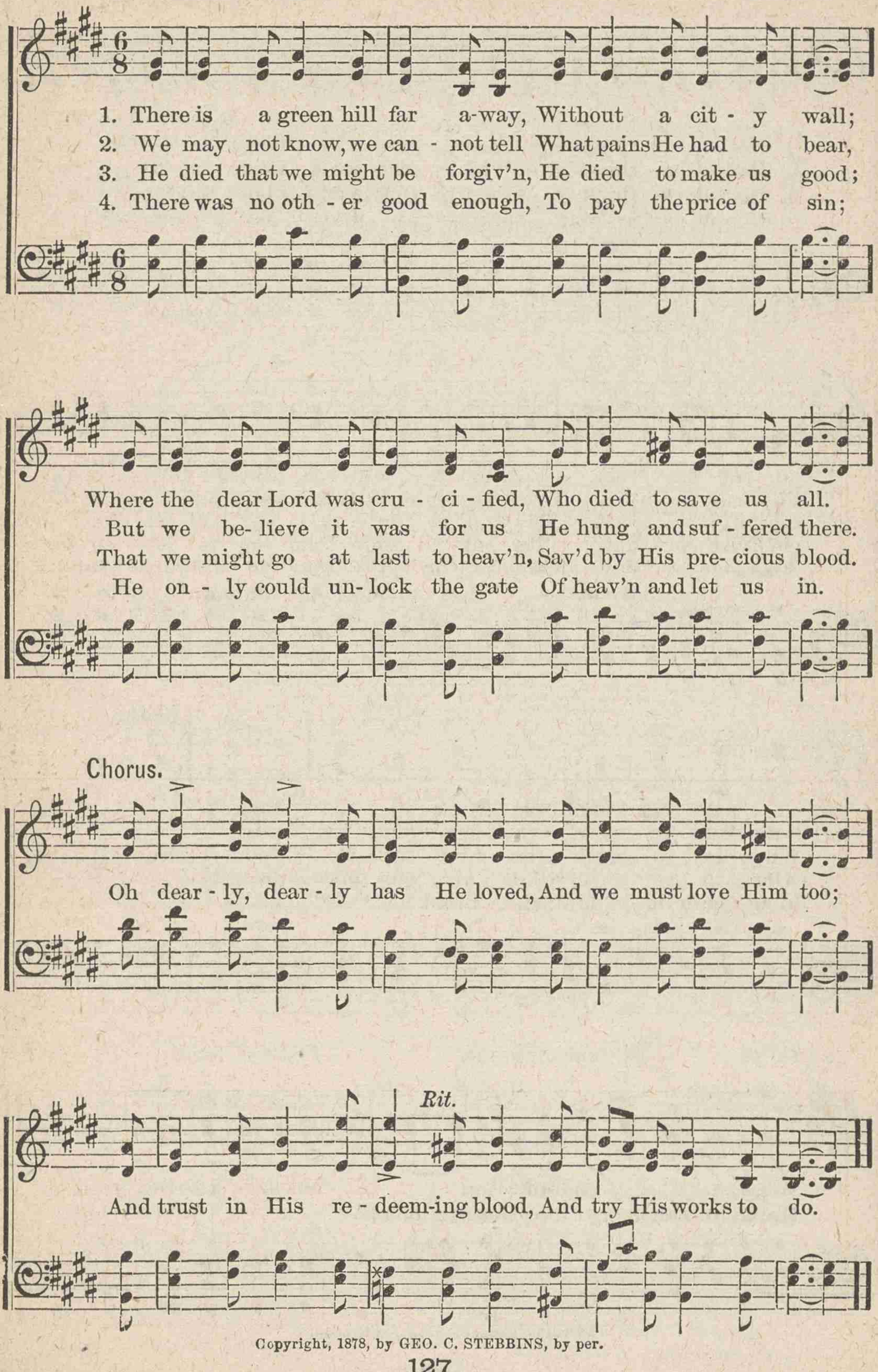
CHORUS.

Look, look! the cross is now in view;
Look, sinner, look, look, sinner, look! now in view;

Look, look! the mes-sage is to you.
Look, sin-ner, look, look, sin-ner, look!

No. 119. There is a Green Hill far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1878, by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

No. 120. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

E. M. C. E. MANFORD CLARK, by per.

1. Ho! all ye thirst- y, Come un - to me, I have a fount- ain
2. Ho! all ye thirst- y, Come ye, draw nigh, Come ere ye per - ish!
3. Ho! all ye thirst- y, Wea- ry and weak, Come un - to me, how
4. Ho! all ye thirst- y, Come ye this way, Come, still the stream flows
5. Ho! all ye thirst- y, Come ye I pray, Wa- ter thy soul a -

o - pen for thee, Free-ly it flows, oh, pause ye and think,
Why will ye die, When ye might drink and thirst nev- er - more?
long must I seek Thy soul to save and you noth-ing do,
by thee to - day, 'Tis but a step from you to its brink,
fresh here to - day, Come ye, no price bring ye in your hand.

Chorus.

I am that Fount, oh, come ye and drink.
Come, drink ye now, ye fam - ish - ing poor.
When I so much did free - ly for you?
Oh, will ye come while yet you may drink?
Come, saith the Spir - it, Bride, and the Lamb.

Ho! all ye

thirst - y come un-to me, I have a fount - ain

Ho! all ye thirsty, come unto me, I have a fount-ain
Ho! all ye thirst - y, Come un-to me, I have a fount-

From the International Lesson Hymnal.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. Concluded.

o - pen for thee, Come, drink ye, free..... yea, free-ly I

o - pen for thee,..... Come, drink ye free, yea, freely I
ain o-pen for thee, Come, drink ye, free, yea,

Ho! all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.....

give,.....
free-ly I give

Ho! all ye thirst-y, drink ye and live.
Ho! all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.

No. 121. THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Scotch.

1. Sin - ner go, will you go To the high- lands of heav - en;
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum- mer's giv - en?
D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting,

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;

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

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

No. 122. HE IS OUR FRIEND.

WATTS. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Our sins, a - las! how strong they are! And like a rag - ing flood,
2. The waves of trou - ble, how they rise, How loud the tem- pest roar;
3. For - ev - er His dear, sa - cred name Shall dwell up-on our tongue,

They break our du - ty, Lord, to Thee, And force us from our God.
But death shall land our, wear - y souls, Safe on the heav'n-ly shore.
And Je - sus and sal - va - tion be The close of ev - 'ry song.

But Je - sus hath paid all our debts thro' love, He is our friend,

He is our friend; Pleading, plead - ing, up in yon courts a- bove.

No. 123. ONE DAY NEARER.

C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.

1. Near-er home, near-er home, I am one day near-er home, Nearer
2. Near-er home, near-er home, I am one day near-er home, Nearer
3. Near-er home, near-er home, Yes I'm one day near-er home, There the

all that is dear to the soul, Near-er kin-dred and friends nearer
where ma-ny man-sions will be, Near-er to that great throne, and the
cross is laid down for the crown, Near-er home that blest land where there's

to the bound of life, Bless-ed thought I am near-er the goal.
white-robed an-gel band, On the banks of the bright crys-tal sea.
rest from toil and care, And our Sav-iour in-vites us to come.

Chorus.

Nearer home sweet home, Ev-'ry day takes me one day nearer
Nearer home, sweet home,

home; Nearer home, sweet home, Soon I'll rest in that home, sweet home.
Sweet home, nearer home, sweet home,

No. 124. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

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

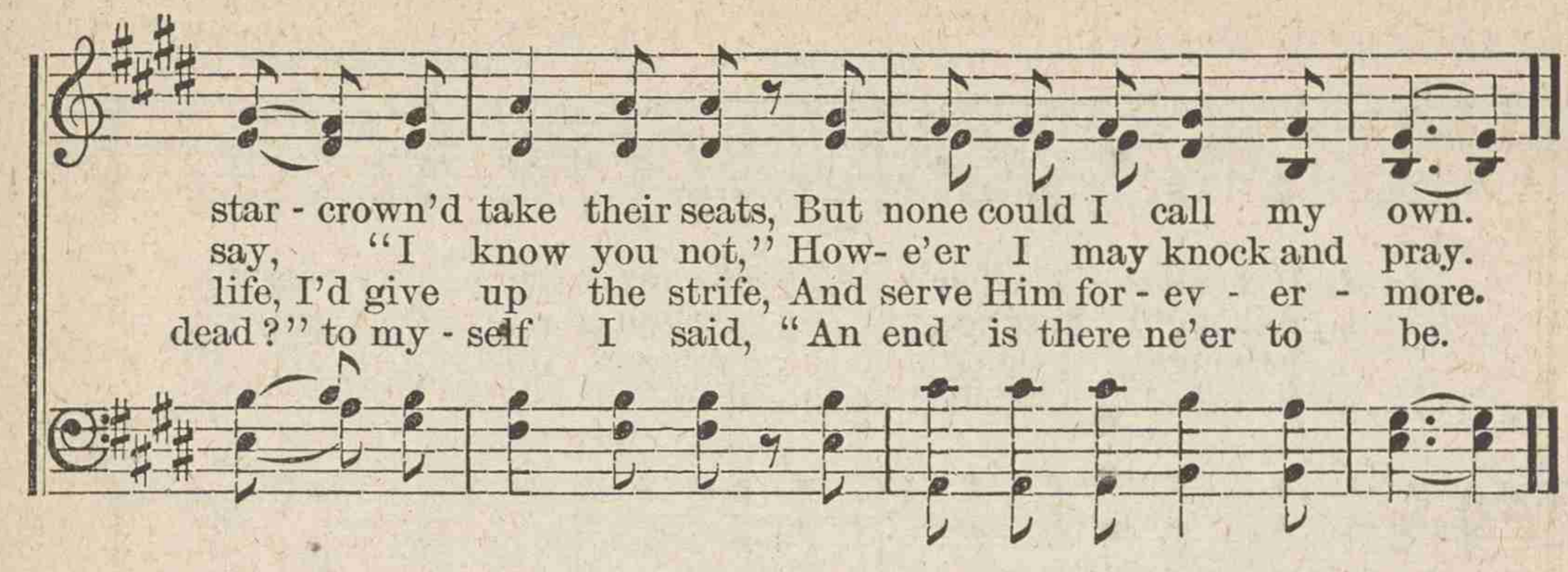
1. I sat a - lone with life's mem- o - ries In sight of the
2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The pray - er at
3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd wast- ed in
4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: Re -mem-ber, re-

crys - tal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones, With
my mother's knee: Of the counsels grave that my fath - er gave—The
fol- ly and sin—Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd, And
-member, my Son! Remember thy ways in the for - mer days, The

nev- er a crown for me; And then the voice of the Judge said, come,
wrath I was warned to flee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late,
I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made,
crown that thou might's have won!" I thought, I thought, and my thoughts ran on,

Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the
Shut with-out must I stand for aye?" And the Judge, will He
When I lay at death's dark door—"Would He spare my
Like the tide of a sun - less sea— "Am I liv - ing or

IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.—Concluded.



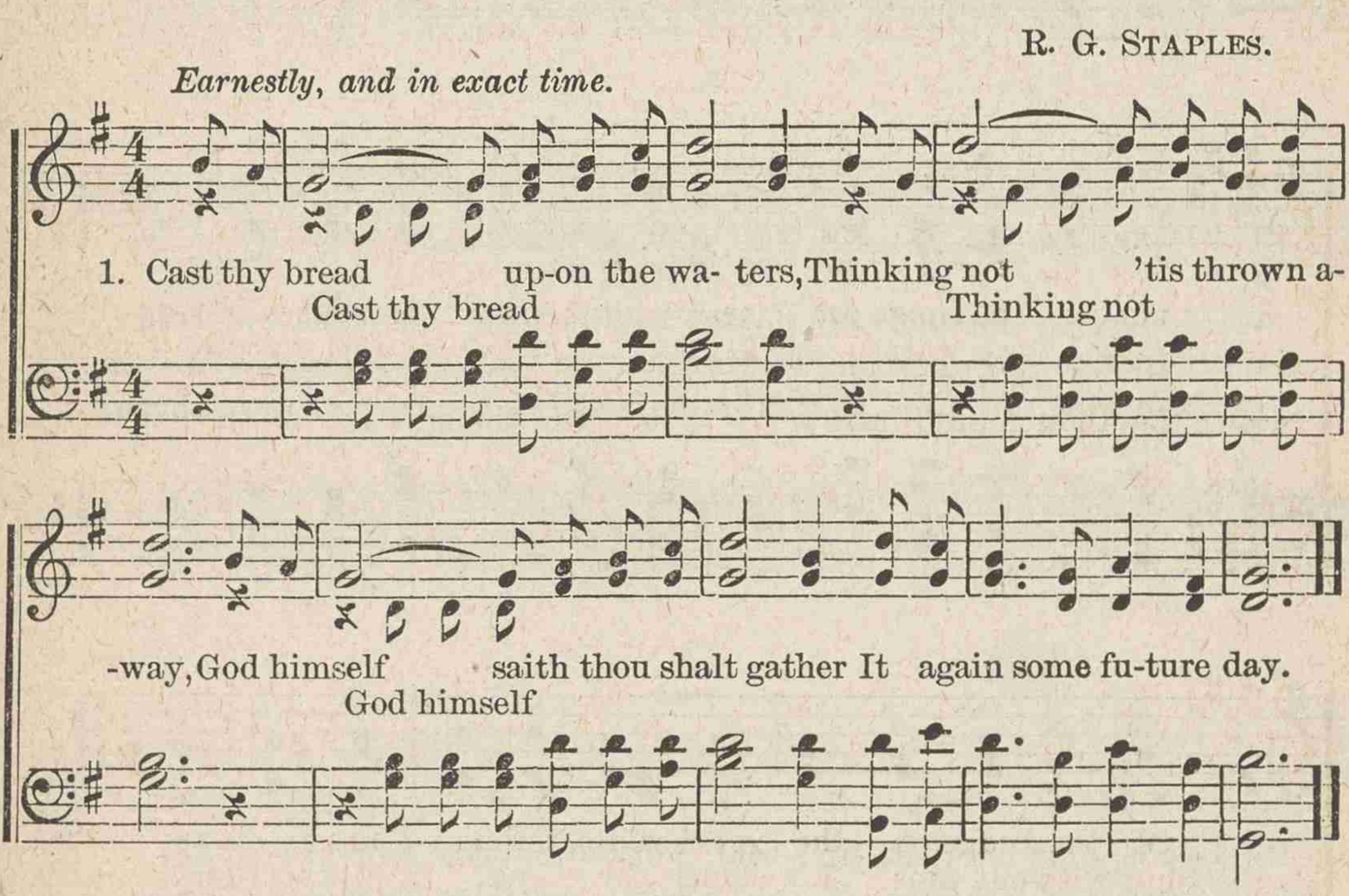
5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child,
And I wept and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,
And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd
I know there's a crown for me; [come,
And when the voice of the Judge says,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
There's one I shall call my own. [ones.

No. 125. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

R. G. STAPLES.

Earnestly, and in exact time.

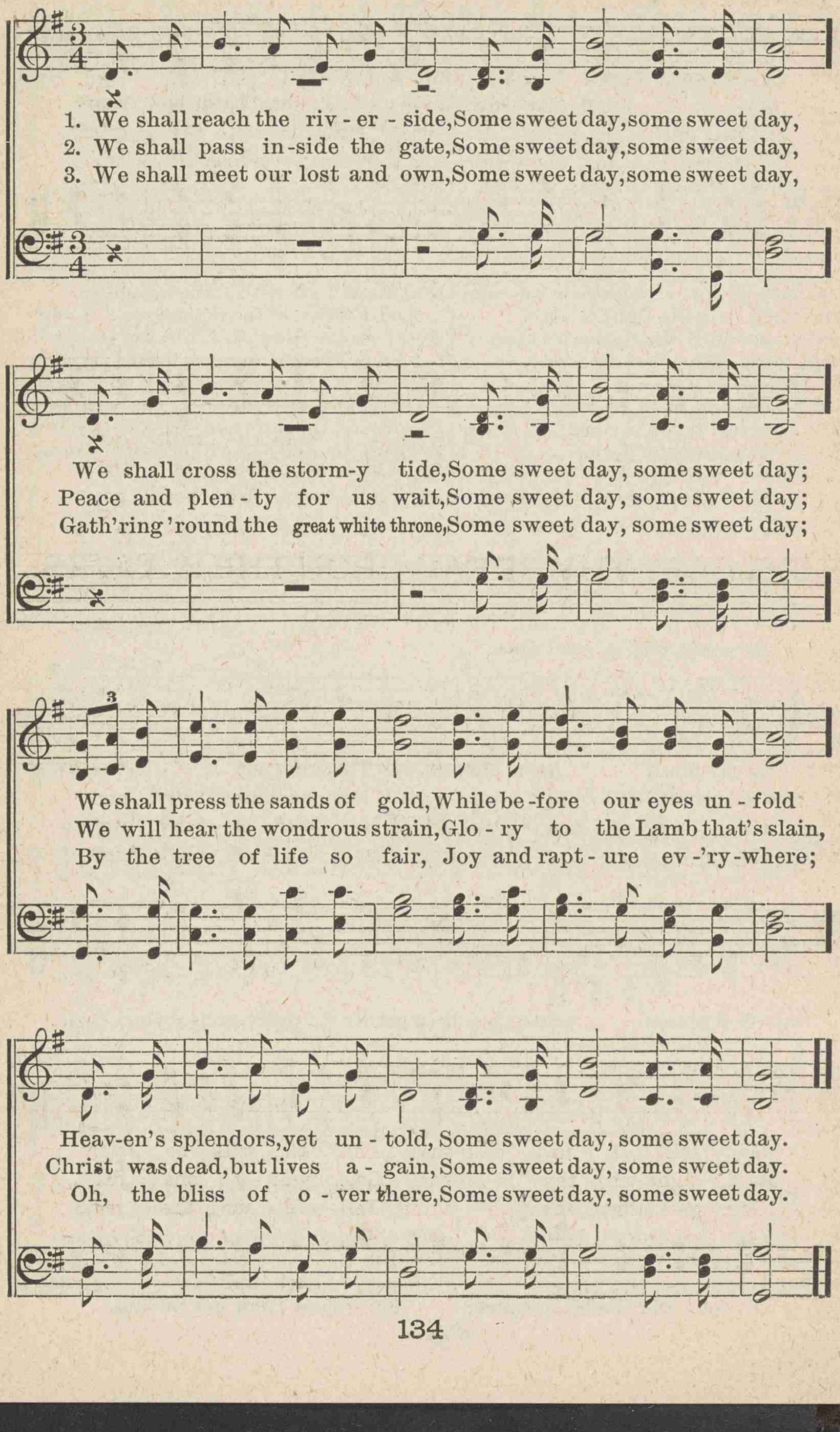


2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly through the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

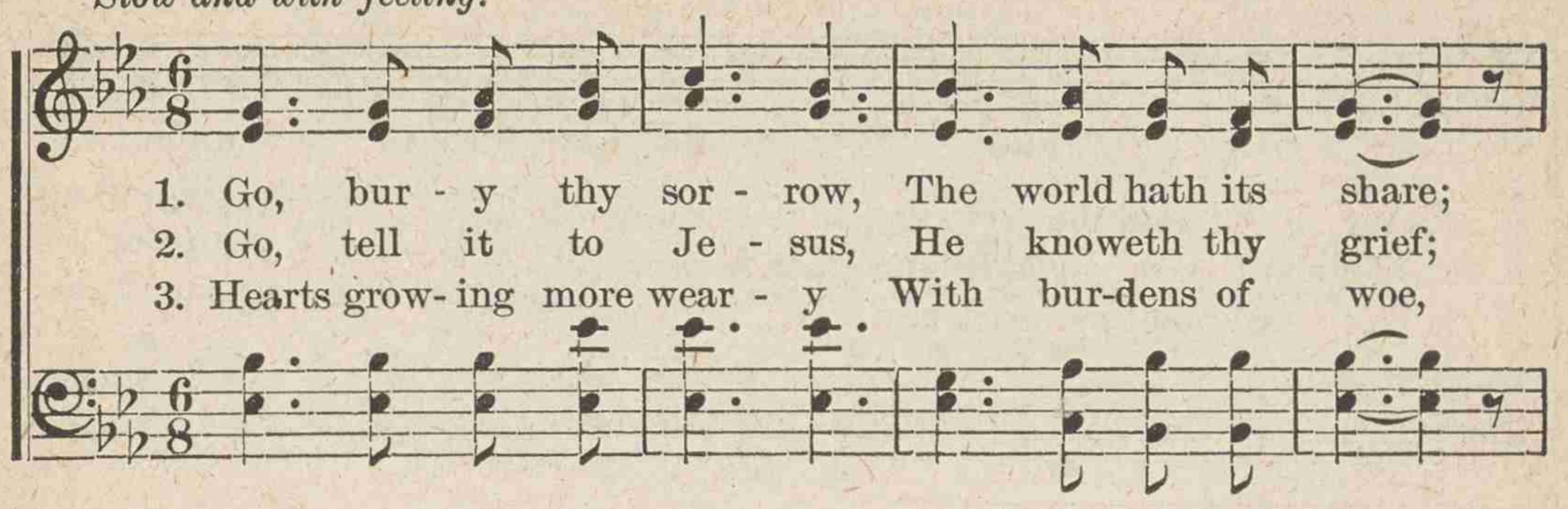
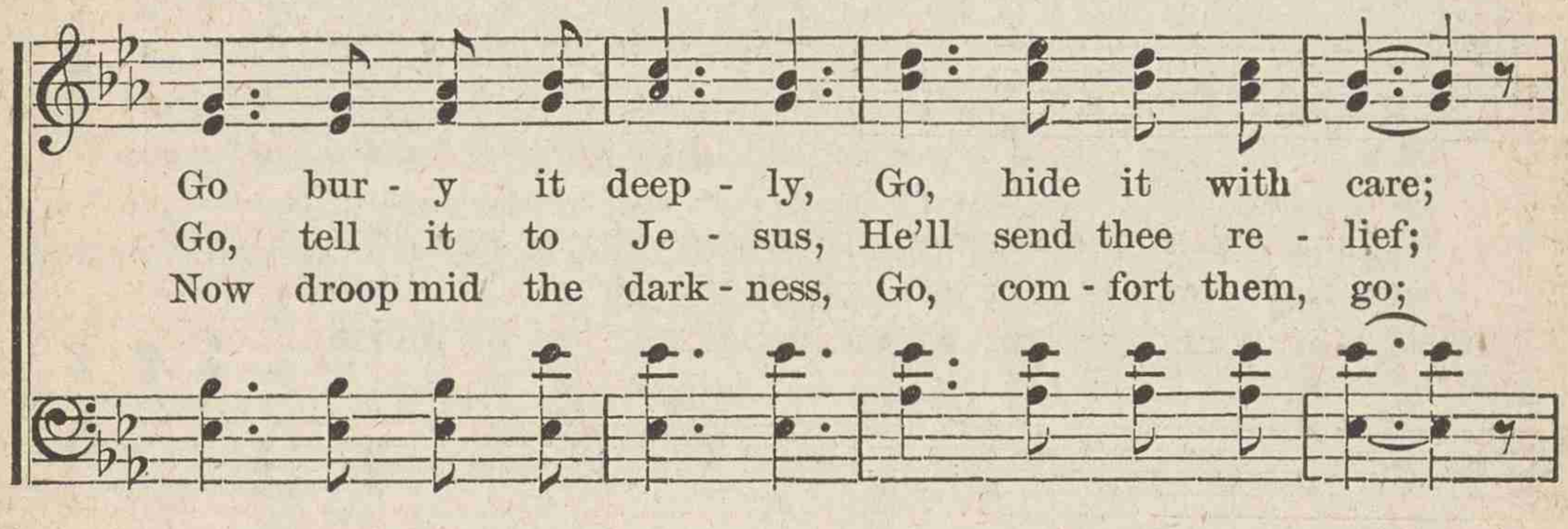
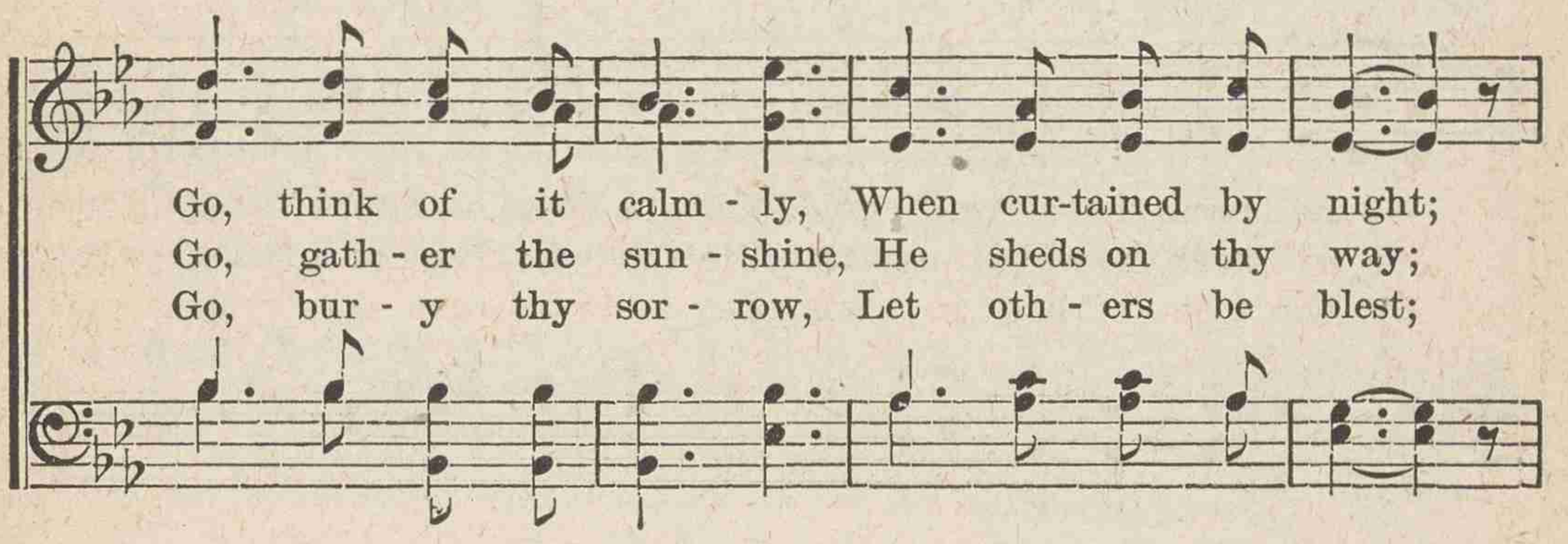
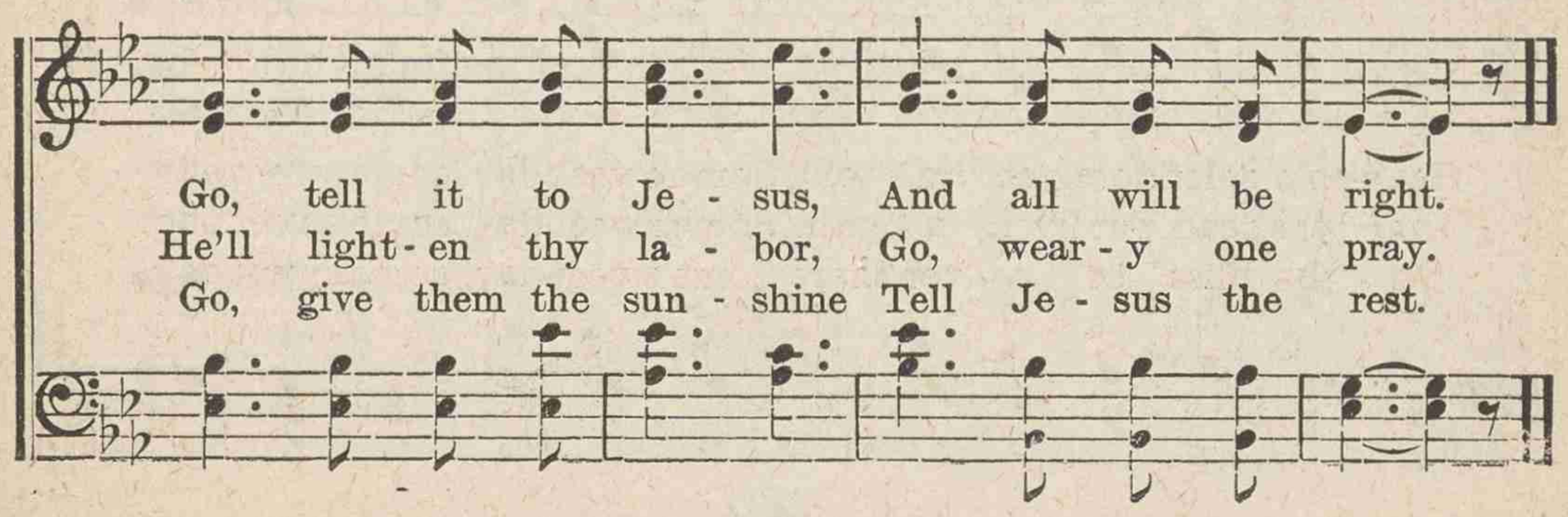
4 Give, then, freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign:
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

No. 126. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. F. KINSEY. By per.

No. 127. GO, BURY THY SORROW.

R. G. STAPLES.

Slow and with feeling.



No. 128. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - lehem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wan-der a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seek-ing for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

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

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me. Seeking for me;
me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me;
me, Calling for me. Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

Oh, it was won-derful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-derful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him descend-ing the sky, Coming for me, for me.

From "GOOD WILL," by permission.

No. 129. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

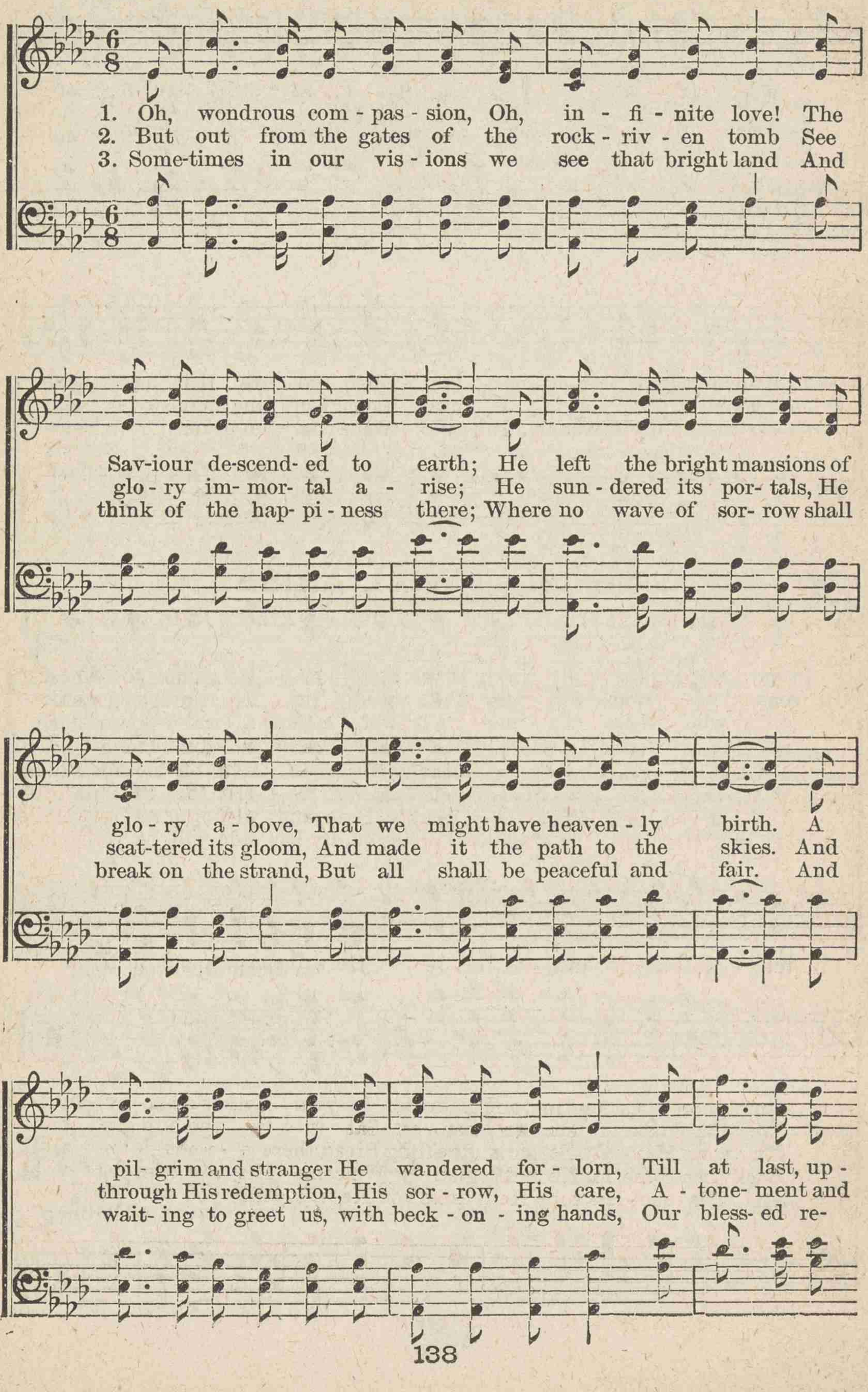
1. Who - so - ev - er! yes, vile tho' I be, The Sav - iour of all ran- soms ev - en me I'll go to Him now with this my plea, Je - sus have mer - cy. I come to Thee.
2. Who - so - ev - er! then can you not see, That this is in- tend - ed for you and me? We are the Chos - en, the sons of God— Sin - ner take heed! 'tis a pre- cious word.
3. Who - so - ev - er! then why should we live A - way from the cross since 'tis Christ can give Sal - va - tion free un - to all who come; Sin - ner a wel - come a - waits—Come home.

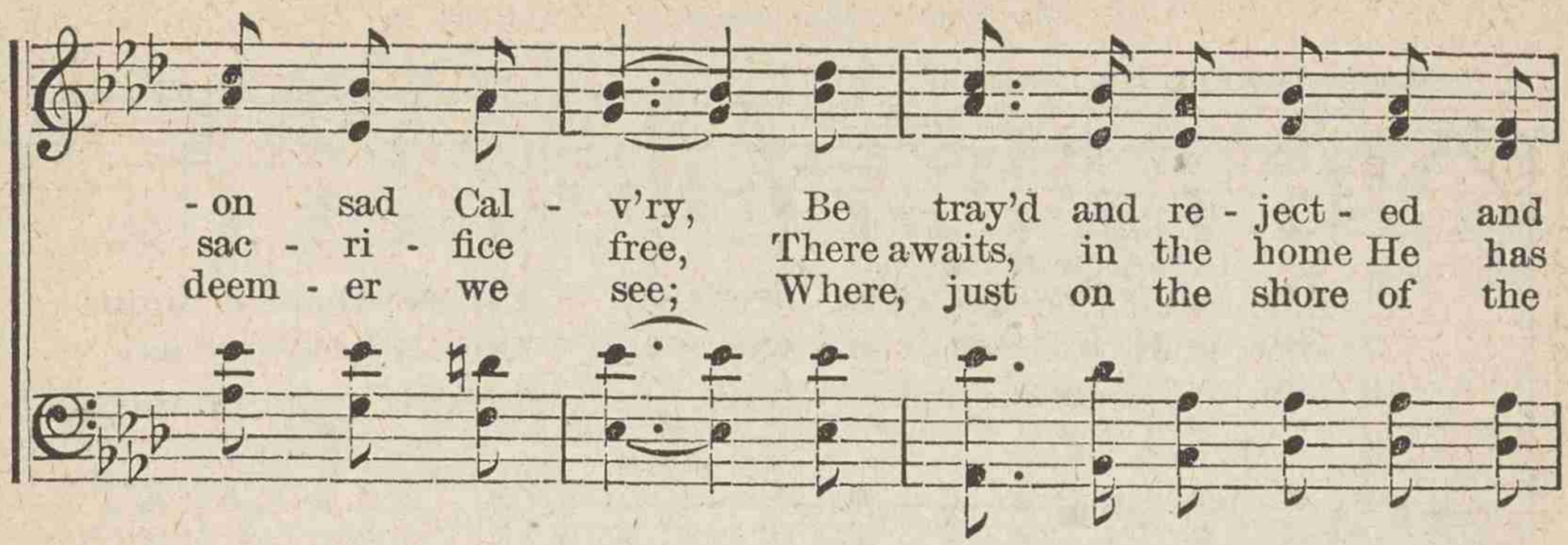
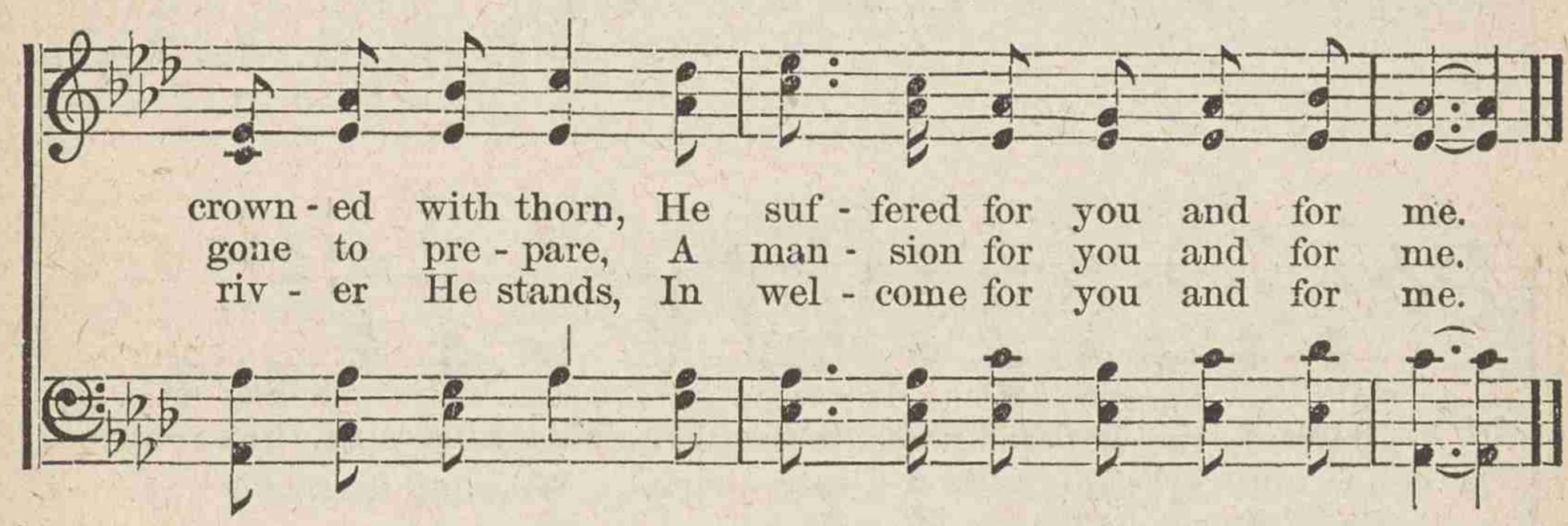
Chorus.

Who - so- ev- er, who - so- ev- er Je - sus that means even me; Who- so- ev- er, who- so - ev-er be - liev- eth from wrath shall be free.

No. 130. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

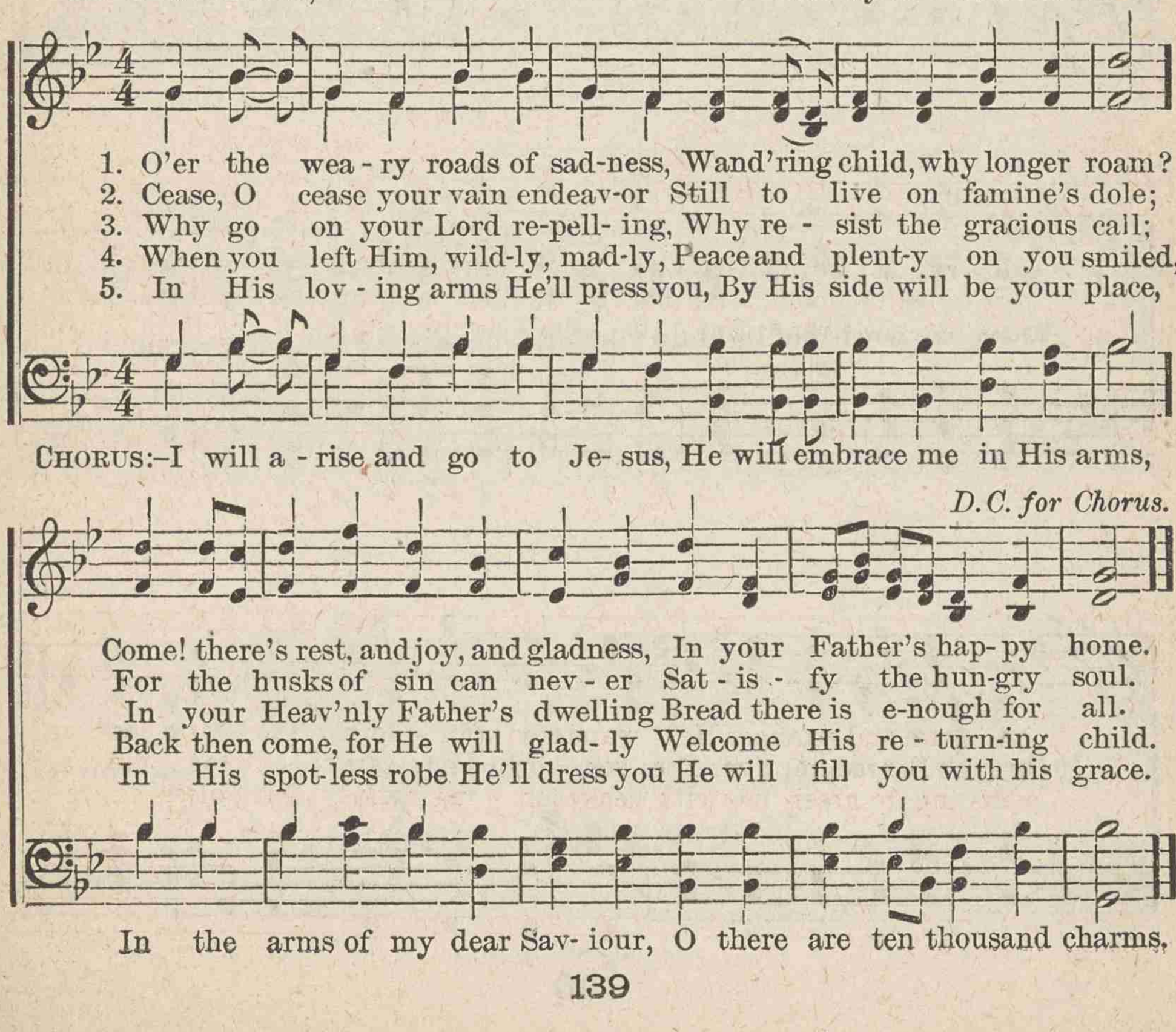
A. B. B. A. B. BRAGDON.



FOR YOU AND FOR ME. Concluded.



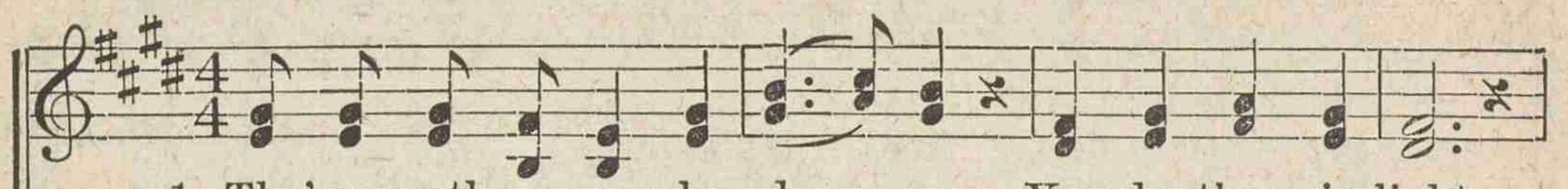
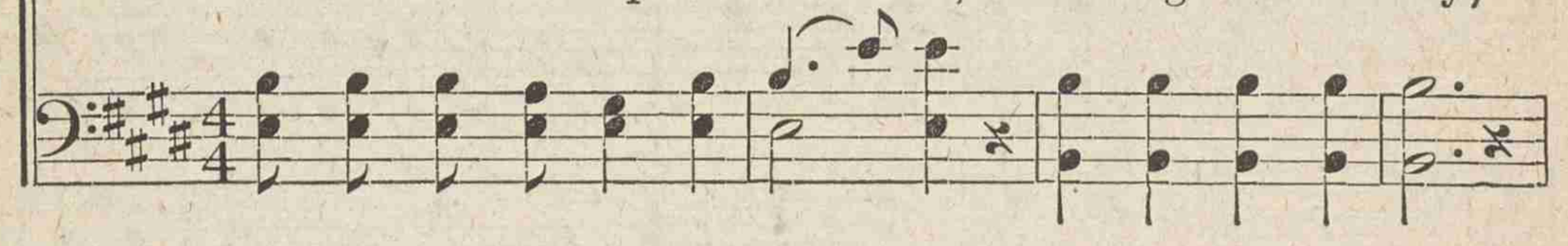
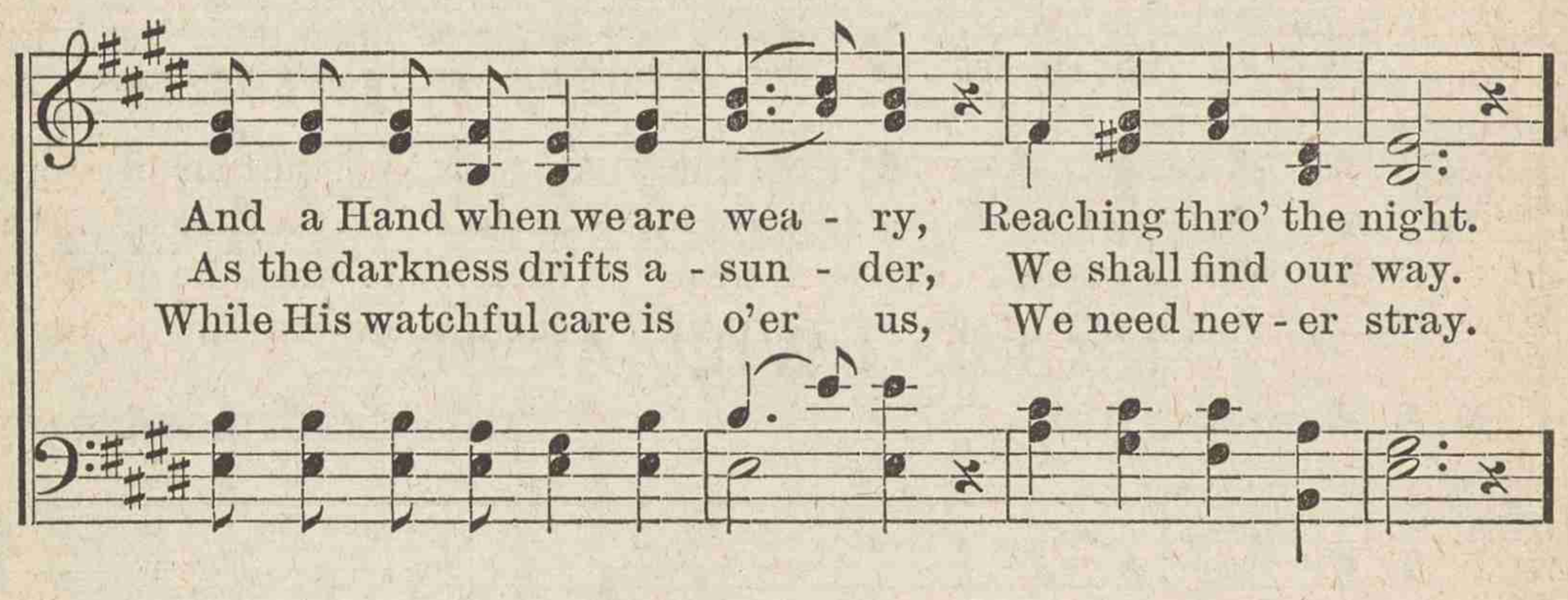
No. 131. I WILL ARISE.

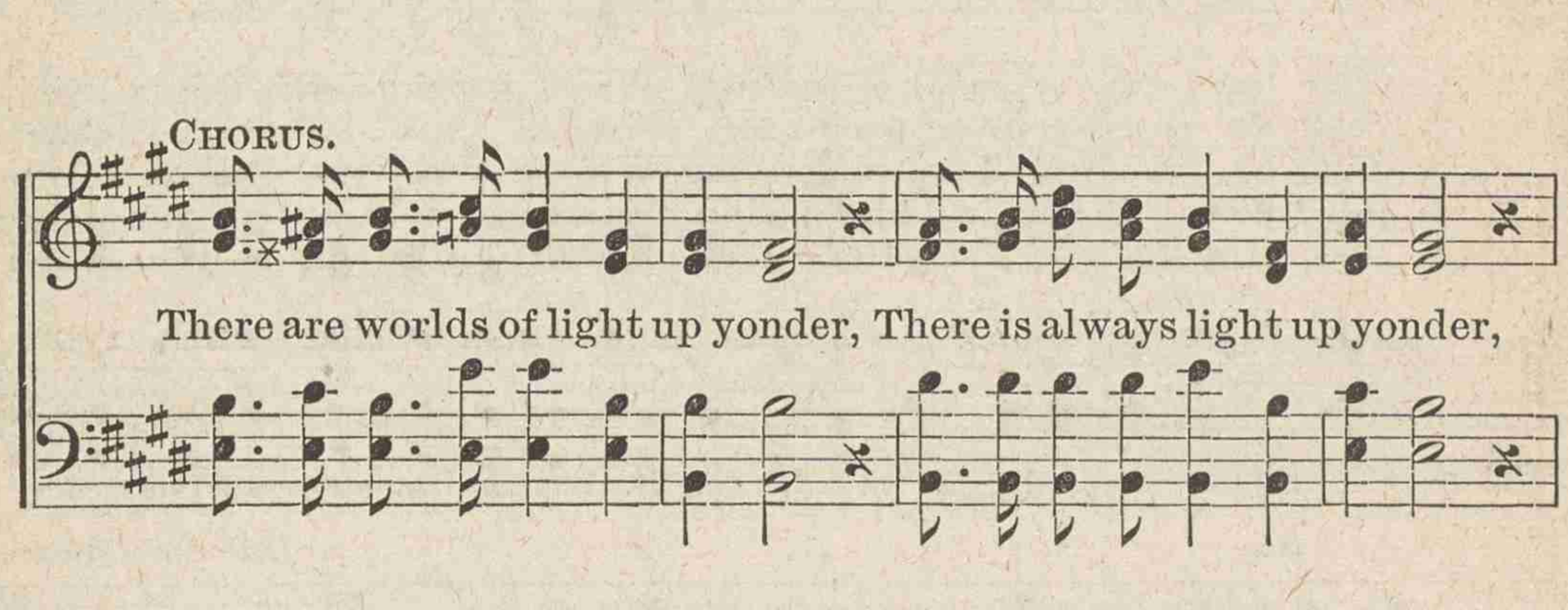
M. B. WHARTON, D. D. Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.



No. 132. UP YONDER.

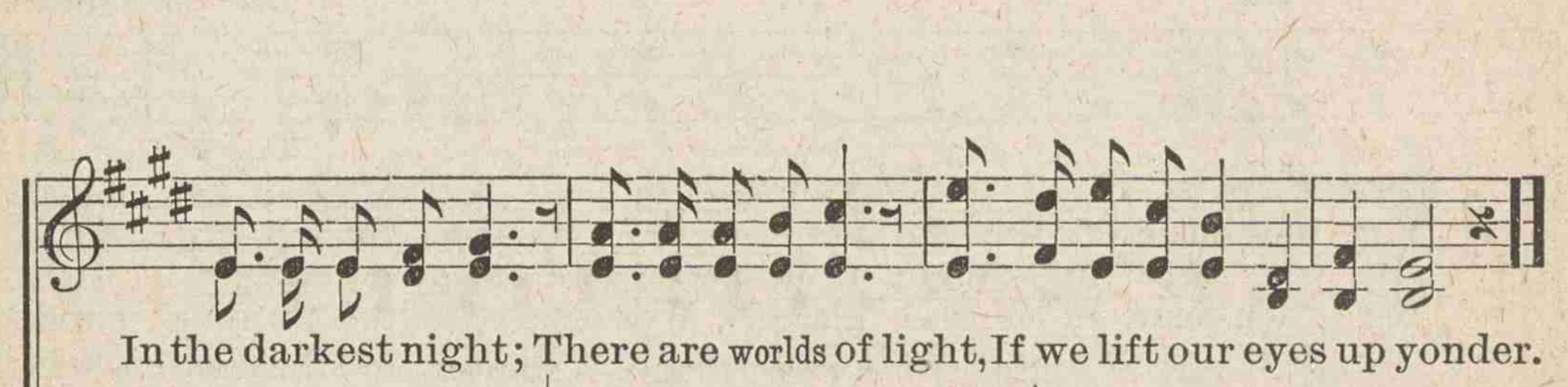
"In Thy light shall we see light."—Psa. 36: 9.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Tho' our pathway may be drear - y, Yon-der there is light;
2. Nev - er then de-spair or won - der; On - ly day by day,
3. One has trod the steps be - fore us, Marking all the way;

And a Hand when we are wea - ry, Reaching thro' the night.
As the darkness drifts a - sun - der, We shall find our way.
While His watchful care is o'er us, We need nev - er stray.

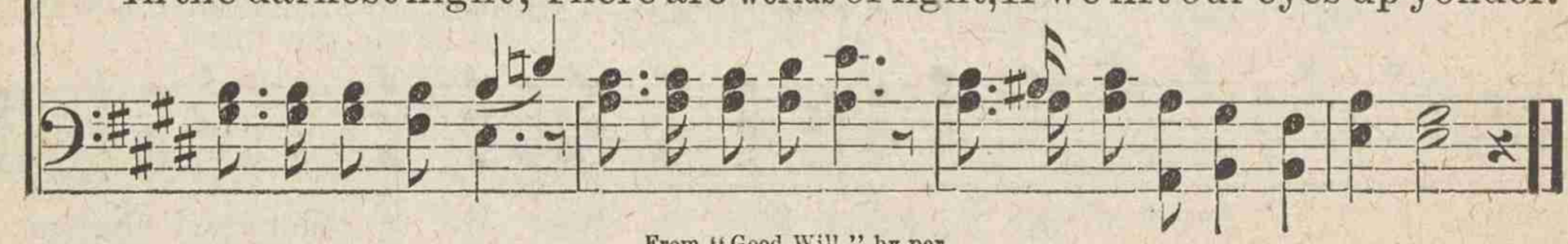


CHORUS.

There are worlds of light up yonder, There is always light up yonder,



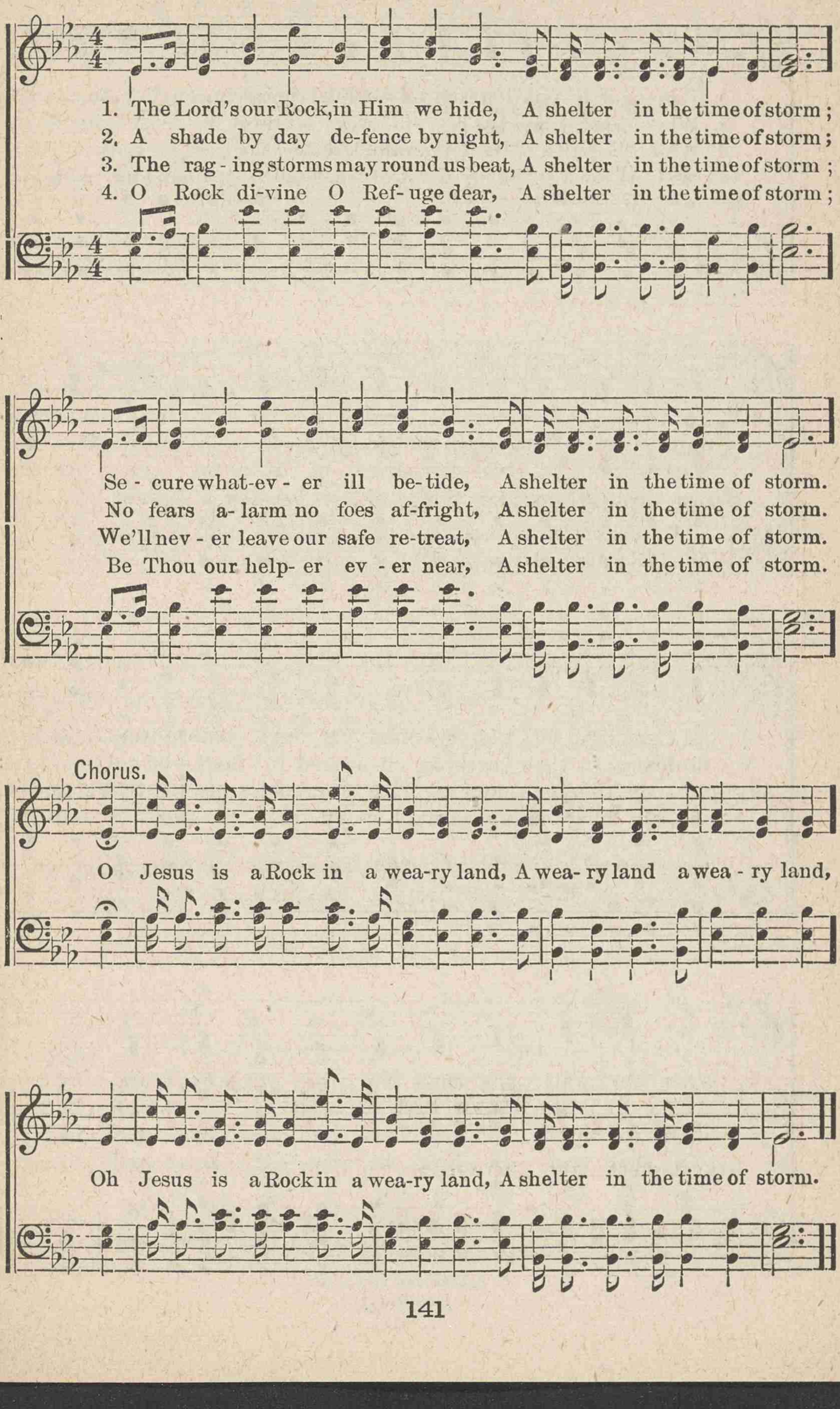
In the darkest night; There are worlds of light, If we lift our eyes up yonder.



From "Good Will," by per.

No. 133. THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



No. 134. WHEN OUR WAITING.

NEVA E. PARKHILL. G. R. STURGIS.

1. When our ea-ger, longing spirits Furl their wings to take their flight
2. When there comes the last unclosing Of these ti - red ach-ing hands,
3. When the pains of life have vanish'd, And the new - er sense of peace
4. Oh the peace, the joy, the rapture, That is wait-ing us at home,

To the mys - tic shores of beau - ty far a - way, Will the
Will the hearts that mourn for lov'd ones far a - way E'er be
Folds us in its ten - der arms of rest for aye, All the
Where the heart for rest shall nev - er breathe a sigh! Oh the

bea - con light of glo - ry Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,
si - lenced in their yearning, Si - lenced in their wist-ful long-ings,
old - en friends a-round us, With the old - en ties that bound us,
song of bliss that's swelling, Ev - 'ry tone so sweet-ly tell - ing,

When our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by.
And a - rise in strength and beau - ty by and by?
Shall we dwell in rest and glad - ness by and by?
We shall rest in love for - ev - er by and by.

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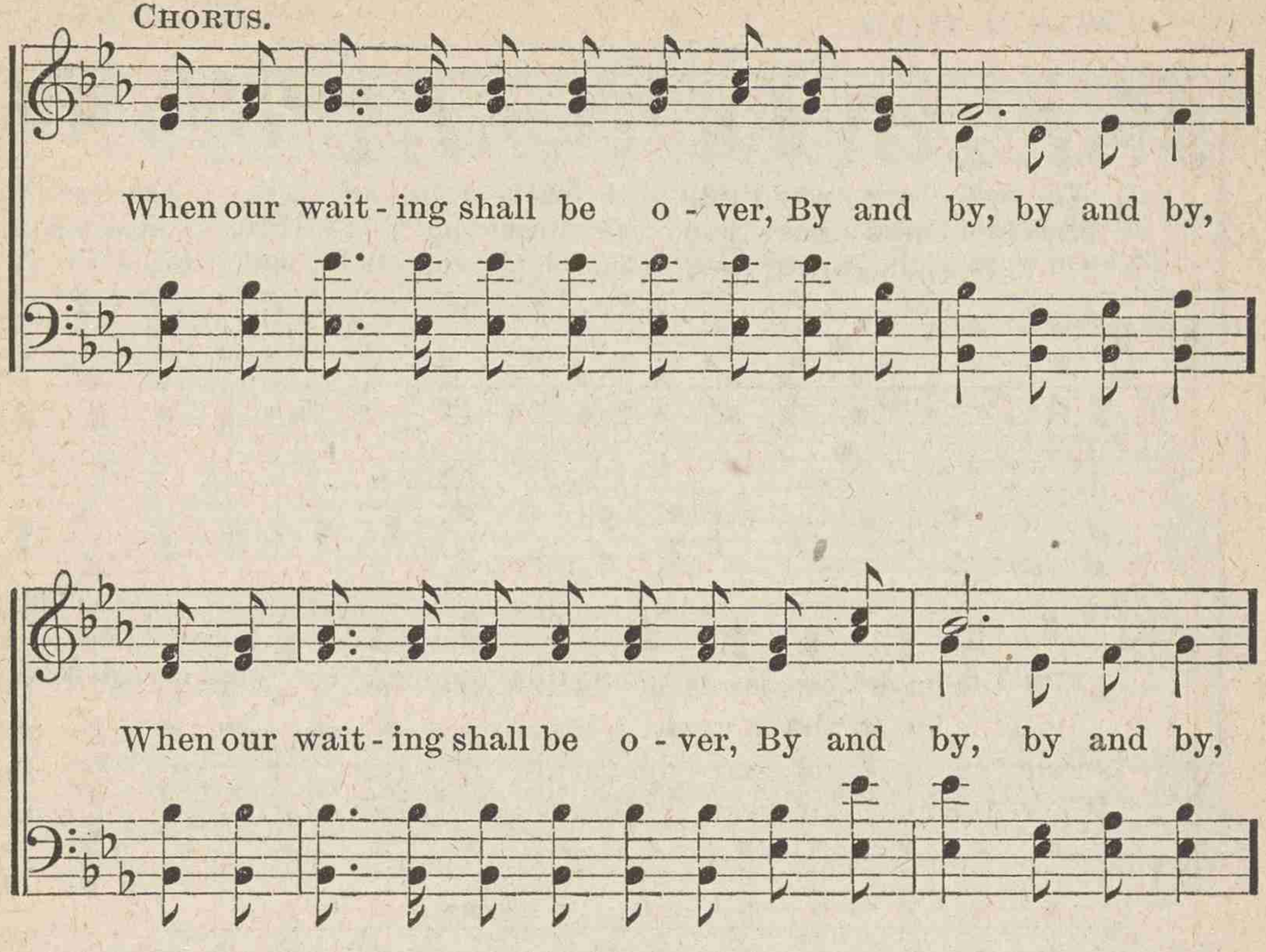
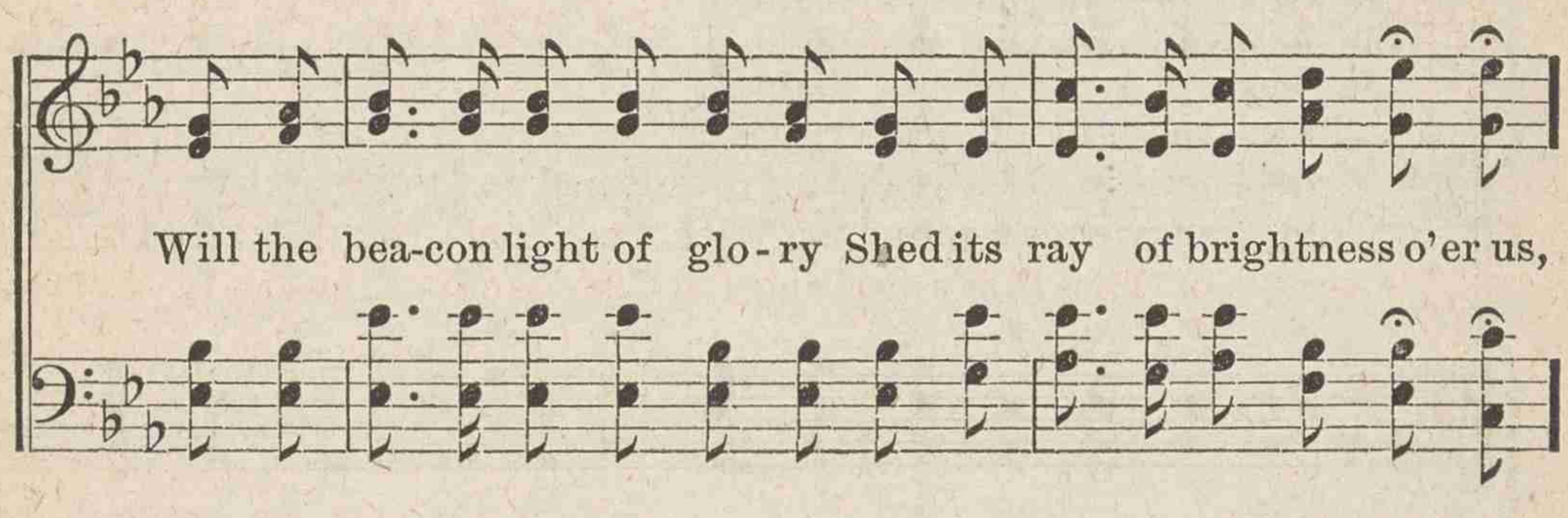
When Our Waiting shall be Over.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 135. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-NIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOMAS F. SIMMS.

1. Ye who are wand'ring in path- ways of sin, Far from the re- gion of light;
2. Mer - cy and par - don is wait - ing for thee, Bless-ings of peace and de - light;
3. On - ly be - lieve in the Cru - ci - fied one, Trust in His love and His might;

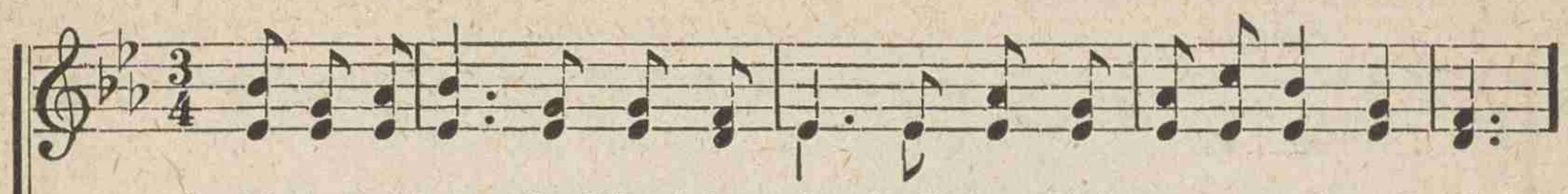
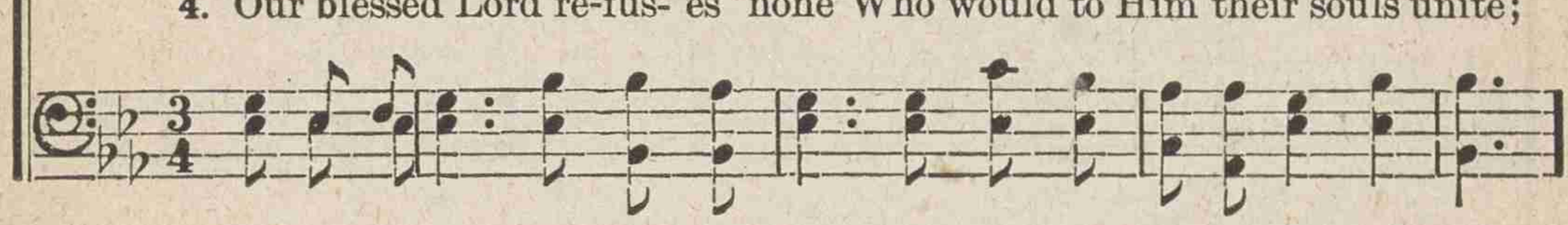
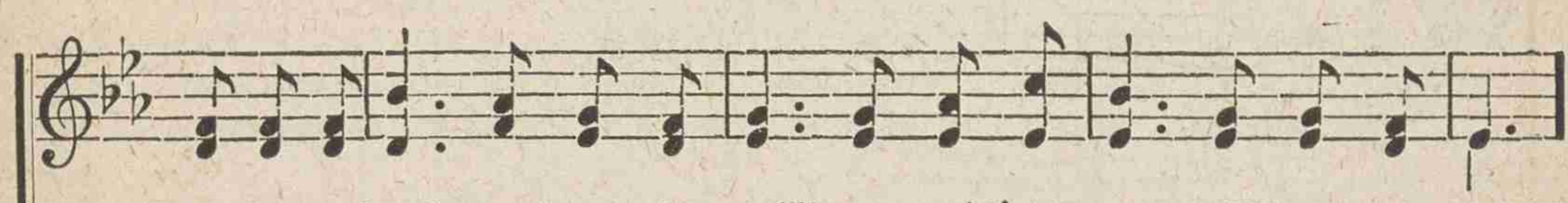
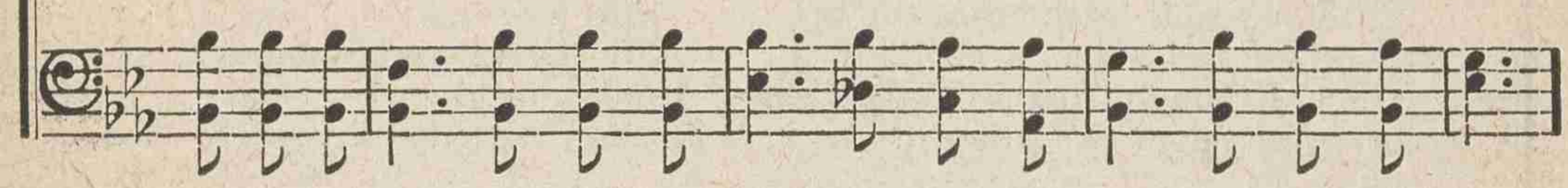
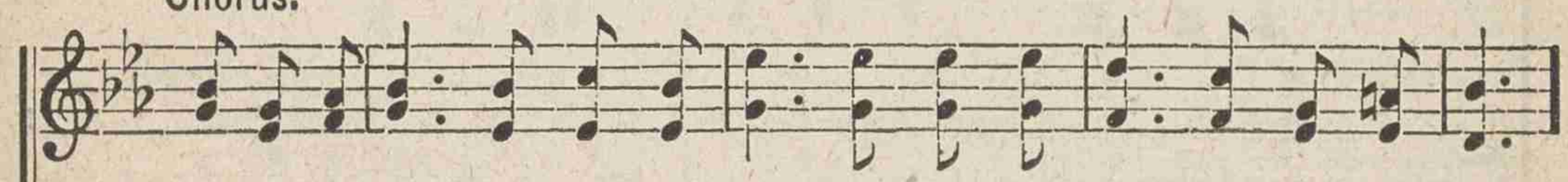
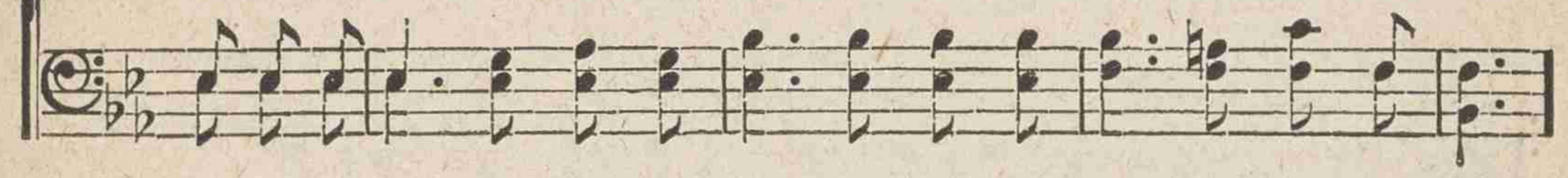
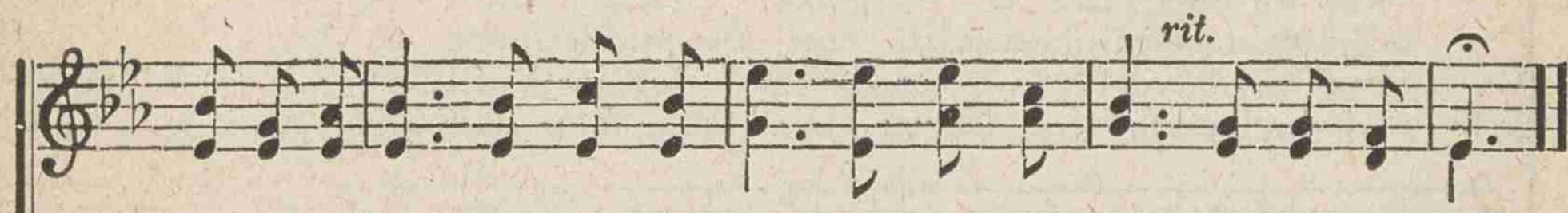
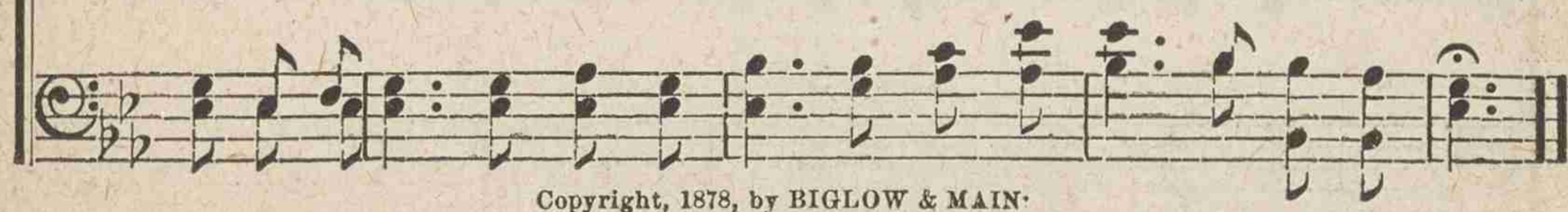
List to the Spir- it that's call- ing to thee,
Come wear-y ones heav-y laden distressed,
Why not this moment ac - cept then His Grace?

Chorus.

Je - sus will save you to - night.
Je - sus will save you to - night.
Je - sus will save you to - night.
} Je - sus will save you to - night,

Je- sus will save you to - night, Do not re - ject then the Spir - it that calls, Je - sus will save you to - night.

No. 136. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

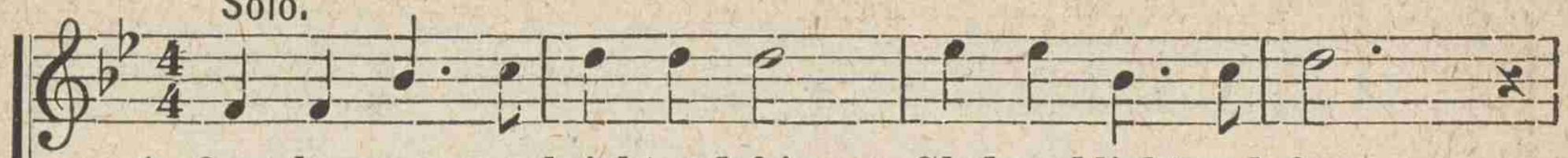
Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O! do not let the Word depart, And close Thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise, To bless Thy long de-lud- ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de- light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus- es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sinner, harden not your heart; Thou would'st be saved–Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved–Why not to-night?
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved–Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace begun! Thou would'st be saved–*Why not to-night?*

Chorus.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved–Why not to-night?

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved–Why not to-night?

Copyright, 1878, by BIGLOW & MAIN.
From "Gospel Hymns," No. 2, by per.

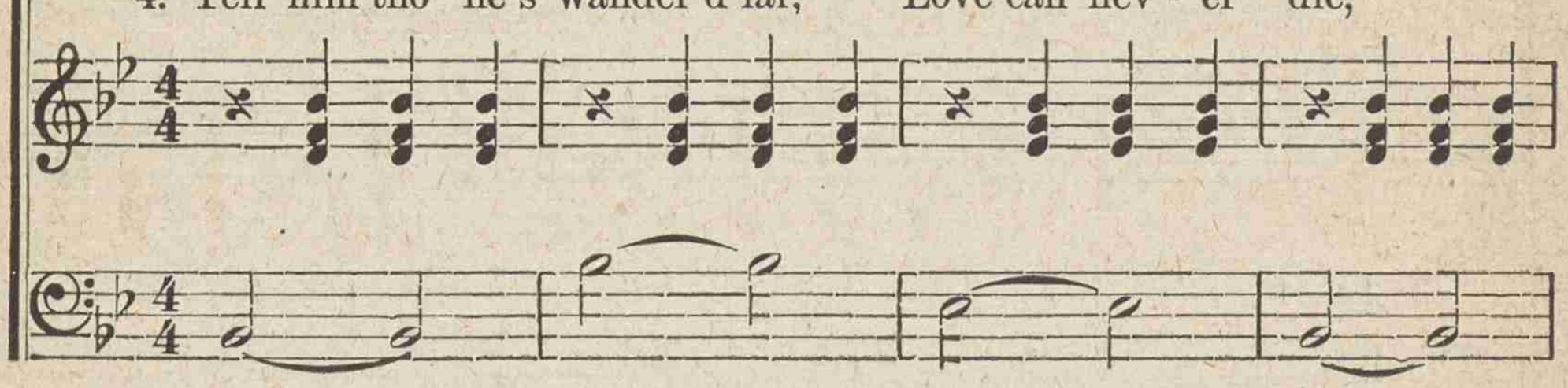
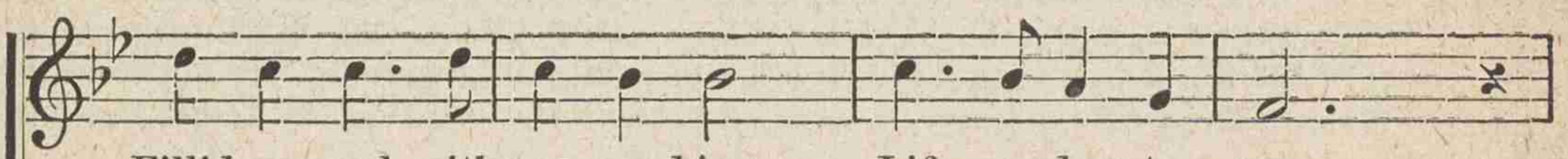
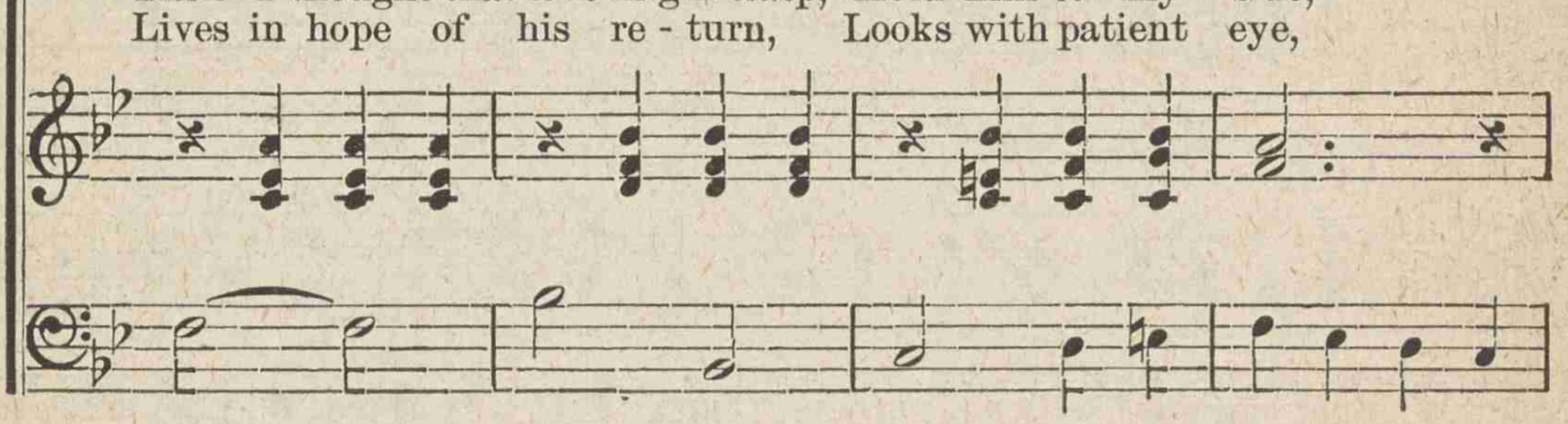
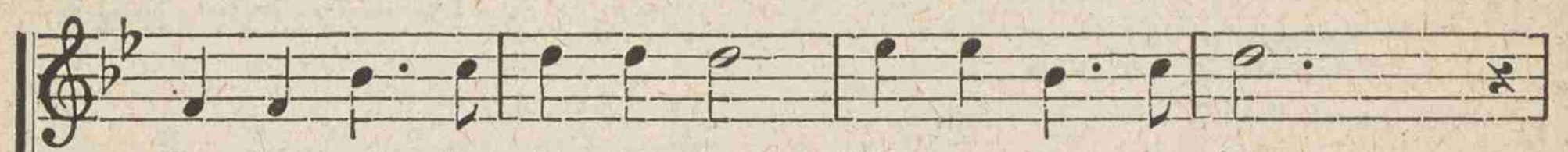
No. 137. SAVE THE BOY.

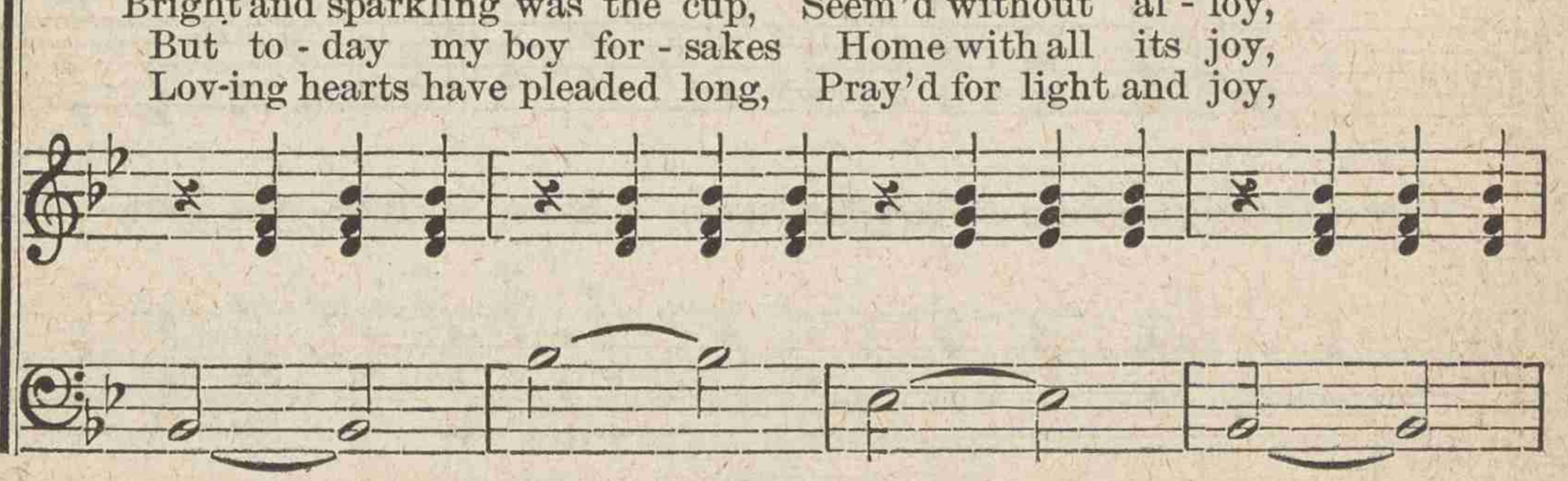
(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

Mrs. S. C. Ellsworth. W. Warren Bentley, by per.

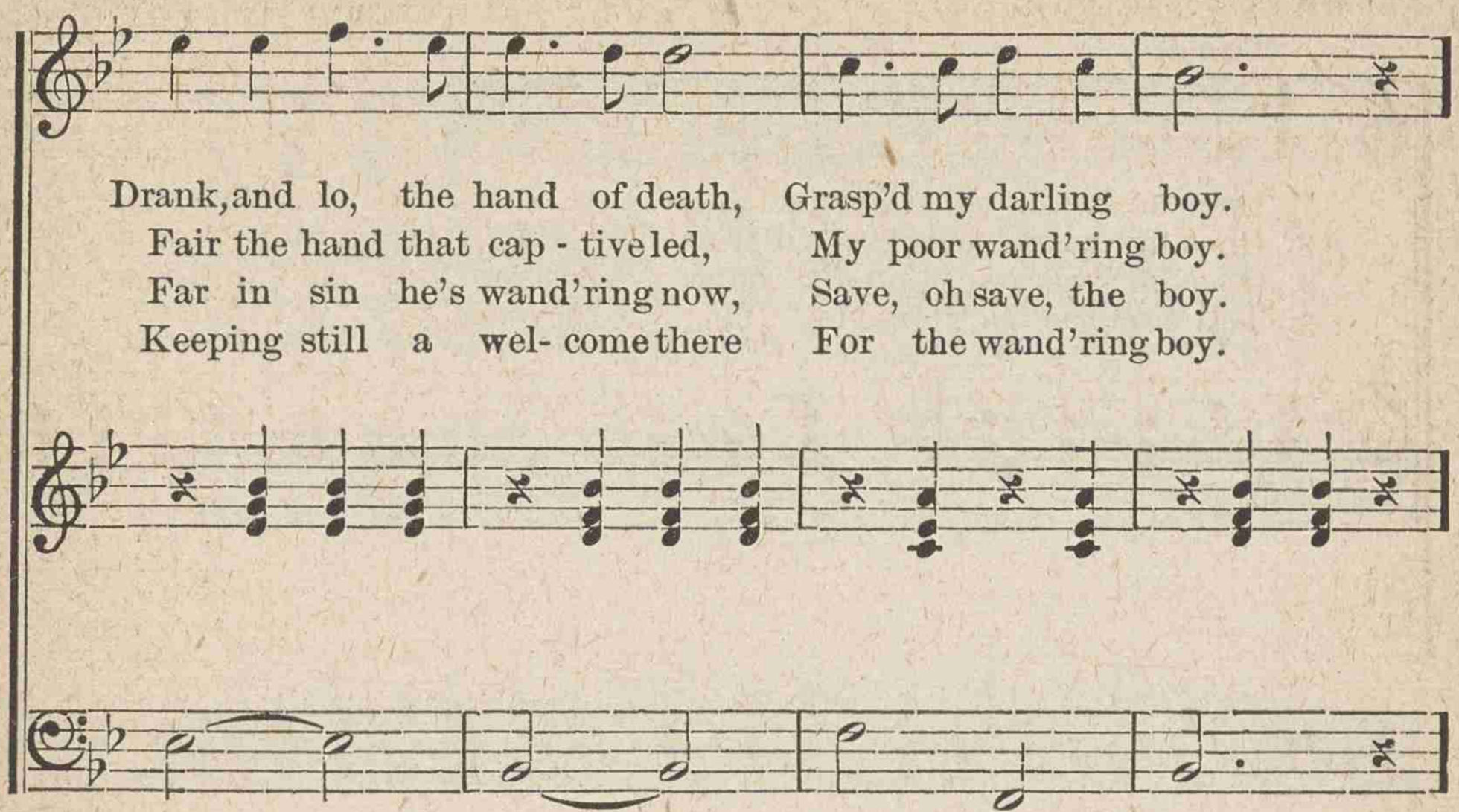
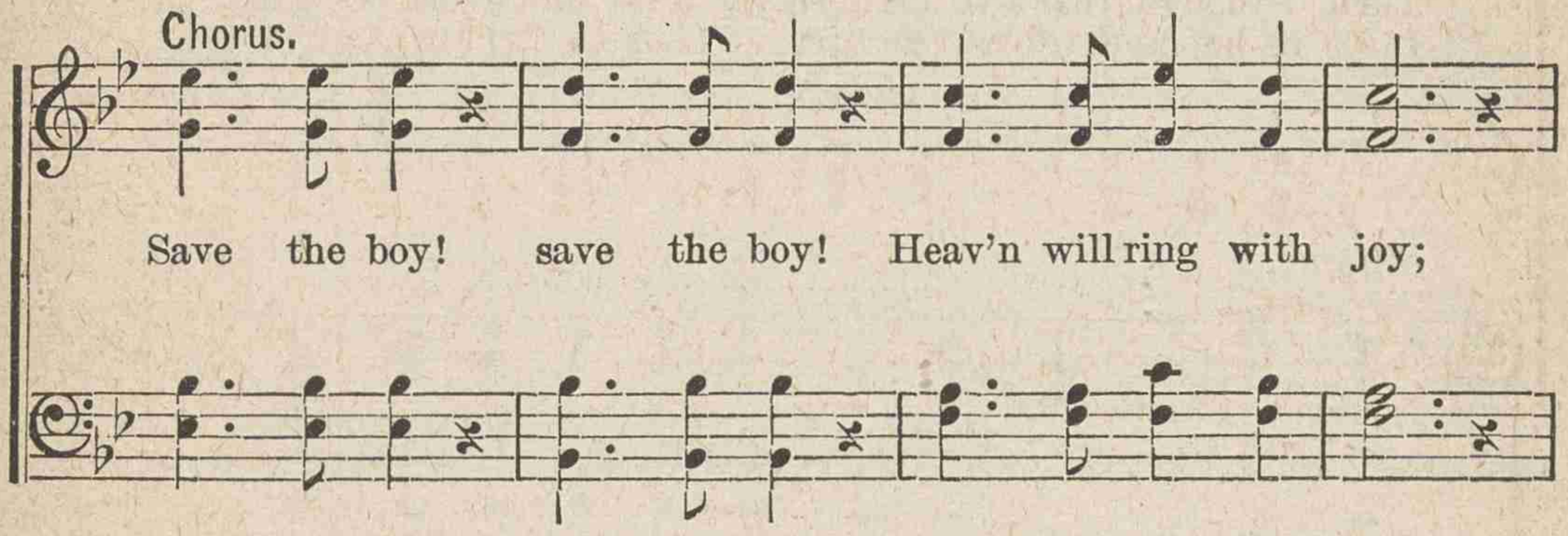
Solo.



1. Once he was so bright and fair, Glad, and light and free,
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r.
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pride,
4. Tell him tho' he's wander'd far, Love can nev - er die,

Fill'd my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm- ly stood, Till that dreadful hour,
Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side,
Lives in hope of his re - turn, Looks with patient eye,

But he took the fa - tal glass, 'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seem'd without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for - sakes Home with all its joy,
Lov-ing hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy,



SAVE THE BOY. Concluded.



No. 138. NOTHING BUT THY GRACE.

EMMA PITT. R. S. HARRINGTON.

With ardor.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, hear my cry, Save me! save me or I
2. Je - sus, my all, in Thee I trust, Save me! save me or I
3. O Friend and Help - er, be my stay, Save me! save me or I
4. Plead-ing, hop - ing, I come to Thee, Save me! save me or I

per - ish; Mer- cy, dear Lord, I hope for now; Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
per - ish; Waiting, dear Saviour, in the dust, Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
per - ish; O cleanse and wash my sins a- way; Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
per - ish; In Thy mercy is there room for me? Save me! save me! or I per - ish.

Chorus.

O the hope, pre- cious hope, Noth-ing but Thy grace can save me;

O the hope, pre - cious hope, Noth-ing but Thy grace can save me.

No. 139. THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. The wa- ters are troubled, O sinner draw near; Step in there is healing,
2. The wa- ters are troubled, The deep pool is stirred, And Jesus stands ready
3. The wa- ters are troubled, And prayer shall prevail; Oh! seek thy salvation,

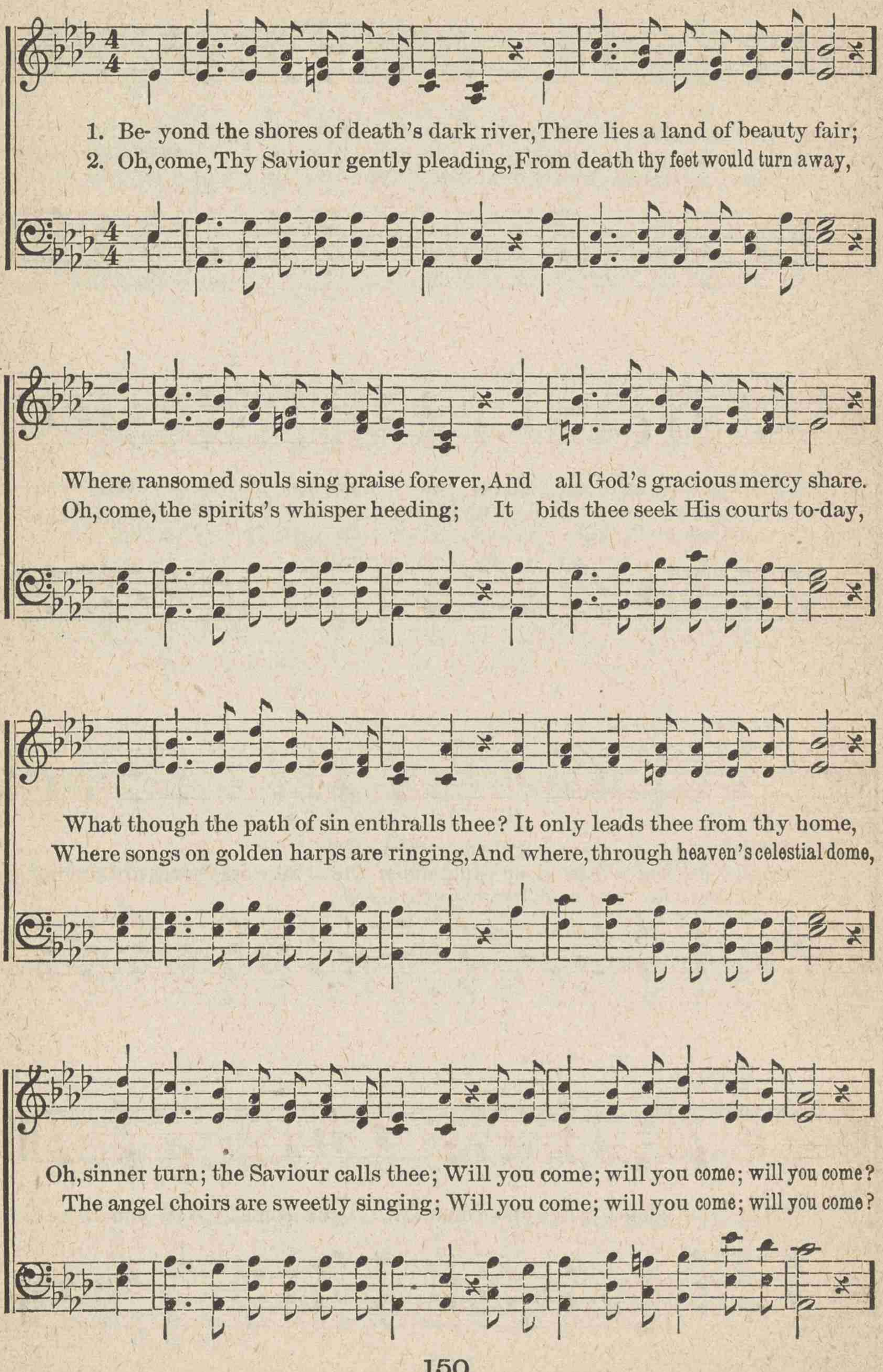
Then doubt not nor fear; Believe in the promise, Be cleansed of thy sin;
To save those who've erred; The wa-ters are moving Poor sinsick for thee;
Thou canst not well fail, Behold as a le - per, Defiled by thy sin,

Be- hold thy Beth-es - da, Sad soul, and step in.
Be- hold thy Sal - va- tion, Step in, and be free.
The wa- ters are troubled, Dear sinner step in.
} The wa- ters are troubled,

O sin - ner draw near; Step in there is heal-ing; Then doubt not nor fear.

No. 140. WILL YOU COME?

A. B. B. A. B. Bragdon.



1. Be- yond the shores of death's dark river, There lies a land of beauty fair;
2. Oh, come, Thy Saviour gently pleading, From death thy feet would turn away,

Where ransomed souls sing praise forever, And all God's gracious mercy share.
Oh, come, the spirits's whisper heeding; It bids thee seek His courts to-day,

What though the path of sin enthralls thee? It only leads thee from thy home,
Where songs on golden harps are ringing, And where, through heaven's celestial dome,

Oh, sinner turn; the Saviour calls thee; Will you come; will you come; will you come?
The angel choirs are sweetly singing; Will you come; will you come; will you come?

WILL YOU COME.—Concluded.

Will you come? Will you come?

Chorus.

Will you come, come to Je - sus, Will you come?

Will you come?

Will you come?

Will you come to Him to - day? Will you

When the

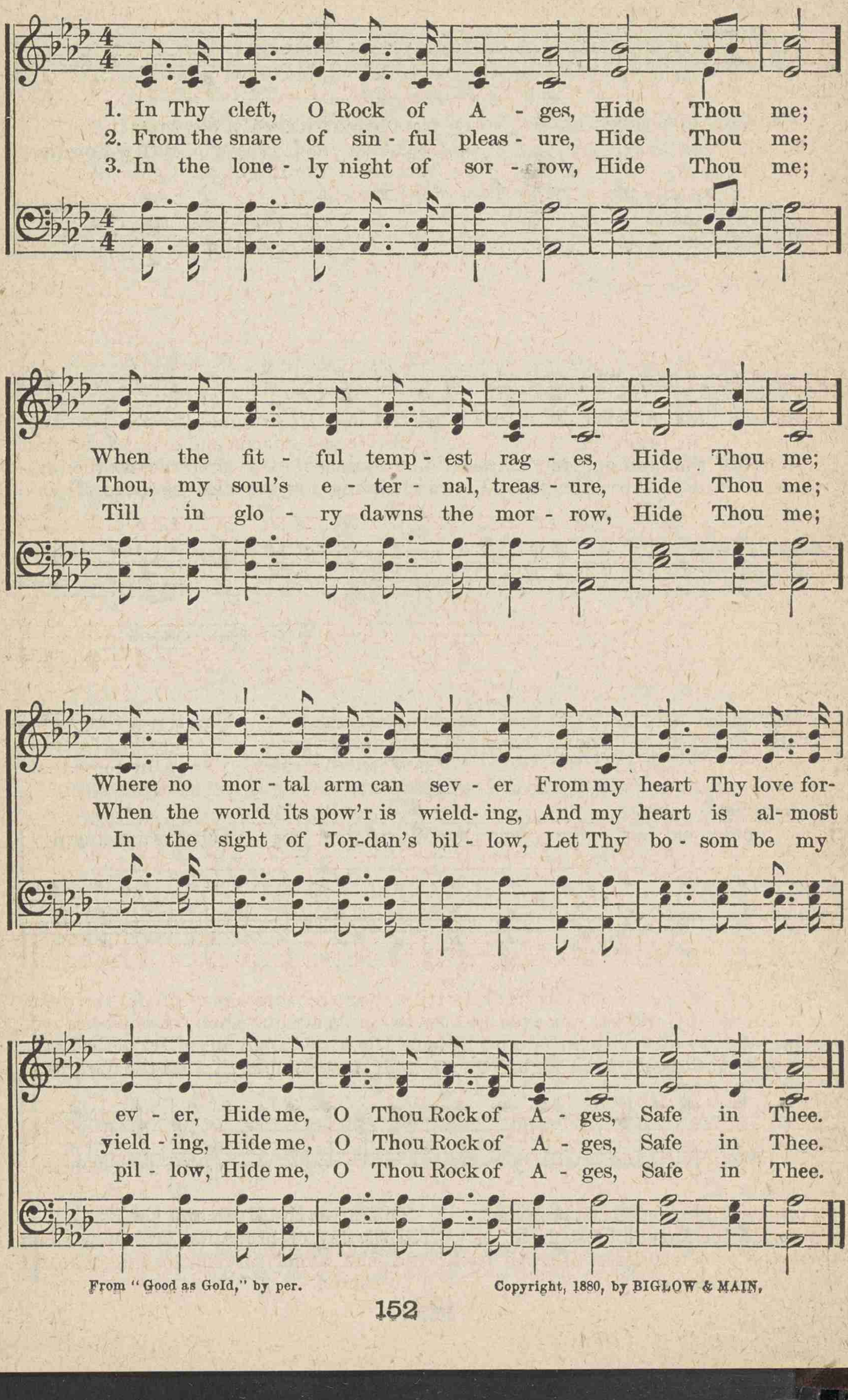
Will you come?

come? Will you come?

gold - en harps are ring - ing, When the an - gel chorus are singing,

Will you come, will you come, will you come? (Will you come?)

No. 141. HIDE THOU ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, D.D.

From "Good as Gold," by per. Copyright, 1880, by BIGLOW & MAIN.

No. 142. THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Rev. 14: 6, 7.

Rev. M. B. WHARTON, D. D. R. G. STAPLES.

Animato.

5 O, privilege glorious to us is given,
To herald the angel's blest flight,
To win the poor wanderers of earth back to heaven,
To scatter the truth and the light,
Till the day of probation forever is o'er,
And the angel returns to the echoless shore.

No. 143. BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

CHARLES B. HOLMES.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign;
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green,
3. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a- bides, And nev - er fad - ing flowers,
Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign,

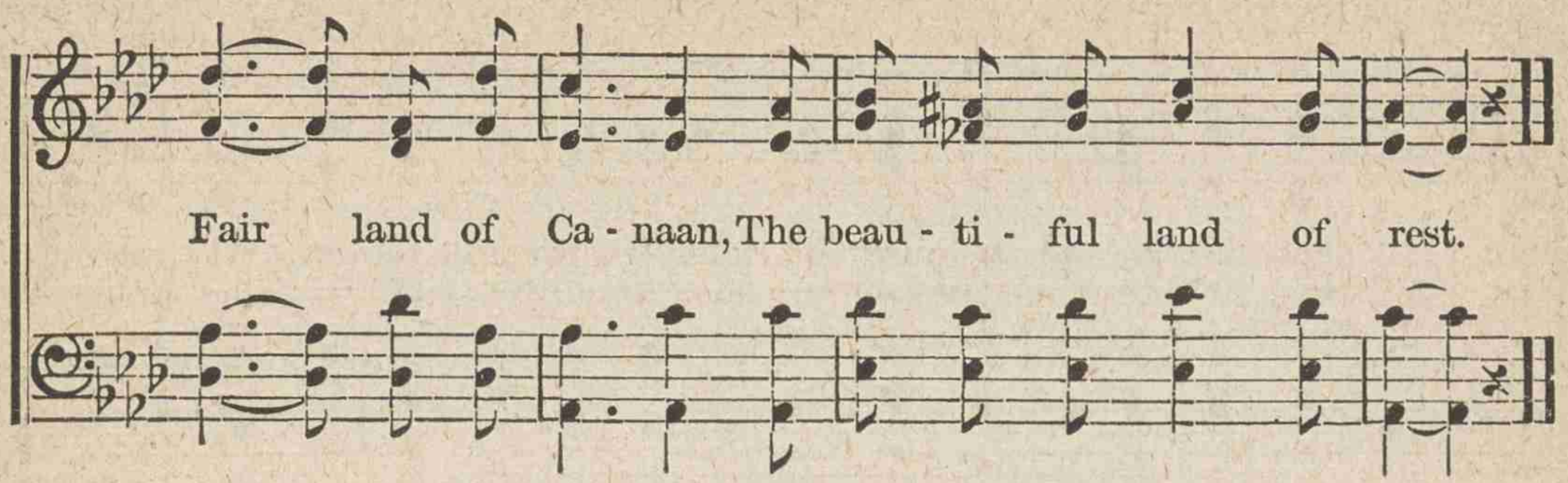
Death, like a nar - row sea, divides, That heavenly land from ours.
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes.
E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.

Chorus.

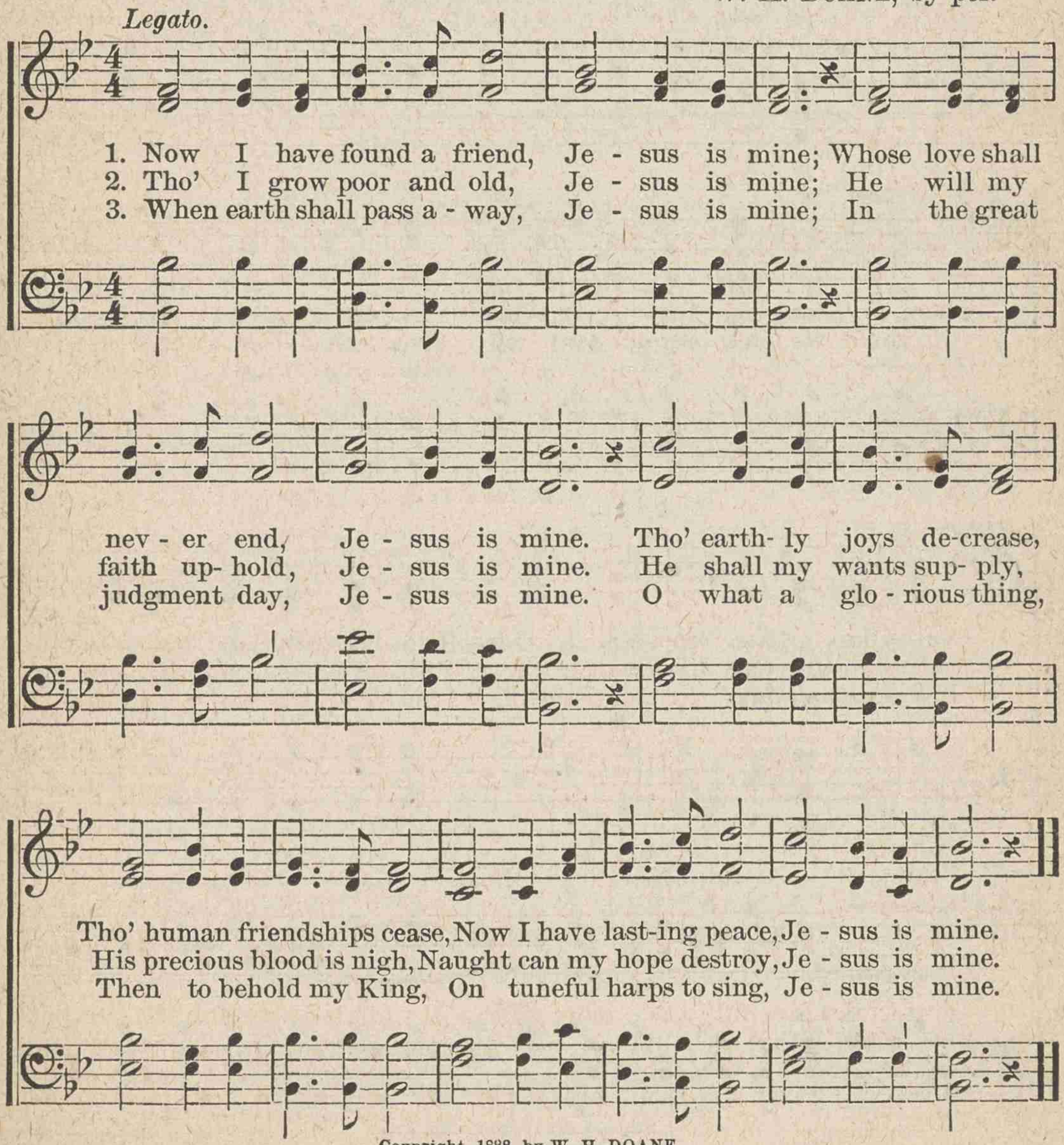
Beau - ti- ful, Beau - - ti - ful,

Beautiful, beautiful Ca - naan, Beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Ca - naan,

BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.—Concluded.



No. 144. JESUS IS MINE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Coypright, 1888, by W. H. DOANE.

No. 145. OH, LIST TO THE CALL.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. E. LESLIE.

1. Oh, list to the call, He is yearning for thee, Obey Him, and from all thy bur-dens be free; He knows of thy cares, and His
2. Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for you, His love will prevail, and His prom-ise is true; He stands at the gate, there to
3. Oh, list to the call, and in Je-sus confide, In faith, love, and hope, ev-er walk by His side; Cling close to the Sav-iour, He'll

in-fi-nite love Will ten-der-ly lead thee to
wel-come us all. Oh, list to His plead-ing, oh,
nev-er for-sake, And all His dis-ci-ples His

CHORUS.

mansions a-bove. Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for all; The
list to the call.
love shall partake.

Sav-iour is near, Then why should we fear? Oh, list to His call, for the

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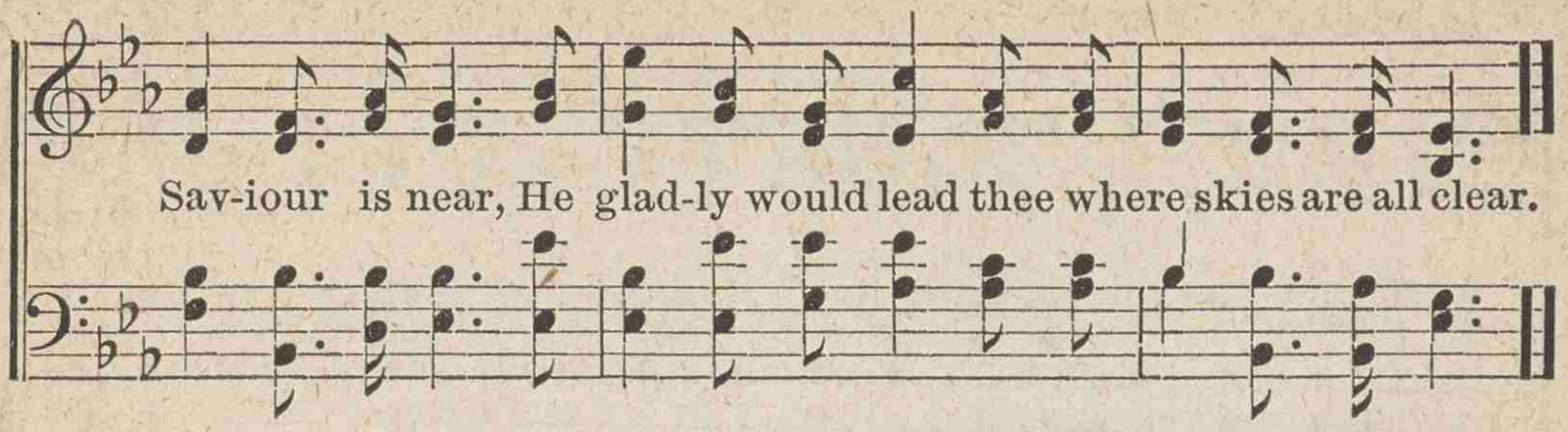
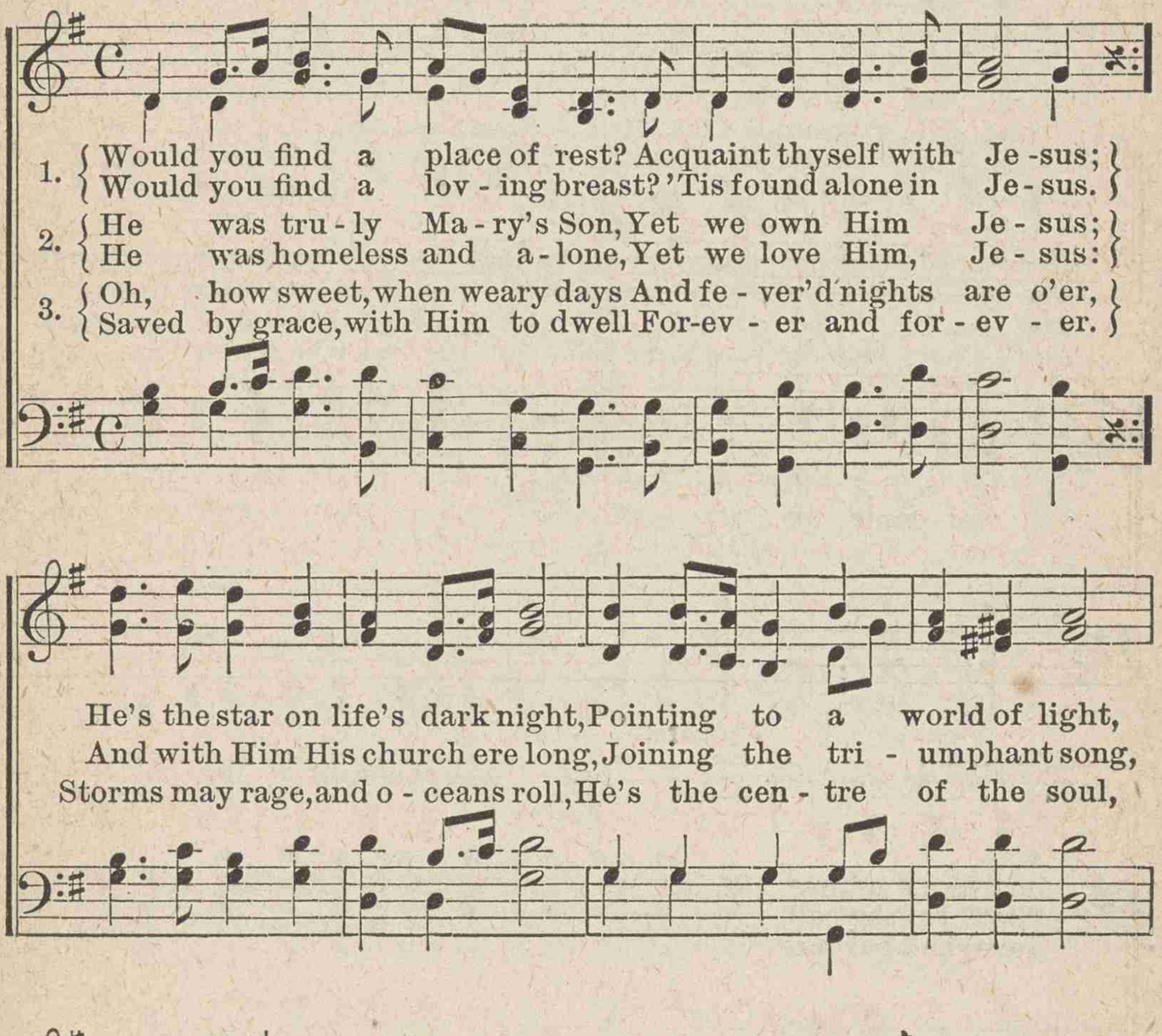
OH, LIST TO THE CALL. Concluded.

No. 146. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. J. T. Grape.



No. 147. 'TIS ONLY THRO' JESUS I LIVE.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Naught can I do that will save My soul from its ut - ter de - spair;
2. Let me not har-bor the thought, That I can do aught that will save
3. Let me approach thee, O Lord! Through faith in the Cruci- fied One;
4. Speak words of peace, recon - cile This sad aching heart un - to Thee;

No word, thought, or action of mine, Relieves me when burdened with care.
This sin-burdened heart from its guilt, So rap- id - ly near-ing the grave.
And in Thy compas- sion and love, O, speak thou, and lo, it is done.
And help me look outward from self, To Je - sus who suffered for me.

Chorus.

'Tis on - ly thro' Je- sus I live, And this shall be my one plea,
I live,

O Father! look thou on the cross, And thro' Thy dear Son pardon me, even me.
His cross,

No. 148. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

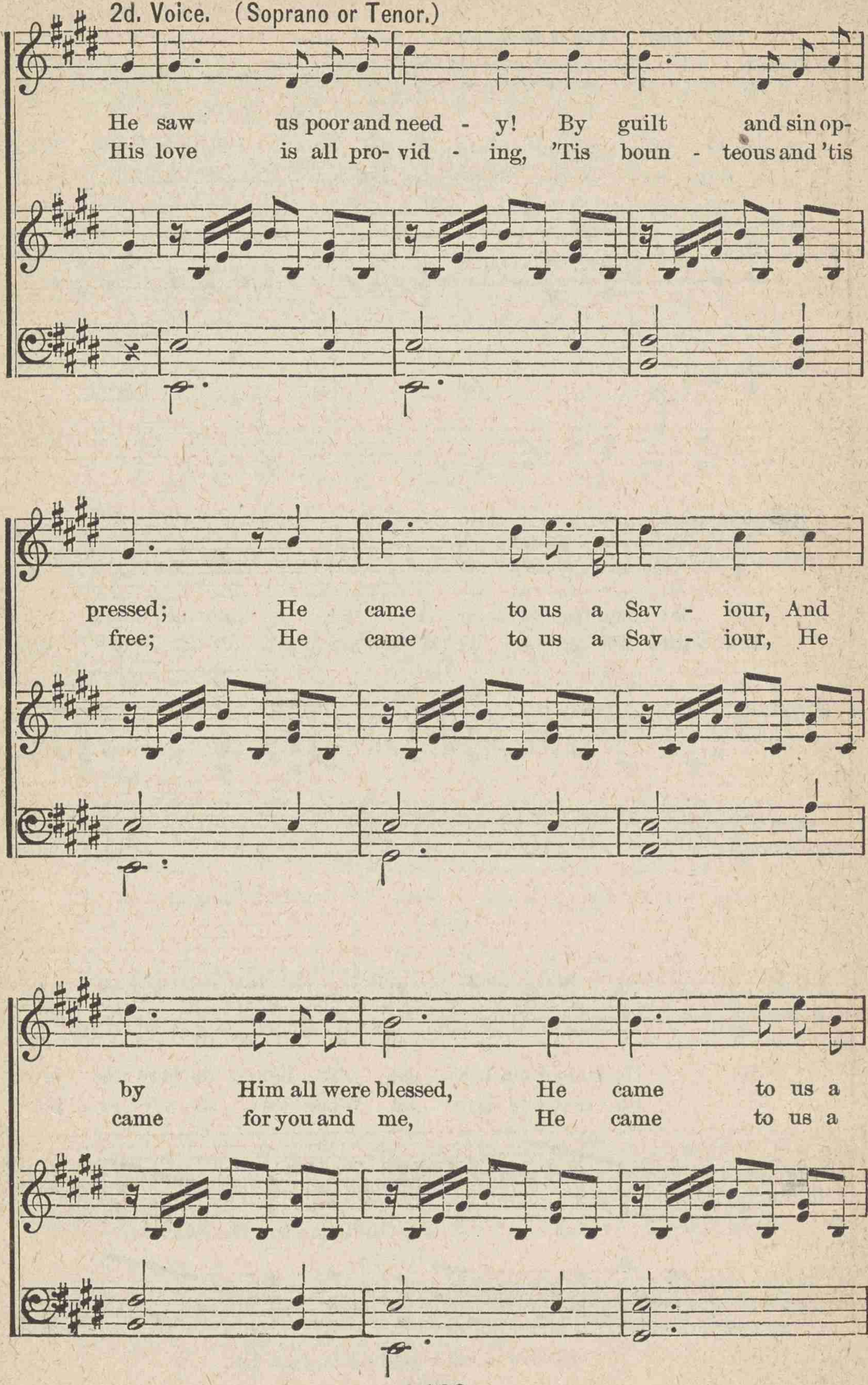
W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1st Voice. (Tenor or Soprano.)

1. O tell me more of Je - sus, Of Him I long to know, Why did He come from heav-en To help us here be - low? Why
2. But why is He so lov- ing 'Tis more than I can tell, Can He for - give and love us, When we so oft re - bel? Can did He come from heav - en, To help us here be - low?
He for - give and love us, When we so oft re - bel?

By per. W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.

TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.—Continued.

2d. Voice. (Soprano or Tenor.)

Tell me more of Jesus.—Concluded.

p *rit.*

Sav - iour, And by Him all were blessed;
Sav - iour, He came for you and me.

First Voice. *rit.*

And by Him all were blessed, And by Him all were blessed.
He came for you and me, He came for you and me.
Second Voice.

Chorns. *A tempo.*

O Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Let me love Thee more and more,

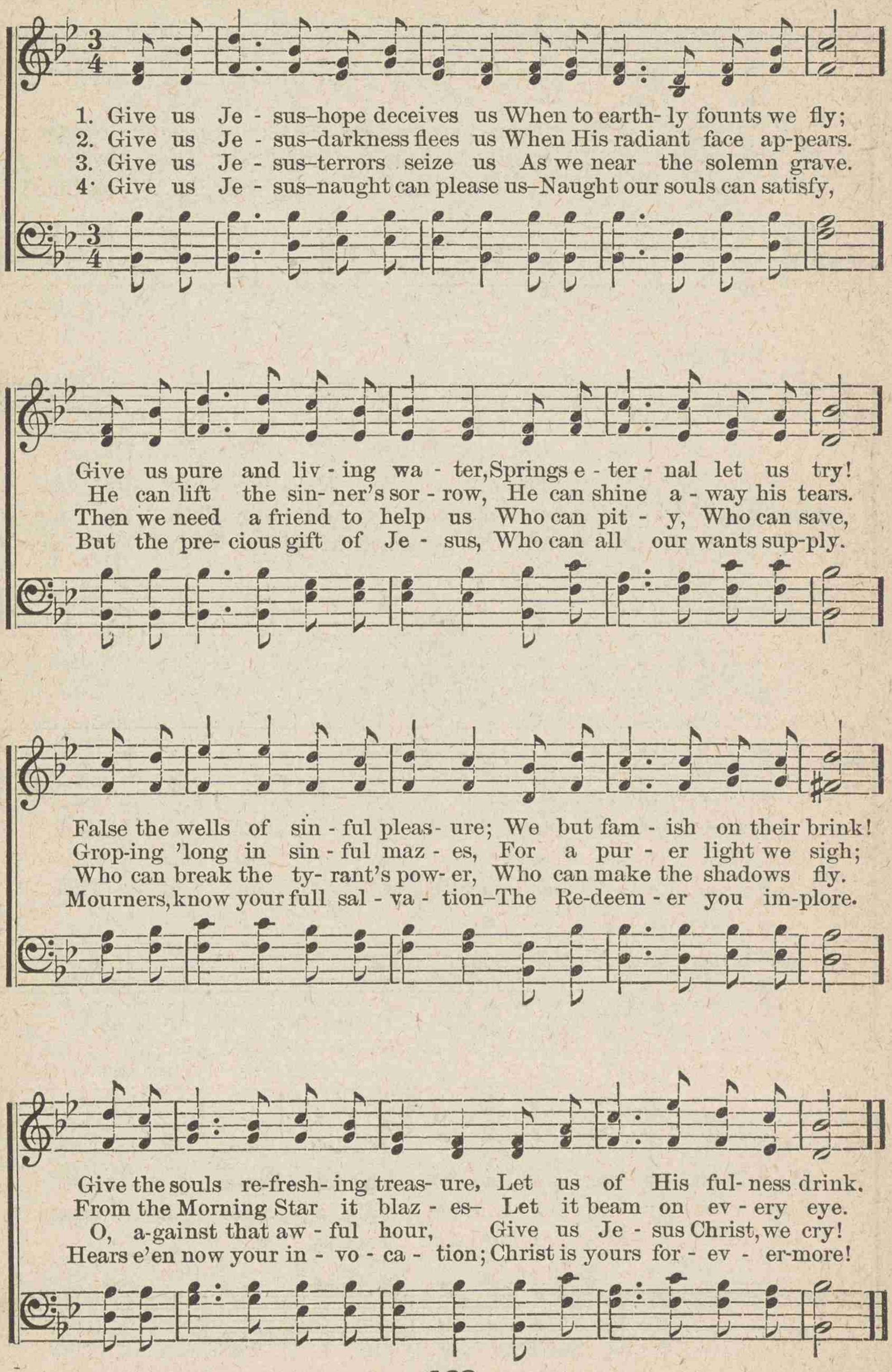
Guide me, bless- ed Sav - iour, Guide me to the heav'n-ly shore.

pp *rit.*

Guide me to the heav'nly shore.

Guide me, O my Sav-iour safe- ly to the heav'nly shore.

No. 149. GIVE US JESUS.

Rev. M. B. WHARTON, D. D. R. G. STAPLES.

No. 150. STAY THOU BY ME.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Gently, with feeling.

1. My way is dark, O Sav-iour, hear my call, Stay Thou by me;
2. My way is dark, my steps I may not guide, Stay Thou by me;
3. My way is dark, but O, 'twill not be long, Stay Thou by me;

rit. - - -

Thy love is Light, O Thou my All in all, Stay Thou by me,
Reach down Thy hand, and draw me to Thy side, Stay Thou by me,
Till I shall wake a-mid the ransomed throng, Stay Thou by me,

My way is dark, and I a stran-ger roam,
No heart like Thine my ev-'ry care has known,
In life, in death, still, still I cling to Thee,

(After last verse.)

Stay Thou by me, and lead, O lead me home.
Stay Thou by me, I can-not walk a-lone. A-men.
On earth, in heaven, O Lord, stay Thou by me.

No. 151. FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

Moderato espress.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain,
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er,

Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear flowing
He will forsake thee, O

fount - ain, Where you may wash and be clean;
nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there;

FLEE AS A BIRD. Concluded.

Fly, for th'a-ven - ger is near thee; Call and the Saviour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee,
sigh - ing Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev'ry tear.

un poco ritenuto. *D.C.*

Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art weary of sin.

No. 152. WHY DO YOU WAIT.

C. J. F. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Why do you wait? when all things are ready, Ready in Christ, pro - vid- ed for you? Je- sus in- vites, O tender compassion, Ur-ges, entreats, what
2. Why do you wait? the Spirit is striving, Can you re - sist, or dare you re- fuse? E - vil and good He places before you, Darkness and Light, O
3. Why do you wait? now mercy imploring, Tells of the cross where Je- sus has died; Bids you look up, and by faith behold Him, Points to the blood that
4. Why do you wait? salvation is earnest, Life hur- ries on, then do not de- lay; What if this night your term of probation Close and your soul be

Chorus.

more can He do?
which will you choose?
flowed from His side?
hur- ried a- way?
} Come, come, trust in His Word, Come, come, trust in the Lord;

rit.

Why do you wait? O now is the time! Then brother, why not come now?

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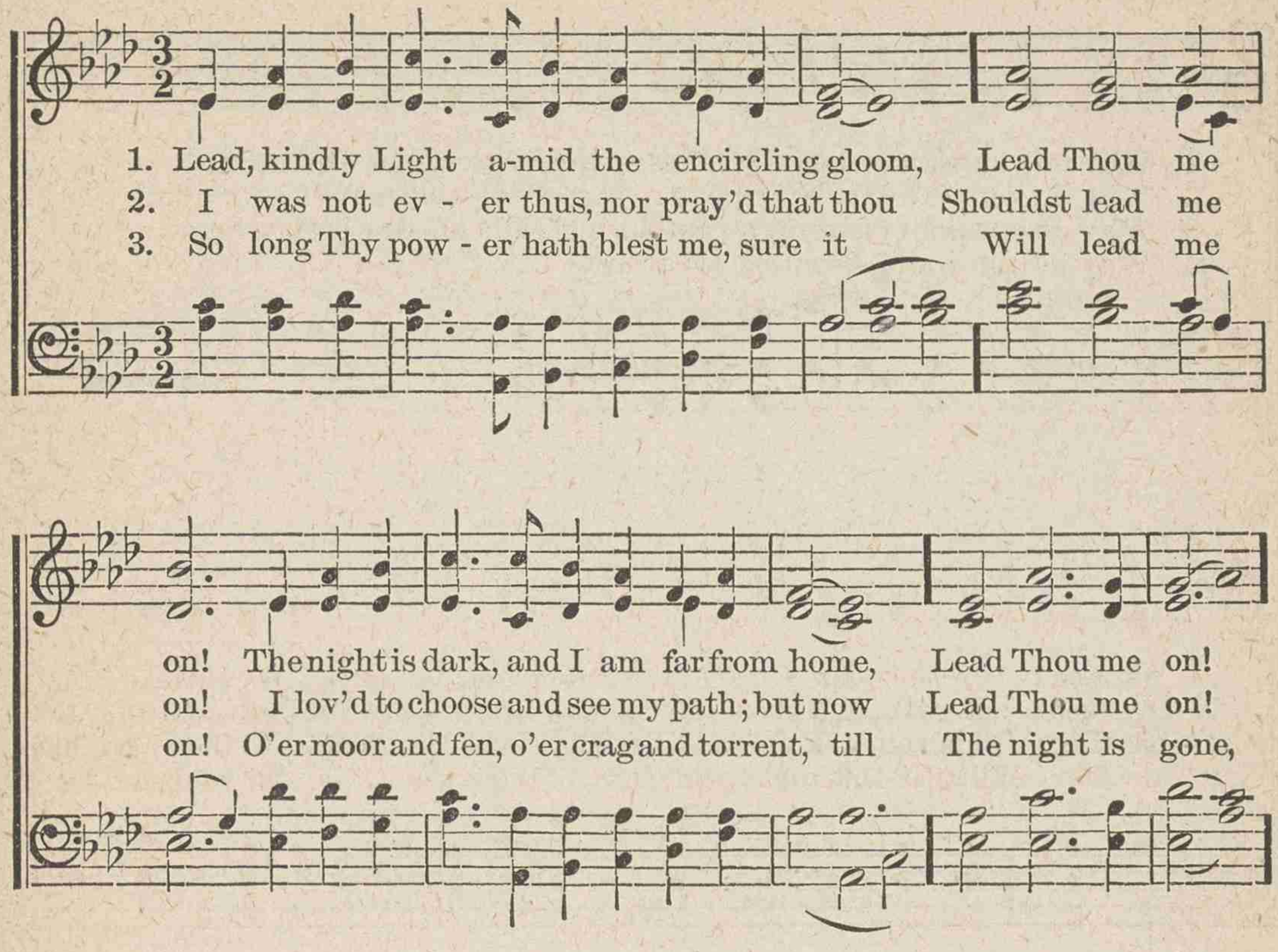
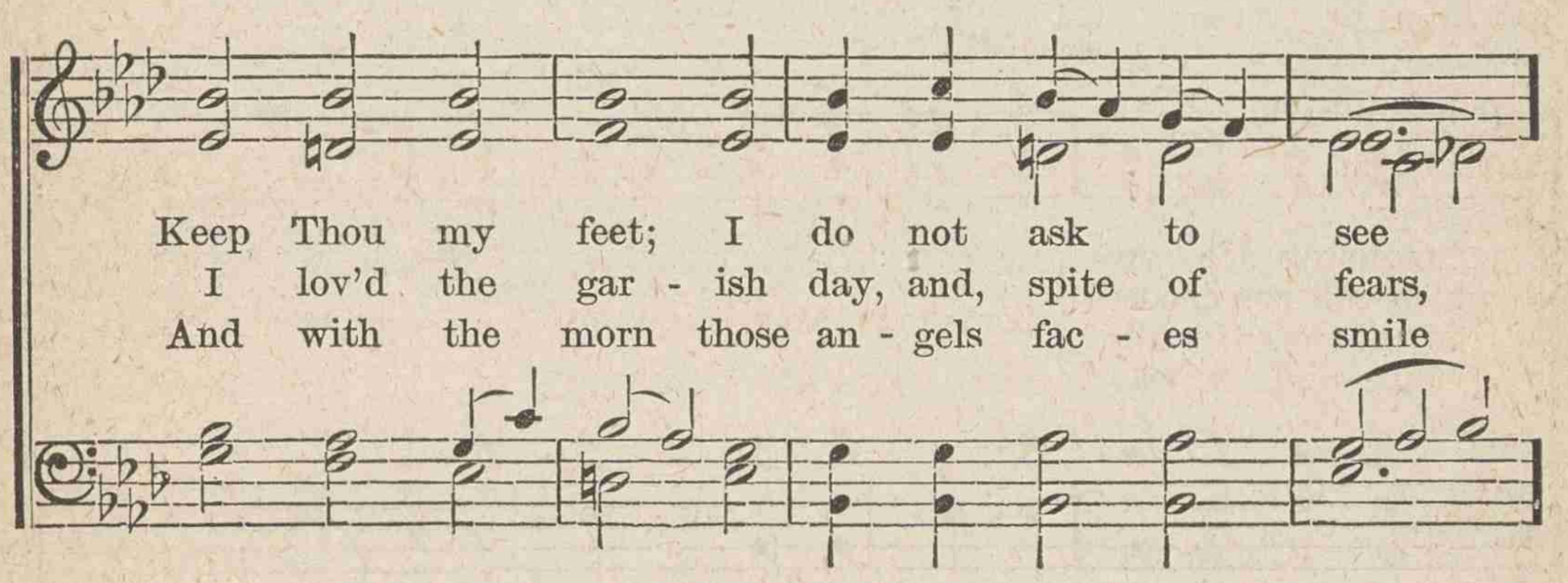
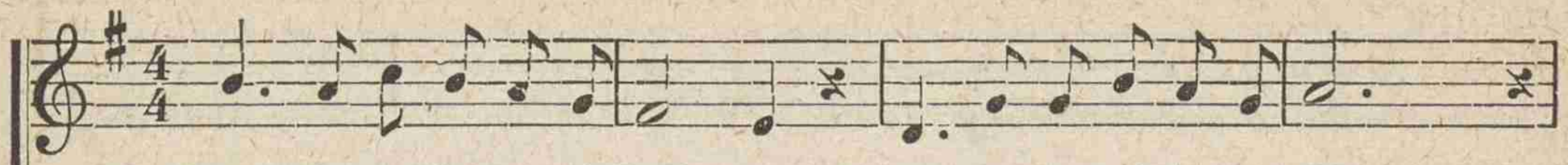
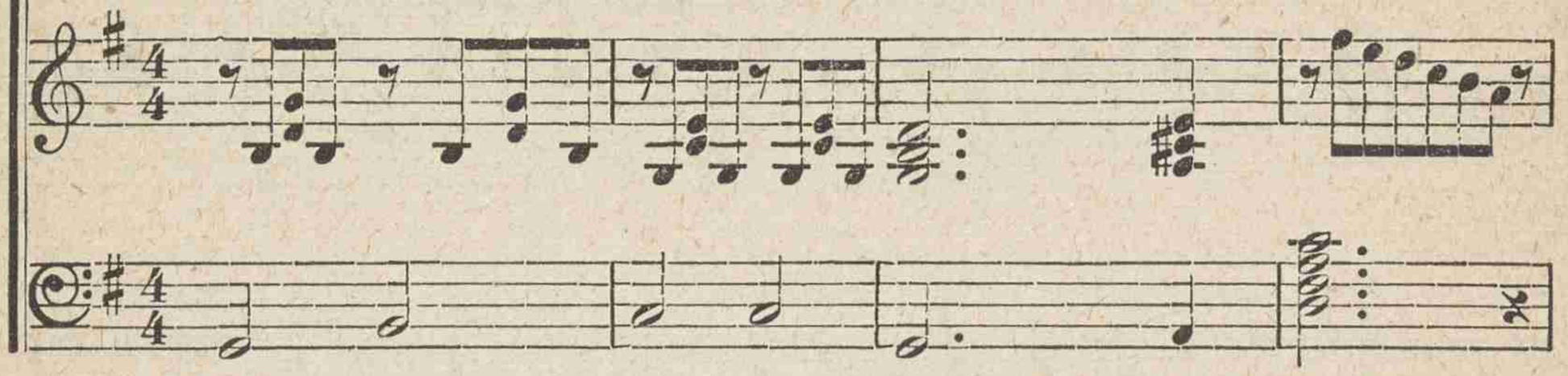
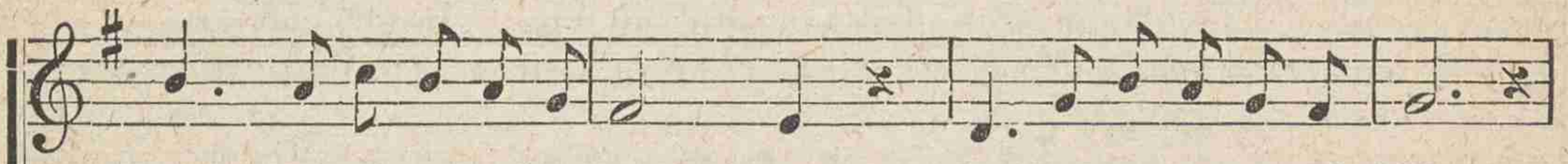
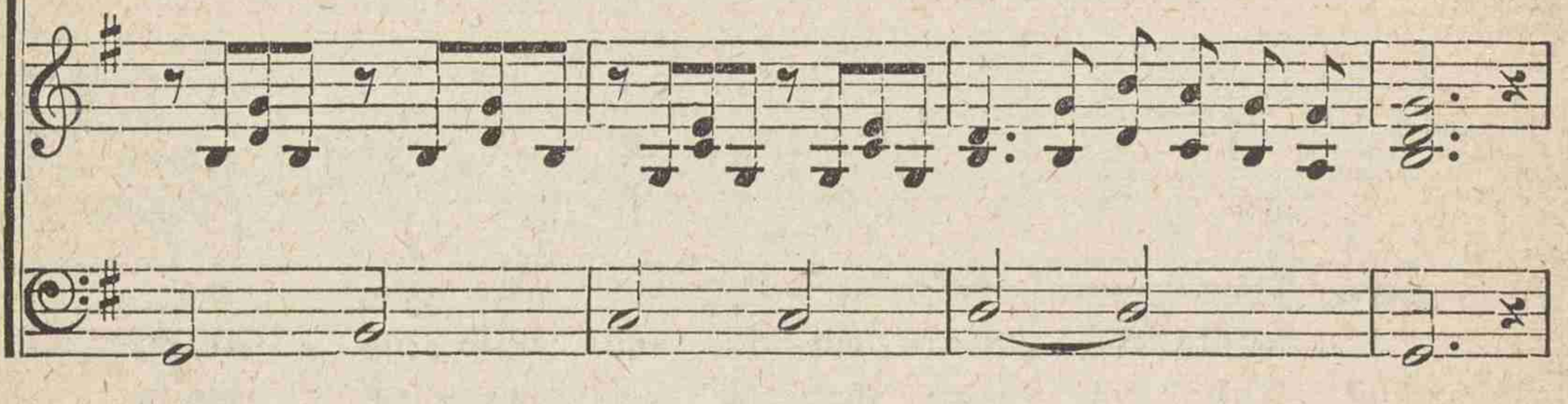
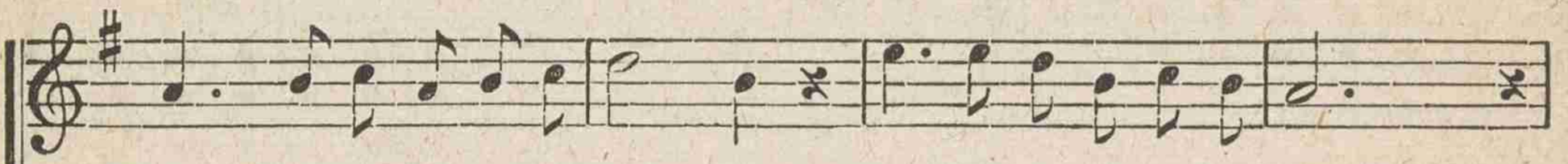
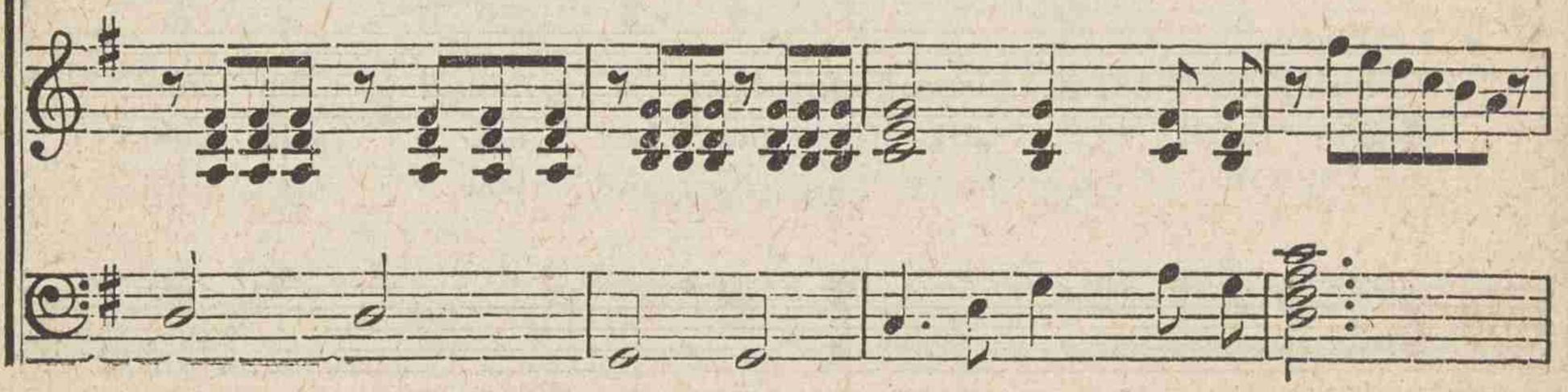
No. 153. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.



No. 154. WE SHALL MEET THEM BY AND BY.

CHARLES B. HOLMES.

1. Where the golden sunlight lingers, And the sky with glory fills,
2. Soon we'll gather at the riv - er, Where the angels watch and wait;
3. Oh, the glad triumphant greeting, On the bright, eternal shore,

Where the new song rises ev - er On the blest, e- ter-nal hills;
Soon we'll sing the new song ev - er, Safe within the golden gate,
And the blissful hope of meet - ing All our loved ones gone before;

There our loved ones gather, waiting Round the golden throne on high,
Where the anthem, sweet ascending, Fills with melody the sky,
No more toiling, no more sadness, Christ, our Father ev-er nigh,

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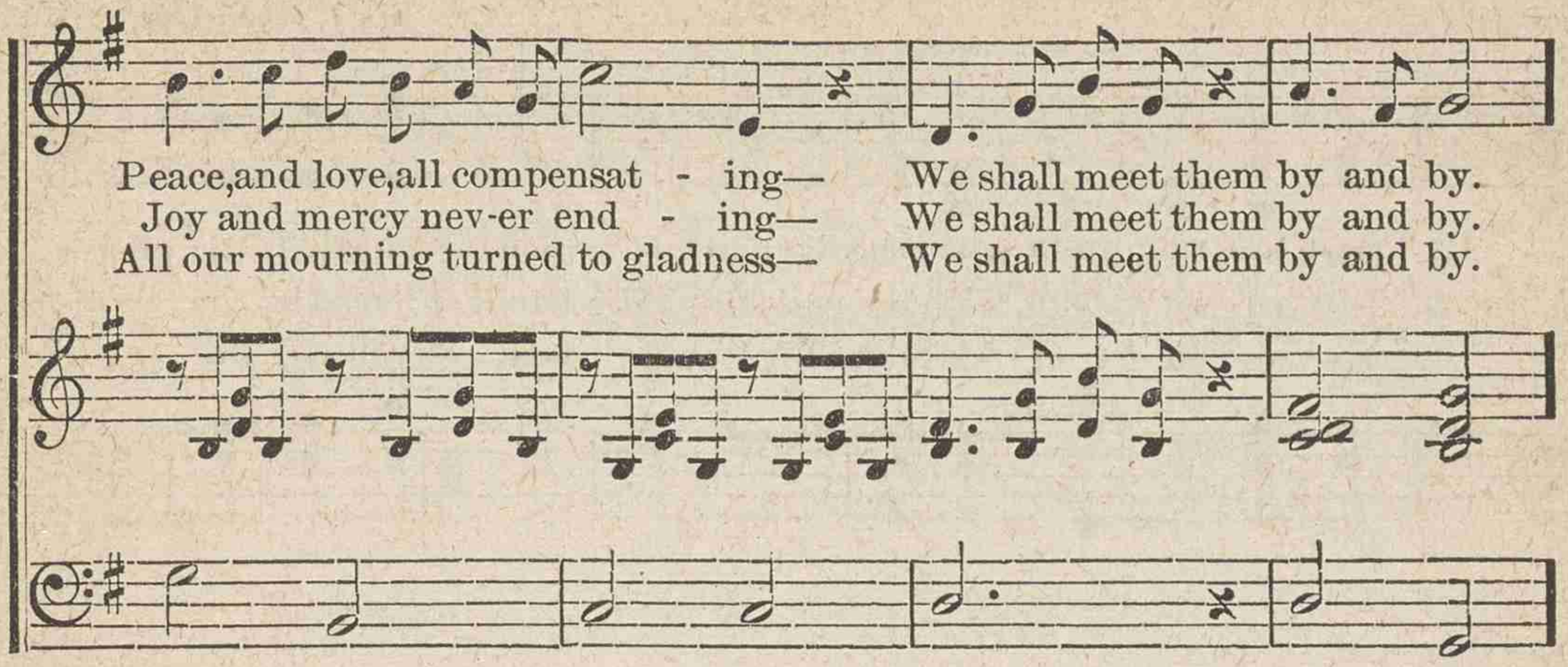
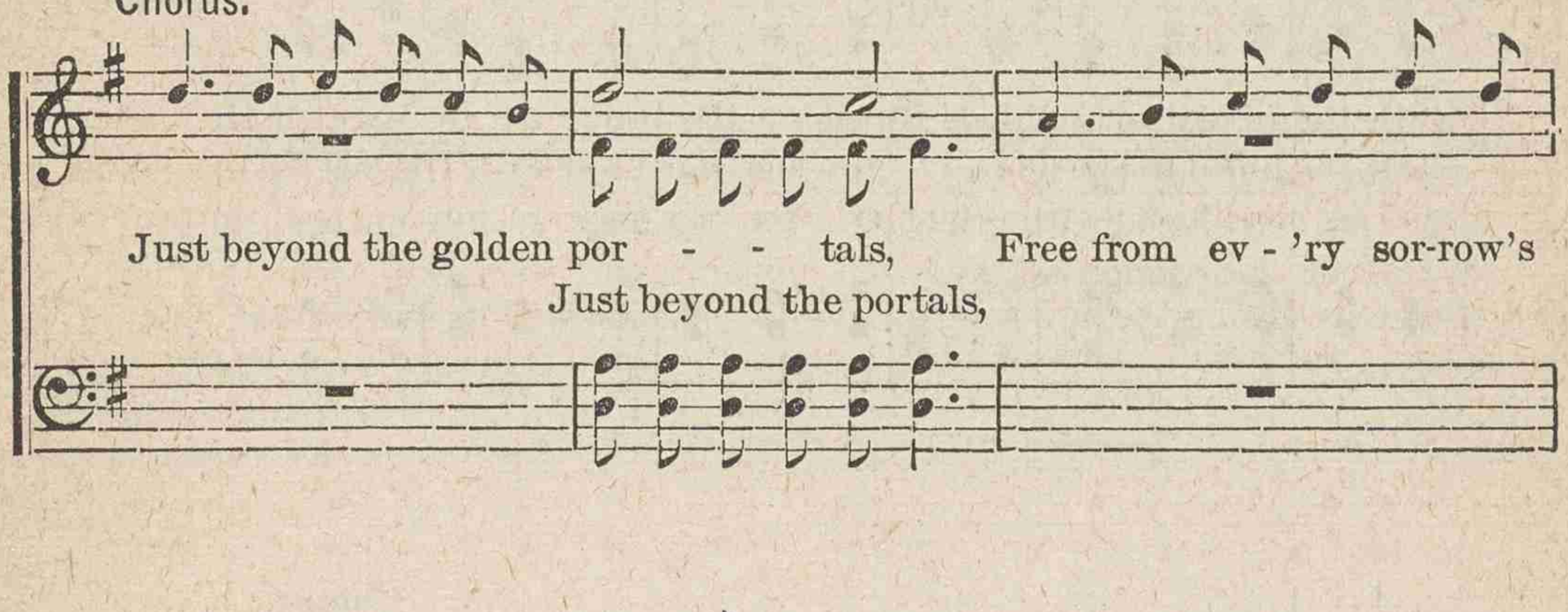
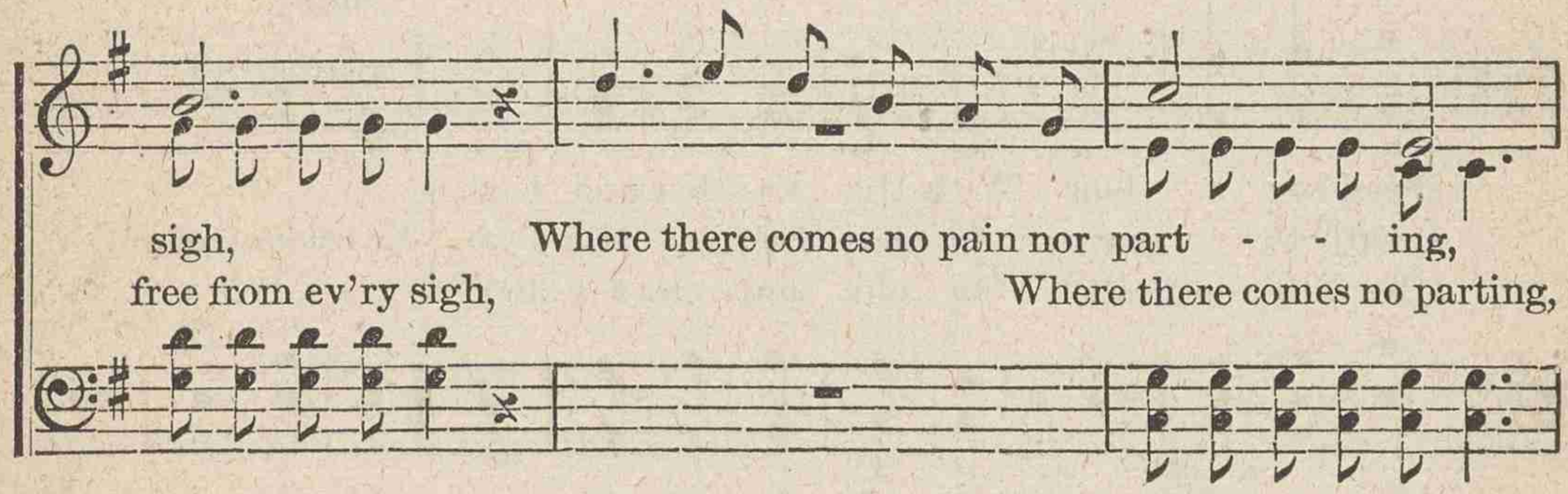
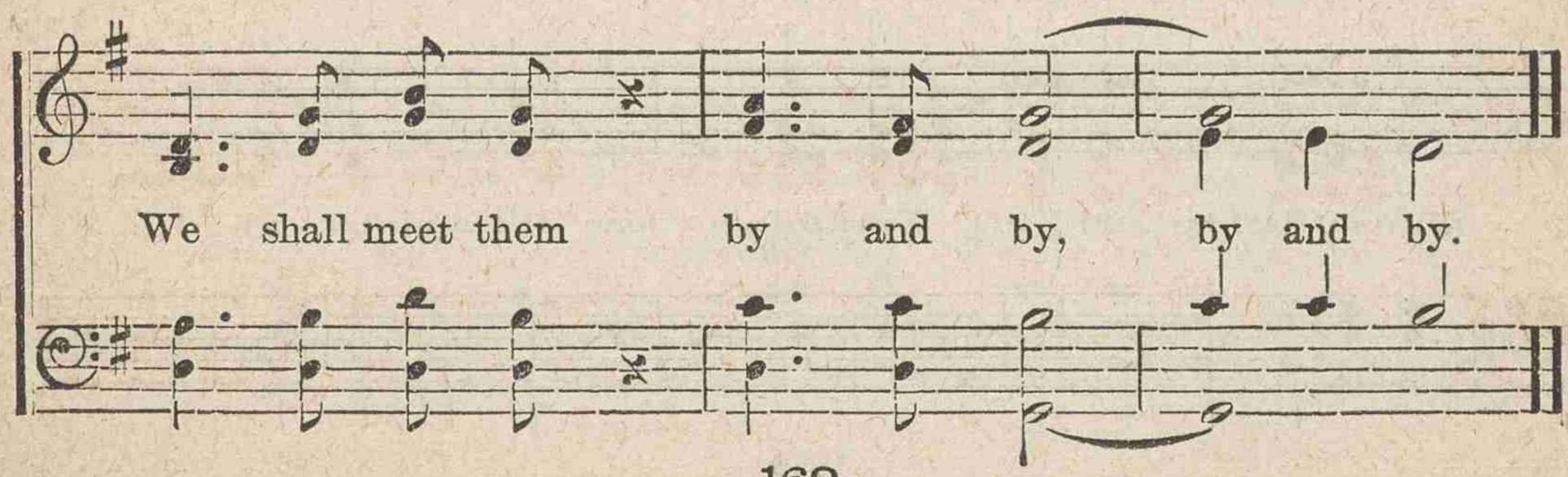
We Shall Meet Them By and By.—Concluded.

Chorus.



No. 155. DARK WAS THE NIGHT.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Dark was the night when the Saviour of men Wrestled in prayer;
2. Lift- ed on high, with the nails thro' His hands, Pierced by the spear,
3. Are we in trou - ble? does life like a load Crush us to earth?

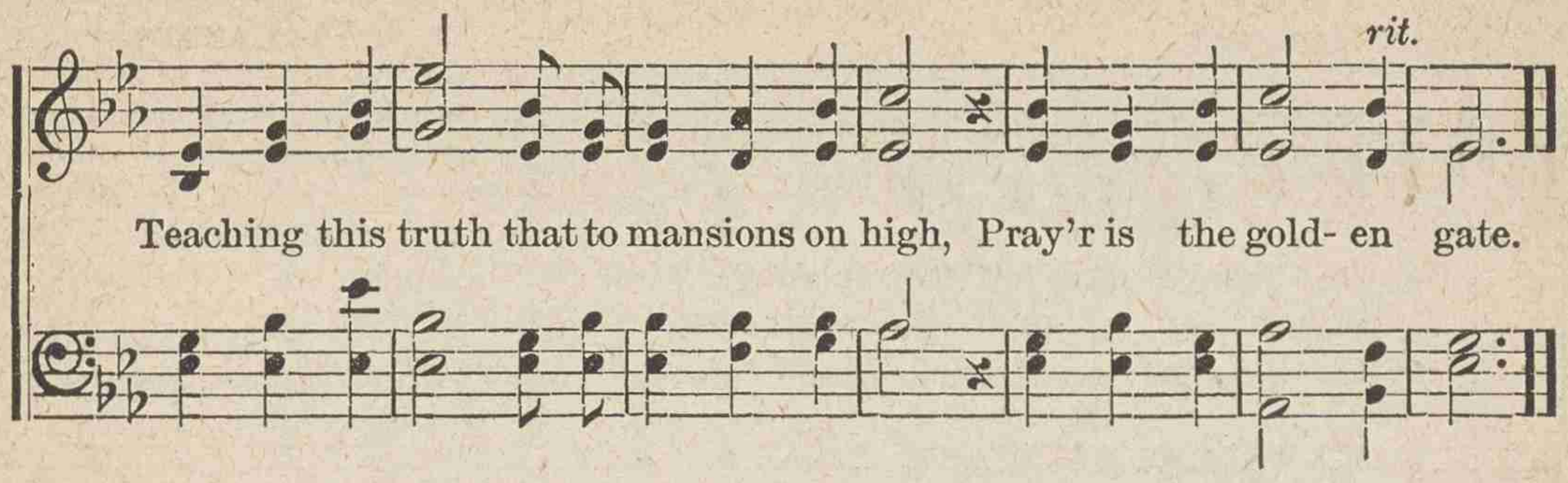
while the great drops of blood Stood on His brow, as in anguish He knelt,
while the blood freely flows; Je - sus our Lord with His last dy-ing groans,
Are we bur-dened with grief? O let us pray to our Father in heaven,

Chorus.

Plead-ing a - lone With His Fa- ther and God.
Breatheth a prayer in be - half of His foes.
He will vouchsafe to our souls sweet re- lief.
} Sweet hour of pray'r,

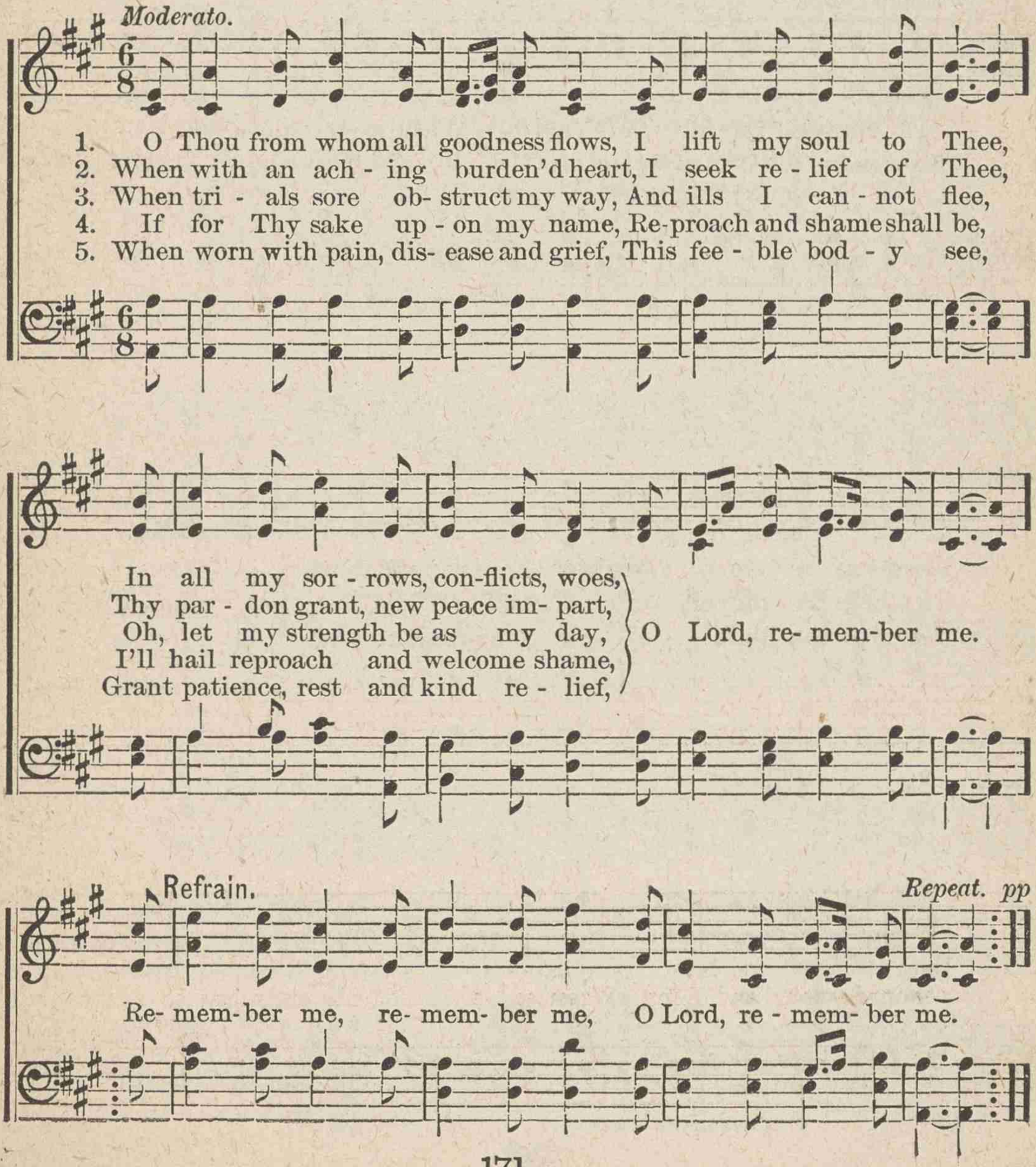
since our Saviour and King, Wrestled a - lone till midnight so late,

DARK WAS THE NIGHT. Concluded.

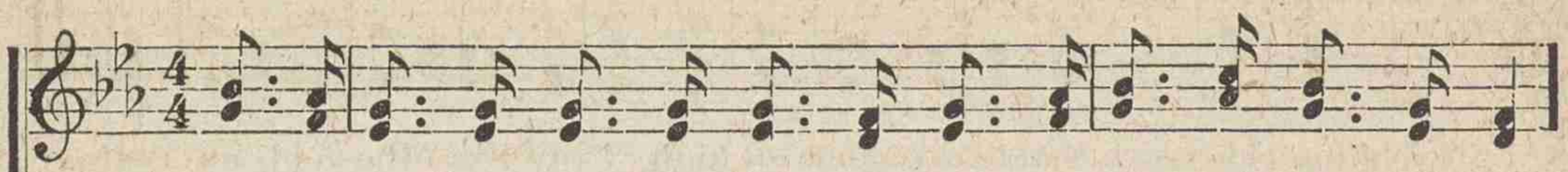
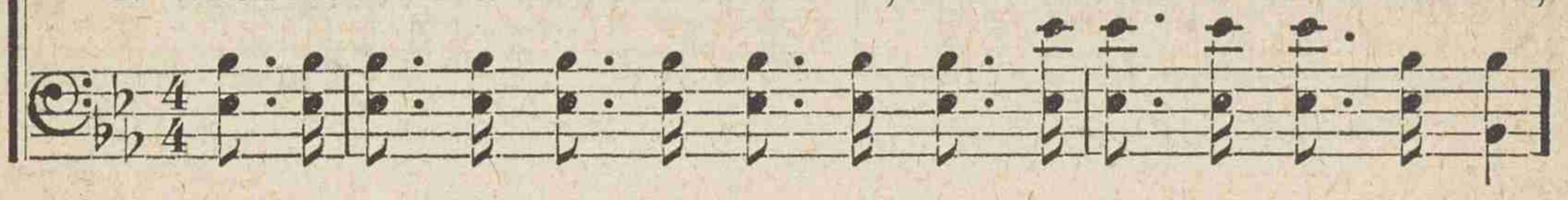
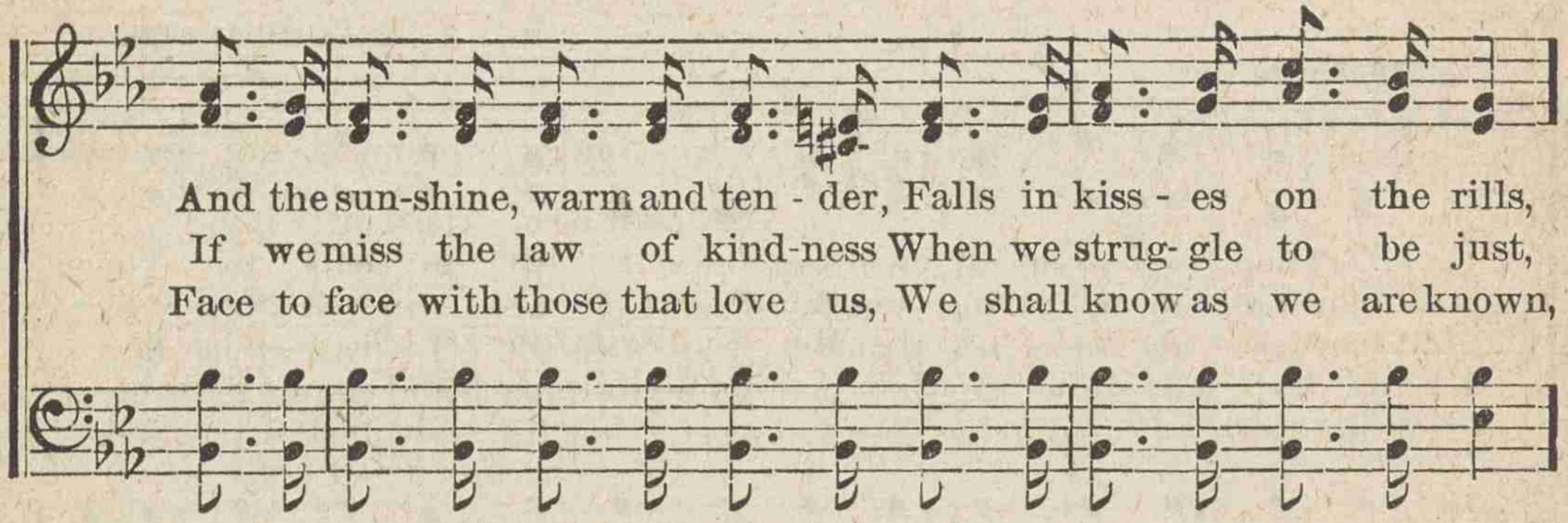
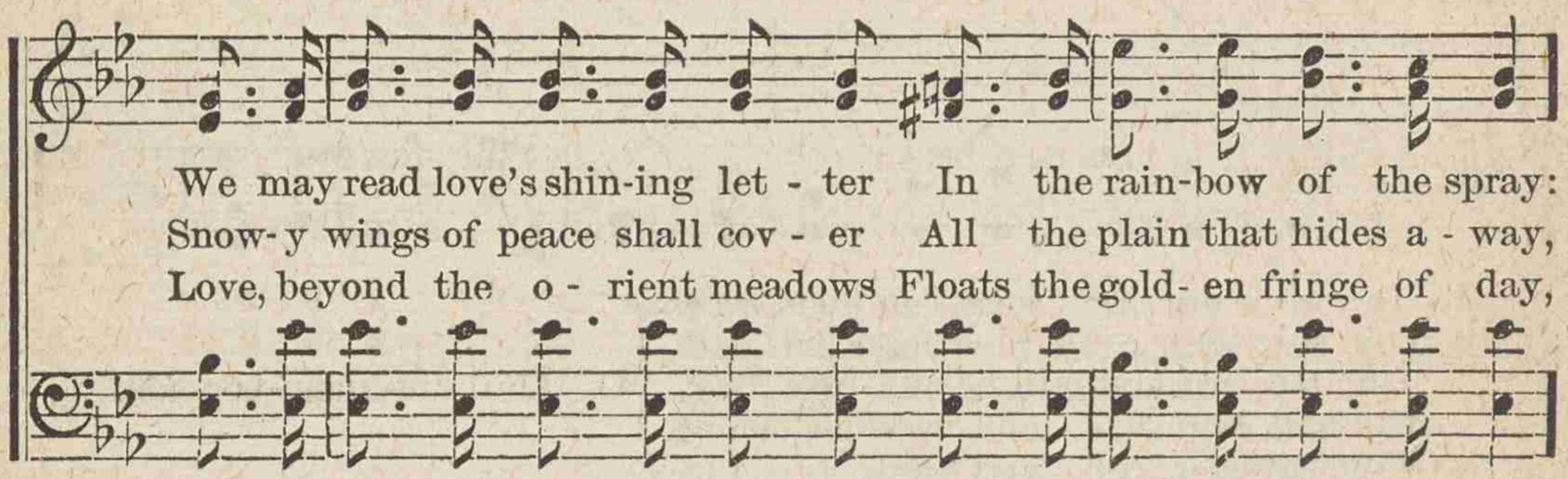


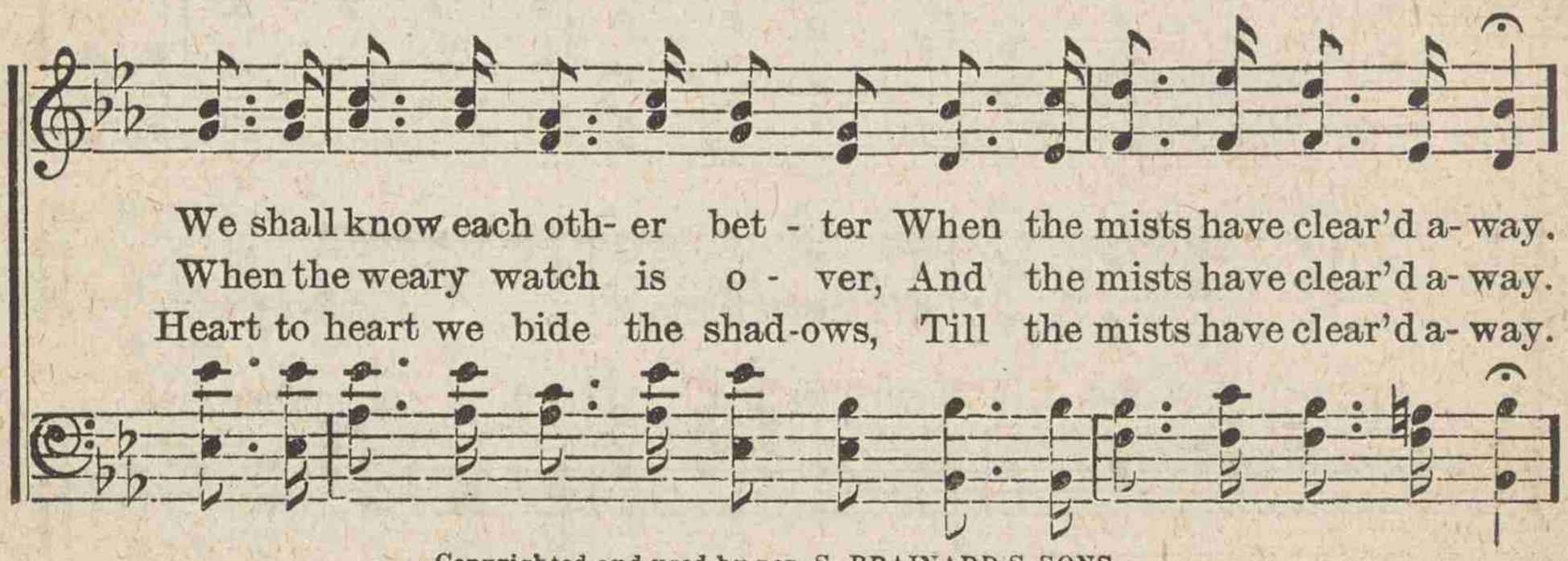
No. 156. REMEMBER ME.

R. G. STAPLES.



No. 157. When the Mists have cleared away.

ANNE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the beau- ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu - man blindness, And for- get that we are dust,
3. When the mists have ris'n a- bove us, And our Fath- er knows His own,

And the sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we strug- gle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known,

We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray:
Snow- y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way,
Love, beyond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold- en fringe of day,



We shall know each oth- er bet - ter When the mists have clear'd a- way.
When the weary watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a- way.
Heart to heart we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have clear'd a- way.

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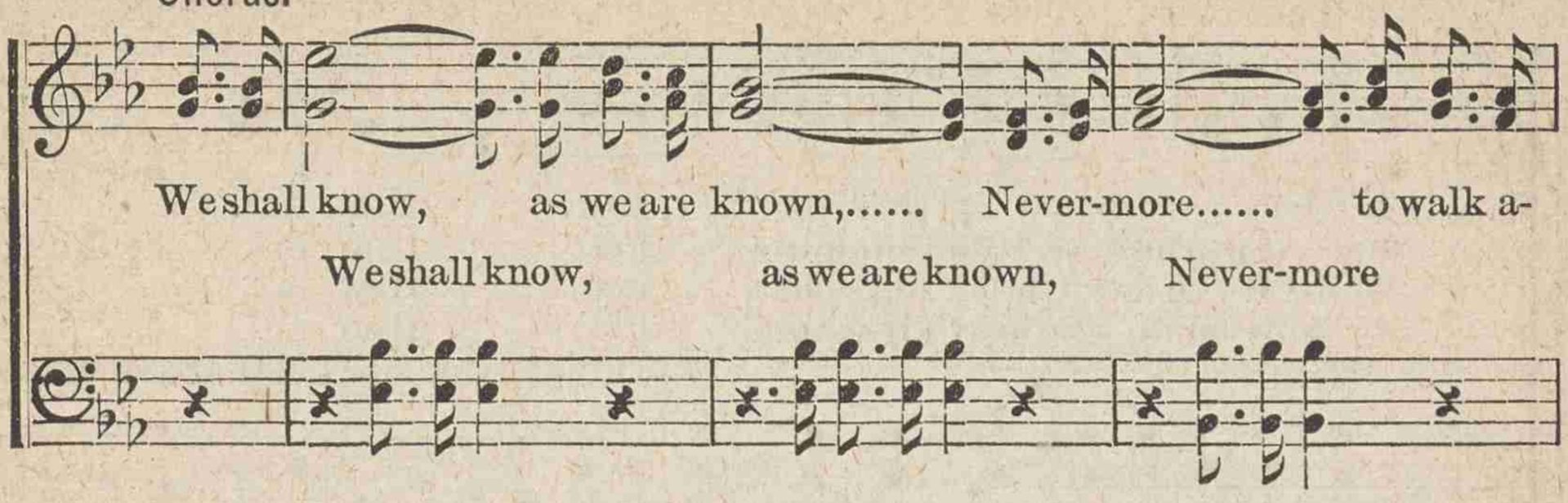
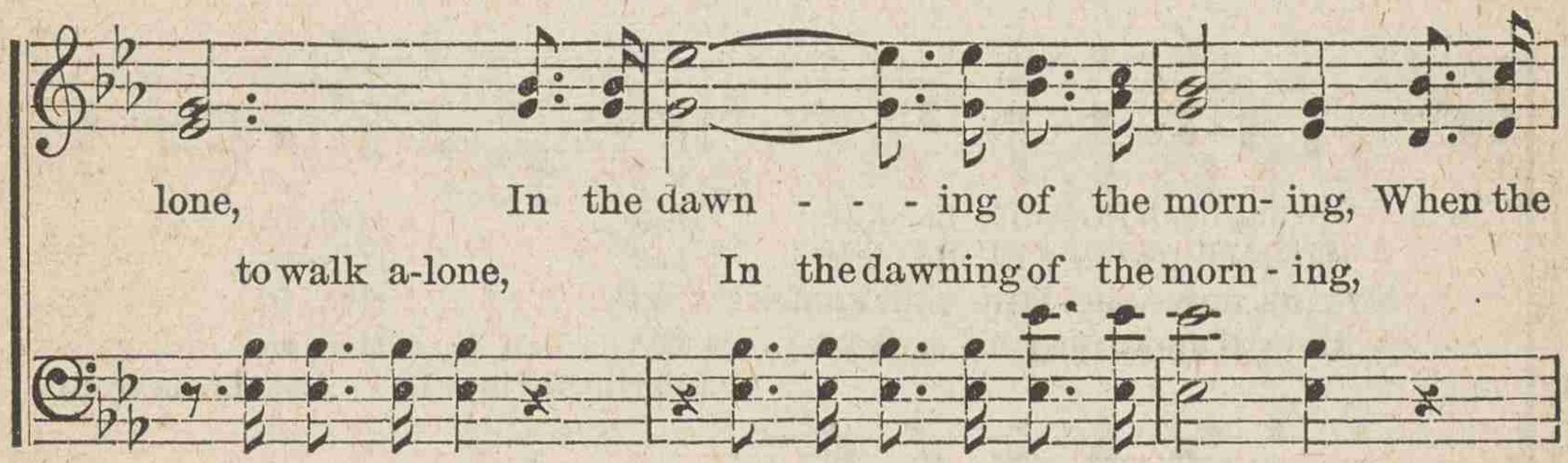
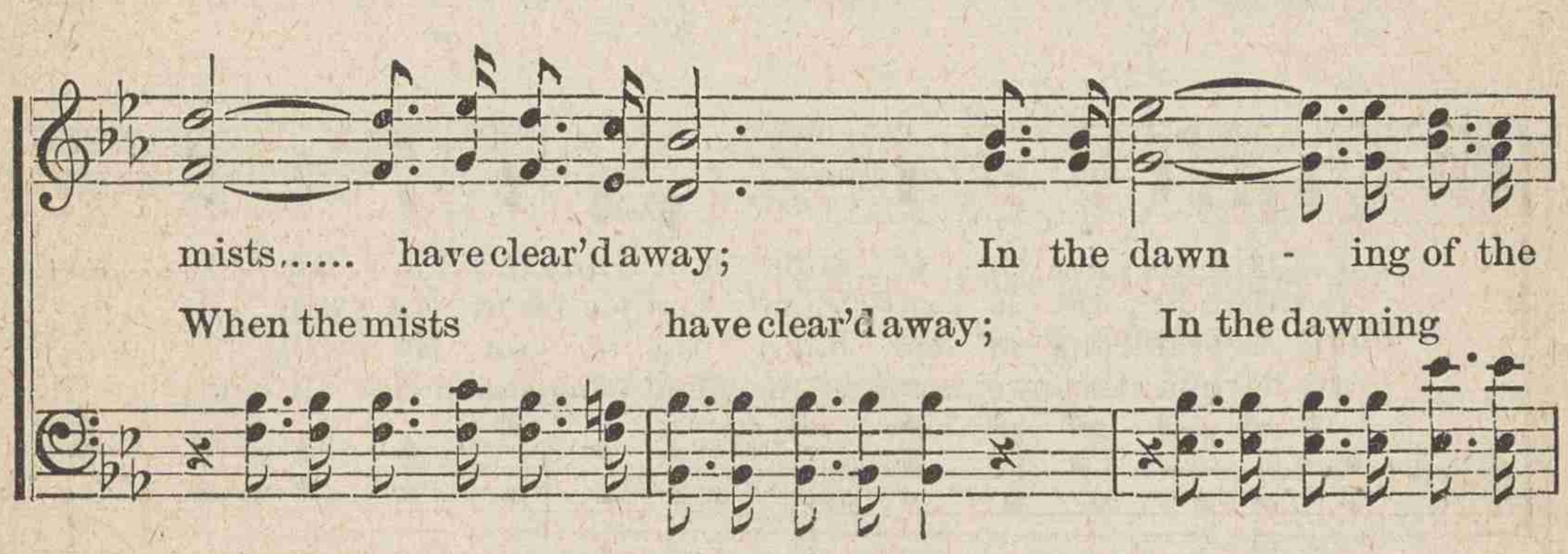
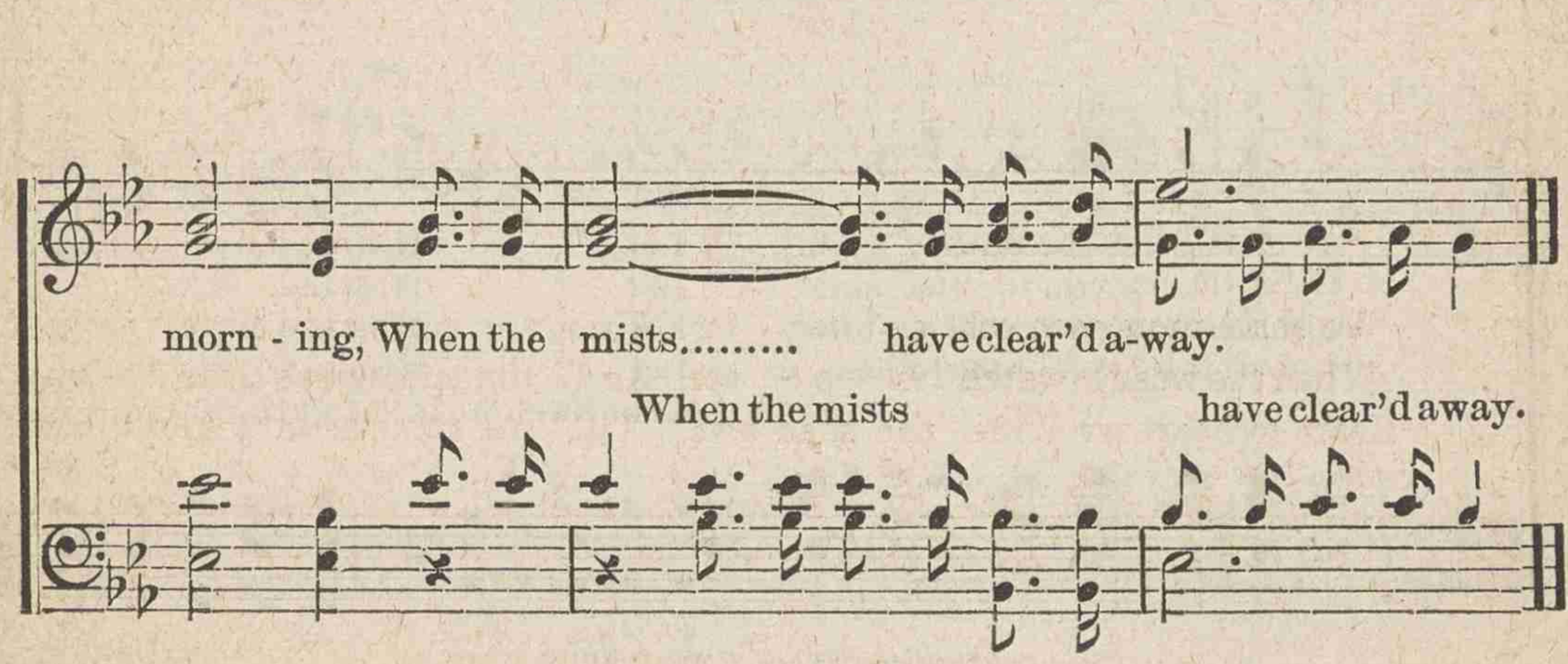
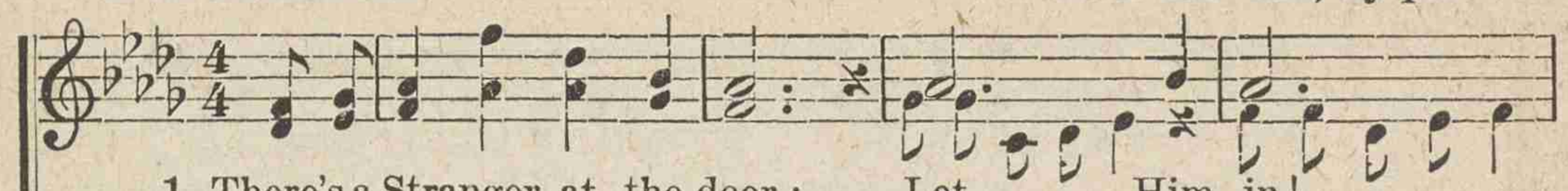
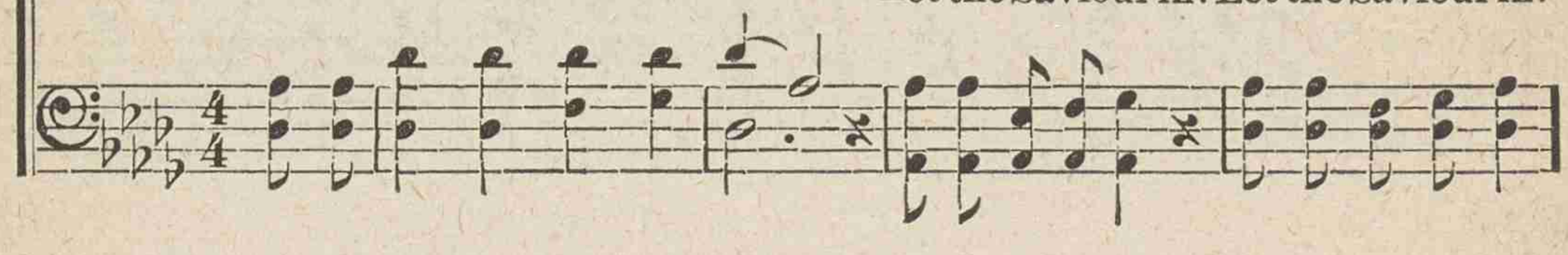
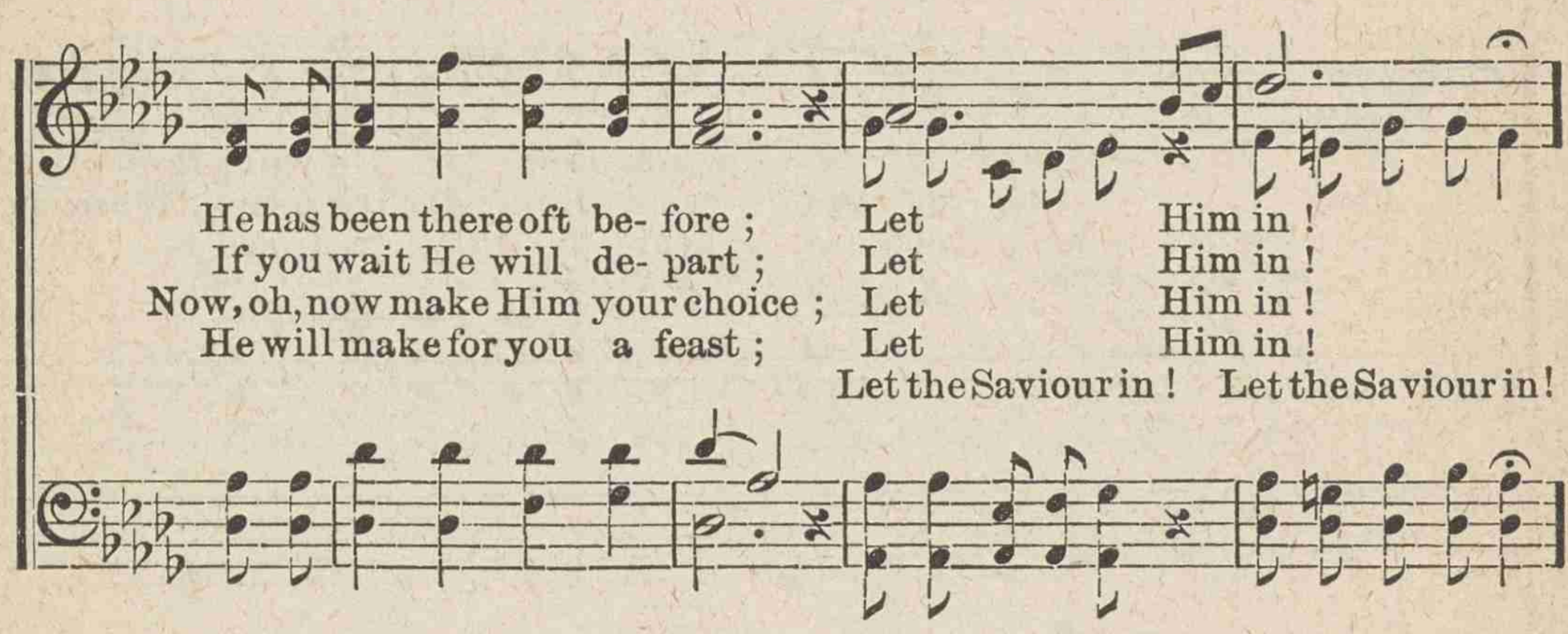
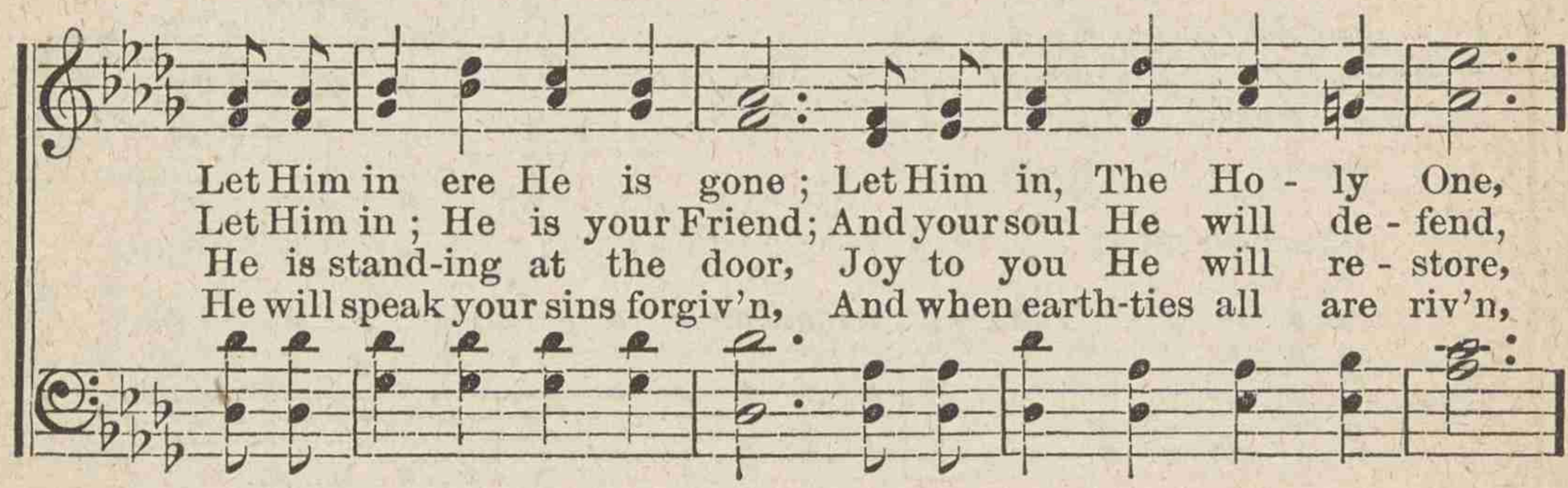
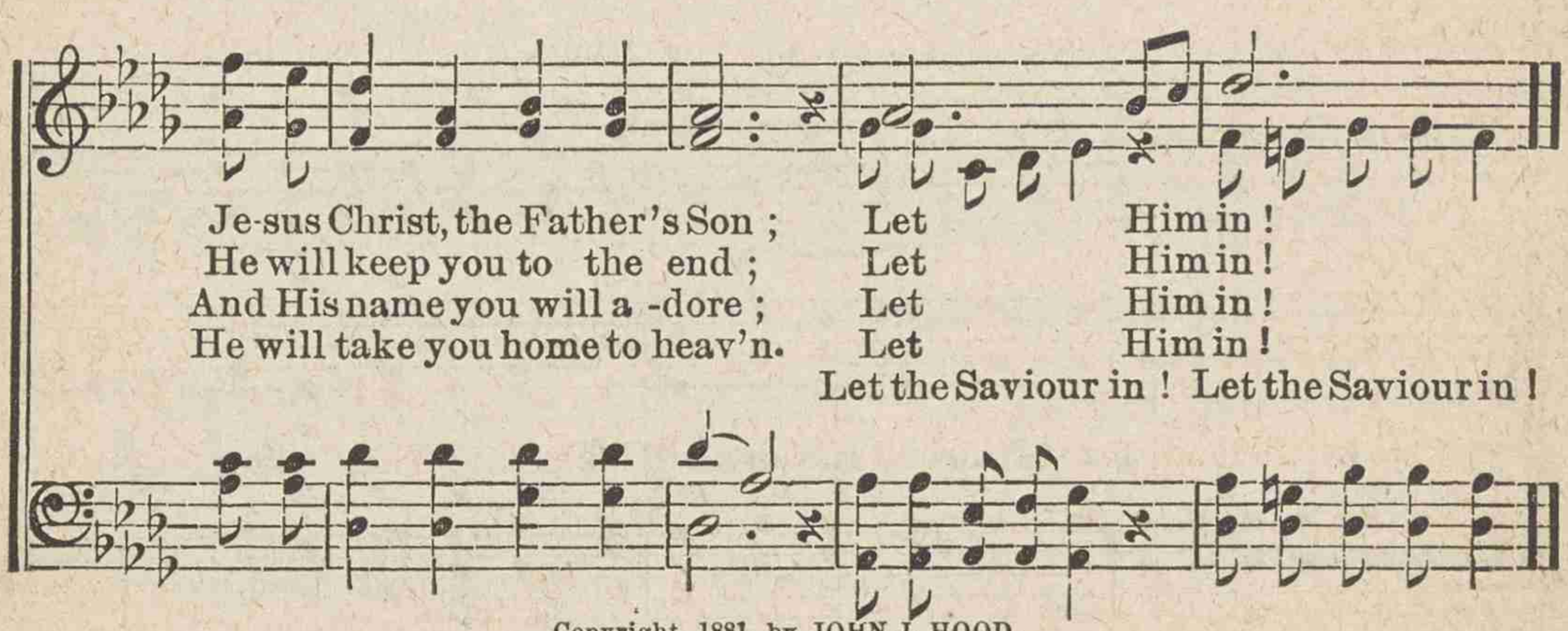
When the Mists have cleared away. Concluded.

Chorus.

No. 158. LET THE SAVIOUR IN!

J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a Stranger at the door ; Let Him in!
2. O-pen now to Him your heart ; Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice ; Let Him in!
4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest ; Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

He has been there oft be- fore ; Let Him in!
If you wait He will de- part ; Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice ; Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast ; Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let Him in ere He is gone ; Let Him in, The Ho - ly One,
Let Him in ; He is your Friend ; And your soul He will de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son ; Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end ; Let Him in!
And His name you will a -dore ; Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n. Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

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No. 159. MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, Arr.

1. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus! Who so kind and true?
   Who so full of rich com - pas - sion, And of love to you?
2. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus, Trust Him day by day,
   And you will be safe - ly guid - ed In the nar - row way.
3. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus, His af - fec - tion pure,
   Rich with ten - der peace and com - fort. Ev - er will en - dure.

He is the friend of sin - ners; Free - ly He will for - give;
He is so kind and gra - cious, He will His own de - fend;
O what a pre - cious Sav - iour! O what a friend is He!

Brother, give your heart to Je - sus, And His grace re - ceive.
Brother, if you need a Sav - iour, Make the Lord your friend.
Trust Him and His love will bless Thee, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Make Him your friend, And He will de-

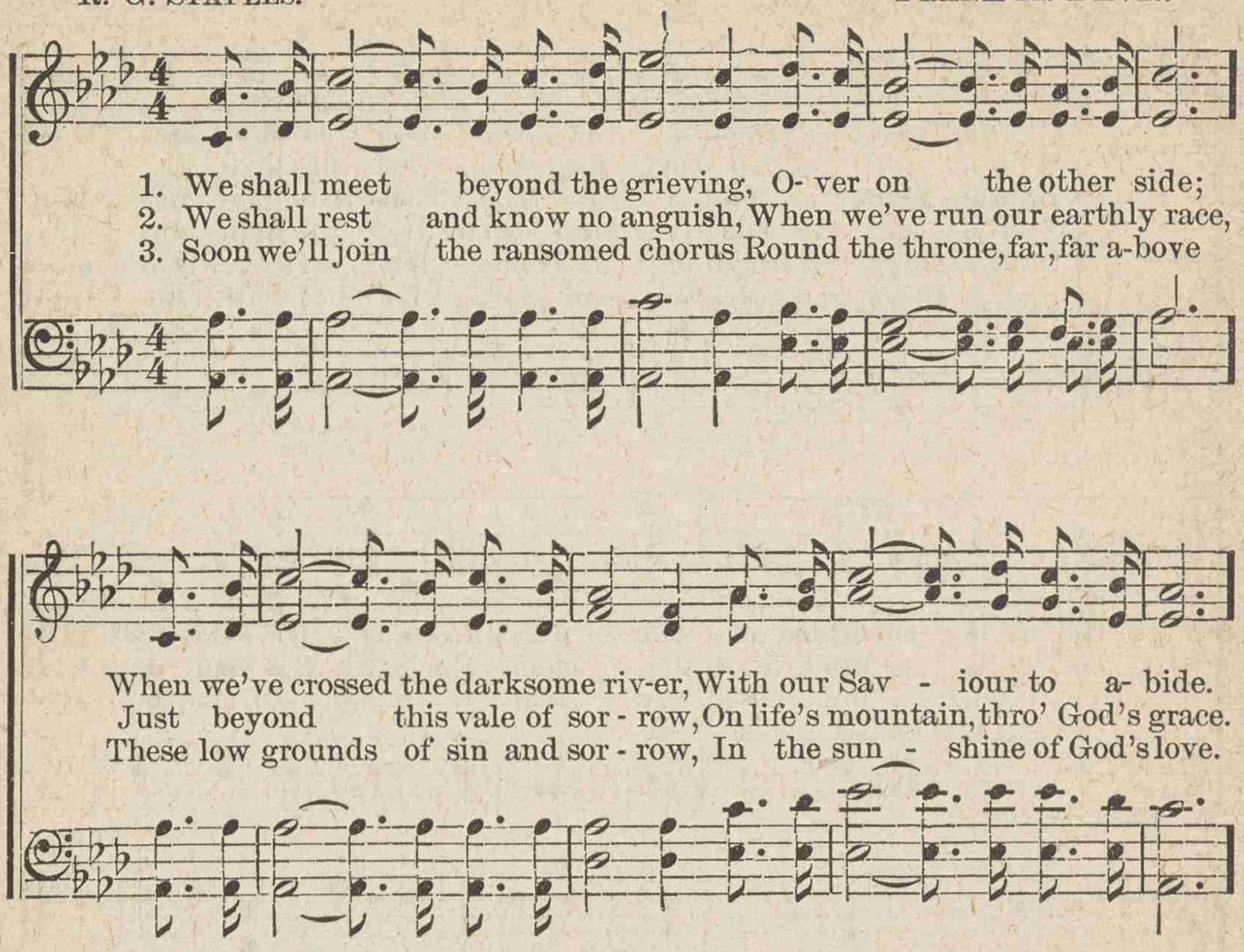
Make the Lord your friend! Make the Lord your friend, And He will defend

- fend.

you He will defend! Trust Him and His love will bless Thee, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

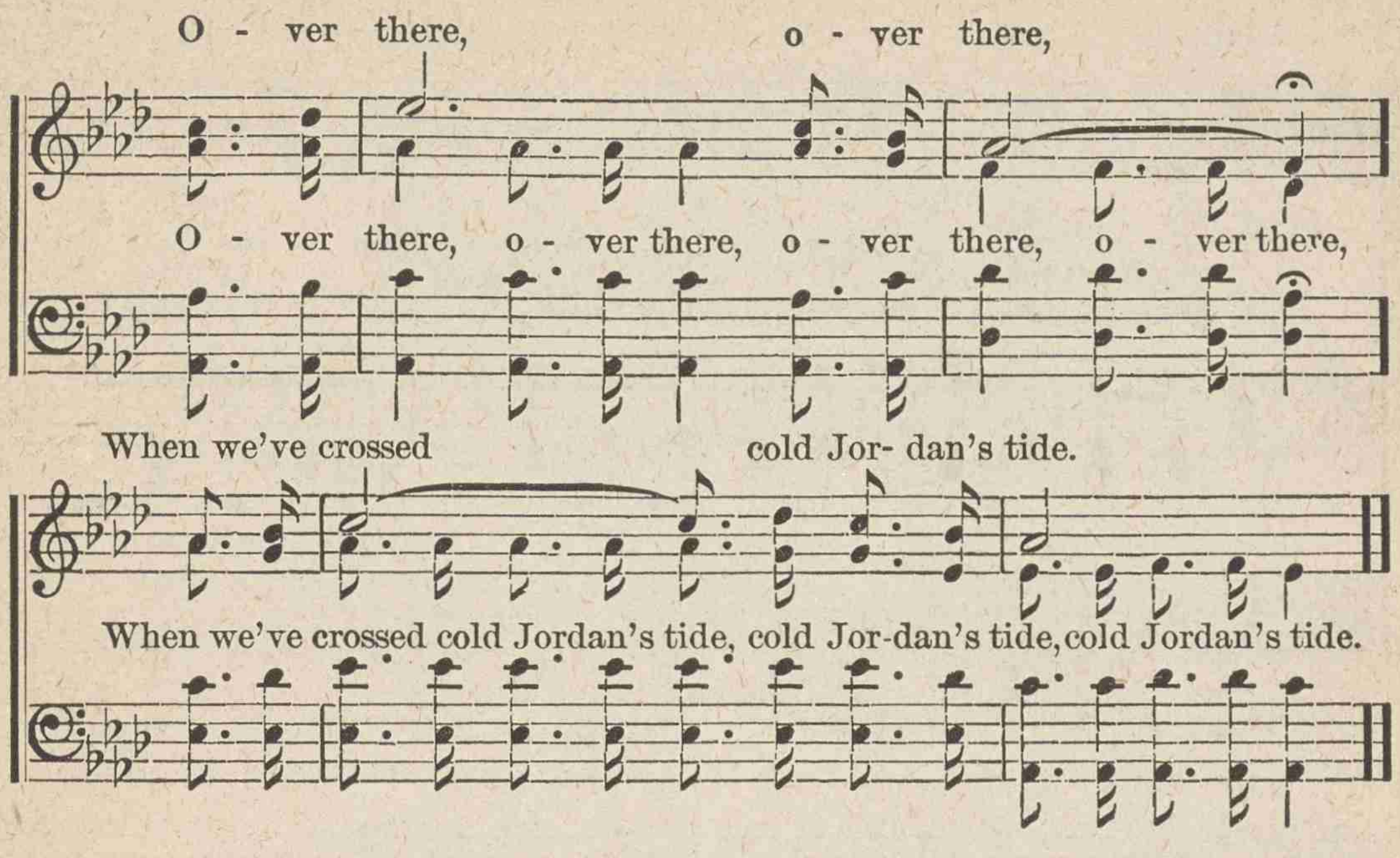
No. 160. BEYOND THE GRIEVING.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

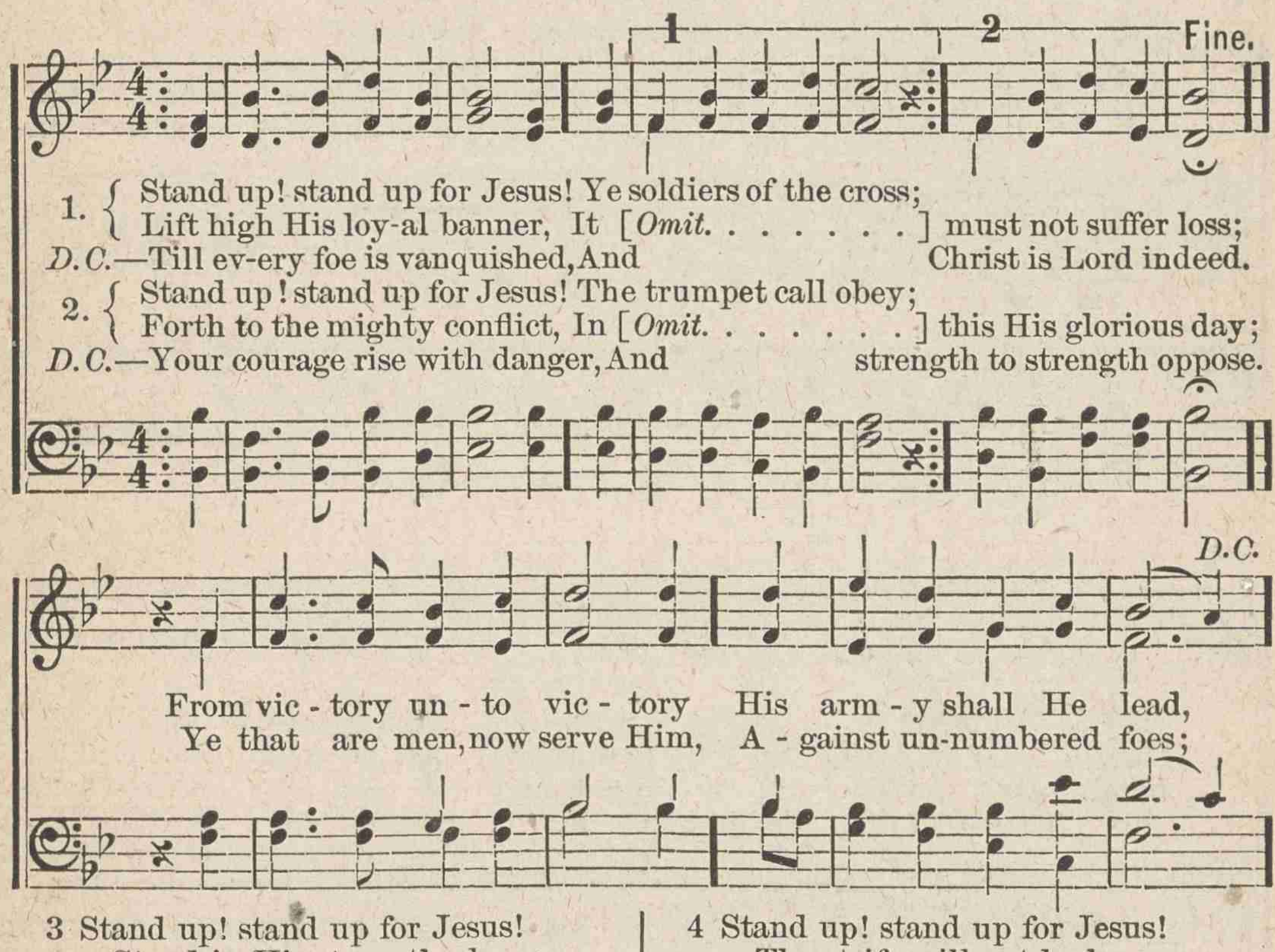


From "Pearls of Song," by per.

BEYOND THE GRIEVING.—Concluded.



No. 161. WEBB. 7s, 6s.



1. { Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
   Lift high His loy-al banner, It [*Omit.* . . . . .] must not suffer loss;
D.C.—Till ev-ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

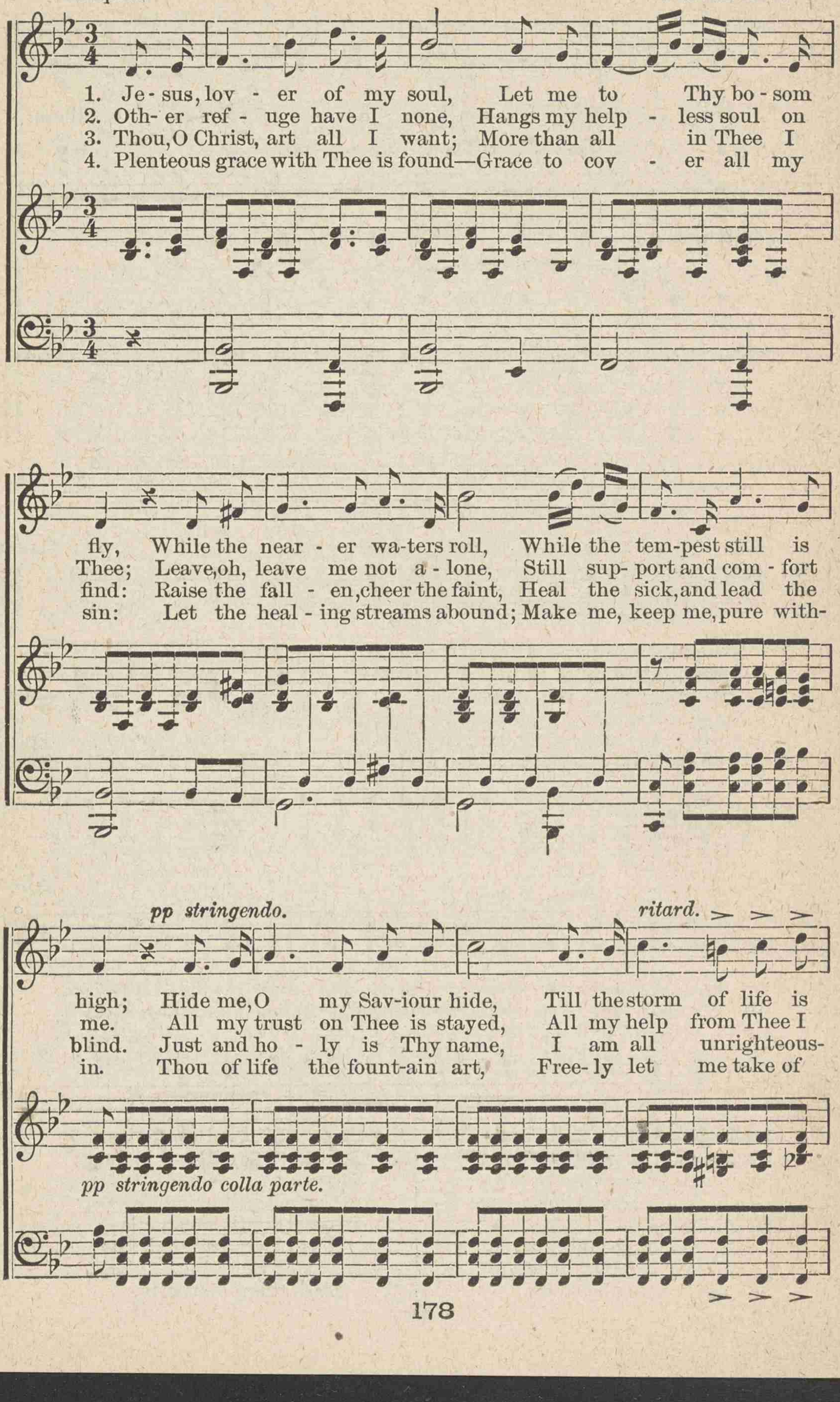
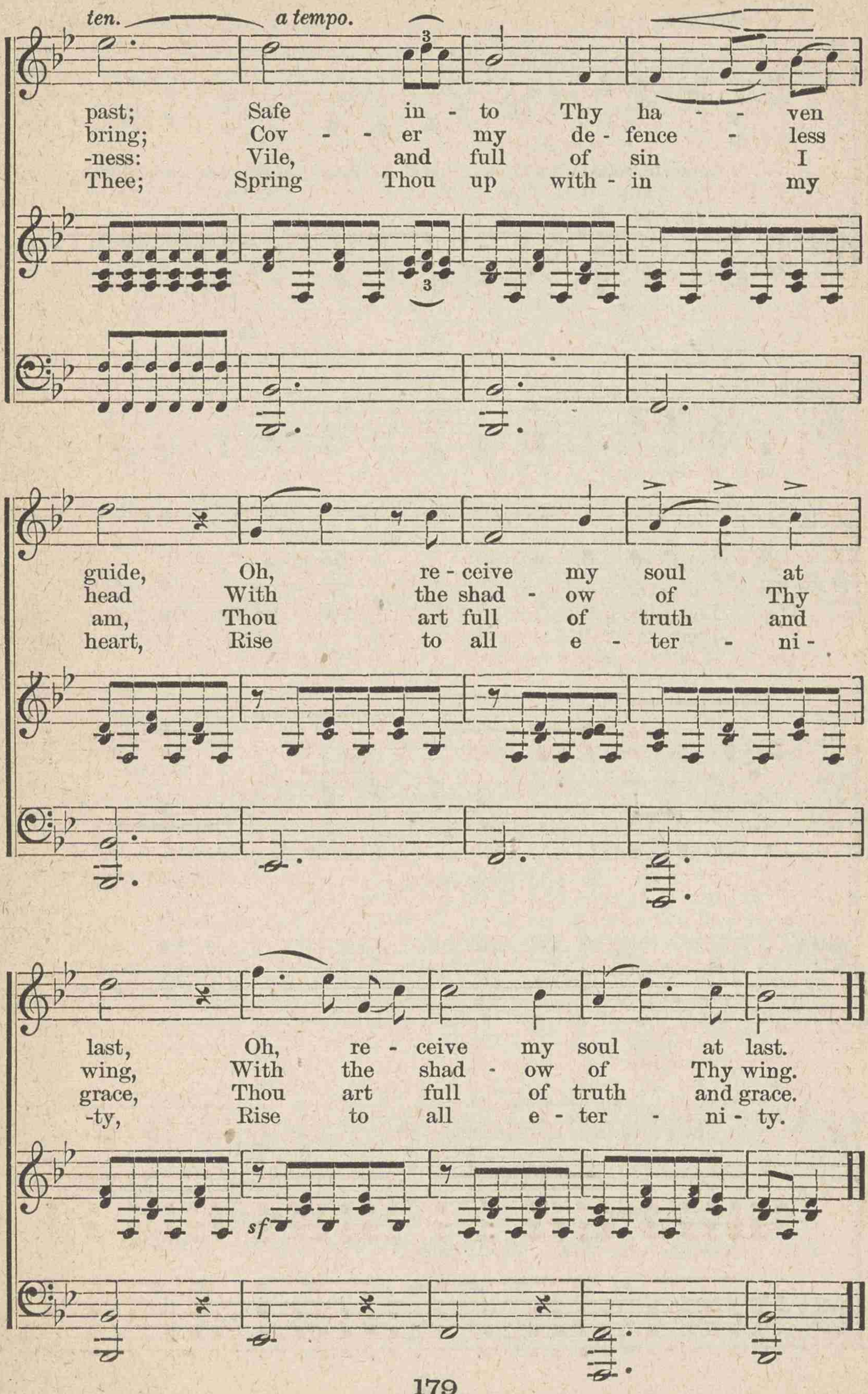
2. { Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
   Forth to the mighty conflict, In [*Omit.* . . . . .] this His glorious day;
D.C.—Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His arm - y shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un-numbered foes;

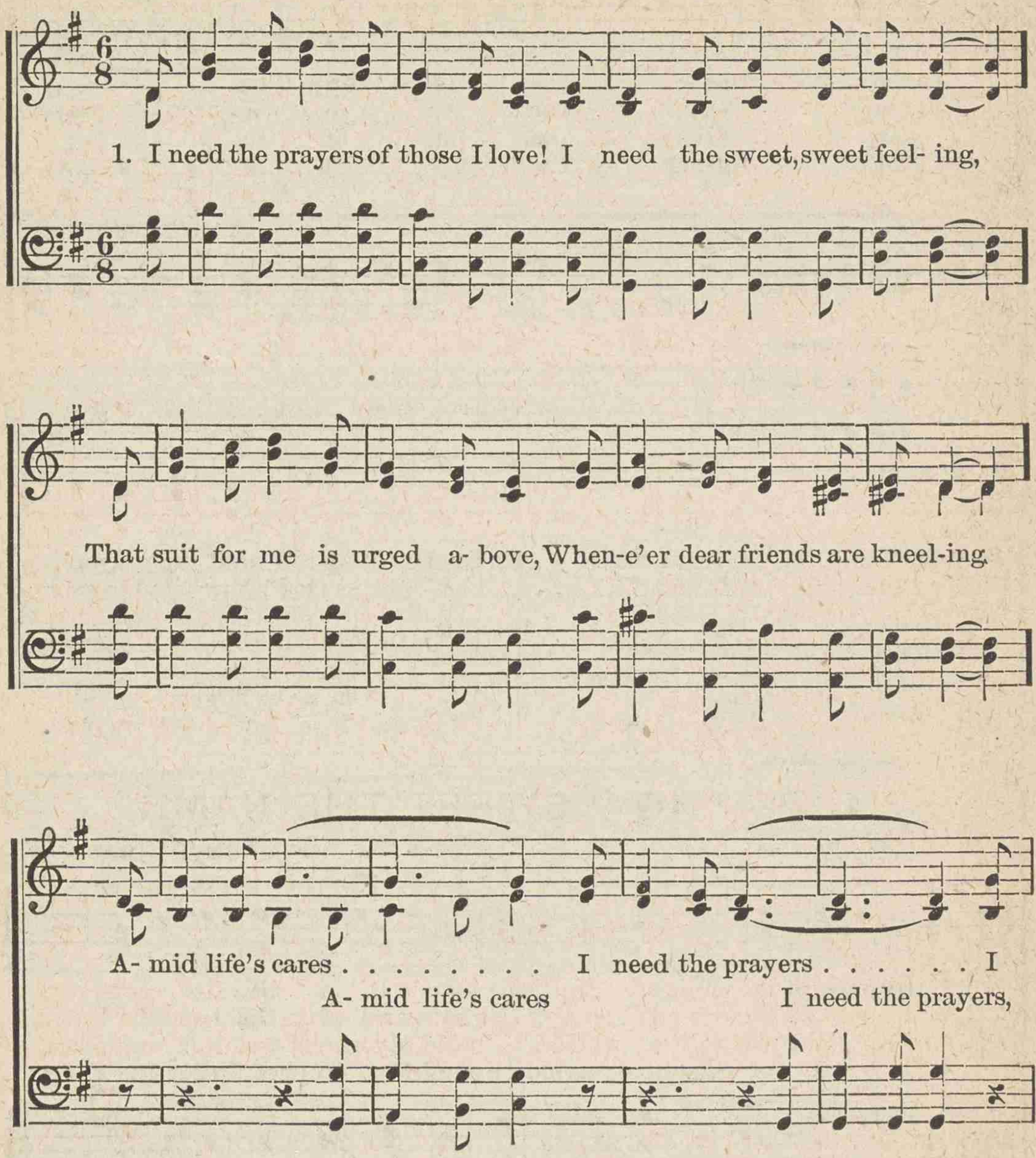
3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

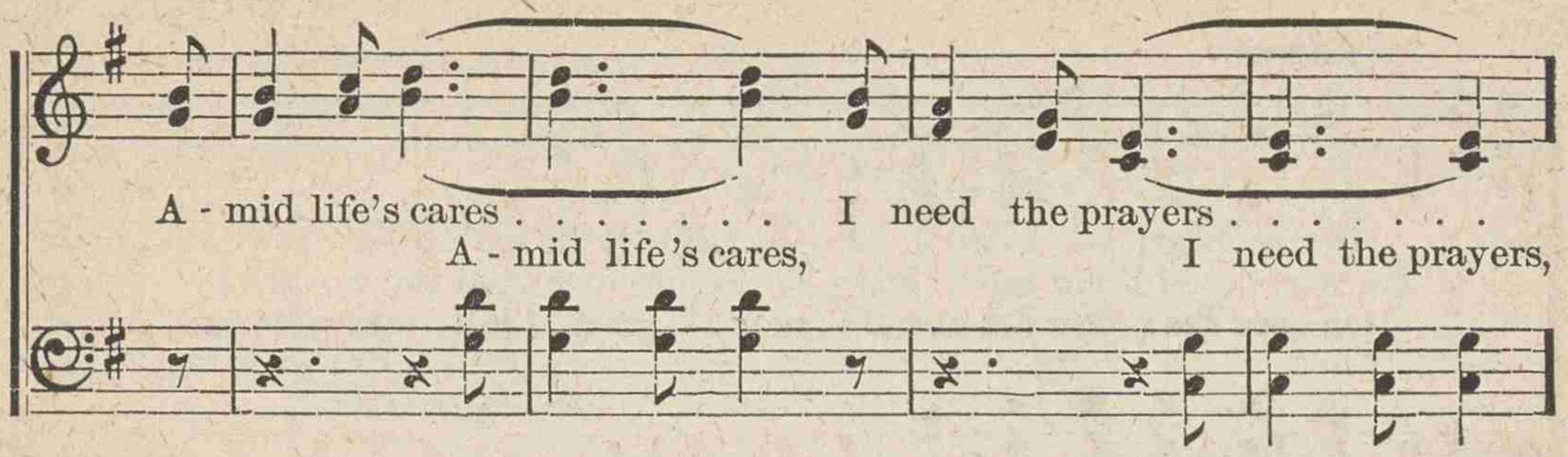
No. 162. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

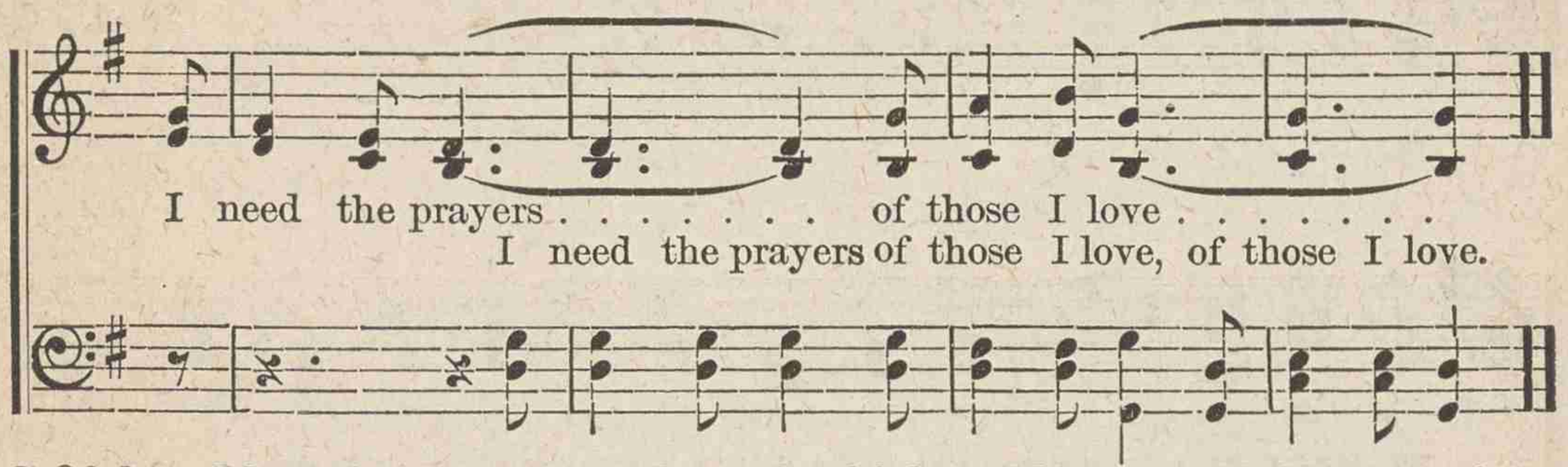
Adapted. FRANZ ABT.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded.

No. 163. I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz, by per.



I need the Prayers of Those I Love.—Concluded.



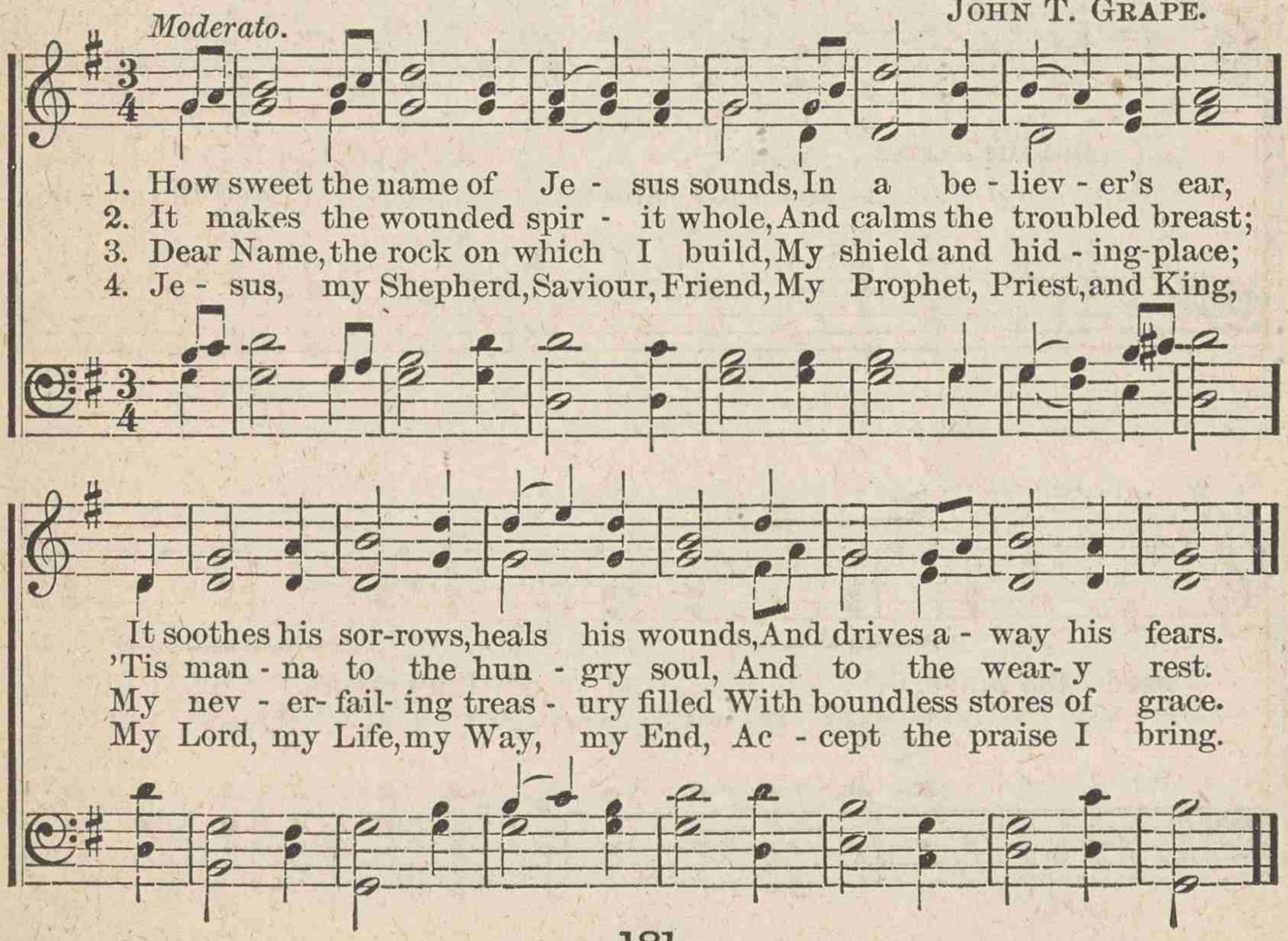


2 Of those I love the prayers I need!
They know my wants and ailings;
They know the way to intercede
For all my faults and failings.
On bended knee,
Remember me,
Of those I love the prayers I need!

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers!
Whene'er God's throne addressing:
'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
Who love me yet,
Oh, ne'er forget;
Of those I love, I need the prayers!

No. 164. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

JOHN T. GRAPE.



No. 165. I HAVE CHRIST, WHAT WANT I MORE?

R. G. STAPLES.

Affetuoso.

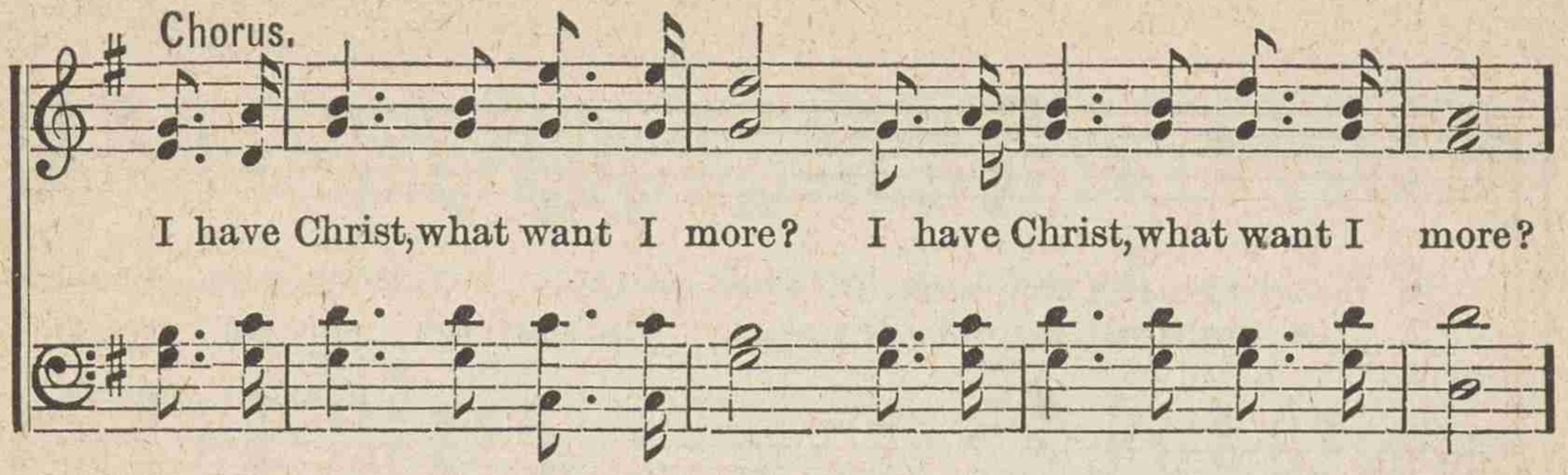
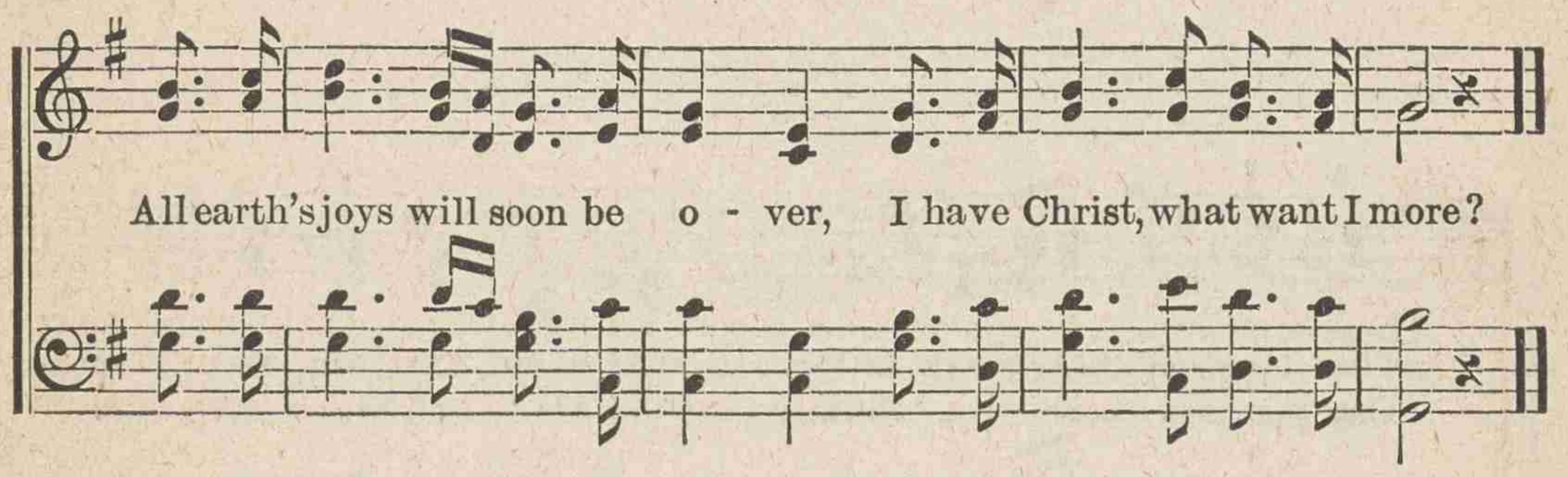
1. In the heart of London cit - y, 'Mid the dwellings of the poor,
2. He who heard them ran to bring her Something from the world's great store,
3. Oh, my dear, my fel-low sin- ners! High and low, and rich and poor,

These bright gol-den words were ut-ter'd: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
It was need - less, she died say - ing: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
Can you say with deep thanksgiving: "I have Christ, what want I more?"

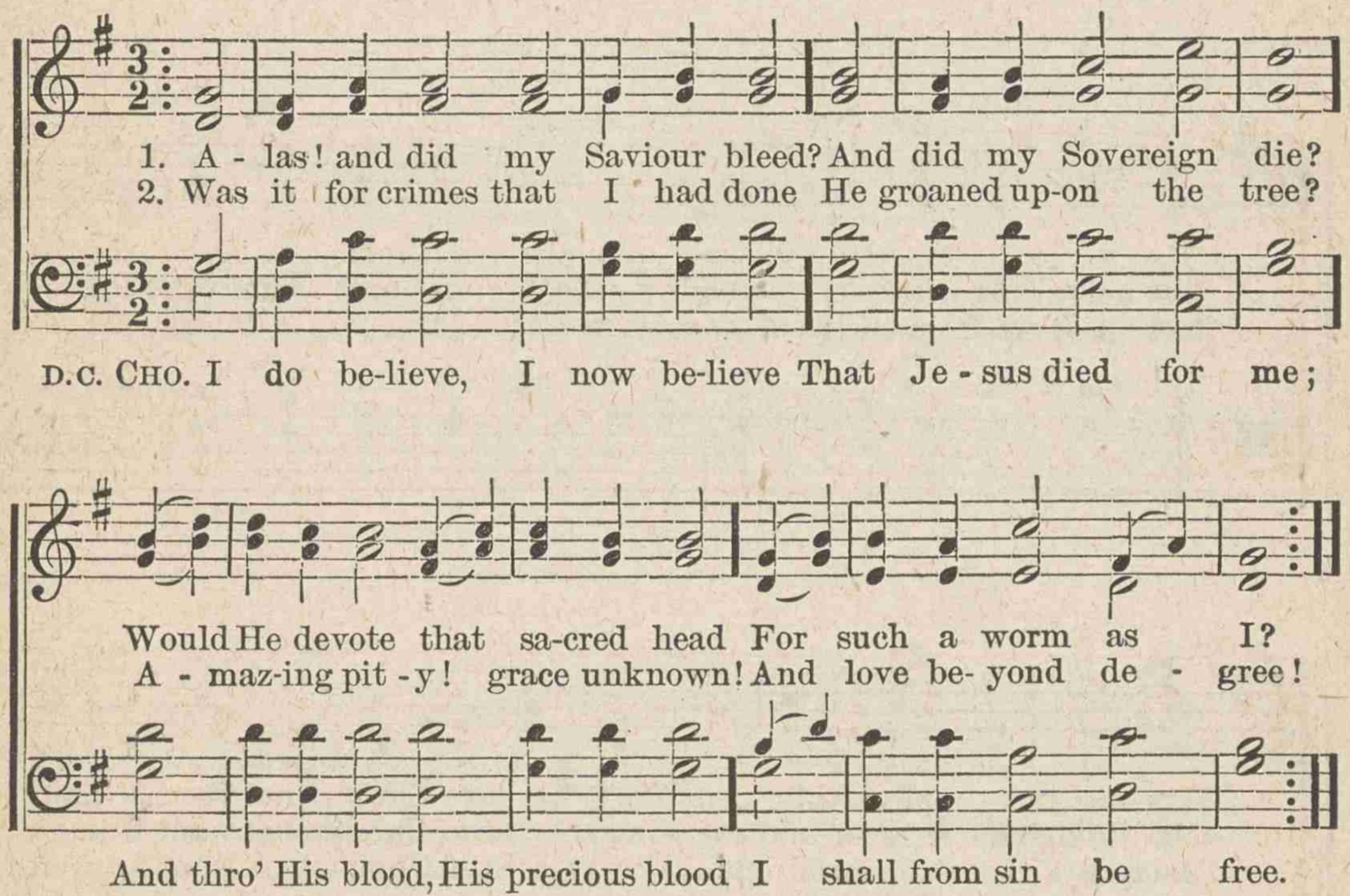
By a lone - ly dy - ing wo - man, Stretch'd upon a gar - ret floor,
But her words will live, for - ev - er, I re- peat them o'er and o'er,
Look a - way from earths af- flic - tions, All earth's joys will soon be o'er,

rit.

Hav-ing not one earthly com - fort, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
God de-lights to hear me say - ing: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
Rest not till each heart ex-claim- eth: "I have Christ, what want I more?"

I HAVE CHRIST, Etc.—Concluded.



No. 166. I DO BELIEVE.



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

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

No. 167. Speak Gently to thy Brother.

W. E. H. Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, D.D.

1. They say the world is wick-ed And ev - 'ry thing gone wrong:
2. The world will sure- ly tempt us To run the sin- ful way,

That men are al - ways faith-less, And none are true and strong,
Our hearts will of - ten draw us, From God and heav'n a - way,

But oh we must re - mem-ber, That in our fight with sin.
But then we must re - mem-ber, That if we're al - ways true.

If we will help our broth- er, He may fight through and win.
And seek to help each oth - er, That Christ will help us too.

Speak Gently, &c.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Speak gent - ly to thy broth- er, Speak on - ly words of love.

For we must help each oth - er, Un - til we meet a - bove;

pp *cres.*

Speak gent - ly: speak gent- ly, Speak on - ly words of love,

For we must help each oth - er, Un - til we meet a- bove.

No. 168. BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed ;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er came ;
3. Fa- ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray ;

Bless- ed be the dear Son of God. On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf- fer'd not thus in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa- ter can not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below ;
Je - sus to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise I go ;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit- er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit- er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit- er than snow.

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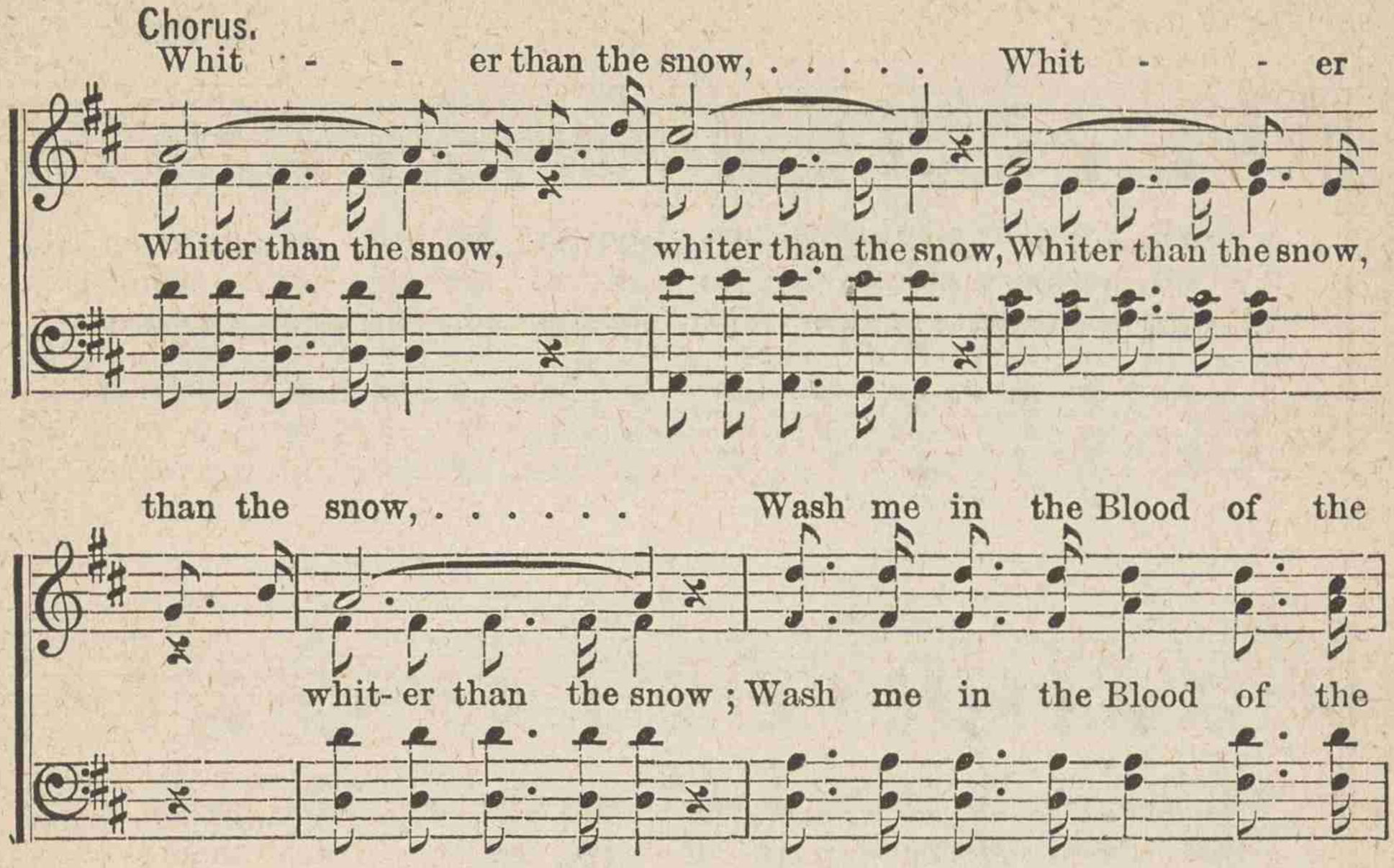
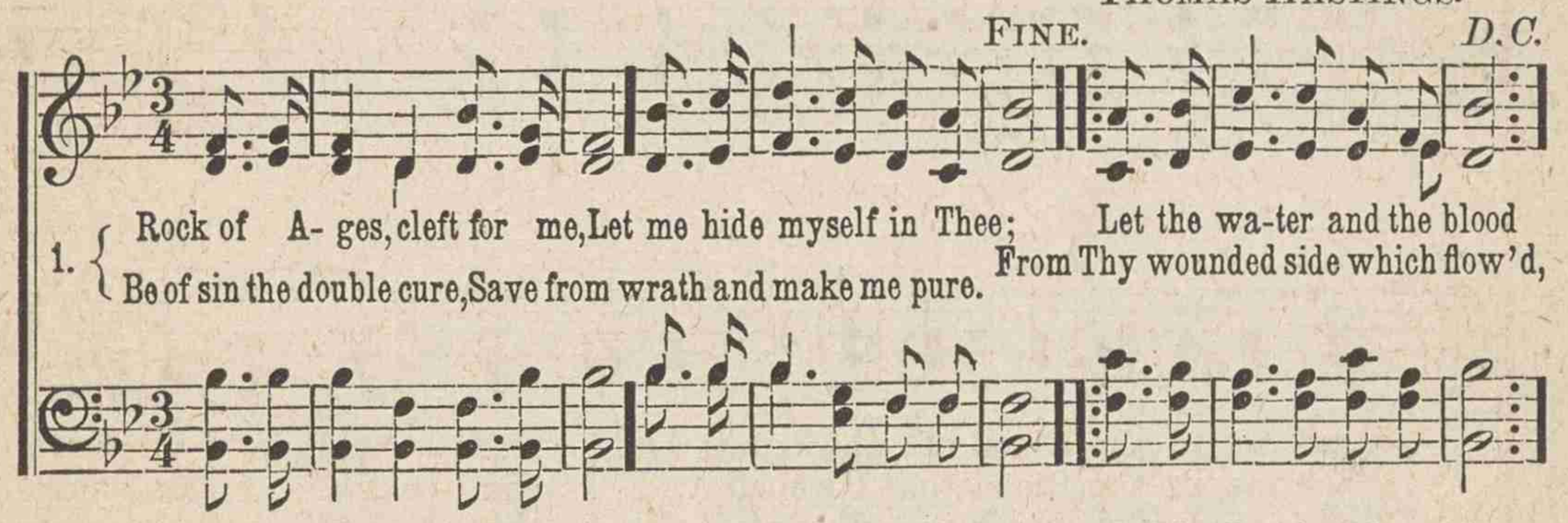
BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.—Concluded.



No. 169. ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

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. 170. We shall know Each other There.

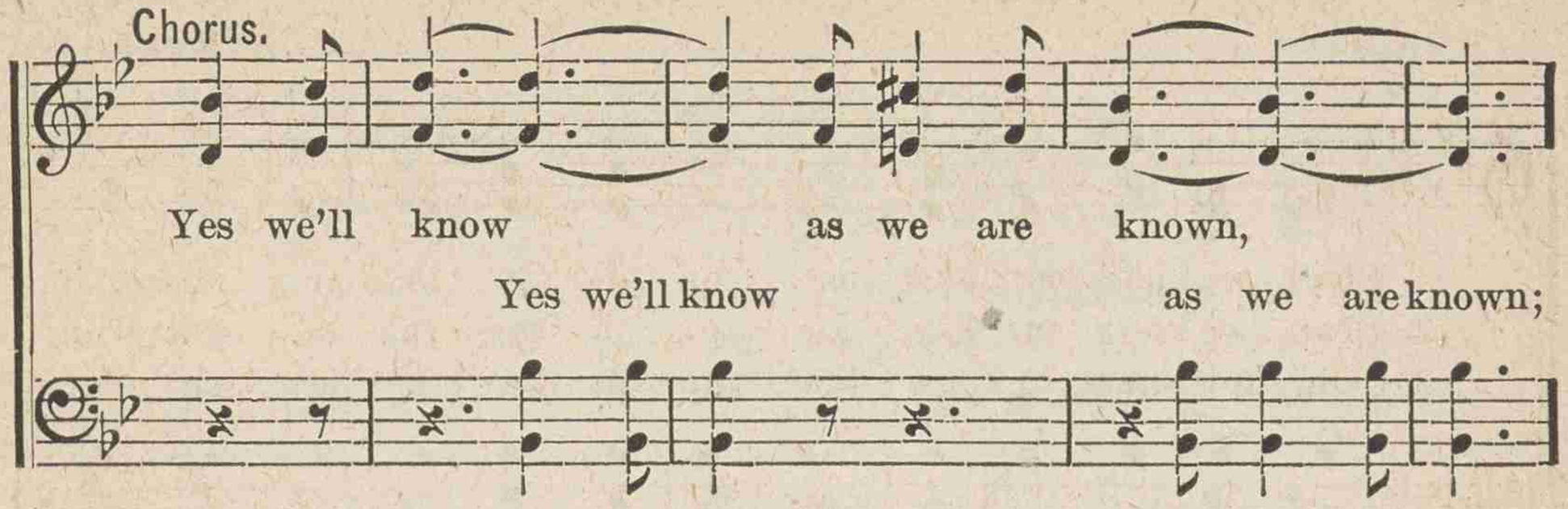
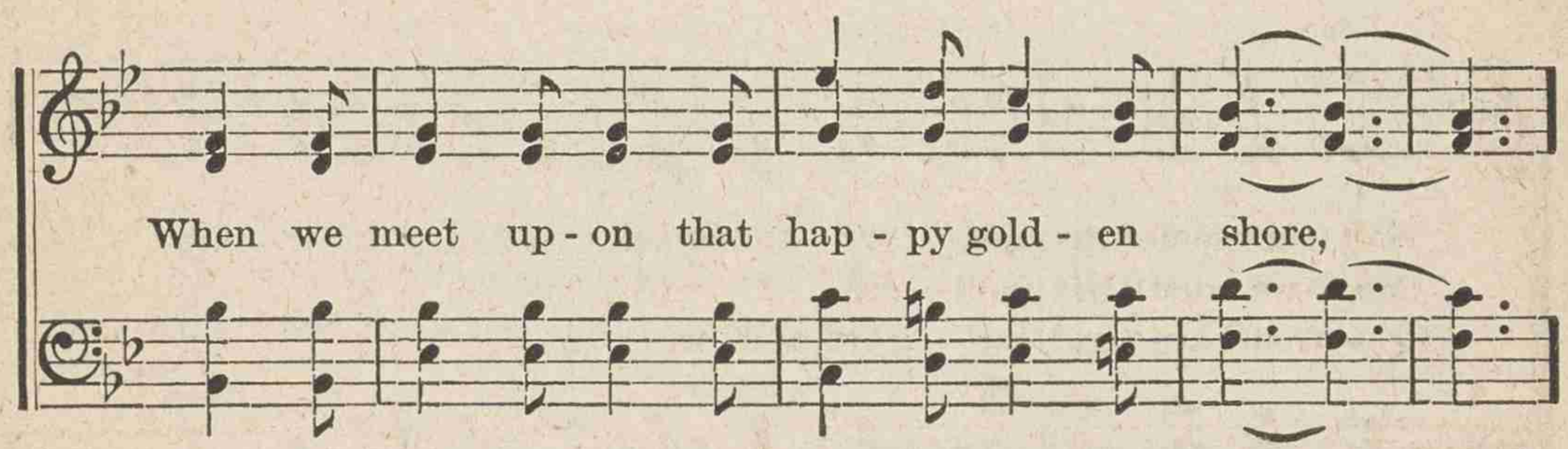
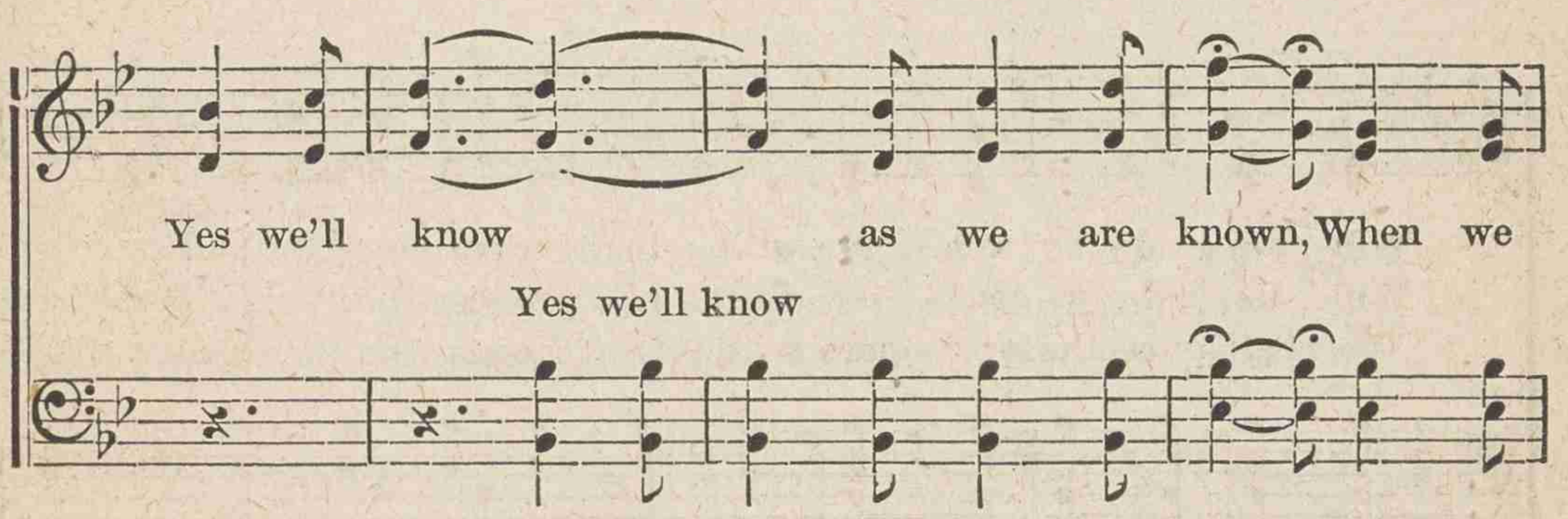
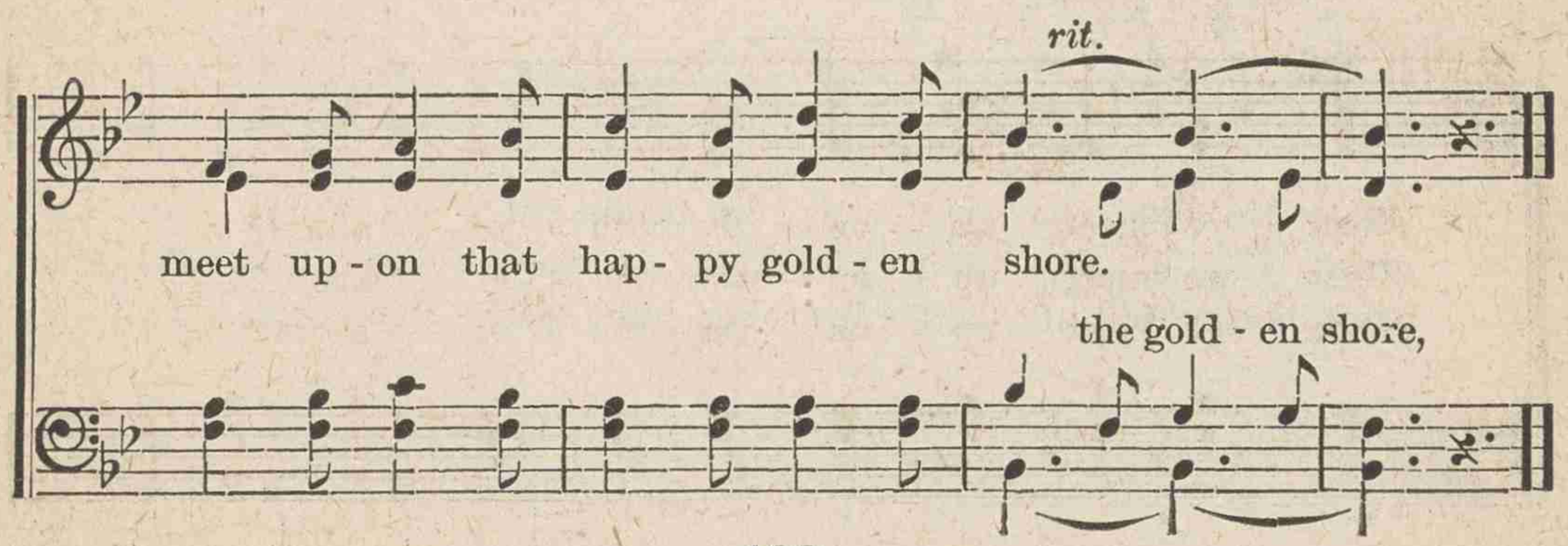
C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.

1. Shall we know our lov'd ones up - on the oth - er shore?
2. Shall we know our Sav - iour up - on the oth - er shore?
3. Oh, how sweet to know that, up - on the oth - er shore?

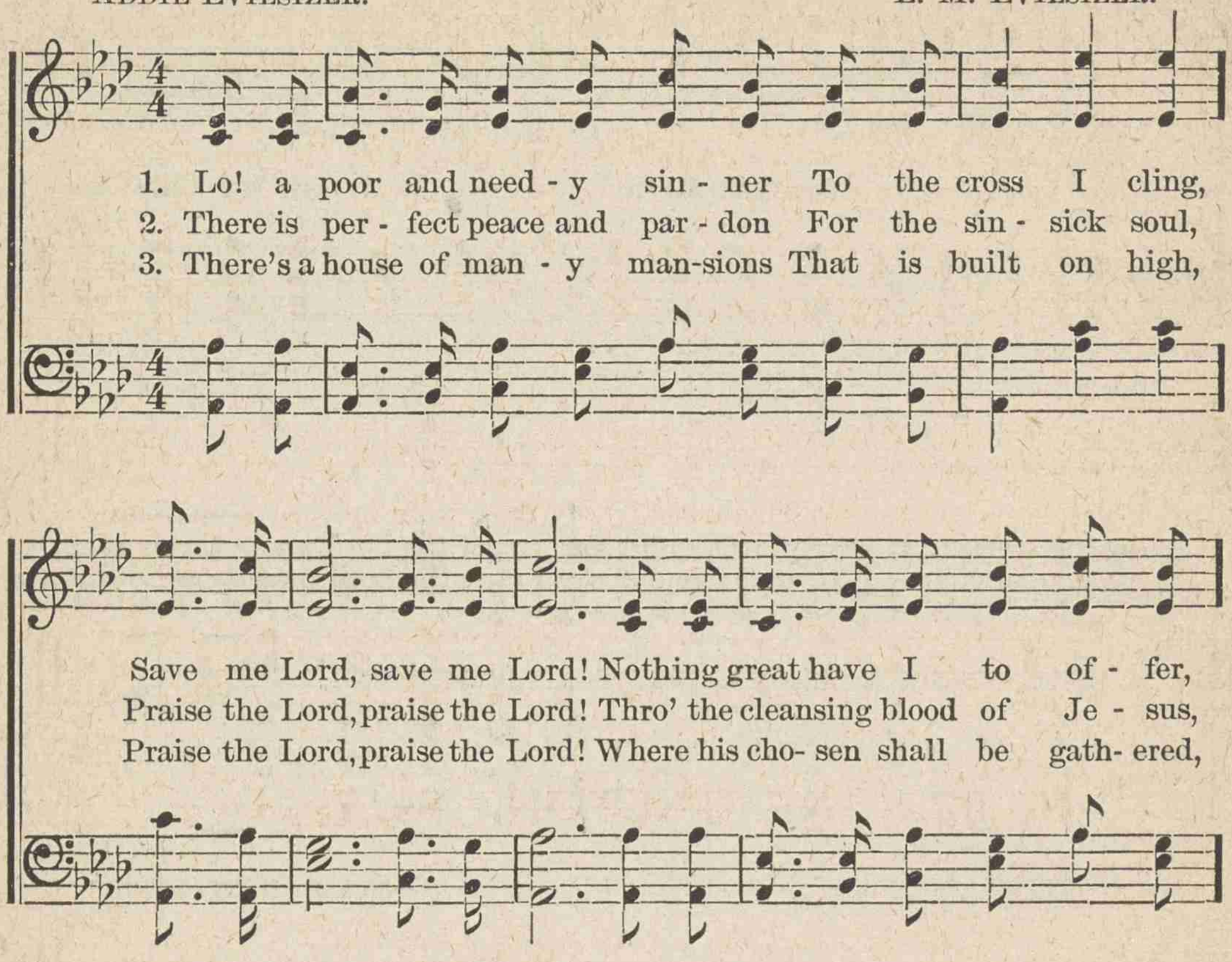
Will they come to meet us and greet us as of yore?
Can we trust His prom - ise of rest for - ev - er more?
Free from pain and sor - row and care for - ev - er more?

Will they guide us safe - ly with - in the pearl - y gates?
Will He bid us en - ter with - in the pearl - y gates?
We shall know the lov'd ones with - in the pearl - y gates?

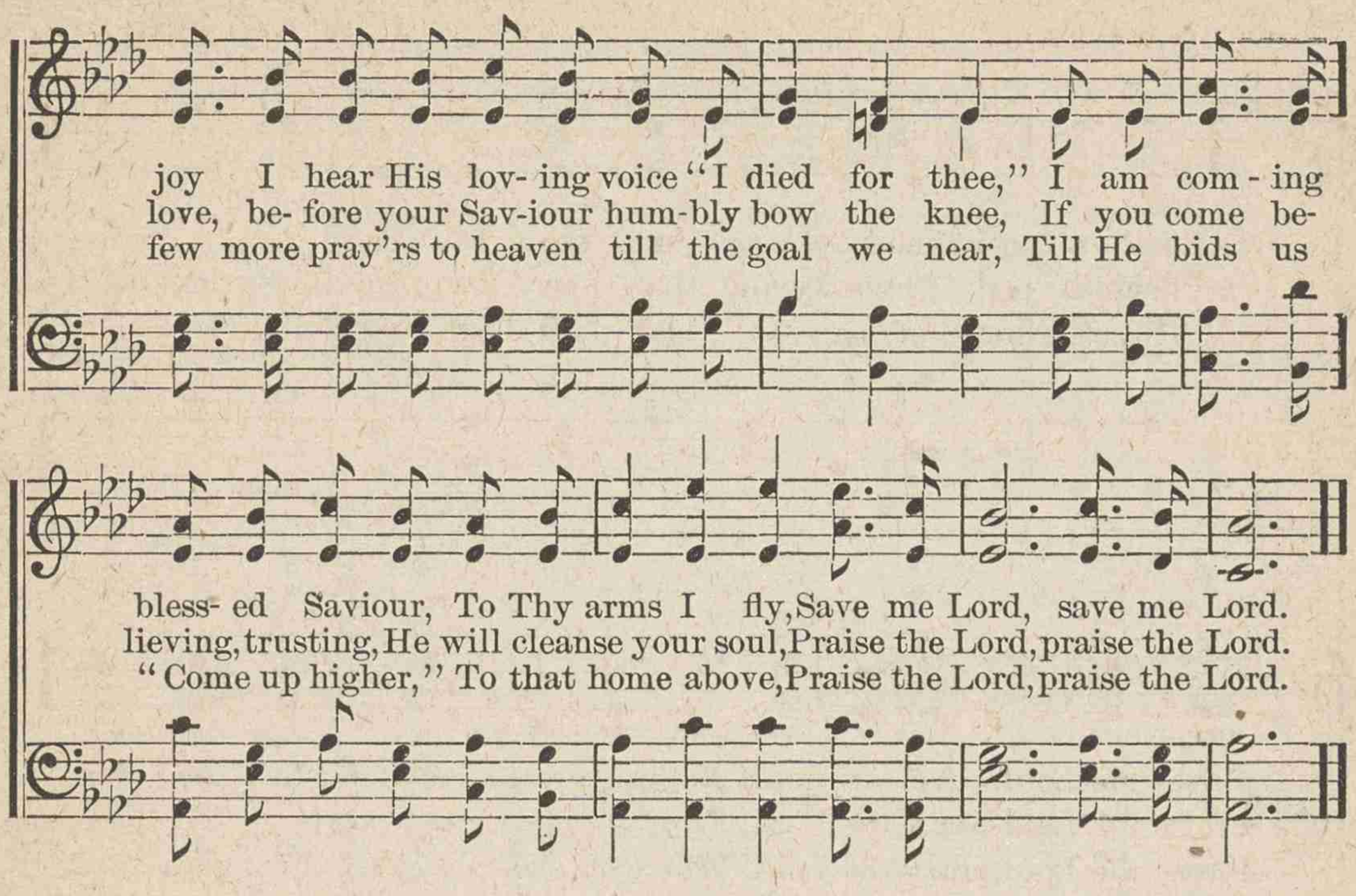
When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?
When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?
When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?

We shall know Each other There.—Concluded.

No. 171. SAVE ME LORD.

ADDIE EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.

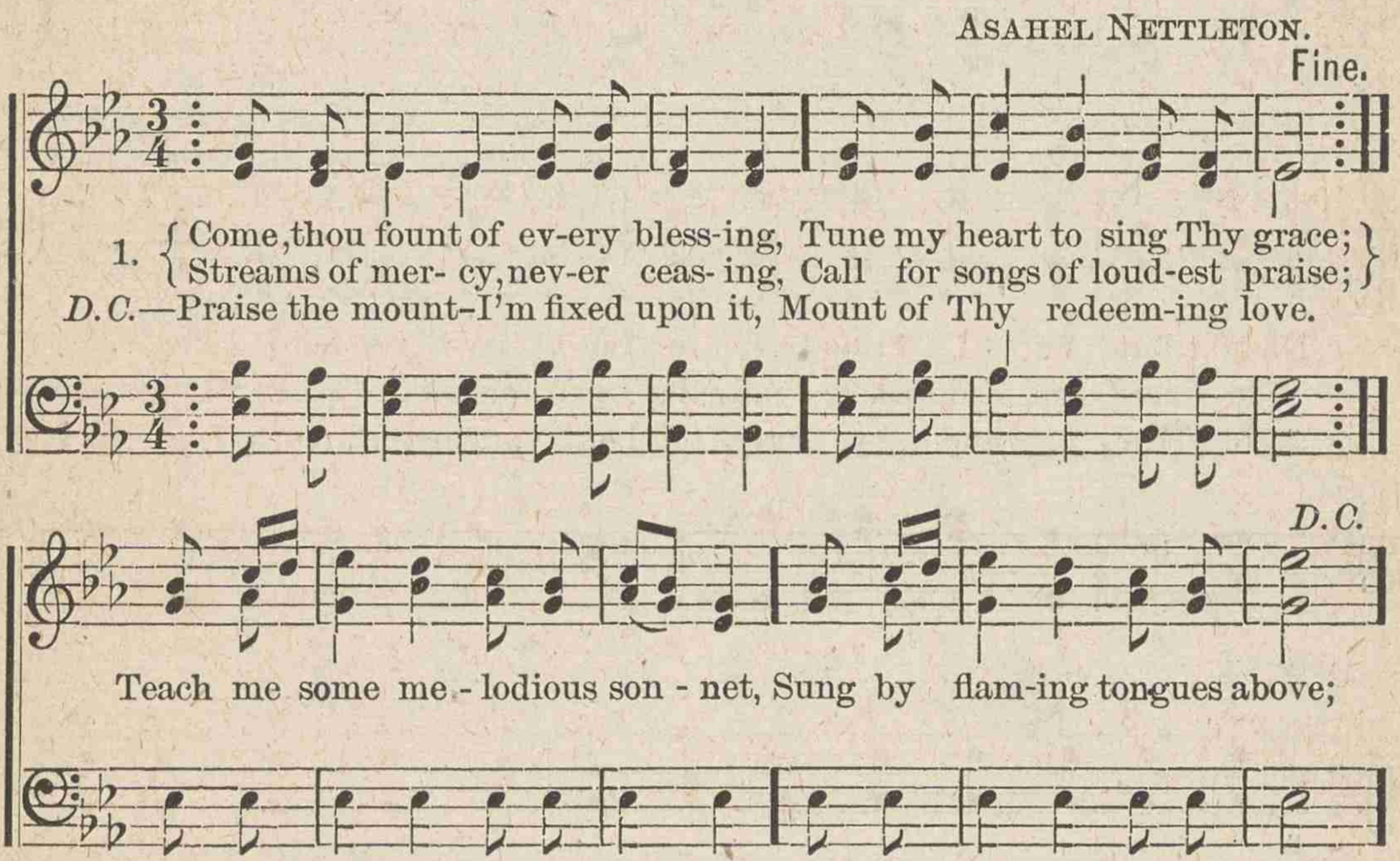


SAVE ME LORD.—Concluded.



No. 172. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.



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

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

No. 173. ROOM AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.

Rit. *a tempo.*

1. Room at the throne of grace, Sin - sick, for thee; List to the
2. Room at the throne of grace; Why then de - lay? Hark 'tis thy
3. Room at the throne of grace, Room and re - lease; Christ, thro' His

Rit. p *A tempo. mf*

voice which says, Come un - to me; Lay ev - 'ry bur- den down.
Sav - iour's voice Calls thee to - day; Ster - ile the wil - der- ness—
pre- cious blood, Giv - eth sweet peace; None need to vain - ly seek—

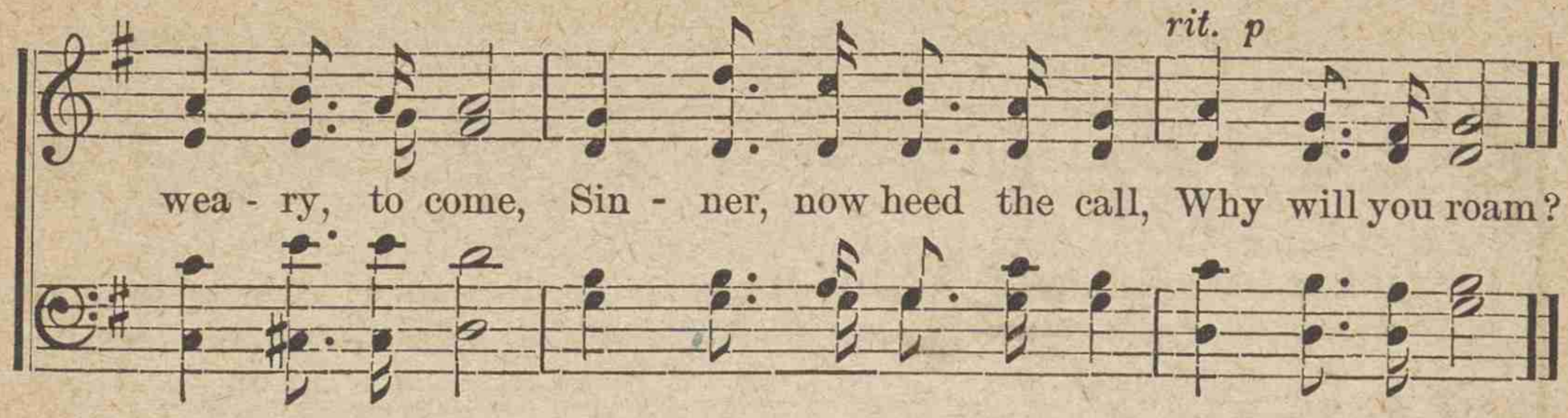
f *Rit. p*

No long- er wait, Wide stands the door a- jar, Straight is the gate.
Dark is the way; Sin o - ver shadows thee Thro' life's short stay.
Free is the gift; Come to the cleft-ed Rock, Hide in its rift.

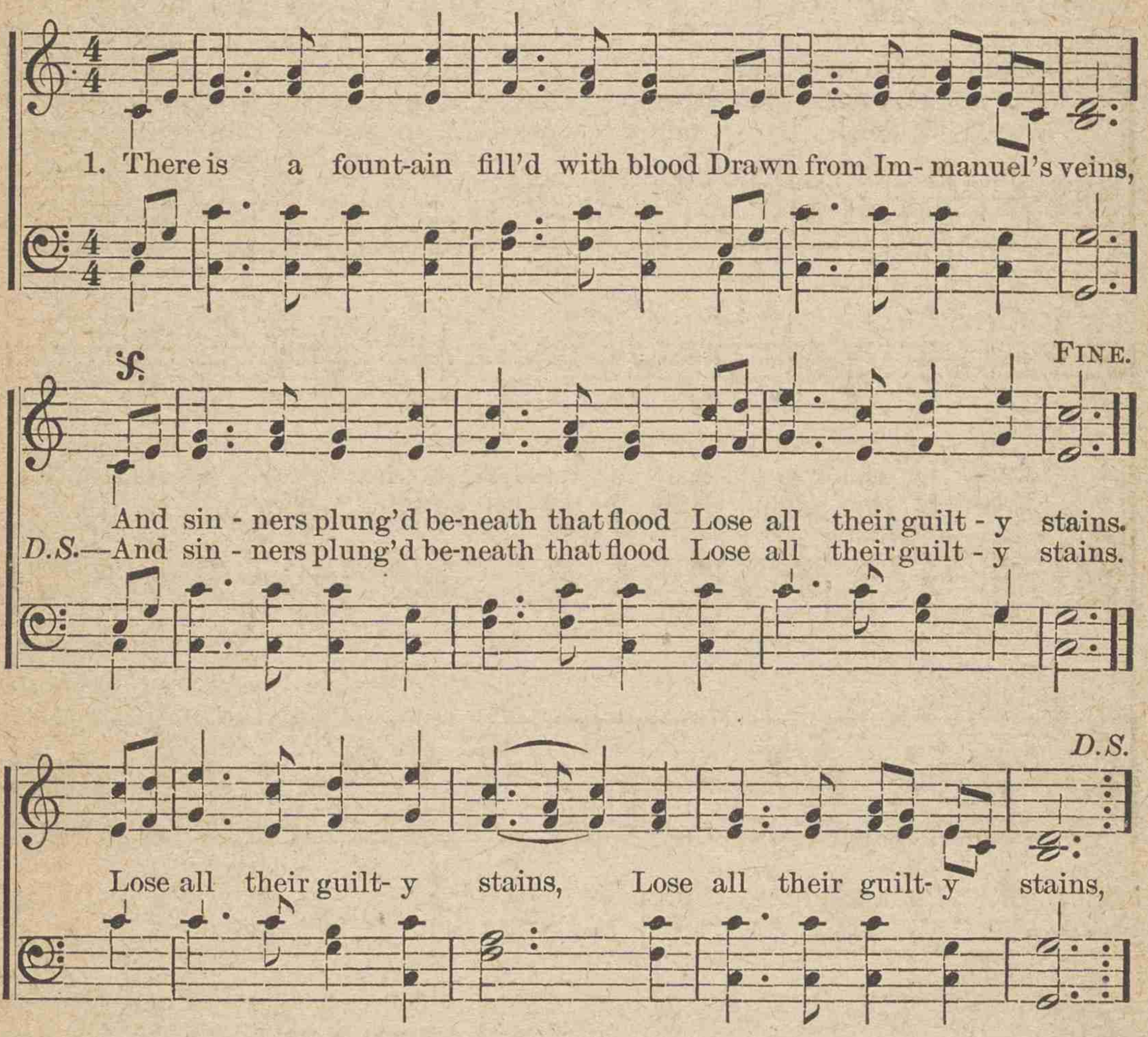
Chorus.

Come, bur-den'd sin - ner, Just as you are, Come to the

throne of grace, wres- tle in prayer; Je - sus in- vites thee, a -

ROOM AT THE THRONE, Etc.—Concluded.

No. 174. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

COWPER.



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

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 175. WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

Rev. J. ATCHINSON. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

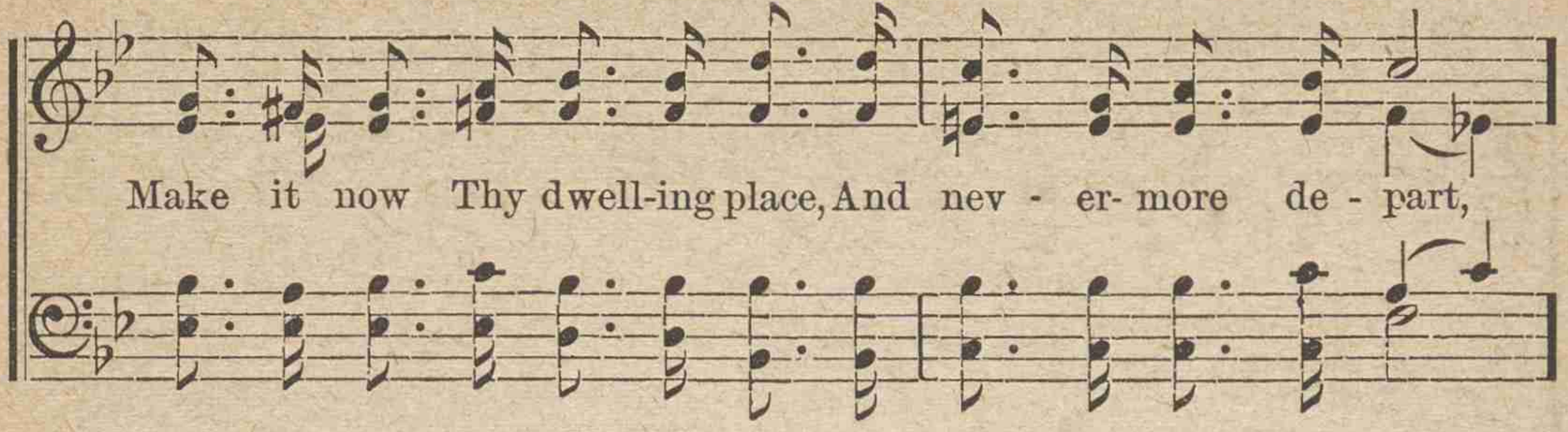
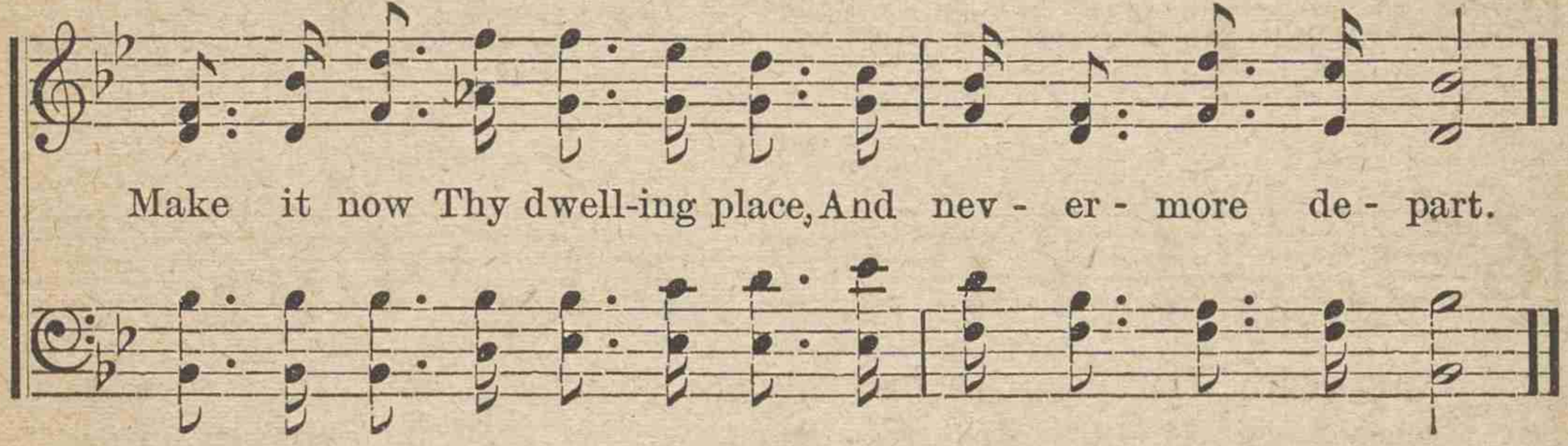
Slow

1. In the ark most ho - ly, Once the Lord appeared, There to bless His peo - ple, Who His man- date feared; Where - so - e'er this sym - bol
2. Now God's cho-sen tem - ple, Where He will impart Heav-en's richest bless- ings, Is my sin - ful heart; At the door He's knock-ing,
3. Whereso - ev - er Je - sus Is a welcome guest, In the heart or house-hold, There is sweet- est rest; Wel-come, bless- ed Sav - iour,

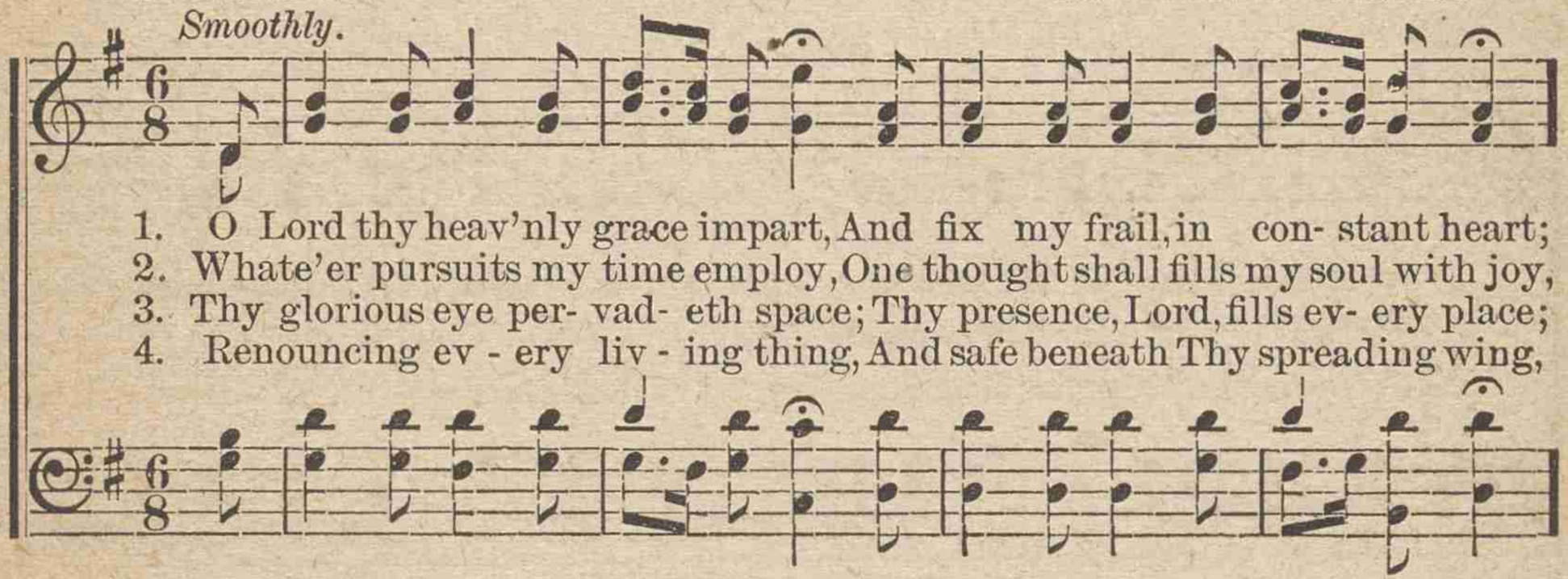
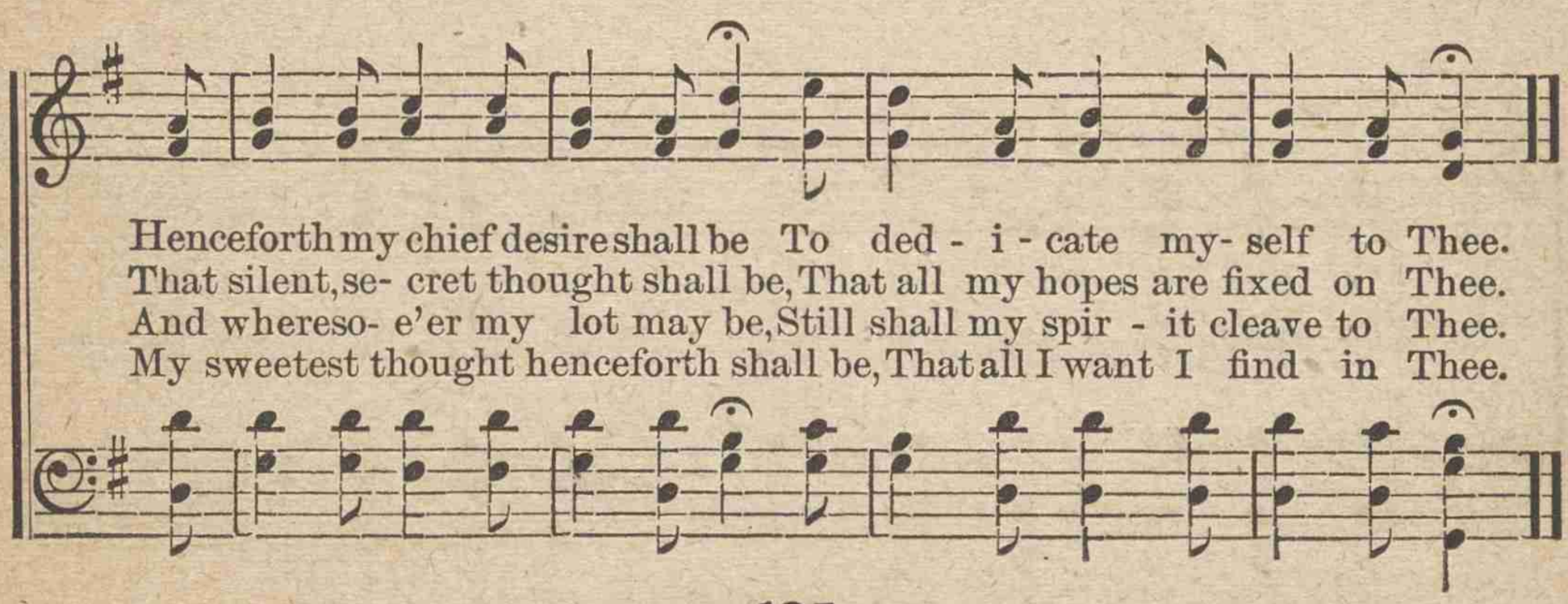
Found a rest-ing place, There were sweetest to - kens Of Je-hovah's grace.
Waiting to come in,—Wel-come, Je- sus, welcome, Cleanse my heart from sin.
Show me now Thy grace, Make my heart Thy temple, Thine own dwelling place.

Chorus.

Wel - come, Je - sus, wel - come, Wel - come to my heart,

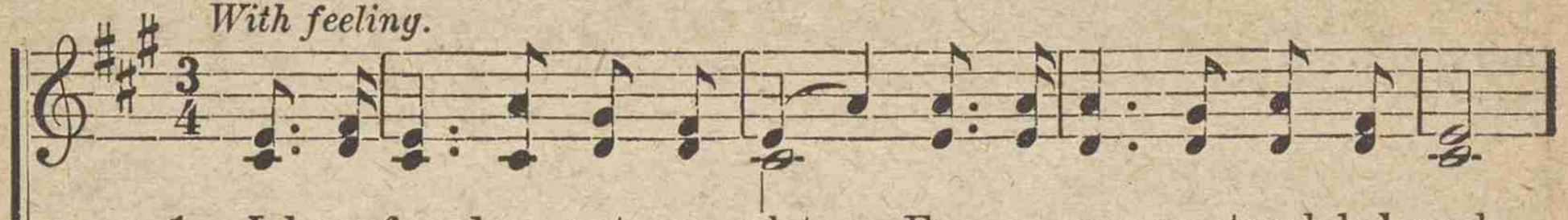
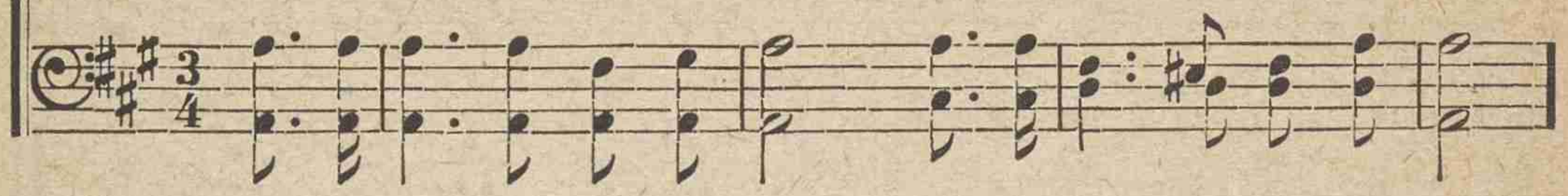
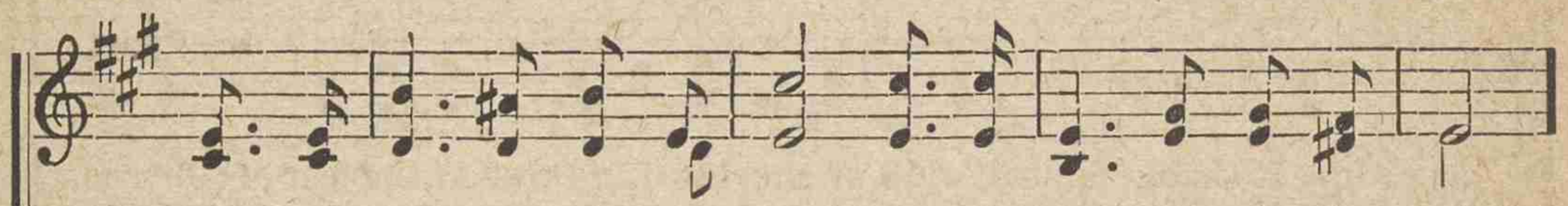
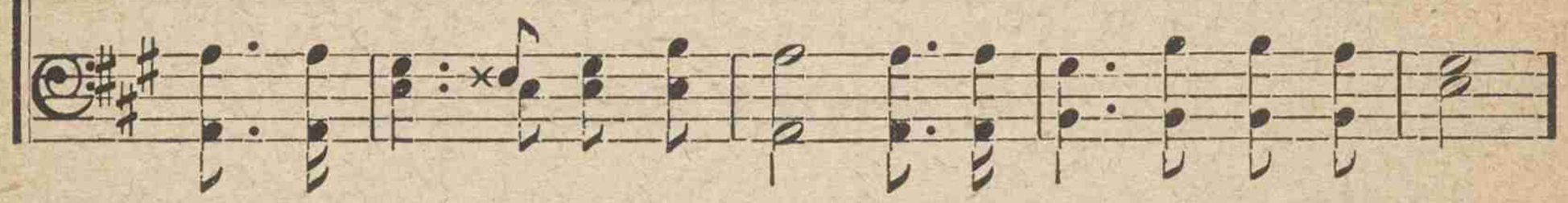
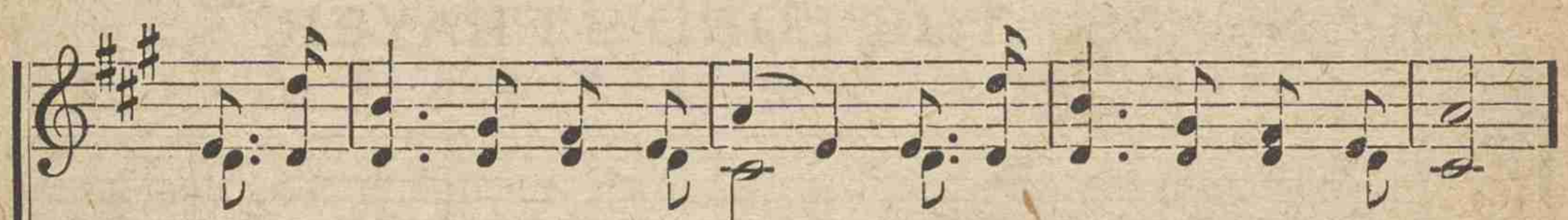
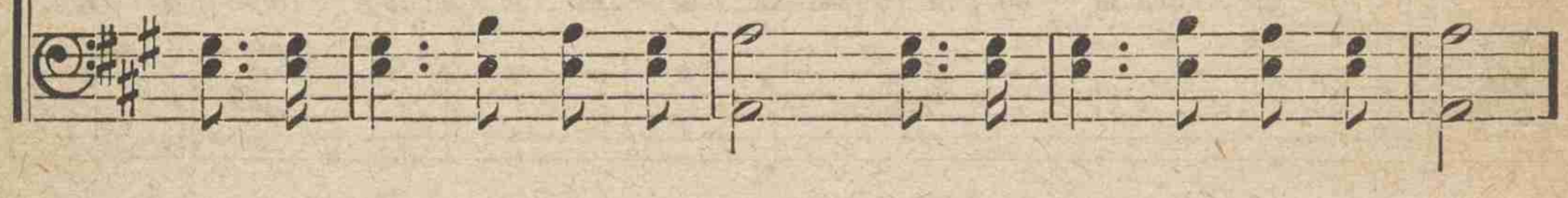
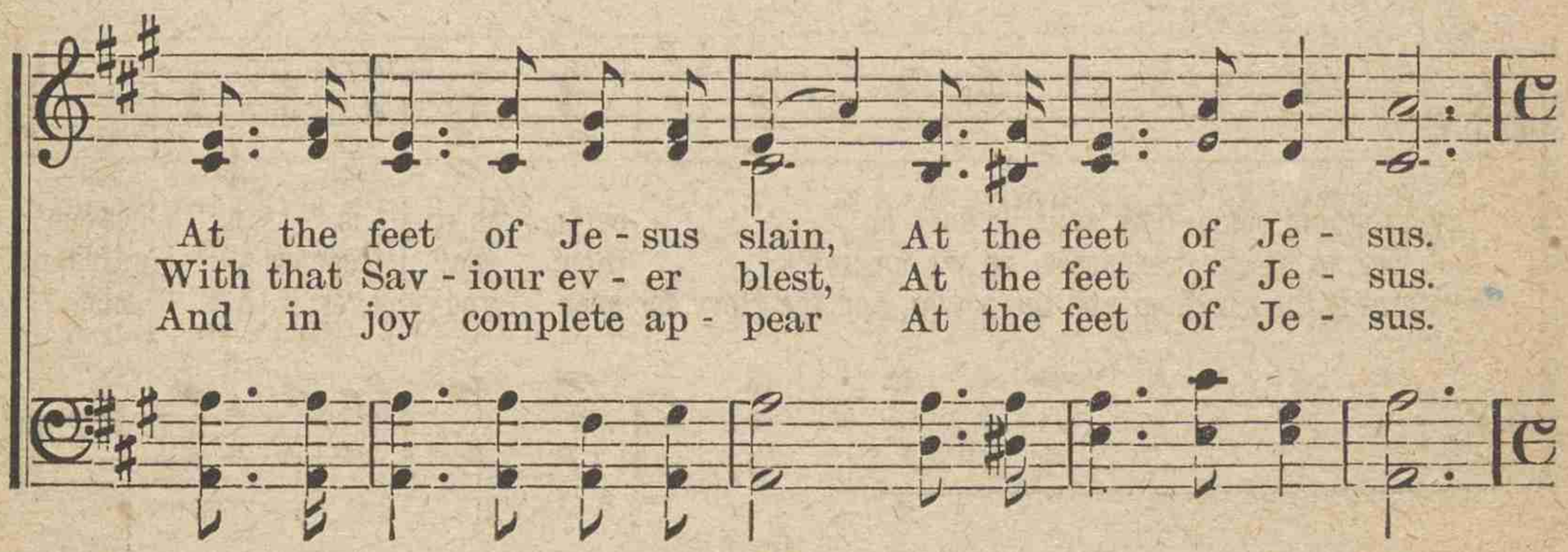
WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.—Concluded.

No. 176. HOLY DESIRES.

J. F. OBERLIN. Rev. GEO. E. TRUETT.



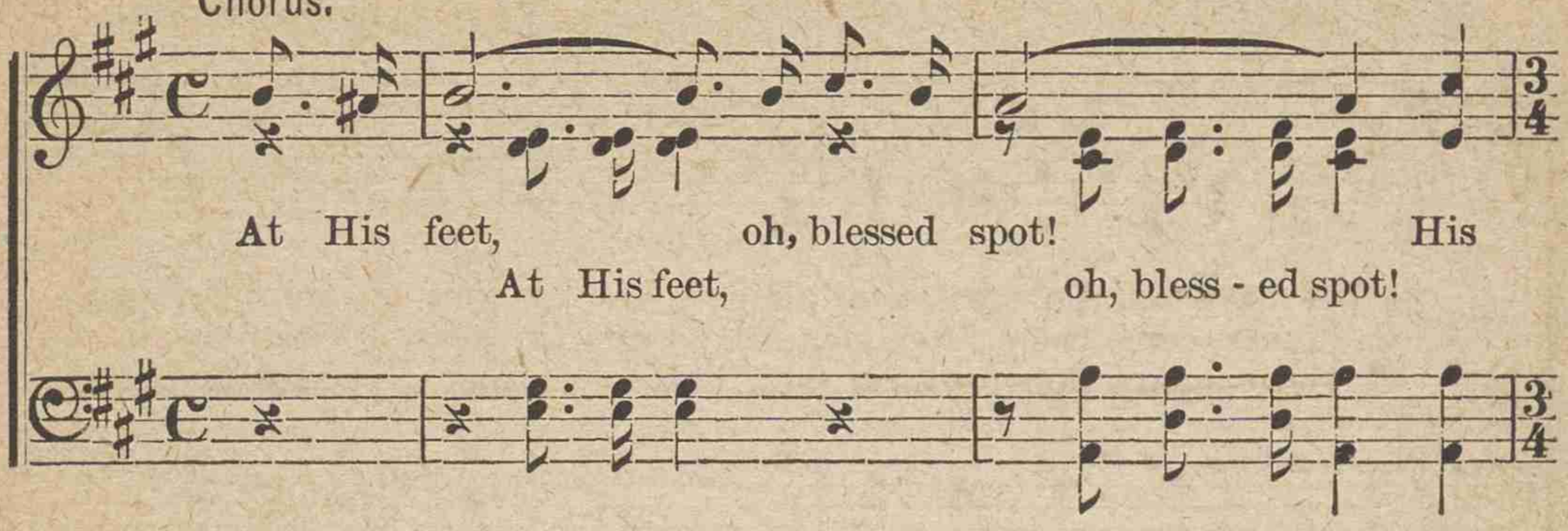
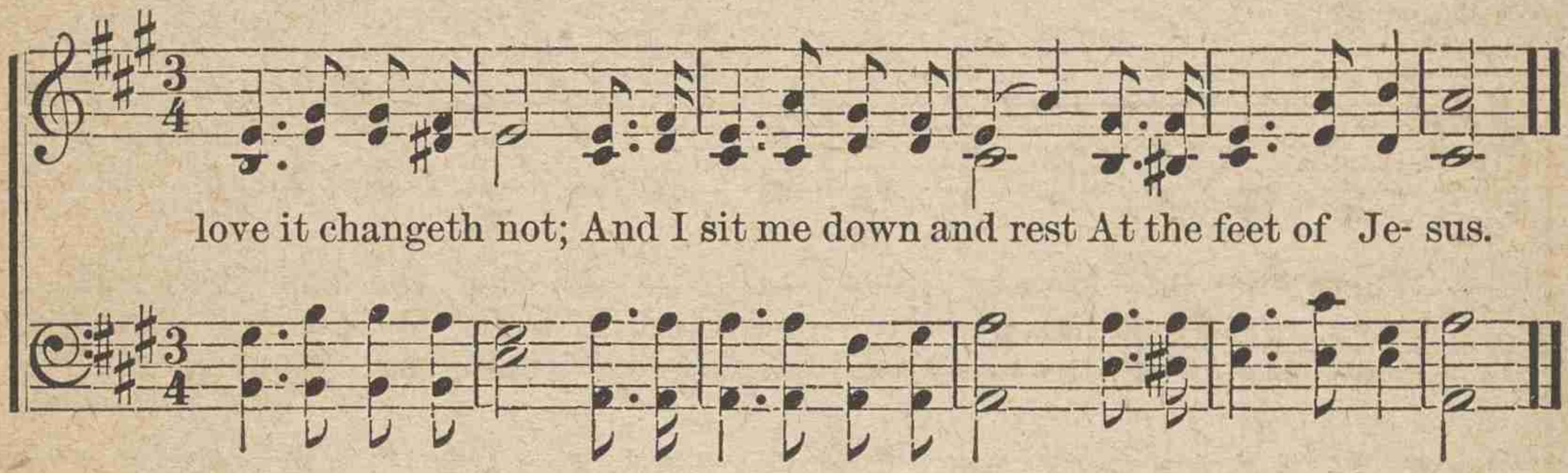
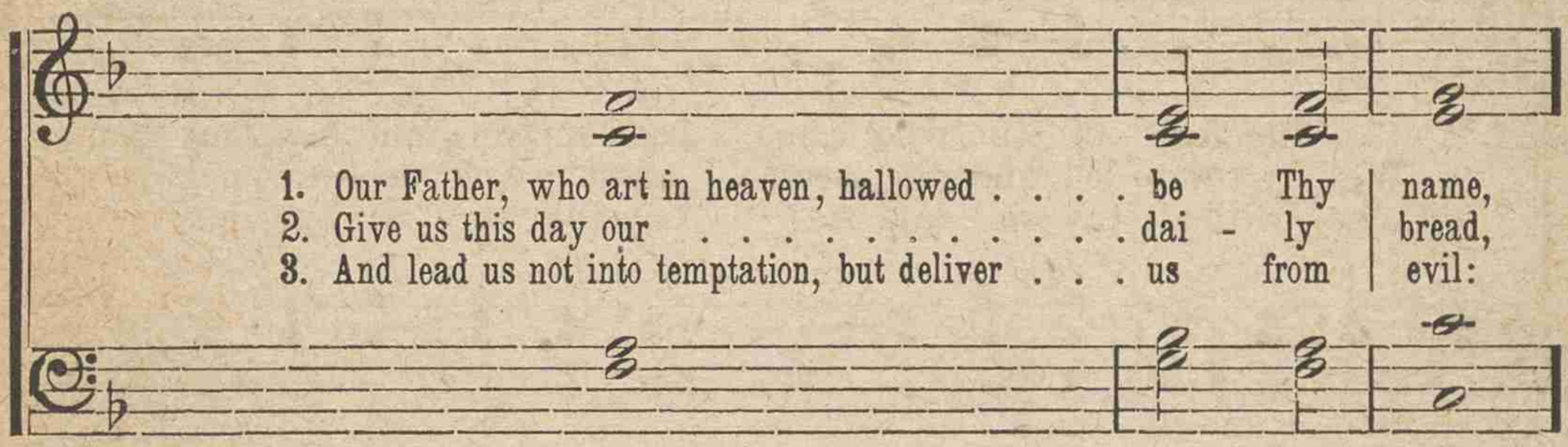
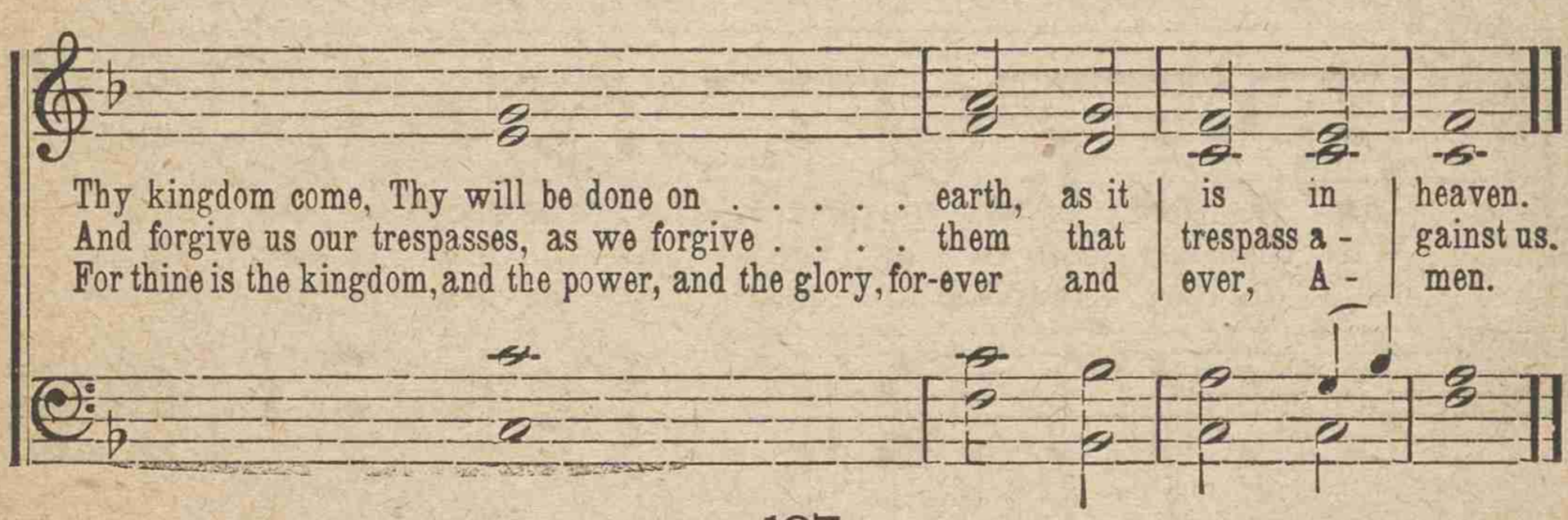
No. 177. AT JESUS' FEET.

M. E. SERVOSS. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With feeling.

1. I have found a rest com- plete For a wea- ry, troub-led soul,
2. Sinners come, there's room for all, From thy heav- y load be freed;
3. Here is par - don for each sin, Here is mer - cy, sure and free;

Where the bil - lows of life's sea Nev - er o'er the spir- it roll;
Come, ye friend-less, wea- ry one, Find a friend for ev- 'ry need;
Hear Him, o'er thy heart's wild din, Sweetly call - ing: "Come to me;"

At the feet of Him who came, Took our sins, and bore our shame,
Wea- ry, troub- led, and op- pressed, All may find e - ter - nal rest
Come—with all thy sin and fear, Lay thy ev - 'ry bur- den here,



At the feet of Je - sus slain, At the feet of Je - sus.
With that Sav - iour ev - er blest, At the feet of Je - sus.
And in joy complete ap - pear At the feet of Je - sus.

AT JESUS' FEET.—Concluded.

Chorus.

No. 178. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

No. 179. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD. J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, ... I lay me
2. And such the trust that still is mine, ... Tho' stormy

down . . . in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up-on the
winds . . sweep o'er the brine, Or though the tempest's firery

wave, For thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save; I
breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death. In

know thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of immor-tal - i -

mf

fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ...
ty! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ...

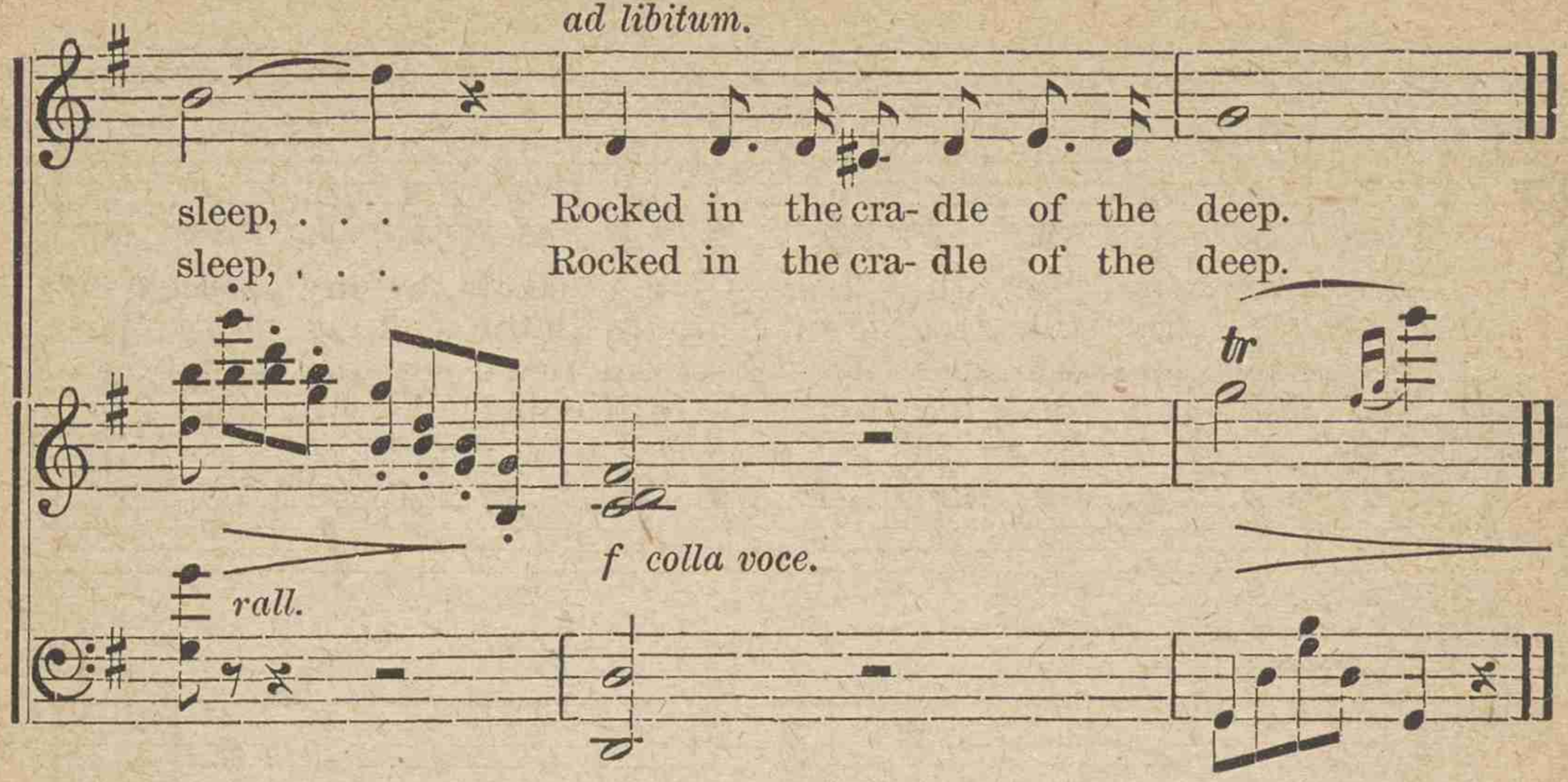
tr *p*

Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my

pp

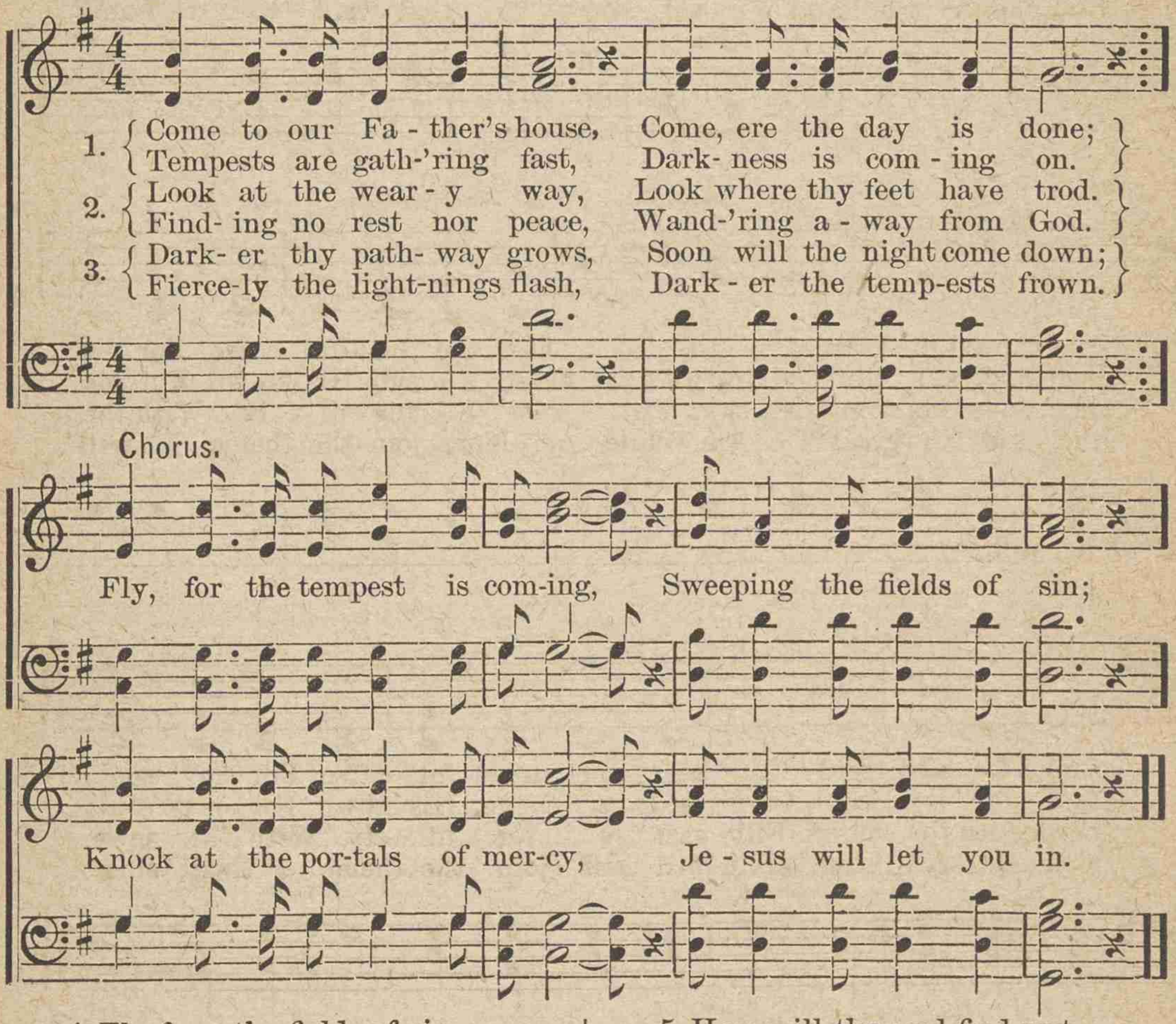
tr *pp*
colla voce.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Concluded.



No. 180. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

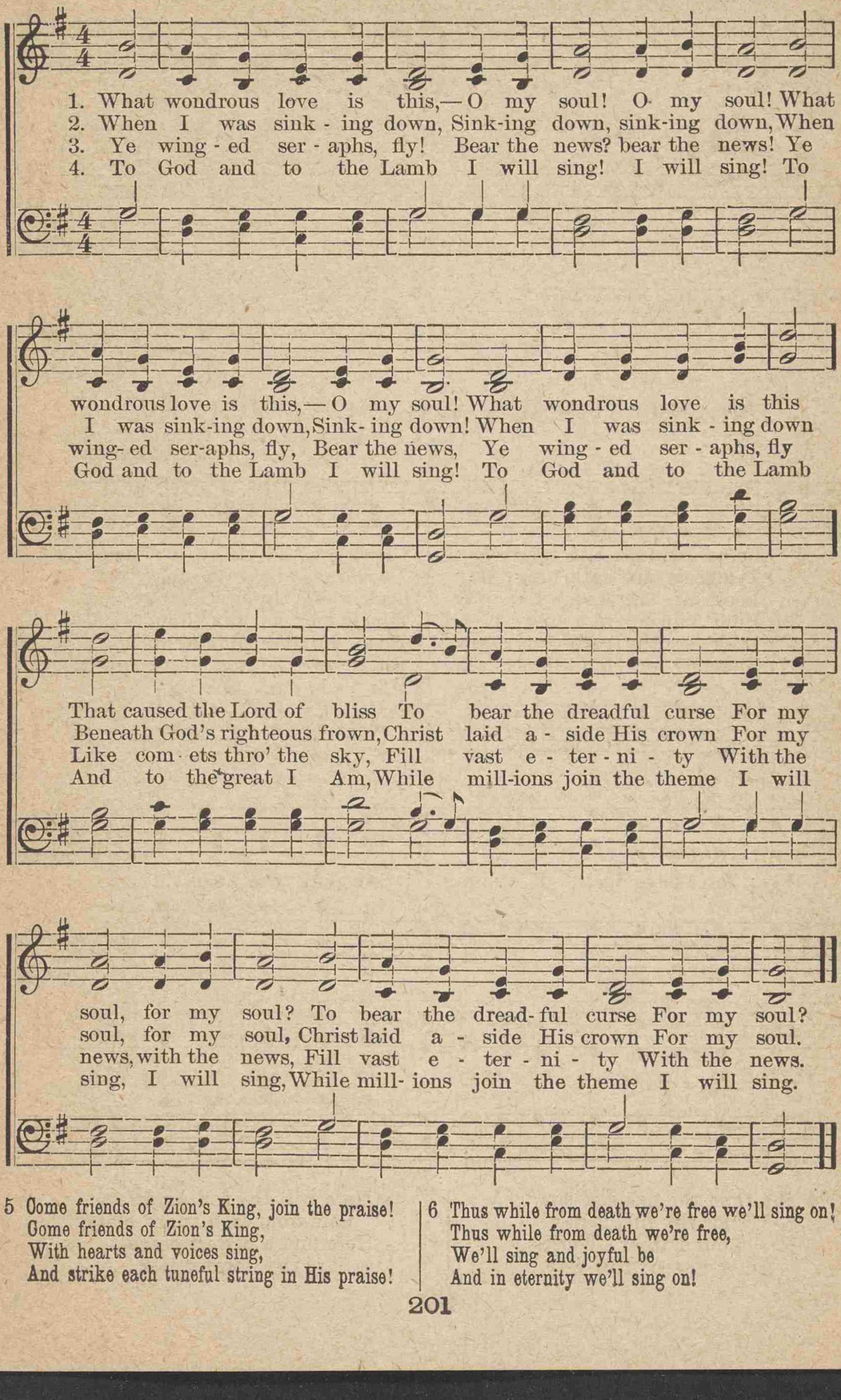
A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.



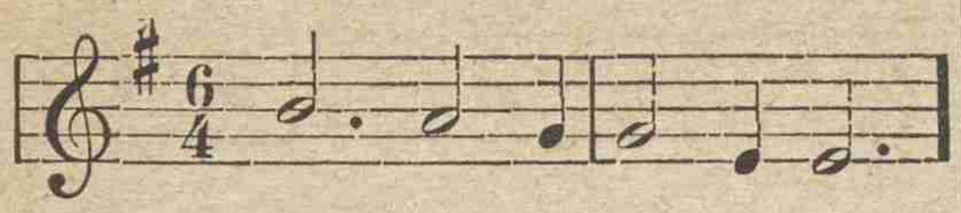
4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life, to-day;
Fly to our Father's house,
Enter the narrrow way.

5 Here will thy soul find rest.
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace—
Joys that forever last..

No. 181. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

5 Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise!
Come friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in His praise!

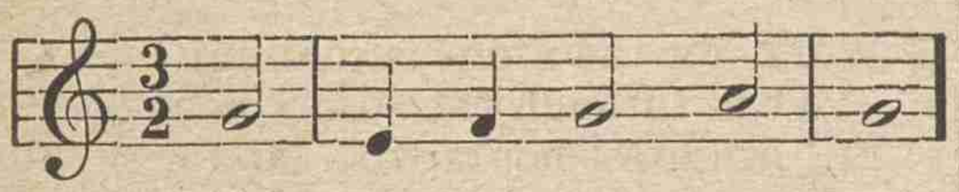
6 Thus while from death we're free we'll sing on!
Thus while from death we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be
And in eternity we'll sing on!

No. 182. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

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

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

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

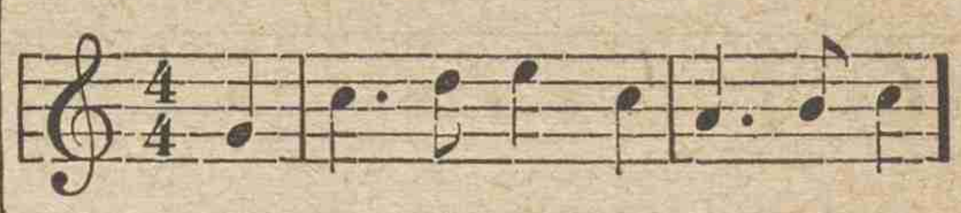
4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 183. BOYLSTON.

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

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

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

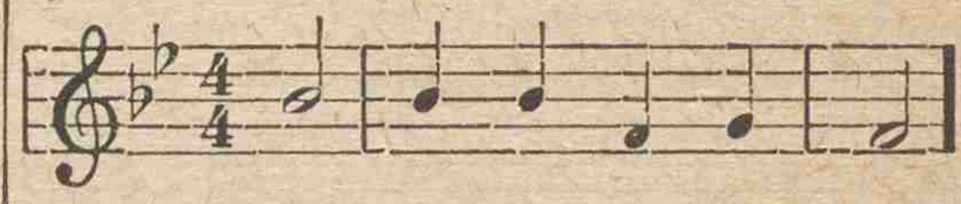
Rev. B. BEDDOME.

No. 184. BROWN. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

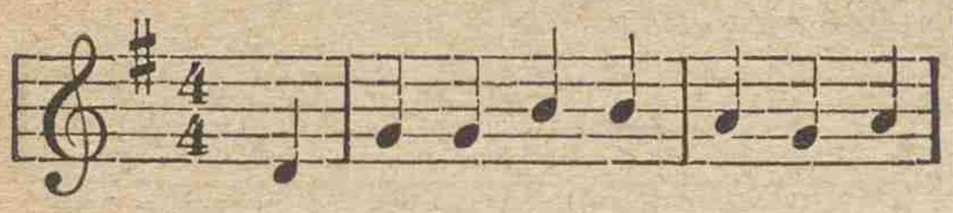
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 185. LENOX.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
‖: My name is written on His hands. :‖

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds, He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

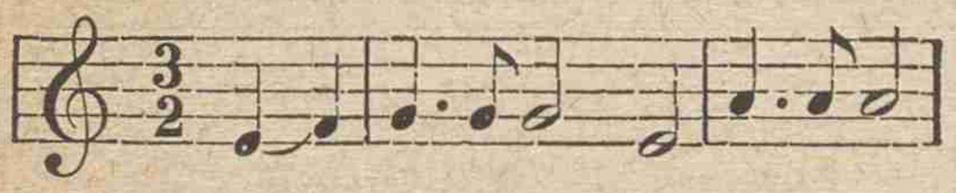
No. 186. CORONATION.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

Rev. EDWARD PERRONET.

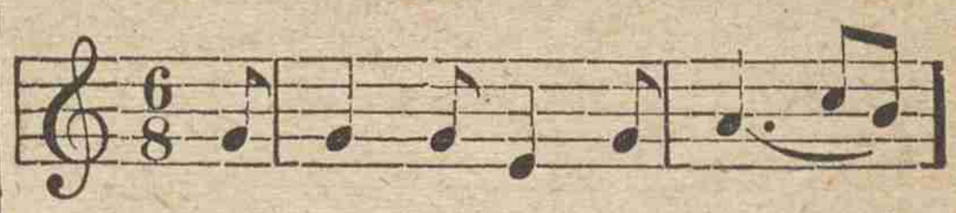
No. 187. HEBER. C. M.

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

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

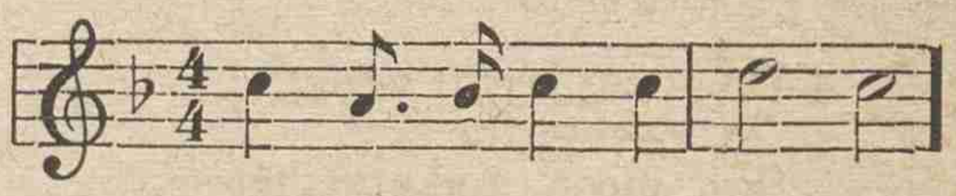
4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 188. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory-cirled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for me?

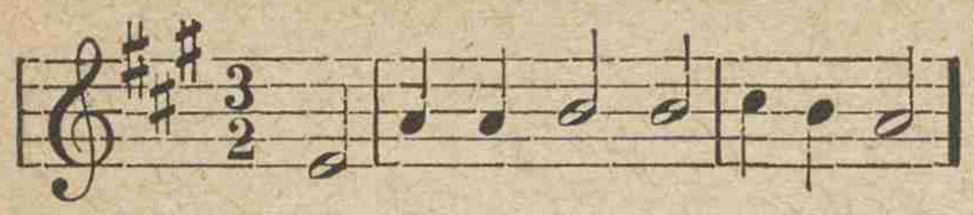
3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought for me?

No. 189. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

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

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

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

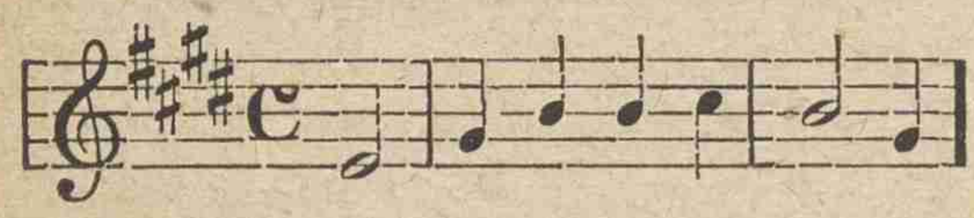
ANNIE L. WALKER.

No. 190. AZMON. C. M.

1 O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

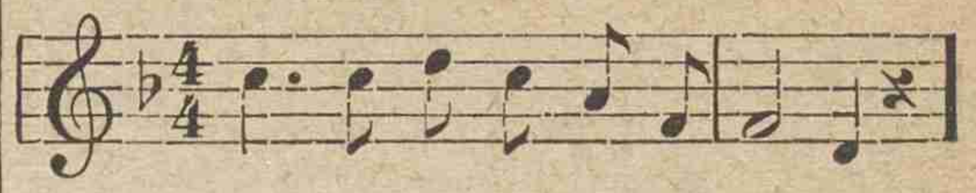
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

No. 191. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

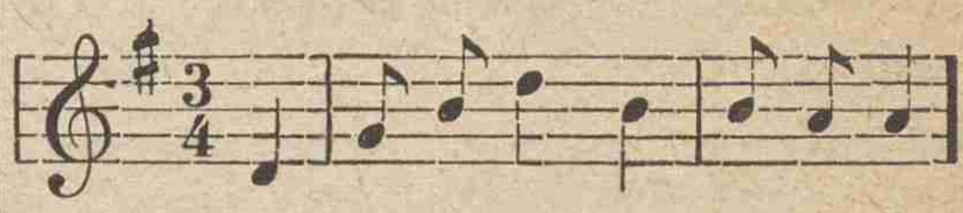
3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

No. 192. WHAT A FRIEND. 8, 7.

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

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 193. THE SOLID ROCK.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

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