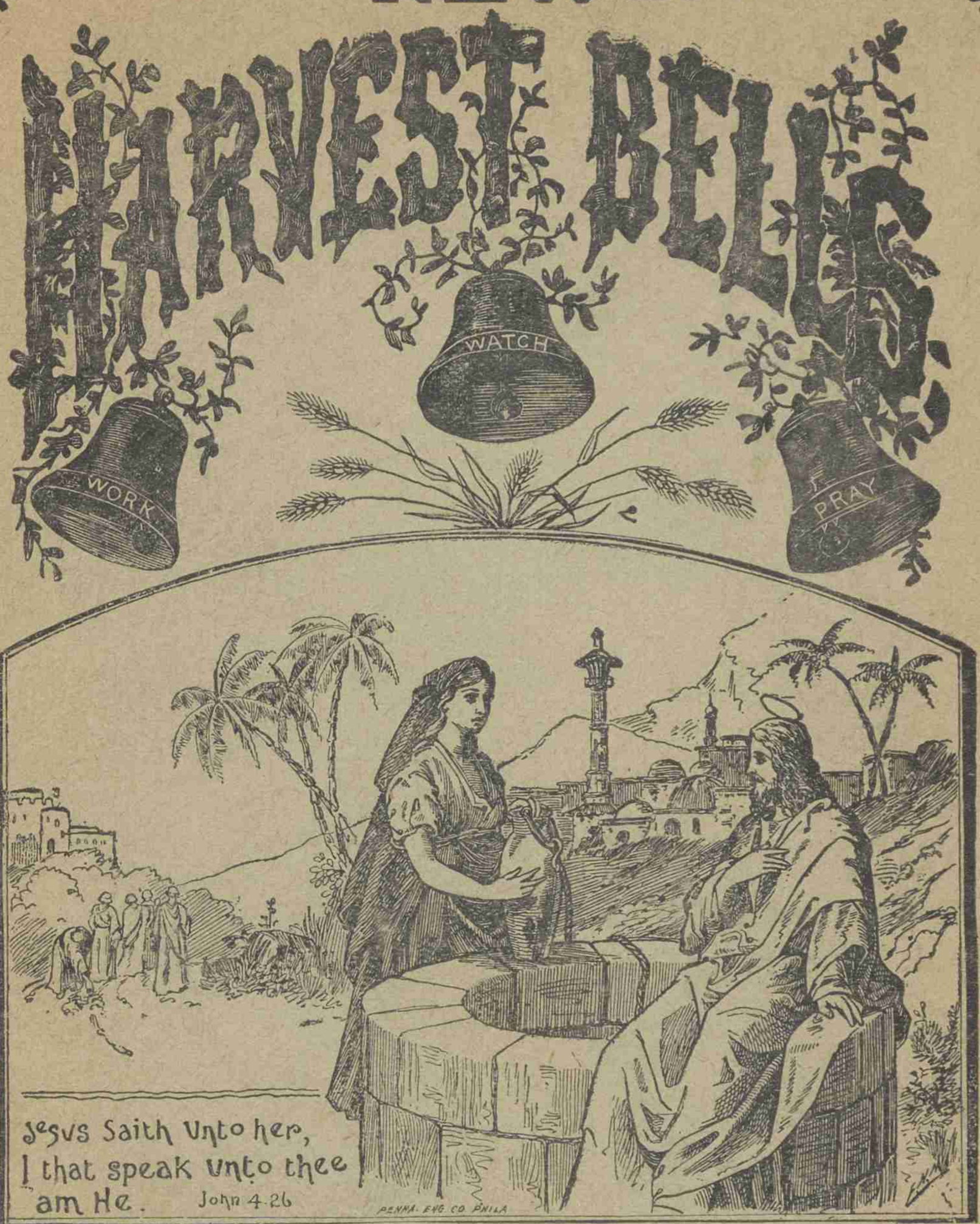
NEW

HARVEST BELLS



PUBLISHED BY

MRS. W. E. PENN.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

W. H. MORRIS. E. A. HOFFMAN.

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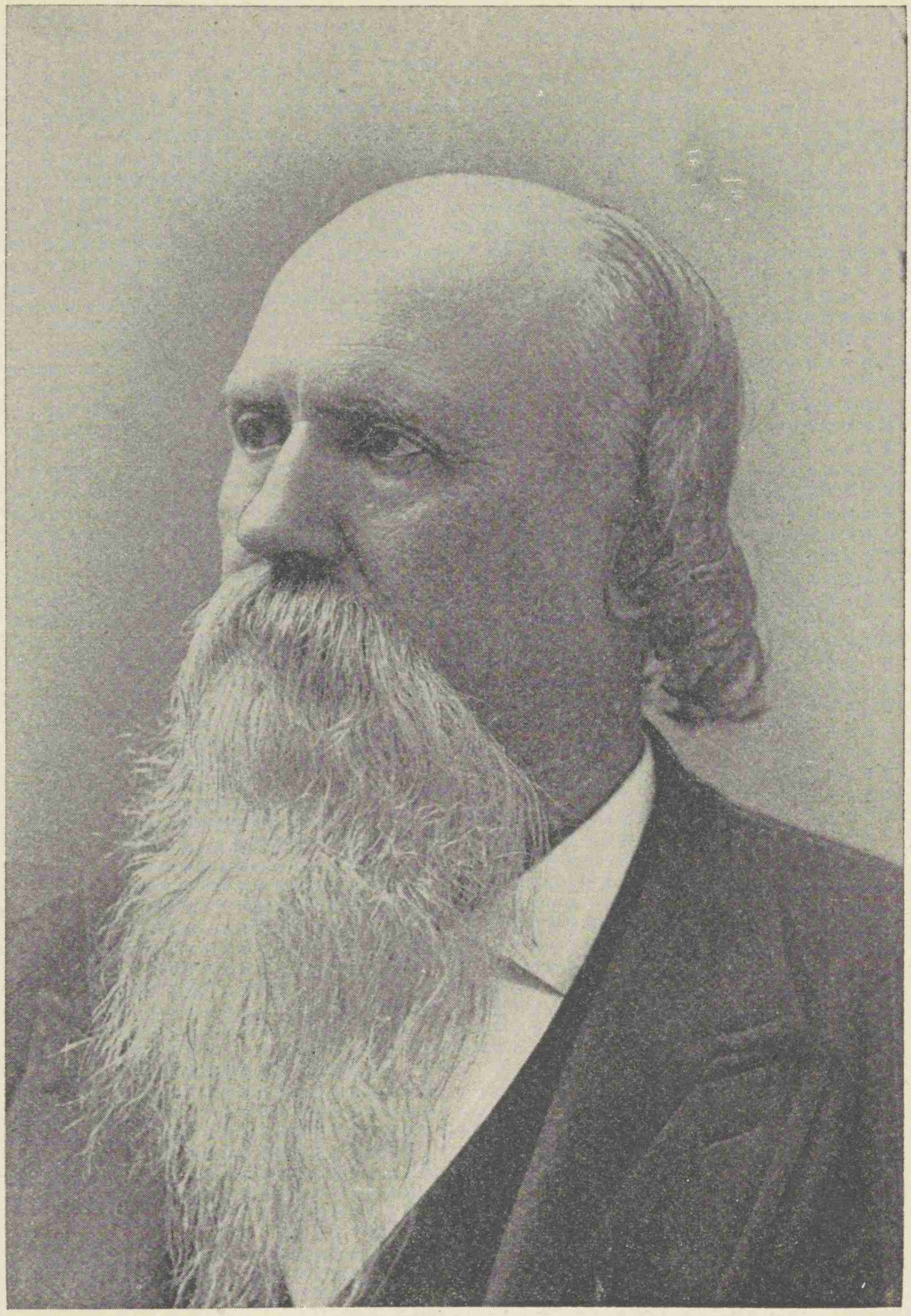
of

Mrs W. E. Penn.

April 30. 1900

D. E. S.

#69



Yours truly,

W. E. Penn

NEW HARVEST BELLS

...FOR...

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, REVIVALS, AND ALL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST POPULAR SONG WRITERS OF THE DAY, TOGETHER WITH THE UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE LATE W. E. PENN.

BY

MRS. W. E. PENN.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

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PUBLISHED BY

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EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

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Z 7
P 38
Hymn
1900
New A

PREFACE.

It is useless for me to speak of the popularity of HARVEST BELLS. The enormity of the sales of the book since its first introduction testify to that. Before his death, Major W. E. Penn had begun the compiling of a new book, and when I come before the public as publisher of this work, it is to give his last songs to the Christian world and to carry out as best I can his unfinished work. I sincerely trust that the "NEW HARVEST BELLS" may join with the old in ringing the praises of our Master far and wide.

MRS. W. E. PENN.

RUDIMENTS.

SUGGESTIONS TOUCHING THE LESSONS IN THIS WORK.

TO THE TEACHER.

The greatest trouble teachers have to contend with in their work and efforts to advance the interests of vocal music i.e. Church and Sunday School music has been, and still is, that we have very few books that are practical, that is, books intended for class use only are not useful or practical for other purposes, as they contain nothing for use in our Churches and Sunday Schools; and thus the pupil is left at the close of a short term to go to other books and try to learn songs before he has had that practice in singing which prepares him to sing the Church and Sunday School songs, hence he is often very much discouraged right at the beginning of his study of vocal music.

It is to meet this objection and supply this long felt want, that the following lessons in the elements of music are put in this book.

It is generally admitted that HARVEST BELLS has no superior as an "ALL-PURPOSE BOOK," in Church, Sunday School and REVIVAL work, and now it is to make it PRACTICAL as a CLASS BOOK for teachers and pupils that our efforts are specially directed.

No writer can suit all teachers in giving directions for the instruction of their pupils in their different fields of labor, and so we must content ourselves with an honest effort to give a general outline in the way of suggestions as to what should be introduced at certain periods of instruction.

You will find it a good plan to require your pupils to study these LESSONS so that they may be able to recite them separately at the teacher's call, and that should be frequently.

You will find songs in the different parts of the book by the Numbers given for drill and practice to bring out certain points, and to rivet upon the minds of your pupils what special part of the theory you are emphasizing, and if followed, you will find the drills progressive and the pupils progressing.

To this end, let all who undertake to teach vocal music do their best to have all their pupils sing CORRECTLY and well all the beautiful songs in this book, and all other good songs, and success will crown your efforts as a teacher, and in the end God will be glorified.

Lesson I.

What is a Sound?

Anything that can be heard.

What is a Musical Sound called?

A Tone.

What properties has each Tone?

Each Tone is high or low, long or short, loud or soft.

What are these Properties called?

Pitch, Length, and Power.

What is Pitch called?

Melodics.

What is Length called?

Dynamics.

What is Power?

Rhythmics.

What is Music?

A succession or combination of harmonious sounds.

What are we now beginning to study?

Vocal music.

How many letters has the musical Alphabet?

Seven.

What are they called?

C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

Where are they located?

On a character called a Staff.

Of what is the Staff composed?

Of five Lines and four Spaces.

What is each Line and Space called?

A Degree.

How many Degrees has the Staff?

Nine.

How are they counted?

From the lowest upward.

Staff.

Added lines above —

5th. ——— 4th.
4th. ——— 3d.
3d. ——— 2d.
2d. ——— 1st.
1st. ———

Added lines below —

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When more Degrees are needed than the Staff contains, how are they rapresented?

By short lines above or below called Added Lines.

Lesson II.

What characters are used to locate the letters on the Staff?

Characters called Clefs.

How many Clefs are there used?

Three; G Clef, F Clef, and C Clef.

What does the G Clef locate?
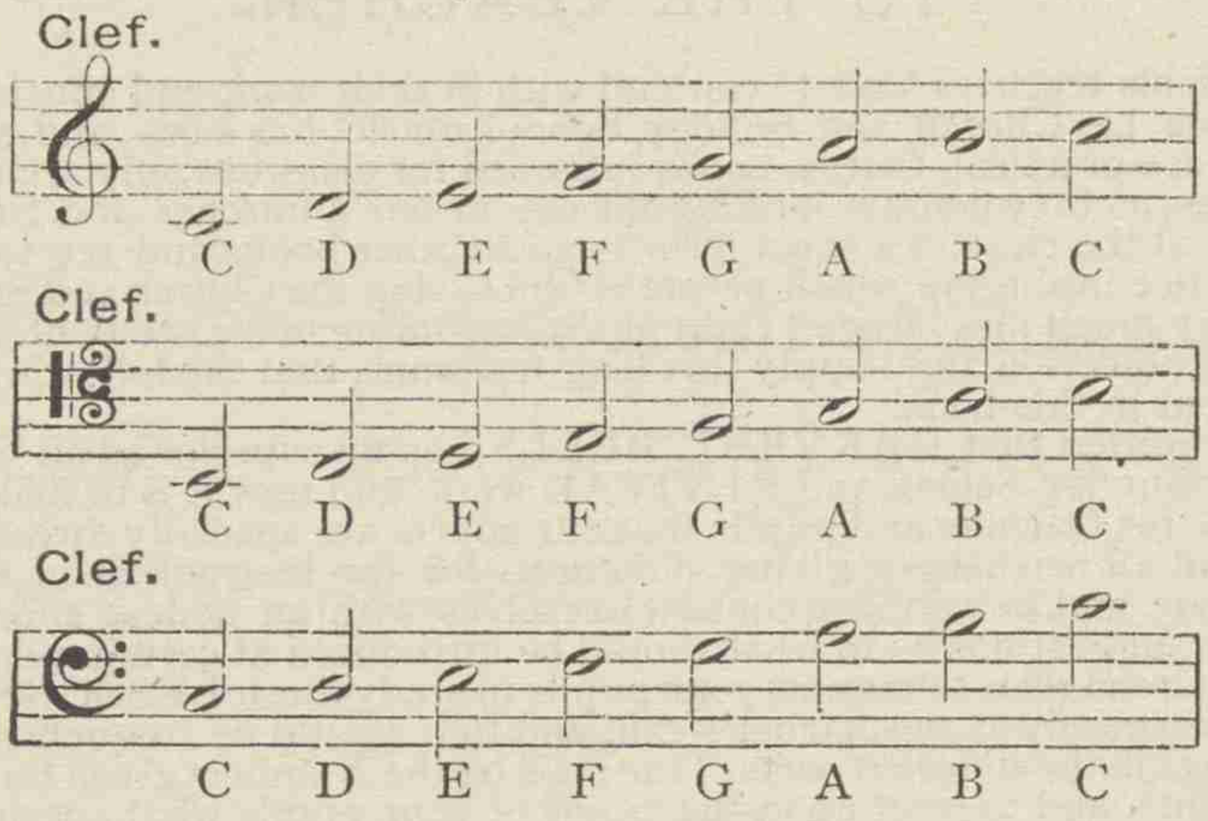
The letter G on the second line, and middle C on the added line below.

What does the C Clef locate?

Middle C in the third space.

What does the F Clef locate?

The letter F on the fourth line and lower C in the second space.



Lesson III.

What are Notes?

Signs of Musical Sounds.

How many notes are there in use?

Six.

What are they called?
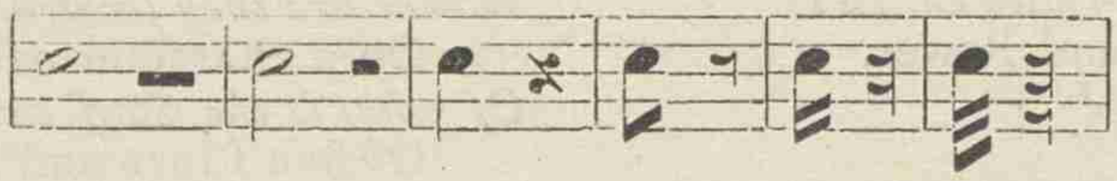
Whole note, Half note, Quarter note, Eighth note, Sixteenth note and Thirty-second note.

How are Notes known?

By their faces.

What is the face of the Whole Note?

White; Half,white with stem; Quarter, black with stem; Eighth, black with stem and dash; Sixteenth, black with stem and two dashes; Thirty-second, black with stem and three dashes.



What are Rests?

Marks of silence.

How many Rests are there?

Six.

What are they called?

They are named for the notes, and correspond in duration.

Describe the Whole Rest?

An oblong below the line.

The Half Rest?

An oblong above the line.

The Quarter Rest?

A stem with a dash to the right.

The Eighth Rest?

A stem with a dash to the left.

The Sixteenth Rest?

A stem with two dashes to the left.

The Thirty-second Rest?

A stem with three dashes.

A Dot following a Note, adds what to its value?
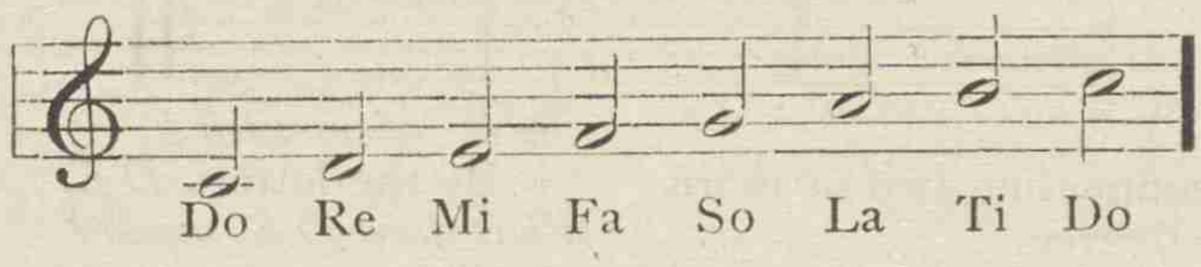
It adds one-half of its value.

A dotted Whole Note is equal to how many Halves?

Three halves and so on.

Lesson IV.

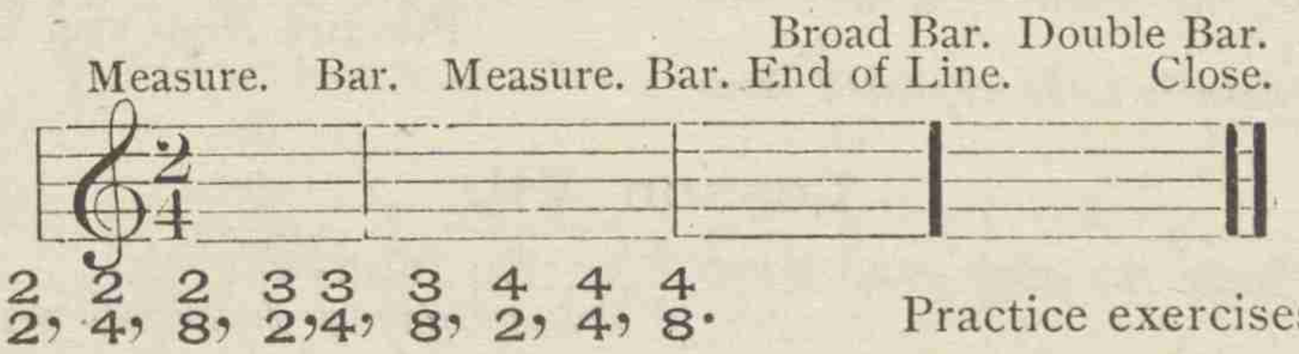
How many names have Tones?
Three.
What are they?
Permanent names, numeral names, and syllable names.
What are the Permanent Names?
C, D, E, F, G, A, and B.
What are the Syllable Names?
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, and Ti.
What are the Numeral Names?
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.
What is Sol-fa-ing, or Sol-mi-za-tion?
The application of these syllables to certain tones.
Which of these governs the others, and fixes their places upon the staff?
The syllable Do.
How is the place of Do known?
By the Signature or Key.
What is meant by the Signature or Key?
The sharps or flats at the beginning of the staff.
When there are neither sharps nor flats at the beginning, what is the signature?
It is said to be Natural.
When it is Natural, what is the Scale?
When the Signature is Natural, the Scale is C.
Where is Do found?
On the first letter of the scale.



What name is given to the above?
The Scale.
What Scale is it?
The Diatonic Scale.
Practice Nos. 1 and 2.

Lesson V.

What are Bars?
Lines drawn across the staff.
What is their use?
To divide the staff into measures.
What is a Measure?
Two or more beats.
How is a Measure represented?
By the space between two bars.
Why divide the Staff into Measures?
So as to mark or count the Time.
How do you mark the Time?
By a motion of the hand.
What is Time in music?
Duration of Tones.
How many kinds of Time are there?
Three; Double, Triple, and Quadruple.
Double Time has how many Beats?
Two; down and up.
Which is the accented beat?
The first beat is the accented beat.
How many beats has triple measure?
Three; down, left, and up.
Which is the accented beat?
The down beat is the accented beat.
Haw many beats has quadruple measure?
Quadruple measure has four beats; down, left, right, and up.
Which is the accented beat?
The first and the third beats are accented.
What is the sign for Double Time?
The sign for double time is a 2.
What is the sign for Triple Time?
The sign for triple time is a 3.
What is the sign for Quadruple Time?
The figure 4.
How does every measure begin?
Every measure begins with the down beat.
How does every measure end?
Every measure ends with an up beat.



Practice exercises 1 and 2.

Where are Broad Bars used?
At the end of a line or a musical phrase.
What does a Double Bar denote?
The end of a composition.

What does the lower figure at the beginning denote?

The kind of a note that is the beat-note.

What does Beat-note mean?

The note that is to be sung or played to one beat.

What kind of a note may be taken as the beat-note?

Any note but the whole note may be taken as the beat-note.

When the figure is 2 *what is the beat-note?*

A half-note.

When it is 4 *what is the beat-note?*
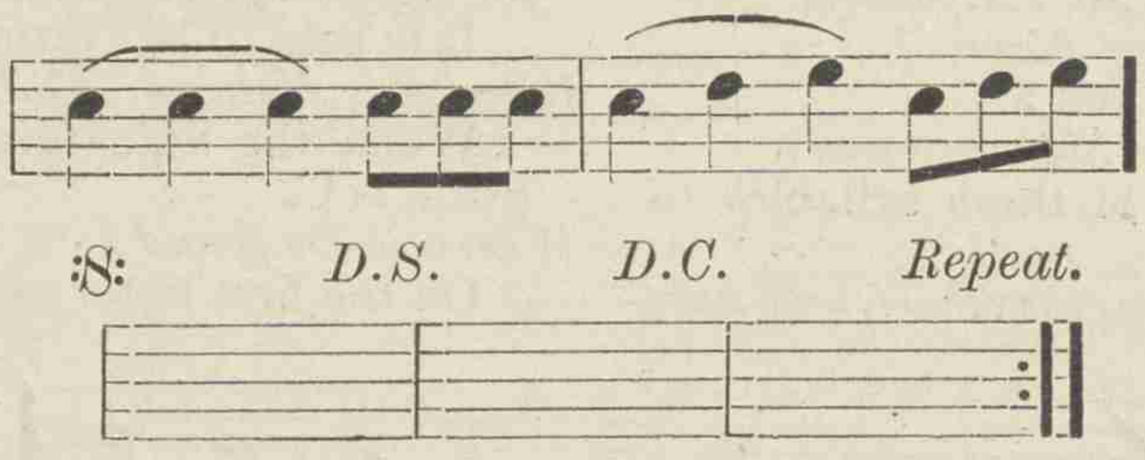
A quarter note is the beat-note.

When the figure is 8 *what is the beat-note?*

An eighth note is the beat-note.

Practice exercises 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Lesson VI.



What is a Tie?

A curved line connecting two or more notes on the same degree.

What is a Slur?

A curved line connecting two or more notes on different degrees.

What is the rule for applying words to notes that are slurred?

Apply one syllable to as many notes as are slurred.

What is the rule for applying words to notes that are Tied?

Apply one syllable to as many notes as are tied.

What is the rule for applying words to music?

Apply one syllable to each note.

What is a Hold or Pause?

A character that shows the tone is to be continued longer than the time indicated by the note.

What is a Repeat Mark?

A dotted line across the staff.

When placed at the right of a broad bar what does it indicate?

That the following passage is to be repeated.

When placed at the left of a broad bar what does it indicate?

It shows that the preceding passage is to be repeated.

When the first strain is to be repeated how is it represented?

By the letters *D.C.*

What does D.S. mean?

D.S. means to return to the sign and end at FINE or END.

What does 1st and 2d time mean?

It means to sing 1*st* time to the *D.C.*, *D.S.* or dotted line, and in the repeat to omit the 1*st* and sing the 2*d*.

What is a Brace?

A character used to connect two or more staves.

When staffs are thus connected what are they called?

A Score.

How many parts in ordinary music?

Four; Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

Which is the highest part?

Soprano; and should be sung by high female voices.

Which the next highest part?

Alto; and should be sung by low female voices.

Which is the next highest part?

Tenor; and should be sung by high male voices.

Which is the lowest part?

Bass; and should be sung by low male voices.

Practice Nos. 174, 277, 289.

Lesson VII.

When two tones have the same pitch what is it called?

A Unison.

The difference between two tones is called what?

An Interval.

What kinds of Intervals are there?

Large and Small.

What are they called?

Steps and Half Steps.

There are how many steps in the Diatonic scale?

Five steps and two half steps.

Between what letters do the half steps occur?

E and F, B and C.

Between what syllables do the half steps occur?

Ti and Do, Mi and Fa.

Between what nnmerals do the half steps occur?

3 and 4, 7 and 8.

Between what tones may there be intermediate tones?

. Between all the tones that form an interval of a step.

What are the intermediate tones called?

Chromatic tones.

What is a Chromatic scale?

A scale composed of the Diatonic and the Chromatic tones.

What syllables are applied to the chromatic tones ascending?

Di, Ri, Fi, Si, Li.

What are they called descending?

Tā, Lā, Sā, Mā, Rä.

When a chromatic tone is introduced in a composition, how is it represented?

By a sharp(♯), Flat (♭), Natural (♮), Double Sharp (×), or Double Flat (𝄫).

What does the sharp indicate?

It calls for a tone a half step higher than the note before which it is written.

How does a flat affect a tone?

A flat calls for a tone a half step lower than the note before which it is placed.

What is the use of the natural?

It is used to cancel the effect of a sharp or flat.

What are the chromatic tones called?

Accidentals.

What is the rule for the continuance of Accidentals?

They continue their effect throughout the measure in which they occur unless canceled by an accidental.

Practice Nos. 289 and 73.

Lesson VIII.

What is Transposition?

Changing the scale from one degree to another.

How many transpositions may there be?

There may be twelve transpositions.

Why are scales transposed?

To keep the music within the compass of the voice, and to keep the notes on the staff.

What signs are used to show that a scale has been transposed?

Sharps and Flats.

What name is given to them when used as a sign of transposition?

Signature or Key.

What is the first tone of a scale called?

Key-tone.

What syllable is applied to the key-tone in the Diatonic scale?

Do is applied to the key-tone.

What does one sharp indicate?

One sharp shows that the scale is G.

What do two sharps show?

It shows the key-tone is D.

When three sharps are used what is the key?

Three sharps show the key of A.

Four sharps show what?

Four sharps the key of E.

Five sharps show what?

Five sharps show the key of B.

Six sharps show what scale?

Scale of F♯.

Lesson IX.

What does one Flat indicate?

One flat shows the scale is F.

What do two flats indicate?

Two flats show the scale is B♭.

What do three flats indicate?

Three flats show that the scale is E♭.

What do four flats indicate?

Four flats show that the scale is A♭

What do five flats indicate?

Five flats show the scale is D♭.

What do six flats indicate?

Six flats show the scale is G♭.

Table of Keys in Sharps, with their Key-notes.

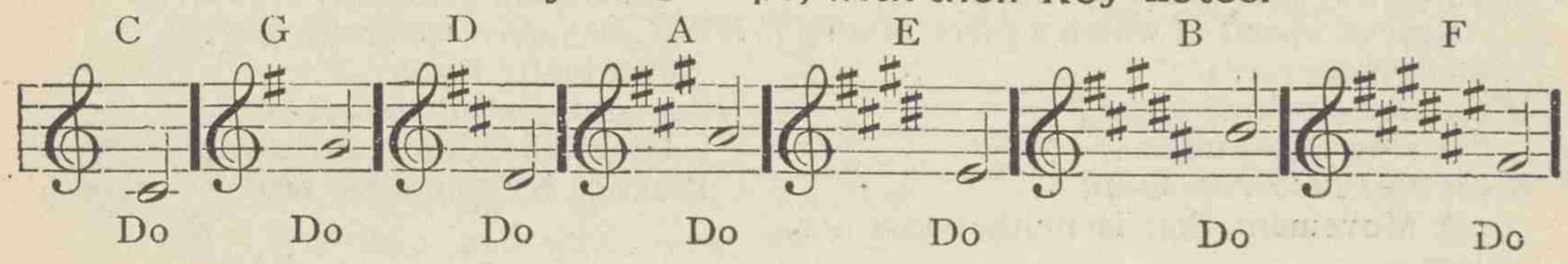
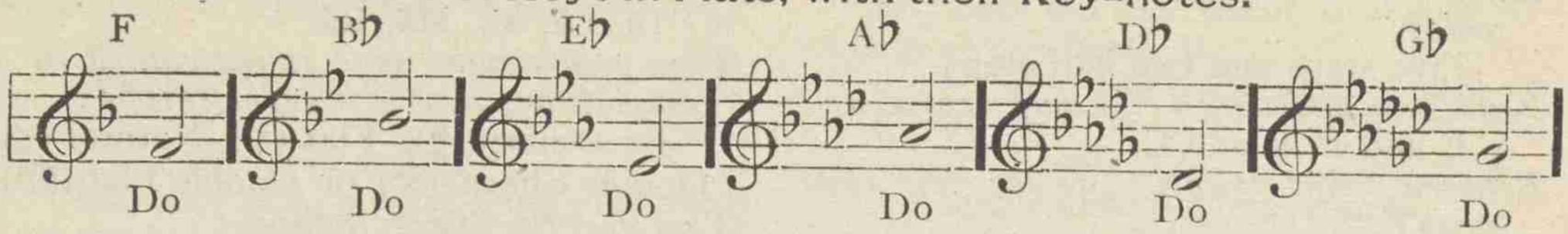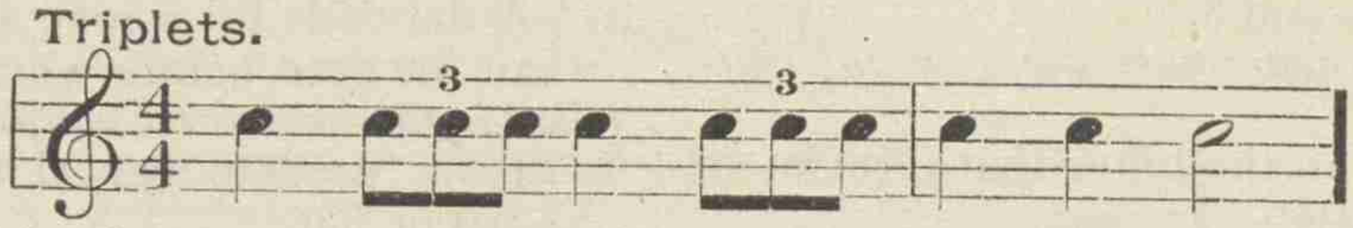


Table of Keys in Flats, with their Key-notes.



Practice Numbers 38, 80, 224, 22, 158, 168.

Lesson X.

Triplets.



What are Triplets?

Three notes to be sung or played in the time of two of the same name.

How are Triplets represented?

By a figure 3 placed over or under them.

When is the figure 3 omitted?

The 3 is omitted in Compound measures.

What is a Compound measure?

Measures to which Triplets are sung.

What is Compound Double measure?

A measure having two beats to which Triplets are sung.

What is Compound Triple measure?

A measure having three beats to which Triplets are sung or played.

What is a Compound Quadruple measure?

A measure having four beats to which Triplets are sung or played.

What is the sign for Compound Double time?

The figure 6.

What is the sign for Compound Triple time?

The figure 9.

What is the sign for Compound Quadruple time?

12.

What does the lower figure indicate?

The kind of notes of which the Triplets are composed.

How do we beat the time in the Compound measures?

The same as in the simple measures.

What parts are accented?

The first note in each Triplet is accented.

What is the first rule in accent?

The first note in each measure should be accented.

What other rule is there in accent?

When there are more than one note to a beat, the first should be accented.

How are the Compound measures marked?

The same as in Simple measures.

Practice Numbers 229, 266, 278, 90.

What is Syncopation?

Syncopation is a note beginning on an unaccented part of the measure and continuing through an accented part of the measure, thereby changing the usual accent.

Practice Numbers 7, 100, 110, 215.

Lesson XI.

What does Tempo mean?

Movement or Time.

When the beats of a measure are performed quick, what is it called?

A quick Movement.

When slow, what is it called?

A slow Movement.

What then is Movement in music?

Rate of speed at which a piece is sung or played.

What does Andante mean?

A slow Movement.

What does Moderato mean?

A Movement that is neither fast nor slow.

What does Allegro mean?

Allegro means fast.

What is meant by Presto?

Very fast. Quick.

What is the meaning of Adagio.

Adagio means very slow.

What is the meaning of Rit?

Rit means gradually slower.

What does Accelerando mean?

Gradually faster.

What does Rallentando mean?

Gradually slower and softer.

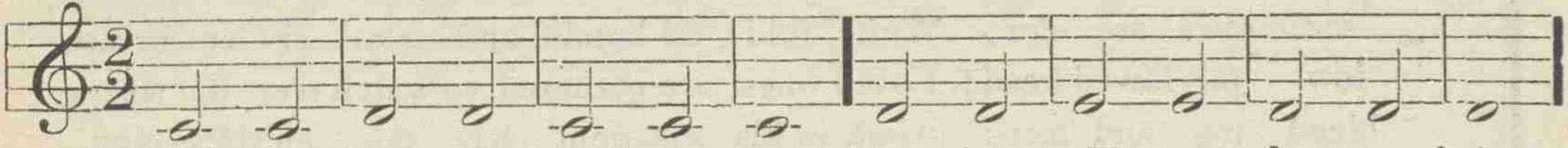
Practice Numbers 88, 180.

Lesson XII.

What does Power in music mean?
It means loudness or softness of a tone.
How many Powers are there?
There are five Powers.
What does p mean?
A small letter *p* means Soft Power.
What does f mean?
A small *f* means Loud Power.
What does Pianissimo mean?
A very Soft Power. *pp.*
What is the meaning of Fortissimo?
Very Loud Power. *ff.*
What is the meaning of Diminuendo?
Gradually softer. *Dim.*
What is meant by Cres?
Gradually louder.
What is a Swell?
A union of *cres.* and *dim.*
What does > mean?
A suddenly diminishing power.
What is meant by Legato?
Very close and connected.
What does Staccato mean? ' ' '
Very short and distinct.
What is the meaning of Semi-Staccato?
Less short and distinct.
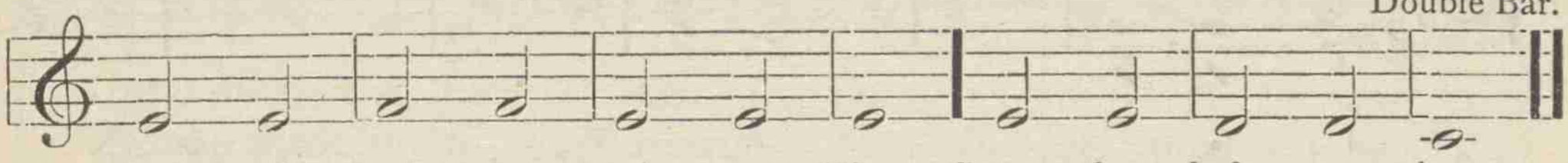
Practice.

No. 1. Bar, read, Sing. Broad Bar. La, Ta, O Ah.



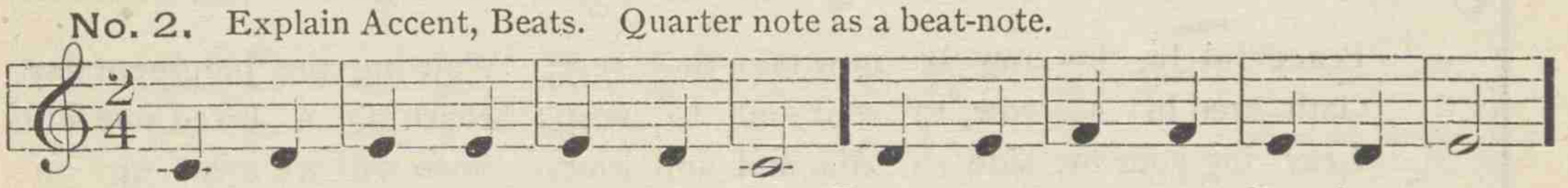
Come and let us learn to sing, Sing - ing will great pleas-ure bring;

Practice No. 303.



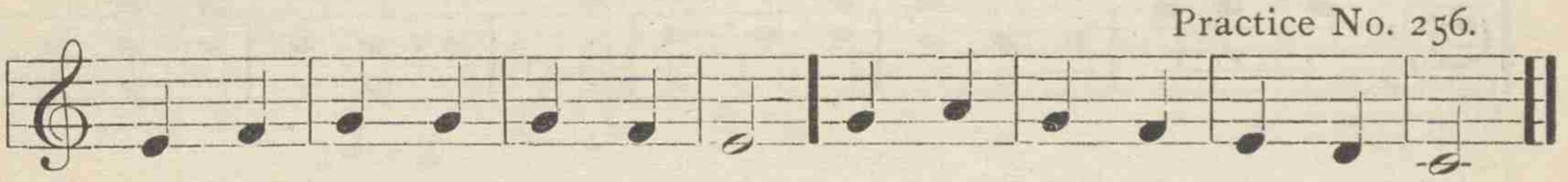
And will help us praise our King; Come, then, help us sing.

No. 2. Explain Accent, Beats. Quarter note as a beat-note.



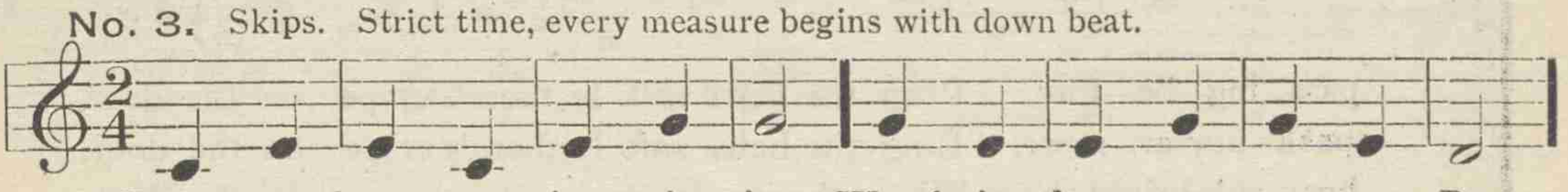
Do, re, mi, mi, mi, re, do. Down, up, one, two, three, just so.

Practice No. 256.
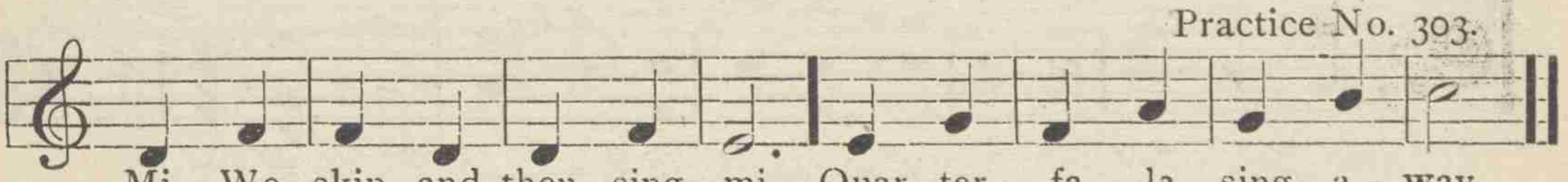


Let us beat and sing just so, Sing un - til we come to Do.

No. 3. Skips. Strict time, every measure begins with down beat.



Down, up, down, up in strict time; Watch the beat-note, two to Re.

Practice No. 303.
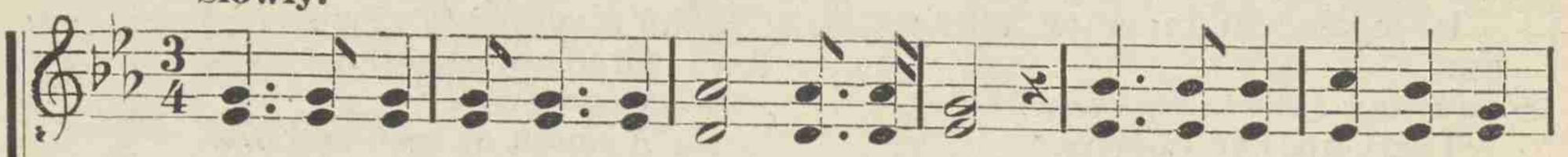


Mi, We skip and then sing mi, Quar - ter, fa, la, sing a - way.

THERE'S CRAPE ON THE DOOR.
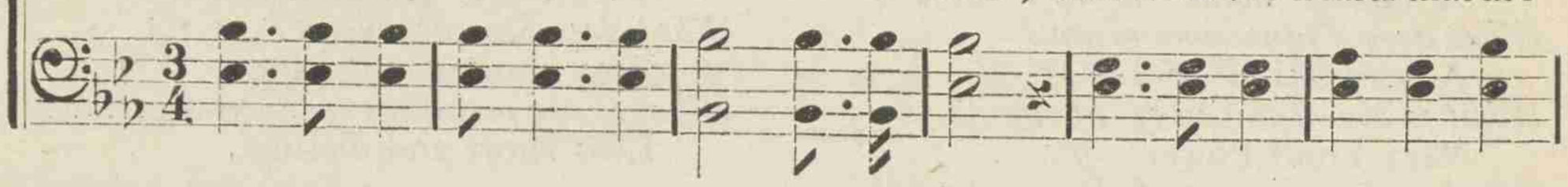
Affectionately dedicated to the memory of our departed brother and faithful servant of the Master, Rev. W. E. PENN.
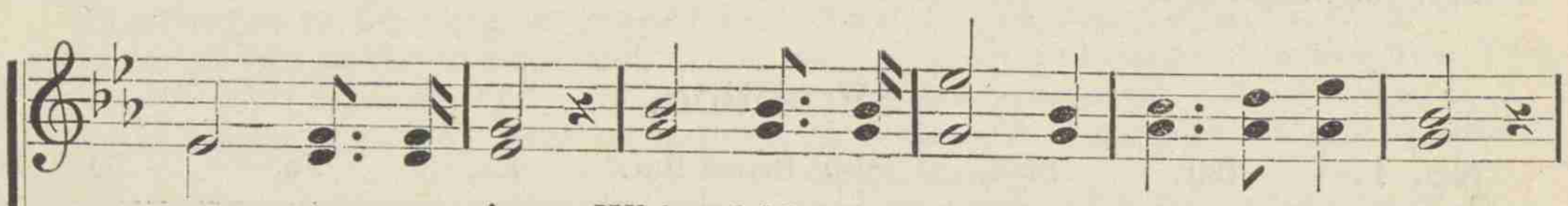
Words and Music by J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.
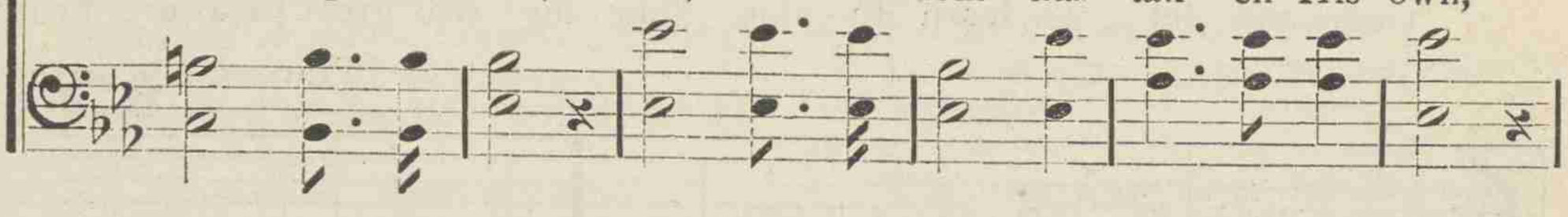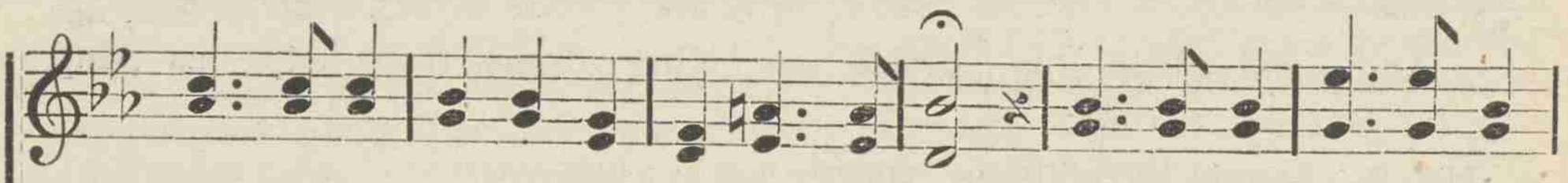


1. Ring the bells soft -ly, there's crape on the door, One now is sleeping, whose
2. Si - lent - ly, now, sleeps the beau-ti - ful dead; Crown with sweet roses the
3. Safe to the tomb let the loved one be borne; Stilled be the hearts that are
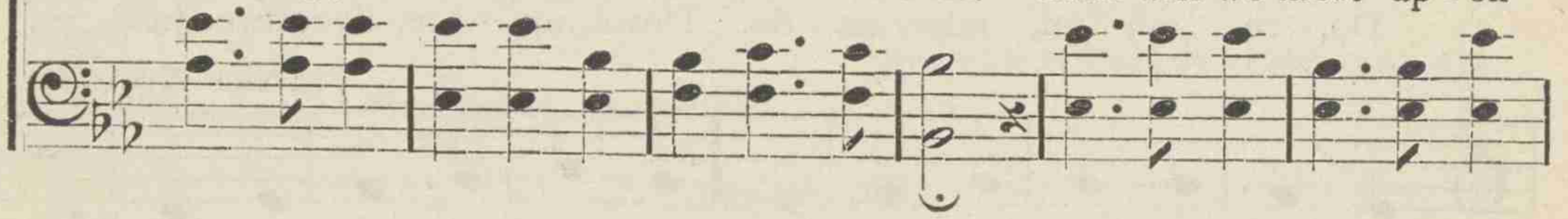




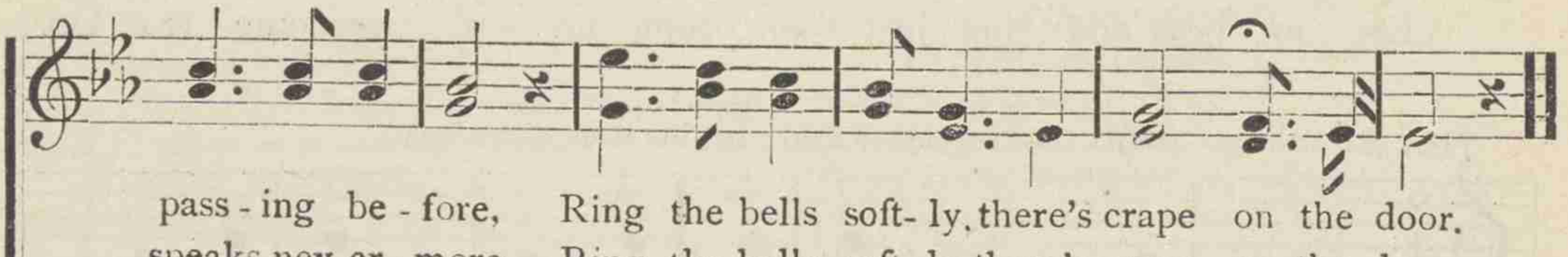
sor - rows are o'er; White fold - ed hands and calm si - lent breast,
low pil- lowed head; Loved ones are gathered, to watch o'er its sleep,
bleed - ing and torn; God, in his wis- dom has tak - en His own,



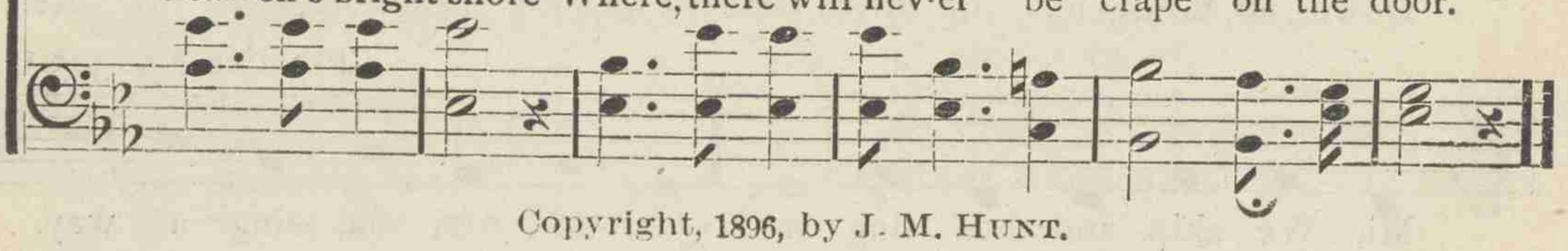


Peace- ful- ly, lov- ing- ly now take their rest; Wait-ing the judgment day,
Gath- ered in sor- row, to wait and to weep; Mourning a loved one who
Leav - ing your fire-side so dis- mal and lone. Soon will we meet up - on





pass - ing be - fore, Ring the bells soft- ly, there's crape on the door.
speaks nev-er - more. Ring the bells soft- ly, there's crape on the door.
heav-en's bright shore Where, there will nev-er be crape on the door.



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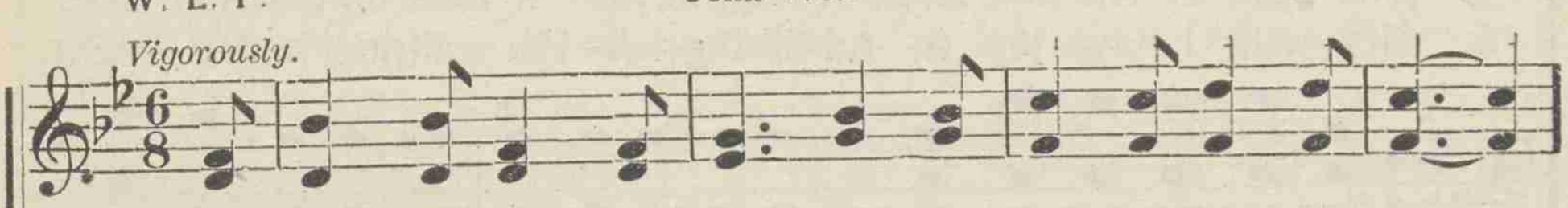
New Harvest Bells.

No. 1.

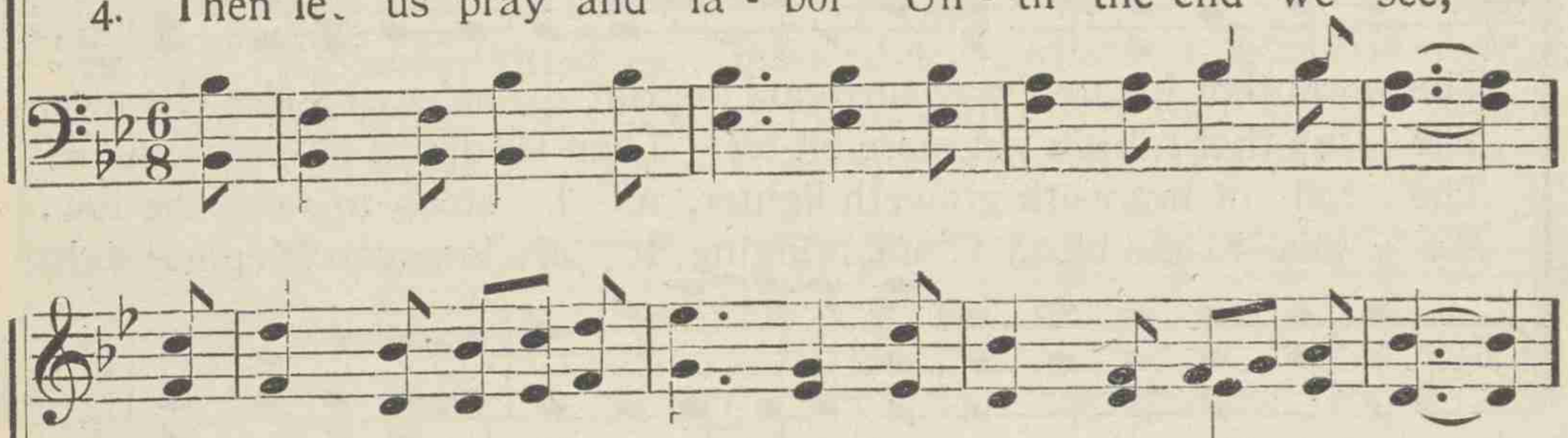
Harvest Bells.

W. E. P. John 4:35. W. E. PENN.

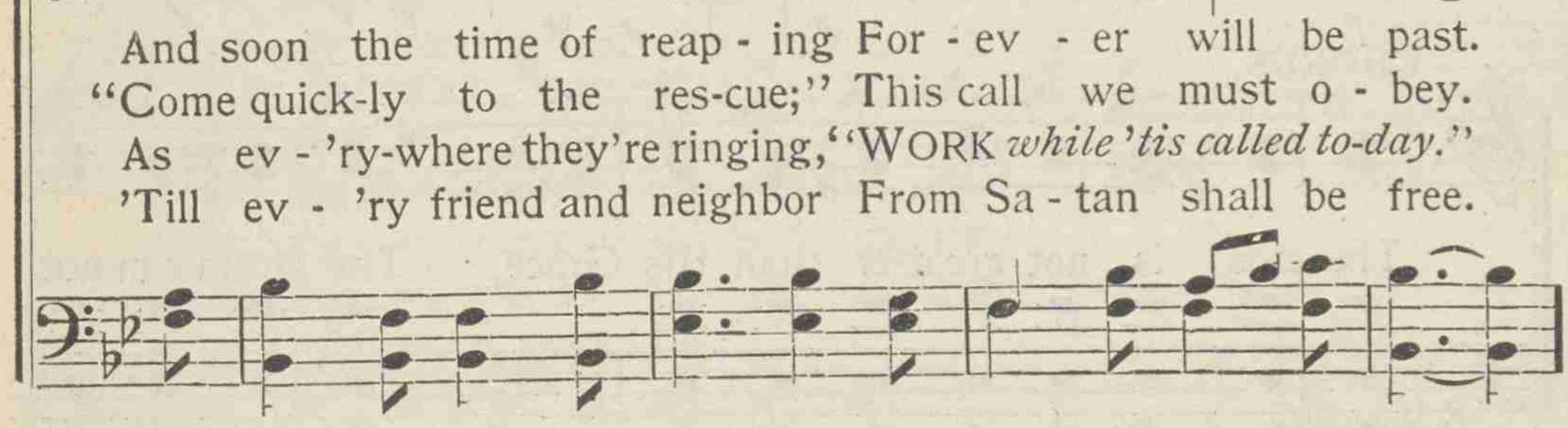
Vigorously.



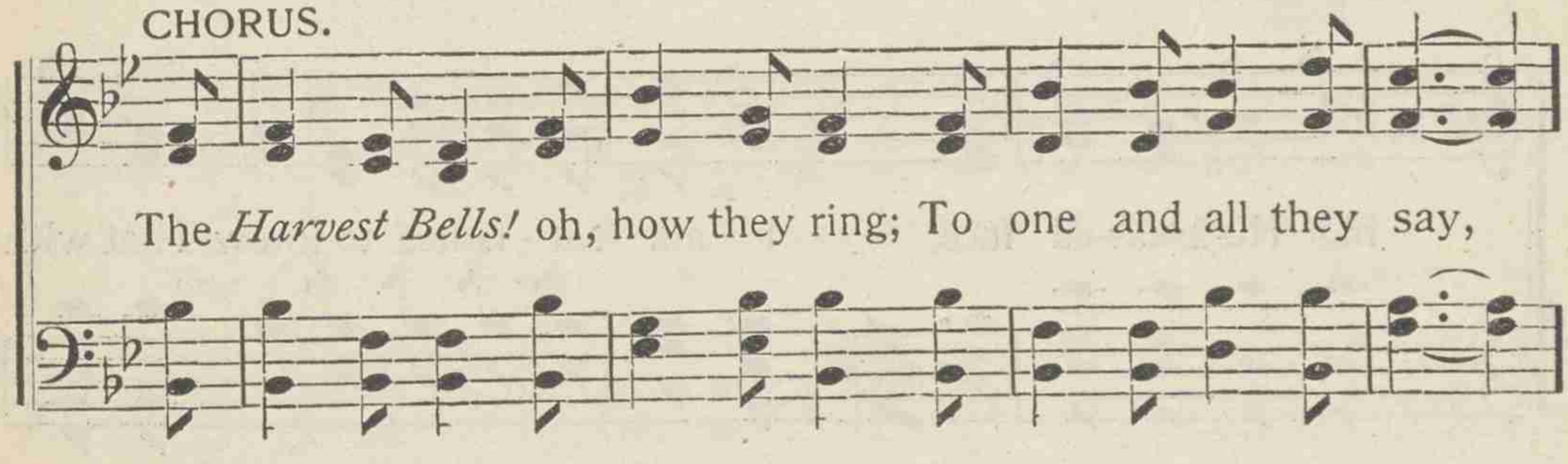
1. The fields are white to har - vest, The grain is fall - ing fast,
2. "Come o - ver then and help us," The HARVEST BELLS do say,
3. Then do not tar - ry lon - ger, "Make haste," the BELLS do say,
4. Then le. us pray and la - bor Un - til the end we see,



And soon the time of reap - ing For - ev - er will be past.
"Come quick-ly to the res-cue;" This call we must o - bey.
As ev - 'ry-where they're ringing, "WORK *while 'tis called to-day.*"
'Till ev - 'ry friend and neighbor From Sa - tan shall be free.
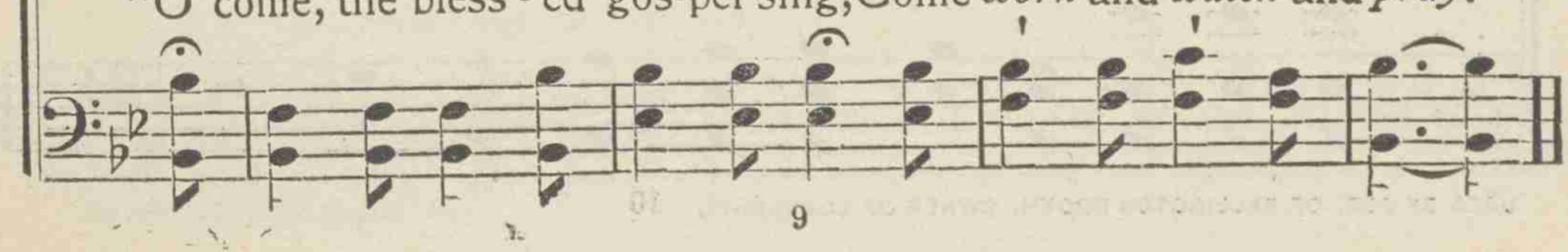


CHORUS.



The *Harvest Bells!* oh, how they ring; To one and all they say,



"O come, the bless - ed gos-pel sing, Come *work* and *watch* and *pray*."



No. 2. The Cross is not Greater.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus. Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is-fied to know That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

USED BY PER. OF BALLINGTON BOOTH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 3. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean -
Lean - ing on Je - eus, Lean-ing on

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

No. 4. Refreshing Times are Coming.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming "From the pres-ence of the Lord;"
2. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Let your faith in God be strong,
3. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Bow be - fore the throne of grace,
4. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Sin - ner, hear the joy - ful sound,

Christians ev-'ry-where are gath'ring "In one place with one ac-cord,"
Let your love grow warm and warmer And in-spire each loft - y song;
Ask the Sav-ior for His blessing And the smil-ings of His face;
With the Sav-ior is for-give-ness And a balm for ev - 'ry wound;

And the tongues of fire are sit-ting On each hope - ful, upturned brow;
Men are turn-ing from their i-dols, From their dark and sin - ful ways,
He will sure-ly keep His promise And ful - fill your heart's desire;
He will give you joy and gladness And your bur - den take a - way;

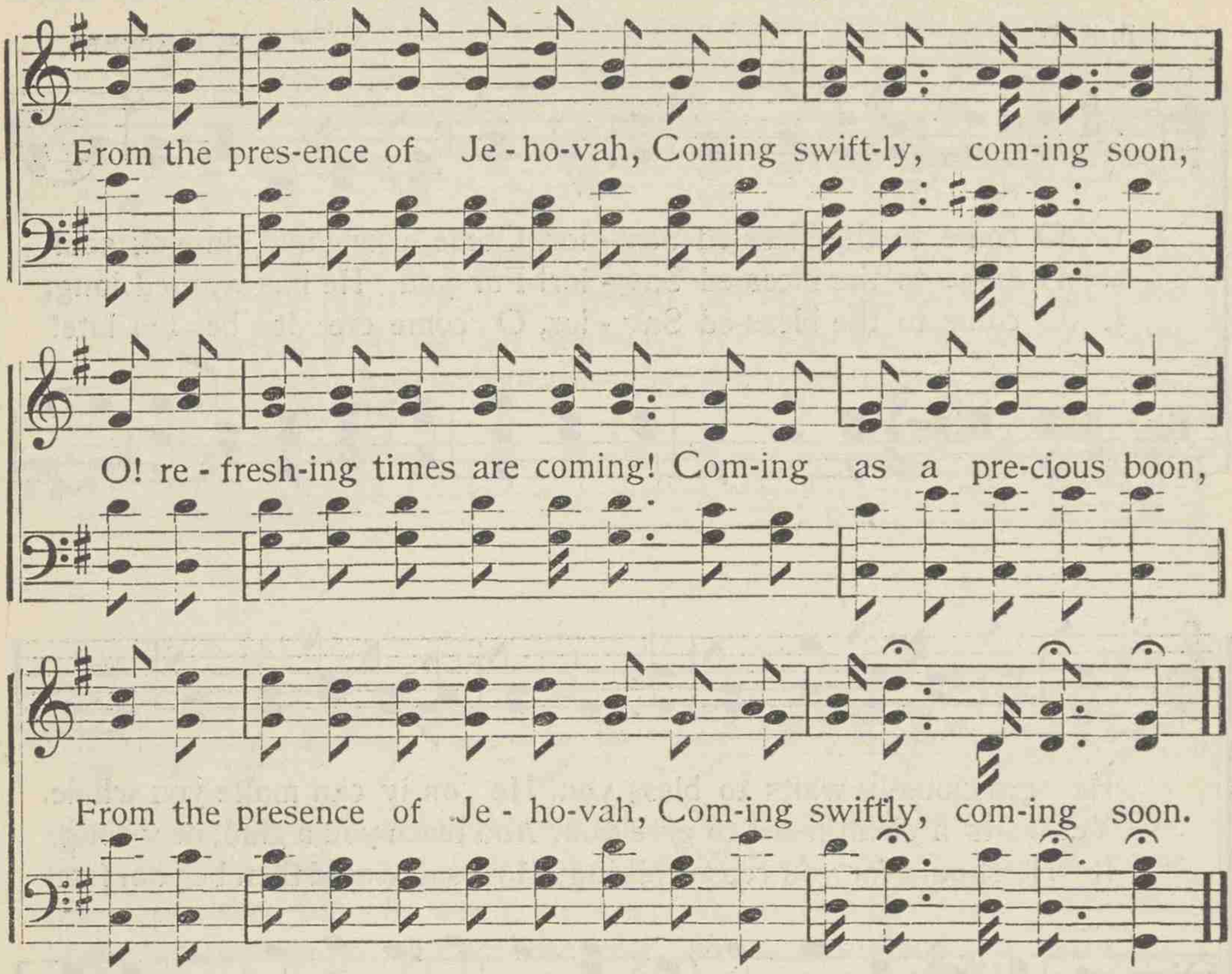
Yes, re-fresh-ing times are com-ing, And the morning dawneth NOW.
And are ask - ing for the Sav - ior In these glad, re-fresh-ing days.
He will give the oil of glad-ness And the cloven tongues of fire.
O! re-fresh-ing times are with us, Come to Je-sus! Come to - day.

CHORUS.

O! re - fresh-ing times are coming! Com-ing as a precious boon

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

Refreshing Times are Coming.—Concluded.



No. 5. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

No. 6. Come to Him Now.

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

1. O come to the bless-ed Sav - ior, Come, weary and sin-sick soul!
2. O come to the bless-ed Sav - ior! For you He has wait-ed long,
3. O come to the bless-ed Sav - ior, O come ere it be too late!

He gra-cious-ly waits to bless you, He on-ly can make you whole.
Yet waits a clean heart to give you, And teach you a glad, new song.
If He should for you cease call-ing, How sad would then be your fate.

CHORUS.
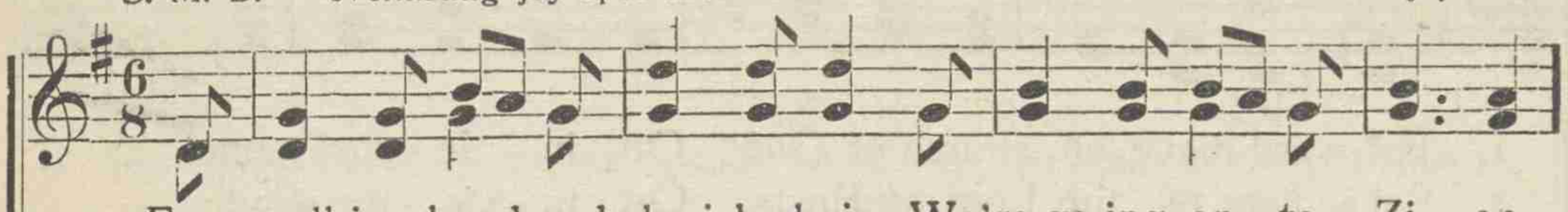
Come to Him now, Come to Him now, Come to Him now, I pray;

He gra-cious-ly waits to save you, O wan-der-er, come to - day!

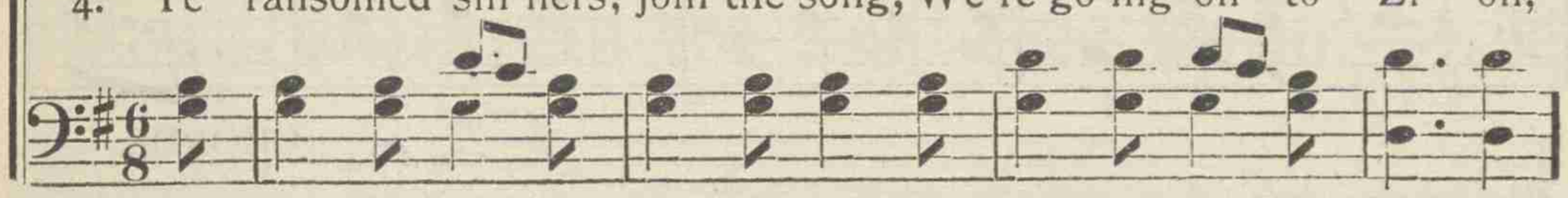
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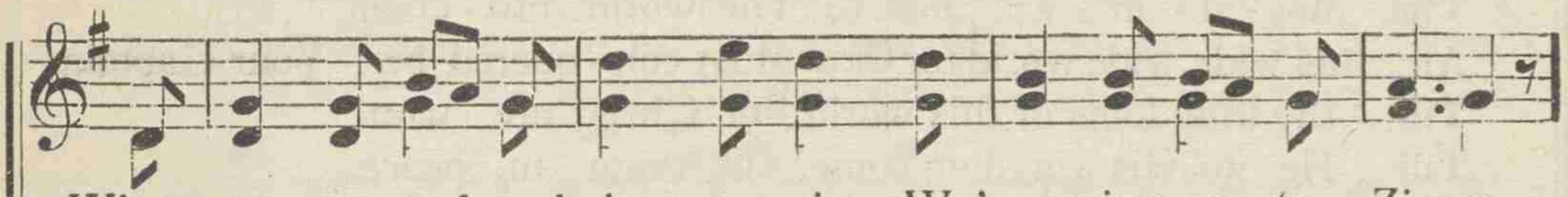
No. 7. Going On to Zion.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and
S. M. B. everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35 : 10. S. M. BROWN. By per.
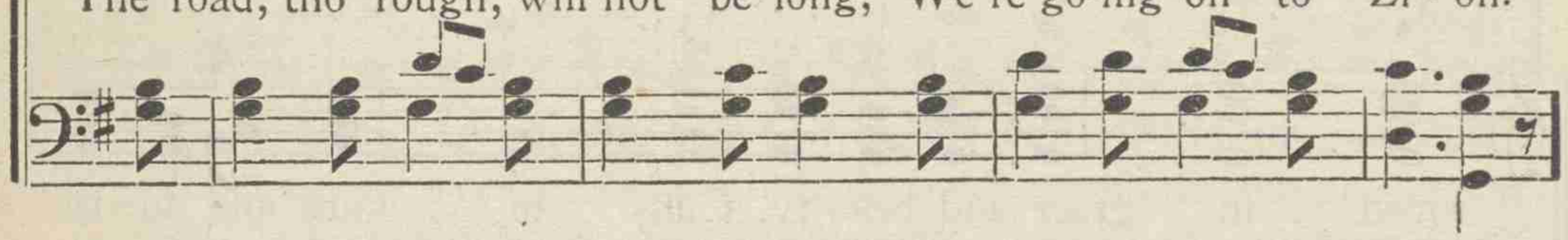


1. From gall-ing bond and slavish chain, We're go-ing on to Zi - on,
2. Thro' thorn-y plain, o'er rocky height, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
3. The Sav - ior leads us all the way, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
4. Ye ransomed sin-ners, join the song, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;

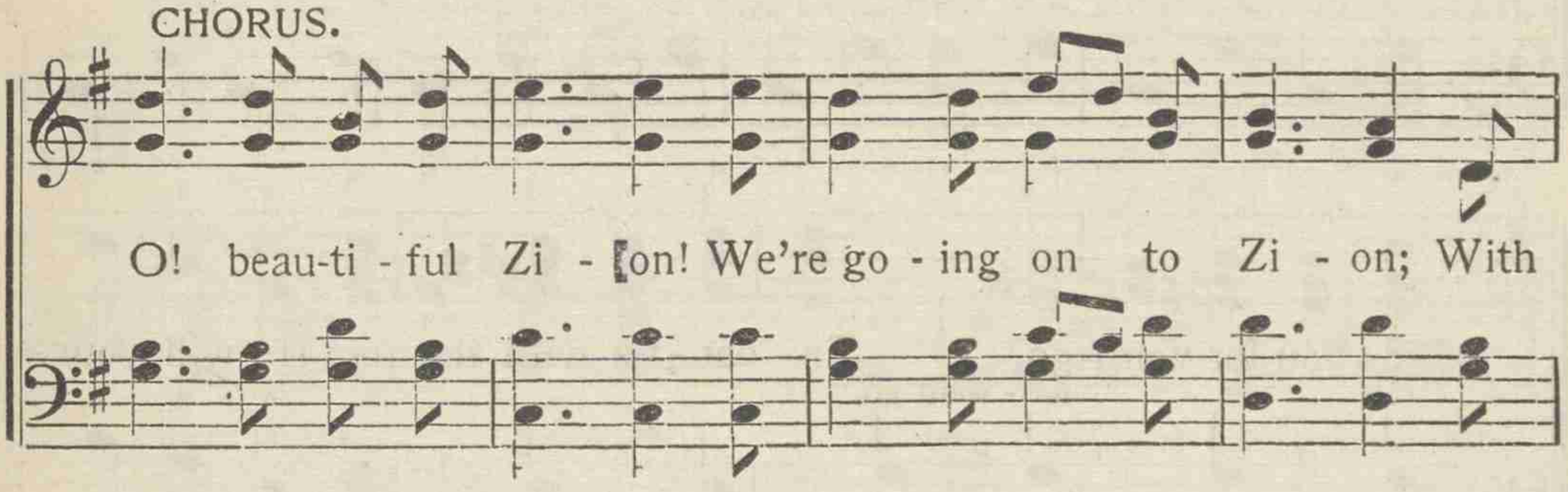




Where sor-rows end, and pleasures reign, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
Thro' bright-est sun, and dark - est night, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
We cheer each oth - er when we say, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.



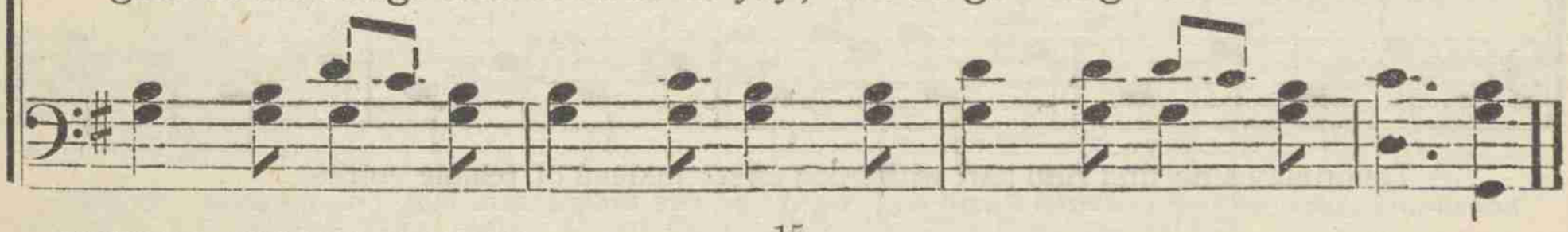
CHORUS.



O! beau-ti - ful Zi - on! We're go - ing on to Zi - on; With



glad-some songs and crowns of joy, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.



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No. 8. Forward, Church of God!

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

Alla marcia.

1. For-ward move, oh, church of God! On, in Je - sus' name!
2. Sol - diers of the Lord of Hosts, On to vic - to - ry!
3. For - ward move, ye sons of light! No - bly, brave - ly on,
4. For - ward, in u - nit - ed ranks! Nor the war - fare cease

CHORUS.

Sop. & 1st & 2d Alto.

The Mes - si - ah's kingdom to The world pro - claim.
All this wide, wide world for Christ Must con - quered be. Your Captain,
Till the kingdoms of this world For Christ are won!
Till He to His kingdom come, And reign in peace.

robed in grace and beau-ty, Calls to faith and du - ty,
robed in roy - al grace and beau - ty, Call - eth all to faith and du - ty
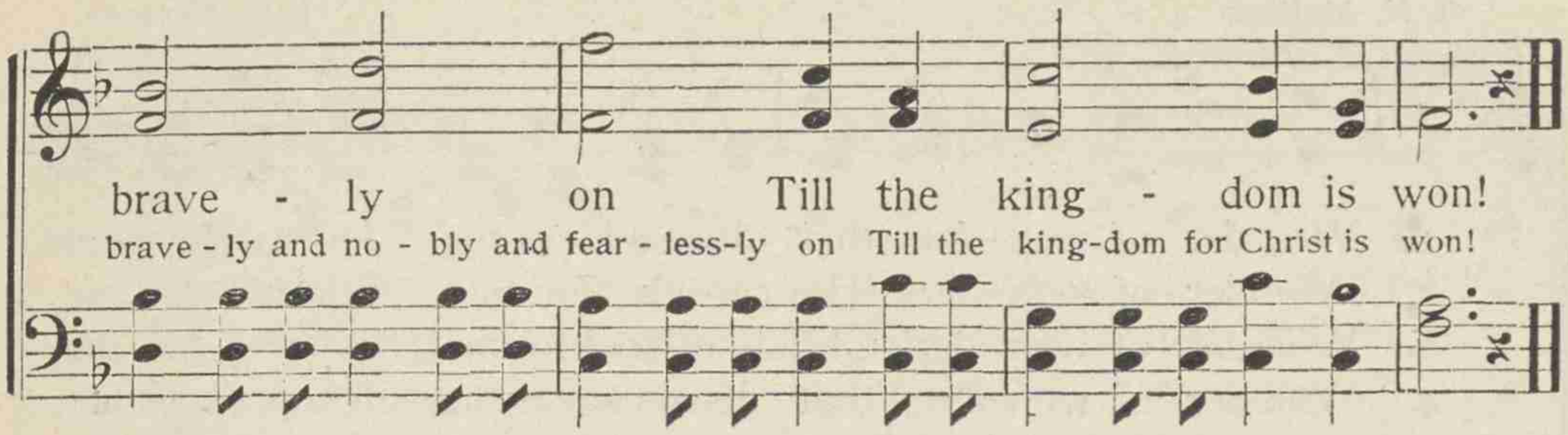
Bids you for-ward go, To bat - tle with the foe; He will your
for - ward go,

guide and lead - er be, And give the vic - to-ry; Then
guide and faith - ful lead - er be, And give the glo - rious vic - to - ry; Then

* Tenor may sing first Alto part with good effect instead of female voices.

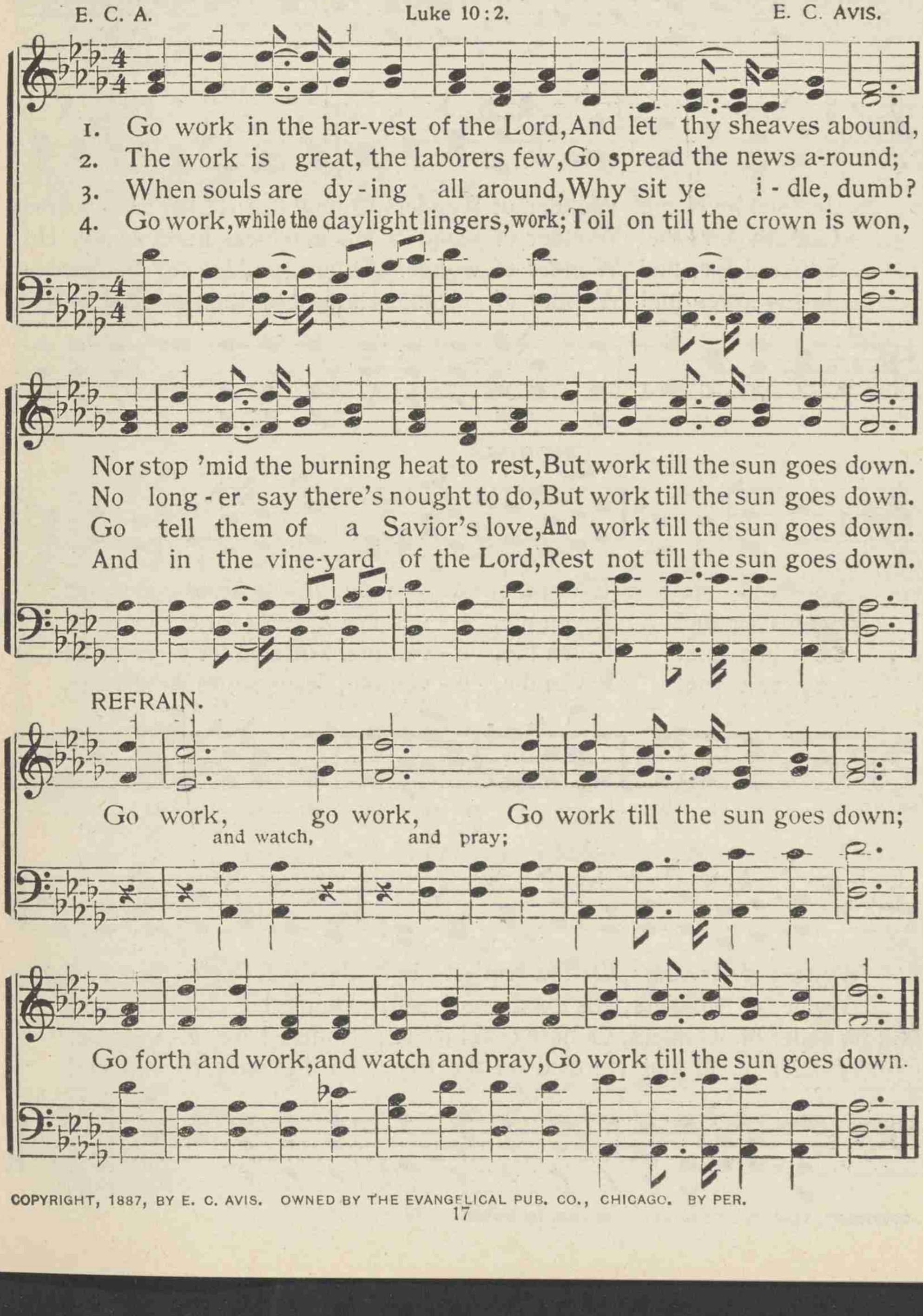
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Forward, Church of God!—Concluded.



No. 9. Work Till the Sun Goes Down.
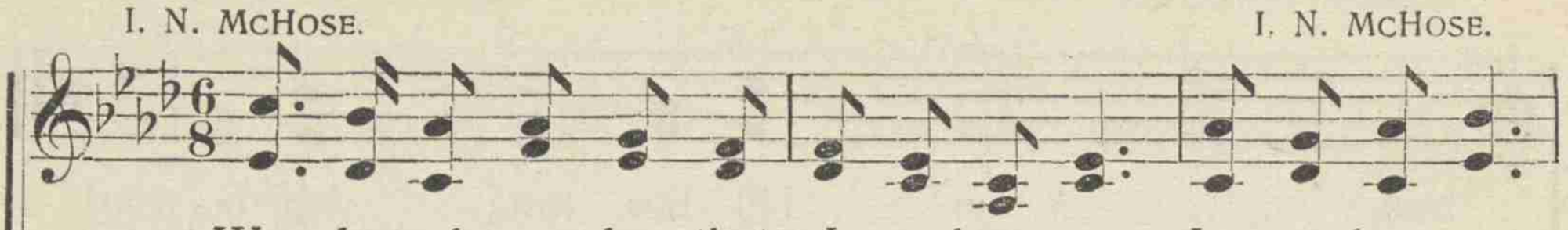
E. C. A. Luke 10:2. E. C. Avis.



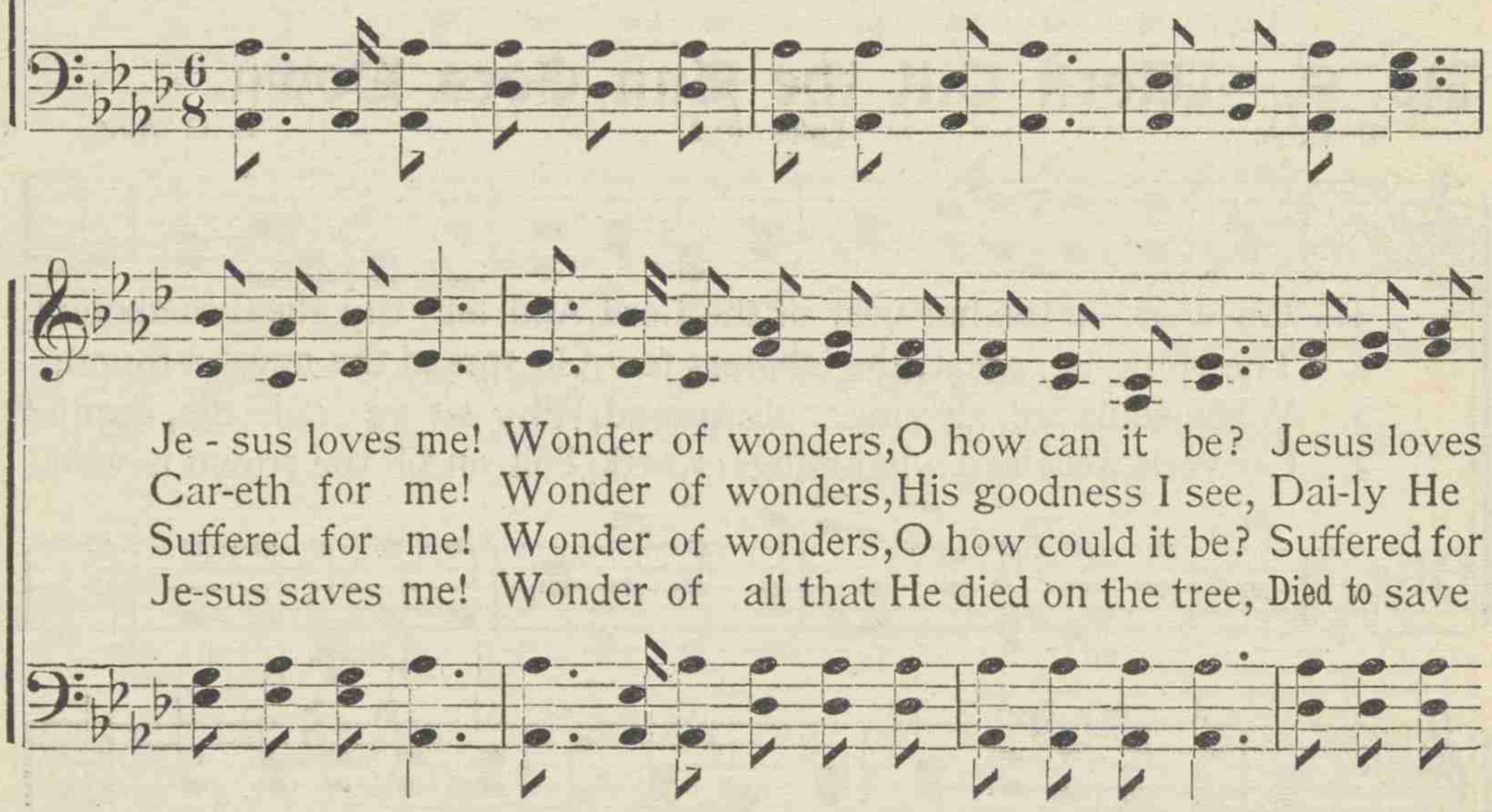
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No. 10. Wonder of Wonders.

I. N. McHOSE. I. N. McHOSE.
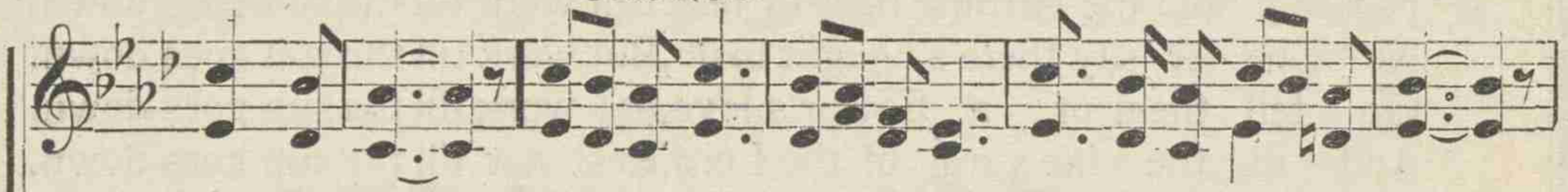


1. Won-der of won-ders that Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
2. Won-der of won-ders, He car-eth for me, Car-eth for me,
3. Won-der of won-ders, Christ suffered for me, Suffered for me,
4. Won-der of won-ders that Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me,
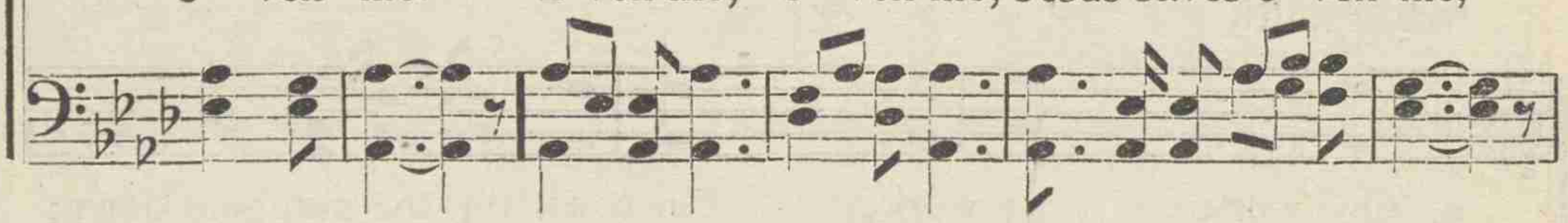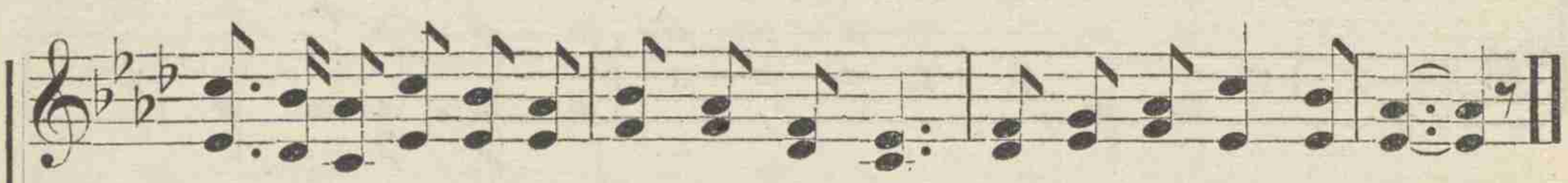


Je - sus loves me! Wonder of wonders, O how can it be? Jesus loves
Car-eth for me! Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see, Dai-ly He
Suffered for me! Wonder of wonders, O how could it be? Suffered for
Je-sus saves me! Wonder of all that He died on the tree, Died to save

CHORUS.
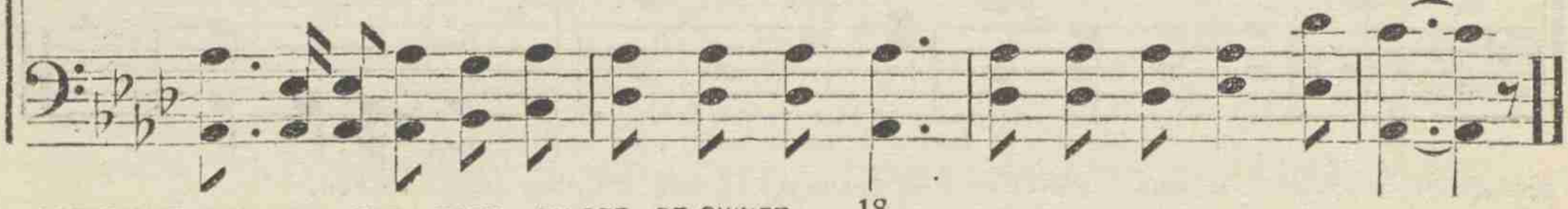


e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Je-sus loves e-ven me;
cares for me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Careth for e - ven me;
e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Suffered for e - ven me;
e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Jesus saves e - ven me;
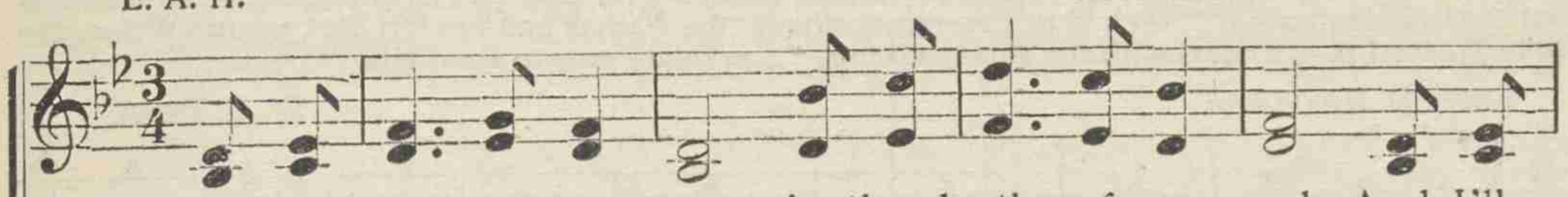




Wonder of wonders, O how can it be? Je-sus loves e - ven me!
Wonder of wonders, His goodness ! see, Dai-ly He cares for me!
Wonder of wonders, O how could it be? Suffered for e - ven me!
Wonder of all that He died on the tree, Died to save e - ven me!



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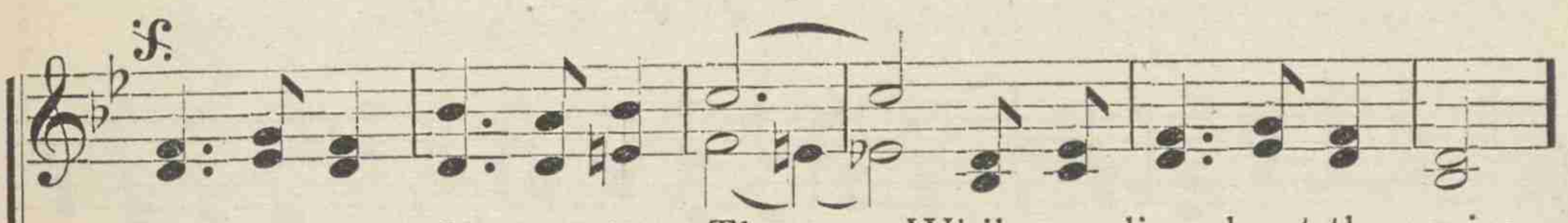
No. 11. The Sweet Love of God.

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



1. There's a ver - y sweet song in the depths of my soul, And I'll
2. I will sing of the peace in the depths of my soul, Such a
3. I will sing of the joy in the depths of my soul, Of Thy
4. Oh, Thy love is more sweet than the breath of the flow'rs! 'Tis a
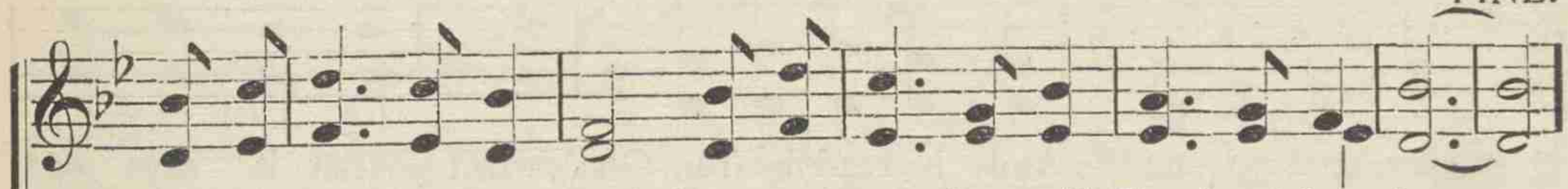




sing it, dear Je - sus, to Thee, While my lips chant the praise
peace as the world cannot know; Thro' Thy grace I am sweet-
wondrous for-give-ness of sin, Of the glad-ness that springs
fore-taste and earnest of heav'n, And it fills with con - tent -
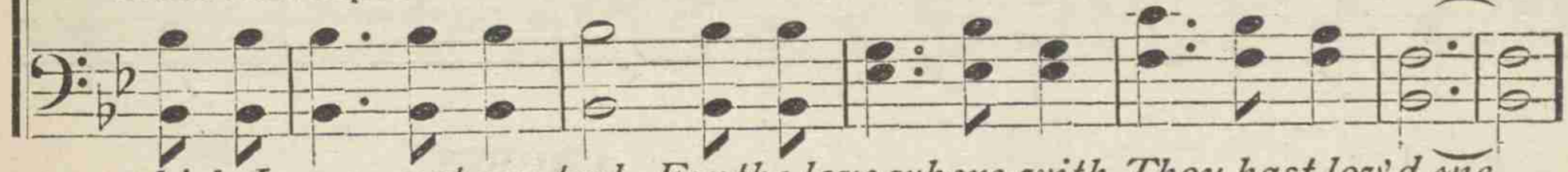


D. S.–*grace is so rich and so free, . . . That my lips fill with praise*

FINE.
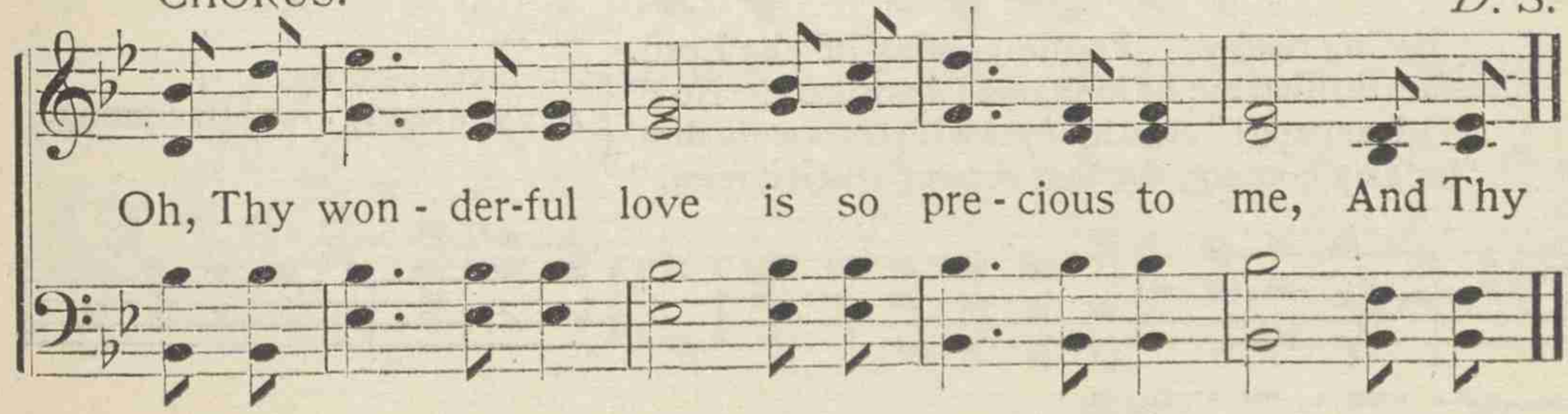


which I can - not con - trol For the love where-with Thou hast loved me.
ly and consciously whole, And my heart is washed white as the snow.
from Thy love's sweet control, And Thy presence and pow-er with - in.
ment and rapture the hours That to me Thou hast gra-cious-ly given.



which I can - not con-trol, For the love where-with Thou hast lov'd me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



Oh, Thy won - der-ful love is so pre - cious to me, And Thy

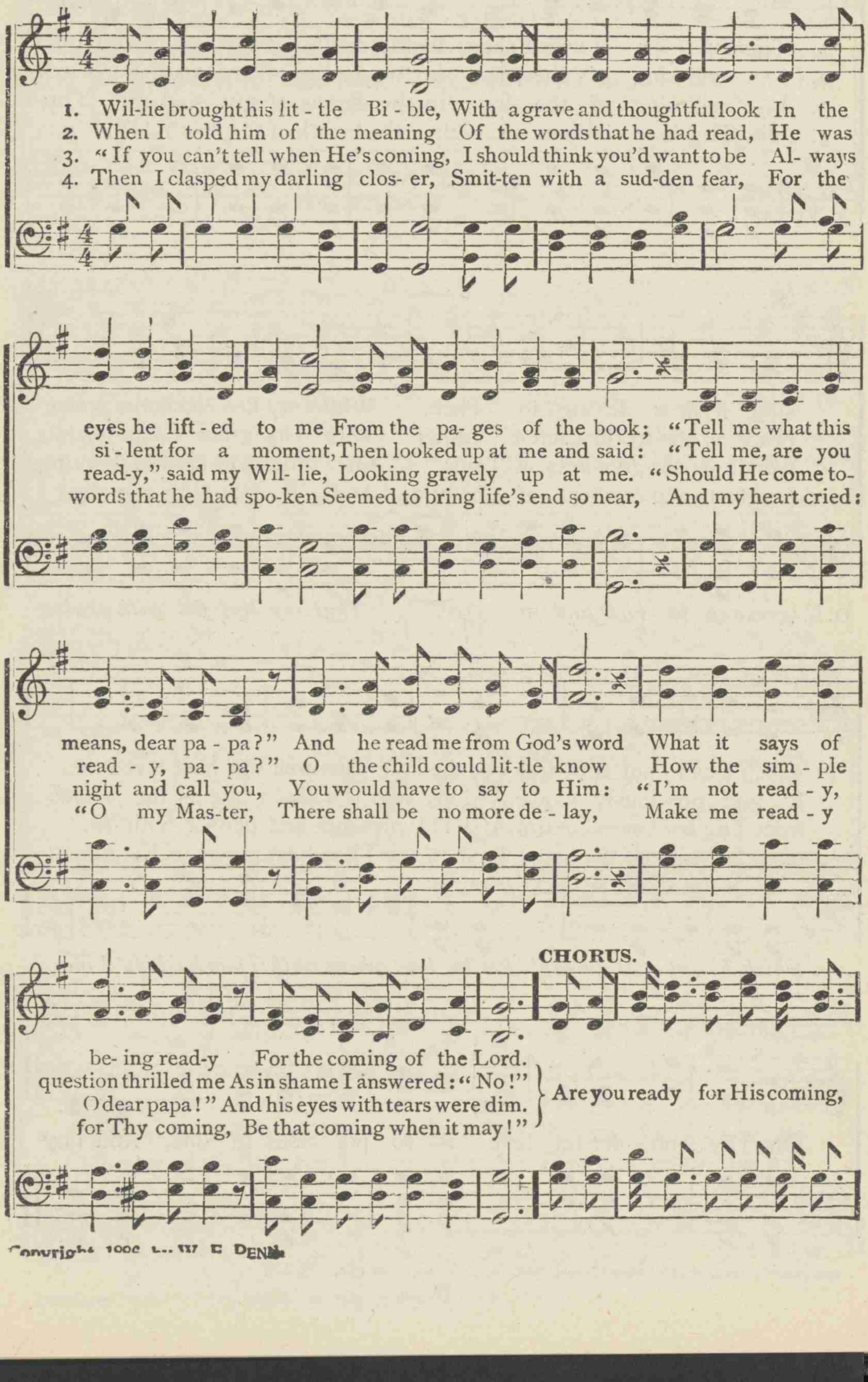
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No. 12. Papa, are You Ready?

Little Willie, on returning from Sunday School, found his father, who was a very irreligious man, reading the Sunday morning paper. His lesson for the next Sunday was Matt 24: 36–44.

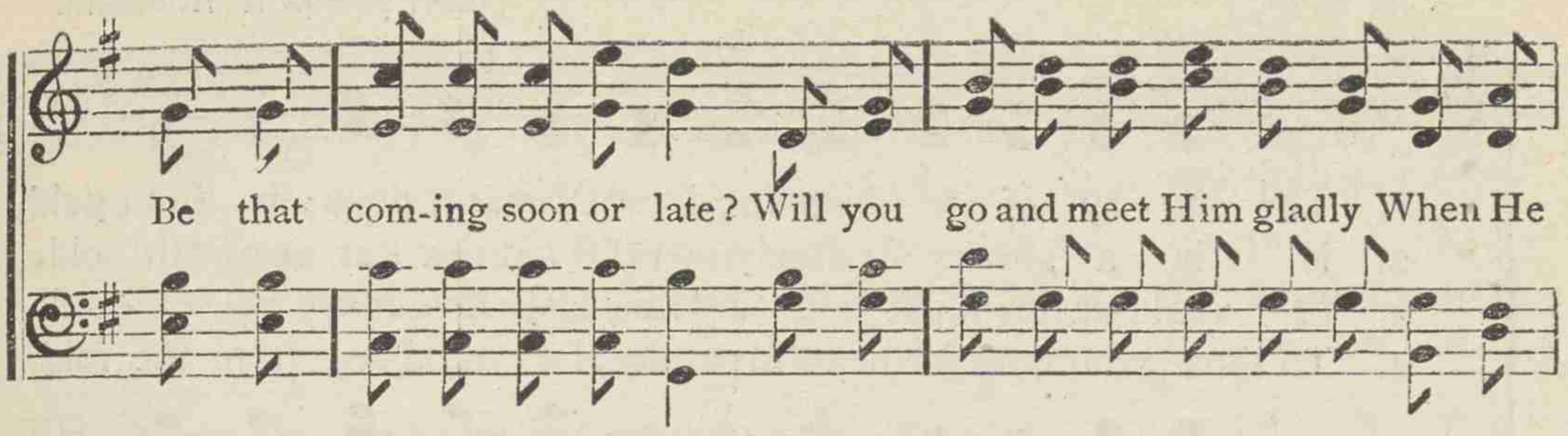
He stood before his Father and read the lesson, and in great earnestness said: "Tell me what that means, dear papa?" When this meeting closed, the Father had his left arm around Willie, the Bible pressed to his heart with the right, saying, "I'm ready now to meet Him."

EBEN. E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.
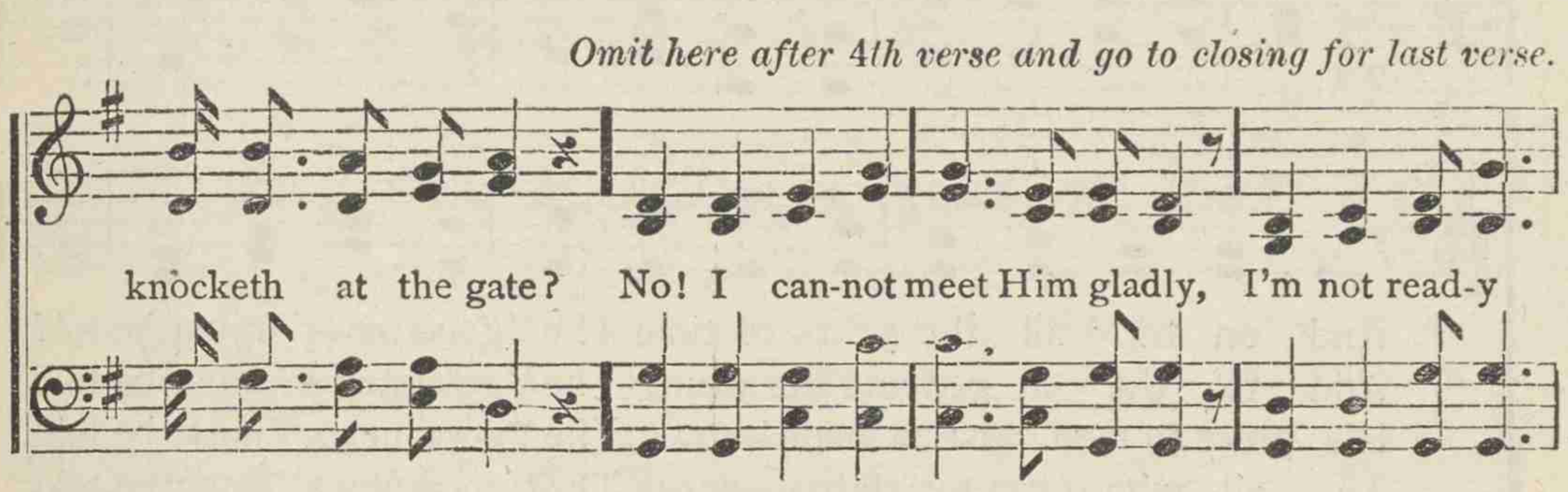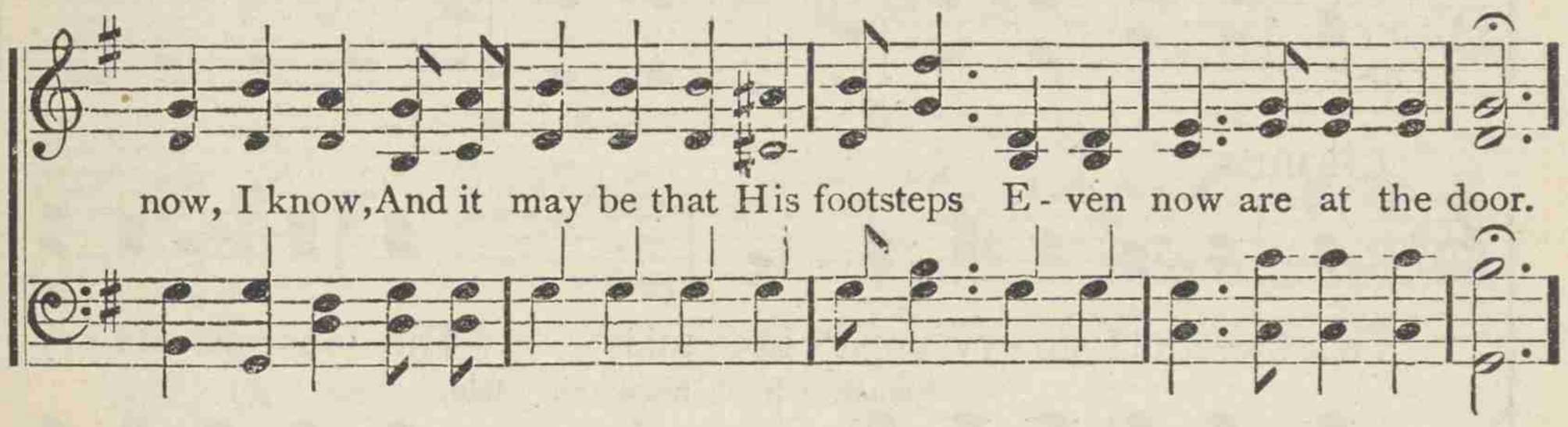


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Papa, Are You Ready? Concluded.
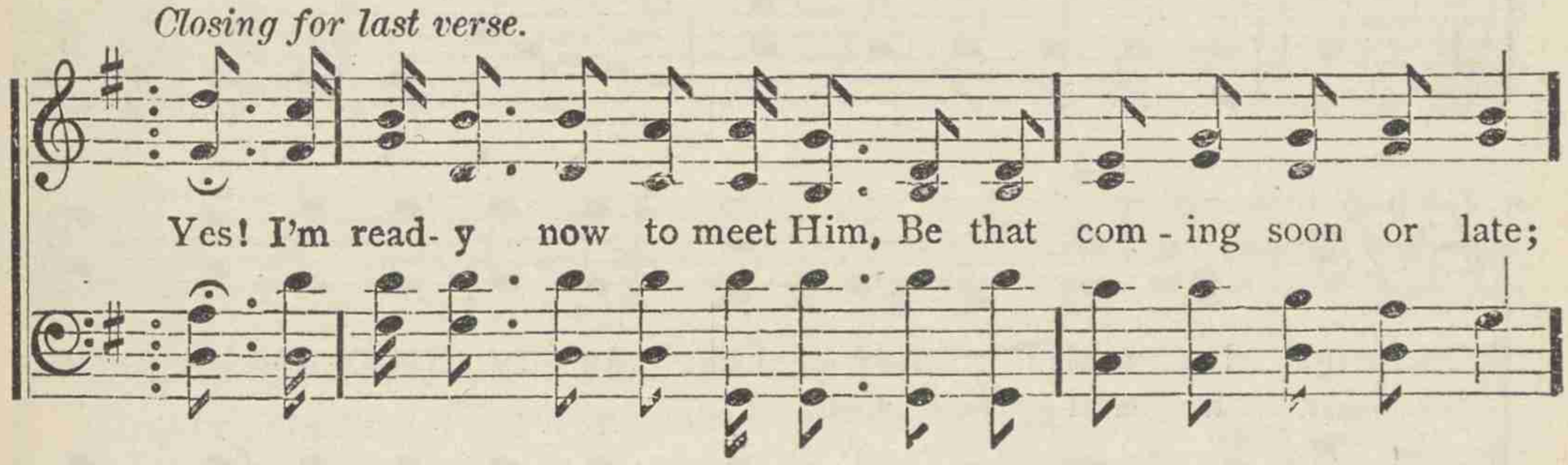


Omit here after 4th verse and go to closing for last verse.



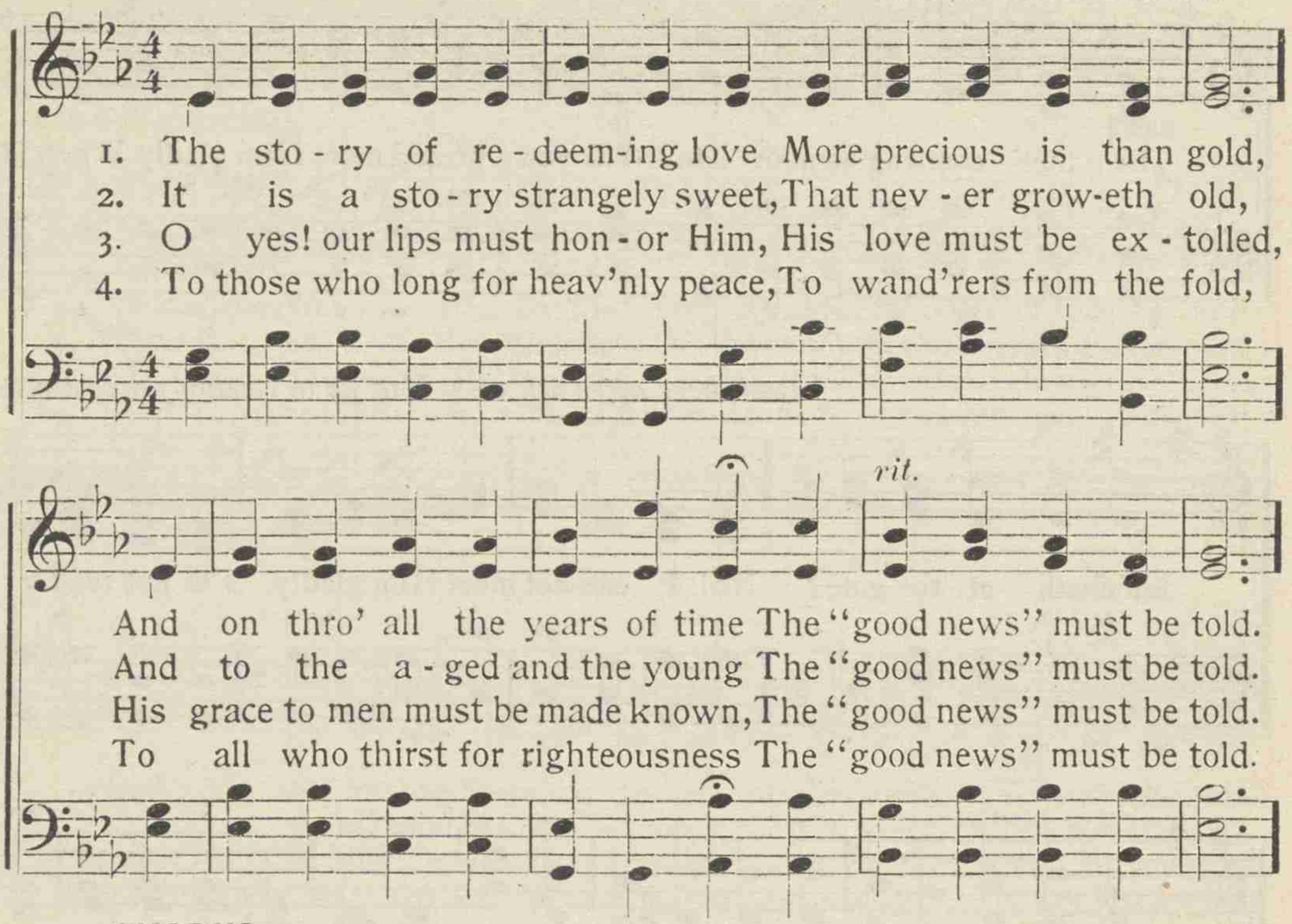


Closing for last verse.



No. 13. The "Good News" Must be Told.

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



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No. 14. Gathering up the Sheaves.

Words and Music arr. by W. H. MORRIS. Rev. J. B. YOUNGBLOOD.

1. We are gath'ring up the sheaves by the way-side, Ere life and its toils we lay down, And be-fore our dear Re-deem-er we'll lay them,
2. We are run-ning in the race set be-fore us, The prize ev-er hanging in view, And the words of our dear Sav-ior im-plore us
3. There is much that we can do for the Mas-ter As pil-grims to yon bet-ter land, We can cheer the wea-ry, lift up the fall-en,

CHORUS.

And re-ceive a re-ward and a crown. { We are gath-er-ing
To be faith-ful and ear-nest and true. { We are gath-er-ing
And ex-tend them a kind help-ing hand.

up the sheaves, Lift-ing up the fall-en, Working for the Mas-ter
up the sheaves, Trav'ling to our home, And we're (*Omit.*) - -
ev-'ry day; } gath-er-ing up the sheaves by the way.
- - -

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No. 15. My Savior Divine.

(Dedicated to Rev. Phœbe A. Hannaford.)

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by Mrs, JOSEPH F, KNAPP.

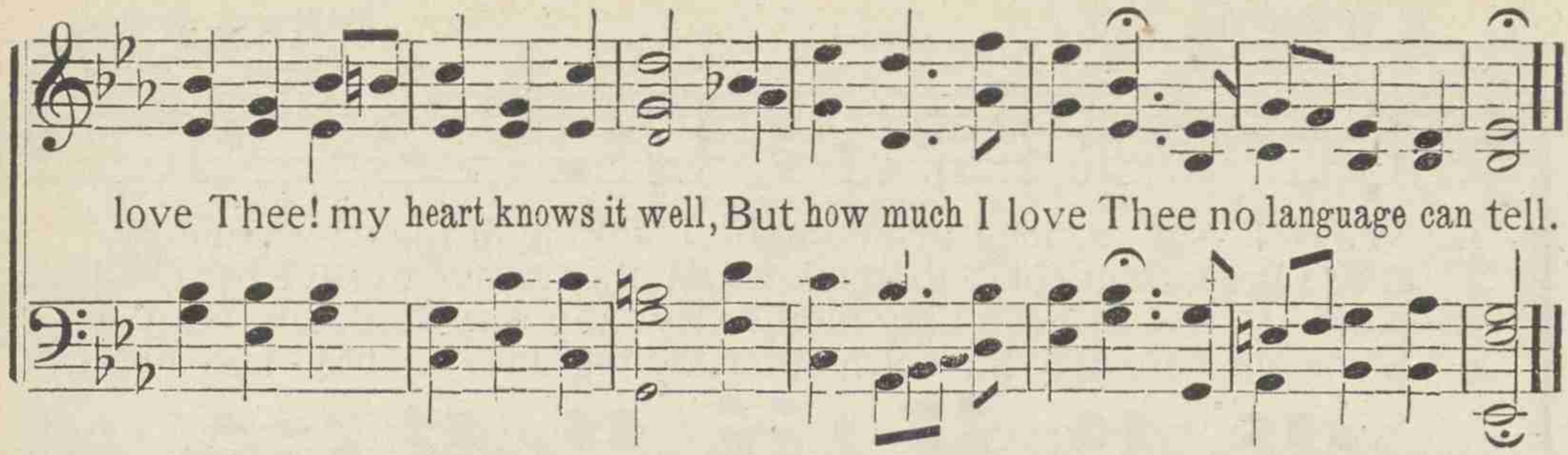
1. O Je - sus, my Shepherd and Sav-ior di - vine! The world and its pleas-ures for Thee I re - sign; Thou lead-est me gen - tly where still wa - ters glide, While un-der Thy shad-ow I safely a - bide.
2. My cup with thanksgiving and joy Thou dost fill; Thy ban-ner of mer - cy is o - ver me still; The tem - pest may gath-er, the bil - lows may roll, But Thou are the Ref-uge and Rock of my soul.
3. I find Thee in sing-ing, I find Thee in pray'r; In blest med-i - ta - tion Thou al - ways art there; I cling to Thy promise, its truth I be-lieve, The faithful who trust Thee Thy grace shall recive.

CHORUS.

I love Thee! I love Thee! I know Thou art mine! No name is so pre-cious and ho - ly as Thine; I love Thee! I

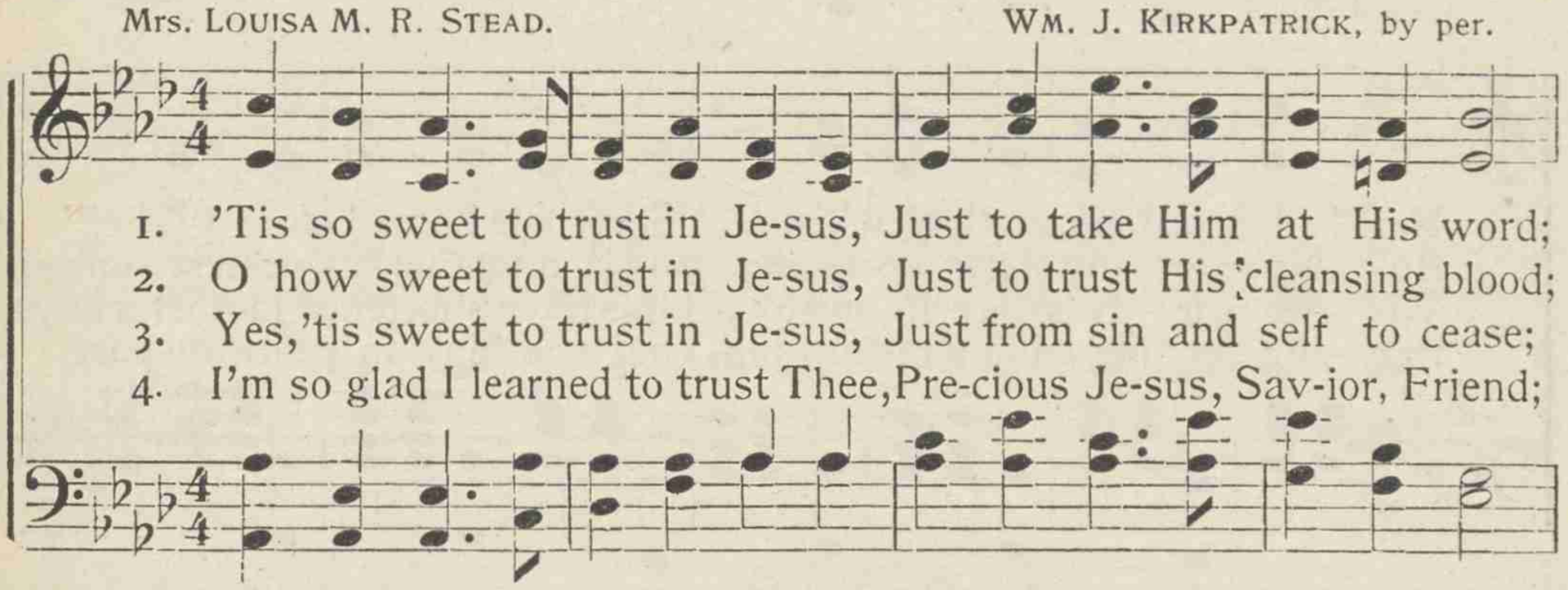
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. BY PER.

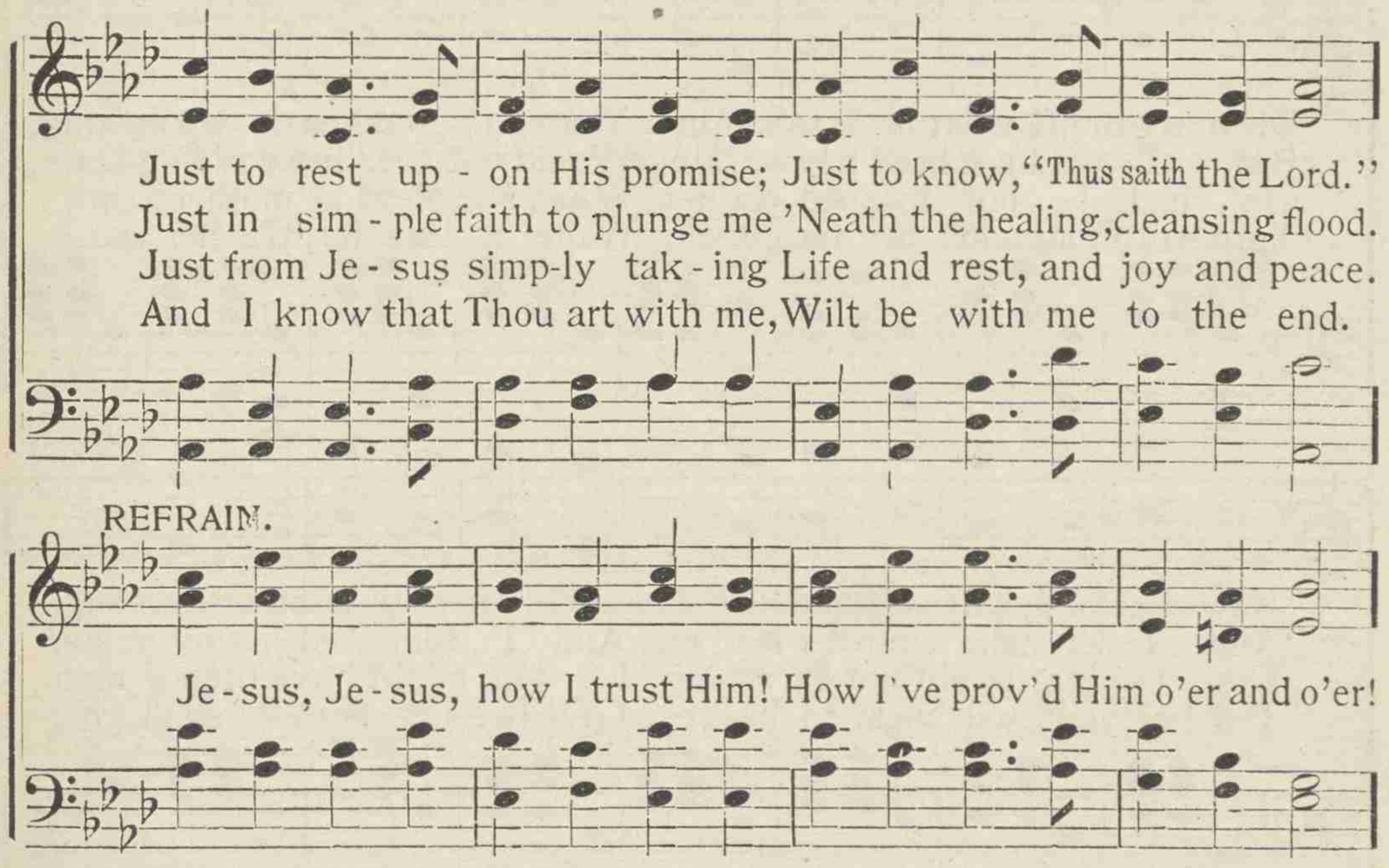
My Savior Divine.—Concluded.

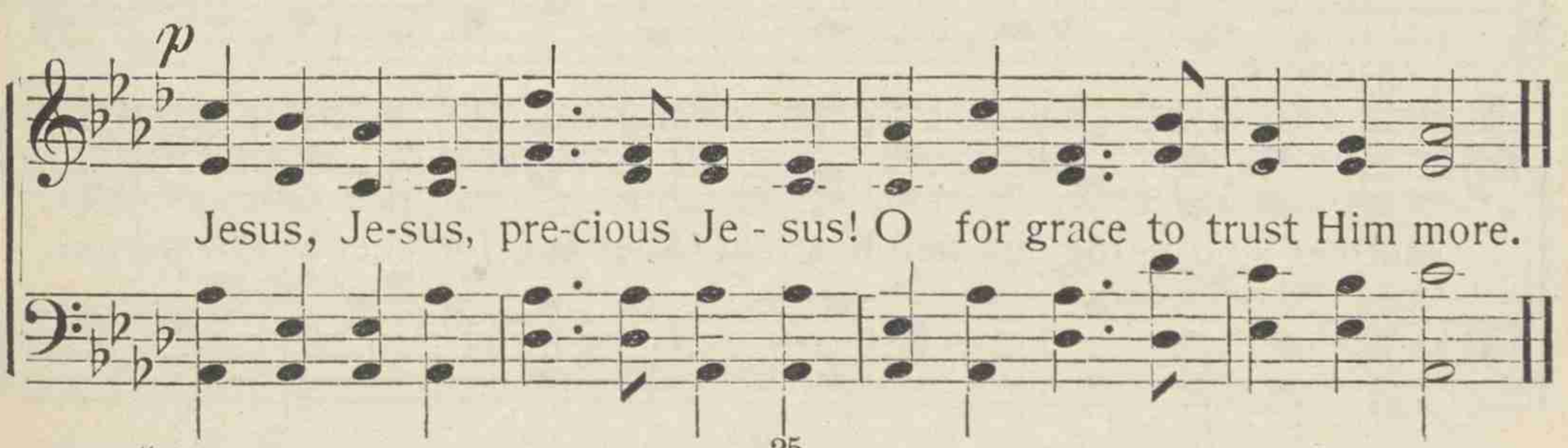


No. 16. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.







No. 17. The Wayward Boy.

W. H. MORRIS. MABEL C. MORRIS.

1. While I sat a-lone at midnight, Thinking of the days gone by,
2. As I grew from child to manhood, Mother strove to save her child,
3. Now I feel I've bro't my mother, By my wayward, sin-ful ways,
4. Some one here may have a mother, Dy-ing with a bro-ken heart,

Hark! I heard my moth-er whisper, "Son, come home before I die;"
By her lov-ing tones so tender, And a mother's sweetest smiles;
To her ear-ly grave in sorrow, Thus have shortened mother's days;
Pray-ing for her child's re-turn-ing, That she may in peace de-part;

Then my tho'ts went back to mother, Years a-go when I was young,
But I would not heed her warning, Would not heed her scalding tears,
Oh! had I but listened to her, When she plead as mothers can,
Turn to God and be for-giv-en, Write a let-ter, tell her so,

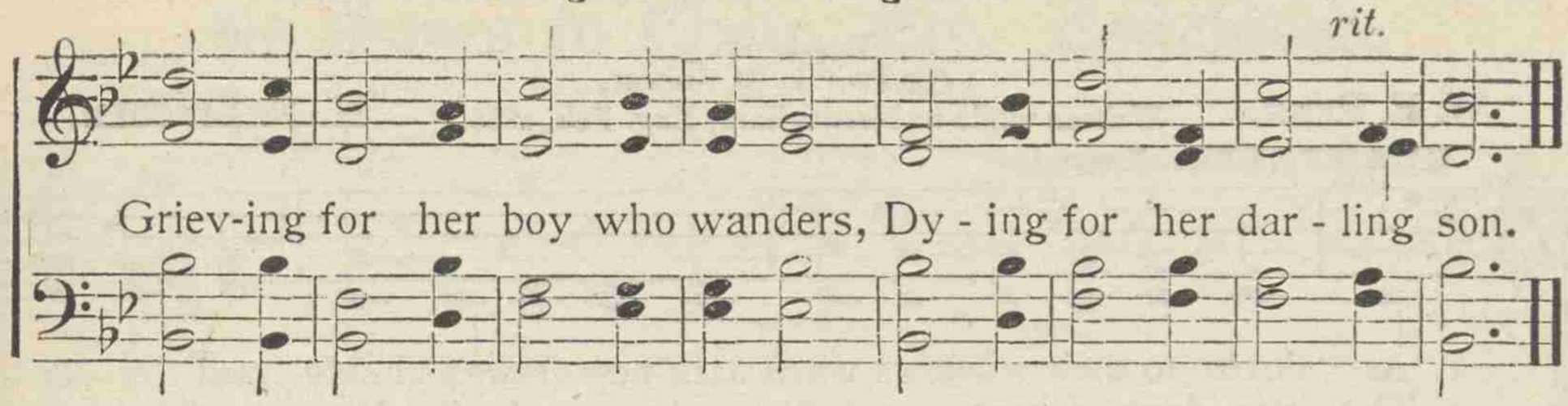
How she lov'd, caressed, and kiss'd me, While her lul-la-bies she sung.
And I let the temp-ter lead me, And I fol-lowed ma-ny years.
She, to-night, might not be dy-ing, I, too, might have been a man.
Tell her you will meet in heaven, Give her joy ere she shall go.

CHORUS.

Moth-er's dy-ing bro-ken hearted, Griev-ing for her wayward one,

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The Wayward Boy.—Concluded.
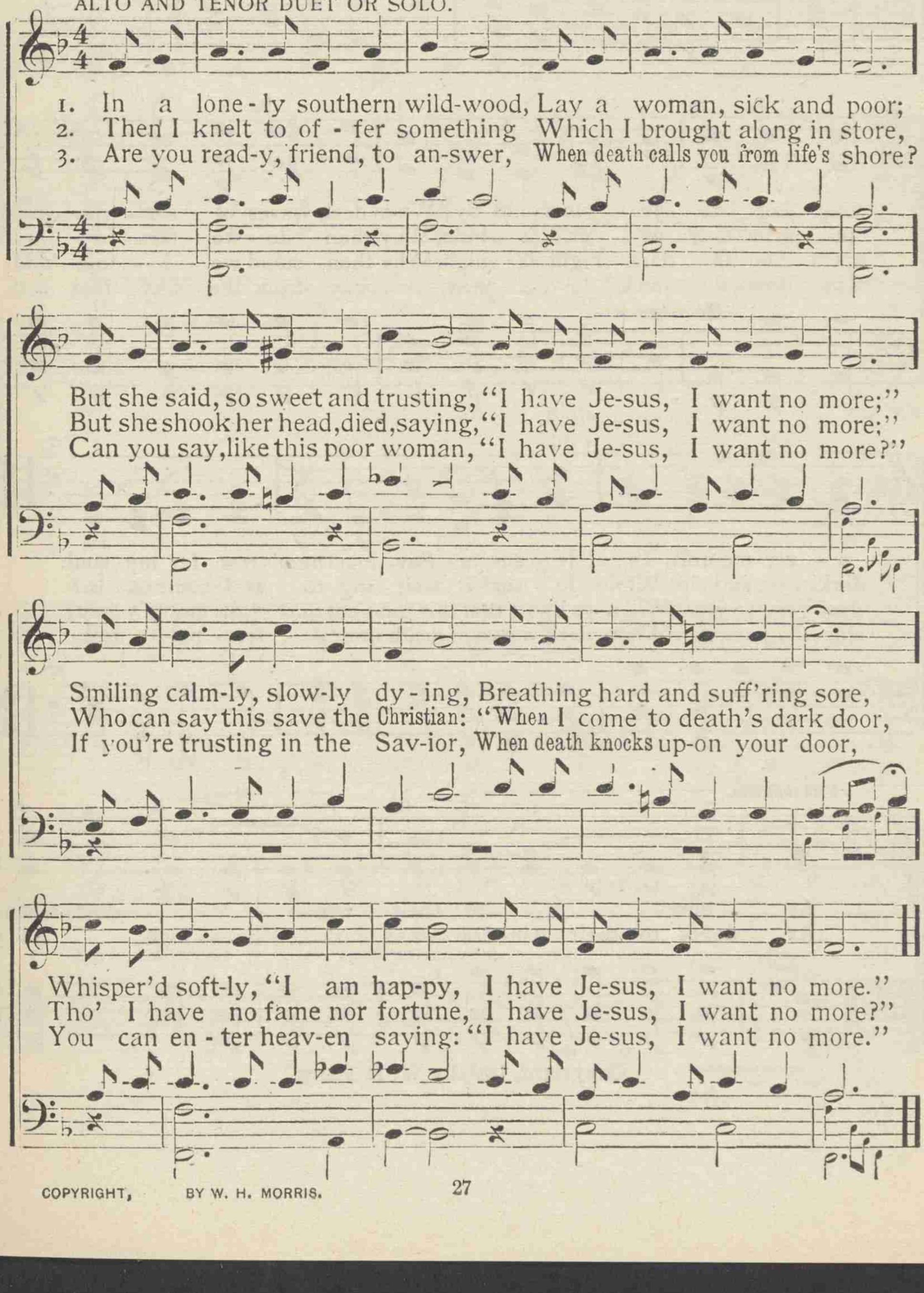


No. 18. I Have Jesus, I Want no More.

These words were suggested by Rev. W. D. Mathews, who related the story in a meeting at Windsor, Mo., where the writer was directing the singing.

W. H. M. W. H. MORRIS.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET OR SOLO.



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No. 19. As Doves to Their Windows.

Isaiah 60: 9.

To Prof. L. B. Shook.

W. E. Penn. Written while at Nottingham, Eng. Feb. 1886. H. N. Lincoln.

QUARTETTE. Legato.

1. As doves to their windows when dark-ness draws nigh, My soul in its
2. The win- dows of heav - en stand o - pen and wide, Where earth's weary
3. The storm-clouds are gath'ring, the tem- pest is high, The day is far
4. Then come, trembling sin- ner, no lon - ger de- lay, As doves to their

long - ings to Je - sus would fly; When dark waves of sor - row would
pil - grims may ev - er a - bide, Why then do we tar - ry in
spent and the dark night is nigh, Why then stand we i - dle 'mid
win - dows, fly quick - ly a - way, A - way from the sins that will

o - ver me roll, In Je - sus my Sav- iour there's rest for my soul.
dark- ness and sin, While Je - sus is wait - ing to wel- come us in?
dan- gers so great, When we know that this moment may close mercy's gate?
sink thy poor soul Where dark waves of death must e - ter - nal- ly roll.

CHORUS.

As doves..... to their win - - - dows when
As doves to their win- dows when dark-ness draws nigh, As

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. Penn.

As Doves to Their, Etc. Concluded.

ff

dark - - - ness draws nigh,..... As
doves to their win - dows when dark - ness draws nigh As

p *m*

doves..... to their win - - - dows when
doves to their win - dows when tem - pests are high, As

f *ff* **dim.**

tem - - - pests are high,..... There's
doves to their win - dows when tem - pests are high,

cres. **dim.**

ref - uge in Je - sus for each wea - ry soul, When
roll.

cres.

dark waves of sor - row would o - ver us, o - ver us roll.
roll.

No. 20. Help to Save Some Soul To-day.

J. H A. J. H. ALLEMAN, by per.

1. Let me work in Thy vine-yard, on - ly work I pray,
2. Let me work in Thy vine-yard, al - ways work I pray,
3. Let me work in Thy vine-yard, while it yet is day,
4. Pre-cious Sav - ior, now strengthen us Thy work to do,

Help to turn from the downward way One poor wretch-ed lost one
Mill - ions sure - ly are drift - ing down; Hark! the call, "come help us,"
E'er the eve - ning of life draws nigh, Help to lead the thirst-y
Strength from Thee, Thee alone we crave; Help us bring the wan-d'rers

from the paths of sin, Help to save some soul to - day.
let us not de - lay; Bright-er there will be our crown.
to the stream which flows From the liv - ing fount on high.
from the paths of sin, Help us, Lord, some soul to save.

CHORUS.

Help to-day, help to-day, Help to save some soul to-day; From the
Help to-day, help to-day,
paths of sin Let us gath-er in Precious souls for Christ to - day.

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No. 21. Why Do Ye Wait?

(Dedicated to Rev. L. M. Krider, Portland, Ind.)

R A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER, by per.

1. Oh, why do ye wait? The hour is grow-ing late; Sin-ner, will you
2. The time hast-eth by, The judgment draweth nigh; Sin-ner, will you
3. Oh, heed now His voice, Ac - cept Him and re - joice! Sin-ner, will you

come to Je sus? So meek-ly He stands, Extending pleading hands;
come to Je-sus? He pleads for your heart, Oh, bid Him not de-part;
come to Je-sus? Down, down at His feet, Your pardon is complete,

D. S.—*Oh, why do ye wait? The hour is growing late;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Sin-ner, give your heart to Je - sus. Sinner, will you come,
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je - sus.
Sin-ner, if you come to Je - sus. come to Je - sus,

Come and give your heart to Je - sus.

D. S.

Sin-ner, will you come, Sin-ner, will you come to Je - sus?

come to Je-sus,

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY L. M. EVILSIZER.

No. 22. The House Upon a Rock.

ORLANDO. 2d and 3d verses by W. H. MORRIS. W. H. MORRIS.

1. My house is built up - on a sol - id rock, I know it will
2. My house is on the ev - er-last-ing rock, I know it will
3. My house is built up - on a sol - id rock, I know it will

stand for - ev - er, The floods may come and the roll - ing thunder
stand e - ter - nal, The storms may come and the walls may toss and
fall, no, nev - er, And Je - sus Christ is that great E - ter - nal

D. S.—*The floods may come and the roll - ing thunder*

FINE.

shock, But my house will nev - er fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.
rock, But I know it can-not fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.
Rock, And a house can nev - er fall Which is built up - on that rock.

shock, But my house will nev - er fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.

CHORUS.

It will nev - er fall, ... For 'tis built up - on a rock,

It will nev - er fall, ... Yes, up - on the sol - id rock,
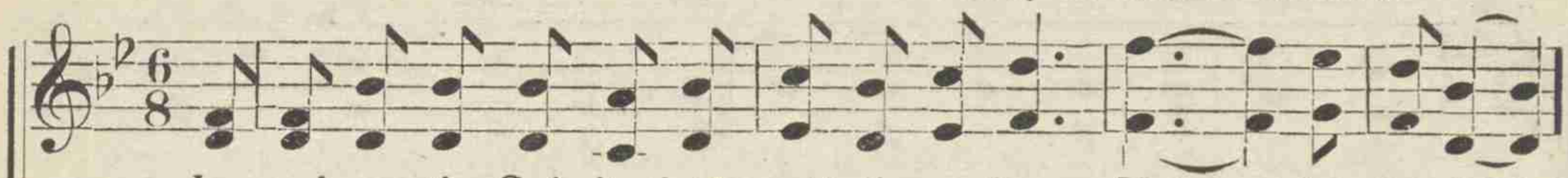
D. S.

COPYRIGHT, BY W. H. MORRIS.

No. 23. Hallelujah!

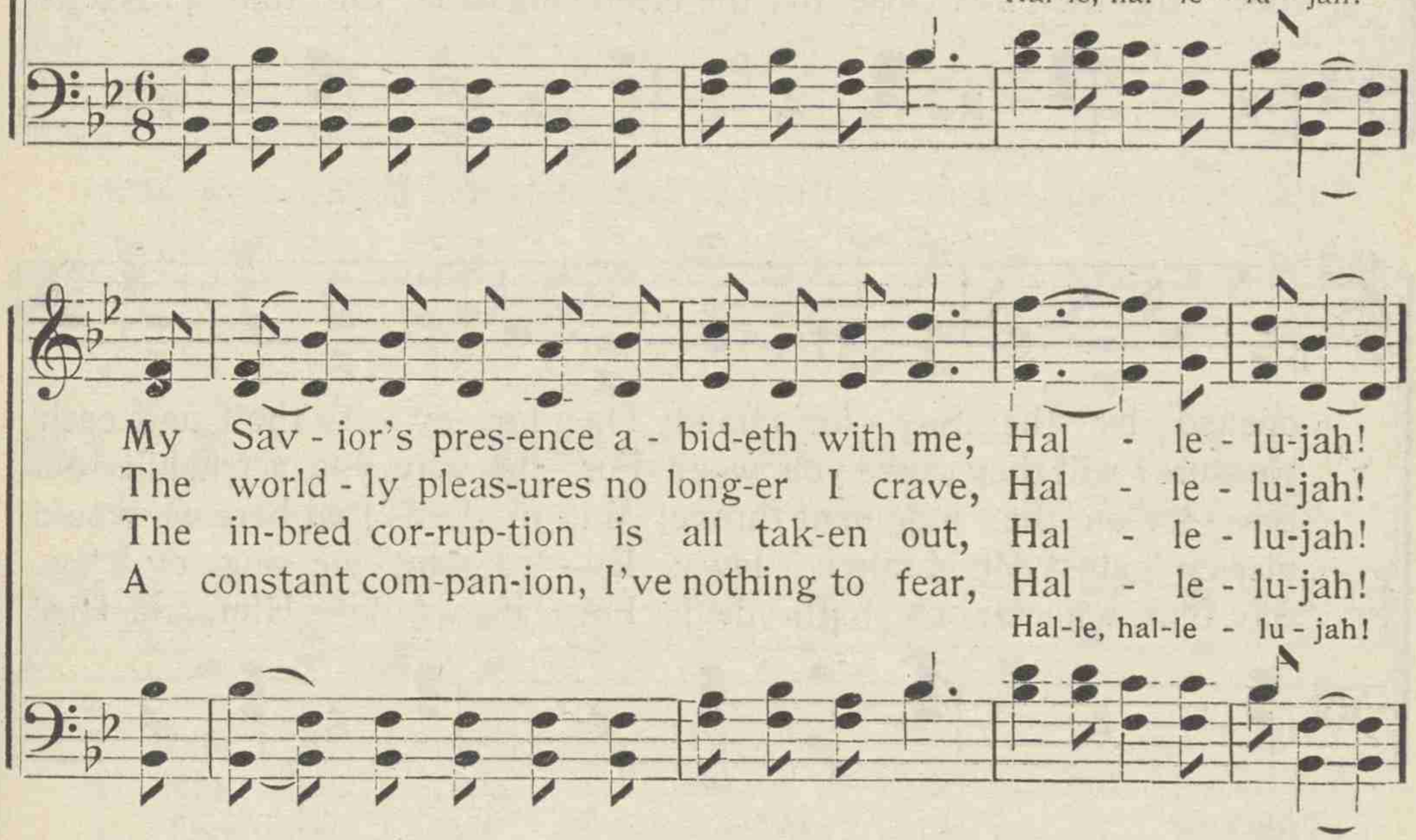
C. D. T.

Melody furnished by the Salvation Army.
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. I now have the Spir-it that setteth me free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. No long-er I'm doubting His pow-er to save, Hal - le - lu - jah!
3. So glad I can trust Him, I can-not but shout, Hal - le - lu - jah!
4. My Savior is with me each day in the year, Hal - le - lu - jah!
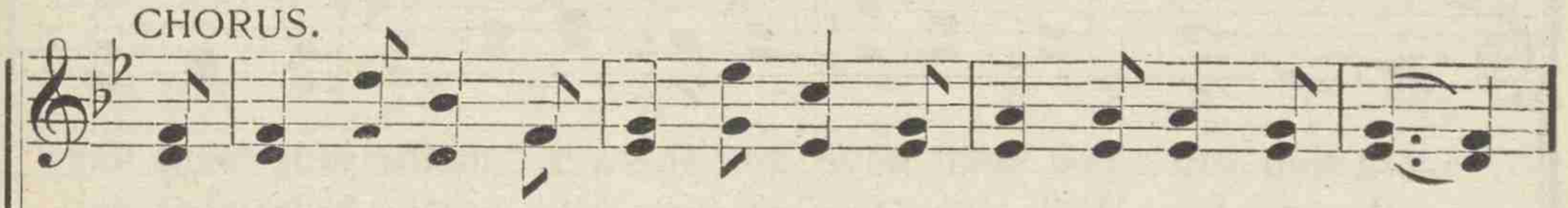
Hal-le, hal - le - lu - jah!
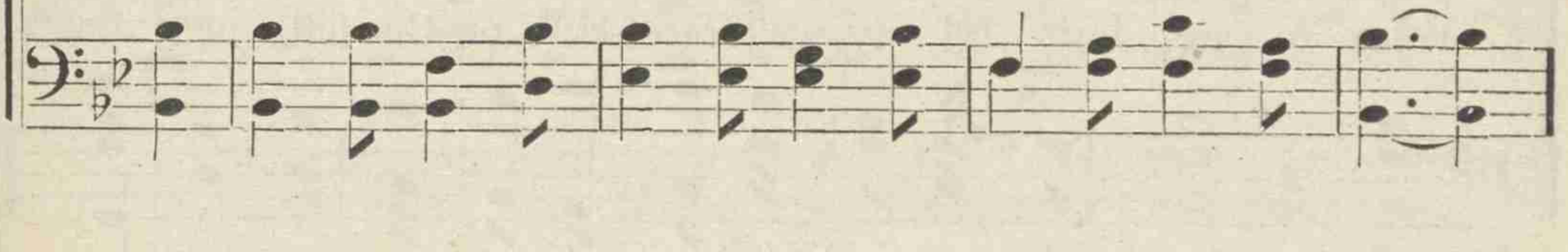


My Sav - ior's pres-ence a - bid-eth with me, Hal - le - lu-jah!
The world - ly pleas-ures no long-er I crave, Hal - le - lu-jah!
The in-bred cor-rup-tion is all tak-en out, Hal - le - lu-jah!
A constant com-pan-ion, I've nothing to fear, Hal - le - lu-jah!

Hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah!
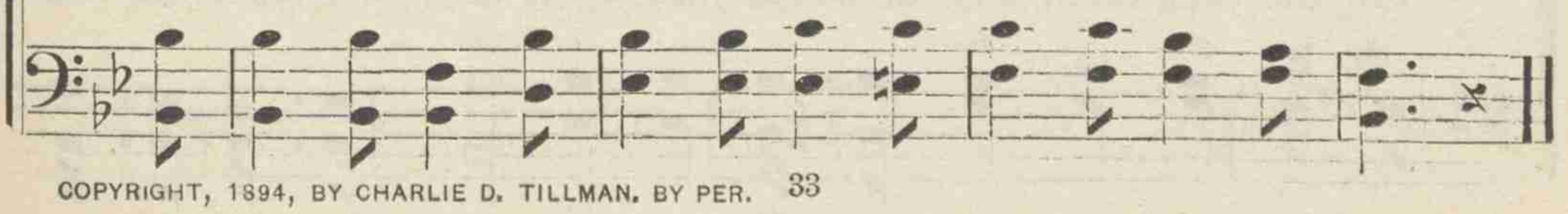
CHORUS.



Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am glad to tell,
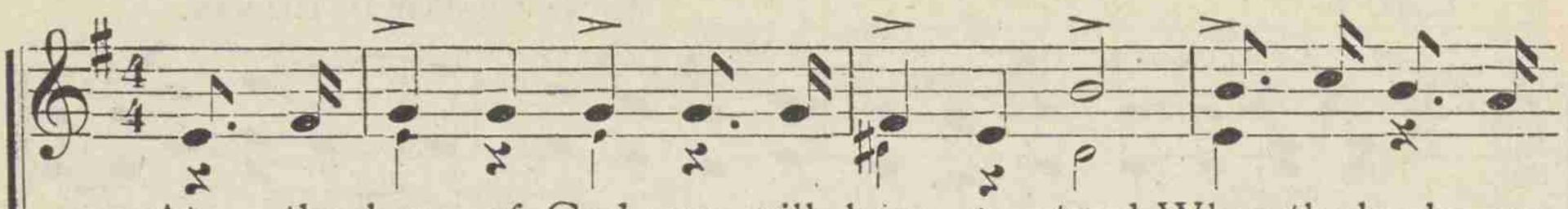


Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! With my soul 'tis well.



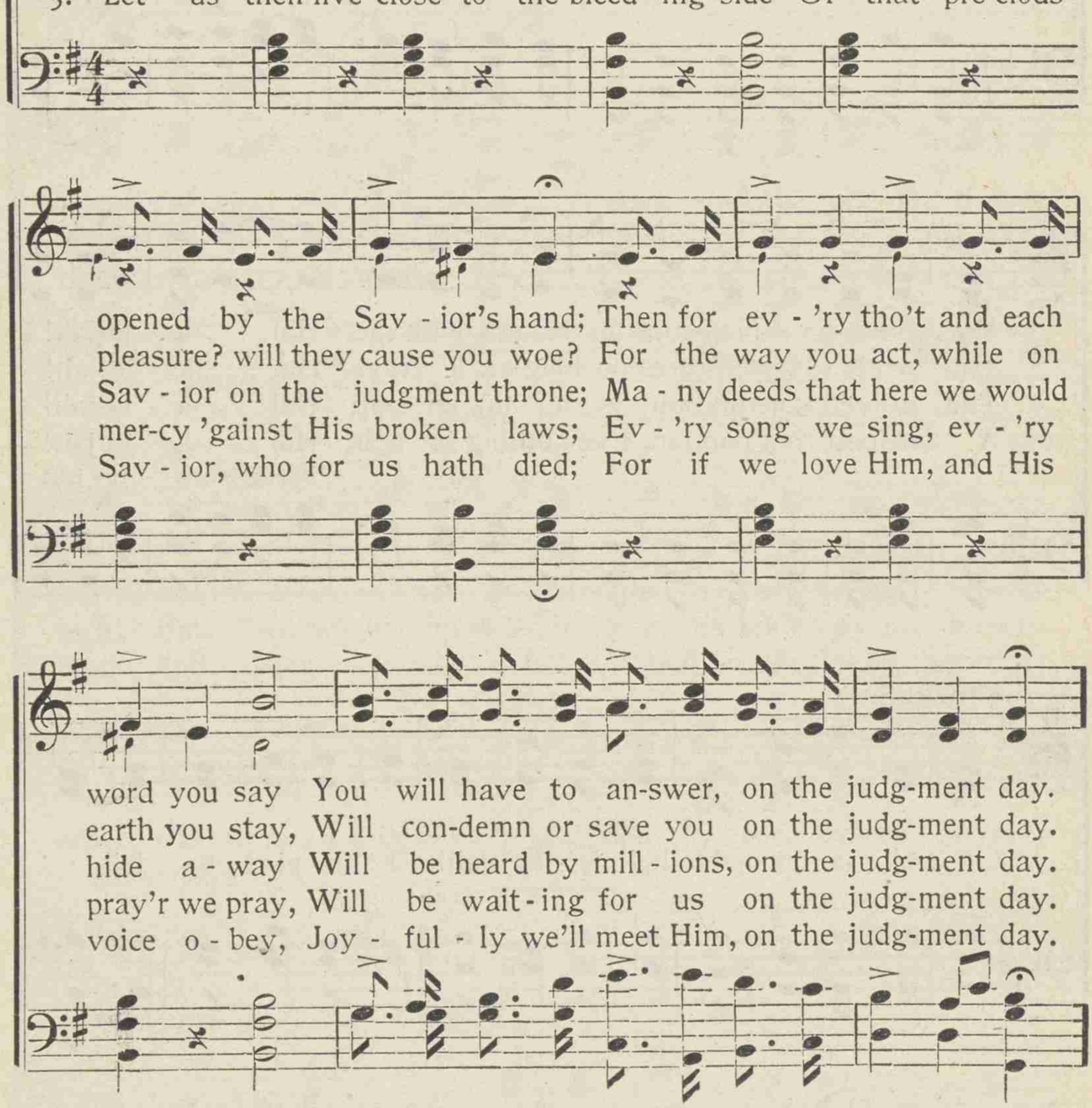
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No. 24. The Judgment Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.



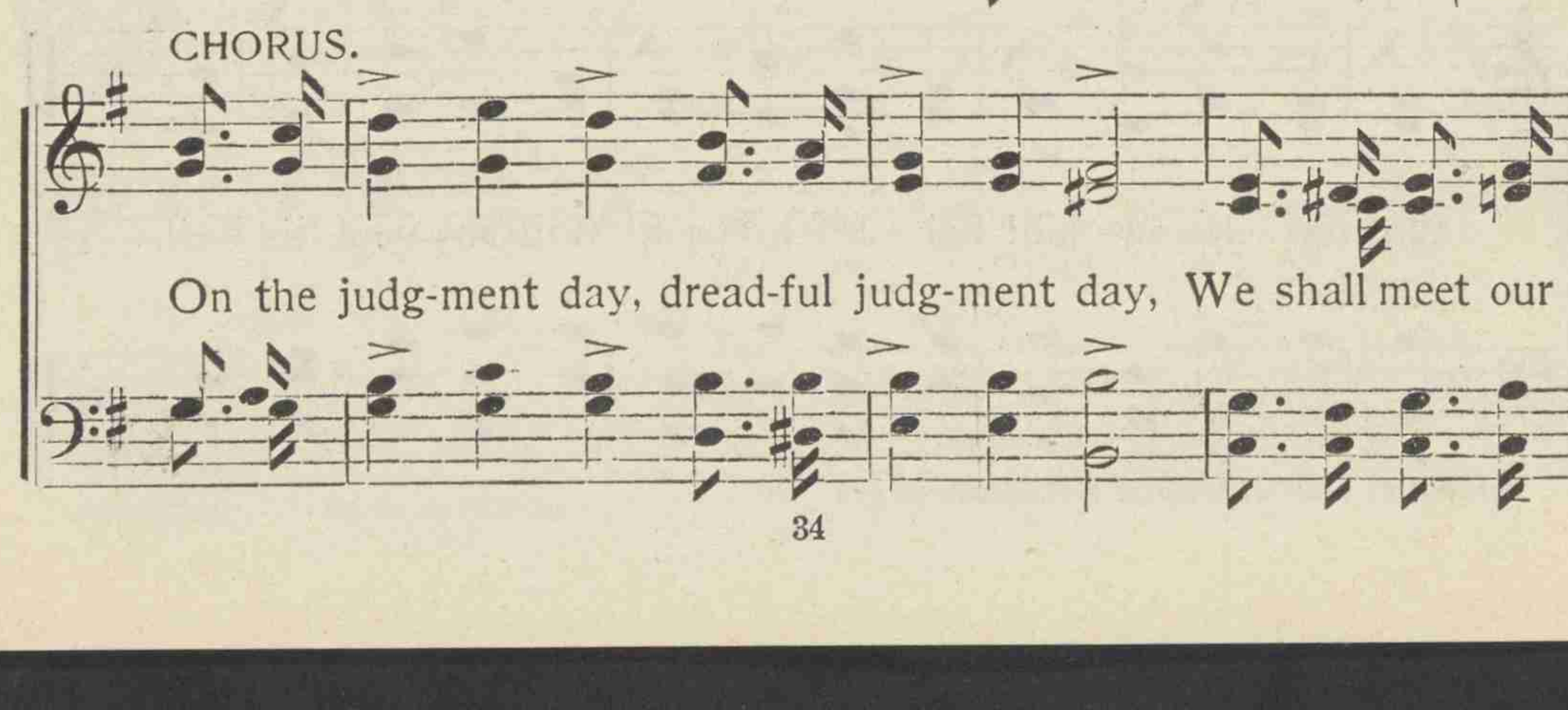
1. At the bar of God you will have to stand, When the books are
2. There you'll meet each friend, there you'll meet each foe, Will they bring you
3. Ev - 'ry act of life will be there made known, When we see our
4. Ev - 'ry hour we spend in the Mas-ter's cause Will be weighed by
5. Let us then live close to the bleed - ing side Of that pre-cious



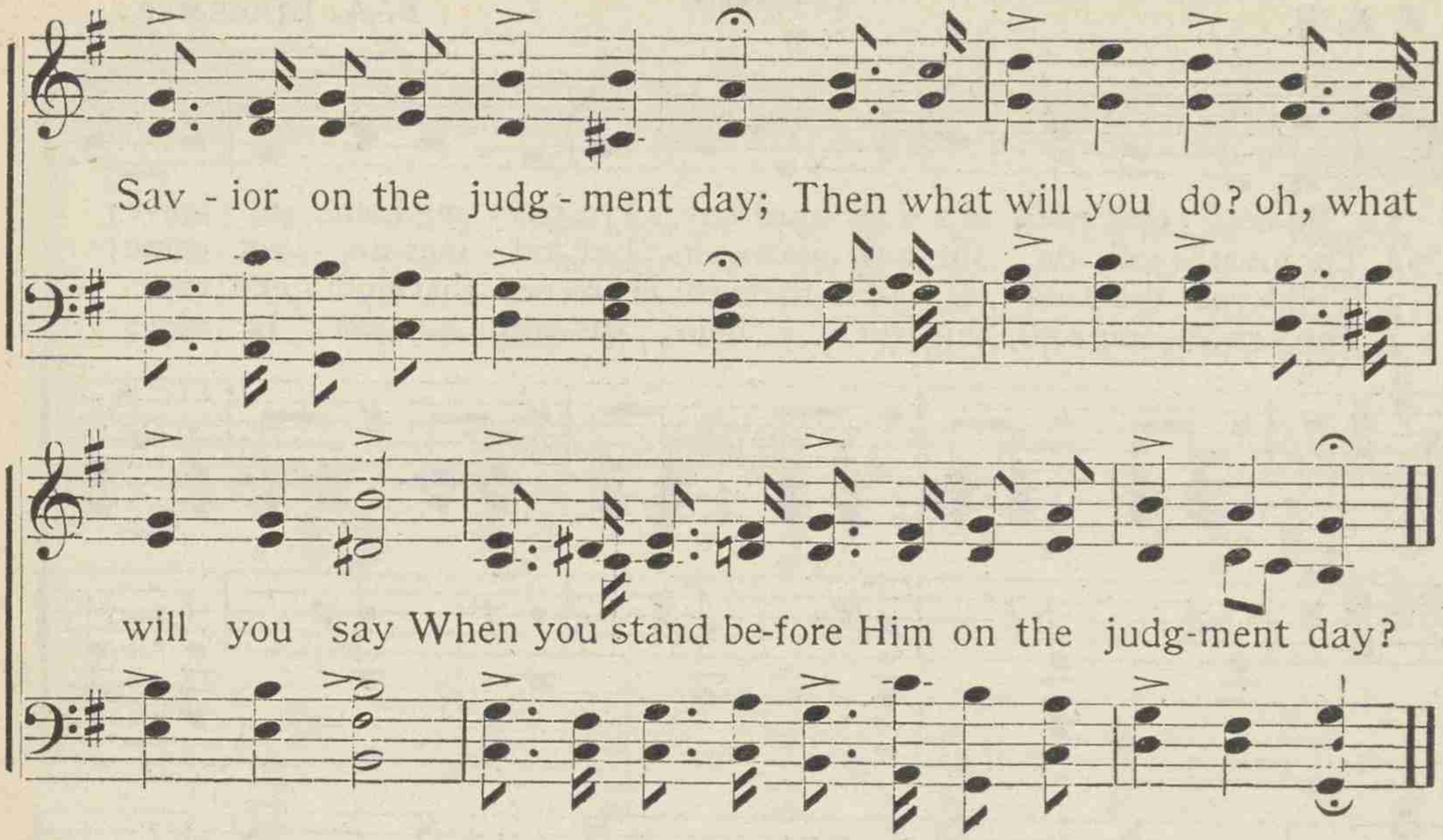
opened by the Sav - ior's hand; Then for ev - 'ry tho't and each
pleasure? will they cause you woe? For the way you act, while on
Sav - ior on the judgment throne; Ma - ny deeds that here we would
mer-cy 'gainst His broken laws; Ev - 'ry song we sing, ev - 'ry
Sav - ior, who for us hath died; For if we love Him, and His

word you say You will have to an-swer, on the judg-ment day.
earth you stay, Will con-demn or save you on the judg-ment day.
hide a - way Will be heard by mill - ions, on the judg-ment day.
pray'r we pray, Will be wait - ing for us on the judg-ment day.
voice o - bey, Joy - ful - ly we'll meet Him, on the judg-ment day.

CHORUS.
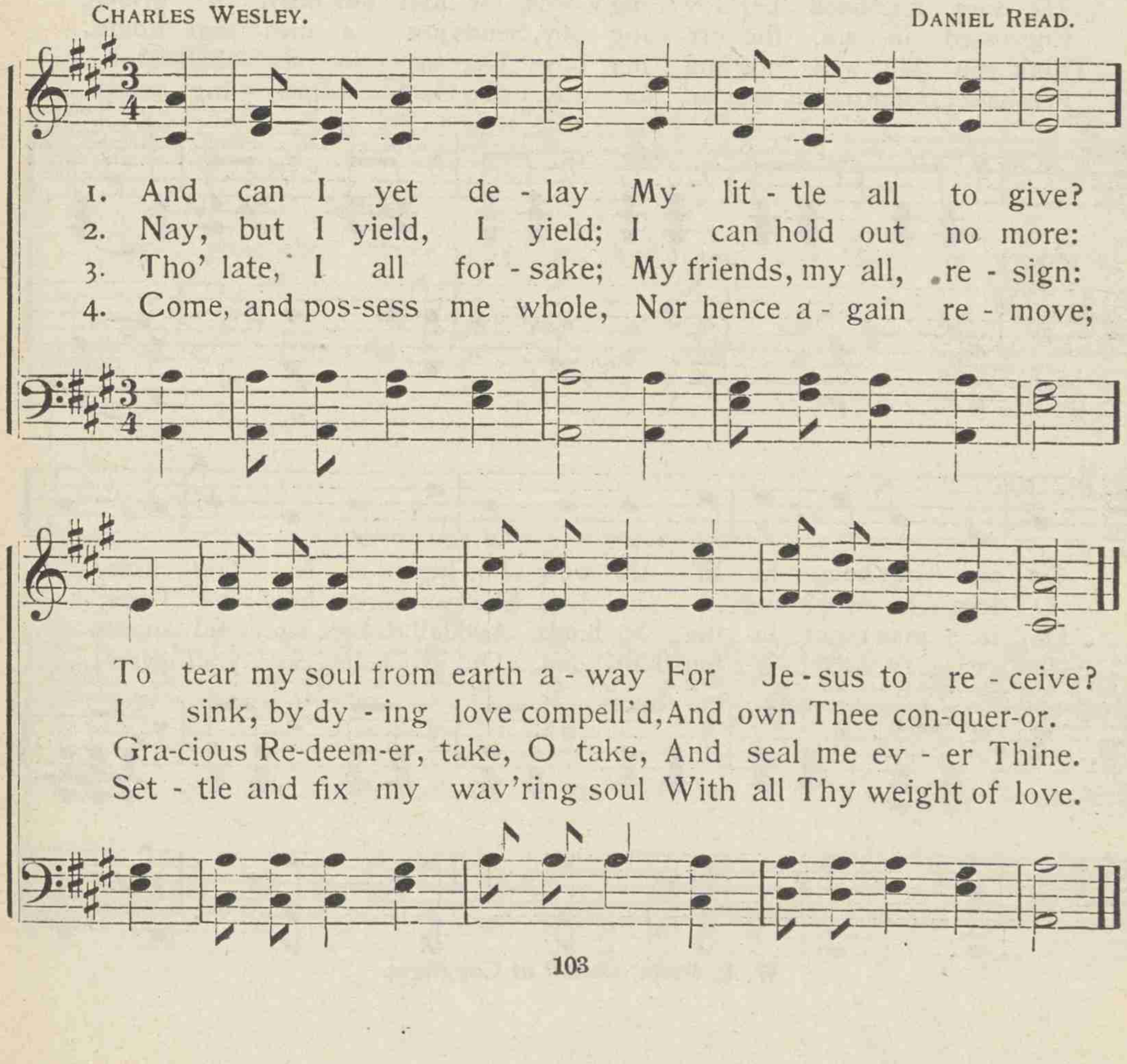


On the judg-ment day, dread-ful judg-ment day, We shall meet our



No. 25. Lisbon. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. DANIEL READ.



No. 26. A Mother's Prayers.

F. A. B. To my wife. F. A. BLACKMER.
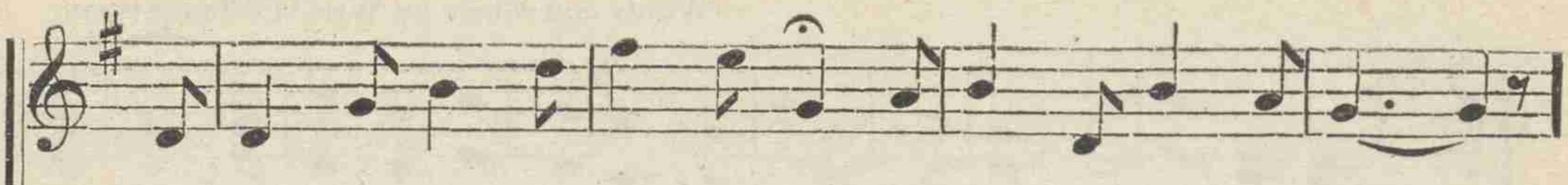
1. Be-hold that moth- er's way- ward boy, Pre- par - ing home to leave;
2. The months roll on, she anx - ious waits, But tid - ings do not come;
3. Think you the God of all the earth Hears not that moth - er's cry?
4. Perchance, some soul, this ver - y hour, Re-calls an ear - ly vow;

He does not heed her lov - ing words, Or shun her heart to grieve.
Engrossed in sin, the err - ing boy, Sends not a mes - sage home.
Think you He will not find her boy Ere he in sin shall die?
Perchance, some moth - er, far a - way, To God is pray - ing now;
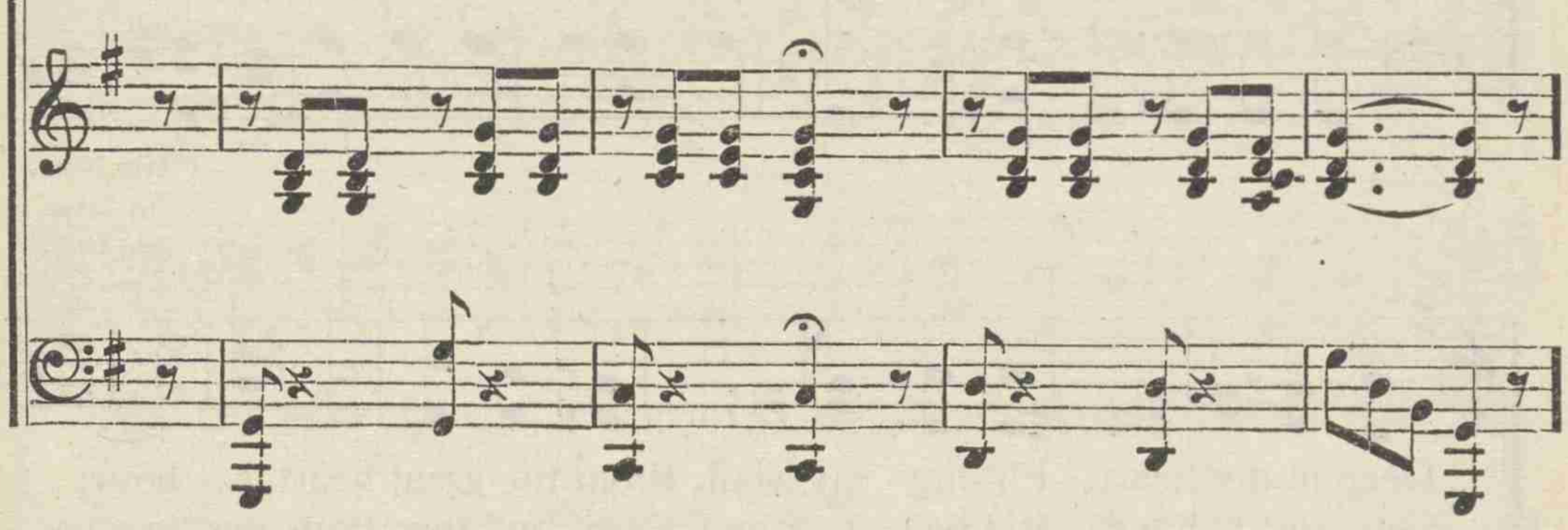
On rov - ing bent he lit - tle now For her af - fec - tion cares,
O does he live? and if he does, She knows not how he fares;
Tho' he may roam in ma - ny lands, And fall by sin - ful snares,
O wea - ry, heav - y bur-dened one, On Je - sus cast your cares;

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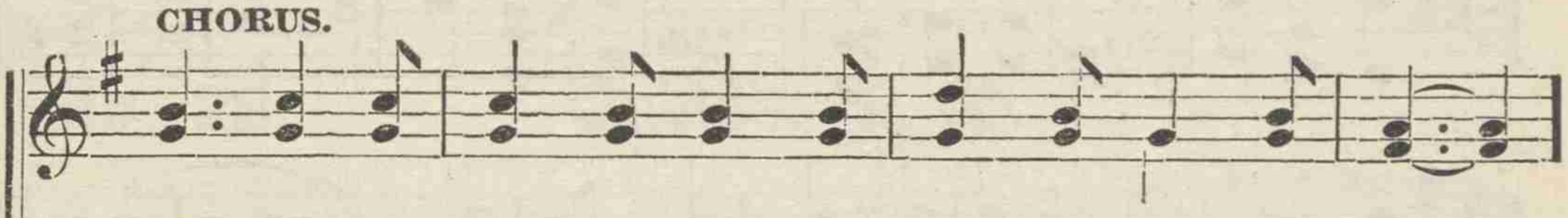
A Mother's Prayers. Concluded.
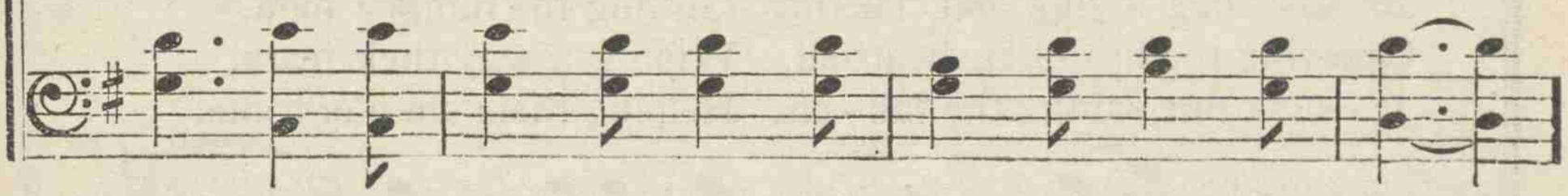


And cru - el - ly for-sakes her, yet She fol - lows with her prayers.
What dread suspense! yet faith - ful still, She up- ward sends her prayers.
Will God not sure - ly hon - or yet That faith - ful moth - er's prayers?
And find the heav'n-ly ref - uge thro' A faith - ful moth - er's prayers.
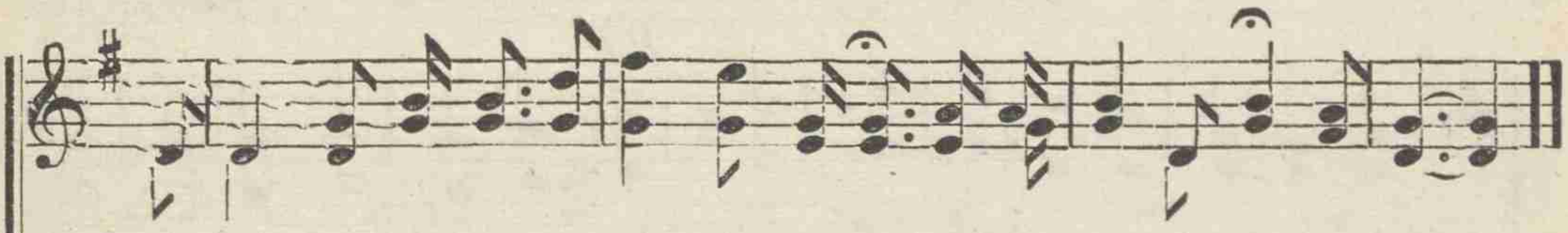


CHORUS.
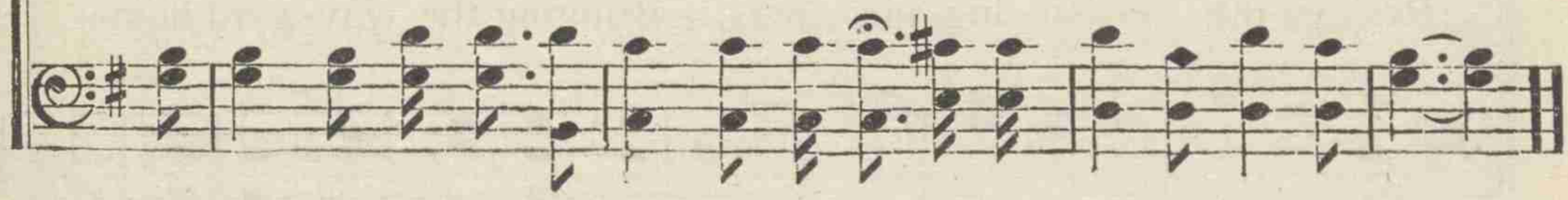


Gone, gone, she knows not where, And yet her love he shares;





For- got - ten nev- er, He's fol-lowed ev - er By a faith-ful mother's prayers.



No. 27. Oh, to be More Like Jesus.

Words and Music by WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus! Oh, to have more of His love,
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise,
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci-ful, loving and kind,

His love,
to rise,
and kind,

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove;
Giv - ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize,
Lead-ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Helping the lame and blind!

Je - sus came loving and cheering, Giv-ing the hungry food,
Cheering the bro - ken heart-ed, Wiping a-way their tears,
Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Helping them sin o'er-come,

the hun-gry
a-way their
them sin o'er-

pp

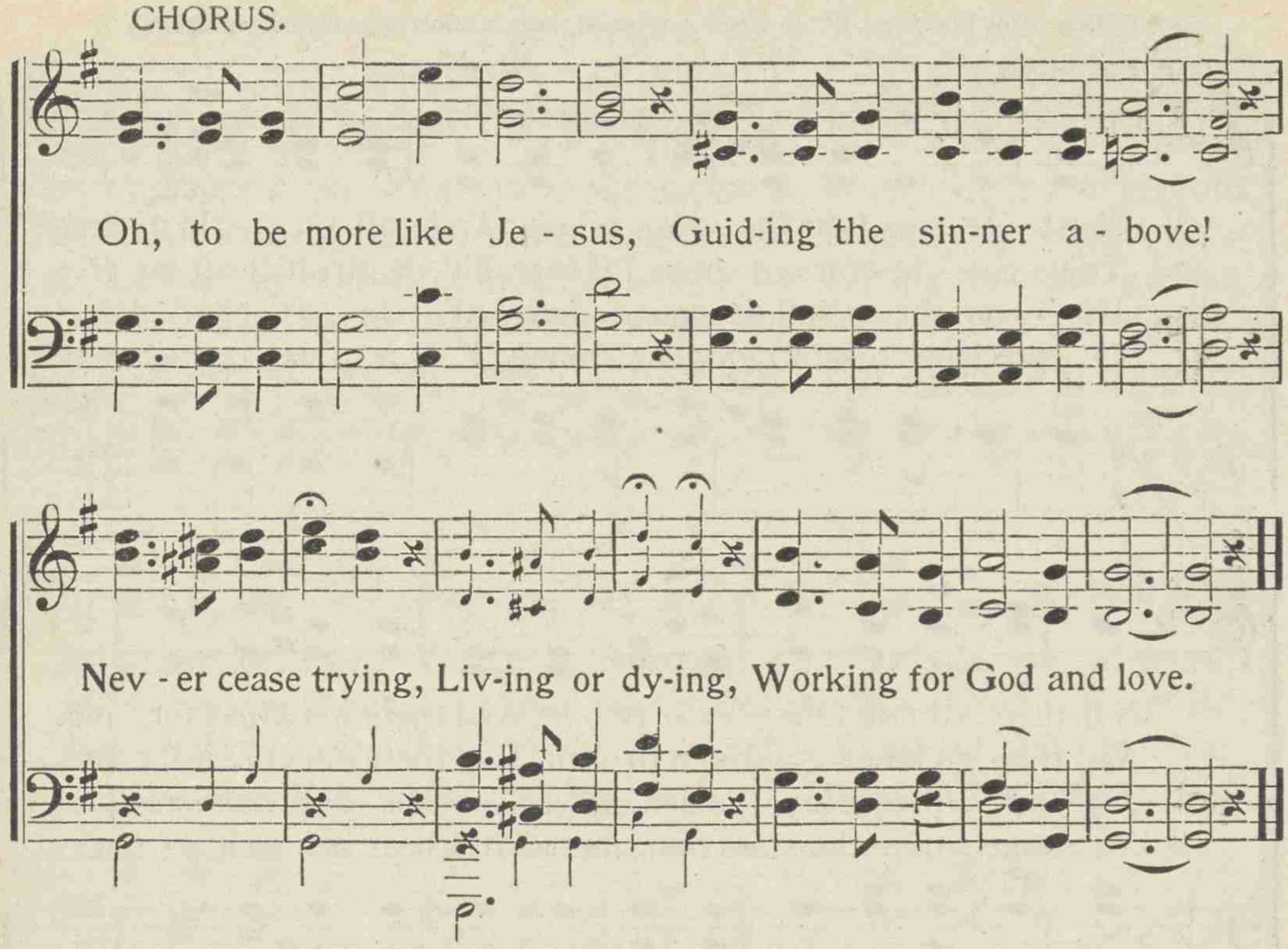
Help-ing the poor and the need - y; Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing ma-ny in sor - row, Ban ish-ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu-ing per-ish - ing sin - ners, Bringing the way-ward home.

food, Help-ing the need - y,
tears, Com-fort-ing sor - row,
come, Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

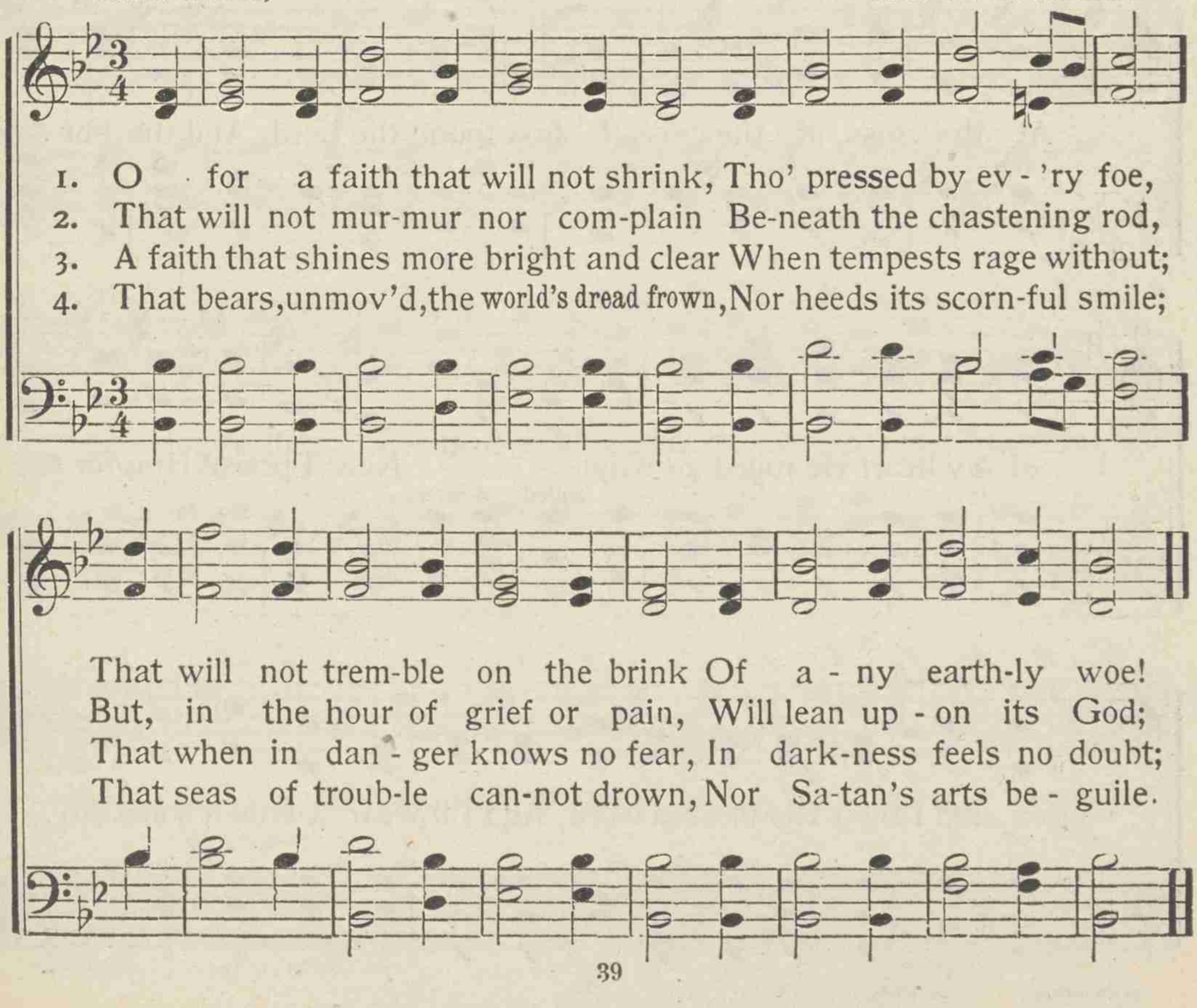
Oh, to be More Like Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 28. Unseld. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, Mrs. W. H. MORRIS.



No. 29. At the Cross! At the Cross!

(This is the last tune W. E. Penn composed, only a short time before his death.)

T. SHEPHERD. W. E. PENN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, I first found the Lord, And the bur-den

of my heart He rolled a - way; Now I praise Him for the

rolled a-way;

cross, and I trust His blessed word, And I'll wear a crown some day.

COPYRIGHT, BY MRS. W. E. PENN.

No. 30. Jesus is Calling.

W. H. M. W. H. MORRIS.

1. Out on the mountain, lost in the darkness, Wand'ring in dan-ger, no
2. Out on the mountain, sinner, why wander, When the dear Savior your
3. Lost on the mountain, hungry and lone-ly, Try-ing from dan - ger and
4. Fast on the mountain, Je-sus is seek-ing; An-swer Him quickly, if

path canst thou see; Yet, in His lov-ing and ten - der-est ac-cents,
Pi - lot would be? Turn from the thistles and thorns that will scar thee;
dark - ness to flee, Turn to the path that is light - ed by Je - sus;
you would be free; Call to Him saying, "Come, Lord, and relieve me;"

CHORUS.

Hear the dear Sav - ior, He's call-ing to thee. Call - ing to thee,

call - ing to thee, Je-sus is call-ing, oh, "Come unto me!" Call-ing to

rit

thee, call - ing to thee, Hear the dear Savior, He's call-ing to thee.

COPYRIGHT, BY W. H. MORRIS.

No. 31. Come Home, Prodigal.

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

1. Un - to thy Fa - ther's dwell-ing, O prod - i - gal, re - turn!
2. Thy sub-stance all is wast - ed, On husks thou fain wouldst feed;
3. He com - eth now to meet thee, While thou art far a - way,
4. O won-drous is the mer - cy He hath al - read - y shown,

His match-less, wondrous mer - cy, Do not in mad - ness spurn;
Why per - ish there with hun - ger, As soon thou wilt in - deed?
And wait - eth to em-brace thee, And words of par - don say;
And won - drous the af - fec - tion That such a son would own!
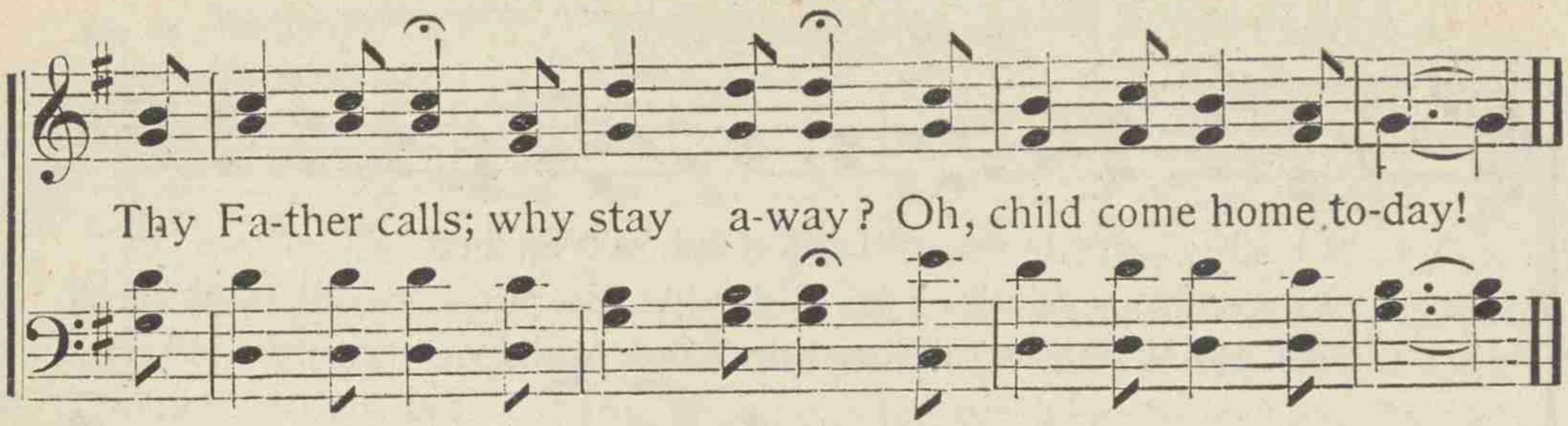
Thou'rt sick at heart, and wea - ry, O, then, why lon - ger roam?
For - sake the land of fam - ine, Of sor - row and of care,
Re - turn, and this com-mand-ment Thro' loy - al hearts shall sound:
O do not slight His good-ness, So bound - less and so free,

For now in love thy Fa - ther Is call - ing, "Son, come home."
And seek thy Fa-ther's coun - try; He will re-ceive thee there.
Re - joice, O men and an - gels! My son, long lost, is found!
But haste and seek His fa - vor While yet He calls for thee!

CHORUS.

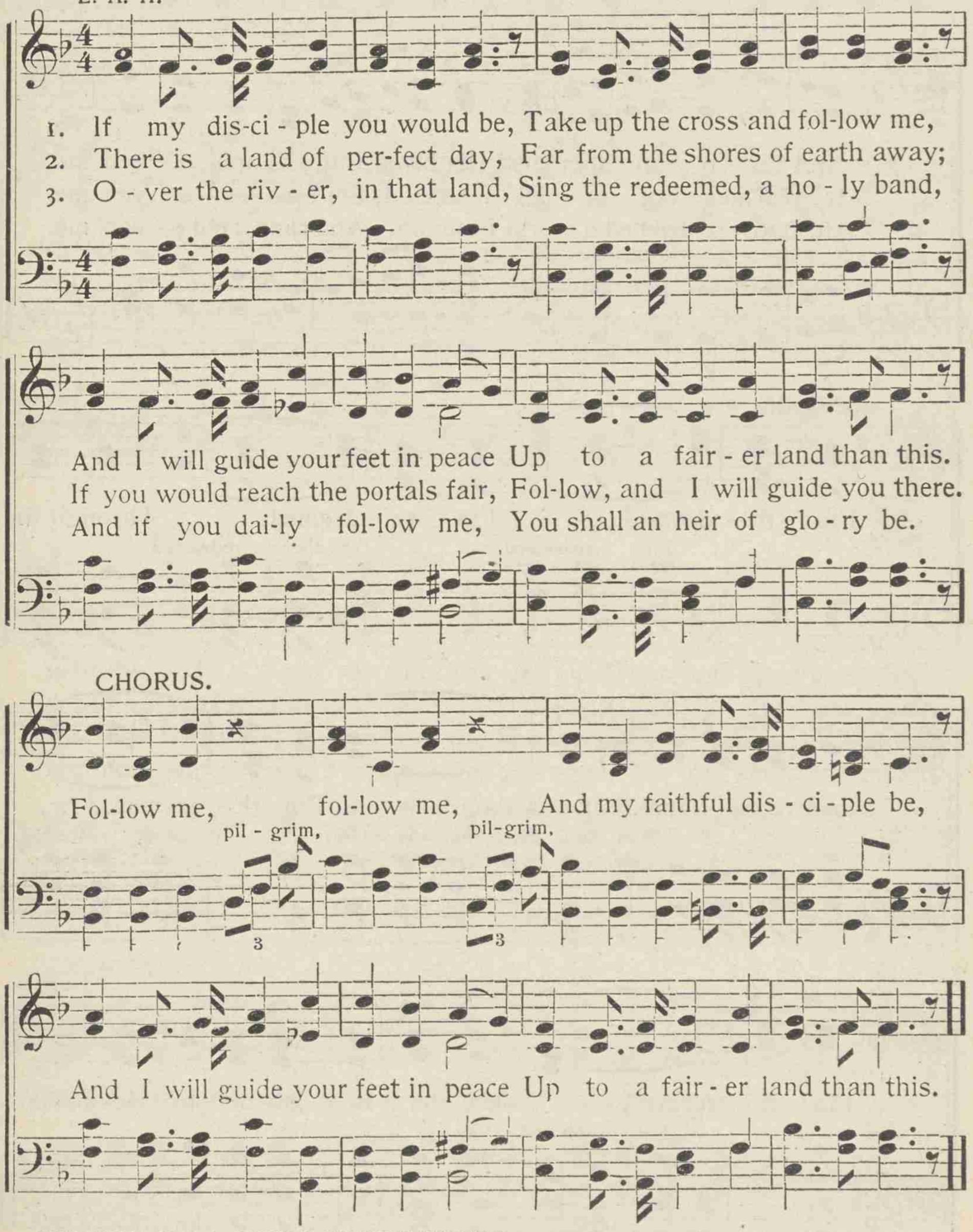
Come home, . . . come home,. . come home, . . . come home,. .
Oh, prod - i - gal child, come home, come home! Oh, prodigal child, come home, come home!

Come Home, Prodigal.



No. 32. Follow Me.

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



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No. 33. I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God." T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. O sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous pow'r of love di-vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;

And for a ran - som shed His blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach-es out to all mankind, Em-brac - es e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, ... Through the
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
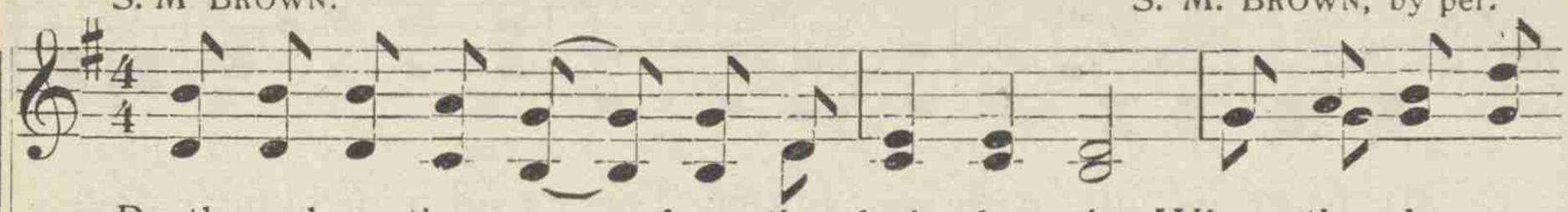
blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . . I'm re - deemed, . .
of the Lamb that was slain; I'm redeemed,

I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name!
I'm re-deemed,
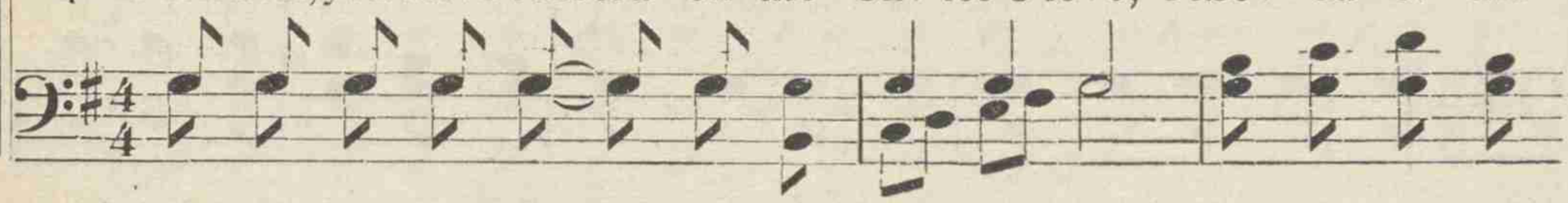
No. 34. Dying for the Knowledge of Jesus.
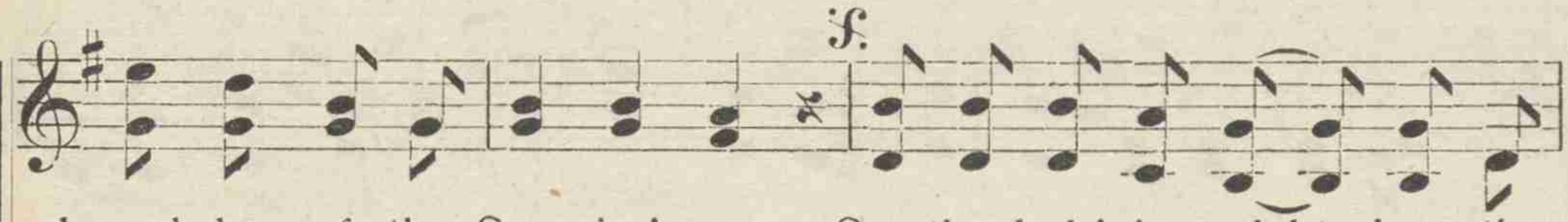
"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—John 17:3.

S. M BROWN. S. M. BROWN, by per.

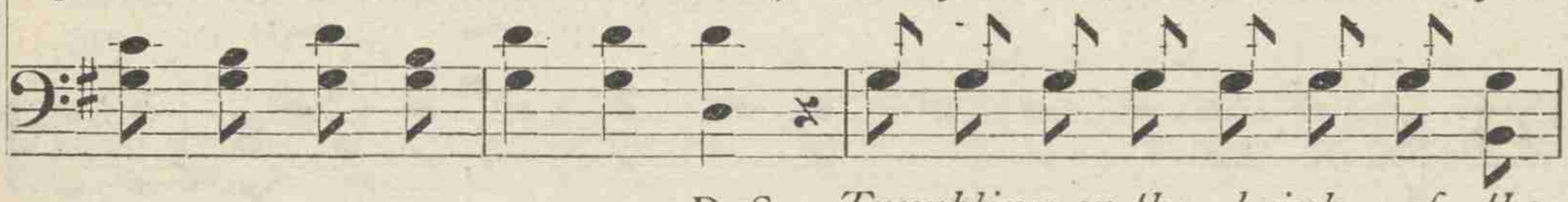


1. Broth-er, hear the cry from the dark do-main, Where they have no
2. Dy - ing all un-cons-cious of the dead - ly ill; Fren - zied by the
3. Sad - ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear; Sink - ing to per-
4. Christian, you have feasted on the Sav-ior's love, Tast .- ed of the
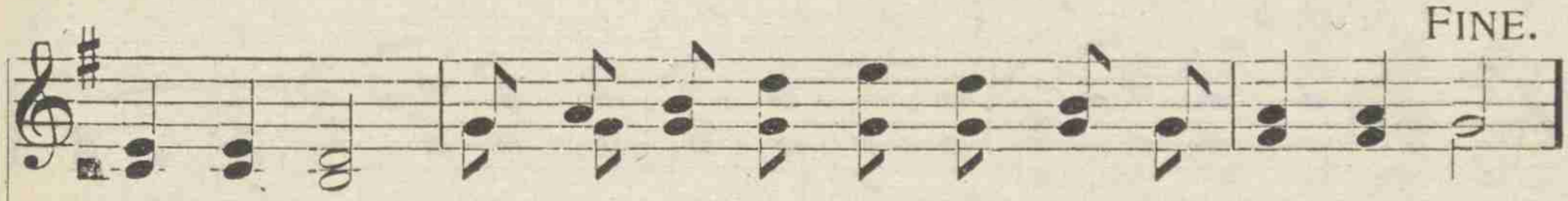




knowledge of the Sav - ior's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the
fe - ver of the fa - tal chill; Blind-ed by de - cep-tion of the
di - tion, yet they feel no fear; Si - lent - ly they're pleading by their
pleas - ures of the world a - bove; Will you with indiff'rence hear your
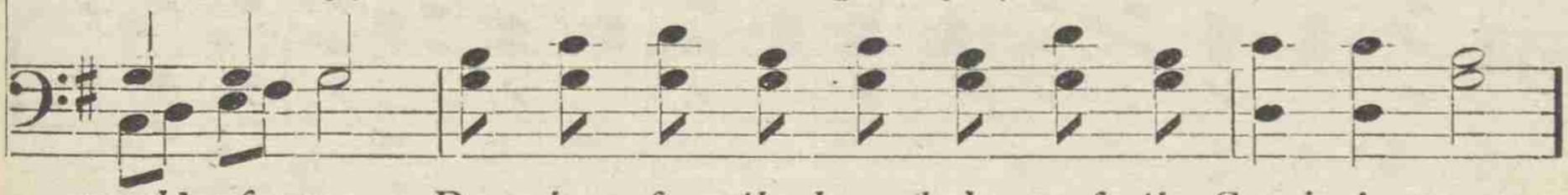


D. S.—*Trembling on the brink of the*

FINE.
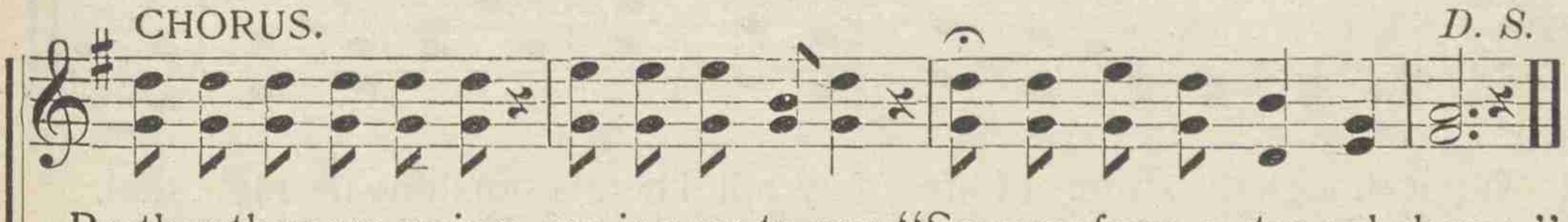


plain-tive cry, "Send us now the gos - pel, or our souls must die."
world's dread foe; Stand-ing on the mar - gin of e - ter - nal woe.
sin and shame, Cry - ing for the knowledge of the Sav - ior's name.
broth-er's cry, "Send us now the gos - pel, or our souls must die?"
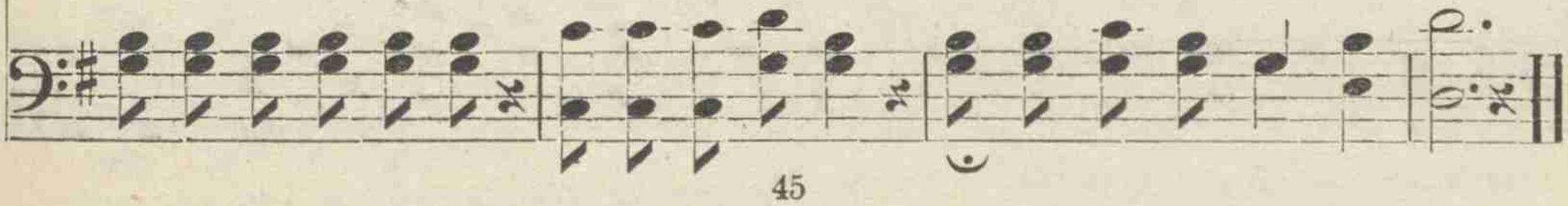


world of woe, Dy - ing for the knowledge of the Sav-ior's name.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
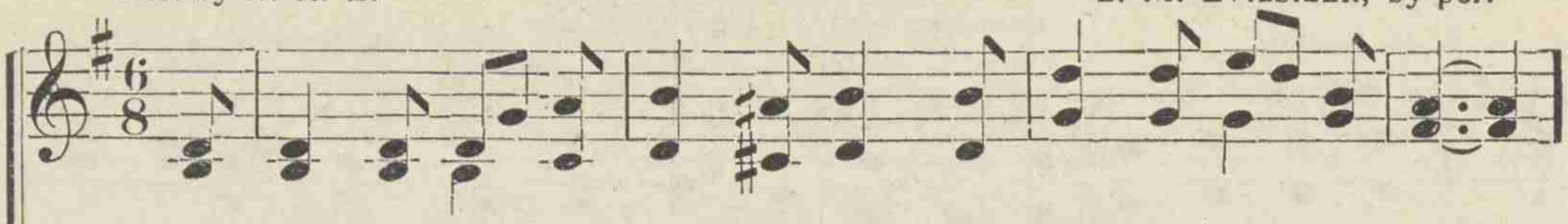


Brother, they are crying, cry-ing un-to you, "Save us from e - ter-nal shame,"

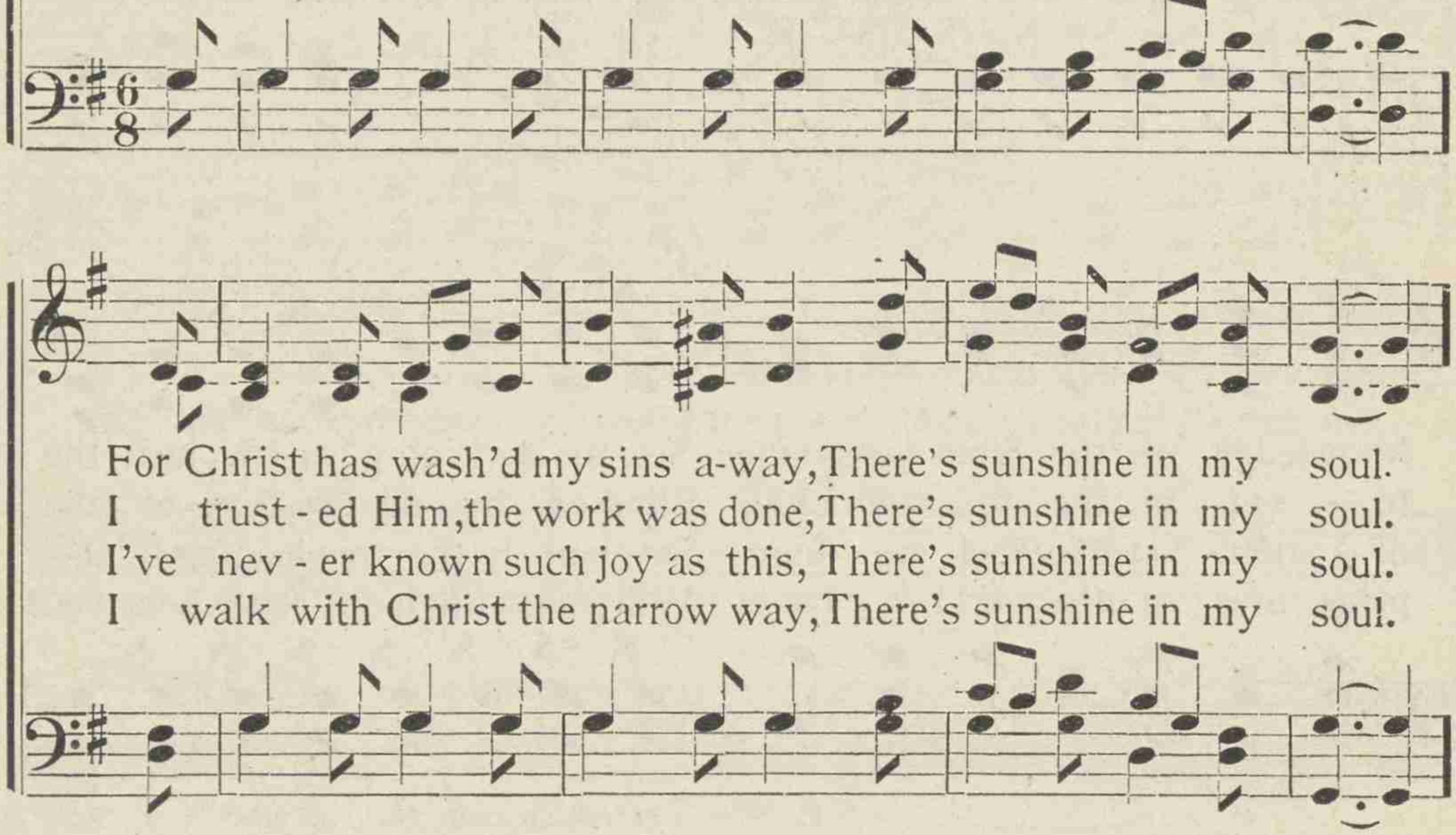


No. 35. There's Sunshine in My Soul.

Arr. by R. A. E. L. M. EVILSIZER, by per.
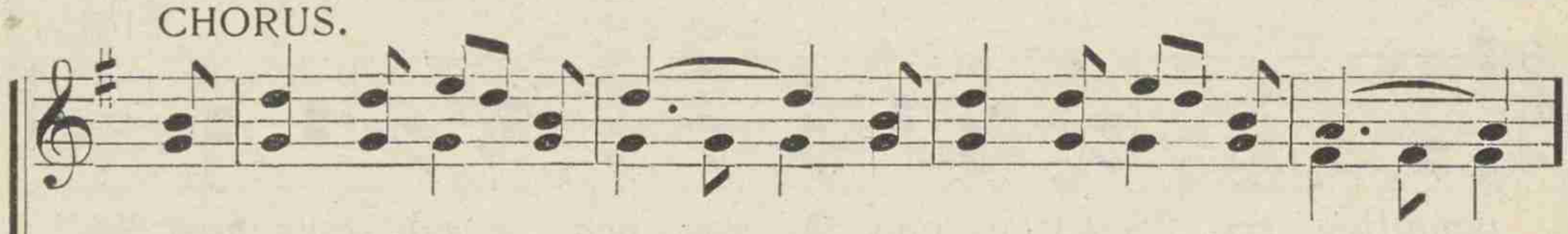


1. My heart is filled with joy to-day, There's sunshine in my soul;
2. My doubts are vanished, fears are gone, There's sunshine in my soul;
3. What wondrous peace, what rapturous bliss, There's sunshine in my soul;
4. I live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day, There's sunshine in my soul;
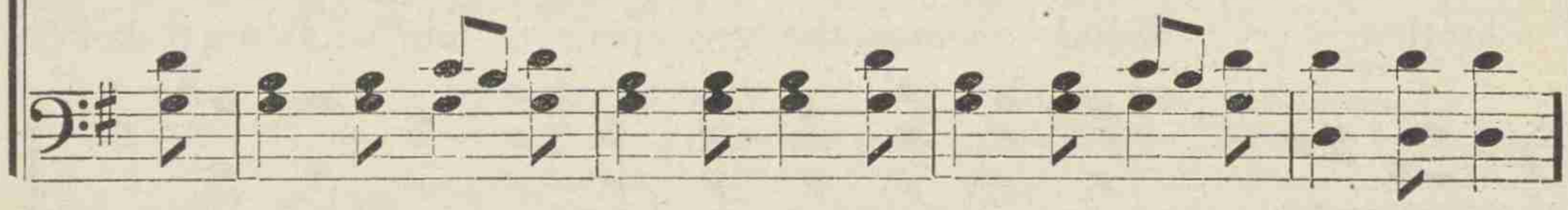


For Christ has wash'd my sins a-way, There's sunshine in my soul.
I trust-ed Him, the work was done, There's sunshine in my soul.
I've nev-er known such joy as this, There's sunshine in my soul.
I walk with Christ the narrow way, There's sunshine in my soul.
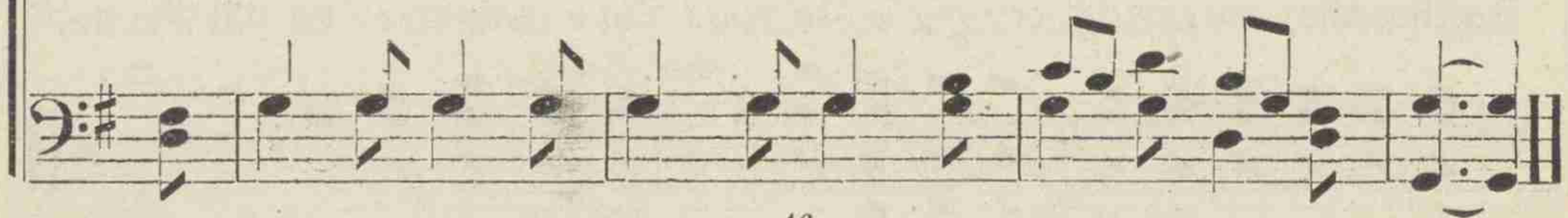
CHORUS.



There's sunshine in my soul, . . There's sunshine in my soul; . .
There's bless-ed sun-shine in my soul, There's glo-rious sun-shine in my soul;



What though the storms of life may roll, There's sunshine in my soul.



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No. 36. Christ Has Promised to be with Me.

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

1. All the burdens and the cares I dai - ly meet, I lay down at my dear Redeemer's feet;
   All my sorrows great I car - ry to the Lord, And He com-forts me great-ly with His Word.

2. When my spir-it grows despondent in the strife With the sins and temp- ta - tions of this life,
   Then I seek my Lord and in His presence blest There is peace, blessed peace and perfect rest. Ma-ny sor-rows and trials He may send,

3. Tho' my troubles, like a mighty cloud, a - rise, And o'er-shad-ow the brightness of the skies,
   Still I trust Him, for I know He is my friend, And will love me, will love me to the end.

4. Ma - ny tri - als meet me in my earth-ly way, Ma - ny troub-les as- sail me day by day,
   But my heart will nev-er fear, for Christ is near, And the path with His presence He will cheer.

CHORUS.

Yet He is my Re-deem-er and Friend; He has promised to be with me, He has promised to be with me, He has promised to be with me to the end, prom-ised to be with me to the end.

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No. 37. Who Is On the Lord's Side?

"Choose this day whom you will serve."

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. H. MORRIS.

Boldly

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own
3. Chos-en to be sol-diers In an al - ien land, Chosen, called, and

help - er Oth - er souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will
ar - my None can o - ver-throw; Round His standard ranging, Vic-t'ry
faith-ful, For our Captain's band, In His serv-ice roy - al Let us

face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
is se - cure; For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure.
not grow cold; Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true and bold.

D. S.—*Who will fight for Je - sus? Who for Him will go?*

CHORUS.

Are . . . . . you on the Lord's side? Will . . . . . you

Are you on the Lord's side? Can you face the foe? Are you on the Lord's

face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will face the foe?

side? Can you face the foe?

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No. 38. Drifting.

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

1. Drift - ing on to judg - ment Ma - ny thous-ands are,
2. Drift - ing, ev - er drift - ing, Thoughtless, help-less crew,
3. Drift - ing on to judg - ment, Soul, thy dan - ger see!

With no Christ, no Sav - ior, As their guid - ing star.
With - out chart or com - pass, And no pi - lot true.
Seek His aid who on - ly Safe can pi - lot thee.

CHORUS.

Drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing on to judg-ment, Swift-ly on,

un - pre-pared to an aw - ful doom; Drift - ing, drift - ing, drift-ing

on to judgment; Mercy calls, heed the voice; haste, while yet there's room.

W. E. PENN, OWNER OF THE COPYRIGHT.

No. 39. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

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

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

end - ed, And parting days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come. Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. *p*

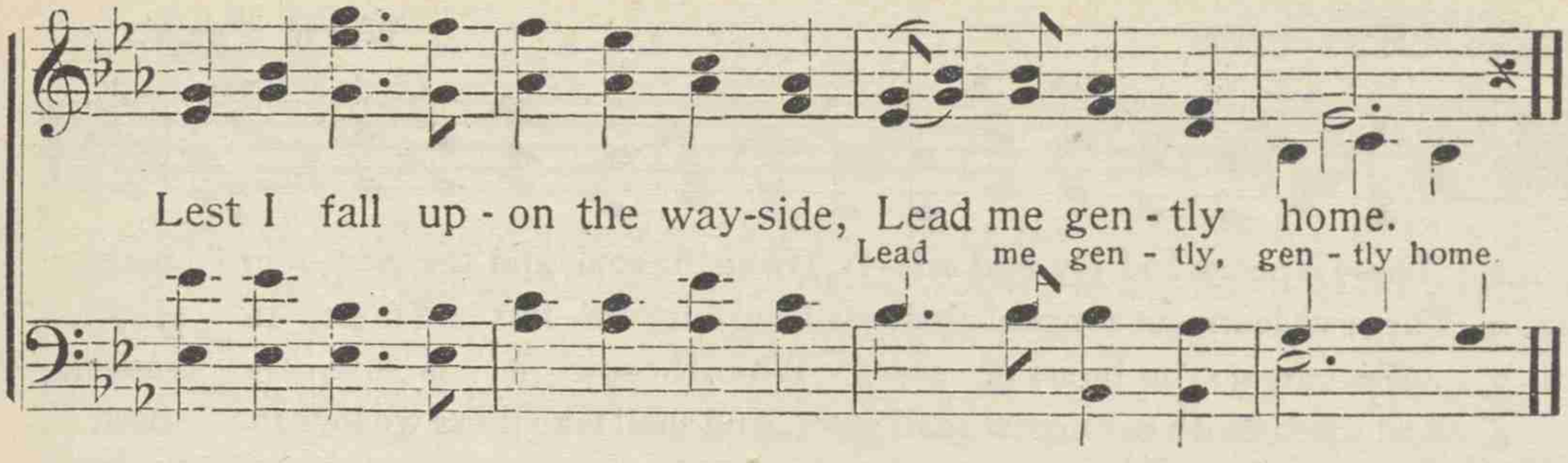
Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'll only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,
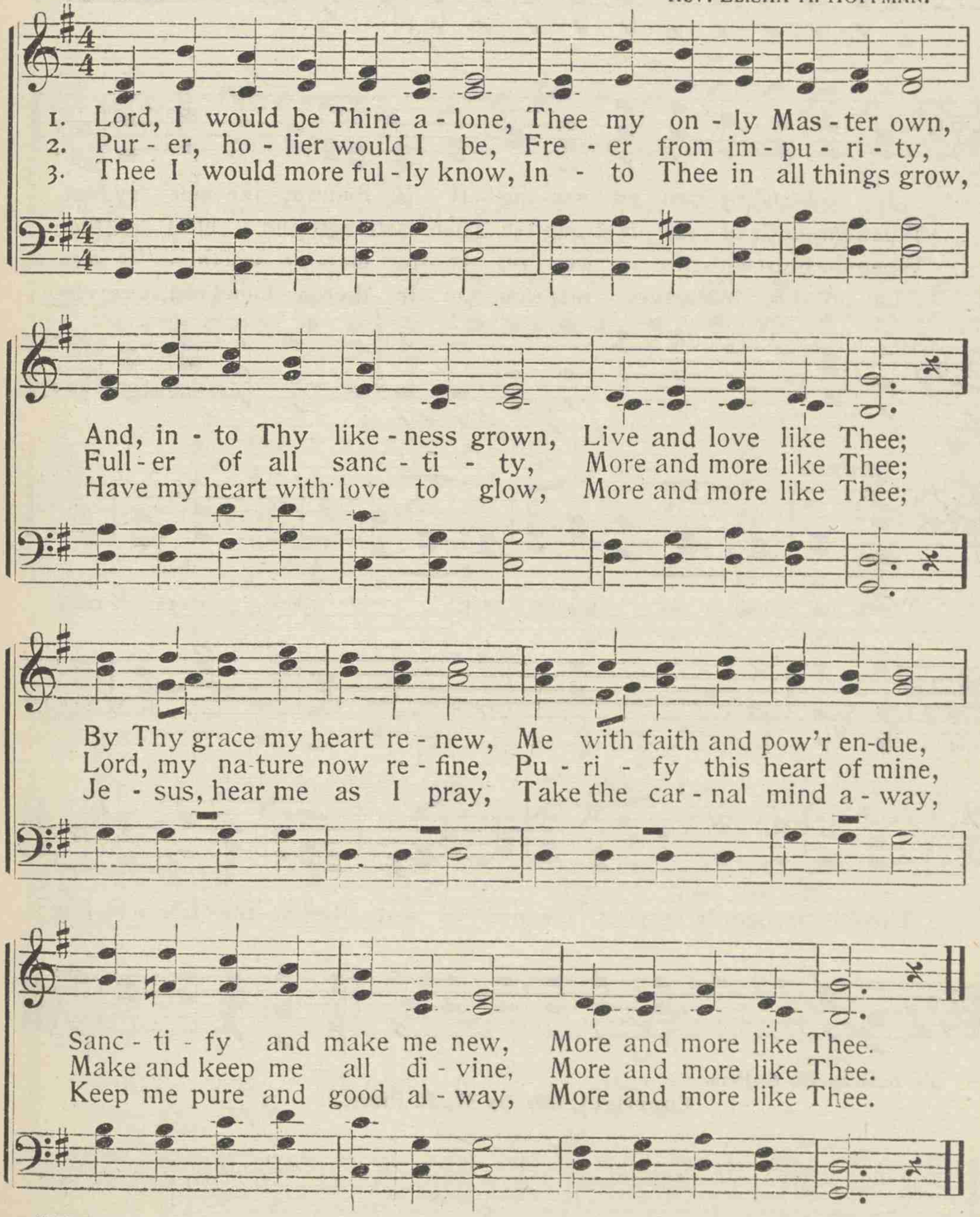
BY PER. OF W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Lead Me Gently Home, Father.—Concluded.



No. 40. Purer, Holier Would I Be.
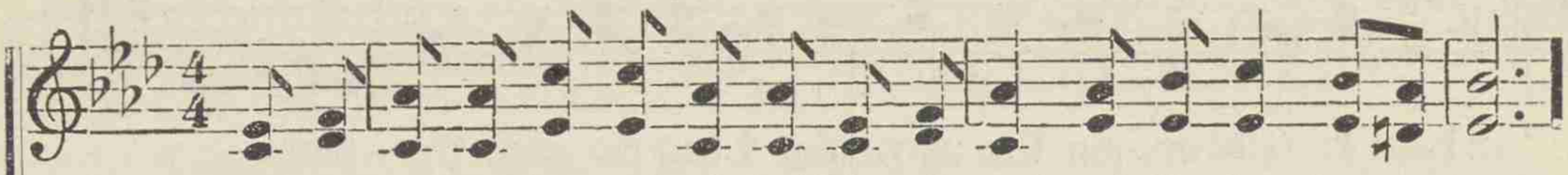
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
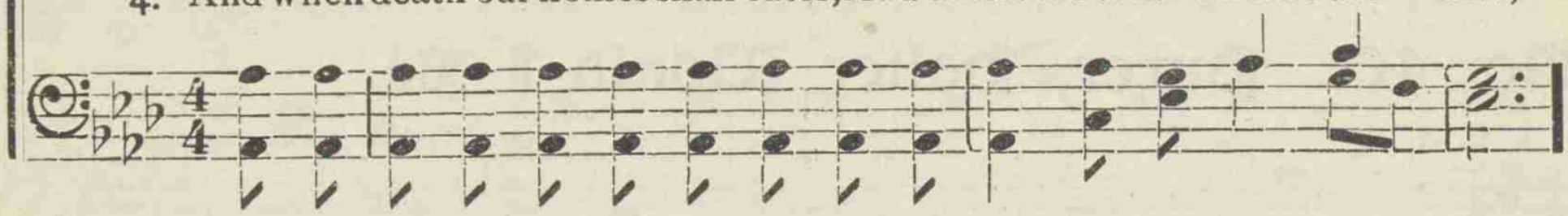


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No. 41. At the Master's Feet.

Miss. EMMA PITT. W. E. PENN.
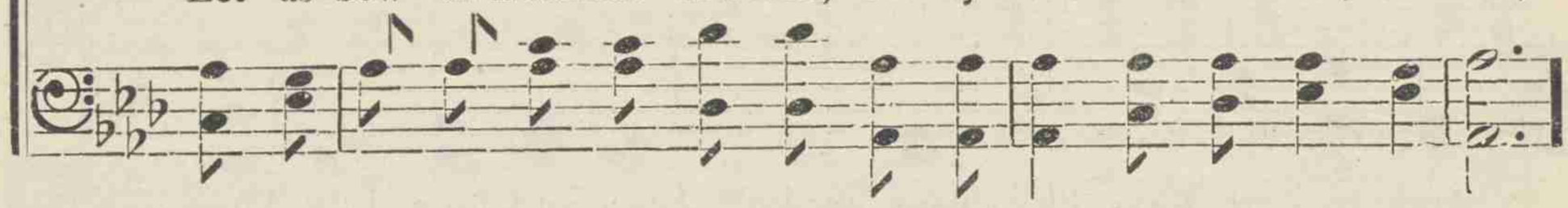


1. There is peace and joy and safe- ty, When the soul and the Sav- iour meet,
2. There we learn our songs of gladness, Find our com- fort and hope in pray'r,
3. We can go in hours of sorrow, When the spir - it is sore - ly pressed,
4. And when death our homes shall enter, And shall take those we love the best,
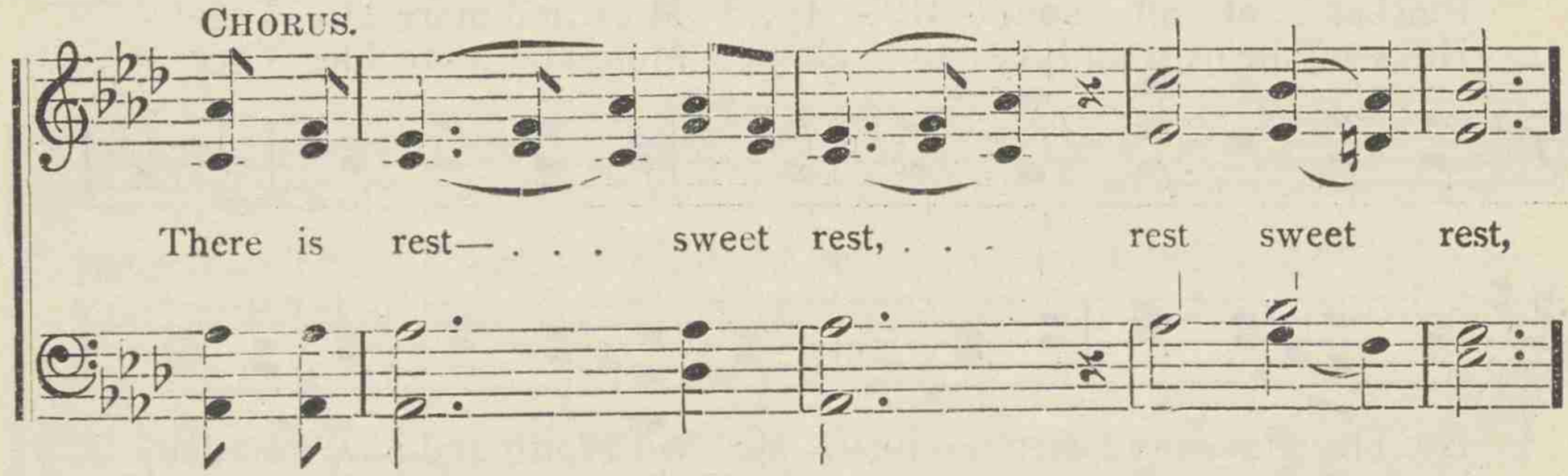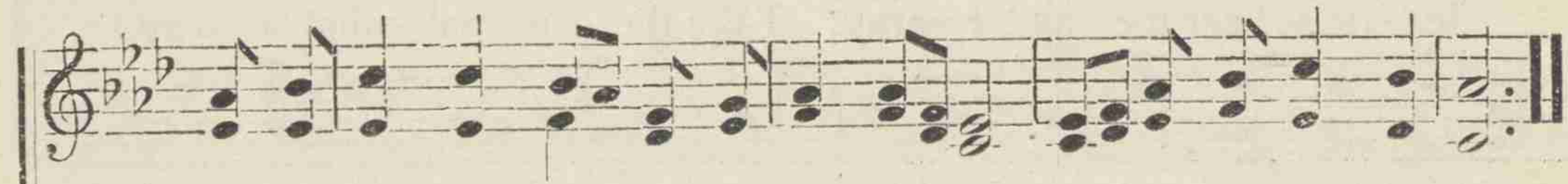




It is found by earn - est pray- ing, It is found at the mer - cy seat.
When the pow'r of sin is strong-est, Then is strength and a bless - ing there.
When the heart with care is wea - ry, At the mer- cy seat there is rest.
Let us bow in meek sub - mis sion, On - ly there is found rest, sweet rest,
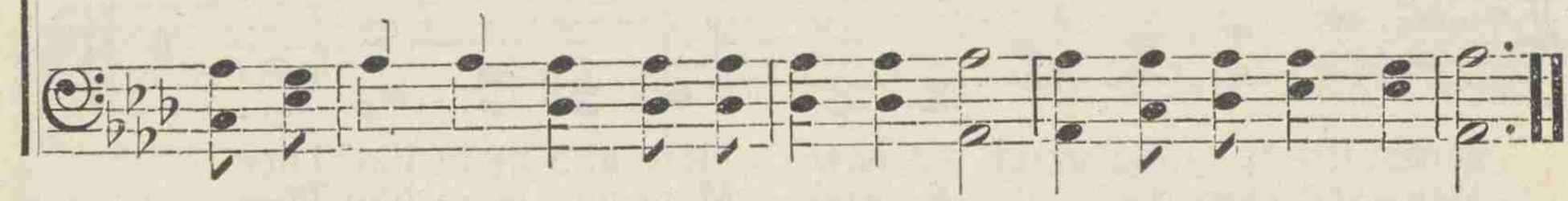


CHORUS.



There is rest— . . . sweet rest, . . . rest sweet rest,



There is rest, sweet rest at the mer - cy seat, Rest at the Mas - ter's feet.



4th. verse by W. E. Penn.

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No. 42. Who Will Go?

W. H. MORRIS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Midst the rocks life's boat is toss-ing; Hear the breakers round it roar;
2. See! the darkness thickens round them, While the waves are rolling high;
3. Who of us will go to help them, Ere they drift too far from shore?
4. Who will take to them the Life-boat? With the word of God, the oar,

Who will go out to the res-cue, Help the mariners to the shore?
Who will take to them the Life-boat? Who will go be-fore they die?
Chris-tian, see them drifting, cry-ing, "Help us, ere we rise no more."
With the Spir-it as your Pi-lot, Who will land them safe on shore?

CHORUS.

Fa-thers, are your sons in dan-ger? Moth-ers,
Fa-thers, are your sons in dan-ger?
hear your daughters cry; Wives and hus-bands, too, are
Moth-ers, hear your daugh-ters cry: Wives and hus-bands,
sink-ing, Who will to their res-cue fly?
too, are sink-ing, Who will to their res-cue fly?
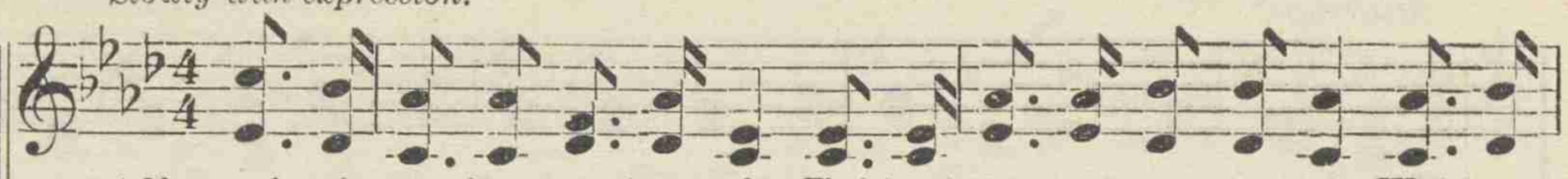
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No. 43. Mother's Book.

SOLO OR DUET.

Words and Music by W. H. MORRIS.
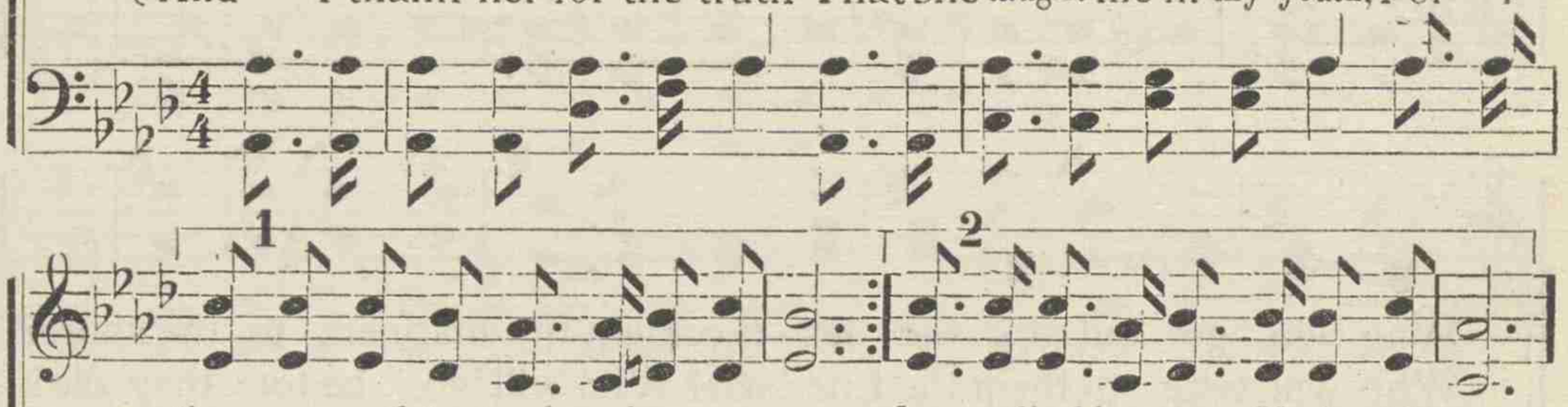
Slowly with expression.
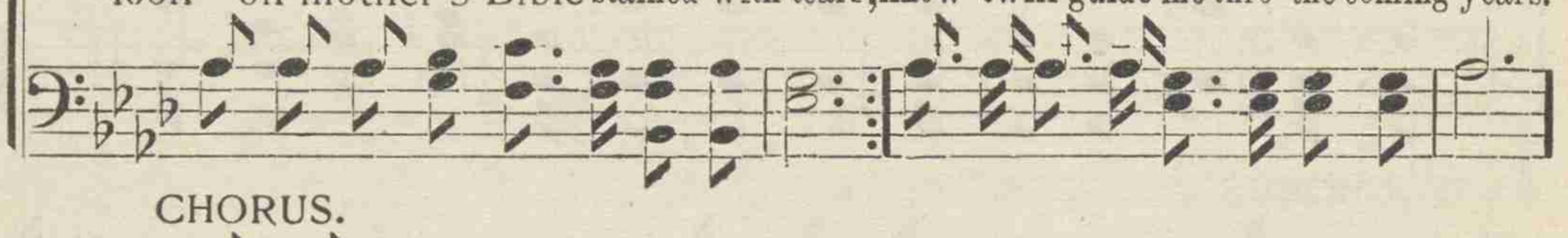


1. I've a book worth more than gold, Tho' its leaves are torn and old, Which my
   Where she read to me, her child, In her loving tones so mild, How that

2. Oft she read of Je-sus' love, How He left His home above, How He
   How He to His Father cried; Then my falling tears she dried, As she

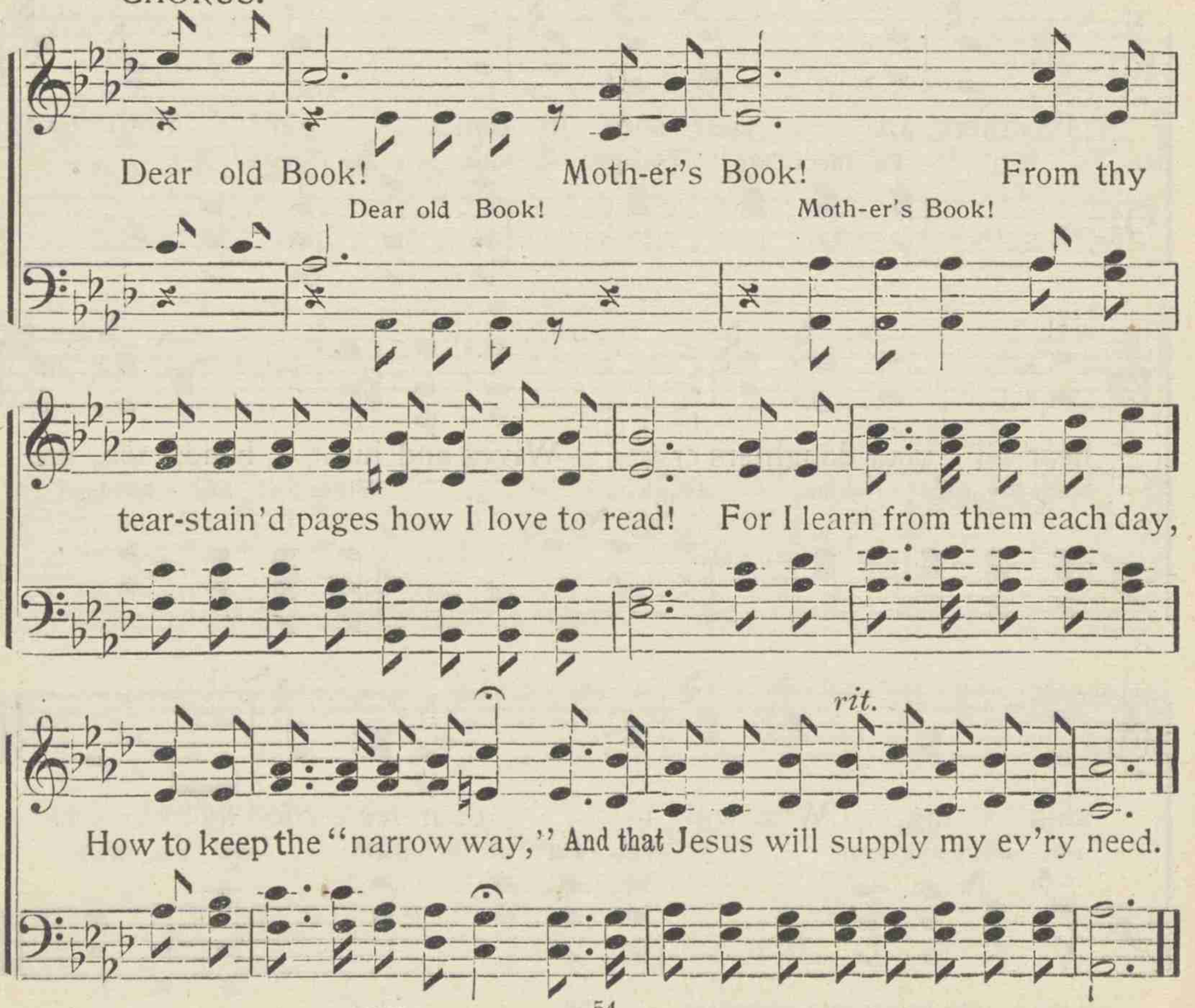
3. Her sweet mem'ry lingers still, And my eyes with tears will fill, As I
   And I thank her for the truth That she taught me in my youth, For I



moth - er used to read so long a - go, Jesus died because He lov'd me so.
pray'd while bleeding on the rugged tree, told me, thro' her tears, it was for me.
look on mother's Bible stained with tears, know 'twill guide me thro' the coming years.



CHORUS.



Dear old Book! Moth-er's Book! From thy

Dear old Book! Moth-er's Book!

tear-stain'd pages how I love to read! For I learn from them each day,

rit.

How to keep the "narrow way," And that Jesus will supply my ev'ry need.

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No. 44. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

W. H. M. W. H. MORRIS.

1. There is a rock a - mid the sands, A shel - ter in the time of
2. He long has stood the tempest's blast, A shel - ter in the time of
3. In rag - ing storm or burn-ing sun, A shel - ter in the time of
4. The rag - ing storm may round me beat, A shel - ter in the time of

storm; Christ firm - ly there, in - vit - ing, stands, A shel - ter in the
storm, And in the heat His shad-ow cast, A shel - ter in the
storm, I'll seek the shade of that blest One, A shel - ter in the
storm, But Je - sus stands a safe re - treat, A shel - ter in the
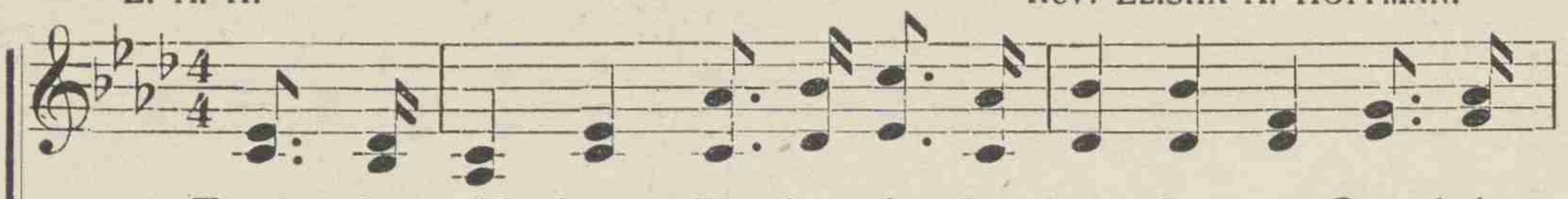
CHORUS.

time of storm.
time of storm. Oh! Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land,
time of storm.
time of storm.
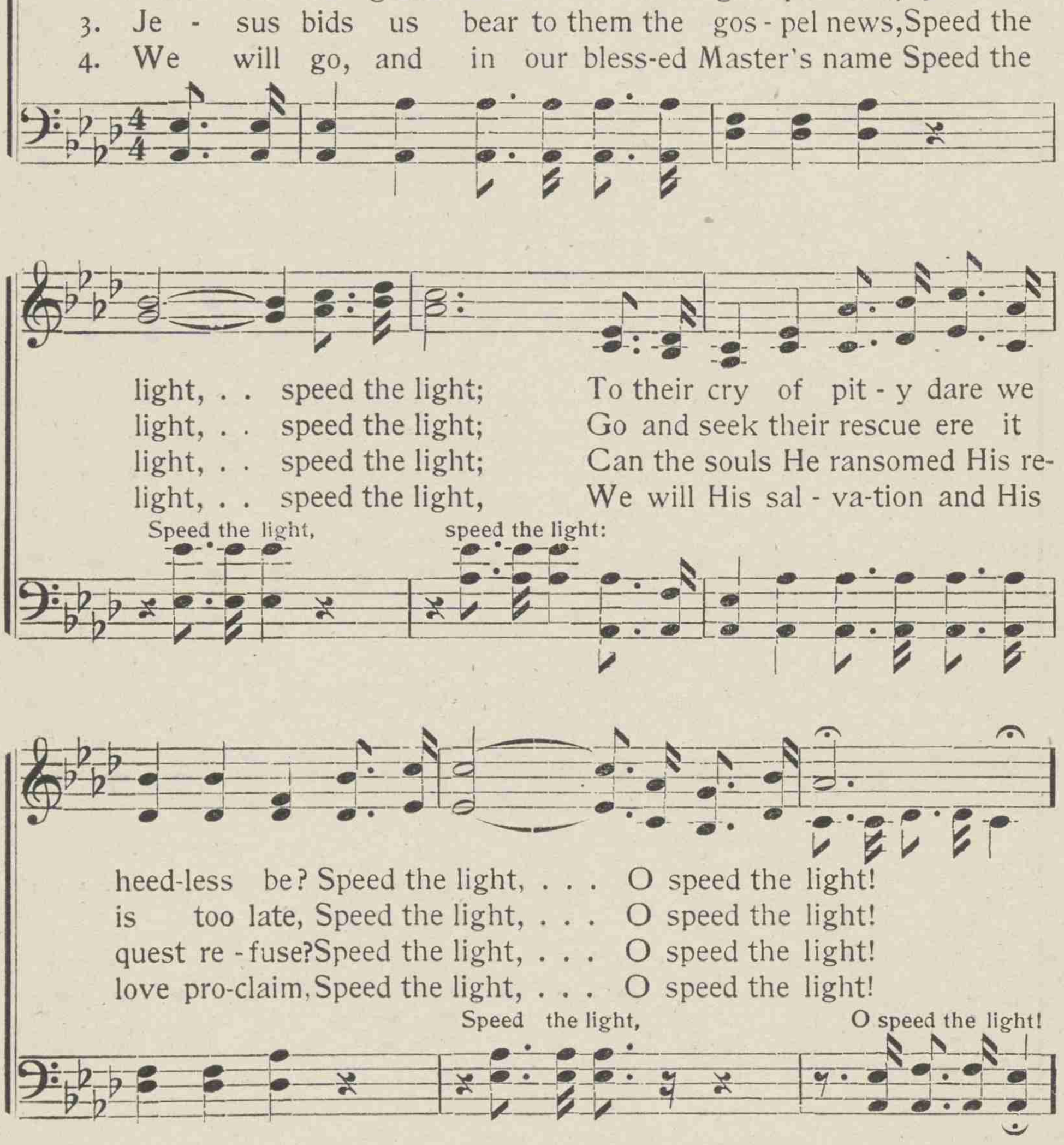
A wea - ry land, a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

No. 45. Speed the Light.

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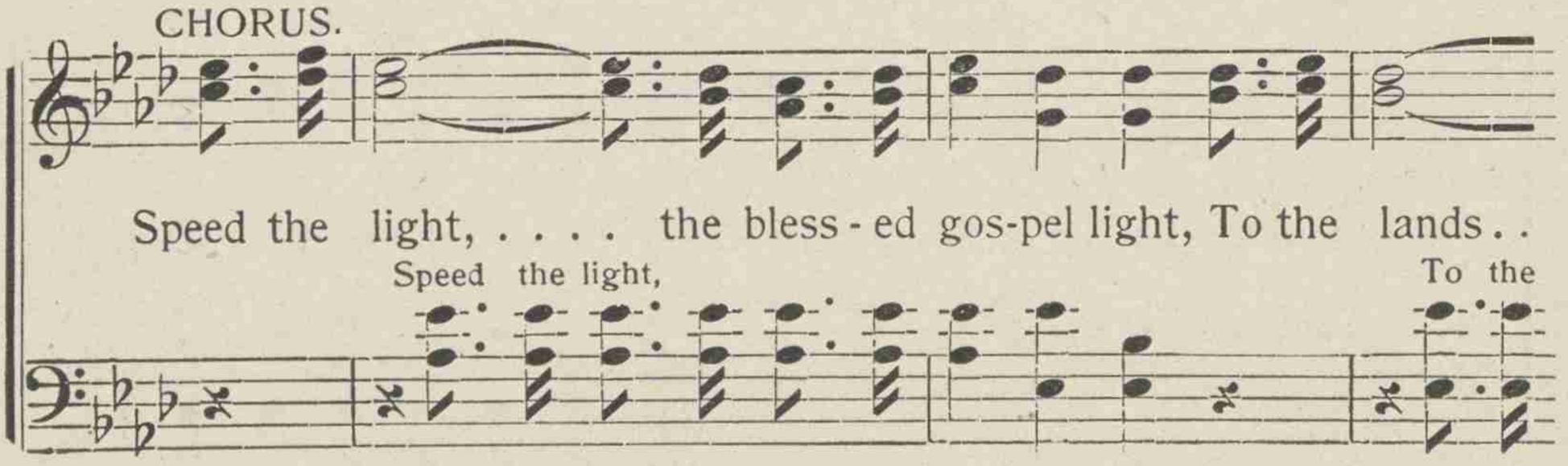


1. To the mill - ions liv - ing o'er the deep, deep sea Speed the
2. There in an - guish mill-ions for the gos - pel wait, Speed the
3. Je - sus bids us bear to them the gos - pel news, Speed the
4. We will go, and in our bless-ed Master's name Speed the



light, . . speed the light; To their cry of pit - y dare we
light, . . speed the light; Go and seek their rescue ere it
light, . . speed the light; Can the souls He ransomed His re-
light, . . speed the light, We will His sal - va-tion and His

heed-less be? Speed the light, . . . O speed the light!
is too late, Speed the light, . . . O speed the light!
quest re - fuse? Speed the light, . . . O speed the light!
love pro-claim, Speed the light, . . . O speed the light!

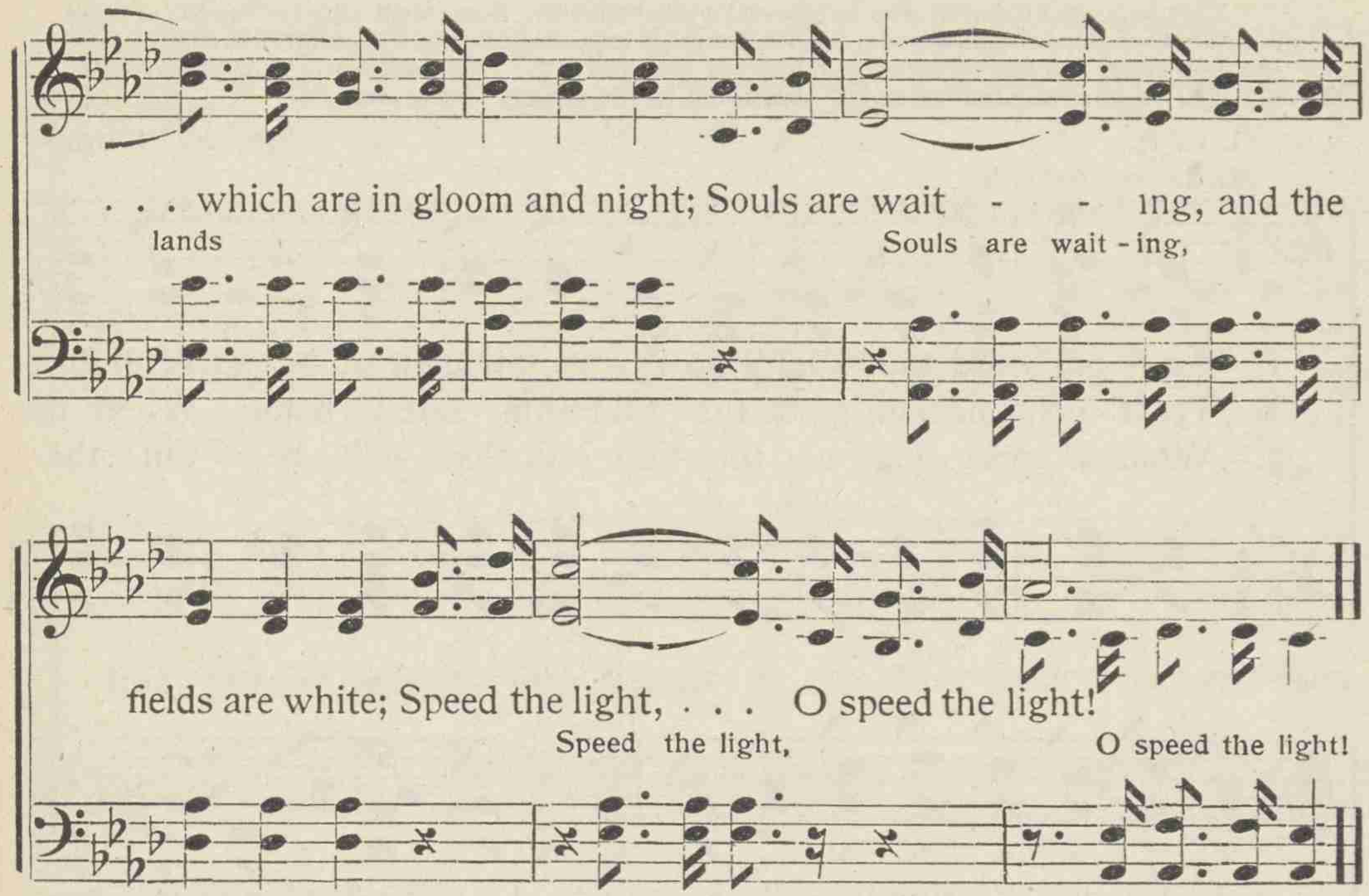
CHORUS.



Speed the light, ... the bless - ed gos-pel light, To the lands . .

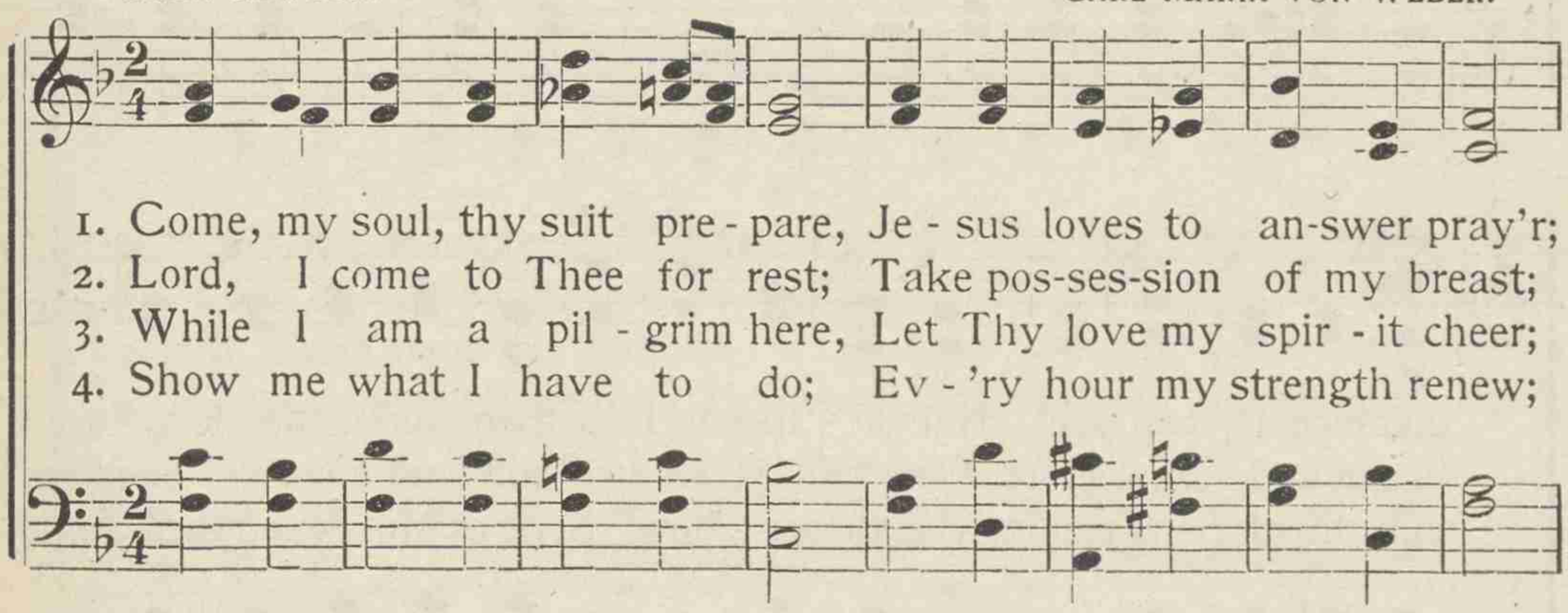
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Speed the Light.—Concluded,



No. 46. Seymour. 7.

JOHN NEWTON. CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

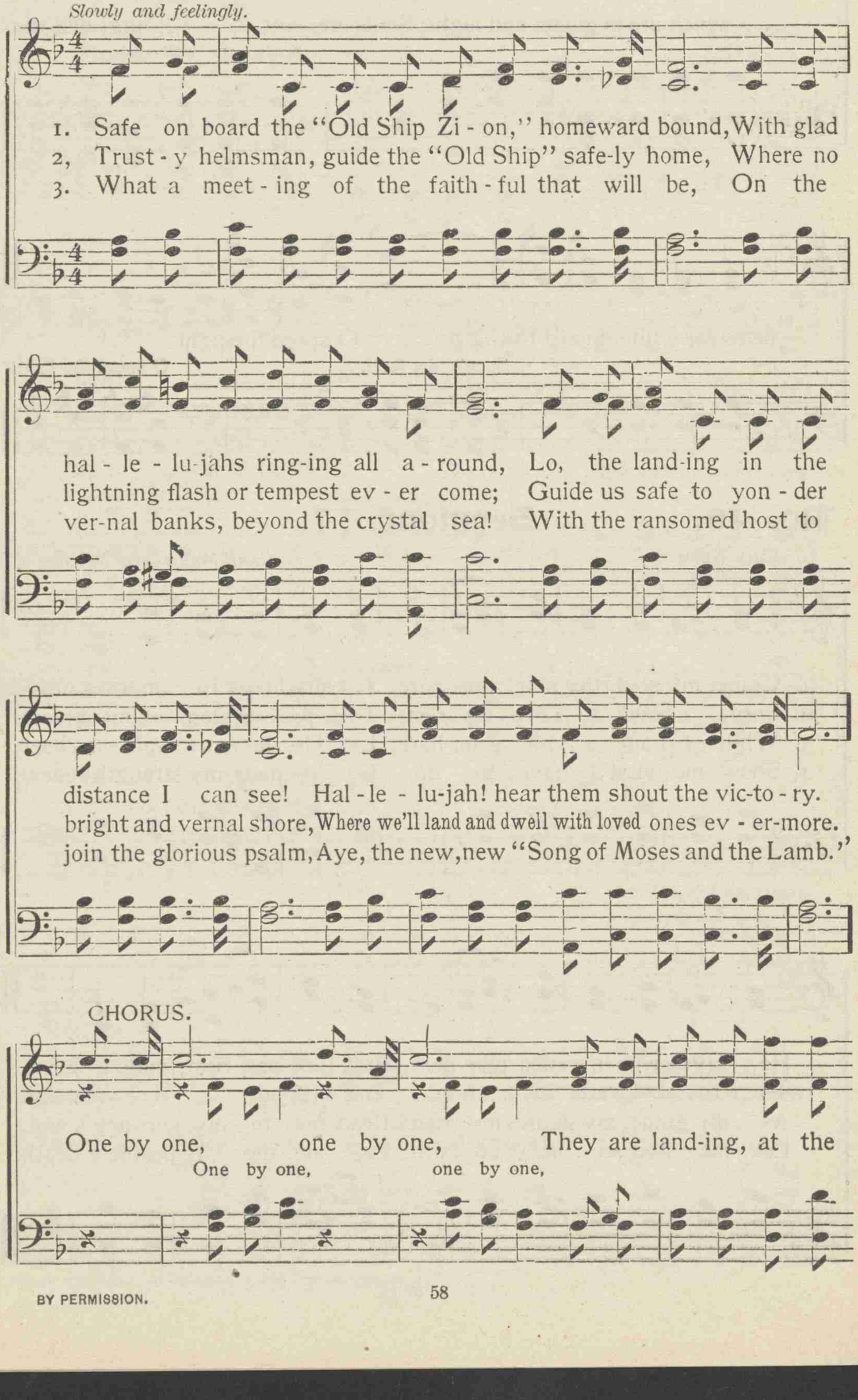


No. 47. Landing One by One.
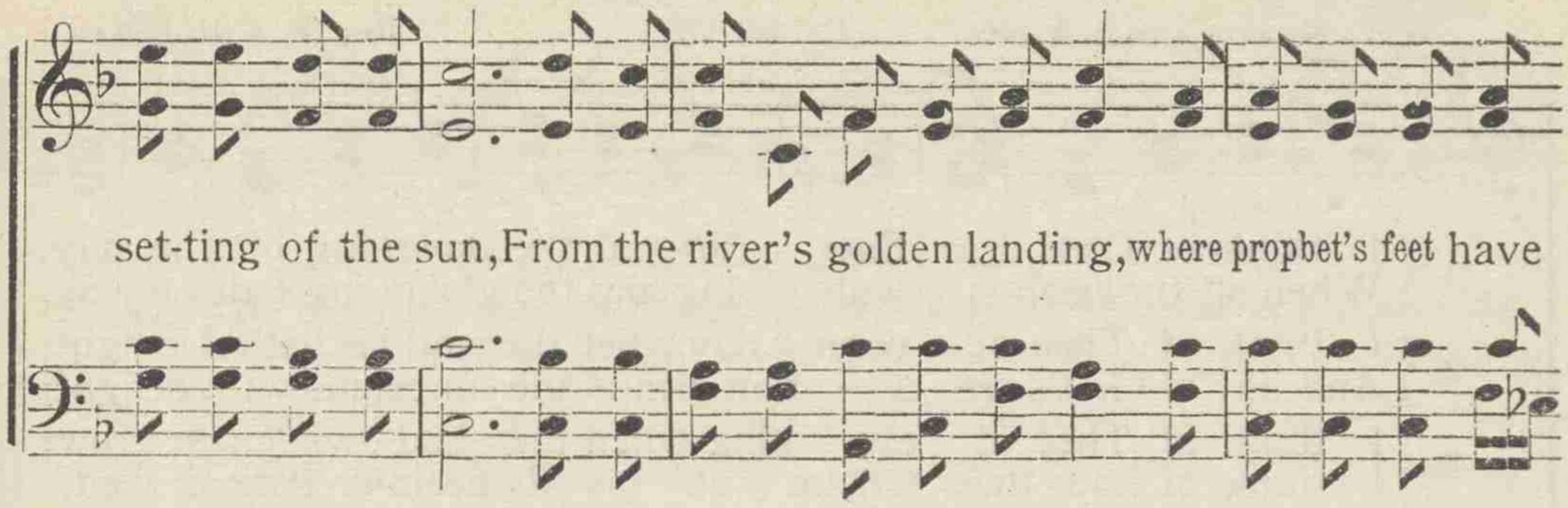
This beautiful thought was suggested while returning home with a large Sunday-school picnic on an excursion steamer, With songs of praise upborne by children's voices, and the sun low in the heavens, we reached our destination. The gangplank was pushed out, and one by one they landed and disappeared in the streets of the city.

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

Slowly and feelingly.

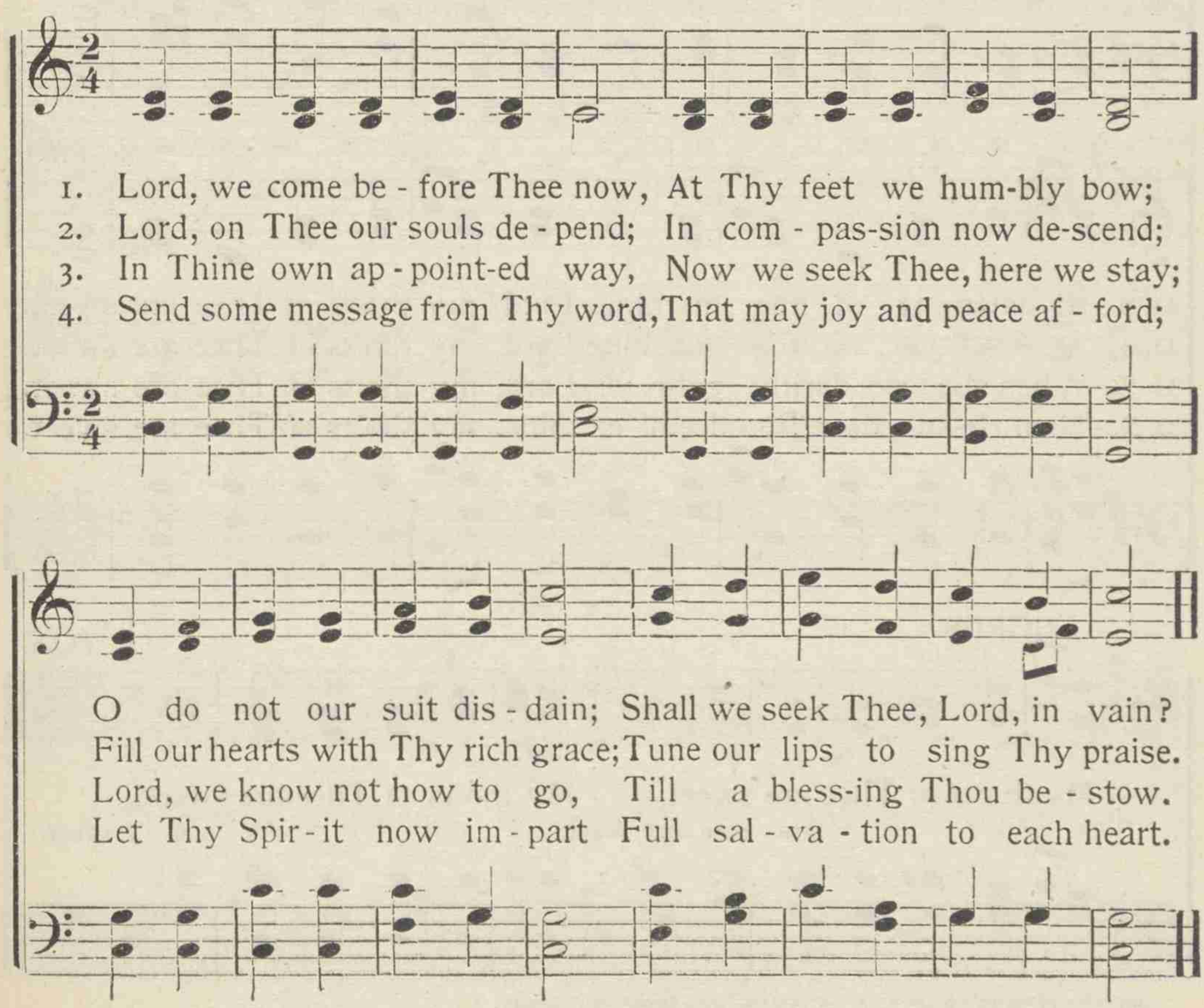


Landing One by One.—Concluded.



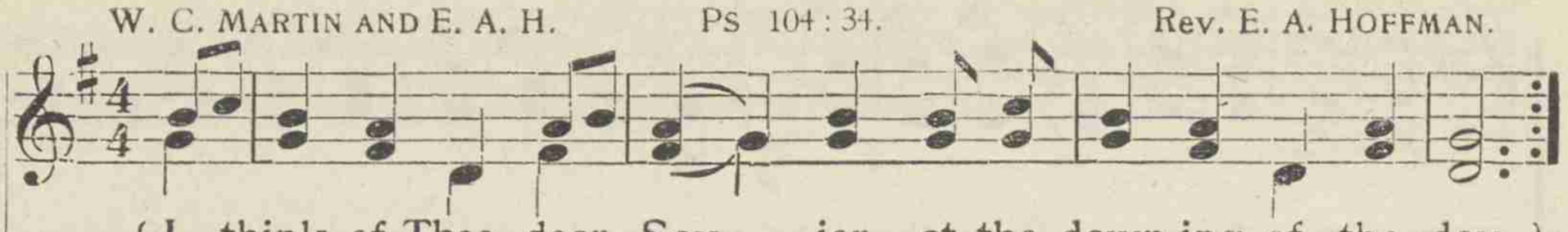
No. 48. Monett.

7s W. H. MORRIS.
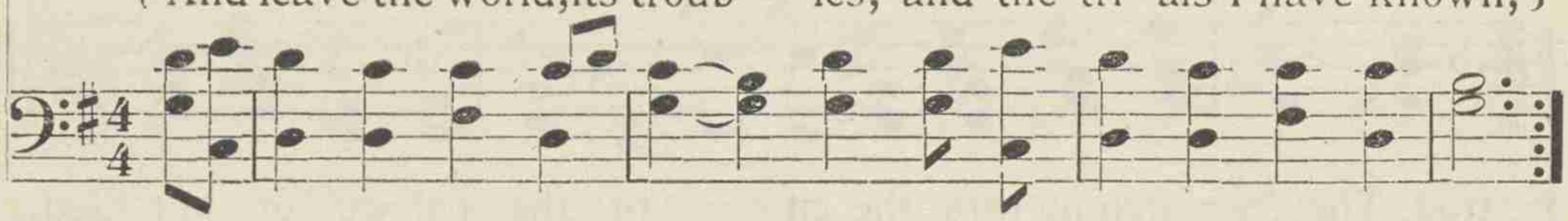


No. 49. My Thoughts of Thee Are Sweet.
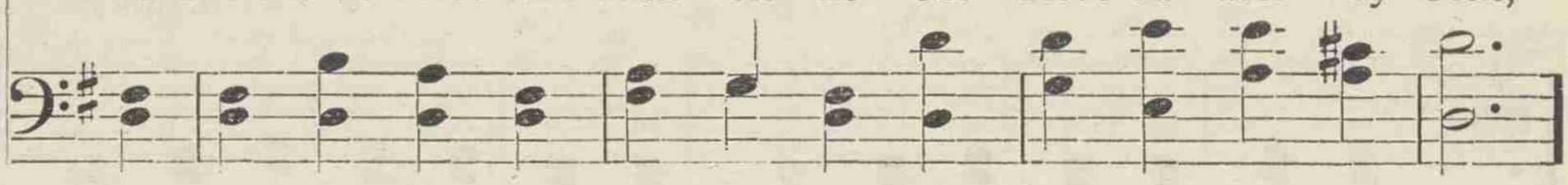
W. C. MARTIN AND E. A. H. PS 104 : 34. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.
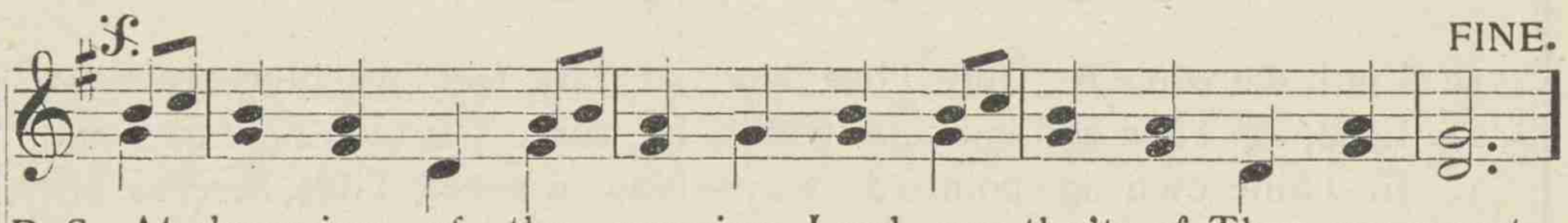


1. I think of Thee, dear Sav - ior, at the dawn-ing of the day,
   When all the earth is wak - ing and the gloam-ing fades a-way;
2. I think of Thee at noon - day when the world is bath'd in light,
   And all of God's cre - a - tion drinks the sunbeams with delight;
3. I think of Thee at eve - ning when the shad-ows longer grow;
   I think of how they fell up - on my Re-deem-er long a - go,
4. And when I turn from toil a - side just to be a - while a - lone,
   And leave the world, its troub - les, and the tri - als I have known,

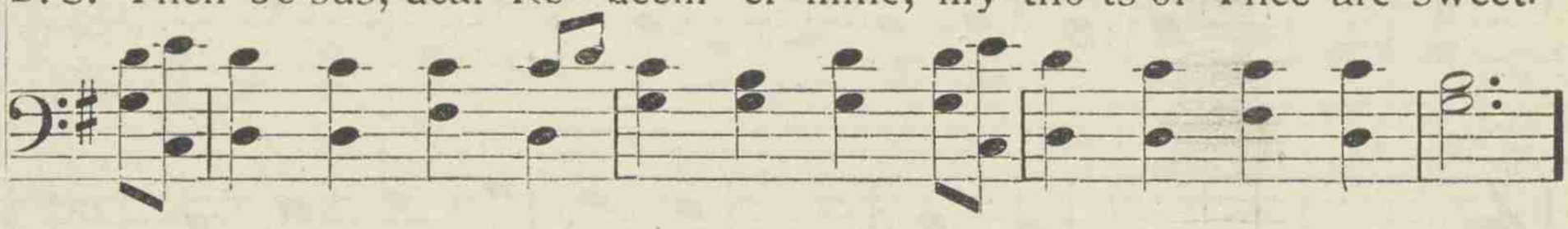


Thy love, it stirs with - in my soul, low - bend-ed at Thy feet;
The flow-ers lift their crim-son cups for heav-en's sun - ny heat;
How an - gels from the Fa - ther came with light and help complete;
And seek with Thee com-mun - ion at the bless-ed mer - cy - seat,





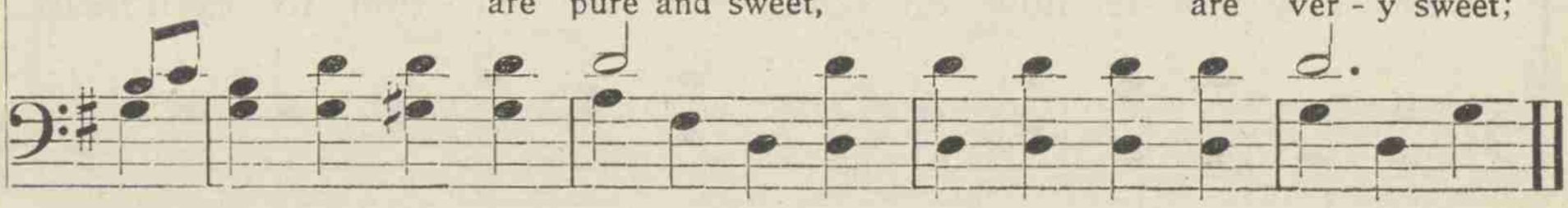
D. S.–At dawn-ing of the morning, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.
D. S.–At flood-tide of the sunshine, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.
D. S.–When shadows darkly gath - er, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.
D. S.–Then Je-sus, dear Re - deem - er mine, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.



CHORUS.
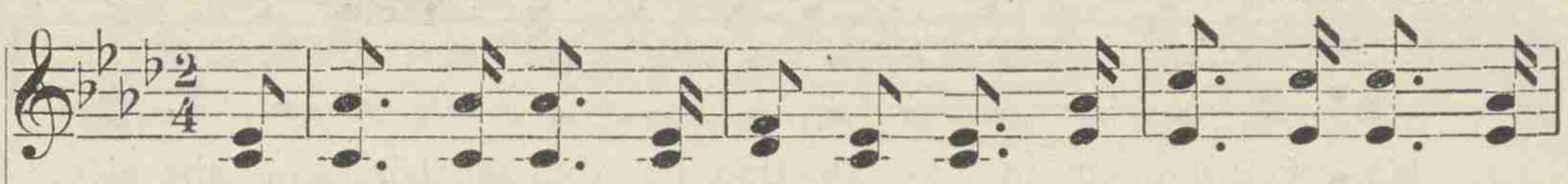


My tho'ts of Thee are sweet, My tho'ts of Thee are sweet;
are pure and sweet, are ver - y sweet;
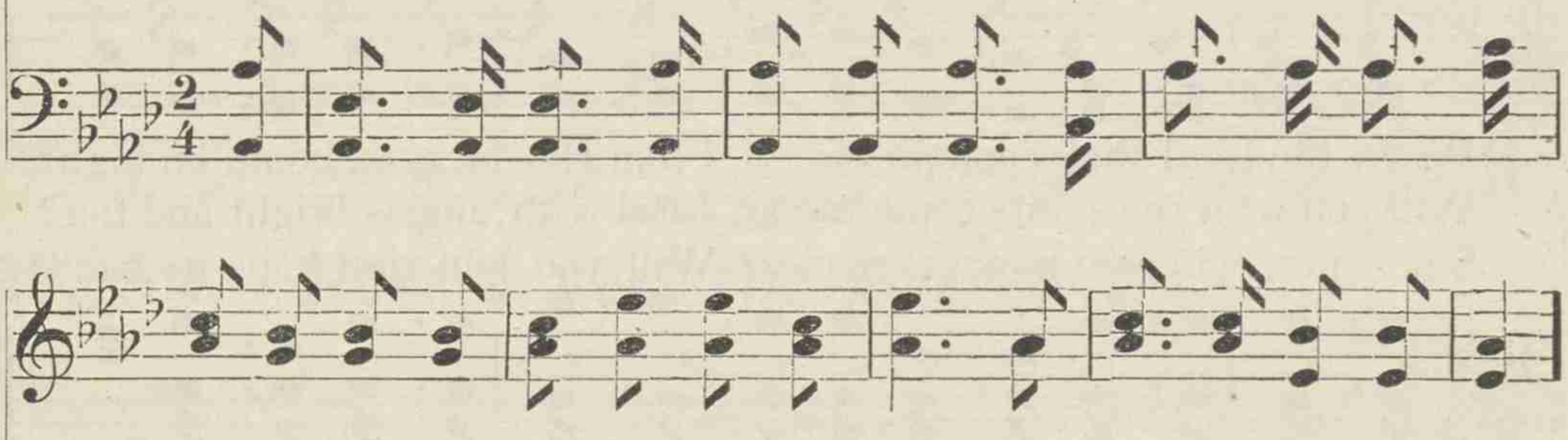


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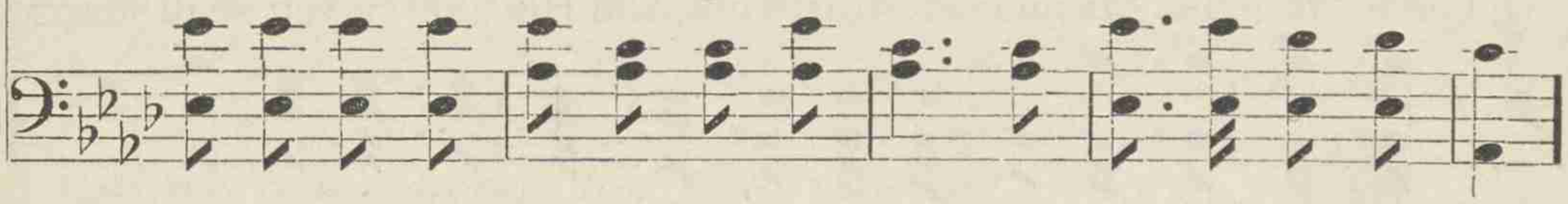
No. 50. Trim Your Lamps and be Ready.

Arr. E. F. MILLER.
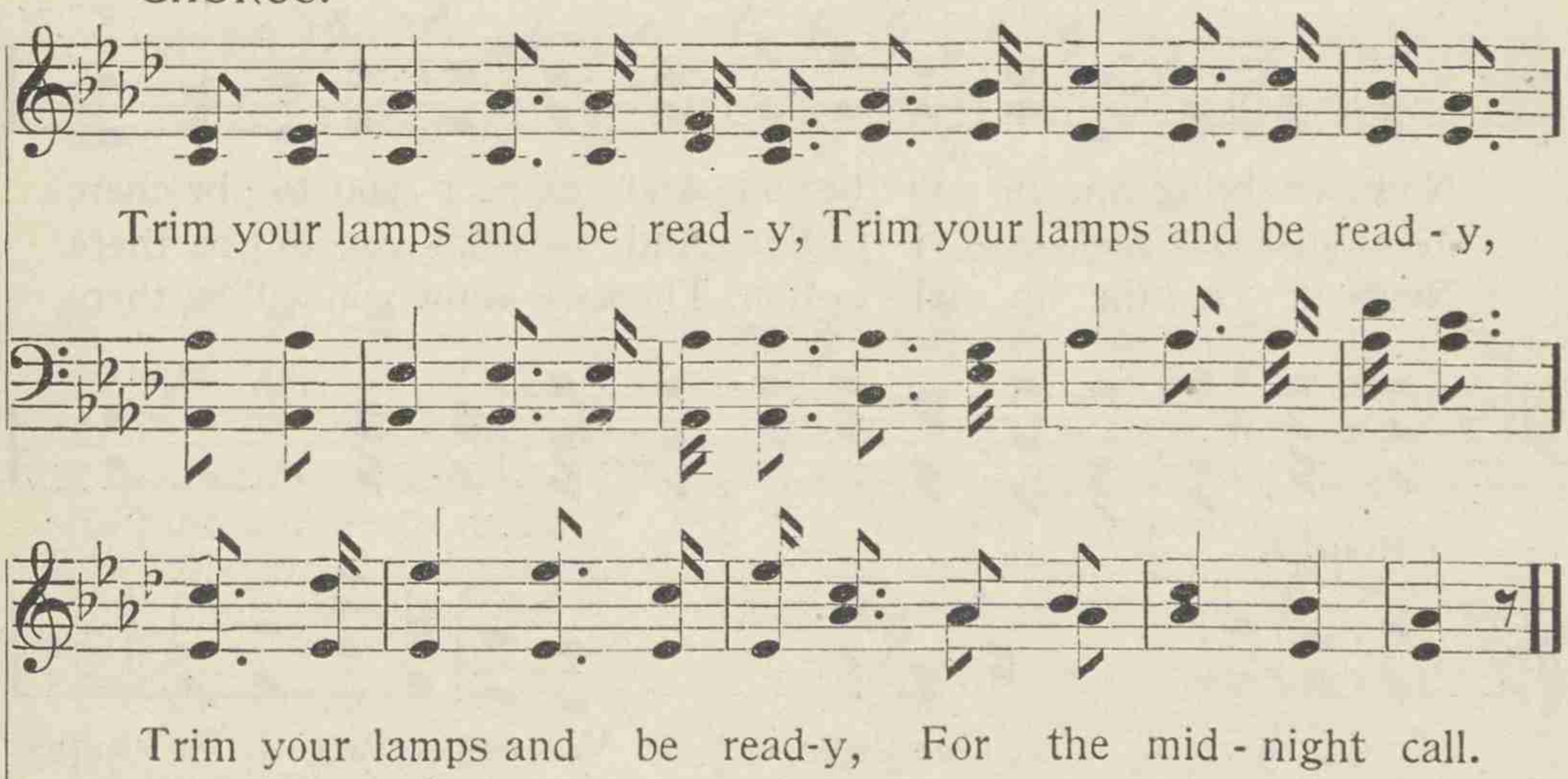


1. Re - joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will in the clouds ap-pear, And for His chil-dren call, And for His chil-dren call.
2. The trum-pet sounds, the thun-ders roll, The heav-ens pass - ing as a scroll, The earth will burn with fire, The earth will burn with fire.
3. Poor sin - ners then on earth will cry, With lightnings flashing from the sky, "O mountains, on us fall!" "O mountains, on us fall!"
4. Then, on a sea of glass, will stand King Je - sus with His conquering band, Safe housed above the fire, Safe housed above the fire.
5. Come, brethren all, and let us try To warn poor sin-ners, and to cry, Behold the Bridegroom comes, Be - hold the Bridegroom comes.
6. Come, buy your oil be - fore too late, And read - y for the Bridegroom wait, And watch to en - ter in, And watch to en - ter in.
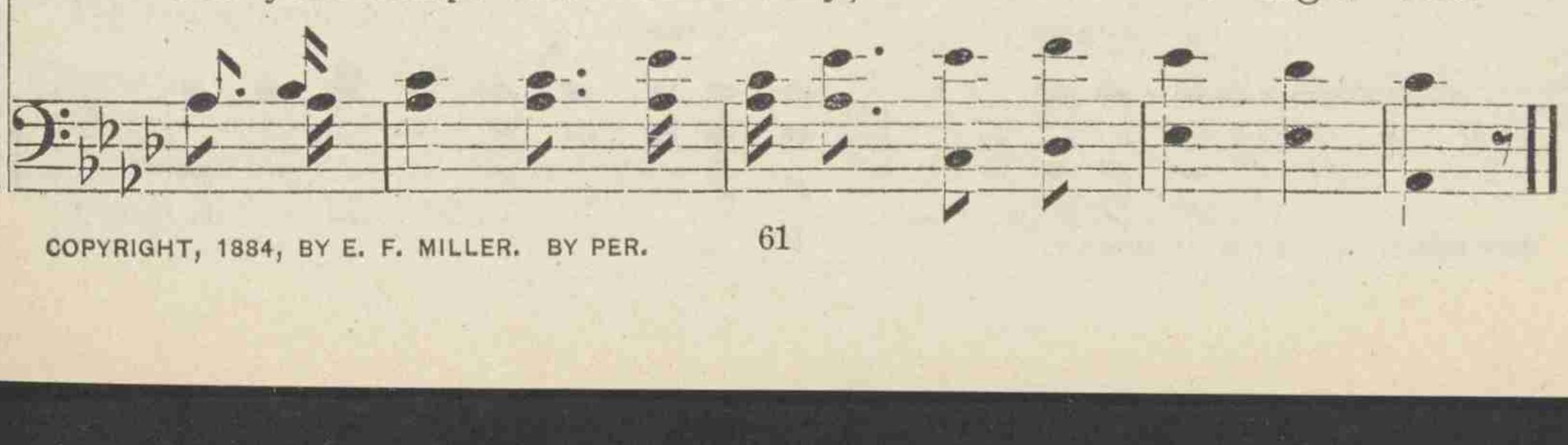




CHORUS.



Trim your lamps and be read - y, Trim your lamps and be read - y,



Trim your lamps and be read-y, For the mid - night call.

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No. 51. You're Expected to Be There.

Good for Solo. Slowly

Words and Music by W. H. MORRIS.

1. Have you had an in - vi - ta - tion To that meet-ing in the sky,
2. Yes, we bring an in - vi - ta - tion To that meet-ing in the air;
3. That great day is fast approaching, And that meet-ing near at hand;

When the Lord shall come, in glo-ry, From His bless-ed home on high?
Will you, with the saints, come singimg, Joined with angels, bright and fair?
Sin - ner, will you now get read-y? Will you join that hap - py band?

All the liv-ing then shall meet Him, And the dead in Christ be there;
Oh, we beg you now, get read-y For that meet-ing in the air;
Come to Je - sus now and trust Him, And His glo - ry you shall share;

rit.

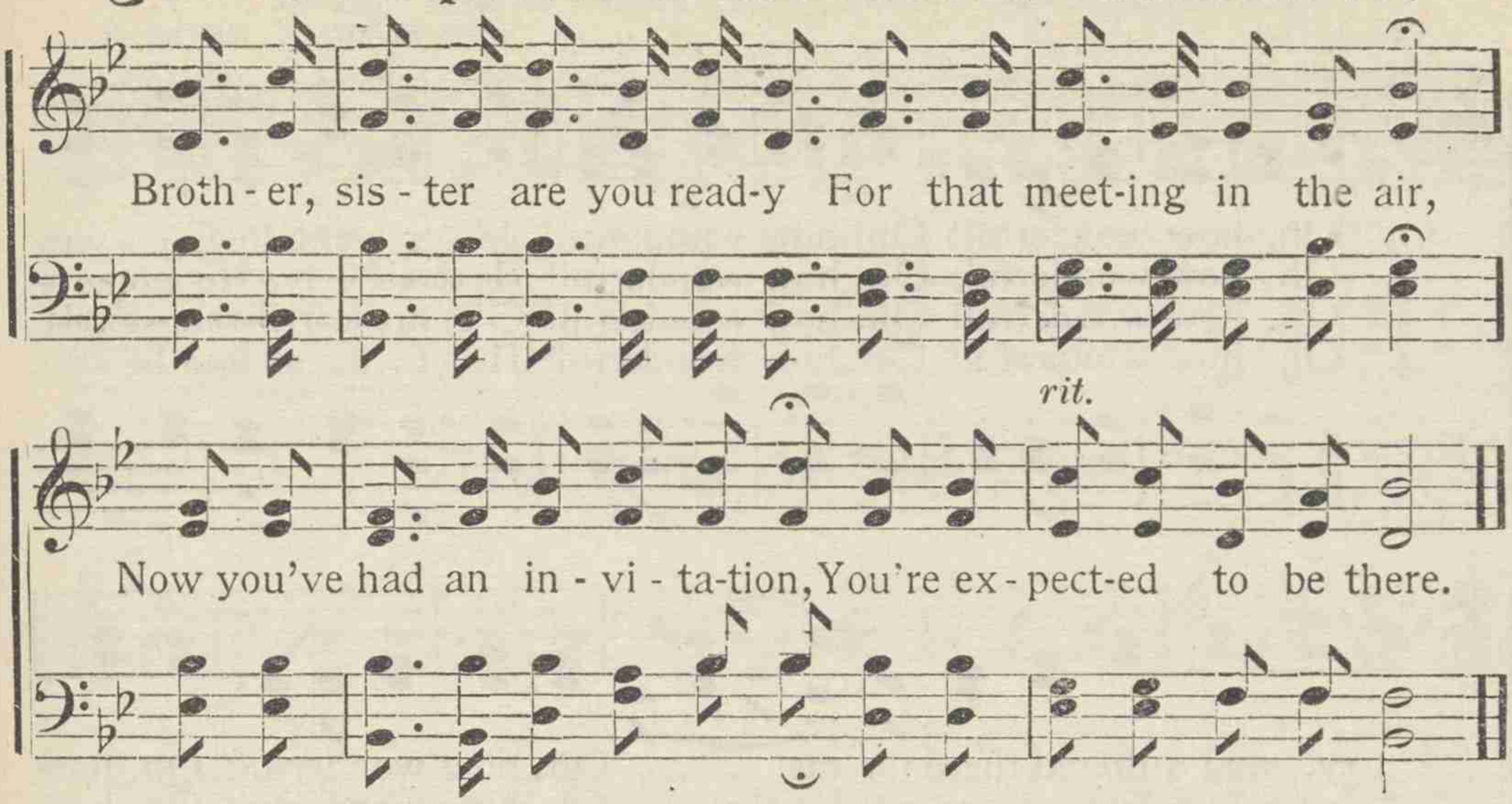
Now, we bring an in - vi - ta-tion, And ex-pect you to be there.
Je - sus sent the in - vi - ta-tion, And ex-pects you to be there.
Now ac - cept the in - vi - ta-tion, Then we know you will be there.

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there, We ex-pect you to be there;
To be there, to be there,
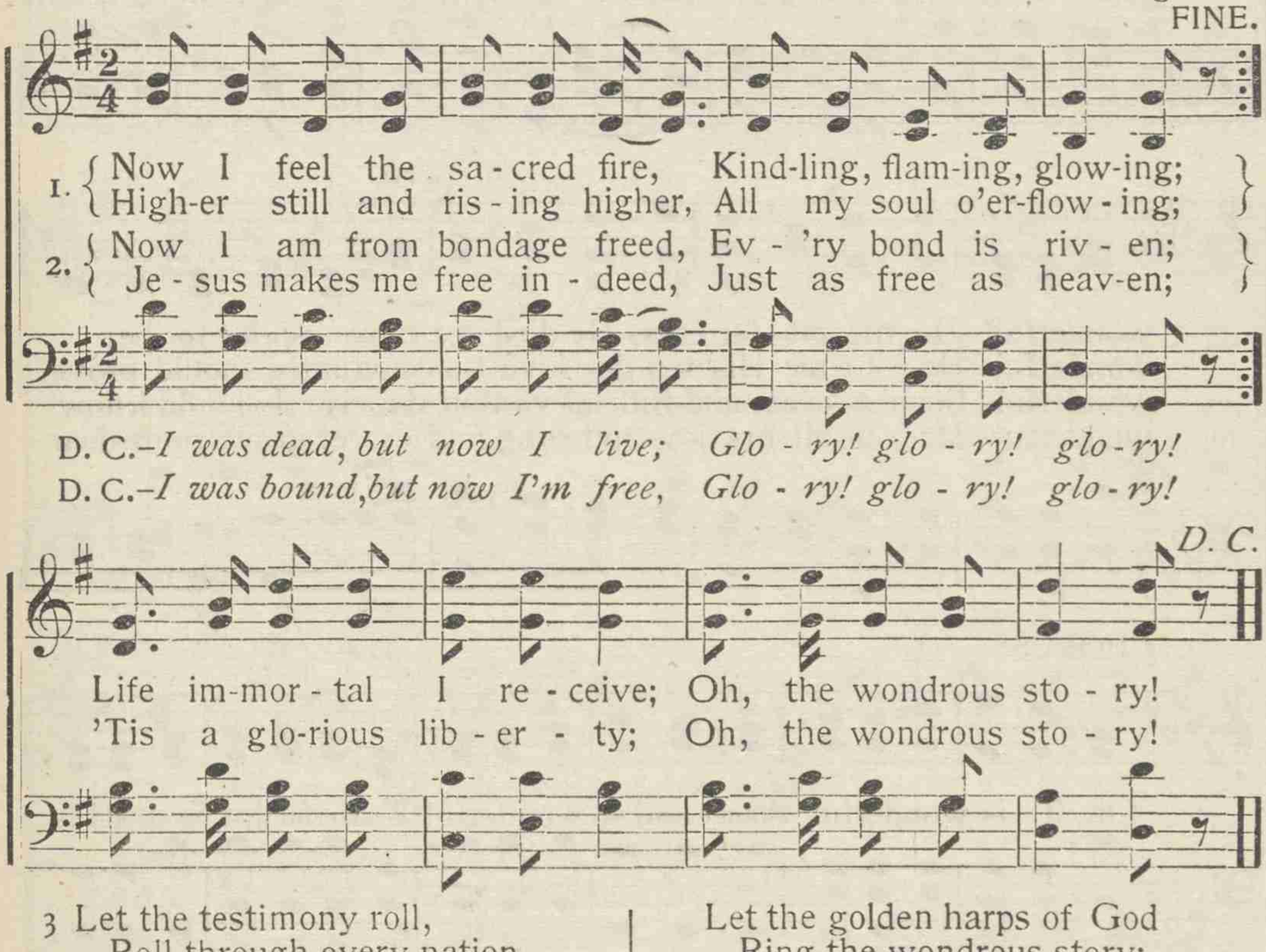
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You're Expected to Be There.—Concluded.



No. 52. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arranged.



3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation,
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know it's full and free;
Oh! the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 53. Oh, how Wonderful!

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

1. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! Je-sus went to Cal - va-
2. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He should leave His home a-
3. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! O'er my heart His blood should
4. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He to me should be so

ry, and suffered there for me! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
bove, impelled by pur-est love! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
flow to wash me white as snow! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
near to com-fort and to cheer! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how

rit.

wonderful! On the bit - ter cross He died my ransom-price to be.
wonderful He to me His ten-der love so constantly should prove!
wonderful Such a sweet and full sal-va-tion dai - ly I should know!
wonderful He is all my joy and song and ev - er grows more dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is wonderful! strange and so wonderful! Wonderful that He should die,

Me to save and sanc-ti-fy! Yes, it is won-der-ful, so ver - y

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Oh, How Wonderful!—Concluded.

rit.

won-der-ful, I will be an heir of heav'n with Jesus by and by!

No. 54. The King of My Soul.

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

1. With joy to the glo - ry of God I con-fess That I am made
2. My King shall rule o - ver me bod - y and soul, Con-trol-ing af -
3. It is not for joy that I praise Him to-day, Nor yet for my
4. O this is a won-drous sal - va-tion He brings, A won-drous sal-

D. C.—*And all my soul-pow - ers, re-deem'd and renew'd, I yield to His*

FINE.

per - fect - ly whole; He en - tered this tem - ple and cleansed it from
fec - tion and will; I bring not a part, but I yield Him the
sweet sense of peace, But that He has cleansed and a - noint-ed my
va - tion and free! I nev - er had dream'd that such fulness of

con-stant con - trol.

CHORUS.

sin, And now He's the King of my soul.
whole, And He doth my glad spir-it fill. Un - to my new King
heart, And sealed me e - ter - nal-ly His.
love Could ev - er be portioned to me.

glad prais - es I bring, Whose love has so conquered my soul,

D. C.

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No. 55. Have You Heard About the Shepherd?

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

1. Have you heard about the Shep-herd, Watching o'er His flock al-way,
2. Tell me not that He for - get-teth Those out in the des - ert cold,
3. Trust - eth He no hireling shepherd, Guardeth He His flock a-lone,

Lead - ing them in - to green pastures, By still wa-ters, all the way?
That the Shepherd lov - eth on - ly Those He counteth in the fold;
And He keepeth those for - ev - er He hath purchased for His own;

Earnestly. *Rall - en - tan - do.*

Tell me not His sheep may per-ish On the mountains bleak and bare,
His they are, tho' on the mountains, In the val-ley far a - way,
Say not, then, His sheep may per-ish; Say not that His love and pow'r
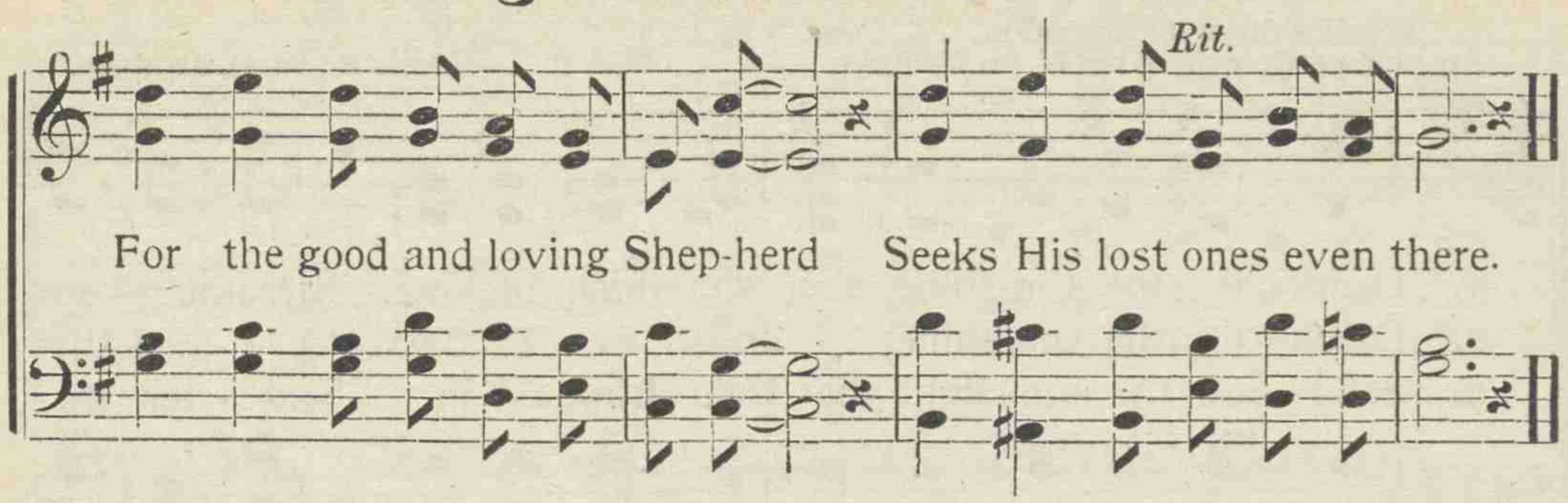
That the good and loving Shep-herd Goes not after them e'en there!
Wand'ring in the des-ert drear-y, They are His, tho' gone a-stray.
Will not bring them back and fold them Safe - ly where no tempests low'r.

CHORUS.

Tell me not His sheep may per-ish On the mountains bleak and bare;

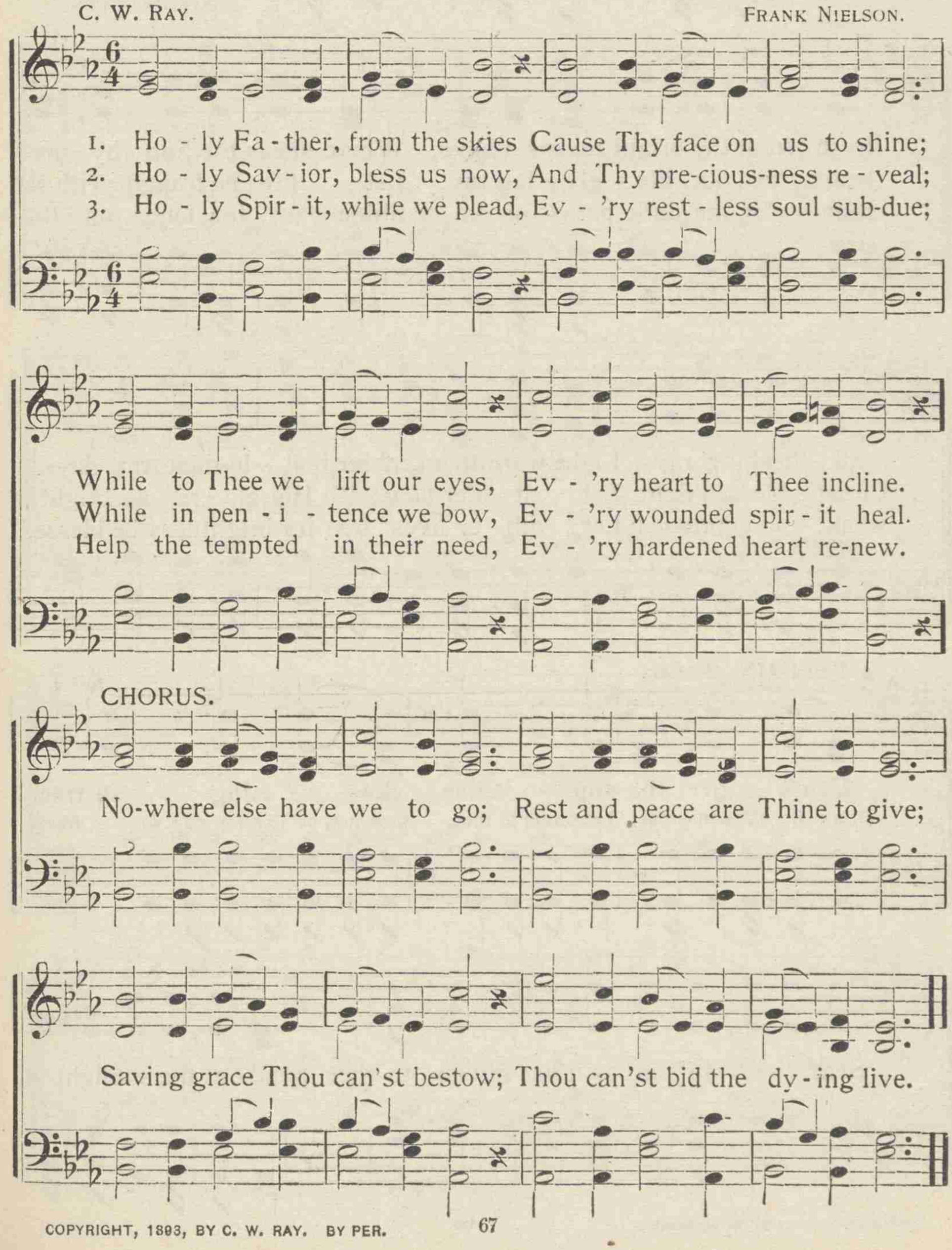
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Have You Heard?—Concluded.



No. 56. Invocation.

C. W. RAY. FRANK NIELSON.



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No. 57. Blessed Sunshine.

Words written for this work.
Arr. and partly written by W. H. MORRIS. Music by W. H. MORRIS.

1. Drink in the sun-shine, the sun-shine of love, Streaming so
2. Drink in the sun-shine, drink ev - 'ry day, O - pen thy
3. Send out the sun - light that thou drink-est in, Scat - ter its

fresh from the bright realms a-bove, Where sheds the Son by his
heart to its life - giv - ing ray, Let life be fraught with the
beams o'er the dark paths of sin, Shine on the lone, on the

all - heal-ing rays, Light, warmth and cheer, to il - lu-mine thy days.
Christ's blessed light, Let it o'er-flow with His glo - ry so bright.
weak, and oppressed; Let oth - er lives by its brightness be blessed.
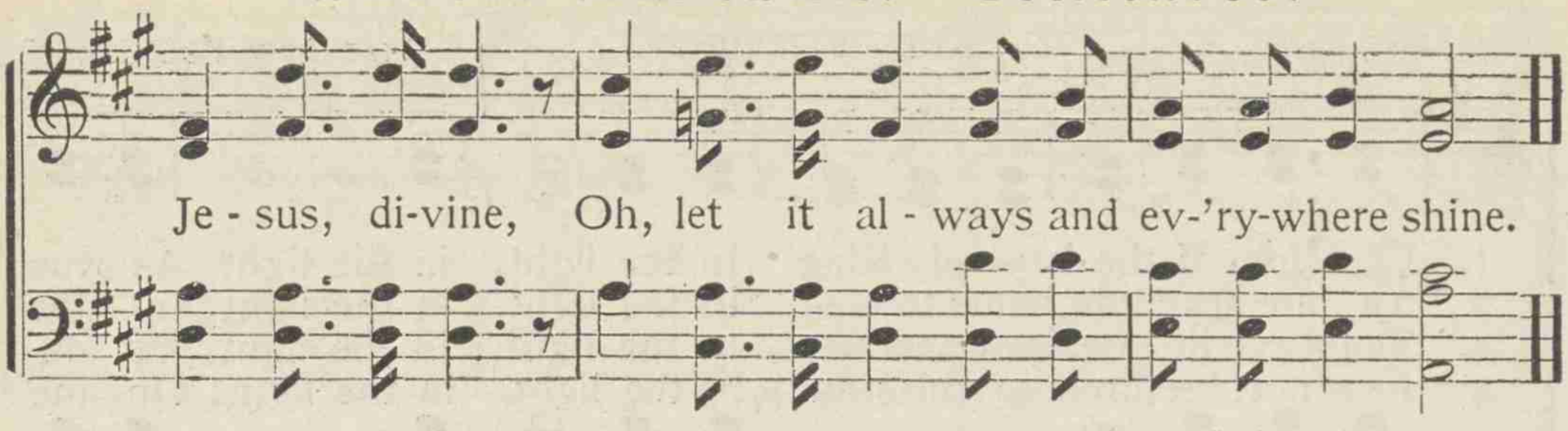
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Drink in the sun - shine, flow - ing so free,
Drink in the sun-shine, 'Twas sent to thee, flow-ing, ev - er flow-ing so free,

Send it to all as 'twas giv-en to thee; Send out the sunlight of

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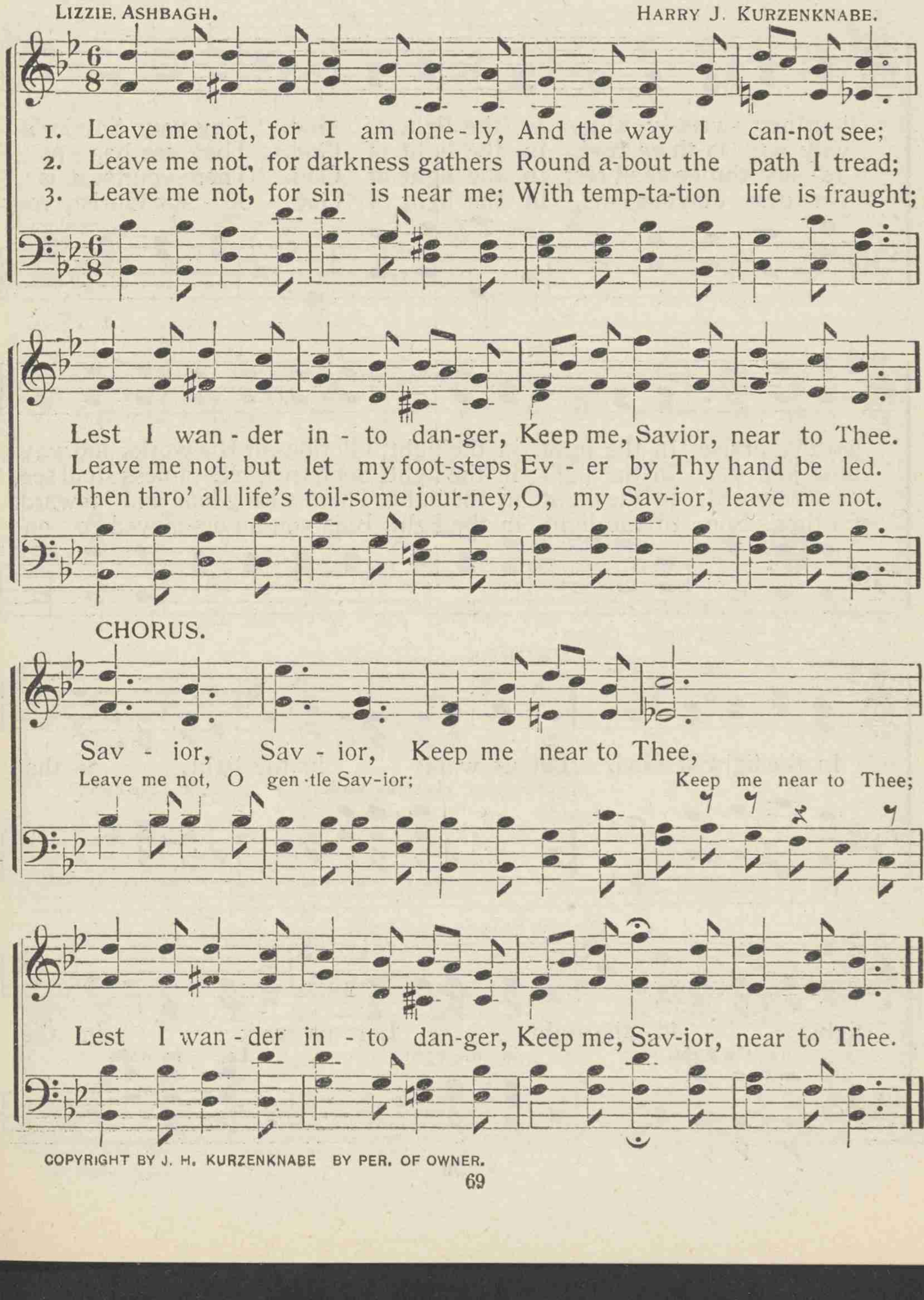
Blessed Sunshine.—Concluded.



No. 58. Leave Me not, O Gentle Savior.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5.

LIZZIE. ASHBAGH. HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



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No. 59. In the Light.

Joyously. (*To W. H. Morris.*) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, In the light, in the light, As you jour-ney sweet-ly sing, In the light of God. Sing your Sav-ior's
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the light, in the light, In the way our fa-thers trod, In the light of God. They are hap - py
3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock and blest, In the light, in the light, Ye on Je - sus' throne shall rest, In the light of God. There your seat is
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand, In the light, in the light, On the bor - ders of your land, In the light of God. Je - sus Christ, your

worthy praise, In the light, in the light, Glorious in His works and ways,
now, and ye, In the light, in the light, Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see,
now prepared, In the light, in the light, There a kingdom and reward,
Fa-ther's Son, In the light, in the light, Bids you un-dis-mayed go on,

CHORUS.

In the light of God. Let us walk in the light, in the
Let us walk in the light,
light, in the light, Let us walk in the
in the light, in the light, Let us walk

In the Light.—Concluded.

light, in the light of God.
in the light, in the light, the beau-ti - ful light of God.
in the light, Let us walk in the beau-ti-ful light of God,

No. 60. I Am Bound for the Land.

R. A. E. R. A. EVILSIZER.

1. I am bound for the land of Beu - lah, Sing-ing songs of a
2. I am bound for the land of Beu - lah, Je - sus leads thro' the
3. I am bound for the land of Beu - lah, "Home of bliss" in a
4. I am bound for the land of Beu - lah, Friends be-lov - ed a -

Sav - ior's love, Paus - ing oft by the way - side trav-'lers,
nar - row way; Trust - ing Him I pur - sue my jour - ney,
"sun-bright clime;" There in peace 'neath ce - les - tial palm-trees,
wait me there; Shout - ing, sing - ing, I haste to greet them,

D. S.—*Hap - py home in my Fa - ther's king-dom;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Point-ing them to that home a - bove.
Press-ing on to e - ter - nal day. I am bound for the
I shall rest when I'm done with time.
Long-ing now all their joys to share.

Soon I'll shout with that ran-somed throng.

D. S.

land of Beu - lah, I am bound for the land of song,

BY PERMISSION.

No. 61. Glad Crowning Day.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. By thousands now re-ject-ed, By few is Je-sus own'd; The
2. Be-hold the Man of Sor-rows In an-guish on the tree! For
3. Lay down your pride and pleasure, Lay down your sin and shame; Ac-

mul-ti-tude to pleasure turns a-way; But there's a morn ex-pect-ed
you He left His glorious home a-bove; Why longer anguish borrow,
cept the gra-cious of-fer while you may; There's peace that passeth measure,

When He shall be enthron'd, The King Emanuel's glorious crowning day.
If He has made you free By off'ring up Him-self in ten-der love.
Be-liev-ing on His name, There's safe-ty in the glorious crowning day.

CHORUS.

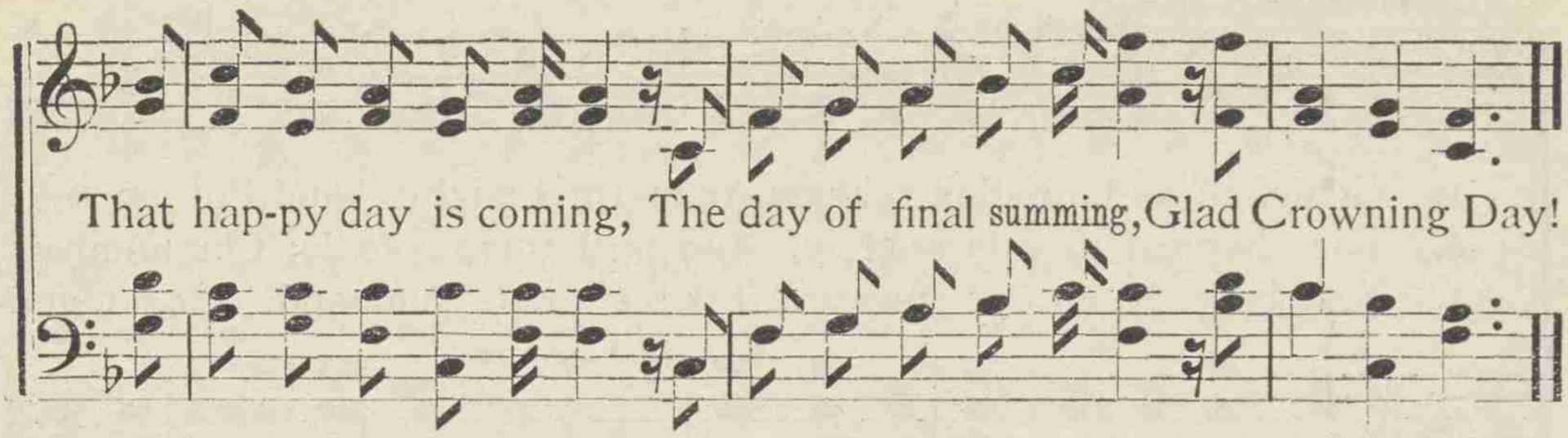
That dread-ful day is com-ing, That fear-ful day is com-ing; O

sin-ner, dare you still de-lay? That joy-ful day is com-ing,

why de-lay?

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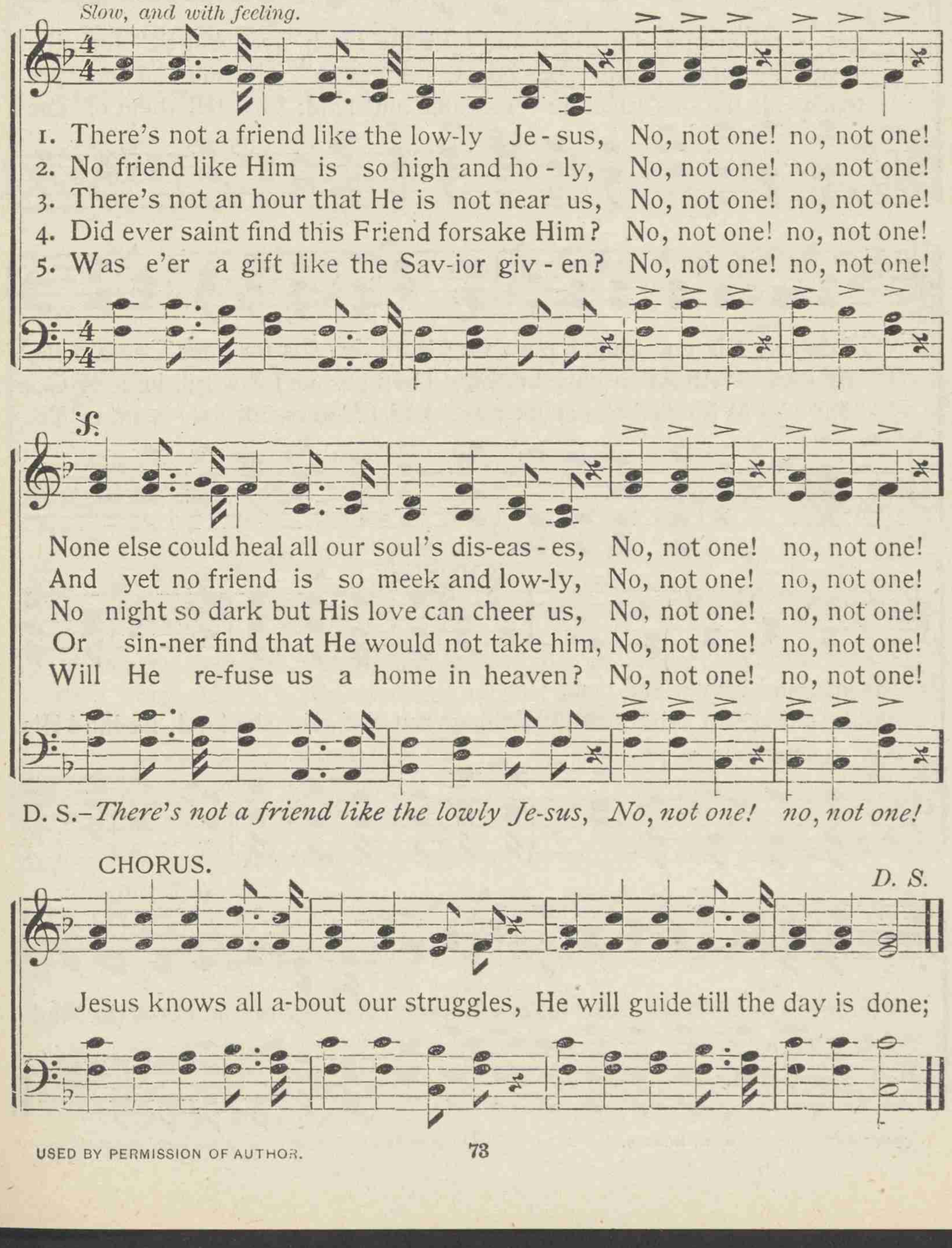
Glad Crowning Day.—Concluded.



No. 62. No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with feeling.



D. S.–*There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS.

USED BY PERMISSION OF AUTHOR.

No. 63. We'll Go Out and Take the Land.

Words and Music by Rev. J. B. YOUNGBLOOD.

Not too fast.

1. Come, all ye Christian soldiers, And form a mighty band, Put on the gos - pel ar-mor, Go forth and take the land; Do bat-tle for the
2. The harvest now is read - y, And much there is to do; Our numbers seem "so many," Still "la - bor - ers are few;" The souls of men are
3. Yes, brave-ly go ye forward, It is the Lord's command: "Go out and teach all nations" Of ev - 'ry name and land; Go tell them of the

Mas-ter, His en - e-mies pur - sue; With Je - sus for your Captain, Be
dy - ing Without a hope of life; Then go ye for-ward, bravely Con-
Sav - ior Who died to set us free, And of - fers full sal - va-tion To

CHORUS.

strong, and brave, and true.
tend - ing in the strife. We'll go out and take the land, Be-hind His
sin - ners such as we.

banner grand; With Jesus for our Captain, We'll go out and take the land.

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No. 64. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak-
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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No. 65. Only One Jesus.

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

1. In all the world there is but one Je-sus, Only one, on-ly one,
2. There is but one who each heart-ache knoweth, Only one, on-ly one,
3. One friend a-lone all our tri - als shareth, Only one, on-ly one,
4. There is but one who can keep us ho - ly, Only one, on-ly one,
5. There is but one who will ne'er forsake us, Only one, on-ly one,
6. There is but one when we pray will hear us, Only one, on-ly one,
7. There is but one who at death will meet us, Only one, on-ly one,

Kind - ling with love when in sin He sees us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And to the weak such compassion showeth, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Light - ens our cares and our burdens beareth, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Hum - ble and trustful, and meek and low-ly, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Faith - ful what-ev - er may o - ver-take us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And with His warm, tender love will cheer us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And to the mansions of glo - ry greet us, On-ly one, on-ly one.

CHORUS.
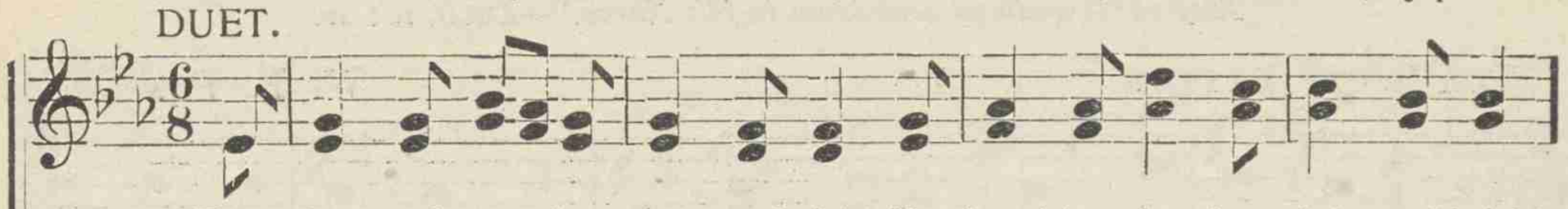
Only the Lord knoweth all our weakness, How hard the toil till the goal is won;
In all the world there is but one Je - sus, On-ly one, on-ly one.

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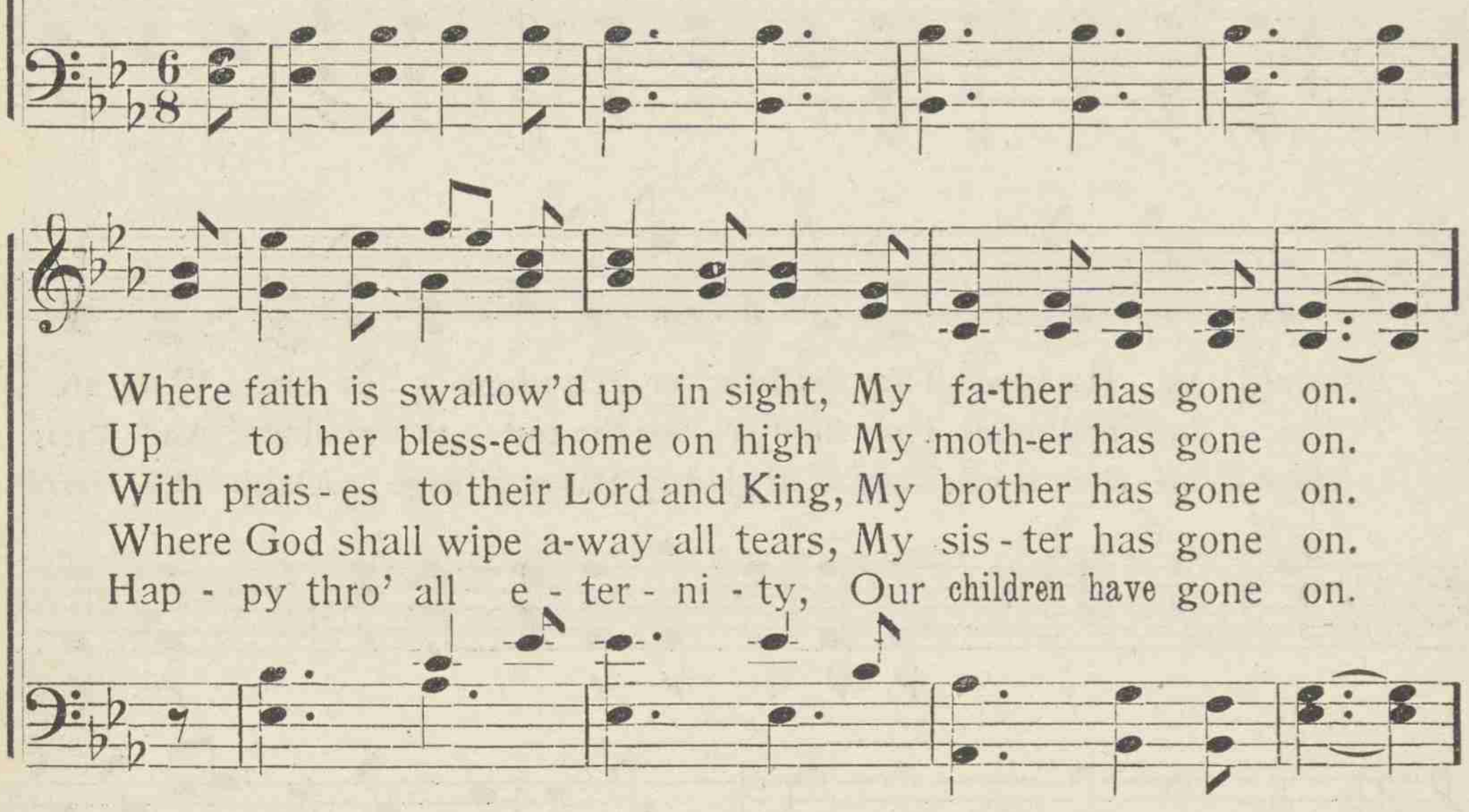
No. 66. Gone On.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. POWELL G. FITHIAN, by per.

DUET.
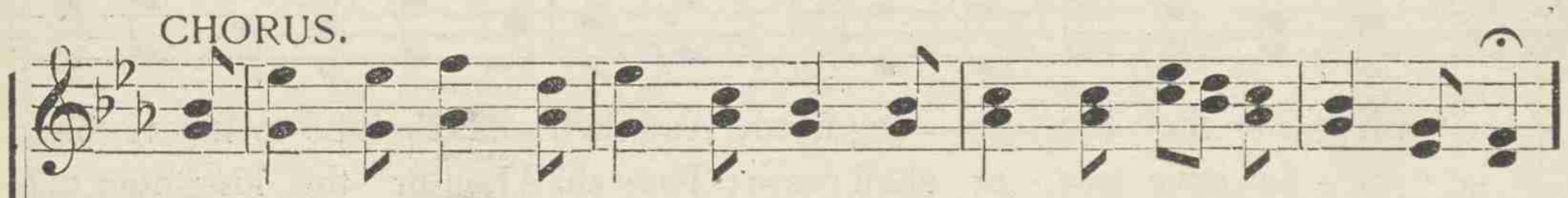


1. Far, far a-bove these scenes of night, To that blest land so fair and bright,
2. God has a man-sion in the sky For all His children when they die;
3. Where the redeem'd for-ev-er sing, Where angels make their glad harps ring
4. Where joy will last thro' endless years, Where never cometh doubts and fears,
5. To that land by the crys-tal sea, Where with their Savior they will be,



Where faith is swallow'd up in sight, My fa-ther has gone on.
Up to her bless-ed home on high My moth-er has gone on.
With prais-es to their Lord and King, My brother has gone on.
Where God shall wipe a-way all tears, My sis-ter has gone on.
Hap-py thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Our children have gone on.

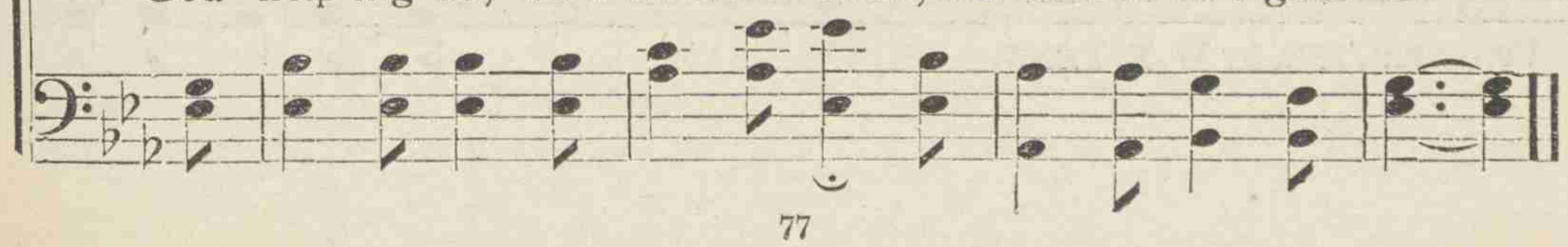
CHORUS.



Gone on to that bright land so fair, Gone on beyond this world of care;



God help-ing me, I'll meet him there, My fa-ther has gone on.
God help-ing me, I'll meet her there, My moth-er has gone on.
God help-ing me, I'll meet him there, My broth-er has gone on.
God help-ing me, I'll meet her there, My sis-ter has gone on.
God help-ing us, we'll meet them there, Our children have gone on.



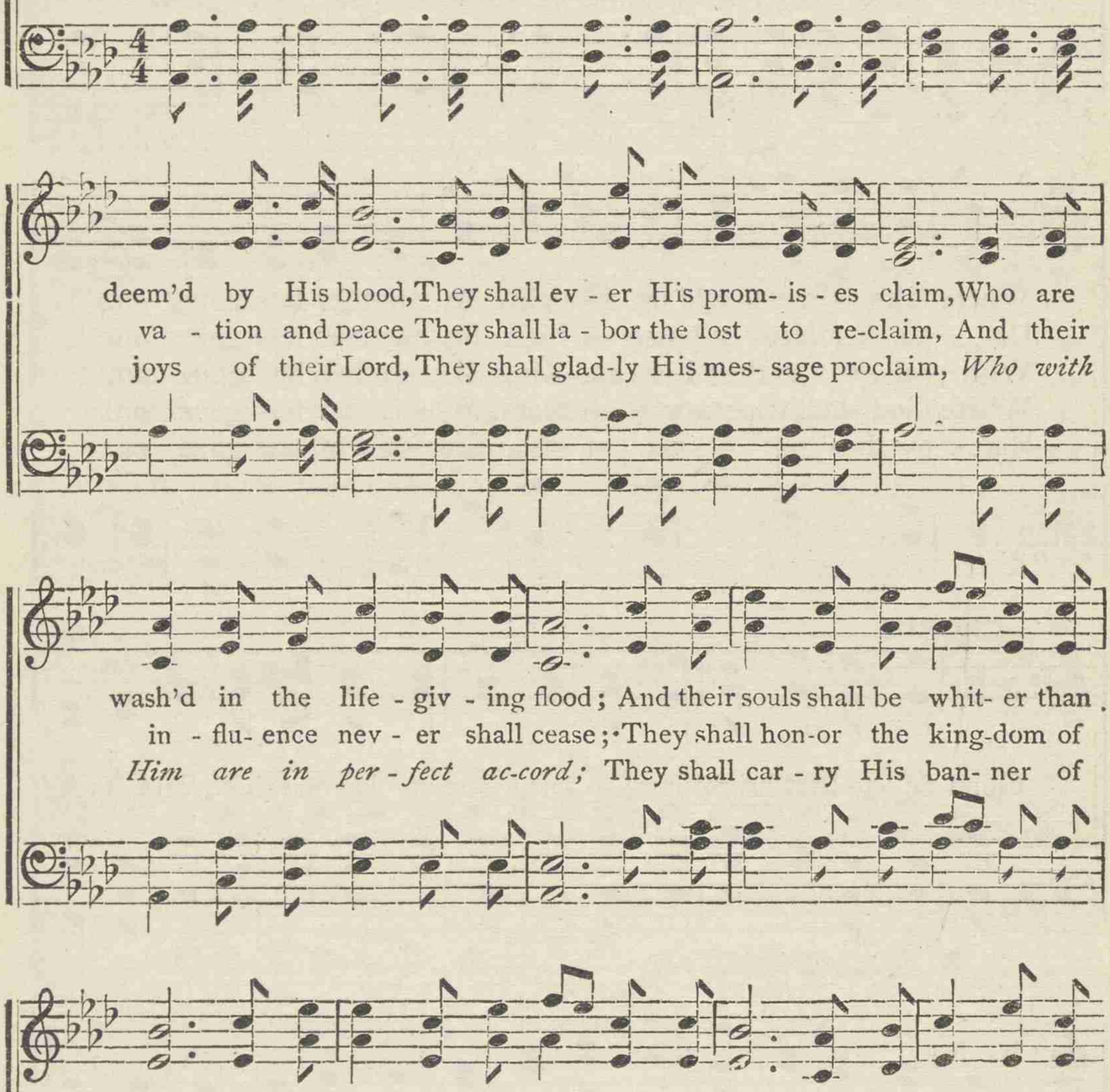
No. 67. They Shall Walk in His Name.

"*They shall walk up and down in His Name.*"—ZECH. 10: 12.

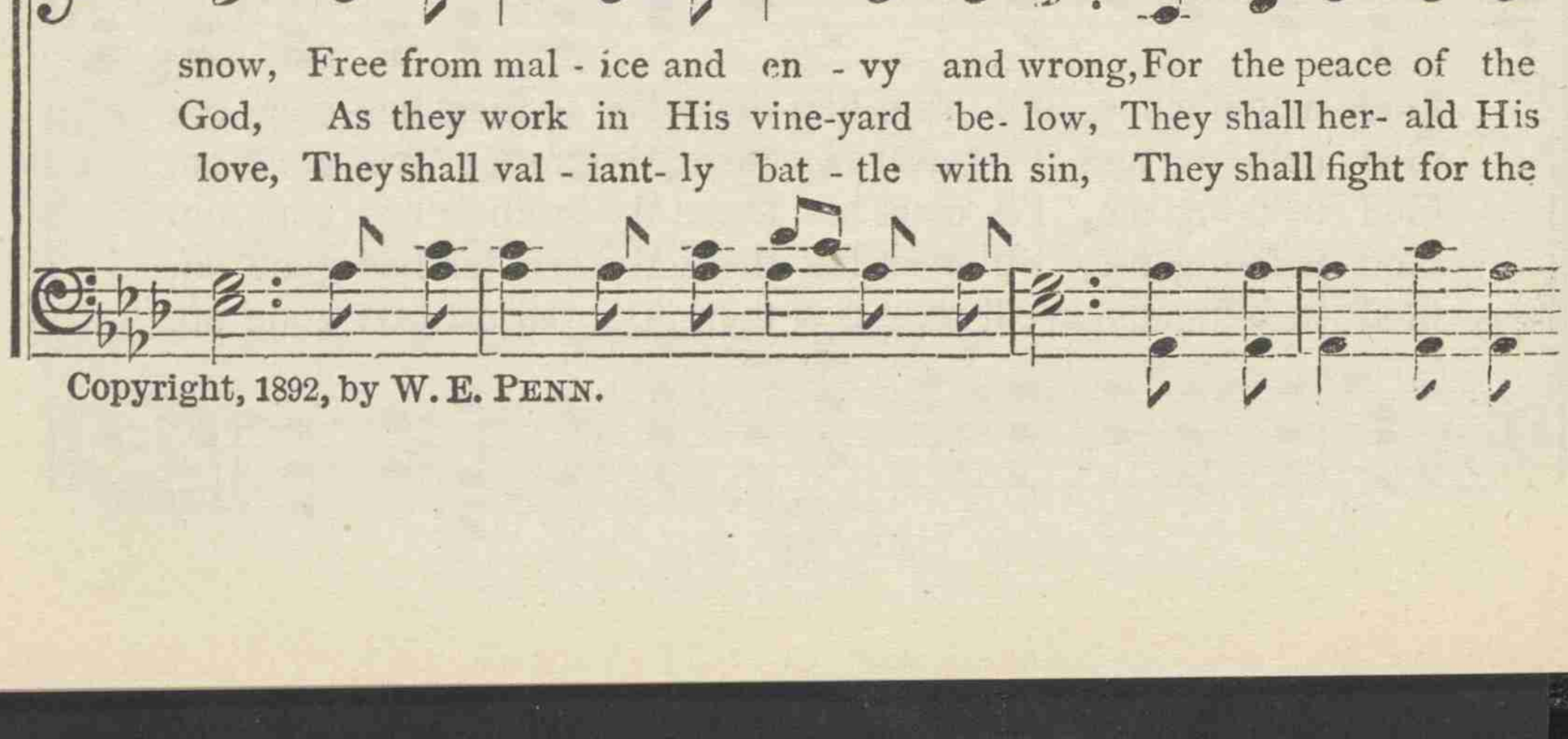
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. E. PENN.



1. They shall walk up and down in His name, Who are sav'd and re-
2. They shall walk up and down in His name, Scatt'ring words of sal-
3. They shall walk up and down in His name, Who have tast - ed the



deem'd by His blood, They shall ev - er His prom- is - es claim, Who are
va - tion and peace They shall la - bor the lost to re-claim, And their
joys of their Lord, They shall glad-ly His mes- sage proclaim, *Who with*

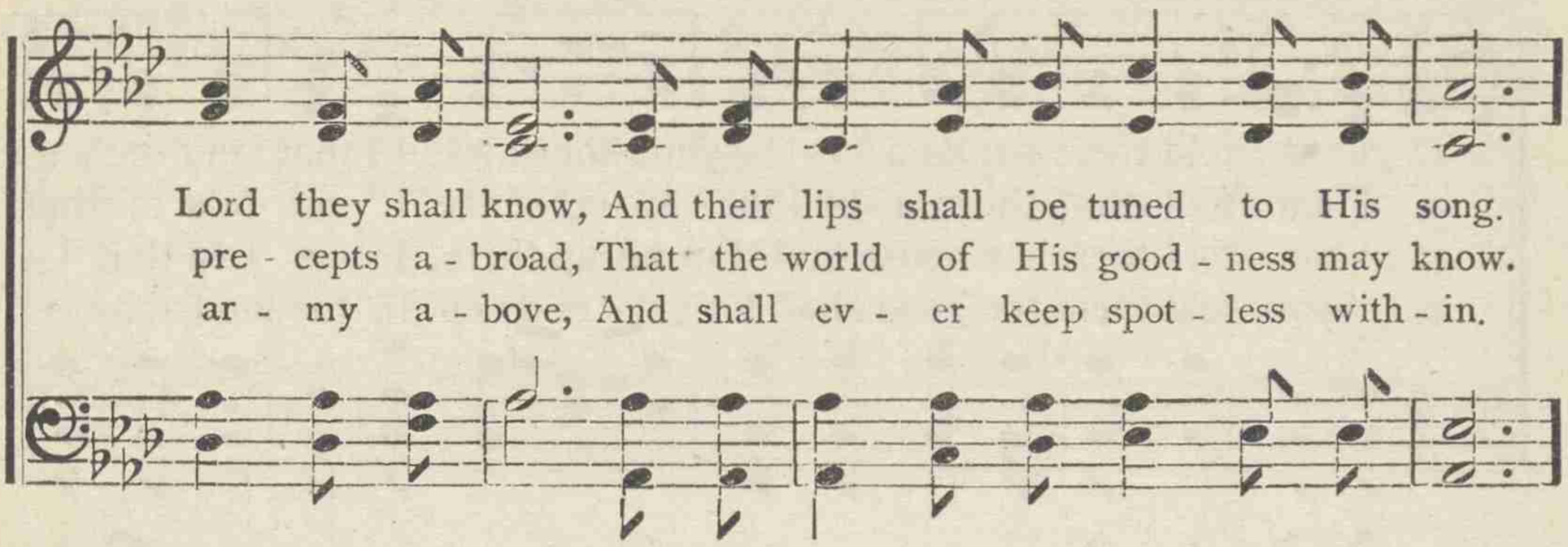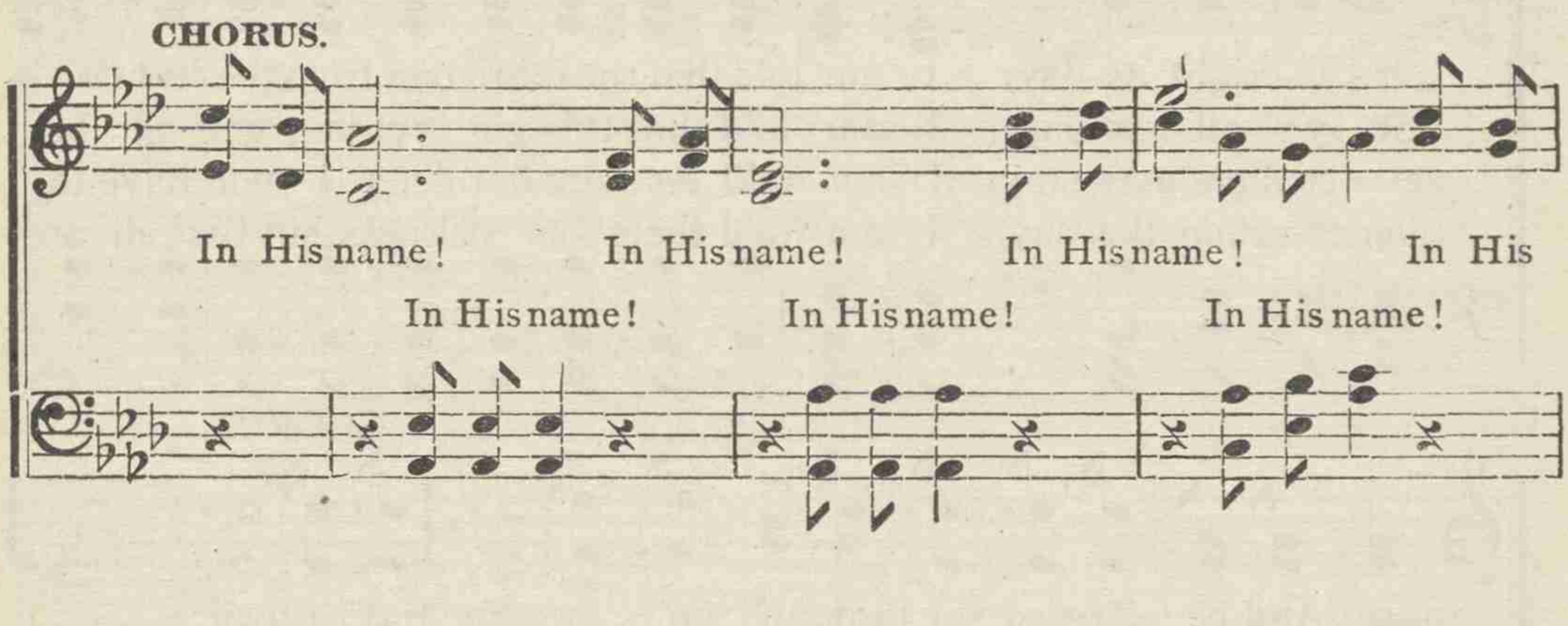


wash'd in the life - giv - ing flood; And their souls shall be whit- er than
in - flu- ence nev - er shall cease; They shall hon-or the king-dom of
Him are in per - fect ac-cord; They shall car - ry His ban- ner of
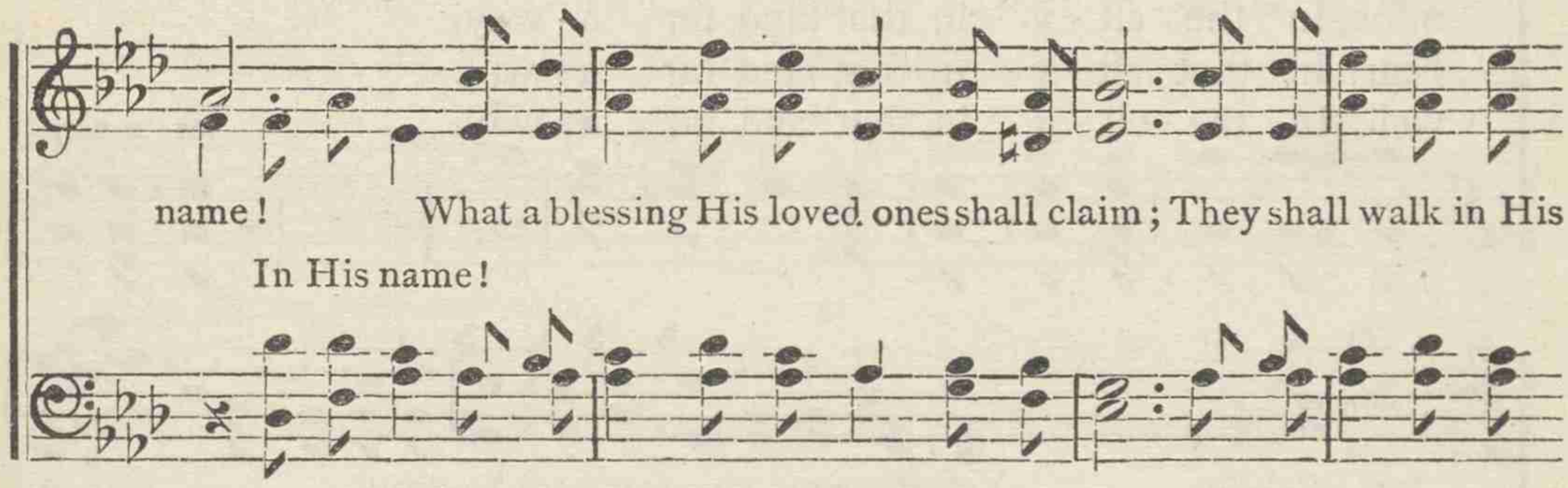
snow, Free from mal - ice and en - vy and wrong, For the peace of the
God, As they work in His vine-yard be- low, They shall her- ald His
love, They shall val - iant- ly bat - tle with sin, They shall fight for the

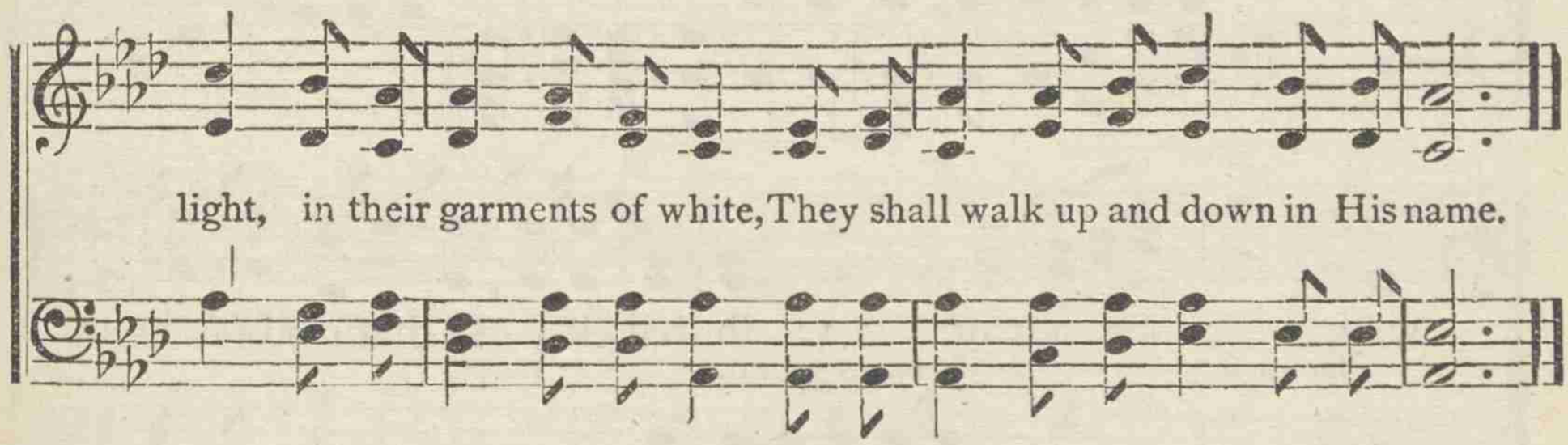
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They Shall Walk in His Name. Concluded.









No. 68. The City Far Away.

W. H. M. *(Dedicated to Mrs. W. E. Penn.)* W. H. MORRIS.

1. I am told there's a land far be-yond the skies; In that land there's a cit - y bright as day; I am told that the Christian from the dead shall a-
2. I am told that the sun shall for - ev - er shine, I am told in that cit - y all is day; I am told that this glo - ry, too, will all be
3. I am told there's a house built for me up there, I am told that I ev - er there may stay; I am told no more bur-dens I will have to
4. I am told there the good shall for-ev - er dwell In the land that is fair-er than the day; I am told there's no sickness, but that all are

CHORUS.

arise, And be car-ried to that land far a - way. Far a-way,
mine, In the cit - y in that land far a - way.
bear, In that cit - y in that land far a - way.
well, In the cit - y in that land far a - way.

far a-way,

far a - way, Yet it seems so very near to-day; Far a-

yet seems so near, so near to-day;

way, far a-way, In that cit-y in that land far a-way.

far a-way yet seems so near.

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No. 69. Marching to the Promised Land.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. We're a band of pil-grims, guid-ed by our King, Marching to the
2. Ma - ny foes are round us; we must watch and pray, Marching to the
3. Let us help each oth - er, help the weak and sad, Marching to the
4. We must wear our ar - mor, helmet, shield and sword, Marching to the

Prom-ised Land; Wondrous grace and glory, wondrous love we sing,
Prom-ised Land; Keep - ing close to Je-sus, trust-ing ev-'ry day,
Prom-ised Land; Com - fort-ing the wea-ry with a message glad,
Prom-ised Land; Je - sus gives sal-va-tion; triumph in the Lord,

CHORUS.

Marching to the Promised Land. Marching, marching, happy pilgrim band,

Marching, marching to the Promised Land; On the way to heav - en,

guided by our King, Wondrous grace and glory, wondrous love we sing.

No. 70. Will You Hear the Wondrous Story?

W. H. MORRIS. J. G. MOSS.

1. Will you hear the wondrous sto-ry Of the Babe of Beth-le - hem,
2. Will you hear the wondrous sto-ry. How He walked on Gall-i - lee?
3. Will you hear the wondrous sto-ry. How He heal'd the sick and blind?

How the angels sang, and prais'd Him For His love to sin-ful men?
How He gave His hand to Pe - ter, Who was sinking in the sea?
How He of - fered full sal - va - tion To the souls who seek and find!

How He ar-gued with the doctors, When He yet was ver-y young?
How He stilled the mighty tempest, When they woke Him on the deep?
Will you list - en to His call-ing, Say-ing, "Come and trust in me?"

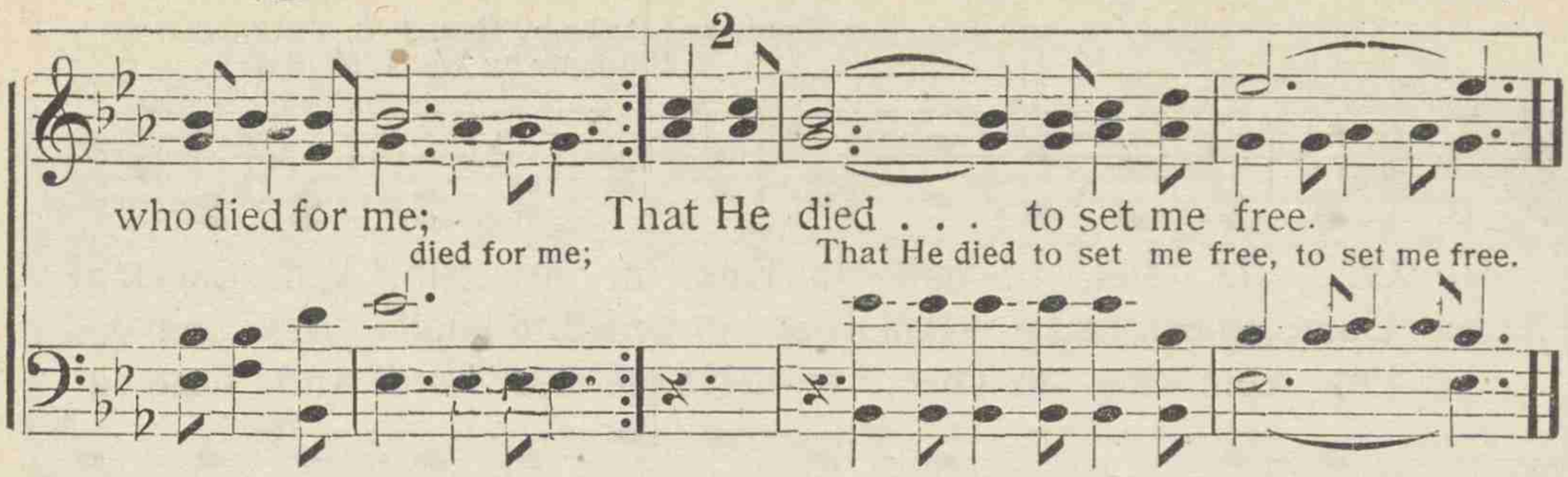
How He taught them in the tem - ple, With a wise and Master tongue?
How He cried a - loud to Laz-arus, Who a - rose as from a sleep?
He will pardon your transgressions, His a-bode He'll make with thee.

REFRAIN.

Will you hear . . . the wondrous sto - ry Of the Lord . . . .
Will you hear the wondrous sto - ry Of the Lord

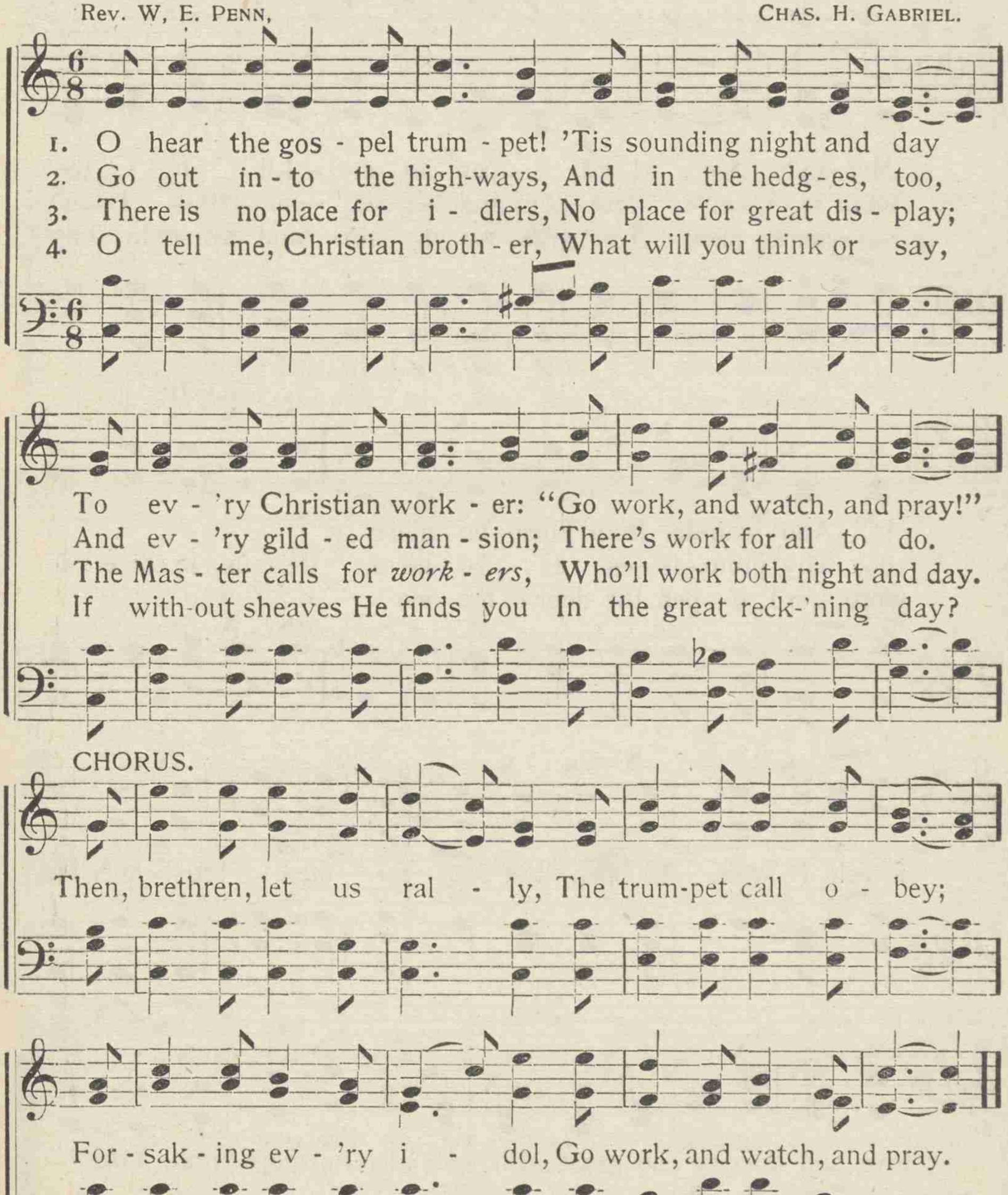
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Will You Hear the Wondrous?—Concluded.



No. 71. The Gospel Trumpet.

Rev. W, E. PENN, CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 72. I Come, I Knock, I Wait.

Words and Music by Rev. J. B. YOUNGBLOOD
Harmony by W. H. MORRIS

1. O, Je - sus, I come to Thee in my sin, And knock at Mer - cy's door; Lord, o - pen to me, I'll en - ter in, And wan-der from Thee no more.
2. "Come, knock and it shall be o - pened to you:" "Ask and you shall re - ceive:" "Re - pent and believe:"—all this I now do; Thy prom - is - es I be - lieve. Je - sus, I come, I knock, I wait, O - pen the door for me; Trust - ing Thy
3. I'm com - ing to Thee, re - ceive me, dear Lord! And hear a sin - ner's plea; I give up my sins and trust in Thy word; Lord, o - pen the door for me.

CHORUS.
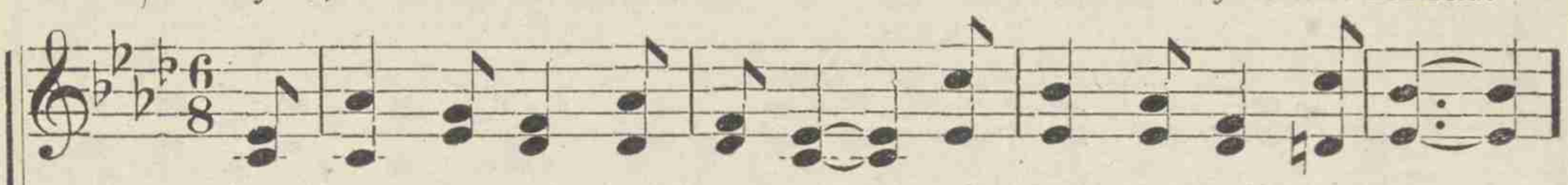
love and mer-cy so great, I'll wan - der no more from Thee.

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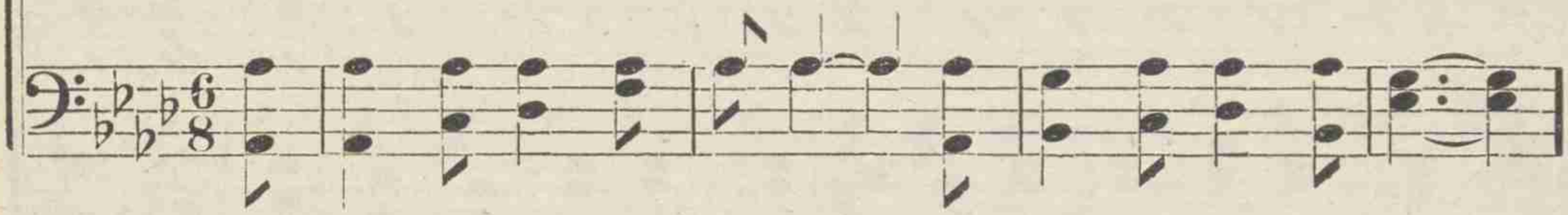
No. 73. Excuse Me I Pray.
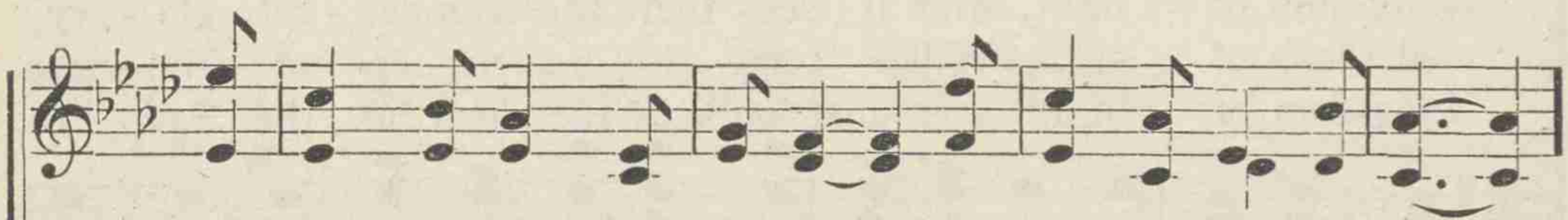
(Suggested by a sermon by Evangelist W. E. Penn)

Words by W, H. MORRIS. Music by EDWIN MOORE.
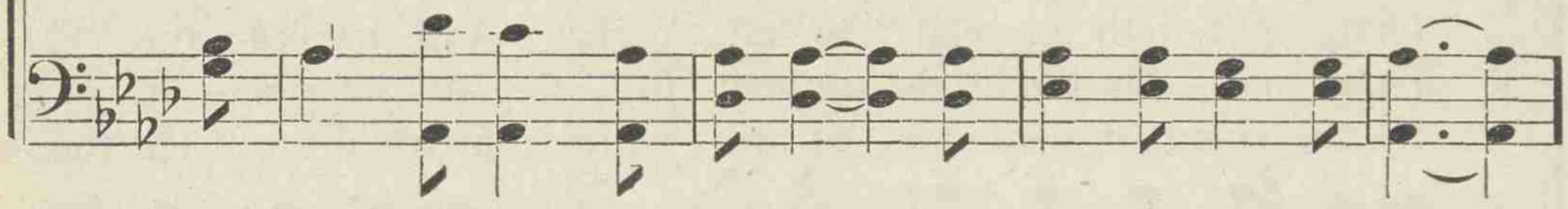


1. Come now, all things are read-y, The feast for you is spread,
2. You say: "I am too bus - y, I can - not go to - day;
3. I'm young, and want more pleasure. When I am old, I may
4. "I'm seek - ing fame and rich-es, I'll heed some oth - er day;
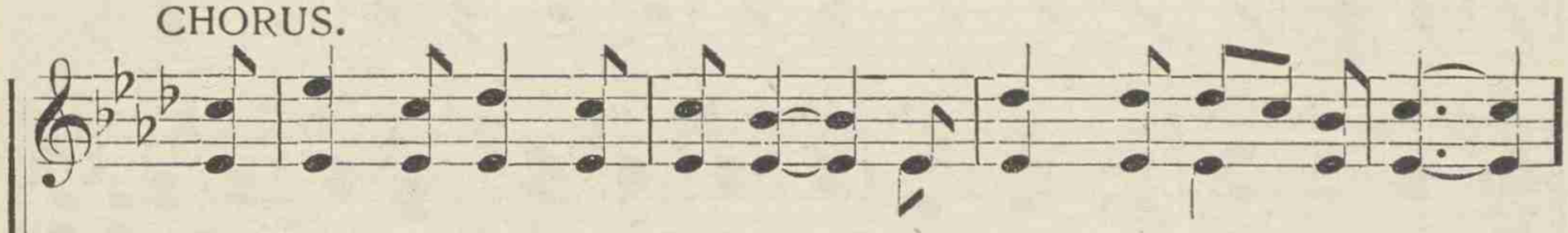




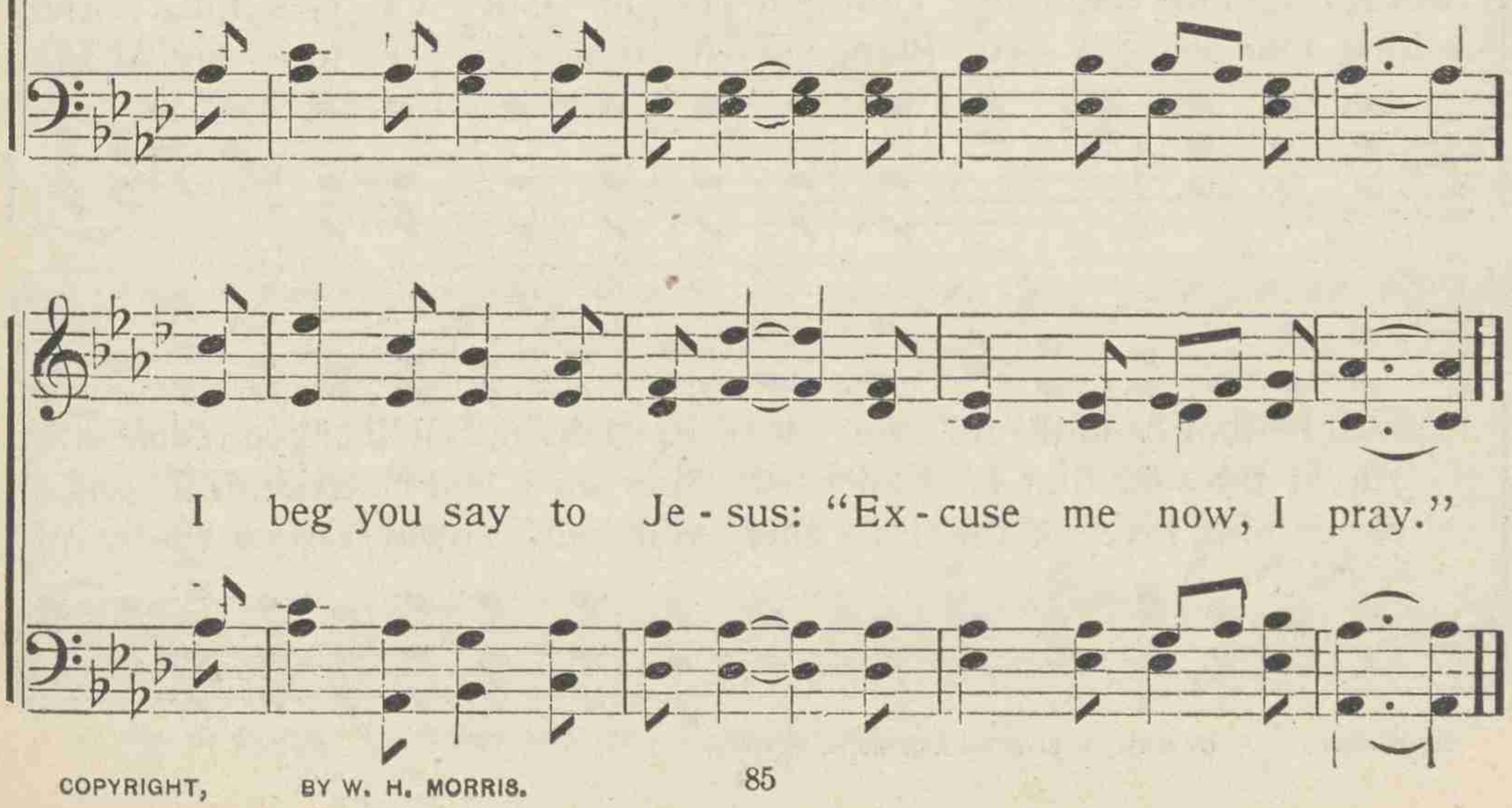
The Sav - ior's life was tak - en, His blood for you was shed.
But next year I'll ac - cept Him; Ex - cuse me now, I pray."
Ac - cept the in - vi - ta - tion, Ex - cuse me now, I pray."
I beg you say to Je - sus Ex - cuse me now, I pray."



CHORUS.



Tell Je - sus I'm not read-y, I'll go some oth - er day;



I beg you say to Je - sus: "Ex - cuse me now, I pray."

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No. 74. The Two Kingdoms.

Tnis song was written a short time before W. E. Penn's death, for a sermon on "The Two Kingdoms." Thousands have heard him on this subject.

EBEN. E. REXFORD. Rev. W. E. PENN

1. The soul from the king - dom of dark - ness, Looks in - to the king-dom of light, And it sees there the won-der - ful glo - ry,
2. The soul that sets out for this king - dom Of light, from the val - leys of sin, Will come to a riv - er of crim - son
3. There's no oth - er way, O my broth - er, To get to the king-dom of light! You must bathe in the blood of the Sav - ior

That put - teth an end to all night; And a voice says, "O
That cir - cles the bright country in, A riv - er of
Till the sins that were scar - let are white; If you'd en - ter the

dwell - er in dark-ness, The dark-ness of er - ror and sin, Would you
blood from the fount-ain, That flow-eth on Cal - va - ry's hill, And
king-dom of glo - ry, Plunge in - to this riv - er to - day, And the

dwell in that beau-ti - ful king - dom, Re-pent, and He'll bid you come in!"
in it the soul that is foul - est May wash and be clean, if it will.
par-don-ing love of the Fa - ther Will help you, and show you the way.

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The Two Kingdoms.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come out of the kingdom of darkness; Come out of the regions of night,

And dwell in the beau-ti-ful kingdom Where the Lamb that redeems is the light.

No. 75. Joy, Joy, Joy, He Lives.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Joy, joy, joy; He lives, our ris - en King! Joy, joy, joy; Let men and
2. Joy, joy, joy; The stone is rolled a - way: Joy, joy, joy; Now dawns e-
3. Joy, joy, joy, In ev - 'ry heart abound: Joy, joy, joy, O'er all the

REF.–*Joy, joy, joy; He lives, our ris-en King! Joy, joy, joy; Let men and*

FINE.

an - gels sing! The Lord of life and glad-ness Is con-quer-or to -
ter - nal day; The night of death is scat-tered, All men shall life ob -
earth re-sound: He comes with might and power, The Lord of light and

an - gels sing!

Refrain, D. C.

day; A - way with grief and sadness, All hearts must now be gay.
tain; The gloom-y pris-on's shattered, And Je-sus comes to reign.
love; He lives, He lives to save us, He reigns in heav'n a-bove.

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No. 76. Jesus is Ready to Save You.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6 : 37.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O come to the fount of His love! The wa - ter is free, 'Tis flow - ing for thee, It
2. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O hear Him say, "Come unto Me!" Come, lean on His breast, He'll give you sweet rest, And
3. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O doubt-ing one, make no de- lay! If you will be - lieve, His pre - cepts re - ceive, He'll
4. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O trust Him, He's faithful and true! He's call - ing you now, Oh, pen - i - tent bow, There's
5. Je - sus is read-y to save you; Tho' you may be covered with stain, He'll cleanse you I know, He'll make you as snow, And

CHORUS.

is - sues from heaven a - bove.
make your soul hap-py and free.
take all your sor-row a - way.
mer - cy and par-don for you!
not a dark spot will re - main.

Je - sus is ready just now,

just now;

Je - sus is read-y just now, just now, Come fall at His feet,

Have par-don complete, For Je - sus is read-y just now. just now.

No. 77. Where Are You Stepping?

W. H. M. W. H. MORRIS, by per.

1. We are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd e-ter - ni - ty;
2. Some are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd e-ter - nal woe;
3. Some are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd their home above,
4. Are you stepping, dai-ly stepping, In the "narrow way" so straight,

Do you know which road you're go-ing, And where will the ending be?
From which there is no re-turn-ing; Why, then, brother, farther go?
With an eye of faith on glo - ry, And the blessed Lord of love.
Lead-ing to the shin-ing por-tals, Thro' the o-pen pearl-y gate?

CHORUS.

Where are you step-ping? . . . . How are you stepping? . . .

Where are you stepping? How are you stepping?
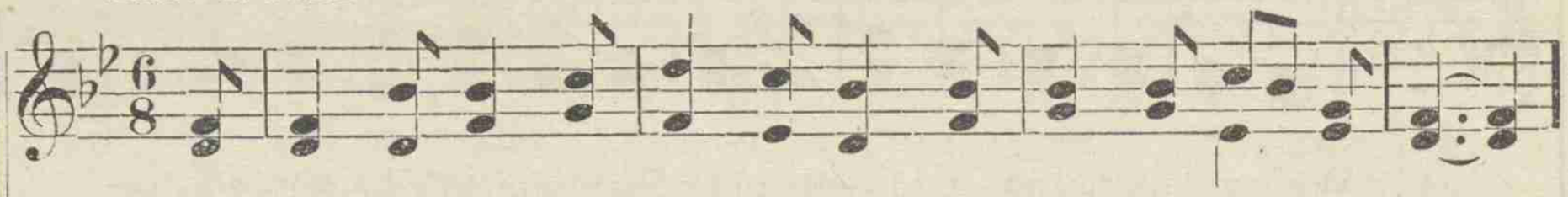
Brother, step carefully on your way. In the nar-row way.

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No. 78. I'm Not Alone.
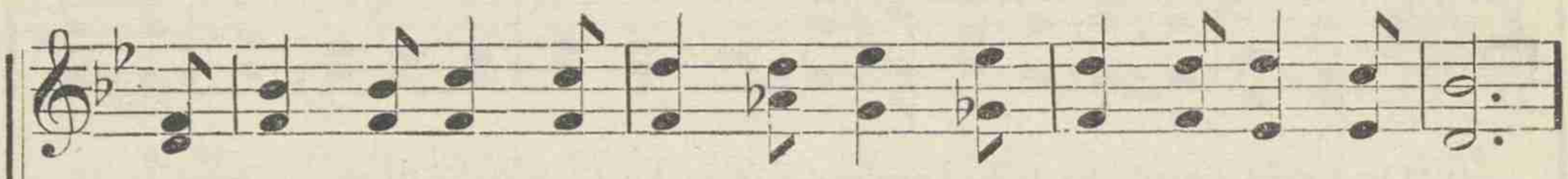
"I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."—Ps. 23:4,

MARY B. PECK. JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.
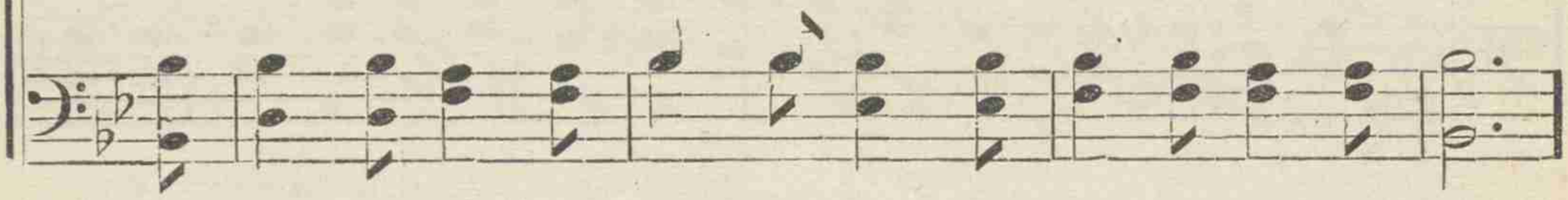


1. When dark'ning shadow 'round me falls, And light and hope seem gone,
2. His eye can pierce the darkest cloud, His arm all dan-ger - stay;
3. When sorrows come, with crushing blow, O'er my de - fence-less head,
4. So, cheer - ful - ly I'll trav - el on Thro' life's dark, thorny way;
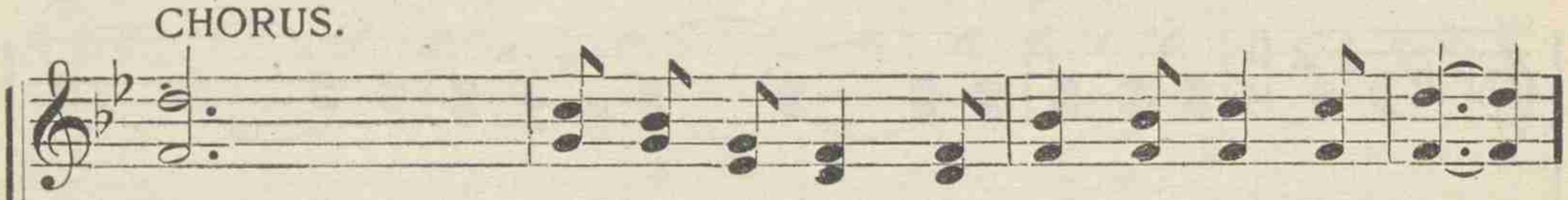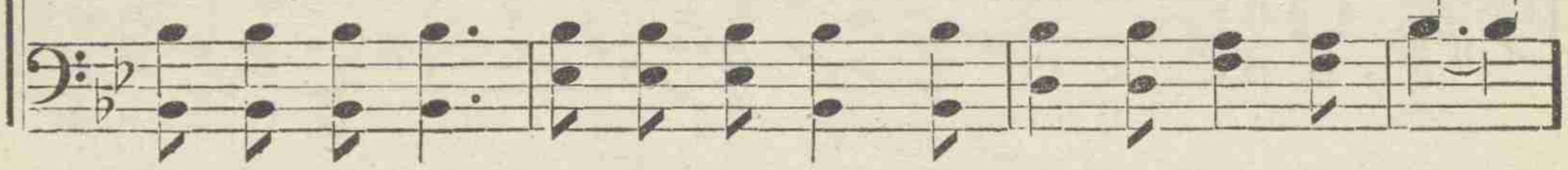




There is one tho't my heart up-holds; It is, I'm not a - lone.
He waits for neith - er look nor word, Our troubles to al - lay.
I trem - ble not; for well I know Who by my side doth tread.
I'll fear no ill, I'm not a - lone While Je-sus is my stay.
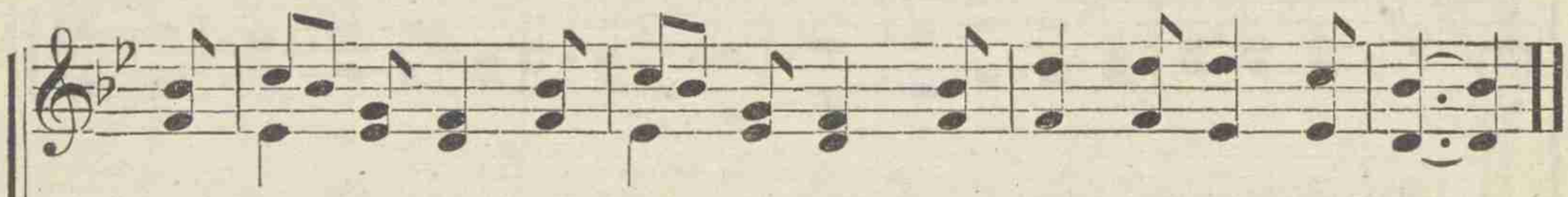


CHORUS.
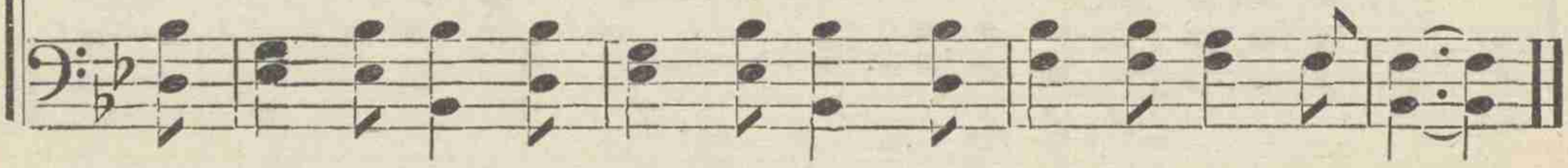


No, nev - er a - lone Can Je - sus' followers be;
No, not a - lone,





He's ev - er near, why should we fear? Our Guide and Hope is He.



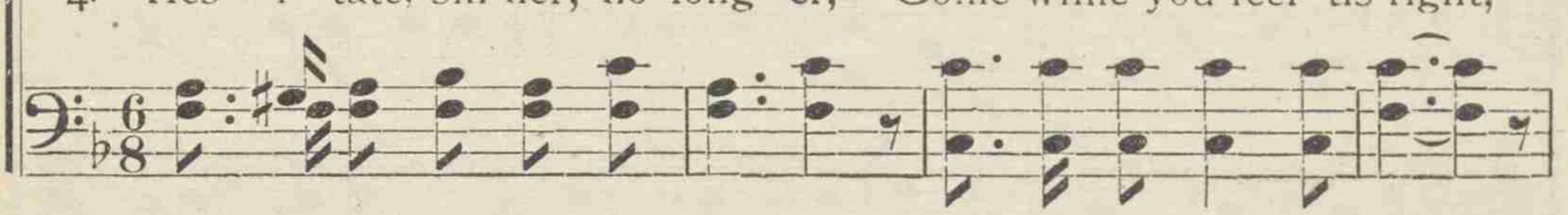
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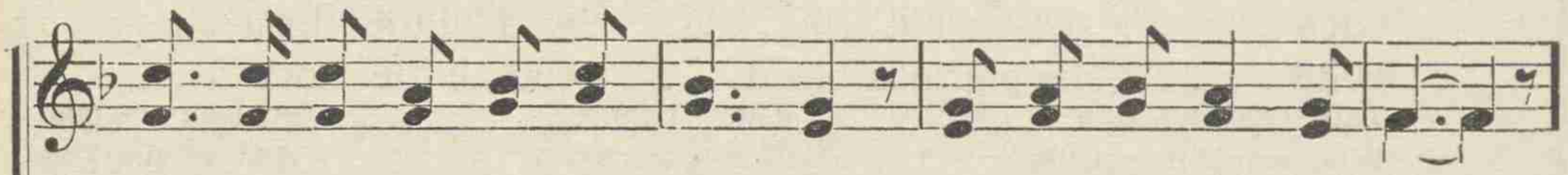
No. 79. Hear the Sweet Call To-Night.

Words and Music by W. H. MORRIS.

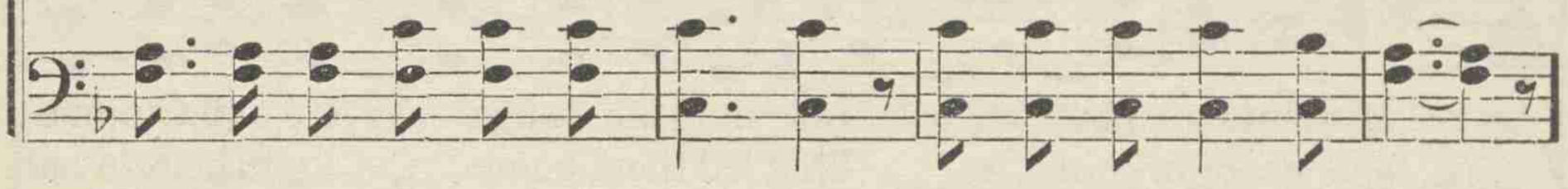


1. Why do you wander in dark-ness, When you are of - fered light?
2. Why will you lin-ger in dan-ger? Ma - ny are lost who wait;
3. Do you not feel a great bur-den, Caus-ing you great un - rest?
4. Hes - i - tate, sin-ner, no long - er; Come while you feel 'tis right;
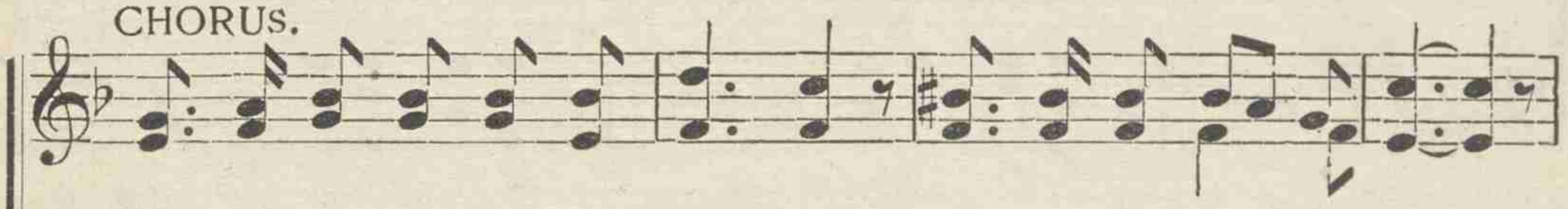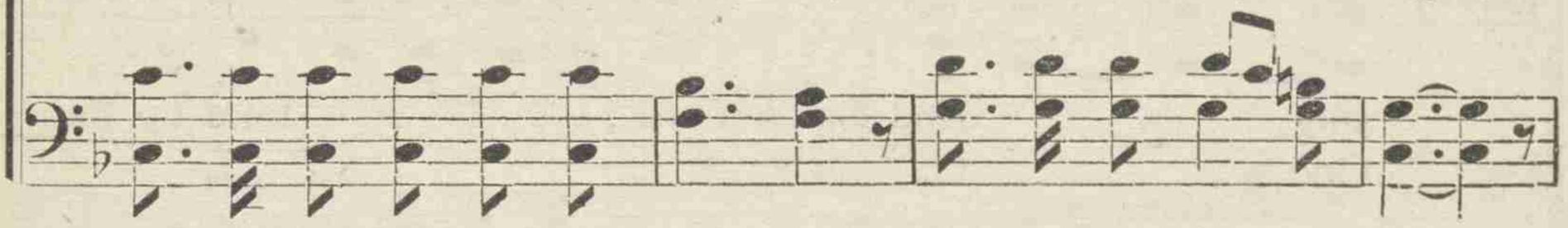




While your dear Savior is plead - ing, Hear the sweet call to - night.
Hear the sweet call of your Sav - ior, Come ere it is "too late."
Cast it all, now, up - on Je - sus; Coming, you shall be blest.
Come while the Spirit is draw - ing; Hear the sweet call to - night.
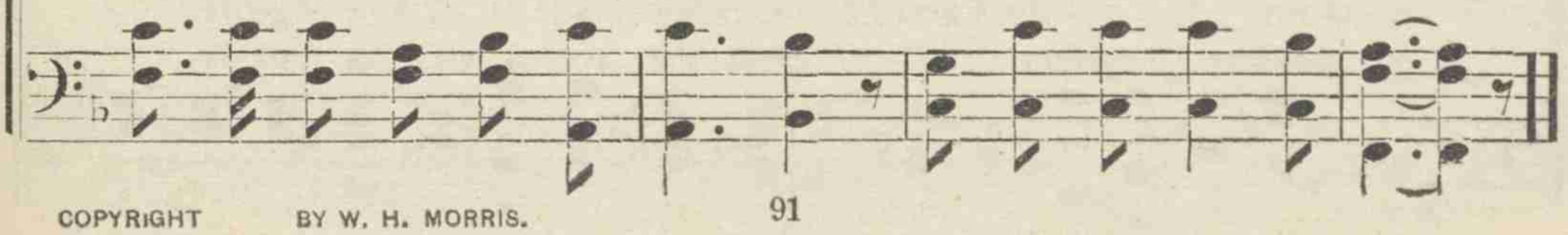


CHORUS.



Hear the sweet call of the Sav - ior; Come and ac - cept the light;



Hes - i - tate, sin-ner no long - er; Hear the sweet call to - night.



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No. 80. Shall Hymns of Joy?

Partly composed by H. R. C., and
partly adapted from MENDELSSOHN By per.

1. Shall hymns of joy . . . . . and grateful love Thro' heaven's
2. Shall they a - dore . . . . their blessed Lord, Who bought them

Shall hymns of joy
Shall they a-dore
and grateful love
their blessed Lord,

arch . . . . . e - ter-nal ring, ... And all the host . . . . .
with . . . . . His precious blood, . . . And all the love . . . . .

Thro' heaven s arch
Who bought them with
e-ter - nal ring,
His precious blood,
And all the host
And all the love

of saints a - bove . . . . . Im - mor-tal songs . . . . . of triumph
and grace re-cord . . . . . That led them home . . . . . to heav'n and

of saints a-bove
and grace re-cord
Im - mor-tal songs
That led them home

sing, ... And shall not we . . . . . take up the
God, ...

of triumph sing,
to heav'n and God.
And shall not we

strain, ... And send the ech - o back a - gain? . .

take up the strain,
Send the ech - o back a - gain?

Shall Hymns of Joy?—Concluded.

REFRAIN. *Andante con moto.*

Come, let us a-dore Him; come, kneel at His feet; O give Him the

ritard. *a tempo.*

glo-ry and praise that is meet! Let joyful ho · san-nas un-ceas-ing a-

ral - len -

rise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies, Let joy - ful ho-

tan - do. *molto* *a tempo.*

san nas, ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a - rise, Let joy - ful ho-san-nas

un-ceas-ing a - rise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

No. 81. Ready to Help for Jesus.

"Let us not be weary in well doing."—Gal. 6:9.

W. O. CUSHING. J. H. KURZENKNABE

1. Be read-y to la-bor with heart and will, And ev - er some mis-sion of love to fill, To strengthen the weary with words of cheer,
2. Be read-y to la-bor some soul to win From snares of the tempter, from paths of sin, And ten-der - ly, tear - ful - ly seek to guide err - ing to Je-sus' side, For these who are rescued, with Him shall wear
3. Yes, ten-der - ly, tear - ful - ly seek to guide The sin - ful and

CHORUS.

Like Je - sus, to wipe a - way sorrow's tear.
The sin - ful and err - ing to Je-sus' side. Read-y to help with a
A star-light-ed crown in the world so fair.

strong, good will, Ready to help for Jesus; Ready some mission of love to fill,

Ten-der - ly seeking to gath - er still Some star for the crown of Je - sus.

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No. 82. When You have Time.

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

1. A home in heav'n you hope to gain When you have time; Yes, you will be a
2. To set your heart on things a-bove You have no time; To give to Je - sus
3. You prom-ise some day to re-pent When you have time; Some time in tears you
4. To die at last the sinner's death You must take time; To yield the last, ex-
5. This is the hour from sin to turn While you have time; To - day you should to

Chris-tian, then, When you have time; The world and sin you will for-sake, And
faith and love You have no time; Your heart is far too full of care The
will re - lent When you have time; But now you can - not turn from sin, Or
pir - ing breath You must take time; You must take time to die, dear friend, This
God re - turn While you have time; Oh, do not say you can - not break Your

FINE.

then the cross of Je-sus take, Your way to heaven's fair portals make When you have time.
yoke of Je-sus Christ to bear; To live a life of faith and pray'r You have no time.
now a Chris-tian life be-gin; Some day you hope the crown to win When you have time.
life must sometime take an end; When God the startling news shall send You must take time.
fet - ters strong and sin forsake, But peace with God thro' Je - sus make While you have time.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Dear soul, when you have time, . . . Dear soul, when you have time,
when you have time, when you have time,
Dear soul, you have no time, . . . Dear soul, you have no time,
you have no time, you have no time,
Dear soul, when you have time, . . . Dear soul, when you have time,
when you have time, when you have time,
Dear soul, you must take time, . . . Dear soul, you must take time,
you must take time, you must take time,
Dear soul, while you have time, . . . Dear soul, while you have time,
while you have time, while you have time,

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No. 83. Hold My Hands.

EBEN E REXFORD W. E. PENN.

1. All a - long the way, my Fa - ther, I have need of help from Thee;
2. When the clouds of sor-row gath - er Thickest, darkest round a - bout,
3. Ev - er, ev - er close be-side Thee, O my Fa - ther, I would be,

Mists of sin and earthly trou - ble, Of - ten hide the path from me;
Then to Thee I'll come for com - fort, Un - dis-turbed by fear or doubt;
Cling-ing to Thy hand and trust-ing In Thy love so full and free!

But if I can feel, my Fa-ther, Thou art walk-ing by my side,
Trusting in Thy ten - der promise, I can all temp-tations stand,
Clos-er, clos - er, O, my Fa-ther! When the end of life draws near,

FINE.

I shall nev - er fear or fal - ter, But in per fect trust a - bide.
Knowing in all times of troub - le I can reach my Father's hand.
And I see above earth's shadows, Lights of heav'n shine bright and clear.

D. S.–*Let me feel what-ev - er com-eth I am Thine, and Thou art mine.*

RFERAIN. *D. S.*

All a - long the way, my Fa - ther, Hold my hand, I pray, in Thine;

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No. 84. Peace, Be Still.

JOHN M. DEVENEAU. 4th v. J. McP. JOHN McPHERSON, by per.

1. Storm-tossed soul on life's rough, heaving o - cean, Doubts and fears thy bo - som fill;
2. Sin has long in strongest chains enthrall'd thee, Cap-tive led at Sa - tan's will;
3. Sin - sick soul, just now the Great Phy-si - cian Of - fers balm for ev - 'ry ill;
4. Soon the storms of life will end in glo -ry, Let this theme thy bo - som fill;

List! a - bove the wild and great com - mo - tion,
Mer - cy sweet - ly plead-ing long has called thee,
Bow thy heart in hum-ble, deep con - tri - tion,
When death's shadow-waves are clos-ing o'er thee,

CHORUS.

Jesus speaks the "peace be still! Peace be still, be still,
But ye hear not, "peace be still!
Lend thine ear to, "peace be still!
May you hear His "peace be still!

be still, Peace be still,

Sweet the whis-per to thy wea - ry soul, Peace be still,

Peace be still, be still,

be still, For Je - sus now will make thee whole.

Peace be still, make thee whole,

No. 85. There is Joy in Heaven.

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

1. All glo - ry to the Savior's name, A sin - ner is for - giv - en;
2. 'Tis thro' the Father's wondrous gift, The "Rock" for mortals riv-en,
3. An - oth - er comes, all praise to God! Yes, comes to be for - giv - en;
4. And oth - ers, too, for whom our Lord In ag - o - ny has striv-en,

A wand'rer has re - turned to-day, And there is joy in heav-en.
That wand'rers may re - turn to-day, And cause such joy in heav-en.
What joy on earth the sight affords, And O, what joy in heav-en.
May come and free-ly be received, And free - ly be for - giv-en.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, There is joy in heaven, There is joy in heav-en;
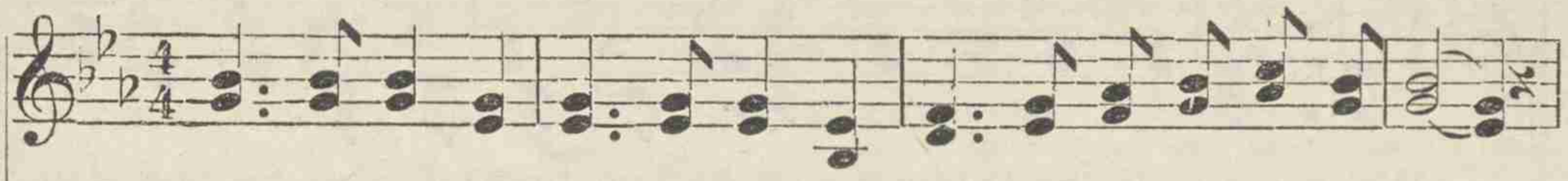
rit.

A wand'rer has re-turned to - day, And there is joy in heav - en.
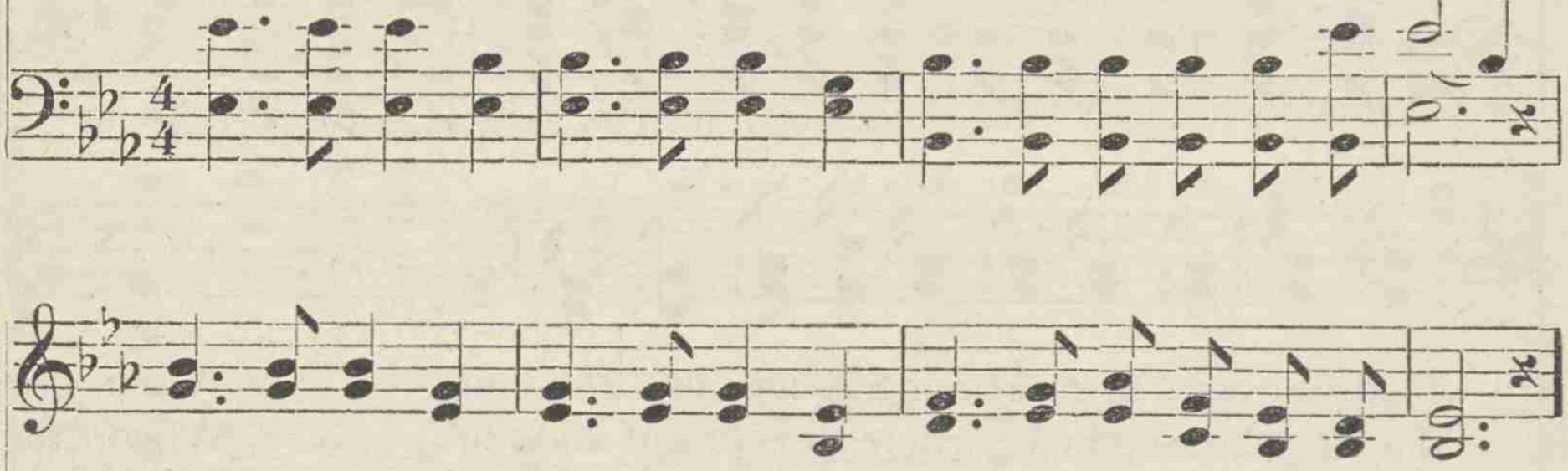
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No. 86. Kind Words.
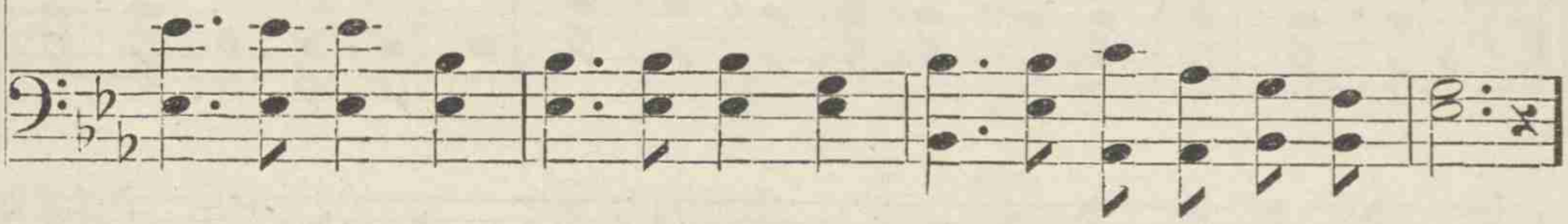
G. L. RICE. F. A. BLACKMER.



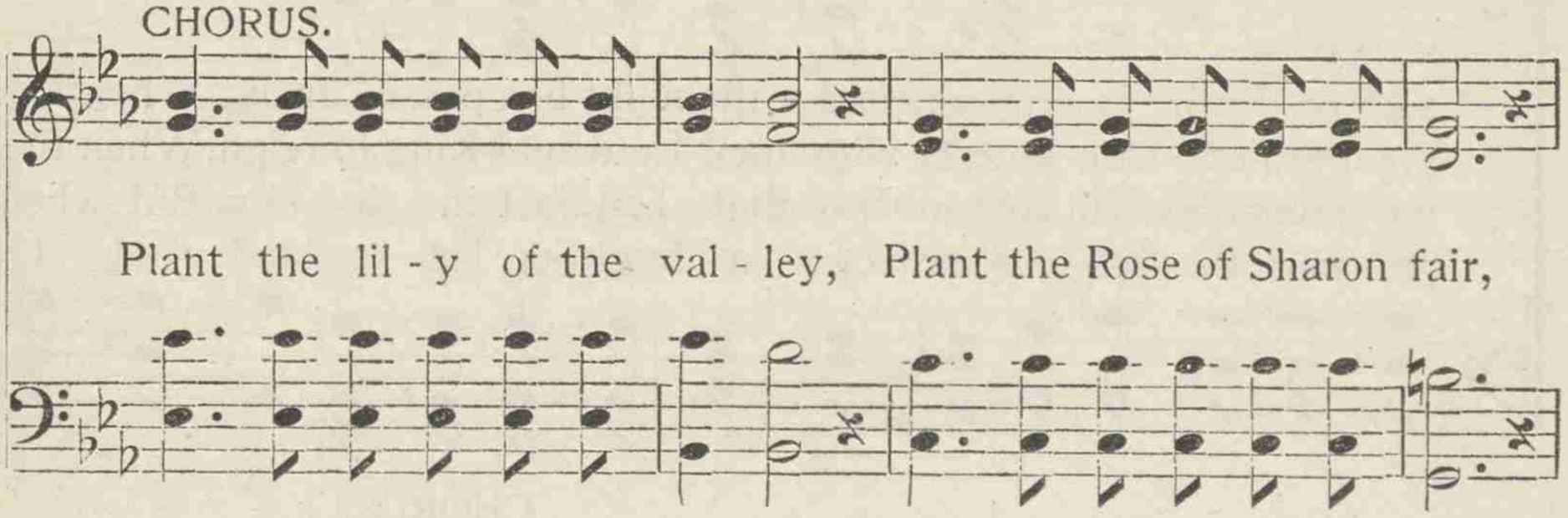
1. Words of ten-der, loving kindness, Soothe the weary saddened heart,
2. When we see the sad and wea-ry, Seeking for some kind re-lief,
3. Oh, how ma-ny bit-ter moments Might be changed to sweetest hours,
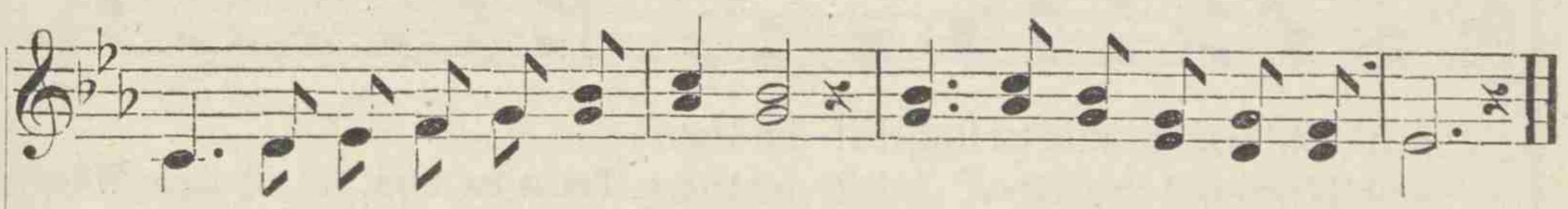


Though we of-ten in our blindness, Fail these comforts to im-part.
Then we should in accents cheer-y, Seek to drive away their grief.
If in-stead of thorns and thistles, We would plant life's sweetest flow'rs!
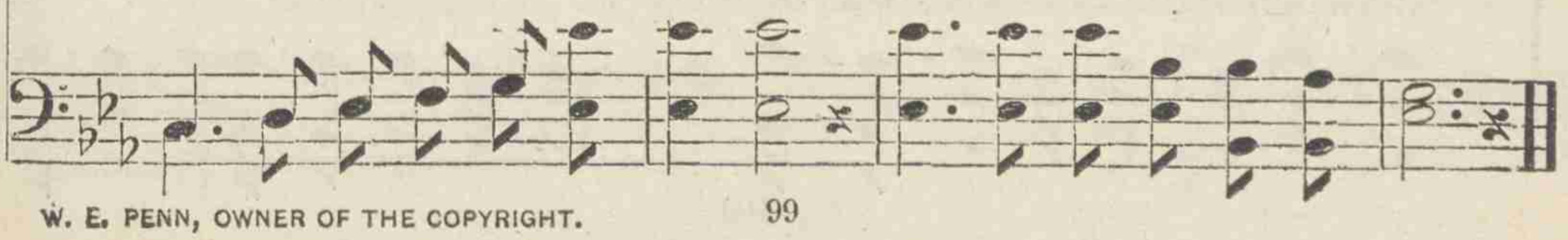


CHORUS.



Plant the lil-y of the val-ley, Plant the Rose of Sharon fair,



In the gar-den of the wea-ry; Keep them ev-er growing there.



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No. 87. Praise the Lord, I'll Be There.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. When we hear the trumpet sounding on the res - ur - rec-tion day,
2. When the pearl - y gates swing o-pen to ad - mit the ransomed train
3. There will be a wed-ding sup-per in that mansion, by and by,
4. So a - mid the trials and dangers, that I meet on ev - 'ry hand,

Call - ing us to meet our Sav-ior in the air, When the
To that blessed home where all is bright and fair, When the
When the Lamb will wed His Bride so spotless, fair; From all
I will put my trust in God, and not de-spair, For His

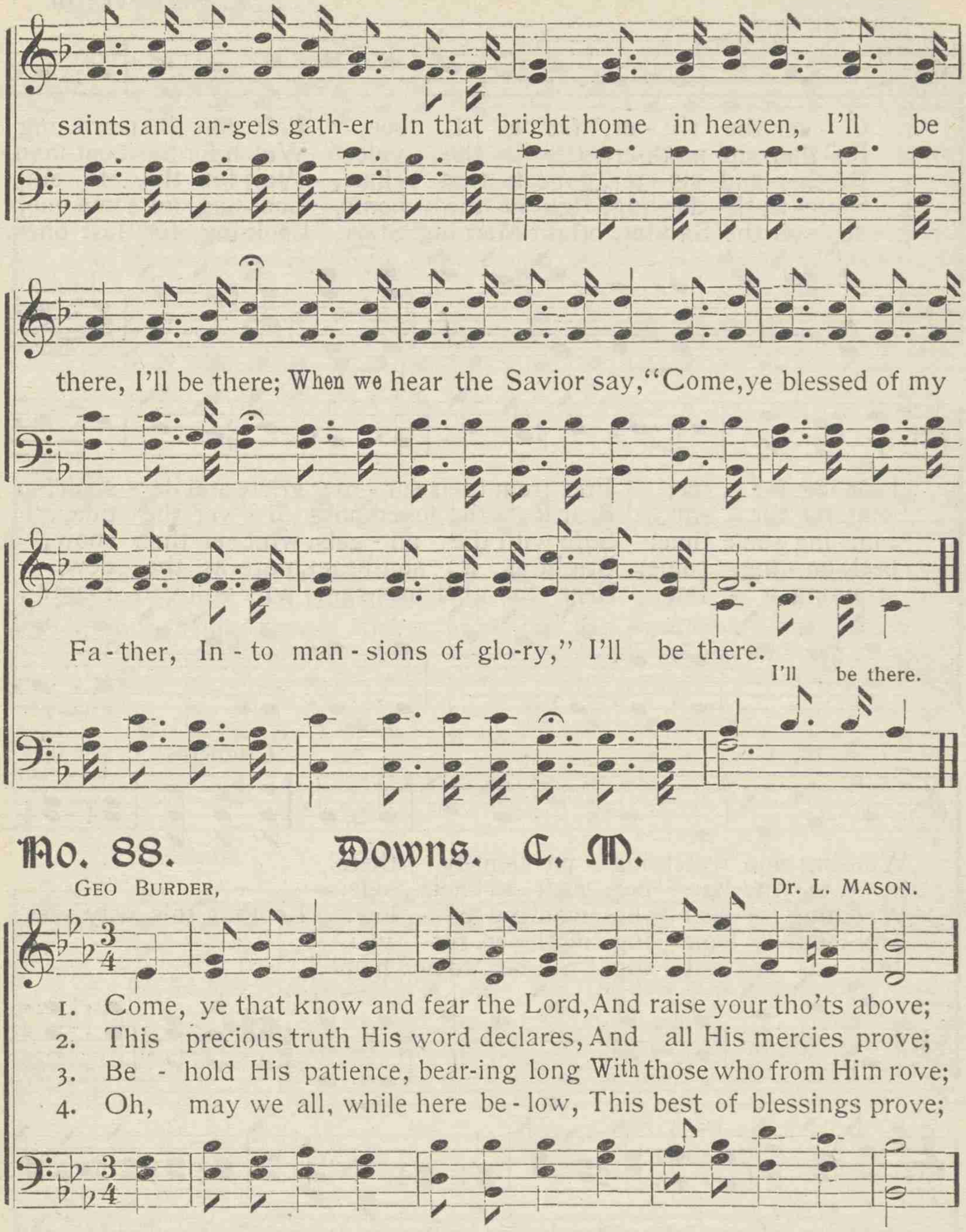
in the air:

seal of death is bro-ken, and the night has passed away, When His
great pro-ces - sion enters, with their Lord and King to reign, When they
na - tions they will gather to that ban-quet in the sky; But when
pre-cious Bi - ble tells me of a bright-er, bet - ter land, And I

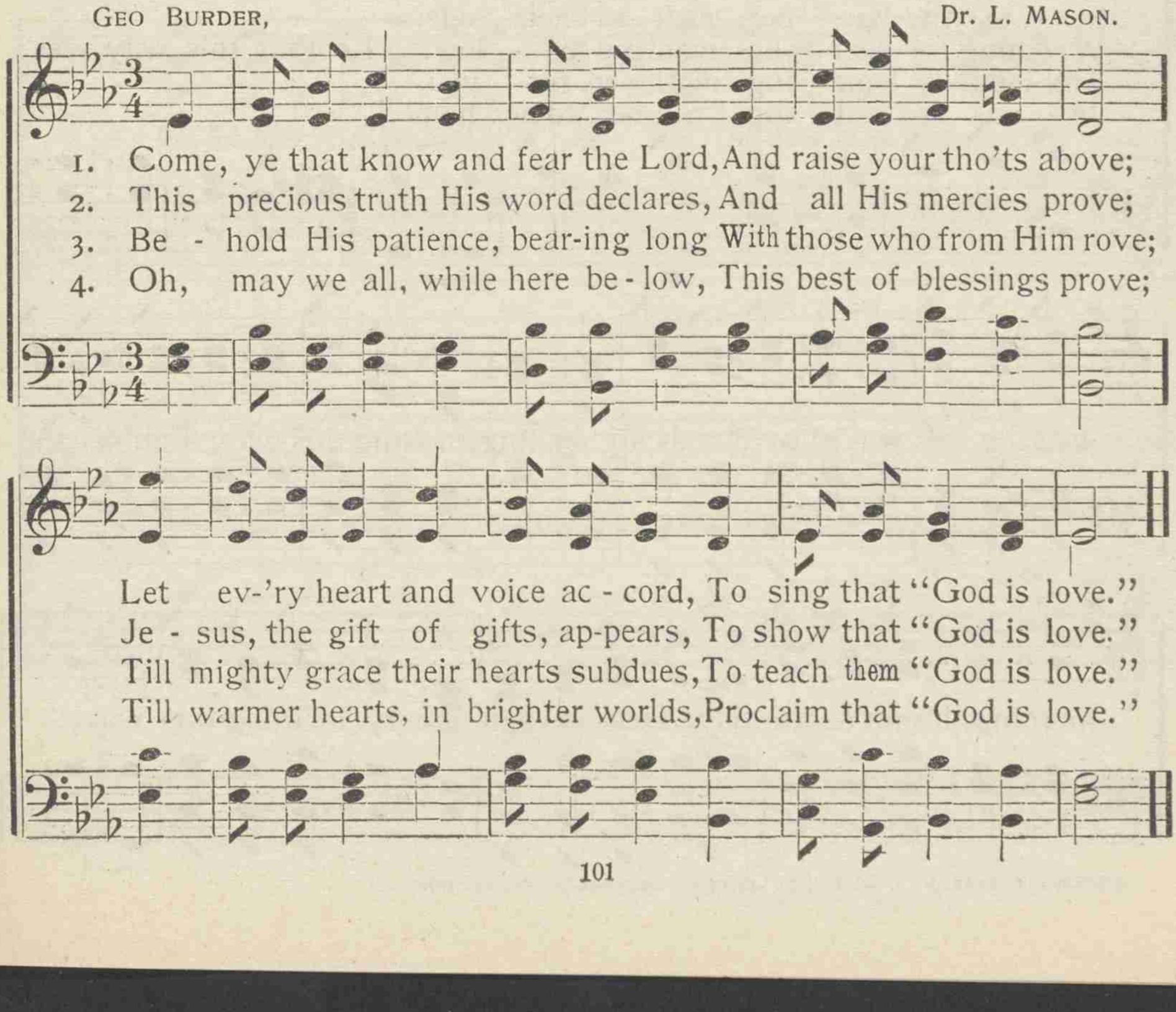
CHORUS.

peo - ple rise to meet Him, I'll be there.
march around the cit-y, I'll be there. Praise the Lord, I'll be there, When the
ev - 'ry-thing is read-y, I'll be there.
know, when life is o - ver, I'll be there.

Praise the Lord, I'll Be There.—Concluded.



No. 88. Downs. C. M.



No. 89. Looking This Way.

J. W. V.
SOLO OR DUET.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er, fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing
2. Fa - ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit-tle dar-ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some one,
5. Je - sus the Sav-ior, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones.

look-ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com - ing some time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck-on - ing come; Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew,
stray-ing a - far; Hear the glad mes-sage; why will you roam?

CHORUS.

Wait-ing and watch-ing pa - tient-ly there.
In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Watching for dear - ones wait-ing be - low. Looking this way, yes,
Anx-ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin-ner, come home."
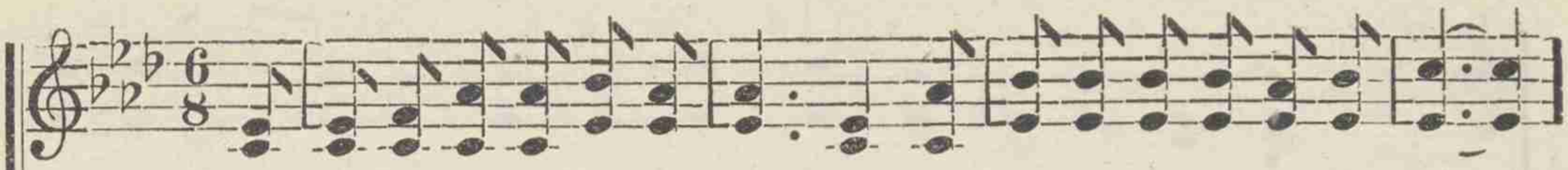
looking this way; Lov'd ones are waiting, looking this way; Fair as the

morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo- ry, look-ing this way.

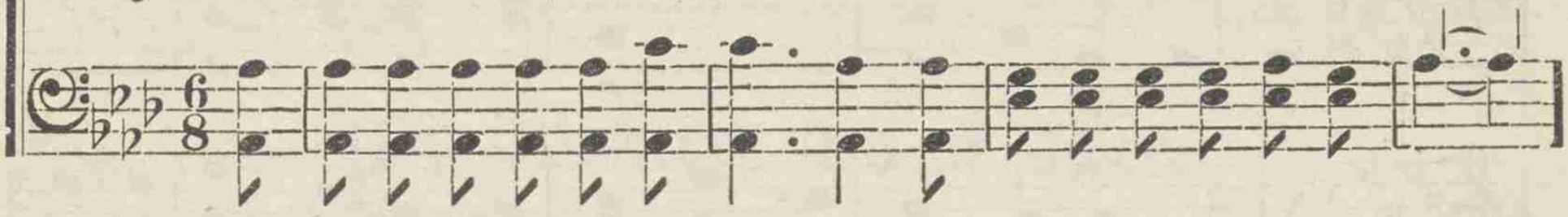
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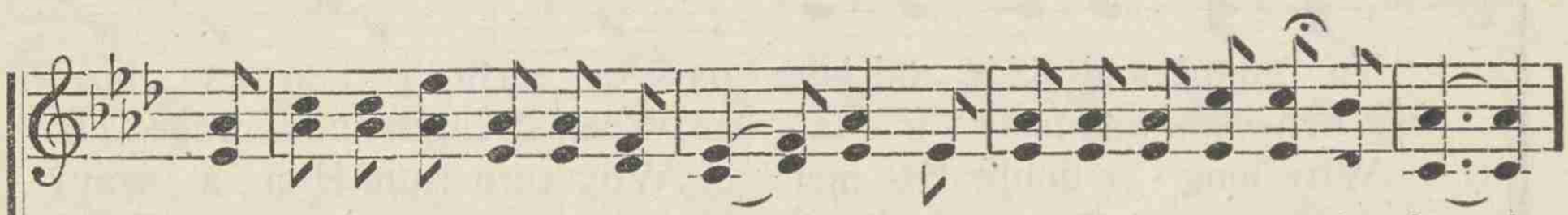
No. 90. I'll Faithfully Follow this Footsteps.

Rev. A. J. HOLT. W. E. PENN.
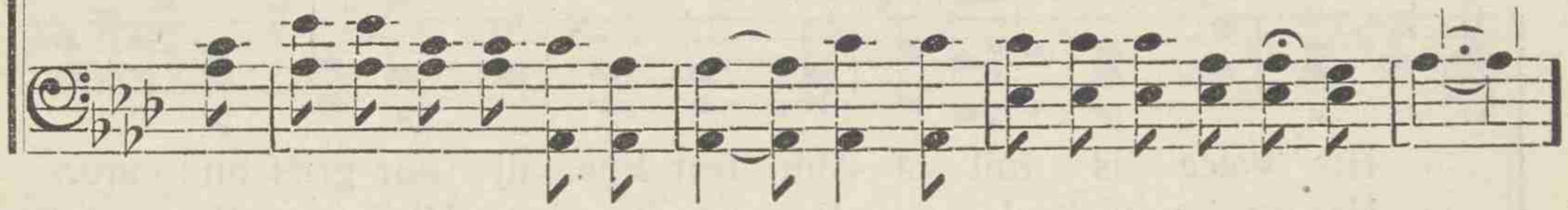


1. Wher - ev - er my Saviour shall lead me, I'll fol-low Him faithfully there,
2. And now that my sins He's for-giv-en, I'll en- ter the bap-tis-mal wave,
3. Thus plant-ed with Him in the likeness, Of His death, I al - so shall be,
4. Wher - ev-er He leads I shall fol - low, I know He'll not lead me a-stray,
5. What - ev - er He says I be-lieve it, And all His commandments are dear,
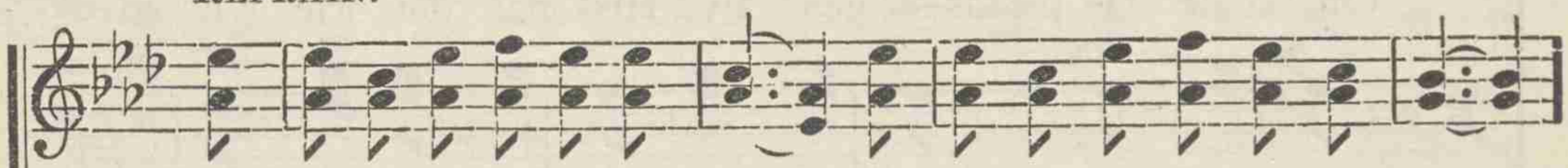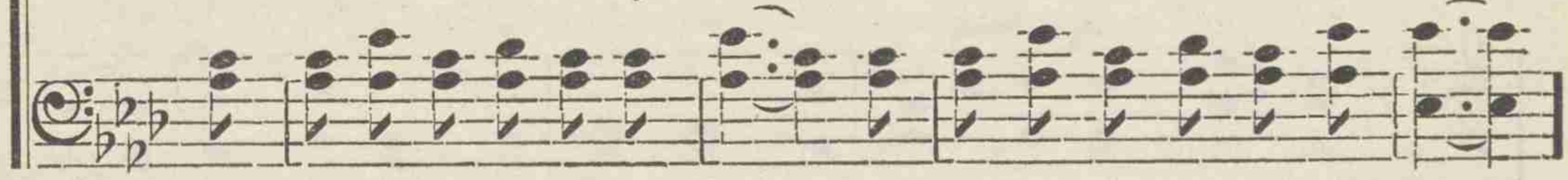




Down thro' the dark valley of sor - row, Or on the bright mountain of pray'r.
Be bur-ied with Him in its wa - ters, To a-rise with Him from its grave.
In the like-ness of His res- ur-rec-tion, His word is suf-fi-cient for me.
His promise to those who o - bey Him, Is "Lo, I am with you al-way."
When- ev- er He calls I will answer, "Speak Lord, and Thy servant shall hear."
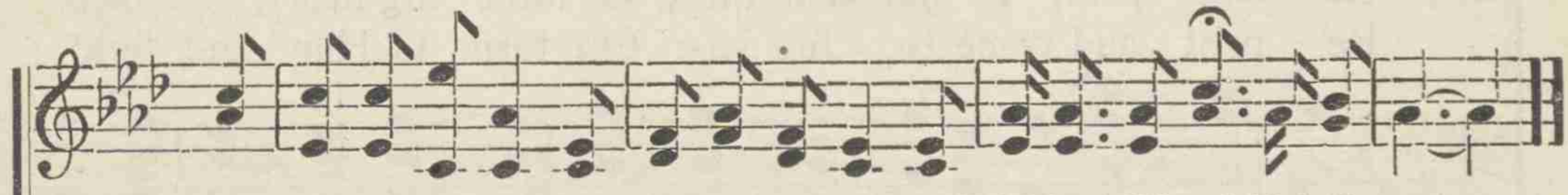


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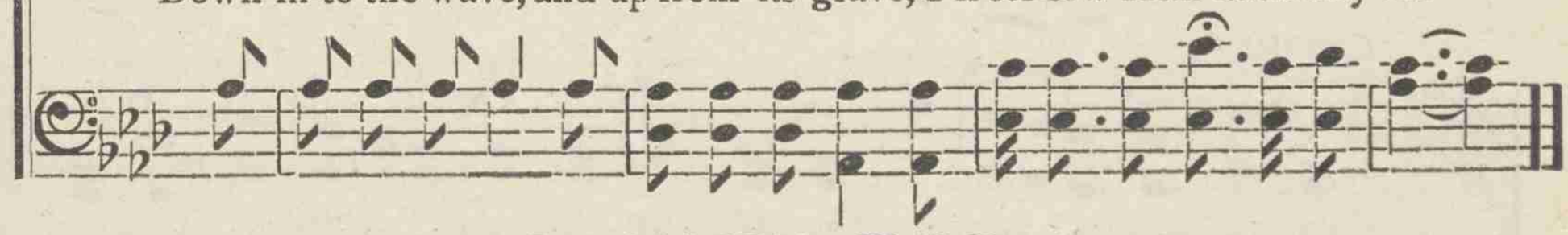


I'll fol-low Him faithful-ly on, I'll fol-low Him faith ful-ly on.





Down in-to the wave, and up from its grave, I'll fol-low Him faithfully on.



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No. 91. There is no Friend Like Jesus.

E. E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So lov - ing, kind,and true,
2. There is no friend like Je - sus When storms of doubt as-sail,
3. There is no friend like Je - sus, Oh, sin - ner, why de - lay?

To guard, and guide and love us Our earth - ly jour-ney thro';
When weak and heav - y - la - den, When strength and courage fail;
Why long - er doubt His mer - cy, Why turn from Him a - way?

His voice is full of com - fort For all our grief and care,
He speaks, and oh, we lis - ten To hear His gen - tle voice!
Oh, come He pleads so gen - tly, His par - don He will give!

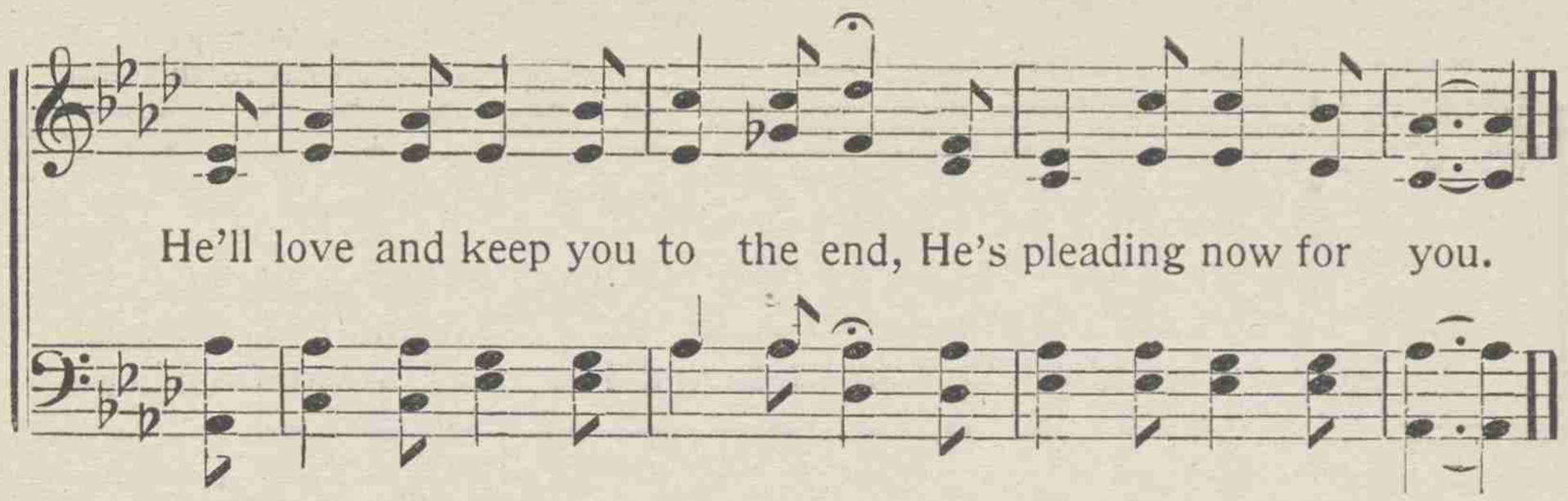
His grace is all - suf - fi - cient For ev - 'ry pain we bear.
He whis - pers, "I am near thee; O, faint - ing heart, re - joice!"
Re - pent and come to Je - sus; Oh, turn to Him and live!

CHORUS.

O, Je - sus is the sinner's friend, No oth-er friend is half so true,

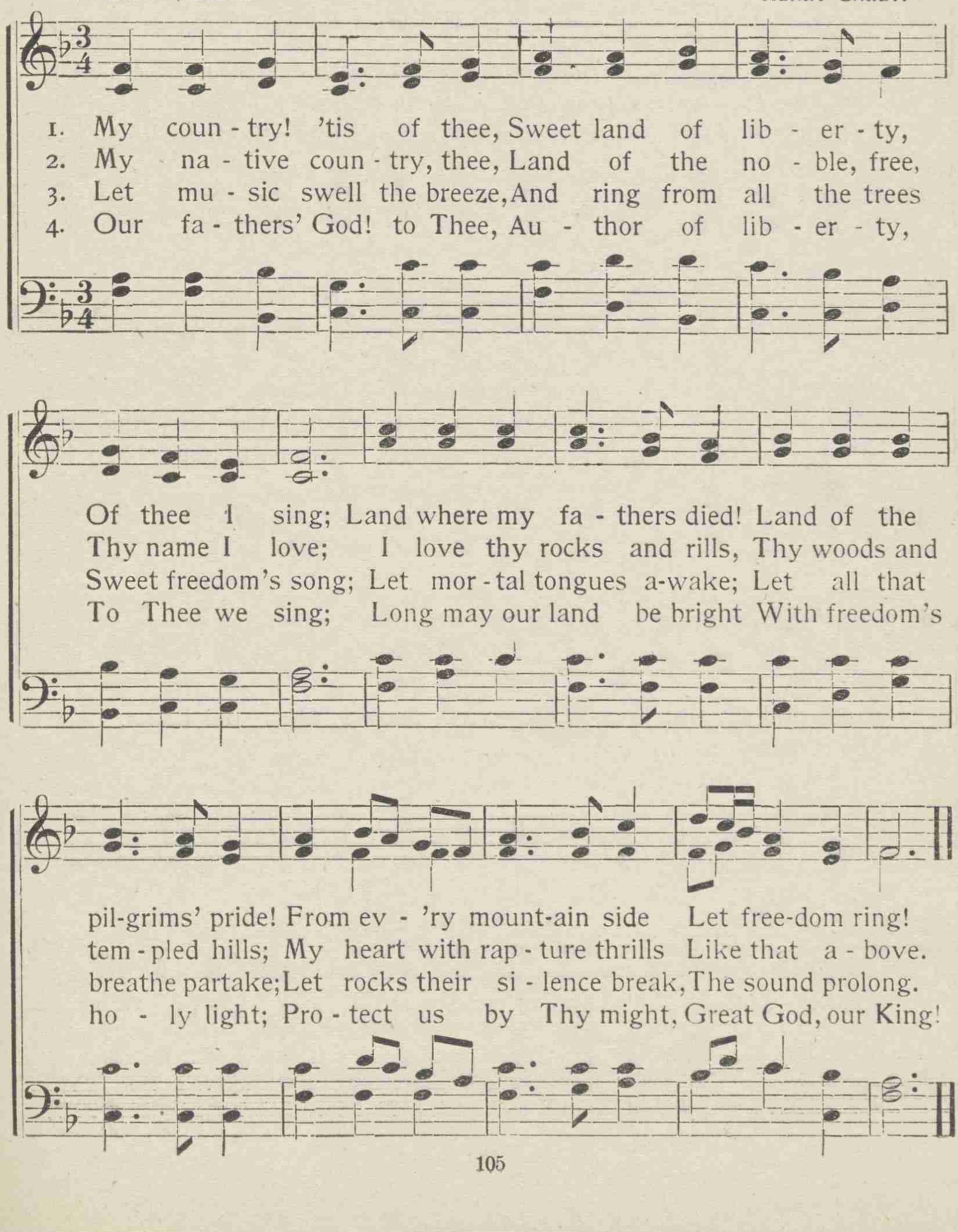
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There is no Friend Like Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 92. My Country! 'tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F, SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



No. 93. Dear Old Home.

(To my dear mother who has prayed so often and long, for me.)

W. H. MORRIS.
With expression. Good for Solo

EDWIN MOORE,
Composed expressly for this work.

1. There's a place I think of now Which I of - ten long to see,
2. I have been in ma-ny lands, Seen the rich and seen the poor
3. Now my youthful days are past, And I'm far a-way from home

Where my broth-er and my sis - ters gath-er'd round, Where I
Who were seek-ing fame and hap - pi - ness each day; But I'd
Where we used to play a-round the old hearth-stone; But the

made my ear - ly vow, Kneeling at my mother's knee, Where the
rath - er clasp the hands Of dear moth - er at her door, And to
time is com - ing fast, When my feet will cease to roam, Then I'll

CHORUS.
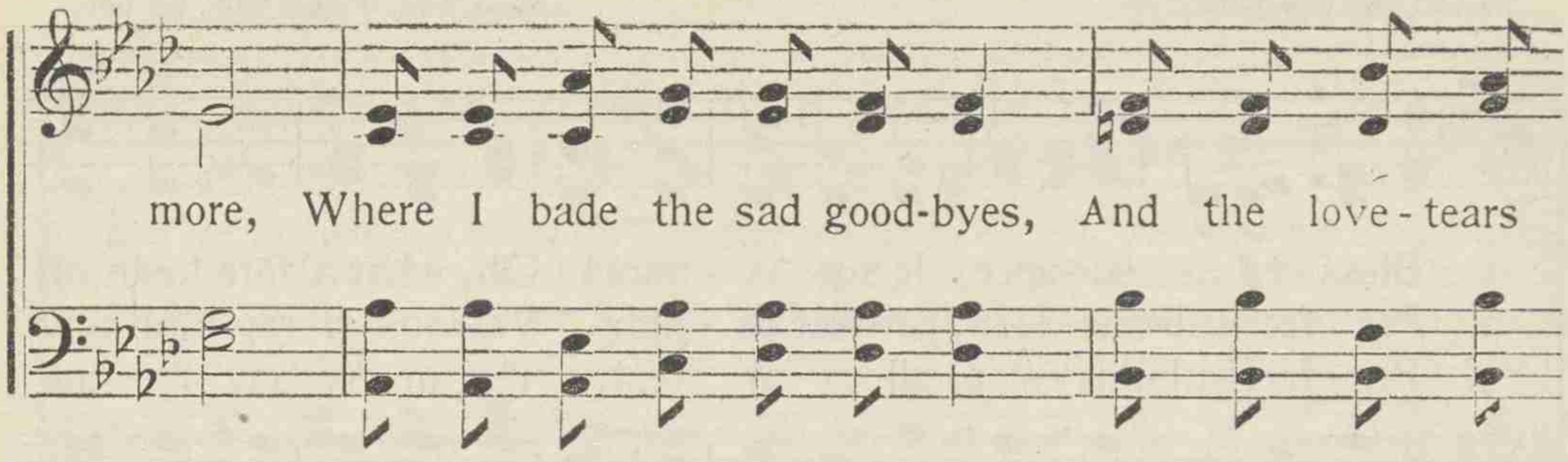
peace and joy of love I al-ways found. Dear old home,
gen-tly smoothe my mother's locks of gray.
meet a - gain my loved-ones and my own.

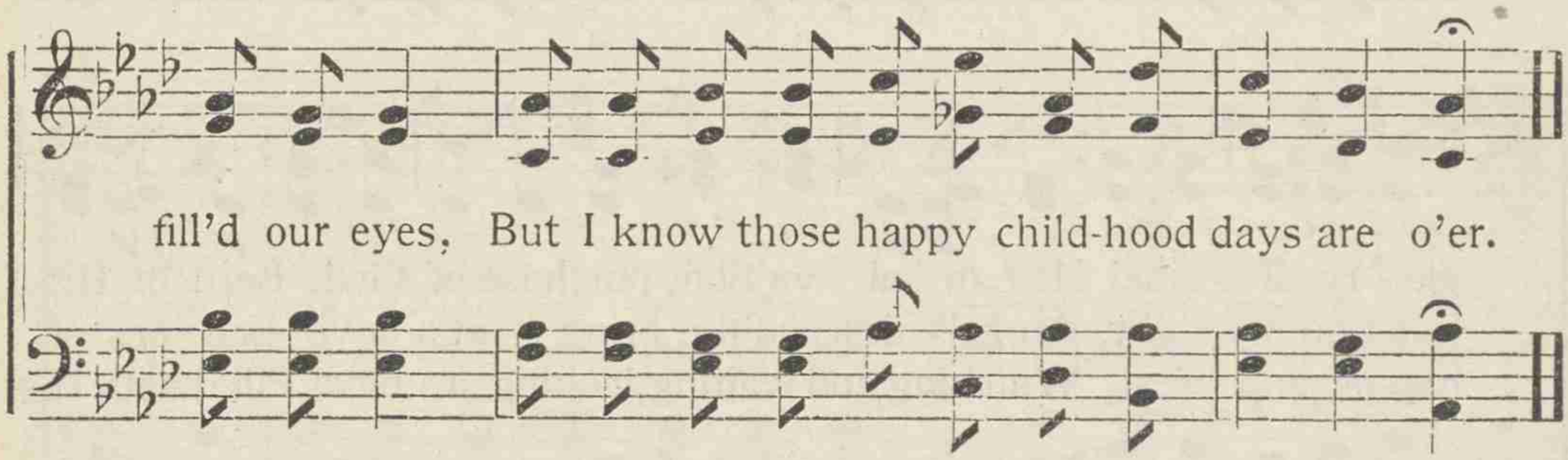
Dear old home

mother's home, How I long so oft to see that home once

moth-er s home.

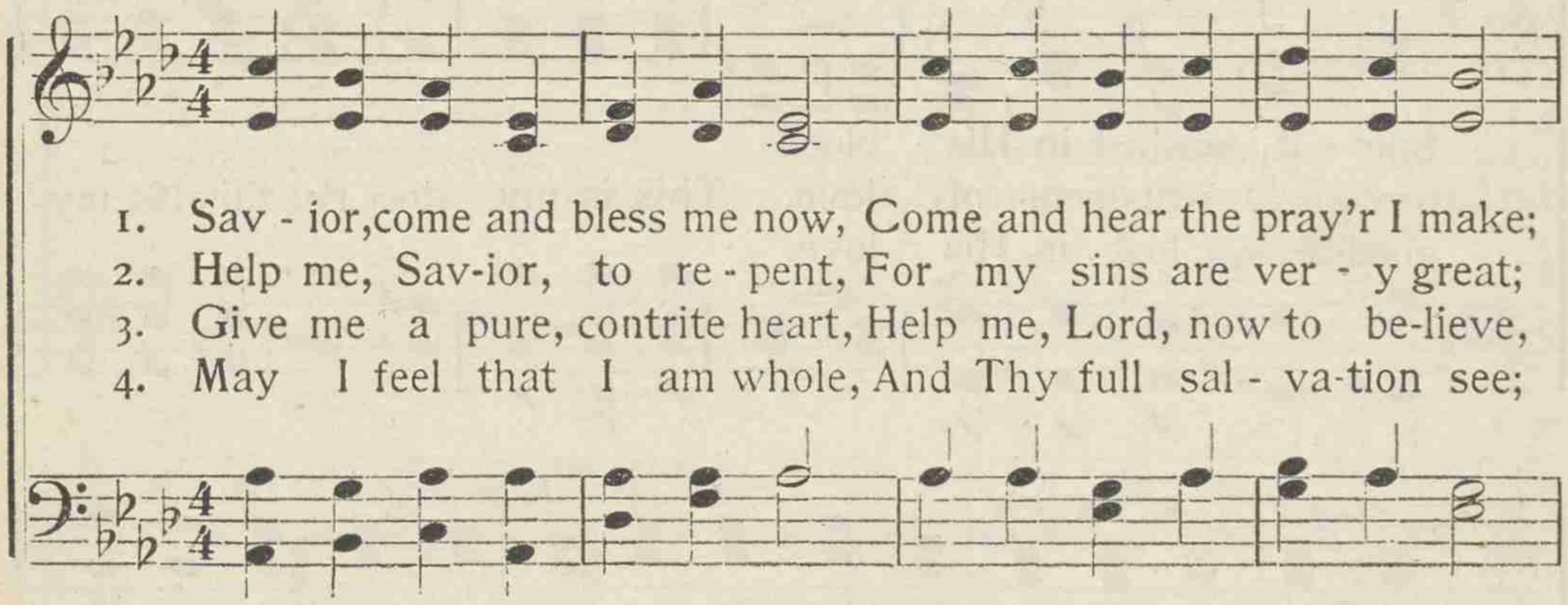
Dear Old Home.—Concluded.

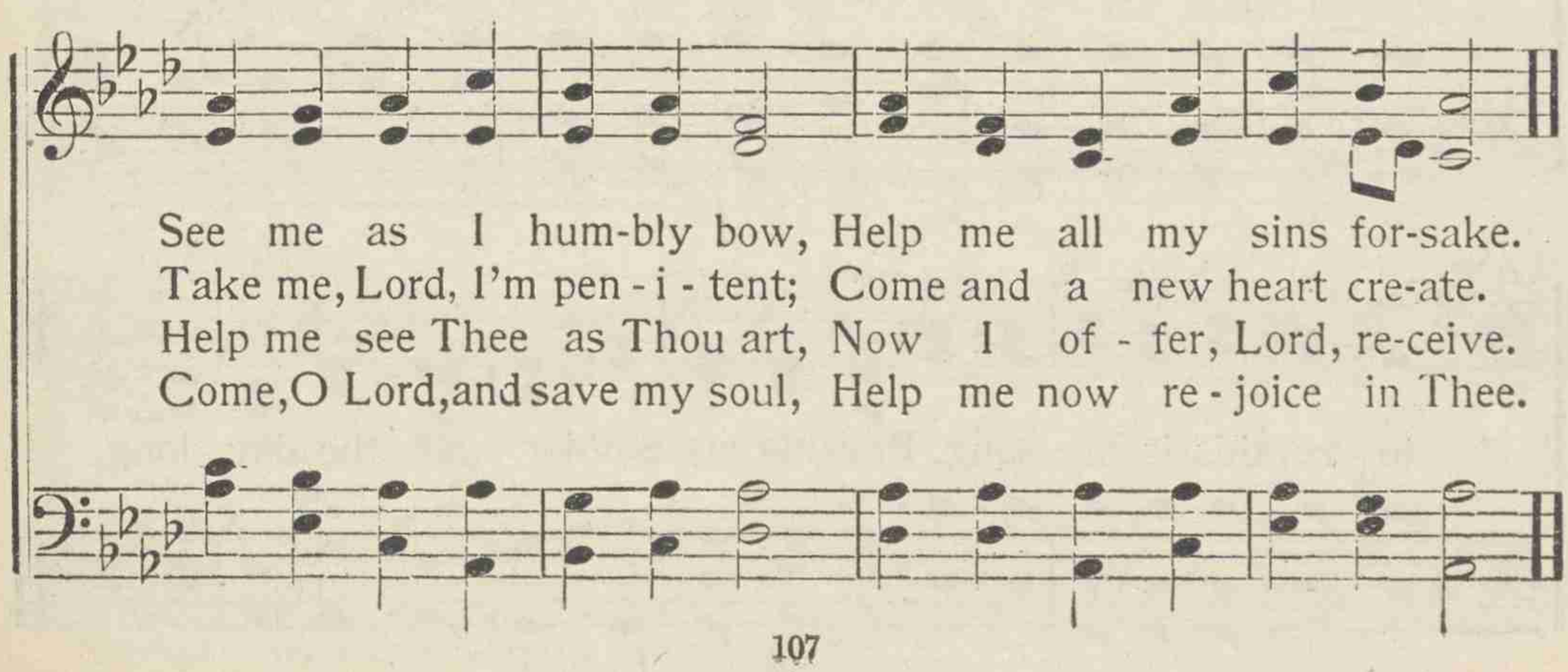




No. 94. Come, O Lord, and Save Me.

W. H. MORRIS 7s Mrs. W. H. MORRIS





No. 95. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels descend'ng, bring from a-bove Ech - oes of
hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 96. I've Left the World Behind Me.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. FLORENCE M. HOFFMAN.

1. I've turned my back up - on the world With all its i - dle pleas-ures,
2. I've left the old sad life of sin, Its fol - lies all for - sak - en;
3. My soul shall ne'er re-turn a - gain Back to its for-mer sta - tion,
4. My choice is made for - ev - er-more, I want no oth - er Sav - ior;

And set my heart on bet-ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures;
My standing place is now in Christ, His ho - ly vows I've tak-en;
For here a - lone is per-fect peace, And rest from con-dem-na - tion;
I ask no pur - er hap - pi-ness Than His sweet love and fa-vor;

No more its glit - ter and its glare, And van - i - ty shall blind me;
Be - neath the standard of the cross The world henceforth shall find me;
I've made exchange of Mas-ters now, The vows of heav-en bind me,
My heart is fixed on Je-sus Christ, No more the world shall blind me;

D.S.–I've cross'd the sep-ar - at - ing line, And left the world be-hind me.
D.S.–I've pass'd in Christ from death to life, And left the world be-hind me.
D.S.–And once for all I've left the world, Yes, left the world be-hind me.
D.S.–I've cross'd the Red Sea of His blood, And left the world be-hind me.

CHORUS.

Far, far, be - hind me! Far, far, be - hind me!

FINE.

D. S.

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No. 97. Tell Them of Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. MORRIS.

1. Gath-er the lit - tle ones in-to the Fold, Tell them of Je - sus the
2. Speak to the homeless, oh, lead them aright! Tell them of Je - sus the
3. Search for the lost ones, oh, gather them in! Tell them of Je - sus the

Sav-ior; Teach them to read the "sweet story of old," Tell them of
Sav-ior; Point them a-bove to the Mansions of Light, Tell them of
Sav-ior; Turn them from e - vil, temp - ta-tion and sin, Tell them of

Je - sus the Sav - ior; Show them the wonders of heav-en so fair,
Je - sus the Sav - ior; Teach them to hon-or the sweet Sabbath bell,
Je - sus the Sav - ior; Read them the Bi - ble with prom-is-es sweet,

Tell them the blessed Re-deem-er is there, O - ver and o - ver His
Show that with Jesus shall all things be well, O - ver and o - ver His
Show-ing a love that is full and complete, O - ver and o - ver the

glo - ry de - clare; Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.
ten - der-ness tell; Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.
Sto - ry re - peat, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.

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Tell Them of Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver and o - ver a - gain, Tell them of

Je - sus the Sav - ior of men; Plead - ing - ly, ear - nest-ly,

lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.

No. 98. Aspiring Heavenward.

THOS. GIBBONS. HURSLEY. L. M. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Now let our souls, on wings sublime, Rise from the van-i - ties of time,
2. Born by a new, ce - les - tial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth?
3. Shall aught beguile us on the road, While we are walking back to God?

Draw back the part-ing vail, and see The glories of e - ter - ni - ty.
Why grasp at vain and fleet-ing toys, So near to heav'n's e-ter - nal joys?
For strangers in - to life we come, And dy-ing is but go - ing home.

No. 99 Jesus Saved Me.

ADALYN. L. M. EVILSIZER, by per.

1. I am redeemed, I'll shout and sing, There's glory in my soul;
2. I am redeemed, the debt is paid, There's glory in my soul;
3. I am redeemed, oh, love di - vine! There's glory in my soul;
4. I am redeemed, oh, praise His name! There's glory in my soul;

Ho - san - na to my Lord and King, There's glo-ry in my soul.
My sins at Je-sus' feet I laid, There's glo-ry in my soul.
Christ bought and saved this soul of mine, There's glo-ry in my soul.
The joy - ful news I will proclaim, There's glo-ry in my soul.

CHORUS.

Thro' the cleansing blood of Je-sus my soul has been redeemed, Jesus

saved me, Hal-le - lu - jah! At the cross on Calvary's mountain

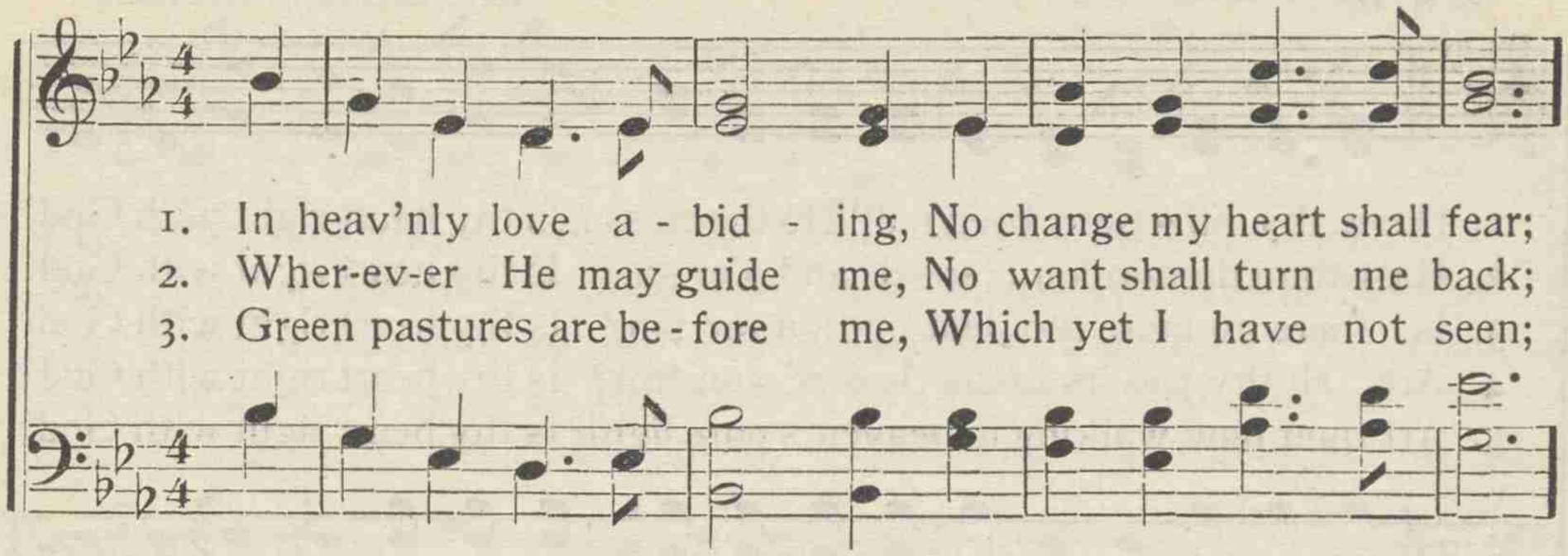
saved me, Jesus saved me, Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

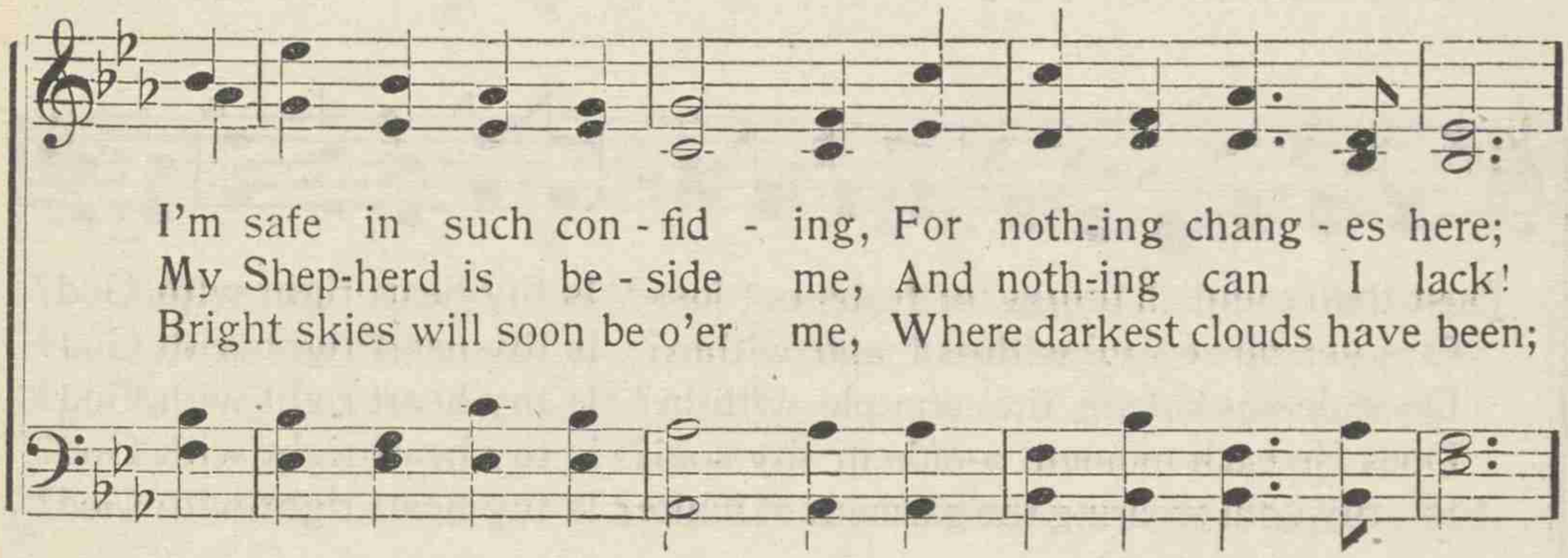
Where the crimson fountain streams, Je-sus saves me, Hal-le - lu - jah!
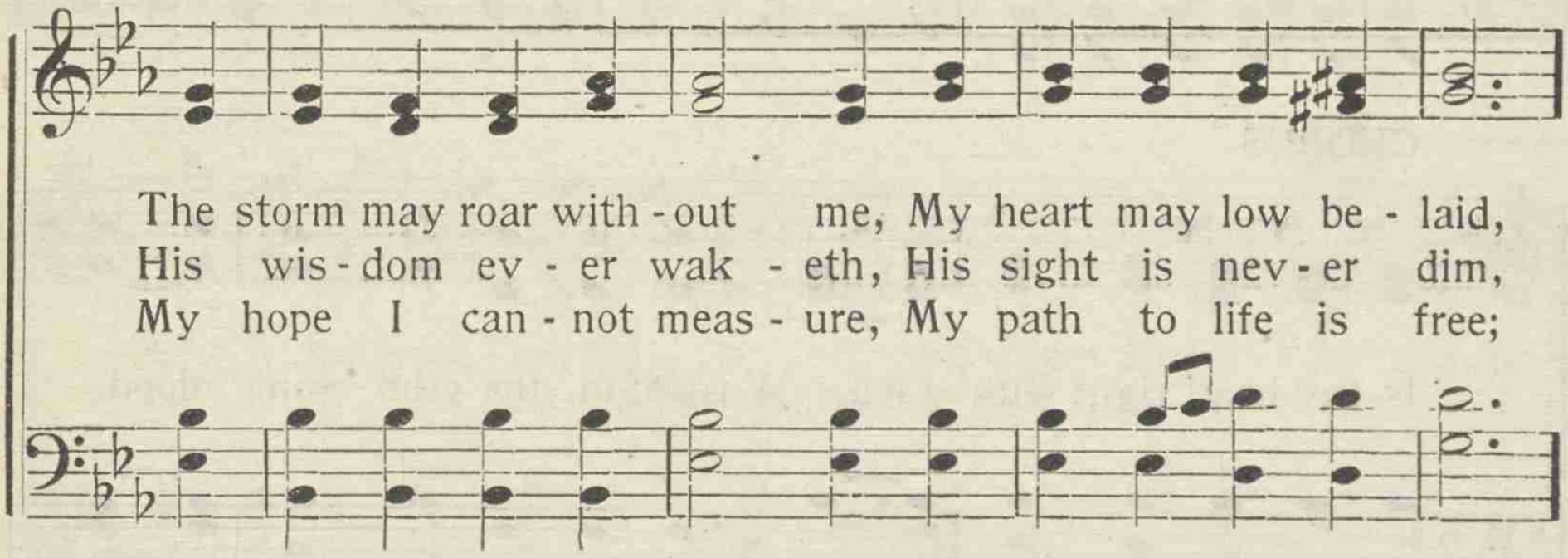
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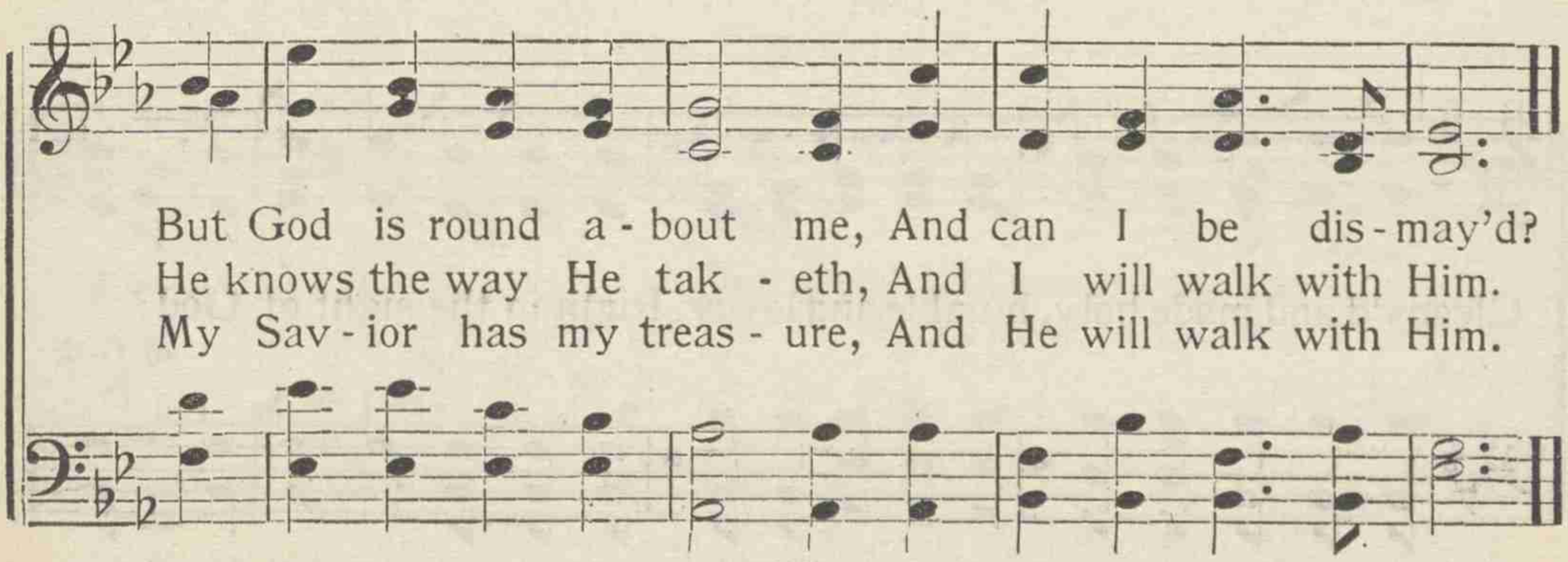
No. 100. Heavenly Love.

A. L. WARING. Arr from MENDELSSOHN.
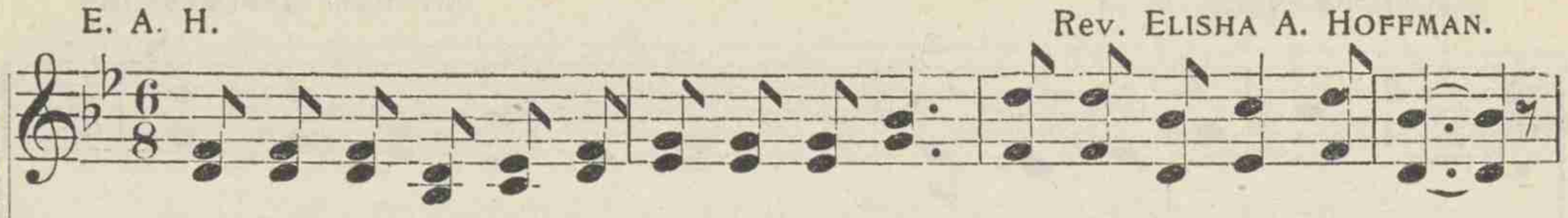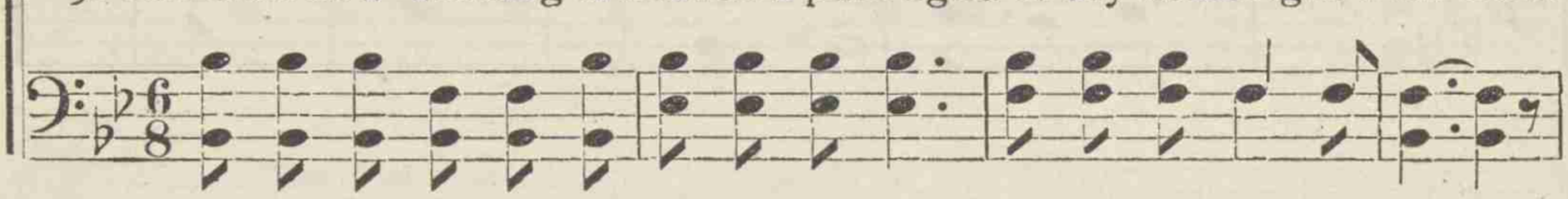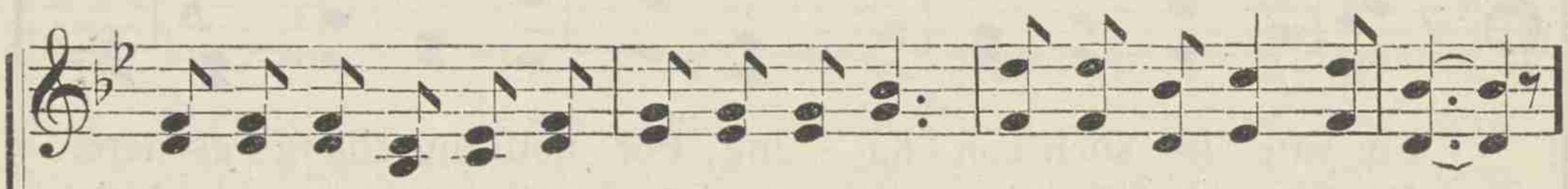








No. 101. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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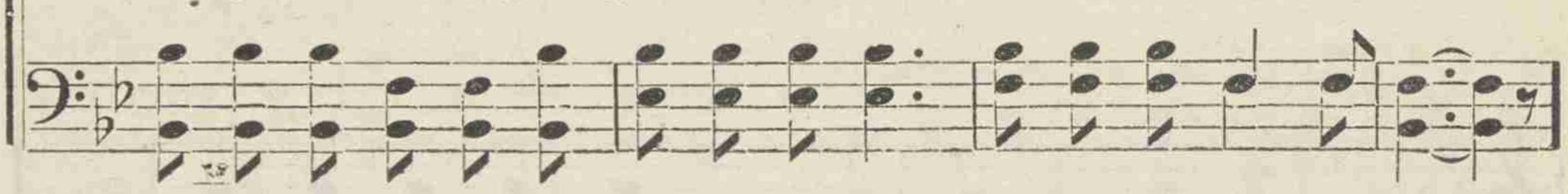


1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?
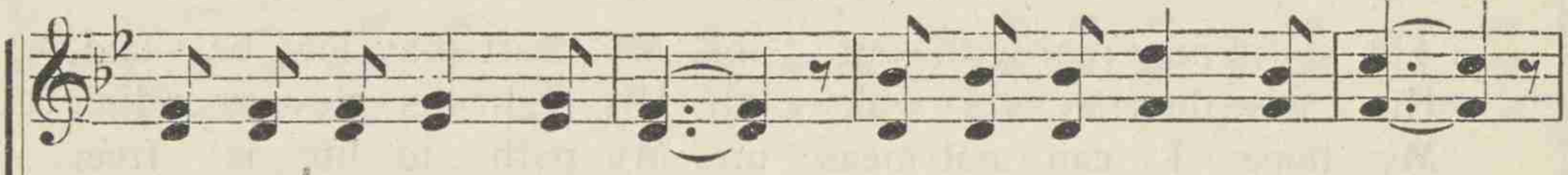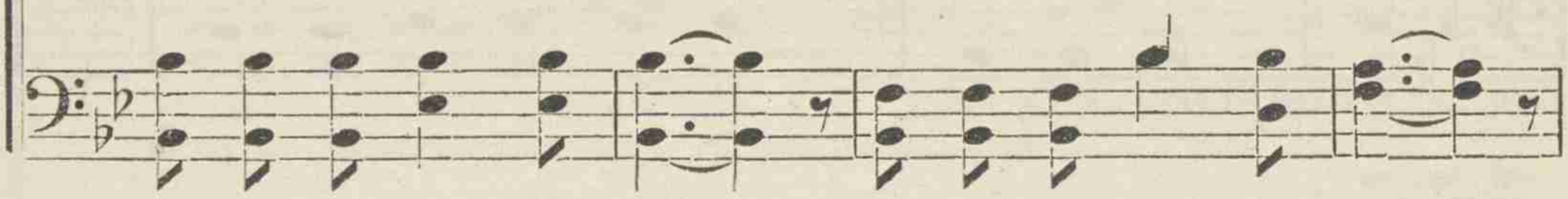




Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?
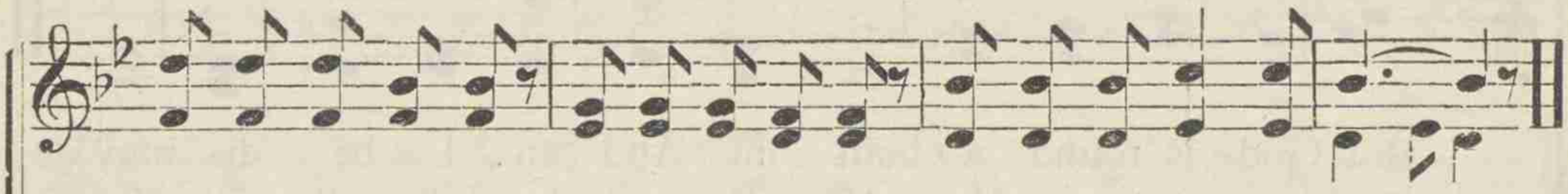


CHORUS.
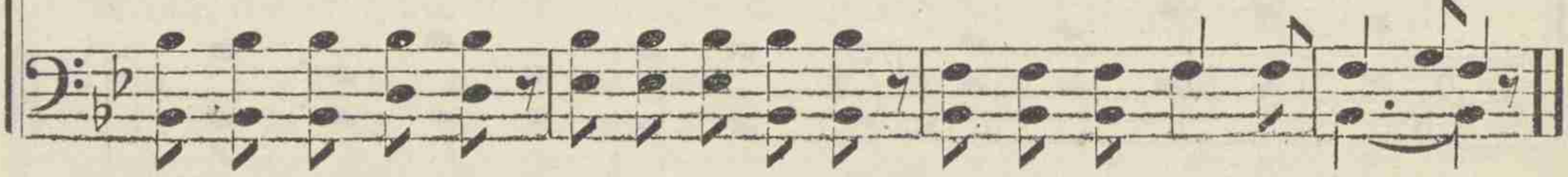


Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,





Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.



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No. 102. Is it not Wonderful?

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

1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now,thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

Mer-cy re - veal-ing,comforting,healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor,Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, pardon He gave me,And I am hap-py with-in.
But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Banishing sadness,with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.
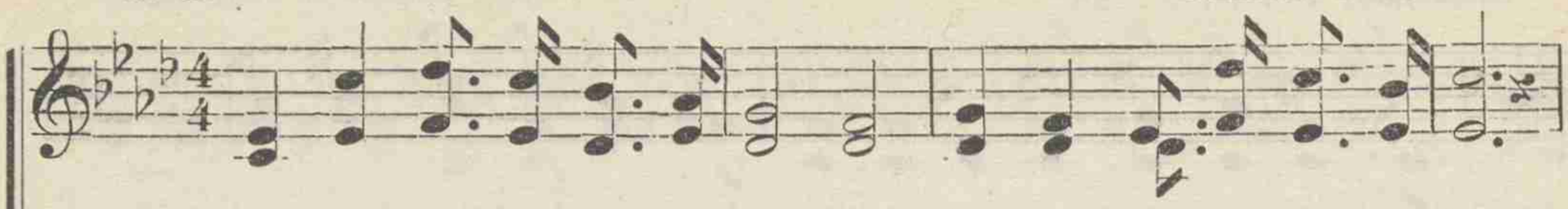
Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful,

gracious should be? . . . . That He should save e-ven me! . . . . .
lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should par - don and save e-ven me!

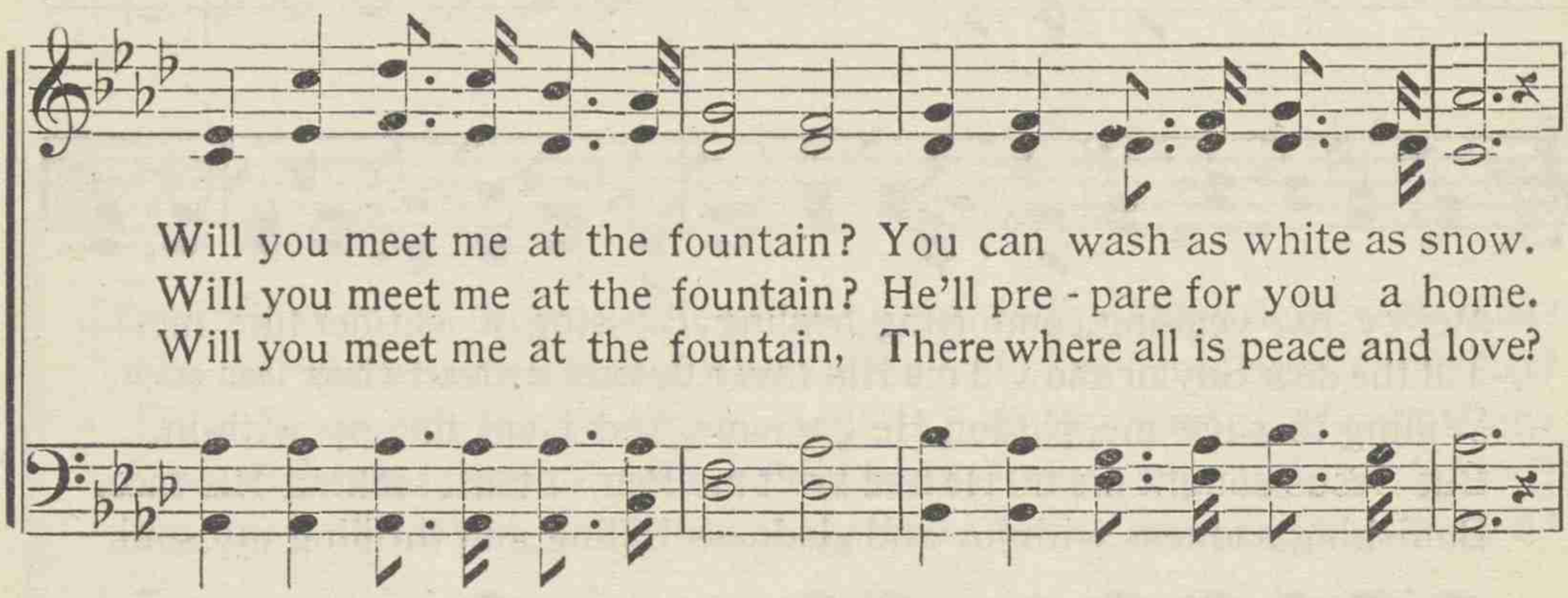
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No. 103. Will You Meet Me at the Fountain?
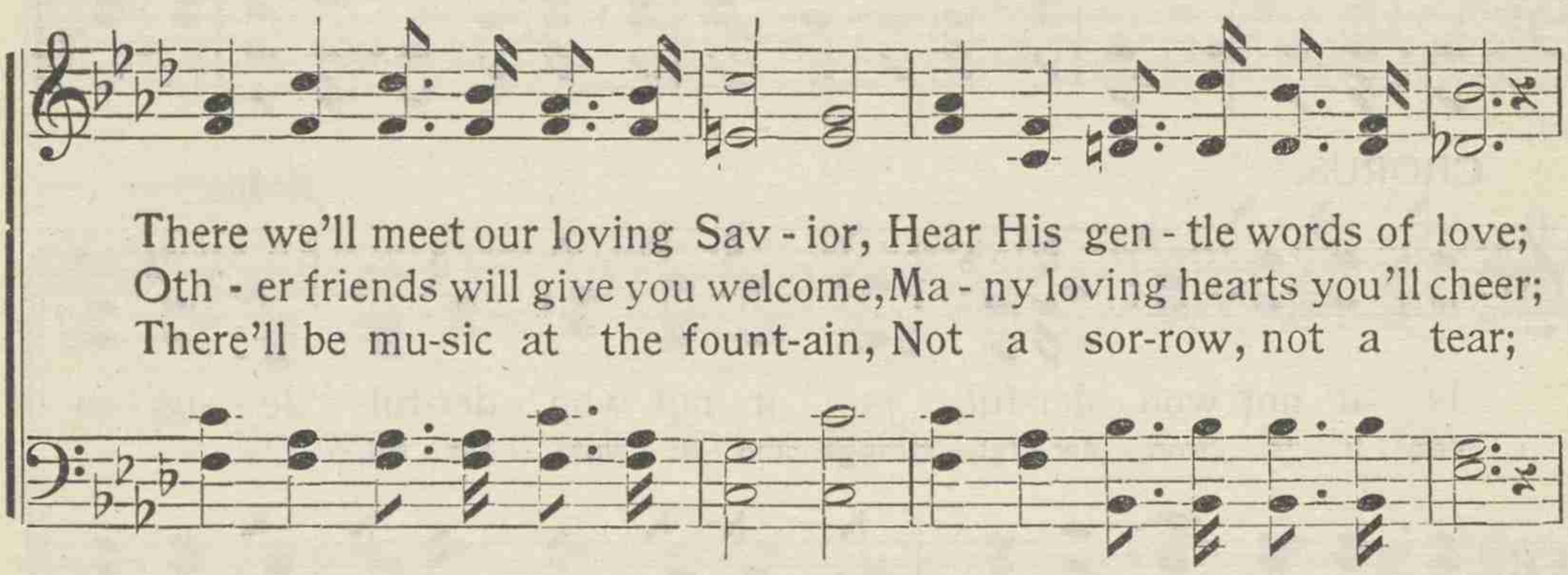
N. G. NELSON GILREATH.
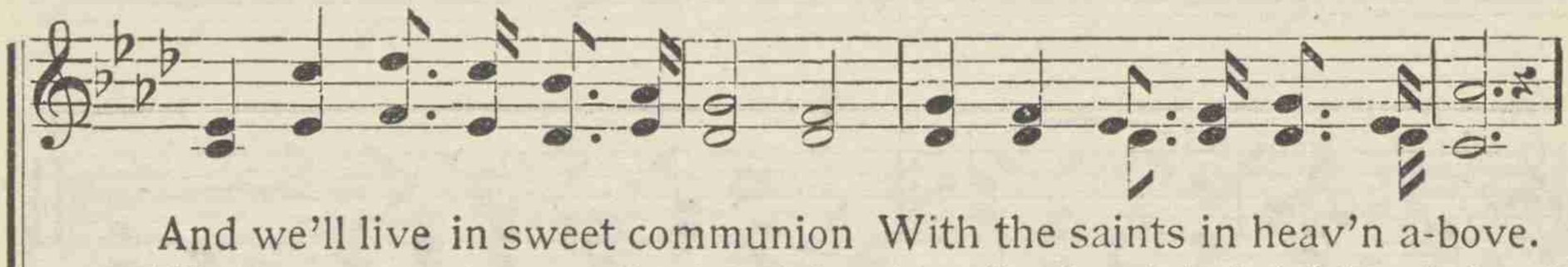


1. Will you meet me at the fountain, Where the crystal wa-ters flow?
2. Will you meet me at the fountain? Christ, our Savior, bids you come;
3. Will you meet me at the fountain, Join the heav'nly choir a-bove?



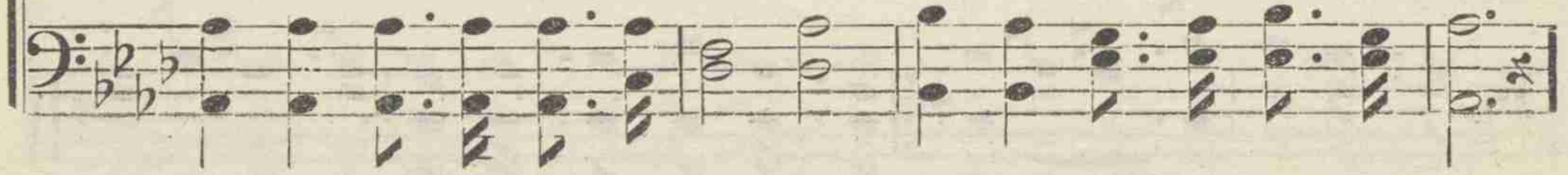
Will you meet me at the fountain? You can wash as white as snow.
Will you meet me at the fountain? He'll pre - pare for you a home.
Will you meet me at the fountain, There where all is peace and love?



There we'll meet our loving Sav - ior, Hear His gen - tle words of love;
Oth - er friends will give you welcome, Ma - ny loving hearts you'll cheer;
There'll be mu-sic at the fount-ain, Not a sor-row, not a tear;



And we'll live in sweet communion With the saints in heav'n a-bove.
Won't you meet me at the fountain, At the fountain bright and clear?
Christ is waiting there to greet you, Won't you, won't you meet me there?



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Will You Meet Me at the Fountain?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll meet you at the fount - ain With its waters bright and clear;
clear; Oh, yes, I'll meet you, meet you;
Yes, I'll meet you at the fount - ain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

No. 104. Teach Us to Pray.

J. H. TENNEY.

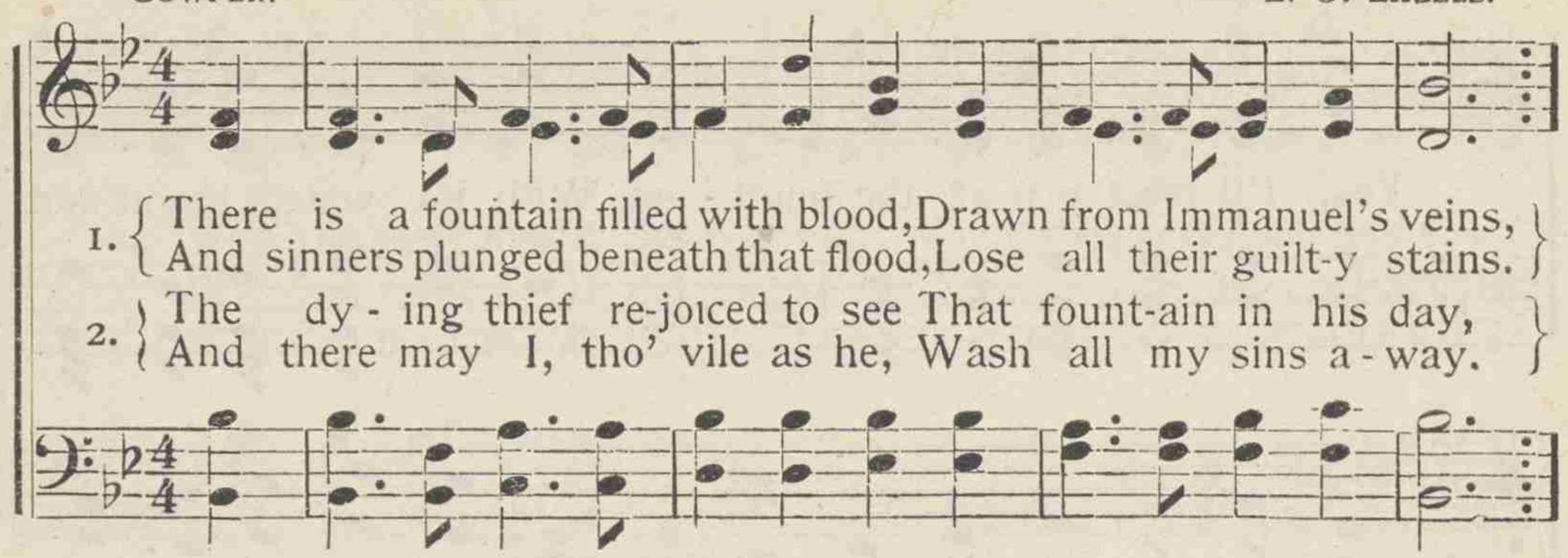
1. Teach us to pray! O Fa - ther! we look up to Thee, And this our one request shall be, Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
2. Teach us to pray! A form of words will not suf - fice; The heart must bring its sac - ri - fice; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
3. Teach us to pray! To whom shall we, Thy children, turn? Teach us the les - son we should learn: Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
4. Teach us to pray! To Thee a - lone our hearts look up; Pray'r is our on - ly door of hope; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.

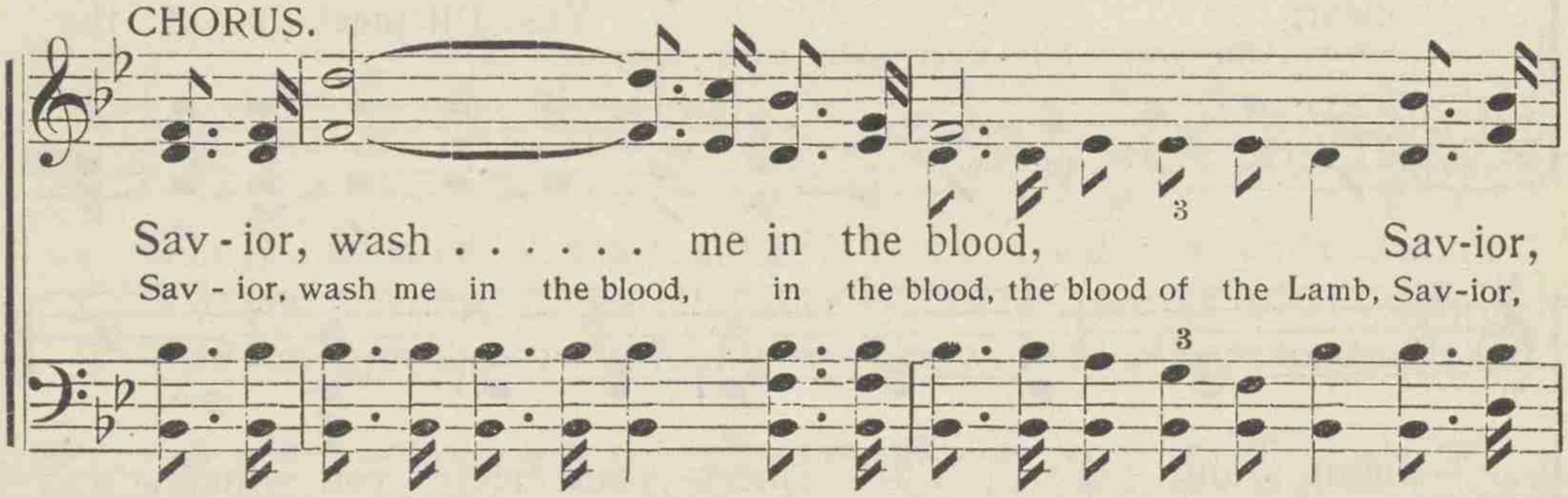
mf *pp*

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No. 105. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.





3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
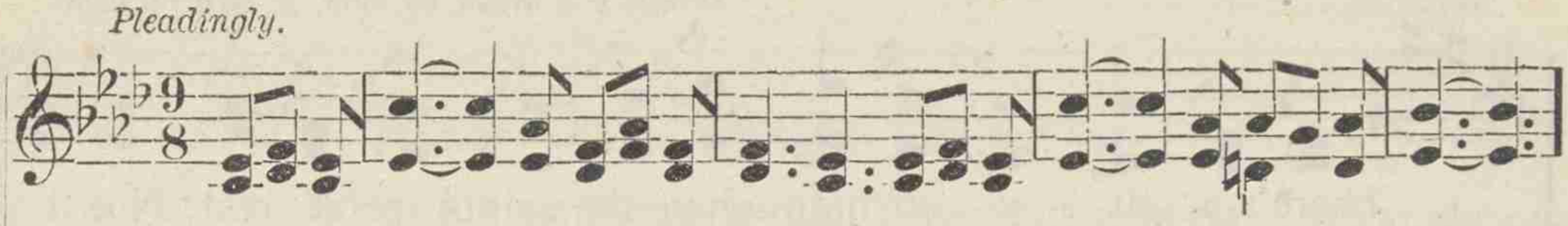
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. USED BY PER.
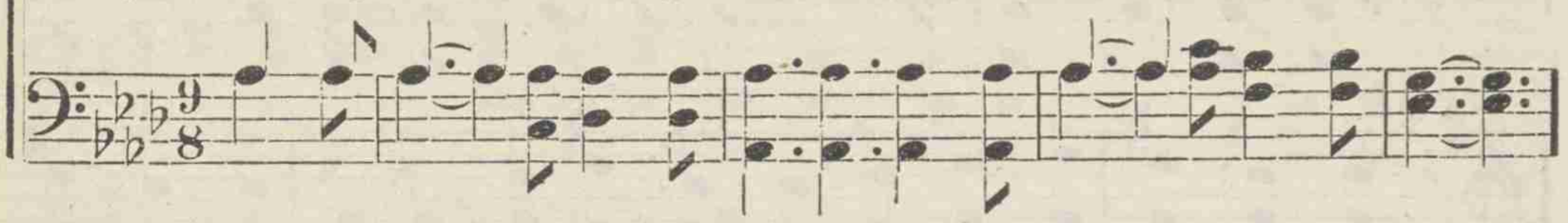
No. 106. The Heart's Prayer.
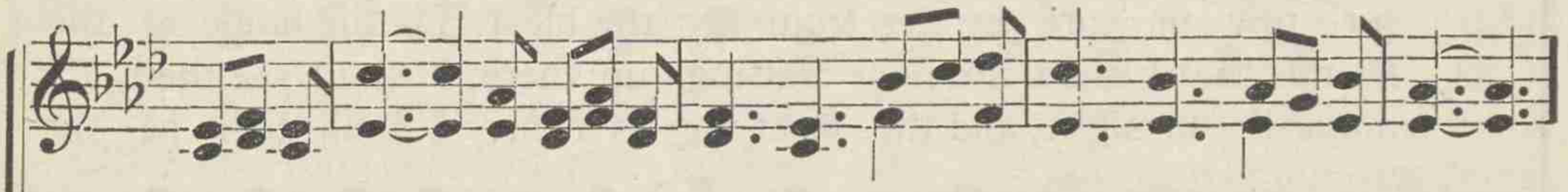
R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

Pleadingly.
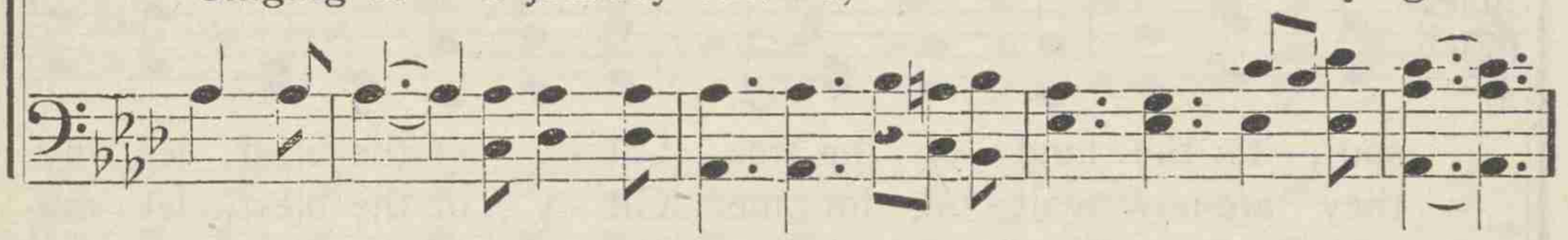


1. Hear my pray'r, oh, heav'nly Father, From thy throne, oh, hear my cry;
2. In the name of Christ, my Savior, Empty hands I stretch to Thee;
3. Oft the way is dark and dreary, Oft my feet have gone a - stray,
4. To Thy home of many mansions, Pray'r-ful-ly I set my face;
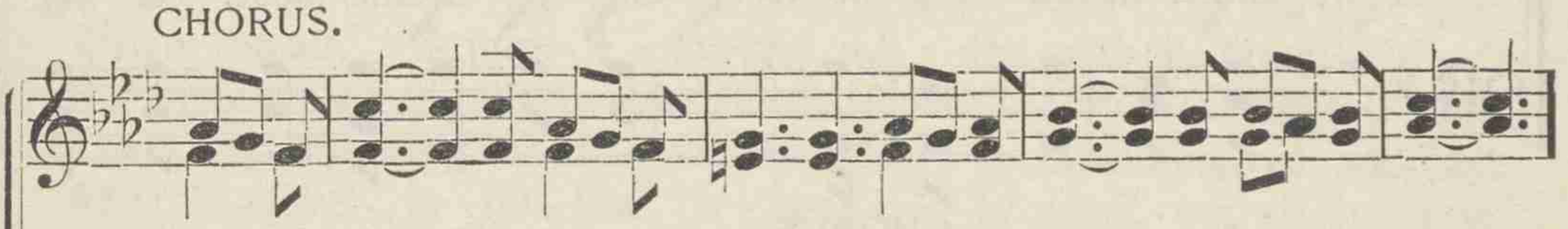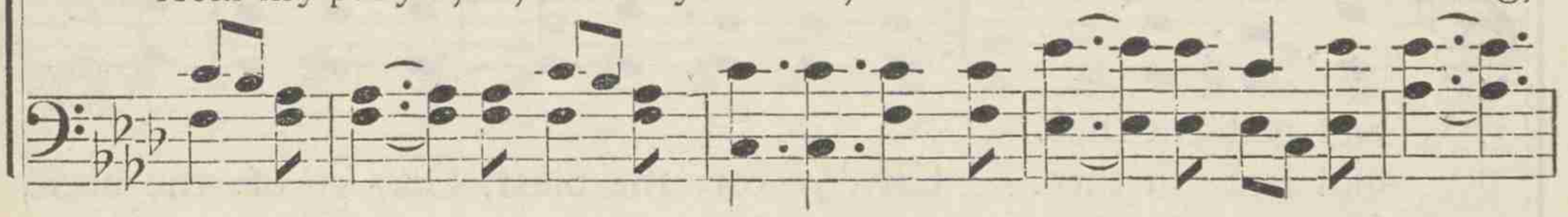




I am poor and weak and sinful, Hear and help, or I must die.
For His sake, oh, be Thou gracious, To a way-ward child like me.
Oft, in doubt, I shrink and falter, Oft my heart for - gets to pray.
Singing as I journey onward, I'm a sin - ner sav'd by grace!
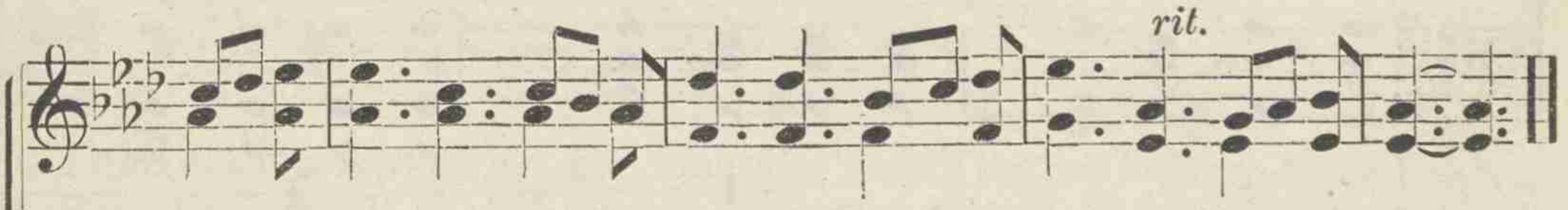


CHORUS.
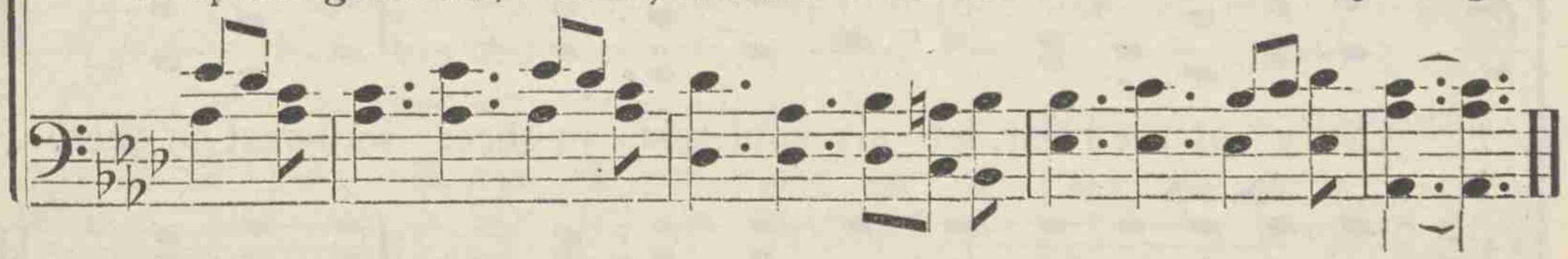


Hear my pray'r, oh, heav'nly Father, Self and all to Thee I bring;



rit.



Keep and guide me, Father, hide me Neath the shadow of Thy wing.



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No. 107. City of the Blest.

Words and Music by WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

1. There's a cit - y on high, where the saints are at rest, Not a sor - row or care ev - er troub-les the blest, 'Tis the home of the soul, 'tis the land of the free, Cit - y of the blest, let my soul rest in thee.

2. 'Tis a cit - y of light, with its build-ings so fair, Ma - ny friends that I knew are now rest-ing up there, I shall see them, for they are now wait - ing for me, Cit - y of the blest, let my soul rest in thee.

3. Let us walk in the steps of the Mas - ter so dear, For the home is in sight, and the meet-ing is near, I shall then be at rest, and from sin I'll be - free, Cit - y of the blest, let my soul rest in thee.

CHORUS.

Cit - y of the blest, Cit - y of the blest,
Cit - y of the blest, let my soul rest in thee; soul rest in thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY WM. H HOLTZCLAW.

No. 108. Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. Arranged.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide,
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross - es, Nor of bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've prov'd this to be true,

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;
When I'm in the way so nar-row I can see a path-way thro';

Where the air is pure e - the-real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis-ap-point-ments, Thick-ly sprink-led all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.–*Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,*

D. S. Chorus.

That are bloom - ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ran-thine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon ors all for - sak-ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
For I've tried this way be-fore thee And the glo - ry lin-gers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

No. 109. The Master's Call.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.

1. O friends of Christ who live in happy Christian lands! Have ye obeyed your sovereign Lord's commands, And carried forth the gracious message which He gave, And told the great wide world that Jesus died to save?
2. Have you in con-se-cra-tion bowed before His feet, And, moved by love, re-nounced the world complete, And giv'n to Him your heart, your life, your wealth, your all, And pledged to Him the use of these be-yond re-call?
3. O, feel to-day the weight of your dear Lord's commands, And send the light to souls in darkened lands, And when at last the earnest work of life is done, In heav-en you shall greet the souls to Je-sus won!
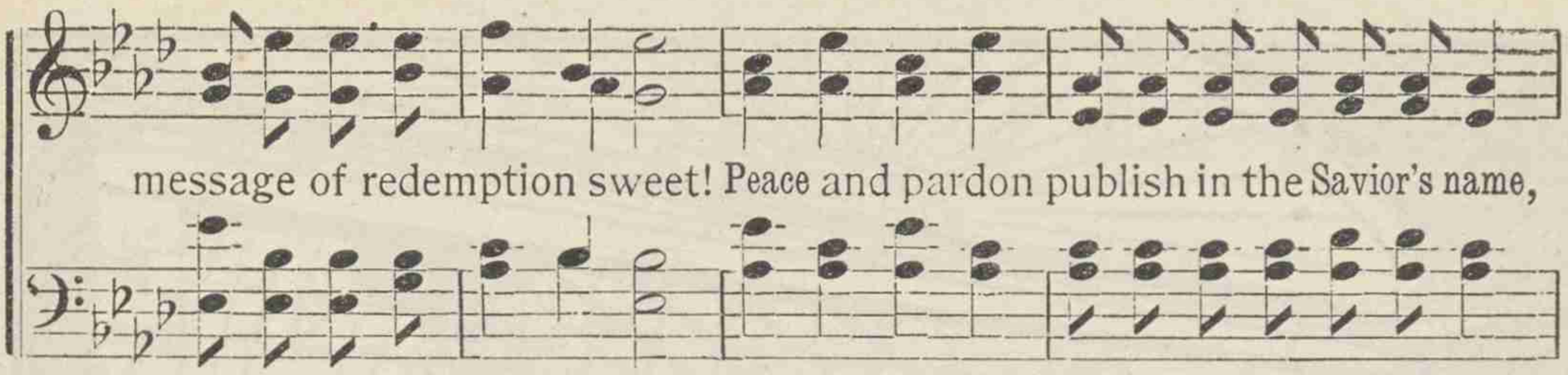
CHORUS.
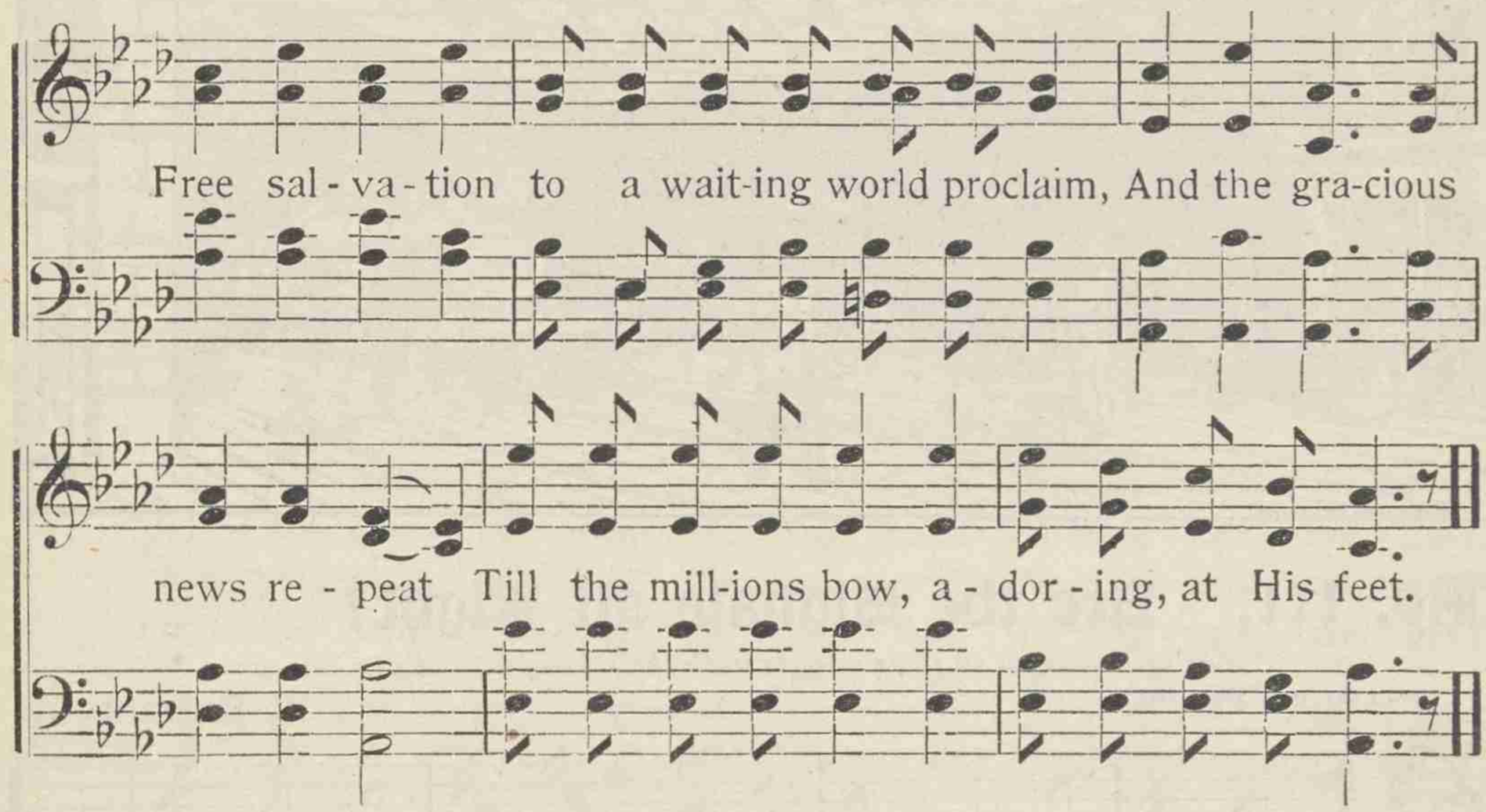
Go, Christ goes before you! Go, go, His glorious banner wav-ing o'er you! Go, He goes be-fore you! Her-ald the

For-ward go, go, for He goes be-fore you! With His ban-ner wav-ing o'er you! Go, go, go, go, for He goes be-fore you!

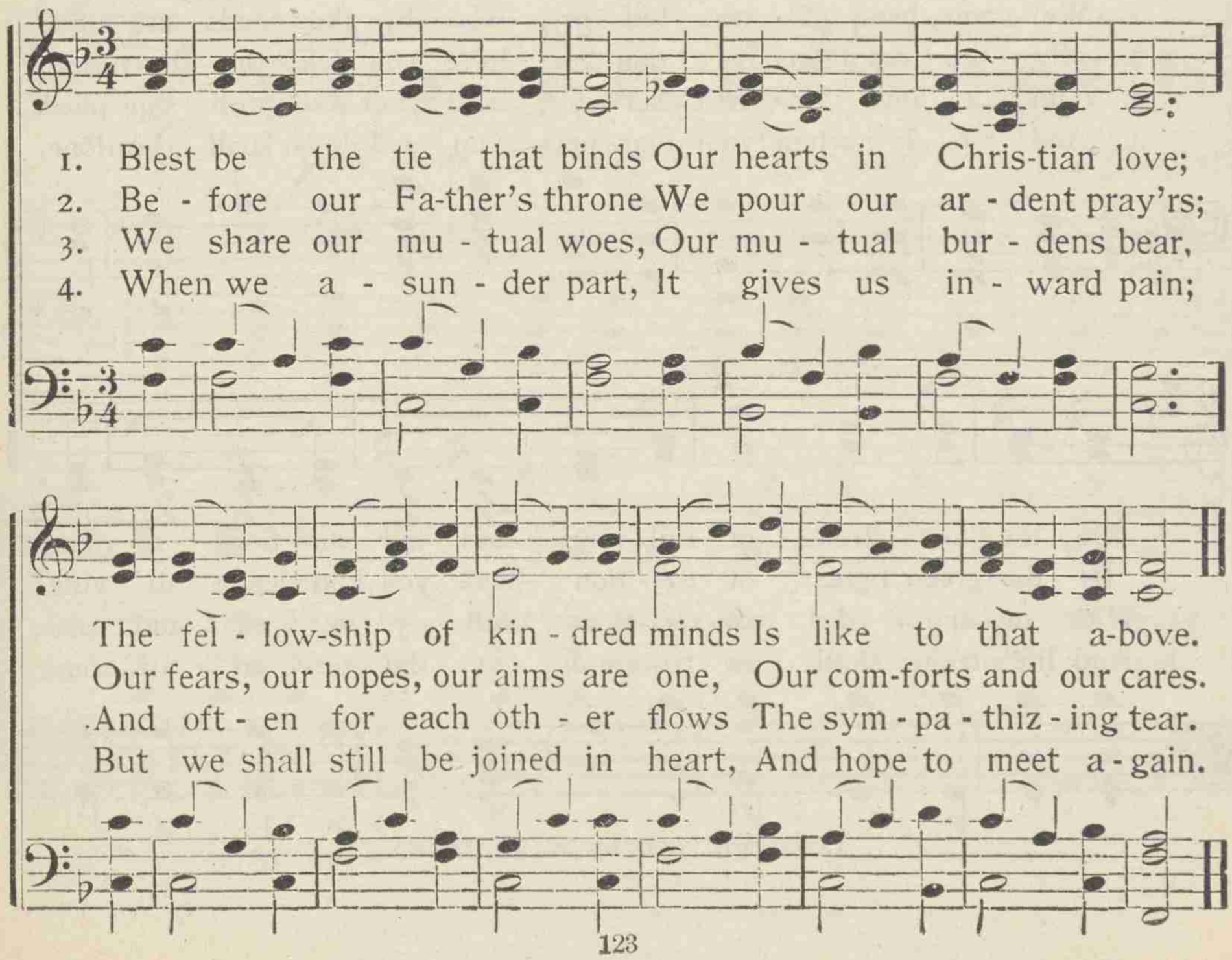
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO., CLEVELAND.

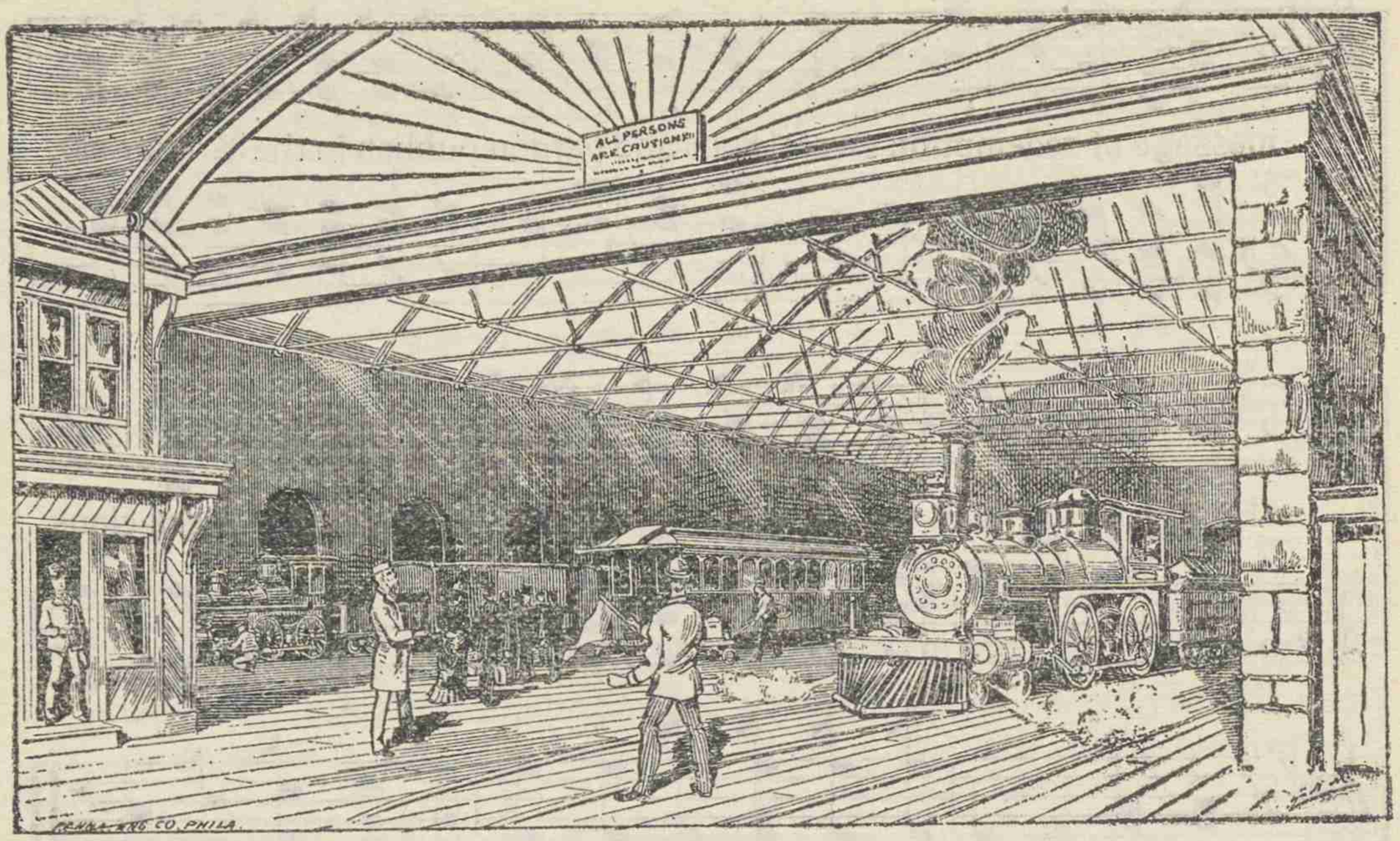
The Master's Call.—Concluded.





No. 110. Dennis.

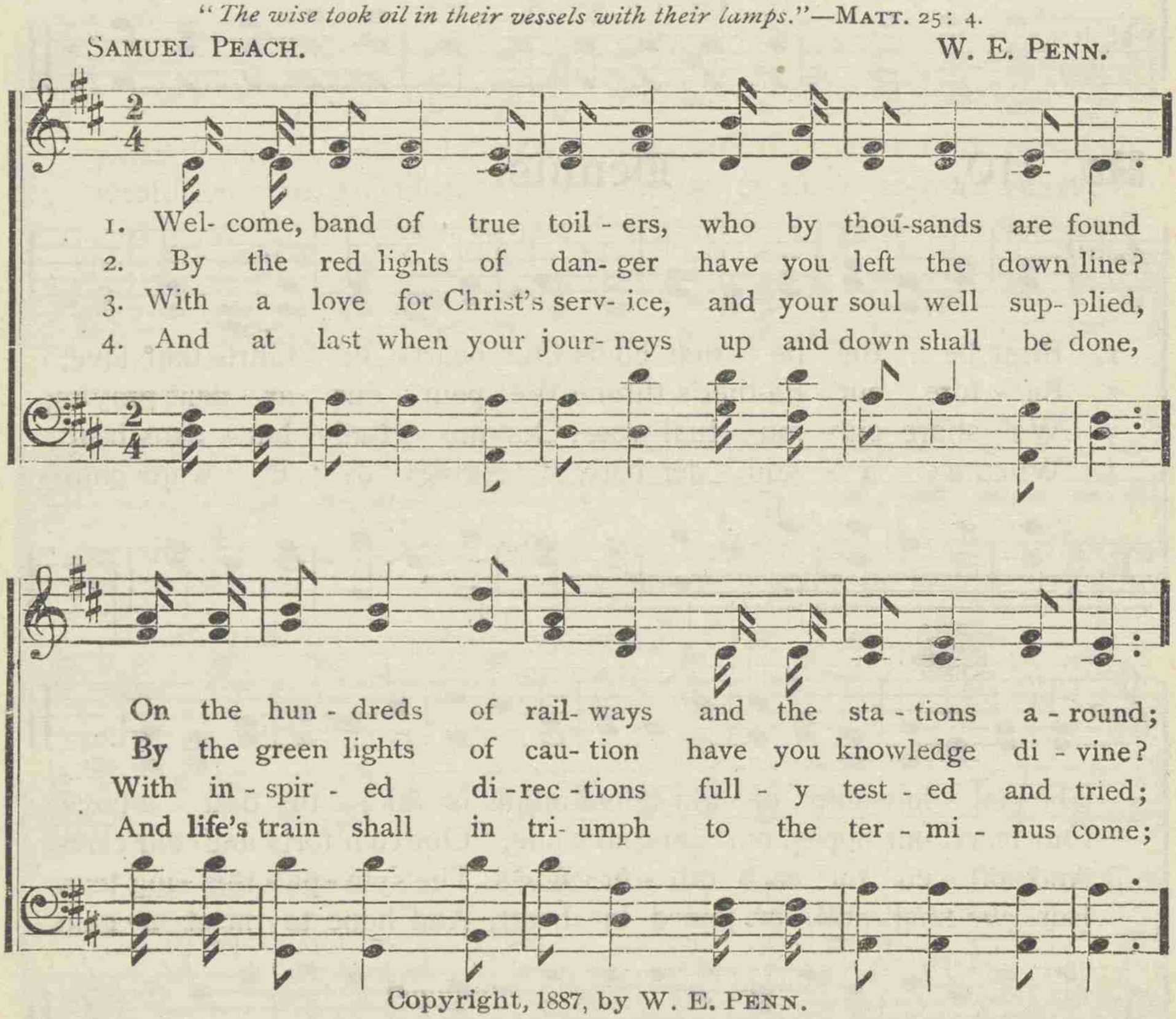




No. 111. Are the Signals all Right?

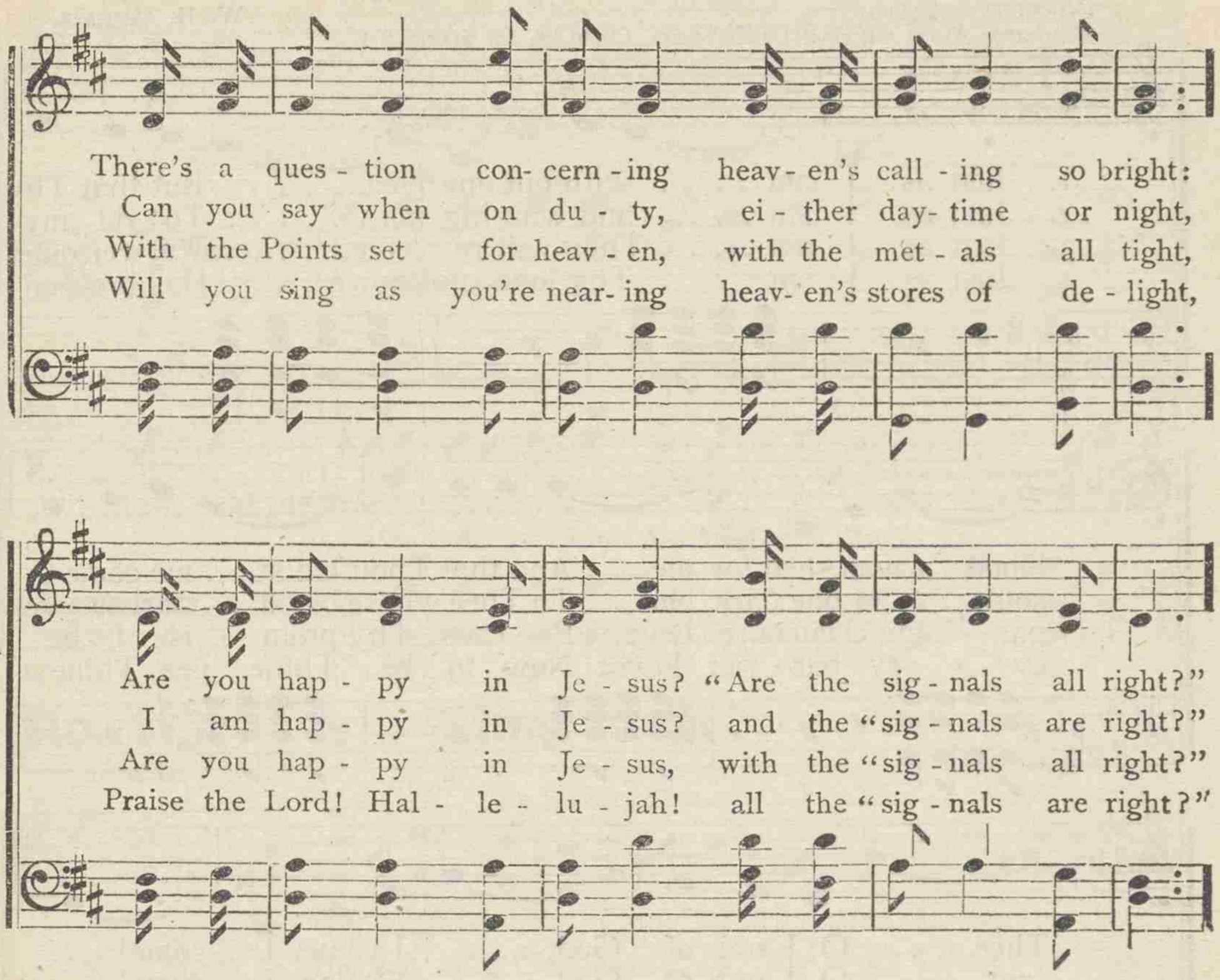
"The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps."—MATT. 25: 4.
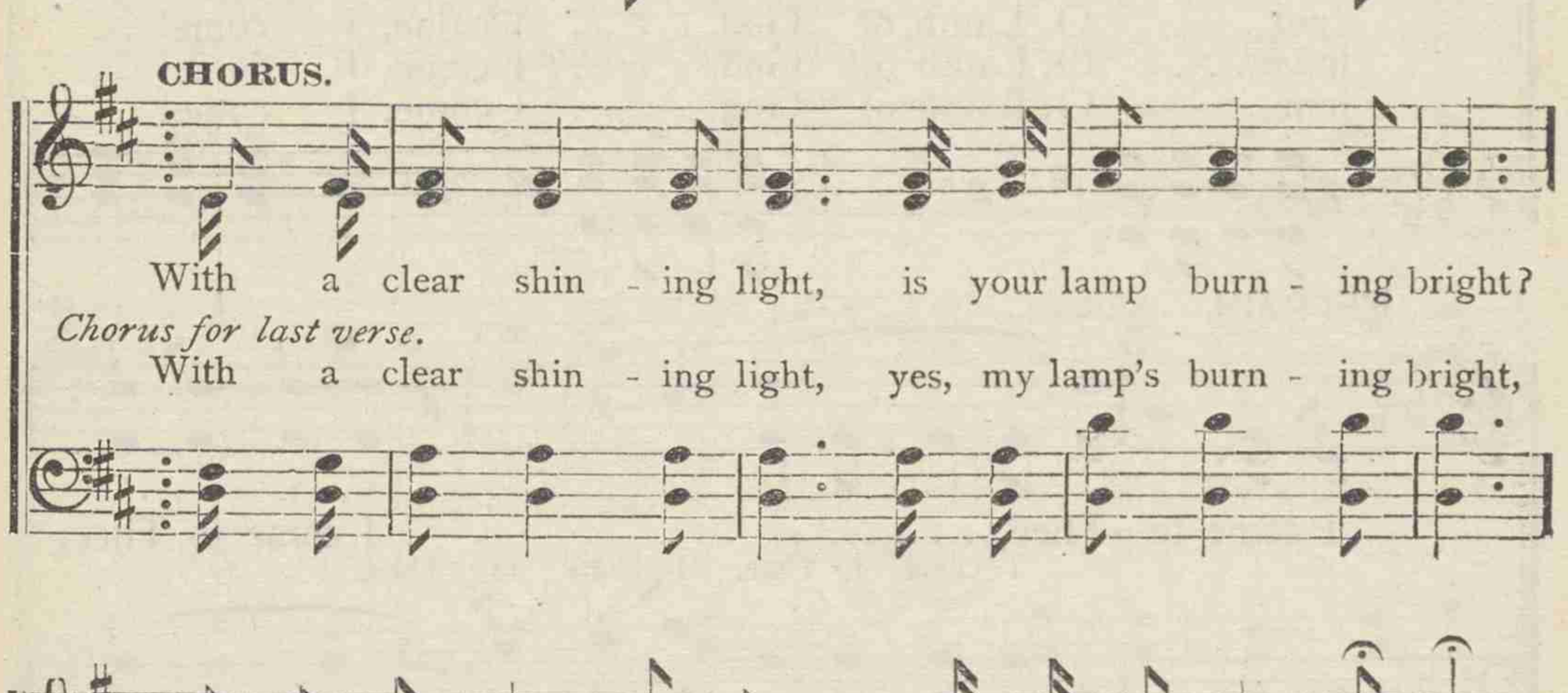
SAMUEL PEACH. W. E. PENN.

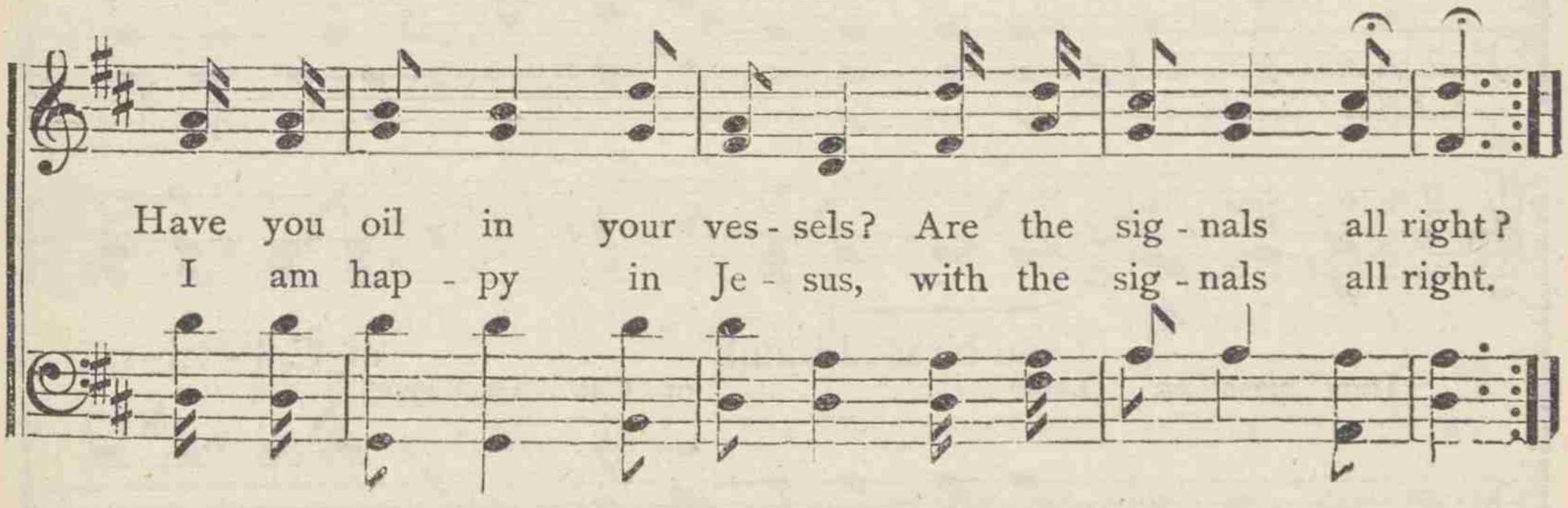


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Are the Signals all Right? Concluded.







No. 112. Just As I Am.

(Written for and dedicated to my wife.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. W. H. MORRIS.

Tenderly. ALTO OR BARITONE SOLO, Or in E♭ for SOPRANO.

1. Just as I am . . . . with-out one plea, ... But that Thy
2. Just as I am . . . . and wait-ing not . . . . . To rid my
3. Just as I am . . . . Thou wilt re - ceive,. . . . . Wilt welcome,
4. Just as I am . . . . Thy love un-known . . . . Has brok-en

blood . . was shed for me, . . And that Thou bid'st . . me come to
soul . . . of one dark blot,. . To Thee whose blood . . can cleanse each
par - don,cleanse,re - lieve, . Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be -
ev - 'ry bar - rier down; Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-

Thee, . . . O, Lamb of God, ... I come, I come! . .
spot,. . . . O, Lamb of God, ... I come, I come! . .
lieve;. . . . O, Lamb of God, ... I come, I come! . .
lone,. . . . O, Lamb of God, ... I come, I come! . .

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*

I come to Thee, ... I come to Thee,
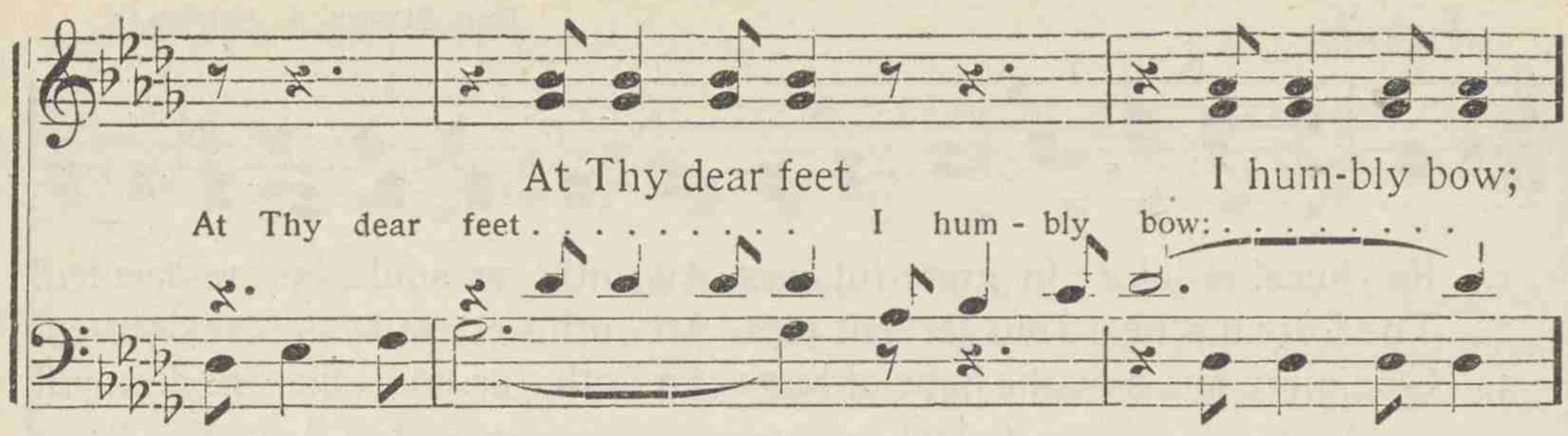
I come to Thee, I come to Thee, ...
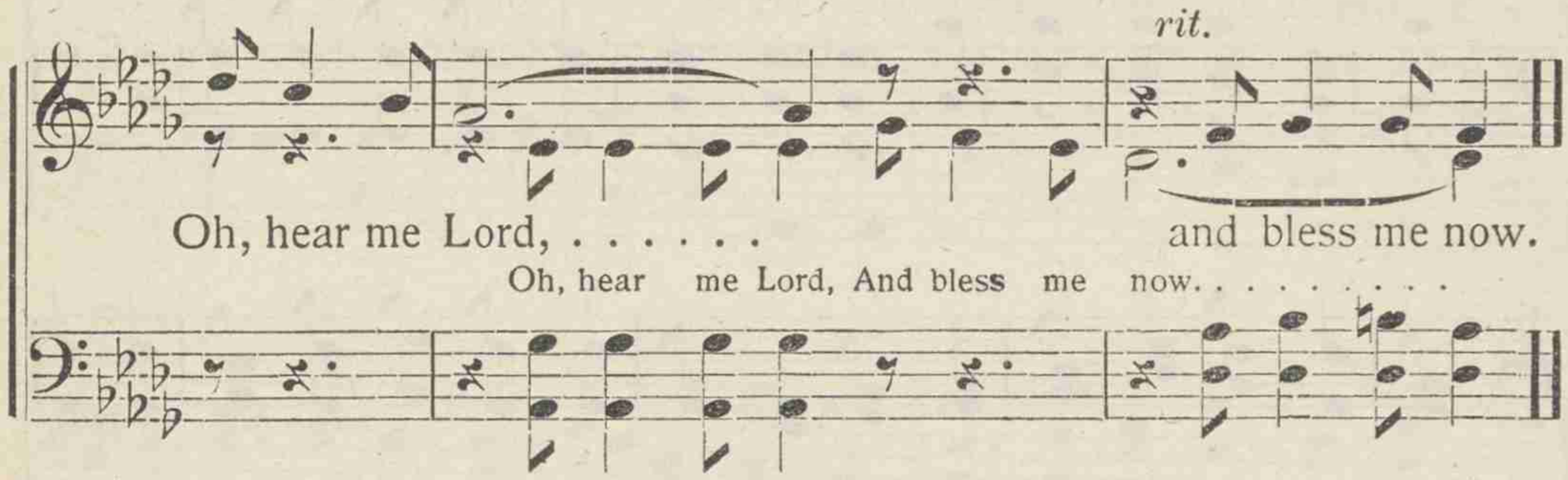
Thou blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Thou bless - ed Lamb . . . . . of Cal - va - ry, ...

COPYRIGHT, BY W. H. MORRIS.
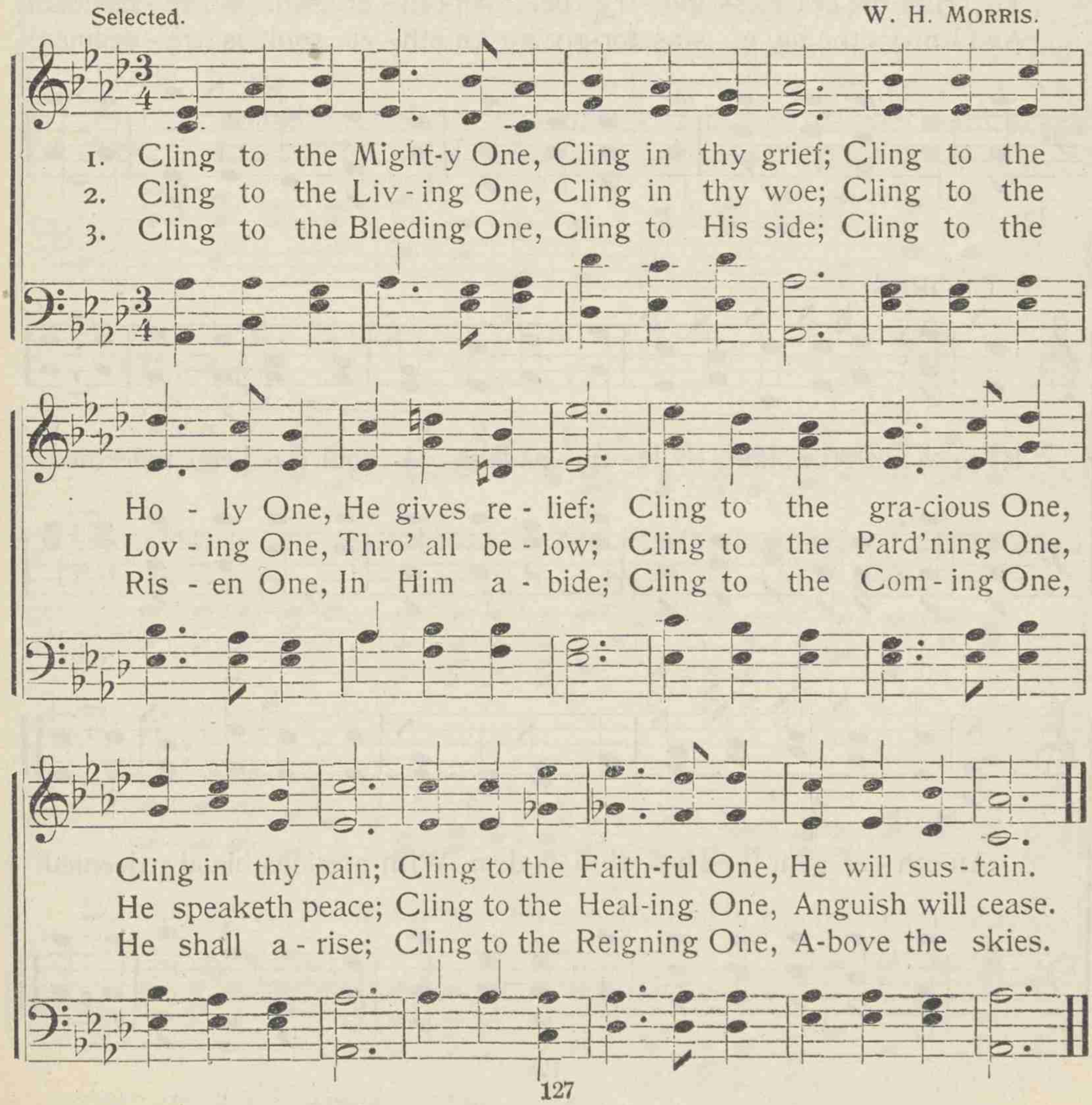
Just As I Am.—Concluded.
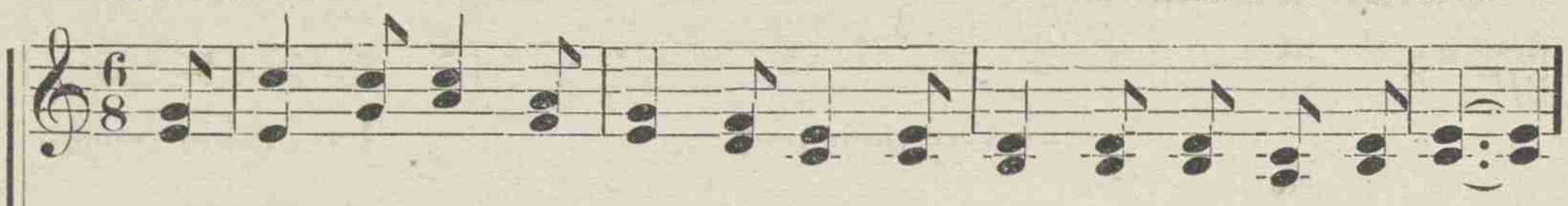




No. 113. Cling to God.

Selected. W. H. MORRIS.
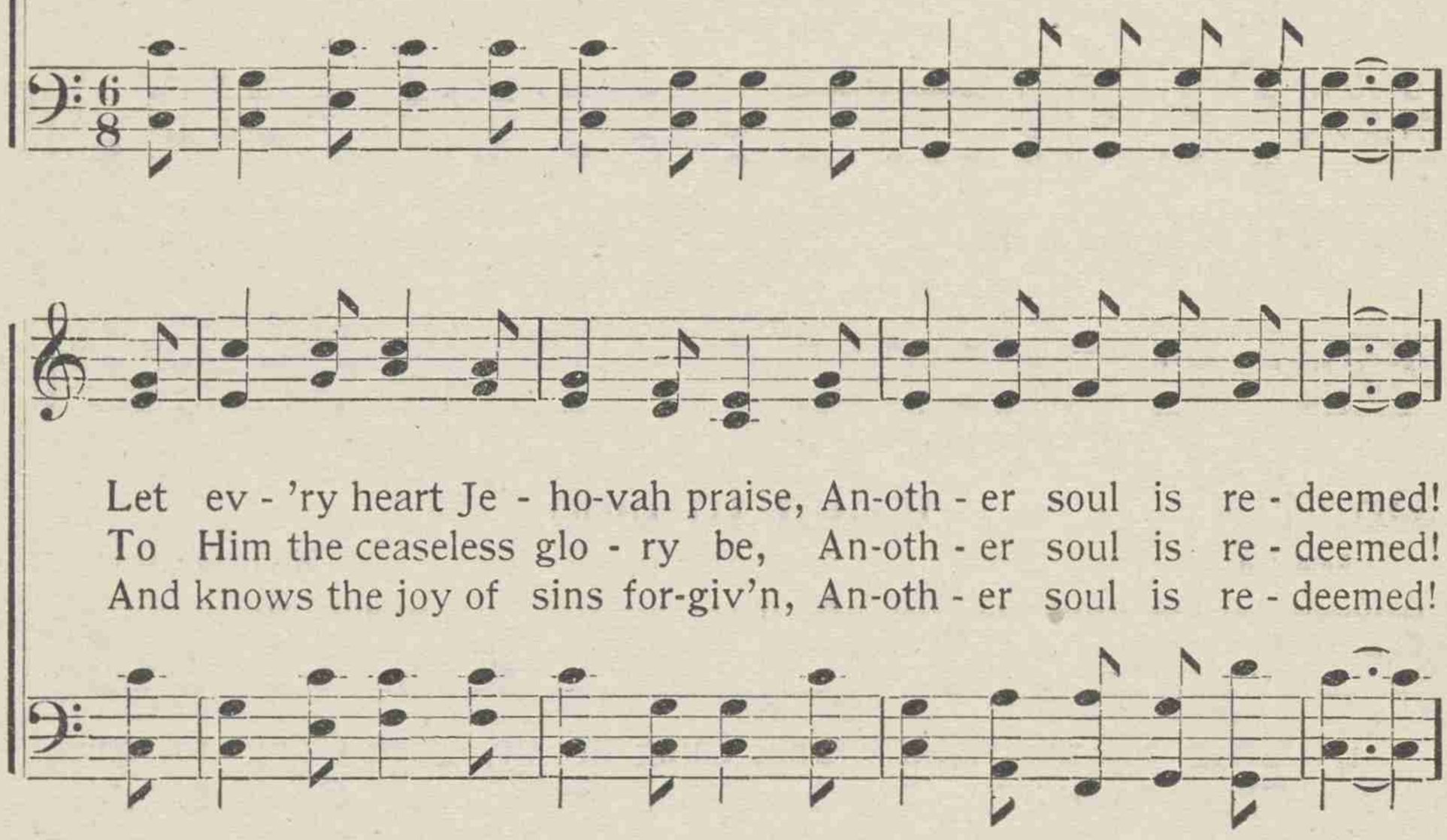


No. 114. Another Soul Redeemed.

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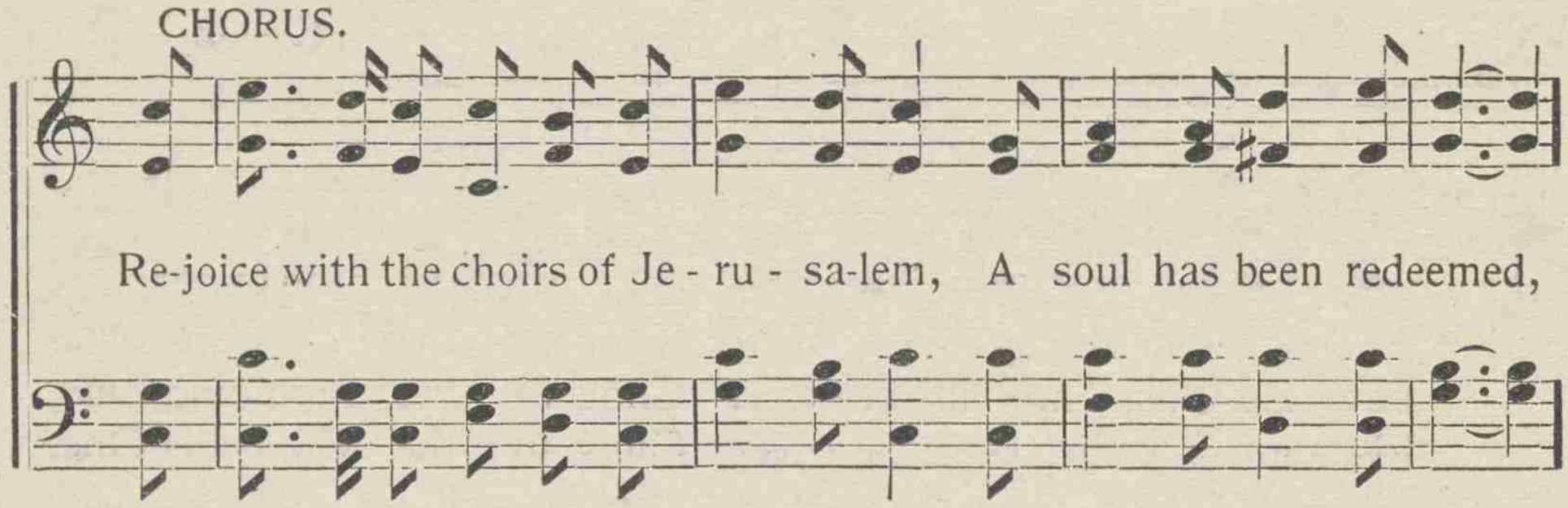


1. Re - joice! re-joice in grate-ful lays, An - oth - er soul is re-deemed!
2. The Lord has heard our fervent plea, An - oth - er soul is re-deemed!
3. One more has now the hope of heav'n, An - oth - er soul is re-deemed!
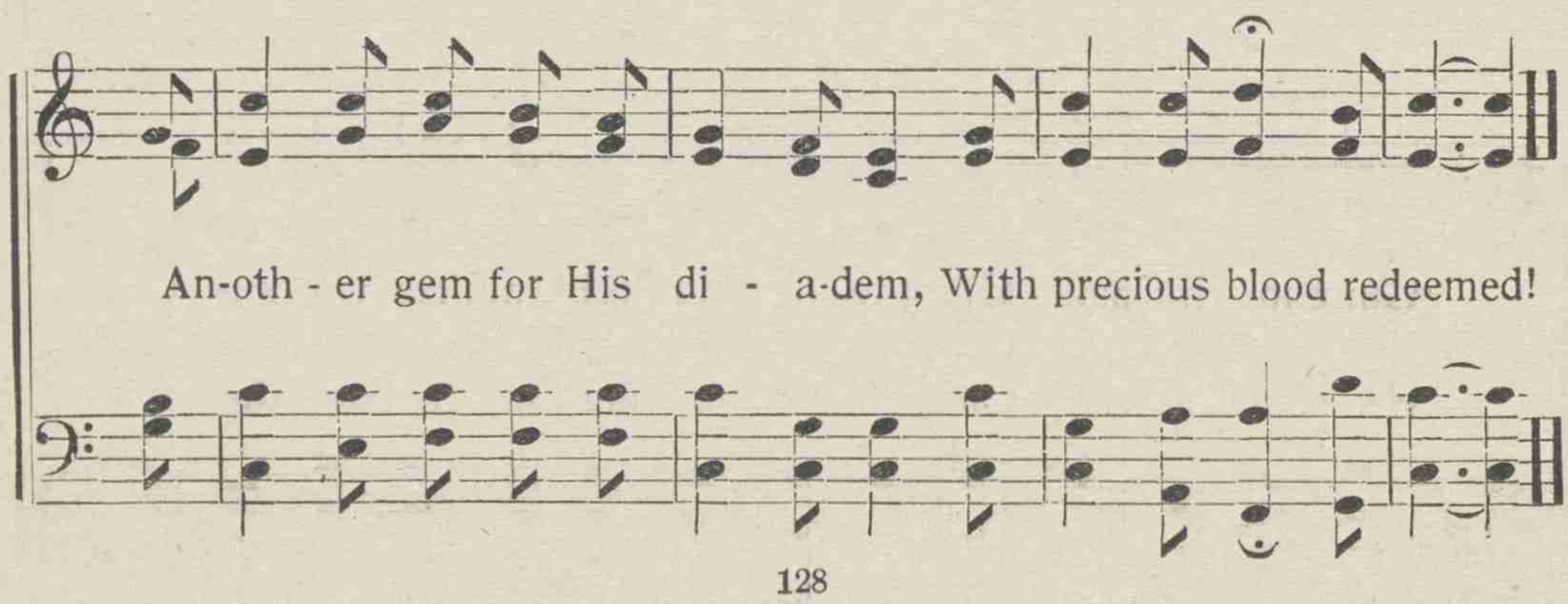


Let ev - 'ry heart Je - ho-vah praise, An-oth - er soul is re - deemed!
To Him the ceaseless glo - ry be, An-oth - er soul is re - deemed!
And knows the joy of sins for-giv'n, An-oth - er soul is re - deemed!



CHORUS.
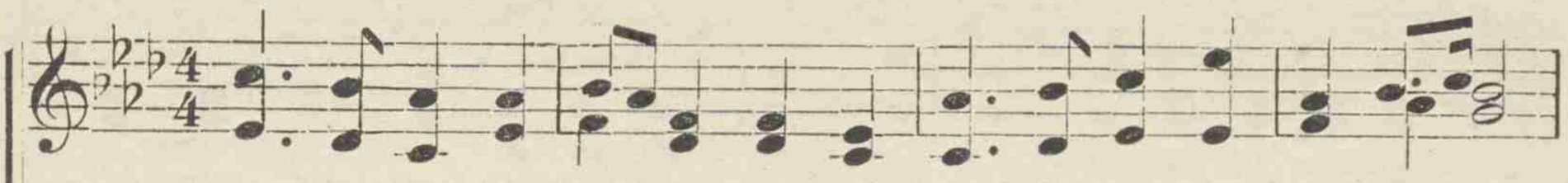


Re-joice with the choirs of Je - ru - sa-lem, A soul has been redeemed,



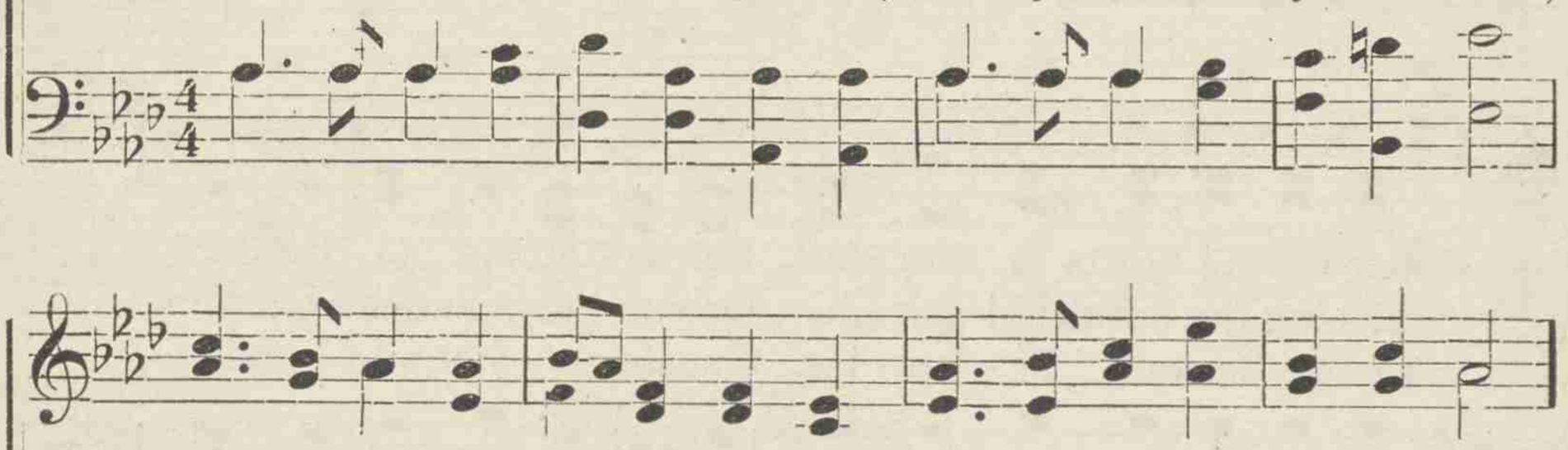
An-oth - er gem for His di - a-dem, With precious blood redeemed!

No. 115. Standing by the Cross.

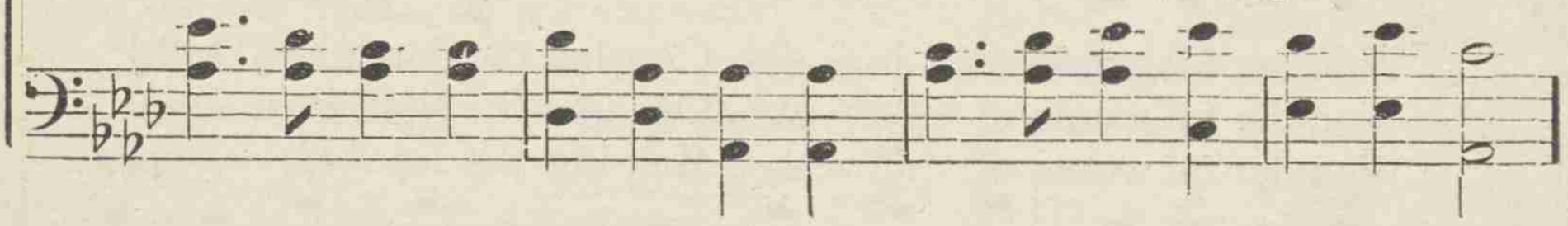
ALLEN-SHIRLEY. Ref. by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.
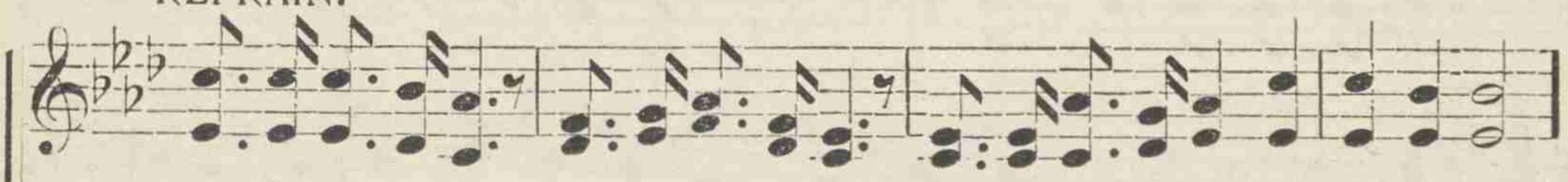


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest, for - ev - er view-ing Mercy pour'd in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
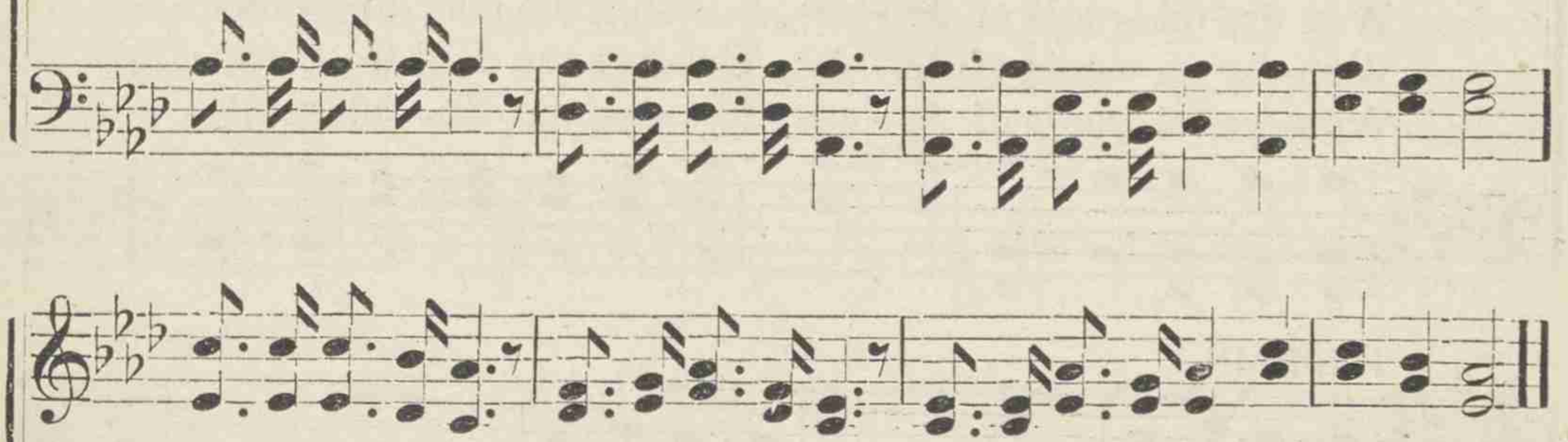


Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre - cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in His gra cious eye.
And my thoughts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va-tion, And, unveil'd, Thy glo - ries see.
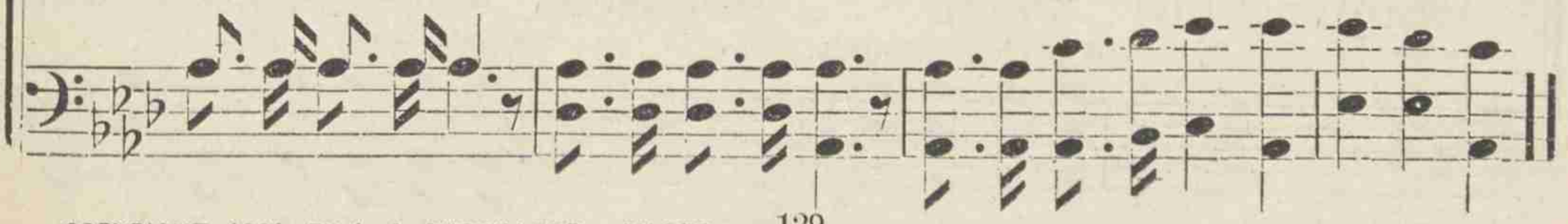


REFRAIN.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calvary,



Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.



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No. 116. Wonderful Words.

E. R. LATTA. E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Such as man nev - er spake,
2. Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Causing the deaf to hear,
3. Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Con-quer-ing all dis - ease,

Sor-rowing hearts to com - fort, Fet-ters of sin to break!
Eas-ing the bur-den'd spir - it, Drying the mourner's tear!
Or on the torn Ti - ber - ias, Causing the storm to cease!

Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Causing the dumb to talk!
Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Opening the sight-less eyes!
Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Mak-ing the lep - ers whole!

Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Causing the lame to walk!
Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Causing the dead to rise!
Won-der-ful words of Je - sus, Sav - ing the sin - ful soul!
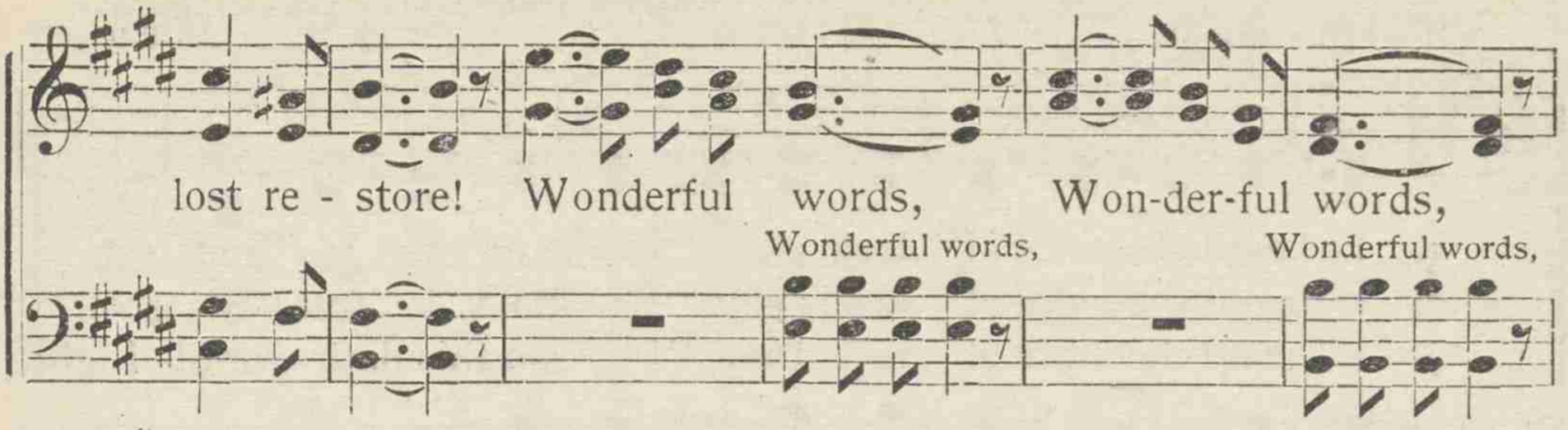
REFRAIN.
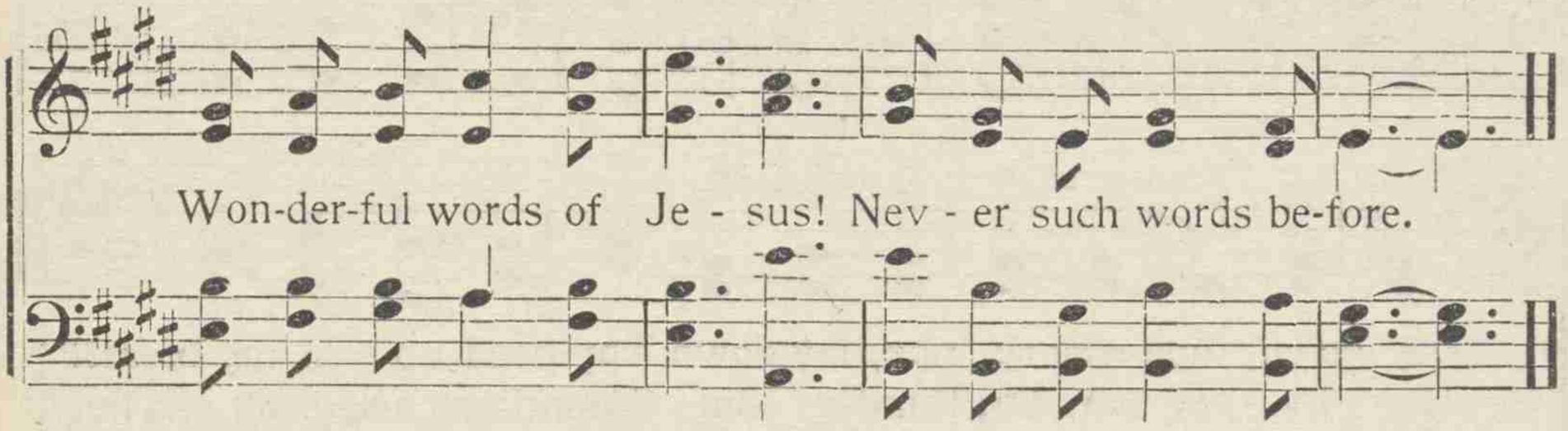
Won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words, That could the

Won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words,

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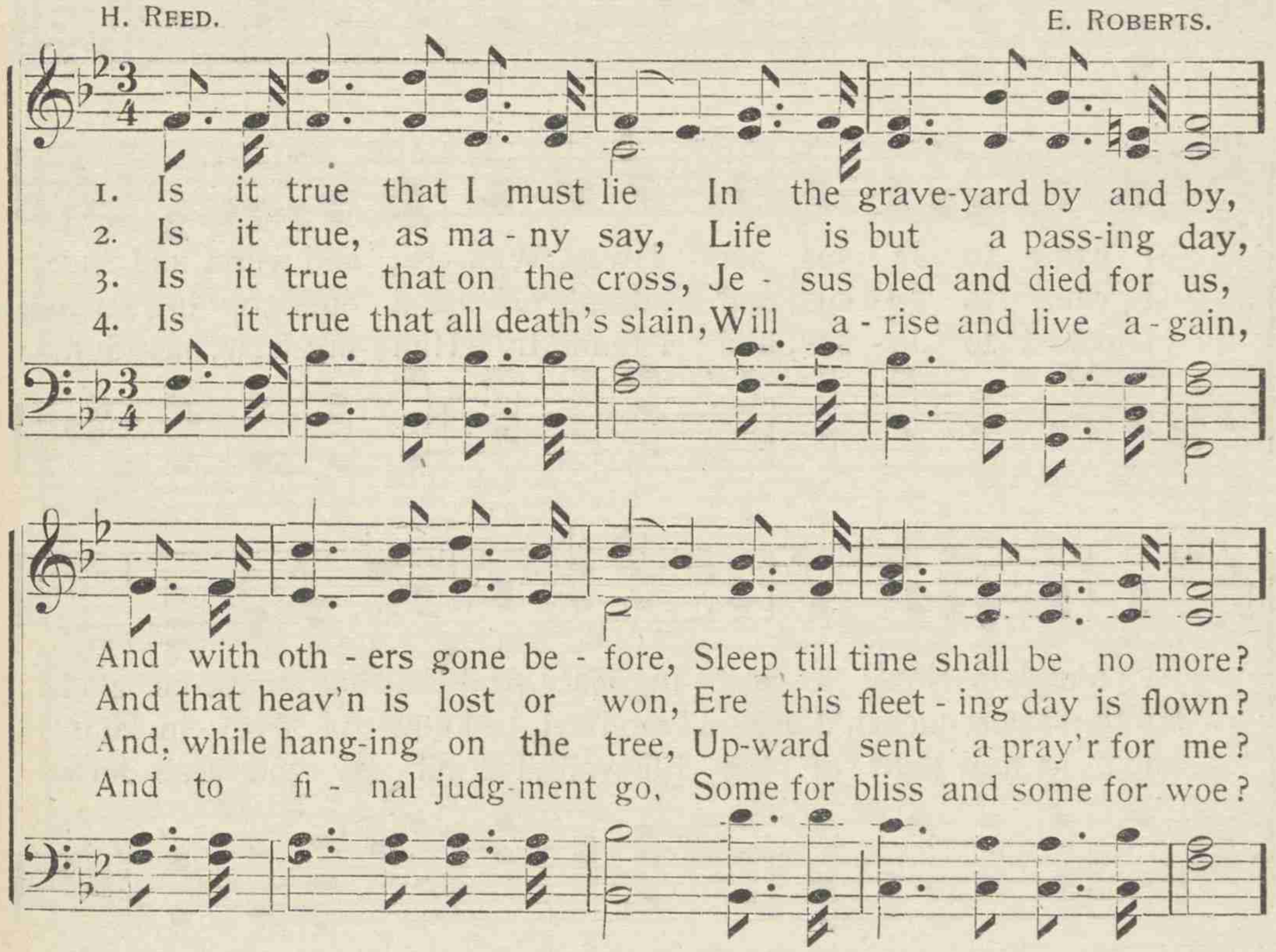
Wonderful Words.—Concluded.
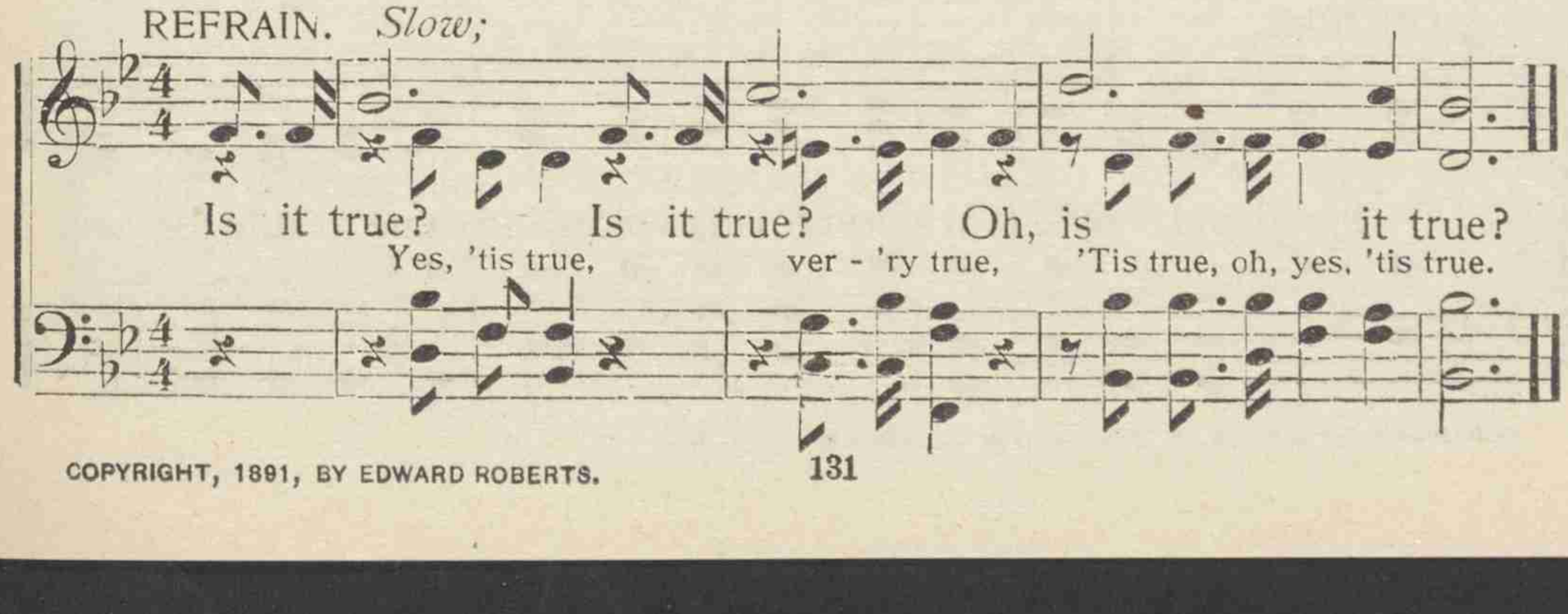




No. 117. Is It True?

H. Reed. E. Roberts.



REFRAIN. *Slow;*



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No. 118. I Heard the Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Melody adapted. Cho. and arrangement
by W. H. MORRIS.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
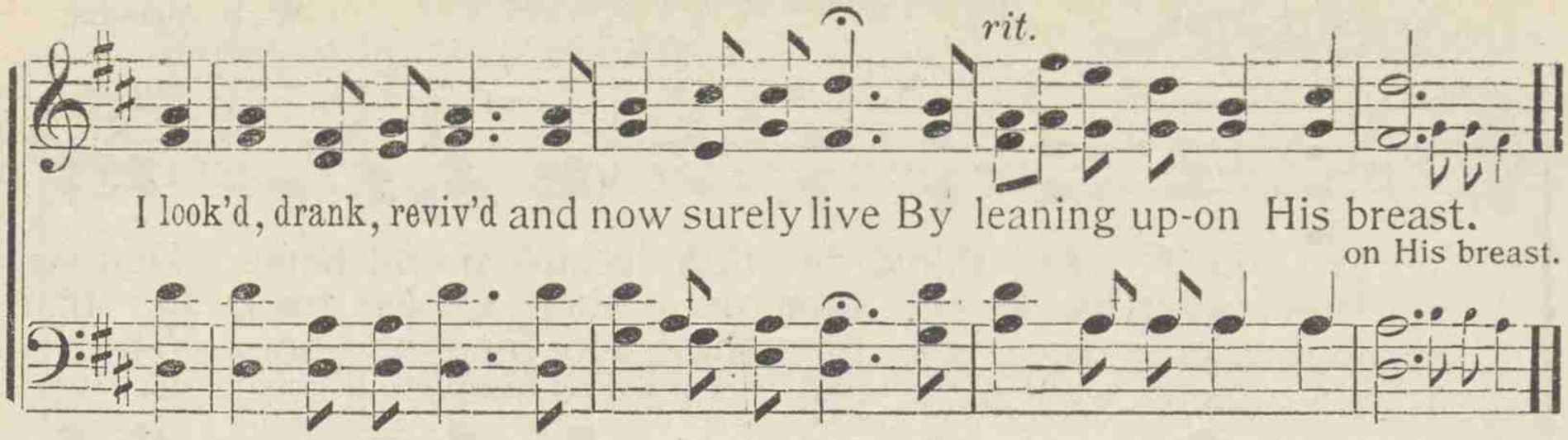
I found in Him a - rest - ing place, And He hath made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

CHORUS.

I heard and obey'd that sweet, loving voice, And came to Him for rest
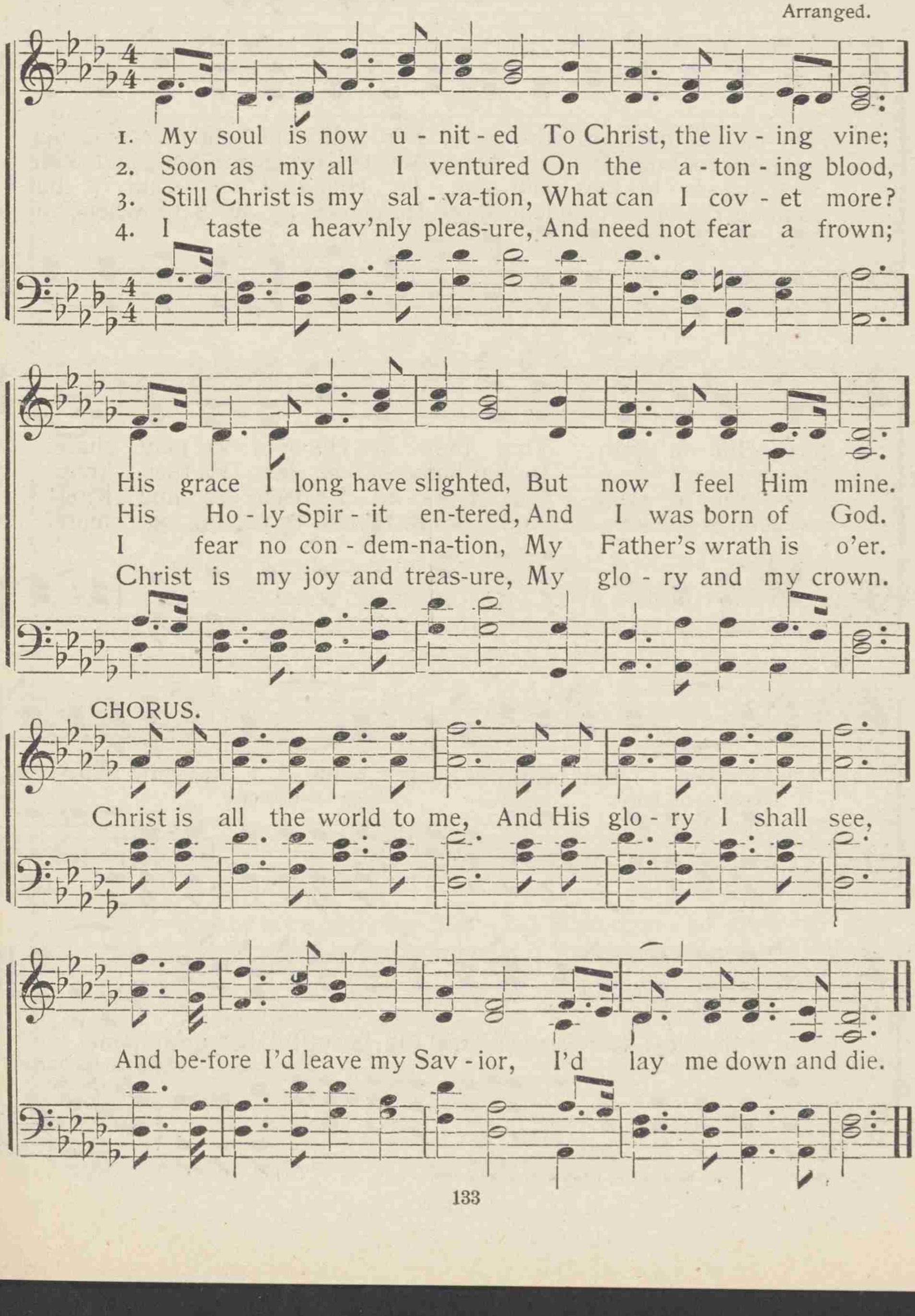
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I Heard the Voice of Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 119. Christ is All the World to Me.

Arranged.



No. 120. That Beautiful Home.

Rev. W. E. PENN. W. H. MORRIS.

Not too fast.

1. I love to think of that beau - ti - ful home, That my Sav-ior has gone to pre - pare, For all who will love him and
2. How sweet 'twill be from all sin to be free, In that beau-ti - ful home up a - bove, Where Je - sus we'll see and with
3. Come, let us go from these sor - rows be - low, Where loud hal - le - lu - jahs we'll sing, To Him that was slain, but
4. 'Tis there we'll meet and our loved ones shall greet, As we land on the bright, golden shore, How hap - py we'll be when our

serve Him on earth, That they in His glo - ry may share.
Him ev - er be, In that home of our dear Fa-ther's love.
liv - eth a - gain, Our bless - ed Re-deem - er and King.
loved ones we see, And know there'll be parting no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, home, . . . that beautiful home, home, . . . beautiful home! Oh,
Beau-ti-ful home, beau - ti-ful home.
home of the blest, where saints shall rest! Oh, beautiful, beautiful home!
beau-ti-ful home.

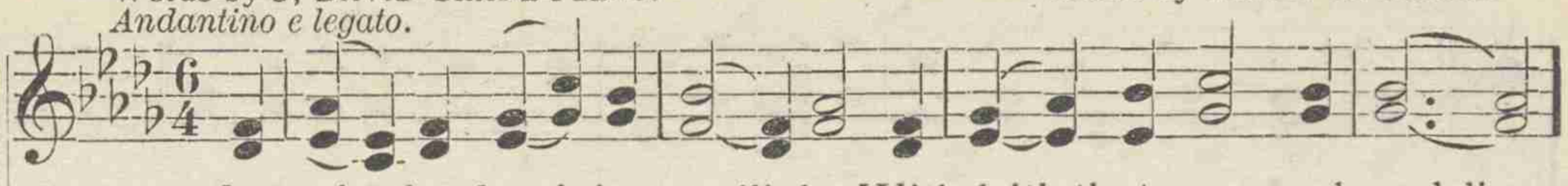
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No. 121. My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.

"(Affectionately dedicated to my mother." J. D. C. F.)
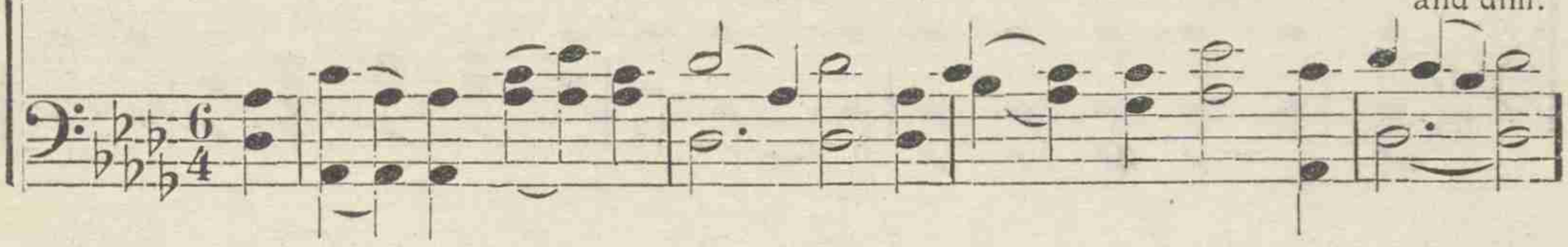
Words by J, DAVID CRANE FLEET. Music by HENRY R. CRANE.

Andantino e legato.

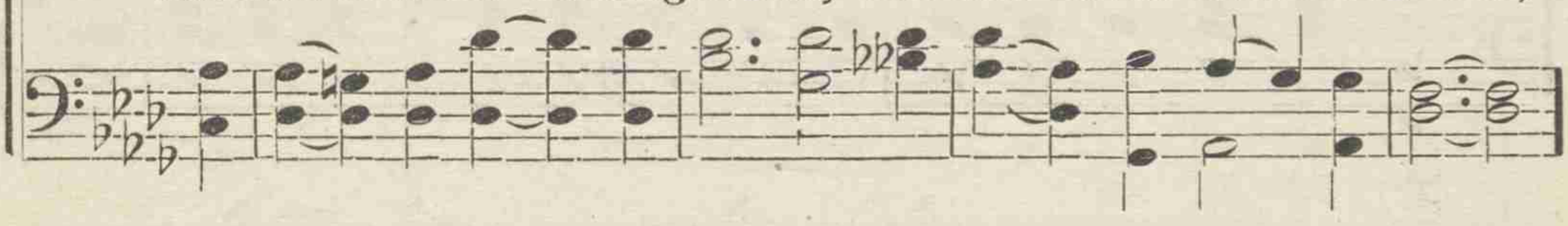


1. I sat in the deep'ning twilight, With faith that was weak and dim;
2. While thinking over the sorrows, The wrong and sin of to-day,
3. "My child, thy strength cannot conquer Thy daily temptations and sin;
4. Then turned I away from the darkness, Full laden with faith, love and cheer;

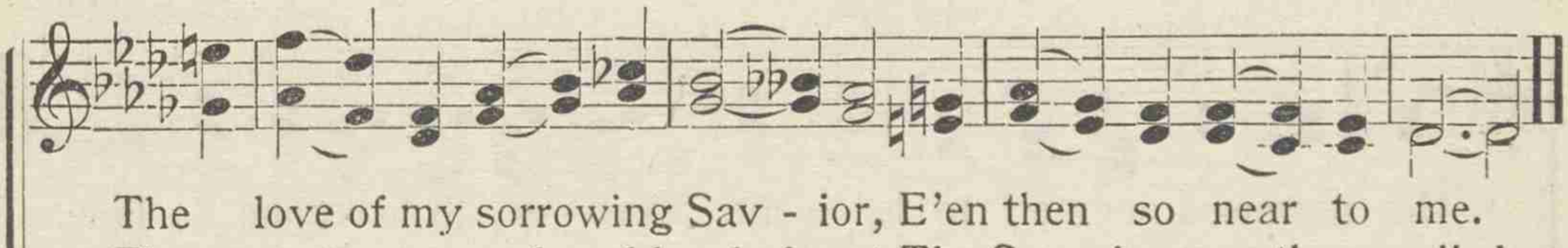
and dim:



The dear Savior stood be-side me, But I had no tho't of Him.
And my oft re-peat-ed wand'rings From the straight and nar-row way,
'Tis only my grace that can help thee Life's vict'ries bravely to win.
I had not known thro' the long sad day The dear Savior had been so near;



My spir-it was wea-ry of sinning, But my blind eyes could not see
I moaned "O can I be His child— His child?" I wea-ri-ly cried:
Trust not in thyself, weak and helpless, And longing from sin to be free,
And now when my spirit grows weary, When thro' mists I cannot see,



The love of my sorrowing Sav-ior, E'en then so near to me.
Then un-to my sad and lonely heart The Sav-ior sweetly re-plied:
But look up, my child, and re-mem-ber My grace is sufficient for thee."
The lov-ing, beautiful words I'll hear "My grace is sufficient for thee."

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No. 122. Never Alone.

W. H. MORRIS. Arr. by W. H. MORRIS.

1. I'm sail-ing out on life's o - cean, Where waves are turbid and high;
2. When trials sore come up-on me, And Sa-tan tries to de - ride,
3. He gave His life to re-deem me, He shed His blood on the tree;
4. And when the mansion is read - y He'll come from heav'n a - gain

My bark is rock'd by the bil-lows That lash it as they pass by;
I know my Sav - ior will shield me By standing close by my side;
He drank of death's bitter wa-ters From sin my soul to set free;
And take me to that fair cit - y, For - ev - er with Him to reign,

I trust my Pi - lot to guide me, And brave - ly struggle on;
He loves to care for His chil - dren, Who His dear name will own,
He now is yon-der in glo - ry Pre - par - ing me a home;
And then I'll give Him the glo - ry, And praise Him on His throne,

CHO.–*Oh, no, nev - er a - lone, Oh, no, nev - er a - lone,*

D. S. Chorus.

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
And promised nev - er to leave them, Nev - er to leave them a-lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
That while I tried to serve Him He Nev - er did leave me a - lone.

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

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No. 123. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

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

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saint's bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gel's song And wish He could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an aching heart, While Jesus pro-nounc-es the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tearful eyes. While Christ and His peo-ple as -
5. Some one will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-ior and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailings no

can - not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
hap - py throng; With sigh-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
word "de-part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,

REFRAIN.

Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate. Turn'd away from the beau-ti-ful

gate, Turn'd away from the beau-ti-ful gate; With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his

sor - row - ful state, Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.

No. 124. Speed It On!

JESSIE H. BROWN. (MALE QUARTET.) J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Speed it— speed the gos - pel call! Speed it on! Speed it on!
2. Speed it— speed the pre-cious hope! Speed it on! Speed it on!
3. Speed it— speed the joy - ful day! Speed it on! Speed it on!

Tell the glad good news to all, Speed it on! Speed it on!
To the souls that blind-ly grope, Speed it on! Speed it on!
When our King the world shall sway— Speed it on! Speed it on!

Till the drear-y lives shall be Thrilled with sud-den ec - sta - cy,
Till the clouds shall lifted be, And the tear-dimmed eyes shall see
When His cross the sign shall be Of a world-wide vic-to - ry,

And the world keep Ju - bi - lee— Speed it on! Speed it on!
Vis - ions of E - ter - ni - ty— Speed it on! Speed it on!
And man-kind at last be free— Speed it on! Speed it on!

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No. 125. All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwelling, Ev - er-more His prais-es swelling,
Pleading for the young and hoary, Tell-ing of His pow'r and glo-ry,
Lov-ing Him for love un-ceas-ing, For His mer-cy e'er in-creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je-sus,

Ev - er-more His good-ness tell-ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-longs to Him.

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No. 126. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - er - y fall-ing tear;
3. Oh, 'twill be joy when I see Him! See Him and hear Him say, come!

Go to the clear-flow-ing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean:
He will forsake thee oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten-der - ly there!
Oh, 'twill be joy when I hear Him Say - ing, my child, welcome home!
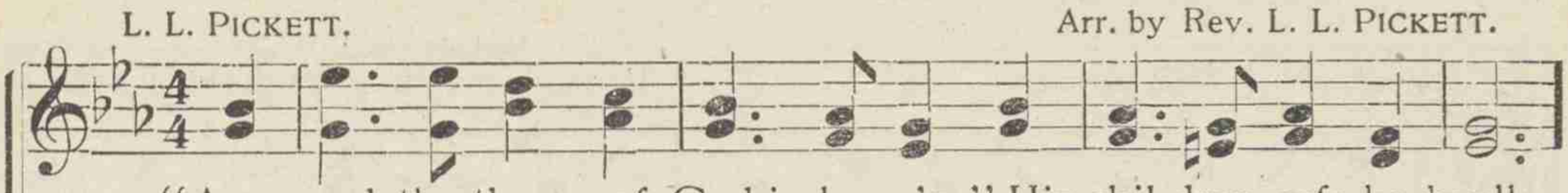
Fly, for th' a-ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in
Now thou art free from thy sor - row, There thou shalt ne'er trouble

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh-ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Sav - ior will
bor - row, Night nev - er comes nor to - mor - row, With Je - sus for -
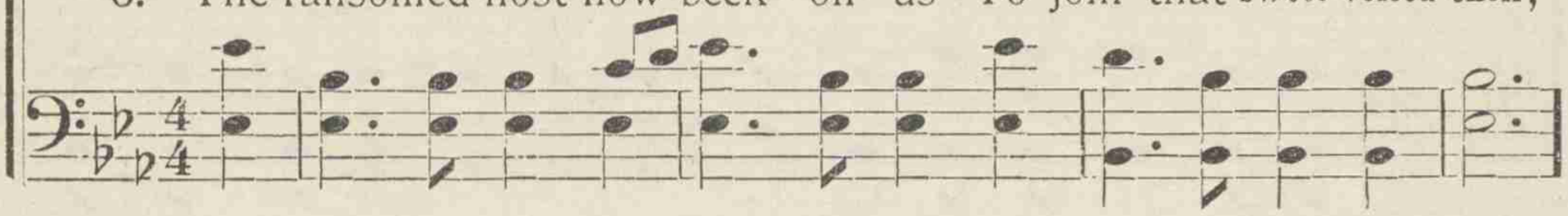
wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.
ev - er to dwell, With Je - sus for - ev - er to dwell.
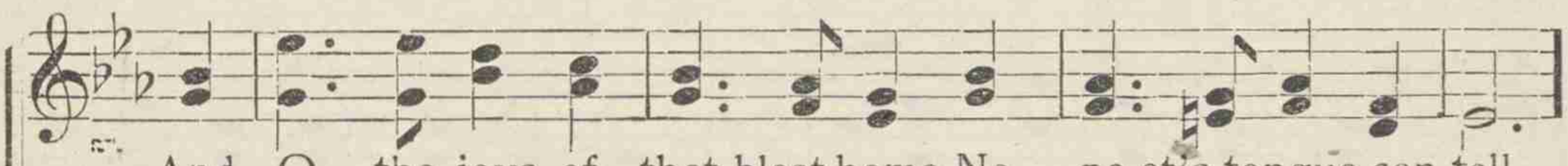
No. 127. Singing Around the Throne.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
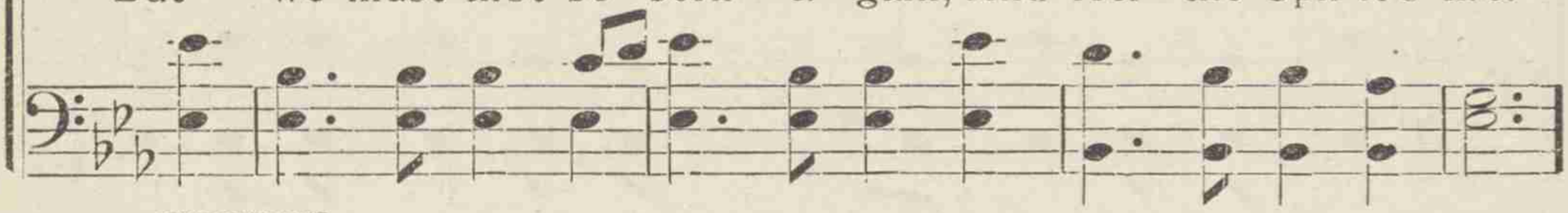


1. "A - round the throne of God in heav'n," His chil-dren safe-ly dwell;
2. The saints who meet a-round that throne In garments pure and white,
3. All those who worthy prove be - low Shall reign with Him a-bove,
4. But none can walk yon gold-en streets, Or sing those heav'nly songs,
5. O let us con - se - crate our all To God's be - lov - ed Son;
6. The ransomed host now beck - on us To join that sweet-voiced choir;
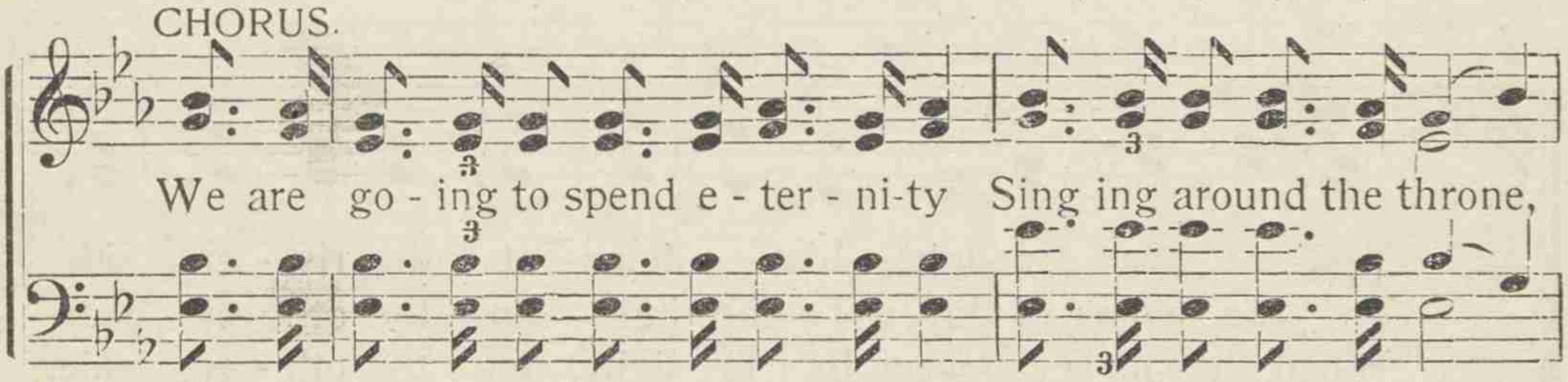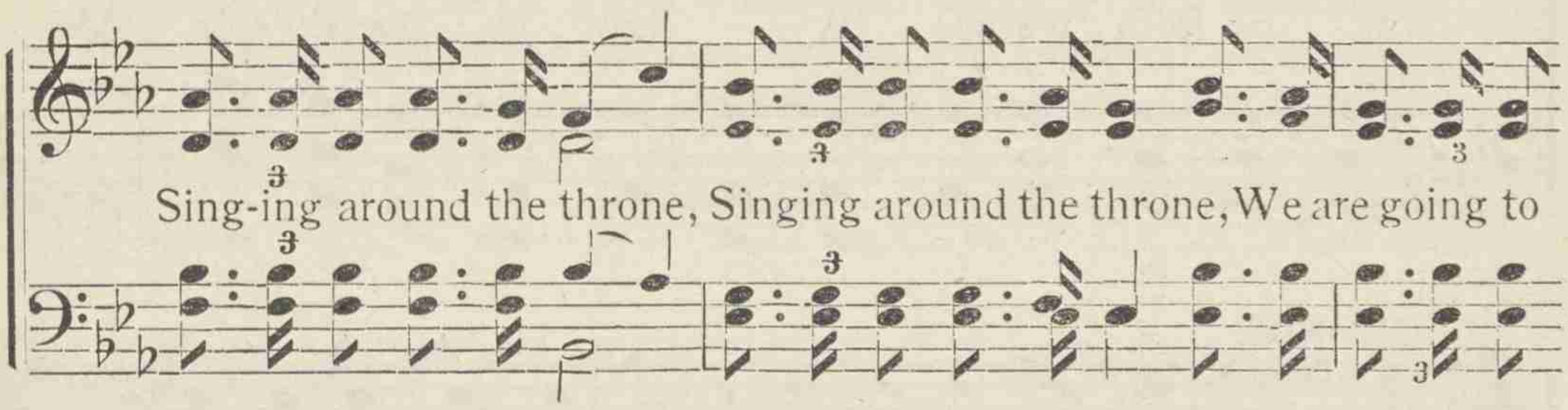




And O, the joys of that blest home No po-et's tongue can tell.
Have washed their robes in Je-sus' blood, And conquered by His might.
Who saves us from our sins and stains Thro' His re-deem-ing love.
But those who trust a - lone in Him To right their sins and wrongs.
We'll live by faith—what-e'er be - fall, Un - til the crown is won.
But we must first be born a - gain, And feel the Spir-it's fire.
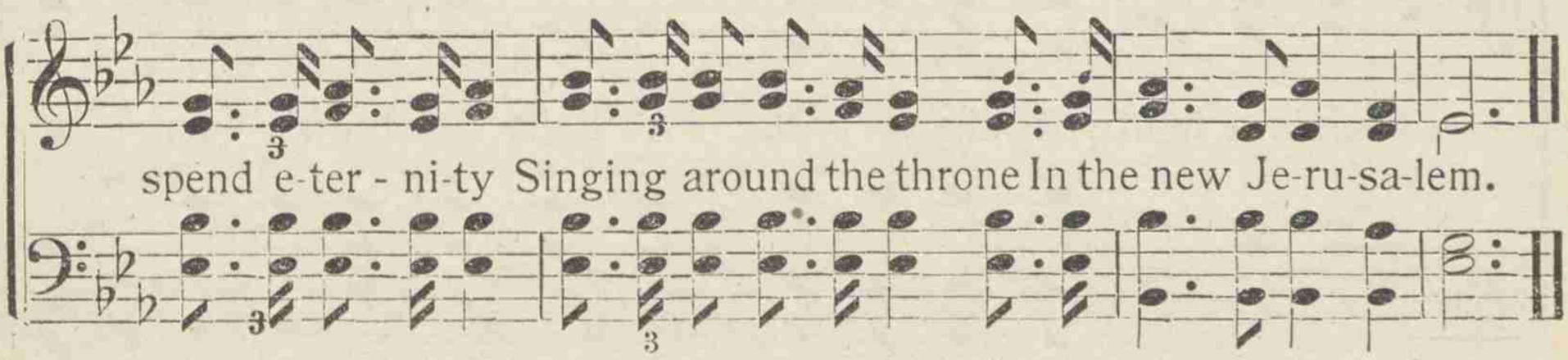


CHORUS.



We are go - ing to spend e - ter - ni-ty Sing ing around the throne,



Sing-ing around the throne, Singing around the throne, We are going to
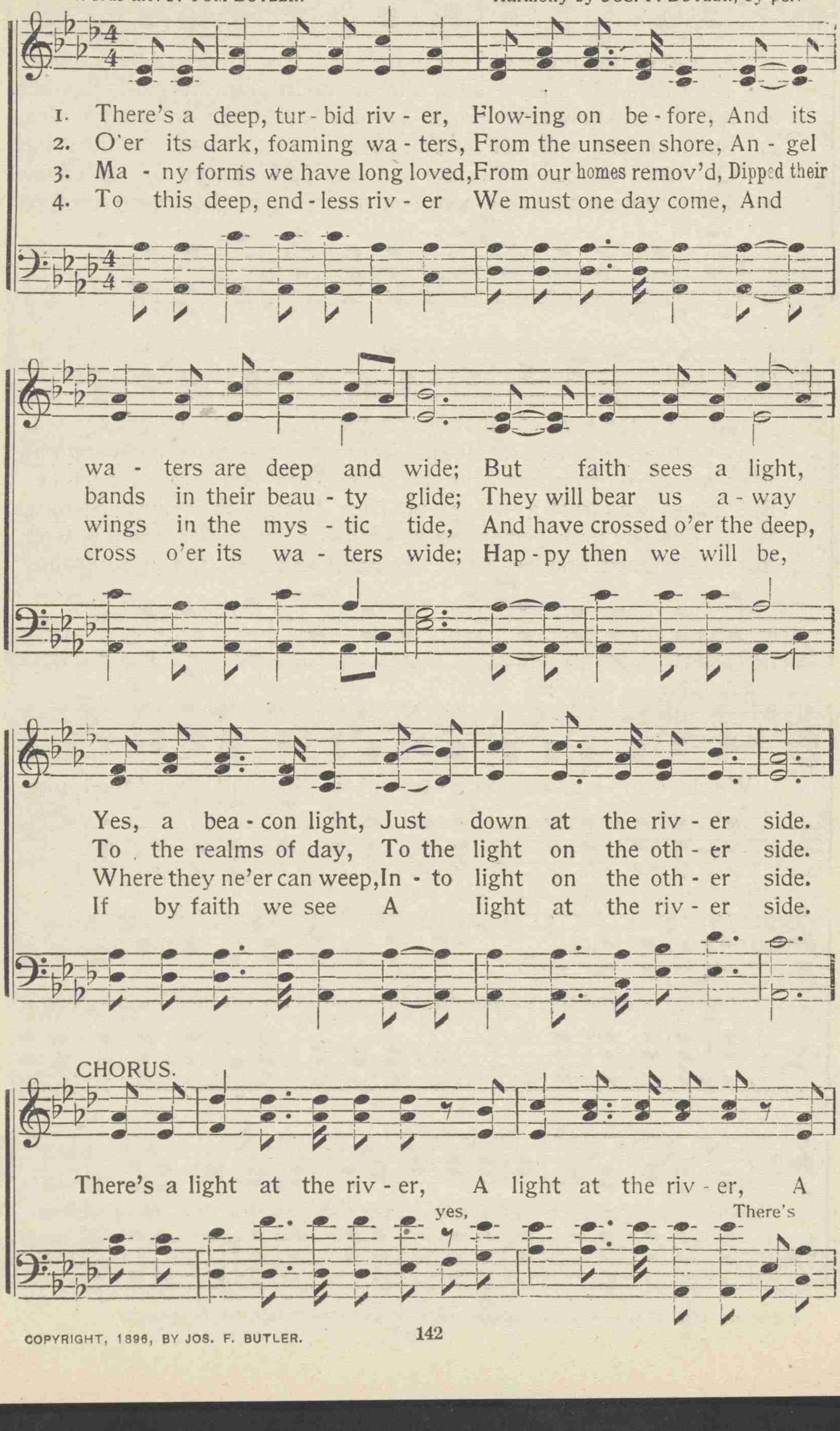


spend e-ter - ni-ty Singing around the throne In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

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No. 128. Light at the River for Me.
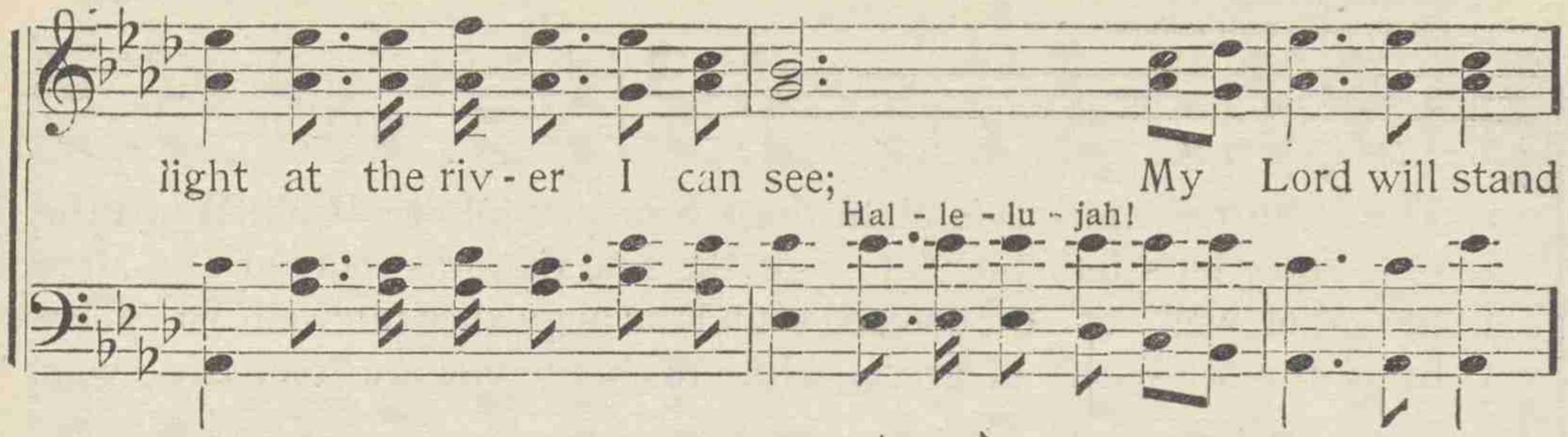
Words arr. J. TOM BUTLER.
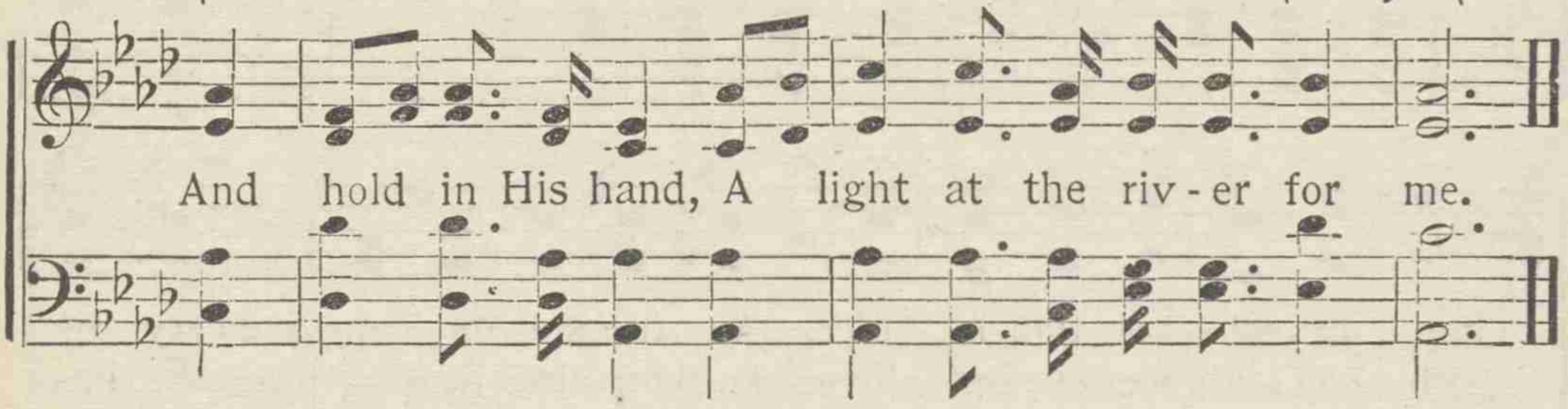
Melody by J. T. B.
Harmony by JOS. F. BUTLER, by per.



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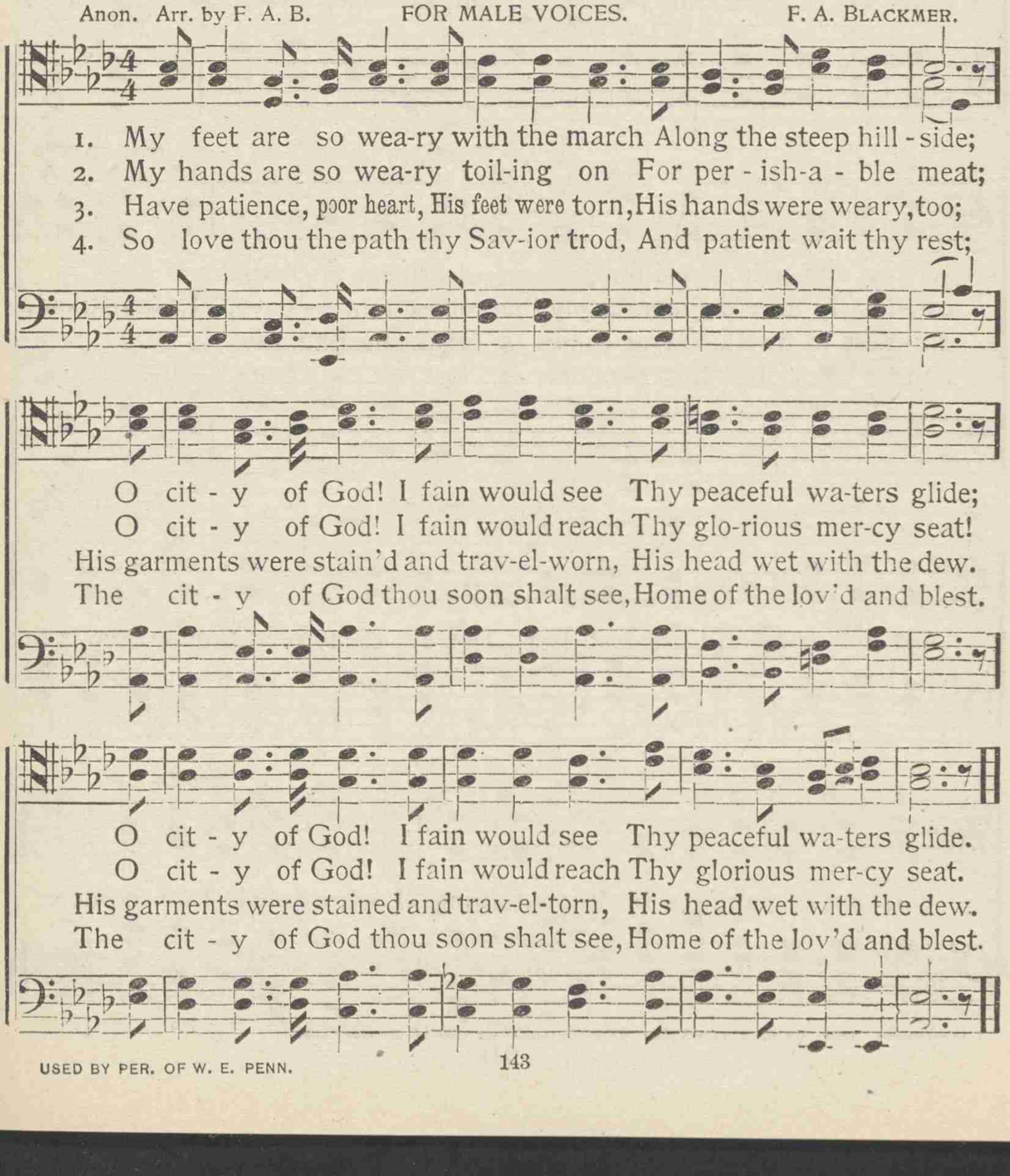
Light at the River for Me.—Concluded.





No. 129. Patience.

Anon. Arr. by F. A. B. FOR MALE VOICES. F. A. BLACKMER.



USED BY PER. OF W. E. PENN.

No. 130. Lost Forever.

JENNIE WILSON. R. S. COWARD,

Slow, with expression.

1. Thro' e - ter - ni - ty's night rings a mourn-ful re - frain, When the day of sal - va - tion is o'er, As the spir-its un-saved cry in sor-row and pain, "Lost for - ev - er, lost ev - er - more."
2. Oh, how bit - ter the lot of the soul that has spurned The free gift of God's mer-cy and love, And for sin's fleeting pleas-ure has care-less-ly turn'd From the joy that comes from a - bove. "Lost, lost, lost, hopes which have perished for aye; For to those who have chos-en in darkness to dwell, Nev-er comes a glad, cheering ray.
3. In that wail of the doomed sounds an anguished farewell To false drift to e - ter - ni-ty's shore, Oh, de - cide, lest your cry thro' the long a - ges be, "Lost for - ev - er, lost ev - er - more."
4. In the sea - son of grace, while to choose you are free, Ere you

Andante. *Andante.*

lost ev - er-more, Lost, lost, lost, lost ev - er-more." Oh, how deep is the woe that despairing souls know, Crying, "Lost, we are lost ev - er-more."

rall.

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No. 131. Lord, Send Me.

M W. S.

M. W. SPENCER.

1. There is much to do, there's work on ev-'ry hand, Hark! the cry for help comes ring-ing thro' the land; Je - sus calls for reap-ers, I must ac - tive be, What wilt thou, O Mas - ter? Here am I, send me.
2. There's the plaintive cry of mourning souls distress'd, And the sigh of hearts who seek but find no rest; These should have my love and tender sym - pa - thy, Read - y at Thy bid - ding, Here am I, send me.
3. There are hung'ring souls who cry a - loud for bread, With the bread of life they're long-ing to be fed; Shall they starve and famish while a feast is free? I must be more faith - ful, Here am I, send me.
4. There are souls who lin - ger on the brink of woe, Lord, I must not, can - not bear to let them go; Let me go and tell them, brother, turn and flee, Mas-ter, I would save them, Here am I, send me.

CHORUS.

Here am I, Lord, send me,

Here am I, send me, Lord, send me, Here am I, send me, Lord, send me,

Here am I, Lord, Read - y at Thy bidding, Lord, send me!

Here am I, send me, Lord send me,

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NO. 132. All and Always for the King.

J. H. K. Rev. J. H. KEAGLE.

1. We are friends of Jesus, "all and always for the King;" For His gracious blessings we His prais-es now would sing; To His glorious service all our
2. Hear the cry of anguish, "come and help us ere we die!" To Christ's, "Go and teach them," we would answer, "Here am I!" Deeply stirred in soul are we, to
3. Loy-al to our Zi-on, blessings on her we will pray; Zi-on of our fathers, take not, Lord, her light a-way; Keep her in Thy service true un-

FINE.

tal-ents we will bring, And we'll help to win the world for God.
aid them we will try, And we'll help to win the world for God.
til the crowning day, When the world shall all be won to God.

D. S.–*tal-ents we will bring, And we'll help to win the world for God.*

CHORUS.

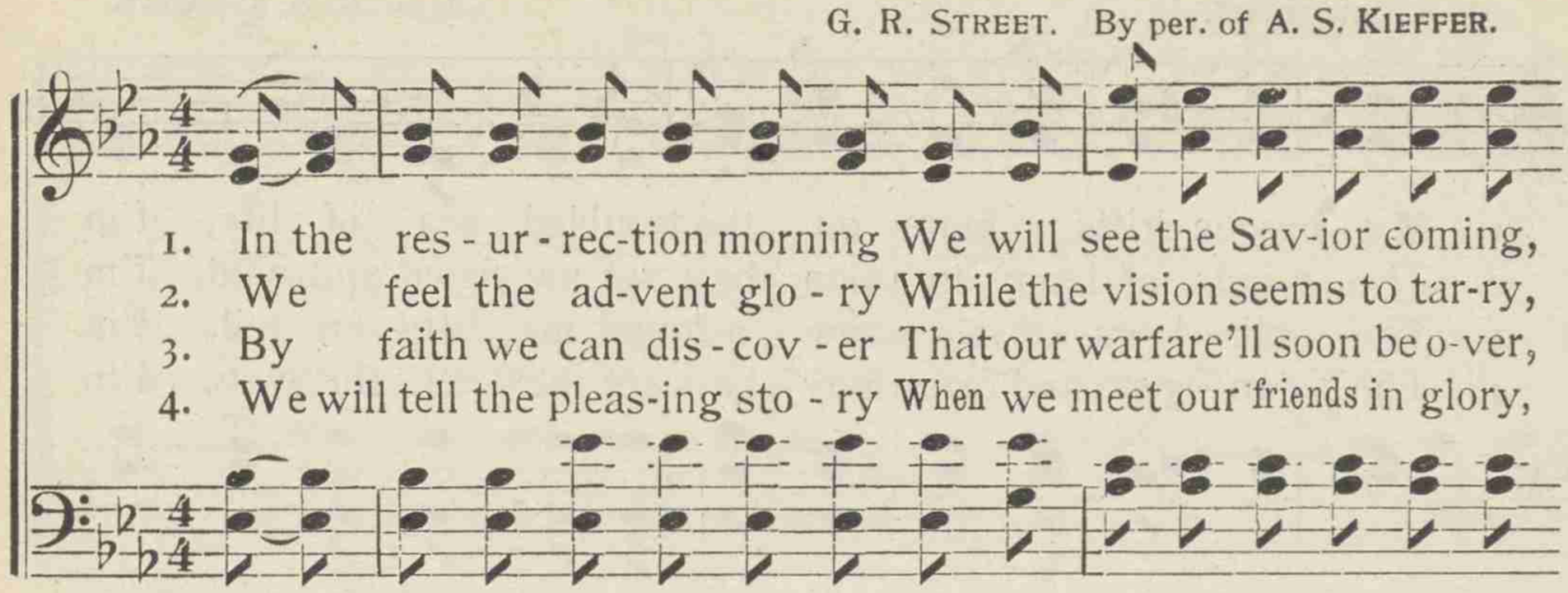
"All and al-ways, al-ways for the King;" "All and al-ways, al-ways for the King;"
"All and al-ways, all and al-ways for the King," "All and al-ways, all and al-ways for the King;"

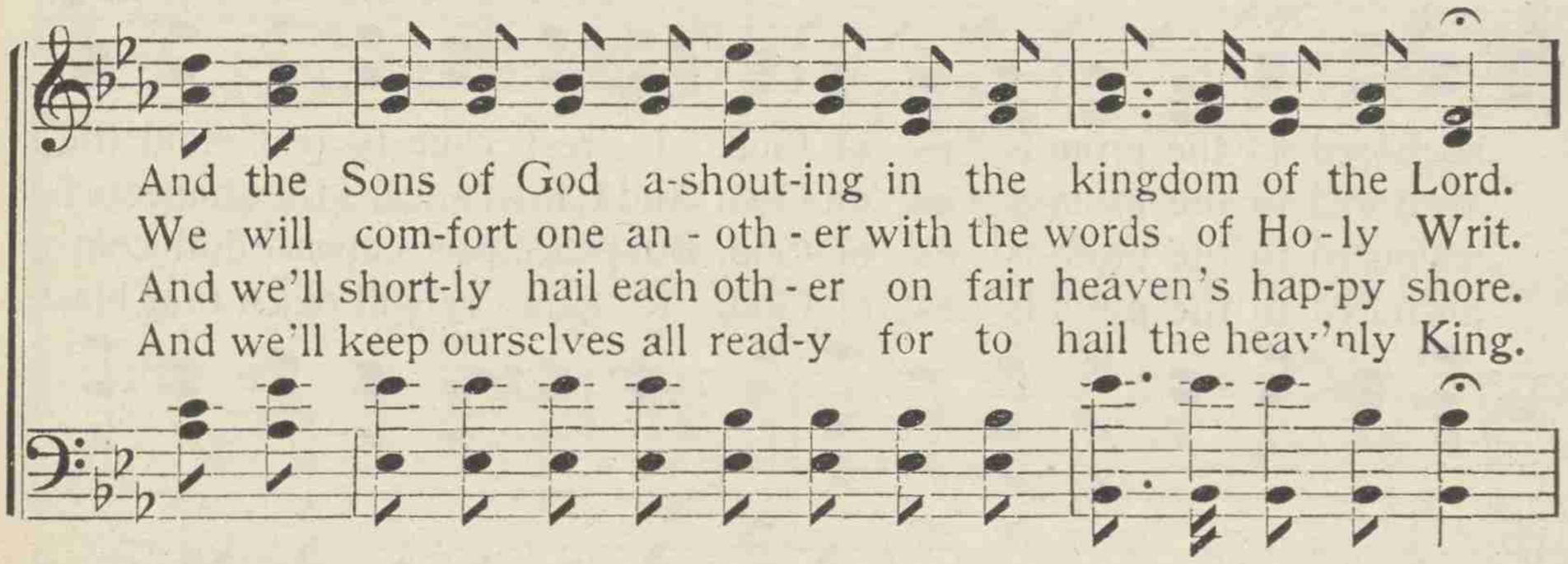
D. S.
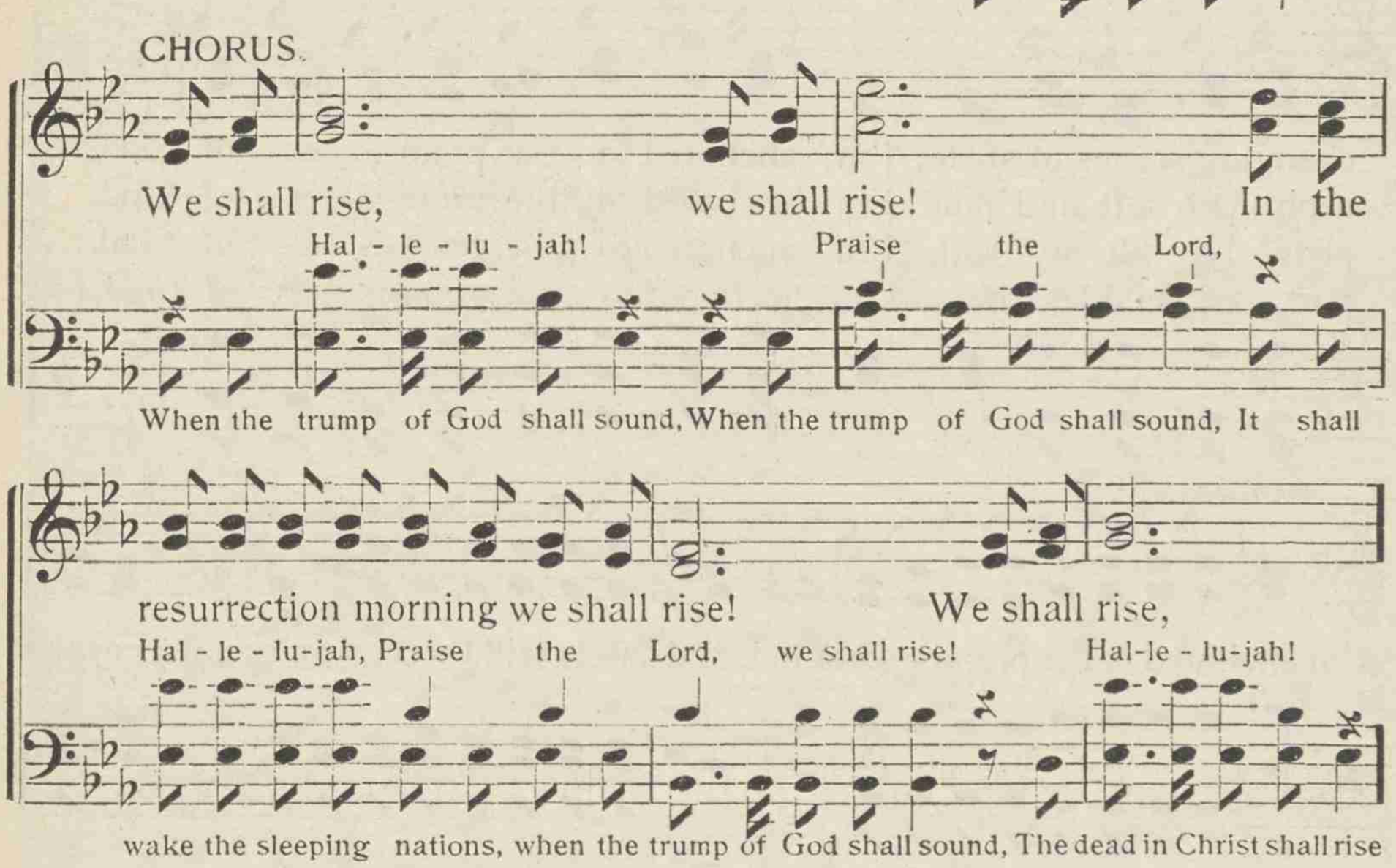
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No. 133. The Resurrection.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.







No. 134. I'm Anchored to the Promises of God.

F. S. SHEPHERD. R. S. COWARD.

1. My barque drifts no more on the troubled sea of life, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I rest, calm-ly rest 'mid the changing scenes of strife, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
2. The winds of temp - ta - tion be - set me fierce and wild, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; And Christ speaks the tempests to zeph - yrs soft and mild, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
3. The bil - lows of sor - row a-round me, oft - en roll, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; But peace, perfect peace doth com- plete - ly fill my soul, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
4. Tho' dan - gers and cares may be - set me all the way, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I safe - ly will reach that blest port of end-less day, I'm anchored to the prom-is - er of God.

REFRAIN.

I'm anchored to the promises of God, And safely will I weather ev'ry gale, For the word of God is sure, And forever, will endure, And against it naught of evil can pre-vail.

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No. 135. There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is mercy, soul, for thee;
2. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is cleansing from thy sin;
3. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry one
4. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There's salvation for us all,

Come and hear the old, old sto - ry, Bringing joy to you and me.
Trust the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let the blessed Spir - it in.
Of the wea-ry, heav-y laden, If they trust what Christ has done.
If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.

There is gladness in the gos-pel,
There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is
There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est
grace . . . . both rich and free; . . . . . For the vil - - est there is
there is mer-cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee, (for thee.)
mer - - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee. . . . .

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No. 136. The Gospel Message.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. All the world should hear the message we pro-claim to-day, God is
2. There's a road that all may travel to the home of bliss, God is
3. Come to Je-sus, He has suffered to re-deem your soul, God is

love! God is love! Dy-ing sinners, Christ will
love! God is love! And a home for all in
love! God is love! And to heav-en He will

God is love! God is love!

save you, He's the truth, the way, God is love! God is love!
glo-ry, bright-er far than this, God is love! God is love!
guide you, all your ways con-trol, God is love! God is love!
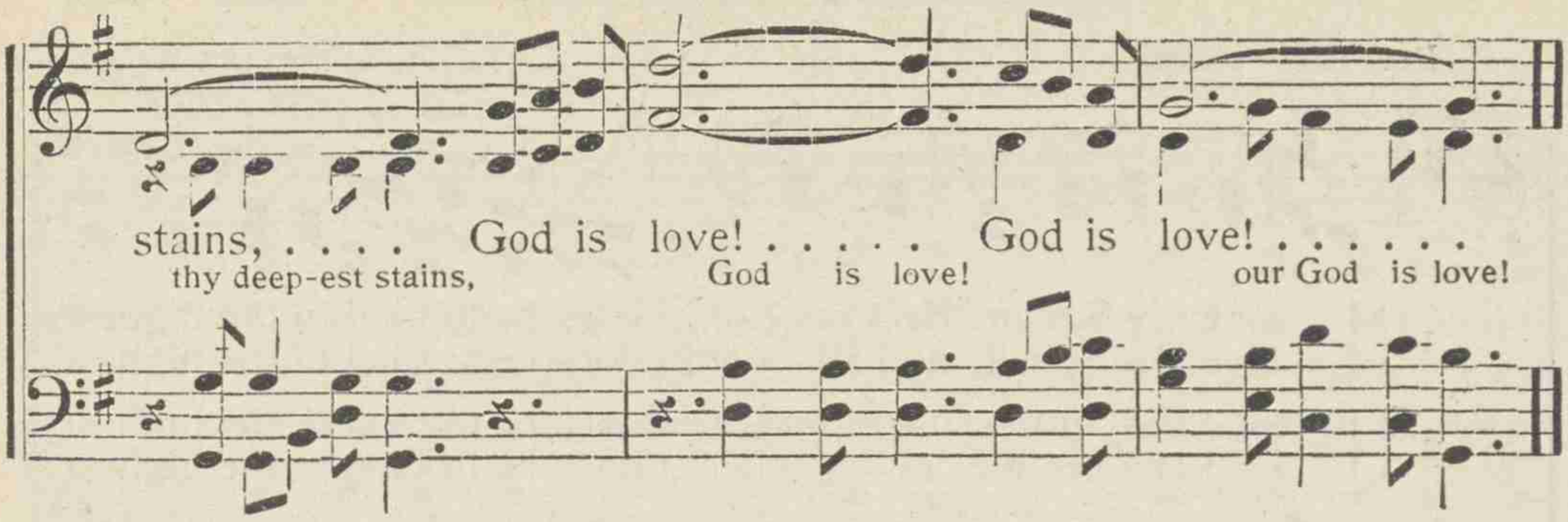
God is love!

REFRAIN.

Good news to all! . . . . . the Sav-ior reigns! . . . . A place in
Good news to all! the Sav-ior reigns!

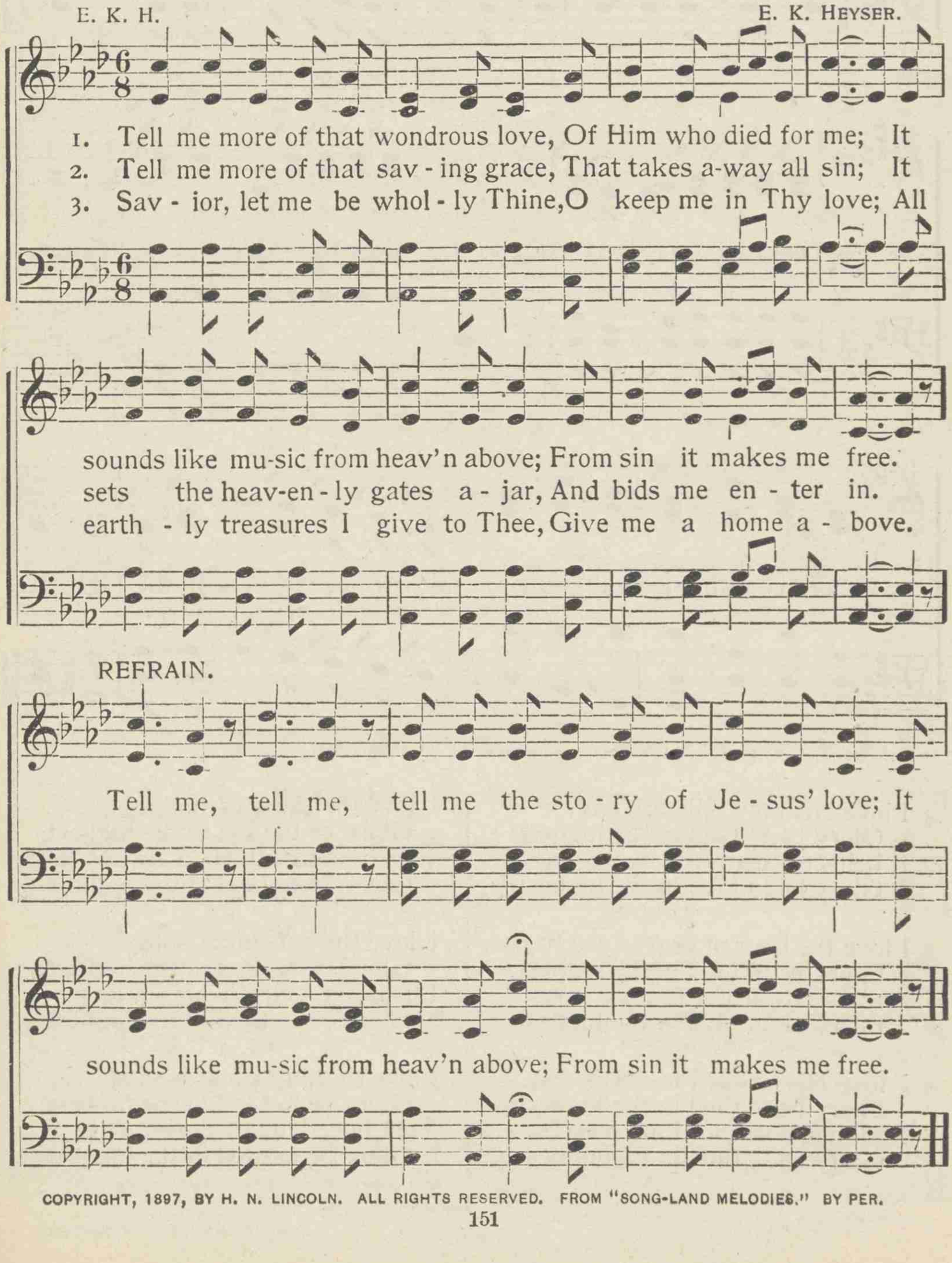
heav'n . . . for you re-mains! . . His blood will cleanse . . thy deepest
A place in heav'n for you remains! His blood will cleanse

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No. 137. Tell Me More.
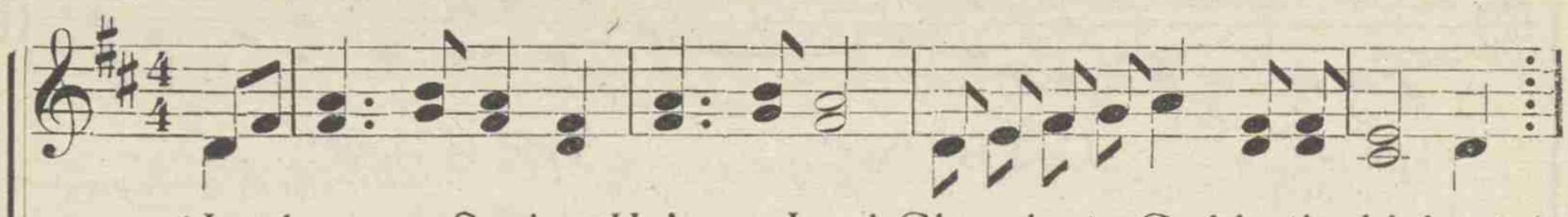
E. K. H. E. K. HEYSER.



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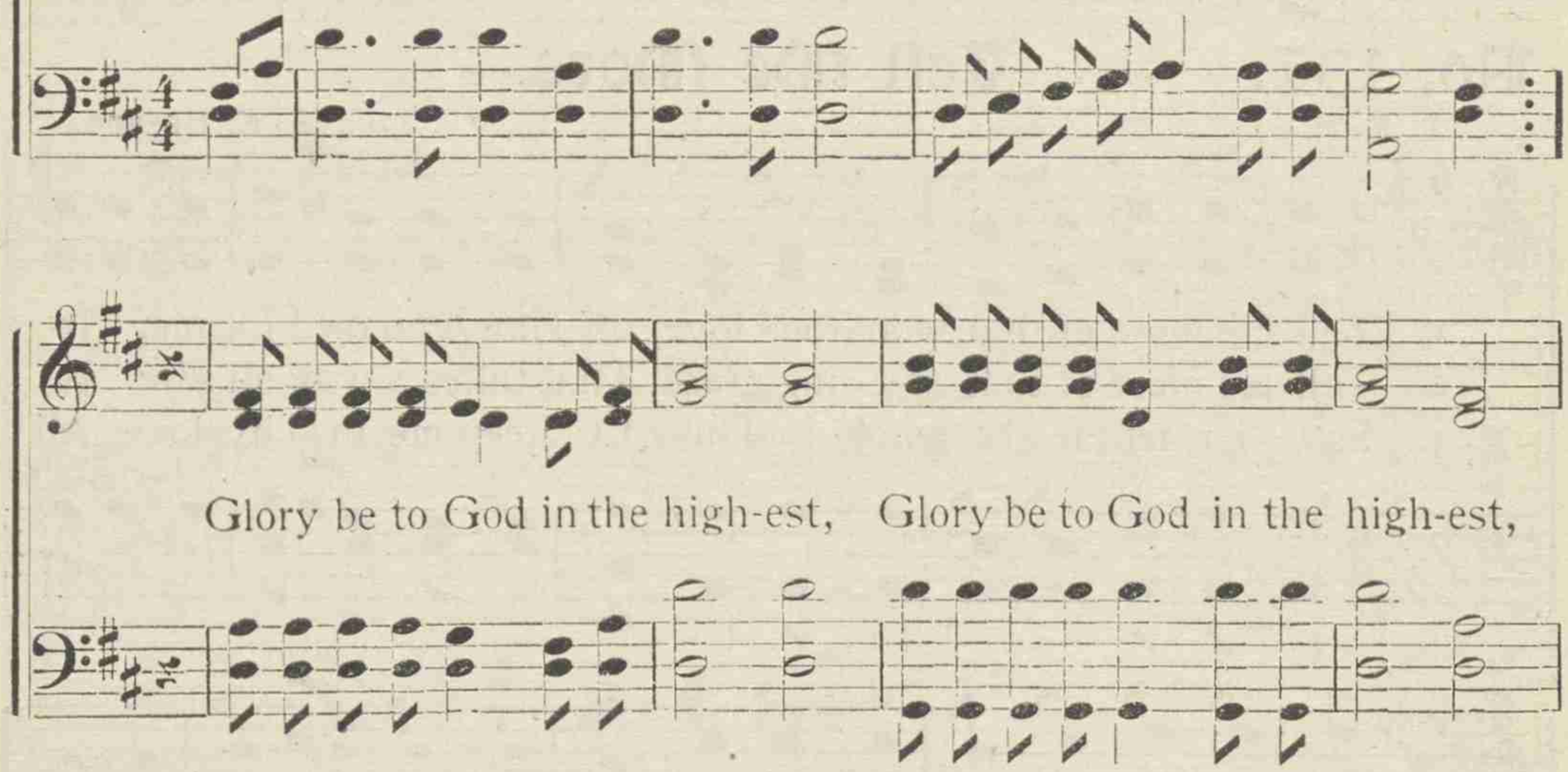
No. 138. Glory Be to God in the Highest.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT, by per.

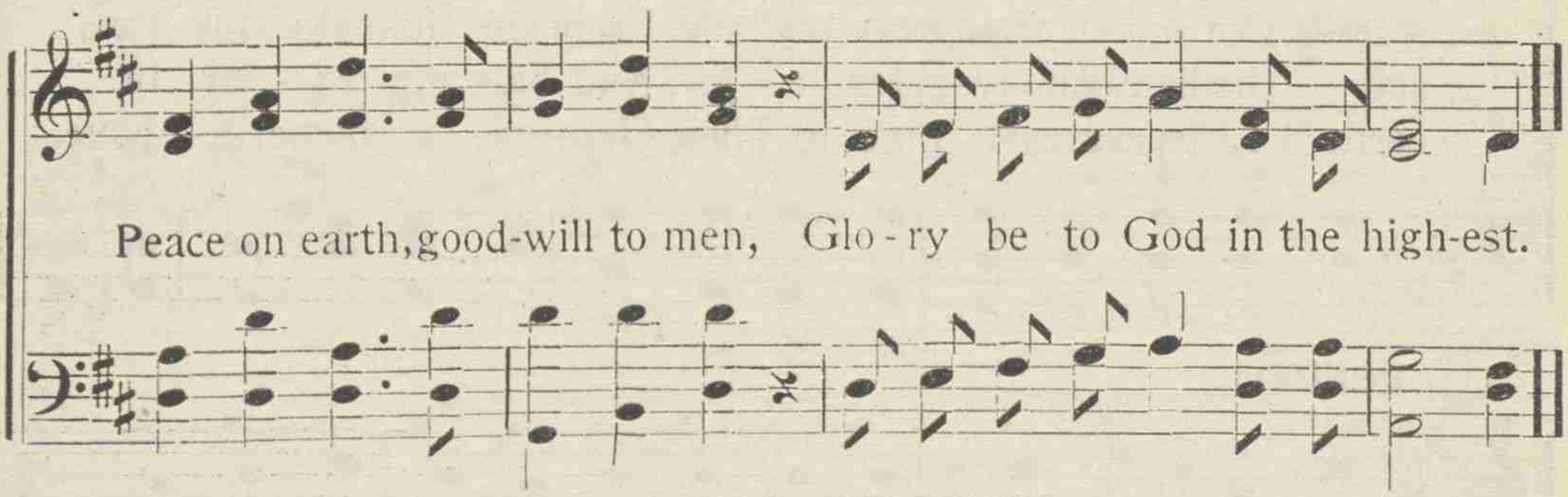


1. I love my Savior, He's my Lord, Glory be to God in the highest;
   I love His Spir-it and His word, Glory be to God in the highest.

2. I love His church so bright and fair, Glory be to God in the highest;
   I love His peo-ple ev-'ry-where, Glory be to God in the highest.



Glory be to God in the high-est, Glory be to God in the high-est,



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

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3 I love His holy Sabbath day,
Glory be to God in the highest;
It helps me learn the living way,
Glory be to God in the highest.

4 I love the hour of prayer and praise,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And all His peaceful, holy ways,
Glory be to God in the highest.

5 I love His work, I love His rest,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And in His service I am blest,
Glory be to God in the highest.

6 I love the cause of holiness,
Glory be to God in the highest;
This living truth He'll always bless,
Glory be to God in the highest.

7 I love the hallelujah song,
Glory be to God in the highest;
I'll sing it loud, I'll sing it long,
Glory be to God in the highest.

8 I love to think of heaven above,
Glory be to God in the highest;
That holy land of purest love,
Glory be to God in the highest.

No. 139. Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev-er will be known, Where are found the need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row,
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re- pin - ing with a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed,

You can all be - stow, If you scatter sun-shine Ev'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sunshine all along your way, Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and o-ver the way,

Brighten Ev - 'ry pass-ing day. Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

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No. 140. Marching On to Glory.

CLYDE E. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. We are children with a hap-py song, Hearts of gladness all the
2. Sin is with us all the toilsome day, Je - sus died to cleanse it
3. We are soldiers marching bravely on; Christ, our Captain, God's own

way along, Cheer for lone ones, and a lov-ing word, In the name of
all a-way; How we love Him for His ten - der care, May we all be
precious Son; Come and join us, as we glad - ly sing, We shall march vic-

CHORUS.

Je - sus, and our Sav-ior, Lord.
His a - lone, is our true pray'r. Marching on to glo - ry, comrades brave;
to - ri - ous thro' Christ, our King.

First our sins to conquer, strong to save; Marching on to vic - t'ry

in His blessed name, We will try to save the world, our Christ proclaim.

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No. 141. Step in the Life-Boat.

PERLA E. HIGGINS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The life-boat is launch'd on the wild, stormy sea, To res - cue the lost who are drift - ing a - way; For Sa - tan is striv - ing their souls to ob - tain, While Je - sus is call-ing, "I'll save you to-day."
2. The life-boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out - stretch'd to af - ford you re - lief; Ac - cept the kind aid and be rescued from death; Re - ject - ing is choosing your soul's endless grief.
3. The life-boat is launch'd, she is tak - ing us home, While thousands are drift - ing to end - less de-spair; O, broth - er, come with us, sal - va - tion is free; The Sav - ior will par-don, sub - mit to His care.

CHORUS.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus invites you, no longer delay;
Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

CONTROLLED BY D. E. DORTCH, COLUMBIA, TENN. USED BY PERMISSION.

No. 142. Put On the Whole Armor.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Put on the whole ar - mor, the ar - mor of God, And fight the good fight of faith, For Je - sus is Cap - tain, and
2. Put on the whole ar - mor, the ar - mor of God, For pow - ers of hell op - pose, And dead - ly and dark at each
3. Put on the whole ar - mor, the ar - mor of God, And tak - ing his word in hand, Be in - stant and ear-nest in
4. Put on the whole ar - mor, the ar - mor of God, And hard - ness thro' all en - dure, Look up to the prize of your

you doth He call To stand in His name till death.
un - guard-ed step, Are ly - ing in wait your foes.
watching and prayer, And, hav - ing done all, to stand.
call - ing so high, The tri - umph at last so sure.

CHORUS.

Put on the ar-mor of God, Fight ye the good fight of faith,
The good fight of faith,
Go forth for Je-sus your Lord, And stand in His name till death.

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No. 143. Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

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

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

Laud Him! praise Him, join in the might-y cho-rus, Joy - ful sing the
Hail Him! bless Him! worship and fall before Him, Joy - ful sing the

CHORUS.

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

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

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No. 144. Be Not Afraid.

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

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless one a - bides,

He holds the stormy winds that blow, And molds the golden day.
And lights a-long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face.
And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bo - som hides.

The dark-est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
But sweet-ly whis-pers while His hands Up - on His own are laid,—
On nois - y streets, in still re - treat, Thro' vales of deepest shade,

rit.

He speaks in tones of ten-der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
"Lo! at thy side thy Father stands, My child, be not a - fraid."
That voice is heard with accents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

CHORUS.

p

Be not a - fraid, Be not a - fraid, The darkest night to
Be not a - fraid, Be not a - fraid, He speaks in tones of
Child, be not, be not a-fraid, Child, be not, be not a-fraid,

BY PER. OF OWNER, GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Be Not Afraid.—Concluded.

rit.

1 2

Him is light. And thro' the shine or shade, tender might, "My child, be not afraid."

No. 145.

After.

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

1. After the storm that sweeps the sea, Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea,
2. After the win-ter long and drear, Aft-er the snow-clouds disappear,
3. After the long and toilsome day, Aft-er the sun's fierce, burning ray,
4. After the course of life is run, Aft-er it's work has all been done,
5. After the march of time shall cease, Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace,

After the rocks and sands are pass'd, Cometh the joy of home at last.
After the winds sweet o-dors bring, Cometh the ev-er welcome spring.
After the toil-er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet repose.
After the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
After the change-ful dis-ap-pears, Cometh the long, e-ter-nal years.

Aft-er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?

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

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No. 146. Have Faith in God.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

DUET.

1. "Have faith in God," the Savior said: He saw the path that we must tread,
2. Have faith in God tho' clouds arise And o-ver-spread the glowing skies;
3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to His child all good im-part;
4. Have faith in God: His word divine By day and night shall brightly shine,

The frequent thorn, the fading flow'r, The joy or pain of ev-'ry hour.
Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall never fail.
Much more will He regard the pray'r Of those who cast on Him their care.
Un - til we pass the gates of light And faith shall yield to blissful sight.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

{ O bless - ed faith! Its song of cheer Re-vives our
{ The Shepherd's staff, The Shepherd's rod, (*Omit.*)

{ O faith! of cheer
{ the staff, the rod, (*Omit.*)

f

hope, dis-pels our fear;
{ Still leads us on; have faith in God.

{ our hope, our fear;
in God.

rit.

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No. 147. Only a Step.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hear the sweet voice of Je-sus say—"Come unto me, I am the way!" Hearken, the lov - ing call o - bey, Come for He loves you so.
2. On - ly the will to say "I'll go! Down at His feet my sins I'll throw; Leaving the world of sin and woe, Je - sus, I come to Thee."
3. Cast-ing your heav - y burden down Low at the cross, the world may frown; Yet you shall wear a glorious crown, When He makes up His own.
4. O - pen for you the pearl-y gate; Lov'd ones for you now watch and wait; Ter - ri-ble thought, to cry, too late—"Je - sus, I come to Thee."

CHORUS.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step, Come, for He bled for you and died; He's the same lov - ing Sav-ior yet, Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

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No. 148. Who Will Stand for the Right?

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

1. There's a work to be done, There's a foe to be fought; There's a vic-t'ry to win That can nev-er be bought! Who will go, who will go To the front in the fight? Who will dare to be true, Who will stand for the right?
2. See the youth of the land; Shall they drunkards be made? In the name of our God, Will you go to their aid? See! they sink in the deep, And no life-boat at hand! Go and rescue them, go! 'Tis the Maker's command.
3. Lo! the ruin is wrought At the demon's command! He, a sovereign of pow'r, Walks a-broad in the land! To dis-truc-tion and death, In-to sor-row and woe, He is leading a host! Go and res-cue them, go!

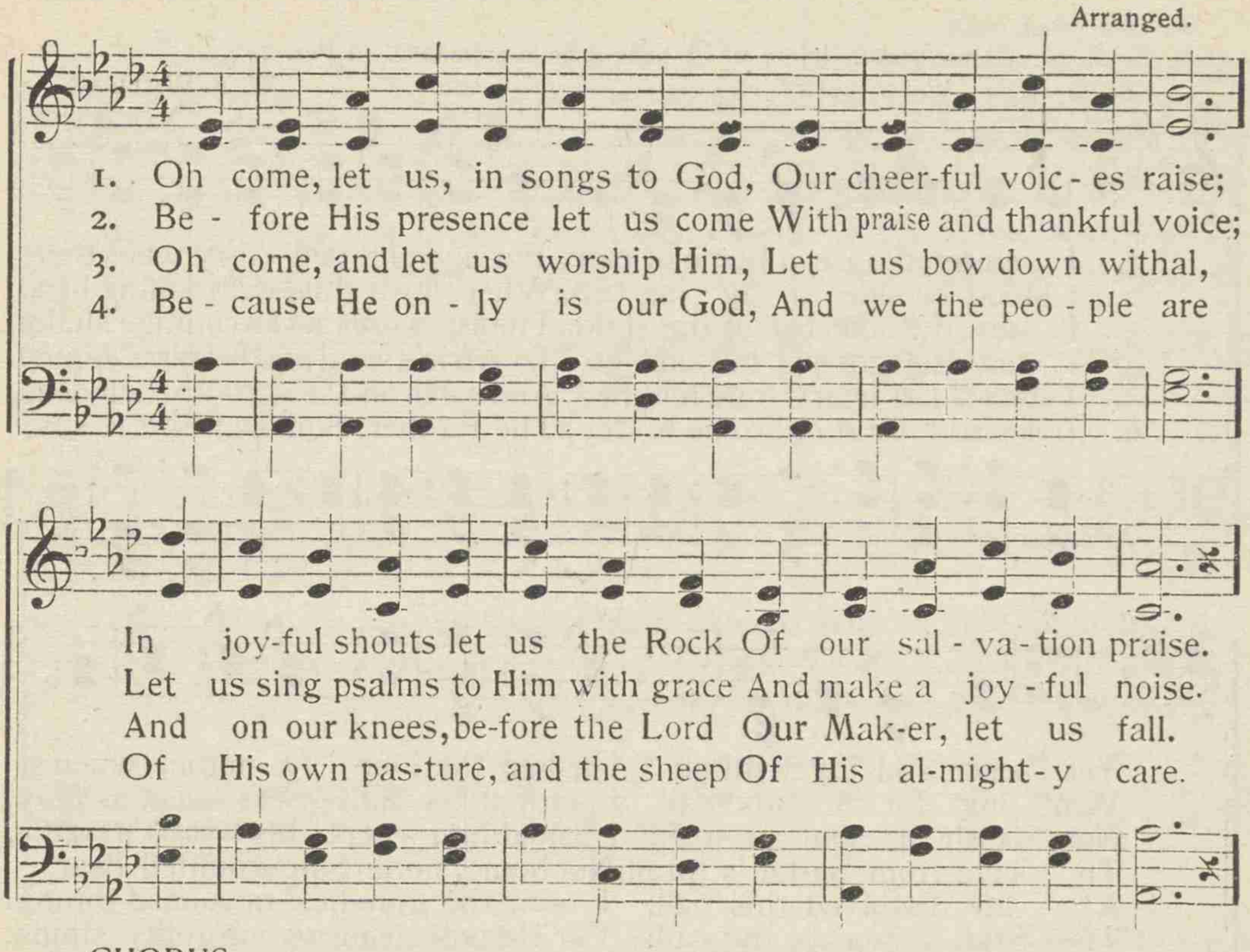
CHORUS.

Who will go, who will go To the front in the fight? Who will res-cue the slave From the darkness of night? Who will dare to be true? Who will stand for the right?

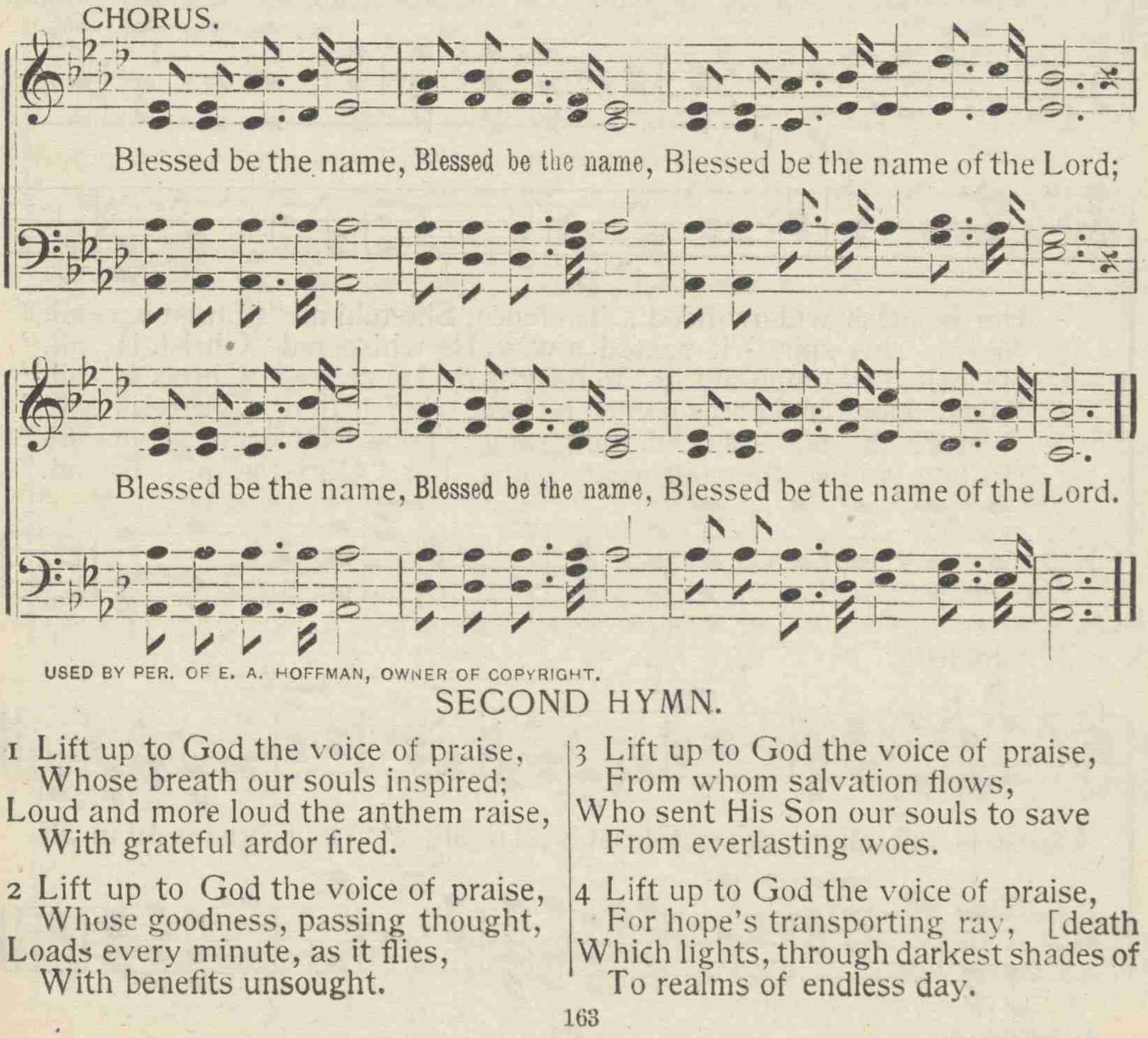
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No. 149. Blessed Be the Name.

Arranged.



CHORUS.



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SECOND HYMN.

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray, [death
Which lights, through darkest shades of
To realms of endless day.

No. 150. Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u-ry were there;
Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly mother whence
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call, I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
4. I saw the gos-pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
To save from Sa-tan's thrall; Nor home, nor life he counted dear,
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the churches' ransomed throng,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son and Spir-it say;
The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilty stains,

Her helpless wid-ow-hood's de - fence, She told me "Christ was all."
And as his spir - it passed a-way, He whispered "Christ is all."
He looked tri-umph-ant-ly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 151. Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Wonderful story of love: Tell it to me a - gain, Wonderful story of
2. Wonderful story of love: Tho' you are far a - way, Wonderful story of
3. Wonderful story of love: Je-sus provides a rest, Wonderful story of

love: Wake the im-mor-tal strain! Angels with rapture an-nounce it,
love, Still He doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's mountain,
love, For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions above us,

Shepherds with wonder re - ceive it; Sin-ner, oh! won't you believe it?
Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,
With those who've gone on before us, Sing-ing the rap - tur - ous cho-rus,

CHORUS.
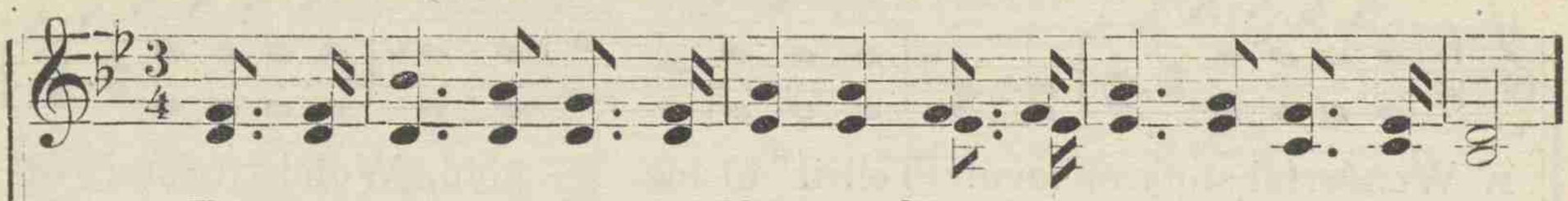
Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won - der -
Wonderful sto-ry of love, Wonderful sto-ry of

ful! Won - der - - ful! Won-der-ful sto - ry of love!
love: Won-der-ful sto - ry of love:
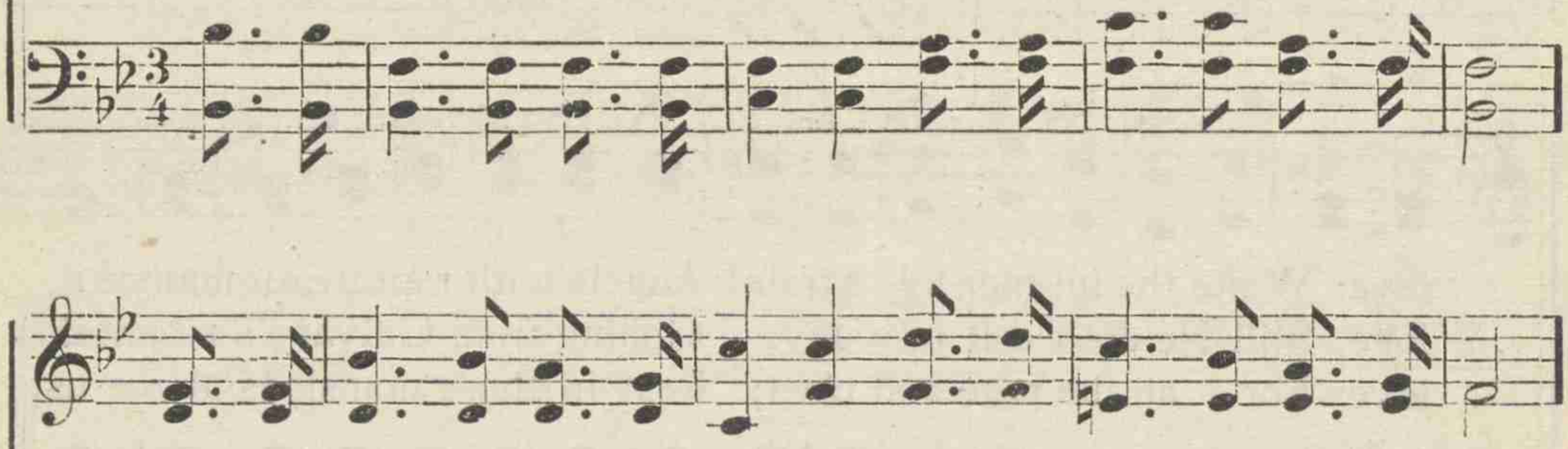
USED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

No. 152. Workers for the Master.
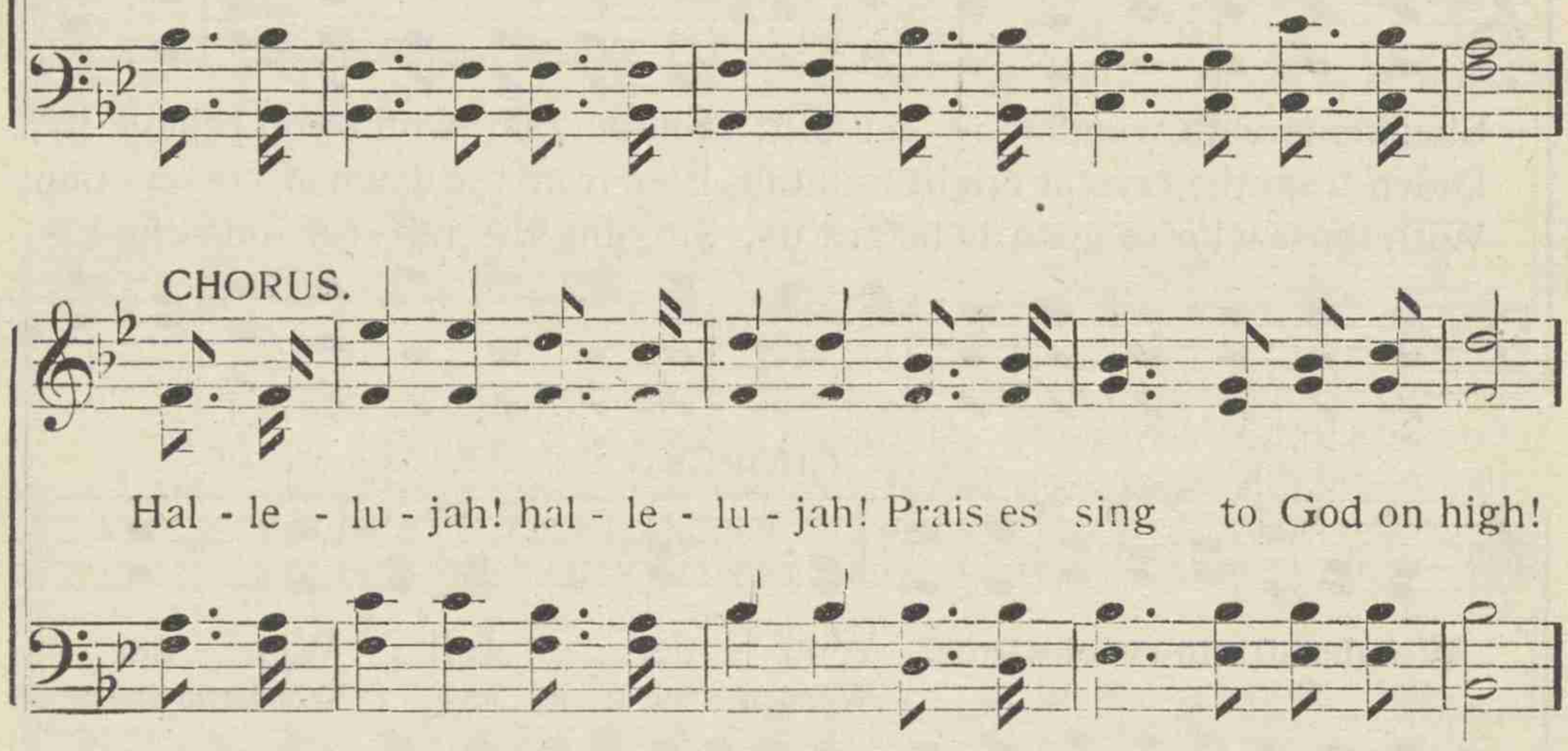
W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.



1. Ear-nest work-ers for the Mas-ter, Send the word a-long the line:
2. Ear-nest work-ers grace He giv-eth, Grace for ev - 'ry time of need;
3. Ear-nest work-ers, up in heav - en There a-waits for you a crown,
4. Ear-nest work-ers, true and loy - al To the Lord, oh, let us be!

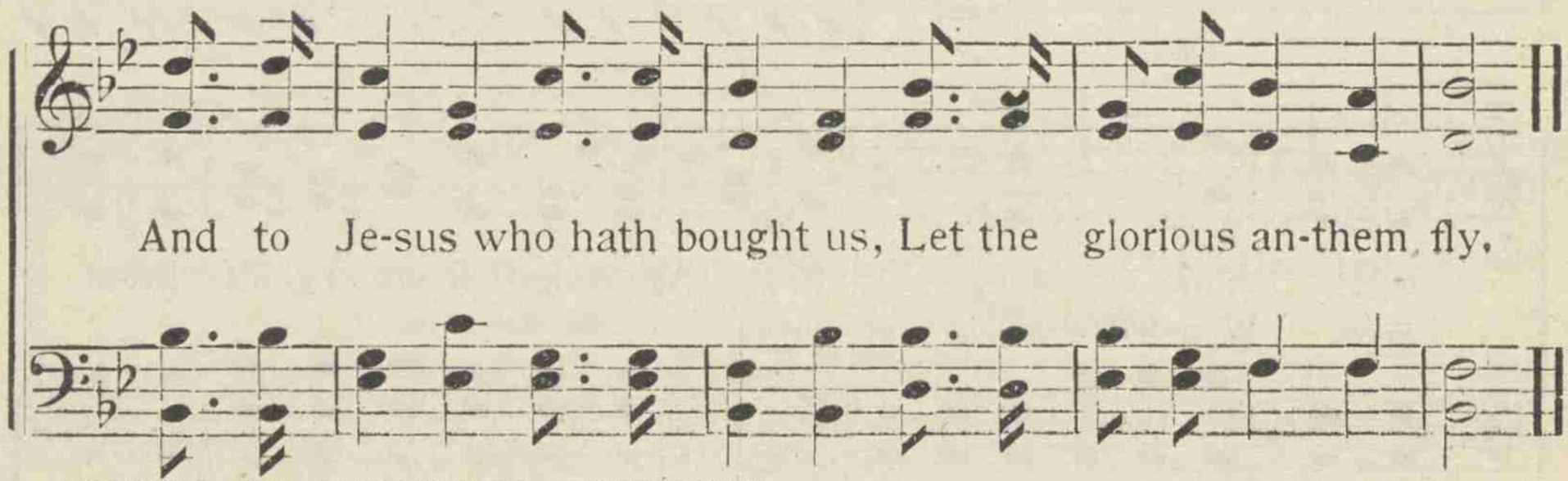


We shall nev - er know dis - as - ter, Trusting in the pow'r di - vine.
While the God of glo - ry liv - eth, They shall on His man-na feed.
Which the Lord Himself will give you, When you lay your ar - mor down.
As we go in serv-ice roy - al, Let us shout the Ju - bi - lee.



CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Prais es sing to God on high!



And to Je-sus who hath bought us, Let the glorious an-them fly.

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No. 153. Save Some One To-day.

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

1. Countless the per-ils that threaten to-day, Dan-gers are waiting each
2. Are we neg-lect-ing the words we should say, Words that might help a poor
3. Are we in safety and those that we love All on the way to the

step of the way; Men with-out warning are meeting their doom; O
sin - ner to - day? Why are we careless when no one can know The
heav - en a - bove? O then in pit - y reach out to the lost, To-

CHORUS.

what is more certain than death and the tomb?
fate that a day or an hour may be-stow? Moments are fly-ing,
day haste to save them at what - ev - er cost.

Sin-ners are dying, Shall we save some one to-day? Moments are

to-day?
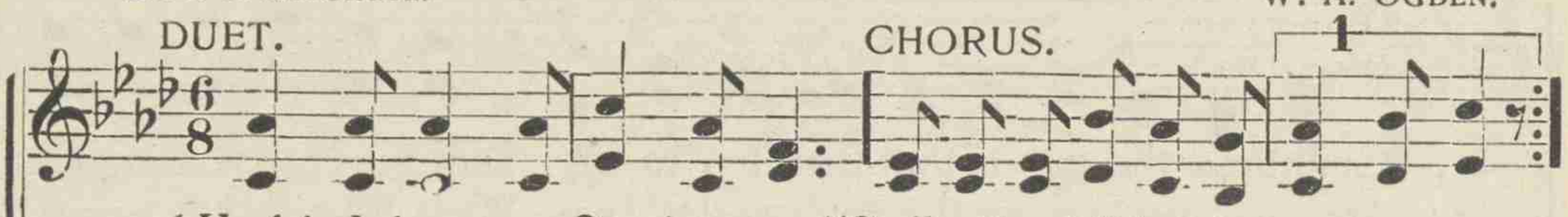
fly - ing, Sinners are dy-ing, We must save some one to-day. . . .

save some one to-day.

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No. 154. Suffer the Children to Come.
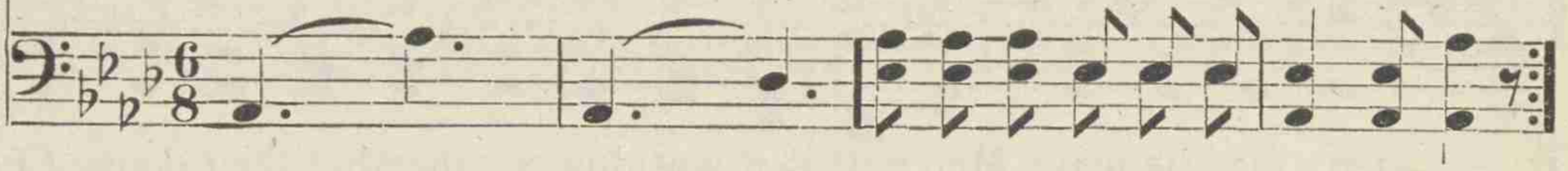
Dr. I. L. MITCHELL. W. A. OGDEN.
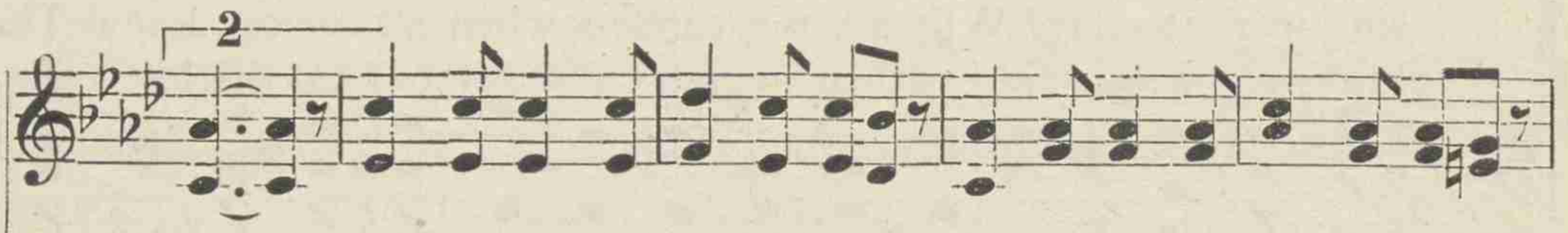


1. { Hark! I hear my Sav-ior say: "Suffer the children to come to me;" / Do not turn the lambs away, "Suffer the children to (*Omit.*) }
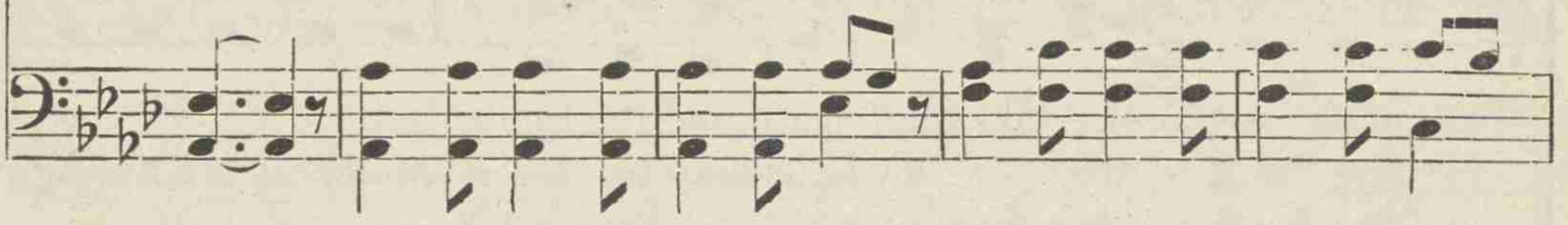
2. { Tell them Jesus loves them all, "Suffer the children to come to me;" / He will guide them lest they fall, "Suffer the children to (*Omit.*) }
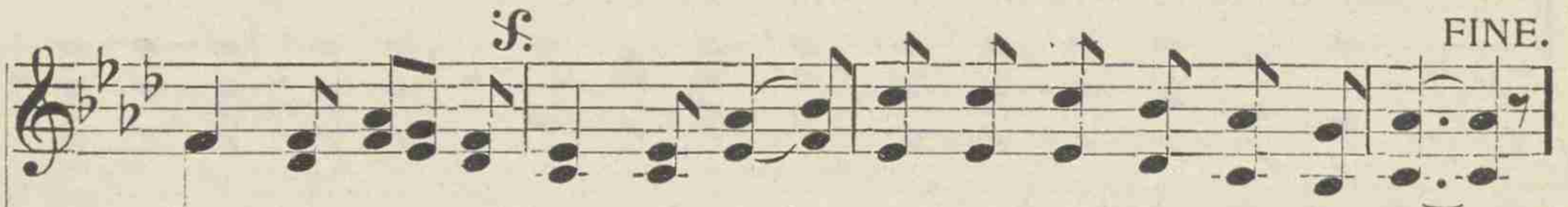
3. { Take them gently by the hand, "Suffer the children to come to me;" / Lead them to the bet-ter land, "Suffer the children to (*Omit.*) }
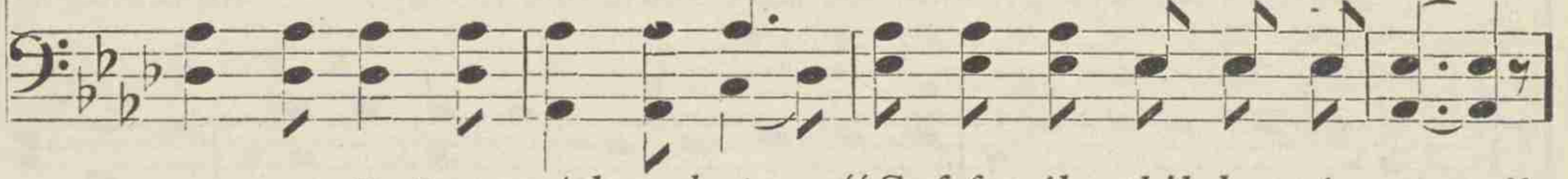




come." Point them to the Father's throne, Speak to them in tenderest tone,
come." Oh, forbid them not, I pray, Let the children come to - day,
come." Lead them with a willing mind, Tell them of a Sav-ior kind;



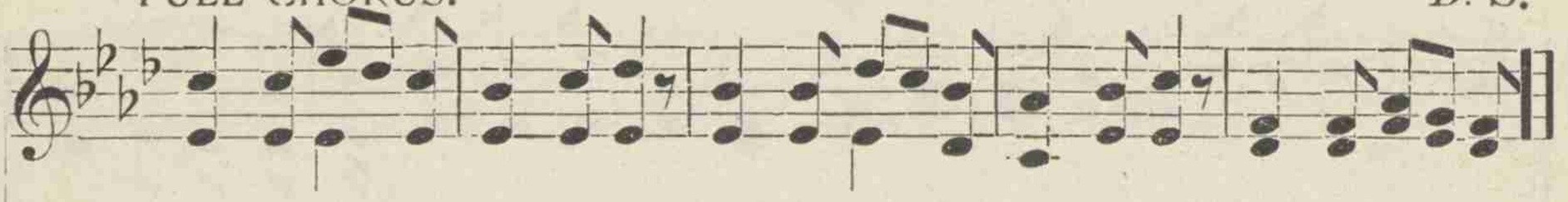


Je - sus calls them for His own, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come."
Hear the bless-ed Sav-ior say: "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come."
They e - ter - nal life may find, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come."
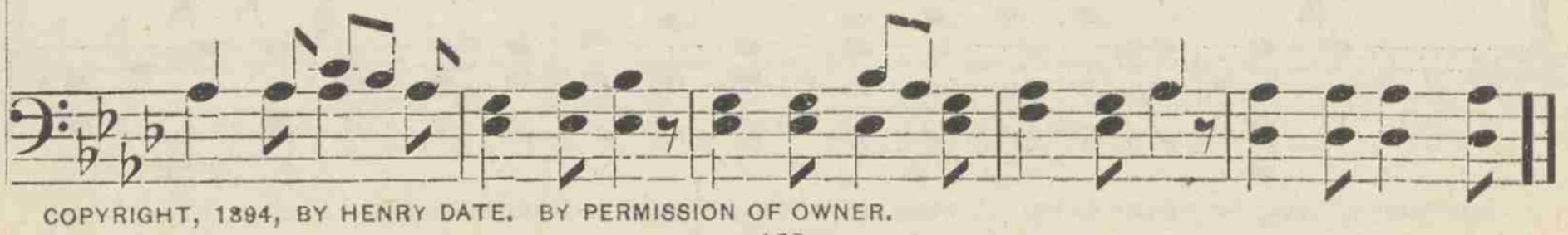


D. S.—*watch and pray, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come."*

FULL CHORUS. *D. S.*



Do not turn the lambs away, Precious in His sight are they; Teach them how to



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No. 155. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the poor - est of them, But now He is reign-ing for-ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down, An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King! With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

No. 156. Shall I be Saved To-night?

"Look nnto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah 14 : 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus was nail'd to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be sav'd to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be sav'd to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be sav'd to-night?
Quick-ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Ten-der-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, forgive my sin;

Shall I go on in the old, old way? Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 157. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way-side, Scattering precious seed
2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow-ing, Scattering precious seed,
3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev-er, Scattering precious seed,

by the hill-side; Scat-ter-ing precious seed o'er the field wide,
free-ly sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing precious seed, trusting, knowing,
trust-ing ev-er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or,

CHORUS.

Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way. { Sow - - ing in the
Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. { Sow - - ing in the
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed,

morn - - - ing, Sow - - - - - ing at the
eve - - - - ing, (*Omit.*)
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the seed at noon-tide;

noon - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.
Sowing the precious seed by the way.

BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 158. What a Wonderful Savior.

"And his name shall be called Wonderful "—Isa. 9:6.

E. A. H

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
5. He gives me o-ver-com-ing pow'r, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
6. To Him I've giv-en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

We are redeem'd! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
That rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And tri-umph in each try-ing hour; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
The world shall nev-er share a part; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

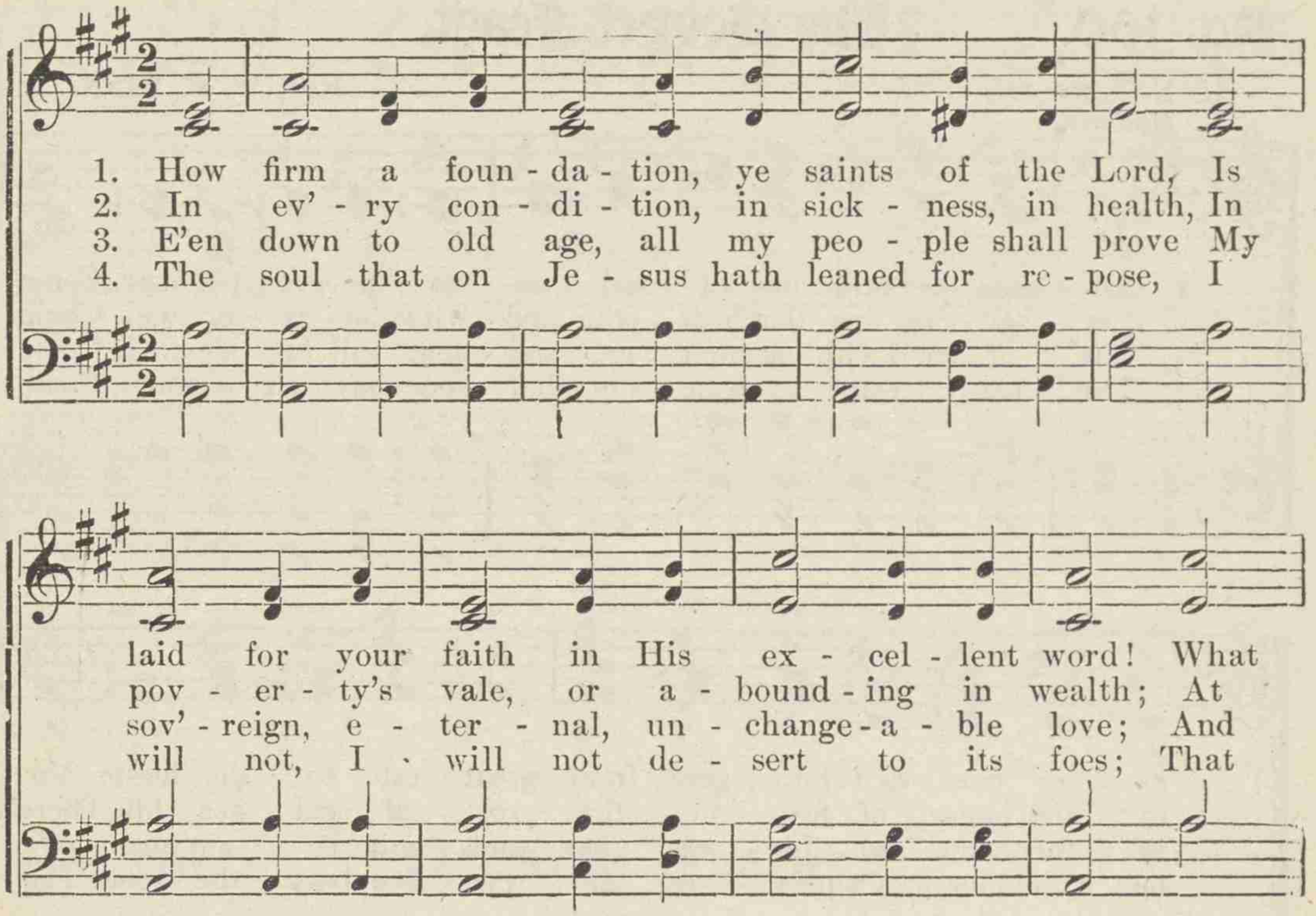
CHORUS.

What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus!

What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!

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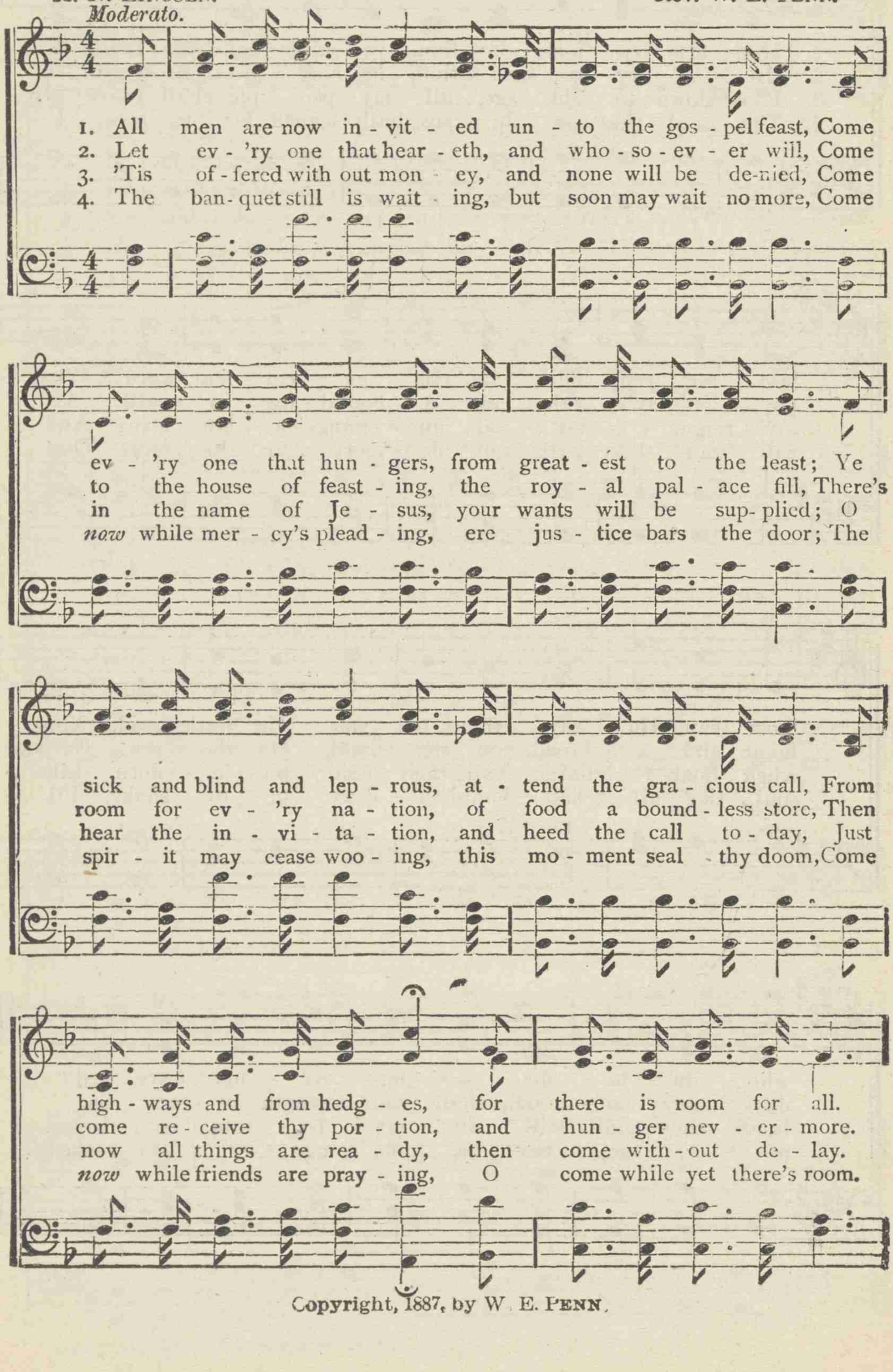
No. 159. How Firm a Foundation.



No. 160. The Gospel Feast.
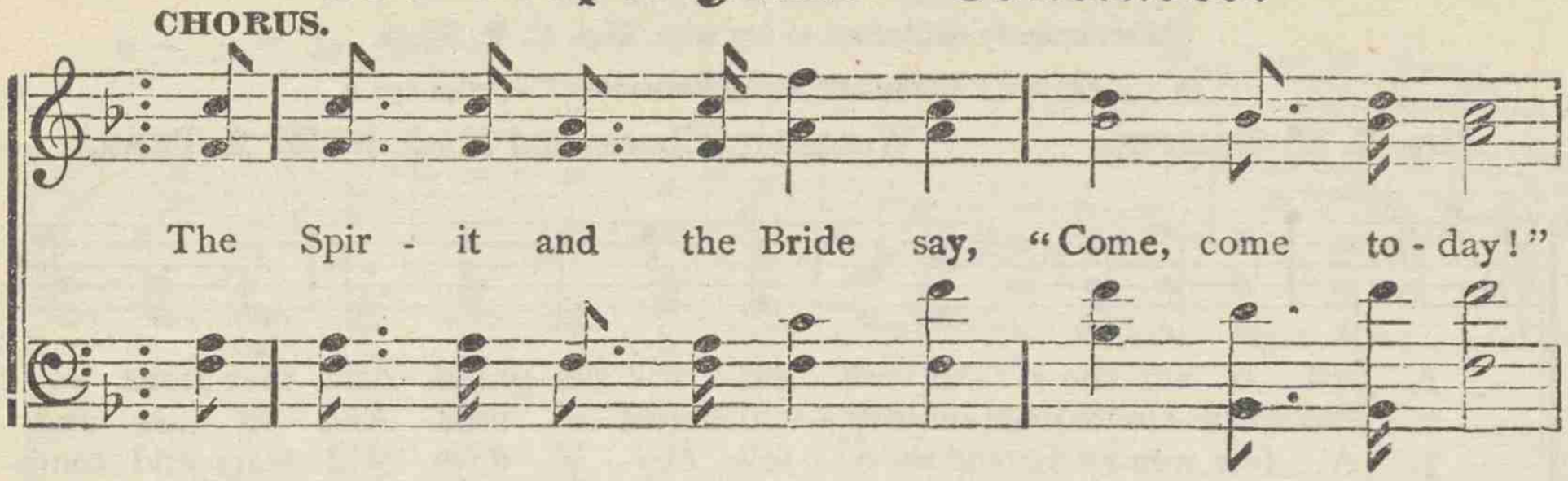
H. N. LINCOLN. Rev. W. E. PENN.
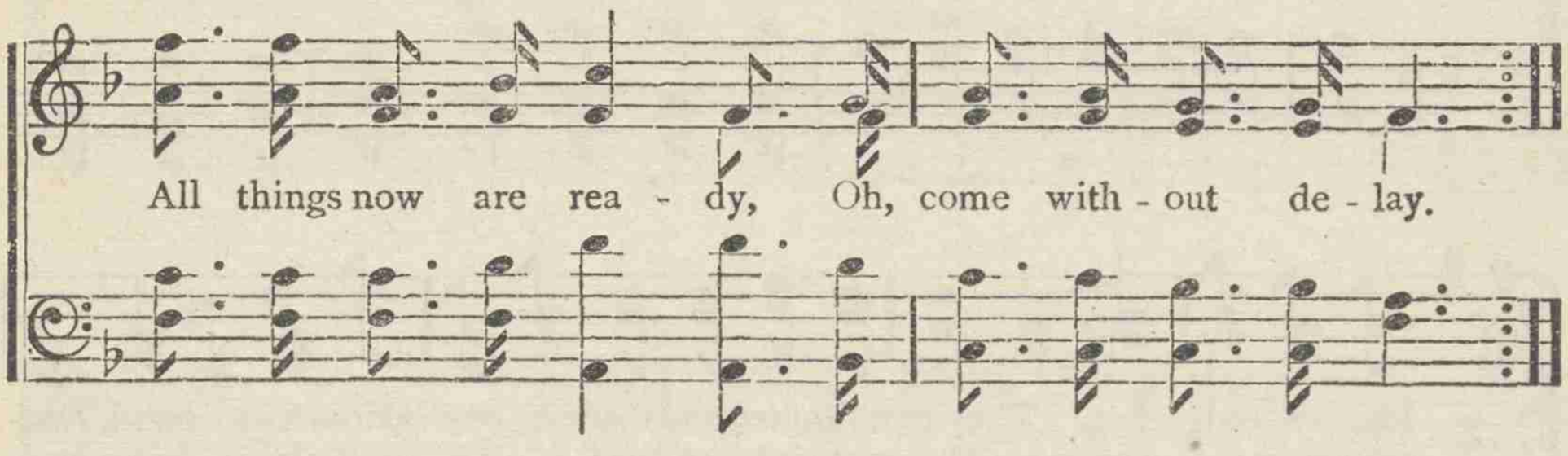
Moderato.



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The Gospel Feast. Concluded.

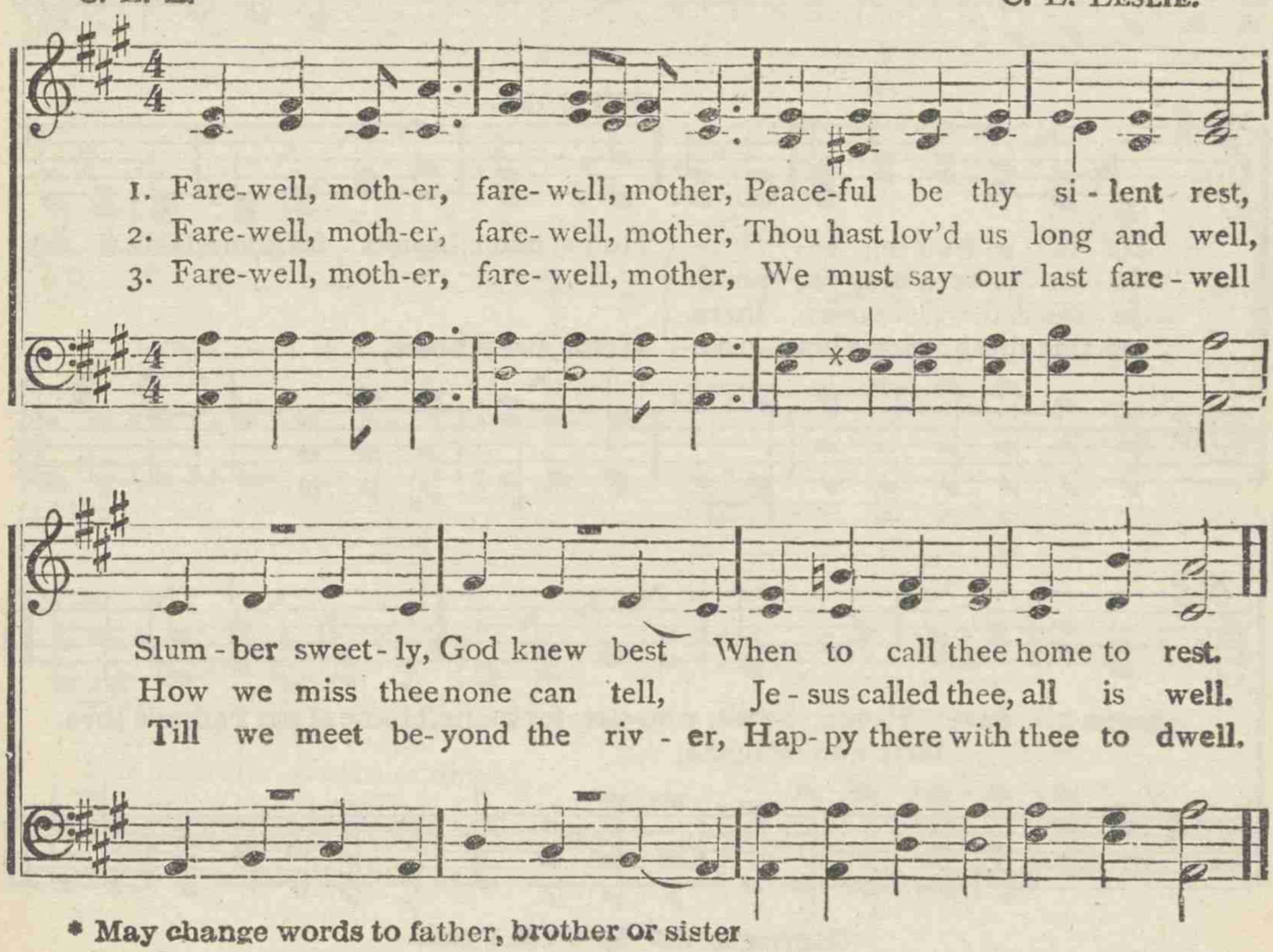




No. 161. Farewell, Mother.*

[FOR FUNERALS.]

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie.



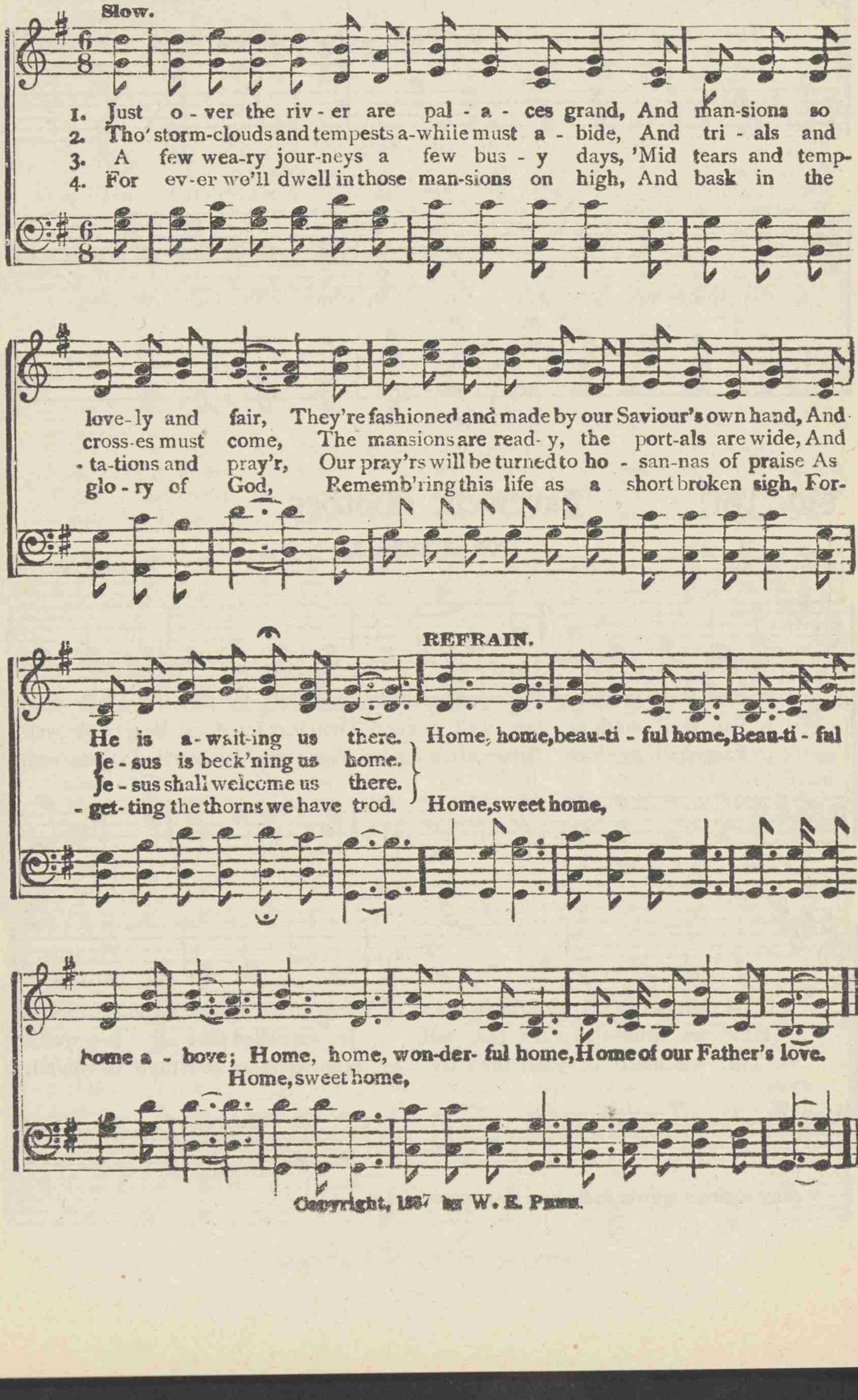
* May change words to father, brother or sister

No. 162. Home.

Affectionately dedicated to my wife, Mrs. C. F. Penn.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

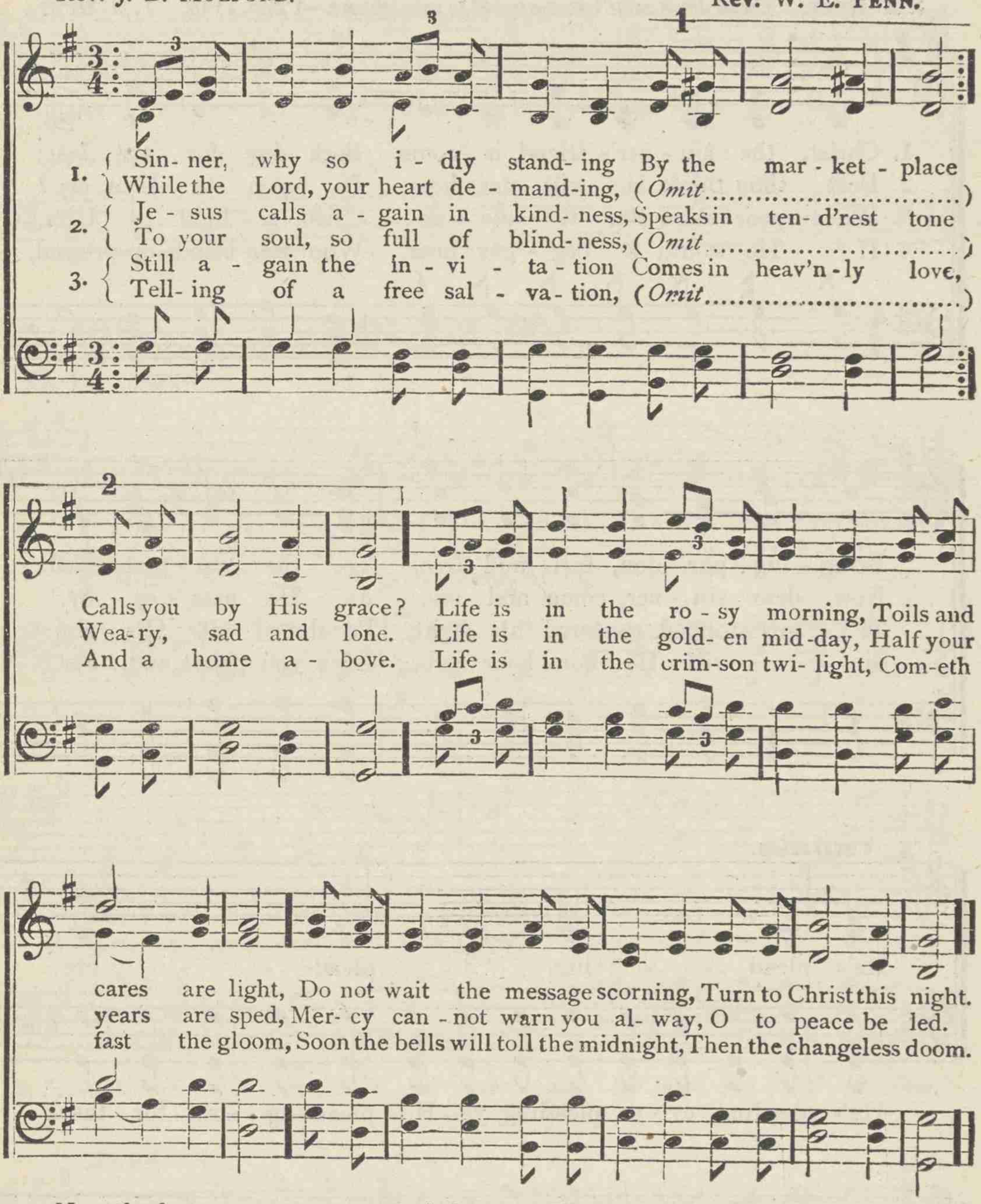
Mrs. F. M. Griffin. Words arr. Chorus and Music by **W. E. Penn.**



Copyright, 1887 by W. E. Penn.

No. 163. The First and Last Call.

Rev. J. B. MULFORD. Rev. W. E. PENN.



4 Now the last sweet message soundeth,
O so earnestly,
Proving still that grace aboundeth,
Lost one, come to me.
Life is in the solemn midnight,
'Tis the last appeal,
Yield your heart, subdued and contrite,
Ere remorse you feel.

5 Then alas, the final parting
For eternal years,
While from every eyelid starting
Fall the blinding tears,
Part without a hope of meeting
Parent, child and friend,
Never more to hear a greeting,
Nor a message send.
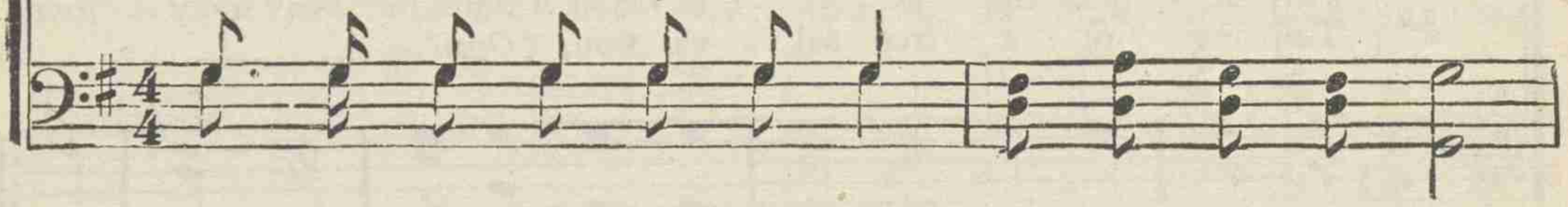
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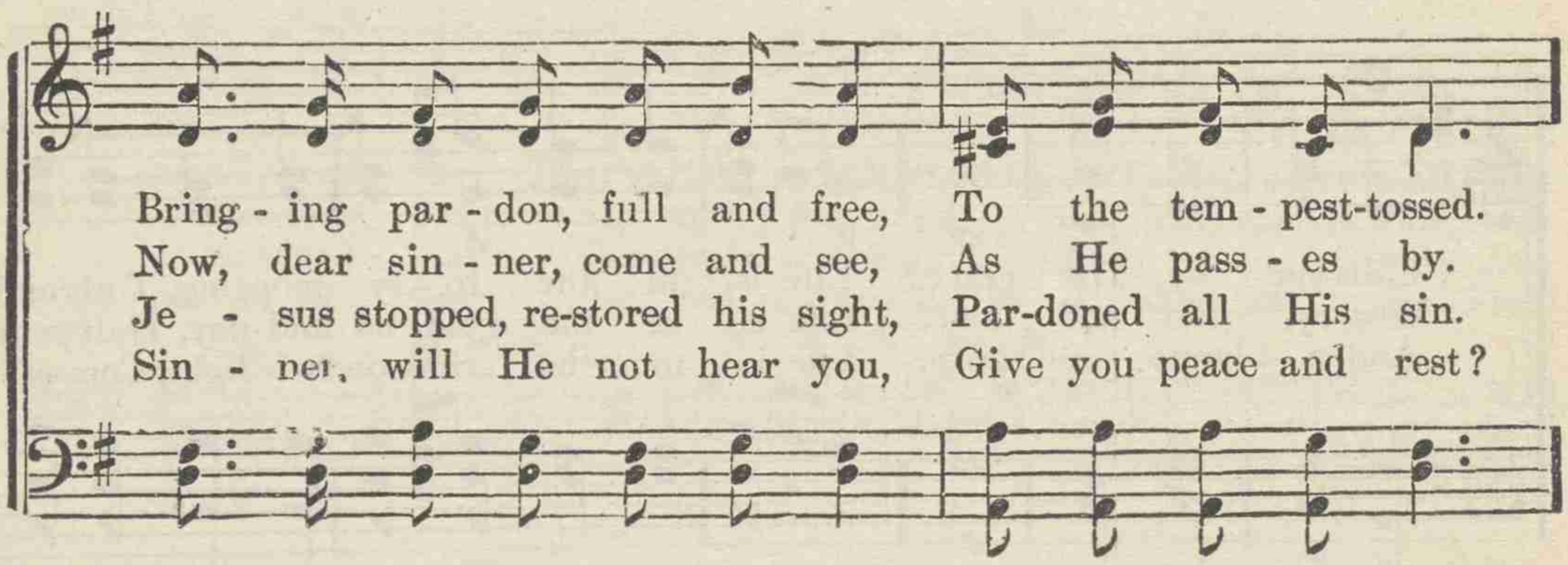
No. 164. The Sinner's Friend is Come.

J. M. HUNT. *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*—1 Tim. 1:15. J. M. HUNT.

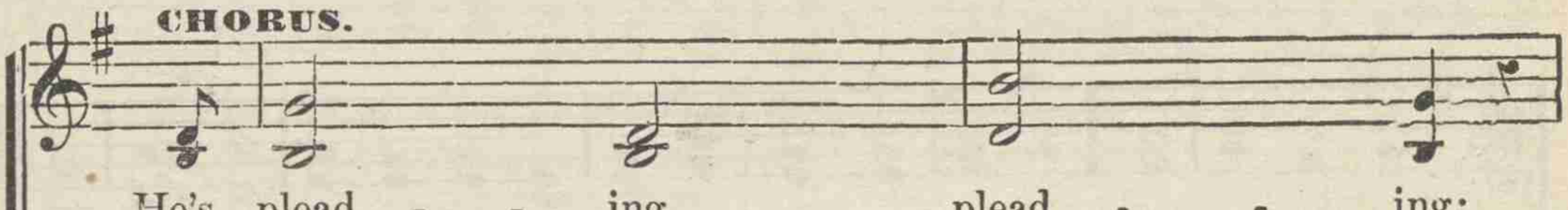


1. Christ, the sin - ner's friend, is come, Seek - ing for the lost;
2. Dost thou think He will not hear, If you to Him cry?
3. When poor blind Bar - ti - me - us Cried a - loud to Him,
4. If He would a beg - gar hear, Who was blind, op-pressed,

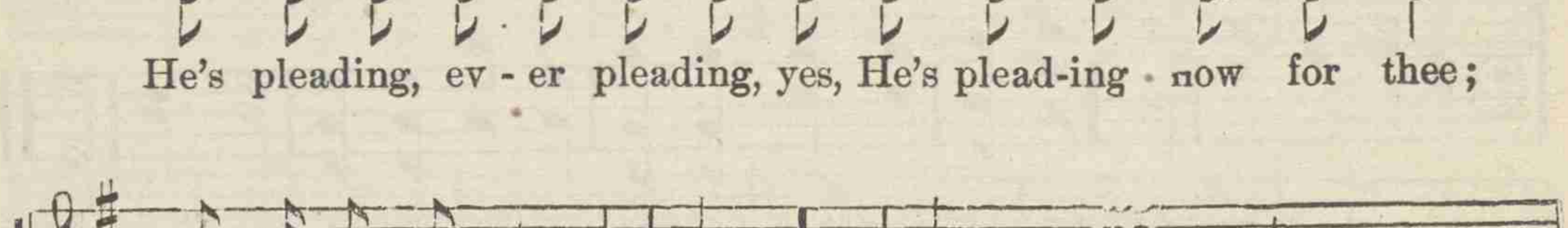




Bring - ing par - don, full and free, To the tem - pest-tossed.
Now, dear sin - ner, come and see, As He pass - es by.
Je - sus stopped, re-stored his sight, Par-doned all His sin.
Sin - ner, will He not hear you, Give you peace and rest?
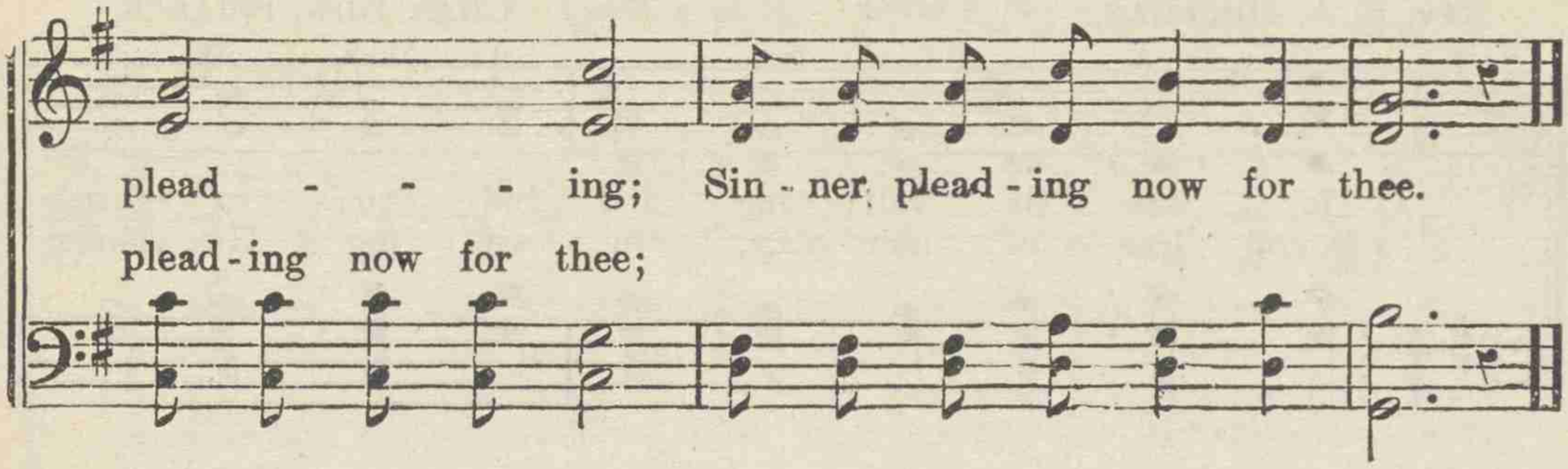


He's plead - - ing, plead - - ing;
He's pleading, ev - er pleading, yes, He's plead-ing now for thee;



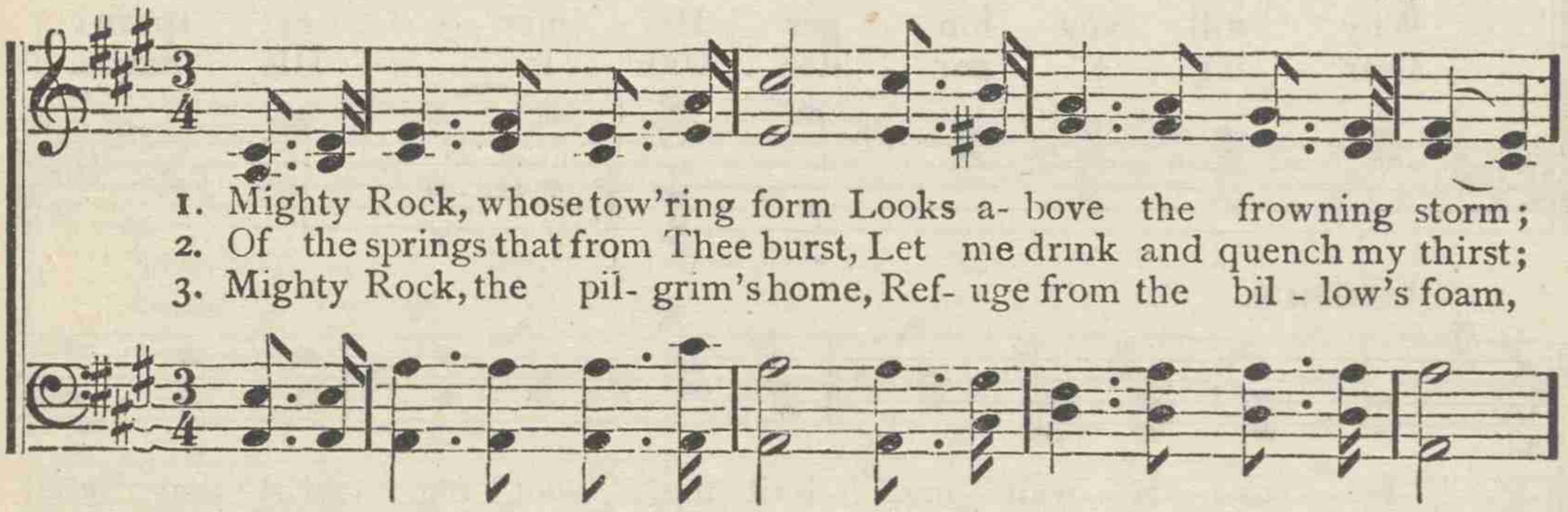
Sin-ner, pleading now for thee; He's plead - - ing,
He's pleading, ev - er pleading, yes, He's
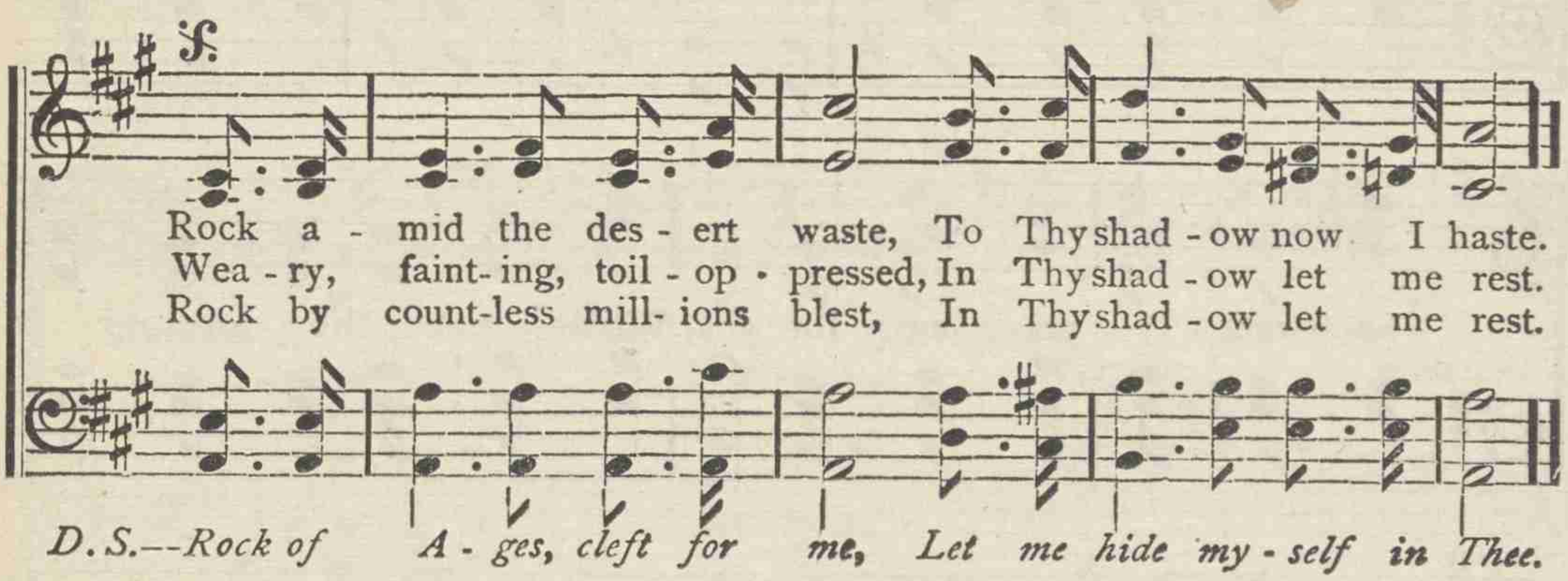
The Sinner's Friend. Concluded.



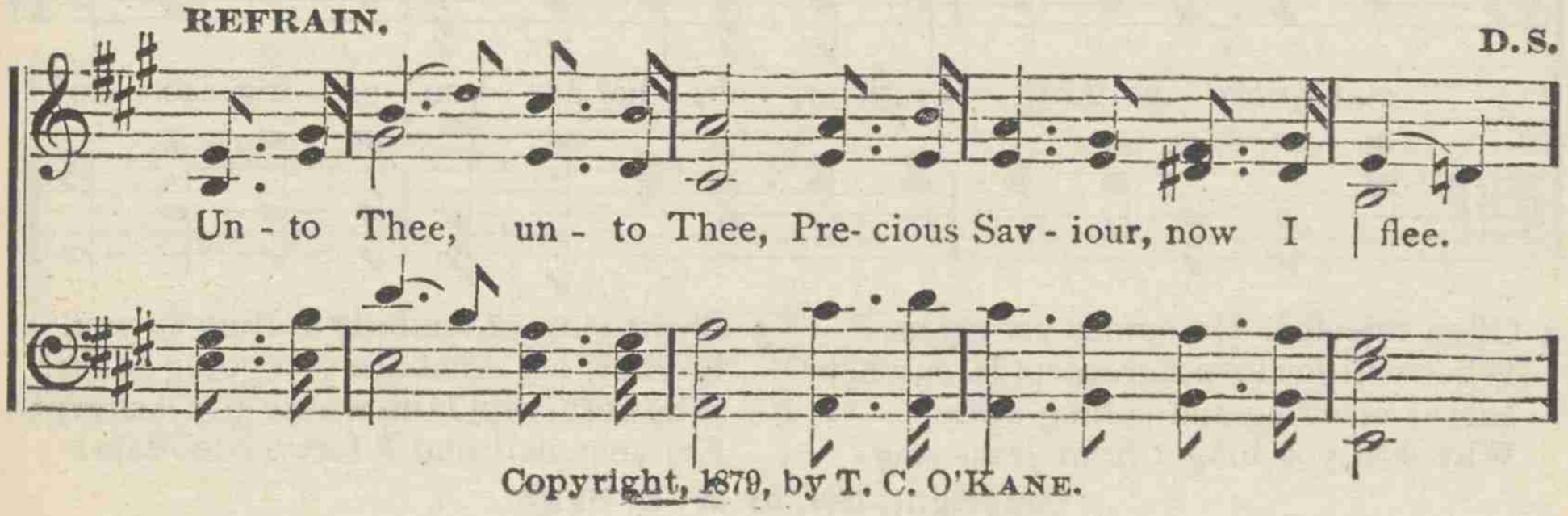
No. 165. Cleft For Me.

FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE, by per.
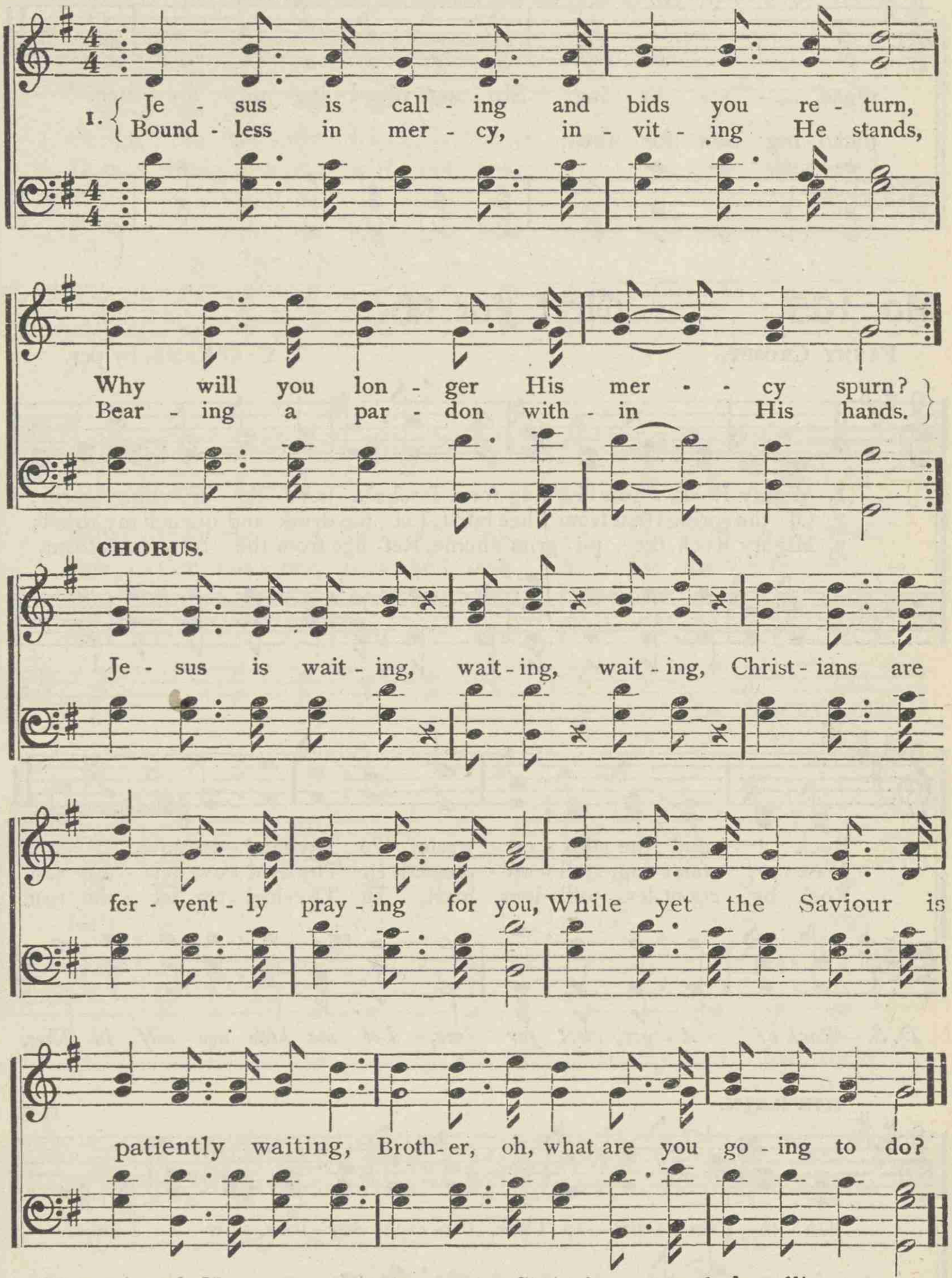




REFRAIN. **D. S.**



Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'KANE.

No. 166. What Are You Going to Do?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



2 Often rejected, He comes yet again,
When will you love and accept Him, when?
Life is receding and ebbing away,
Why will you longer from Jesus stay?

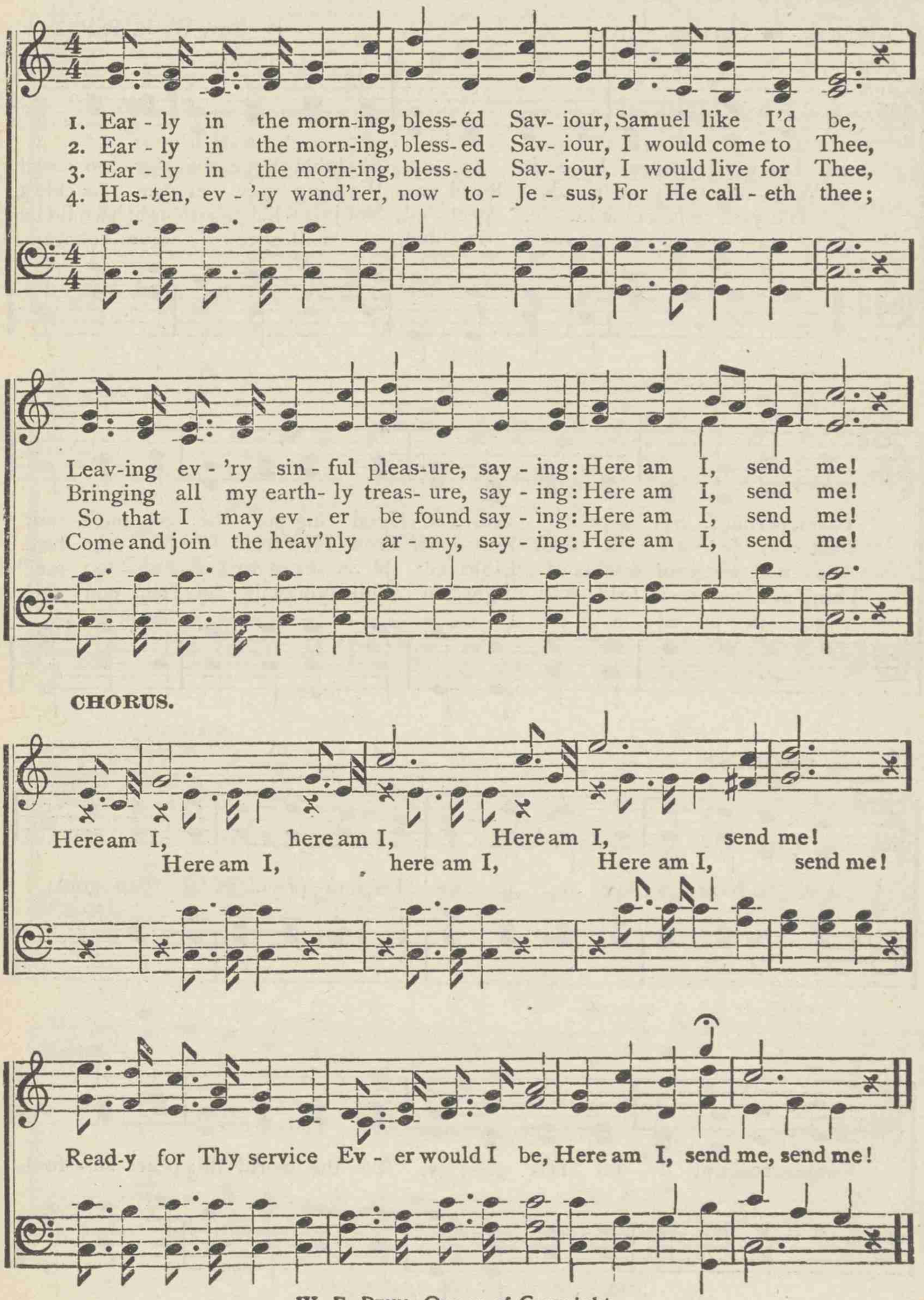
3 Christ is most tenderly calling to you,
Brother, oh, what are you going to do?
Why not accept Him whose love is so great,
Ere you shall find it forever too late?

Copyright, 1881, by W. E. PENN.

No. 167. Here Am I, Send Me!

1 Sam. 3, 4: 10. Isaiah 6: 8.

W. E. PENN. F. A. BLACKMER.



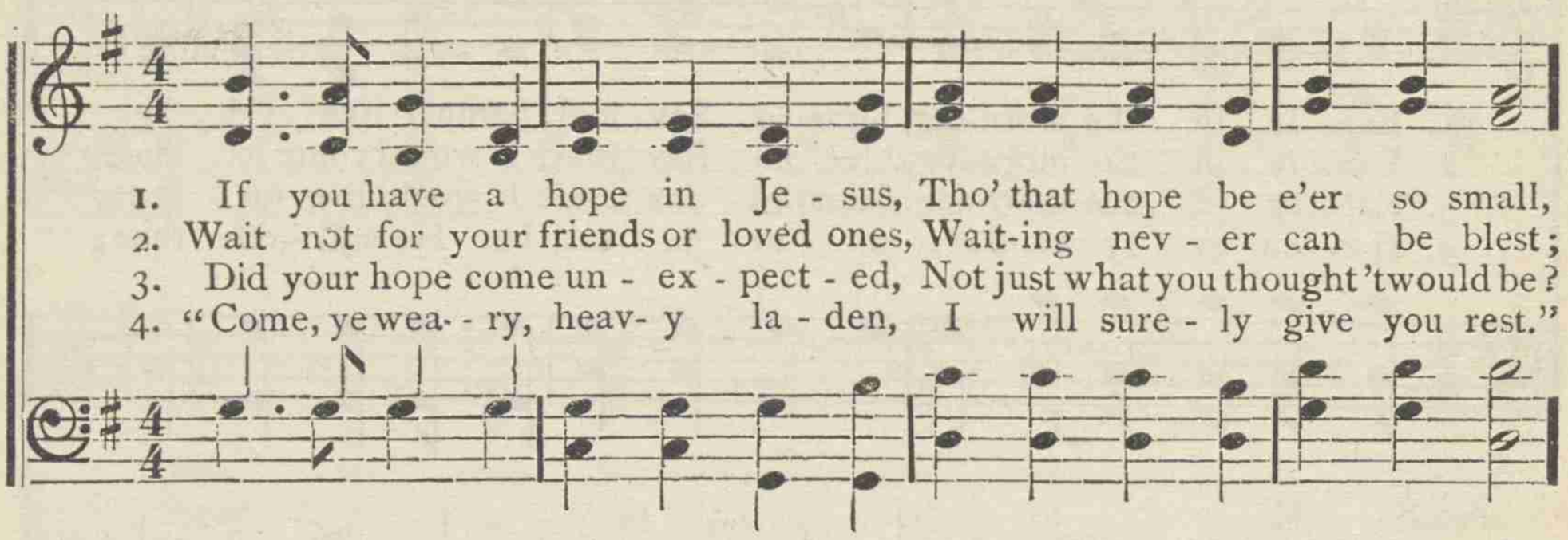
CHORUS.

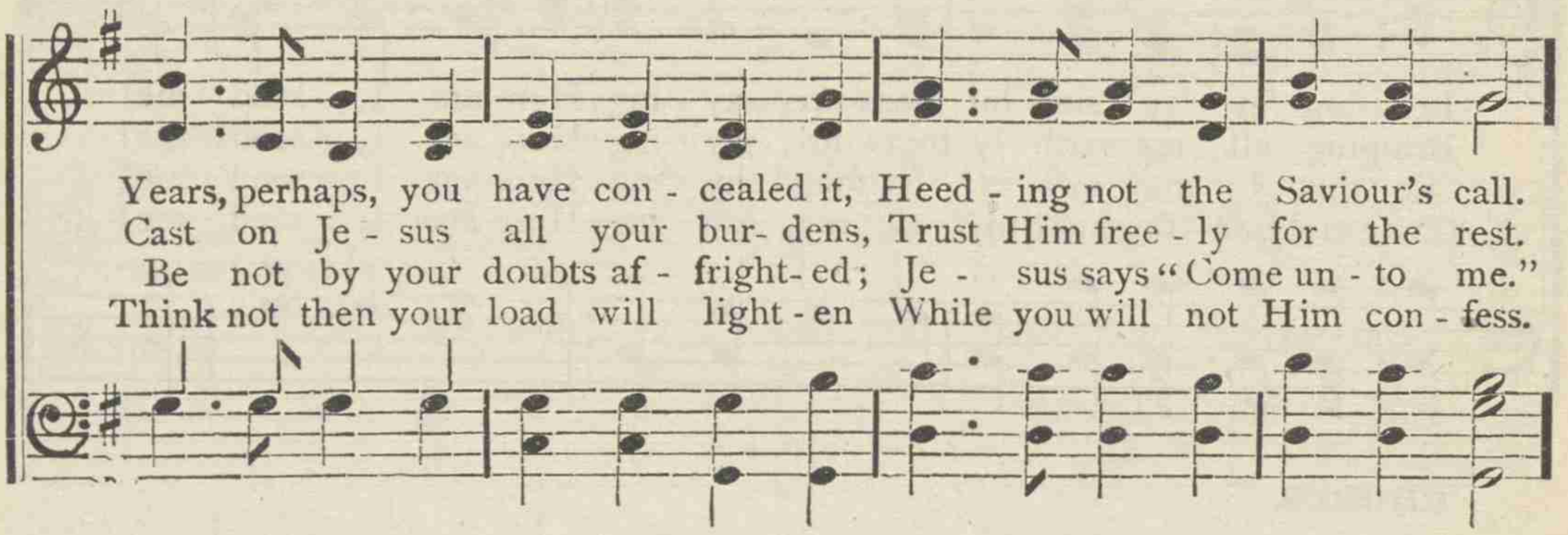
W. E. PENN, Owner of Copyright.

No. 168. A Hope in Jesus.
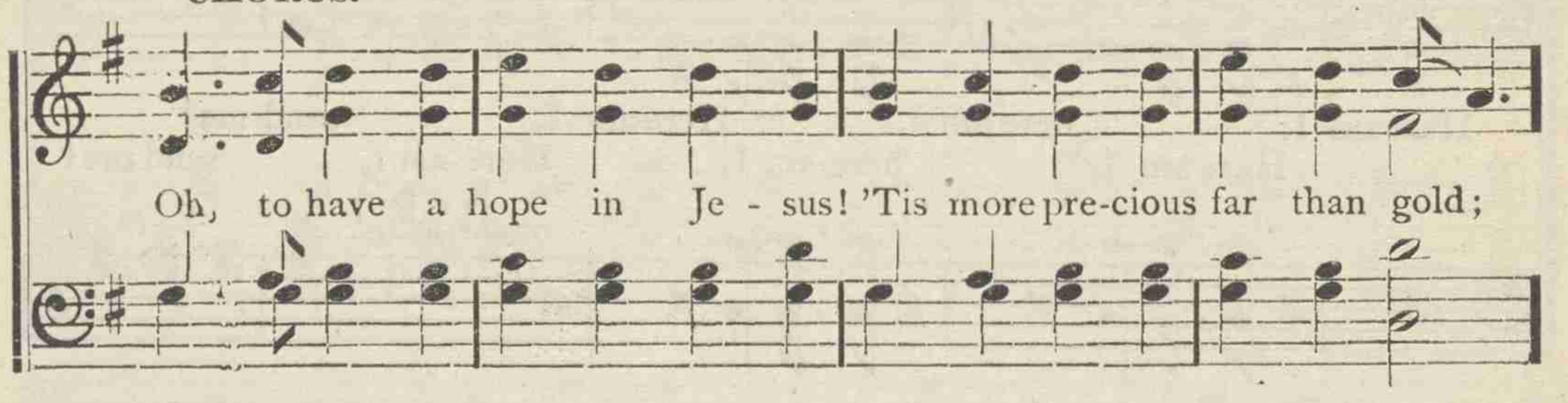
In the meeting at Leavenworth, Kansas, Mrs. Bethel, who is a wife, and the mother of several children, made a public confession of a hope in Christ she had concealed since she was fourteen years old, because it was not as she thought it would be. After her marriage she waited for her husband to lead the way, but he became very sceptical. Her husband was converted the next day.—W. E. P.

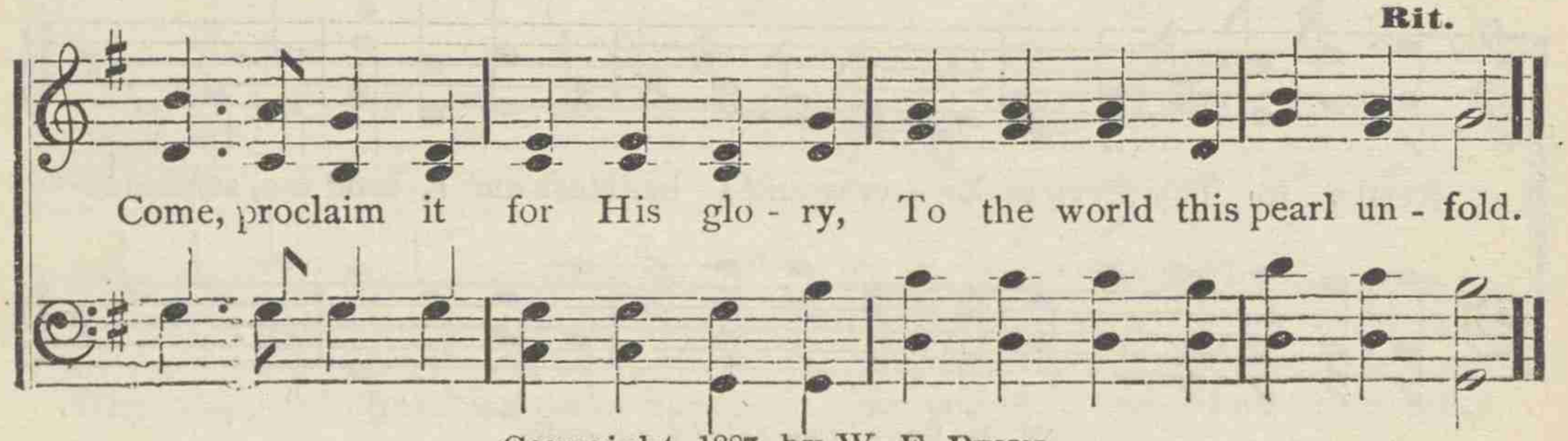
Mrs. L. R. Bethel. Rev. W. E. Penn.





CHORUS.





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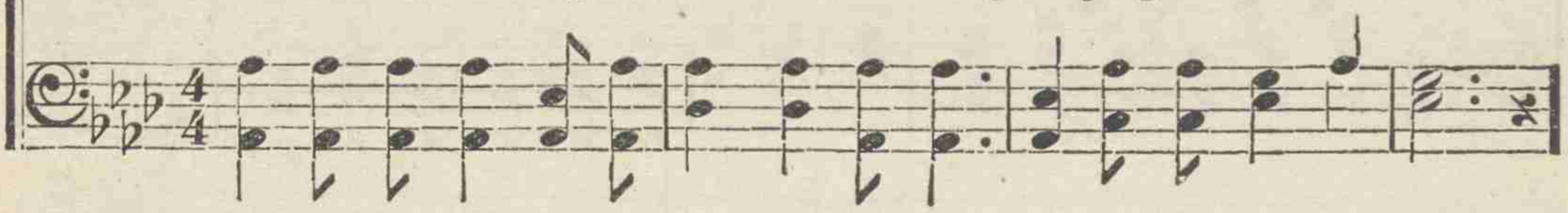
No. 169. Are You Waiting and Watching?
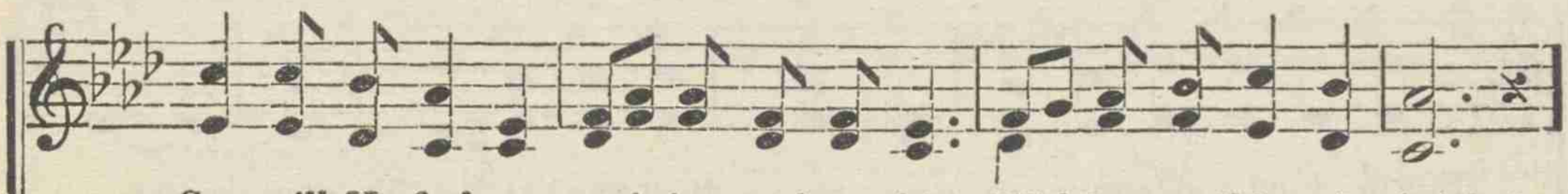
To F. A. BLACKMER, author of Numberless Host, Grand Review, etc.

W. E. PENN. W. E. PENN.
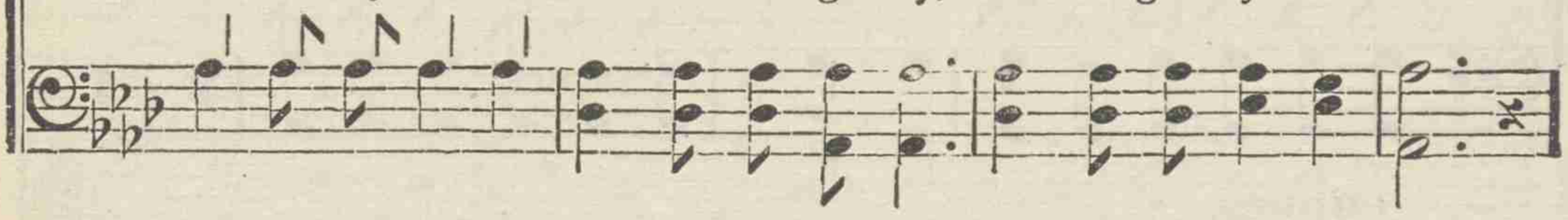


1. Should Je- sus come in the ear - ly morning, Or should He come at night?
2. Should Je- sus come with His ho - ly an-gels, With shoutings in the air?
3. When Je- sus comes will He find us faith-ful, With garments pure and white,
4. Yes, I am wait-ing and ev - er watching, Hoping to see Him come,
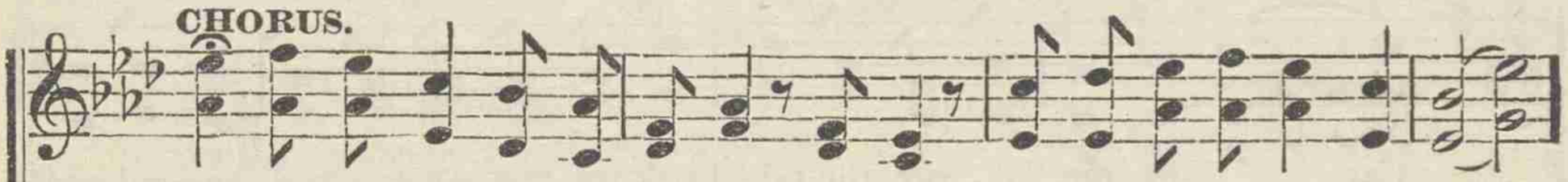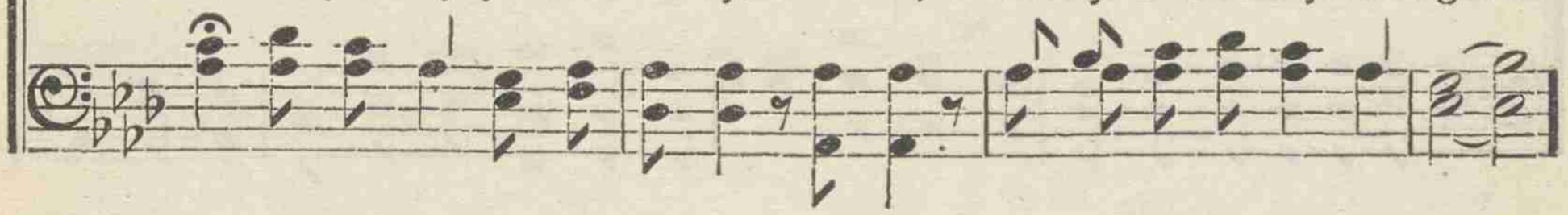




Say, will He find us wait-ing and watching With lamps all burning bright?
O who will then be waiting and watching, Who will His glo-ries share?
With precious sheaves all garner'd and read-y, To hail Him with delight?
That I may see Him in all His glo- ry, Gath'ring His jew-els home.



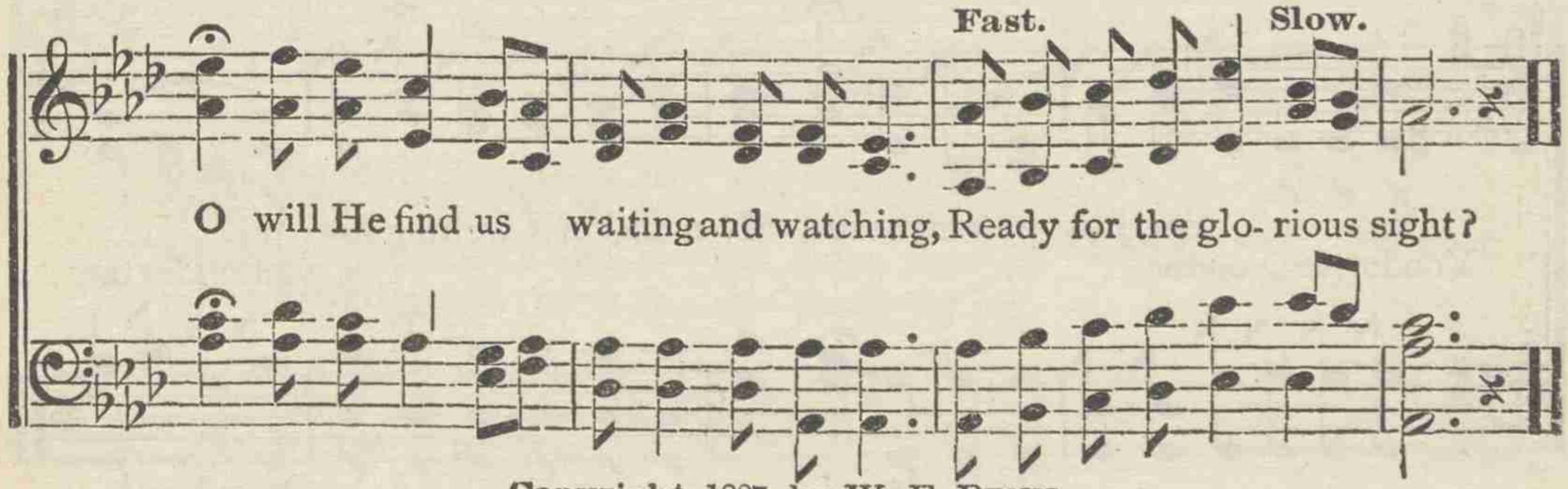
CHORUS.



O can you say you are read- y, broth-er, Read - y ei-ther day or night?



Fast. Slow.
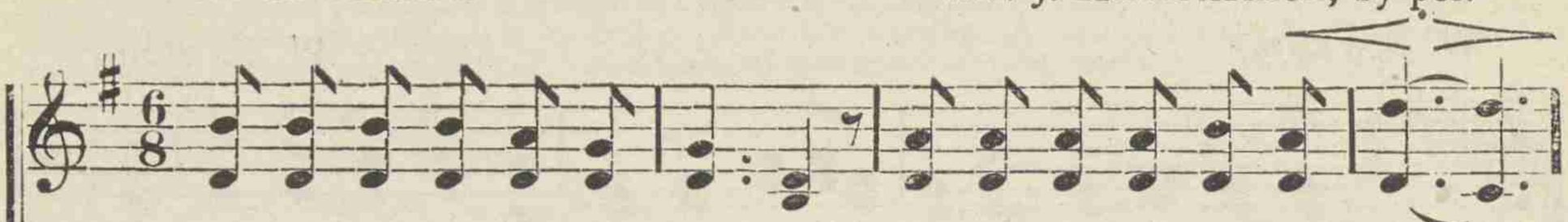


O will He find us waiting and watching, Ready for the glo- rious sight?
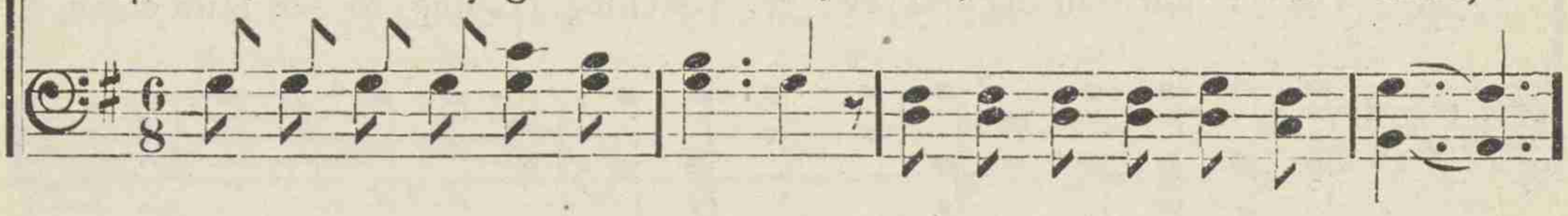
Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN.
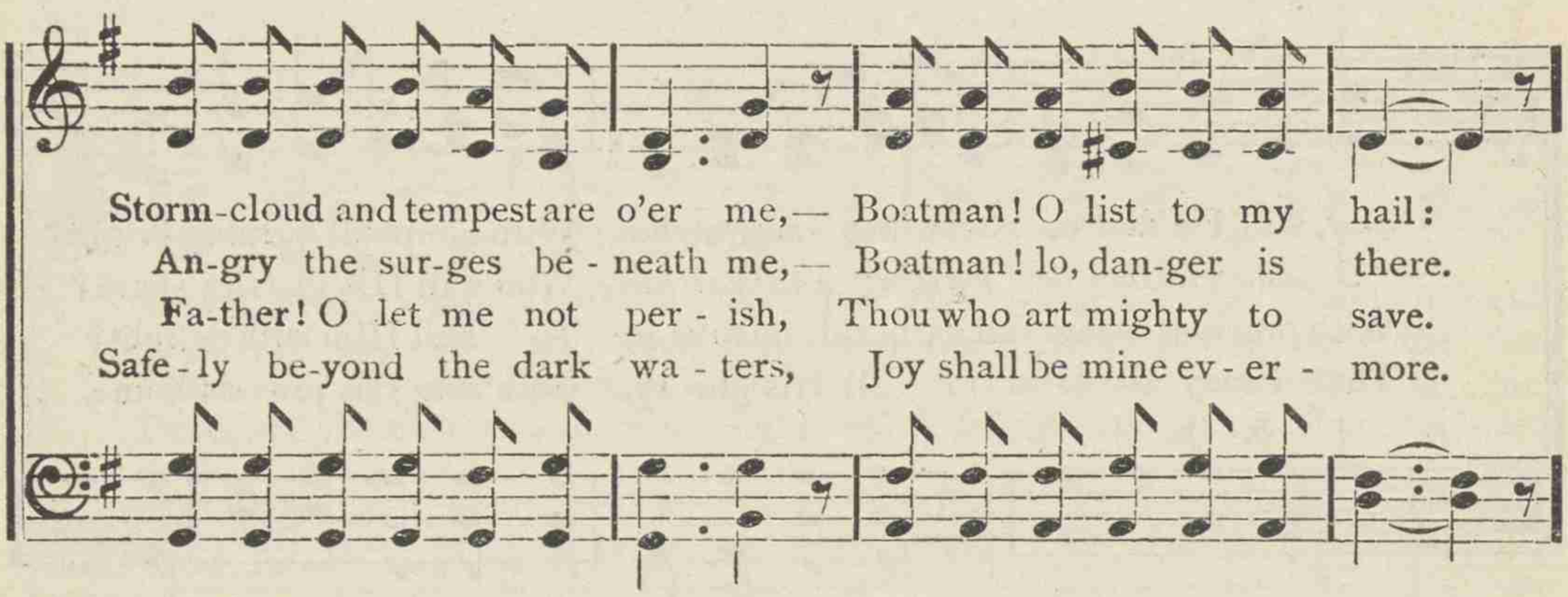
No. 170. Over The Tide.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



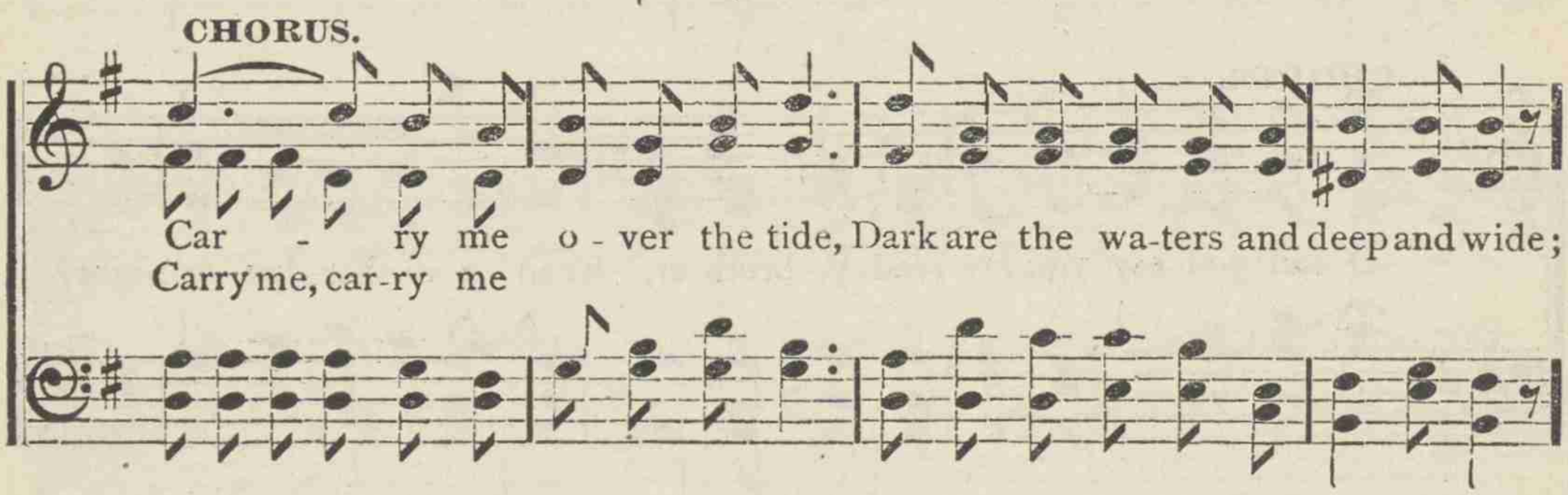
1. Dark are the wa-ters be - fore me, Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. On-ward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lurid the lightning's fierce glare;
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters,—Safe-ty be-yond the deep wave;
4. Ah, when the voyage is o - ver, There, on that beau- ti - ful shore,
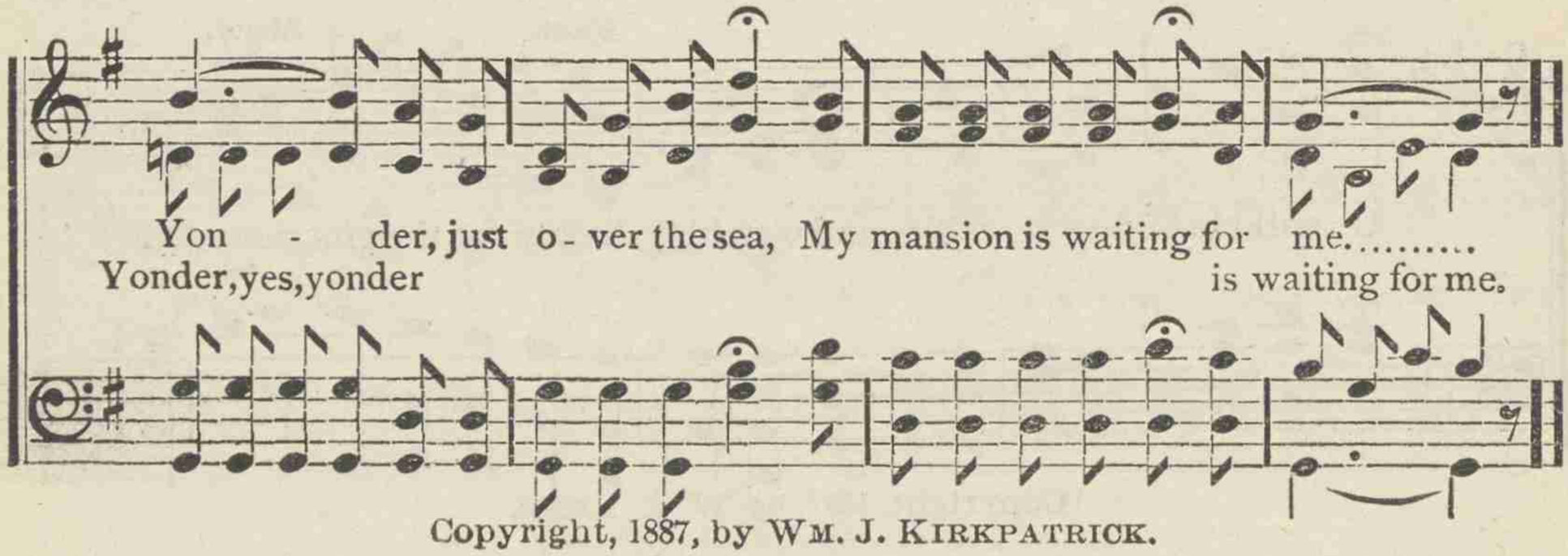




Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me,— Boatman! O list to my hail:
An-gry the sur-ges be - neath me,— Boatman! lo, dan-ger is there.
Fa-ther! O let me not per - ish, Thou who art mighty to save.
Safe - ly be-yond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Car - ry me o - ver the tide, Dark are the wa-ters and deep and wide;
Carry me, car-ry me



Yon - der, just o - ver the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.....
Yonder, yes, yonder is waiting for me.

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No. 171. The Sheltering Rock.

Isaiah 32: 2. 12: 3. 65: 10. Col. 1: 20.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

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

1. There is a Rock in a wea - y land, Its shad - ow 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 por- tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour 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 thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come free- ly 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 sin-ful 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?

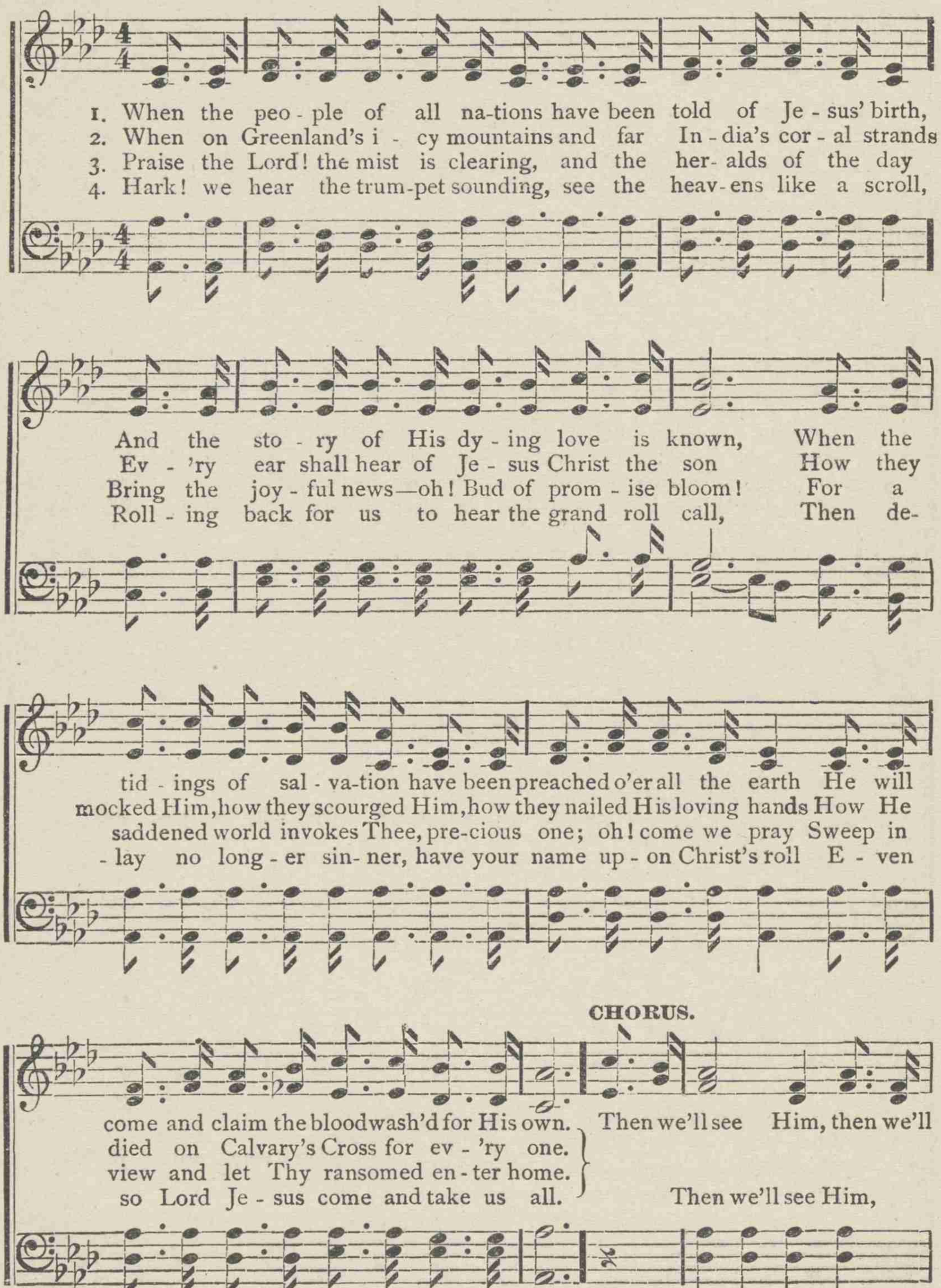
} Oh! why will ye die?

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No. 172. Then We'll See Him.
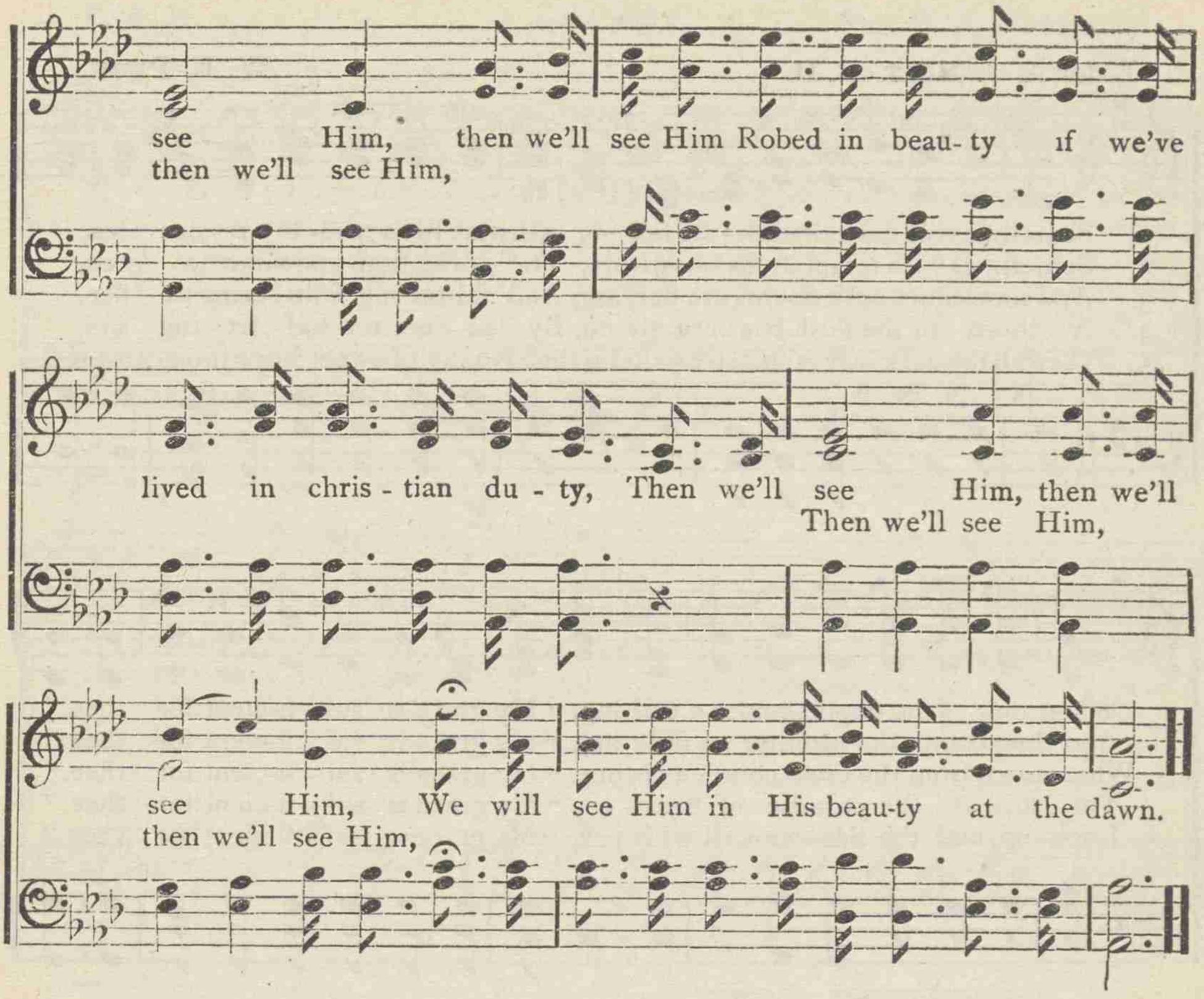
"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."—Isaiah 33: 17.

Dr. J. FERDINAND V. SAUL. W. E. PENN.
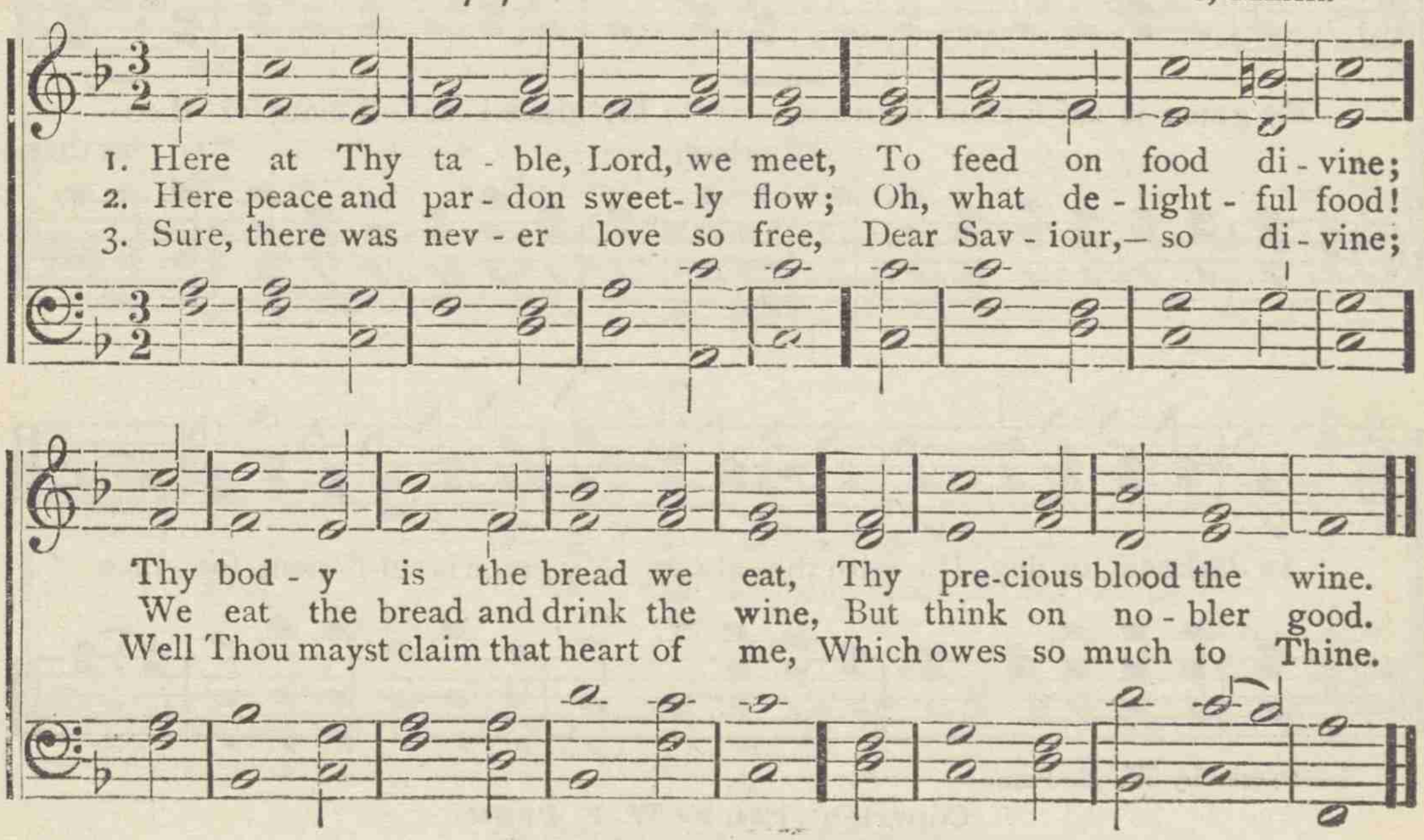


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Then We'll See Him.—Concluded.



No. 173. The Supper. C. M.
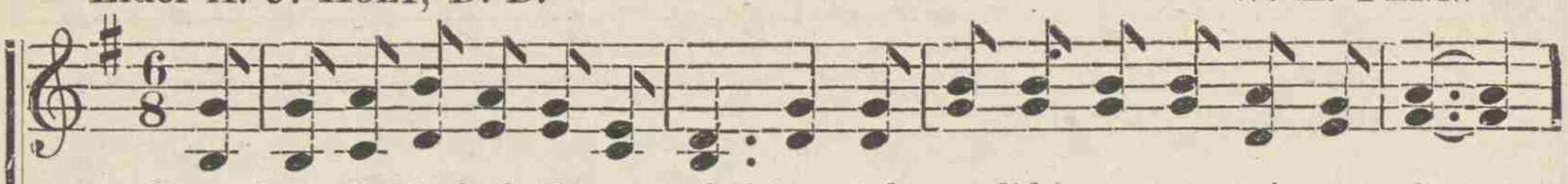
SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787. Tune, MEAR.
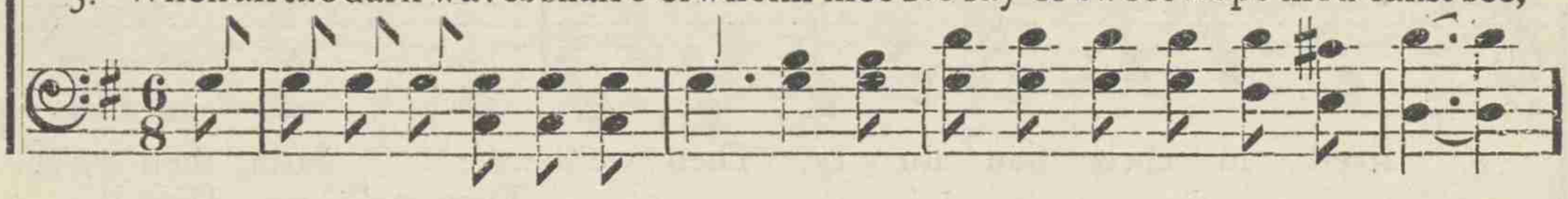


No. 174. My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.
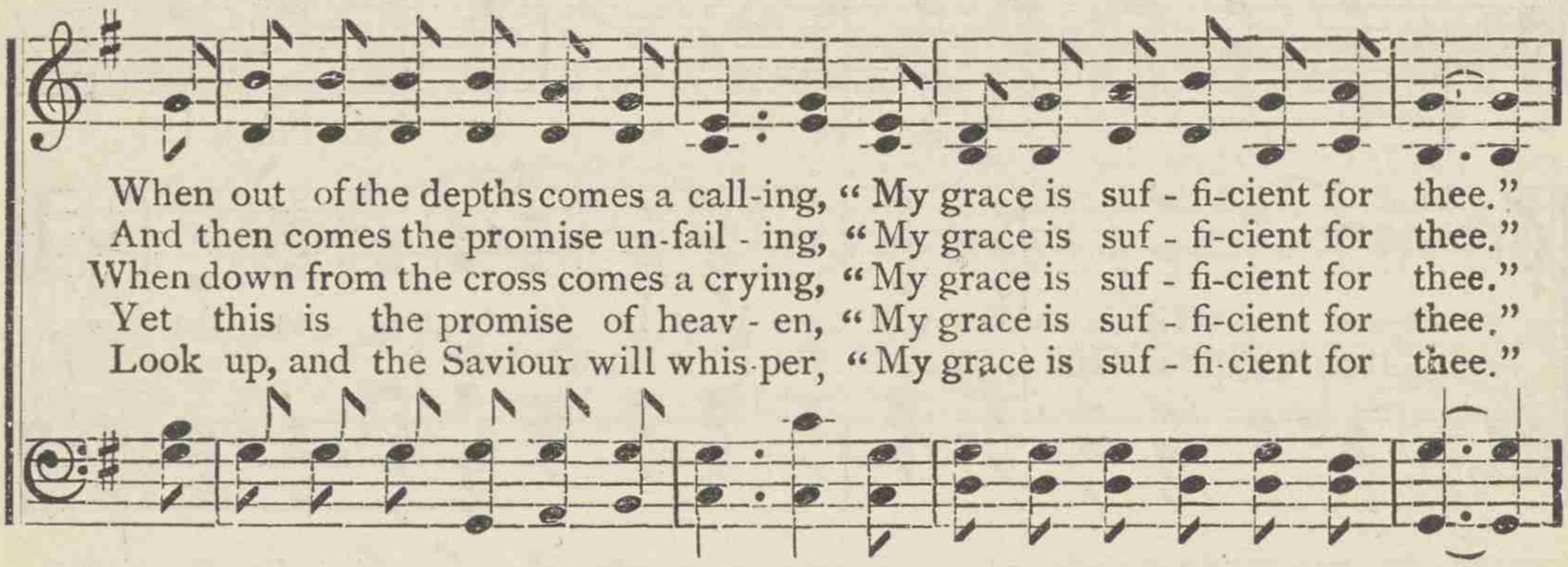
2 Cor. 12: 9.

Elder A. J. Holt, D. D. W. E. Penn.
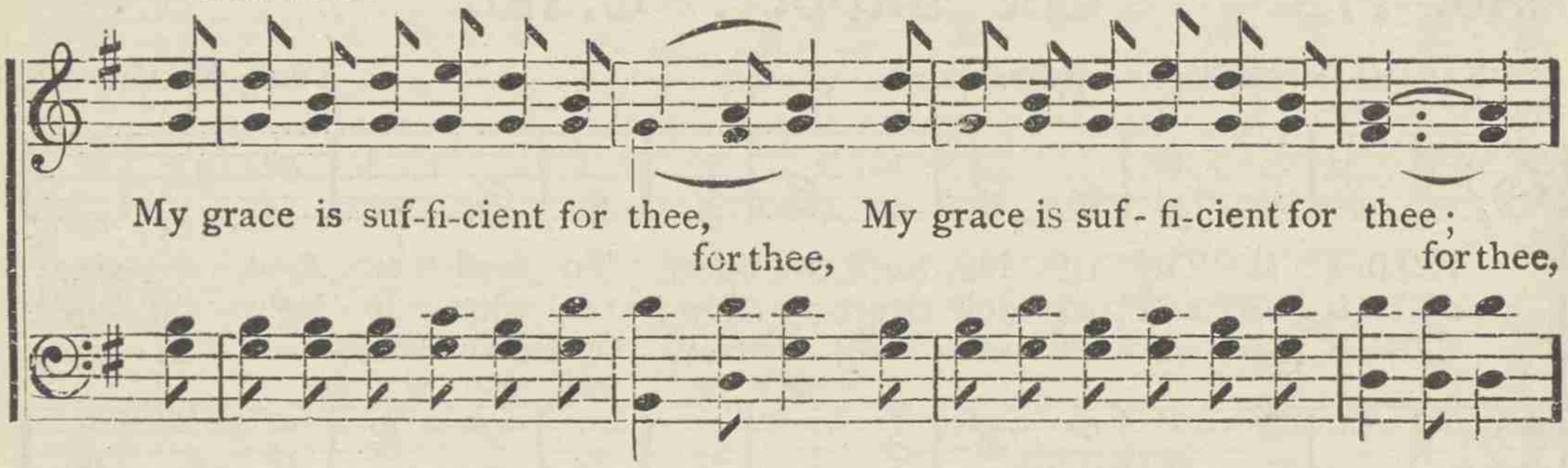


1. Sometimes the dark shadows are fall-ing Athwart life's mys- te - ri - ous lea,
2. Sometimes with temptations as-sail-ing, The world, flesh and satan a - gree,
3. And sometimes dark doubts are defying, And fal-ter-ing faith seems to flee,
4. A thorn in the flesh has been giv-en, By sa - tan for buf - fet - ing me,
5. When all the dark waves shall o'erwhelm thee No ray of sweet hope thou canst see,





When out of the depths comes a call-ing, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
And then comes the promise un-fail - ing, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
When down from the cross comes a crying, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
Yet this is the promise of heav - en, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
Look up, and the Saviour will whis-per, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."

Refrain.



My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee;
for thee, for thee,

In darkness, or day, I'm with thee alway My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee

Last verse by W. E. Penn.

Copyright, 1894, by W. E. Penn.

No. 175. 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 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white; Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright?
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un-clean;

D.S.—Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?

FINE. REFRAIN.

Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh! be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd

D.S.

blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb?
in the blood of the Lamb?

By per. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 176. That Beautiful Gate.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

1. There's a gate we're told to the realms of bliss A
2. That gate is a-lone for the blood-washed throng, No
3. Then if you would en-ter that gold-en gate, I
4. O, hear Him now say, "Come I am the way, The

gate the redeemed shall pass through, And the ques-tion that comes
oth-er's can e'er en-ter there, No oth-er's can walk
beg that you quick-ly pre-pare, Re-pent of your sins,
way to the beau-ti-ful gate," Then do not de-lay

to my mind is this, Is that gate for me and for you?
in the streets of gold, No oth-er's a bright crown can wear.
and on Christ be-lieve, Such on-ly a bright crown can wear.
sin-ner, O I pray, To-mor-row may be too late.

CHORUS.

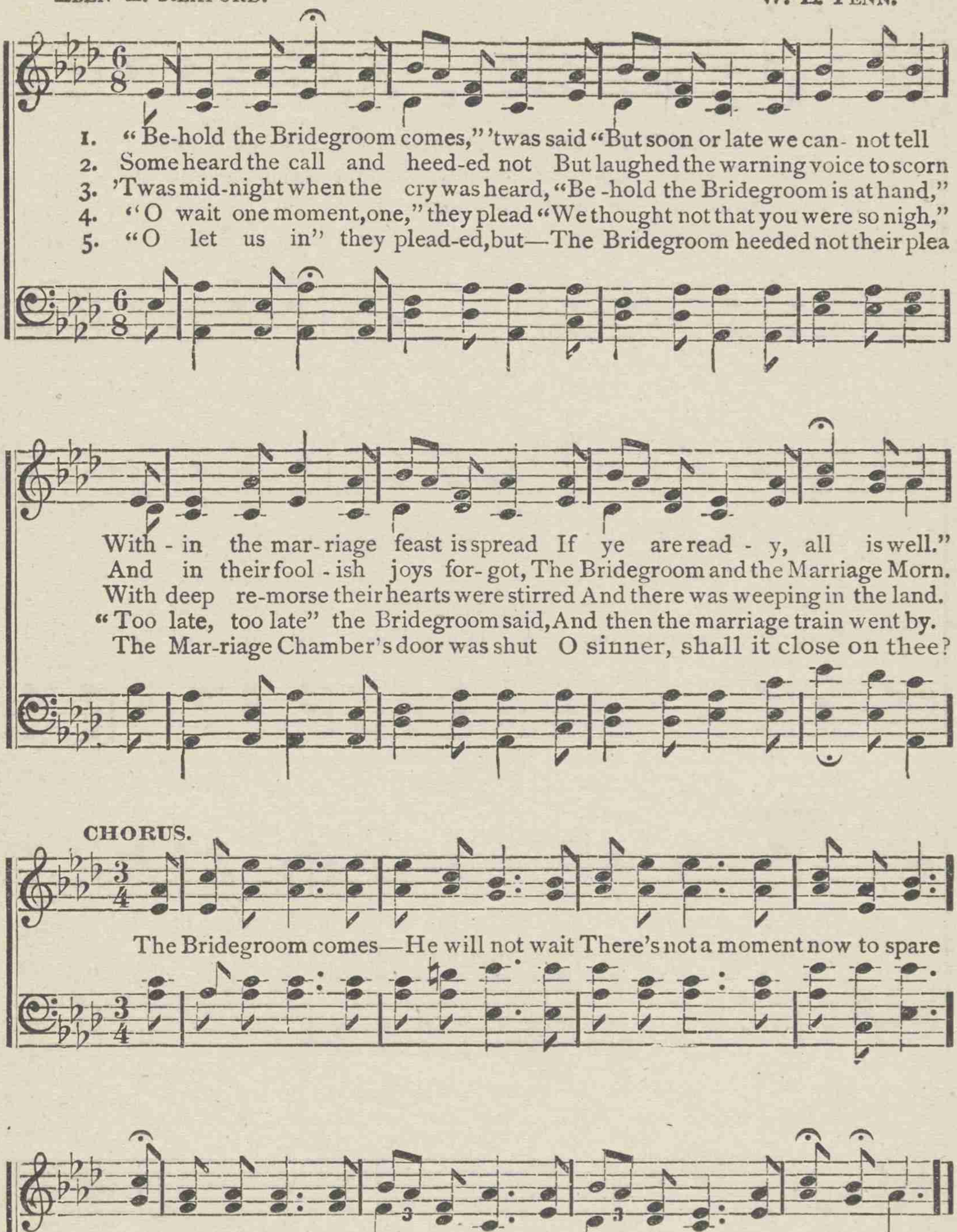
O, that beau-ti-ful! beauti-ful gate! The gate the redeemed shall pass thro',

How oft I have prayed alone in the night, That it may be for me and for you.

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No. 177. The Closed Door.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.
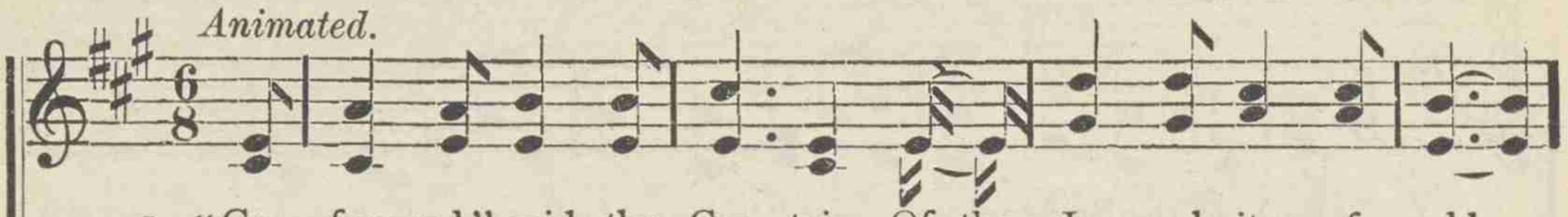


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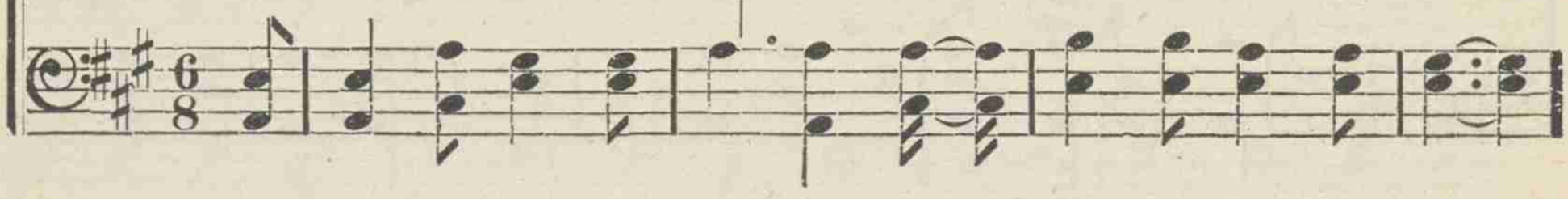
No. 178. Go Forward.
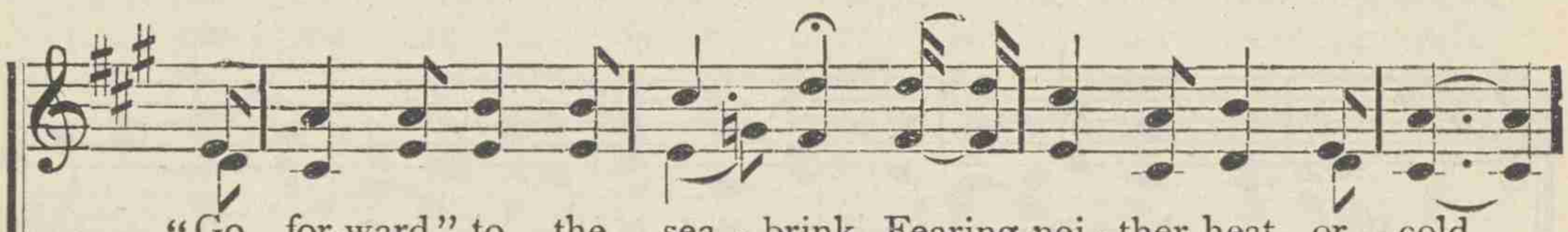
Rev. W. E. PENN. H. N. LINCOLN.

Animated.



1. "Go for-ward" said the Cap-tain Of the Is-rael-ites of old,
2. Though Sa-tan's might-y ar-mies Should stand on ev-'ry side,
3. We know that we must con-quer If on-ly we o-bey
4. And now let us "go for-ward," Nor tar-ry in the plain,

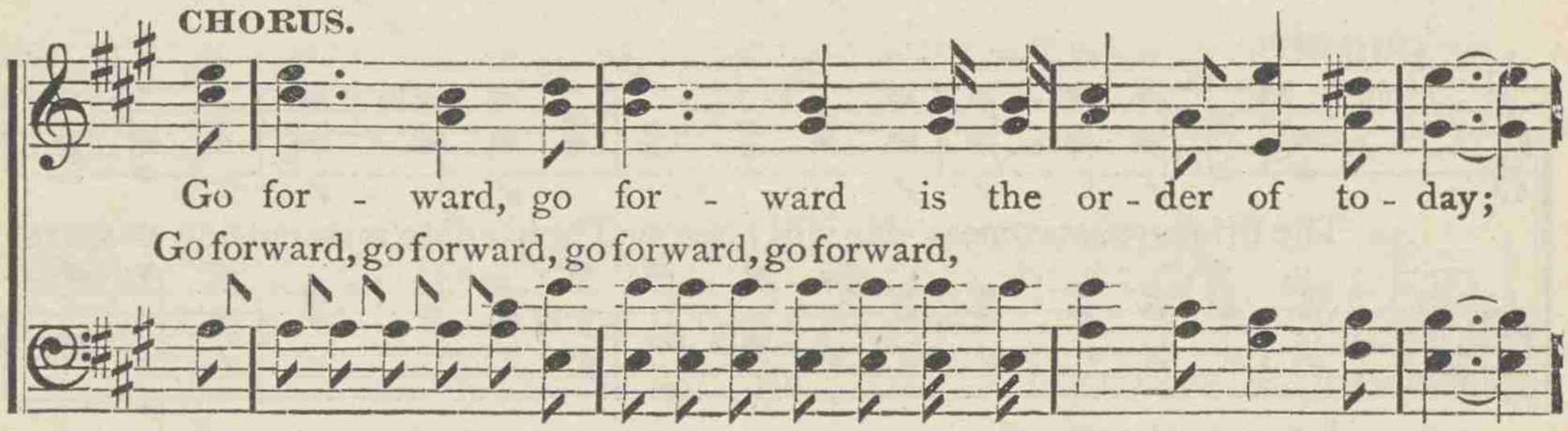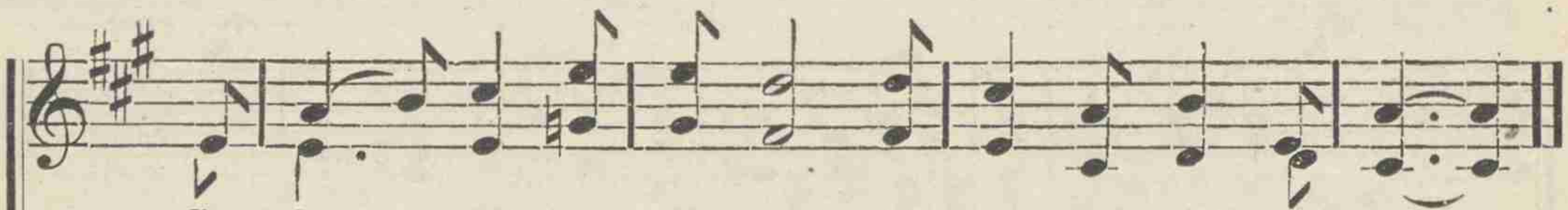




"Go for-ward" to the sea-brink, Fearing nei-ther heat or cold.
We know our Cap-tain-Gen-'ral Can the deep-est sea di-vide.
The or-der of our Cap-tain, "Go watch and fight and pray."
With Je-sus for our Cap-tain, The last foe shall be slain.



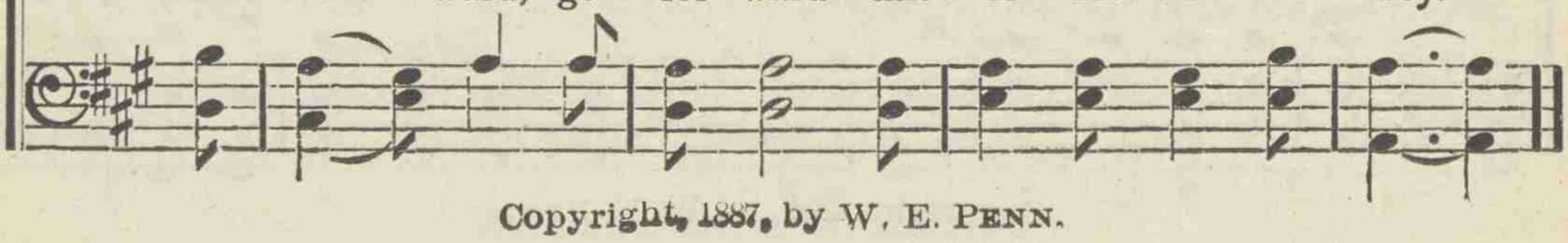
CHORUS.



Go for-ward, go for-ward is the or-der of to-day;
Go forward, go forward, go forward, go forward,



Go for-ward, go for-ward this or-der we'll o-bey.



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No. 179. Only One Mother.

SOLO. *Expressivo.* IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. You have on - ly one moth-er, my boy, Whose heart you can glad-den with joy, Or cause it to ache 'Till read - y to break—
2. You have on - ly one moth-er to pray That in the good path you may stay; For you she'll not spare Self - sac - ri - fice rare—
3. You have on - ly one moth-er to make A home ev - er sweet for your sake, Who toils day and night For you with de-light—
4. You have on - ly one moth-er, just one; Re - mem - ber that al - ways, my son, None can or will do What she has for you—

CHORUS.
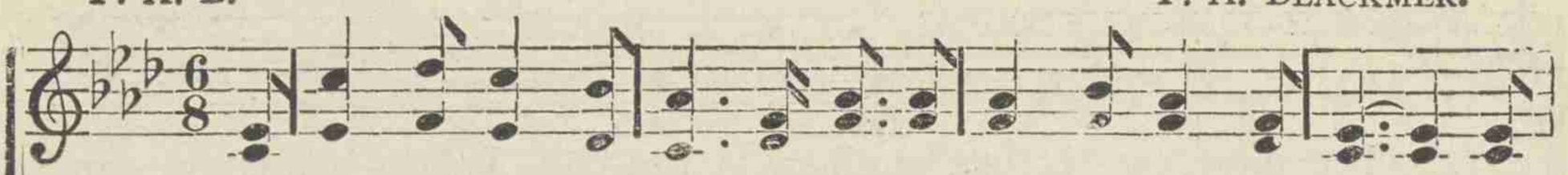
So cher - ish that moth-er, my boy.
So hon - or that moth-er, al - way. Then cherish that mother, my
Then nev - er that moth-er for-sake.
Leave noth-ing for moth-er un-done.

boy, And help her this life to en - joy; She'll love you, although
The world is your foe, Then cher - ish your mother, my boy.
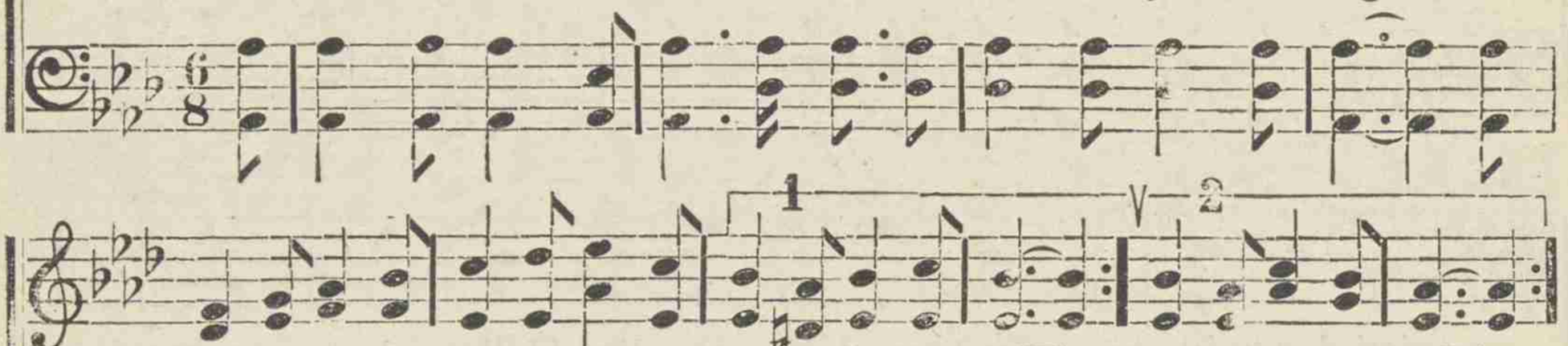
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY IRA O. HOFFMAN.

No. 180. Oh, Decide To-Night.
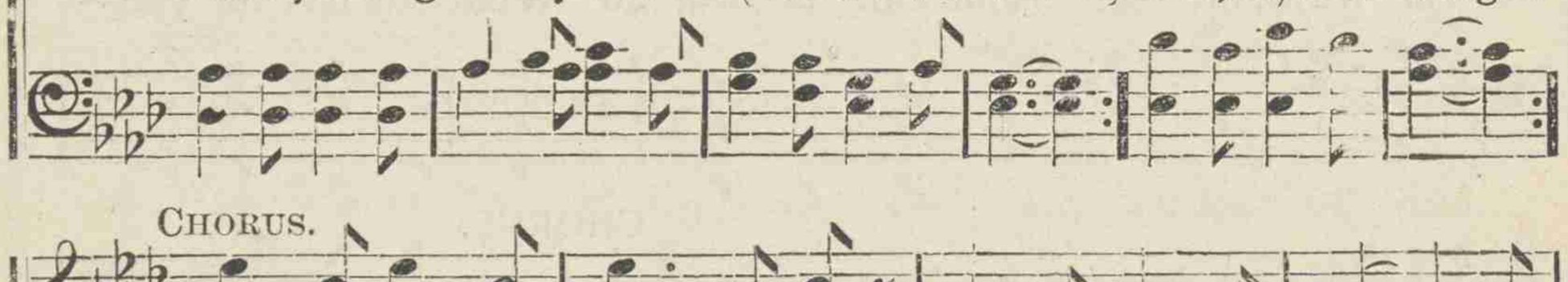
F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.



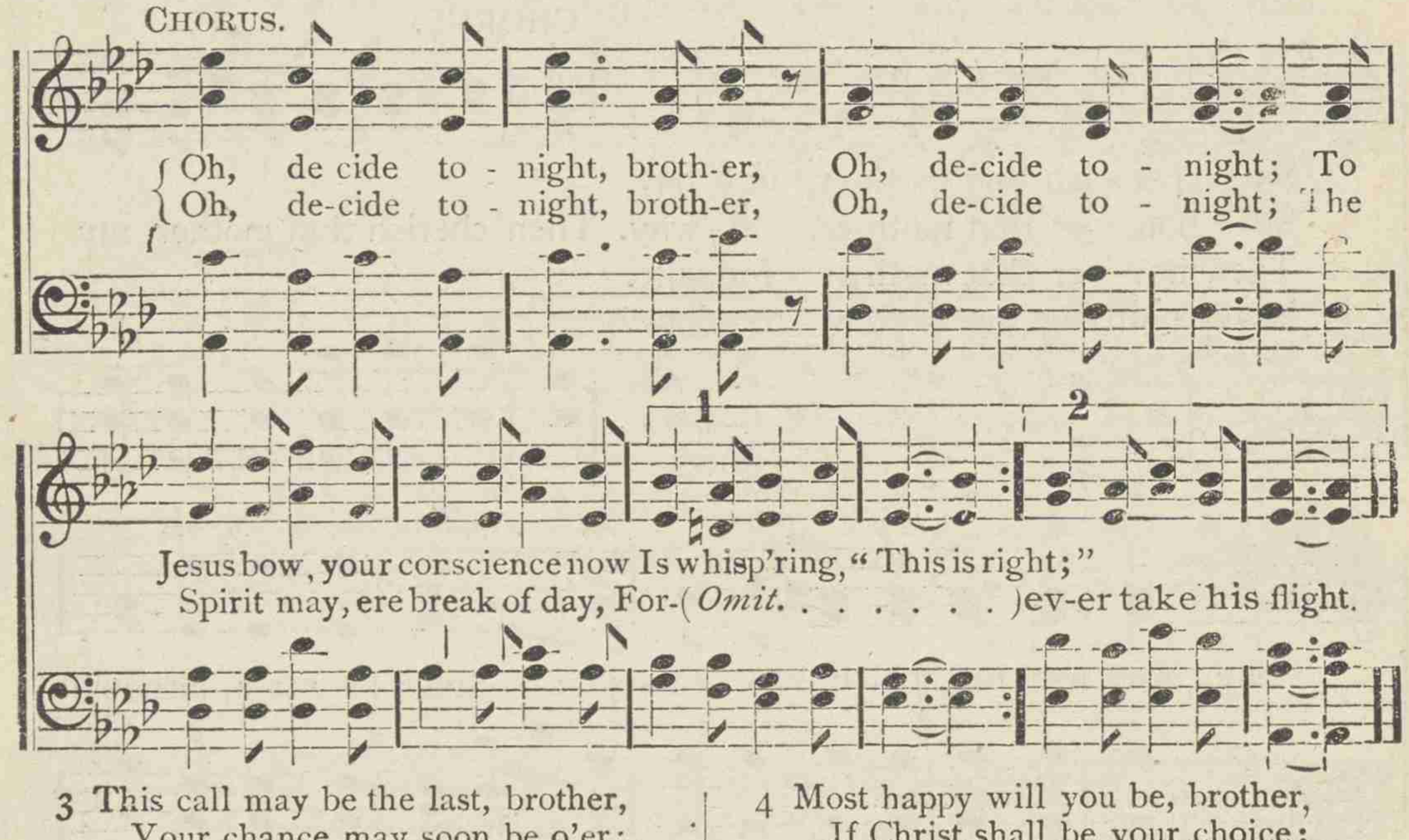
1. { Up - on the broad highway, brother, So long you now have been; So
   { You're tir - ed of the way, brother, You feel it is not right; Choose
2. { Most grate- ful should you be, brother, That you are spared so long: Why
   { When oth - ers are cut off, brother, Who have re - ject - ed light? It



long have sought but found it not, true happiness in sin,
now, I pray, the bet-ter way, Oh, (*Omit.* . . . . .) yes, decide, to- night.
should God save you from the grave, While yielding to the wrong,
is that you a- gain may view His (*Omit.* . . . . .) love, oh, come to-night.



CHORUS.



{ Oh, de cide to - night, broth-er, Oh, de-cide to - night; To
{ Oh, de-cide to - night, broth-er, Oh, de-cide to - night; The

Jesus bow, your conscience now Is whisp'ring, "This is right;"
Spirit may, ere break of day, For-(*Omit.* . . . . .)ev-er take his flight.

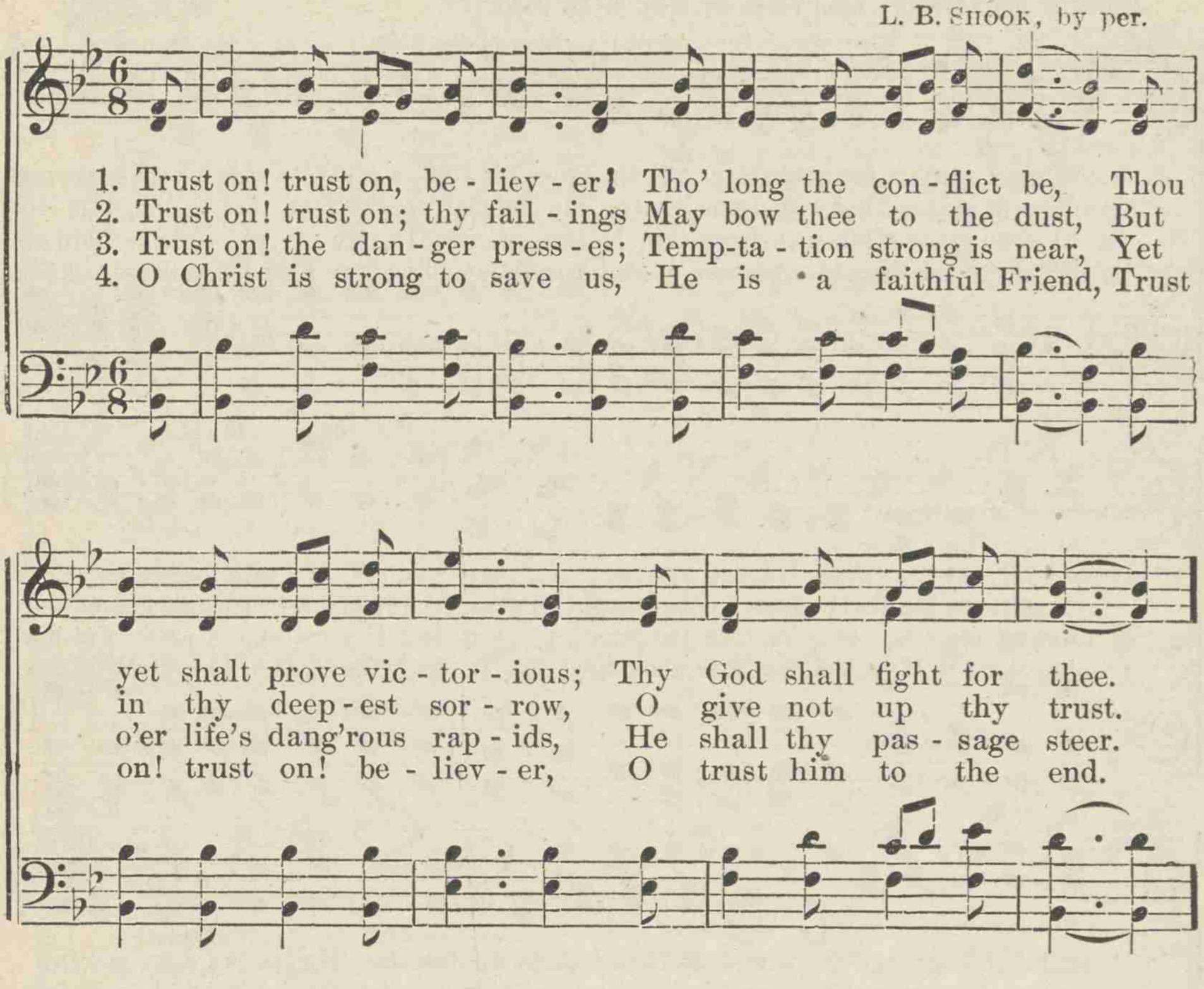
3 This call may be the last, brother,
Your chance may soon be o'er;
And here be sealed, unless you yield,
Your doom for evermore;
Sufficient is the thought, brother,
The strongest to affright;
Risk not to stay another day,
Oh, haste, decide to-night.

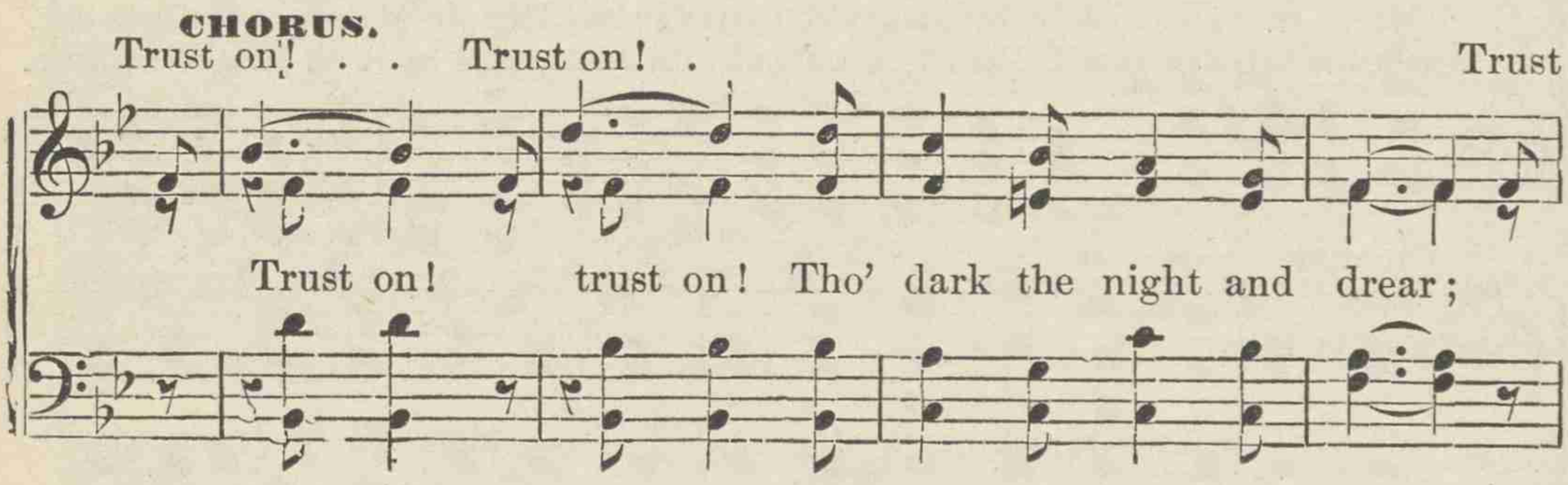
4 Most happy will you be, brother,
If Christ shall be your choice;
Your heart shall be from sin made free,
While heaven and earth rejoice,
Oh, haste and seek Him now, brother,
Who is the Truth, the Light;
Who is the way to endless day,
Oh, yes, decide to-nignt.

W. E. PENN owner of the Copyright, Word edition, see No. 17. in Appendix.

No. 181. Trust On.

L. B. Shook, by per.





No. 182. Walking and Talking with Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Last verse by Rev. J. M. MARTIN. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old story of the cross and Cal-va-ry, With what joy my heart runs
2. O to walk and talk with Jesus, what a rap-ture in the tho't! O to be like His Dis-
3. I can walk and talk with Jesus, tho' I can-not see His face; I can feel the Lord who
4. When I reach the gate of heaven I shall meet His smiling face, Then I'll walk and talk with

o-ver, as I think He died for me; And my soul is fill'd with longing as I
ci-ples, by the world's great teacher taught! And my heart o'erflows with gladness, as the
loves me, near in ev-'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up-on me; "Fol-low
Je-sus, Of His good-ness, love, and grace; As I range the fields of glo-ry, With the

read that long a-go Persons walk'd and talk'd with Jesus as He journey'd to and fro.
sto-ry I re-peat, Let me walk and talk with Je-sus, let me learn at Je-sus' feet.
Me," I hear Him say; Soul be glad; with those who love Him, Jesus walks and talks to-day.
saints who've gone before, I shall walk and talk with Jesus, And be with Him ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

O to walk and talk with Je-sus! 'T is a bless-ed tho't to me;
This my dai-ly pray'r, my Sav-iour, Let me walk and talk with Thee.

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No. 183. There's a Great Day Coming.

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

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

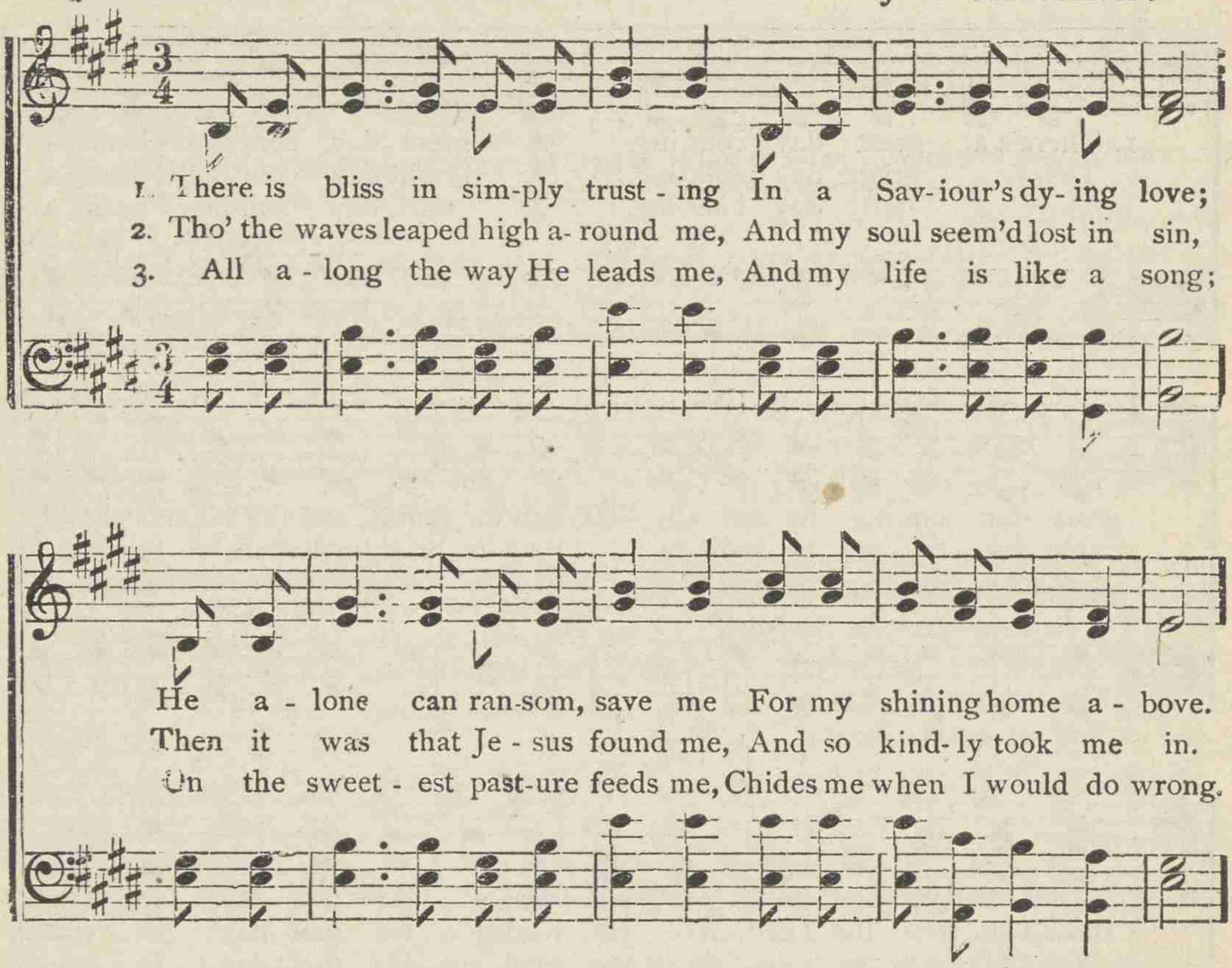
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judgment day?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the Judgment day?

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No. 184. Bliss in Trusting.

J. McP. JOHN MCPHERSON.



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No. 185. That Beautiful Dream.

W. E. P. *In memory of my Father and Mother.* W. E. PENN.

Very slow and soft.

1. 'T was night, and all a - round was still, I lay up - on my bed, I
2. The sweet-est voice fell on mine ear, It thrill'd my in - most soul: "A -
3. I dream'd I saw the Jas - per walls, And streets of pur-est gold; And

dream'd death's por- tals I had pass'd And was a - mong the dead; I
rise, my love, and come a - way Un - to thy prom-ised goal." I
all the Saints of God were there, Those beau-ties to be - hold. I

heard the trump of God re-sound, The dead in Christ to raise, I
looked — I saw — I can - not tell, There 's noth-ing will com - pare; I
heard the wel-come plaud - it giv'n: "Come, all ye bless - ed, come; Re -

saw the Saints pre-pared to shout Our blest Re-deem - er's praise.
saw my Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, And loved ones gath-ered there.
joice, re - joice for - ev - er - more, In this thy heav'n-ly home."

CHORUS.

O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream,
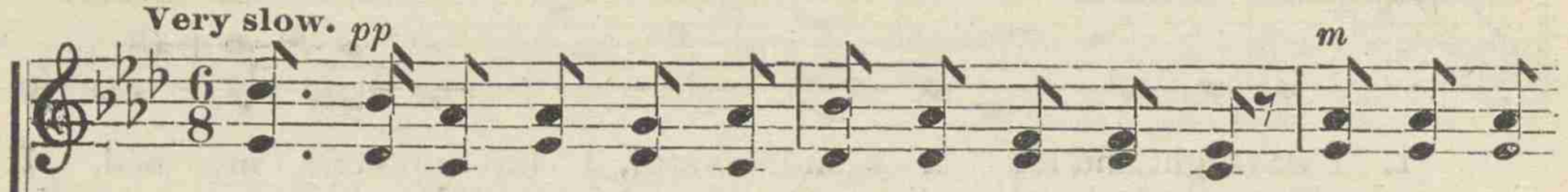
O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti-ful dream! Dear Lord, shall it be all my

loved ones I 'll see As they were in that beau - ti - ful dream?

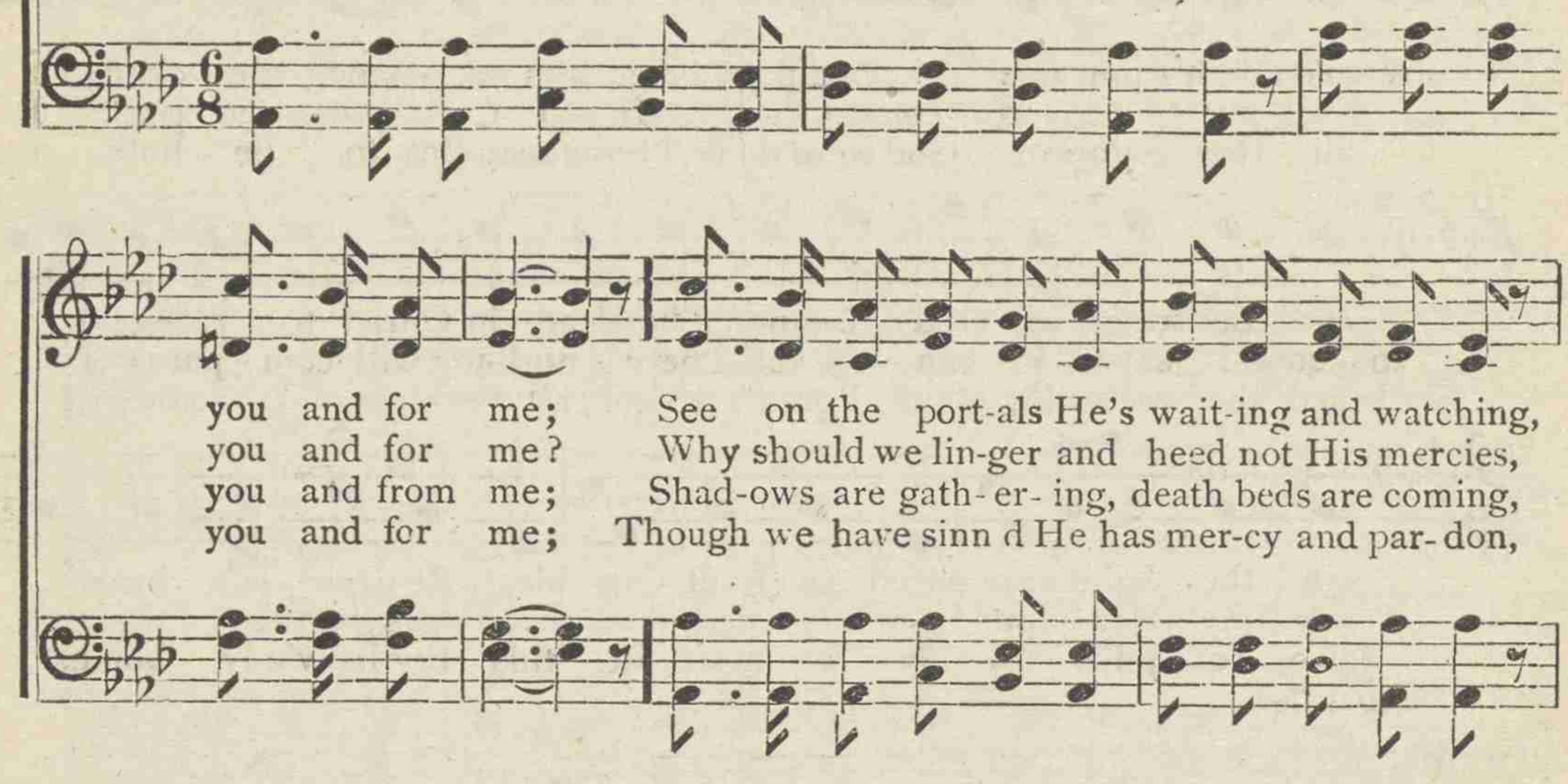
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No. 186. Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

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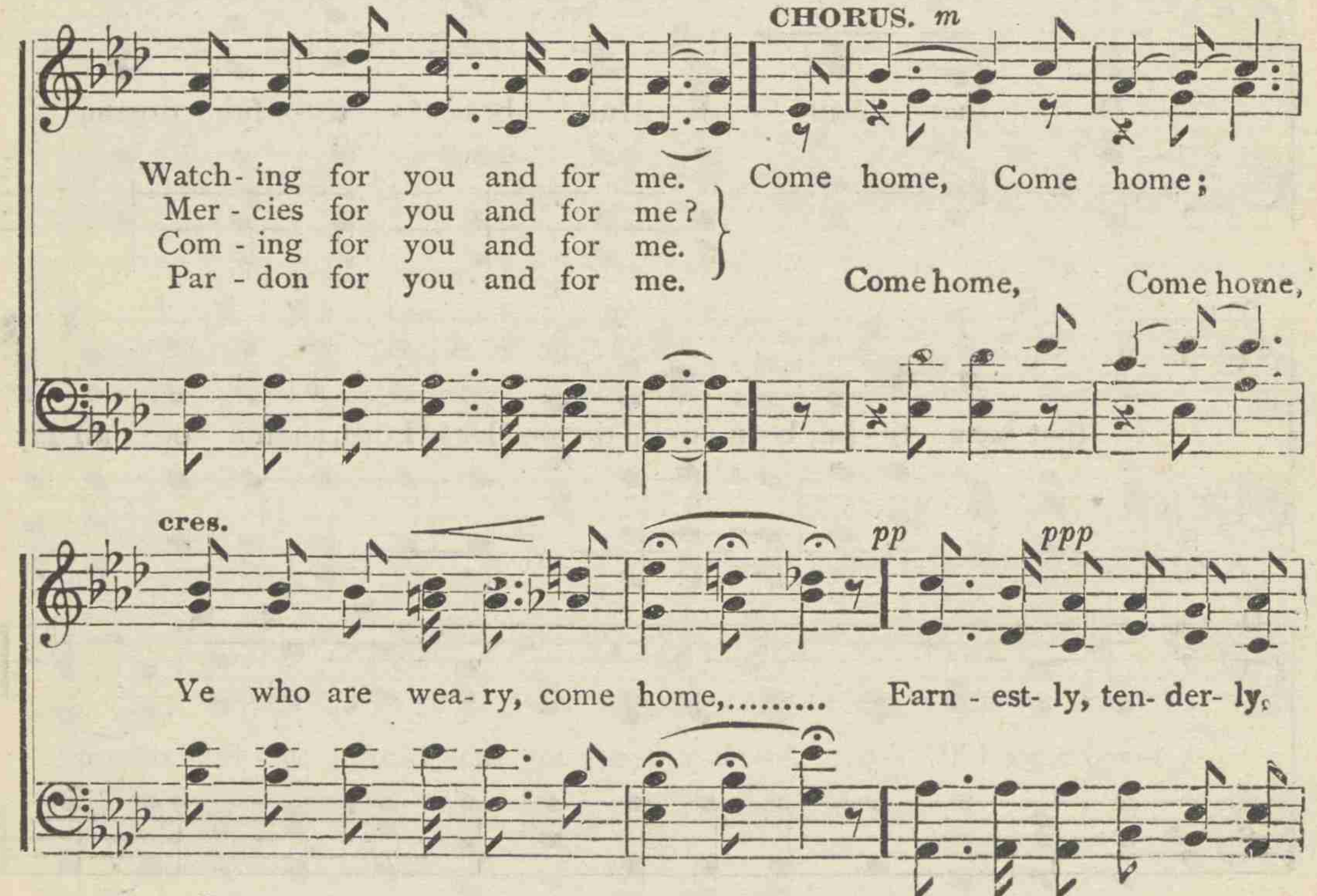


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for you and for me; See on the port-als He's wait-ing and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time is now fleet- ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad-ows are gath- er- ing, death beds are coming,
4. Oh, for the won- der - ful love He has prom-is'd, Prom- is'd for you and for me; Though we have sinn d He has mer-cy and par- don,



CHORUS. m
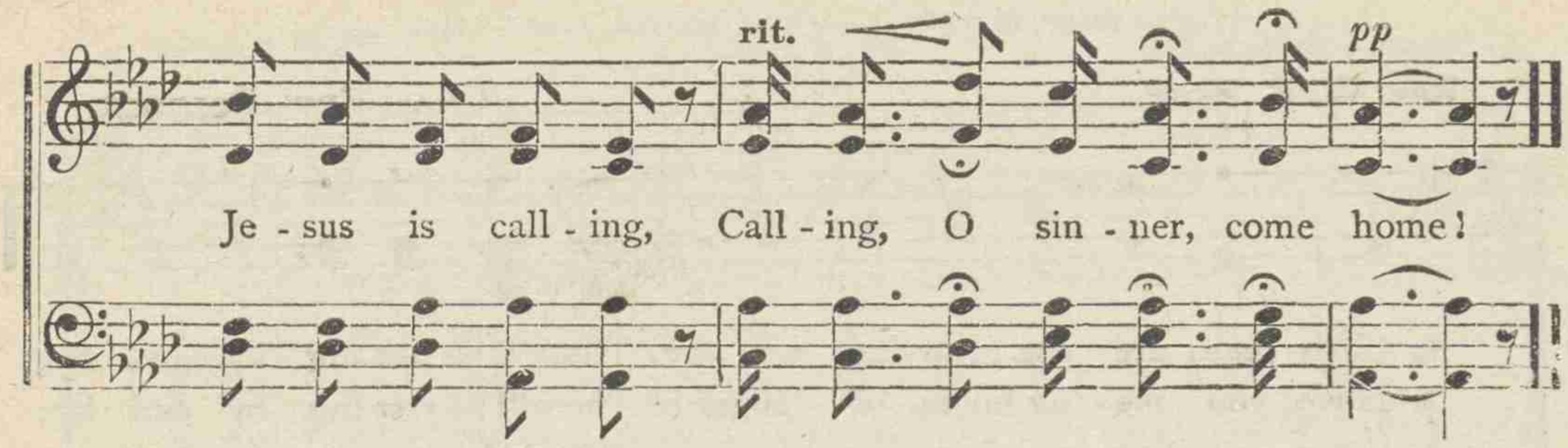
Watch- ing for you and for me. Come home, Come home;
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, Come home,
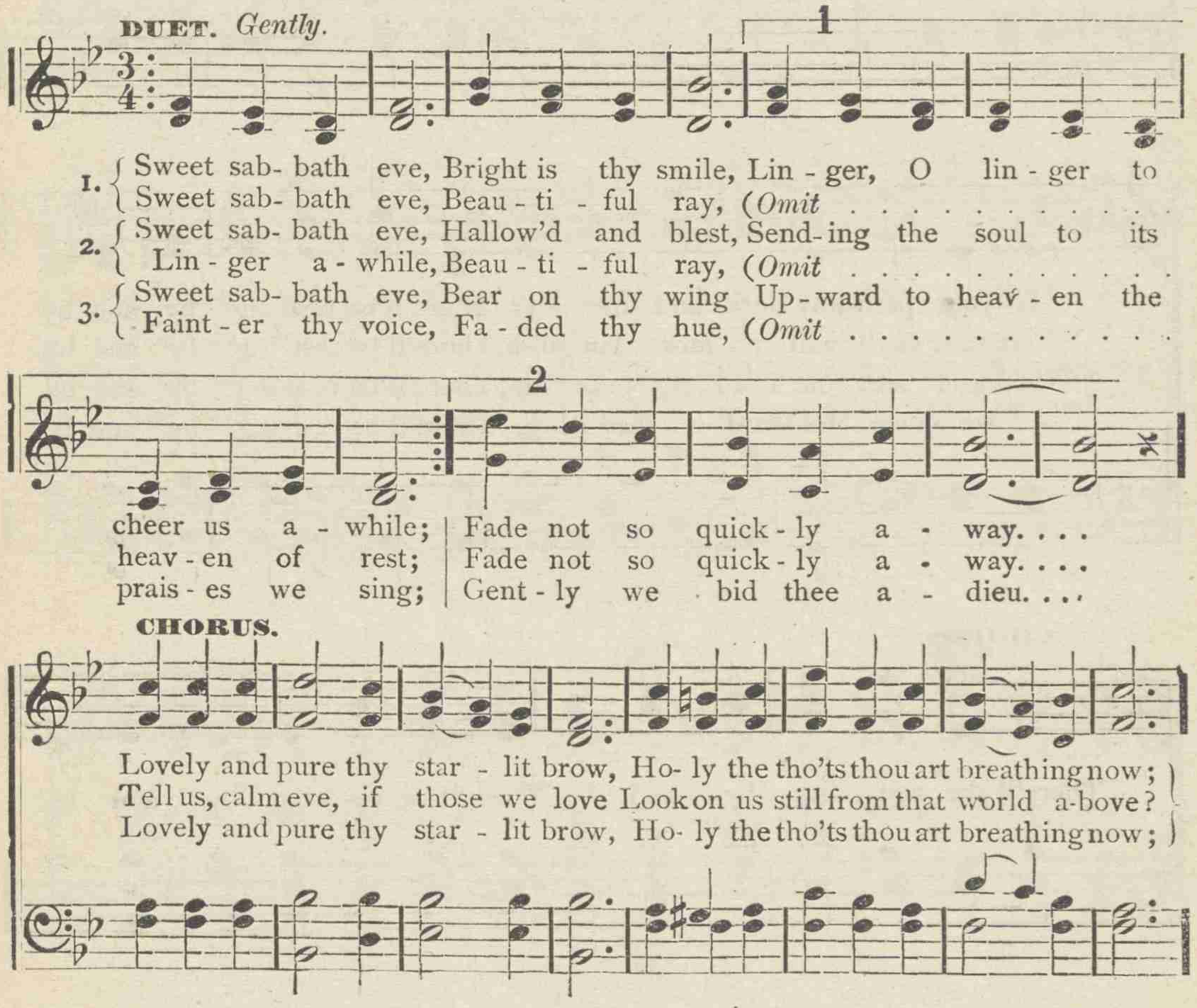


Ye who are wea- ry, come home,..... Earn - est- ly, ten- der- ly,

By permission of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Softly and Tenderly, Etc. Concluded.



No. 187. Sweet Sabbath Eve. F. A. E.



Copyright, 1887, by W. E. Penn.

No. 188. Resting By and By.
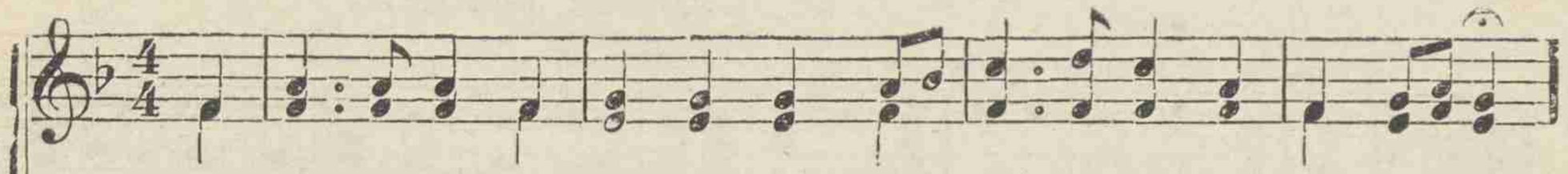
"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 11.

Rev. W. E. PENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

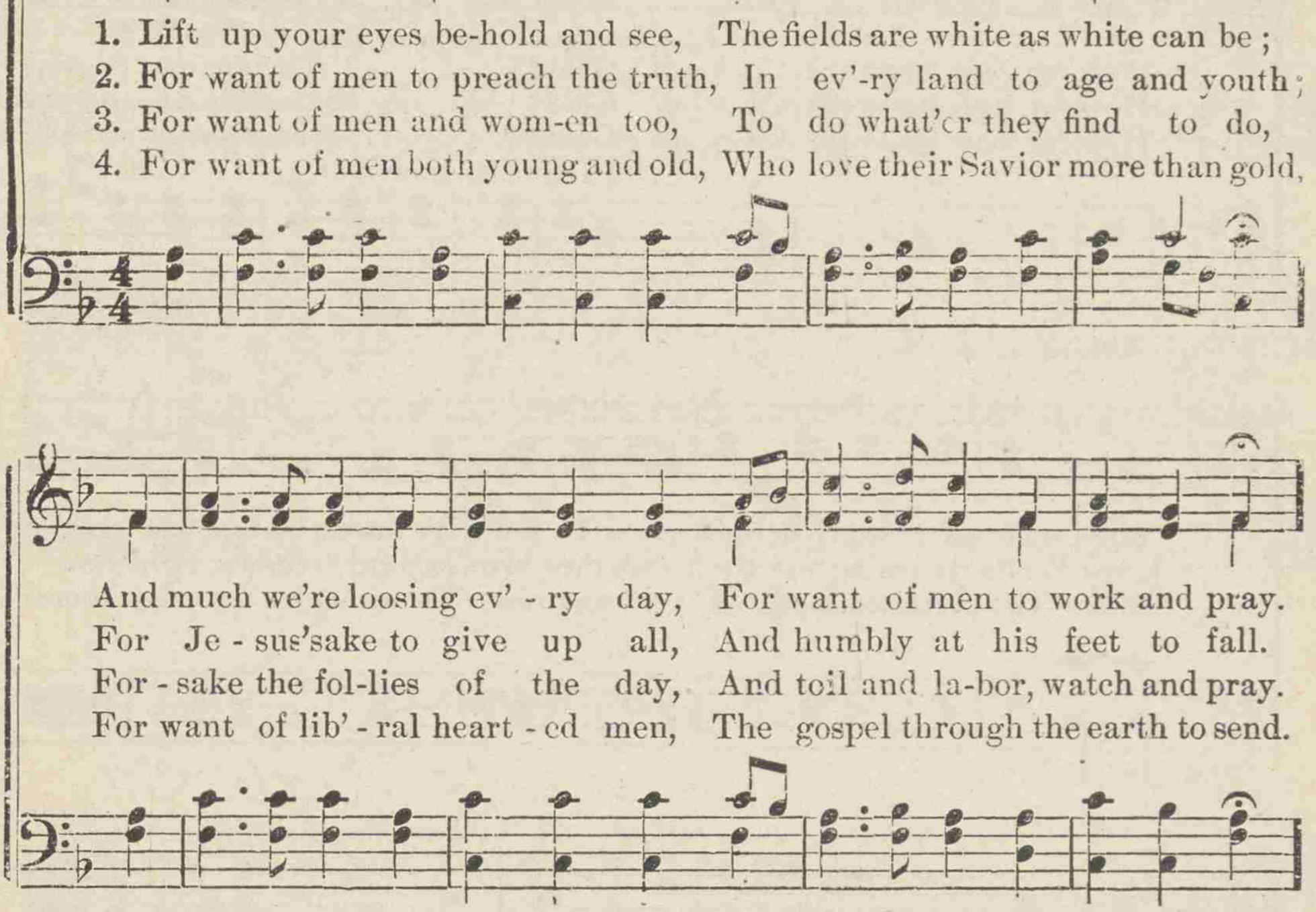
Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN.

No. 189. The Harvest is White.

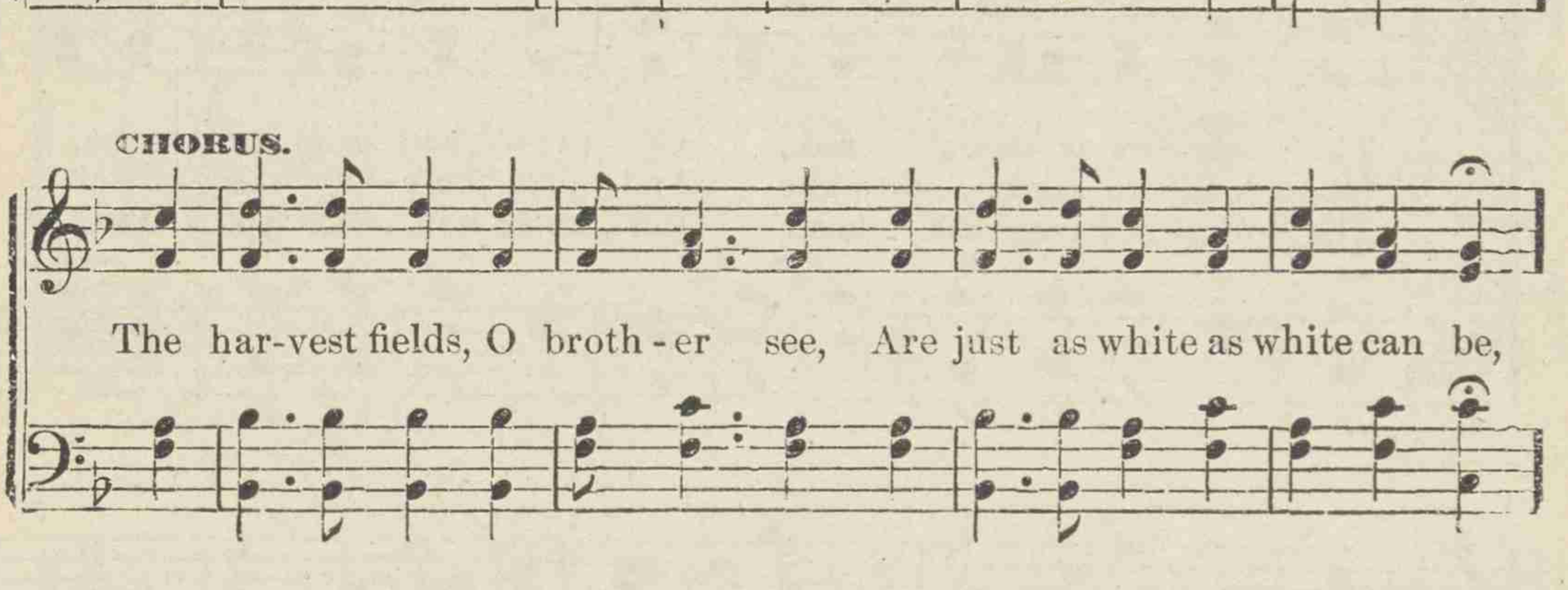
W. E. PENN. John 4: 35. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Lift up your eyes be-hold and see, The fields are white as white can be;
2. For want of men to preach the truth, In ev'-ry land to age and youth;
3. For want of men and wom-en too, To do what'er they find to do,
4. For want of men both young and old, Who love their Savior more than gold,

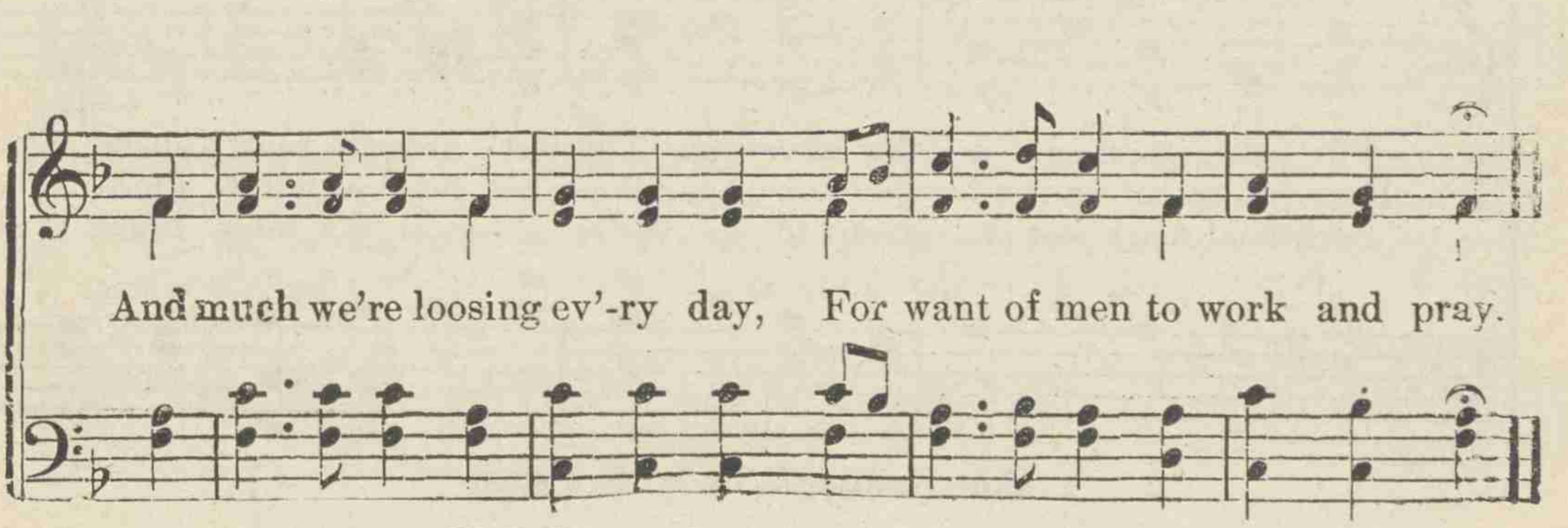


And much we're loosing ev' - ry day, For want of men to work and pray.
For Je - sus'sake to give up all, And humbly at his feet to fall.
For - sake the fol-lies of the day, And toil and la-bor, watch and pray.
For want of lib' - ral heart - ed men, The gospel through the earth to send.

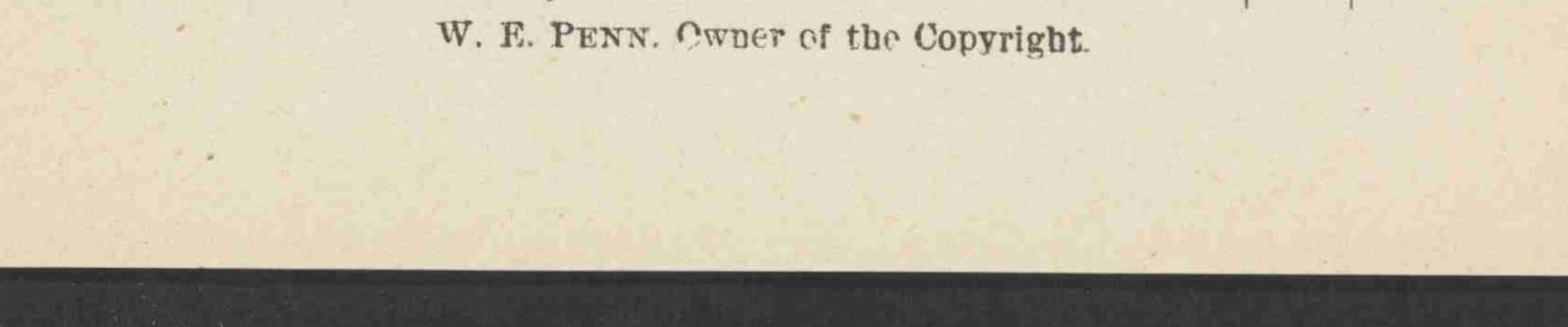


CHORUS.

The har-vest fields, O broth - er see, Are just as white as white can be,



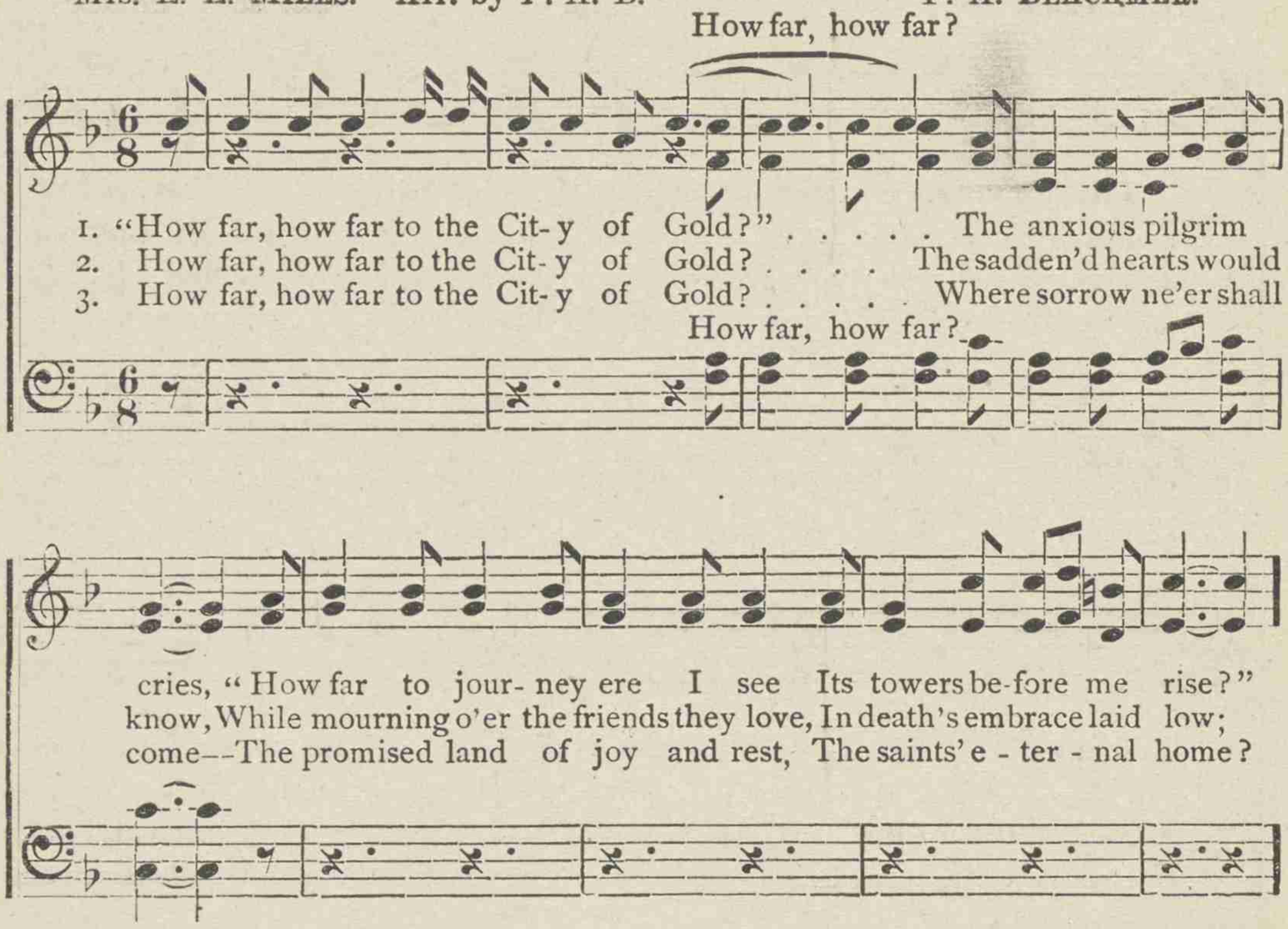
And much we're loosing ev'-ry day, For want of men to work and pray.

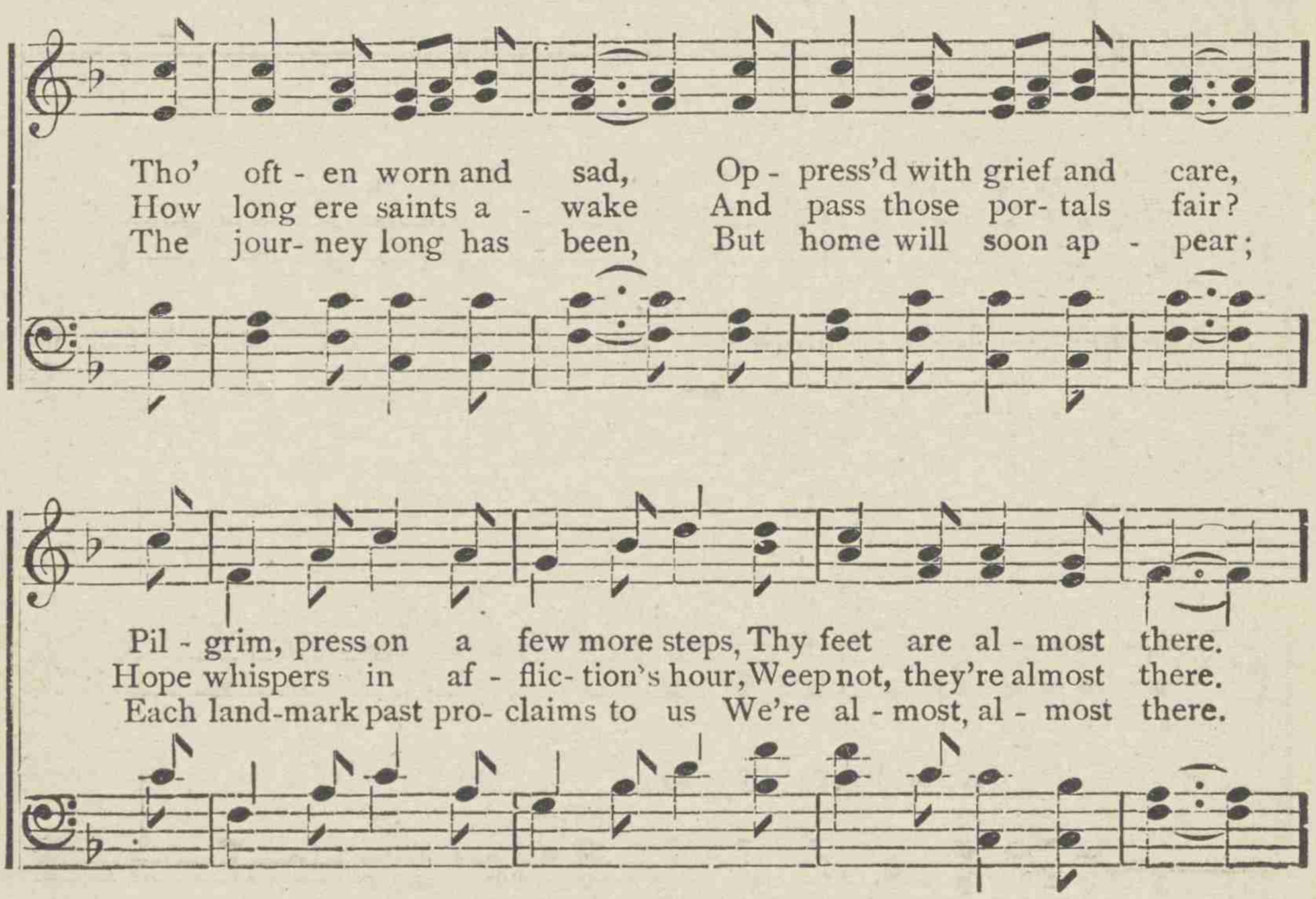


W. E. PENN. Owner of the Copyright.

No. 190. How Far to the City of Gold?

Mrs. E. E. Miles. Arr. by F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

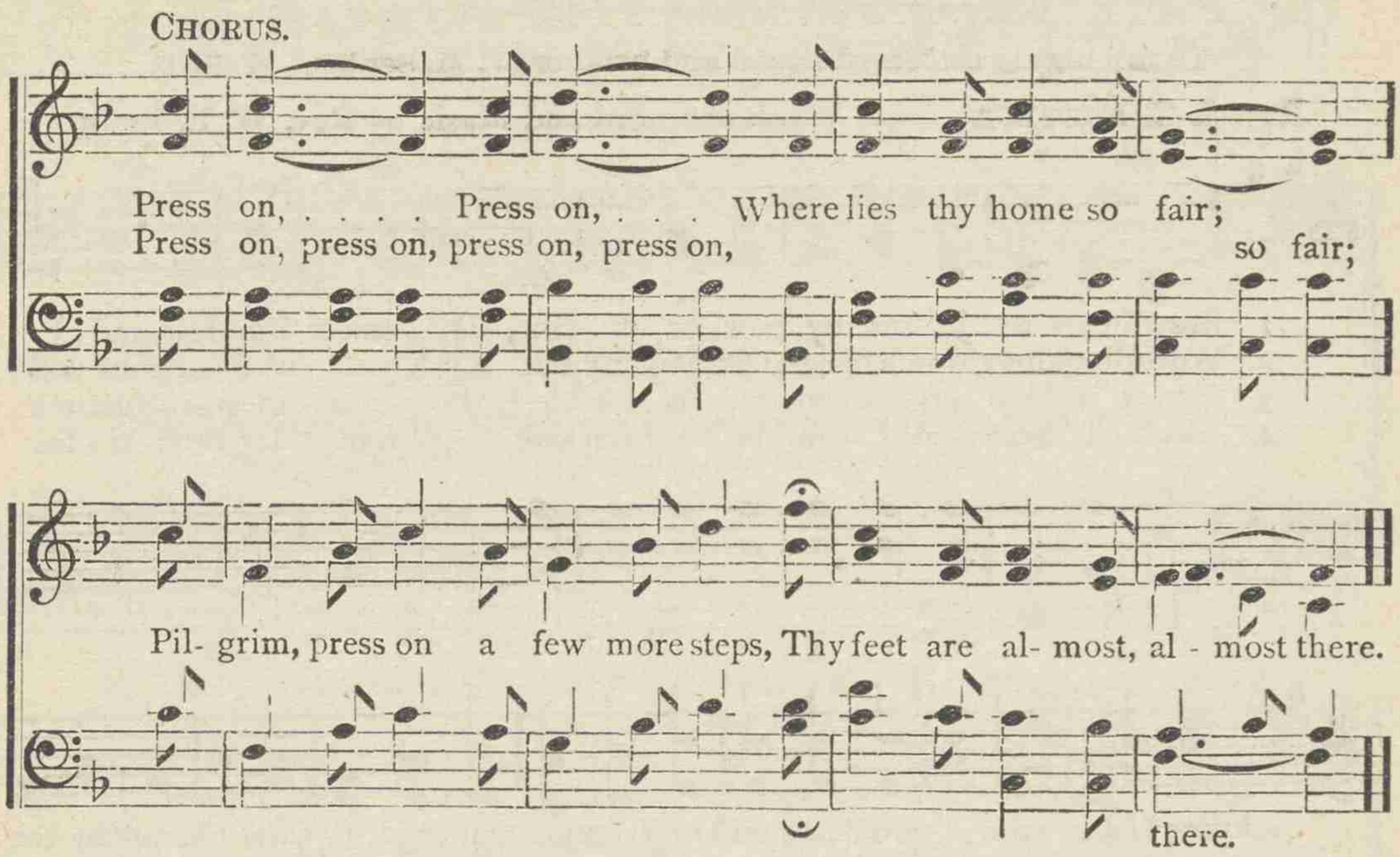




Copyright, 1892, by W. E. Penn.

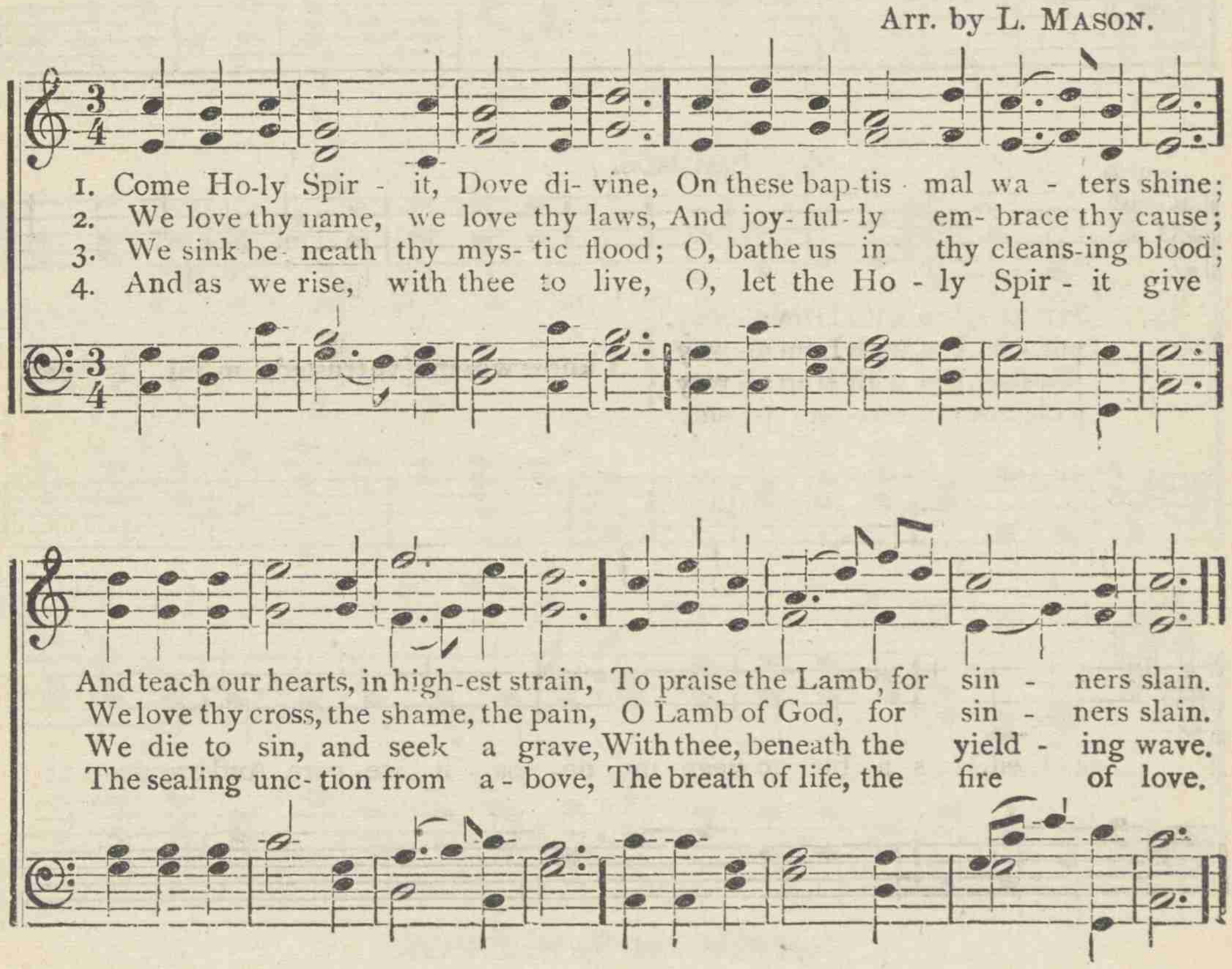
How Far to the City of Gold? Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 191. Mendon. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.
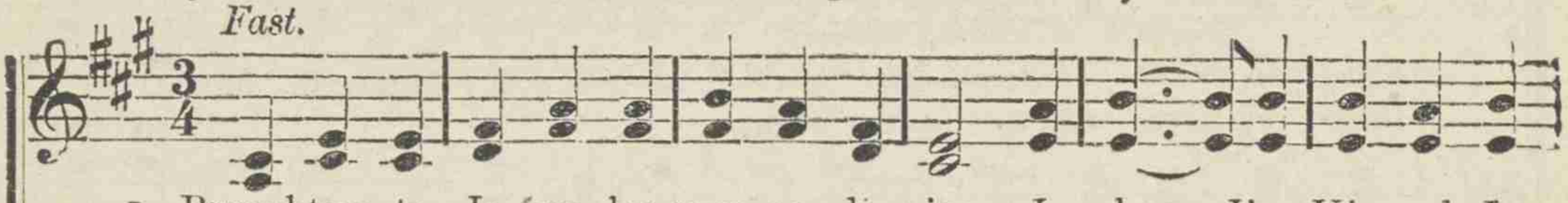


No. 192. "Kept."

"Who are kept by the power of God."—1st. Pet. 1: 5.

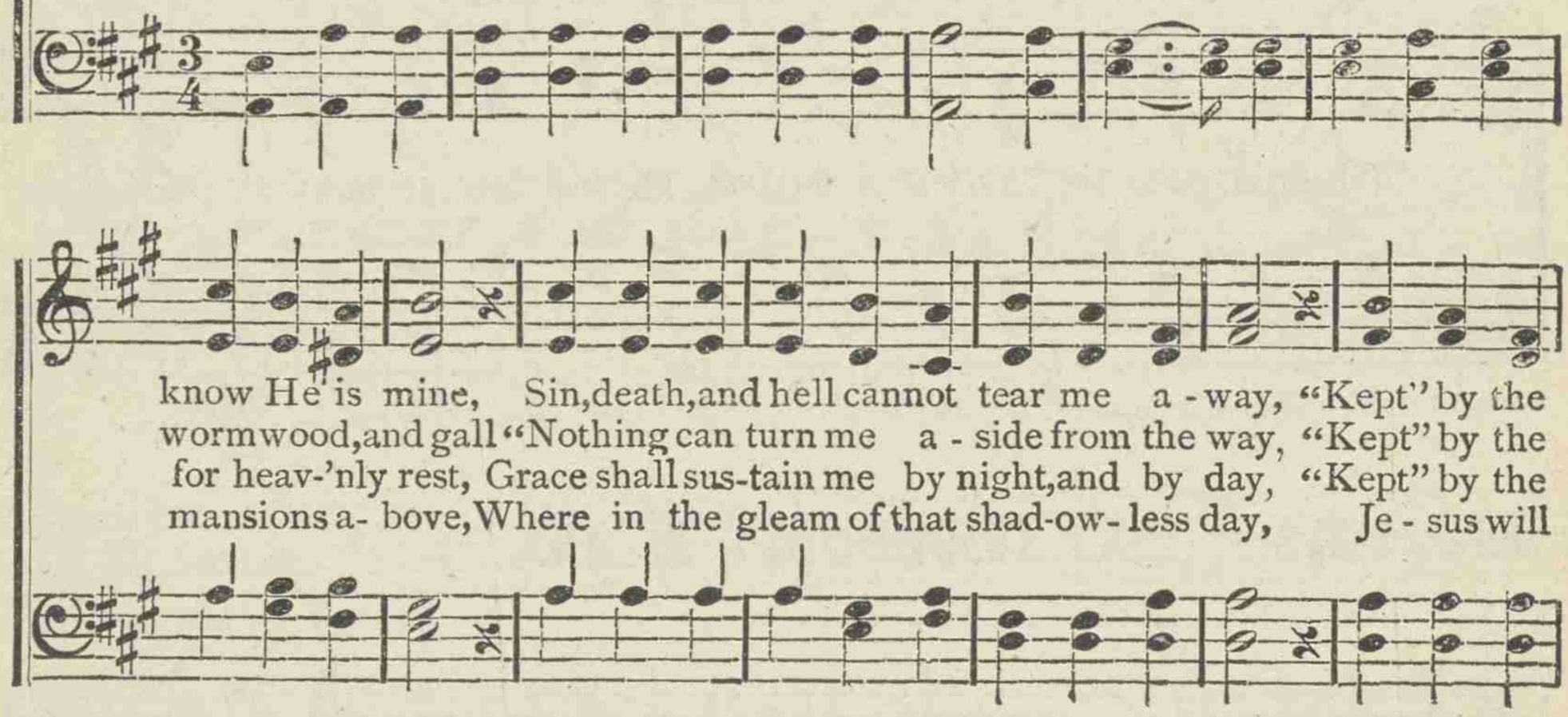
To my highly esteemed friend and brother W. M. Senter. W. E. P.

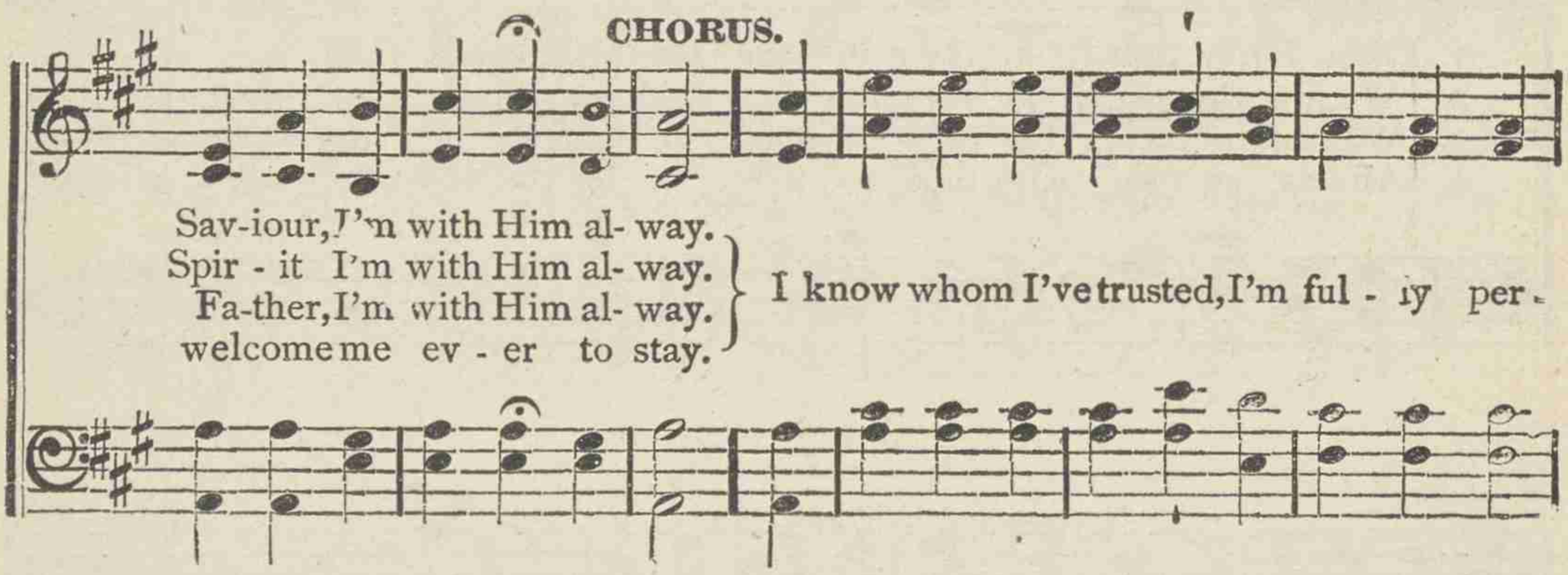
Rev. J. C. MIDYETT. Words arranged and Music by Rev. W. E. PENN.

Fast.



1. Brought un-to Je-sus by pow-er di-vine, I know I'm His, and I know He is mine, Sin, death, and hell cannot tear me a-way, "Kept" by the
2. Worldlings may watch me, and wait for my fall, Oh! yes e'en curse me with worm-wood, and gall "Nothing can turn me a-side from the way, "Kept" by the
3. Sweet is His ser-vice e'en tri-als are blest, Be-cause they pre-pare me for heav-'nly rest, Grace shall sus-tain me by night, and by day, "Kept" by the
4. Since I am saved, I can la-bor from love, A-wait-ing beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Where in the gleam of that shad-ow-less day, Je-sus will

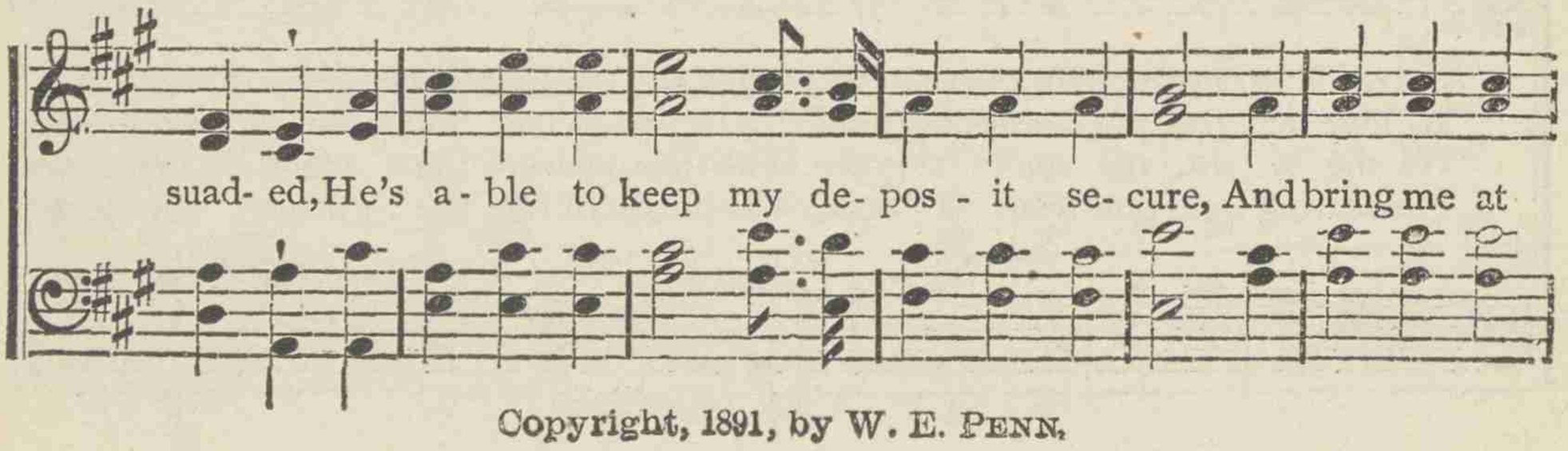




CHORUS.

Sav-iour, I'm with Him al-way.
Spir-it I'm with Him al-way.
Fa-ther, I'm with Him al-way.
welcome me ev-er to stay.

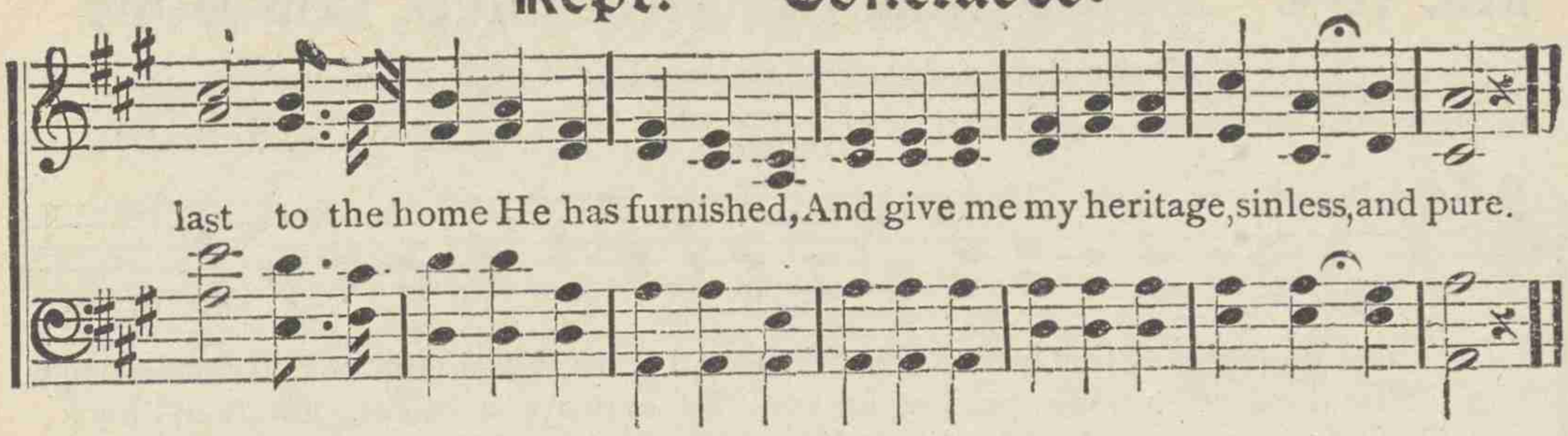
} I know whom I've trusted, I'm ful-ly per-



suad-ed, He's a-ble to keep my de-pos-it se-cure, And bring me at

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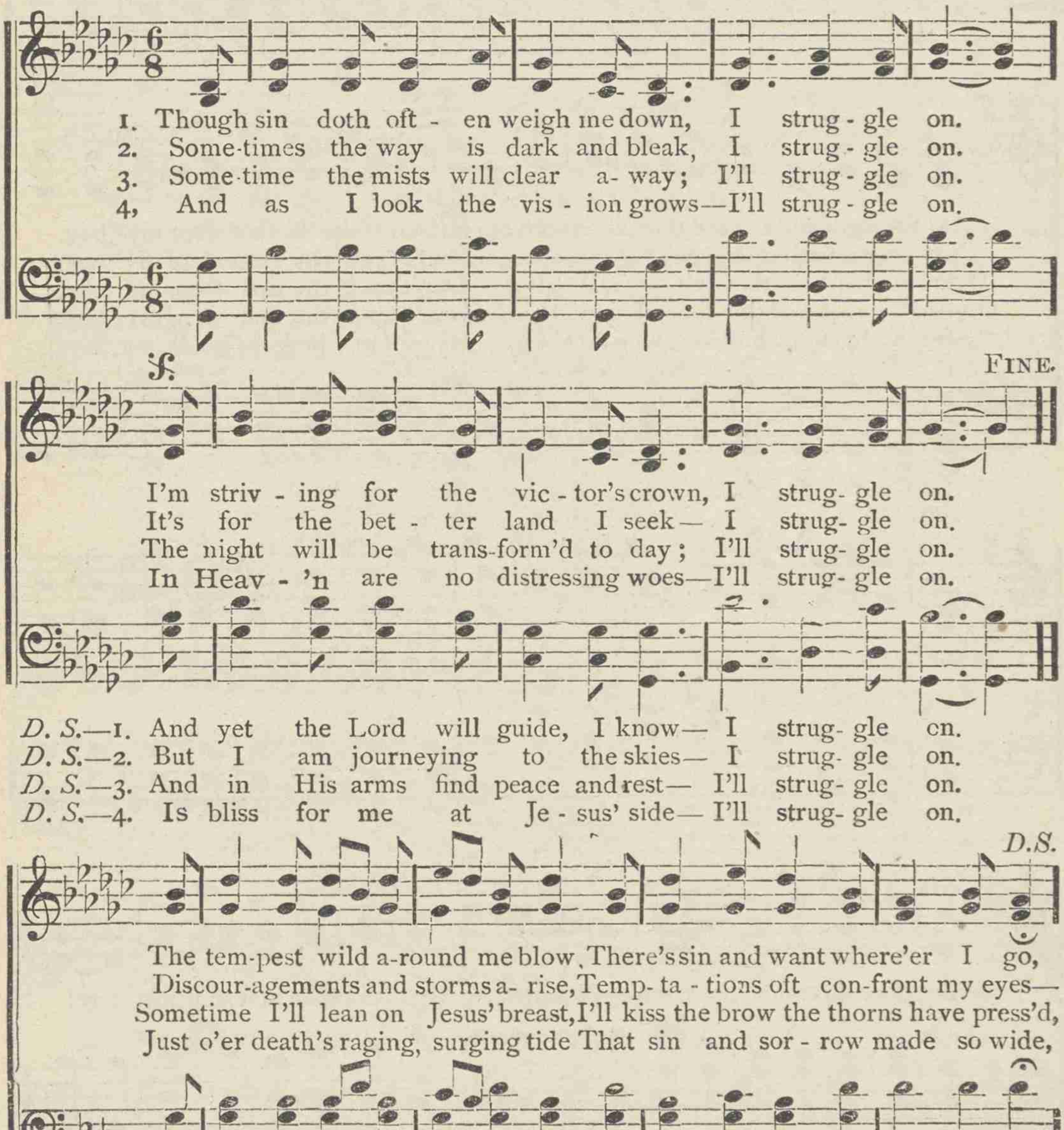
"Kept." Concluded.



No. 193. I'll Struggle On.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—HEB. 4: 9.
To all the faithful laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

Rev. J. B. CRANFILL. Rev. W. E. PENN.



Copyright, 1891, by W. E. PENN.

No. 194. Don't Take the First Step, My Boy!

"He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul."—PROV. 6: 32.

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

1. There's a pathway that leads unto life, And a road which your soul can destroy;
2. To the dear ones now praying for you, Ev- er prove a sweet comfort and joy;
3. O, beware when the fair, jeweled hand, Shall with wine you attempt to de-coy;
4. Seek the kingdom of God, and thus gain Strength to stand when temptations annoy;
5. And true hap-piness here you shall find, Which alone is without earth al - loy;

Do the right and toward that which can harm, Don't take the first step, my boy.
Nev-er grieve them by go- ing a - stray, Don't take the first step, my boy.
Death may lurk in that first so- cial glass, Don't take the first step, my boy.
Toward the realm of the foe of your soul, Don't take the first step, my boy.
And the Saviour shall keep you thro' all, If He be your guide, my boy.

REFRAIN.

Don't take the first step, my boy, Toward that which your soul can de - stroy;
Who takes it is found upon dangerous ground; Don't take the first step, my boy!
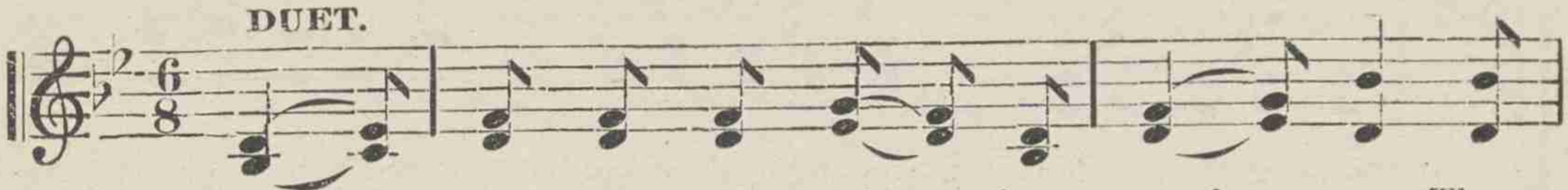
Copyright, 1894, by W. E. PENN.

No. 195. "It is Only a Dream."
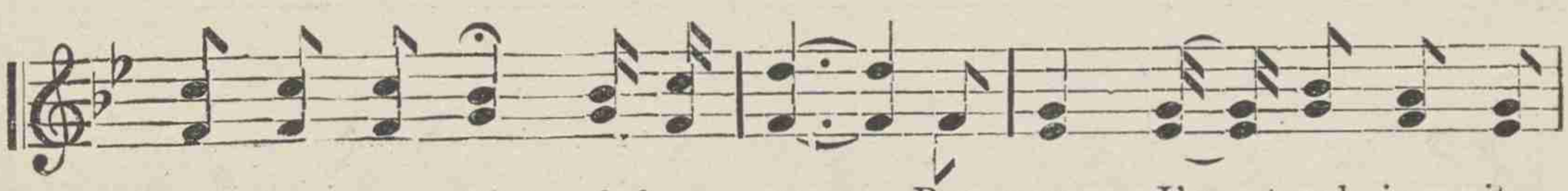
Duet Soprano & Alto.—A young lady far from home and friends with her mother only with her, when dying said—"Mother, it is only a dream," and sent messages of love and cheer to all her loved ones and friends.

W. E. PENN. VERY SLOW AND SOFT. W. E. PENN.
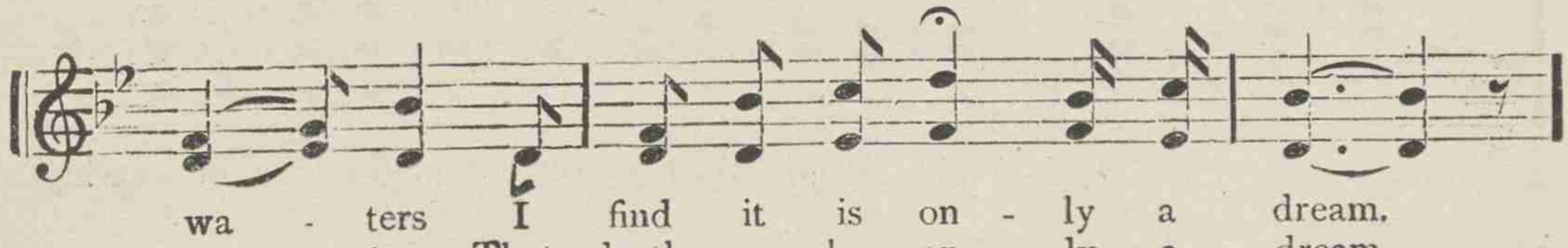
DUET.



1. I've oft - en been told dear moth - er, That
2. I know I'm dy - ing dear moth - er, But
3. Tell, fa - ther, broth - ers and sis - ters; They
4. Tell all my friends and com - pan - ions Je -
5. Come moth - er, quick - ly and kiss me, For

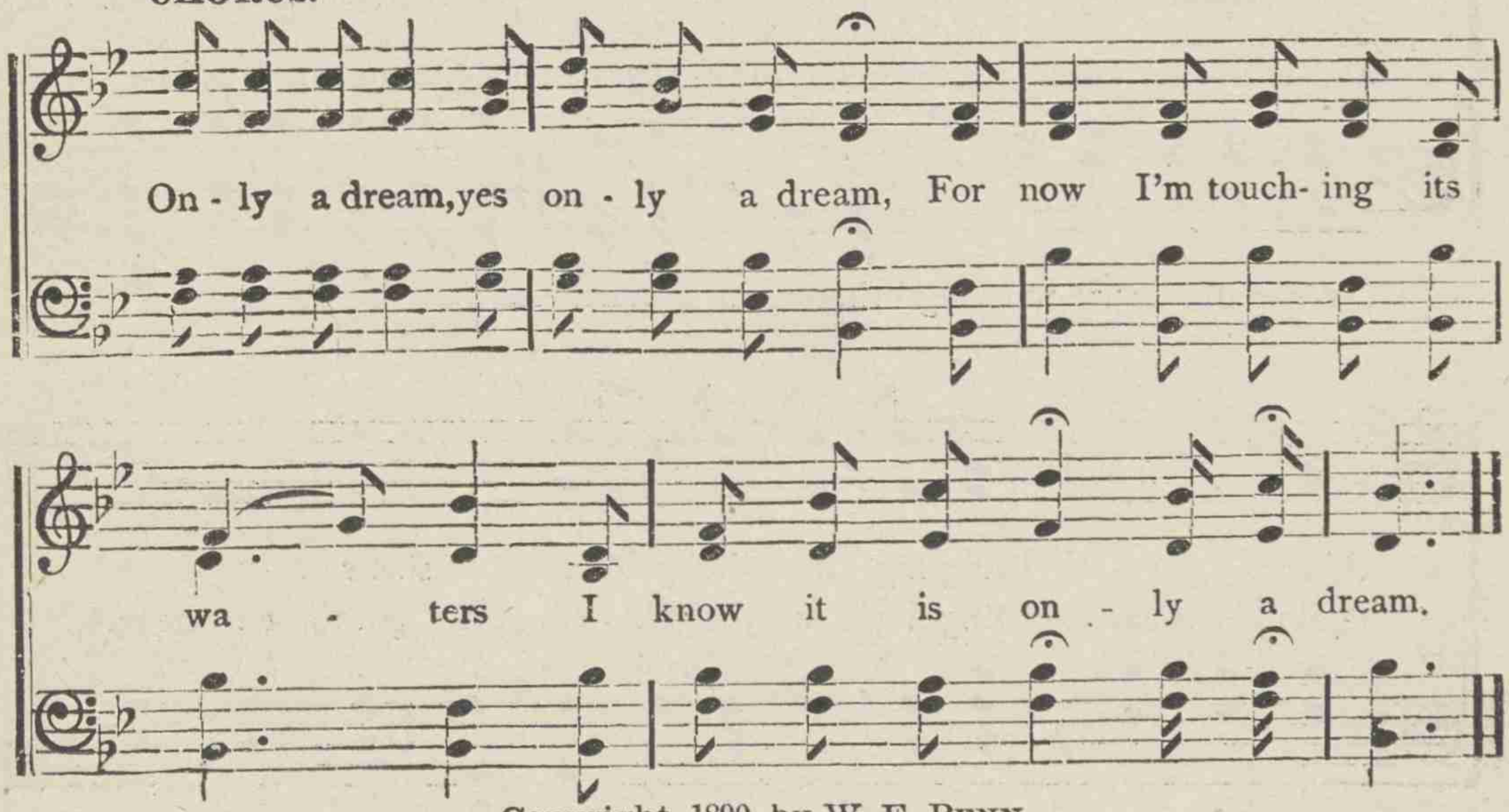


death is a cold sul- len stream But now I'm touch- ing its
O! there's a heav - en - ly gleam, That fills my soul with such
must have no fear of death's stream For Je - sus will be their
- sus died their souls to re - deem And if they'll love Him and
I'll soon be o - ver death's stream Where loved ones are wait-ing to



wa - ters I find it is on - ly a dream.
rap - ture That death can be on - ly a dream.
pi lot, And death will be on - ly a dream.
serve Him, That death will be on - ly a dream.
greet me, Where death is not e - ven a dream.

CHORUS.



On - ly a dream, yes on - ly a dream, For now I'm touch- ing its
wa - ters I know it is on - ly a dream.
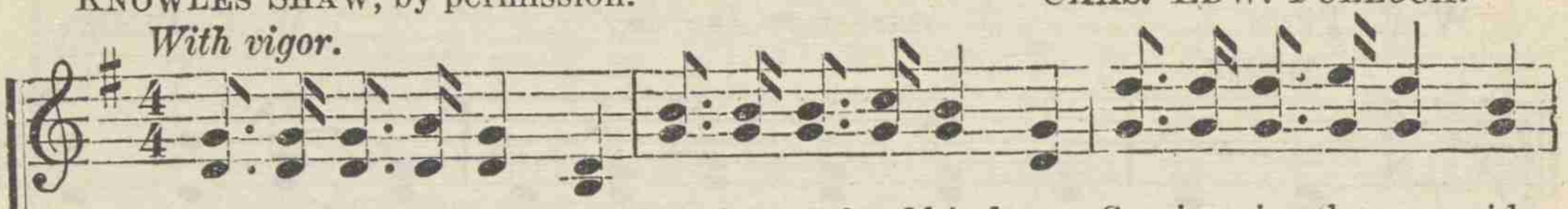
Copyright, 1890, by W. E. PENN.

No. 196. Bringing in the Sheaves.
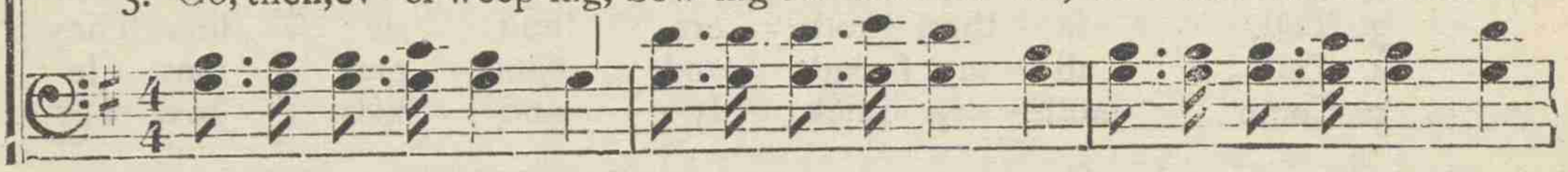
"Bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126: 6.
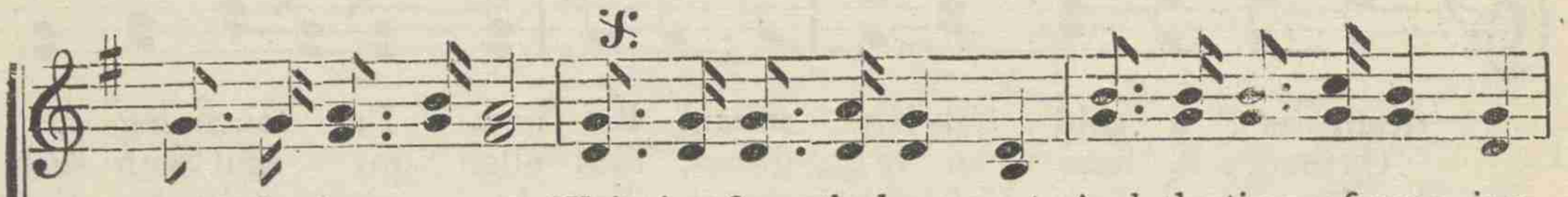
KNOWLES SHAW, by permission. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

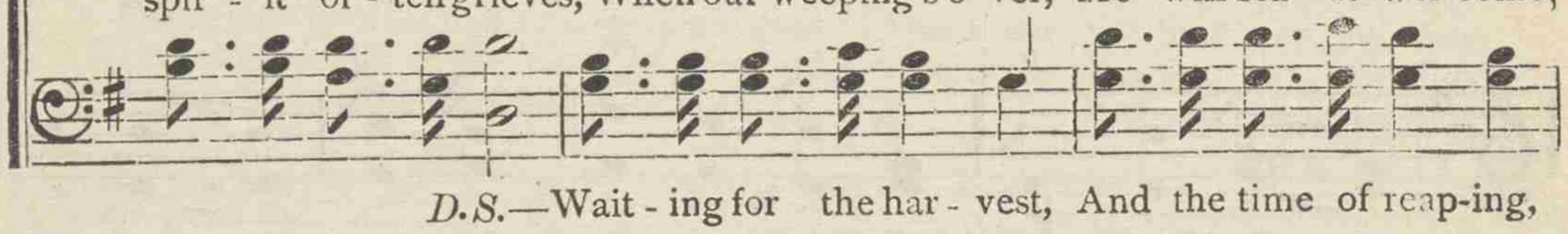


1. Sowing in the morning, Sow-ing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, Sow-ing in the shad-ows; Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, Sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
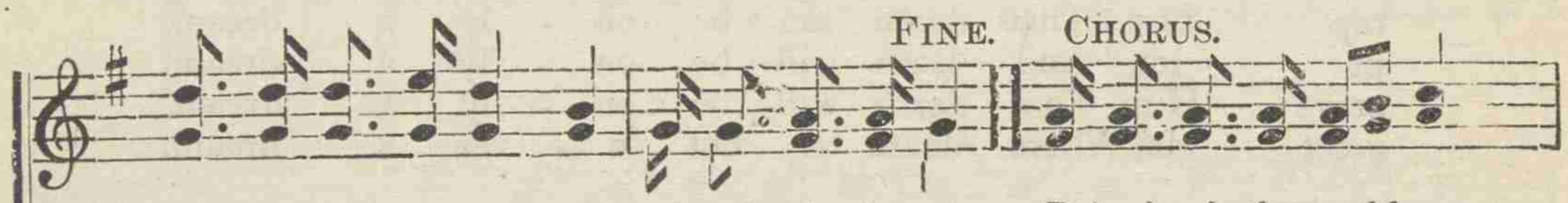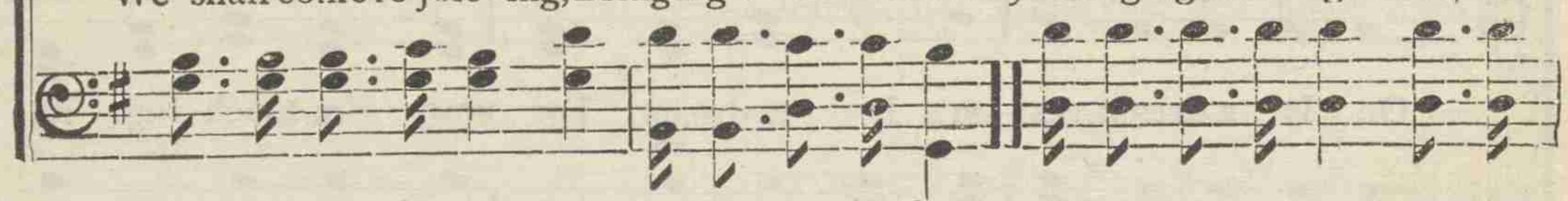




and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, And the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, And the la-bors end-ed,
spir-it of-ten grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come;
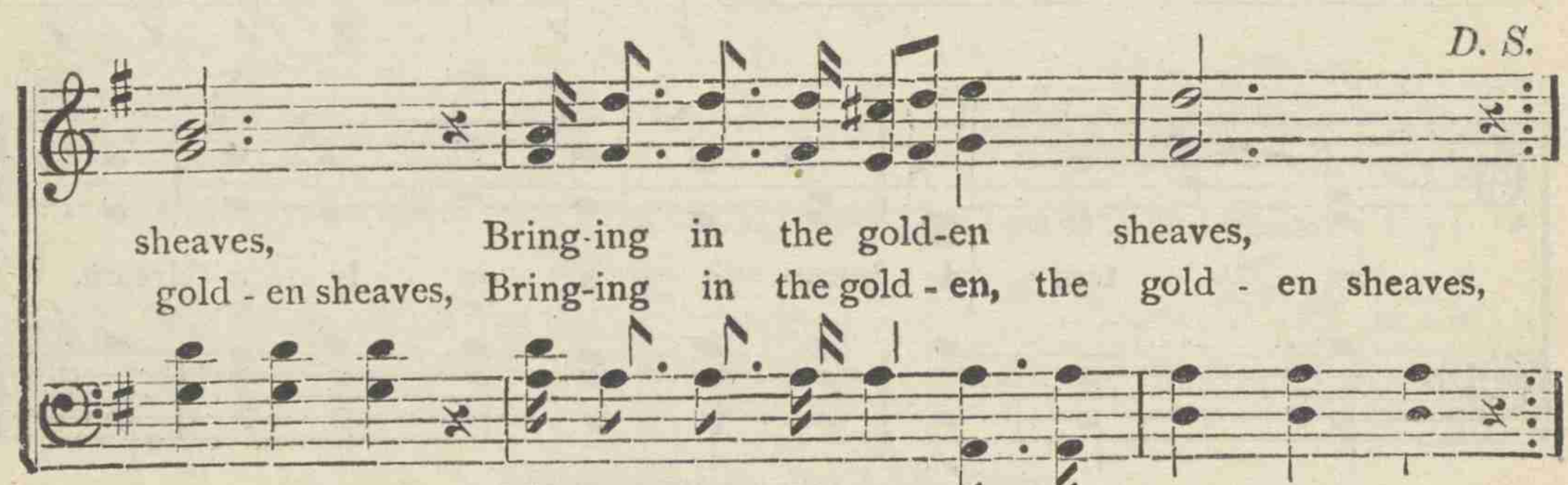


D.S.—Wait-ing for the har-vest, And the time of reap-ing,



We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves. } Bringing in the gold en
We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come re joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves. } Bringing in the gold-en, the



We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.



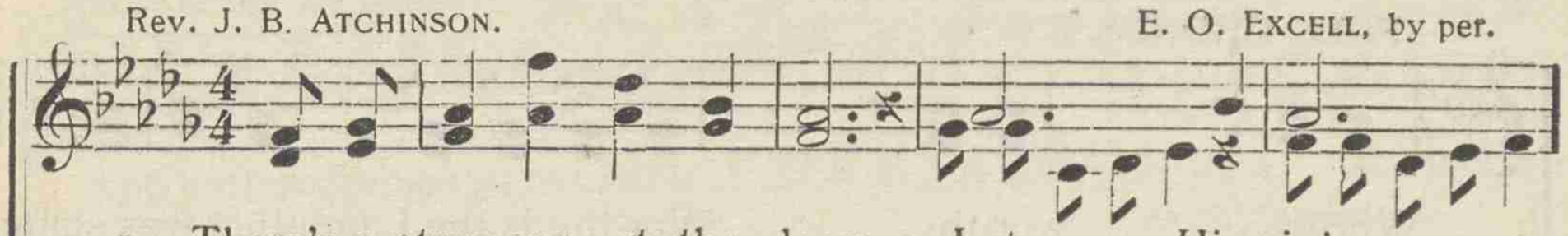
sheaves, Bring-ing in the gold-en sheaves,
gold-en sheaves, Bring-ing in the gold-en, the gold-en sheaves,

Copyright, 1893, by W. E. PENN.
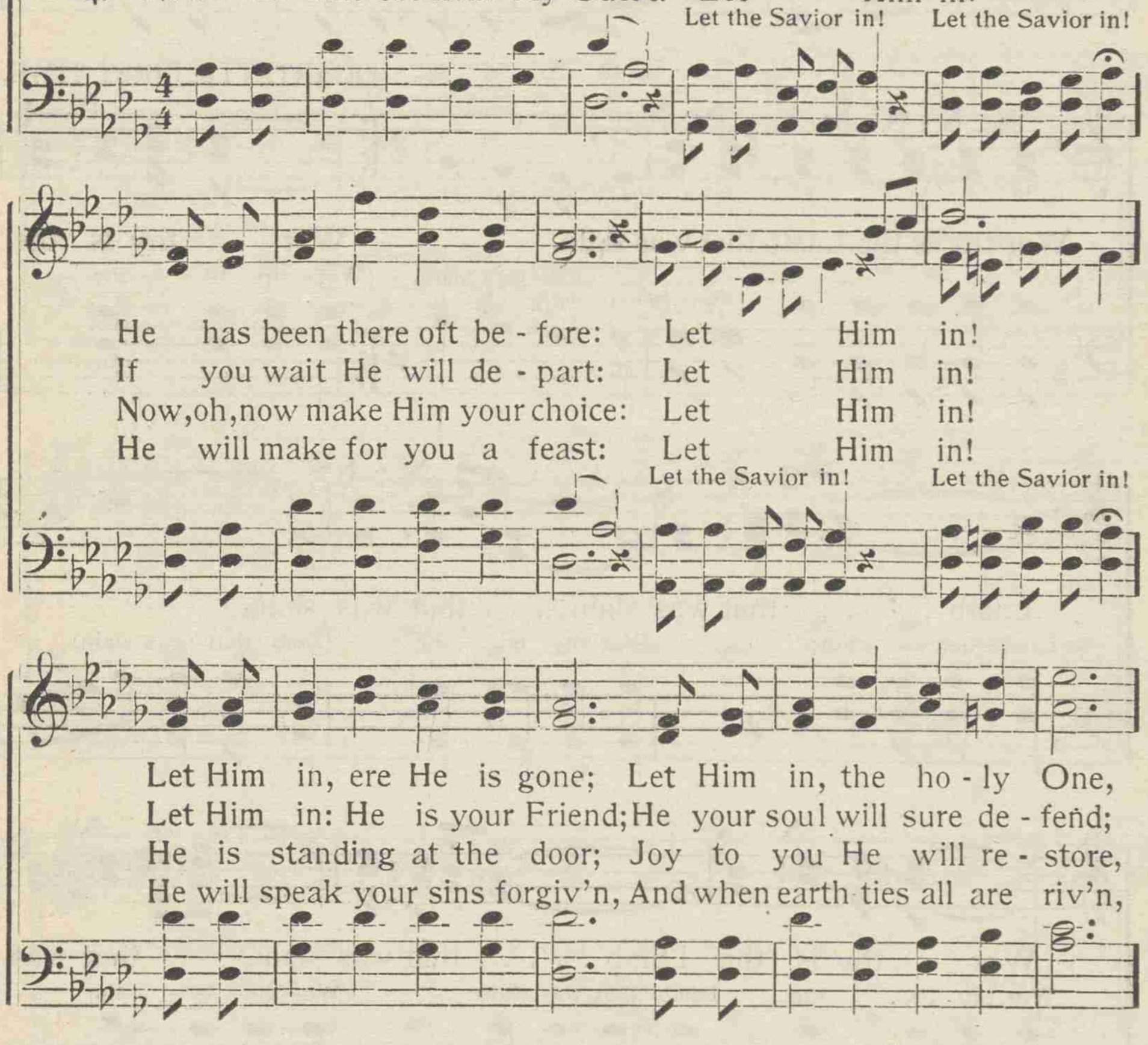
No. 197. Let the Savior In.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3:20.

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

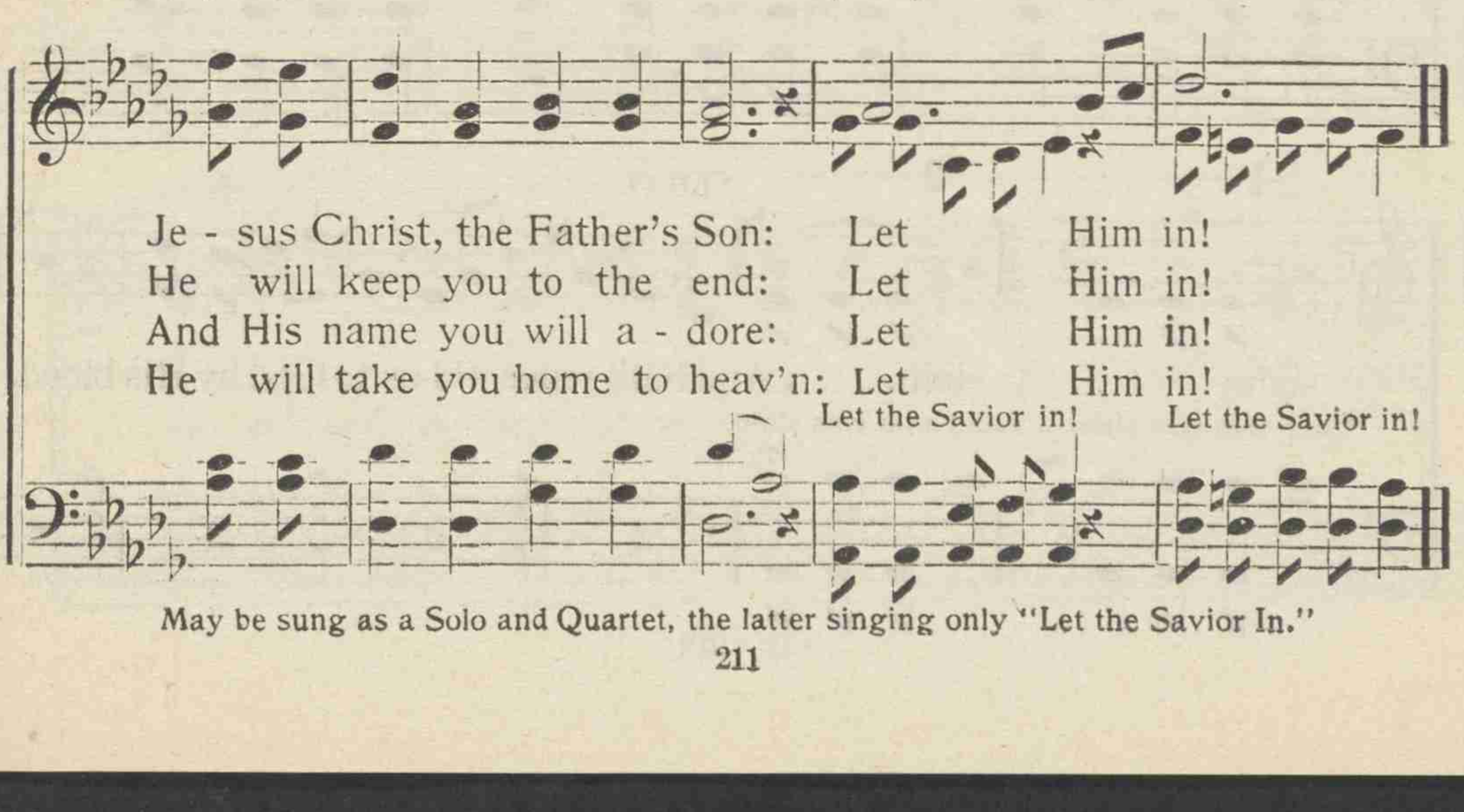


1. There's a stran-ger at the door: Let Him in!
2. O - pen now to Him your heart: Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest: Let Him in!



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 Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the ho - ly One,
Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de - fend;
He is standing 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!

May be sung as a Solo and Quartet, the latter singing only "Let the Savior In."

No. 198. Worthy is the Lamb.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—Rev. 5: 12–13.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

FULL CHORUS.

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

wor - thy, wor - thy,

QUARTETTE FIRST TIME.

Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain. Wor - thy is the

that was slain. Wor - thy is the

Lamb . . . . . that was slain, . . . that was slain;

Lamb that was slain; Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain;

Wor - thy is the Lamb . . . . . that was slain, that was

Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain; Wor-thy is the

1 2 SOLO.

slain; slain. . . . And hath redeem'd us to God by His blood.

Lamb that was slain; Lamb that was slain,

Worthy is the Lamb.—Concluded.

DUET.

And hath redeemed us to God by His blood, And hath re-deemed, And hath re-
And hath redeem'd,

deemed, ... And hath re-deemed us to God by His blood.
and hath re-deemed,

ff Faster.

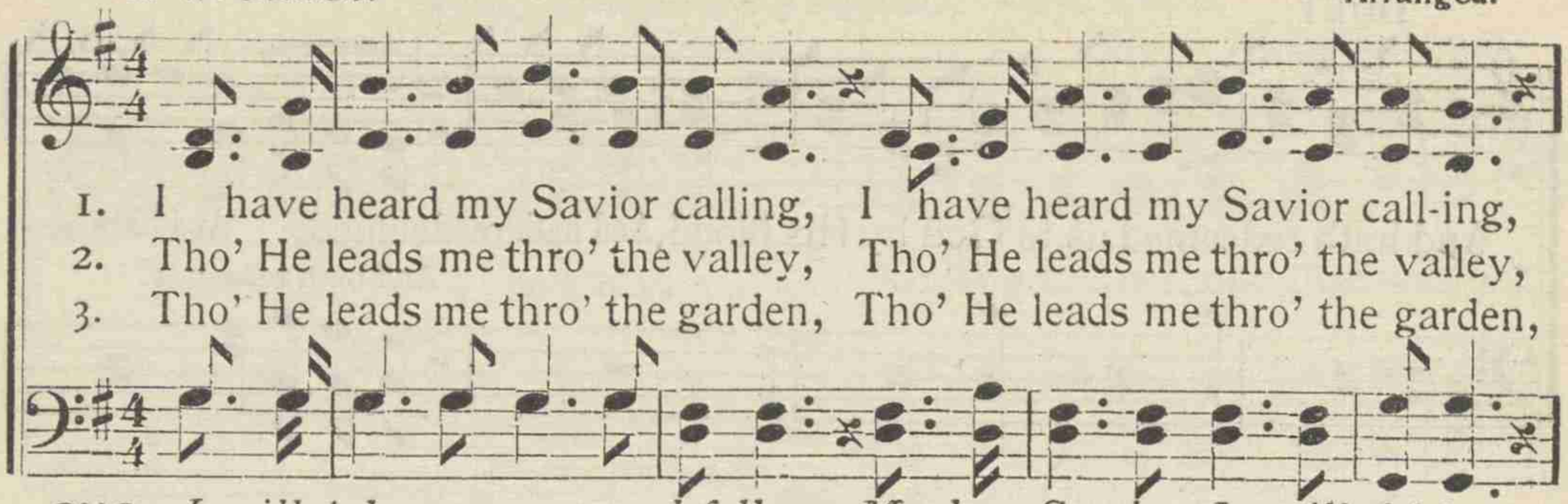
{ Bless-ing and hon - or, glo - ry and pow - er be
{ Bless-ing and hon - or, glo - ry and pow - er be

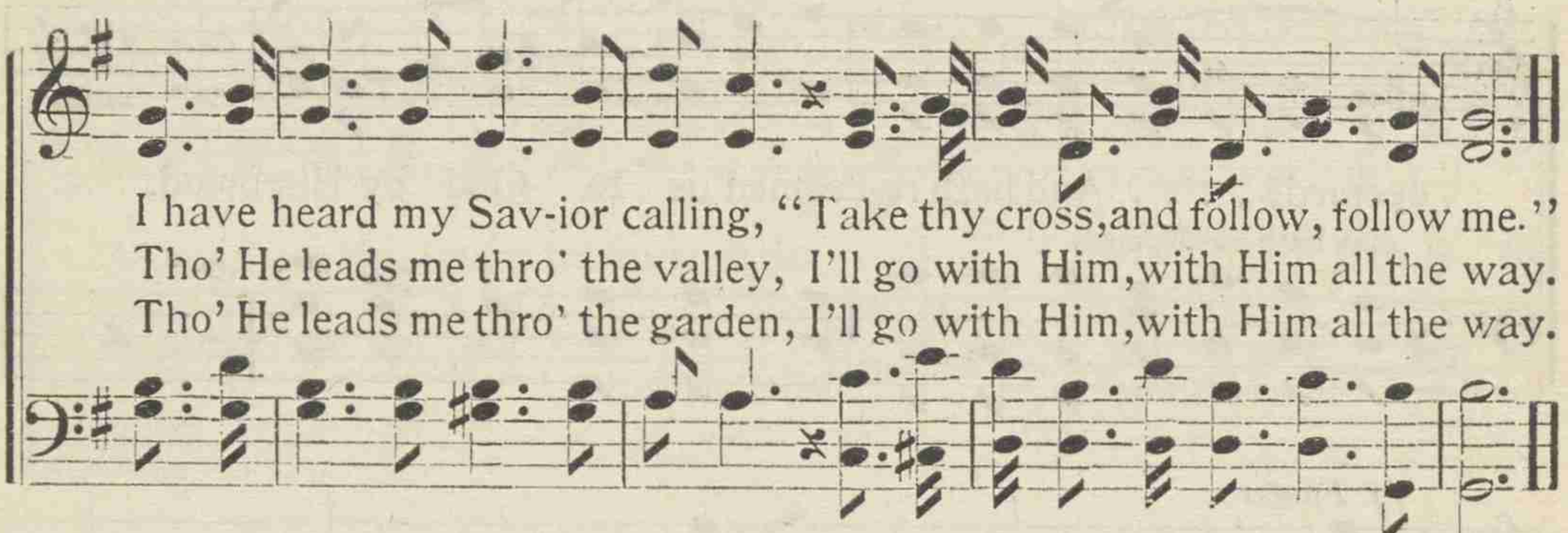
un - to the Lamb for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er,
un - to the Lamb for - ev - er and ev - er, for - (*Omit*)

ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, A - men, A - men.
ev - er, and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er, A - men, A - men

No. 199. Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY. Arranged.



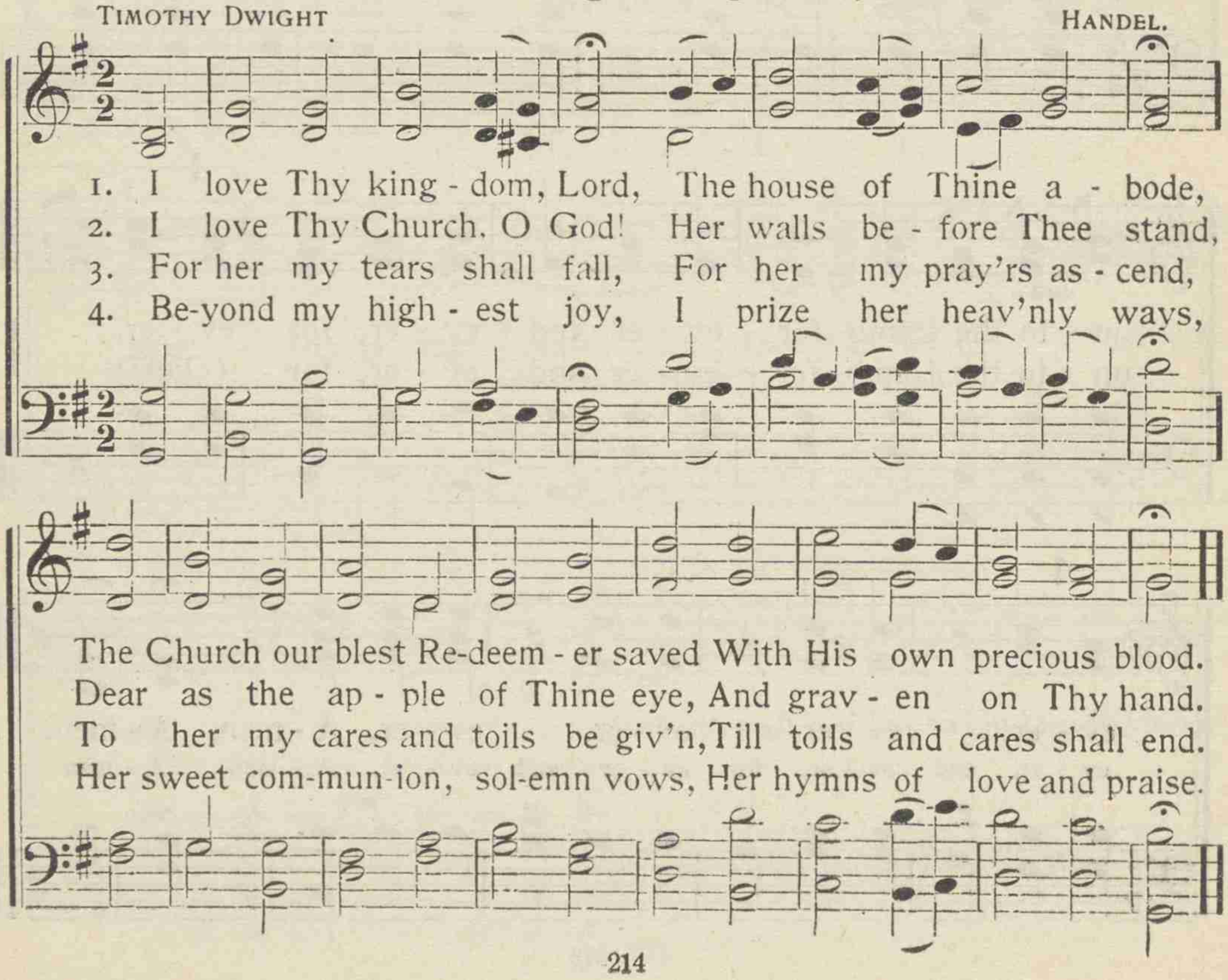


4 He will give me grace and glory,
He will keep me,keep me all the way.

5 Oh! 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him,with Him all the way.

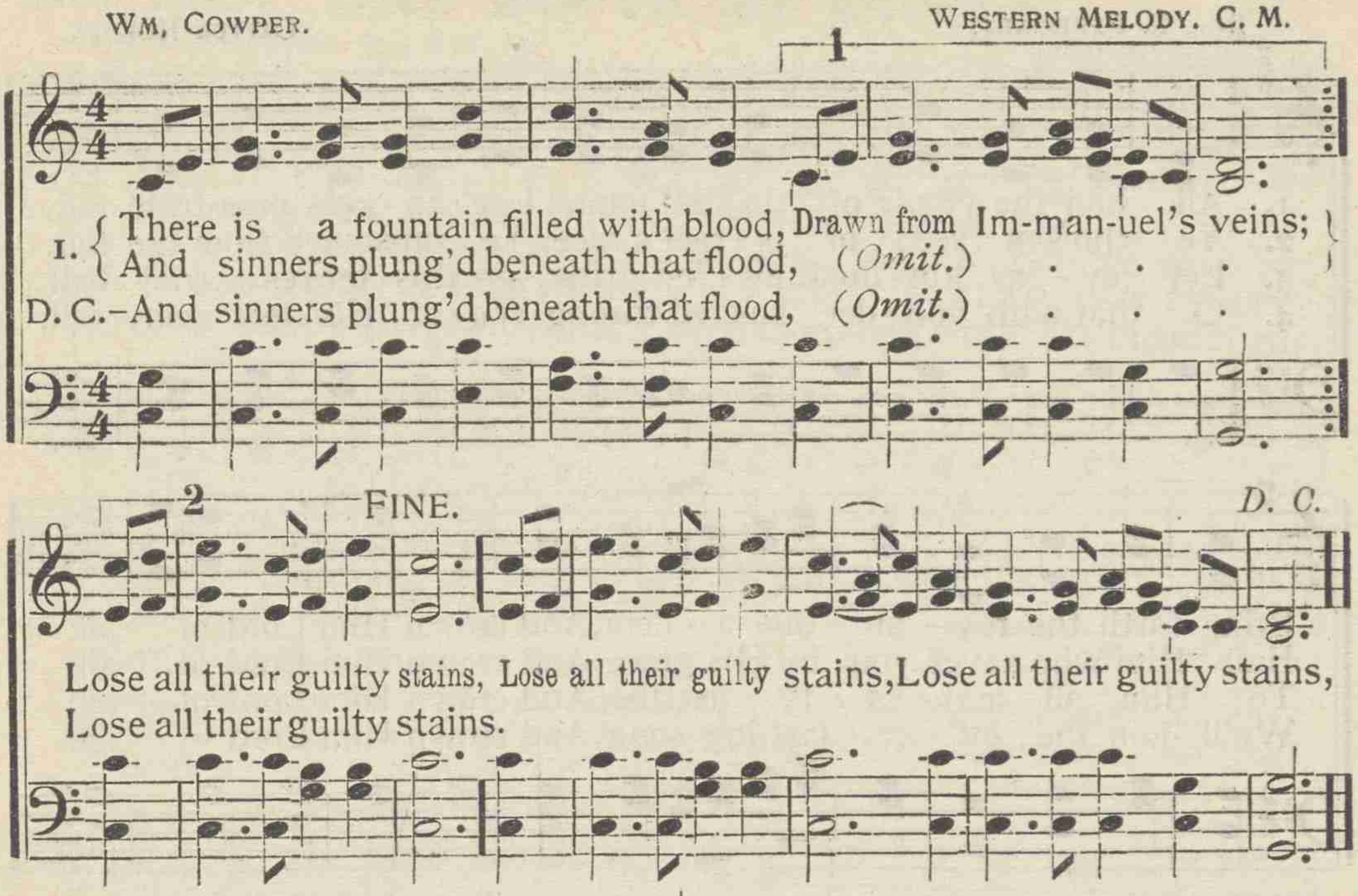
No. 200. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT HANDEL.



No. 201. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY. C. M.



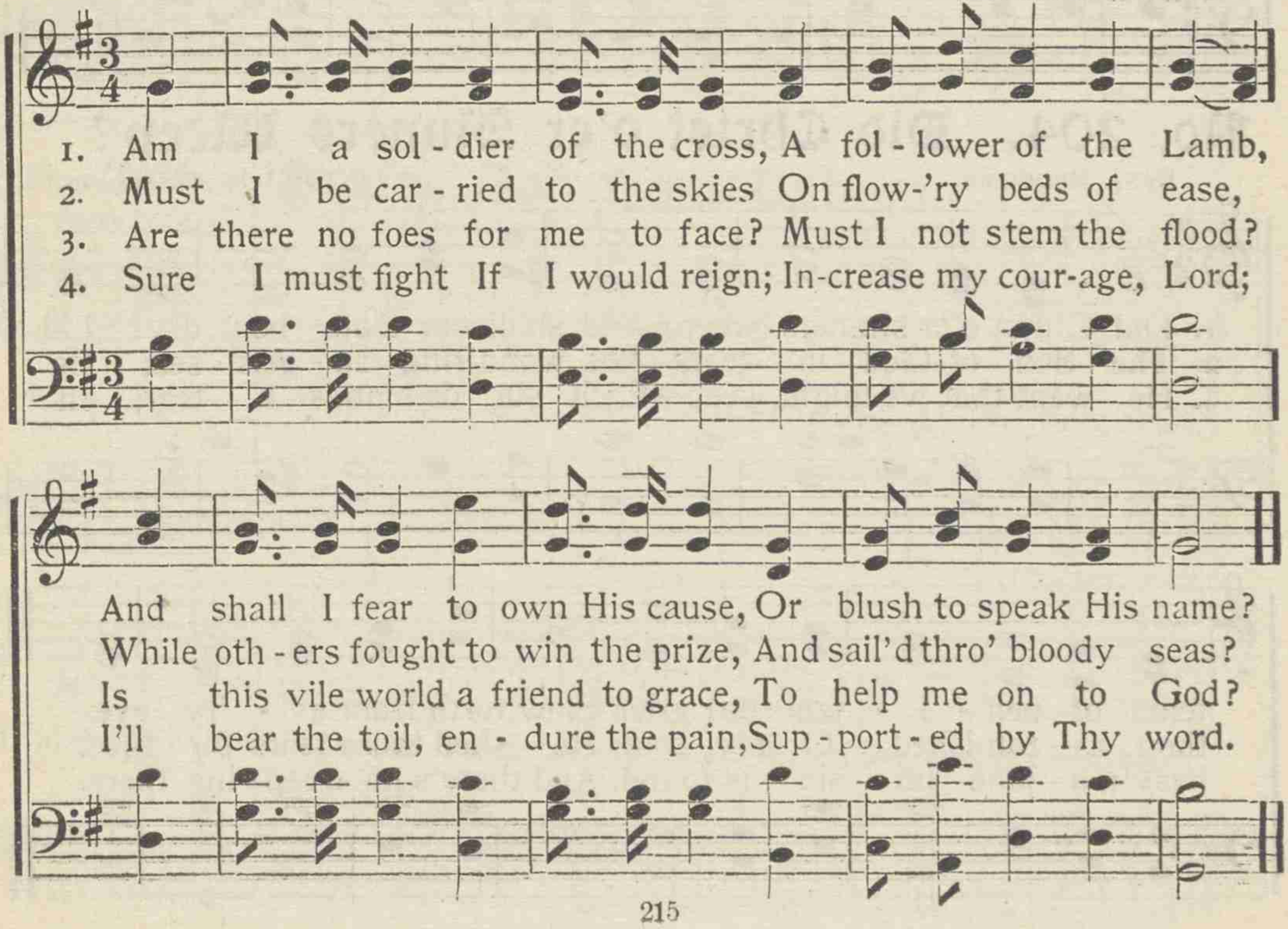
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

No. 202. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.



No. 203. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 204. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?
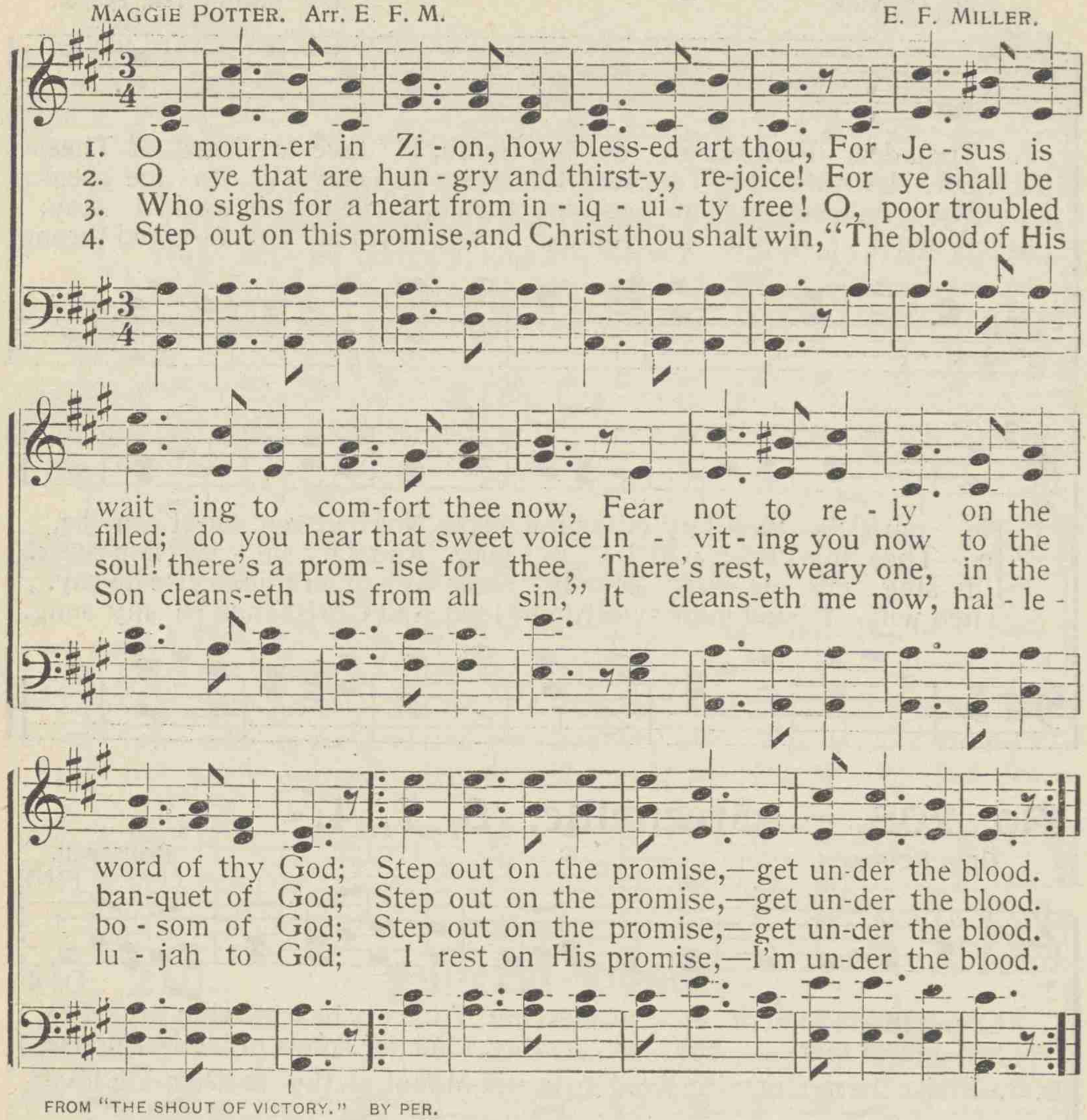
BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

No. 205. Step Out on the Promise.

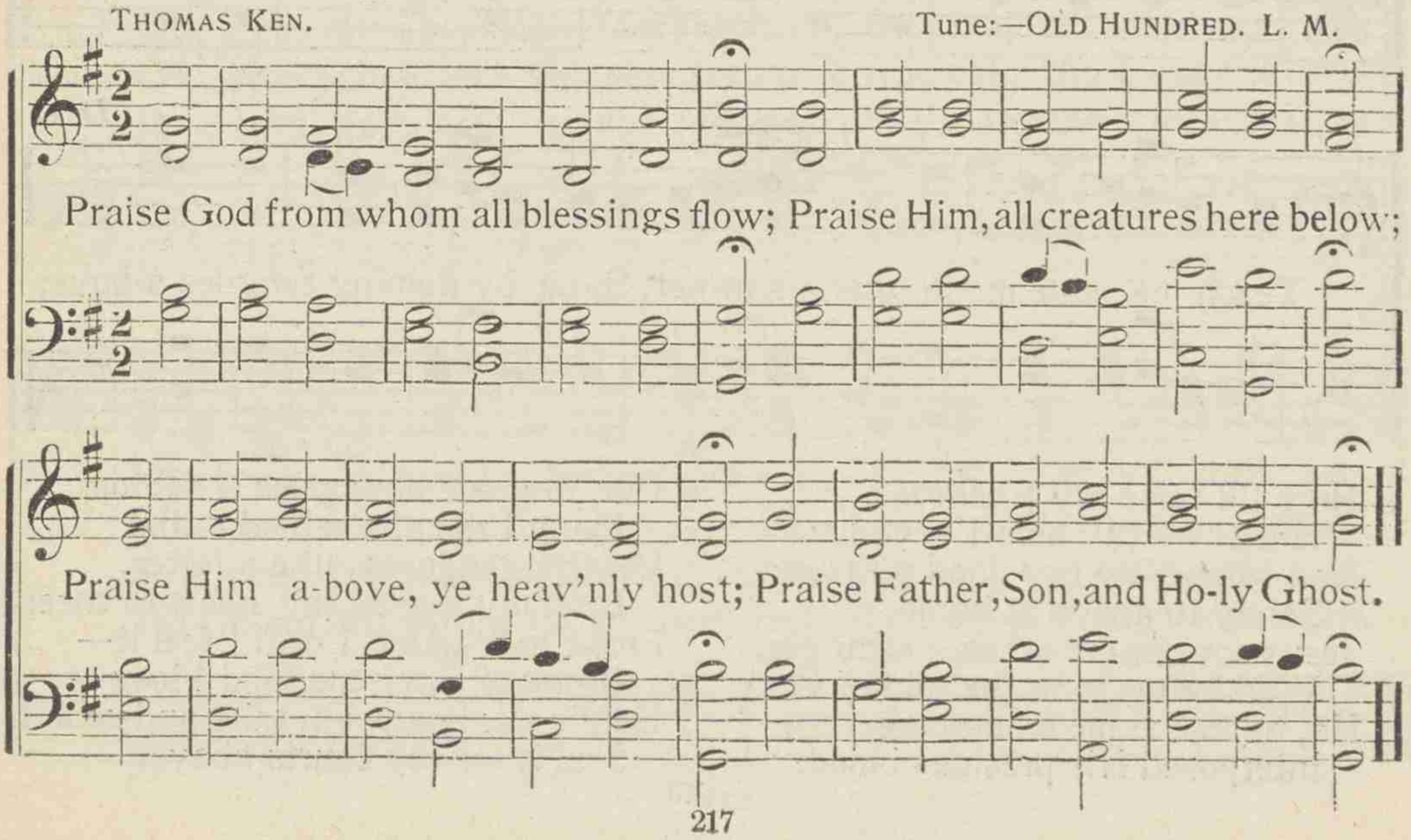
MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



FROM "THE SHOUT OF VICTORY." BY PER.

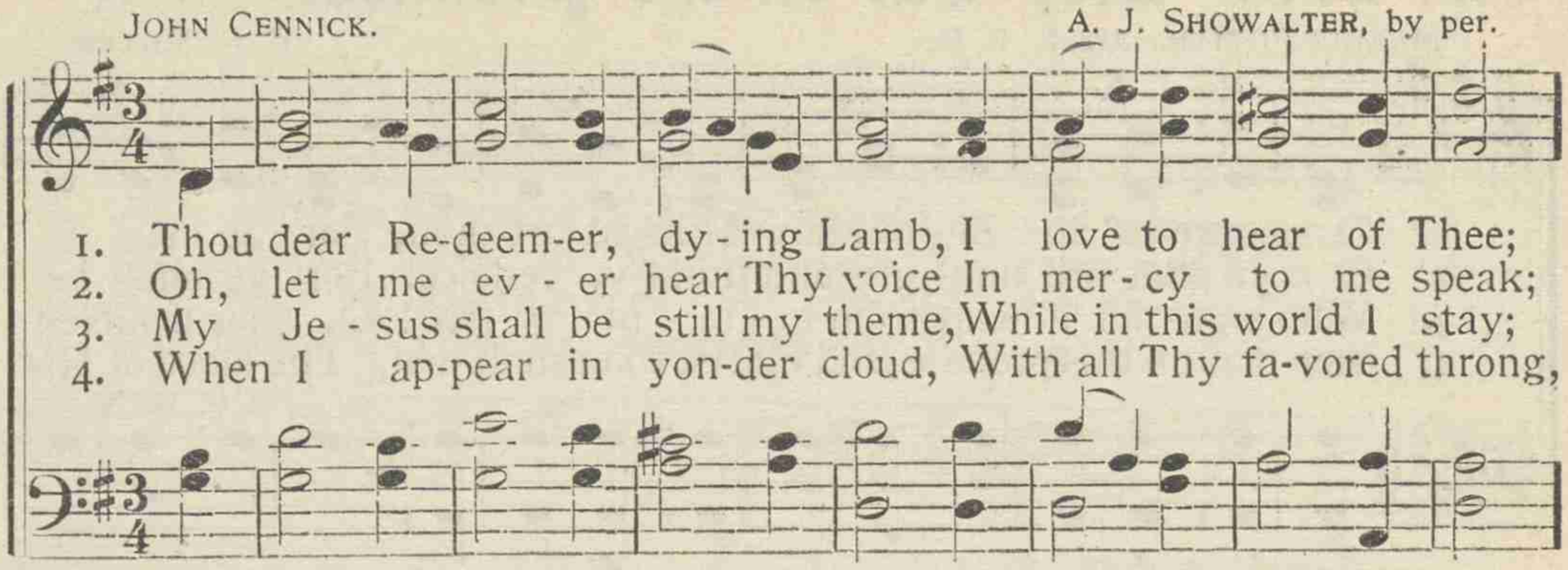
No. 206. Praise God from Whom.

THOMAS KEN. Tune:—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



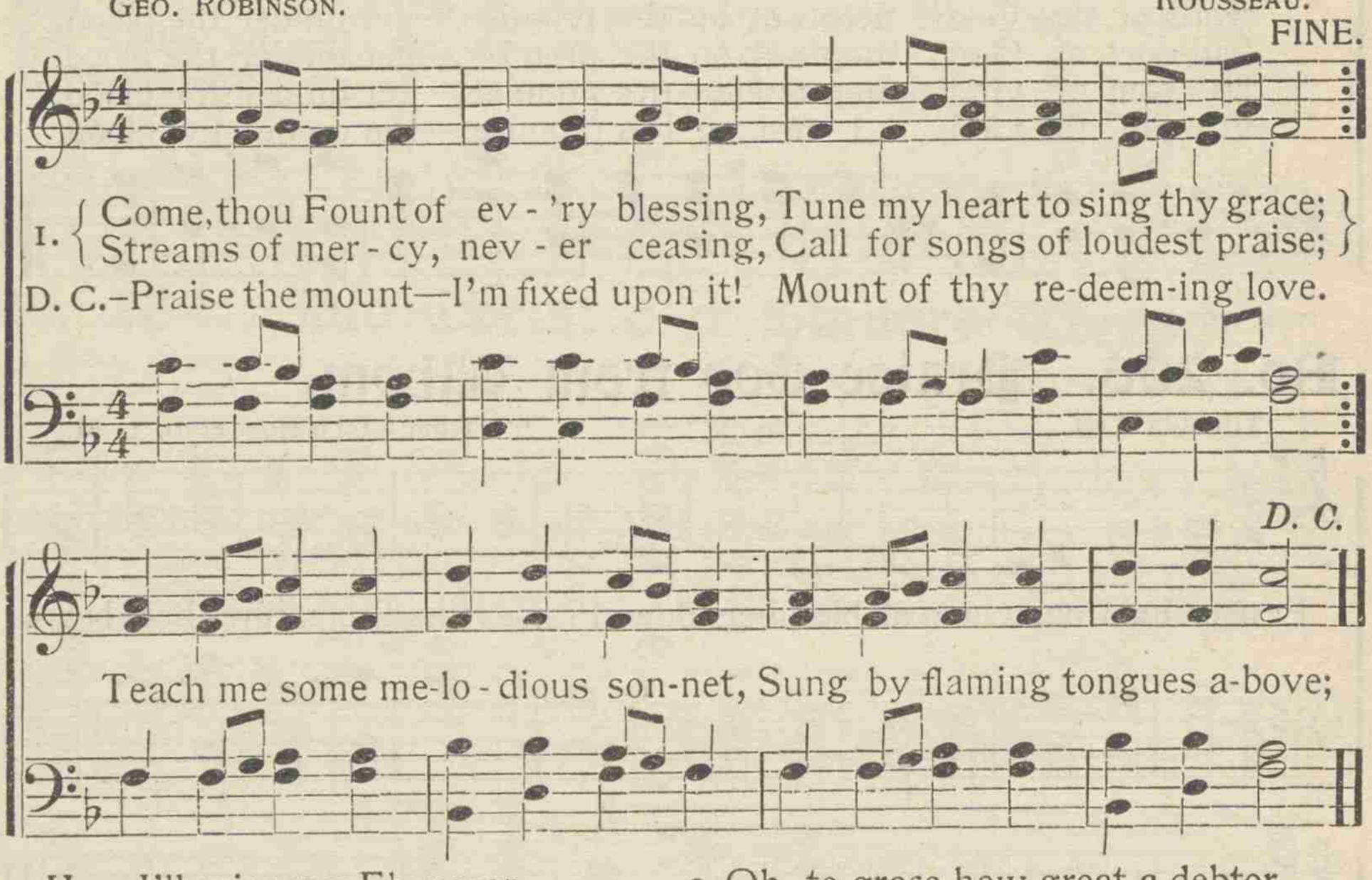
No. 207. Redeemer. C. M.

JOHN CENNICK. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 208. Greenville. 8, 7, 4.

GEO. ROBINSON. ROUSSEAU.
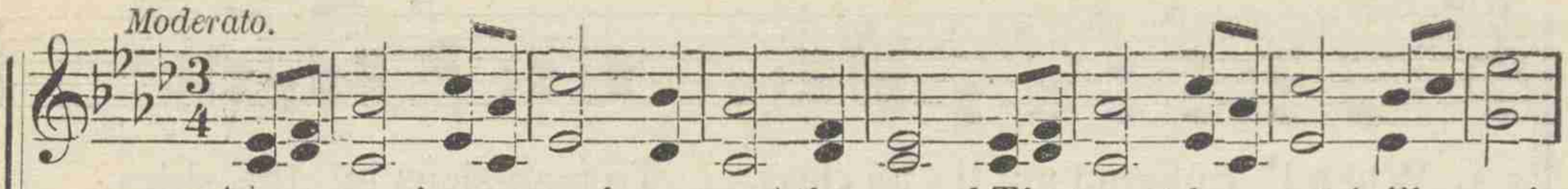


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel It—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.
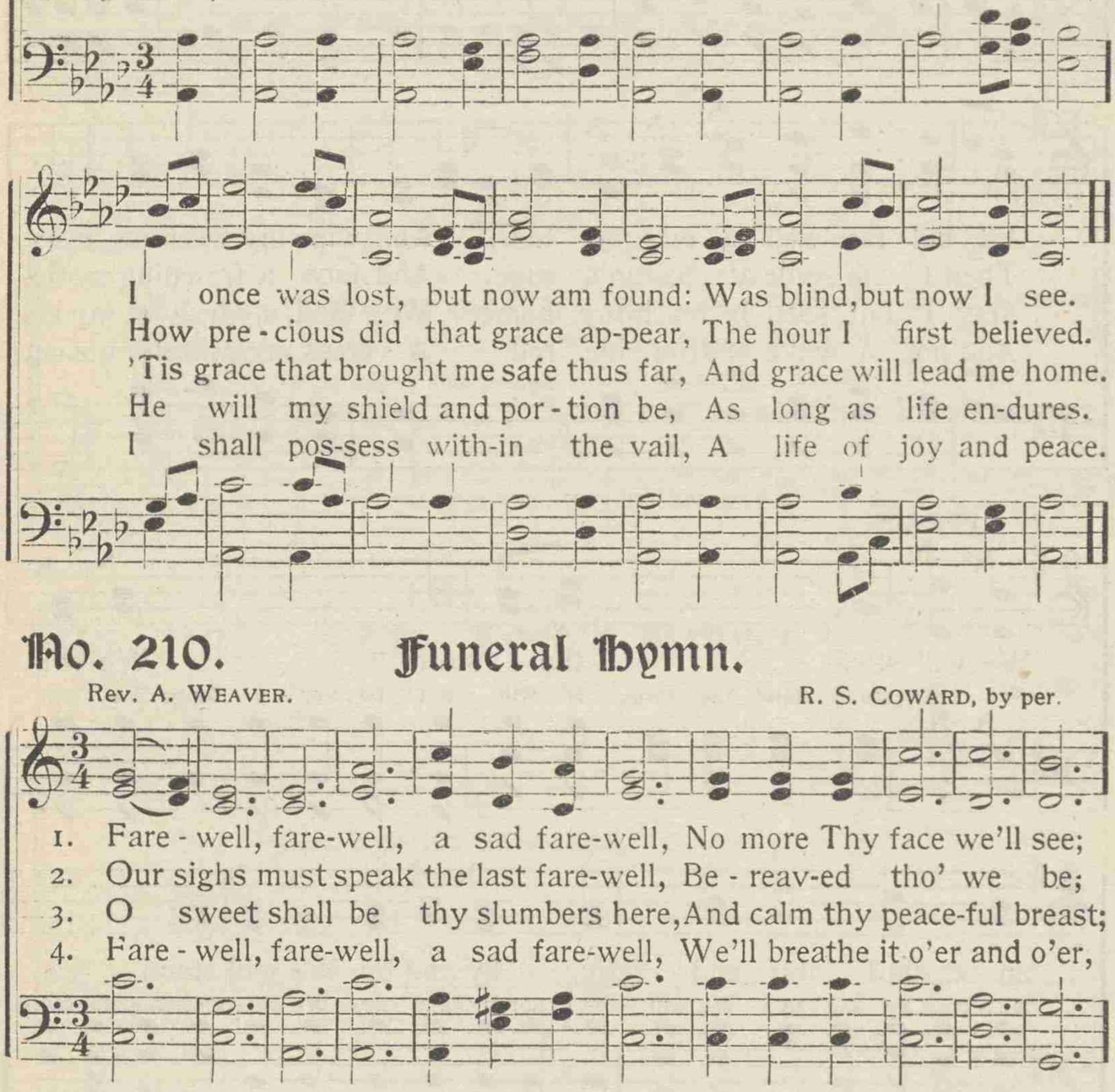
No. 209. Amazing Grace. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON — WM. WALKER.

Moderato.



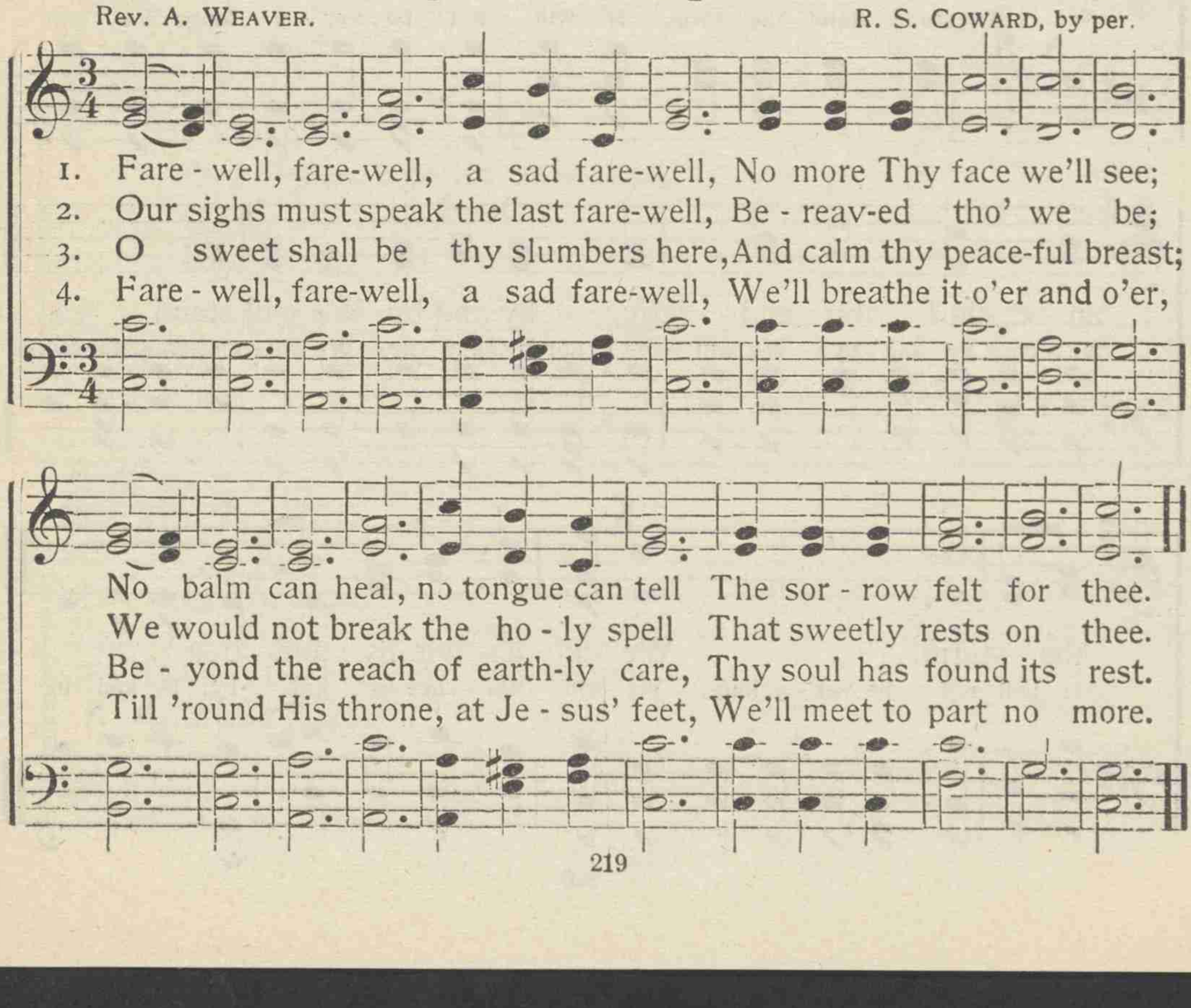
1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word, my hope secures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor-tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first believed.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos-sess with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

No. 210. Funeral Hymn.

Rev. A. WEAVER. — R. S. COWARD, by per.



1. Fare - well, fare-well, a sad fare-well, No more Thy face we'll see;
2. Our sighs must speak the last fare-well, Be - reav-ed tho' we be;
3. O sweet shall be thy slumbers here, And calm thy peace-ful breast;
4. Fare - well, fare-well, a sad fare-well, We'll breathe it o'er and o'er,

No balm can heal, no tongue can tell The sor - row felt for thee.
We would not break the ho - ly spell That sweetly rests on thee.
Be - yond the reach of earth-ly care, Thy soul has found its rest.
Till 'round His throne, at Je - sus' feet, We'll meet to part no more.

No. 211. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN,

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth again my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul, In seas of heav'nly rest,

title clear, in the skies,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

REFRAIN.
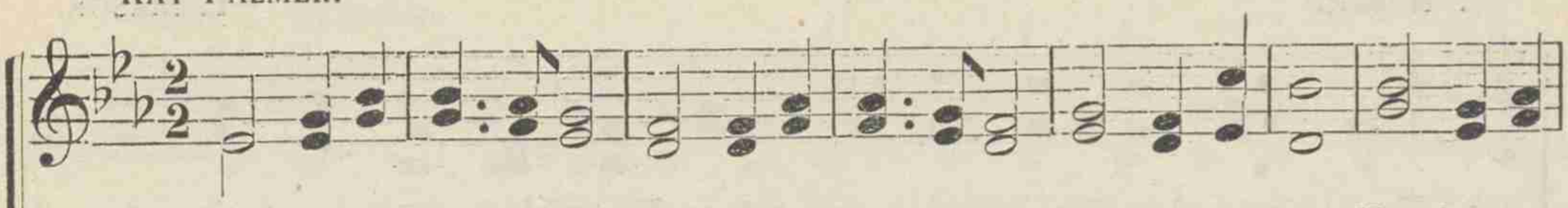
We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will

an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm,

the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

No. 212. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

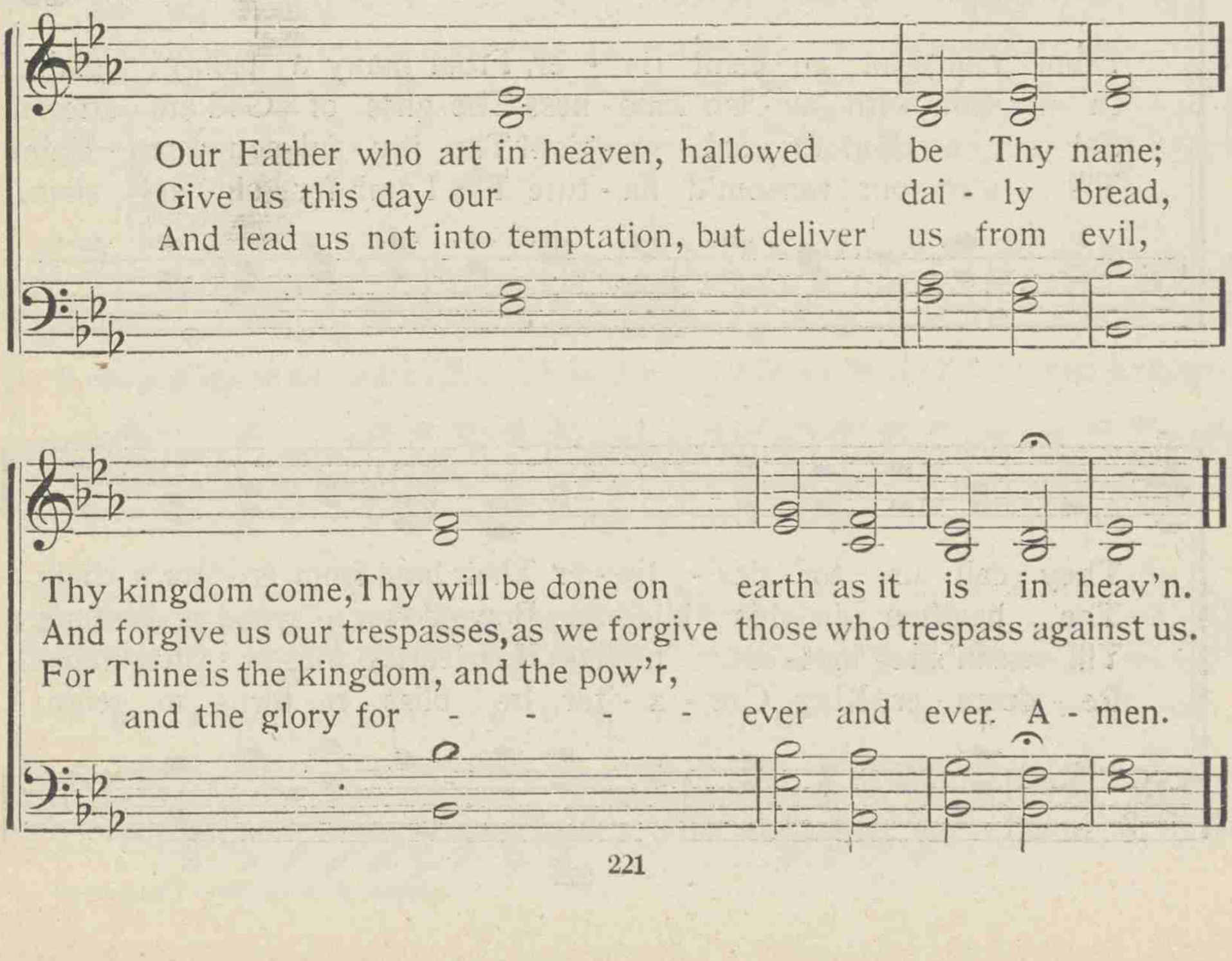
RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry. Sav - ior di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love for Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray, From Thee a-side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior, then, in love, Fear and distress move, Oh, bear me safe a-bove a ransomed soul.

No. 213. The Lord's Prayer.

RAY PALMER.



Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r,
and the glory for - - - - ever and ever. A - men.

No. 214. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

HEBER. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand—
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold-en sand—
Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile,—
Shall we to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole—

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palmy plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture The Lamb for sin-ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na-tion Has learn'd Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 215. The Soul's Vision.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. I have had a glo-rious vis-ion, I have looked beyond the gate-ways
2. O the rapture that came o'er me, When I heard the angels singing
3. I could hear the gold-en vi - ols, And the voic-es of the an - gels
4. There I heard a sweet voice saying, "Wouldst thou dwell in that fair Cit - y

of the Cit - y, that fair Cit-y of the blest; I have seen the hills e -
in that land, that heav'nly land beyond the tide, When I saw those gone be-
blend in sweetest strains of joyful har-mo-ny; And my soul for-got her
where there is no sorrow, where there is no sin? Fol-low thou the Savior's

lys - ian, And the spires of those fair mansions where the wea - ry are at rest.
fore me In the light of heav'nly noon-day with their fac - es glo - ri-fied.
tri - als, And went reaching out to heaven on that wondrous mel-o-dy.
footsteps, And the path He trod will lead you where the righteous en - ter in.

CHORUS.

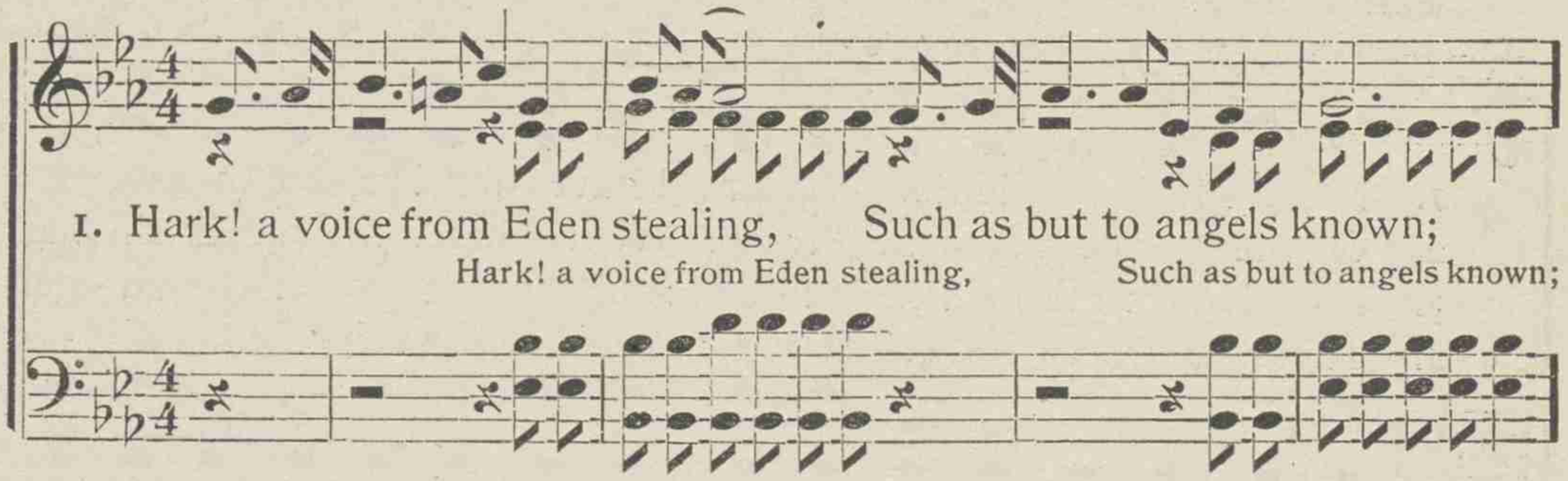
O, the land beyond the shadows, Blessed land of peace and beauty Where I'll look upon the King!
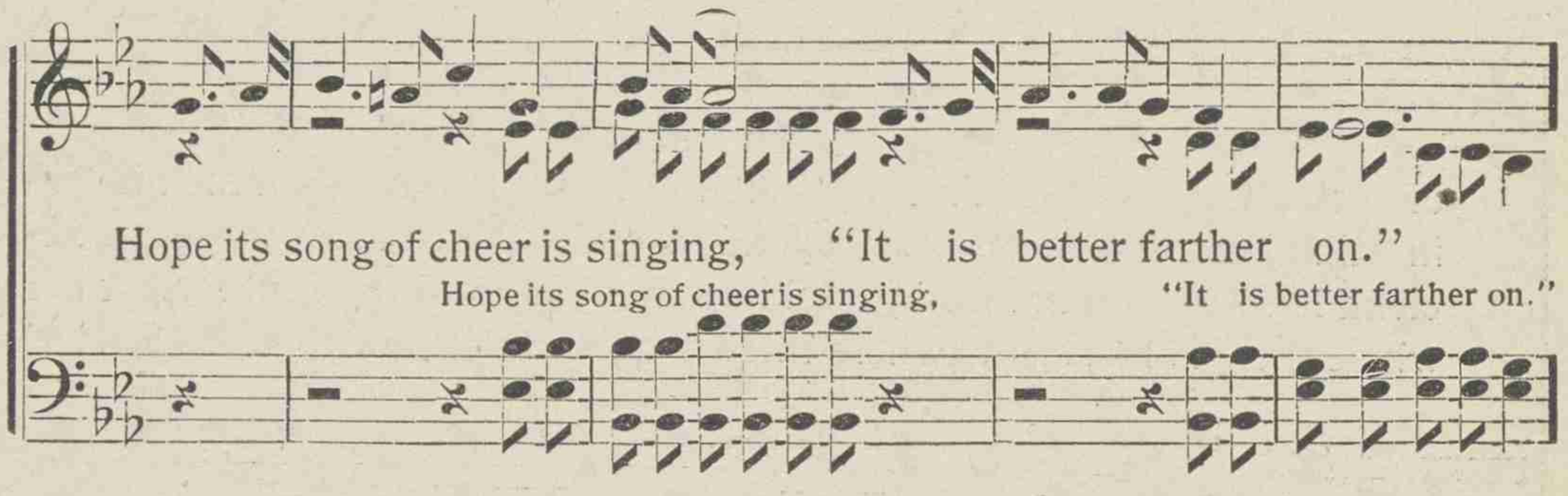
And for - ev-er, and for-ev-er, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Is the song I there shall sing.

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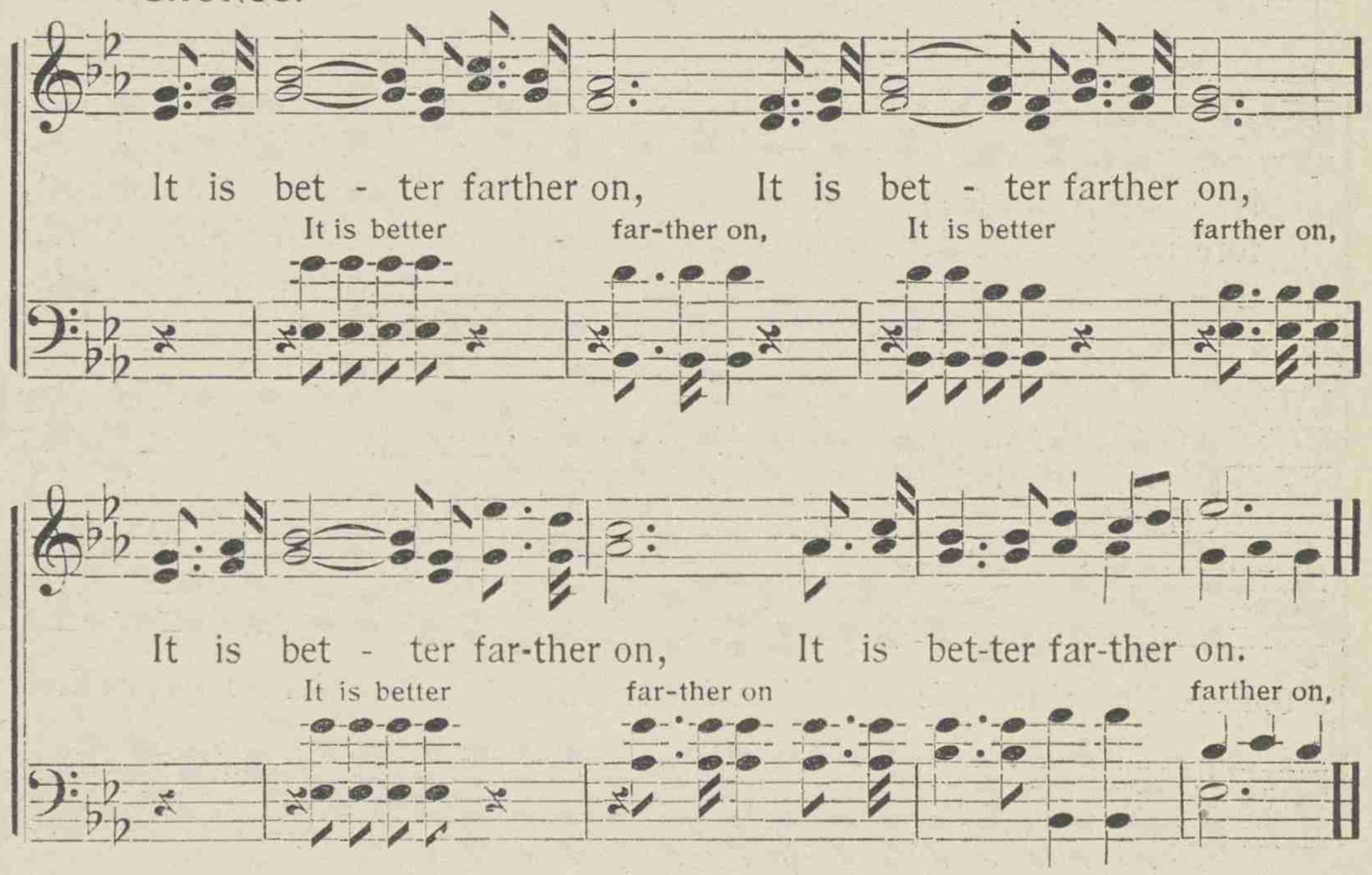
No. 216. It Is Better Farther On.

F. A. BLACKMER.





CHORUS.



2 Hope is singing, still is singing
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it when I sit alone,
Sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on."

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on."

5 Farther on! Oh! how much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on."

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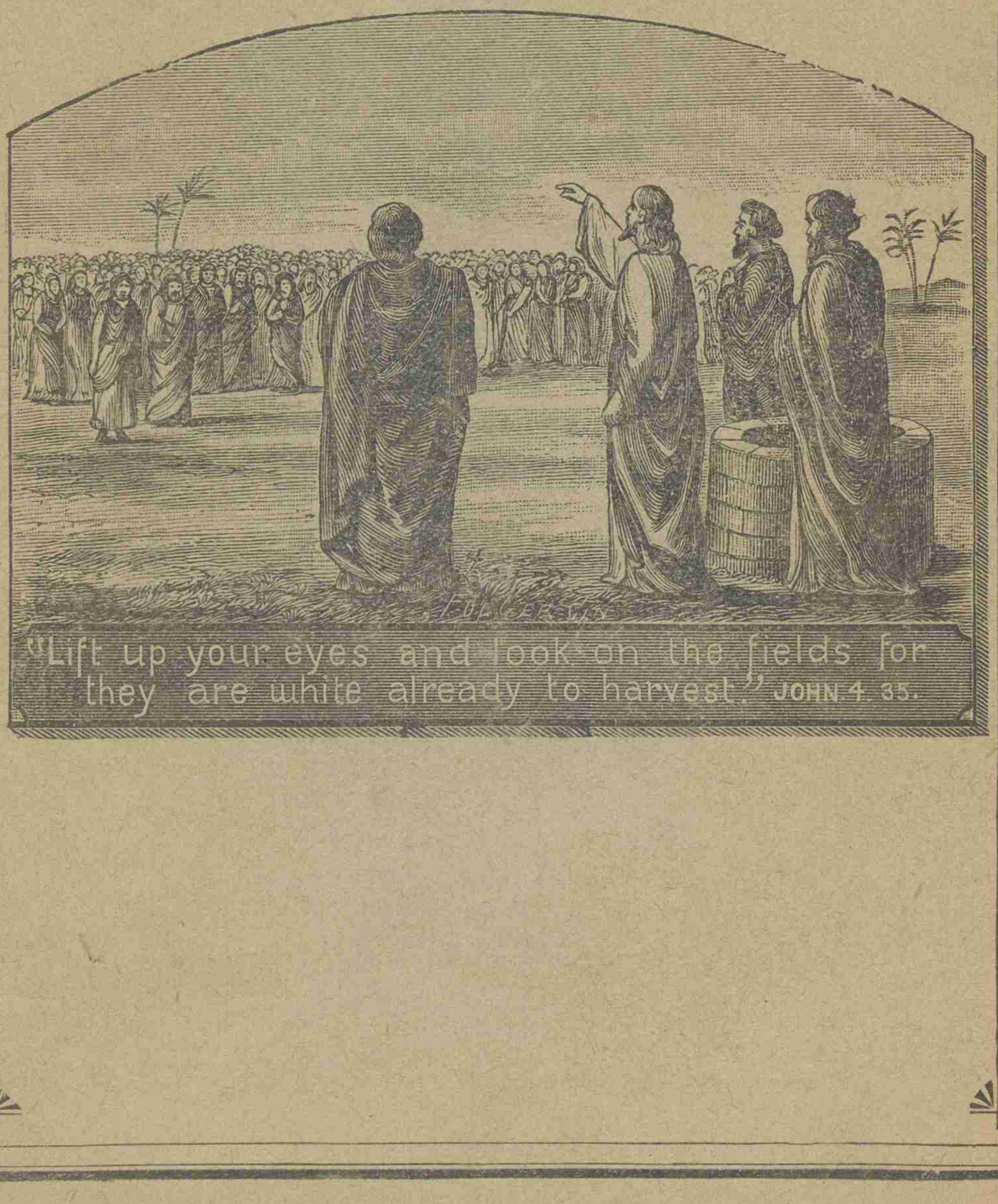
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"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest." JOHN 4 35.