BLUE MOUNTAINS EDITION

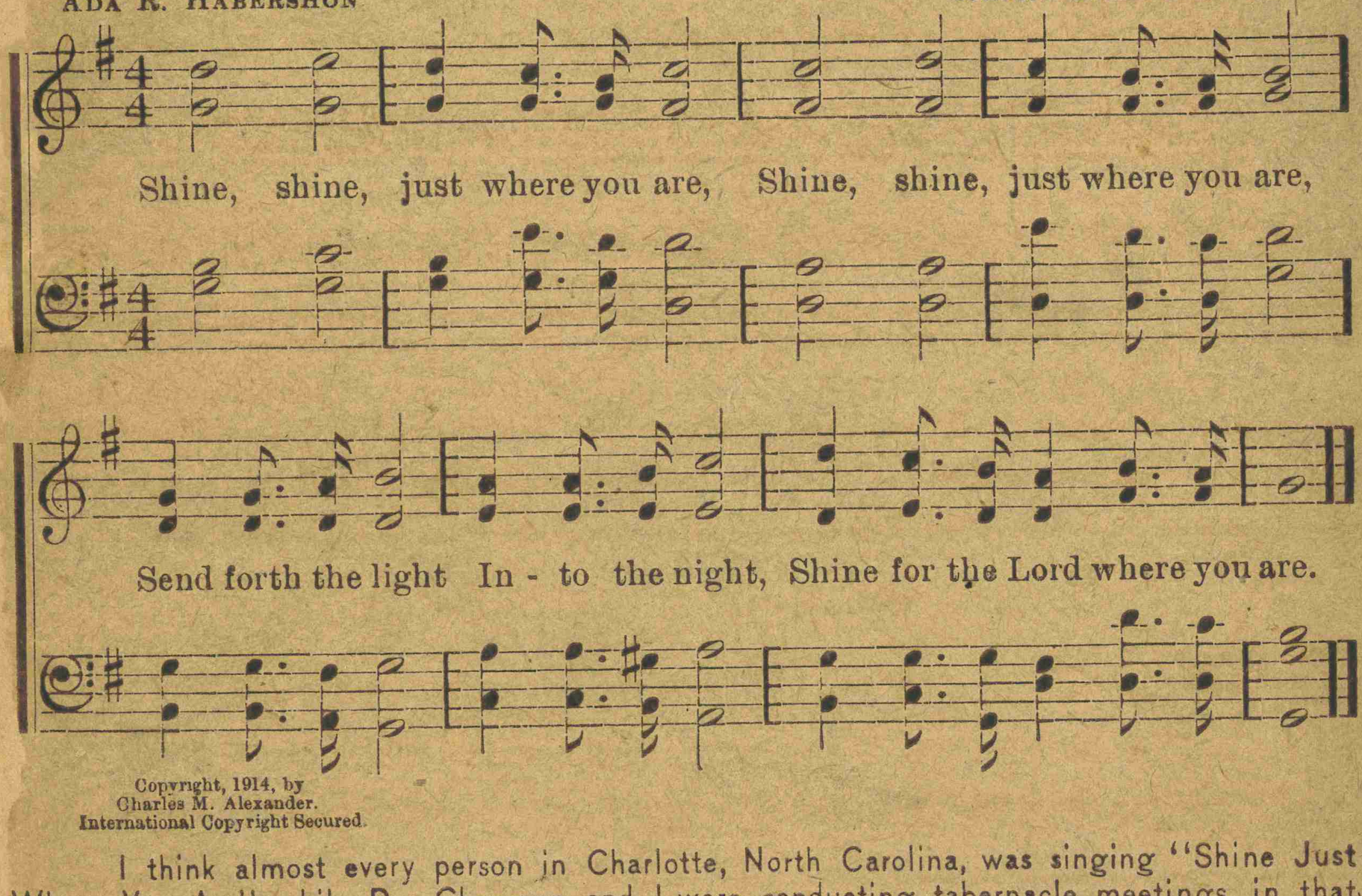
Advance Pages from a New Song Book soon to be published

ALEXANDER'S HYMNS No. 3

Shine Just Where You Are.

ADA R. HABERSHON

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.



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I think almost every person in Charlotte, North Carolina, was singing "Shine Just Where You Are" while Dr. Chapman and I were conducting tabernacle meetings in that city. Several thousand joined the Pocket Testament League and signed a pledge to carry a Bible or Testament and read a chapter every day. This created interest in Pocket Testaments in the city and surrounding country. One day a friend of mine was coming into Charlotte by train. When they entered the station the conductor shouted: "All out for Charlotte! Don't leave your umbrellas or Pocket Testaments and Shine Just Where You Are!"

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

II Timothy 2:15.

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I Am Standing on the Word of God.

E. M. WADSWORTH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am standing on the Word of God, Which came to men of old;
2. I am standing on the Word of God, 'Tis ho - ly and 'tis true;
3. I am standing on the Word of God, 'Tis full of life di - vine;
4. I am standing on the Word of God, And thus I am se - cure;
5. I am standing on the Word of God, And on my dy - ing bed

The Ho- ly Book our fa - thers loved, And treas - ured more than gold.
Thro' a - ges it has been our Light, With splen - dor ev - er new.
God's Spir-it lives in ev - 'ry word And moves in ev - 'ry line.
Tho' blows the tempest wild and hard, 'Twill ev - er - more en - dure.
I'll share its con- so - la- tions, Lord, When death's dark vale I tread.

CHORUS.

I am stand - - ing, stand - ing on the Word,
I am stand - ing, stand - ing,

Tho' the earth change and de - cay, It shall nev - - er,
It shall nev - er, nev - er,

nev - er pass a - way; I am stand-ing on the Word of God.

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103624

Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev-ery mine
2. The glo-rious sun, the sil - ver moon, And all the stars that shine,
3. He dai - ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta - ble dine,
4. And when He comes in bright ar - ray, And leads the conquering line,

Be- longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
Are His a - lone, yes, ev - 'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
The whole cre - a - tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
It will be glo - ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

CHORUS.

Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;

Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a

care? For Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

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The Broken Heart.

T. D. THOMAS DENNIS.

Tenderly.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je - sus
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up - on His
3. Have you read how the dy - ing thief was saved While hang - ing
4. Have you read how in an-guish He cried a - loud And died on

bled and died, Where your debt was paid by the pre - cious
king - ly brow, How He cried, "They know not what they
on the tree, When he looked with plead - ing eyes and
Cal - va - ry? Have you ev - er said, "I thank Thee

CHORUS.

blood That flowed from His wounded side?
do; O Father, for - give them now?
said, "O Lord, re - mem - ber me"?
Lord, For giv-ing Thy life for me"?

He died of a bro - ken

heart for you, He died of a bro - ken heart; Oh, won-drous

love! for you, for me, He died of a bro - ken heart.

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The Prodigal Son.

T. O. CHISHOLM. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sadly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I perish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Faces of loved ones again I see,
4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,

Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
When there is shelter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
Vis- ions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a-way, Yet I'll a - rise and go.

Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seeking my heavenly Father's face,
Deeply repenting the wrong I've done, Worthy no more to be called a son,
Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed anew,
Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"

Will-ing to take but a servant's place,—I will a - rise and go,—
Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a - rise and go,—
Why should I linger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

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The Prodigal Son.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa- ther and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,
and home,

I will a - rise and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.
and go

118 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

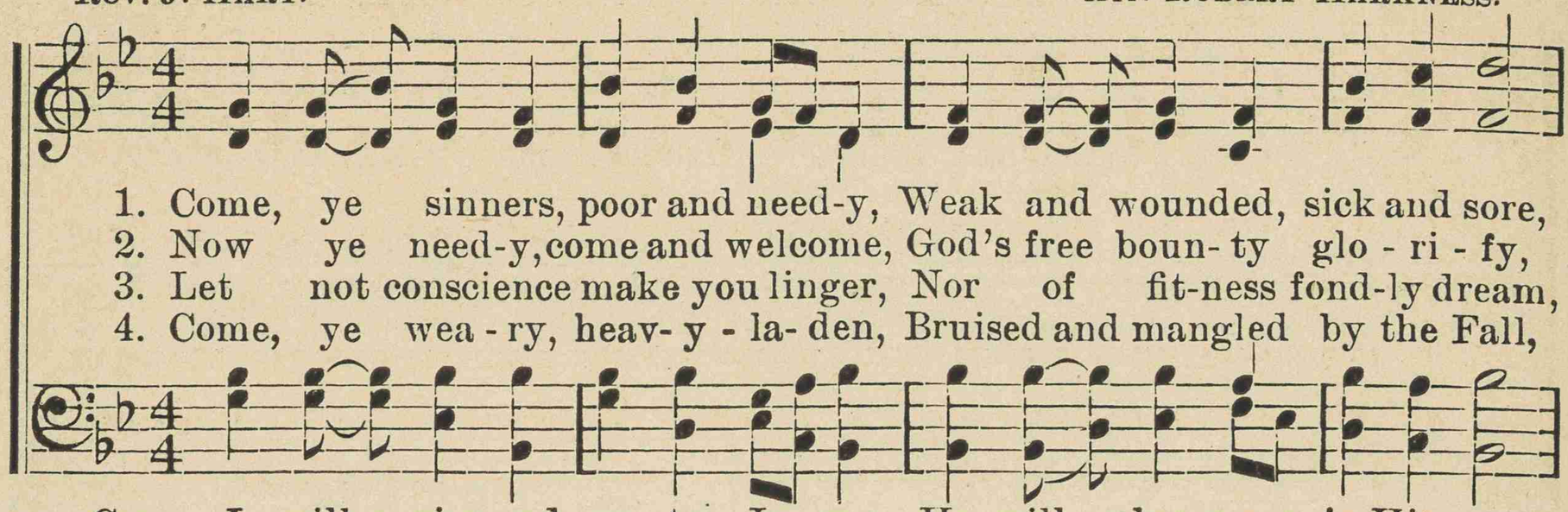
Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure- ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Rev. J. HART. ARR. ROBERT HARKNESS.

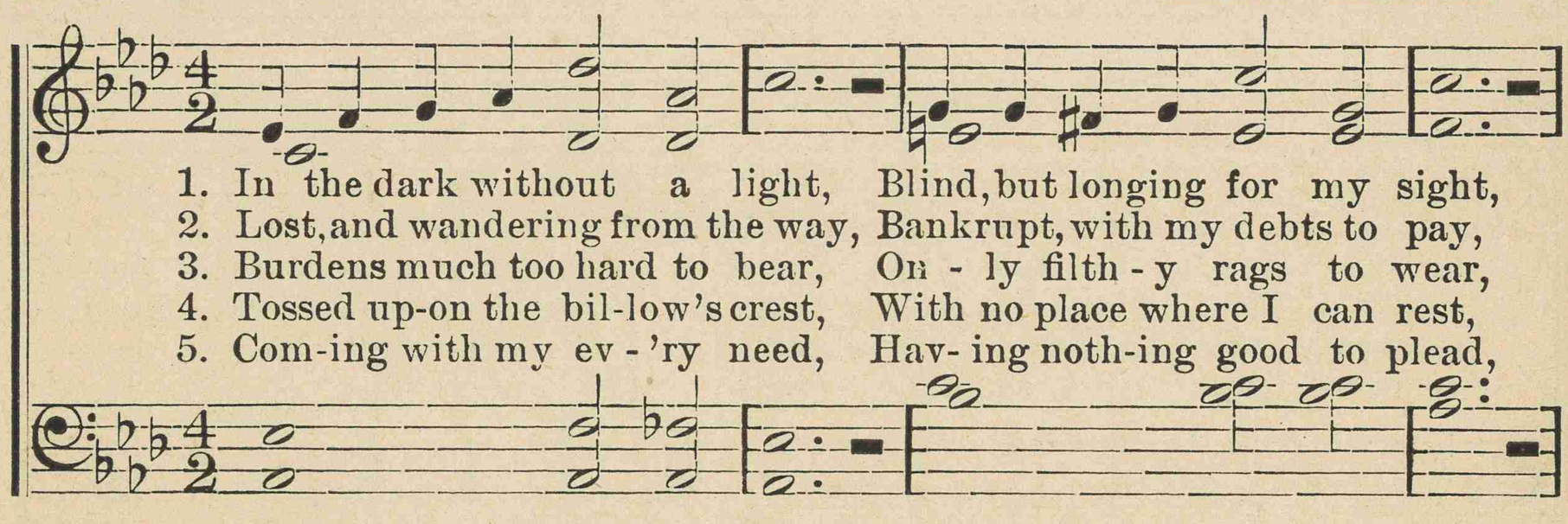


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Just the Case for Him.

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were YET sinners, Christ died for us."—ROM. v: 8.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.



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The White-Robed Throng.

ADA R. HABERSHON. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

1. Will you join the white-robed throng? To that host do you be-long?
2. There the Lamb is all the light, 'Tis His blood that gives the right
3. There they walk with Him in white, They were vic-tors in the fight,
4. On their fore-heads is His name, They thro' trib-u-la-tion came,
5. There no night ob-scures the day, For the curse has passed for aye,

Will you sing re-demp-tion's song Round the throne?
To that home of glo-ry bright, At the throne.
Now their faith is changed to sight, At the throne.
Here on earth they shared His shame, Now His throne.
God shall wipe all tears a-way, From His throne.

CHORUS.

I shall join that white-robed throng To that host I do be-long,

I shall sing re-demp-tion's song, At the throne.

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Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Mar - vel-ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex-ceeds our sin and our guilt,
2. Sin and des - pair like the sea waves cold, Threaten the soul with in - fin - ite loss,
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to wash it a - way?
4. Mar - vel-ous, in - fin - ite, match- less grace, Free - ly be-stowed on all who be - lieve;

Yon - der, on Cal - va - ry's mount out-poured,
Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
You that are long - ing to see His face,

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref- uge, the Might - y Cross.
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
Will you this mo-ment His grace re - ceive?

CHORUS.

Grace, grace, God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in,
Marvelous grace, In - fin-ite grace, Grace, Mar- vel-ous grace, God's grace, Grace that is great- er than all our sin.
grace, In - fin - ite grace,

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The Words My Mother Taught Me.

ADA R. HABERSHON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The words my moth-er taught me, Are with me still to - day;
2. The hymns, the prayers, the vers - es, I learn'd them by her side,
3. The Book my fa - ther cher - ished, That cheered him to the last,
4. The words my loved ones taught me, I of - ten still re - peat,
5. The words my moth-er taught me, The truths my fa - ther loved,

And they are much more pre-cious, Though she has passed a - way.
The won-drous truths em- bod - ied, Shall ev - er be my guide.
The words he loved to pub - lish I still will hold them fast.
Al - though their tones are si - lent, The words are just as sweet.
Though man - y would de - ny them, Their worth I oft have proved.

CHORUS.

The words my moth - er taught me So long, long a - go,

The words my moth - er taught me, Are true I know.

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The Family Altar.

T. H. A. D. B. Towner.

1. Have you ev - er built an al - tar in your home, Where you
2. It is sweet to have an al - tar in the home, There to
3. It means con-quest with an al - tar in your home, En - e -
4. Will you build to - day the al - tar in the home? Will you

dai - ly bring your load of care, Where you praise the God of
meet with Je - sus face to face, There to tell to Him your
mies must quit their ground and yield, Vic - to - ry is yours thro'
break all oth - er i - dols down? Wor - ship God to - geth - er
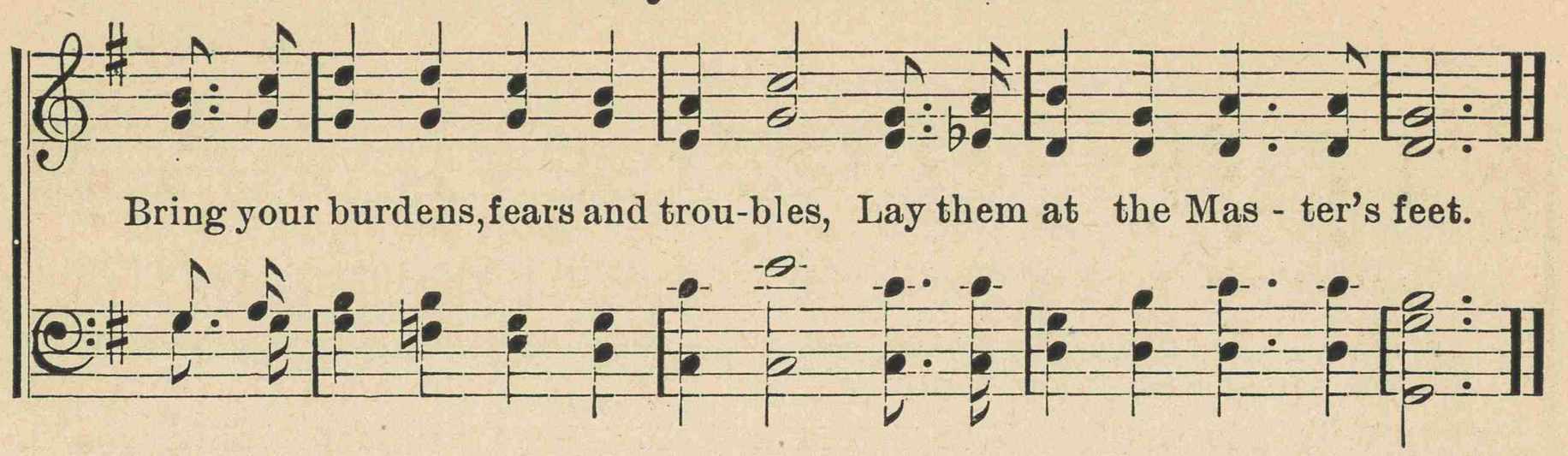
mer - cy and of grace; Where you prove the joy of fami - ly prayer?
sor - row and your fears, And re - ceive from Him a - bundant grace.
Je - sus Christ our Lord, If you're first in prayer up - on the field.
at the throne of grace, Praise the Lord and all His mer-cies own?

Chorus.

Build to - day the fami - ly al - tar, Gath- er round the mer - cy - seat,
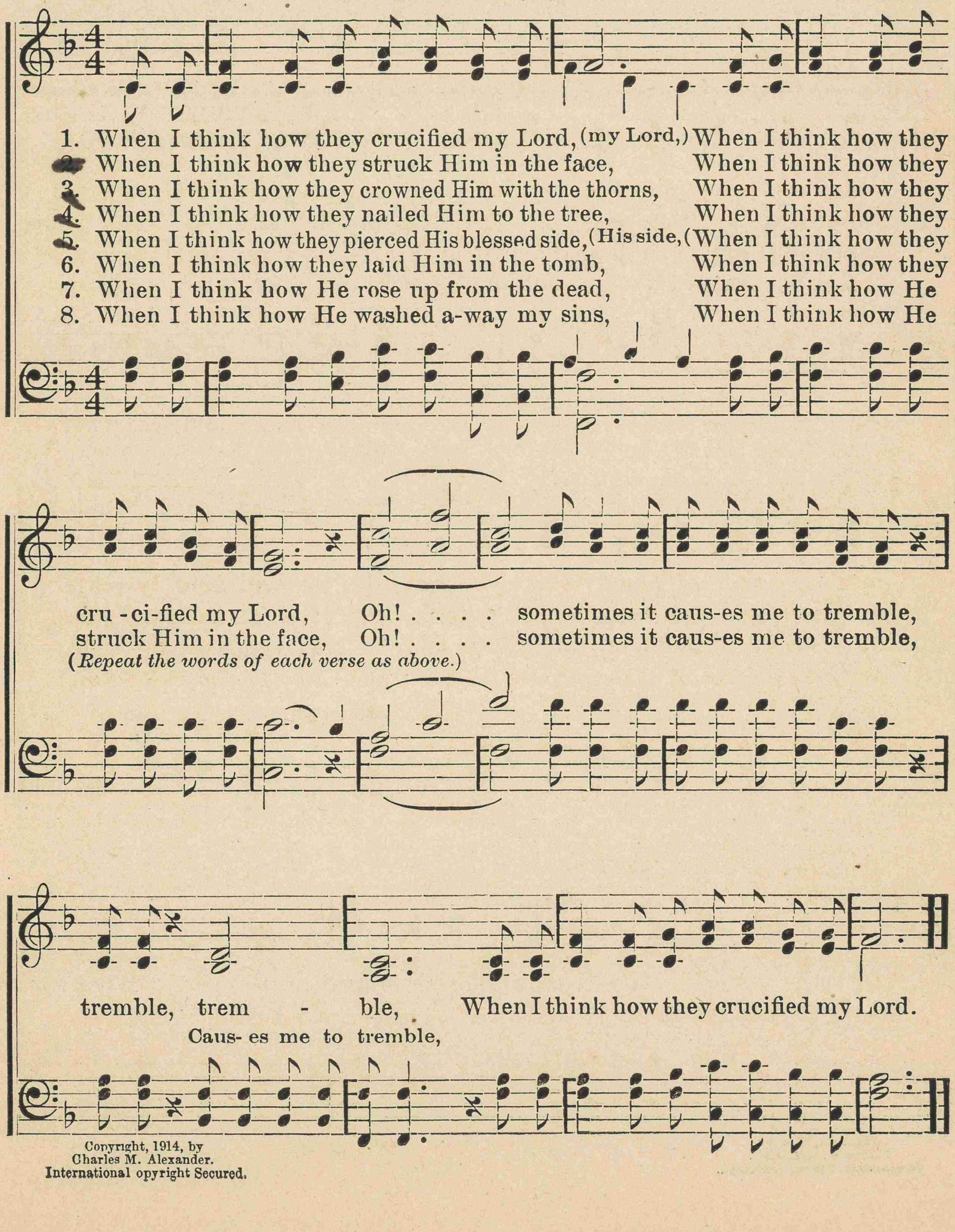
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The Family Altar.—Concluded.



How they Crucified my Lord.

MATTHEW xxvii : 20; xxviii : 8. Arr. F. S TURNEY.



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A Starless Crown.

FRED. P. MORRIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When I stand at last in the gold-en light That shines on the oth - er
2. When I gaze at last on my Saviour's face That beams with His love di-
3. When I see at last how the ransomed bring With their love-lit eyes a-

shore, With my soul entranced by the wondrous sight Of the Lord whom
vine, Will my heart be sad in that joy - ous place When His eyes look
flame Some soul redeemed to the feet of the King, Will my heart be

I a - dore; When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I
in - to mine? When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I
filled with shame? When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I
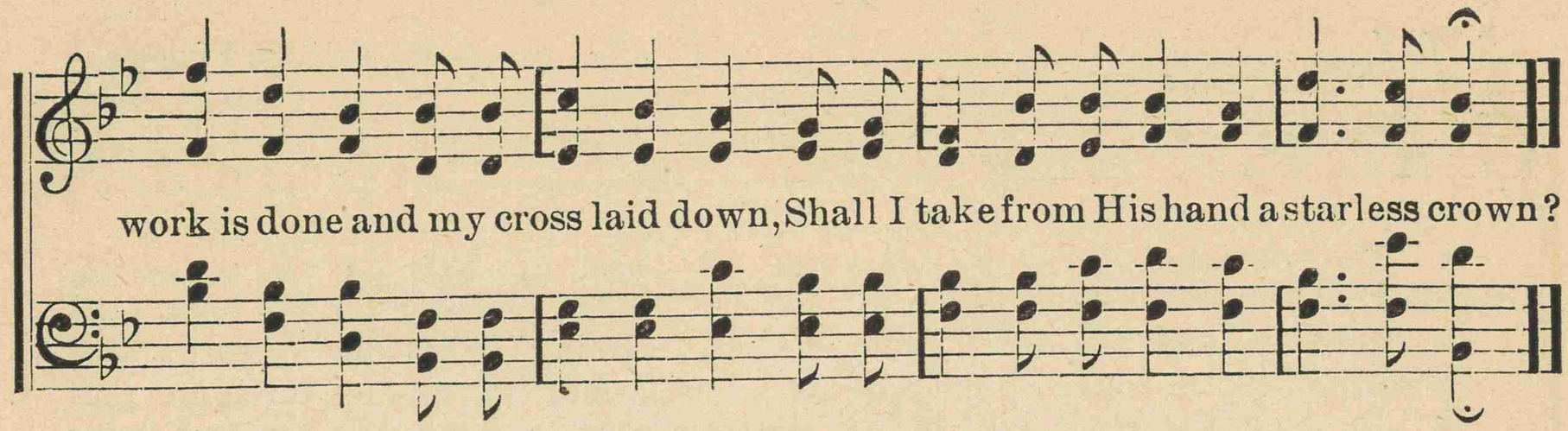
CHORUS.

take from His hand a star-less crown? A starless crown, . . . no di - a-
A starless crown,

dem; . . . . . A starless crown, not one bright gem; When my
no di - a-dem; not one bright gem;
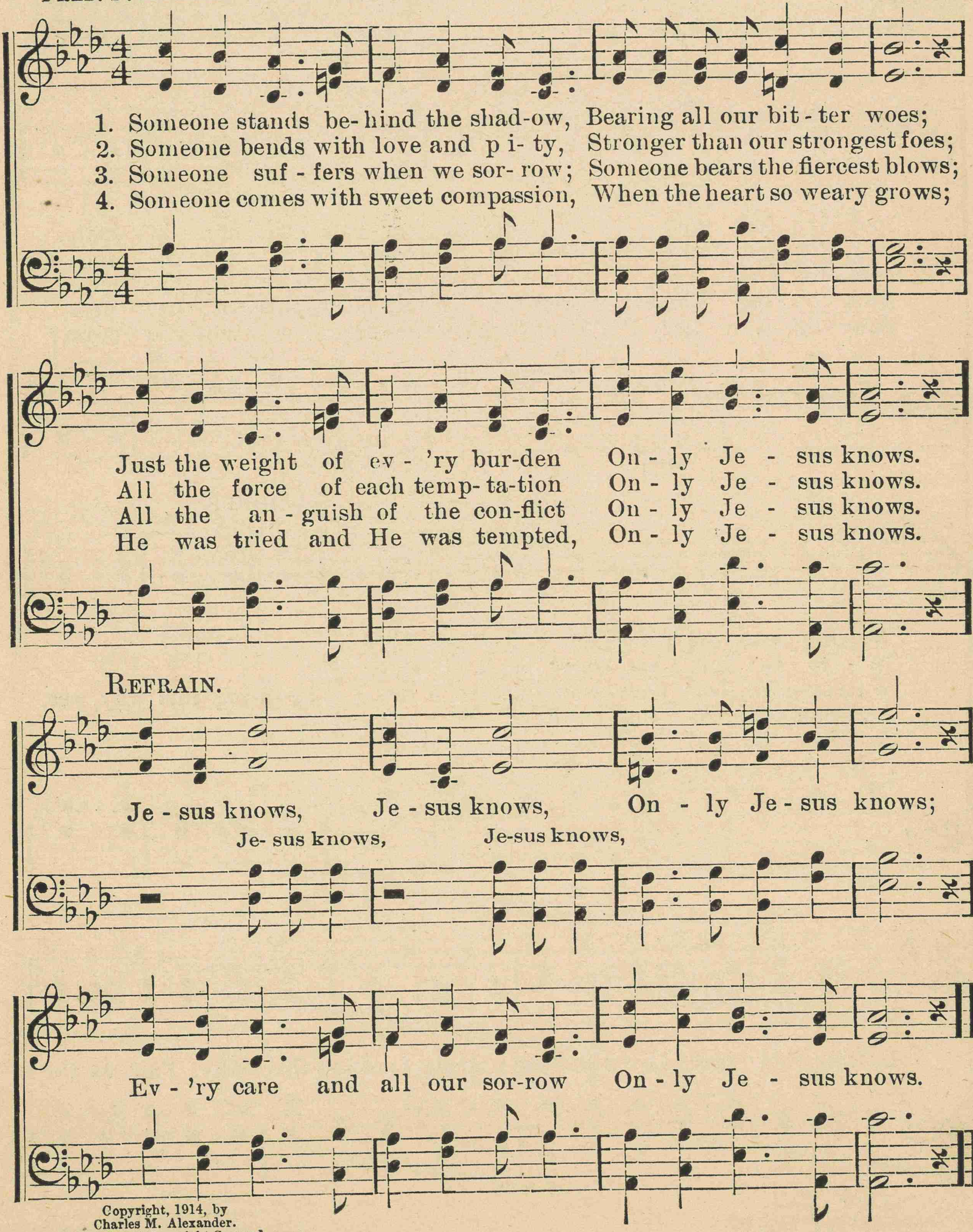
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A Starless Crown.—Concluded.



Only Jesus Knows.

FRED. P. MORRIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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Looking This Way.

J. W. V.

DUET.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

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

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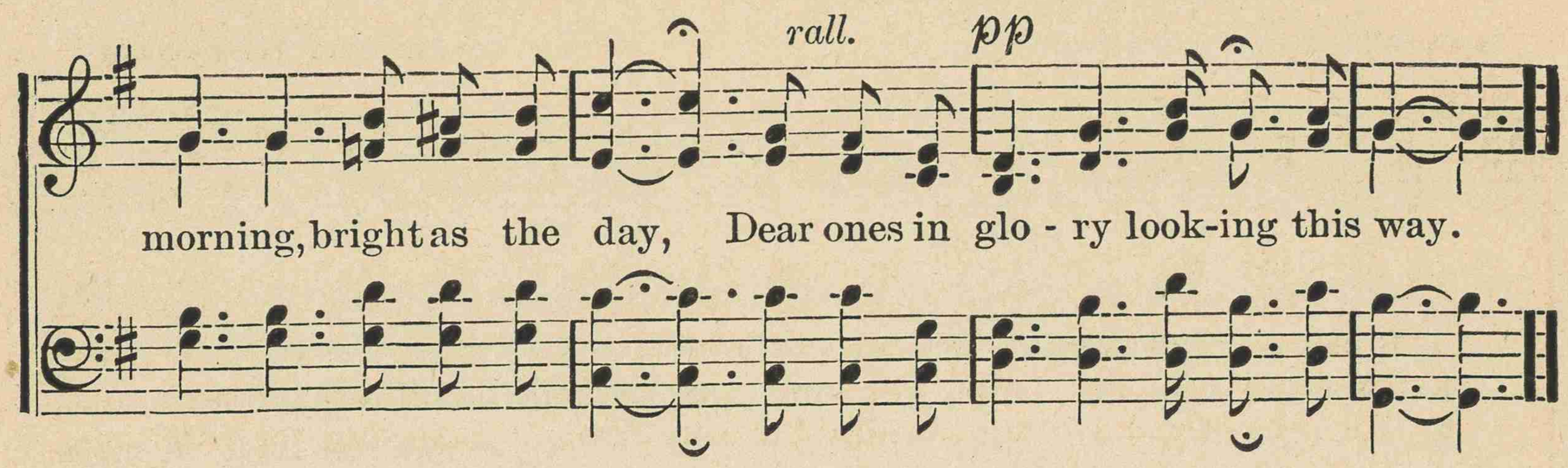
CHORUS.

Waiting and watch-ing pa- tient- ly there.
In - to the har - bor near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low.
Anx-ious - ly look - ing, moth- er, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin- ner, come home!"
} Look-ing this way, yes,

looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, Looking this way; Fair as the

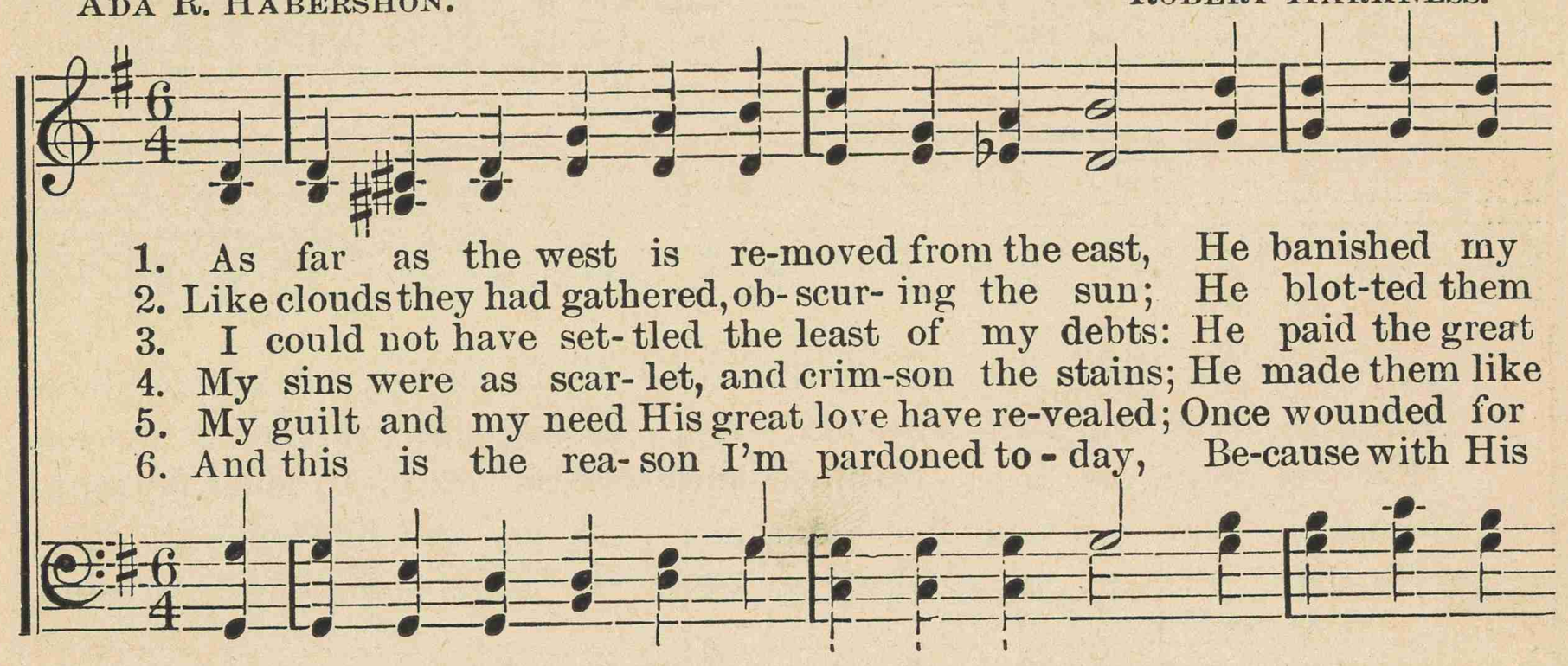
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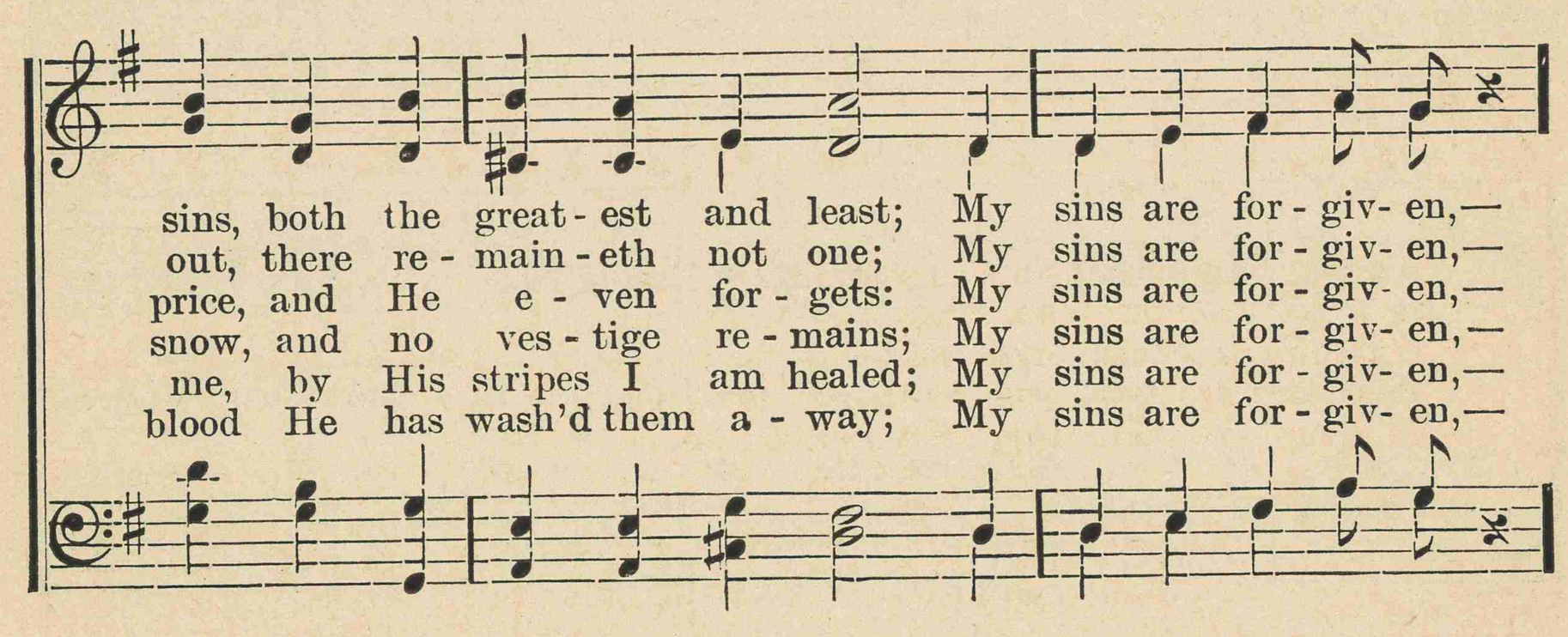
Looking This Way.—Concluded.
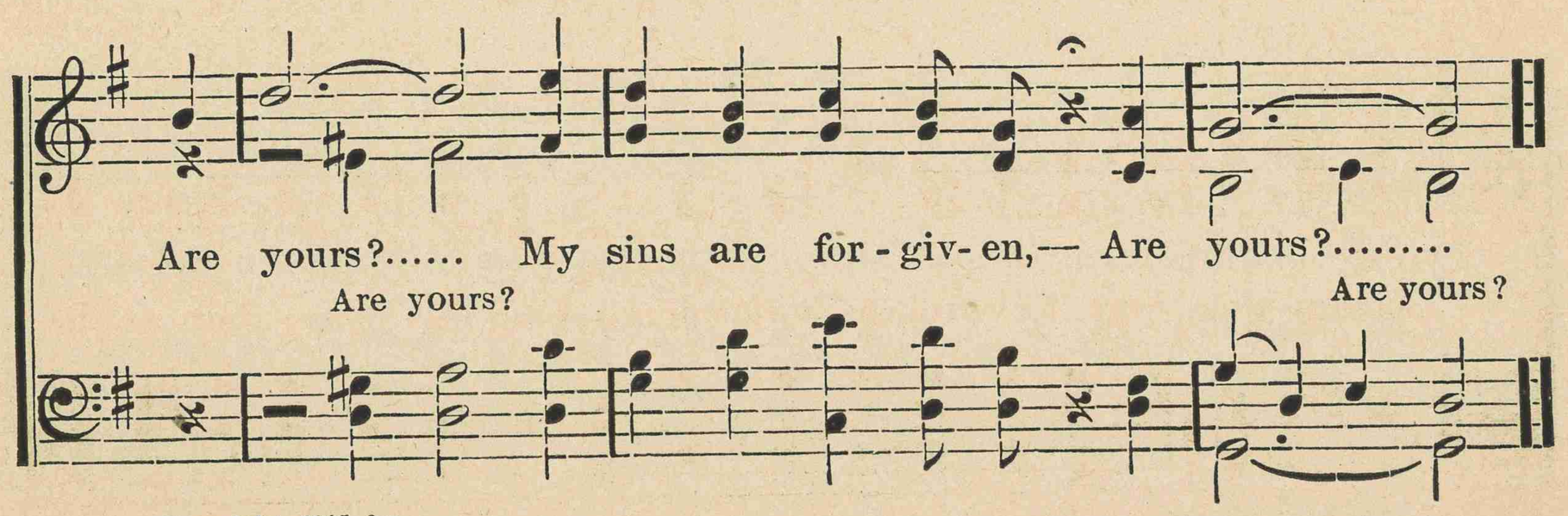


No. 73. My Sins are Forgiven.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.
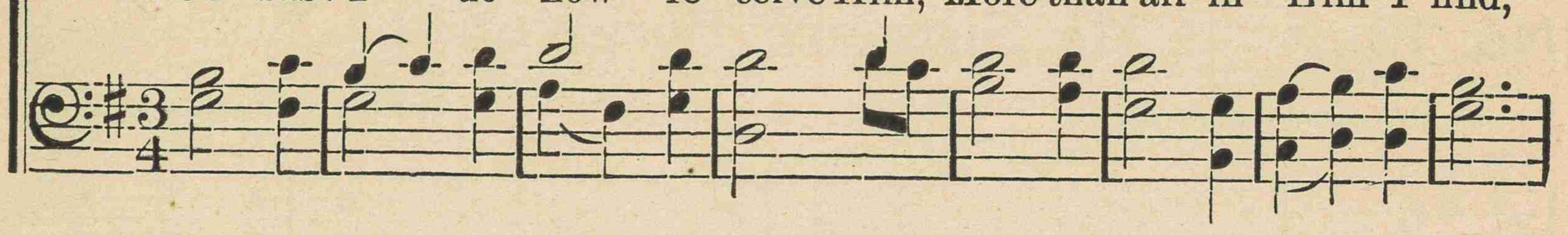






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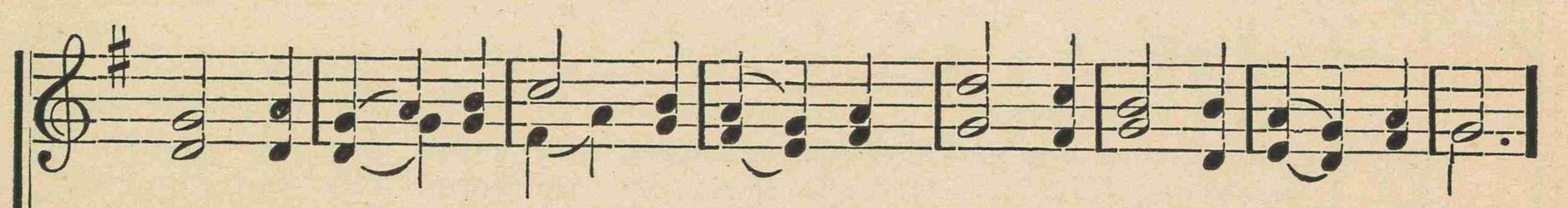
Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. Arr. by ROBERT HARKNESS.
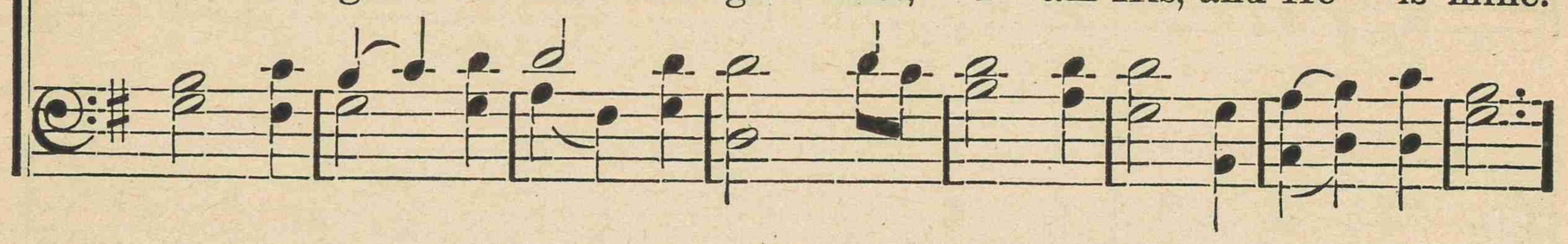


1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je- sus! Lov-er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my - self in Him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the billows o'er me roll,
4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tempest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,
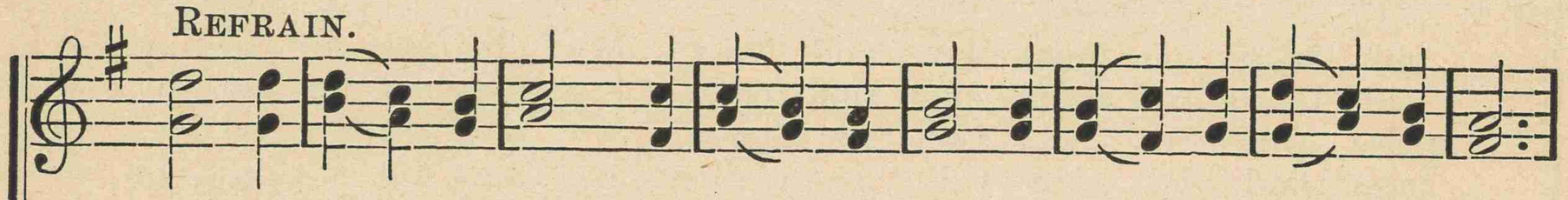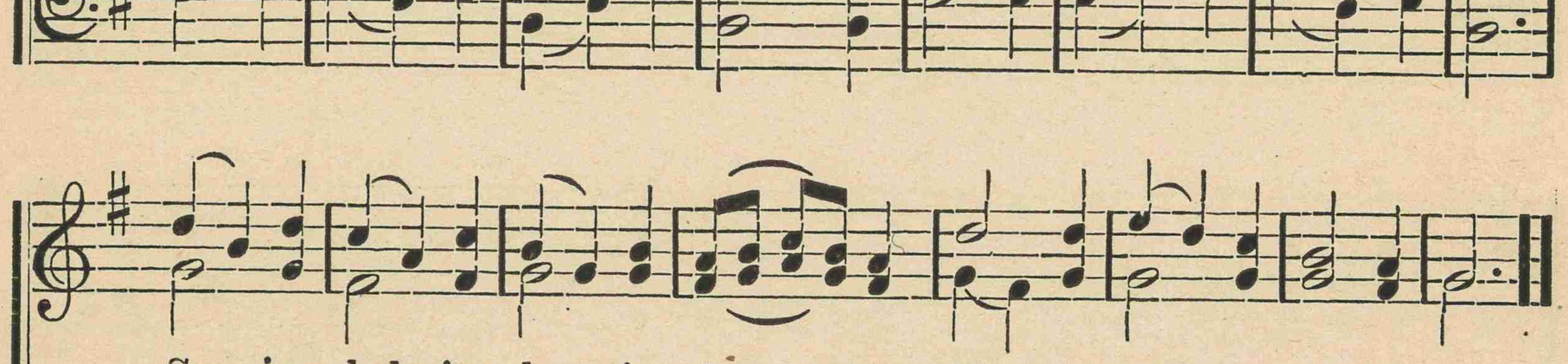




Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.
Tempt- ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.
Ev - en when my heart is break-ing, He, my com-fort, helps my soul.
Storms a - bout me, night o'er- takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant- ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.
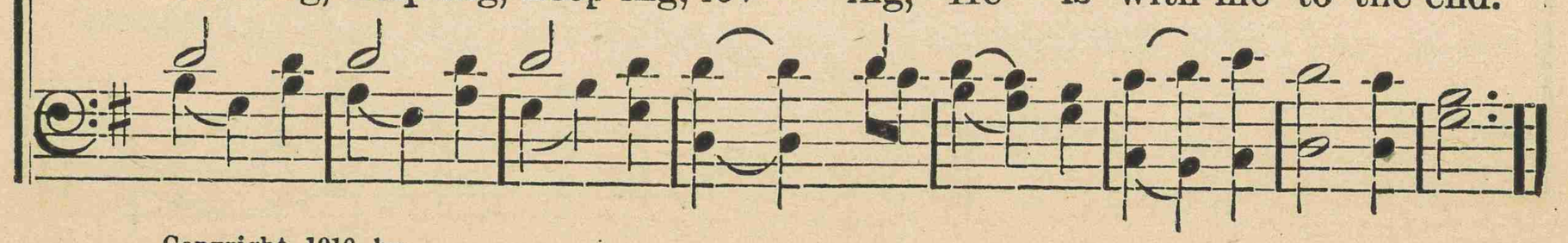


REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal-le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sav - ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.



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Jesus Knows it all.

MARY BERNSTECHER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. When the day seems dark and drear - y, When the heart is sad and wear - y, Christ the Saviour knows, All life's bit - ter woes.
2. When there's naught but pain and sadness, When there's nei - ther joy nor glad - ness, Tell the Saviour true, For He cares for you.
3. Trust the fu - ture's toil and sor - row, Or its bright and cloudless mor - row, To the faith-ful Guide,— In His love a- bide.

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows it all, Je - sus knows it all: All life's toils and cares, All the tempter's snares; Je - sus knows it all, He knows it all.

He knows

rit.

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Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.
ADA R. HABERSHON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise, and fears dismay;
3. Be-yond the mist I fain would rise, To rest beneath unclouded skies,
4. I long to scale the utmost height, Tho' rough the way, and hard the fight,
5. Lord, lead me up the mountain side, I dare not climb without my Guide;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My constant aim is higher ground.
A - bove earth's turmoil peace is found By those who dwell on higher ground.
My song, while climbing, shall resound, Lord, lead me on to higher ground.
And, heaven gained, I'll gaze around, With grateful heart from higher ground.

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;
Where love, and joy, and light abound, Lord, plant my feet on high- er ground.

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Believe.

R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Would you from your sin be free? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;
2. Would you have sweet peace within? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;
3. Would you have a hope se - cure? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;
4. Would you have E - ter- nal rest? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;

Would you live e - ter - nal - ly? Be-lieve on the Lord Je- sus Christ.
He can blot out ev - 'ry sin, Be-lieve on the Lord Je- sus Christ.
Thro' an end- less age en - dure? Be-lieve on the Lord Je- sus Christ.
Be no more by sin op - prest? Be-lieve on the Lord Je- sus Christ.

CHORUS.

Be - lieve, Be - lieve,
Be - lieve on the Lord, Be - lieve on the Lord, Be -
Be - lieve,
lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ. Be - lieve on the Lord, Be -
lieve,
lieve on the Lord, Be - lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ.

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Drifting.

G. T. A. J. F. S.

1. Mar - in - er out on life's o - cean, Deep, far, and wide!
2. Mar - in - er, bil-lows are surg - ing Out in the deep!
3. Mar - in - er, yon - der the ha - ven, Home, home, sweet home!

Mar - in - er look! you are drift - ing, Drift-ing a - long with the tide!
Mar - in - er see! there is dan - ger! Mar - in - er wake from your sleep!
Mar - in - er hark! lov-ing voi - ces Ten-der - ly call - ing you, "Come."

CHORUS.

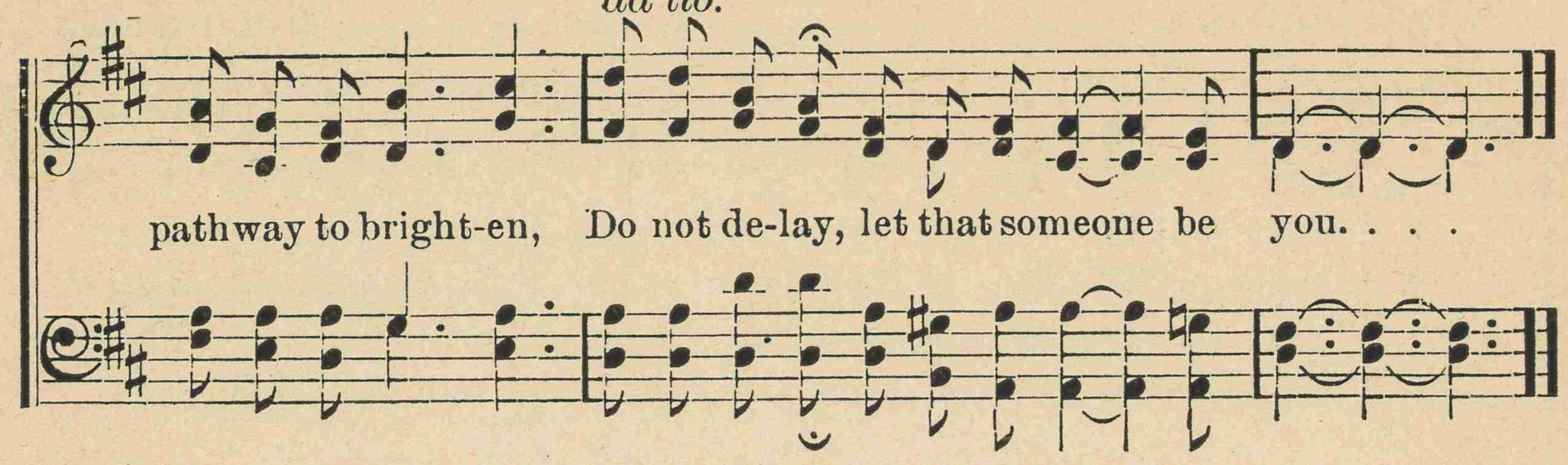
Drift - ing, drift - ing. Drifting a- long with the tide;
Drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, the tide;

Why not let Christ be your pi - lot? He will guide.
will guide.
He will, He will guide.

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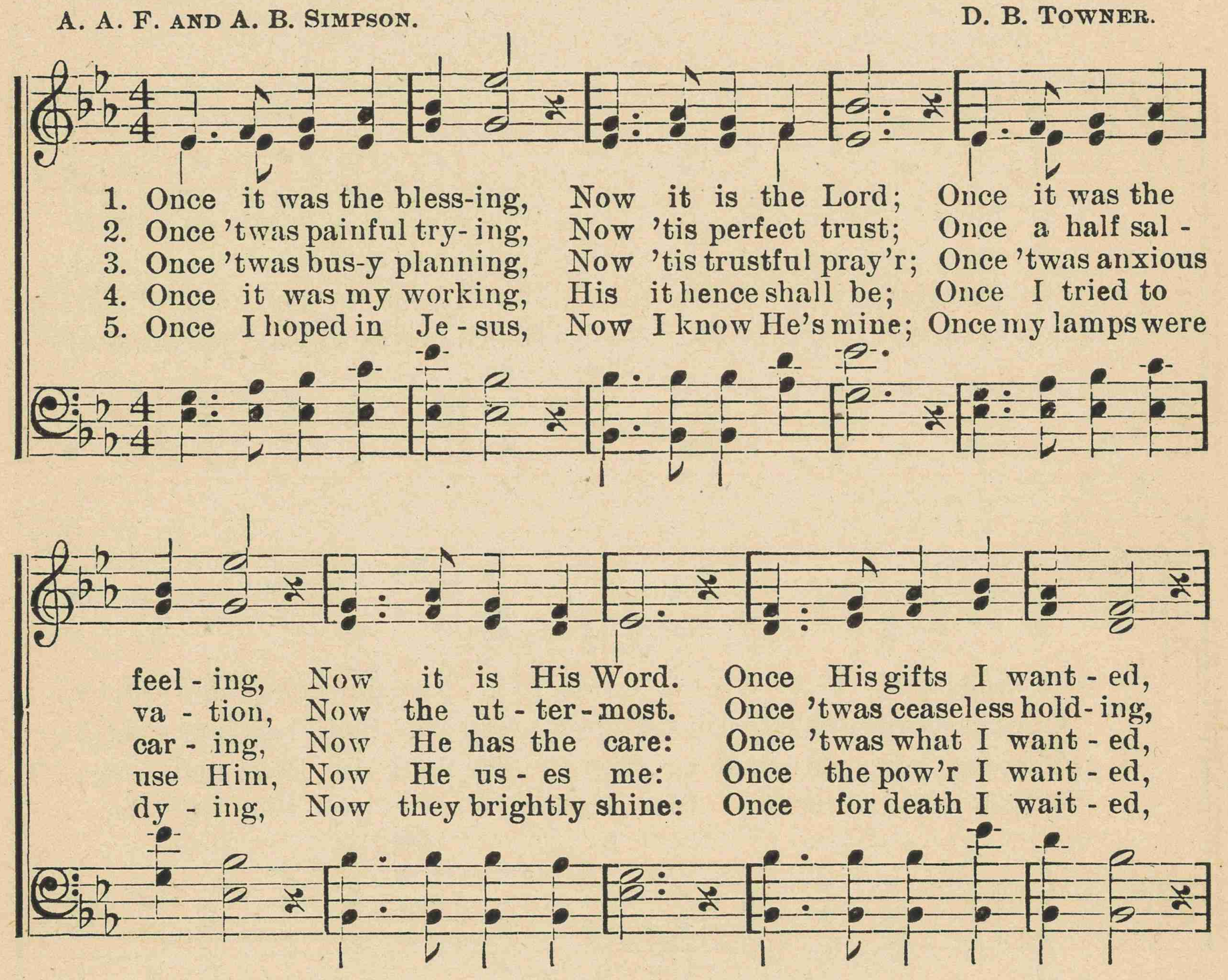
Will It Be You?—Concluded.

ad lib.



Once it Was the Blessing.

A. A. F. AND A. B. SIMPSON. D. B. TOWNER.



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Come Unto Me.

WILLIAM C. DIX. D. B. TOWNER.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'rers, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint- ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out."

O bless-ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
O lov- ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!
O peaceful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife!
O pa-tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt!
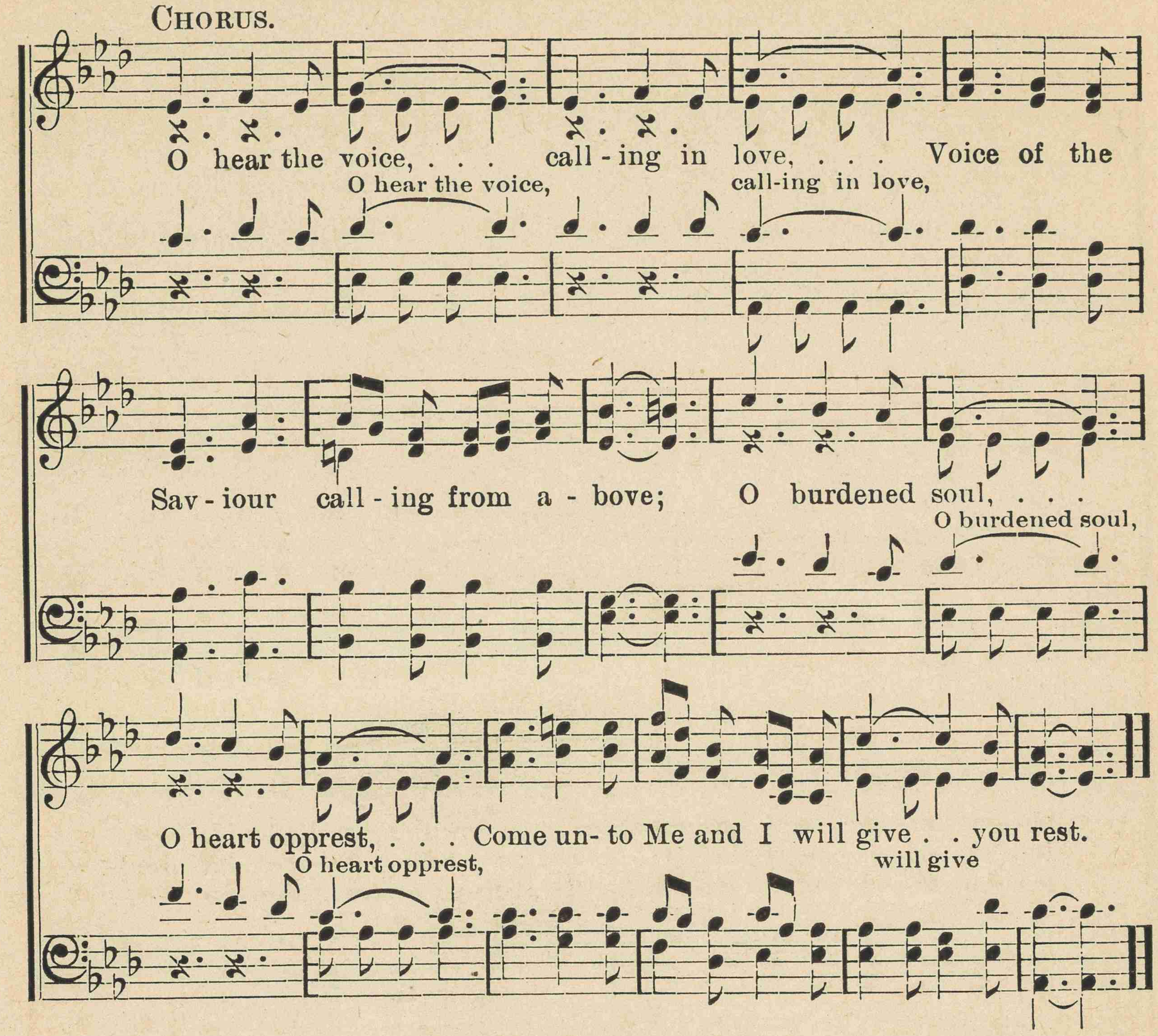
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
Our hearts were filled with sad- ness, And we had lost our way;
The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy tho' we be,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.
But morn-ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.
But Thou hast made us might - y, And stron - ger than the strong.
Of love so free and bound-less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

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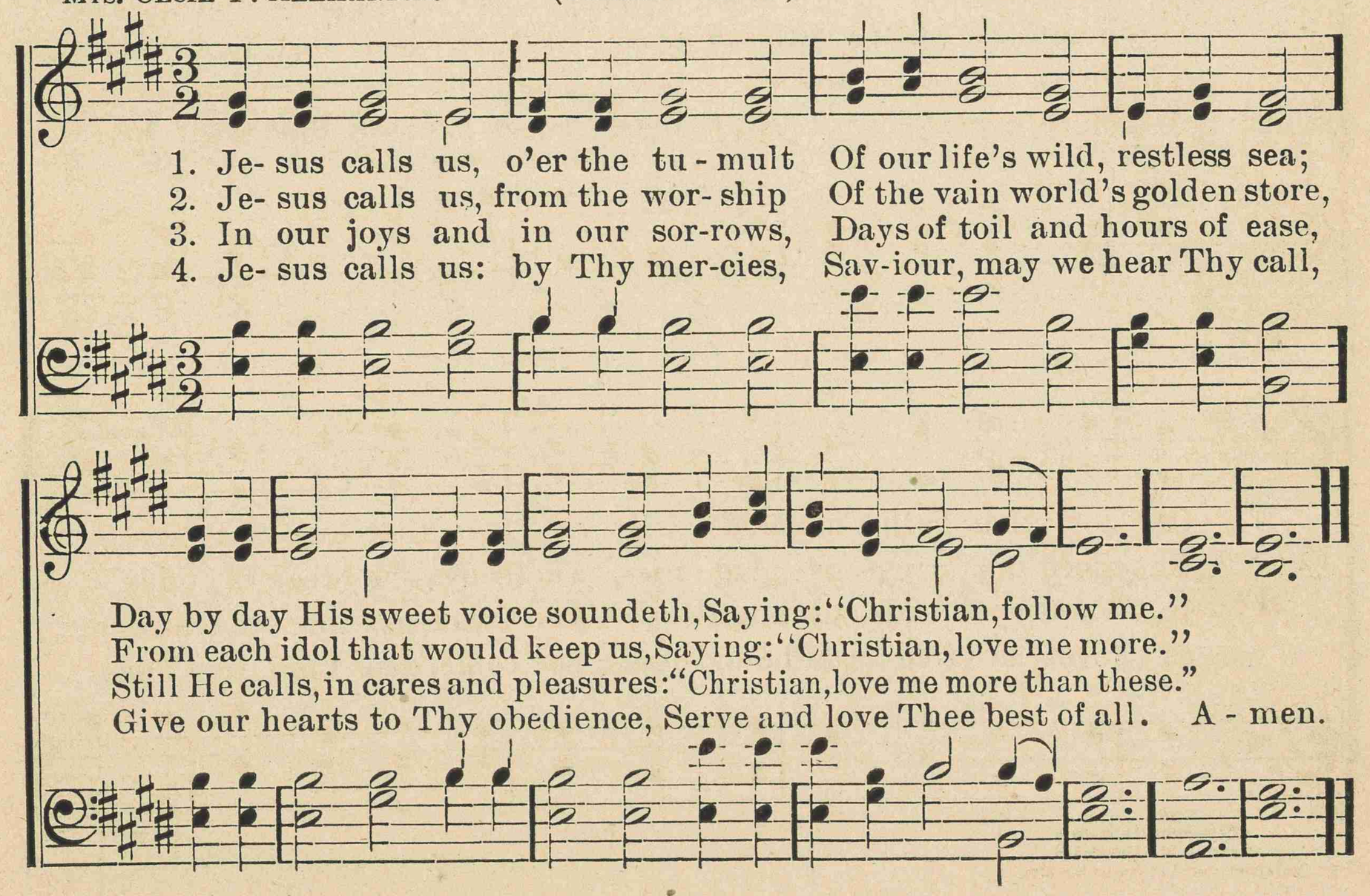
Come Unto Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. (Talmar. 8s. 7s.) ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



I'm a Subject of the King.

GEO. J. FULCHER. Arr. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings, He has called me for a
2. I'll be faith-ful to the King of kings, Liv - ing ev - 'ry day so
3. Join the serv-ice of the King of kings, There is glorious work that

the King of kings,

serv-ice this I know, I shall rep - re-sent Him here, tell His
He may say "'tis well," While He's train - ing me for glo - ry, I will
ev - 'ry one can do, Nev - er bring to Him dis - grace, ev - er

sto - ry far and near, And when He is done with me with Him I'll go.
tell the old, old sto- ry, How a sin-ner saved with Je-sus there shall dwell.
look-ing at His face, Fight the bat-tle, there's a crown in store for you.

CHORUS.

I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings, I'm a sub-ject of the

the King of kings,

King of kings, He has saved me by His love, I'm com -

the King of kings,

mand - ed from a - bove, I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings.

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It Is For Me.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me.—Gal. ii, 20.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUETT. *Alto and Tenor.*

1. The face of Je - sus Christ my Lord Is turned in love on me,
2. The hand of Christ is holding forth A wondrous gift to me,
3. The lips of Christ are whisp'ring, come, He waits to wel - come me,
4. The arms of Christ are open wide, He beckons now to me,

The eye of faith has caught His smile, And says: "It is for me!"
The hand of faith ap- prop- ri - ates, And says: "It is for me!"
His in - vi - ta - tion faith ac- cepts, And says: "It is for me!"
Faith glad- ly runs to His em-brace, And says: "It is for me!"

CHORUS.

It is for me, it is for me! I know by grace it is for me!
It is for me, it is for me! I know by grace

ad lib.

It is for me, it is for me I know by grace it is for me.
It is for me, it is for me!

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Honey in the Rock.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have toiled for gold in the heat and cold, And I've revelled in the
2. With my dai - ly load on the wea - ry road, When the shadows of the
3. Would you find the way to the Rock to - day? Just be-yond the hill of
4. If you'll heed His call and sur- ren- der all, In the lib - er - ty of
5. And we'll sometimes meet on the heaven-ward street, As to-geth-er on the

world's gay round, Un - der-neath the sky nought could sat - is - fy,
night draw near, And my step is slow and I scarce can go,
Cal - va - ry, There's a nar - row gate,—thence the road leads straight
Christ made free, You shall walk by faith, and the prom - ise saith,
way we fare, And we'll sweet- ly rest for a way - side feast,

CHORUS.

Till the hon - ey in the Rock I found.
There is hon - ey in the Rock to cheer.
To the hon - ey in the Rock for thee.
There is hon - ey in the Rock for thee.
And the hon - ey in the Rock we'll share.
} There is hon - ey in the

Rock for thee, broth-er, There is hon - ey in the Rock for thee,
for thee,

It will be your spir - it's stay when you're faint-ing by the

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Honey In the Rock.—Concluded.

way, There is hon - ey in the Rock for thee.

My Jesus Knows.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. How blest the thought that Jesus knows Each wind that round me rude-ly blows, Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je- sus knows.
2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my weary brain, The efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je- sus knows.
3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and care, The crown of thorns I *too* must wear, He knows, my Je- sus knows.
4. The long-ings that pervade my breast, To reach my home and be at rest With Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Je- sus knows.

REFRAIN.

He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows, My hopes, my fears, my bitter woes, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

ritard.

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He is Not Here, but is Risen!

D. W. WHITTLE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

p Andantino. *pp*

1. Oh, day of aw - ful sto - ry— Je - sus is dead!
2. A wea - ry night of weep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
3. A day in sor - row dawn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

Sad end to hope of glo - ry— Je - sus is dead!
A night that knew no sleep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
A sad and gloom - y morn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

f CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Be- hold the stone is rolled a-way! And shining ones have come to say: "He
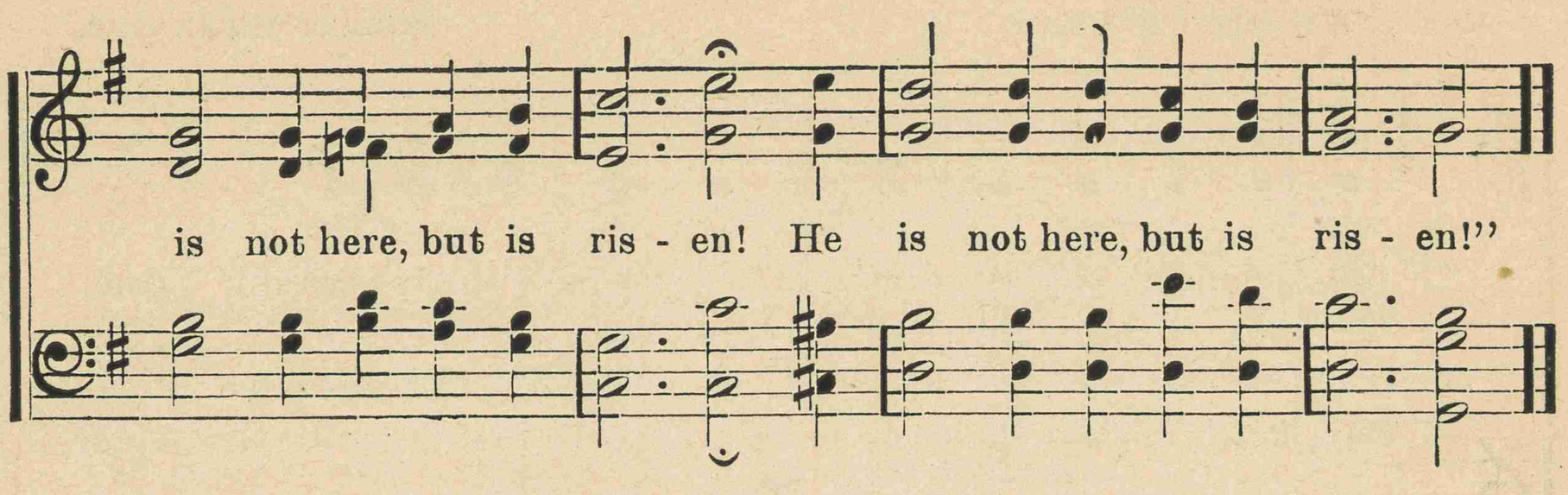
cres.

is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!" The

night of death is past and gone—A - rise, and greet the glorious morn!—He
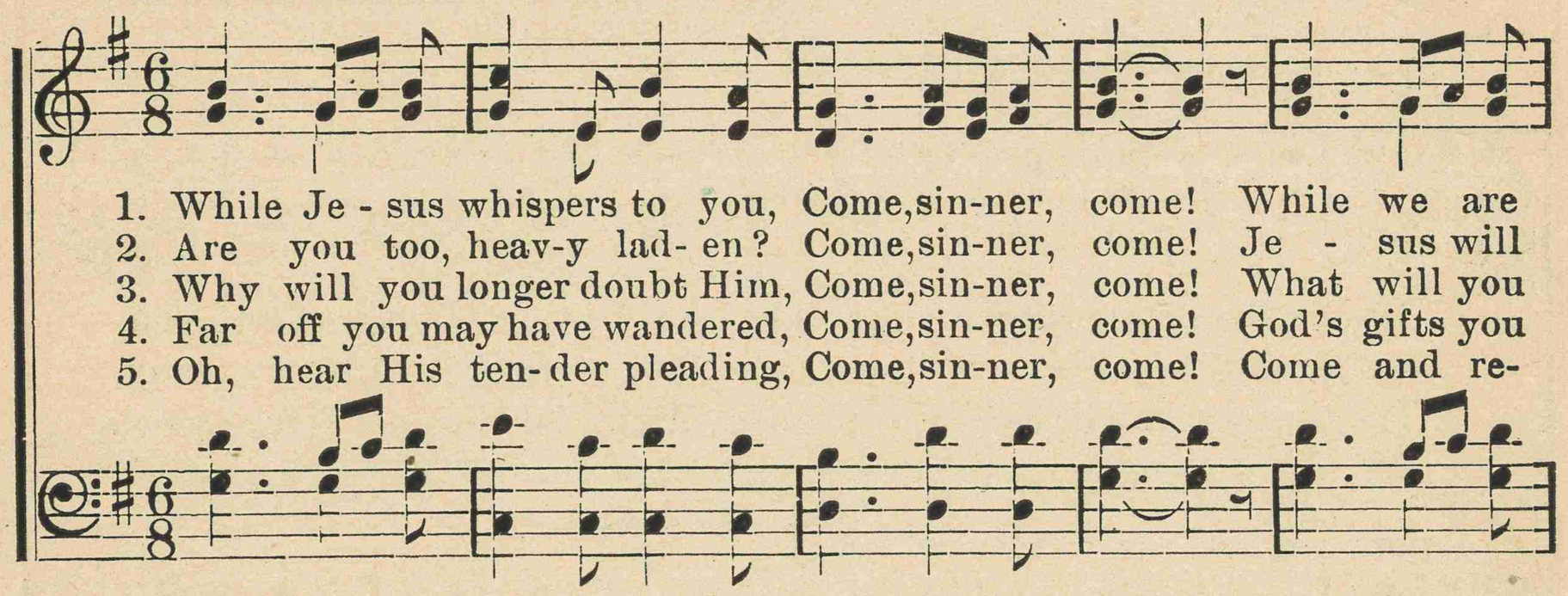
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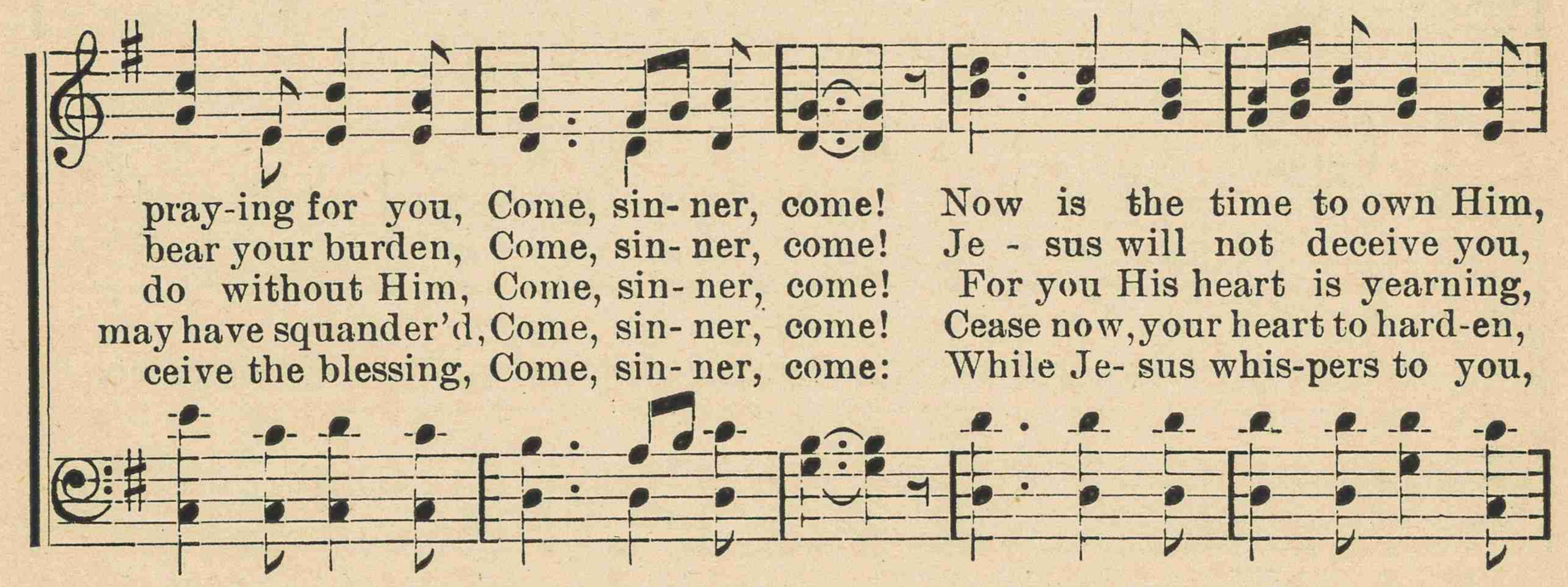
He is Not Here, but is Risen!—Concluded.

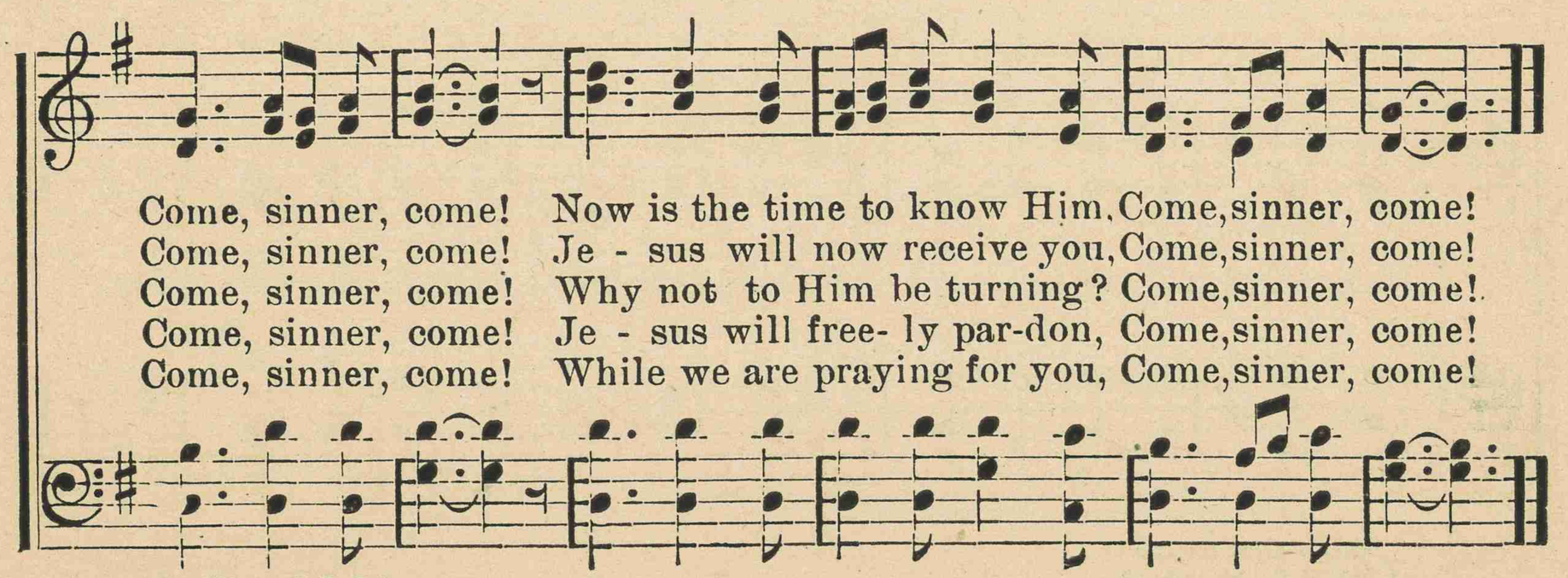


Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. WITTER and Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER. H. R. PALMER.
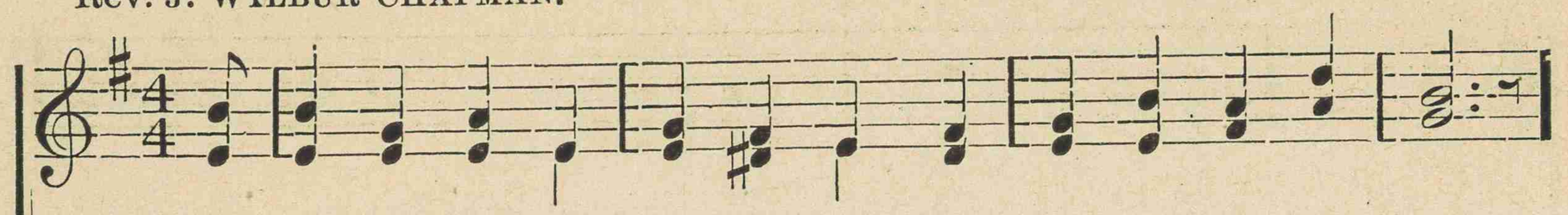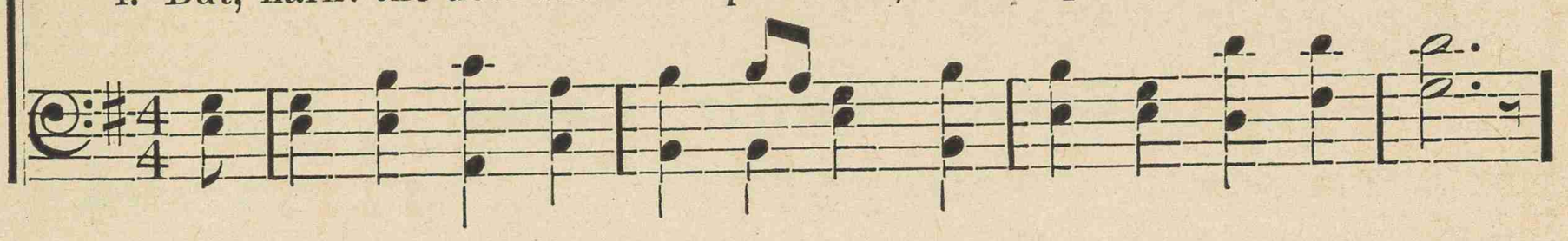






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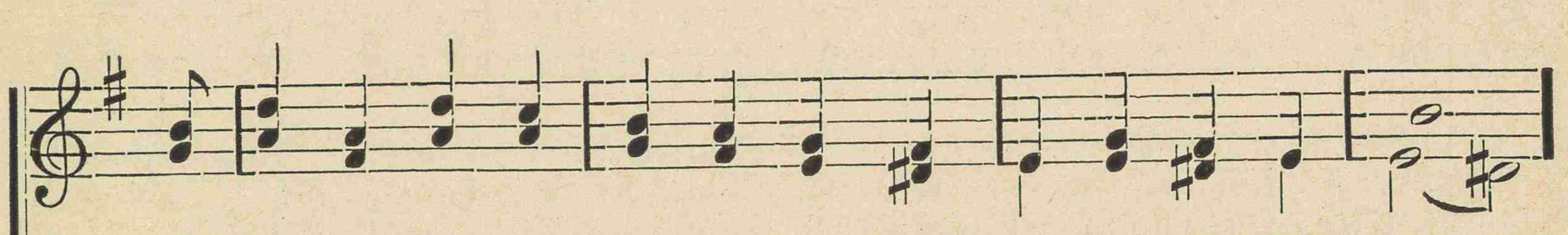
The Judgment.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. ROBERT HARKNESS.
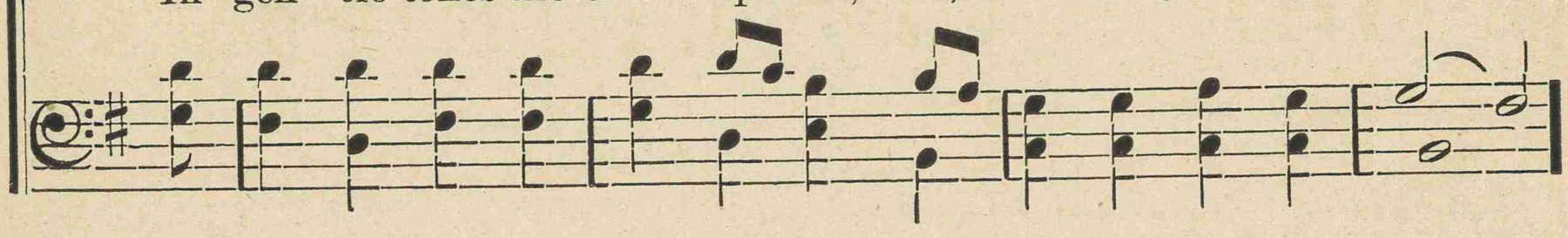


1. The Judgment Day is com-ing on, God's Word de-clares it true,
2. The brok-en laws, the sins for-got, Will meet you on that Day,
3. God's mer-cy will be end-ed then, The day of grace be done;
4. But, hark! the door stands o-pen wide, God's Spir-it still is nigh,
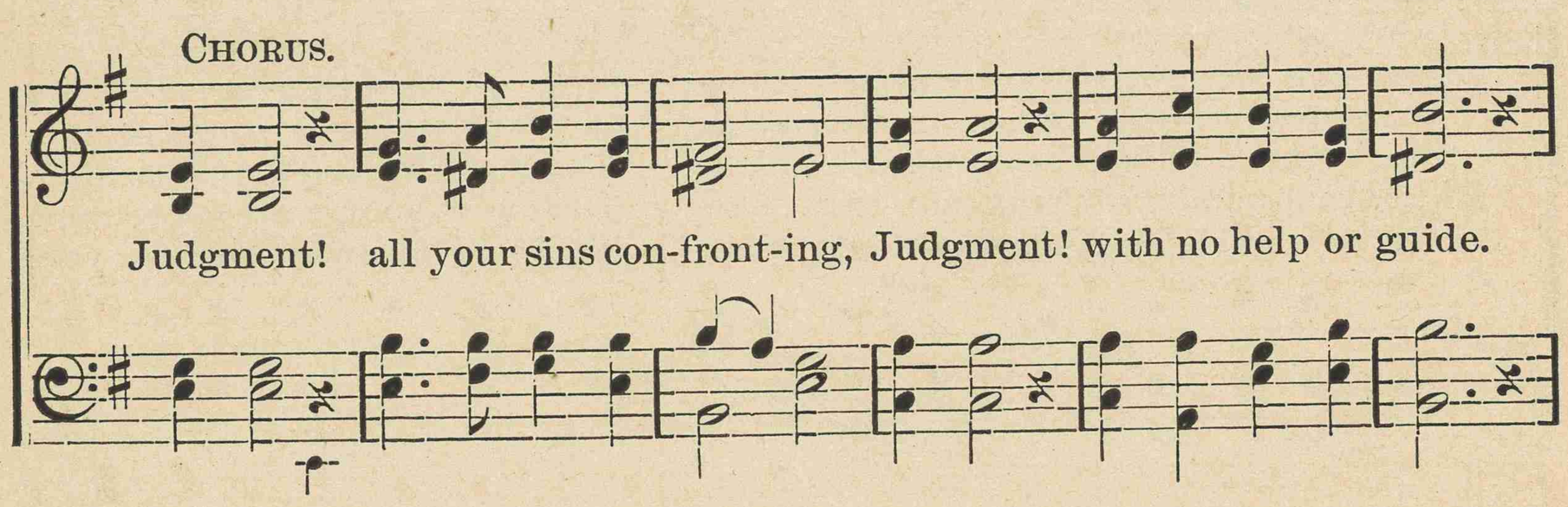




Up- on the great white throne will be The One oft spurned by you.
And from the rec- ord writ- ten there You can- not turn a - way.
The time you might have chos-en life Will be for - ev - er gone.
In gen - tle tones the Saviour pleads, Oh, turn! Why will ye die?



CHORUS.



Judgment! all your sins con-front-ing, Judgment! with no help or guide.

Judgment! all your rec- ord fac - ing, Judgment with no place to hide.

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I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY DANA SHINDLER. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a strang-er, I can tar - ry but a
2. Of that ci - ty to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem - er is the
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin. ing; O my long - ing heart is

SOLO

night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the
light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y
there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear- y, I long have

CHORUS.

stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing.
tears there; nor an - y dy - ing.
wan-dered, for-lorn and wea - ry.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a strang-er,

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;

ad lib.

pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar- ry, I can tar- ry but a night.

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One Day!

The day of Christ. PHILIPPIANS i. 6.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. One day when hea - ven was filled with His prai - ses,
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain,
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den,
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no long - er,
5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing,

1. One day when sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
2. One day they nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
3. One day He rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An-gels came down o'er His
4. One day the stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
5. One day the skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

1. born of a vir - gin— Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am-ple is He!.....
2. - spised and re - ject - ed; Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!.....
3. tomb to keep vi - gil; Hope of the hope - less, my Sa-viour is He!.....
4. death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!.....
5. - lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sa - viour, this Je - sus is mine!.....
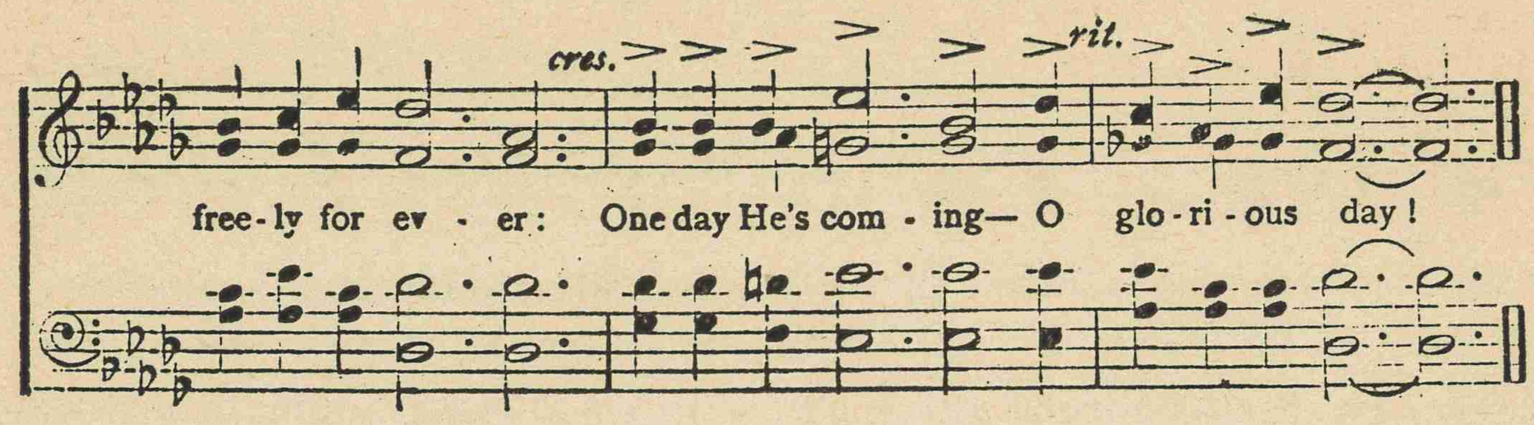
CHORUS.

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me;

Bur-ied, He car - ried my sins far a - way; Ris-ing, He jus - ti - fied

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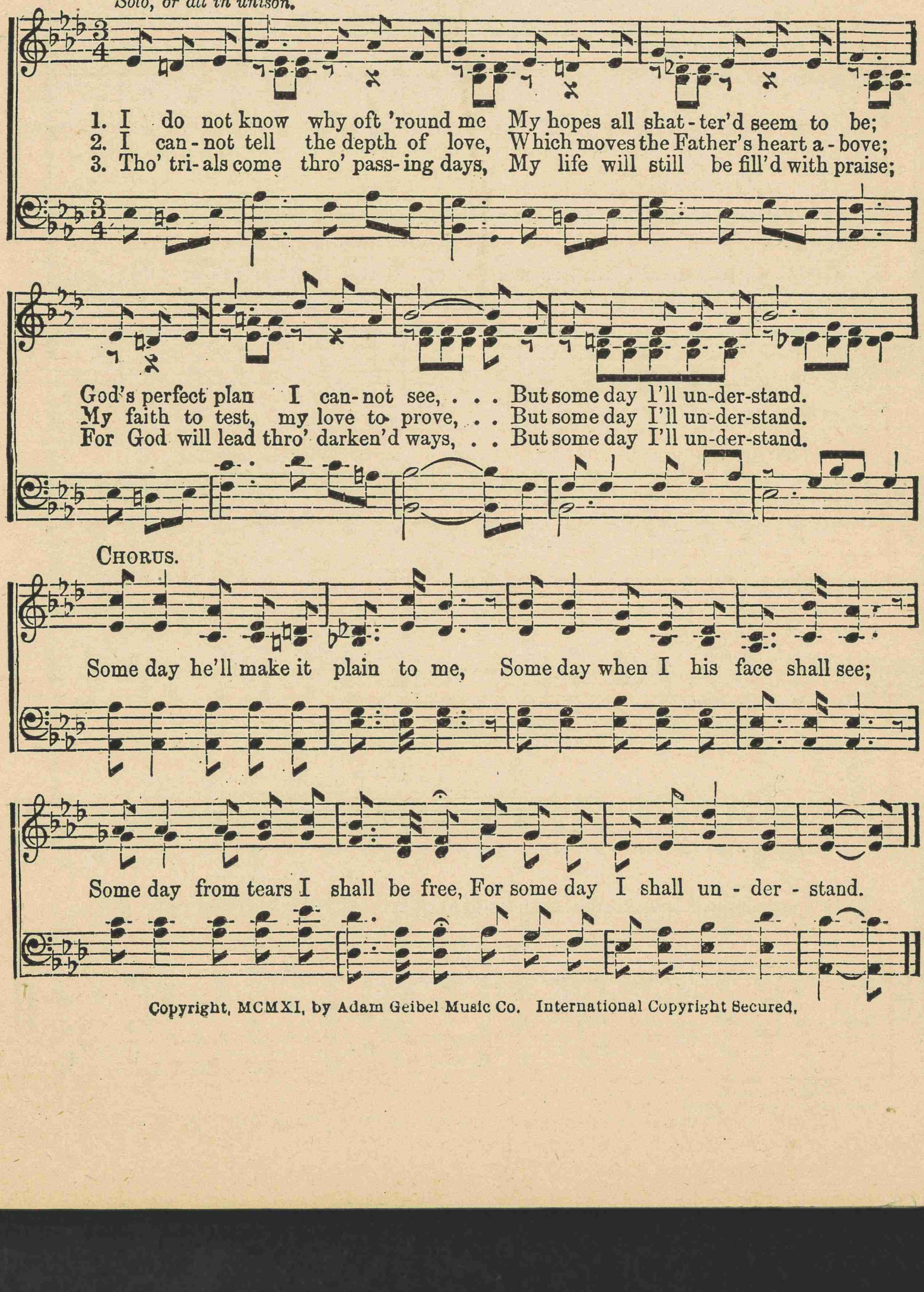
One Day!



Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in unison.



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Carry Your Bible.

FRED P. MORRIS.
Arr. R H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Car - ry your Bi - ble with you Let all its blessing out - flow,
2. Car - ry the word of par - don Sweeter each day it will grow,
3. Car - ry the wondrous sto - ry Tell it to hearts plung'd in woe,
4. Car - ry the word of prom - ise, Sinners un-par-don'd may know

It will sup- ply you each moment, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
Somewhere some heart will be wait-ing, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
This word of gracious re-demp-tion, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
God's path from sin un - to safe - ty, Take it wher-ev- er you go.

CHORUS.

Take it wher-ev - er you go,..... Take it wher-ev- er you go,.....
you go, you go,

God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wherever you go.....
you go.

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I Am Glad I Am Thine.

ADA R. HABERSHON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was found by the One who sought me, I be-long to the One who bought me, I will fol-low the One who taught me, Lord Je-sus I am glad
2. Yea, to be Thy pe - cul - iar treas - ure, And to live but to give Thee pleas - ure, For Thy love is be-yond all meas-ure, Lord Je-sus I am glad
3. When brave war-riors are round me fall - ing, When swift death is all hearts ap- pall - ing, My se - cur - i - ty then re - call - ing, Lord Je-sus I am glad
4. On all sides with sore grief sur-round - ing, And the world with sad cries re- sound-ing, From my heart thro' Thy grace a-bound-ing, Lord Je-sus I am glad
5. When to serv-ice Thy voice in - vites me, And the work Thou hast giv'n de- lights me; As a glimpse of Thy smile re-quites me, Lord Je-sus I am glad

CHORUS.

I am Thine. I am glad, so glad, Lord

I am glad, so glad,

Je - sus I am glad I am Thine; I am glad, so

I am glad

glad, Lord Je - sus I am glad I am Thine.

so glad,

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We Journey to a City.

Rev. Henry Burton. Geo. C. Stebbins

1. We jour-ney to a cit - y, Which eye hath nev-er seen; We jour- ney
2. No eye hath seen its glo-ries, Its joys have ne'er been told; No cloud of
3. They sing the name of Je-sus, Who wash'd them in His blood; The Lamb who
4. We jour-ney to a cit - y, Which eye hath nev-er seen; We jour- ney

to a coun- try, Whose shores are ev - er green. Far, far a - way it
sor - row pass - es O - ver its streets of gold. But strains of sweetest
went be- fore them, Thro' des - ert, fire and flood. No more the far - off
to a coun- try, Whose shores are ev - er green. A lit - tle while of

li - eth, Be - yond the val- ley low, Be- yond the chilling riv - er, Be-
mus- ic, Float on its balm-y air, And voic- es of the harp- ers Who
vis - ion; With o - pen face they see The King in all His beau- ty, Who
tempest, And then the endless calm; A lit - tle while of bat - tle, And

yond its waves of woe.
sing their triumph there.
died to set them free.
then the victor's palm.

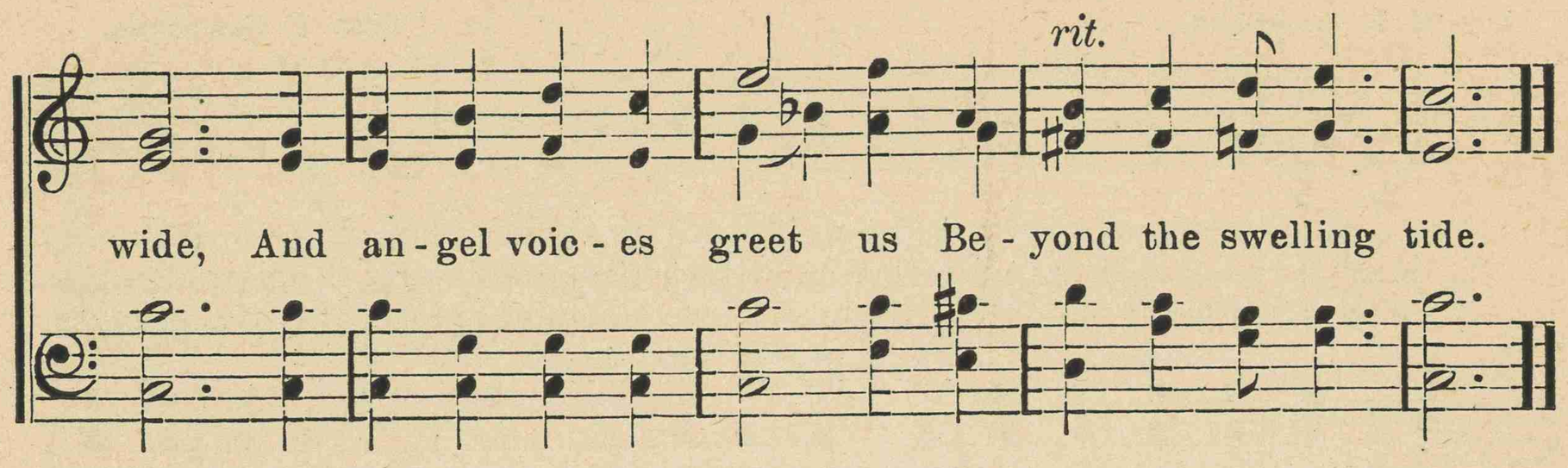
Chorus.

rit.

We journey to a cit - y, Whose gates are o- pen

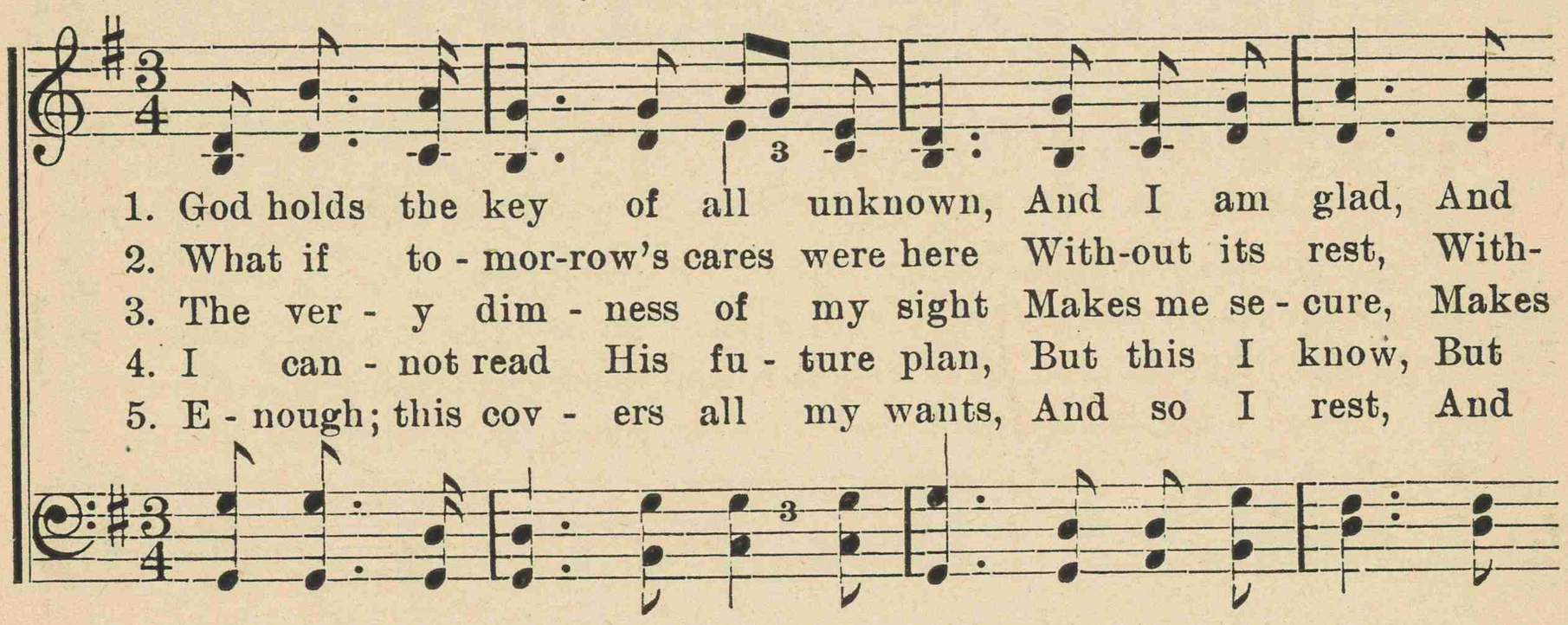
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We Journey to a City.—Concluded.



His Care.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. (LLANELLY, 8. 4. 8. 8. 4.) DAVID E. ROBERTS.



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Till We Meet Once More.

ADA R. HABERSHON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. To the Saviour we commend you, Till we meet once more; Forth with many pray'rs we send you, Till we meet once more. Thro' all dangers may He steer you,
2. May He plan each step before you, Till we meet once more; Richest blessings thus en-sure you, Till we meet once more. May His wisdom always guide you,
3. With His Spir-it may He fill you, Till we meet once more; May His peace re-joice and still you, Till we meet once more. May His service much delight yon,
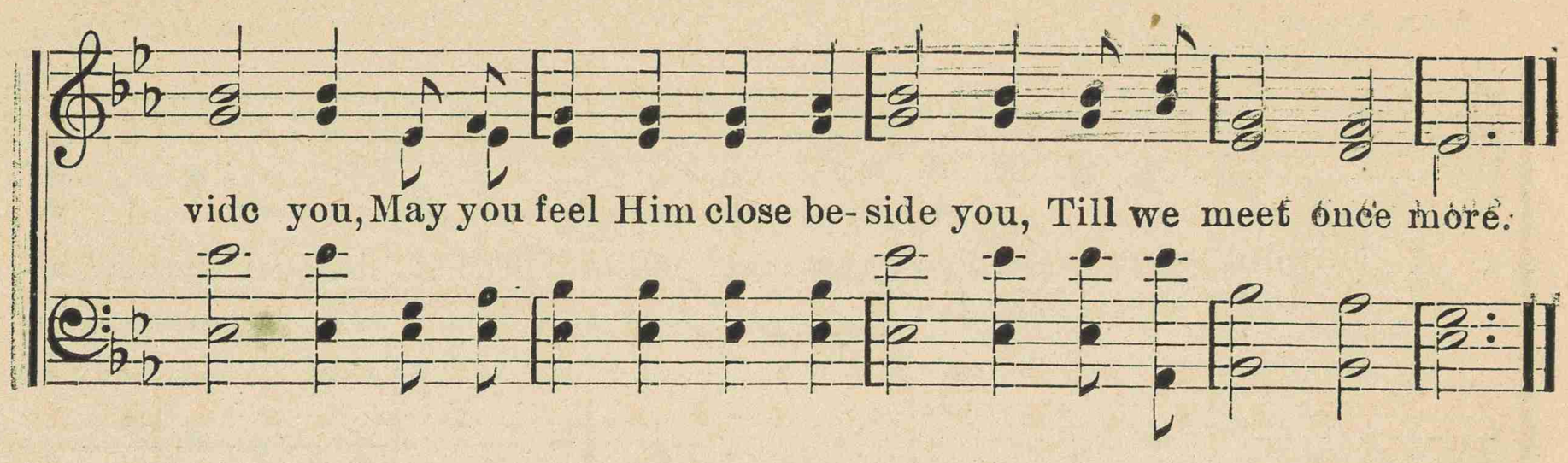
With His loving kindness cheer you, And may He be ev - er near you,
In His presence may He hide you, May you feel Him close be-side you,
And His smile for all re- quite you, May His word in darkness light you,

CHORUS.

Till we meet once more. Till we meet once more, Till we meet once more, once more, Till we meet once more, once more, Till we meet once more; In His presence may He hide you, Daily strength may He pro-
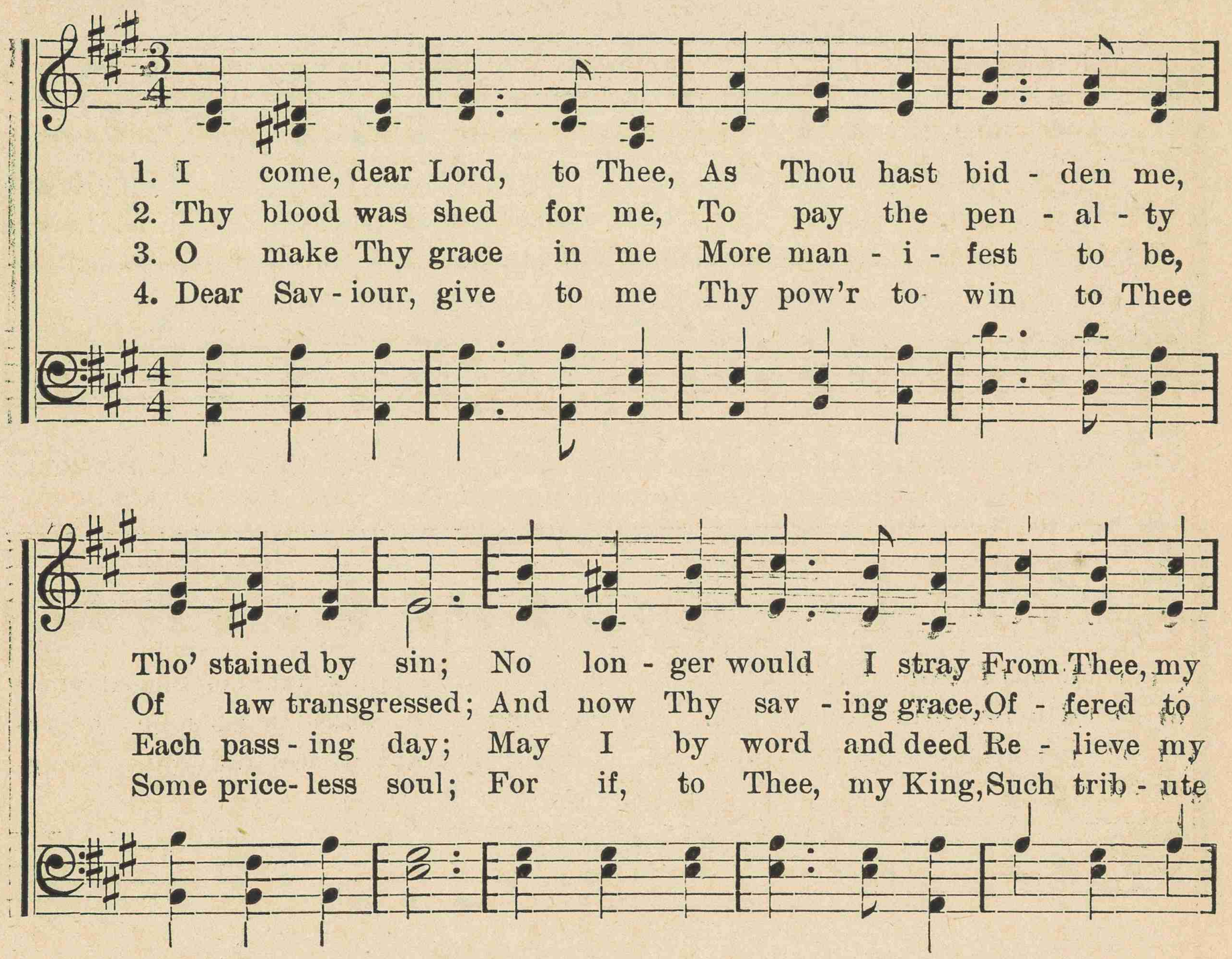
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Till We Meet Once More.—Concluded.



I Come O Lord, to Thee.

CHAS. H. BARKER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.
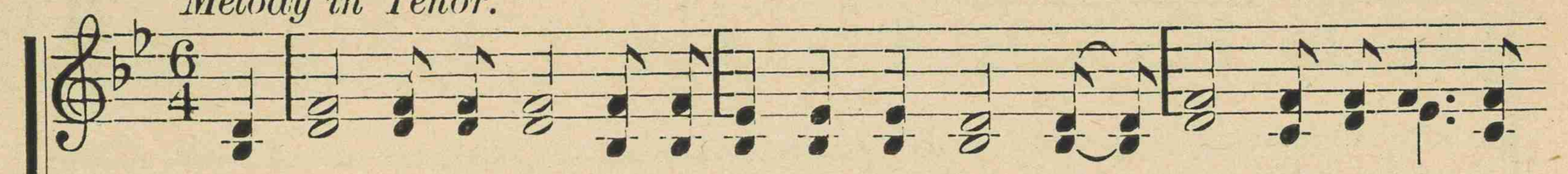


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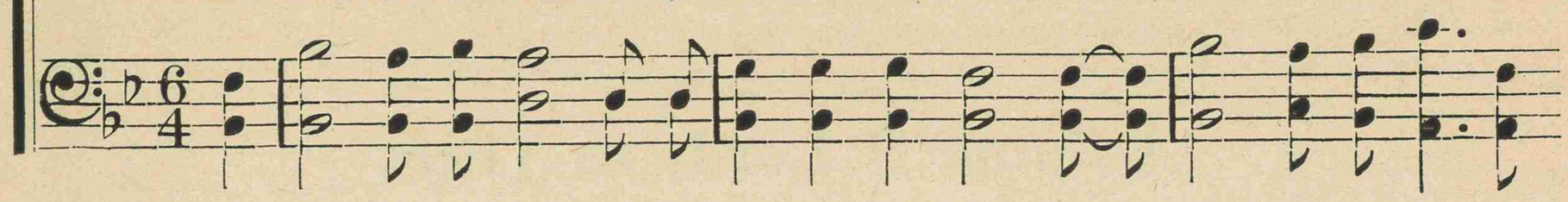
I Think when I Read.
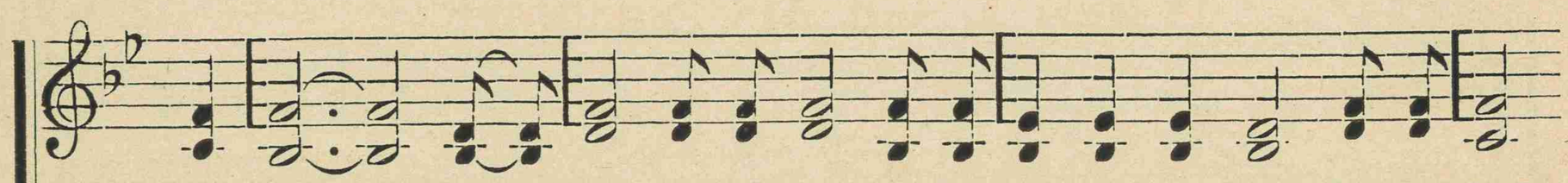
MRS. LUKE. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

Melody in Tenor.

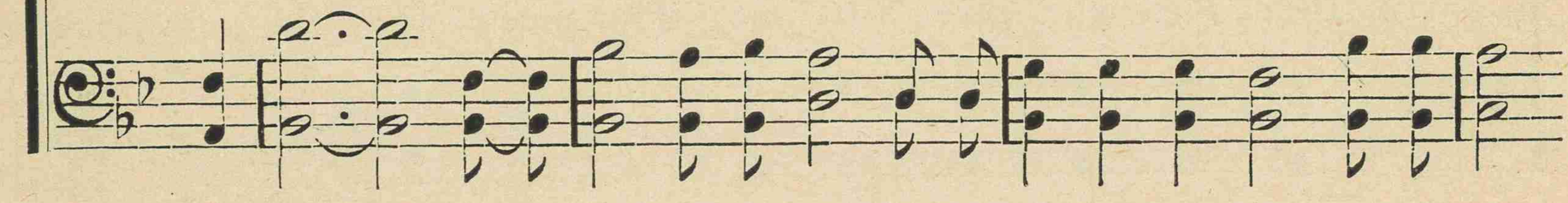


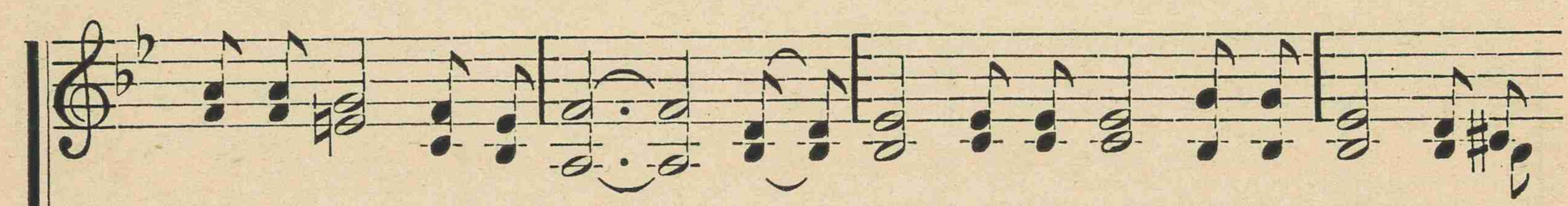
1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a -
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in
3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Never heard of that heav-en-
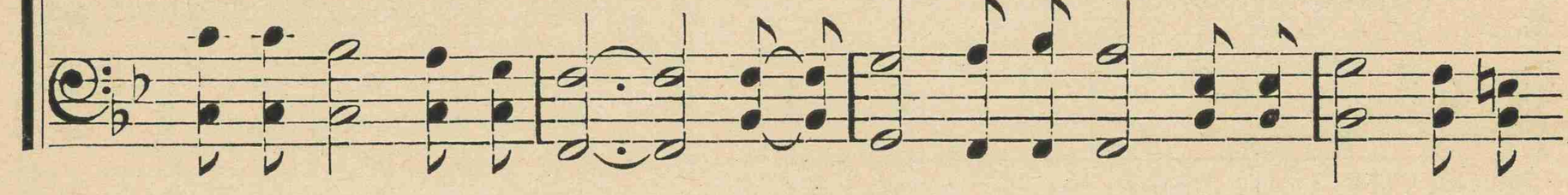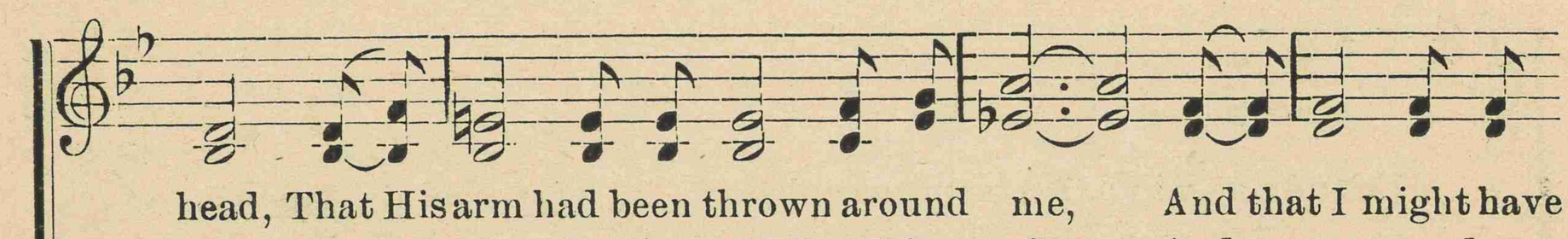




mong men; How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should like
His love; And if I thus earnest-ly seek Him be- low, I shall see
ly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je-
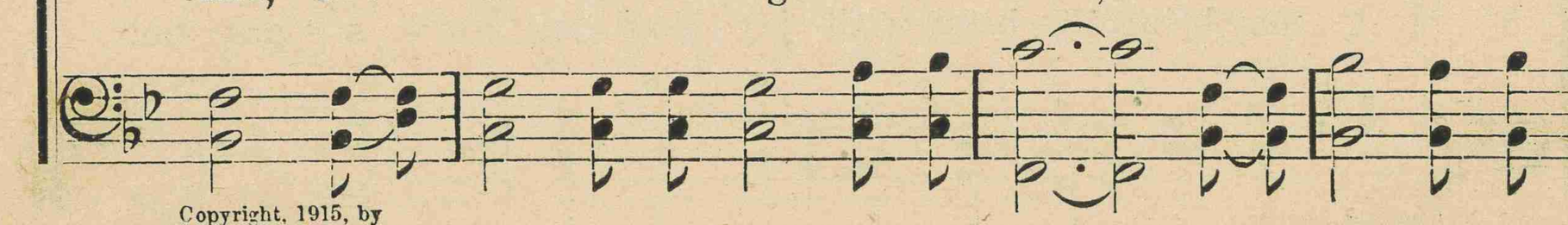




to have been with Him then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my
Him and hear Him a- bove. In that beau-ti- ful place He has gone to pre-
sus has bid them to come, I long for that blessed and glo - ri- ous





head, That His arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have
pare, For all who are washed and for - given; And man - y dear
time, The fair - est and bright-est and best; When the dear lit - tle



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I Think when I Read.—Concluded.

seen His kind look when He said "Let the little ones come unto Me, to Me."
chil-dren and gathering there "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n, of heav'n."
chil - dren of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blest, be blest.

When I See My Saviour.

MAUD FRAZER. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I see my Sav-iour, hanging on Cal - va - ry, Bearing there for
2. I can see the blood-drops, red' neath His thorny crown, From the cru-el
3. "Why hast Thou forsaken?" list to that sad, sad moan! Oh, His heart was

sin - ners bit-ter-est ag - o - ny, Gratitude o'erwhelms me, makes mine
nail-wounds now they are falling down; Lord, when I would wander from Thy
bro - ken, suf-fer-ing there a - lone: Bro-ken then that mortals ne'er need

eyes grow dim, All my ransomed be - ing cap-tive is to Him.
love a - way. Let me see those blood-drops shed for me that day.
cry in vain For God's love and comfort, in the hour of pain.

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Sowing and Reaping.

ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sow flow - ers, and flow- ers will blos - som A - round you wher-
2. Sow bless-ings,and blessings will ri - pen; Sow ha- tred, and
3. Sow love, and its sweetness up - ris - ing Shall fill all your
4. In faith sow the word of the Mas - ter, A bless- ing He'll
5. Preach Christ in His won-der - ful ful - ness, That all His sal -

ev - er you go; Sow weeds,and of weeds reap the har - vest:
ha - tred will glow; Sow mer - cy, and reap sweet compas - sion:
heart with its glow; Sow hope, and re- ceive its fru - i - tion:
sure - ly be - stow, And souls shine like stars from your crowning:
va - tion may know; Reap life thro' the a - ges e - ter - nal;

CHORUS.

You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow. You'll reap whatso - ev - er you
You'll reap, sure- ly reap what-so -
sow, ... You'll reap what- so - ev - er you sow; . . . . The
ev - er you sow, You'll reap, sure - ly reap what- so - ev- er you sow;
harvest is certain-ly com - ing: You'll reap whatso- ev - er you sow.

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An Old-Fashioned Home.

MARY BERNSTECHER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's an old-fashioned home o - ver yon - der, Just a - cross the sea I know; And when Je - sus the Sav - iour shall call me, To that
2. There's an old-fashioned home in that cit - y, Joy and peace e- tern - al - ly; And an old-fashioned moth - er is wait - ing, In that
3. When the sum-mons shall come I will en - ter, The bright home pre- pared for me; And the face of my Lord and Re-deem - er, In that

CHORUS.

old-fashioned home I will see.
old-fashioned home for me.
old-fashioned home I will go.

There's a home o - ver yon - der,
There's a home over yonder,
An old-fashioned home o - ver yon - der, And when Je - sus the
A home o - ver yonder,
Sav - iour shall call me To that old -fashioned home will I go.

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It Was Jesus.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was pray-ing for the peace of the sin- ner re - con - ciled,
2. I was grop-ing for the light, heav- y - heart-ed, sad and lone,
3. I was seek-ing for the way that would lead me safe- ly through,

When a gen - tle voice be - side me mur-mur'd low: "I am
'Mid the dark-ness and the sor-rows of the past, When a -
While the maz - es of life's wil- der - ness I roam, When be -

wait-ing to for - give; oh, my wea - ry, sin-stain'd child, I will
bove me, lo, a voice call'd in thrill-ing, ten-der tone: "Child, look
fore me, sweet and clear, spoke a lov - ing voice I knew: "On - ly

CHORUS.
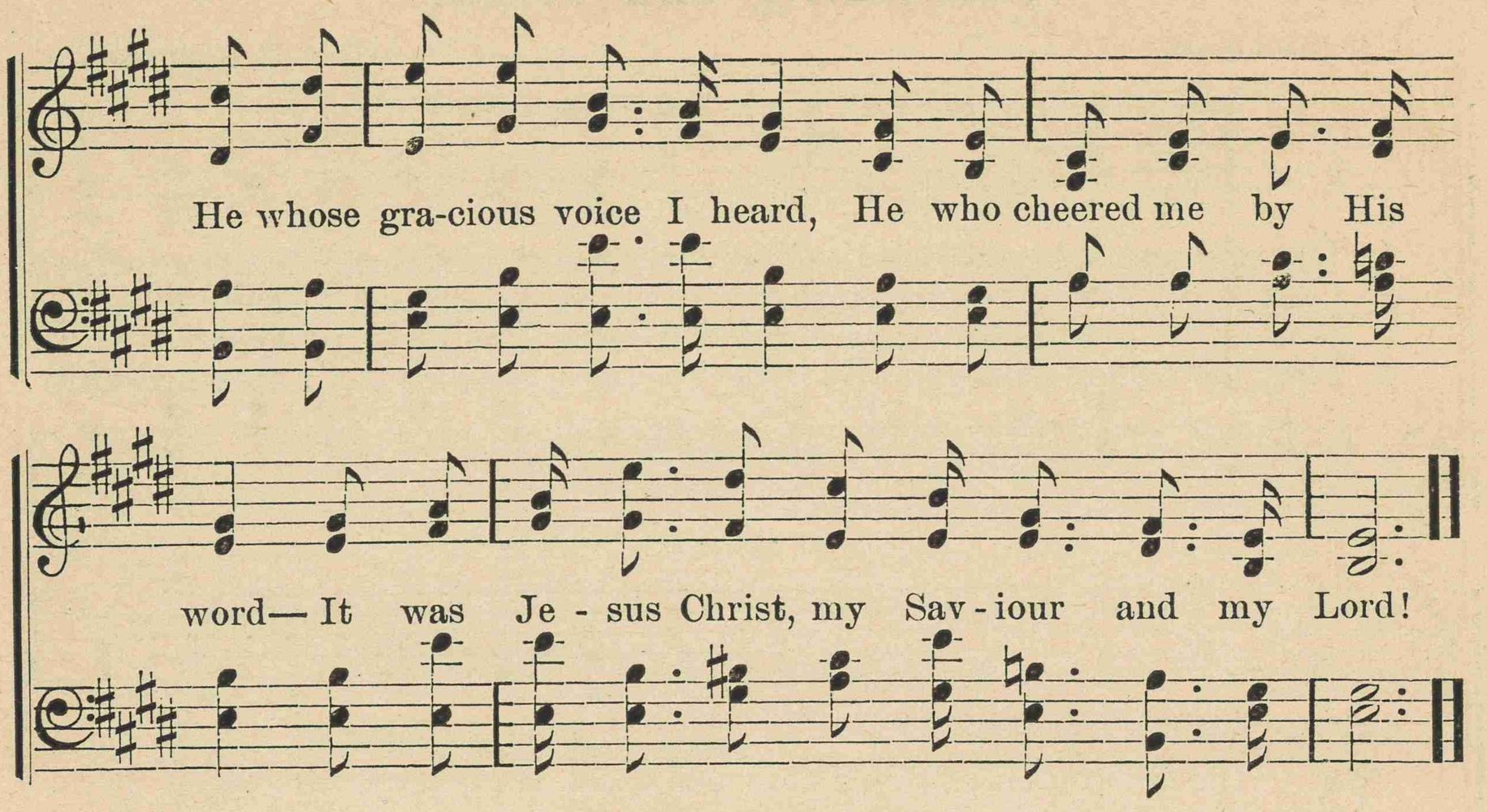
clothe you in my raiment white as snow."
upward, for the morning dawns at last."
trust Me; I will sure-ly guide you home."

It was Je-sus, ... it was
It was Jesus calling me, it was

Je - sus, ... It was Je - sus Christ, my Saviour and my Lord!
Je - sus call-ing me,

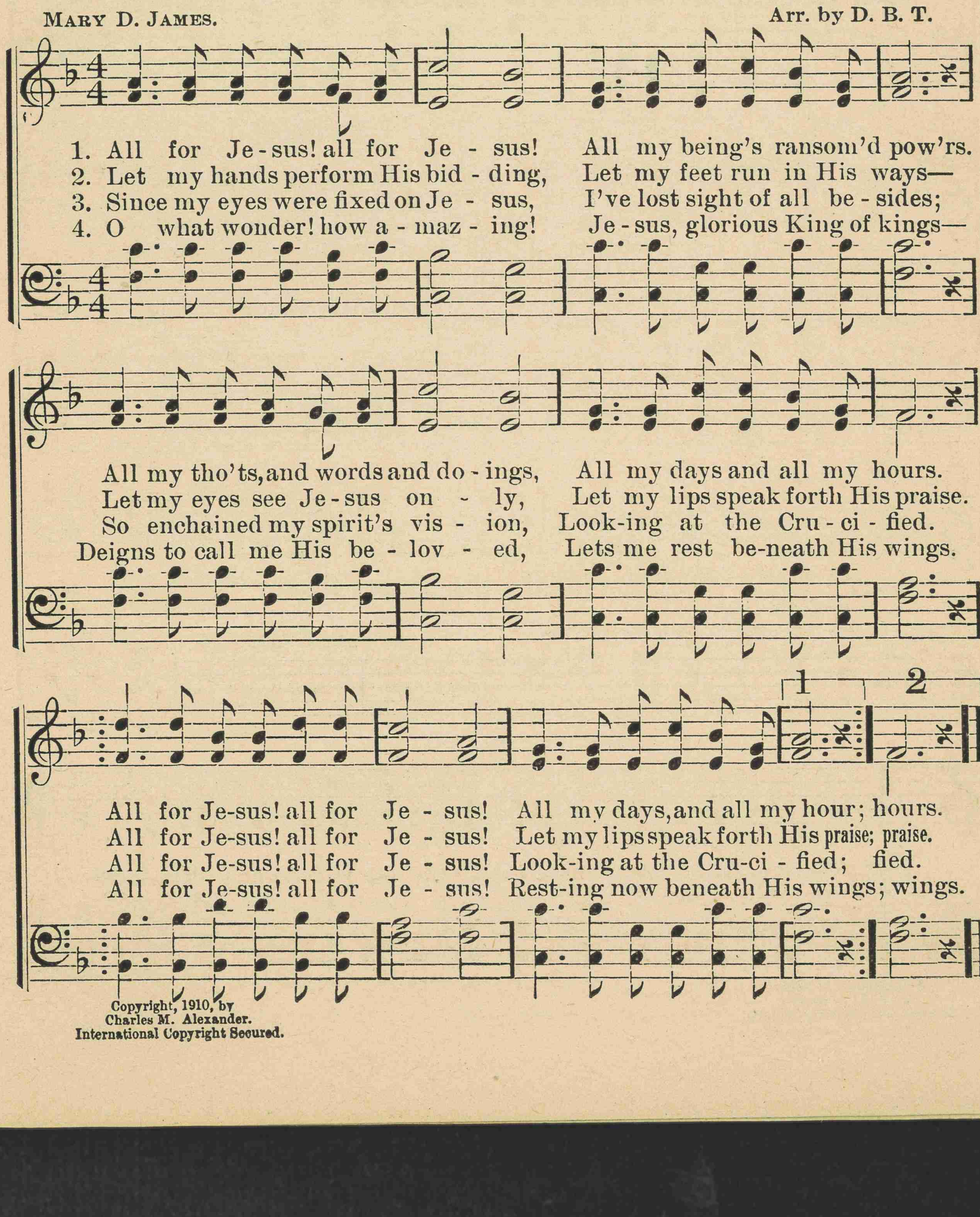
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It Was Jesus.—Concluded.



All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arr. by D. B. T.



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Redeeming the Time.

F. S. SHEPHERD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The grain stands white in the har-vest field, And rich the fruitage which it will yield; Step in to-day and the sick-le wield, Re-
2. Lost souls are has-ten-ing down to doom, With-out a ray to dis-pel the gloom; Give them the gos-pel, their path il-lume, Re-
3. Some lives are darkened by want and care, The lack of sym-pa-thy brings des-pair; Seek out such souls and their bur-dens share, Re-
4. The Lord soon com-eth His own to take, And of their steward-ship reck-'ning make; Blest will He be that for Je-sus' sake, Has
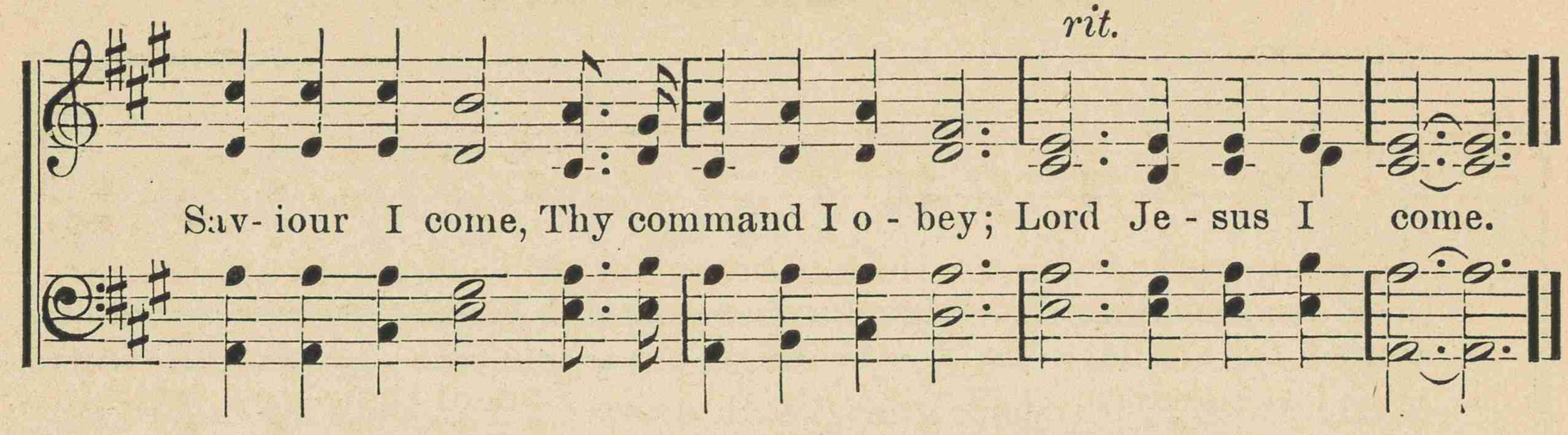
CHORUS.

deem-ing the pre-cious time.
deem-ing the pre-cious time.
deem-ing the pre-cious time.
ev-er re-deemed the time.

Re-deem-ing, re-deem-ing, re-deem-ing, re-deem-ing, Re-deem-ing the pre-cious time; Go work to-day in the har-vest field, Re-deem-ing the pre-cious time.

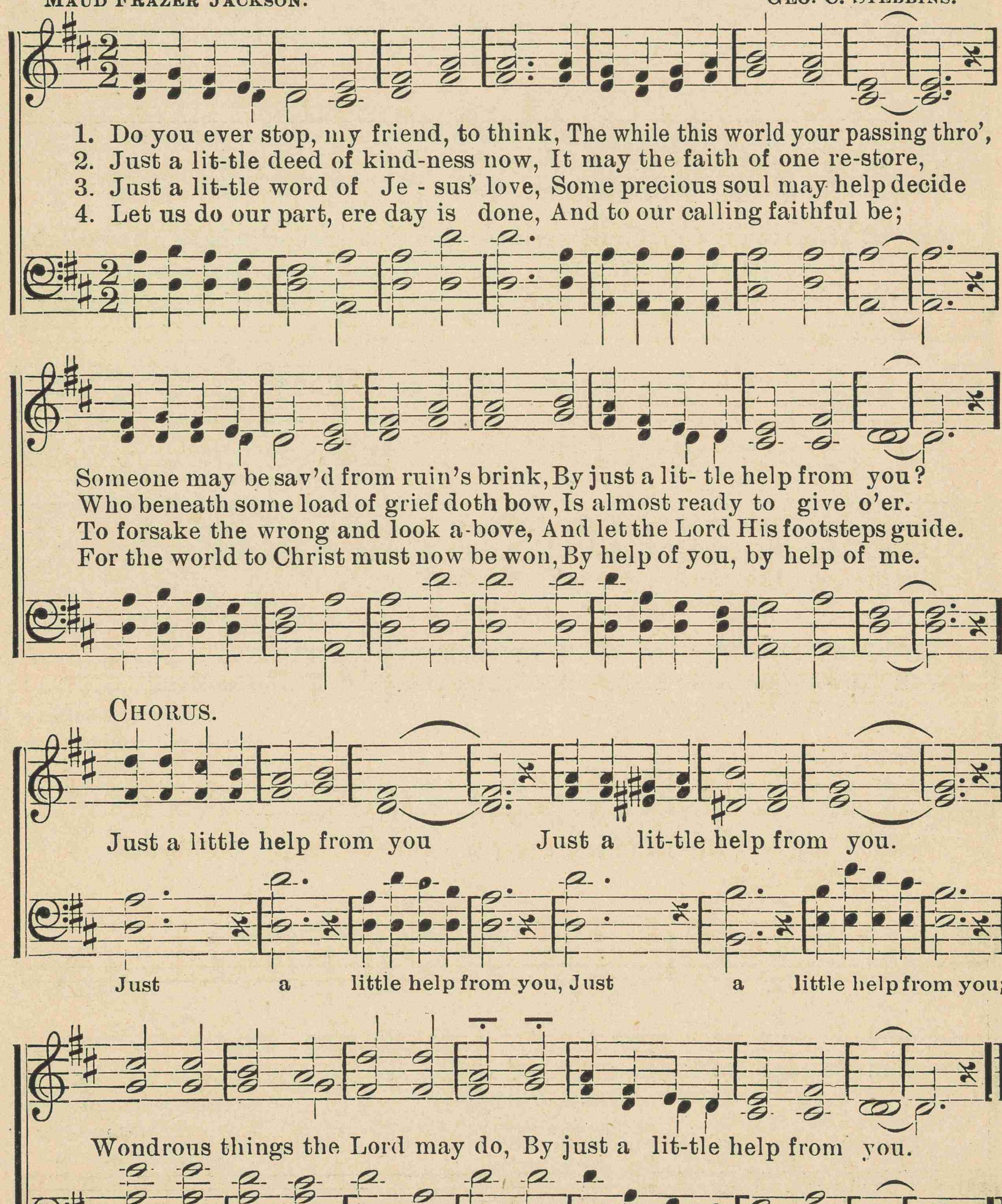
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How Can I Come?—Concluded



Just a Little Help From You.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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Would You Believe?

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spoke words
3. He whispers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be - side you

pierc-ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail prints in His ten- der feet,
in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.

And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Would you be-lieve,.....
And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } *Last v.*
In lov-ing tones—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Will you be-lieve,.....

Would you believe,
Last v. Will you believe,

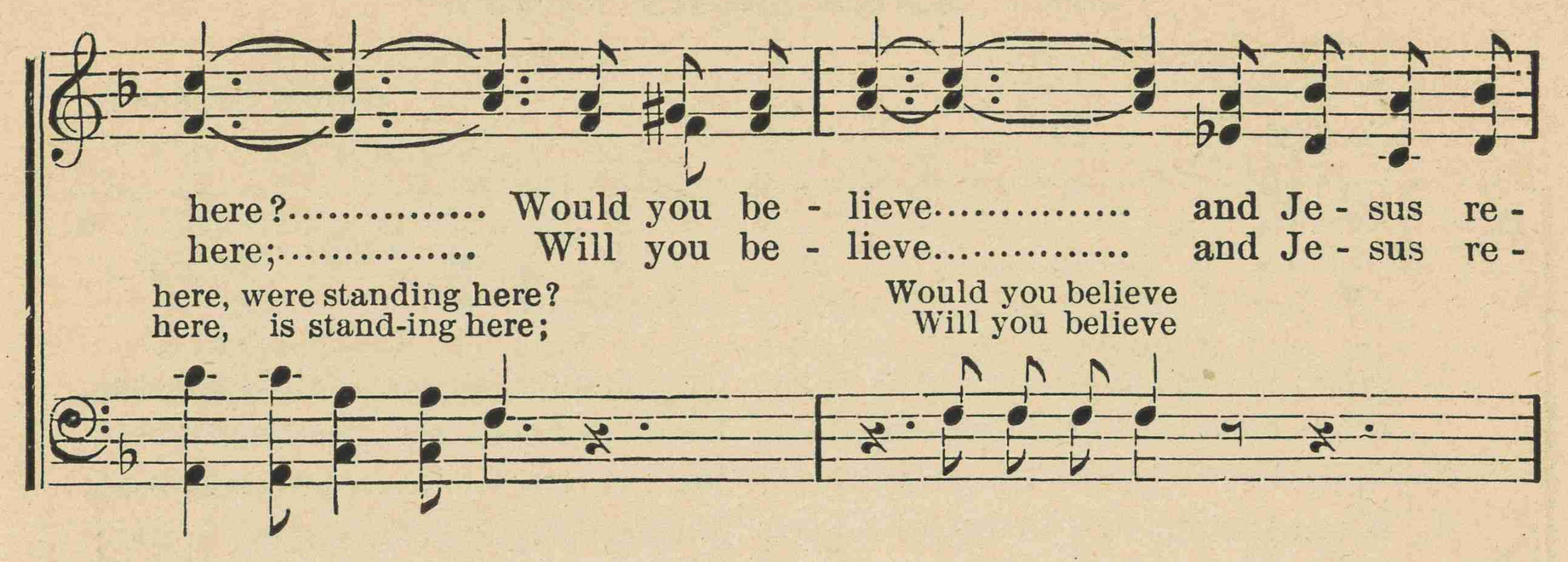
and Je - sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - - ing
and Je - sus re - ceive..... For He is stand - - ing
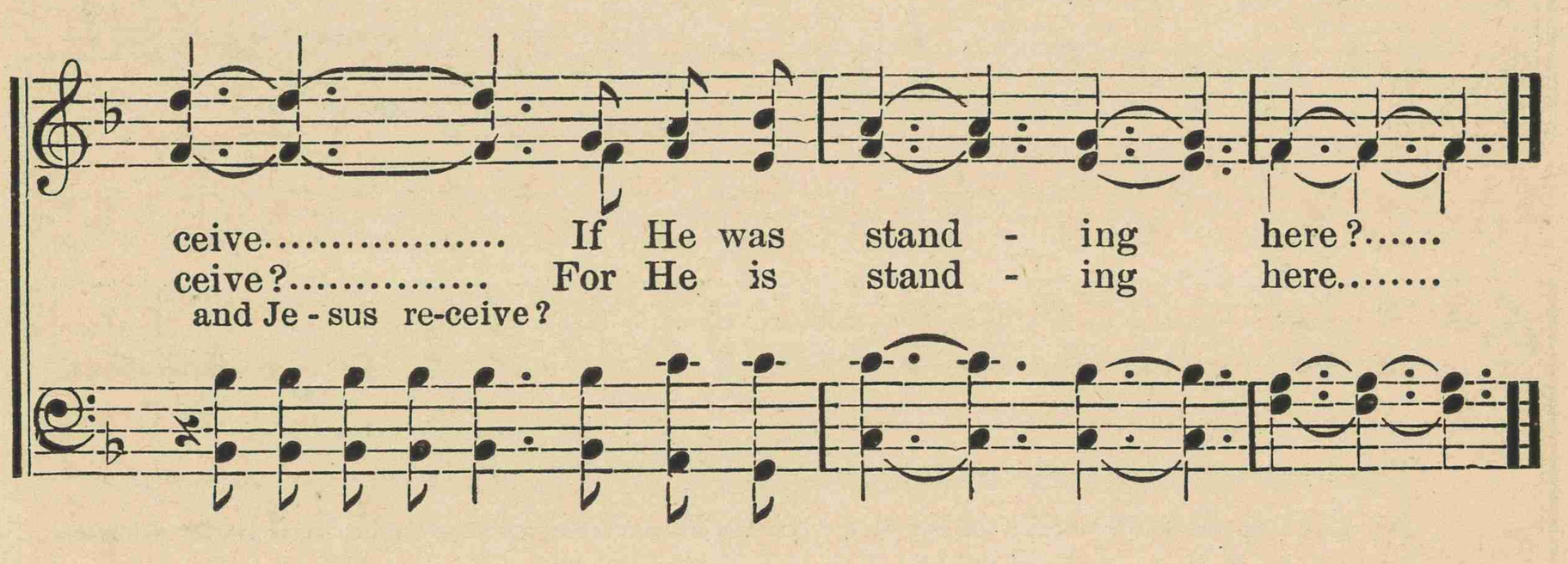
and Je-sus receive?
and Je-sus receive?

If He were standing
For He is stand-ing

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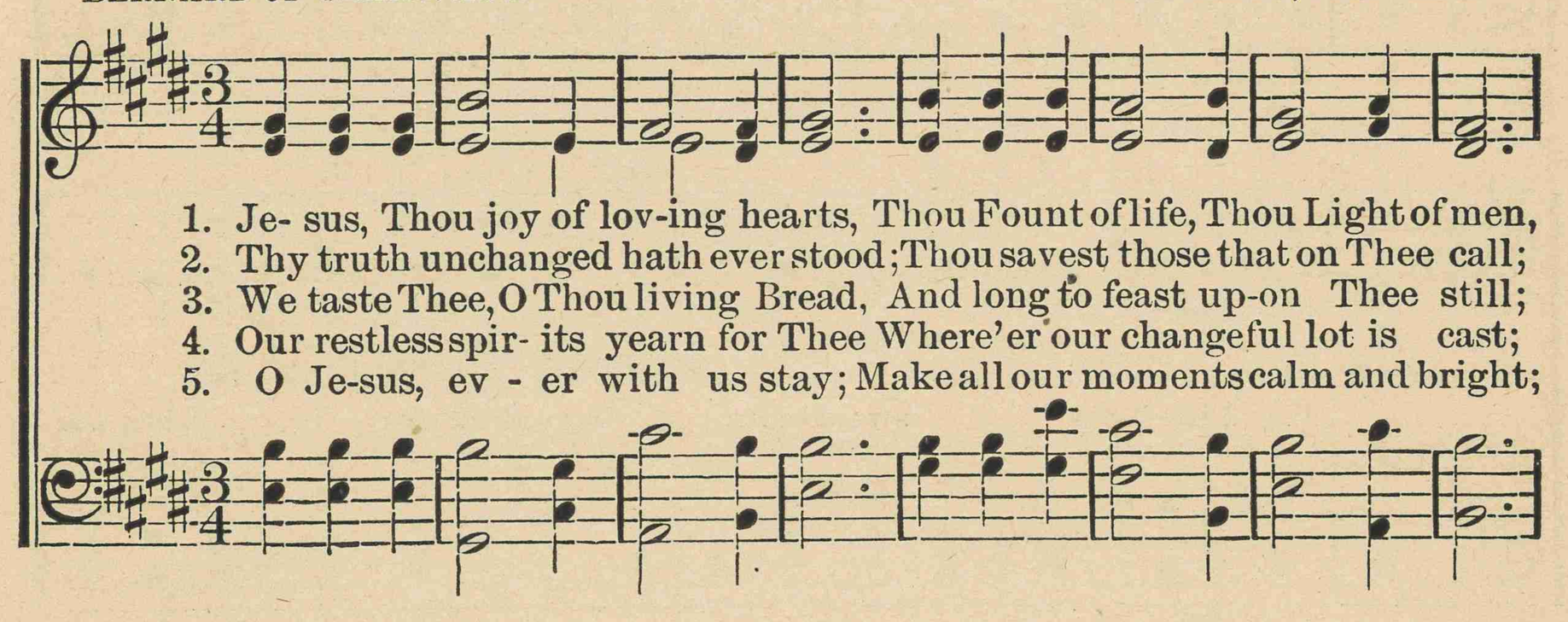
Would You Believe?—Concluded.

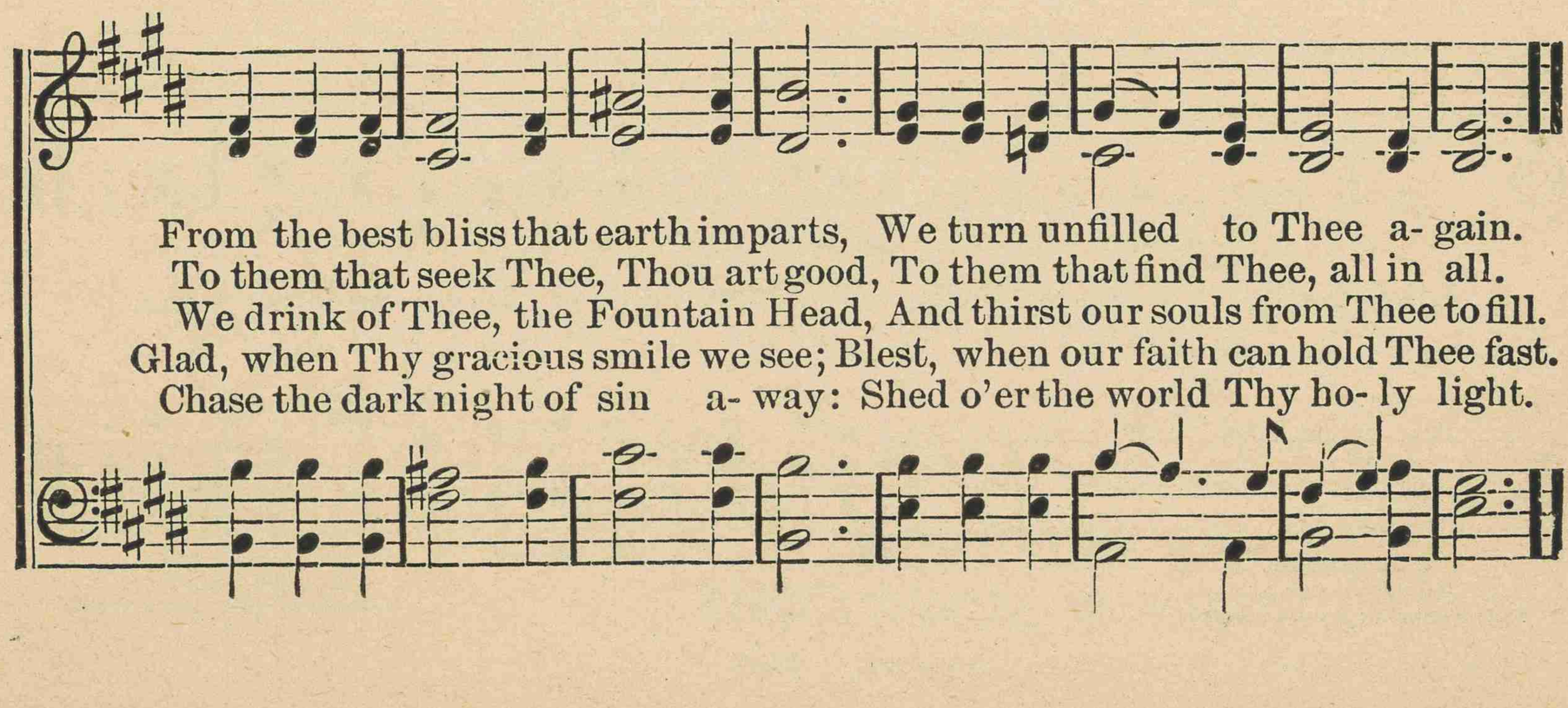




No. 117. Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.





Like Bells

FRED P. MORRIS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. Like sil-ver bells at ev - en - tide, Out-ringing far o'er life's rough sea;
2. When dark the night upon the deep, Imperiled tho' my bark may be;
3. When battling with the surge of sin, Tho' waves of doubt around me beat;
4. When I might sink in deep des-pair, Where on- ly He can set me free;

To cheer my heart when tempest tried, The voice of Je-sus reaches me.
By raging storms that round me sweep, His voice is strength and hope to me.
The fight I can-not fail to win, While He is near with love to greet.
My Saviour comes my load to bear, His word is life and light to me.

CHORUS.

Like bells, sweet bells, Sounding a- cross life's sea;
Like bells, sweet bells, Sounding o'er life's sea;
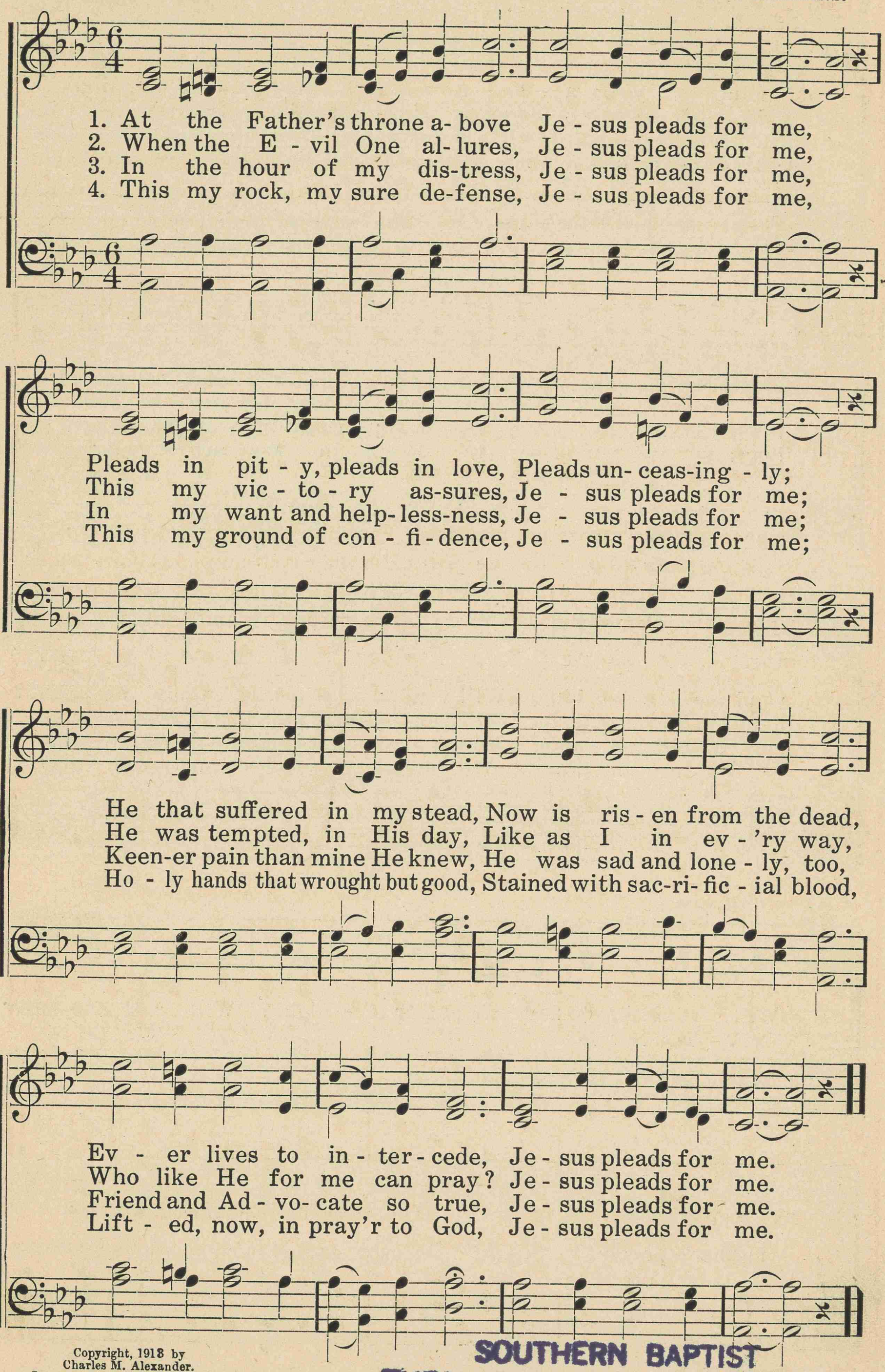
rit.

Like bells, sweet bells, The voice of Je-sus reaches me.
Like bells, sweet bells,

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Jesus Pleads For Me.

T. O CHISHOLM. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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Will You Answer Mother's Prayer Tonight?

MARY BERNSTECHER D. B TOWNER.

1. Man - y years a - go a moth - er fond and true, Faint - ly
2. By her side you lisped a sim - ple child - ish prayer, Ask - ing
3. Then there came to her a dark and drear - y day, When she
4. Tho' you turned a - side from moth-er's last em- brace, Still she

breath'd a dy - ing prayer for you Ere her soul had passed be-
God to keep you in His care; Mem'- ry now re - calls her
learn'd her boy had gone as - tray; Plead-ing - ly she begged you
longs to see you face to face, In the Sav-iour's home, sav'd

yond the skies so blue; Will you an -swer mother's prayer to - night?
hum-bly kneeling there; Will you an -swer mother's prayer to - night?
not to turn a - way; Will you an -swer mother's prayer to - night?
by His love and grace; Will you an -swer mother's prayer to - night?

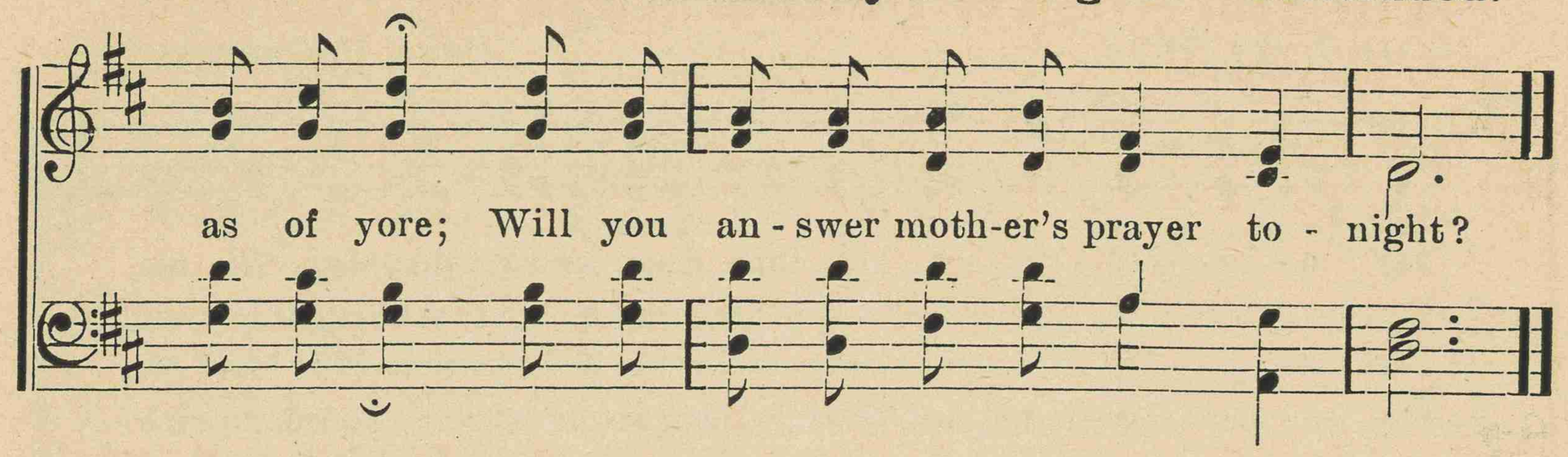
CHORUS.

Will you an-swer mother's prayer to - night? Will you an - swer

mother's prayer to - night? On the gol - den shore, she's plead-ing

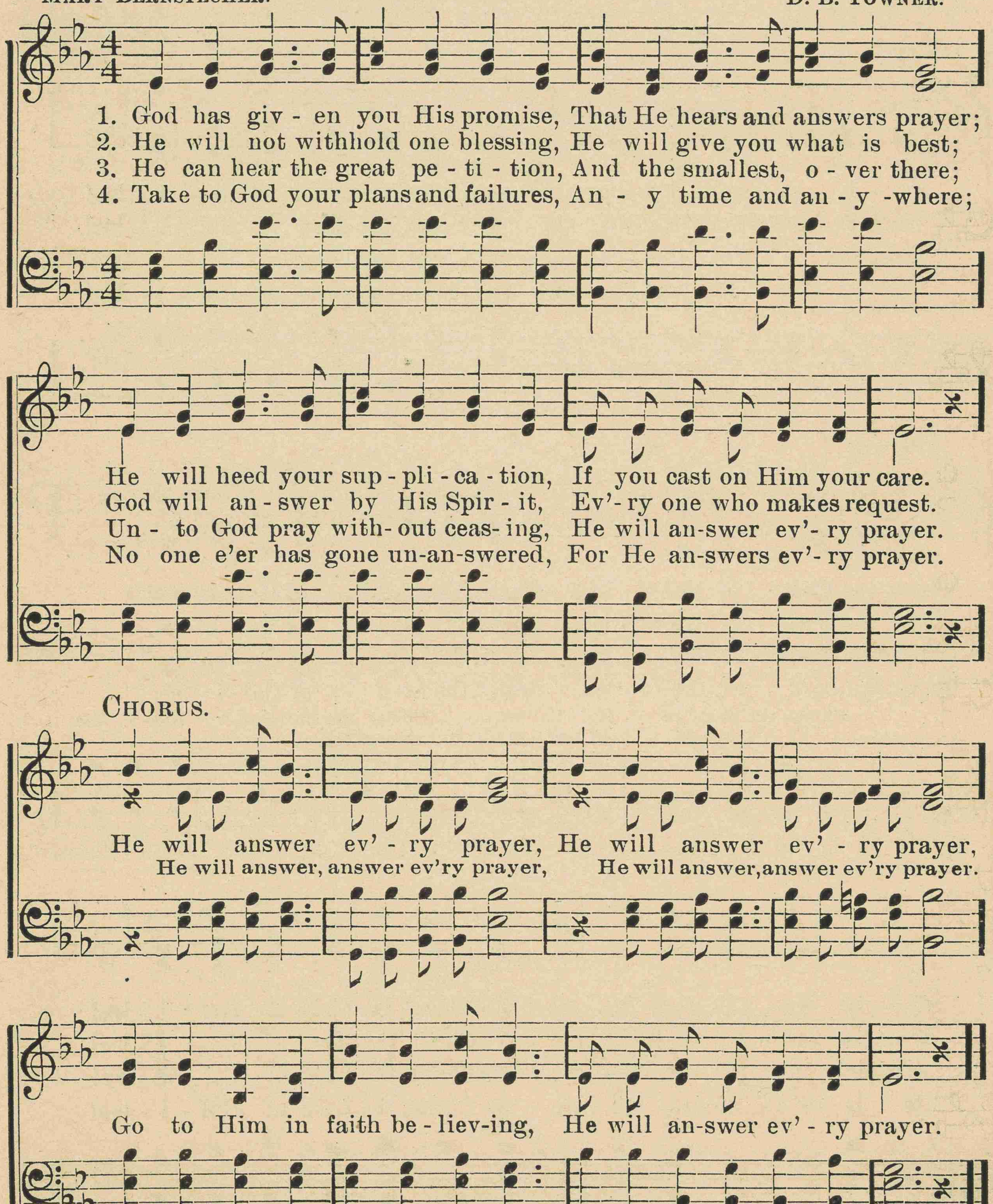
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Will You Answer Mother's Prayer Tonight?—Concluded.



He Will Answer Every Prayer.

MARY BERNSTECHER. D. B. TOWNER.



CHORUS.

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Of Galilee.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Far a - bove Ju - de - a's hill - tops Rose a star that shone for me;
2. Far a - way in Jor - dan's val-ley Breathed a life that wrought for me;
3. Far with - out the Cit - y's shad - ow Broke a heart that bled for me;
4. Far a - cross the years a mes-sage Rings from heav'nly guards to me:—

Ho - ly an - gels, sing His sto - ry—Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee!
Waft, ye east - ern winds, His sto - ry—Christ, the *Man* of Gal - i - lee!
Weep-ing a - ges, tell His sto - ry—Christ, the *Lamb* of Cal - va - ry!
"He is ris'n!" Re-peat the sto - ry—Christ, the *Lord* of Gal - i - lee!
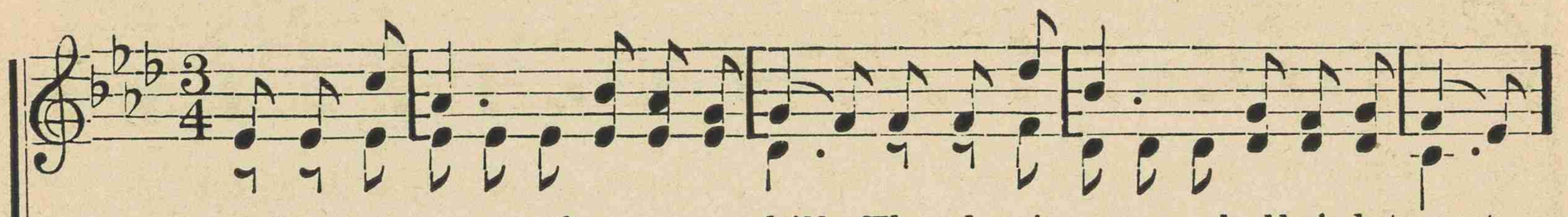
REFRAIN.

Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Child* . . of Gal - i - lee,
Christ, the *Man* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Man* . . of Gal - i - lee,
Christ, the *Lamb* of Cal - va - ry, Christ, the *Lamb* . . of Cal - va - ry,
Christ, the *Lord* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Lord* . . of Gal - i - lee,
Christ, the Child of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the Child of Gal - i - lee,

Ho - ly an - gels, sing His sto - ry—Christ, the *Chlld* of Gal - i - lee!
Waft, ye east - ern winds, His sto - ry—Christ, the *Man* of Gal - i - lee!
Weep-ing a - ges, tell His sto - ry—Christ, the *Lamb* of Cal - va - ry!
"He is ris'n!" Re-peat the sto - ry—Christ, the *Lord* of Gal - i - lee!
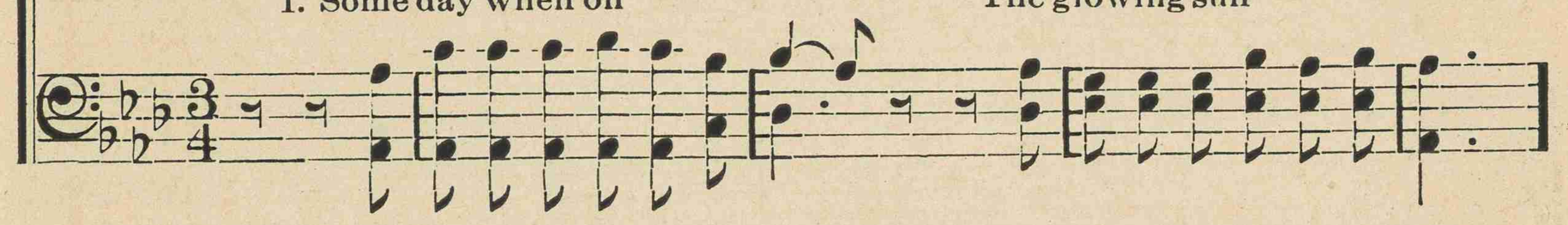
Yonder.

PAUL HUTCHINSON. E. JONES BURTON.



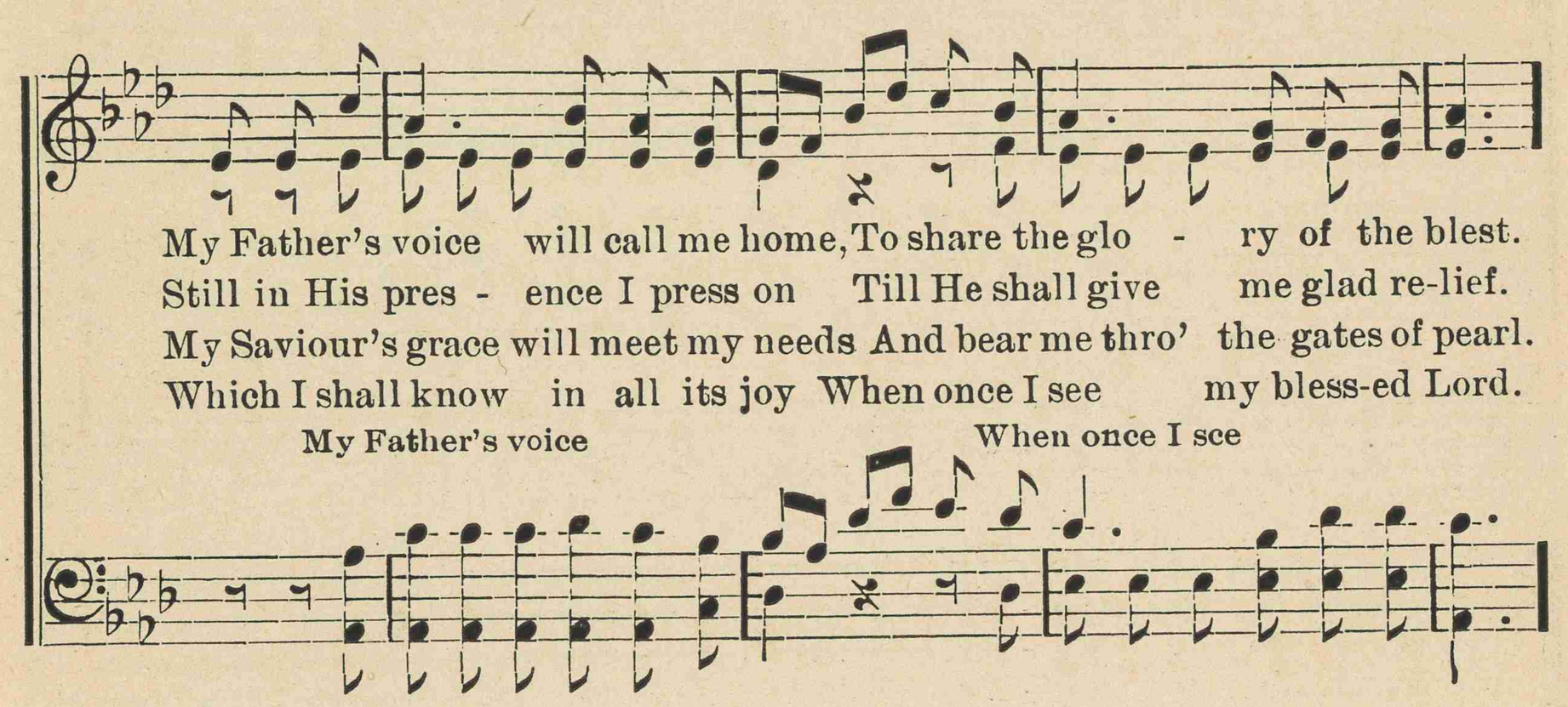
1. Someday when on the western hills The glowing sun shall sink to rest,
2. The road may rough and thorn-strewn be, The day seem long and fill'd with grief,
3. Tho' here I fal - ter and I fail His glorious ban - ner to un-furl,
4. So I press ev - er t'ward the mark, And seek to gain the bright reward,

1. Some day when on The glowing sun



My Father's voice will call me home, To share the glo - ry of the blest.
Still in His pres - ence I press on Till He shall give me glad re-lief.
My Saviour's grace will meet my needs And bear me thro' the gates of pearl.
Which I shall know in all its joy When once I see my bless-ed Lord.
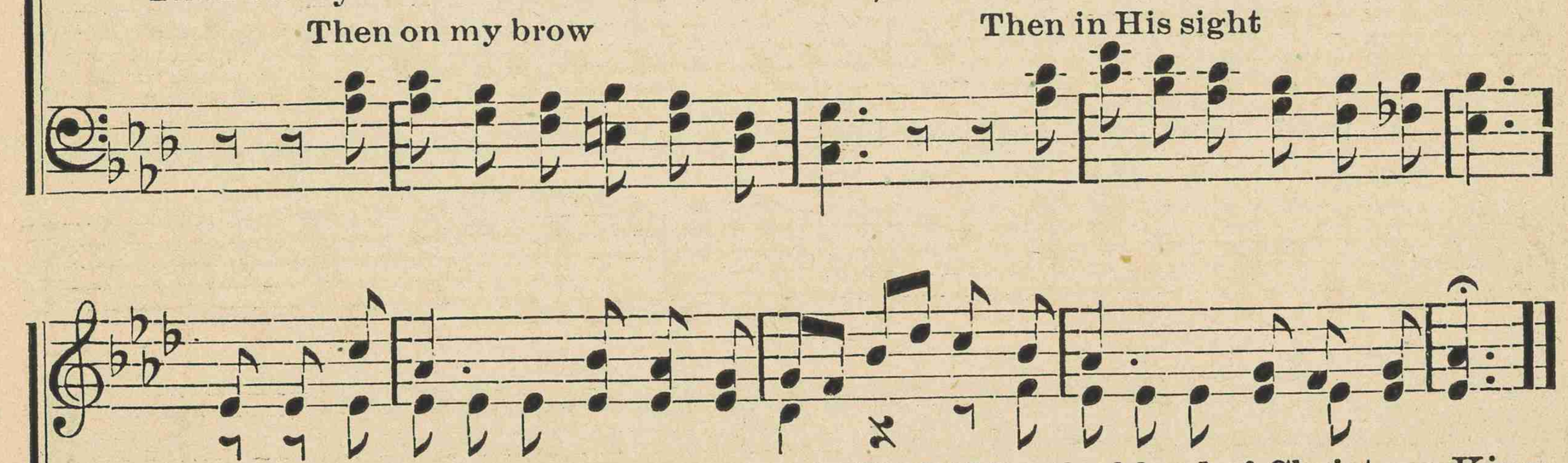
My Father's voice When once I see



CHORUS.
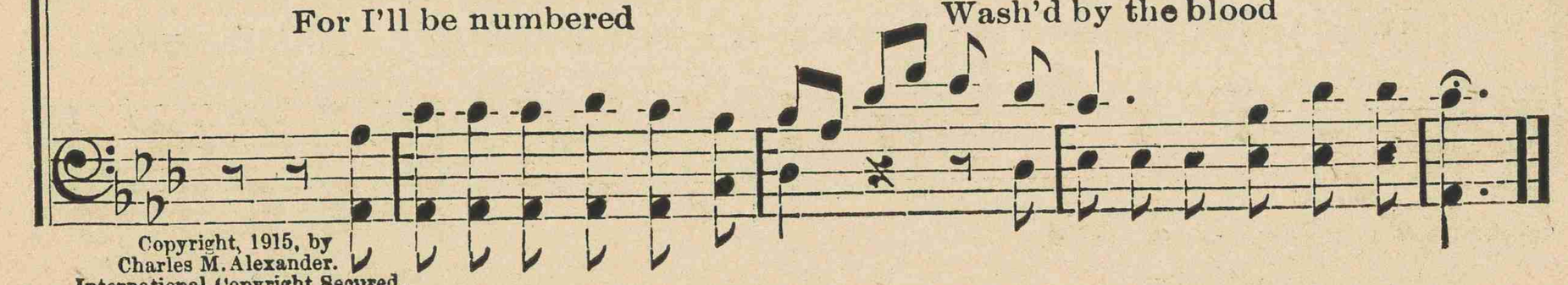
Then on my brow His name shall stand, Then in His sight I'll praises sing,

Then on my brow Then in His sight



For I'll be num - bered in the band, Wash'd by the blood of Christ my King.

For I'll be numbered Wash'd by the blood



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Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-waking, When sunlight through dark - ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per - chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in - to light in the
3. While the hosts cry ho - sanna, from heaven descending, With glo-ri- fied saints and the an - gels at - tend-ing, With grace on His brow like a
4. Oh, joy! oh, de- light! should we go without dy - ing; No sickness, no sad - ness, no dread, and no cry-ing, Caught up through the clouds with our

ful - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ retureth?

rt.

Hal- le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal- le - lu - jah! A - men.

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Saved by the Blood.

S. J. HENDERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran-somed from sin and a new work be-gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The an - gels re- joic - ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the Fa - ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre-cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

CHORUS.

Saved! . . . saved . . . My sins are all pardon'd, my guilt is all gone!
Glo-ry, I'm saved! glo-ry, I'm saved!

Saved! . . . saved! . . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
Glo-ry, I'm saved, glo-ry I'm saved!

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The Lights of Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. H. MARSH.

DUET.

1. O the friends that now are waiting, In the cloudless realms of day,
2. They have laid aside their ar-mor For the robe of spotless white;
3. On those dear fa mil-iar fa - ces There will be no trace of care;

Who are call - ing me to fol- low Where their steps have led the way;
And with Je - sus they are walking Where the riv-er spark-les bright.
Ev - 'ry sigh was hush'd forev- er At the pal-ace gate so fair.

They have laid a-side their ar - mor, And their earth-ly course is run;
We have la - bored here togeth - er, We have la - bored side by side,
I shall see them, I shall know them, I shall hear their song of love,

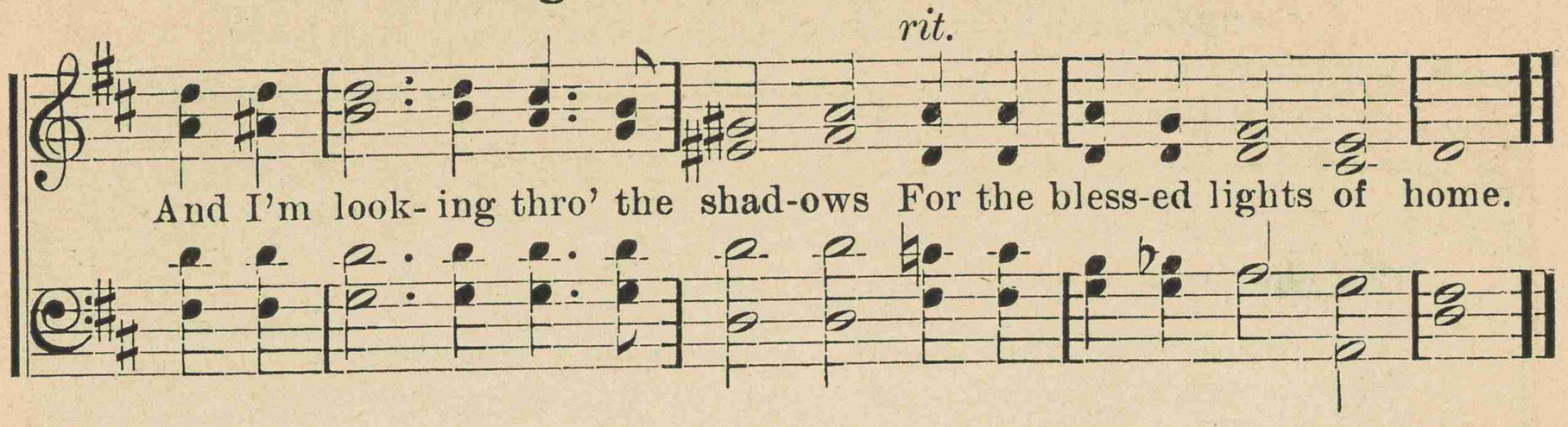
They have kept the faith with pa- tience And their crown of life is won.
Just a lit - tle while be- fore me They have cross'd the rolling tide.
And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah In our Father's house a - bove.

REFRAIN.

They are call - ing, gen - tly call- ing, Sweetly call - ing me to come,

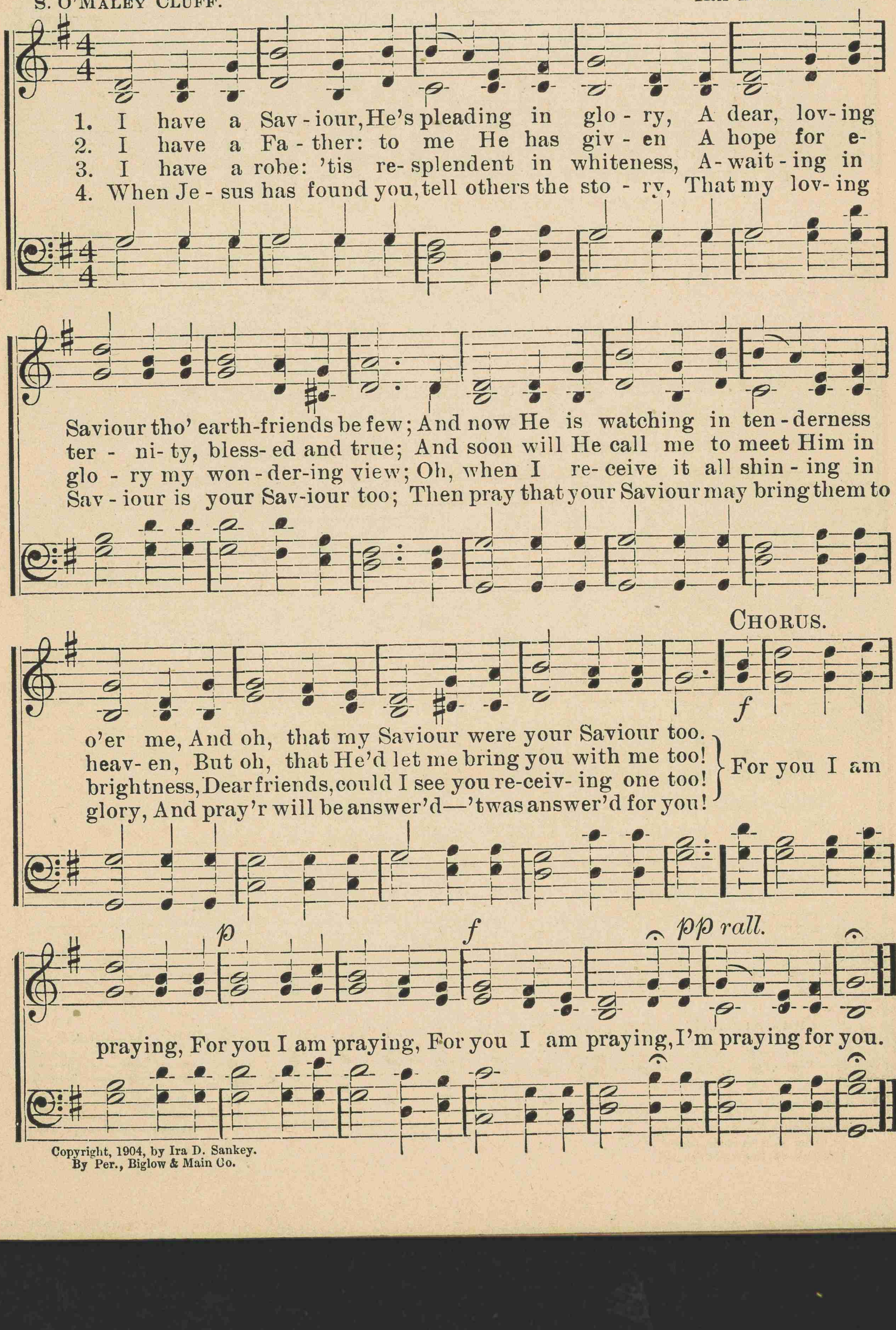
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The Lights of Home.—Concluded.



I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.



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By Per., Biglow & Main Co.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

"Be strong and of good courage!"—Deuteronomy xxxi. 6.

S. BARING-GOULD (by per.) (ALSTON. IIS.) ROBERT HARKNESS.

With dignity.

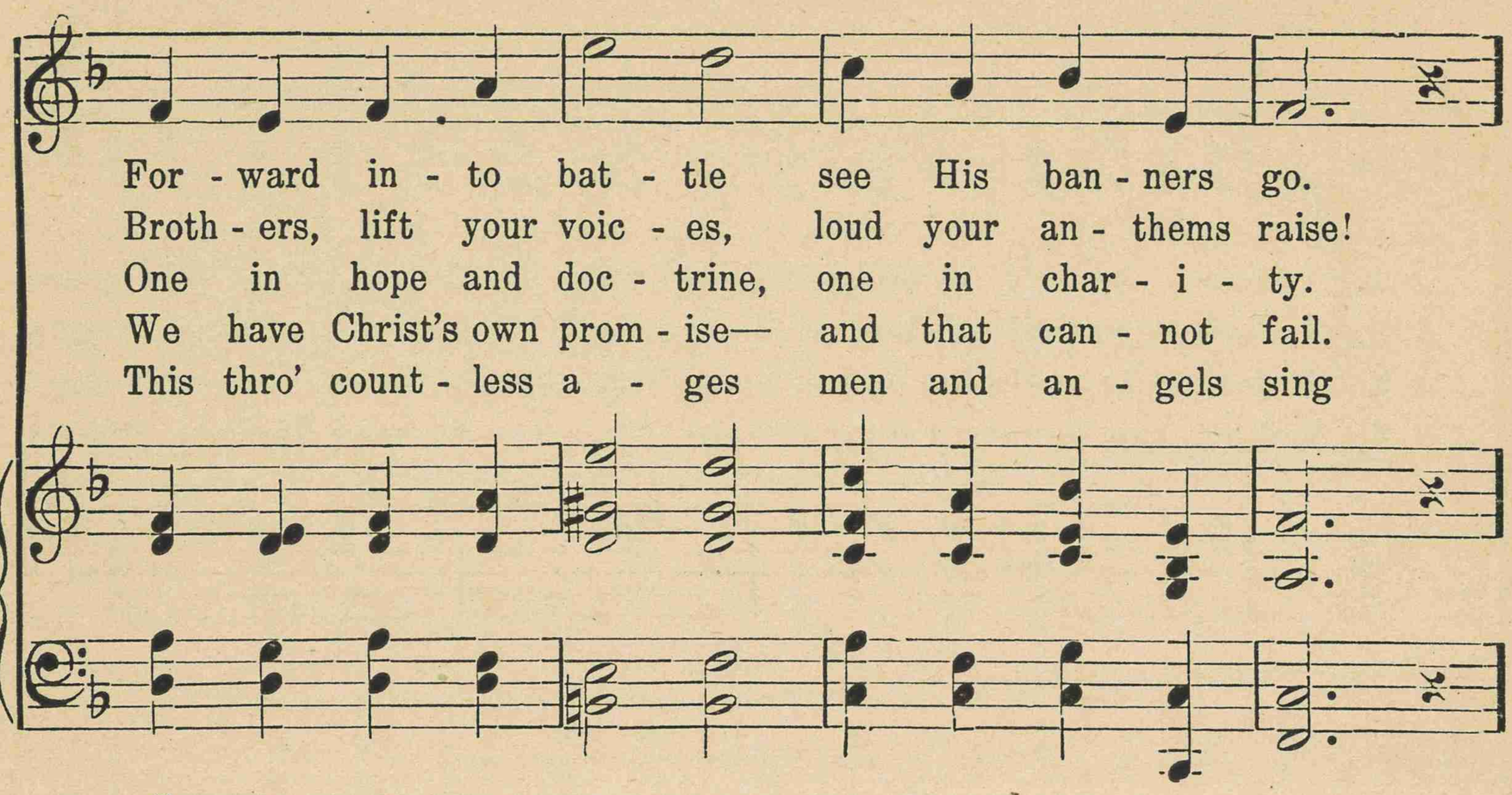
1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, march - ing as to war,
2. At the name of Je - sus Sa - tan's host doth flee;
3. Like a might - y ar - my moves the church of God;
4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, king - doms rise and wane;
5. On - ward then, ye peo - ple, join our hap - py throng;

With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore;
On then, Chris-tian sol - diers, on to vic - to - ry!
Broth-ers, we are tread - ing where the saints have trod;
But the church of Je - sus, con - stant will re - main;
Blend with our your voic - es in the tri-umph - song;
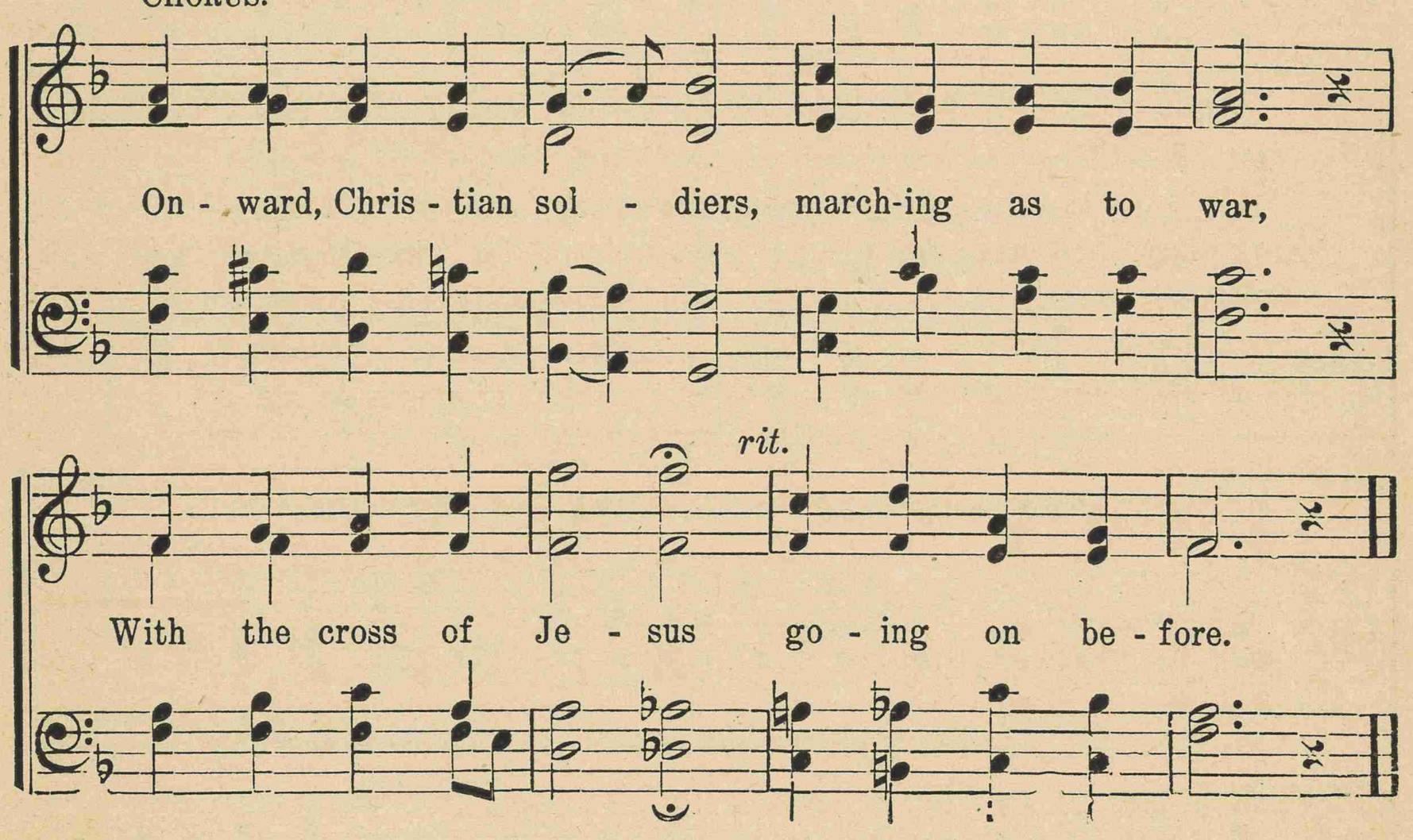
Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, leads a-gainst the foe;
Hell's foun-da - tions qui - ver at the shout of praise;
We are not di - vid - ed, all one bod - y we—
Gates of hell can nev - er 'gainst that church pre - vail;
Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, un - to Christ the King—

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Onward, Christian Soldiers!



CHORUS.



My Saviour's Love is Higher than the Stars.

INA DULEY OGDON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I love to tell in song and sto - ry Of Je - sus and His grace,
2. I love to tell of how He found me, In sor - row, sin and night,
3. I love to tell that now His fa - vor, Sup-plies my ev' - ry need,
4. And so my theme in song and sto - ry, Is Je - sus, Saviour, Friend,

I fain would shed His bless-ed sun-shine In ev' - ry heart and place.
Of how His ten-der touch of heal - ing Re-stored my soul to light.
For in the se - cret of His pres-ence Are life and joy in - deed.
I on - ly long for all to own Him, To trust Him to the end.

CHORUS.

My Sav-iour's love is high-er than the stars, 'Tis deep-er than the sea;

O the wealth of all the world could never do What He has done for me.

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 225. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

Come, Thou Almighty King.

...es Wesley. Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of ...hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 232 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 233. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

There is a Fountain

Key C.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Just As I Am

Key E flat

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, tho' toss'd 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, thou wilt recievc,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lmb of God, I come! I come!

Shall We Meet

Key A.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall meet we beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

3 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

Nearer My God To Thee.

Key G

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

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

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Key E Flat.

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.

Rock of Ages.

Key B Flat.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy laws' demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

51

Only a Touch.

ADA R. HABERSHON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On - ly a touch! My Saviour's hand A wondrous change has wrought,
2. On - ly a touch! My sight-less eyes Be - held His smil - ing face;
3. On - ly a touch! A sweet "Fear not," When I was sore a - fraid,
4. On - ly a touch! It thrills me yet, Nor will it pass a - way;
5. On - ly a touch! It is for you, That touch of liv - ing pow'r,

And to my need - y, sin - ful soul, Has rich - est bless - ing brought.
On - ly a touch! My deafened ears Could hear His words of grace.
E - ven on me His own right hand, Most ten - der - ly was held.
The pierc-ed hand which once I felt, Is on me still to - day.
The outstretch'd hand of Christ the Lord, Is here this ver - y hour.

CHORUS.

On - ly a touch! On - ly a touch! It brought me life and heal - ing;

ad lib.

On - ly a touch! A ten-der touch, His lov- ing heart, re - veal - ing.

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