GOSPEL SONG GEMS

No. 1

Gospel Song-Gems

No. 1

COMPILED BY

H. A. WOLFSOHN

Gospel Singer, Atlanta, Ga.

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PREFACE.

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The compiler of "Gospel Song-Gems No. 1" is a Gospel singer of considerable standing and experience. He has made a special study of the needs of the Church and Sunday-school in the line of music. Many of the hymns and tunes of this collection are new, composed by some of the most noted Gospel Hymn writers. It also contains a number of the old standard hymns that have moved the hearts of the people in the past and are doing so still. The publisher is well known to the musical world, having published a number of fine books; "Gospel Song-Gems No. 1" is among the best. Be sure to examine it well before making a selection. Both compiler and publisher guarantee the book to be first-class in every particular.

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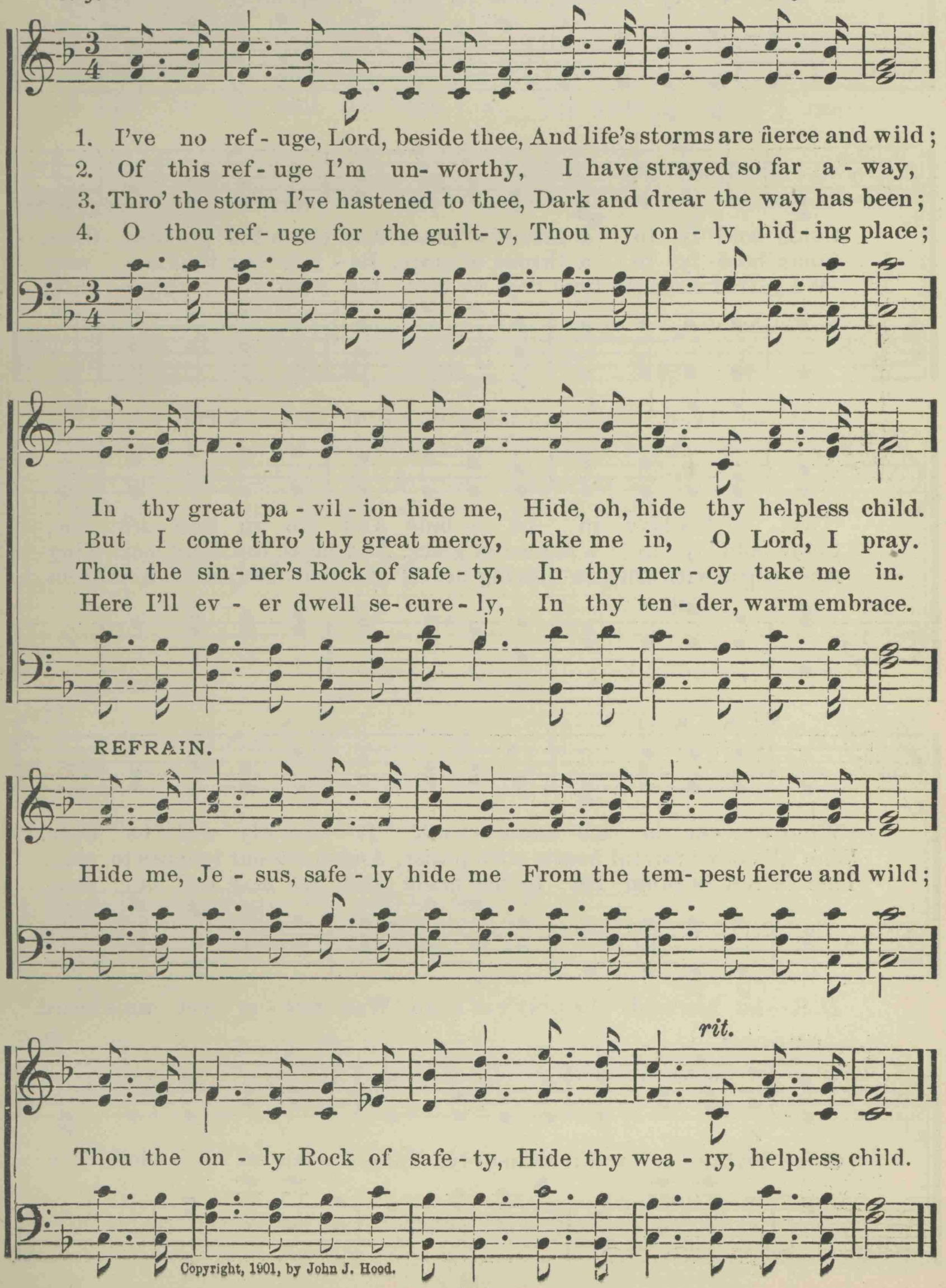
GOSPEL SONG-GEMS.

— No. 1. —

The Only Refuge.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts iv: 12.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.



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Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, ye who from your hearts believe That Je - sus answers pray'r,
2. If in the "fountain fill'd with blood" Our sins are wash'd a - way,
3. From ev- 'ry precious, gold- en hour We spend in fer- vent pray'r,

Come bold- ly to a throne of grace And claim his promise there,—
Come bold- ly to a throne of grace, Re - joic- ing that we may
We gather strength from day to day For each re - turning care;

That, if his love in us a- bide And we in him are one,
Come bold- ly to a throne of grace, And bless the Lord our King—
And, while with true, be- lieving hearts We bow be - fore his throne,

:S: *Fine.*

What - ev - er in his name we ask It sure - ly will be done.
Who fills our grateful hearts with praise, And tunes our tongues to sing.
There's not a prom - ise he has made But we may call our own.

D.S.—he has said "the pray'r of faith Was nev - er yet un - heard."

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Come loving - ly and trusting - ly, Take Je- sus at his word, For

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With One Accord.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We come, O Lord, be - fore thee, In this sweet hour of prayer;
2. We need the Spir - it's bless - ing, We wait the promised power;
3. This "ut - ter-most sal - va - tion" Grant us, we now im - plore;
4. Lift ev - 'ry soul still high - er, Till wholly lost in thee;

May we find ac - cess to thy throne, Oh, deign to meet us there.
Send tongues of fire and hearts of flame, A great baptis - mal shower.
The car - nal mind in us de- stroy, Thine im- age to re - store.
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry still, Un- til thy face we see.

CHORUS.

Breathe on us, breath from heav - en, Come, bless- ed Ho - ly Ghost;
With one ac- cord, be - fore the Lord, We wait for Pen - te - cost.

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Wonderful Story of Love.

M. TAYLOR. ARTHUR J. SMITH.

1. To-day God is tell - ing a won - derful sto - ry, The tru- est, the grandest that ev - er was told; The fullest disclosure of
2. He brings the as - sur - ance of present sal - va - tion, E- ter - nal as God's own immu - ta- ble throne, Deliv'rance forever from
3. This, then, is the day when with love far ex - ceeding, With all that he has, God would lost ones endow, The acceptable time, e'en the

grace and of glo - ry, Kept hidden from all the prophets of old.
all condem- na- tion, A standing in Christ, the place of a son.
time of his pleading, The day of salvation, God's wonder- ful NOW.

CHORUS.

To- day we're tell- ing the sto - ry, Won - derful, won - derful sto - ry, To-day we're telling the story, The wonderful story of love.

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Come Home.

J. David Jaquette. Wm. W. Vansant.

1. List! sin - ner, the voice of thy Sav- iour is heard, At- tend and re -
2. Why lin - ger in darkness and dan - ger so long? The day of sal -
3. Full long has the burden of sin weighed thee down, Oh, hast - en to
4. De- spised and re - ject - ed, at length he may leave, His Spir - it no

ject not his plea; He asks for thy heart, now believe on his word, He
va- tion is near; Come, all ye that la - bor, his love is so strong, That
Cal- va- ry's side; See, there on the cross he has purchased thy crown, A
longer may strive; His mer - cy and par- don, oh, wilt thou receive? 'Twill

CHORUS.

offers sweet pardon to thee. Come home, come home, Come, trust in a
all his sweet promise may share.
ransom for sinners has died.
peace to thy soul quickly give.

Come home, come home,

Saviour's love; Come home, weary one, come home, Come home to that land above.

Come home,

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The Saviour Leads Me.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. xxiii : 2.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,
2. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,
3. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,

All my needs he doth sup- ply me, All the way, all the way,
With the heav'nly man - na feeds me, All the way, all the way,
To the liv - ing waters guides me, All the way, all the way,

And his goodness fail- eth nev - er; He is mine, yes, mine for- ev - er;
Tho' the path be dark and dreary, And my feet have grown so weary,
What care I for earthly treasure? What care I for worldly pleasure?

From his love I ne'er can sev - er, All the way, all the way.
Yet he makes life seem so cheer - y, All the way, all the way.
I have grace be- yond the measure, All the way, all the way.

From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

When the Saints are Marching in.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shining gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints . . . are
2. Parted friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints . . . are
3. Ev'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints . . . are
4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints . . . are

When the saints ar-

marching in; The redeem'd shall come, And be crown'd at home,
marching in; Spotless robes shall wear, Victor palms shall bear,
marching in; And the blood-wash'd throng Shall repeat the song,
marching in; are marching in; We shall of- fer praise Thro' e- ternal days,

CHORUS.

When the saints . . . . are marching in. When the saints . . are marching

When the saints When the saints

in, When the saints . . . are marching in; Joyful

are marching in, When the saints are marching in;

songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.

When the saints marching in.

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Go, Work To-Day.
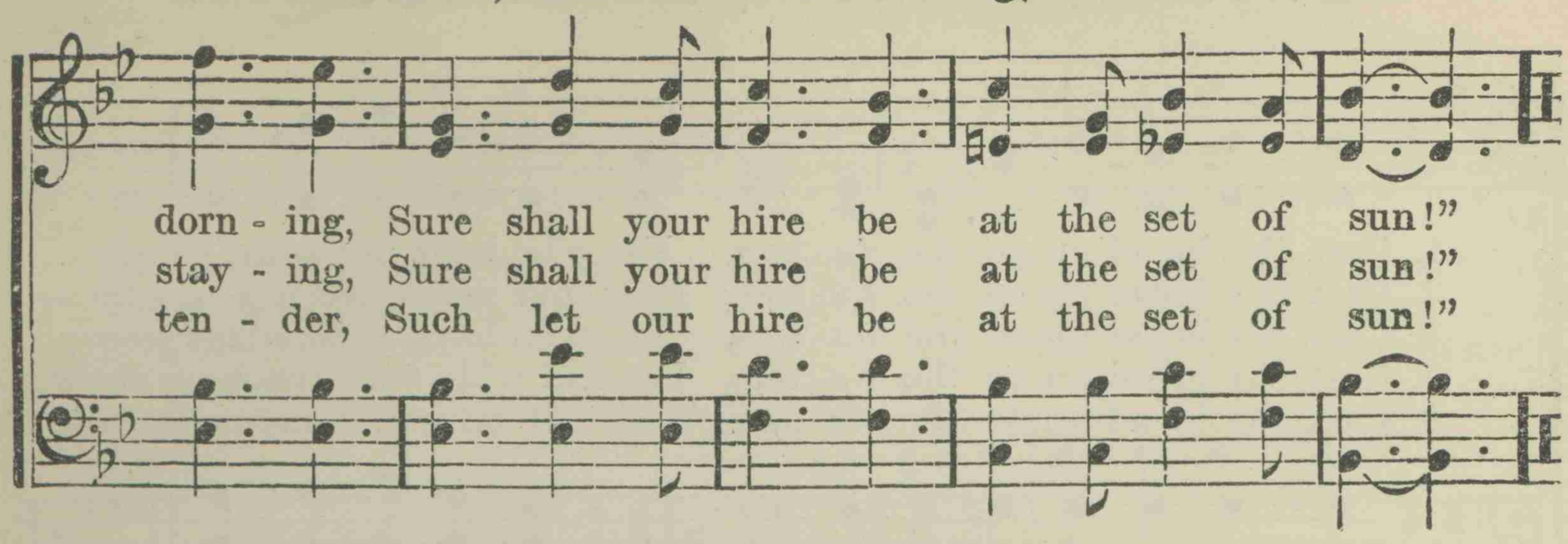
Mrs. J. C. Yule. Adam Geibel.

1. Forth in the dawn-light cool, and sweet, and tender, While yet the dew-drops trem-ble on the flowers, Seek-ing for lab-'rers, one doth meekly wander, Call-ing, still calling thro' the qui-et hours;—
2. Forth while the sun rides high-er still in heav-en, Forth while the noon-tide's fer-vid ra-diance glows, Forth while the sha-dows lengthen t'ward the ev-en, Call-ing for lab'rers, still the Master goes;—
3. Lord, we have heard thee in our youth's glad morning; Lord, we still hear thee in our noon-day prime,— Hear thee, and glad-ly, ease and pleasure scorning, Gird us for ser-vice low-ly yet sub-lime;—

"Go, work to-day, the flush of ear-ly morning Brightens the east, and day is com-ing on;
"Go, work to-day!— oh, wherefore yet delaying, Stand ye still i-dle as the hours glide on?
Take us, ourselves to thee we now surren-der, Take us, and use us till the day is done,

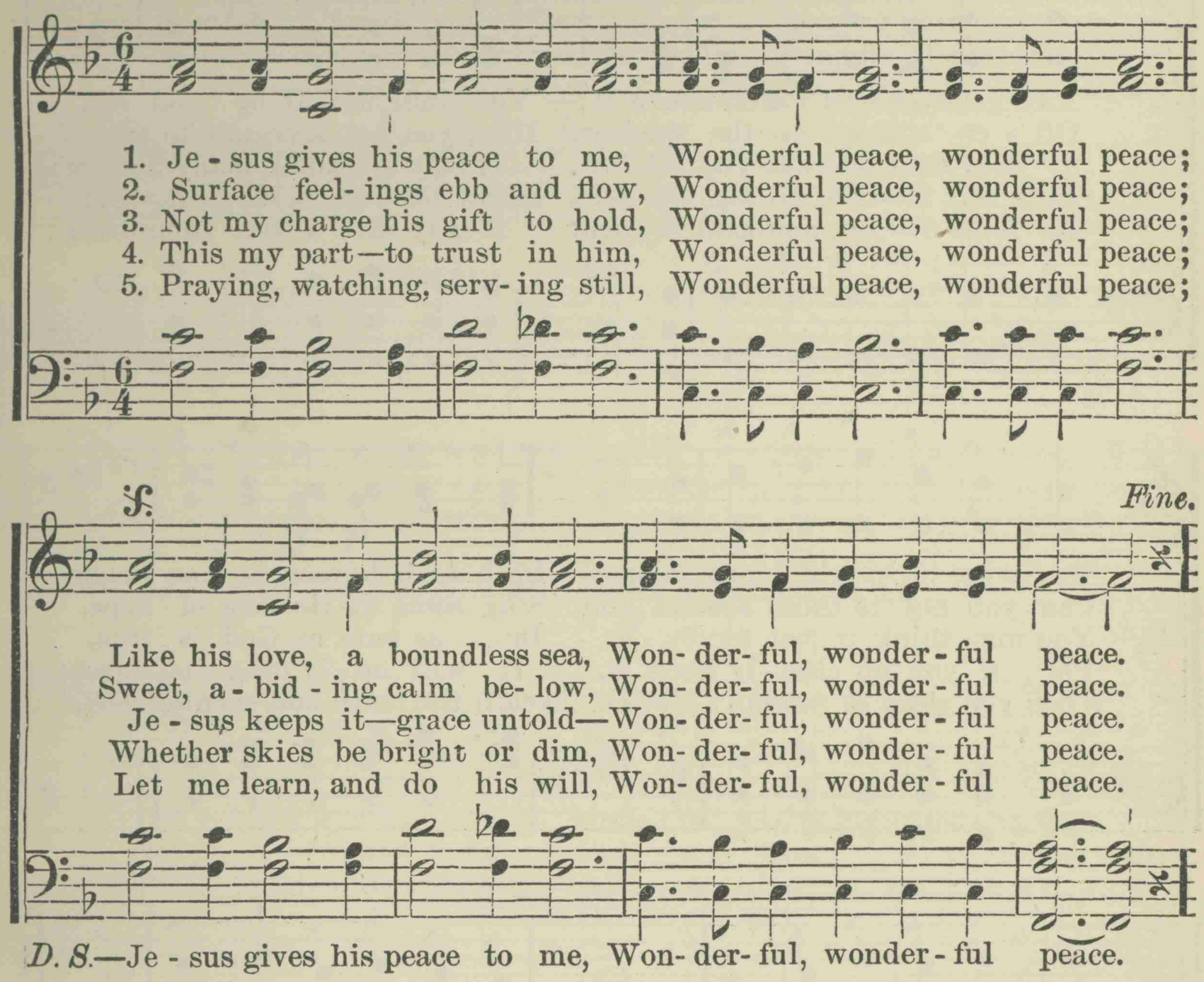
Go in the fresh-ness of the day's a-
Go, for the morn-ing waits not for your
Gath-er us then in thy embrac-es

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Wonderful Peace.

L. H. E. "My peace I give unto you."—John xiv: 27. L. H. EDMUNDS.



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Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant supply,
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bundant store;
4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with praying breath,

An-gel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft-en sitting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on man-y-a bil-low, It may strand on many-a shore;
Scat-ter it with willing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his righteous balance Doth each human ac-tion weigh
Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sac-ri-fice remem-ber, Will your loving deeds re-pay.
As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet return to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies over you.

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Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. H. M.

CHAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness? Would you know its greatest blessedness? Would you know its truest joyfulness? Make some other
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a bitter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
3. Many hearts are crushed with bit - ter woe, Many hearts with grief are bending low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re- joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,
Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind- ly word,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleasant smile,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleasant smile,
Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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Redemption.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A. Armen.

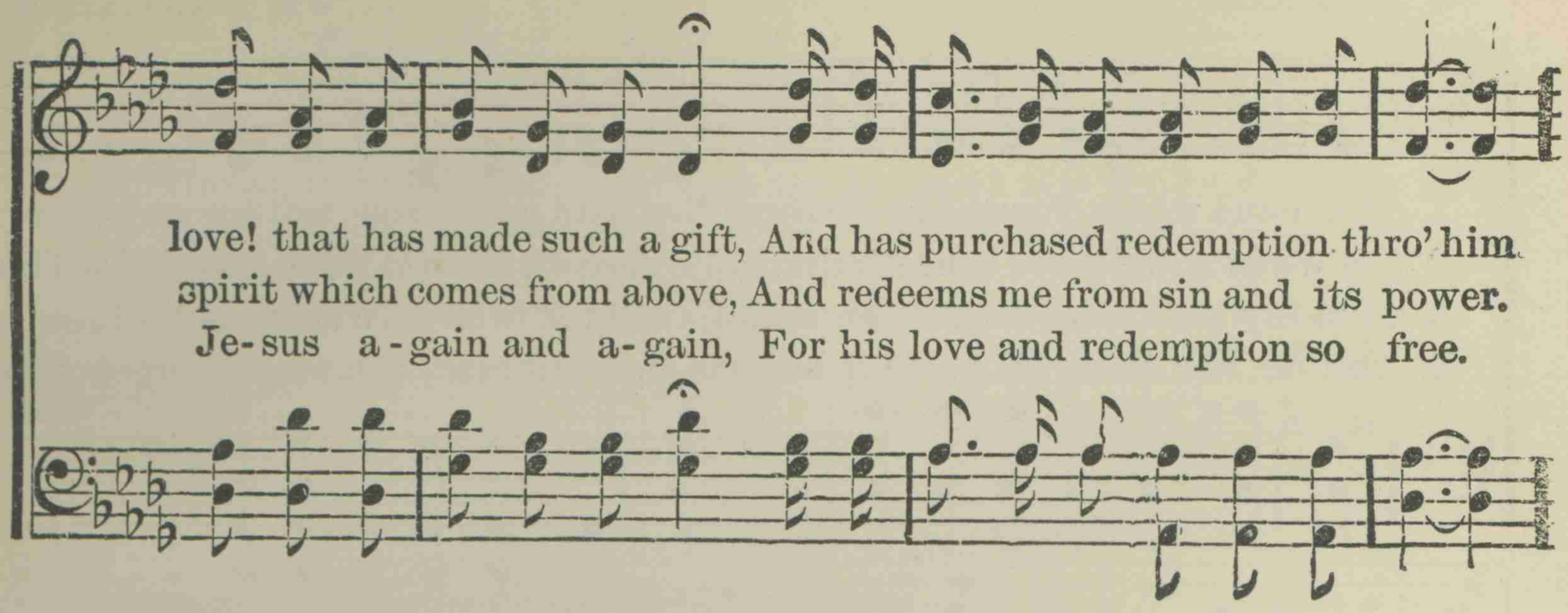
1. 'Twas the beautiful angels that rolled the great stone From the tomb where the
2. Come, my Father, the weight of my guilt roll away, Blessed Saviour, I
3. Now the blessing is mine, but the glo - ry is thine, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm

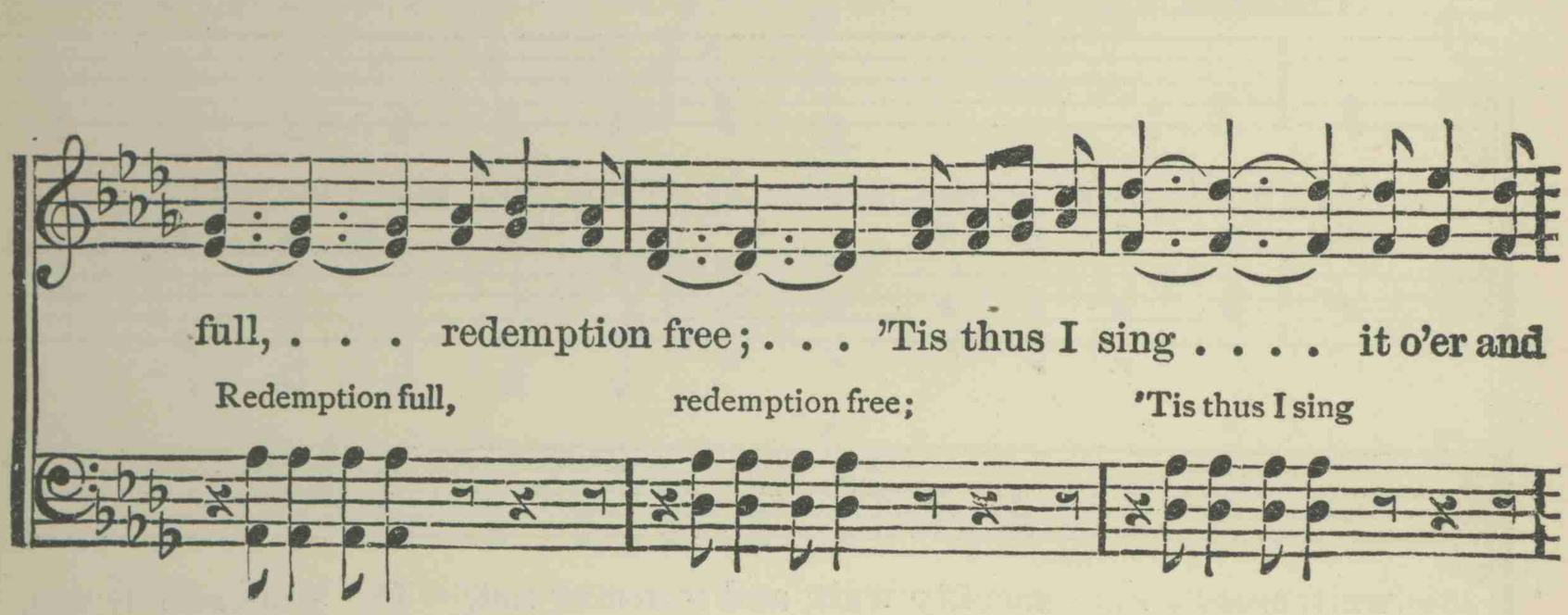
Saviour was laid, When he rose from the dead and ascended on high,
claim thee as mine; Oh, receive now the off'ring I lay at thy feet,
saved by thy grace; 'Tis by faith I receive thee, my Saviour, and King,

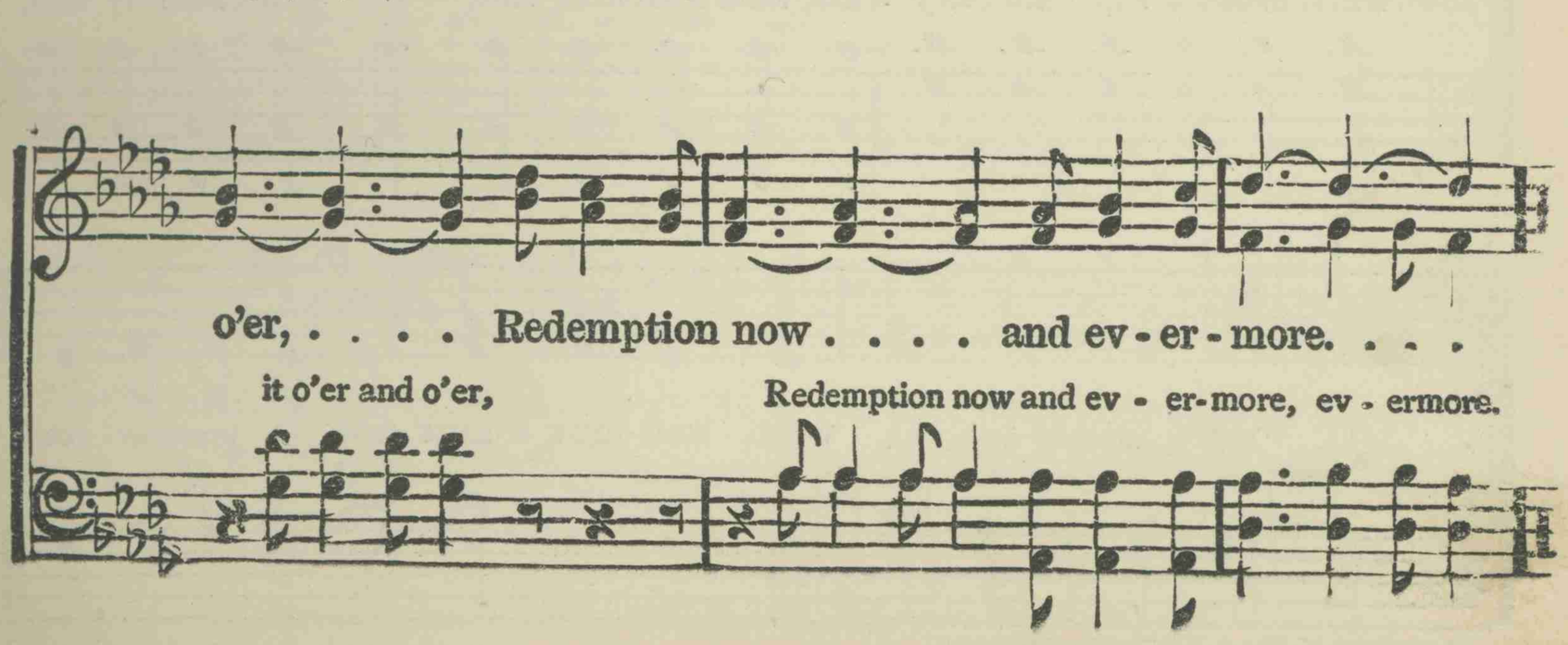
And the debt of redemption was paid; Yes, that ransom was offered for
Wilt thou make me acceptably thine? Now the Saviour comes in and my
'Tis by faith I behold thy sweet face; Unto him shall be praise, who hath

you and for me, While we wandered in bondage and sin; It was love, wondrous
heart fills with love, Oh, how sweet is the joy of this hour! Now I feel that sweet
paid such a price To redeem worthless sinners like me; Glo- ry, glo- ry to

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love! that has made such a gift, And has purchased redemption thro' him.
spirit which comes from above, And redeems me from sin and its power.
Je-sus a-gain and a-gain, For his love and redemption so free.
CHORUS.
A little faster.
Redemption's song . . . . is sweet to me, ... Redemption
Redemption's song
is sweet to me,


full, . . . redemption free; . . . 'Tis thus I sing . . . . it o'er and
Redemption full,
redemption free;
'Tis thus I sing


o'er, ... Redemption now . . . . and ev-er-more. . . .
it o'er and o'er,
Redemption now and ev - er-more, ev - ermore.

Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. Bellamy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care ; Yes!
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow ; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home ; Who would not fain be resting there?
yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee ; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
wait, meek-ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek-ly wait,
O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

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care ; Yes!
thly lot Thou
his brow ; If
forgot ; The

ting there?
urmur not.
than thou.
urmur not.

not, O,

meek-ly wait,

murmur not.

Have you Done your Best for Jesus? 17

Mrs. LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus? Has your dai- ly life the
2. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, Have you sung for him your
3. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, Is your love for him a
4. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, All a con - se - crated

les - son taught That the sac - ri - fice for sin once of - fered, In your
sweetest song? Have your truest, bravest words been ut - tered To re -
glowing flame? Do you tell of his complete sal - va - tion, For the
life can do? Oh, the coming of his bless- ed kingdom Will de -

CHORUS.

soul the saving grace has wrought? For Je - - sus, for Je - - sus,
pel the rising tide of wrong?
glory of his matchless name?
pend upon the faithful few. Have you ever done your best? Have you ever done your best?

Have you ev - er done your best for Jesus? In some glad, supremest hour

Have you giv'n your utmost pow'r? Have you ever done your best for Jesus?

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Oh, to be Something!

REV. GEO. W. CROFTS. ARTHUR J. SMITH.

1. Oh, to be something, dear Saviour, I pray, Something of
2. Something, where spir- its are burdened with sin, Something, those
3. Something, to o - pen the eyes of the blind, Something, to
4. Something to sol - ace e - ter - ni - ty's fears, Something to

use to the world in my day; Something, dear Saviour, whatever it be,
spir- its for heaven to win; Something, to woo them to Calvary's cross,
lighten the sin-darkened mind; Something, to lead them to fountains of love,
cheer when e- ter- nity nears; Something, to banish death's venomous sting,

D.S.—Something, dear Saviour, whatever it be,

CHORUS.

Something, yes, something of honor to thee. Oh, to be something, my
Something, to give them pure gold for their dross.
Something, to point them to mansions a - bove.
Something, to help them life's triumphs to sing.

S. ething, yes, something of honor to thee.

D.S.

Saviour, do thou Make of me something, yes, something just now;

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Over the Sea.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. v: 19.

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

Not too fast.

1. Hear the Saviour saying, "Come to me," O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee;
2. 'Tis the call of mercy; heed the voice, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee;
3. Turn from sin to Je- sus, trust his word, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee;

Sad, erring soul, he gently speaks to thee, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
Penitent one, Christ bids thy heart rejoice, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
Yield to the tones so oft- en sweetly heard, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O- ver the sea, beauti- ful sea, Calling to thee,
Over the sea, beautiful sea, Calling to thee,
"Come un- to me," O- ver the sea, beautiful sea; Calling to
"Come un- to me,"
thee, "Come unto me," O- ver the sea, beautiful sea of Gal - i - lee.

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The Light of the Soul is Jesus.

Mrs. Helen Dungan. J. M. Dungan.

1. The light of the soul is Je - sus! Tho' dark be my pathway,
2. The light of the soul is Je - sus! Tho' doubts like a cloud my
3. The light of the soul is Je - sus! Tho' friends may forsake and

drear - y and lone, One light in the dark- ness ev - er has shone,
vis - ion ob- scure, I trust in my Sav - iour, ev - er se- cure,
bur - dens op- press, To Je - sus I flee, for still he will bless,

CHORUS.

For the light of the soul is Je - sus! The light of the
The light of the soul,
soul, The light of the soul is Je - sus! Tho' dark be the
light of the soul, Tho' dark be the day,
day, It brightens the way to heav- en above, The light
dark be the day, The light of the soul,

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of the soul, The light of the soul is Je - sus! It shines
light of the soul, It shines on the path,

on the path That leads to the home of love.
shines on the path of love.

Because Jesus Loved Me.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. My sins are tak - en all away, Because Je- sus loved me; My feet are
2. His blood was shed on Calvary, Because Je- sus loved me; I have a
3. A child of heaven's King am I, Because Je- sus loved me; An heir to

CHORUS.

on the glory way, Because he loved me so. Because Jesus loved me, Be-
blessed lib - erty, Because he loved me so.
mansions in the sky, Because he loved me so.

cause Jesus lov'd me; The thorns he wore, the cross he bore, Because he lov'd me so.

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Who will Answer for Me?

The late Rev. Daniel Curry once dreamed that he had died and gone to Judgment. As he stood trembling before the bar, the Judge asked this question, "Who will answer for Daniel Curry?" Then he heard the sweet voice of Jesus reply, "I will answer for him."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Who will answer for me, when, life's battles all past, I shall stand at the bar of the Judgment at last, When be- fore me the Judge of all nations I see, In that ter- ri - ble hour, who will answer for me?
2. Oh, how dark all my past, as from there I look back, Many sins and mis- takes will I count on my track, Scarce a sin - gle good deed on my rec - ord I see, And I cry in despair, "who will answer for me?"
3. Justice there will I see with the scales in her hand, And I know I shall quake as up - on them I stand; "Weigh'd and found wanting" there, as no doubt I shall be In my weakness and fear;—who will answer for me?
4. Saviour, help me to walk close to thee day by day, When I hear thy com- mands may I trust and o - bey; While I live may I ev - er to thee faithful be, Then at last hear thee say, "I will answer for thee!"

D.S.—answer for this guilt- y soul?" Then my Saviour will turn with com- passion t'ward me, And his sweet voice will say, "I will answer for thee!"

Fine.

CHORUS.

When the Judge shall at last call my name from the roll, And shall ask, "who will

D.S.

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Lo, the Fruitful Harvest.

SUDIE M. THOMAS. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Lo, the fruit - ful har- vest, But the la - borers are few; There's
2. Ma - ny souls are per - ish- ing, Why sit ye i - dle here? Let
3. Working, watching, praying, Waiting for the har- vest tide; O

work for you to-day, Arise ye, watch and pray, The Mas- ter of the
not to-morrow's fate Be said of thee, "too late!" Work while 'tis day, make
ho - ly, happy day, When Christ himself shall say, "Well done, ye faithful,

vineyard Calleth, hasten to o - bey, Your cov - e - nant re - new.
no de- lay, Behold the Truth, the Way, Go forth, "be of good cheer."
en - ter In - to ev - er - lasting rest, With me for - e'er a - bide.

CHORUS.

{ Working in the vineyard, in the straight and narrow way, Toil - - - ing
{ Sowing, reaping, binding all the bright and hap - Toiling with a will,

with a will;
Toiling with a will;

py day, Our cheerful task to fill.

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The Voice of the Spirit.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Andantino.

1. *p* The voice of the Spirit is wooing, It comes when the clouds draw near;
2. *f* The voice of the Spirit is mighty, And breaks thro' the chains of sin;
3. *p* The voice of the Spirit is tender, And lov - ingly comes to woo;

It breathes in the heart's soft sighing, And rests on the fall- ing tear.
It comes when life's storms are heavy, When fierce waves are rolling in.
Then o- pen your heart; he'll en - ter, He's calling in love to you.

p CHORUS.

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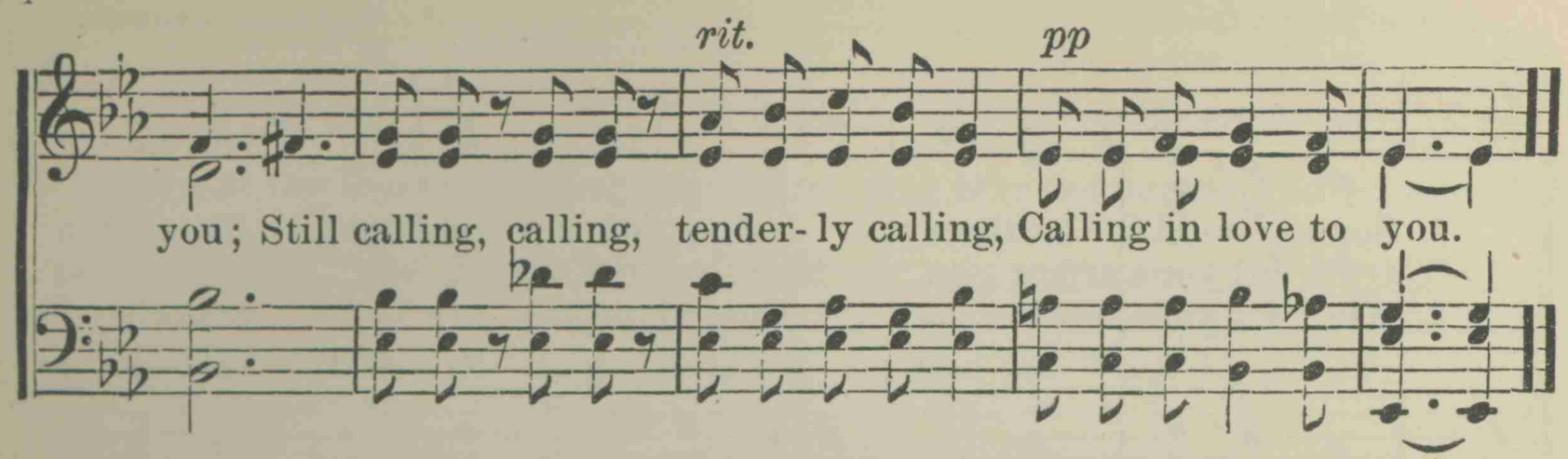
The sweet, low voice of the Spir - it That Je - sus left for us all,

dim. *p*

Is leading us on to love him, Oh, heed his gracious call; Now

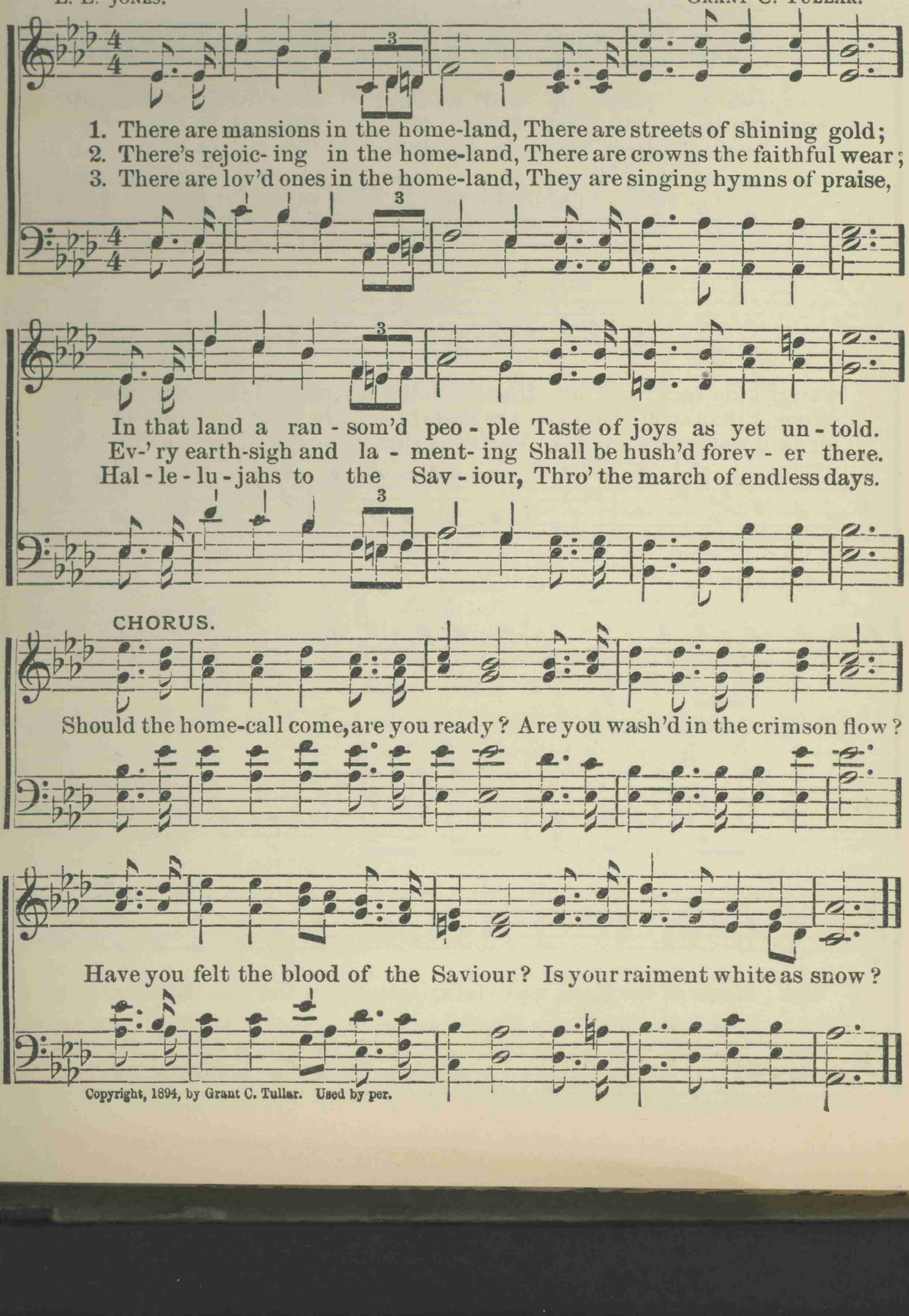
call - ing, call-- ing, ten - der- ly call- ing; ten - der - ly call- ing to

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Should the Home-Call Come.

L. E. JONES. GRANT C. TULLAR.



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Forward, Ye Soldiers.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Sound, sound the battle cry; legions of sin are nigh, Up and a-
2. Gird all your armor on, haste, ere the set of sun, Bat-tles to
3. Oh, let your motto be "Onward to vic-to-ry," Bravely en-

way, rise up, rise up and a-way! Forward, ye soldiers, all,
win, by grace great bat-tles to win; Forward, ye soldiers, go,
dure, like sol-diers, brave-ly en-dure; Onward, ye soldiers, all;

wait not nor backward fall, Haste, win the day, oh, haste and win the day.
stronger than steel-clad foe Are hosts of sin, are mighty hosts of sin.
forward, nor backward fall, Vict'ry is sure, thro' Christ the vict'ry is sure.

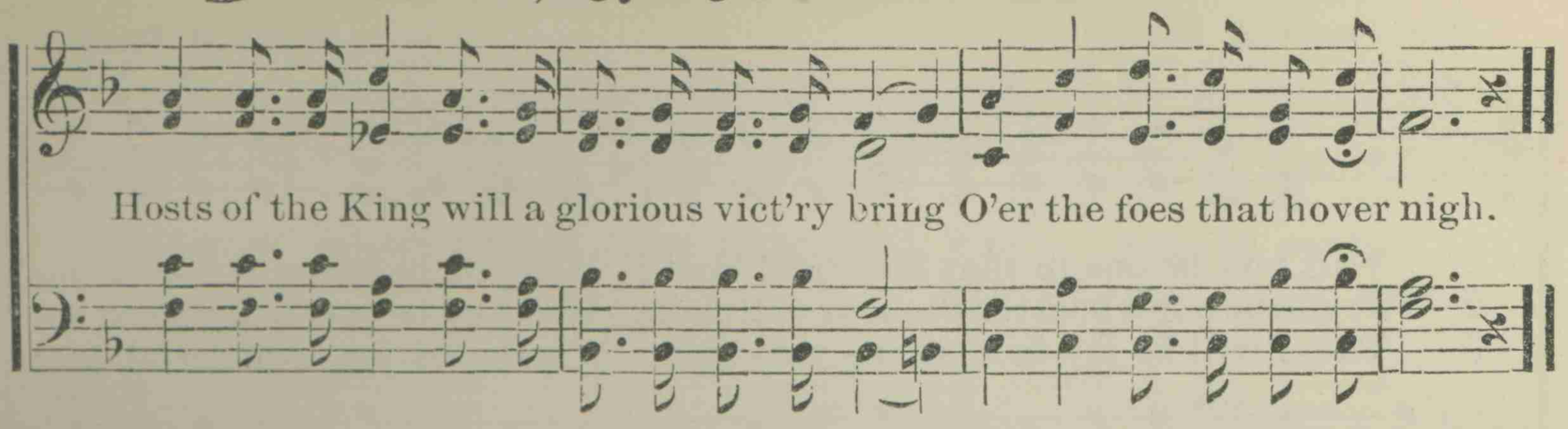
CHORUS.

Sheath not the sword in the bat-tle of the Lord, Hold your gleaming banners

high; Hosts of the King will vict'ry bring O'er the foes that hover nigh;

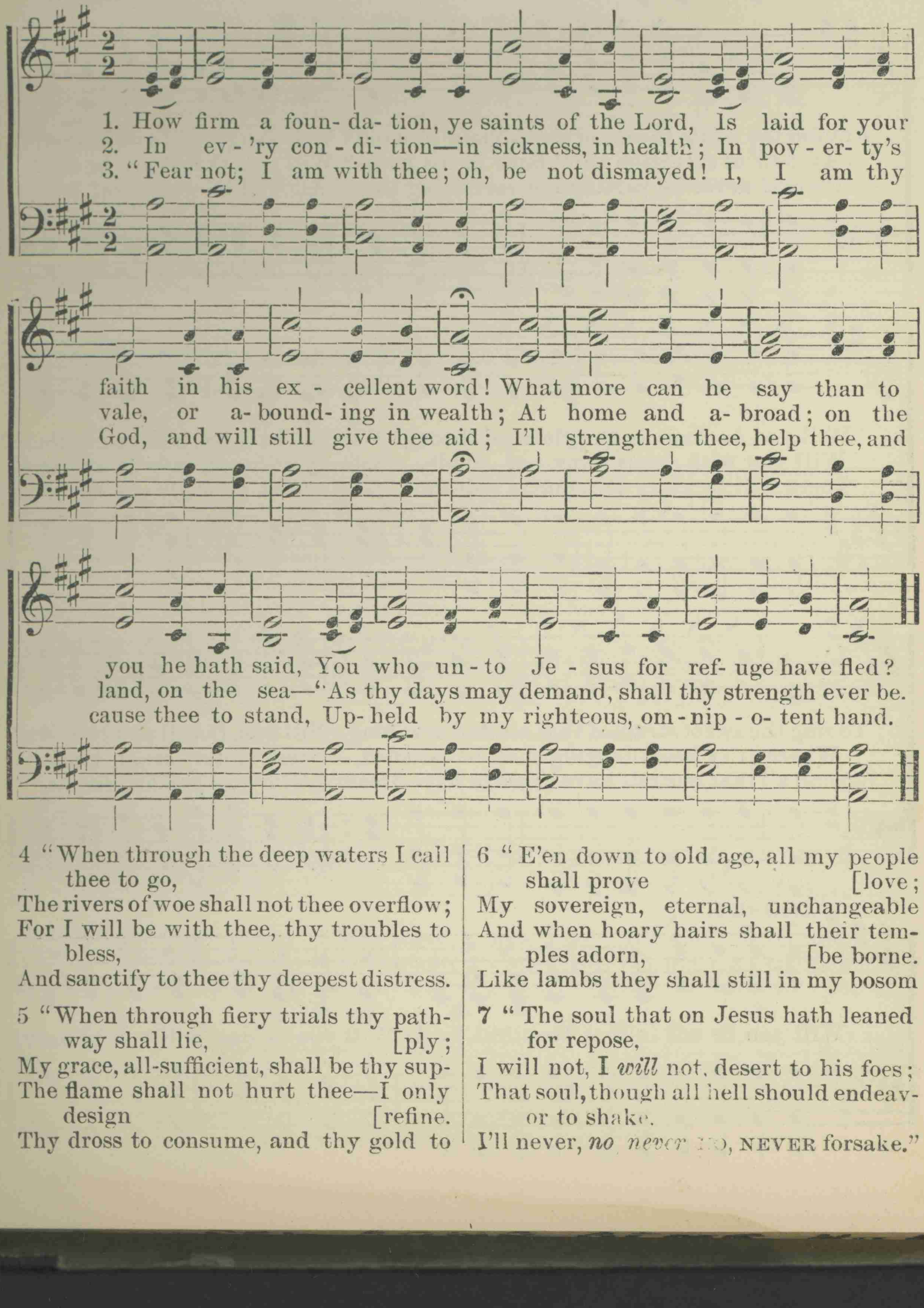
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Forward, Ye Soldiers.—CONCLUDED.



How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.



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

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

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no never* NO, NEVER forsake."

Will You be One?

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Frank M. Davis.

1. Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?
2. Will you be one whom the Saviour will claim? Will you be one, will you be one?
3. There will be joy in that cit- y so fair, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy;

Around the white throne of the Saviour to stand? Will you, O will you be one?
An heir of salvation thro' faith in his name? Will you, O will you be one?
There'll never be parting nor sorrowing there, All will be wonderful joy.

Will you be there in the glorified throng? Will you be there, will you be there?
Will you with Jesus forev - er abide, Safe- ly at home, safe- ly at home?
There will be glory for sinners redeem'd, Glo- ry for you, glo - ry for me,

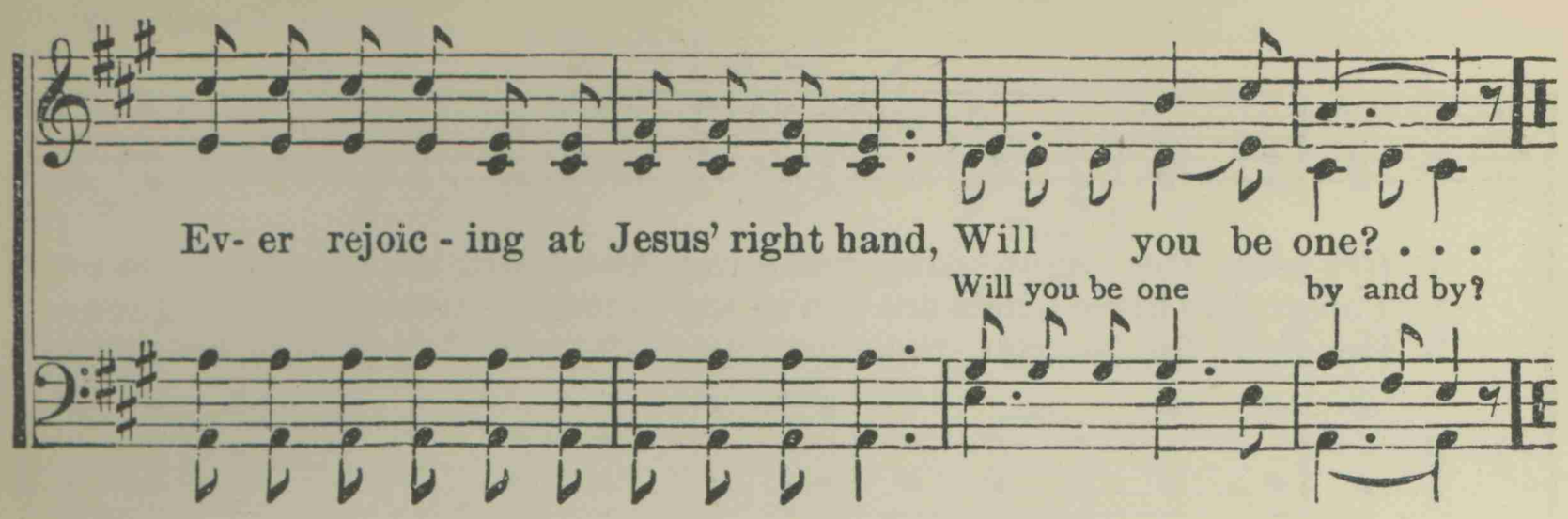
To sing the sweet strain of that blessed new song, Will you, O will you be there?
Where ev'ry heart-longing shall be satisfied, Safely forev- er at home.
Beyond all that mortals have heard or have dream'd, Glory for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?

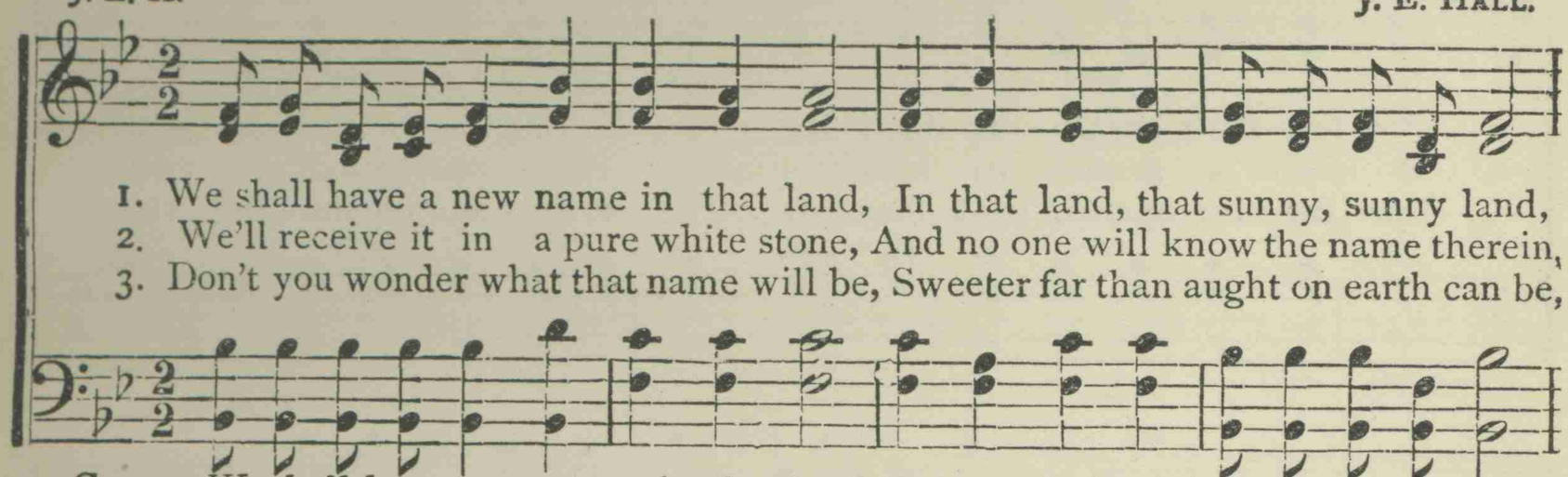
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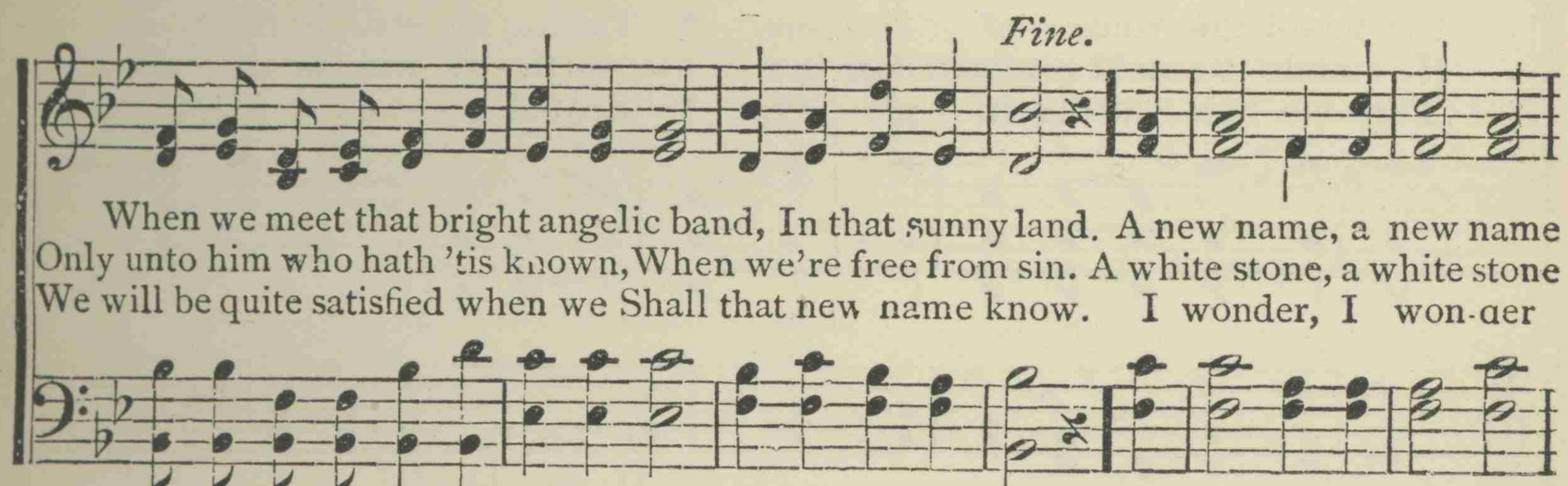
Will You be One?—CONCLUDED.

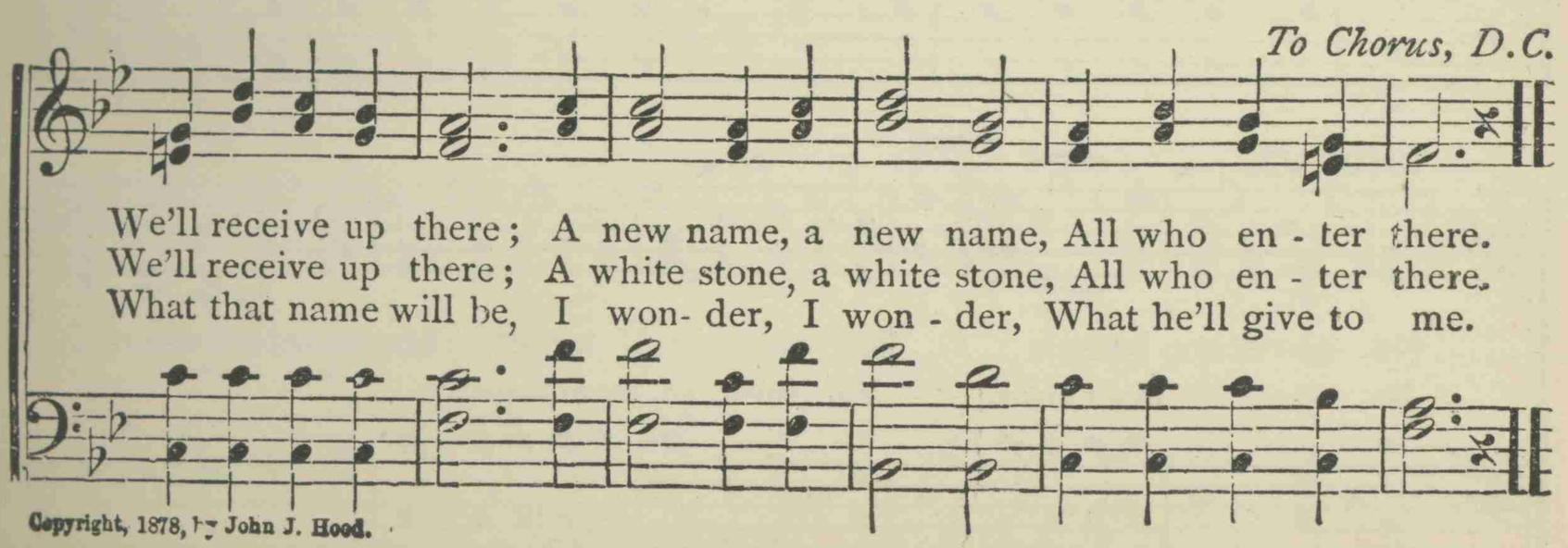


The New Name.

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







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Never Alone.

Arranged for this work.

1. I've seen the light - ning flash- ing, And heard the thun- der roll—
2. The world's fierce winds are blow- ing Tempta - tions sharp and keen—
3. He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced his side—

I've felt sin's break - ers dash- ing— Trying to conquer my soul—
I feel a peace in knowing My Sav - iour stands be- tween.
For me he opened that fountain, The crim - son cleans - ing tide.
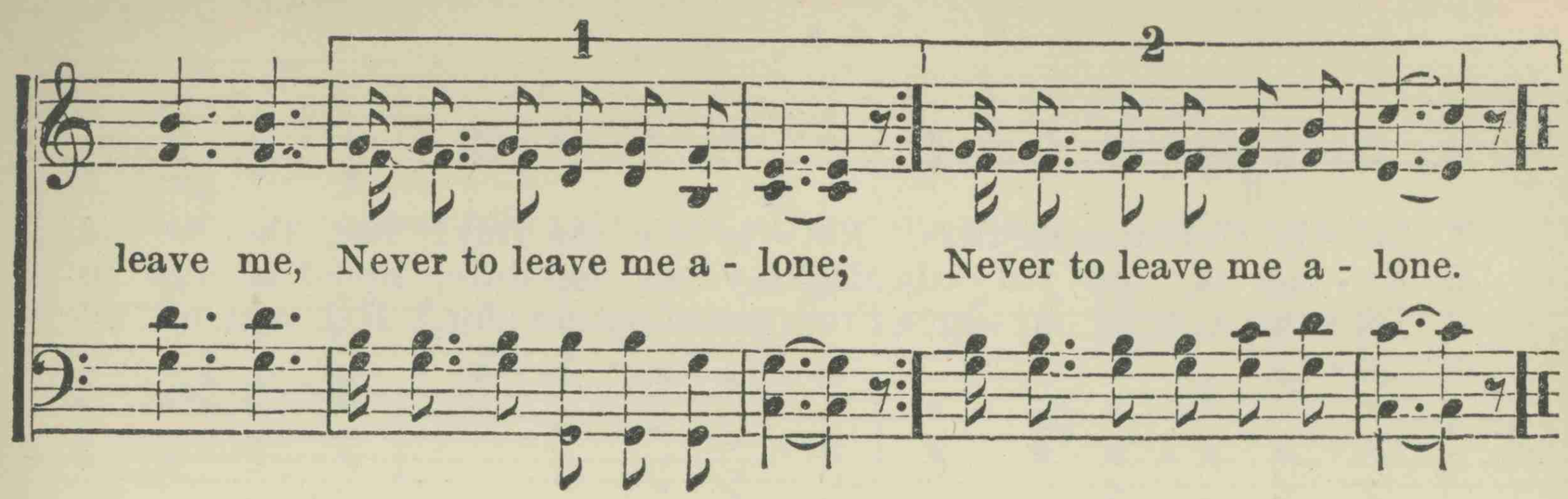
I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
He stands to shield me from dan- ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
For me he's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on his throne,

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

CHORUS.

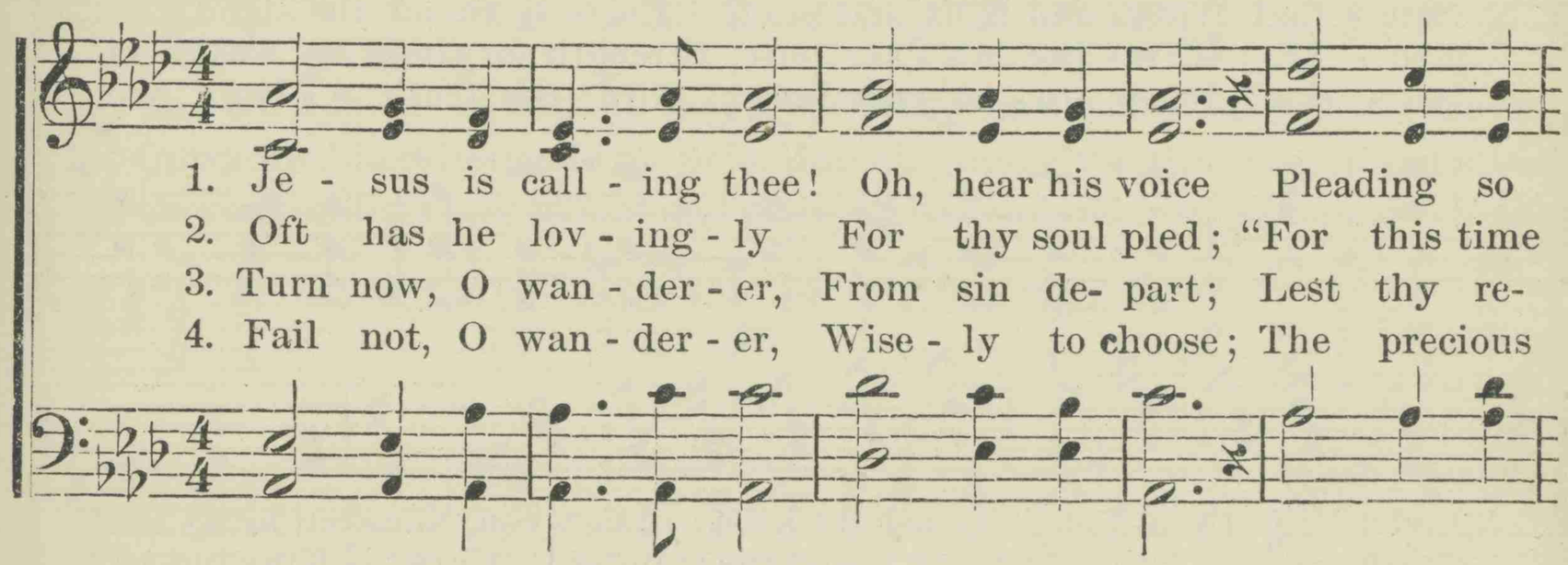
No, never a - lone, ... No, never a - lone; He promised never to
No, no, never alone, No, never, no, never alone;

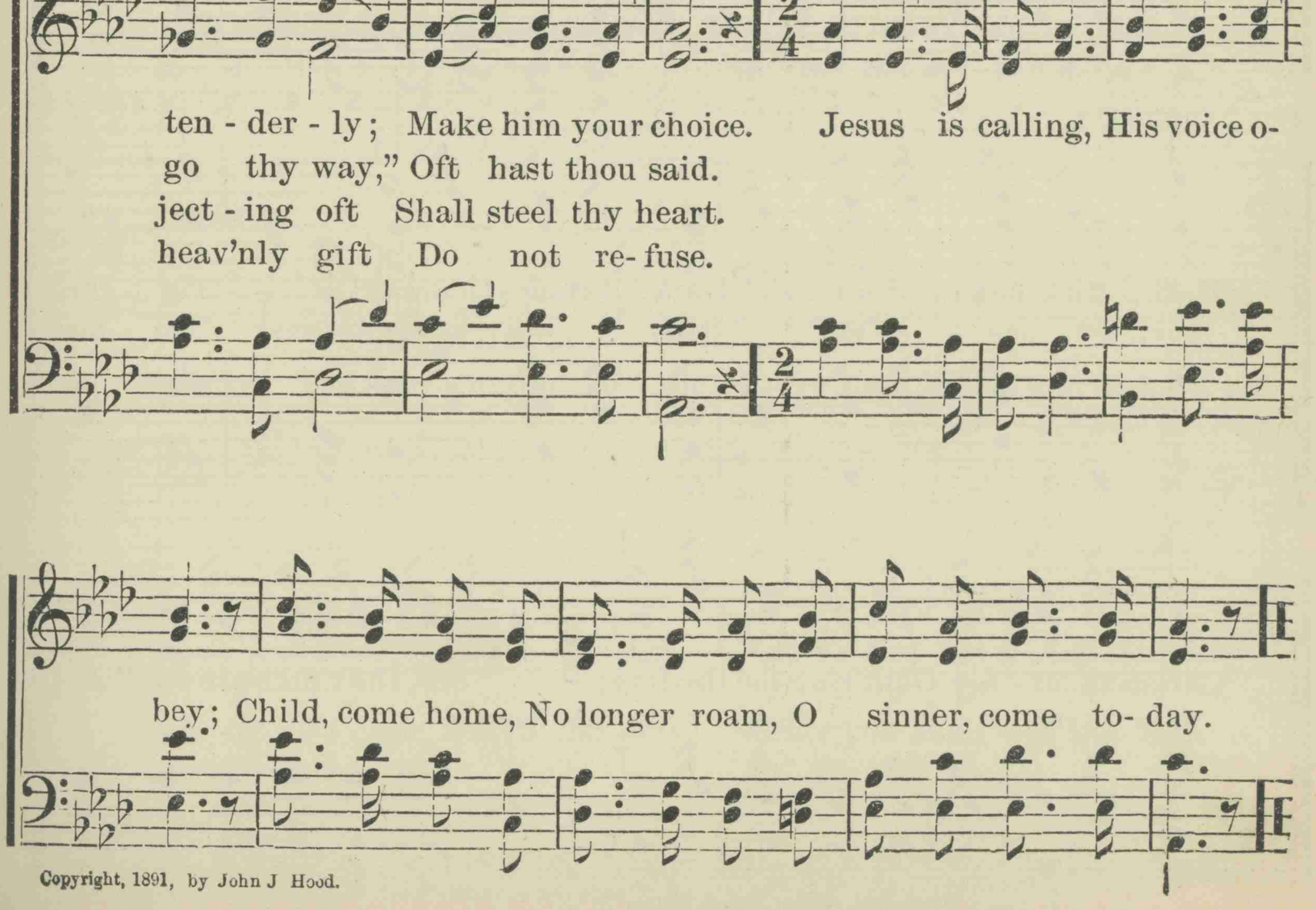
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Jesus is Calling.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer. Chorus arr.





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Rally, Christian Soldiers.

FLORA KIRKLAND. J. WESLEY HUGHES.

Joyfully.

1. Ral - ly, Christian soldiers, Ral - ly for the fray! See, the foe ad - vanc - ing! Watch and fight and pray! Ral - ly round the stand - ard,
2. Ar - mor is pro- vid - ed, Might- y to en- dure, Bread of life in plen - ty, Liv - ing wa - ter pure; Strength for times of weakness,
3. Take the shining ar - mor From your Captain now, Hel- met of sal va - tion Place up - on your brow; Gird the truth a - bout you,
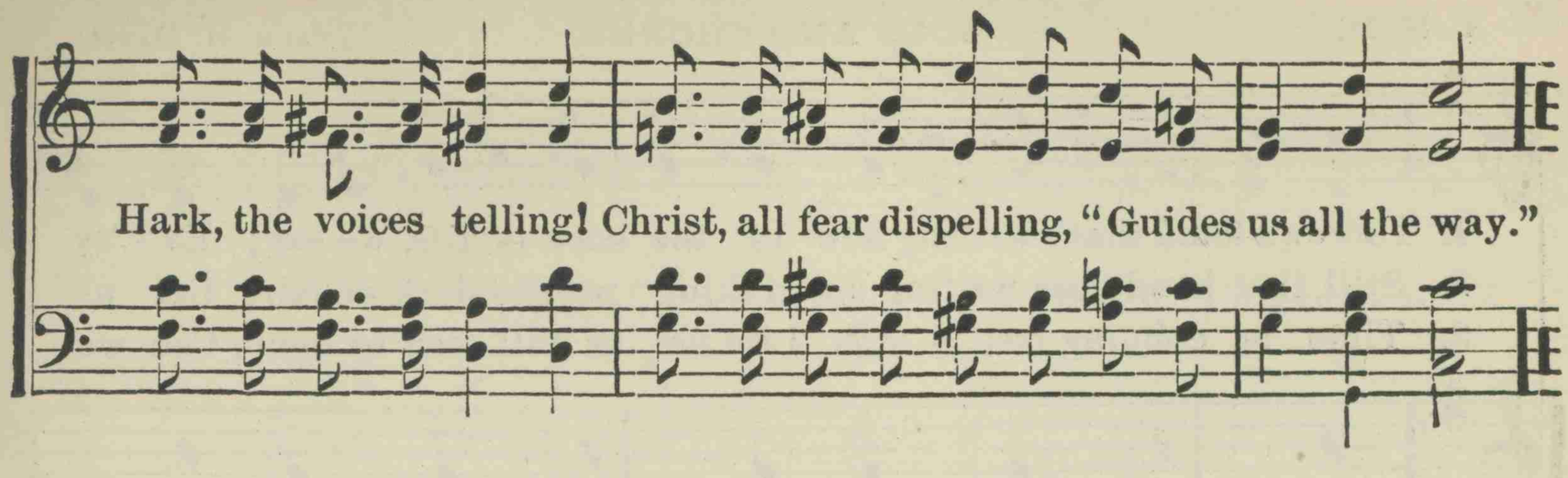
"Saved by faith a- lone," None but Christ can save you, None but he a - tone.
Grace for ev - 'ry need; Rally round the standard, "Christ is King indeed."
Bind the breastplate bright, When the foe advances Hold your shield and fight.

CHORUS.

Hark, the mar - tial mu - sic! Hark. it comes this way! 'Tis the
Hark, the mu - - sic! Hark, it comes this way! 'Tis the

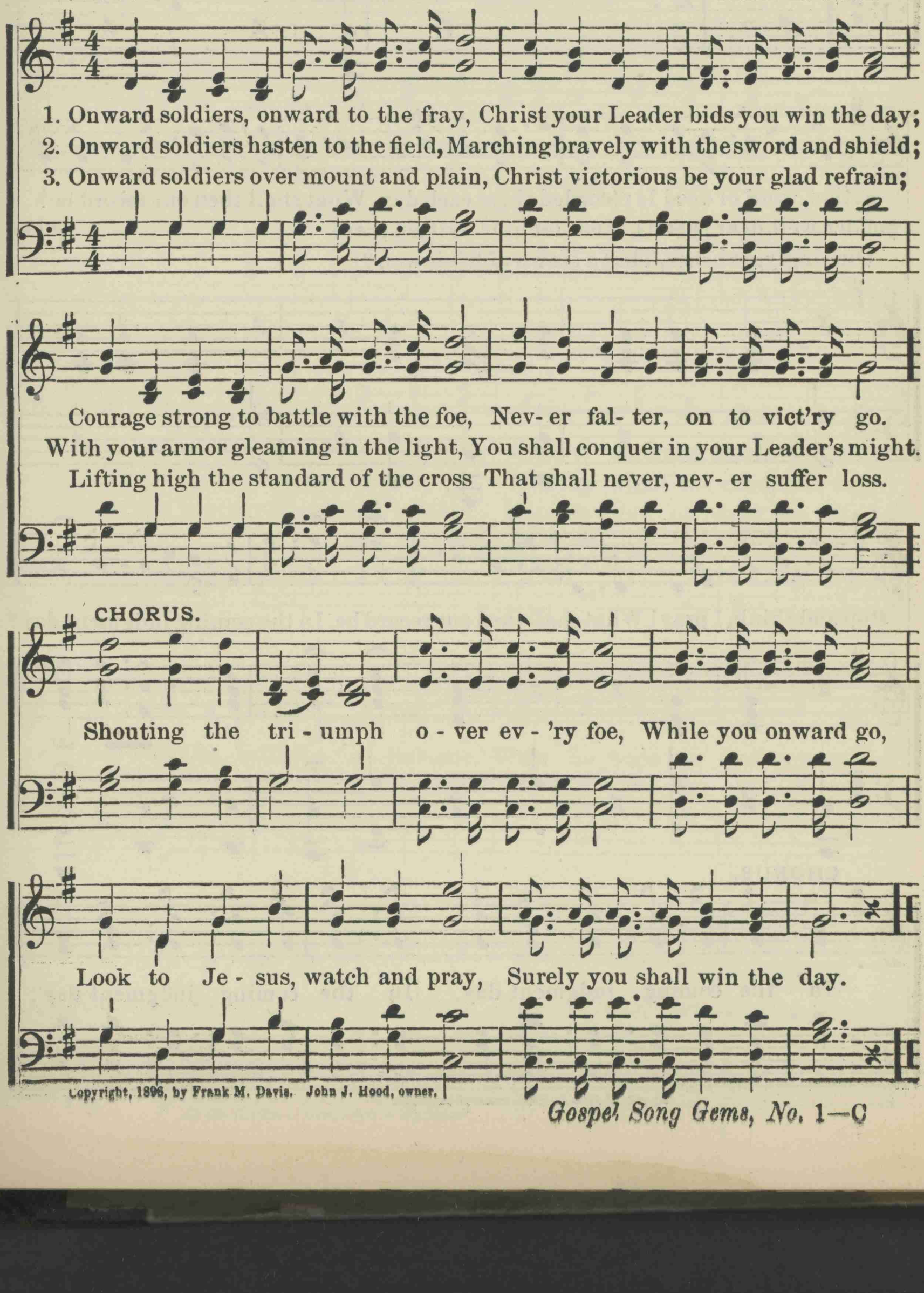
Christian ar - my Gath'ring for the fray; See, the ranks are swelling!
ar - - my Gath - 'ring for th fray;

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Onward to the Fray.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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What Shall Our Record Be?

F. M. D. SOLO AND CHORUS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

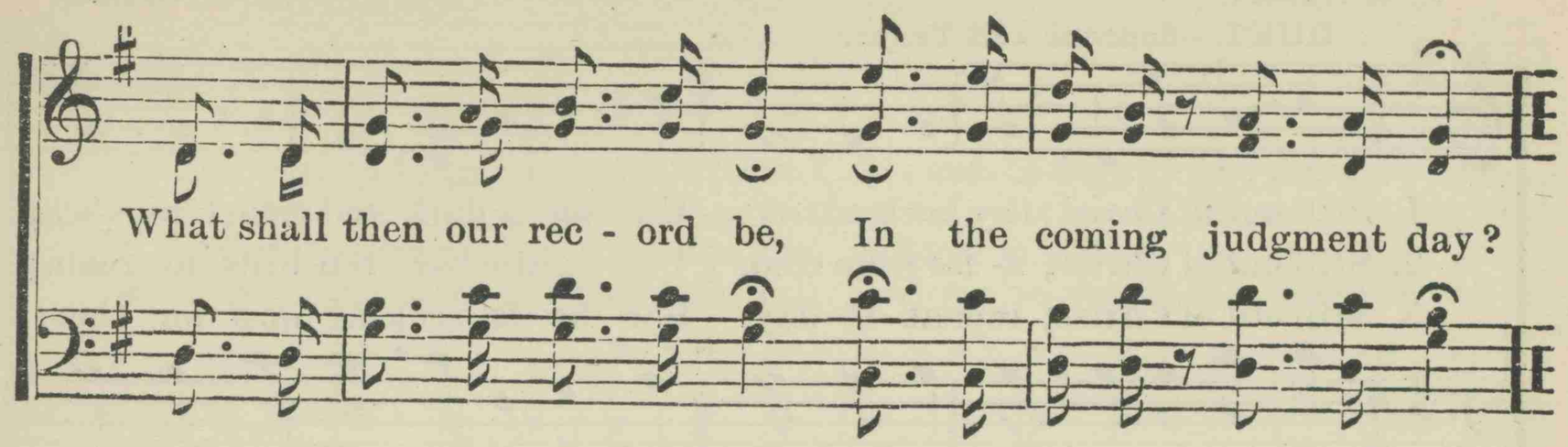
1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life, we say; Ev - 'ry action, word or deed Is recorded there each day. What shall then our record be?
2. Still that hand goes writing on, Making pa- ges dark or fair; Let us ponder well, dear friends, What for us is written there. Let us
3. Time is ebb- ing fast a- way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we, trustingly, go hence, That a crown of life is won?

stop and think, I pray! What shall then our record be, In the coming judgment day?

CHORUS.

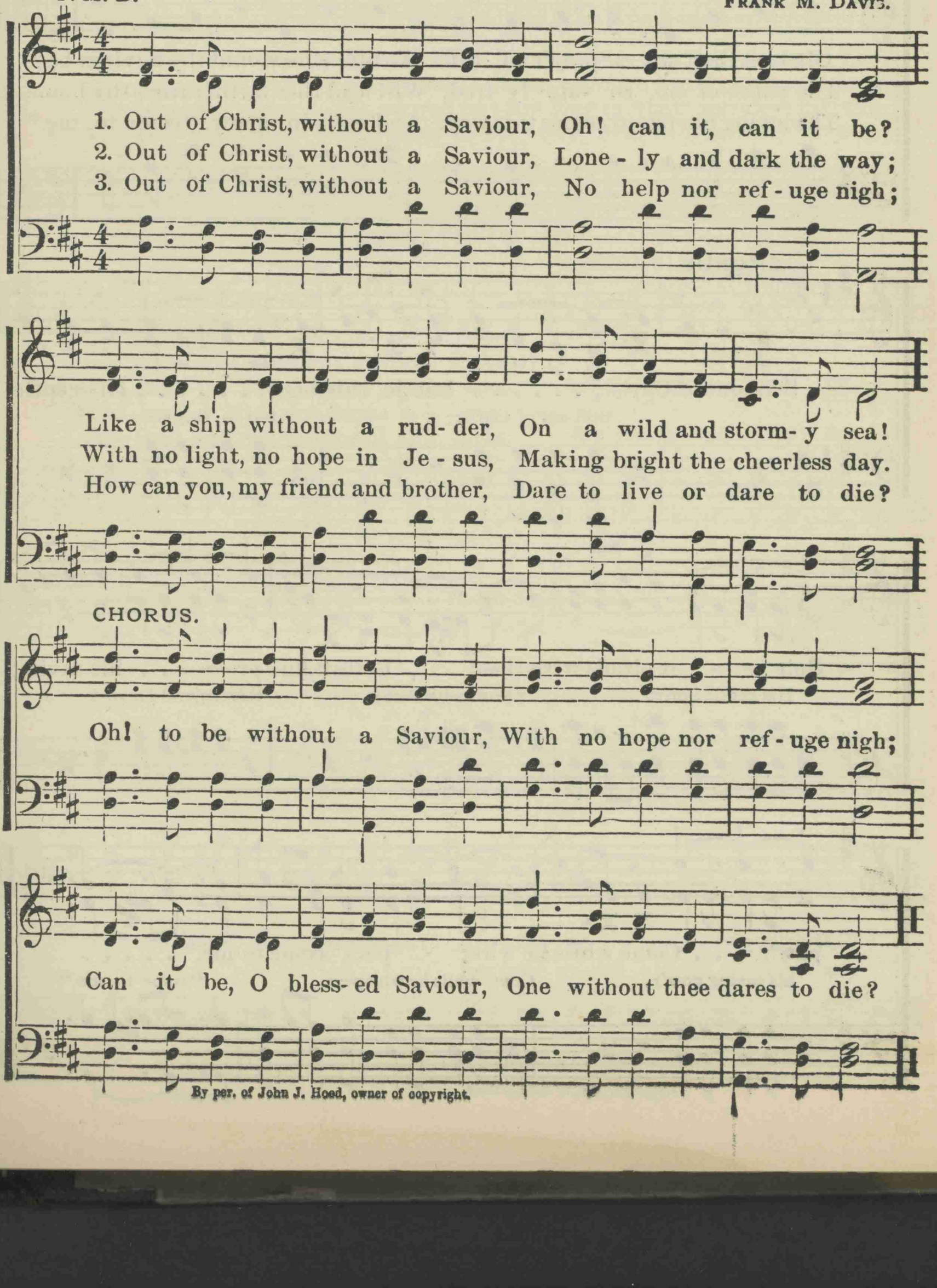
In the coming judgment day, In the coming judgment day;

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Out of Christ.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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Still Out of Christ.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Bryant.

DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.

1. Still out of Christ; thy bark adrift Up - on a dark and treach'rous sea;
2. Still out of Christ; a- far from God, Up - on the bar - ren hills to roam;
3. Still out of Christ; repent to-day, For he is seeking now for thee;

Oh, hast thou not a pray'r to lift To him who would thy Saviour be?
The paths of sin, so vain- ly trod, Will lead thee farther from thy home.
The loving Shepherd comes this way, And calls in mercy, "come to me."

CHORUS.

Still out of Christ; . . . . . but lo, this hour, ... His gentle
Still out of Christ; but lo, this hour,

Spir - - it pleads with thee; . . . Return, and prove . . . his saving
His gentle Spirit pleads with thee; Return, and prove

pow'r, . . . Come while he whis - pers, "come to me." . . . . .
his saving pow'r, Come while he whispers, "come to me."

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Going Away Without Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Frank M. Davis.

1. Are you go - ing a - way without Je - sus to-night, In sor- row and
2. Are you go - ing away without Christ for your friend, Whose friendship is
3. With measure- less love Je - sus suffer'd and died A ran- som for
4. Oh, do not re - ject this dear Saviour to-night, He longeth to

darkness a - lone,— Re- fus - ing his of - fer of par- don and light,
last- ing and true? 'Twill strengthen and comfort, 'twill guide and defend,
sin- ners, one day, He poured out his love in that wonder- ful tide
give you his rest; Oh, hark to his voice, hear him sweetly in- vite,

CHORUS.

And peace that you nev - er have known?
And free - ly 'tis offered to you.
That washes transgressions a - way.
Re - pent and be pardoned and blest.

Are you go - - - ing a -
Are you go - ing away? Are you
way? . . . . Are you go - - ing a - way? . . . Are you going a -
go - ing a- way? Are you go- ing away? Are you go - ing a- way?
way without Je - sus to-night? Are you go - - ing a - way?
Are you go - ing a - way, a - way?

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We are Building on the Rock.

JENNIE WILSON. Luke vi: 48. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Tow'ring grandly o- ver
2. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Safe tho' angry billows
3. We are building on the safe and sure foundation, God in loving mercy
4. We are building for the coming years e-ternal, When like fitful dreams shall

times tempestuous sea; We are building on the Rock, the Rock of Ages, Safely fiercely 'round us beat; There abiding while the tempest wildly rages, Harm can for our souls has laid; There alone is found the fortress of salvation, There a- earthly things be past; Building firmly for the future life super - nal On the

REFRAIN.

building for e - ter - ni - ty. We are build - ing
nev - er reach this calm re - treat.
lone may ev - 'ry hope be staid.
Rock that shall for - ev - er last.

building on the Rock,

build - ing, We are building on the Rock of A - ges, We are build - ing,

building on the Rock, building on the Rock,

build - ing, We are building for e - ter - ni - ty.

building on the Rock,

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Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de- sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo- ry bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta - ble-land;
A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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Let the Saviour In.

F. J. C. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii : 20. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a blessed Stranger at the door, Let him in, let him in;
2. 'Tis your dearest Friend that's at the door,
3. Will you let him plead and knock in vain?

Let him in, let him in; at the door,

He has knock'd, yes, often there before, Let him in, let him in.
Will you let him knock there o'er and o'er?
He may leave, to never come again,

Let him in, let him in. there before,

CHORUS.—Sop. Obligato.

'Tis the Sav - iour standing at the door, Where he's oft - en

'Tis the Sav - iour standing at the door, Where he's

stood and knock'd before; He will cleanse thy heart from all its

oft - en stood and knock'd before; He will cleanse thy

From "Notes of Praise." By per. of John J. Hood.

sin; O then let the blessed Stranger in.

heart from all its sin; O then let the blessed Stranger in.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

Eine.

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,

Copyright, 1868, by W. H. Doane.

Joyful Praises.

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.

1. Praise, joyful praise, Ho-ly Father, to thee! Anthems are swelling, like
2. Each day is tell-ing thy goodness a-new; Each star that sparkles on

waves of the sea, Songs of redemption, of gladness and love Blend with the
midnight's dark blue Ech-oes the sto-ry of guidance and care, Calls us to

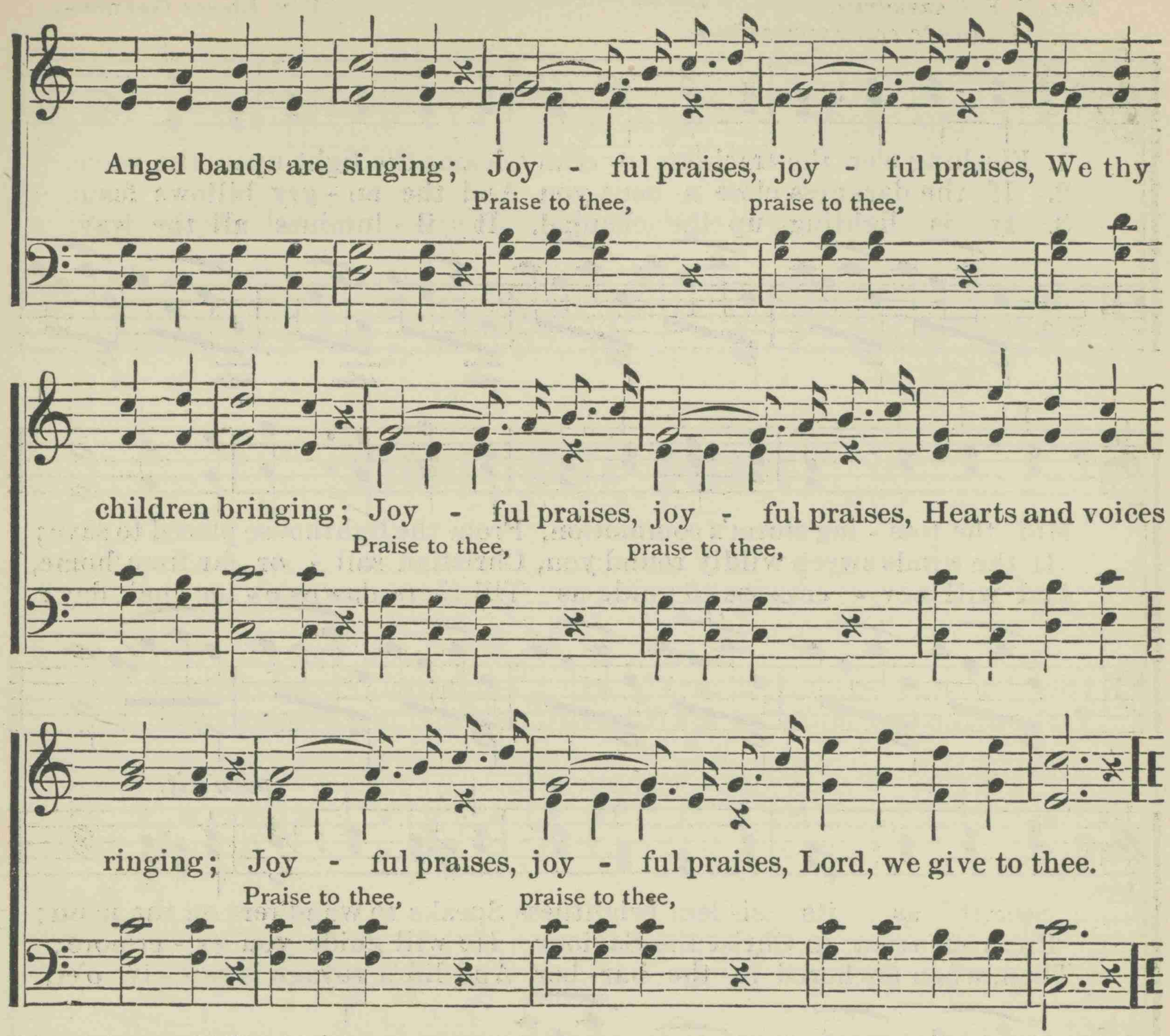
cho-rus resounding above; Hosts of the ransomed, in garments of white,
thankfulness, moves us to pray'r; Thy wondrous bounty provides for our need,

Singing "salvation and glory and might;" Pilgrims below Sing as they go,
Thy hand, so gentle, thy people will lead; Pilgrims below Sing as they go,
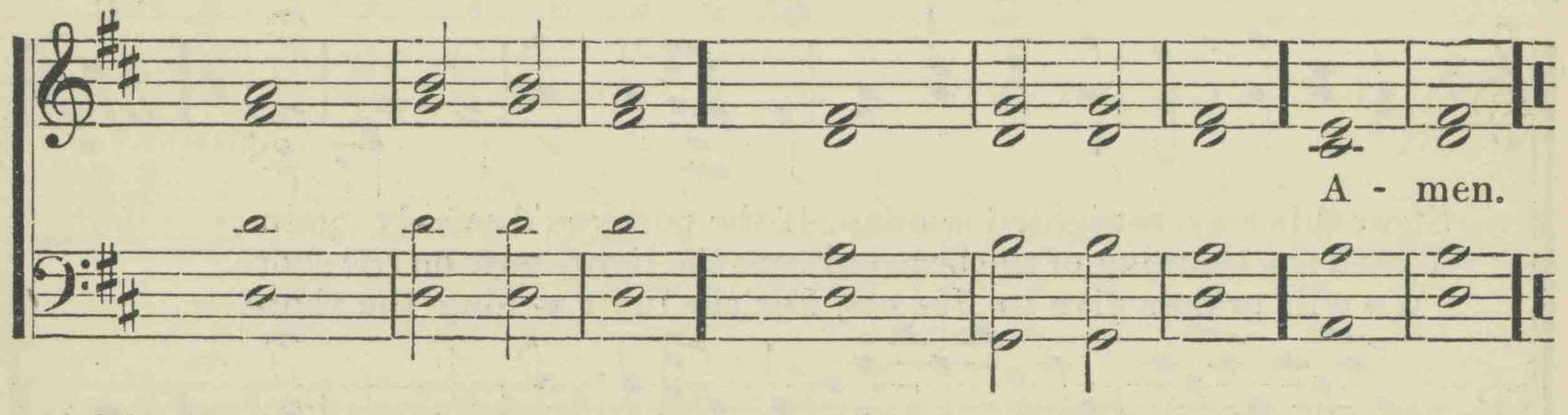
CHORUS.

"Father, from thee all our mercies flow." Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises,
"Father, from thee all our blessings flow." Praise to thee, praise to thee,

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The Lord is my Shepherd.



1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want. ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.

2 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's | sake. ‖ 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.

3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou a- nointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- | ev- | er. ‖ A- | men.

The Harbor Light.

Rev. F. F. CARPENTER. Rev. EDWIN GARDNER.

Andante con espressione.

1. Flashing o'er the trackless o- cean Gleams the light upon the wave,
2. If the darkness close a- bout you, And the an - gry billows foam,
3. It is lighting up the channel, It il - lumines all the way.

Mid the toss - ing storm's commotion, From the lighthouse placed to save;
If the winds sweep wildly round you, Christian sail - or far from home,
And will nev - er cease to guide us Till there dawns e - ter - nal day;

poco rit.

See it as its si- lent brightness Speaks to wand'rers on the main;
Put your trust in Christ the Saviour, He will guide you ev - ermore;
Then, when anchored in the har- bor, And life's voyage is safe - ly o'er,
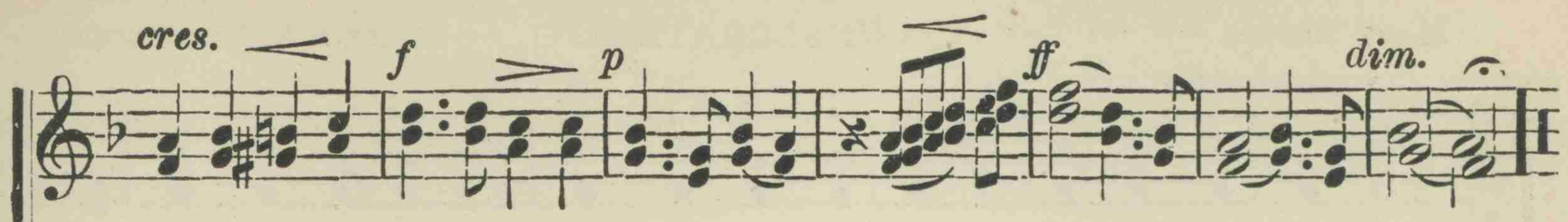
rit. *Inst.*

Stear this way, benighted seaman, If the port you'd safe- ly gain.
Watch the beaming of the beacon From the lighthouse on the shore.
We will praises give to Je- sus, For the light a- long the shore.
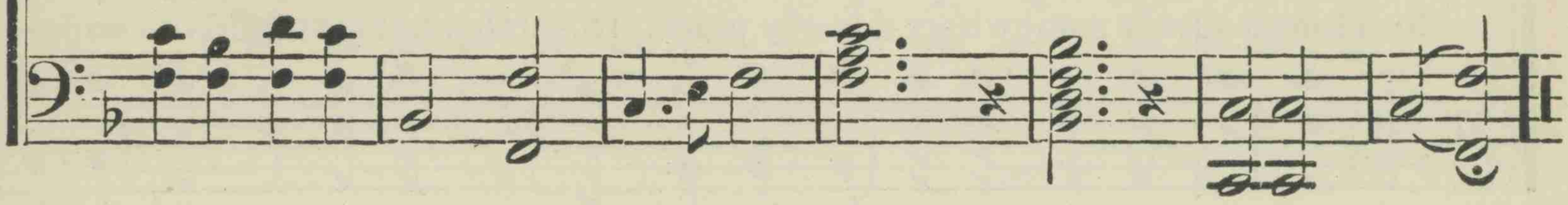
REFRAIN. *Poco animato.*

Look to Jesus, Christian sailor, While the raging tempests roar; Watch the gleaming

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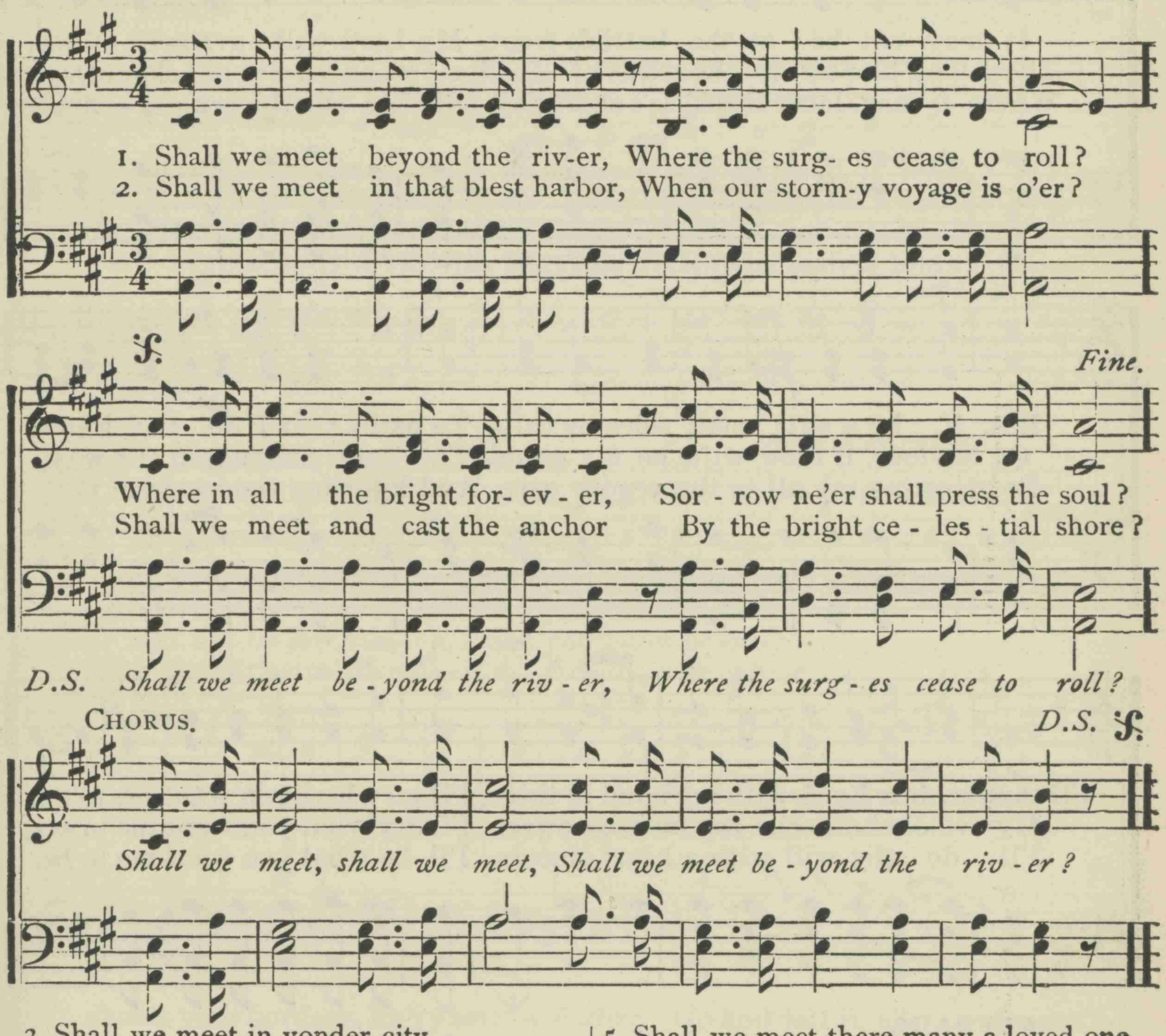


of the beacon, He's the light along the shore, He's the light a - long the shore.



Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.



3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was 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?

I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. "CONSECRATION." CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je- sus the cru - ci - fied—
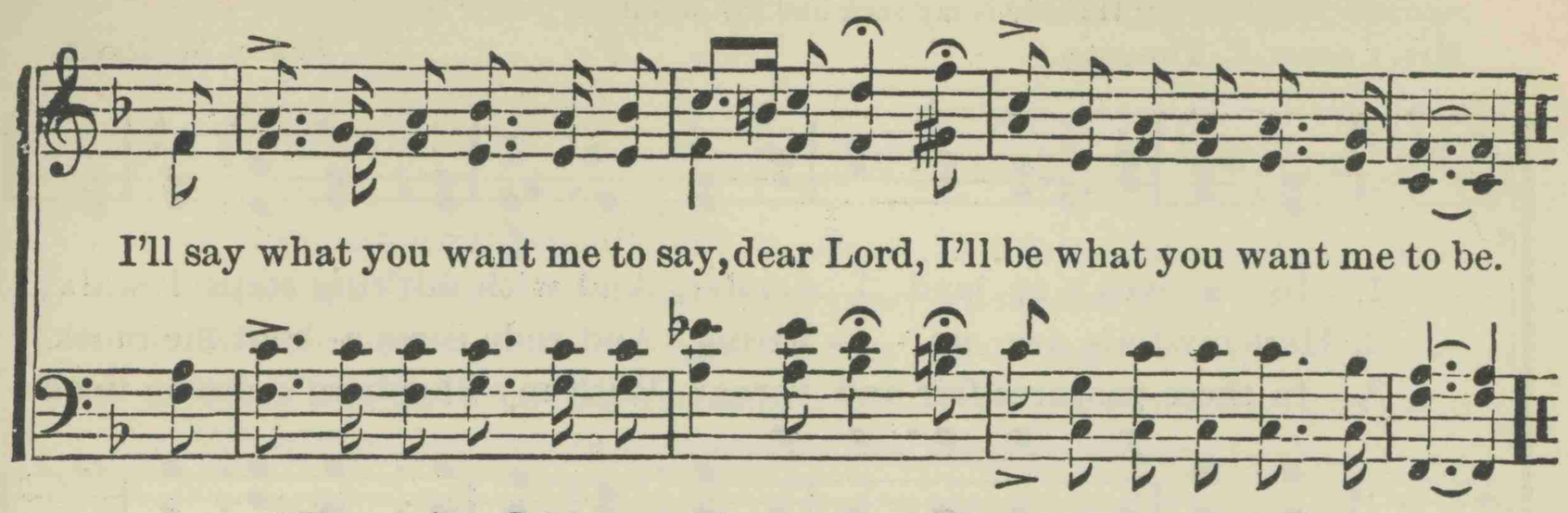
But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

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

REFRAIN.

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

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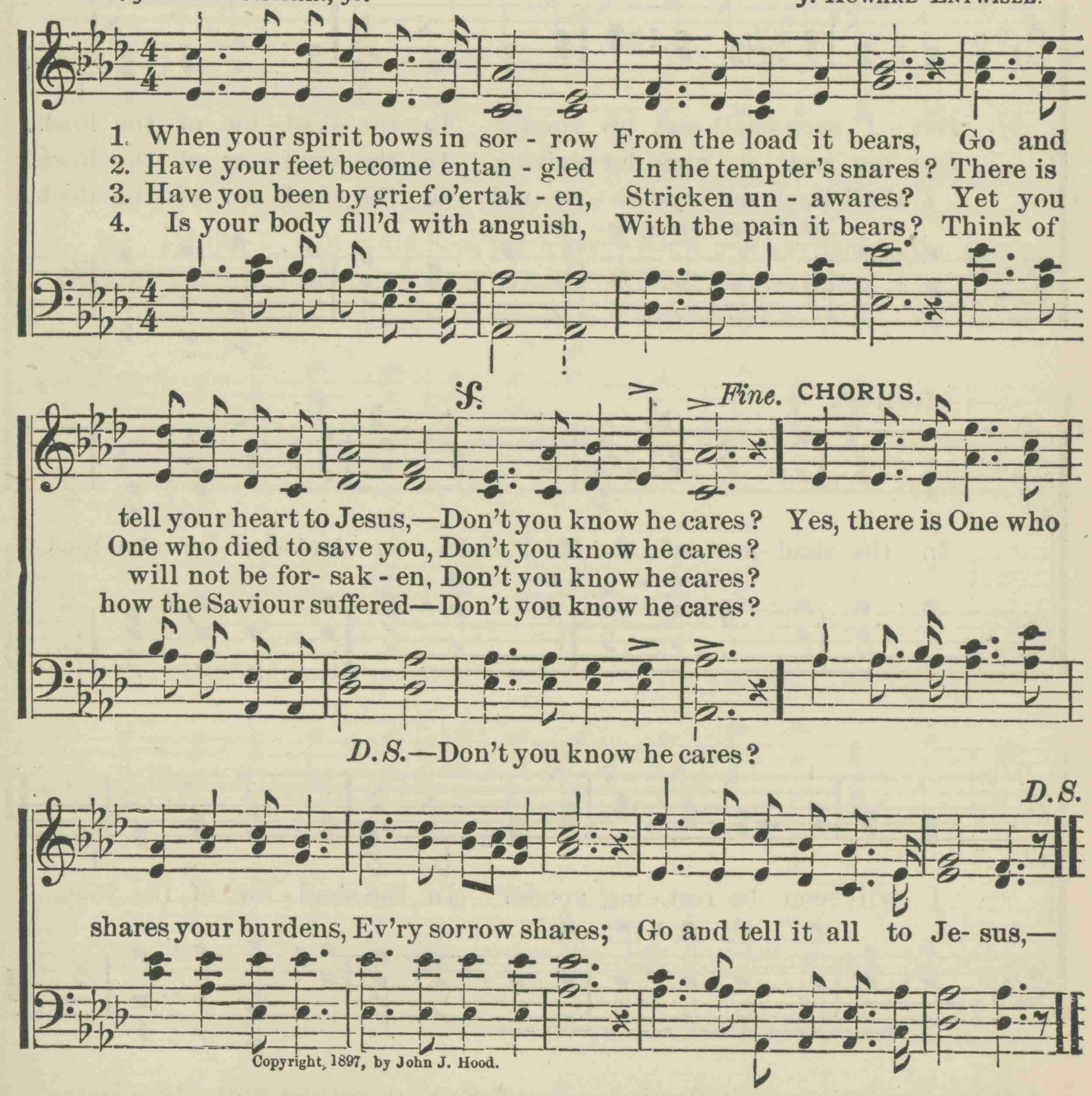


I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Don't You Know He Cares?

Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become entan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Stricken un - awares? Yet you
4. Is your body fill'd with anguish, With the pain it bears? Think of

tell your heart to Jesus,—Don't you know he cares? Yes, there is One who
One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?
will not be for- sak - en, Don't you know he cares?
how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know he cares?

D.S.—Don't you know he cares?

shares your burdens, Ev'ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je- sus,—

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5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—
Life a dark look wears;
Yet the Saviour still is with you,
Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,
Blending songs with prayers—
Always put your trust in Jesus,
Don't you know he cares?

The Shadow of the Rock.

"He only is my rock and my salvation."—Ps. lxii: 2.

Mrs. Carrie E. Thomson. Frank M. Davis.

1. In a wea - ry land I wander, And with falt'ring steps I walk;
2. Here my toils are un - a - bating, And rude cares a- bout me mock;
3. In these pastures fair and vernal, With my Shepherd's chosen flock

But I soon shall rest up yonder In the shad - ow of the Rock.
But my rest is yon- der waiting In the shad - ow of the Rock.
I shall feast on joys e - ter- nal In the shad - ow of the Rock.

CHORUS.

In the shad - ow of the Rock, In the shad - ow of the Rock;
I will soon be rest - ing yonder In the shad - ow of the Rock.

From "New Pearls of Song." By per. of John J. Hood.

4 By these waters gently flowing,
I shall fear no tempest's shock,
And no want or grief be knowing
In the shadow of the Rock.

5 So with patient faith I'll wander
And with loving trust will walk,
For I'll soon be resting yonder
In the shadow of the Rock.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I've gone with those I loved so dear, Down to death's dreary shore;
2. I stood and watched them dis-ap-pear, Those cherished friends of yore;
3. When from my sight they passed a-way, To yon-der un - seen shore;
4. Those words they whispered long a-go, I've pon-dered o'er and o'er;
5. When Christ the boatman comes for me, And homeward bends the oar;

rall.

These words they whispered in my ear, "We'll meet to part no more."
To my lone heart these words bro't cheer "We'll meet to part no more."
Me - thinks I still could hear them say "We'll meet to part no more."
It light-ens all my grief to know "We'll meet to part no more."
I'll shout while passing o'er death's sea "We'll meet to part no more."

CHORUS. *p*

We'll meet they whis-pered soft and low, On yon-der un - seen shore;

ritard.

Where sor-row's bit - ter tears ne'er flow, We'll meet to part no more.

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Be a Good Samaritan.

"Go, and do thou likewise"—Luke x: 37.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Christ speaks of one, a helpless one, Who by the way - side lay,
2. A Le - vite, filled with selfish pride, Had coldly passed him by,
3. And one had passed in priestly robes, Whose lips oft moved with pray'r,
4. In love the good Sa - mar - i - tan The suff'rer's wants re - lieved,

Un - til a good Sa - mar - i - tan In mer - cy came that way.
His cry for help he heed - ed not, But left him there to die.
But pray'r his frozen heart ne'er warm'd, Self seem'd his on - ly care.
And from our Lord, for kindness shown, A rich re - ward re - ceived.

REFRAIN.

Oh, be a good Sa - mar - i - tan, The world needs thee to - day,

For thousands, crush'd by Satan's hand, Are dy - ing by the way.

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The Comforter Divine.

"And I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter."—John xiv: 16, 18, 26.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. John xv: 26. B. Frank Butts.

1. When the night is dark and dreary, And my heart is sore distressed, Then the
2. In the midst of doubt and er- ror, When I wander in the gloom, And my
3. When my earthly friends and pleasures Fail in all their arts to please, Then 'tis

promise to the weary Brings a dawning day of rest; Then the Comforter's sweet
mind is fill'd with terror At my dreams and fears of doom; Then the Spirit's light will
comfort beyond measure To enjoy the Spirit's peace; And the grace of Christ is

sto - ry Gives me songs in sorrow's night, And the Dayspring in his glory,
ban- ish All the clouds about the throne, And the mists and darkness vanish
e - qual To the tri- als that are giv'n, And the joy of life's grand sequel

CHORUS.

Gilds the mountain tops with light. Come, oh, come, thou blessed Spirit, In our
As I know as I am known.
Fills my soul with light of heav'n.

darken'd souls to shine, We the light of life inherit, Be our Comforter divine.

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52 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

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

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas- ter from the dawn till setting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the Saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - urrection share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

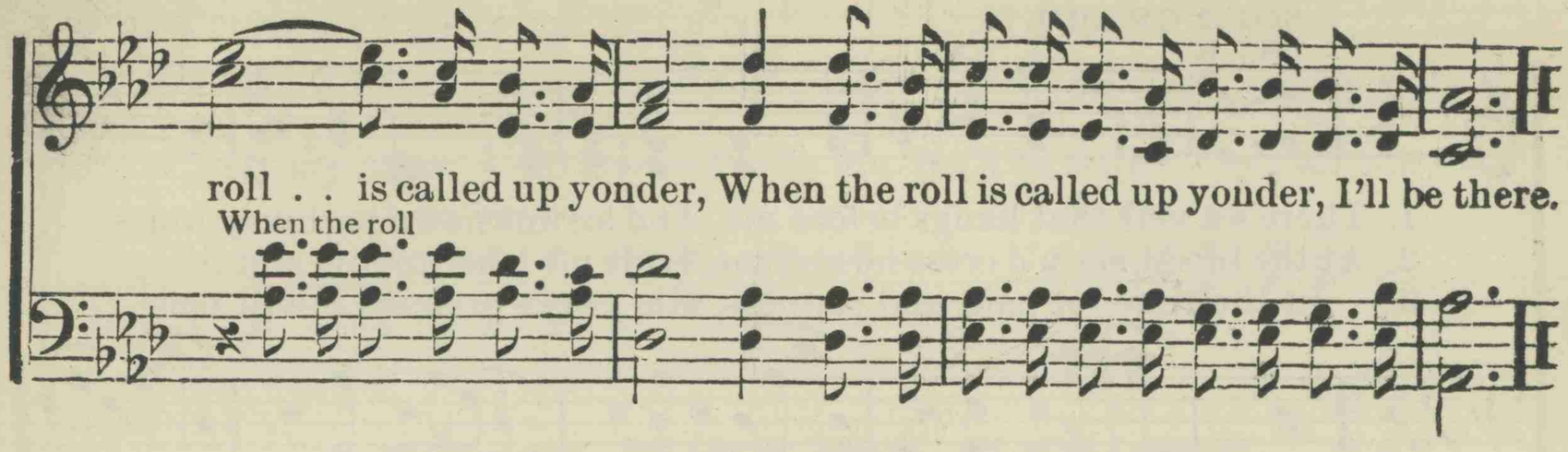
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

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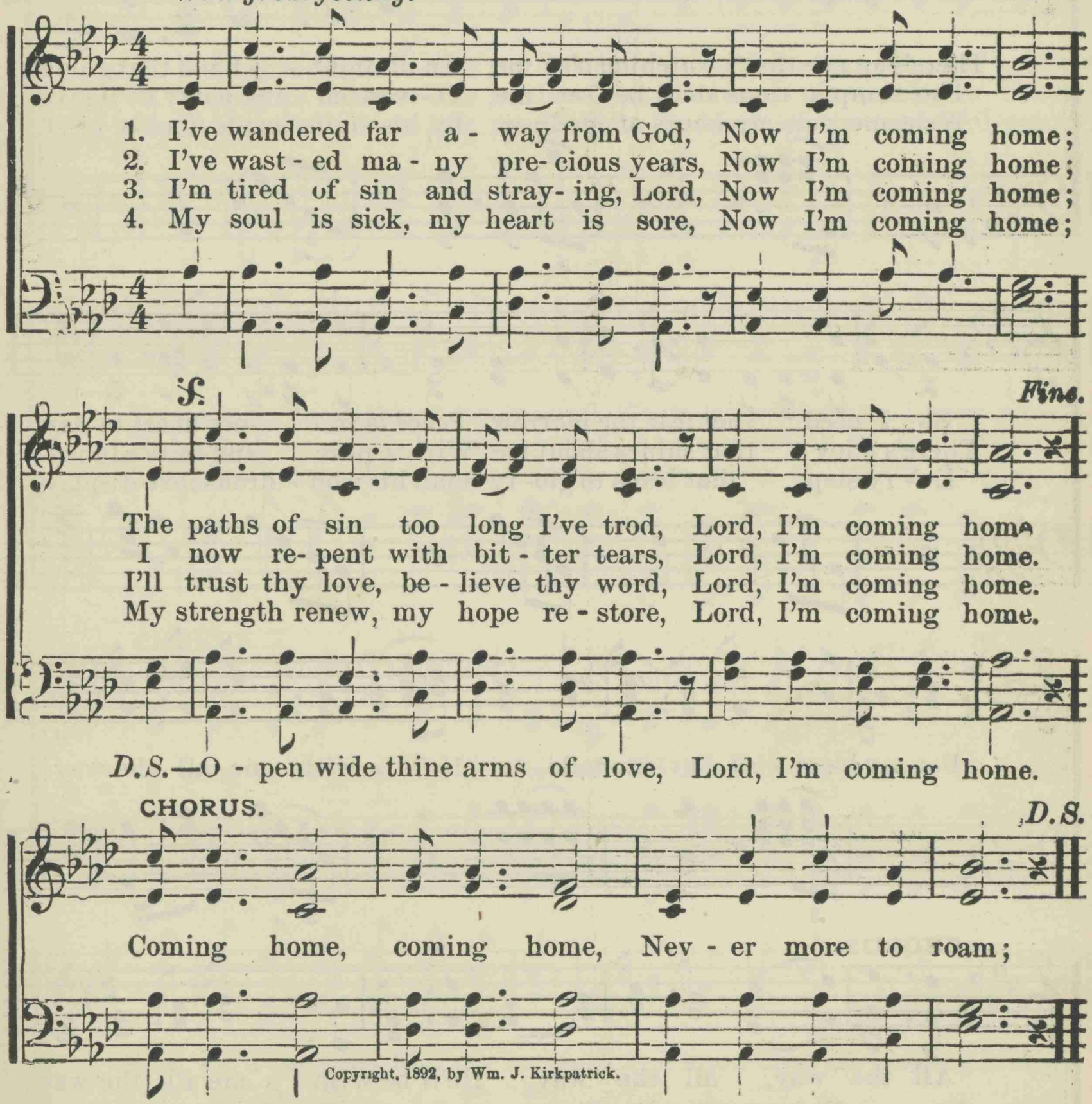
When the roll . . . . is called up yon- - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

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Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With great feeling.* Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

All the Way.

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

SOLO OR DUET.

1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an unknown pathway hides;
2. At the blood-stain'd cross he met me, Bade me look to him and live;
3. In the time of pain and sadness, His sweet promise I will test;

There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An almight - y hand that guides.
Tho' tempta- tions shall be - set me, O - vercom - ing pow'r he'll give.
Welcome, sun- ny hours of gladness, By his smile made doubly blest.

So I need not fear the morrow; Peace is in my heart to-day,
There's a joy that shines about me, With a pure and heav'nly ray,
Ev'- ry step that leads to glo- ry Shall his won - drous love display,

For my bless - ed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.

CHORUS.

All the way, all the way, He'll be with me all the way;
All the way, all the way, He'll be with

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

O my bless - ed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.

O my blessed He'll be with

More Like my Saviour.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. J. E. Hall.

Not too fast.

1. I long to be more like my Saviour, I long his sweet presence to know;
2. I long to be more like my Saviour, He ev- er is waiting to bless;
3. I long to be more like my Saviour, To know of his wonderful peace

To walk in the light of his counsel, That daily like him I may grow.
He bindeth up earth's broken-hearted, And comforteth all in distress.
That giveth the calm in the sorrow, From worry it giveth release.

CHORUS.

I long to be more like the Saviour, To dwell in his love so di - vine;

And, oh, I may tell him my longing, And know that the blessing is mine.

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56

Drifting Away From God.

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Drifting a - way from Christ in thy youth, Drifting a - way from
2. Drifting a - way from moth- er and home, Drifting a - way in
3. Drifting a - way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and
4. Drifting a - way from hope's blessed shore, Drifting a - way where
5. Why will you drift on bil- lows of shame, Spurning his grace a -

mer - cy and truth, Drifting to sin in ten - der - est youth,
sor - row to roam, Drifting where peace and rest can - not come,
dark - ness a - bide, Drifting from heav'n a - way in your pride,
wild breakers roar; Drifted and strand - ed, wreck'd, ev - er - more,
gain and a - gain? Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re - main,

ff

CHORUS.

Drifting a - way from God. Broth - er, the Sav- iour has
Drifting a - way from God.
Drifting a - way from God.
Far from the light of God.
Ev - er a - way from God.

called you be - fore; See! you are near - ing e - ter - ni- ty's shore!

f *rit.*

Soon you may perish, be lost ev- ermore, Je- sus now calls for you.

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What will You now Do with Jesus? 57

Matthew xxvii : 22.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. What will you now do with Je - sus? Je - sus the Saviour of men;
2. God's ho - ly Spir- it is pleading, Now at the door of your heart,
3. What will you do? will you slight him? Drive him away from your side?
4. Still he is patient - ly wait - ing, Ten- der - ly call - ing to - day,
5. Come, while the Spirit is pleading, Answer this question to - day;

Now un - to all comes the question, Will you re- ject him a - gain?
Je - sus is seeking ad - mission, Will you then bid him depart?
Je - sus who longs to re- deem you, Who for you suffered and died.
Oh, do not spurn his kind mer- cy, Why will you lon- ger de- lay?
O- pen your heart, bid him welcome, Save me, dear Saviour, I pray.

CHORUS.

What will you do, what will you do, What will you now do with Jesus?

Will you reject or take him to-night, What will you now do with Jesus?

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Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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The Quiet Hour.

Rev. Geo P. Beard. Mark vi: 6. Psalm civ: 34 B. Frank Butts.

1. Commun- ion with my Fa - ther, In calm and qui - et hour, Is sweet and rich in blessings, And Spirit's gracious pow'r:— He speaks in tones so gen- tle, He hears my humblest pray'r, In se - cret of his presence strength in weakness, And gird your armor on, Then forth to life's great conflict

2. When storms are fierce a- bout me, And sorrow's bil - lows roll, I hear the Mas- ter gen - tly Speak peace un- to my soul; When heart is sore with anguish, And eyes are dim with tears, A qui - et hour with Jesus

3. Oh, leave life's noise and tur- moil, And seek the qui - et hour, That he who sees in se - cret May give thee spir - it- pow'r; There find your thine own pow'r; Oh, lead thy loving children To seek the qui- et hour.

CHORUS.

I feel my Father's care.
Will banish pain and fears.
Till vic - to - ry is won.

O Father, Spirit, Saviour, Fill us with

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Transformation.

"I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. lxvi : 16.

"BEULAH." J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

With expression.

1. Once my eyes saw nothing comely In the low - ly Naz - ar- ene,
2. Once my ears could find no mu - sic In his ten - der, pleading voice;
3. Once my robes, by sin pol- lut- ed, Were as filth - y rags unclean;
4. Once I roamed in des- erts dreary, Sought in vain a place of rest;

All his grace was hid- den from me By the clouds of sin between;
Now he speaks, and each low whisper Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
In the great King's roy- al presence I could nev- er thus be seen.
Now my soul, no long - er wea - ry, Leans entranced up- on his breast;

I was blind, but now I see,— Je - sus paid the debt for me.
His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib - er - ty!
I am whit - er now than snow,—Je - sus' blood has made me so.
Bless- ed- ness beyond de - gree, Je - sus is a rest for me!

I was blind, but now I see,— Je - sus paid the debt for me.
His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib - er - ty!
I am whit - er now than snow,—Je - sus' blood has made me so.
Bless- ed- ness beyond de - gree, Je - sus is a rest for me!

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5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Half his love was never told;
I have found his kingly favor
Richer treasure far than gold.
‖: Praise him, O my ransomed soul,
While eternal ages roll. :‖

6 Oh, that all who hear the story
For themselves would taste and see;
Come to him; his banner o'er thee
Everlasting love shall be.
‖: To thy weary soul be given
Rest on earth and rest in heaven. :‖

Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. "For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

With expression. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent- ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .
lest I stray;

rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

The Daystar hath Arisen.

E. E. HEWITT. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Life has its changeful seasons, its sunshine and its rain, Its summer and its win - ter, its pleasures and its pain; But coming close to Je - sus, his
2. In ev- 'ry precious promise I see a golden ray, To fill my soul with gladness, to guide me, lest I stray; The word of my Redeem- er rich
3. The clouds may veil the sunshine now streaming from above, Yet they are ting'd [with glo - ry, the com- fort of his love; Since at the feet of Je - sus I

grace will not depart; The Daystar hath arisen, 'tis shining in my heart.
blessing shall impart; The Daystar hath arisen, 'tis shining in my heart.
chose the better part, The Daystar hath arisen, 'tis shining in my heart.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Risen for me, lighting my way;
Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Risen for me, lighting my way;

Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Pledge of the morn that fades not away.
Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Pledge of the morn

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More about Jesus.

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

1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo-ry all his own;

More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making eacn faithful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

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I will Look for You There.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. When the faithful have gather'd up in heaven at last, When the trial of the
2. When the long, long procession passes on by the King, When the shouts of the
3. It may happen that here again we never shall meet, We may not hold an -

Christian is a thing of the past; Where the servants of Je- sus have no
victors join to make heaven ring, When each one from the Master takes the
oth - er such communion so sweet; Oh, just promise to meet me in that

Fine.

cross - es to bear, In that beau- ti - ful cit - y, I will look for you there.
crown he shall wear, I shall surely be with them, and I'll look for you there.
cit - y so fair, Promise me—then be faithful—and I'll look for you there.

D. S.–crown he shall wear, In the time of our triumph I will look for you there.

CHORUS.

I will look for you there, I will look for you there, When the cross is a -

D. S.

bandon'd which we here have to bear, When each one from the Master takes the

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Copyright, 1900, by Lizzie E Sweney.

Jesus is with Me.

WM. STEVENSON. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Jesus is with me! O blessed the place Where Jesus reveal-eth the light of his face; It beams with a radiance that brightens my heart, Brings joy and re - joicing, bids sorrow de- part. Je- sus is with me by night and by day, Still guiding my footsteps, and guiding my way; Jesus is with me, no e- vil I fear, No ill can be-fall me when Jesus is near.

2. Jesus is with me! How can I forget The grace that hath saved me and cancelled my debt? Gethsem-a- ne's terrors for me were endured, And nought but his life-blood my pardon secured.

3. Jesus is with me! My Saviour, my all, With love he receives me, he hears when I call; His smile bringeth pleasure that cannot be told, No good from the upright his hand doth withhold.

CHORUS.

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He Saves Me.

J. W. Van de Venter. W. S. Weeden. By per.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi - nal- ly winning me to him,
3. I nev- er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,

Tho' all was con- fusion a- round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
I yielded my all to pur- sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
I'll constantly trust and believe him, Remain in his presence di - vine;

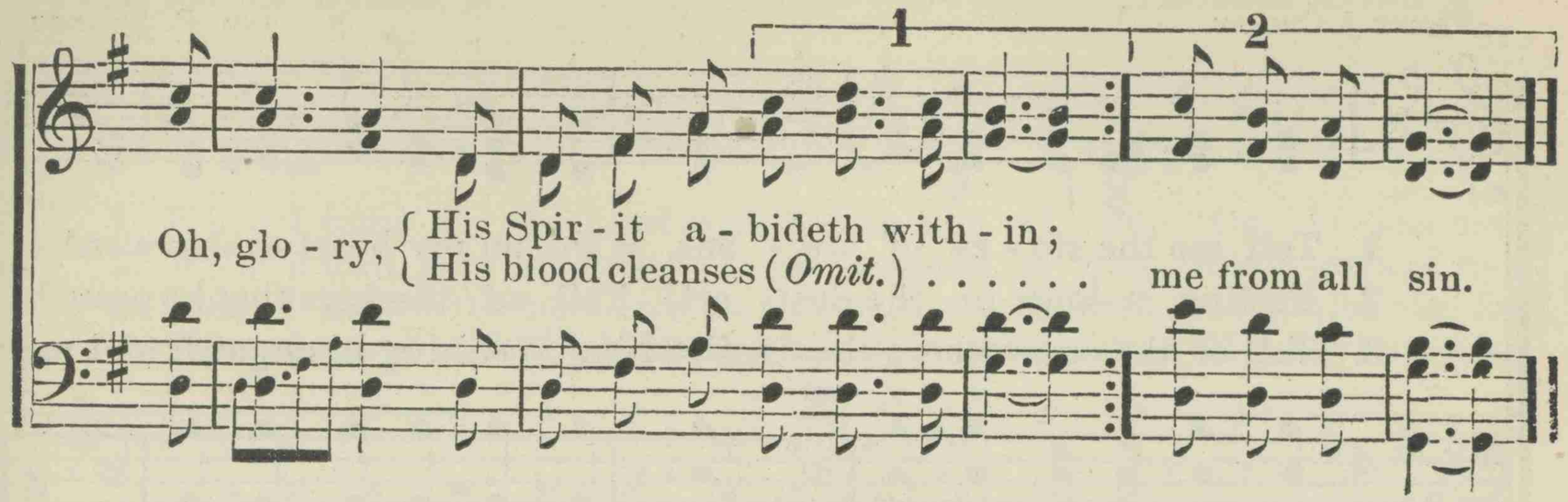
The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In tenderness constantly sought me,
Although a vile sin- ner before him, Thro' faith I was led to implore him,
A - biding in love ev - er flowing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,

The way of sal- vation he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.
And now I rejoice and a - dore him, Restored to his lov- ing em- brace.
Con - fid- ing im - plicit - ly, knowing That Je- sus the Saviour is mine.

CHORUS.

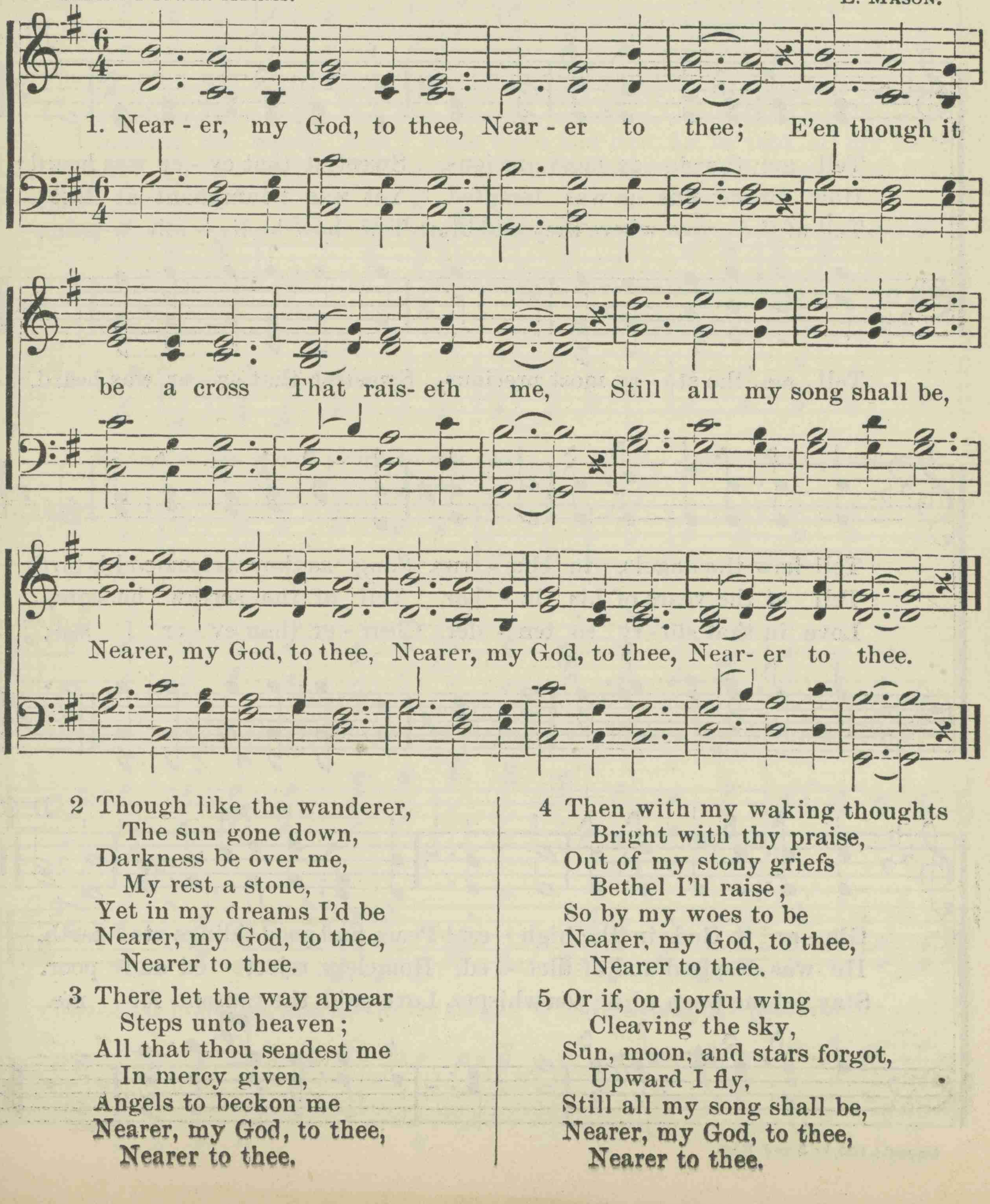
He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu - jah! Oh, glo - ry,

Copyright, 1895, by W. S. Weeden and J. W. Van de Venter.



Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. L. MASON.



2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fasting, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain;

CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'ry word,

Fine.

Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a-gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

Tell how the angels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrow he bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D. C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af-flict - ed, Homeless, reject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

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When Jesus Spoke Peace. 69

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When I came to the Lord with a bur- den of sin, On Je - sus my
2. With a dull, ach- ing heart I at- tempted to pray, While tears of re-
3. Now I walk with my Lord on the heaven - ly road, And praise him for
4. When I stand with the blest by the bright crystal sea, My Saviour and

load I did roll, Then way down in my heart I felt heaven be- gin,
pentance did roll, But like sun aft - er storm, ev'ry cloud pass'd away,
making me whole, And I walk light and free, for he took all my load,
Lord I'll ex - tol, But I'll love that dear hour while the ages shall flee,

CHORUS.

When Je- sus spoke peace to my soul. Yes, Jesus spoke peace, such

heav - en- ly peace, When he made my poor, broken heart whole; Oh, I
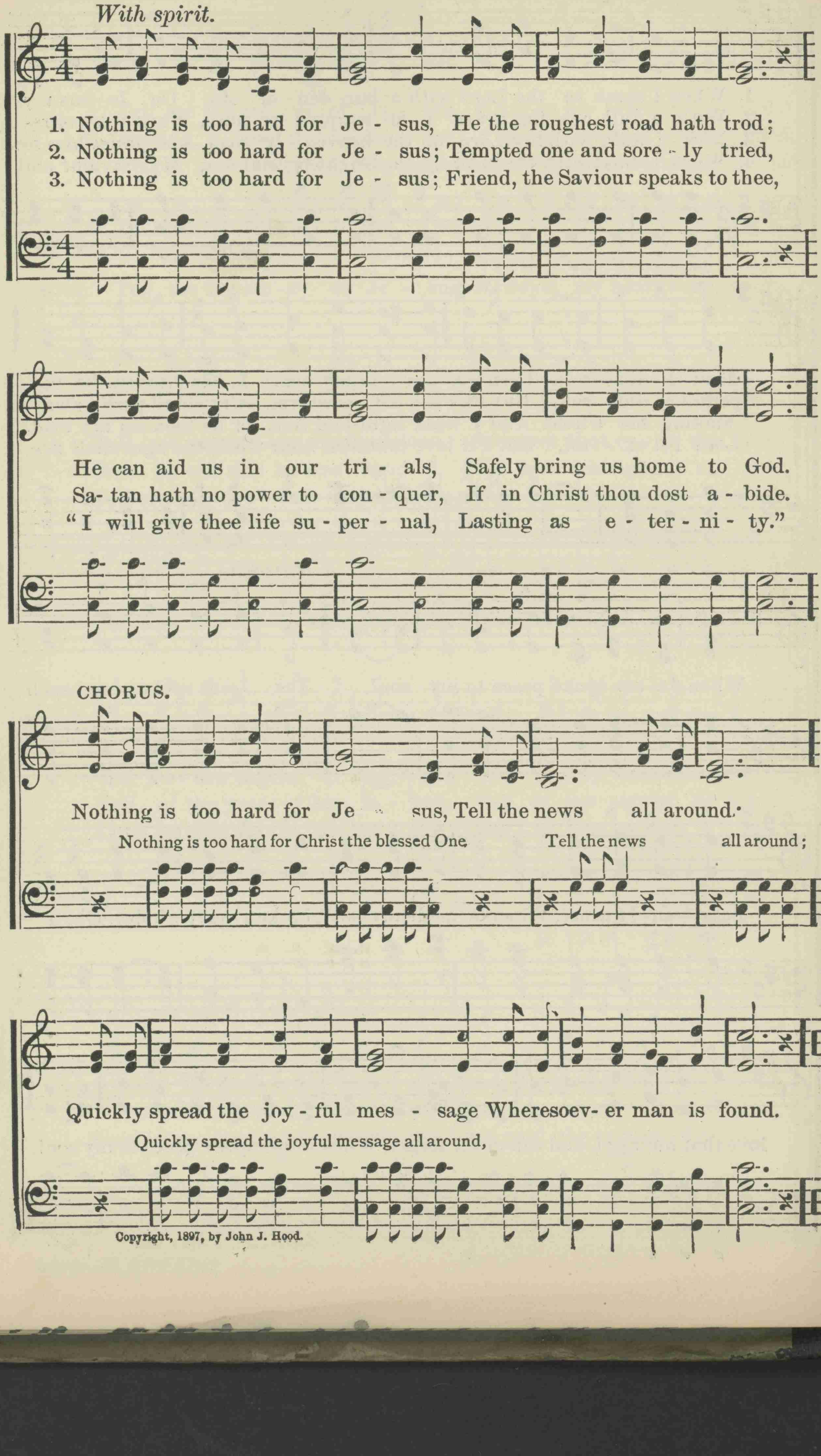
love that hour yet, and can never forget, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

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Nothing is too Hard for Jesus.

C. W. McCROSSAN. F. S. SHEPARD.

With spirit.



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Glorious Is the Morning.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Not too fast.

1. Glorious is the morning Of the Sabbath day, Far and near, loud and clear,
2. All the world re- joices On this Sabbath day, Praises rise to the skies,
3. Tuneful sounds are swelling On this Sabbath day; Hymn and pray'r thrill the air,

Joy-bells call away; Holy chimes are ringing, Peace and gladness bringing,
Hearts are light and gay; Sounds of triumph pealing, Near and far are stealing,
Trusting children say, We will tell the sto- ry Of the King of glo- ry,

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis sweet to be alive On this sacred day! Oh, 'tis sweet to be alive,
Oh, 'tis sweet to be alive On this happy day!
Oh, 'tis sweet to be alive On this blessed day!

And greet this day of days, And to tune each happy voice To sing the Saviour's praise;

My heart can say This Sabbath day, 'Tis sweet to be alive, 'Tis sweet to be alive!

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Balm in Secret Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Pray on, pray on, O trusting heart, Let not thy courage fail;
2. What tho' thy pray'rs thro' many tears May reach his throne on high,
3. Perhaps in some despond- ing hour, When hope has well nigh past,
4. Pray on, pray on, O wea - ry not, Whate'er thy tri - al be;

But take thy Sav- iour at his word, And know thou shalt pre- vail.
He knows the an- guish of thy heart, And will not pass thee by.
The light will burst up- on thy soul, And joy be thine at last.
But lean thy faith on him who said, "It shall be well with thee."

CHORUS.

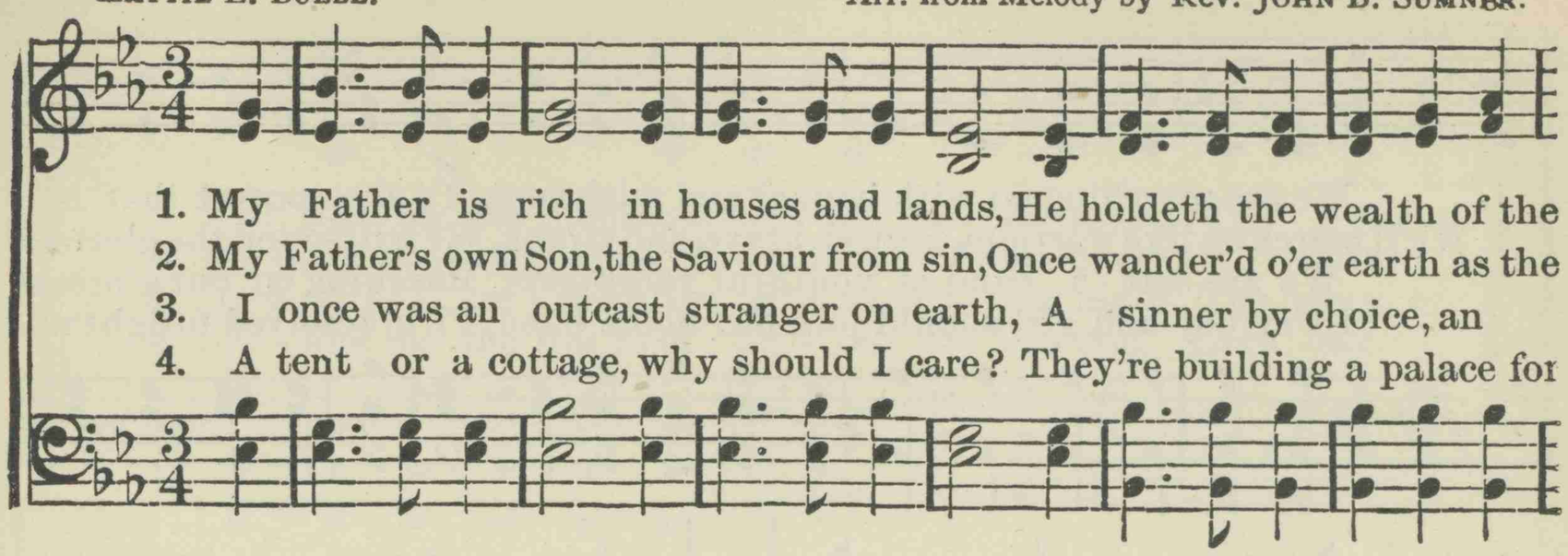
Tho' the cross is hard to bear, There is balm in secret pray'r;
hard to bear, secret pray'r;

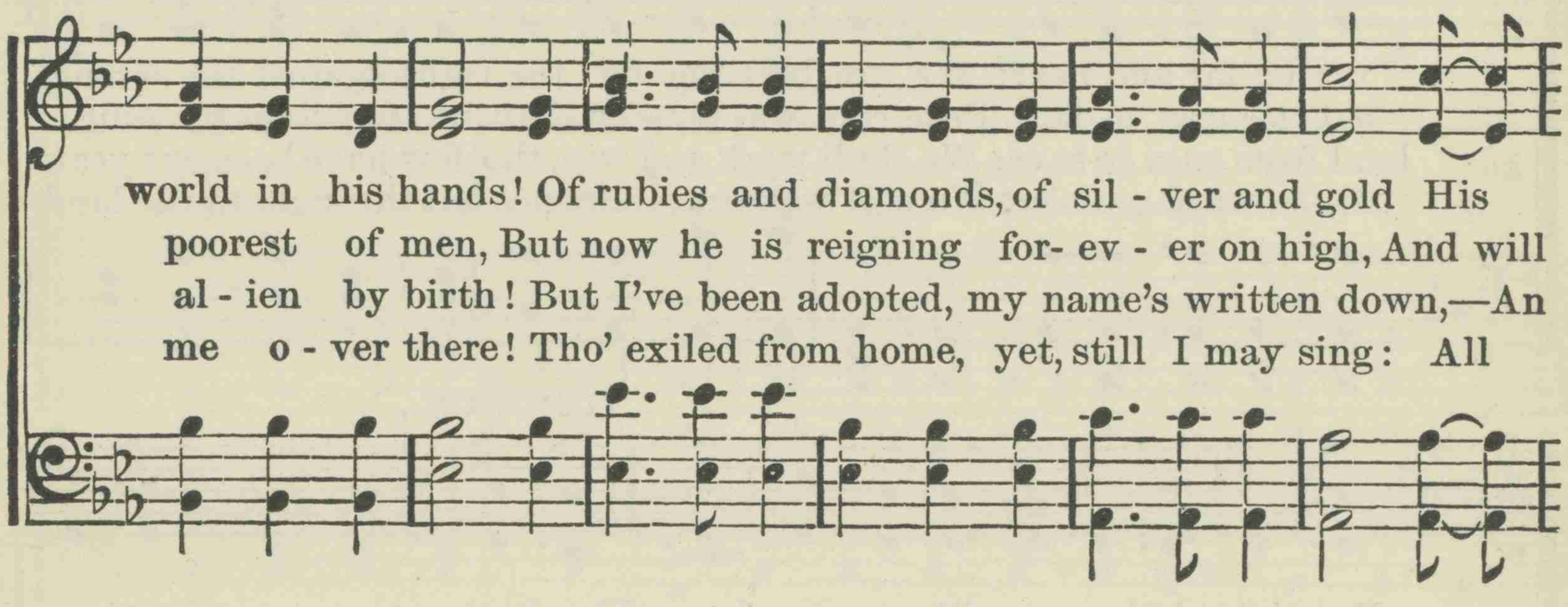
Go and tell . . . thy sorrows there, And leave it all . . . with Je- sus.
Go and tell thy sorrows there,
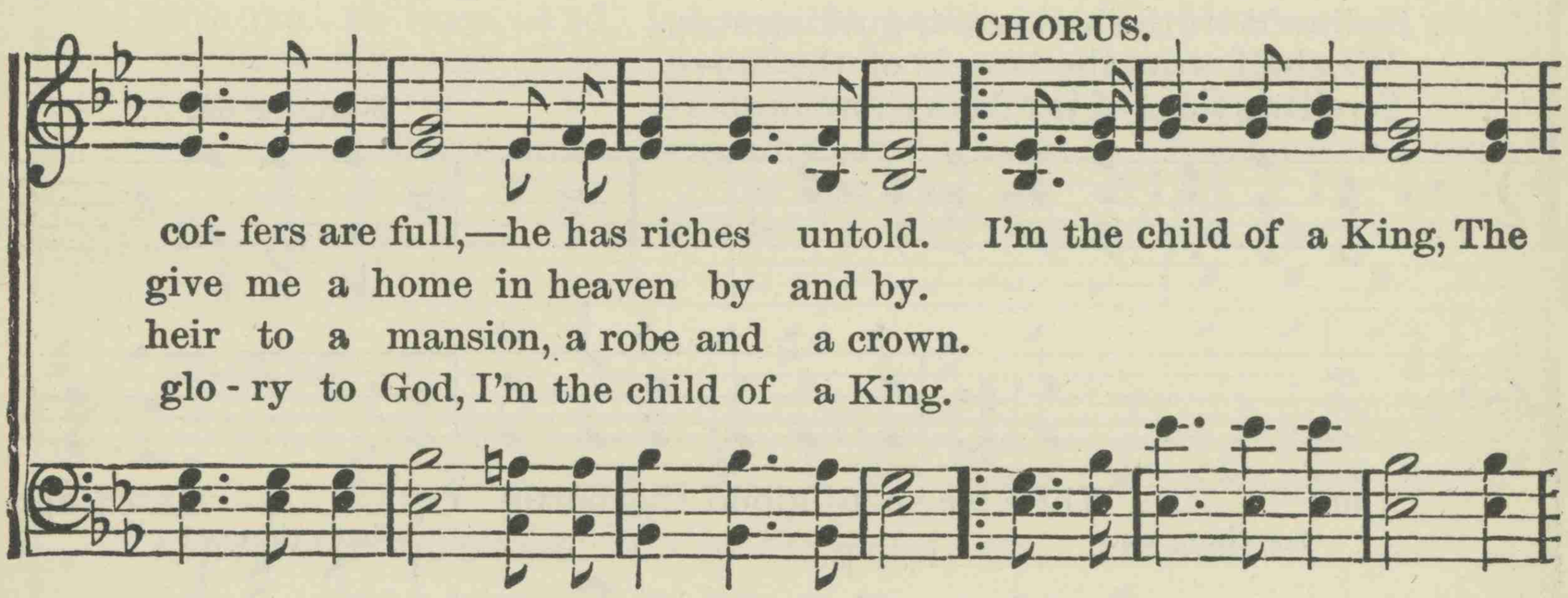
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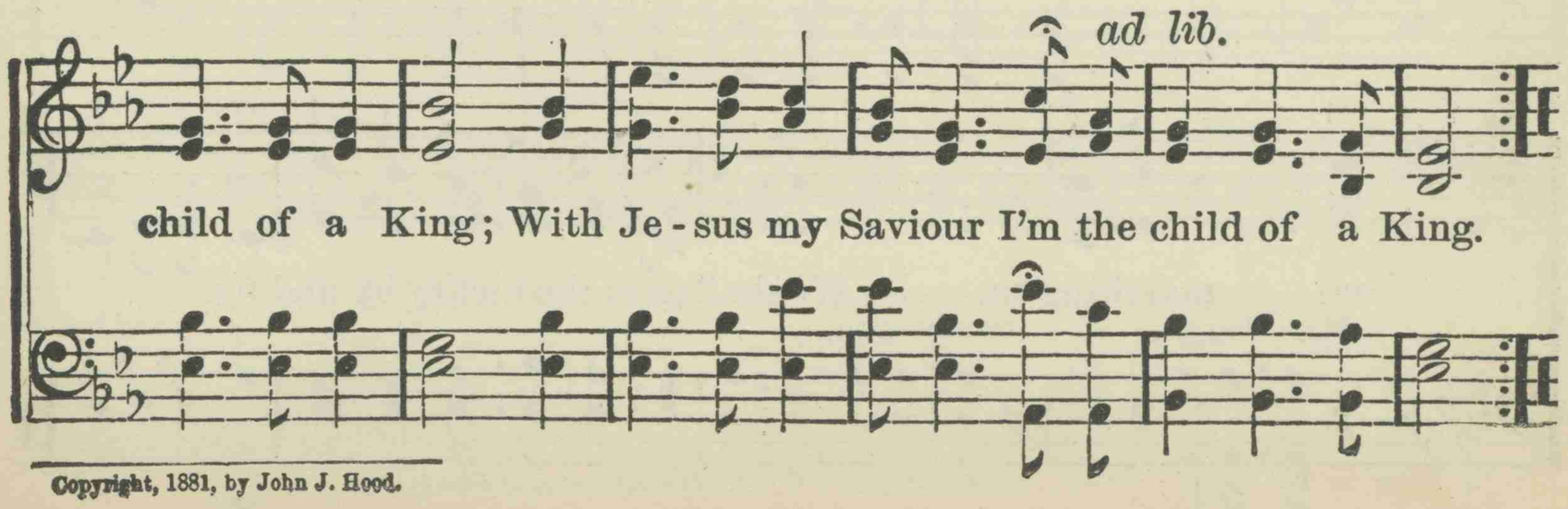
The Child of a King. 73

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









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Marching On.

* * *

Temperance Song.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are marching on with banner and with song, To the contest that is
2. We'll march on like warriors, earnest, brave, and strong, We will sound the glorious
3. We are but a band of youthful volunteers, Marching on, our glorious
4. Ev'ry boy and girl should join our noble band, Firm resolved to fight un-

raging far and near; We are battling for the right against the wrong,
bat- tle cry a- far; Pure cold wa- ter e'er shall be our hap- py song,
land from ruin to save; We shall work and win, tho' few have been our years,
till the warfare's o'er; We will make our influence felt throughout the land,

CHORUS.

For the vict'ry we will nev- er fear. Marching on, marching
Hallow'd truth shall be our guiding star.
We shall wear the laurels of the brave.
Swelling tides of joy from shore to shore.

Marching on,

on, While we shout aloud the battle cry; Marching
marching on, bat - tle cry;

on, marching on, We shall gain the vict'ry by and by.
Marching on, marching on, by and by.

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Shall I Turn Back?

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. by J. J. H.

1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de- spair, Till Je - sus in love, sought and rescued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, he gave me re- lease, And led me to pathways of blessing and peace.
2. My days, swiftly passing, have brought from above So man- y bright tok - ens of mer - cy and love; "More grace" he has giv - en, and burdens removed, Yes, o - ver and o - ver, his goodness I've proved.
3. How well I re - member, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of his word shed its beau - ti - ful light, And sweet was the voice of the Comfort - er then, A - waking new praises a - gain and a- gain.
4. Be - fore me the tow'rs of Je - ru - sa - lem rise, Each day I am near- ing my home in the skies; My Sav - iour a mansion of joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to welcome me there.

CHORUS.

And shall I turn back in - to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!
And shall I turn back in - to the world? No, no, not I!

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What will You do?

F. G. BURROUGHS. ADAM GEIBEL.

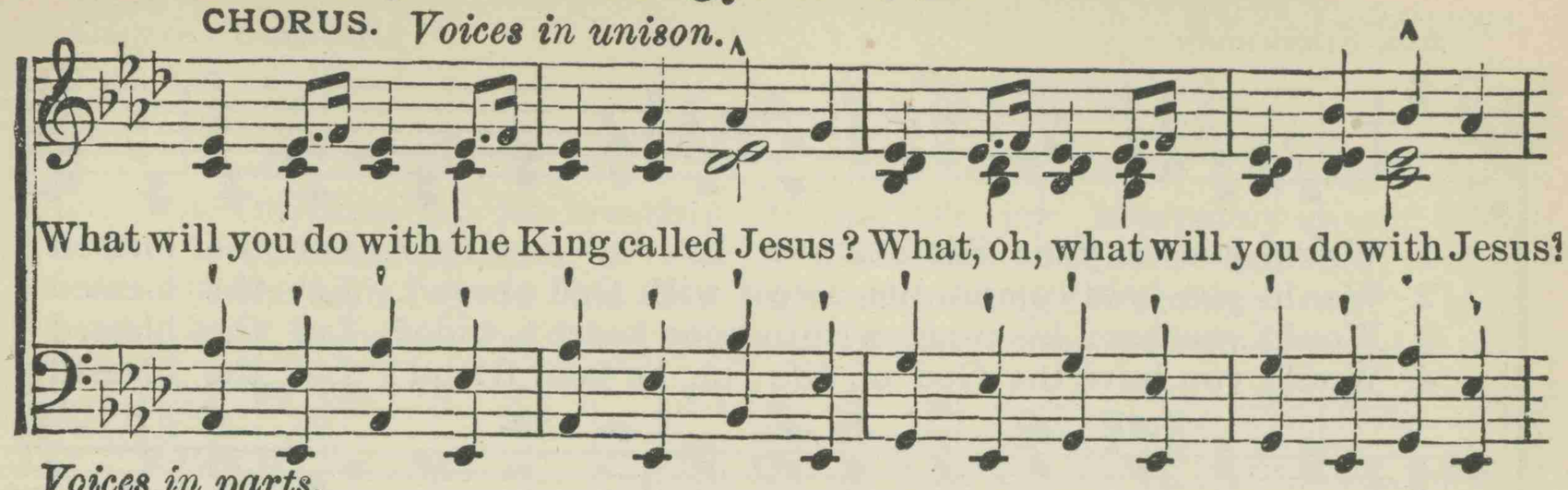
1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness, Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
2. What will you do for the King called Jesus, He who for you left his throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest, Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you!
3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious, Pour out yonr gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.

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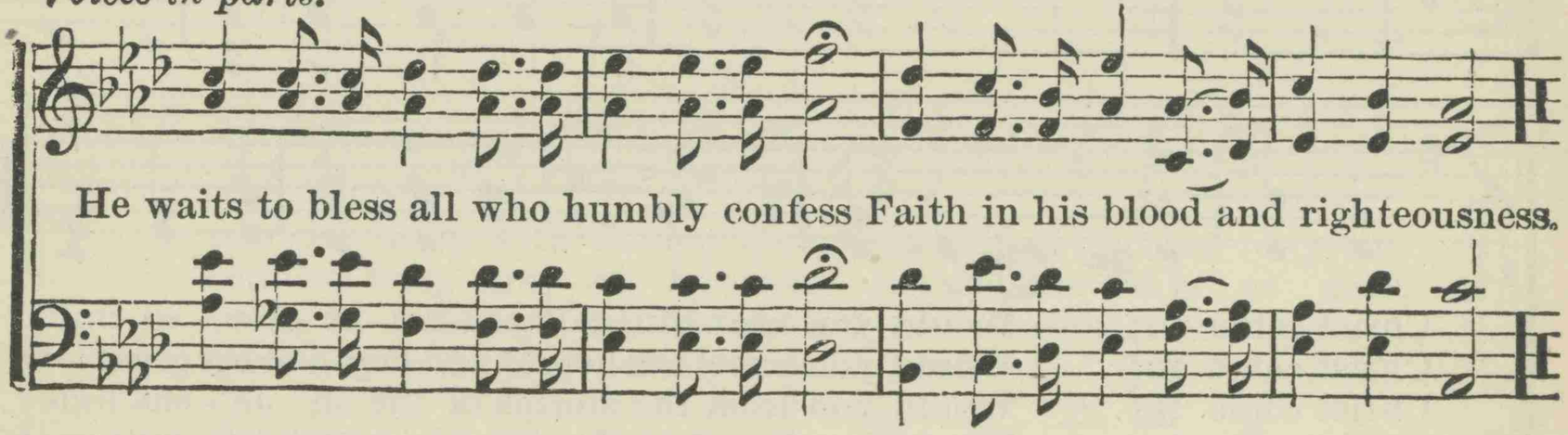
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What will You do?—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*



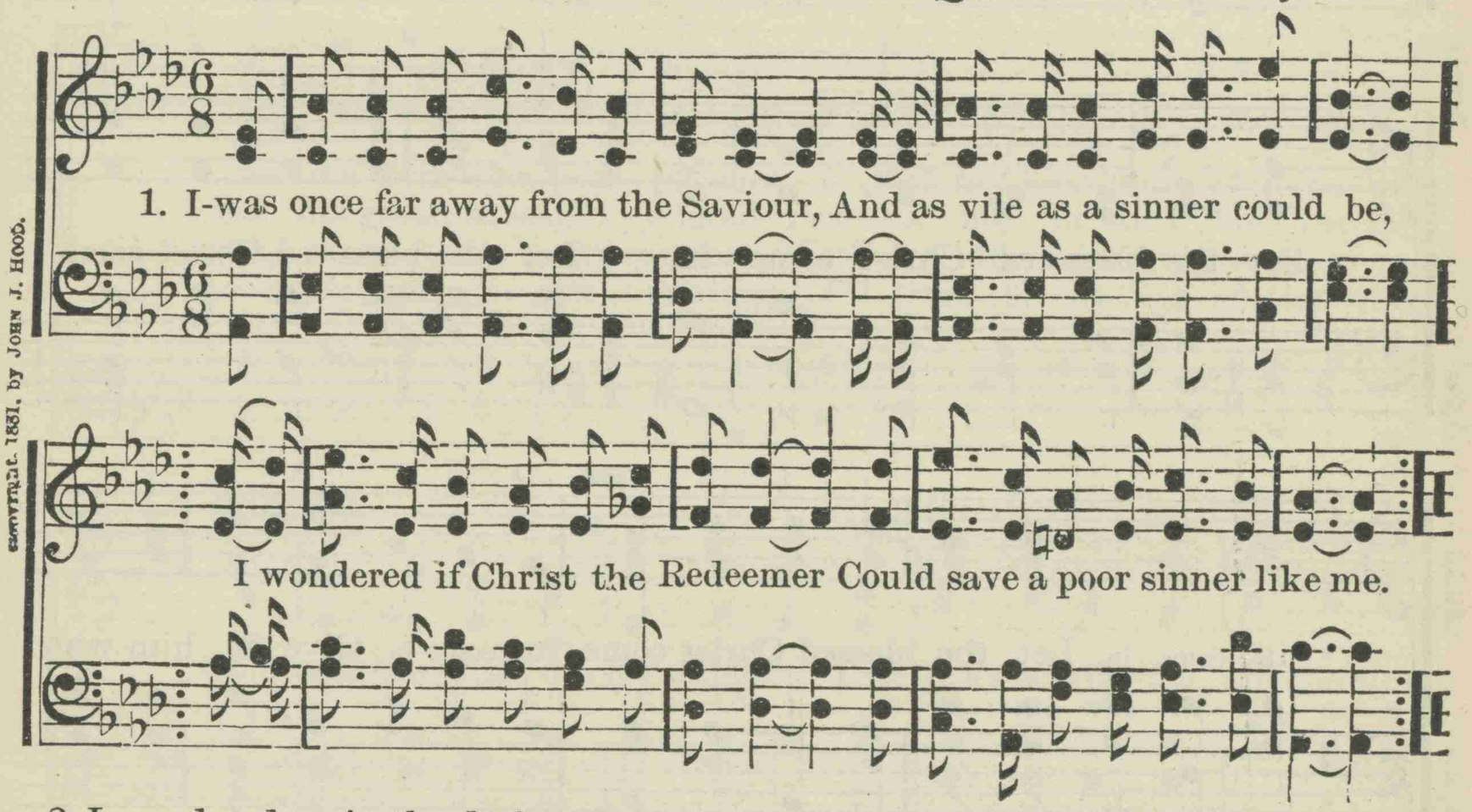
Voices in parts.



C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



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2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

Let Christ Come In.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Would you to your Saviour now be rec - onciled? Let the blessed
2. Would you hold communion sweet with God above? Let the blessed
3. Would you have his peace within your heart a- bide? Let the blessed
4. Would you have the God of life to be your friend? Let the blessed

Christ come in; Would you hear him call you his be - lov - ed child?
Christ come in; Would you know the height and depth of his great love?
Christ come in; Would you from the storms of life in Je - sus hide?
Christ come in; Would you have him dwell with you till life shall end?

come in;

CHORUS.

Let the bless - ed Christ come in. Let the bless - ed Christ come

in, come in, Let the blessed Christ come in; come in; Give to him who

loves you, welcome sweet and true, Let the blessed Christ come in. come in.

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Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
soft-est wisp-ers of his love, In fel-low-ship so dear, And
path, il-lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day. No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un-ion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel his great, al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

CHORUS.
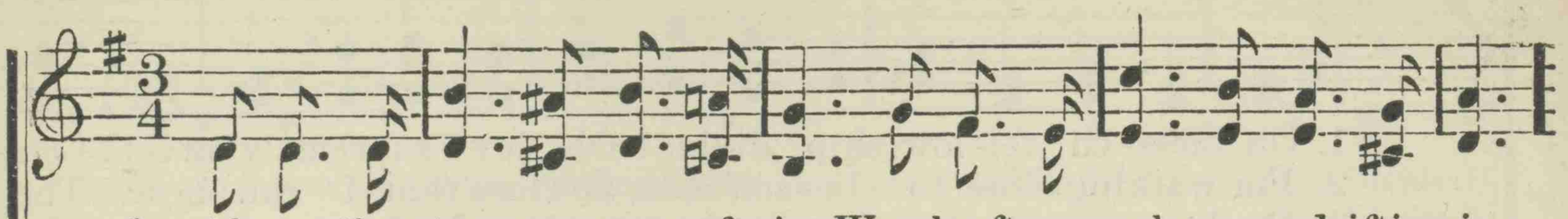
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time,

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time.
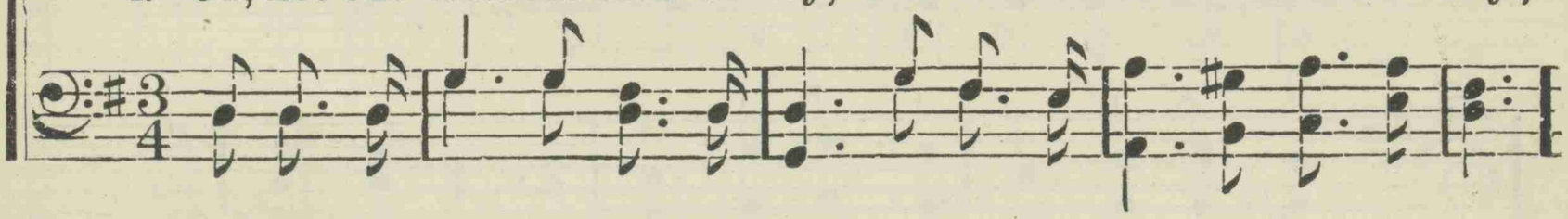
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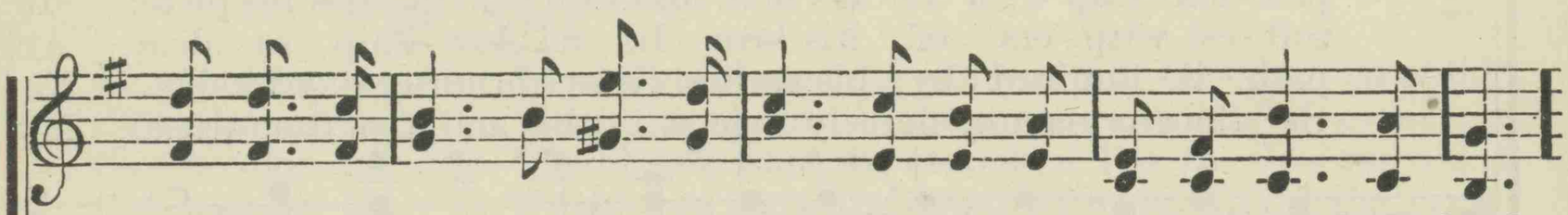
Come to the Rescue.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.
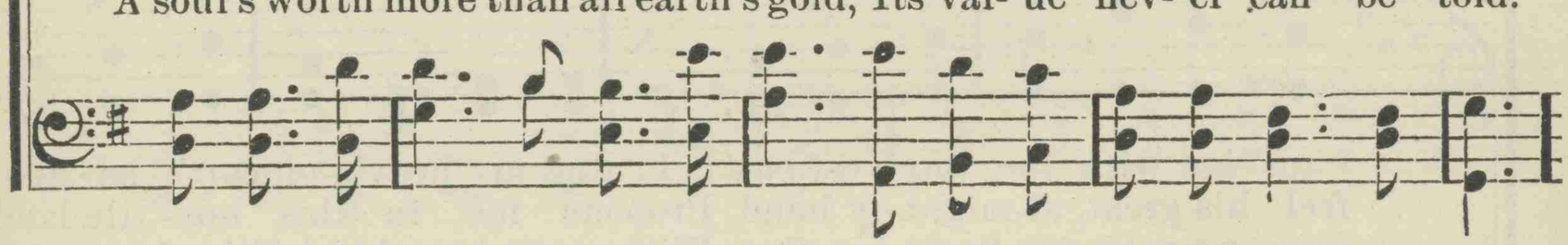


1. Along the storm- y sea of sin. Wreck after wreck comes drifting in;
2. Oh, hear them, now for help they cry, Shout o'er the waves that help is nigh!
3. Some of the struggling ones may be Those of thy kindred dear to thee,
4. Oh, not one moment then de- lay, But to the res- cue haste a - way;
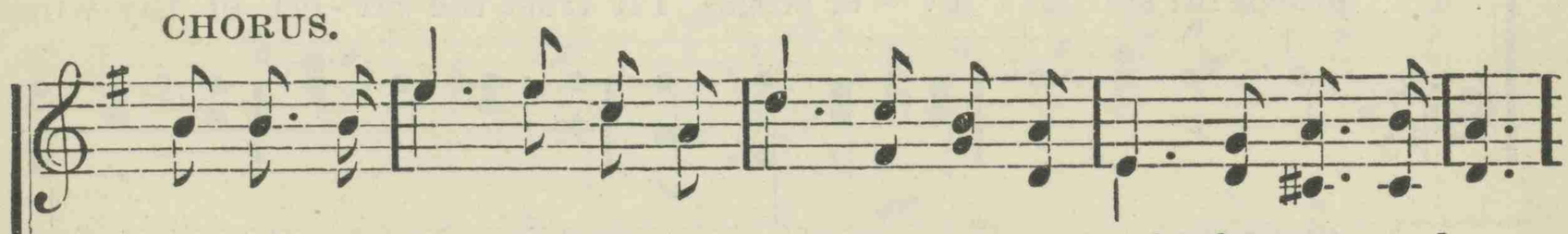




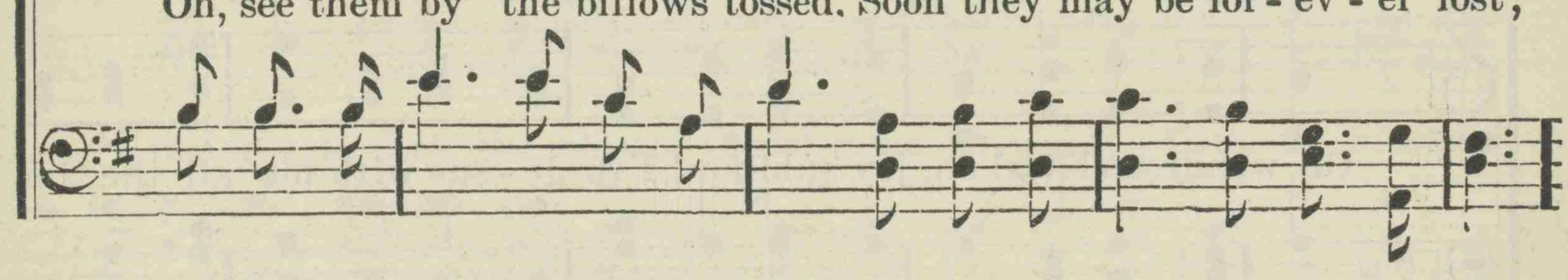
Haste, brother, haste and lend a hand, Some you may help to reach the land.
Throw out to them the gos- pel line, 'Twill never fail, for 'tis di - vine.
Oh, shall they sink beneath the wave, And you not lend a hand to save?
A soul's worth more than all earth's gold, Its val- ue nev- er can be told.
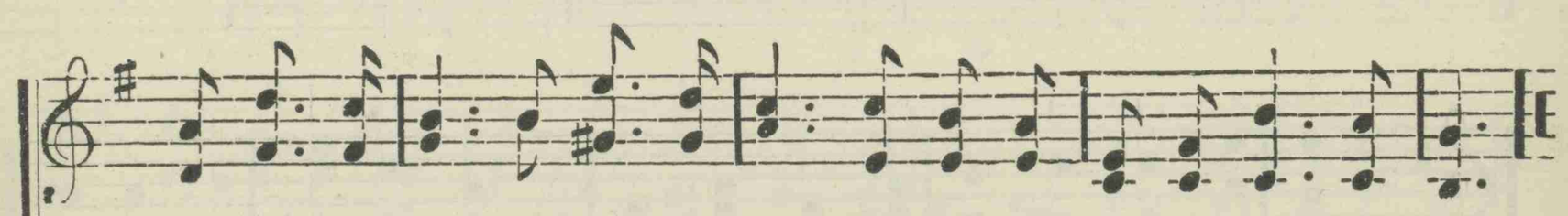


CHORUS.
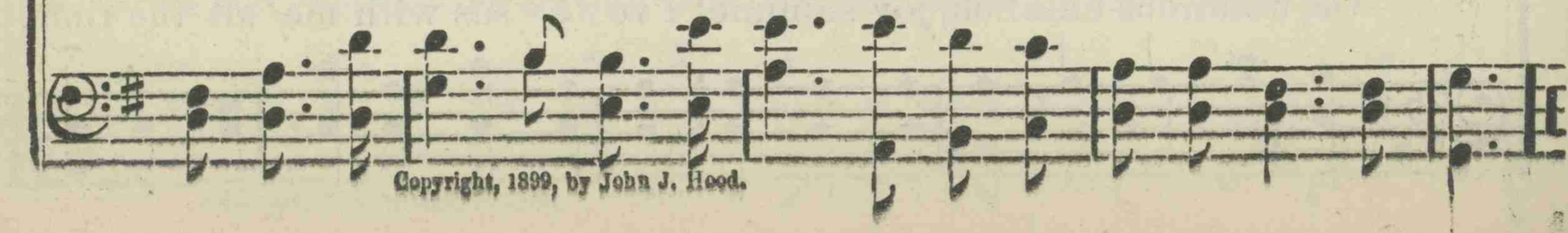


Oh, see them by the billows tossed, Soon they may be for - ev - er lost;





Then quickly to the res- cue fly, Some we may save if we but try.



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Put On the Whole Armor. 81

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Frank M Davis.

1. The hosts of sin in strong ar - ray Oppose thy Lord's command,
2. When strong tempta- tions we must bear, Or know grief's smiting hand,
3. March on to heights of faith un - trod, O - bey thy Lord's command,
4. Thro' ev - 'ry dan - ger God will lead, And give the vic - t'ry grand,

And ye must put on his ar - mor to - day, That ye may be
Oh, then ye will need God's ar - mor to wear, That ye may be
And glad - ly put on the ar - mor of God, That ye may be
If ye shall put on the ar - mor of God, That ye may be

CHORUS.—Sop. Obligato.

a - ble to stand. Put on .... the whole ar - - - mor, Put
Put on the whole ar - mor, the ar - mor of God, Put

on .... the whole ar - - - mor, That ye may be strong to
on the whole ar - mor, the ar - mor of God,

battle with wrong, Put on the whole ar- mor of God; That :‖ mor of God.

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The Future.

Miss JENNIE STOUT. A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,
3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join his hap - py band?
All my earthly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?
Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, his faithful foll - 'wer be;
Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be

Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - - - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I
Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

know . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be

future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,

lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.

keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. *N.* A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the wand'ring lambs to find?
2. Out in the desert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs, where'er they be."

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to . . Jesus.

From "Notes of Victory," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is
3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val- ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his
mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender- ly he

D. S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his

Fine.

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are
bless- ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows
whis- per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
comes a whisper, "safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
presence doth illume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"
mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,

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CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,
He is mine, Blessed Lil - y of the val- ley,

D.S.

He is mine! Lil - y of the val- ley, I am his!
Hal- le - lu- jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

I Love the Mercy Seat.

Mrs. J. C. YULE. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Fervently.

1. I love the mercy seat, 'Tis there I meet my Lord; 'Tis there his smiling
2. I love the mercy seat, 'Twas there he set me free, When tremblingly I
3. I love the mercy seat, For o- ver it I see One countenance se-

face I greet, And there I hear his word; Ah, 'tis there I come for rest,
sought his feet, In my extrem - i - ty; Foul with un- forgiv - en sin,
rene and sweet Turned evermore to me; 'Tis my Father rec - onciled,

When by care and toil oppress'd, And I lean on Jesus' breast, There, just there!
To his side he drew me in, Touch'd, and said to me, "be clean!" There, just there!
And he owns me for his child, His, in Christ the undefiled, There, just there!

just there!

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At the Calling of the Roll.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. H. JAMES PRESTON.

1. At the great resurrection, when the dead in Christ shall rise, And we
2. When the angel has sounded with his trump o'er land and sea, And the
3. I will not fear the judgment, since my blessed Saviour died, For his

gather in those mansions of the soul, When the great book is opened in that
heavens are rolled backward as a scroll, When the nations assemble, and the
blood hath made my broken spirit whole, So I'll press on to glory, then, while

land beyond the skies, I will answer at the calling of the roll.
Lord shall call for me, I will answer at the calling of the roll.
standing by his side, I will answer at the calling of the roll.

CHORUS.

I will answer at the calling of the roll, In that blessed habi-
at the calling of the roll,

ta- tion of the soul; Oh, how happy I will be when my
hab - i - ta- tion of the soul;

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Lord shall call for me, I will answer at the calling of the roll.

Sweet Sabbath Bells.

F. M. D. "Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. cxxii : 1. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sweet the music of the Sabbath bells, Stealing on the qui - et air,
2. Sweet the music of the Sabbath bells, As they to the world proclaim,
3. Sweet the music of the Sabbath bells; Let it ech - o earth around,

Floating o'er the world in tuneful notes, Calling to the house of pray'r.
"Who- so- ev - er will, may find sweet rest Thro' the blessed Saviour's name."
Till the nations now in darkness hear And shall know the gospel sound.

CHORUS.

Chime on, chime on, sweet Sabbath bells, chime on, chime on,
Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on,

Chime on, chime on, sweet Sabbath bells, chime on.
Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on,

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From "Notes of Praise," By per. of John J. Hood.

Keep Us in Thy Perfect Peace.

E. E. Hewitt. F. E. Belden.

Slowly and smoothly.

1. Keep us, blessed Saviour, keep us By thy mer - cy and thy might;
2. Let thy loving arms en - fold us, Be a shield from ev- 'ry foe;
3. Saviour, help us trust thee ev - er, Let our minds be staid on thee;
4. Thou who knowest ev- 'ry tri - al, Thou who hearest ev- 'ry prayer,

Save our wea- ry feet from stumbling, Lead us in the ways of light.
May we, as we journey onward, More and more thy goodness know.
Then, a - mid life's ma - ny dangers, Calm and fearless we shall be.
Be our strength and conso - la- tion, Till thy wondrous joy we share.

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CHORUS.

Keep us, Saviour, strong Defend - er, Keep us till temptations cease;

Till the morning breaks in splendor, Keep us in thy perfect peace.

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Welcome, Sweet Spirit of Love.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Come, Holy Spir- it, thee I am needing, That I be filled with the
2. Come, Holy Spir- it, dwell in me sweetly, Come to my heart all the
3. Come, Holy Spir- it, fill to o'erflowing, Give me an anthem down

life - giving bread; Spir - it of blessing, come while I'm pleading,
dross to consume; Come just this moment, fill me complete - ly,
deep in my heart; If thou shalt ev - er in me be glowing

D.S.—Promise of Je - sus, Comfort - er precious,

Fine. CHORUS.

Come, that my poor hungry soul may be fed. Coming, be - lieving,
All my whole be - ing con- trol and illume.
I may to oth- ers rich blessings impart.

Thou art most welcome, O Spir- it of love.

D.S.

sweetly re - ceiving, Welcome, most welcome, O Spir- it of love;

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I shall Be no Stranger There.

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.

1. When the pearl - y gates are open'd To a sinner "sav'd by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev - er-changing seasons, I am pressing t'ward the goal;
3. There my dear Redeem- er liv- eth, Blessed Lamb up- on the throne;

When thro' ev - er- last- ing mer - cy, I be- hold my Saviour's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet native country, 'Tis the homeland of my soul;
By the crim- son marks up- on them, He will sure - ly claim his own.
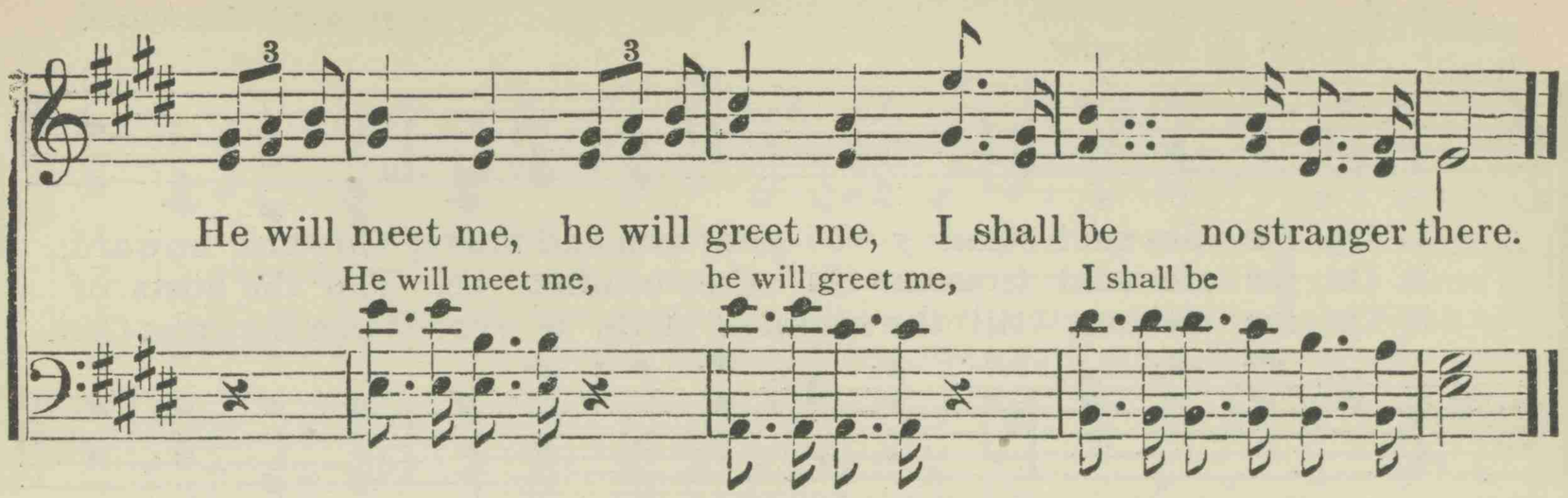
When I en - ter in the mansions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Ma - ny lov'd ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those wondrous glo- ries share;
So, when ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be- yond the earth- ly care;

I shall have a roy - al welcome, For I'll be no stranger there.
When I rise, redeemed, forgiv - en, I shall be no stranger there.
Wea - ry child of God, remem - ber, You will be no stranger there.

CHORUS.

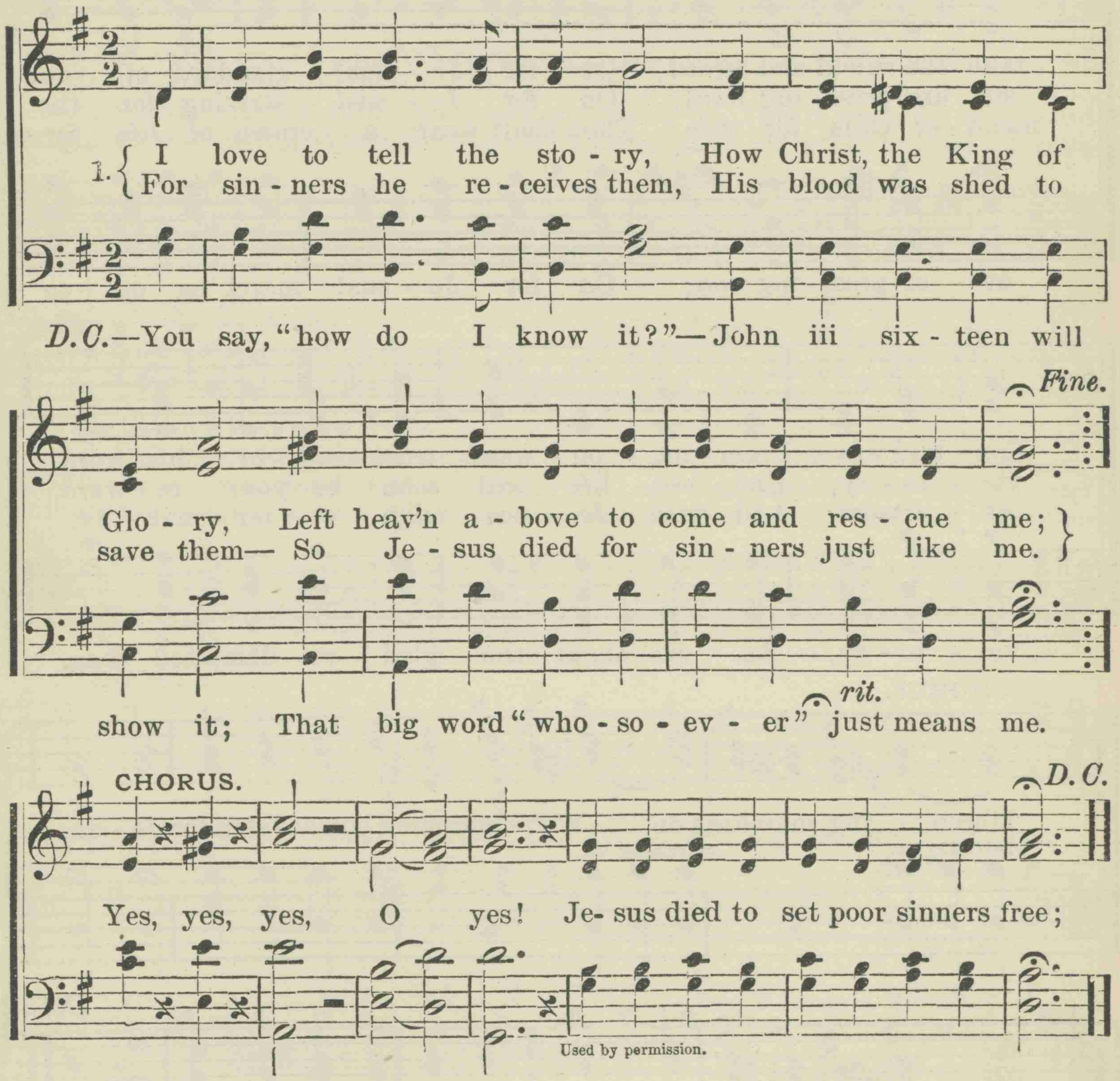
I shall be no stranger there, Jesus will my place prepare;
I shall be no stranger there, Je - sus will my place prepare;

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John iii: 16.

J. MANTON SMITH. W. H. HARPER.



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2 So now I'll try to please him,
My life I'll give to serve him;
His true and faithful servant I will be:
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love him?
And, sister, won't you trust him?
I know he died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven, [me.
To live with Christ, who died for you and

On for Jesus!

J. H. E.

J. Howard Entwisle.

Tempo di marche.

1. On for Je- sus! stead- y be your arm and brave; Onward, onward,
2. On for Je- sus! tiresome tho' the conflict be, Tho' the hosts of
3. On for Je- sus, till the sound of strife is o'er! When the great Com-

D. C.—"On for Je- sus!" this shall be the bat - tle-cry, Ne'er retreat - ing,

take the shield and sword; On for Je - sus! standard of your
sin are press - ing hard; On for Je - sus! striving for the
mand - er calls for thee Thou shalt wear a crown of life for -
ev - er press - ing on; On for Je - sus! march'ng on to

Fine.

Cap - tain wave, Press - ing on - ward, trust - ing in his word.
vic - to - ry, End - less life will soon be your re - ward.
ev - ermore, And with Je - sus reign e - ter - nal - ly.
vic - to - ry, As we shout the glad re - demption song.

CHORUS.

March - ing, marching on, . . . We're marching onward still for Je - sus;
Marching on, marching on,

D. C.
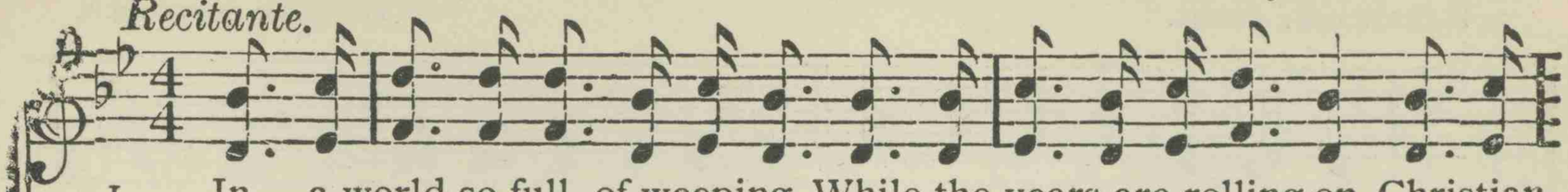
March - ing, marching on, . . . Beneath the banner of the free.
Marching on, marching on,

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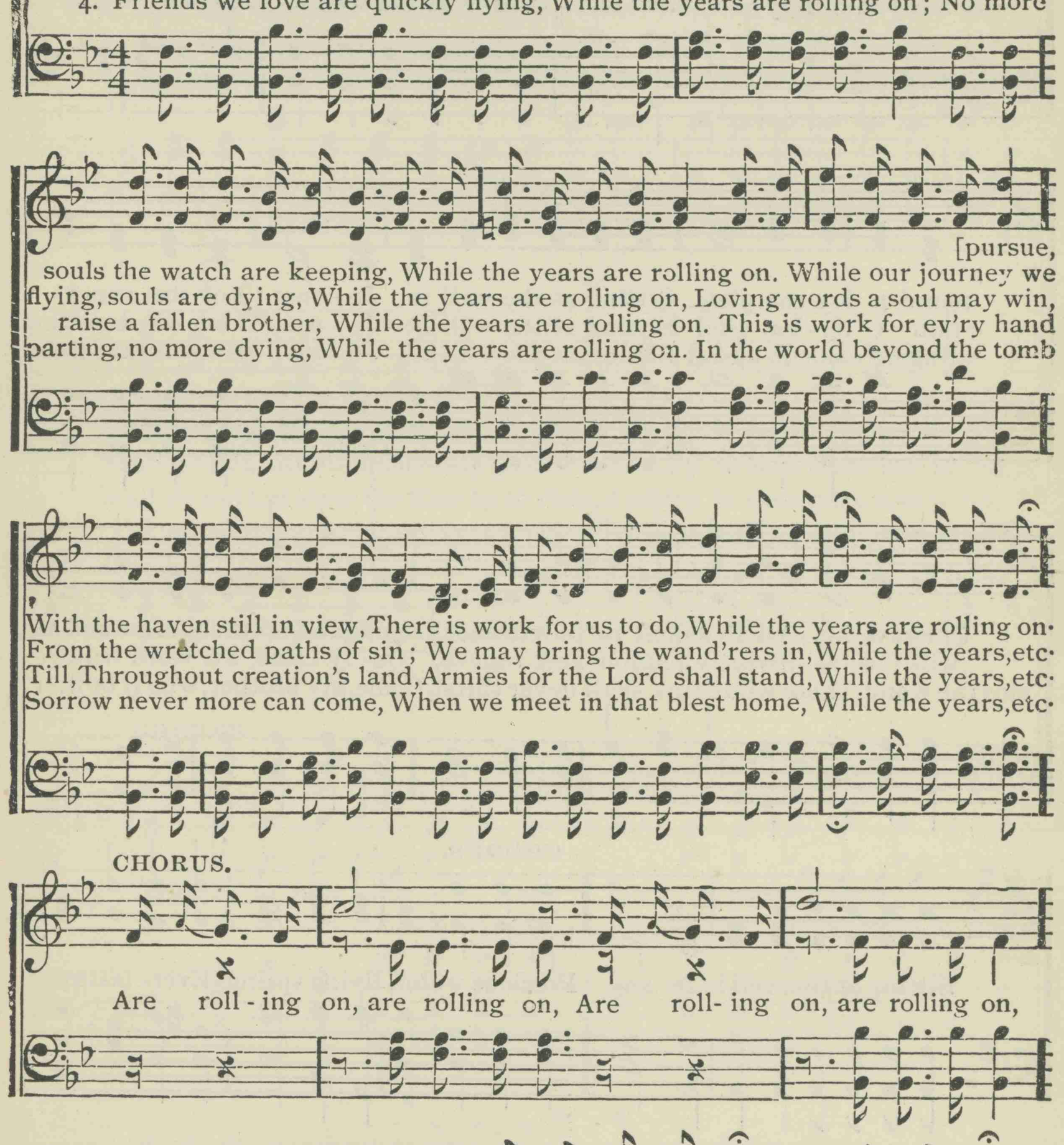
While the Years are Rolling on.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Recitante.



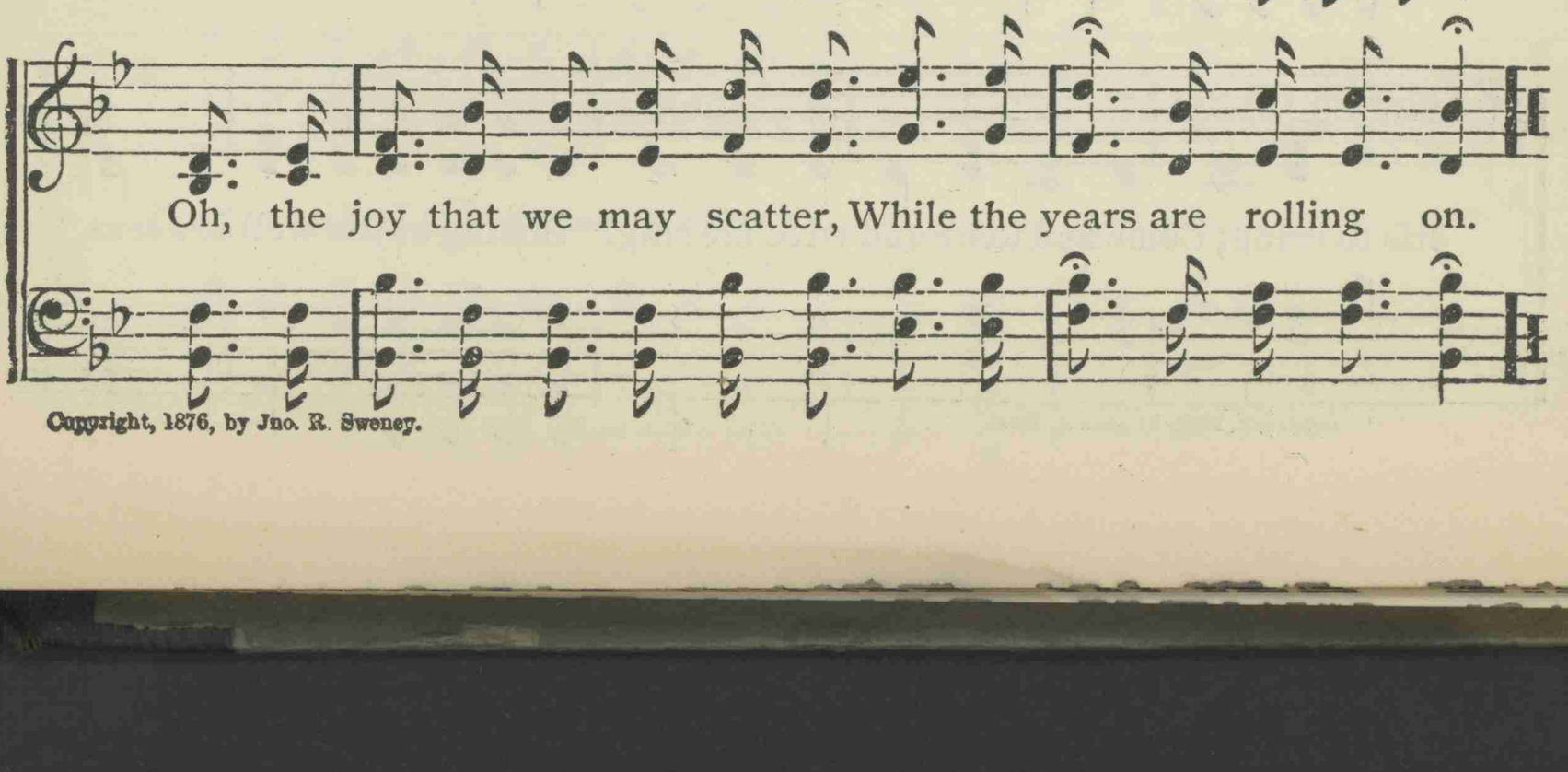
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing. While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one anoth - er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more



[pursue,
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we
flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on, Loving words a soul may win,
raise a fallen brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand
parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb

With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years, etc.
Till, Throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years, etc.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years, etc.

CHORUS.



Are roll - ing on, are rolling on, Are roll- ing on, are rolling on,

Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

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Sitting at the Well is Jesus.

"Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well."—St. John iv: 6.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I have found the waters sweet, Sitting at the well is Je - sus; I have
2. Come where lasting joy is rife! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Come, ob-
3. Are you thirsty? come and taste! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; While he

found a joy complete, Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Lo! the ver- y
tain e- ter- nal life! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Those who come he
lingers, come in haste! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; He will save from

Christ is he, All I've done he telleth me, Friends and brothers, come and see,
will receive, Sweetly pardon and relieve, On- ly come, his word believe,
sins the worst, Those who drink shall never thirst, Come, my brother, who'll be first?

CHORUS.

Sitting at the well is Je- sus. Precious water, living spring, Ever- lasting

life to bring; Come and taste and with me sing: "Sitting at the well is Jesus."

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Try to Save Some One.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Wounded and dying on Jericho's road, Thousands of precious ones lay;
2. Few the Sa- mar- i- tans bringing relief, Pass o'er the Jeri- cho way;
3. Are we neglecting our duty so great? Have we good cause for delay?
4. How can we meet our dear Saviour at last, When in the judgment we stand,

Shall we like Levites pass carelessly by, Or try to save some one to-day?
Shall we not, Christians, in duty go down, And try to save some one to-day?
Shall we not haste ere the time be too late, And try to save some one to-day?
If, after life and its toiling are past, We come with no sheaves in our hands?

CHORUS.

Try . . . to save some one, Try . . . to save some one;
Try to save some one to-day, Try to save some one to-day;

Shall we like Levites pass carelessly by, Or try to save some one to-day?

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Gliding Away.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are gliding a - way from the vale of time, We are gliding a -
2. We are gliding a - way to the summer-land, Where our lov'd ones have
3. We are gliding a - way from the dark and cold, To the por- tals of

way o'er the sea, To the beauti- ful shore in a fairer clime, Where the
gone on be - fore; Soon our barks will be moored on the shining strand Of a
gladness and light; In the home of the soul we shall soon behold Joyful

CHORUS.

dwellers from sorrow are free. Gliding away. gliding away, Gliding a -
beautiful evergreen shore. Glid - ing a- way, ...
scenes of surprise and delight.

way o'er the sea; Gliding away, gliding away, Gilding away o'er the
o'er the ser; Glid - ing away, ...

CODA. *After last verse.* *rit. e dim.*

sea. Gliding a- way, ... gliding a - way. . . . . .
Gliding a - way, gliding a - way, a - way, a - way.

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Work for Jesus.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

1. Christians, work for Je- sus, serve him day by day, Like him love to
2. La - bor on for Je- sus, while 'tis called to - day, Night is fast ap -
3. Wa - ter for the thirsty, bread of life to eat, Clothing for the

la- bor, he has led the way; Follow his example haste with willing feet,
proaching, do not risk delay; Souls are dying round you, going to the grave,
naked, healing for the sick; Jesus bids you succor needy slaves of sin,

CHORUS.

In his name endeav - or oth- er's wants to meet. Work for Je - sus,
Help them for the Mas- ter, striving some to save.
Do it in his name, you do it un - to him.

serve him day by day; Work for Jesus, love, believe, obey; Work for Jesus,

serve him day by day; Work and watch for Jesus, love, believe, o- bey.

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98 On which Side will You be Found?

J. H. ALLEMAN. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

Not too fast.

1. When the pen - dulum of time shall for - ev- er cease to swing, And Je-
2. When the Book is opened there in the presence of the King, And the
3. There the se- crets of the heart, good or e - vil tho' they be, He the

hovah's trump o'er all the earth shall sound; When the nations all shall rise,
shall sound;
millions crowd the judgment bar around; around; When the hosts of great and small,
Righteous Judge will herald far and near; and near; When the nations he divides,

marching forth in solemn tread, Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will you be found?
over there before him stand, With the *just* up- on the *right* will you be found?
as the shepherd doth his sheep, Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will you appear?

CHORUS.

On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side, I will answer when Jehovah's trump shall sound;
shall sound;
On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side, Safely gather'd with the faithful I'll be found.

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Are we Watching, Are we Waiting? 99

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. If our Lord should come to-night, With the bright angelic host, Would he find us in his vineyard, Ev'ry servant at his post? Thro' the precious, cleansing blood Are our garments clean and white? Are we dwelling in the light, Should our Lord appear to-night?

2. If our Lord should come to-night, Come as King and Judge of all, Are there any here assembled Who would tremble at his call? Is there one, oh, is there one? Far from Jesus and the light, Un-repentant, lost, undone, If the Judge should come to-night?

3. Christ as King and Judge will come, 'Tis recorded in his book; He will bid us stand before him, Not a soul will he o'erlook! Are we read-y, ev-'ry one? Are we in the raiment white, If the Judge of all mankind Should appear this very night?

CHORUS.

Are we watching, are we waiting In the raiment pure and white? Should we joy at his appearing If our Lord should come to-night?

watching, watching, waiting, waiting In the raiment pure and white? to-night?

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100

Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy - hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un- bidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,

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

CHORUS.

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.

The Sword of the Lord and Gideon. 101

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Judges vii. Grant C. Tullar.

1. A - rise! (a - rise!) a - rise! (a - rise!) a - rise! be not a - fraid; A -
2. March on! (march on!) march on! (march on!) for God is with the right; March
3. Be - hold! (behold!) be - hold! (behold!) O trusting lit - tle band; Be-

rise! (a - rise!) a - rise! (a - rise!) for God will be thine aid. Yea, the
on! (march on!) march on! (march on!) and ye shall surely smite As a
hold! (behold!) be- hold! (behold!) and ye shall un- der- stand, Tho' the

D. S.—With "the

Lord will go be - fore thee, And his ban- ner shall be o'er thee,
man, the host of Mid - i- an, For the Lord will fight for Gid - e- on,
e - vil foes surround thee, Yet they nev - er shall confound thee,

sword of the Lord and Gid - e - on," Ye shall smite the host of Mid - i - an;

Fine. CHORUS.

While the mighty pow'r of e - vil shall be stay'd.
And the ar- my of thy foes be put to flight.
If ye faithfully o - bey the Lord's command.
{ Trust ye in the Lord for-
{ He will be thy strong De-

Ye shall conquer in the battle, praise the Lord!

1 2 *rit.* *D.S.*
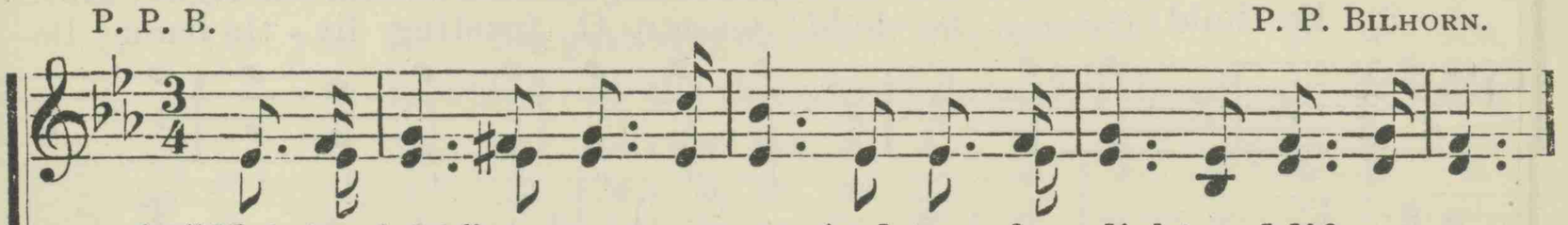
ev - er, And thy trust he will reward.
liv'rer, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
He will be thy watch and ward;

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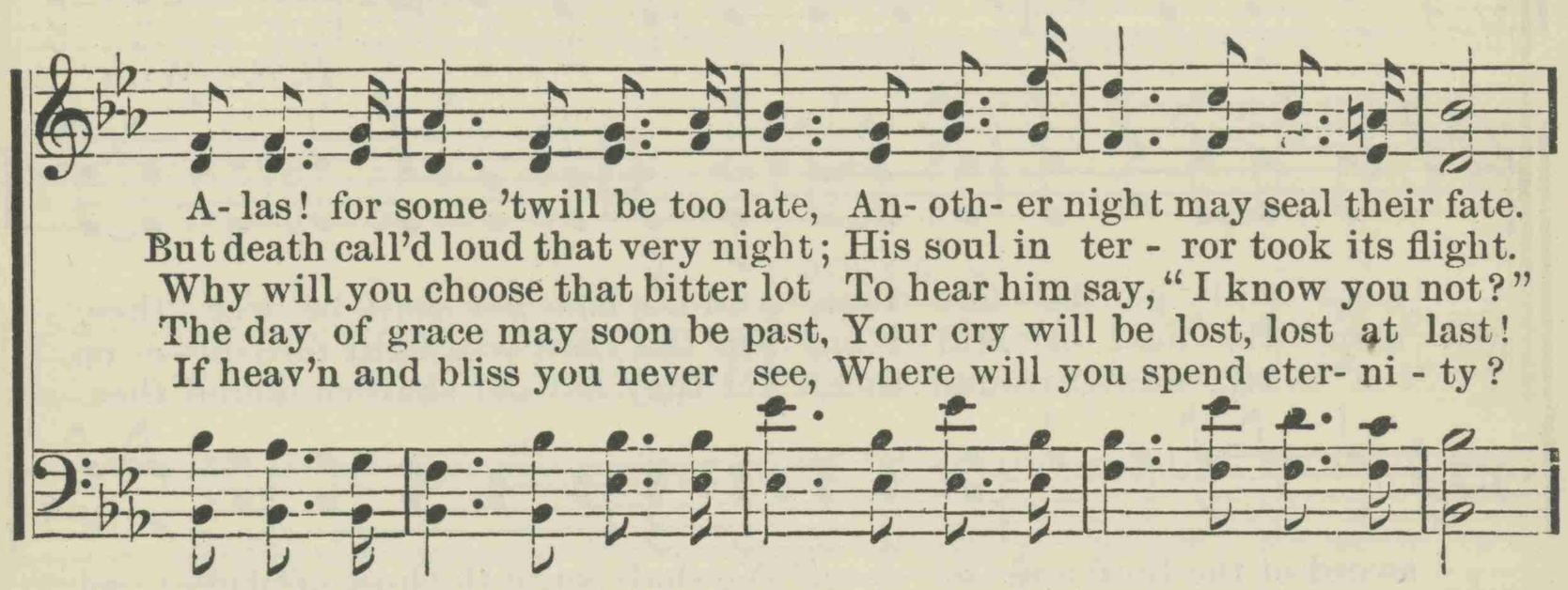
Come To-night.

This hym. was suggested by an incident which occurred during a tent-meeting conducted by the author. One evening the front seat was occupied by a party of young ladies and gentlemen. One of the young men became anxious about his soul and was personally invited by the author to accept Christ When about to rise, one of the young ladies gave him a significant touch with her foot. This caused him to settle back, laughingly shake his head and say, "not to-night." On their way home that night they derisively re-enacted the solemn scenes of the meeting. One played the preacher, one the singer and the others would rise for prayer, weep, and then laughingly say, "not to-night." A stump caused the carriage to upset. The horses became frightened and ran away. The young man who became anxious about his soul but said, "not to-night," was killed.

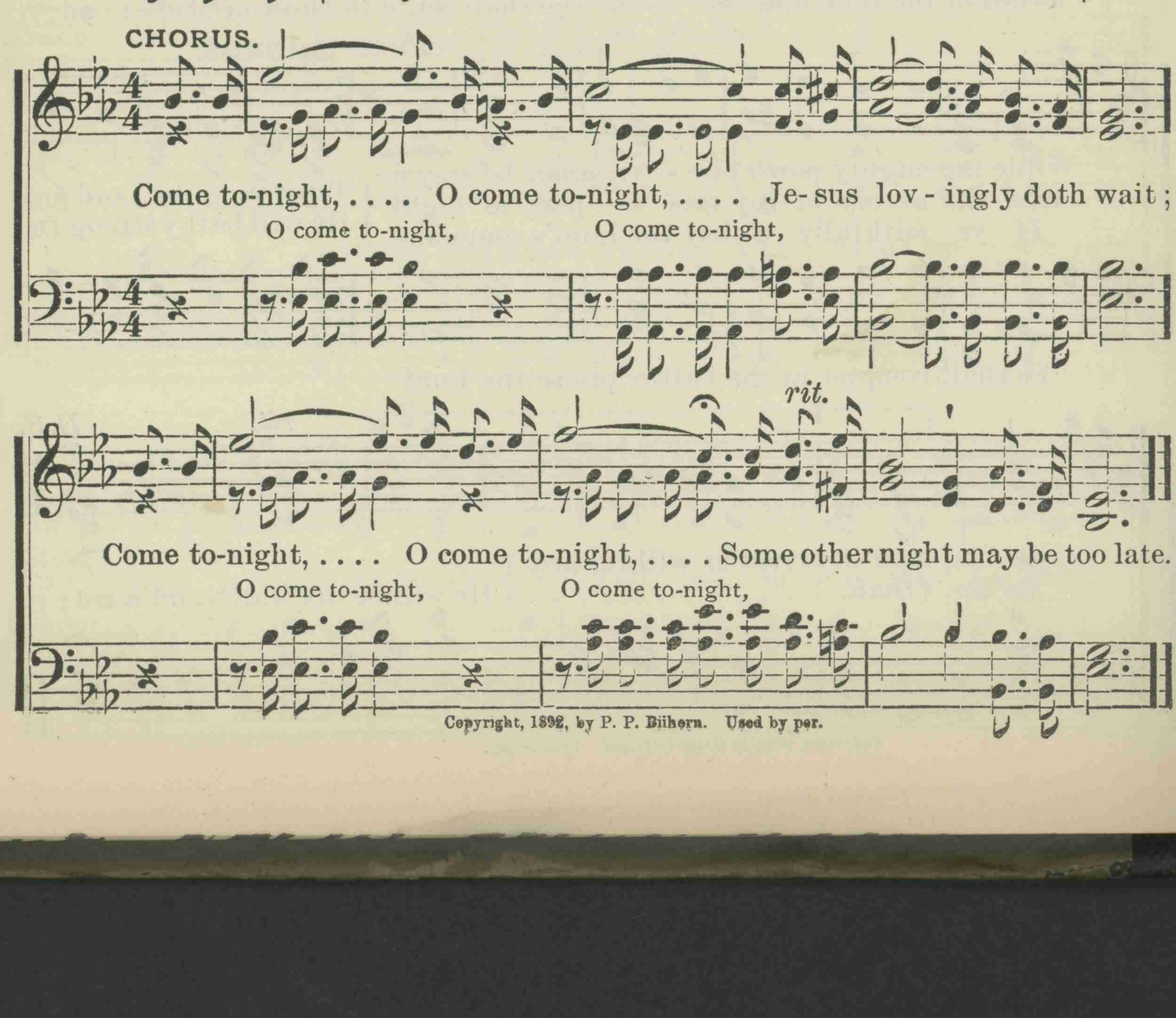
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.



1. "Not to-night" so ma - ny say, And turn from light and life a - way;
2. "Not to-night" a man replied, And turned with careless laugh aside,
3. "Not to-night!" O trembling heart, Why longer bid thy Lord depart?
4. "Not to-night!" O sad re- ply, When Christ to save you waiteth nigh;
5. "Not to-night!" count well the cost, Should you forev- ermore be lost;



A- las! for some 'twill be too late, An- oth- er night may seal their fate.
But death call'd loud that very night; His soul in ter - ror took its flight.
Why will you choose that bitter lot To hear him say, "I know you not?"
The day of grace may soon be past, Your cry will be lost, lost at last!
If heav'n and bliss you never see, Where will you spend eter- ni - ty?



CHORUS.

Come to-night, ... O come to-night, ... Je- sus lov - ingly doth wait;
O come to-night, O come to-night,
Come to-night, ... O come to-night, ... Some other night may be too late.
O come to-night, O come to-night,

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Soon I Shall Know.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I do not know why trials se - vere Be - set me on the way,
2. I do not know, when I would do That which is good and right,
3. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all bro- ken lie,
4. I do not know why friends so dear Death's hand from me hath torn,

And why dark clouds so oft ap - pear To hide the light of day.
Why e - vil oft is pres- ent too, And there displays its might.
And earth- ly treasures oft I see So quick - ly from me fly.
Why they're not left my heart to cheer, Why I've their loss to mourn.

CHORUS.

But I shall know, shall know some day, When from earth's scenes I pass away;
Yes, Christ will make it plain to me, When I his face in glo - ry see.

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O Church Arise!

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Church of God, arise! Reach out thy helping hand, And like a trumpet
2. O Church of God, arise! Thy borders wide extend, And o'er the earth's re-
3. O Church of God, arise! The grand old choral strain Of peace on earth, good-

let thy voice Go forth to ev- 'ry land; Lay not thine armor down, Nor
motest bounds Thy heralds quickly send; Thine armies now are great, But
will to man, That rang on Judah's plain, O'er all the world shall ring, And

cease by day or night, To lift the sword of gospel truth, And wield it for the right.
greater they must be, For ev- 'ry nation, ev'ry clime Shall yet rejoice in thee.
echo far and wide, And then the King, thy Lord shall come, And claim his faithful [Bride.

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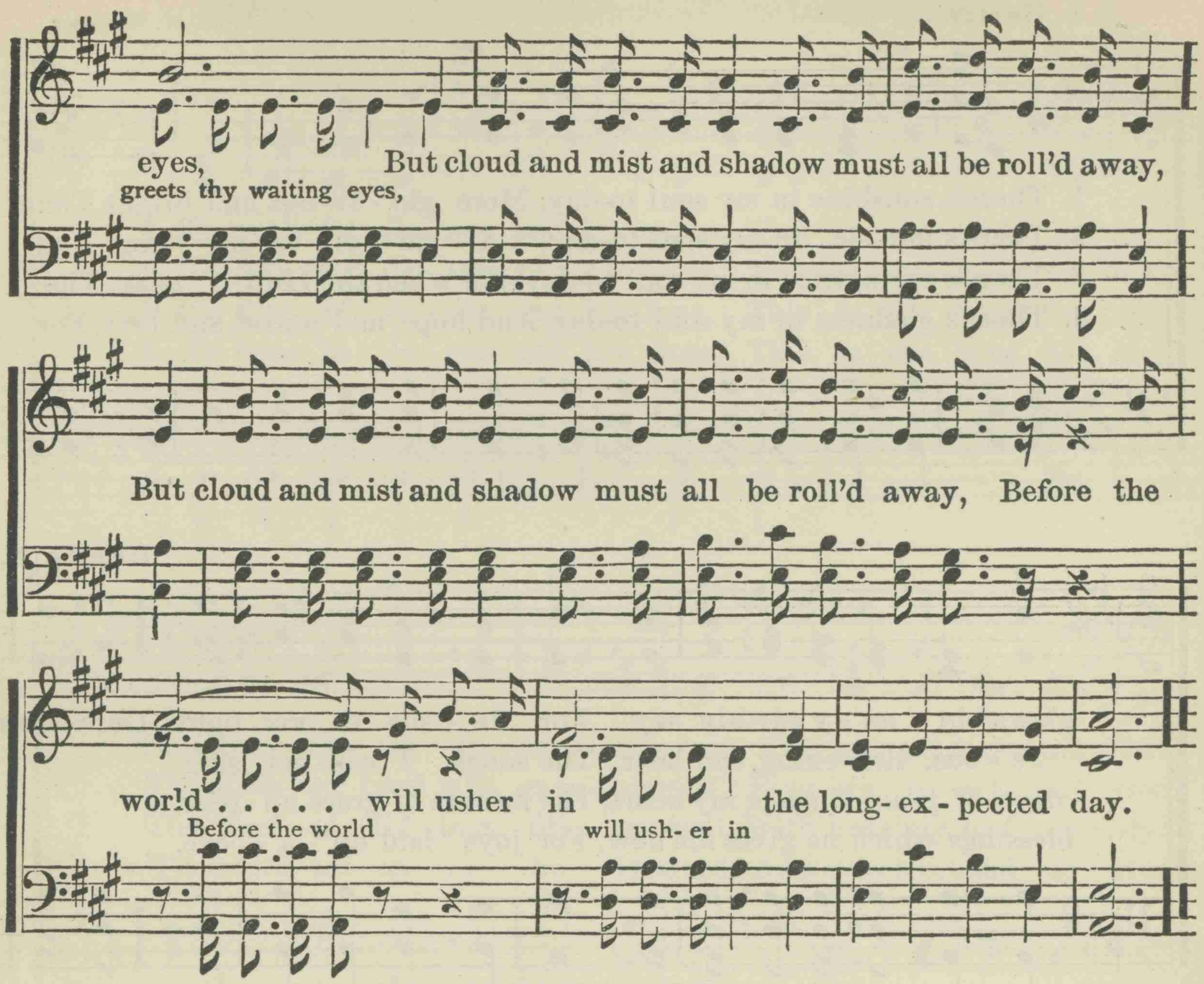
CHORUS.

Then a- rise in thy glo - ry, O Church of God, arise!

Then a- rise in thy glo- ry, O Church, O Church of God, a- rise!

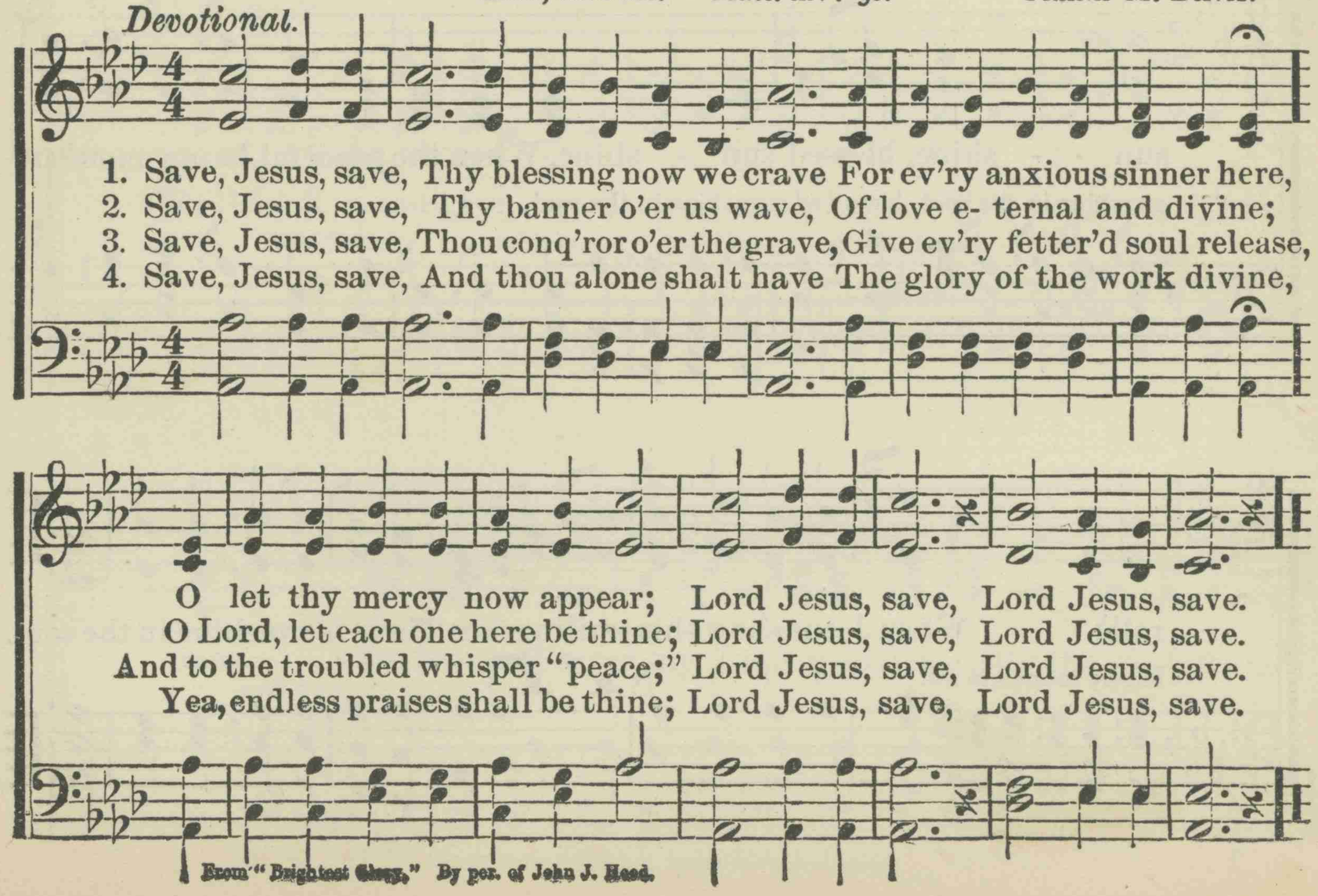
'Tis the dawn of the mor - row that greets . . . thy waiting

'Tis the dawn of the morrow, 'tis the dawn of the morrow that



Lord Jesus, Save.

* * * "Lord, save me."—Matt. xiv: 30. FRANK M. DAVIS.



From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

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 Than
2. There's mu- sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For

glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,
roll; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

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The Work for Me. 107

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."—Col. iii : 23.

* * *

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. To work for Je - sus and his name, This is the work for me,
2. To give for Je - sus and his cause, This is to give for me,
3. To sing of Je - sus and his love, This is the song for me;
4. To hope in Je - sus and his cross, This is the hope for me;

That they who sit in dark - ness now, The gos - pel light may see.
The bless - ed Lord who gave himself, From sin to set me free.
The bless - ed tid - ings fill my soul With heav'nly mel - o - dy.
'Tis found- ed on his ho - ly word, And sweet beyond de - gree.

CHORUS.

We'll work and give, we'll sing, and hope, With hearts so light and free;
We'll work and give, we'll sing, and hope, and free;
To love and serve my Jesus well, Oh, that's the work for me!

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From "Notes of Praise." By per. of John J. Hood.

The Victory Through Christ.

"Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv: 57.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

1. Shout his praises! sing the story! Sound the trumpet loud and long! Victo -
2. Soldiers, hear and heed your Captain, Listen to the bu- gle call; Rally
3. Je- sus lives! he lives forev- er! To himself his own he'll bring; He our

ry and endless glory, Swell the chorus, fill the song! Jesus reigns, o'er all vic-
to his ranks rejoicing, He hath conquer'd death for all; Sing redemption's loud ho-
hero, he our brother, We are brothers to the King; He of death and grave the

torious, Leads his soldiers in the strife, Conquers foes, and shields the faithful,
san - na, Be the news triumphant told, Vict'ry blazoned on your banner,
vic - tor, We are call'd to share his throne, Heirs with him to endless glory,

CHORUS.
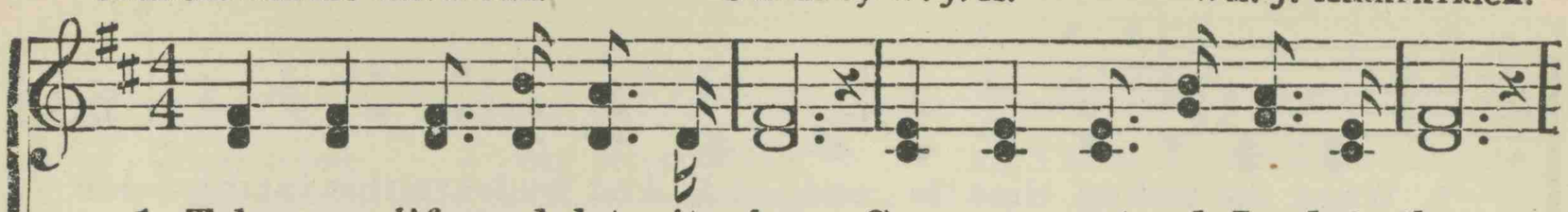
Crowns them with eternal life. Angels, raise your highest chorus! Saints in
Strike the harps of purest gold!
Life e - ter- nal, all our own.

light, the triumph sing! Earth re-echoes, hallelujah! Victory thro' Christ our King.

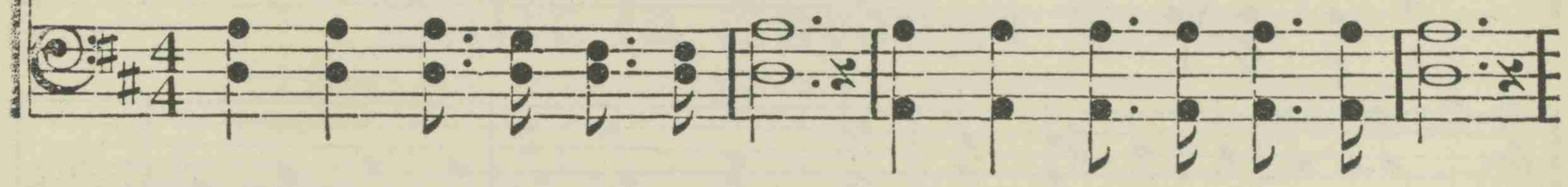
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Entire Consecration.

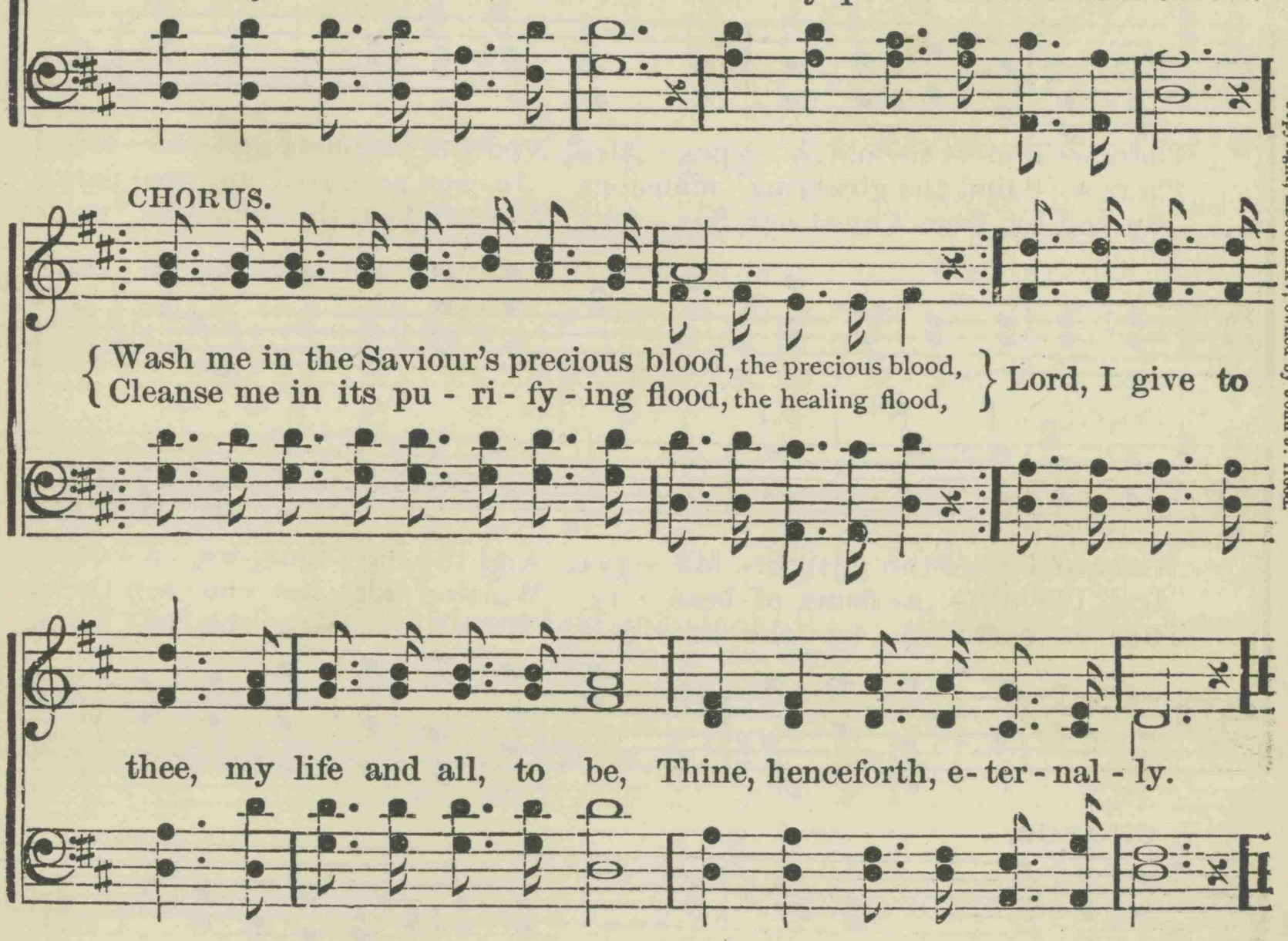
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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 endless praise;



Take my hands and let them move At the impulse 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 withhold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.



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5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart.—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

110

What Rejoicing!

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When the toiling time is end - ed, And we leave this earthly side,
2. We will roam a - mid the val - leys, All the E - den-hills between,
3. Let us bear the cross with patience, Let us do our du - ty well,

We will gath-er o - ver yon - der Where the sav'd of God a - bide;
Sit be - side the crys- tal riv - er, 'Neath the skies of endless sheen;
Thinking of the end- less glo - ry, Where the true and faithful dwell;

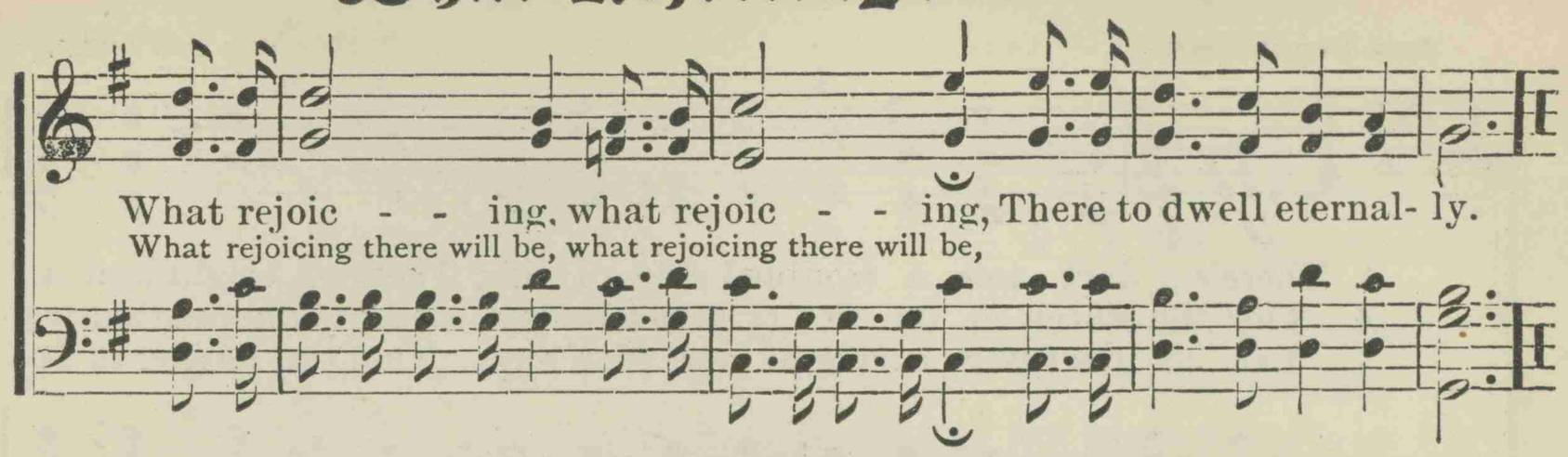
There we'll meet the old a - pos - tles And the prophets gone be - fore,
There we'll find the gleaming mansions Je - sus promised to pre - pare,
By and by, from Christ our Sav - iour, We shall hear the summons, "come!"

And we'll greet the faithful Ma - rys, And the Sav- iour we a - dore.
And the di - a- dems of beau - ty Waiting for his cho - sen there.
Then, es- cort - ed by the an - gels, We will hast - en to our home.

CHORUS.

What rejoic - - ing, what rejoic - ing, When our shining home we see!
What rejoicing there will be, what rejoicing there will be, we see!

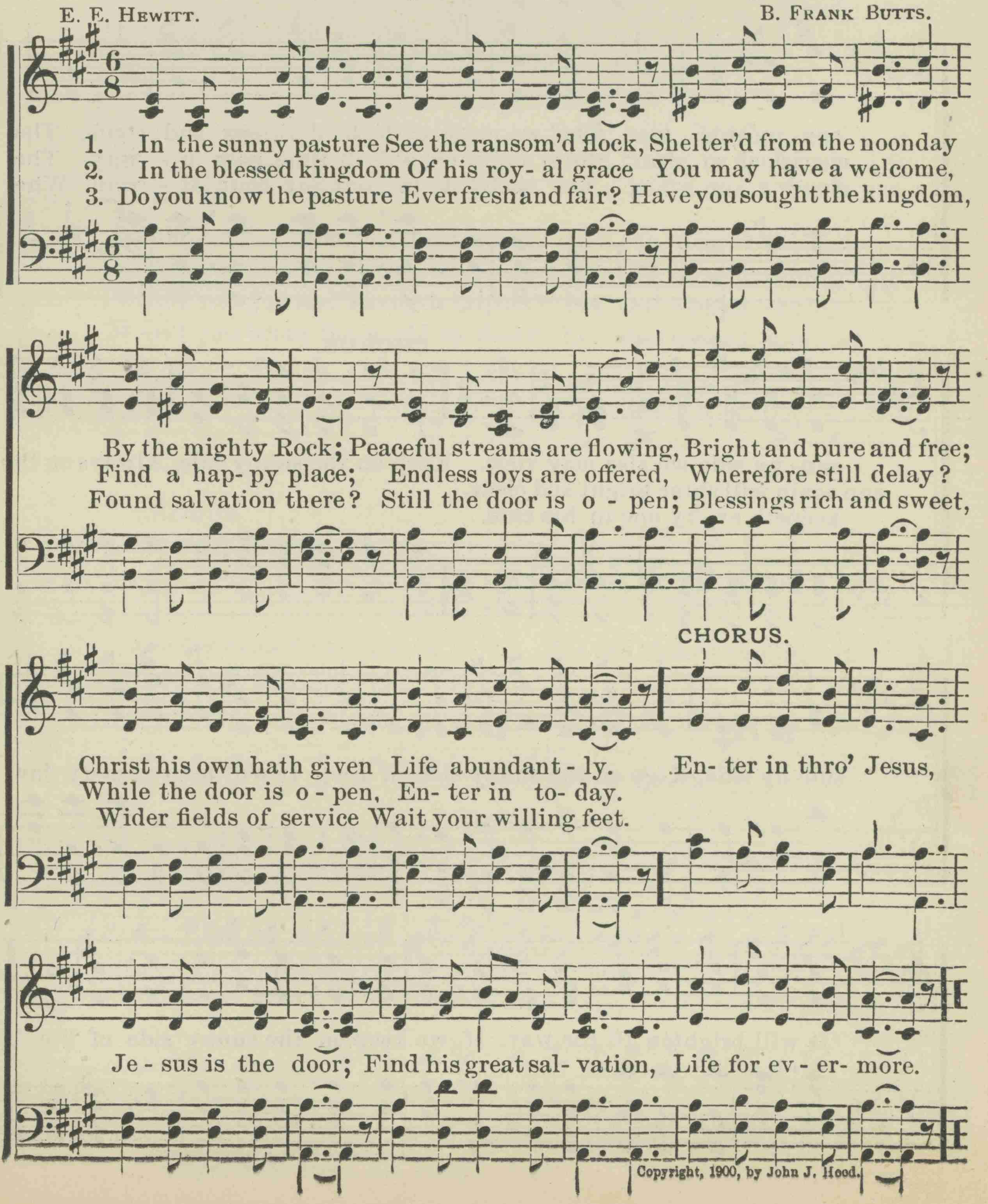
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Enter in Through Jesus.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John x: 9.

E. E. Hewitt. B. Frank Butts.



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112 Keep On the Sunny Side of Life.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a sun- ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be cloud- y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav- iour al - way. Who

CHORUS.

sun- ny side we also may view. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
sun again will shine bright and clear.
keepeth ev- 'ry one in his care.

sun- ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev'ry day,

It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

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Let the Blessed Sunlight In. 113

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 John i: 5.

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

Not too fast.

1. Would you always cheerful be? Let the blessed sunlight in;
2. Would you brighten dreary days? Let the blessed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart? Let the blessed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad? Let the blessed sunlight in;

Would you bid the darkness flee? Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you fill your heart with praise? Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you joy and strength impart? Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you bring the world to God? Let the blessed sunlight in.

CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in, sunlight in!

Repeat Chorus softly.

Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

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Never a Day so Sunny.

F. A B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. There's never a day so sun- ny But a lit- tle cloud appears; There's
2. There's never a cup so pleasant But has bitter with the sweet; There's
3. There's never a dream that's happy But the waking makes us sad; There's
4. There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight, There's

never a life so hap- py But has had its time of tears, There's never a
never a path so rug- ged That has not the print of feet, There's never a
never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad, There's never a
always a guide to point us To the lit - tle wicket gate, There's always a

CHORUS.

life so hap-py, But has had its time of tears. Ah, ... ah, ...
path so rugged, That has not the print of feet.
dream of sorrow, But the waking makes us glad.
guide to point us To the lit- tle wicket gate.

Life's burdens, true, are great; But God will us de- liv - er, If patiently we

wait; And the angels will be near - er To the soul that's deso - late.

rit.

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In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

Fine.

storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.

D. S.—sun-ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming

D.S.
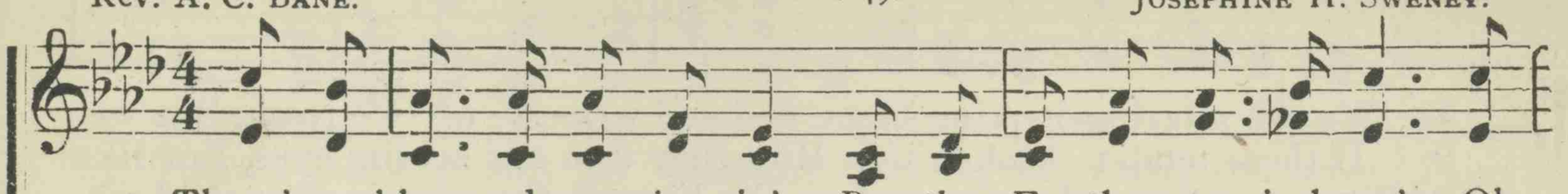
hills in the morn-ing; Nev-ermore to say good night In that

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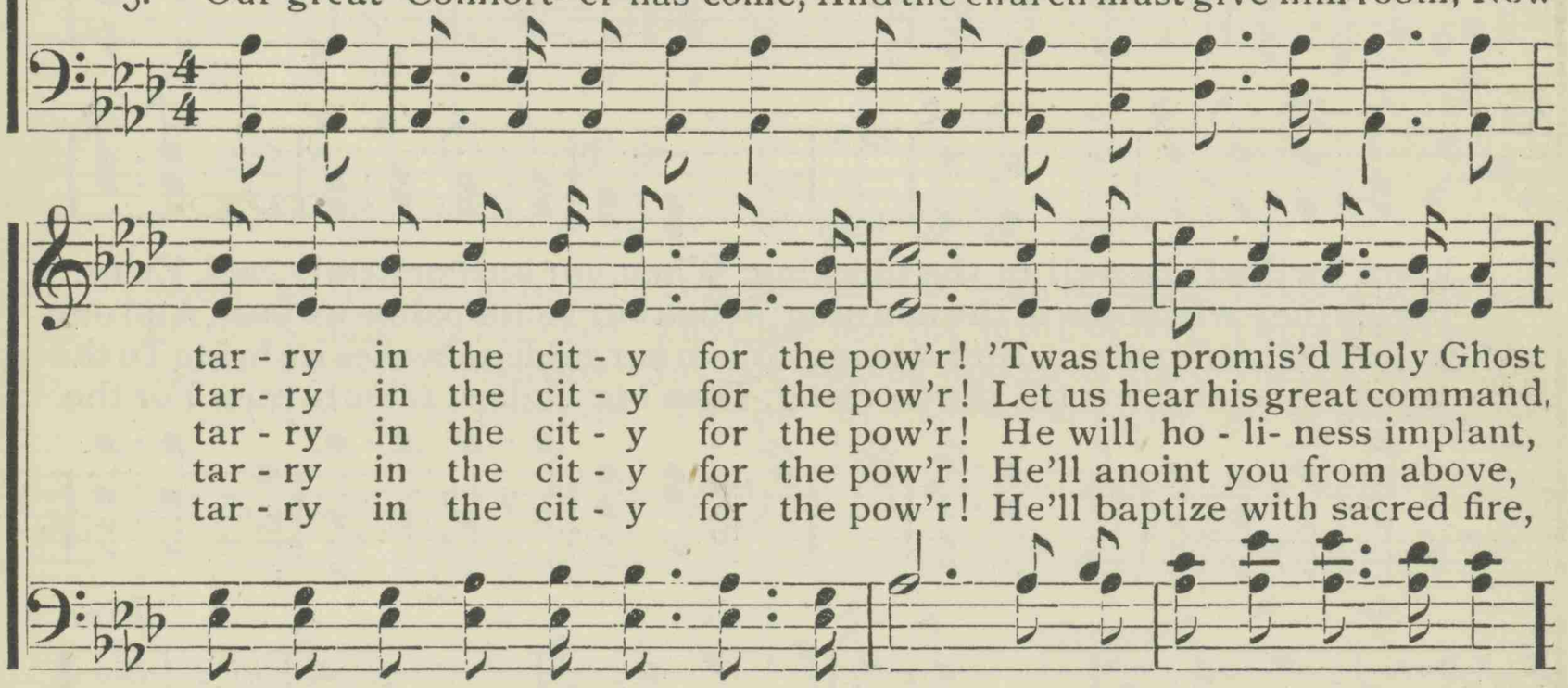
Tarry For the Power.

"But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

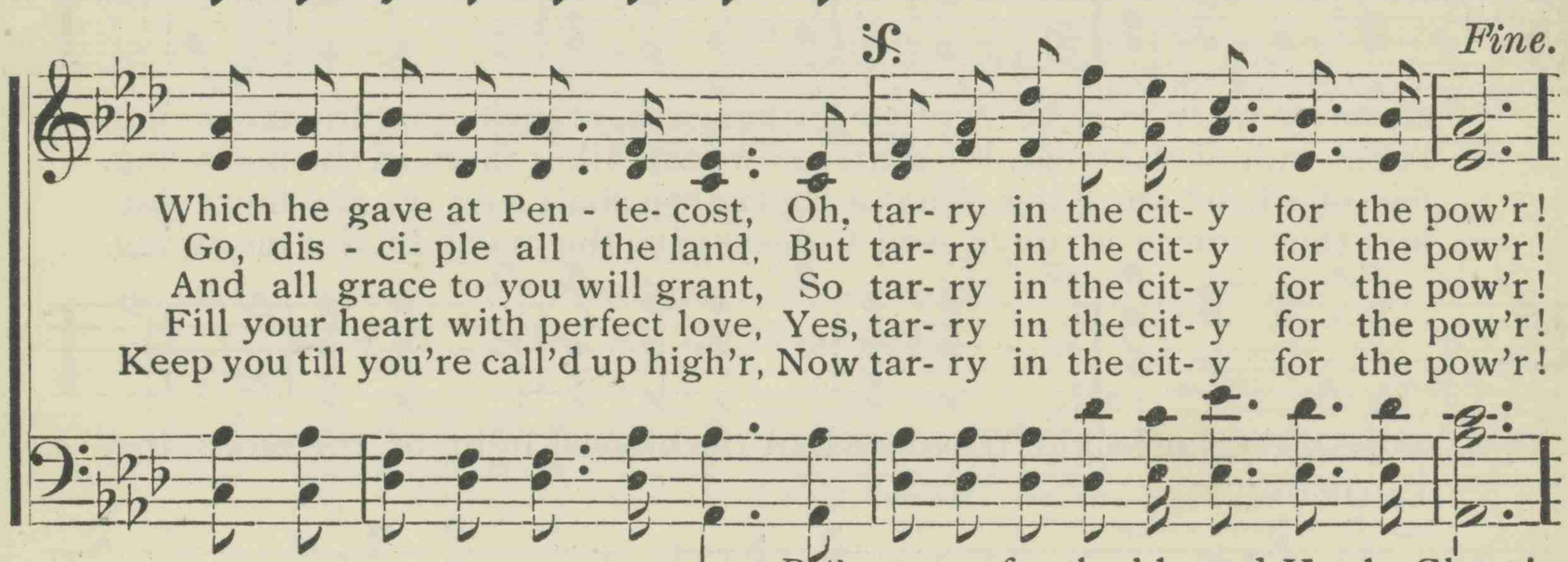
Rev. A. C. Bane. Luke xxiv: 49. Josephine H. Sweney.



1. There's a bless- ed promise giv'n By the Fa- ther up in heav'n, Oh,
2. This great blessing is for you If to Christ you will be true, But
3. He will cleanse your heart from sin, Make you pure like him with- in, So
4. He will comfort, teach and fill, If to him you give your will, Yes,
5. Our great Comfort- er has come, And the church must give him room, Now



tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r! 'Twas the promis'd Holy Ghost
tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r! Let us hear his great command,
tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r! He will ho - li- ness implant,
tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r! He'll anoint you from above,
tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r! He'll baptize with sacred fire,

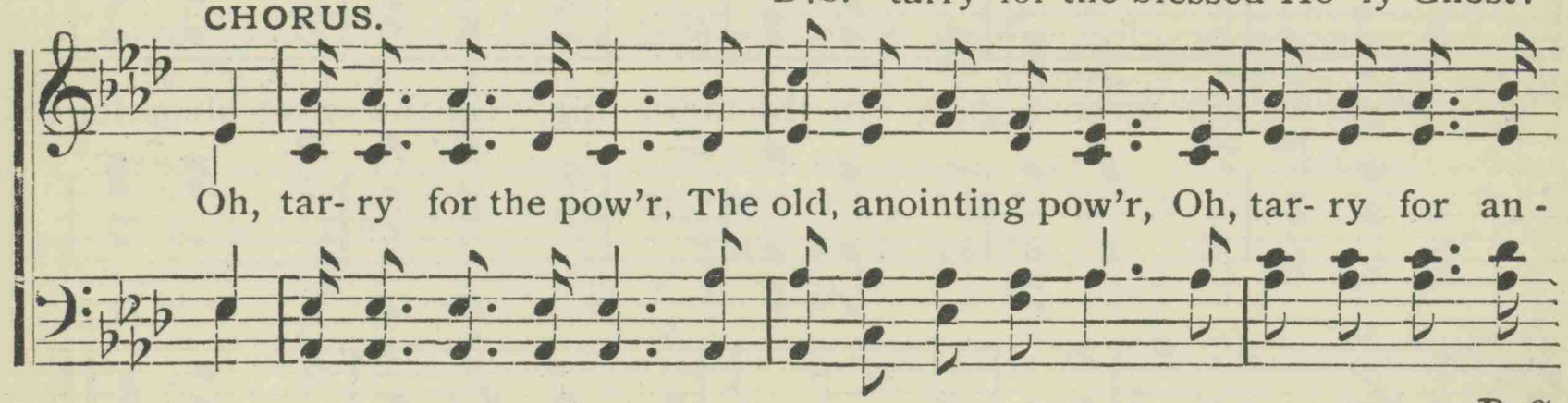


Fine.

Which he gave at Pen - te- cost, Oh, tar- ry in the cit- y for the pow'r!
Go, dis - ci- ple all the land, But tar- ry in the cit- y for the pow'r!
And all grace to you will grant, So tar- ry in the cit- y for the pow'r!
Fill your heart with perfect love, Yes, tar- ry in the cit- y for the pow'r!
Keep you till you're call'd up high'r, Now tar- ry in the cit- y for the pow'r!
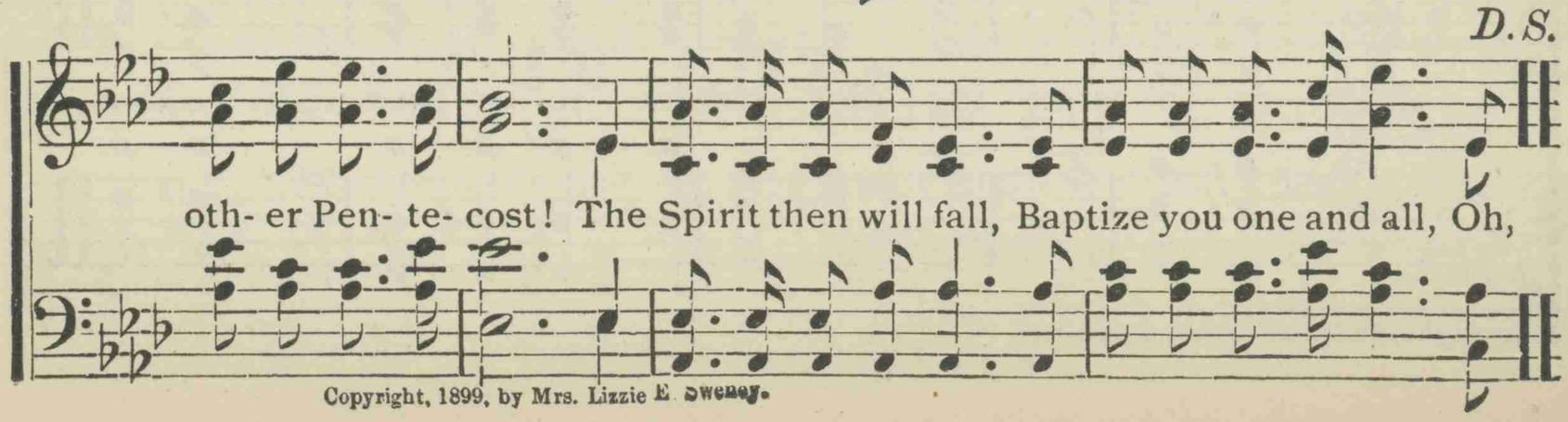
D.S.—tarry for the blessed Ho- ly Ghost!

CHORUS.



Oh, tar- ry for the pow'r, The old, anointing pow'r, Oh, tar- ry for an -

D.S.



oth- er Pen- te- cost! The Spirit then will fall, Baptize you one and all, Oh,

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Satisfied Sometime.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

With expression.

1. Sometime the night of sorrow will be o'er, Sometime I'll reach my home on
2. Sometime I'll find the dear ones early lost, Whose missing forms so many
3. Sometime in all his beauty I shall see The blessed Lamb of God, who

cres.

yonder shore; The hours are flying fast, the morn is nigh, Oh, sweet will be the
tears have cost; Sometime we'll meet to never say good-by, In that bright home where
died for me; Sometime I'll make the courts of heaven ring, While for his saving

CHORUS.

waking by and by. . . . Sometime, sometime, All glo- ry to the
loved ones never die. . . .
grace his praise I'll sing. . . Sometime, blessed

Lamb who died! I'll rise in his likeness, sat- isfied Sometime, sometime.
satisfied, satisfied

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118

Let no Man Take thy Crown.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. iii: 11.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Hold fast, dear friend, that which thou hast, That no man take thy crown;
2. Press on, my friend, in Je- sus' might, That no man take thy crown;
3. See that thy shield is nev - er dim, That no man take thy crown;

Be true and faithful to the last, That no man take thy crown; 'Twas
Be ev - er foremost in the fight, That no man take thy crown; Stand
Just work and pray and trust in him, That no man take thy crown; If

bought at such a fear- ful price, The Son of God the sac - ri - fice, For
firm amid the sinful throng, The Spirit's sword thy weapon strong, Up-
thou wilt keep thine armor bright, And hold aloft the flag of light, Thou

CHORUS.

faithfulness let this suffice, Let no man take thy crown. Hold fast, hold
hold the right, subdue the wrong, That no man take thy crown.
shalt be victor in the fight, At last shall wear the crown. Hold fast, hold fast that

fast . . . that which thou hast; . . . The days for work are
which thou hast, Hold fast, hold fast that which thou hast; The days for work are flying fast, the

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fly - ing fast, . . . Be firm . . . and stead - fast to the
days are fly- ing fast, be firm, Be firm and steadfast to the last, Be firm and steadfast

rit.

last, Then claim thy crown, thy jewel'd crown That Christ hath bought for thee.
to the last,

Our Best Friend.

J. L. R. J. L. REMSEN.

1. Je - sus is a loving Saviour, He will peace and pardon give; If you
2. Earthly friends may oft forsake you In your time of greatest need, But there's
3. When your path seems dark and dreary, And your lot so hard to bear; Only
4. When our warfare here is ended, When we reach that peaceful shore, Then we'll

f. *Fine.* CHORUS.

long for free sal- vation, On - ly look to him and live. He will save you,
One who'll never leave you, One who is a friend indeed.
trust your loving Saviour, He will ev- 'ry burden share.
praise our dear Redeemer, Praise him there forev- ermore.

D.S.—He is willing, doubt no more.

D.S.

he will save you, Save you by his love and pow'r; He is waiting to receive you,

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At Jesus' Feet.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Anna G. Lambert.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. At Je - sus' feet I heard the word, Which told my sins for - giv- en;
2. At Je - sus' feet I learn'd to grow, And be more like he'd have me,
3. At Je - sus' feet I learn'd to see, Tho' dark the clouds a- bove me,
4. At Je - sus' feet I learn'd to leave My ev - 'ry care and sor- row,

'Twas there to me my ris - en Lord Show'd me new light from heaven.
And when in need of strength, I go Back where he first for- gave me.
A bright- er day a - waiting me, Be - cause he did so love me.
And now I trust in him, and grieve No more a- bout to - morrow.

CHORUS.

At Je- sus' feet, ... at Je- sus' feet I feel redemption's pow'r,
At Jesus' feet, at Jesus' feet redemption's pow'r,
And thro' my soul its current sweet Has flow'd e'er since that hour.

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Oh, Won't you Meet me There?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for-
2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's
3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the

ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion
beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the
Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer

Fine. CHORUS.

to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you
cross did bear, That we might see its glory. Oh, won't you meet me there?
to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?

D.S.—There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?

meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e- ter- nal Cit- y Where
meet me there? meet me there

all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,

D.S.

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122

Jesus Waits to Save.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Do you see the Saviour standing, Knocking at thy heart, knocking at thy heart? Full of love and patience, waiting, Will you say to him de-
2. Waits to give you full sal - va- tion Thro' the precious blood, thro' the precious blood; He the Holy Ghost has promised To the pardoned child of
3. Come, all things in Christ are read- y, Open wide the door, o - pen wide the door; Now accept this great sal- vation, Bid him welcome ever -

part? Tho' his love you've long rejected, Still he's knocking at the door,
God. Venture all you have up- on him, All his promis- es to prove,
more. Here present your soul and body As a liv- ing sac- ri - fice,

Waits to speak your sins forgiv - en, "Go in peace and sin no more."
He will set - tle, fix and keep you Grounded in his per- fect love.
Let him sanc - ti - fy you whol- ly, Fit you for the up - per skies.

CHORUS.

All day long, with hands extended, Jesus waits to save, Jesus waits to save;

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With an "ut - ter- most sal - va - tion" Je - sus waits to save.

Say, Who's Your Pilot?

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O brother, on life's treach'rous sea, Say, who's the pi- lot guiding thee?
2. All who've been wreck'd on sin's dark strand, Refus'd the guidance of his hand,
3. This Pilot from yon heav'nly shore Our lov'd ones guided safe- ly o'er;

Christ Je- sus' sure, un- err- ing hand A- lone can bring you safe to land.
And 'mid the breakers' aw- ful roar They sank, yes, sank to rise no more.
With him we shall the billows breast, And en - ter safe the port of rest.

CHORUS.

Ac - cept this Pi- lot then to-day, Wreck'd you will be if you de - lay;

Christ knows the way to Canaan's shore, None else can take you safely o'er.

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124

Out with the Life-Boat.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Storm-toss'd upon the sea of life Are souls for whom Christ died, With rudder,
2. So myr- i- ads of precious souls Are drifting aimless- ly, Soon to be
3. An outstretch'd hand, a cheering smile, A word of trustful pray'r, Might touch a

chart and compass lost, Just drifting with the tide; For- ev - er on the
dash'd up- on the rocks, And lost e - ter - nally; Who'll breast the wave and
chord in some sad heart Now sinking in de- spair; The tide is swift, the

CHORUS.

waters flow, And bear them t'ward the rocks below. Then out with the life-boat,
stem the flood To tell them of redeeming blood?
current strong, The time for rescue won't be long.

away, away,

A- way, away, a - way! . . . Then out with the life-boat, Away, a -

away, away,

then away!

way, a - way! For souls are sinking 'neath the wave, And Christ commissions

then away!

Copyright, 1900, by John J. Hood.

you to save; Then out with the life-boat, A- way, a- way, a - way!

Won't Somebody Tell Them?

Rev. W. C. Poole. Anna G. Lambert.

1. O- ver the mountains so bleak and so cold, Far from the beauti - ful
2. Lost ones are grop- ing in sin's aw- ful night, Falling and dy - ing a -
3. Speed with the message, oh, speed in his name, Hasten the sto - ry of

cit - y of gold, Lost ones are straying, because you and I Nev- er have
way from the right; Many the message of Christ never heard, Lost ones for
Christ to proclaim! Hasten to bring back the fallen and lost, Speed with the

CHORUS.

told them a Saviour stood nigh. Oh, won't somebody tell them, Tell them of
whom no one ev - er has cared.
message, whatev - er the cost!
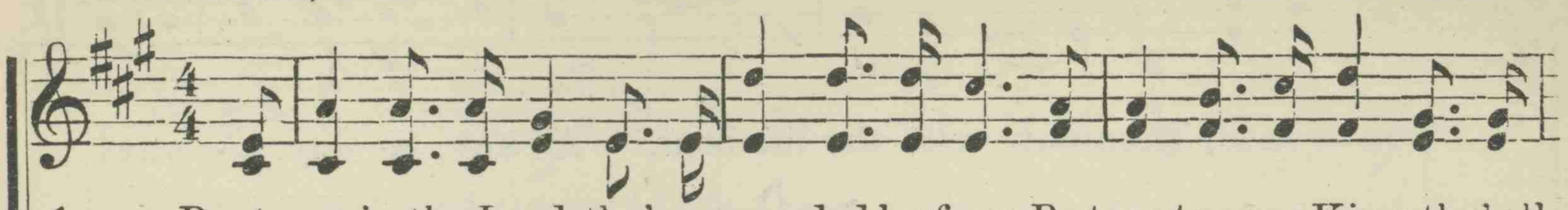
Calvary's tree; Tell them the story of Jesus, What a great Saviour is he.

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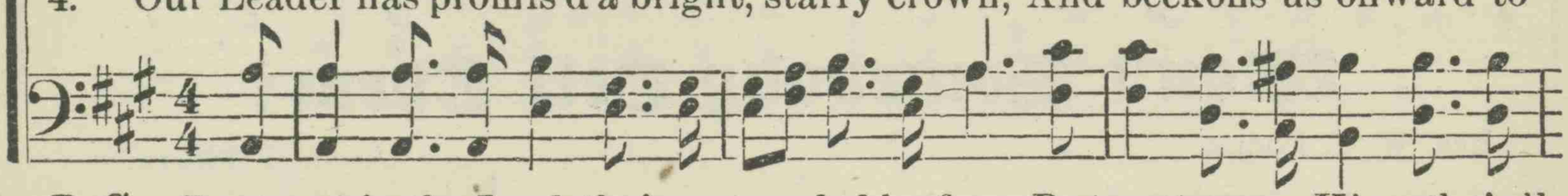
Be Strong In the Lord.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi: 11.

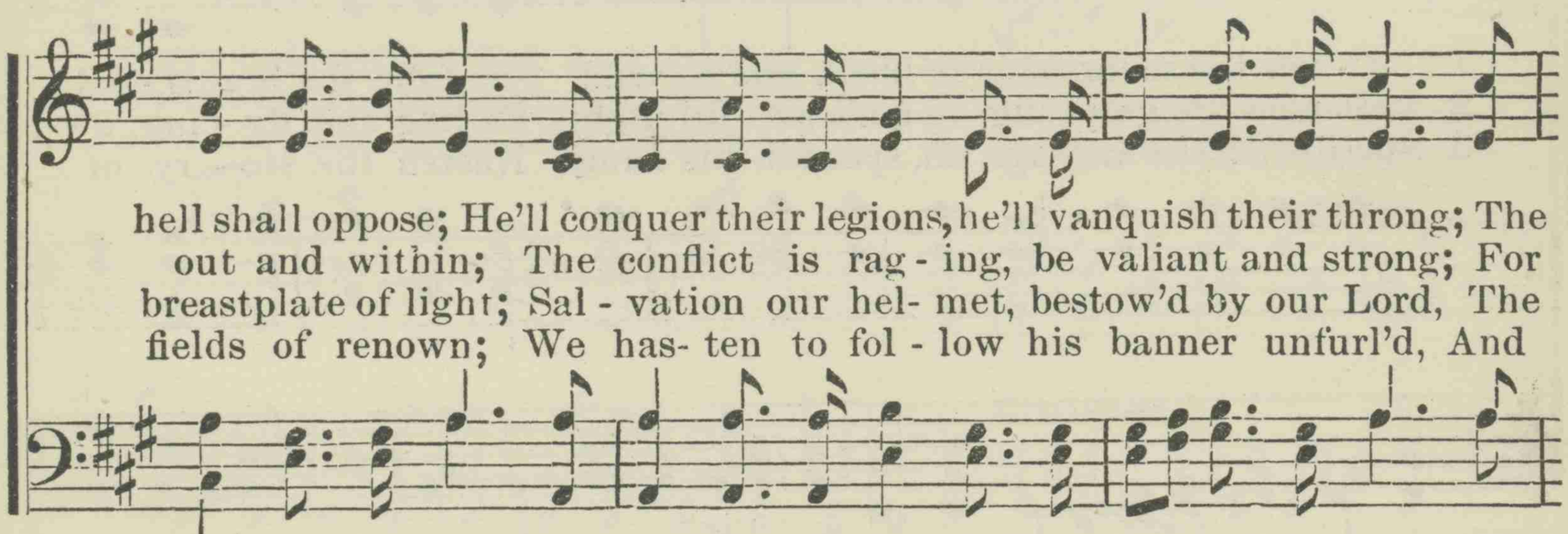
W. W. Clark, D.D. Frank M. Davis.



1. Be strong in the Lord, tho' surrounded by foes; Be true to your King, tho' all hell shall oppose; He'll conquer their legions, he'll vanquish their throng; The
2. We fight not with flesh, but with powers unseen; We wrestle 'gainst darkness with- out and within; The conflict is rag - ing, be valiant and strong; For
3. With loins girt with truth, we will march to the fight, And righteousness wear as a breastplate of light; Sal - vation our hel- met, bestow'd by our Lord, The
4. Our Leader has promis'd a bright, starry crown, And beckons us onward to fields of renown; We has- ten to fol - low his banner unfurl'd, And

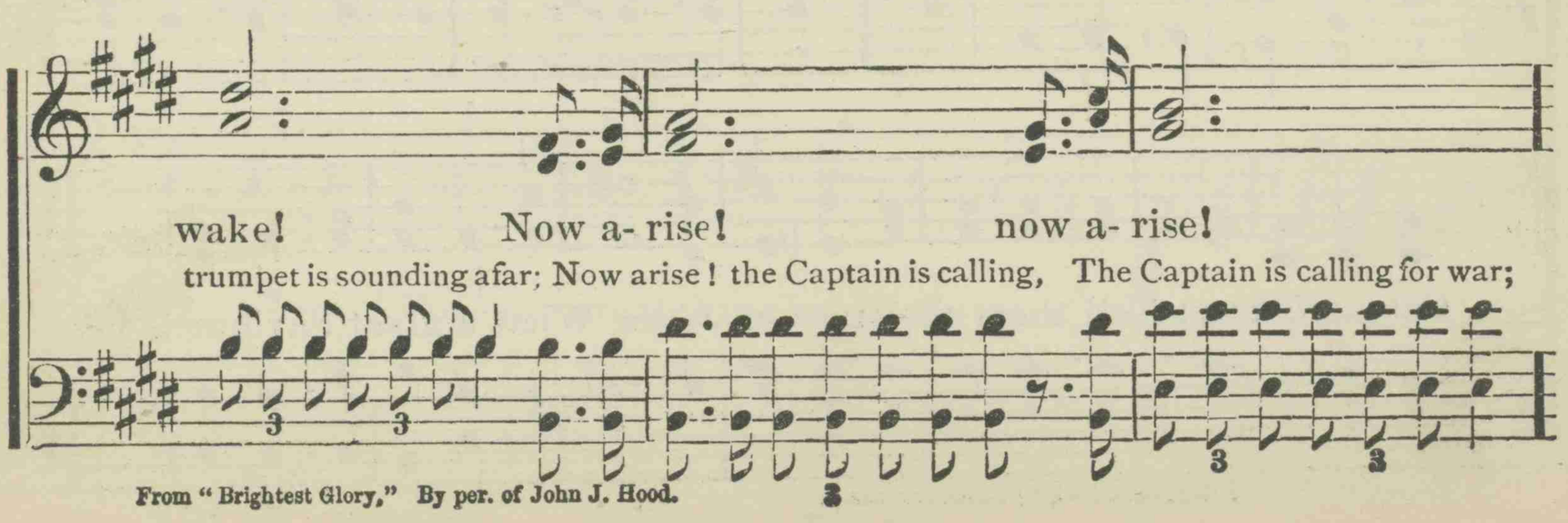


D. C.—Be strong in the Lord, tho' surrounded by foes; Be true to your King, tho' all hell shall oppose; He'll conquer their legions, he'll vanquish their throng; The



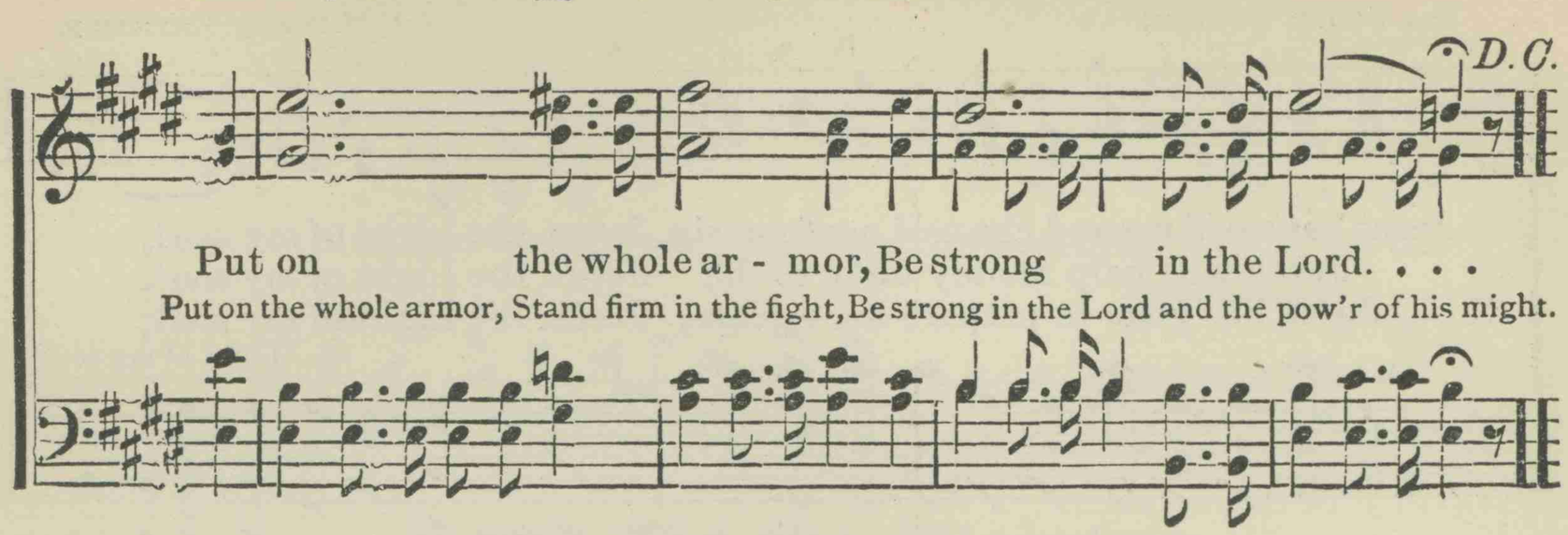
Fine. CHORUS.

Lord is our Captain, he leads us along. Then awake! then a- wake! Now a- rise! now a- rise!
God is our tower, our shield and our song.
sword of the Spirit, his conquering word.
trusting in Jesus, we'll conquer the world. Then awake! the trumpet is sounding, The trumpet is sounding afar; Now arise! the Captain is calling, The Captain is calling for war;
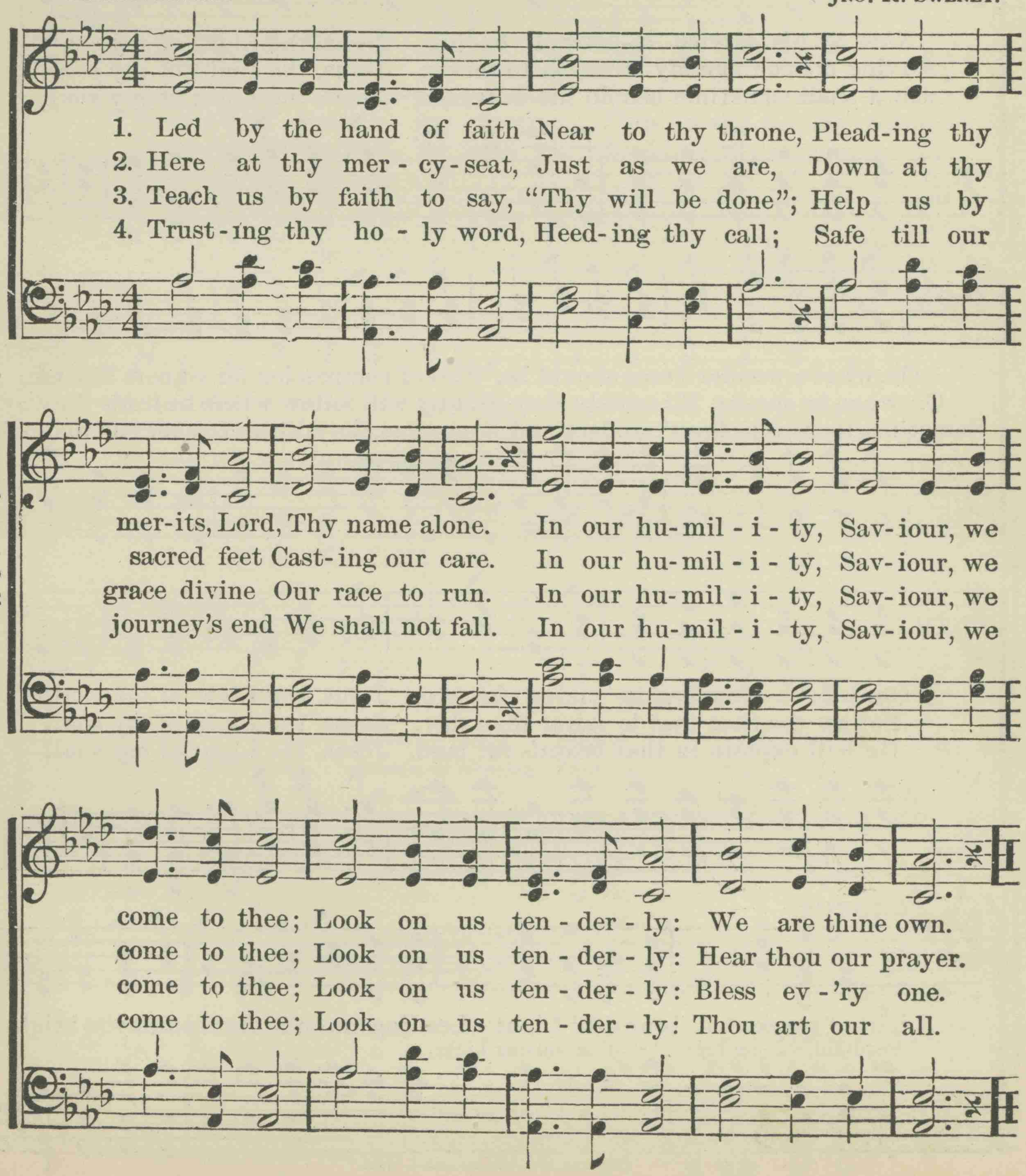


Lord is our Captain, he lead us along.

From "Brightest Glory," By per. of John J. Hood.



Led by the Hand of Faith.

RACHEL RIVERS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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128

Jesus, the Light of My Soul.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Jesus has sav'd me and cleans'd me from sin, Jesus, the Light of my soul;
2. Jesus will help me my duty to do, Jesus, the Light of my soul;
3. Jesus has gone to prepare me a place, Jesus, the Light of my soul;

Light of my soul;

Now in his service a - new I be- gin, Jesus, the Light of my soul;
Giving me courage my strength to renew, Jesus, the Light of my soul;
Oh, I shall sometime behold his dear face, Jesus, the Light of my soul;

Oh, what a wonder Jesus should be, Full of compassion for sinners like me,
Oh, when he speaks, I'll swiftly obey, Gladly will follow where he leads the way,
Sometime, the things I can't understand, Sometime, the failures I never had plann'd,

Oh, what a wonder, his mercy is free, Jesus, the Light of my soul!
Follow the Star that is fairer than day, Jesus, the Light of my soul!
He will explain in that beauti- ful land, Jesus, the Light of my soul!

CHORUS.

Light of my soul, beautiful Light, Leading me on to that country so bright;
Beautiful, shining Light, beautiful, shining Light,

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I will confess him, And worship and bless him, The beautiful Light of my soul!
beautiful Light of my soul!

Send Us the Blessing.

"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh"—Acts ii: 17.

FANNY J CROSBY. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Showers of blessing we're promised From our Redeemer a - bove,
2. Fountain of grace o - ver - flowing, Flow in thy fulness this hour,
3. Come, blessed Spir- it, re- fresh us, Shedding thy love on our way,

Wonderful showers of blessing, Showers of mer - cy and love.
Quicken our souls with thy influence, Come with the pente- cost pow'r.
O- pen the windows of heaven, Pour out thy Spir - it to - day.

CHORUS.

Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show - - ers of bless - ing;
Showers of blessing, showers of blessing, Showers of blessing, showers of blessing;

Send us, dear Lord, we en- treat thee, Showers of blessing to - day.

From "Brightest Glory." John J. Hood, owner.

Praise Ye Jehovah.

J. H. E. Arr. from GOUNOD, by J. H. E.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Praise ye Je- ho- vah, O praise the Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je-

ho- vah, the Ruler great, the God of love; Praise ye Je- ho - vah, O praise the

Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je- hovah, the Ruler great, the God of love.

Praise be to God, Let the chorus loudly swell, Let ev'ry voice sing his

O praise to God, sing praise,

praise, who doth crown with loving kindness. Sing un- to God, source of

sing praise, O sing to God,

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ev - 'ry joy and blessing, Lift the voice in a glad, triumphant shout, Re-

joice, and praise ye the Father! Praise ye, praise the Father, he is God o'er

all victorious, Praise ye, praise the Father, for the gift of his only Son;

Praise him for his wondrous works, Let the glad, triumphant anthem ring, Laud and

magnify his great and glorious name, O praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord.

* Use small notes if desirable.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end- ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth- er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beckon me to come, And our parting at the riv- er I re- call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit- y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

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The Lord is Our Refuge.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Adam Geibel.

1. The Lord is our refuge, Our fortress and power, His strength will defend us
2. The Lord our protector, Our strength and our might, Will never forsake us
3. The Lord is our gladness, The Lord is our King, He guards us and guides us,

In life's darkest hour, His love all- suf - fi- cient Will fill ev- 'ry need,
By day or by night; His care is around us, His mer- cy is free,
If we to him cling, The Lord will de- liv- er, Will comfort and bless,

CHORUS.

His love ev- er- last - ing Is our life indeed. The Lord is our refuge,
His love that has found us Is be- yond degree.
And ev - er his children Are free from distress.
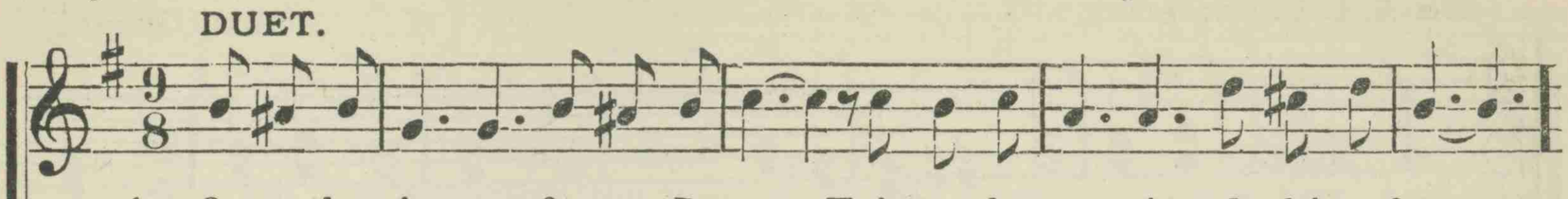
And we trust in him; The Lord is our sunshine That never grows dim.

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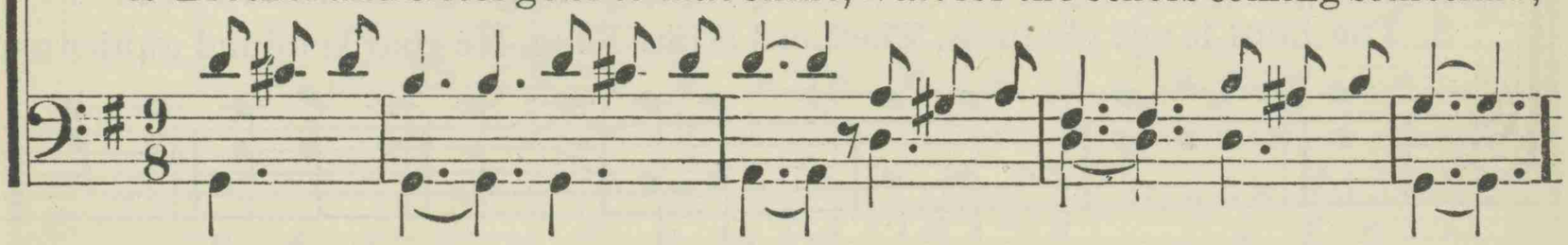
134 Looking this Way.
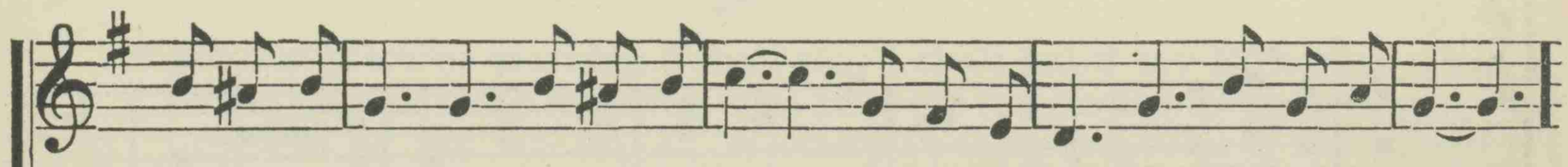
J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

DUET.
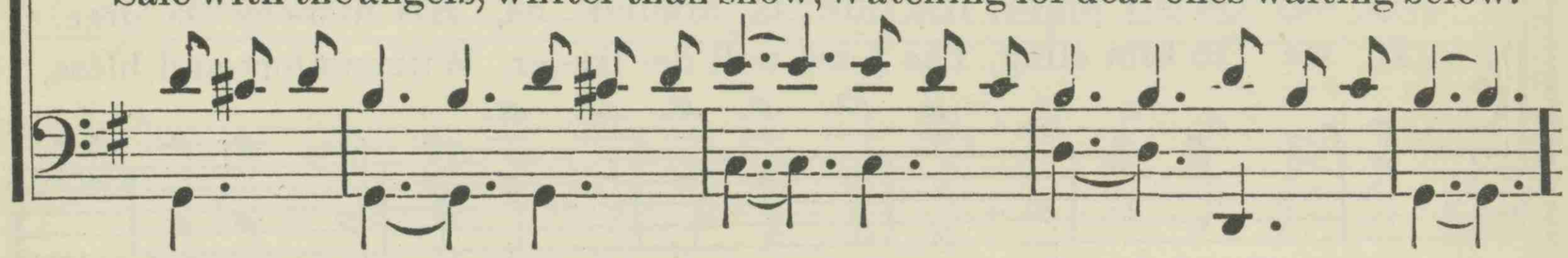


1. Over the riv- er fa- ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime;
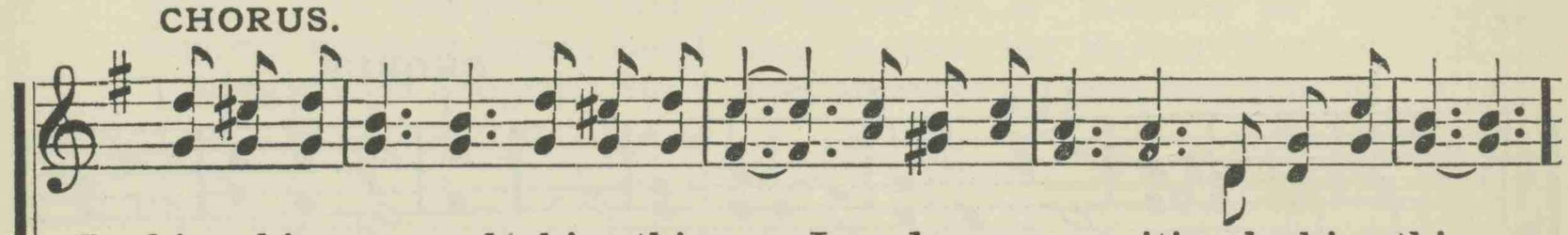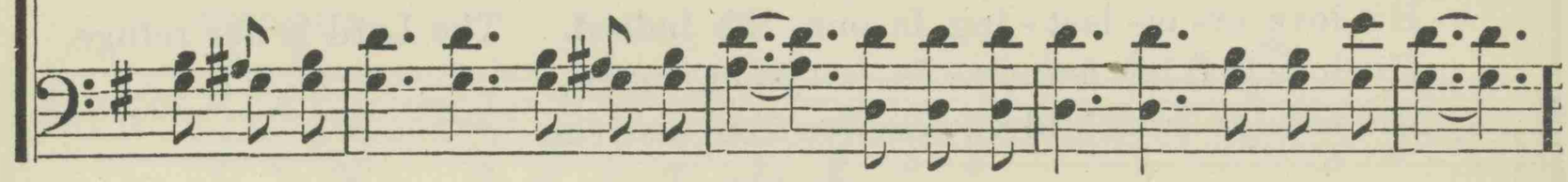




Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
Bearing the loved ones over the tide In- to the harbor, near to their side.
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.



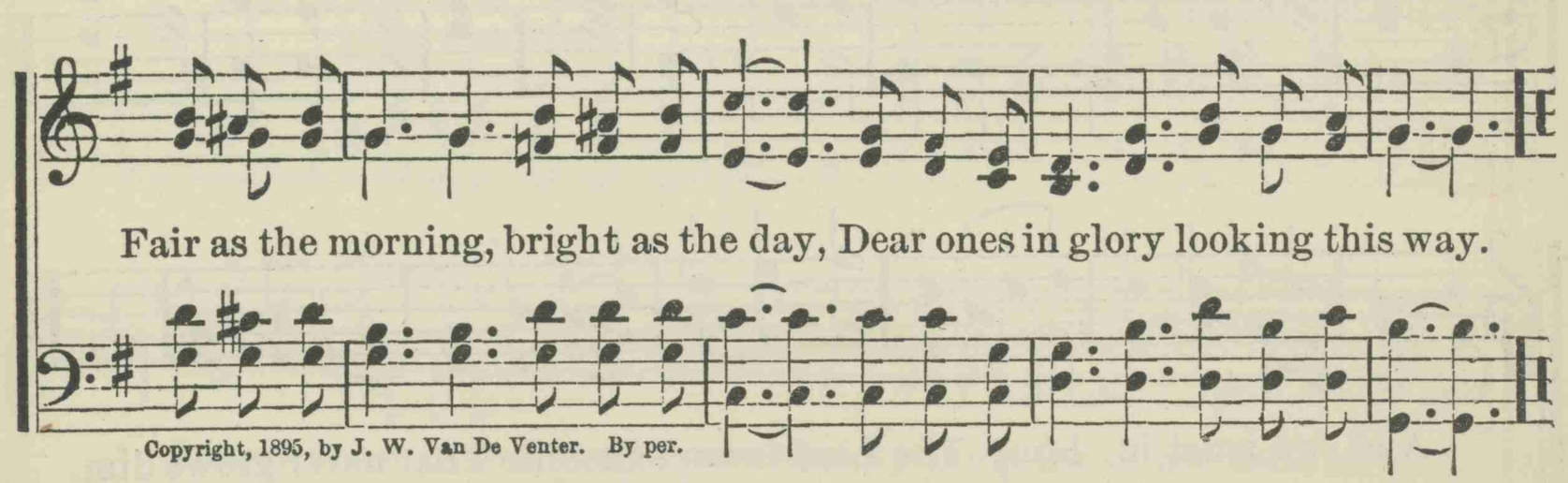
CHORUS.



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 glory looking this way.



Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter. By per.

4 Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for someone, beckoning come;
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

5 Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar;
Hear the glad message, why will you roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

That Gentle Whisper. 135

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.

1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,

'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come, while ear- ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.

CHORUS.

p

Come to me, ... come to me; Sweetly

Come to me, come to me;

p

breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to me," Breathes the
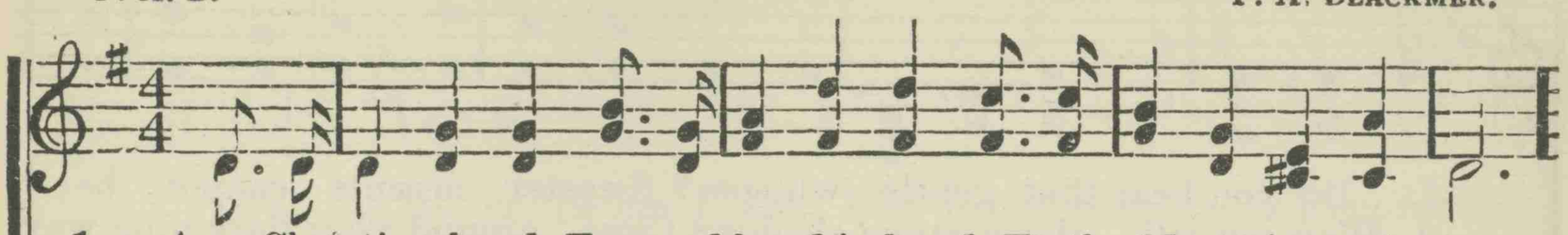
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Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to me.
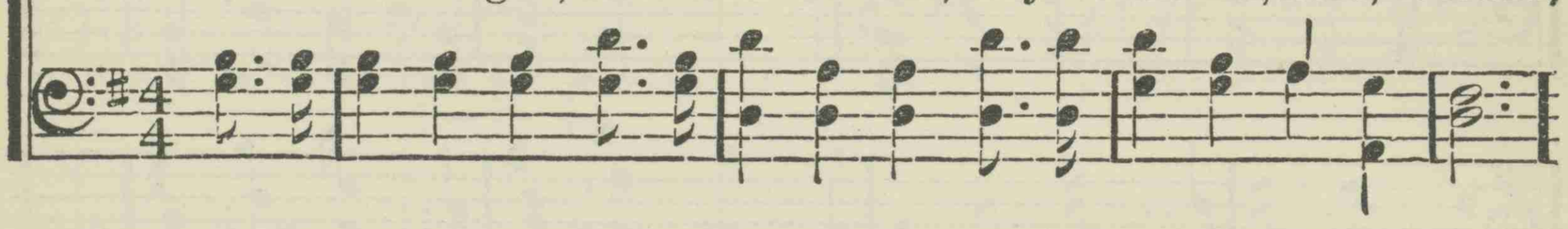
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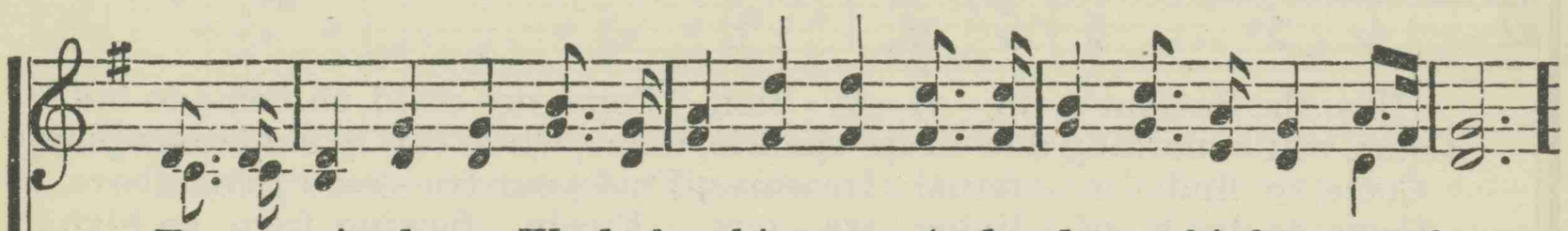
The Master's Work.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.
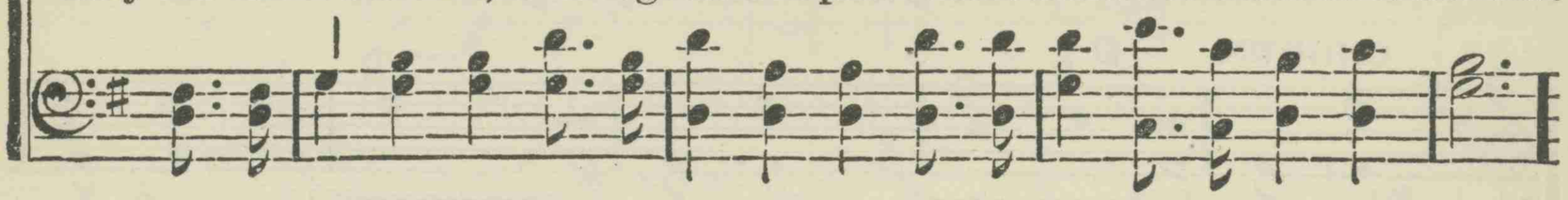


1. As a Christian band, Forward hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;
2. In our task agreed, Taking for our creed, All the blessed word of God,
3. Far as sin hath wrought, Hath our Saviour taught That the word of life should go;
4. Bless the work begun, And until 'tis done, May we faithful, Lord, be found;

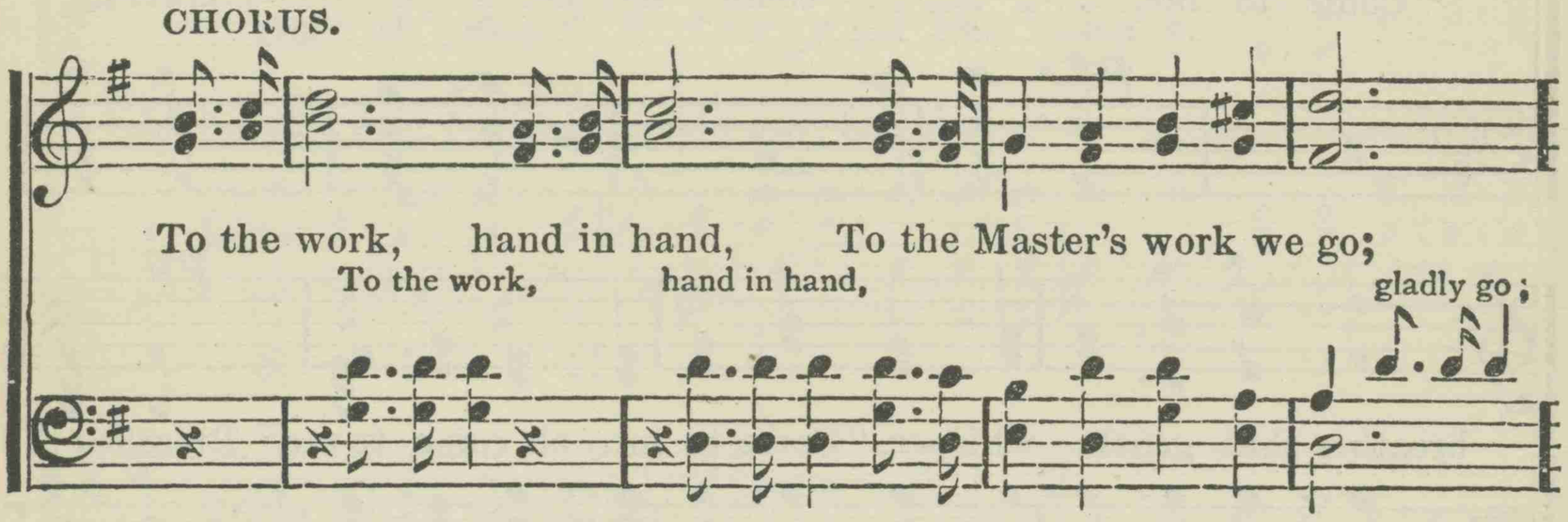




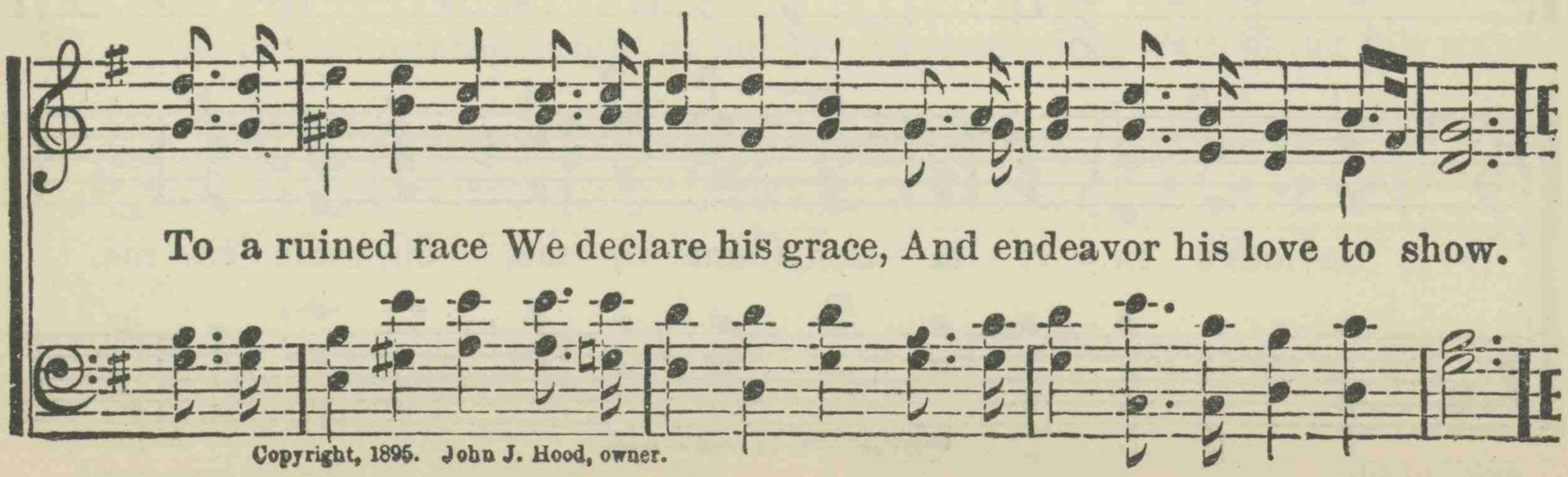
To a ruined race We declare his grace, And endeavor his love to show.
We together meet, And in union sweet, Seek to walk where the Master trod.
And we strive as one That his will be done, And the whole world his great love know.
May our ranks increase, And in grace and peace More and more make us to abound.



CHORUS.



To the work, hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;
To the work, hand in hand, gladly go;



To a ruined race We declare his grace, And endeavor his love to show.

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Speed Away! Speed Away!

Rev. C. Cooke. I. B. Woodbury.

1. Speed away! speed away! O ye heralds of light, There are millions en-
2. Let the Church to the help of Jehovah draw near—Come with love, and with
3. Speed away! speed away with the message from heav'n, To all nations of

shrouded in nature's dark night, Who are willing to hear, and the truth to re-
faith, and with fervor in prayer! Let her fling to the breeze the pure banner of
men let the tidings be given That Messiah has triumphed,—his foes are all

ceive, But know of no Saviour on whom to believe. Oh, they're dying by
truth, And enlist in the struggle her warm-hearted youth; Let the parents and
slain, And the earth as an E- den is blushing again! O great Saviour, let

rit.

thousands in sin ev'ry day! Speed a- way! . speed a- way! . . speed a - way!
children, and ev'ry one say—Speed a- way! . speed a- way! . . speed a - way!
nothing this conquest delay! Speed a- way! . speed a- way! . . speed a - way!
Speed away! speed away! speed away.

From "Devotional Melodies," by per.

O Why Stand Ye Idle?

F. M. D. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx : 6. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Andante.

1. O idler, why loiter the bright hours away? The hours that will ne'er come again;
2. O why stand ye idle? some soul ye may save, That's drifting away from the right,
3. O why stand ye idle? thy brother's in need; No help or assistance is nigh,
4. O idle no longer the bright hours away, There's work in the vineyard to do.

The fields are all white of the harvest to-day, Ungather'd the sheaves on the plain,
O hasten ere it shall sink down to the grave, Be lost in e- ter - nity's night.
Oh, then to his suff'ring and cries now give heed, Lest he for thy carelessness die.
The harvest is passing, is passing away, The Master is calling for you.

CHORUS.

O why . . . . stand ye i - dle? . . O why stand ye i- dle to- day?
O why stand ye i - dle? O why stand ye i - dle?

O can you not see that the night's coming on, And the har - vest is

CODA. *After last verse only.*

Slowly. *dim.*

passing a - way? The harvest is passing a - way, Passing a - way.

From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

Christ is All You Need. 139

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

1. Are you heavy hearted, are you sore distress'd? Christ is all you need,
2. Have you broken vows and promises unkept?
3. Have you been neglected for the cause you love?
4. Let the world despise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,

He's a friend indeed;

Are you over-burden'd, and with care distress'd?
Once de - serted and a- lone thy Saviour wept!
You shall be reward- ed in the home a - bove;
You will shout his praises in the judgment day;

He's a friend indeed;

CHORUS.

Christ is all the friend you need. Christ . . . . . is all you

Christ is all you need, He

need, ... He's a friend, he is a friend indeed;

is a friend indeed; Christ is all you need, For he is a friend indeed;

Christ . . . . is all you need, ... Christ is all the friend you need.

Christ is all you need, He is a friend indeed,
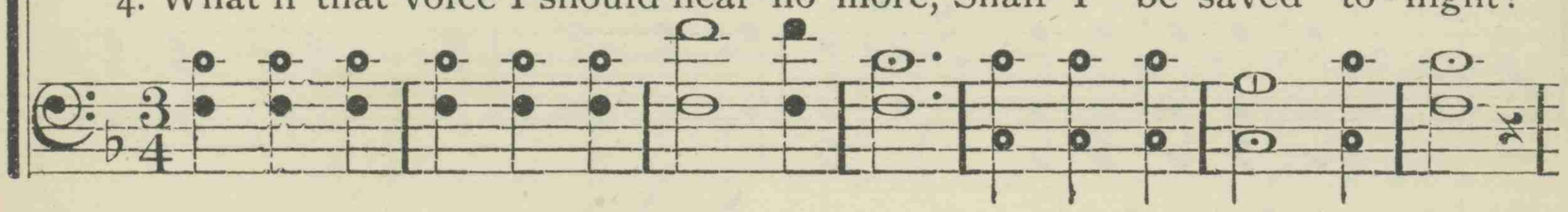
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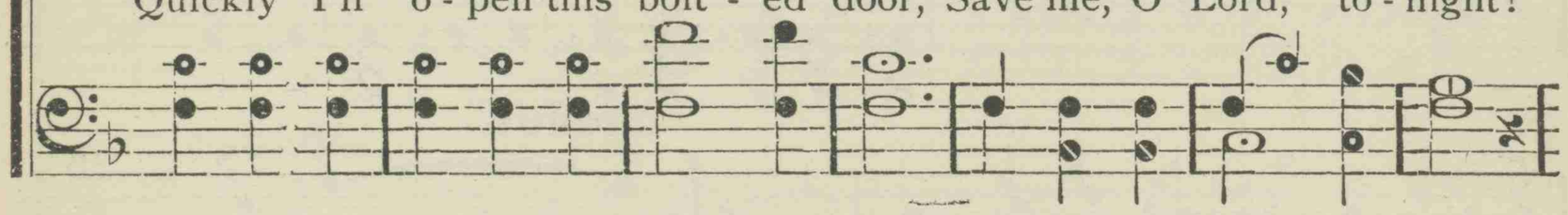
Shall I be Saved to-night?

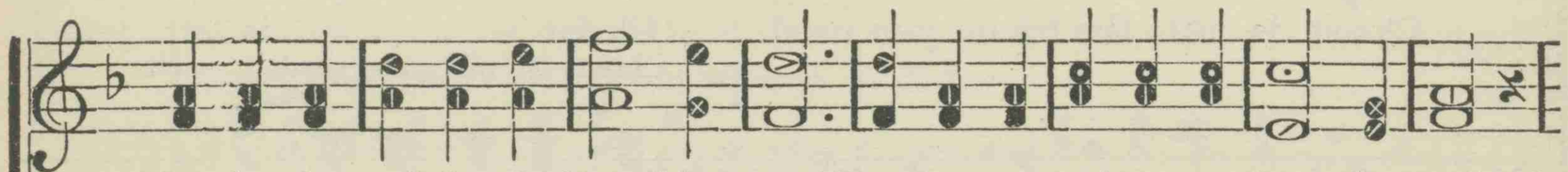
FANNY J. CROSBY. "Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. xlv. 22. Mrs. M. BLISS WILLSON

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

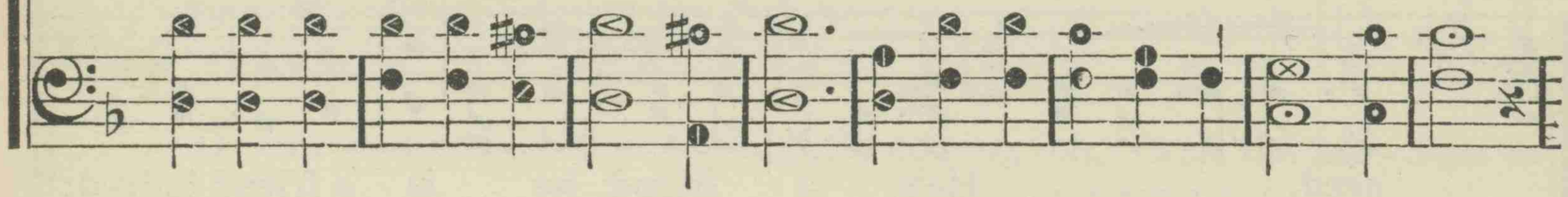


If I believe, he will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
What if his Spir- it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night!
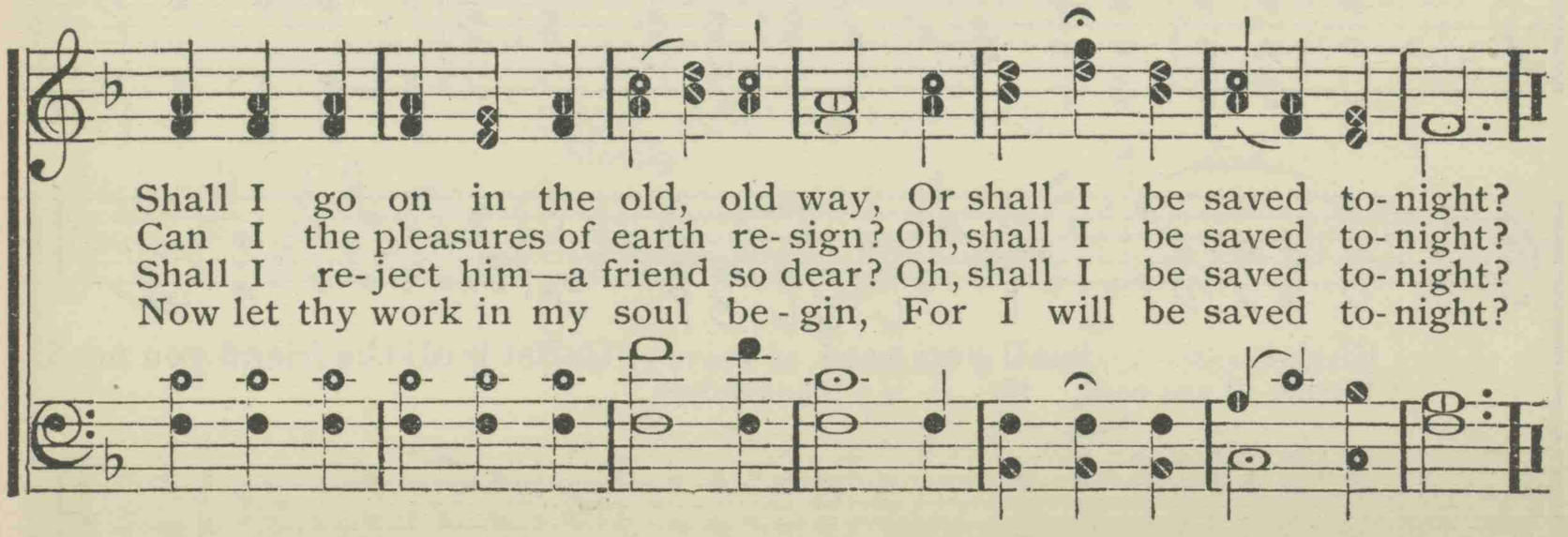




Tender- ly, sad- ly I hear him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now he will save me by grace di- vine, Now, if I will, I may call him mine;
O- ver and o - ver his voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sorrow, forgive my sin,



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



By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Some Glad Day. 141

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I shall lay the cross a - side, Some day, some glad day;
2. I the sin - ners' friend shall see, Some day, some glad day;
3. I shall meet the friends of yore, Some day, some glad day;
4. I shall lean on Je - sus' breast, Some day, some glad day;

Safe - ly pass to Canaan's side, Some day, some glad day;
See the wounds once made for me, Some day, some glad day;
And with them the Lamb a - dore, Some day, some glad day;
Find a sweet, a per - fect rest, Some day, some glad day;

If I live a life of pray'r, And the cross for Je - sus bear,
I shall press close to his side, Who for me was cru - ci - fied,
There at Je - sus' sa- cred feet Saints of ev - 'ry clime I'll meet,
On that bright e - ter - nal shore All our sor- rows will be o'er,

I a glo - rious crown shall wear, Some day, some glad day.
And shall then be sat - is - fied, Some day, some glad day.
Hold with them commun - ion sweet, Some day, some glad day.
We shall meet to part no more, Some day, some glad day.

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God will Remember.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Hum, little bee, in the nodding clover, Swing, little bird, in the tree-top tall,
2. Bloom, little flow'r, in the valley vernal, Flow, little brook, to the deep wide sea,
3. Trust, little heart, for the Lord is near you, Sing, little voice, make his glories [known;

God in the heavens is watching over, He will remember his creatures all.
Held in the hand of the Great Eternal, Kept by the love that is full and free.
Speak, little tongue, for the King will hear you, He will remember and guard his own.

CHORUS.

Oh, never fear, Je- sus is near, He will remember his children dear;

Oh, never fear, Je- sus is near, He will remember his children dear.

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Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

GODFREY THRING. HAYDN.

1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, List - en whilst we sing, Hearts and voices
2. Near- er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad - o-
3. Great and ev - er great - er Are thy mercies here; True and ev - er

rais - ing Praises to our King, All we have to of - fer:
ra - tion Bending low the knee: Thou for our re- demp - tion
last - ing Are thy glo- ries there, Where no pain, or sor - row,

All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we
Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone
Toil or care is known, Where the an - gel le - gions Cir - cle

CHORUS.

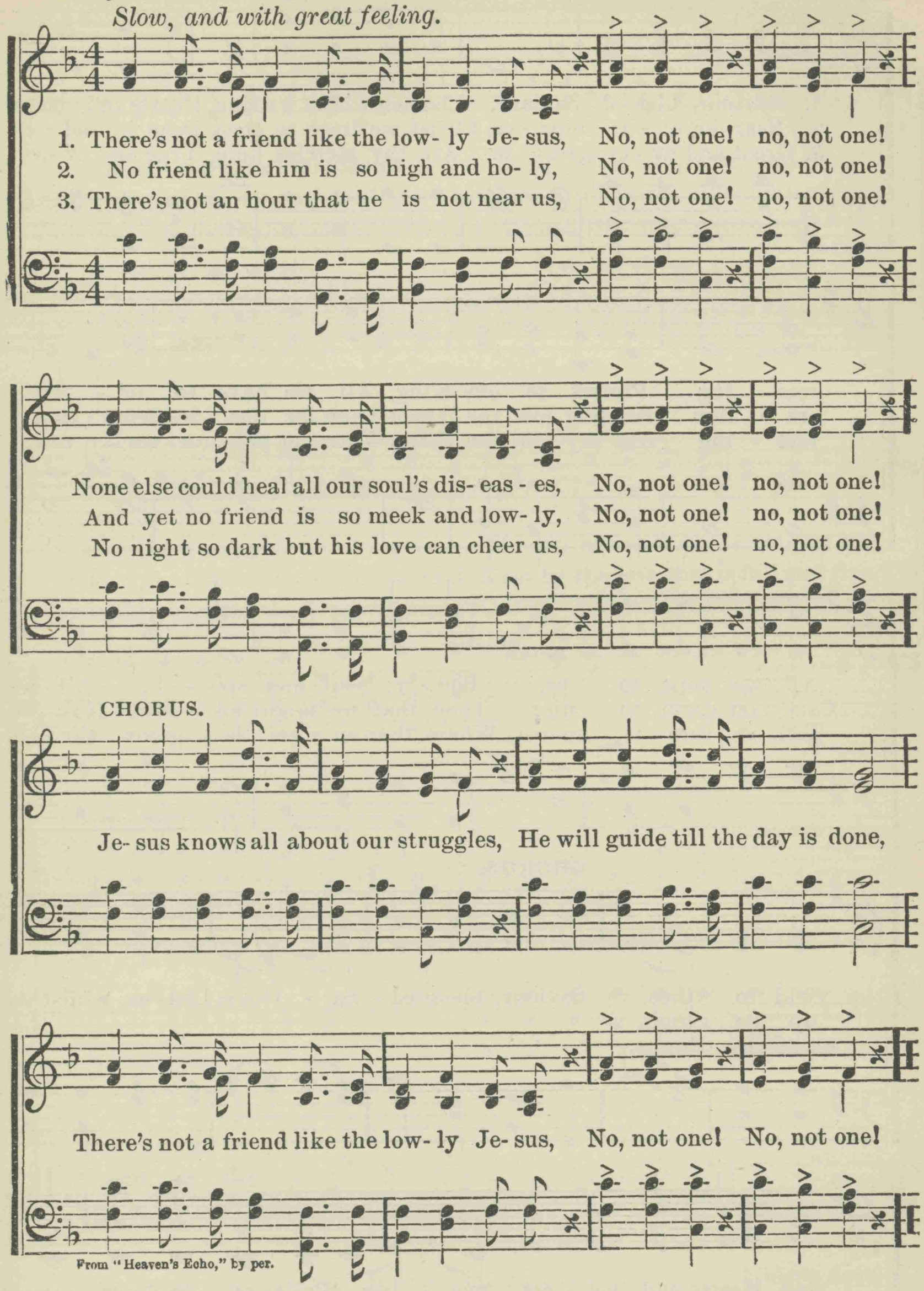
yield to thee. Saviour, bless- ed Sa - viour, List- en, whilst we
up on high.
round thy throne.

sing, Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

No, Not One!

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

Slow, and with great feeling.



1. There's not a friend like the low- ly Je- sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis- eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je- sus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low- ly Je- sus, No, not one! No, not one!

From "Heaven's Echo," by per.

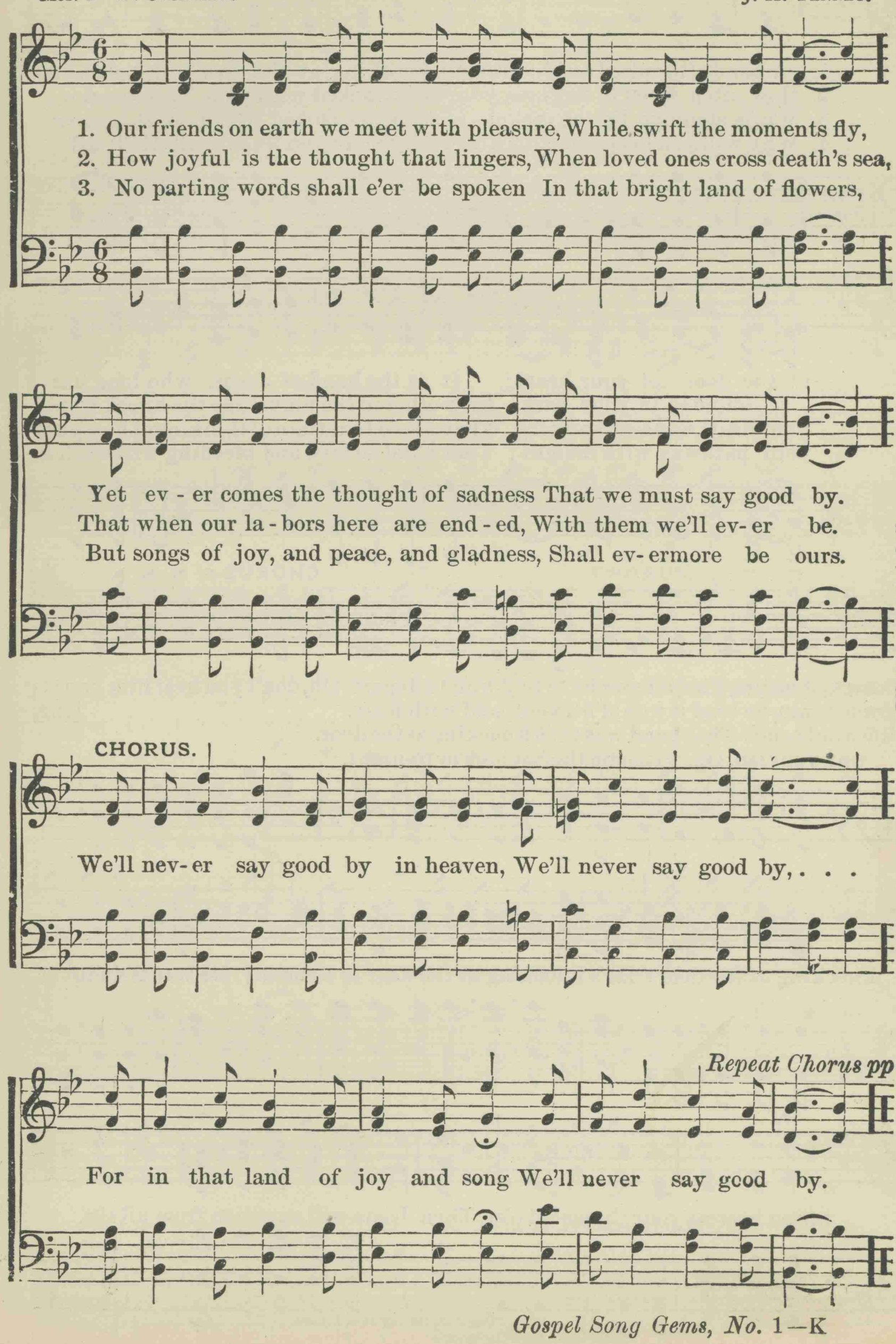
4 Did ever saint find this friend forsake
No, not one! no, not one! [him?
Or sinner find that he would not take
No, not one! no, not one! [him?

5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will he refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

145 # We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

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



Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood.

146 Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has
2. How often when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking re- sounded in your ears; How often in the nighttime the knock would
3. While standing by the casket of some de- parted friend, With sorrow your heart was sick and sore; What caus'd that train of thinking of how your
4. Why will you keep him knocking? why don't you let him in? He'll fill your pathway with delight; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a

CHORUS.

knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knock-
come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [ing,
life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.
way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.

knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-

tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.

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See! They are Drifting. 147

"Cry aloud! . . . lift up thy voice like a trumpet!"—Isa. lviii: 1.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones — J. Howard Entwisle.

With great expression.

1. Out on sin's o- cean the careless are drifting, Far from the beacon that
2. Darkness and danger are surely before them, Farther and farther they're
3. Call to them, brothers, their barks to be turning, Point to the beacon of

leadeth a - right; Servants of Je - sus, your voi - ces be lift - ing,
drifting a - way; Forward! my brothers, to warn and implore them,
safe - ty and light; Point to the bea- con for wan- der - ers burn - ing,

CHORUS.

Calling them back from the darkness of night.
Call them to Je- sus, lest farther they stray.
Lighting the pathway to E- den-land bright.

See! they are drifting, *your*

brothers are drifting, See! they are tossing on sin's dreadful wave! Like to a

trumpet your voices be lifting, Call them to Je- sus, the mighty to save.

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148 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Safe on my journey I go;
2. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Trusting his pow er di - vine;
3. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Free from my burden and fear;
4. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Kept by his won-der- ful love;

Why should I stray from his keeping, When he such mer - cy doth show?
He is my Saviour and brother, All of his rich - es are mine.
Fill'd is my heart with re - joicing, Knowing his presence is near.
Guided from moment to moment Near- er to mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.

Walk - - ing and talk - ing, In sweet communion are we;
Walking and talking, yes, walking and talking,
For the Sav - iour each moment Is walking and talking with me.
Jesus my Saviour

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List to the Story.

ANNIE E. AGNEW. Spanish Melody, arr.

1. List to the sto - ry Of the Christ, who for thy soul Left all his
2. Anthems are ringing O- ver earth and sea and shore, Glad tidings
3. Now he is pleading Up in heaven for thee this hour, There in- ter-

glo - ry, All to make thee whole; On the cross he suffered,
bringing, Telling o'er and o'er Of a Sav - iour ris - en;
ced - ing In his love and power; Oh, the par - don proffered,

Bled and died on Cal - va - ry, Thus for thee he purchased
For the stone is rolled a- way, From the grave's dark pris - on
Blood to take thy sin a- way, Love di - vine is of - fered,

Slower. CHORUS.

Life so full and free. Je - sus is call - ing, Sweet and low he
He is risen to - day.
Wilt thou come to- day? Je - sus call - ing,

calls for thee; Je - sus is call - ing, Wilt thou come and see?
Je - sus call - ing,

Words and arr. copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

We shall Wear a Crown.

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. W. VANSANT.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas.
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

CHORUS.

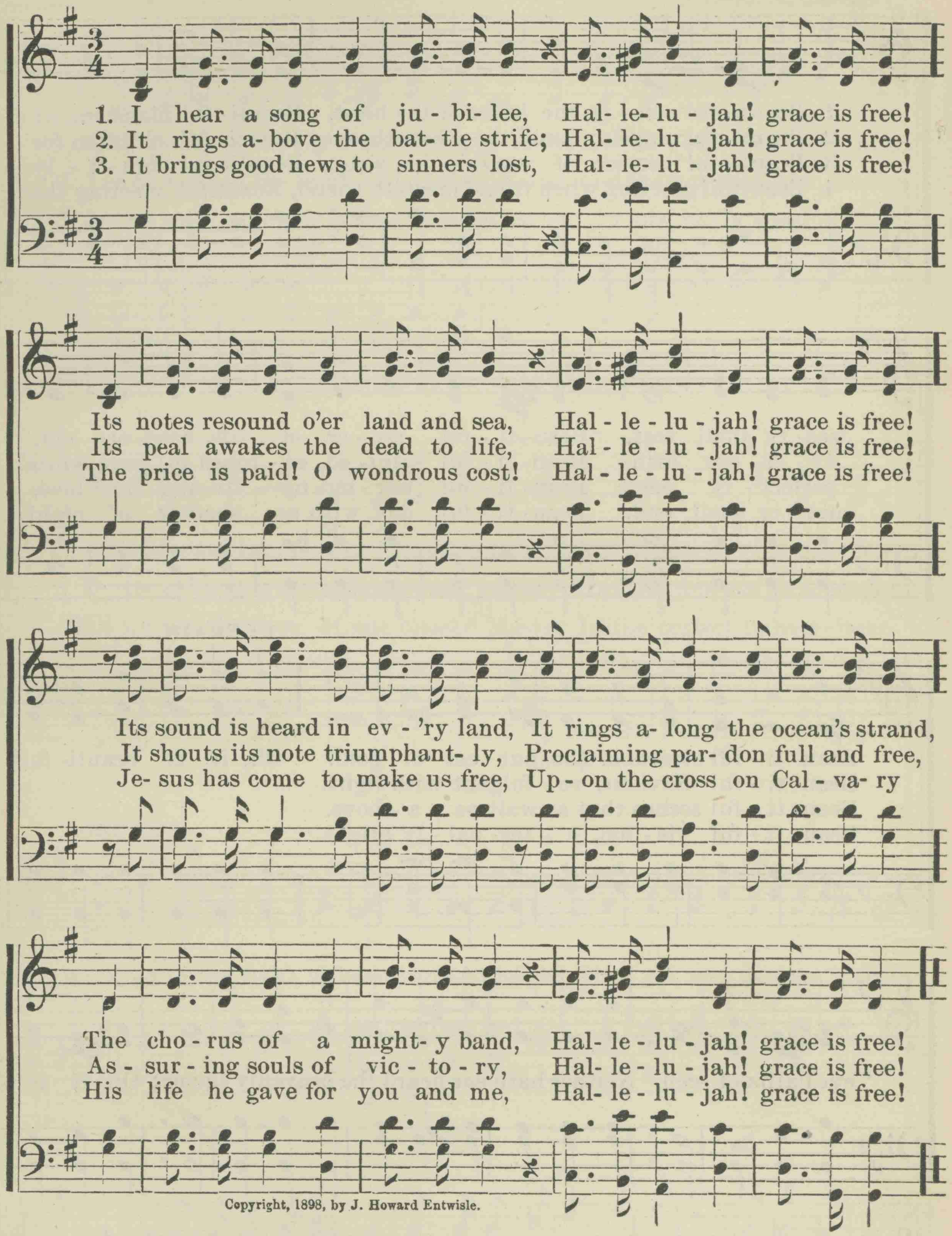
And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's o - ver we shall wear a crown, In the new Je- ru- sa- lem.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown, And Hal- le- lu- jah, hal- le- lu- jah, Wear a crown, wear a crown,

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Hallelujah! Grace is Free! 151

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF. Tune.—"Maryland! My Maryland."



Copyright, 1898, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 It brings a message full of love,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
A message from the throne above,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
The Spirit now invites you, "come!"
The Saviour calls, "no longer roam!"
The Father pleads, "my child, come home!"
Hallelujah! grace is free!

5 The conflict o'er, at God's right hand,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Redeemed from every race and land,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
We shall behold him face to face,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Who died to save our sinful race,
Hallelujah! grace is free!

152

"Oh, It is Beautiful."

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. Dying words of Dwight L. Moody. B. Frank Butts.

1. Beauti- ful cit - y, the home of the blest, Beauti- ful mansions where
2. Beauti- ful angels around the white throne, Beauti- ful children for -
3. Beauti- ful service of worship in song, Beauti- ful fam - i - ly—
4. Beautiful greeting when friend meeteth friend, Beautiful meeting that

wea- ry shall rest, Beau- ti - ful riv - er of life, nev - er old,
ev - er our own, Beau- ti - ful saint- ed, en - robed in pure white,
perfect - ly one, Beau- ti - ful har - mo- ny— liv- ing in love,
nev - er shall end, Beau- ti - ful day, with no shadow of night,

REFRAIN.

Beau- ti - ful streets of the pur - est of gold. Oh, it is beauti- ful!
Beau- ti - ful Saviour, re - fulgent with light.
Beau- ti - ful scenes that a- wait us a - bove.
Beau- ti - ful vis - ion, e - ter- nal - ly bright.
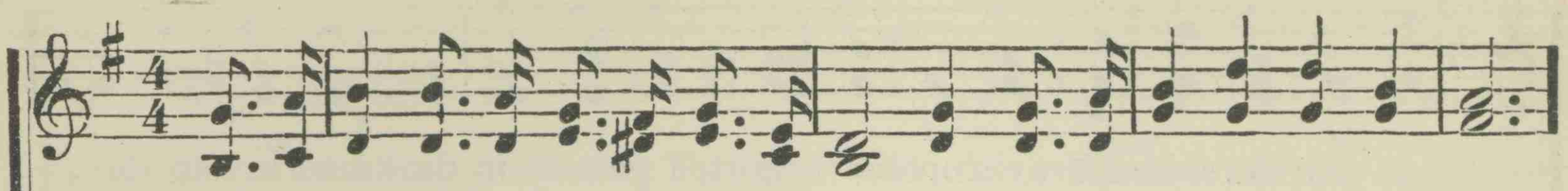
"eye hath not seen," Neither hath ear heard the heavenly theme; Oh, it is

beauti- ful! all I have seen, Thrilling my soul with the heavenly theme.

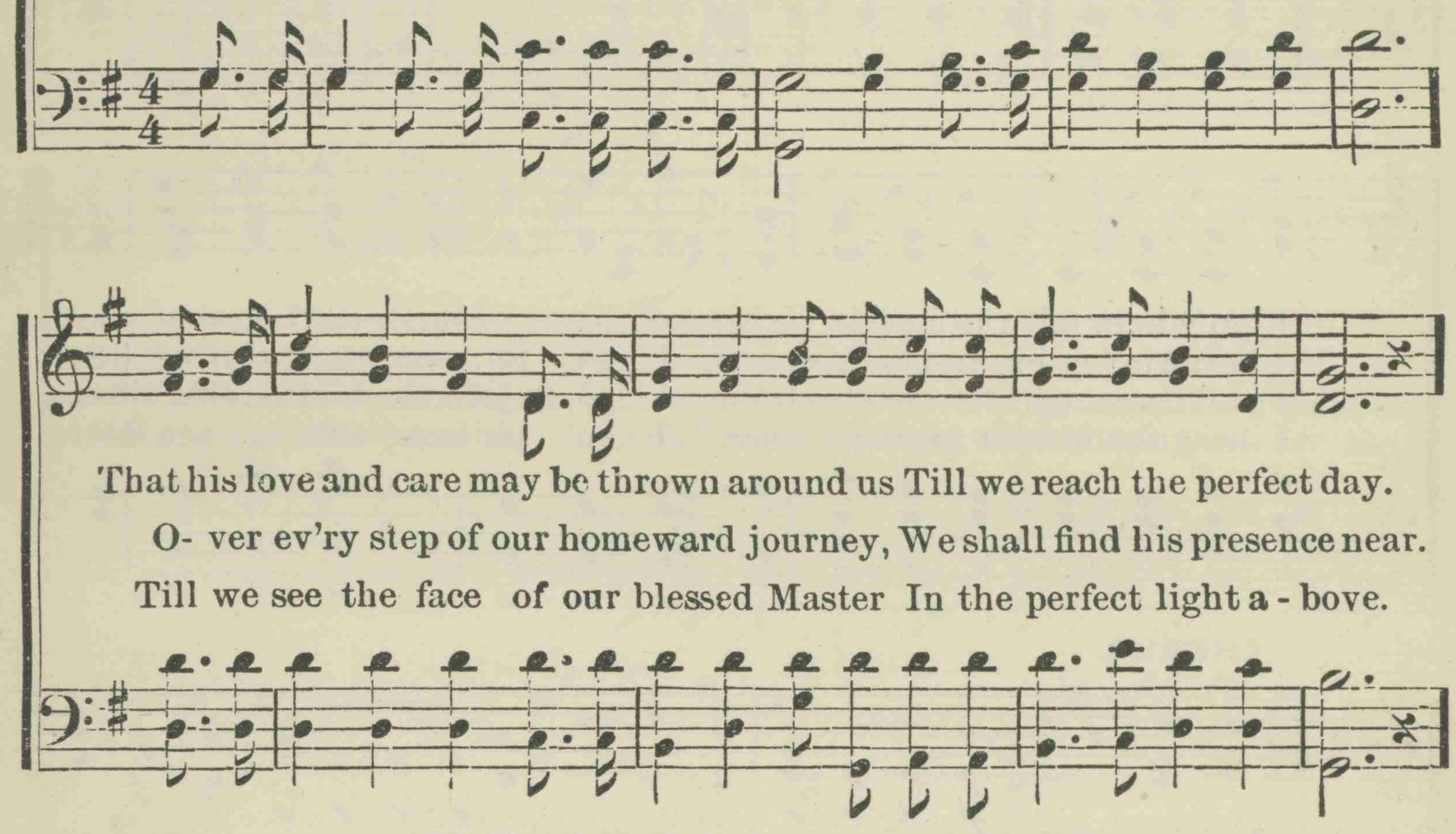
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In the Light.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
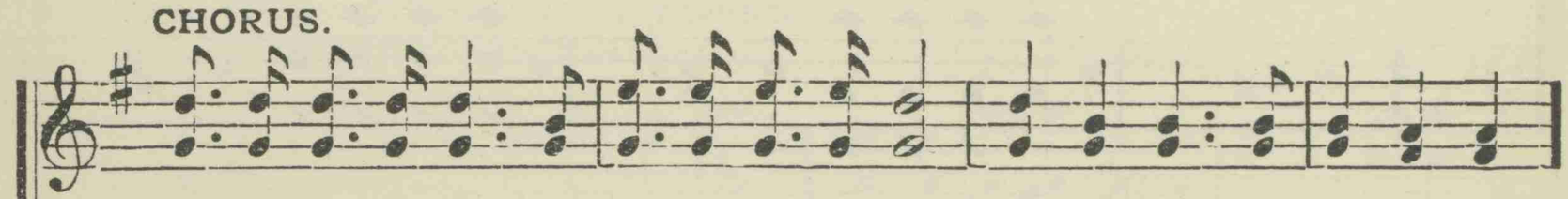


1. Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us, Let us watch and duly pray,
2. Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us, And the way shall be made clear;
3. Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us, In his ho-ly word of love,

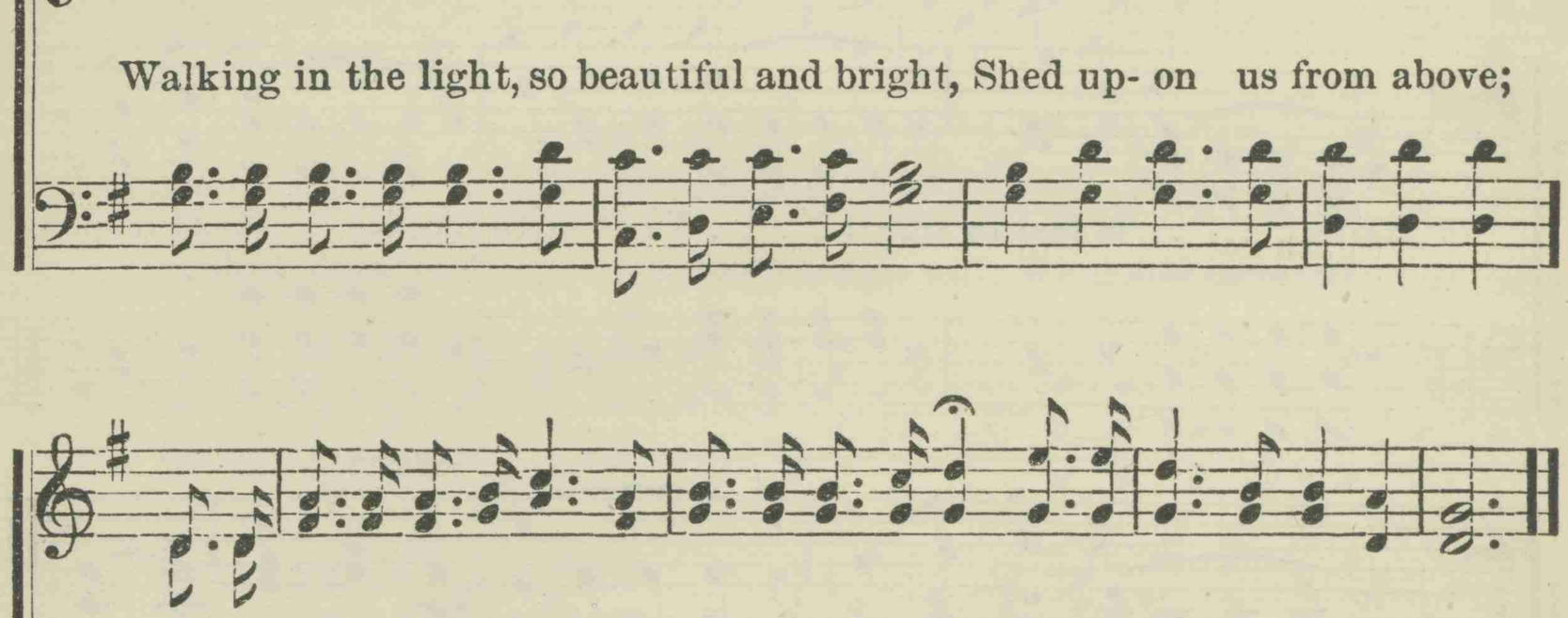


That his love and care may be thrown around us Till we reach the perfect day.
O- ver ev'ry step of our homeward journey, We shall find his presence near.
Till we see the face of our blessed Master In the perfect light a - bove.

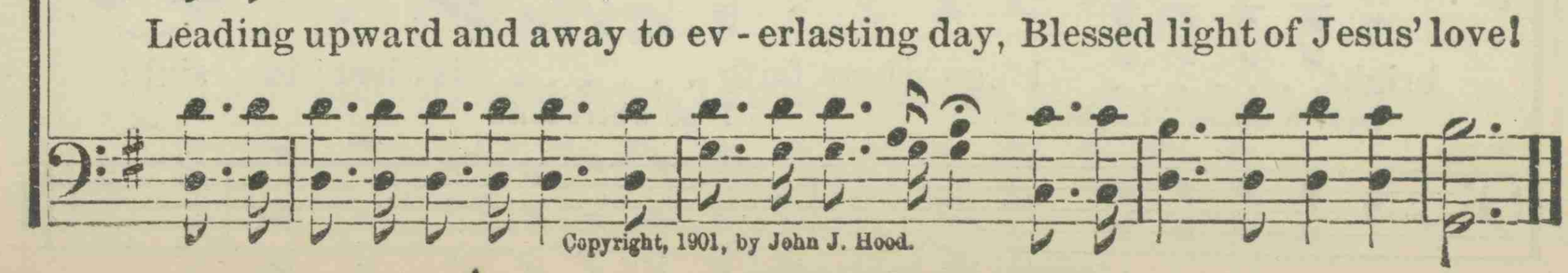
CHORUS.



Walking in the light, so beautiful and bright, Shed up- on us from above;



Leading upward and away to ev - erlasting day, Blessed light of Jesus' love!



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154 "Earth Recedes, Heaven Opens."

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

1. As "earth recedes, heav'n opens" bright, I pass from darkness in - to day;
2. Adieu, earth's battlefields and flame, I've kept the faith thro' toil and strife;
3. Good-bye to earthly tears and pain, I hear the glad ce - lestial song,
4. Farewell, dear friends, I'm going home; Hail, beck'ning ones on shining shore;

I go where faith is lost in sight, And leave to earth the house of clay.
I've borne my cross, despising shame, I go to wear a crown of life.
My soul has caught the sweet refrain, I go to join the white-rob'd throng.
I hear the Master saying, "come," I en - ter heav- en's o - pen door.

CHORUS.

Yes, "earth recedes, ... heav'n opens" bright, ... I go where faith . . . . is lost in sight; . . . . Yes, "earth recedes, . . heav'n opens" bright, ... I go where faith . . . . . is lost in sight.

Yes, "earth recedes, heav'n opens" bright, I go where faith is lost in sight; Yes, "earth recedes, heav'n opens" bright, I go where faith

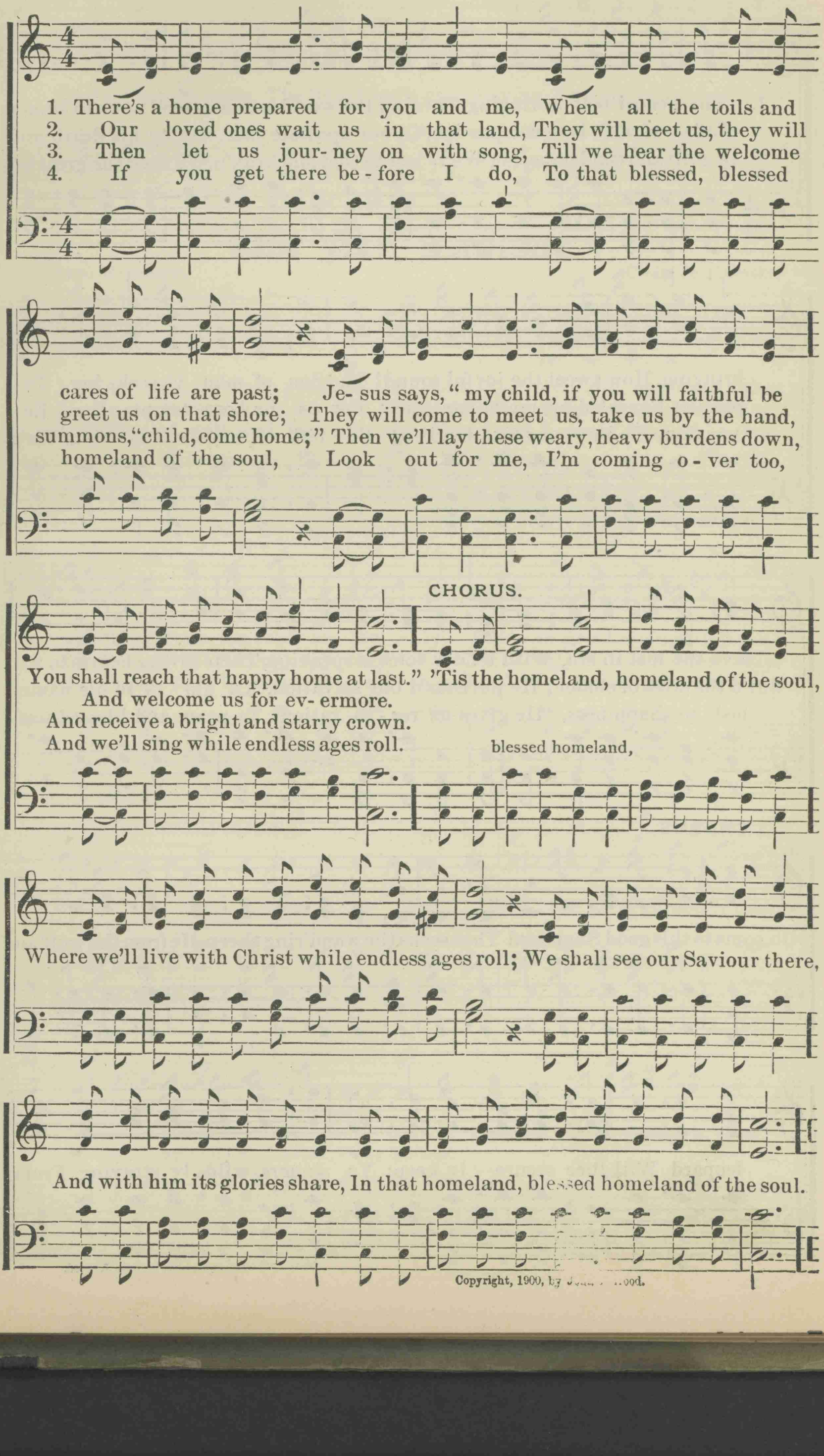
ritard.

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The Homeland of the Soul.

W. W. V.

WM. W. VANSANT.



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The Gospel Bell.

Rev. JAS. H. MARTIN. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. The gospel bell is ringing Thro' all the world around, Good news to sinners
2. Inflamed with love, compassion, To our apostate race, He by his death and
3. In guilt and condemnation We're lost to God and heav'n, We need the great sal-

bringing, How sweet the joyful sound! The Son of man is seek- ing To
passion Revealed his matchless grace; For us he bore tempta- tion, En -
va- tion, To have our sins forgiv'n; Be - reft of con - so - la - tion, We're

save the lost in sin, With tender voice is speaking, Their roving hearts to win.
dur'd the cross of shame; He purchas'd our salvation, All glo - ry to his name!
lost to happiness, He gives us res - to- ration To peace and blessedness.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this good Shepherd That seeks the wand'ring sheep, He from the wolf and
leopard Will thee secure - ly keep; Ye sinners, wild- ly straying, From

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God no longer roam, The Shepherd's call obeying, Ye wanderers, come home.

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gracious Sa- viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea- ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee;
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa - viour,

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

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Oh, Listen, Poor Sinner.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Oh, listen, poor sinner, oh, listen, I pray, Of Jesus my Saviour I've something to say: Thy soul from the bondage of sin he will free, I know it is true, for he sav'd e- ven me. Oh, he sav'd even me, yes, he sav'd e - ven me, And I know, precious sinner, I know he'll save thee; Then haste to his feet and thy sins there confess, He'll freely forgive thee and graciously [bless.
2. A long time I listened to Satan my foe, He led me on down to the dark brink of woe; But lo, un - to Je - sus I hearkened one day, He brought me out thence into this heav'nly way.
3. Poor sinner, like thee I was wretched and blind, No rest for my soul could I an - ywhere find Till Je- sus forgave me, then peace came to me, Oh, come and this treasure he'll give unto thee.
4. Yes, haste to the Saviour, so willing to save, To purchase our pardon his own life he gave; His peace he will give thee for anguish and woe, This peace like a riv - er for- ever shall flow.

CHORUS.

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O Sinner, Wont You Come?

C. C. S. Dr. C. CARROLL SMITH.

1. O sin- ner, wont you come to the Sav - iour to-night? He's
2. 'Tis sim- ple just to trust in the Sav - iour to-night, Just
3. Oh, pause and hear the call of the Sav - iour to-night; Come

anx- ious- ly wait - ing to bring you to the light; He of - fers you and
trust now in Je - sus to save you by his might; He wants you for his
out from the old way, and walk the path of right; Oh, hear his pleading

me his pardon, full and free, O sinner, come to Je - sus now.
own, he calls to you, come home, O sinner, come to Je - sus now.
voice, make Jesus now your choice, O sinner, come to Je - sus now.

CHORUS.

Oh, hear his loving voice,'tis Jesus calling you, Believe him and thy soul shall live;

His pardon, full and free, oh, can it ever be? Yes, sinner, 'tis for you and me.

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160

"There is No Dark Valley."

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

1. To the just there's no dark valley In their bright and shining way, For the
2. 'Tis the roy- al road to heaven, Since the Master went that way, And a
3. From the sting of death and sorrow, And the terrors of the grave, We are

light of life in Je- sus Shineth un- to per- fect day; "He that liveth
shin- ing path of glo - ry From the darkness to the day; Yes, the gates of
free thro' him that conquered, Thro' the Christ that came to save; And the life of

and be- lieveth On his name, shall never die," And the rainbow of this
pearl are o- pen, And the light from off the throne Guides the pilgrim in his
the be- liev- er, Hid in him who conquered sin, Shall be ra- di - ant for -

CHORUS.

promise Spans the valley to the sky. To the just there's no dark valley In their
journey, When the work of life is done.
ev - er With the light of life in him.

bright and shining way, For the light of life in Jesus Shineth unto perfect day.

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The Song I Love.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

SOLO. *Andante, with expression.*

1. I learned a song with sweet refrain, Back in the long a - go,
2. One day I left my fa- ther's cot, An - oth - er home to fill,
3. My birds from out the parents' nest, To other homes have flown;

I sang it o'er and o'er a- gain, Be - cause I loved it so;
Yet oft - en in my daily thoughts This song would lin - ger still;
Yet still the song of songs the best I sing when all a - lone;

This gold- en song I oft - en heard In sooth - ing lul - la - by,
A treasure in my heart to keep My nestlings heard each strain,
Sometime in yon- der shining home I'll find my loved a - gain,

As moth- er breath'd each tender word To hush the ba - by cry.
And oft in dreamland took a peep, While learning the re- frain.
And while the a - ges go and come We'll sing in sweet- er strain.

QUARTET.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There is no place like home, There is no place like home.

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One had Wandered.

E. C. Clephane. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelt - er
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy nine- ty and nine: Are they not e-
3. But none of the ran- somed ev - er knew How deep were the
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the
5. But all through the mountains, thun - der- riven, And up from the

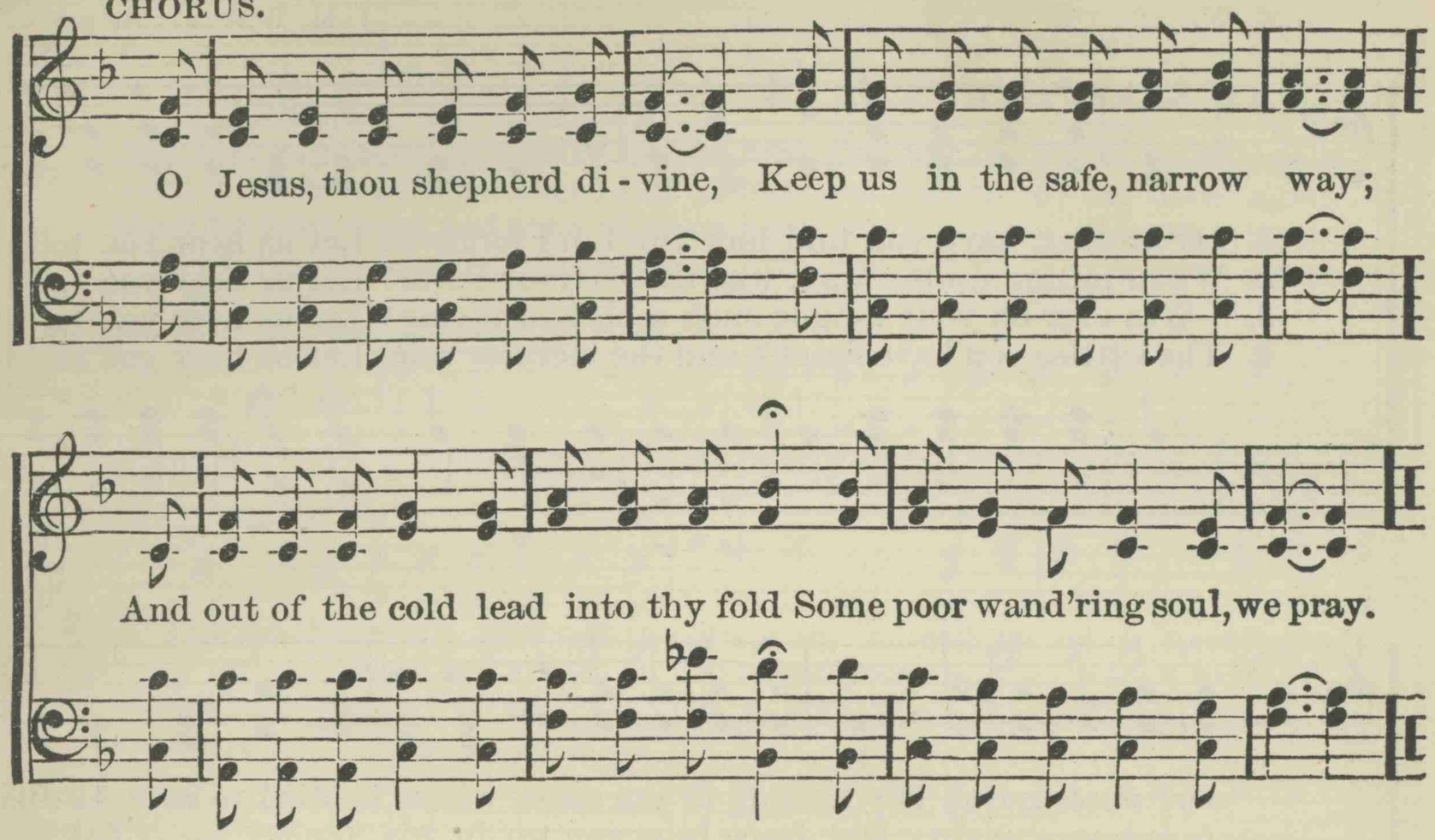
of the fold, But one was out on the hills a- way, Far
nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine Has
waters crossed: Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere he
mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the
rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Re-

off from the gates of gold— A- way on the mountains wild and bare, A-
wandered a - way from me: And al - tho' the road be rough and steep I
found his sheep that was lost, Out in the desert he heard its cry— ["They are
Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
joice! I have found my sheep!" And the angels echoed around the throne, "Re-

way from the tender Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.
Sick and helpless and ready to die, Sick and helpless and ready to die.
pierced to-night by many a thorn," "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
joice, for the Lord brings back his own!" "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

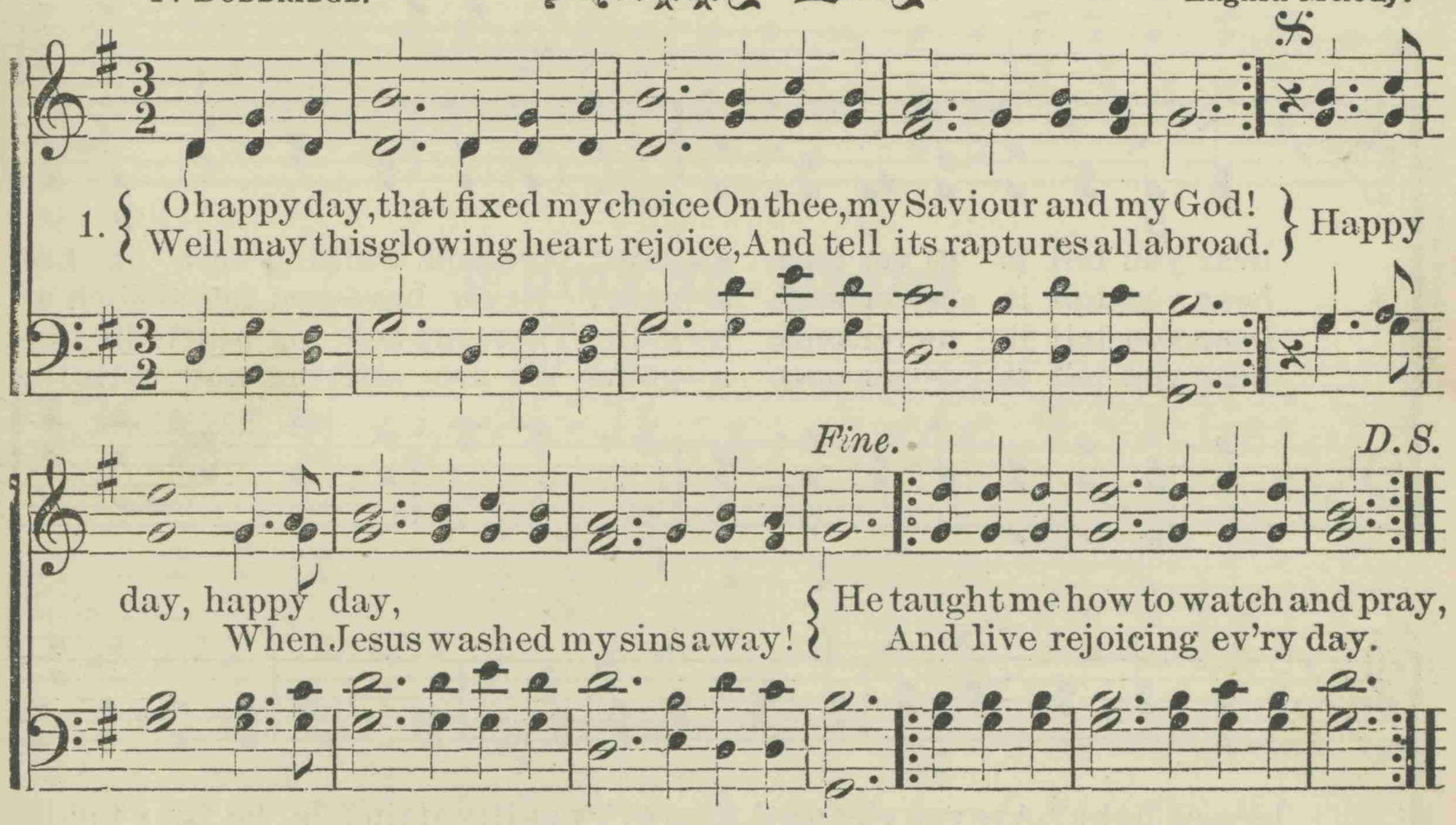
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CHORUS.



Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. English Melody.



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

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

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

164

Let us Hear you Tell it.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte. By per.

1. O brother, have you told how the Lord forgave? Let us hear you tell it
2. When toiling up the way, was the Saviour there? Let us hear you tell it
3. Was ever on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you tell it
4. The battles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you tell it

over once again; Thy coming to the cross, where he died to save, Let us
o- ver once again; Did Jesus bear you up in his tender care? Let us
o- ver once again; 'Tis ever sweeter far than the sweetest dream, Let us
over once again; 'Twill help them on the way who have just begun, Let us

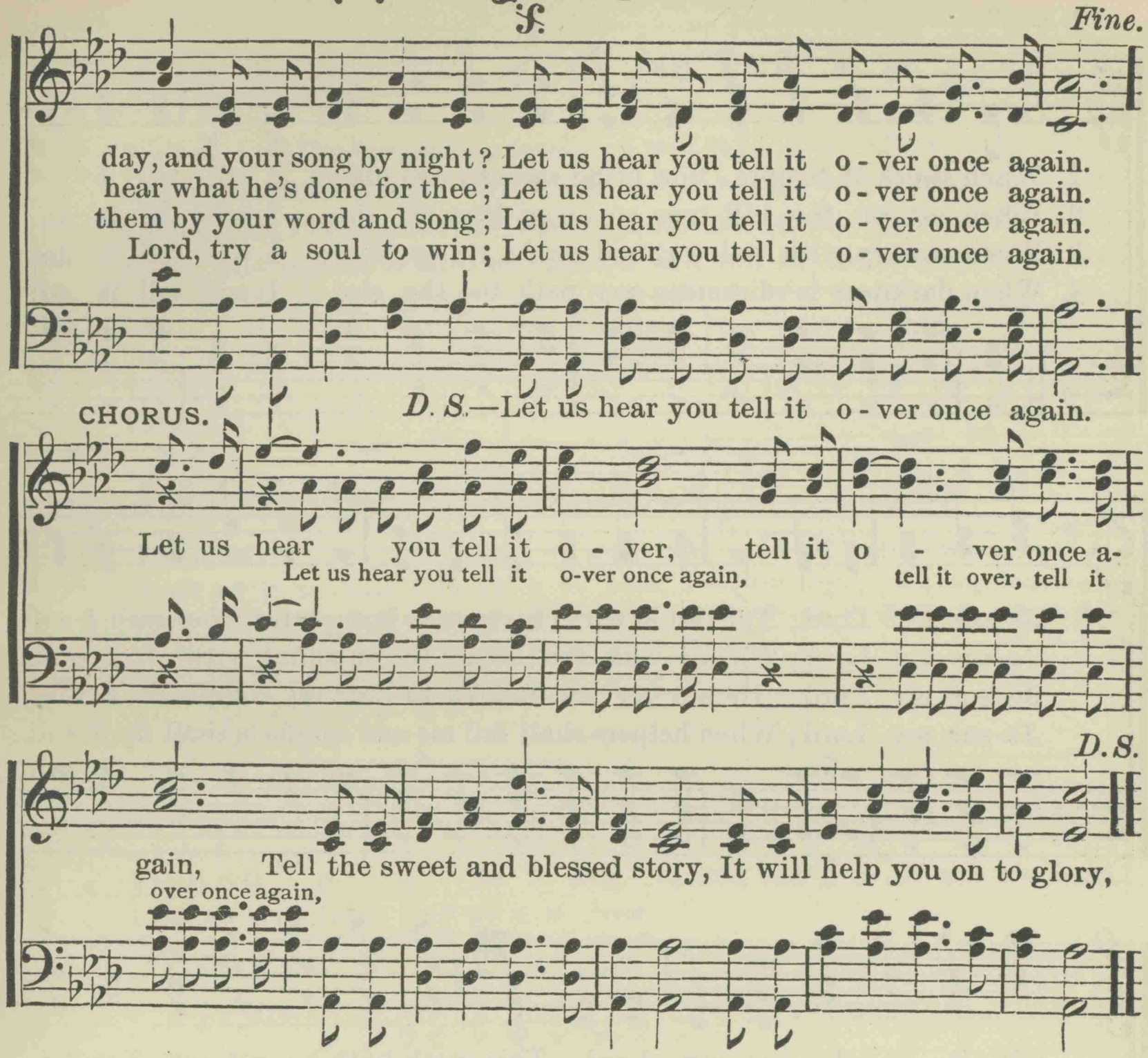
hear you tell it o- ver once a - gain: Are you walking now in his
hear you tell it o- ver once a - gain: Never have you found such a
hear you tell it o- ver once a - gain: There are ach- ing hearts in the
hear you tell it o- ver once a - gain: We are striving now with the

blessed light? Are you cleansed from ev'ry guilty stain? Is he your joy by
friend as he, Who can help you 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should
world's great throng, Who have sought for rest, and all in vain; Hold Jesus up to
hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our Saviour we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the

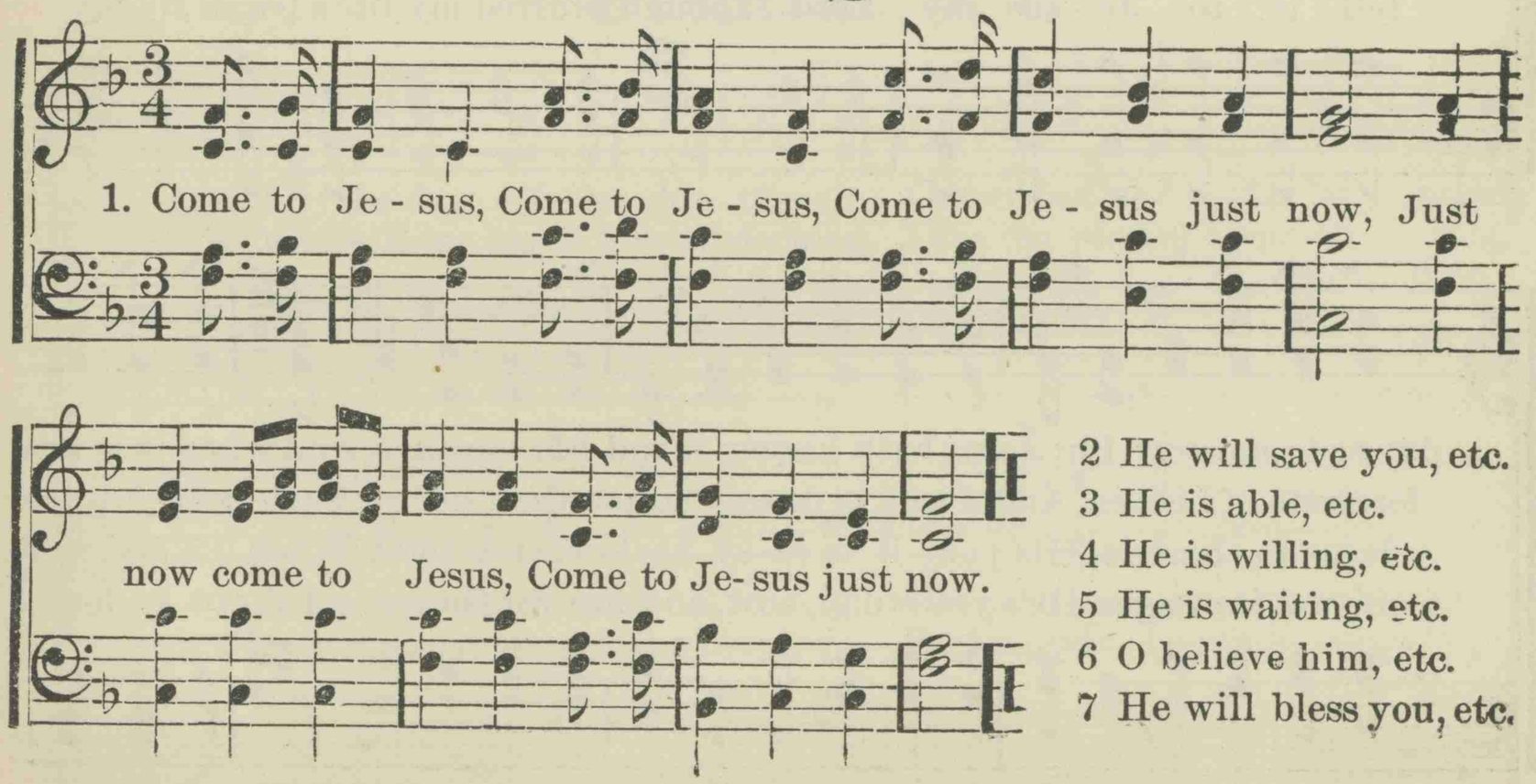
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Let us Hear you Tell it.—CONCLUDED.

Fine.



Come to Jesus.



2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 O believe him, etc.
7 He will bless you, etc.

166 # I will Tell it to Jesus my Lord.

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

1. When times of tempta - tion bring sadness and gloom I will tell it to
2. When out on the hill-tops, a - way from all sin, I will tell it to
3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will tell it to
4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to

Je - sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb, I will.
Je - sus my Lord; When joyous and happy the sunshine within, I will
Je - sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fus - es to hear my complaint, I will
Je - sus my Lord; When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly, I will

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tell it to Je - sus my Lord. This earth hath no sor - row For to-
tell it to Je - sus my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en Is a
tell it to Je - sus my Lord. I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've
tell it to Je - sus my Lord. Though blurred my life's pages By my

day or to-morrow, But Jesus hath known it and felt long ago, And when it comes
foretaste of heaven, And Jesus is dearer to me than before, Such peacefulness
Jesus to share it, His yoke it is ea - sy, his burden is light, When life becomes
sin and its wages, He's yesterday, now, and forever the same, I'll not be for-

o'er me, And I'm tempted so sorely, I will tell it to Je- sus my Lord.
fills me, Such an ecstasy thrills me, I will tell it to Je- sus my Lord.
dreary, And I'm footsore and weary, I will tell it to Je- sus my Lord.
saken, Tho' my life should be taken, I will tell it to Je- sus my Lord.

CHORUS.

I will tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord,
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, to Jesus my Lord,

I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus,

Vespers. 8, 7.

1. Lo! the day of rest de - clineth, Gather fast the shades of night;
2. While, thine ear of love ad-dressing, Thus our parting hymn we sing,

May the Sun which ever shin - eth Fill our souls with heavenly light.
Father, grant thine evening blessing, Fold us safe be-neath thy wing.

168 # Keep a Light in the Window.

M. A. MAITLAND. WM. B. EVANS.

1. Keep a light in the window burning, Faint tho' its glimmering be; It may
2. Keep a light in the window burning, Brill-iantly for a sign; That up-
3. Keep a light in the window burning, Ye who in Christ rejoice; And

R. H.

L. H.

lighten some homeless wand'rer, Tossing on life's dark sea.
on you the Lord of glo - ry Maketh his face to shine.
with hopeful souls are wait- ing For the sound of the Bridegroom's voice.

It may whisper words of comfort, And hope to the sinking heart; Of the
Hoping that some long-lost brother, Waylaid in the path of sin; May
Till the light of his glorious presence, Extinguish the feeble ray; Like the

beacon that fadeless gleameth, When the sunbeams of earth depart.
see its welcome glimmer, And joyful- ly en - ter in.
morning star it shall van- ish, In the light of the perfect day.

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CHORUS.

Keep a light in the win- dow burning, Faint tho' its glimmer be,

ritard.

It may lighten some homeless wand'rer, Tossing on life's dark sea.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth- er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves be- fore me roll, Hid- ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast,

Chart and compass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient- ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

Fine.

wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. 171

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

1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev- er- lasting arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,

By per. A. J. Showalter.

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.

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F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Christ has shed his blood for me, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
2. I have lost my load of sin, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
3. Now my heart doth sing for joy, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

Died my soul from sin to free, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
Now I have sweet peace within, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
Christ shall all my song employ, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

Greater love was nev - er known, Greater mer - cy nev - er shown;
He who calm - ly walk'd the wave Has the mighty pow'r to save,
He my guide, my strength and stay, All my tears has wiped a - way;

Free - ly does his blood a - tone, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
Shows a light beyond the grave, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
I will serve him ev - 'ry day, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

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God Calling Yet!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice despise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the closer lock?
4. God call - ing yet! I cannot stay; My heart I yield without delay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
And base - ly his kind care repay? He calls me still: can I de - lay?
He still is waiting to receive, And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart!

CHORUS.

God is call - ing yet! for God is call - ing yet! And
call - ing yet! call - ing yet!
who - so - ev - er will, and who - so - ev - er will, And who - so - ev - er
1st. 2d. rit.
will let him come and be saved; For] will let him come and be saved.

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Why Not To-Day?

WM. H. GARDNER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Why not to-day? Why still de- lay? See, he is waiting for you;
2. Why not to-day? Dear Lord, we pray, Soften each heart in this place;
3. Why not to- day? Can you de- lay, When such a pardon is free?

Say in your heart, O sin, de- part! God then your soul will re- new.
Soon may they be, On bended knee, Asking the gift of thy grace.
Think of him now, Thorns on his brow, Dy- ing to save you and me.

CHORUS.

Why not to- day? Why not to-day? Why should you wait till the morrow?

Take him to- day! He'll be your stay, Comforting you in your sor- row.

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176

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e - ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir-its' sword,
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,
Standing on the promis- es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promis- es,
stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis- es of God
Standing on the prom- is- es,

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Closer to Thee. 177

L. R. CLARK. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Clos- er, still clos - er, my Saviour, to thee, Clos- er to Je- sus now
2. Clos- er by day, tho' my sky be all bright; Clos- er, still closer when
3. When to the Jor- dan of death I de- scend, Danger I'll fear not if
4. Clos- er to Je- sus, I'm near- er to God; Nearer the home of the

fain would I be; Round me his arm, on his bos- om my head,
fall- eth the night: Earth hath no brightness a - way from his face;
Christ be my friend; Breasting the bil- lows, my death-song shall be,
Christian's a - bode; Near - er the great and the glo - ri - ous Three,

CHORUS.

Near the dear side which on Calva - ry bled. Clos- er to thee, still
Time has no moment I need not his grace.
Clos - er, still clos- er, my Saviour, to thee.
Near- er to heaven when clos- er to thee.

clos - er to thee, Dear Saviour, I want to be clos- er to thee.

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178

Upon the Rock.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Up- on the Rock, the solid Rock I'm building, day by day, A house no
2. I la- bor on se- cure in this, my Rock can never fail, Sin's waves may
3. And oh! my heart is glad to know that he my work doth see; I have his

storms can overthrow, no floods can wash a - way; For Christ its sure found-
seek to undermine, and winds of doubt as - sail; But winds may blow, and
promise that my toil not all in vain shall be, For, finished by his

a- tion is, its precious corner stone, On him, thro' him, for him I build, the
rains descend, and storms be fierce and wild, They cannot shake my building firm on
loving hand, my house at last shall rise, A glorious place prepared for me,—my

CHORUS. *Faster.*

work is his alone.
this foundation piled.
mansion in the skies.

{ Upon the Rock, ... the solid Rock . . . . .
{ Against the storm, . . . or tempest's shock, . . .

{ Upon the Rock, the solid Rock
{ Against the storm, or tempest's shock,

1. 2.

I am building safe and sure; . . . . .
My house shall stand (*Omit.* . . . . . .) se - cure. . . . . .
I am building safe and sure, I am building safe and sure;
My house shall stand secure, (*Omit.* . . . . . .) My house shall stand secure.

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There's a Great Day Coming. 179

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

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

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

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

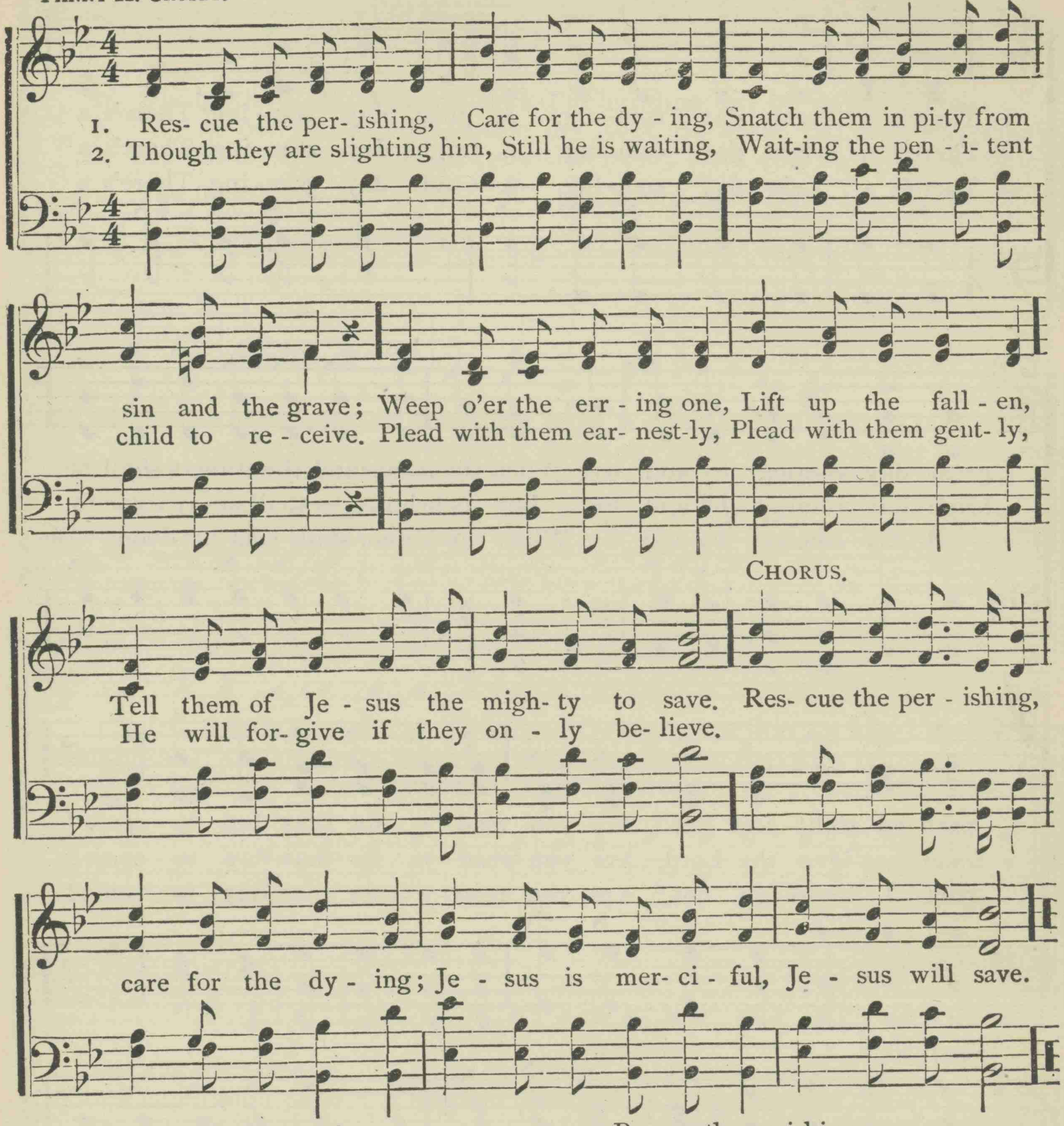
judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

180

Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY H. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-
Back to the narrow way [vide:
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

From "Pure Gold," by per.

GO BURY THY SORROW.—Key B♭.

1 Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care,
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray,

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe [ness,
Now droop 'mid the dark-
Go comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.

Jubilate, Christ is Born! 181

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Con spirito.

1. Now on wings of faith and gladness All our spirits rise, Songs of love to
2. Earth with notes of joy is teeming, Near and far a - way, Love from ev'ry
3. Hearts are filled with adoration, Like the shepherd men When they saw the

God the Father Thrill the happy skies; Christ is born! the throng in glory
eye is beaming, On this blessed day; Christ is born! the choirs are telling,
Star of Je- sus, Lighting hill and glen; Christ is born! we cry vic- torious,

Sweetly chants the wondrous sto- ry, Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te,
Glad ho- san- nas loud - ly swelling, Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te,
Tell- ing out the tid- ings glorious, Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te,

CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Christ is born! Peace on earth! the angels cry, Glo- ry be to

Con spirito.

God on high! Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, Christ is born!
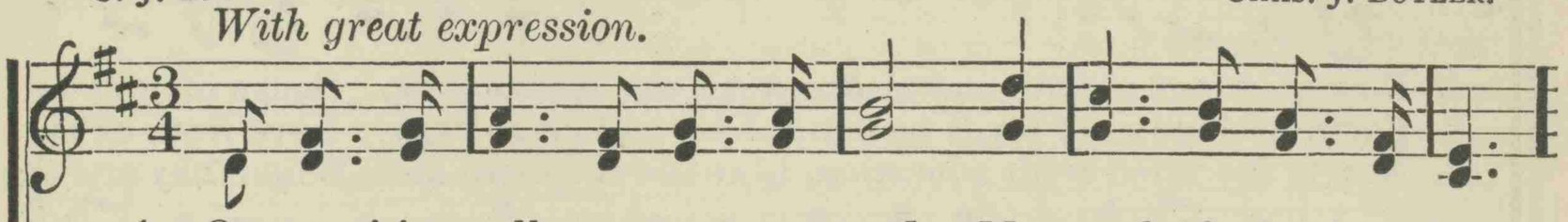
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My Mother's Face.

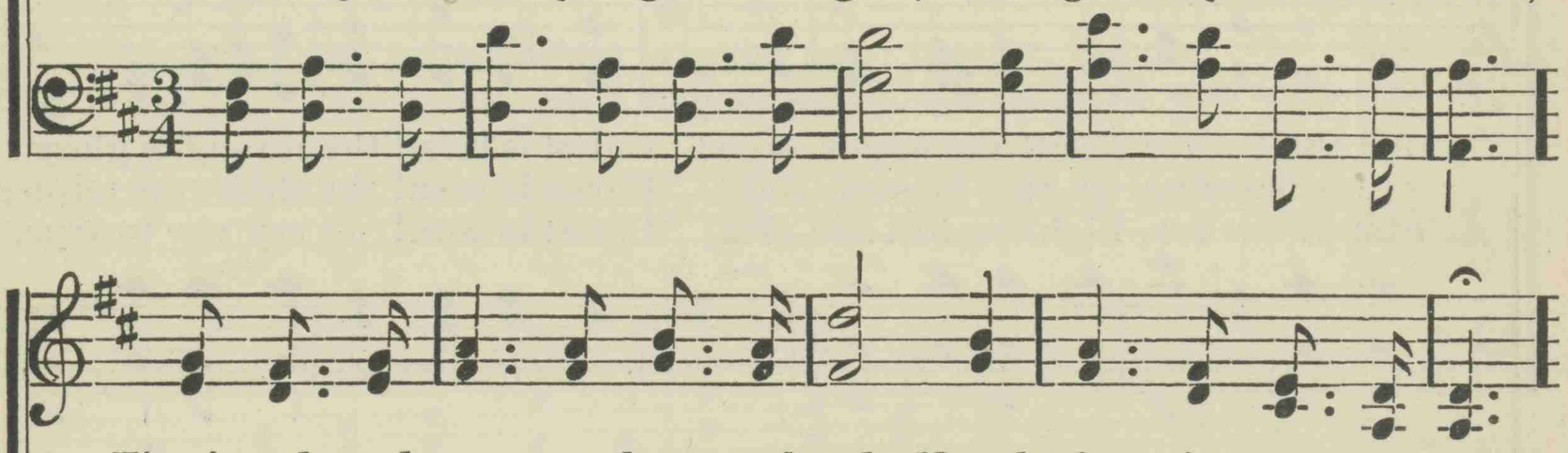
When a lad, just after the death of my mother, in company with some gay companions, I strayed into a gilded saloon; I had only been there a short time when I seemed to see the face of my mother, and the thought came to me, what would she think if she saw me here? I quickly resolved to leave the place, and soon found my way to the house of prayer, and sought and found my mother's God.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

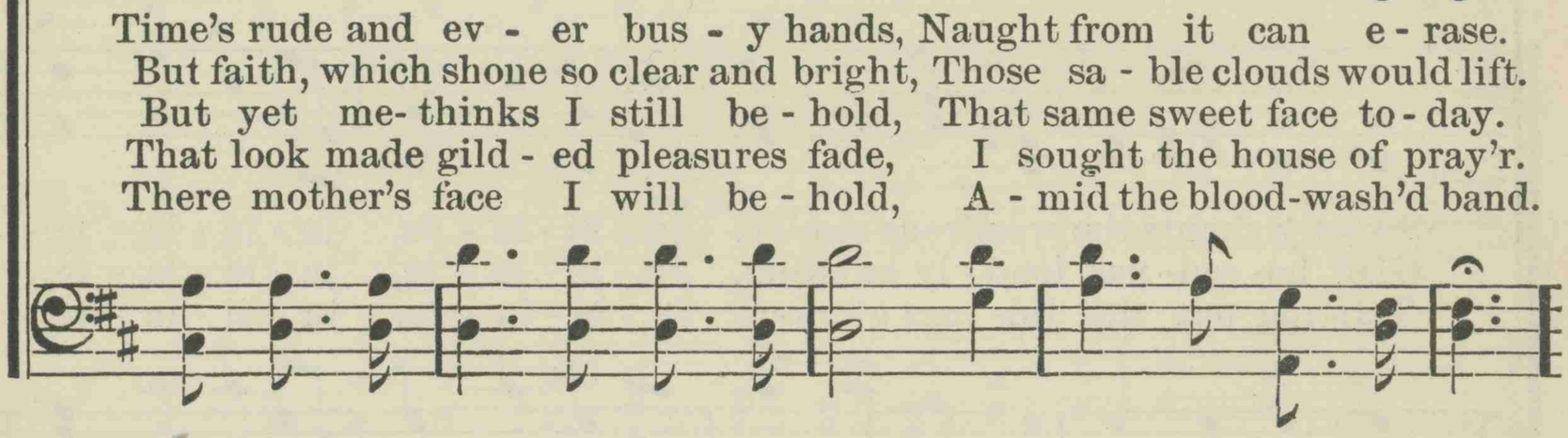
With great expression.



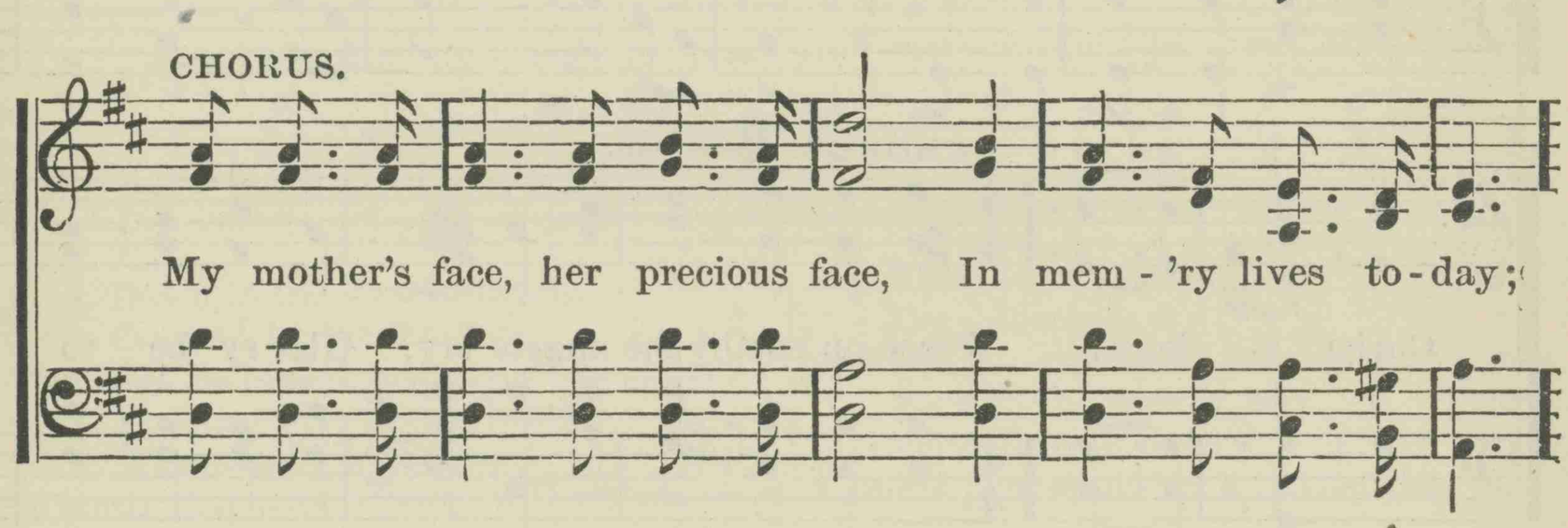
1. On mem'ries wall engrav - en stands My mother's precious face;
2. The clouds from sorrow's drear- y night, Oft o'er her face would drift;
3. I saw her face in death grow cold, I saw it laid a - way;
4. When in the haunts of sin I strayed, Lo! mother's face was there;
5. Some day within yon gates of gold, Thro' grace my feet shall stand;
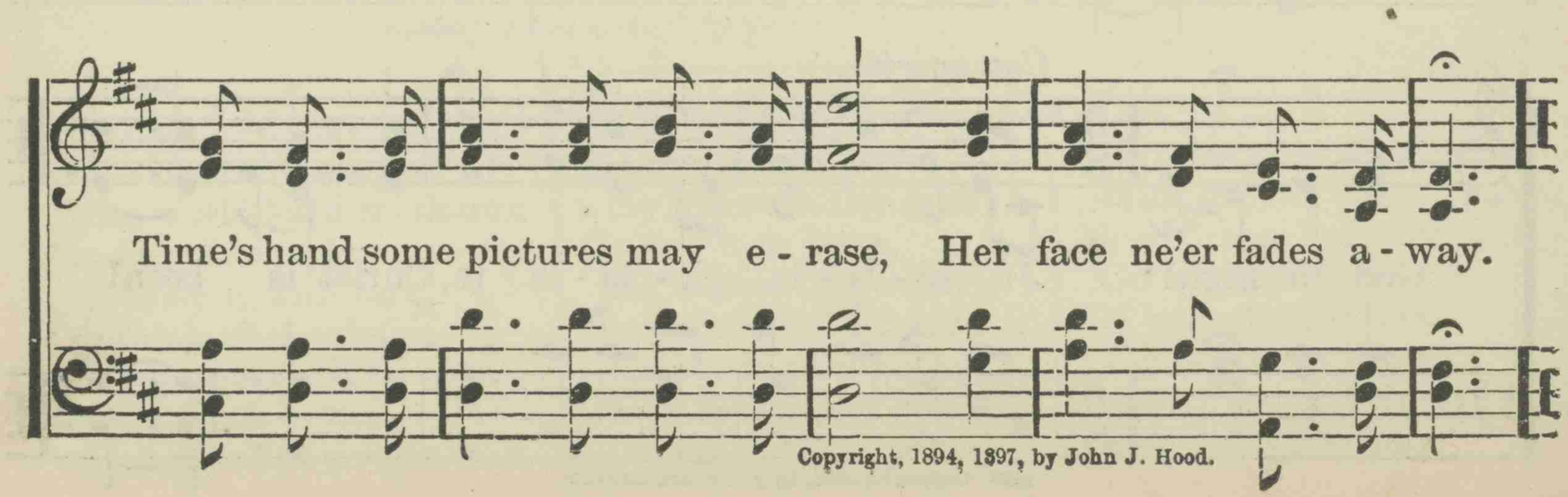


Time's rude and ev - er bus - y hands, Naught from it can e - rase.
But faith, which shone so clear and bright, Those sa - ble clouds would lift.
But yet me- thinks I still be - hold, That same sweet face to - day.
That look made gild - ed pleasures fade, I sought the house of pray'r.
There mother's face I will be - hold, A - mid the blood-wash'd band.



CHORUS.



My mother's face, her precious face, In mem - 'ry lives to - day;



Time's hand some pictures may e - rase, Her face ne'er fades a - way.

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My Mother's Prayer.

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

1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my mother kindly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Saviour's cleansing pow'r,

"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wander'd God knows where, Still I remem- ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My mother dear, in humble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he cancell'd there; 'Twas there he answer'd mother's pray'r.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3.–Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4.–Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face;
A voice comes floating on the air, Remind- ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a- bove to - gether share, In answer to my mother's pray'r.

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184

Fill Me with Thy Love.

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

1. Emp-ty me of self, my gracious Lord, Take a-way all hindrance
2. Emp-ty me of self, that thou mayst see Thine own ho-ly likeness
3. Emp-ty me of self, that I may give Witness to the faith by
4. Emp-ty me of self, that I may bring Glad and read-y ser - vice

to thy word, Bring my will with thine in sweet ac - cord,
formed in me, Con - se - crat - ed ful - ly, Lord, to thee,
which I live, Witness to the bless - ings I re - ceive,
to my King, Sweet-est hal - le - lu - jahs then I'll sing;

CHORUS.

Fill me with thy love. Emp-ty me of self, almight - y Saviour,

Emp- ty me of self and lift my heart a - bove; Fill me with thy

Bless - ed, Ho - ly Spir - it, Fill me with thy love.

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Walking In the Way with Jesus. 185

LIDA M. KECK. J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.

1. While walking in the way with Je - sus, Se - cure from ev - 'ry storm that blows, I'm kept in per- fect peace from all my foes, While
2. While walking in the way with Je - sus, I bid farewell to all my fears, A bow of promise glows a - bove my tears, While
3. While walking in the way with Je - sus, I hear his "Come to me and rest," And, look- ing un - to him, my soul is blest While
4. While walking in the way with Je - sus, I see my heav'nly home a - far; I see the pearl- y gates for me a - jar, While

CHORUS.

walking in the way with Je - sus. Walking in the way with Je - sus, Walking in the way with Je - sus; I'm kept in perfect peace, My joys in- crease, While walking in the way with Je - sus.

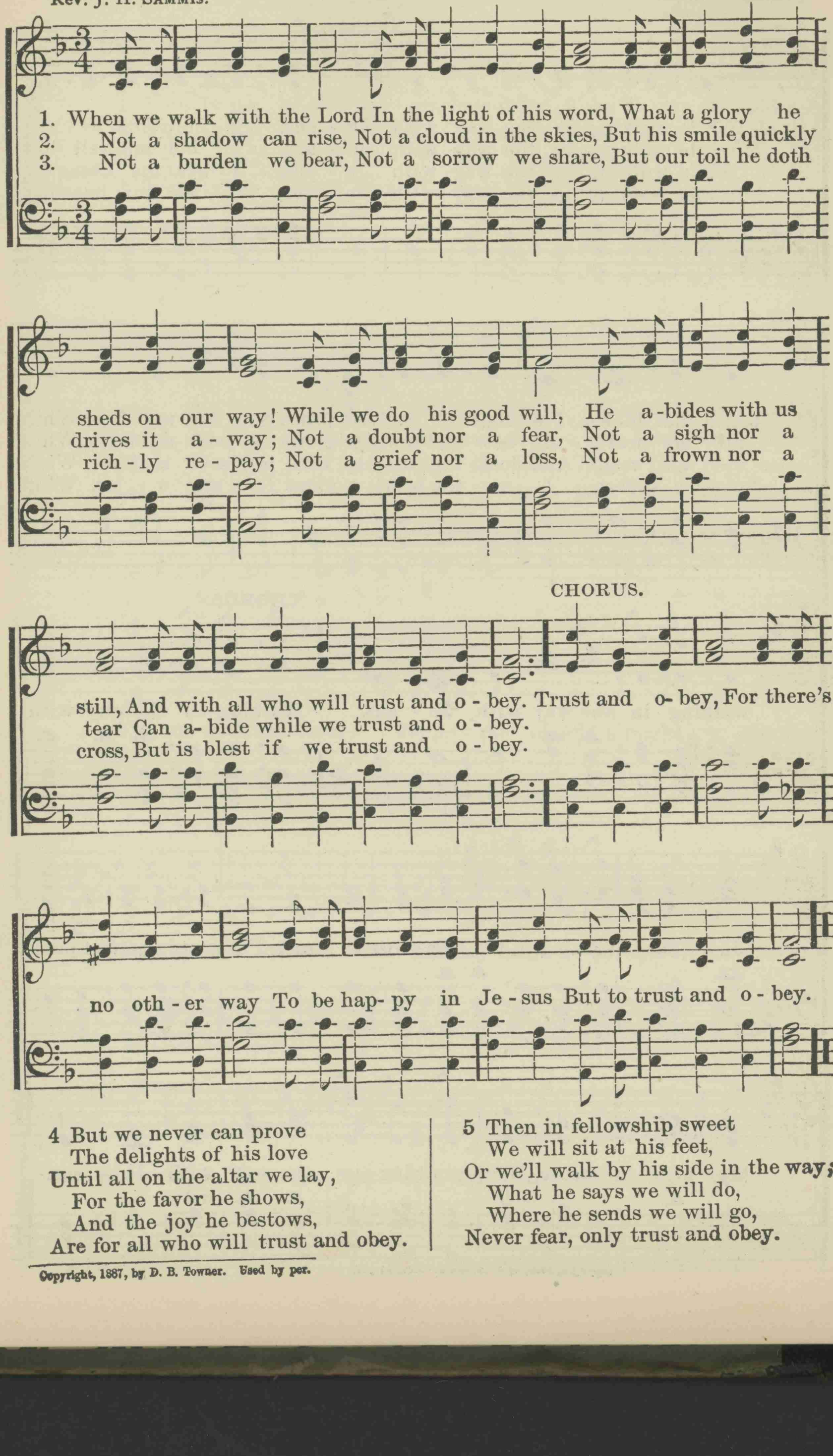
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186

Trust and Obey.

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



4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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187

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp *m*

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

m

Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

Will L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., & East Liverpool, O.

188

Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the blessed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver- y hour.

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
At his feet all my burdens roll,—Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as he pass- es by, He will list to the faintest cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di- vine.

divine.

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Is my Name written There? 189

M. A. K. Copyright of John J. Hood. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my Sa-viour! Is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e- vil thing cometh, To de -

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

CHORUS.

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

190 Rolling Round the World.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. Let sin and Sa- tan tremble, For right is marching on, And shining
2. It lights up A- sia's jungles, And Af - ri - ca is free, It falls on
3. Look up! ye Christian soldiers, And let your hearts rejoice, For millions
4. O Christian, be in earnest, With voice and heart and hand, And help to

thro' the darkness We see the gold- en dawn; While Sa- tan and his
dis- tant Chi - na And islands of the sea; While o - ver ev - 'ry
of poor hea- then Have made the Lord their choice; The bar- ri - ers are
spread the gos - pel Thro' each benight- ed land; While Sa- tan, like a

minions Are ev- er backward hurl'd, The sto - ry of sal - va - tion Is
na- tion Our ban - ner is un - furl'd, The sto - ry of sal - va - tion Is
broken, The gates are backward hurl'd, The sto - ry of sal - va - tion Is
serpent To strike the race, is curl'd, Oh, may the gospel sto - ry Go

CHORUS.

roll- ing round the world. Rolling round the world, Rolling
Roll - ing, roll - ing round the world, Roll - ing

round the world, The sto - ry of sal - va - tion Is roll- ing round the
roll- ing round the world,

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world; May our old blood-stain'd ban - ner For - ev - er be unfurled!

The bless- ed gos - pel sto - ry still Is roll- ing round the world.

Love and Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Be kind to those around us Who bear their toils alone, We cannot know the
2. Be kind to those around us, Nor coldly pass them by, A look, a smile of
3. Be kind to those around us Whose feet perchance have stray'd, Whose sad and bitter
4. Be kind to those around us, Be kind and good to all, That we may be his

CHORUS.

trials Their aching hearts have known. Then scatter love and sunshine, We
gladness May light the downcast eye.
feelings For wrong have dearly paid.
children Who marks the sparrow's fall.

have not long to stay; Oh, scatter love and sunshine, And take the thorns away.

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Loyalty to Christ.

J. H. E. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Go forth at Christ's command, Go forth to ev'ry land, Thro' loy- al- ty to
2. Be brave to help them win Who strive to conquer sin, Thro' loy- al- ty to
3. See! Satan's banners wave, Oh, haste the lost to save Thro' loy- al- ty to
4. O children of the free! Let this your watchword be: "Thro' loy- al- ty to

Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Let strong your efforts be To gain the
Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Point out the path of light, Be strong to
Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Beat back the hosts of sin, Press on the
Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ;" Let hills and valleys ring, While men and

D.S.—Go forth to fight the wrong, And shout the

Fine.

vic- to - ry, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
do the right, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
fight to win, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
angels sing, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.

victor's song, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Onward, onward, army of the Lord! There's naught to fear while trusting in his word;

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Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves.
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book." "Mine are thine and thine are mine." John xvii. 10. A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Blessed Assurance. 195

F. J. CROSBY. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, Angels descend- ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

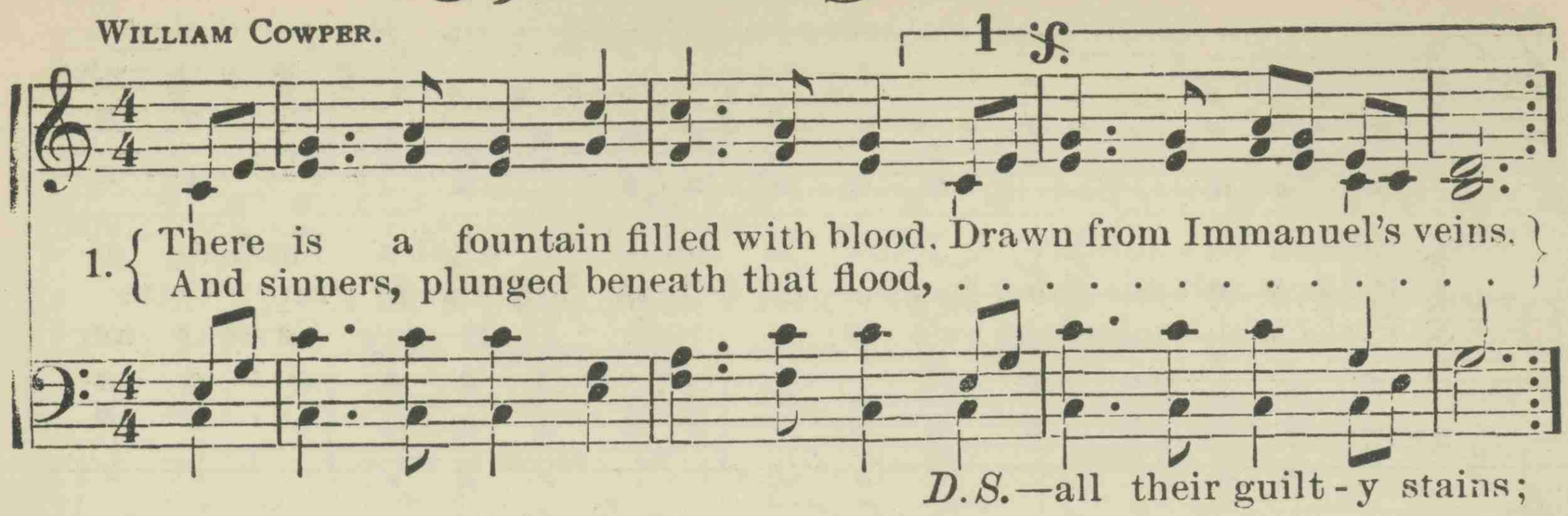
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

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196

There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.



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

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

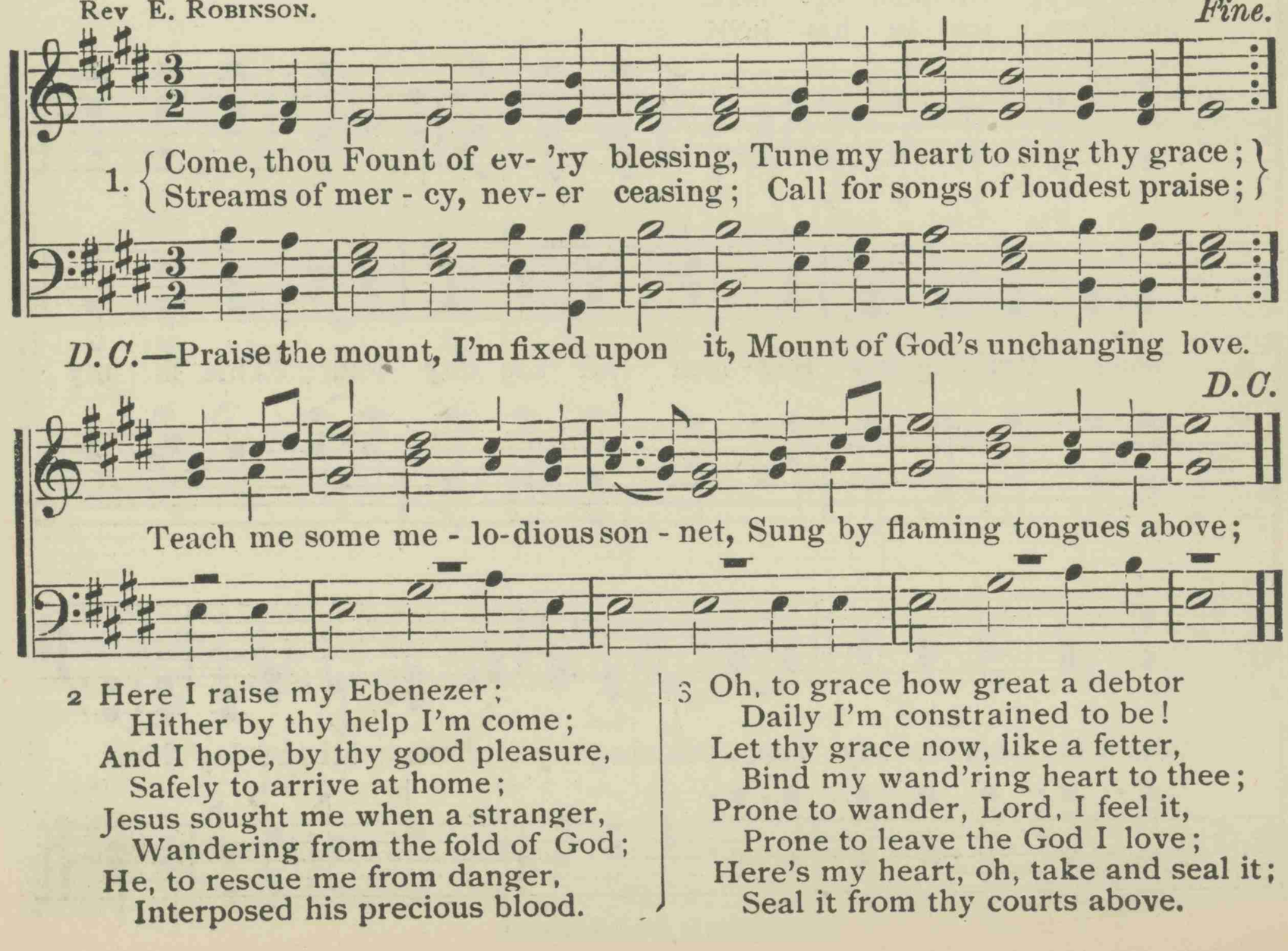
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

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

197

Come, Thou Fount.
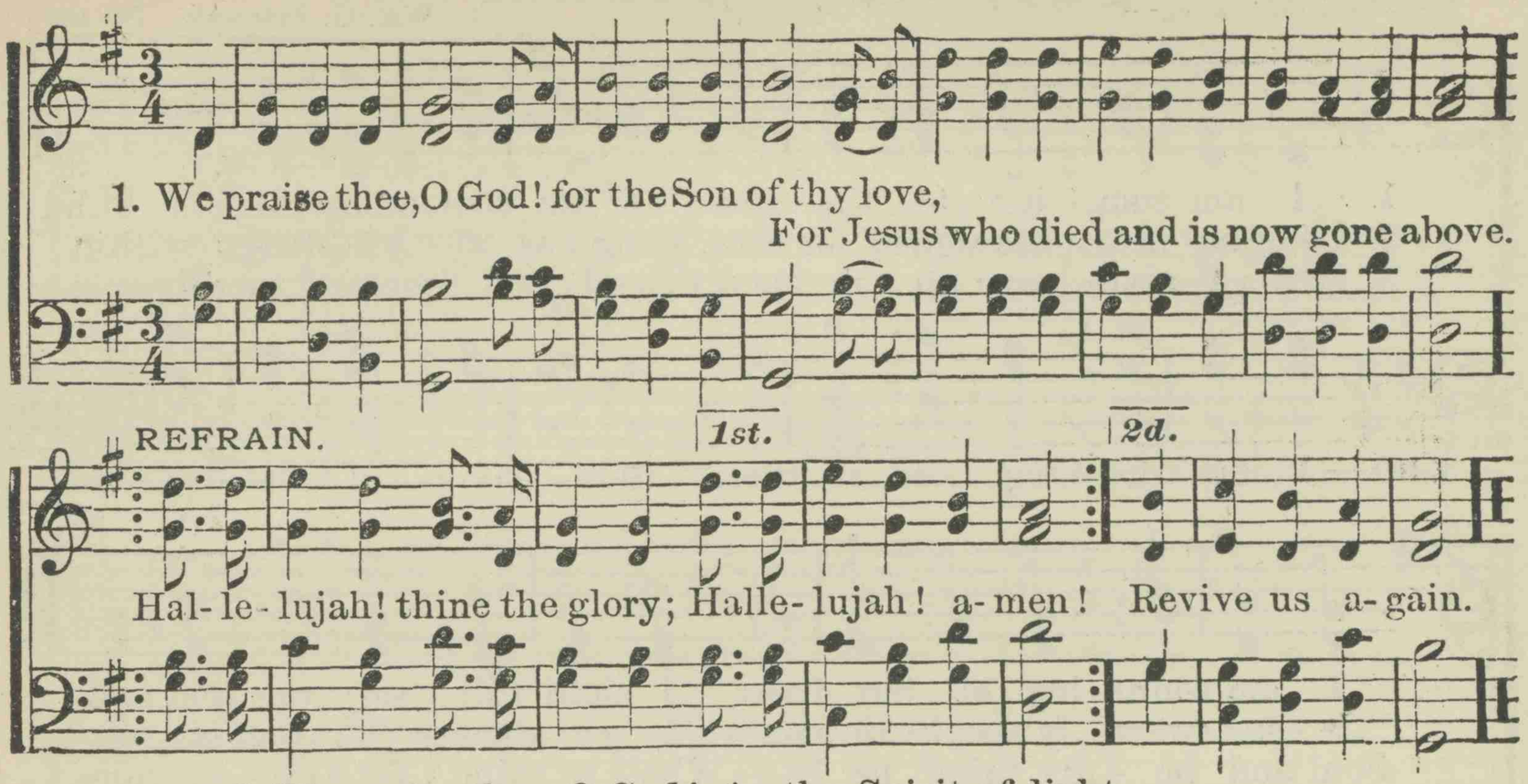
Rev E. ROBINSON.



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

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

198 Wm. P. Mackay. **Revive us again.** J. J. Husband.

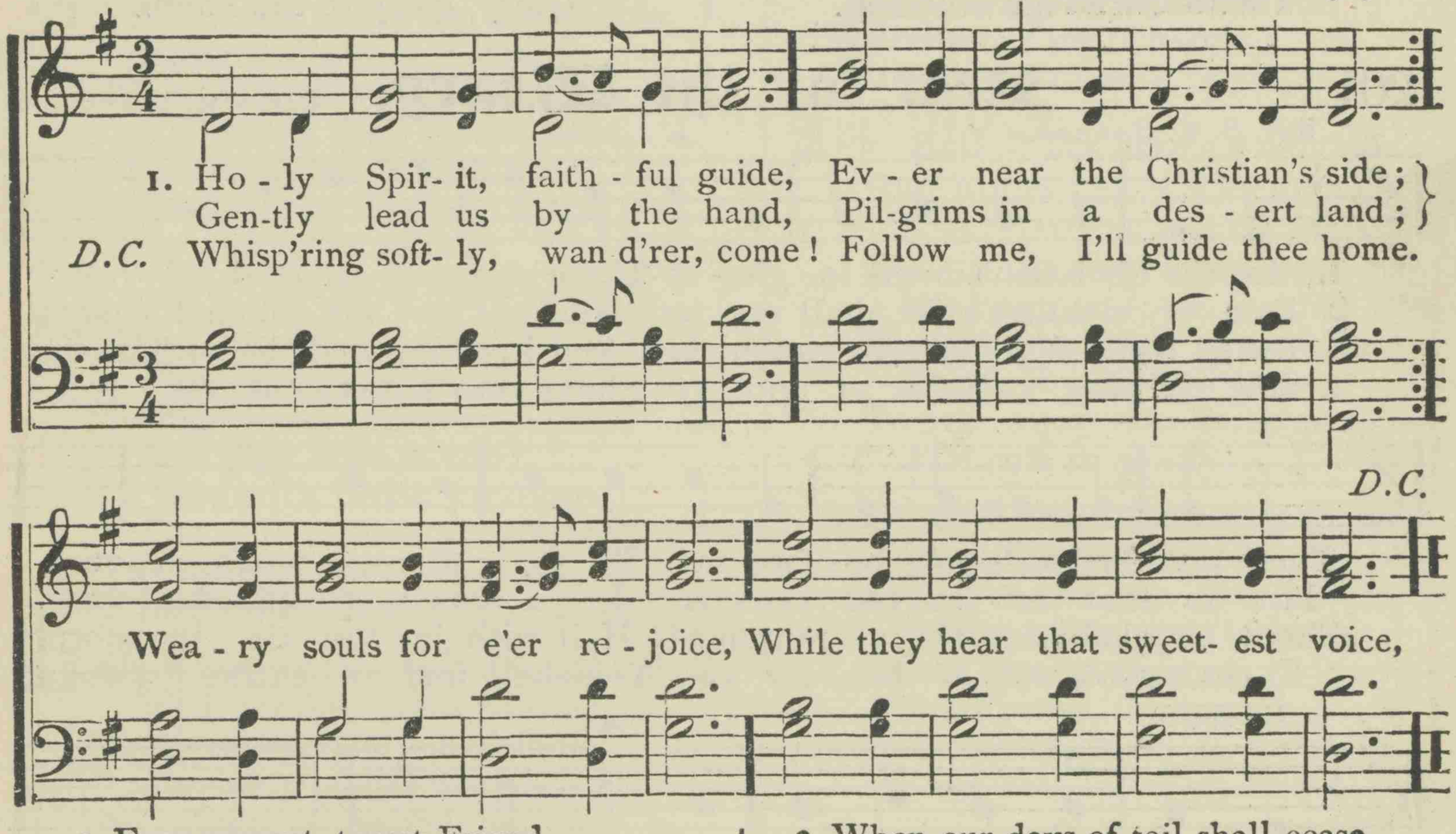


2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

199 **Faithful Guide.** M. M. Wells. By per.



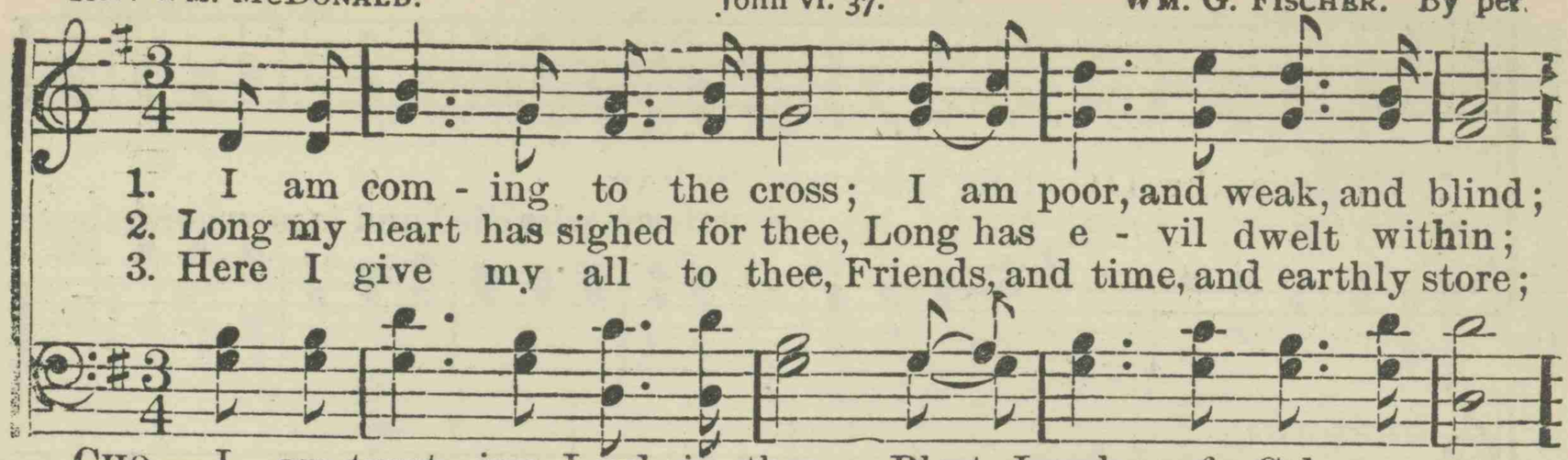
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

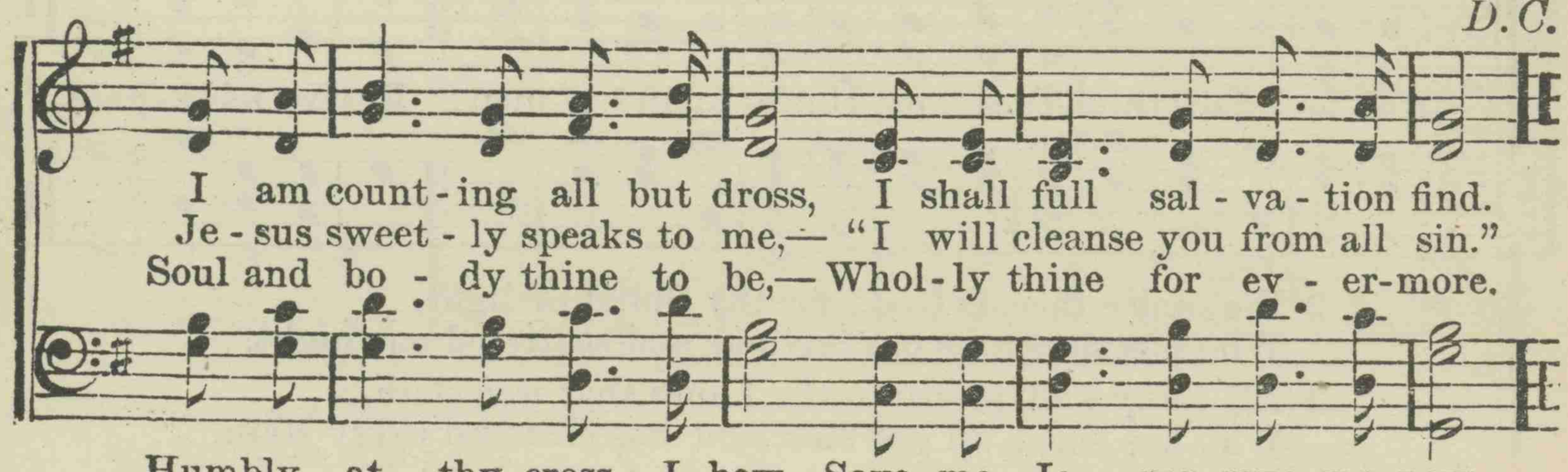
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

200

I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. John vi. 37. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.





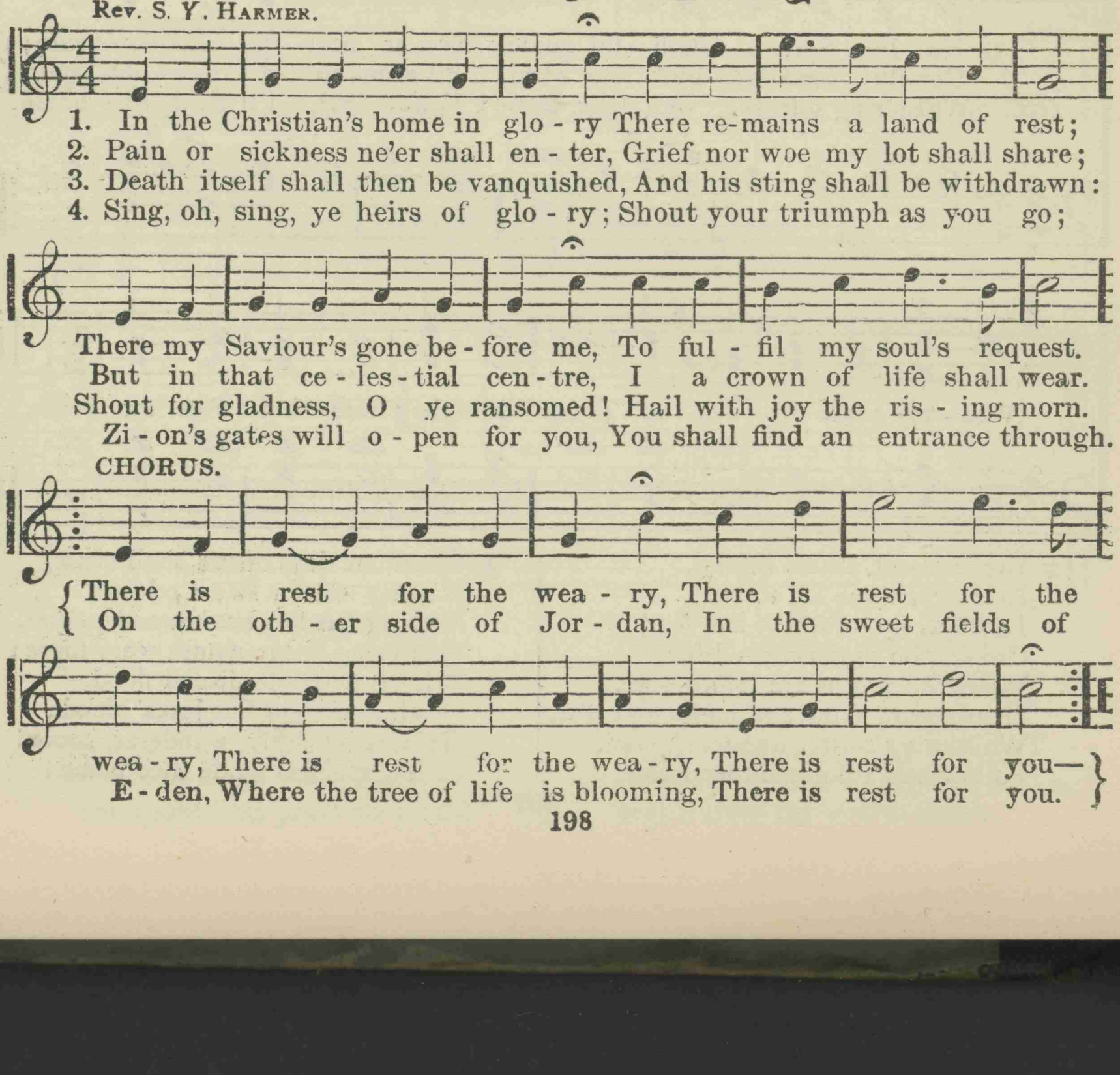
4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

201

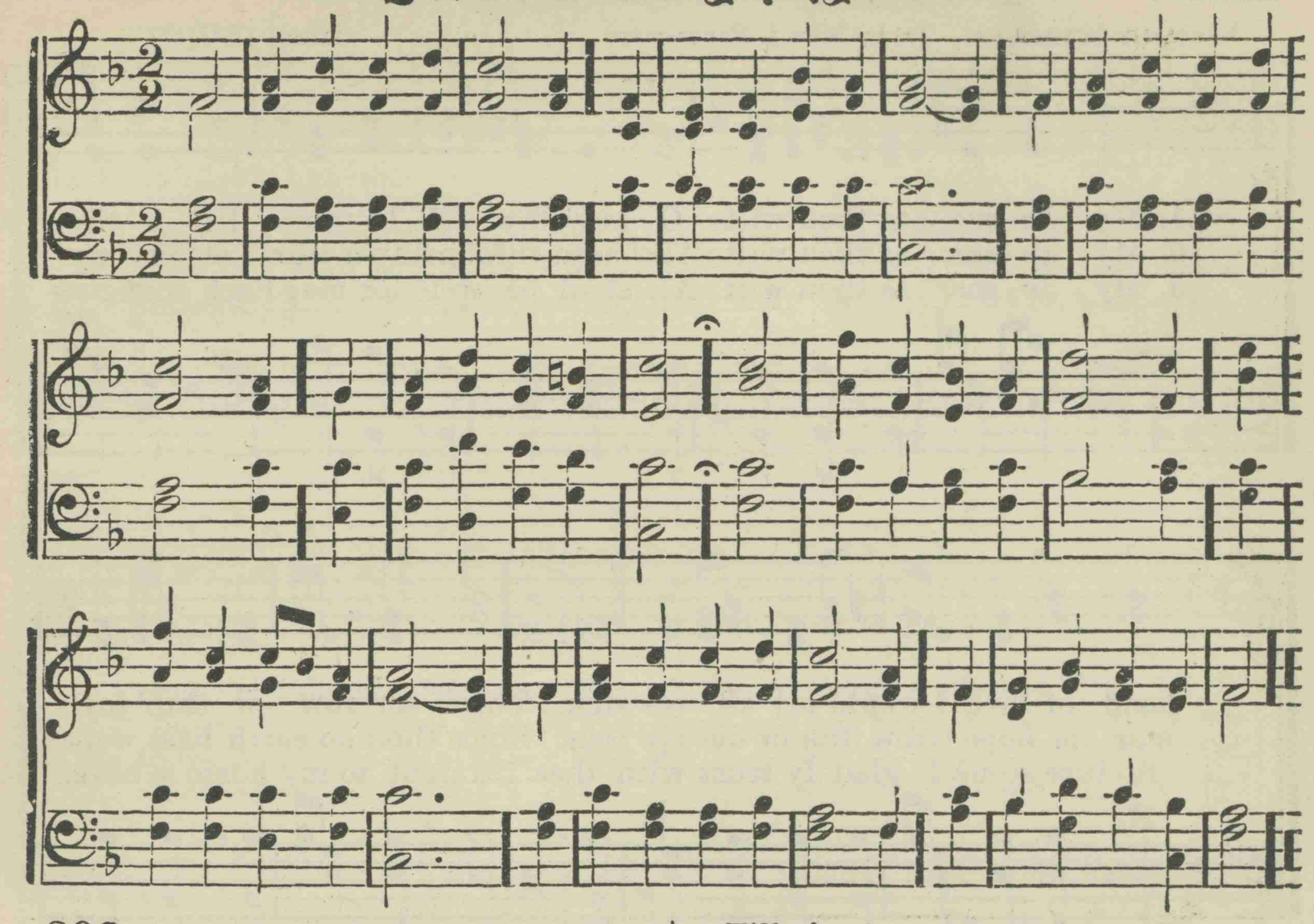
Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. Y. Harmer. Rev. Wm. McDonald.



Missionary Hymn.

L. MASON.



202 **From Greenland's icy.**

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

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

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

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

203 **Hail to the Lord's Anointed.**

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,—
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—LOVE.

204

My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKA. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK. Tune, JEWETT.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bove,

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
I trav- el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

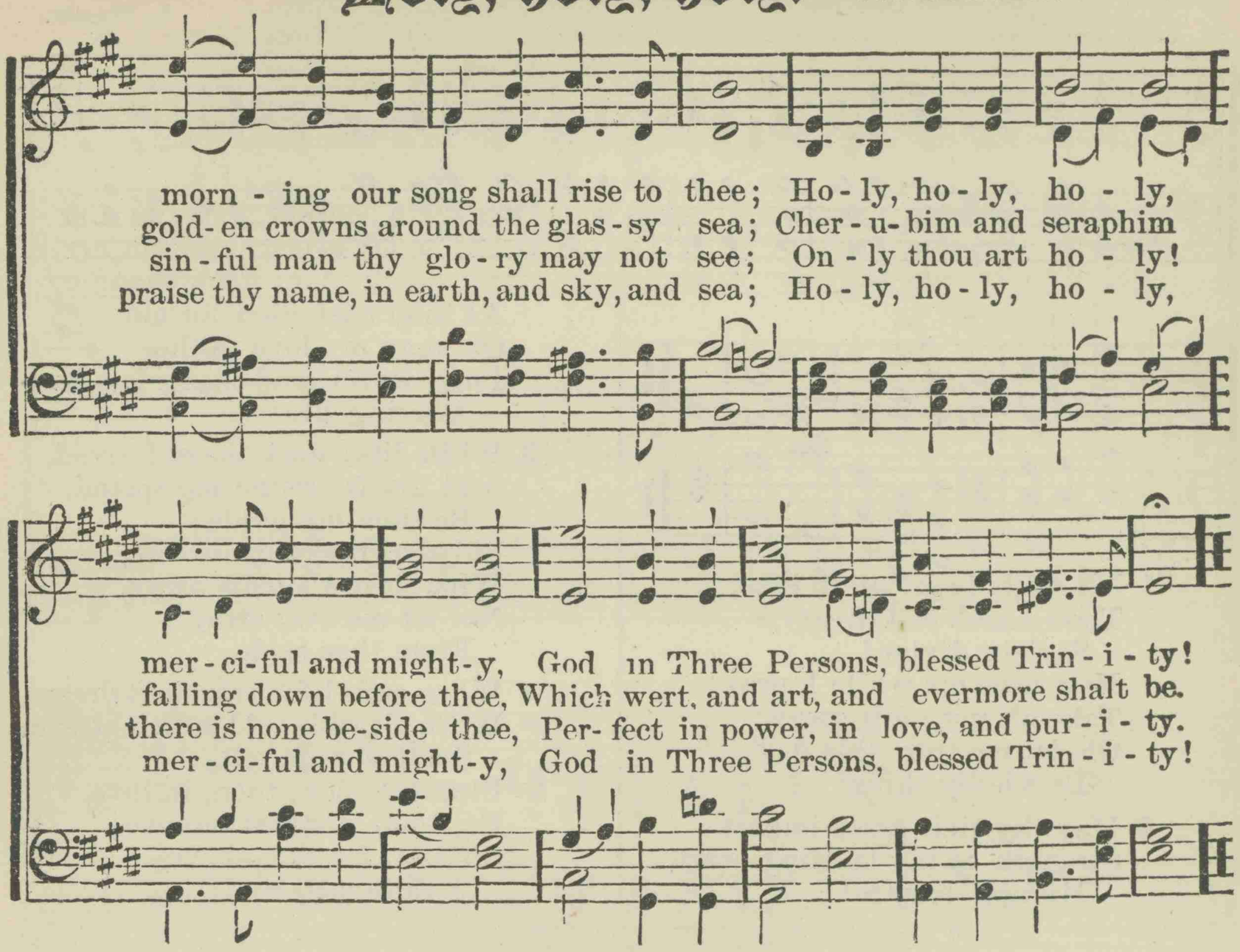
205

Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune, NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

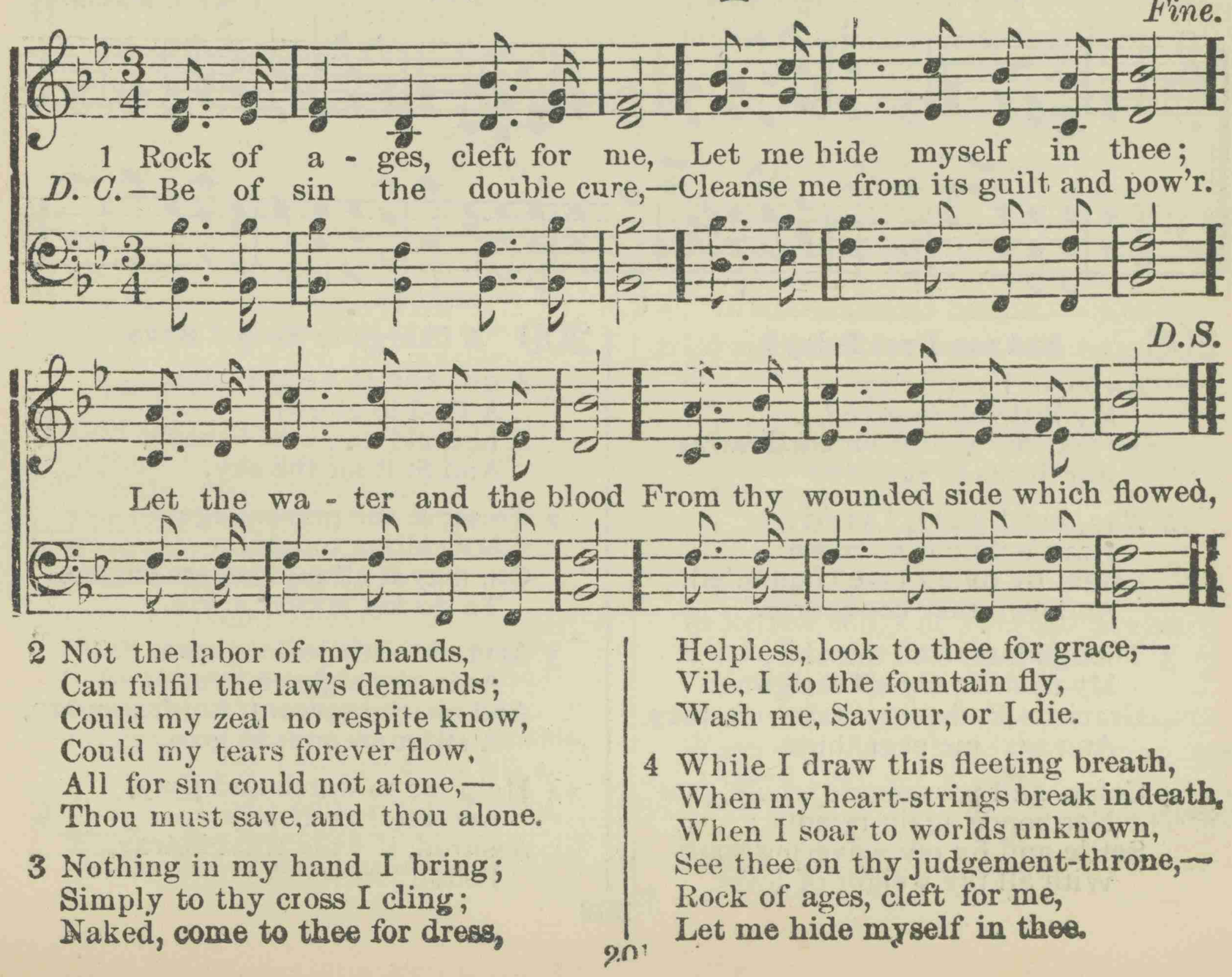
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almight-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almight-y! All thy works shall

Holy, holy, holy.—CONCLUDED.



Rock of Ages.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7.
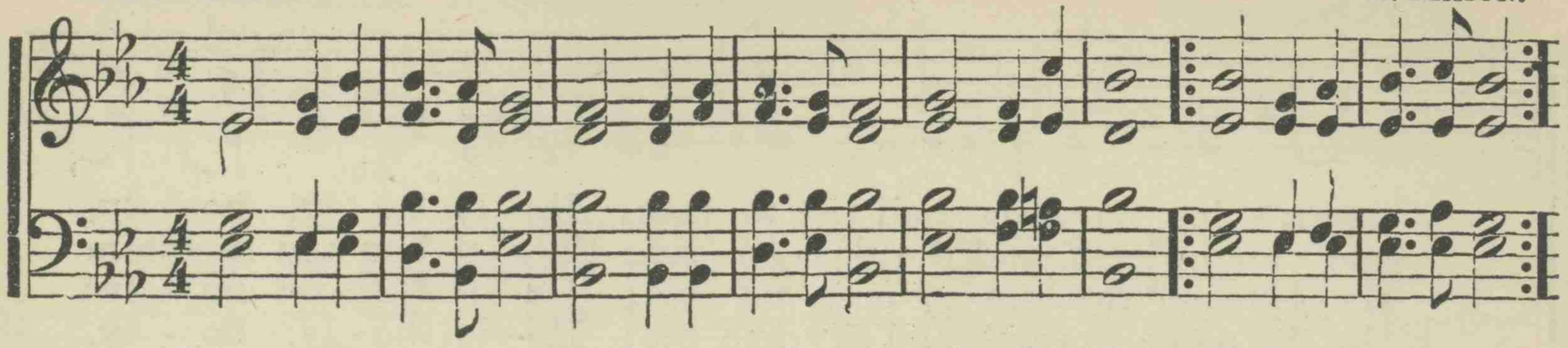


2 Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgement-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

207 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

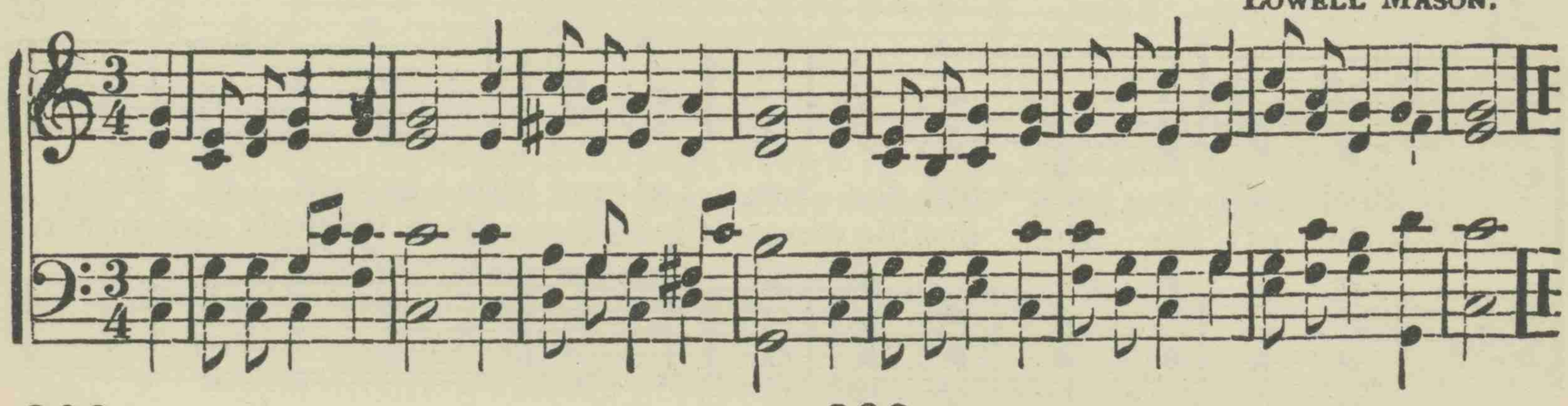
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, amd changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

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

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



208 And can I yet Delay?

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conquerer.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

209 A Charge to Keep I Have.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

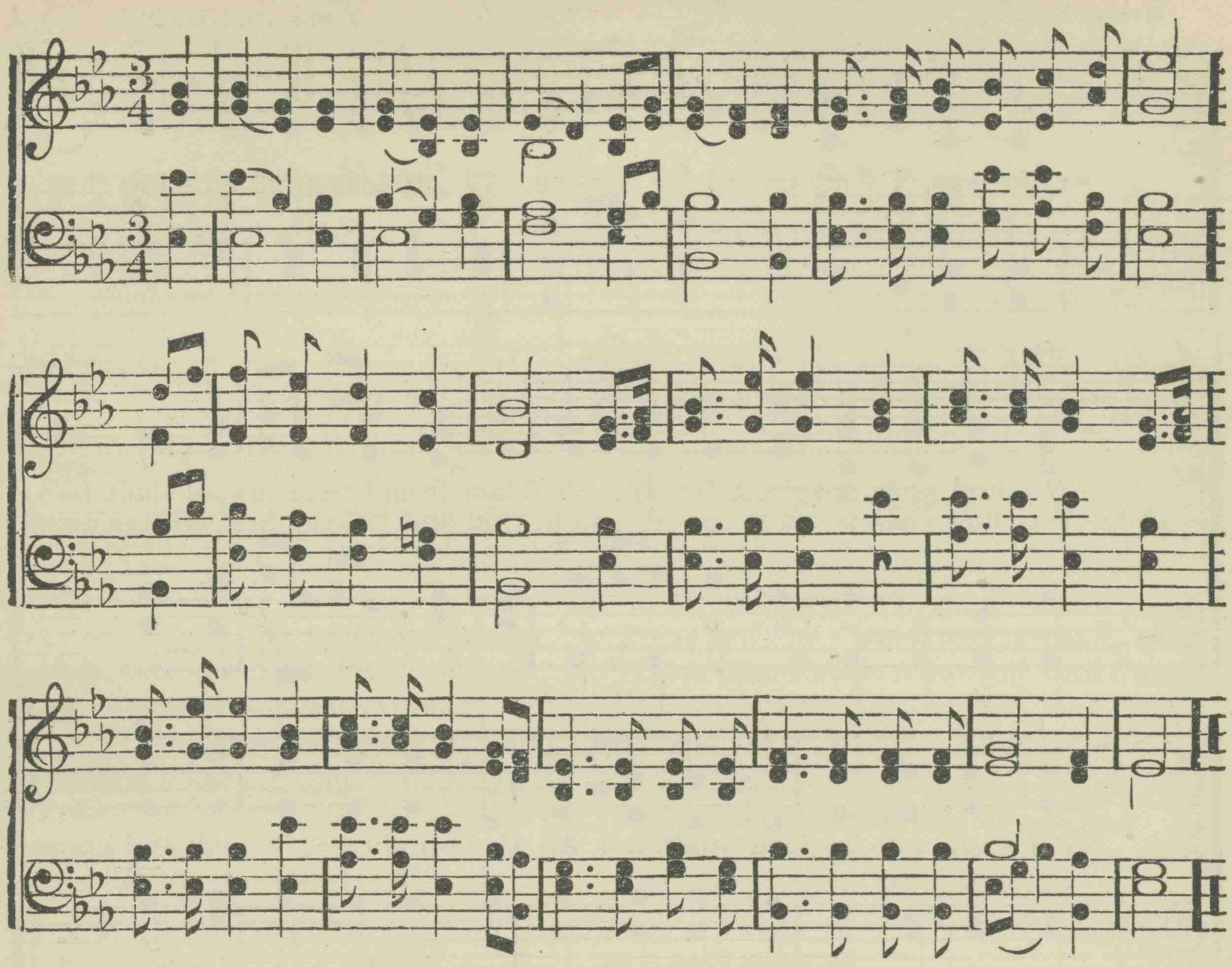
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



210 **O Love Divine.**

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

211 **O could I Speak.**

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

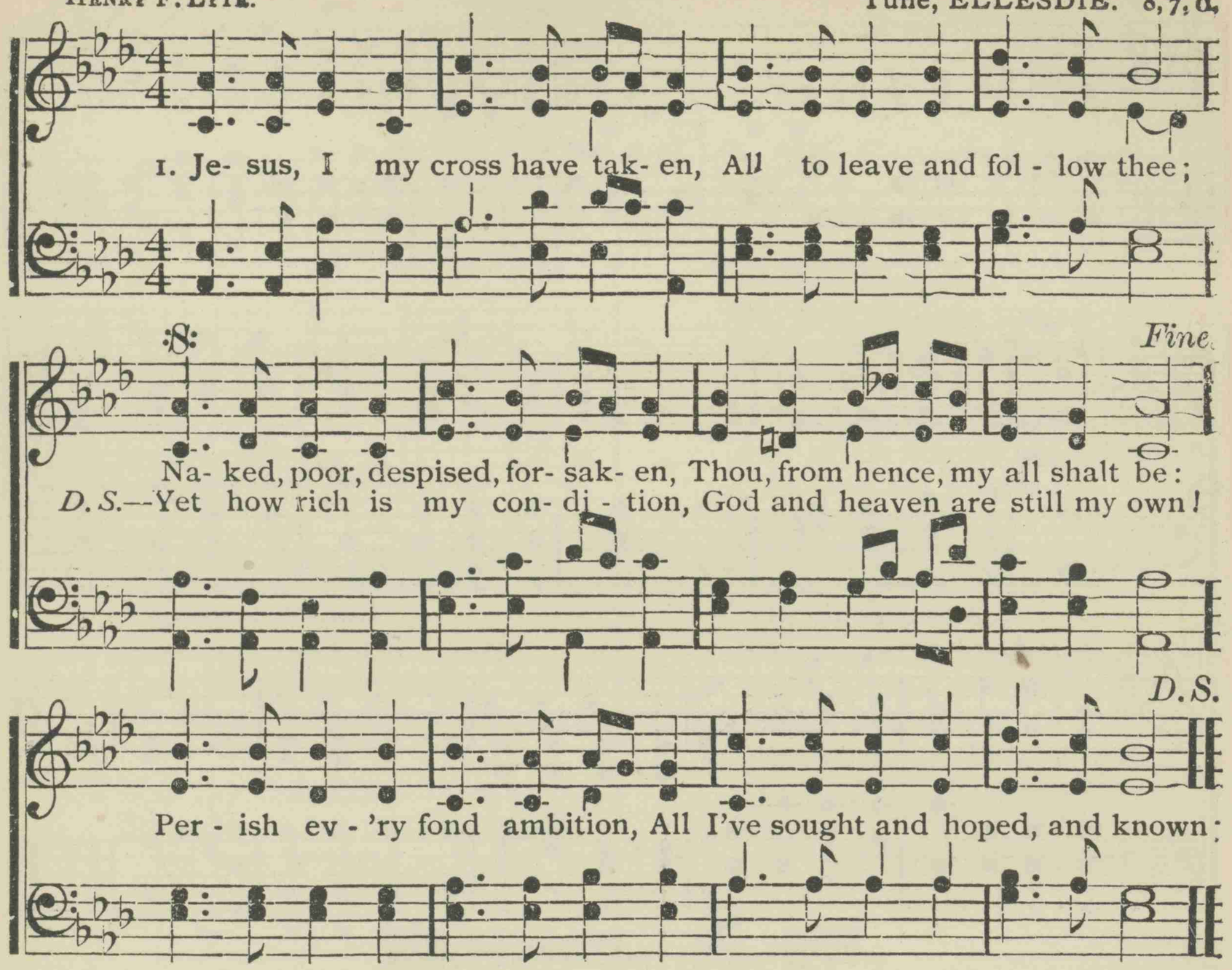
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

212 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. Tune, ELLESDIE. 8, 7, d.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
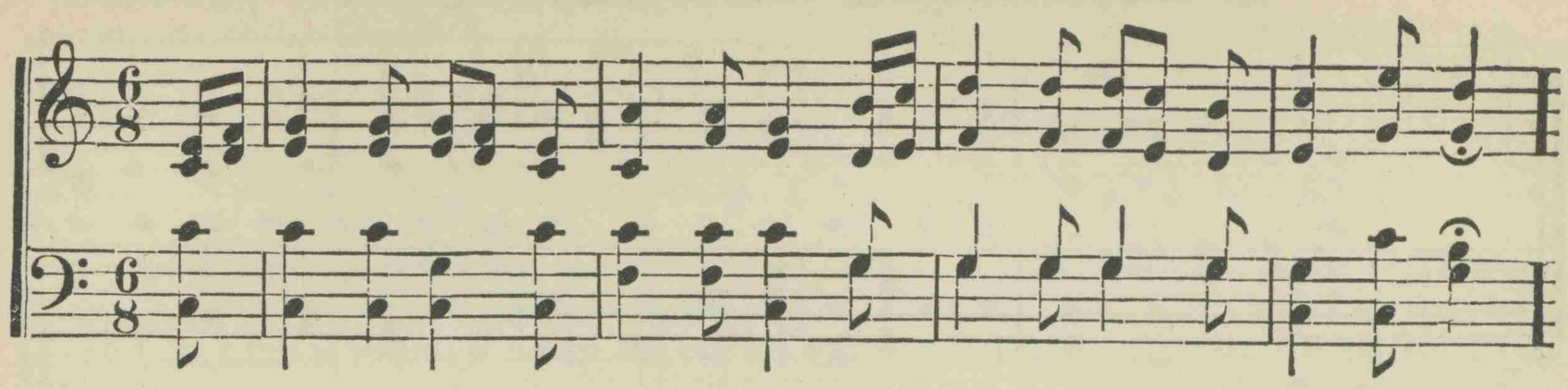
213 Gently Lead Us.
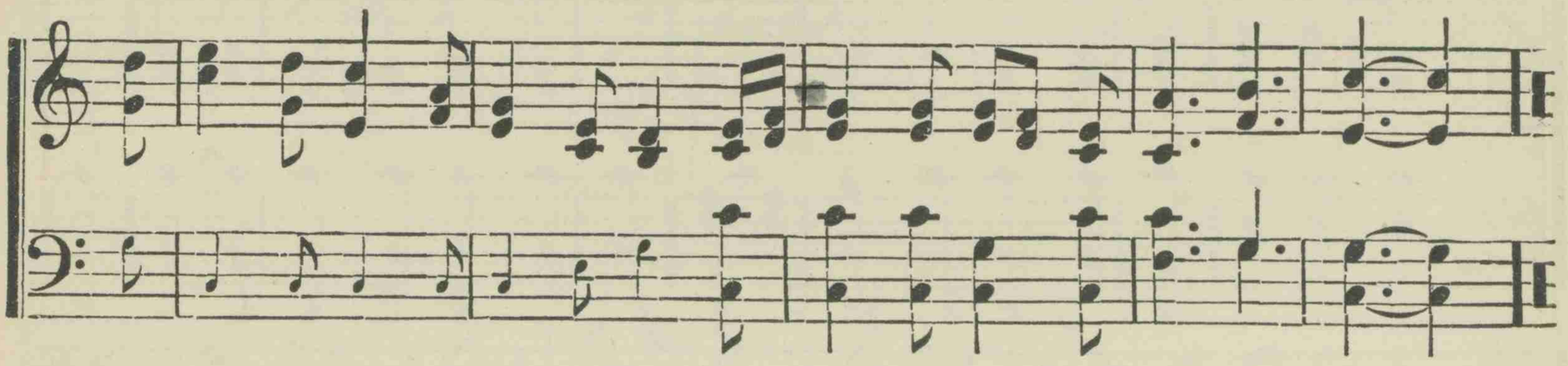
1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

—THOS. HASTINGS.

214 From every Stormy Wind.





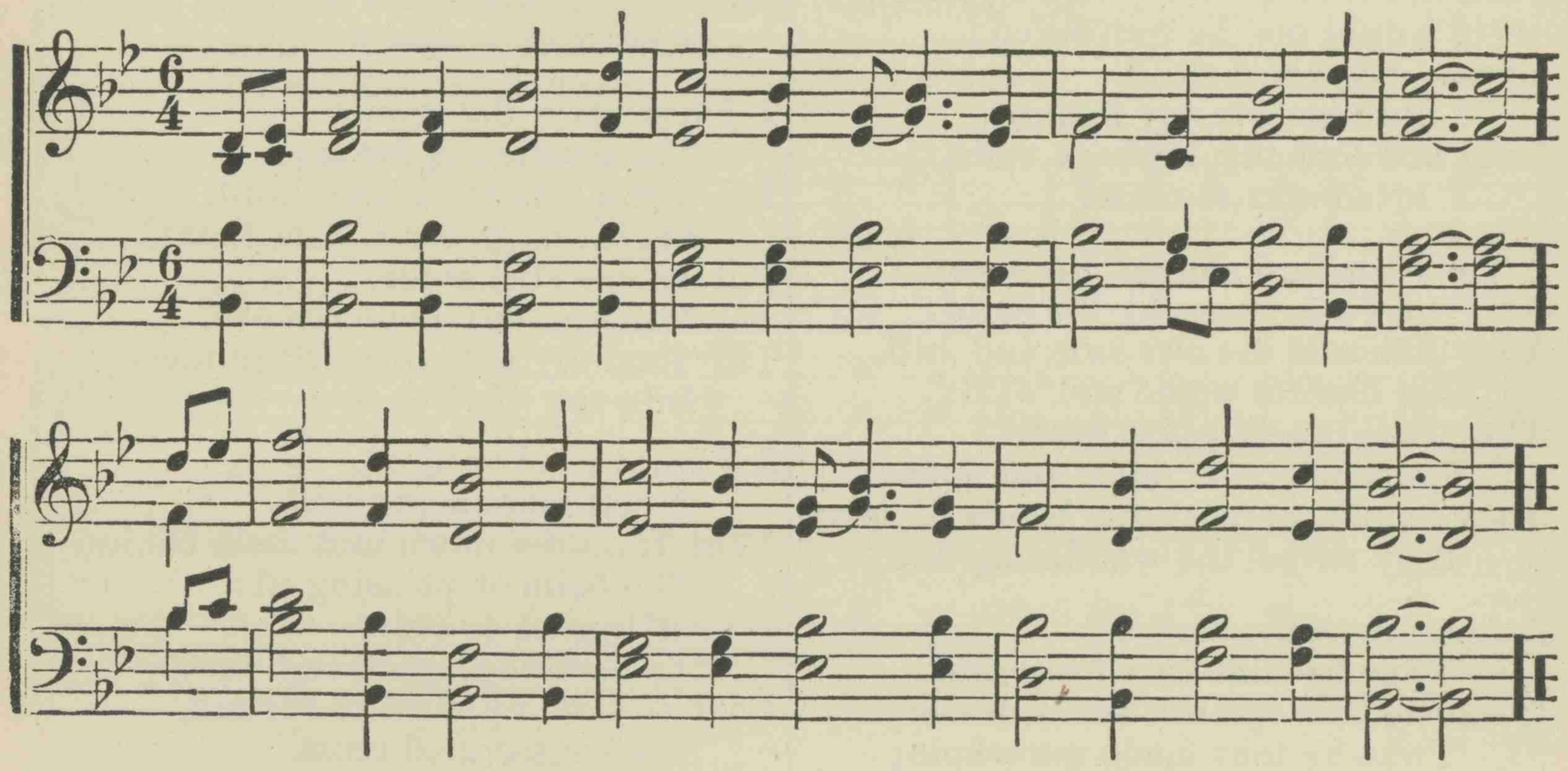
1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

215 Cross and Crown.



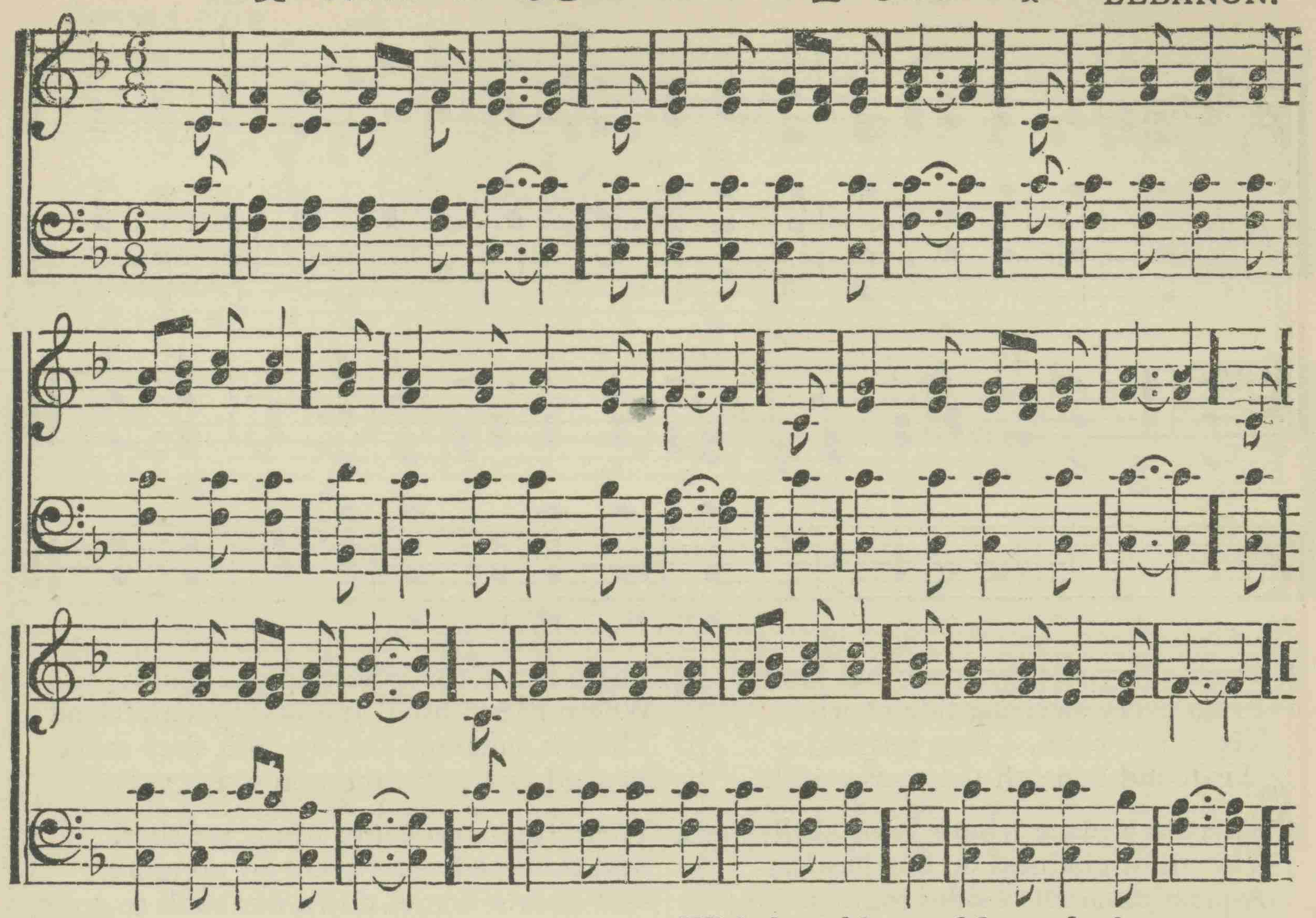
1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus pierc-ed feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

I was a Wand'ring Sheep. LEBANON.



216 I was a Wandering Sheep.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

217 Jesus, my Strength, my Hope!

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

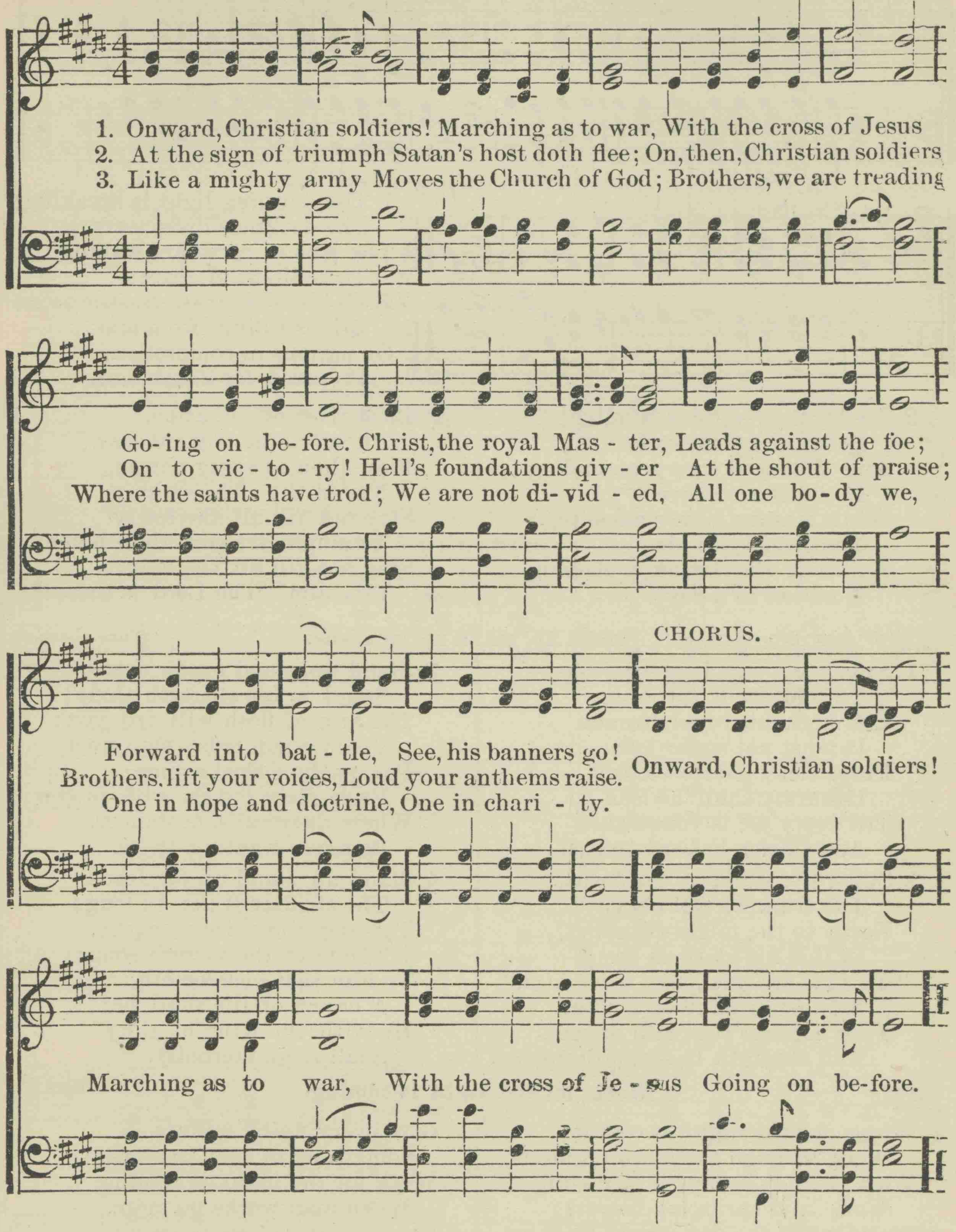
3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

218

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune, ONWARD. 6, 5.

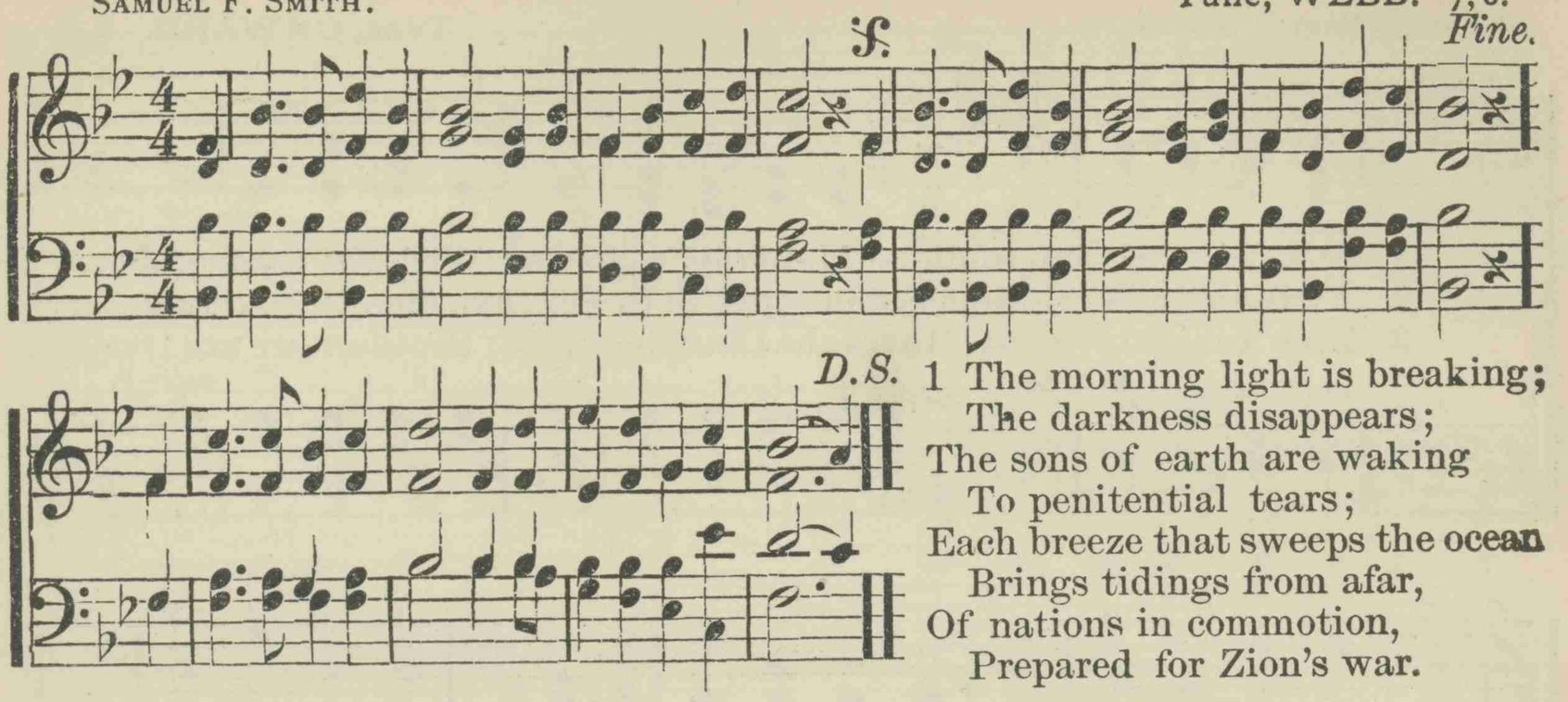


4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

219 **The Morning Light.**

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

220 GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. **Stand up, stand up for Jesus.** Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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

221 **Work, for the night is coming.** Key F

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

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
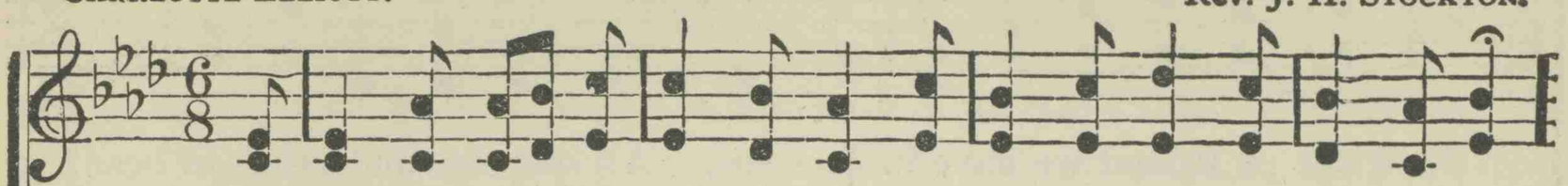
3 Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

From "The Garner," owned by John J. Hood.
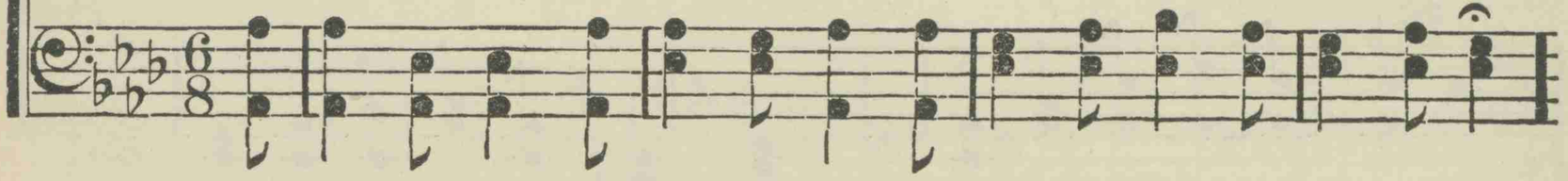
222

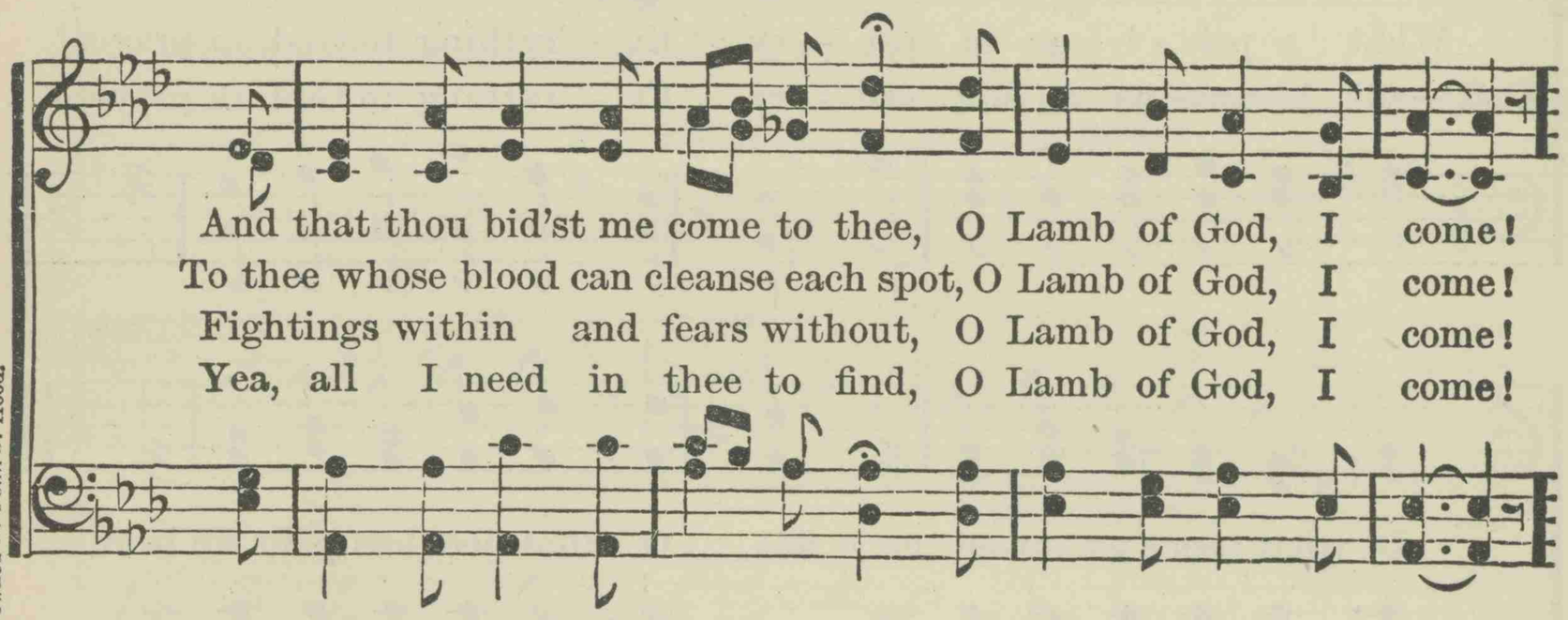
Take me as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.
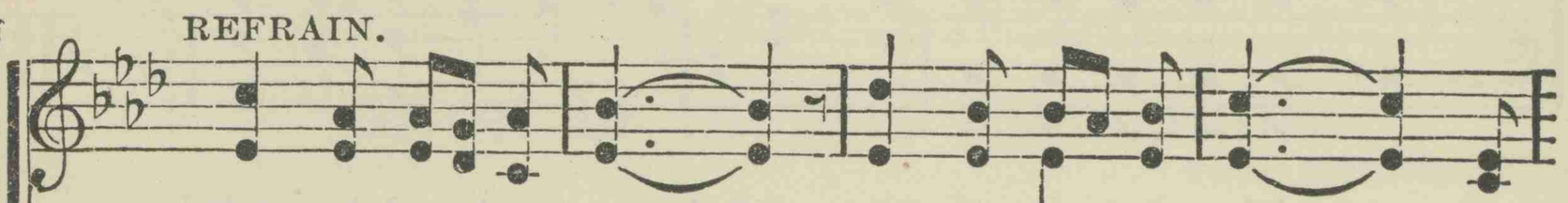


1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, Tho' tossed about with many-a conflict, many-a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



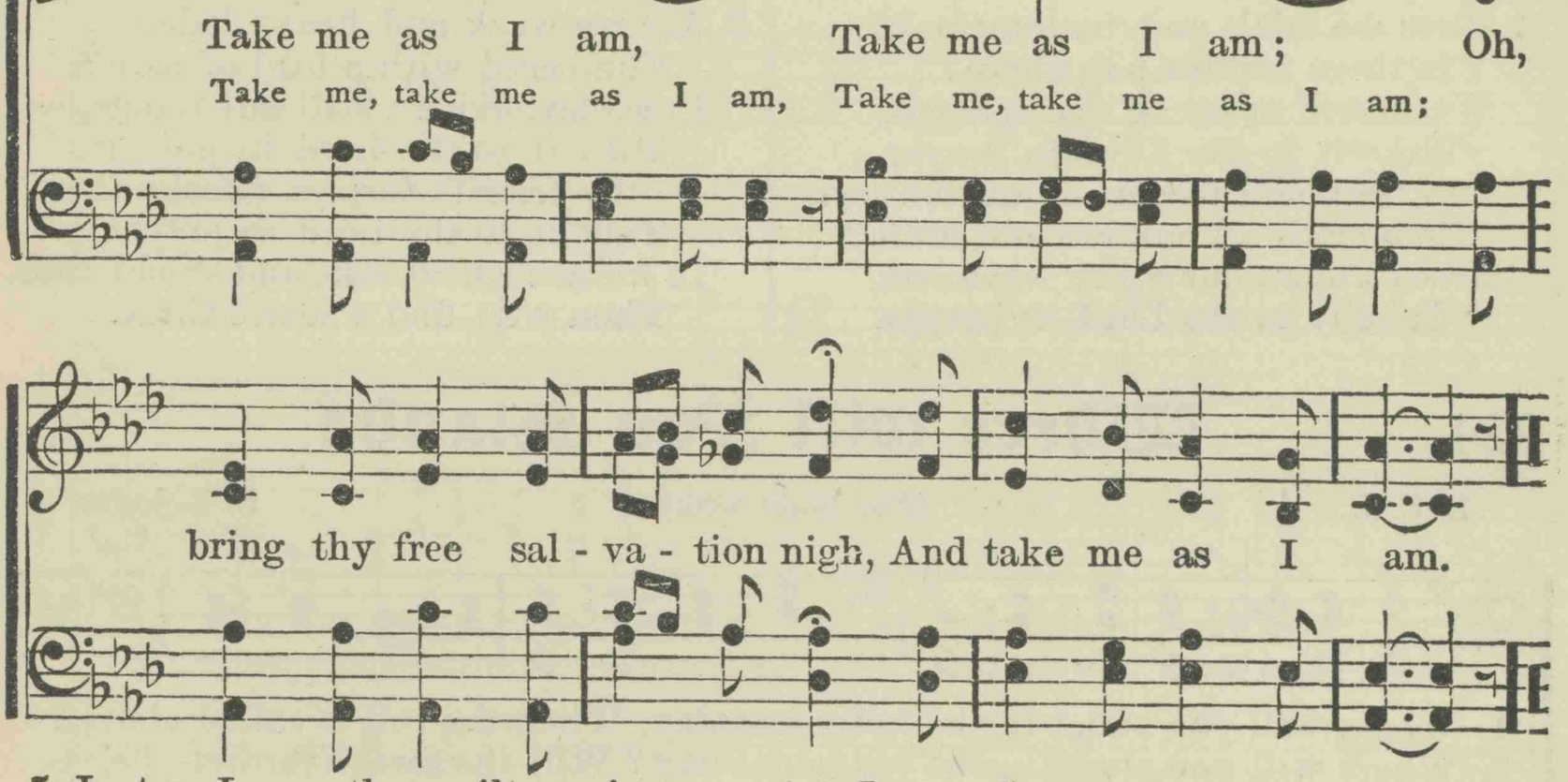


And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!
Yea, all I need in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

REFRAIN.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;



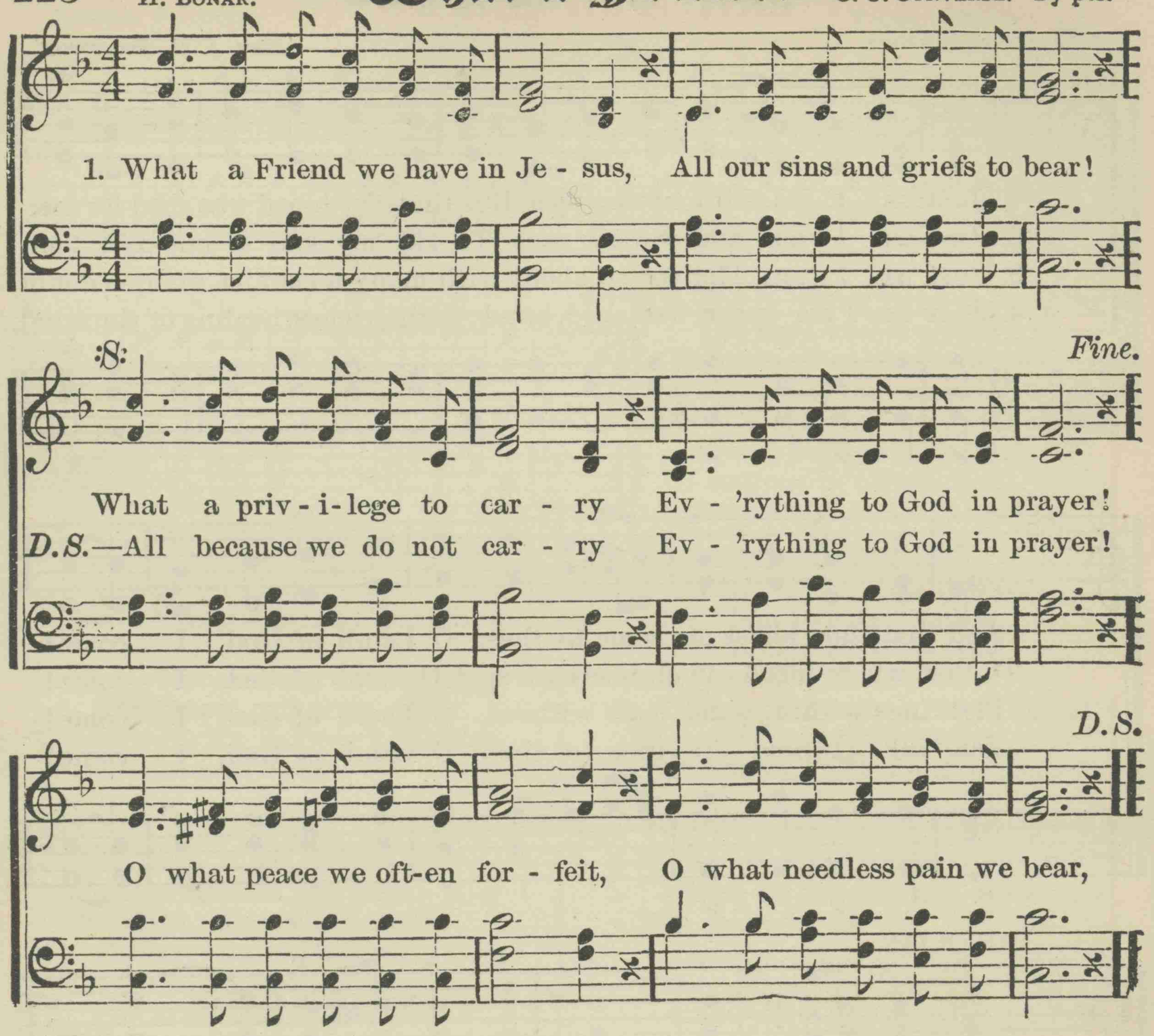
bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

From "The Garner," owned by John J. Hood.

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

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

223 H. BONAR. **What a Friend.** C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

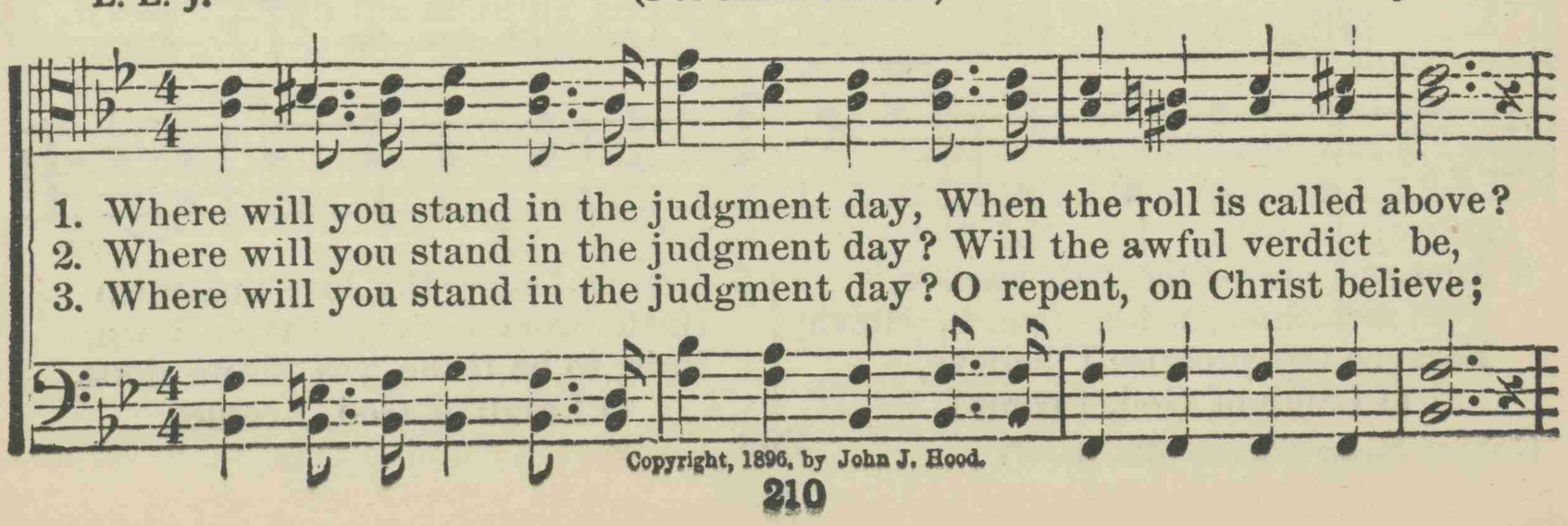


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

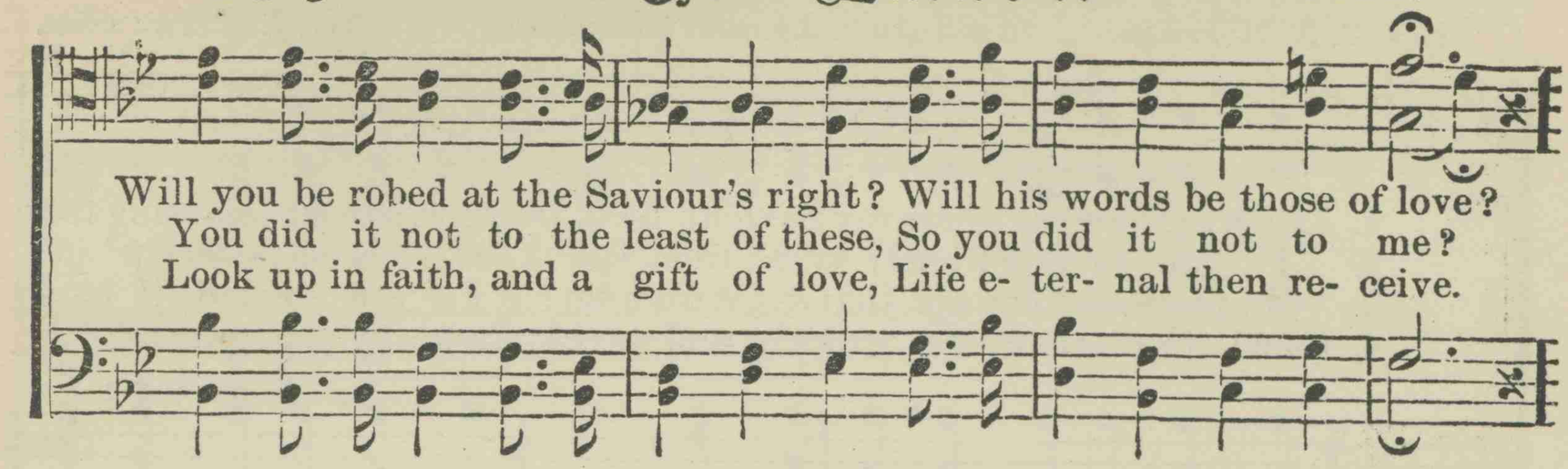
224 **Where will You Stand?**

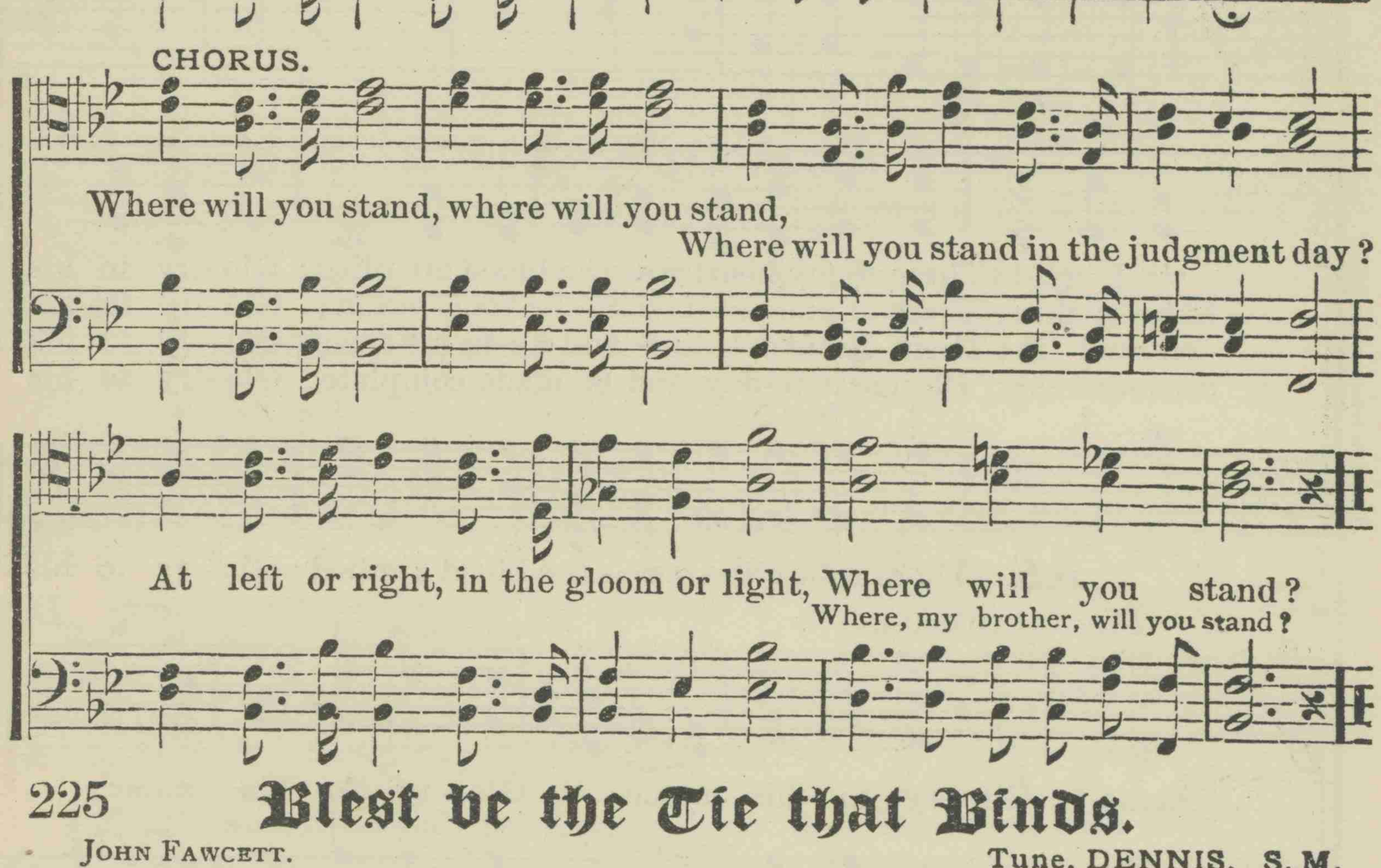
L. E. J. (For Male Voices.) L. E. JONES.



Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.
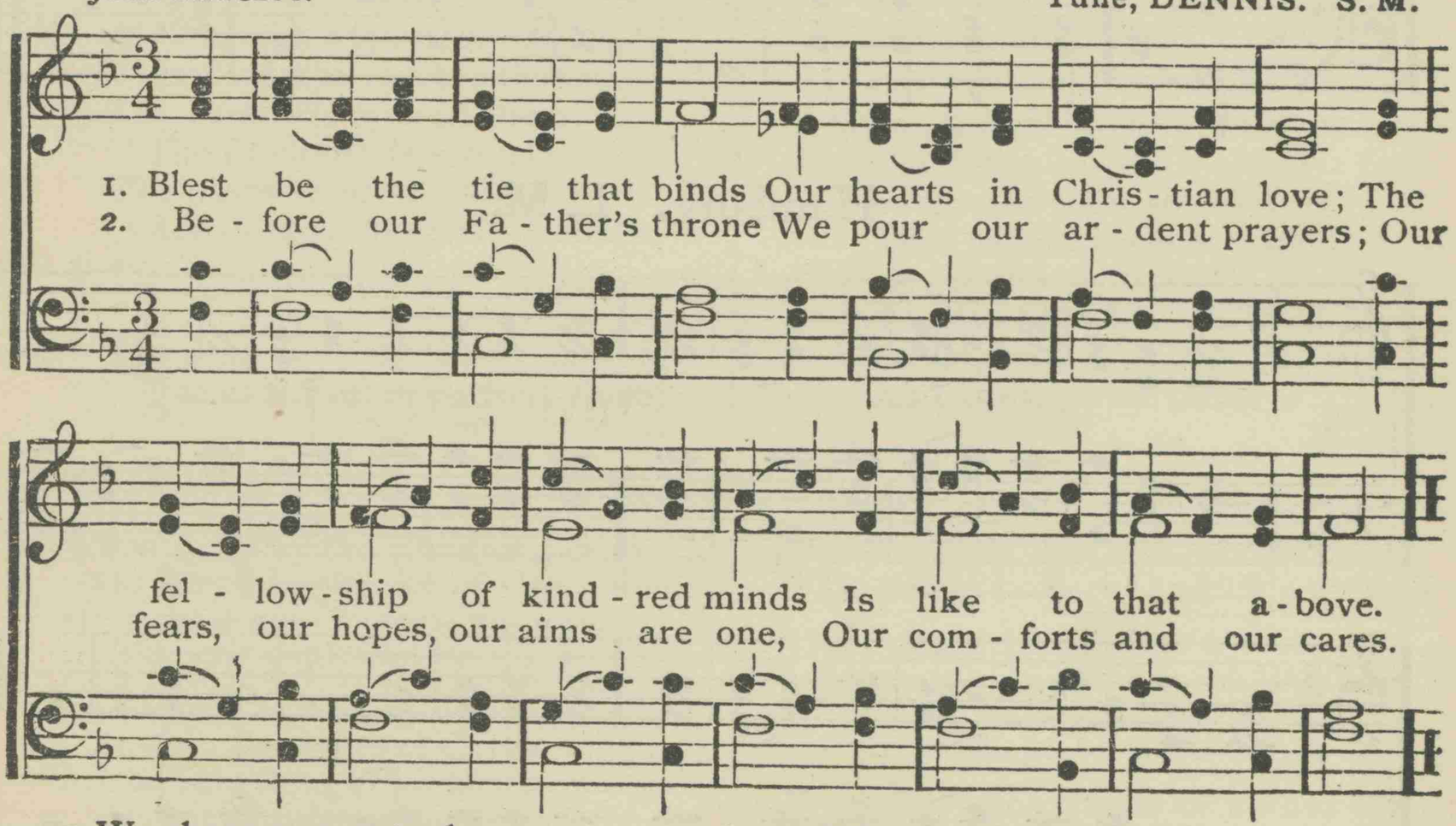
Where will You Stand?.—CONCLUDED.





225 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. Tune, DENNIS. S. M.



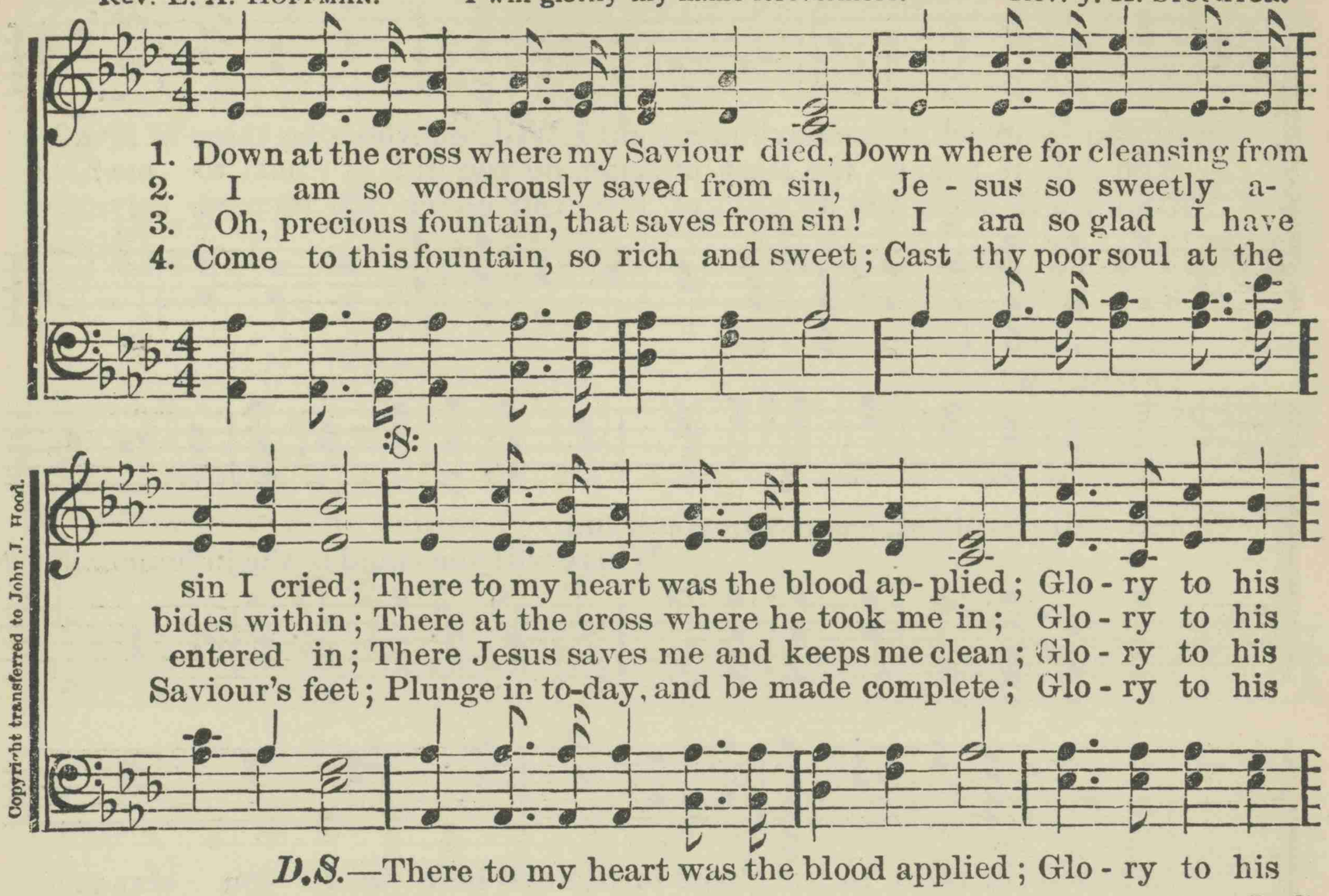
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

226

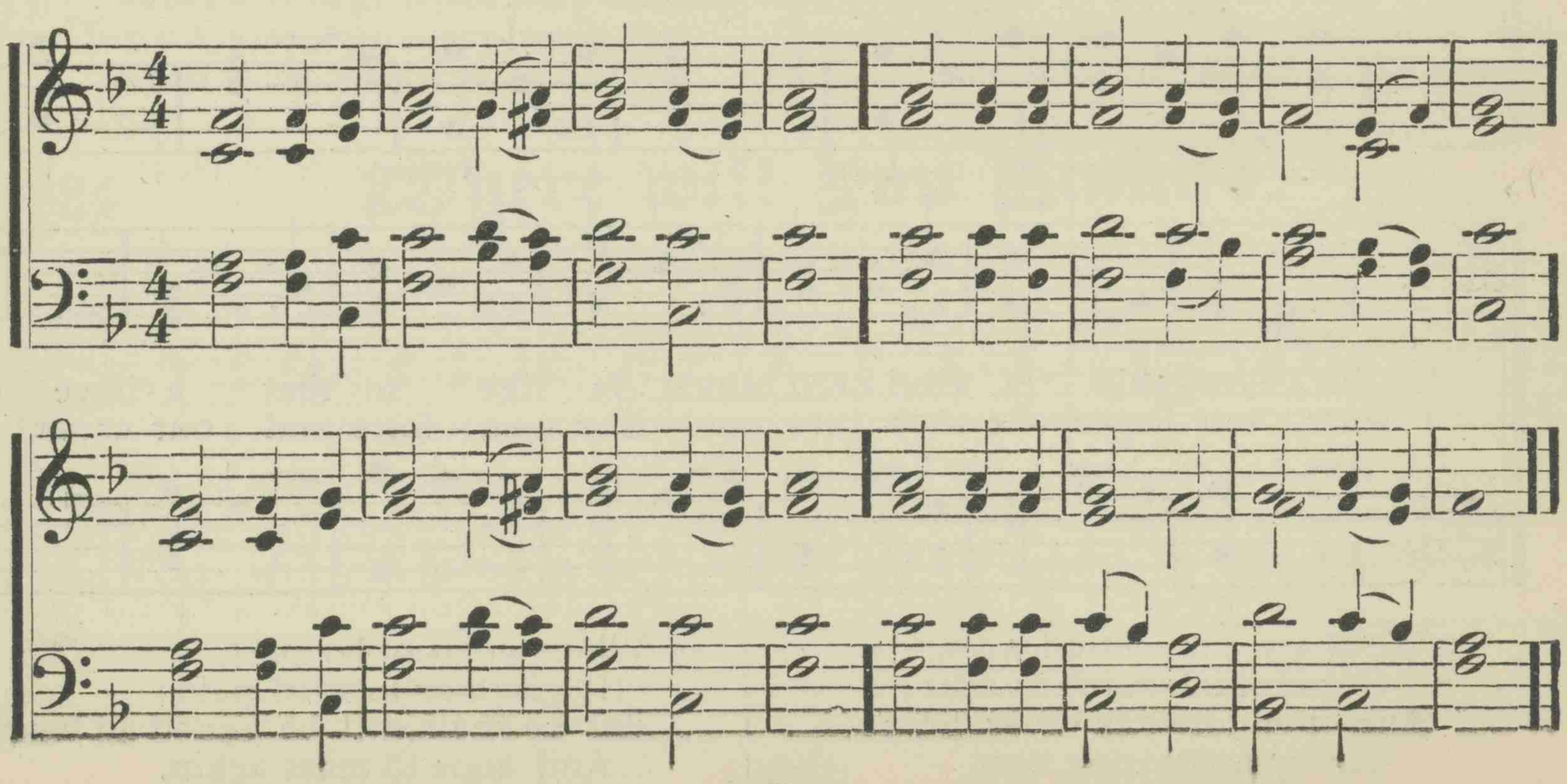
Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



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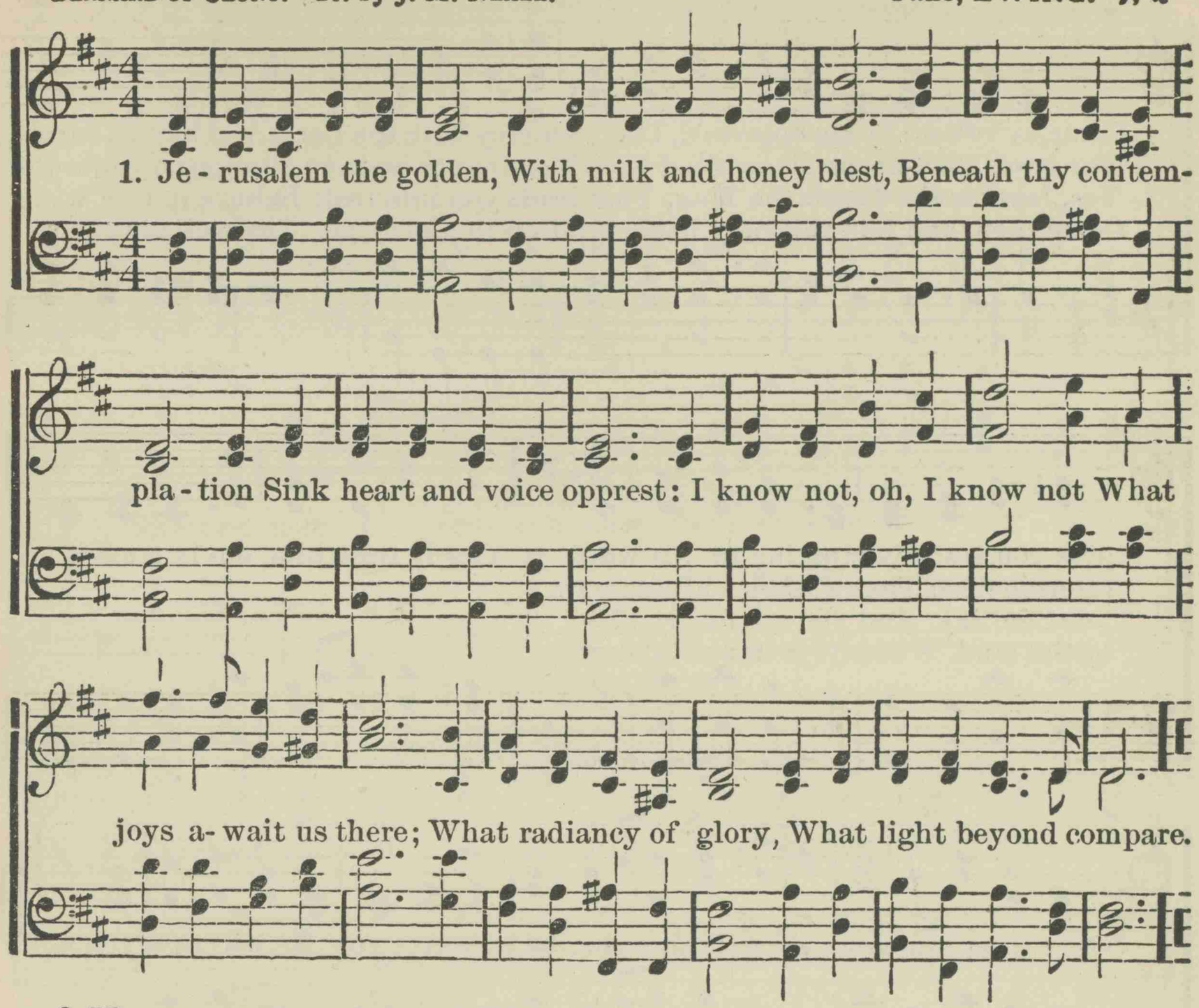
Hamburg. L. M.



227

Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. by J. M. NEALE. Tune, EWING. 7, 6.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

228

When I Survey.

(Tune opposite.)

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

229

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely give you rest, By trusting in his word.
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him without de- lay, And you are ful- ly blest.
4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glo- ry go, To dwell in that celestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

CHORUS.

On- ly trust him, on- ly trust him,
Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

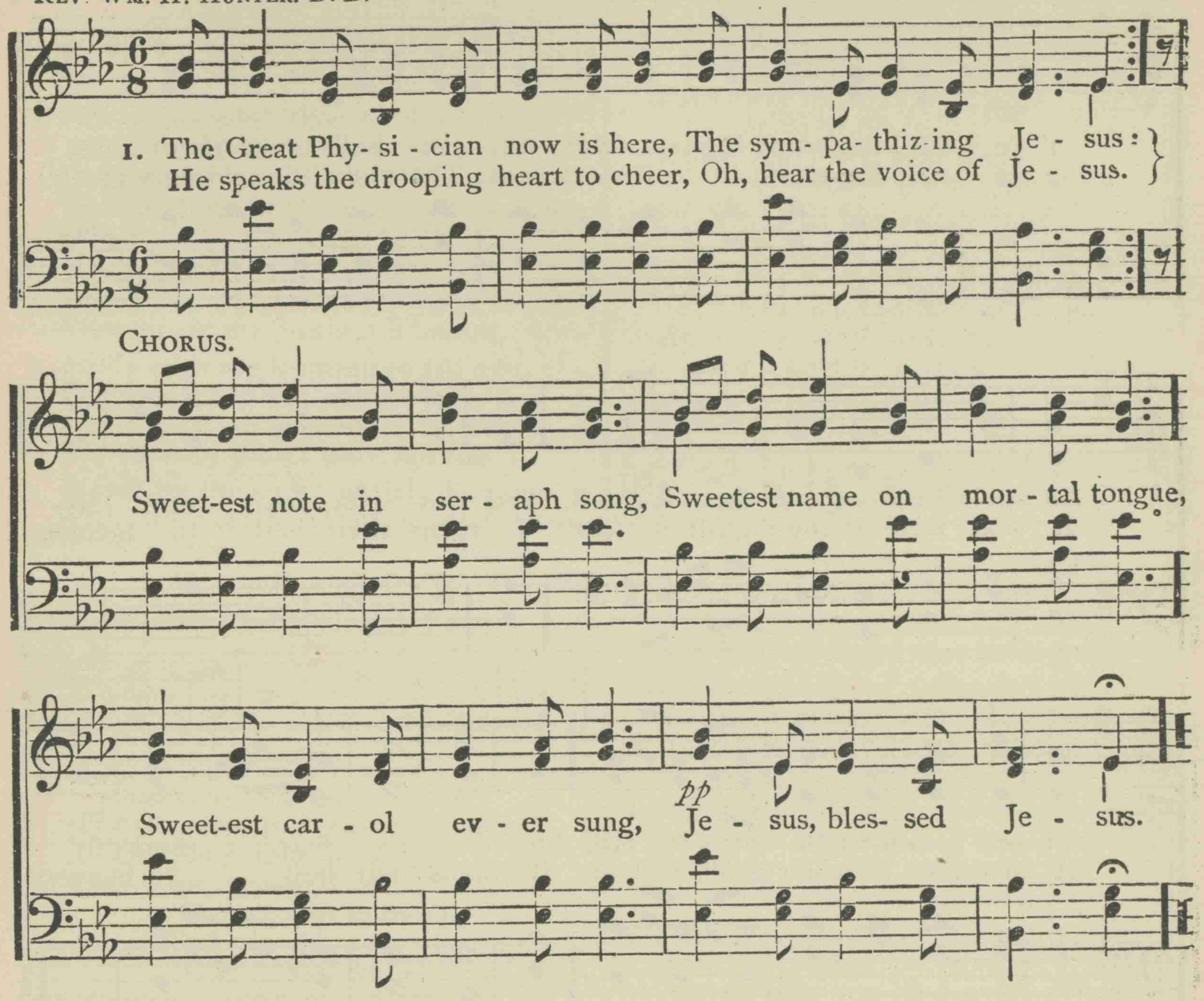
Copyright owned by John J. Hood.

Balerma. C. M.

230

The Great Physician.

REV. WM. H. HUNTER. D. D. Arranged by J. H STOCKTON.



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

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

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept his gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

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

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

---

231 **Oh, for a Heart to Praise.** (Tune opposite.)

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

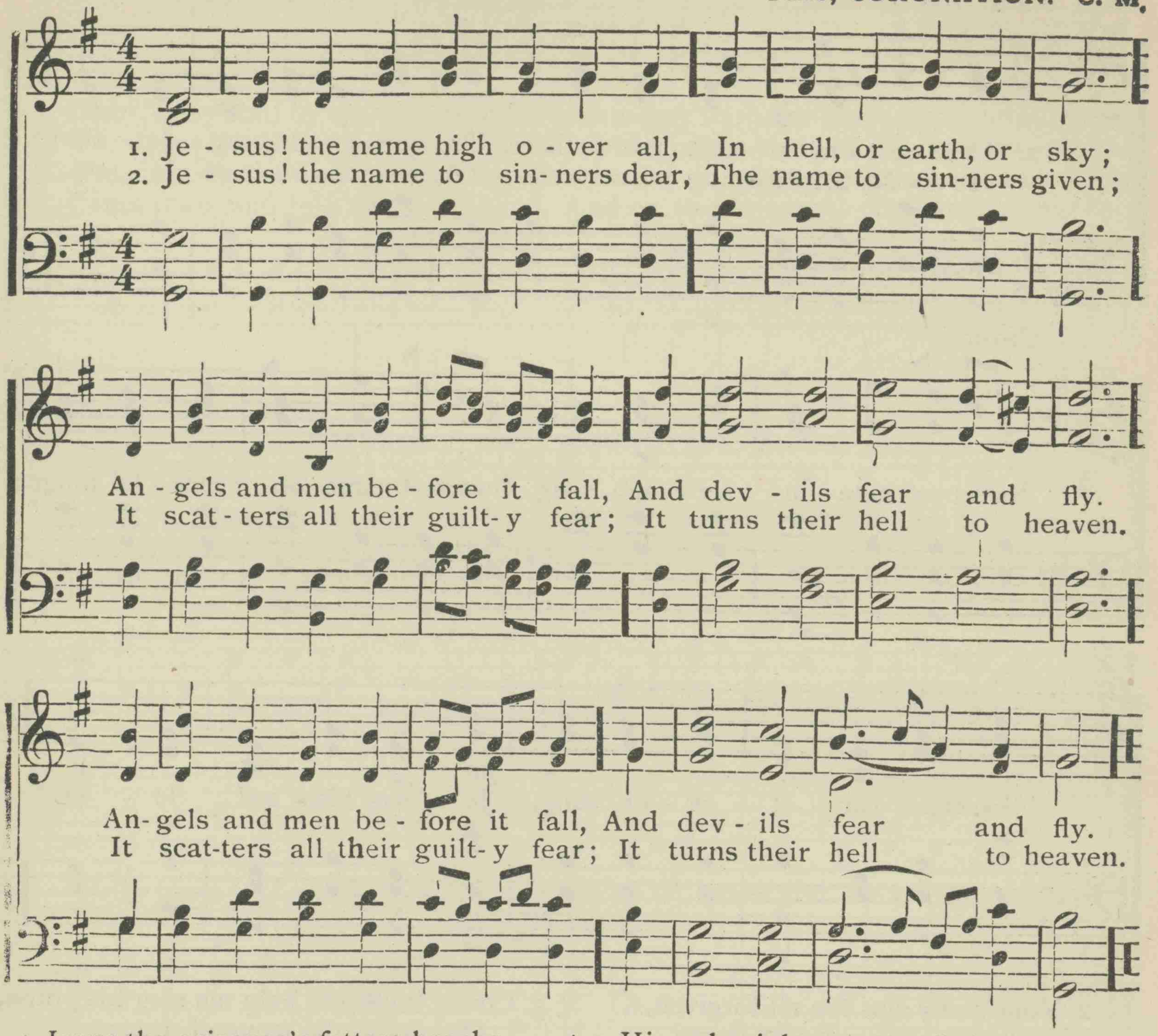
3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life, nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

232

Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.



3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

232 B Crown Him Lord of All. C. M.

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

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
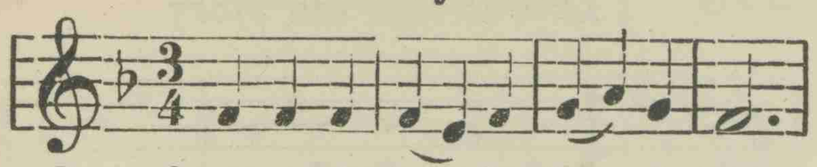
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

233 Sun of My Soul.



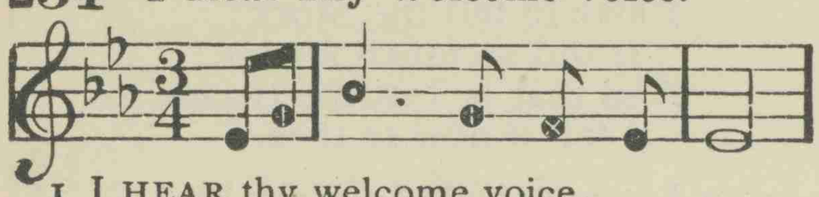
1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night;
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

234 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

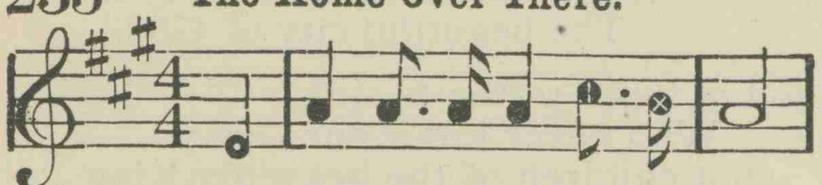
Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

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

235 The Home Over There.



1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

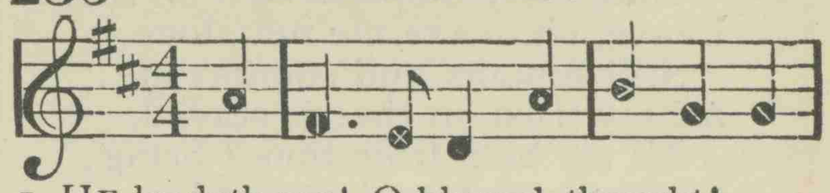
3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

236 He Leadeth Me!



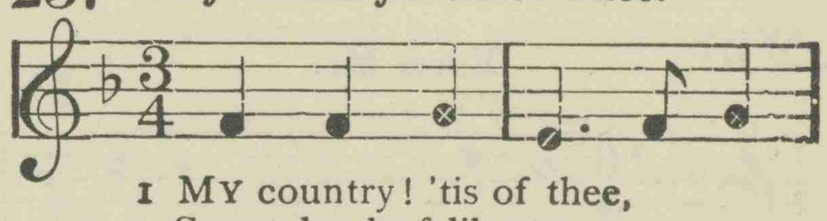
1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

237 My Country! 'tis of Thee.
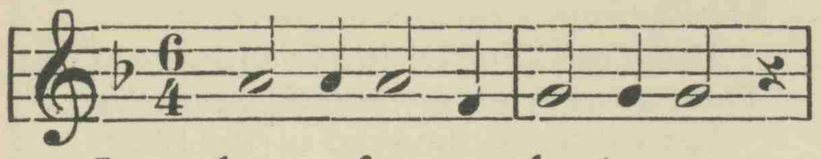


1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

238 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.
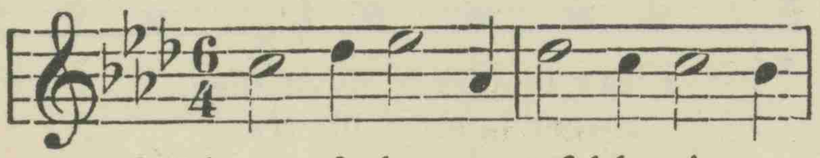


1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

239 Even Me.



1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
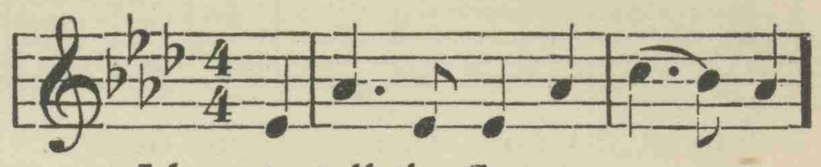
CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

240 I Love to Tell the Story.
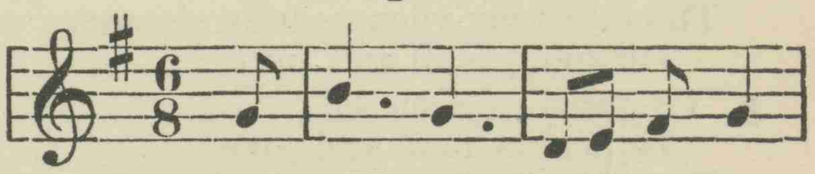


1 I love to tell the Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory.
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

241 Marching to Zion.



1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
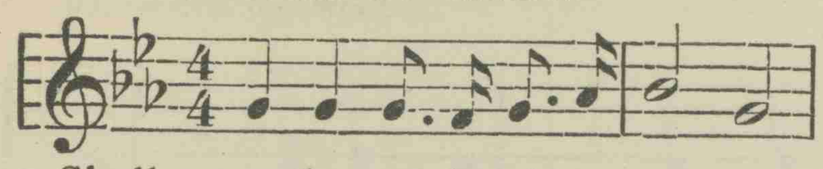
CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

242 Shall we Gather.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod:
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

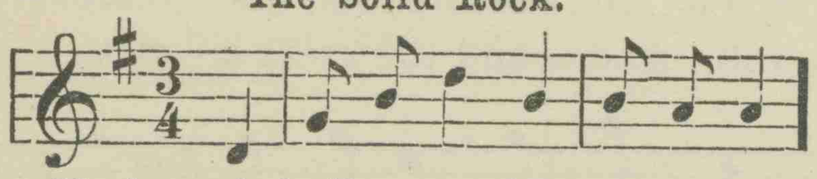
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

243 The Solid Rock.



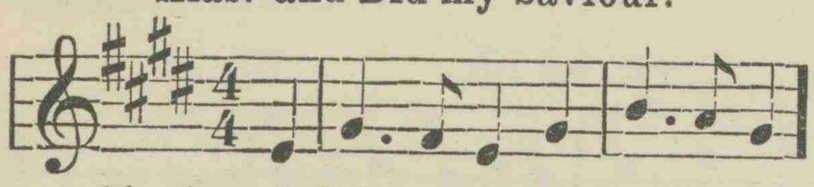
1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
‖: All other ground is sinking sand. :‖

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

244 Alas! and Did my Saviour.



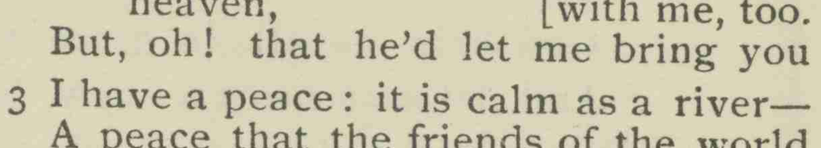
1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

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

3 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!

245 I Have a Savicur.



1 I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few;
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me, [Saviour, too!
And, oh! that my Saviour were your

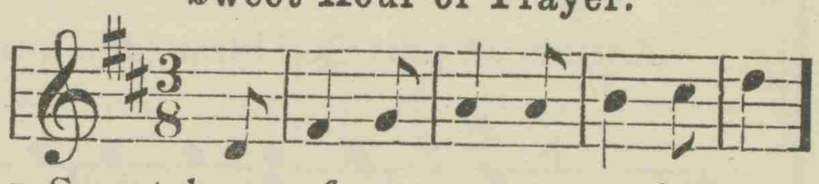
CHO.—‖: For you I am praying, :‖
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven, [with me, too.
But, oh! that he'd let me bring you

3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of the world never know,
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And, oh! could I know it was given to you!

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, [too;
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour,
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory, [answered for you!
And prayer will be answered—'twas

246 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



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

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

As Now We Part.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. God bless the hearts be- fore him here, And bless this hour so sweet;
2. While seasons swift- ly come and go, And tears and smiles abound,
3. God bless to us his precious Word, And make its meaning clear,
4. Now voice with voice, and soul with soul We pray to meet a - gain,

God bless and hold us each most dear Un - til a- gain we meet.
God help us all in grace to grow, With love encompass'd round.
And let each heart a - new be stirr'd To worship in his fear.
While loud and long the ech- oes roll, And sound the great *a - men.*

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

As now we part God bless each heart, His grace your ev'ry need sup- ply;
each heart,
supply;

rit. ad lib.

In all we do, God keep us strong and true, Dear friends, good-bye, good-bye.

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