Crowning Day

Nos. 1—6 Combined

Contains 297 Numbers of the Most Popular Songs of this Famous Series of Gospel Songs

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—BY—

J. H. Hall, J. H. Ruebush, and W. H. Ruebush

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PREFACE.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

LEADER. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

SCHOOL. **He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.**

LEADER. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

SCHOOL. **Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.**

LEADER. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

SCHOOL. **Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.**

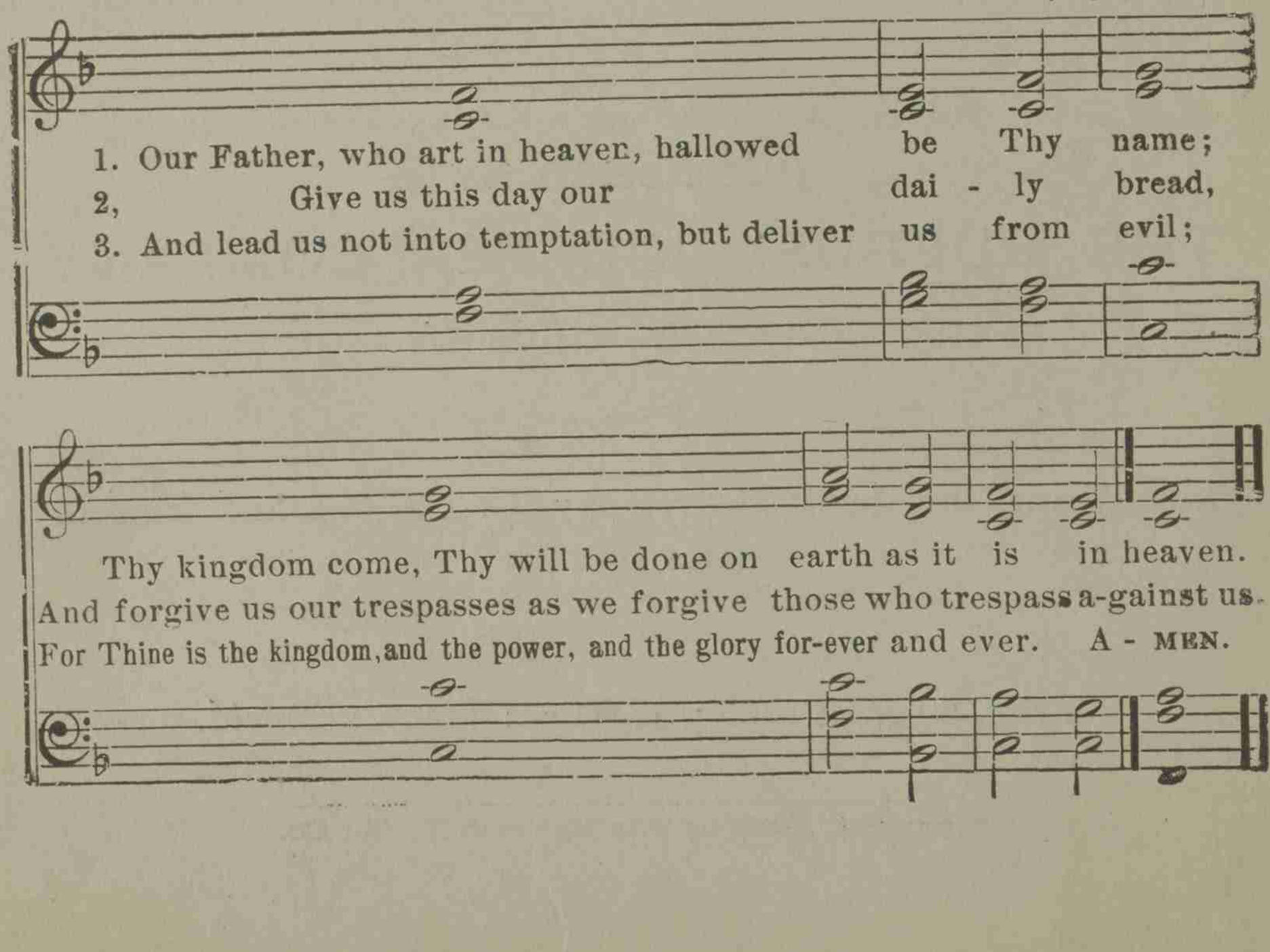
ALL. O Praise the Lord, all ye nations. Praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

LEADER. After this manner therefore **pray ye: Matt. 6: 9–13**

The Lord's Prayer.

CHANT.

Dr. H. R. Palmer, by per.



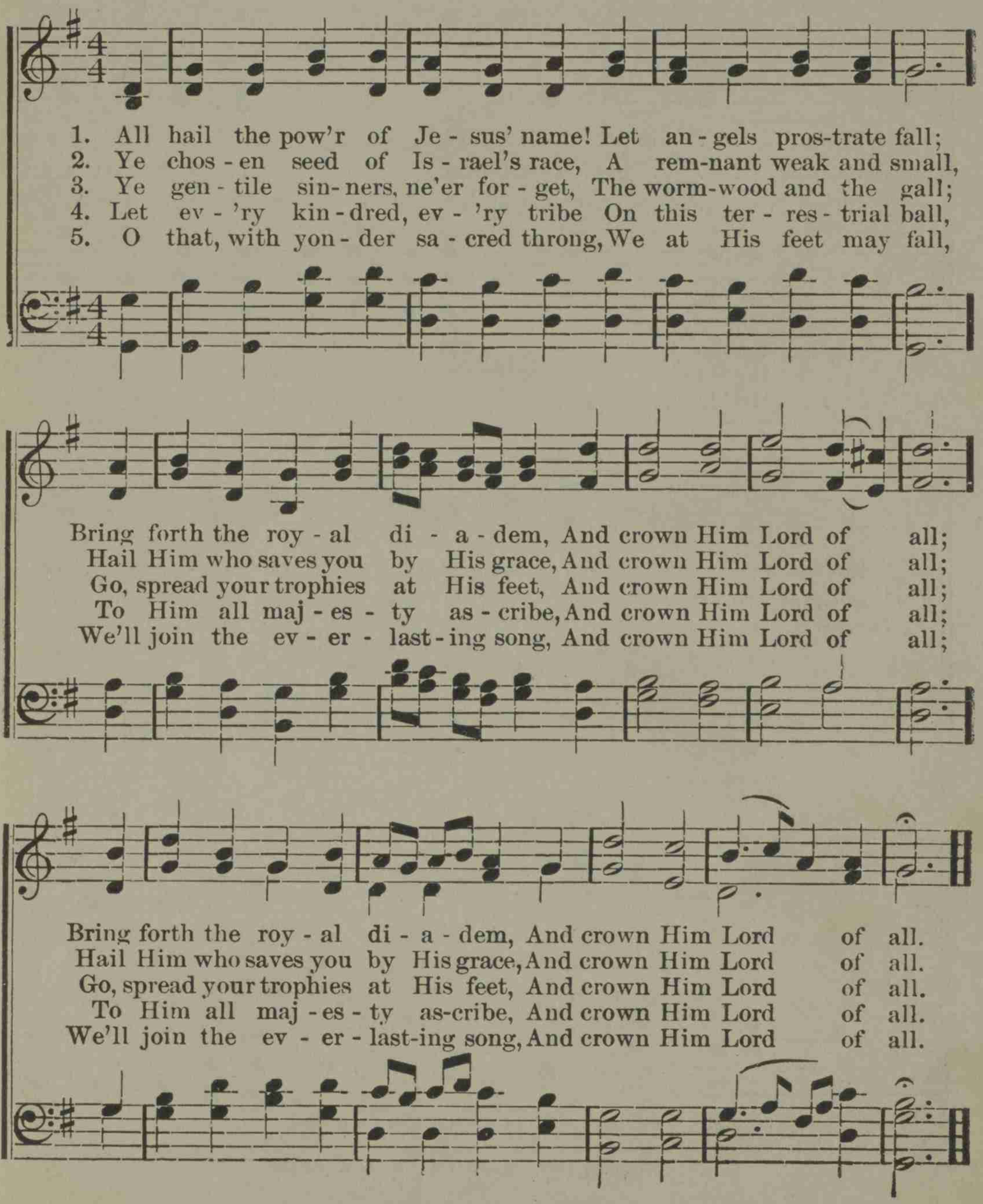
The Crowning Day.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the LORD, the righteous judge, shall give me at THAT DAY: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Paul's second letter to Timothy iv: 8.

No. 1. Coronation.

"But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, *crowned with glory* and honour."—HEBREWS ii: 9.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



No. 2. I am Washed in the Blood.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. H. Hall.

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

blood, . . . the pre-cious blood, And I lin - ger
blood, . . . the pre-cious blood, I will trust each
blood, . . . the pre-cious blood, In the foun-tain

In the blood, the pre-cious blood,
O the blood, the pre-cious blood,
Thro' the blood, the pre-cious blood,

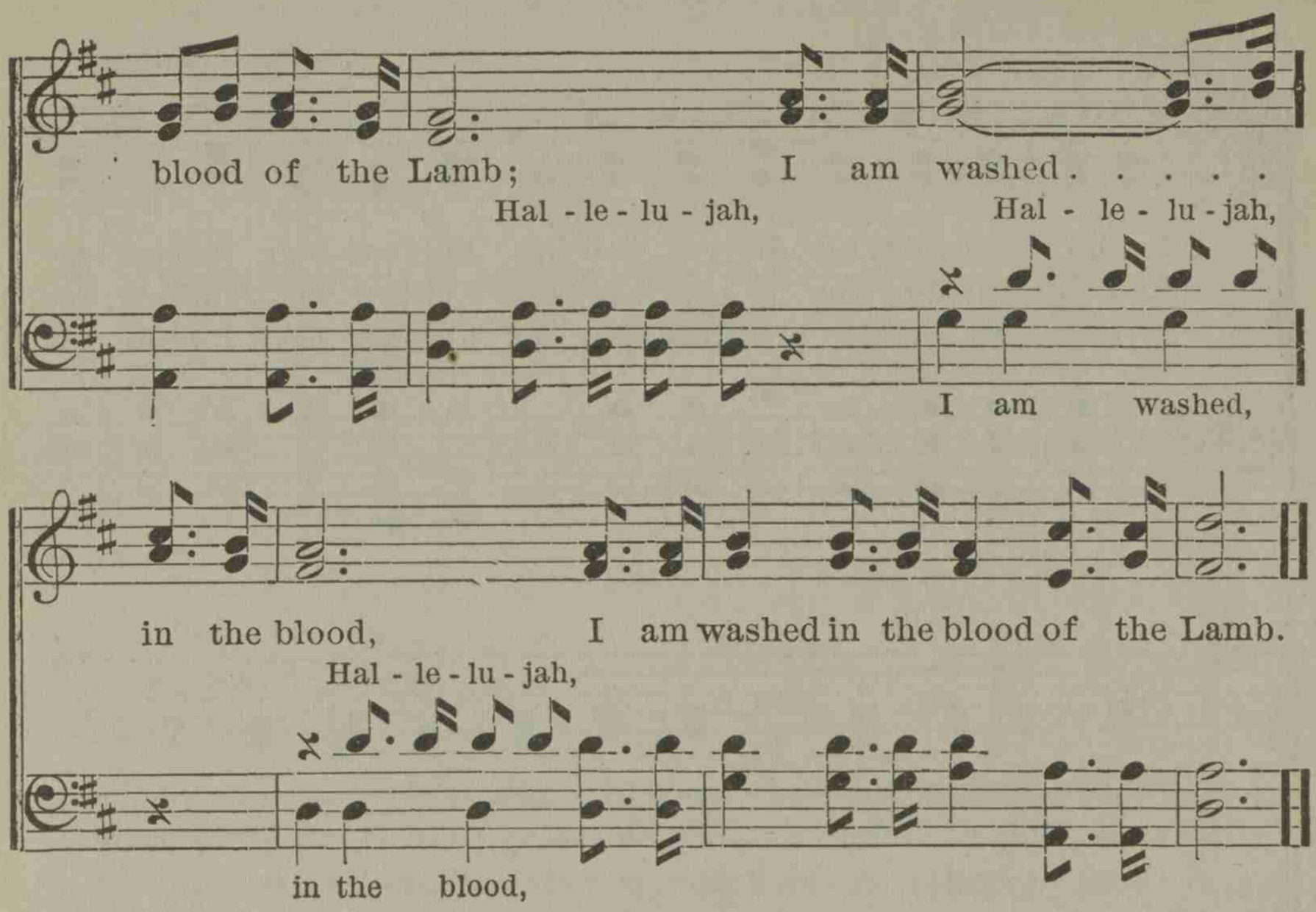
at the fount this ver - y hour, At the fount of Je - sus' blood.
mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied, O the blood, the pre - cious blood.
flow-ing for the soul un - clean, In the fount of Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

I am washed in the blood, In the heart-cleansing
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
I am washed, in the blood,

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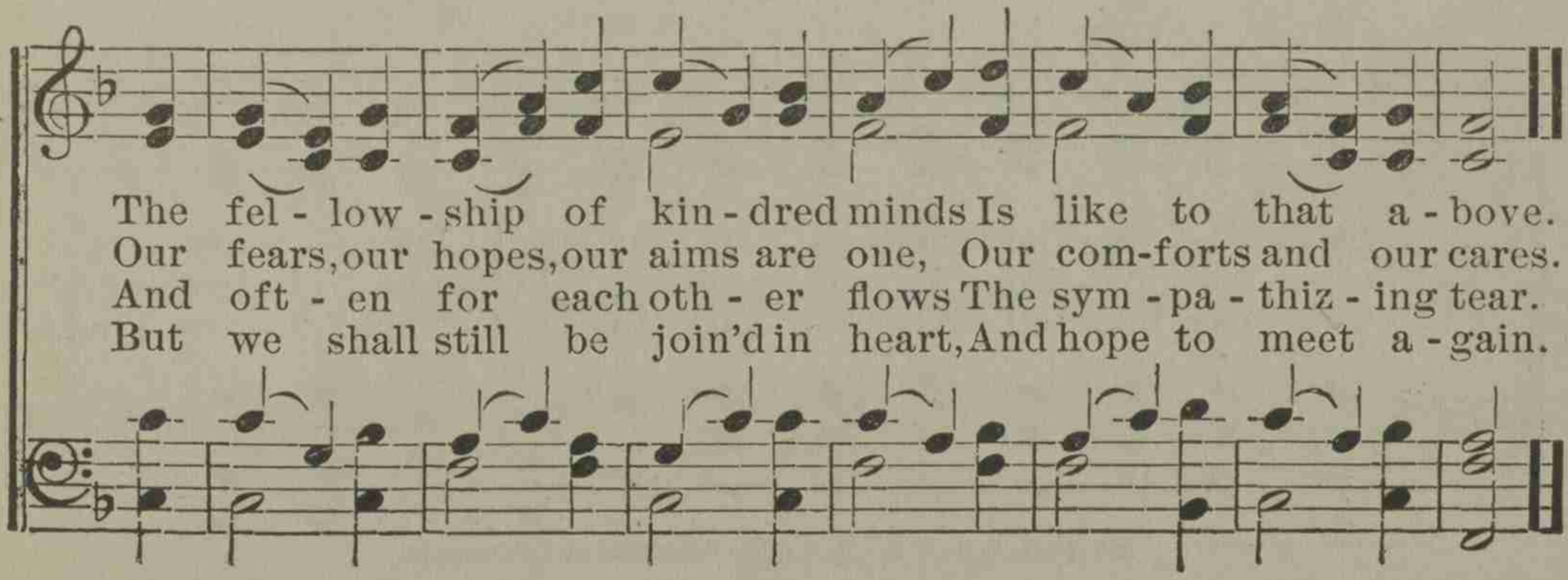
I am Washed in the Blood. Concluded.



No. 3. Dennis.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.





No. 4. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

Dr. H. R. Palmer.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Fol-low me, fol-low me!"
2. Who will heed the ho - ly mandate, "Fol-low me, fol-low me!"
3. Heark-en, lest He plead no long -er, "Fol-low me, fol-low me!"





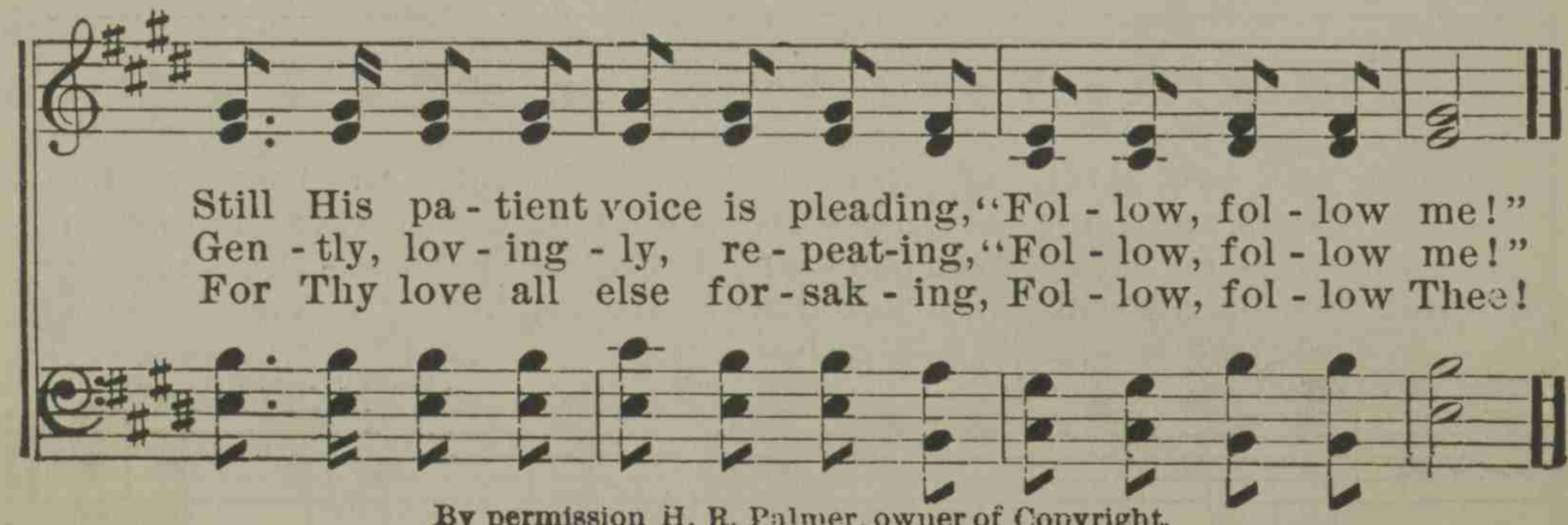
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Leav - ing all things at His bid-ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"





As of old He called the fish- ers, When he walked by Gal - i - lee,
Hark! that ten- der voice en-treat-ing Mar - i- ners on life's rough sea,
Turn-ing swift at Thy sweet summons, Ev - er-more, O Christ, would we,





Still His pa - tient voice is pleading, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly, re - peat-ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low Thee!

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No. 5. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

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

Rev. H. Bonar. Charles C. Converse. By per.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?





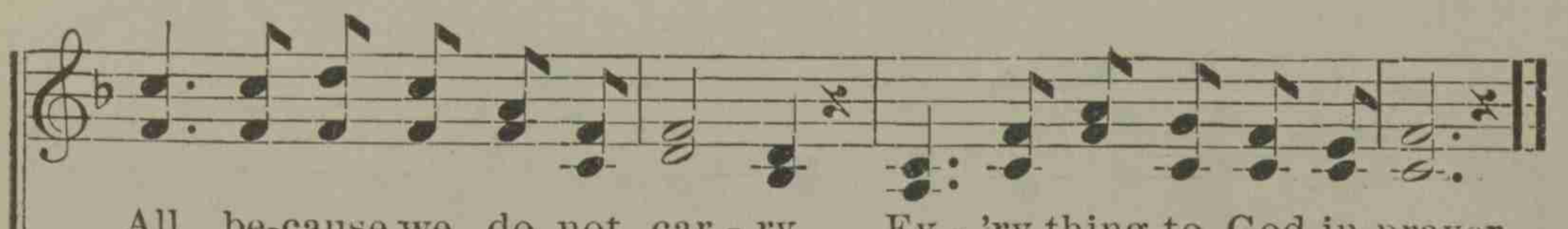
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref - uge — Take it to the Lord in prayer.





Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



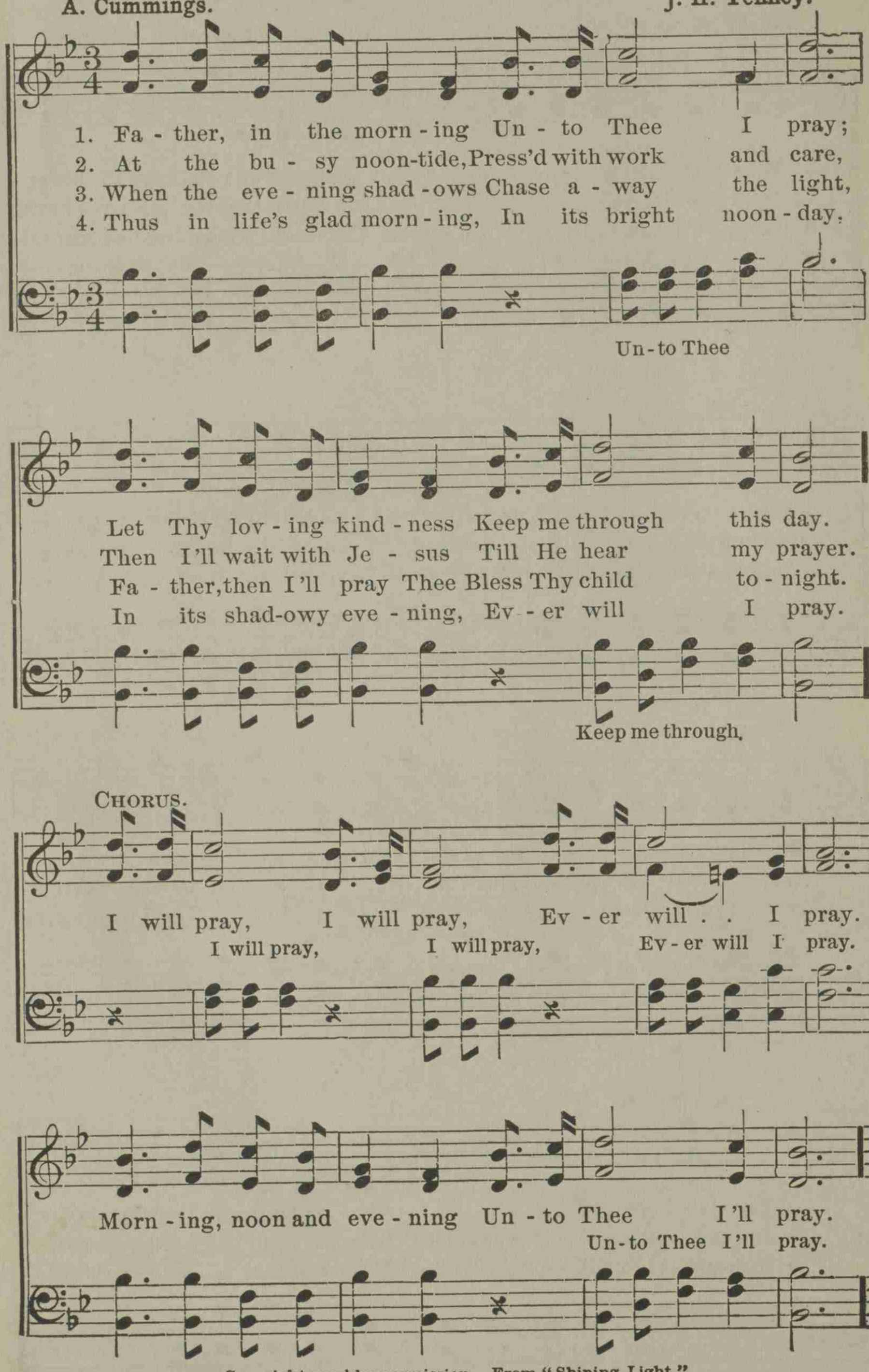


All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.



No. 6. Ever Will I Pray.

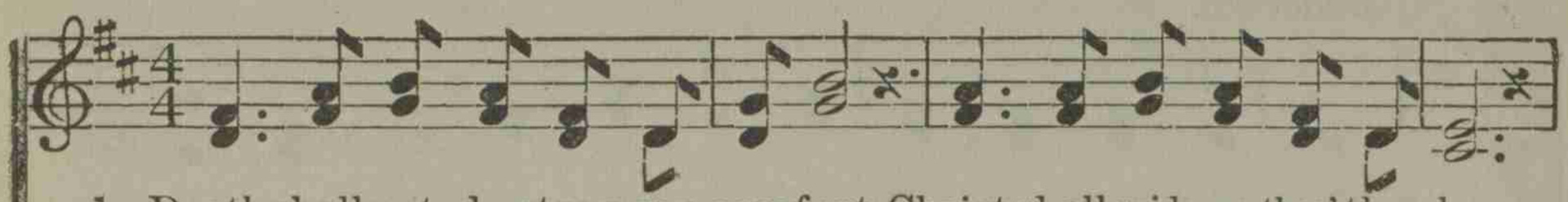
A. Cummings. J. H. Tenney.



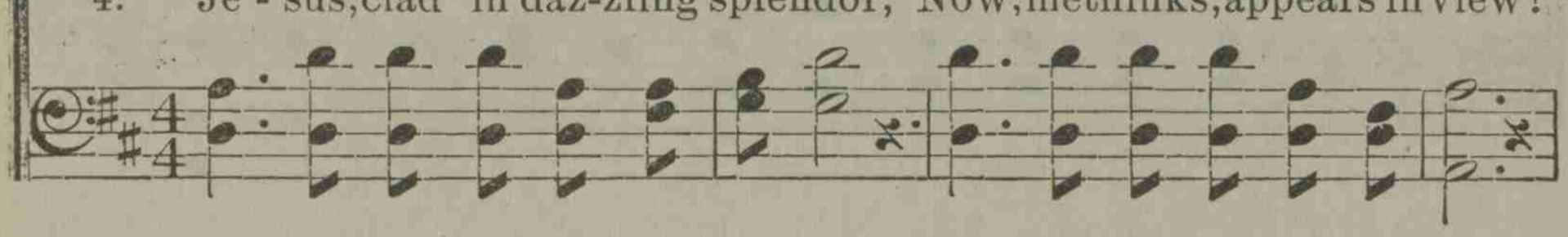
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No. 7. Happy Spirits.

Rev. J. C. Burkett.



1. Death shall not de-stroy my comfort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;
2. Jor-dan's streams shall not o'er-flow me While my Saviour's by my side;
3. Smil-ing an-gels now surround me, Troops resplendent fill the skies;
4. Je - sus, clad in daz-zling splendor, Now, methinks, appears in view!





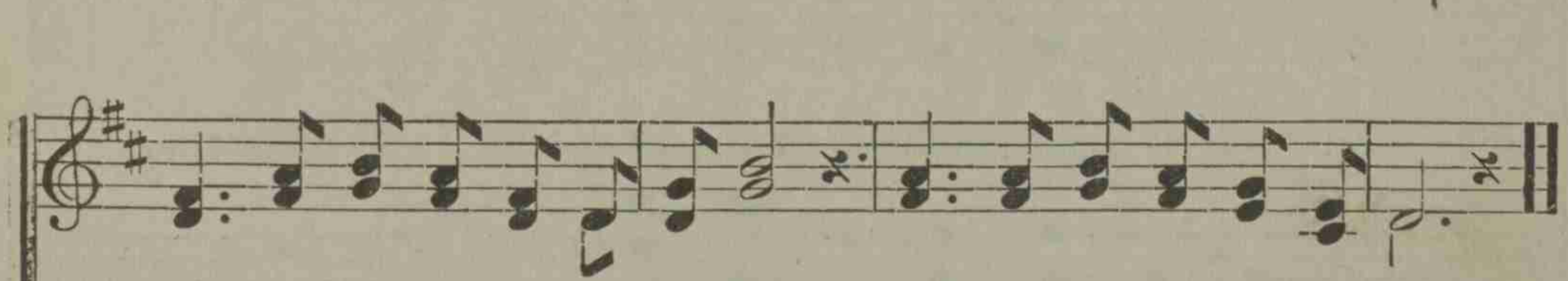
Down He 'll send some angel con-voy To con vey my spir - it home.
Ca-naan, Ca-naan lies be-fore me, Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Glo - ry shin-ing all a-round me While my hap-py spir - it flies.
Brethren, could you see my Je - sus, You would love and serve Him, too.



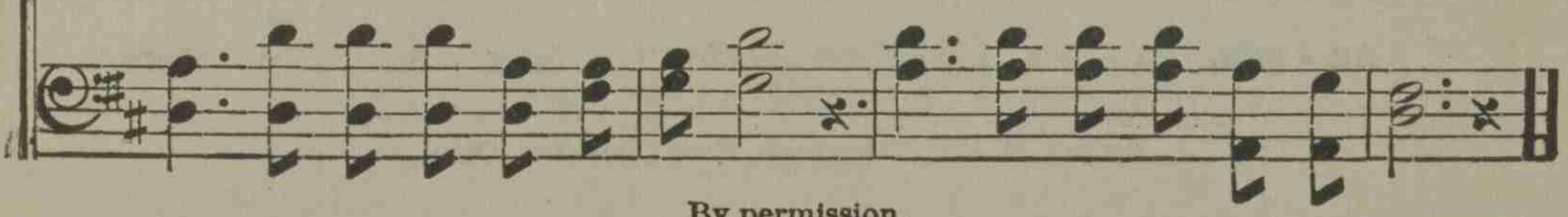
CHORUS.



Soon with an-gels I 'll be marching With bright glo-ry on my brow;



Who will share my blissful portion, Who will love my Saviour now?



By permission.

No. 8. I Long to be There.

Will L. Thompson.

Moderato.

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; I long to be there.
2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high; I long to be there.
3. Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; I long to be there.

No pain nor death can en - ter there. I long to be there.
Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky. I long to be there.
That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine. I long to be there.

CHORUS.

Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
Oh, an - gels, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, an - gels, guide me home,

Repeat pp.

An - - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
An - gels, an - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.

By per. Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

No. 9. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high.

Call-ing the lambs who've gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'Tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

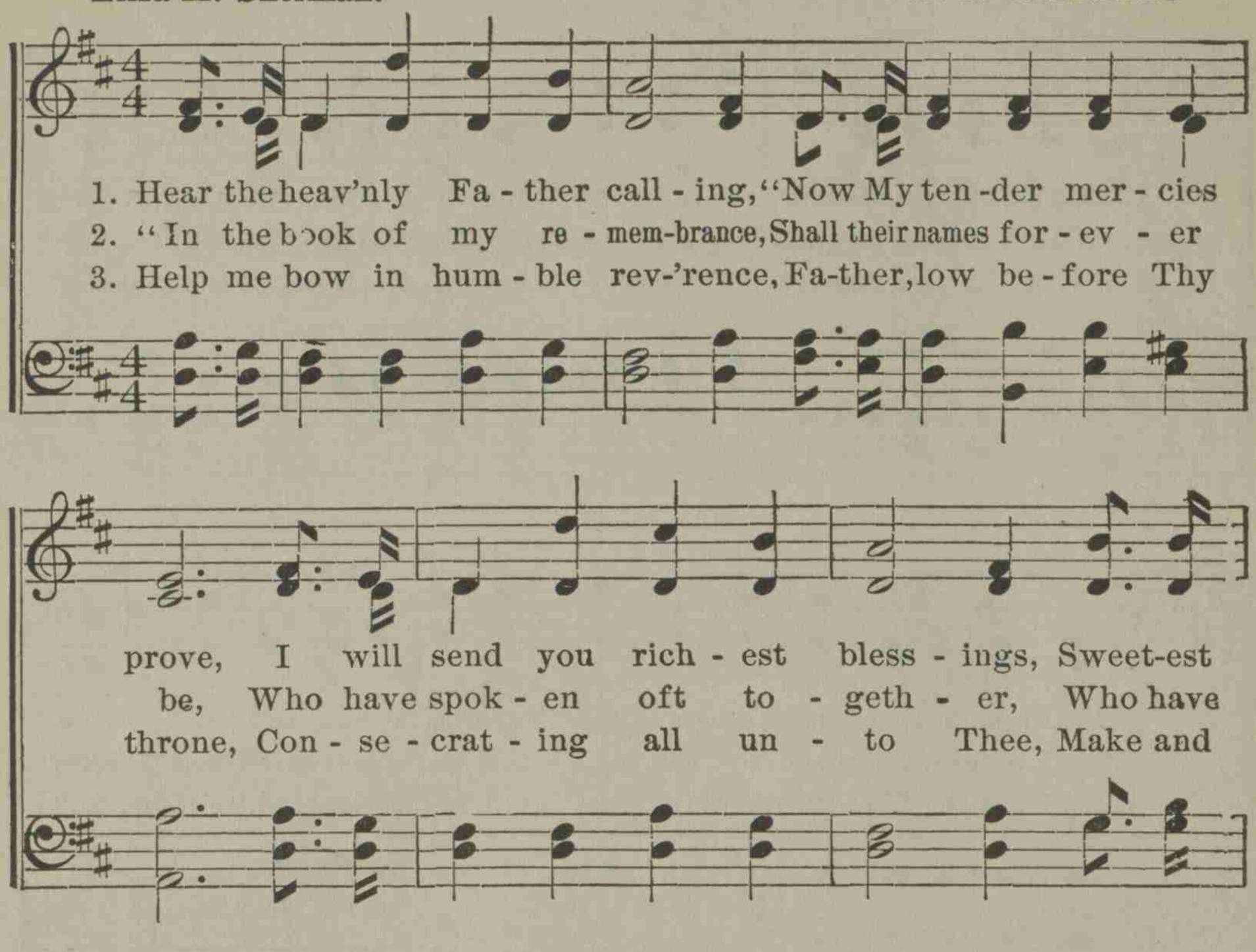
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the

fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.

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No. 10. The Father's Call.

Eliza M. Sherman. **W. F. Werschkul.**



From "Beautiful Songs." By per. of S. W. Straub.

The Father's Call. Concluded.

shine, ... They who fear . . . . . Me, they who

morn - ing stars shall shine, They who fear Me,

love Me,

they who love Me," Saith the Lord, "they shall be Mine."

No. 11. Pray for the Wanderer.

Rev. C. M. Hott. A. S. Kieffer.

1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walking a drear - y way; Suff'ring and
2. Ten - der - ly bid them come Back from sin's wilderness; Come to our
3. Plead now at mer-cy's gate For each poor wan-d'ring one; Soon it will
4. Pray, and with love entreat All who by sin are press'd; Bid them at

CHORUS.

sin - de-filed, Go - ing a - stray. Pray for the wan - der-er,
Fa-ther's home Sav'd by His grace.
be too late, Life will be gone.
Je - sus' feet Find end-less rest.

Pray for the wan-derer, Pray for the wan-derer, Go - ing a- stray.

No. 12. At the Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

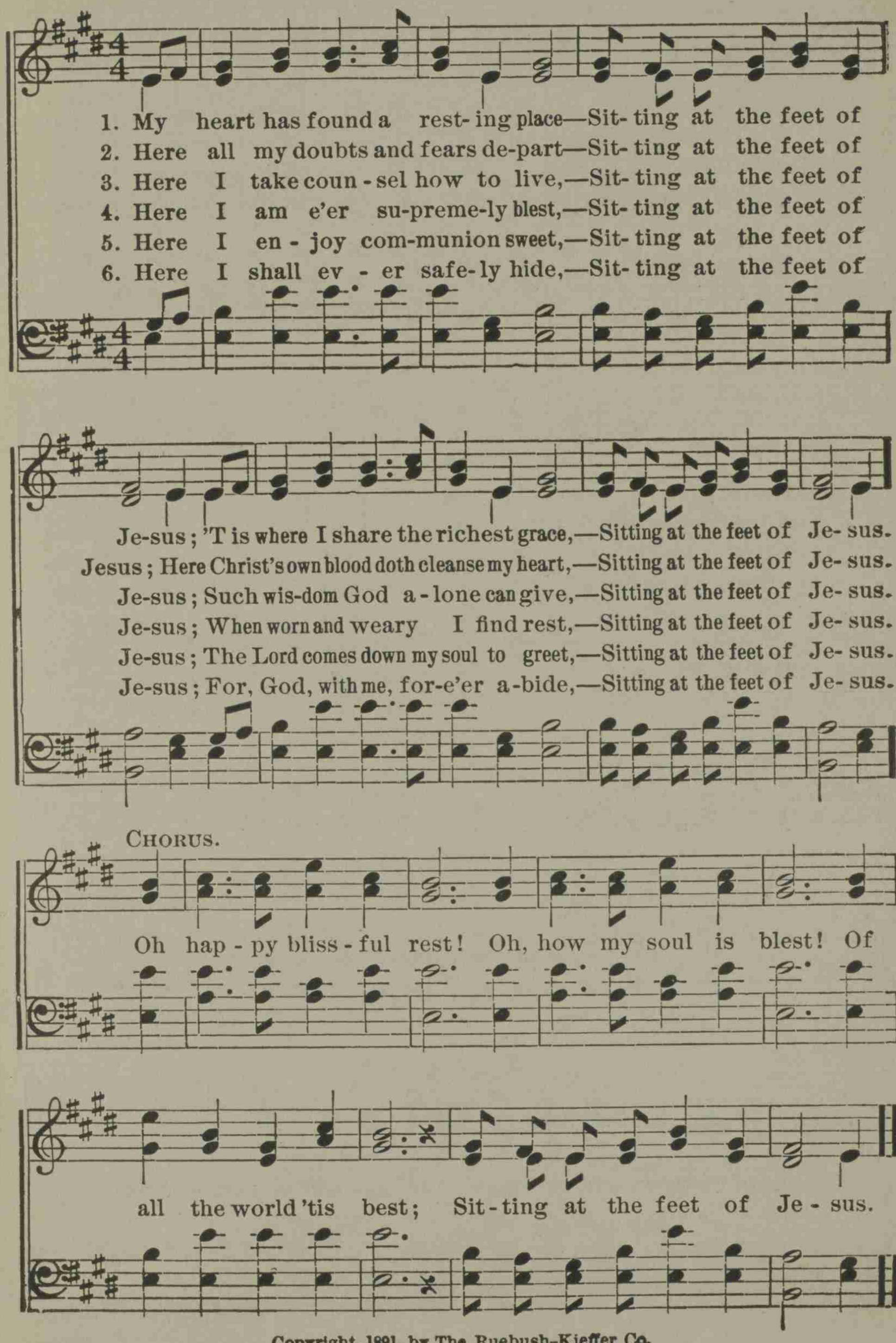


3 O Lord, I beseech Thee for wisdom and grace,
In winning lost souls unto Thee,
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.

No. 13. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

"Sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." Luke viii: 35.

A. A. Armen. Rev. A. A. Armen.

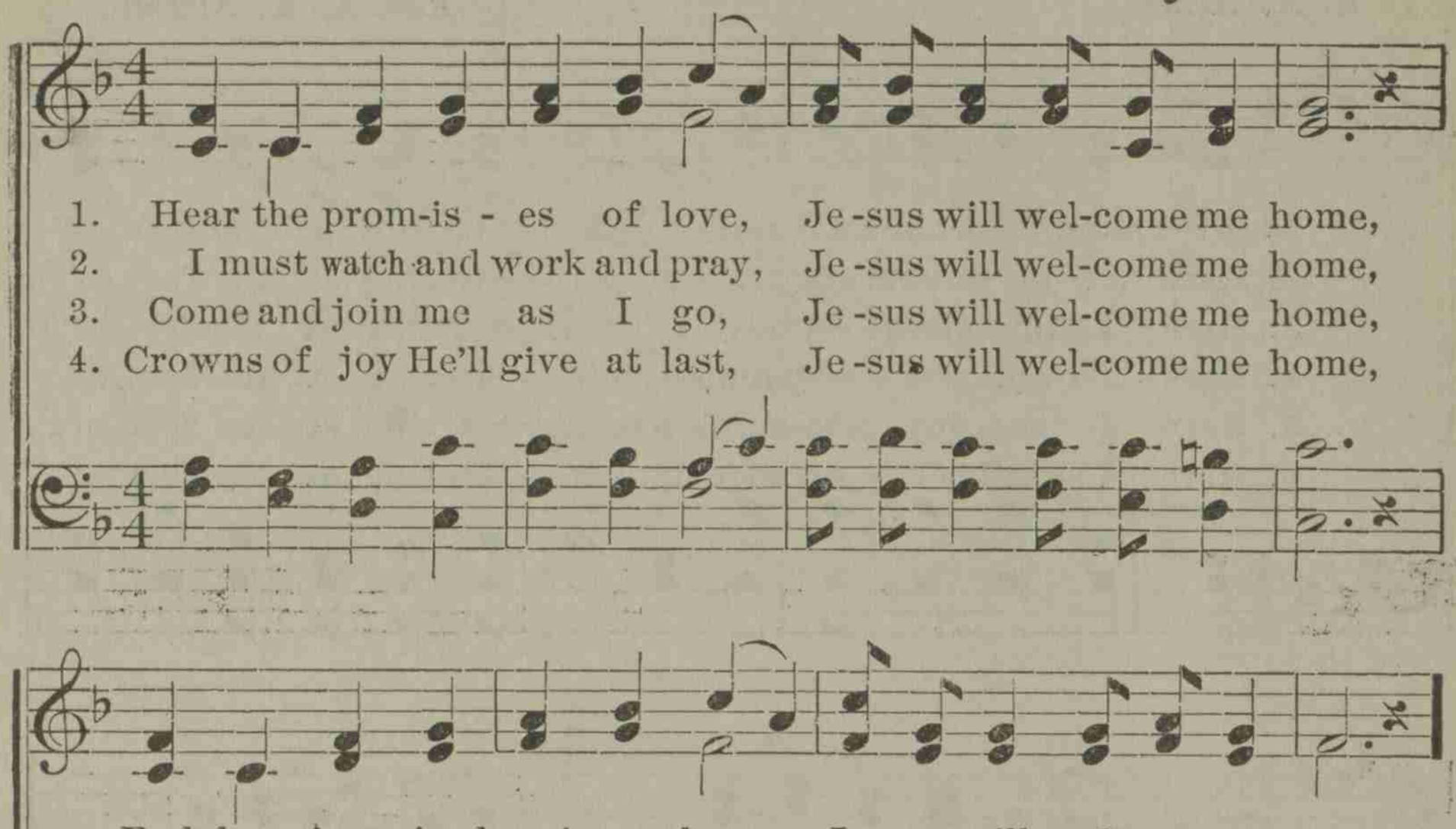


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No. 14. Jesus will Welcome Me Home.

"That our joy might be full." John xvi: 24.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.



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No. 15. Was It for Me?

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte.

1. Was it for me, for me a - lone, The Saviour left His glo-rious throne,
2. Was it for me sweet an-gel strains Came float-ing o'er Ju - de - a's plains,
3. Was it for me He wept and pray'd My load of sin up - on Him laid,
4. Was it for me He bow'd His head Up - on the cross, and freely shed

The dazzling splendor of the sky? Was it for me He came to die?
That starlight night, so long a - go? Was it for me God plann'd it so?
That night within Gethsem-a - ne? Was it for me—that ag - o - ny?
His precious blood—that crim-son tide? Was it for me the Saviour died?

CHORUS.

It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh! love of
It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh! love of

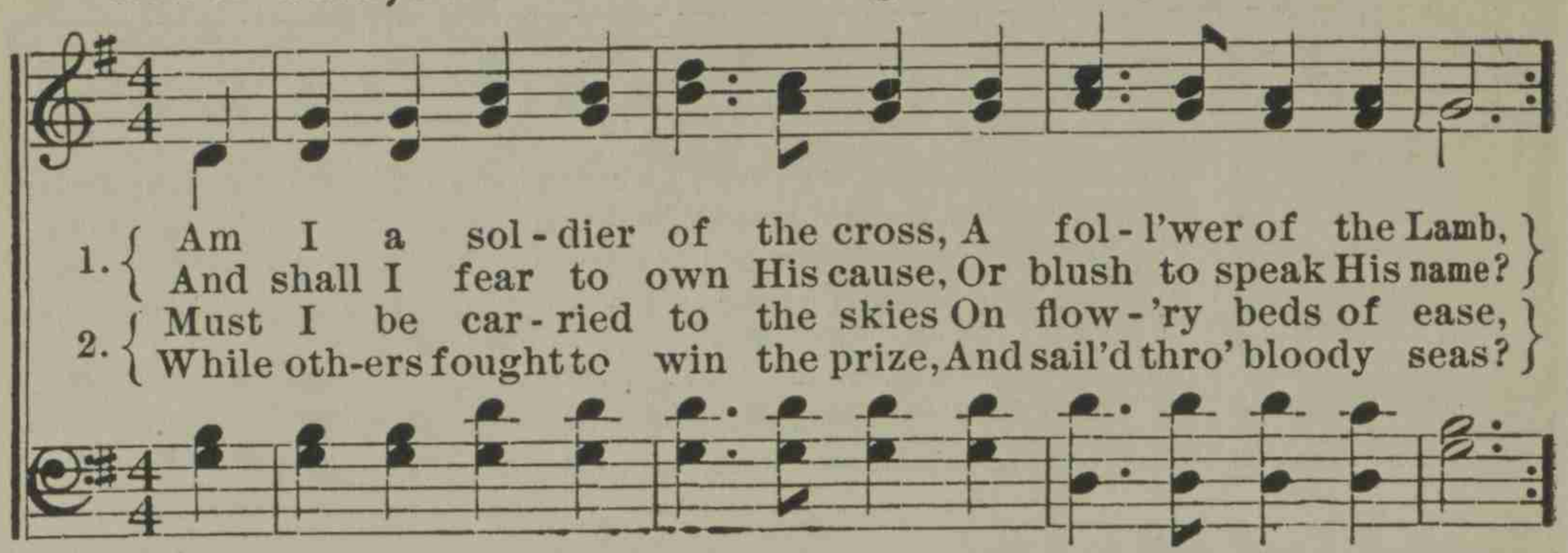
God, so great, so free, Oh! wondrous love!
God, so free, so great and free, Oh! won-drous, wondrous love!

I 'll shout and sing, He died for me, My Lord and King.
I'll shout and sing, He died for me,

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No. 16. Battle Hymn.

Rev. I. Watts, D.D. English. Arr. by Wm. B. Blake.



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

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

No. 17. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. xxxi: 17.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. **Dr. Wm. Miller.**

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome,
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world 's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I 'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

We 'll work till Je -sus comes, We 'll work till Je-sus comes, We 'll work, We 'll work,

We 'll work till Je - sus comes, And we 'll be gath-ered home.
We 'll work,

No. 18. Wandering Home.

DUET AND CHORUS.

E. A. Barnes. **Arr. by J. H. Hall.**

Gently.

1. We are wan - der - ing home as time glid - eth by, And
2. We are wan - der - ing home by the same old way Our
3. We are wan - der - ing home o'er a storm - y plain, Re -
4. We are wan - der - ing home, yes, wan - der - ing home, But

weav - eth its gar-lands of years; To a beau - ti - ful home,
fa - thers be - fore us have trod, To the shad - ow of death
plete with temp-ta - tion and sin, To a beau - ti - ful fold
soon we shall wan-der no more; And, oh! may we meet

and bet - ter by far Than the one in this val - ley of tears.
and the cit - y be-yond, The glo - ri - ous cit - y of God.
where Je - sus a - waits To welcome each wan-der - er in.
each .oth - er at last, At home on "the heav-en - ly shore."

CHORUS.

With emotion.

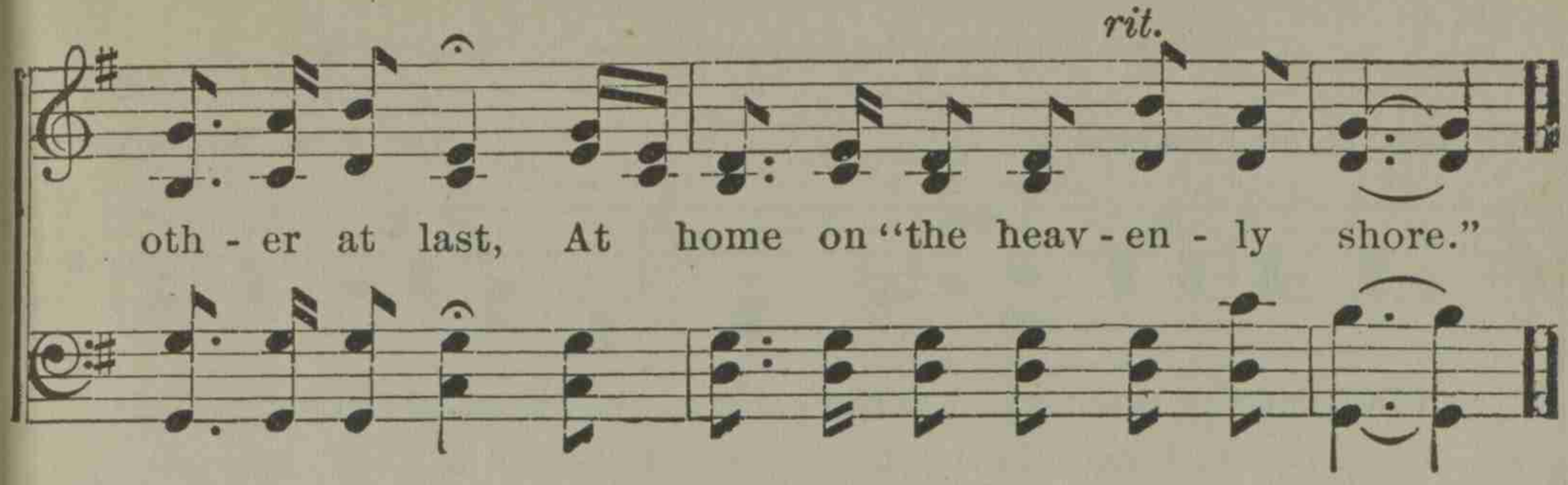
Wan - der - ing home, . . wan - der - ing home, . .
Wan-der-ing home, wan-der-ing home,

Emphatic. *cres.*

Soon we shall wan-der no more; And, oh! may we meet each

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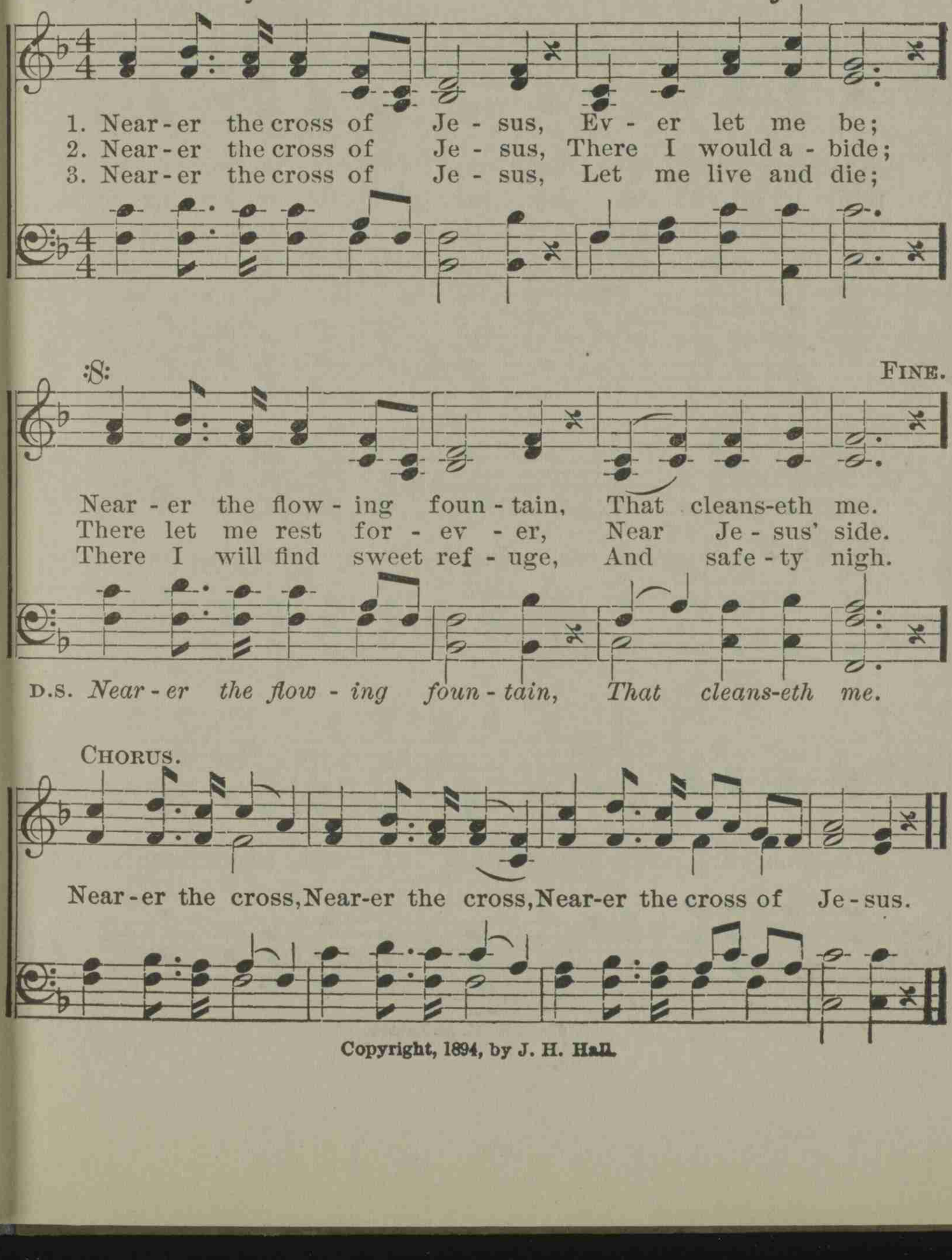
Wandering Home. Concluded.



No. 19. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi: 14.

Charlotte Abbey. J. H. Hall.



CHORUS.

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No. 20. Knocking at the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. iii: 20.

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

1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient-ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly without He 's stay - ing, Lone - ly with-in am I,
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knock-ing a-gain is He,
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide,

En-trance within de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait-ing so long for me?
Tho' He re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

REFRAIN.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing, — "O - pen the door for me!

If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a-bide with Thee.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 21. Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. Ogden

Spirited.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Bright - ly, sweet - ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Go we forth with will-ing hands to do What - so - e'er to us He hath ap-point - ed,
2. Glad - ly, sweet - ly, we will tell the sto - ry Of His love to mor-tals here below; Christ, the brightness of the Fa-ther's glo - ry,
3. Meek - ly, meek - ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Walking faith-ful- ly the path He trod; Leading wan-d'rers to the dear Re-deem - er,

CHORUS.

Faith - ful - ly our mis - sion to pur - sue. Toil - ing for Je - sus, Joy-ful - ly we go; joy - ful - ly we go;
Free - ly here His bless-ing will be - stow. for the Mas - ter, yes,
Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God. Toil- ing, toil - ing

Toil - ing for Je - sus, In His vineyard here be - low.
Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas-ter,

By permission.

No. 22. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

J. L. McDonald. E. O. Excell.

DUET. Soprano & Tenor.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there 's la - bor for all, The vineyard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er 's in need, His cries as-cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to
5. Why stand ye here i - dle? a harp and a crown Are wait - ing in

workmen, the weeds are grown tall, The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for raiment He
warn-ing, what-ev - er the cost; The soul you may res-cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life, and Way; The Spir - it has promised its
glo - ry for sons of re - nown Who la - bor and suf-fer for

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter demands.
suf - fers to-night, Then ren-der as - sis-tance; Oh, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav-iour to praise His dear name.
pres-ence to lend, To com-fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.
tru - est and best, Then la - bor and en - ter the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Oh, why . . . . stand ye i - dle, . . . Oh,
Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,

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Why Stand Ye Here Idle? Concluded.

No. 23. God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Romans xvi: 20.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

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

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

Copyright, J. E. Rankin, D.D.

No. 24. Go and Inquire.

"Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." John v: 39.

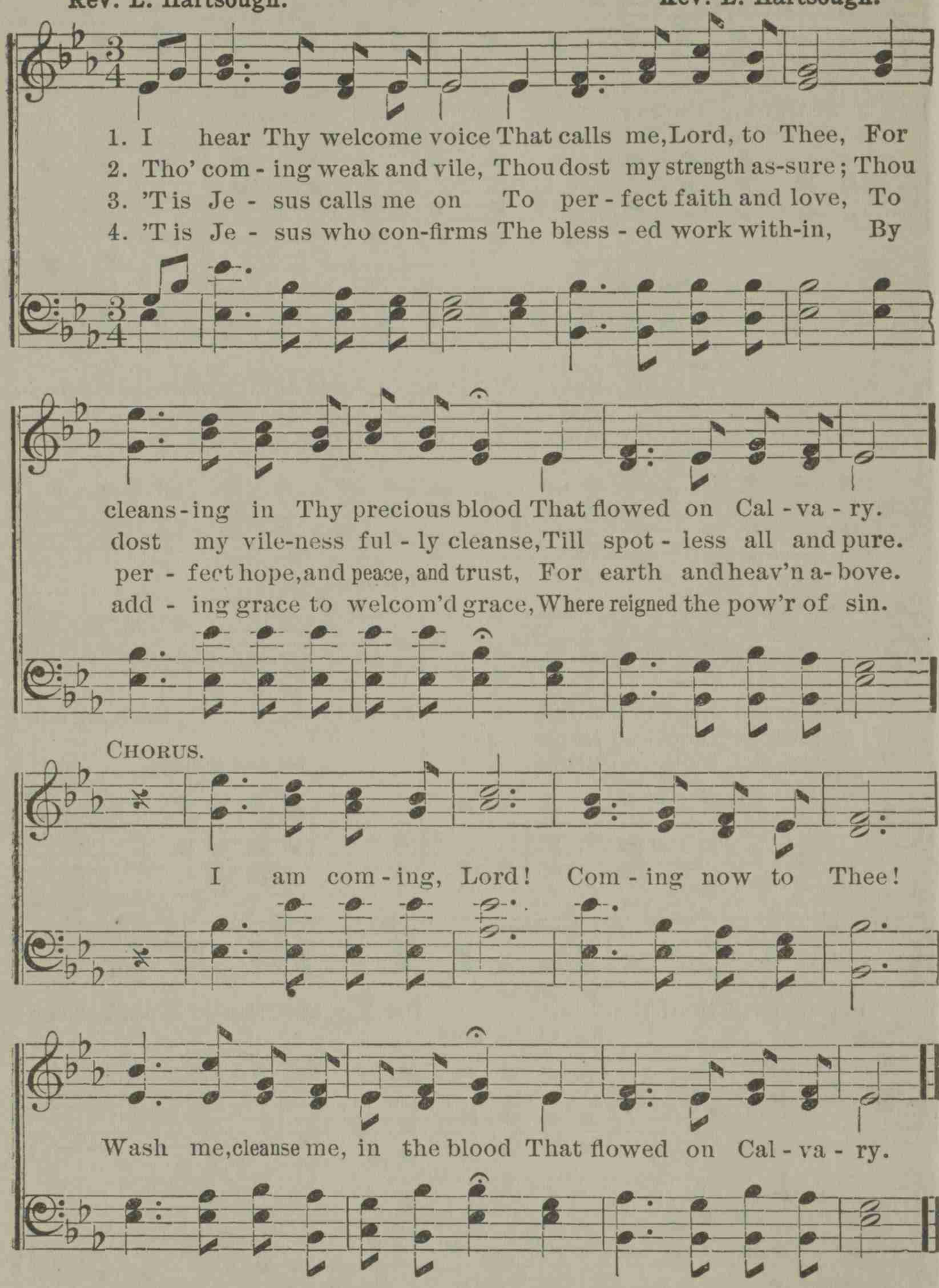
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

By permission.

No. 25. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi: 28.

Rev. L. Hartsough. Rev. L. Hartsough.



5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

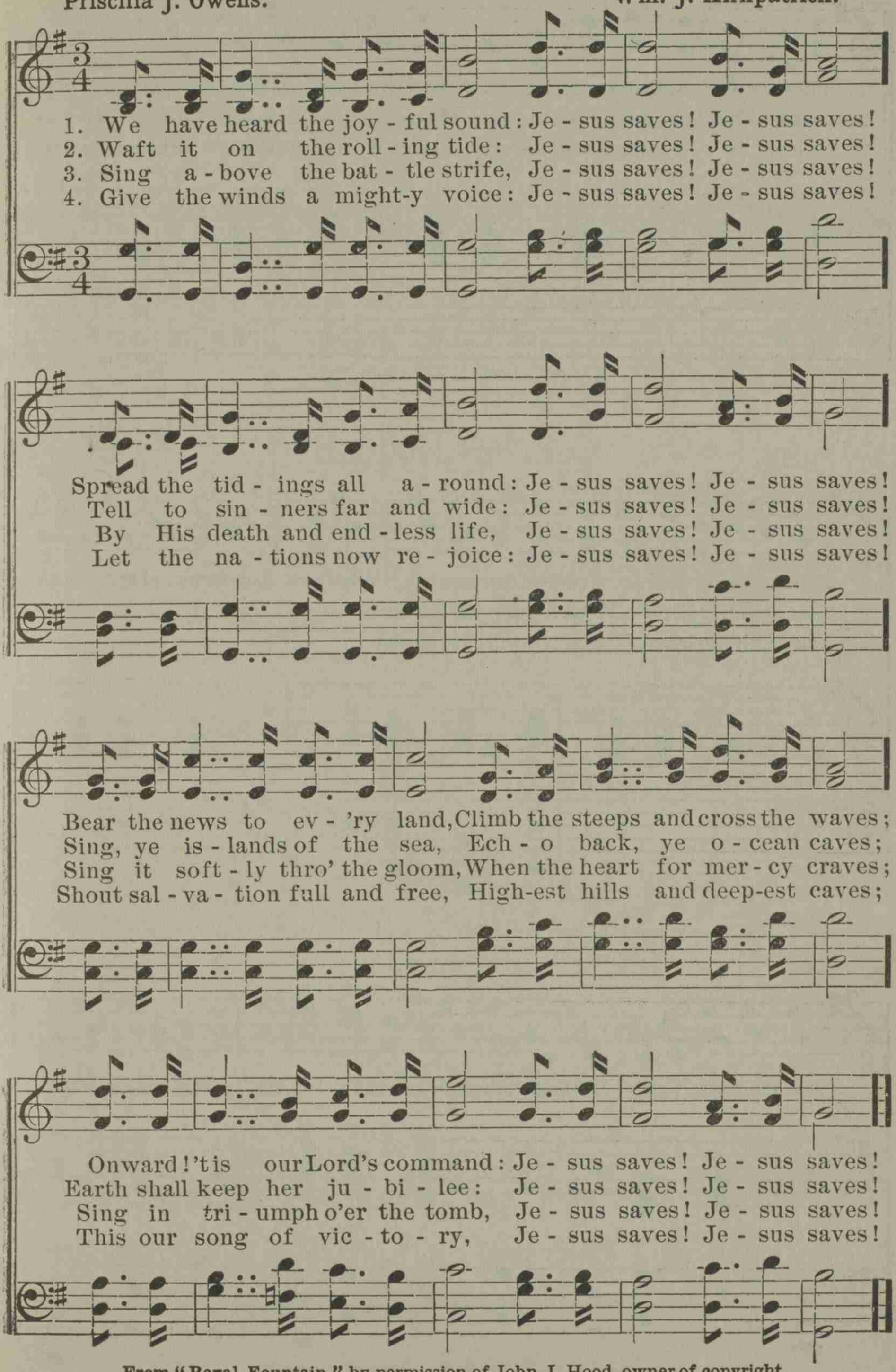
6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

By permission.

No. 26. 13 Jesus Saves.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi: 31.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

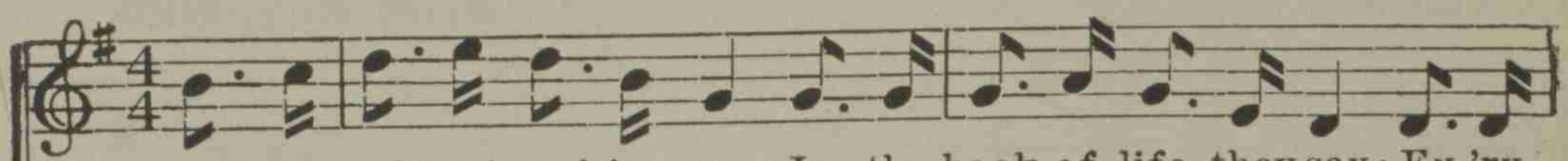


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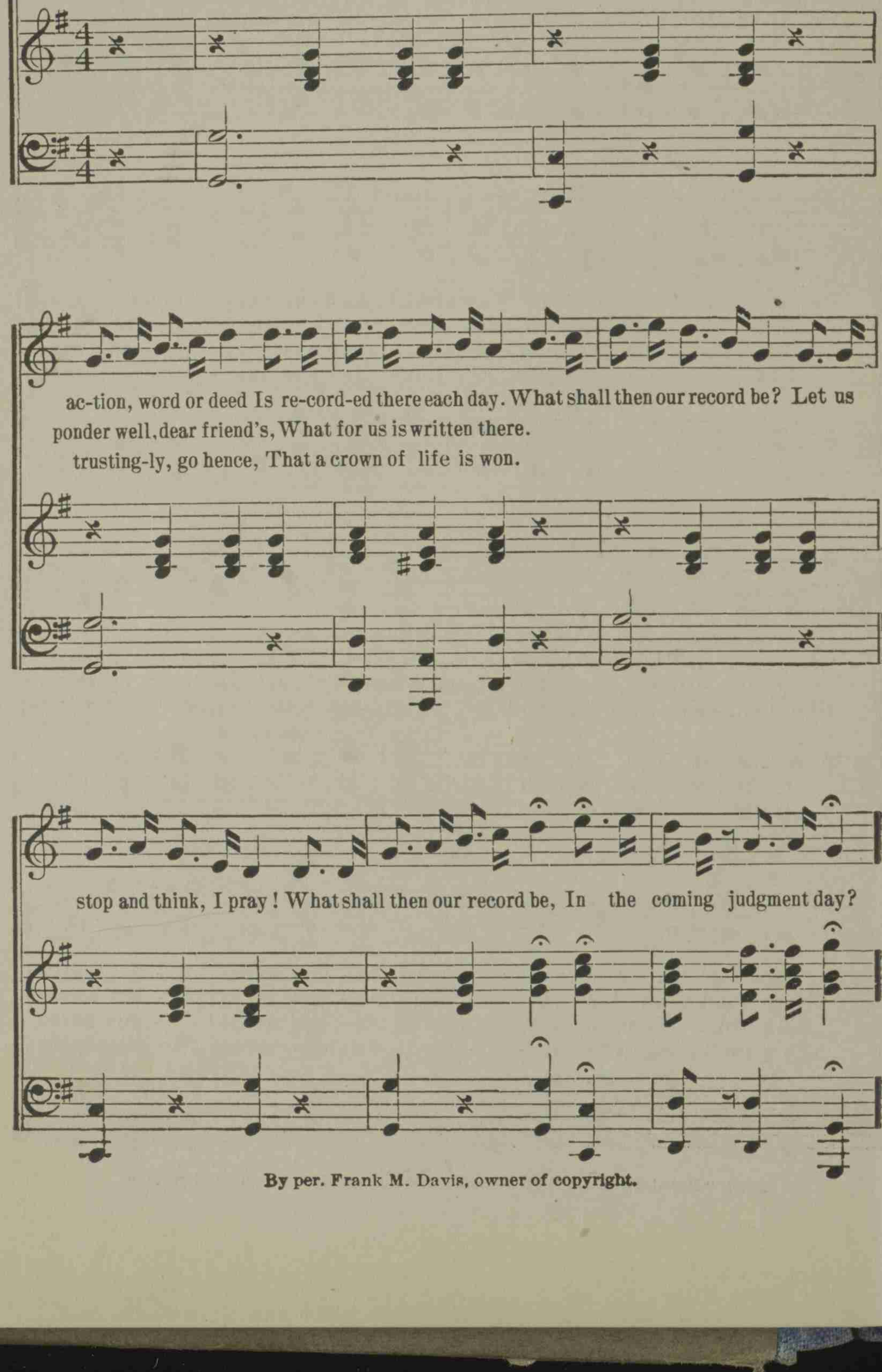
No. 27. What Shall Our Record Be.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D. Frank M. Davis.



1. There 's a hand that 's writing now In the book of life, they say; Ev-'ry ac-tion, word or deed Is re-cord-ed there each day. What shall then our record be? Let us ponder well, dear friend's, What for us is written there.
2. Still that hand goes writing on, Mak-ing pa - ges dark or fair; Let us trusting-ly, go hence, That a crown of life is won.
3. Time is eb- bing fast a - way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we, stop and think, I pray! What shall then our record be, In the coming judgment day?



By per. Frank M. Davis, owner of copyright.

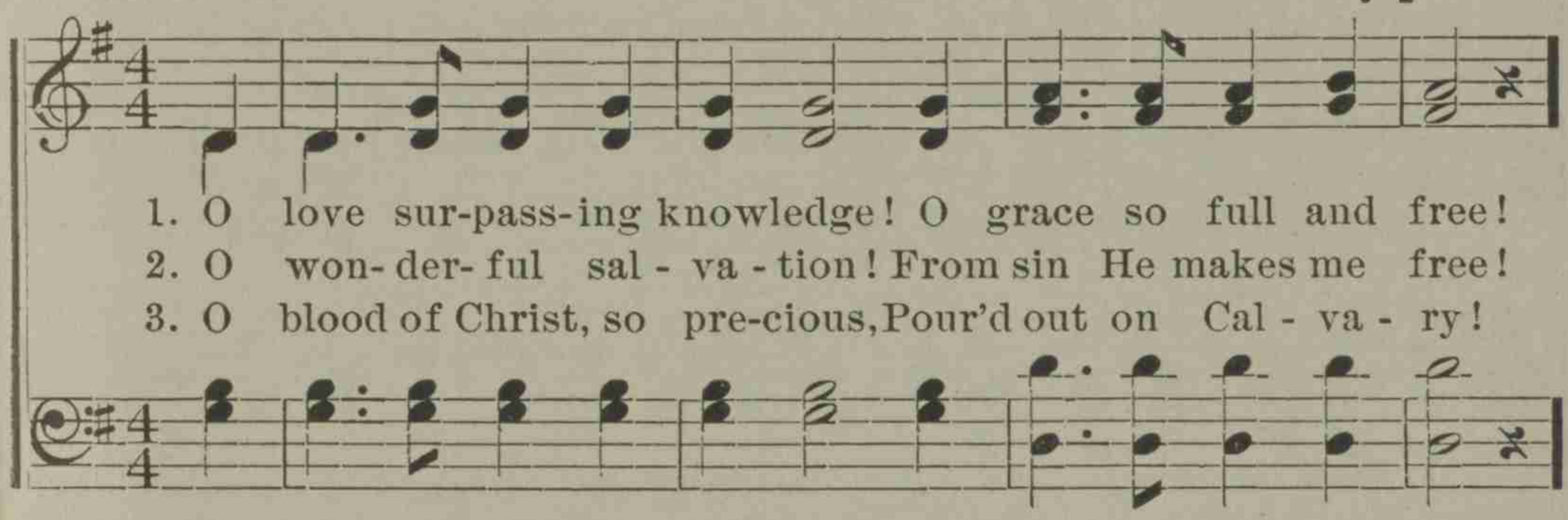
What Shall Then Our Record Be. Concluded.

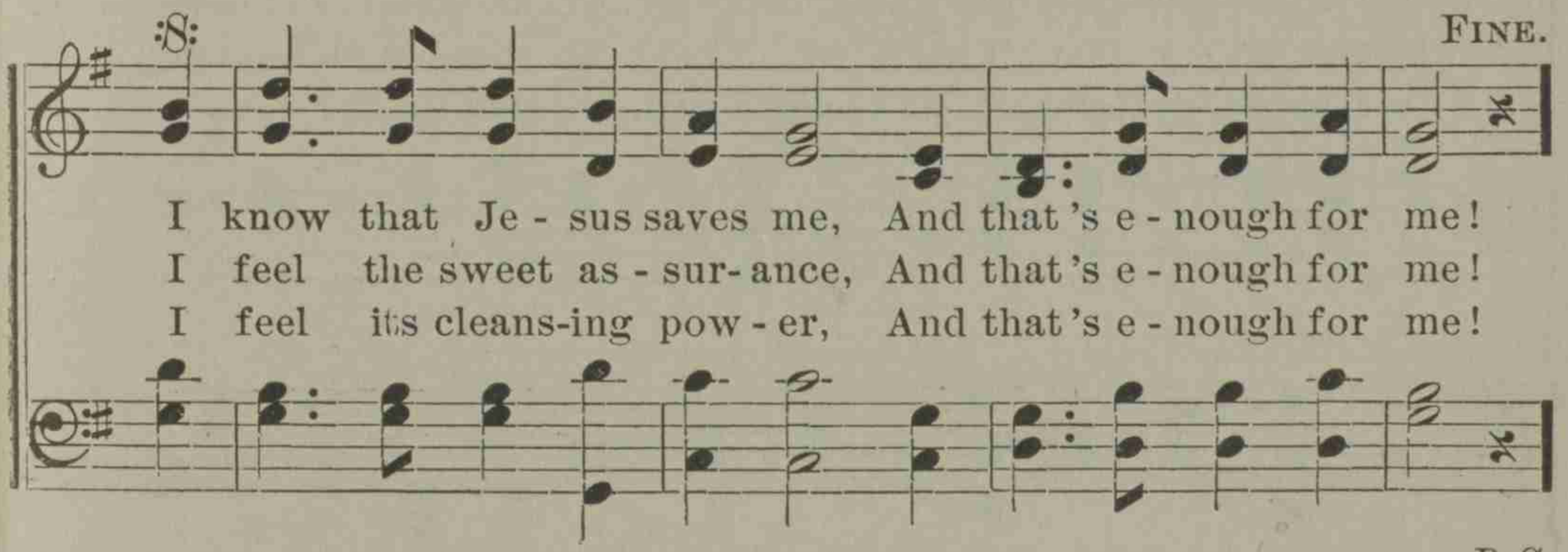
CHORUS.



No. 28. Enough for Me.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.







No. 29. The Unclouded Day.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood. Harmony by J. F. Kinsey.



1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sor-



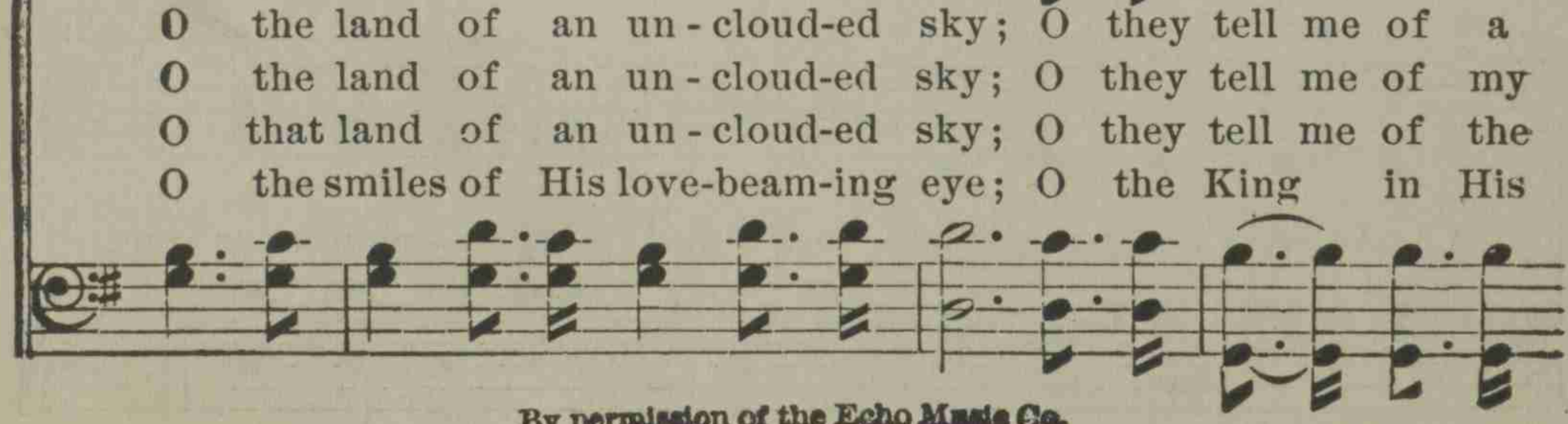
home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow,
rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a - gain.



O they tell me of an un-clouded day. O the land of cloudless day,
Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un-clouded day. O the land of cloudless day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold. O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love-ly land of un-clouded day. O that land of love-ly smiles,

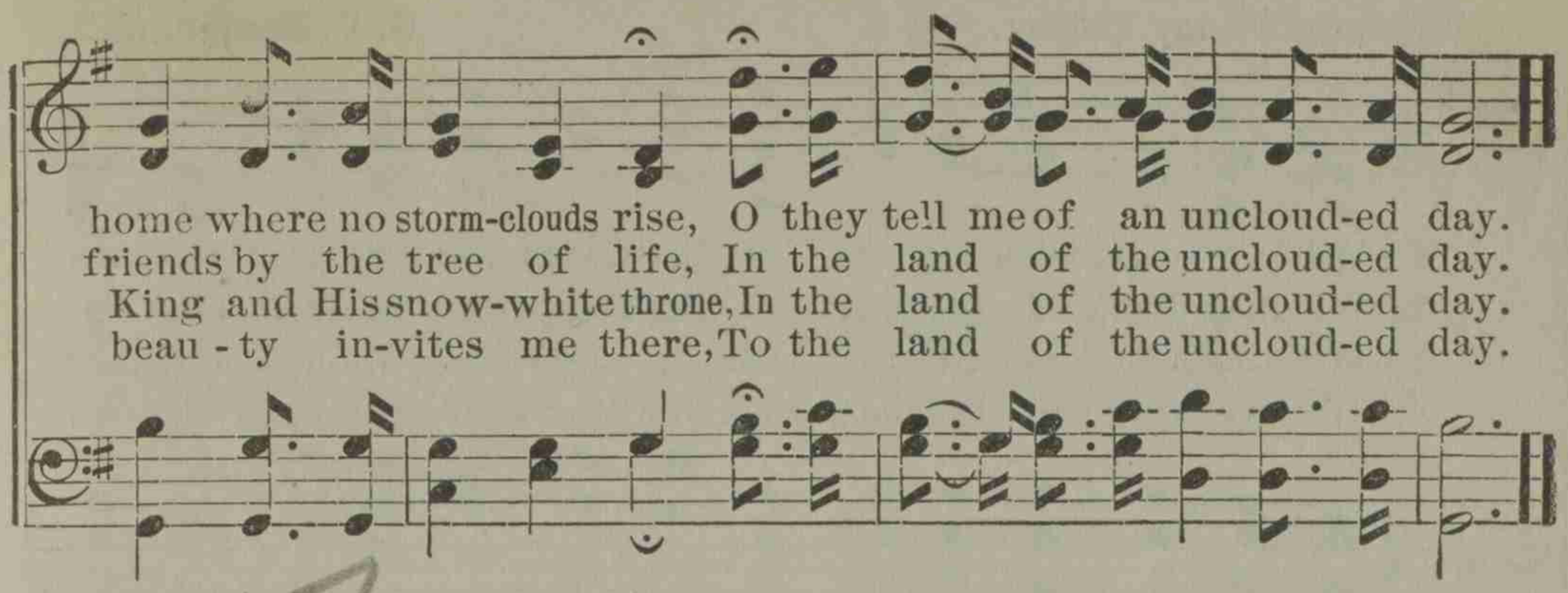


O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His



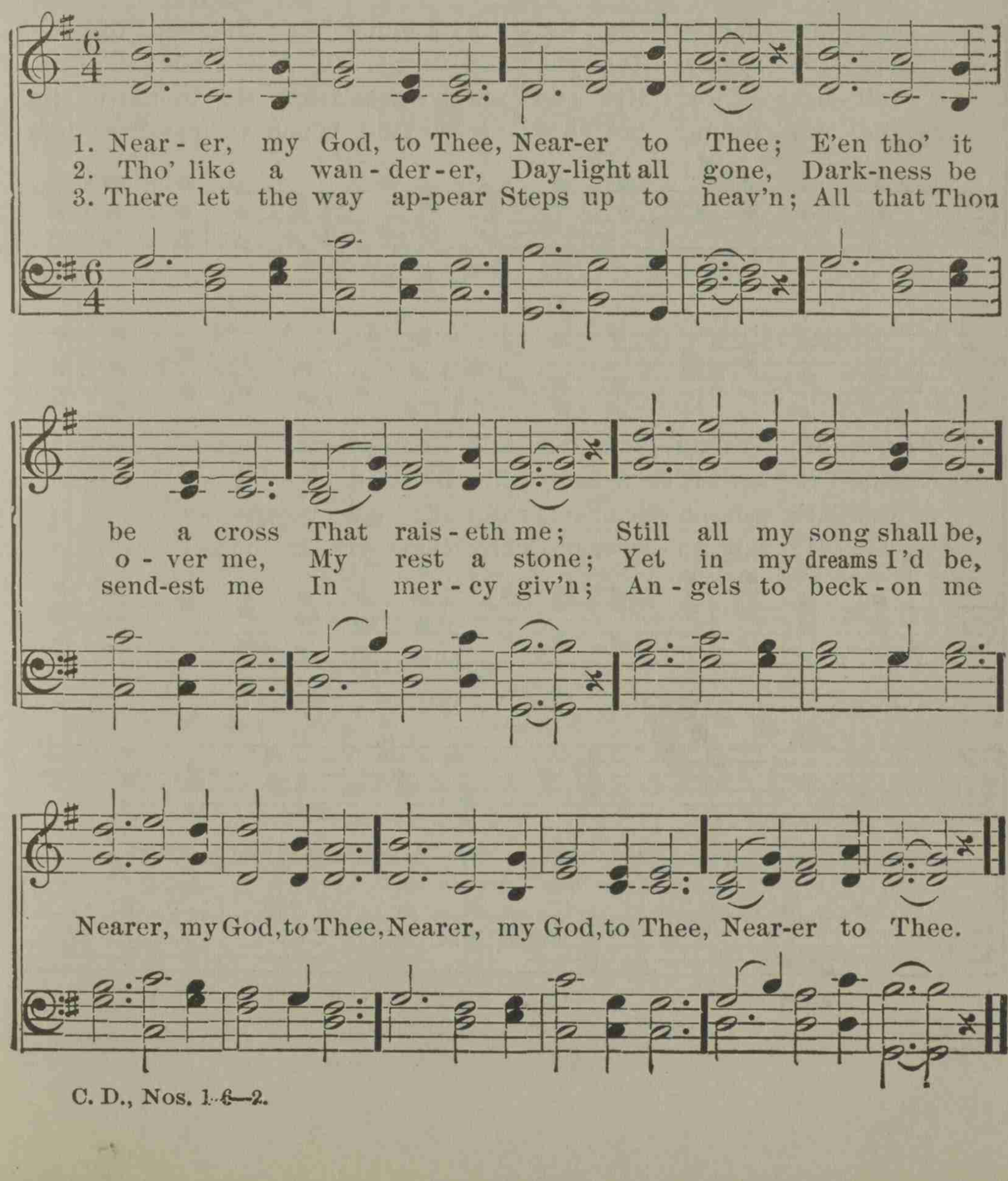
By permission of the Echo Music Co.

The Unclouded Day. Concluded.



No. 30. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 31. Mercy for All.

Words by Fanny Crosby. G. P. Benjamin.

1. We are bought with a price by the Lamb that was slain; He has conquer'd the grave—He liv - eth a-gain! At the foot of the
2. We may drink if we will of the foun - tain so free, That is flow - ing to-day for you and for me; With our bur - den of
3. O the rich - es of grace that in Je - sus abound! With the full - ness of joy His peo - ple are crown'd. At the door of His
4. If we walk in the path that our Mas - ter has trod,—If we die un - to sin, but live un - to God, When we pass the dark

cross He will an - swer our call: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is
sin at its brink we may fall: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is
love He will an - swer our call: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is
vale He will an - swer our call: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is

REFRAIN.

mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all!

By permission of Biglow & Main, N. Y.

Mercy for All. Concluded.





No. 32. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliot. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 33. Beulah Land.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. xxxv: 10.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 34. Over the Border Land.

J. H. A. J. H. Alleman.

1. A home on high is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
2. My lov'd ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
3. My Sav-iour there is call-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,

And there my Sav-iour I shall see, Just o - ver the bor-der land.
And with them soon, for - e'er I 'll be, Just o - ver the bor-der land.
And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor-der land.
And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor-der land.

CHORUS.

Just o - ver the bor - der land, There

Just o - ver the bor - der, the bor - der land, There

waits the home of the soul, Where praise shall

waits the home, the home of the soul, Where praise shall

ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

Copyright, 1893, by J. H. Alleman. From "The Singing Evangel." By permission.

No. 35. Story of the Cross.

Rev. W. P. Rivers. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

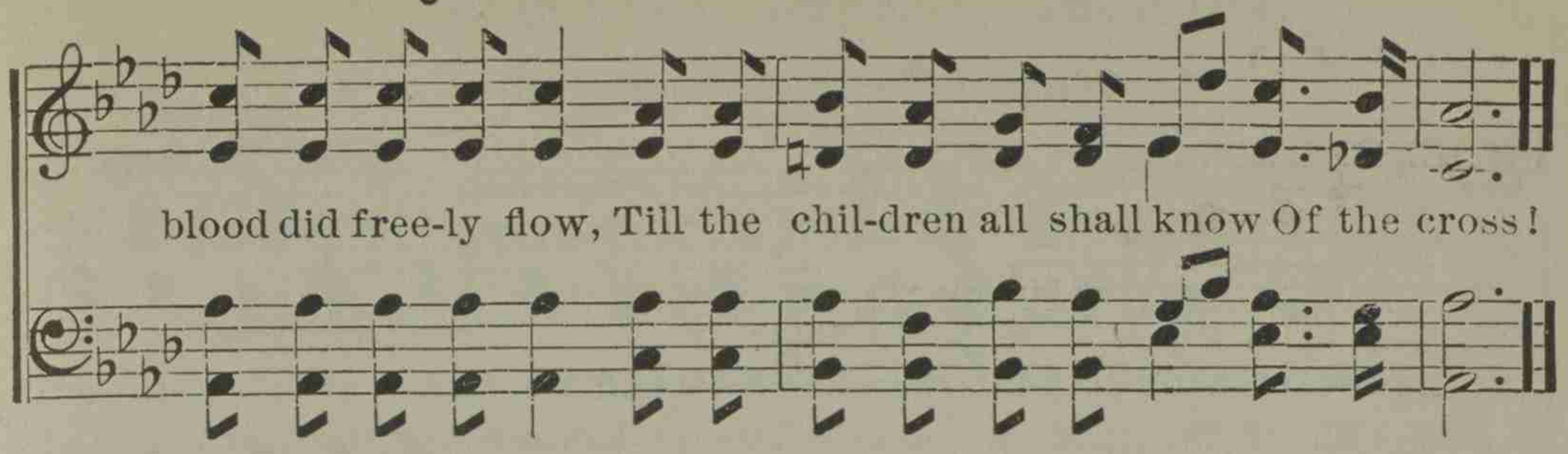
children all shall know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . of the
death our hope must be Of the cross!
sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross!

Of the cross on which the

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

Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh.

Story of the Cross. Concluded.



No. 36. A Sinner Like Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i: 15.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler. By per.



4 I listened: and lo! 't was the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever
For saving a sinner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

No. 37. No More Good-Byes.

"And there shall be no night there." Rev. xxii: 5.

E. R. Latta. J. H. Fillmore.

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

Where no chill-ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet-ly bloom;
Fa-thers, mothers, chil-dren dear, A-round the throne shall stand;
Where no sick-ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r,

:S:

Where the glo-ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloudless skies,
There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis-mal cloud a-rise,
Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be-dim the eyes;

D. S. *'Mid̆st the glo-ry of the Lord, In that home be-yond the skies,*

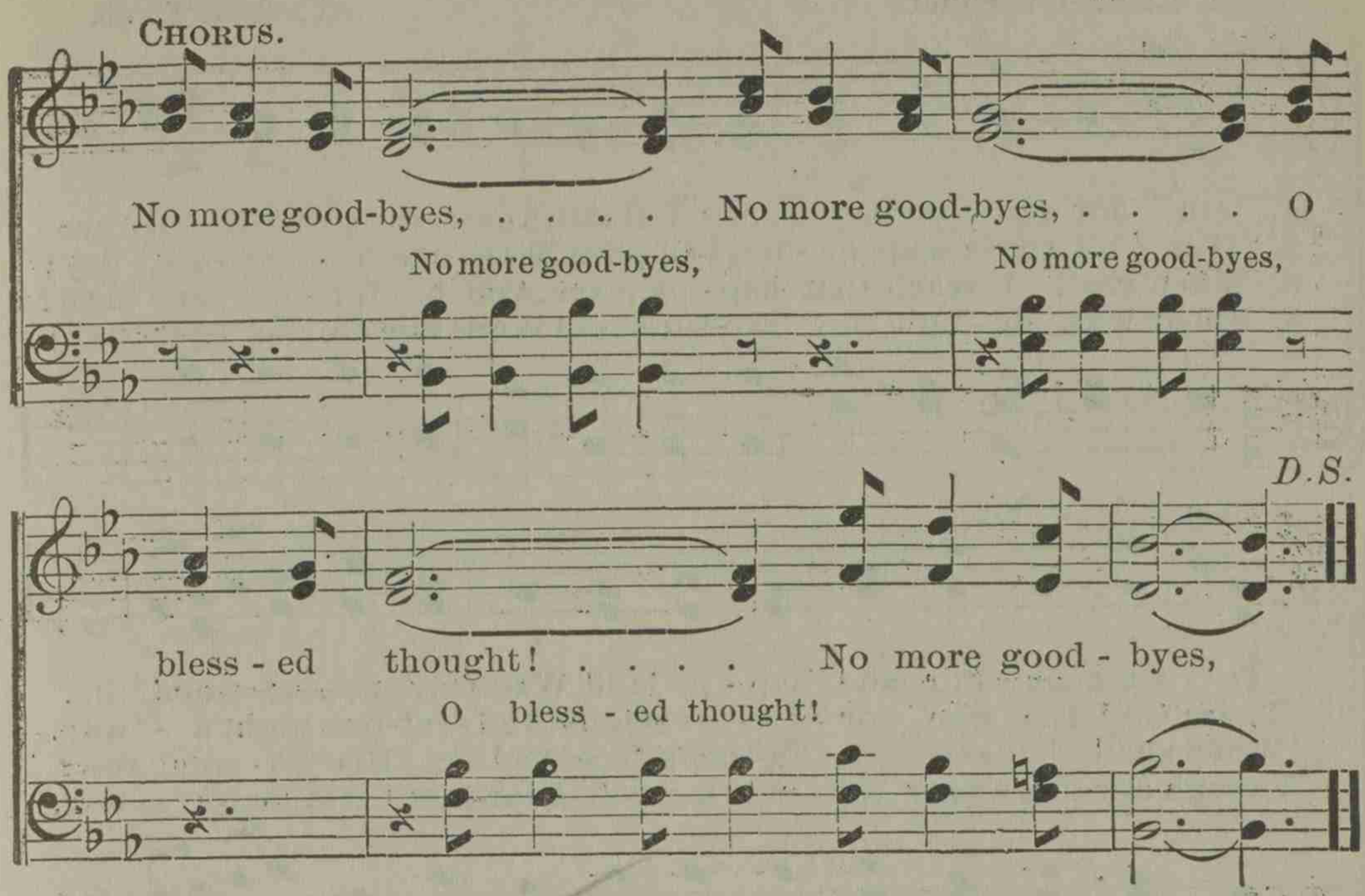
FINE.

There, as end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.
And in that e-ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet a-gain, And speak no more good-byes.

When the end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

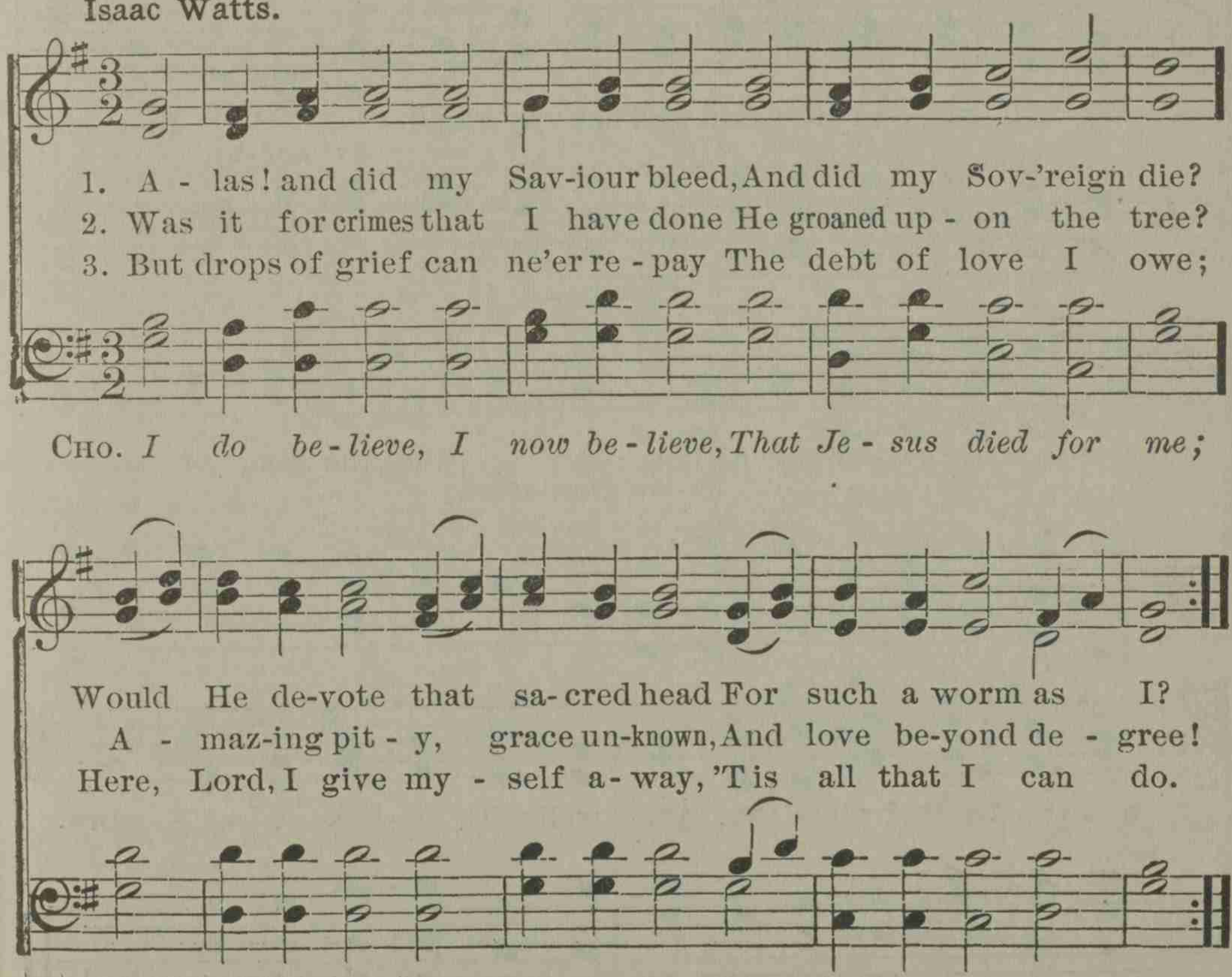
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No More Good-Byes. Concluded.



No. 38. I Do Believe.

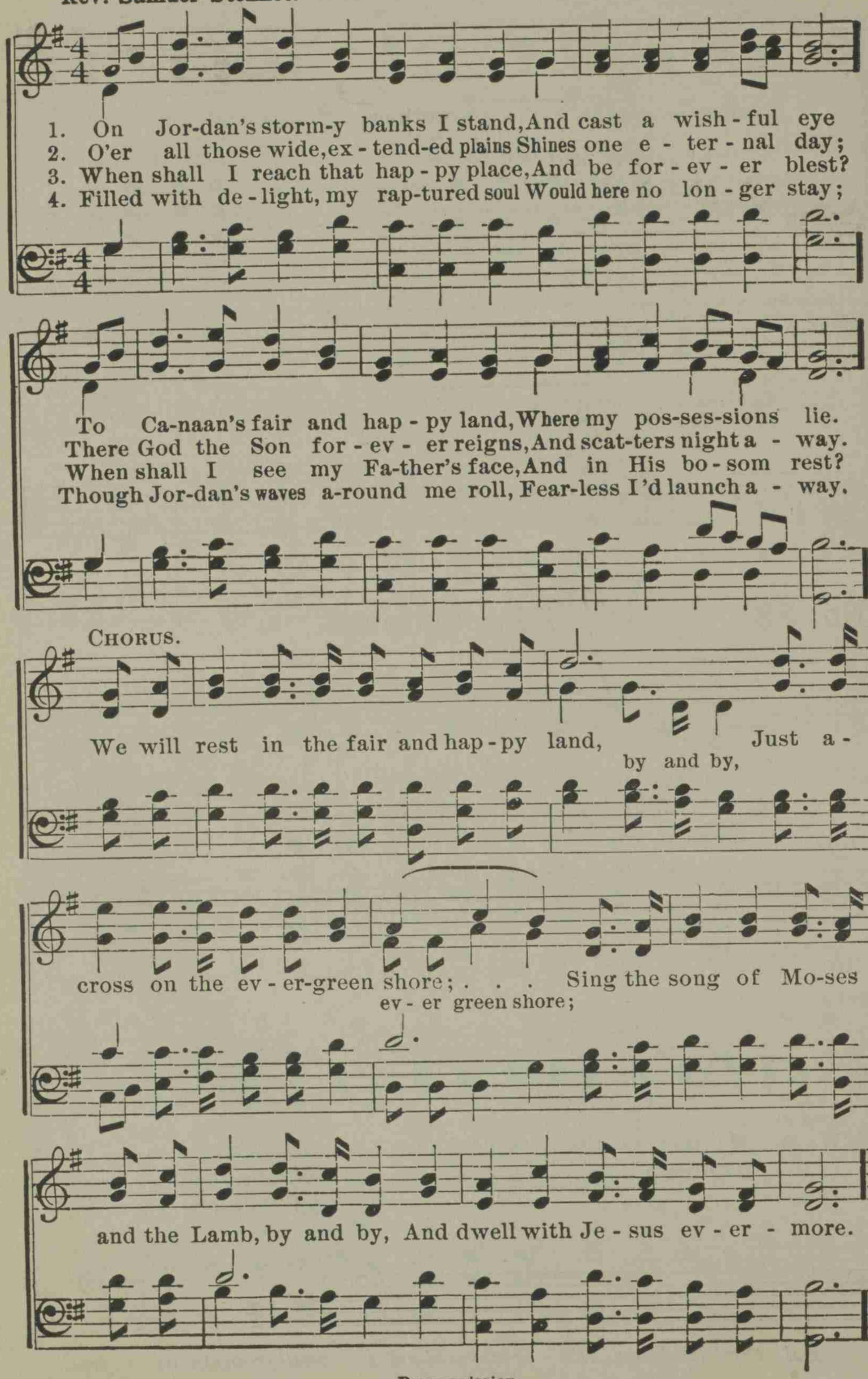
Isaac Watts.



23

No. 39. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennet. T. C. O'Kane.



By permission.

No. 40. What shall it Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. W. A. Ogden. By per.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Hous-es and a-cres so broad, No ti-tle to man-sions of glo-ry e-ter-nal, And none to the cit-y of God?
2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make, And know not the friendships of Je-sus, the Sav-iour, Of Je-sus who died for thy sake?
3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Earth-ly am-bi-tion and fame, If Christ in the life-book of glo-ry e-ter-nal, Had nev-er re-cord-ed thy name?

REFRAIN.

What shall it prof-it thee then; . . Tho' the whole world be thine own, . . When the death an-gel has called for thy spir-it, And mer-cy for-ev-er has flown?

prof-it thee then; The whole world be thine own,

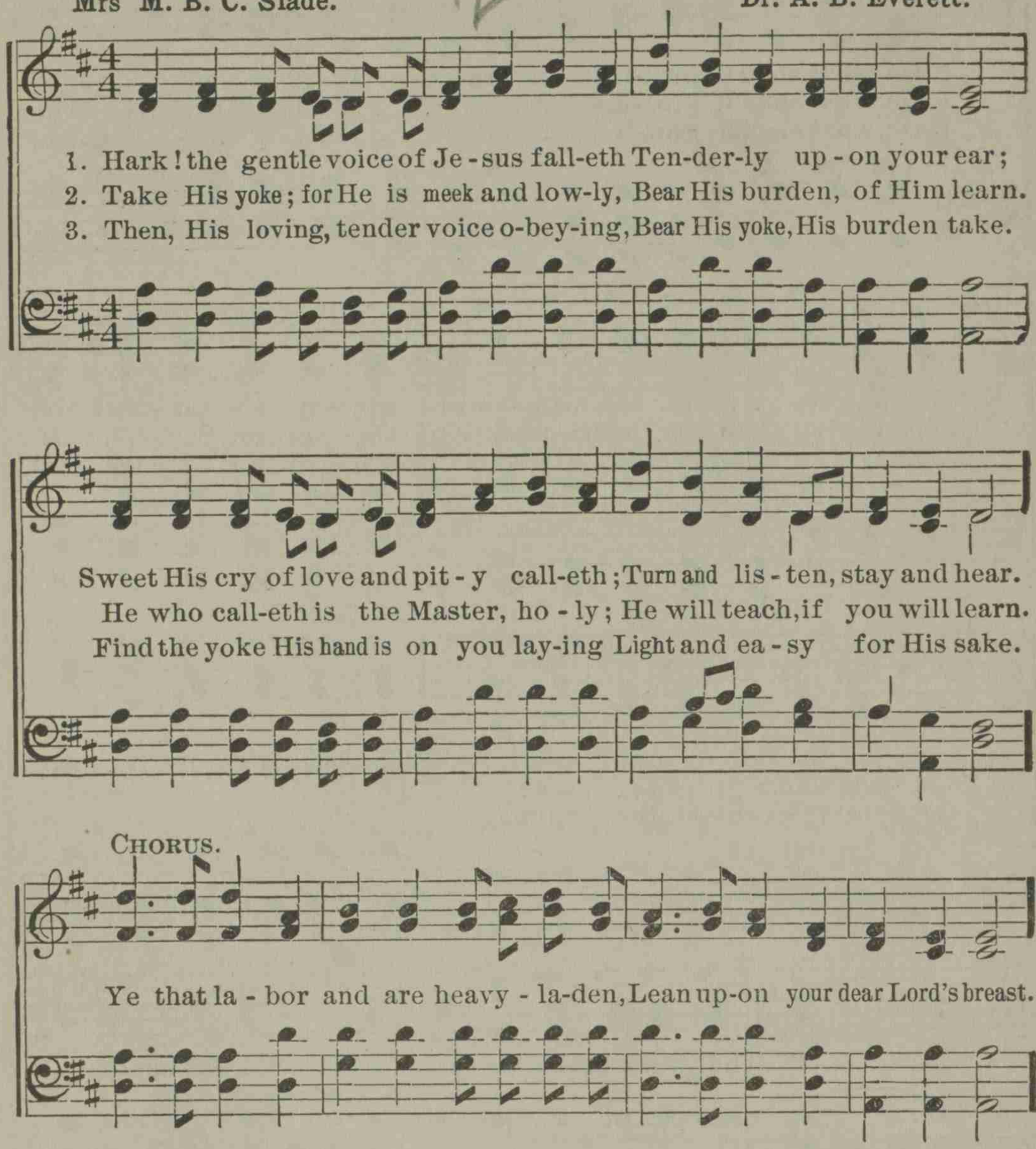
rit. . . . . . .

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No. 41. Come unto Me.

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

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



By per. R. M. McIntosh, owner of copyright.

No. 42. here's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that 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?

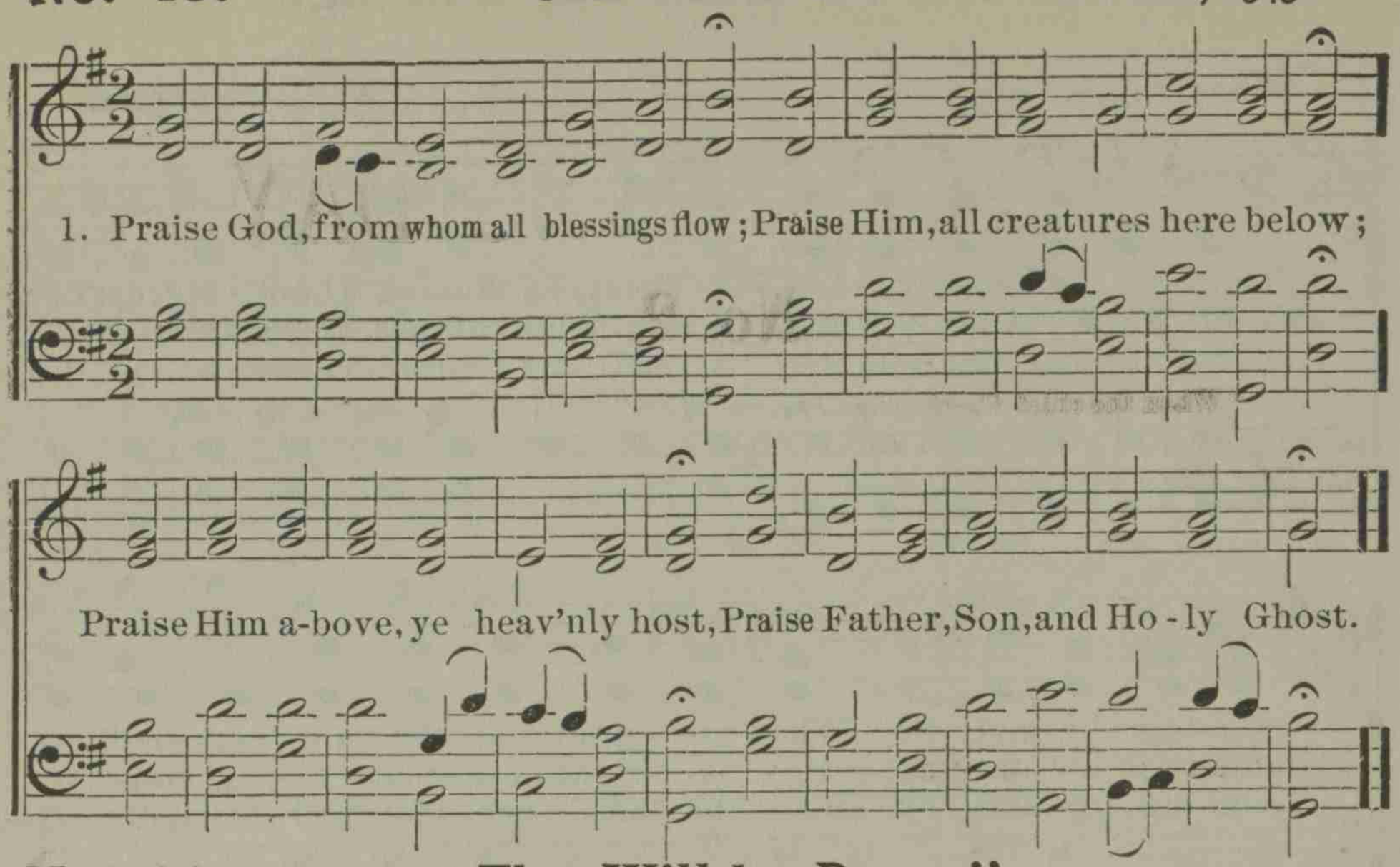
CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

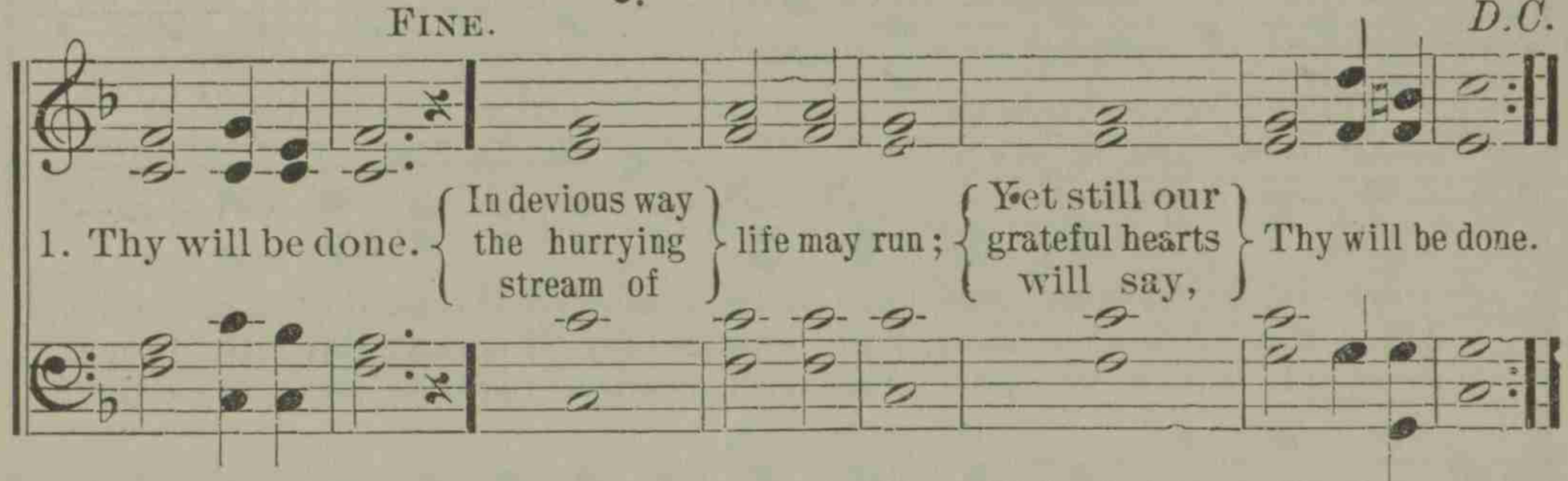
Judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the Judgment day?

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No. 43. Old Hundred. G. Franc, 1545.



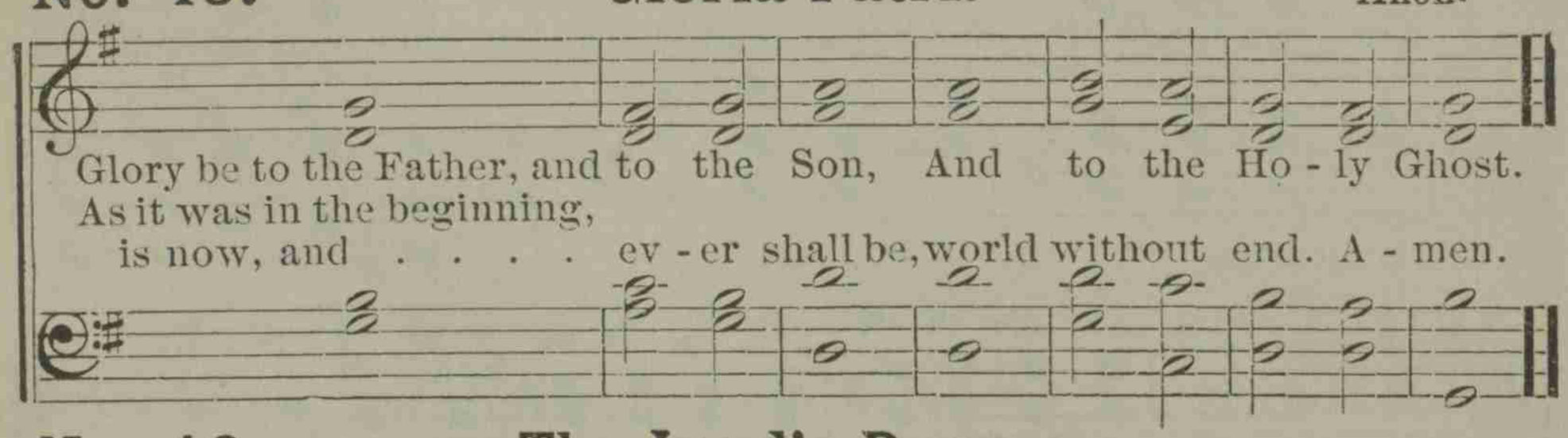
No. 44. "Thy Will be Done."



2 Thy will be | done. ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more di-vine, ‖
Thy will be | done.

3 Thy will be | done. ‖ Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort, one, ‖
Is ours to breathe, while we adore, ‖
Thy will be | done.

No. 45. Gloria Patri. Anon.



No. 46. The Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name: ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | tres-pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de-liver | us from | evil; ‖ for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

THE CROWNING DAY

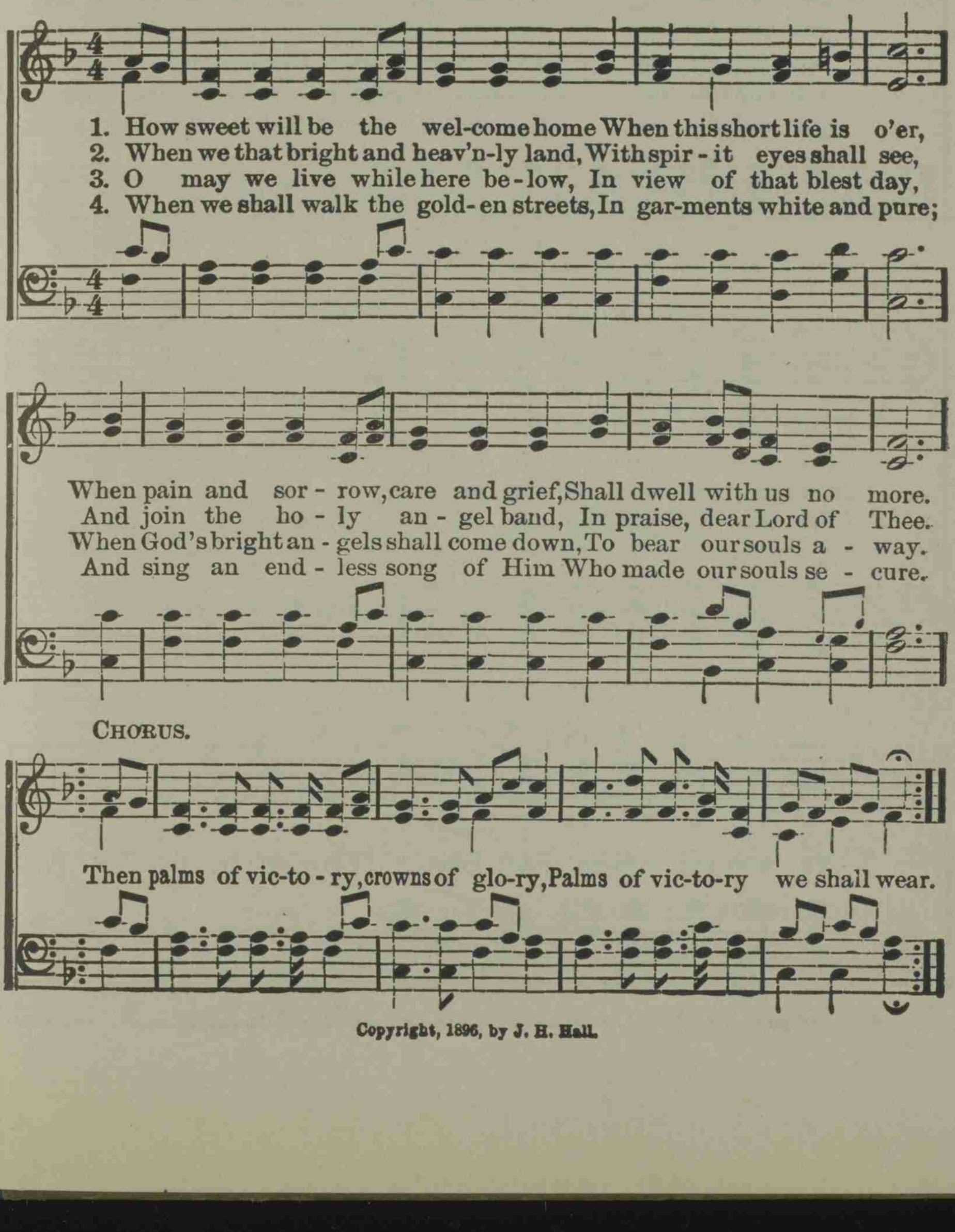
No. 2.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PETER 5 : 4.

No. 47. Crown After Cross.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35 : 10.

Chorus by Rev. J. B. Matthias. **J. H. Hall.**



Copyright, 1896, by J. H. Hall.

No. 48. Softly and Tenderly.

W. J. F. Will. L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me,
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass- ing, Pass-ing from you and from me,
4. Oh, for the won- der - ful love He has prom-ised, Promised for you and for me,

See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Shad-ows are gath-er- ing, deathbeds are coming,
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

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

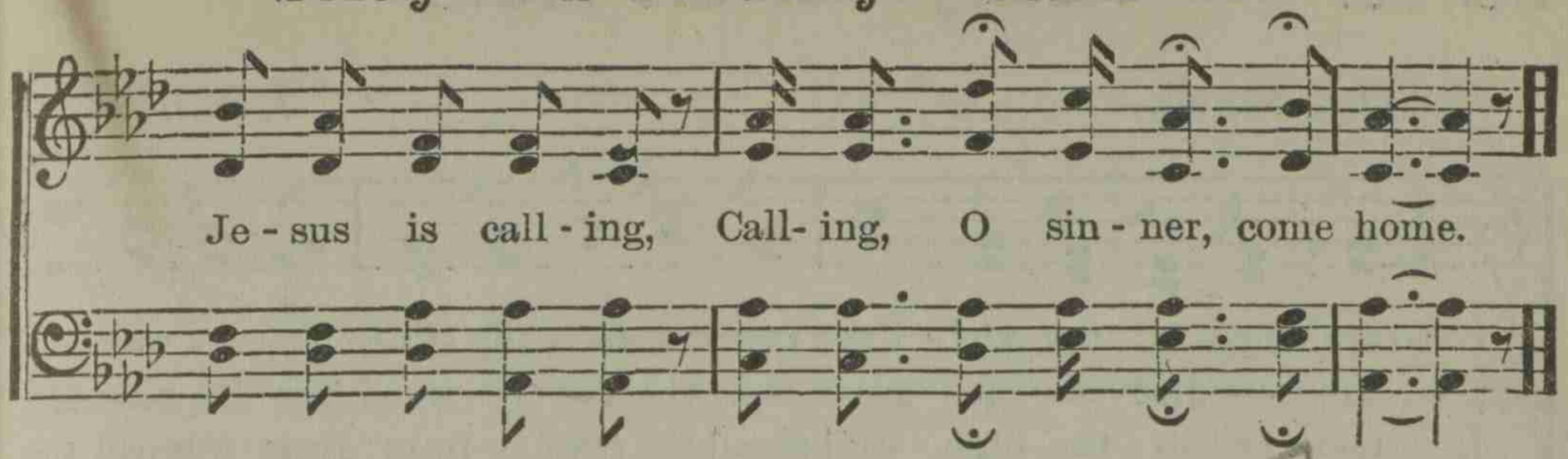
Come home, come home, . .

Come home, come home,

Ye who are wea-ry, come home, Earn- est- ly, ten - der - ly,

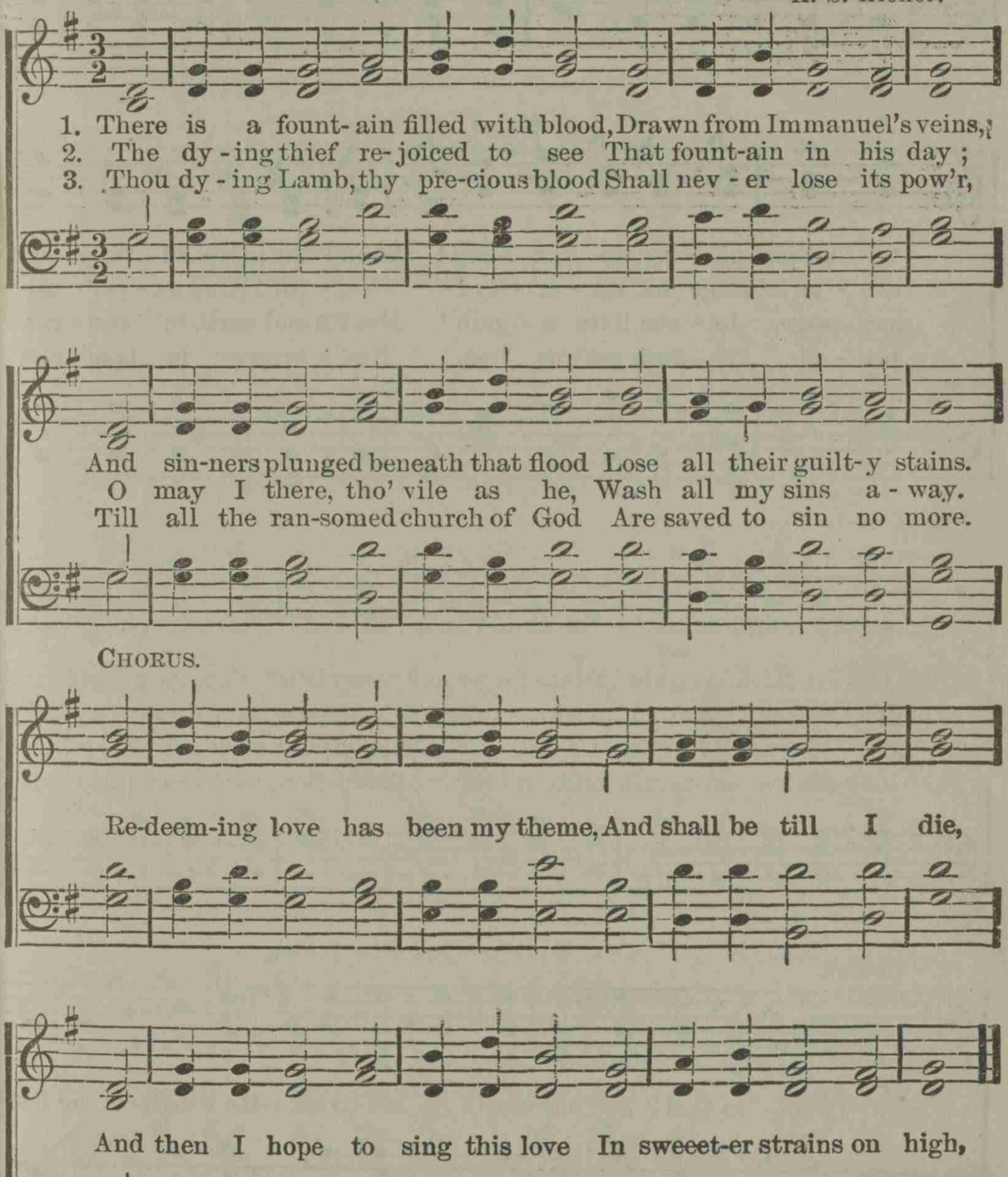
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Softly and Tenderly. Concluded.



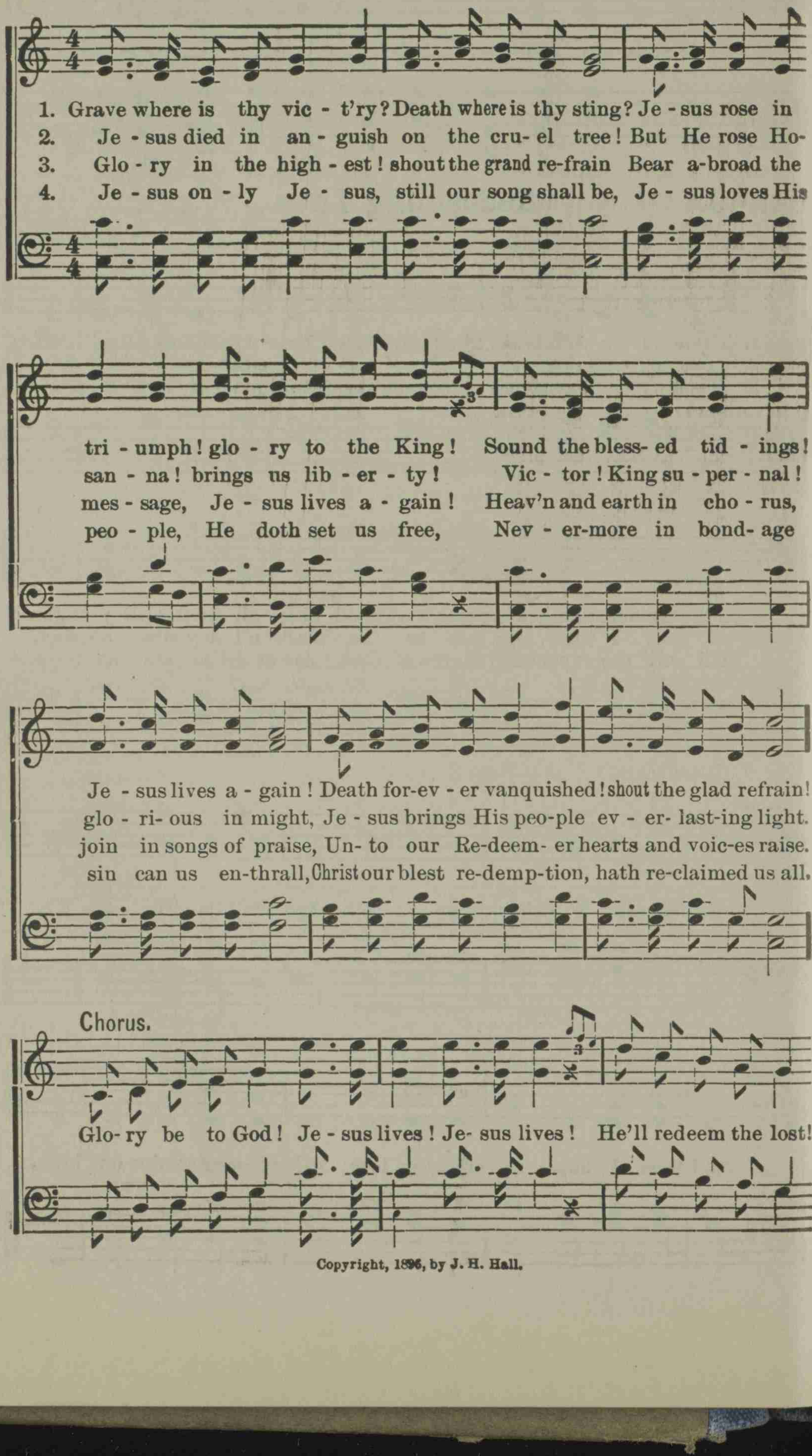
No. 49. Redeeming Love.

A. S. Kieffer.



No. 50. Victory O'er the Grave.

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.



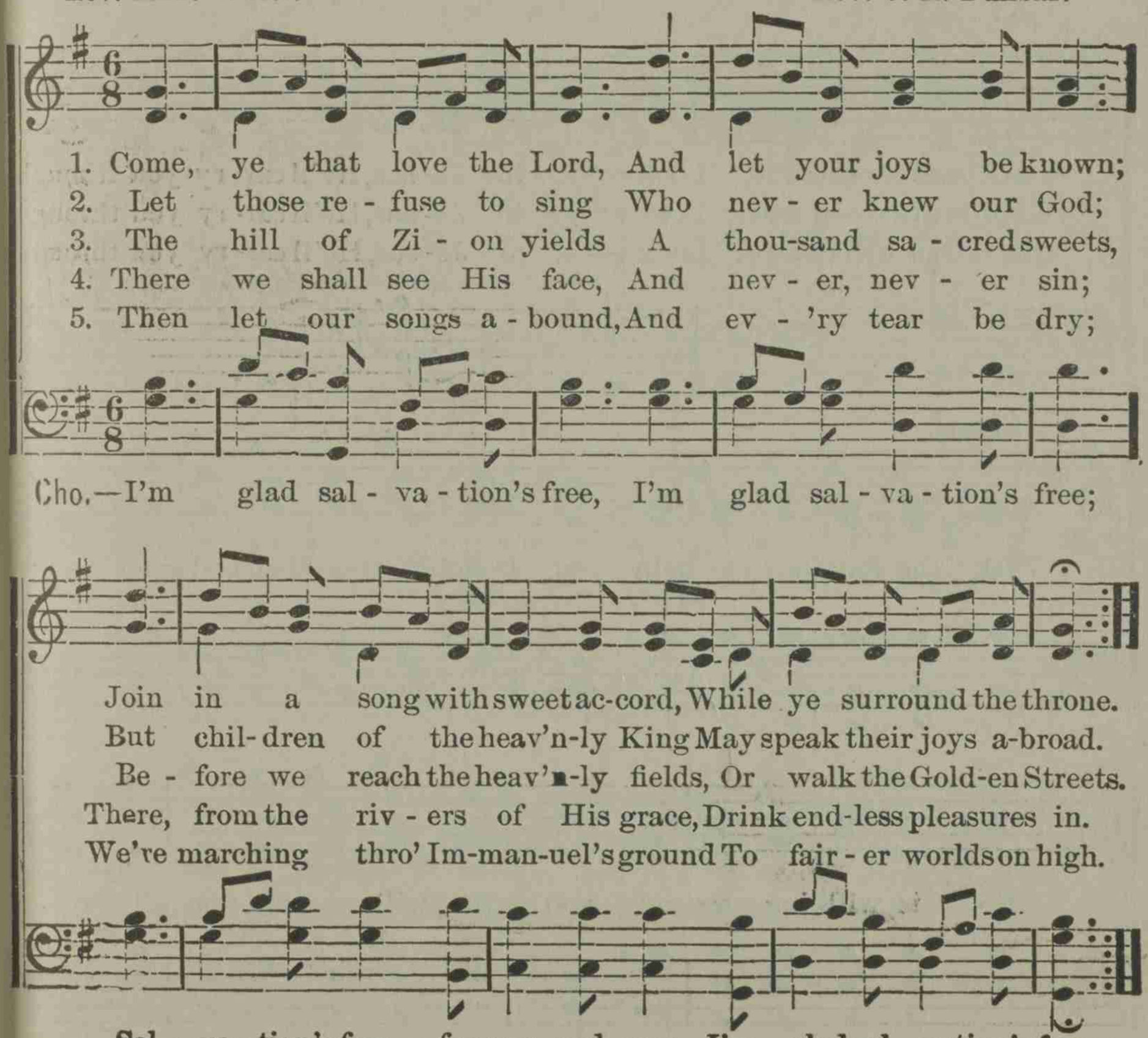
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Victory O'er the Grave. Concluded.



No. 51. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Rev. C. R. Dunbar.



28

No. 52. Yield Not to Temptation.

Words and Music by Dr. H. R. Palmer.

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

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

Chorus.

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

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No. 53. Calling Me Over the Tide.

Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Friends who have lov'd me are slip-ping a-way, Si-lent-ly on-ward they glide; Still are their voic-es, as backward they stray,
2. Dim-ly thro' gath-er-ing dark-ness I see Je-sus, my Friend and my Guide; An-gels are watching and wait-ing for me,
3. Nar-row the wa-ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be-lov-ed a-bide,— Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be-fore,

Refrain.

Call-ing me o-ver the tide.
Call-ing me o-ver the tide.
Call-ing me o-ver the tide.

Call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Lov'd ones are call-ing me o-ver the tide; They are call-ing to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o-ver the tide.

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No. 54. Seeking a Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.—Psa. 46 : 1.

L. A. M. Rev. L. A. Morris.

1. Near - er my Sav- iour, still near - er to Thee, This earth's fleeting
2. Though I have wandered a - gain and a - gain, Yet ev - er I
3. Dark are the shad-ows of sor-row and woe, But Je - sus will
4. When the dark val - ley I'm called to pass thro', A light from those

com-forts, are noth- ing to me; Per - ish - ing dai - ly, like
hear this in - vit - ing re - frain; Let noth- ing keep thee a -
light up the path-way I know; Beau - ti - ful man-sions a -
man-sions will o - pen to view; Je - sus my Sav- iour, the

shad-ows they flee, I'm seek-ing a ref-uge, blest Sav-iour in Thee.
way from my love, It turns my af - fections to heav- en a - bove.
wait- ing on high, With this blest as - surance, my hope can-not die.
bright Morning Star, Will lead to the cit - y whose gates are a - jar.

Chorus.

Seek-ing a ref - uge, seek-ing a ref - uge, I'm seek-ing a

ref - uge, blest Sav- iour in Thee. Seek- ing a ref - uge,

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Seeking a Refuge. Concluded.

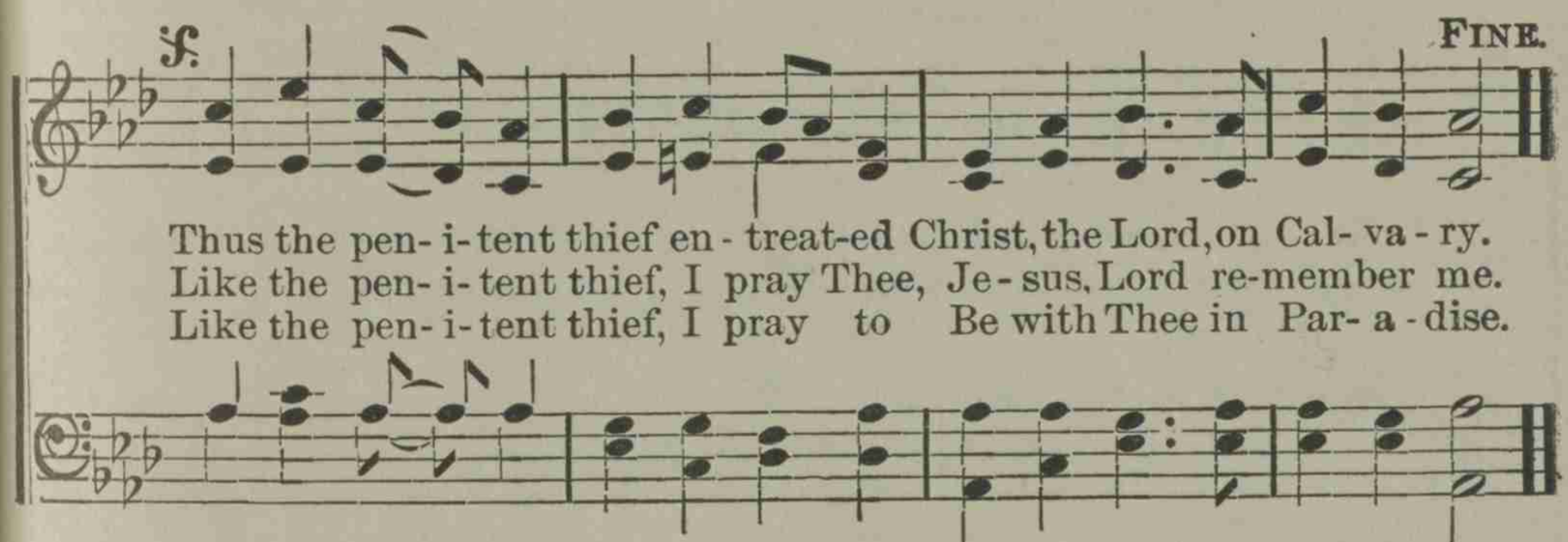


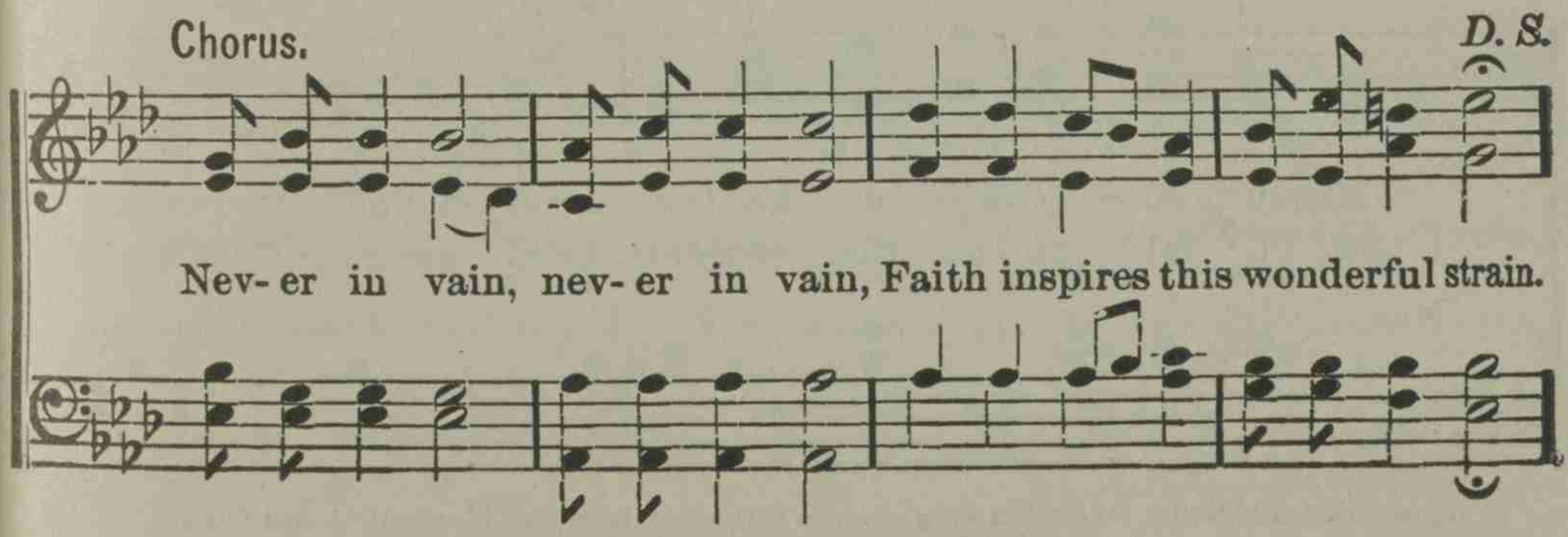
No. 55. When Thou Comest.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—LUKE 13 : 42.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.







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No. 56. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

Use as Solo or Duett.

W. L. Thompson.

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,

When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come,
In life's dark-est hours, Fa - ther, When life's troub-les come,

Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam,
Keep my feet from wand -'ring, Lest from Thee I roam,

If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home.
Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home.

rit. p

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Lead Me Gently Home, Father. Concluded.

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,
Lest I fall up- on the way-side, Lead me gen- tly home.
Lead me gen- tly, gen-tly home.

No. 57. The Stranger at the Door.

Words and Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! a stran - ger stand-ing at the door; In tones of
2. Pa - tient and yet so lov - ing - ly He stands; Pierced are the
3. Thorn - y the crown up - on His head di- vine; Sin - ner, He

sweet - ness hear His voice im- plore, Hark! hark! He knocks, oh
bleed - ing feet and man - gled hands, While from His side a
wore it for your sins and mine! Hast - en and o - pen

sin - ner, sin - ner, hear! O - pen the door! 'tis Je - sus knocking there.
crim- son flood I see, Flow- ing, O sin - ner; flow - ing still for Thee.
wide the bolt - ed door, Je - sus can save you, save for - ev - er-more.

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No. 58. Glory Over There.

Words arranged by I. N. McHose. Music by C. L. Moore.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
3. There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
4. O- ver in that se-rene a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and by;

In - fin - ite day excludes the night, Where we shall be gath-ered by and by;
It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gath-ered by and by;
And those long part - ed meet a - gain, Where we shall be gath-ered by and by;
There we will meet and live with God, Where we shall be gath-ered by and by;

Chorus.

by and by, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there.
by and by, by and by, by and by, O won't that be glo - ry by and by,
O - ver there, by and by, by and by, O - ver there; by and by,
O - ver there, by and by, O won't that be glo - ry by and by.
o - ver there.

Copyright, 1893, by Moore & Robinson, by per. From "Echoes of Redemption."

No. 59. The Faithful Pilot.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.



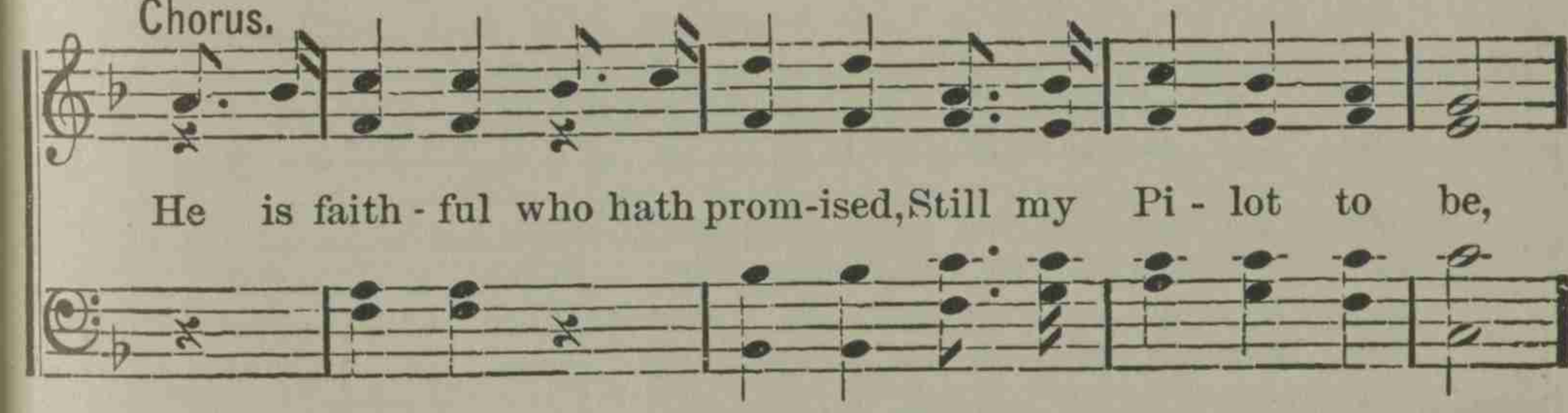
1. I am near-ing scenes ce-les-tial, And re-joic-ing I go,
   There is one who ev-er guides me, In His love all the way,
2. Thro' the dis-tance to His pal-ace, In the morn seemed so long,
   When the glo-ry of my Sav-iour Is re-vealed to my sight,



To the smil-ing fields of E-den, Bliss im-mor-tal to know,
Oh! no e-vil shall be-tide me, And I nev-er will stray.
Now, as twi-light clos-es 'round me, On I jour-ney with song,
I shall join the heav'n-ly cho-rus, In the man-sions of light.



Chorus.



He is faith-ful who hath prom-ised, Still my Pi-lot to be,
He will bear me o-ver Jor-dan, Where His beau-ty I'll see.

3 Lo! I will be with you alway,
I will never forsake,
Saith the Lord, till in my likeness,
Ye with joy shall awake.
Where the tree of life is vernal,
Ever blooming and fair,
And where songs of praise eternal,
Float on heaven's balmy air.

4 I am waiting, I am longing,
For the bright, golden day,
When His blessed voice shall call me,
To that land far away.
And while here He bids me tarry,
Let me toil as I roam,
Till beyond the clouds and sorrows,
I shall praise Him at home.

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No. 60. Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips. By per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright, jas- per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - a- reth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter- ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - ter- venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king-doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

Copyright, 1865, by Philip Phillips

No. 61. Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je- sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per- fect submiss- ion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An- gels de- scend- ing bring from a - bove,
3. Per- fect submiss- ion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look- ing a - bove,

Chorus.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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No. 62. By the Crystal Sea.

C. A. S. C. A. Shaw.

1. I will sing a song of that land so fair, O - ver by the
2. There no foes pre - vail, there no fears an - noy, O - ver by the
3. We will rest in peace, by the wa - ters side, O - ver by the

crys - tal sea; Where the bless - ed throng of the ran-somed are,
crys - tal sea; There our souls may dwell in e - ter - nal joy,
crys - tal sea; In the love of Christ we shall there a - bide,

Refrain.

O - ver by the crys - tal sea.
O - ver by the crys - tal sea.
O - ver by the crys - tal sea.
} Heav'nly Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan, O

may our por- tion be To find a home in thee, Heav'n- ly

Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, O - ver by the crys - tal sea.

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No. 63. Seeking for Me.

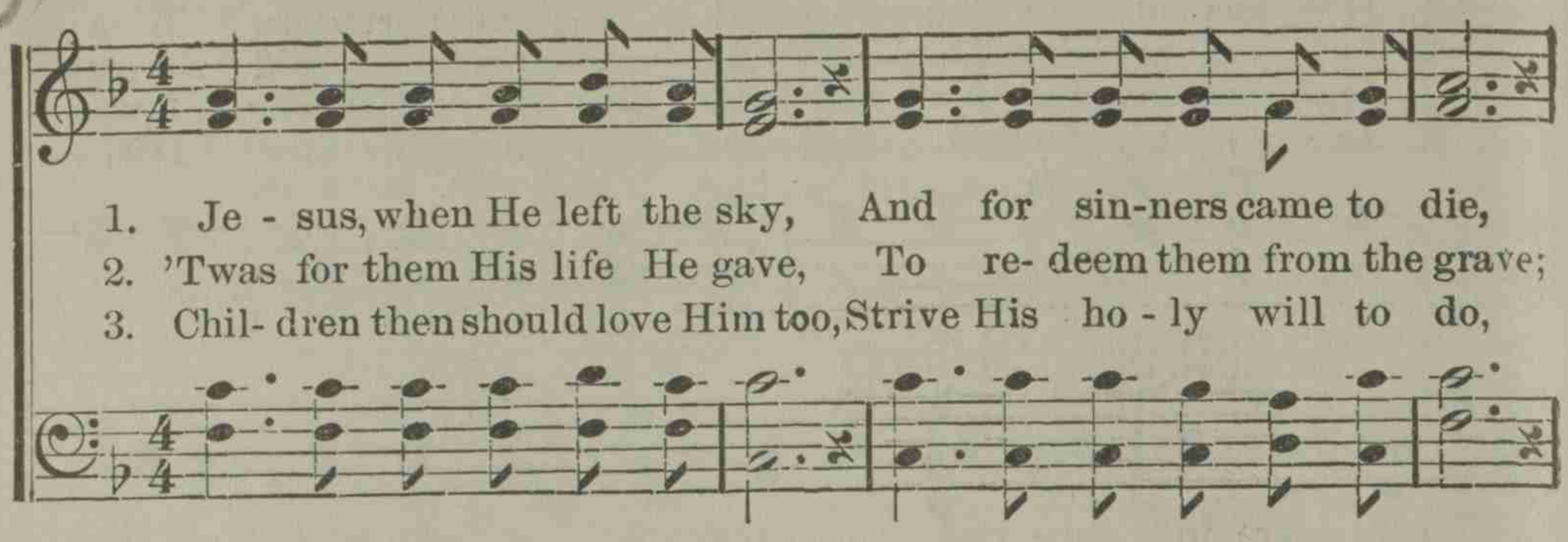
"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out." E. E. Hasty.

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No. 64. Little Ones Like Me.

"* Jesus said, suffer little children, * * to come unto me."—MATT. 19: 14.

J. H. Hall.



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No. 65. Footsteps of Jesus. 34

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

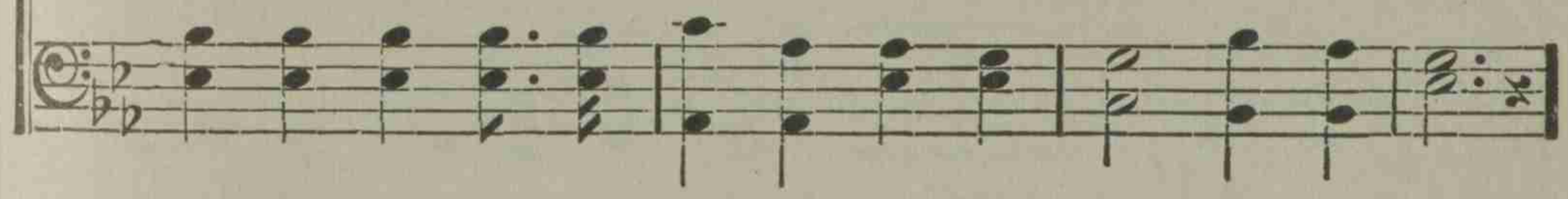


1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;
4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,





And we see where thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fount-ains, Help - ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
We shall walk, with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's golden street.
We will rest where the steps of Je - sus, End at His throne.

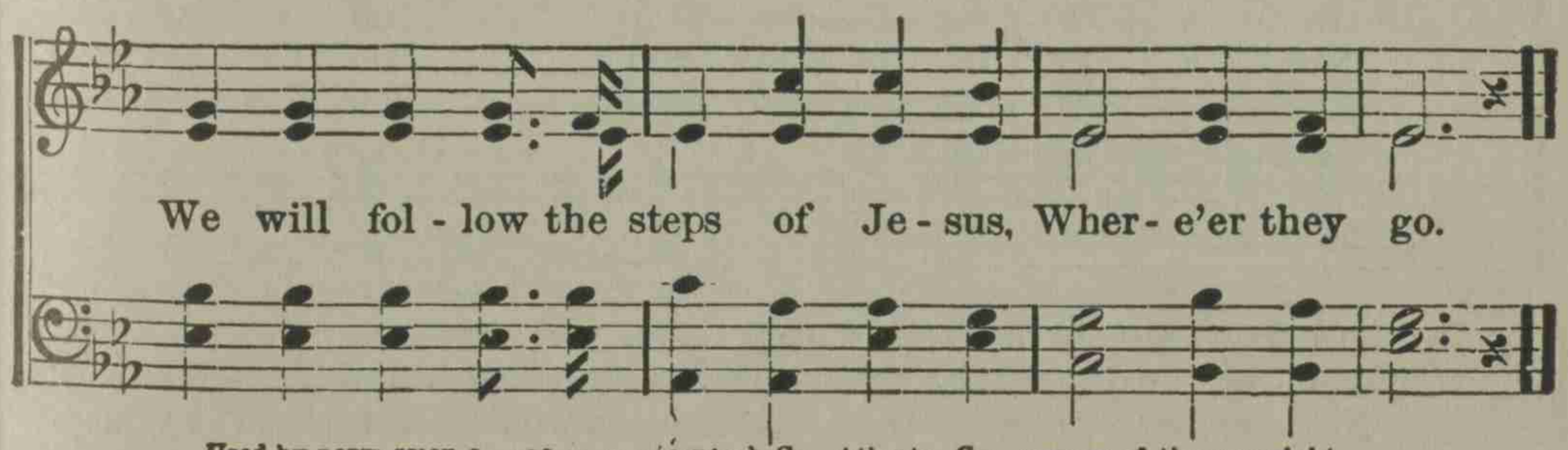


Chorus.



Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;





We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus, Wher - e'er they go.

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No. 66. Guide Me, Saviour.

"He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM 48 : 14.

D. W. H. D. W. Henderson.

1. Sav- iour, with Thy ho - ly counsel, guide me In . . . . . .
2. Guide me, Sav- iour while my foes are near me Nev - - - -
3. While I walk life's lone- ly pil-grim journey, Guide . . . . .

In the nar-row way,
Nev- er let me stray,
Guide me day by day,

the nar-row way;
er let me stray;
me day by day;

From all dan - ger and tempta-tion
O'er these snares and se-cret dangers,
Lead me when the way grows dark and

In the nar-row way;
Nev- er let me stray;
Guide me day by day;

hide me, Guide . . . . . me all the way, all the way.
bear me, Guide . . . . . me all the way, all the way.
thorn - y, Sav - - iour, lead my way, lead my way.

Guide me all the way,
Guide me all the way,
Sav-iour, lead my way,

Guide me all the way.
Guide me all the way.
Sav-iour, lead my way.

In Thy ho - ly way, keep me ev - 'ry day,
Nev - er let me stray from the nar - row way,
Nev - er let me stray, lead me day by day,

In Thy ho - ly heav'n-ly way, keep me, Sav-iour, ev - 'ry day,
Nev - er let me wand'ring stray, from the straight and nar - row way,
Nev - er let me wand'ring stray, lead me, Sav - iour, day by day,

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Guide Me, Saviour. Concluded.



No. 67. Dear Lord, Remember Me.

Isaac Watts. Music and Chorus by Asa Hull.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glory in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

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

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

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No. 68. Death is Only a Dream.

Rev. C. W. Ray. A. J. Buchanan.

SOLO.

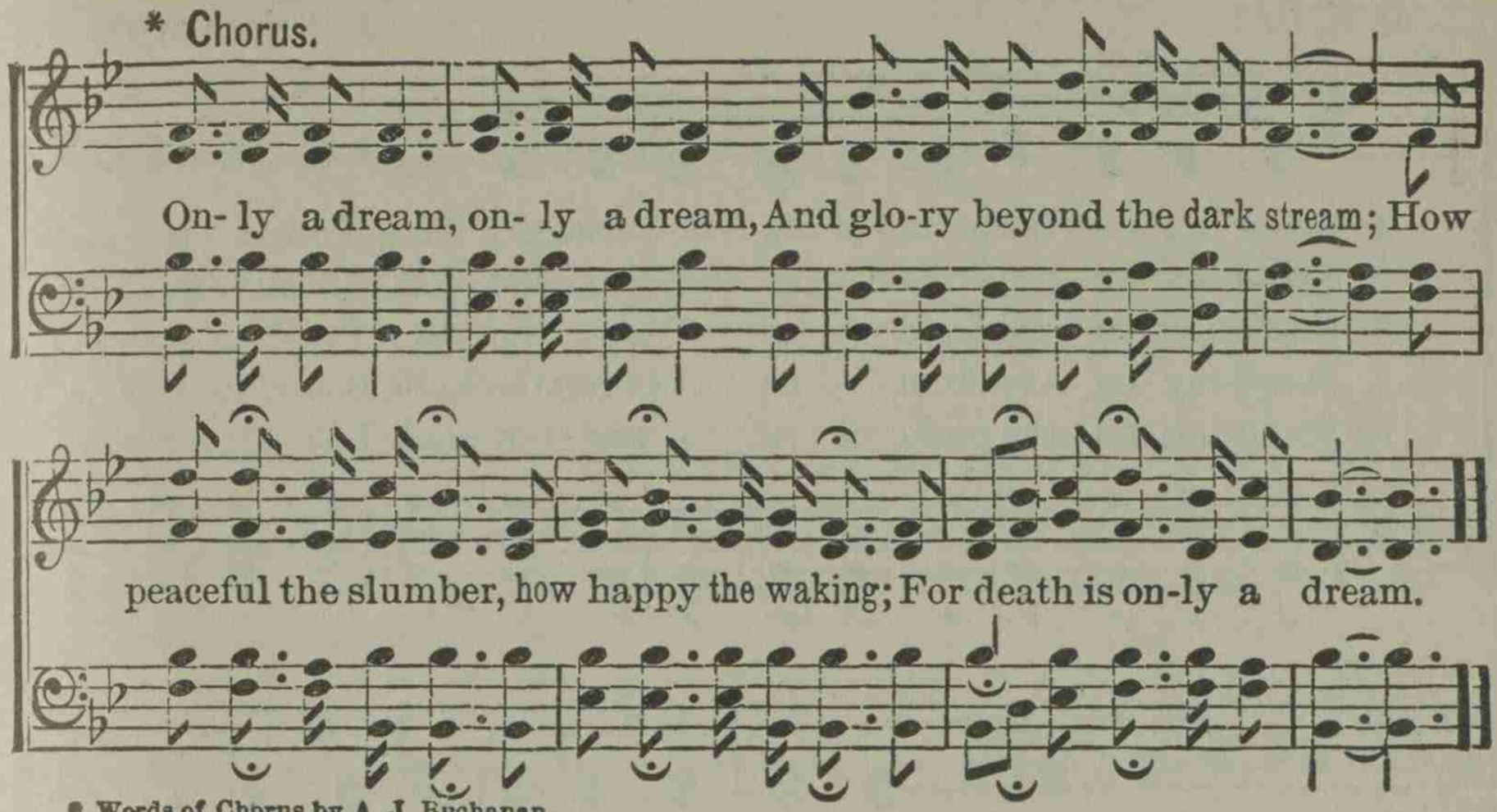
1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u- lous breath, As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream,
2. Why should we weep when the wea- ry ones rest In the bos - om of Je - sus Su - preme,
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should appall, Tho' it fright-ful - ly dis - mal may seem,
4. O - ver the tur- bid and on - rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam;

In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
In the man-sions of glo - ry pre - pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
In the arms of their Sav- iour no ill can be- fall, They find it no more than a dream.
And the ransomed the dark-ness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

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Death is Only a Dream. Concluded.

* Chorus.

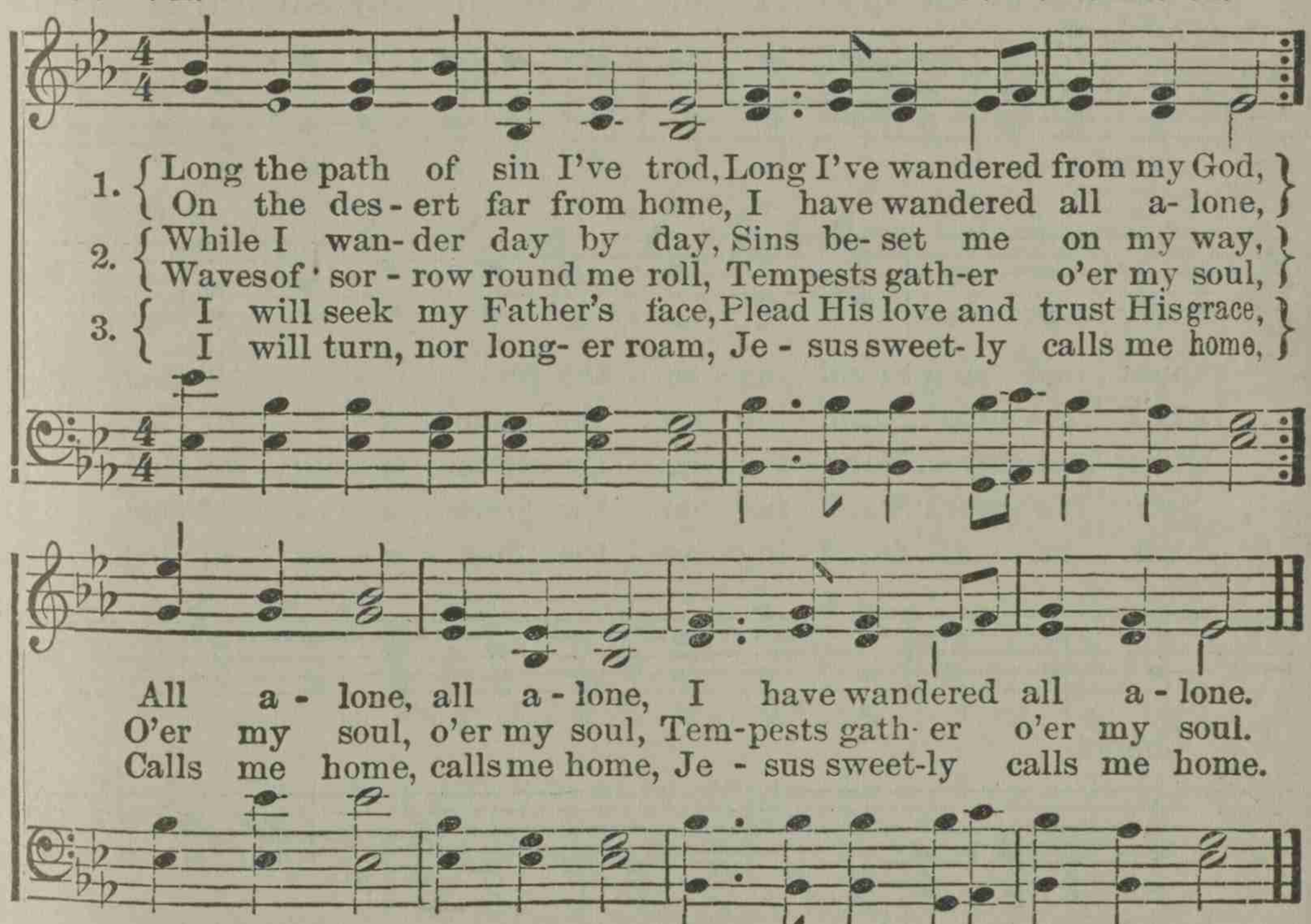


* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 6 Turning to God.

"I would seek unto God."—Job 5: 8.

D. W. H. D. W. Henderson.



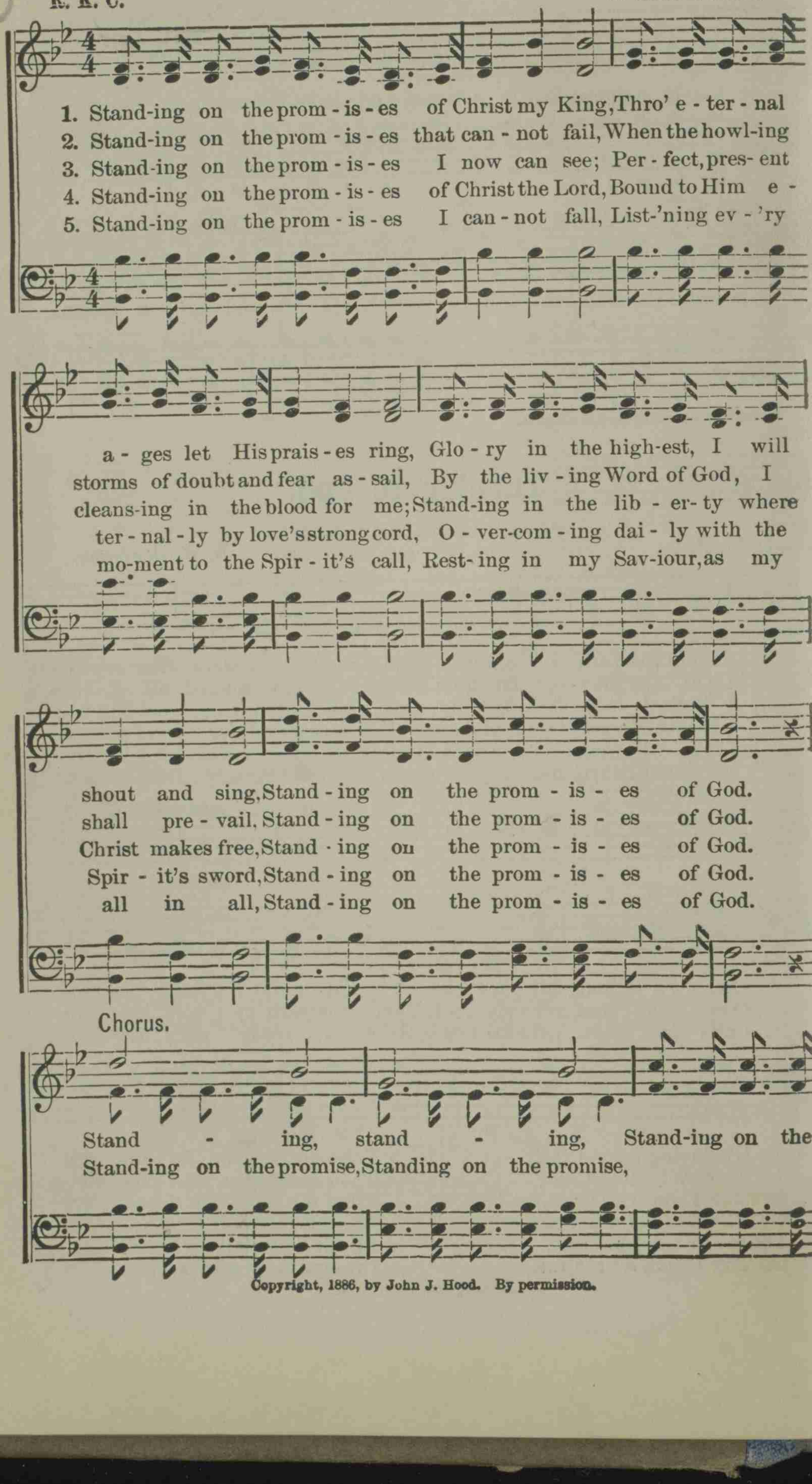
4 To His loving arms I'll fly,
In His care I cannot die;
Saviour Thou who loves me best,
On Thy bosom let me rest,
Let me rest, let me rest,
On Thy bosom let me rest.

5 Take me Saviour, for thine own
Thou canst save, and Thou alone,
From my idols now I flee,
I resign them all for Thee,
All for Thee, all for Thee,
I resign them all for Thee.

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No. 70. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.



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Standing on the Promises. Concluded.

prom - is - es of God, my Sav - iour, Stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God.
standing on the promise,

No. 71. Heaven is Not Far Away.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie, by per.

1. Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near;
2. Will you not re - pent, be - lieve, When Je - sus is near?
3. Are you com - ing home to - day, When Je - sus is near?

rit . . . . . FINE.

Give your heart to him, I pray, When Je - sus is near.
Peace and par - don now re-ceive, When Je - sus is near.
Do not long - er stay a - way, When Je - sus is near.

D.S.—Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near.

D.S.

Place your trust in Him, dear friend, He will keep you to the end,
He will not your pray'r re - fuse, Come and now the Sav-iour choose,
Cast your bur-den on the Lord, He has promised in His word,

Copyright, by C. E. Leslie.

No. 72. In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff.

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

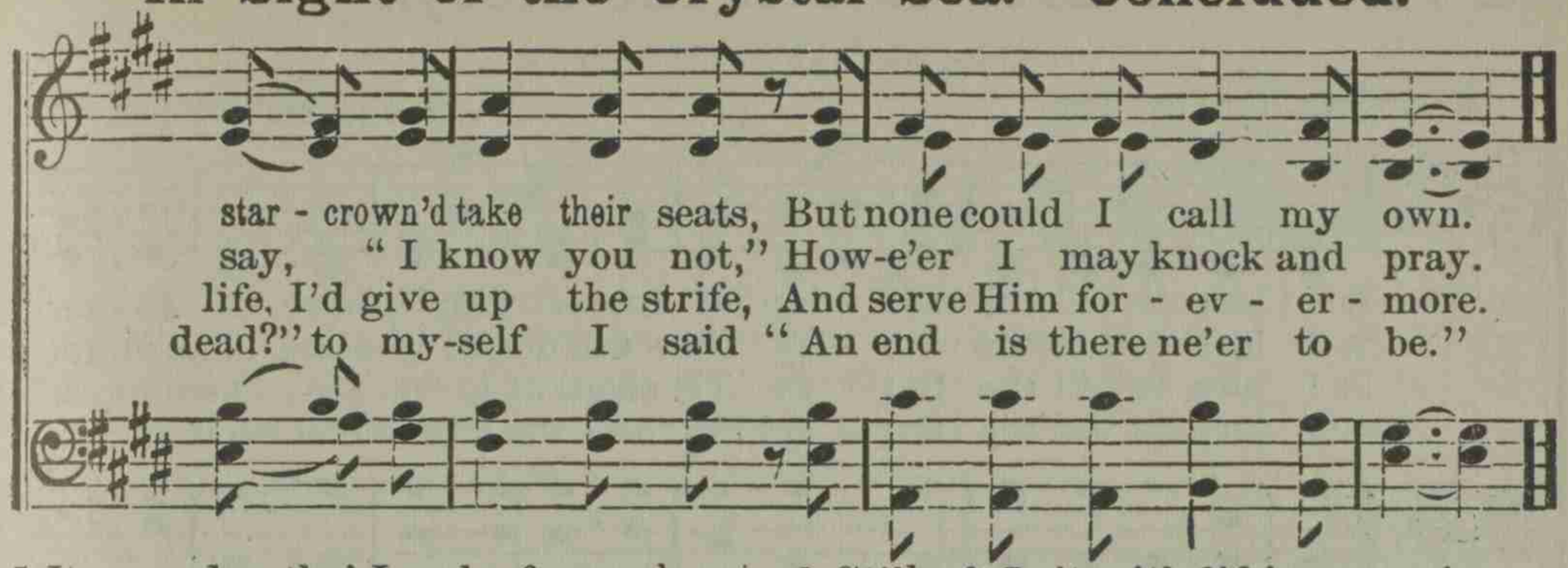
crys - tal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones,
my mother's knee: Of the coun - sels grave that my Fa - ther gave—
fol - ly and sin— Of the times I'd mock'd when the Sav - iour knocked,
mem-ber, my Son! Remem-ber thy ways in the for - mer days,

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

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

By per J. E. Rankin.

In Sight of the Crystal Sea. Concluded.

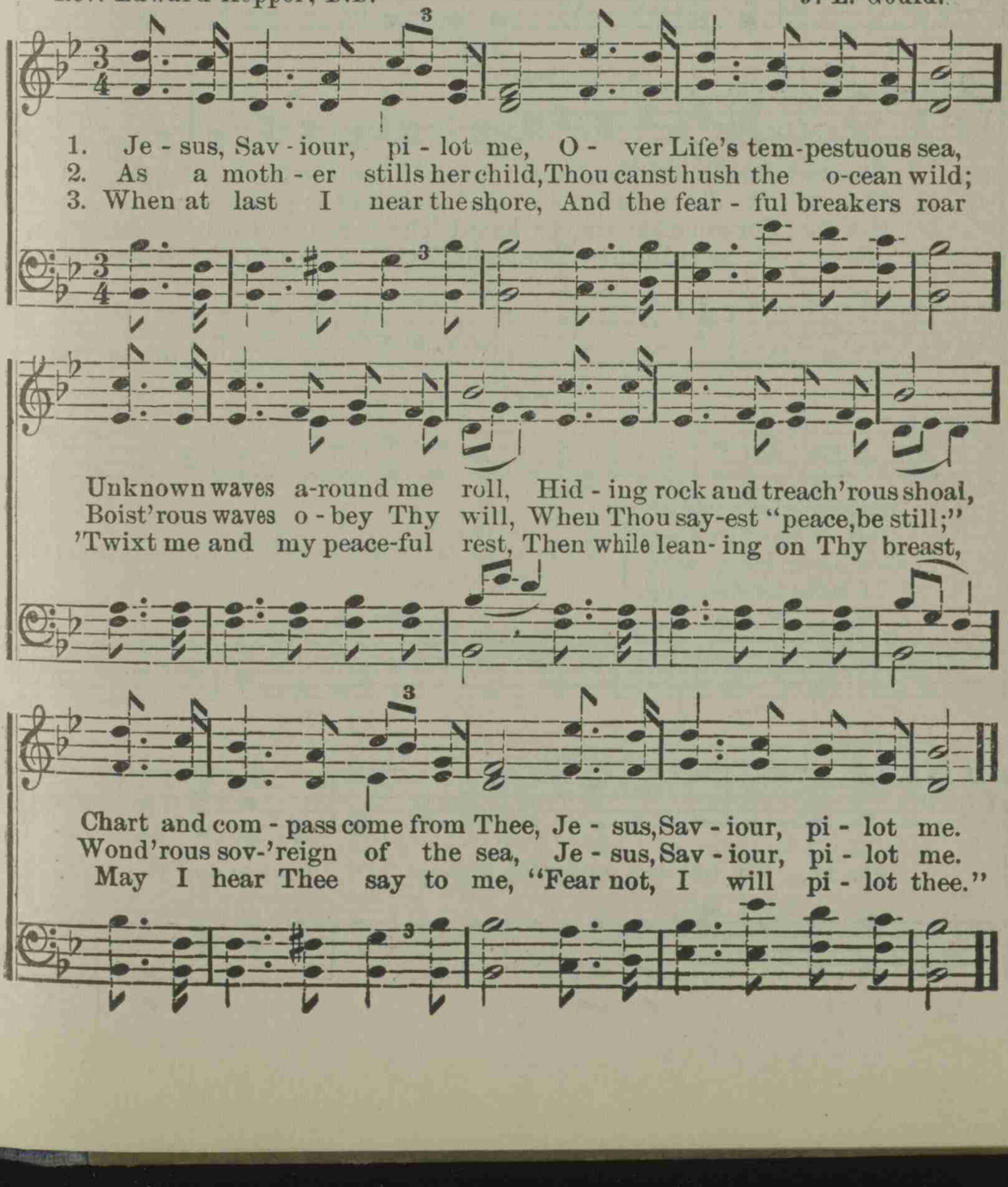


5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child,
And I wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

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

No. 73. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper, D.D. J. E. Gould.



No. 74. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867. W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat It seems, each
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hunger-

and His Glo-ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

Sto-ry! Be-cause I know its true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As
Sto-ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I
Sto-ry! For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From
glo-ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto-ry That

Chorus.

nothing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own Holy word.
I have loved so long.

} I love to tell the Sto-ry! 'Twill be my theme in

glo-ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

No. 75. Tell It to Jesus.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14 : 12.

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

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

Tell it to Je-sus, Are you griev- ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je-sus, Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je-sus, Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor - row?
Tell it to Je-sus, For Christ's com-ing king-dom are you sigh - ing?

Chorus.

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

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

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a- lone.

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No. 76. Strive to Follow Jesus.

E. D. K. E. D. K.

1. When the love of Je - sus Dwell-eth in the heart, We, like lov - ing
2. If the great ex - am - ple Of our Mas- ter dear, Be our aim and
3. Let us strive to fol - low Je - sus all the way, Till we see the

Ma - ry, Choose the bet - ter part; And in love a - bid - ing,
mot - to While we lin - ger here,—If our lives are sim - ple,
morn - ing Of the per - fect day; Then as stars for- ev - er,

Joy - ful on our way, We will journey on-ward To the per- fect day.
Un - de-filed as His, We shall then in heav-en See Him as He is.
Each a spot-less gem, We shall shine e-ter - nal In His di - a - dem.

Chorus.

Come, ... thou blessed Sav - iour, Dwell . . . with-

Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come and dwell within this

in this heart of mine; Then . . . . . a-mong the

heart, this wait- ing heart of mine; Then among the ransomed,

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Strive to Follow Jesus. Concluded.

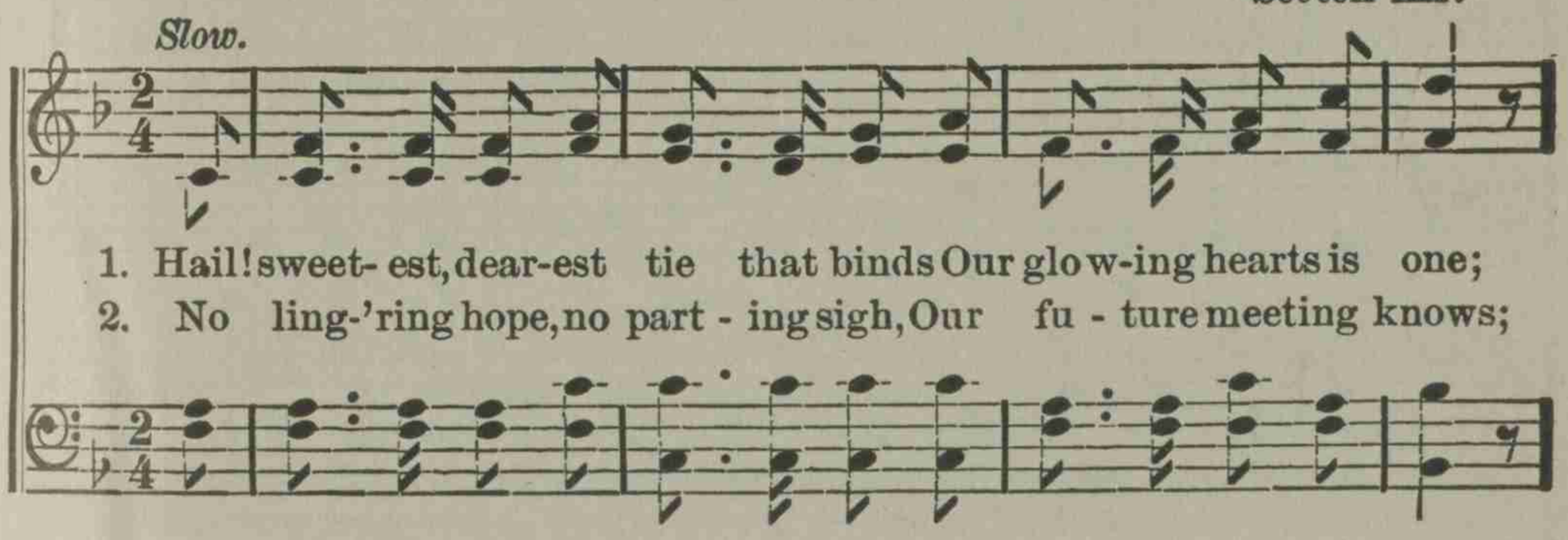
ran - somed, I . . . . . in heav'n will shine.

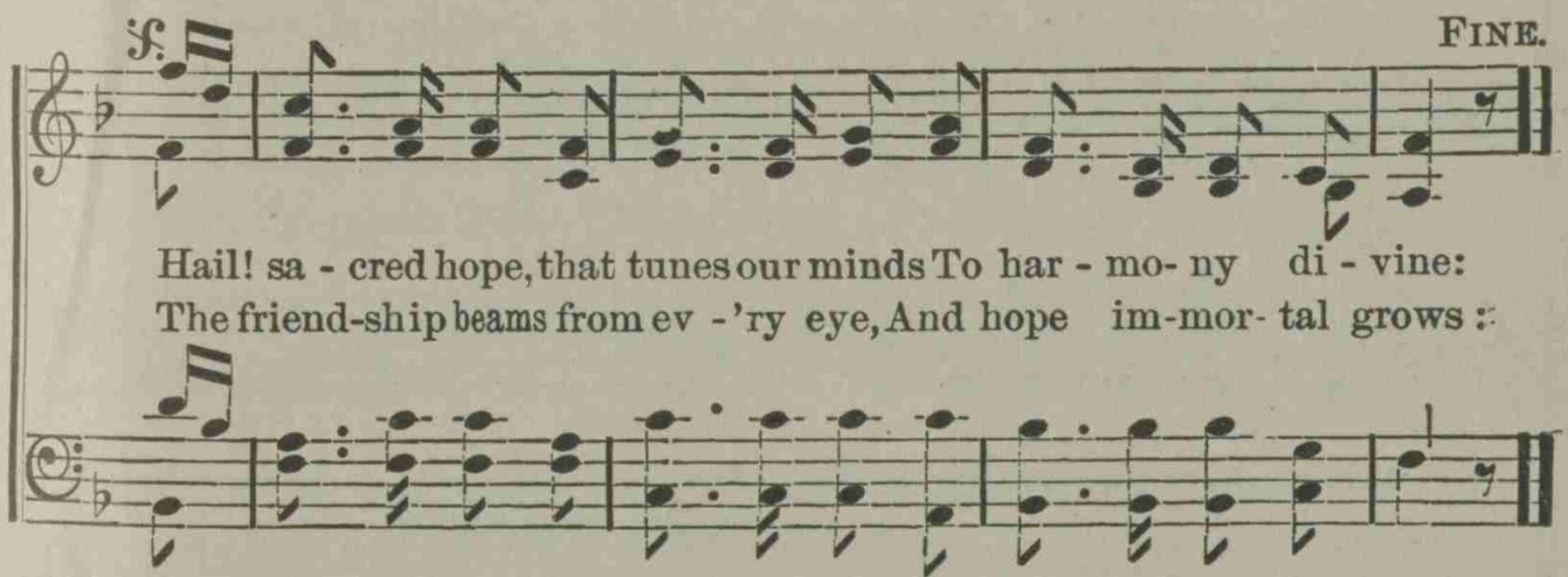


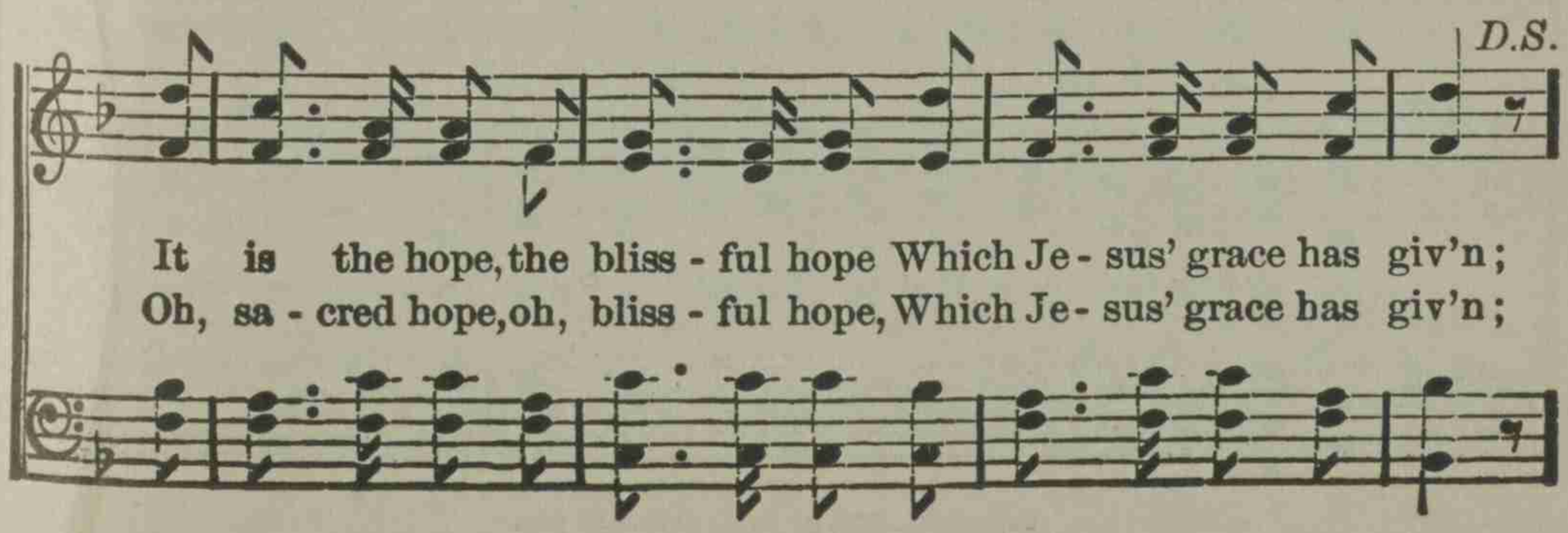
No. 77. Fair Haven.

Scotch Air.

Slow.







No. 78. Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr. Edward E. Nickerson.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing heart is giv'n,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price- less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ran-somed train, The Sav-iour's prais - es sing,
4- And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,

Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow; Tri - umph-ant thro' His grace,

Love fills our heart with heav'n .Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow.
That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow.
A- dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow.
Made per- fect by His love, Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow.

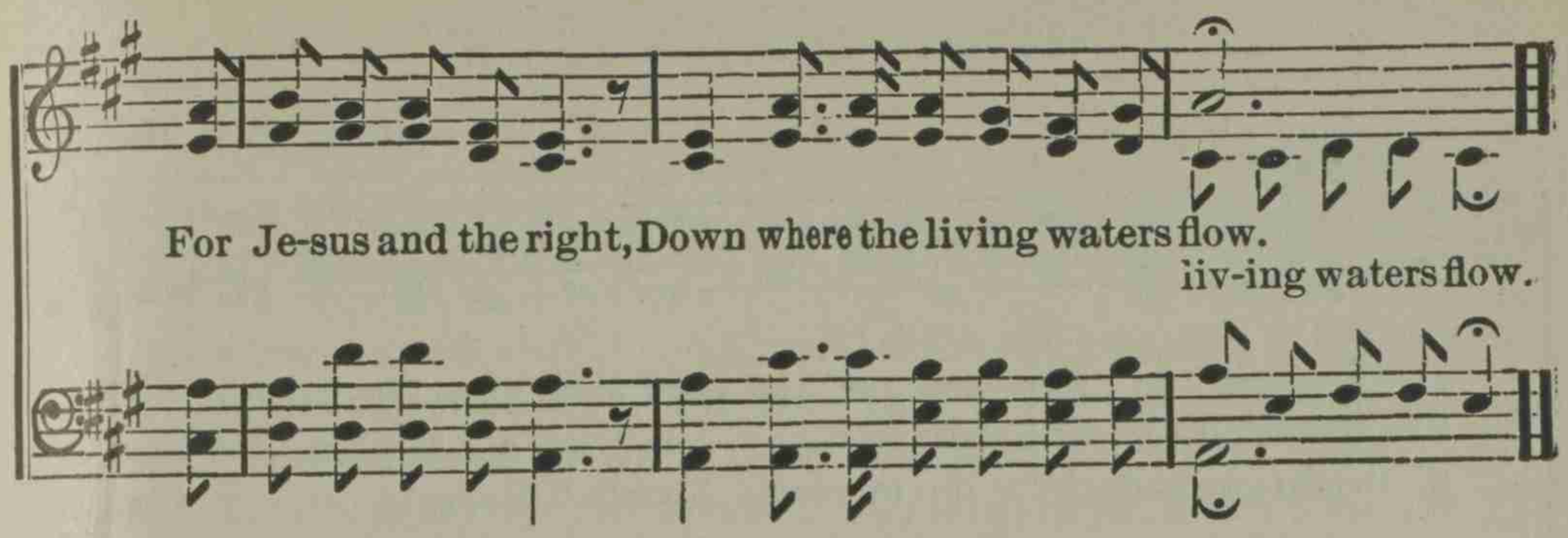
Refrain.

Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow, ... Down where the liv- ing wa-ters flow,

tree of life doth grow, Hal-le - lu- jah! I am liv - ing in the light

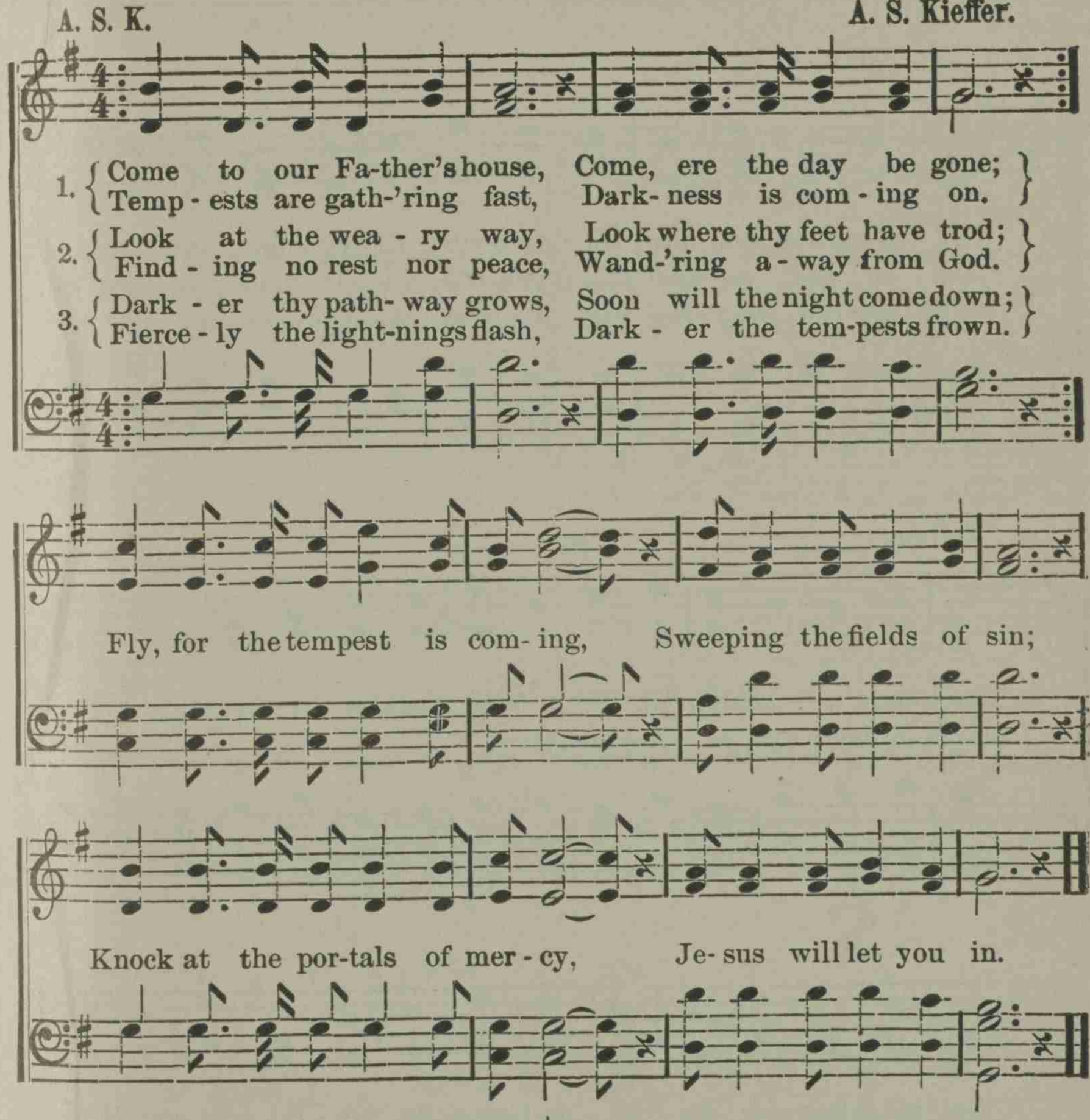
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Where the Living Waters Flow. Concluded.



No. 79. Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer.



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

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

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No. 80. March On.

"Sorrow is turned into joy."—Job 41: 22.

J. H. Hall.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
2. His hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road,
3. Bright garlands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head;

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in the Lord.
Till to the sa-cred Mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
While sor-row, sigh-ing and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled.

Refrain.

March on, . . . march on, . . . Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

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No. 81. God Calling Yet.

"I have called, and ye have refused."—PROV. 1 : 24.

J. Borthwick. John.

Not too fast.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay: My heart I yield with-out de- lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum- ber lie?
And base- ly His kind care re - pay He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

Chorus.

God is call - ing, call - - ing yet,
God is calling yet God is call-ing yet Heed His pleading voice God is calling yet,
God is call - - ing,
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Sinner, heed His pleading voice.

This Hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

No. 82. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body * * * whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. 5 : 10.

E. R. Latta. Rev. D. E. Dortch.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com-pa-ny,
2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol-emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee!

And the Judge shall question us, O, what shall our an-swers be?
All the fam-i-lies of men, O, what shall our an-swers be?
In that great and aw-ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be?

What for ev-'ry tri-fling tho't, And each i-dle word we say?
What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
O, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand!

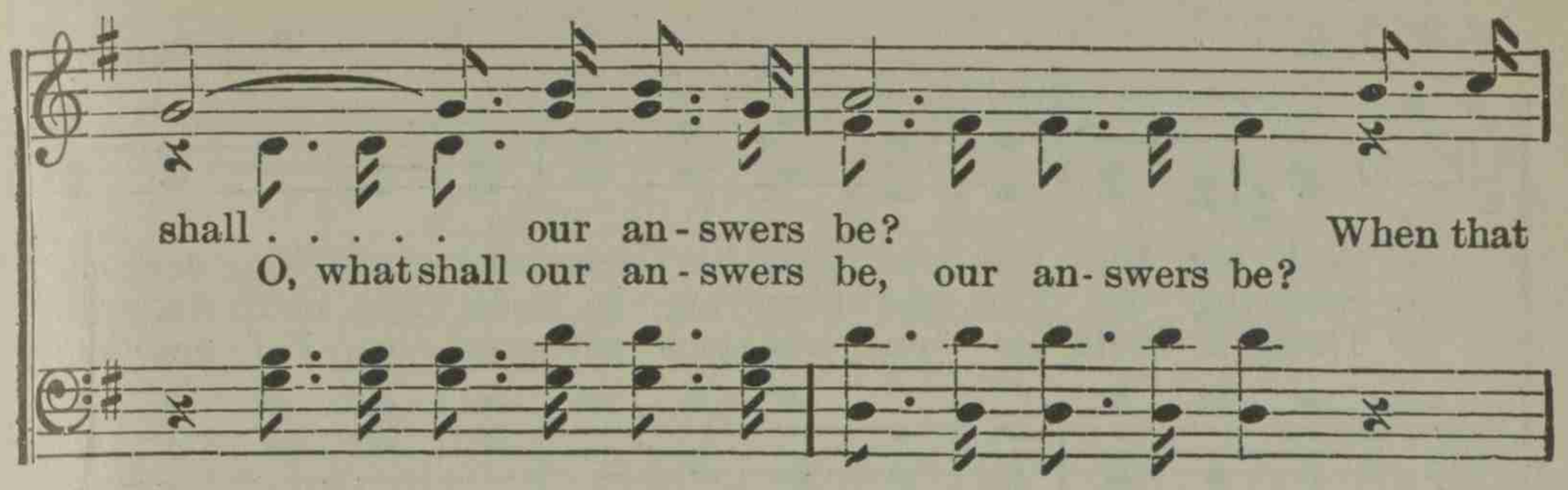
What for ev-'ry sin-ful act, We may do from day to day?
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a-bove?
Purge us from each sin-ful blot! Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!

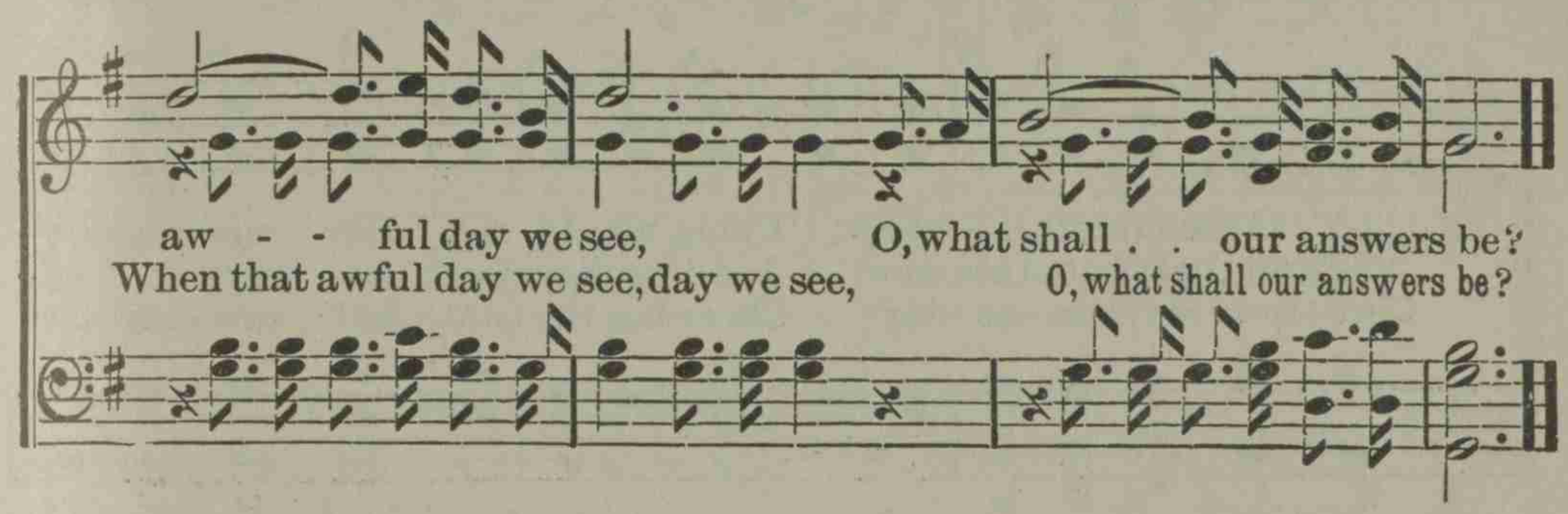
Chorus.

When that aw - - ful day we see, O, what
When that aw-ful day we see, day we see,

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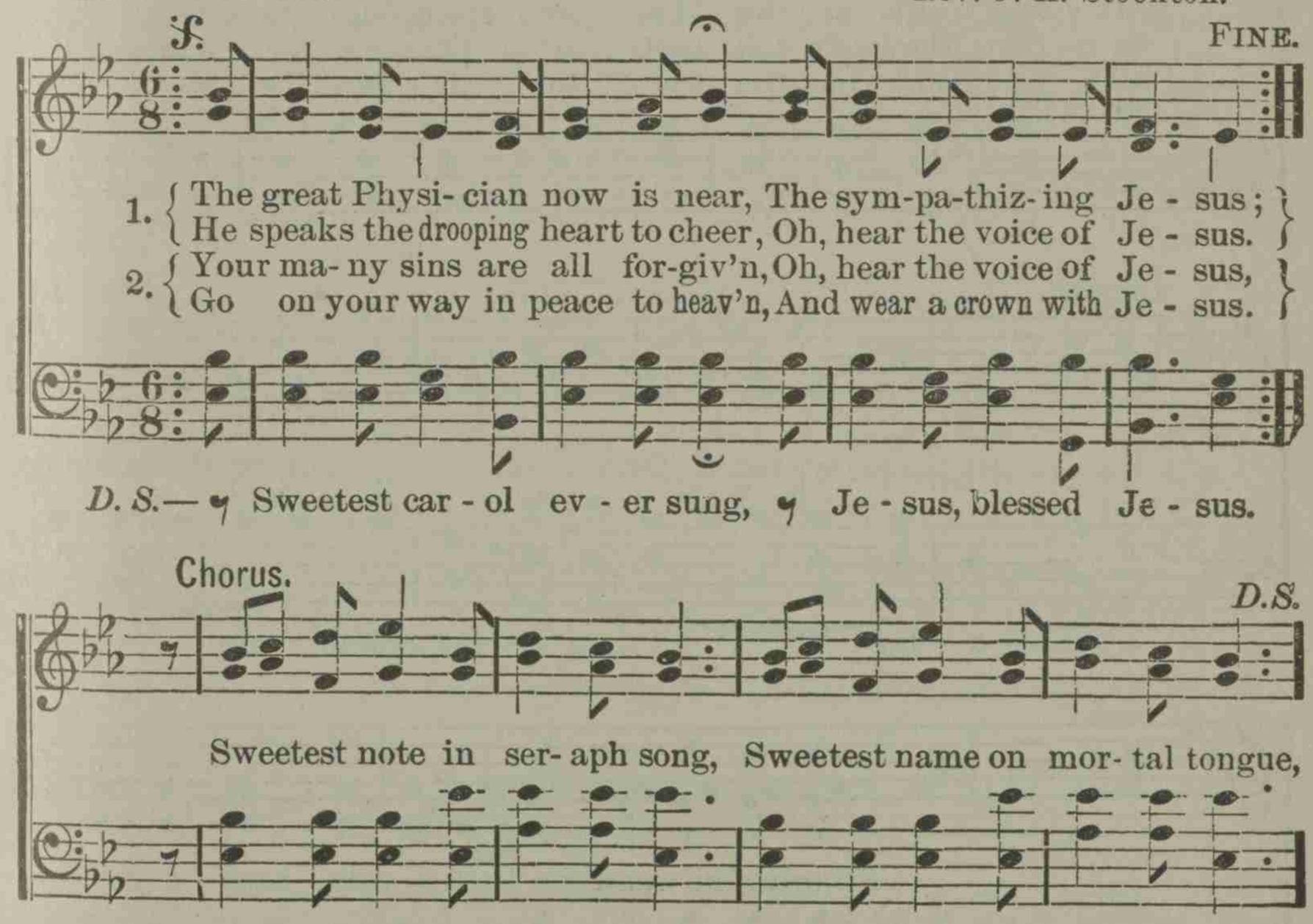
What Shall Our Answers be? Concluded.





No. 83. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



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

4 His name dispels my guilt, and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 84. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
3. There I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing

on the mountain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His mes-sage re-
weak, and hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal-
Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the

peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the way.

Chorus.

Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a-far . . . . . up-on the mount-ain. . .

Bringing the wand'rer back a-gain, back a-gain
Bringing the wan - - - d'rer back a-gain, ...

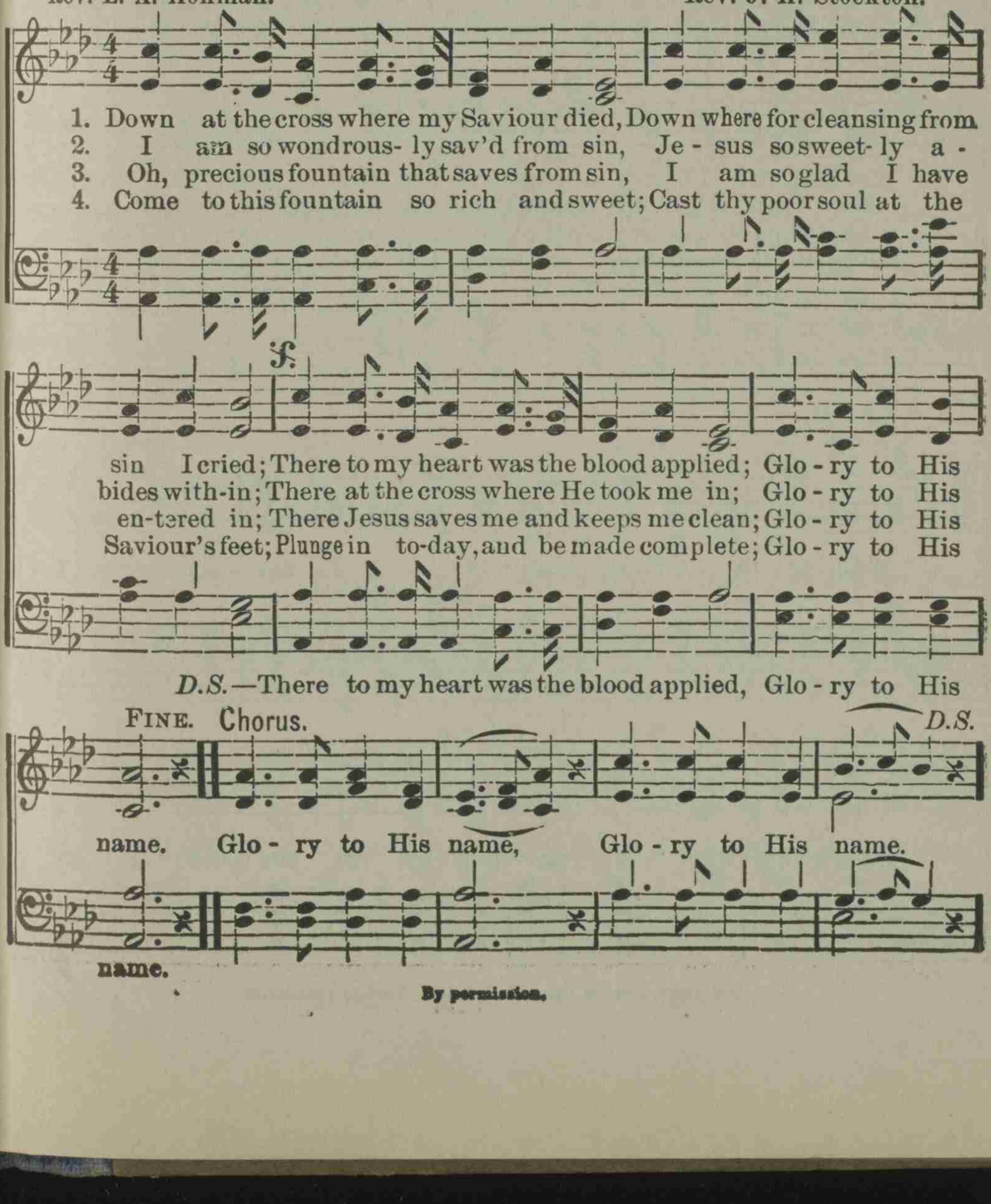
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Seeking the Lost. Concluded.



No. 85. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



By permission.

No. 86. Walking in the King's Highway.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel

1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day, I am hap - py all the way,
2. Li- ons oft seem in the way—Straight a - head, I keep and pray,
3. I re-joice e'en when I'm sad, For His prom - ise makes me glad,
4. Such bap-tisms of His love! Such a - nointings from a- bove,

Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a vic - to - ry is gained,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Jesus comes and walks with me,

Trusting still, I march a-long, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
For I find the lions chained, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
More in Him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

Chorus.

Walking in the King's high-way! I am walk-ing in the high way!

King's high- way! I am hap - py in the Lord, I am

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Walking in the King's Highway. Concluded.

trust- ing in His word, Since I'm walking in the King's high-way.

No. 87. He Came to Save Me.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me;
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
3. With gen - tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me;
4. To Him my faith with rap-ture clings, He came to save me;

When on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.
Oh, praise His name, I know it well, He came to save me.
And trust- ing Him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
To Him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

Chorus.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came, And grace is free,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

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No. 88. Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartett.

J. C. B. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His love is
2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He must mark the
3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row If a leg - a -

still the same, Kins - man, friend and eld - er
mourn - ers tear, Lov - ing still to trace the
cy of love, Yes - ter - day, to - day, to -

Chorus.

broth - er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name.
sto - ry Of the hearts He strengthened here.
mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove.

Weep - ing one,
Weeping one,

weep - ing one, Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Weep - ing
weeping one,

one, weep - ing one, Weep - ing one of Beth - an - y.
weep - ing one, weep - ing one,

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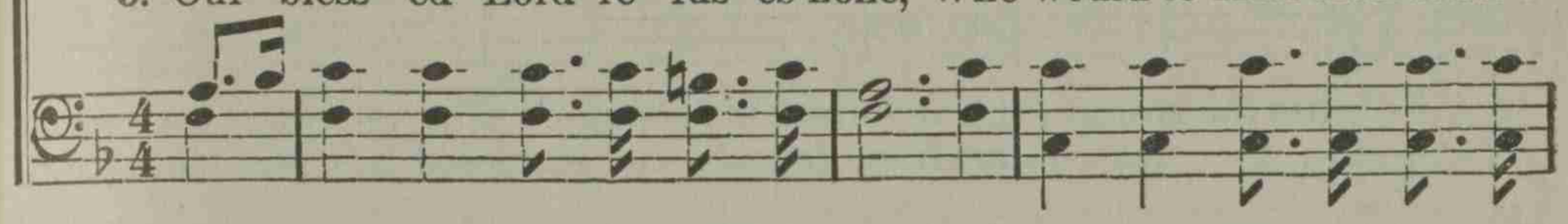
No. 89. Oh! Why Not To-Night.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. J. Calvin Bushey.



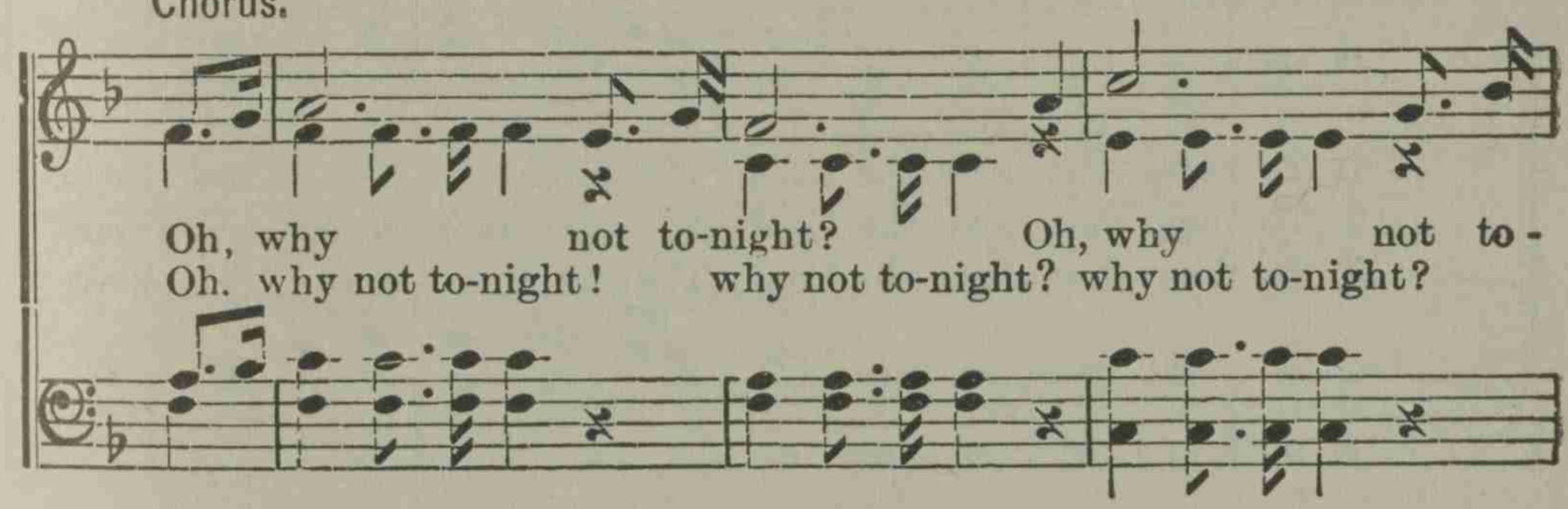
1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev- er rise, To bless thy long de- lud- ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin- gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
5. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus- es none, Who would to Him their souls u-



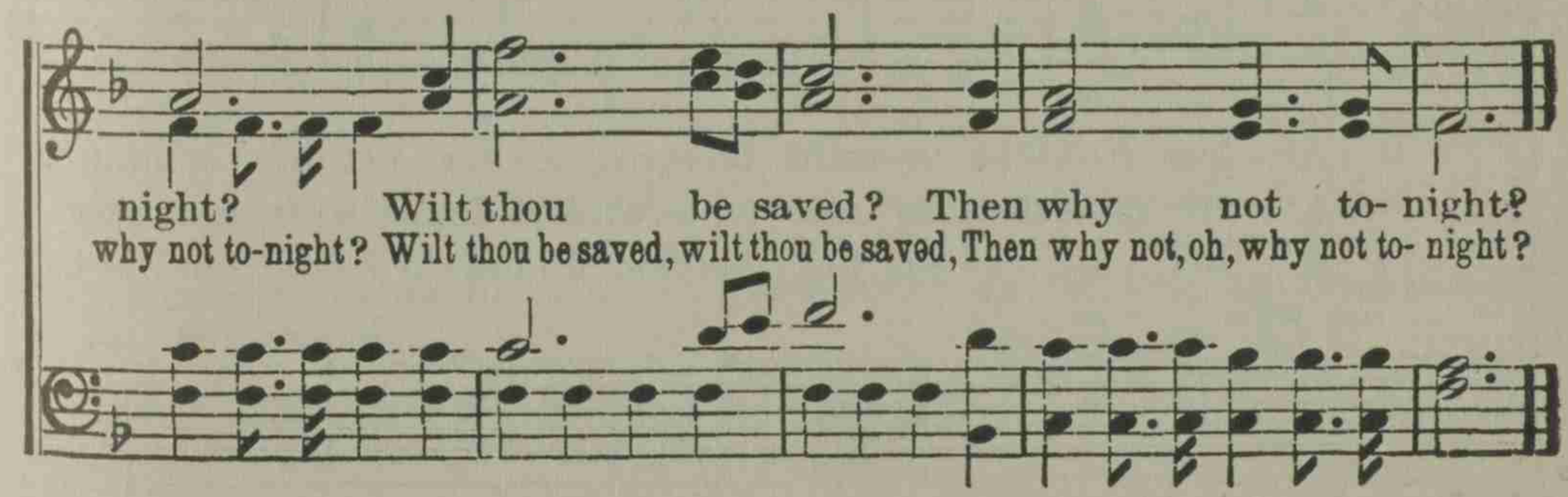
light, Poor sin- ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite, Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.



Chorus.



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

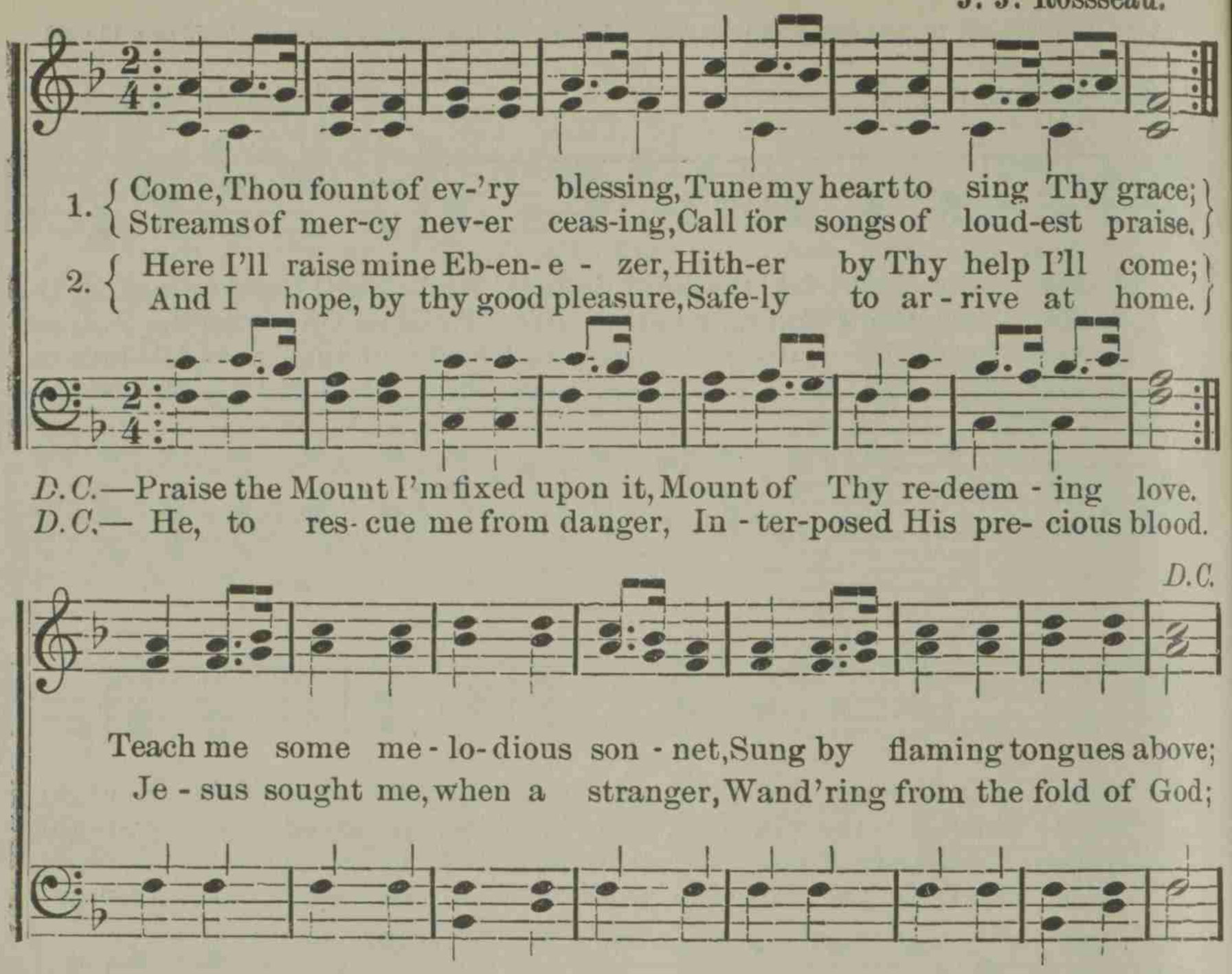


night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to- night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to- night?

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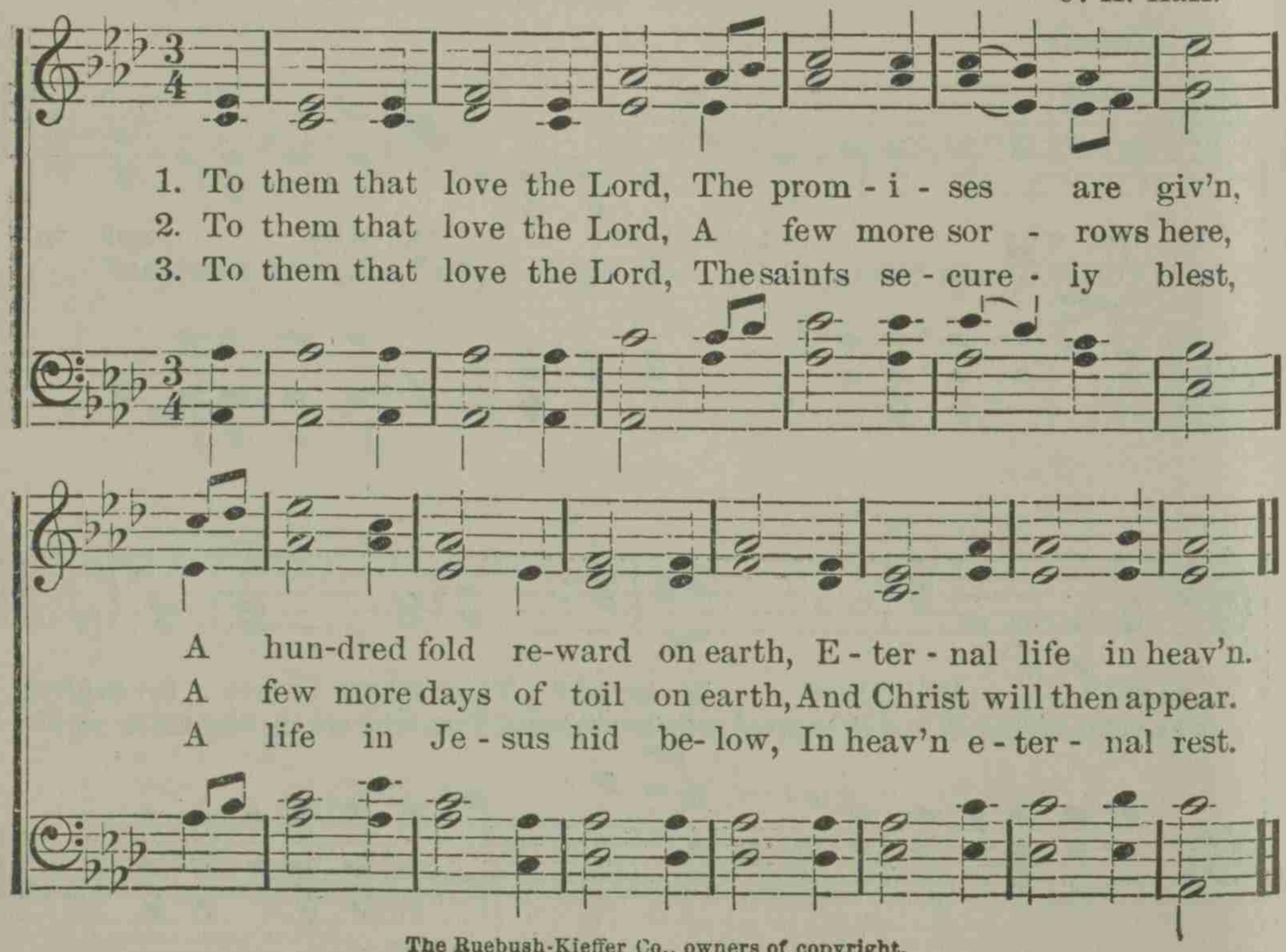
No. 90. Greenville.

J. J. Rossseau.



No. 91. To Them that Love the Lord.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.



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No. 92. Retreat.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev -'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sense and sin molest no more;
5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still,

ritard.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mercy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mercy-seat.
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mercy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mercy-seat.
This bound-ing heart for-get to beat, Ere I for-get the mercy-seat.

No. 93. Ortonville.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de - filed; Sa-

soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a- way his fear.
manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
tan ac-cuses me in vain. And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child

No. 94. America.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. xxxiii: 12.

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic sweep the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

cres.

Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount- ain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro- long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 95. Benediction.

J. H. Hall.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the | love of God | And the communion of the Holy Ghost, be

with you all, | Now and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

THE

CROWNING DAY.

No. 3.

No. 96. At the Crowning.

Mrs. Lizzie Underwood. S. C. Hanson, by per.

1. When the Saviour counts His jew - els, Will I be number'd there?
2. When He calls the roll of heav - en, Will my name be writ-ten down?
3. Lov-ing Sav-iour, keep me watching, That I the bliss may share,

When He crowns His faith-ful chil - dren, Will I the crowning share?
When the faith - ful are re - ward - ed, Will I re - ceive a crown?
When Thou com-est in Thy king - dom, Let me, let me be there.

At the crown-ing in the king-dom, Will I the crowning share?
At the crown-ing in the king-dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
At the crown-ing in the king-dom, Let me, let me be there,

At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share?
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I re-ceive a crown?
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there.

No. 97. The Gospel Invitation.

MATT. 11: 28.

Laura E. Newell. **J. H. Hall.**

1. Have you heard the in - vi- ta-tion? Je-sus says, Come un-to Me, Come to
2. There are blessed ma-ny mansions Waiting for the pure and true; Come to
3. Heav-y la-den, or a-wea-ry, Je - sus says, In Me find rest, Come to
4. Time is short, and days are fleeting, Heed the message, Come to Me, Come to

Me, . . . O, come to Me. 'Tis the message of salvation,
Me, . . O, come to Me. There in heaven's green expansions
Me, . . O, come to Me. Does your path in life seem dreary?
Me, . . O, come to Me. O, the joy of yonder greeting,

Come to Me, O, come to Me.

That the Mas-ter brings to thee: Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
Hear the Saviour call to you, Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
By His love you may be blest, Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
In the home beyond the sea; Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.

Come to Me,

CHORUS.

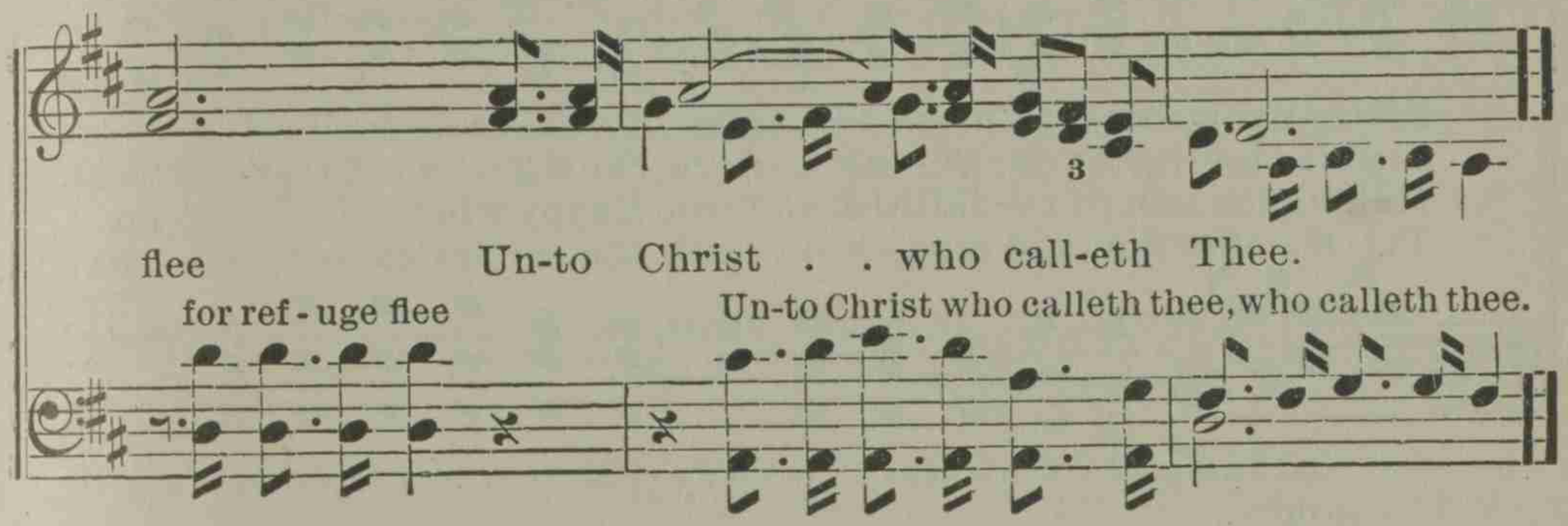
Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me; Je - sus

Come to Me, O, come to Me;

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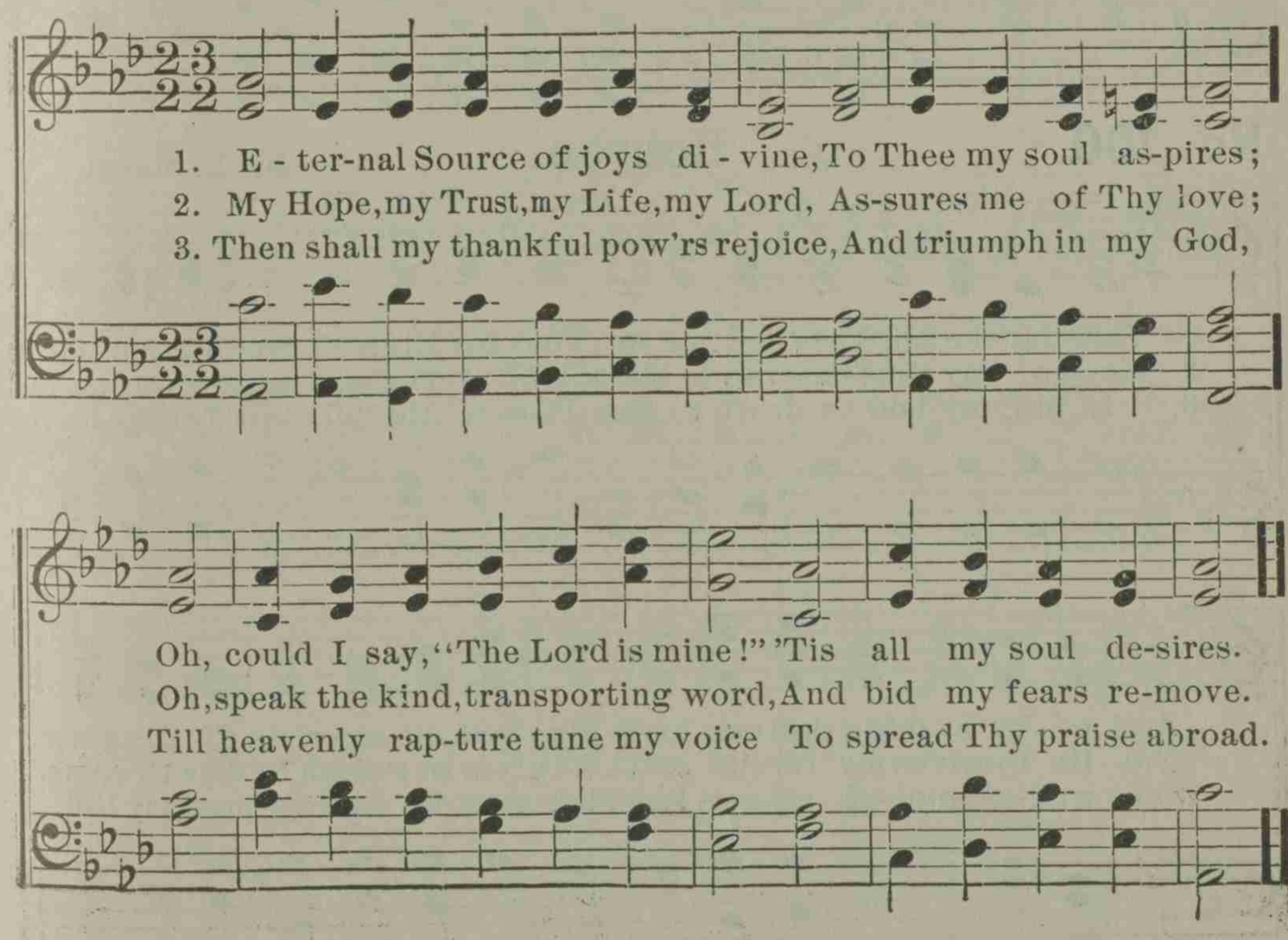
The Gospel Invitation. Concluded.





No. 98. St. Nicholas.

Dr. Havergal.



No. 99. Unsearchable Riches.

Fanny J. Crosby. John R. Sweney, by per.

1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness de- clare?
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Free-ly, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly en - dure

FINE.

Riches exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jewels whose luster our lives may a - dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Making the souls of the faithful and true Happy wherev - er they go.
Tri - als, affliction, and crosses on earth, Riches like these to se - cure?

D.S.—*O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Pre - cious, more pre - cious,—Wealth that can nev - er be told;

No. 100. Hebron.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And ev -'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rials of His grace.
But He forgives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watch-ful stations round my bed.

No. 101. Jesus Only.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. E. B. Shaver.

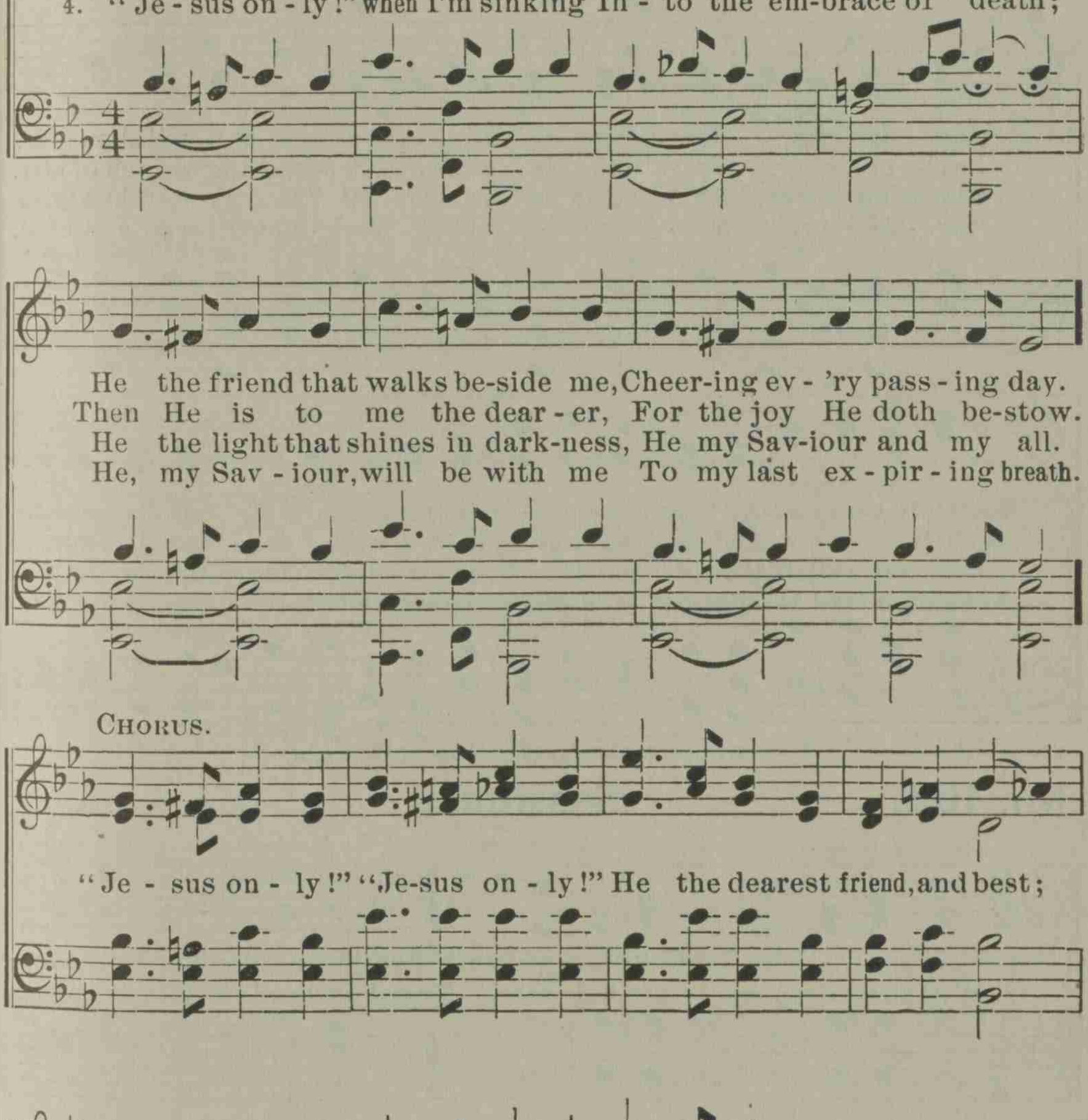
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. **J. H. Hall.**

DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

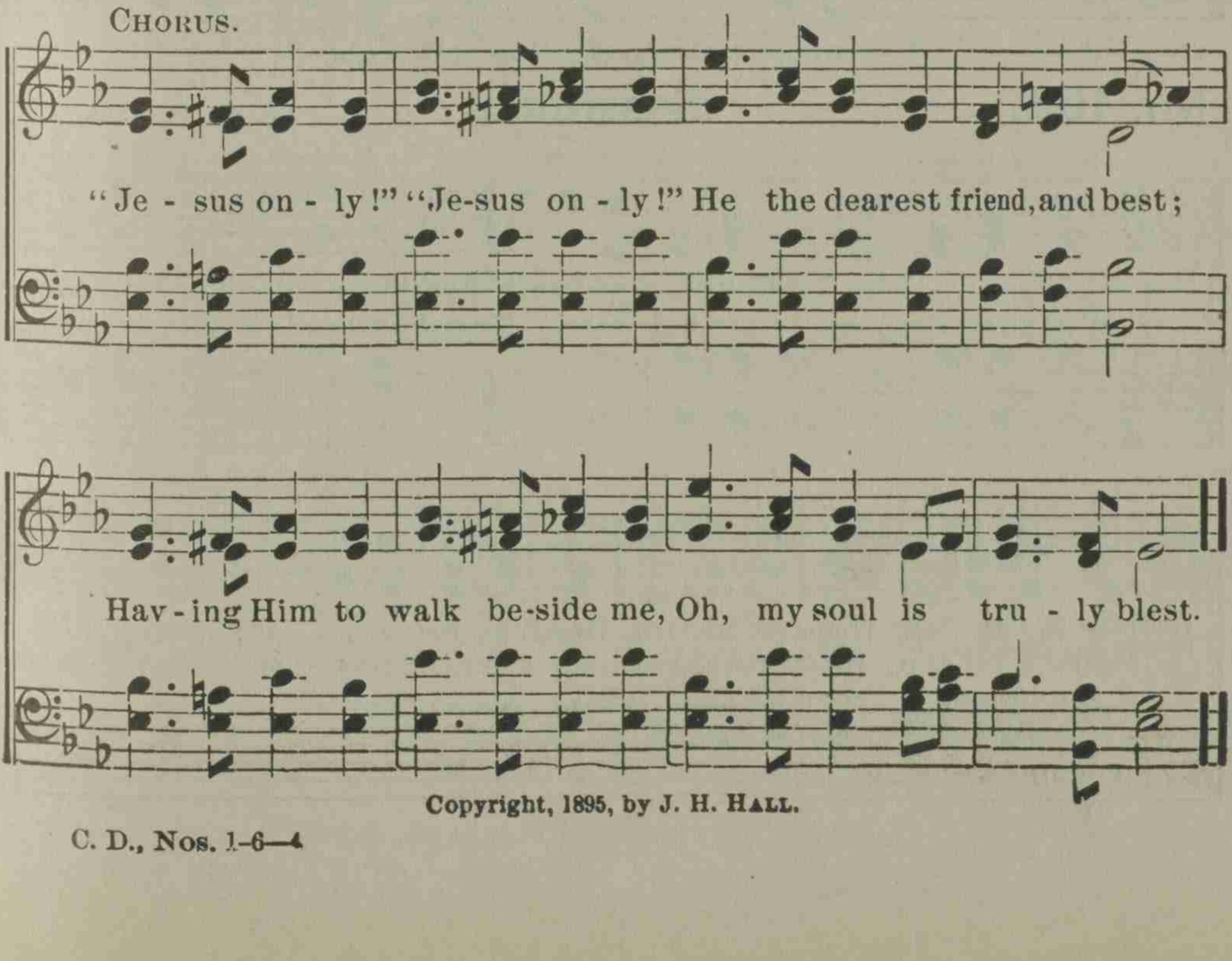


1. "Je - sus on - ly!" this the watchword, Guiding, like a star, my way;
2. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the sun-shine Floods with gold the way I go;
3. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the shad-ows Dark-ly o'er my path-way fall,
4. "Je - sus on - ly!" when I'm sinking In - to the em-brace of death;



He the friend that walks be-side me, Cheer-ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
Then He is to me the dear - er, For the joy He doth be-stow.
He the light that shines in dark-ness, He my Sav-iour and my all.
He, my Sav - iour, will be with me To my last ex - pir - ing breath.

CHORUS.



"Je - sus on - ly!" "Je-sus on - ly!" He the dearest friend, and best;
Hav - ing Him to walk be-side me, Oh, my soul is tru - ly blest.

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. HALL.

No. 102. Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der - ness,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish - ing things of clay,
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
4. Fare-well, mor-tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Jesus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine.
Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat-is - fied, Je - sus is mine.
Welcome sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine.

By per. T. E. PERKINS, owner of copyright.

No. 103. Sessions.

L. O. Emerson.

1. Sin-ner, oh why so tho'tless grown? Why in such dread-ful haste to die?
2. Wilt thou despise e - ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?

Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heed-less a - gainst thy God to fly.
Mad - ly at the in - fer-nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames.

No. 104. Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what - ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

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No. 105. Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows,
an-swer'd by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened windows,
darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows,

o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a little sunshine in, . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . .
the sunshine in, the sunshine in,

Clear the darken'd windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

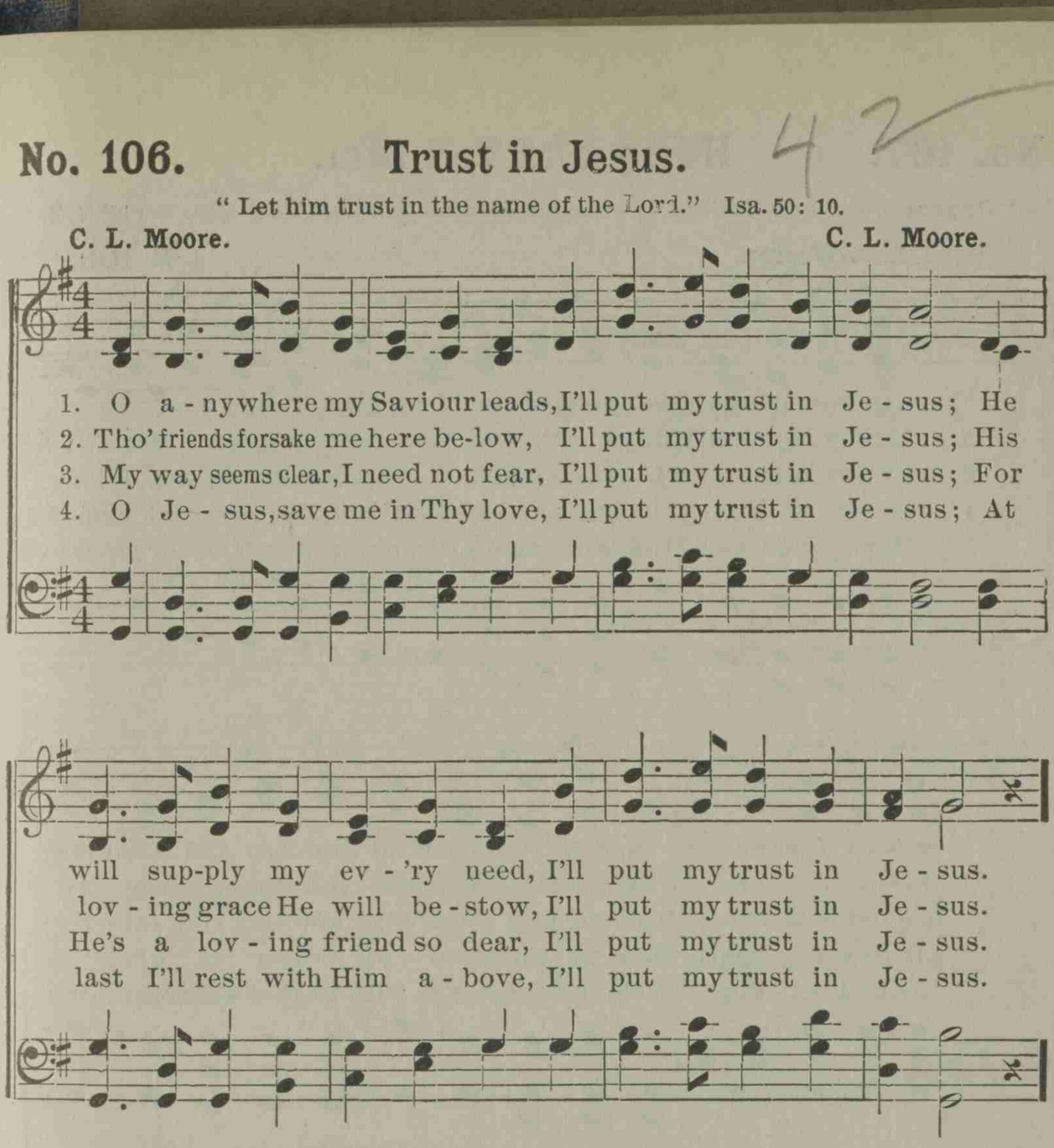
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No. 106. Trust in Jesus.

"Let him trust in the name of the Lord." Isa. 50: 10.

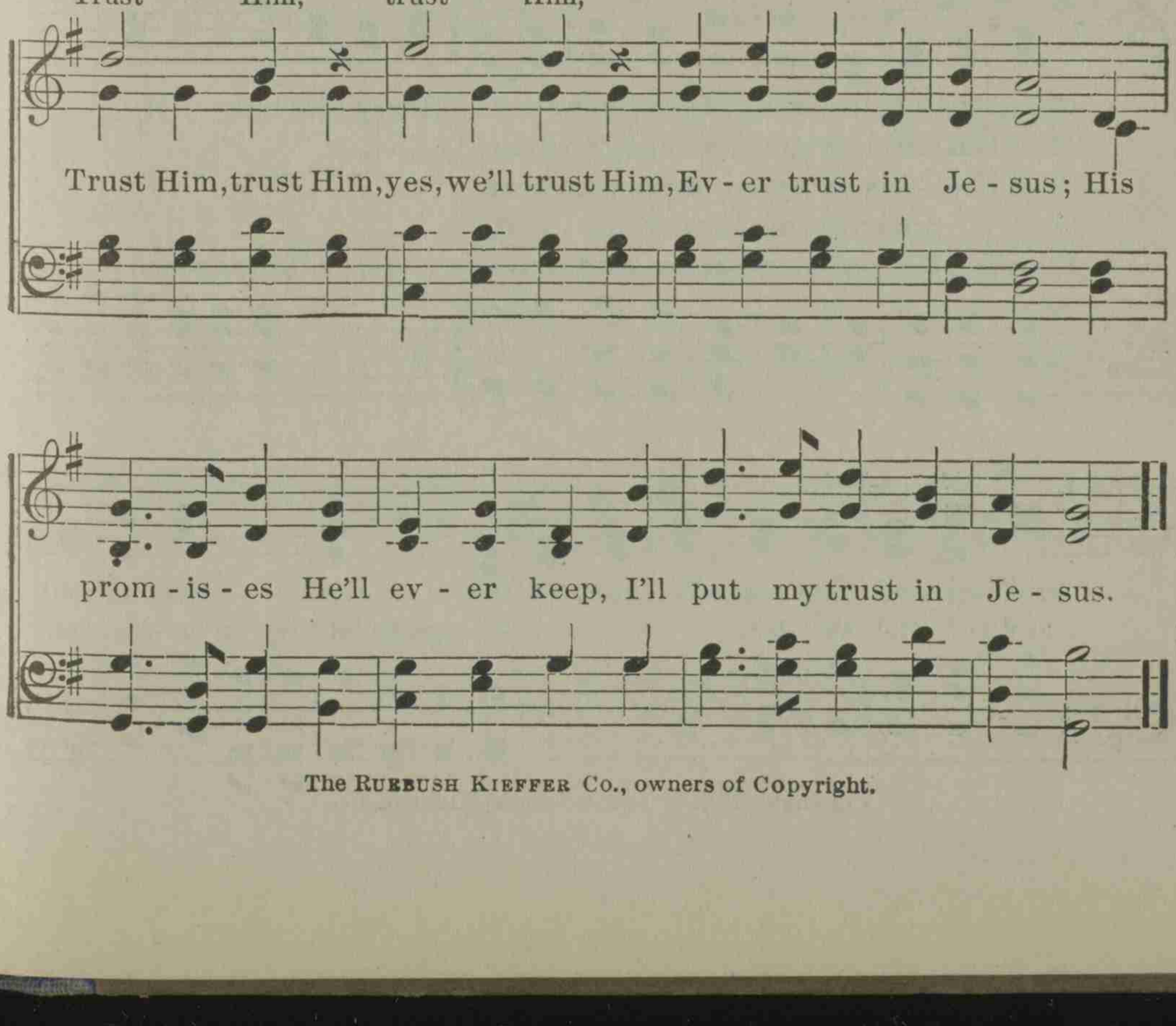
C. L. Moore. C. L. Moore.

1. O a - nywhere my Saviour leads, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; He will sup-ply my ev - 'ry need, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.
2. Tho' friends forsake me here be-low, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; His lov - ing grace He will be - stow, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.
3. My way seems clear, I need not fear, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; For He's a lov - ing friend so dear, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.
4. O Je - sus, save me in Thy love, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; At last I'll rest with Him a - bove, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.



CHORUS.

Trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, yes, we'll trust Him, Ev - er trust in Je - sus; His prom - is - es He'll ev - er keep, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.



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No. 107. Hurry and Tell Him.

"By prayer and supplication . . . let your requests be known unto God."—Phil. 4: 6.

Rev. B. E. Warren. **J. H. Hall.**

1. "Ask and it shall be giv-en you," brother, I am the Lord who car-eth for all; Come with your heart all bro-ken and bleed-ing;
2. Hur-ry and tell Him; why do you tar - ry? O - pen your heart while Je - sus is near; Bring Him the bur-dens you can-not car - ry,
3. Hur-ry and tell what tongue cannot ut - ter; Groaning and sighing, load-ed with care; Bruis-ed and weak with doubting you fal - ter;
4. Hur-ry and tell your trials and af-flic-tions, Tell Him each pain and sor-row of heart; Here is the word: "All pow-er is giv - en,
5. Hur-ry and tell Him doubts that are thronging, Ask Him for grace to joy and en - dure Life's va-ried scenes with all that's surround-ing;

CHORUS.

Come, He will hear and answer your call. Hurry and tell Him,
Tell Him with courage,—nothing to fear.
Tell Him—He waits your burdens to bear.
Lo! I am with you," never to part.
Stand on His promise—*tested* and sure. Hurry and tell Him, my
broth-er and sis - ter; Je - sus, so ten - der, lov-ing, and
broth-er and sis - ter; Je - sus, so ten - der, so lov - ing, yes,

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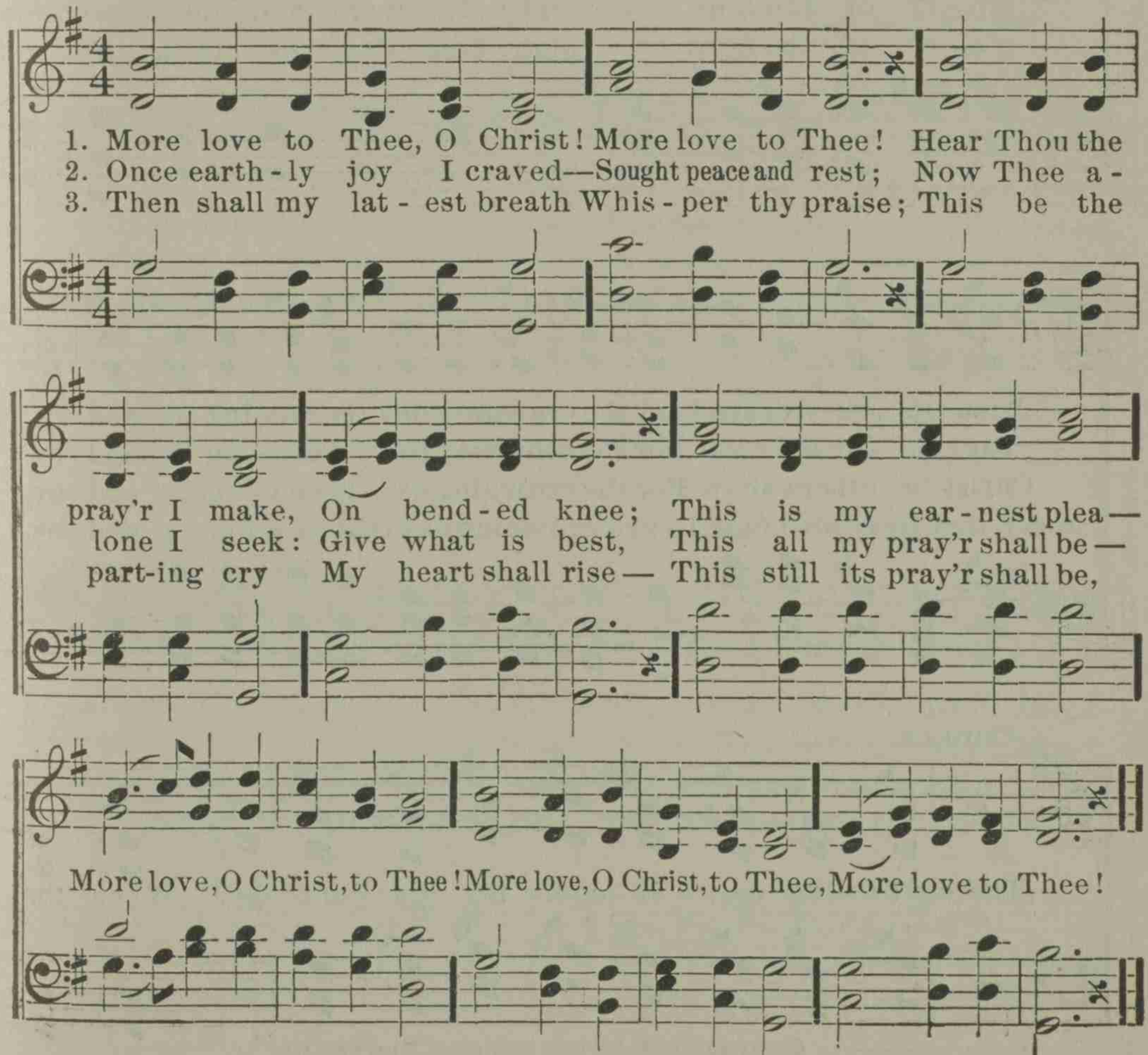
Hurry and Tell Him.



No. 108. More Love to Thee.

"*Lovest thou me?*"—John 21: 16.

E. P. Prentiss. **T. E. Perkins.**



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No. 109. Arise and Shine.

Arr. W. H. Reubush.

1. A - rise and shine, for the light is come to thee, For the glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; Lift up thine eyes round a - bout, and you will see That the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
2. A - rise and shine, for the day is dawn-ing bright, And the glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; Press on, on, on, in the bat - tle for the right, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
3. A - rise and shine, let the world a-round you know That the glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; In word and deed may you Christ to others show, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
4. A - rise and shine, for the King of Heaven's come, And the glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; Some day by faith we will reach that Heav'nly home, In that crowning day that's coming by and by.

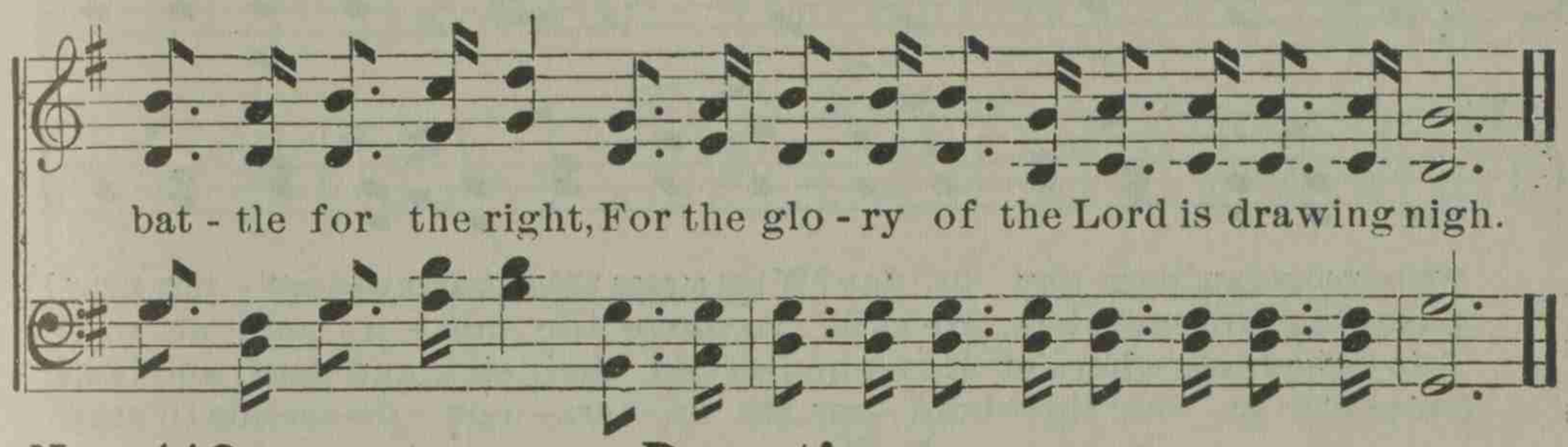
CHORUS.

The crown - ing day is com - ing by and by, When the

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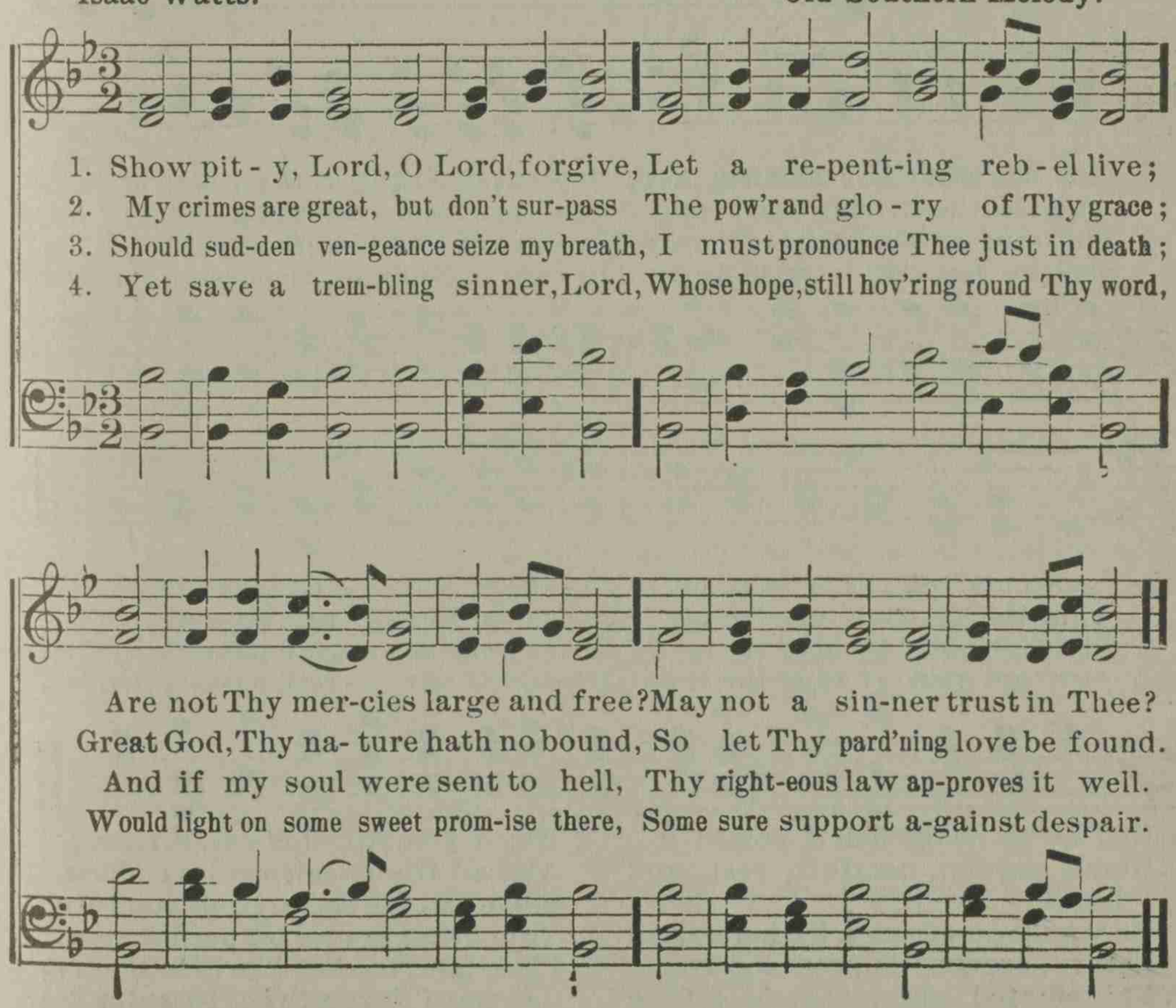
Arise and Shine. Concluded.





No. 110. Devotion.

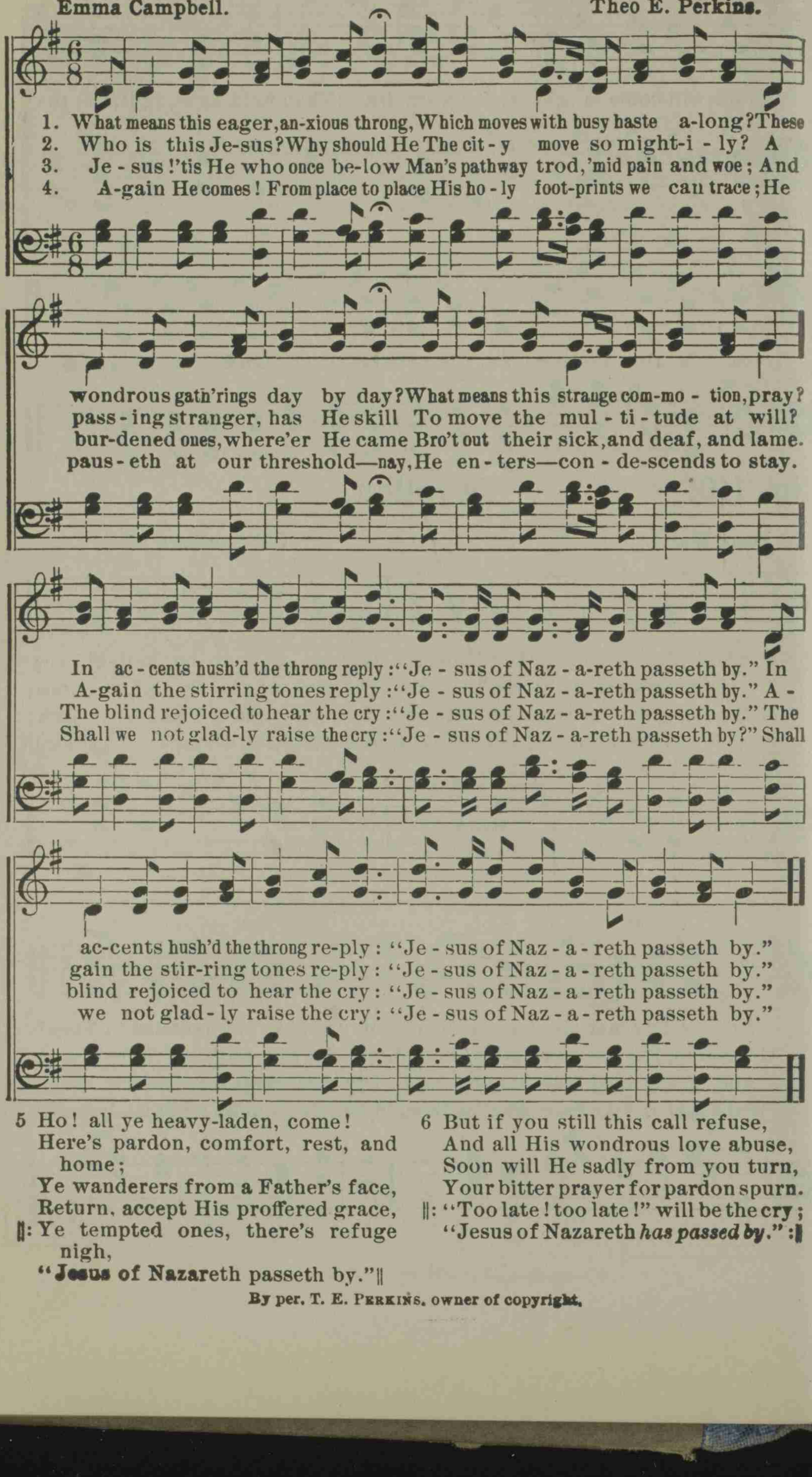
Isaac Watts. Old Southern Melody.



No. 111. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

Emma Campbell. **Theo E. Perkins.**



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace,
‖: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"**Jesus of Nazareth** passeth by."‖

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
‖: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry;
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*." :‖

By per. T. E. Perkins, owner of copyright.

No. 112. Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S. G. W. Sederquist.

1. 'Tis almost time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The stars of heav'n are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A - loud pro- claim to all man-kind, The com-ing of the Mas-ter draw-eth nigh.
3. It must be time for the wait-ing Church To cast her pride a - way, With gird-ed loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
4. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high - way, And call the maimed, the halt, and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.

O it must be the break- ing of the day, O it must be the breaking of the day. The night is al-most gone, The day is com-ing on; O it must be the breaking of the day.

By permission of G. W. S., owner of copyright.

No. 113. Glory to Jesus!

A. F. M. Arr. A. F. Myers.

1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and sigh-ing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree; Je-sus can save you, for He saved me. Glo-ry to Je-sus, He sat-is-fies me!
2. Liv-ing be-neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of earth all as dross, Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side, Jesus can save you, for you He died.
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want pu-ri-ty, walk in the light; If you want lib-er-ty, shout and be free; Je-sus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole; Wash'd in the blood of the One, cru-ci-fied, Je-sus can cleanse you, for you He died.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free! Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'll shout it, I will, Glo-ry to Je-sus! I can-not keep still.

By per. A. F. MYERS, owner of copyright.

No. 114. For Many, Many Years.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D. R. M. McIntosh, Mus. Doc.

1. Night and day for ma - ny, ma - ny years, Je - sus called me
2. Night and day for ma - ny, ma - ny years, Je - sus sought me
3. Night and day for ma - ny, ma - ny years, I have heard that

in His ten - der love; And His voice seemed burdened with His tears,
through the des - ert wild; And His voice yet lin-gers in my ears,
ten - der voice di-vine, Whisp'ring through my haunting doubts and fears,

REFRAIN

As He sought me from His Home above. O His love, 'tis
Like a moth - er's with her way-ward child.
"Wea - ry, help - less wan-der-er, be Mine."

wid - er than the sea, Tire - less as the might-y o-cean wave;

O how could He love and follow me, And how care the wan-der-er to save.

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No. 115. I Know My Name is There.

LUKE 10: 20.

D. S. Warner. B. E. Warren.

1. My name is in the book of Life, Oh, bless the name of Je - sus!
2. My name once stood with sinners, lost, And bore a painful rec - ord;
3. Yet in-ward trou-ble oft - en cast A shad-ow o'er my ti - tle;
4. While others climb thro' worldly strife, To carve a name of hon - or,

I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.
But by His blood the Saviour cross'd, And placed it on His roll.
But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! its ev - er clear.
High up in heaven's book of Life, My name is writ-ten there.

CHORUS.

I know, . . I know . . my name . . is there; . .
I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;

I know, . . I know . . my name is writ-ten there
I know my name is there.

By permission of B. E. WARREN, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 116. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. Geo. A. Minor.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep-ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the
Fear-ing nei - ther clouds nor winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's

har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
o - ver, He will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

1 2

We shall come, re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re-joic -(*Omit*. . . . .) ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

By per. of Geo. A. Minor, owner of copyright.

No. 117. Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His prec-ious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.



CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.



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No. 118. Send the Light.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! .
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev -'ry - where abound, Send the light! .
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, Send the light! .

"Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spirit ev-'ry where be found;
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!"

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . .

Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

{ Send the light, . . the bless - ed gos - pel light, Let it
{ Send the light, . . and let its ra - diant beams Light the

1 2

shine . . from shore to shore! . . . .
world . . for - ev - er - - - - more, (forev-er-more.)

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No. 119. Jesus Satisfies my Soul.

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul, for I am sav'd From the sin that caus'd un-
2. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul when sorrows press Like a thorn-crown on my
3. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul when tri als keen Aim their weapons at my
4. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul while changing years Steal a - way life's cher-ish'd

rest; He has bro-ken all the chains that once en - slav'd, Bringing
brow; There are pledges in His word that soothe dis - tress, And His
heart; I am shielded by a might - y hand un - seen, That can
bloom; Tho' the val - ley of the shad - ow swift - ly nears, There's no

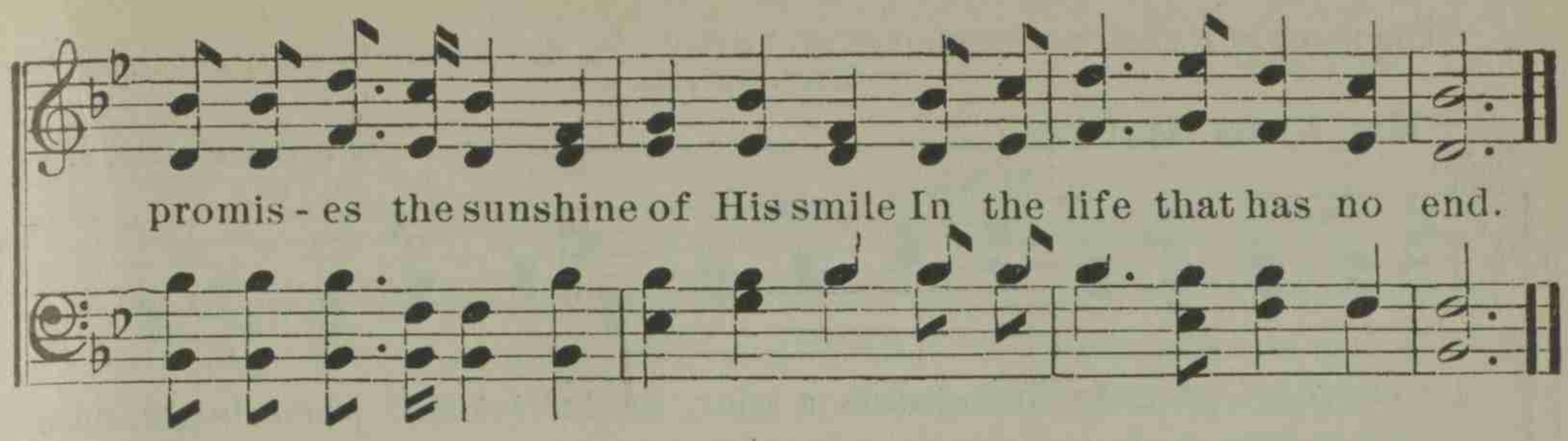
CHORUS.

heav - en to my breast. Oh! He sat - is - fies, sat - is -
arm sus-tains me now.
turn each fie - ry dart.
ter - ror in its gloom. Oh! He sat - is - fies me now, sat - is -

fies my soul, For He is my con - stant friend; And He
fies me all the while,

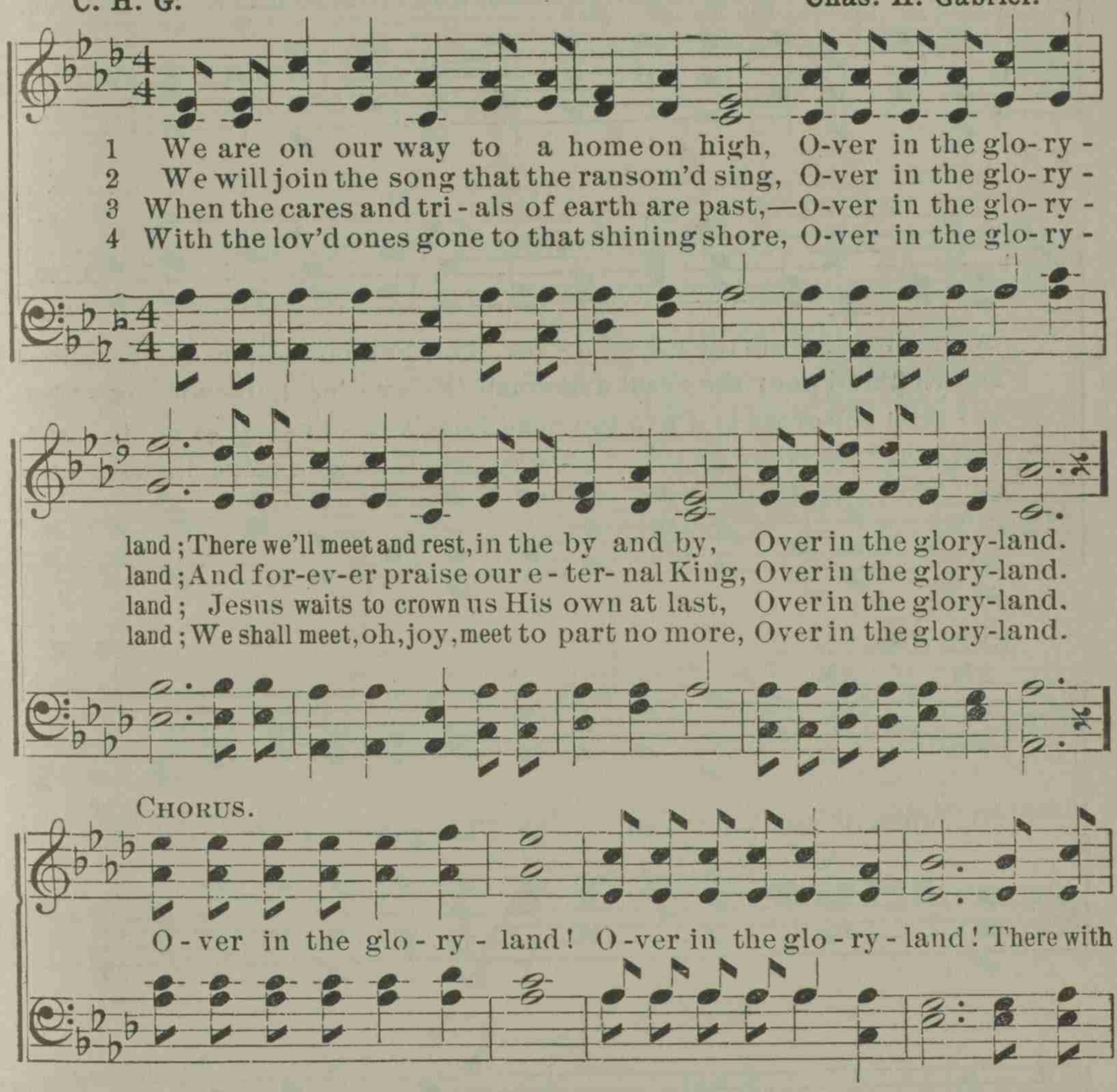
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Jesus Satisfies my Soul. Concluded.



No. 120. Over in the Glory-Land.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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No. 121. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—
REV. xxi: 25.

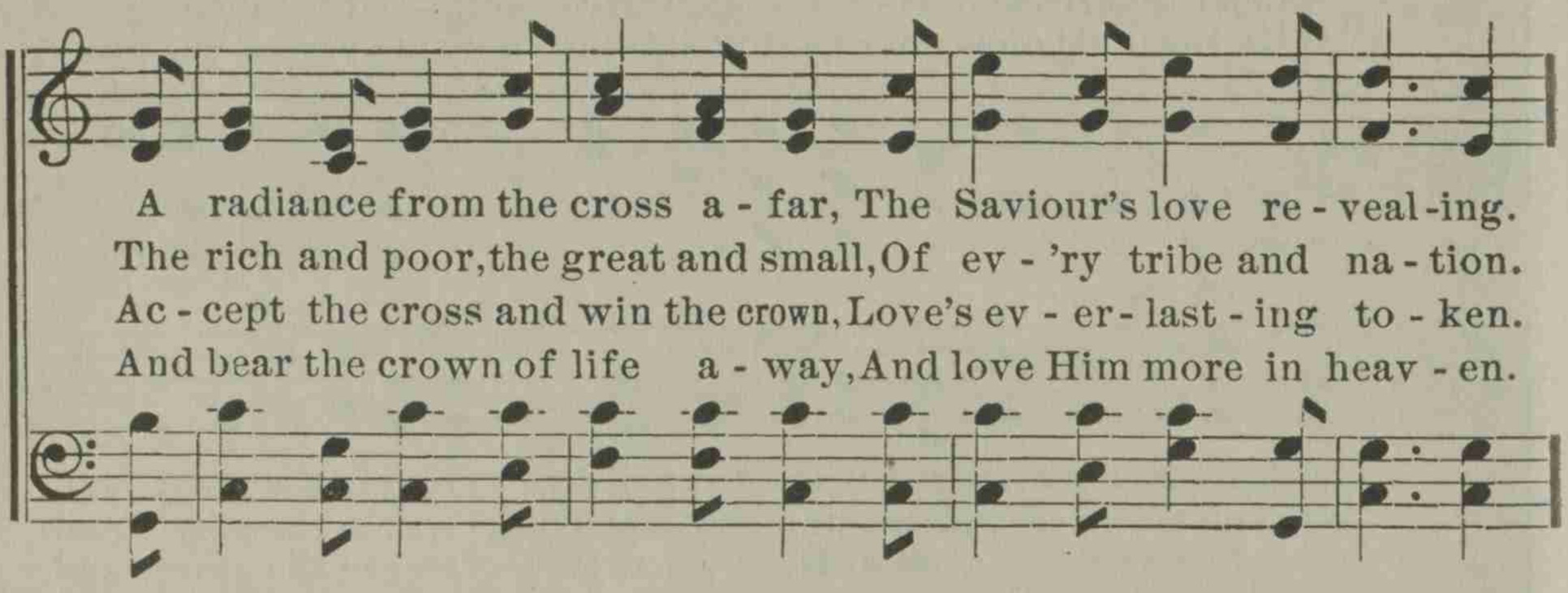
Mrs. Lydia Baxter. **Philip Phillips.**



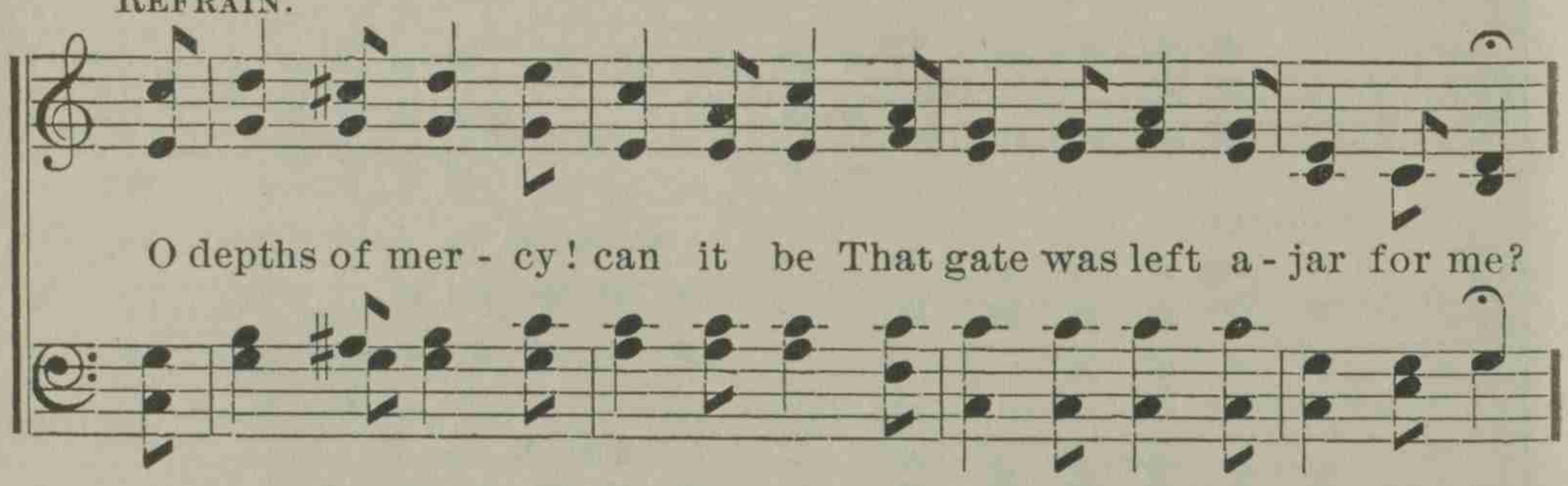
1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por-tals gleaming,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va-tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



A radiance from the cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal-ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



REFRAIN.



O depths of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . for me, . . Was left a - jar for me? . .
For me, for me,

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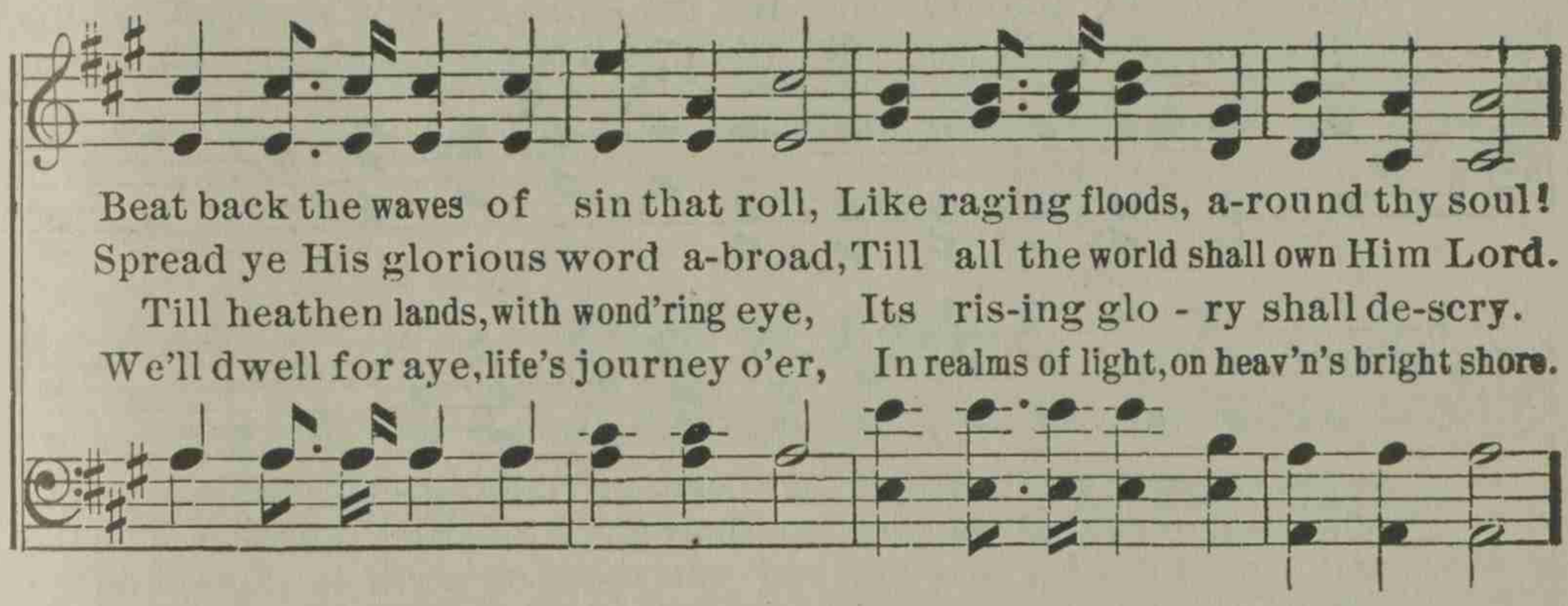
No. 122. 47 Stand Up for Jesus.

R. Torrey. Asa Hull.

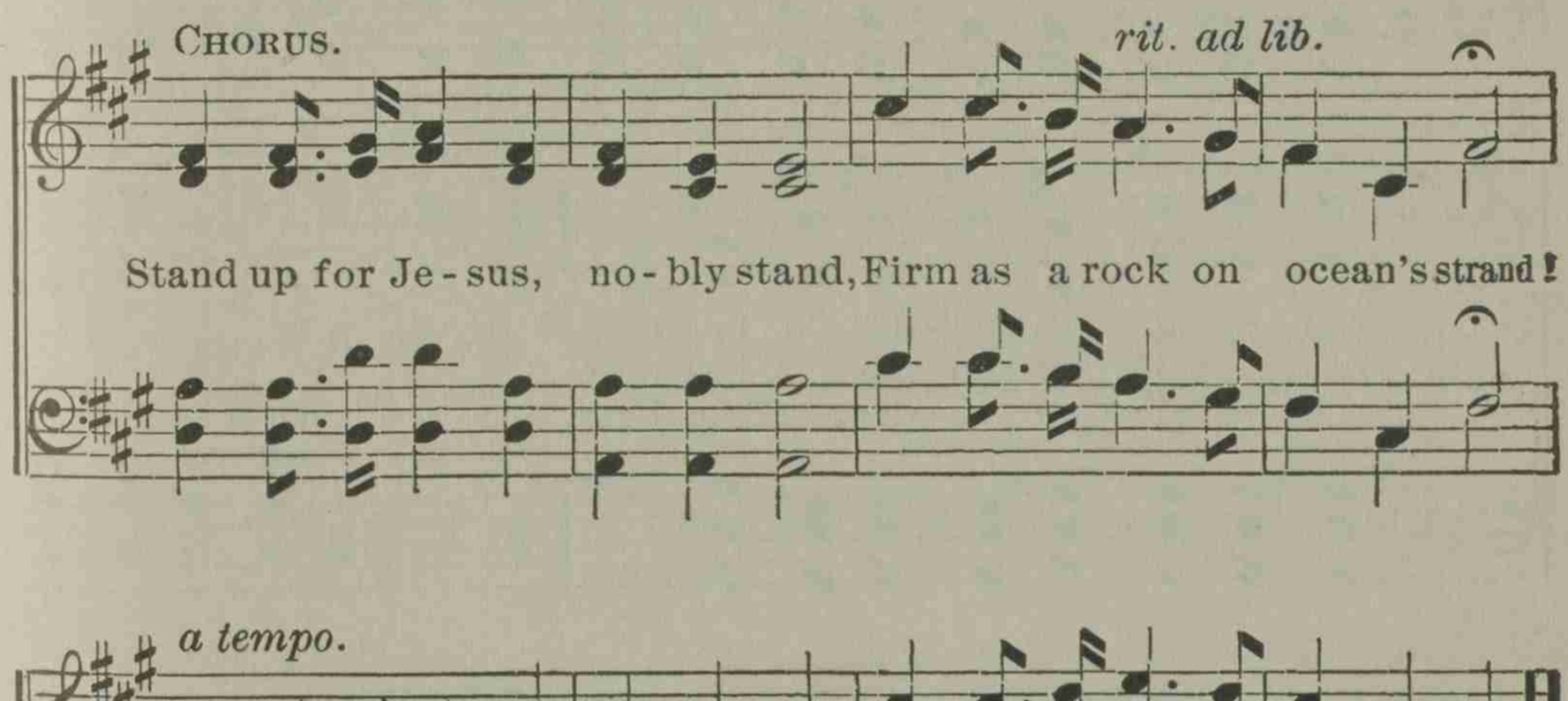


1. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
2. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
3. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
4. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand! Soon with the blest im-mor-tal band

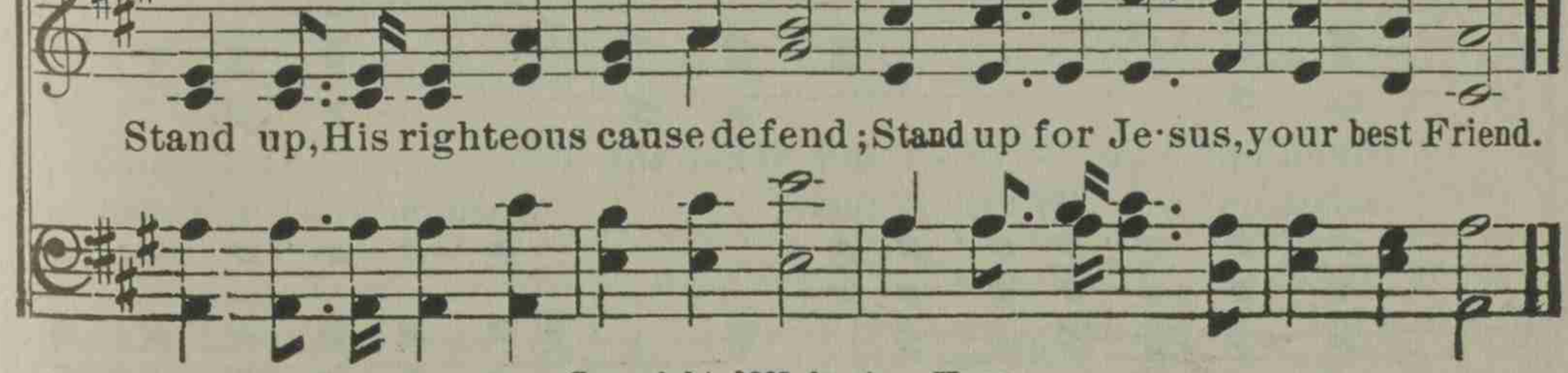




Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a-round thy soul!
Spread ye His glorious word a-broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye, Its ris-ing glo - ry shall de-scry.
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er, In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.



Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!



Stand up, His righteous cause defend; Stand up for Je·sus, your best Friend.

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48

No. 123. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec-tion share; When His
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
cho - sen ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

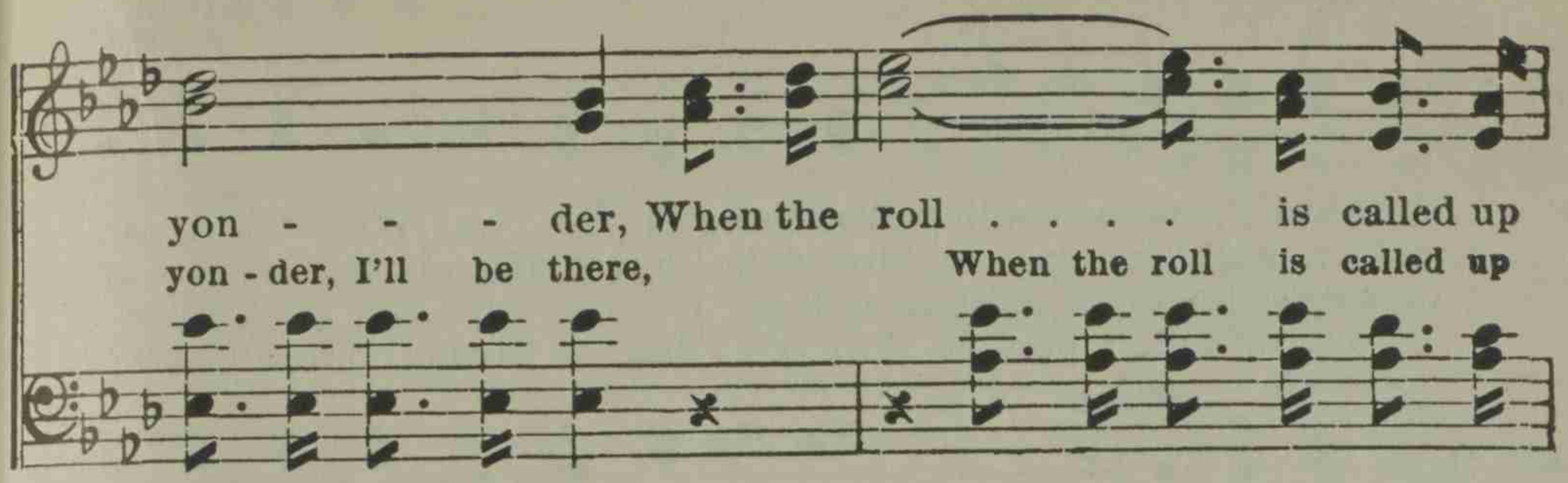
CHORUS.

roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. When the roll is

called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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When the Roll is Called. Concluded.





No. 124. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

No. 125. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap- py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
tread- ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph-song; Glo- ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris- tian sol - diers, March- ing as to
war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.
With the cross of Je - sus

No. 126. Love of God.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sing we of the grace of God, Of the wonders of His love;
2. Love that bro't sal - va - tion near, Thro' God's well-be-lov - ed Son,
3. Love of God so full and free, Love of God so strong to save,
4. Love that holds the worlds in space, Love that lighteth all with-in,

Tell His glo-ries all a-broad, And of His won-der-ful love!
And be-liev-ing we shall wear Yonder a beau-ti - ful crown!
Blood that cleanseth e - ven me, Wonderful, won-der-ful love!
Love that keeps us by His grace, Wonderful, won-der-ful love!

CHORUS.

Wonderful love of God! , . Wonder-ful love of God! . .
oh, won-der-ful love! oh, won-der-ful love!

How it redeemeth, and how it reclaimeth The souls He hath bo't with blood.

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No. 127. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*



1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;



QUARTET



Tho' they be red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool."
He is of great . . . . . compassion, And of wondrous love.
"Look un - to Me, ... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God.

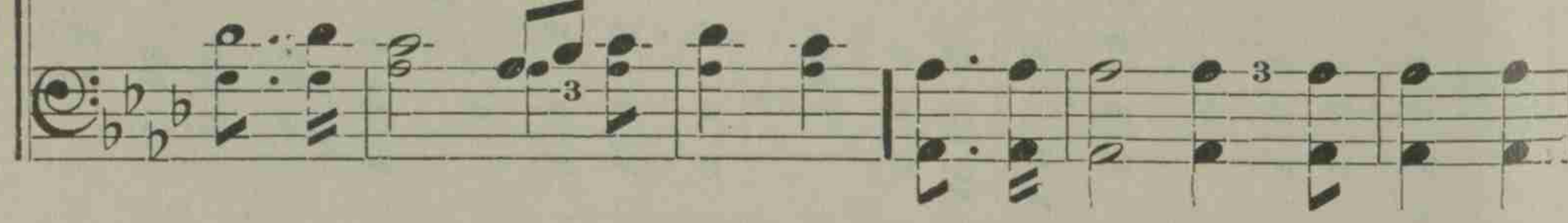


Tho' they be red
He is of great
"Look un - to Me,

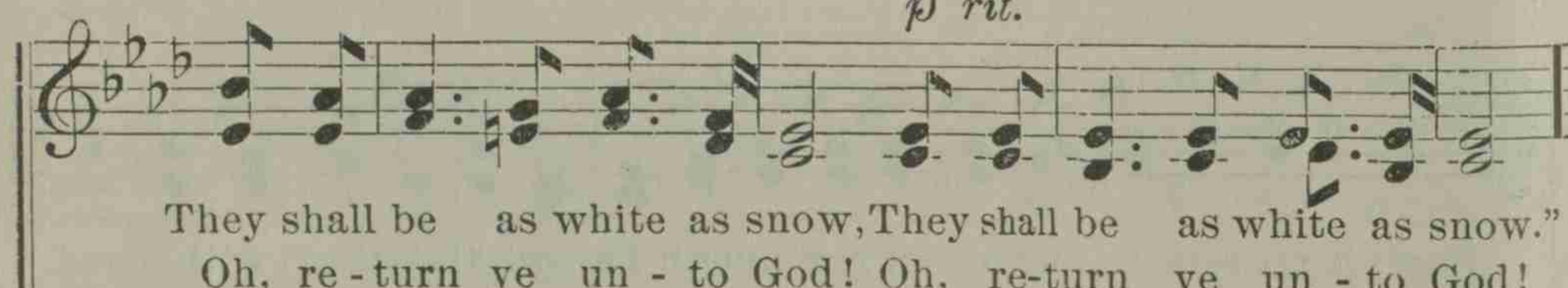
DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*



"Tho your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,



p rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re-turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.



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No. 128. Hear Him Calling.

J. H. Martin. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How He bids His fold - ed
3. Are you roam - ing, long - er roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

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

REFRAIN.

lone - ly mountains, dark and cold. On your ear His lov - ing tones are
fol - lowed far the stranger's voice.
door, make haste to let me in.

fall - ing, For He seeks you, where-so-e'er you roam. Hear Him

call - ing, sweetly call - ing, As He bids His wand'ring sheep come home.

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No. 129. The Beautiful Vale.

(Text: HEB. iv. 9.)

Words arr'd by Asa Hull. **Asa Hull.**

SOLI. *mp* TUTTI. *f*

1. My soul with rapture waits for thee, Beau- ti - ful vale of rest;
2. Thy radiant fields and glow-ing skies, Beau- ti - ful vale of rest;
3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade, Beau- ti - ful vale of rest;
4. Oh, who would dwell for-ev - er here, Beau- ti - ful vale of rest;

SOLI. *mp* TUTTI. *f*

My home be-yond the roll - ing sea, Beau-ti- ful vale of rest.
Too pure and bright for mor-tal eyes, Beau-ti- ful vale of rest
Like morning dew or eve-ning shade, Beau-ti- ful vale of rest.
With joy, un - fad - ing joy, so near? Beau-ti- ful vale of rest

mp A little slower.

I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The beauties of thy tranquil shore,
Be-side the liv - ing stream that flows, The weary heart shall find re-pose;
Yet when we reach thy golden strand, Our gentle Saviour's promis'd land,
Oh, may I live, that I may wear A star-ry crown for e - ver there,

a tempo.

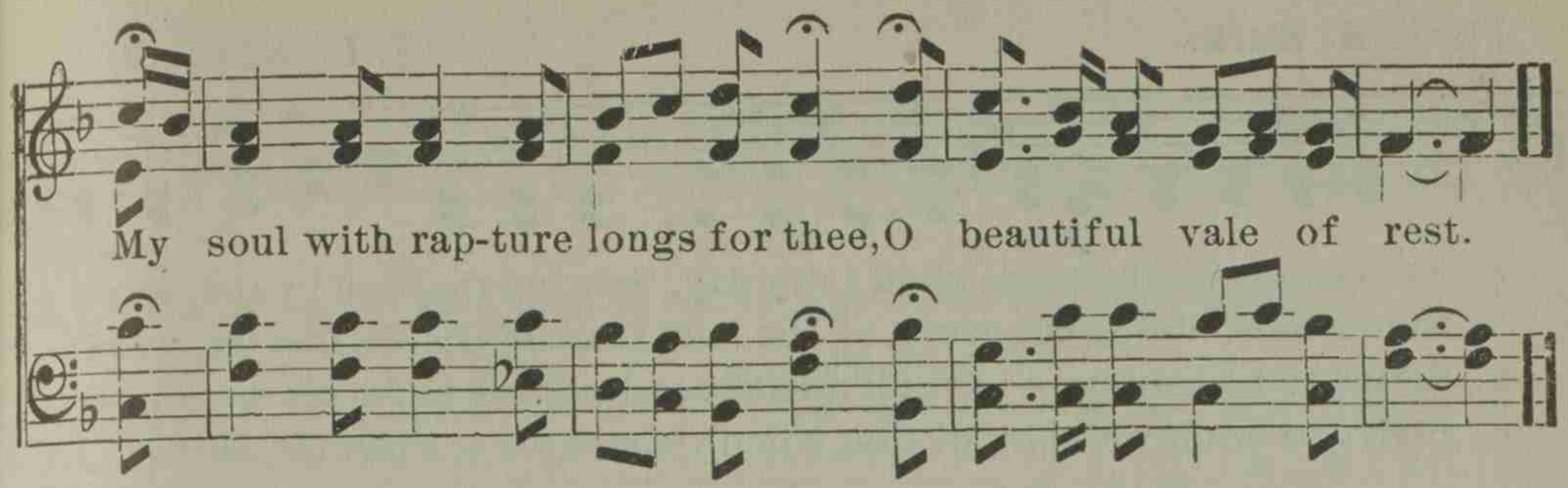
Where pain and sorrow come no more, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.
Thy pearl-y gates shall nev - er close, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.
We'll sing with all the ransom'd band, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.
And breathe thy sweet and balmy air, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Beautiful vale . . of rest, Beauti-ful vale . . . of rest,
Beauti - ful vale of rest, Beauti- ful vale of rest.

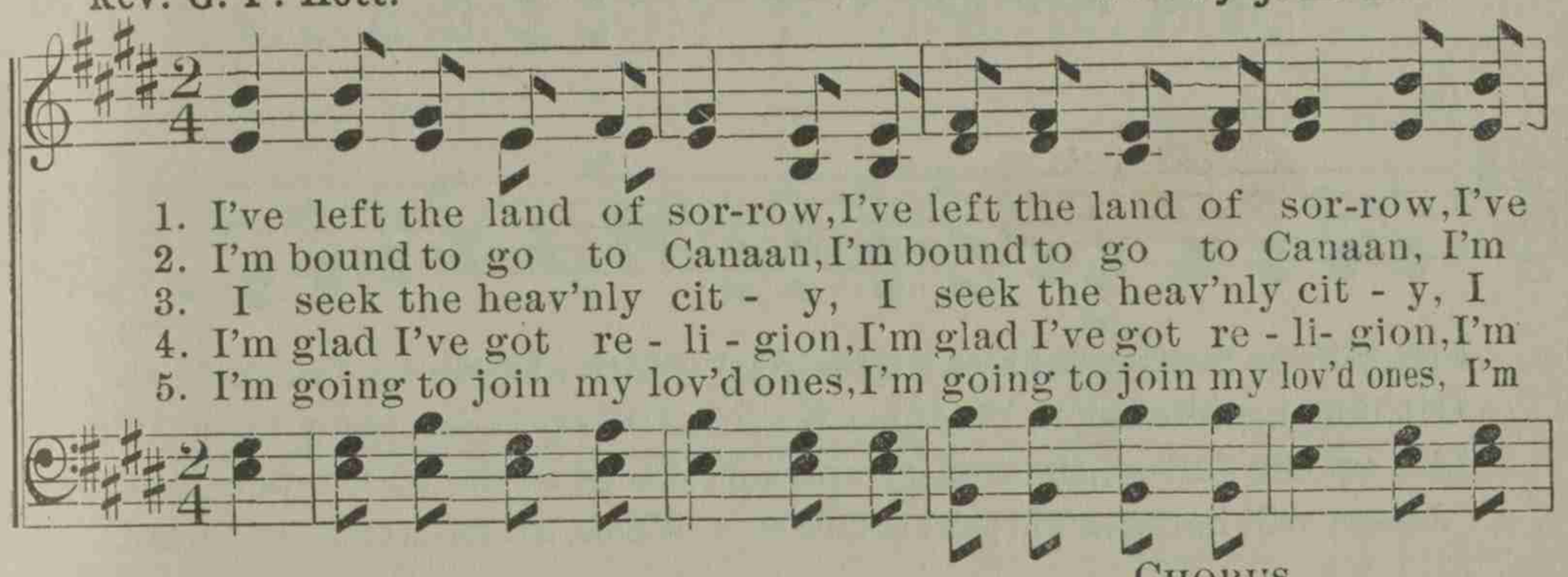
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The Beautiful Vale. Concluded.

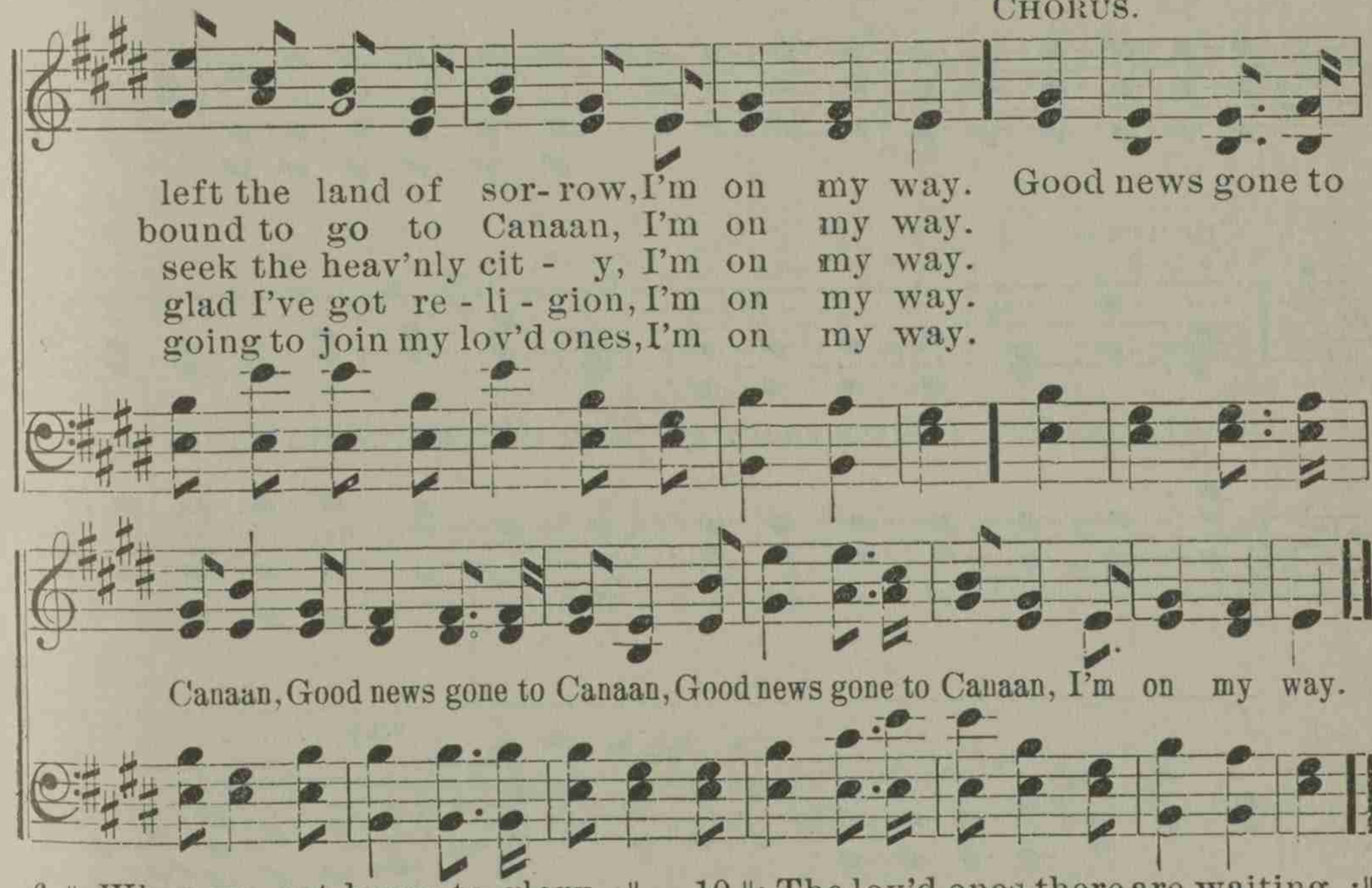


No. 130. Good News Gone to Canaan.

Rev. G. P. Hott. Arr. by J. H. Hall.



CHORUS.



6 ‖: When we get home to glory, :‖
I'm on my way.

7 ‖: We'll praise the name of Jesus, :‖
I'm on my way.

8 ‖: I'm near the land of Beulah, :‖
I'm on my way.

9 ‖: The angels are rejoicing, :‖
I'm on my way.

10 ‖: The lov'd ones there are waiting, :‖
I'm on my way.

11 ‖: The gates of heaven are open, :
I'm on my way.

12 ‖: Oh, sinner, come to Jesus, :‖
I'm on my way.

13 ‖: Oh, glory hallelujah, :‖
I'm on my way.

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No. 131. Working for Jesus.

Irvin H. Mack. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Strive to be doing some good ev'ry day, Sowing the seed by the way;
2. Strive to be doing the work of the Lord, Learning His will from the word;
3. Strive to be leading a life fill'd with love, Looking to Je-sus a - bove;
4. Strive to be cheerful in all that you do; Christ will your passions sub - due.

Life will be fleeting and soon will be past, Work while the day-time shall last.
Oft, but a smile that in kindness is giv'n, Helps some poor soul on to heav'n.
Lift up the fall-en, the wea-ry and sore, Point to the wide o-pen door.
Je-sus will help you, will point out the way, Watch, and for-get not to pray.

CHORUS.

Work-ing for Je - sus each day, Striv - ing His word to o - bey,

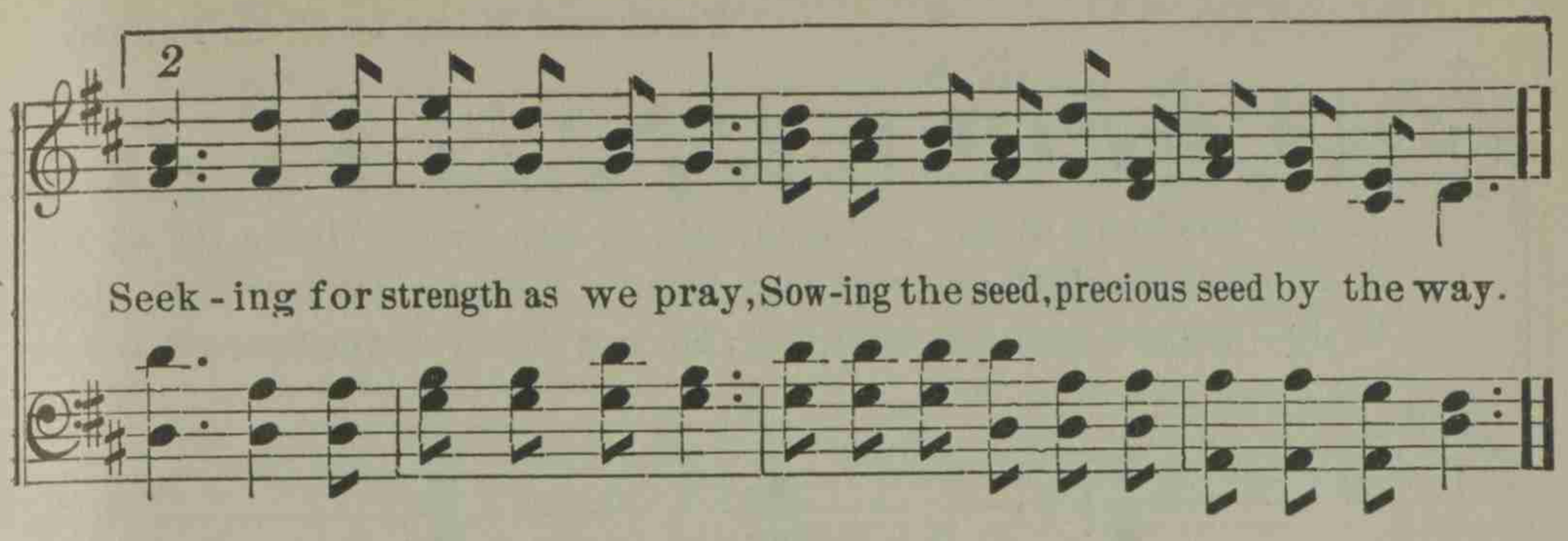
Seek-ing for strength when we pray, Sowing the seed by the way, by the way. Be

way, . . .

*Small notes for repeat.

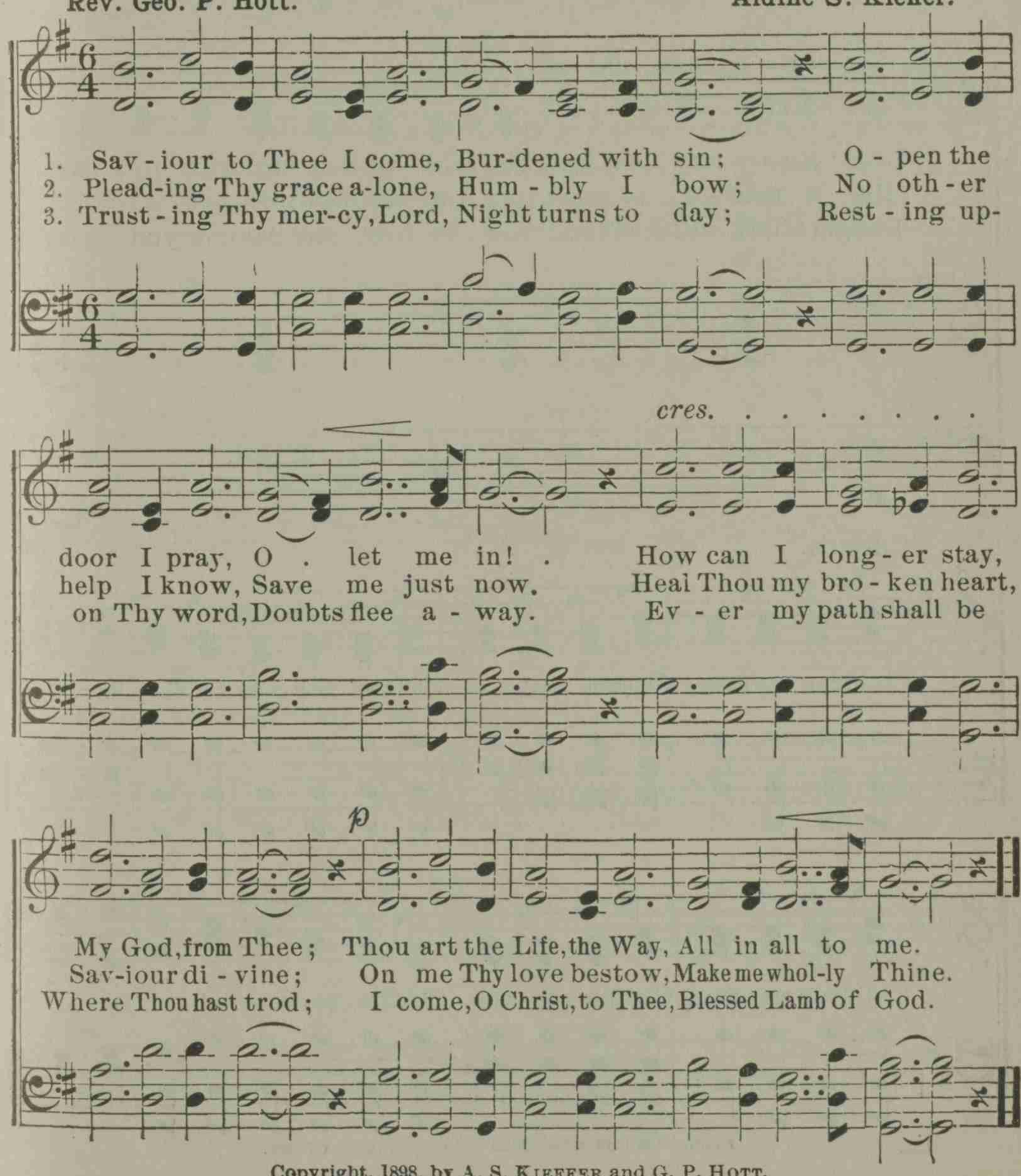
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Working for Jesus. Concluded.



No. 132. Coming now, O Lord, to Thee!

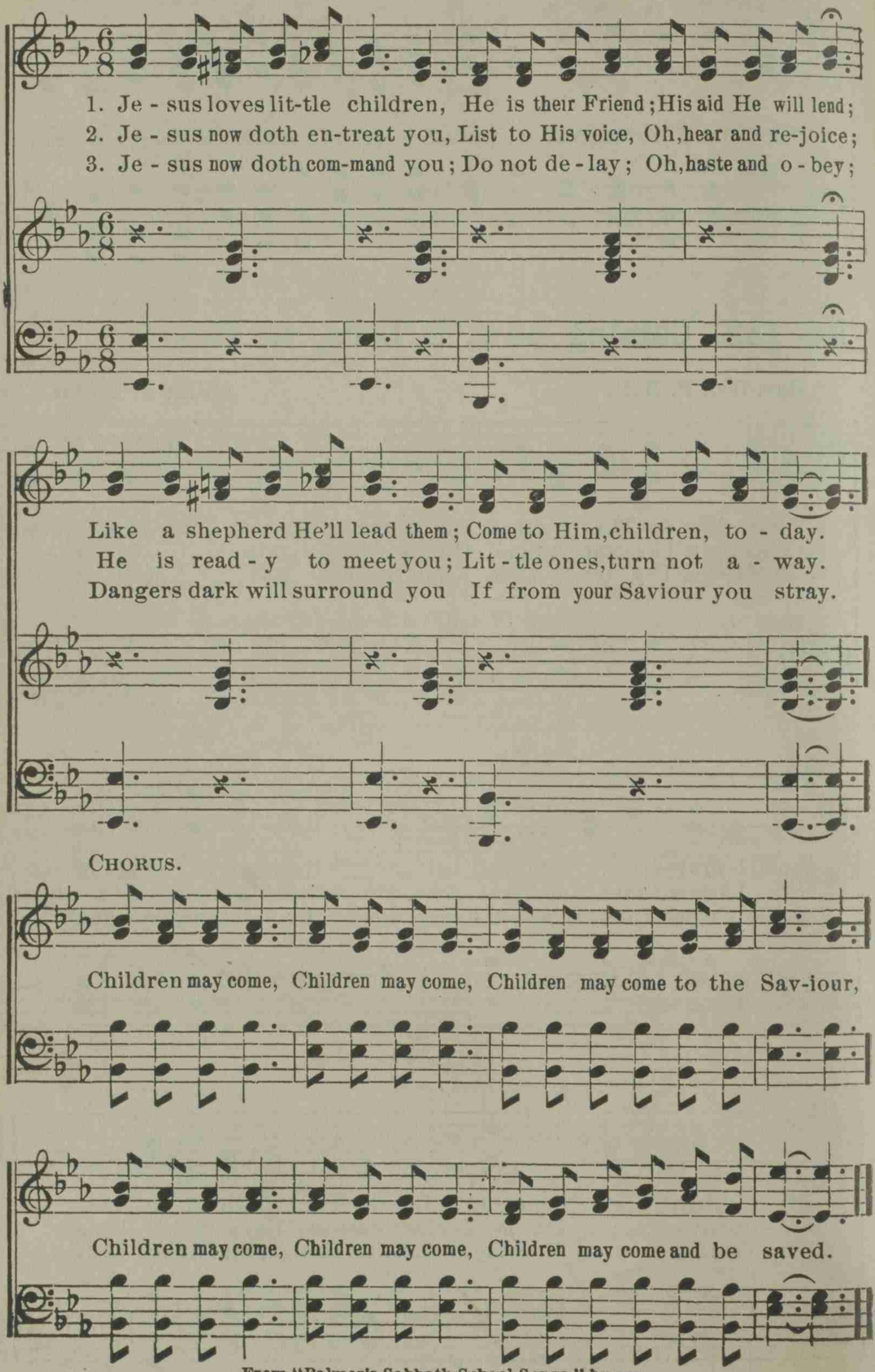
Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Aldine S. Kieffer.



Copyright, 1898, by A. S. KIEFFER and G. P. HOTT.

No. 133. Children May Come.

Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.



From "Palmer's Sabbath School Songs," by per.

No. 134. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, an hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo-ments roll;
hap - py mo-ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.

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No. 135. Jesus is your Friend.

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

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. H. Hall.

1. What a precious friend we have in Je - sus! With His love He bless-es us each day! With His grace He wondrously sustains us,
2. What a ten - der friend we have in Je - sus! In com - pas-sion, Oh, how rich is He! Who so kind, so gen - tle and for-giv - ing?
3. What a lov - ing friend we have in Je - sus! On the cru - el cross of Cal - va-ry He a - toned that none should ever per - ish,

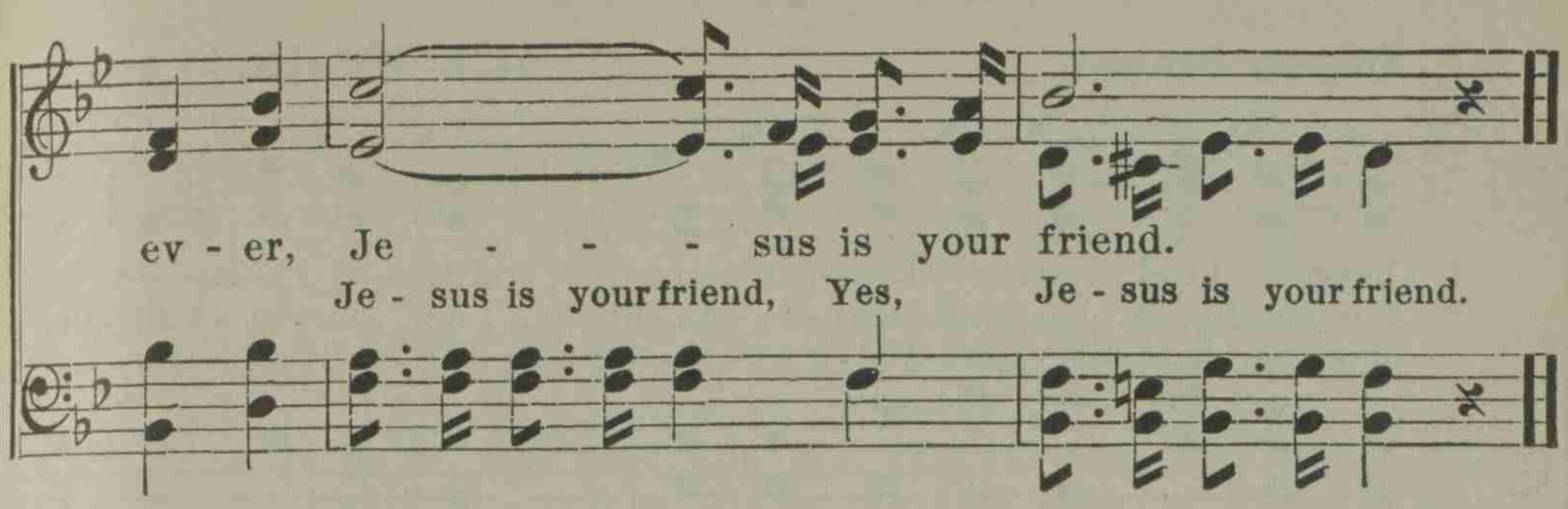
CHORUS.

As we walk with Him the narrow way. Je - - - sus is your friend, ... His love . . . . . will nev - er end,
Who so faith-ful to His own could be? Je - sus is your friend, His love will nev - er end,
But be sav'd thro' Him e - ter-nal - ly. Je - sus is your friend, His love will nev - er end,

He will leave you never, Walk with you for - ever, Je - sus is your friend.

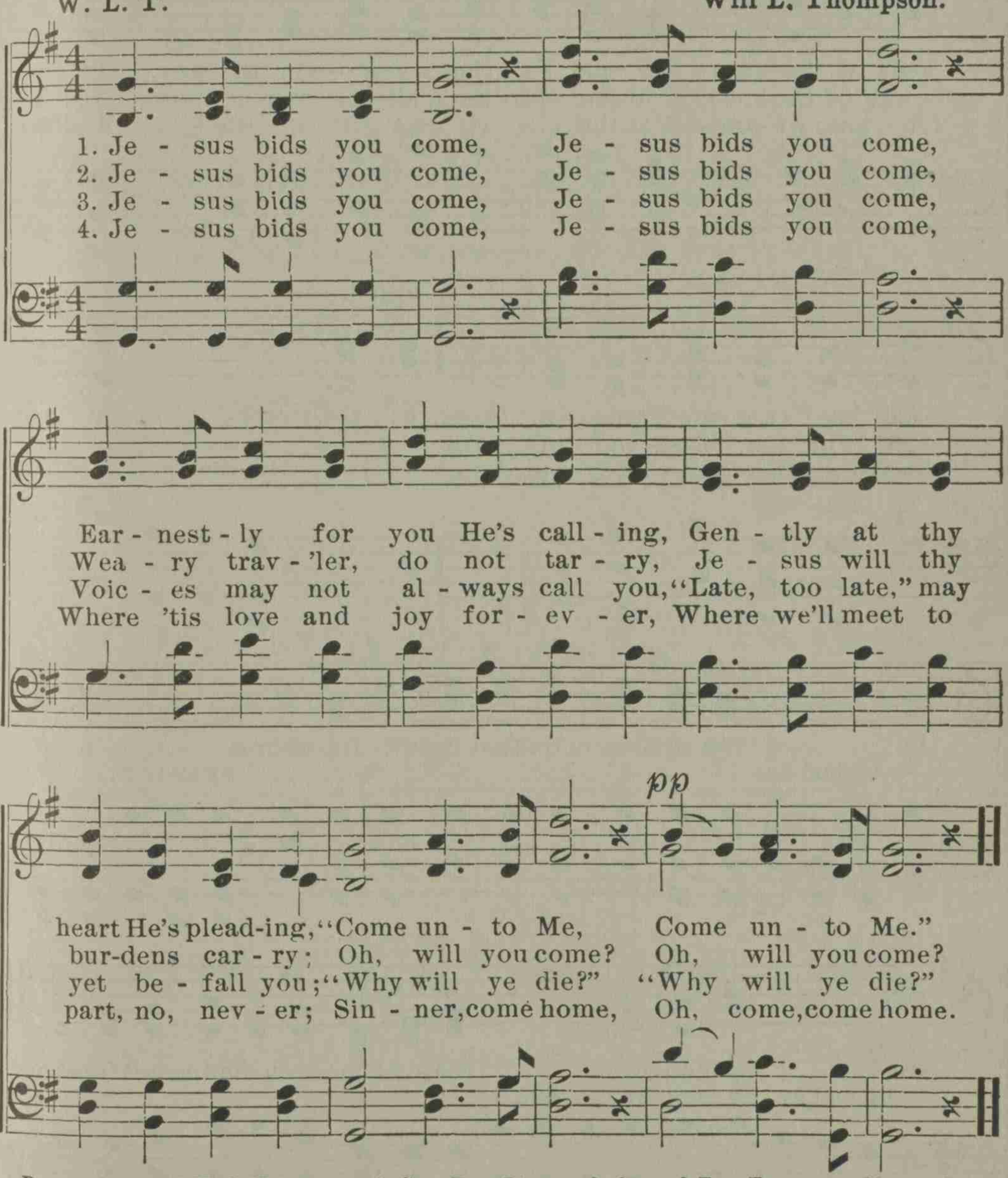
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Jesus is your Friend. Concluded.



No. 136. Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.



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No. 137. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o- ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell- ing place there. In the sweet by and by,
2. We shall sing on that beau- ti - ful shore, The me- lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir- its shall sor- row no more, Not a sigh for the bless- ing of rest.
3. To our boun- ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal - lowed our days. In the sweet by and by,

CHORUS.

We shall meet on that beauti- ful shore, In the sweet by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by and by, by and by, by and by,

No. 138. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. **John T. Grape, by per.**

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone,
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me Thine all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Then "Je-sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

No. 139. Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane, by per.

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

o - ver there;

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

REFRAIN.

O-ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, o-ver there;
O-ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there, over there;
O-ver there, o - ver there, My Saviour is now o-ver there, o-ver there;
O-ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there, o-ver there;

Over there, over there,

O-ver there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
O-ver there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.
O-ver there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.
O-ver there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

Over there,

No. 140. Are you Washed in the Blood.

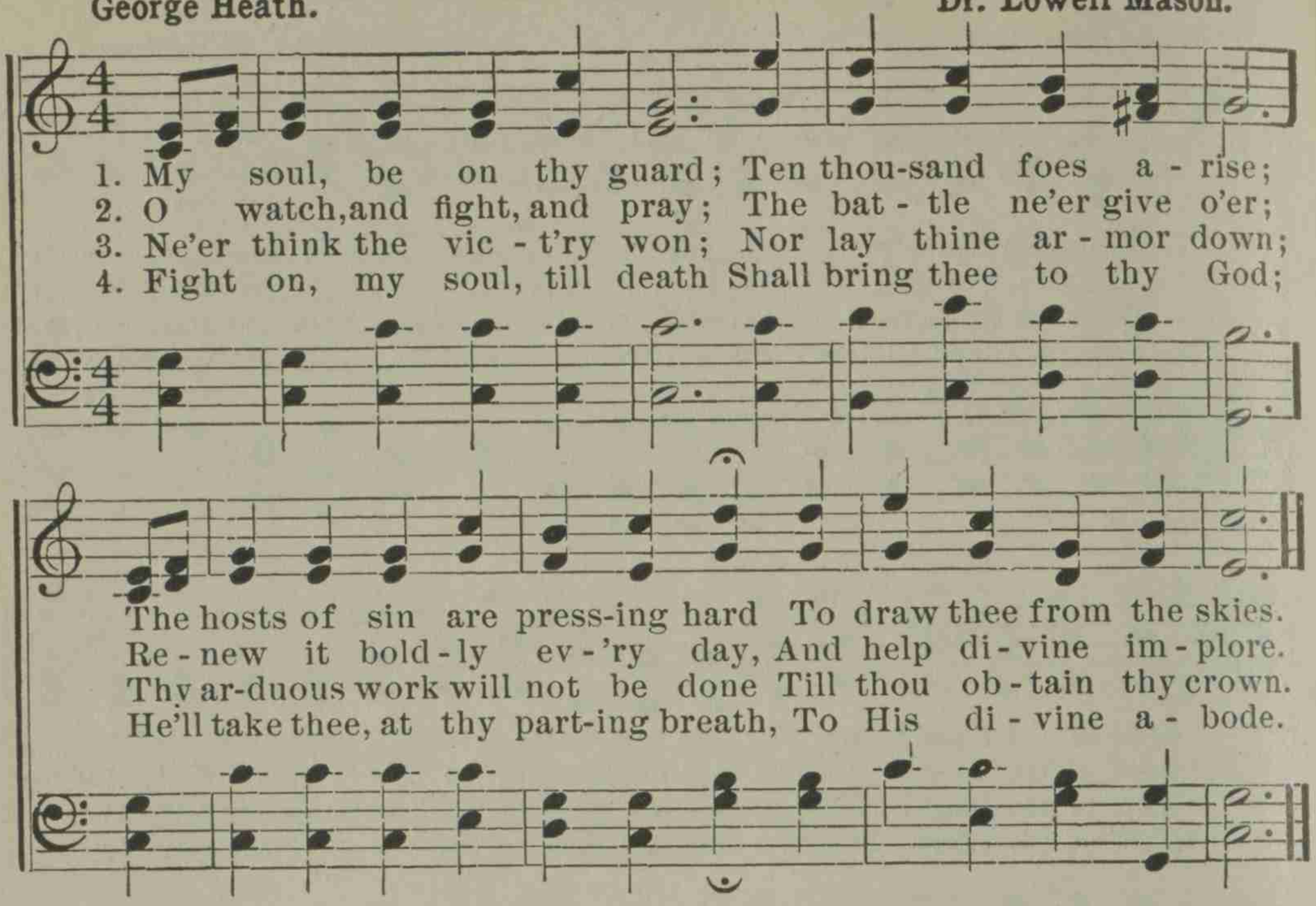
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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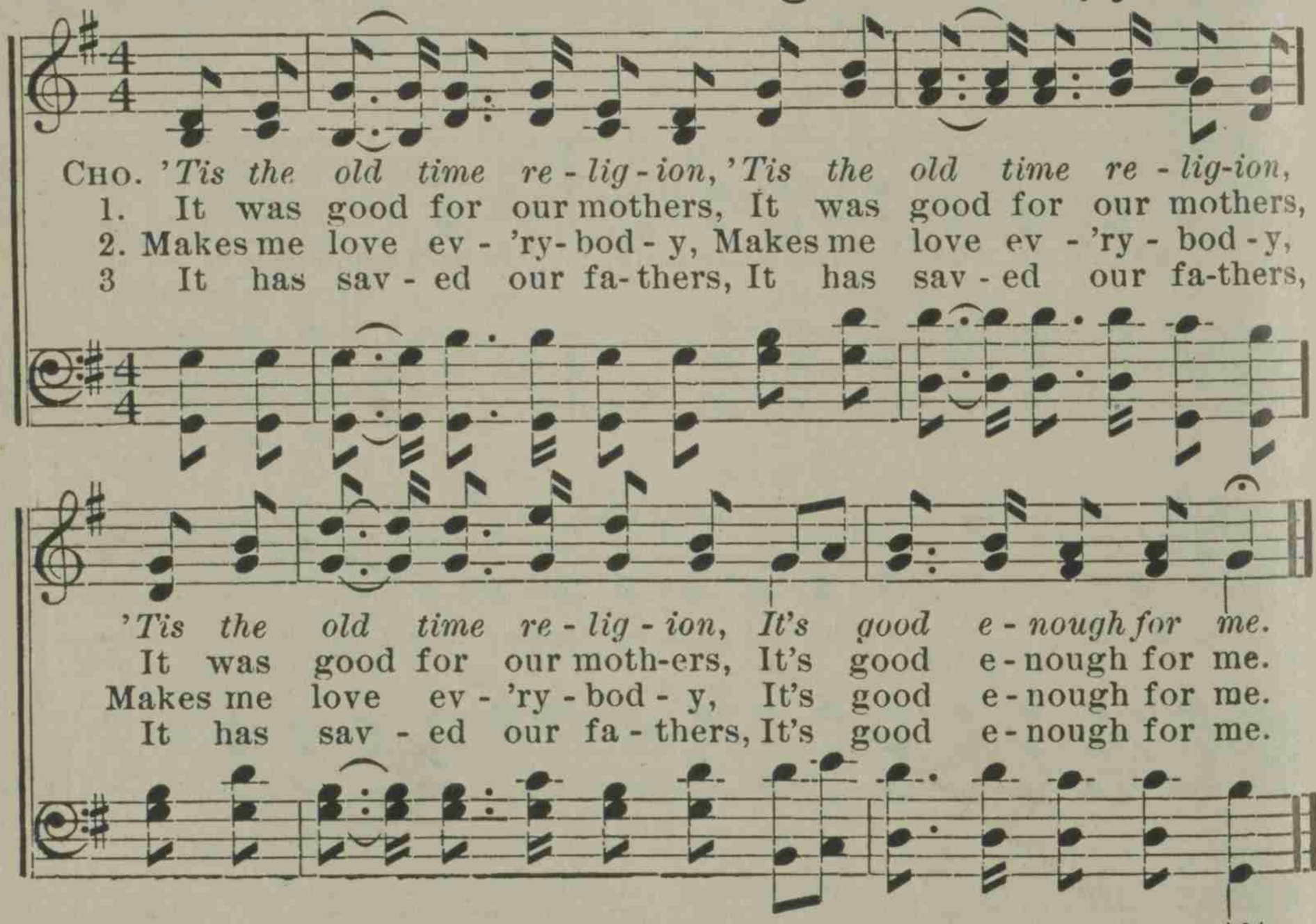
No. 141. Laban.

George Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 142. Old Time Religion.

Arr. by J. H. H.



4 ‖: It was good for Prophet Daniel :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew children, :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

THE

CROWNING DAY.

No. 4.

No. 143. Loving-Kindness.

Samuel Medley. American Tune.

No. 144. Pass It On.

Rev. G. P. Hott. J. H. Ruebush.

1. Has a kind - ly tho't been yours, Pass it on; (Pass it on;) Oth - ers
2. Have you had a lov - ing word, Pass it on; (Pass it on;) 'Twas but
3. If you have a kindness shown, Pass it on; (Pass it on;) 'Twas not

joy thro' it secures, Pass it on; (Pass it on;) Many hearts in lone - li-
spo-ken for your good, Pass it on; (Pass it on;) Oth-er sor-rows it may
giv'n for you a - lone, Pass it on; (Pass it on;) Let it trav - el down the

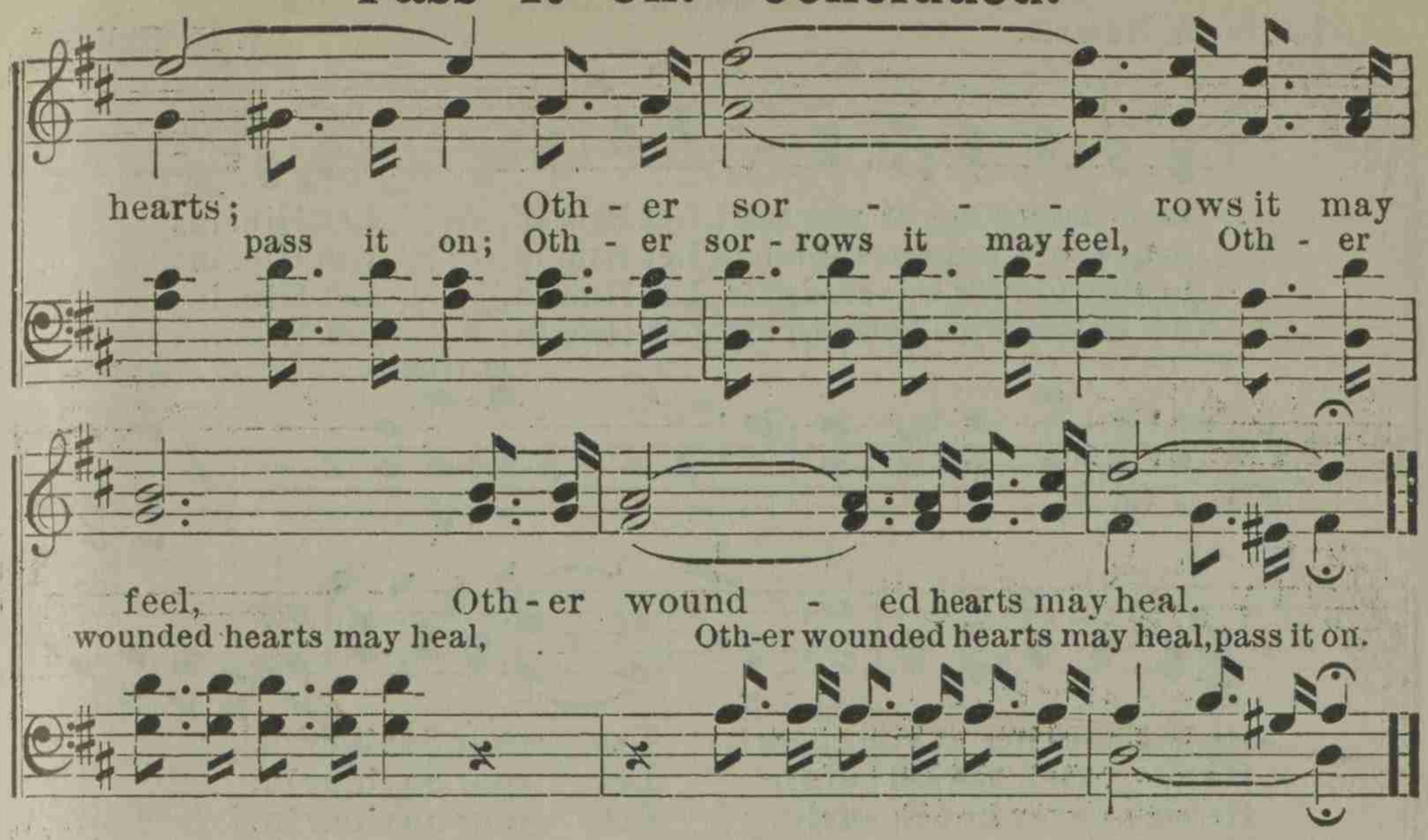
ness, Long for sym - pathy's ca-ress, Hearts that kind - ly tho'ts may
feel, Oth - er wounded hearts may heal, Oth - er vows to Christ re-
years, Let it wipe an - oth-er's tears, Till in heaven the deed ap -

CHORUS.

bless, Pass it on. (Pass it on.) Pass it on, (Pass it on,) this kind-ly
veal, Pass it on. (Pass it on.)
pears, Pass it on. (Pass it on.)

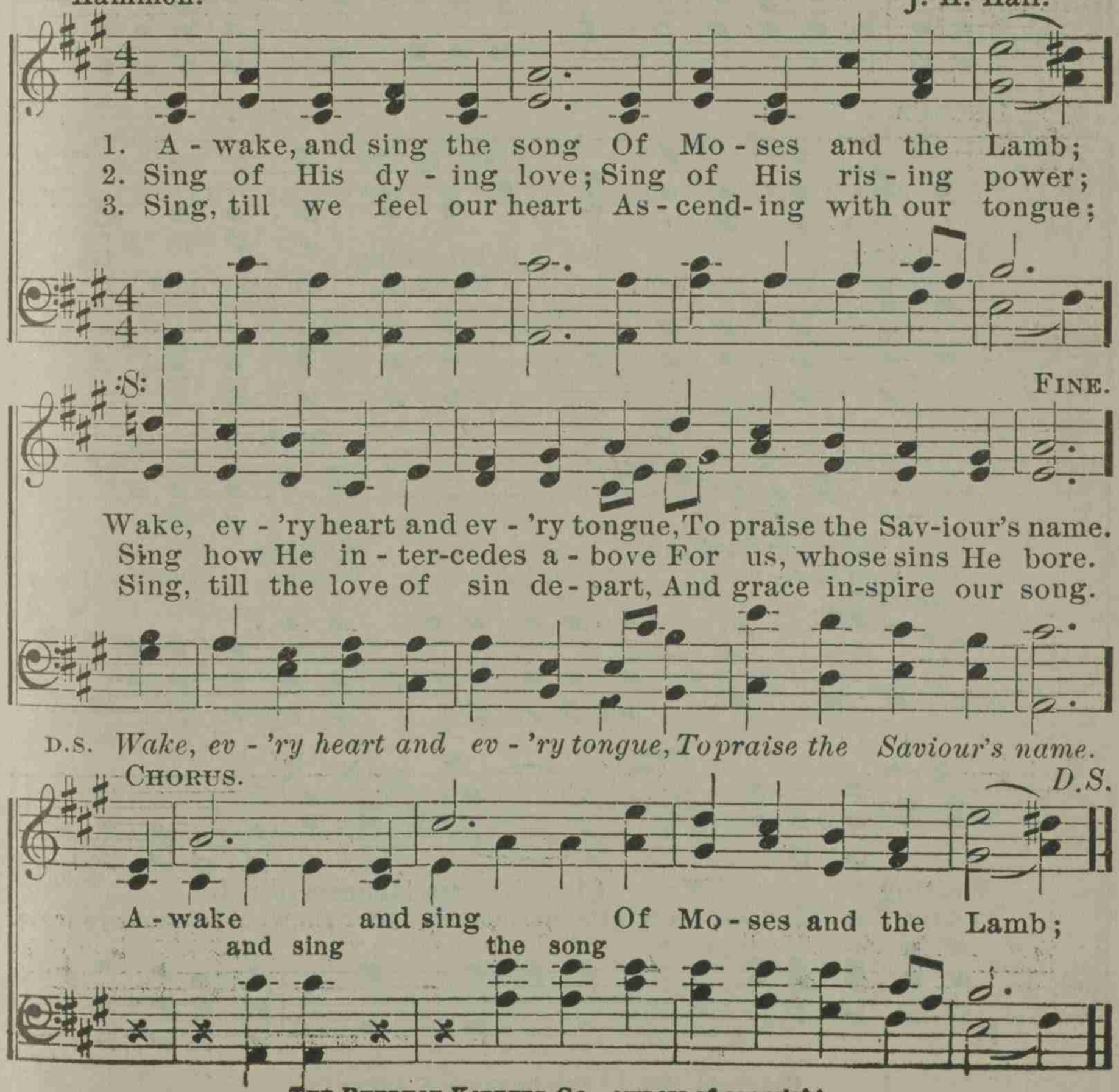
thought, Pass it on to oth - er
pass it on, Pass it on

Pass It On. Concluded.



No. 145. Awake, and Sing the Song.

Hammon. J. H. Hall.



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No. 146. Let Jesus In.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.

1. He is knocking at your heart, Let Him in, Let Him in;
2. He has of - ten knocked before, Let Him in, Let Him in;
3. He may nev-er knock again, Let Him in, Let Him in;
4. Now He'd save you from your sin, Let Him in, Let Him in;

Let Him in, Let Him in;

He is knocking at your heart, Let your Saviour in.
He has often knocked before, Let your Saviour in.
He may never knock again, Let your Saviour in.
He would save you from your sin, Let your Saviour in.

Let your Sav- iour, let your Saviour in.

CHORUS.

Knocking, He is knocking, Oh,
Knocking at the door, Knocking at the door,

let your Saviour in. Waiting,
Let your Sav - iour, let your Saviour in. Waiting at the door, He is

Waiting, Yes, Christ would cleanse your sin.
waiting at the door, Christ would cleanse your sin, would cleanse your sin.

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No. 147. When the Lord is Our Treasure.

E. E. Hewitt. Will H. Ruebush.

1. When the Lord is our treasure, When in Him we are strong, Ev-'ry day brings its pleasure, Ev-'ry night has its song; Trusting Him for the morrow, Since His love will not cease; He will wak-en in sor-row, Ten-der car-ols of peace.

2. In the life hid in Je-sus, There is purest de-light; Golden beams for the morning, Sil-ver stars for the night. For His goodness and mercy—Blessed an-gels are they That shall ev-er at-tend us When we walk in His way.

3. Let us give, as He giv-eth, Loving words, kind-ly deeds; Pass the joy to our neighbor, Help the world in its needs. O, for more of His Spir-it, Lov-ing, gracious, and true, Do-ing ear-nest-ly, glad-ly, What our hands find to do.

CHORUS.

When the Lord is our treas-ure, Hap-py praise we pro-long; Ev-'ry day brings its pleas-ure, Ev-'ry night has its song.

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No. 148. I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am re-solved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will has - ten to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'n-ly way. I will has - ten,

Has - ten so glad and free, (Has- ten glad and free,)

Je - sus, great-est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 149. Precious Hope.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. Oh, the pre-cious prom-is-es in Je-sus' name, Giv-ing hope and joy di-vine; Wake the anthems sweet, In ev-'ry heart com-plete,
2. There are none so sad in all this vale of tears, 'Mid earth's sor-rows, grief, and pain, As are those who know No hope in Christ be-low;
3. Oh, the time will come when you and I shall go Thro' the val-ley dark and drear; But our heads may rest On Je-sus' precious breast,

CHORUS.

Let the prais-es all be Thine. Pre-cious hope, (precious hope,) Blessed hope, (blessed hope,) In Je-sus' name is mine to-day; My heart grows light, My
In His dy-ing love no gain.
And our hearts know not a fear.
pros-pects bright, For ev-'ry tear His hand shall wipe a-way.

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No. 150. A Message from the King.

E. E. Hewitt. J. H. Hall.

1. In the midst of care and trib - u - la-tion, Comes a song that's
2. Who will be a her-ald of the Saviour, Go - ing where His
3. Who will tell to those who stray in sad-ness, Of the hap - py

sweeter than the Spring; Who will spread the tid-ings of sal - va-tion?
Spir-it leads the way? Who will wit-ness of His grace and fa-vor?
rest at Je - sus' feet? Who will lead them to the fount of gladness,

CHORUS.

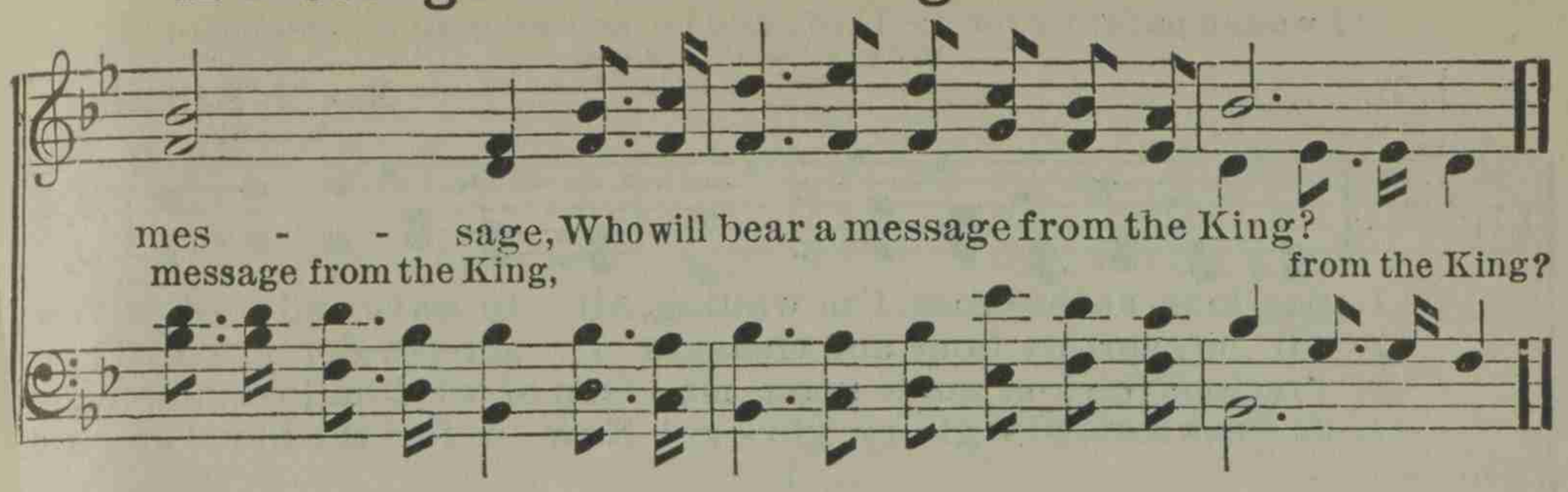
Who will bear a messsage from the King? Hap-py mes - sage, blessed
Who will speak a word for Him to - day?
And the sto - ry of the cross repeat? Hap-py message from the King, blessed

mes - - sage! Joy to the heart it will
mes - sage from the King! O the

bring; Hap - py mes - - sage, bless - ed
Hal - le - lu - jah; Hap - py mes - sage from the King, bless - ed

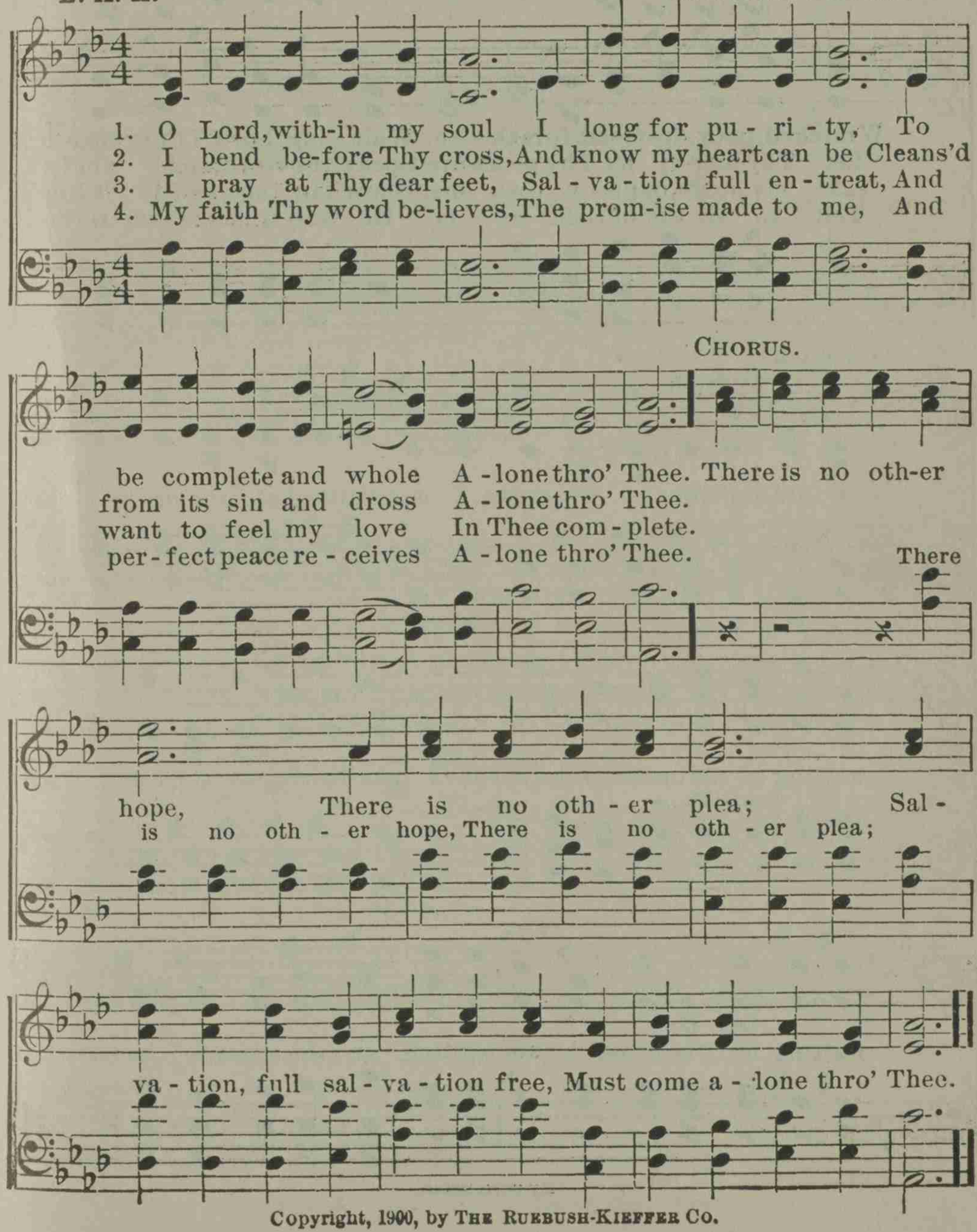
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A Message from the King. Concluded.



No. 151. O Lord, within My Soul.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



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No. 152. Waiting at the Cross.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—PSA. 40: 4.

I. B. Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. Sav-iour, at the cross I'm waiting, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. All my earthly fame and treasure I sur-ren-der now to Thee;
3. Precious Saviour, smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might;
4. Je - sus comes! O glo-ry, glo - ry! Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

Wretched, poor, despised, forsak - en, Wait - ing, Lord, Thy sympa-thy.
Let Thy mer-cy, let Thy pleas-ure Speak the word, and I am free.
Take my heart, in pit - y own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Tell to all the old, old sto - ry, He who trusts is sanc-ti - fied.

CHORUS.

I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be saved; I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be saved.

By permission.

No. 153. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick-ly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay; For the fav - or He shows, And the joy He be -
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and obey, for there's
tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap-py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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No. 154. You May, if You Will.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If you will, you may know the glad-ness of your sins for-giv'n,
2. If you will, you may close the door and let Him knock in vain,
3. If you will, there are souls that you may lead to life and love,
4. If you will, you may sing in heav'n for - ev - er with the blest,

If you will, . . if you will; . . If you will, you may make the
If you will, . . if you will; . . If you will: —but His Spir-it
If you will, . . if you will; . . If you will, there's a crown that
If you will, . . if you will; . . If you will, you may meet the

If you will, if you will;

an - gels sing for joy in heav'n, If you will, . . if you will.
may not ev - er strive a - gain, If you will, . . if you will.
you may wear in heav'n a - bove, If you will, . . if you will.
loved ones in that home of rest, If you will, . . if you will.

If you will,

CHORUS.

If you will, . . oh, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, I am hap-py in the

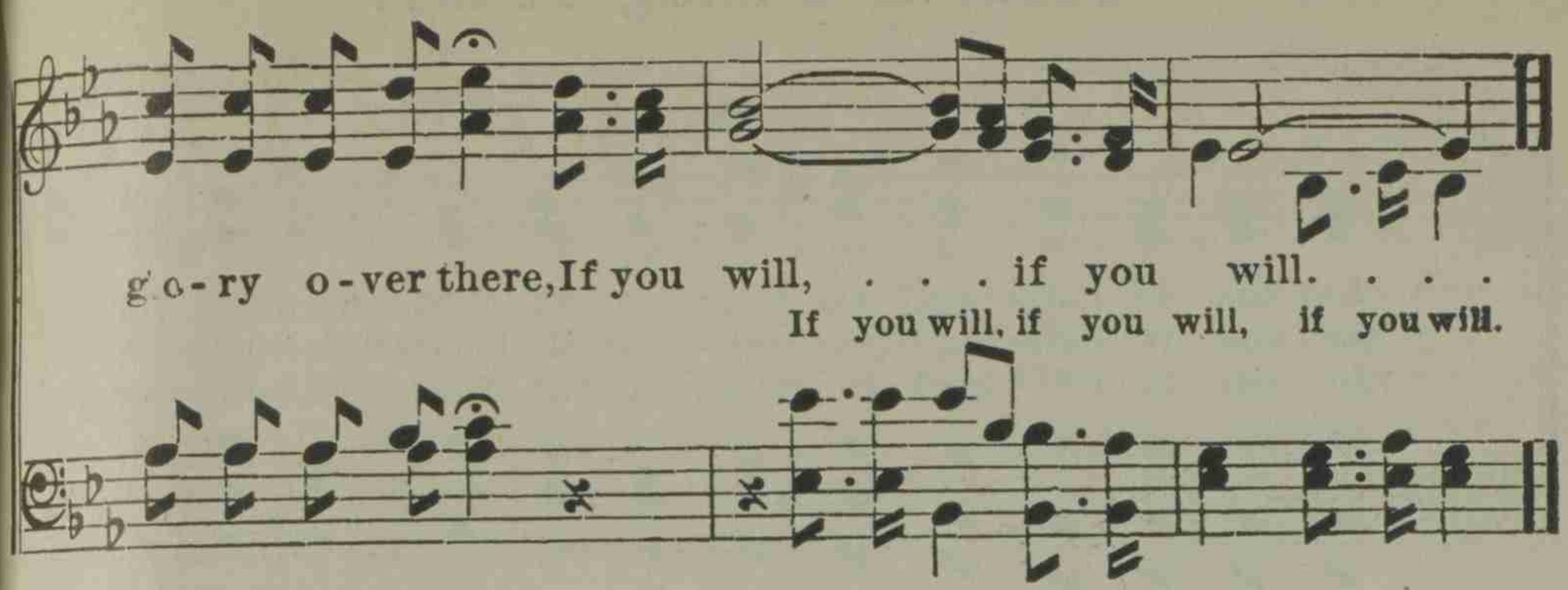
If you will,

promise of His word; Brother, you may share the blessing here and

hal - le - lu - jah!

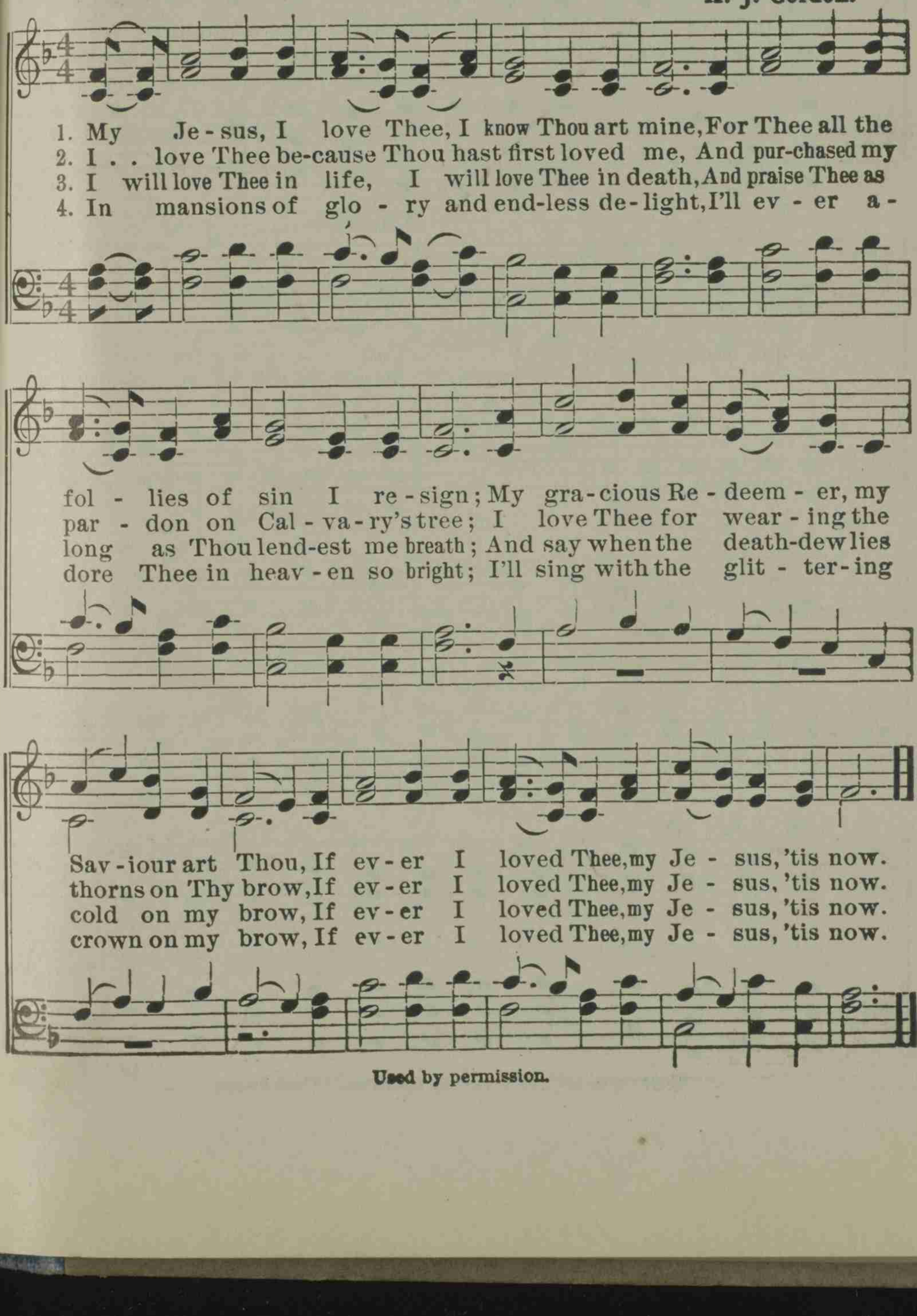
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You May, if You Will. Concluded.



No. 155. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.



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No. 156 Jesus is Calling Today.

Charlotte G. Homer. Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call-ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your ser - vice He needs, Call-ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call-ing for you,

call - ing for you; Will you not quick-ly the summons o - bey?
call - ing for you; Ten-der - ly, pa-tient-ly with you He pleads,
call - ing for you; O - pen you heart, and His mer - cy im- plore,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is call-ing for you! . . Call - ing for you, . .
for you! Je-sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,

call - ing for you. . . . Hear Him to - day—do not
Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you.

turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . . .
for you.

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No. 157. Who'll Be the Next?

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."—JOHN 12: 26.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear? Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing;
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol - low His wea - ry, bleed-ing feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re-demp-tion—
4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jor-dan's roll - ing tide? Who'll be the next to join with the ran-somed,

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next a crown to wear? Who'll be the next?
Down at the Fa-ther's mer - cy - seat?
Sing hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lamb?
Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol-low Je - sus now.

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No. 158. Wait, and Murmur Not.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot,
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O think who bore them on His brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sight unheard, one pray'r for-got;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

O wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O
meek - ly wait,

wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O wait,
meek-ly wait, meek - ly wait,

O wait, O wait, and mur-mur not. (O murmur not.)
meek - ly wait,

No. 159. Do the Angels See My Name There?

J. E. Rankin, D.D. O. R. Barrows.

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth or the pride of birth; Be this the rath-er my one great care: In the Book of Life that my name is there. In the Book of Life, on its pag- es white and fair, Do the angels see that my name is there?
2. I do not ask for a glorious name That is written high on the scroll of fame; Be this the rath-er concern of mine, To insure it there in the book di - vine.
3. I do not ask that my earth-ly life Should be free from burdens and cares and strife; Nor that its current have tranquil flow, If but this one thing I may sure-ly know.
4. I'd give up all that I hope be-low, All that time can give or the world be-stow, If when the Lord in His kingdom come, He will know me then and will take me home.

REFRAIN.

pag - es fair, name is there?

Do the angels see that my name is written there? In the Book of Life, on its pag - es fair, name is there?

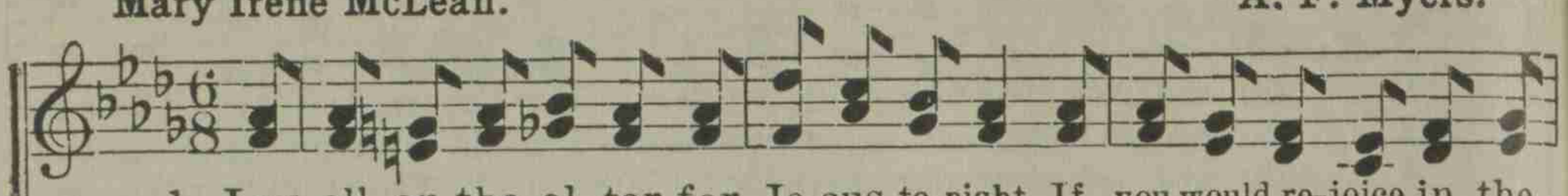
pag- es white and fair, Do the an-gels see that my name is writ-ten there?

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No. 160. Lay All on the Altar.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice." —Rom. 12: 1.

Mary Irene McLean. **A. F. Myers.**



1. Lay all on the al-tar for Je-sus to-night, If you would re-joice in the
2. Lay all on the al-tar for Je-sus to-night; Each sin-burden'd soul doth the
3. Lay all on the al-tar for Je-sus to-night; His yoke is so eas-y, His
4. Lay all on the al-tar for Je-sus to-night; The an-gel is waiting the

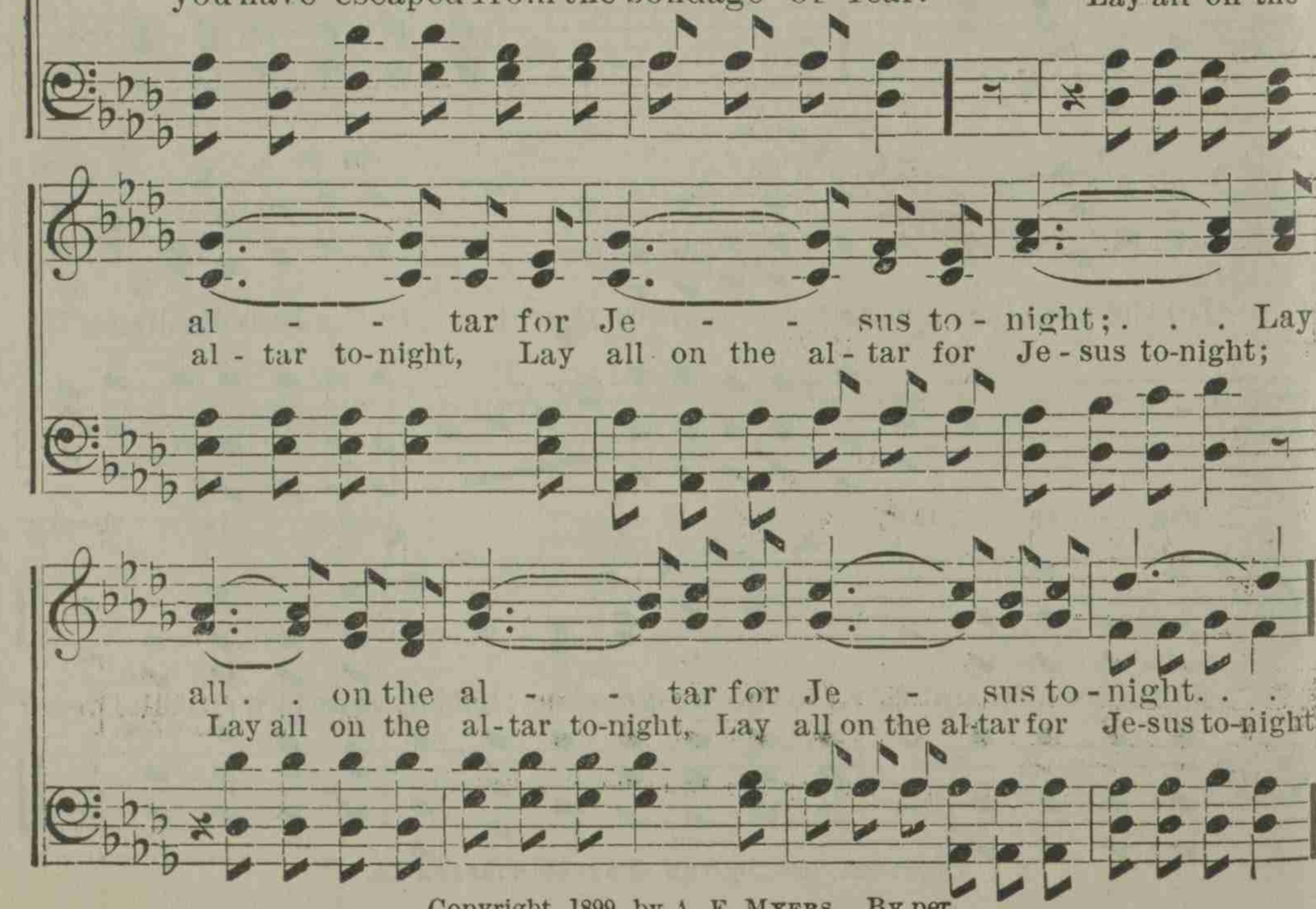


fullness of light. He waits to receive you, He's wait-ed all day; Oh,
Saviour in-vite. His heart is so lov-ing, His mer-cy so free, He
bur-den so light. The ransom He paid to redeem you from sin; With-
rec-ord to write, And lov'd ones in heaven are waiting to hear That



CHORUS.

grieve not the Spir-it by fur-ther de-lay! Lay all . . on the
can-not re-fuse you; oh, come, come to-day!
hold not your life, it be-long-eth to Him!
you have escaped from the bondage of fear. Lay all on the



al - - tar for Je - - sus to-night; . . . Lay
al-tar to-night, Lay all on the al-tar for Je-sus to-night;

all . . on the al - - tar for Je - sus to-night. . .
Lay all on the al-tar to-night, Lay all on the al-tar for Je-sus to-night.

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No. 161. The Prize is Set before Us.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set be-fore us; To win, His words implore us; The eye of God is o'er us, From on high; (from on high;) His lov-ing tones are call-ing,
2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high; (from on high;) Then naught from Him shall sever,
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But Je-sus dear to love us, There on high; (there on high;) We'll give Him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)
And praise His name forever, His precious ones can nev-er, Nev-er die, (nev-er die.)

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

1 2

Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by; (by and by;) Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by.

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No. 162. My Lord and I.

Arranged by W. E. B. W. E. Burnett.

SOPRANO. *Moderato.*

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some weary soul to win, And so He bids me
5. I have His yoke up - on me, And ea - sy 'tis to bear; In the burden which

TENOR.

ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly; I could not live a - part from Him, I
lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light, Be-
pleases me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do, He
go and speak The lov-ing words for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love, And
He car-ries, I glad-ly take a share; For then it is my hap-pi-ness To

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth-er, My Lord and I.
neath a sunny sky— And so we dwell to - geth-er, My Lord and I.
tells me what to try— And so we dwell to - geth-er, My Lord and I.
why He came to die— And so we dwell to - geth-er, My Lord and I.
have Him always nigh— And so we dwell to - geth-er, My Lord and I.

CHORUS.*

Dwell - ing to - geth - - er, Hap-py we will be through-
Dwelling to-geth-er for - ev - er and for-ev - er,

* Chorus may be omitted.

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My Lord and I. Concluded.

out e-ter - nity, Dwell - ing to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
Dwelling together, for - ev-er and for-ev-er,

No. 163. He Loves Me.

Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;
I know;

He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so.

No. 164. Open the Windows of Heaven, O Lord.

E. E. Hewitt. J. H. Hall.

1. O - pen the win - dows of heav - en, O Lord, And be a rich blessing out - poured; Come with the plen - ti - ful show'rs of Thy grace, Re-fresh-ing the dry, thirst - y place.
2. Help us to bring all the tithes un - to Thee, Our of-f'ring of love, glad and free; Help us to ren - der Thee ser - vice sin - cere, To us let Thy mer - cy ap - pear.
3. O - pen the win - dows of heav - en, O Lord, U - nite us in lov - ing ac - cord; An - swer our pray'rs from Thy rich - es di - vine, The king-dom and glo - ry are Thine.

CHORUS.

O - pen the windows, we pray; Send down a blessing to-day; (to-day; we pray;)
O-pen the windows of heaven, O Lord, And be a rich blessing outpoured.

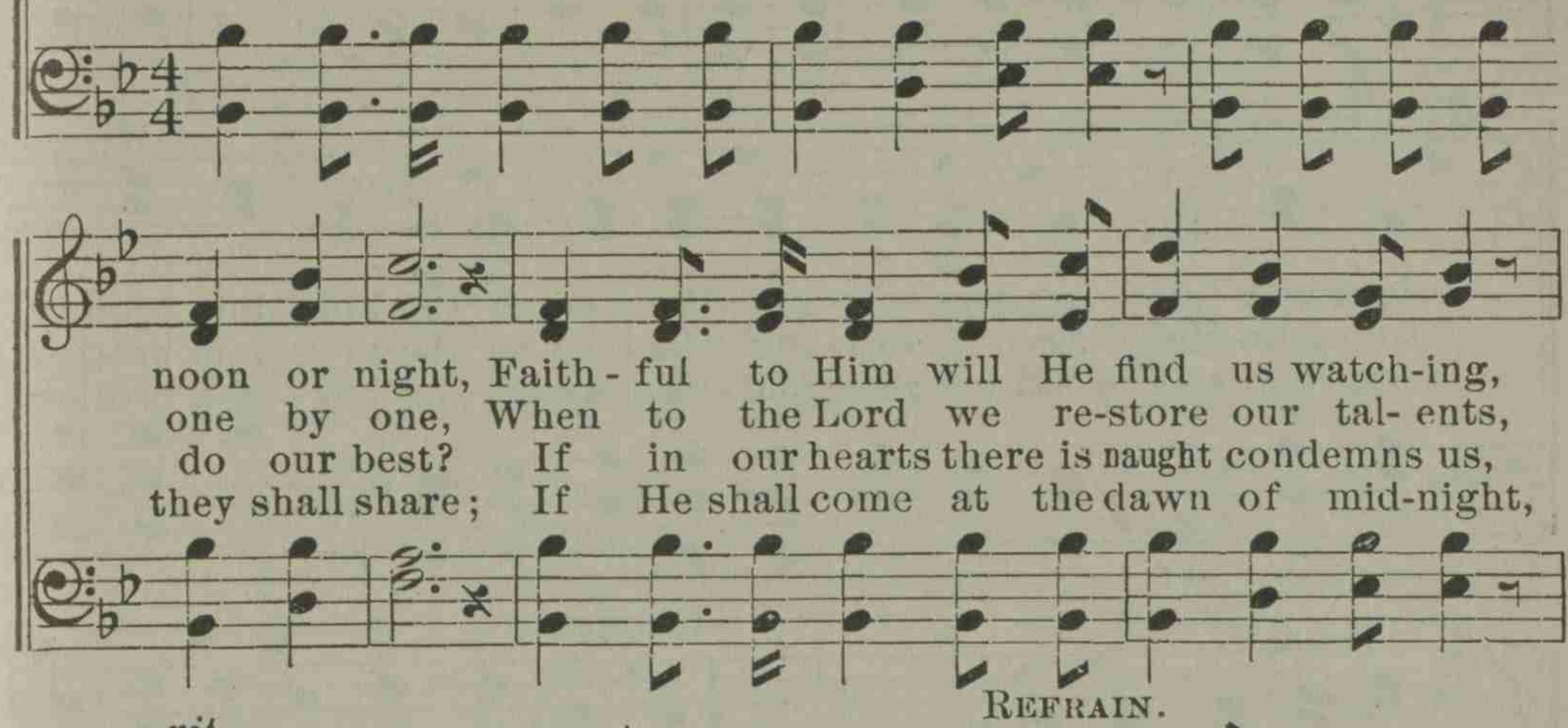
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No. 165. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

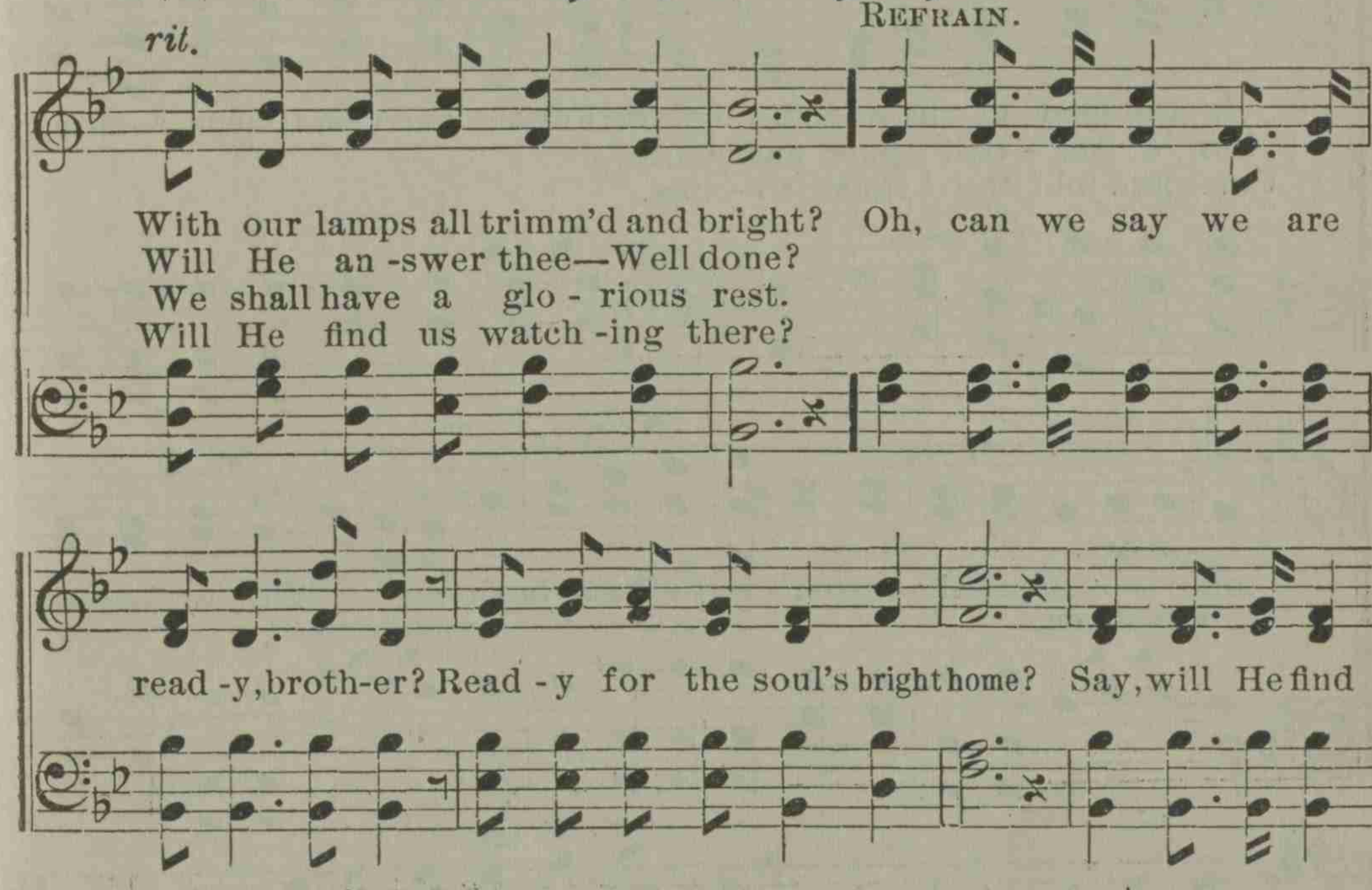
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal- ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn of mid-night,

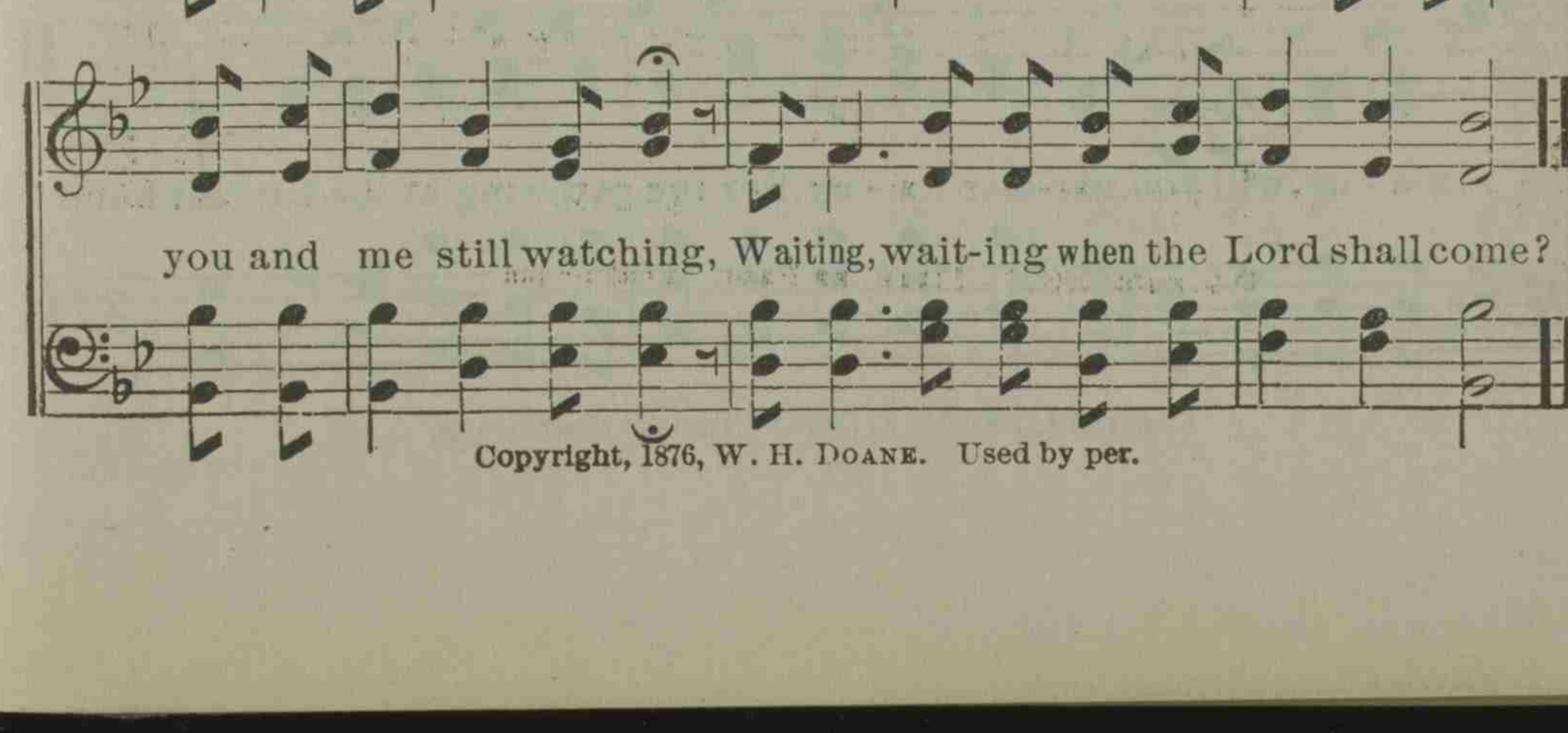


REFRAIN.



rit.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are
Will He an -swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch -ing there?



read -y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find

you and me still watching, Waiting, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

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No. 166. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. Are you sow- ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the morning bright and fair? Are you sow- ing the seed of the king-dom, brother,
2. Are you sow- ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the still and sol - emn night? Are you sow- ing the seed of the king-dom, brother,
3. Are you sow- ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, All a - long the fer - tile way? Would you glean gold - en sheaves in the har - vest, brother,

In the heat of the noonday's glare? For the har-vest time is com-ing
For a har - vest pure and white?
Come and join the ranks to - day.

CHORUS.

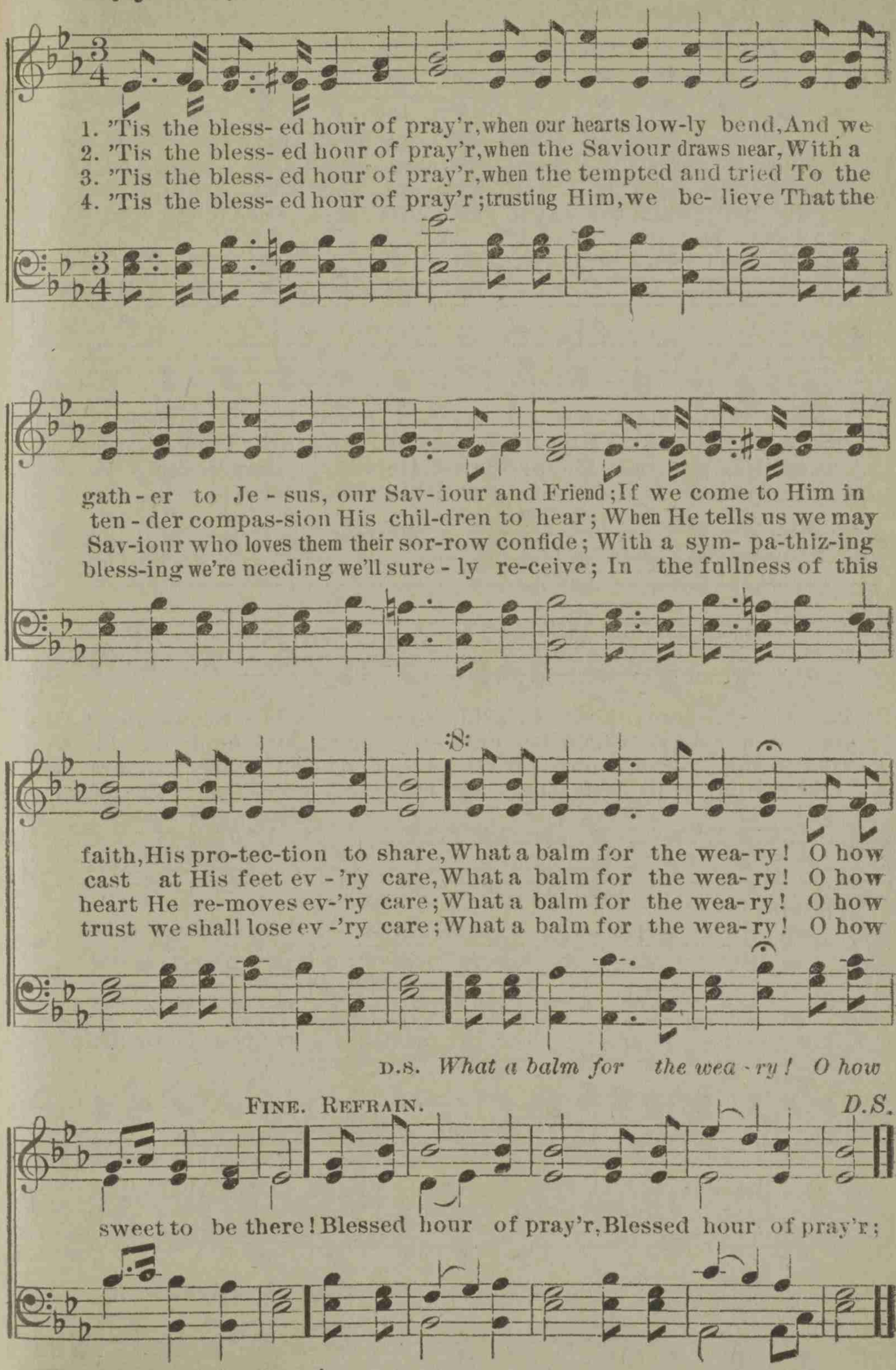
on, And the reaper's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be
coming on, soon be done;
ma - ny, will you gar- ner a - ny, For the gath'ring at the harvest home?

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No. 167. Blessed Hour of Prayer.

"—went into the temple at the hour of prayer."—ACTS 3: 1.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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No. 168. Let the Master In.

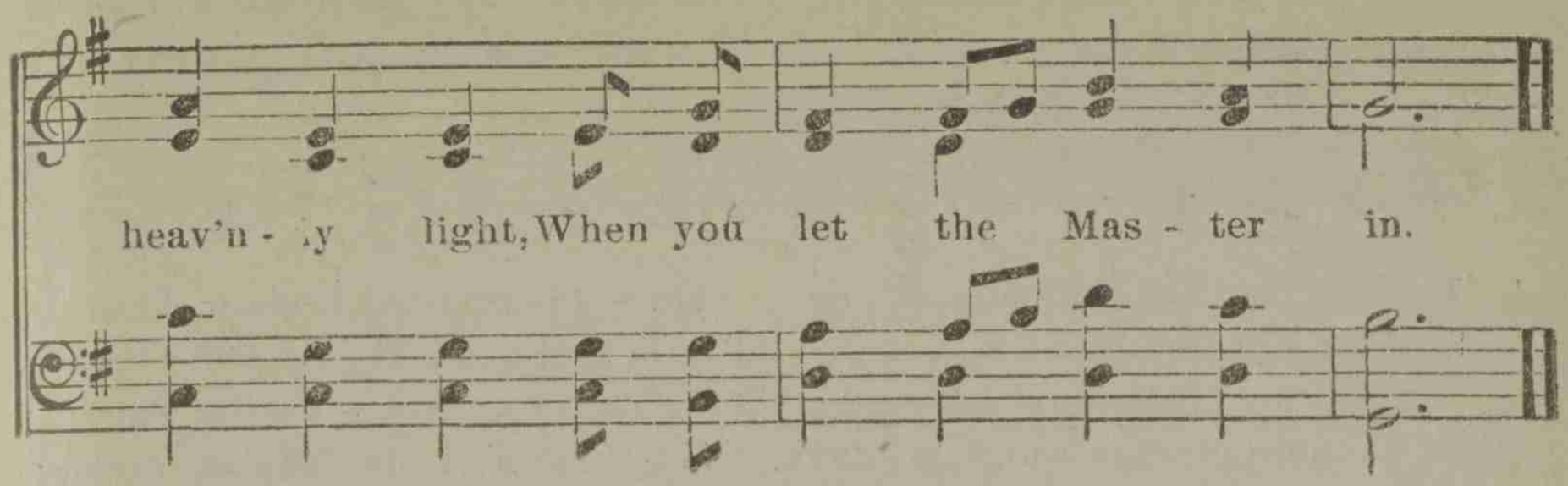
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—REV. 3: 26.

Rev. S. D. Phelps, D.D. Rev. R. Lowry.



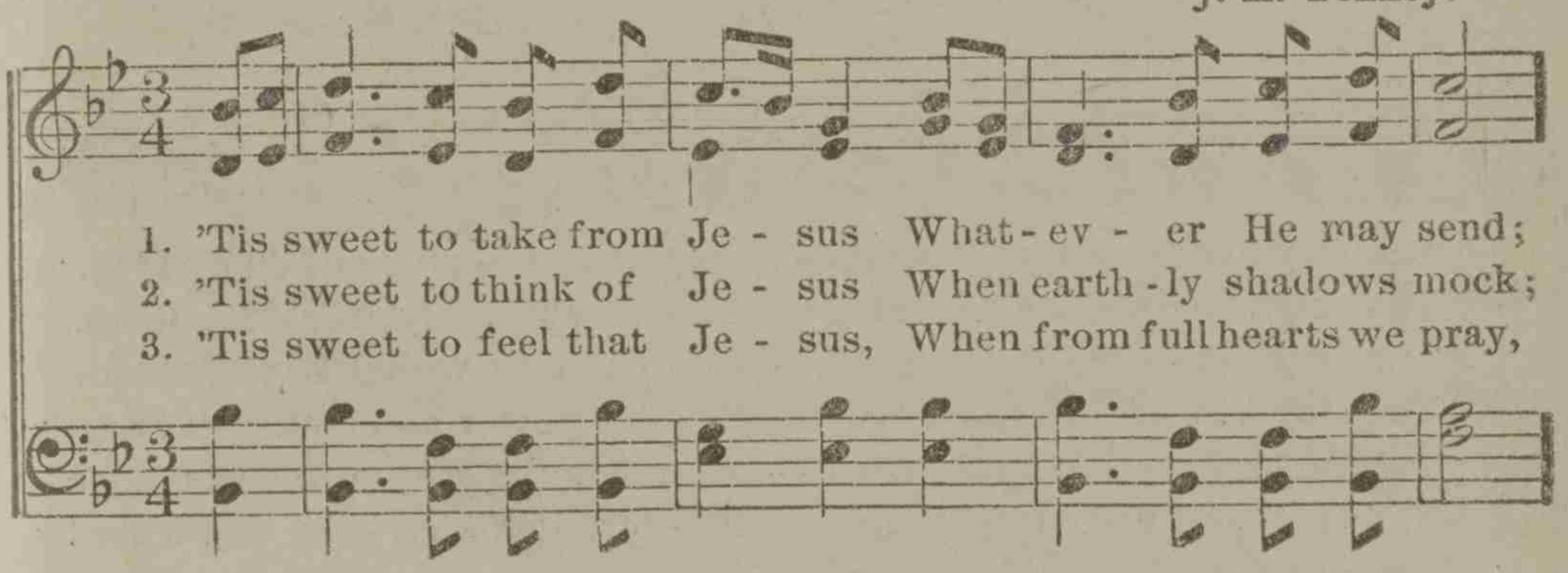
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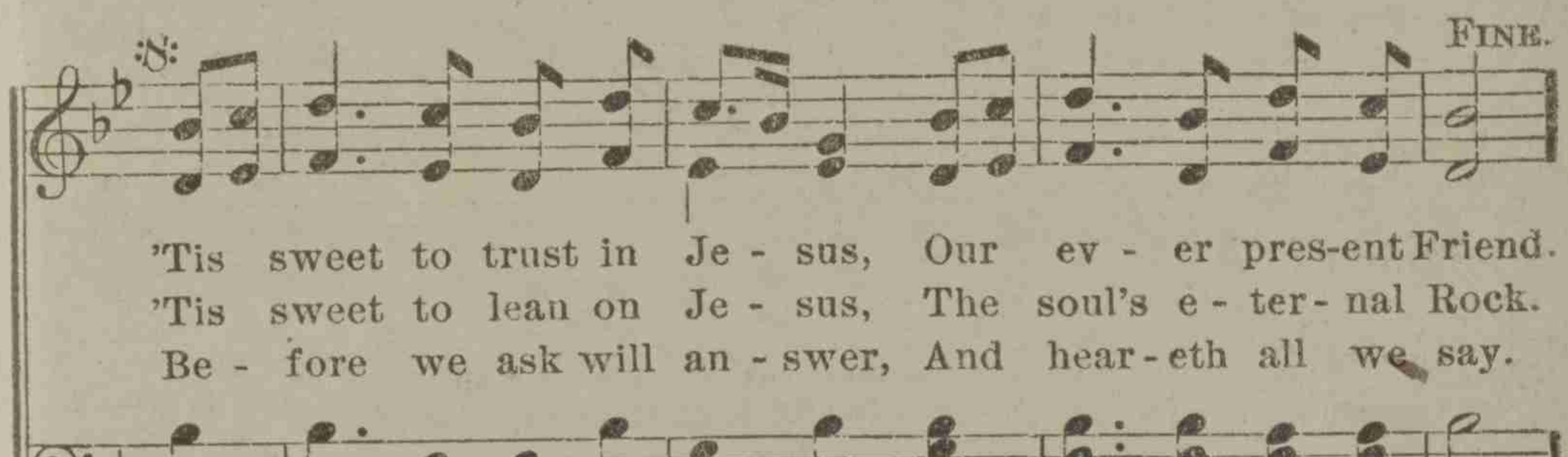
Let the Master In. Concluded.

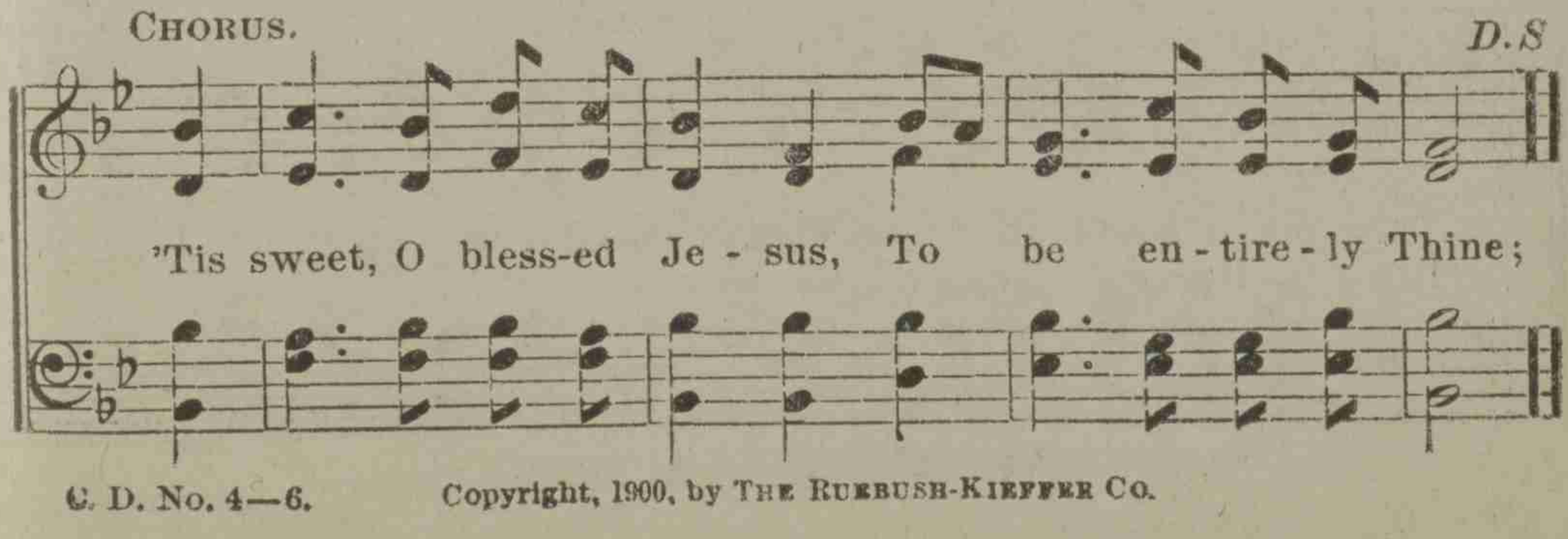


No. 169. 'Tis Sweet to be Thine.

J. H. Tenney.







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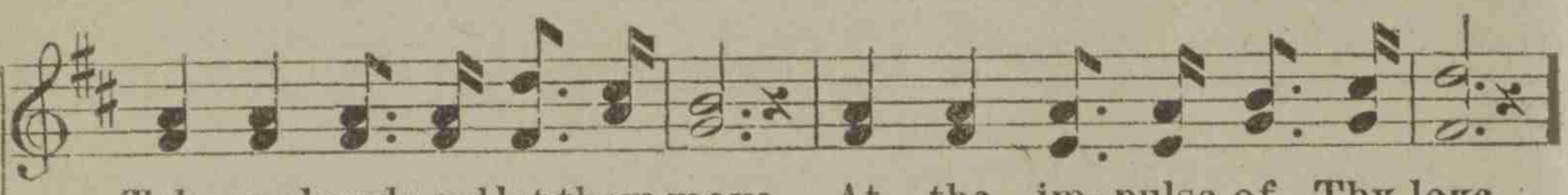
No. 170. Entire Consecration.

Frances Ridley Havergal. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

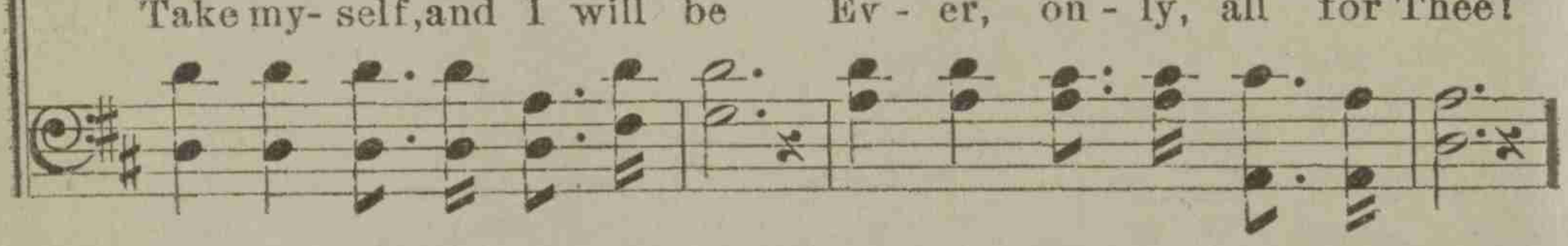


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat- ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau -ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag- es for Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store!





Take my hands, and let them move At the im- pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al -ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart,— it is Thine own,— It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my- self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!



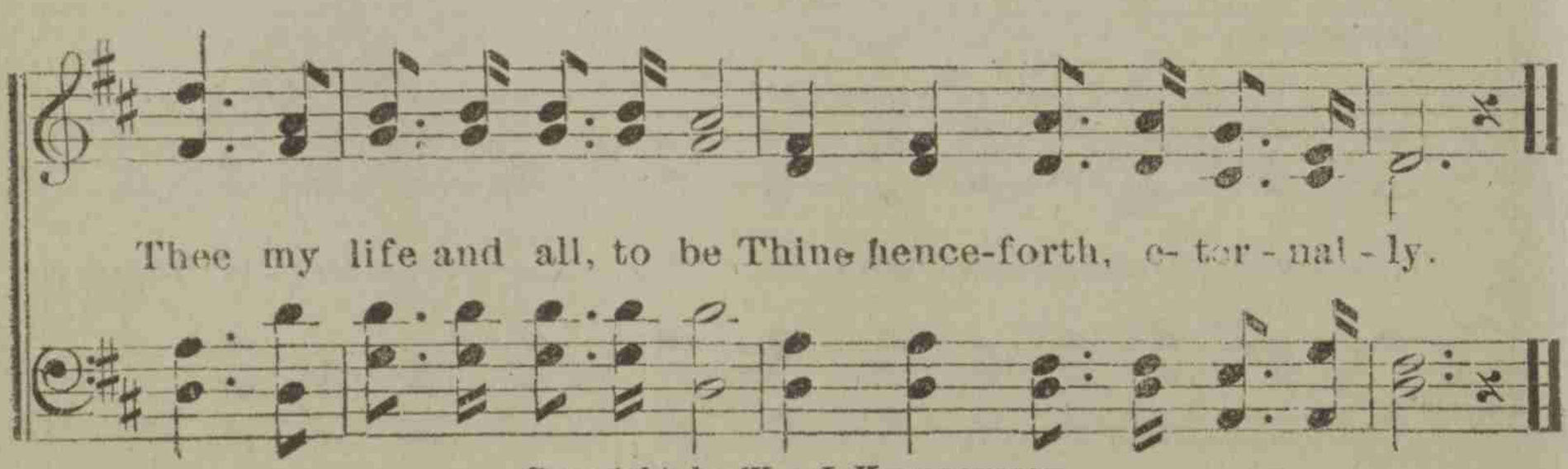
CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, (the pre-cious blood,) }
{ Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; (the heal-ing flood;) } Lord, I give to



Thee my life and all, to be Thine hence-forth, e- ter - nal - ly.



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No. 171. I'm Glad I Bear His Name.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Howard E. Smith.

1. To pay the debt for Adam's race The bless- ed Sav- iour came;
2. Al- tho' up- on the rug -ged tree, He bore a death of shame,
3. To try to hon- or Christ my Lord Is now my great-est aim;
4. His life, His death, His tears, His cross, I em - u - late and claim;
5. And when I sing the new, new song, I know 'twill be the same;

And since I've tast- ed of His grace, I'm glad I bear His name.
Yet since He died to ran- som me, I'm glad I bear His name.
For since His mer- cy I im-plored I'm glad I bear His name.
Thro' good or ill, thro' gain or loss, I'm glad I bear His name.
For I shall tell that heav'nly throng, How once I bore His name.

CHORUS.

I'm glad . I'm called a Chris-tian, My soul is all a- flame; For
I'm glad all a-flame;

since I found my Sav -iour, I'm glad I bear His name.
for since His name.

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No. 172. No Other Friend Like Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. There is not an - oth - er friend so dear, No oth - er like
2. When trou- ble as -sails, to Him I flee, And find Him a
3. No oth - er such com - fort can be- stow; No oth - er my
4. No dark-ness can veil His face from me, Or hin -der His
5. Has ev - er this friend for- sak - en one, Or left him to

Christ to me so near, As He up - on whom for help I lean,
shelt -'ring rock to me; There is not an hour He is not near,
needs so well doth know; No oth - er can soothe my trou- bled heart,
love so rich and free; He promised He ne'er would me for -sake,
walk the way a - lone? Of this I am ev - 'ry mo - ment sure,

CHORUS.

The Lord who my rock and stay has been. He knoweth it all,
My fears to al- lay, my hopes to cheer.
And such perfect rest to me im-part.
And Je -sus His word will nev-er break.
His love will for-ev - er-more en-dure.

He knoweth it all, ...

my strug- gle and care,

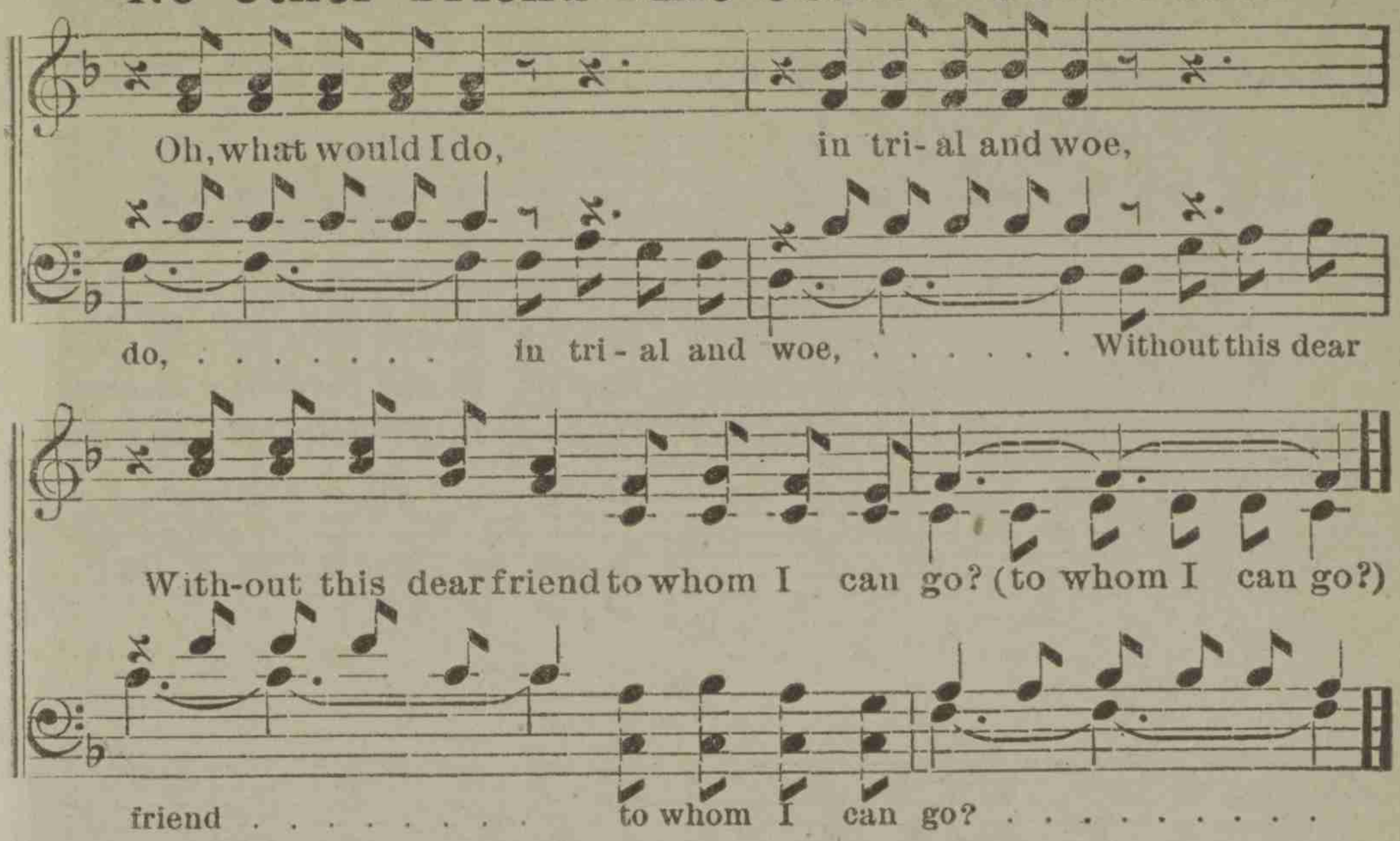
my strug - gle and care, ... And al - ways is

And always is near, my burdens to share.

near, ... my burdens to share. . . . . Oh, what would I

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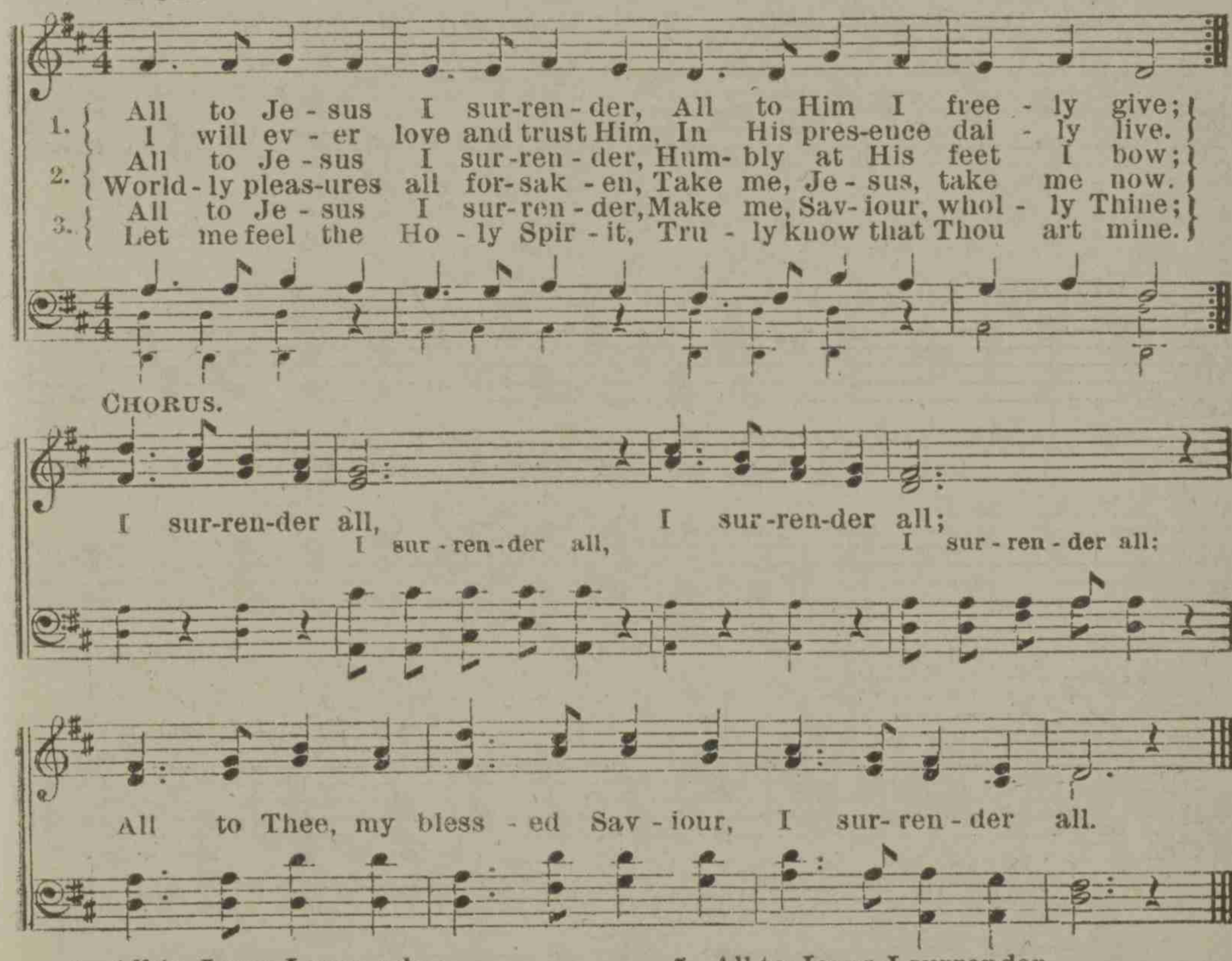
No Other Friend Like Jesus. Concluded.



No. 173. I Surrender All.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

DUET.



4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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No. 174. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

Jennie Wilson. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
2. Trust-ing we will for-ward go, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
3. We will sing sal - va-tion's song, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
4. Soon we'll reach the home-land fair, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;

Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
Treading changeful paths be - low, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
All our earth - ly way a - long, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
And shall dwell for - ev - er there, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Hap - py, hap - py, Sing-ing all the way, Hap-py all the day;

Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

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No. 175. The Place Called Calvary.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.

1. O Thou bleed-ing Lamb of God, Thou the path of death hast trod,
2. Flow-ing here the crim-son tide, Fount of bless-ing deep and wide,
3. O the cru - el pain He bore, When the crown of thorns He wore;
4. Come, oh, come, for He'll re-ceive All who on His name be-lieve;

Pour - ing out Thy life for me, At the place called Cal - va - ry.
Sav-iour, wash a - way my sin, Bring Thy cleansing power within.
Sin - ner, come; for you and me Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry.
Find sal - va - tion full and free, At the place called Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Wonder-ful place called Cal - va - ry, Wonder-ful place called Cal - va - ry;
called Cal - va - ry, called Cal - va - ry;
Love, re-deem-ing love, I see, At the place called Cal - va - ry.

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No. 176. Olivet.

TENOR AND CONTRALTO.

Ida Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

CONTRALTO.

1. Fair Ol - i - vet!
2. From Ol - i - vet
3. O mount of hope,

TENOR.

PRELUDE AND INTERLUDE.

ORGAN.

bright Ol - i - vet, Where oft up - on thy sa - cred brow The Lord with
the Lord a-ros : ; In maj - es - ty He en-tered heav'n, With hands out-
all glo-ry-crown'd! When faith grows faint I turn to thee, And con - tem-

His dis - ci - ples met—In mem - o - ry I see thee now.
spread to bless the world; This per - fect place to man was giv'n.
plate thy scene di - vine, Oh, bless - ed hour of vic - to - ry.

f CHORUS. *pp* *cres.*

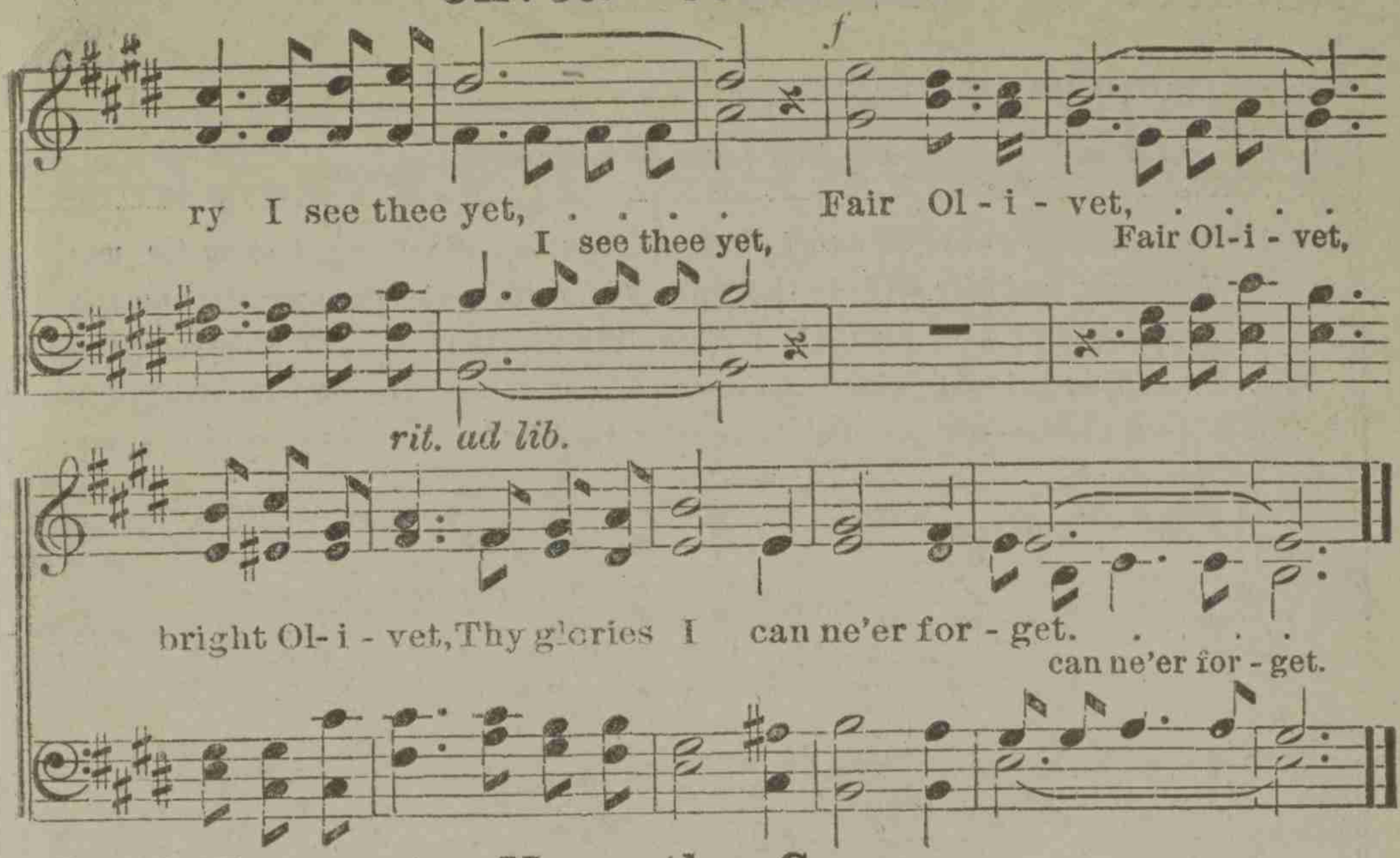
Fair Ol - i - vet, ... bright Ol - i - vet, In mem - o -

Fair Ol - i - vet,

Fair Ol - i - vet, ...

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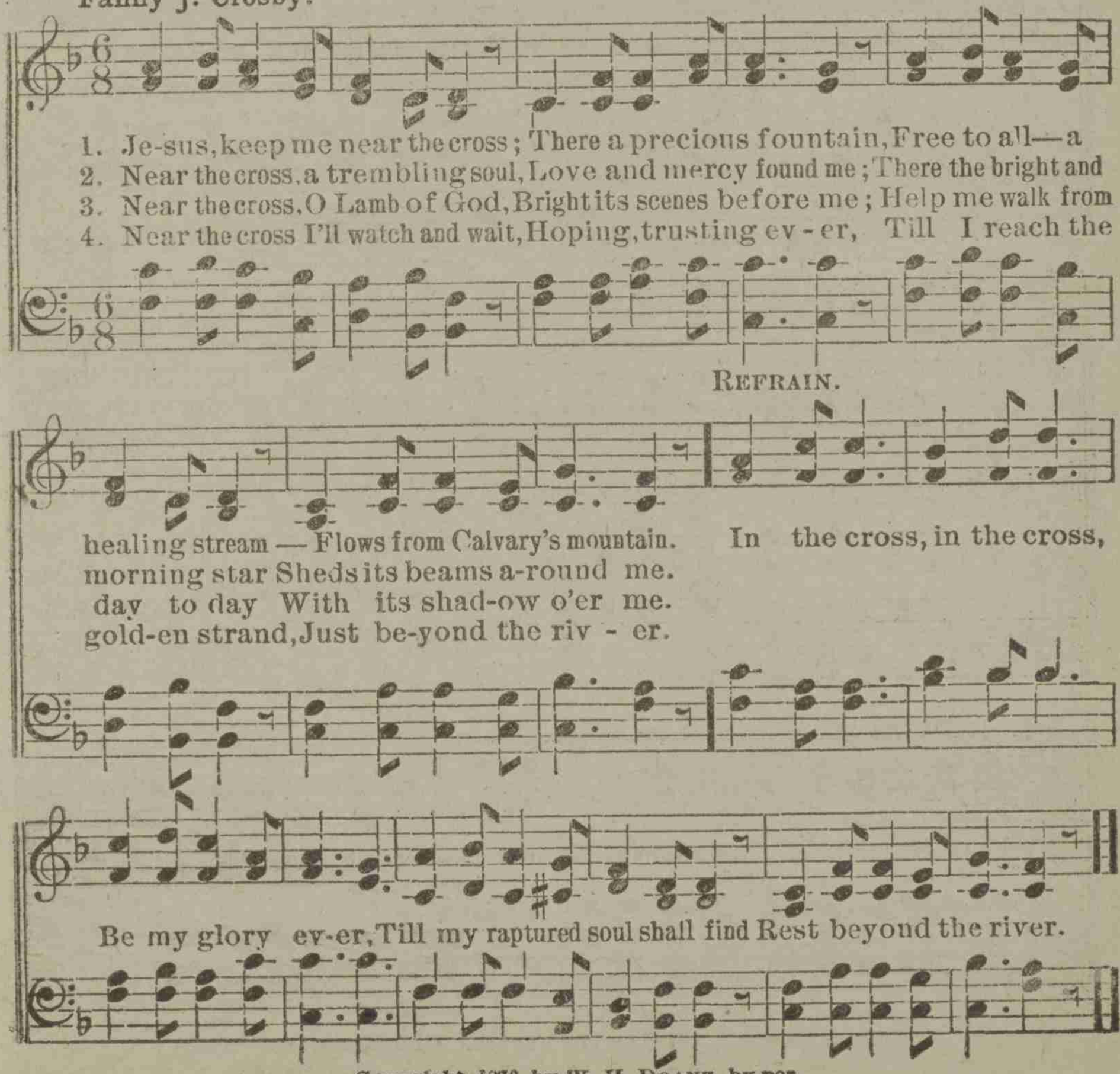
Olivet. Concluded.



No. 177. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—COL. 1: 20.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



Copyright, 1870, by W. H. DOANE, by per.

No. 178. Looking This Way.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Over the riv - er, fa-ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers, coming some-time;
4. Sweet little darl - ing, light of the home, Looking for some-one, beck-on-ing come;
5. Je-sus the Sav-iour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying a - far;

Free from their sorrow, grief, and de-spair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
Bear-ing the loved ones o-ver the tide, In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whiter than snow; Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low;
Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew, Anxious-ly look-ing, mother, for you.
Hear the glad mes-sage; Why will you roam? Je-sus is call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

CHORUS.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way. Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo-ry, looking this way.

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No. 179. Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light to-day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav-iour found me, the bright way;
took a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with-in load of sin,

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No. 180. Glory Gates.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hott.

1. I am look-ing for the cit-y built of God, Where the
   I am walk-ing now the path that Je-sus trod, And His
2. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow I may go, But His
   Tho' the path be dark and dan-ger-ous, I know He will
3. 'Tis the glo-ry now that fills and thrills my soul, As I
   I am look-ing for the heav'n-ly light to dawn, That shall

CHORUS.

man-y man-sions be; } Oh, the glo-ry gates are
face I soon shall see. }
grace shall be my stay; }
guide me all the way. }
walk the nar-row way; }
rise in end-less day. }

ev-er o-pen wide, In-vit-ing the world to come! Oh, the

glo-ry gates are ev-er o-pen wide, To welcome the wea-ry home!

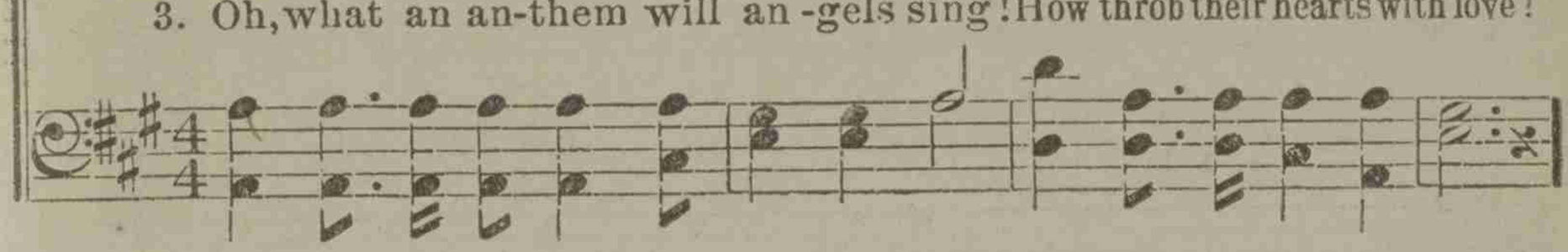
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No. 181. Who'll Send the News?

O. R. B. O. R. Barrows.



1. An - gels are waiting to bear the news Up to the courts a-bove,
2. Je - sus is read-y, oh, heed His call, "Come, wea - ry ones, and rest."
3. Oh, what an an-them will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!





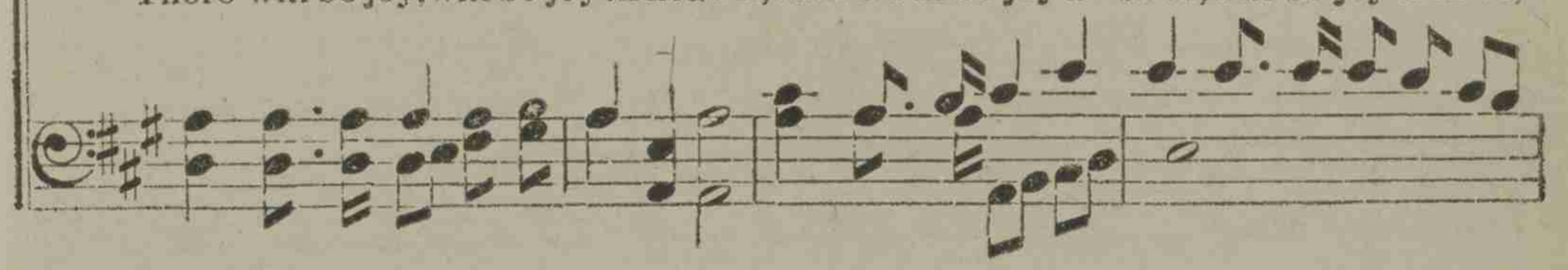
Of some poor wand'rer now com-ing home, Seeking a Fa-ther's love.
Noth-ing is wanting: there's room for all. Now be for-ev - er blest.
E'en now they're wait-ing, and on the wing, Who'll send the news a - bove?



CHORUS.



There will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove,
There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove, will be joy a-bove,



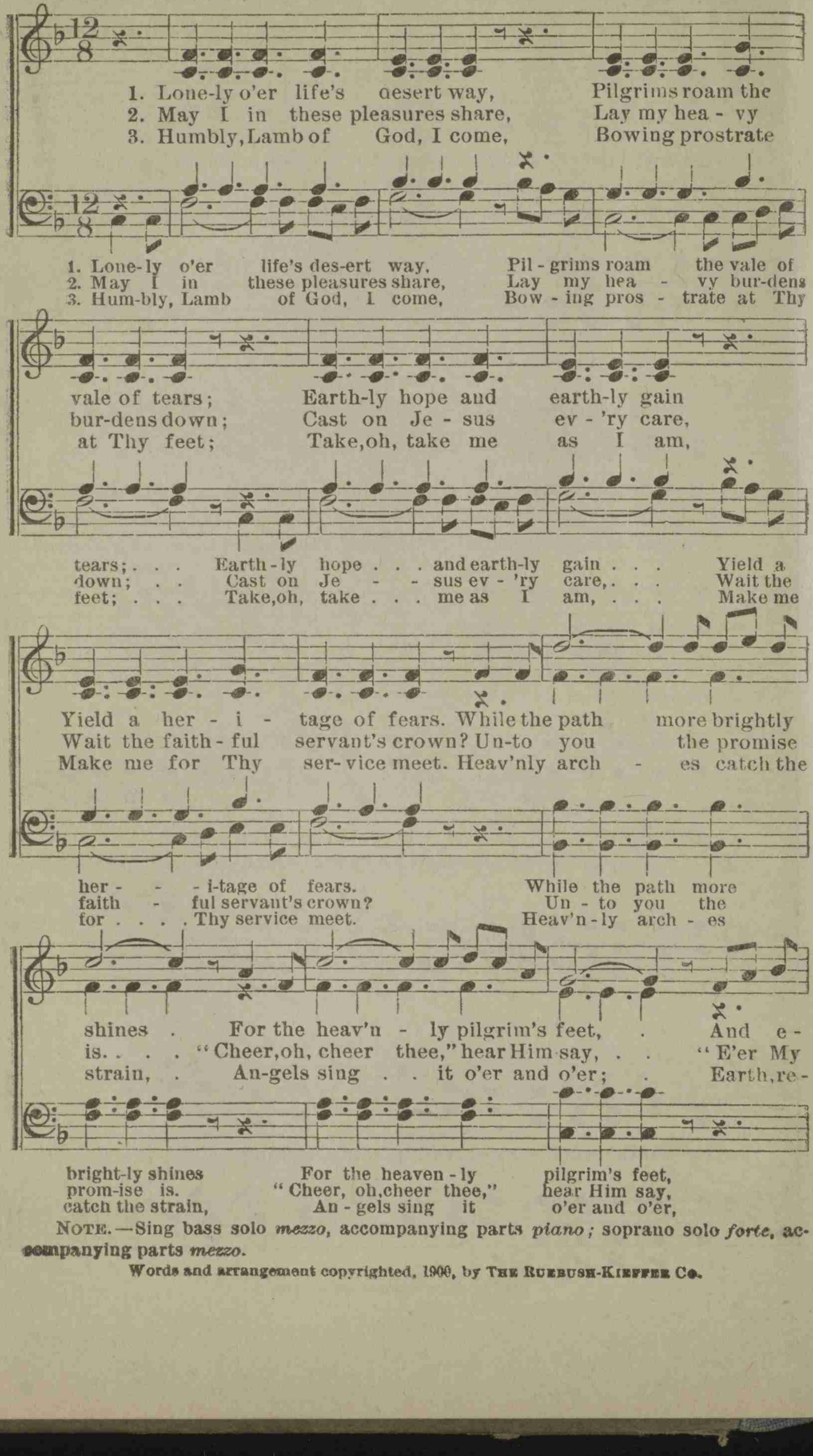
O - ver the wand'rer re-turn-ing home, Seeking a Fa-ther's love.



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No. 182. The Glad Refrain.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Chas. H. Gabriel.



NOTE.—Sing bass solo *mezzo*, accompanying parts *piano*; soprano solo *forte*, accompanying parts *mezzo*.

Words and arrangement copyrighted, 1906, by THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

The Glad Refrain. Concluded.



No. 183. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

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No. 184. Angry Words.

"Let us love one another."—JOHN 4: 1.

H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! Oh, let them nev-er From the tongue un - bri-dled slip;
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa-cred far.
3. An - gry words are light-ly spo-ken; Bitt'rest tho'ts are rashly stirred;

May the heart's best impulse ev - er Check them, ere they soil the lip.
For a moment's reckless fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
Bright-est links of life are bro-ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

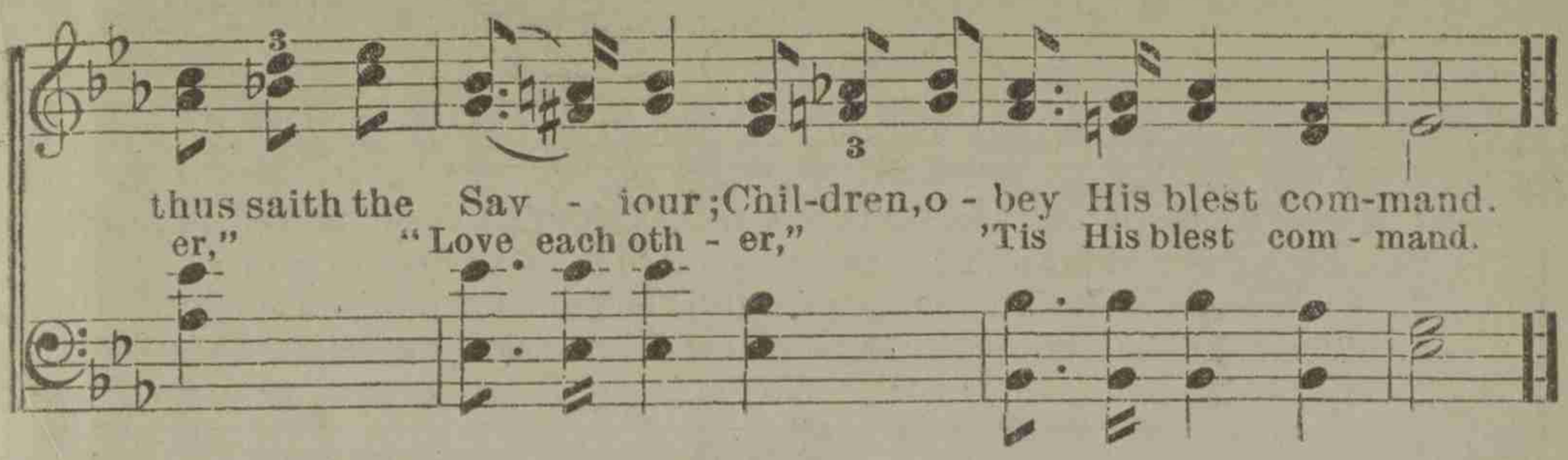
CHORUS.

"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - iour; Chil-dren, o - bey your Fa-ther's blest command. "Love one an - oth - er, 'Tis your Fa-ther's blest com-mand.

"Love each oth - er," "Love each oth - er," "Love each oth -

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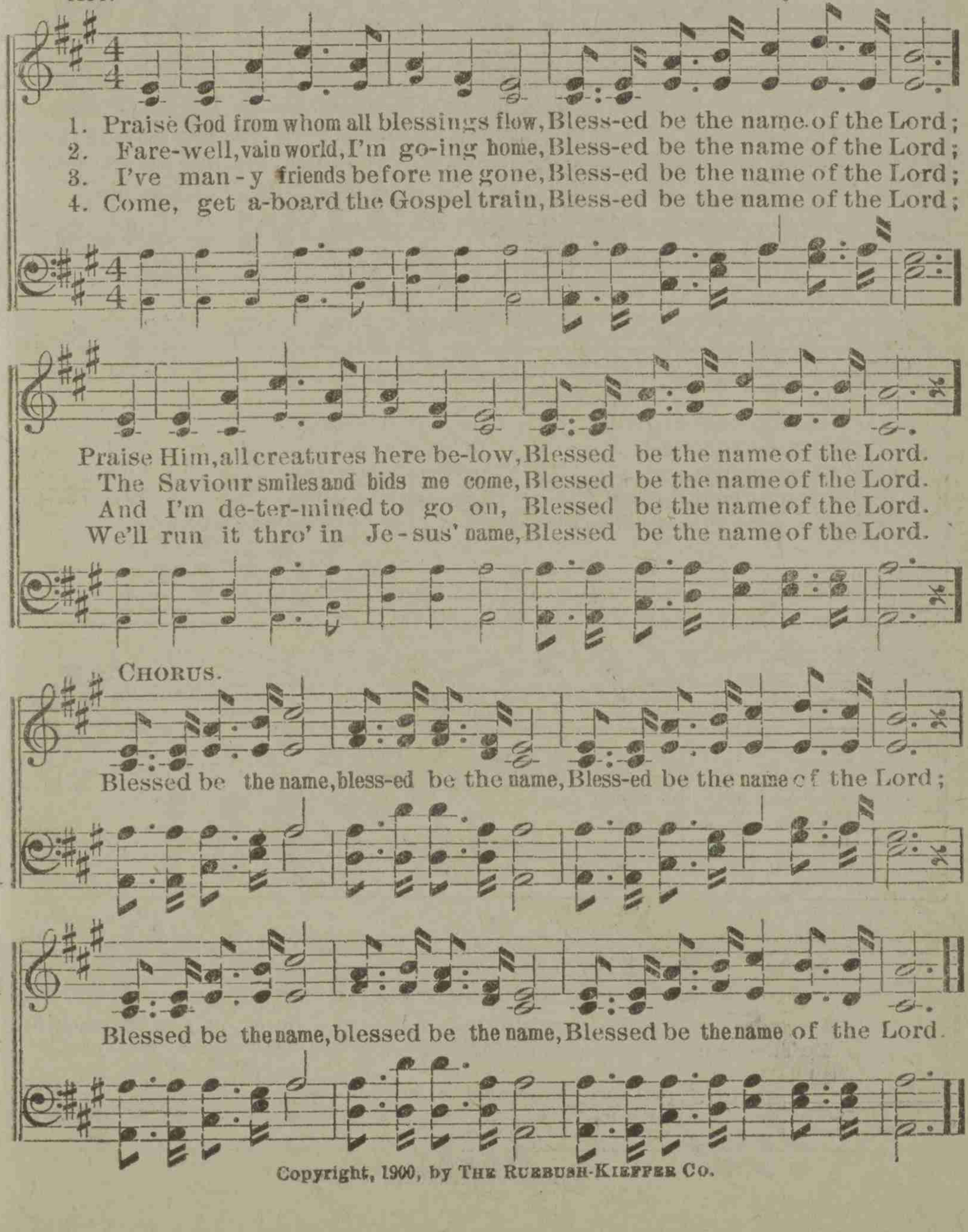
Angry Words. Concluded.



No. 185. Blessed Be the Name.

"But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you."—2 THESS. 3: 3.

Arr. Arr. by J. H. H.



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No. 186. The Treasures of Heaven.

Words and music by T. C. O'Kane.

1. There's a crown in heav'n for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus Himself will place
2. There's a rest in heav'n for the wea-ry soul, 'Tis for all by care and by sin oppressed;
3. There's a joy in heav'n for the mourning soul; Tho' the tears may fall all the earthly night,
4. There's a home in heav'n for the faithful soul, In the man-y mansions prepared a-bove,

On the head of each who shall faithful prove, Even un - to death, in the heav'nly race
To the sons of God it re - maineth sure, And the Prophet says, 'tis a "glorious rest."
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away, And re - joic-ing come with the morning light,
Where the glo-ri-fied shall for-ev - er sing Of a Saviour's free and un - bounded love

CHORUS.

Oh, may that crown . . . in heav'n be mine, And I a -
Oh, may that rest . . . . in heav'n be mine, And I a -
Oh, may that joy . . . . in heav'n be mine, And I a -
Oh, may that home . . in heav'n be mine, And I a -

Oh, may that crown in heav'n be mine,

mong . . . . the an - gels shine; Be Thou, O
And I a - mong the an - gels shine;

Lord, . . my dai-ly guide, Let me ev-er in Thy love a-bide.
Be Thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

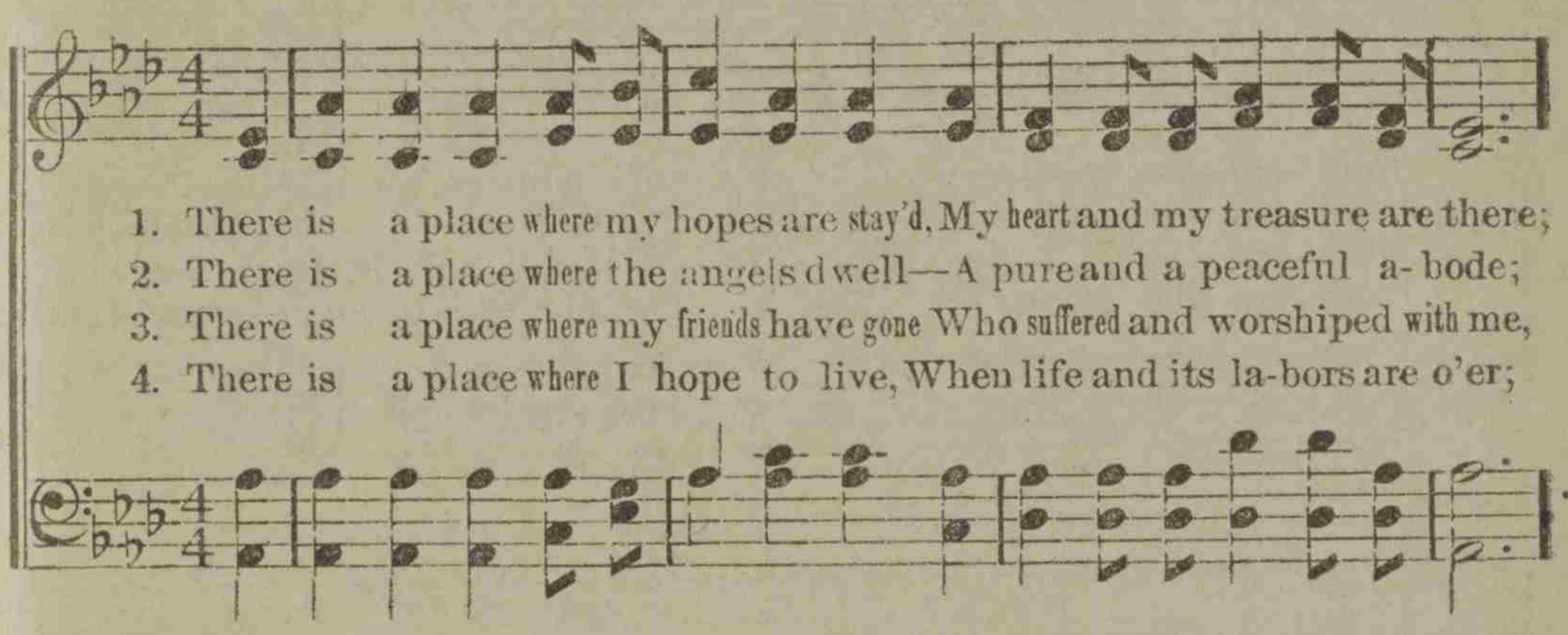
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The Crowning Day.

—— No. 5. ——

No. 187. MY FATHERLAND.

EZEK. 47 : 12.



No. 188. GO AND TELL OTHERS THE STORY.

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

1. Have you found Je - sus a Sav - iour in - deed? Go, and tell
2. Tell of the Shep-herd, still seek - ing to save, Go, and tell
3. Tell of the light that shines down on your way, Go, and tell
4. Tell of the home He has gone to pre - pare, Go, and tell

oth - ers the sto - ry; Is He suf - fi - cient for life's ev -'ry need?
oth - ers the sto - ry; Tell how His life as a ran-som He gave,
oth - ers the sto - ry; Com-fort and strength freely giv- en each day,
oth - ers the sto - ry; Tell of the bliss all His lov'd ones will share,

CHORUS.

Sing of His grace and His glo - ry. Go, and tell oth - ers the
sto - ry, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry! Sing of His
grace and His glo - ry, Christ is a Sav - iour in - deed.

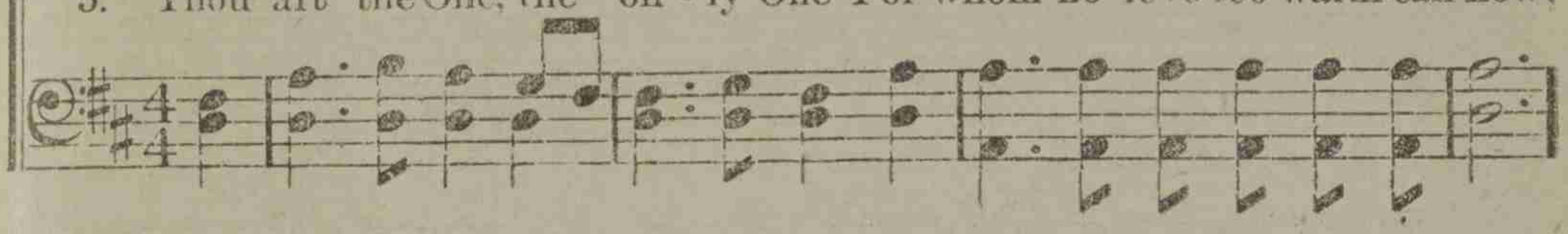
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No. 189. THERE'S ONLY ONE.

N. JAMES MCGRANAHAN



1. There's on - ly One whose pit - y falls Like dew up - on the wounded heart;
2. There's on - ly One who is not harsh, But ten-der-ness it-self to all;
3. There's on - ly One who can support, And who suf - fi-cient grace can give
4. O bless-ed Jesus, Friend of friends, Come, hide us 'neath thy shelt'ring arm;
5. Thou art the One, the on - ly One For whom no love too warm can flow;





There's on - ly One who nev - er stirs, Tho' en - e - my and friend depart.
There's on - ly One who knows each heart, And list-ens to its faint-est call.
To bear up un - der ev - 'ry grief, And spot-less in this world to live.
Come down a-mid this wick-ed world, And keep us from its guilt and harm.
Thou art the One, the on - ly one Who giv - est per-fect rest be - low.



CHORUS.



There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can make us ev - er tru - ly blest;



There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can give us peace and perfect rest.



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No. 196 YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye children of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly
3. Oh, ye who would enter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful

way of sal-va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in
ut-tered by Je-sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to
ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if
gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this

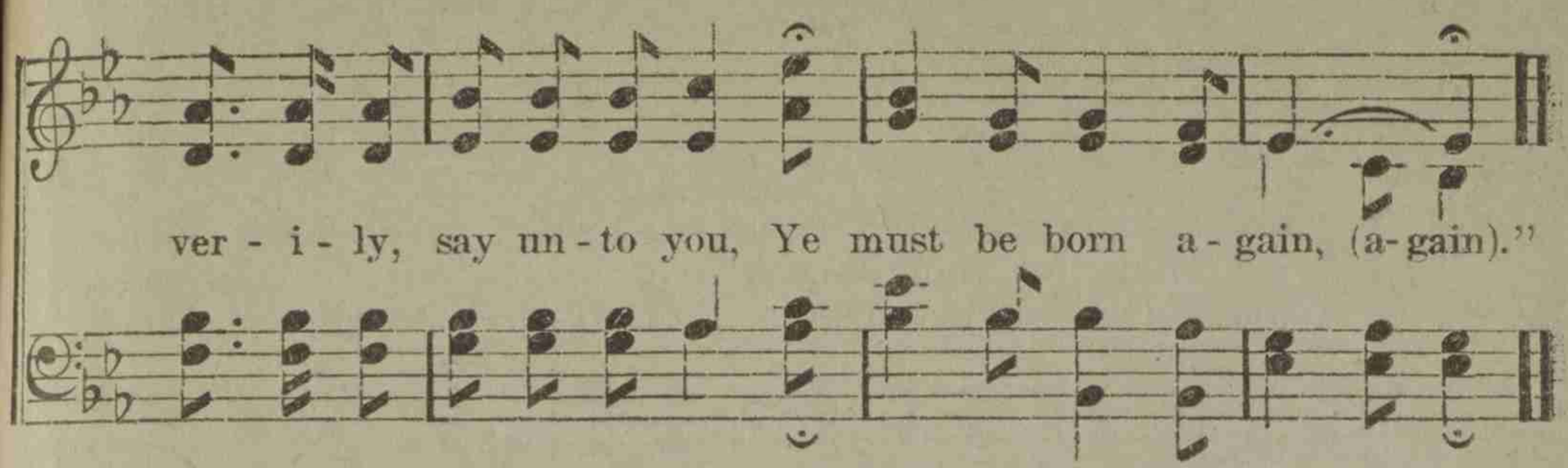
CHORUS.

words true and plain, "Ye must be born a-gain (a-gain)."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born a-gain (a-gain)."
ye would refrain, "Ye must be born a-gain (a-gain)."
sol-emn re-frain, "Ye must be born a-gain (a-gain)."

"Ye must be born a-gain (again)," "Ye must be born a-gain (a-gain), I ver-i-ly,

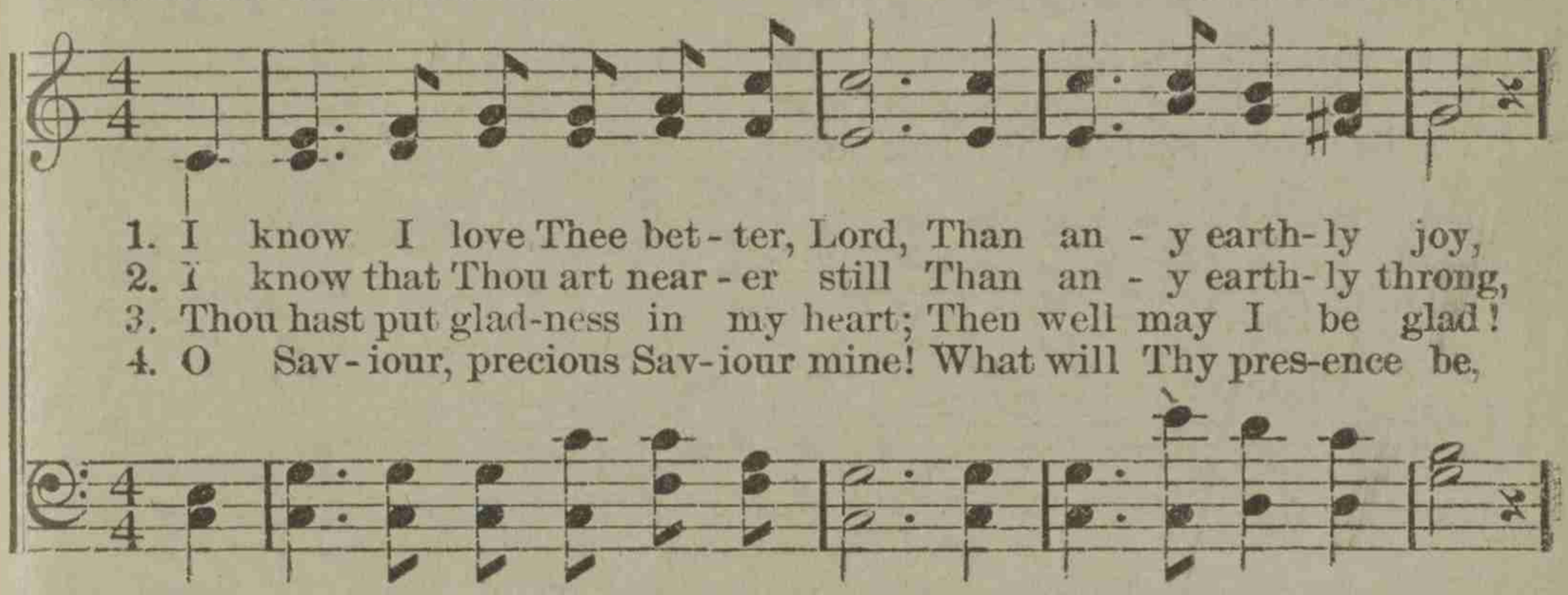
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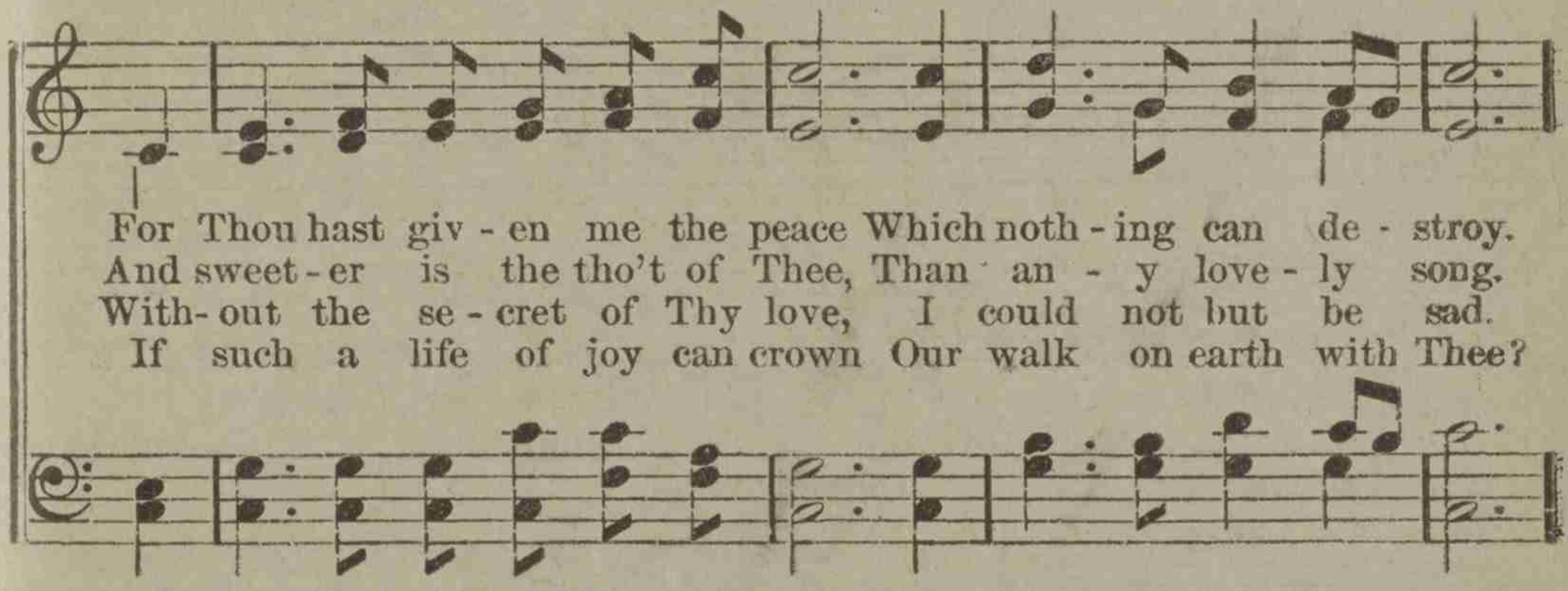
Ye Must Be Born Again.—Concluded.



No. 191. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.





CHORUS.



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No. 192.

I AM THINE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.

1. I am Thine, yes, on - ly Thine, Purchase of the blood di - vine;
2. I am Thine, yes, Thine a - lone; Thou dost for my life a - tone;
3. I am Thine, and Thou art mine, Bless-ed fel - lowship di - vine;

All my life henceforth shall be, Of - fered lov - ing-ly to Thee.
All the serv - ice I can give, Prof- its as in Thee I live.
Thou wilt shel - ter from all harm, While I lean up-on Thine arm.

CHORUS.

I am Thine, ... yes, on - ly Thine, ... Purchase
I am Thine, yes, on - ly Thine:

of..... the blood di- vine, ... All my life..... henceforth shall
Purchase of the blood divine, All my life

be..... Giv-en, Lord, ... a - lone to Thee.....
henceforth shall be Giv-en, Lord, a- lone to Thee.

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No. 193. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1 If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur- i - ty now that you sigh Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;





If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend He will be unto you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.



CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;
Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



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No. 194. BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.



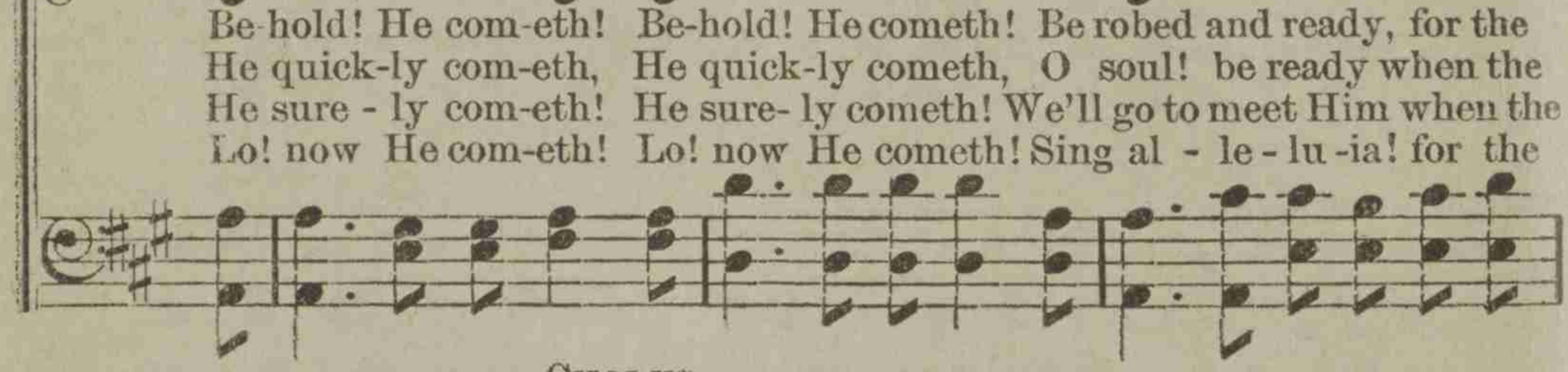
1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes?
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes;
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes;
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes;



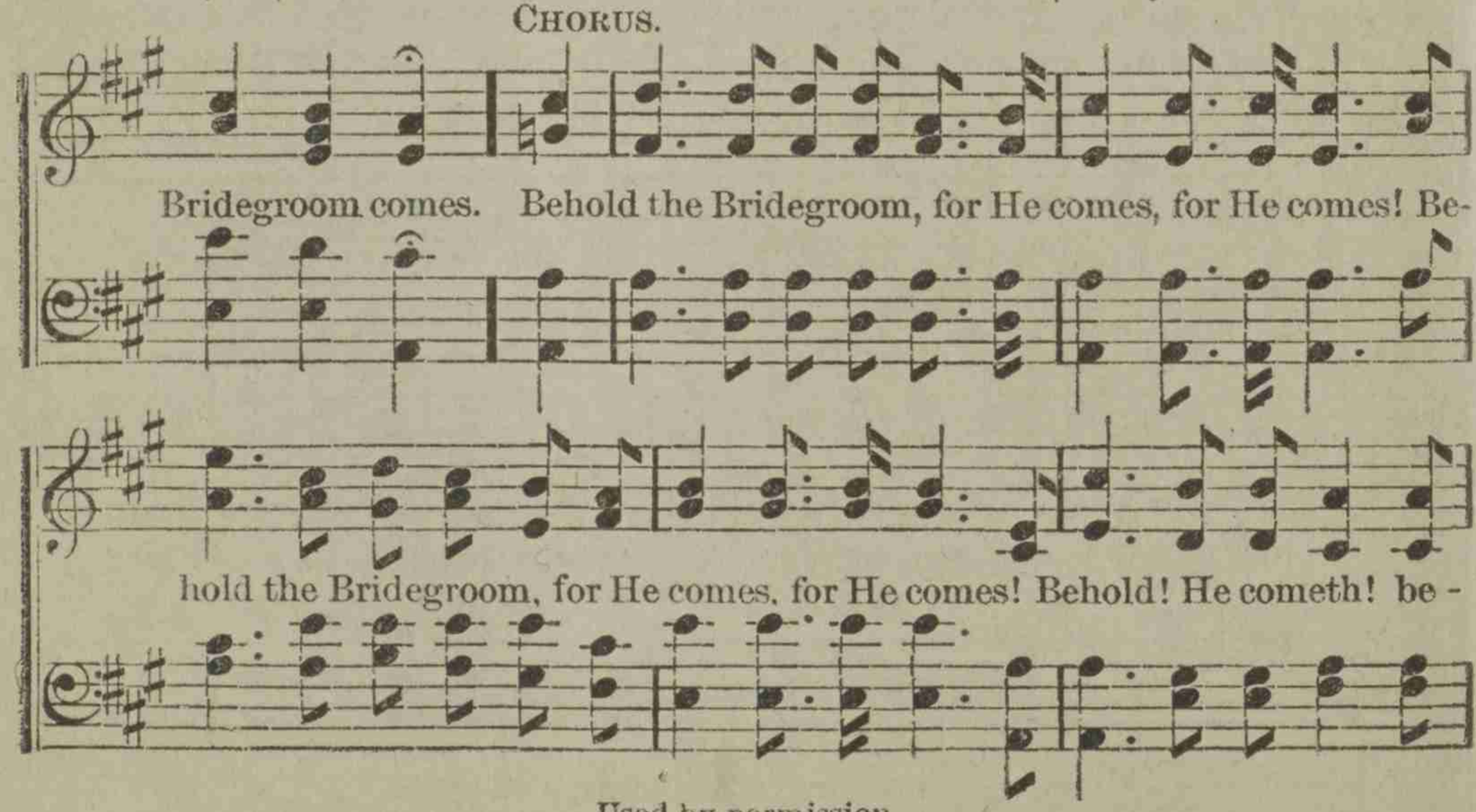
Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes?
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes;
We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes;
We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes;



Be-hold! He com-eth! Be-hold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the
He quick-ly com-eth, He quick-ly cometh, O soul! be ready when the
He sure - ly com-eth! He sure- ly cometh! We'll go to meet Him when the
Lo! now He com-eth! Lo! now He cometh! Sing al - le - lu -ia! for the



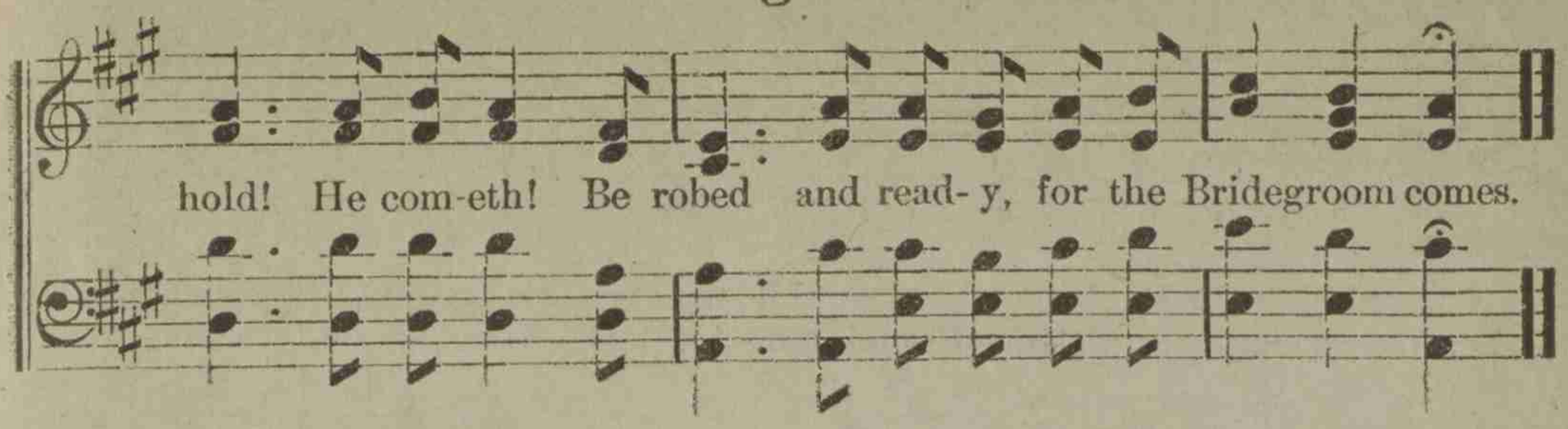
CHORUS.



Bridegroom comes. Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Be-
hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold! He cometh! be -

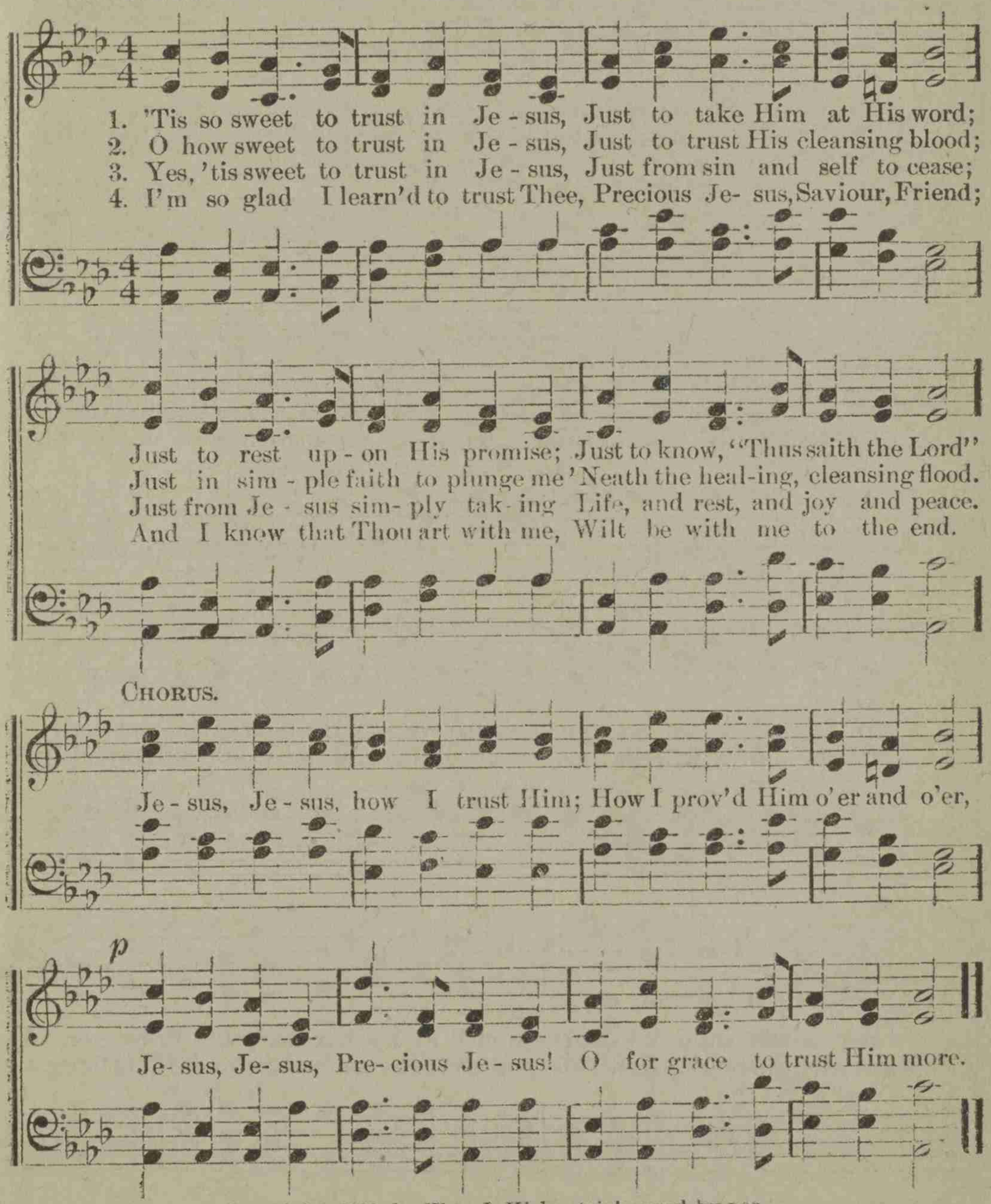
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Behold the Bridegroom.—Concluded.



No. 195. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Psalm 104:34. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 196. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joyful-ly sound ho-san- na, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord, He is the King e - ter- nal, Glo - ry be to God on

claim. Lift up your heart unto His throne with gladness, Mag-ni - fy His
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind-ness, Join the cho-rus

ho - ly name. Marching a- long under His ban- ner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly marching on, In the

in His mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go,) His light divine ten-der-ly
ranks of Je- sus will we go, (ev -er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joyful-ly

o'er us will shine, We shall be guided by His hand now and for-ev - er.
home where the blest, Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise Him forever.

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Steadily Marching On.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Stead-i - ly marching on, with our banners waving o'er us; Steadi-ly marching on, while we sing the joy-ful cho- rus, Stead-i - ly marching on, pil-lar and cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

No. 197. GREENWOOD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can ne/ - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un-measured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

No. 198. TRUSTING IN THE BLESSED CHRIST.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.

1. There is sweet con- tentment in my soul to - day, I am trusting
2. He is true and faith- ful and of friends the best, I am trusting
3. When the grief-clouds gather mak- ing dark our sky, I am trusting
4. I will love and trust Him till my race is run, I am trusting

in the blessed Christ; He, my Lord, has tak- en, doubts and fears away,
in the blessed Christ; In each gold-en prom-ise I se-cure- ly rest,
in the blessed Christ; Soon the clouds are rift ed when He draweth nigh,
in the blessed Christ; I will trust my Saviour till bright heav'n is won.

CHORUS.

I am trusting in the bless-ed Christ. Trust - - ing, sweetly
Trusting ev- er trusting, sweetly

trust - - ing, I am trusting in the blessed Christ; Hal - le -
trusting in His word, Hal-le, hal- le -

lujah! hal- le - lu - - jah, I am trusting in the blessed Christ.
lujah! hal- le - lu-jah! praise His name!

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No. 199. SAFE WITH THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. S. C. FOSTER, arr.



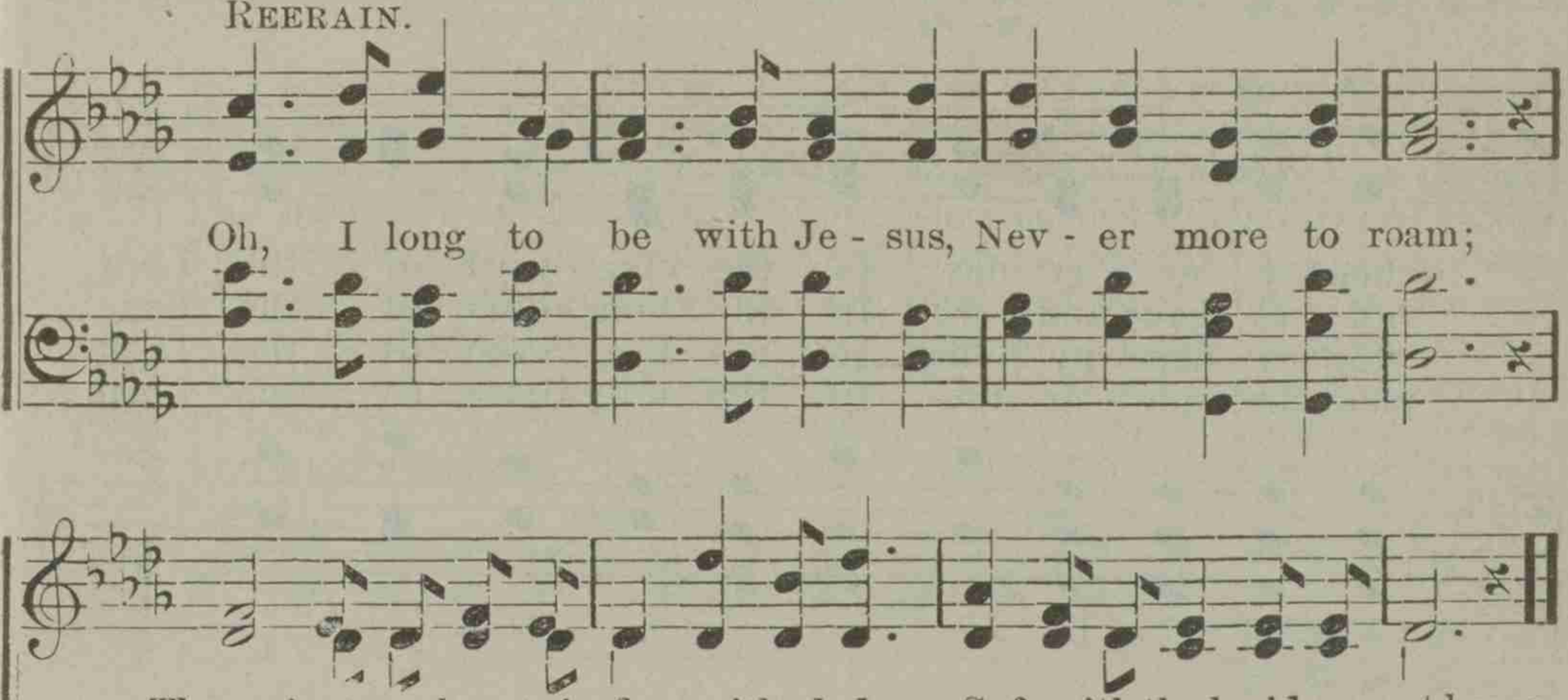
1. Far, far beyond this vale of sor-row, Is home, sweet home;
2. All hopes, but heav'n are dis-ap-pointing, Heart-aches and pain;
3. All earth-ly scenes are ting'd with sadness, All skies have clouds;
4. But christian, cheer thee on thy jour-ney, The toil's most done;



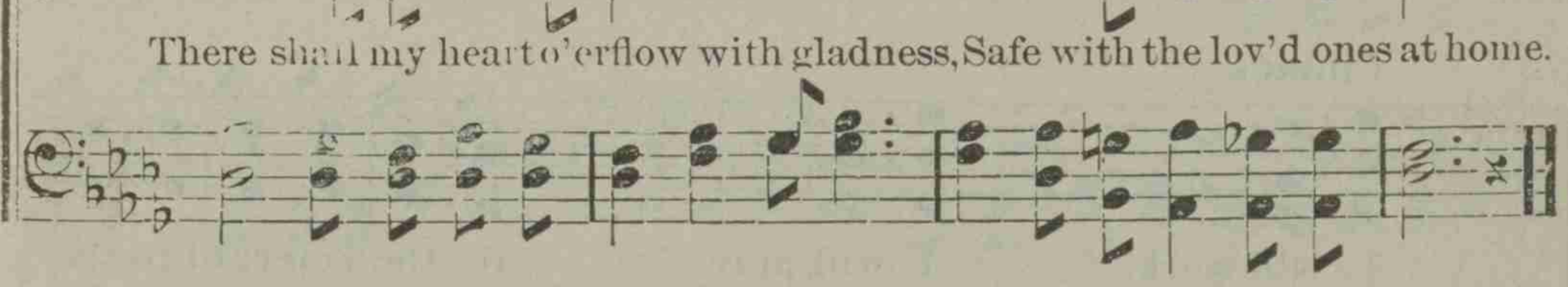
There wea-ry hearts will meet to-morrow, There partings never come.
There shall my soul be fill'd with gladness, There meet the lov'd ones again.
No hope, but fear its cups em-bit-ters, The fi-nal robe the shroud.
Heav'n's bright e- ter-nal day's be-fore thee, There waits for thee thy crown.



REERAIN.



Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, Nev - er more to roam;



There shall my heart o'erflow with gladness, Safe with the lov'd ones at home.

5 Turn, turn thee, sinner to thy Saviour,
By sorrow driven,
Lay down the burden thou art bearing,
Christ offers home and heaven.

6 And though the path be rough and lonely,
He'll lead thee on;
Though Satan often tempt and try thee,
Never art thou alone.

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No. 200. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a worker ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come, shall
err - ing to Thy word. That points to joy on high, where

bus - y ev - ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.
all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.
pleas-ures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.

CHORUS

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

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded





No. 201. I'M HAPPY ON THE WAY.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. Z. H. Copp.

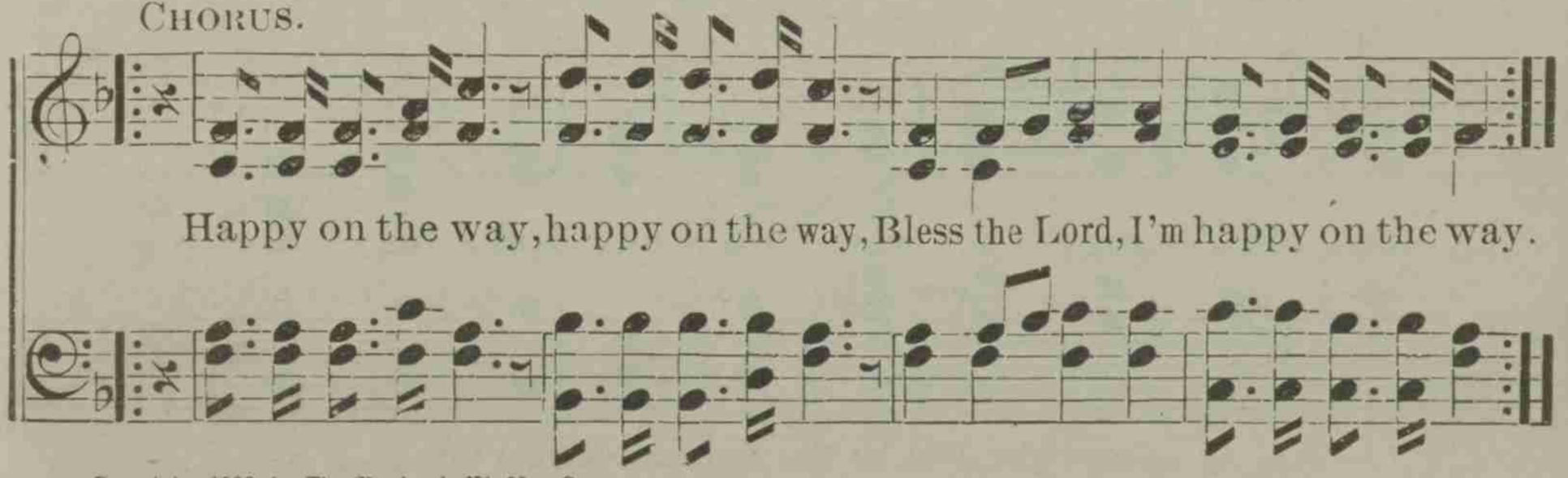
JOHN CENNICK. Arr. by J. H. HALL.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
   He whom I fix my hopes up-on, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
2. His track I see, and I'll pursue, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
   The narrow way, till Him I view, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
3. The way the ho - ly prophets went, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
   The road that leads from banishment, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
4. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
   I'll go for all His paths are peace, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
5. This is the way I long have sought, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
   And mourn'd because I found it not, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.



CHORUS.



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No. 202.

DRIFTING.

To Thos. C. Hayes, Carnesville, Ga.

W. H. R.

Will H. Ruebush.

1. Drift- ing a - way to the ha - ven of rest, Sail - ing to port with the hap - py and blest, Voic - es of loved ones are call - ing us there— Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.
2. Drift- ing a - way far be - yond the blue sea, Val - ley of E - den, we dream oft of thee; Songs of the ran-somed float down to us here Call - ing us o - ver the sea.
3. Drift- ing a - way to that beau - ti - ful home End - ed earth's toils where no part - ing days come, Storms are all past, and all tears wiped a - way There in that beau - ti - ful home.

Chorus.

Organ. drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way we are drift - ing a - way.

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No. 203. WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

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

1. Sweet are the prom- is - es, Kind is the word; Dear- er far than
2. Sweet is the ten- der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un - to Me;" Wea- ry, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom- is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex- am- ple is, and pat- tern for me.
Faith - ful is He; He the great ex- am- ple is, and pat- tern for me.
Faith - ful and sure; Lean up-on the Saviour, and thy soul is se- cure.

CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way. Follow Jesus ev-'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

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No. 204. THE SILVER STAR.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. On the brow of night there shines a silver star, On the brow of night there
2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hanging in the air, 'Tis the lamp of God high
3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of gold, of

shines a sil-ver star, And the wise men gaze on its heav'nly rays, Till they
hanging in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the roy - al street; There is
frankincense and myrrh, For the King we own is on David's throne; Let the

pp

find the King, whose throne they sought a- far, In the Babe of Beth-le - hem.
sweet soul-rest for those who seek it there, From the Babe of Beth-le - hem.
ho - ly Child your best af - fections stir; 'Tis the Babe of Beth-le - hem.

REFRAIN.

Silver star, ho-ly light, shine a - far, o'er the night,
Silver star, ho-ly light, shine a- far, o'er the night,

Till the world shall come where the young Child lay, And enter the gates of the new born day.

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No. 205. SWEET ZION BELLS.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O'er heav'nly plains the gold - en chimes Of Zi - on ring to - day,
2. And we who walk in earth-ly vales, Their joy - ful mu - sic ring,
3. They call us home, not here our rest, They soft - ly seem to say;

For pass- ing souls those chimes are rung, To guide them on their way.
In mel - o - dy di - vine - ly sweet, So faint and yet so clear.
Be - yond the gates of Zi - on fair, There shines a bright-er day.

CHORUS.

Sweet bells, ...Sweet bells, ...Sweet bells, ...

They cheer us on our

Sweet chiming Zi-on bells, Sweet chiming Zion bells, They cheer our

.....Sweet chiming bells, Sweet bells, ...Sweet chiming bells.

pleasant way, Sweet chiming bells, They cheer us on our pleasant way, Sweet chiming bells.

way, Sweet chiming bells, They cheer our way, Sweet chiming bells.

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No. 206. THE HOLIEST NAME.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav - en, Sweetest name my heart hath known,
2. To my heart it brings a bless - ing, And my lips take up the strain.
3. Oh, my soul would swell the cho-rus, Sing-ing His re-deem-ing love,

By the Fa - ther it was giv - en To His well be - lov - ed Son.
And His wondrous name confess - ing, Tell its sweet-ness o'er a - gain.
And as - cribe e - ter - nal prais - es To the name all names a - bove.

CHORUS.

'Tis the ho - li - est name, 'Tis the ho - li - est name; From the
Blessed name! blessed name!

Fa-ther's lips to the earth it came. Bro't by an-gels of light,
Bless-ed name!

In the still-ness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je - sus.
bless-ed name!

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No. 207. AS WE GO TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oh, blest as - sur-ance ev - er dear, As we go trav- el - ing home;
2. Our pathway may be o - ver-cast, As we go trav- el - ing home;
3. Led by the pil - lar, by the cloud, As we go trav- el - ing home;

It comes our drooping hearts to cheer, As we go trav- el - ing home.
But joy and peace will come at last, As we go trav- el - ing home.
Redeemed by Je - sus' precious blood, As we go trav- el - ing home.

CHORUS.

As we go trav-el-ing home, As we go travel-ing home,
trav-el-ing home, traveling home,

All sor-rows past, sweet peace at last, As we go trav-el - ing home.

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No. 208. HOME-LAND OF THE SOUL.

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



1. A blessed thought comes to my soul, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land,
2. And there we'll join the blood-washed throng, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land;
3. And when we cross the Jordan's brink, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land;
4. And when around our Father's throne, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land;
5. We'll meet our friends who've gone before, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land;



We'll dwell with Christ while a - ges roll; O- ver in the heav'nly home-land.
To sing the glad Redemption song, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land.
Oh, there we'll find each broken link, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land.
Then we shall know as we are known, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land.
Yes, meet and greet to part no more, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land.



CHORUS.



Home - land, home-land of the soul, Blessed home, heav'nly home,
Home-land, home-land, Blessed home-land, heav'nly home-land,





Home - land, Home-land of the soul, O- ver in the heav'nly home-land.
Home-land, home-land,



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No. 209. THERE'S A SONG ON MY LIPS.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day, When the
3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea - ry day, For the

waves of dis- tress Deep- ly round me may roll; For I know whom I
seal rent in twain And the stone rolled a - way; For an an - gel spoke
storm o - ver-past And the clouds rolled a - way. There's a rose for each

trust, Tho' the way may be dim, I shall safe - ly go home, If I
peace To my spir- it's a - larm: He is ris - en for thee; There is
thorn, And a gain for each loss, Since my Sav-iour Him-self Gained a

CHORUS.

cling close to Him.
noth-ing to harm.
crown by the cross.
} I will not be a- fraid When the dark grave I

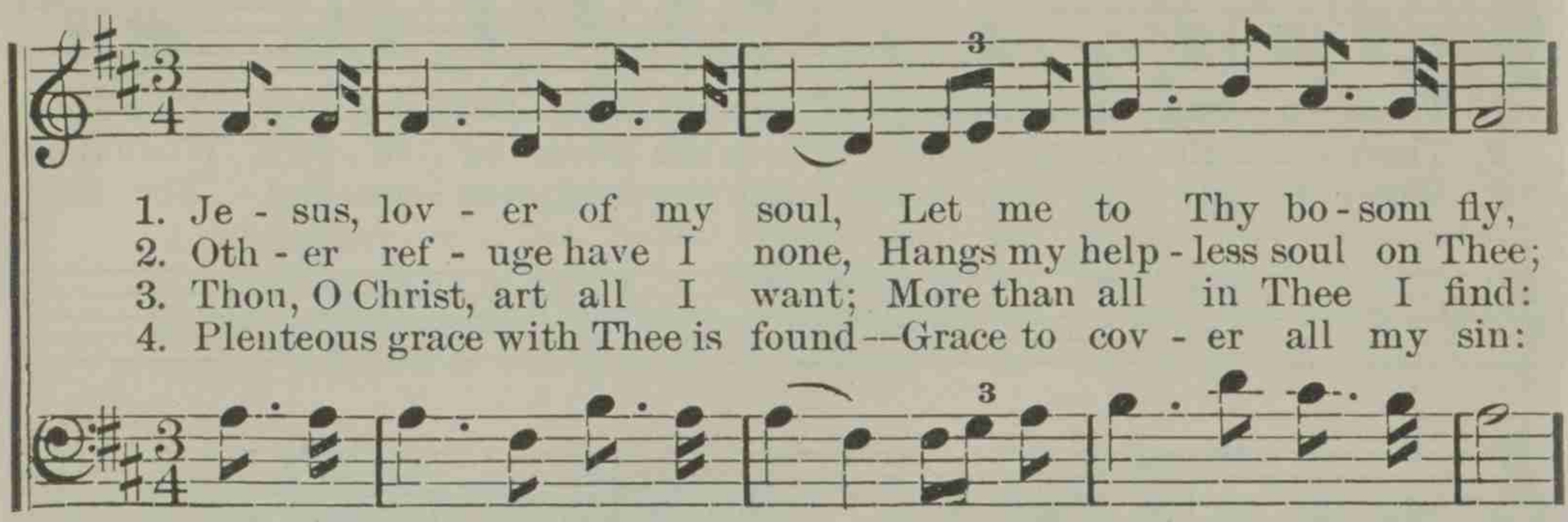
see. For my Sav - iour has died And has ris - en for me.

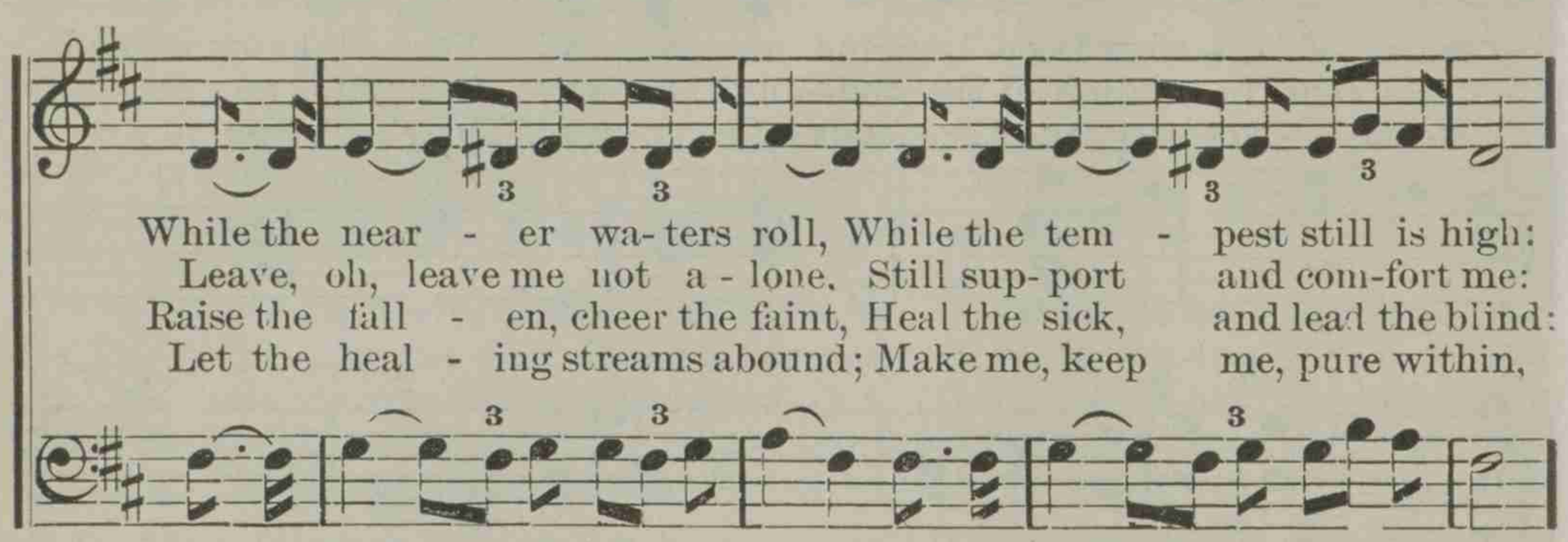
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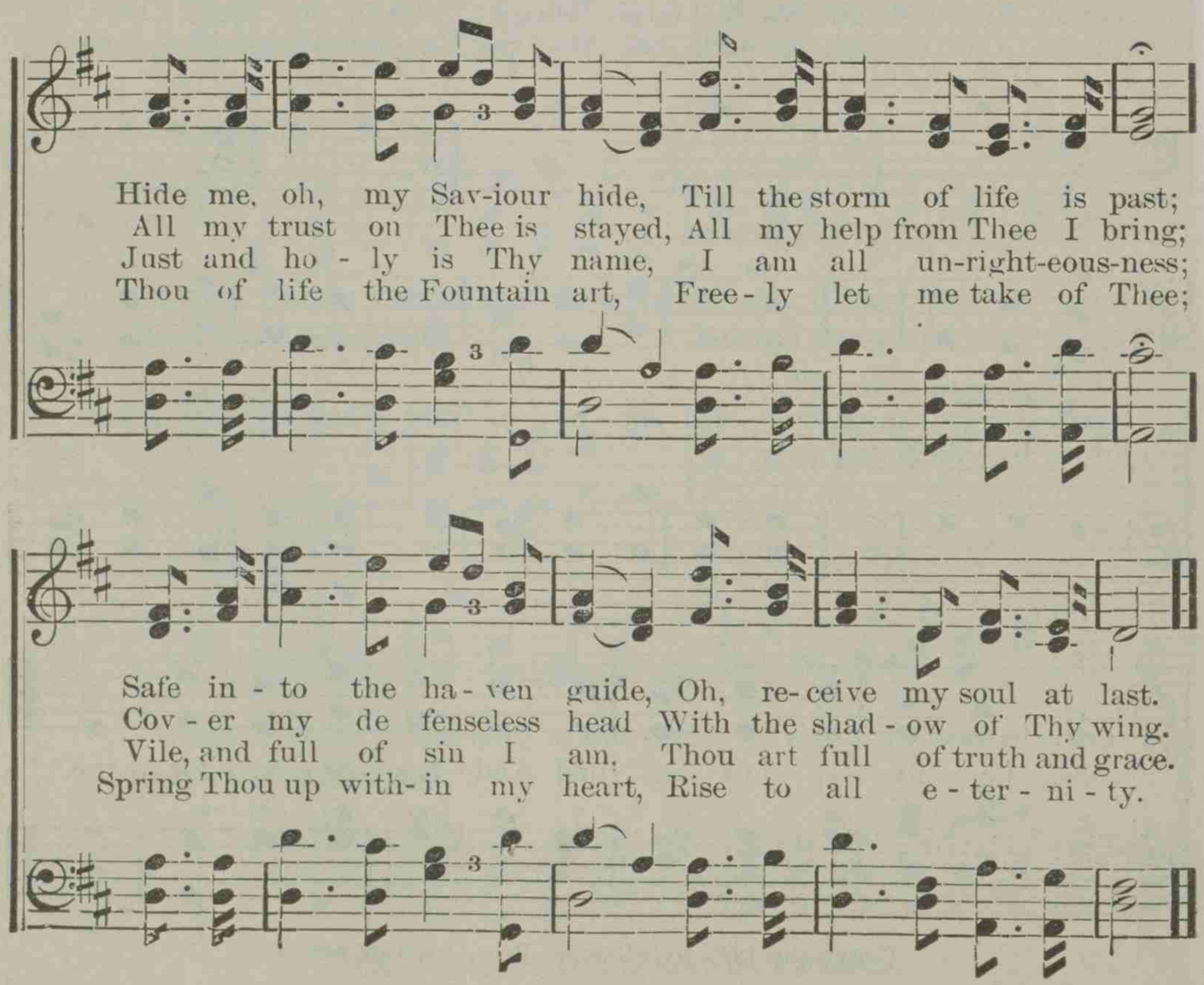
No. 210. REFUGE.

" The Lord also will be a refuge.....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.





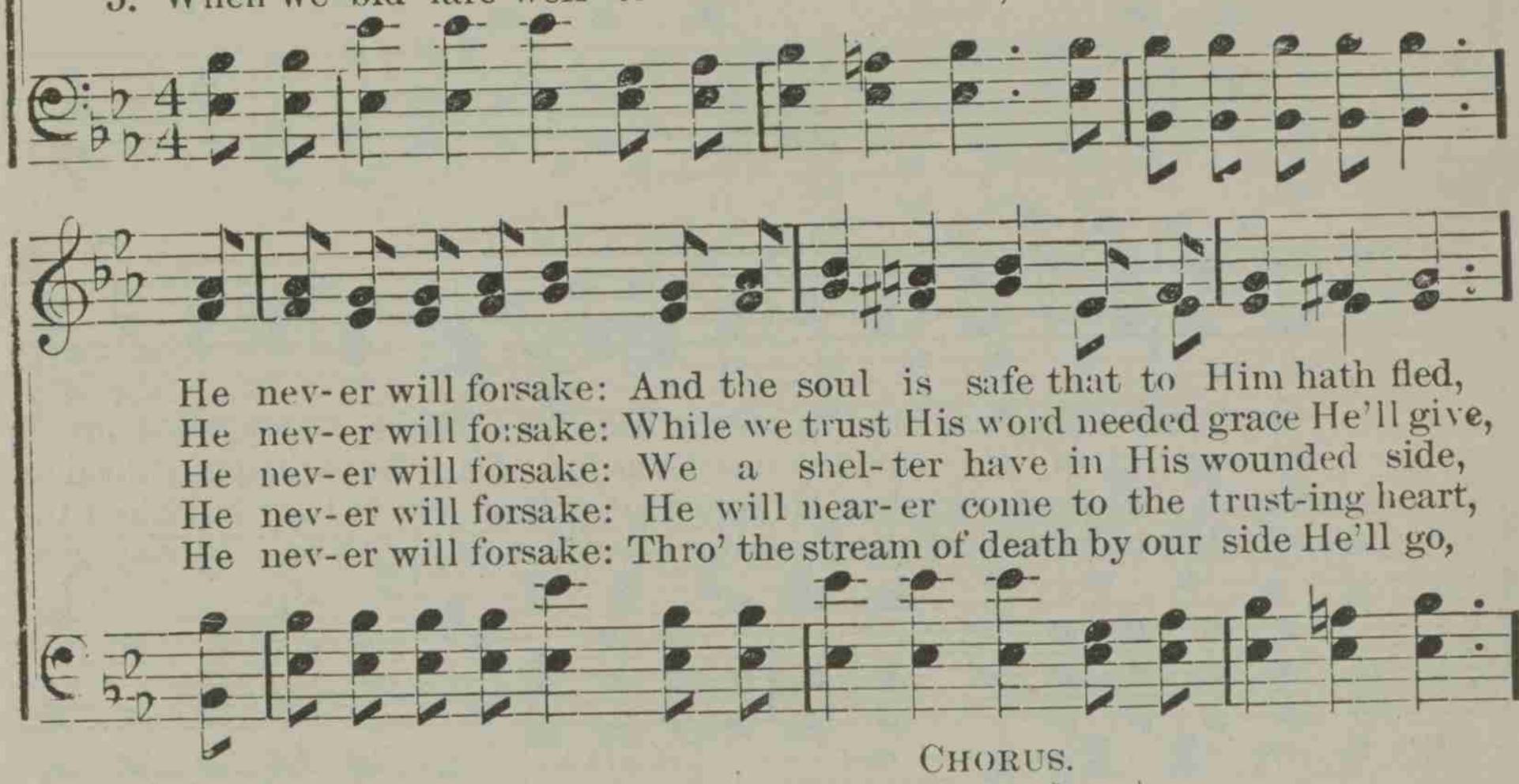


No. 211. HE NEVER WILL FORSAKE.

H. J. ZELLEY. JOSHUA 1: 5. HEB. 13: 5. M. L. MCPHAIL.

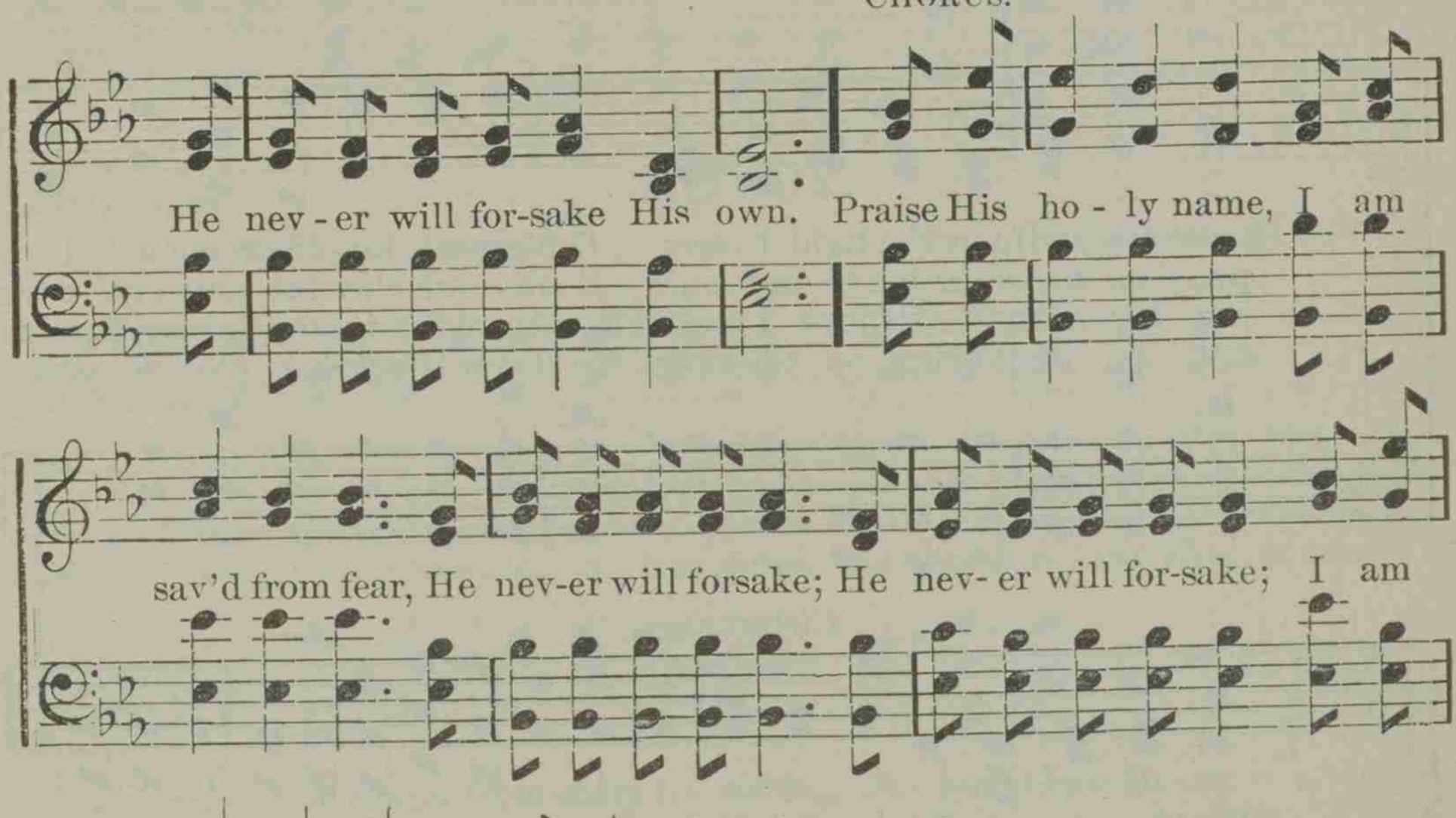


1. Tho' the way be dark, yet the Lord hath said, He nev-er will forsake;
2. When our foes are strong and our friends deceive, He nev-er will forsake;
3. When the tempter comes like a sing-ing tide, He nev-er will forsake;
4. When in sorrow great human friends must part, He nev-er will forsake;
5. When we bid fare-well to the earth be-low, He nev-er will forsake;



He nev-er will forsake: And the soul is safe that to Him hath fled,
He nev-er will forsake: While we trust His word needed grace He'll give,
He nev-er will forsake: We a shel-ter have in His wounded side,
He nev-er will forsake: He will near-er come to the trust-ing heart,
He nev-er will forsake: Thro' the stream of death by our side He'll go,

CHORUS.



He nev-er will for-sake His own. Praise His ho-ly name, I am

sav'd from fear, He nev-er will forsake; He nev-er will for-sake; I am



walk-ing now with my Lord so dear, He nev-er will for-sake His own.

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No. 212. I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE IN GLORY.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You ask what makes me hap- py, my heart so free from care, It
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je - sus took me in, My
3. I wish that ev - 'ry sin - ner be - fore His throne would bow; He
4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay, And

is because my Sav- iour in mercy heard my pray'r; He brought me out of
life was full of sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so
waits to bid them welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the
when His voice shall call me to realms of endless day; As one by one we

dark- ness and now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov- ing Saviour! to
pre-cious spoke pardon to my soul; O bliss-ful, bliss-ful moment! 'twas
rap - ture that in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and
gath - er, re- joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glo - ry, and

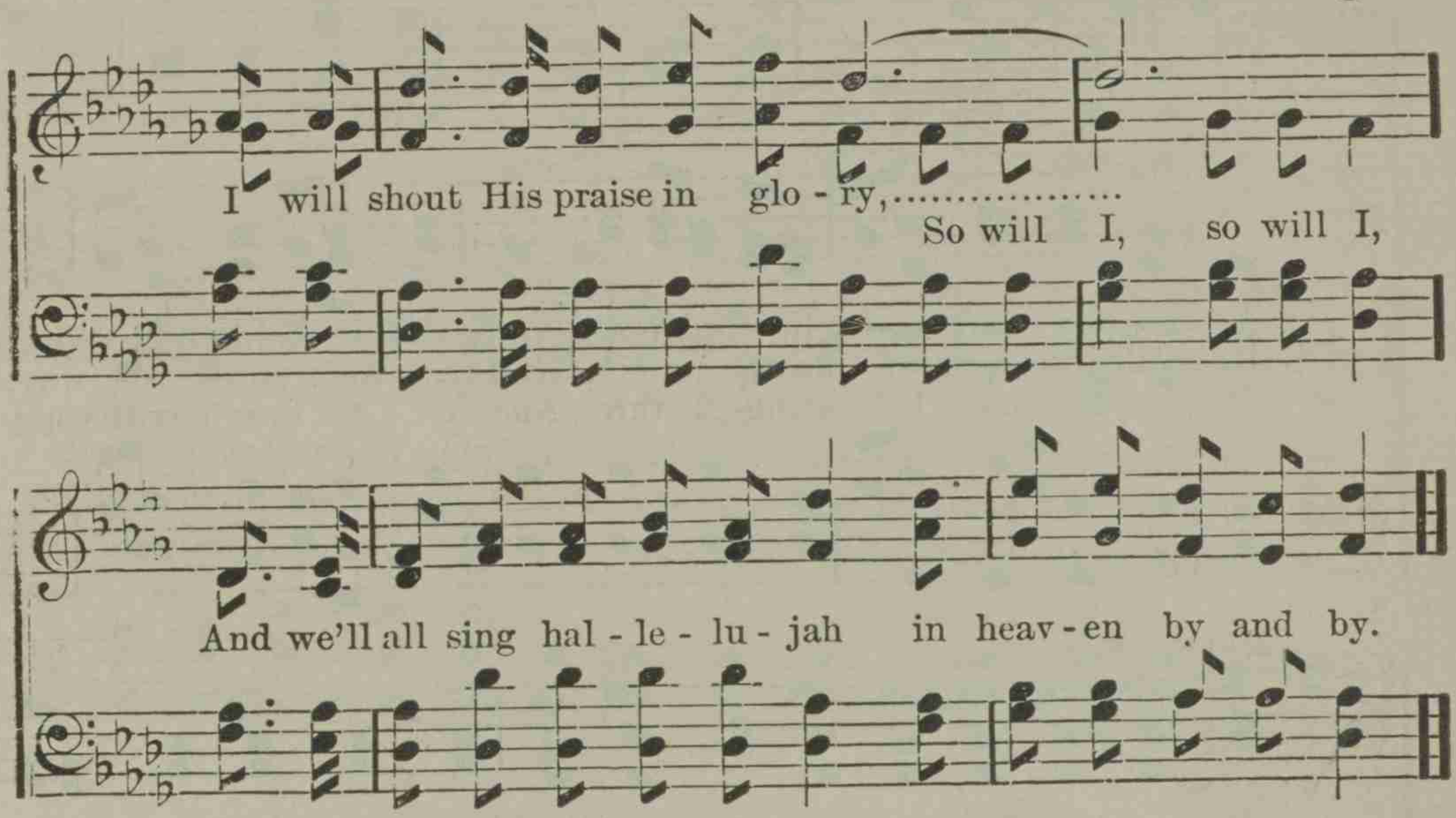
CHORUS.

Him the praise shall be. I will shout His praise in glo-ry,.....
joy be-yond con-trol.
sing His praise with me.
sing for - ev - er-more. So will I, so will I,

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I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.—Concluded.

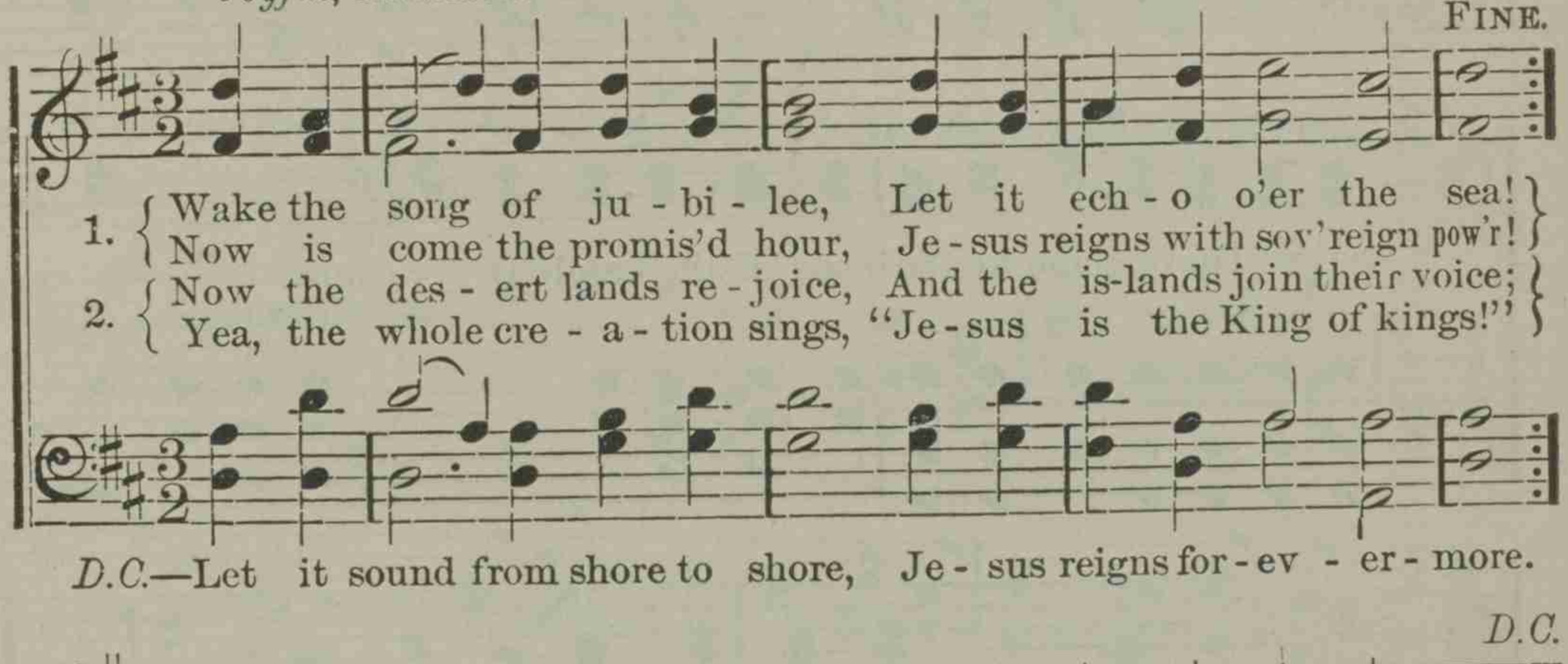




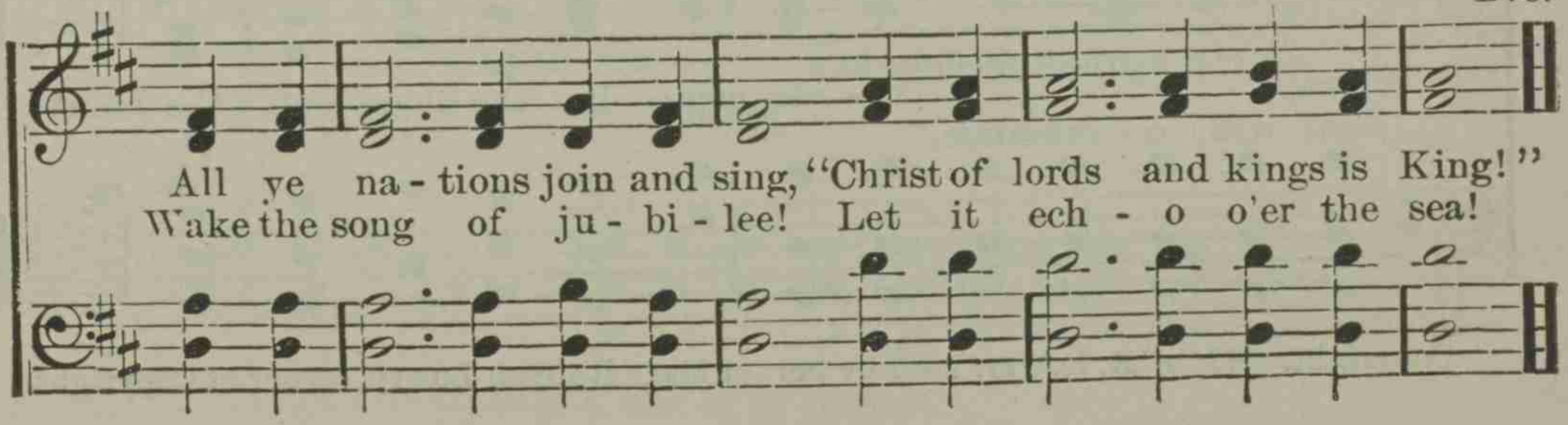
No. 213. AMBOY.

Joyful, animated. Dr. Lowell Mason.

FINE.



D.C.



No. 214. MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my- self re - sign;
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with - in, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
In Je - sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

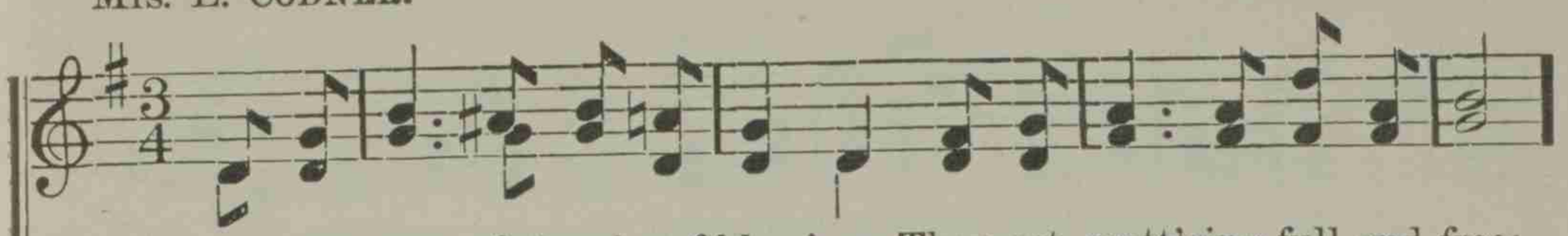
REFRAIN.

My soul will o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o- vercome by the blood of the Lamb; O- ver-come, o - ver - O- vercome, My soul will o - ver-come, O - ver- come by the blood of the Lamb.

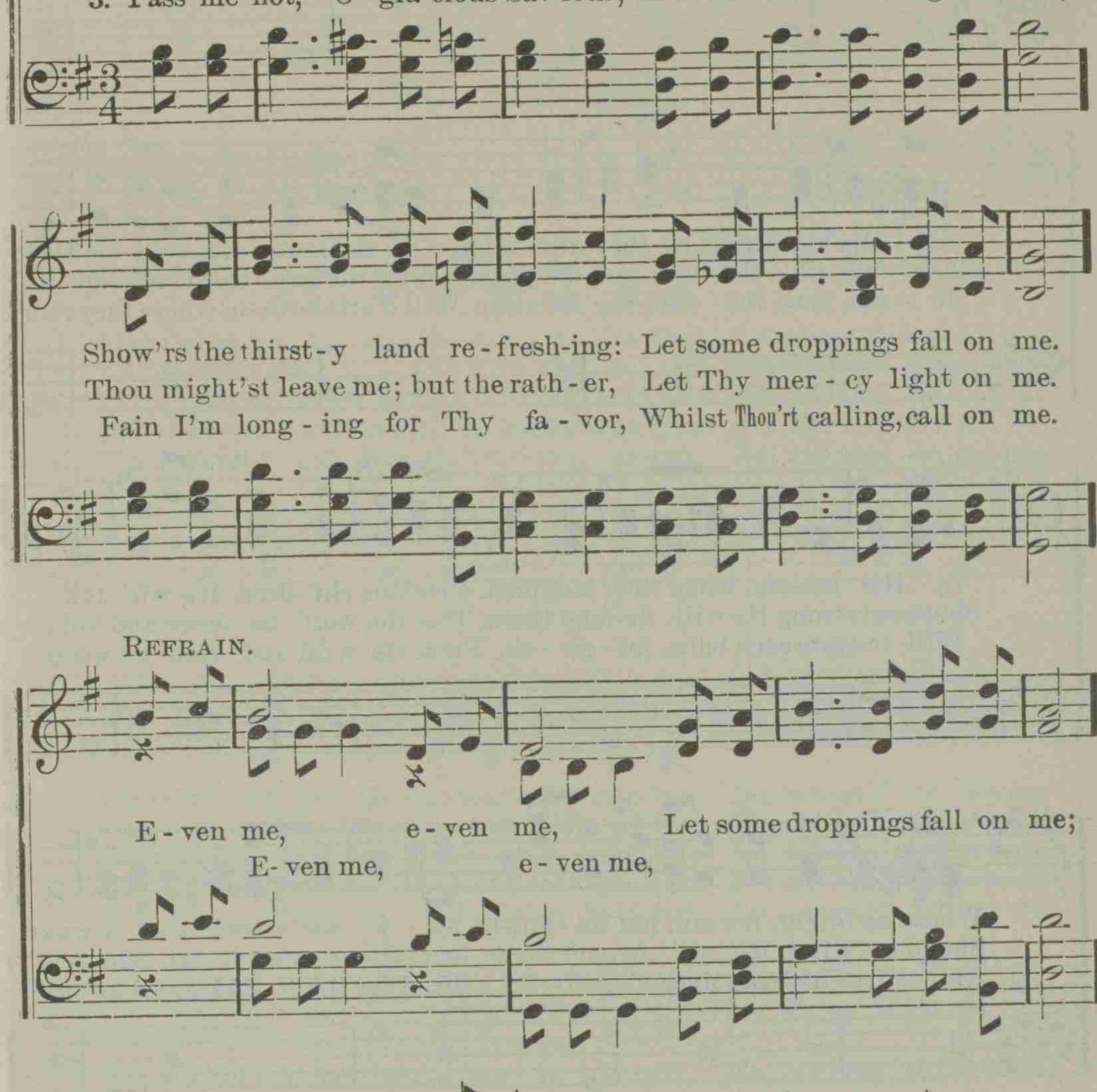
Copyright, 1877, by R. Lowry, used by per. of Mary Runyon Lowry, owner of Copyright.

No. 215. EVEN ME.

Mrs. E. CODNER. J. H. HALL.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour; Let me live and cling to Thee;



Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing: Let some droppings fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me; but the rath-er, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
Fain I'm long-ing for Thy fa-vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, call on me.

REFRAIN.

E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me;
E-ven me, e-ven me,



E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me,

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

No. 216. AS A SHEPHERD.

ROBT. MORRIS, L. L. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;
2. Near the well of cool-ing wa-ter, In the sul try noon of day,
3. If up-on the crag-gy mountain, An-y lambkins flee a-way,

All His blessings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be-stow.
Ev-'ry lit-tle son and daughter, With the gen-tle One shall stay.
Je-sus, from the cool-ing fountain, Will o'ertake them where they stray,

In His bo-som, when they languish, Precious chil-dren He will take,
Shepherd strong He will de-fend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
Will re-store each babe, for-giv-en, From the wild and ston-y waste,

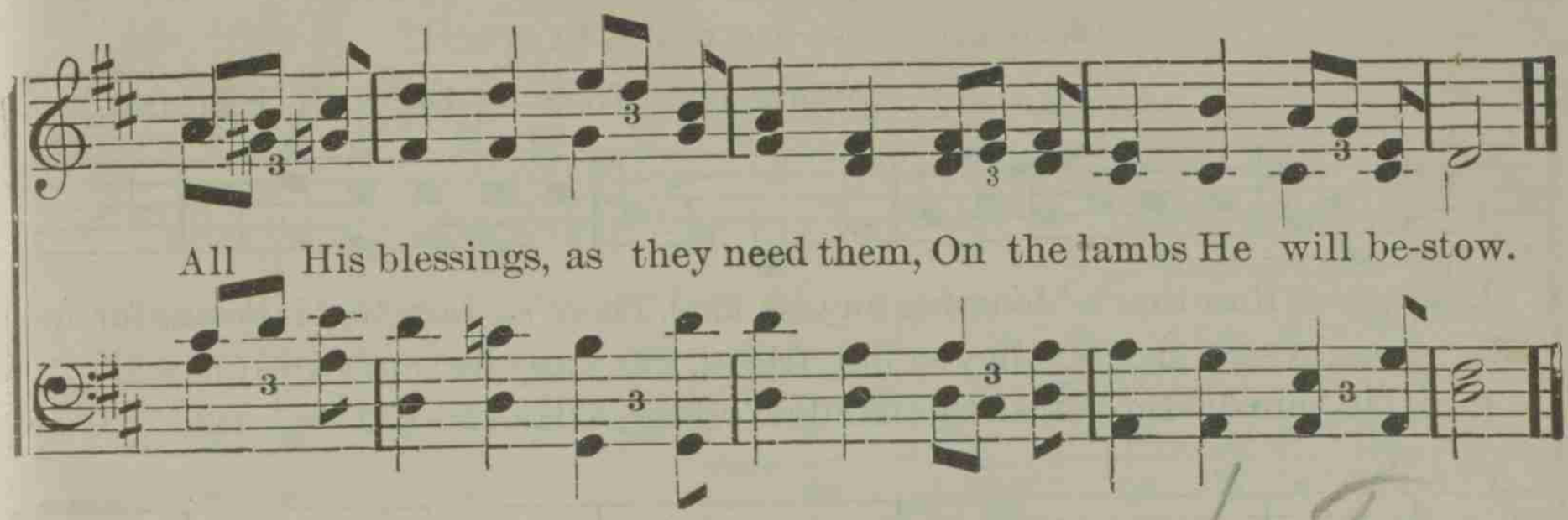
Where no blight, nor sin, nor an-guish An-y sor-row can a-wake.
Shep-herd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safe-ly to the fold.
And with-in the fold of heav-en, Bring the dar-ling home at last.

CHORUS.

As a shepherd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;

Chas. H. Gabriel, owner of Copyright, used by per.

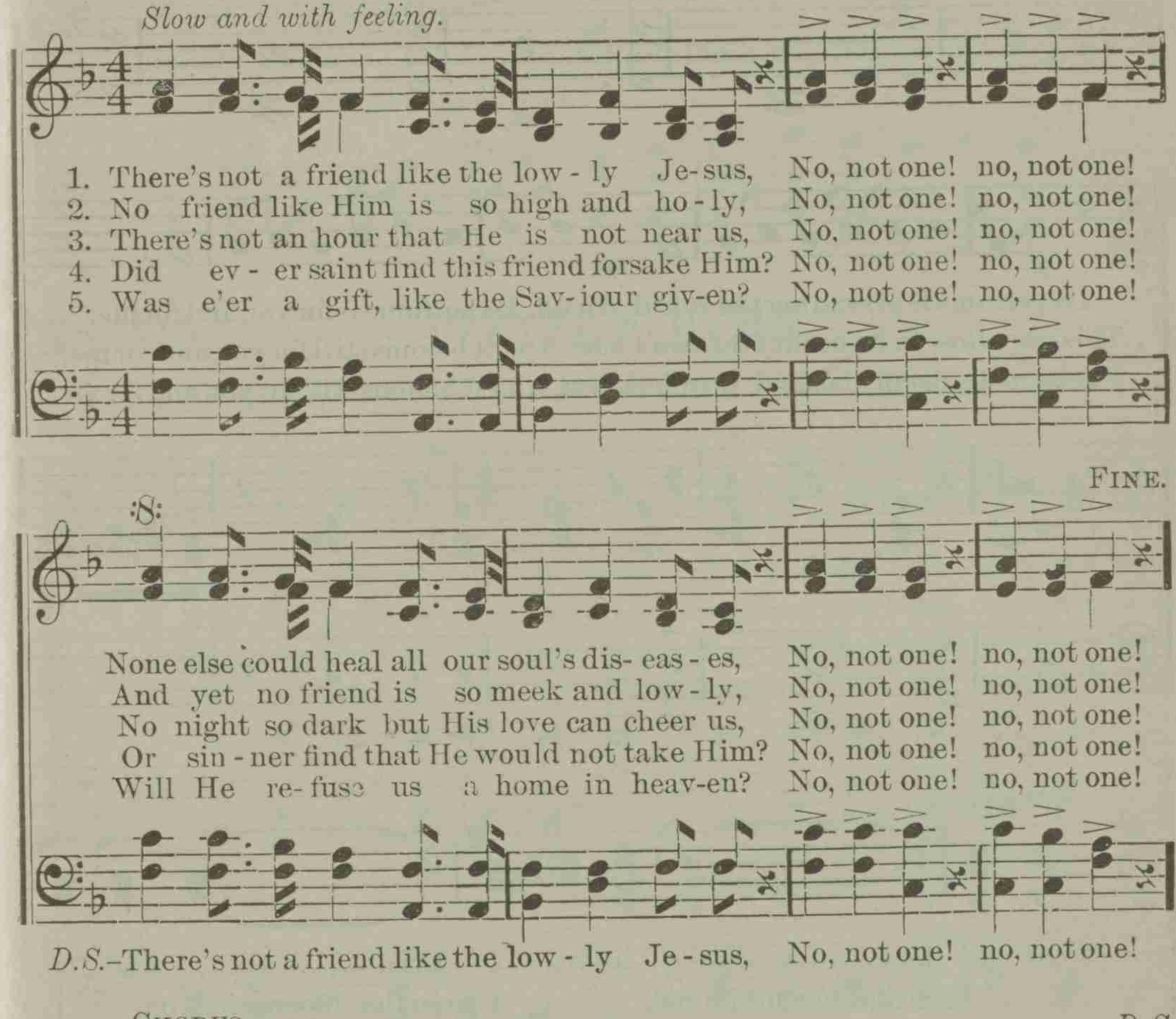
As a Shepherd.—Concluded.



No. 217. NO, NOT ONE.

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

Slow and with feeling.



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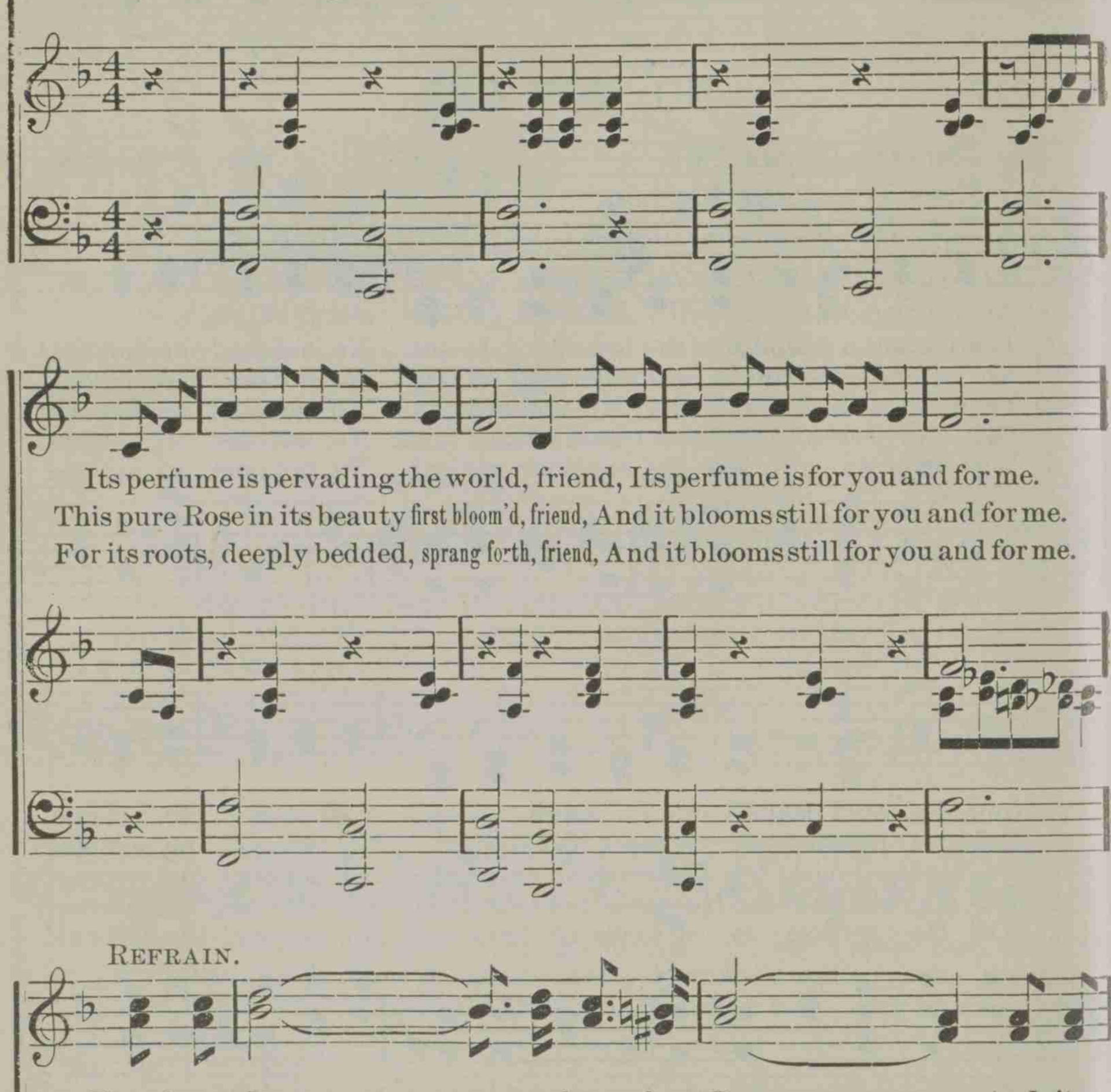
No. 218. THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. PALMER.

Words and Music by Dr. H. R. PALMER.



1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
2. Long a - go in the valley so fair, friend, Far away by the beautiful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree.



Its perfume is pervading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

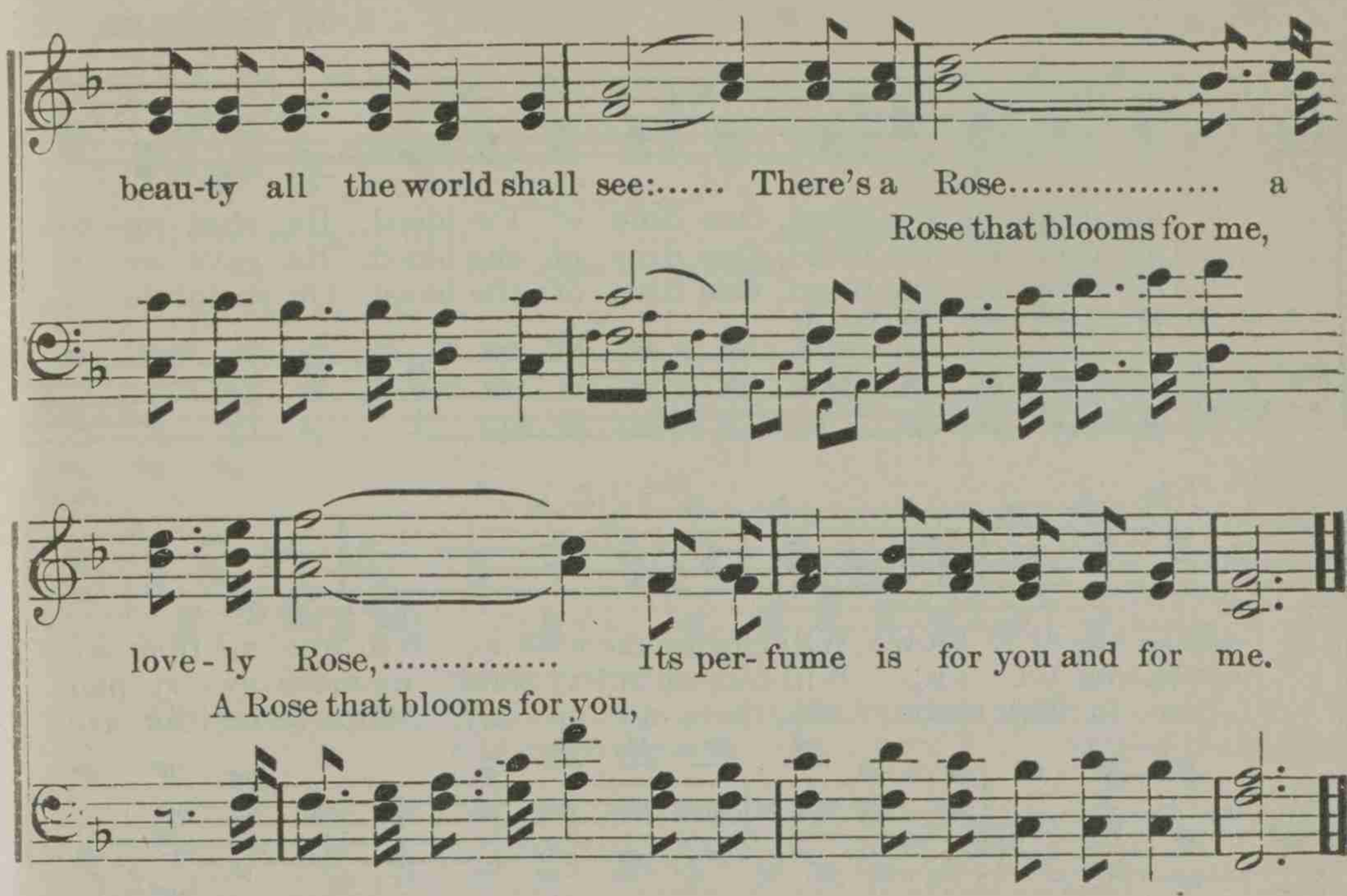


There's a Rose..... a love - ly Rose..... And its
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

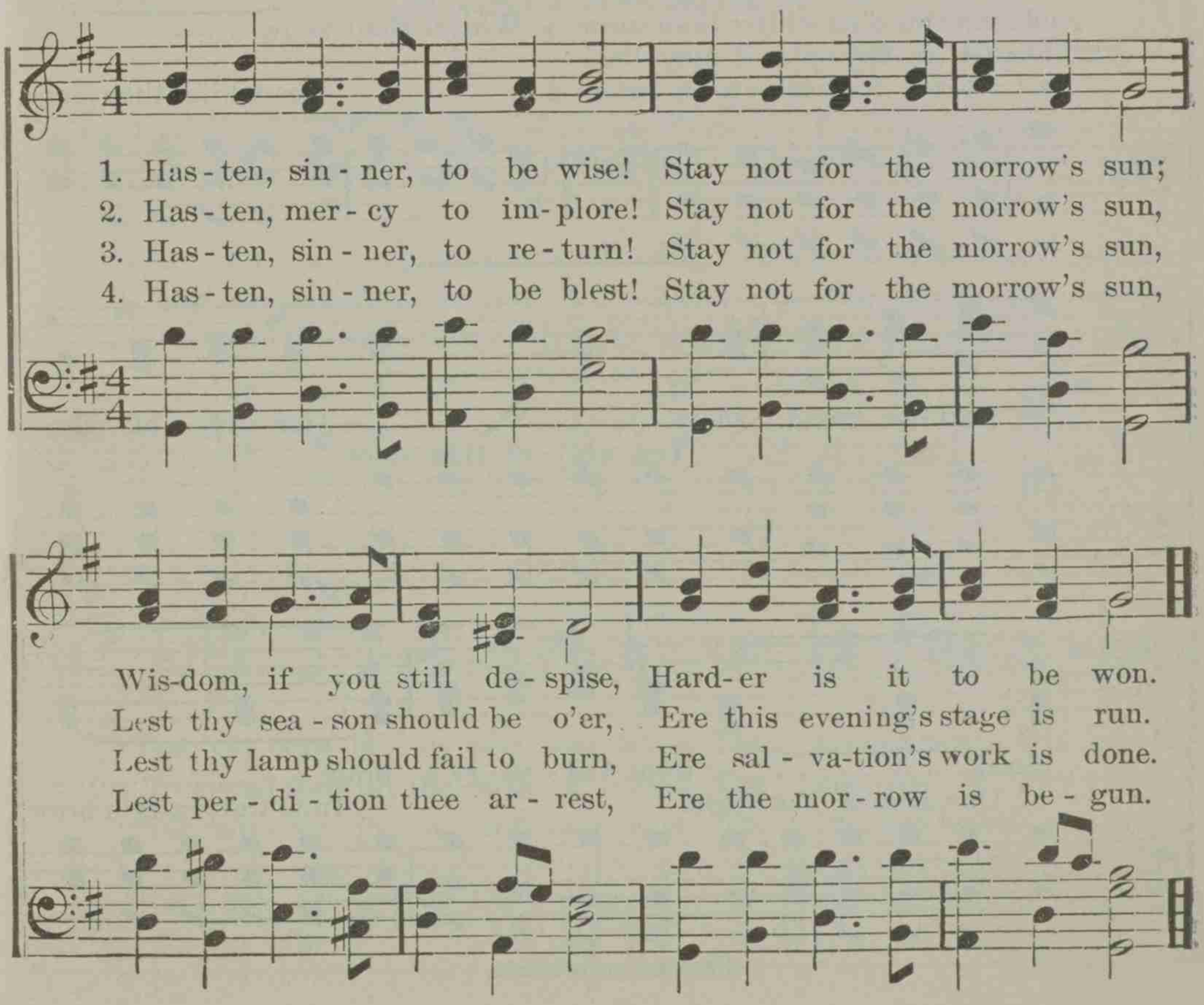
By per. Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.

The Rose of Sharon.—Concluded.



No. 219. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

THOMAS SCOTT. IGNACE PLEYEL.



No. 220. ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

W. A. OGDEN. S. H. BLAKSLEE.

1. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He shed up - on
2. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He gave as a
3. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, Oh, sprink-le it

Cal - va - ry's brow, Will cleanse me with-in, Will free me from sin,
ran- som for me, Will cleanse ev -'ry stain, Re-move ev -'ry pain
now in Thy love: Oh, save me to - day, And save me for aye,

CHORUS.

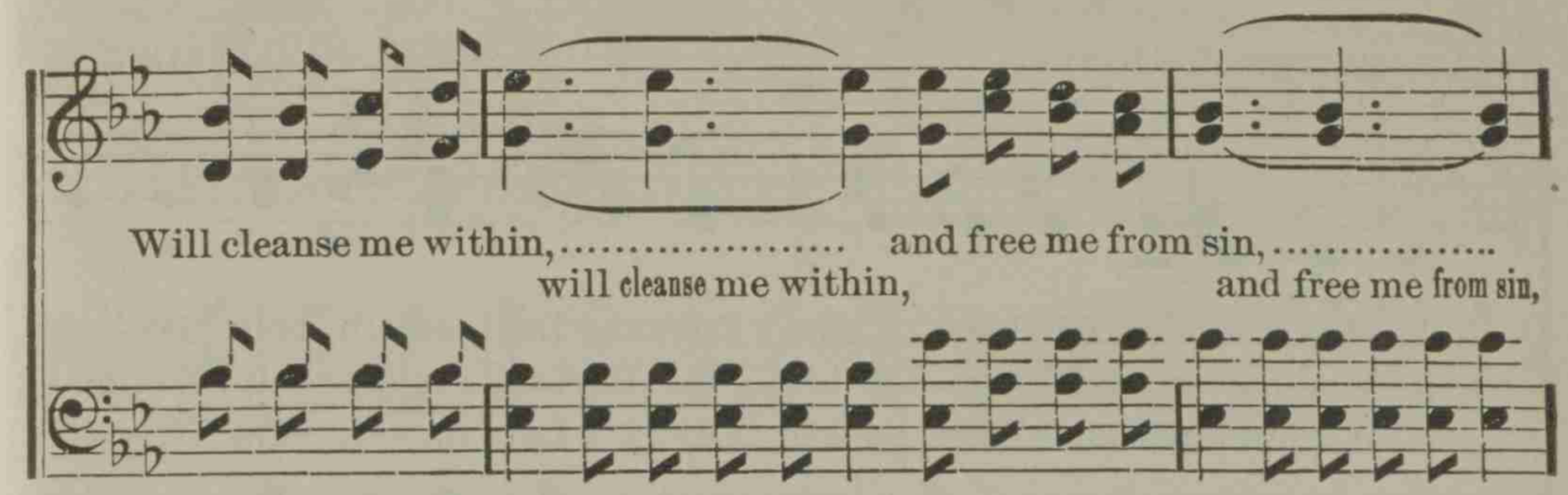
And make me e'en whiter than snow. Whiter than snow,.....
Which now in thy spir - it may be.
And fit me for heav-en a- bove. Yes, whiter than snow,

Yes, whit - er than snow,..... One drop of the
Yes, whit - er than snow,

blood..... from Cal - va - ry's brow,.....
One drop of the blood, from Cal- va-ry's brow.

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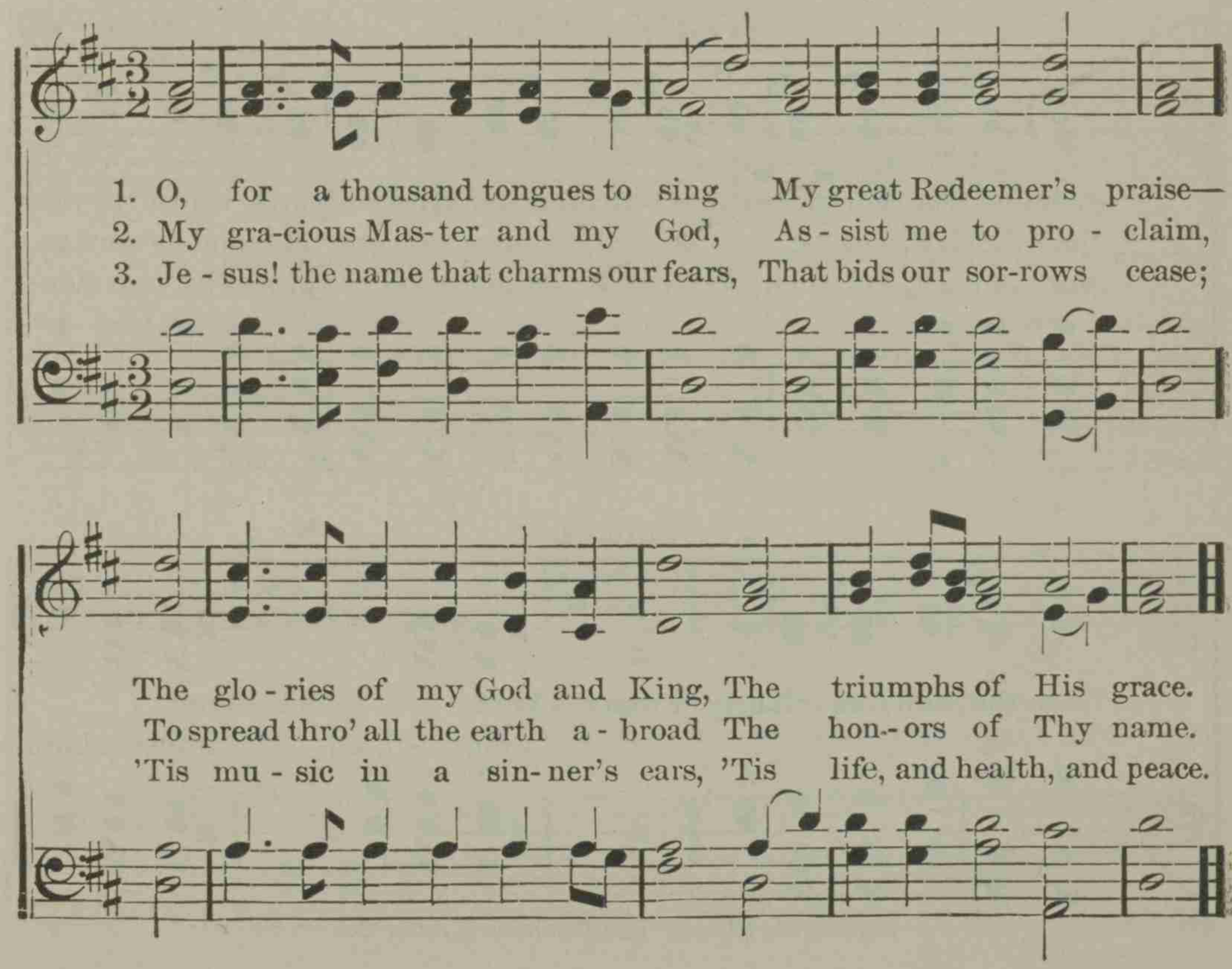
One Drop of the Blood.—Concluded.





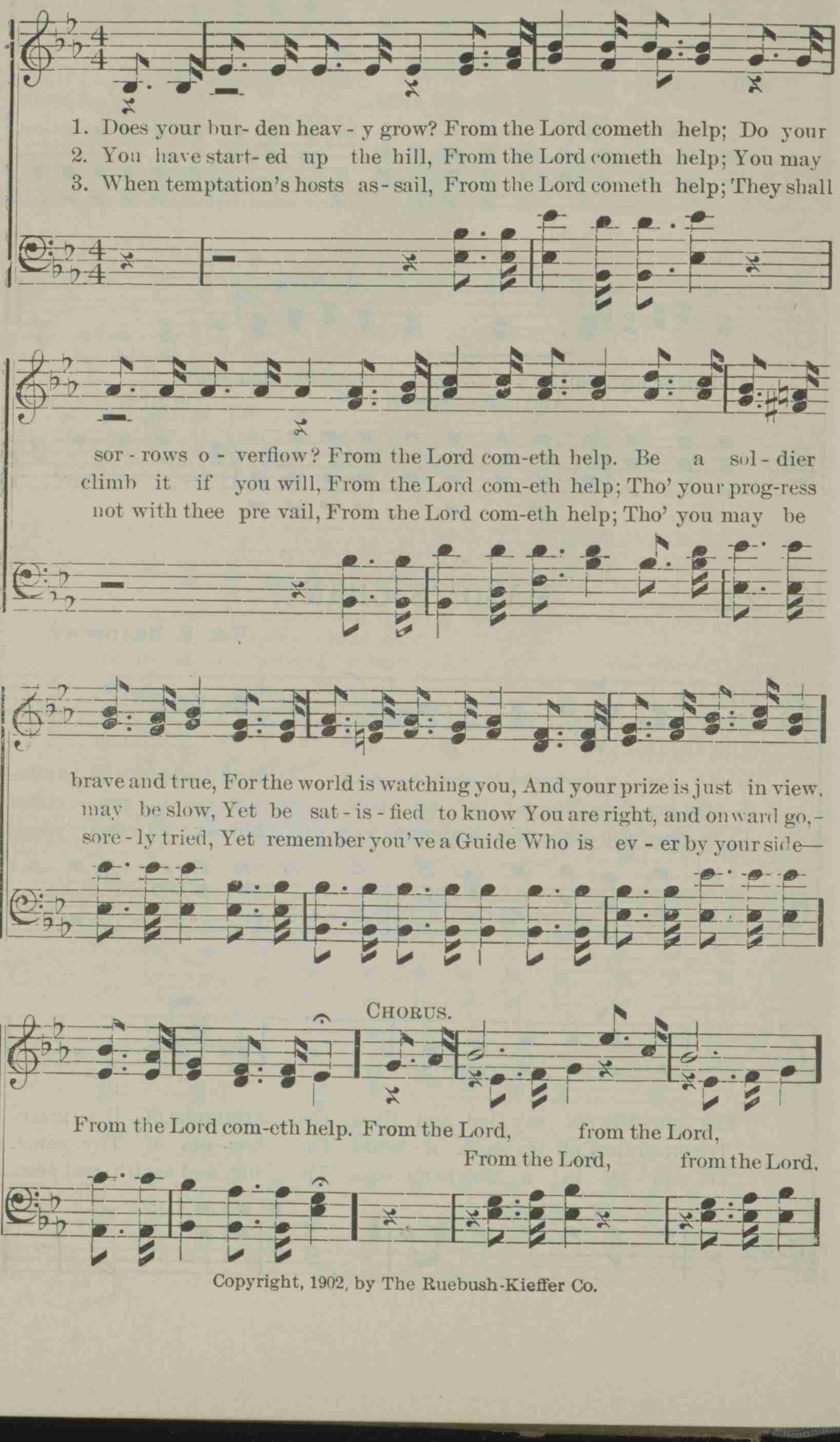
No. 221. MASON'S CHANT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



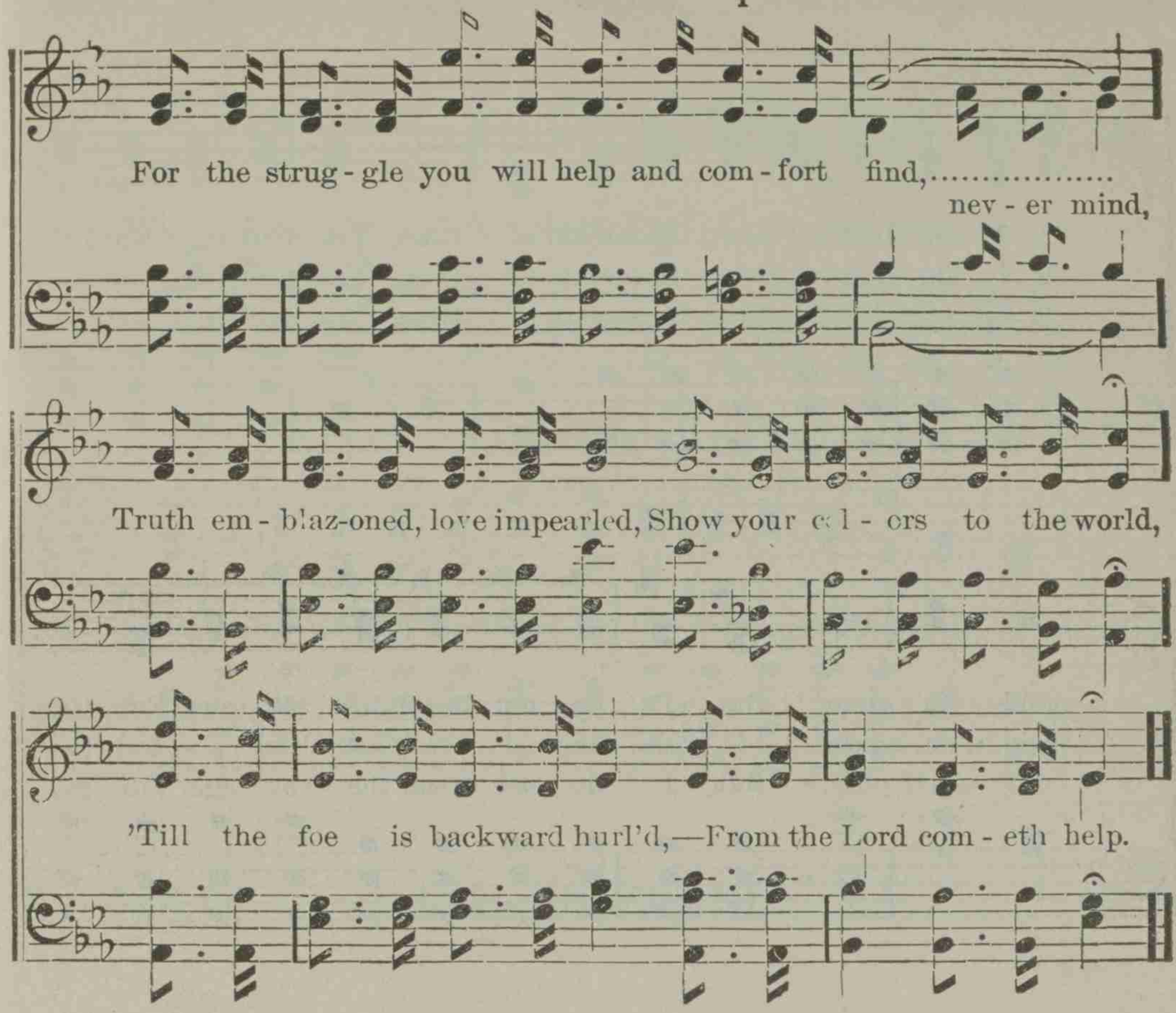
No. 222. FROM THE LORD COMETH HELP.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



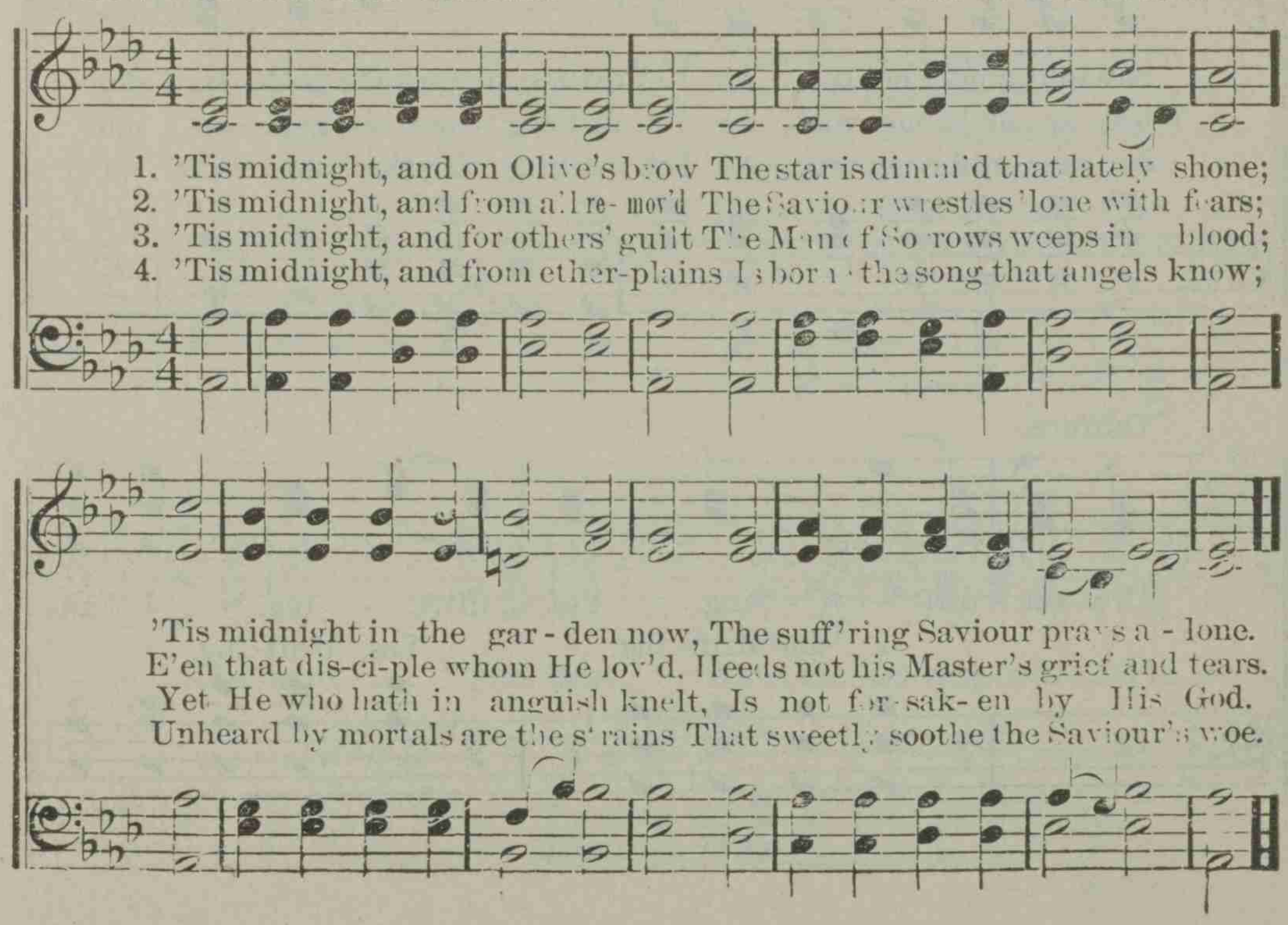
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From the Lord Cometh Help.—Concluded.



No. 223. OLIVE'S BROW.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 224. DRIFTING TOWARD THE GOLDEN SHORE.

Mrs. Allie L. Criss. C. E. Leslie.

1. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Yes, drift-ing t'ward the gold - en shore, But I do not heed the bil - lows, For the
2. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Yes, near-ing now the gold - en gate, I am near - er to that life e - ter - nal
3. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Yes, drift-ing far- ther out each day, But I do not dread the voy - age, For my

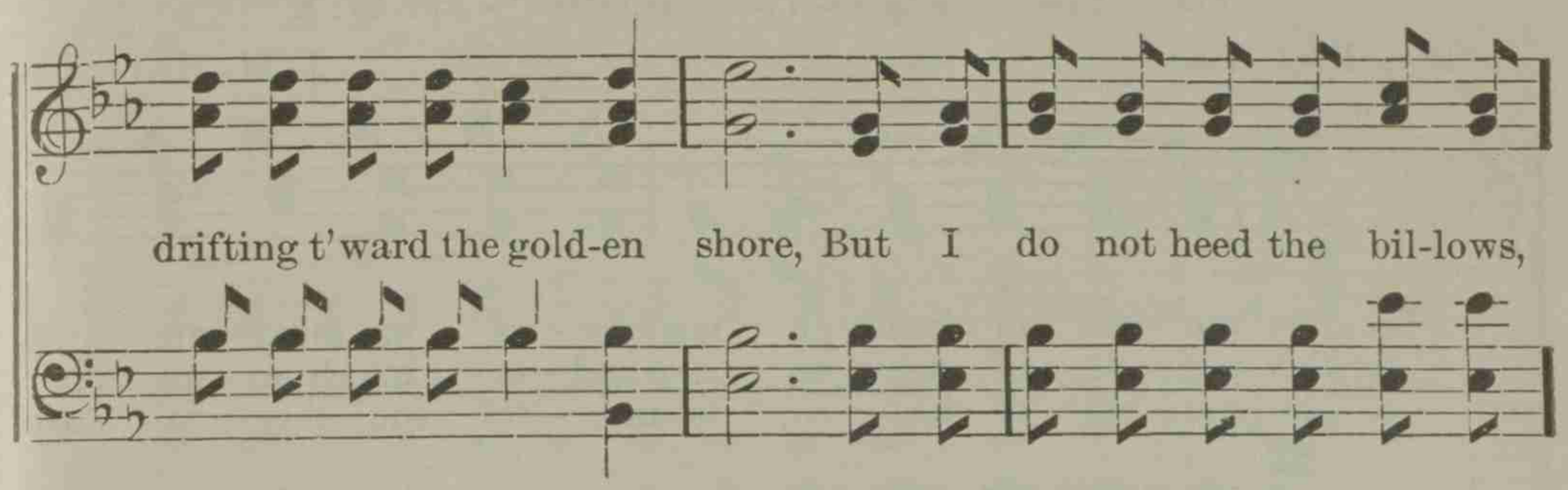
Sav-iour guides my oar, As I'm drifting t'ward the gold - en shore.
Where my lov'd ones wait, As I'm drifting t'ward the gold - en gate.
Sav-iour guides my way, As I'm drifting far- ther out each day.

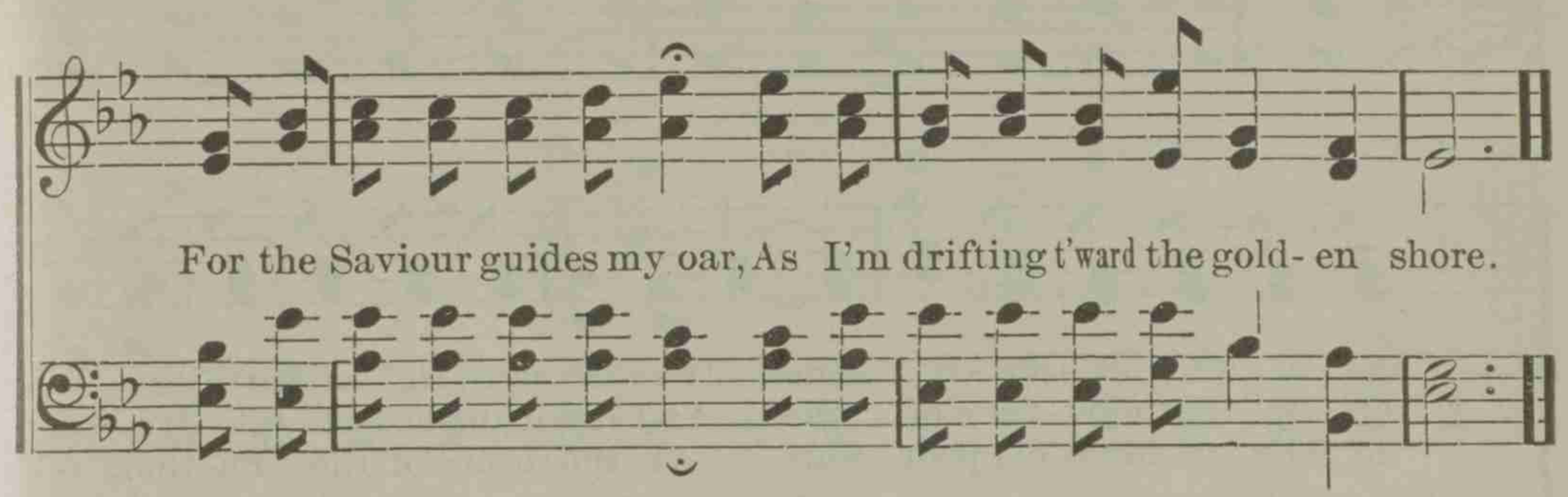
Chorus.

I am drift - - ing, Yes, drift - ing, I am drift - ing,
I am drift- ing, Yes, drift- ing,

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Drifting Toward the Golden Shore.—Concluded.

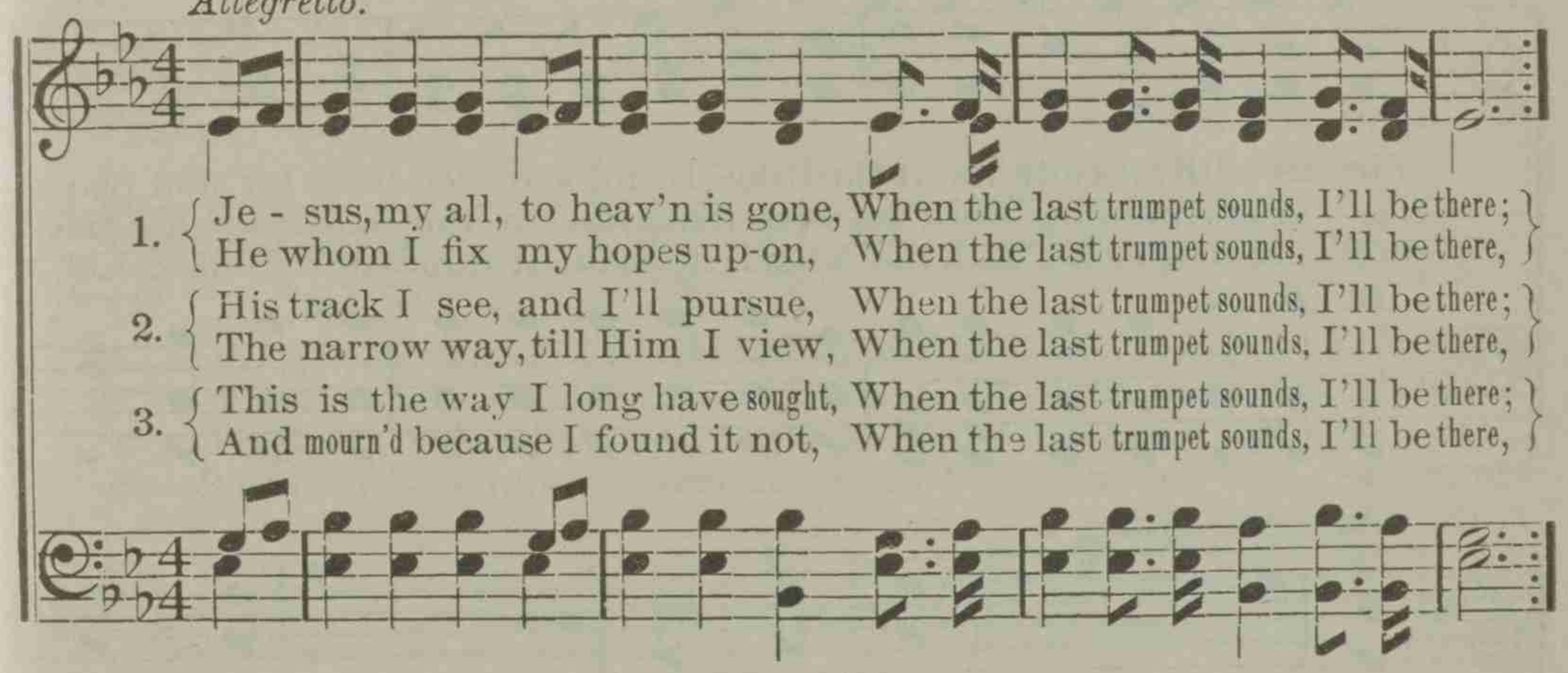




No. 225. I'LL BE THERE.

Arr.

Allegretto.



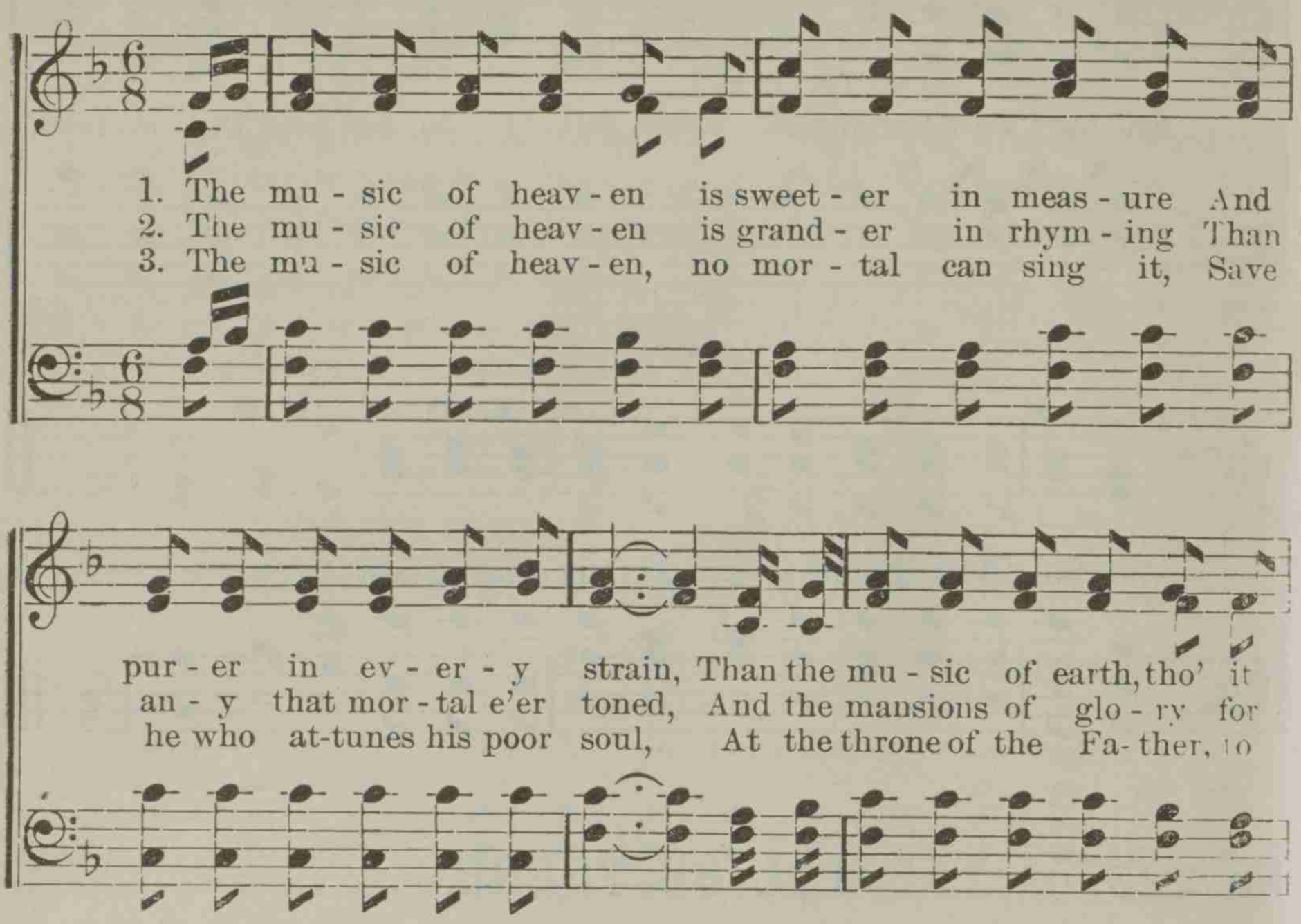
CHORUS.



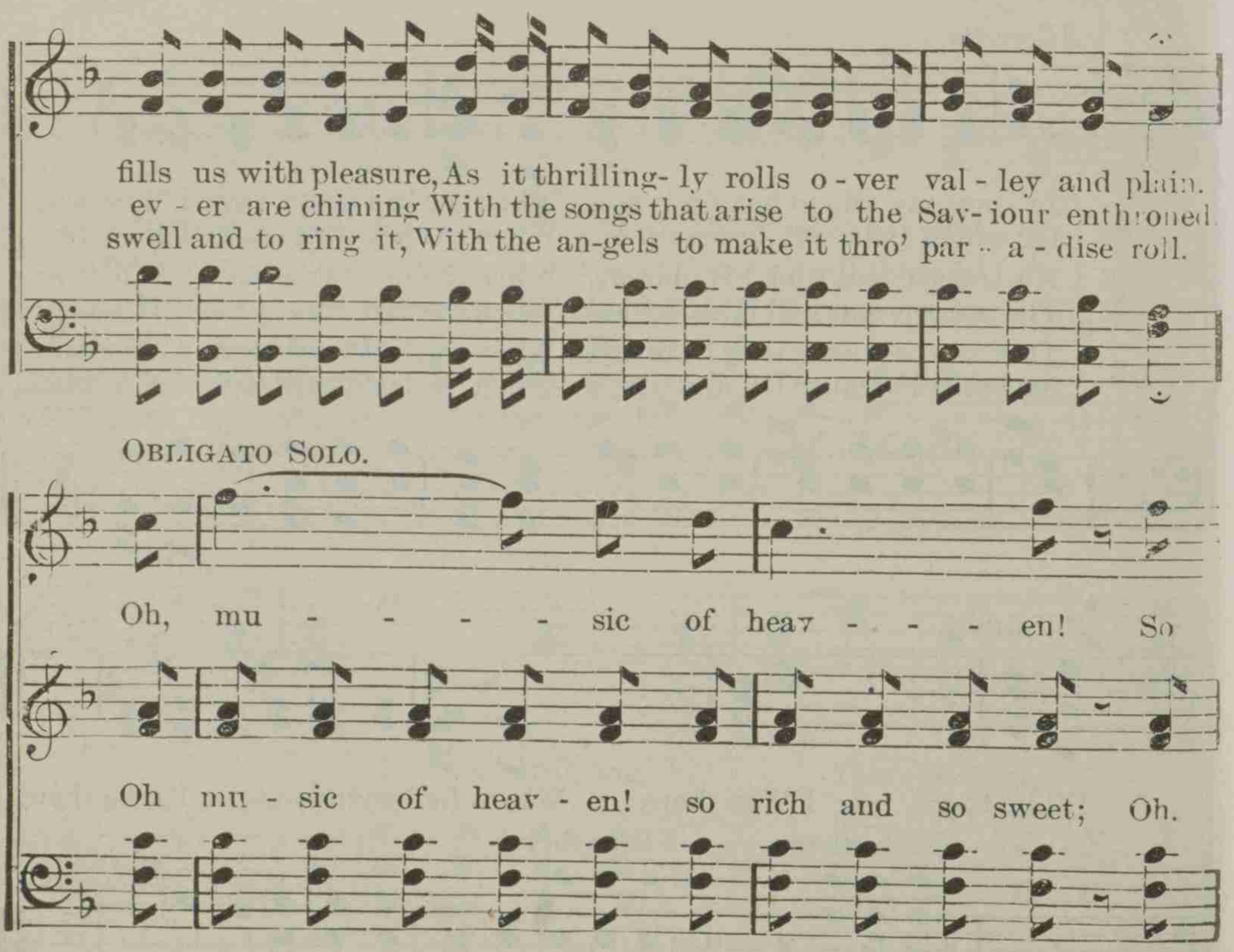
No. 226. THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven."—REV. 19 : 1.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per. J. H. HALL.

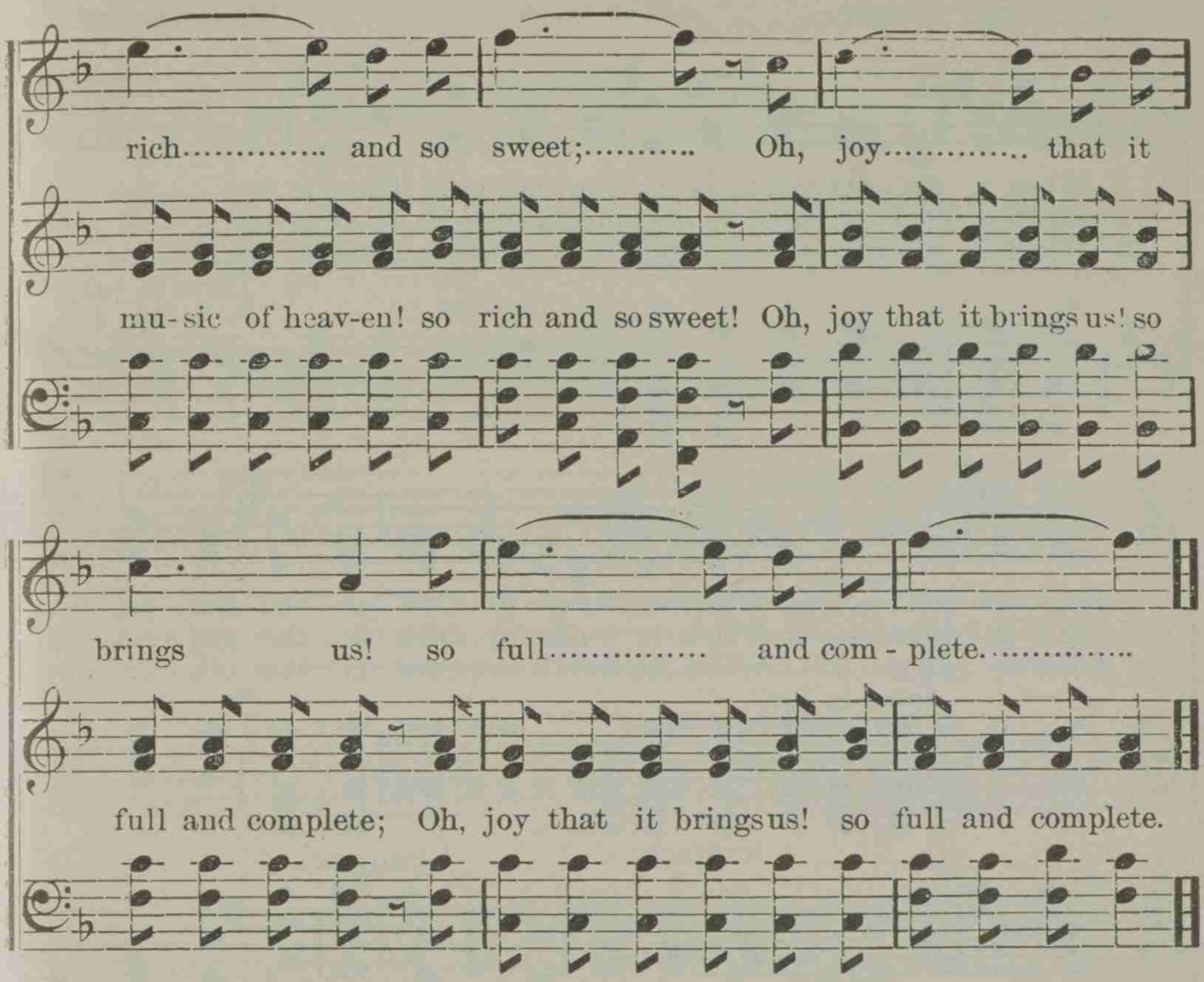


OBLIGATO SOLO.



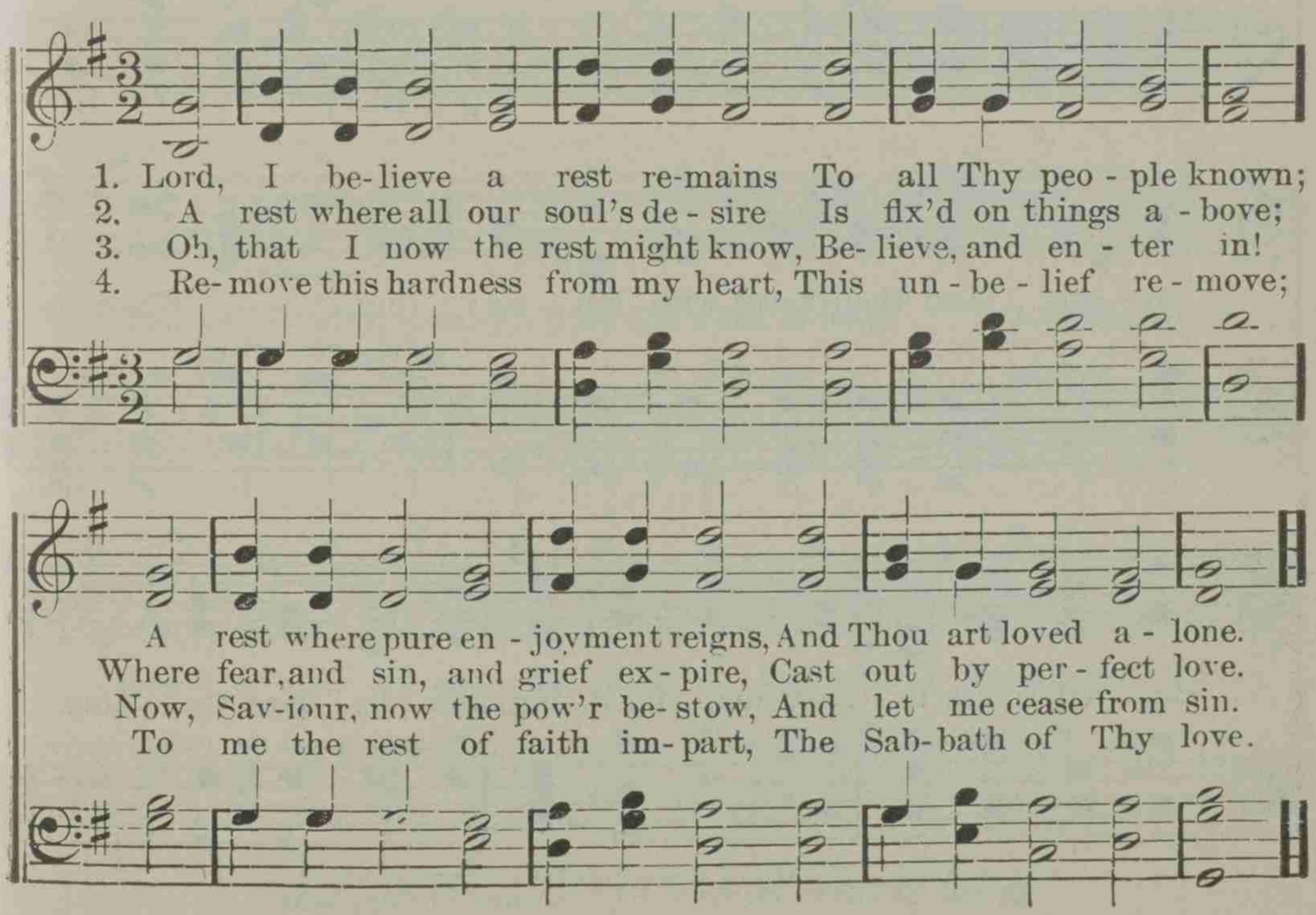
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The Music of Heaven.—Concluded.



No. 227. MARLOW.

WESLEY. Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



No. 228. THERE IS JOY.

MARGARET MOODY. LUKE 15:10. W. A. OGDEN.



By per. of Silver, Burdett & Co., owners of Copyright.

No. 229. SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev-'ry one; Rest your
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban-ner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling
By Thy grace, When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we

CHORUS.

cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be- fore Thy face.
} Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly round the

ban-ner, Read-y, stead-y, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward,

shout a - loud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

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No. 230. HIDE THOU ME.

TOPLADY. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Rock of A - - ges cleft for me,
2. Should my tears for - ev - - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,



1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, should my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, Oh, while I draw this fleet-ing breath,



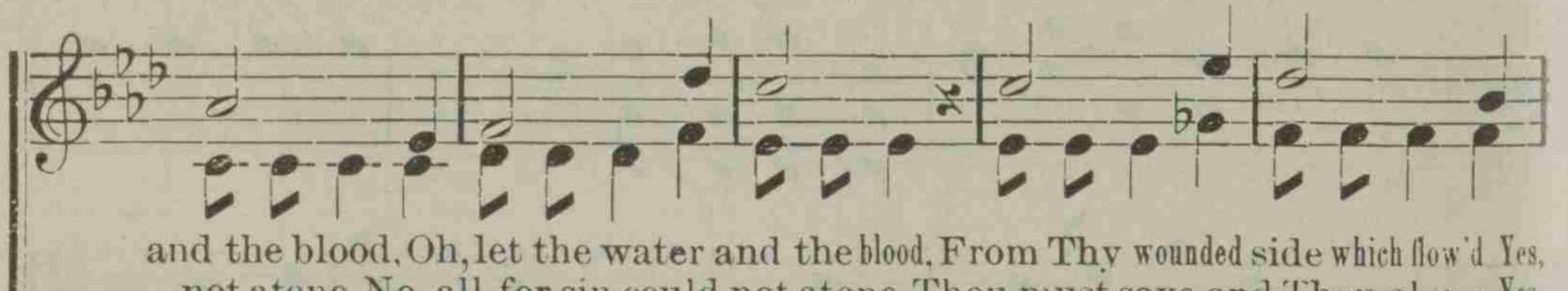
Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let the
Should my zeal no lan - guor know, All
When my eye - lids close in death, When I



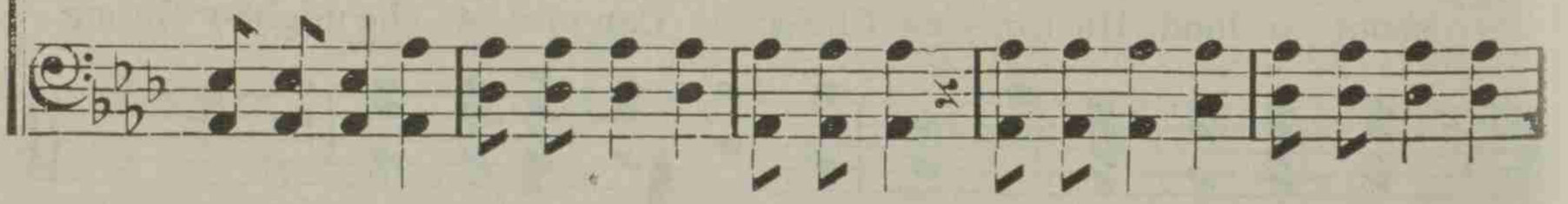
Let me hide myself in Thee, Oh, let me hide myself in Thee, Let the wa-ter
Should my zeal no languor know, Oh, should my zeal no languor know, All for sin could
When my eyelids close in death, Yes, when my eyelids close in death, When I rise to



wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed
sin could not a- tone, Thou must save and
rise to worlds unknown, And be- hold Thee



and the blood, Oh, let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd Yes,
not atone, No, all for sin could not atone. Thou must save and Thou alone, Yes,
worlds unknown, Oh, when I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne, Yes,



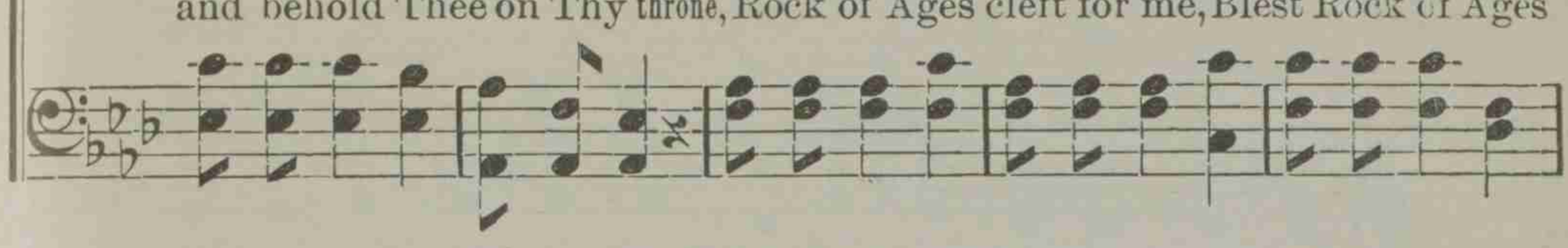
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners of Copyright.

Hide Thou Me.—Concluded.

side which flow'd, Be of sin the doub - le
Thou a - lone, In my hand no price I
on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges cleft for



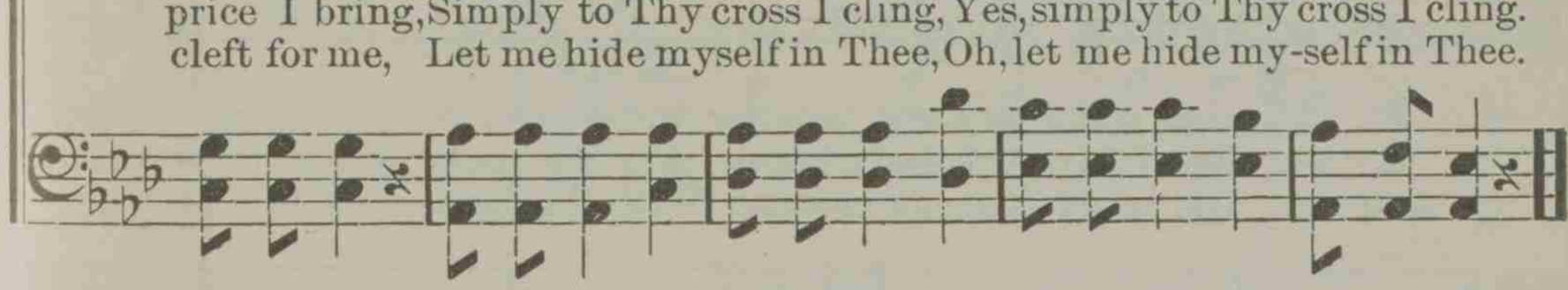
from Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Yes, be of sin the
Thou must save and Thou alone, In my hand no price I bring, Oh, in my hand no
and behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of Ages cleft for me, Blest Rock of Ages



cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling,
me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.



double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath and make me pure.
price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling, Yes, simply to Thy cross I cling.
cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, Oh, let me hide my-self in Thee.



No. 231. HAPPY ZION.

THOMAS KELLEY. I. B. WOODBURY.



1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by pow'r divine;
   { All her foes shall be confound-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine.
2. { Ev - 'ry human tie may per- ish, Friend to friend unfaith-ful prove.
   { Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last remove;



Hap- py Zi - on, Hap- py Zi - on, What a fa-vor'd lot is thine!
But no chang-es, But no chang-es Can at - tend Je - ho-vah's love.



No. 232. BEHIND THE CLOUD.

EVA BEST.
DUET.

R. H. RANDALL.

1. If a cloud should come between us And the splen-dor of the sun,
2. If we hold to wrong o - pinions Till they form a might-y wall,
3. Although pain and sin and sor-row Seem to dark - en earth-ly days,

If the rays of gold- en sunlight Should be hid - den one by one,
If we har - bor thoughts of er - ror, And for - get that God is all,
We may learn a sim - ple les- son From the sun's obstruct-ed rays,

If a - cross the stream and meadow Sud- den - ly a darkness came,
If we live in mor-tal darkness, Are we not our selves to blame.
And tho' life it-self seems clouded With the dark - ness of de-spair.

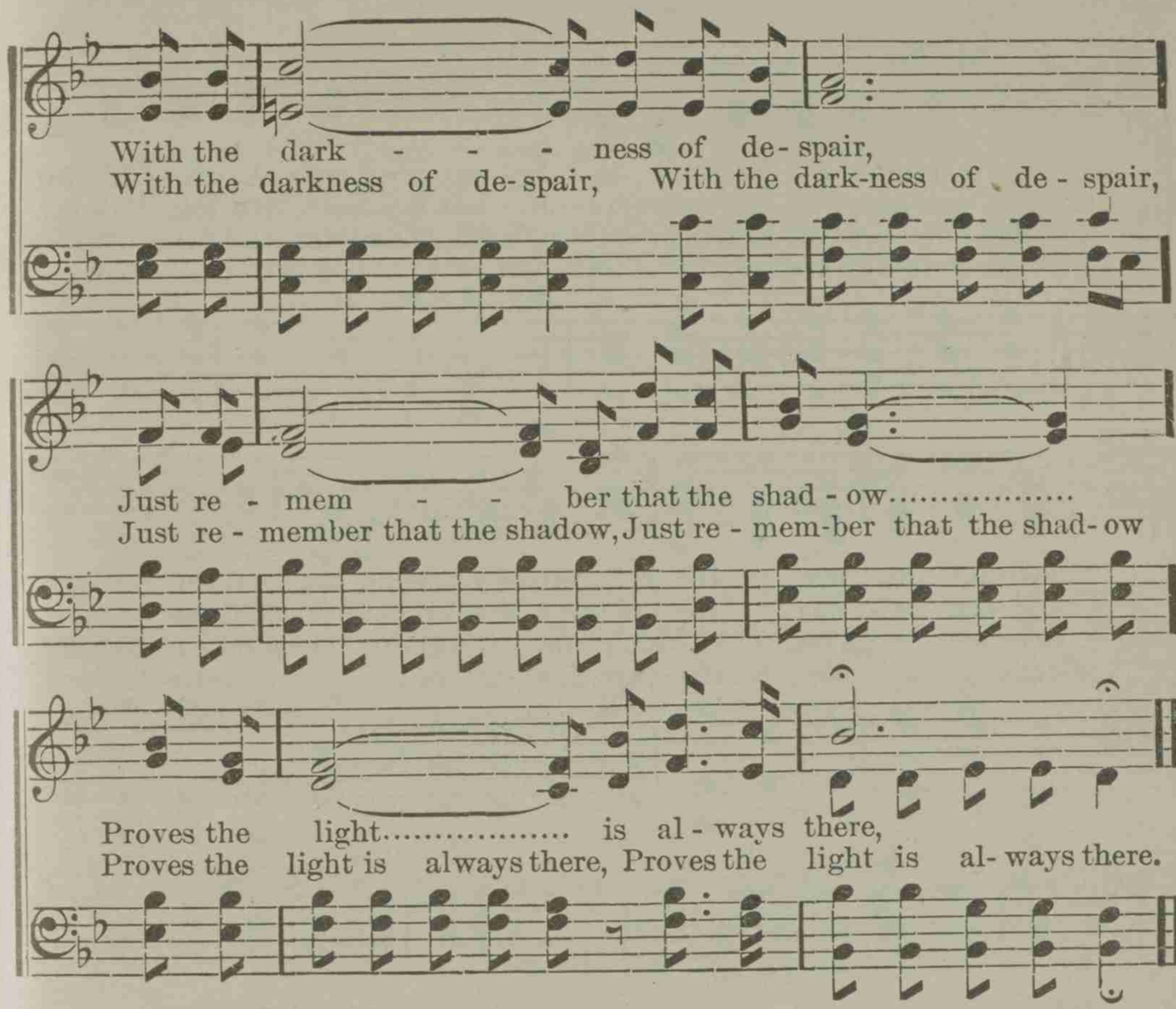
Should we ques- tion for a moment That the sun shone just the same?
Since God's truth be-yond the shad-ow Shines in splen- dor just the same?
Just re- mem - ber that the shad-ow Proves the light is al- ways there.

CHORUS.

And tho' life..... it- self seems clouded,..... .....
And tho' life it - self seems clouded, And tho' life it- self seems clouded,

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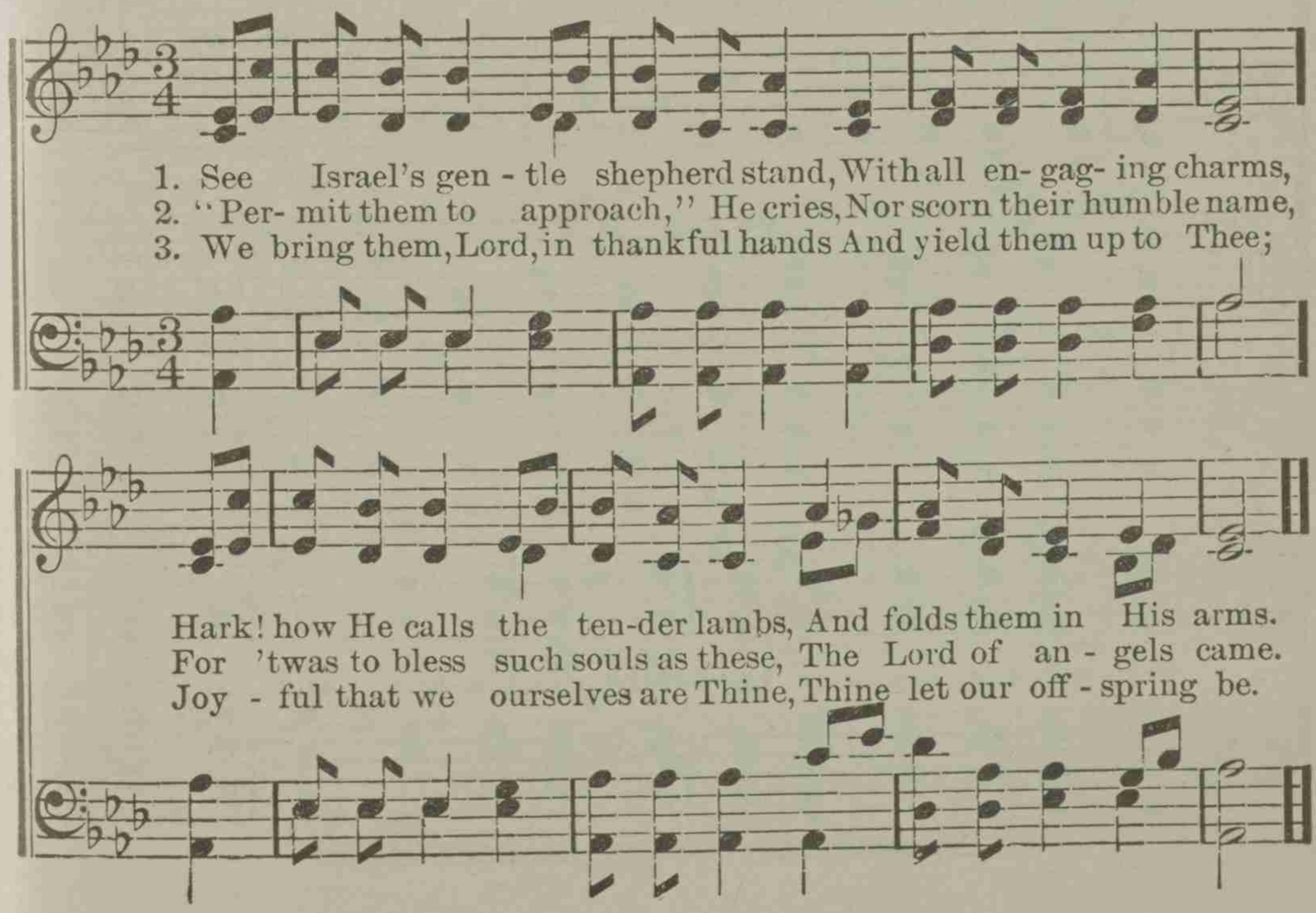
Behind the Cloud.—Concluded.



No. 233.

TIOGA.

O. R. Barrows, by per.



No. 234. HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 32 : 7. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretio.

1. A won - der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der- ful
2. A won - der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num- ber-less blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When cloth'd in His brightness transport ed I rise To meet Him in

Sav-iour to me, He hil - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur- den a - way, He hol l- eth me up, and I shall not be mov'd,
full- ness di - vine, I sing in my rapture, O glo - ry to God!
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won-der- ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
He giv - eth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.

He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad- ows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love, And cov - ers me

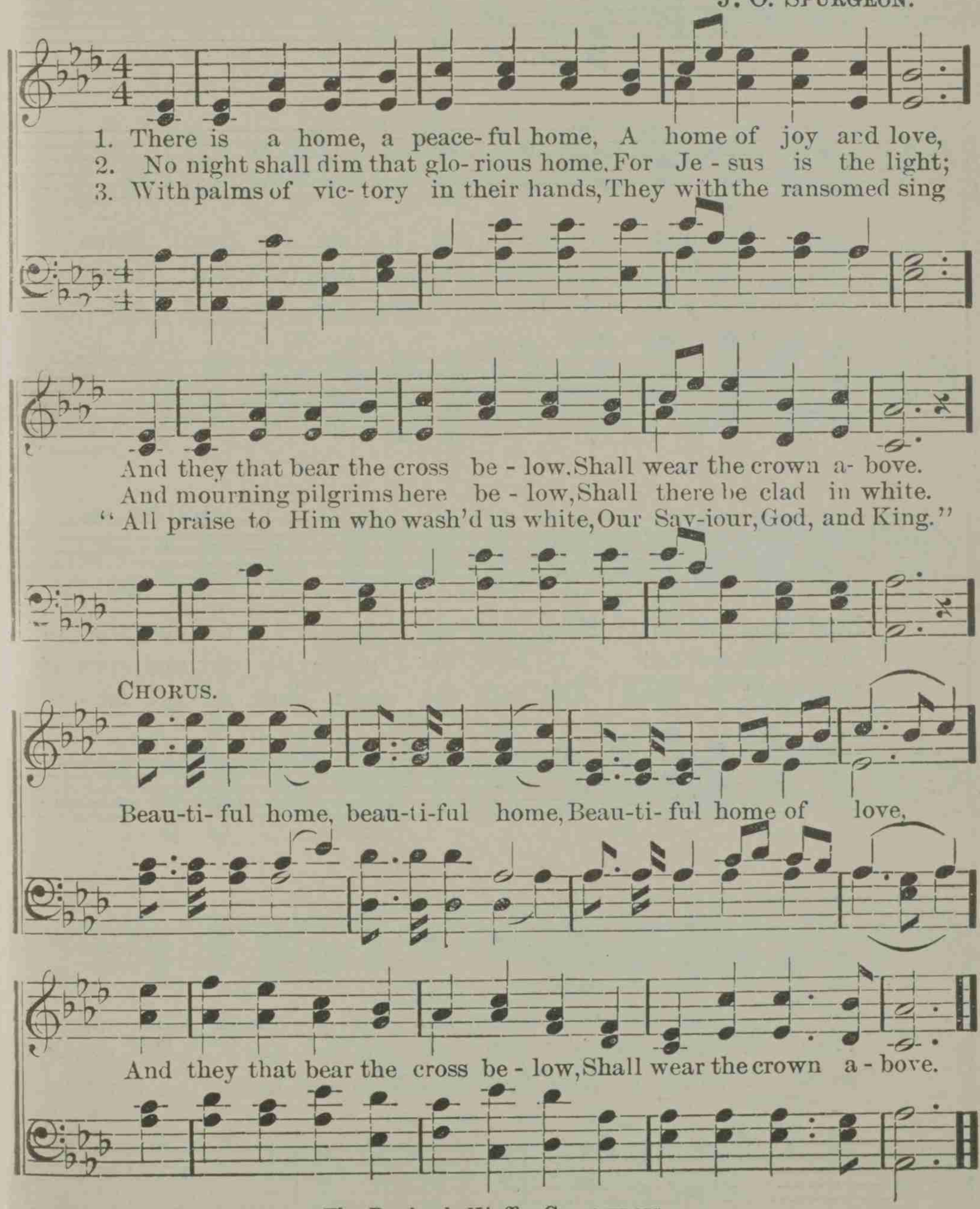
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He Hideth My Soul.—Concluded.



No. 235. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. O. SPURGEON.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 236. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears,..... Pride ruled my will, re - mem-ber not past years!
smile..... Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!

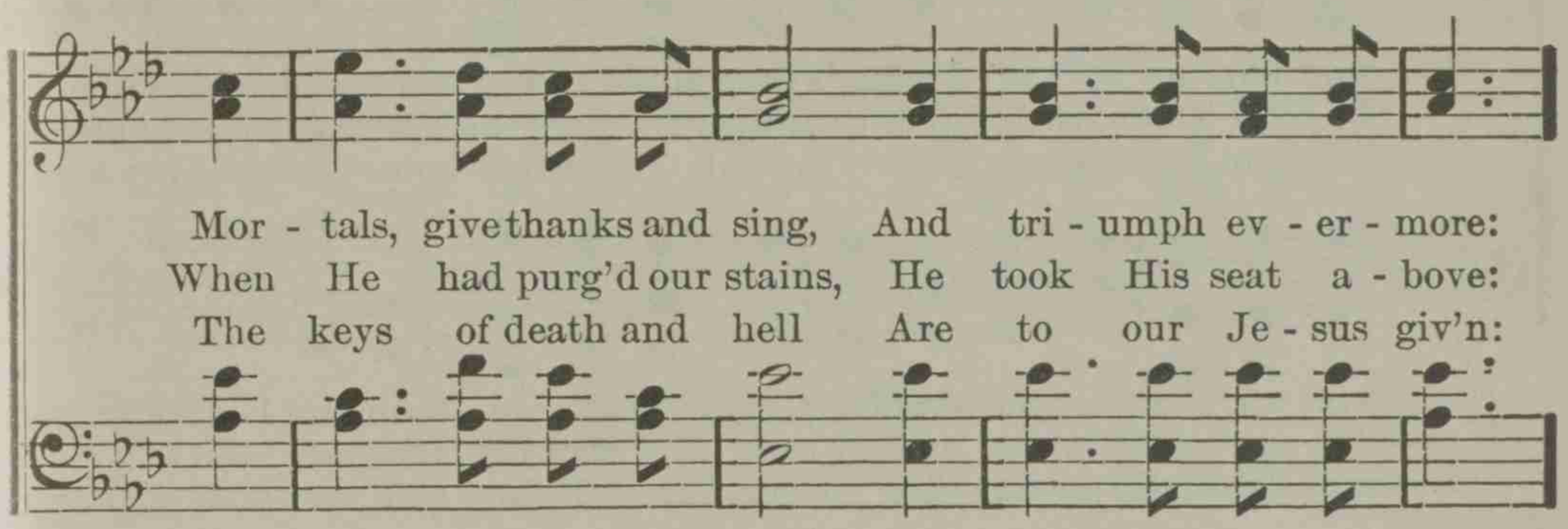
No. 237. FREDERICKSBURG.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.



1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore;
2. Je - sus, the Sav-iour reigns, The God of truth and love;
3. His king - dom can- not fail; He rules o'er earth and heav'n;



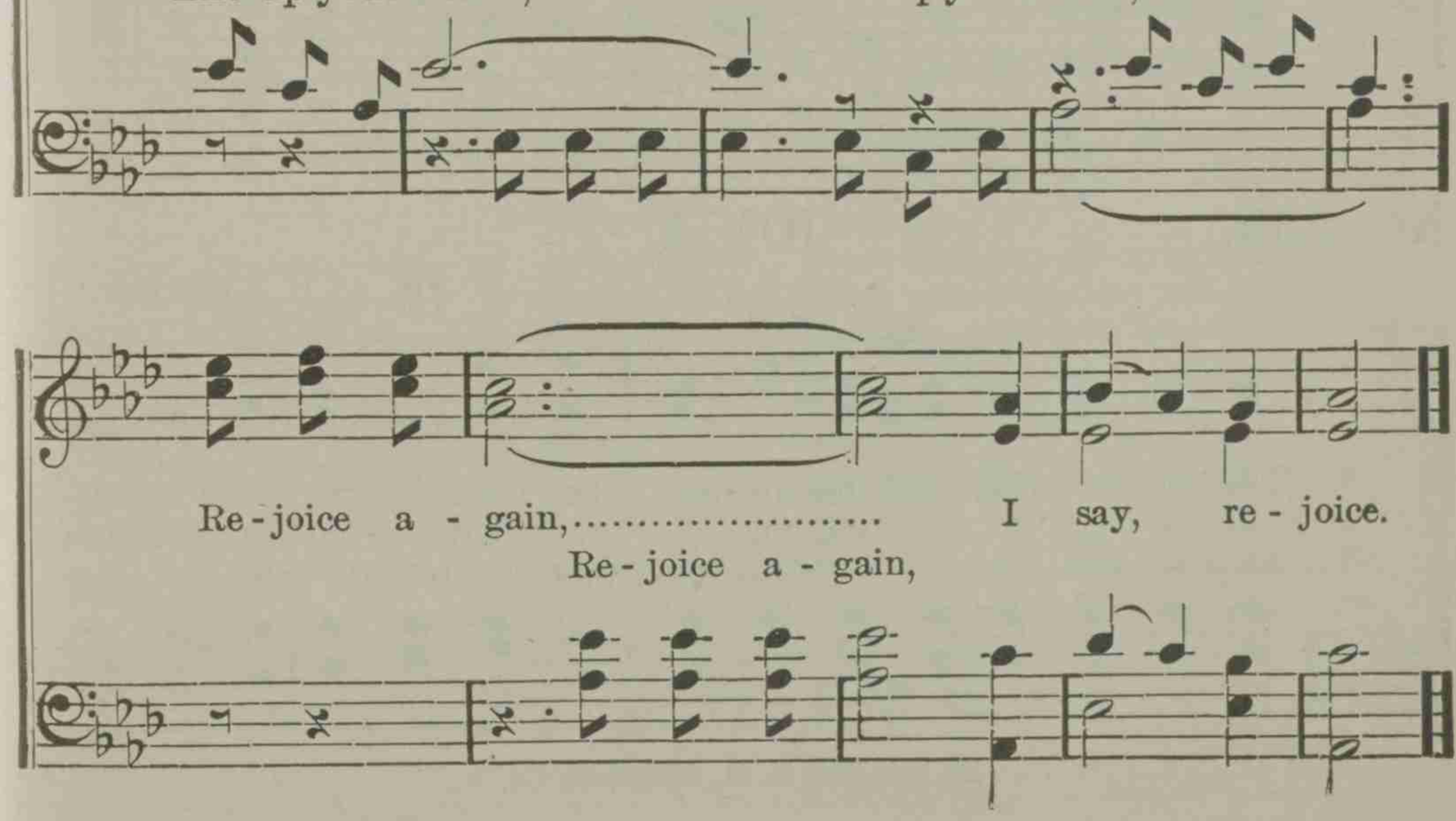


Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:
When He had purg'd our stains, He took His seat a - bove:
The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus giv'n:

Chorus.



Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice,
Lift up your hearts,..... Lift up your voice,.....



Re - joice a - gain,..... I say, re - joice.
Re - joice a - gain,

No. 238. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

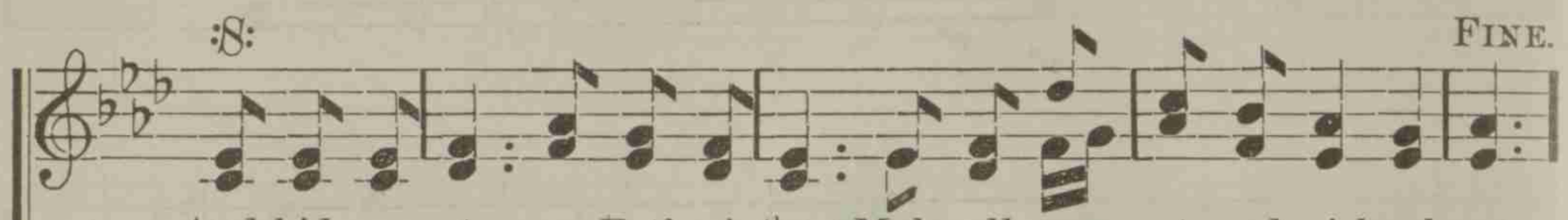
Rev. W. W. WALFORD. J. H. HALL.

With expression.



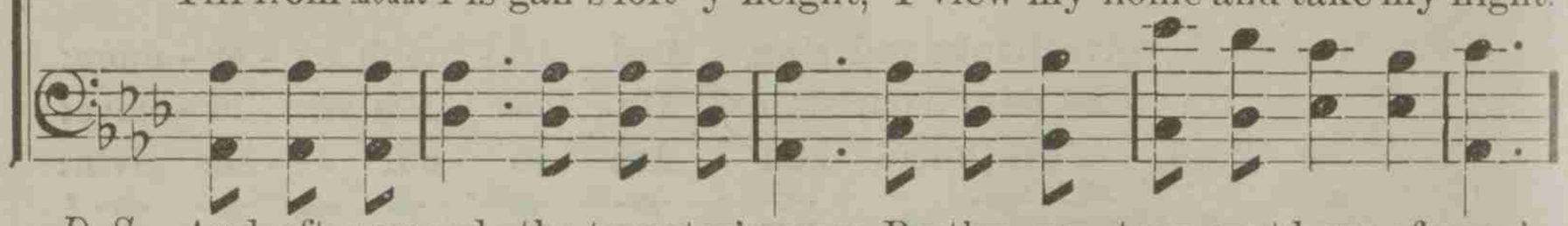
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so-la-tion share,



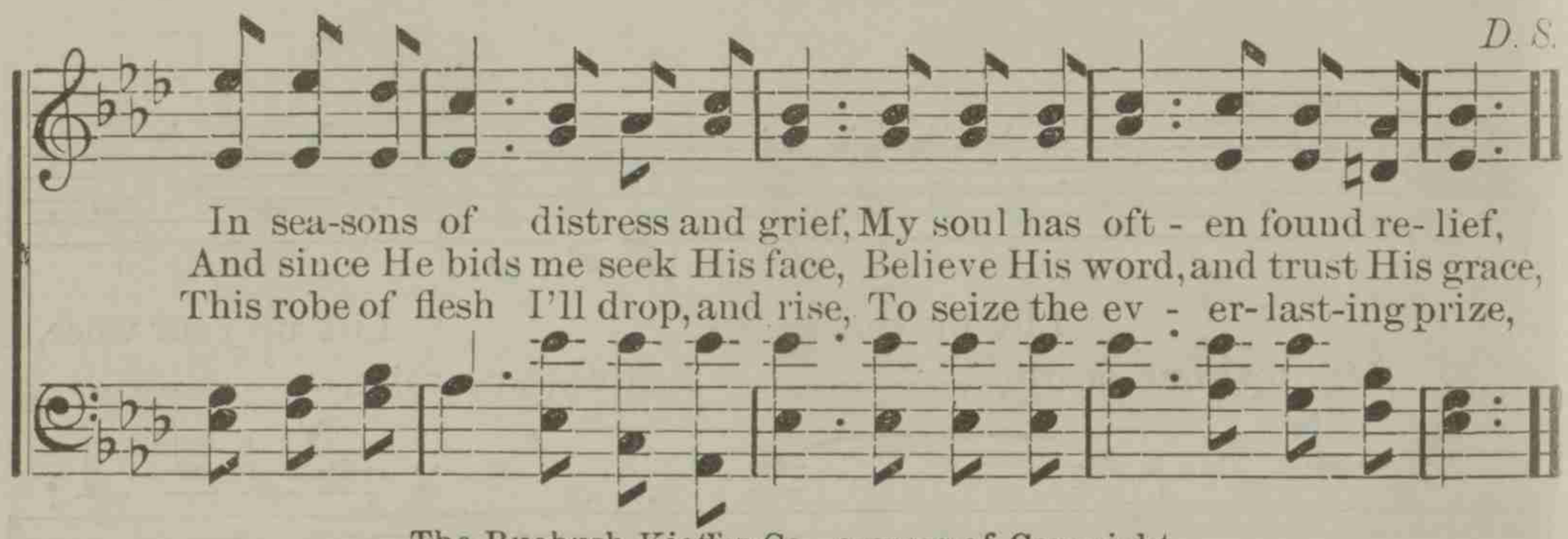


FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
To Him whose truth and faithfulness En-gage the waiting soul to bless.
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft- y height, I view my home and take my flight.



D. S.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev -'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, fare- well, sweet hour of pray'r.



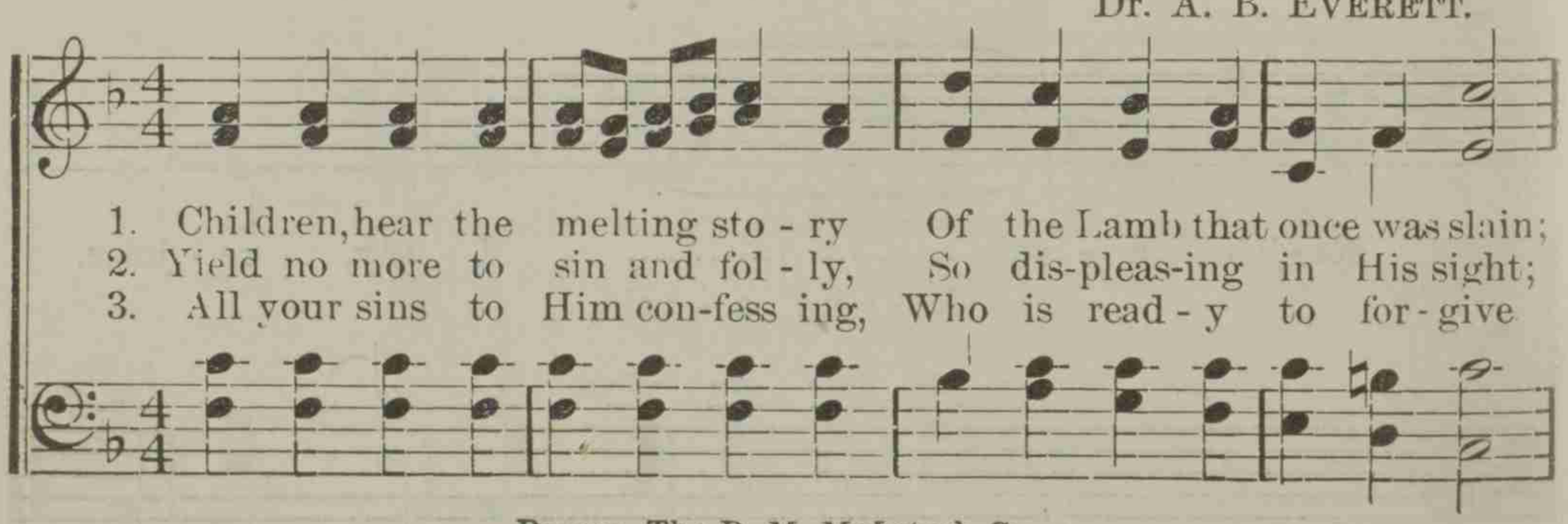
D. S.

In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re- lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er-last-ing prize,

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No. 239. IONIA.

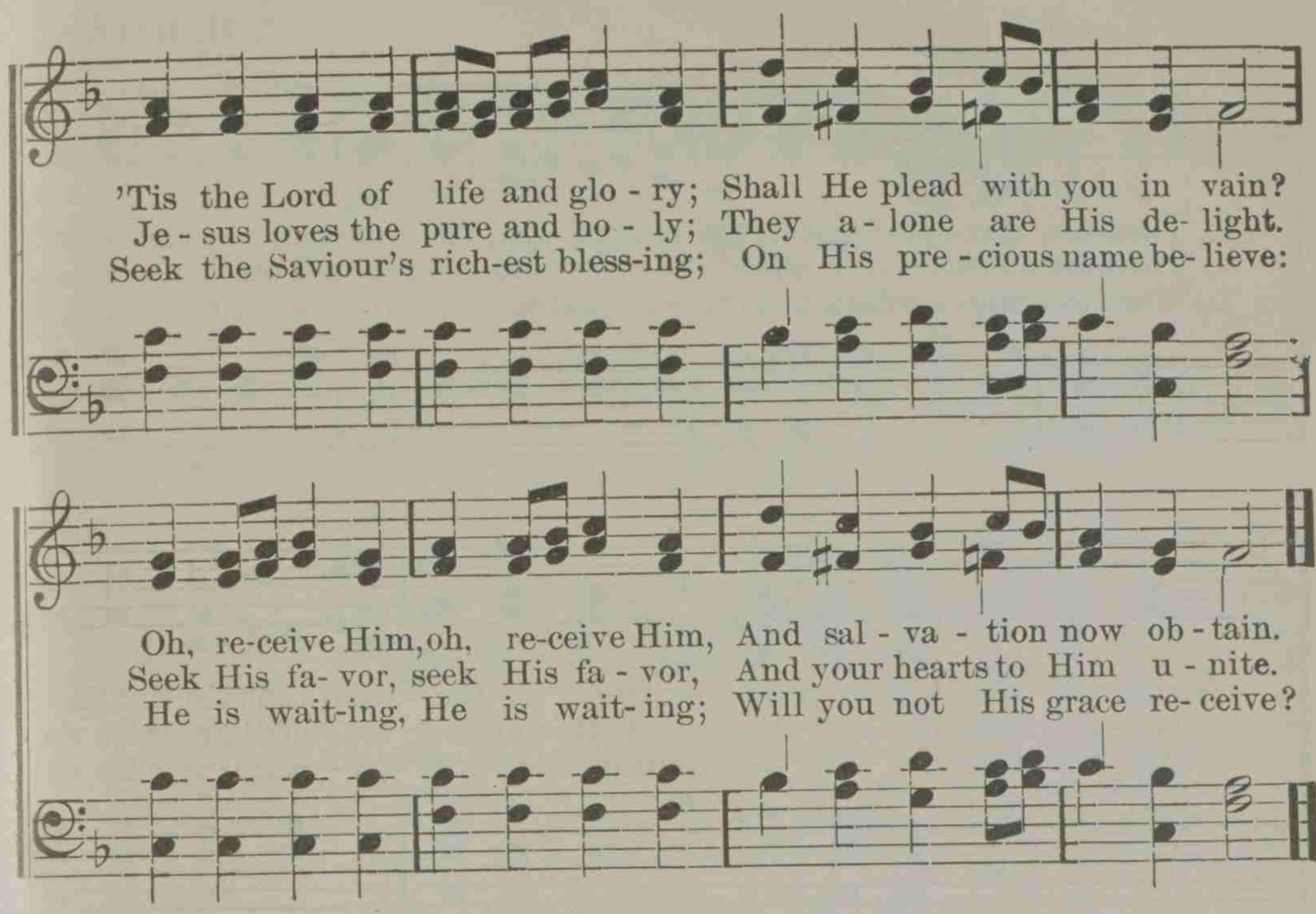
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Children, hear the melting sto - ry Of the Lamb that once was slain;
2. Yield no more to sin and fol - ly, So dis-pleas-ing in His sight;
3. All your sins to Him con-fess ing, Who is read - y to for - give

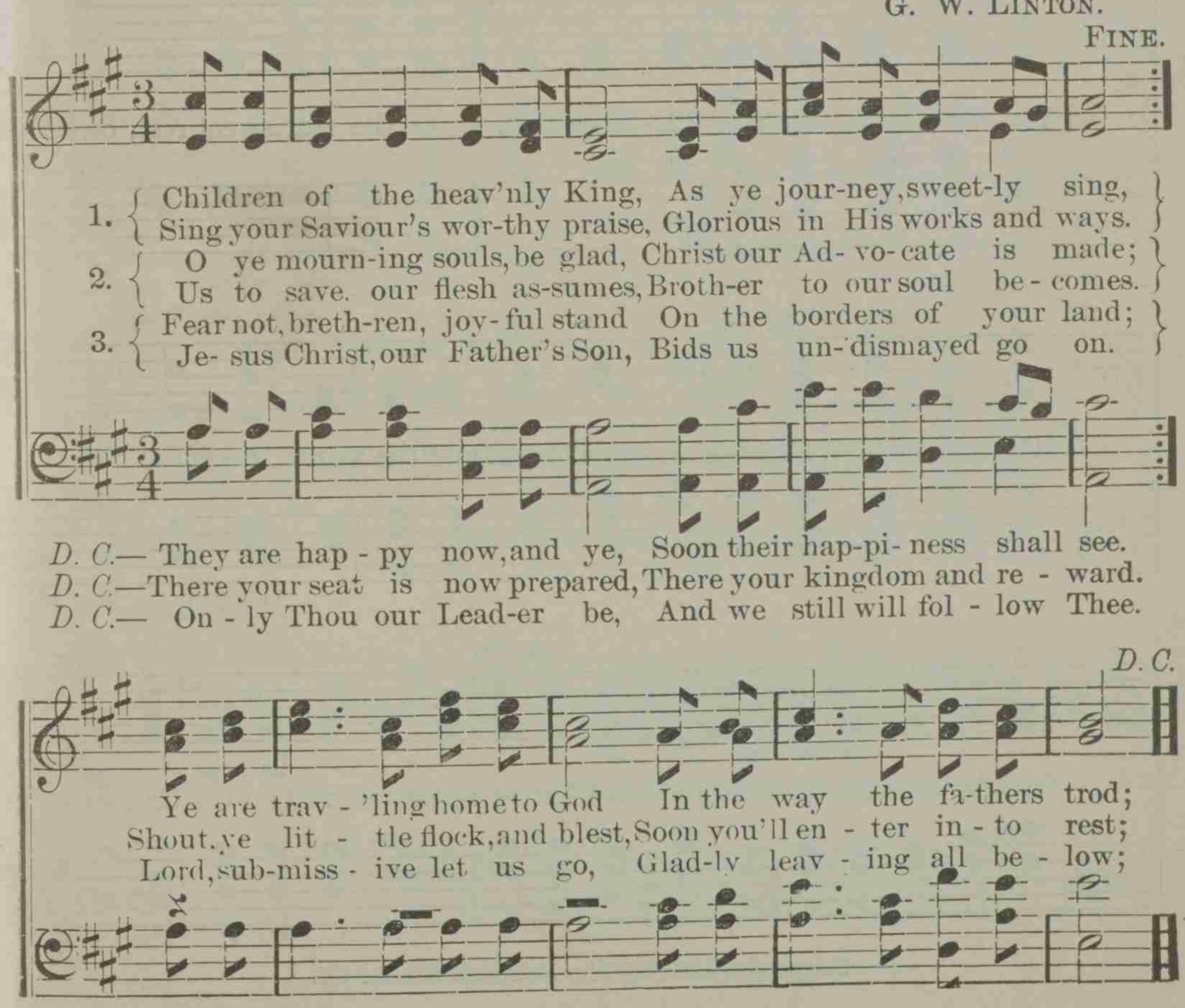
By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

Ionia.—Concluded.



No. 240. **WELCOME.**

G. W. Linton.



No. 241. THERE IS SWEET REST.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.

1. There are dan-gers drear on the sea of life, There are paths to shun where the
2. There are storms to face all the way a- cross, And so frail our barks, we may
3. When the skies are dark and the wild waves roll, Still the Beacon-gleams shall our

rocks are rife, And we're oft - en toss'd by the wind and tide, But there's
suf - fer loss, But one Bea - con true o'er the sea shall guide To the
bark con - trol; In the wondrous light we will on - ward glide To our

CHORUS.

rest, sweet rest, on the Ca - naan-side. O the rest, sweet rest, on the
Ca- naan-side, Where the an - gels bright and the saints a - bide; For the
faithful here, for the true and tried. There is rest, sweet rest on the Canaan-side.

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The Crowning Day.

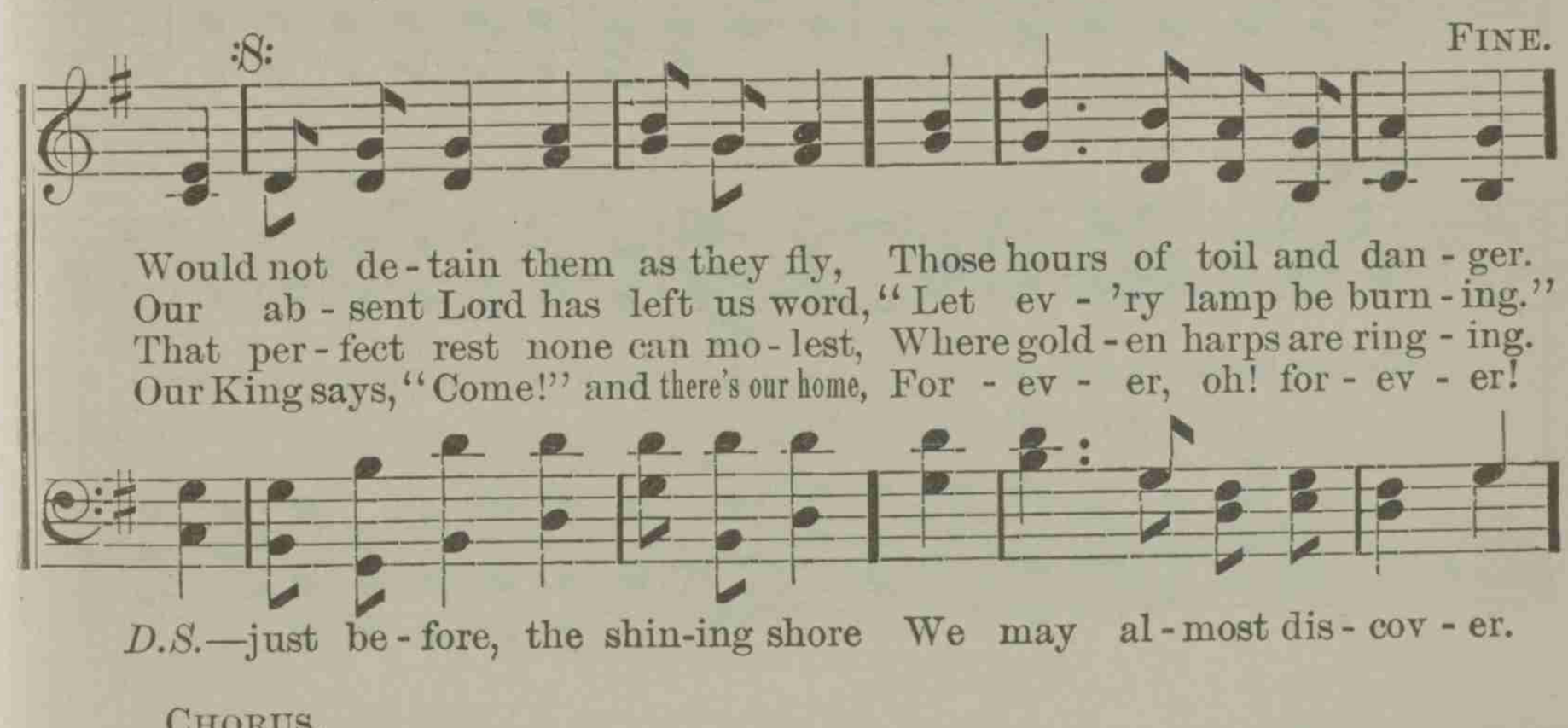
—No. 6.—

No. 242. SHINING SHORE.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35 : 10.

DANIEL NELSON. GEORGE F. ROOT.





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No. 243. BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

N. B. SARGENT. J. H. HALL.

With expression.

1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not see,
2. Ev'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has filled;
3. Ev'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart a joy or pain,
4. Are you building for God a - lone? Are you building in faith and love?

Which time cannot mar nor de - stroy; We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
Ev'ry deed we have done, good or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - en its beau - ty stain.
A tem-ple the Master will own, In the cit - y of Light a - bove.

CHORUS.

We are building ev-'ry day, A temple the world may not see;
Building, building ev'ry day, See, not see;

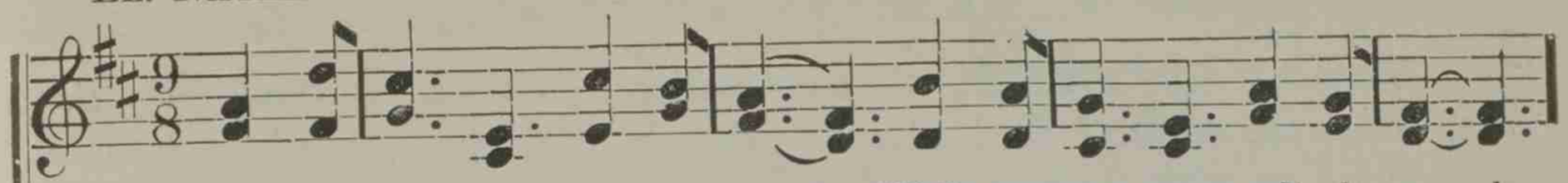
We are building ev -'ry day,..... Building for e - ter - ni - ty.
Building, building ev -'ry day,

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No. 244. WHY NOT NOW?

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

El. Nathan. C. C. Case.

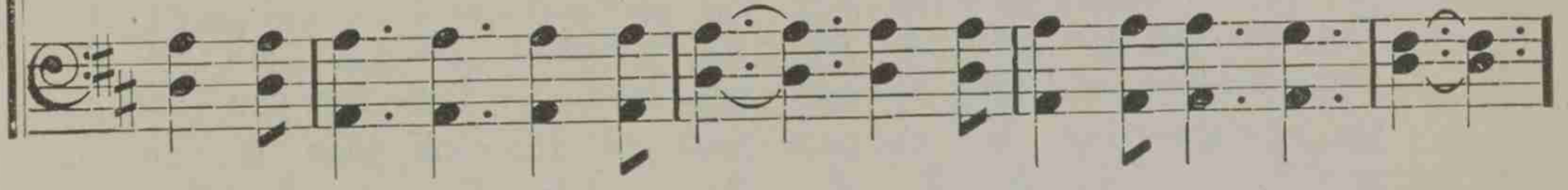


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;





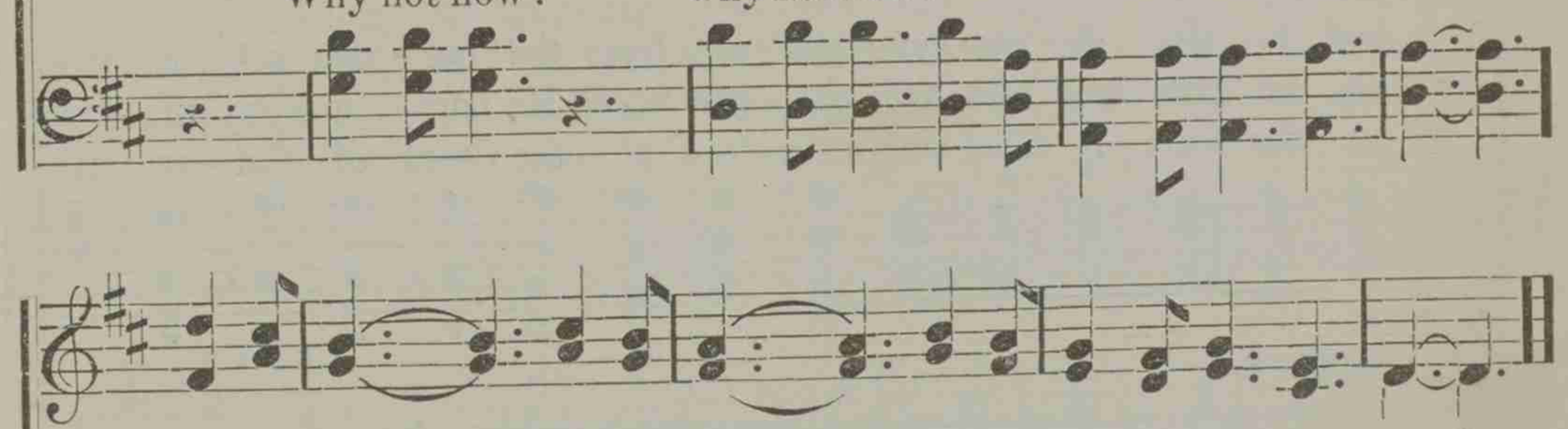
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er. come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



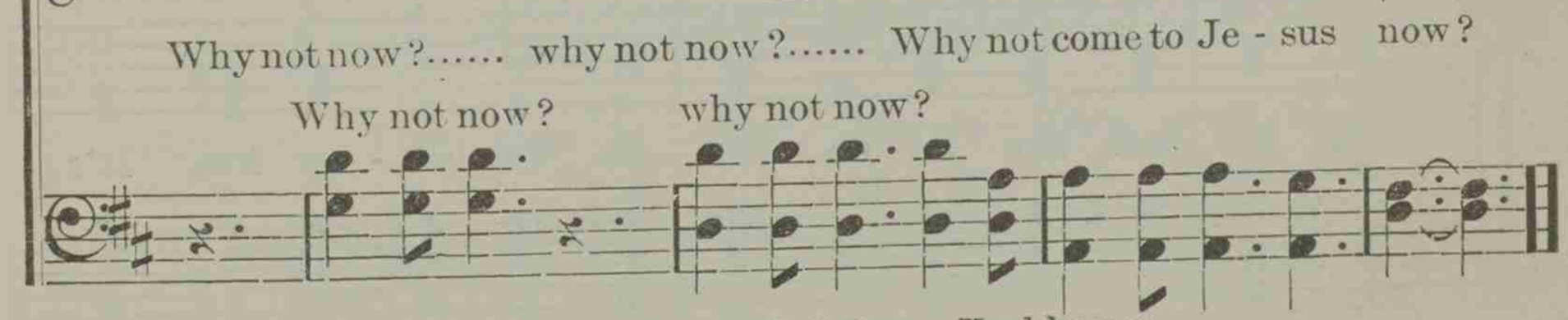
Chorus.



Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



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2. It's Just Like Jesus.

G. P. H. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Rev. G. P. Hott.

1. When my life was full of sor - row and my heart was full of sin,
And the sense of guilt was deep-'ning and I felt no peace with - in,
It was then the bless - ed Sav - ior looked in pit - y up - on me,
And in His di - vine com - pas - sion from the bur - den set me free.

2. When the wrath of God was gath-'ring in the tem-pest's loud a - larm,
And no arm was found suf - fi - cient strong to save the world from harm,
Shone the love of Christ the Sav - ior, man - i - fest for you and me,
As on Him was laid our sor - row which He bore up - on the tree.

3. Oft - en when the heart is heav - y with life's bur - den, grief and care,
And the eyes are look - ing heav'n-ward to the man-sions o - ver there,
Oh, how cheer-ing is the pros - pect of the life that is to be,
As the heart is filled with mem - 'ries of the Cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's just like Je - sus, to set the sin - ner free, It's

It's Just Like Jesus.

just like Je - sus, who died up - on the tree; Yes, it's just like

Je - sus to bear the cross for me, And prove His heav'n-ly love.

3. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **Silas J. Vail.**

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

D. S.—All a - long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 247. BY AND BY, GATHER US ALL.

M. S. W. F. WERSCHKUL.

DUET. *Moderato movement.* *cres.*



1. When scatter'd or lonely we wander here, Good Shepherd, we love Thy call;
2. We wander thro' pastures of good and ill, Yet ev-er our hearts re - joice;
3. Dear Saviour, when comes our last eventide, Thy beautiful gates un - fold;



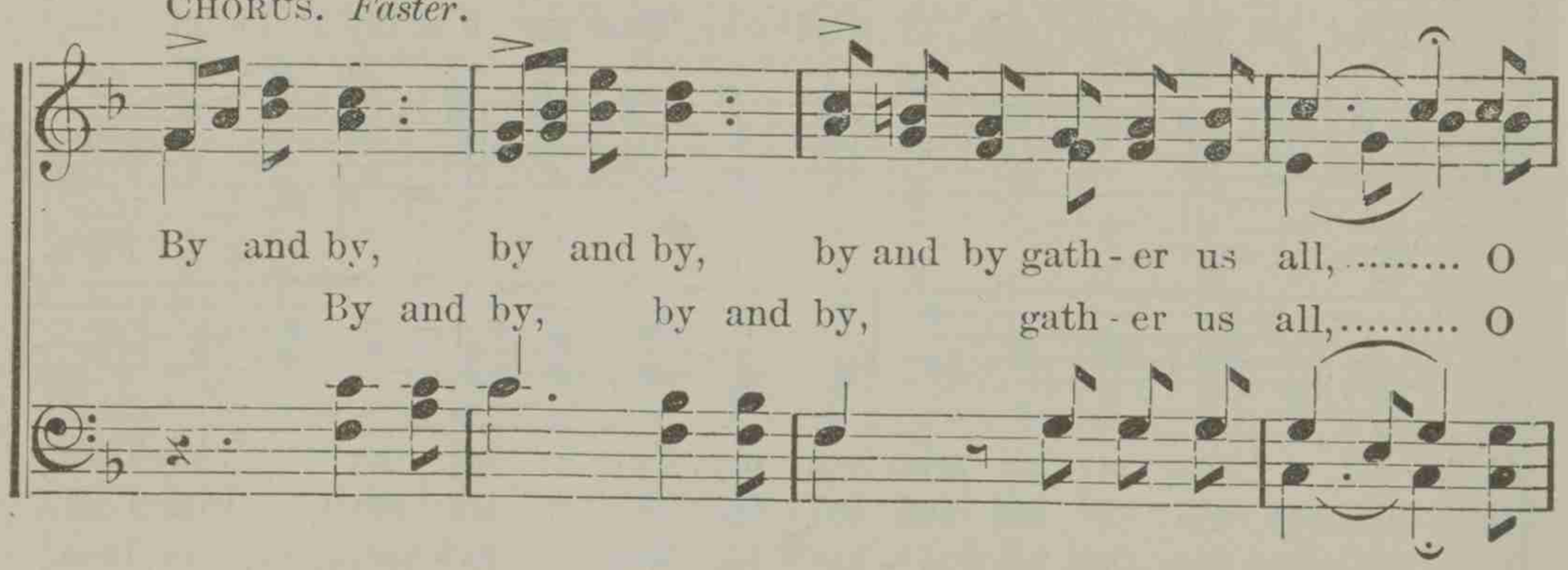
rit.



O gath-er us in - to the up - per fold, By and by gather us all.
If we thro' the dangers or dark may hear, Sweetly, our Leader's kind voice.
O gath-er us all with the lov'd and true, In - to the heav-en - ly fold.



CHORUS. *Faster.*



By and by, by and by, by and by gath - er us all, ... O
By and by, by and by, gath - er us all, ... O

p rit.

gather us in - to the up - per fold, By and by, gather us all.....
gather us all.

From "Ever New." By per.

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No. 248. LABOR ON.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe
2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad
3. In the gleaners' path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work - ers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy with His chos - en shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day. La - bor on! la - bor
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!

on! Keep the bright re- ward in view; For the Mas - ter has
la-bor on!

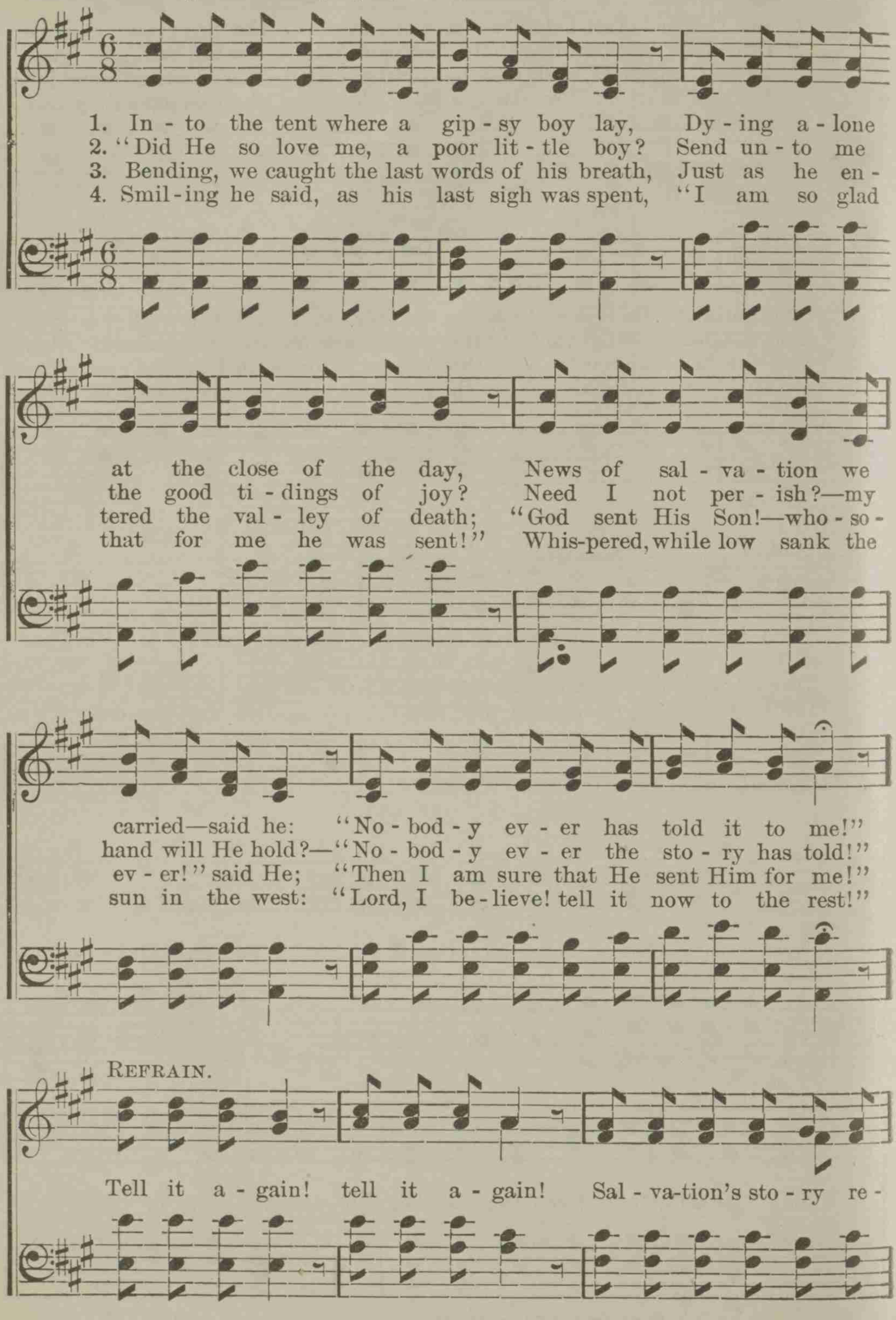
said He will strength re-new; La - bor on till the close of day!

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No. 249. TELL IT AGAIN.

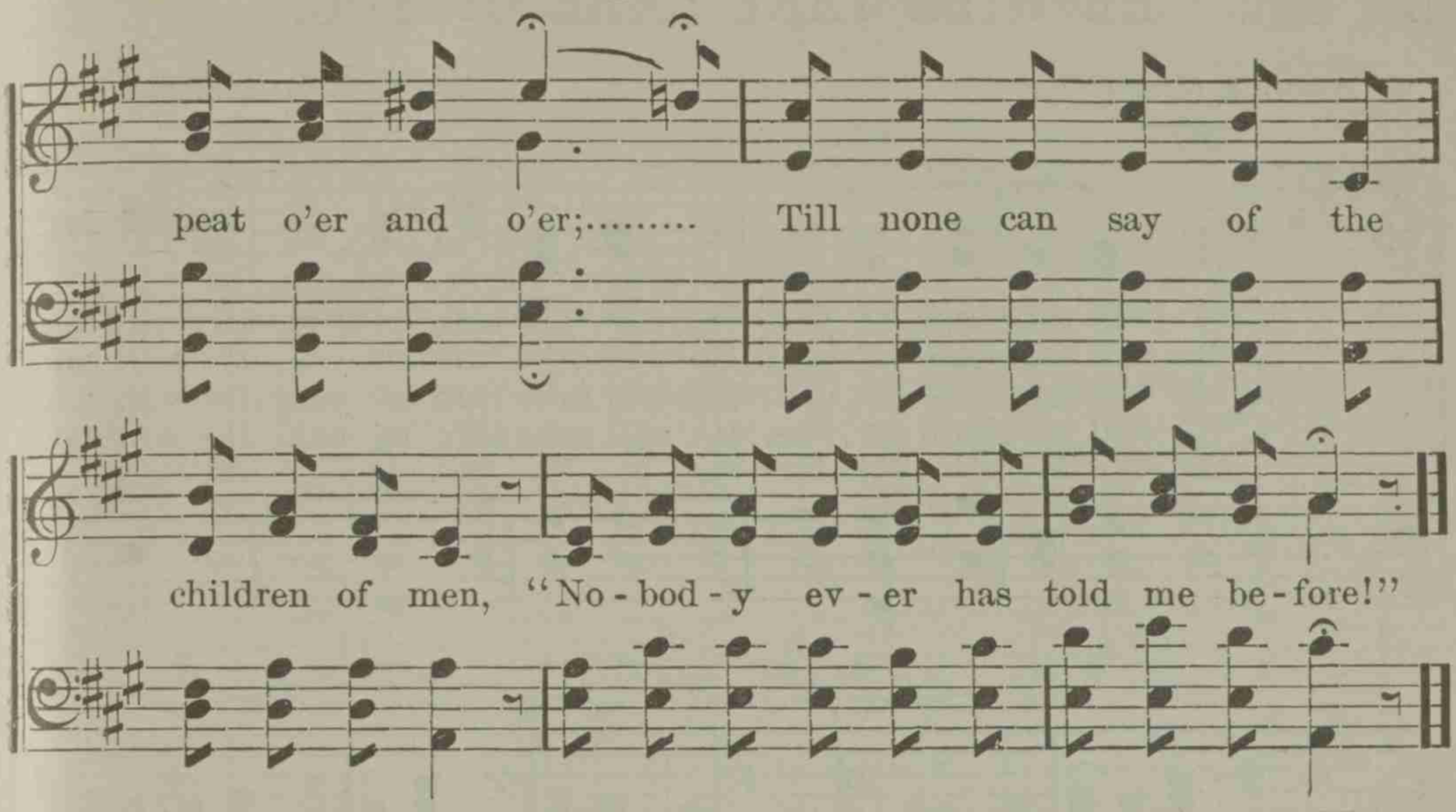
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."



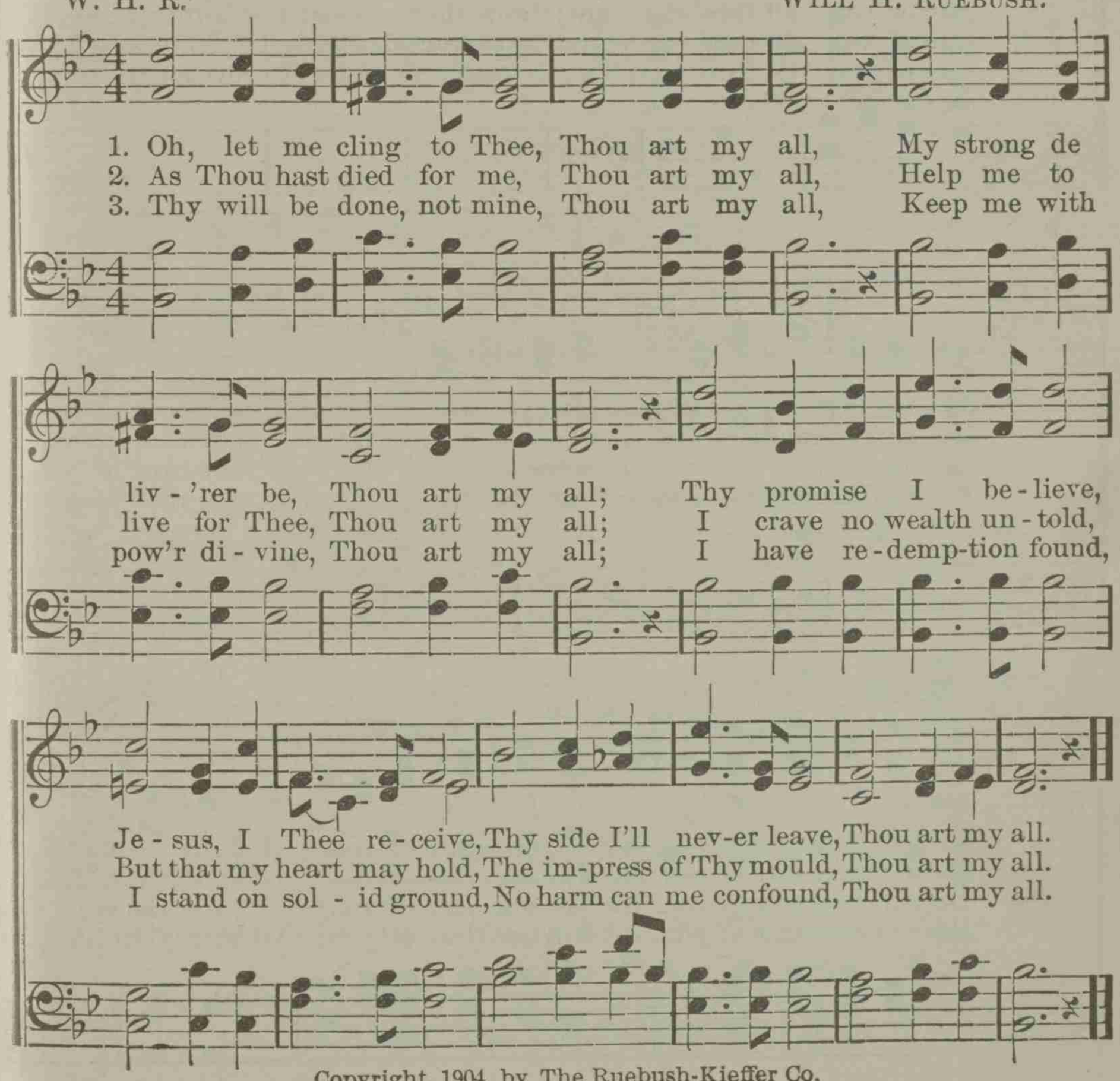
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Tell It Again.—Concluded.



No. 250. THOU ART MY ALL.

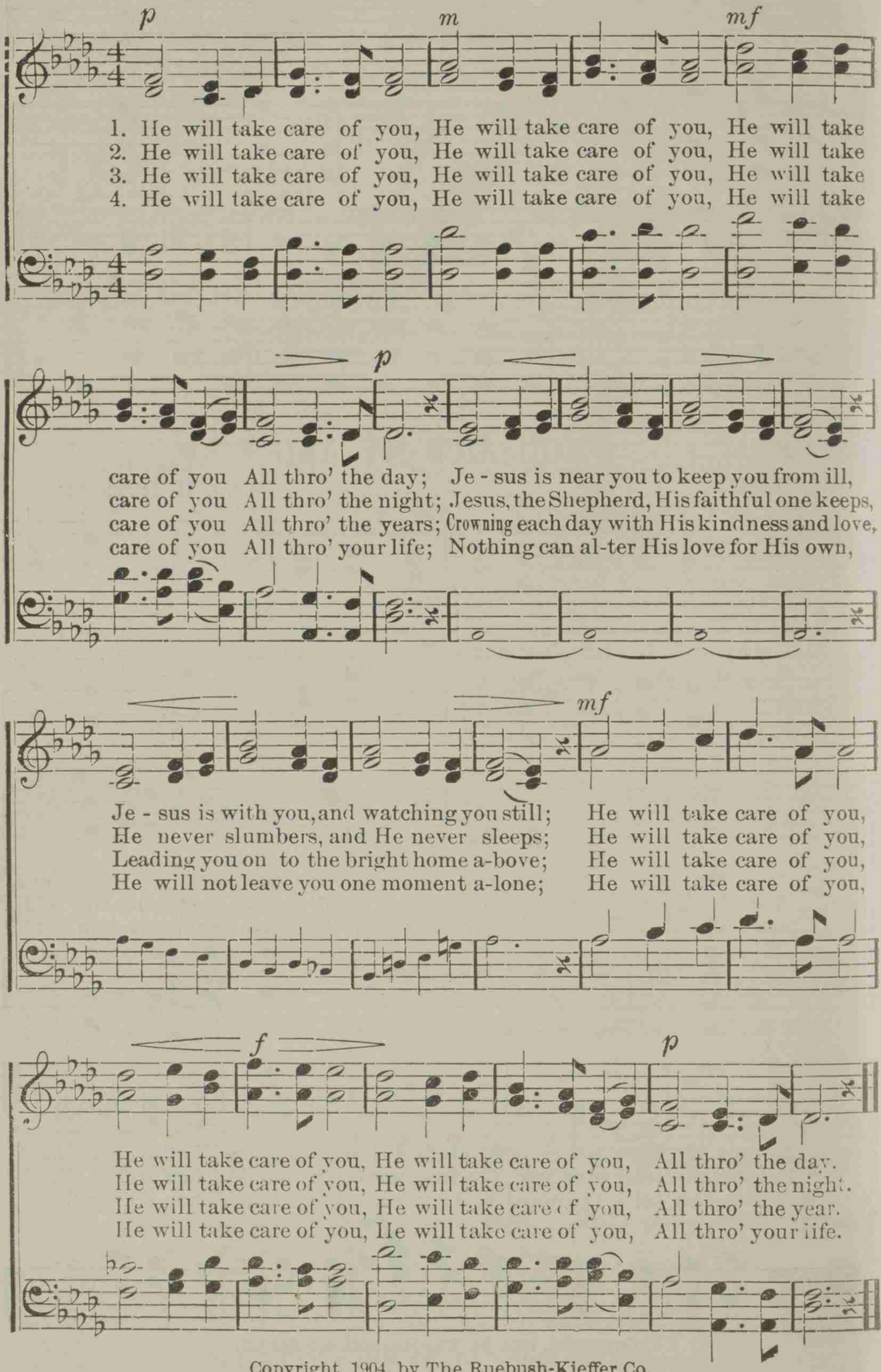
W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



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No. 251. HE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

Words arranged. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



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No. 252. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin op - press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav- iour and Lord,
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus who loves you best, By His death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest!

Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,) Oh! why won't you come in

sim - ple, trust - ing faith, Je - sus will give you rest.

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No. 253. MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With ten - der com-
2. Some heart may be long-ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark - est de - spair, Whose shadows would
4. Come, all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn, Come, ye who in

pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be - seech - ing, and
Spir - it is quickened and stirred; Now grant, blessed Sav - iour, this
melt in the sun - light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav - iour, I
sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

earn - est - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.
serv - ice to me, Of speak-ing a com - fort - ing mes-sage for Thee.
hum - bly im - plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.
Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless-ing, dear Saviour, to - day.

CHORUS.

Lord, make..... me a blessing to-day, A blessing to some one, I pray;
Lord, make me a blessing, I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a blessing to - day.

Copyright, 1899, by W H. Doane. By per.

No. 254. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PRO. 17: 17. **English Melody.**

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev -'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in
ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en, and
live by faith and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've

D.S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the

FINE.

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, to see His bless - ed face,

D.S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; (Hallelujah!) He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal; (Hallelujah!) He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll; (Hallelujah!) He's the

No. 255. BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de - light,

Where shall enter naught that may de-file; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
When the beau - ty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead, For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
In a fel - low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for - ev - er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful robes,..... Beau - - ti - ful
Beauti-ful robes, beauti-ful robes, Beauti-ful robes,

robes,..... Beau - - ti - ful robes we
beau-ti - ful robes, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

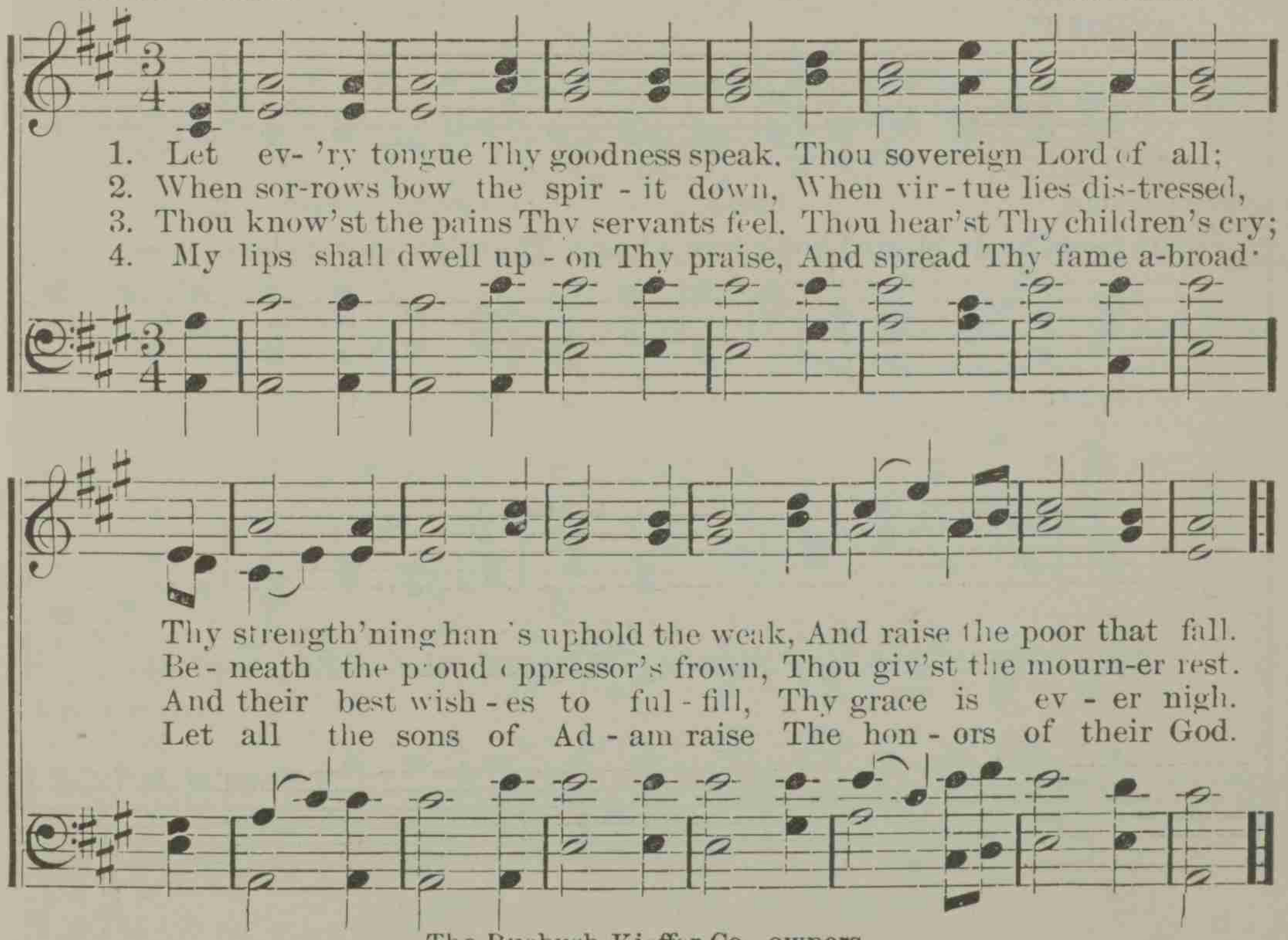
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Beautiful Robes.—Concluded.



No. 256. ARBOVALE.

ISAAC WATTS. J. H. HALL.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 257. WHEN ALL THE SAINTS GET HOME.

In Memory of My Sainted Mother.

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

1. Oh, Par - a-dise! sweet home of love, Where saints and an-gels dwell;
2. Oh, joy-ous thought now fills my heart, When all the saints get home,
3. We'll dwell with an - gels ev - er - more, In that bright home on high;

The Lord pre-pared that home a-bove, The bless - ed sto - ry tell.
We'll ne'er from friends and kindred part, Nor from the Sav-iour roam.
Sad part - ings then will all be o'er, We'll nev - er say good - by.

CHORUS.

Home, home,..... sweet; sweet, home;
Home, sweet home, blessed home, sweet home, The saints eternal home, sweet home.

Oh, what a hap - py meet-ing, When all the saints get home.
sweet home.

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No. 258. ROLL THE CAUSE ALONG.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Do you know a righteous cause Whose de-fend-ers are but few,
2. Haste the cause of right to save, Wait-ing not the lag-gard throng;
3. Leave the cow-ard ranks be-hind, And the Gid-eon arm-or wear,
4. Raise the glo-rious ban-ner high'r, Sound a-far the trum-pet call,

Wait-ing for a help-ing deed That the earn-est hand may do?
With a cour-age true and brave Speed the right a-gainst the wrong.
Trust in God and vic-t'ry find, For-ward go to do and dare.
Let the zeal of God in-spire Till the conquered foe shall fall.

CHORUS.

Roll the cause a-long! roll the cause a-long!
my brother! my brother!

Put your shoul-der to the wheel, Let the world the
im-pulse feel; Oh, my broth-er, roll the cause a-long!

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No. 259. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

M. B. WILLIAMS. C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
suf-fered, bled and died upon the tree; Of His heavy load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words abide.

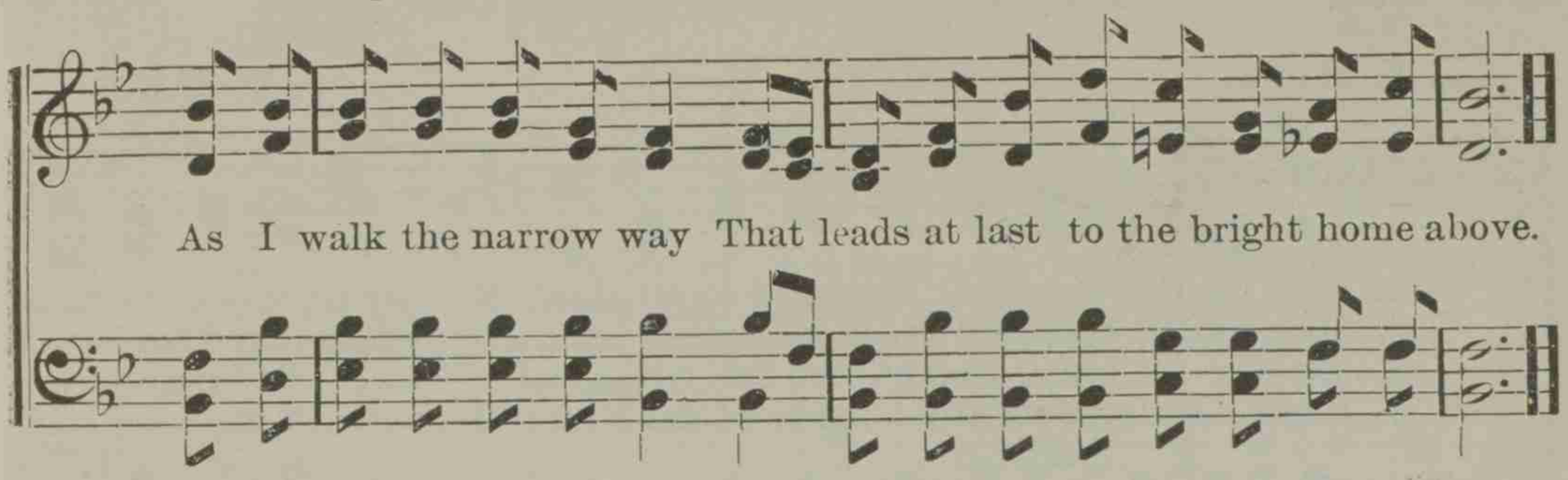
CHORUS.

Blessed book, (blessed book,) precious book, (precious book,) On thy dear old tear-stained

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,

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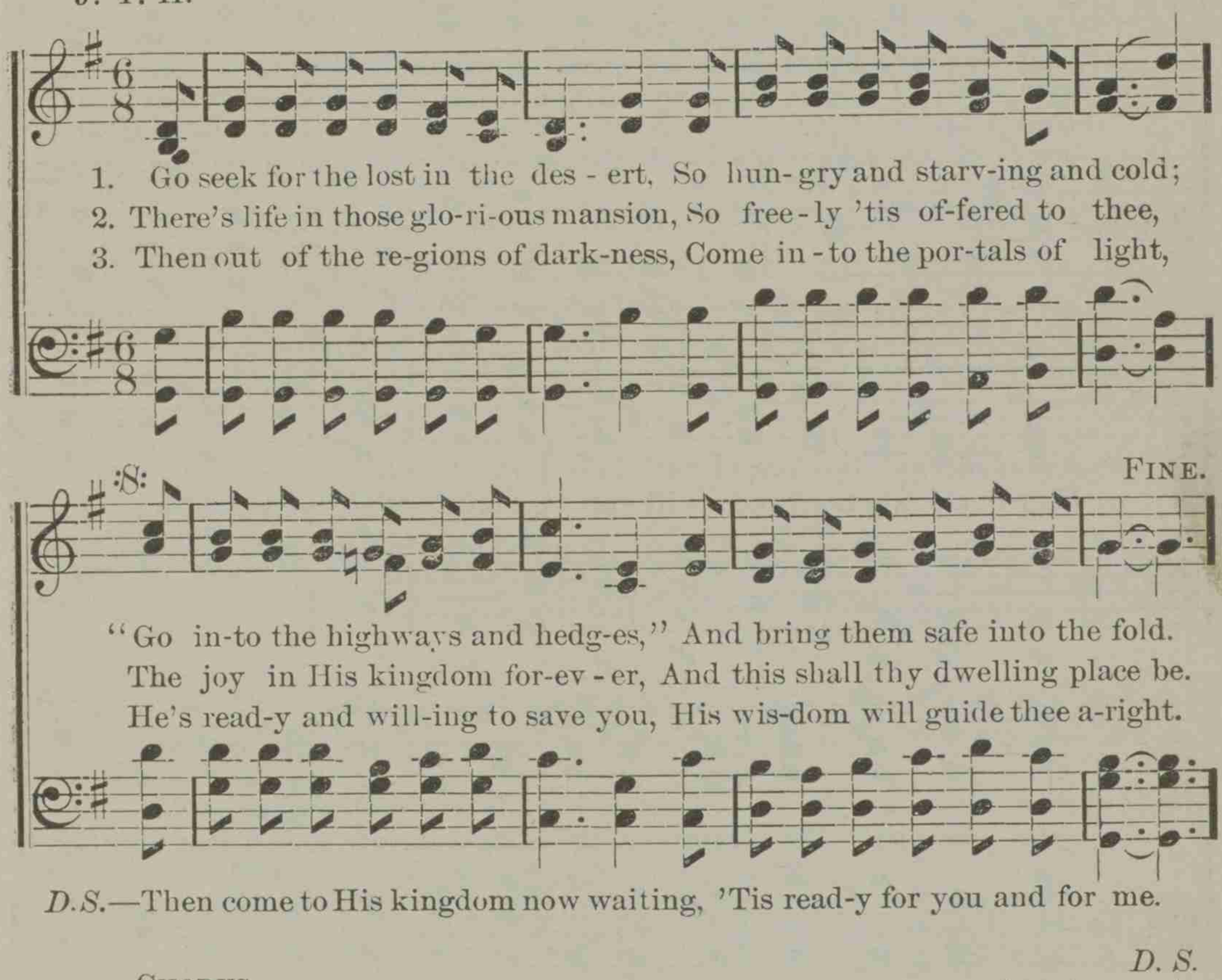
My Mother's Bible.—Concluded.



No. 260. SEEKING FOR THEE.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

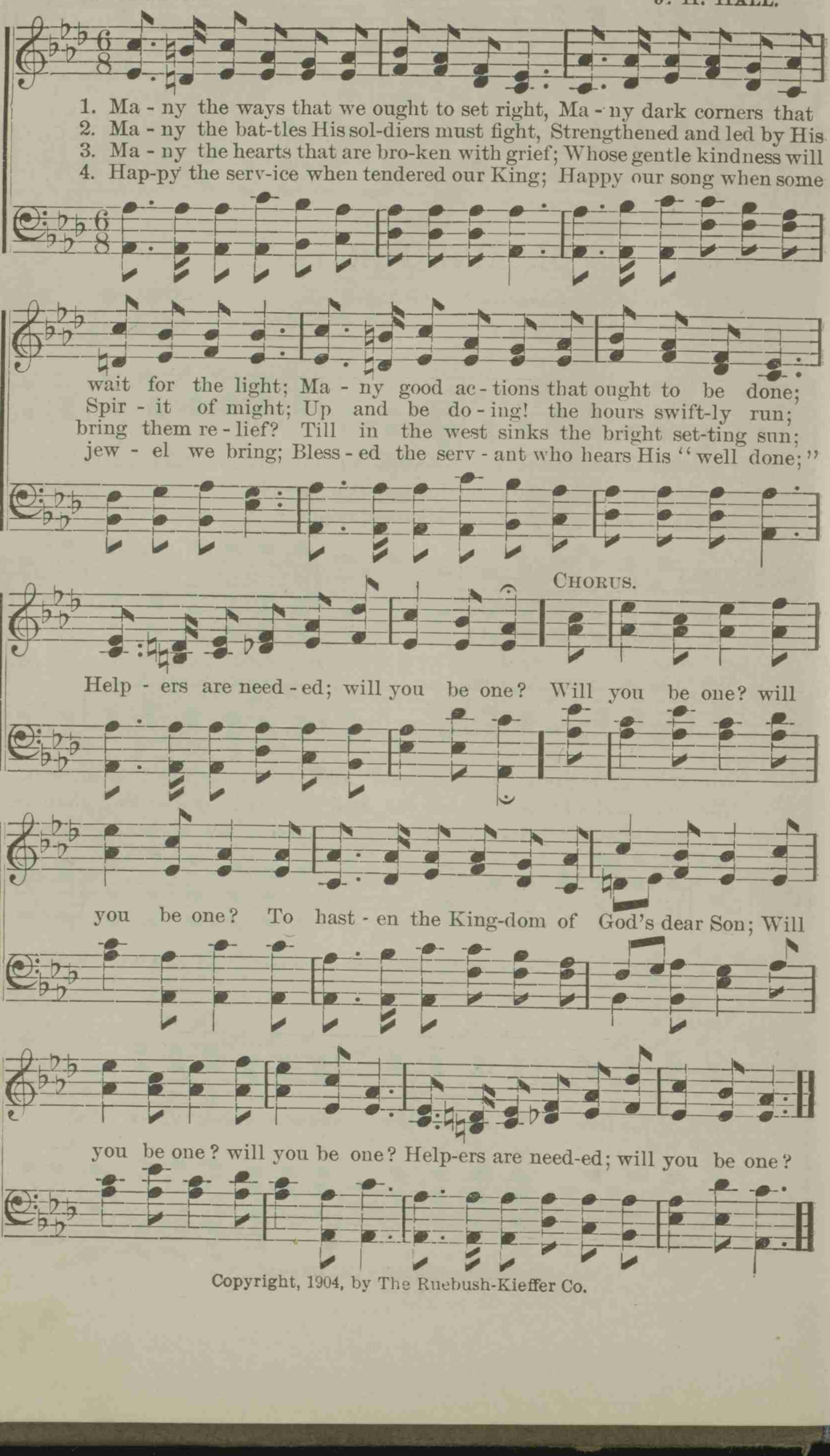
J. T. H. J. T. HALL.



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No. 261. HELPERS ARE NEEDED.

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



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No. 262. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-tiful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a win- ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day When His
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I behold, Living gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be any stars in my crown?
praise like the sea billow rolls.
be any stars in my crown.
} Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?

When at evening the sun goeth down?..... When I wake with the blest goeth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an- y stars in my crown?..... an- y stars in my crown?

By per. Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 263. THE NINETY AND NINE.

(Should be sung as a Solo ad libitum.)

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That
5. But all thro' the moun-tains, thun - der - riven And up

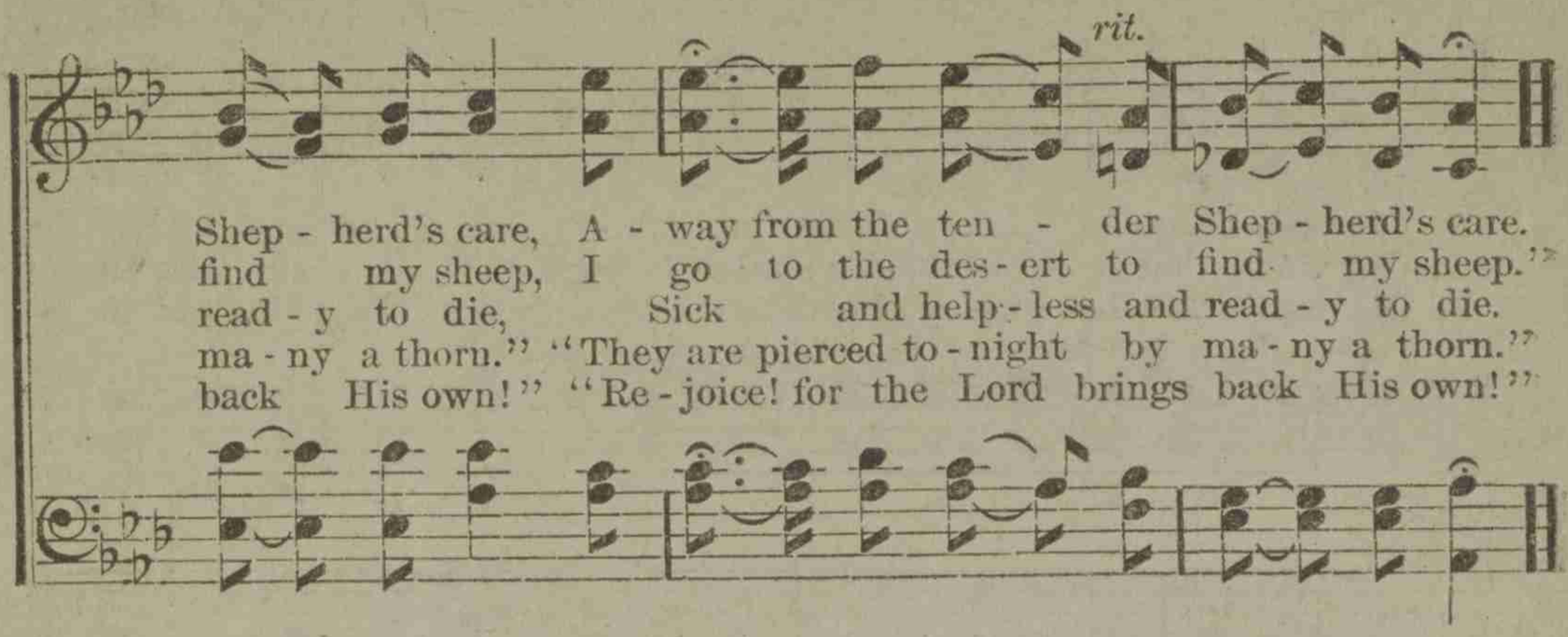
shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer;
deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the
mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the

hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A -
"This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al -
Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring Him back:" Lord,
gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the

way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
though the road be rough and steep I go to the des - ert to
Out in the des - ert He heard the cry— Sick and help-less and
whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by
An - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings

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The Ninety and Nine.—Concluded.



No. 264. SWEET MOMENTS OF PRÄYER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 265. OH, WON'T THAT BE GLORY!

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oh, won't that be glo - ry, When o - ver the sea, The loved will be wait-ing and watch - ing for me, Oh, won't that be glo - ry, The
2. Oh, won't that be glo - ry, The gates of pure gold, A - jar that the faith-ful may en - ter the fold, Oh, won't that be glo - ry, That
3. Oh, won't that be glo - ry, Earth's sorrows all done, To shine as the beau - ti - ful stars in His crown, Oh, won't that be glo - ry, What

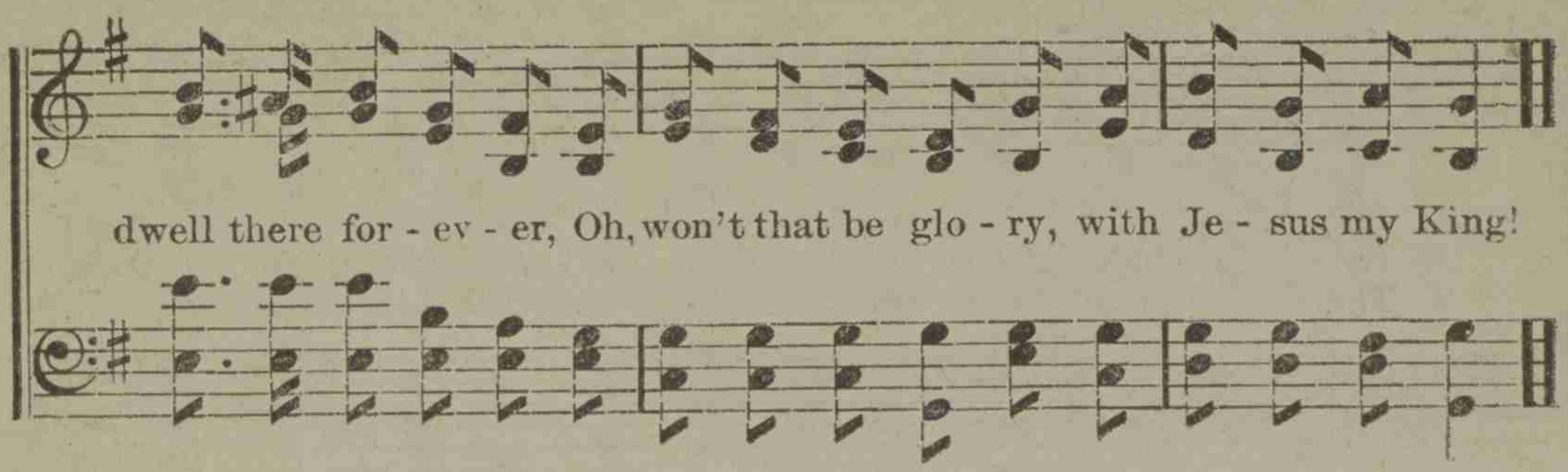
clasp of the hand, A - wait - ing for me in that beau - ti - ful land.
ra - di - ant shore, A - throng with the loved and the saved gone be-fore.
rap - ture is mine, To dwell in the sun - light of glo - ry di - vine.

CHORUS.

Oh, won't that be glo - ry, To tell the old sto - ry, And join with the ransomed glad prais - es to bring! Be - yond the dark riv - er, To

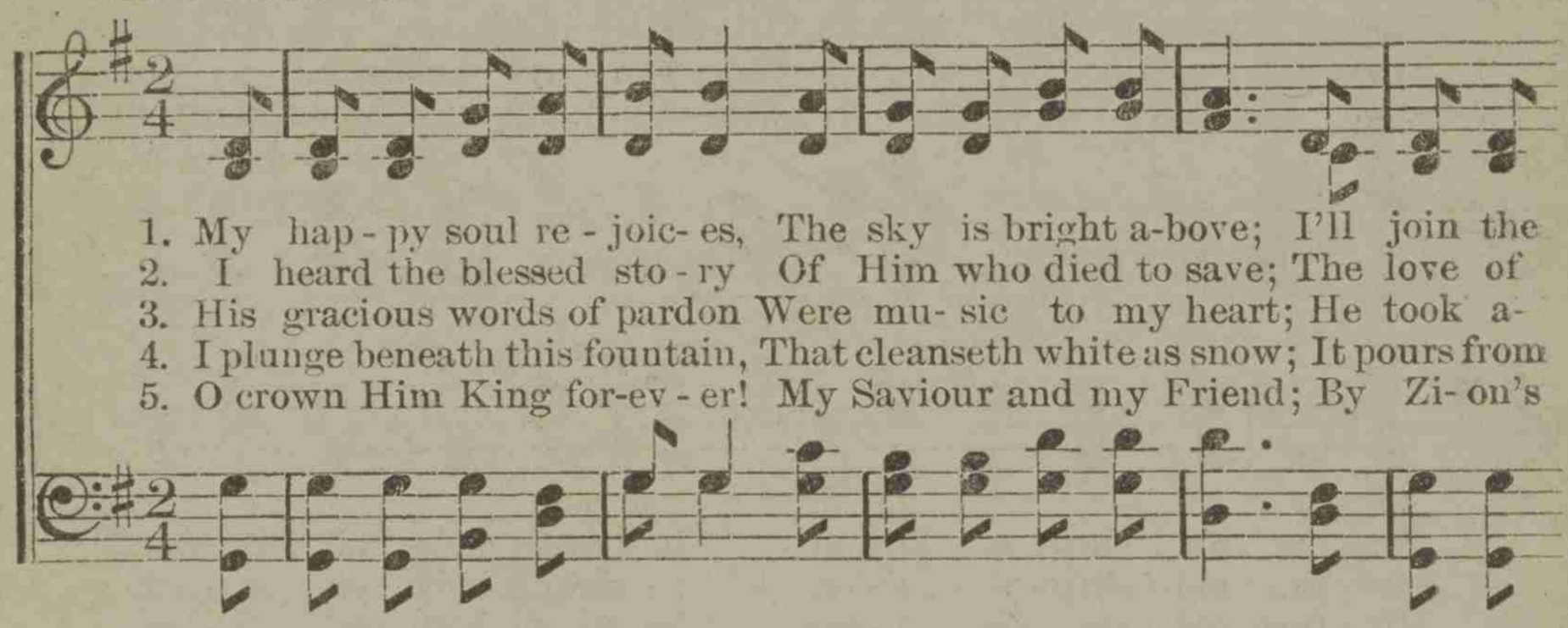
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Oh, Won't That Be Glory!—Concluded.



No. 266. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.



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No. 267. THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. There's a wail from the is - lands of the sea, (of the sea,)
2. There's a moan from the des - ert, full of pain, (full of pain,)
3. There's a groan from the Gan - ges, where they fall, (where they fall,)

There's a voice that is call - ing you and me, (you and me,)
There's a sigh o - ver Af - ric's sun - ny plain, (sun - ny plain,)
At the feet of the i - dols in their thrall, (in their thrall,)

In the old ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
In the old ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
In the old ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,

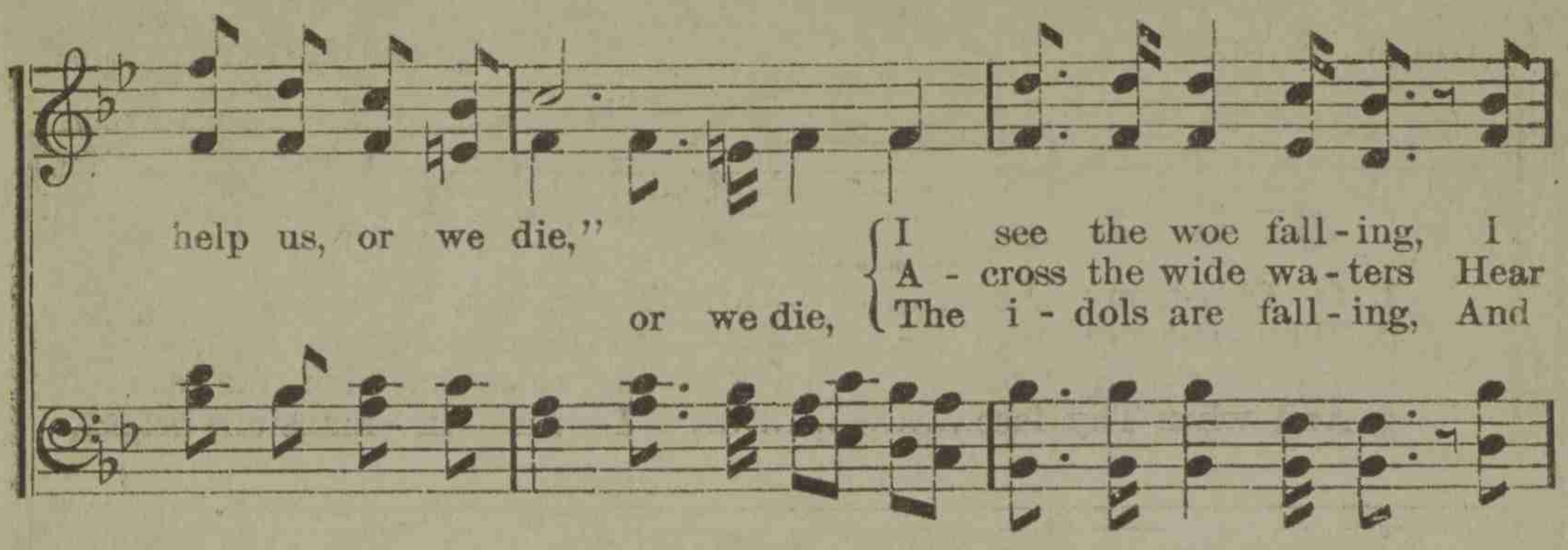
The good news of Zi - on, car - ry ye! (car - ry ye!)
Bear good news of Zi - on o'er the main! (o'er the main!)
The good news of Zi - on, bear them all! (bear them all!)

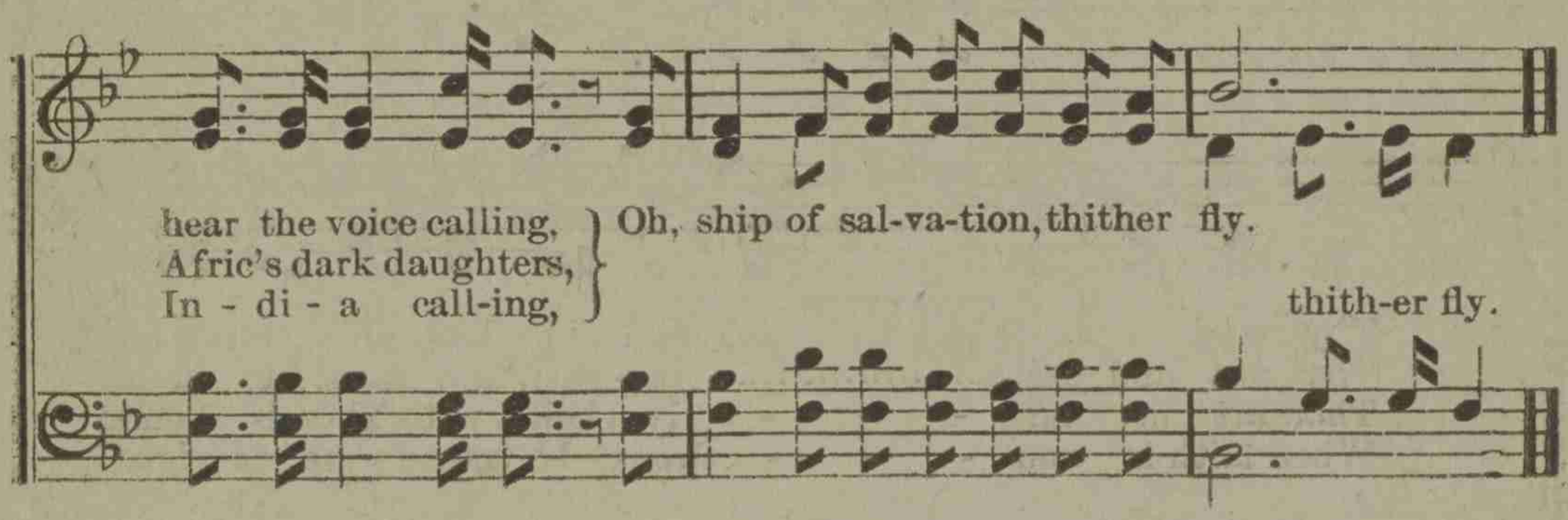
Chorus.

"Come o - ver and help us!" is the cry; (is the cry;) "Come o - ver and

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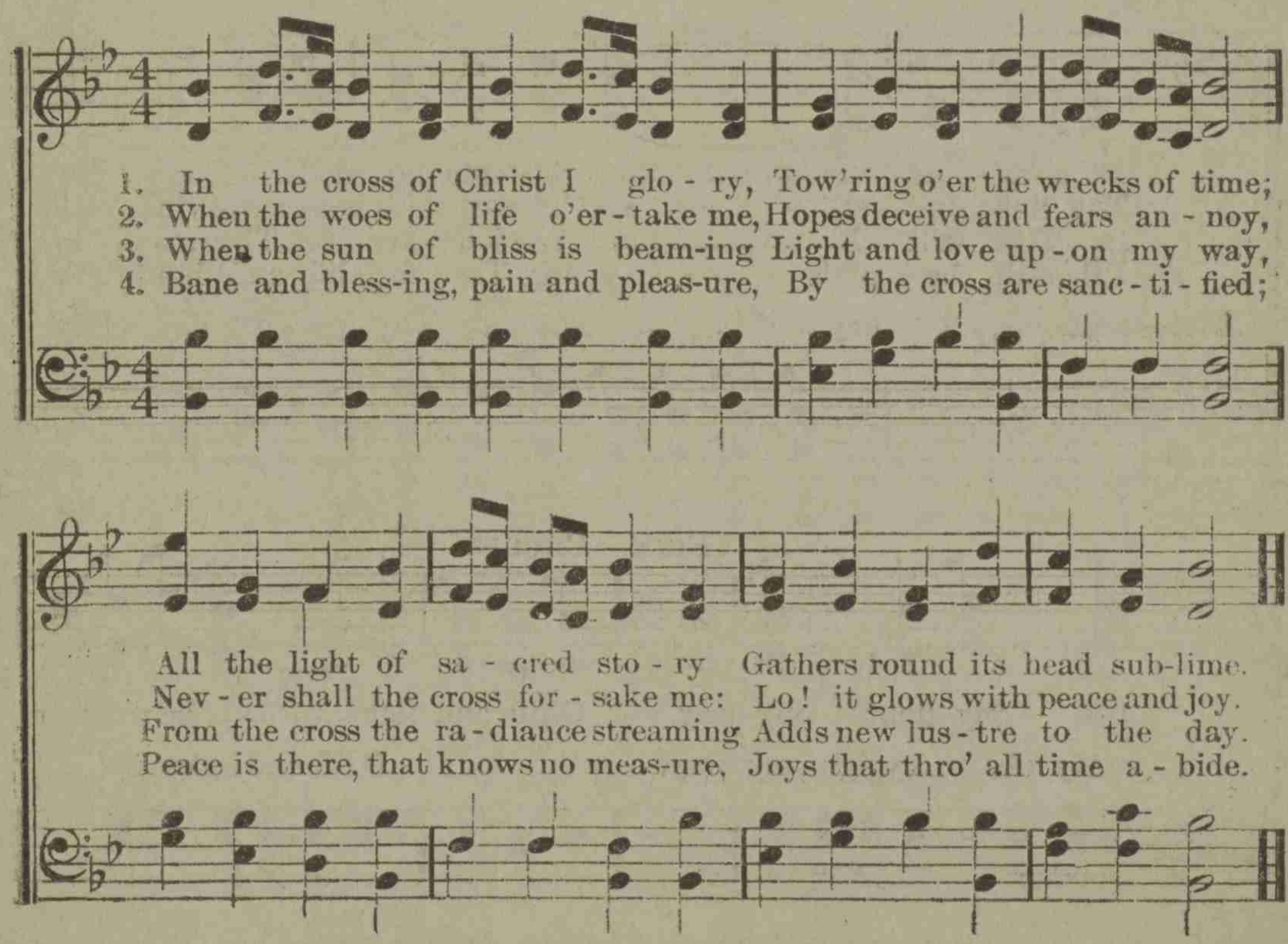
The Macedonian Cry.—Concluded.





No. 268. WILMOT.

Sir J. BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER.



No. 269. MY LIFE, MY LIGHT, MY WAY.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O Christ, my Lord,..... Thou art my life and light,
2. Thou seest my wea - - - ry heart, dear Sav - iour mine;
3. I hear Thy lov - - - ing voice that bids me come,
4. And when Thy face..... I see in mansions bright,

Thy word is truth,..... and in Thy pres - ence bright,
Thy rest and peace..... im - part, and cause to shine
Thou art my on - - - ly choice, with Thee is home;
When faith is won - - - drous - ly trans-formed to sight

:S: No dark - ness can..... a - bide, no shade of night, My
Thy light in ev - - - 'ry part with beams di - vine, My
In Thee will I..... re - joice, nor from Thee roam, My
I'll still be prais - - - ing Thee for life and light, My

D.S.—Lead me, I pray..... Thee, to Thy per - fect day, My

FINE. CHORUS.

life, my light, my way. O life and light..... be with me
My life, my light, my way. O life and light be

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D.S.

on my way, A - part from Thee my soul must helpless stray,
with me on my way,

No. 270. NEARER TO JESUS.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.

1. O to be near - er to Je - sus, O to be like Him in mind;
2. O to be meet for His serv - ice, Ev - er my du - ty to see;
3. O to be free from all doubtings, Nev-er give place to a fear;

O to be near, and for - ev - er Sub-mis-sive, unselfish and kind.
O to do just as He bids me—Be just what He wants me to be.
O to feel dai - ly and hour - ly That Je - sus is pre-cious-ly near.

CHORUS.

Come to my heart, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, all the dross to con - sume,

That I may be like dear Je - sus, Come, this poor heart to il - lume.

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No. 271. SABBATH MORNING.

C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Glowing bright and pleasant is the ho-ly day, When from worldly duties.
2. Happy bells are ring-ing, call-ing us a-way, With their merry chiming,
4. Joyous hearts are greeting, each to each to-day, While our dear Re-deem-er

glad we turn a-way, Blest beyond all oth-ers with their work or play,
seeming thus to say, "Come and join our sing-ing, haste without de-lay,
will-ing we o-bey, And with voices ming-ling, here we praise and pray,

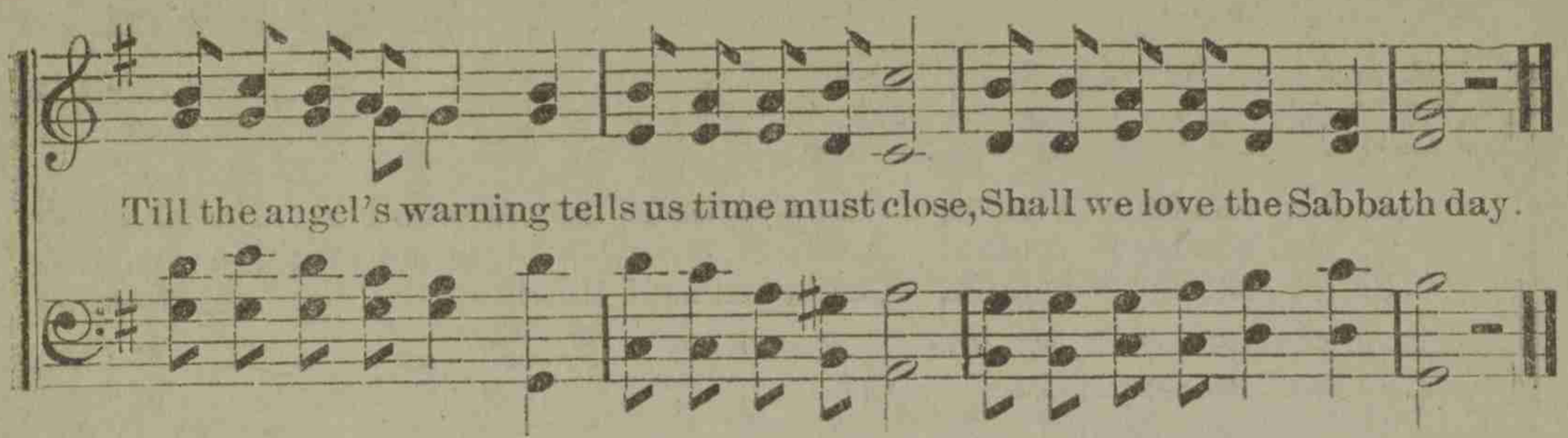
Is the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
On our ho-ly Sab-bath day.

CHORUS.
FULL HARMONY.

Ev-er precious morn-ing

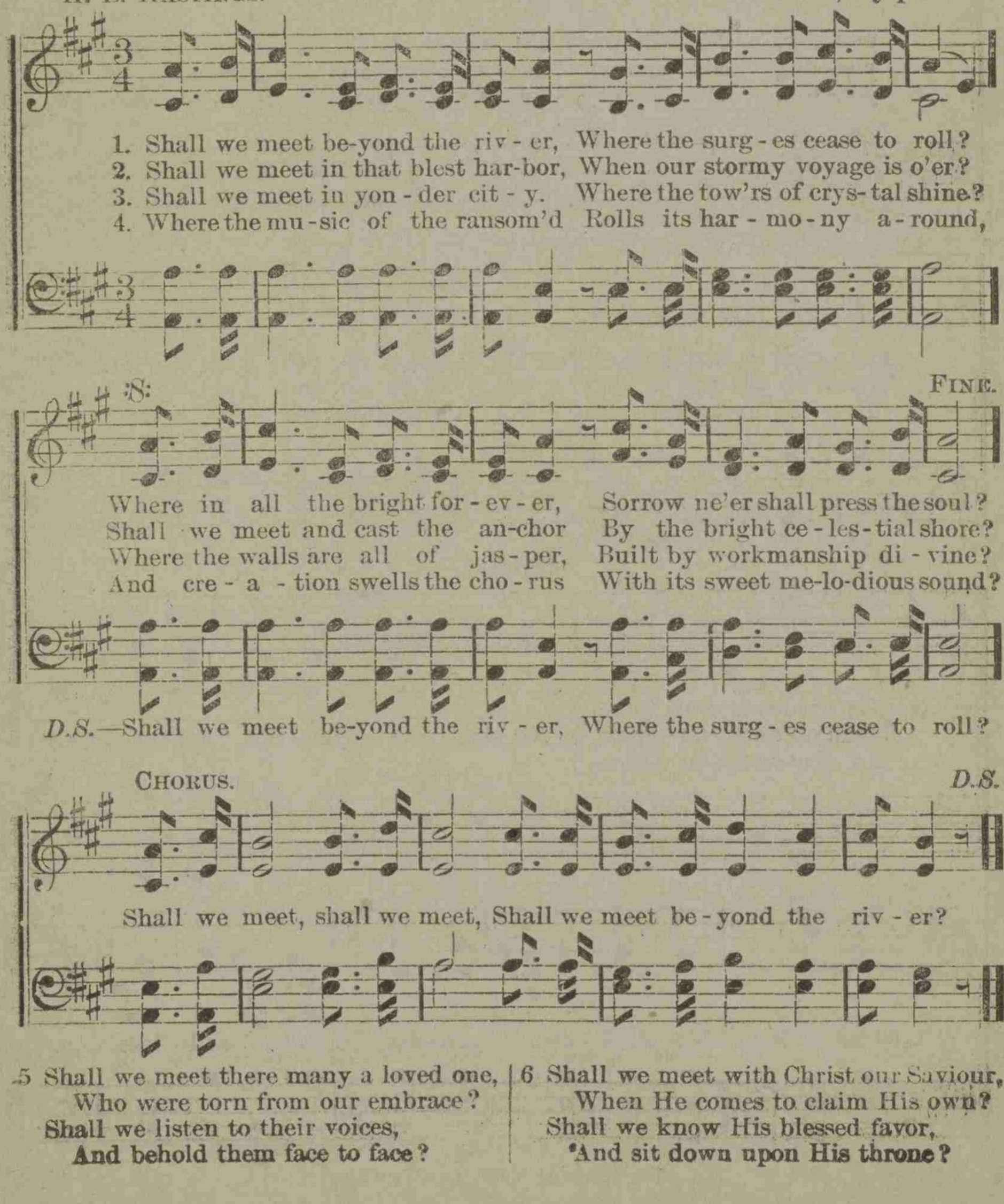
when the Saviour rose, With His love a-dorn-ing mak-ing friends of foes;

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No. 272. SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. Hastings. E. S. Rice, by per.



5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
Who were torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 273. NO SHADOWS YONDER.

W. H. RUEBUSH. Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. No shadows yonder, Far beyond the sunset's bars; No shadows
2. No shadows yonder, Land of peace, of hope and joy; No shadows
3. No shadows yonder, Christ Himself the light shall be; No shadows

yon- der, Far be-yond the stars; Gates of pearl there gleaming,
yon- der, Sin can-not an - noy; There no hearts are sigh- ing,
yon- der, O'er the crys - tal sea; There no cross - es bear- ing,

Fade - less sun - light stream-ing, Eyes of God are beam- ing,
There no thought of cry - ing, There no pain or dy - ing,
In a great love shar - ing, Crowns of glo - ry wear- ing.

CHORUS.

On the loved ones there.
There no dark de - spair.
In that home so fair.
} No shad- ows yon - der, All the tears are

wiped a- way, No shad - ows yon- der, Land of end - less day.

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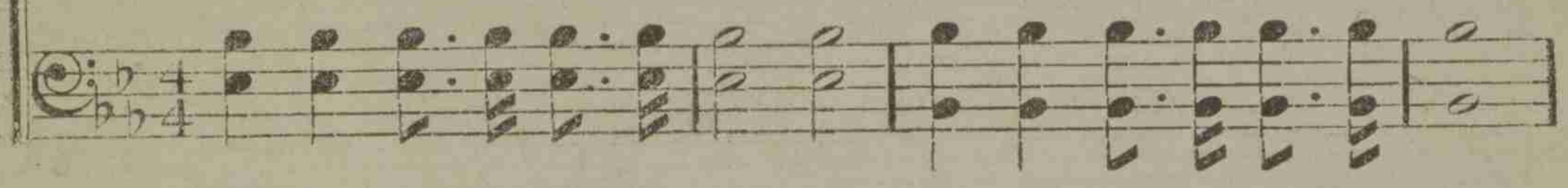
No. 274. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

79

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

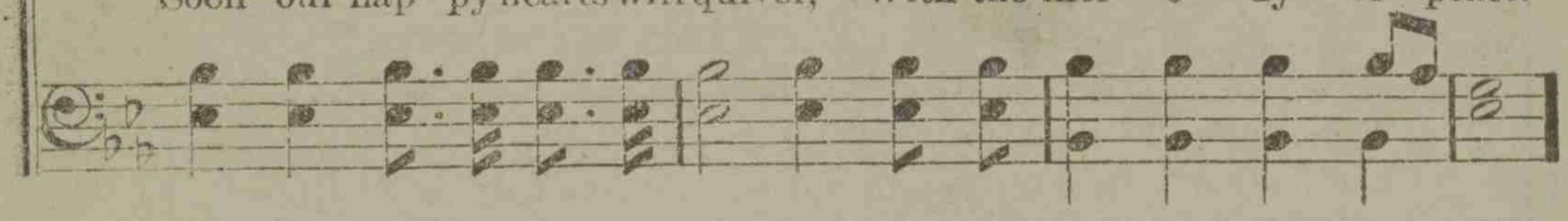


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Dash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach that sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age shall cease;





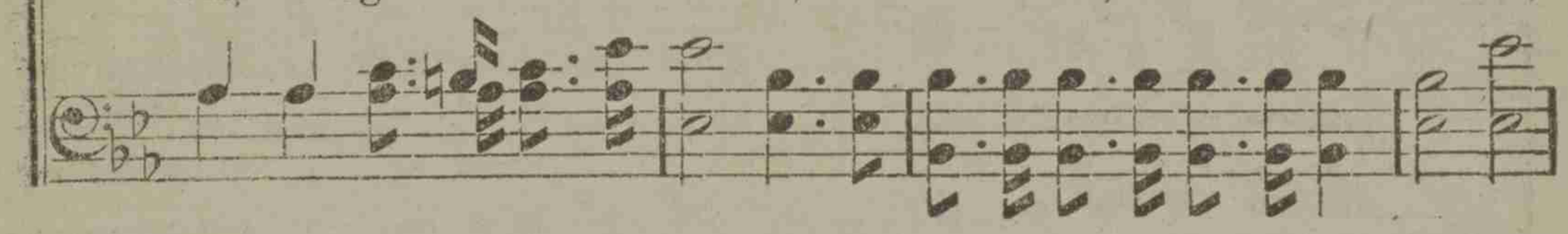
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiver, With the mel - o - dy of peace.



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,





Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



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No. 275. THERE WILL DAWN A GOLDEN MORROW.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There will dawn a golden morrow, by and by, Earth will
2. Truth and justice will be stronger, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
3. Each will learn to serve his neighbor, by and by, Kind-ly

wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
bear with sin no lon - ger, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
words will sweet-en la - bor, by and by, Man to

see the glo- ry brighten, We shall feel the bur- den light-en, In the
e - vil will be scattered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
man will be a brother, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the

CHORUS.

gold- en morning by and by. By and by, by and by,
By and by, by and by,

Hearts will know a sweeter story by and by, by and by, By and by, by and by!

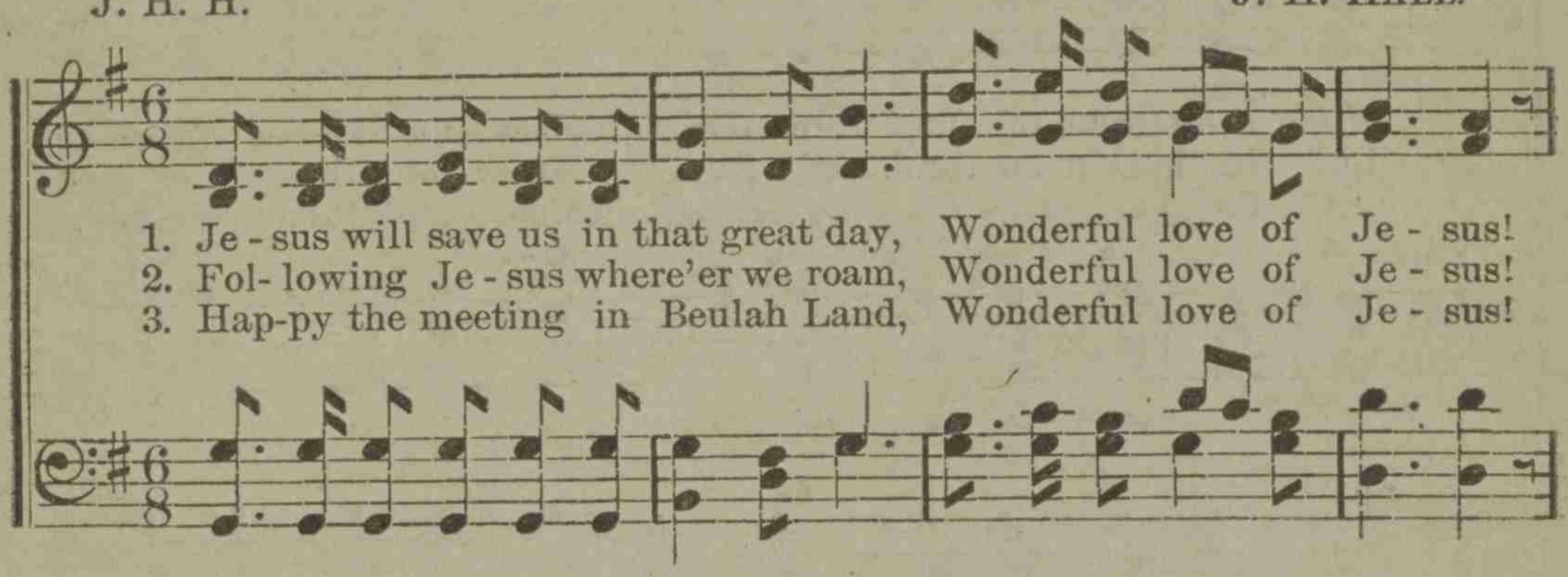
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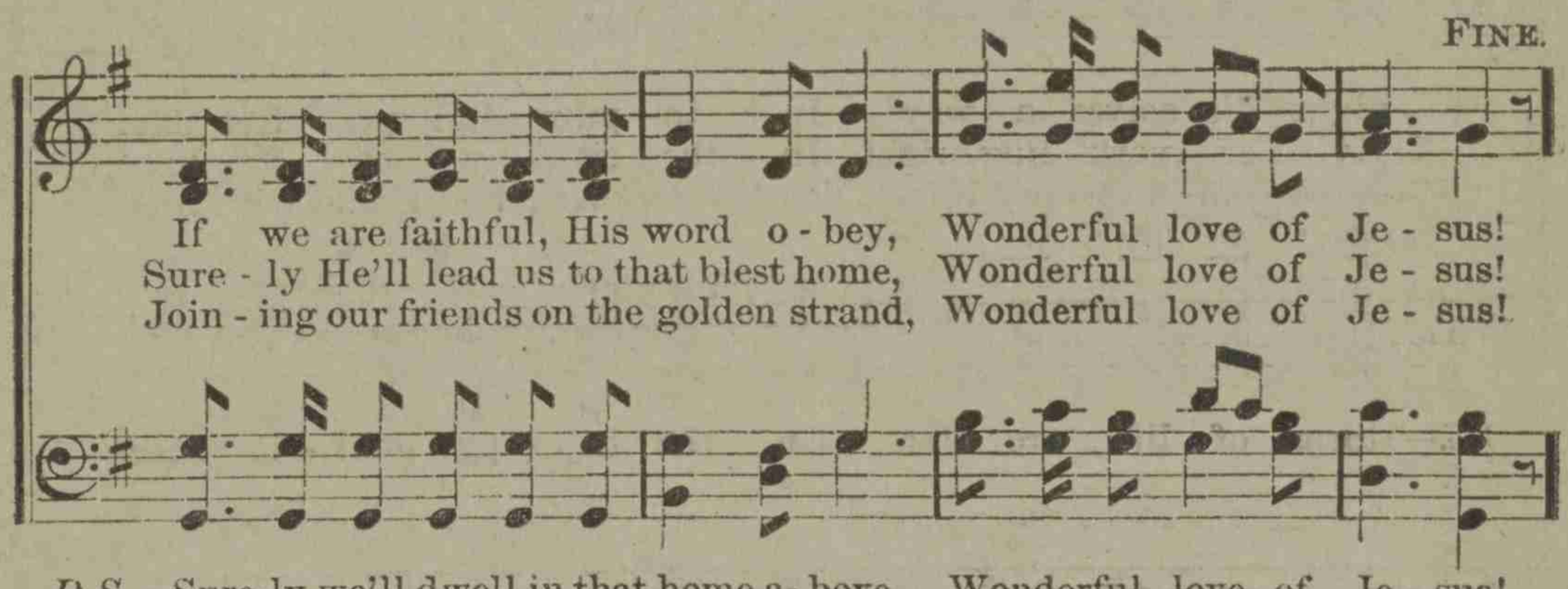
There will Dawn a Golden Morrow.—Concluded.



No. 276. WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

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







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No. 277. MEET ME THERE.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain;
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in

night dis - solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D.S.—storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py gold - en shore,

FINE.

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

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Meet Me There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there,

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there; When the
Meet me there;

D.S.

No. 278. CHRISTMAS CHILDREN WE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.

1. Christmas boys and girls are we, Full of hap - pi - ness, you see;
2. San - ta Claus, our friend so dear, Brings us something ev - 'ry year,
3. Best of all is Christ our Lord, Promised in the Ho - ly Word.

Good and true we hope to be, All the way a - long.
His old heart we'd love to cheer; Mer - ry Christmas days.
Come to earth, by all a - dored, Christ, our Christmas joy.

FINE.

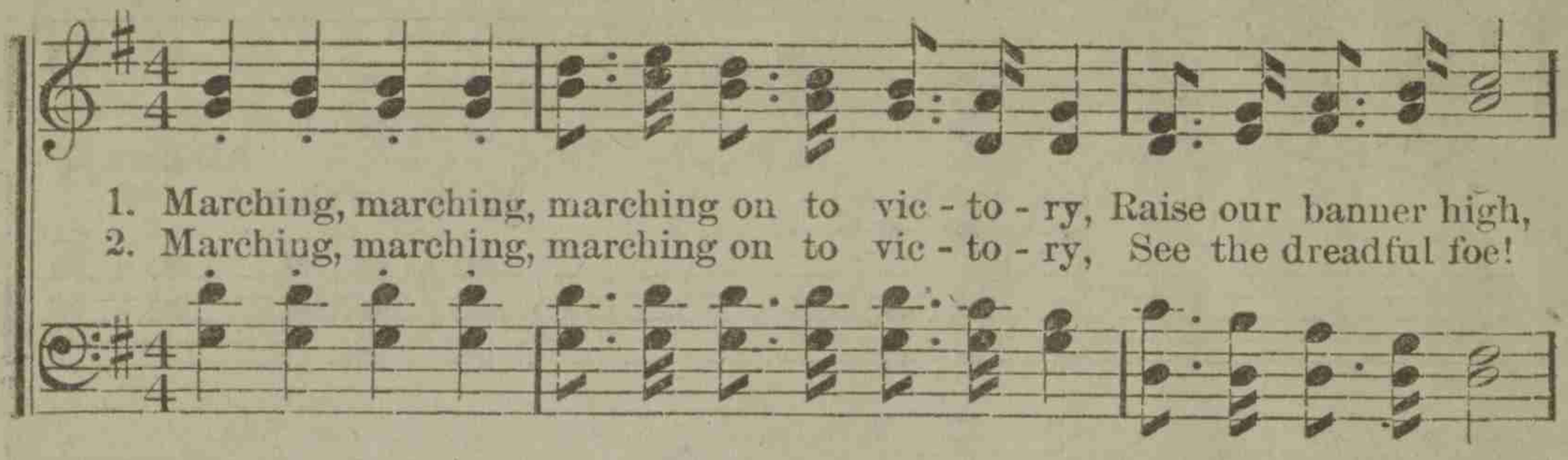
D.S.—Mer - ry heart - ed all our days, Christ - mas chil - dren we.

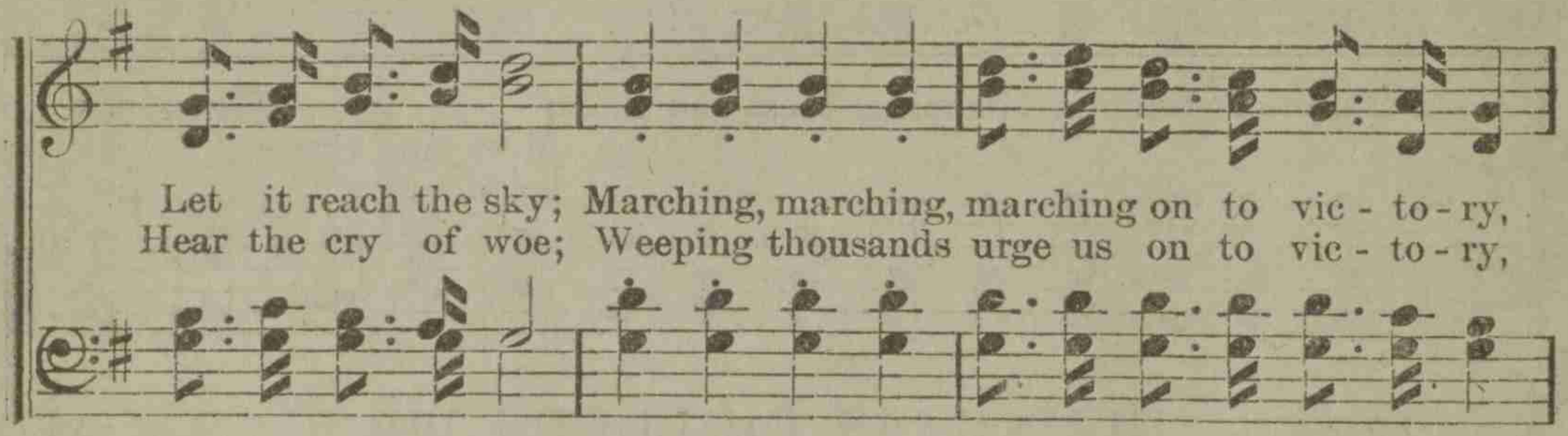
CHORUS. *D.S.*

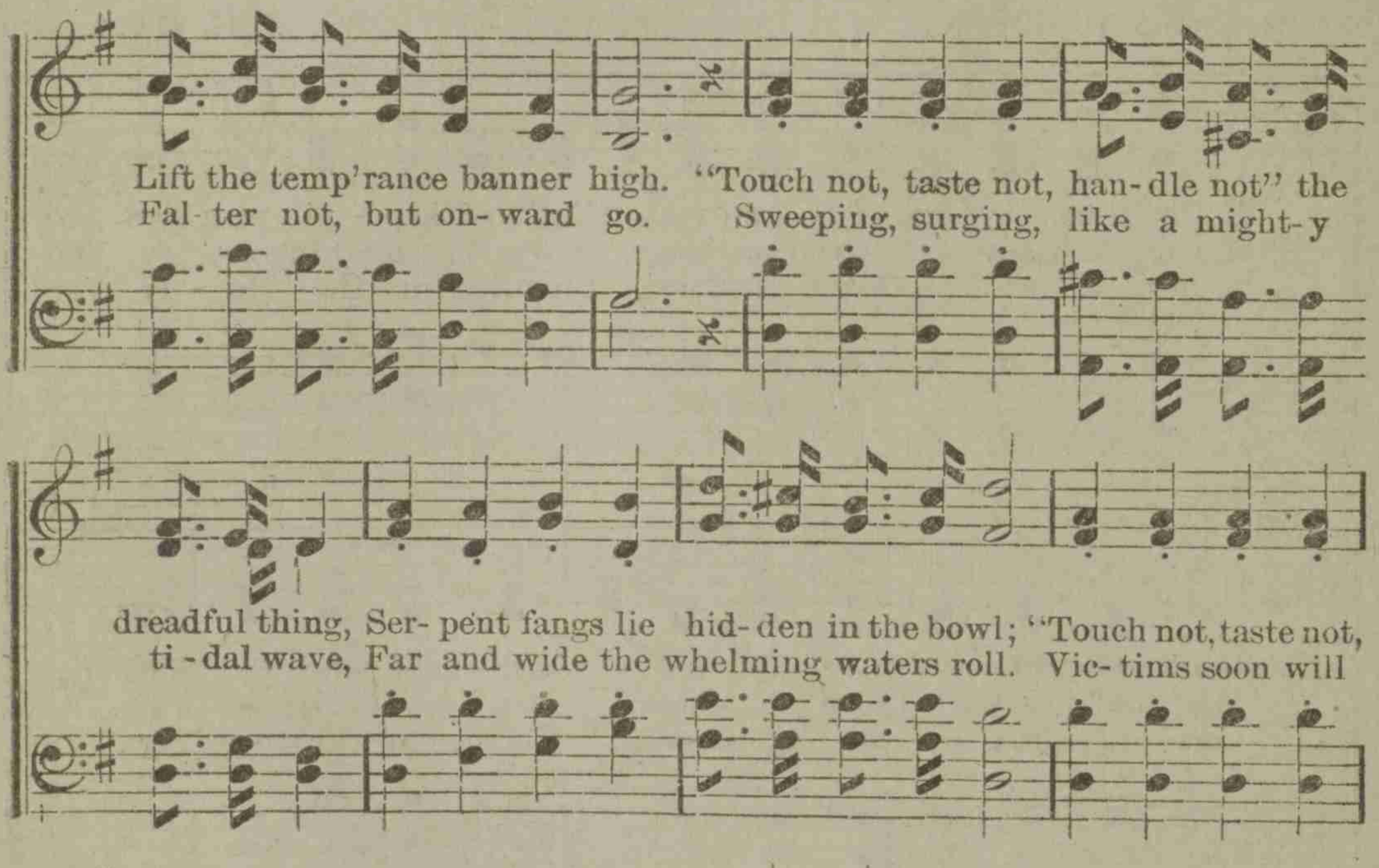
Cheer-ful - ly our songs we raise, Hap - pi - ly our notes of praise,

No. 279. MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

H. R. P. (TEMPERANCE. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

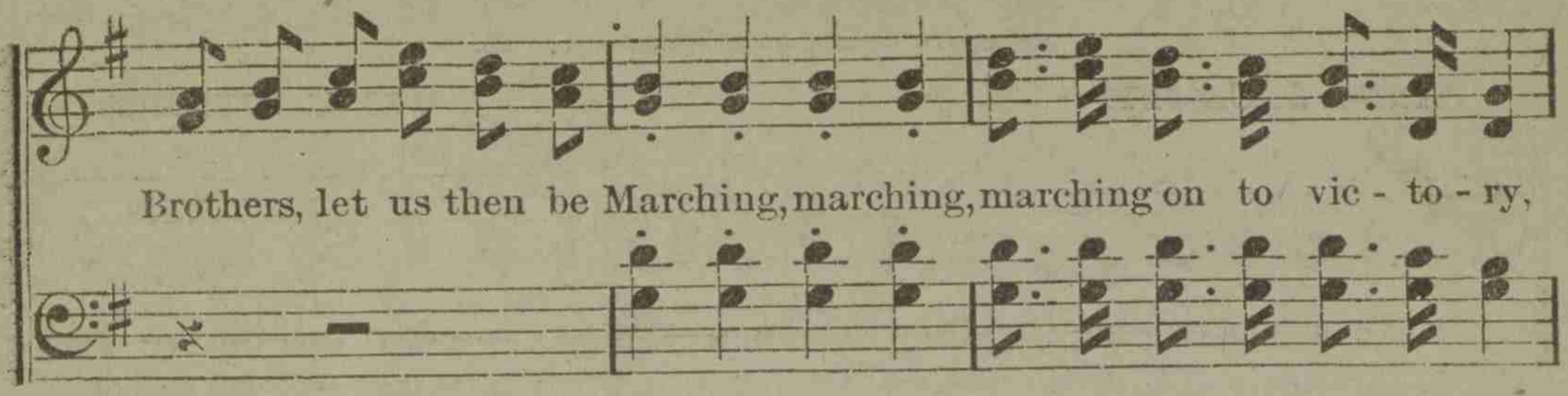






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Marching On to Victory.—Concluded.

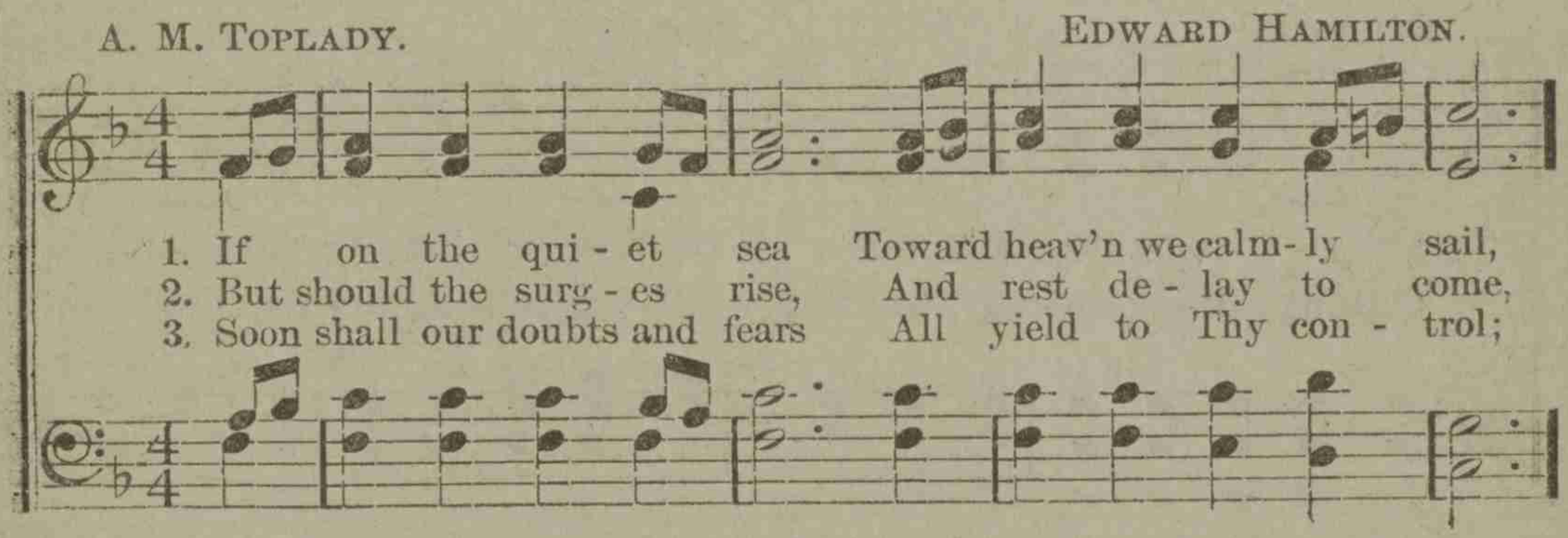


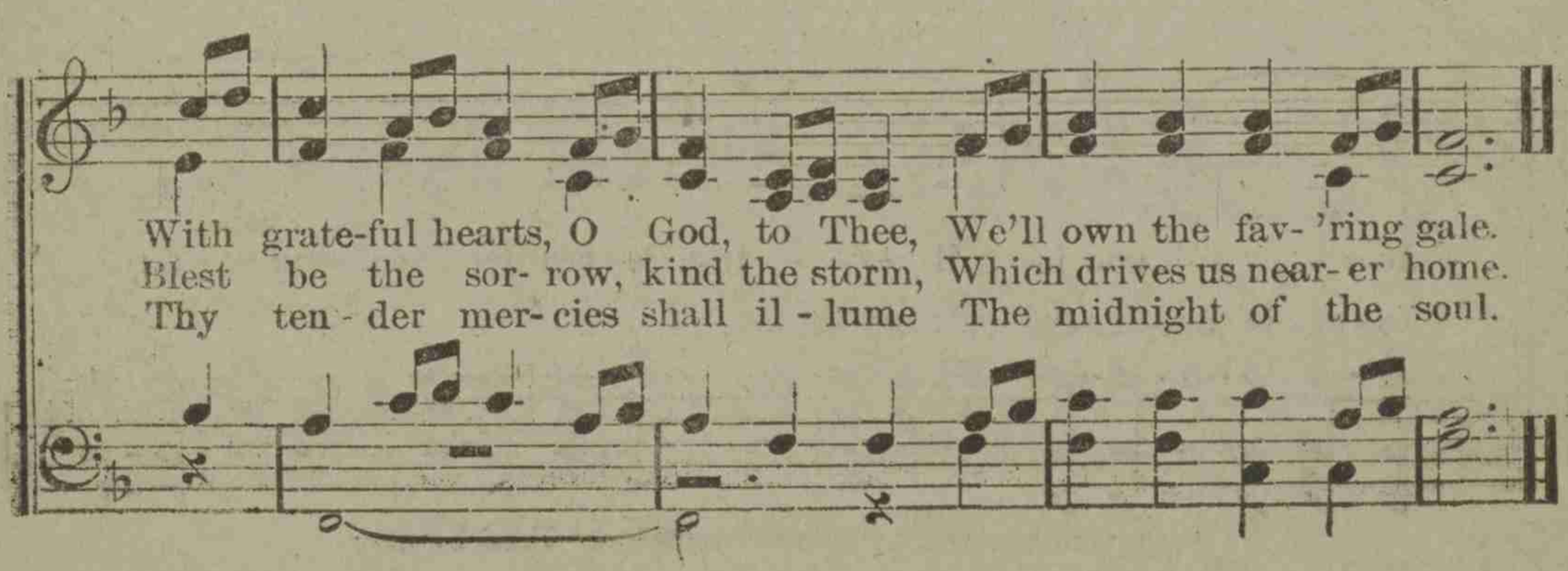




No. 280. TENDERNESS.

A. M. TOPLADY. EDWARD HAMILTON.





No. 281.

JESUS IS CALLING.

"*Arise, He calleth thee.*"—JOHN 11 : 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Calling to - day, call-ing to - day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea-ry to rest— Calling to - day, call-ing to - day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to - day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear him to-day;





Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

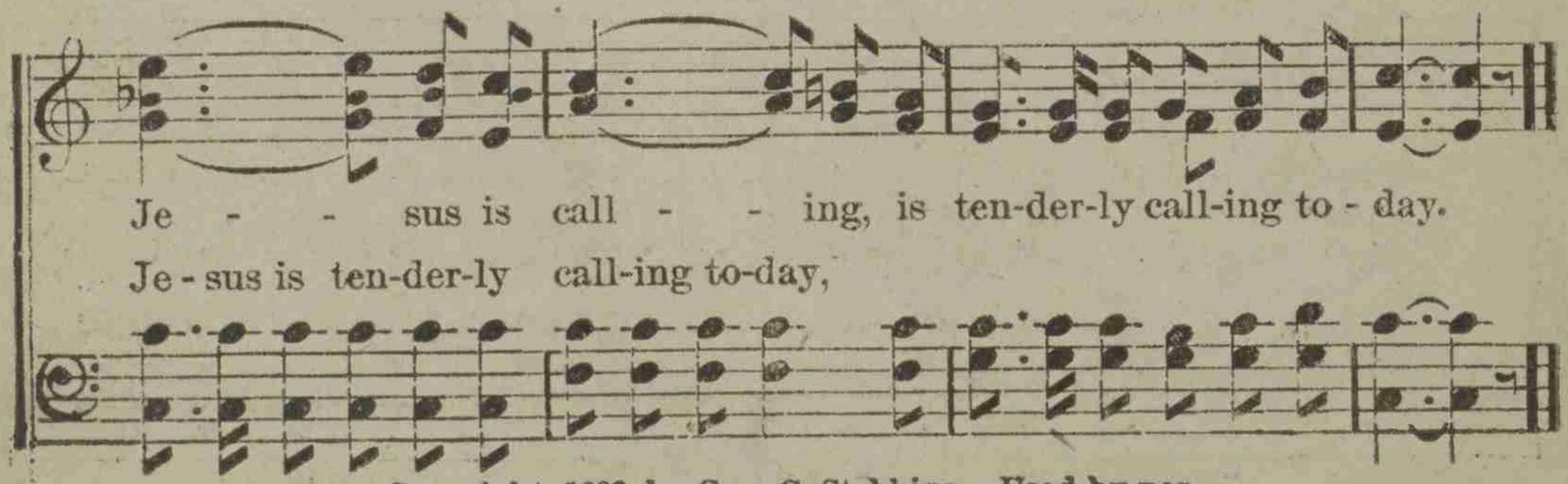


REFRAIN.



Call - ing to - day,..... call - - ing to - day;.....
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to - day; call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day;





Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

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No. 282. THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23: 4.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je- sus comes
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more sor- row when Je-sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je- sus comes
3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more weeping when Je-sus comes; But a bless- ed reaping when Je- sus comes
4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy- ful meeting when Je- sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be safe home, safe home;
no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath- er His loved ones home.

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No. 283. MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where happy
3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of Him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di- vin- er
birds..... in song agree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
walk'd..... up- on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... to Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol- low Him..... to Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.

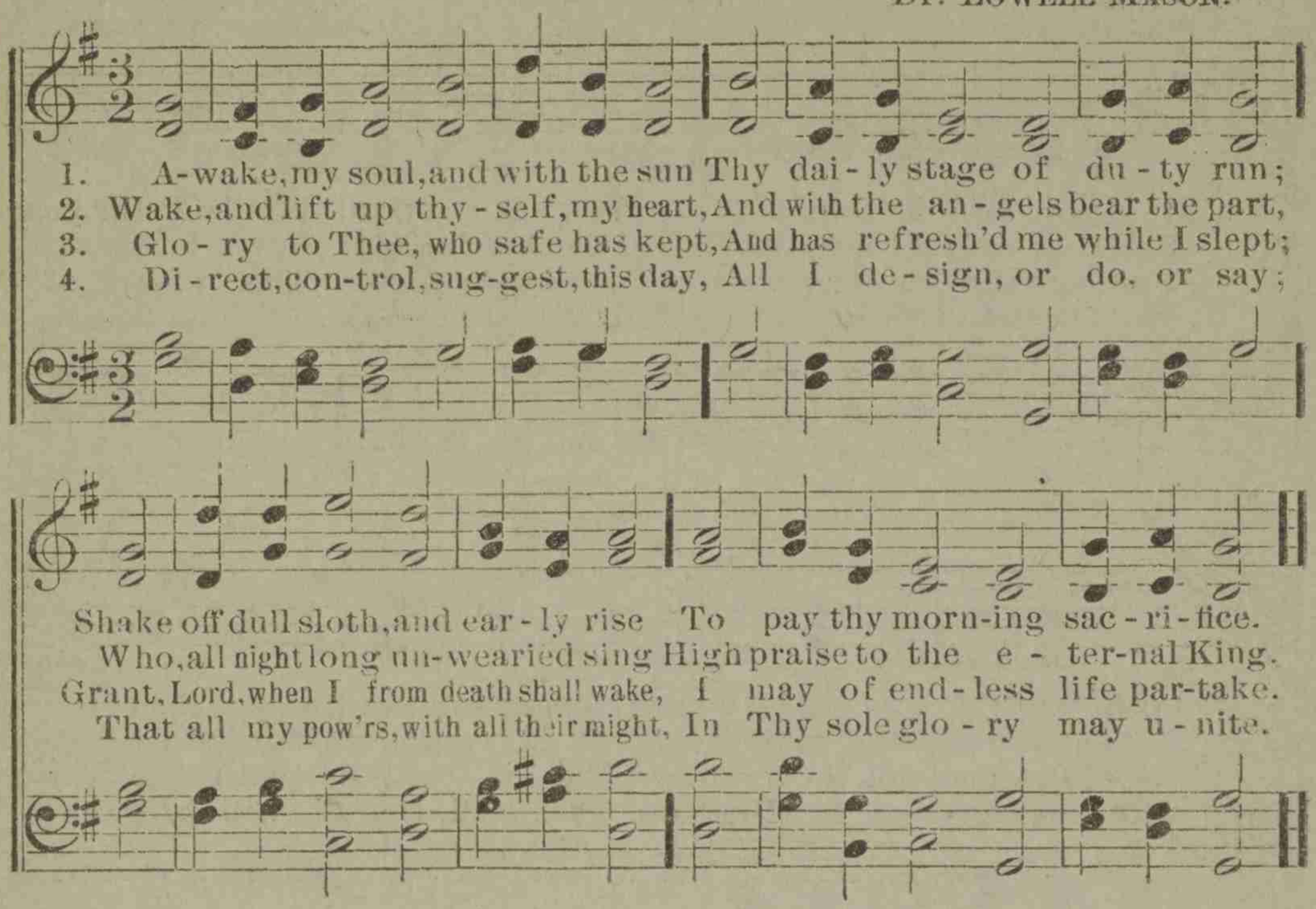
O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal- i- lee! Where Je-sus lov'd so much to be; O

Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.

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No. 284. ROCKINGHAM.

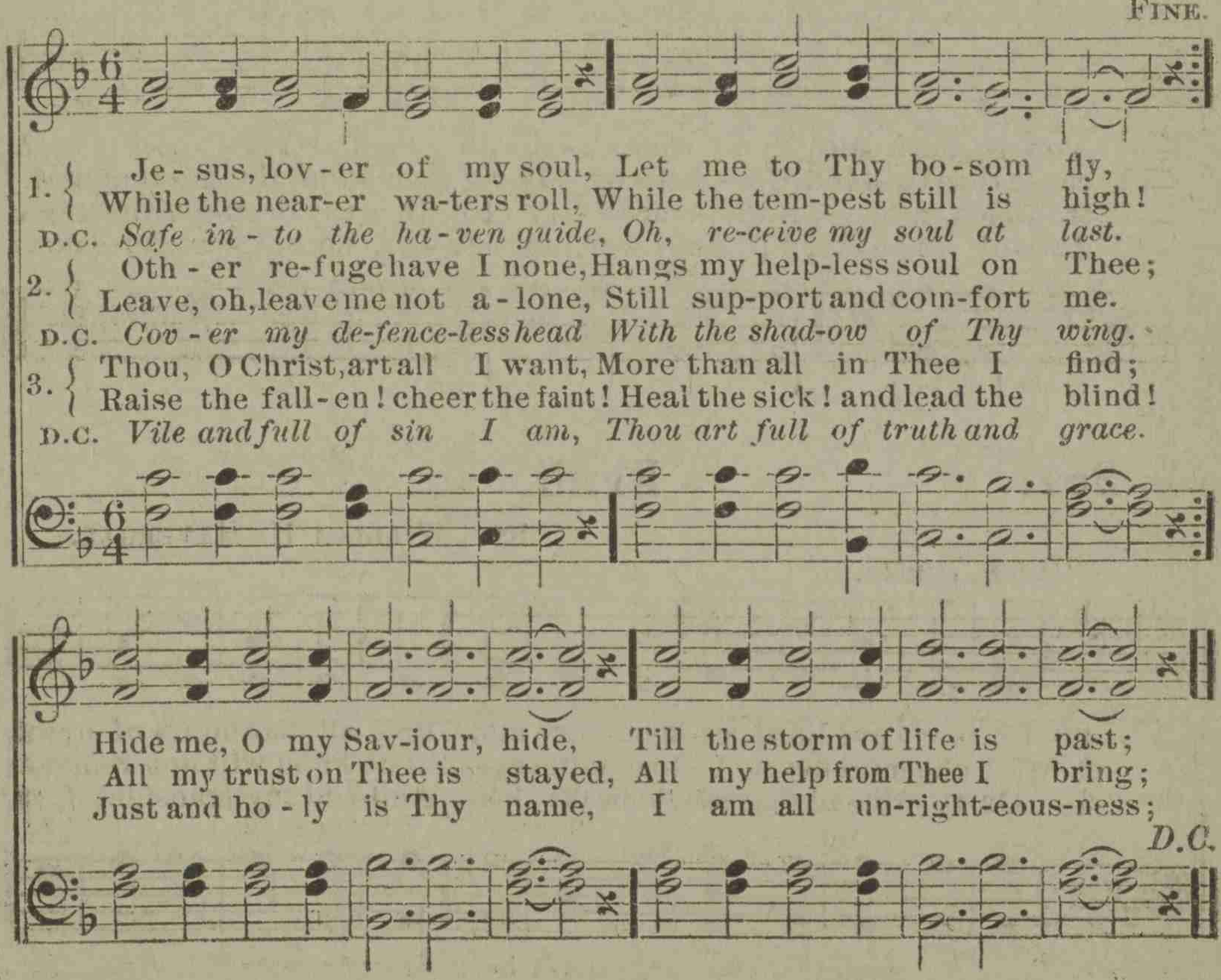
Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 285. MARTYN.

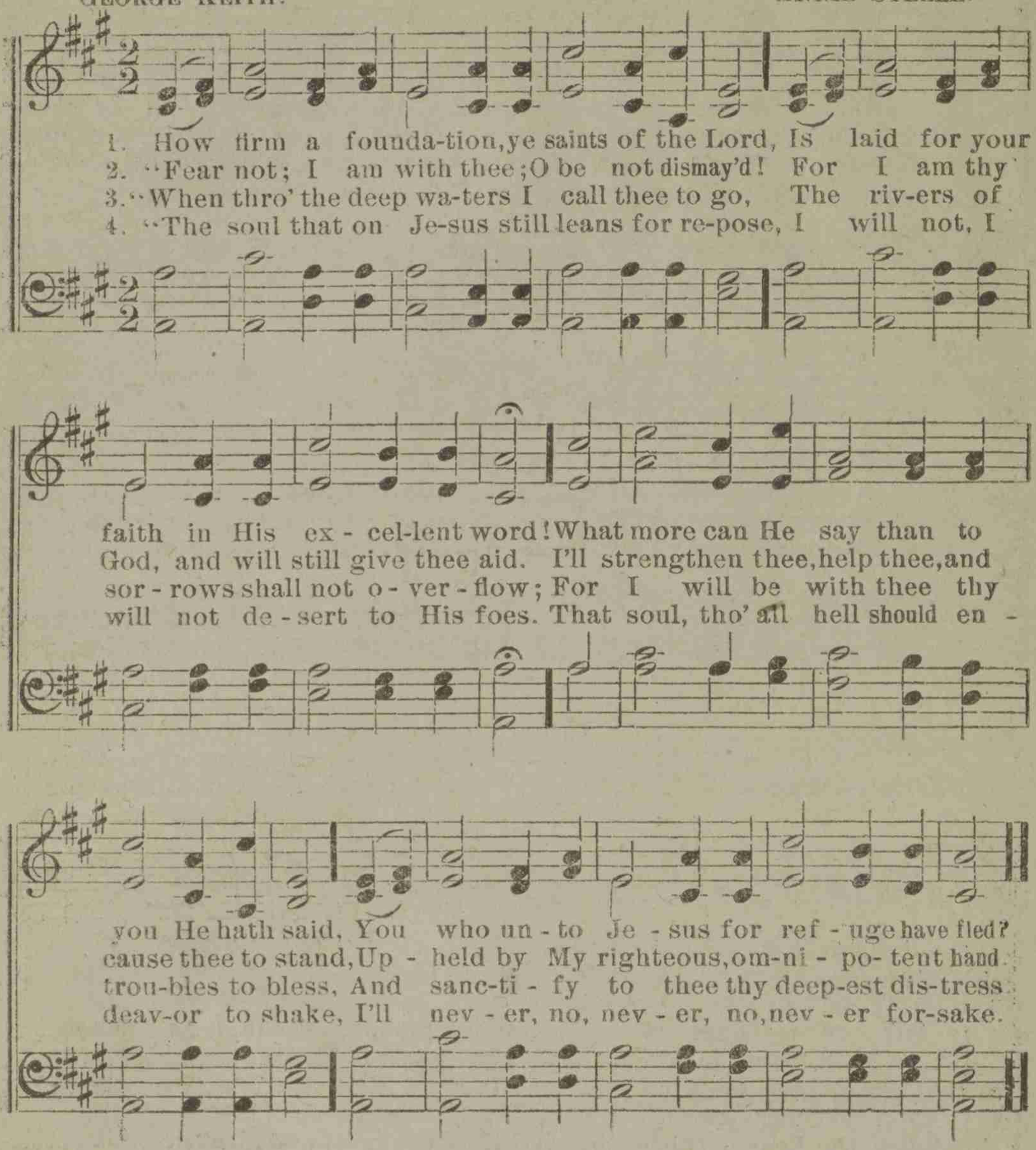
Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

Fine.



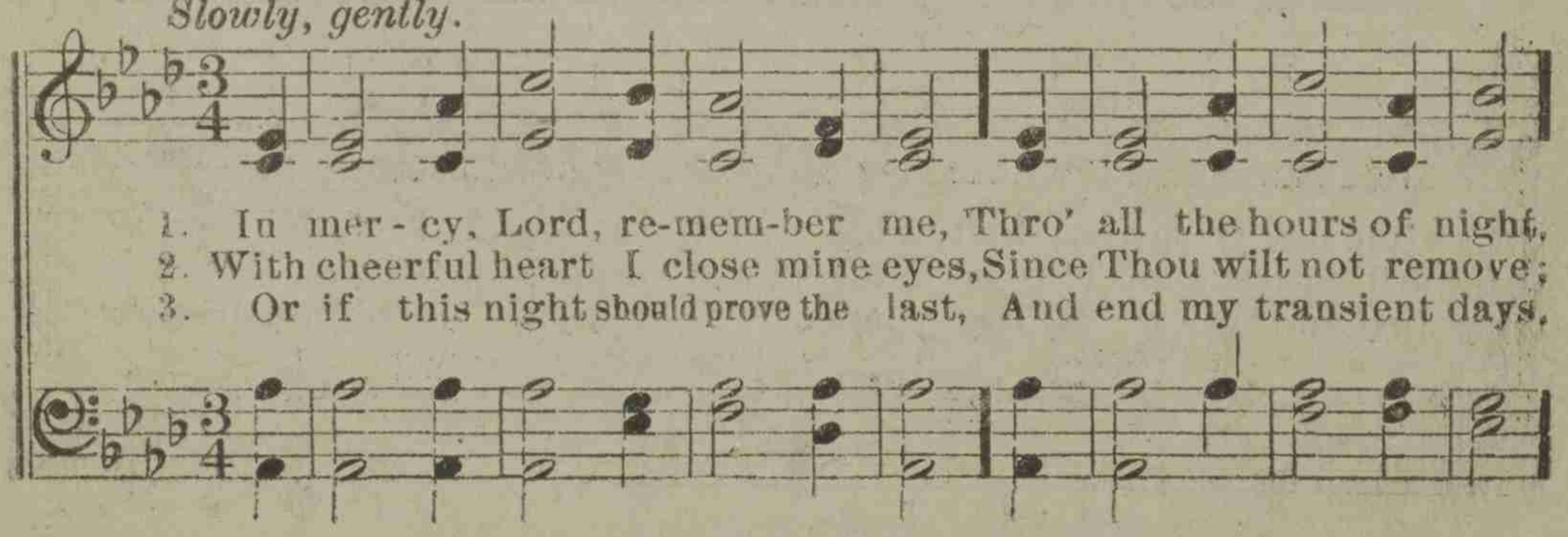
No. 286. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.

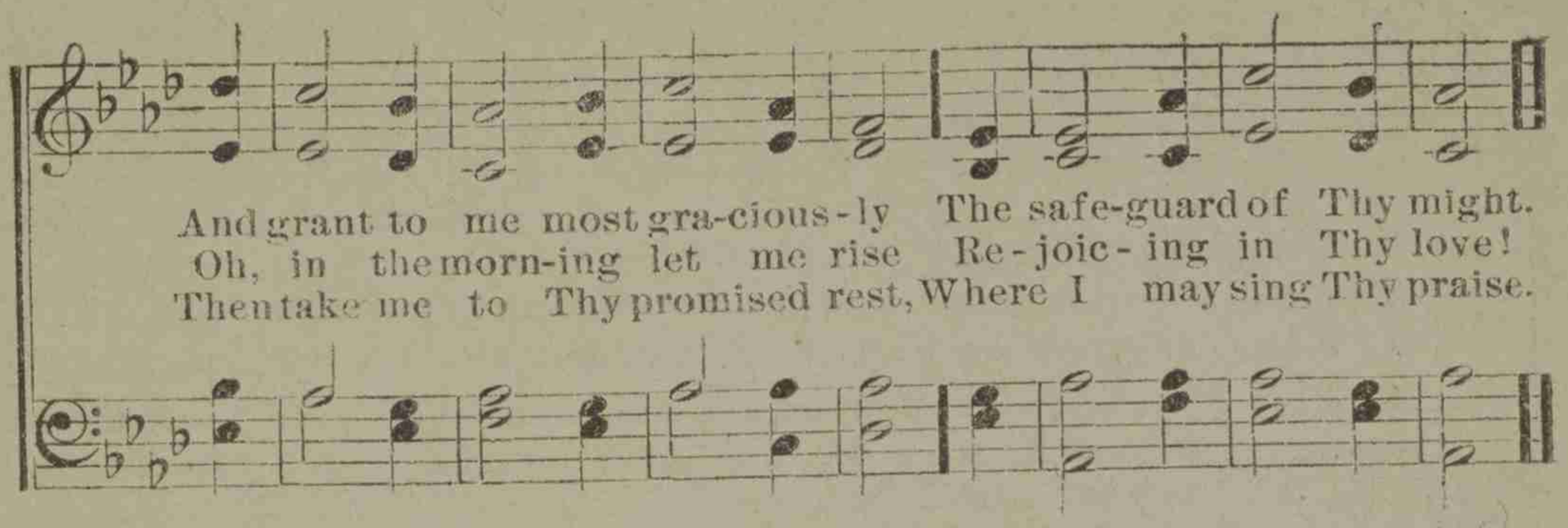


No. 287. EVAN.

REV. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

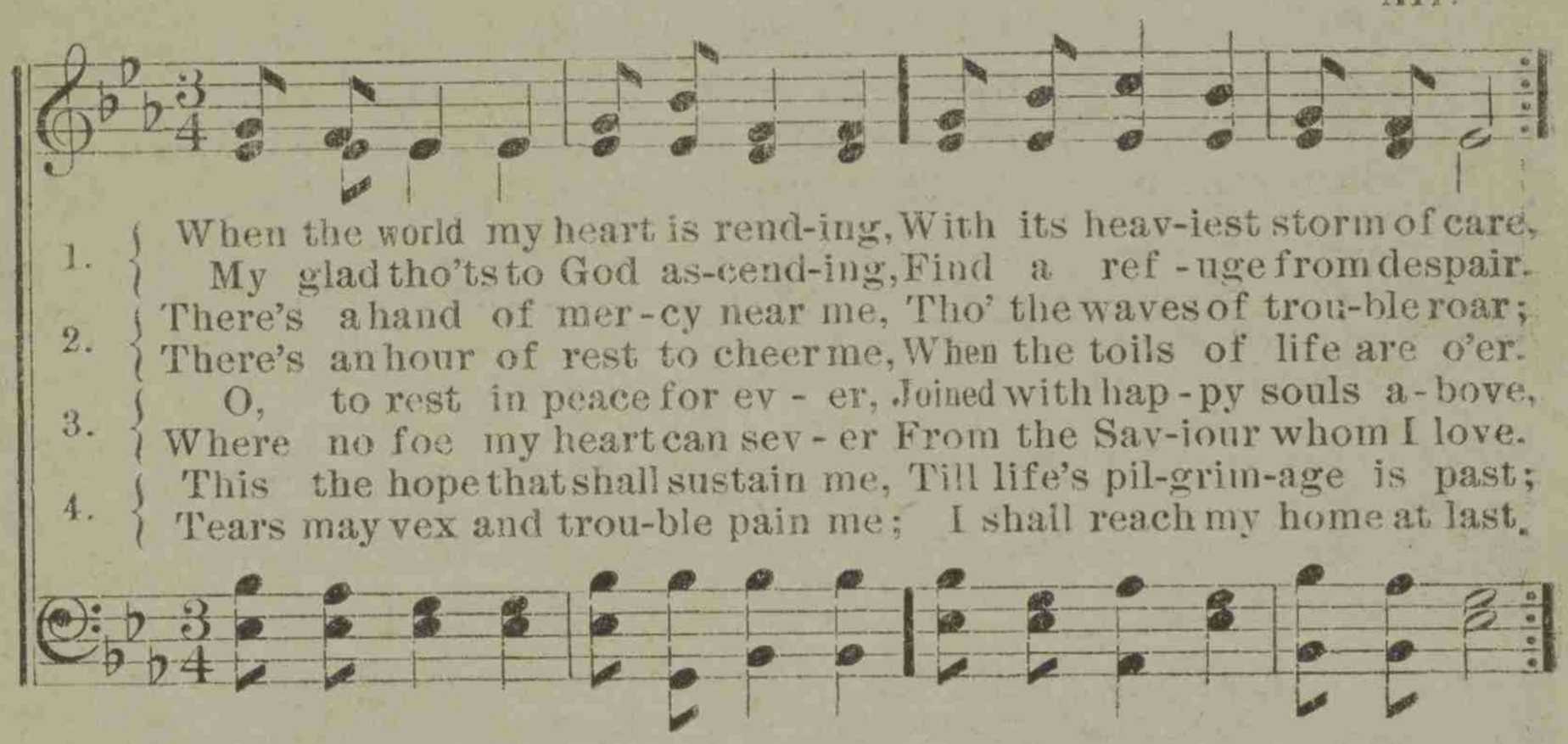


EVAN.—Concluded.



No. 288. I LOVE JESUS.

Arr.

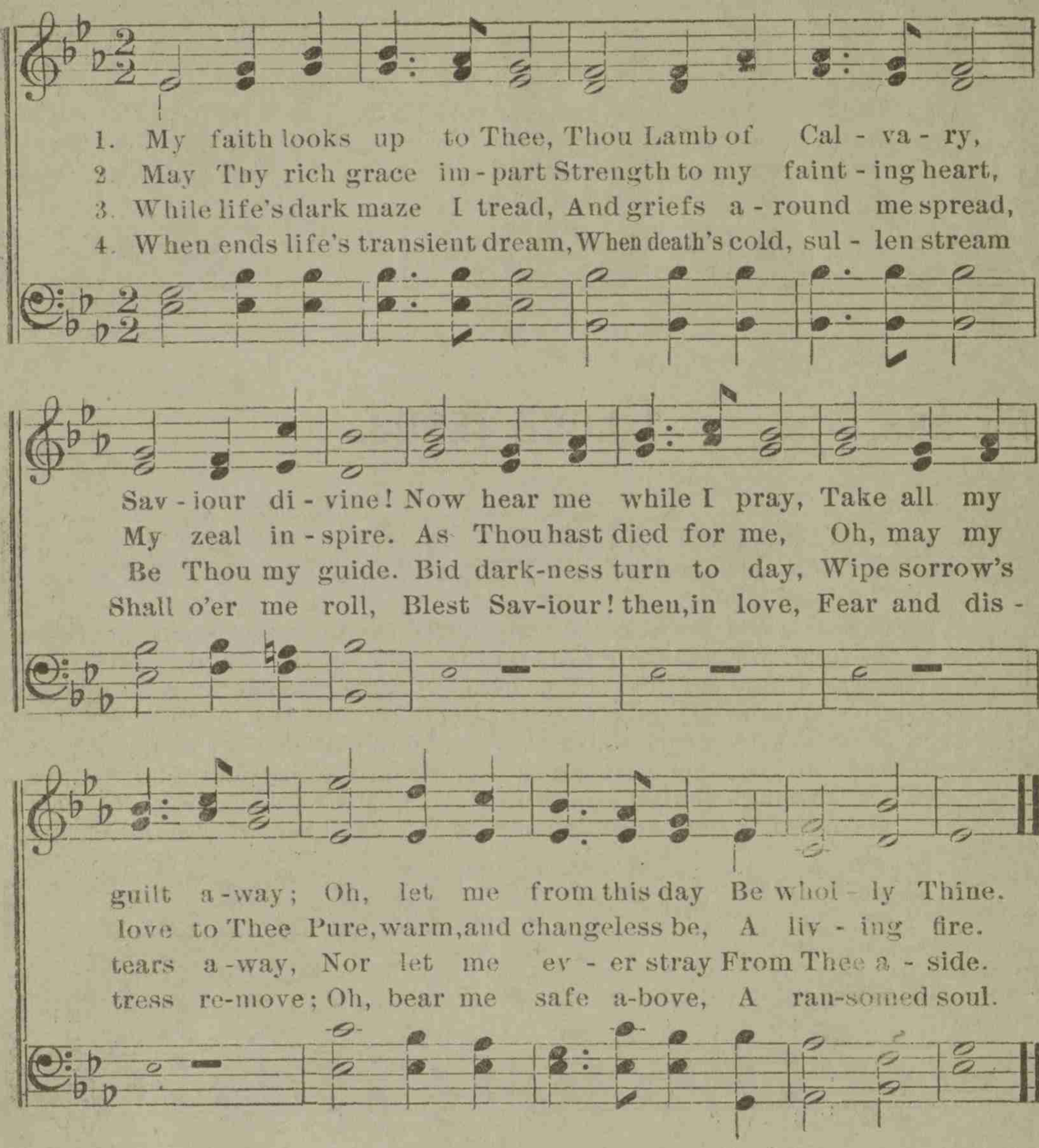


CHORUS.



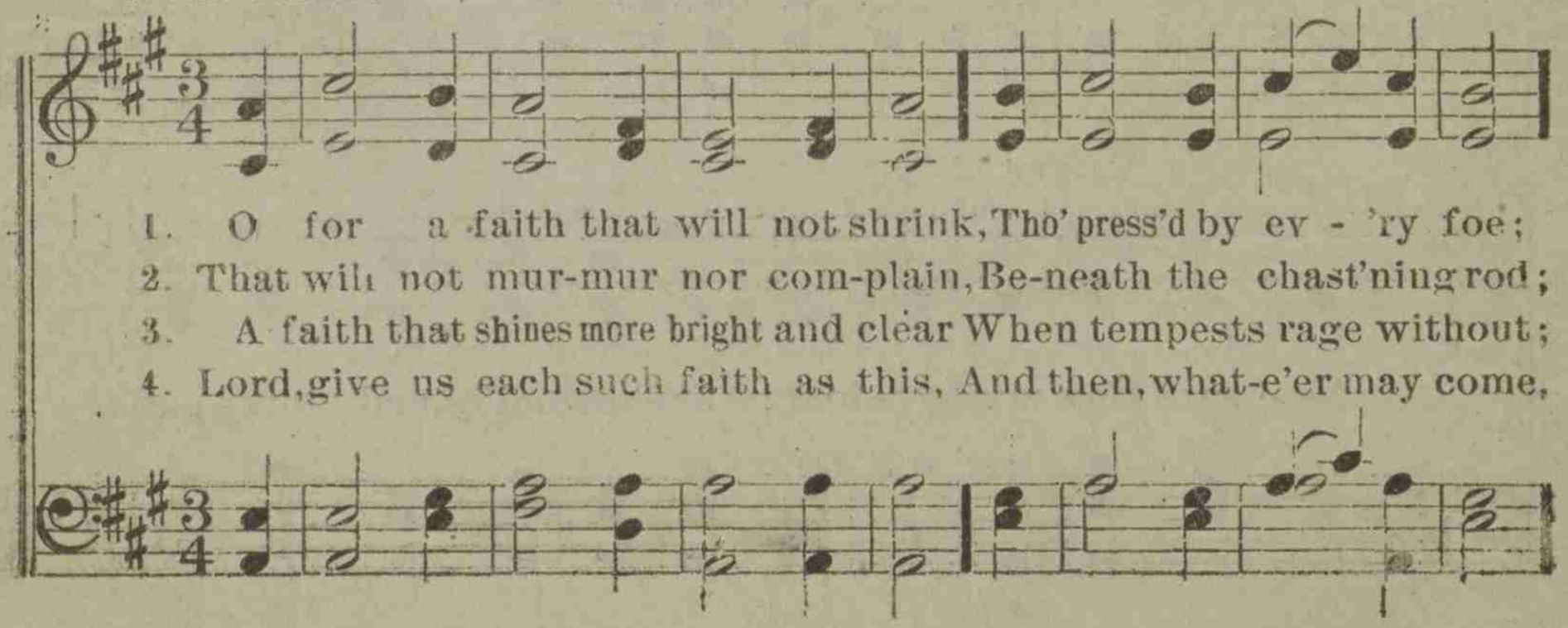
No. 289. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER, 1830. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 290. BALERMA.

W. H. BATHURST, 1831. R. SIMPSON.



BALERMA.—Concluded.

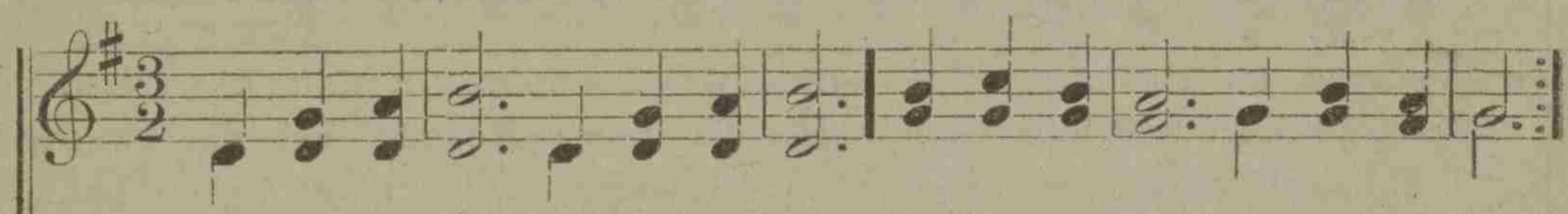


That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe.
But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.



No. 291. THE HAPPY DAY.

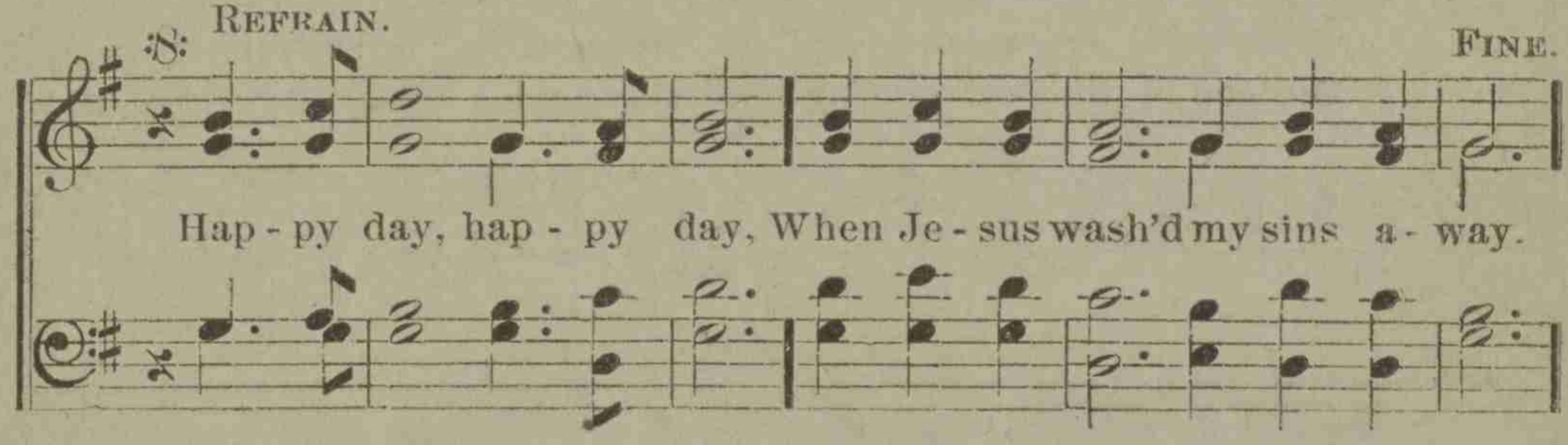
Rev. Philip Doddridge. Edward F. Rimbault.



1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
   Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - ture all a-broad.
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
   Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine,
   He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
4. { Now rest, my long-di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen - ter, rest;
   Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dail-y hear,
   Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

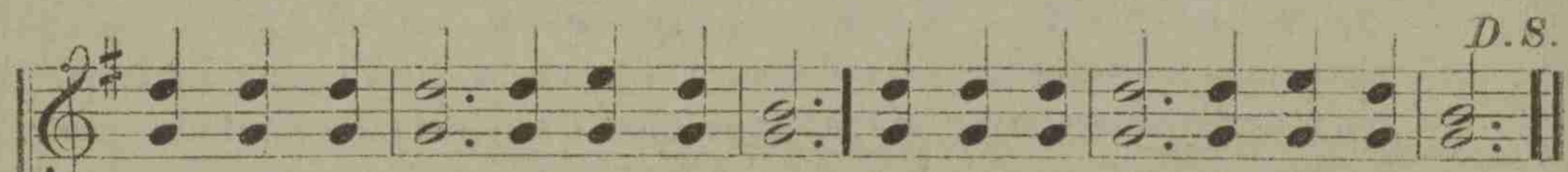


Refrain.



Fine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.



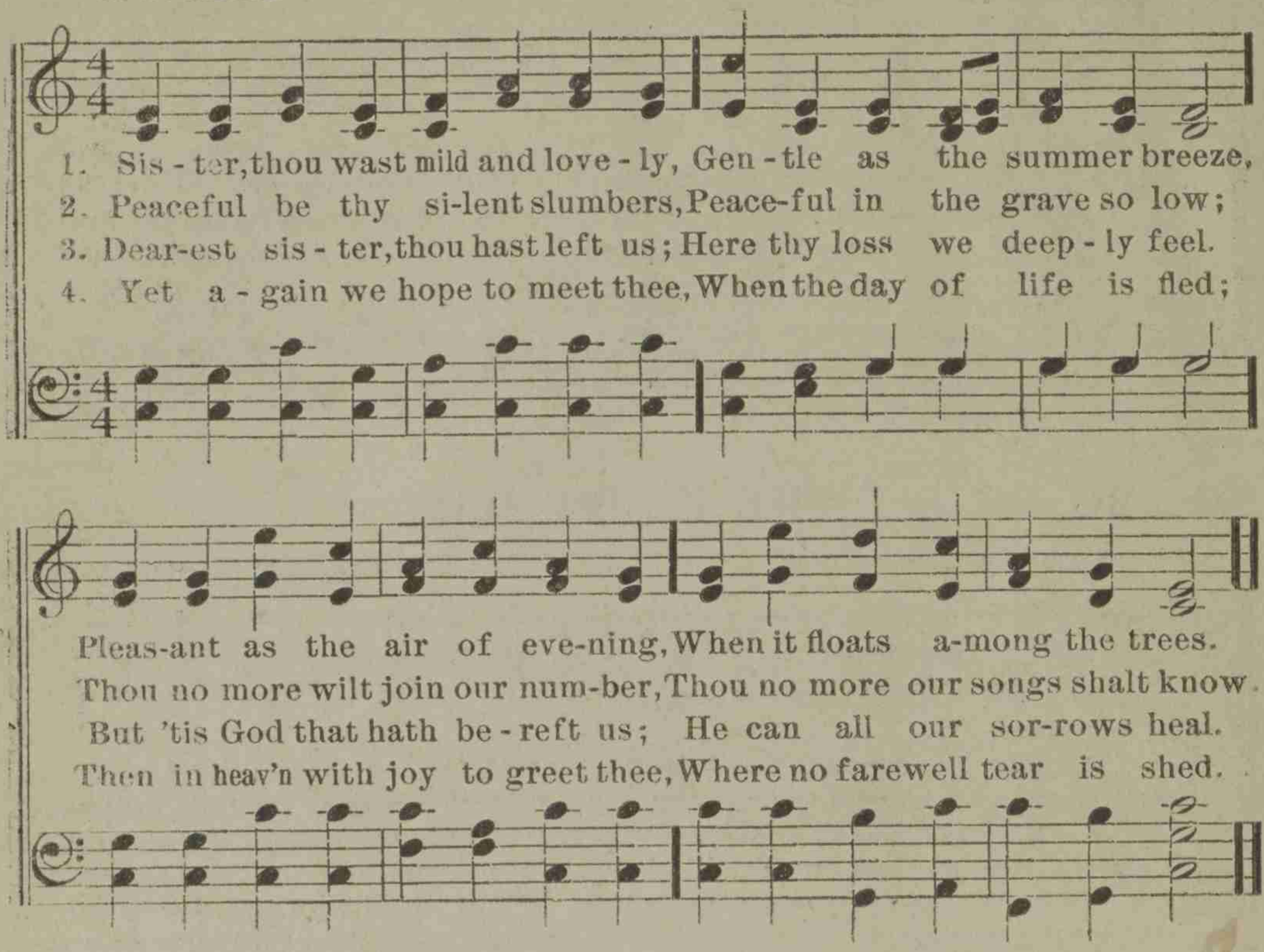
D.S.

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



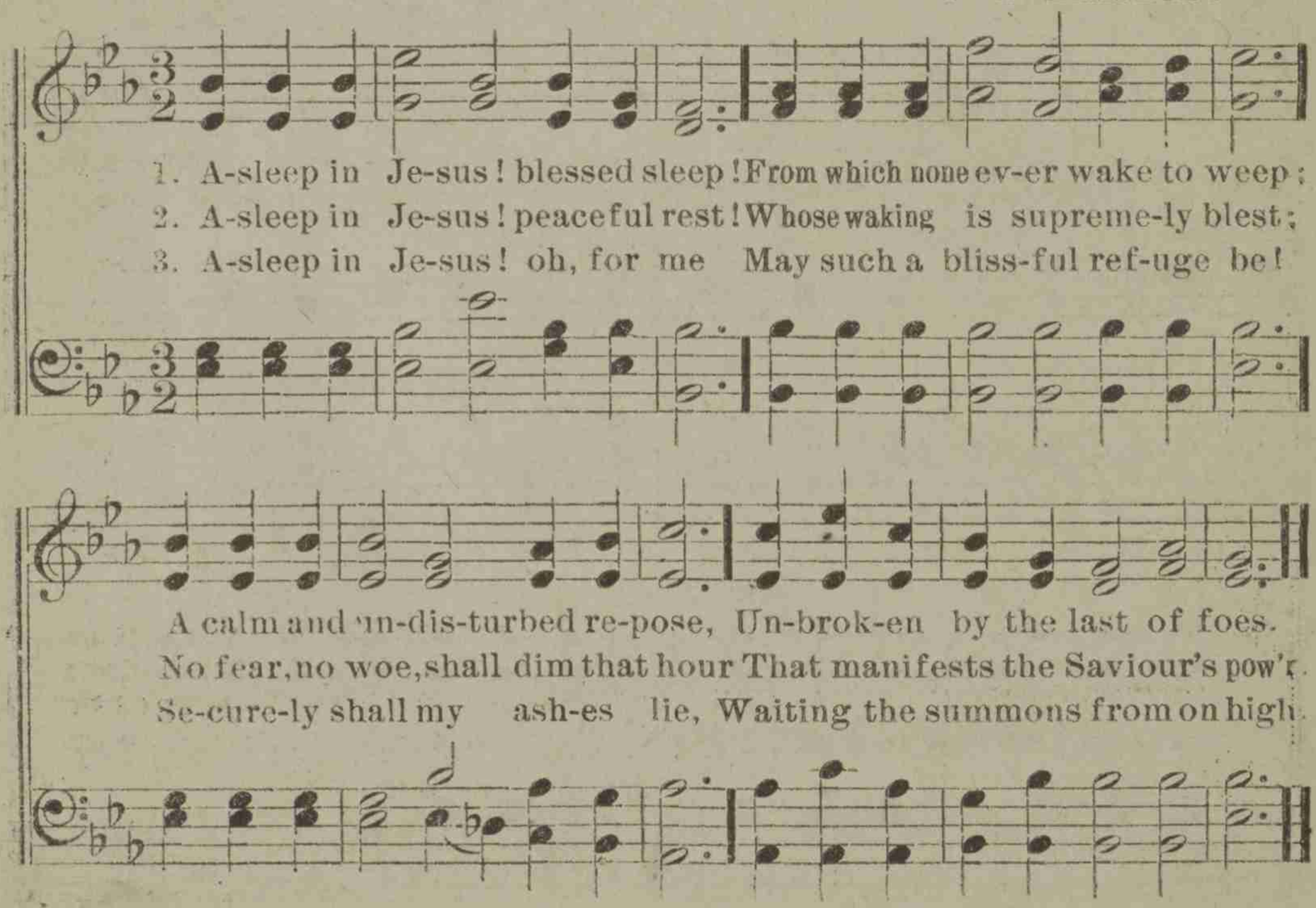
No. 292. MOUNT VERNON.

S. F. SMITH — DR. LOWELL MASON.



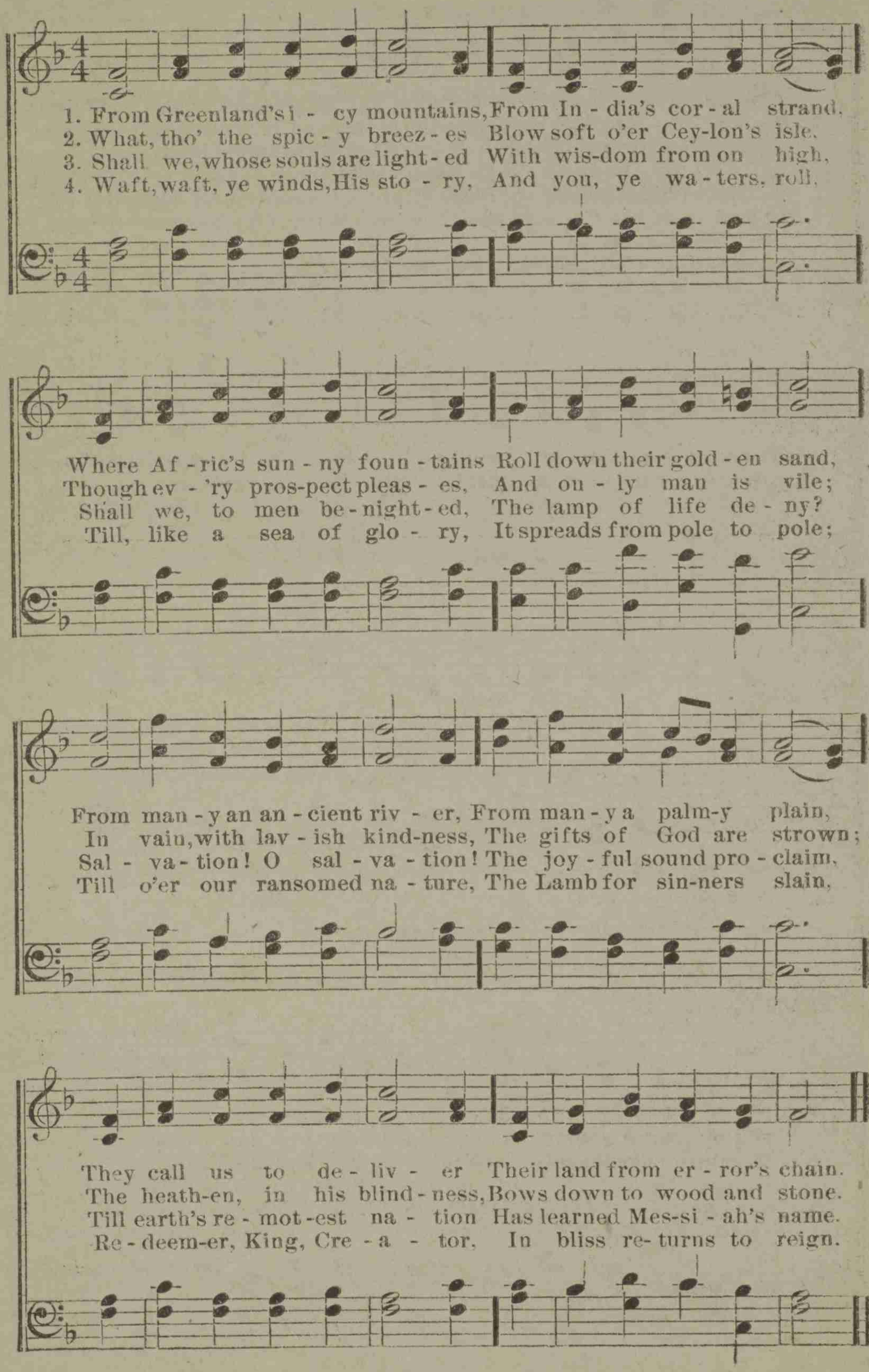
No. 293. REST.

W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 294. MISSIONARY HYMN.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. LOWELL MASON, 1824.

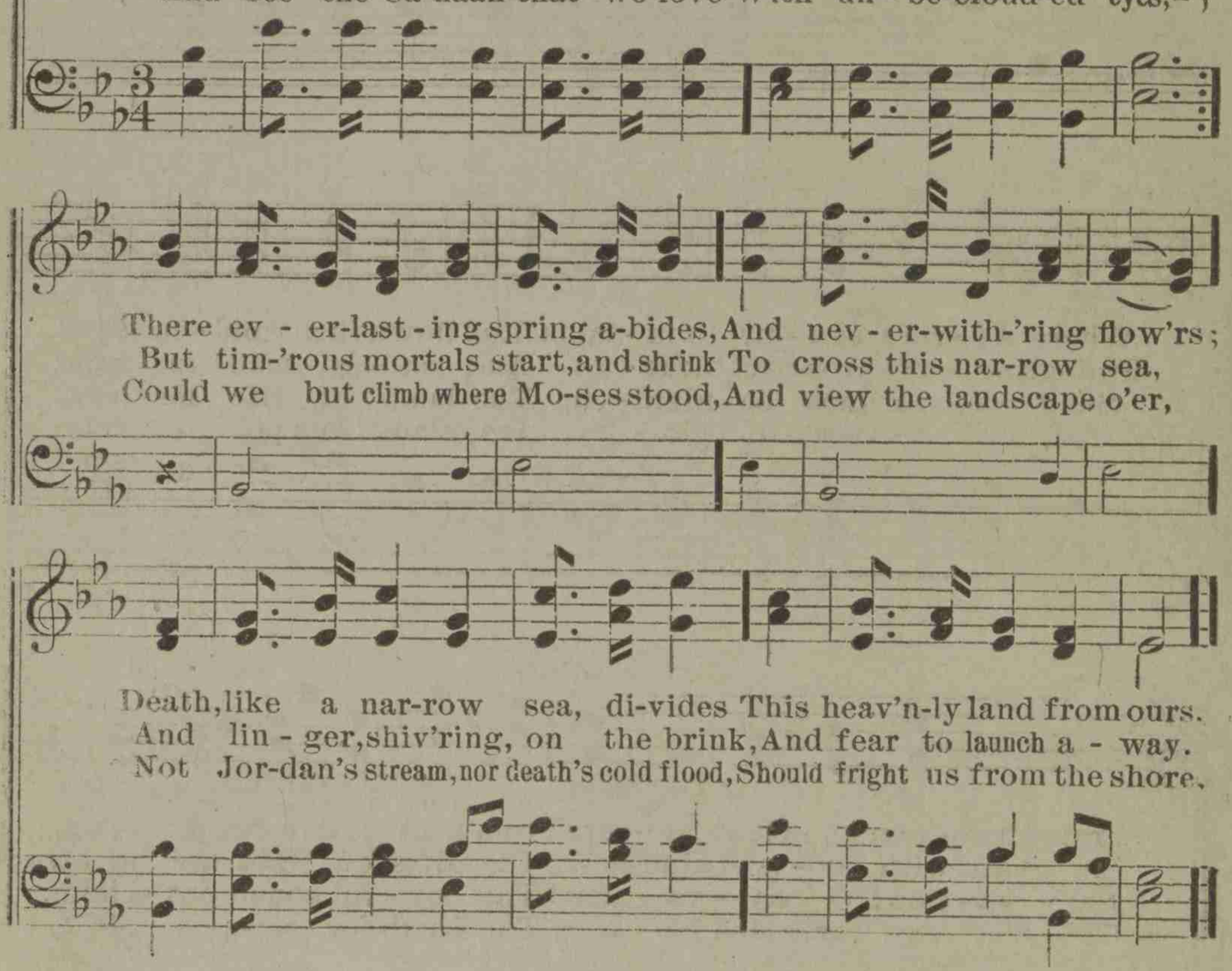


No. 295. LAND OF PROMISE.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from RINK by G. F. ROOT.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor- tal reign;
   In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
   So, to the Jews, old Ca-naan's stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes,—



There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
But tim-'rous mortals start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 296. HOME.

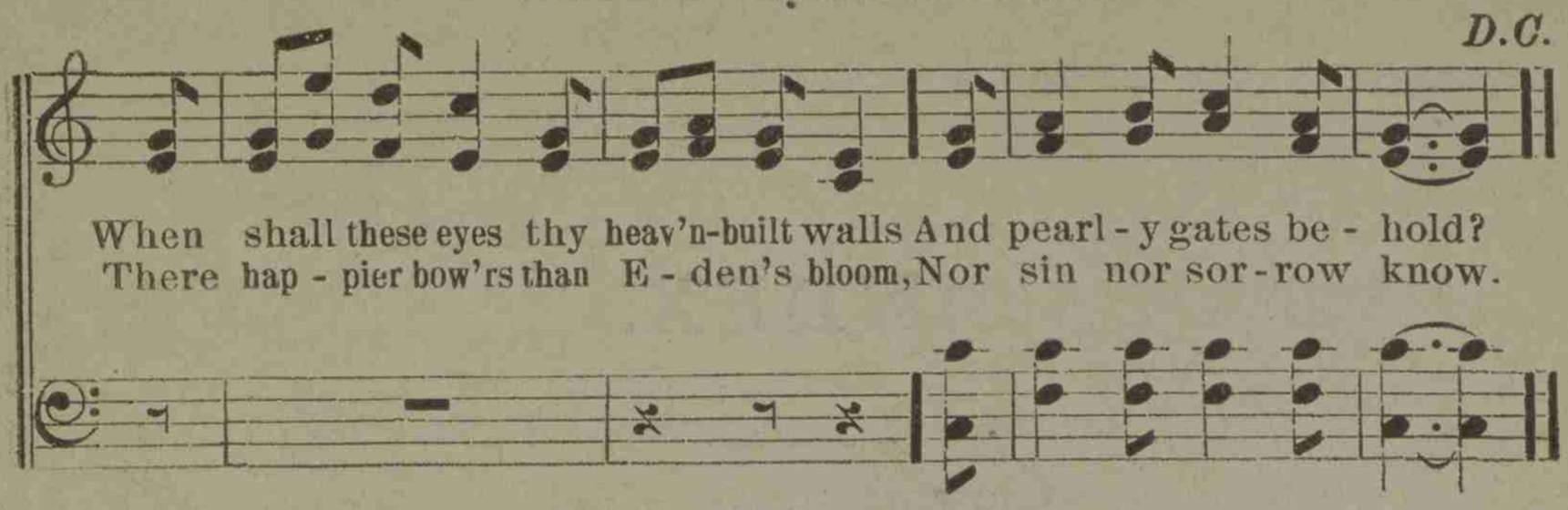
MONTGOMERY. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

Not too fast. FINE.



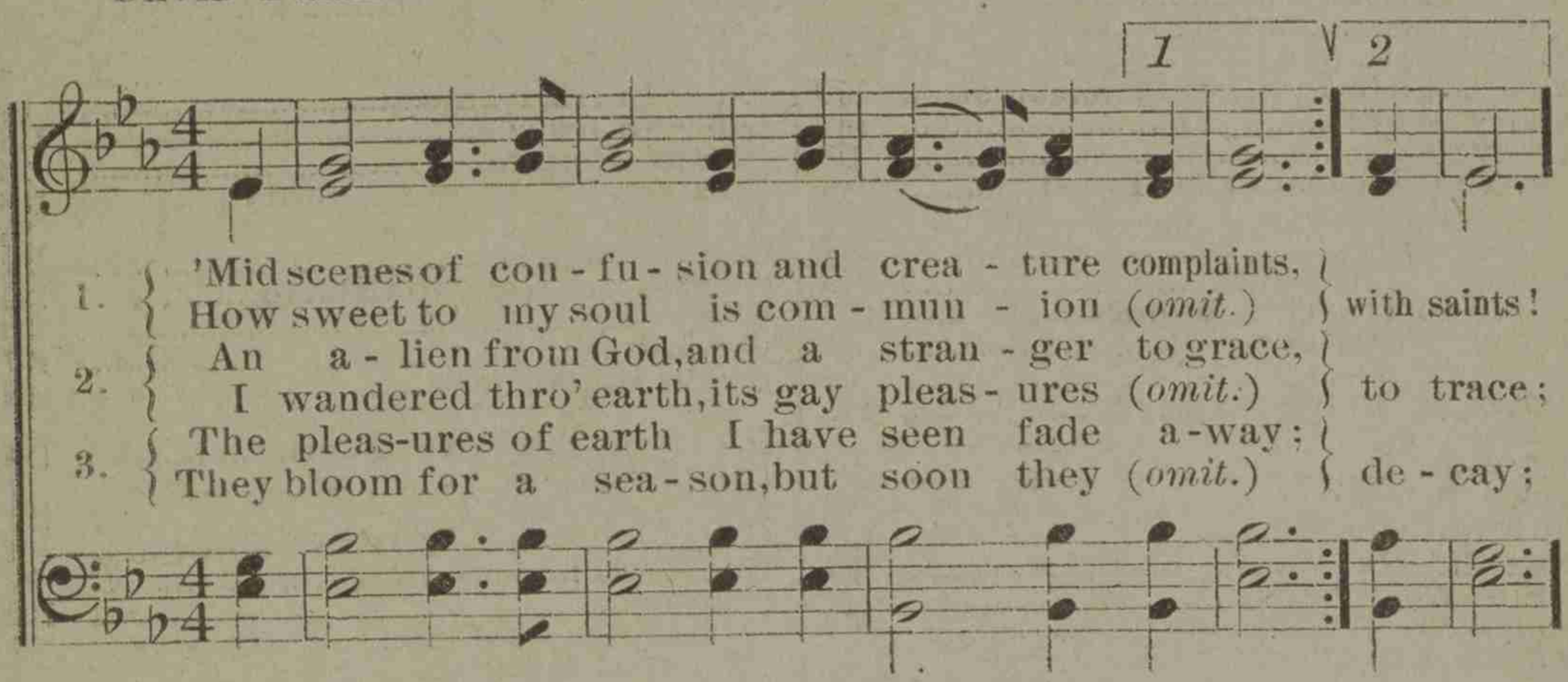
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
   When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
D.C. *Thy bul-warks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold?*
2. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
   Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths have no end?
D.C. *Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you.*

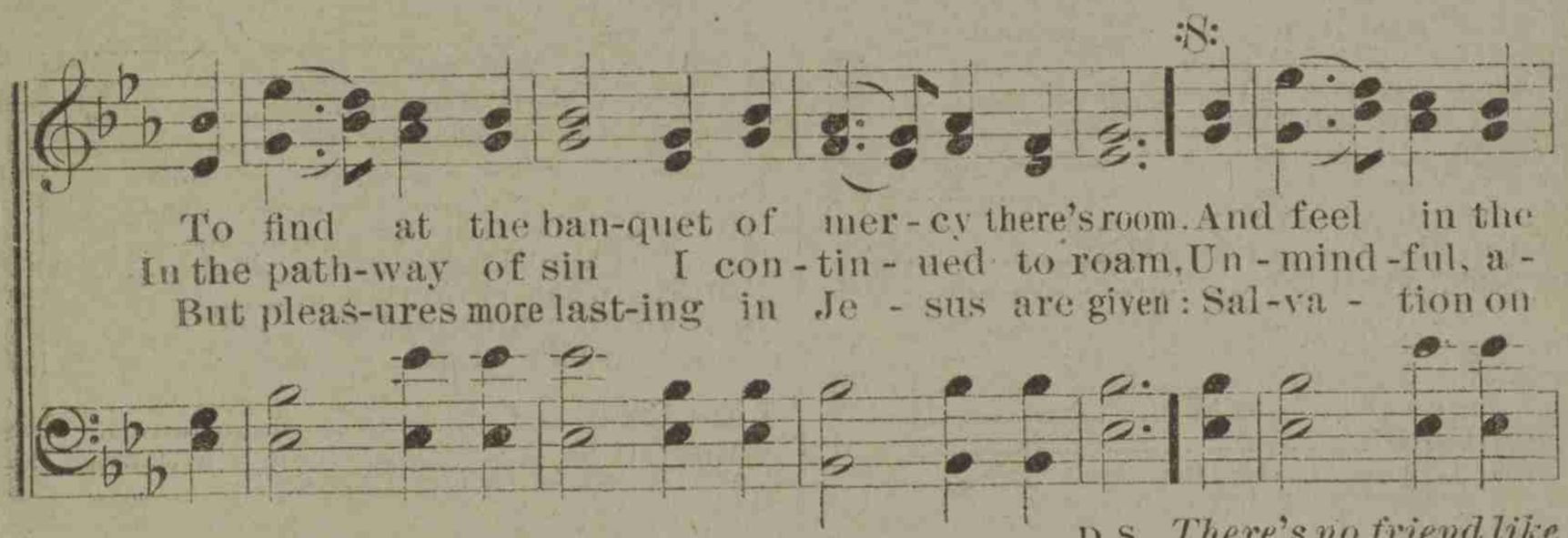
HOME.—Concluded.

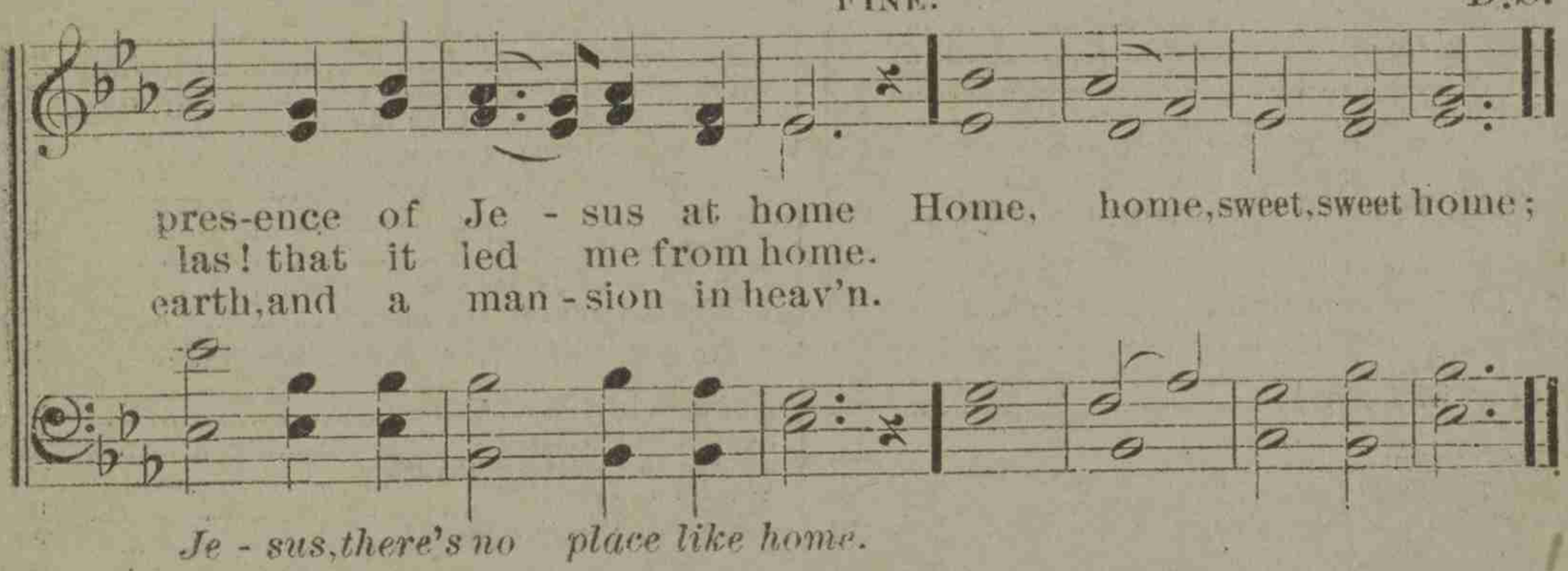


No. 297. HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.







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