Flowing Tides

for

Sunday Schools

AND OTHER RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS.

BY

T. C. O'Kane.

Z8
Ok1.8

CRANSTON & STOWE, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis. : HUNT & EATON, New York.



PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY

CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

RT WESTLY PEACH

OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
INOLOGY

RED BY THE

IQUARIAN SOCIETY

939

AB

MORNING STARS.

A COLLECTION OF SACRED HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

AND OTHER RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS.

BY

T. C. O'KANE,

Author of "GLORIOUS THINGS," "REDEEMER'S PRAISE," "JASPER AND GOLD," "SONGS FOR WORSHIP," ETC.

CRANSTON & STOWE, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.
HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK.

1890
Morn

PREFACE.

WE read in the Book of Job that when the corner-stone of the earth was laid, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." We know not the song the "stars" sang, nor the melody to which it was attuned, but its theme is beautifully expressed by Addison in these lines:

"What though no real voice nor sound
Amid those radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.'"

Out of the following sacred hymns and tunes we may make "Morning Stars," which shall praise God, not only as our Creator, but through Christ as our Redeemer, and through the Holy Ghost as our Sanctifier,—to whom be glory now and forever. Amen.

T. C. O'KANE.

DELAWARE, O., SEPTEMBER, 1890.

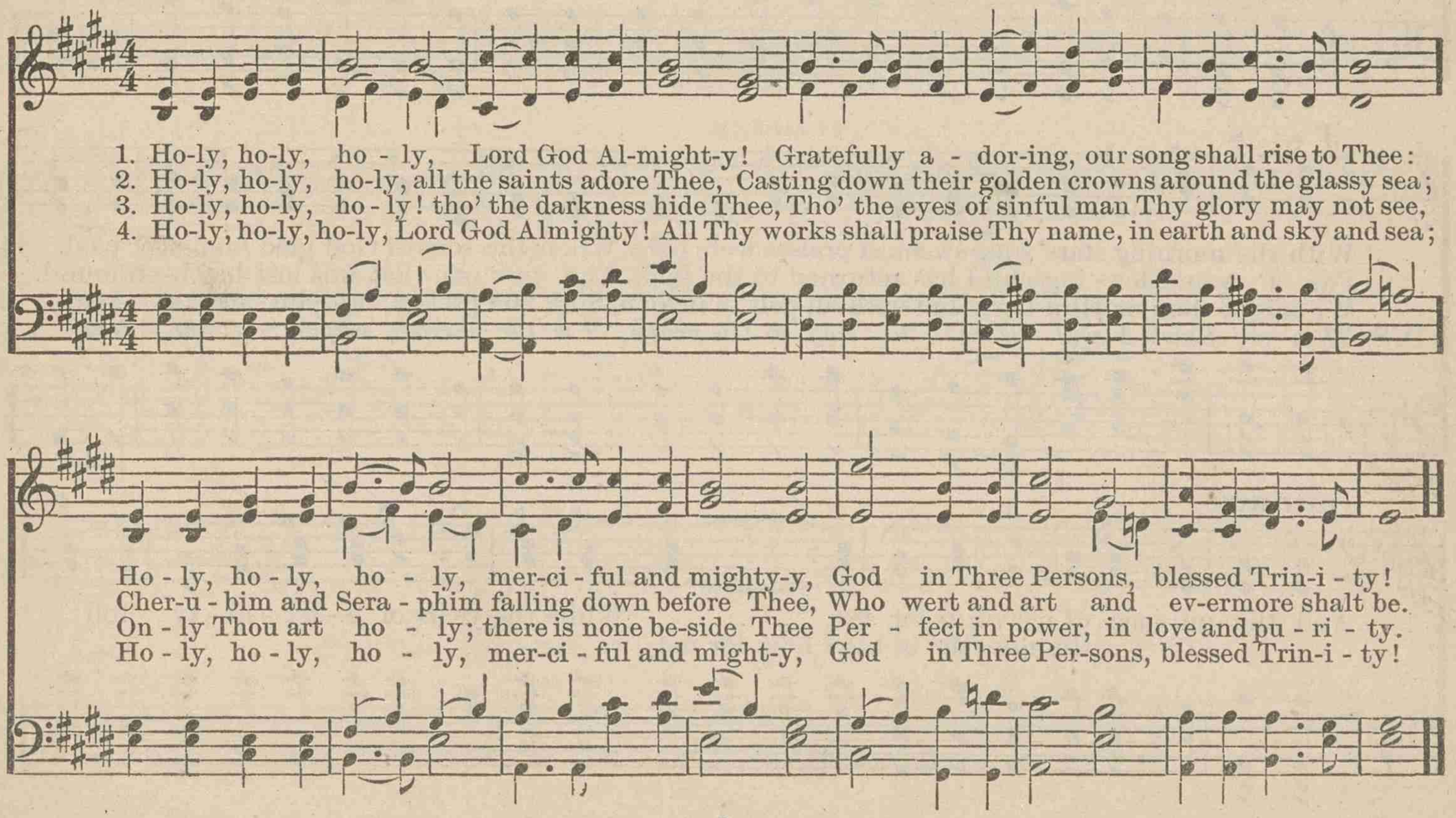
Copyright by Cranston & Stowe, 1890.

MORNING STARS.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy!

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Rev. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.



The Music of Heaven.

" The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—Job 38: 7.

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

1. There was mu-sic in heav'n on e - ter - ni - ty's morn, When the earth's firm foundations were laid;
2. There is mu-sic in heav'n when, to harps of pure gold, Sweetest praises of an - gels re - sound,
3. And the mu-sic of heav'n to us mor-tals is giv'n, That in ho - ly and lof - ti - est strain

f.

With the morning stars' song sweetest praises were born, When the sons of God glad hom-age paid.
For a wan - der - ing child has returned to the fold, And the one that was lost has been found.
We might hon-or Him here, and with an-gels in heav'n, Sing His praises a - gain and a - gain.

D. S. *Then my heart I will raise to sing to His praise, 'T is the sweetest employ of the soul.*
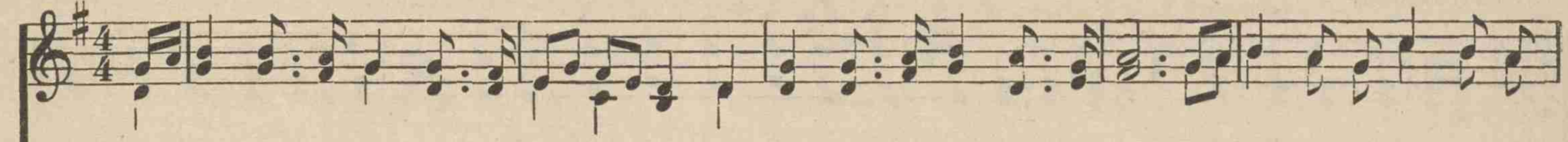
CHORUS. **D. S.**

And the mu - sic of heav'n is for me, ... While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;
the mu - sic of heav'n is for me,
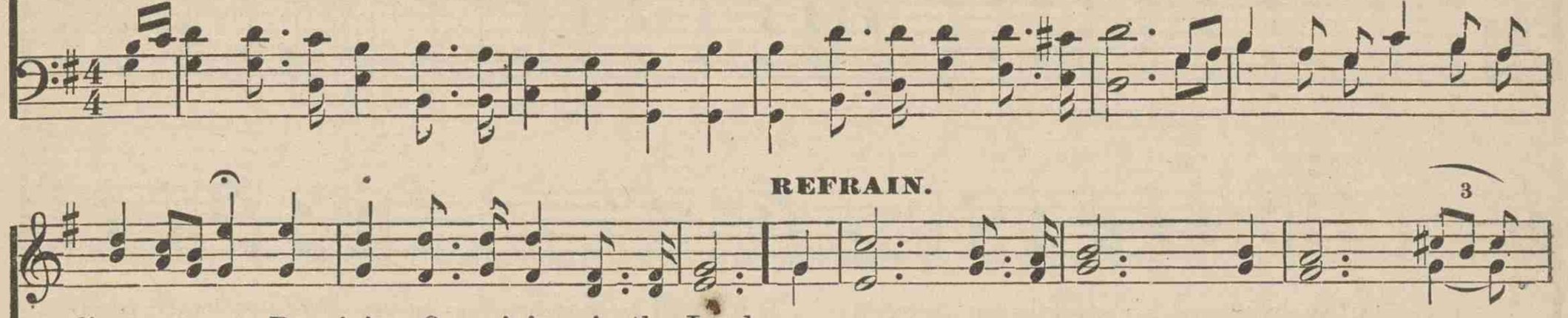
By permission.

Rejoice in the Lord.

F. M. DAVIS. T. C. O'KANE.
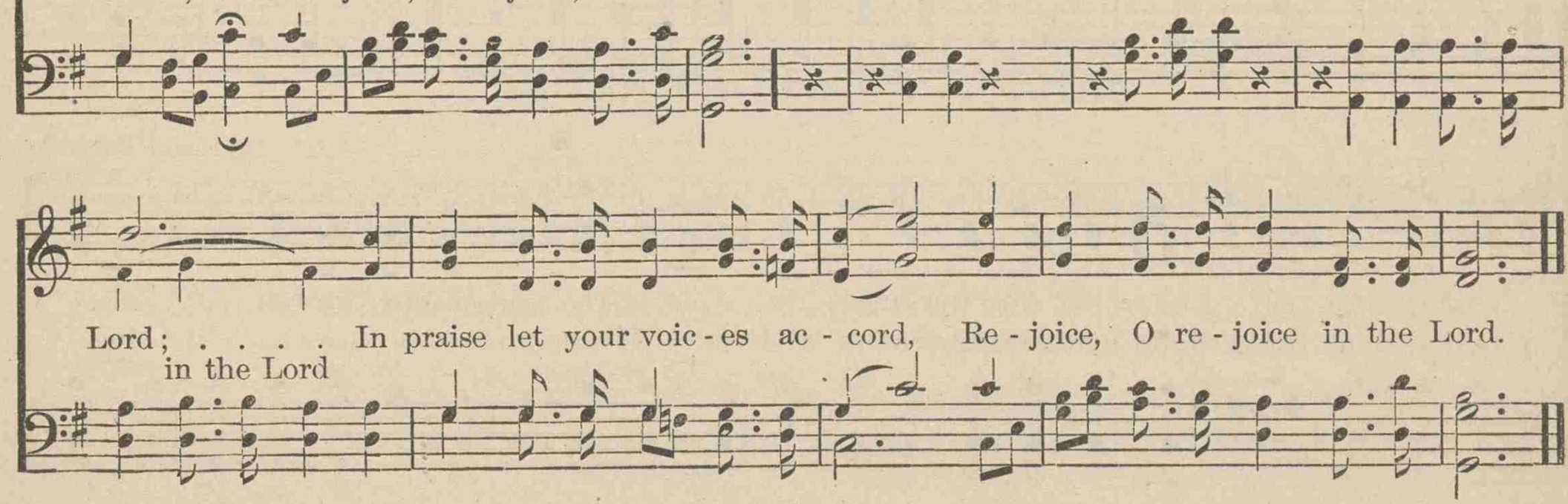


1. Rejoice in the Lord, and exalt His name, In praise let your voices ac-cord; Be glory to Him, great De-
2. Rejoice in the Lord and, proclaim Him king, Who gave us His unfailing word That death and the grave shall be
3. Rejoice in the Lord, and give thanks and sing His Servants shall gain great reward; His kingdom shall never, no,



REFRAIN.

li - ver - er, Re - joice, O re-joice, in the Lord.
vanquished foes, Rejoice, O rejoice, in the Lord. Re - joice in the Lord, Rejoice in the
nev - er, fail Re - joice, O re-joice, in the Lord.



Lord; . . . . In praise let your voic - es ac - cord, Re - joice, O re - joice in the Lord.
in the Lord

By permission.

4 Wait to be honored above.

RUTH LLOYD. J. M. WRIGHT.

1. I'll wait to be honored a - bove, What wond'rous hon-or 't will be, When Je-sus because of His
2. I'll wait to be honored a - bove; 'T is Je - sus in-vites me to come, And on - ly because of His

love, Puts a crown of His glory on me! I'll wait to be honored a - bove, Where loved ones are
love, The Saviour will welcome me home; And soon I'll be honored a - bove, An heir of my

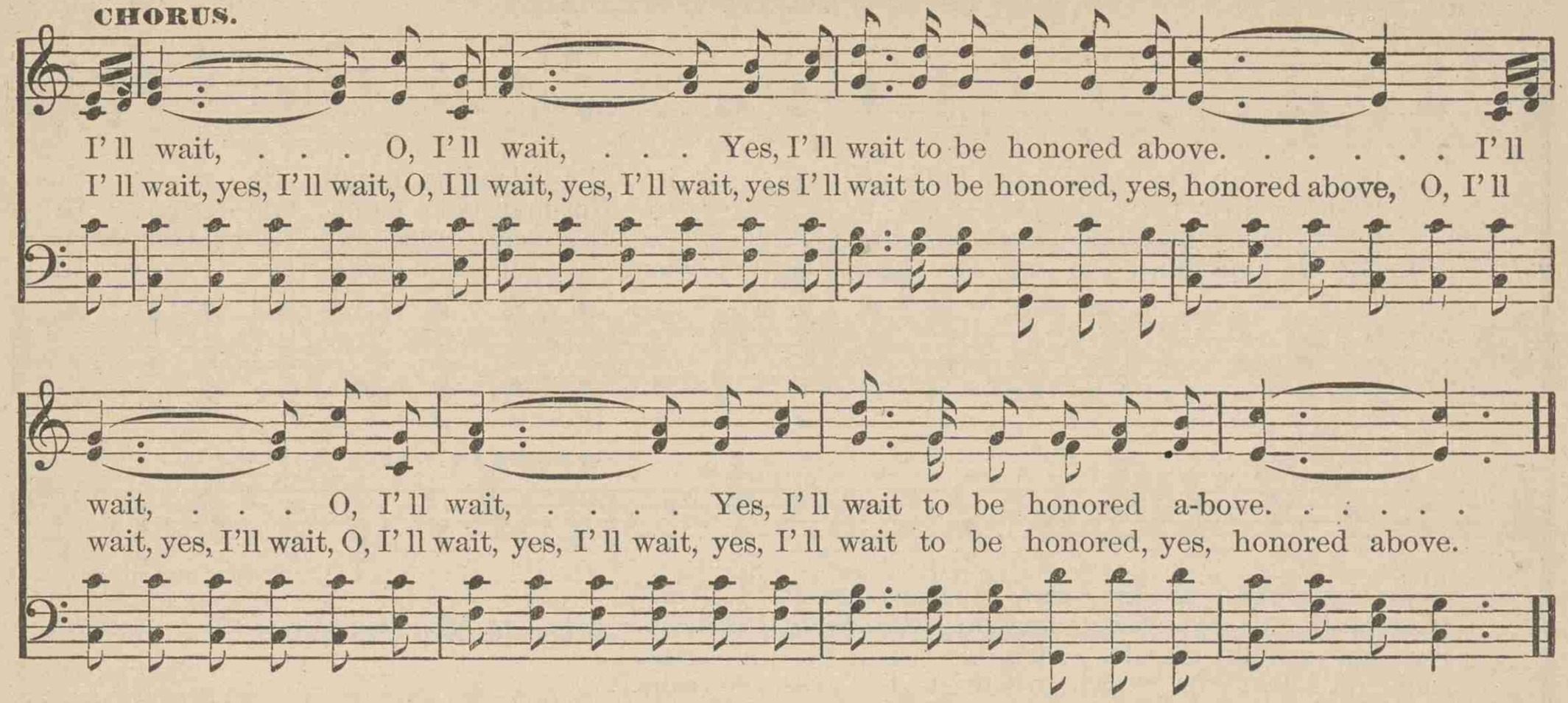
Chorus on next page.

watching for me, And where, with the angels of God, The face of my Father I'll see.
God and my King, Joint heir with the son of His love, Whose prais-es in heav-en I'll sing.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.
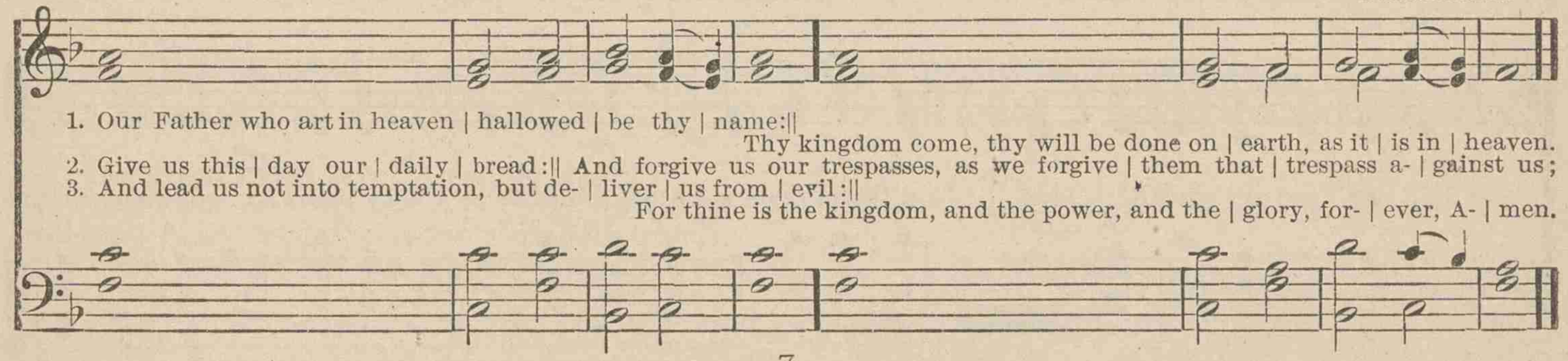
Wait to be honored above. Concluded.

CHORUS.



5 The Lord's Prayer. Chant.

GREGORIAN.



Glory.

JAMES P. MILLS. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Glo - ry un - to God our Fath - er, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb, Glo - ry to the
2. "Glo-ry in the highest," Glo - ry Glo - ry to Em-man-uel's name; Glo - ry give in
3. Glo-ry His, whose blood hath bought us, Rich - ly on the cross outpoured. Glory His, whose
4. Glo - ry now, and glo - ry ev - er. Glo - ry when af - flic - tion falls. Glo - ry give in

REFRAIN.

cleans-ing Spir - it, Tri - une Godhead, great "I Am."
song and sto - ry, Saints and an - gels chant the same. Glo - ry, glo - ry, chant it fa-thers,
love hath sought us, Fa - ther, be by all a - dored.
each en - deav - or, God in Christ to glo - ry calls.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, mothers sing; Join the chorus, sons and daughters, Every heart some tribute bring.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

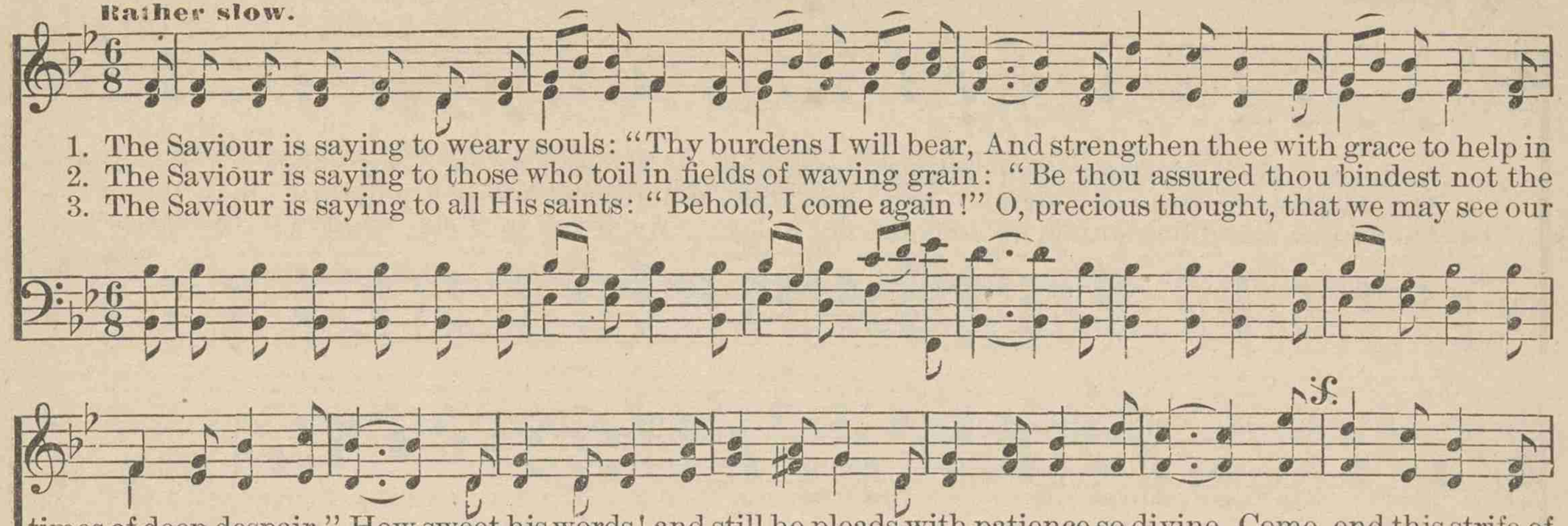
The Saviour is Saying.

R. L. F.

R. L. FLETCHER.
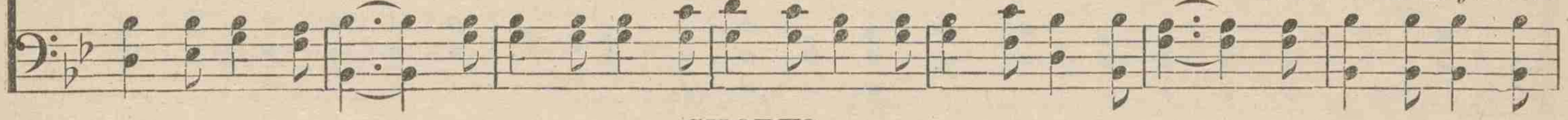
Rather slow.

1. The Saviour is saying to weary souls: "Thy burdens I will bear, And strengthen thee with grace to help in
2. The Saviour is saying to those who toil in fields of waving grain: "Be thou assured thou bindest not the
3. The Saviour is saying to all His saints: "Behold, I come again!" O, precious thought, that we may see our



times of deep despair." How sweet his words! and still he pleads with patience so divine. Come, end this strife of
golden sheaves in vain." O rich reward, our work complete, to meet around the throne; To see our Saviour
king return to reign; The bridal-feast will then be spread, and we shall enter in; The Bridegroom comes to
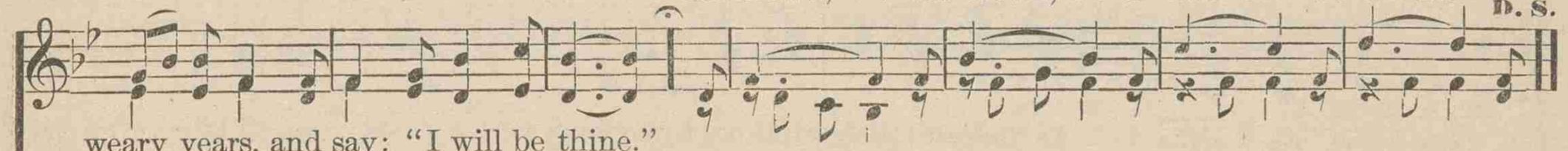
D. S. *We shall join the*
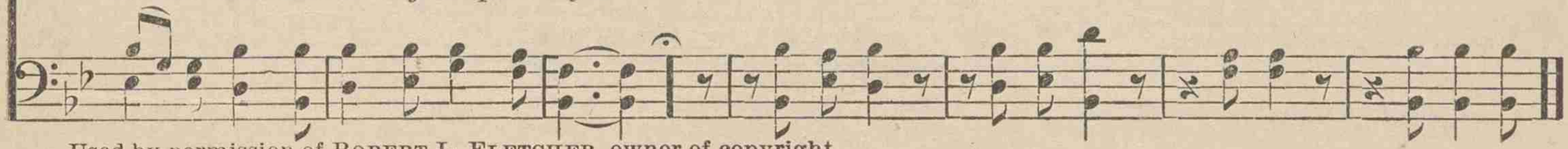


CHORUS.

The crown, . . the crown, . . of Life . . we 'll wear

D. S.



weary years, and say: "I will be thine."
face to face, and hear him say: "Well done." O, the crown, O, the crown of Life we 'll wear, When
welcome those "whose robes are white and clean."
ransomed host who throng the palace fair.



Used by permission of ROBERT L. FLETCHER, owner of copyright.

As Doves to their Windows.

W. E. PENN. Isaiah lx, 8. E. T. O'KANE.

1. As doves to their windows when darkness draws nigh, My soul in its long - ings to Je-sus would fly. When dark waves of sor - row would o-ver me roll, In Je-sus, my Saviour, there's rest for my soul.
2. The windows of Heav-en stand o - pen and wide, Where earth's weary pilgrims may ev-er a- bide. Then why do we tar - ry in darkness and sin, While Je - sus is wait - ing to wel-come us in?
3. Then come, trembling sinner, no long-er de - lay; As doves to their windows, fly quickly a- way! A-way from the sins that would sink thy poor soul, Where death's stormy bil - lows e- ter - nal - ly roll.
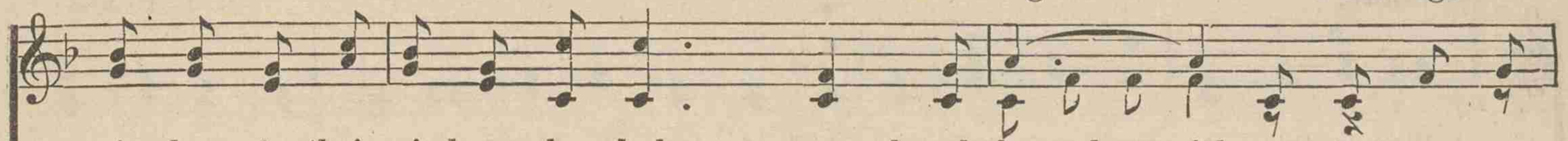
CHORUS.

As doves to their windows when tem - - pests are high . . .
As doves to their windows when tempests are high.
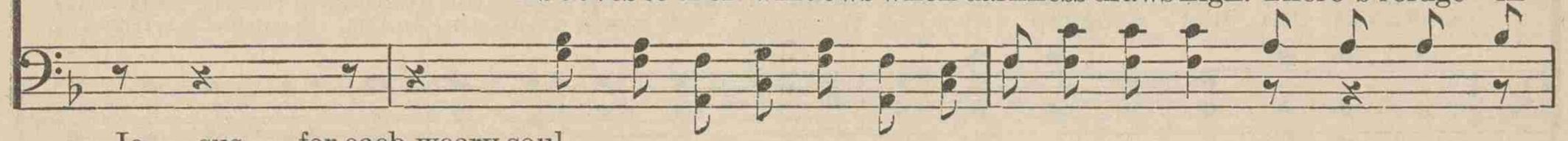
Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

As Doves to their Windows. Concluded.

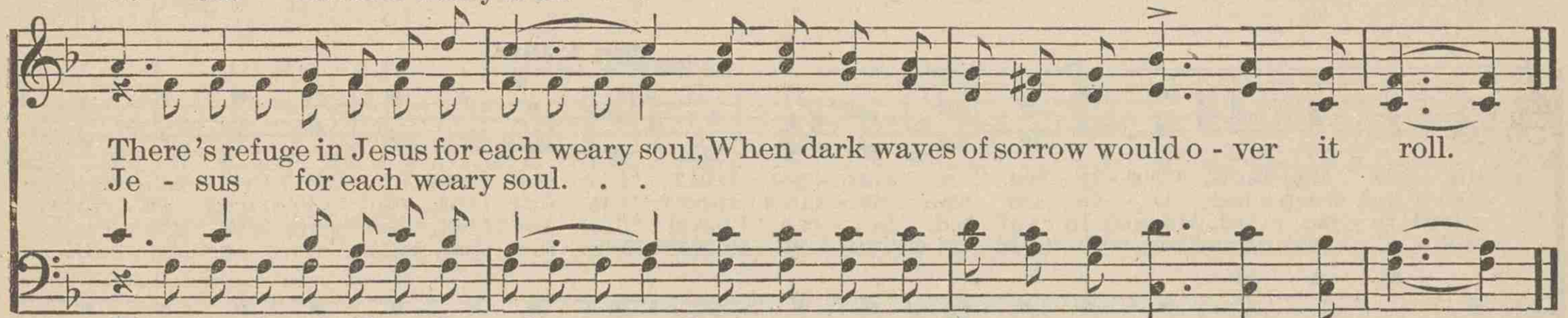
As doves to their windows when dark - - - ness draws nigh. . . . There 's ref - uge in



As doves to their windows when dark - - - ness, when darkness draws nigh.
As doves to their windows when darkness draws nigh. There 's refuge in



Je - sus for each weary soul. . .
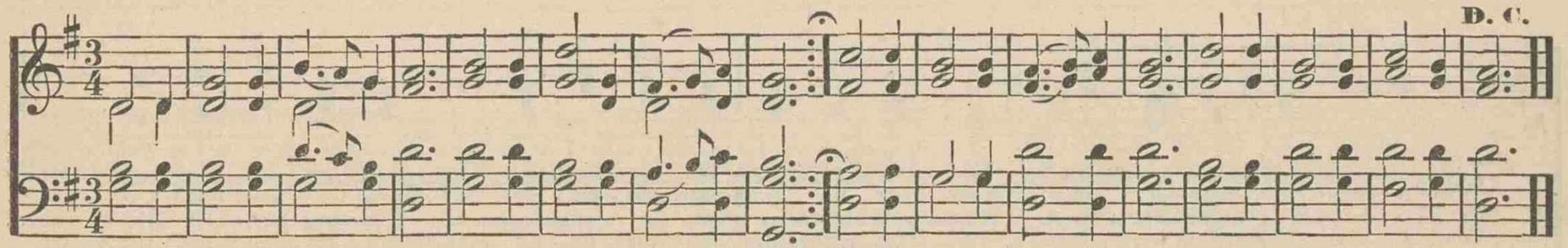


There 's refuge in Jesus for each weary soul, When dark waves of sorrow would o - ver it roll.
Je - sus for each weary soul. . .

There 's refuge in Jesus for each weary soul.

9 Guide. 7s.

M. M Wells.

D. C.



1. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land,
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

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,
Whisper 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 are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

Who is this?

Divide the school into two choirs.

1st Choir.

H. P. DANKS.

mf

1. Who is this, so weak and help-less, Child of low - ly He - brew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel-ter'd, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid? 'Tis the Lord of all Cre - a - tion, Who this wond'rous path hath trod;
2. Who is this — a Man of Sor-rows Walk - ing sad - ly life's hard way, Home-less, wea - ry, sigh - ing, weep - ing O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glo - rious Sa - viour, Who a - bove the star - ry sky
3. Who is this — Be - hold Him shed-ding Drops of blood up - on the ground? Who is this — de- spised, re - jec - ted, Mocked, in - sul - ted, bea - ten, bound? 'Tis our God, who gifts and gra - ces On His Church now poureth down,
4. Who is this that hang-eth dy - ing, While the rude world scoffs and scorns, Number'd with the mal - e - fac - tors, Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns? 'Tis the God, who ev - er liv - eth 'Mid the shin - ing ones on high,

mf

2nd Choir.

Hé is God from ev - er - last-ing, And to ev - er - last-ing God.
Now for us a place pre - pa - reth, Where no tear can dim the eye.
Who shall smite in ho - ly vengeance All His foes beneath His throne.
In the glo-rious gol-den ci - ty Reign-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly!

Copyright, 1890, by H. P. DANKS.

11 Where the Shepherd Leads I'll Go.

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

1. Thro' the meadows green, inviting, Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go; Thro' the shadows dark, ex - ci - ting,
2. See! the gentle Shepherd leading, Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go; Hark! His voice in mercy pleading,
3. Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go; Tho' the mountain side be dreary,

CHORUS.

Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go.
Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go.
Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go.

Hark! His voice is gently calling, On my ear its strains are fall-ing;

Tho' the gloom may be appalling, Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go, I 'll go; Where the Shepherd leads I 'll go.

Copyright, 1890, by FILLMORE BROS.

Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb; Redeem'd thro' his
2. Redeem'd, and so hap - py in Je - sus. No language my rap-ture can tell; I know that the
3. I think of my bles - sed Re - dee - mer, I think of Him all the day long; I sing, for I
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light; Who lov - ing - ly
5. I know there's a crown that is wait - ing In yonder bright mansion for me; And soon with the

REFRAIN.

in - fin - ite mer - cy, His child and for - ev - er I am.
light of His presence With me doth con - tin - ual - ly dwell. Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Re-
can - not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.
guardeth my foot-steps, And giv - eth me songs in the night. Redeem'd, Redeem'd,
spir - its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

deem'd by the blood of the Lamb: Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeem'd Redeem'd,

By permission.

My Anchor Holds.

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." Ps. xxxi. 1.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. My fragile barque on life's rough billow Is oft by wind and tempest driv'n; But one who pressed a sailor's
2. A voice I hear a-bove the tempest, And upward turn with loving gaze; Above me is the bow of
3. The wind and storm all vainly seeketh My weak and time-worn barque to wreck The boist'rous gale may rage and

CHORUS.

pil-low My an-chor hope secures in heav'n.
promise, And night is lost in day of days. My anchor holds within the veil, My anchor
threaten, My faith is firm with Christ on deck.

holds with-in the veil; Whate'er betide, whate'er as-sail, My an-chor holds within the veil.

By permission.

The Coming of His Feet.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the am - ber glo - ry
2. I have heard his wea - ry footsteps on the sands of Gal - i - lee, On the temple's marble
3. Down the minster isles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim, Thro' the wond'ring throng, with
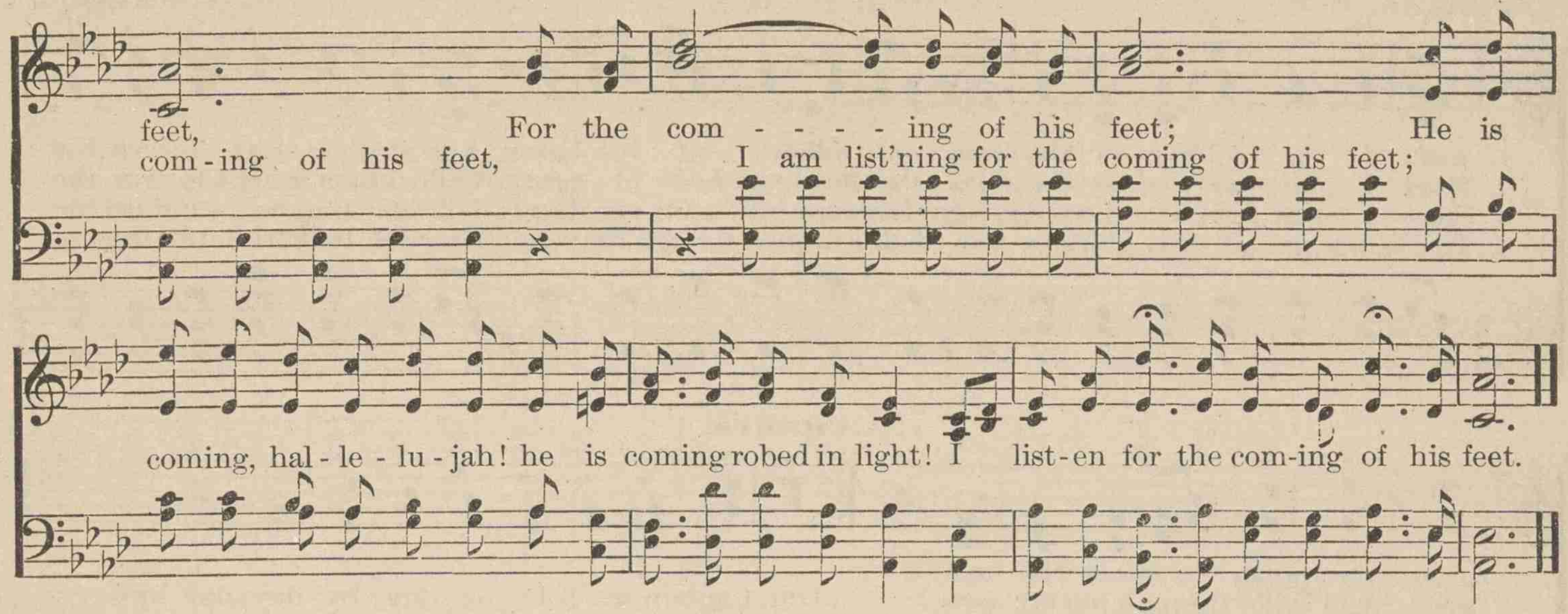
of the day's re-treat, In the midnight robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
pavement, on the street, With the weight of sor - row falt'ring up the slopes of Cal - va - ry,
mo - tion strong and fleet, Sounds his vic - tor tread ap-proach-ing with a mu - sic far and dim—

CHORUS.

I list - en for the com - ing of his feet. For the com - - - - - ing of his
The sor - row of the com - ing of his feet.
The mu - sic of the com - ing of his feet. I am list'ning, I am list'ning for the

Copyright, 1886, by JOHN J. HOOD.

The Coming of His Feet. Concluded.

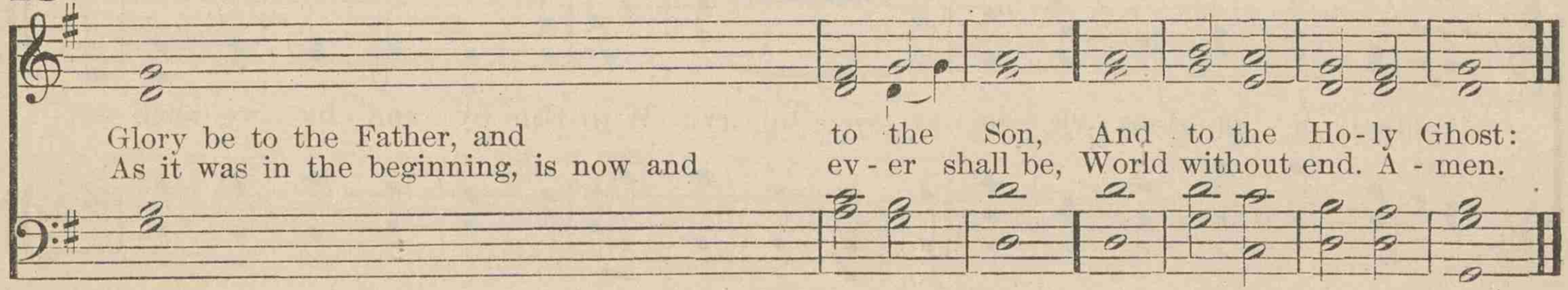


4 Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet,
White-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.—*Cho.*

5 He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release;
I listen for the coming of his feet.—*Cho.*

15

Gloria.



Am I a Soldier?

WATTS. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'-ry beds of ease; While others fought to win the
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my cour-age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the
4. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die: They see the triumph from a-

CHORUS.

cause, Or blush to speak His name?
prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?
pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
far,— By faith they bring it nigh.

Our Captain we 'll fol-low day by day (day by day,)
And heed all His or-ders and o - bey (and o - bey,)

Assured a glo-rious vic - to - ry (vic - to - ry), With Him by and by we shall see.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Father, we Rest in Thy Love.

Words arr. by Rev. FELIX R. HILL. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Fa - ther, we rest in Thy love; Fa - ther, we rest in Thy love; Father, we rest,
2. Saviour, we trust in Thy grace; Saviour, we trust in Thy grace; Saviour, we trust,
3. Spir - it, we pray for Thy power; Spir-it, we pray for Thy power; Spirit, we pray,

Fa-ther, we rest, we rest in Thy love; Fa - ther, we rest in Thy love; . . .
Sa-viour, we trust, we trust in Thy grace; Sa - viour, we trust in Thy grace; . . .
Spir-it, we pray, we pray for Thy power; Spir - it, we pray for Thy power; . . .
Fa-ther, we rest,

We rest, we rest in Thy love; Fa-ther, we rest, we rest in Thy love.
We trust, we trust in Thy grace; Saviour, we trust, we trust in Thy grace.
We pray, we pray for Thy power; Spir-it, we pray, we pray for Thy power.

Used by permission of R. M. McINTOSH, owner of copyright.

The Flowing Fountain.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Look a-way to Calv'ry's rug-ged mountain, Where the Sav - ior died for thee; Look! behold an
2. "Whoso-ev - er will, may come and welcome," Free to all, the wa - ters flow! Tho' your sins be
3. There is joy a-mong the shin-ing an - gels, O - ver one re - turn - ing soul'; Then no lon - ger

CHORUS.

'Tis free, . . 'tis free .

ev - er-last-ing foun-tain, Opened there for you and me.
scar-let, here is wa - ter That will wash them white as snow.
stay a way, for sure - ly Je - sus' blood can make you whole.

'Tis free 'tis free, The

For it flows, . . . to all, . . .
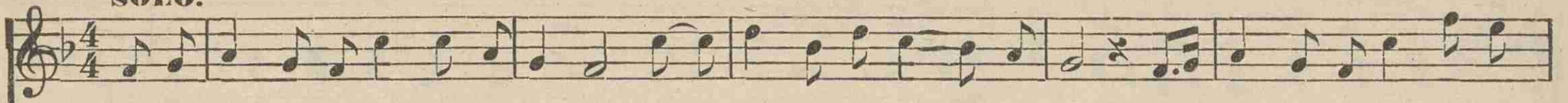
blessed word pro - claim; For it free - ly flows to all, In my Redeemer's name.

Copyright, 1889, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Is Your Light Shining?
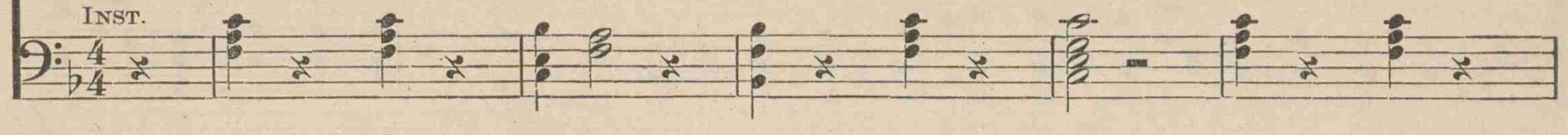
ELIZA M. SHERMAN. R. G. STAPLES.

SOLO.
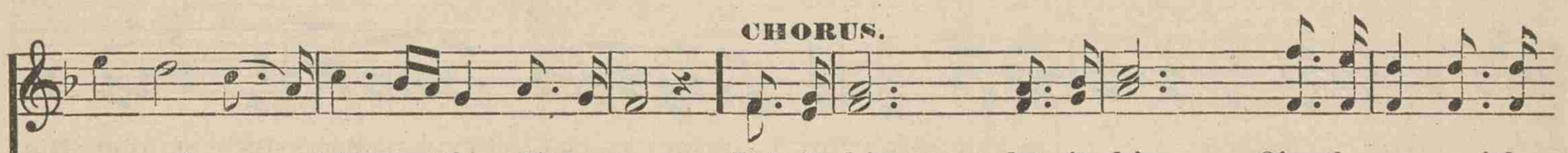


1. Is your light shining brightly, my brother? Does it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave? From sin, and from danger, and
2. Let it shine with a light bright and cheery, Let it shine with a light broad and glad; It may speak peace and hope to the
3. Let your light shine so brightly, my brother, That others may take note of you, And glo - ri - fy Je - sus in
4. Let it shine in the homes of the fallen, And cast a glad radiance within; Christ pardoned the weak and the
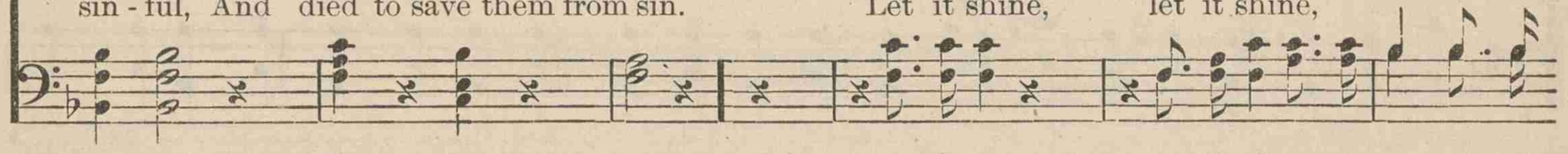
INST.
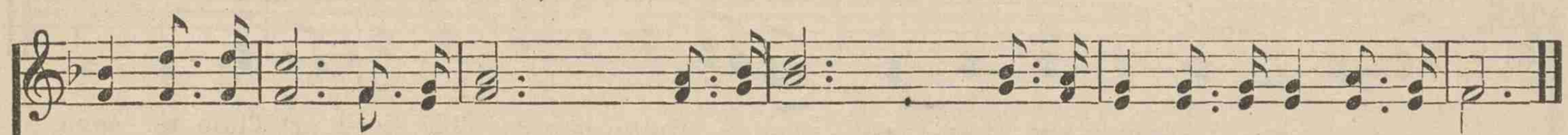


CHORUS.
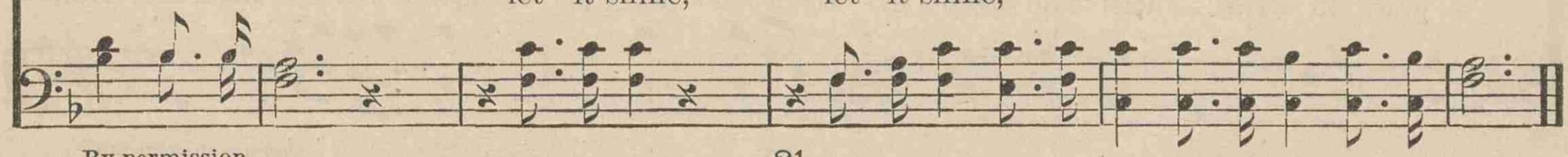


sorrow Some poor shipwreck'd soul it may save. Let it shine, let it shine, O'er the waves of the
weary, It may bring joy and trust to the sad.
heaven, By seeing the good that you do.
sin - ful, And died to save them from sin.



Let it shine, let it shine,



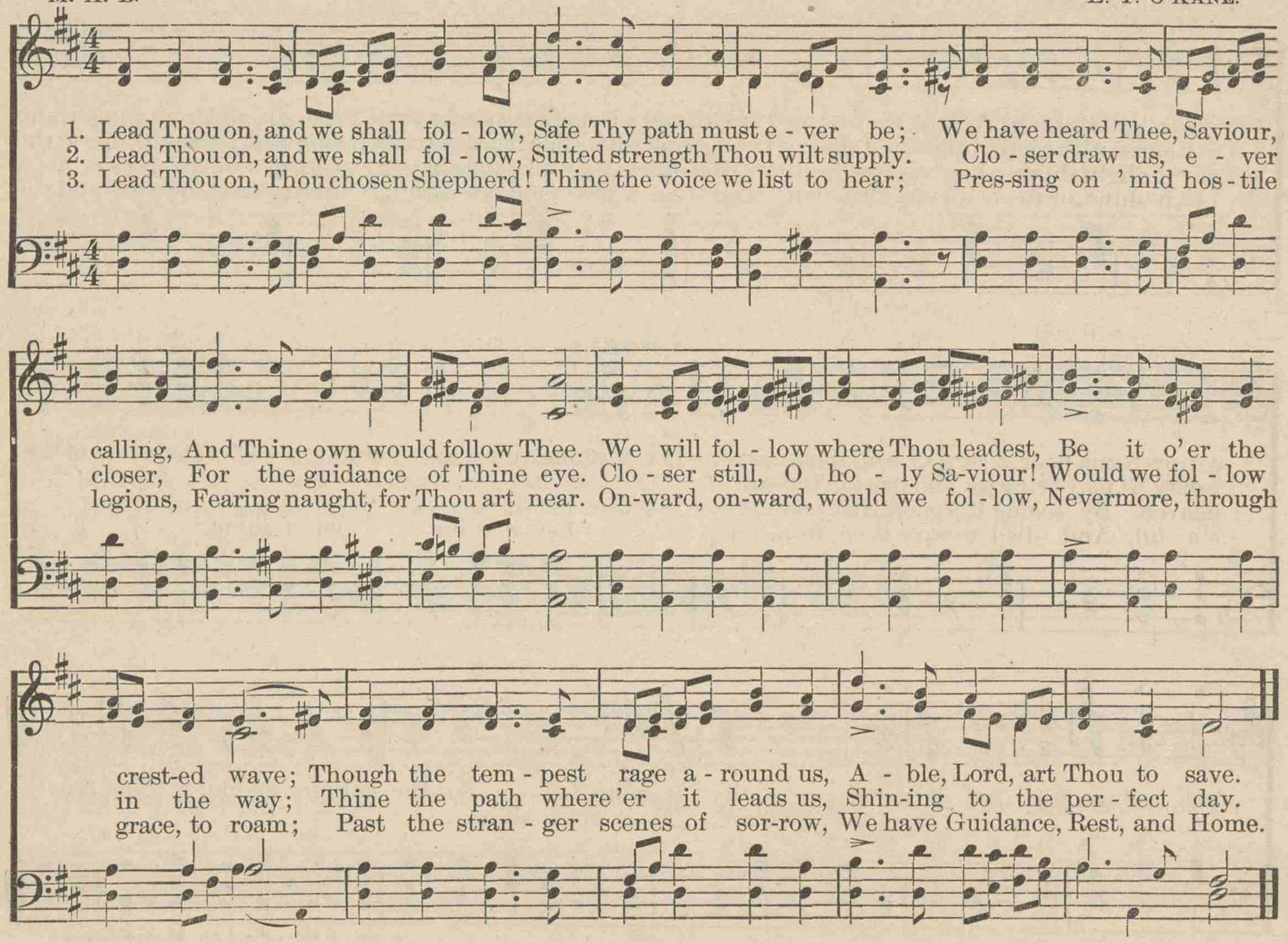
dark, rolling sea; Let it shine, let it shine, So the nations its glo - ry may see.
let it shine, let it shine,



By permission.

Lead Thou On.

M. A. B. E. T. O'KANE.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Chorus on next page.

Lead Thou On. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lead Thou, Lead Thou, Lead to our e - - ter - - nal home.
we shall fol - low, we shall fol - low, we shall fol-low Thee to our e - ter-nal home.

Clo - ser still, clo - ser still, Nevermore from Thee to roam.
Would we fol - low, would we fol - low,

21 The Saviour's Call.
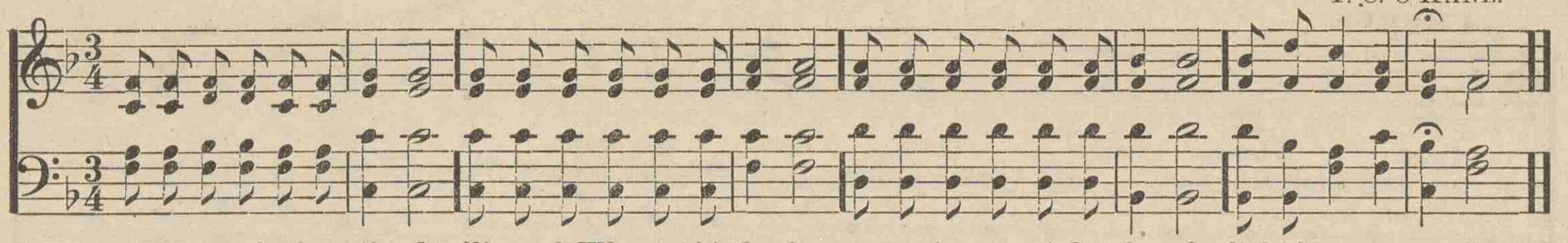
T. C. O'KANE.

1. To day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'rers come; O ye be-night-ed souls Why long-er roam?
2. To day the Saviour calls, O list - en now; Within these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To day the Saviour calls, For ref - uge fly, The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to day, Yield to his power; O grieve him not a - way—'Tis mercy's hour.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

22 Lord and Saviour, Hear Us.

T. C. O'KANE.



1 When to thee, who hast thy dwelling
In the heaven of light excelling,
We our youthful griefs are telling,
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

2 When at birth of rosy morning
Joyfully we greet the dawning,
When the sun the noon's adorning,
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

3 Or when daylight hours are ending,
When, the shades of night descending,
We are at thy footstool bending,
Lord and Saviour, hear us.
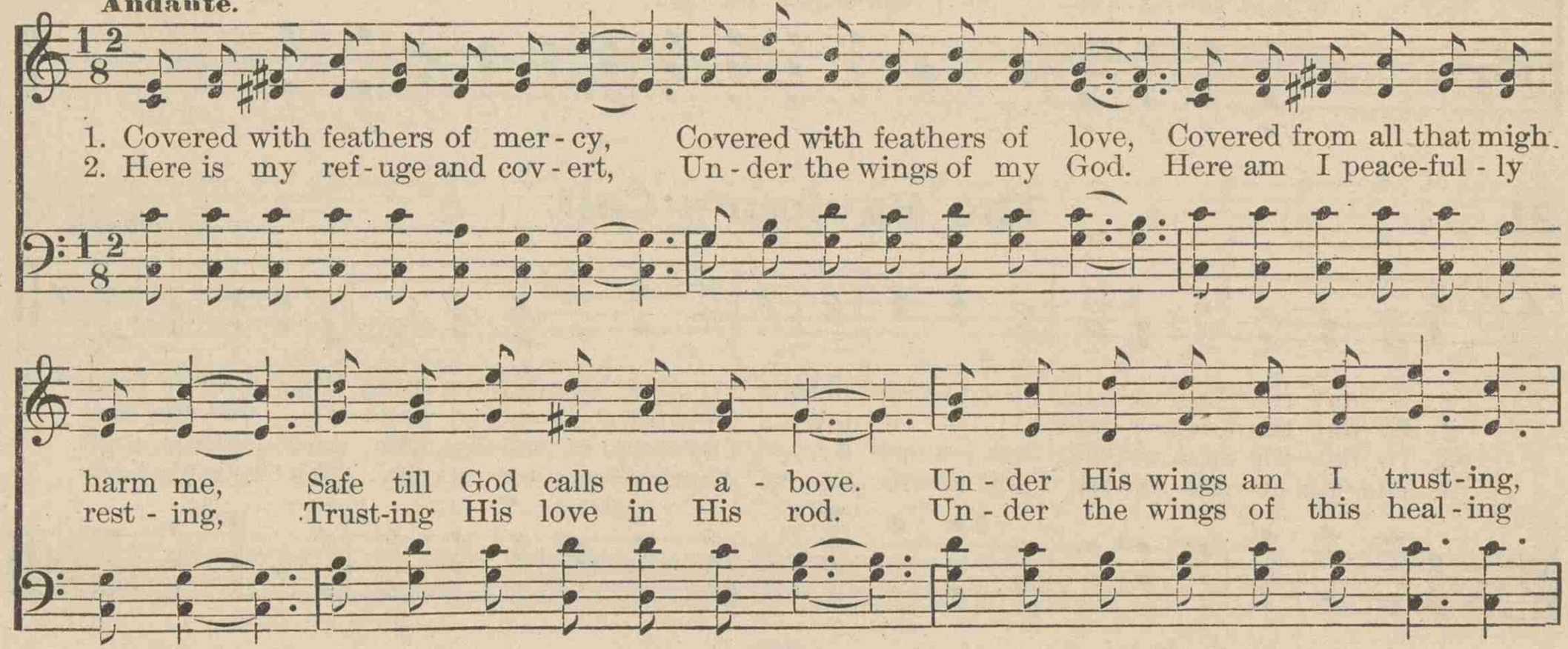
23 My Refuge and Covert.

"He shall cover thee with feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust." Ps. XCI. 4.

ANNIE WINTHROW.

Andante.

J. M. WRIGHT.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C O'KANE.

My Refuge and Covert. Concluded.

Un-der His wings do I hide; Safe in this beau-ti - ful shadow Let me for-ev-er a - bide.
Un-der the wings of His might, Keep me for - ev - er, dear Sa - viour, Sheltered by day and by night.

CHORUS.

Cov - - - - ered with mer - - - - cy, Cov - - - - ered with love . . .
Covered with mer - cy and covered with love, Covered with mer-cy and covered with love.

Here . . . . am I rest - - - - ing, Safe till God calls me a - bove.
Here can I trust - ful - ly, tru - ly a - bide;

Believe and Live.

E. H. BARNES. T. C. O'KANE.

1. If you from the Saviour have wander'd a - way, Return to Him quickly, O do not de - lay:
2. Believe in His gospel, Be - lieve in His name; Believe that He suffered your soul to re - claim.
3. Believe in His promise that nev - er will fail; Believe that for - e - ver His love will pre - vail;

Let doubt and de-lu - sion no long - er de - ceive, But come as a sin - ner, repent and be - lieve.
His love and compas - ion you can-not con - ceive, If you with con-tri - tion will come and be-lieve.
Be-lieve that He com - eth His own to re - ceive. O come to the Saviour, repent and be - lieve.

CHORUS.

O broth - er, re - pent . . . . and be - lieve on the Son, . . . A per-fect sal-
O brother, re-pent and be - lieve on the Son, on the Son, A

Copyright, 1889, by T. C. O'KANE.

Believe and Live. Concluded.

va - - - - tion thro' Him to re - ceive; . . . Repent and be - lieve . . . on the
perfect Sal - va-tion thro' Him to re-ceive, to re-ceive; Re-pent and be-lieve on the

Cru - ci - fied One; . . . . For life is for all . . . . who on Him will be - lieve.
Cru - ci - fied Cru - ci - fied One; For life is for all who on Him will be - lieve.

25 Now!

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

Copyright, 1886, by T. C. O'KANE.

1 Father, at thy footstool bending,
As a suppliant I bow;
Listen to my soul's petition,
Bend thine ear and hear me now.
Hear me now, O hear me now;
Heavenly Father, hear me now.

2 At the throne of Sov'reign mercy,
In the Saviour's name I bow,
Trusting Jesus, and him only;
Save me, Lord, and save me now.
Save me now, O save me now;
Heavenly Father, save me now.

3 O thou Source of every mercy,
Thankful at the cross I bow,
Grant me every needed blessing;
This my prayer, O bless me now.
Bless me now, O bless me now;
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

Wardle.

J. W. W. J. W. W.

1. Ten-der-ly the Saviour listened To the voice of grief or pain; Oft His eyes with tear-drops glisten'd,
2. Si - lent-ly endur'd the Saviour Cru - el taunts, the scourge, the cross, For His Heav'nly Father's favor
3. Was it not enough, O Saviour, For us sin - ful men to die? Spite of all our ill be - hav-ior,

No one sought His help in vain. Now, a-mid the choirs of heav-en, Still He hears our faintest pray'r;
Counting all things else but loss. Thus may I, thro' pain or sor - row, Calmly walk without a - larm.
Thou dost plead for us on high! In the light of such compas-sion, Shall I not for - giv - ing be?

REFRAIN.

accel *rit.*

May this grace to me be giv - en, Thy de - vo - tion let me share.
From Thy patience let me bor - row, Leaning si - lent on Thine arm. "Swift to hear, slow to speak:
Let Thy free and full sal - va - tion Mag-ni - fy it - self in me.

Copyright, 1888, by J. W. WALTON.

Wardle. Concluded.

tempo. *rit.*

Lord, in this Thy grace I seek; "Slow to wrath," O may I be, Dear-est Saviour, more like Thee!

27 Be Not Afraid, 'Tis I.

Trans. from the French by J. W. WALTON. Arr. by R. L. F.

1. When threat'ning grows the storm-y wind, Speak, Sav-iour, or I die; Thy word brings
2. Though fierce the waves, I do not fear, T'ward Thee I turn my eye; Thy voice doth
3. When found'ring seems my barque, on Thee My faith and hope re-ly; Thy voice comes
4. O, voy-a-ger on storm-y seas, Where waves are dash-ing high, But speak, and

sol-ace to my mind: "Be not a-fraid, 'tis I." 'Tis I. 'Tis I. Thy word brings
still my spir-it cheer: "Be not a-fraid, 'tis I." 'Tis I. 'Tis I. Thy voice doth
o'er the rag-ing sea: "Be not a-fraid, 'tis I." 'Tis I. 'Tis I. Thy voice comes
lo! that voice re-plies: "Be not a-fraid, 'tis I." 'Tis I. 'Tis I. But speak, and

D. S.

Used by per. of ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER, Owner of Copyright.

The Beautiful Light.

R. K. CARTER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Jesus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light; Shining brighter day by
2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of
3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light; O what joy and peace we
4. We will sing His power to save, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the
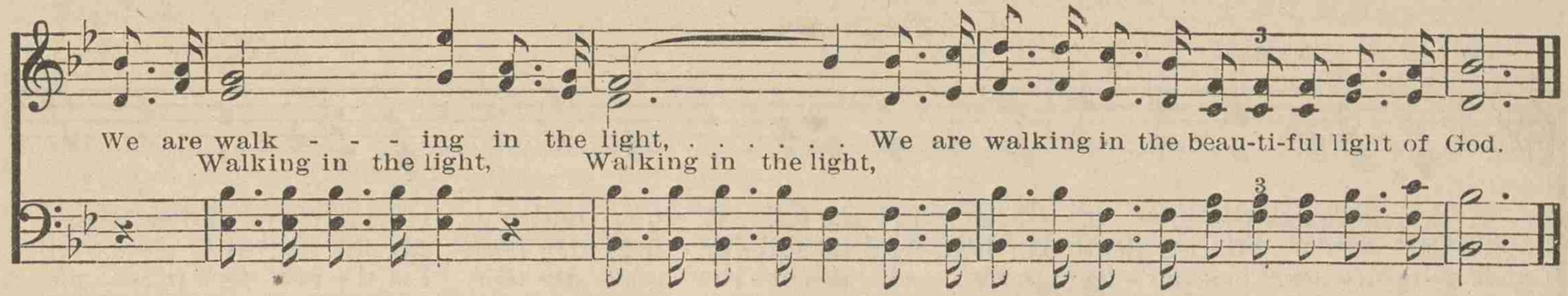
REFRAIN.

day, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God. We are walk - - - - - ing in the
heav'n, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
know, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
grave, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God. Walking in the light,

light, We are walk - - - - - ing in the light,
beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk - ing in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God,

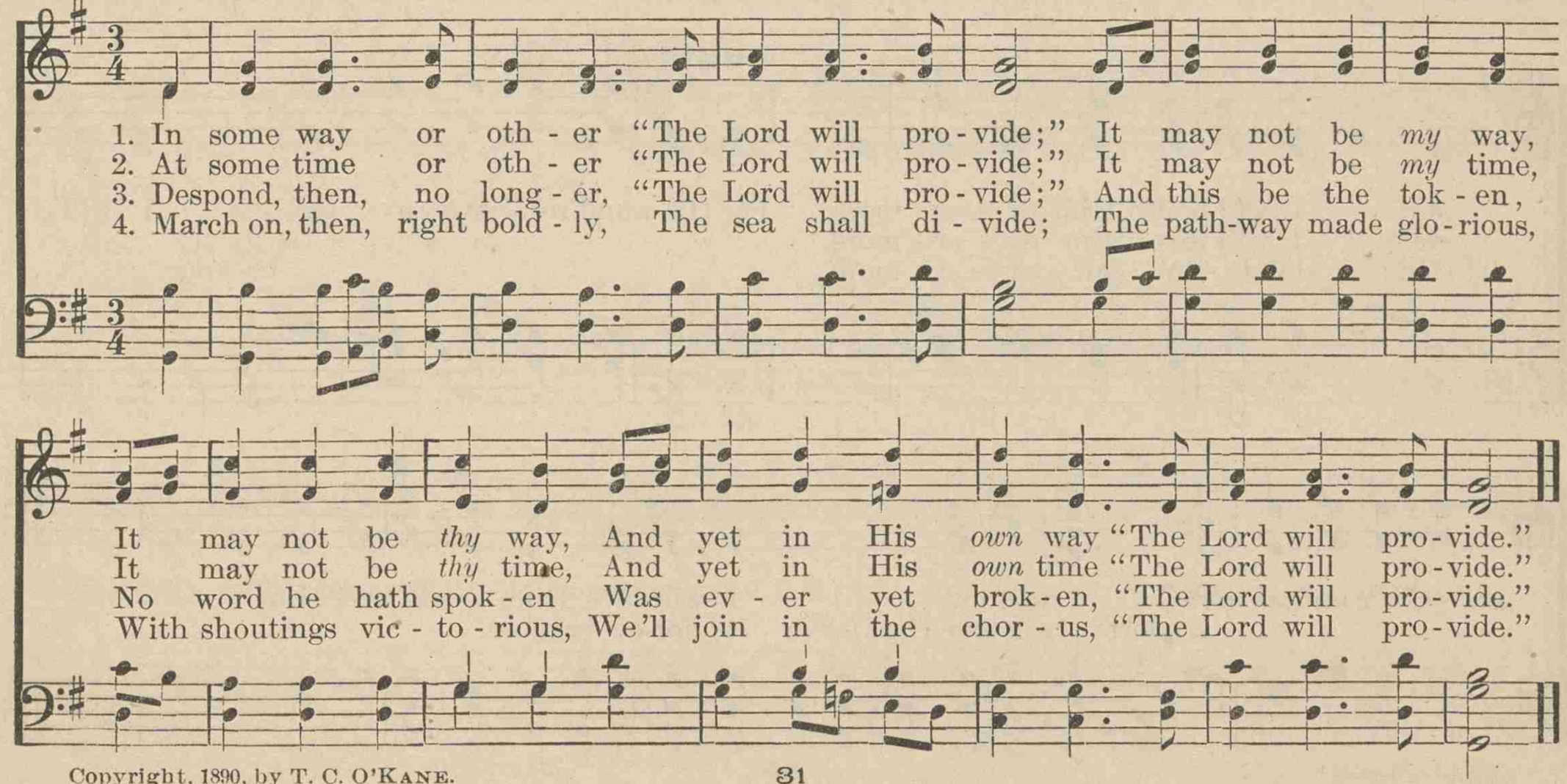
Copyright, 1887, by JOHN R. SWENEY.

The Beautiful Light. Concluded.



29 In Some Way or Other.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke. T. C. O'Kane.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'Kane.

The Love of Christ.

"The Love constraineth us." 2 Cor. 5: 14.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Frank M. Davis.

1. Let me speak the love of Christ; Let me tell it o'er and o'er. He has saved and ransom'd
2. Cal-vary's bit-ter death He died, And its suff-er-ings He bore All for me, yes e-ven
3. Now my heart has per-fect peace; All its sor-row-ings are o'er. 'Tis the per-fect peace of

CHORUS.

me; I will praise Him ev-er-more. For His wond'rous love to me, I will
me; I will love Him ev-er-more.
God; Hal-le-lu-jah ev-er-more. to me

praise Him and a-dore; I will love, I will love Him, I will love Him ev-er-more.
adore; I will love Him for-ev-er, for-ev-er more.

By permission

Low at His Feet.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. WM J KIRKPATRICK

1. There 's joy for the comfortless heart, There 's joy that is holy and true! There's hope for the penitent soul,
2. There 's love that is dearer than earth, Far dearer than jewels or gold; No wealth of the sea or the land
3. There 's One that is tru-er than all, The friend of the friendless is He, And all that will seek Him may taste
4. Sweet joy, and sweet hope, and sweet love, All come from the Saviour divine! But seek them, poor sorrowing soul,

REFRAIN.

There 's pardon and blessing for you! 'T is low at the Saviour's dear feet we must fall, 'T is low we must
Can measure that treasure un-told!
Of love that is per-fect and free!
And all of their riches is thine!

't is low,

so sweet,

fall; The blessing so precious and sweet is for all, The blessing so sweet is for all

Copyright, 1887, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

32 In the Shadow of the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6 : 14.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place a - bove all oth - ers, Where my spir - it loves to be; 'Tis with - in the
2. On the cross my Sa - viour suf - fered That He might a - tone for me; And I love the
3. When my heart is full of trou - ble, Then I love, on bend - ed knee, To approach Him
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou wilt hear me, When I make my earn - est plea, If I kneel with-

CHORUS.

sa - cred shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry. In the shadow of the cross, In the
blessed shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
in the shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
in the shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry. of the cross,

shadow of the cross; There my spir-it loves to be, In the shadow of the cross.
of the cross;

Copyright, 1883, by J. H. TENNEY.

33 Calling Now for Thee.

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

1. Wan - der - er from Je - sus, wea - ry, sad and lone, Hear him gently call-ing now for thee;
2. Have earth's pleasures lured you, have temptations led, Oft in paths of sin and shame to stray?
3. Day - light fad - eth quick - ly, night is com-ing on, Dark will be thy path without a star;

f. Fine.

Hear his precious promise to the err - ing one, "I will love you free - ly—come to me."
Hear the voice of Je - sus peace and blessing shed, "Come to me, I am the Truth, the Way."
On - ly trust him whol-ly, he will guide thee home, O'er thy way he shin - eth from a - far.

D. S. *Hear his pre-cious prom-ise to the err - ing one, "I will love you free - ly—come to me."*

CHORUS. D. S.

Call - - - ing, he is call - - - ing, Hear him call-ing now for thee.
Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Hear him calling, call-ing now for thee, now for thee.

Copyright, 1888, by FILLMORE BROS.

34 Knocking at the Door.

"When He cometh and knocketh, they may open unto Him immediately." Luke 12: 36.

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

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa - tient - ly wait - ing near, En-trance within de-
2. Lone - ly with-out He's staying; Lone-ly with - in am I. While I am still de-
3. All through the night so drea - ry, Knocking a - gain is He: Je - sus, Thou art not
4. Quick-ly, my heart, now hasten! O - pen to Je - sus wide; Though He re - buke and

CHORUS.

man - ding? Whose is the voice I hear?
lay - ing, Will He not pass me by? Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing·
wea - ry Wait - ing so long for me.
chas - ten, He shall with thee a - bide.

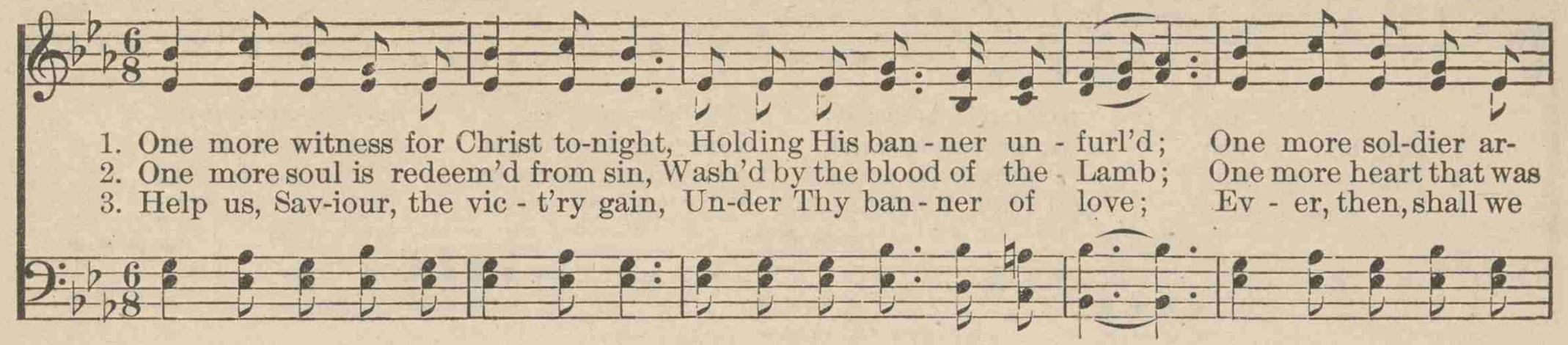
"O - pen the door for me. If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."
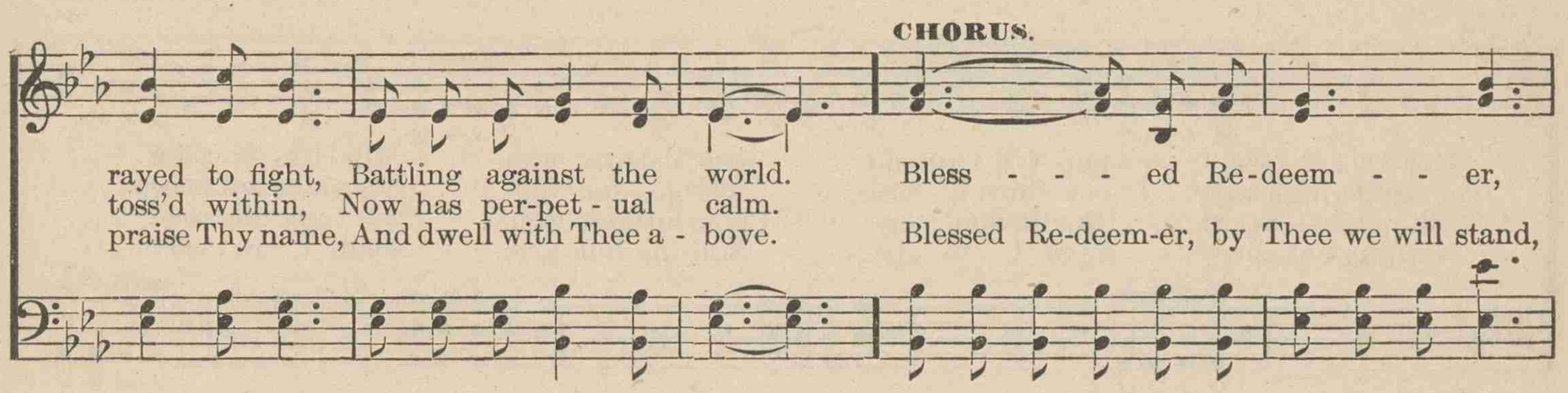
Used by permission of R. M. McIntosh, owner of the copyright
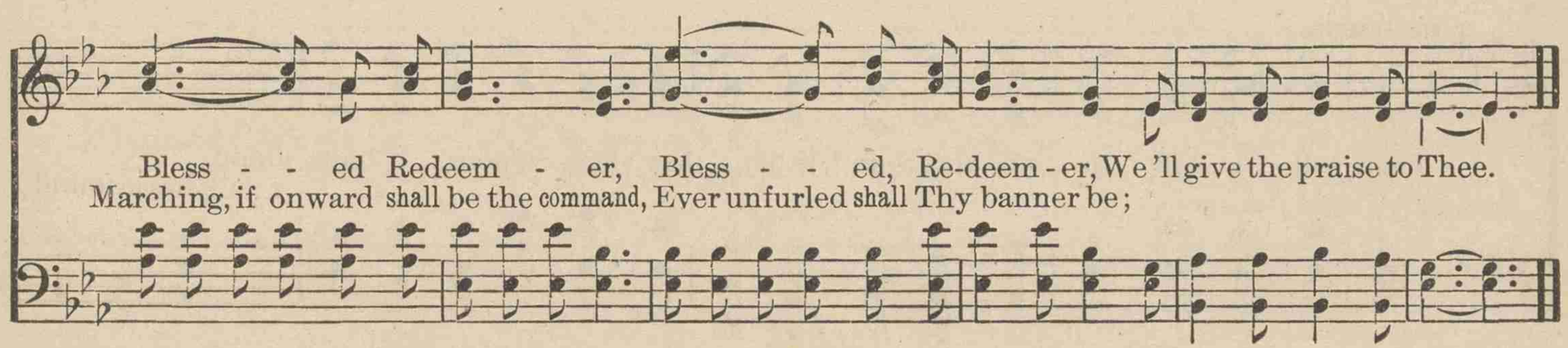
35 One More Witness for Christ.

"For thou shalt be His witness unto all men." Acts. xxii: 15.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.







From "GOSPEL ALARM," by permission.

Behold the Way.

Words arranged from CENNICK. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
2. The ho - ly way the prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,
3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not;
4. Lo, glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb, Wilt me re - ceive just as I am;

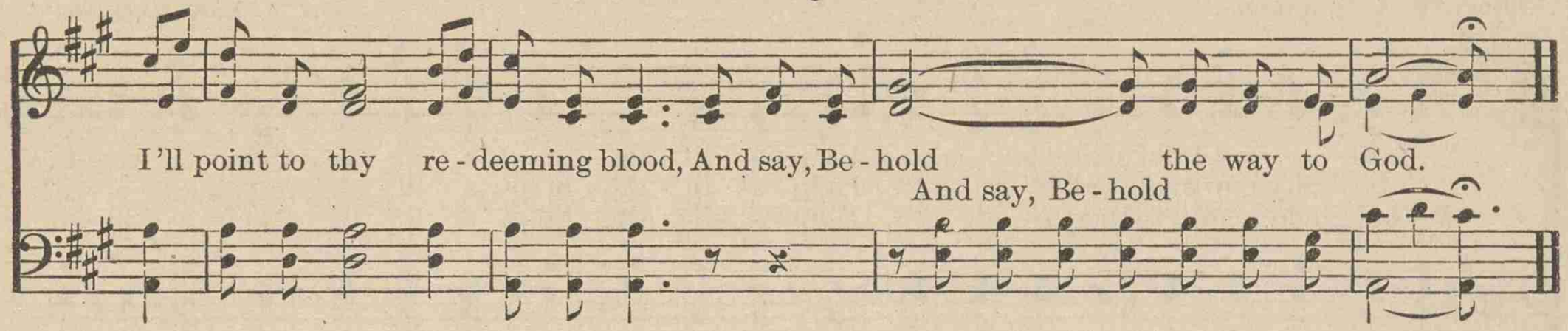
His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till Him I view.
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Till late I heard the Saviour say: "Come hith-er, soul, I am the way."
Nothing but sin have I to give, Nothing but love shall I re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Then will I tell to sin - ners round, What a dear, dear Saviour I have found;
I have found;

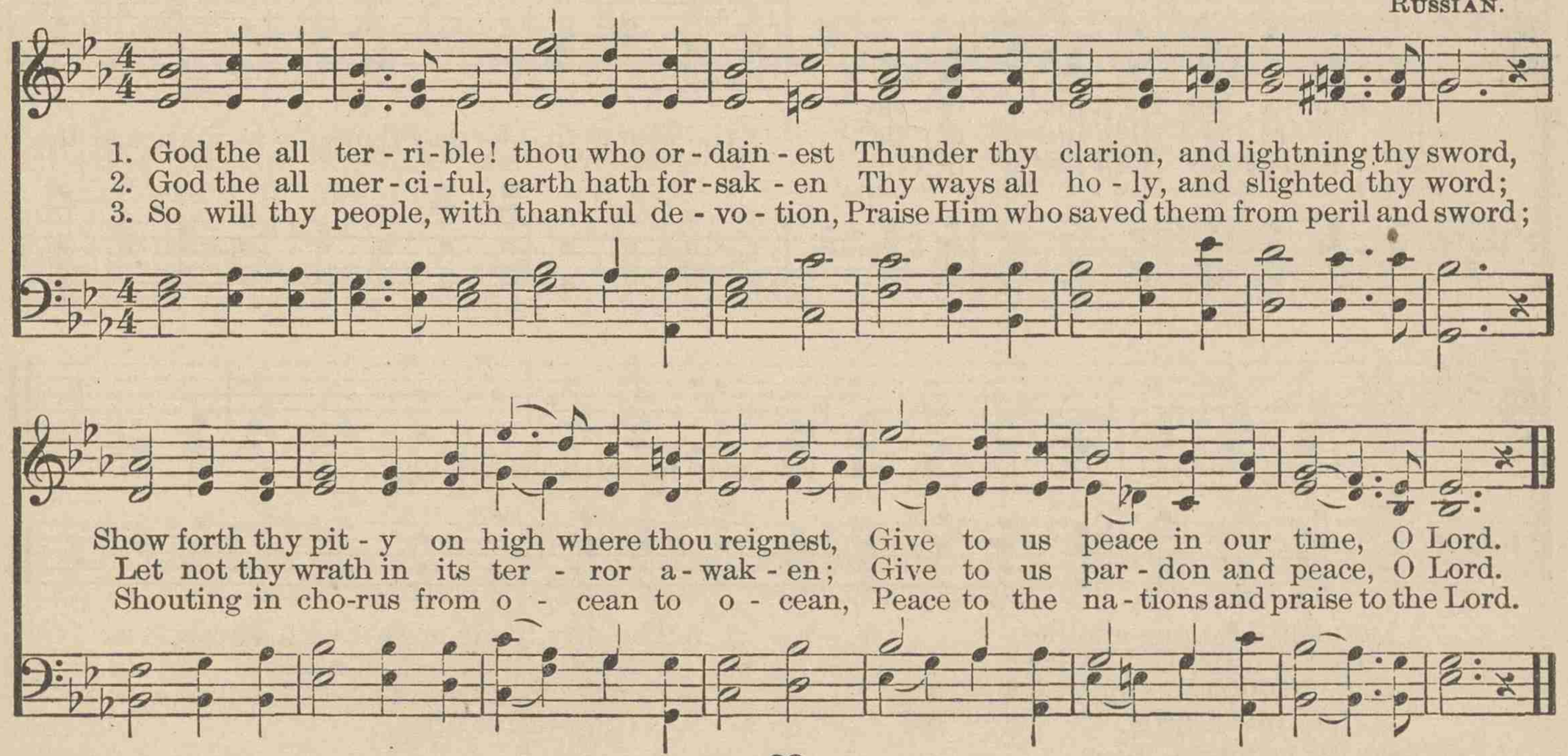
Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Behold the Way. Concluded.



37 Give us Peace.

RUSSIAN.



Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. Spencer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Broth - er for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle; Help to save the
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri - al? Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle; Sweet-en it with
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv - en, Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle; Sac - ri - fice is

mil - lions dy - ing, Help just a lit - tle.
self - de - ni - al Help just a lit - tle.
gold in heav-en, Help just a lit - tle.

CHORUS.

O, the wrongs that we may righten! O, the hearts that
we may light - en! O, the skies that we may brighten! Help-ing just a lit - tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is press'd with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood

All the Way.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." Ps. 23: 2.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way; All my needs He doth sup-
2. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way; With the heav'nly man - na
3. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way; To the liv - ing wa - ters

ply me, All the way, all the way; And His good - ness fail - eth nev - er; He is
feeds me, All the way, all the way. Tho' the path be dark and drea - ry, And my
guides me, All the way, all the way. What care I for earth - ly treas - ure, What care

mine, yes, mine for - ev - er; From His love I ne'er can sev - er, All the way, all the way.
feet have grown so wea - ry, Yet He makes life seem so chee - ry, All the way, all the way.
I for world-ly pleasure? I have grace beyond the measure, All the way, all the way.

By permission.

40 Rock in the Desert.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rock in the des - ert, my shield from the blast, Un - der thy sha - dow I'm hid - ing at last;
2. Rock in the des - ert, how love - ly the star Guid-ing my foot-steps from wand'ring a - far!
3. Rock in the des - ert, how peace-ful my rest, Kind - ly pro - tect - ed, no long - er oppress'd!
4. Rock in the des - ert, O Sav - iour di - vine, Thou art my ref - uge, no love is like thine;

Dear is Thy ref - uge, and welcome to me; Rock in the des - ert, my soul flies to Thee.
Now I am hap - py, Thy shel-ter I see; Rock in the des - ert, my faith clings to Thee.
Long have I thirst - ed for streams cool and free; Rock in the des - ert, I find them in Thee.
Thou, my Re - deem - er, art gracious to me; Rock in the des - ert, I live but in Thee.

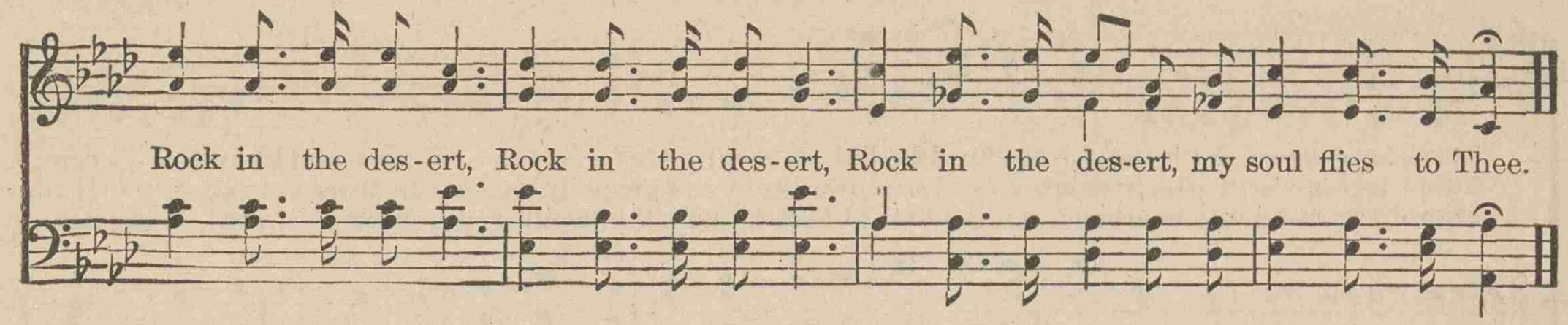
CHORUS.

My soul flies to Thee, My soul flies to Thee.

My soul flies to Thee, My soul flies to Thee, My soul flies to Thee, My soul flies to Thee.
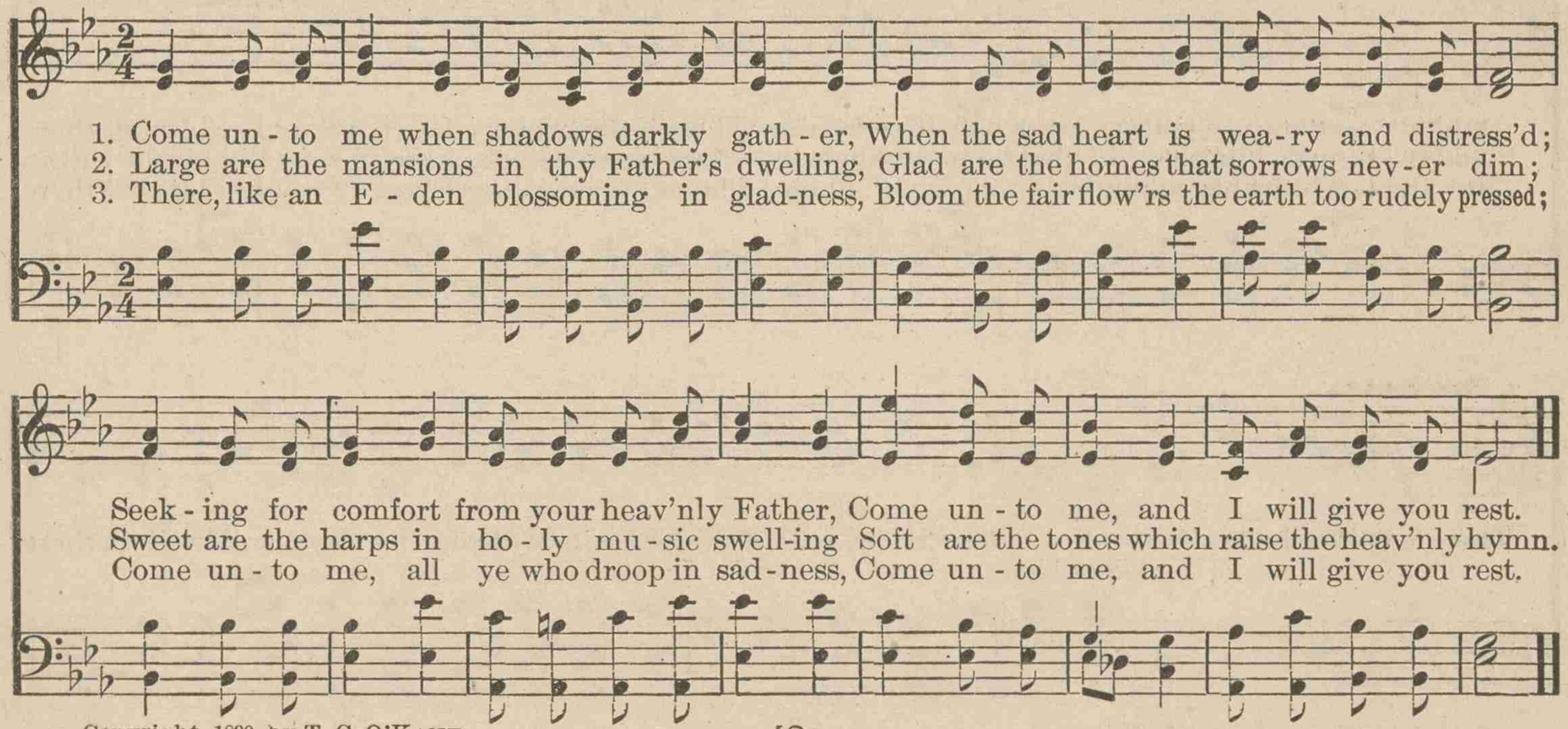
Copyright, 1887, by JOHN R. SWENEY.

Rock in the Desert. Concluded.



41 I Will Give You Rest.

Mrs. C. H. Esling. T. C. O'Kane.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'Kane.

There is Peace in My Heart.

E. T. O'KANE.

1. There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there, And He feels ev'-ry sorrow and knows ev'-ry care,
2. There is peace in my heart though my vision grows dim, And I grope 'midst the shadows, yet will I see Him,
3. There is peace in my heart and no shadow of fear, Though the swelling of Jordan is ech-o-ing near;

And He scatters my pathway with blessings most rare; There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there.
And the beau-ti-ful gates of that home without sin,—There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwells within.
For the Lord who has conquered is con-queror here; There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there.

REFRAIN.

There is peace in my heart, rest-ful peace, There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there.

There is

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Our Litany.

Sir ROBERT GRANT. Arranged from BERG.

Andante.

1. Saviour, when in dust to thee Low we bend the adoring knee; When re - pen - tant to the
2. By thine hour of dire despair, By thine ag - on - y of prayer, By the cross, the nail, the
3. By thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se-pulchral stone, By the vault whose dark a-

[Treble and Alto in unison . . . . . .]

skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, O, by all the pains and woe Suffered once for
thorn, Piercing spear, and tort'ring scorn; By the gloom that veiled the skies, O'er the dread-ful
bode Held in vain the ris - ing God, O from earth to heaven restored, Migh-ty, re - as -

[Tenor and Bass in unison . . . . .]

man be - low, Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny!
sac - ri - fice, List - en to our hum-ble cry; Hear our solemn lit - a - ny! A - men.
cen - ded Lord, List - en, list - en to the cry Of our solemn lit - a - ny!

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

That Fountain.

Zech. 13: 1. Rev. 1: 5.

Mrs. E. E. ELSWORTH. First Verse, Chorus arr., and Music by W. E. PENN.

1. I'm told that a fountain was opened for sin In King David's house, where all may be made clean;
2. Thy blood, O my Saviour, was poured out for me, So precious, so cost-ly, yet offered so free;
3. Tho' red as the crimson, like wool I shall be, If plunged 'neath the waves of this fathom-less sea;
4. My faith would receive the redemption I crave, The power to triumph o'er death and the grave;

This fount is the blood that from Jesus did flow; If I 'm washed in that fountain, I 'll be whiter than snow.
Tho' sins be as scarlet, this truth I would know, If I 'm washed in that fountain, I 'll be whiter than snow.
I come, O my Saviour, where pure waters flow; If I 'm washed in that fountain, I 'll be whiter than snow.
To stand uncondemn'd, for most surely I know, I 've been washed in that fountain, And am whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; If I 'm washed in that fountain, I 'll be whiter than snow.

Copyright, 1889, by W. E. PENN.

45 Wanderer Come.

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

1. Ten-der-ly Je-sus is calling to-day, Wanderer come, wanderer come; Lovingly pointing thy
2. Cold is the storm on the mountain so wild, Wanderer come, wanderer come; Dearly he lov-eth thee,
3. He has a mansion in glo-ry a-bove, Wanderer come, wanderer come, Where you shall dwell with the

feet in the way, Wanderer come to Je-sus; Come, for the feast is prepared on high; Come, for the
poor way-ward child, Wanderer come to Je-sus; Long thou hast wandered a-far from home; Long he has
ransomed in love, Wanderer come to Je-sus; Soon will the shadows so dark and deep Fall, and the

ev'n-ing is drawing nigh; Come, for the harvest is passing by, Wanderer come, wanderer come!
followed thee, calling 'Come;' Why from his love and compassion roam? Wanderer come, wanderer come!
storms of the night shall sweep Wildly around thee, and thou shalt weep, Wanderer come, wanderer come!

Copyright, 1889, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

The Bugle Call.

Rev. J. S. BITLER. Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. Hear the bu - gle call-ing, Come without de - lay; Ev'-ry man be read - y For the fight to - day.
2. Hear the bu - gle call-ing, Time is go - ing fast; Men are dy-ing 'round you, Life will soon be past!
3. Hear the bu - gle call-ing; See, it calls for *you!* Do not say "the're others," That will never do;
4. O, if some poor sin-ner, Looking now to thee, Should be lost for - ev - er, To all e - ter-nity,

Do not sleep in dan - ger, Do not hes - i - tate; Rouse you up, O soldiers, For the foe is great!
Seize the moment quickly, Speak the word just now; Trust the Lord to guide you, He will show you how.
For *your* place, my brother, Oth-ers can not fill: You must do your du - ty; Do it with a will.
Could you clear your conscience Of the blood of men? At the bar of Je - sus, Can you meet it then?

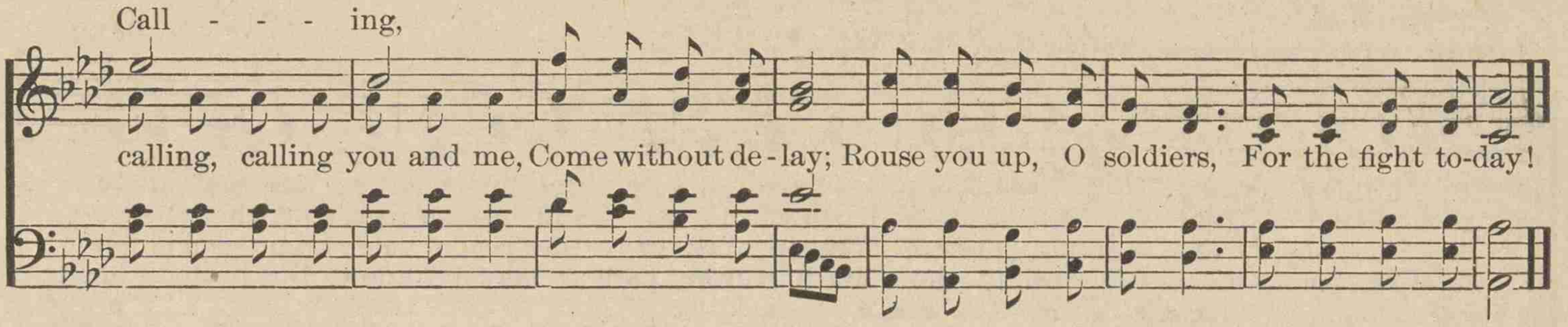
Call - - - ing

CHORUS.

Hear the bu - gle calling, calling you and me, Awake, ye sol - diers of the cross! Hear the bu-gle
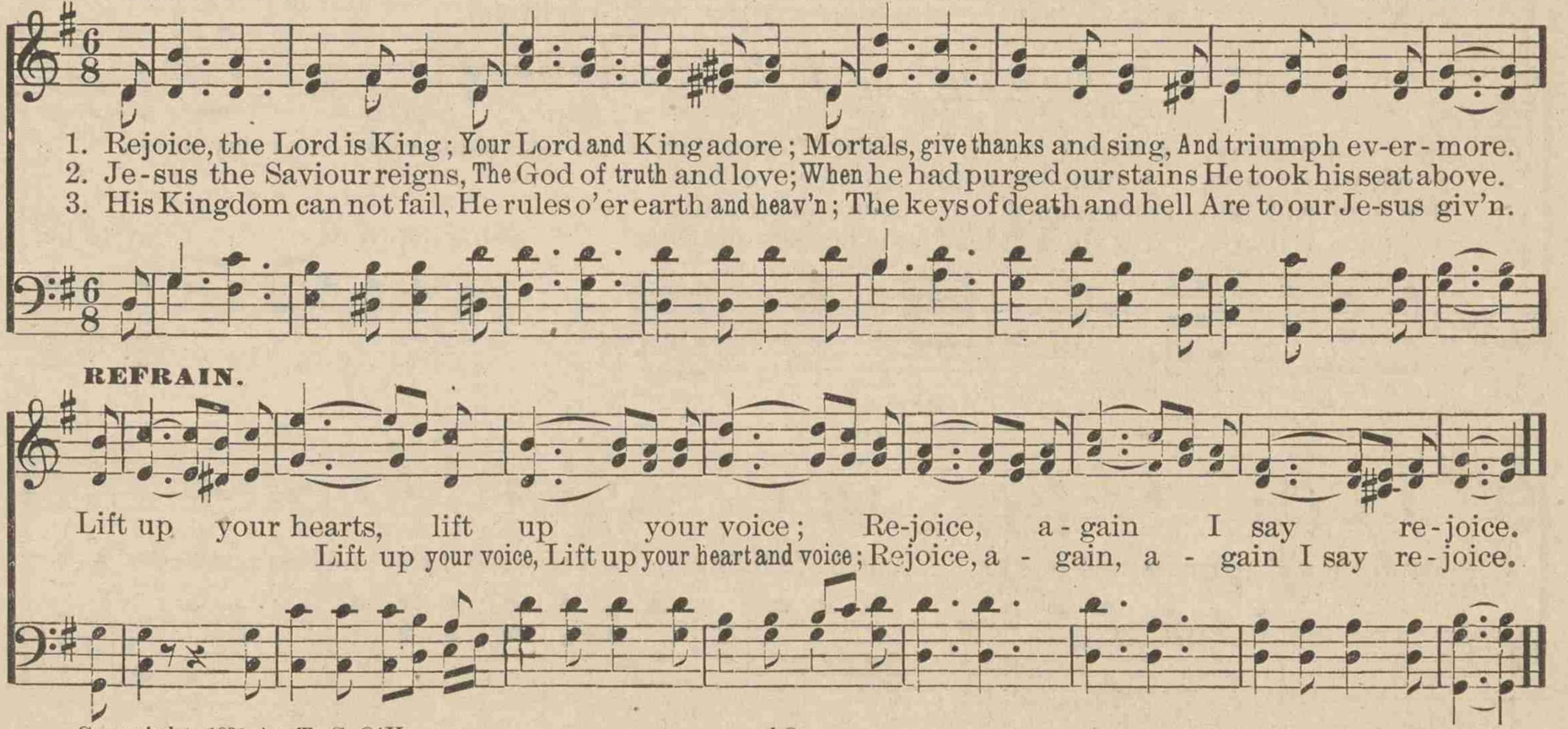
Copyright, 1888, by Rev. J. S. BITLER.

The Bugle Call. Concluded.



47 Rejoice Evermore.

CHARLES WESLEY. T. C. O'KANE.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Some Day.

E. E. REXFORD.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Slow, with expression.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re-peat; Its mel - o-dy
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heaven won, And when the long,
3. "Some day," I say, content to wait The opening of the jas-per gate; Come soon or late,
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know, But in God's hand

CHORUS.

and feel-ing say, I'll sing it, if God will, some day. Some day, some hap - py day to be,
rough way is trod, I shall be hold the face of God.
that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home some day. Some happy day, a day to be,

cres. *Ritard.*

My voice will learn its mel-o - dy, And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n, at Jesus' feet.

By permission.

Sometime.

LIZZIE D. FIELDER. A. B. CARROLL.

1. Sometime the hands, grown weary with life's toil - ing, Shall fold-ed be across the pulseless breast,
2. Sometime the eyes, grown dim with ceaseless watching, A - mid the mists that shroud our earthly way,
3. Sometime our pil - grim - age here will be end - ed, Life's battles fought, and vic - to - ries be won;

Sometime the heart, with care and pain long ach - ing, Shall be at rest. Sometime the feet that
D. S. *But pause be - side some cool, life - giv - ing fountain, No more to stray.*
Shall close a - while to greet a - gain at wak - ing A clear - er day. Sometime the soul, too
D. S. *Shall fall asleep to wake 'mid heav - en - ly mu - sic That knows no tears.*
Sometime we 'll hear the Saviour's wel-come plau-dit, "Servant, well done!" Sometime, we know this,
D. S. *But we'll a - bide with - in the heav'n - ly man - sions, Thro' end - less day.*

climb life's rug - ged moun - tain, Shall leave their prints no more a - long the way,
tired for long - er stay - ing, Where dirg - es make the mel - o - dy of years,
earth - ly house will crum - ble, Its beau - ty fade, its mor - tal pow - ers de cay.

D. S.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Jesus Will Carry Me Over.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Why am I troubled tho' billows may roll, Je-sus will car-ry me o-ver; What if the tempest should
2. What if the Jordan mine eyes shall behold, Je-sus will car-ry me o-ver; What if the waves at my
3. On - ly a moment to sleep and to wake, Je-sus will car-ry me o-ver; Then a bright morning in
4. On - ly a step and for-ev - er at home, Je-sus will car-ry me o-ver; Why am I troubled what-

REFRAIN.

break o'er my soul, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver. O - - ver, o - ver,
feet should be cold, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver.
glo - ry will break, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver.
ev - er may come, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver. Car-ry me, car-ry me o - ver,

Ten-der-ly, tran-quil-ly o - ver, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver, Will carry me safe-ly home.

Copyright, 1887, by JOHN R. SWENEY.

"Singing for Jesus."

F. R. HAVERGAL. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Singing for Je - sus, our Saviour and King, Singing for Je - sus the Lord whom we love;
2. Singing for Je - sus, and try-ing to win Ma-ny to love Him, and join in the song;
3. Singing for Je - sus, our Life and our Light; Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
4. Singing for Je - sus, our Shepherd and Guide, Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;

All ad - or - a - tion we joy - ous - ly bring, Longing to praise as we 'll praise Him a - bove.
Calling the wea - ry and wan-der-ing in, Rolling the cho - rus of gladness a - long.
Singing for Him when the morning is bright, Singing, still sing - ing for Him in the dark.
Singing for won - der and praise that He died, Singing for bless-ing and joy that He lives!
D. S. *Till He shall call us to brighter em - ploy,* *Singing for Je - sus for - ev - er a - bove.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Singing for Je - sus, O singing for joy! Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Safely Hide Me.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Ma-ny dangers lie around me, Ma-ny tri-als throng my way; But these foes cannot confound me,
2. I have need of dai - ly guidance Lest my feet should go a-stray; Hear my pray'r, O Lord, and lead me
3. Be to me a rock and shelter, Be to me a hid-ing place; Shield me from the storm and tempest,

CHORUS.

If thou be my guide and stay.
Ev - er in the nar - row way.
Hold me firm - ly by thy grace.

Hide me, Sav - iour, Safe - ly hide me In the cleft of thy dear side; Guide me, Sav-iour, safe - ly guide me To my home beyond the tide.

By permission.

53 Abiding in Him.

CHAS. B. ROOT. Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, arranged for this work.

1. A - bid - ing, O so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet; I trust in him, I'm
2. He speaks, and by his word is giv'n His peace, a rich fore-taste of heav'n! Not as the world he
3. I live; not I; thro' him a - lone By whom the mighty work is done: Dead to my-self, a-
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the E - ter - nal Son! Let all my powers my

REFRAIN.

sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied! A - bid - - ing, a - bid - - ing,
peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
soul em-ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy. A - bid - ing in him, a - bid - ing in him,

O! so wondrous sweet! . . I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sav-iour's feet. . . .
O! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet! I'm resting in him, resting in him, At the Saviour's feet, at his feet.

By permission.

54 I Will Sing of the Mercies of the Lord.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, All his goodness I will has - ten to proclaim;
2. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Praise for - ev - er shall my heart and tongue employ;
3. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Who in pit - y doth each stain of guilt re-move;
4. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Whose compassion will my ev - 'ry want sup - ply;
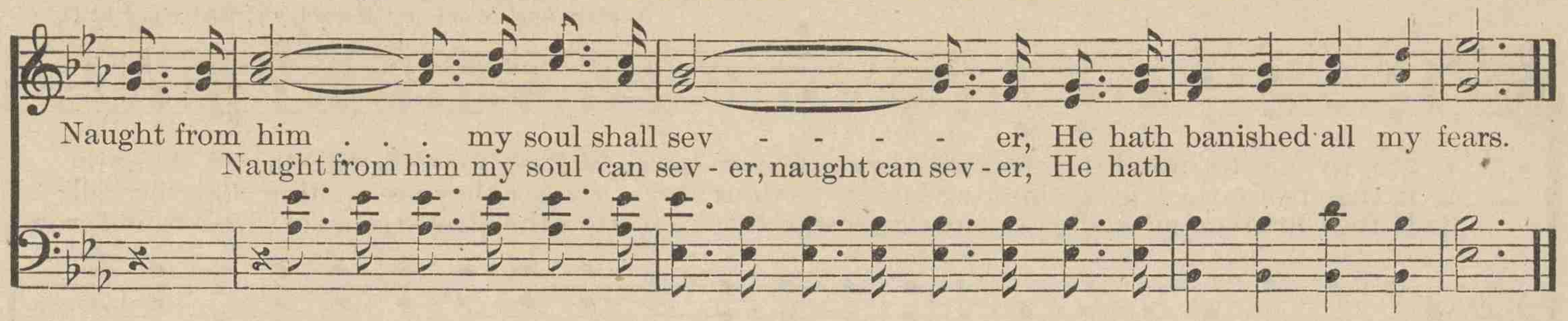
REFRAIN.

I will sing of the promise of his word, And tell his power and fame. I will sing . . his praise for-
Ho - ly angels shall join with one accord, The song of grateful joy.
Ev - er-more be his precious name adored For his for-giv - ing love.
He will ev - er each needful grace af-ford, And bring me safe on high. I will sing his praise, Will

ev - - - - - er, While I tread . . . . this vale of tears;
sing his praise for - ev - er, While I tread this vale of tears; While I tread this vale of tears;

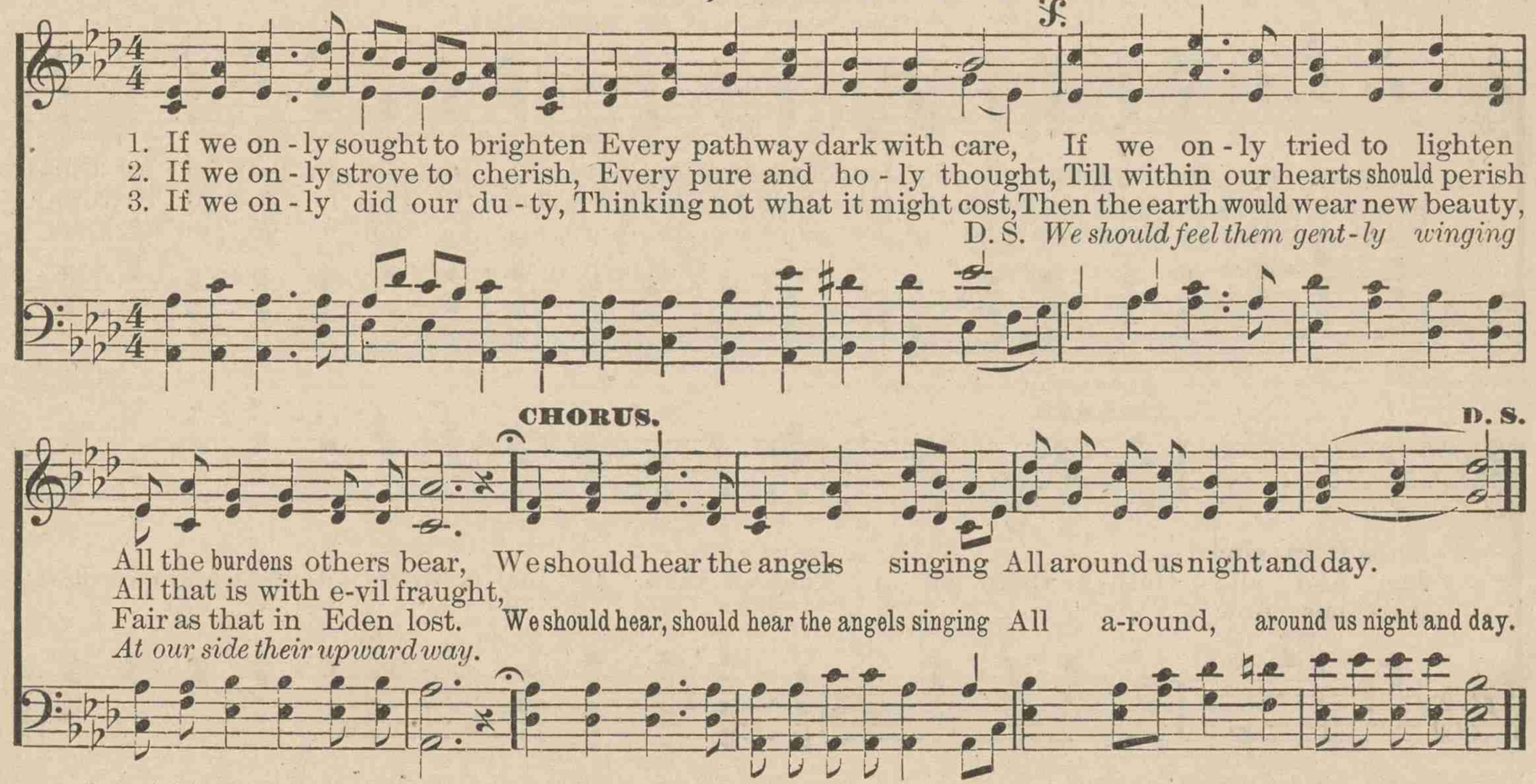
Copyright, 1887, by WM. J. KIKPATRICK.

I will Sing of the Mercies of the Lord. Concluded.



55 Unseen, But Heard.

T. C. O'KANE.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Gather Them In.

Words and Music by Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

1. Ma-ny are the wand'ring ones whom Je-sus died to save, Waiting for some one to ask them in,
2. In their hearts there is a thirsting for the Saviour's love, Ea-ger they are waiting for your call;
3. If the Christians all would work for Christ as well as self, How the blessed cause of Christ would grow!

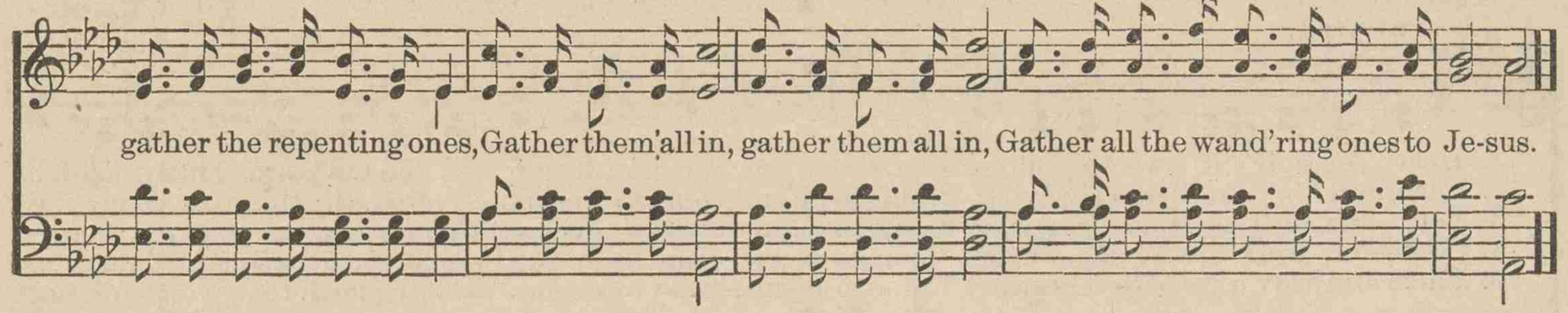
Long-ing for the blessings of a Saviour's precious love; O, for men to gath-er all these
Go and speak a word to them, and take them by the hand; Lead them to the bless-ed Saviour,
What a gath'ring there would be of dear ones for the Lord; O, for men to go and work for

CHORUS.

souls from sin!
one and all. Gath-er them all in, gath-er them all in, Gath-er all the wand'ring ones,
Je-sus now!

Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.
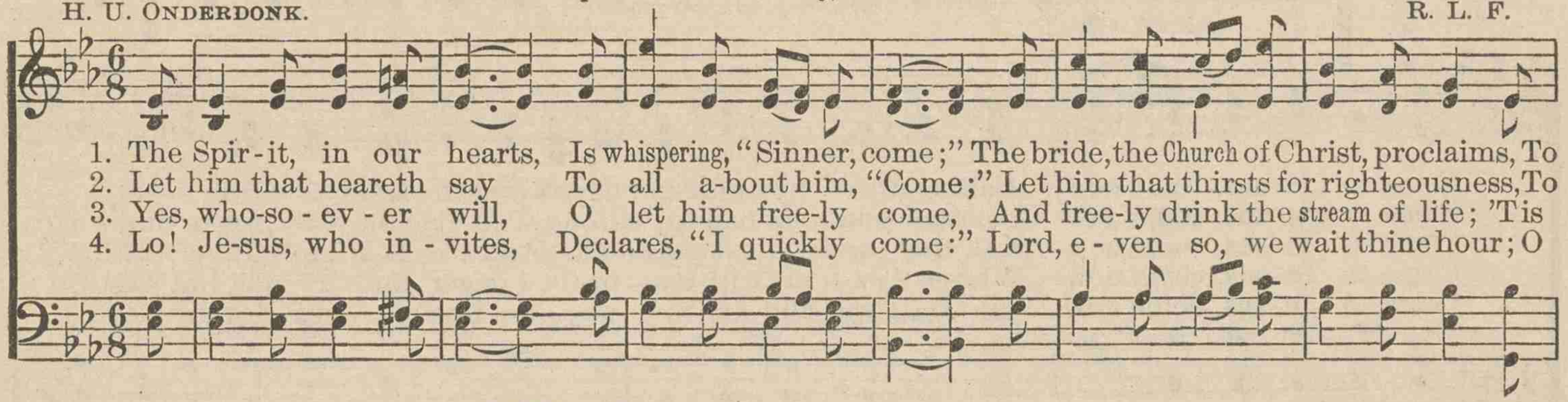
Gather Them In. Concluded.
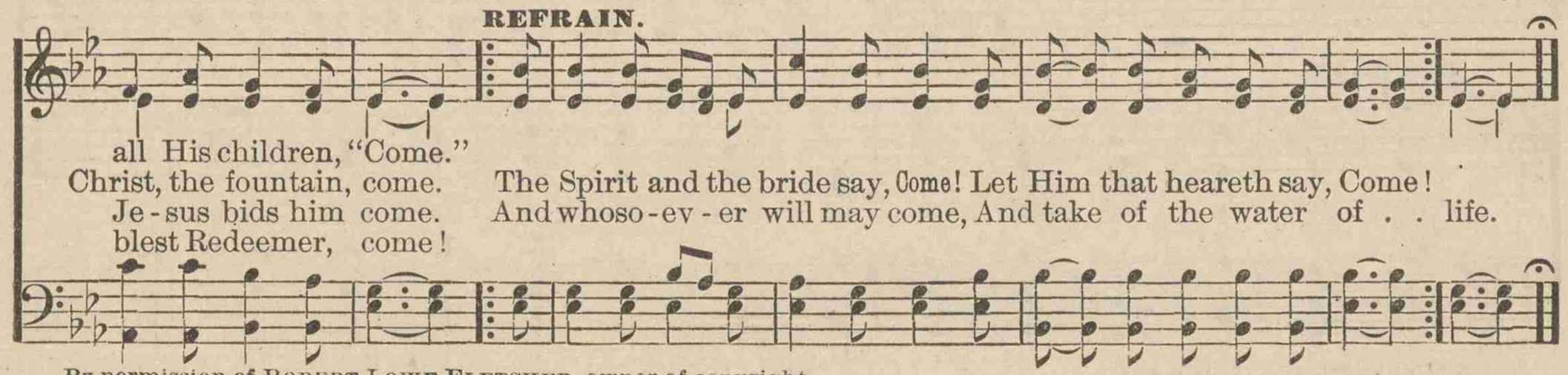


57 Invitation.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come." Rev. xxii: 17.

H. U. ONDERDONK. R. L. F.



REFRAIN.



By permission of ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER, owner of copyright.

58 Come and Welcome.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

Spirited.

1. Hear the Spir - it sweetly calling, "Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus;" Lo the tones are gently falling,
2. Ear - nest - ly the Bride is saying, "Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus;" Why, O why this long de-lay-ing?
3. Let the hear - er, too, be crying, "Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus;" Come at once and cease your trying;
4. Come and drink the liv - ing waters, Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Free to all earths sons and daughters,
5. Earth and heav'n are both repeating, "Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus," Sending forth the joyous greeting,

"Come to Je-sus, come now." Calling thee by night and day, From thy sins to turn a - way;
Come to Je-sus, come now. Come and join our hap - py throng, Trav'ling on with prayer and song;
Come to Je-sus, come now. Seek the par - don of your sin, And the heal-ing pow - er within,
Come to Je-sus, come now. Who-so - ev - er will may taste; Longer tar - ry not, but haste;
Come to Je-sus, come now. Tread the strait and nar-row way, Fol-low Je - sus day by day;

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus, come and wel - come; Come to Je - sus, come now.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

The Shepherd's Call.

J. M. B.

Melody by J. M. BALDWIN.

With spirit.

1. The Shepherd Je - sus is read - y now The wand'ring sheep to save; He calls the wand'rer from
2. The Shepherd Je - sus is call-ing now, He's called you oft be - fore To en - ter in - to his
3. This Shepherd gave for the sheep his life—He bled and died for you; Will you re - ject now his
4. And as you en-ter this Shepherd's fold, Your sins will be for-giv'n; He'll fill your heart with his

CHORUS.

plain and mountain, And from the brink of the grave.
fold and pas - ture—Lo! he him - self is the door. The fold is now o - pen, the
love and mer - cy, Your Friend most lov - ing and true?
joy o'er - flow - ing, And lead you safe - ly to heav'n.

Shepherd is calling, "Poor, wan-der-ing sin-ner come in (come in)."
Shepherd is calling, "Poor, wan-der-ing . . . . . sin - ner come in (come in)."

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

In the Vineyard of Our Father.

H. P. DANKS.

1. In the vineyard of our Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do; Scatter'd gleanings we may
2. Toiling ear - ly in the morning, Catching moments thro' the day, Nothing small or low - ly
3. Not for self - ish praise or glo - ry, Not for ob - jects nothing worth, But to send the blessed
4. Steadfast, then, in our en-deav - or, Heav'nly Fa-ther, may we be; And for-ev - er, and for-

gath - er, Tho' we are but young and few; Lit - tle clus - ters, Lit - tle clus - ters, Help to
scorning, While we work and watch and pray; Gath'ring glad - ly, Gath'ring glad - ly Free - will
sto - ry Of the Gos - pel o'er the earth, Tell - ing mor - tals, Tell - ing mor - tals Of the
ev - er, We will give the praise to thee; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Sing - ing

fill the gar - ners too; Lit - tle clus - ters, Lit - tle clus - ters, Help to fill the gar-ners too.
off-'rings by the way; Gath'ring glad - ly, Gath'ring glad - ly Free-will off-'rings by the way.
Lord and Saviour's birth; Tell - ing mor - tals, Tell - ing mor - tals Of the Lord and Saviour's birth.
all e - ter - ni - ty; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Sing - ing all e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1890, by H. P. DANKS.

Harvest Bells.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4: 35.

W. E. PENN. J. M. HUNT.

1. O Christian! do not fal - ter, The har-vest field is white, And ma-ny souls are sink-ing In-
2. O reapers! quickly gath-er The precious golden sheaves, That day and night are fall-ing, Like
3. So *few* we find the lab -'rers, The har-vest, O HOW GREAT! Then slumber not, dear Christian, For

CHORUS.

to e - ter - nal night.
autumn's withered leaves. The harvest bells are ringing, We hear them night and day; The harvest bells are
soon 't will be too late.

pealing, Go work, and watch, and pray, The harvest bells are pealing, Go work, watch, pray.
Go work, and watch, and pray;

Copyrighted, 1882, by W. E. PENN and used by his permission.

Work Enough to Do.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. T. C. O'KANE.

Ere the sun goes down, goes down;

1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down, I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down;
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down, I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down;
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down, As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down;
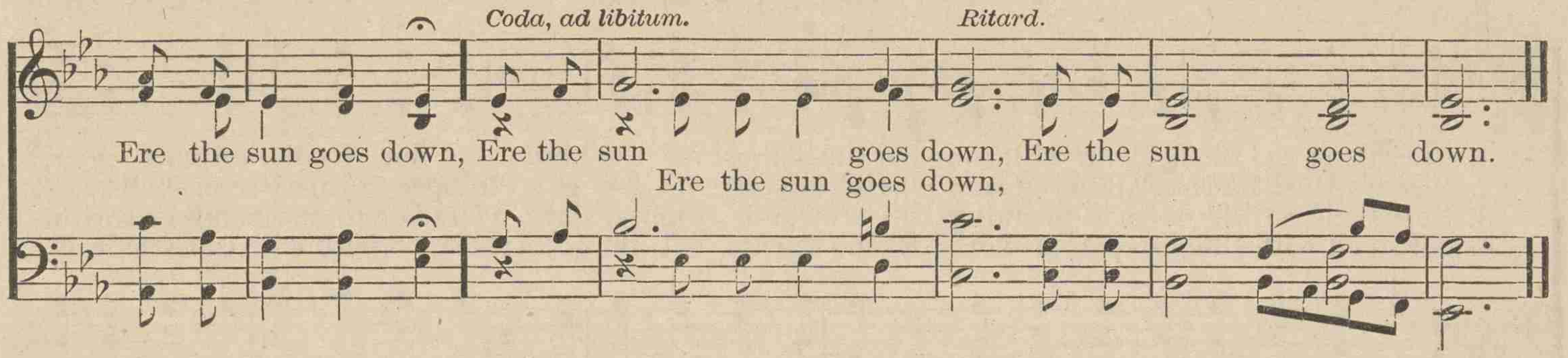
Ere the sun goes down, goes down;

For myself and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down, For myself and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down;
I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down, I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down;
God's command I must o-bey, Ere the sun goes down, God's command I must obey, Ere the sun goes down;

Ev-'ry i-dle whisper stilling, With a purpose firm and willing, All my dai-ly tasks full-fill-ing,
Ev-'ry cry of pit-ty heeding, For the in-jured in-ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading,
There are sins that need confessing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would ob-tain the blessing,

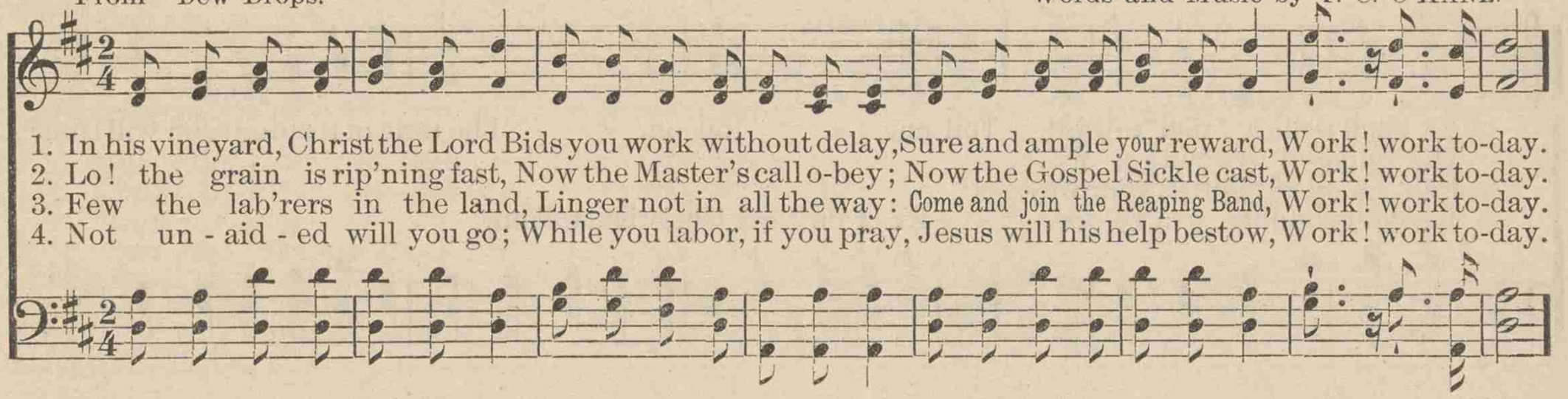
Copyright, 1886, by T. C. O'KANE.

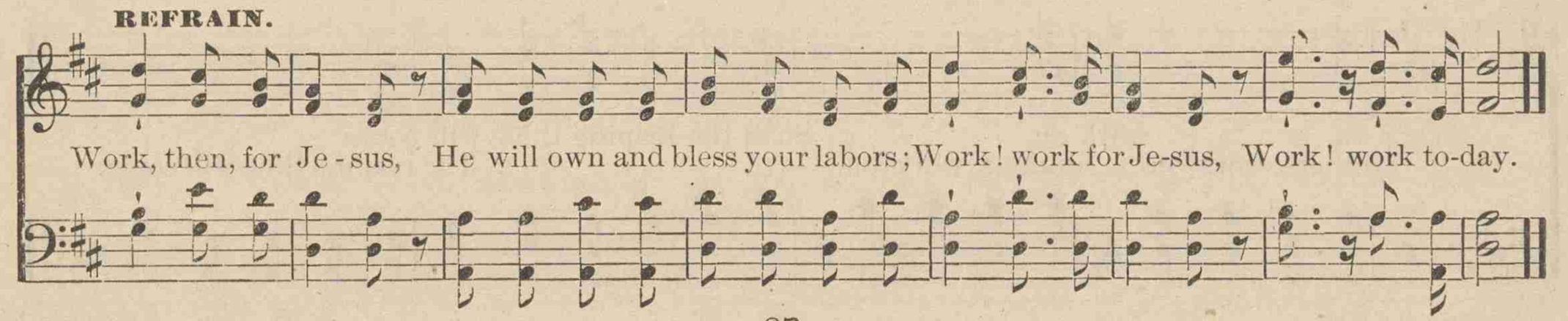
Work Enough to Do. Concluded.



63 Work! Work To-Day.

From "Dew Drops." Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.





The Christian's Work Song.

R. G. S. R G STAPLES

1. Christians, lo! the fields are whit'ning For the harvest of the Lord; Be not i - dle, onward ev-er,
2. Onward, Christians, still press onward, Singing sweetly as we go; Strong in faith, we soon shall triumph,
3. Christians, lo! the dawn is breaking Of a clear-er brighter day; Yield not to the clouds of sorrow,
4. Gird - ed with the gos - pel ar-mor, Join the war, to bat - tle go; Armed with faith, with Christ as leader,

CHORUS.

Ye shall reap a rich reward. Toil on, toil on, The time of reaping soon will come,
Tho' opposed by many a foe.
Ev - er onward press your way.
Ye shall conquer ev - 'ry foe. Ev-er onward, Christian, toil on,

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

By permission

65

One Day More.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE.

1. One day more to *work* for Je - sus, One day more to win the crown; One day more a - mid the con - flict, Ere we lay our ar - mor down.
2. One day more to *live* for Je - sus, One day more to be the light To some lost and wand'ring broth-er, From the maze of er - ror's night. Help us, Lord, for thee to la - bor, Day by
3. One day more, perhaps of tri - al, Or temp-ta - tion by the foe, But in Je - sus calm-ly trust-ing, Ev - er on - ward will we go.
4. One day more and near-er Je - sus, In the realms of end-less bliss, Where we ev - er shall be like him, For we'll see him as he is.

CHORUS.

day for thee to live, And when life at last is end - ed, To thy - self in heav'n re - ceive.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

Spirited.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of rip-ened grain; Far and near their gold is
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare; When the sun's last rays are
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold; Heav'nward then at evening

CHORUS.

gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where. Lord of Har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us,
wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

Lord, to thee we cry; Send them now, the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.

Copyright, 1885, by PHILLIPS & HUNT.

Remembered.

Words from BONAR.

T. C. O'KANE.

Solo or Quartet.

1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
2. Shall I be missed, if an - oth - er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in Spring-time have sown?
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on earth I have strewn,
4. Oh when the Sav - iour shall make up his jew-els, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won;

Thus too, would I pass a - way, peaceful, si - lent, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bor, On - ly remembered by what he has done.
These shall pass onward when I am for - got - ten, Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.
Then will his faith - ful and wea-ry dis - ci - ples, *Each* be remembered by what he has done,

REFRAIN.

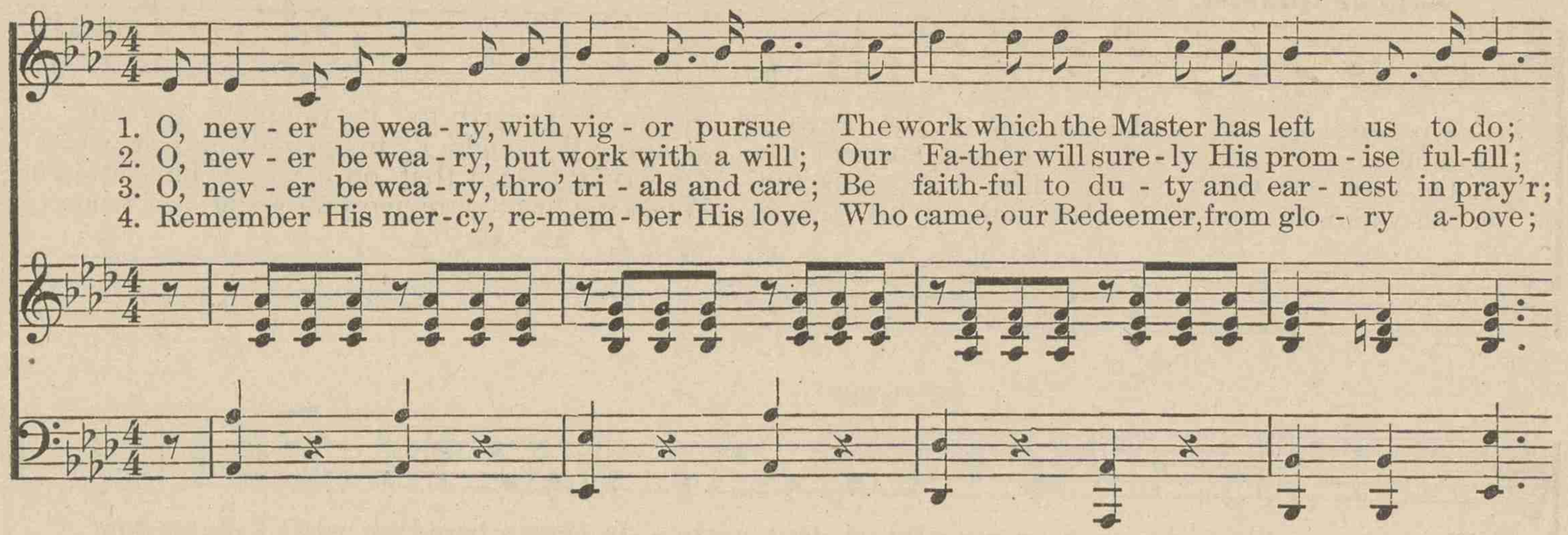
On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

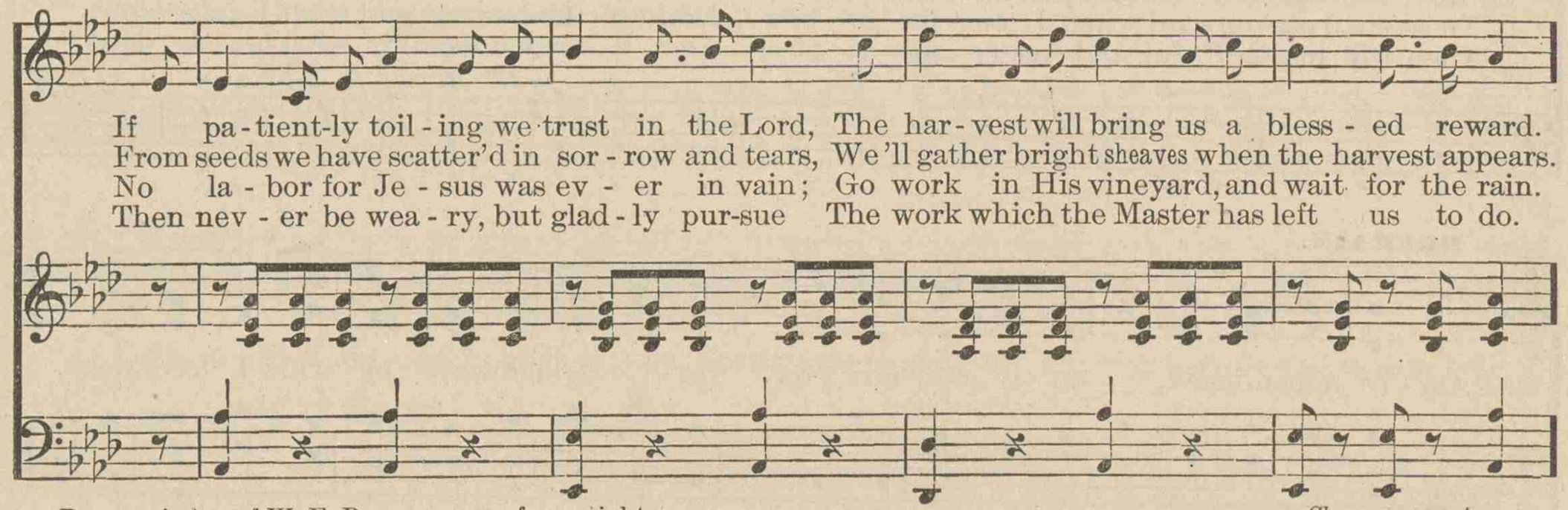
By permission.

We Shall Reap By and By.

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

J. M. HUNT.
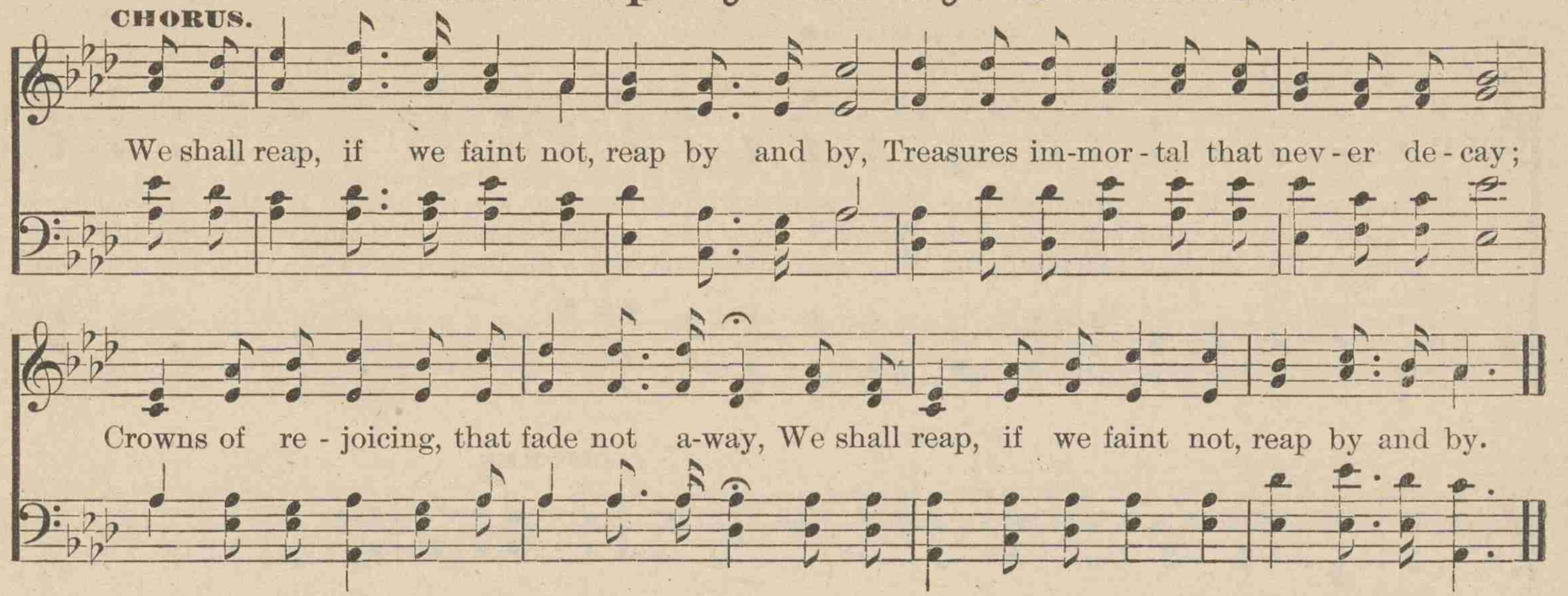




By permission of W. E. PENN, owner of copyright.

Chorus on next page.
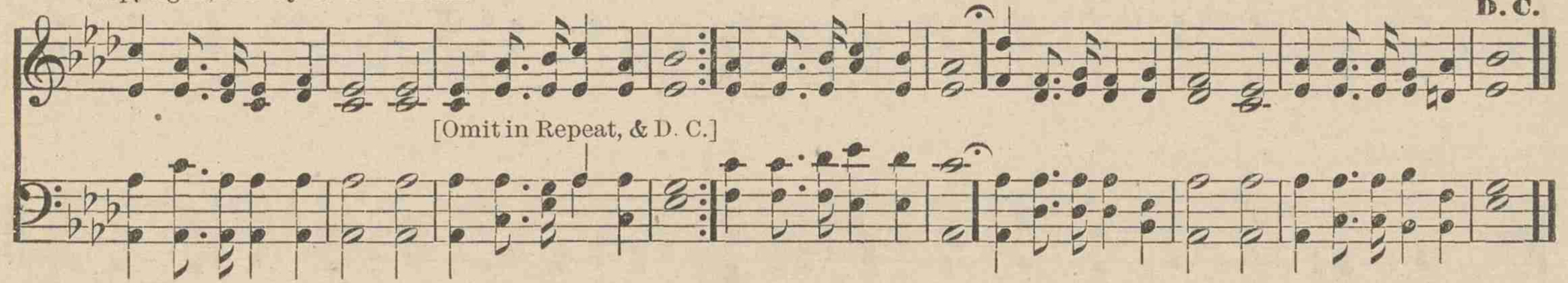
We shall Reap By and By. Concluded.



69 Work, for the Day is Passing.

T. C. O'KANE.

Copyright, 1890 by T. C. O'KANE.



1 Work, for the day is passing;
Pray, for the night's at hand;
Watch, for the Master calleth;
Strive, it is God's command.
Now is the time for labor,
Then is the judgment hour;
Work for the soul's salvation,
Pray for the Spirit's power.

2 Work for the souls around you,
Weep, weep for sins your own;
Fight for the cross upon you,
Wait for the victor's crown.
Watch while you work for others,
Pray while you wait for power;
Watching and working, praying,
Fill up each golden hour.

3 "Work, for the night is coming!"—
Near you may be death's door;
Pray, for the day is passing,
Day of the Saviour's power.
Sleep when the toil is ended,
Wake from your Christ-blest tomb;
Rest, faithful Christian worker,
When Jesus calls you home.

70 Only the Saviour Can Guide Me.

"Without Me ye can do nothing." John 15 5.

D. E. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On - ly the Saviour can guide me Thro' this rough journey be - low; On - ly the Saviour can
2. On - ly the Saviour can guide me When I am lone-ly and sad; On - ly the Saviour can
3. On - ly the Saviour can guide me When to death's river I stray; On - ly the Saviour can

CHORUS.

guide me, Lest in - to dan - ger I go.
guide me, When I am hap - py and glad.
guide me, O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

On - ly the Sav - iour, on - ly the Sav - iour, On - ly the Sav - iour can guide me Safe - ly and tru - ly each day.

By permission.

All for Jesus.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Let us pledge our heart's de - vo - tion To our Lord and King, Do - ing what we
2. Let us pledge our heart's de - vo - tion! Less we can - not give, In re - turn for
3. Let us pledge our heart's de - vo - tion, And, for - sak - ing all, Ven-ture forth to
4. Let us pledge our heart's de - vo - tion! This a - lone will bring Vic - t'ry to the

CHORUS.

can the millions To his fold to bring.
all the blessings Dai - ly we re - ceive.
work for Je - sus, At his sovereign call.
glo - rious standard Of our Lord and King.

All for Je - sus! give him all! . .

Consecrate, beyond re-call, . . All thy heart's supreme devotion; All for Je-sus! give him all!

By permission.

Learning of Jesus.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

1. Learning of Je - sus the les - sons of truth, Mak - ing his pre-cepts the guide of my youth;
2. Learning of Je - sus, the teach - er di - vine, Mak - ing his pre-cepts and prom - is - es mine;
3. Learning of Je - sus, the Life and the Way, His are the words that shall nev - er de - cay;
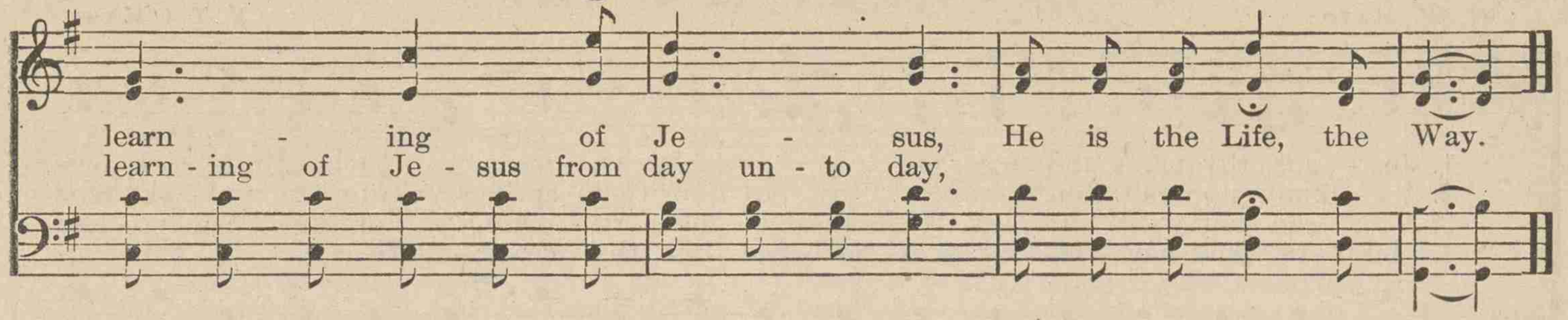
Pre - cious the mo-ments I spend at his feet, Heed - ing his coun-sels so sweet.
Noth - ing of all that the world can af - ford, Charms me like words from my Lord.
Fol - low - ing faith - ful - ly, where he says come, Leads me to heav - en and home.

CHORUS.

Learn - ing of Je - sus, Les - sons of faith, and hope, and du - ty, I'm
Learn-ing of Je - sus from day un - to day, I'm
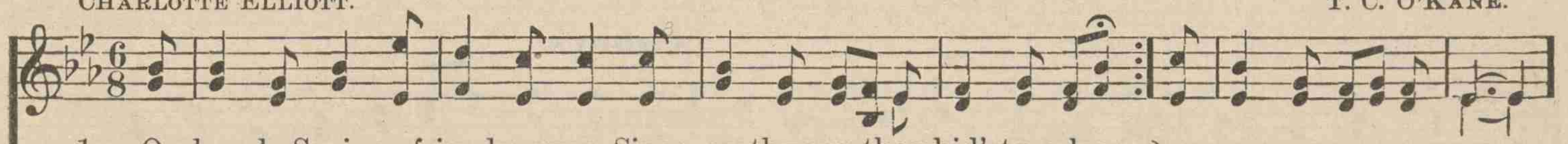
Copyright, 1888, by FILLMORE BROS.

Learning of Jesus. Concluded.

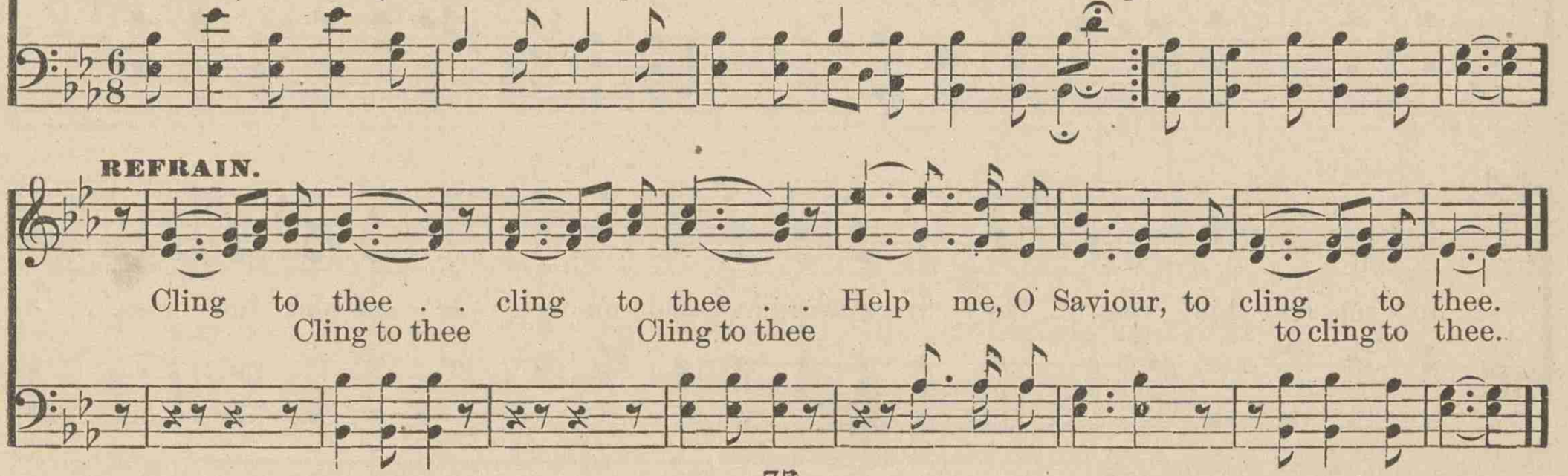


73 Cling to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. T. C. O'KANE.



1. O ho - ly Saviour, friend unseen, Since on thy arm thou bid'st me lean,
   Help me throughout life's varying scene, [*omit* . . . . .]
   } By faith to cling to thee.
2. What tho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes remove,
   With patient, un-complaining love [*omit* . . . . .]
   } Still would I cling to thee.
3. Tho' faith and hope may long be tried, I ask not, need not aught be-side;
   How safe, how calm, how sat-is - fied [*omit* . . . . .]
   } The soul that clings to thee.



Jesus and His Cross.

H. W. MAYO. E. T. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus, thy name and cross Are ver - y sweet to me; In health or sick - ness,
2. I know no wealth but them, No joy but from them springs, They are my al - tar's
3. I can - not want em - ploy, While these to me re - main, For they have end - less
4. Help me each day to try The vir - tue of thy cross; To live in will - ing-

gain or loss, They bear me com - pa - ny.
che - ru - bim With ov - er arch - ing wings.
stores of joy That I have nev - er seen.
ness to die, To save thy name from loss.

CHORUS.

They are the sweet-est cou-ple to me,

Je - sus and his cross. They to-geth-er have made me free, Je - sus and his cross.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

There is a Cross for Me.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Matt. 16: 24.

J. M. HUNT. C. M. J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a cross for me to bear As thro' this life I go; For Je - sus bore a cross for me
2. The cross that Jesus gives to me I'll dai - ly learn to bear; And strength to stand beneath the load
3. 'Tis he who bears the cross below Shall wear a crown a - bove, And all who la - bor faithful here

CHORUS.

And drank a cup of woe. That cross I'll bear till Je - sus says, That
I'll hum - bly seek in prayer.
Shall share a Sav - iour's love. That cross I'll bear till Je - sus says,

I may lay it down; And when He leads me safe - ly home, He'll give for it a crown.

From "GOSPEL ALARM," by permission.

76 Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo - ry to God, hal-le-lu - jah!
2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo - ry to God, hal-le-lu - jah!
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to God, hal-le-lu - jah!
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to God, hal-le-lu - jah!
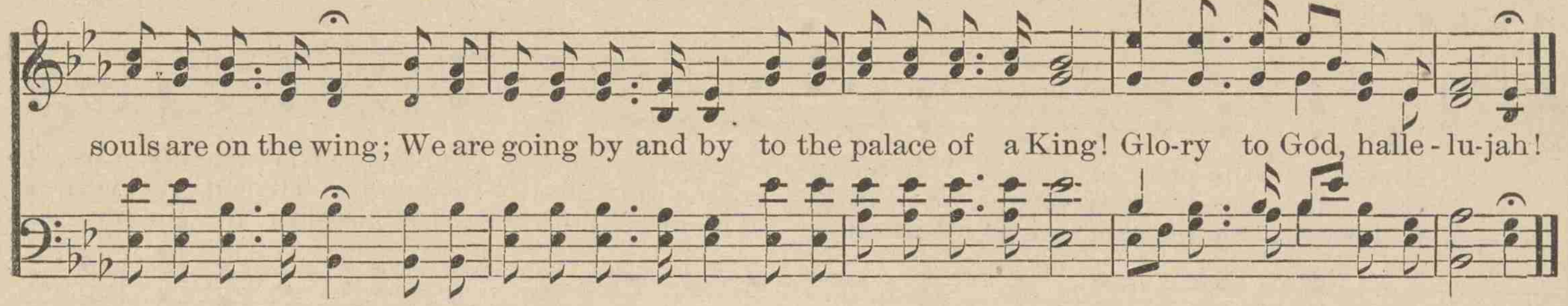
We can sing it loud as ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu-jah!
We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove: Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu-jah!
Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu-jah!
There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng: Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu-jah!

CHORUS.

O, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the way is growing bright and our

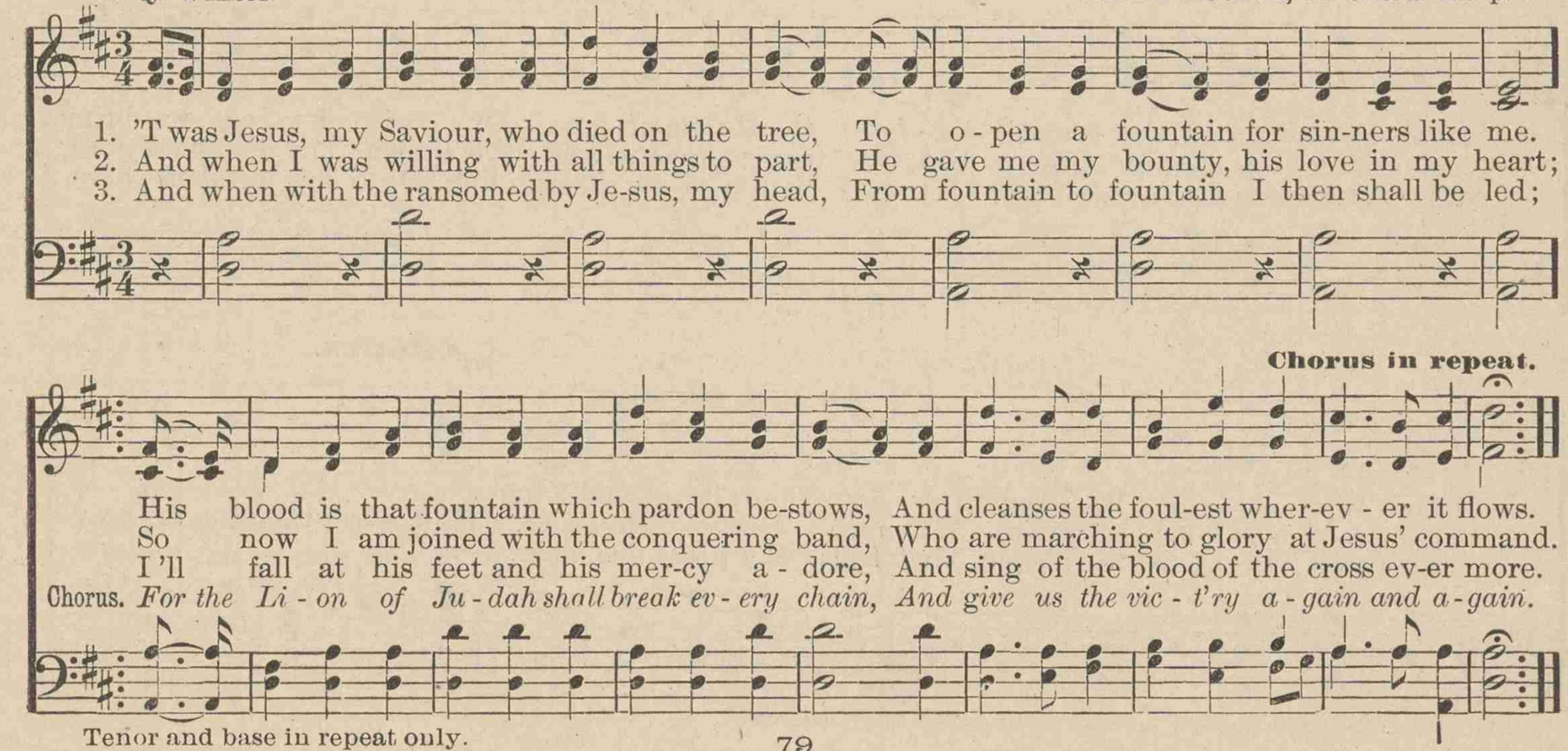
Copyright, 1885, by W. J. KIKPATRICK.

Glory to God, Hallelujah. Concluded.



77 The Lion of Judah.

H. Q. Wilson — Henry Tucker, in Choral Harp.



Tenor and base in repeat only.

The Place of Prayer.

R. L. F.

R. L. F.

1. How sweet the place of prayer, Where kin - dred spir - its meet; From ev - 'ry earthly care,
2. Here at the place of prayer, So near to Thee and heav'n, Dear Lord, Thyself re - veal,
3. How sweet the place of prayer, With grate - ful mem'ries crowned; How sweet to lin - ger near,
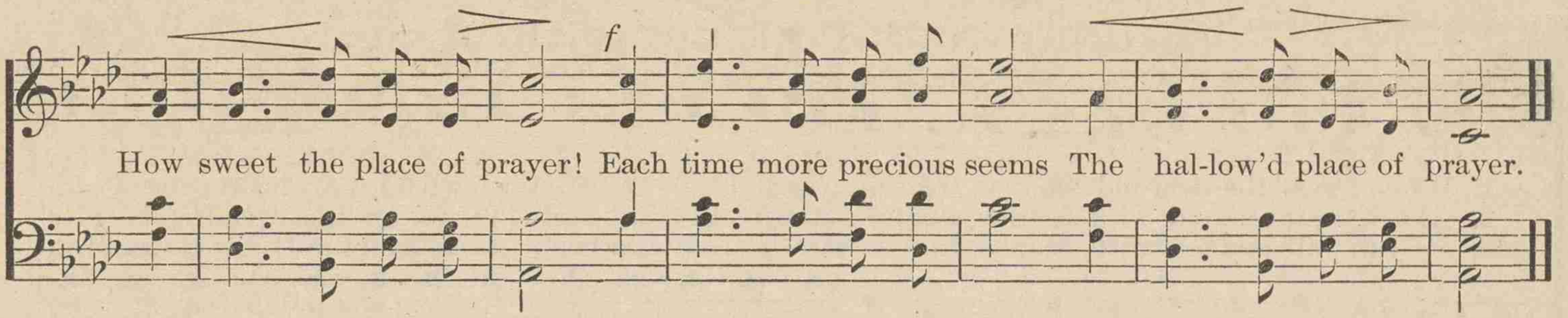
How pre - cious a re - treat! Be - fore the throne of grace Our of - fer - ings we bring,
And speak our sins for - giv'n; And, free from conscious guilt, We 'll own Thy matchless grace,
Where streams of grace a - bound! O, sa - cred tryst-ing place! For Je - sus meets us here,

And wor - ship on - ly Thee, Our Sav - iour, Priest, and King.
Till prayer shall end in praise, When we be - hold Thy face. How sweet the place of prayer!
Each wait - ing soul to bless, That feels His pres-ence near.

CHORUS.

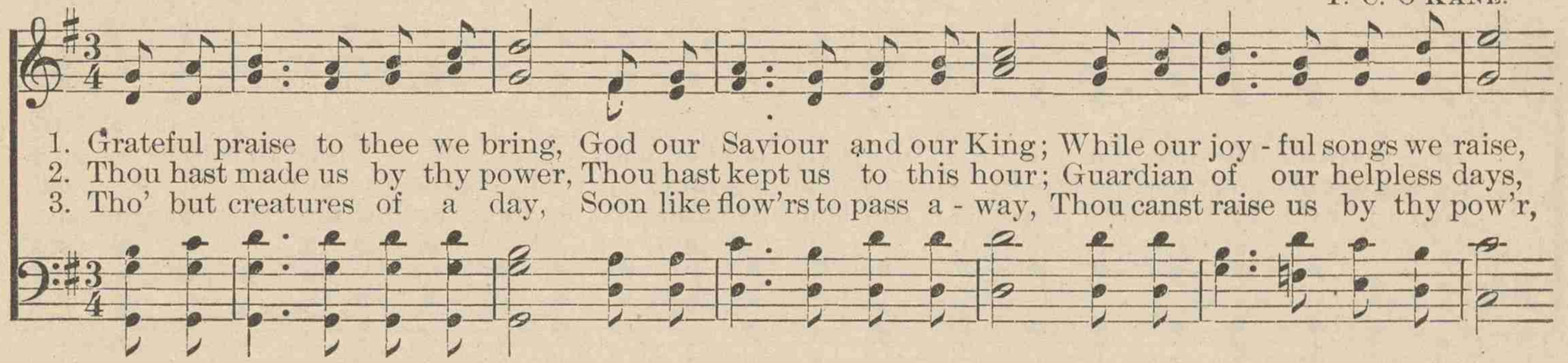
Used by permission of ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER, owner of copyright.

The Place of Prayer. Concluded.

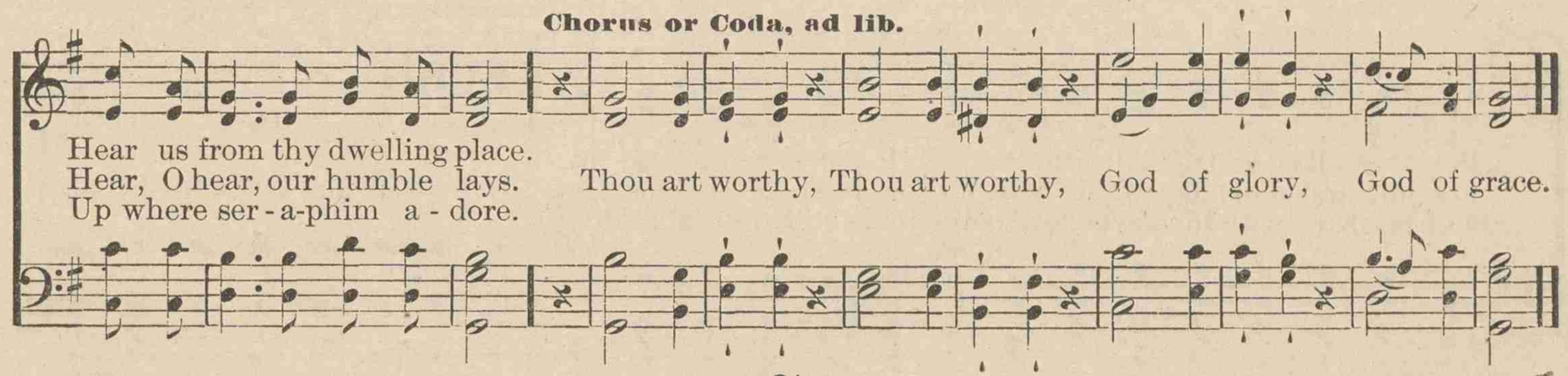


79 "Thou art Worthy."

T. C. O'KANE.



Chorus or Coda, ad lib.



80 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto - ry of the cross and Cal - va - ry, With what joy my heart runs ov - er,
2. O to walk and talk with Je - sus, what a rap-ture in the thought! O to be like His Dis - ci - ples,
3. I can walk and talk with Je - sus, tho' I can - not see His face; I can feel the Lord who loves me,

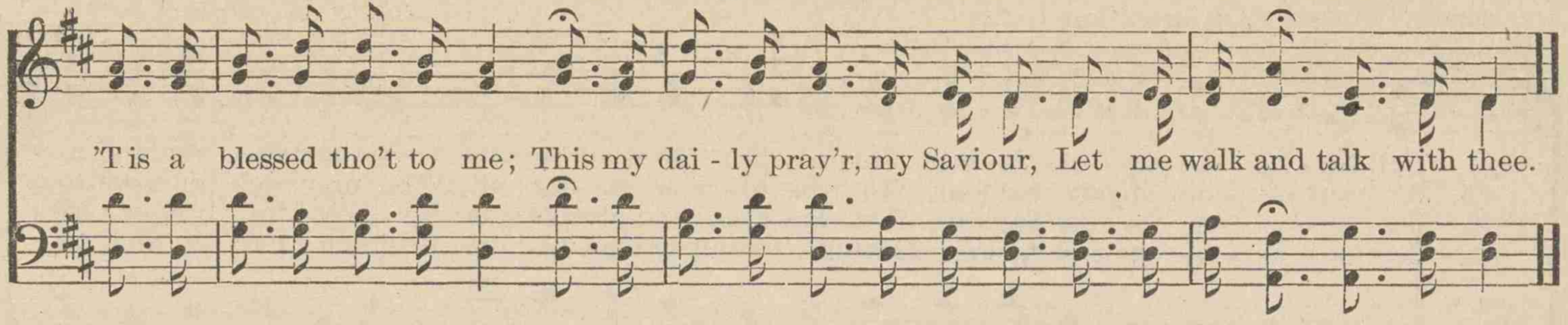
as I think He died for me; And my soul is filled with longing as I read that long a - go,
by the world's great teacher taught! And my heart o'erflows with gladness as the sto - ry I re - peat,
near in ev - 'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up - on me, "Follow me," I hear Him say;

CHORUS.

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

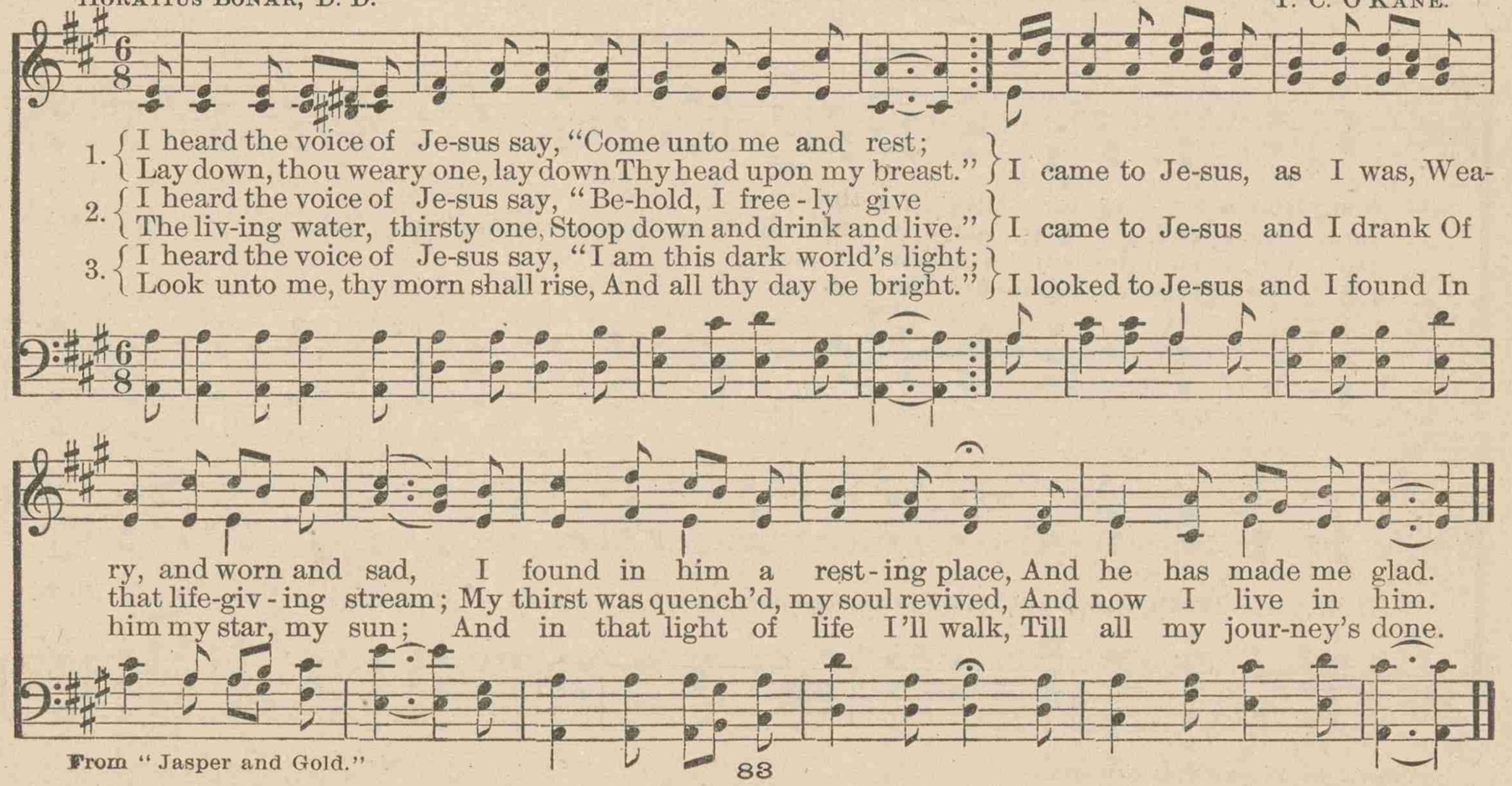
Copyright, 1889, by W. E. PENN.

Walking and Talking with Jesus. Concluded.



81 The Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. T. C. O'KANE.



From "Jasper and Gold."

Jesus, the Saviour.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Call him by the name of Je - sus, For his peo - ple shall he save From their sins," and full re-
2. Je - sus is a *mighty* Saviour, To the ut - most sav-ing all Who may seek his wondrous
3. Je - sus is a *lov - ing* Saviour, Ten-der, kind, and always true; Read - y to bestow his
4. Je - sus is a *per - fect* Saviour, Through the suff-er-ings he bore, Bringing "ma - ny sons to

CHORUS.

demption Ev - 'ry one thro' him may have.
pow - er, And for his sal - va - tion call. Je - sus saves me! yes, I know it, He's the
par - don, And the sin - ful heart re - new.
glo - ry"— Praise his name for ev - er - more.

Life, the Truth, the Way; Je - sus saves me! may I show it In my life from day to day!

Copyright, 1889, by T. C. O'KANE.

Evening Hymn.

Words and Music by Mrs. E. T. O'KANE.

1. The evening shadows gather 'round, Soft twilight fills the sky; The murm'ring echoes of the day Seem whispering, "Night is nigh;" 'Mid deep'ning shades we lift our hearts, With grateful prayer and praise, To Thee, our Fa - ther, throned above, The Guardian of our ways.
2. Through all the long day's worrying cares, Thou watch'd with pitying eye; In all our griefs in all our doubts, We felt our Fa - ther nigh; When unknown dangers hovered near, And foes unseen would smite, We felt no shade of doubt or fear, But knew all things were right.
3. Now soon the shadows of the night Will soothe our weary frames; But, be it night or be it day, Our Heavenly Fa - ther reigns. Thou Source of light, send down thy rays, And guide us up to Thee, Un - til in Heaven we praise Thy name Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Waiting for Me.

FRANK HENDRICKS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I came to the fountain that cleanseth from sin, The life-giv-ing fountain where millions have been;
2. He saw me approaching, and ten-der-ly said—To purchase thy ransom, my blood I have shed;
3. I flew to his mer-cy, O joy-ful surprise! For lo, my Re-deem-er had opened mine eyes;
4. And now in his presence I walk with delight, And feel his pro-tec-tion by day and by night;
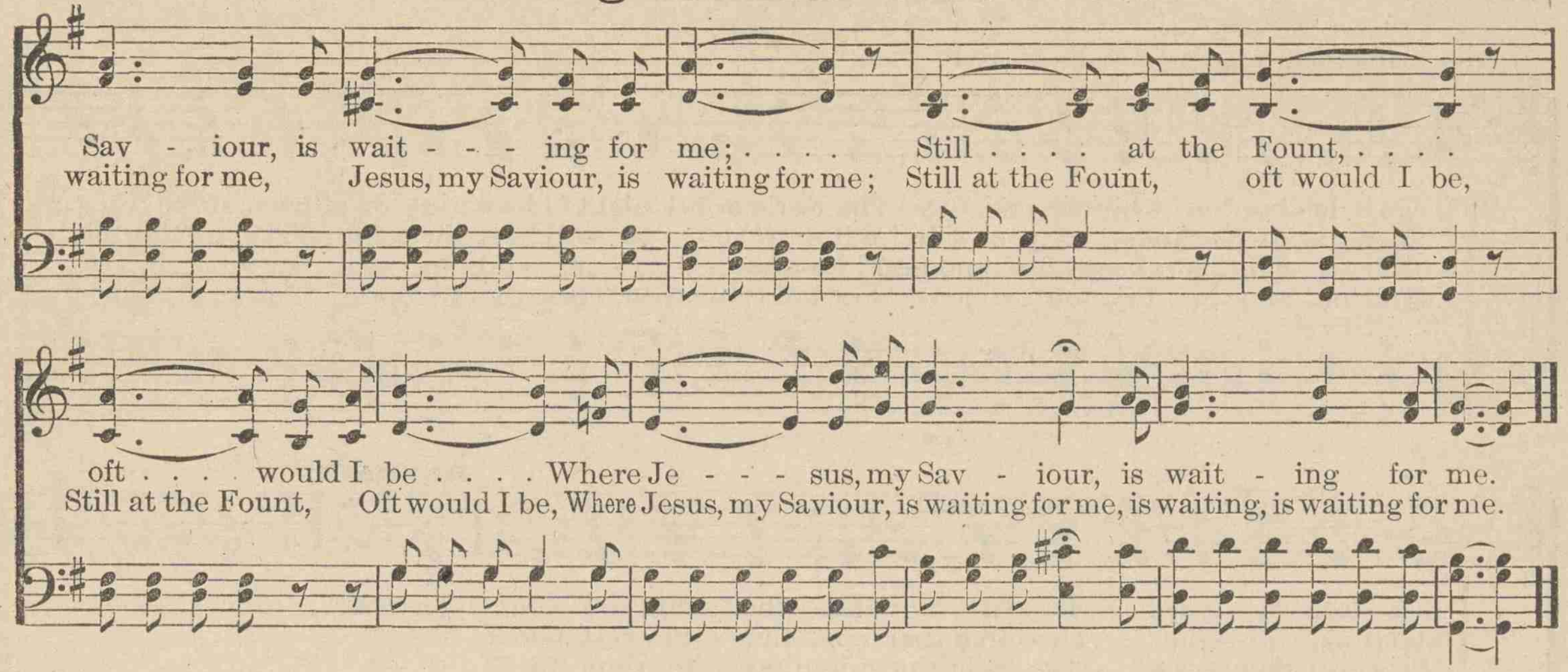
I came in my weakness, o'erburdened with care, To find my Re-deem-er and Saviour was there.
And if thou art willing just now to be-lieve, The light of my Spir-it thy soul shall re-ceive.
I flew to the ref-uge no oth-er could give, And faith-ful-ly promised for Je-sus to live.
I think of the fountain so precious and free, Where Je-sus, my Saviour, is waiting for me.

CHORUS.

Wait - - - ing for me, ... wait - - - ing for me, ... Je - - - - sus, my
Waiting for me, waiting for me, waiting for me, waiting for me, Je-sus, my Saviour, is
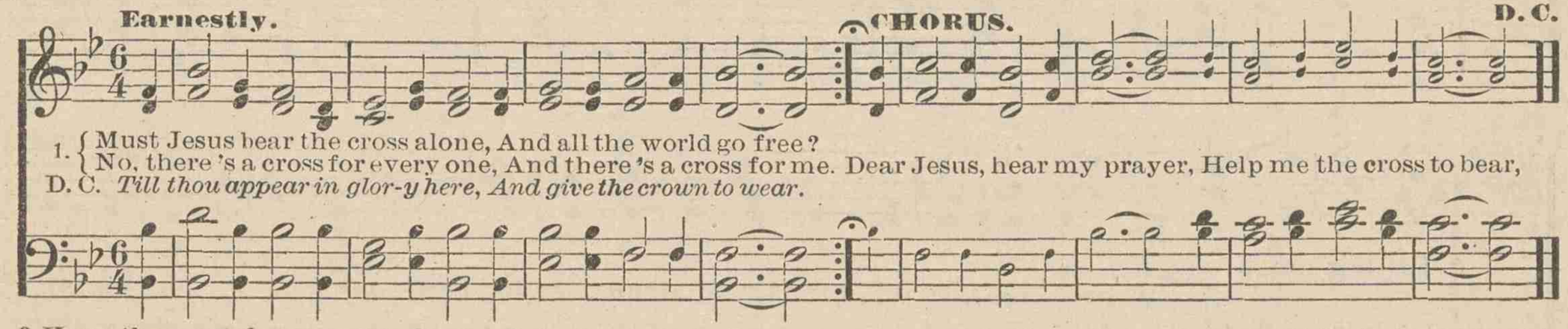
Copyright, 1885, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

Waiting for Me. Concluded.



85 The Consecrated Cross.

H. D. MUNSON.



2 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

3 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransom'd sing,
That lives no more to die.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

Go, Labor on.

John 9: 4.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Arr. by R. L. F. R. L. F.

1. Go, la - bor on while it is day; The world's dark night is hast'ning on; Speed, speed thy work,
2. Men die in darkness at your side, Without a hope to cheer the tomb; Take up the torch,
3. Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the err - ing soul to win; Go forth in - to
4. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home; Soon shalt thou hear
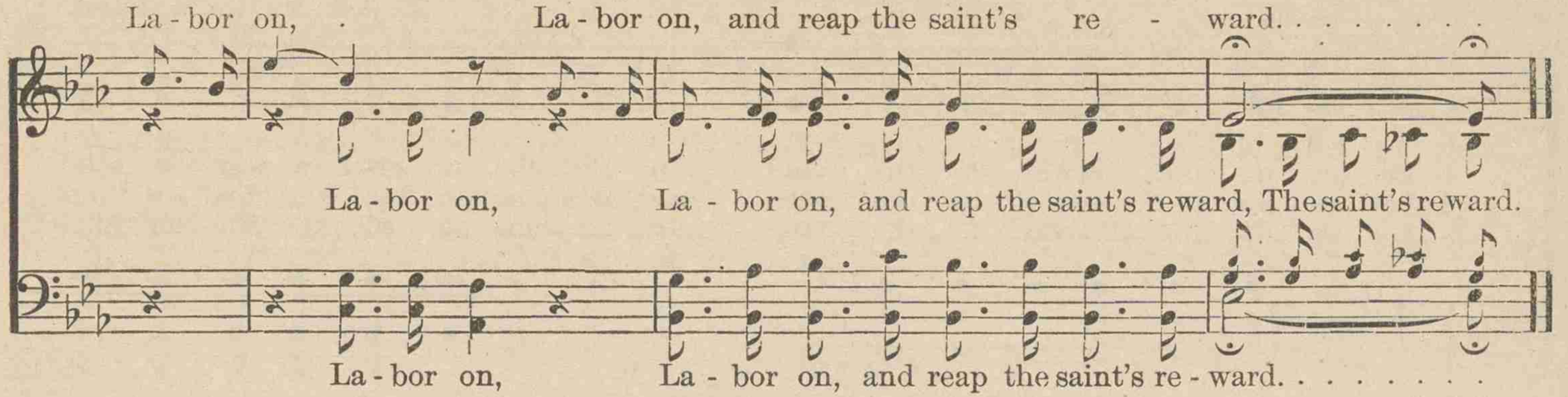
REFRAIN.

cast sloth a - way! It is not thus that souls are won. La - bor on, ...
and wave it wide— The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
the world's highway; Com - pel the wand'rer to come in.
the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal: "Be - hold I come!" La - bor on,

La - bor on, . . La - bor on, ...
La - bor on, La - bor on in the Kingdom of the Lord; La - bor on,

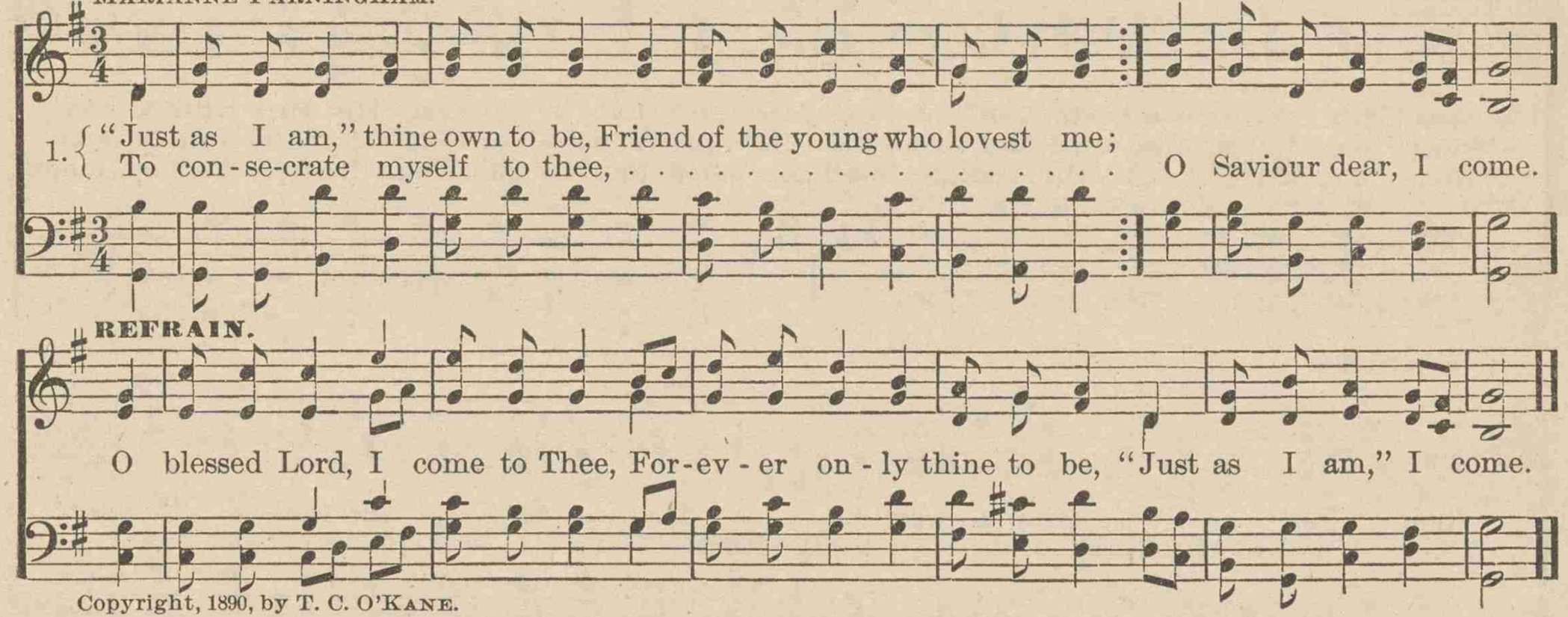
Copyright, 1890, by ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER.

Go, Labor on. Concluded.



87 Youthful Consecration.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. T. C. O'KANE.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vow to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Sucess and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

4 And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

Away to the Work.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.
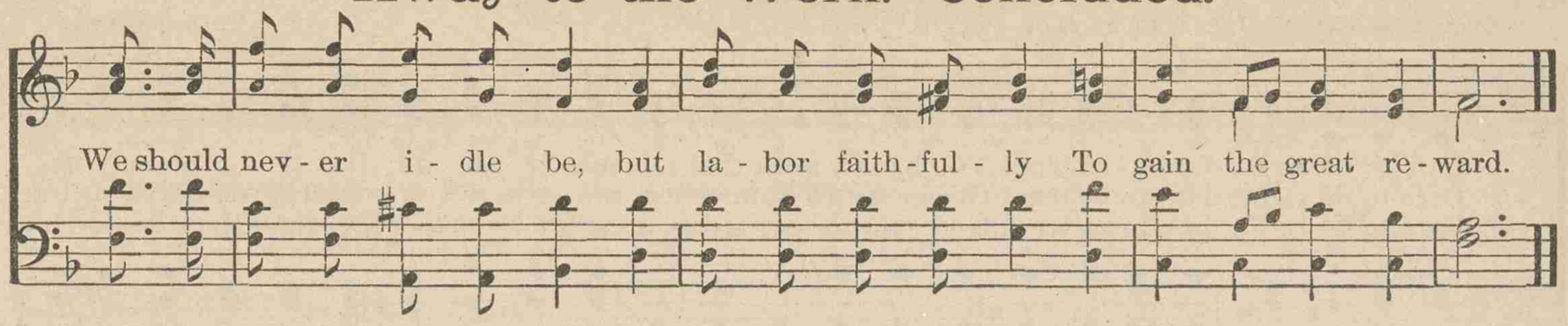
1. Let us up and a-way to the vine-yard Ere the sun sinks a-way in the west; Let us an-swer the call of our Mas-ter, Ev-er do-ing His work with a zest.
2. Let us up and a-way to the vine-yard, Working on in the shad-ow or sun; Songs of gladness shall wak-en the ech-oes, While our la-bor is faith-ful-ly done.
3. Let us up and a-way to the vine-yard, Laboring on till the Mas-ter shall come; May he find us with fruitage well gar-nered, Read-y wait-ing the call Harvest Home!

CHORUS.

Then a-way, then a-way, Then a-way to the work of the Lord,
to the work, to the work,

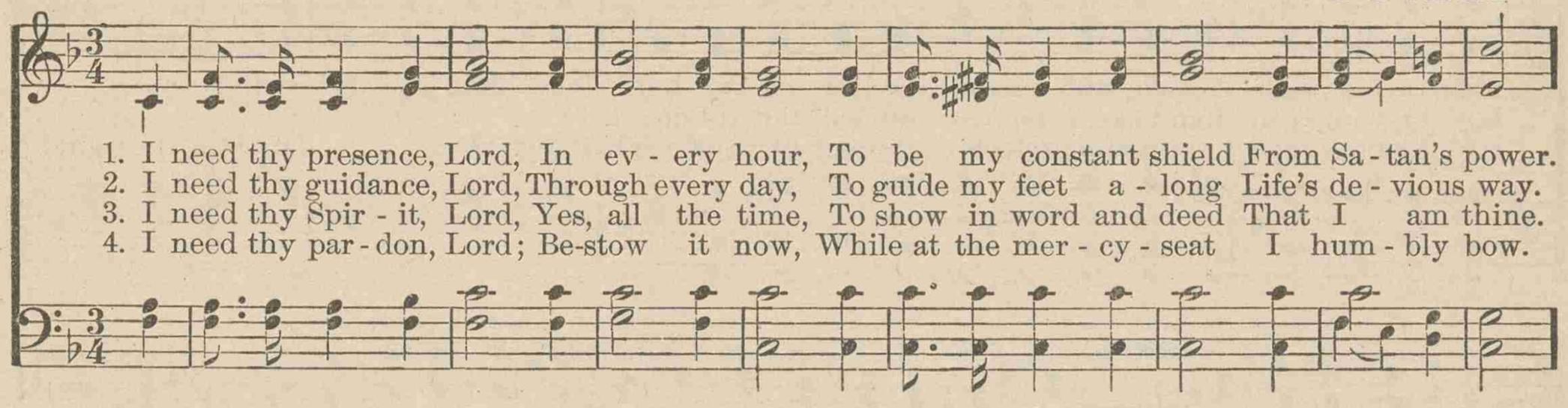
By permission.

Away to the Work. Concluded.

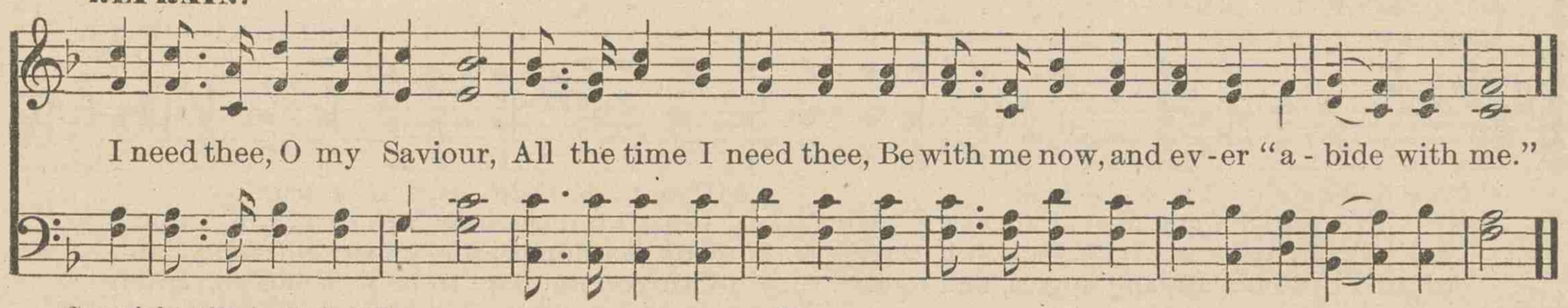


89 Daily Need.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.



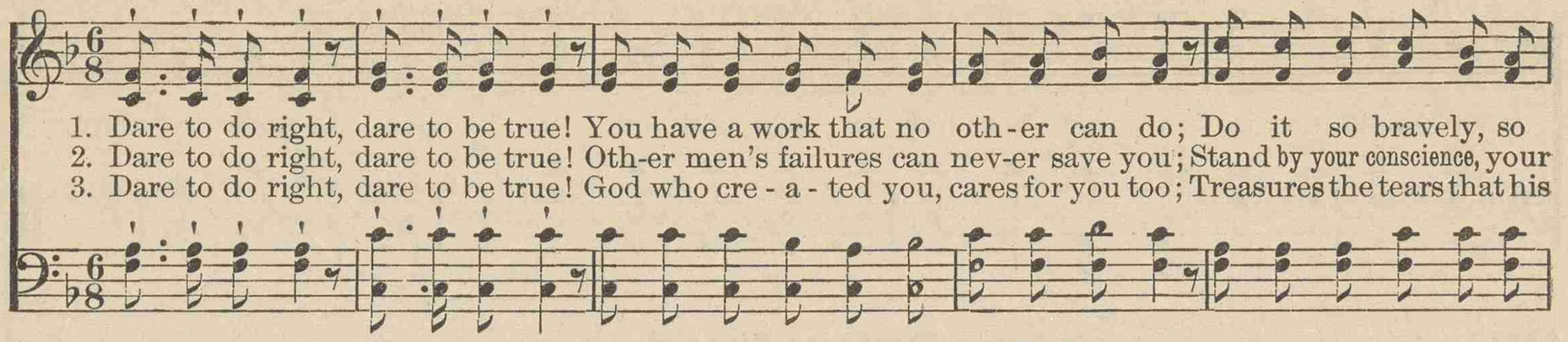
REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

90 Dare to Do Right and Be True.

Words by Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR. T. C. O'KANE.



4 Dare to do right, dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

5 Dare to do right, dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

From "Fresh Leaves."

Sing the Story.

R. L. F. R. L. F.

1. I will sing the wondrous story, God in mercy hath reveal'd, How my Saviour, in compassion, With His blood my par-don seal'd.

REFRAIN.

Sing, O sing . . . . the wondrous sto - ry Of my Sav - - - - iour's love to me, . . . How He pur - - - chas'd my re-demp - tion With His blood . . . on Cal - va-ry. . . . .

Sing, O sing the wondrous story, Sing, O sing the wondrous story Of my Saviour's love to me, Of my Saviour's love to me, How He purchas'd my redemption, How He purchas'd my redemption With His blood on Calvary, on Calvary, on Calvary.

2 I will tell in songs of gladness
His triumphant pow'r to save;
How He spoil'd the hosts of Satan,
Rose a victor o'er the grave.

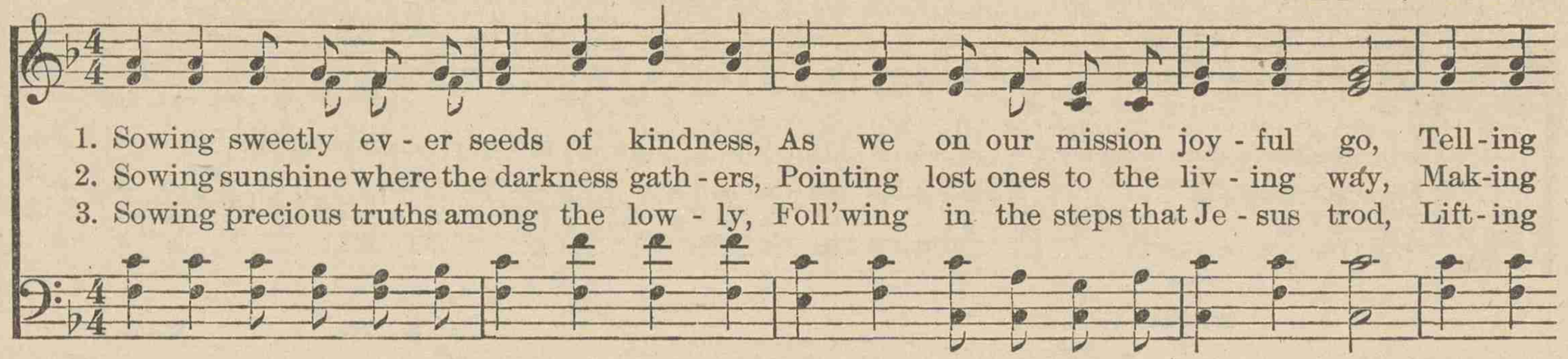
3 I will sing the matchless praises
Of my dear Redeemer's name;
He who died my soul to ransom,
Bore the cruel cross and shame.

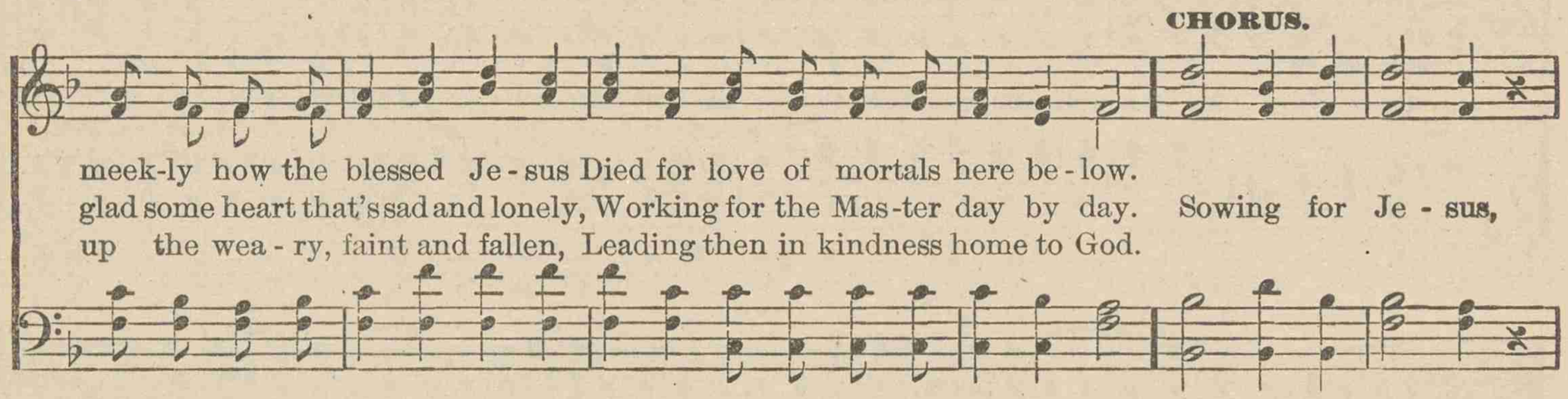
4 I will sing of peace and pardon
Through the merits of my Lord;
Hail! Anointed, Prince, and Saviour!
Risen, glorified, adored!

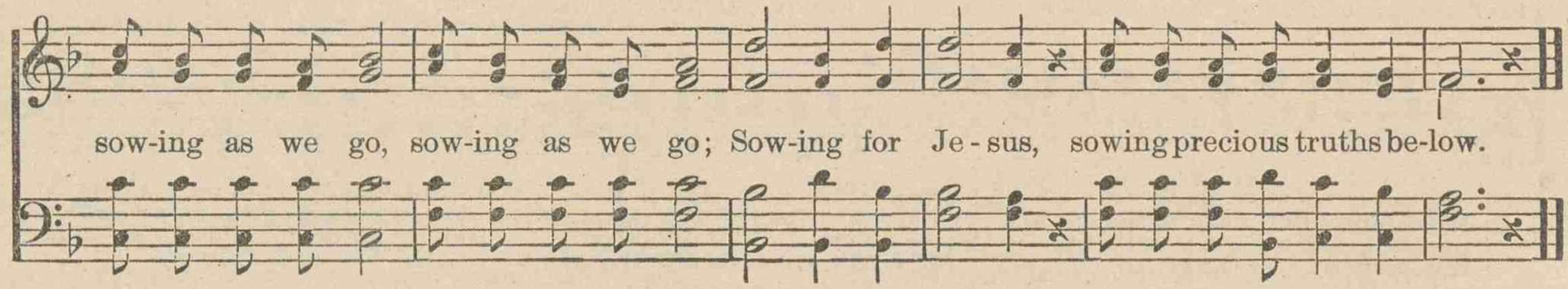
Used by permission of ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER, owner of copyright.

Sowing Precious Truths.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK. M. DAVIS.





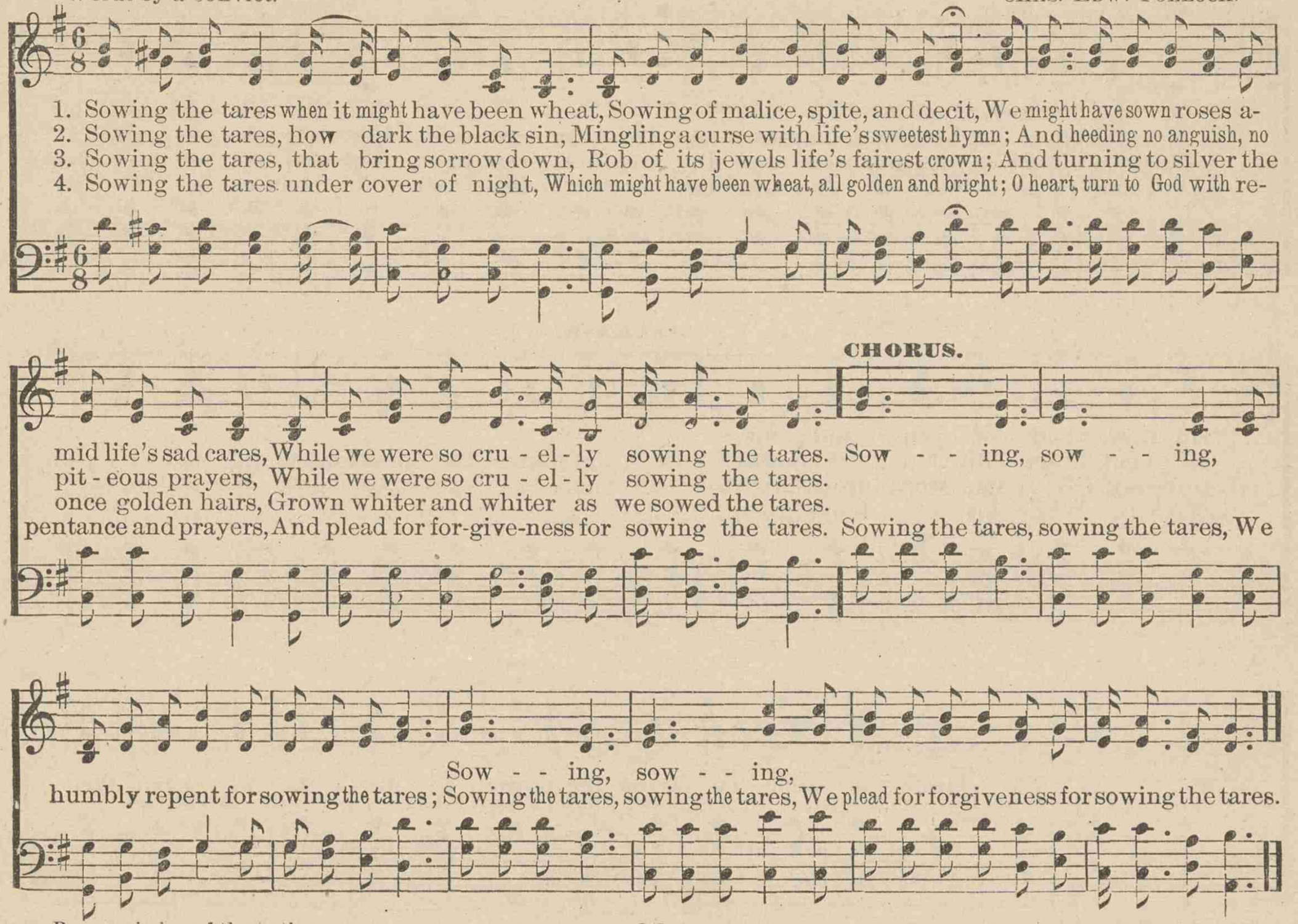


By permission.

Sowing the Tares.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

Words by a Convict. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



By permission of the author.

The Precious Blood.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Arr. by R. L. F. ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

mf

1. O, the precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry; Shed for reb - els, shed for
2. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid; Per - fect par - don now is
3. Precious blood! by this we con - quer In the fier - cest fight, Sin and Sa - tan o - ver-
4. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free! O be-lieve it, O re-

REFRAIN.

sin - ners, Shed for you and me.
off - ered, Peace with God is made. O the fount, the pre-cious fount, Is o - pen,
com - ing By its won - drous might.
ceive it, While 'tis of - fered thee.

f

full and free; Haste to come for cleans - ing power, So free - ly of - fered thee.

Copyright 1890 by ROBER LOW FLETCHER.

He Will Not Slumber.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. He who watches ev - er o'er us, He who all our lines doth keep, Ne'er will slumber
2. When the shades of night a - bout us, Like a sa - ble cur - tain fall, Still our Guardian's
3. He will nev - er, nev - er slum - ber, We to Him all griefs may bear; Through the long dark

CHORUS.

or for - get us; He who guards us will not sleep.
eyes are watching Through the darkness ov - er all. He who keeps us will not slumber,
night of sor - row He will light - en ev - ery care.

O what con - so - la-tion sweet; He 'll forget us nev-er, nev - er, He will guide our wayworn feet.

By permission.

Bless the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HAYDN by T. C. O'K.

Spirited.

1. O bless the Lord my soul! His grace to thee proclaim, And all that is with-in me join To
2. The Lord forgives thy sins, Prolongs thy fee-ble breath, He healeth thine in-fir-mi-ties, And
3. He clothes thee with his love, Upholds thee with his truth, And like the ea-gle he renews The
4. Then bless his ho-ly name, Whose grace hath made thee whole; Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days; O

REFRAIN.

bless his ho-ly name.
ran-soms thee from death.
vig-or of thy youth.
bless the Lord, my soul!

O my soul, O my soul,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, And all that is with-in me

O my soul, O my soul,

bless his ho-ly name, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, And for-get not all his be-ne-fits.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Gross of Jesus.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Cross of Je - sus, bless - ed sym - bol Of his sac - ri - fice and death; Voice of love and
2. O'er the wrecks of time and na-tions, Pride of Kings and wrath of man, Stands between the
3. Here the world may bring its sor - row, Here the world may leave its sin; Tribes and na - tions

CHORUS.

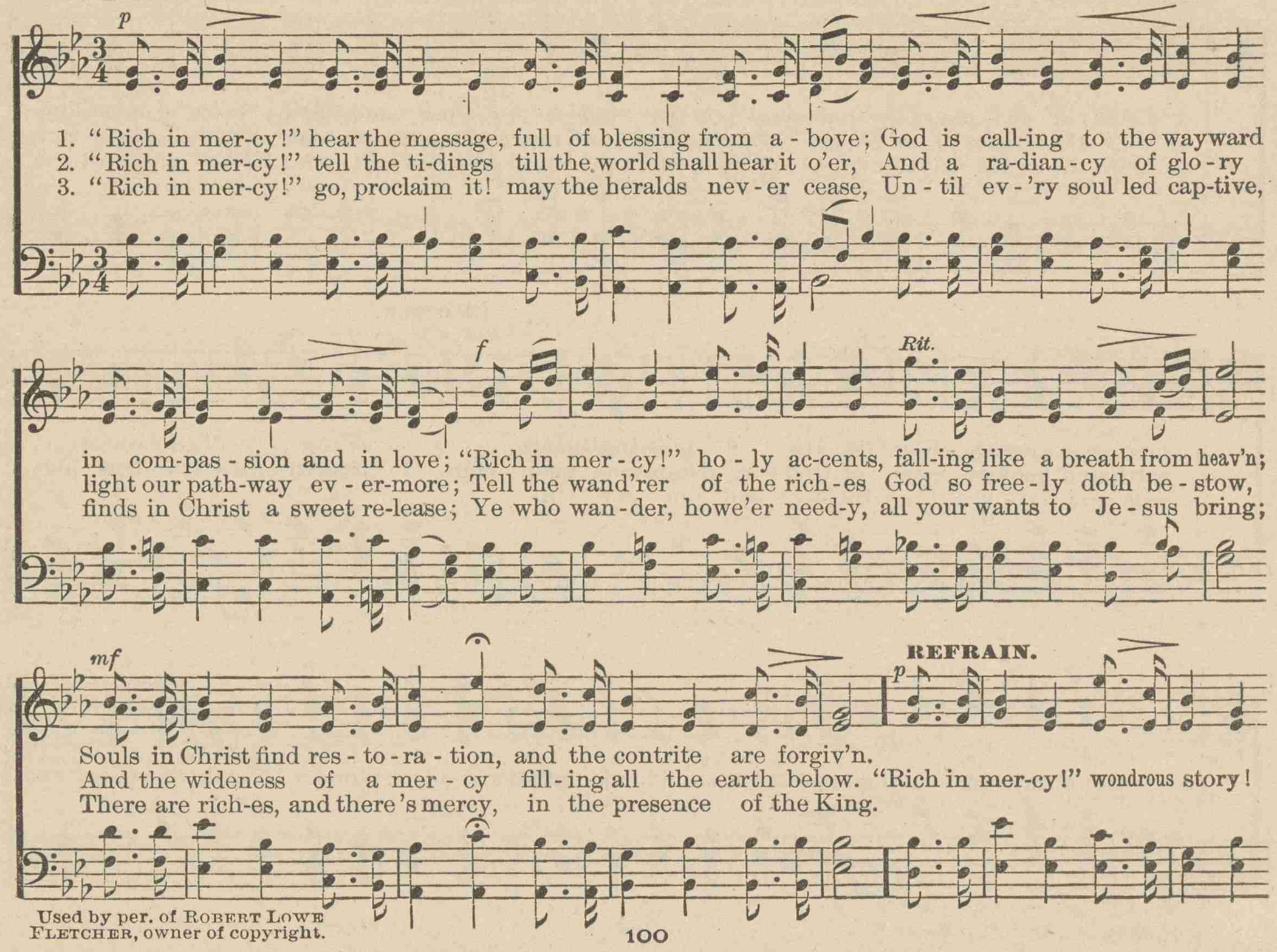
mer - cy's message, Born of His ex - pir - ing breath.
earth and heav-en, Sign of God's re-demp-tion plan. Here, O Christ, thy love con - fess - ing,
seek - ing ref - uge, Find the door and en - ter in.

I would thy sal - va - tion see, And a - mid redemption's wonders, Wonder Thou shouldst die for me.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.
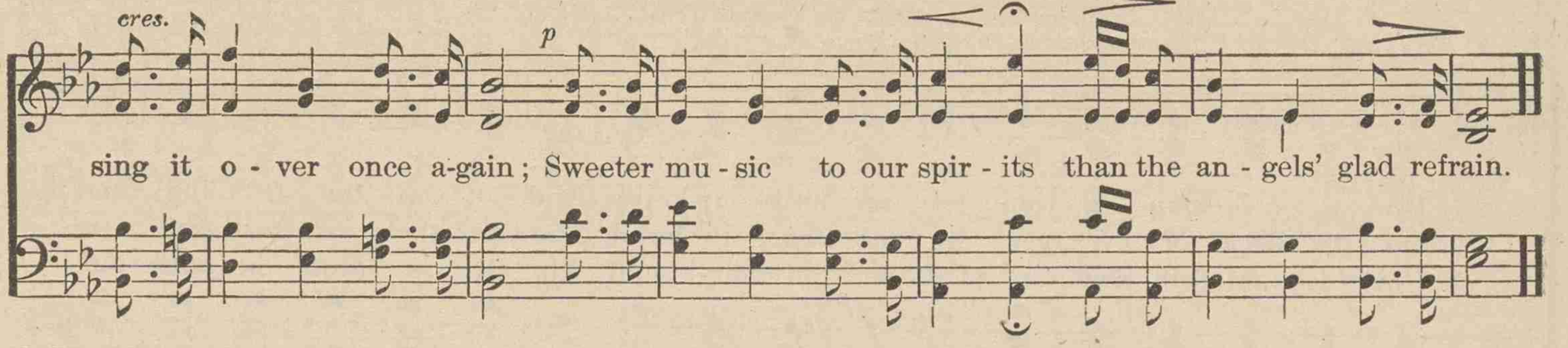
Rich in Mercy.

R. L. F. *"But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us."* Eph. 2: 4. R. L. F.



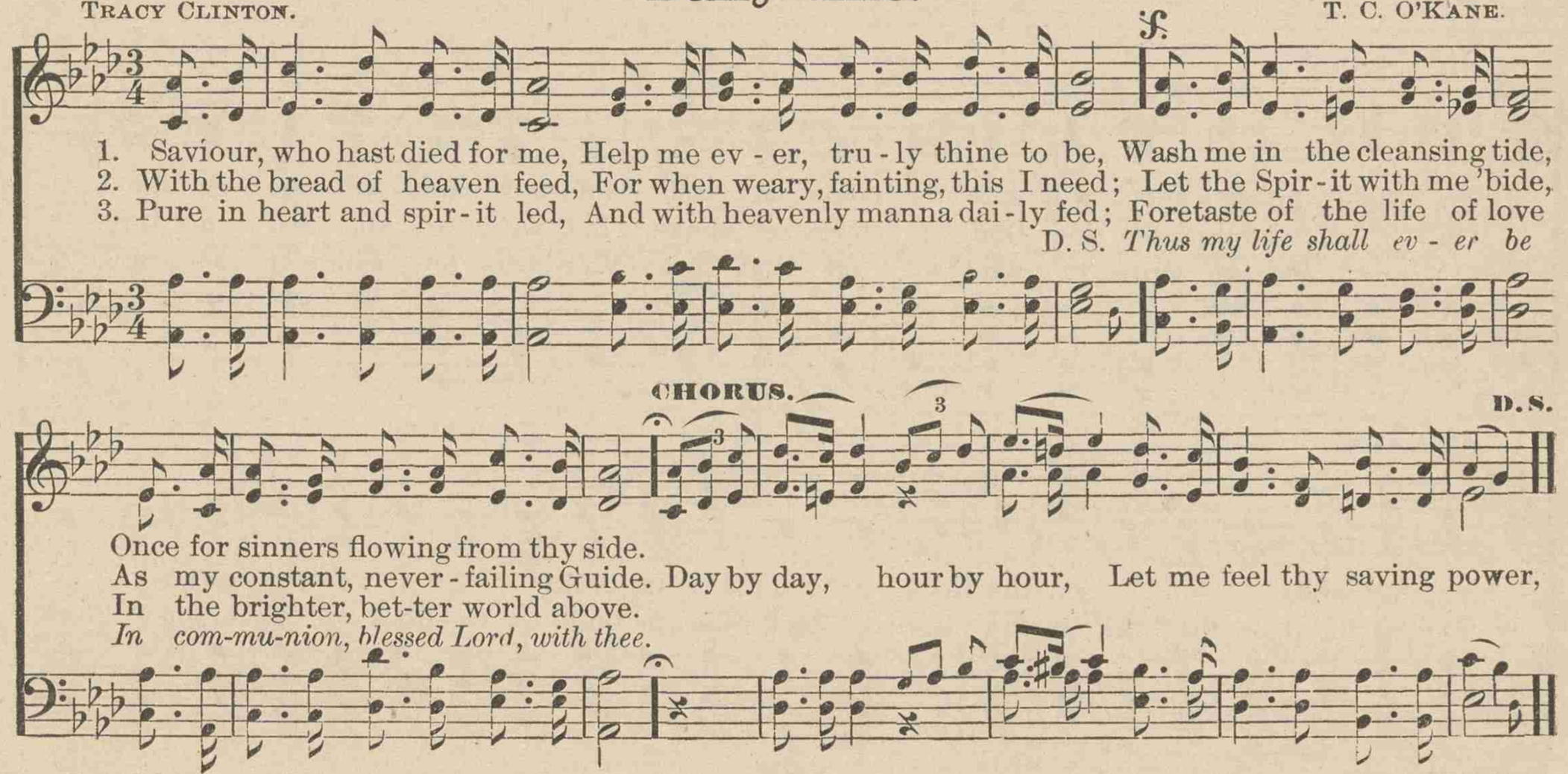
Used by per. of ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER, owner of copyright.

Rich in Mercy. Concluded.



99 Daily Life.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C O'KANE.

100 Build on the Rock.

"A wise man which built his house on a rock." Matt. 7: 24.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On a firm foun - da - tion let us build our hopes, And not on the drift - ing sand;
2. On the Rock of A - ges let us strong - ly build, The Rock that is stead-fast, sure,
3. Christ is that firm Rock, on which we all should build, All oth - er foun - da - tions fail;

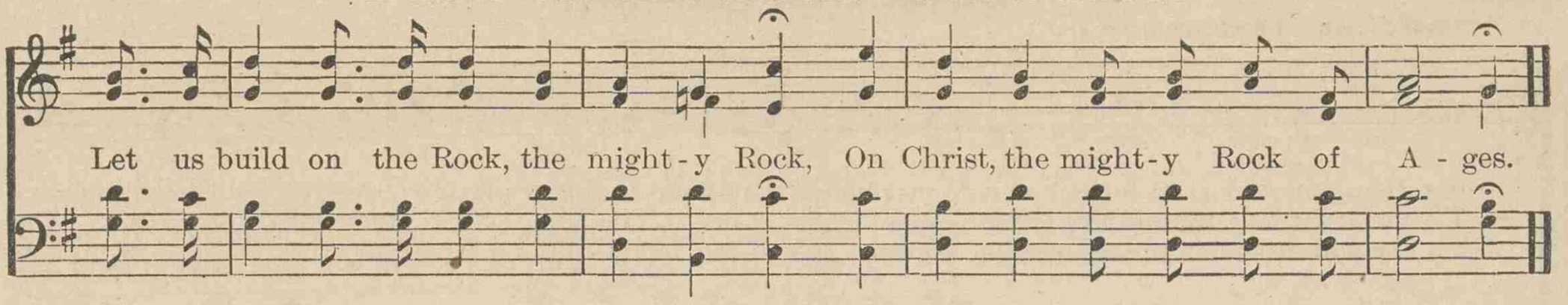
For the tempest's shock will sure - ly come at last, Then how could we safe - ly stand?
On a firm foun - da - tion, that no storm can shake, That will to the end en - dure.
If our hopes are firm - ly plant - ed on that Rock, We're safe let whate'er as - sail.

CHORUS.

Let us build on the Rock, Let us build on the Rock;
Let us build on the Rock, on the might-y Rock; Let us build on the Rock, on the might-y Rock;
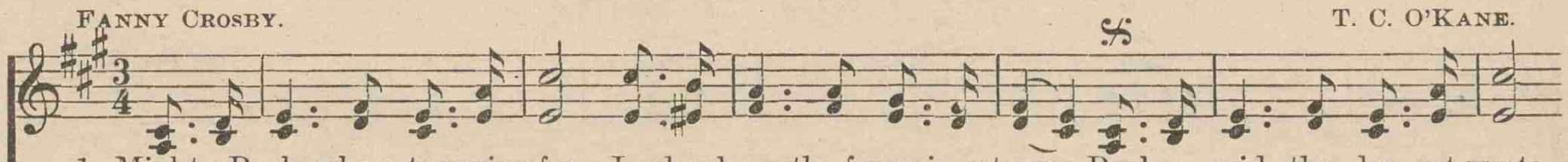
By permission.
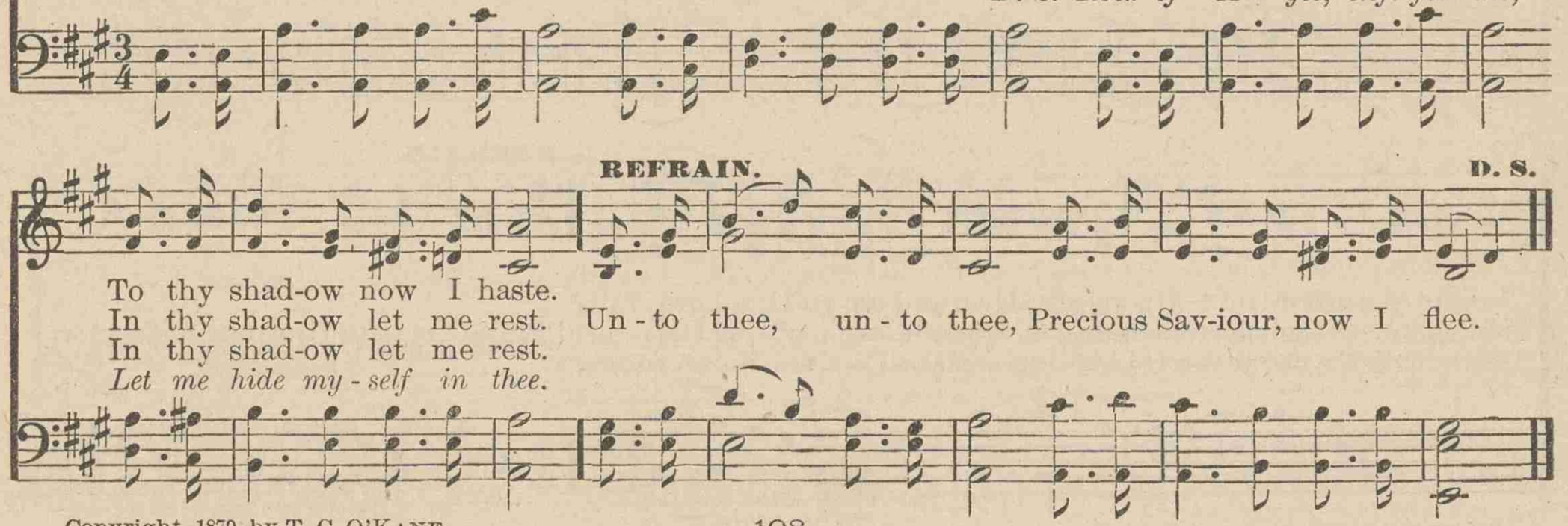
Build on the Rock. Concluded.



101 Cleft for Me.

FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.





Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'KANE.

Sing His Praise.

ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER, by per. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Sing the praise of Him for - ev - er, Who redeem'd us from the grave; Wash'd us in His blood most precious,
2. Children in the temple prais'd Him, Sang ho san - nas to His name; Shall not we who know His fa - vor
3. Ev - ery star that shines a-bove us Adds a lus - tre to His fame; Ev-ery flower that blooms around us
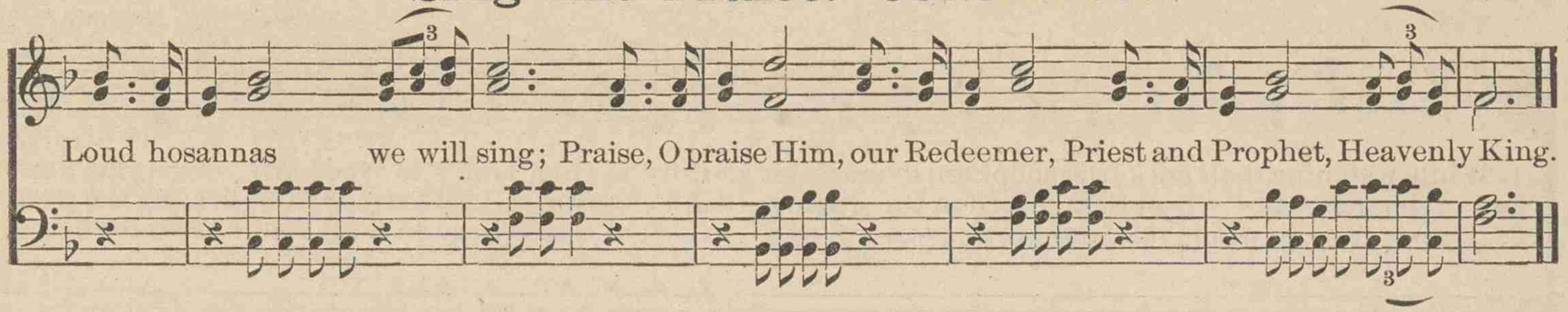
Freely all our sins forgave; Youthful voi-ces swell the chorus Of the ransom'd from the fall;
Tell a - broad His wondrous fame? Angels, too, with harps and voices, Loud their notes of rapture raise;
Yields a fra - grance to His name; All the heav'nly hosts a-dore Him On the bright, e - ter-nal shore;

REFRAIN.

Sing of pardon thro' His merits, Own and crown Him Lord of all.
How much more shall we, His children, Spread His glory, sing His praise! Praise, O praise Him, our Redeemer,
There, with them our voices blending, We shall praise Him evermore.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

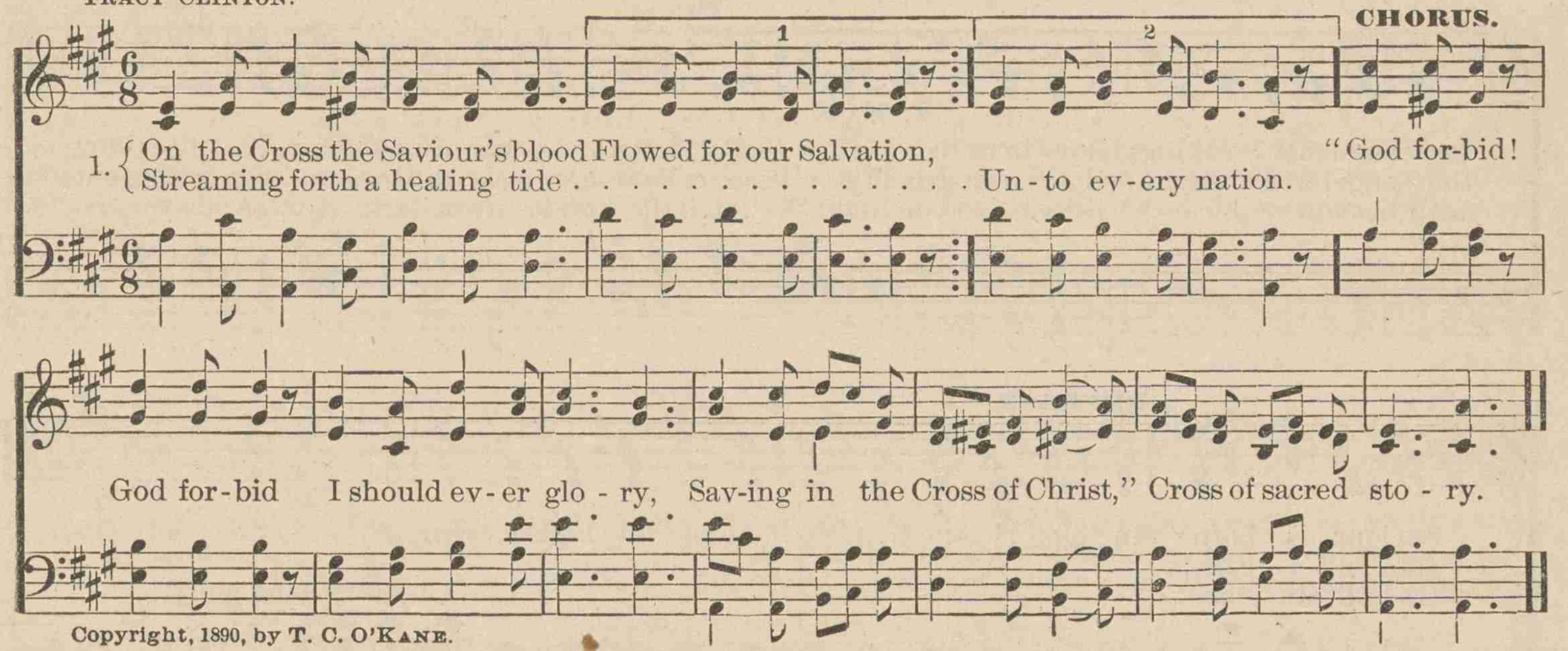
Sing His Praise. Concluded.



103 Only in the Cross.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

CHORUS.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

2 On the cross the Saviour paid
All that I was owing;
Thanks for such a priceless gift
In my heart are glowing.

3 On the cross the Saviour spoke
Many sins forgiven,
Then the pardoned sinner bore
With him into heaven.

4 Precious Saviour, blessed cross!
Always keep before me;
All along the path of life,
Throw thy shadow o'er me.

First Christmas Morn.

TRACY CLINTON. From the German.

1. While watching their flocks the shepherds were waking, Glory to God, Glory to God! An an-gel glad news
2. The heav-en - ly host then joined in the singing, "Glory to God, Glory to God!" Confirming the word
3. We al - so would raise our rapt-ur-ous voi - ces, Glory to God, Glory to God! While earth itself, too,

came suddenly breaking; Glory to God on high. "In Bethlehem, this glo - ri-ous morn, To you a roy - al
the angel was bringing; Glory to God on high. "Peace on the earth and good-will to men," The tidings shout a-
with heaven re-joic-es; Glory to God on high. We'll tell the world the wonderful story, And ever give to

REFRAIN.

Saviour is born; Sing glo - ry to God, To God in the highest, Sing glo - - ry to God."
gain and a - gain;
God all the glory; glo-ry, sing glory

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

105

The Angels' Song.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER. J. B. HERBERT.

1. The angels round the throne First knew of Jesus' birth; They caught the tidings from afar, And wing'd their flight to earth; Soft, murm'ring notes were heard By shep-herds on the plains; The prelude of that sweeter song When burst those heav'nly strains,
2. "Glory to God on high!" Thro' heav'n's broad arches rang; And "peace on earth, good-will to men" The holy an - gels sang: "Peace on the earth, good-will," Is still the an-gels' song; Tho' strife and storm thro' all the years Have roll'd their tide along,
3. And peace, with gentle wings, Shall yet the world enfold, When brighter days shall usher in The age so long fore-told, When o'er the realms of earth One sweet refrain shall ring: "On earth be peace, good-will to men," The song the angels sing.

rit e dim.

The prelude of that sweeter song When burst those heav'nly strains.
Tho' strife and storm thro' all the years Have roll'd their tide along.
"On earth be peace, good-will to men," The song the angels sing.

By permission of the S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.

Star of the East.

BISHOP HEBER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st.

1. { Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
   { Star of the East the ho - ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where the [. . . *Omit.* . . . . .]

2. { Say, shall we yield him in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom and off'rings di - vine,
   { Gems of the mountain and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the [. . . *Omit.* . . . . .]

in - fant Re-deem-er is laid. Cold on his cra - dle the dew drops are shining, Low lies his
for - est and gold from the mine? Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain-ly with

head with the beasts of the stall, { An - - - - - gels a - dore . . . . . him in
                                  { An-gels a-dore him, An-gels a-dore him in

gifts would his fa - vor se - cure { Rich - - - - - er by far . . . . . is the
                                  { Rich-er by far, rich - er by far is the

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Star of the East. Concluded.

slum-ber re-clin-ing,— { Mak - - - - er and Mon - - - - arch and Saviour of all.
{ Maker and Monarch, Maker and Monarch and

heart's a - do - ra-tion, { Dear - - - - er to God . . . . . are the prayers of the poor.
{ Dearer to God, Dearer to God are the

107 On a Christmas Morning.

E. T. O'KANE.

1. { Would you like to hear us tell, Tell a stor - y we know well—
{ Ev - ery girl and ev - ery boy— [*Omit.* . . . . .] Why the angels sang for joy

On a Christmas morning? Why the angels sang for joy On a Christmas morning?

2 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round;
When the brightness filled the sky,
And the song was heard on high,
On a Christmas morning.

3 Joy and peace the angels sang,
And the pleasant echoes rang,—
"Peace on earth, to men good-will."
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On a Christmas morning.

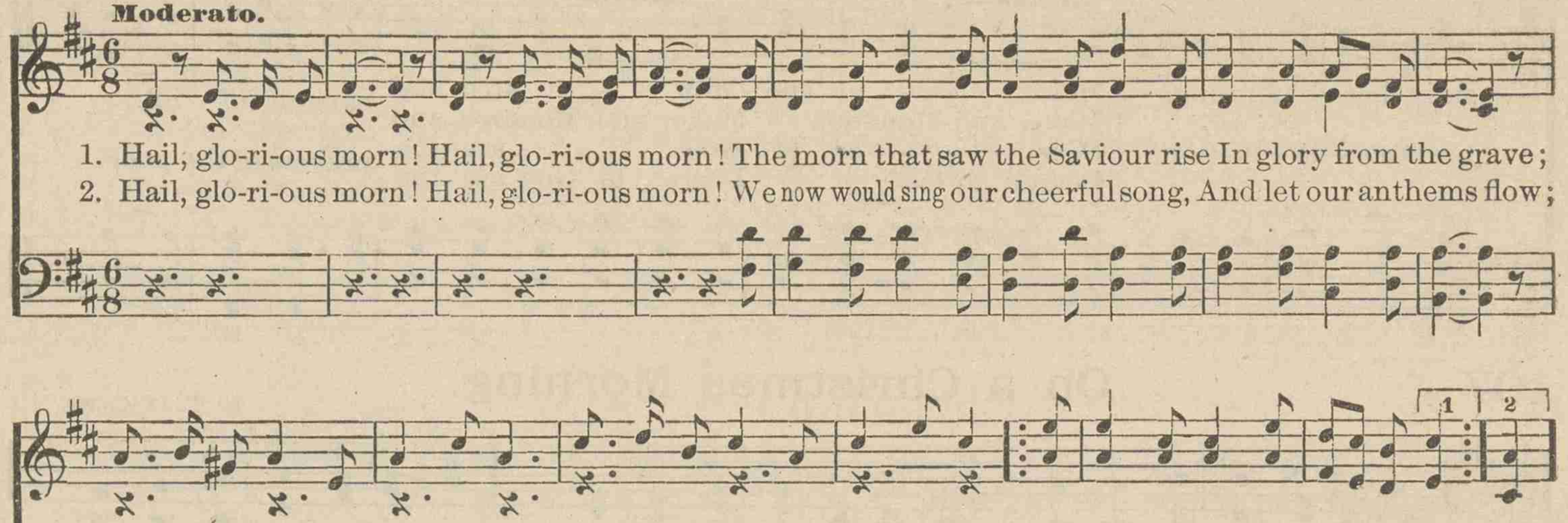
4 For, a little babe, that day—
Christ, the Lord of angels—lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be,
This the wond'ring angels see,—
On a Christmas morning.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

108 Hail, Glorious Morn!

TRACY CLINTON. Arranged from HOOK.

Moderato.



1. Hail, glo-ri-ous morn! Hail, glo-ri-ous morn! The morn that saw the Saviour rise In glory from the grave;
2. Hail, glo-ri-ous morn! Hail, glo-ri-ous morn! We now would sing our cheerful song, And let our anthems flow;

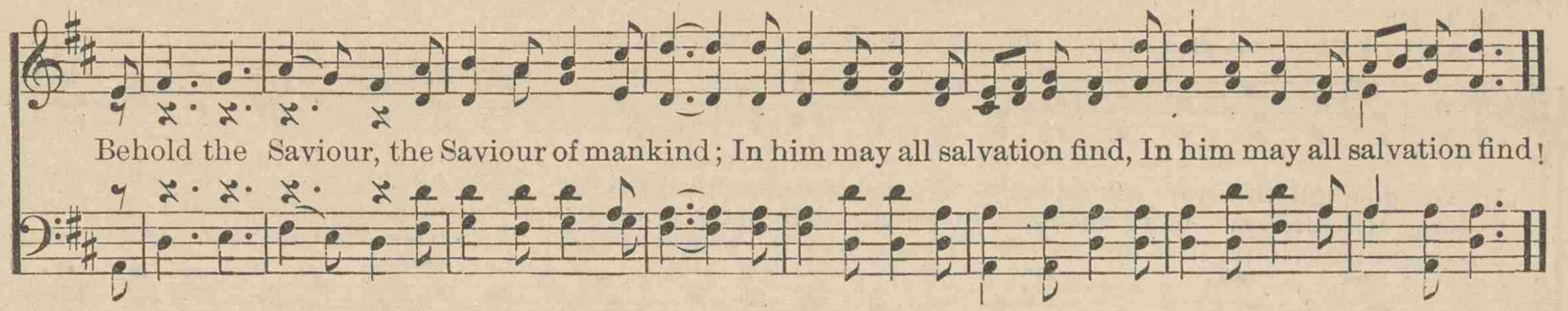
Bursting its bars by power divine, Bursting its bars by power divine, A lost and ruined world to save,
Sing-ing of Je-sus' wondrous love, Singing of Je-sus' wondrous love To ev-ery sin-ner here below;

REFRAIN.

At God's right hand by faith we see, To in - ter-cede for you and me. Be-hold the Sav - iour
We 'll spread abroad the Saviour's name, To all the world a-loud proclaim;

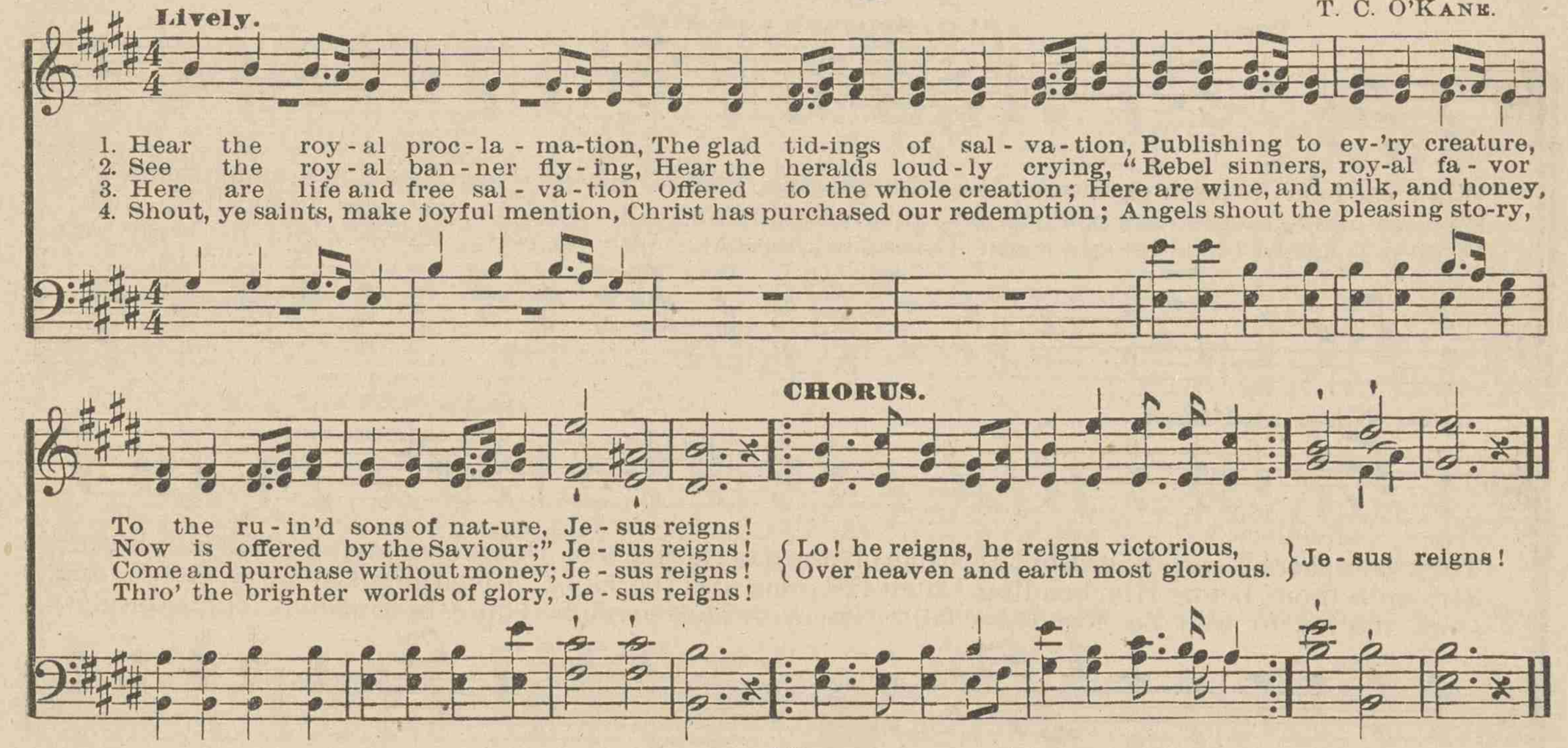
Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Hail, Glorious Morn. Concluded.



109 Jesus Reigns.

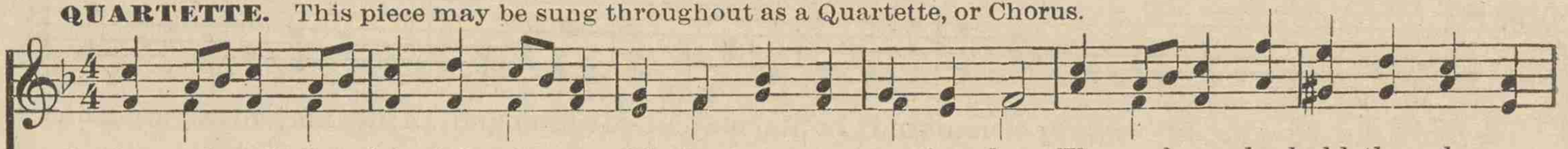
T. C. O'KANE.
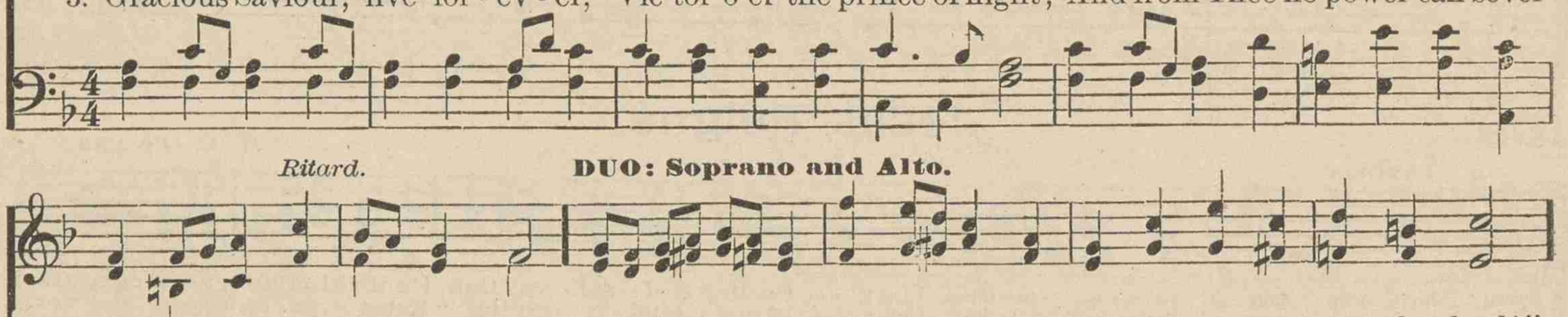


The Angels' Story.

R. L. F. R. L. F.

QUARTETTE. This piece may be sung throughout as a Quartette, or Chorus.
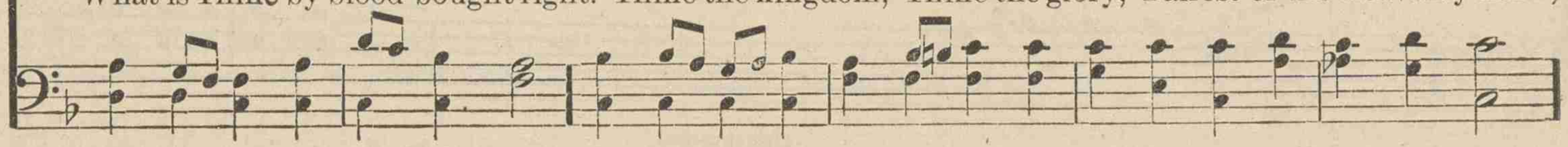


1. An - gels tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of the res - ur - rec-tion day; They a-lone be-held the glo - ry
2. Sing His praises, O ye mortals, Strew the earth with vernal flowers; Jesus passes thro' death's portals,
3. Gracious Saviour, live for - ev - er, Vic-tor o'er the prince of night; And from Thee no power can sever

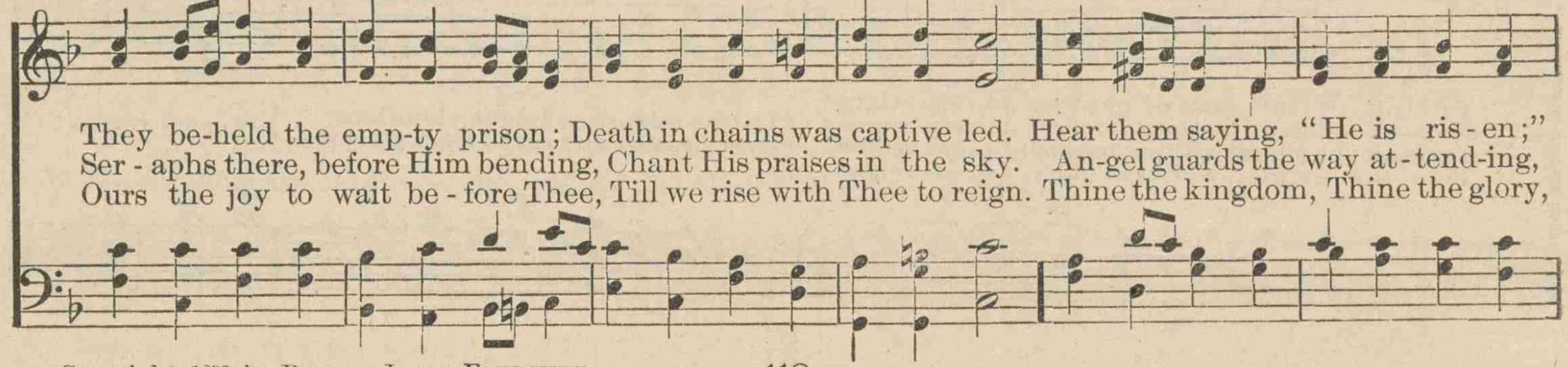


Ritard. **DUO: Soprano and Alto.**

When the bars of death gave way. Hear them saying, "He is ris - en; Seek Him not a-mong the dead!"
Ris - es o'er its gloo-my powers; An - gel guards the way attending, Lo, He goes to dwell on high;
What is Thine by blood-bought right. Thine the kingdom, Thine the glory, Fairest of the heavenly train;
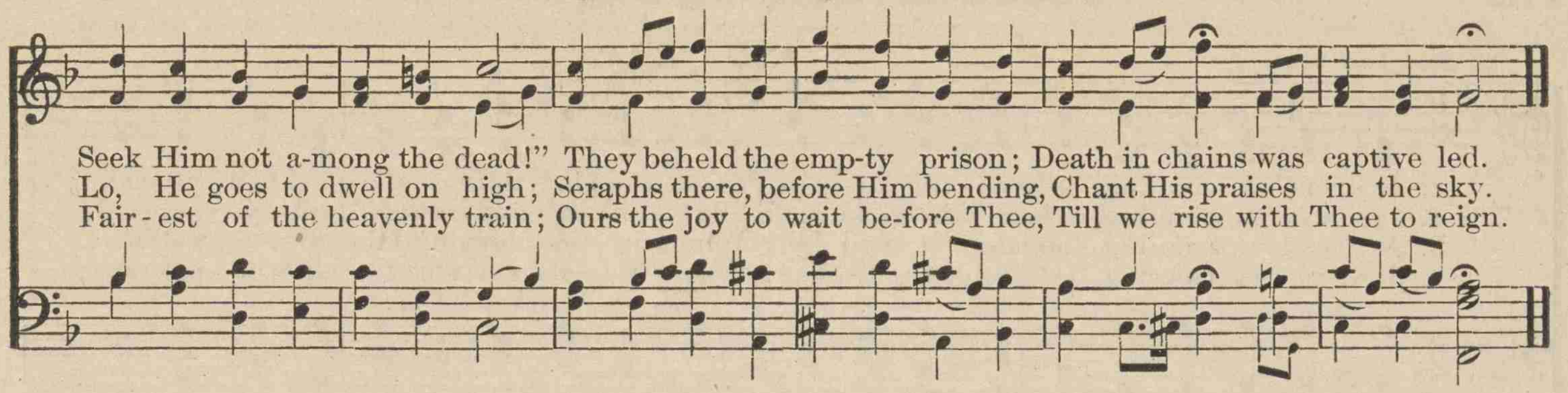


DUO: Tenor and Bass. **QUARTETTE.**



They be-held the emp-ty prison; Death in chains was captive led. Hear them saying, "He is ris - en;"
Ser - aphs there, before Him bending, Chant His praises in the sky. An-gel guards the way at - tend-ing,
Ours the joy to wait be - fore Thee, Till we rise with Thee to reign. Thine the kingdom, Thine the glory,

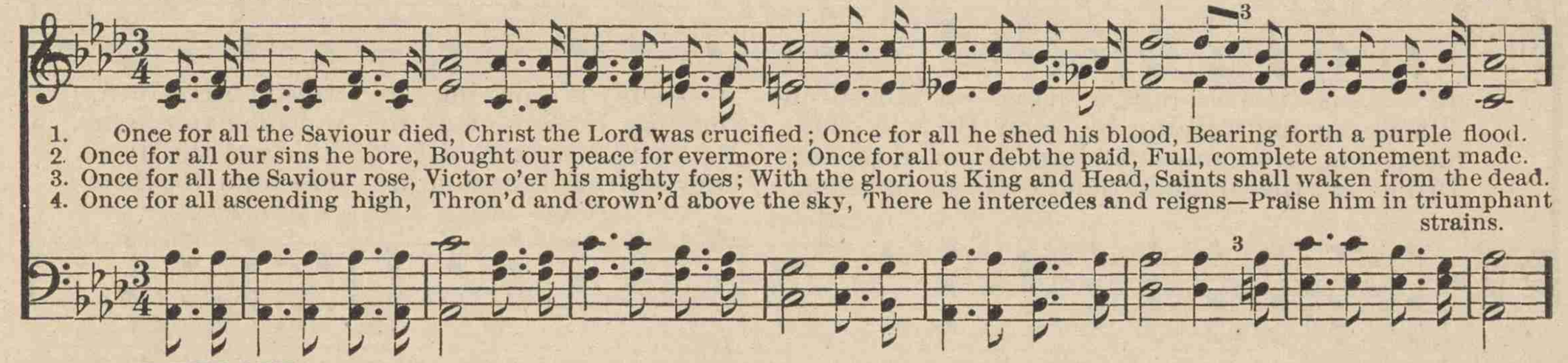
Copyright, 1890, by ROBERT LOWE FLETCHER.

The Angels' Story. Concluded.

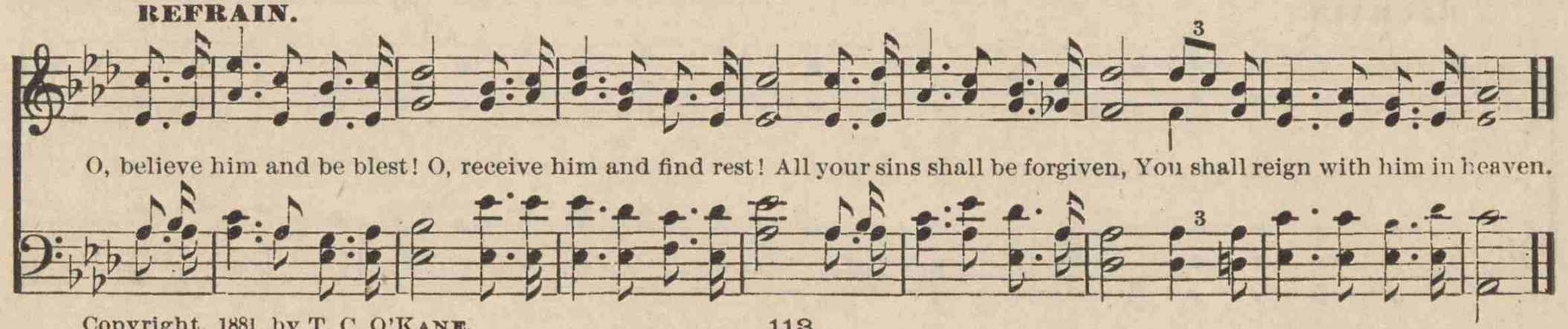


111 Once for All the Saviour Died.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. T. C. O'KANE.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1881, by T. C. O'KANE.

Jesus is Coming Again.

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

Not too fast.

1. Je - sus is com-ing, is com - ing a-gain, Shout the glad tidings the good news proclaim;
2. Je - sus is com-ing, redeem'd hosts, be glad, Put on the garments of beau-ty— be clad;
3. Je - sus is com-ing, too late it will be, When in the morning His glo-ry we see;
4. Je - sus is com-ing, O sin - ner, a-wake! Free is sal - va - tion to all who par-take;

Je - sus is com-ing a King on His throne, Je - sus is com-ing to welcome His own.
Watch-ing and wait-ing be, soon He will come, Come in His grandeur to welcome you home.
Sleep - ing, with lamps untrimm'd, fearful repose; Je - sus has enter'd, now clos'd are the doors.
Drink at the fountain that flows full and free, Mer - cy and par-don are of - fer'd to thee.

REFRAIN.

rit. *Repeat pp*

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

By permission.

113 Be Ye Also Ready.

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12: 40.

M. and A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Rea - dy when the dawn - ing Comes creeping cold and gray, And we wak - en up from
2. Rea - dy when the noon - tide Is quiv - er - ing with heat, And there steal-eth o'er the
3. Rea - dy when the ev'n - ing Fills lil - y cups with dew, And the last bright beam of
4. Rea - dy in the mid - night, A vig - il still to keep, Tho' the wea-ried eyes by
5. Bless-ed be that serv - ant, The time the Lord re - turns, Who in faith-ful trust is

CHORUS.

slum - ber To greet an - oth - er day.
spir - it A lan - guor, dream - y, sweet.
day - light Is fad - ing from our view. Rea - dy in the morn - ing,
watch - ing Have clos'd themselves in sleep.
keep - ing A lamp that bright - ly burns.

Rea - dy at the noon, Rea - dy at the e - ven-tide, Christ com - eth soon.

By permission.

What Shall Our Record Be?

SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.
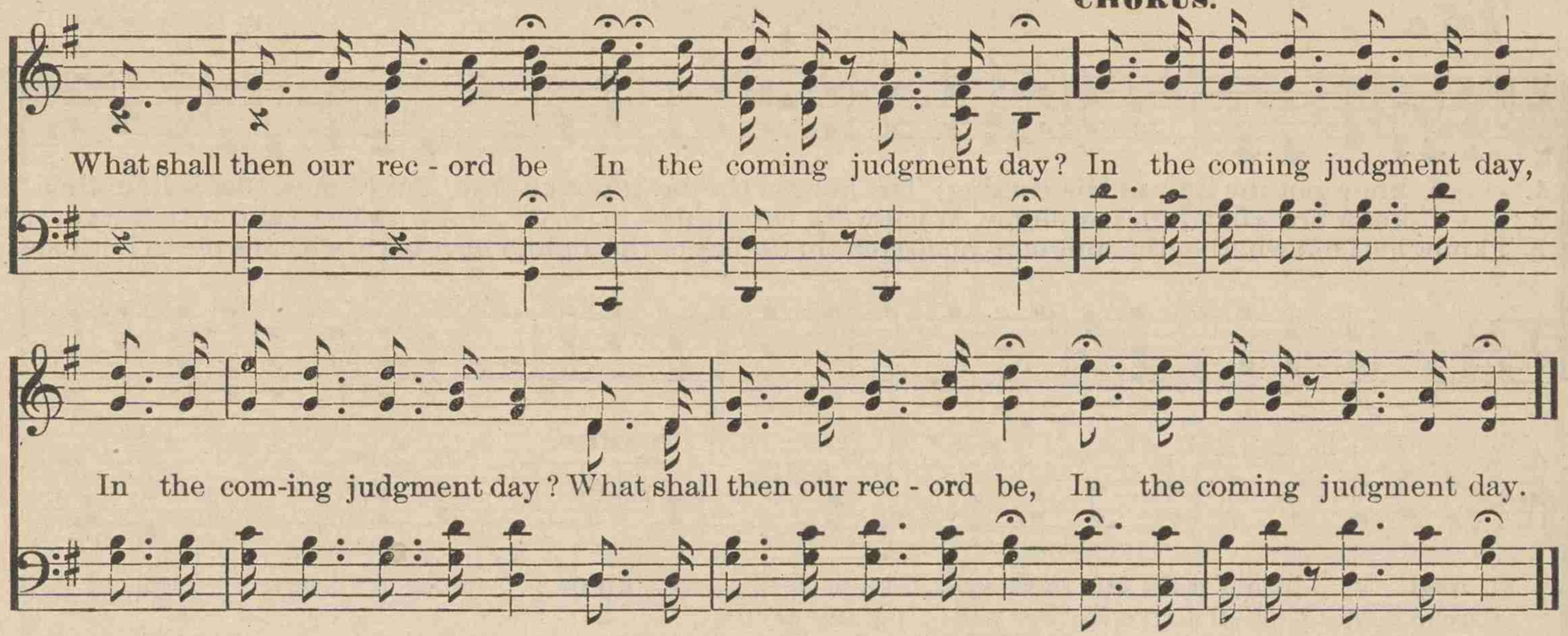
1. There 's a hand that 's writing now In the book of life, they say; Ev - 'ry ac-tion, word or deed
2. Still that hand goes writ-ing on, Making pag - es dark or fair; Let us ponder well, dear friends,
3. Time is ebb - ing fast a - way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we, trust-ing - ly, go hence,

Is re - cord - ed there each day.
What for us is writ - ten there. What shall then our rec - ord be? Let us stop and think, I pray!
That a crown of life is won?

By permission.
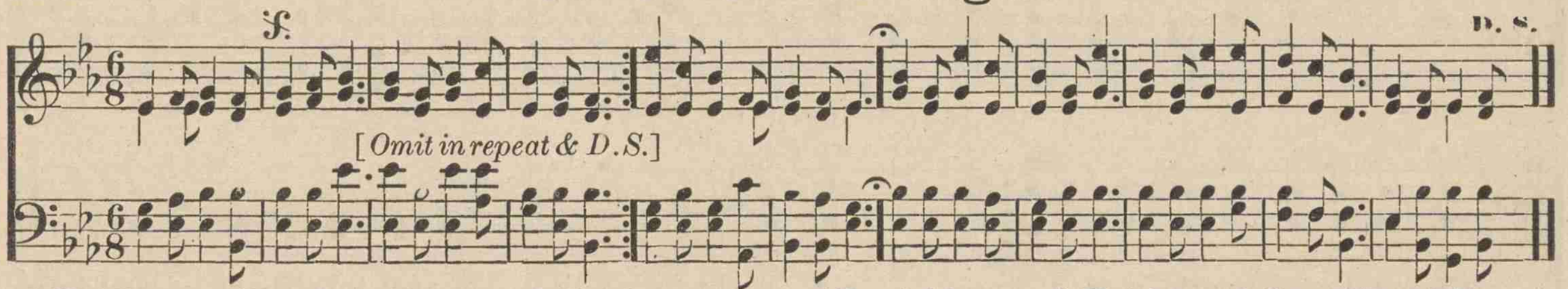
What Shall Our Record Be? Concluded.

CHORUS.



115 Tell Us of the Night.

Arr. from LOWELL MASON.



1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star..
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

The Portals of Light.

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

1. I know not the time of His coming: The hour of the day is not known; But I know, that if I am then
2. I know not what duties await me, What work He requires me to do; But with heart and with hands ever
3. I know not! but whether the summons Shall come in the day or the night, I have faith, with the plea, Thou hast

CHORUS.

read - y, I'll not walk the dark val - ley a - lone. I know not, I know not, I
read - y, I shall strive to be will - ing and true.
call'd me, I shall en - ter the "Por - tals of Light." I know not the day, I know not the day,

know not the day nor the year; I know not, I know not, Yet some time His step I shall hear.
I know not the day, I know not the year,

By permission.

117 At the Beautiful Gate.

"He that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11 : 30.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful state, If sorrow in heav-en could be,
   If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There waiting and watching for me.
2. How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en-ly state, If sad-ness in heav-en could be,
   If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Con-duct-ed to glo-ry by me.
3. O Lord, I be-seech Thee for wis-dom and grace In winning lost souls un-to Thee,
   That ma-ny may be at the beau-ti-ful gate, A crown of re-joic-ing to me.

CHORUS.

Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me; Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me;
Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me; Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me;

May ma-ny of those at the beau-ti-ful gate Be waiting and watching for me!

Used by per. of R. M. McINTOSH, owner of the copyright.

Nearer Home.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

Dim.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone. Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore. Thus the Christian, on life's o-cean, As his
3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the set-ting of the sun, For the goal is one day near-er, And his jour-ney near-ly done. Thus we feel, when o'er life's des-ert, Heart and
4. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer To our Fa-ther's home on high, To the green fields and the fountains Of the land be-yond the sky. For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the

Cres.

Cres.

f

dark-er shades will come; Still it's sweet to know at ev-en, We are one day near-er home.
light boat cuts the foam, In the eve-ning cries with rap-ture, "I am one day near-er home."
san-dal worn, we roam, As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitched still clos-er, For we're one day near-er home.

Used by per. of the JOHN CHURCH CO., owners of the copyright.

Chorus next page.

Nearer Home. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Near - er to . . . . . our

Near - er home, ... near - er home, ... Near - er to our home on high,
Beau-ti-ful home, hea-ven-ly home, Near - er to . . . . . our

Our home on high,

home on high, ...

Near - er to our home on high, To the green fields and the
home on high, ... To the green fields and the fountains, To the

Near - er to our home on high,

Of the land . . . . . be-yond the sky . . . . . .

After last verse repeat *pp*

fount - ains Of the land be-yond the sky, Of the land be-yond the sky.
green fields and the fountains Of the land . . . . . be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.

Of the land be - yond the sky, be-yond the sky . . . . . .

Within the Paradise.

GURDON ROBINS. J. M. WRIGHT.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis - ions of enraptur'd thought, So bright that all which
2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of

spreads between Is with its radiant glo-ry fraught; A land up - on whose bliss ful shore There rests no
suns to rise, To dis - si - pate the gloom of night; There sweeps no des-o - lat - ing wind A - cross that

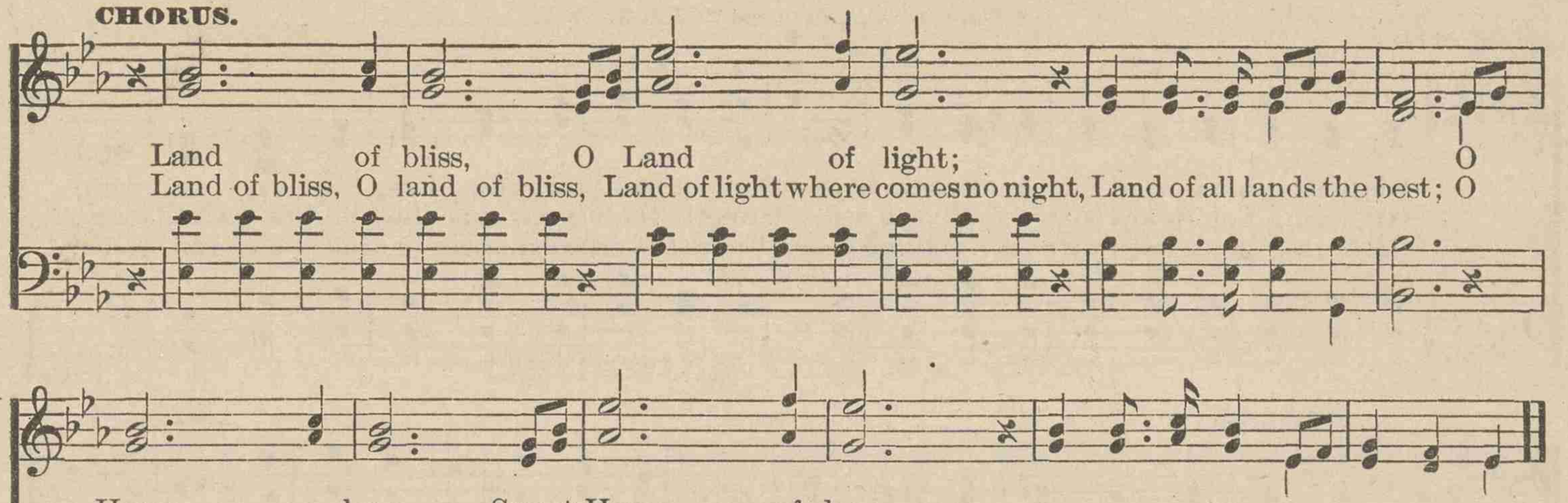
shadow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
calm, se - rene a - bode; The wanderer there a home may find Within the par - a - dise of God.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Chorus next page.

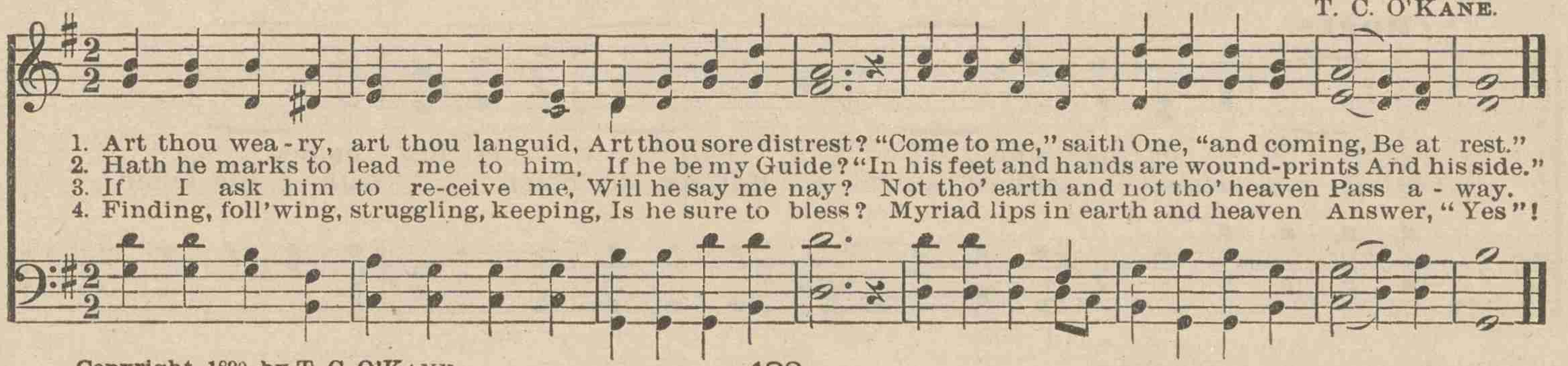
Within the Paradise. Concluded.

CHORUS.



120 Art Thou Weary?

T. C. O'KANE.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Gathering Homeward.

"There the weary be at rest." Job. 3 : 17.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Gathering homeward to mansions a - bove, Nev - er to sor - row more, nev - er to roam,
2. Gathering homeward o'er life's silvery sea, Sweetly their barks ride the bil-low's white foam,
3. Gathering homeward with each coming year, Where the dread changes of time ne'er can come,

Dear ones of earth that we cher - ish and love, Gath-er - ing, gath-er - ing home.
Dear ones that we in this life ne'er shall see, Gath-er - ing, gath-er - ing home.
Soon we shall meet them—this hope gives us cheer, Gath-er - ing, gath-er - ing home.
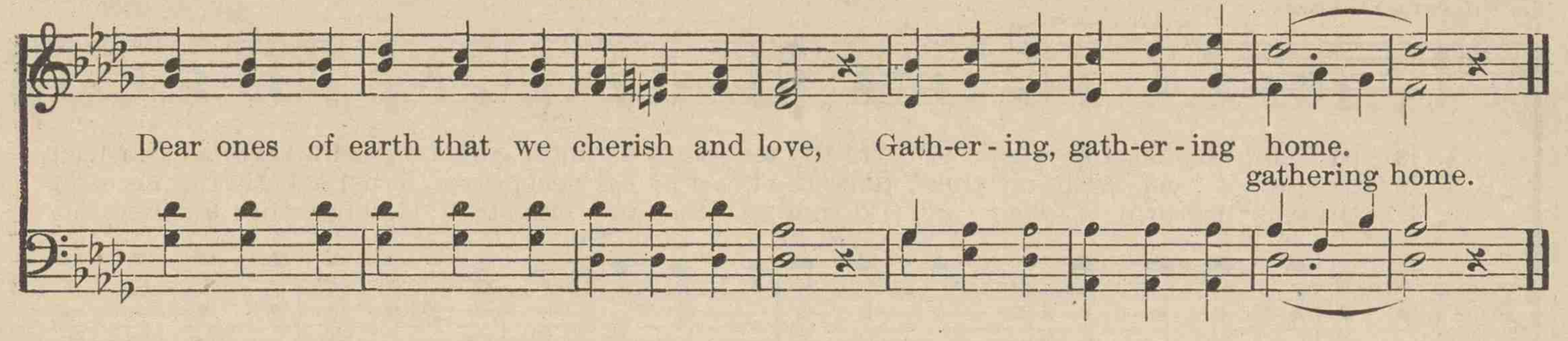
gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath - - er - ing home, . . . Gath - - er - ing home. . . .
Gath-er - ing home, gath-er - ing home, Gath-er - ing home, gath-er - ing home.
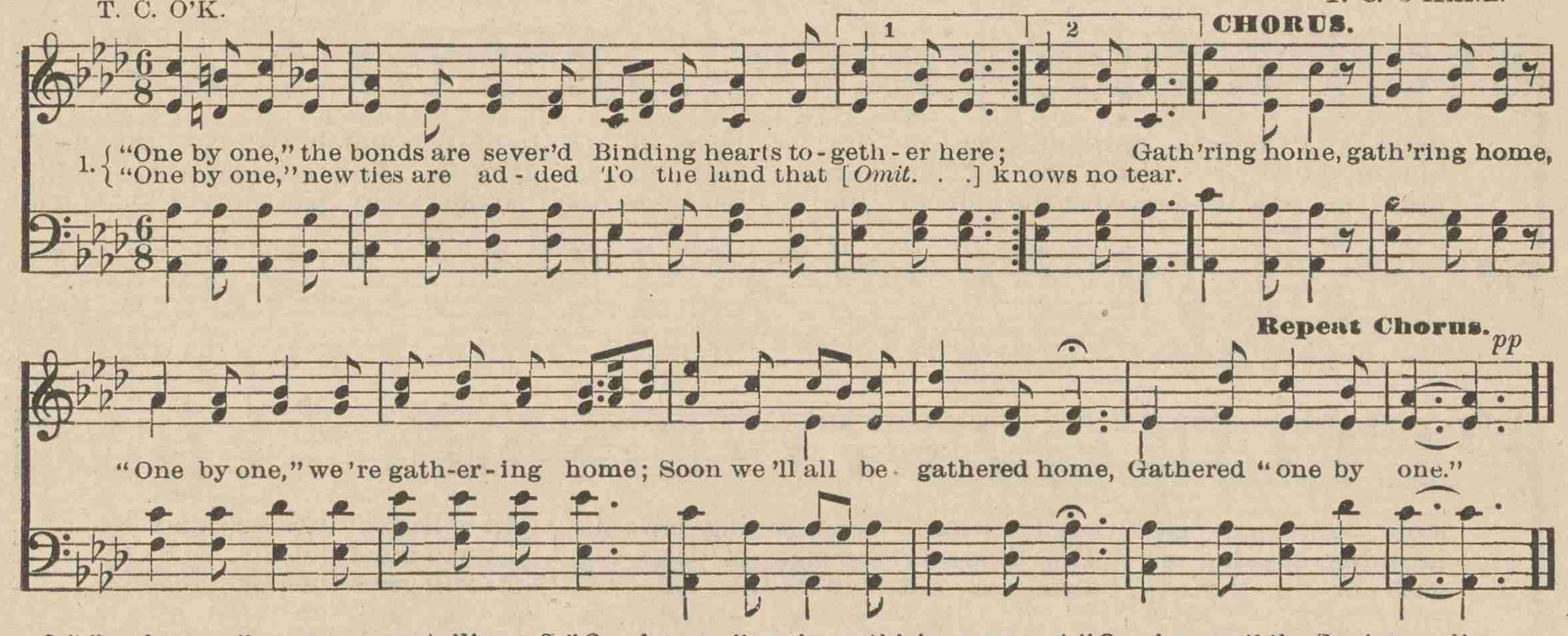
Copyright 1890 by T. C. O'KANE.

Gathering Homeward. Concluded.



122 Gathering One by One.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE.



2 "One by one," we cease our toiling
For the Master here below;
By the angel bands attended,
To our endless rest we go.
CHO.

3 "One by one," we 're gath'ring yonder,
Out of every clime and land;
"One by one" we're crossing over,
To the distant heavenly strand.
CHO.

4 "One by one" the Saviour calls us
In his perfect bliss to share;
May we for the call be ready—
O, may none be missing there!
CHO.

From "Songs for Worship."
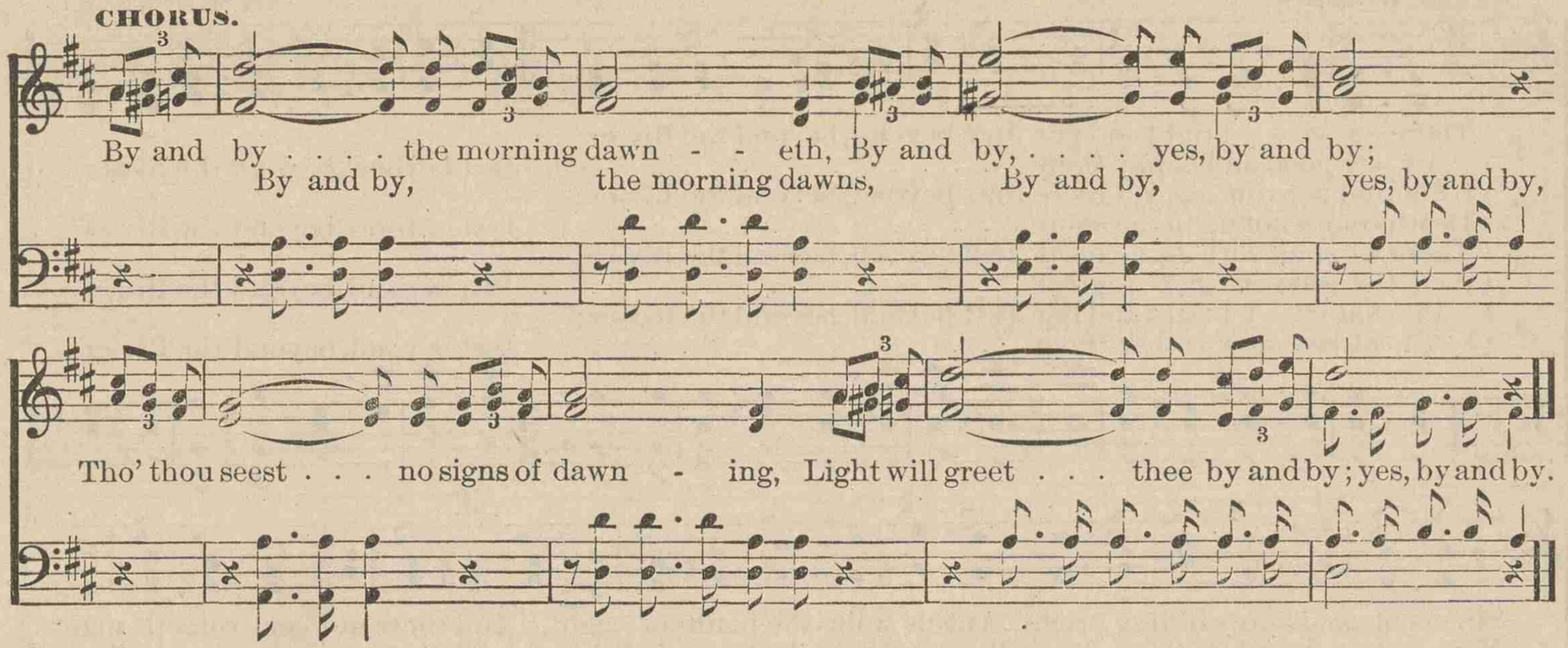
123 Light will Greet Thee By and By.

LATTA C. LORD. L. B. SHOOK.
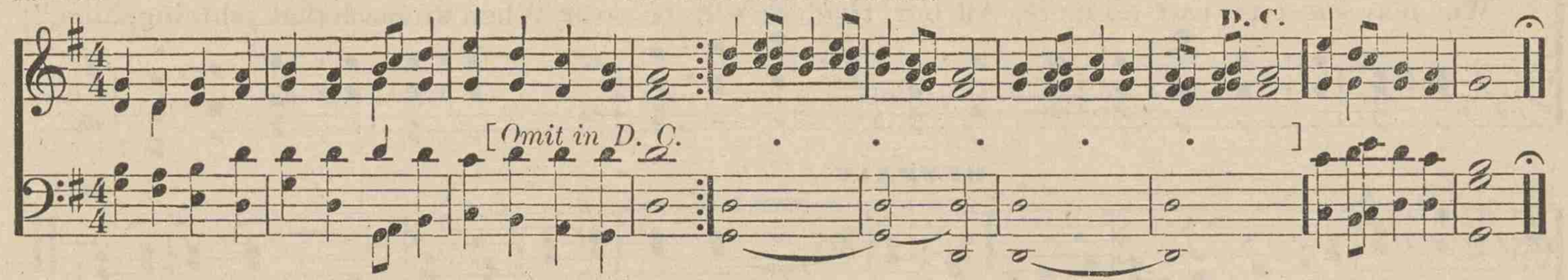
1. Is thy trembling heart a - wear - y? Are thy foot-steps al - most gone? Does life seem a bur - den drear - y? Courage, broth-er, strug-gle on! Bear it pa - tient-ly and brave - ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh; Aft - er night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in ear-nest prayer; Trust a Father's lov - ing kind-ness, Trust a Fath - er's ten - der care; Call up - on Him in thy sor - row, He will hear thy falt'ring cry; Tho' thou seest no sign of dawn-ing, Light will greet thee by and by.
3. Has thy spir - it grown a - wear - y? Do not fal - ter in the strife; God has work for thee, my broth - er, As thou tread'st the path of life; Darkness may obscure thy path-way, Clouds may gath - er in thy sky, Storms may rage; but do not fal - ter, Light will greet thee by and by.

Chorus on next page.

Light will Greet Thee By and By. Concluded.



124 Amsterdam.



1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face:
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embracc.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
There we 'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

Just Beyond the River.

FRED. WOODROW. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a cit - y bright and fair Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er;
   All are good and happy there . . . . . Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er.
2. Sin and sor-row are no more Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er;
   Death comes not upon the shore . . . . . Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er.
3. There we shall with Jesus meet Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er;
   And the good in glor - y greet . . . . . Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er.
4. In that cit - y bright and fair Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er;
   All at last may gather there . . . . . Just beyond, beyond the Riv-er.

Streets of gold are shining bright, Angels walk the plains of light, And there nev - er cometh night
None are sad with want or care, Pain or sickness none shall bear, All are hap - py "ov - er there,"
Lives whose tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old, Martyrs with their crowns of gold,
We may meet to part no more, All our troubles will be o'er When we reach that "shining shore,"

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Just beyond, beyond the River. Just be - yond . . . the River, Just be - yond . . . the River,

Copyright, 1890, by CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

Over the Beautiful River.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mur - mur - ing soft - ly from regions a - far, Comes to our souls, with no discords that jar,
2. An - gel - ic voic - es seem borne on the air; Sweetly they sing of the mansions so fair,
3. Friends have passed o - ver and left us a - lone; Sad - ly we griev'd when bereft of our own;
4. Joy will there ban - ish the mem'-ry of pain, Loss - es will turn in - to measureless gain,

Prom-ise of pleasures that pain can not mar, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
Wait-ing our com - ing, when free from earth's care, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
There we will join them a-round the white throne, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
All that seems dark here will there be made plain, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - er, O - - ver the riv - er,
Over the riv-er, the riv - er, Over the beautiful riv - er, O - ver the beau-ti - ful riv - er.

Copyright, 1890, by FILLMORE BROS.

Saints' Immortal Home.

Words and Music by D. P. AIRHART. Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Beau-ti - ful cit - y, built so far a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y, none on earth so fair,
2. Wonder-ful cit - y, deck'd with jew - els rare, Won-der - ful cit - y, brighter far than day,
3. Glo - ri - ous cit - y, streets all pav'd with gold, Glo - ri - ous cit - y, mansions of the blest,

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, home of peace and love, Beau - ti - ful cit - y,
Won - der - ful cit - y, crowns a - wait us there, Won - der - ful cit - y,
Glo - ri - ous cit - y, half has not been told, Glo - ri - ous cit - y,
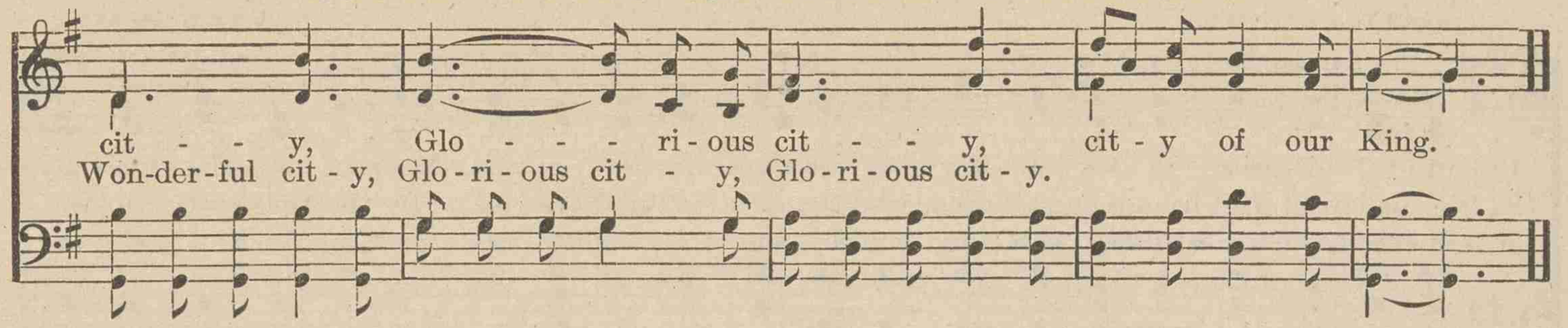
saints of earth shall share.
where we 'll dwell for aye.
saints, e - ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful cit - - y, Won - - der - ful
Beautiful cit - y, Beautiful cit - y, Wonderful cit - y,

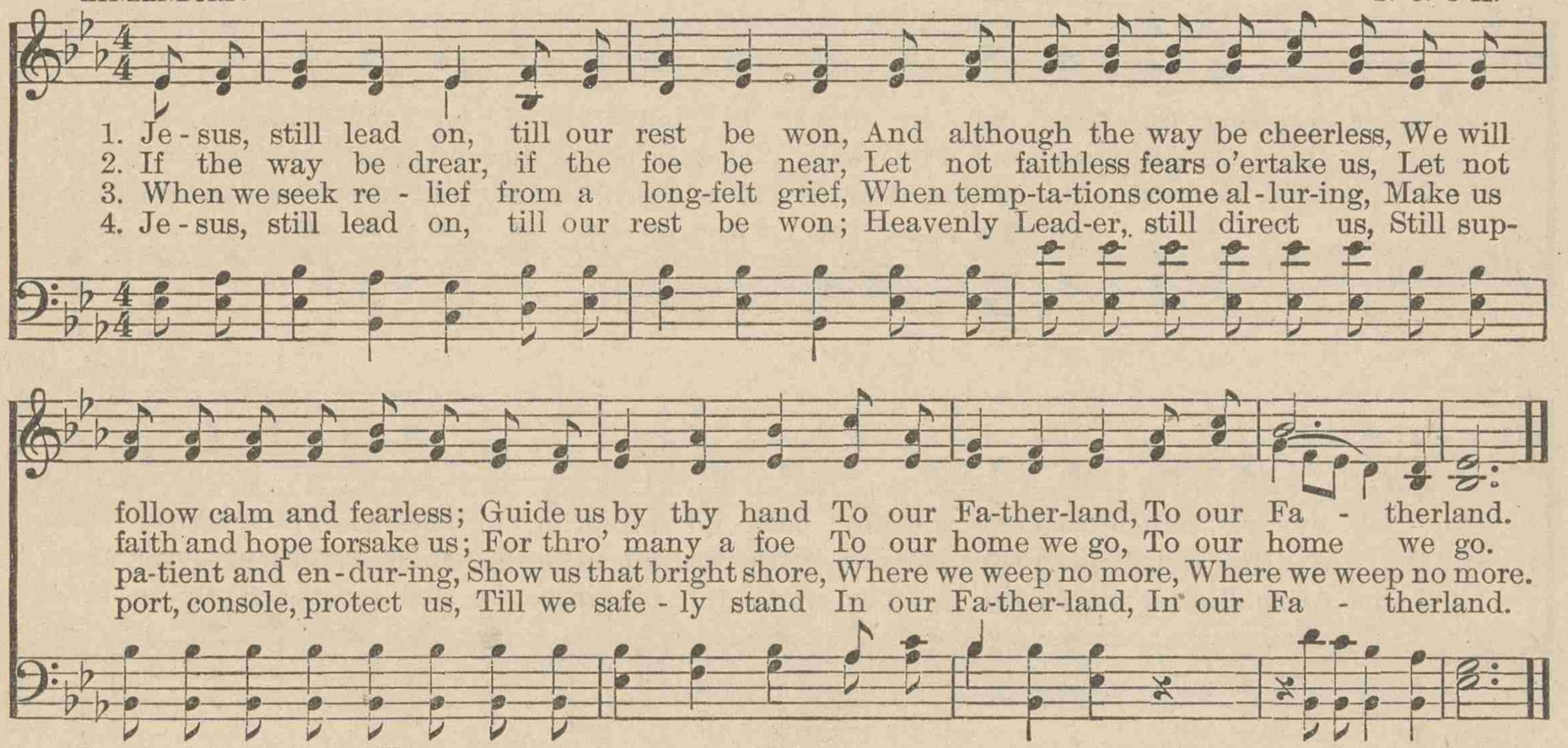
Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

Saints' Immortal Home. Concluded.



128 Still Lead On.

ZINZENDORF. T. C. O'K.



Copyright, 1886, by T. C. O'KANE.

Meet Me There.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Faith-ful pil-grim, as we jour-ney o-ver life's un-e-ven way, Keep in view the heav'nly
2. We shall meet with friends and kindred, who the race of life have run; In the pres-ence of the
3. Scenes of earth are swift-ly pass-ing, one by one the conflicts cease; Soon the voice of strife and

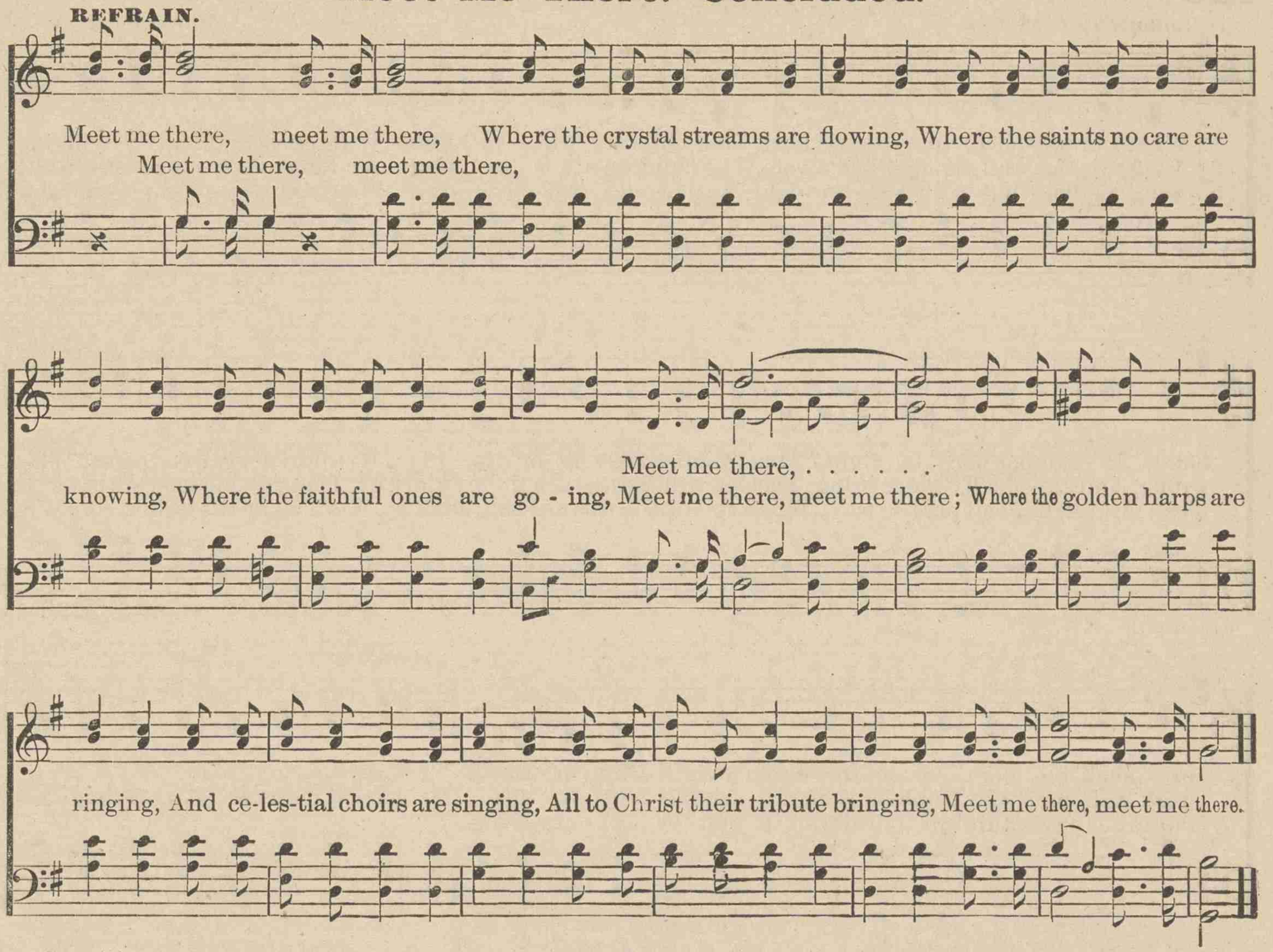
splendor, pressing on-ward day by day; In that world of joy and gladness, God doth
Sav-iour they are gathering one by one; O how bright their robes are shin ing! brighter
tu-mult will be hush'd in hallowed peace; Soon the blessings of the king-dom with our

Refrain next page.

ban-ish ev-ery care; Speed thy journey, faith-ful pil-grim, we shall meet each oth-er there.
still the crowns they wear! Speed thy journey, faith-ful pil-grim, we shall meet them o-ver there.
lov'd ones we shall share; Speed thy journey, faith-ful pil-grim, we shall meet each oth-er there.

Meet Me There. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1880, by ROBERT LOWRY.

130 Children's Band.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What words of cheer are those we hear, That children will u - nite, With cheerful hand, a will-ing
2. A - bove the wail from sorrow's vale, The children's voic - es ring, And may their song restrain the
3. Soon ra-diant light will scat - ter night, And bring a wel-come day, When righteousness our land shall

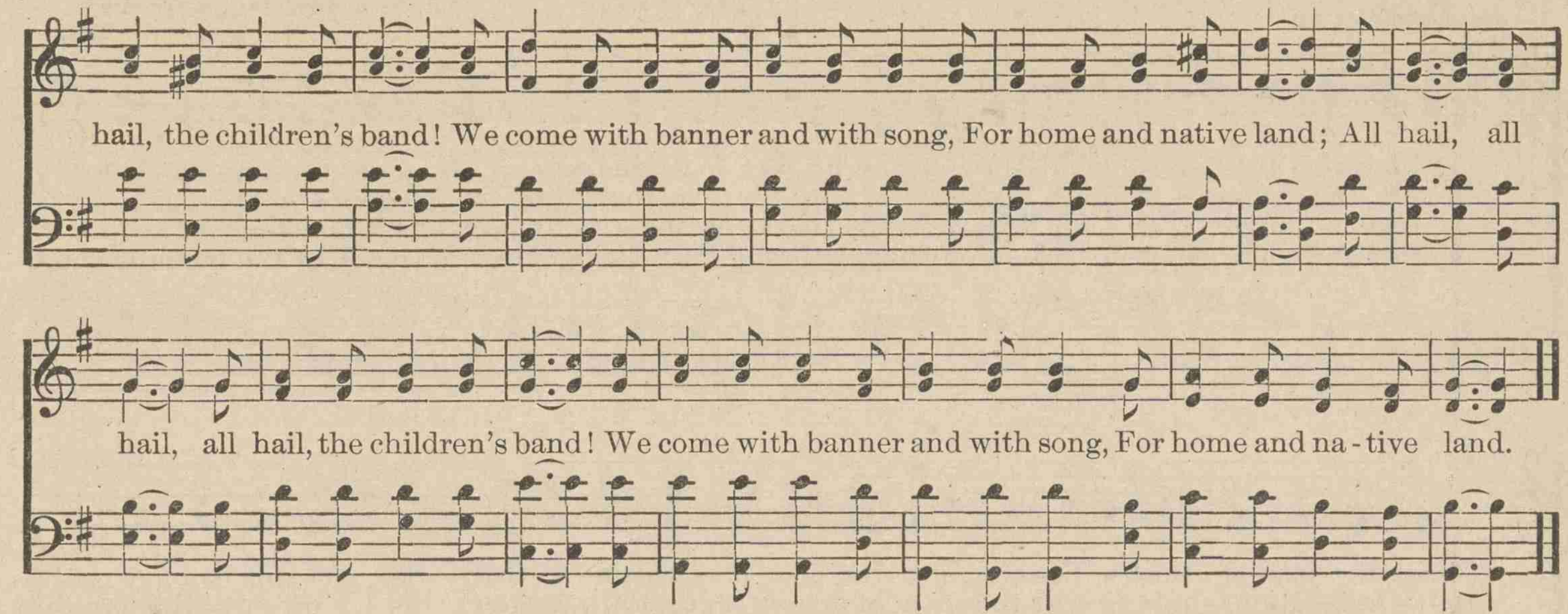
band, In - tem-per-ance to fight? That promised day is on the way, If children's voic-es plead, When
wrong, And sweet deliv'rance bring; Each earnest prayer, each thoughtful care, These loving hearts bestow, Is
bless, And strife shall pass a - way; When thus made free our land shall be, We 'll make the welkin ring With

CHORUS.

we shall be for - ev - er free From woeful drink, in - deed.
work well done, and trophies won, In conflict with the foe. In serried ranks we march a-long; All
rapturous praise thro' all our days, In hon - or of our King.

Copyright, 1888, by ROBERT LOWRY.
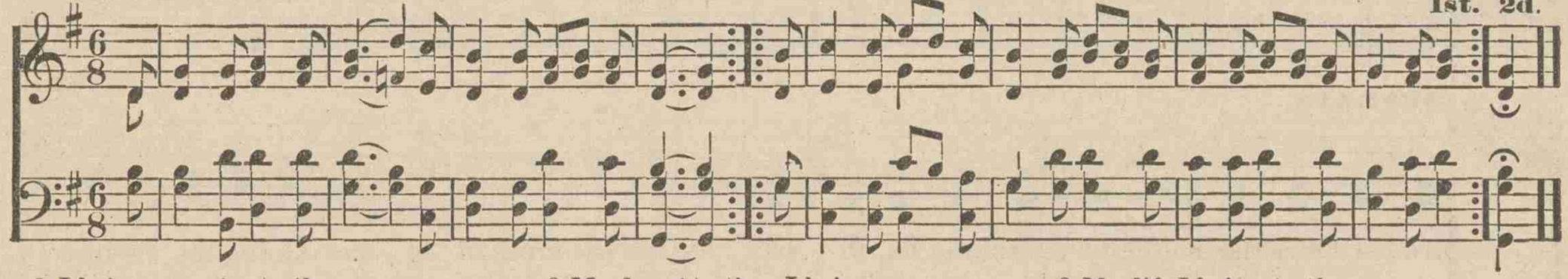
Children's Band. Concluded.



131 My All to Thee.

HAVERGAL. T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.



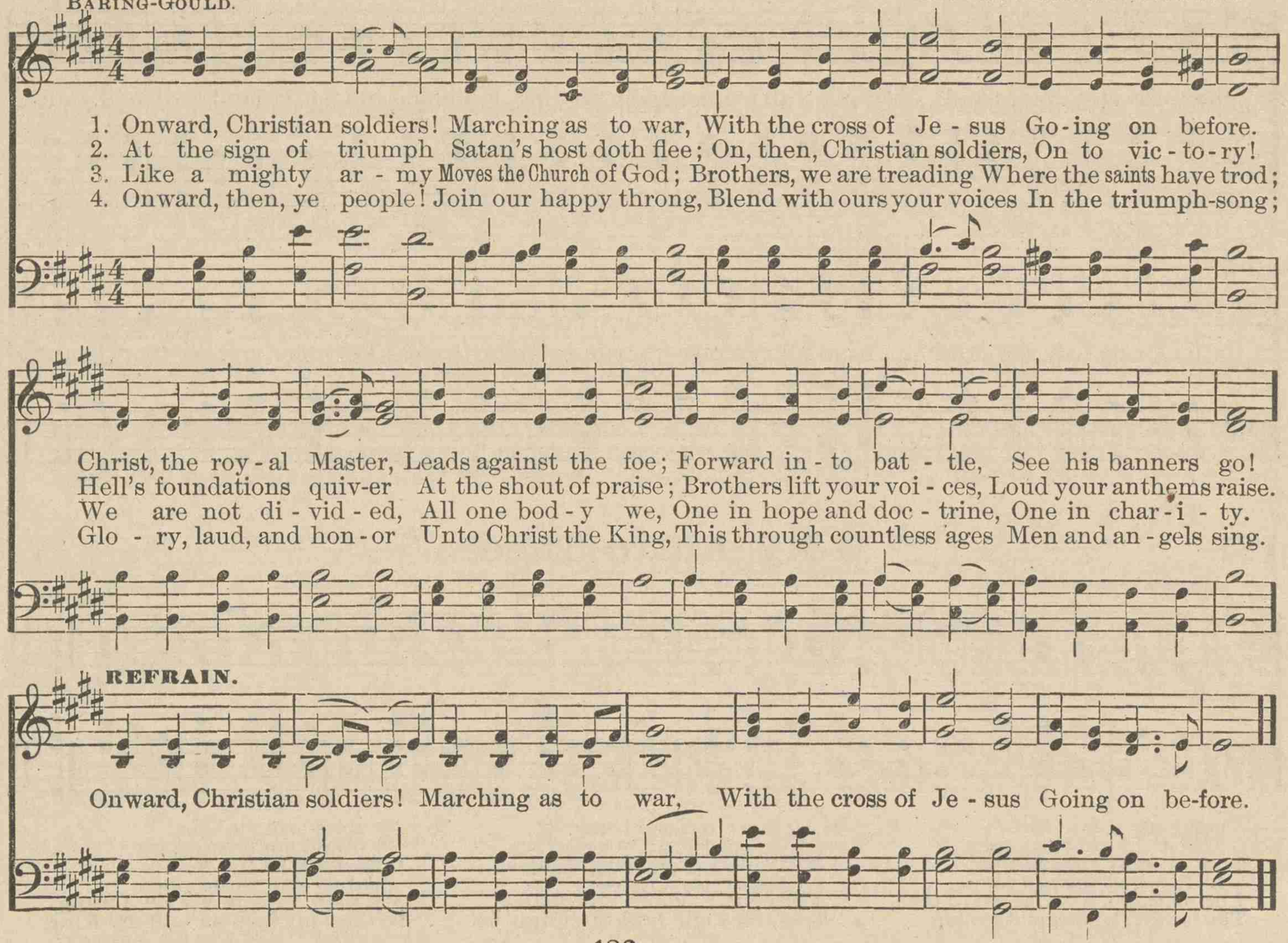
1 I bring my *sins* to thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may cleansed be,
In thy once opened fount;
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My *heart* to thee I bring,
The heart I can not read:
A faithless, wand'ring thing—
An evil heart indeed;
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My *life* I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine, ever thine alone.
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring,
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

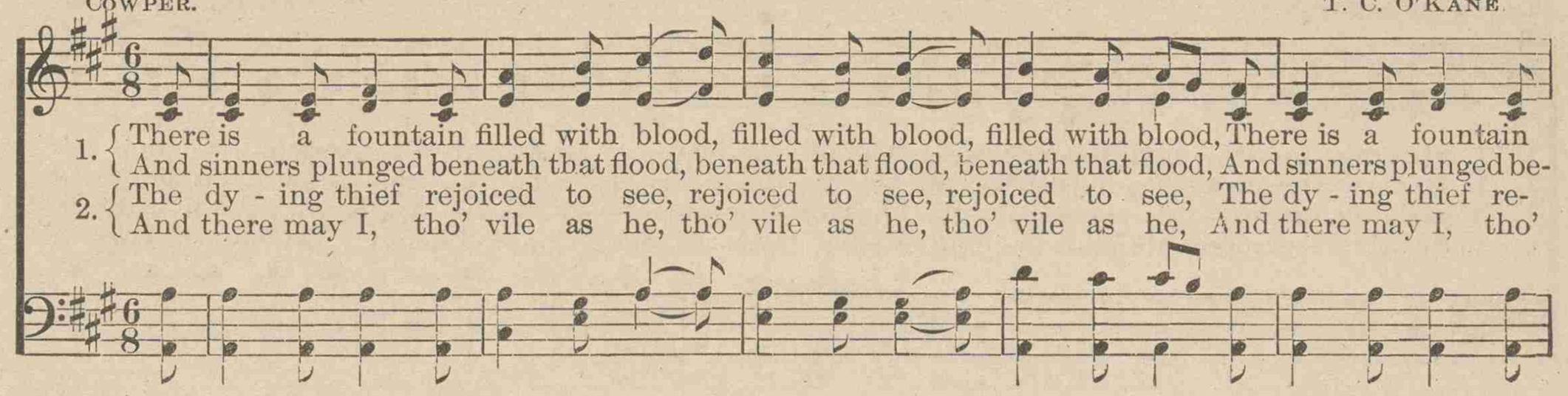
Onward.

BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.
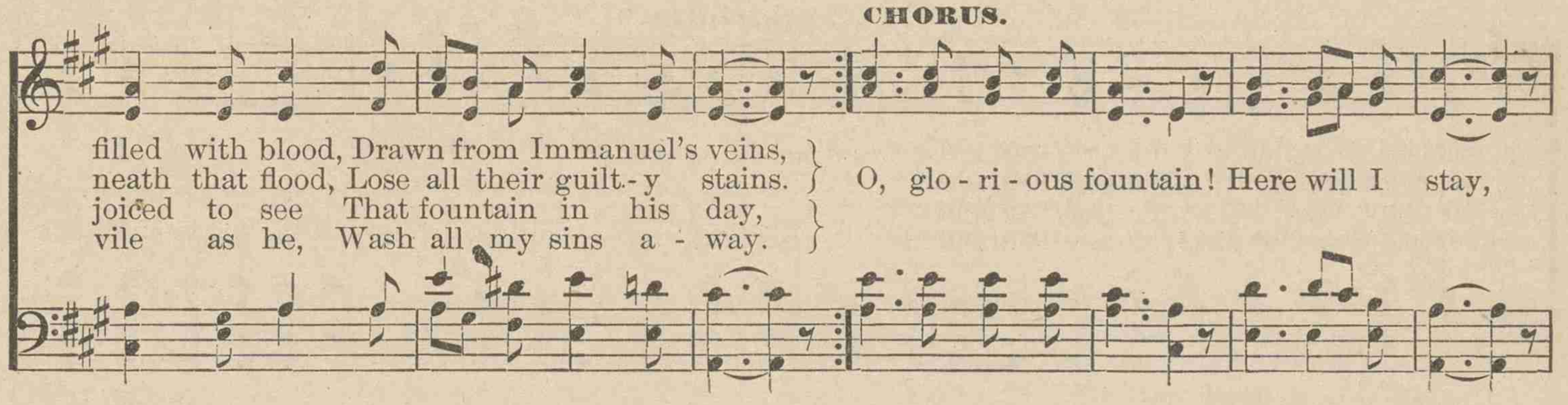


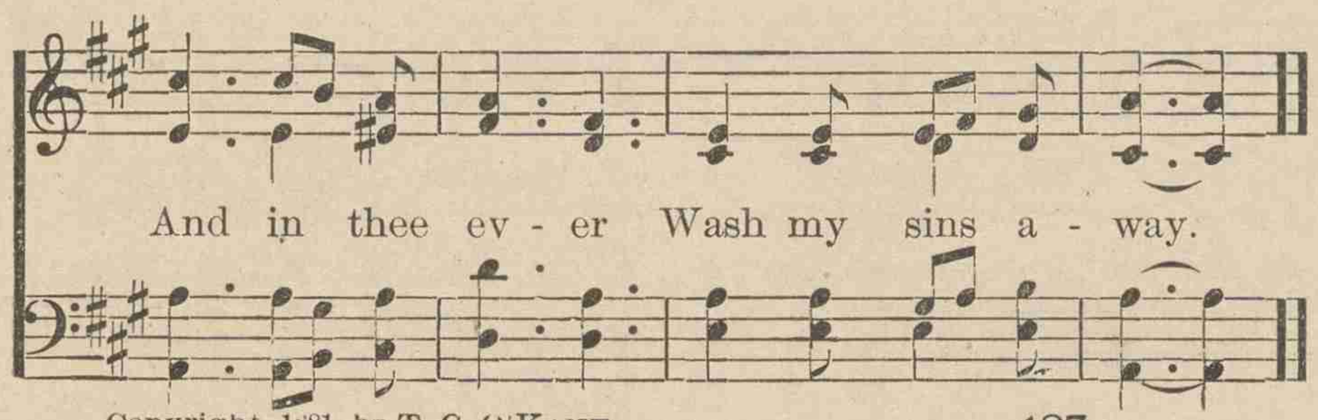
133 Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.



CHORUS.





3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood, :‖
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God, :‖
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

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

Copyright 1881 by T. C. O'KANE.

Living for Jesus.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

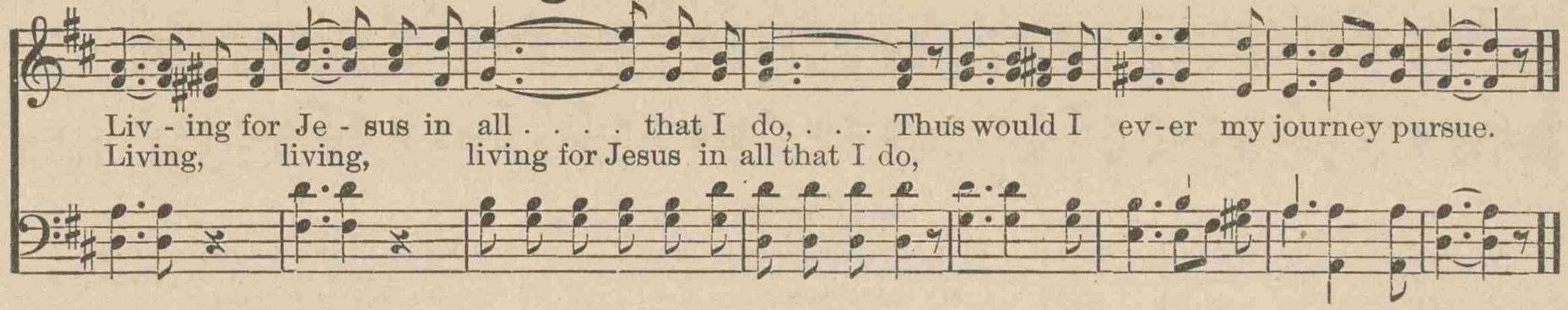
1. Striving to do my Master's will, All of my dai-ly tasks ful-fill, Cheerful-ly in his service still, Would I my journey pur-sue.
2. Heav-y the cross-es I must bear, Ma-ny the hours of bus-y care,—Je-sus has promised all to share, While I my journey pur-sue.
3. Lift-ing his roy-al standard high, Looking to crowns be-yond the sky, Knowing I'll triumph by and by, Glad I my journey pur-sue.
4. Swiftly the moments glide a-long, Filling my heart, and hand, and tongue; Yet with the cheer of prayer and song, Do I my journey pur-sue.

CHORUS.

Toil-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I may, ... Gath-'ring the har-vest in field . . . . . or high-way, ...
Toiling, toiling, toiling for Je-sus where-ev-er I may, Gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring the harvest in field or highway;
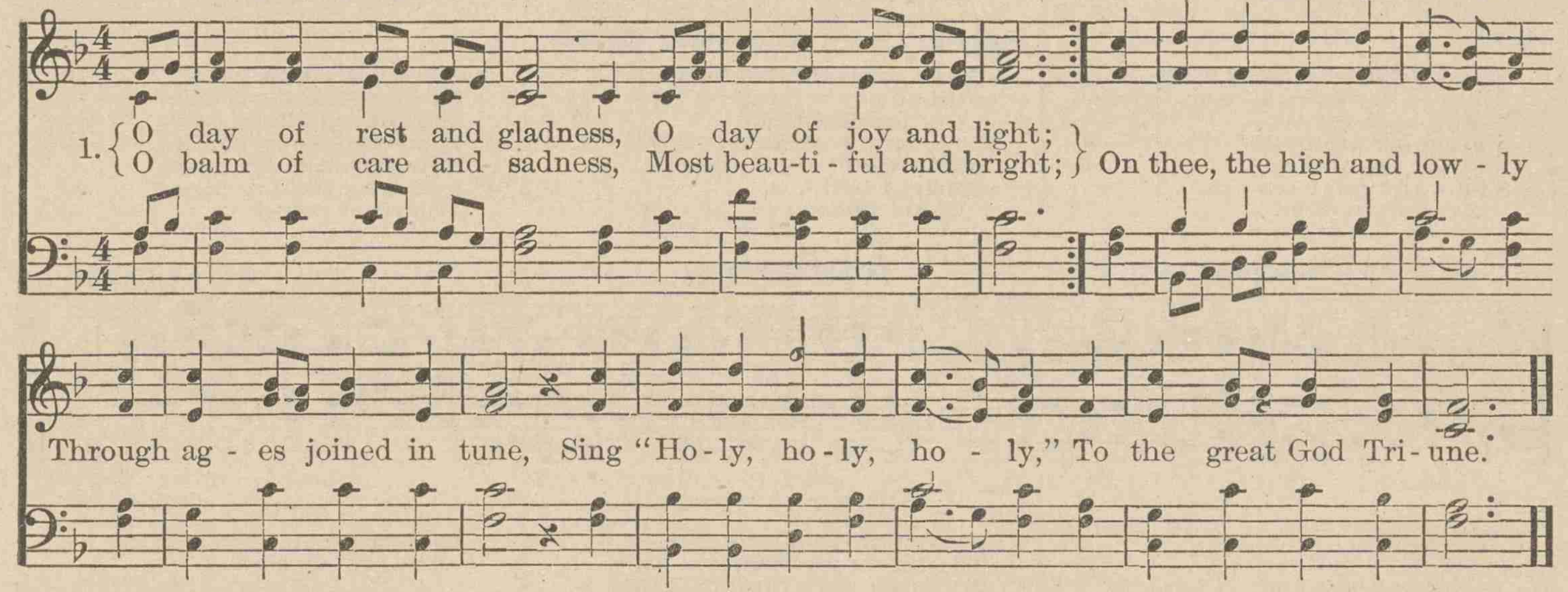
Copyright, 1886, by T. C. O'KANE.

Living for Jesus. Concluded.



135 Day of Rest.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. From the German by T. C. O'K.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our Salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

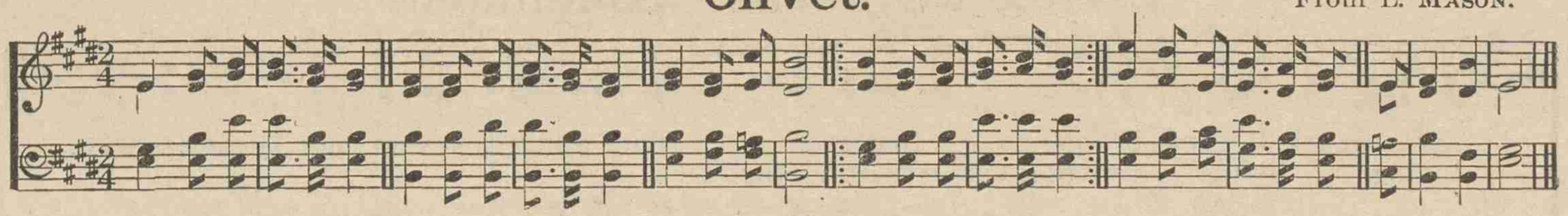
3 To day, on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son:
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

Olivet.

From L. MASON.



136

Lamb of Calvary.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away.
O, 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,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and 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.

137

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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

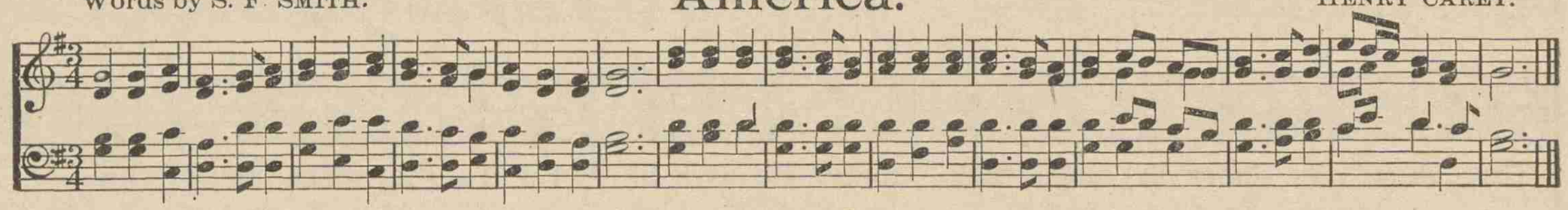
2 Come thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power

America.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.



138

National Hymn.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain's side
Let freedom ring.
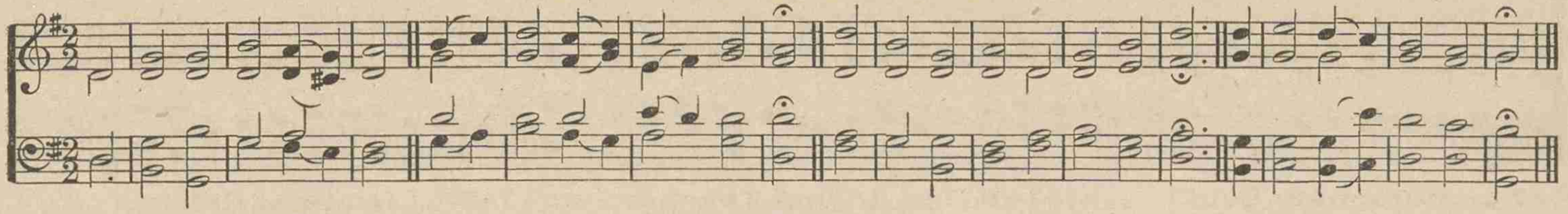
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 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.

St. Thomas. S. M.

HANDEL.



139 Love for Zion.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

140 Watchfulness.

1 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—
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

141 Undismayed.
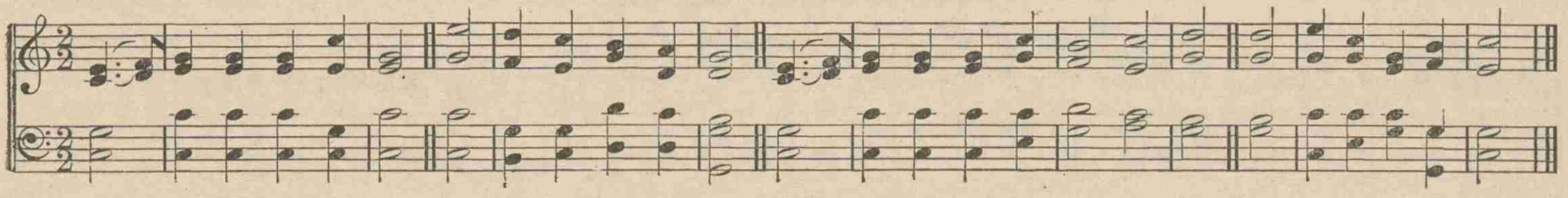
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



142 Perseverance.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

143 Christian Joys.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants 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.

144 Grace.
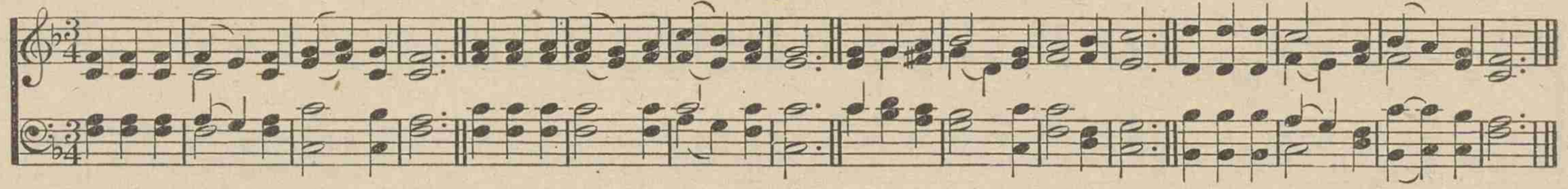
1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days,
And every ransom'd power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

Hursley. L. M.

PETER RITTER.



145 Sun of My Soul.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if thou art near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

146 The Divine Teacher.

1 How sweetly flow'd the Gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

2 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey and be forever blest.

3 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

147 Grateful Praise.
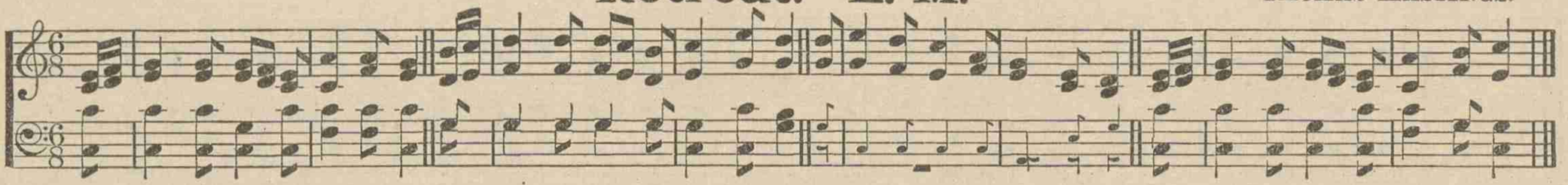
1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine.
In all his works unrival'd shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

3 And when I stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

Retreat. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



148 The Mercy-Seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm and sure retreat:
'T is 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, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

149 Living-Redeemer.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

150 Asleep in Jesus.
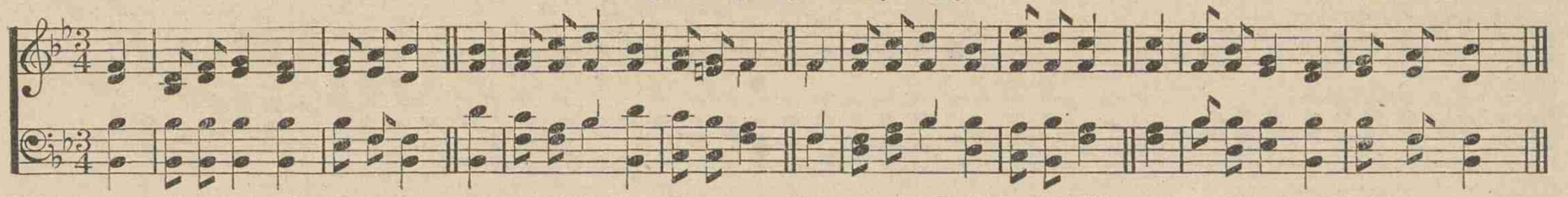
1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



151 Protection.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

152 By Grace, through Faith.

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be sav'd by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown.
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 This is the faith we humbly seek
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

153 Entirely Thine.
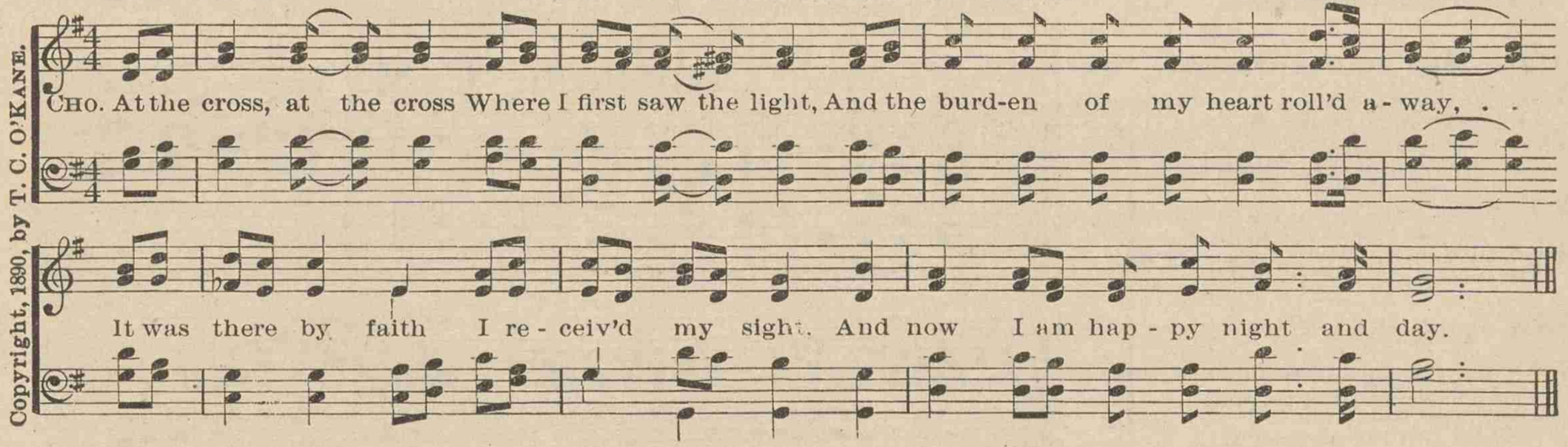
1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Arranged by T. C. O'K.



Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'KANE.

154 Glorying Only in the Cross.
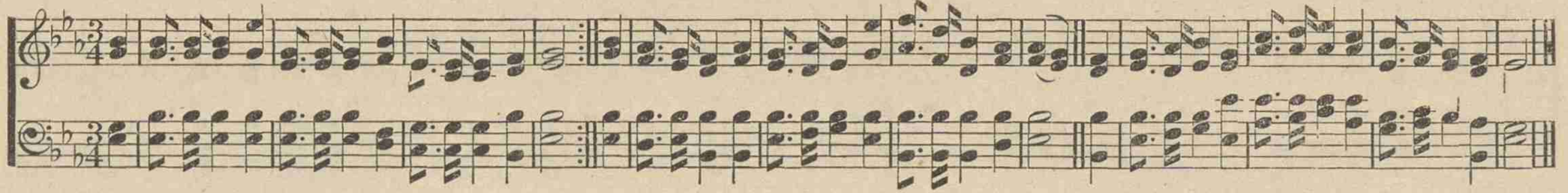
1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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 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.

Varina. D. C. M.

G. F. Root.



155 Joy of Forgiveness.

1 How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me!

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

156 The Heavenly Canaan.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

157 The Saviour's Triumph.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone!
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ! ador'd,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

158 Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
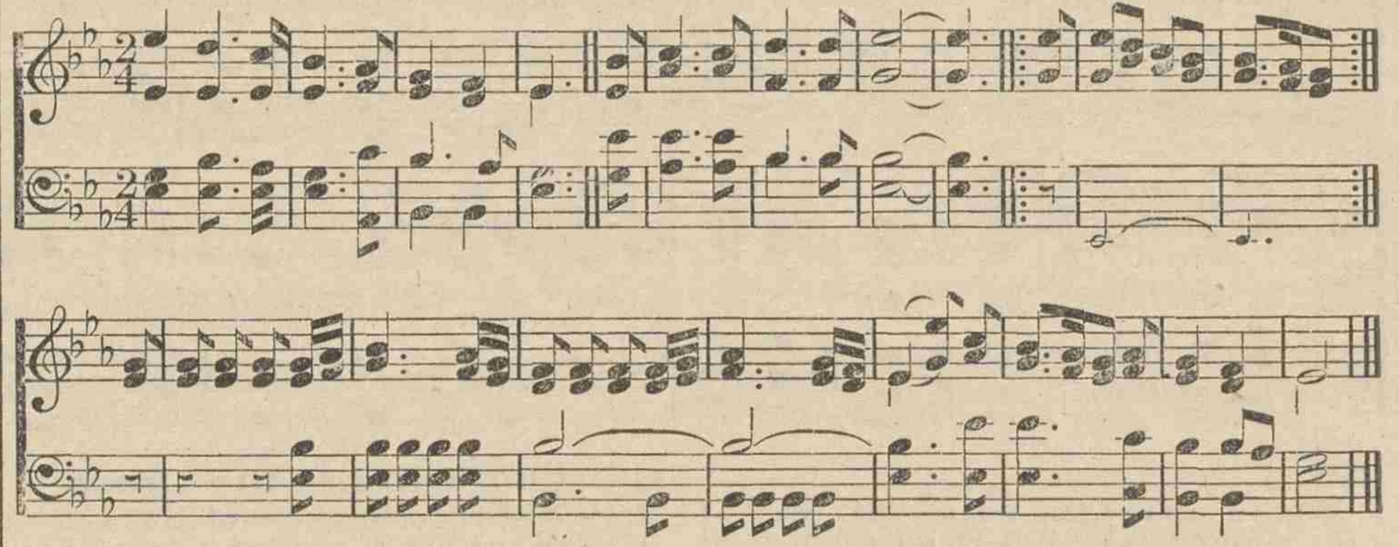
159 The Race for Glory.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Antioch. C. M.
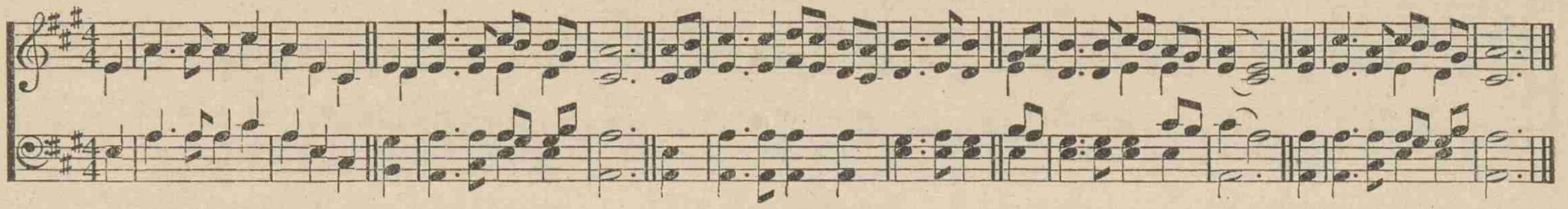
Handel.



3 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We 'll lay our trophies down.

Emmons. C. M.

BURGMÜLLER.



160 Dear Redeemer.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I 'll sing my lovely Jesus' name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

161 The Dearest Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
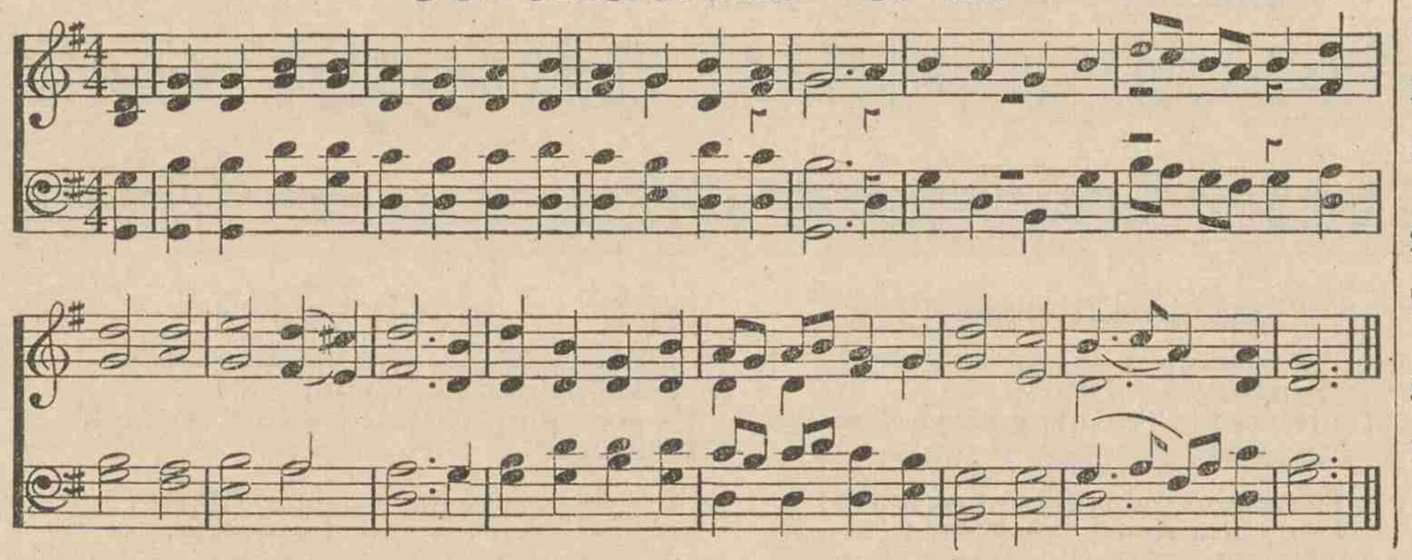
3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Coronation. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.



162 Crown Him Lord of All.

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

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

3 O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

---

163 Redeemer's Praise.
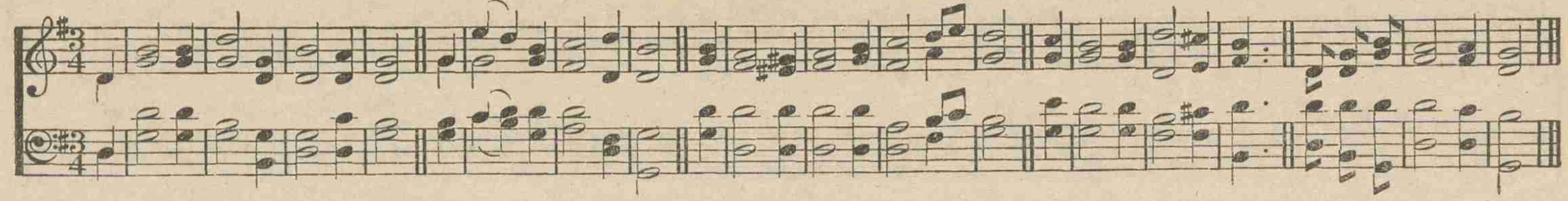
1 O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears.
'T is life, and health, and peace.

Crucifixion. C. M.

Arranged from SPOHR.



164 Heavenly Dove.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

165 Closer Walk.

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

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

166 Morning Prayer.

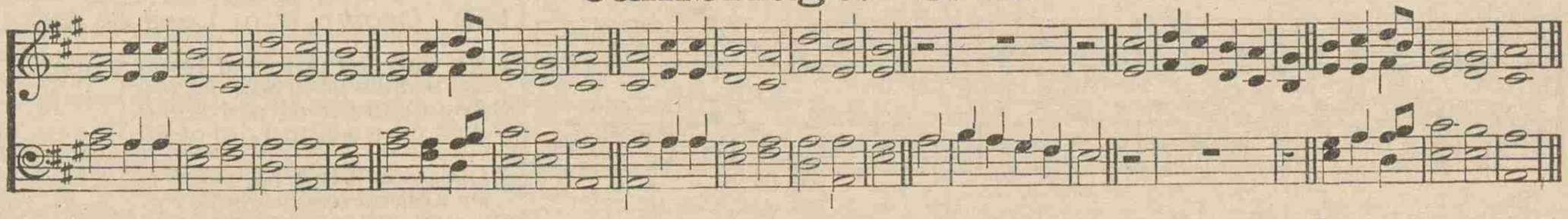
1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face!

Cambridge. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.



167 Not Ashamed.

1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

3 Then he will own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

168 Abundant Mercies.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

3 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

169 Joyful Sound.
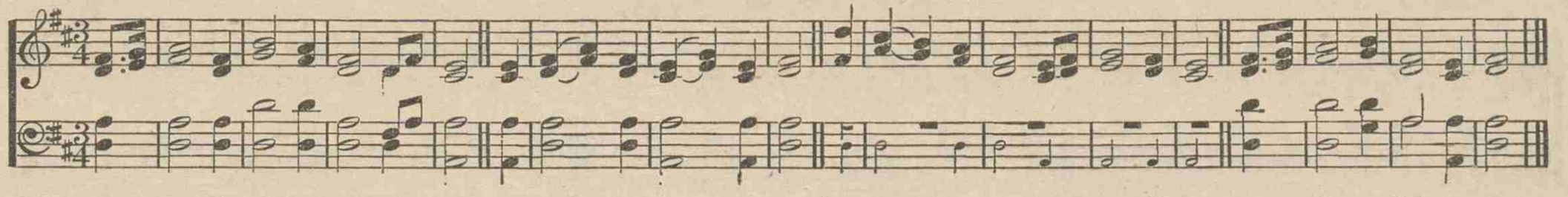
1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Siloam. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury.



170 Early Piety.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou, who givest life and breath!
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

171 Unfailing Guide.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

172 Wanderer Recalled.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.
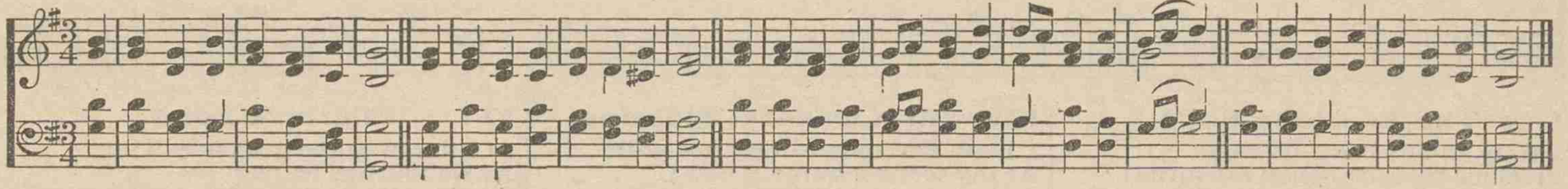
2 Return, O wanderer, return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn,
How freely he 'll forgive.

Earnest Desire.

Charlotte Elliott.

Arranged from Nageli.



173 The Divine Adorning.

1 I want that adorning divine,
Thou only, my God, can'st bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine
Which mark out thy household below.

2 I want every moment to feel
Thy Spirit indwelling my heart,
Thy pow'r ever present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.

3 I want to be mark'd for thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
And have that new name on the mystic white stone,
Which none but thyself can declare.
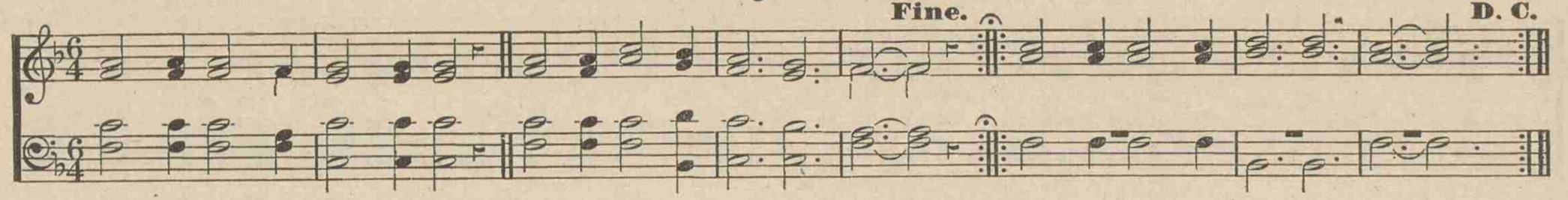
4 I want in thee e'er to abide,
And bring forth some fruit to thy praise;
The branch which thou prunest, tho' feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.

5 I want, by my aspect serene,
My actions and words to declare,
My treasure is placed in a country unseen,
My heart's best affections are there.

6 I want, and this sums up my prayer,
To glorify thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to thy care,
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh.

Martyn. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.



174 **Our Refuge.**
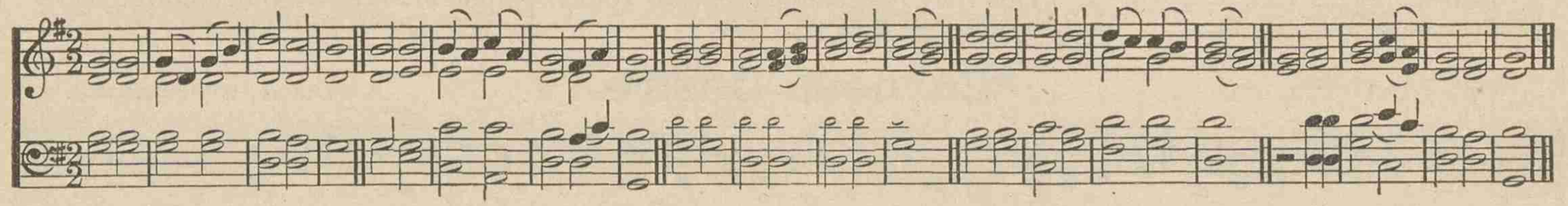
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 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.

Hendon. 7s.

MALAN.



175 **The Precious Bible.**

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

176 **For a General Blessing.**

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

177 **Pilgrim's Song.**

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
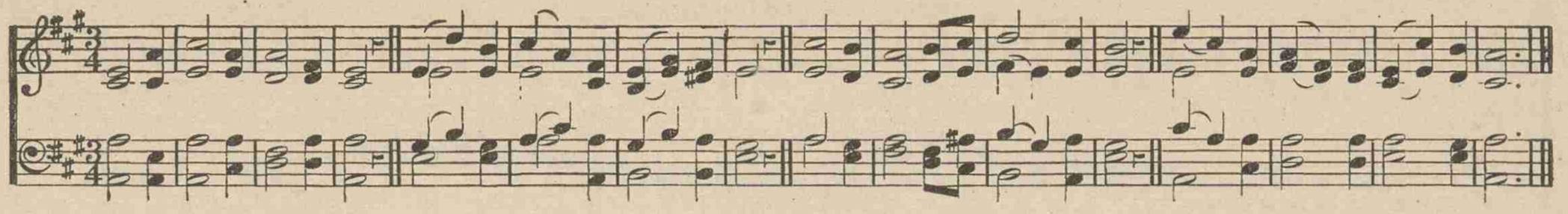
2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

4 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Horton. 7s.

WARTENSEE.



178 Danger of Delay.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

179 Encouragements to Pray.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

3 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

180 Communion with God.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.
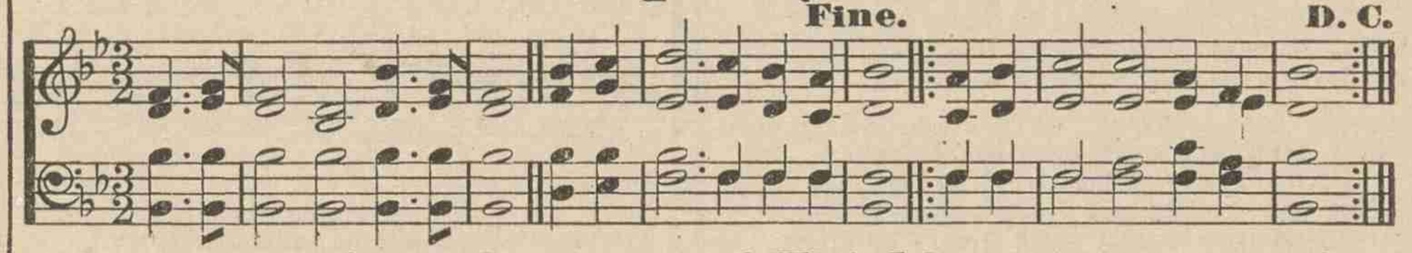
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Toplady.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Fine. D. C.



181 Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

182 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

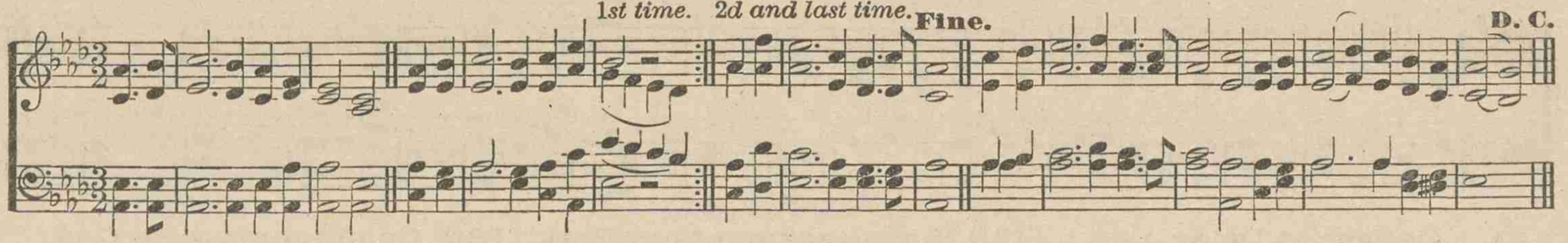
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

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

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

Autumn.



183 Fount of Blessing.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I 'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine 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,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
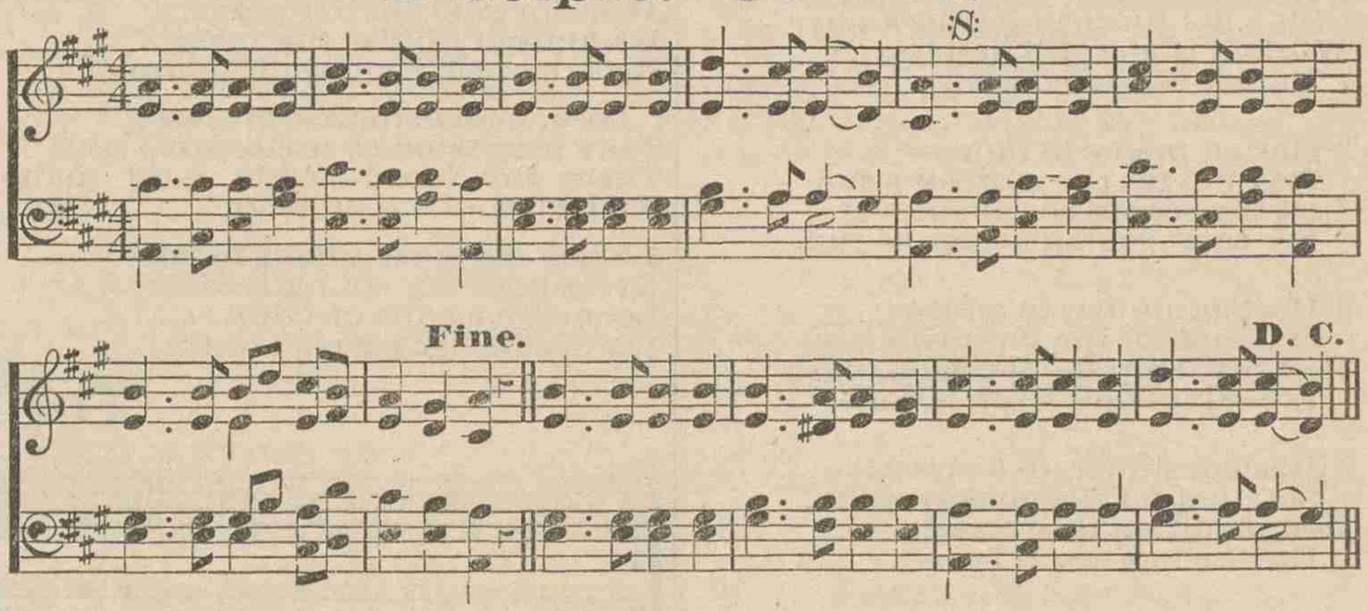
3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

184 What a Friend.

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

Disciple. 8s & 7s.

MOZART.



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discourag'd;
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.
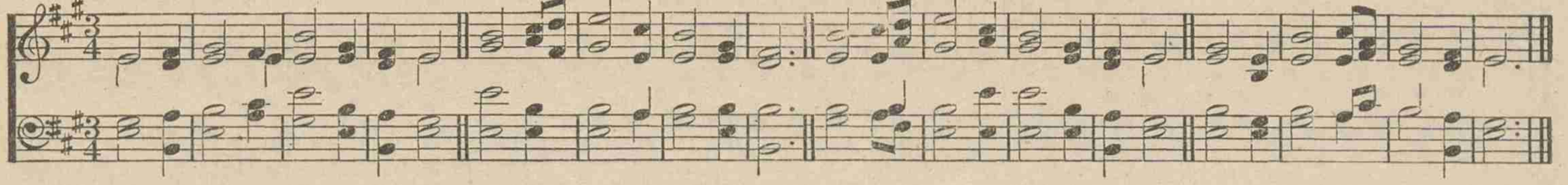
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumber'd with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he 'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

185 Following Jesus.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hop'd, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
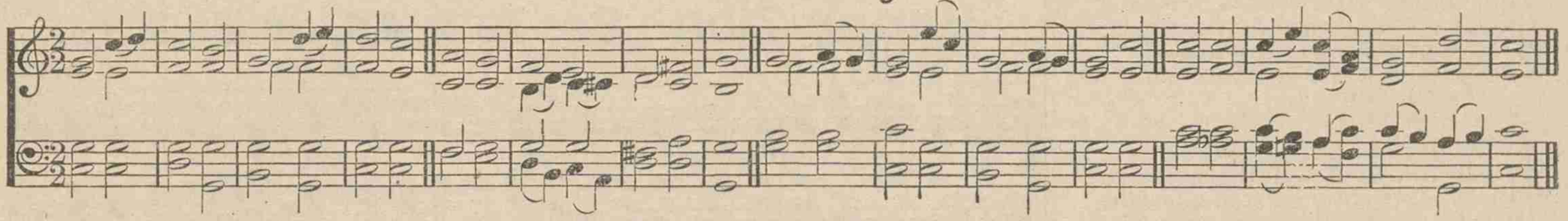
2 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Bartimeus. 8s & 7s.



Wellesley.

L. S. TOURJEE.



186 God is Love.

1 God is love, his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we move;
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Worlds decay and ages move,
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

187 Toil on, Teachers.

1 Toil on, teachers, toil on boldly,
Labor on, and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way.
Jesus is a loving master;
Cease not then this work to do;
Cling to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seeds of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth.
Patient, firm, and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

188 Glory in the Cross.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

189 Exceeding Broad.

1 There 's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea:
There 's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
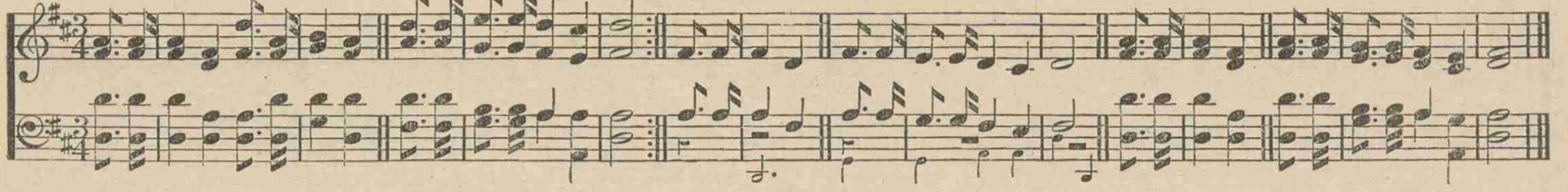
190 A Blessing Asked.

1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
While once more thy praise we sing;
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call, and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assur'd the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply!
Weak and sinful—O, how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften
And sustain us as his own!

Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



191 **Immovable.**

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.
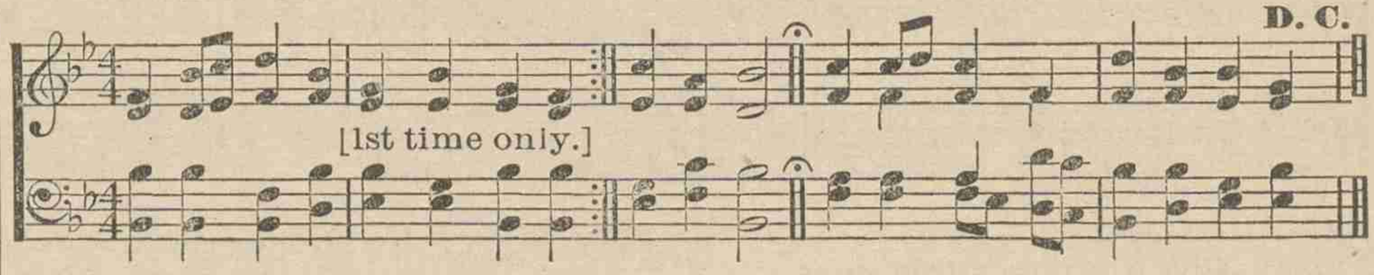
192 **Dismissal.**

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!
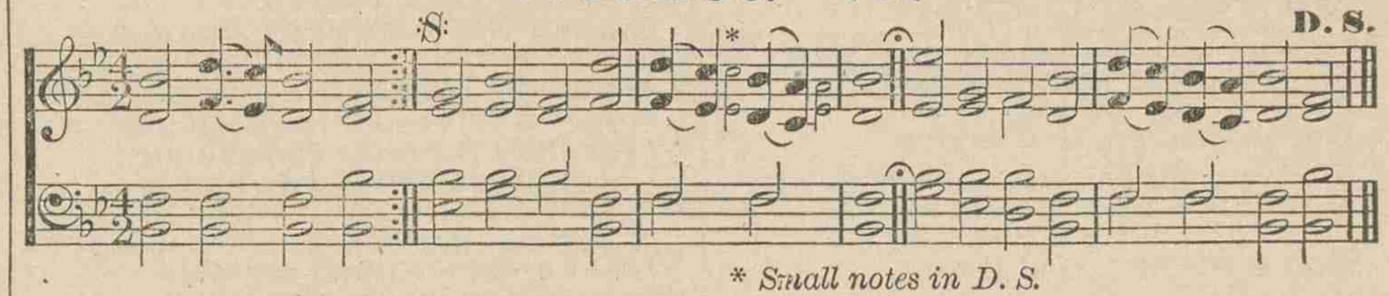
3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

Happy Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s, or 8s & 7s.



Wilmot. 7s.

WEBER.



* *Small notes in D. S.*

193 **Evening Blessing.**

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

3 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright eternal bloom!

194 **Joy at the Cross.**
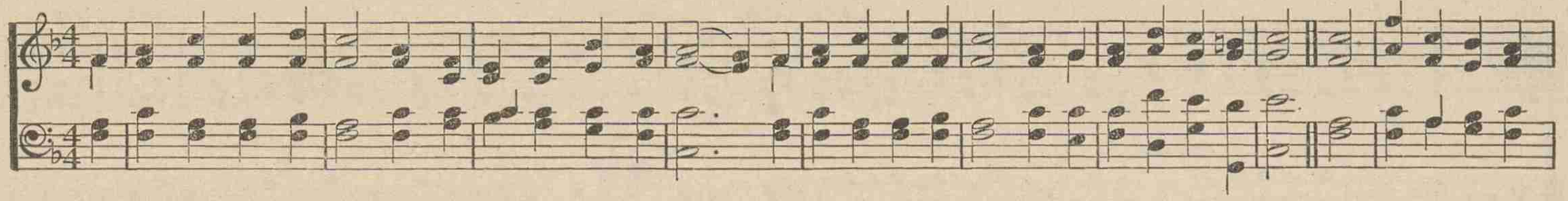
1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I 'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.
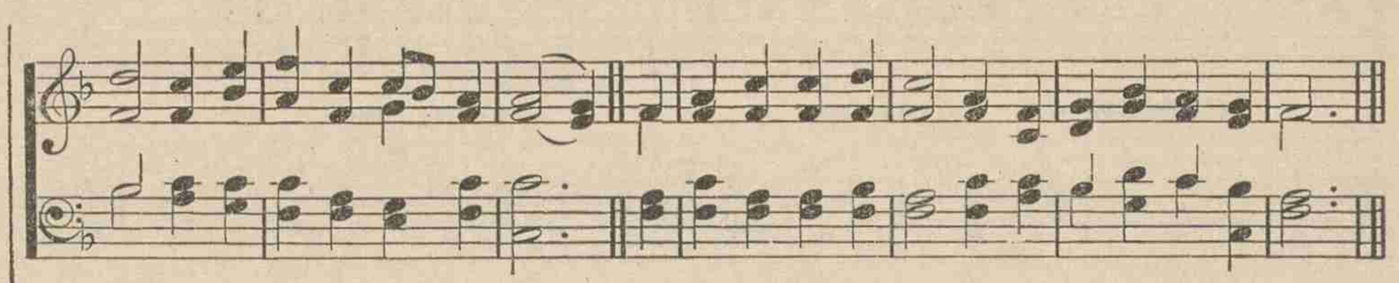
LOWELL MASON.



195 The World's Call.

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 his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
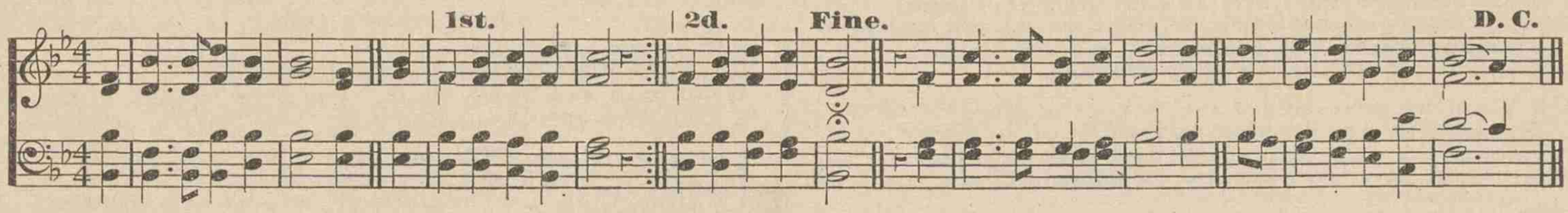


3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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.

Webb. 7s & 6s.

GEORGE J. WEBB.



196 Morning Light.
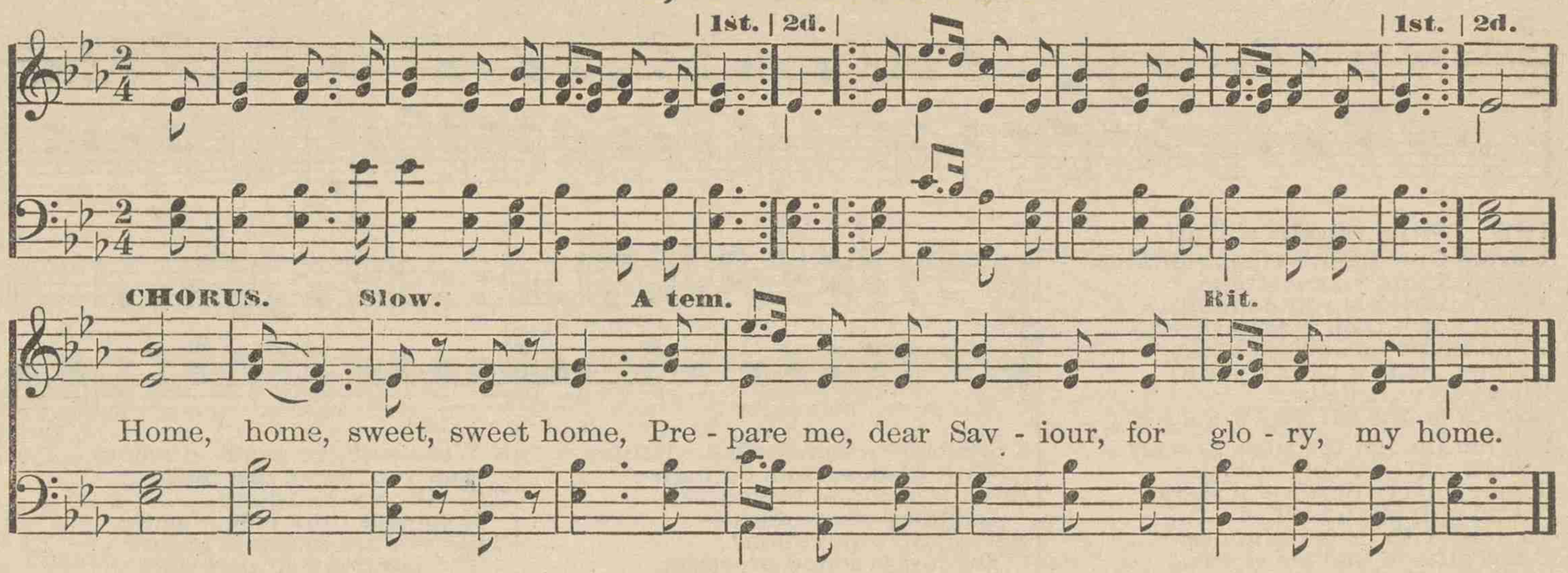
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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."

Home, Sweet Home.

BISHOP.



197 **Sweet Home.**

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

198 **I would not Live Alway.**

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

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

3 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

199 **How Firm a Foundation.**

(*Music on next page.*)

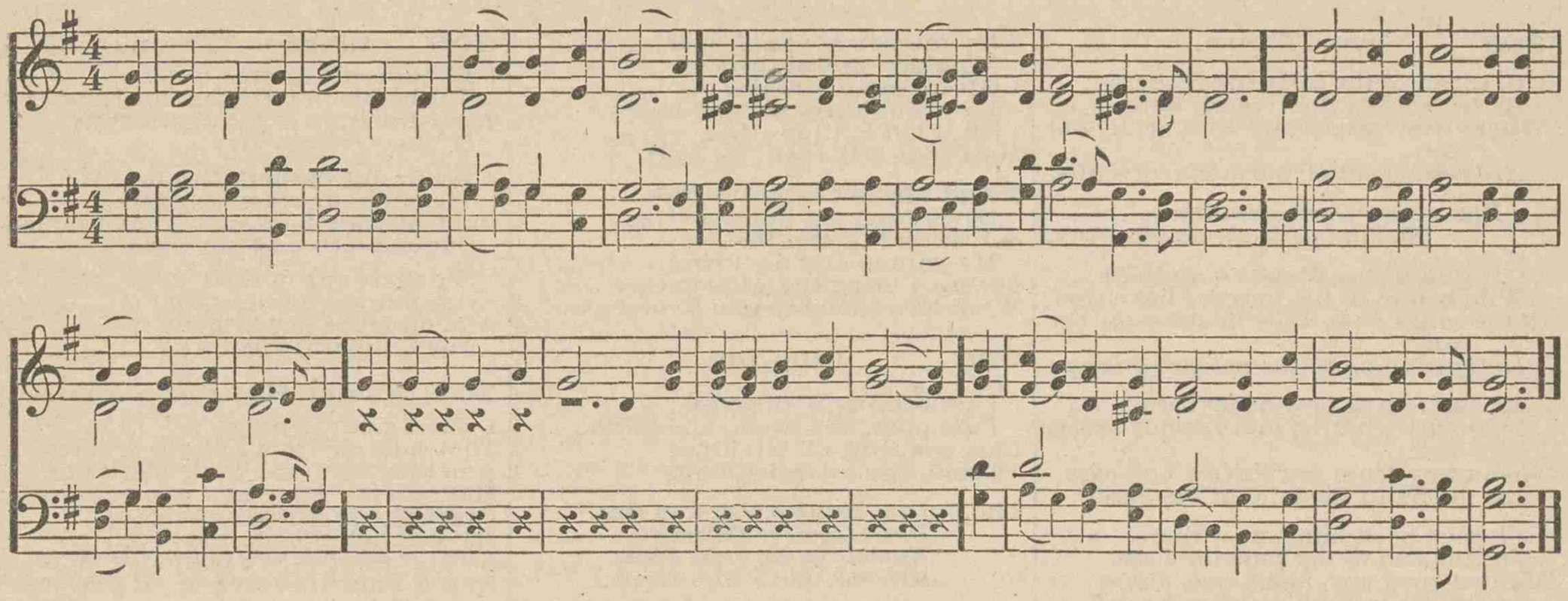
1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
‖: You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled? :‖

2 Fear not; I am with thee; O, be not dismay'd;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. :‖

3 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. :‖

4 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
‖: I 'll never, no never, no never forsake. :‖

Portuguese Hymn.



200 At the River.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

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 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirit will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

3 Soon we 'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

201 All Paid.

1 I Hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thy all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He wash'd it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I 'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise.
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I 'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

202 Matchless Worth.

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 as 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 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.

203 Over There.

1 O, 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 O, 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.

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.

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.

204 What for Me?

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

2 My father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for me?

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

205 Trusting.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—*I am trusting, Lord, in thee,*
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

206 Blessed Union.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

207 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 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!
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 pray'r.

208 Thine the Glory.

1 We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—*Hallelujah! thine the glory, etc.*

2 We praise thee, O God, for the spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior 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 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above!

209 Whosoever Believeth.

1 Whosoever, on Jesus, his Son, will believe,
Unto each God has promised salvation to give.

CHO.—*Hallelujah! 't is done; I believe, etc.*

2 He will save from the guilt and the power of sin;
From the evil without and the evil within.

3 To believers shall life everlasting be given,
With the mansions, prepared by the Saviour, in heaven.

4 When the ransomed to Zion our Jesus shall bring,
Through the ages eternal this song shall they sing.

210 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 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—*He leadeth me! he leadeth me!*
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful foll'wer 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 't is his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content with every lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

211 Beulah Land.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night hath passed away.

CHO.—*O Beulah land! sweet Beulah land!*
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, for evermore.

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

212 Let the Savior In.

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—*O, let the dear Saviour come in,*
He 'll cleanse thy heart from sin!
O, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 't is he,
With garments died on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

213 The Night Cometh.

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

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

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

214 The Home of the Soul.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

3 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

215 Just as I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

216 All for Thee.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.—*Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,*
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to thee,
My life and all to be
Thine henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful to thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always only for my King.

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

4 Take my love, my Lord; I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

217 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 veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

218 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 't is true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—*I love to tell the story,*
'T will 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 knew it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'T will be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

219 More Love to Thee.

1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee:
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee;
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O, Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ to thee,
More love to thee!

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

220 Rescue the Perishing.

1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—*Rescue the perishing,*
Care for the dying:
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

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,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GENERAL INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS. First Lines in ROMAN. The Figures refer to the Hymn-Number.

ABIDING IN HIM..... 53
Abiding O so wondrous..... 53
A charge to keep I have.... 140
ALL FOR JESUS..... 71
All hail the power of..... 162
ALL THE WAY..... 39
AMERICA..... 138
AM I A SOLDIER..... 16
AMSTERDAM..... 124
Angels tell the joyful..... 110
ANTIOCH..... 158
ART THOU WEARY..... 120
AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS..... 8
Asleep in Jesus, blessed..... 150
AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE..... 117
AUTUMN..... 183
Awake my soul, stretch..... 159
AWAY TO THE WORK... 88
BARTIMEUS..... 186
Beautiful city built so..... 127
Behold a stranger at the..... 212
BEHOLD THE WAY..... 36
BELIEVE AND LIVE..... 24
BE NOT AFRAID, 'TIS I, 27
BE YE ALSO READY..... 113
BLESS THE LORD..... 96
Blest be the tie..... 206
Brightest and best of the... 106
Brother, for Christ's..... 38
BUILD ON THE ROCK..... 100
By Cool Siloam's shady..... 170
Call Him by the name..... 82
CALLING NOW FOR THEE..... 33
CAMBRIDGE..... 167
Children of the heavenly... 177
CHILDREN'S BAND..... 130
Christians, lo the fields..... 64
CLEFT FOR ME..... 101
CLING TO THEE..... 73
COME AND WELCOME... 58
Come, Holy Spirit,..... 164
Come, my soul, thy suit..... 179
Come, thou Fount of..... 183
Come, thou Almighty King 137
Come unto me..... 41
Come, ye that love the..... 143
CORONATION..... 162
Covered with feathers of... 23
CROSS OF JESUS..... 97
CRUCIFIXION..... 164
DAILY LIFE..... 99
DAILY NEED..... 89
DARE TO DO RIGHT AND BE TRUE..... 90
DAY OF REST..... 135
DISCIPLE..... 185
EARNEST DESIRE..... 173
EMMONS..... 160
EVENING HYMN..... 83
Faithful Pilgrims as we..... 129
Far and near the fields..... 66
Father, at thy footstool..... 25
FATHER, WE REST IN THY LOVE..... 17
FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN..... 104
From every stormy wind... 148
From Greenland's icy..... 195
GATHERING HOMEWARD..... 121
GATHERING ONE BY ONE..... 122
GATHER THEM IN..... 56
Give to the winds thy..... 141
GIVE US PEACE..... 37
GLORIA..... 15
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN... 133
GLORY..... 6
GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH..... 76
God is love, his mercy..... 186
God, the all terrible..... 37
GO, LABOR ON..... 86
Grace, 't is a charming..... 144
Grateful praise to thee..... 79
GUIDE..... 9
HAIL, GLORIOUS MORN 108
HAPPY ZION..... 192
HARVEST BELLS..... 61
Hasten, sinner to be wise... 178
Hear the bugle calling..... 46
Hear the royal proclamat'n 109
Hear the Spirit sweetly..... 58
Heavenly Father, grant..... 190
HEBRON..... 151
He leadeth me, O blessed... 210
HELP, JUST A LITTLE... 38
HENDON..... 175
He who watches ever..... 95
HE WILL NOT SLUMBER..... 95
Holy Bible, book divine..... 175
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY..... 1
Holy Spirit, faithful guide, 9
HOME, SWEET HOME... 197
HORTON..... 178
How firm a foundation, ye 199
How happy every child of. 155
How shall the young..... 171
How sweetly flowed the..... 146
How sweet the name of..... 161
How sweet the place of..... 78
HURSLEY..... 145
I am coming to the cross... 205
I bring my sins to thee..... 131
I came to the fountain..... 84
If we only sought to..... 55
If you from the Saviour..... 24
I gave my life for thee..... 204
I have work enough to do.. 62
I hear a song so sweet..... 48
I heard the voice of Jesus.. 81
I hear the Saviour say..... 201
I know not the time..... 116
I know that my Redeemer 149
I 'll wait to be honored..... 4
I love to tell the story..... 218
I 'm not ashamed to own... 167
I 'm told that a fountain..... 44
I need thy presence, Lord.. 89
In His vineyard, Christ..... 63
In the crimson of the..... 14
IN SOME WAY OR OTHER..... 29
In the cross of Christ..... 188
IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS..... 32
IN THE VINEYARD OF OUR FATHER..... 60
INVITATION..... 57
Is thy trembling heart..... 123
IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING..... 19
I think I should mourn..... 117
I 've reached the land..... 211
I want that adorning..... 173
I WILL GIVE YOU REST 41
I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES OF THE LORD..... 54
I will sing the wondrous..... 91
I will sing you a song..... 214
I would not live alway..... 198
JESUS AND HIS CROSS.. 74
Jesus, immortal King..... 157
JESUS IS COMING AGAIN..... 112
Jesus is the light, the..... 28
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 174
Jesus, my all to heaven..... 36
JESUS REIGNS..... 109
Jesus, still lead on..... 128
JESUS THE SAVIOR..... 82
Jesus, thy name and cross. 74
JESUS WILL CARRY ME OVER..... 50
Joy to the world..... 158
Just as I am, thine own..... 87
Just as I am, without one... 215
JUST BEYOND RIVER... 125
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR..... 34
LABAN..... 142
LEAD THOU ON..... 20
LEARNING OF JESUS..... 72
Let me speak the..... 30
Let us pledge our..... 71

GENERAL INDEX.

Let us up and away..... 88
LIGHT WILL GREET THEE BY AND BY..... 123
LIVING FOR JESUS..... 134
Look away to Calvary's..... 18
LORD AND SAVIOUR, HEAR US..... 22
Lord, dismiss us with..... 192
Lord, I am thine..... 153
Lord, in the morning..... 166
Lord, we come before thee 176
LOW AT HIS FEET..... 31
Many are the wandering... 56
Many dangers lie..... 52
MARTYN..... 174
MEET ME THERE..... 129
'Mid scenes of confusion... 197
Mighty rock whose..... 101
MISSIONARY HYMN. 195
More love to thee..... 219
MY ALL TO THEE..... 131
MY ANCHOR HOLDS..... 13
My country, 'tis of thee..... 138
My faith looks up to..... 136
My fragile barque..... 13
My hope is built on..... 217
MY REFUGE AND COVERT..... 23
My soul, be on thy guard... 142
Murmuring softly from..... 126
Must Jesus bear the..... 85
NEARER HOME..... 118
Nearer, my God, to thee.... 182
NOW..... 25
Now in a song of grateful.... 147
O bless the Lord..... 96
O Christian, do not..... 61
O could I speak the..... 202
O day of rest and..... 135
O'er the hills the sun..... 118
O for a closer walk..... 165
O for a thousand tongues... 163
O holy Saviour..... 73
OLIVET..... 136
ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING..... 107
On a firm foundation..... 100
ONCE FOR ALL THE SAVIOUR DIED..... 111
One by one we 're gather'g 122
ONE DAY MORE..... 65
ONE MORE WITNESS FOR CHRIST..... 35
O never be weary..... 68
ONLY IN THE CROSS..... 103
ONLY THE SAVIOUR CAN GUIDE ME..... 70
On the cross the..... 103
ONWARD..... 132
O the precious blood of..... 94
O think of the home..... 203
Our Father who art..... 5
OUR LITANY..... 23
OVER THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER..... 126
PORTUGUESE HYMN..... 199
Ready when the dawning. 113
REDEEMED..... 12
REJOICE EVERMORE.... 47
REJOICE IN THE LORD 3
Rejoice, the Lord is King... 47
REMEMBERED..... 67
Rescue the perishing..... 220
RETREAT..... 148
Return, O wanderer..... 172
RICH IN MERCY..... 98
Rise, my soul, and..... 124
ROCK IN THE DESERT.. 40
Rock of Ages, cleft for..... 181
SAFELY HIDE ME..... 52
SAINTS' IMMORTAL HOME..... 127
Salvation, O the joyful..... 169
Saviour, breathe an..... 193
Saviour, when in dust..... 43
Saviour, who hast died 99
Shall we gather at..... 200
SILOAM..... 170
SING HIS PRAISE..... 102
SINGING FOR JESUS..... 51
Sing the praise of Him..... 102
SING THE STORY..... 91
SOME DAY..... 48
SOME TIME..... 49
Some time the hands..... 49
SOWING PRECIOUS TRUTHS..... 92
Sowing sweetly ever..... 92
SOWING THE TARES..... 93
STAR OF THE EAST..... 106
STILL LEAD ON..... 128
Striving to do my..... 134
ST. THOMAS..... 139
Sun of my soul, thou..... 145
Sweet hour of prayer..... 207
Sweet the moments..... 194
Take my life and let..... 216
Tenderly Jesus is calling... 45
TELL US OF THE NIGHT..... 115
Tenderly the Saviour..... 26
THAT FOUNTAIN..... 44
THE ANGELS' SONG..... 105
THE ANGELS' STORY.... 110
THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT..... 28
THE BUGLE CALL..... 46
THE CALL FOR REAPERS..... 66
THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG..... 64
THE COMING OF HIS FEET..... 14
THE CONSECRATED CROSS..... 85
The evening shadows..... 83
THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN..... 18
THE LION OF JUDAH..... 77
THE LORD'S PRAYER... 5
THE LOVE OF CHRIST... 30
The morning light is..... 196
THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN..... 2
THE PLACE OF PRAYER..... 78
THE PORTALS OF LIGHT..... 116
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.. 94
THERE IS A CROSS FOR ME..... 75
There is fountain filled..... 132
There is a land mine eye... 119
There is a land of pure..... 156
THERE IS PEACE IN MY HEART..... 42
There 's a city bright..... 125
There 's hand that 's..... 114
There 's a place above all... 32
There 's a wideness in..... 189
There 's joy for the..... 31
There was music in..... 2
THE SAVIOUR IS SAYING..... 7
THE SAVIOUR'S CALL... 21
THE SHEPHERD'S CALL. 59
The Spirit in our hearts..... 57
THE VOICE OF JESUS.... 81
THE WONDROUS CROSS 154
THOU ART WORTHY..... 79
Thou dear Redeemer dying 160
Through the meadows..... 11
Thus far the Lord..... 151
To-day the Saviour calls.... 21
Toil on, teachers..... 187
TOPLADY..... 181
'T was Jesus, my Saviour... 77
UNSEEN BUT HEARD... 55
Up and away like..... 67
VARINA..... 155
WAITING FOR ME..... 84
WAIT TO BE HONORED ABOVE..... 4
WALKING AND TALKING WITH JESUS..... 80
WANDERER COME..... 45
Wanderer from Jesus..... 33
WARDLE..... 26
Watchman, tell us of the... 115
We are never, never weary 76
WEBB 196
We have no outward..... 152
WELLESLEY..... 188
We praise thee, O God..... 208
What a friend we have..... 184
WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE..... 114
What words of cheer are.... 130
When all thy mercies..... 168
When I read the dear..... 80
When I survey the..... 154
When to thee who hast thy 22
When threatening grows... 27
WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS I 'LL GO..... 11
While watching their..... 104
Who at my door is..... 34
WHO IS THIS..... 10
Whosoever on Jesus..... 209
Why am I troubled, tho'.... 50
WILMOT..... 193
WITHIN THE PARADISE..... 119
WORK ENOUGH TO DO.. 62
WORK, FOR THE DAY IS PASSING..... 69
Work, for the night is..... 213
WORK, WORK TO-DAY... 63
Would you like to hear..... 107
YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION..... 87
ZION..... 191
Zion stands with hills..... 191

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SINGING-BOOKS.

THE EPWORTH HYMNAL. Still the Best. One Million Sold.
Music Edition—Boards, 35c.; Canvas, 50c.; Cloth, 60c.; French Mor., $1.00; Turkey Mor., $1.60.
Word Edition—Paper, 12c.; Boards, 18c.; Cloth, 23c. Postage prepaid on both editions.

	Pre-paid.	*Express.*
SONGS OF REDEEMING LOVE No. 2. Edited by J. R. Sweney, C. C. McCabe, T. C. O'Kane, and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick,	35c.	30c.
SONGS OF REDEEMING LOVE. Edited by J. R. Sweney, C. C. McCabe, T. C. O'Kane, and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick,	35c.	30c.
SONGS OF REDEEMING LOVE Nos. 1 and 2 (Combined). Edited by J. R. Sweney, C. C. McCabe, T. C. O'Kane, and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick,	50c.	40c.
GLORIOUS THINGS. By T. C. O'Kane,	30c.	25c.
SONGS OF FREE GRACE. By D. B. Towner,	30c.	25c.
REDEEMER'S PRAISE. By T. C. O'Kane,	30c.	25c.
JOY TO THE WORLD,	25c.	20c.
OUR GLAD HOSANNA. By Rev. Robert Lowry and W. Howard Doane,	35c.	30c.

SELECTED LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF OTHER HOUSES.

WINNOWED SONGS. By Ira D. Sankey,	35c.	35c.
CHRISTIAN LIFE SONGS. By S. W. Straub,	35c.	30c.
GEMS AND JEWELS. By J. H. Rosecrans and J. H. Fillmore,	35c.	30c.
BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. By Emma Pitt,	25c.	20c.
TRIUMPHANT SONGS. By E. O. Excell,	35c.	30c.
TRIUMPHANT SONGS No. 2. By E. O. Excell,	35c.	30c.
SOWING AND REAPING. By J. H. Kurzenknabe,	35c.	30c.
BRIGHT ARRAY. By Robert Lowry and W. Howard Doane,	35c.	30c.
SHOWERS OF BLESSING. By J. R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick,	35c.	30c.
SONGS OF THE MORNING. By Rev. I. Baltzell and Rev. E. S. Lorenz,	35c.	30d.
GLAD HALLELUJAHS. Replete with Sacred Songs. By John R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick,	35d.	30c.
SONGS OF REJOICING. By Fred. A. Fillmore,	35d.	30c.
GLAD REFRAIN. By Rev. Robert Lowry and W. Howard Doane,	30d.	25c.
INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE. By Philip Phillips,	30c.	25c.

☞We can furnish any other Sunday-school Singing-book published, at Lowest Rates.☜

CRANSTON & STOWE, · · Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.