GOSPEL HYMNS

NOS. 1 TO 6

GOSPEL HYMNS

Nos. 1 to 6

BY

IRA D. SANKEY

JAMES McGRANAHAN AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

(EXCELSIOR EDITION)

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PREFACE.

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 and 2, by P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, by Ira D. Sankey, James McGranahan, and Geo. C. Stebbins, are now compiled in this volume under the title of

Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6.

All duplicate pieces have been omitted and the Hymns re-numbered in consecutive order from 1 to 739.

In addition to the large number of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs in this collection there will also be found over 125 of the most useful and popular Standard Hymns and Tunes of the Church.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

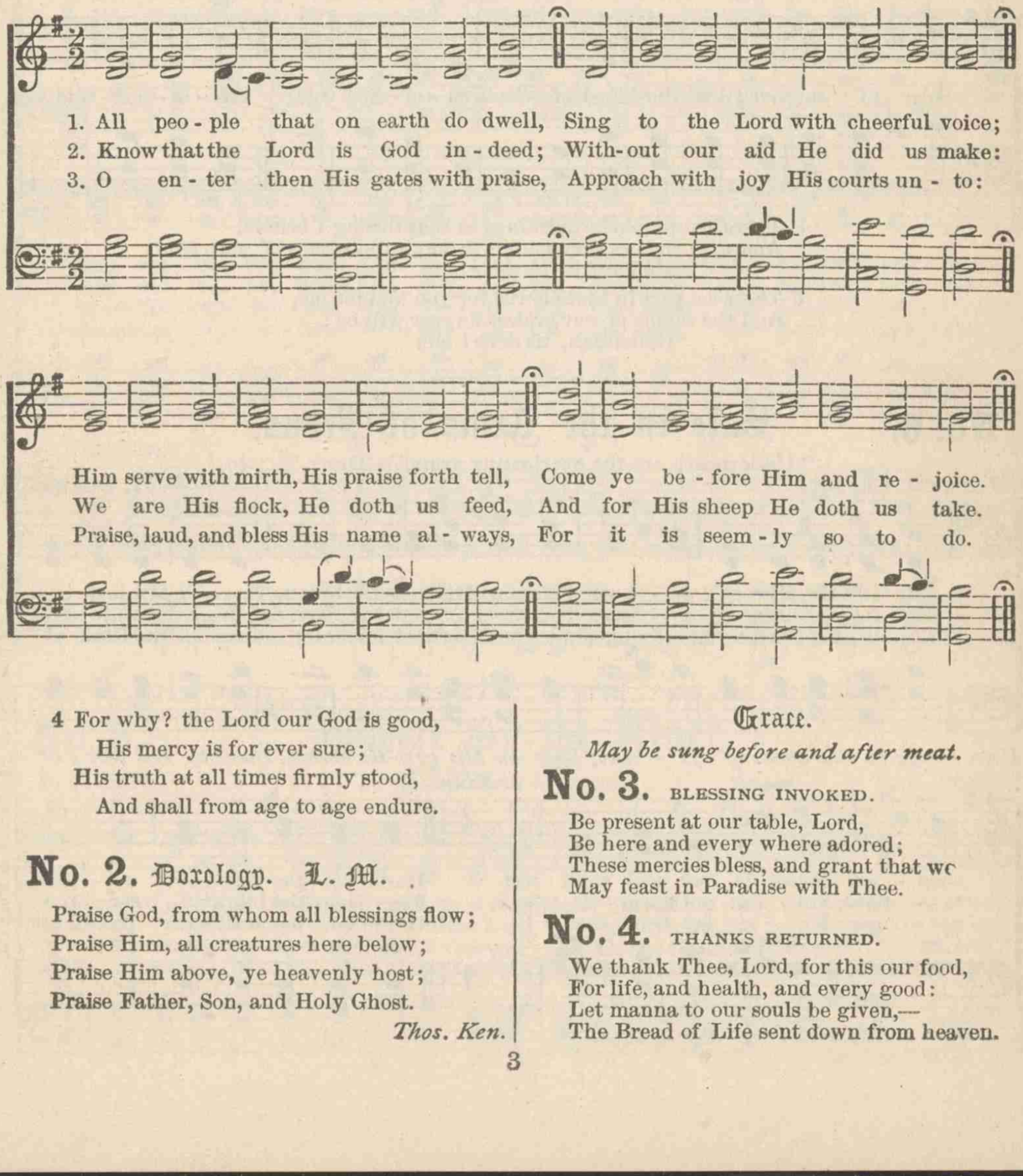
GOSPEL HYMNS

NOS. 1 TO 6 COMPLETE

No. 1. All People that on Earth.

"Come before his presence with singing."—PSA. 100 : 2.

Rev. WM. KETHE. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) L. BOURGEOIS.



4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 2. Doxology. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thos. Ken.

Grace.

May be sung before and after meat.

No. 3. BLESSING INVOKED.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

No. 4. THANKS RETURNED.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

No. 5. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"Should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va- tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the path- way be lone- ly, and dan- ger - ous too, Sure- ly Je - sus is
3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav- en - ly throng, They are safe now in
4. Lit - tle chil- dren I see stand - ing close by their King, And He smiles as their

Je - sus, his Son, will be- lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me through.
glo- ry, and this is their song:
song of sal - va - tion they sing:

Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be- lieve on the

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

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No. 6. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen- tle breast, There by His love o'er-
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor- rod- ing care, Safe from the world's temp-
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen- tle breast, There by His love o'er*

rit. FINE.

shad - ed, Sweet- ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,
ta - tions, Sin can- not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,

shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

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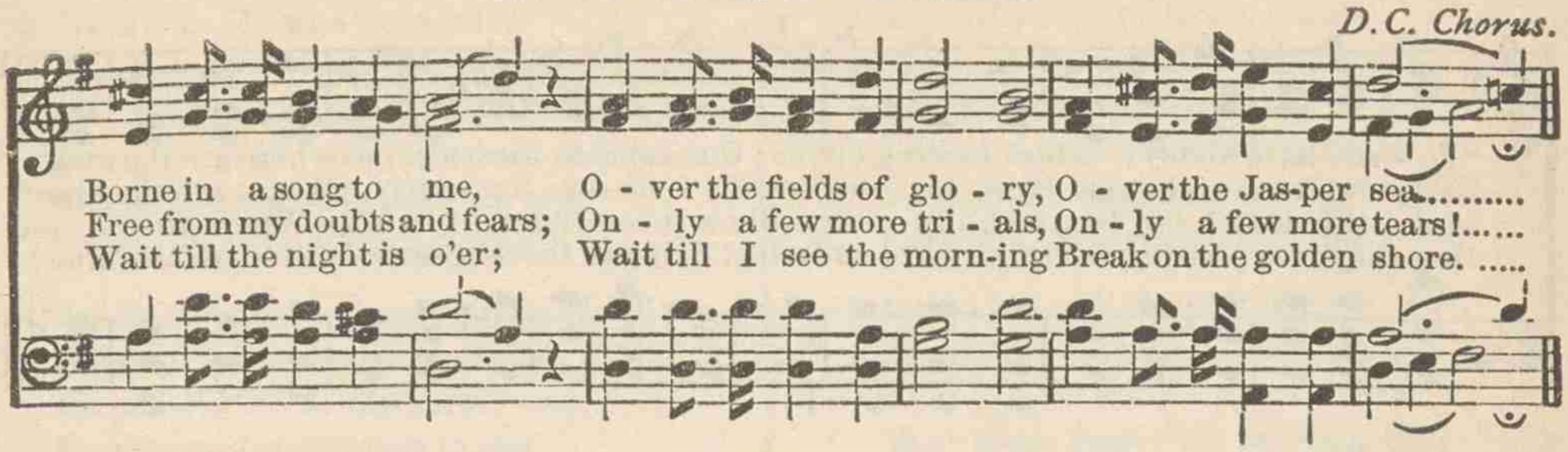
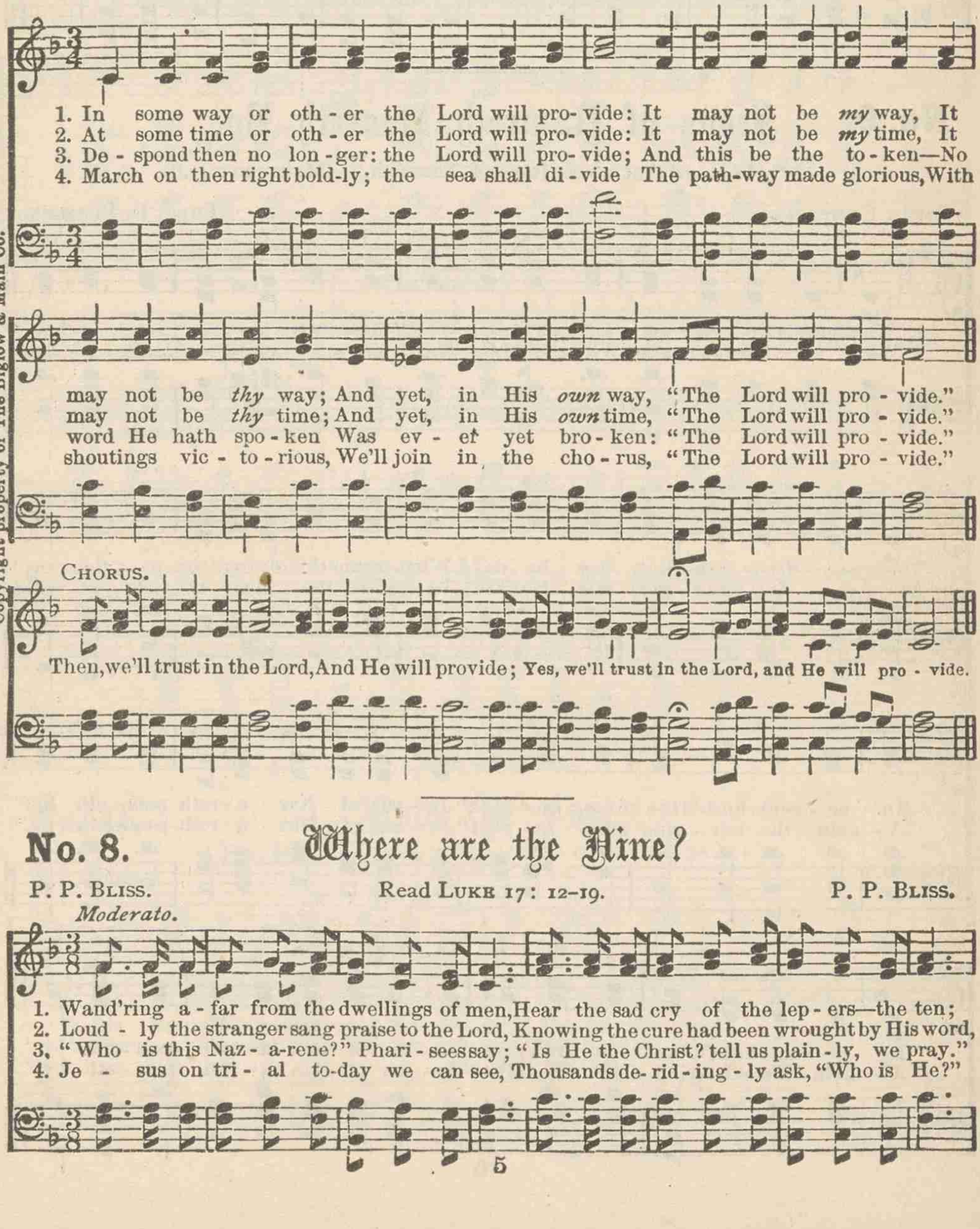
Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

D. C. Chorus.



No. 7. The Lord will Provide.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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No. 8. Where are the Nine?

P. P. BLISS. Read LUKE 17: 12–19. P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

Where are the Nine?

"Je - sus, have mercy!" brings healing divine; One came to wor-ship, but where are the nine?
Grate - ful- ly own-ing the Heal - er Di-vine; Je - sus says ten - derly, "Where are the nine?'
Mul - ti-tudes fol- low Him seek-ing a sign, Show them His mighty works–Where are the nine?
How they're re-ject-ing Him, your Lord and mine! Bring in the witnesses–Where are the nine?

CHORUS.

rit.

Where are the nine? Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleans'd? Where are the nine?

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No. 9. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

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

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long,
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?

These won - drous gath-'rings day by day? What means this strange com-mo - tion pray?
A pass - ing stran - ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."

Used by per.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out the sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

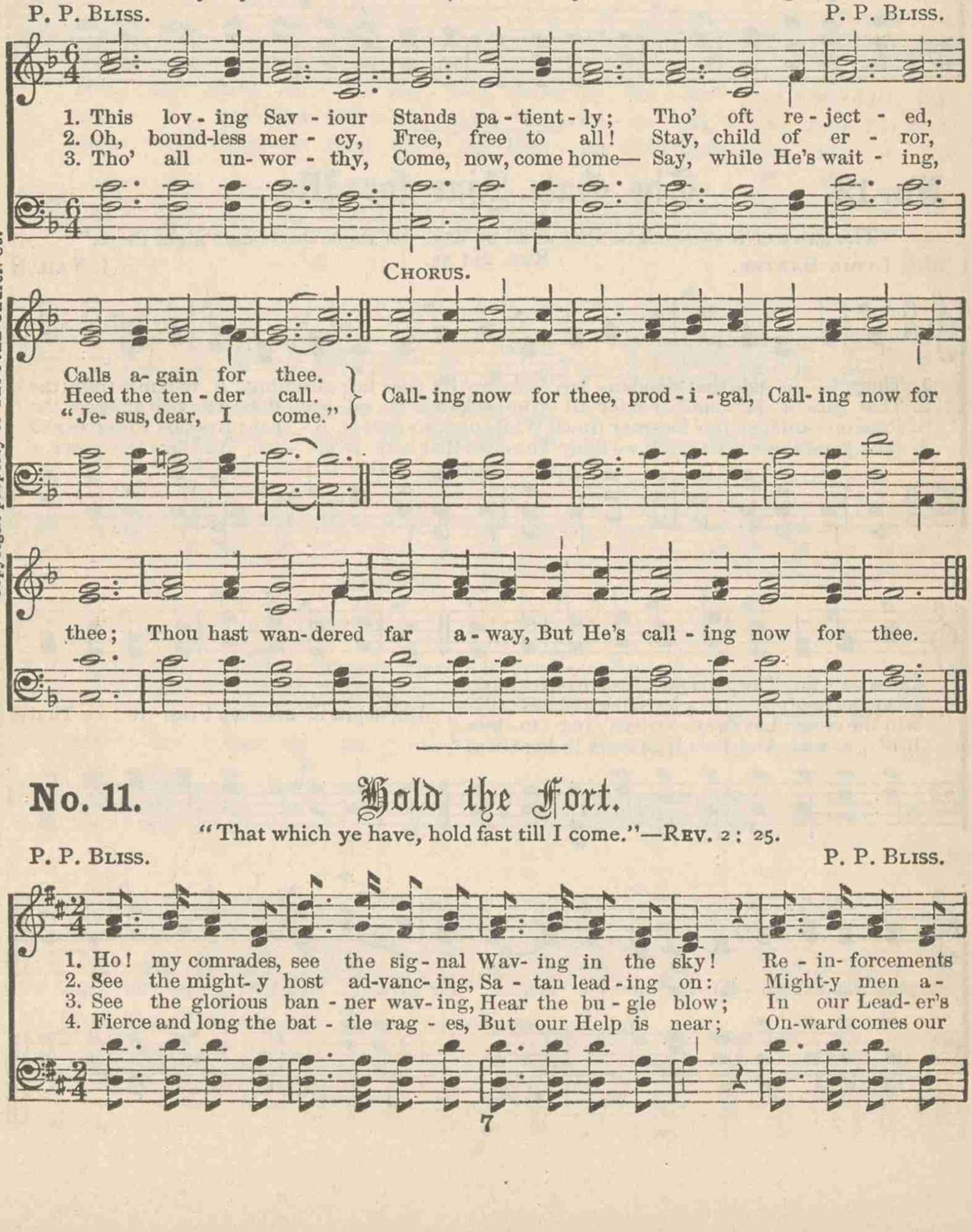
4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

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

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

No. 10. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

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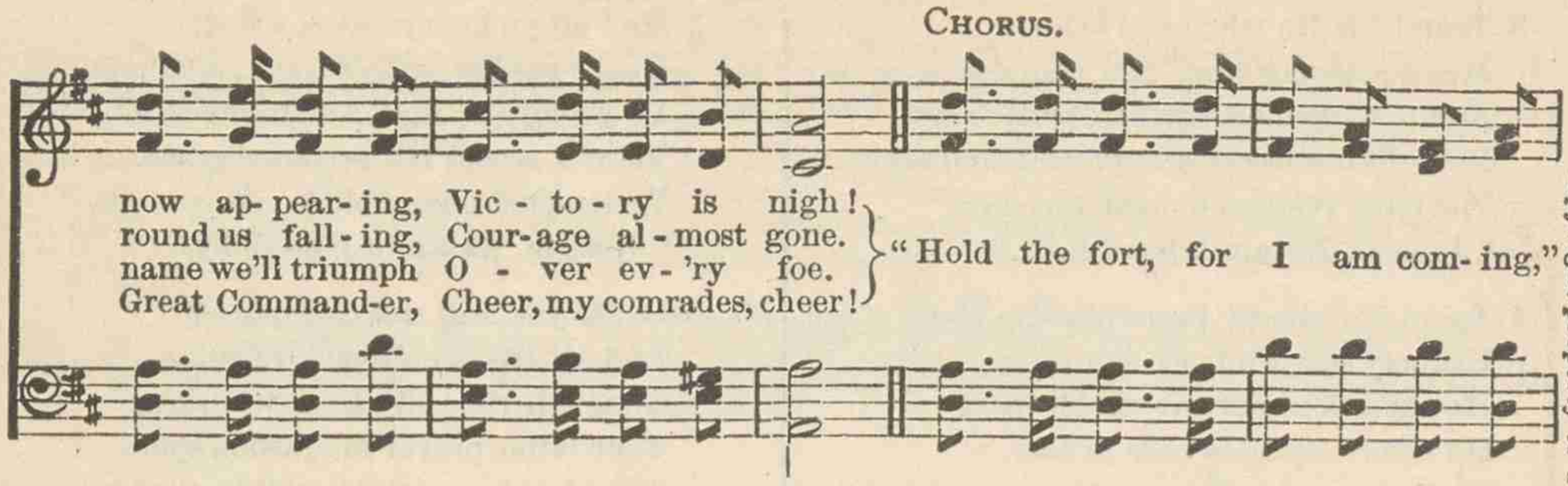
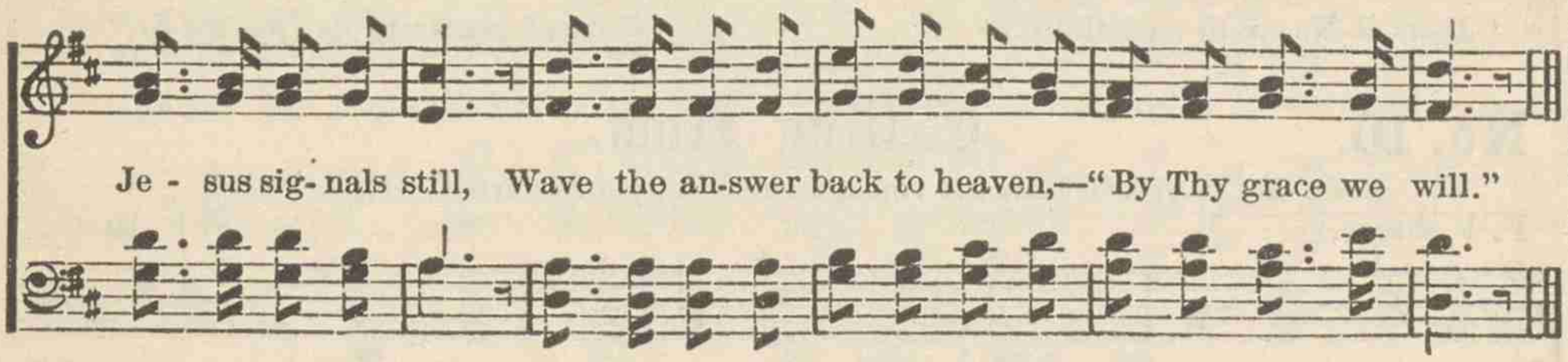
No. 11. Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Hold the Fort.

CHORUS.



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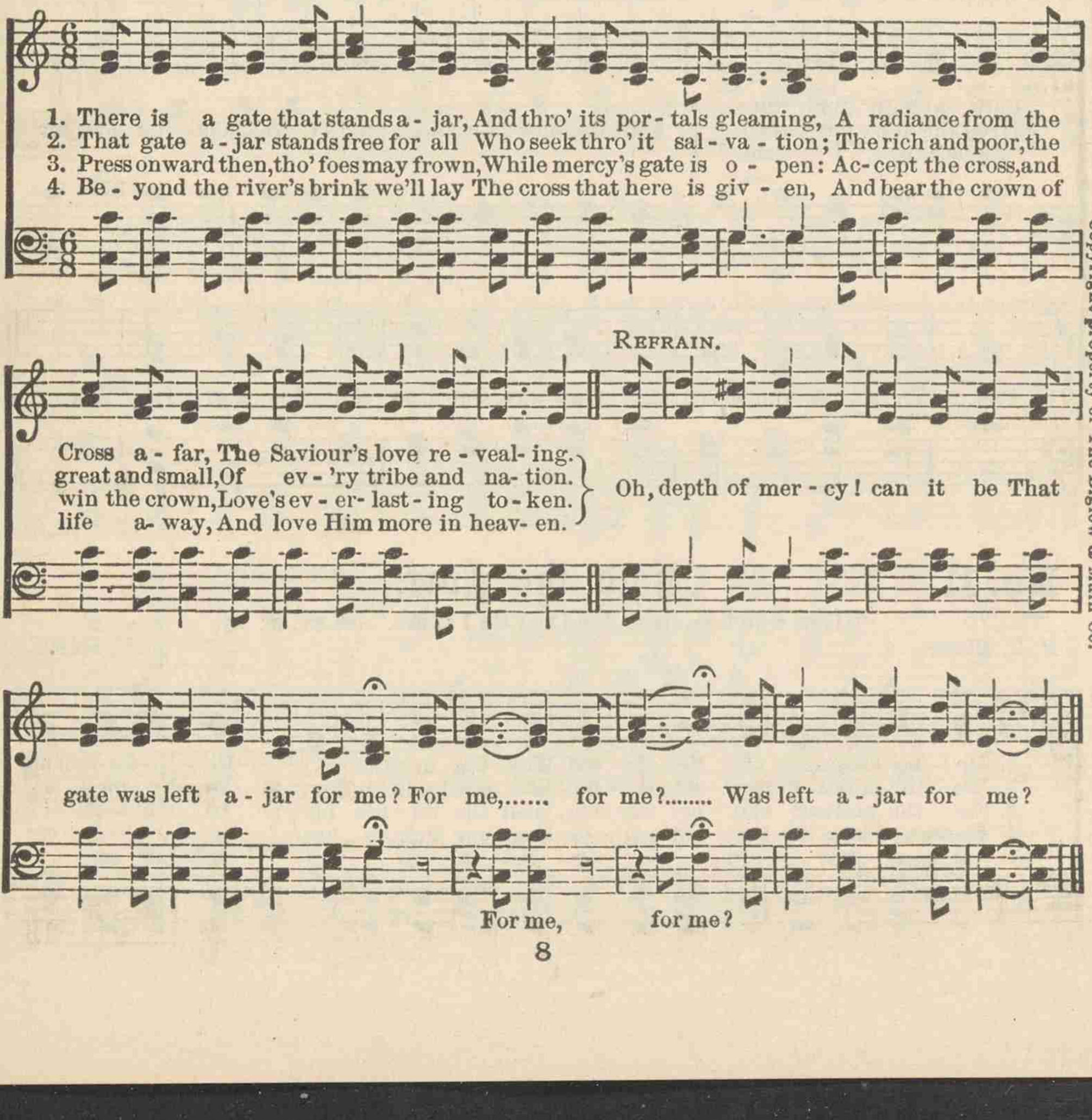
No. 12. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."
Rev. 21: 25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. S. J. Vail.



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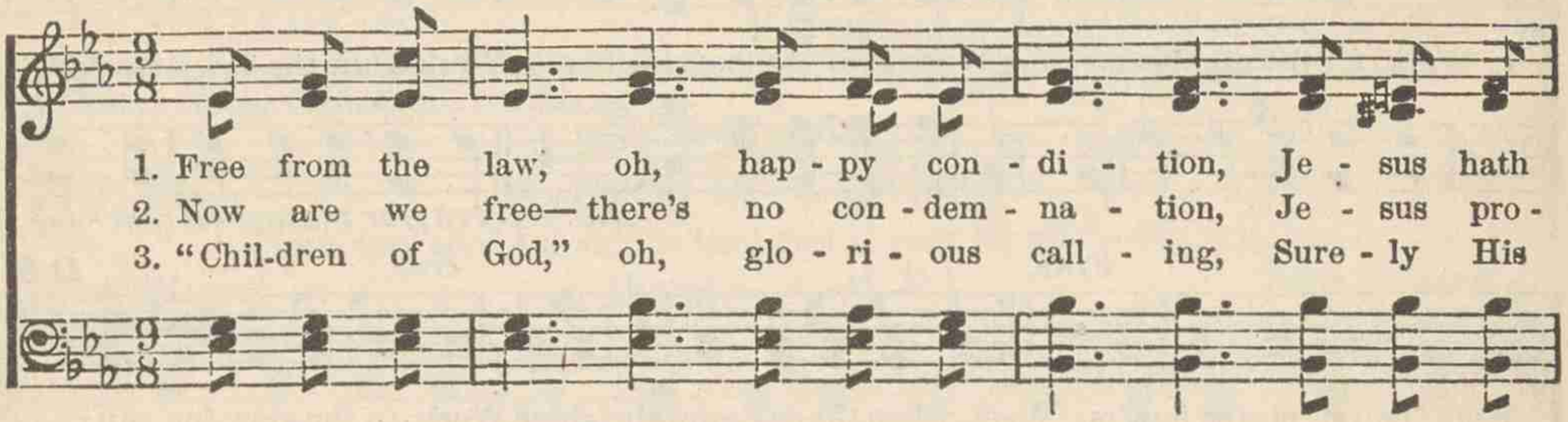
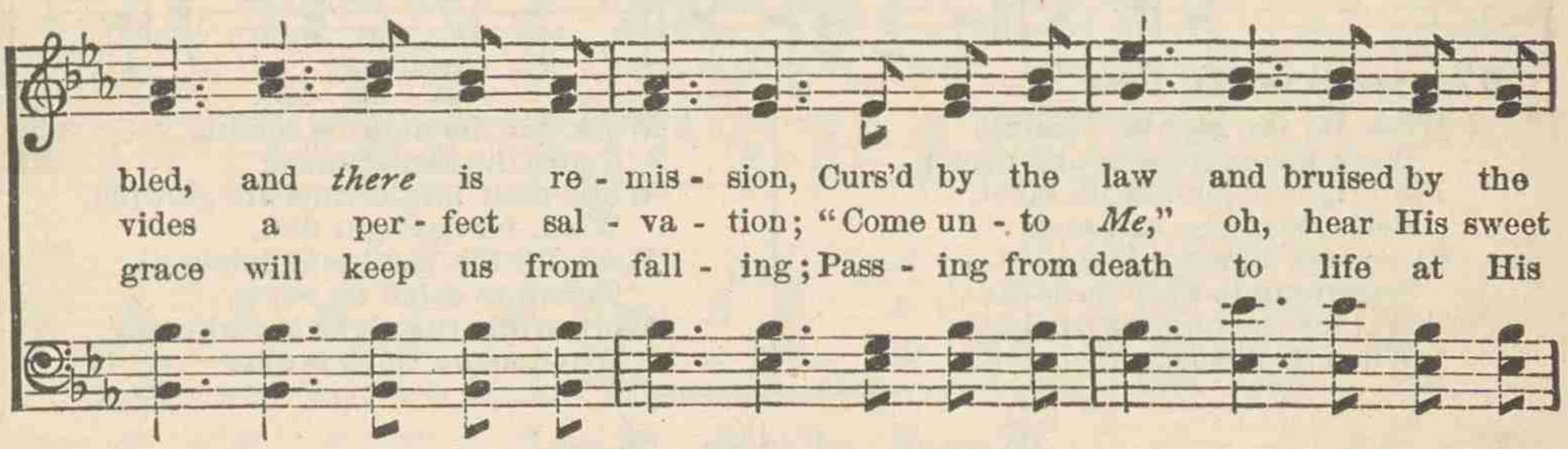
No. 13. Once for All.

"Justified by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

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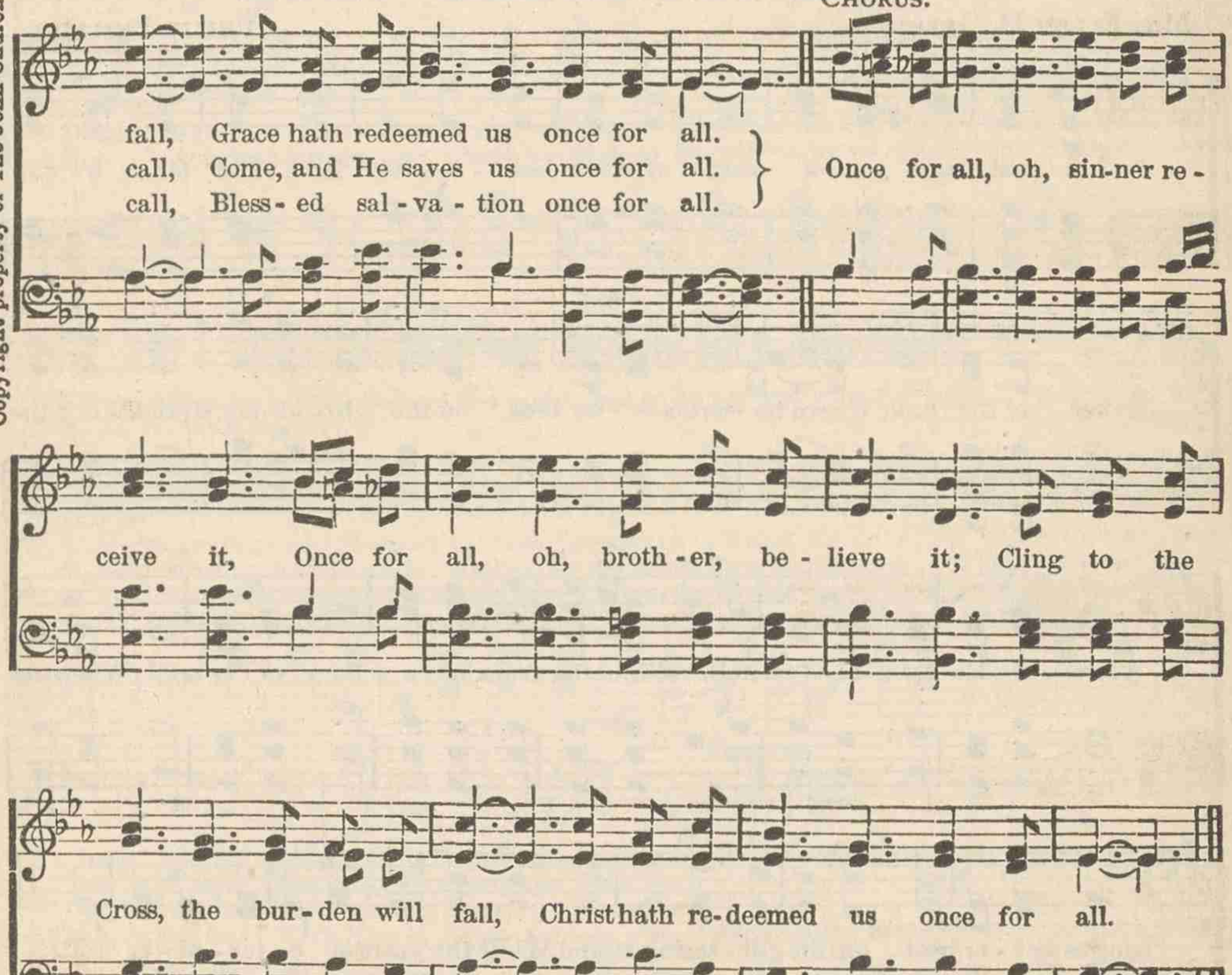
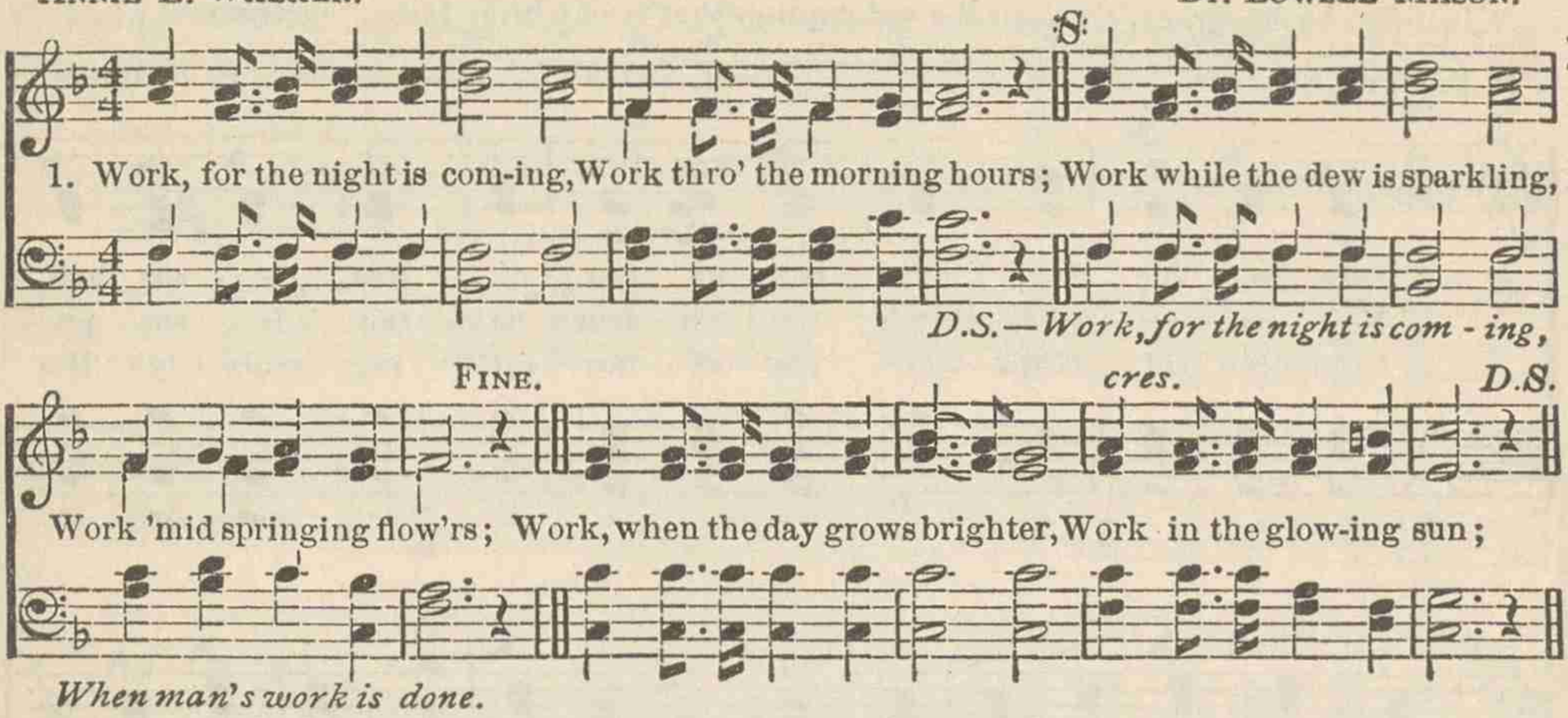


No. 14. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



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

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

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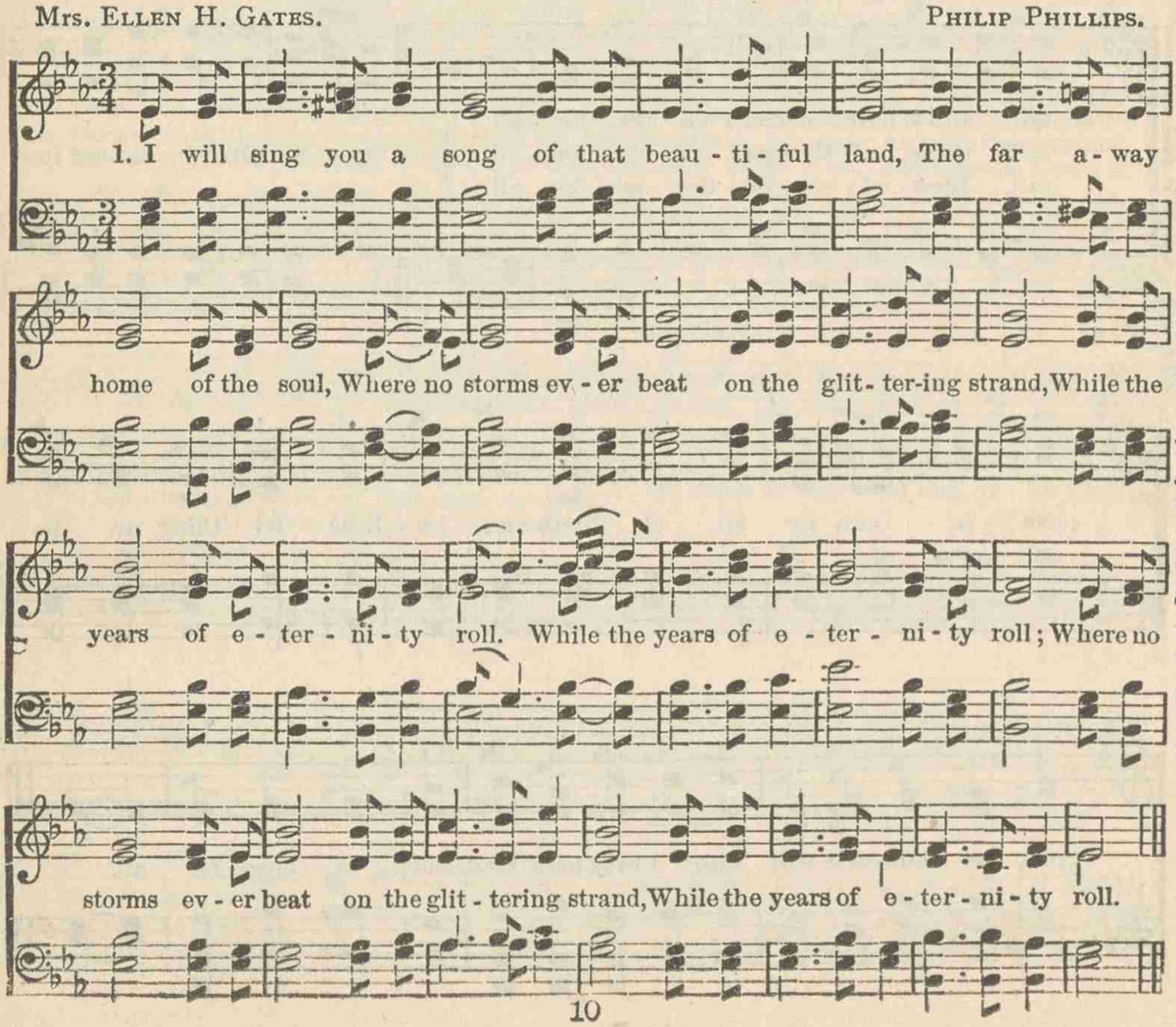
No. 15. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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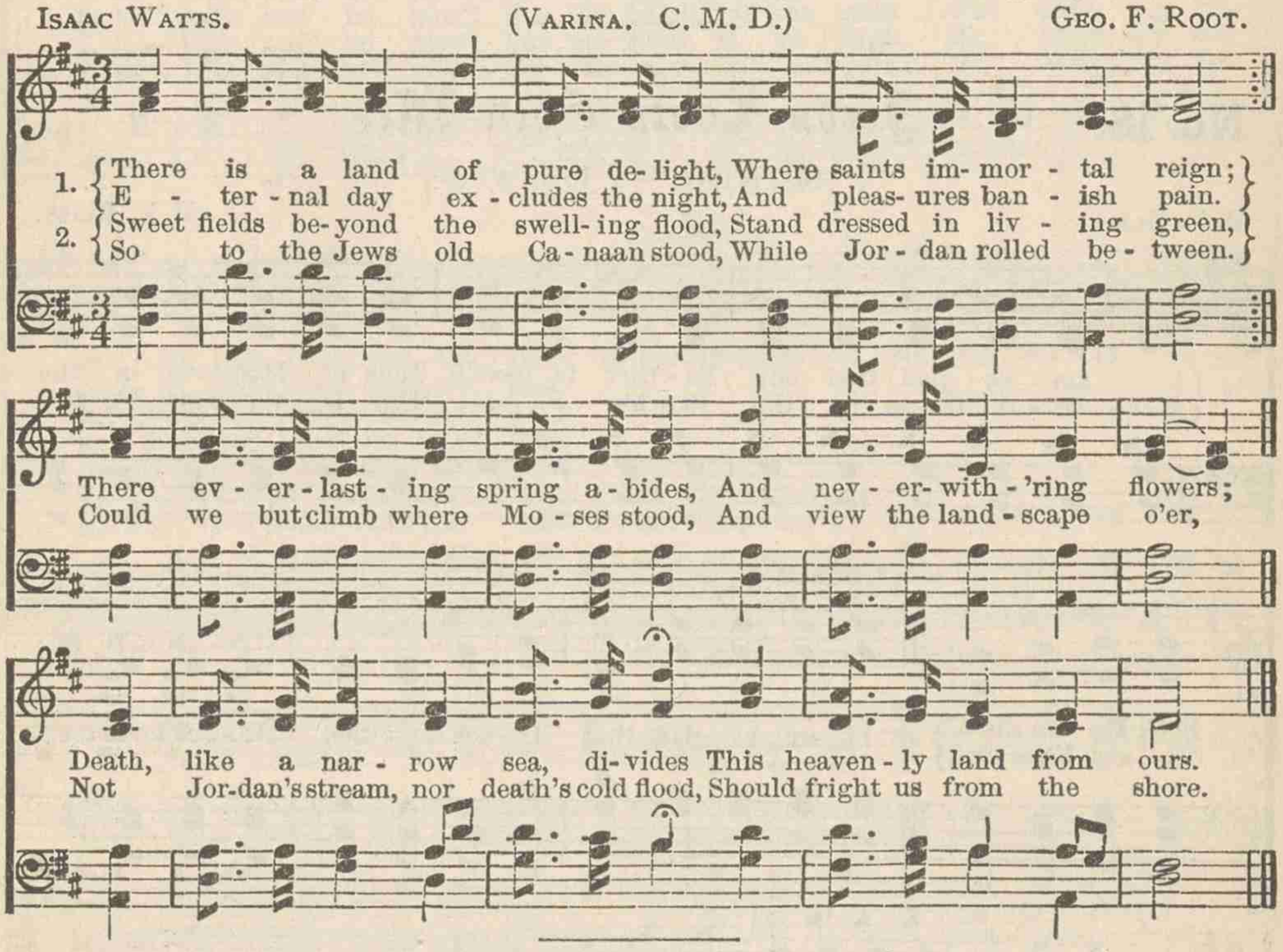
2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖
Till I fancy, etc.

3 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. :‖
The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain; [hands,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
‖: To meet one another again. :‖
With songs on, etc.

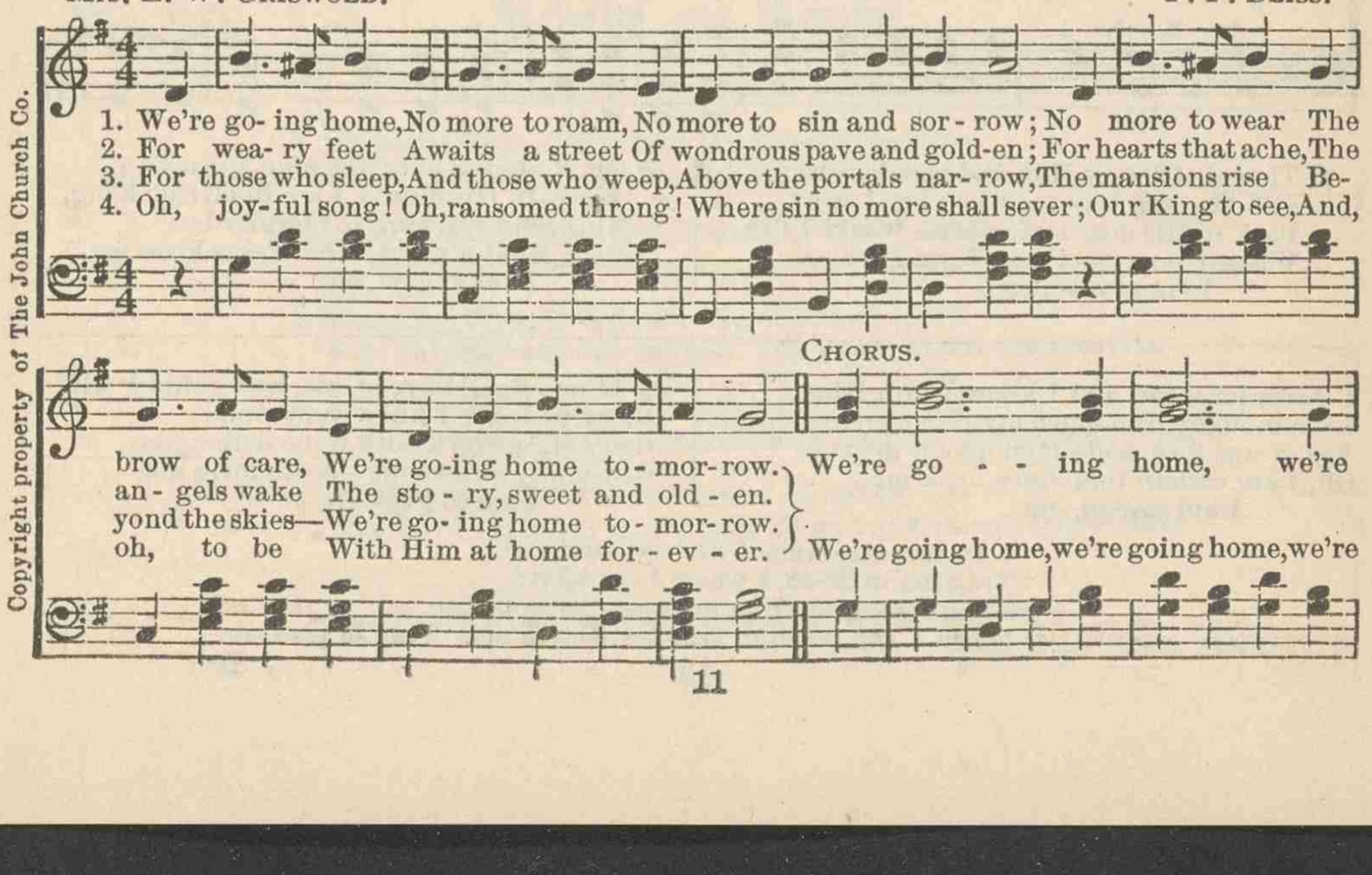
No. 16. There is a Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Isaac Watts. (Varina. C. M. D.) Geo. F. Root.

No. 17. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss.



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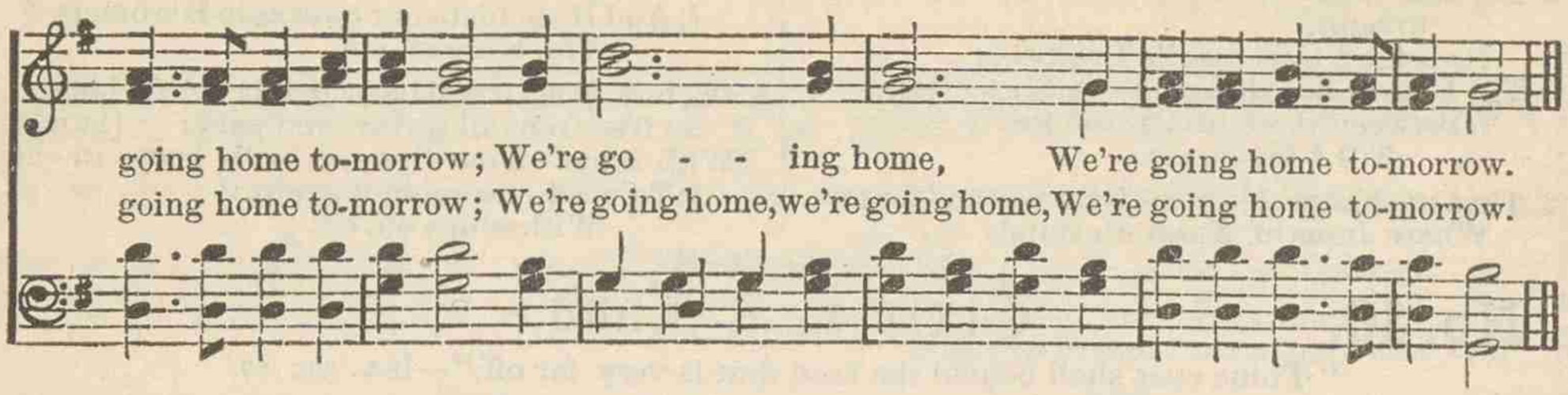
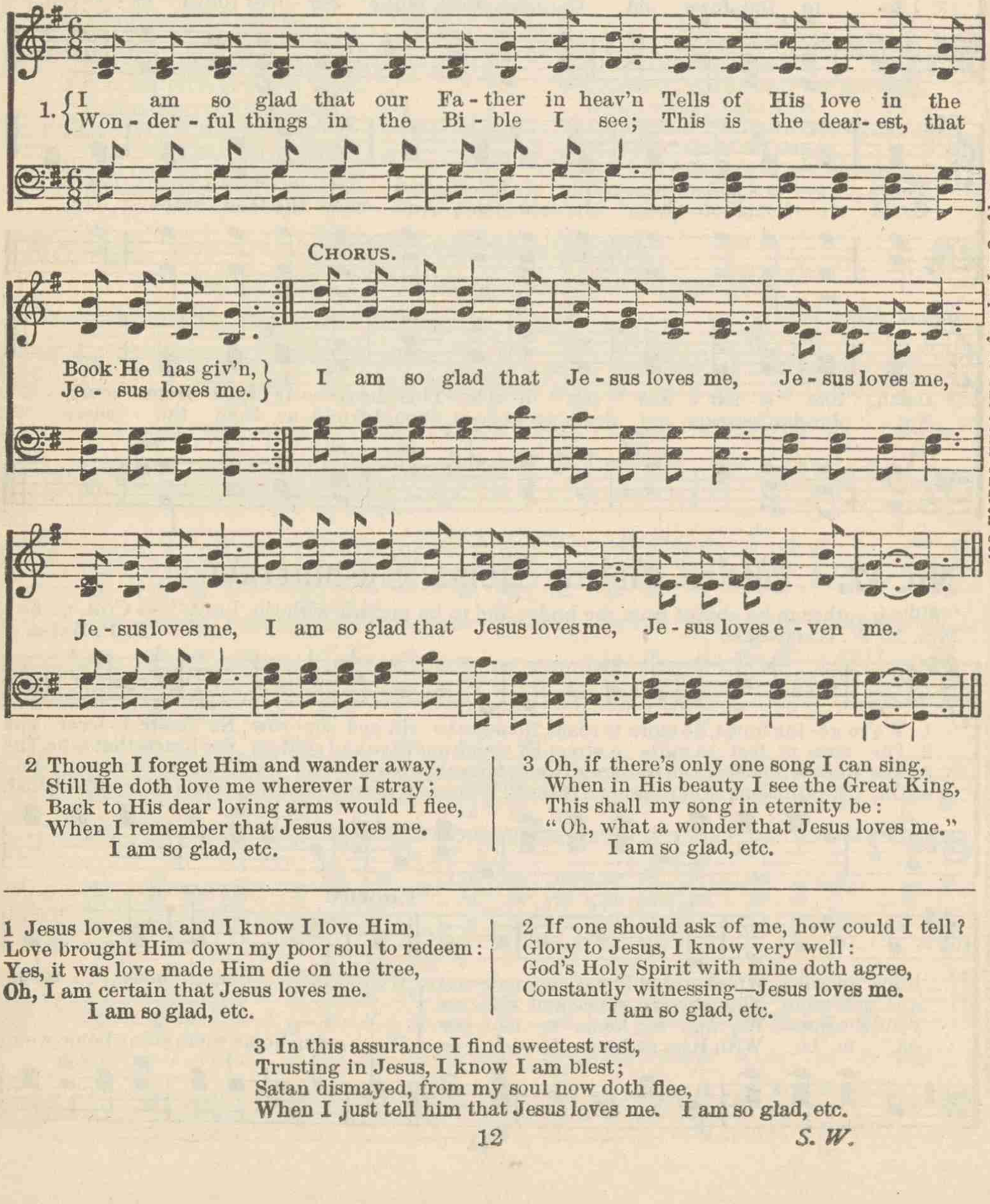
We're Going Home To-morrow.



No. 18. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.



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2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me. and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

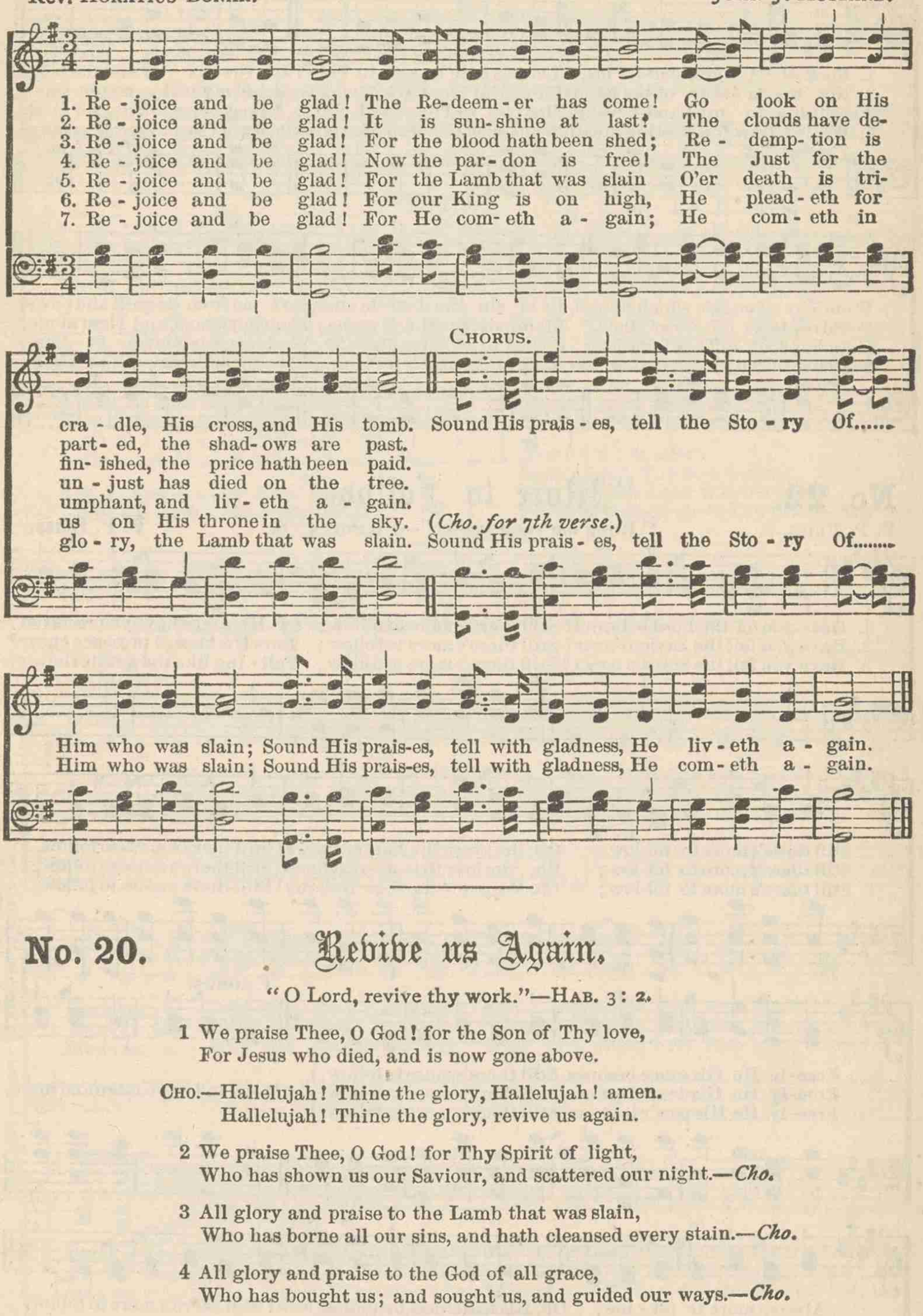
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

No. 19. Rejoice and be Glad.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. John J. Husband.



No. 20. Revive us Again.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3: 2.

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, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

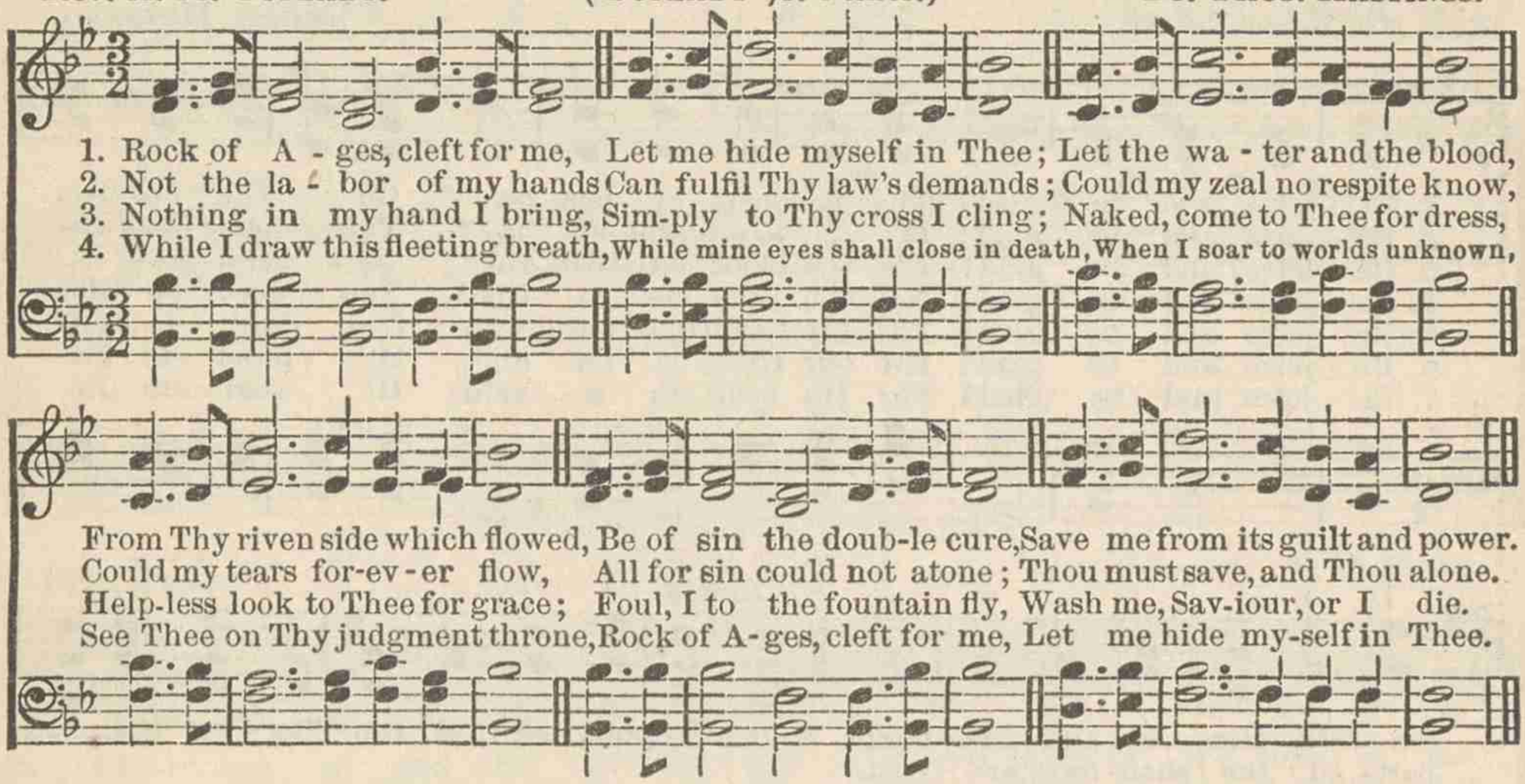
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay.

No. 21. Rock of Ages.

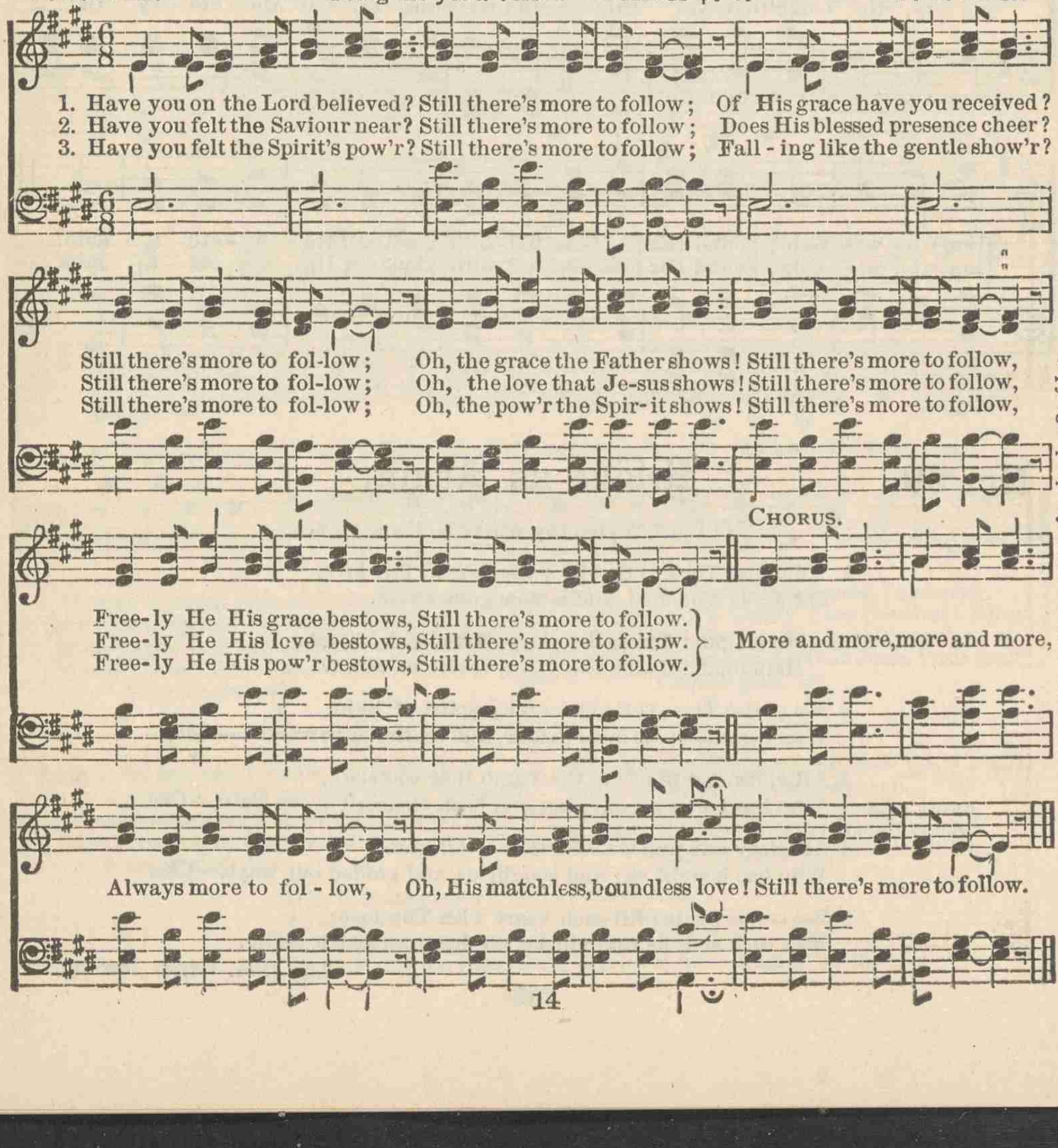
"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94 : 22.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. (Toplady 7s. 6 lines.) Dr. Thos. Hastings.



No. 22. "More to Follow."

P. P. Bliss. "Bring me yet a vessel."—2 Kings 4 : 6. P. P. Bliss.



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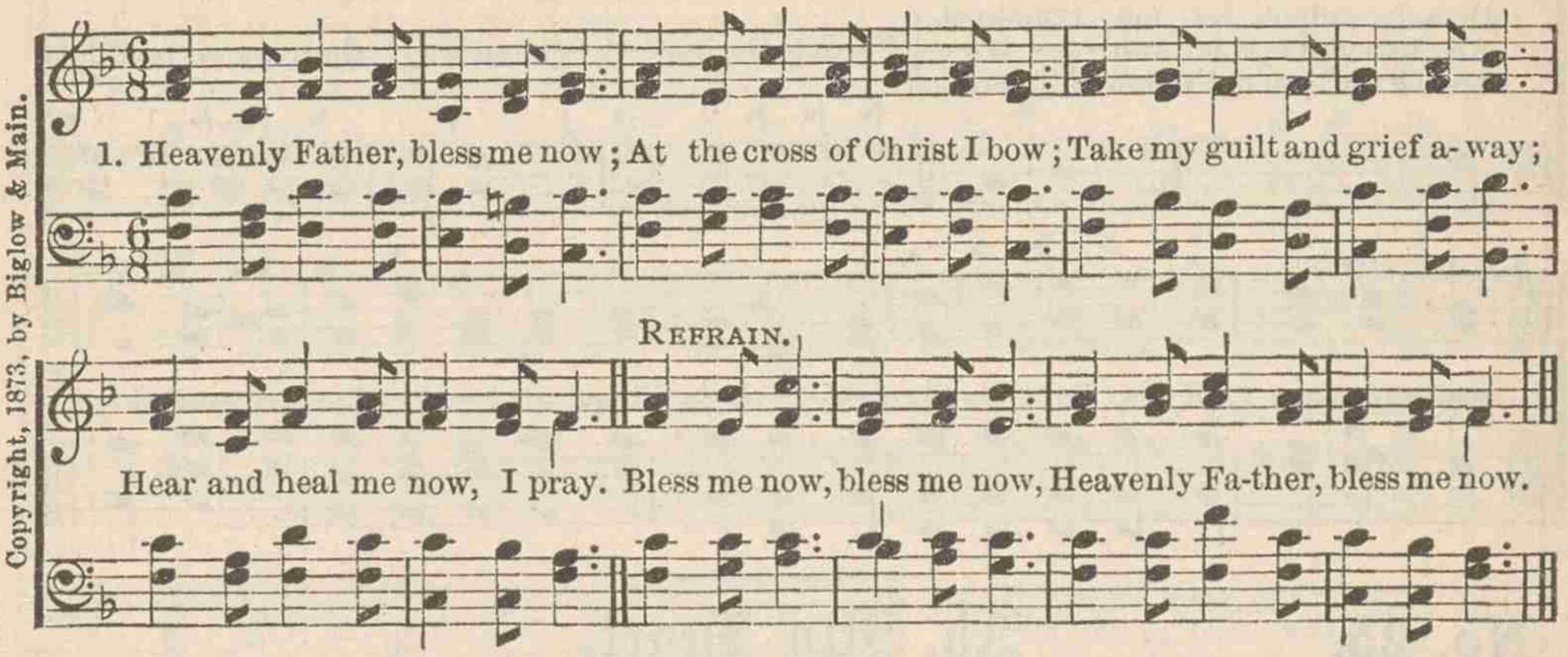
No. 23. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry.

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2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!—*Ref.*

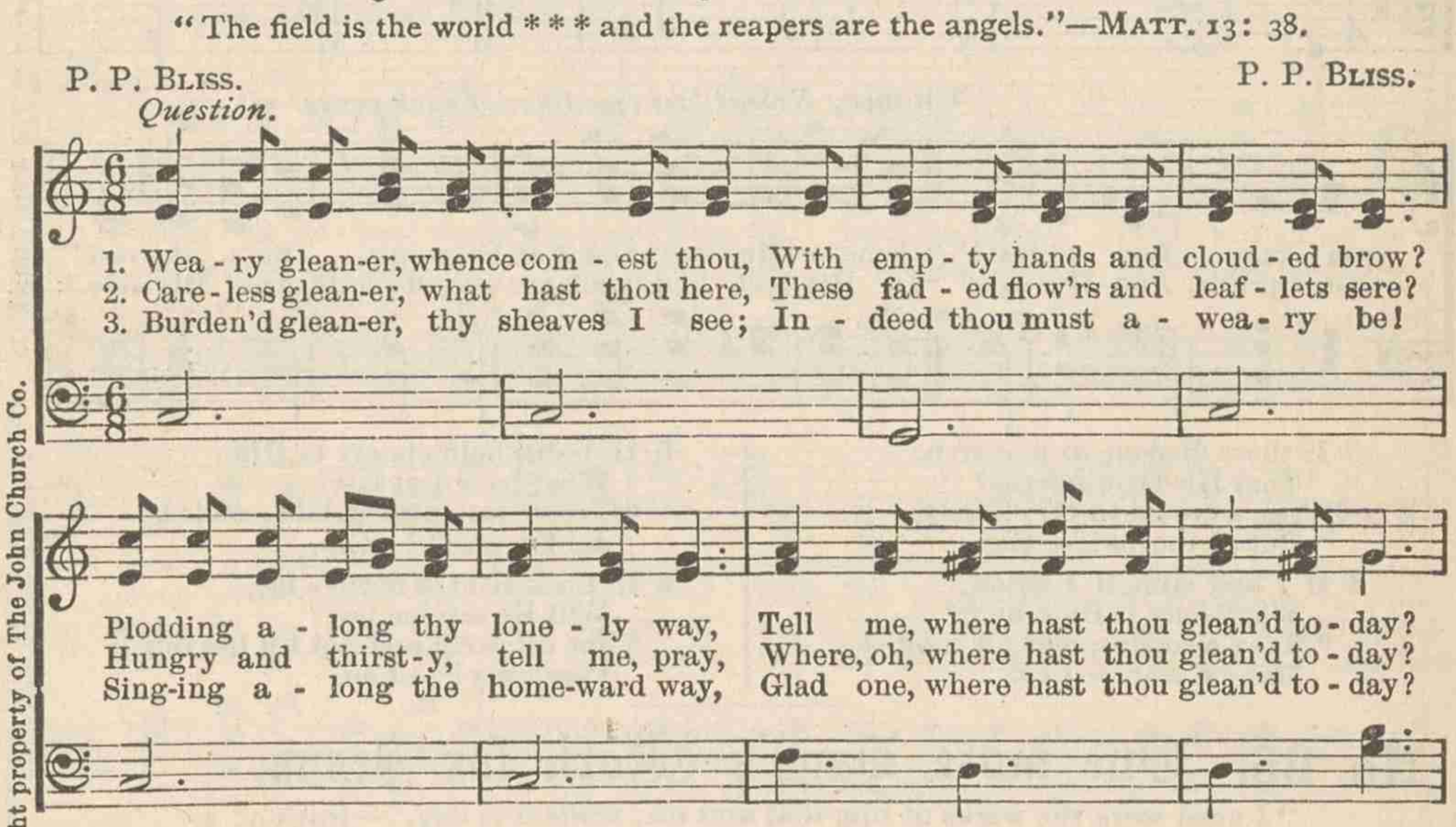
3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.—*Ref.*

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace—*Ref.*

No. 24. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Question.

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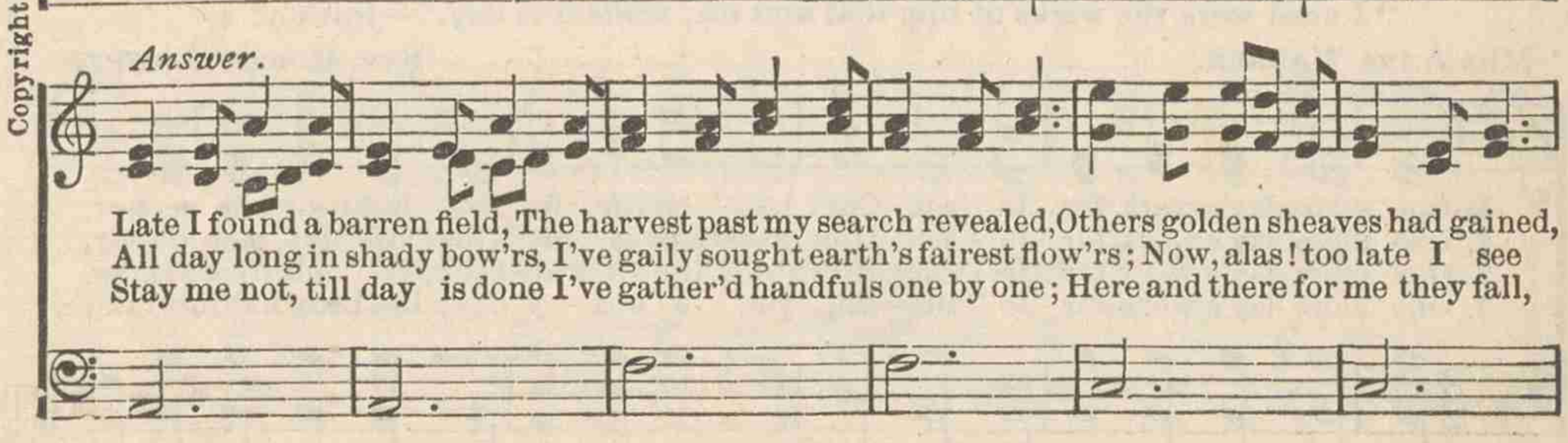
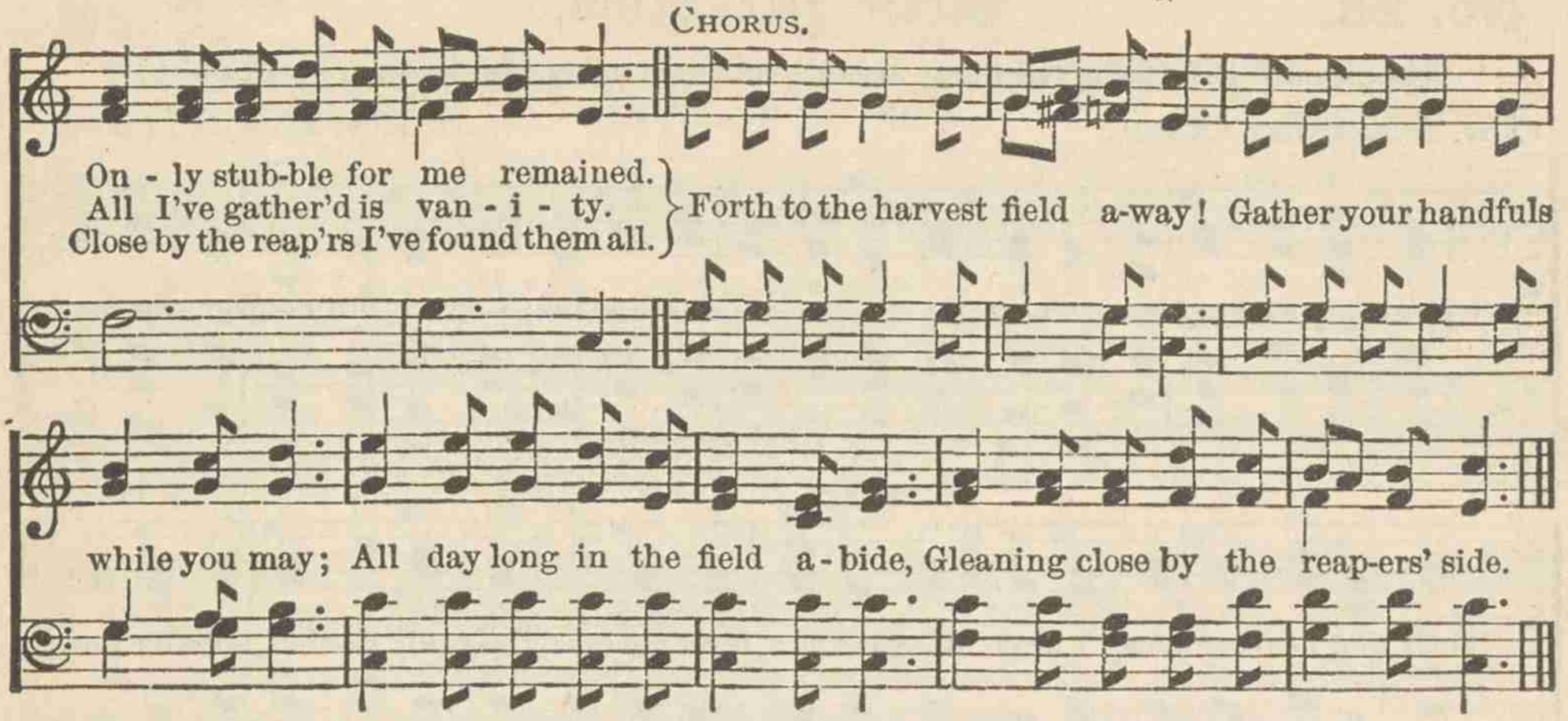
Answer.

Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

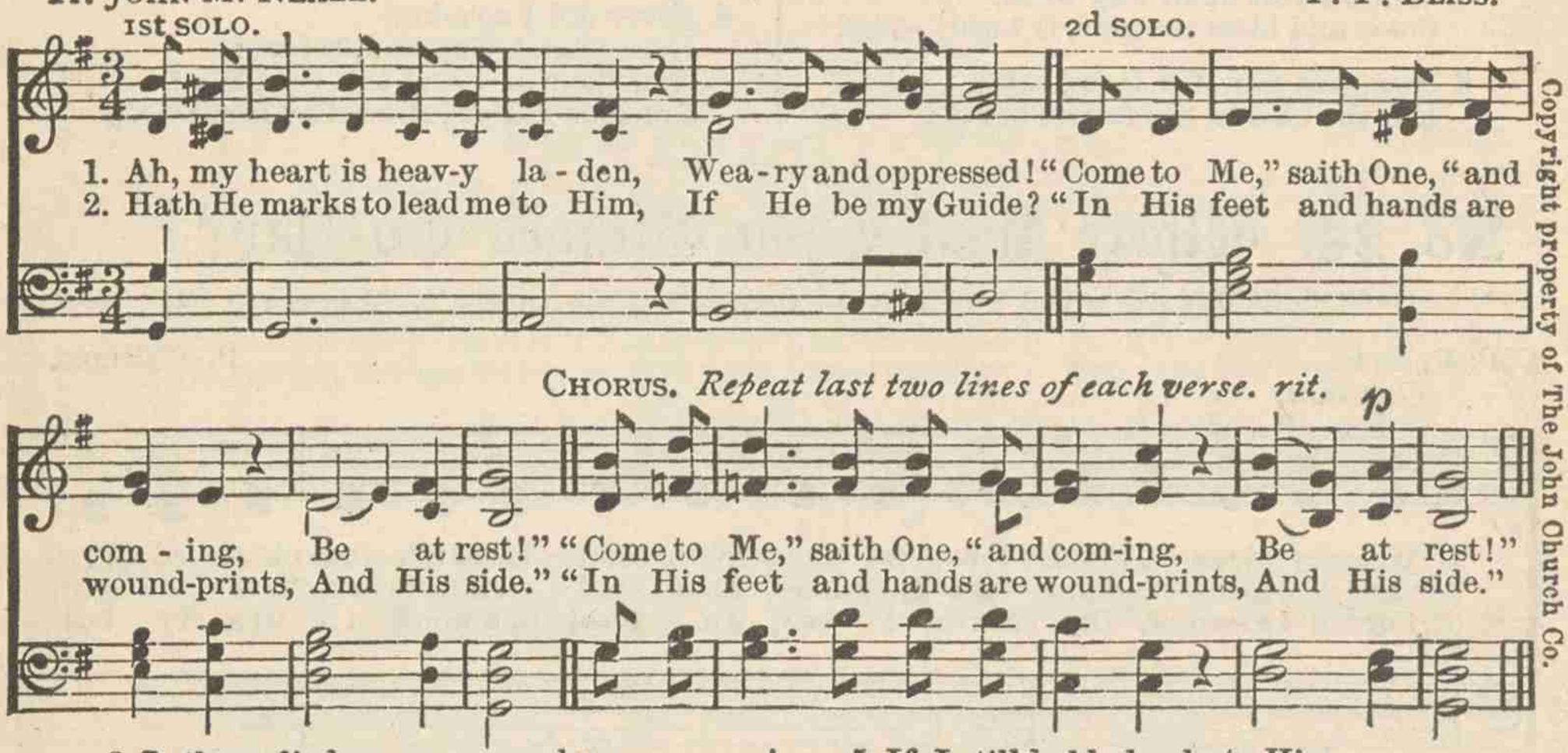
CHORUS.



No. 25. Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS.



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3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

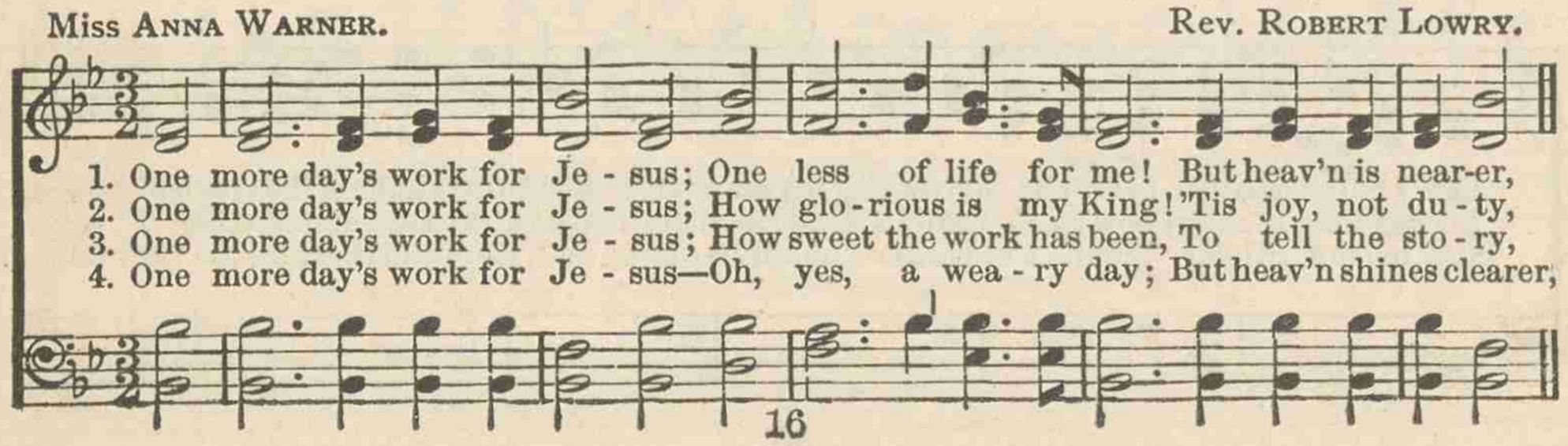
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

No. 26. One more Days's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



One more Day's Work for Jesus.

And Christ is dearer, Than yes - ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
To speak His beauty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
To show the glo-ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all--Before His face I fall.

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure.
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

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No. 27. Oh, how He Loves.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be-
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how
3. Bless - ed Je - sus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves! Give yourselves en-
4. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Oh, how He loves! Back-ward shall your

yond a brother's, Oh, how He loves! Earth-ly friends may fail or leave us, One day
much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His precious blood He bought us, In the
tire - ly to Him, Oh, how He loves! Think no long - er of the mor-row, From the
foes be driv - en, Oh, how He loves! Best of bless-ings He'll provide you, Nought but

soothe, the next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
wil - der-ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
past new courage bor - row, Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, Oh, how He loves!
good shall e'er be-tide you, Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, Oh, how He loves!

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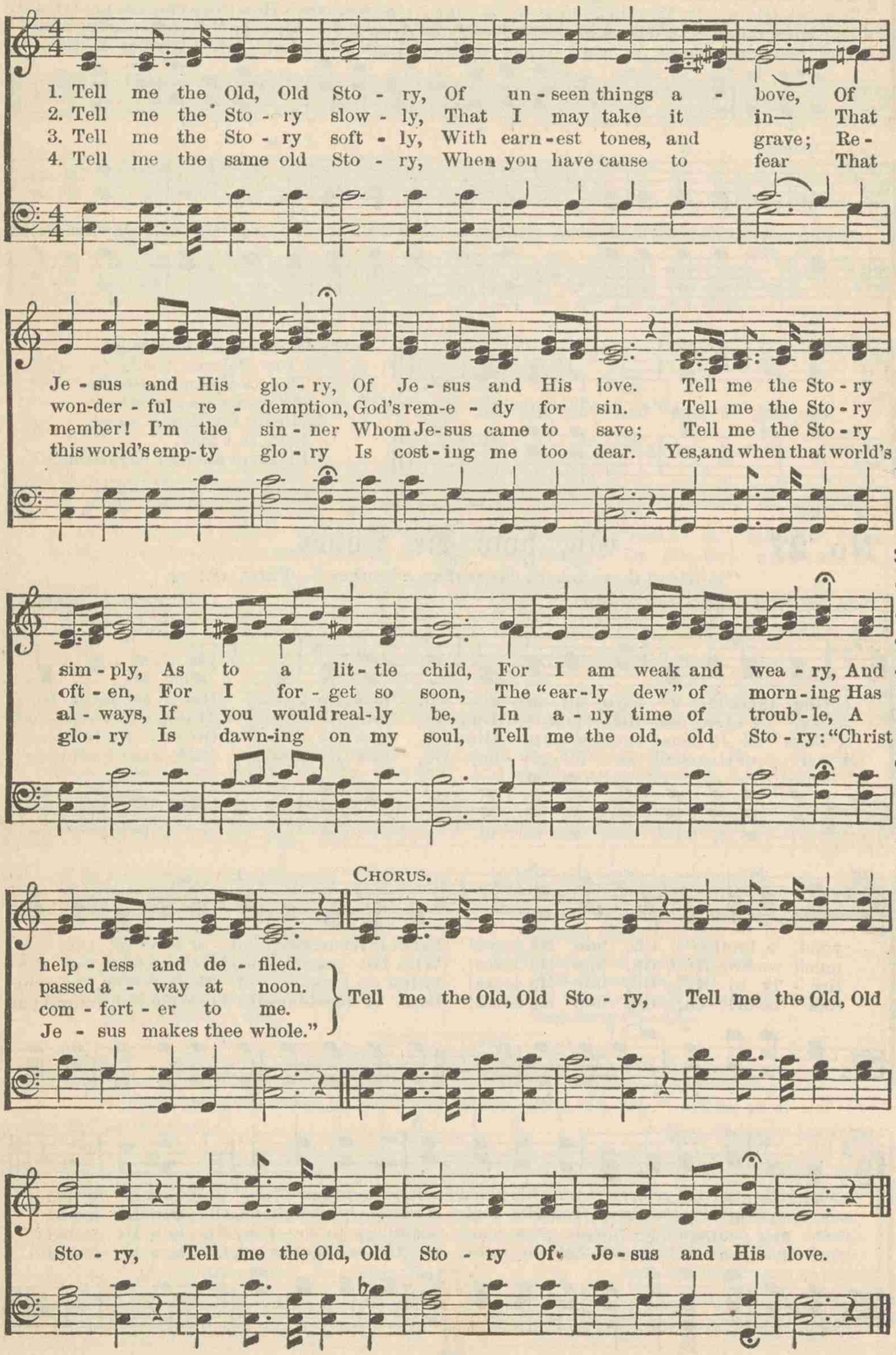
No. 28. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

CHORUS.

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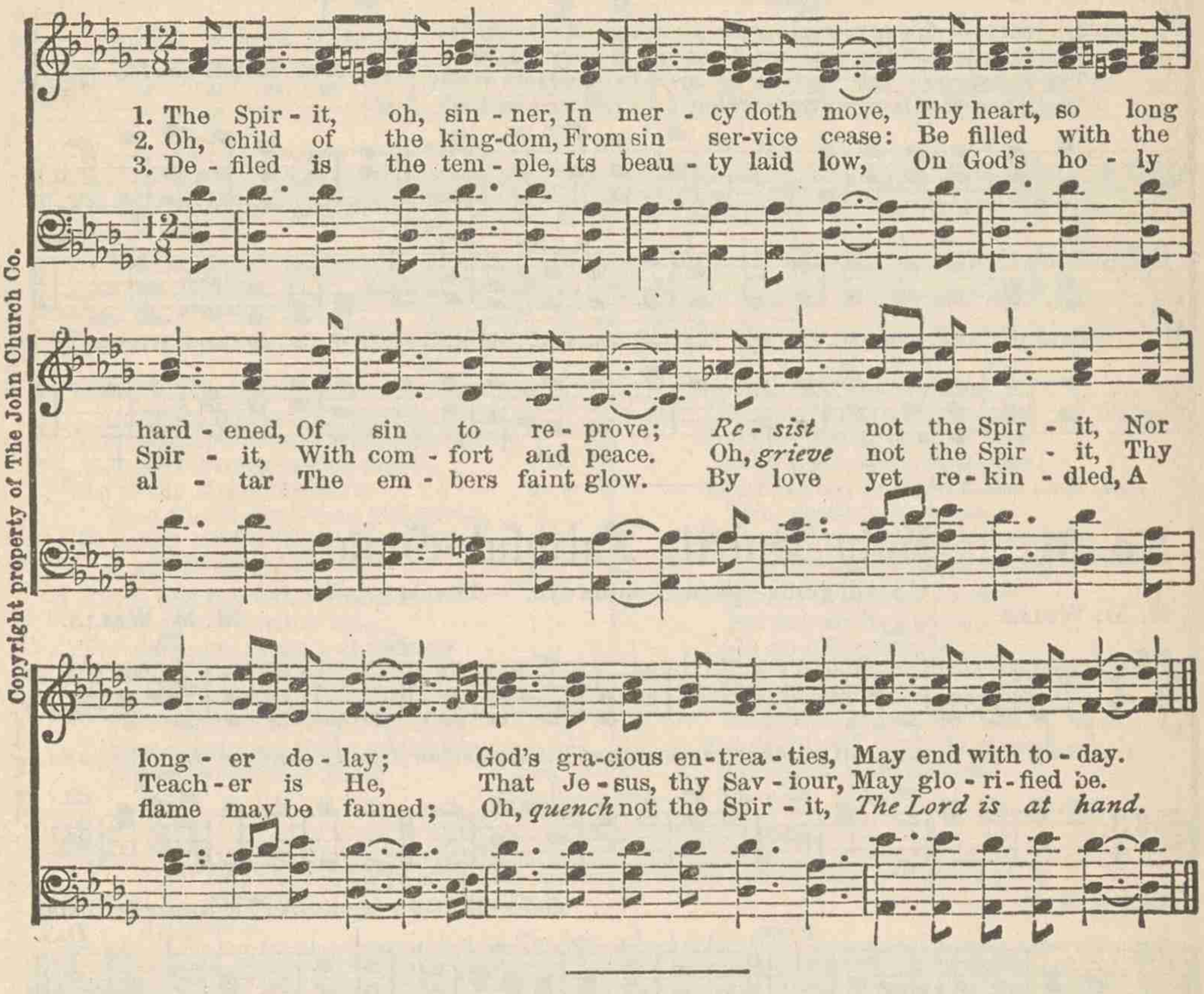
No. 29. The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.



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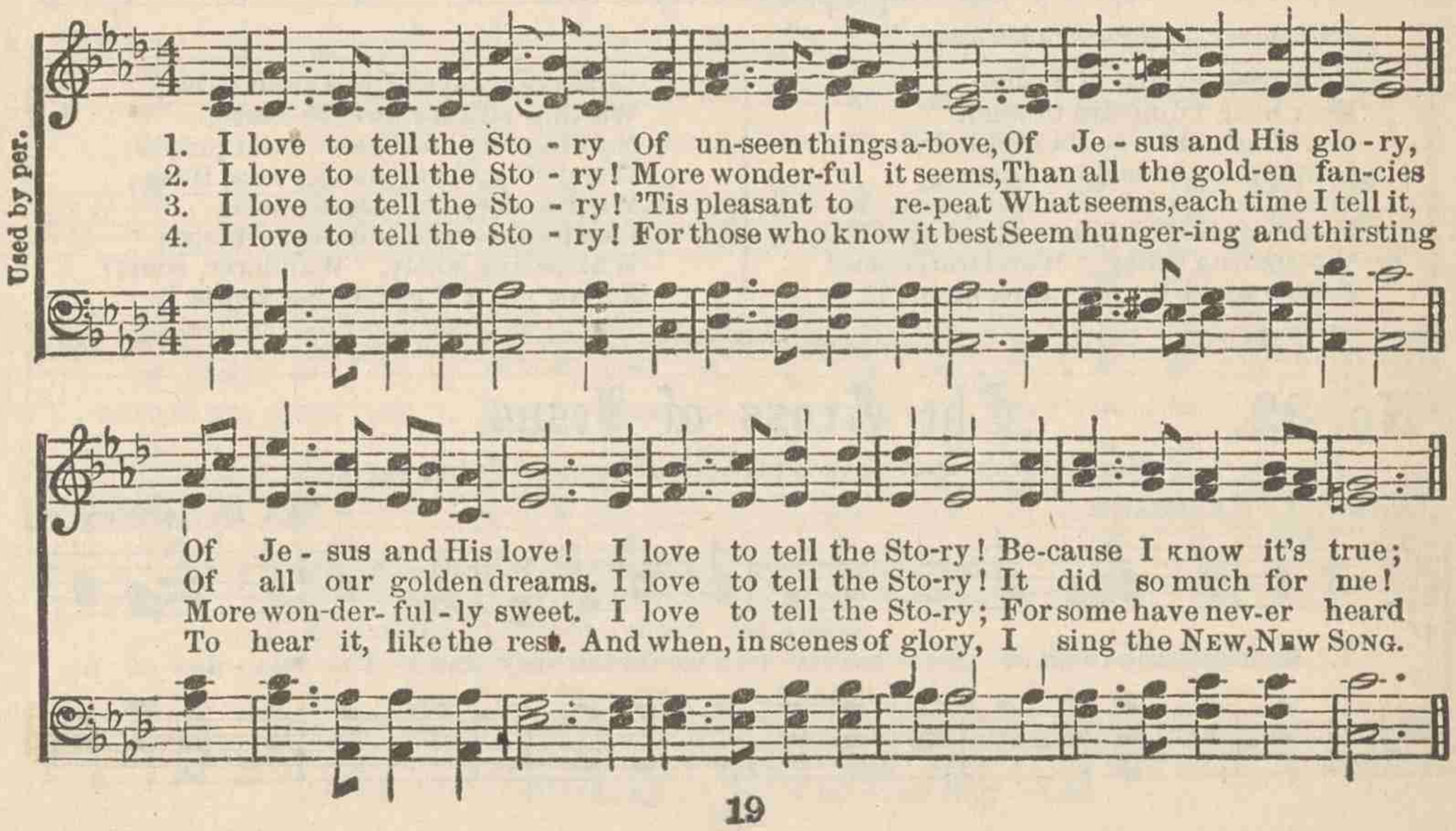
No. 30. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of thy wondrous work."—PSALM 145: 5.

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.



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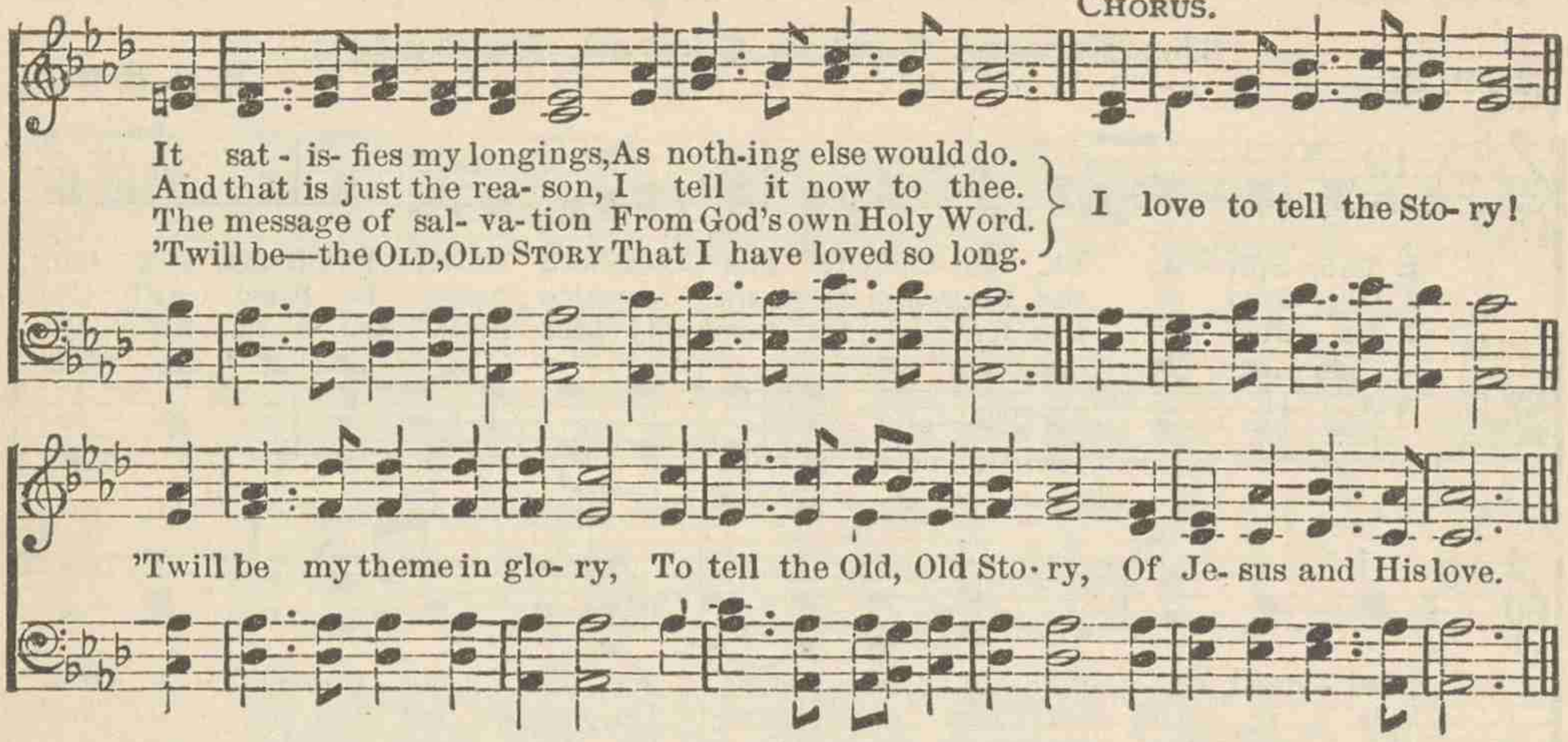
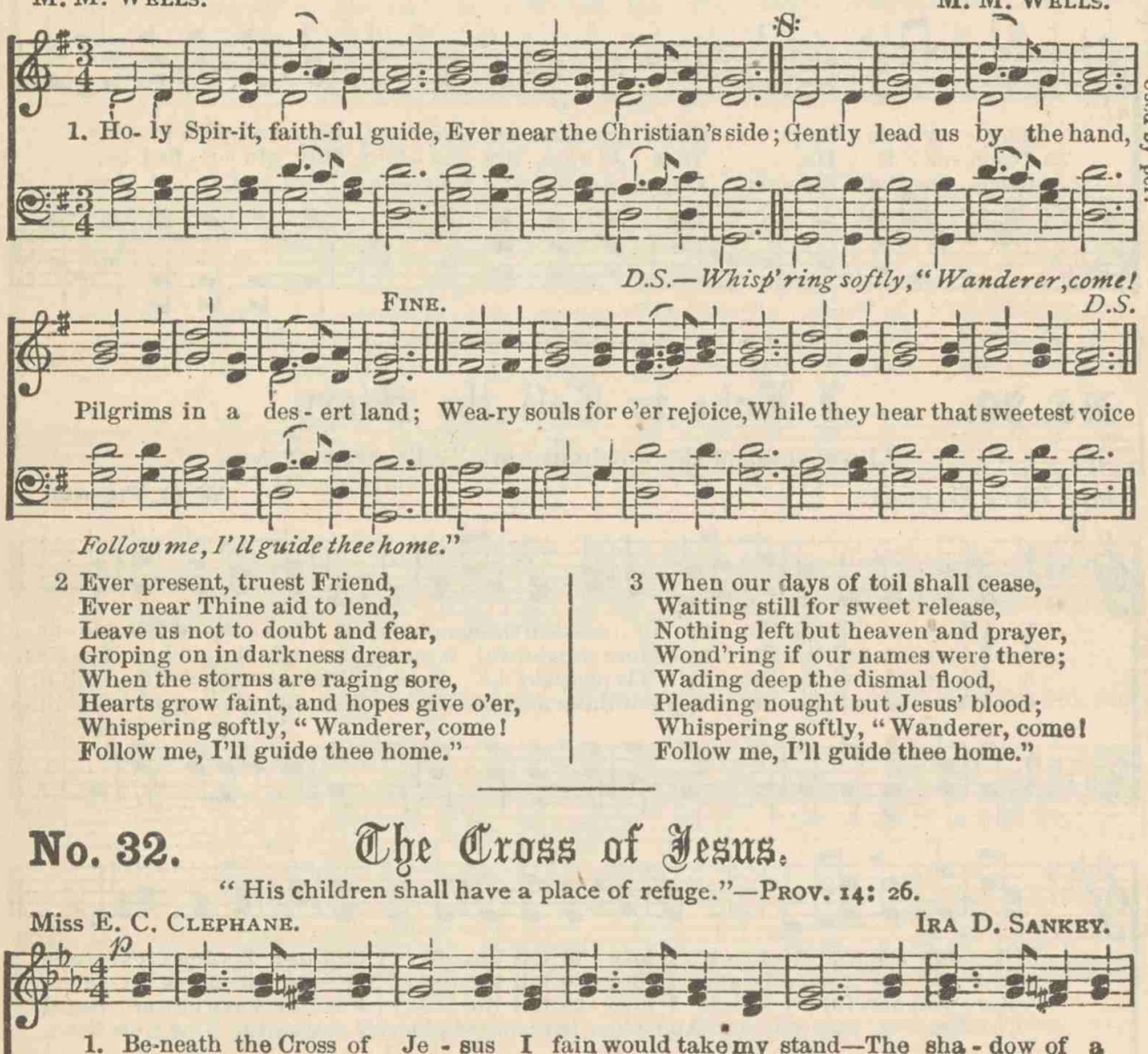
I Love to Tell the Story.

CHORUS.



No. 31. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32 : 8.

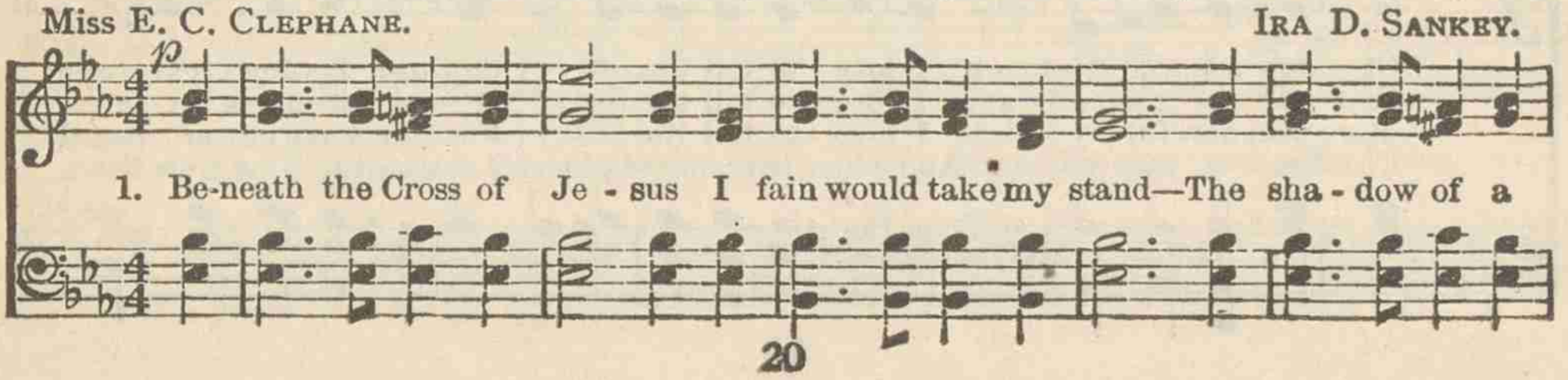
M. M. WELLS. M. M. WELLS.

Used by per.

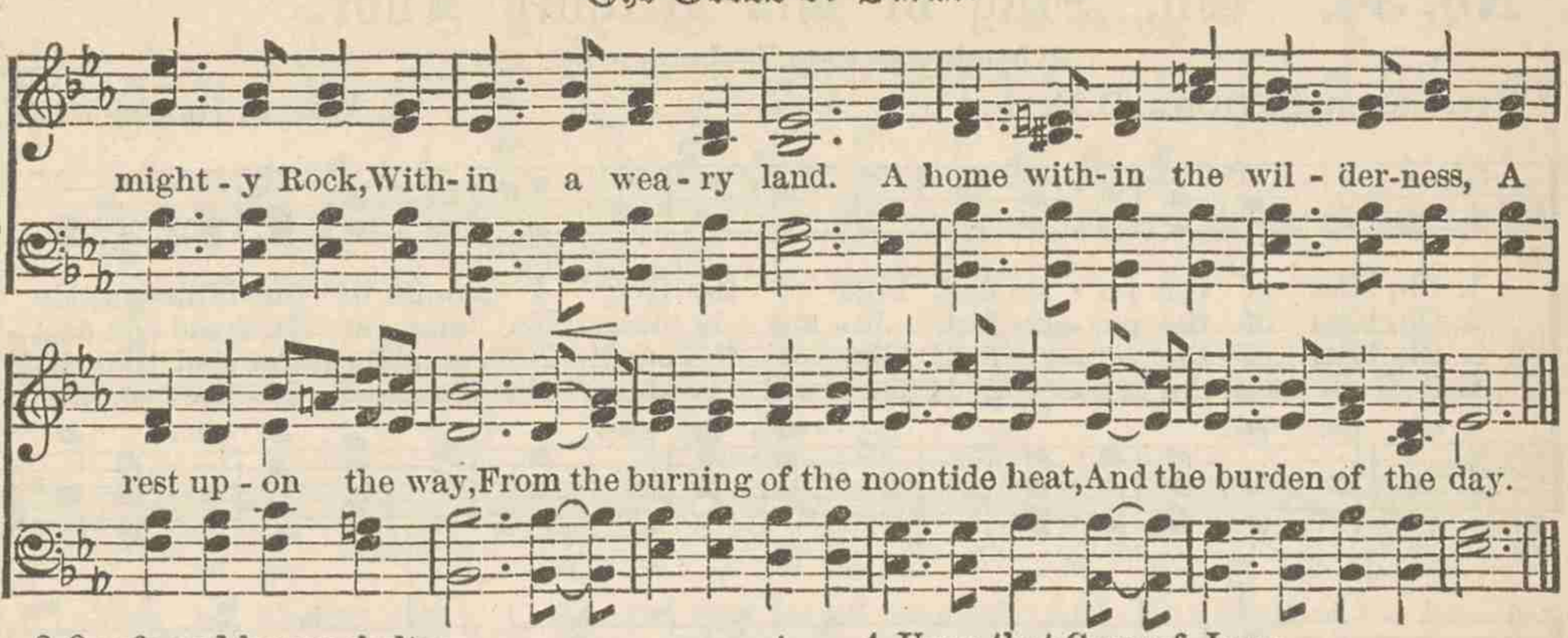
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 32. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

The Cross of Jesus.



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2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

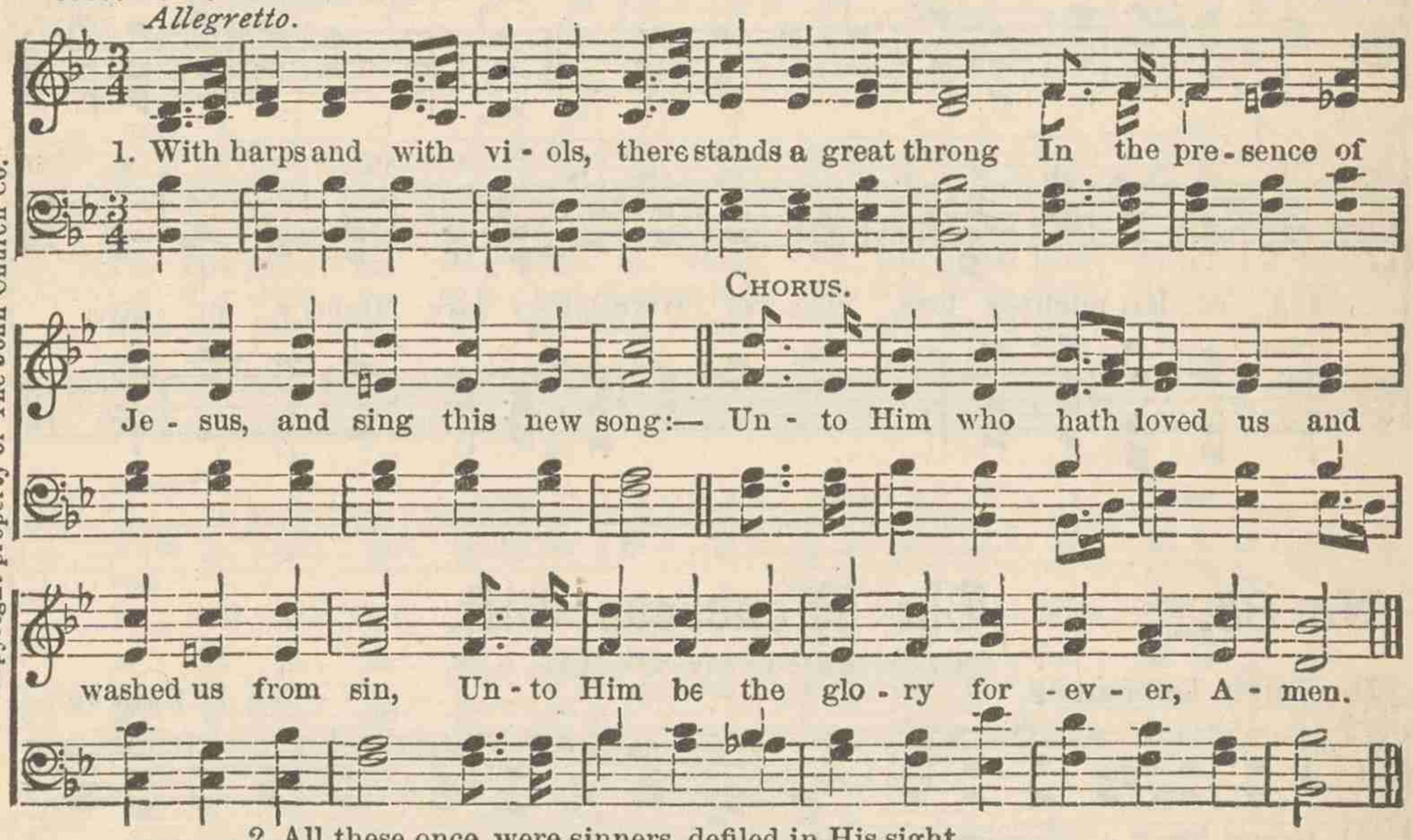
4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

No. 33. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss.

Allegretto.

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2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—*Cho.*

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

No. 34. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son-tide o - pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread con-dem - na - tion I pine; In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who
3. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His blood can - not cure; No sor - row-bowed head but may sweet - ly find rest, No
4. O Je - sus the cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing, My bless - ed Re-deem - er, my God and my King; My soul, filled with rap - ture, shall shout o'er the grave, And

CHORUS.

point to the print of the nails in His hand.
lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.
tears but may dry them on Je - sus' breast.
tri - umph in death in the "Might-y to Save."

} Oh, sing of His might-y love,

Sing of His might- y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might- y to save.

rit.

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No. 35. The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 8.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech - o
2. Grace first contrived a way To save re - bell-ious man; And all the steps that
3. Grace taught my rov- ing feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last- ing days; It lays in heaven the

The Wondrous Gift.

REFRAIN.

shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
grace dis-play, Which drew the wondrous plan.
hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise.

} Saved by grace a-lone,

This is all my plea; Je-sus died for all mankind, And Je-sus died for me.

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No. 36. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS.

1. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv-en To the wea-ry pass-er by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al-most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se-cret hopes have per-ished, In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall-ing, And the hour has come to die,

On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear thy trust-y Pi-lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

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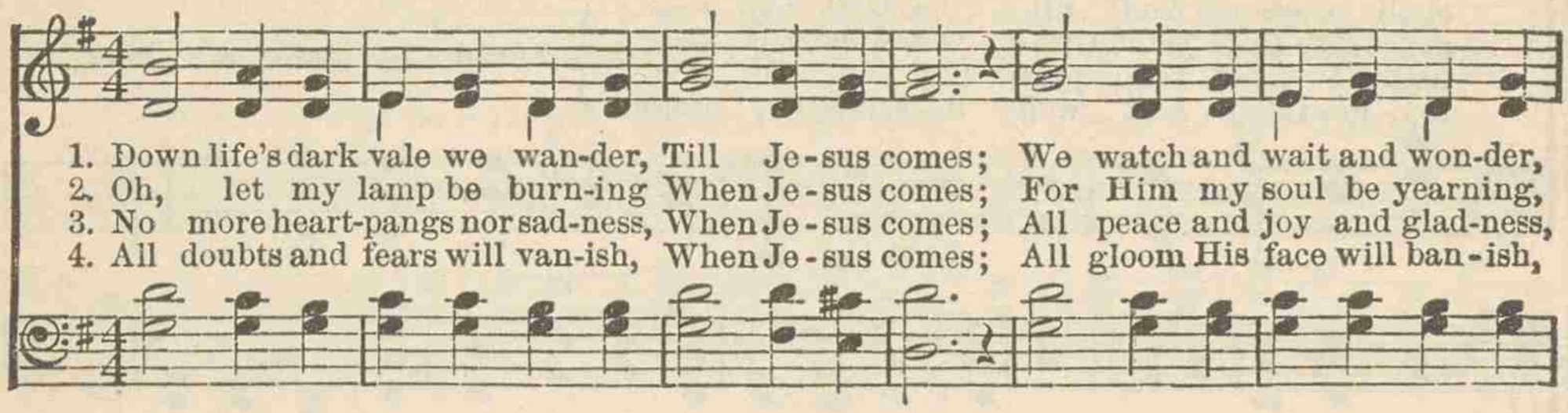
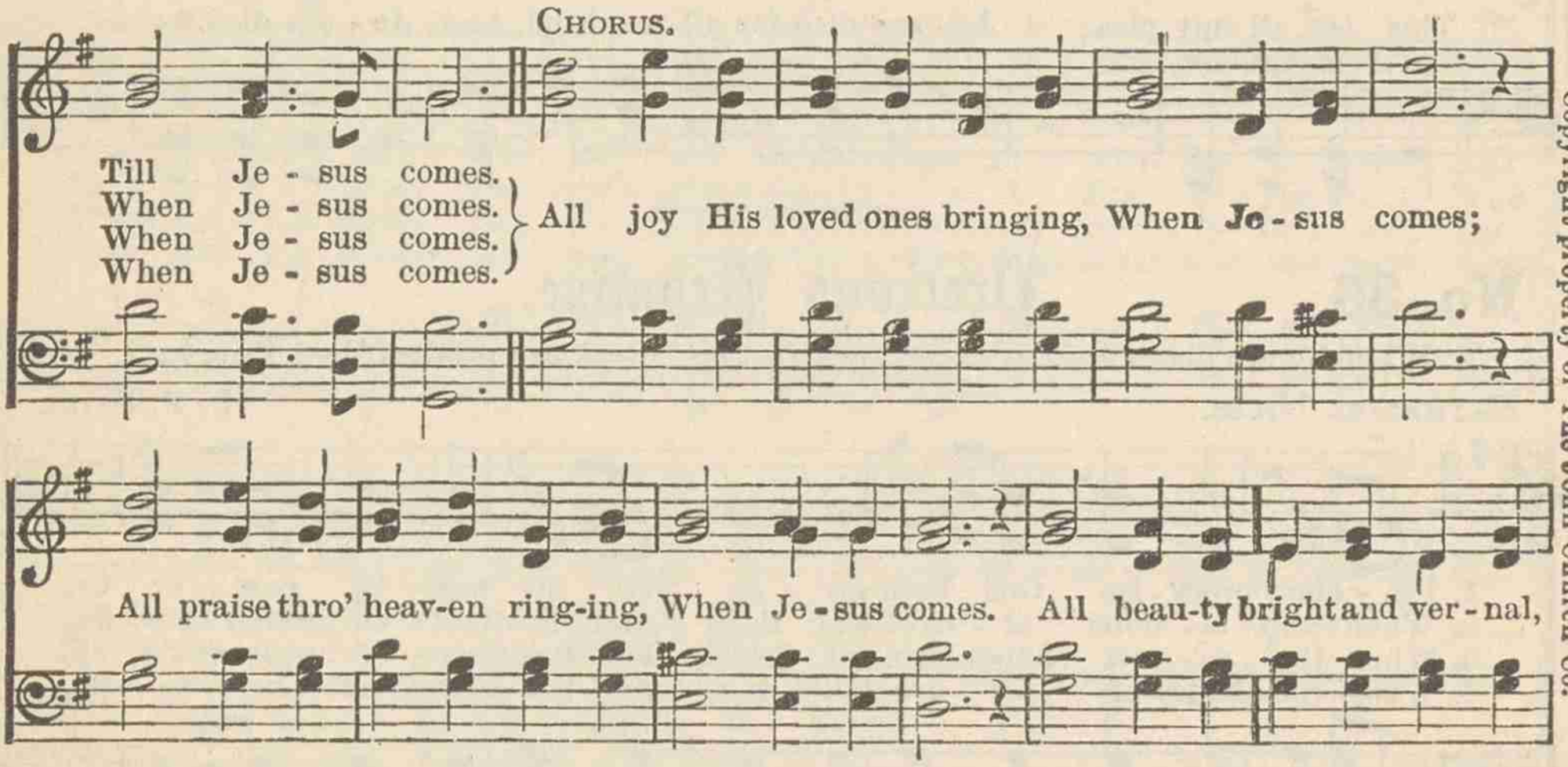
No. 37. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Chorus.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

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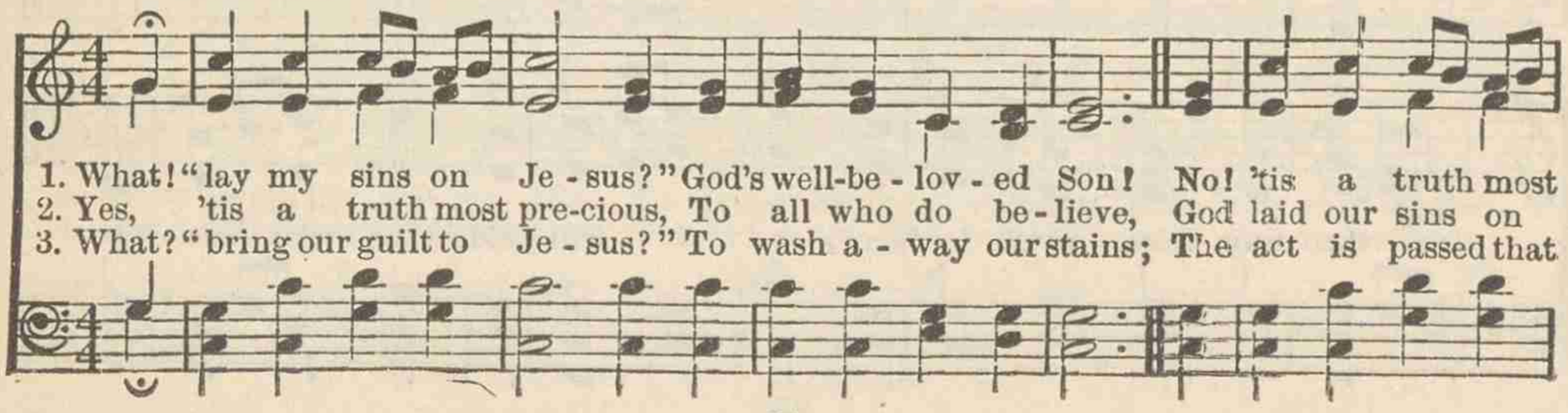
No. 38. White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

H. Bonar, arr. by L. N. P. P. Bliss.



White as Snow.

CHORUS.

pre - cious, That God e'en *that* has done.
Je - sus, Who did the load re - ceive.
freed us, And nought to do re - mains.
} Hal-le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, He

makes me "white as snow." Hal-le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

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No. 39. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou
2. Death and the curse were in our cup—O Christ, 'twas full for Thee; But
3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod—O Christ, it fell on Thee! Thou
4. The tem - pest's aw - ful voice was heard—O Christ, it broke on Thee! Thy

stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A
Thou hast drained the last dark drop—'Tis emp - ty now for me. That
wast sore strick - en of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me. Thy
o - pen bo - som was my ward, It braved the storm for me. Thy

Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Now bless - ings' draught for me.
tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed; Thy bruis - ing heal - eth me.
form was scarred, Thy vis - age marred; Now cloud - less peace for me.

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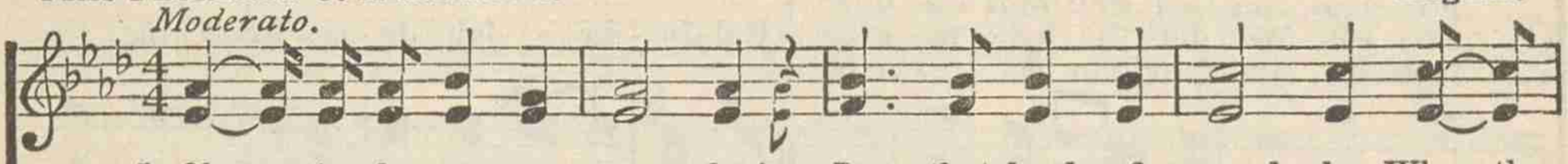
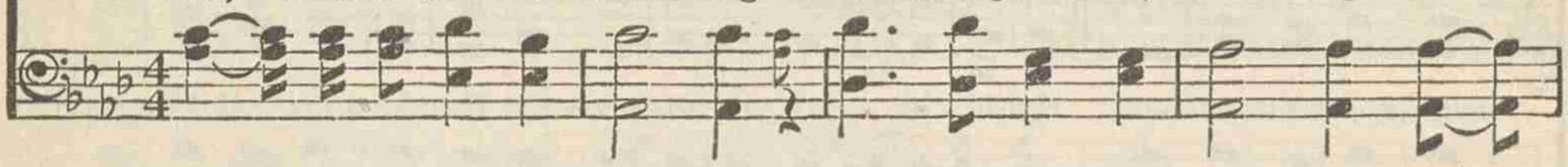
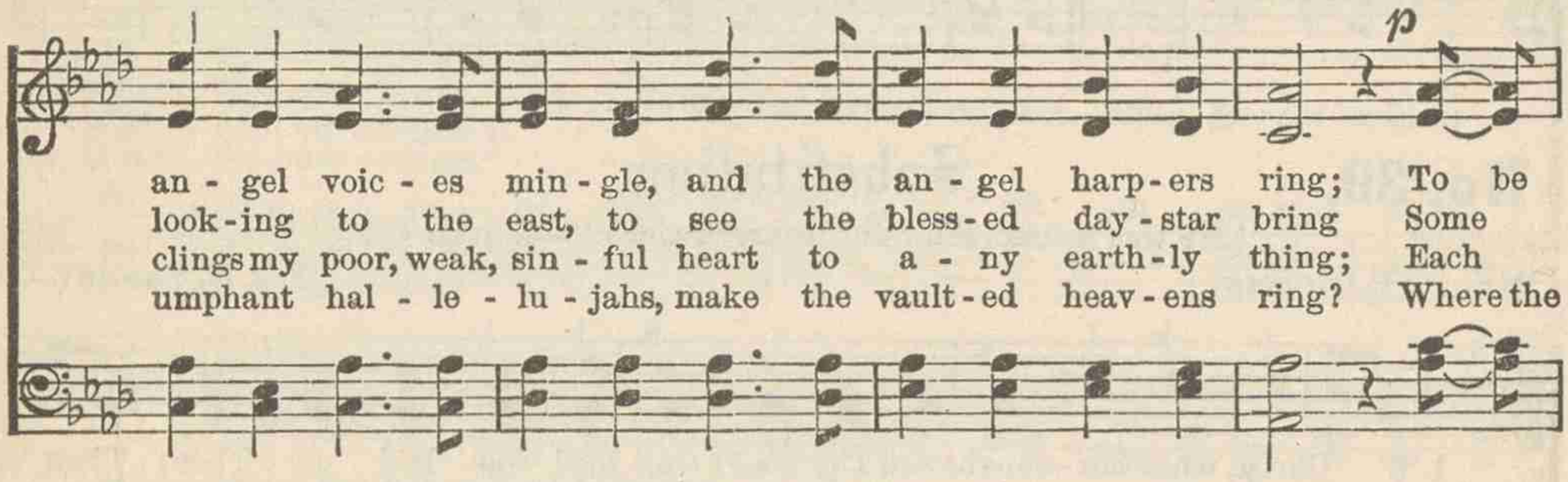
5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

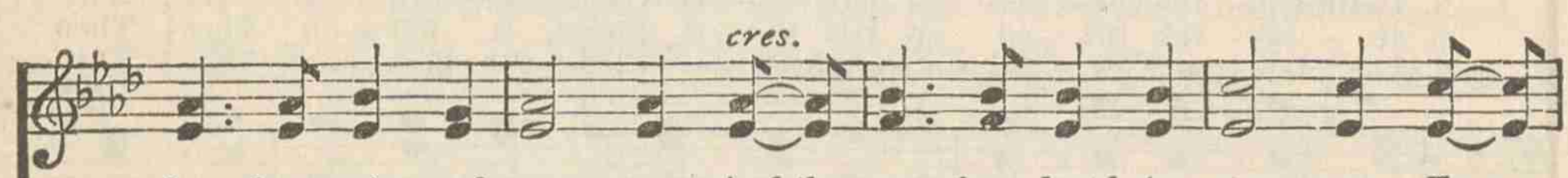
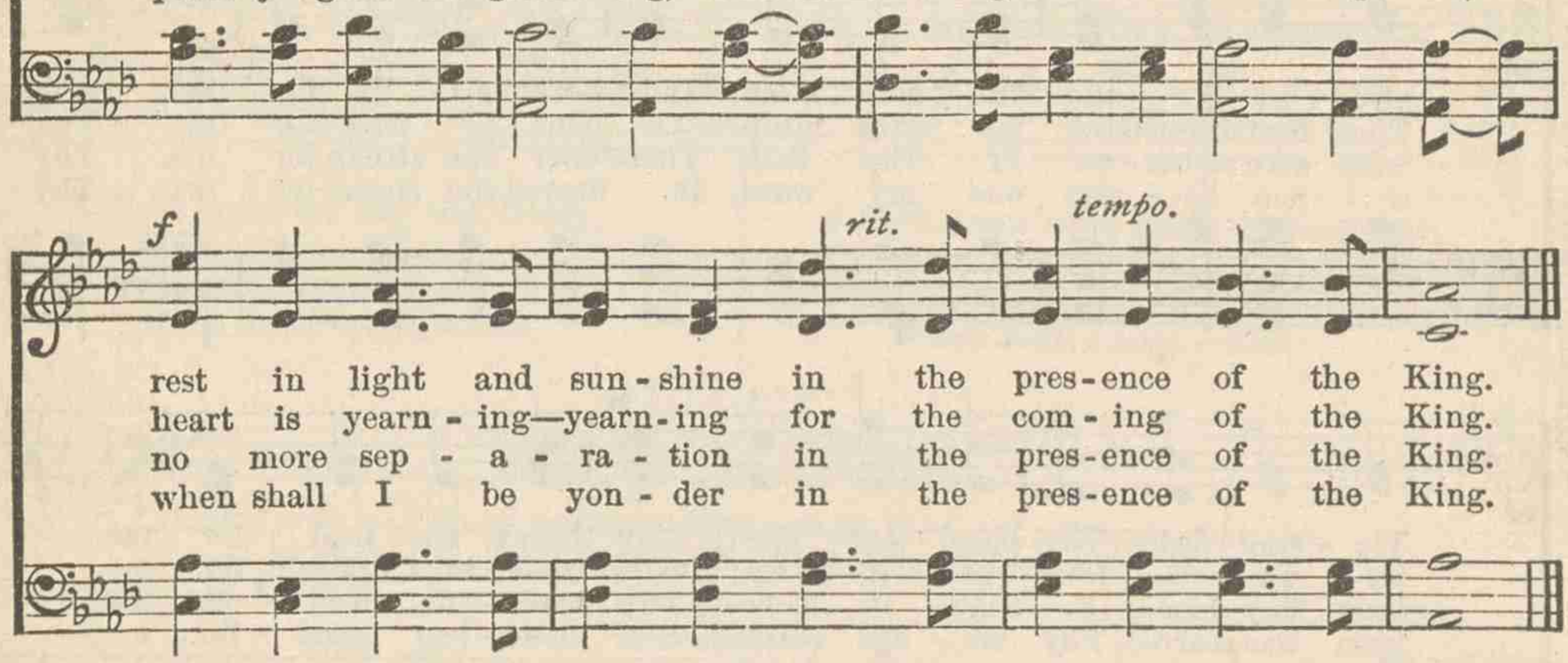
6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

No. 40. In the Presence of the King.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. English.

Moderato.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of wond - der, Where the
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn-ing heart grows fonder Of
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! Alas! I sigh and won - der Why
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where angel voic-es, swell - ing In tri-



an - gel voic - es min - gle, and the an - gel harp - ers ring; To be
look - ing to the east, to see the bless - ed day - star bring Some
clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart to a - ny earth - ly thing; Each
umphant hal - le - lu - jahs, make the vault - ed heav - ens ring? Where the

free from pain and sor - row, And the anx - ious, dread to - mor - row,. To
tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloud - less, pure day break - ing; My
tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er; But there's
pearl - y gates are gleam - ing, And the morn - ing star is beam - ing? Oh,

rest in light and sun - shine in the pres - ence of the King.
heart is yearn - ing—yearn - ing for the com - ing of the King.
no more sep - a - ra - tion in the pres - ence of the King.
when shall I be yon - der in the pres - ence of the King.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

No. 41. Missionary Hymn. 7s, & 6s.

"Come over.....and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

R. Heber. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev - 'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis-dom from on high, Shall we to men be -
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

fount-ains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a
pleas - es And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of
night - ed The light of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture, The Lamb, for

palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
God are strown: The heathen, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 42. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32: 12.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side? Can I
2. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread; Gives me
3. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love! Per - fect

doubt His ten-der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide? Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est
grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread; Tho' my wea - ry steps may
rest to me is promised In my Father's house a - bove; When my spir - it, cloth'd im-

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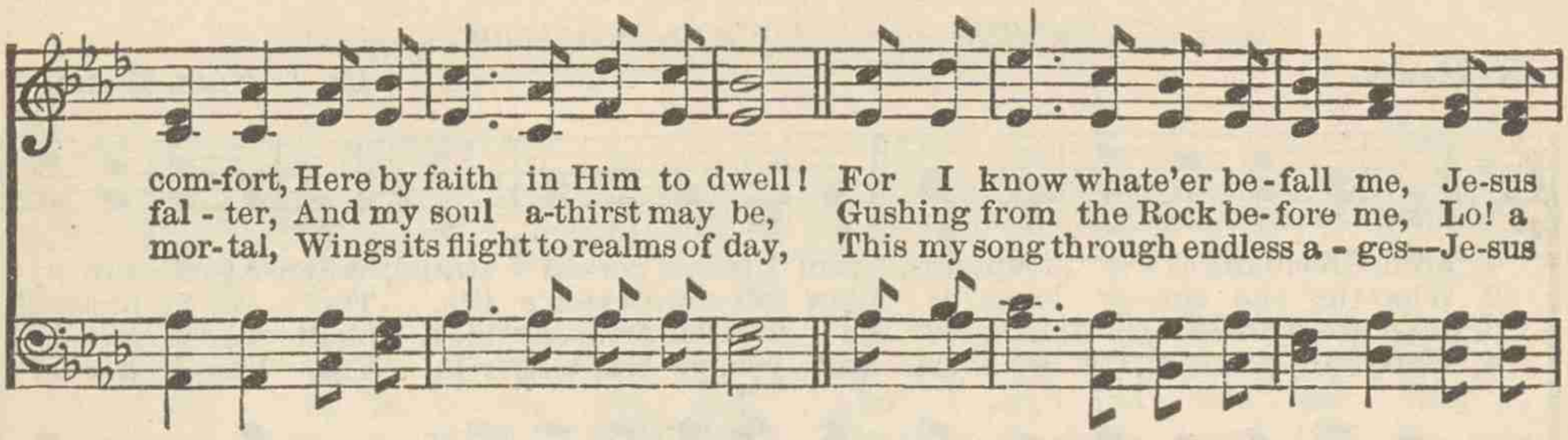
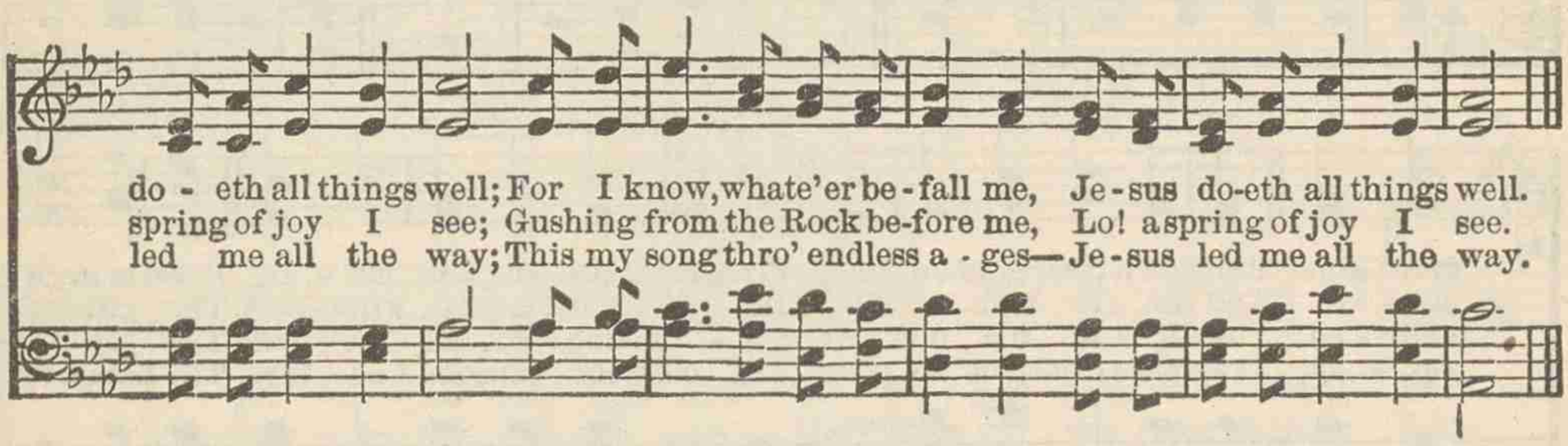
All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

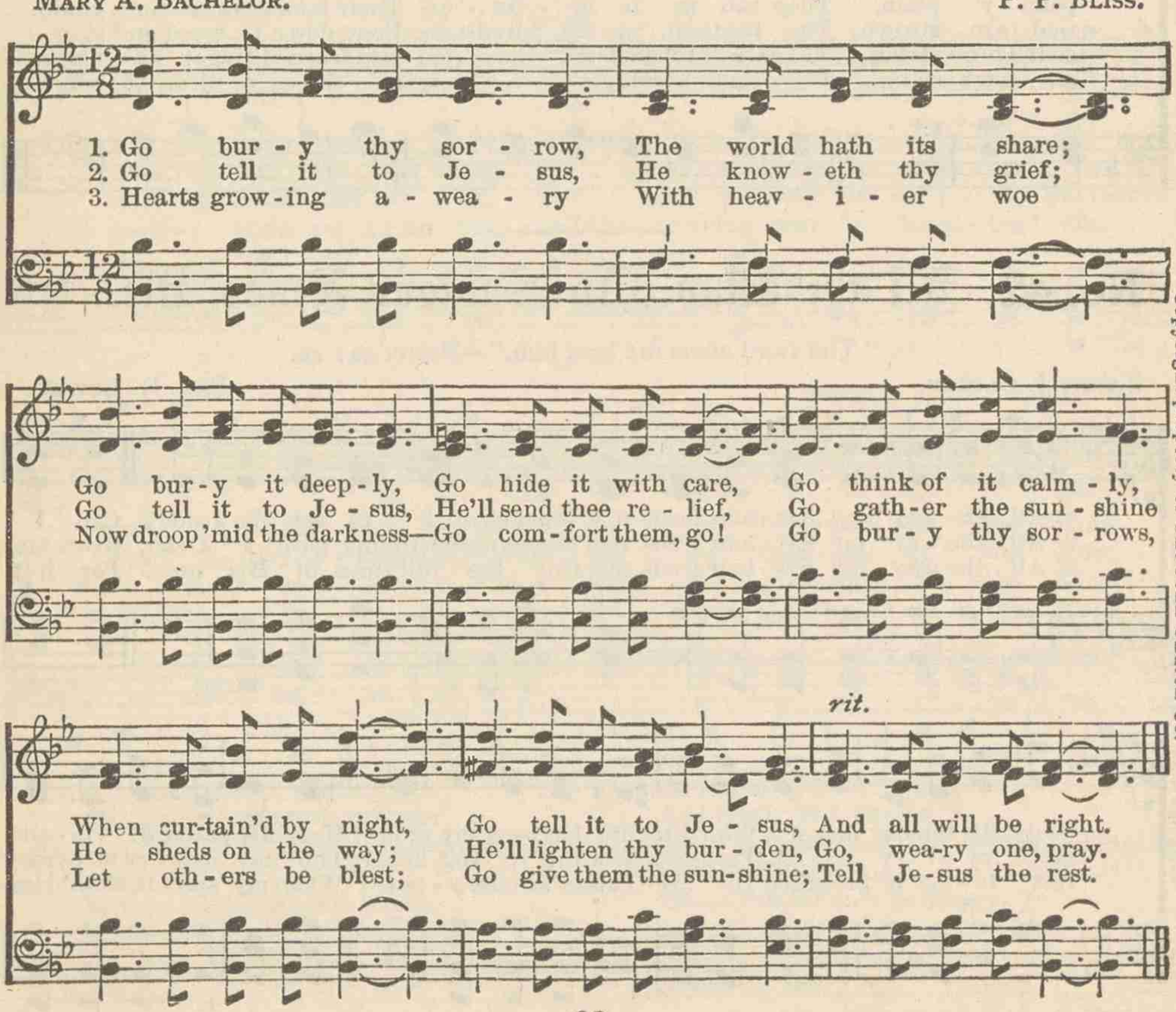




No. 43. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

MARY A. BACHELOR. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 44. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

JEREMIAH J. CALLAHAN. Arr. by I. B. WOODBURY.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the cit - y that
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so un-hallowed should
3. She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs; She dare not look up to the
4. In the sky, aft - er tem - pest, as shin-eth the bow,—In the glance of the sunbeam, as

Je - sus was there; Un-heed-ing the splendor that blazed on the board, She si - lent-ly
tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her
heav'n of His eyes; And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast, As her lips to his
melt-eth the snow He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiv'n," And the sinner went

knelt at the feet of the Lord, She si - lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.
perfume she shower'd on His feet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet.
san-dals were throbbingly pressed, As her lips to His san-dals were throbbing-ly pressed.
forth in the beau-ty of heav'n, And the sin-ner went forth in the beau-ty of heav'n.

No. 45. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest - tost,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness *may be lost.*

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Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea-man; You may res - cue, you may save.

No. 46. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. A long time I wan-dered in dark - ness and sin, And won-dered if ev - er the
2. I heard the glad gos - pel of "good will to men;" I read "who-so - ev - er" a -
3. Oh, mer - cy sur-pris - ing, He saves e - ven me! "Thy por-tion for - ev - er," He

light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rap - ture di - vine, And
gain and a - gain; I said to my soul, "Can that prom - ise be thine?" And
says, "will I be," On His word I'm rest - ing—as - sur - ance di - vine— I'm

CHORUS.

wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Sav-iour were mine. I wish'd He were mine, yes, I
then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I
"hop - ing" no long - er— I know He is mine! I know He is mine, yes, I

wish'd He were mine; I wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Sav-iour were mine.
hoped He was mine; I then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine.
know He is mine; I'm "hop - ing" no long - er— I know He is mine!

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No. 47. The Precious Name.

"And blessed be his glorious name for ever."—PSA. 72: 19.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros- trate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re- ceive us, And His songs our tongues em- ploy!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com- plete.

CHORUS.

Pre- cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre- cious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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No. 48. Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 COR. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. R. GEO. HALLS. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

Very slow.

1. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,.....
2. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly as led by His hand;.....
3. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, Pain- ful the humbling may be,.....

CHO.—*Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,.....*

Oh, to be Nothing.

FINE.

A bro - ken and emp - tied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.
A mes - sen - ger at His gate - way, On - ly wait - ing for His com - mand,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me That the world might my Sav - iour see,

A bro - ken and emp - tied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.

Emp-tied that He might fill me As forth to His ser - vice I go;
On - ly an in - strument read - y His prais - es to sound at His will,
Rath - er be noth - ing, noth - ing, To Him let our voi - ces be raised,

D.C. Chorus.

Bro - ken, that so un - hin - dered, His life through me might flow.....
Will - ing, should he not re - quire me, In si - lence to wait on Him still.....
He is the Fountain of bless - ing, He on - ly is meet to be praised.....

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No. 49. Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Lord, I be - lieve! Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Thy Spir - it give;
2. Ful - ly per-suad - ed—Lord, hear my cry! Ful - ly per-suad - ed—pass me not by;
3. Ful - ly per-suad - ed, no more op - prest, Ful - ly per-suad - ed, now I am blest:
4. Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Je - sus is mine; Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Lord, I am Thine!

rit.

I will o - bey Thy call; Low at Thy feet I fall; Now I sur-render all, Christ to re - ceive.
Just as I am I come, I will no longer roam, O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!
Je - sus is now my Guide, I will in Christ abide; My soul is sat - is-fied In Him to rest!
O make my love to Thee Like Thine own love to me, So rich, so full and free, Saviour di-vine!

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No. 50. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."
—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. On - ly an armour-bearer, proudly I stand, Waiting to follow at the King's command;
2. On - ly an armour-bearer, now in the field, Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
3. On - ly an armour-bearer, yet may I share, Glo - ry immortal, and a bright crown wear:

Marching if "onward" shall the or-der be, Standing by my Captain, serving faithful-ly.
Wait- ing to hear the thrilling bat - tle cry, Ready then to an-swer, "Master, here am I."
If, in the bat-tle, to my trust I'm true, Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

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CHORUS.

Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the falt'ring ones! backward they fall.

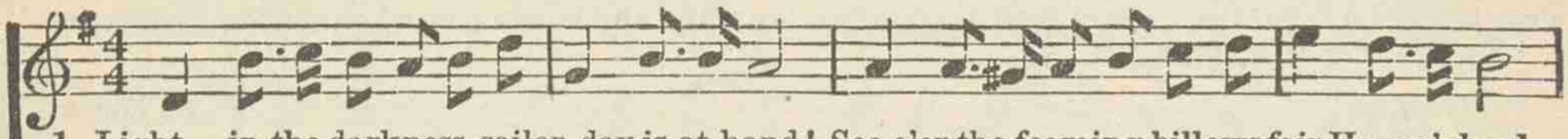
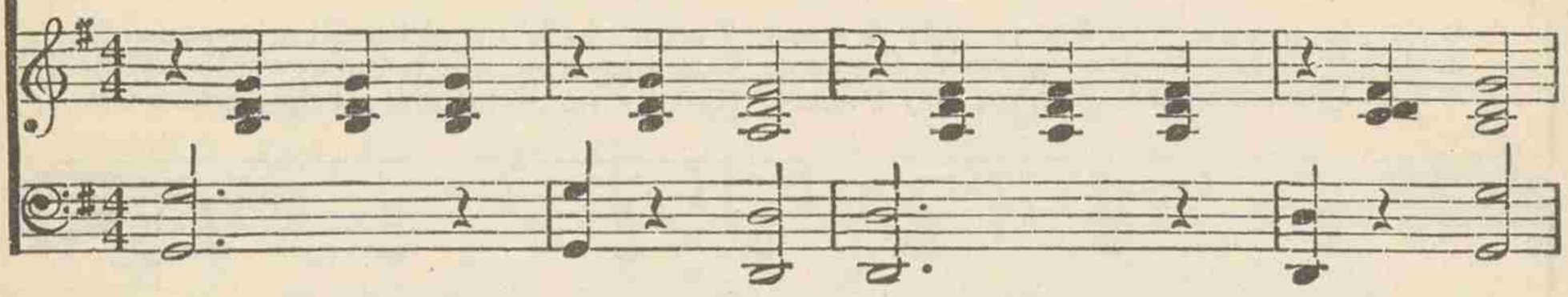
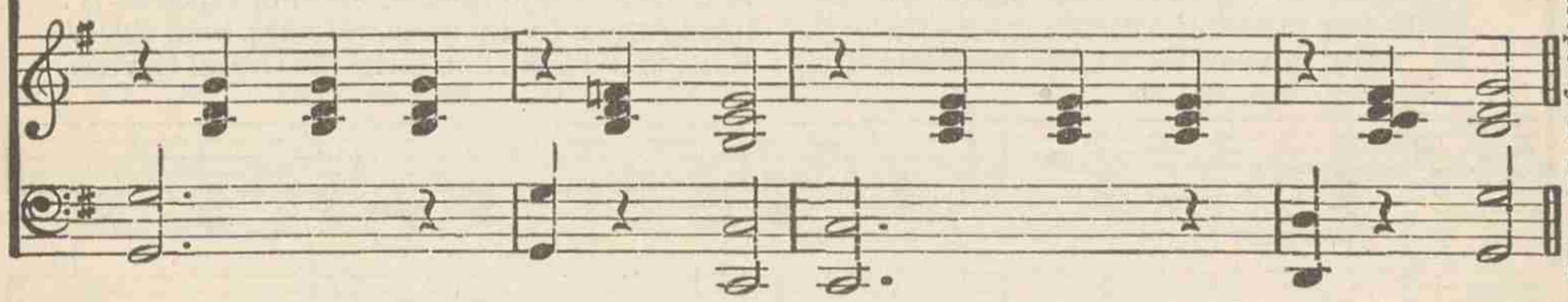
Sure- ly the Captain may depend on me, Tho' but an armour-bearer I may be.

Sure-ly the Captain may depend on me, Tho' but an armour-bearer I may be.

No. 51. Pull for the Shore.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand! See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,
2. Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail, Stronger the surges dash and fierc- er the gale,
3. Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye; Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!

Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er, Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.
Heed not the stormy winds, tho' loudly they roar, Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing ev- er- more, "Glo-ry, glo- ry, hal-le-lujah!" pull for the shore.

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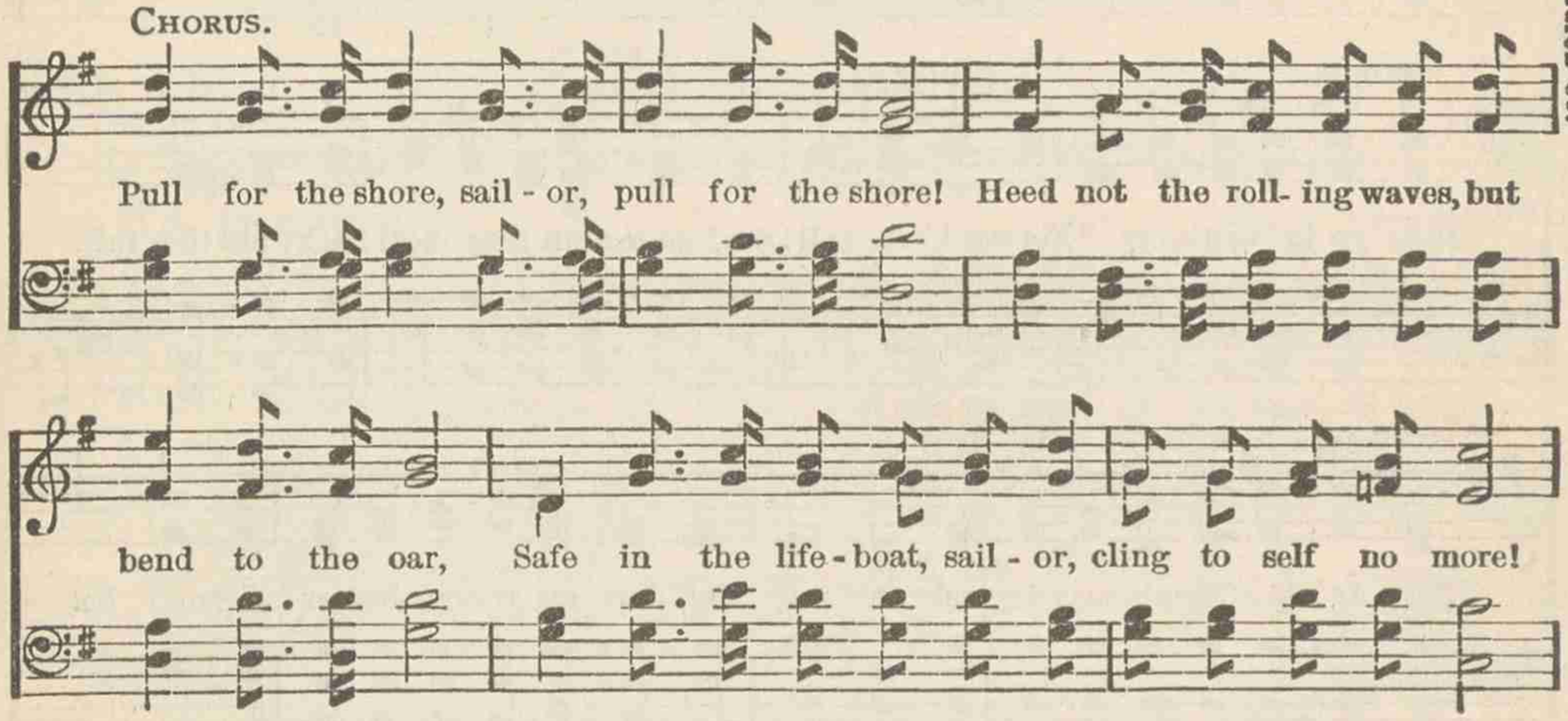
CHORUS.



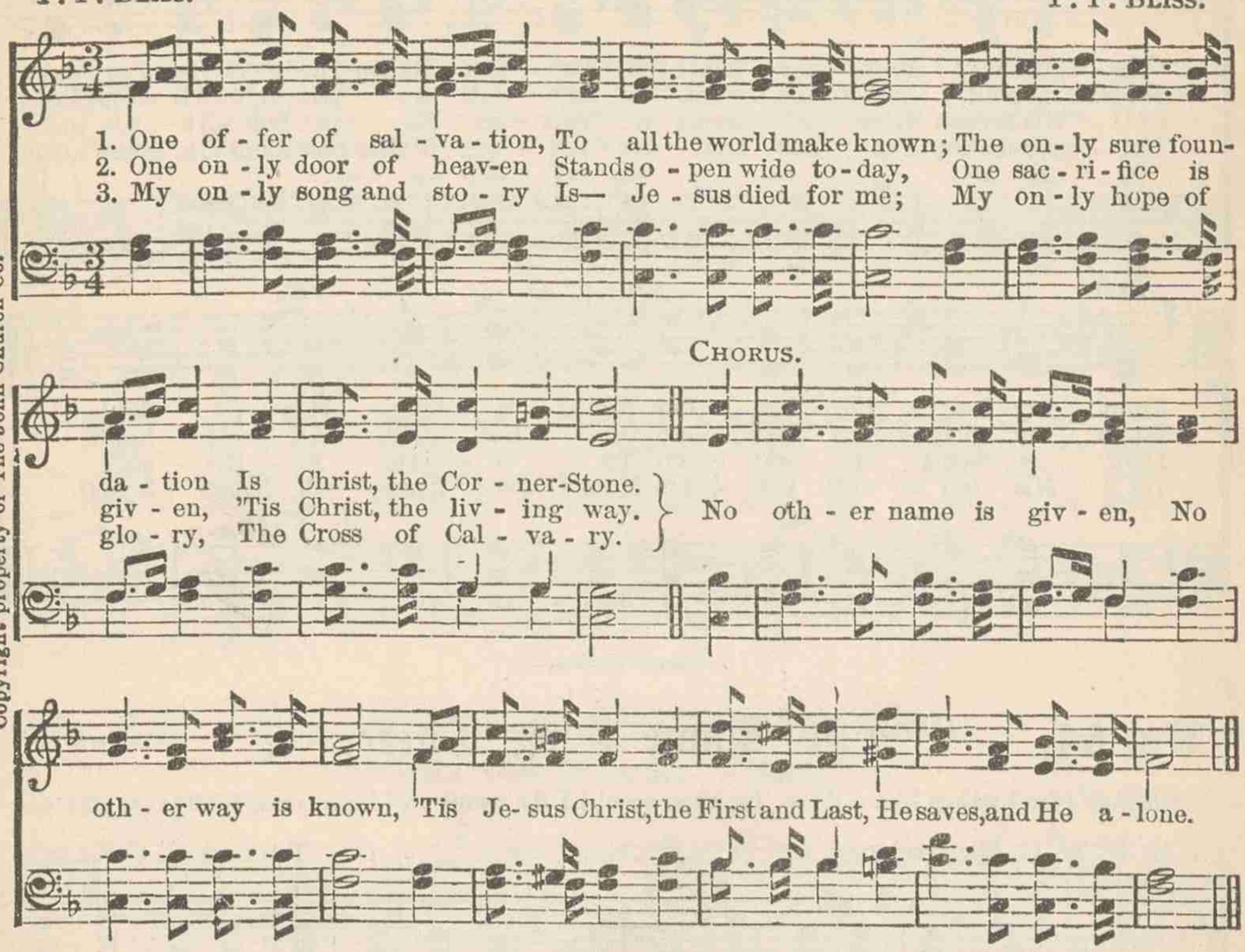
Pull for the shore, sail- or, pull for the shore! Heed not the roll- ing waves, but bend to the oar, Safe in the life- boat, sail- or, cling to self no more!

Leave the poor old strand- ed wreck, and pull for the shore.

No. 52. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.



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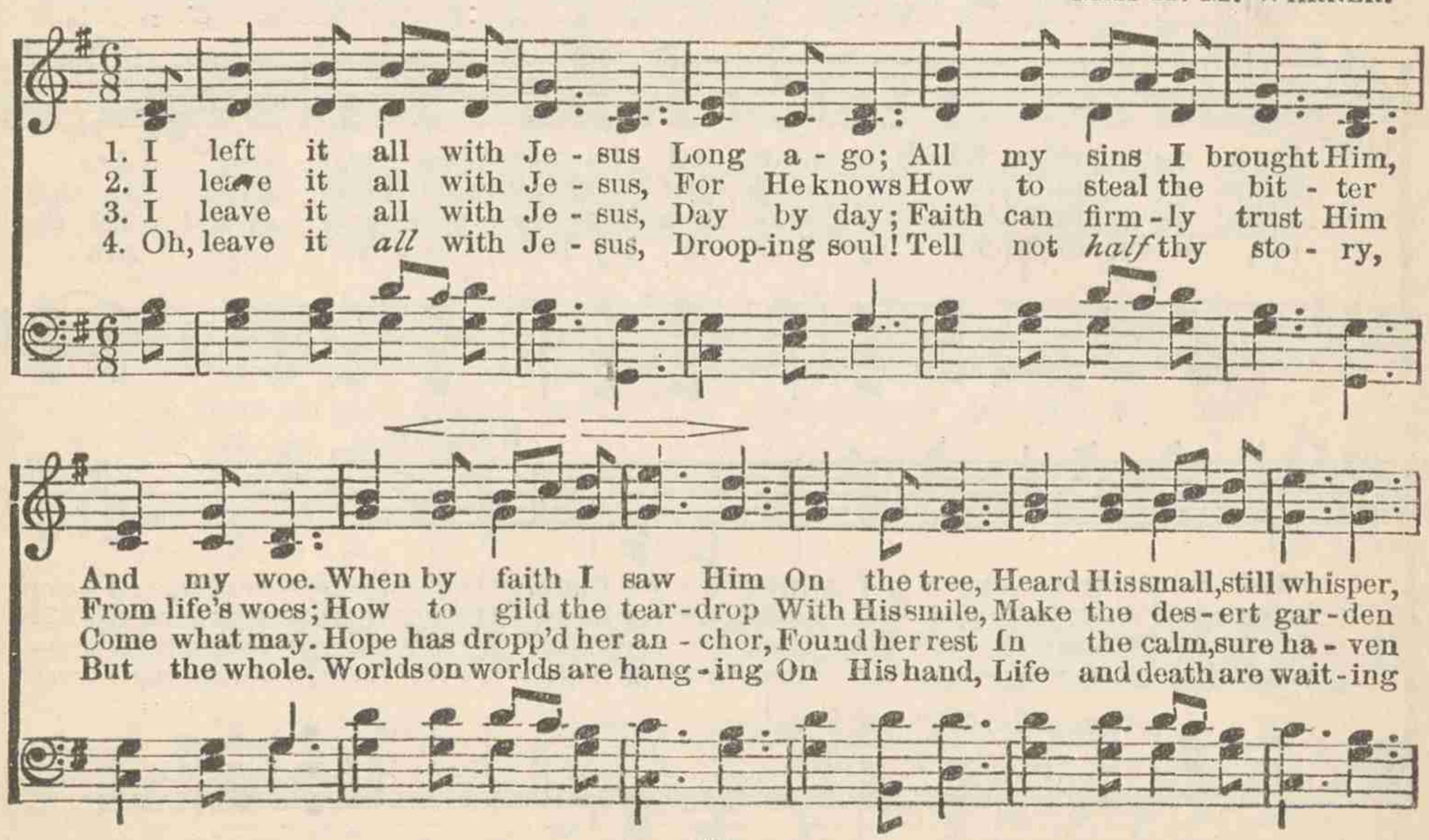
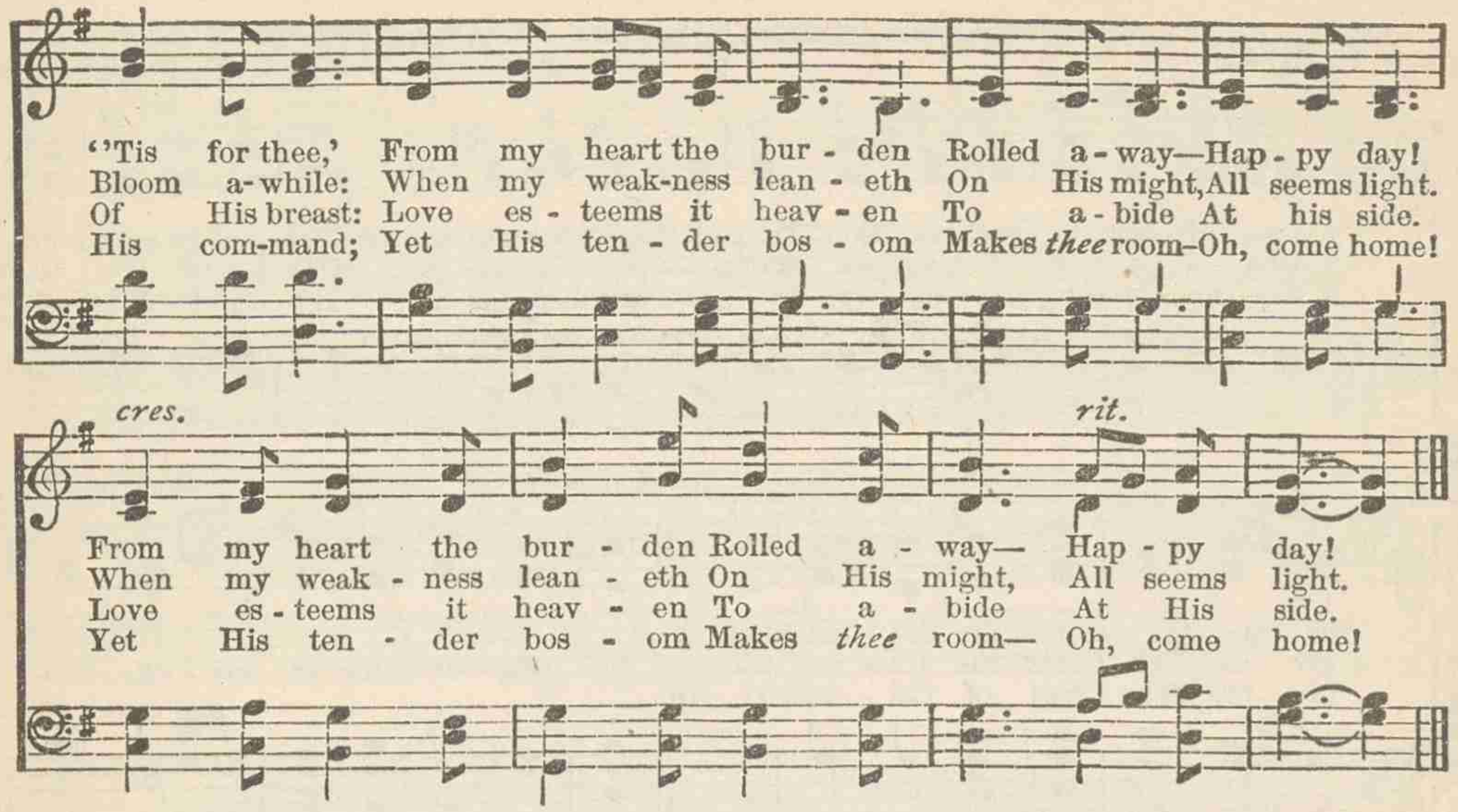
No. 53. I Left it All with Jesus.

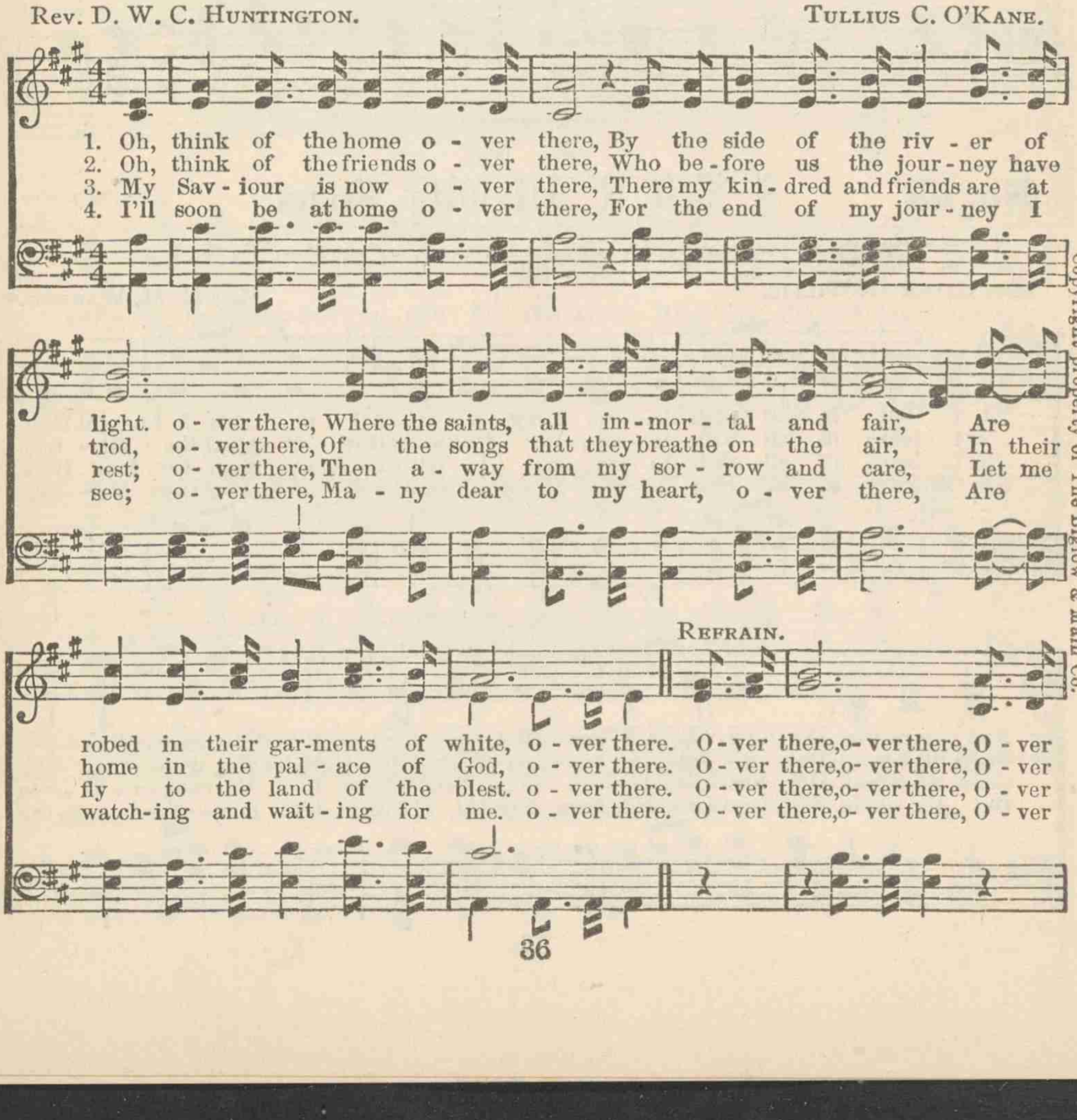
"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. Miss H. M. WARNER.



I Left it All with Jesus.

No. 54. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

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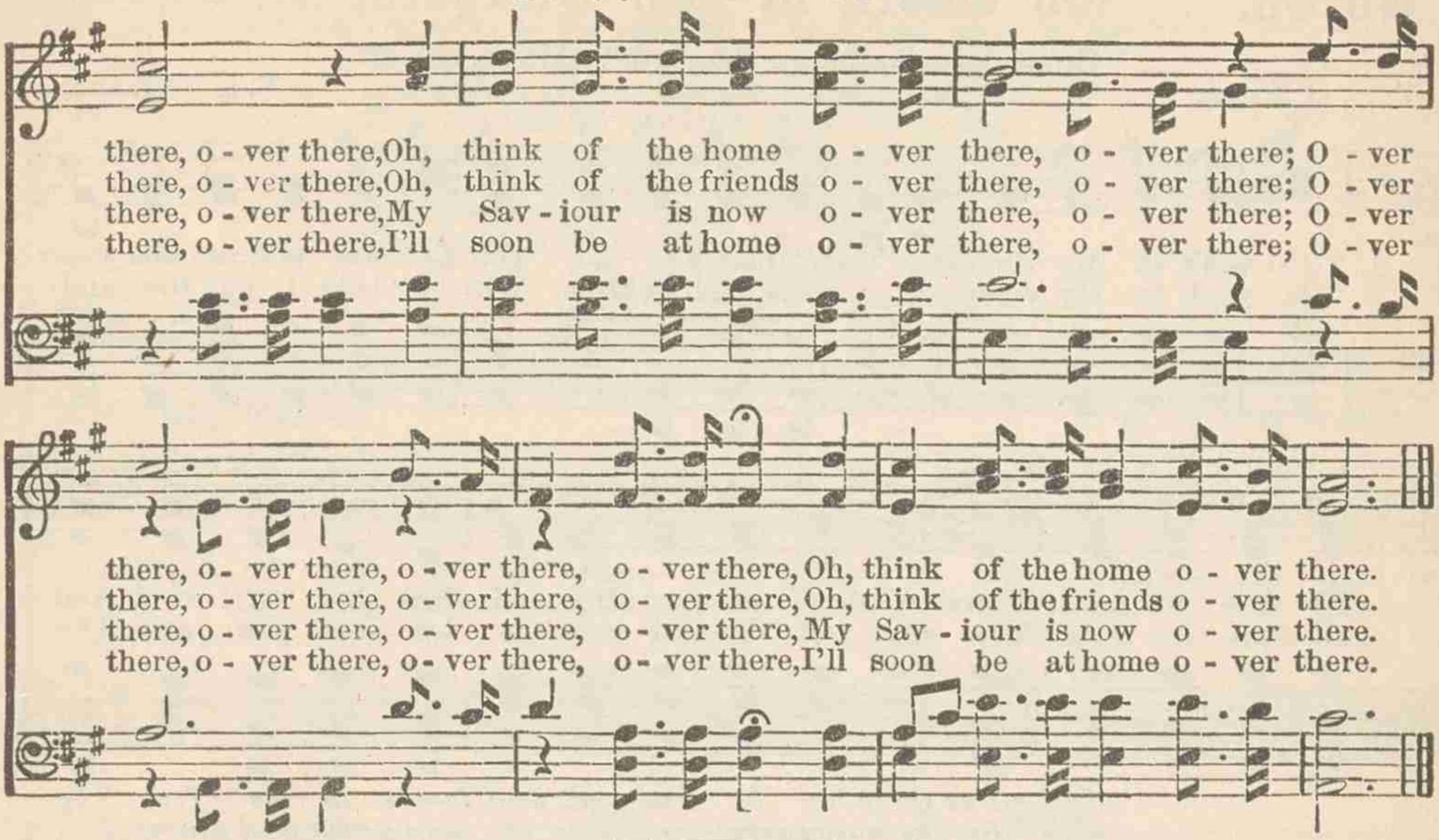
The Home Over There.



No. 55. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 17.

Fanny J. Crosby. Hubert P. Main.

Slowly.

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No. 56. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

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

1. "Go work in My vineyard," there's plenty to do, The har-vest is great and the
2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and

lab-rer's are few; There's weeding and fenc-ing and clear-ing of roots, And
all that is thine; Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-iest pow-ers, Thy

D.S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
D.S.—In pain and temp-ta-tion, in an-guish and shame, I

ploughing, and sow-ing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are fox-es to take, there are
warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours. I will-ing-ly yield-ed My

lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led. [*Go to Chorus.*]
paid thy full ran-som; My purchase I claim. [*Go to Chorus.*]

wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. D.S.
king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

CHORUS. work,..... go work,.....

Go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard; there's

Go work,..... go work,

plen-ty to do, Go work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'rers are few.

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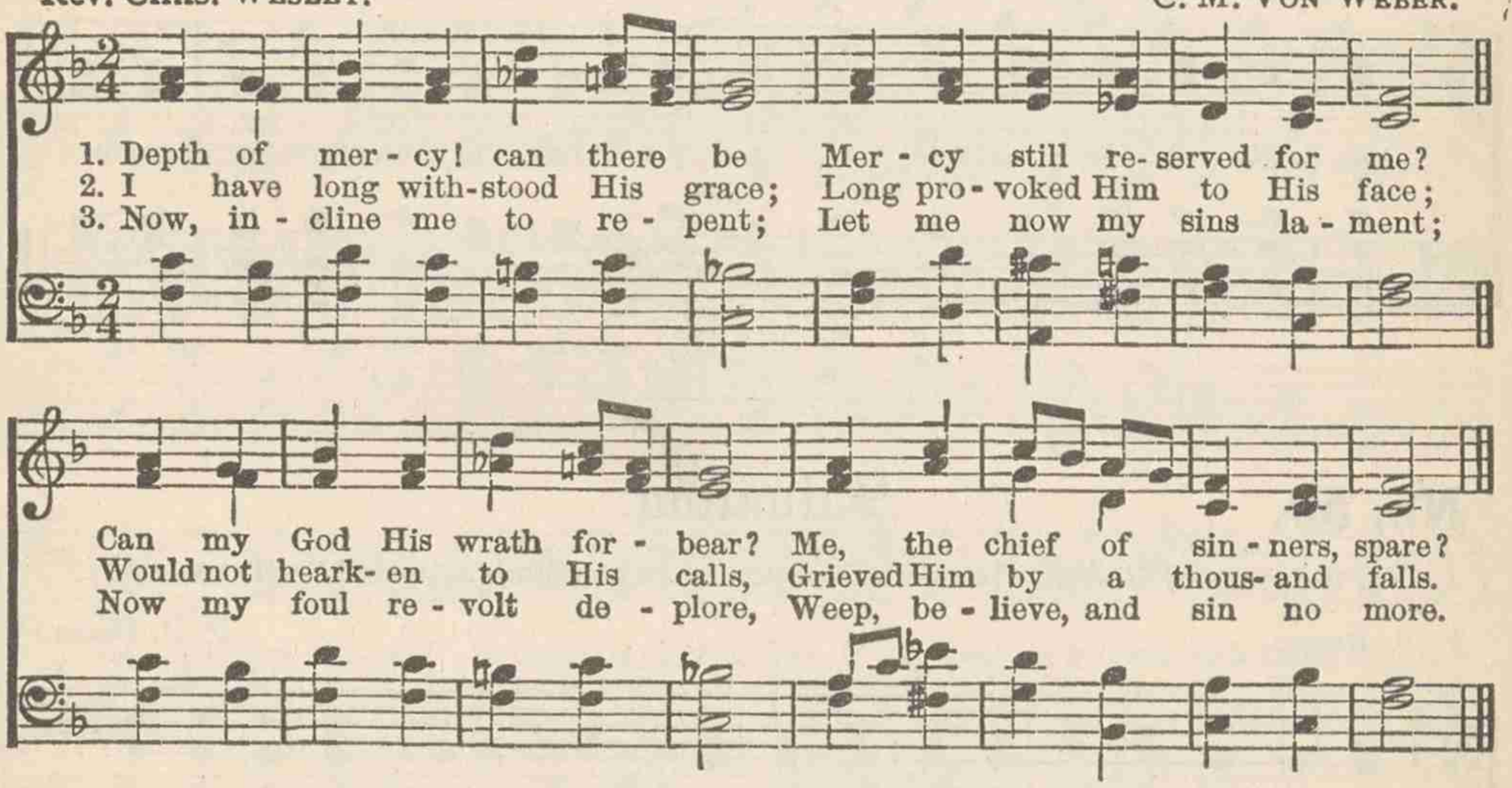
Go Work in My Vineyard.

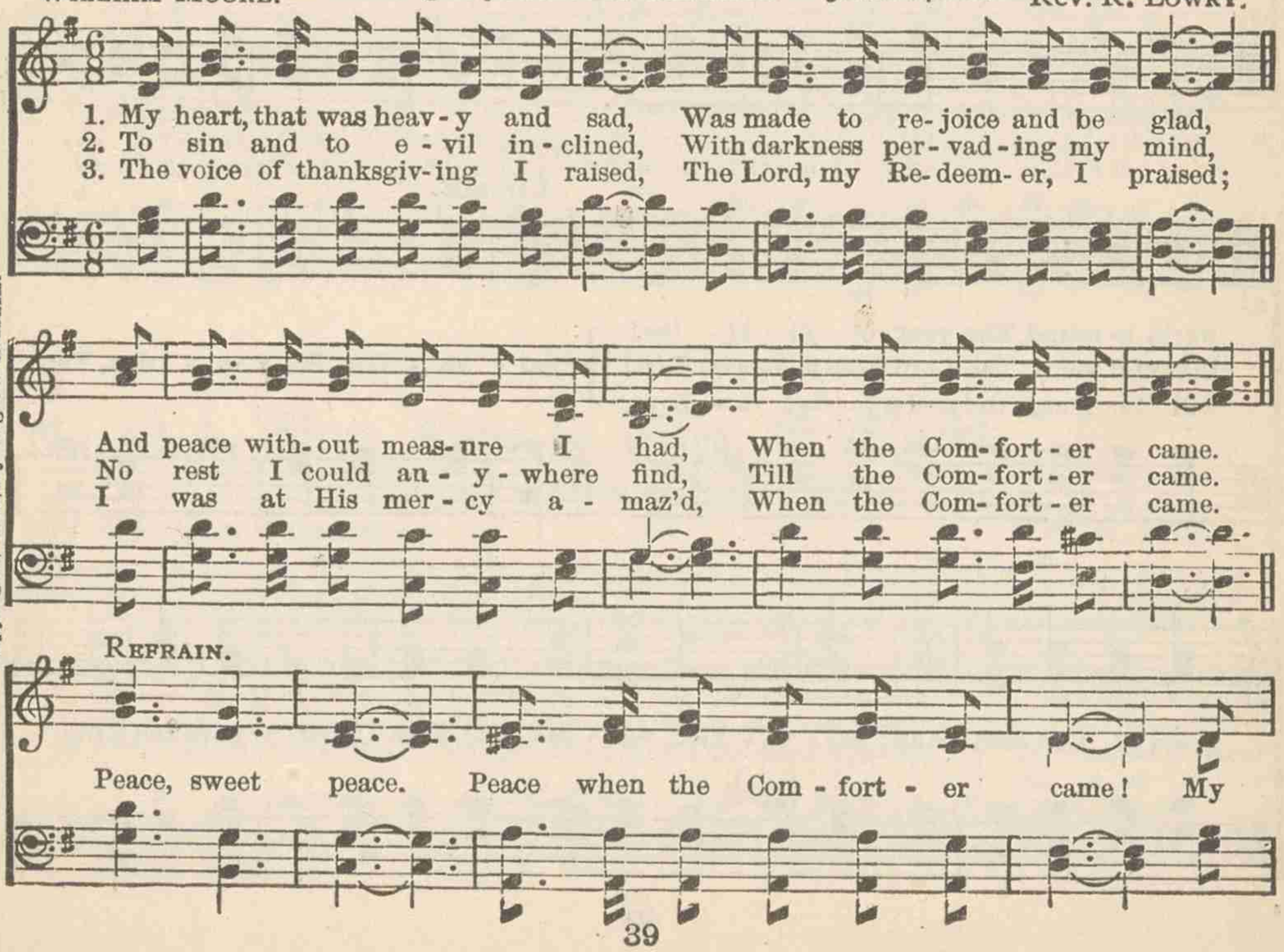
3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 57. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51 : 17.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. C. M. Von Weber.

No. 58. When the Comforter Came.

William Moore. "He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14 : 16. Rev. R. Lowry.



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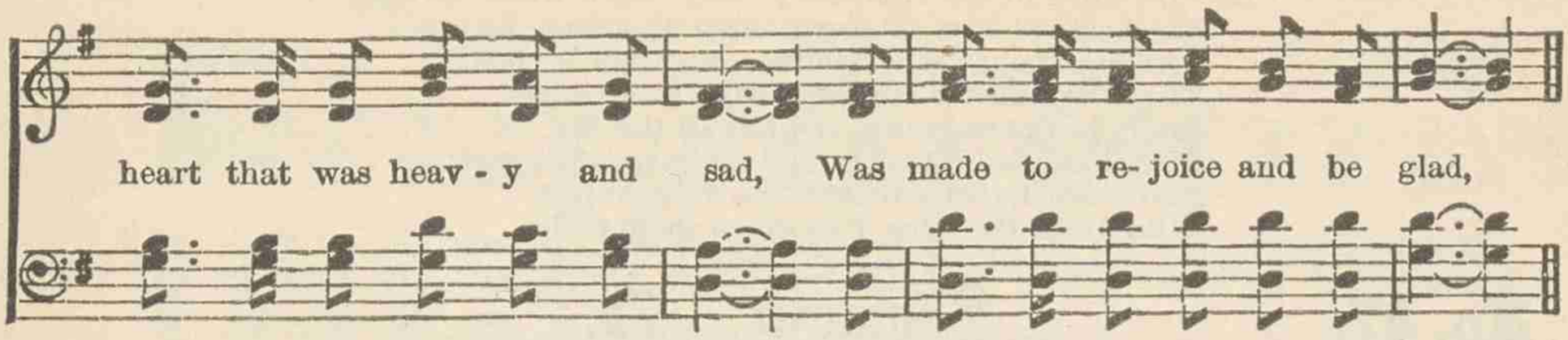
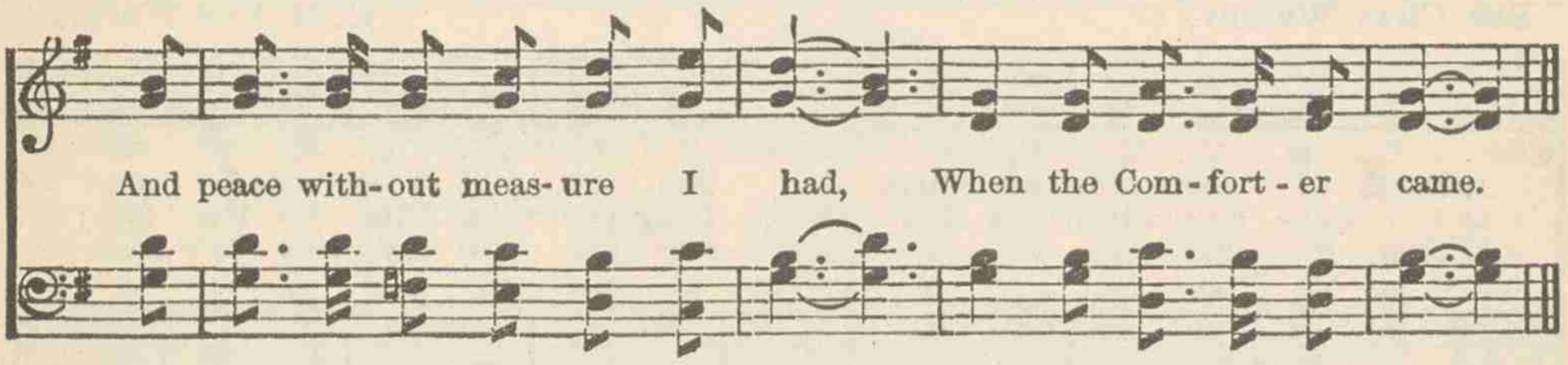
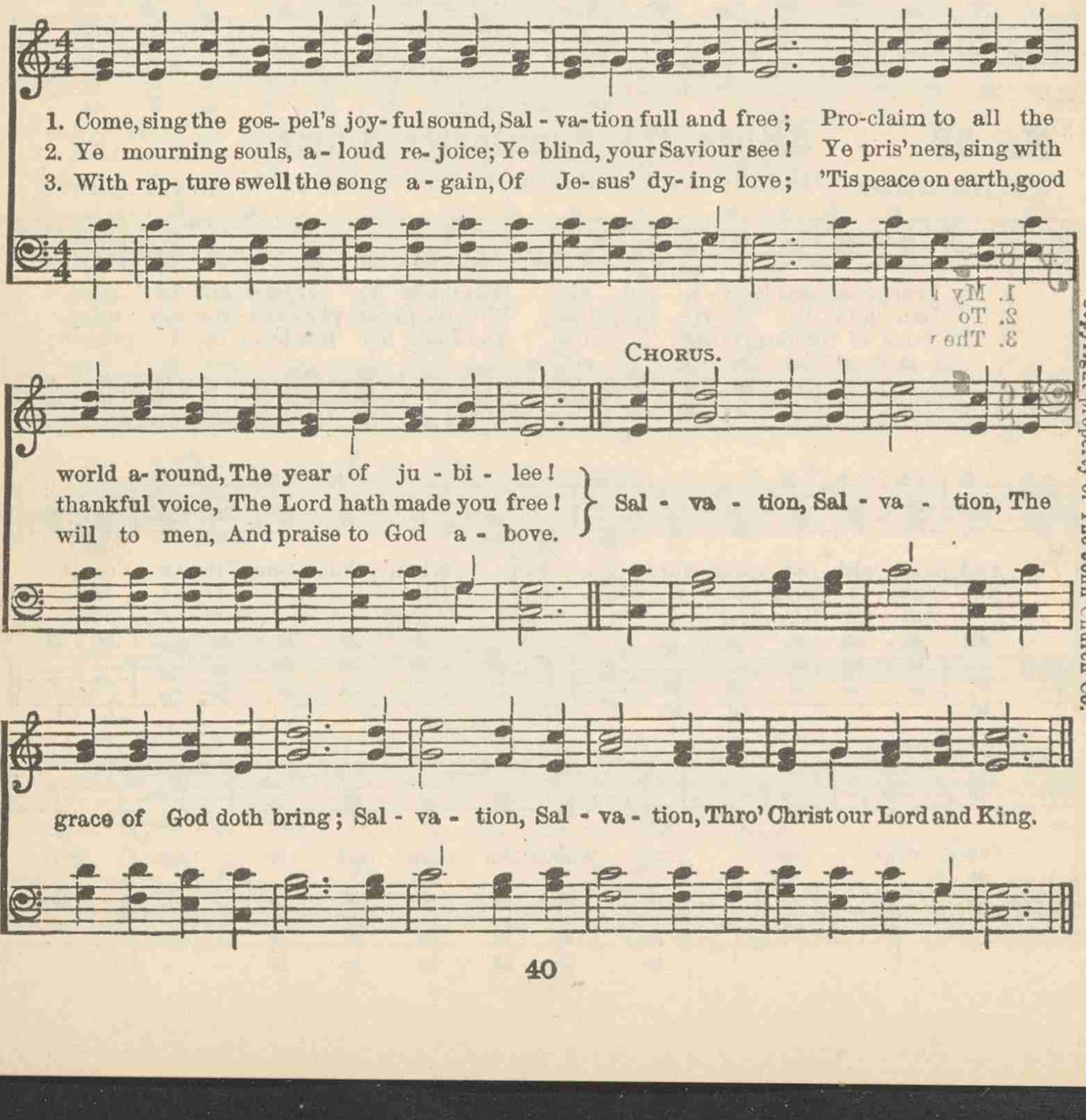
When the Comforter Came.

No. 59. Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared."—Titus 2 : 11.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.



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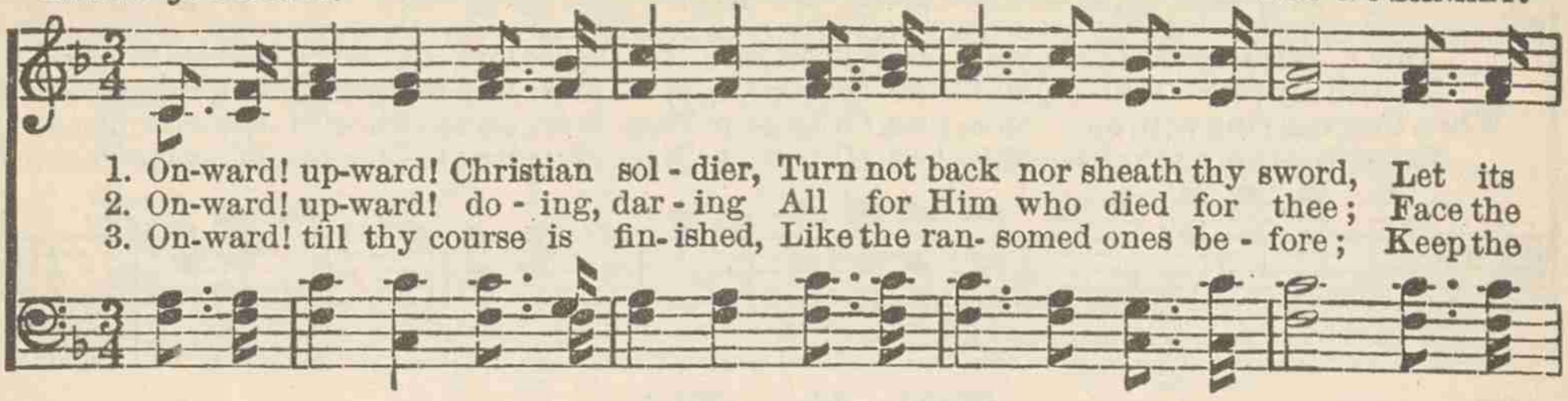
No. 60. Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

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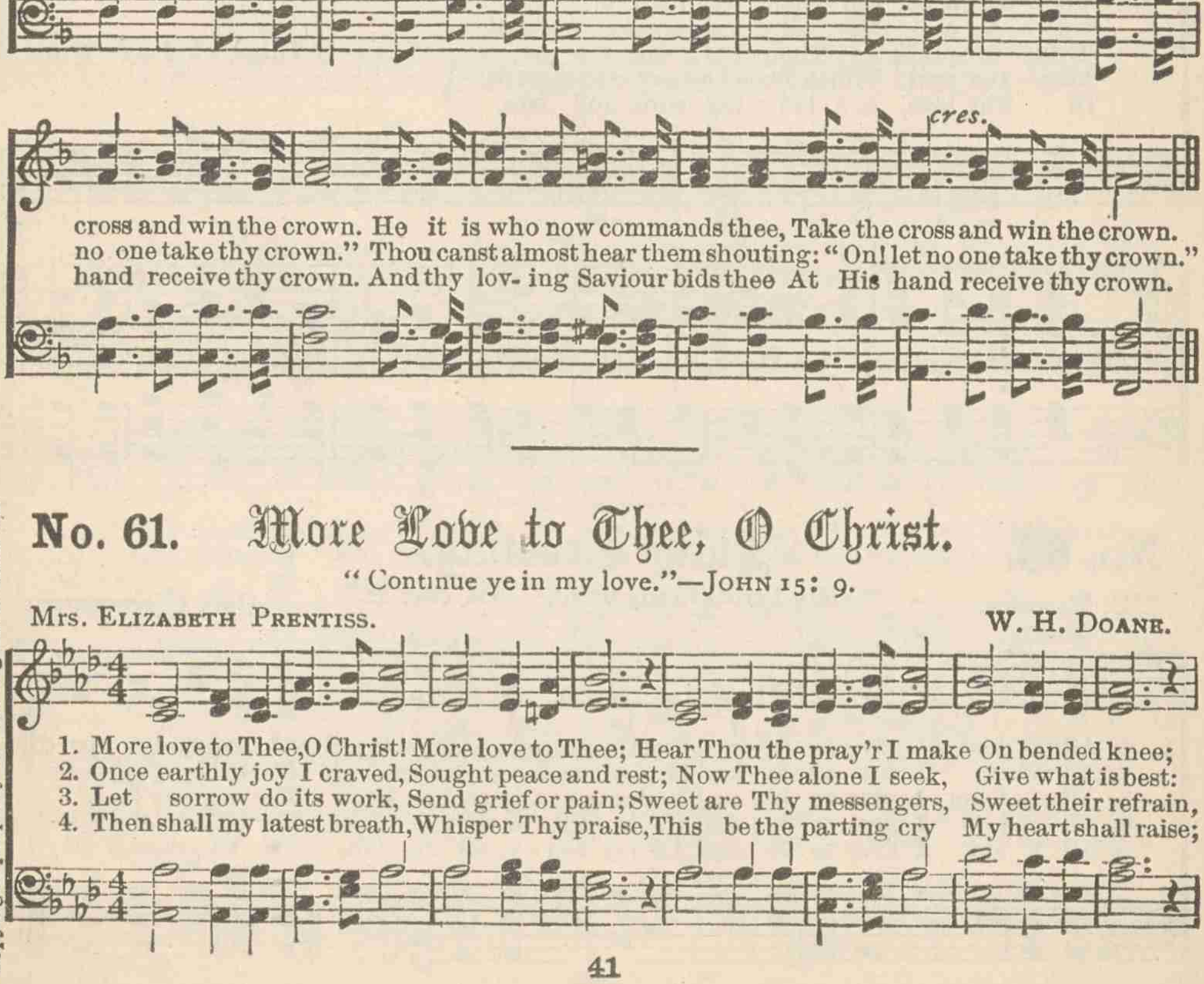
No. 61. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. W. H. Doane.



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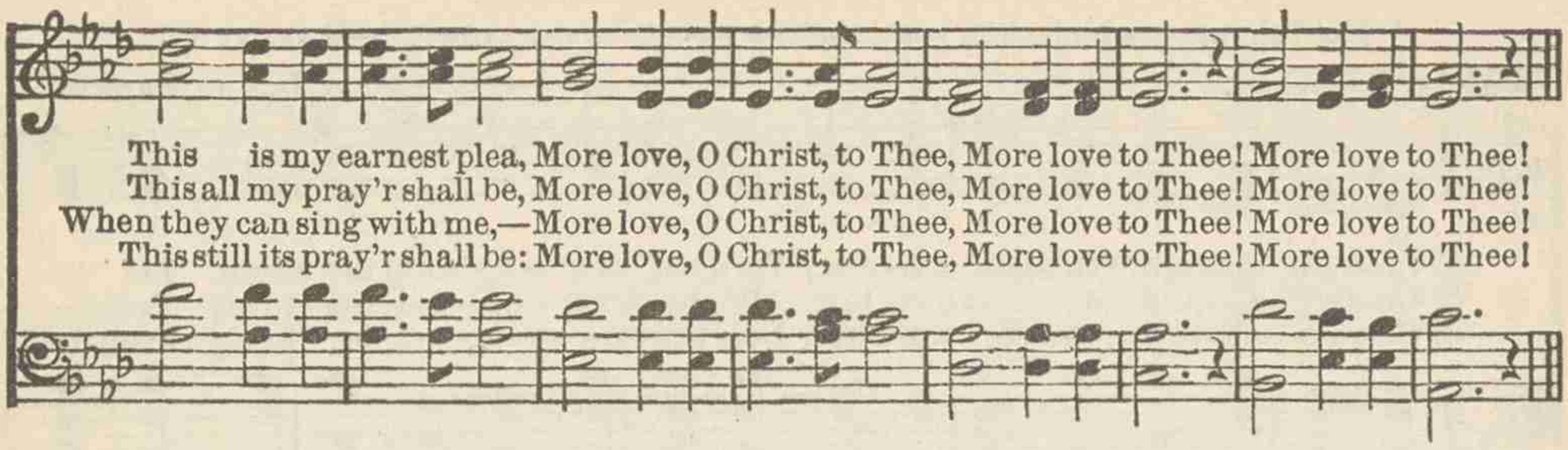
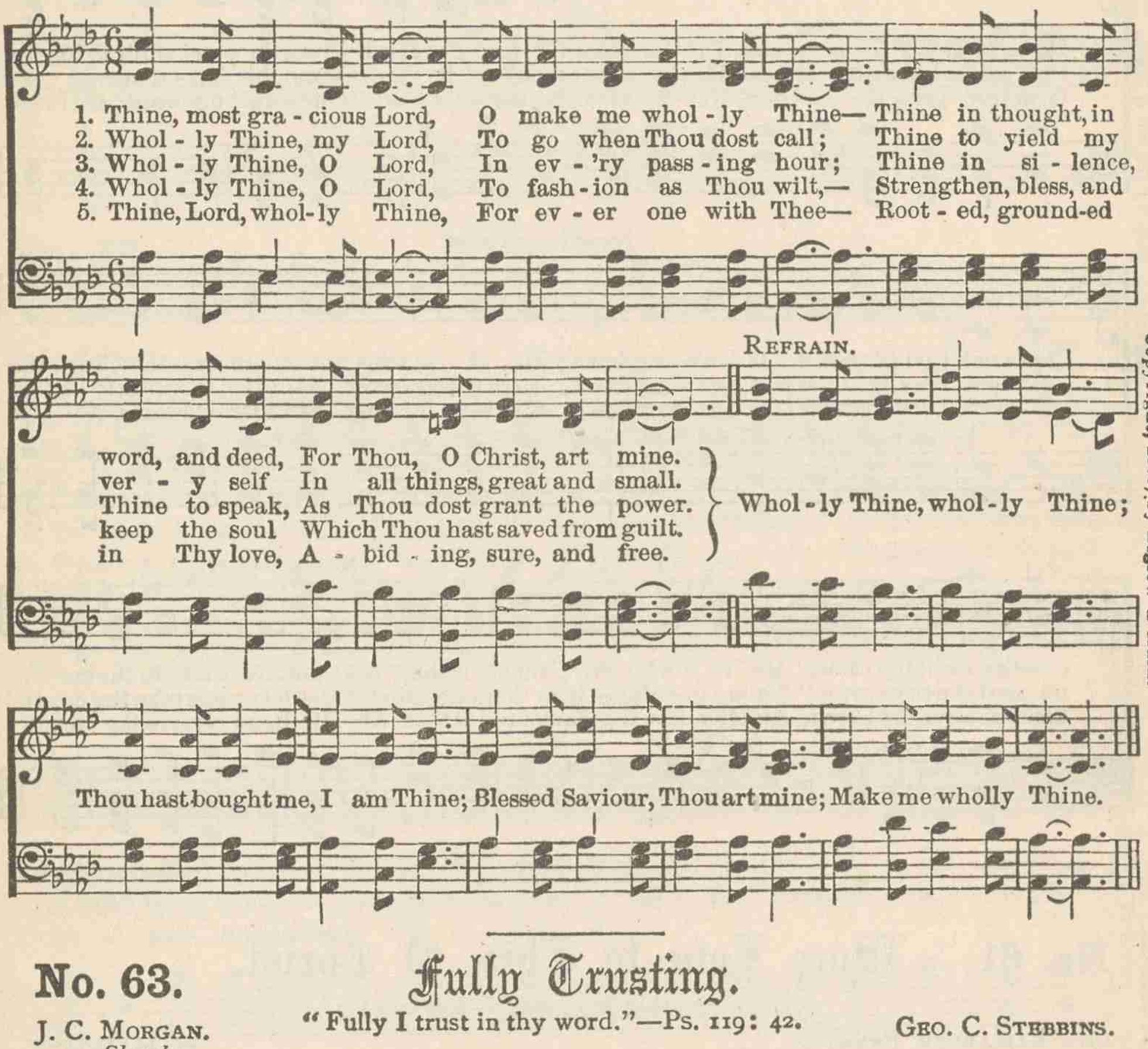
More Love to Thee, O Christ.

No. 62. Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—THES. 5: 23.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

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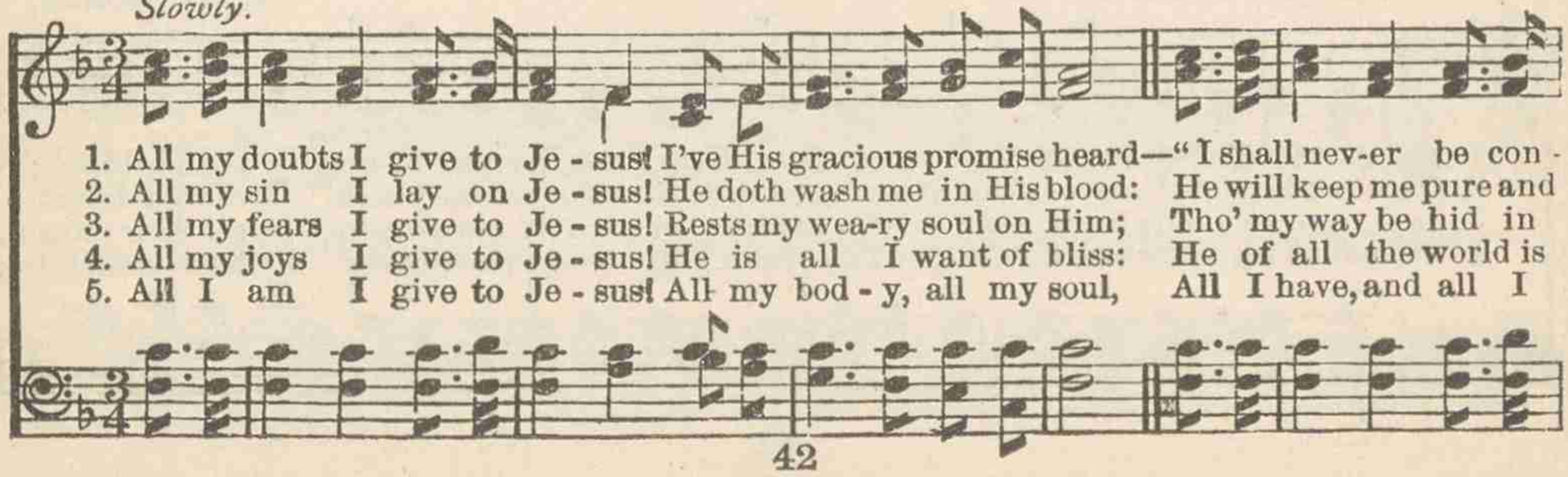
No. 63. Fully Trusting.

"Fully I trust in thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

Fully Trusting.

CHORUS.

found - ed,"—I am trust-ing in that word.
ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
dark - ness, Nev-er can His light grow dim.
Mas - ter— He has all I need in this.
hope for, While e-ter - nal a - ges roll.

I am trust-ing, ful - ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word; I am trusting, Ful-ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word.

Copyright, 1876, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 64. Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS. KARL WILHELM. Arr.

f

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive journeys run; His
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais-es crown His head; His

king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. From
name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice. Peo-

north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet; While west-ern
ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in - fant

em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 65. My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. Van Alstyne. W. H. Doane.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days, He fills my cup with
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet, I call to mind His
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way To reach the bliss - ful

bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise; My song shall be of Je - sus, The
good - ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet; My song shall be of Je - sus, What -
re - gion Of pure and per - fect day. And when my soul shall en - ter The

ritard.

pre-cious Lamb of God, Who gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
ev - er ill be - tide; I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
gate of E - den fair, A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

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No. 66. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and, thy sin con -
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly now He's
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de -
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say, Glad - ly to Thee, my

Refrain.

fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace.
Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

} On - ly a step, On - ly a step;

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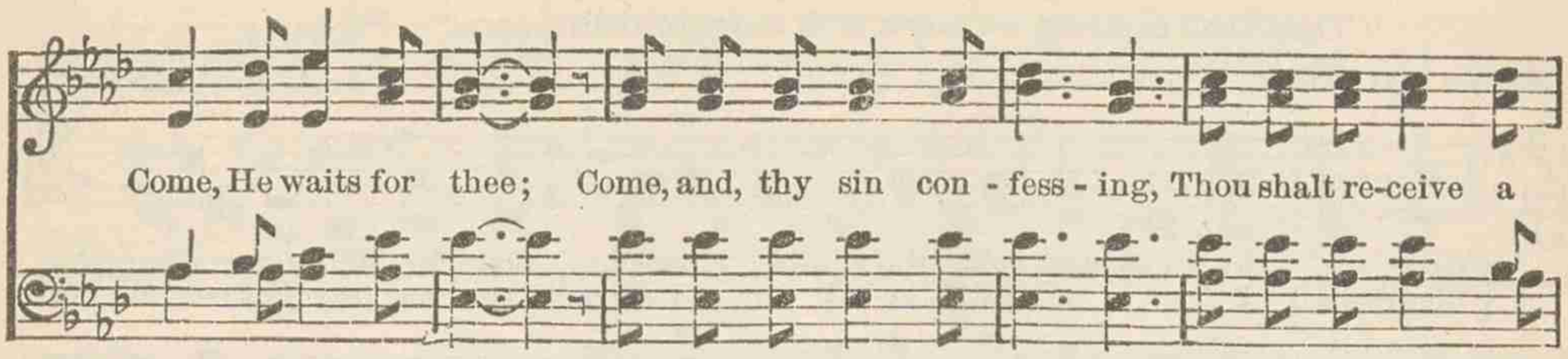
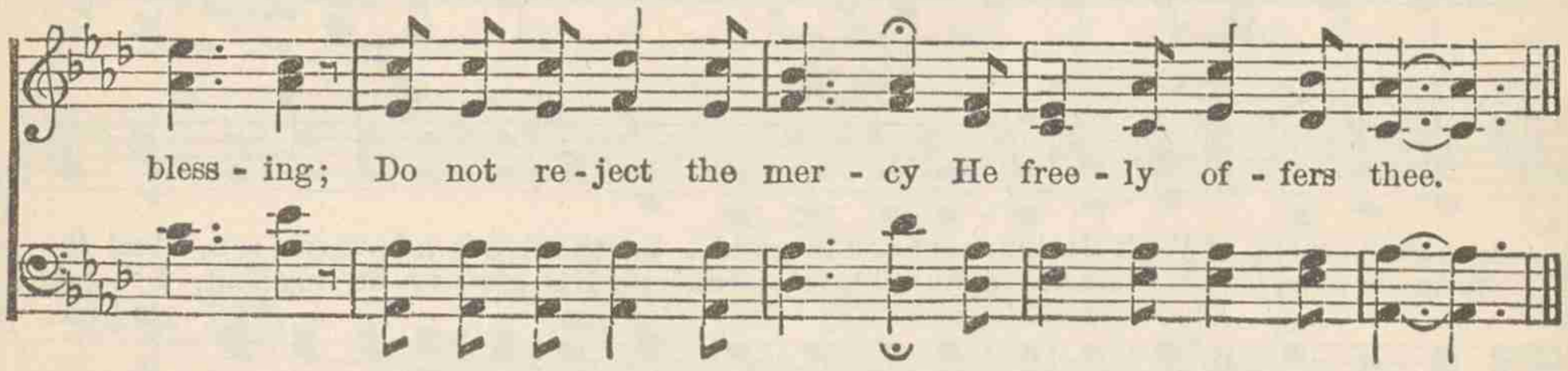
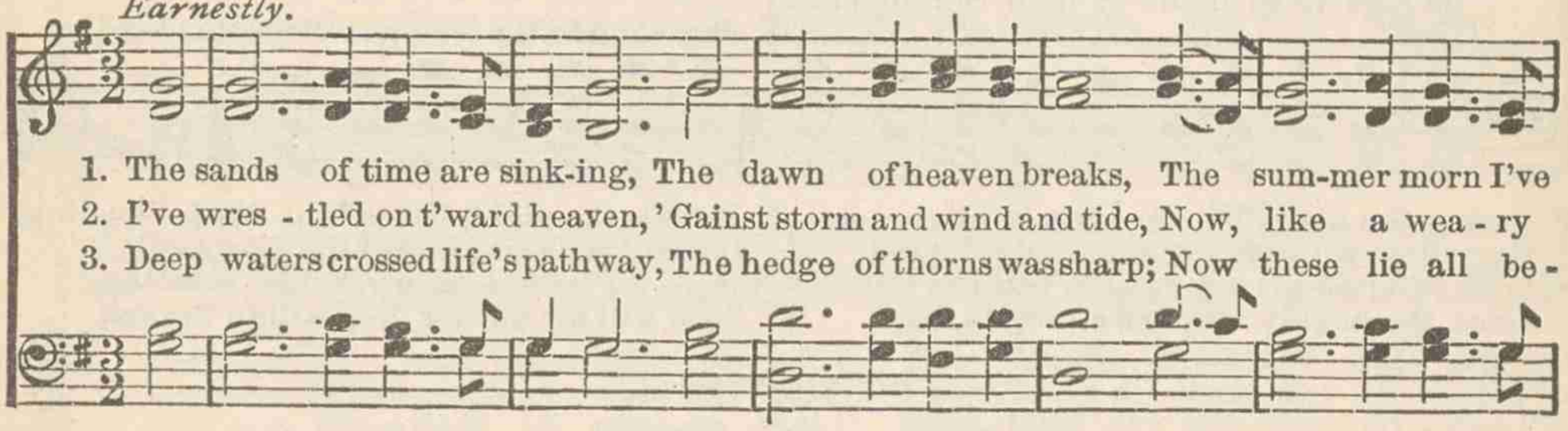
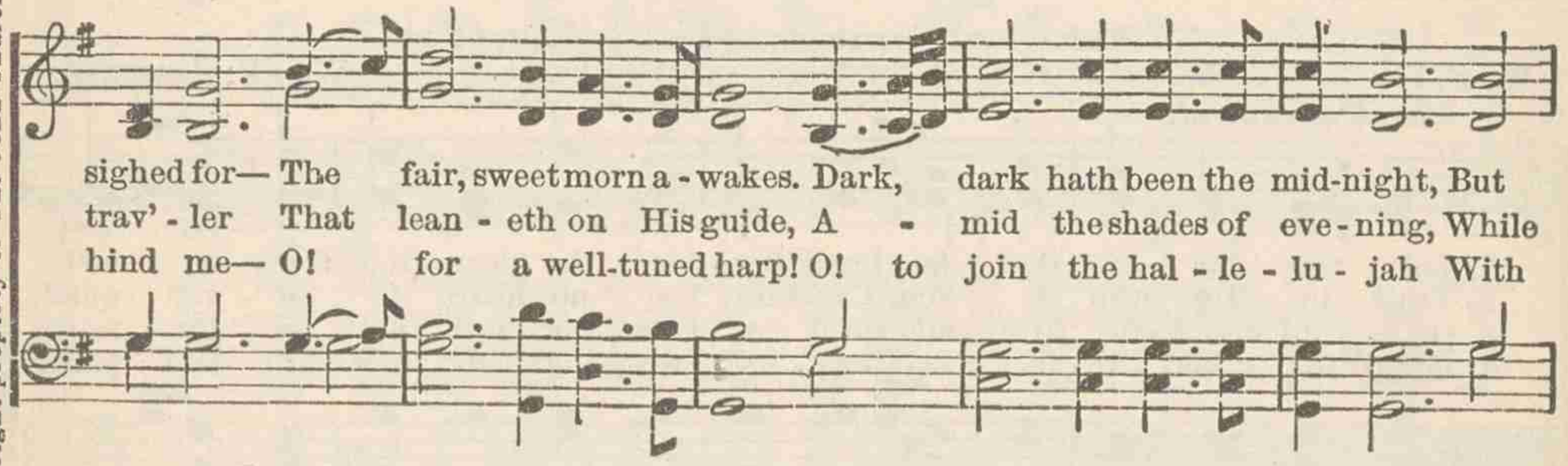
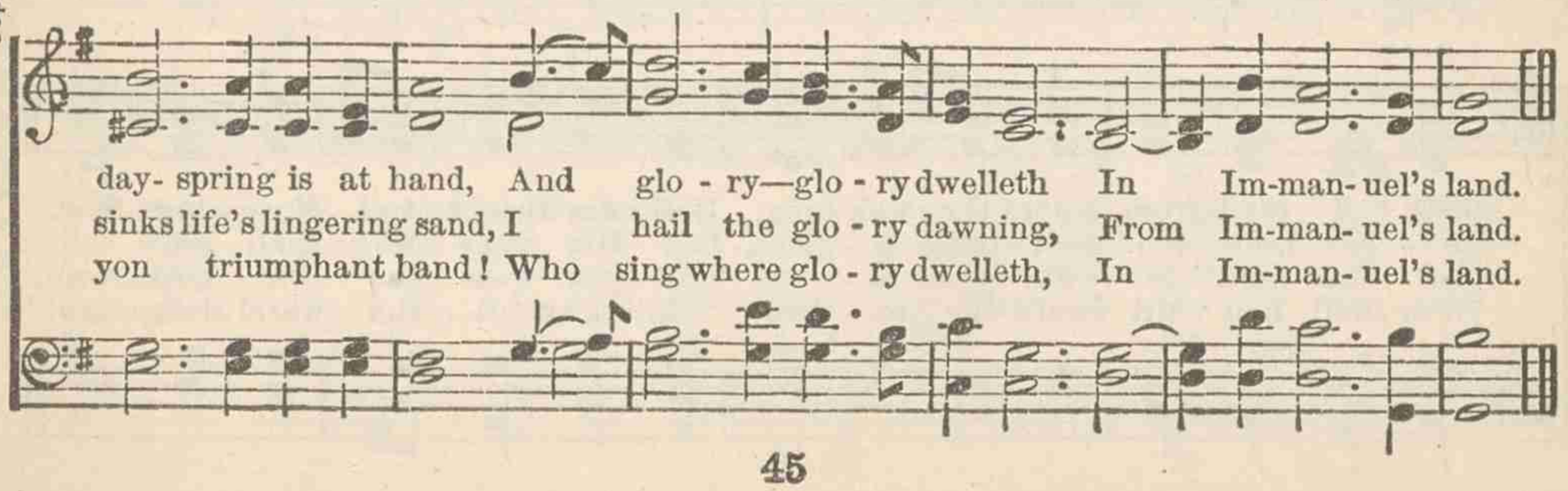
Only a Stey to Jesus.

No. 67. Immanuel's Land.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22 : 5.

Annie R. Cousin. C. M. Wyman.

Earnestly.





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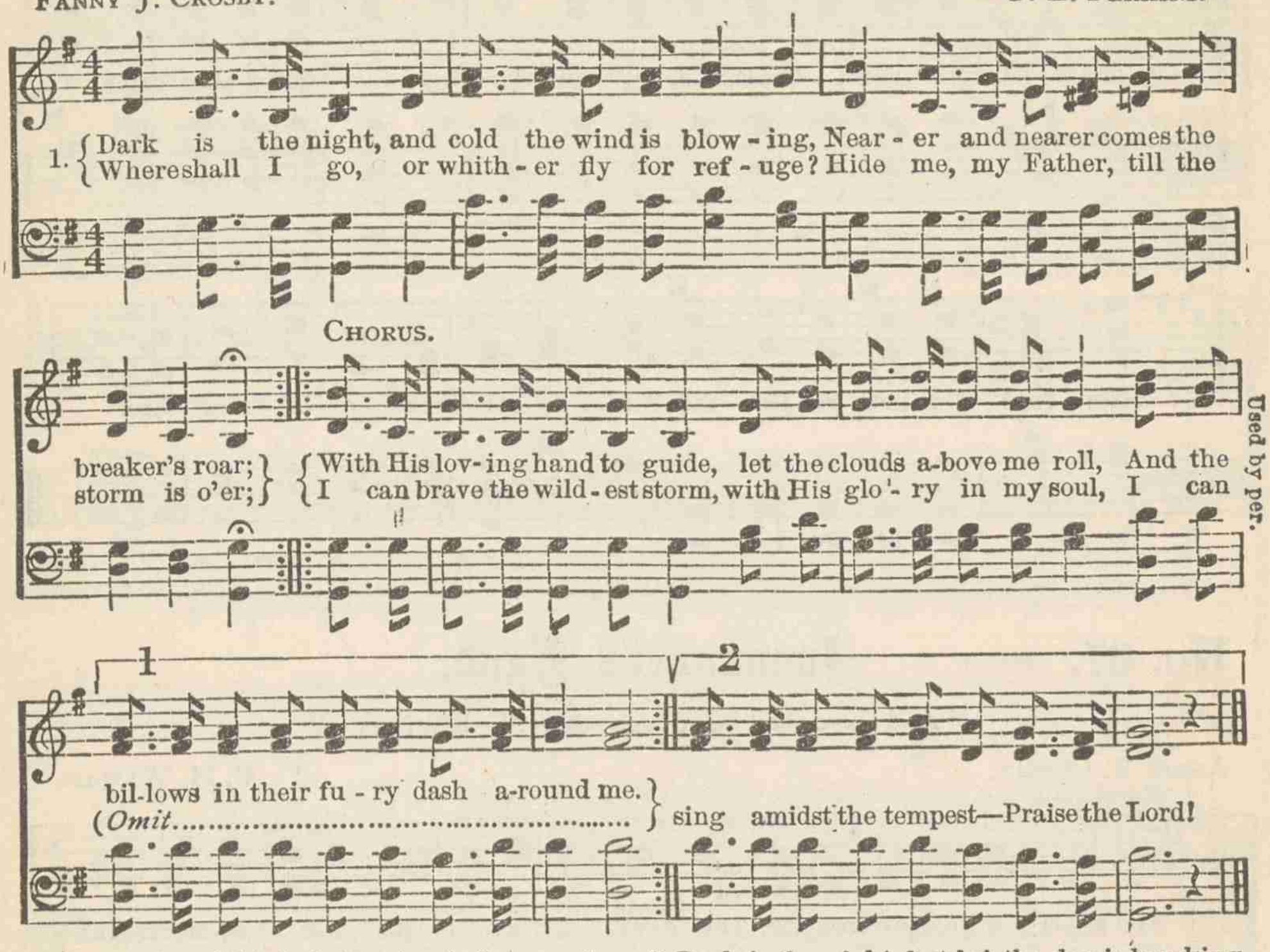
No. 68. Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32 : 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS.



Used by per.

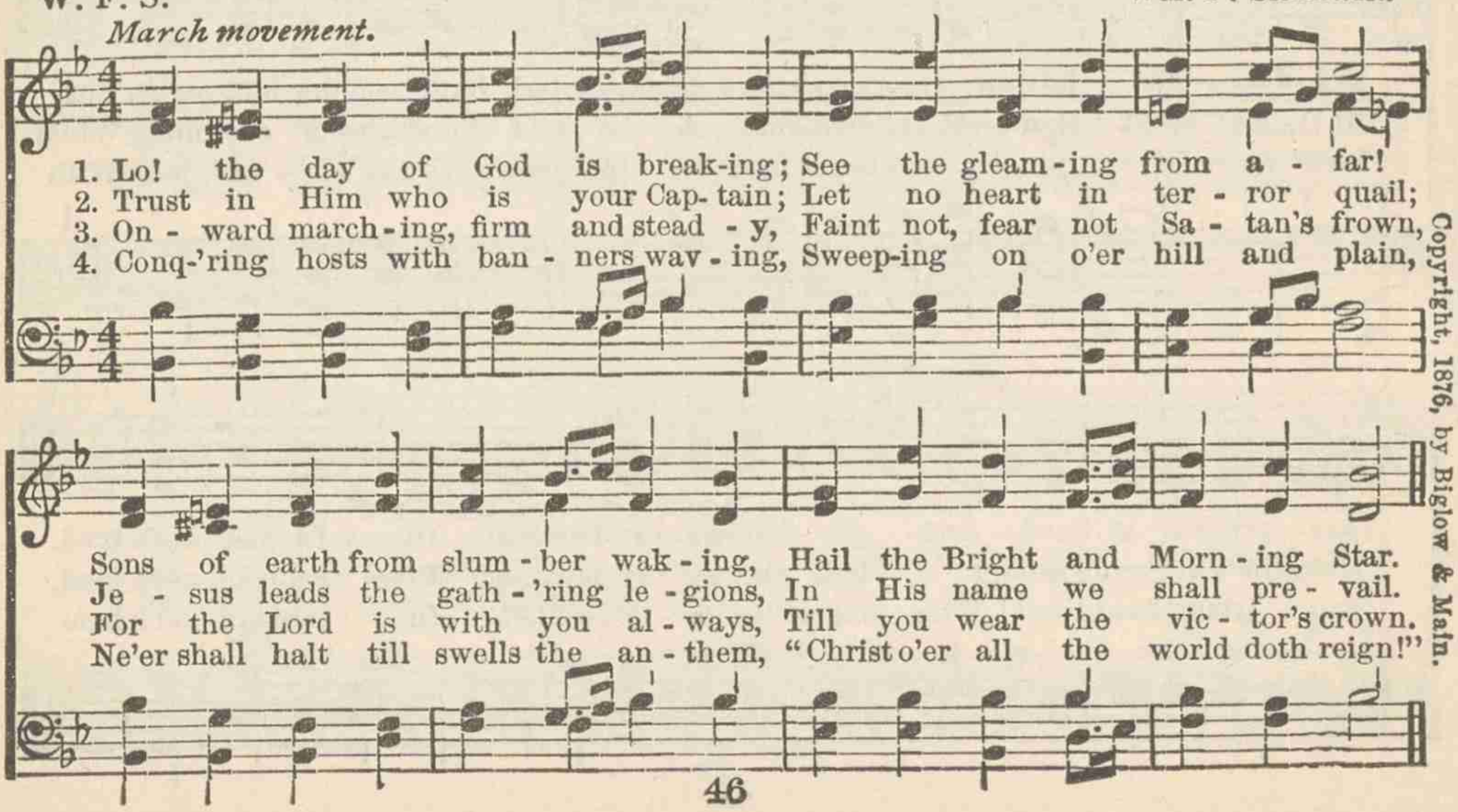
2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

No. 69. Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.



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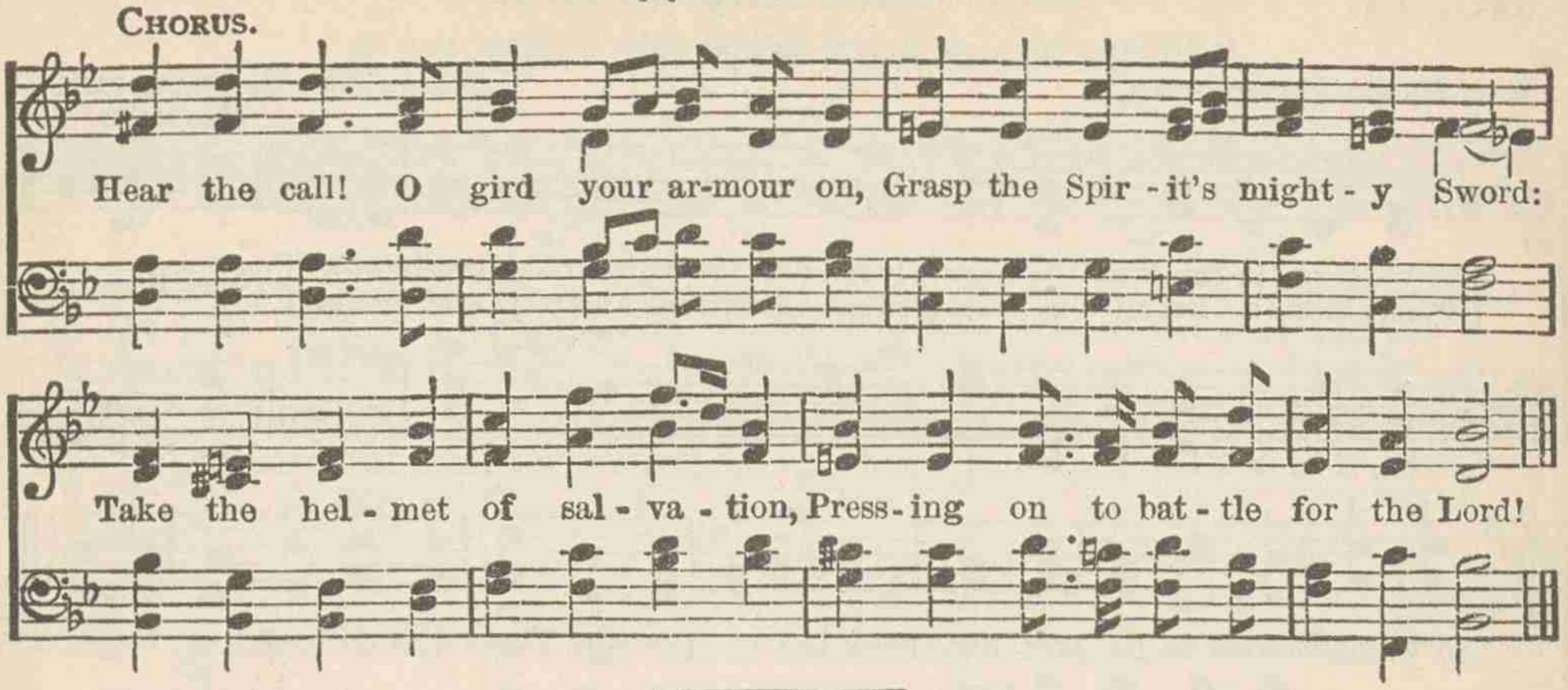
Hear the Call.

CHORUS.



No. 70. Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16 : 20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY.

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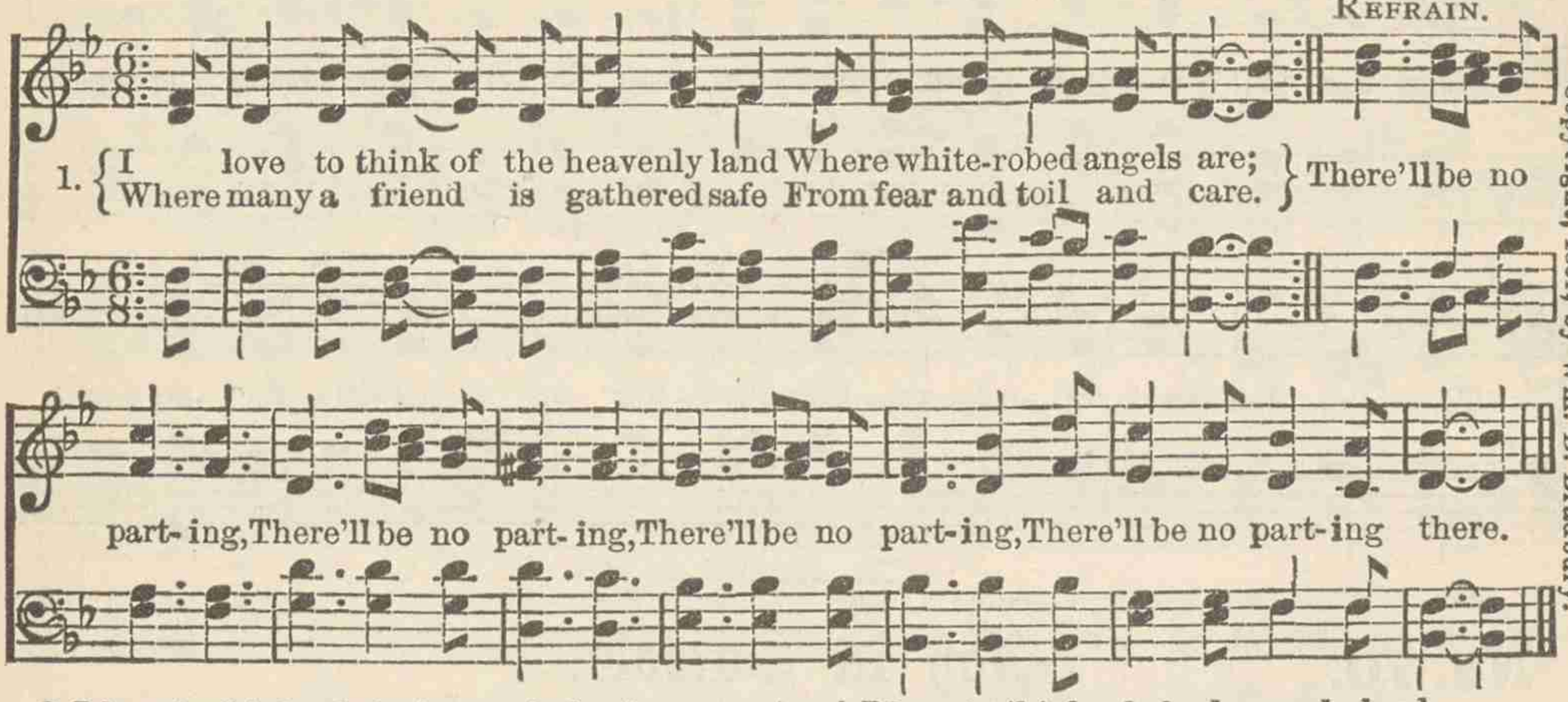
No. 71. The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Refrain.



Copyright, 1861, by Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—*Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—*Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there.—*Ref.*

No. 72. Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14: 23.

Miss Anna Shipton. Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.

Copyright, 1876, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 73. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30 : 15.

Frances Ridley Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed be In Thy once o-pened Fount; I bring them Sav-iour, all to Thee; The bur-den is too great for me, The bur-den is too great for me.
2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No words shall need-ed be, Thou knowest all so well; I bring the sor-row laid on me, O suff'ring Sav-iour, all to Thee. O suff-'ring Sav-iour, all to Thee.
3. My *joys* to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given, That each may be a wing To lift me near-er heaven, I bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee, Who hast procured them all for me. Who hast procured them all for me.
4. My *life* I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O Sa-viour, let me be Thine ev-er, Thine a-lone, My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King. To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King.

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No. 74. Song of Salvation.

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

Anon. Philip Phillips.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be; But did He come down from a-bove, Out of love and com-pas-sion for me, for me,
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree; But then is it an-y-where said, That he languish'd and suffered for me, for me,
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Je-sus shall see; But is there a place in the sky, Made read-y and furnished for me, for me,
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee? And say by Thy Spir-it di-vine, There's a Saviour and heav-en for me, for me,

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Song of Salvation.

CHORUS.

Out of love and compassion for me?
That He languish'd and suffered for me!
Made read- y and furnished for me?
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

*Response.**

Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me;

rit.

Our Lord from a - bove in His in - fi - nite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

No. 75. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10: 39.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

1. At the feet of Je - sus, List-'ning to His word: Learn-ing wis- dom's les - son
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare, Ma - ry did her Sav - iour,
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn- ing hour, Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing

From her lov - ing Lord: Ma - ry, led by heav'n- ly grace,
For the grave pre- pare: And, from love the "good work" done,
Res - ur - rec - tion power: Haste with joy to preach the Word:

CHORUS.

Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place. At the feet of Je - sus
She her Lord's ap - prov - al won. At the feet of Je - sus
"Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!" At the feet of Je - sus,

is the place for me, There a hum- ble *learn- er* would I choose to be.
is the place for me, There in sweet- est *ser- vice* would I ev - er be.
ris - en now for me, I shall sing His *prais- es* through e - ter - ni - ty.

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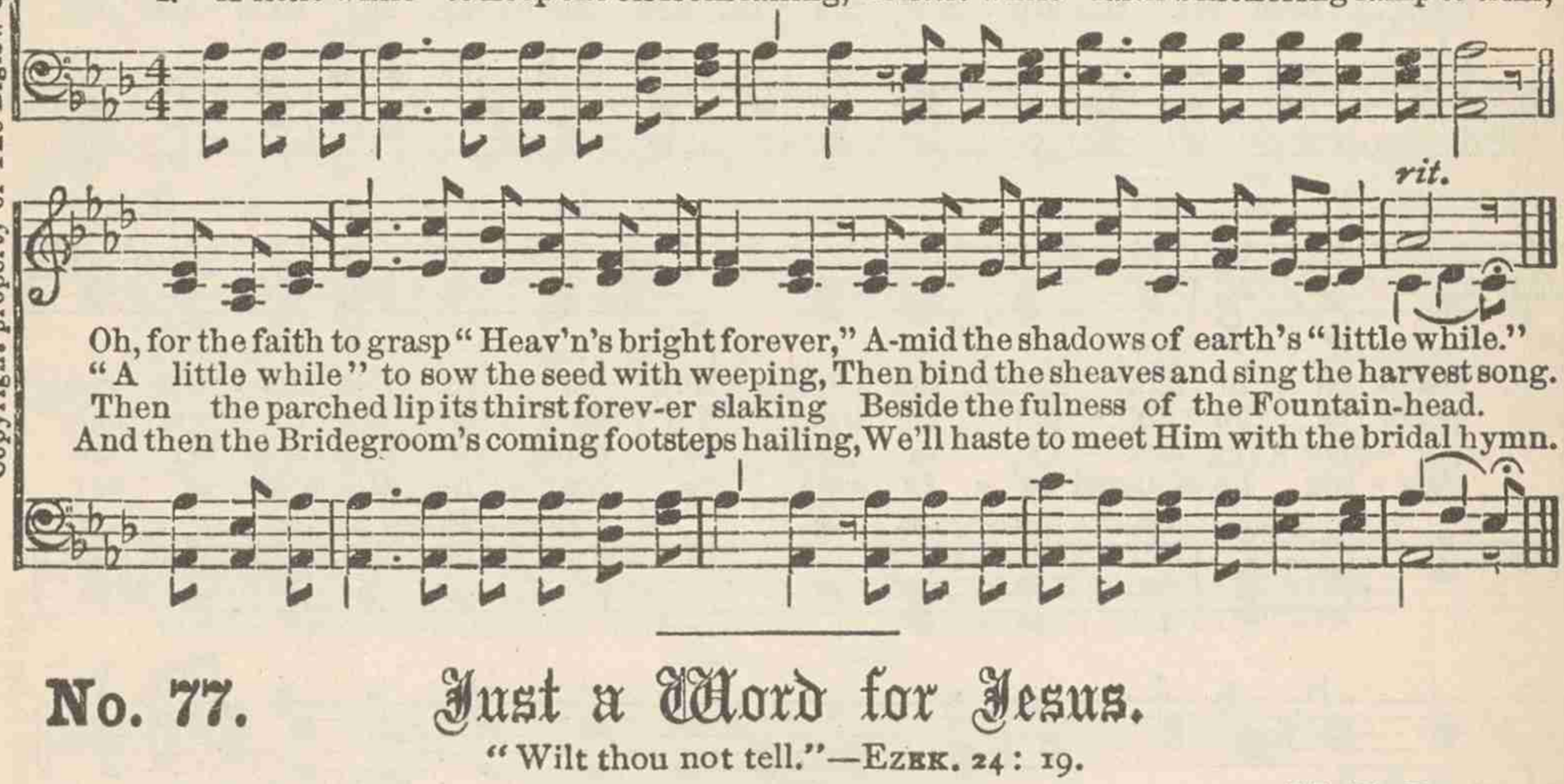
No. 76. A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slowly.

1. Oh, for the peace that floweth as a riv - er, Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
2. "A lit- tle while" for patient vig-il-keeping, To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
3. "A lit- tle while" the earthen pitcher taking, To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
4. "A little while" to keep the oil from failing, "A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;



rit.

Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright forever," A-mid the shadows of earth's "little while."
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping, Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
Then the parched lip its thirst forev-er slaking Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing, We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

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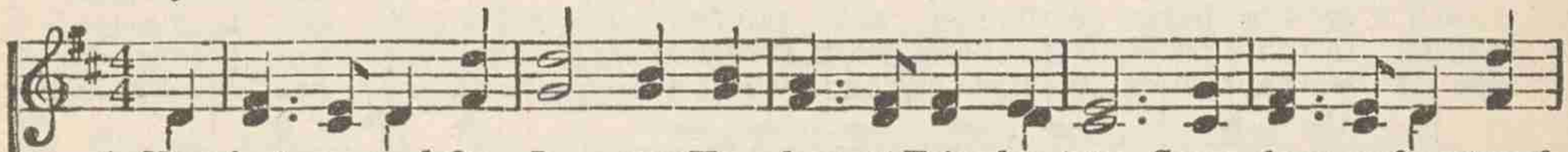
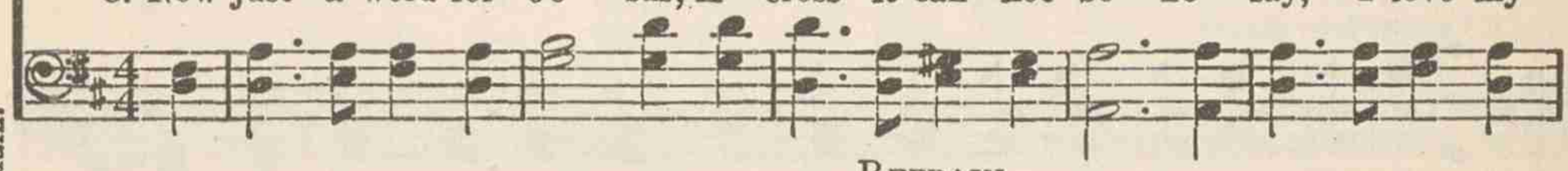
No. 77. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear-est Friend so true, Come, cheer our hearts and
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-given, And by His grace are
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be To say, "I love my

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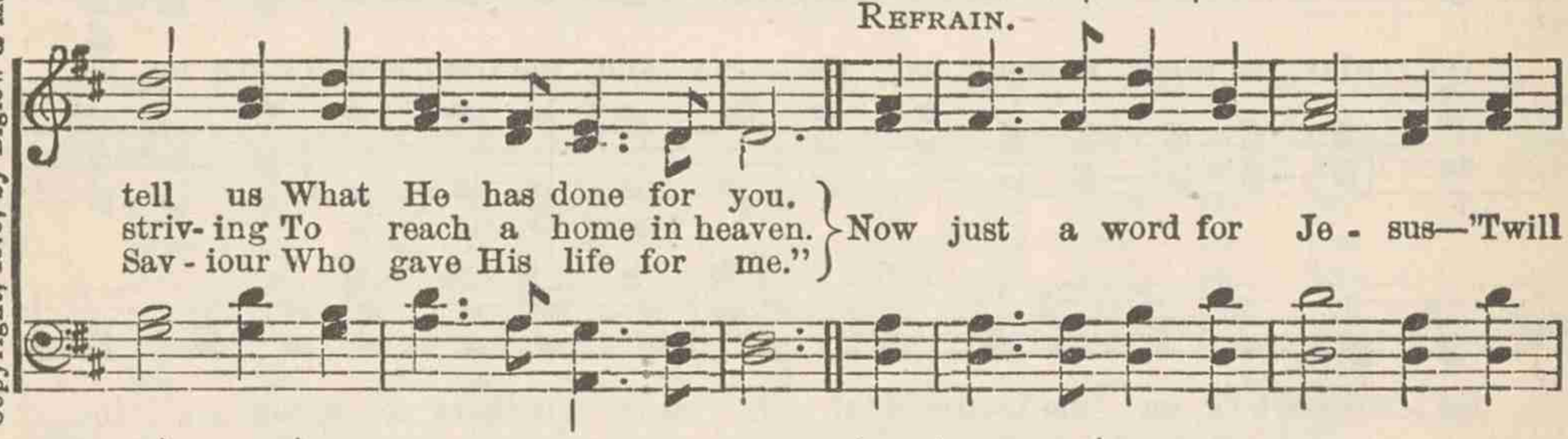
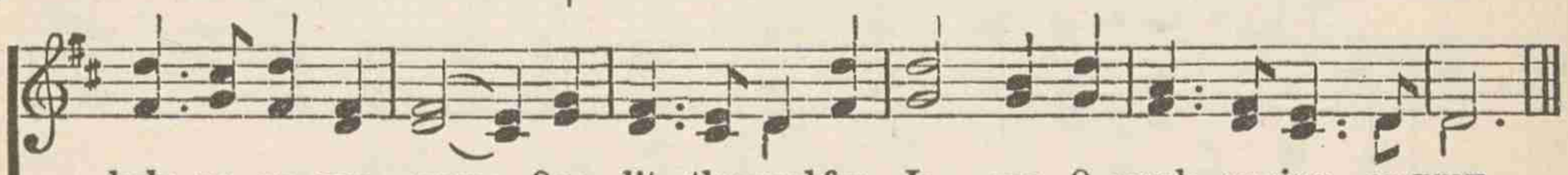
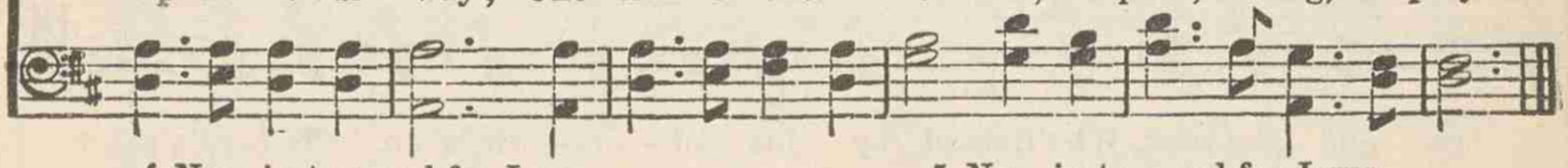

tell us What He has done for you.
striv- ing To reach a home in heaven.
Sav - iour Who gave His life for me."
} Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill

help us on our way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

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4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—*Ref.*

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

No. 78. Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss.

1. We're march-ing to Ca - naan with ban - ner and song, We're sol - diers en-
2. The sword may be burn-ished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap-
3. Who is there a-mong us yet un - der the rod, Who knows not the
4. Oh, heed not the sor - row, the pain and the wrong, For soon shall our

list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our
pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may
par - don - ing mer - cy of God? Oh, bring to Him hum - bly the
sigh - ing be changed in - to song; So, bear - ing the cross of our

strength should di-vide, We ask, who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
treach - er - y hide, While lips are pro-fess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."
heart in its pride; Oh, haste, while He's wait - ing and seek the Lord's side.
cov - e - nant Guide, We'll shout, as we tri - umph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*"

Chorus.

Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his

col - ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the

true and the tried, Who'll stand by his col - ors—who's on the Lord's side?

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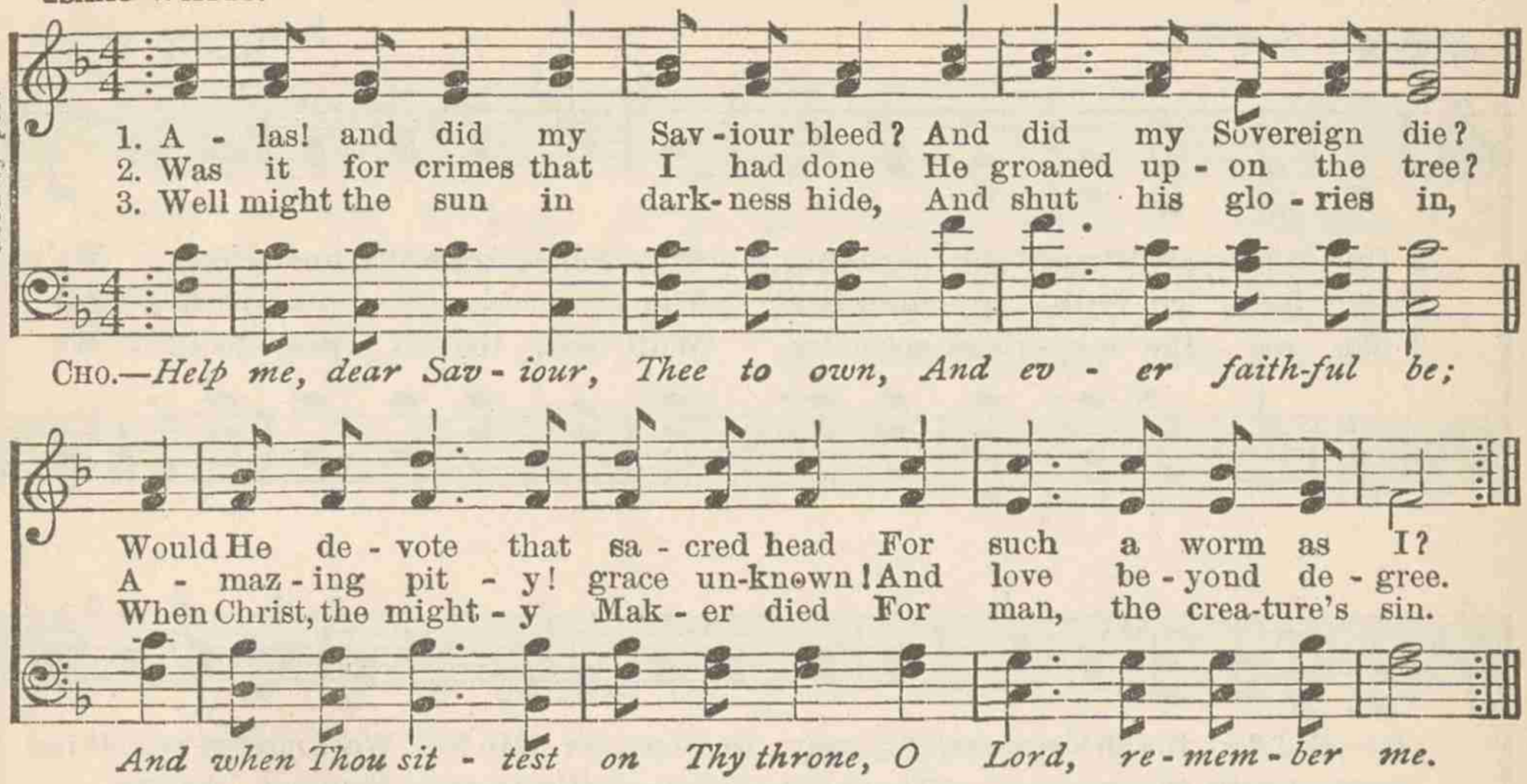
No. 79.

Remember Me.

"O Lord, thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.



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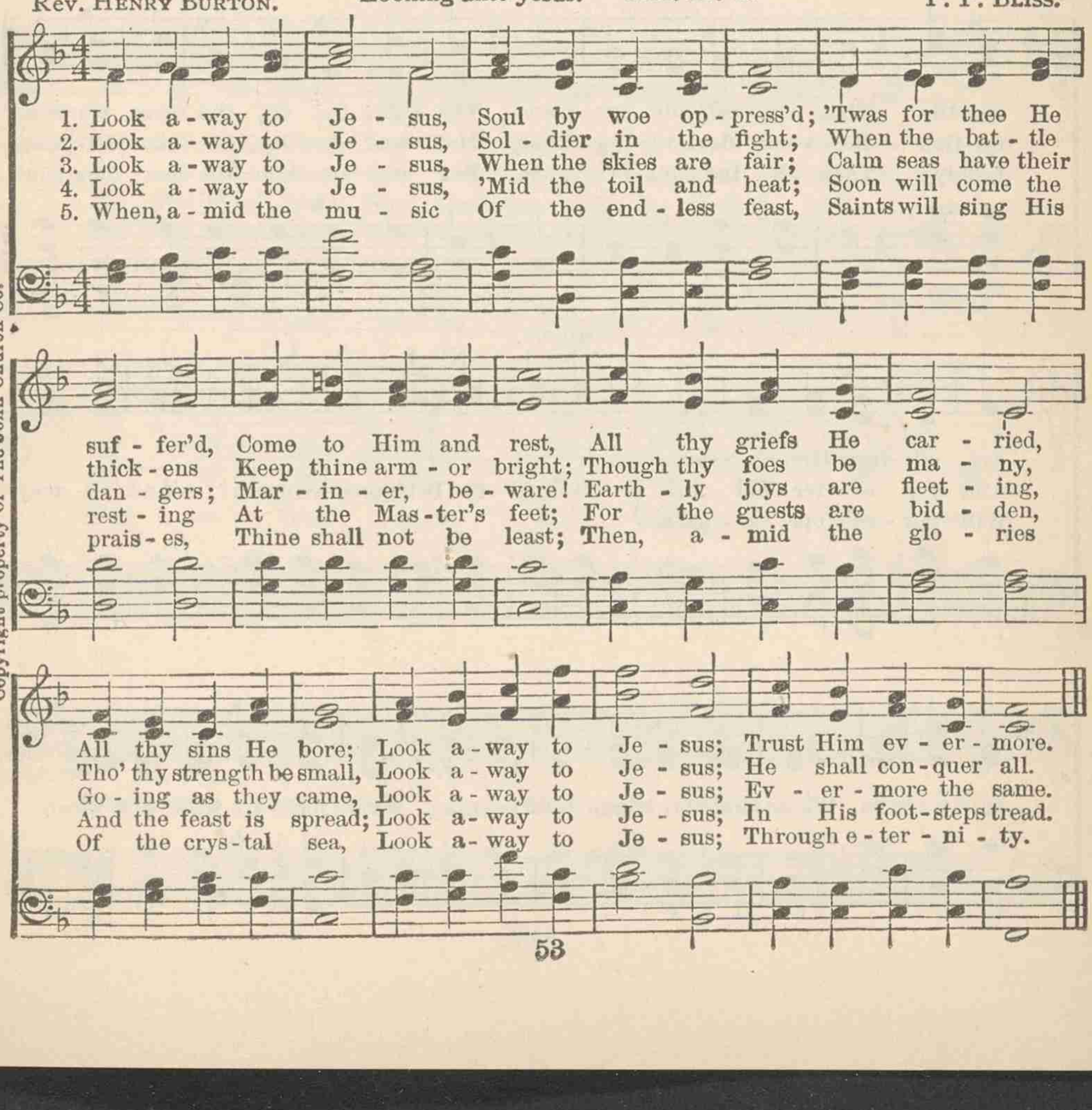
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

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

No. 80.

Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

REV. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS.

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No. 81. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
3. We see the mar - riage splen-dor With - in the o - pen door; We

tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We know we've nothing
light-ed with the glo - ry That's streaming from His brow. Ac - cept the in - vi -
know that those who en - ter Are blest for - ev - er - more. We see He is more

wor-thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
ta - tion Be - yond de-serv - ing kind; Make no de - lay, but take your lamps,
love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

CHORUS.

Are all from Him a - lone.
And joy e - ter - nal find.
Will nev - er ope a - gain.
} Be-hold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may

en - ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

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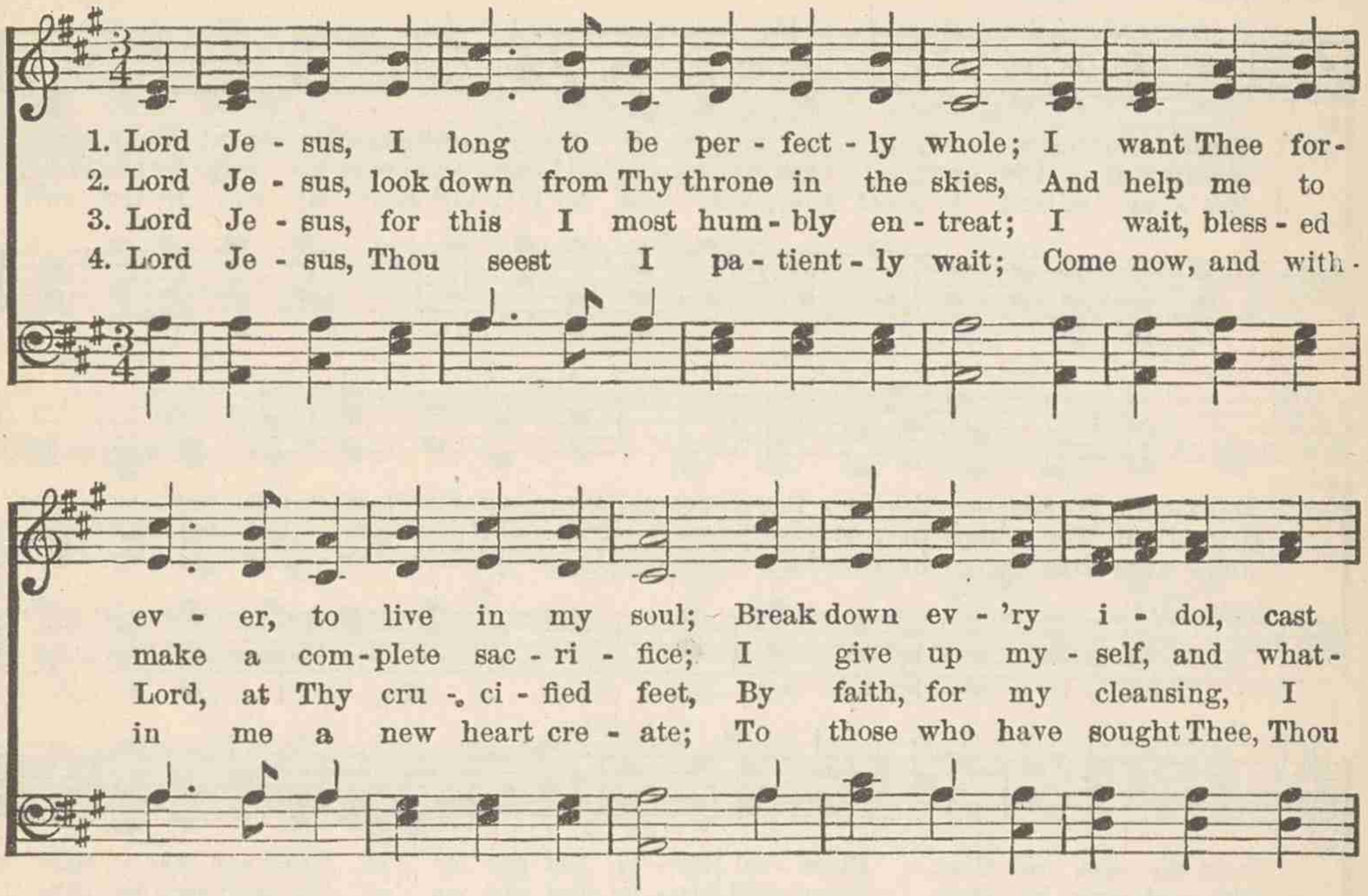
No. 82. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

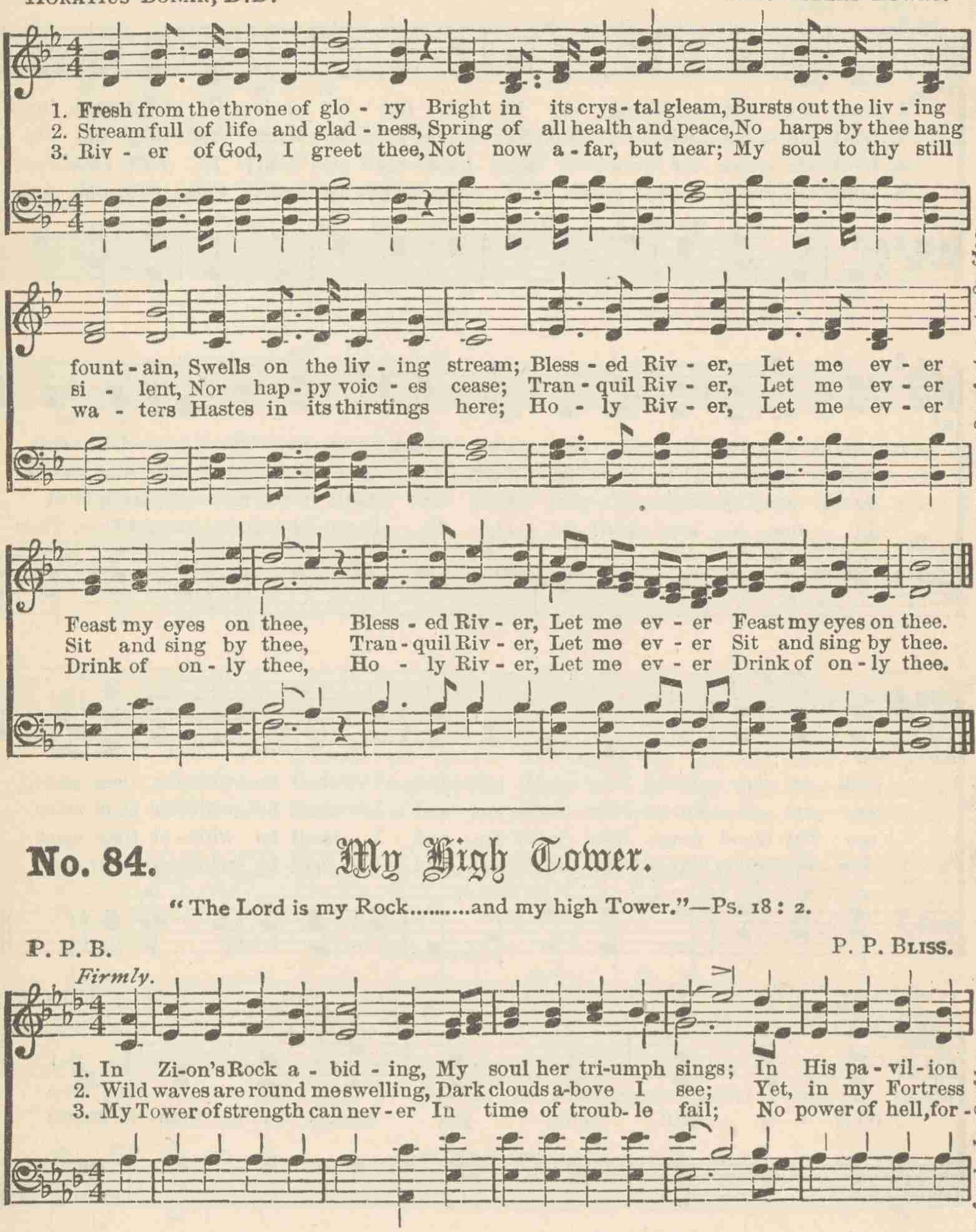
JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.



No. 83. Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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No. 84. My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

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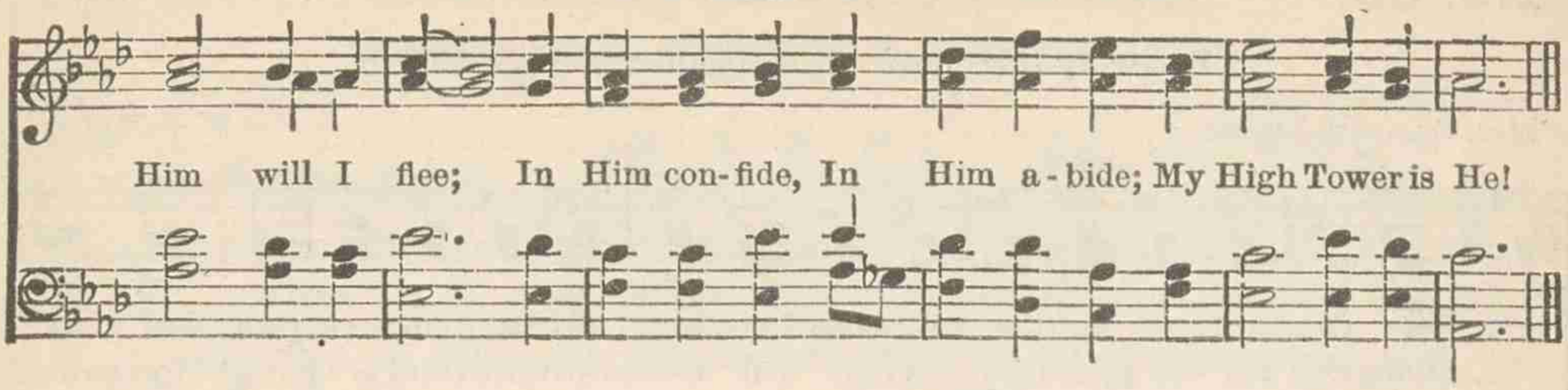
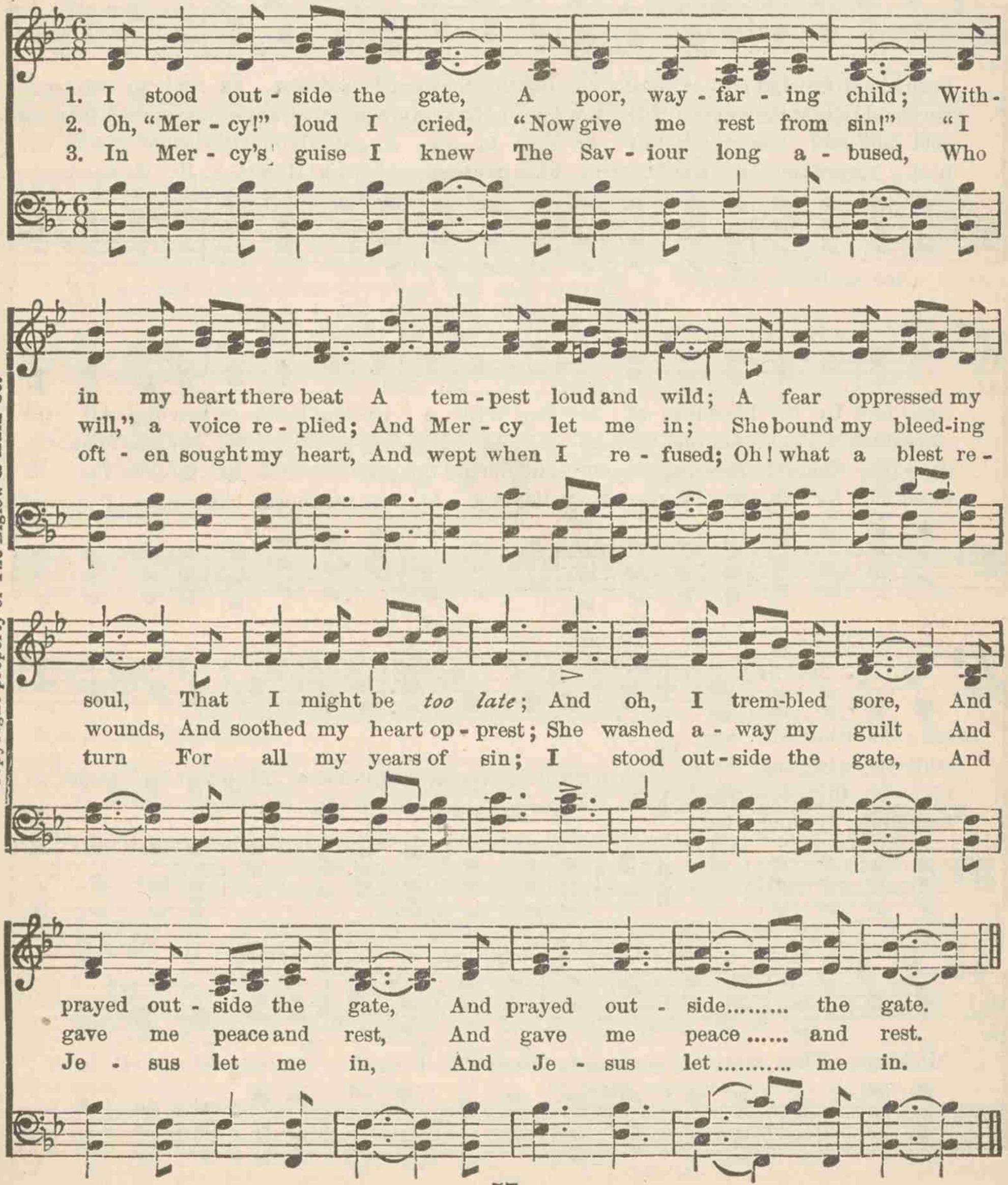
My High Tower.

No. 85. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7.: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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No. 86. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12 : 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail.

1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow pane, Would be
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice-cold fin - gers, How they point our mem'ries back To the

keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweet-est
we should slight the vio-lets Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
cold and stiff to-mor-row–Nev - er troub - le us a - gain–Would the bright eyes of our
hast - y words and ac-tions Strewn a - long our backward track! How those lit - tle hands re -

com - fort In the bless-ings of to - day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
sun - shine Nev - er seem one half so fair, As when win-ter's snow - y pin-ions Shake the
dar - ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?–Would the prints of ro - sy fin-gers Vex us
mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns–but ros - es– For our

Chorus.

bri - ers from the way.
white down in the air.
then as they do now?
reap - ing by and by.

} Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of

ad lib.

kind-ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

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No. 87. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 13.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. JOS. HAYDN, arr.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of Je - sus
4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join the hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a-gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King.

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise— And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
} On-ward, Christian sol - diers!

March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 88. Hold Fast till I Come.

"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears, Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears:
2. Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin; Hold fast when the tempter assails from within;
3. Thy Sav-iour is com-ing in ten-der-est love, To make up His jew-els and bear them a-bove:

Weak Faith, to thy call seem the heav'ns only dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."
In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss, To falter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.
Oh, child, in thine anguish, despairing or dumb, Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."

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Hold Fast till I Come.

CHORUS.

Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A bright crown awaits thee; Hold fast till I come.

No. 89. Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Tenderly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring His lost one Back to the fold.
2. Patient-ly the own-er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and darkness Her treasure rare.
3. Lovingly the Father Sends the news around: "He once dead now liveth—Once lost is found."

CHORUS.

Seek-ing to save, Seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.

Seek ing to save, Seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.

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No. 90. Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 23: 6.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Death for aye hath lost his sting,

Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re - ply:
Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our ad - vo- cate is He:
Christ, Him - self the Res - ur - rec - tion, From the grave His own will bring:

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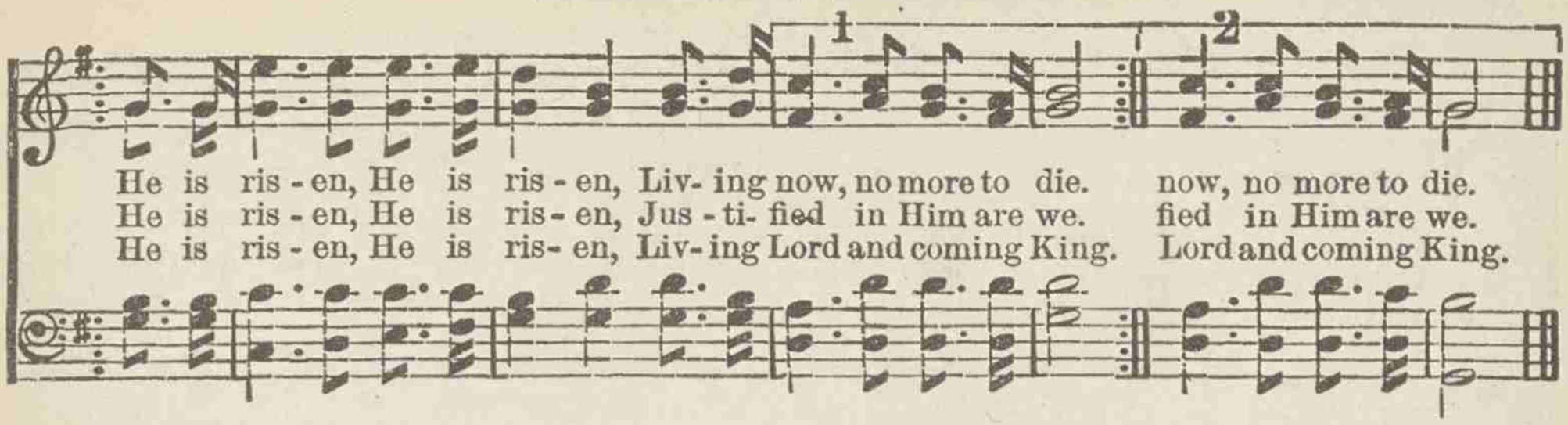
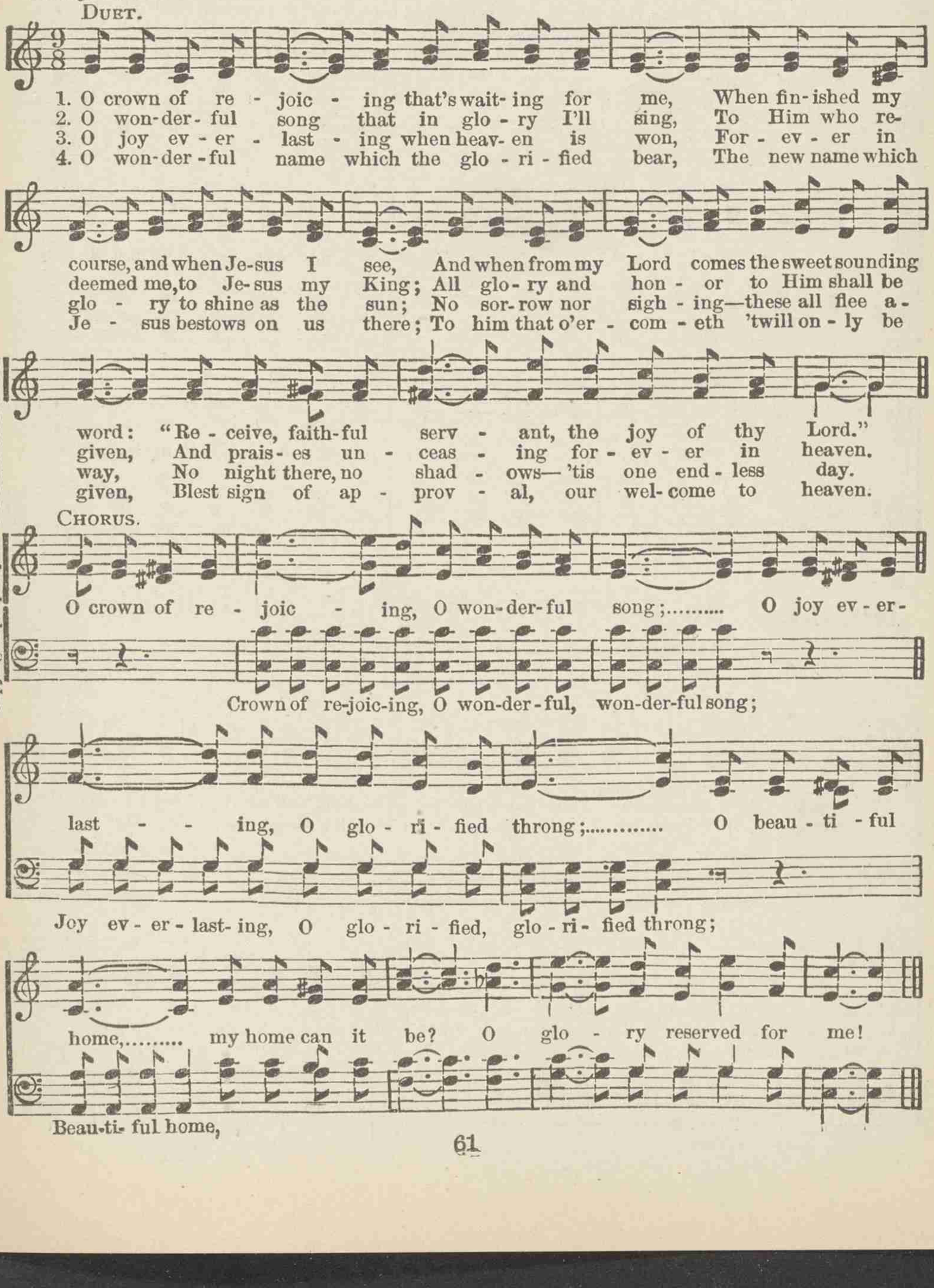
Hallelujah, He is Risen!

No. 91. O Crown of Rejoicing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. P. P. Bliss.

Duet.

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No. 92. His Word a Tower.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—Deut. 33: 25.

Anon. P. P. Bliss.

1. While foes are strong and dan-ger near, A voice falls gent - ly on my ear:
2. With such a prom - ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?
3. And when at last I'm called to die, Still on Thy prom-ise I'll re - ly;

My Sav- iour speaks, He says to me, That as my days my strength shall be.
No, I will nev - er anx- ious be, For as my days my strength shall be.
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee, That as my days my strength shall be.

Chorus.

His word a Tower to which I flee, For as my days my strength shall be.

His word a Tower to which I flee, For as my days my strength shall be.

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No. 93. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

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

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D. Geo. F. Root.

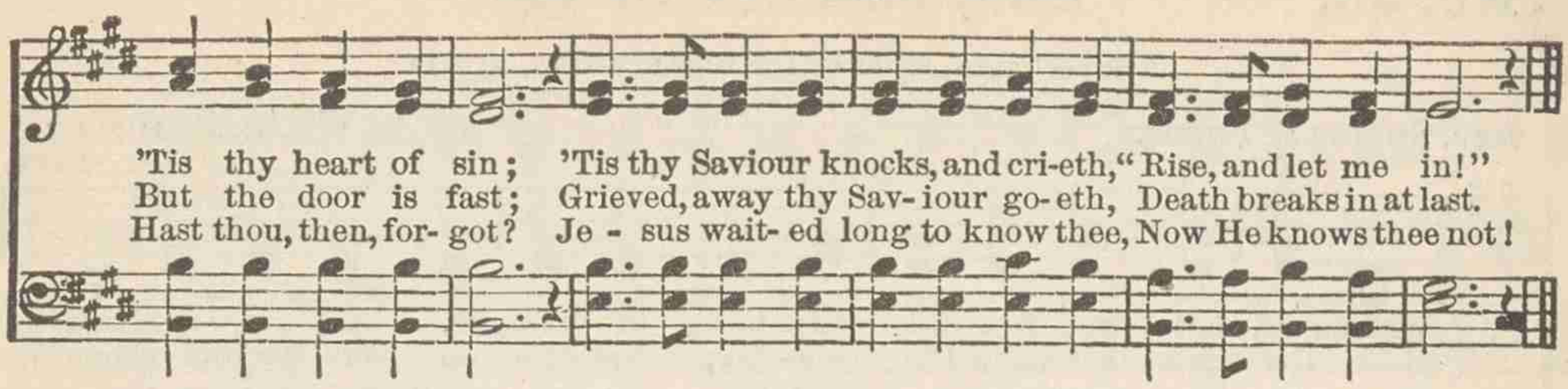
Piano e Marcato.

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bos-om's door! How it knocketh,
2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will
3. Then 'tis time to stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in; At the gate of

knock-eth, knocketh, Knocketh ev -er- more! Say not 'tis thy puls- e's beat- ing,
tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut? Je - sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth,
heav - en beat- ing, Wail- ing for thy sin? Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y crea-ture!

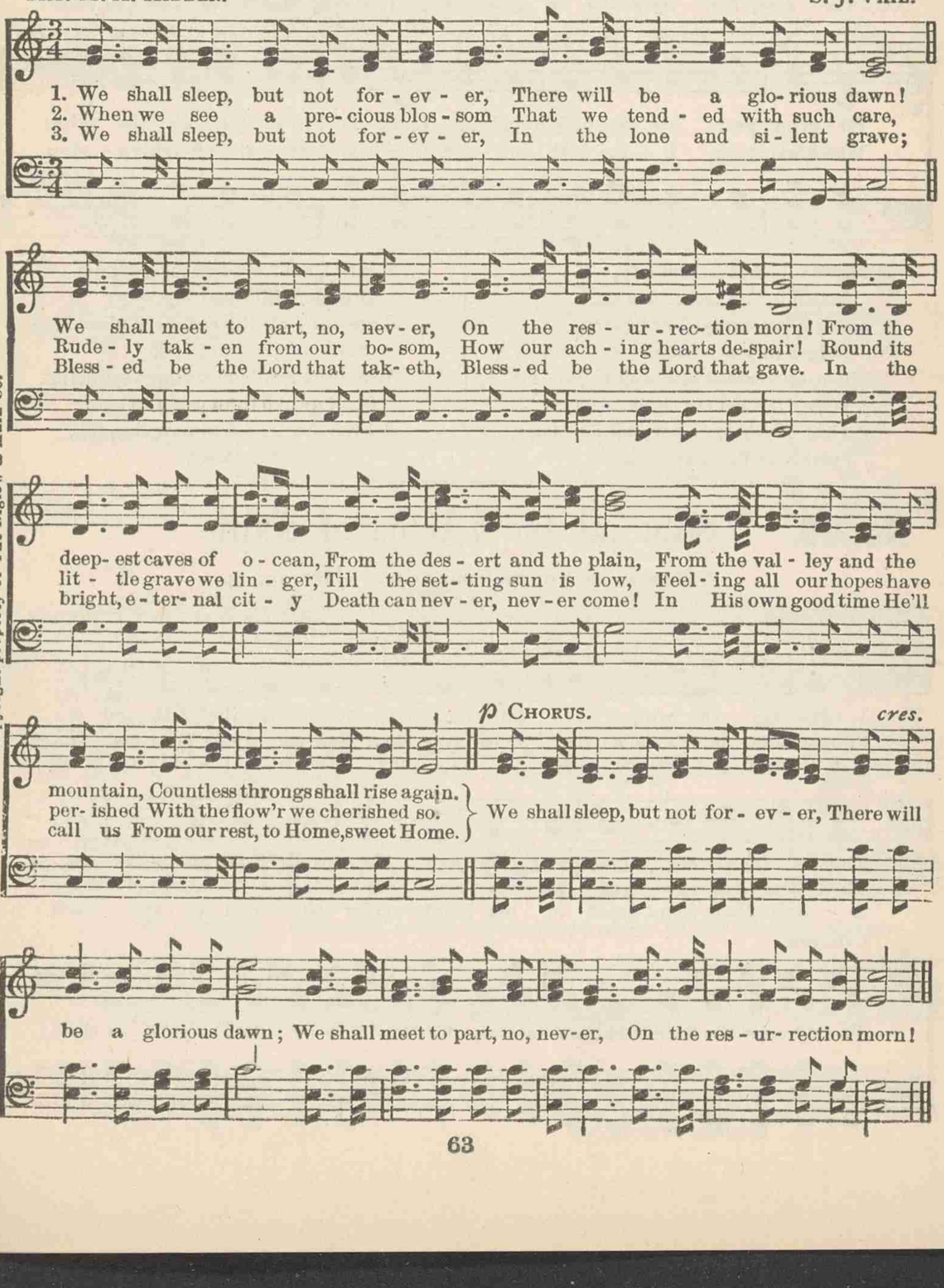
Used by per.

In the Silent Midnight Watches.



No. 94. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption.....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail.

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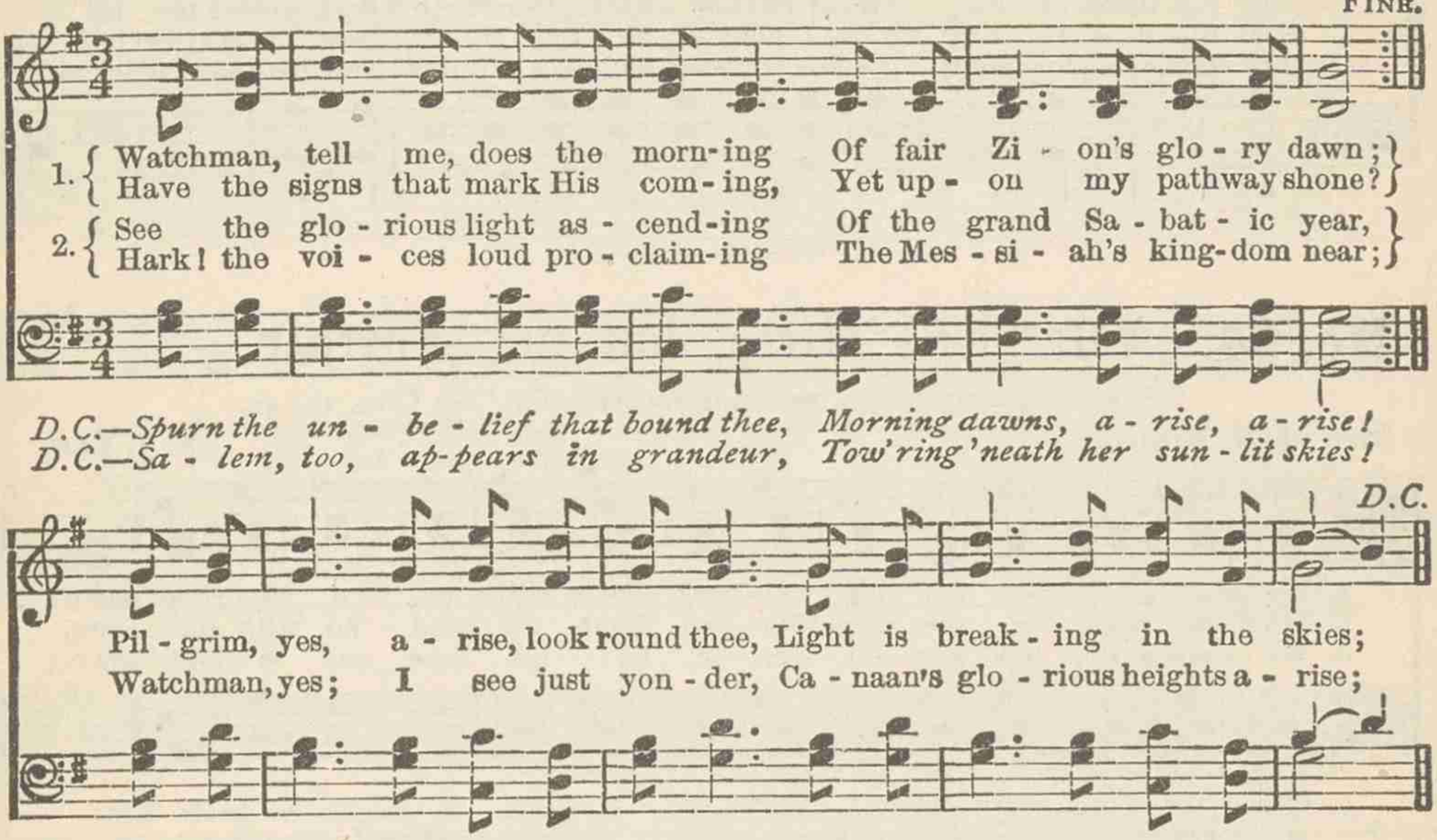
No. 95. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—Isa. 21 : 11.

Rev. Sidney S. Brewer. Arr. by Wm. B. Bradbury.

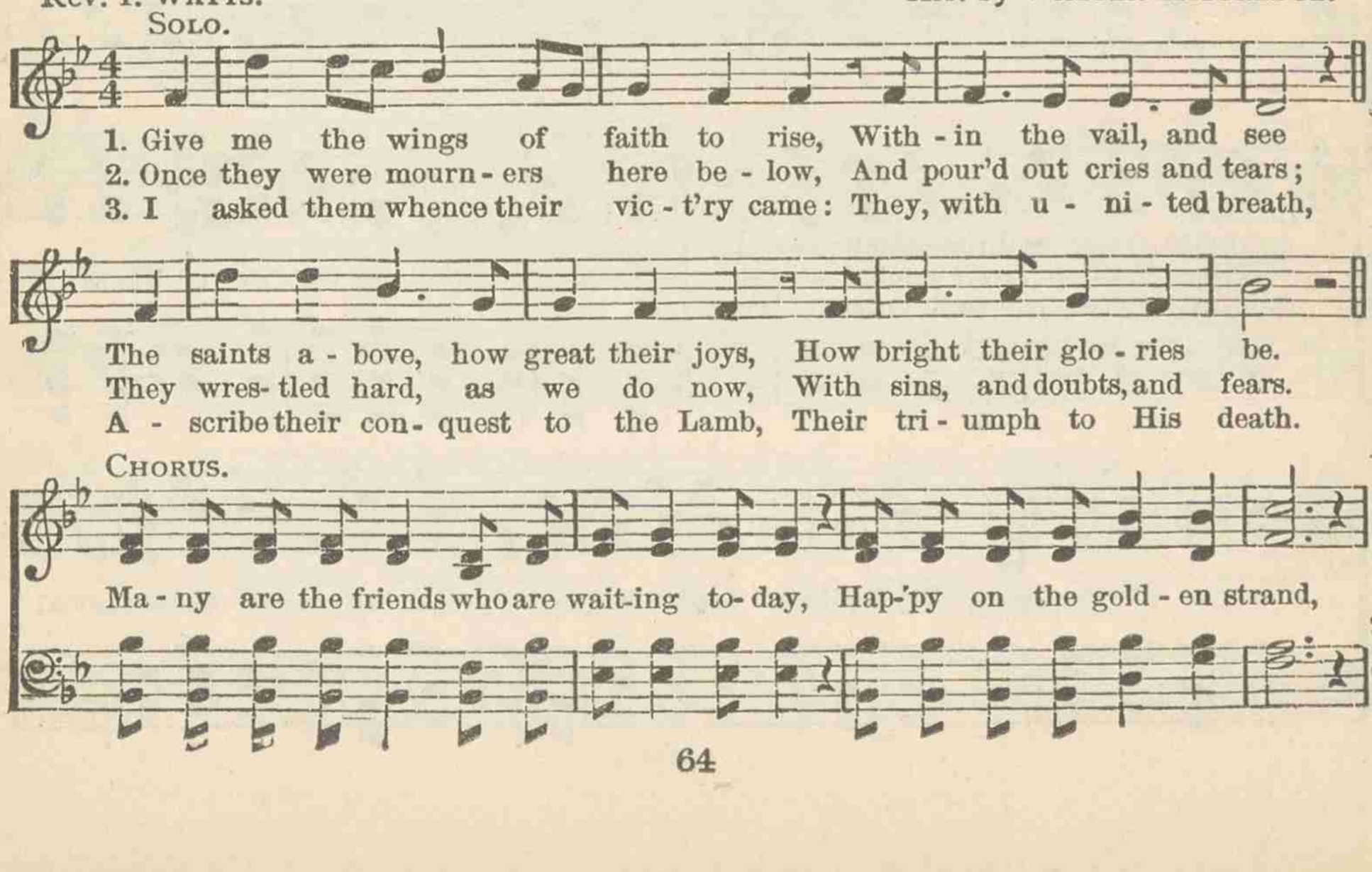
Fine.

3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

No. 96. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

Rev. I. Watts. Arr. by Walter Kittredge.



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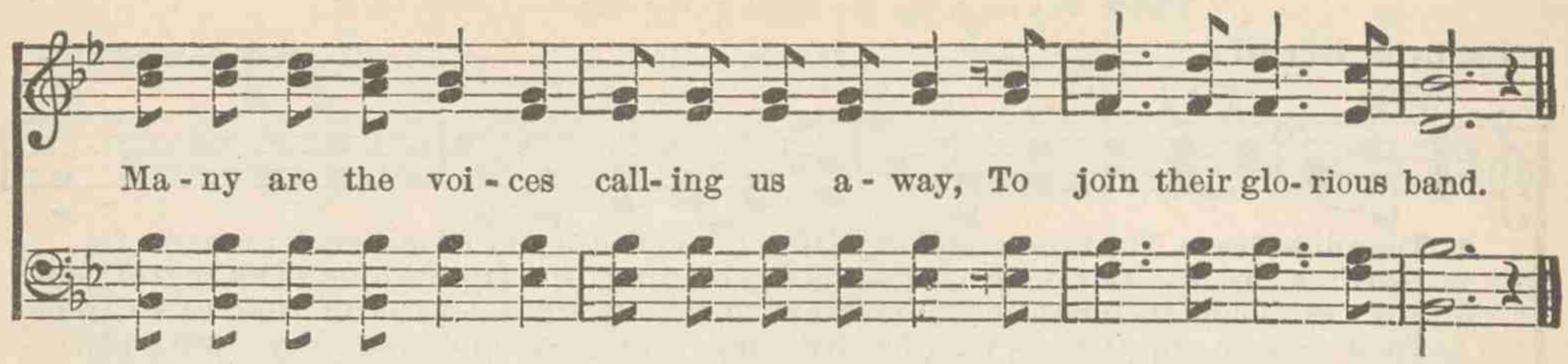
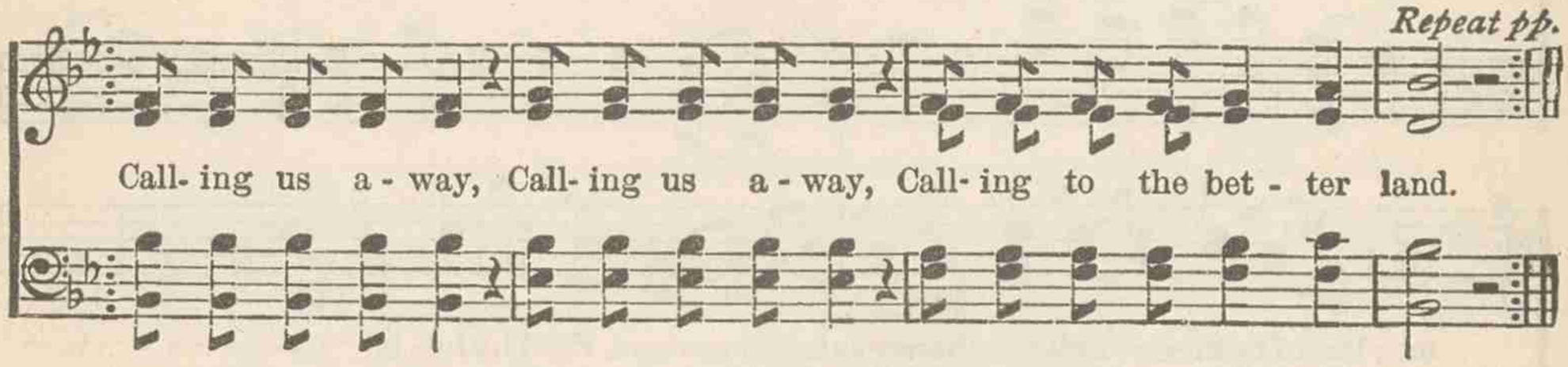
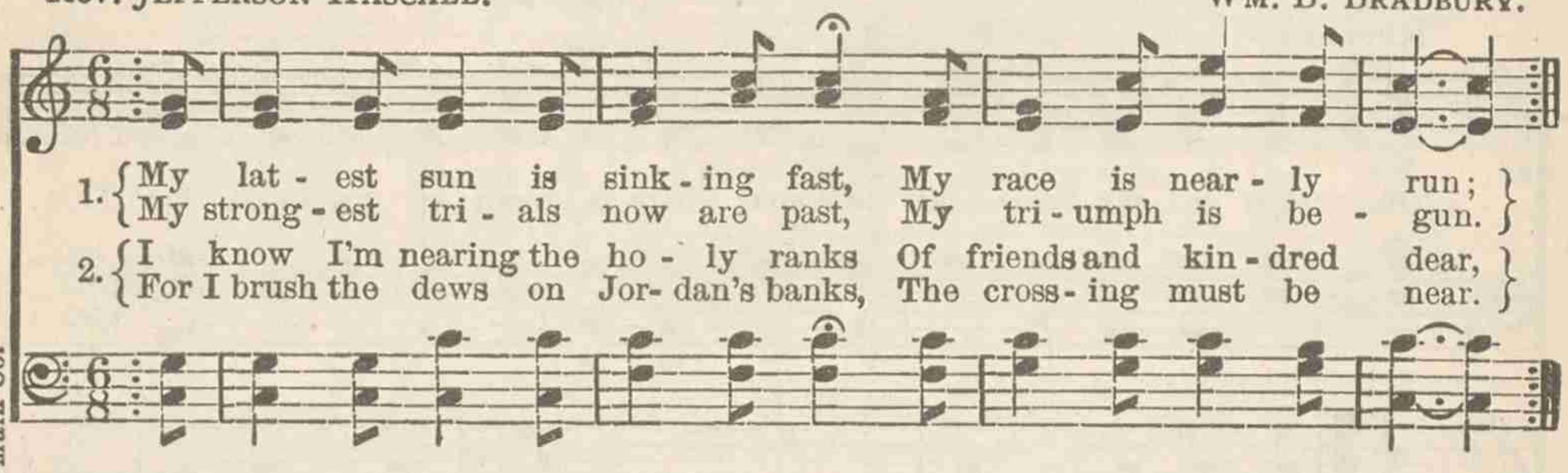
Give me the Wings of Faith.



No. 97. The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—ISA. 62 : 4.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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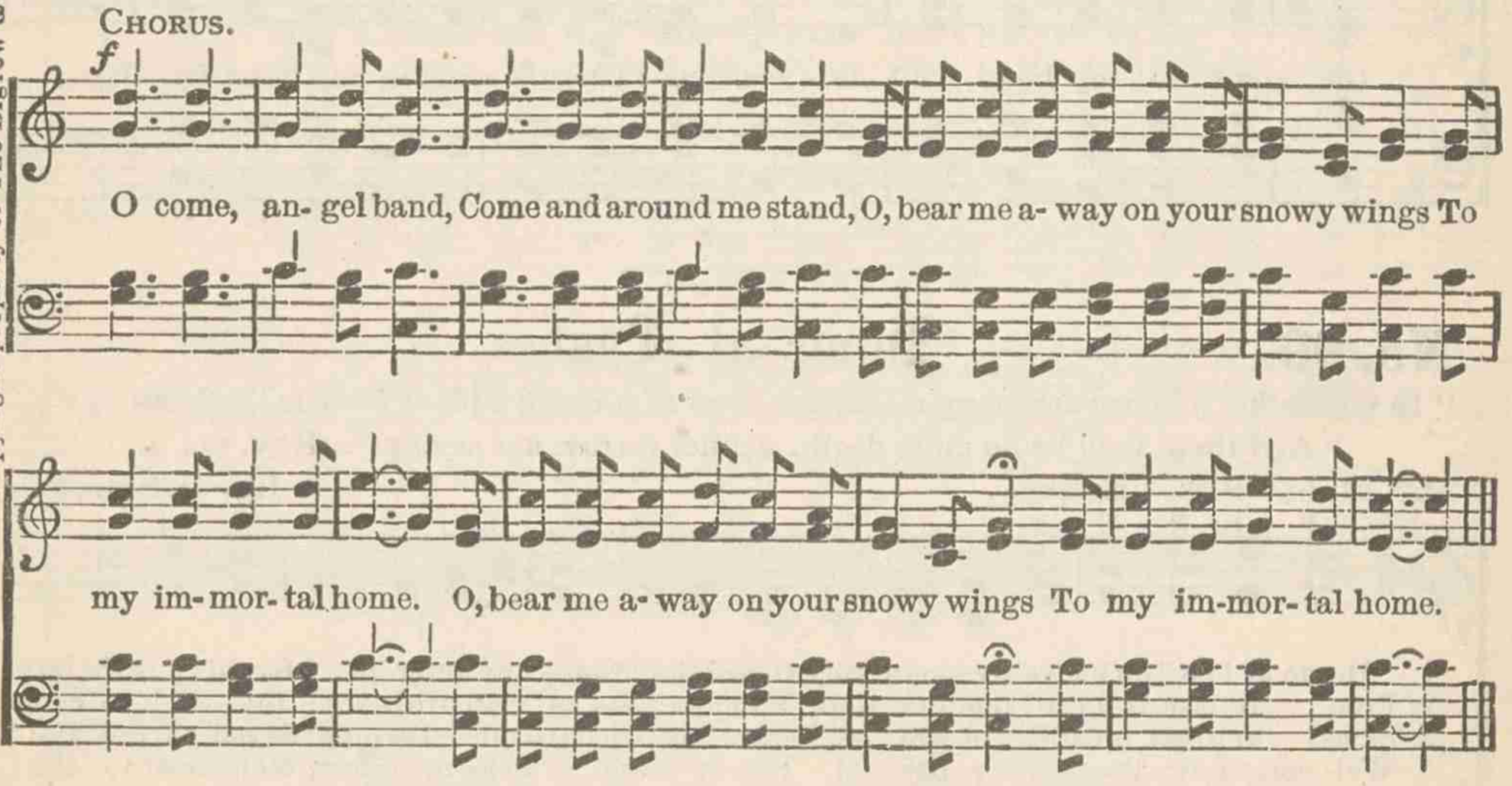


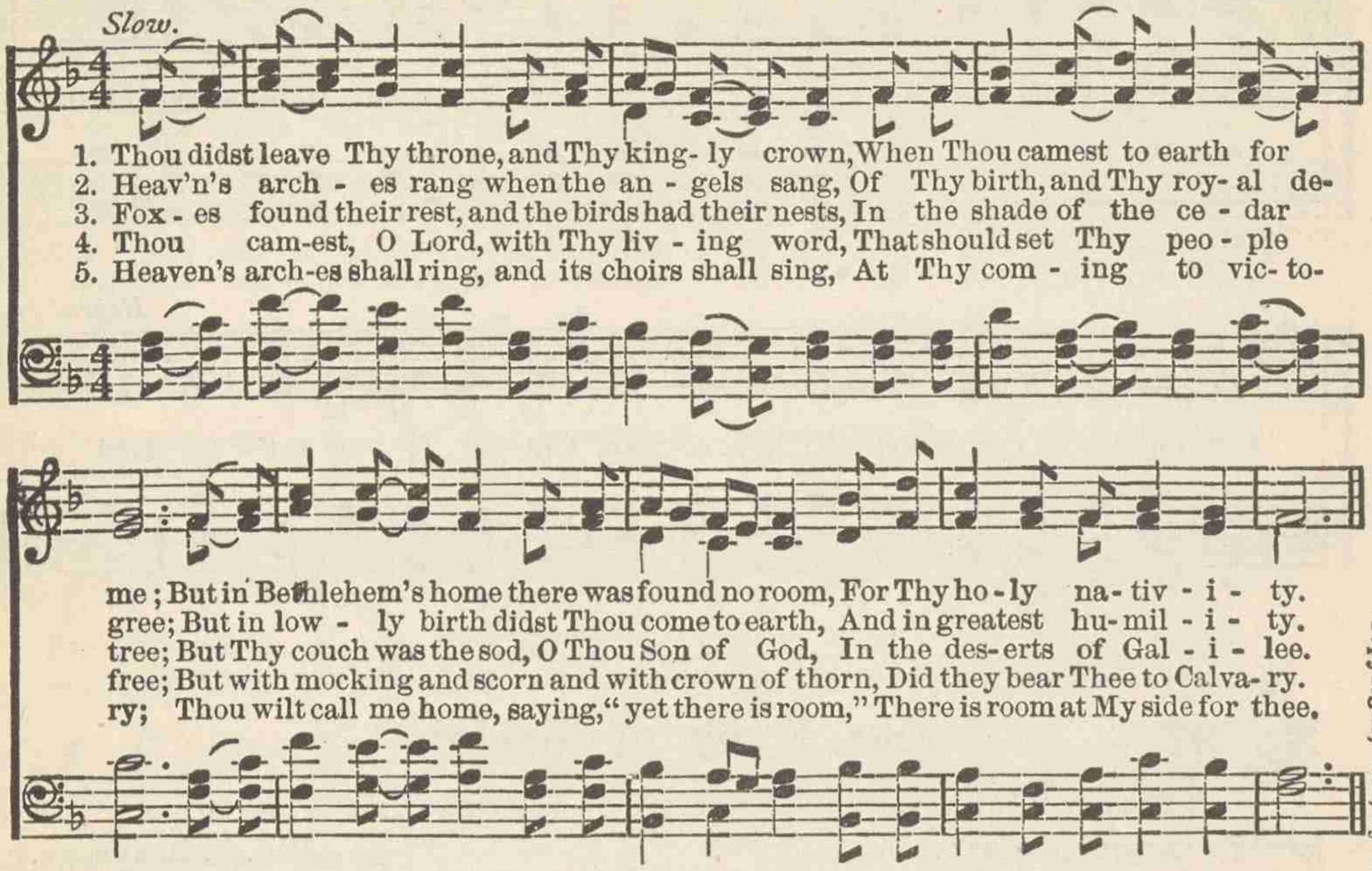
3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 98. Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2 : 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA D. SANKEY.



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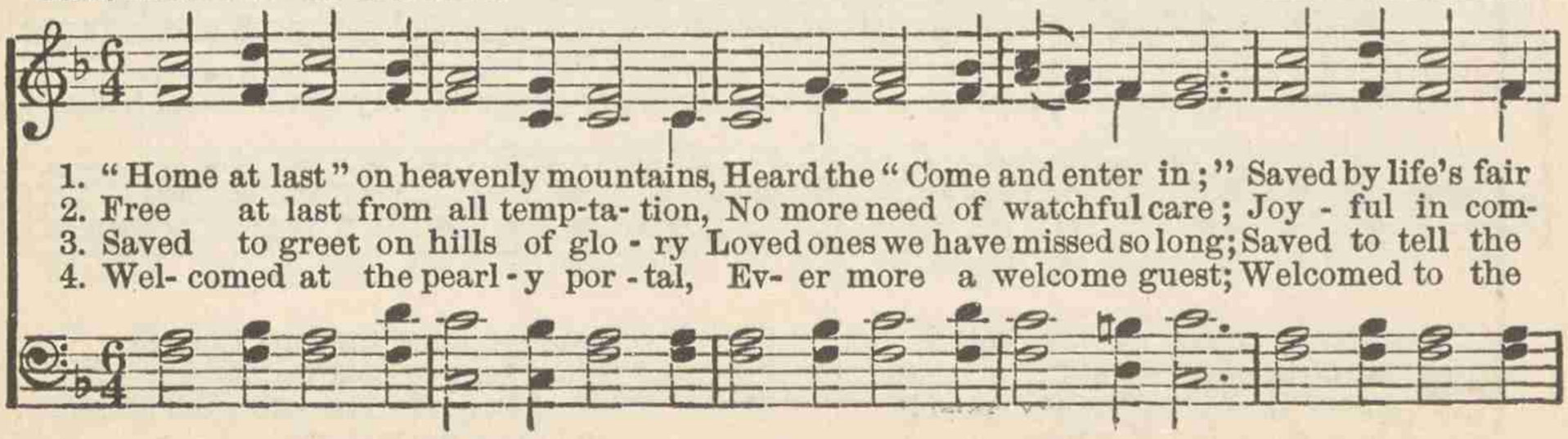
No. 99. Home at Last.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—REV. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER. IRA D. SANKEY.



Home at Last.

REFRAIN.

flow- ing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
plete sal - va- tion, Given the victor's crown to wear.
sin - ner's sto - ry, Saved to sing redemption's song.
life im- mor - tal, In the mansions of the blest.

} "Home, sweet home," our home forever;

Slow.

All the pilgrim-journey past; Welcomed home to wander, never, Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

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No. 100. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 8.

MRS. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

Tenderly.

1. The mistakes of my life have been ma- ny, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am low - est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov - er, My sins He will wash a-
4. The mistakes of my life have been ma- ny, And my spir - it is sick with

more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bid- den, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and fal - ter, Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But the Sav-iour will let me in.

CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sin - ful, It comes to me more and more; But
when the dear Sav- iour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

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No. 101. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS.

1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call! Come to the
2. Come where the fount-ain flows—Riv - er of life— Heal - ing for
3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold - ly draw near; He who would
4. Come to the Bet - ter Land, Pil - grim, make haste! Earth is a
5. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Oh, take us in! Set Thou our

Liv - ing Bread, Bro - ken for all; Come to His house of wine,
all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife; Mill - ions have been sup - plied,
win the race Must tar - ry here; What - e'er thy want may be,
for - eign strand—Wil - der - ness waste! Here are the harps of gold,
spir - its free; Cleanse us from sin! Then, in yon land of light,

Low on His breast re - cline, All that He hath is thine; Come, sin - ner, come.
No one was e'er de - nied; Come to the crim-son tide, Come, sin - ner, come.
Here is the grace for thee, Je - sus thy on - ly plea, Come, Christian, come.
Here are the joys un - told—Crowns for the young and old; Come, pil - grim, come.
Clothed in our robes of white Rest - ing not day nor night, Thee will we sing.

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No. 102. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to-
2. Near-er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny mansions be; Near-er the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er

CHORUS.

day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.
throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.
home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home,

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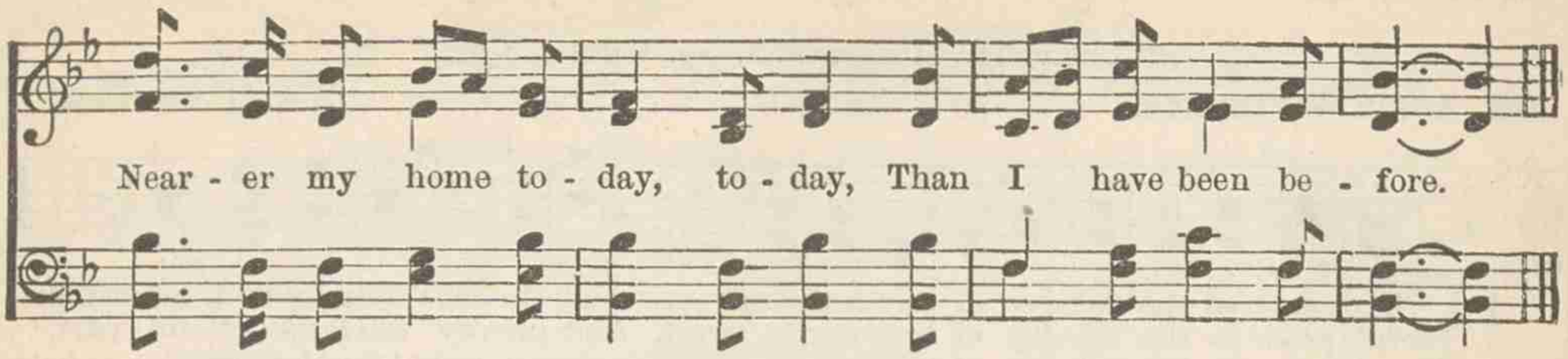
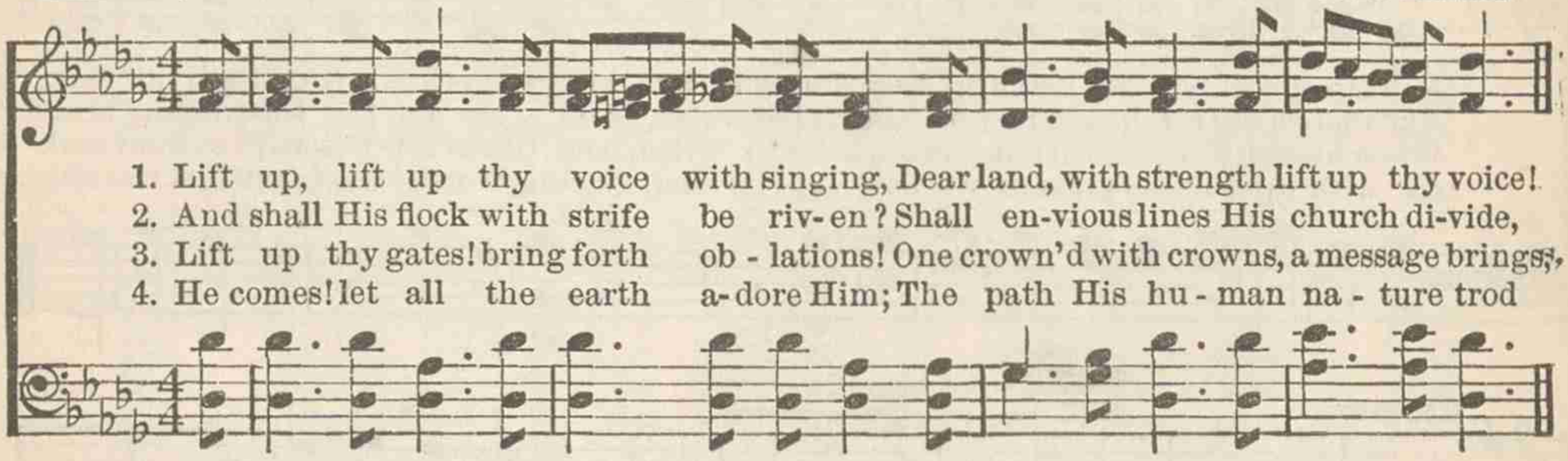
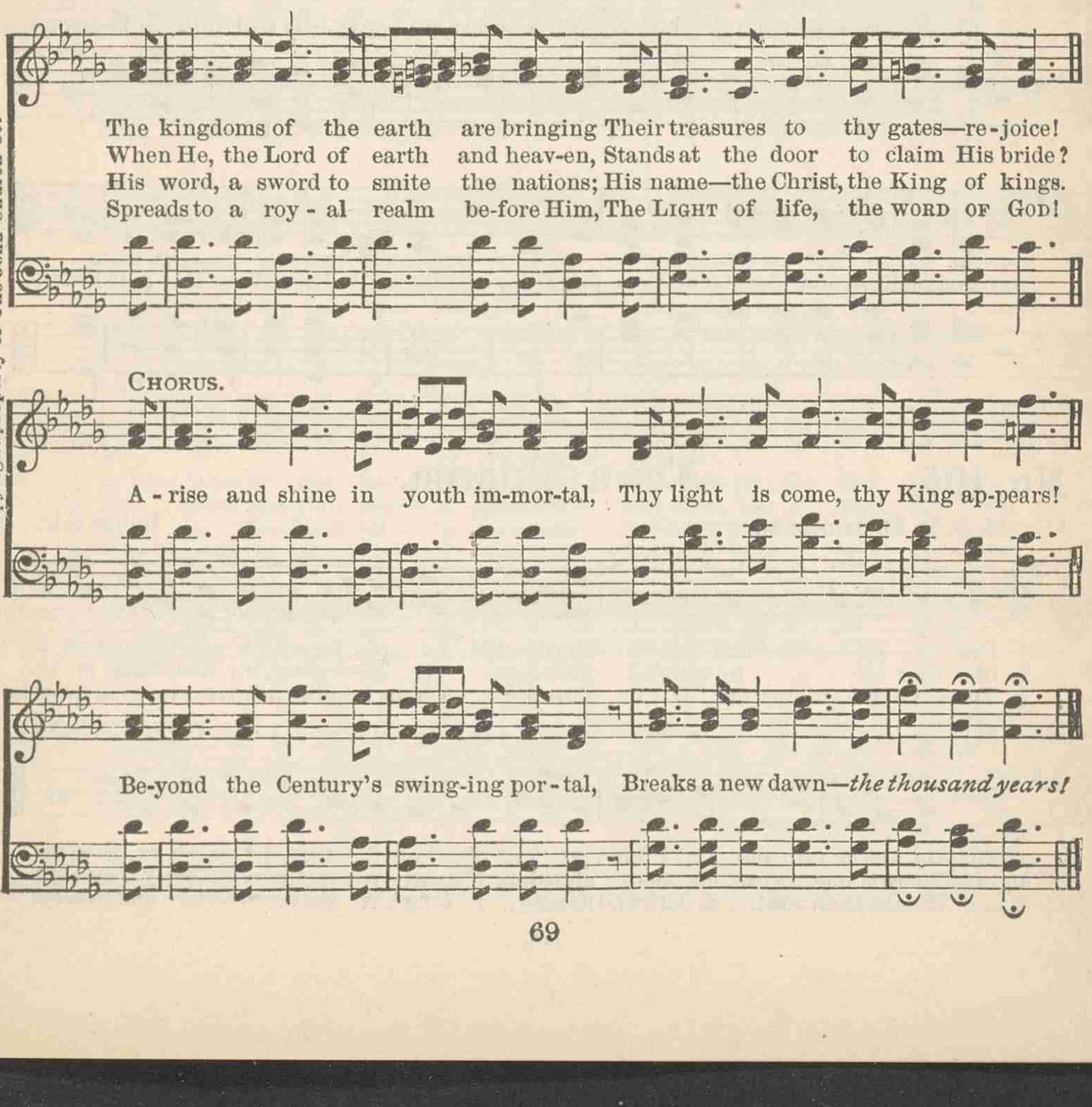
One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

No. 103. Arise and Shine.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

Mary A. Lathbury. P. P. Bliss.





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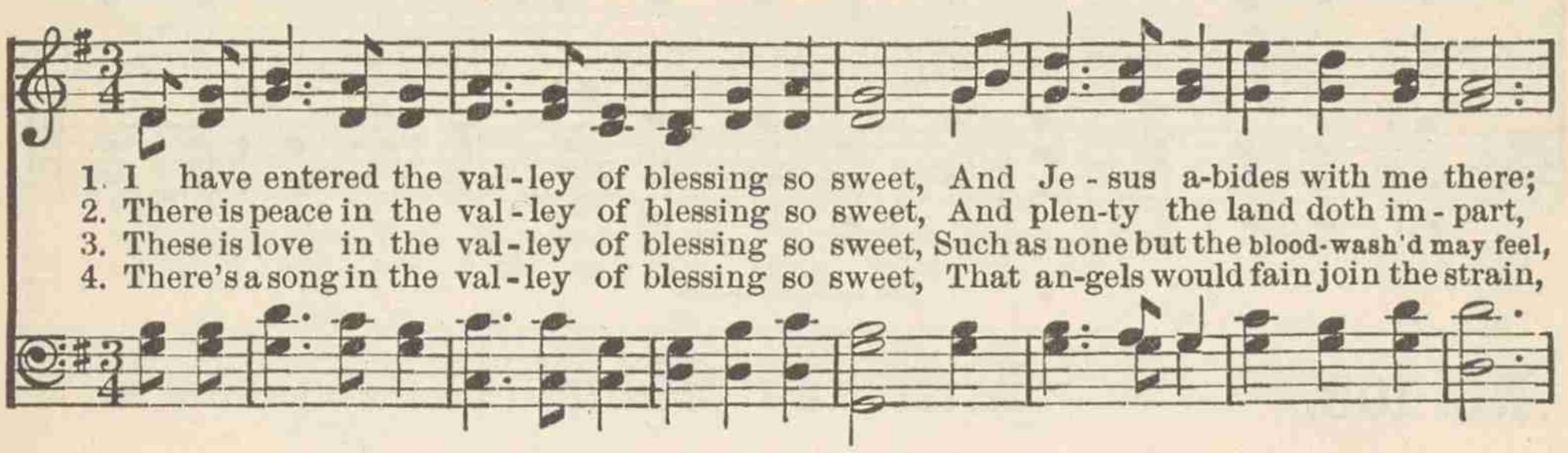
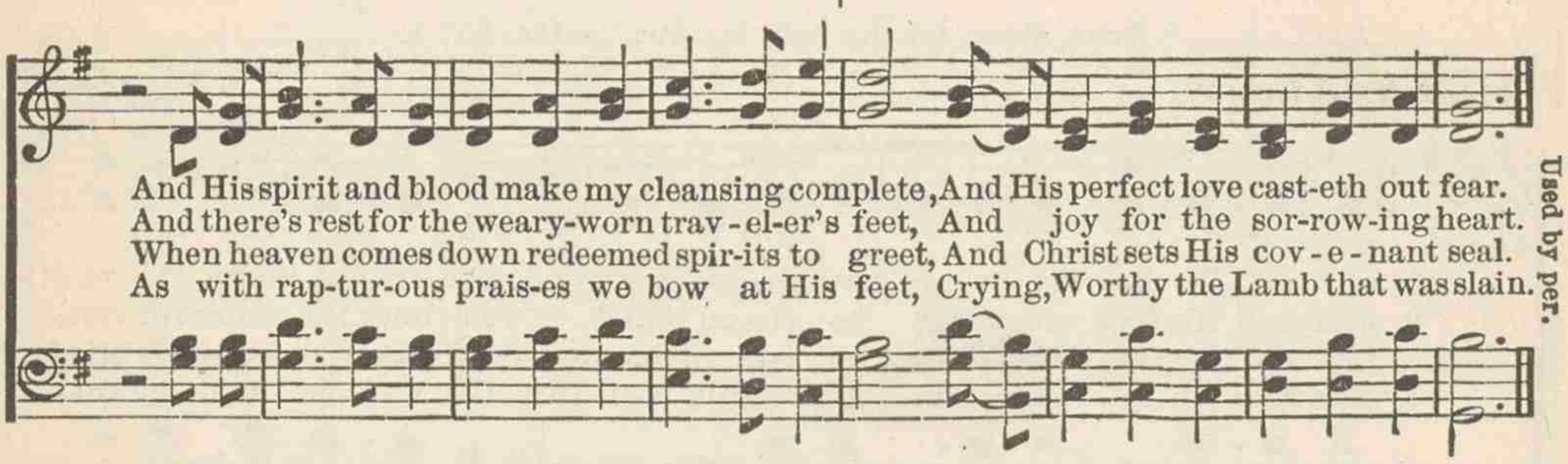
No. 104. The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 Chr. 20: 26.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer.



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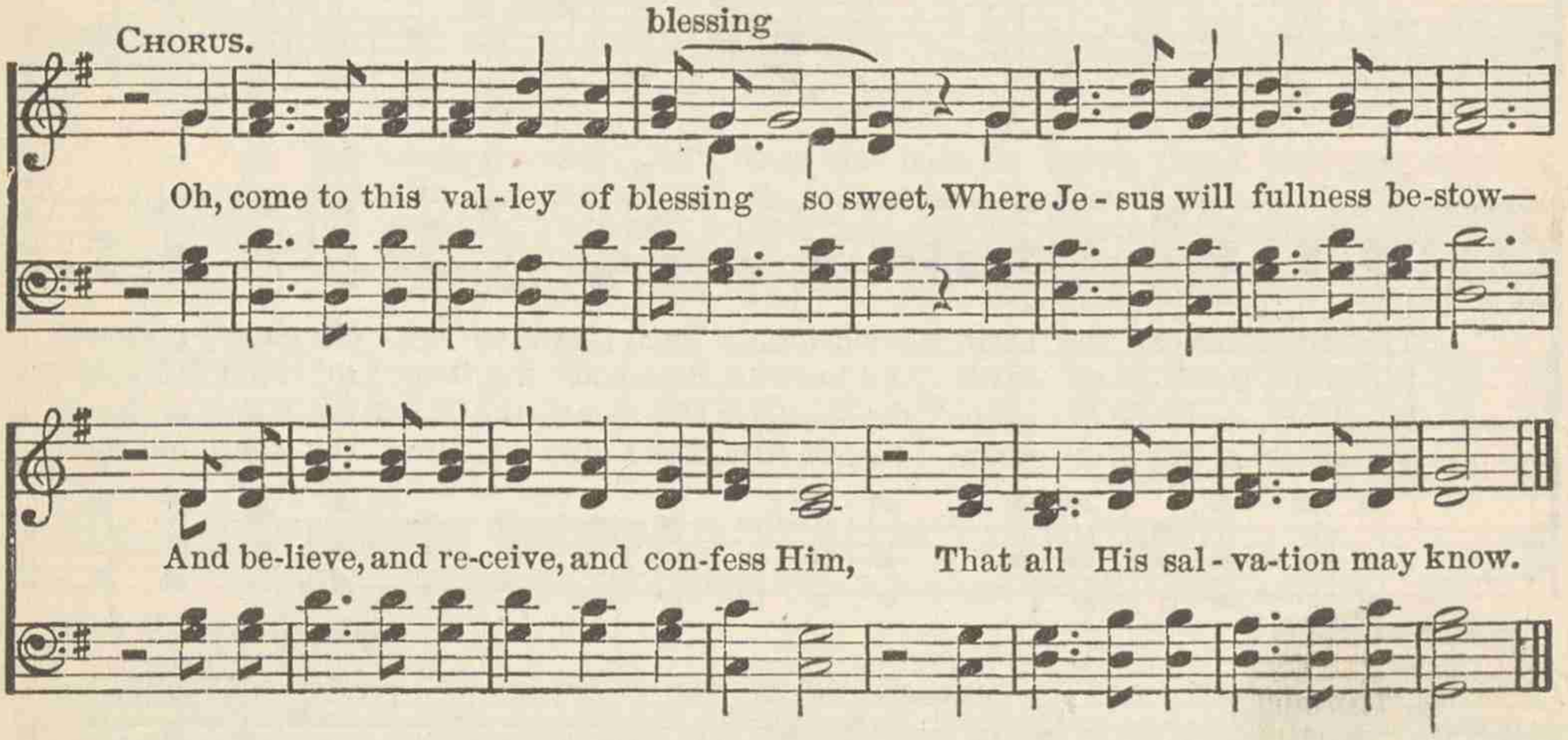
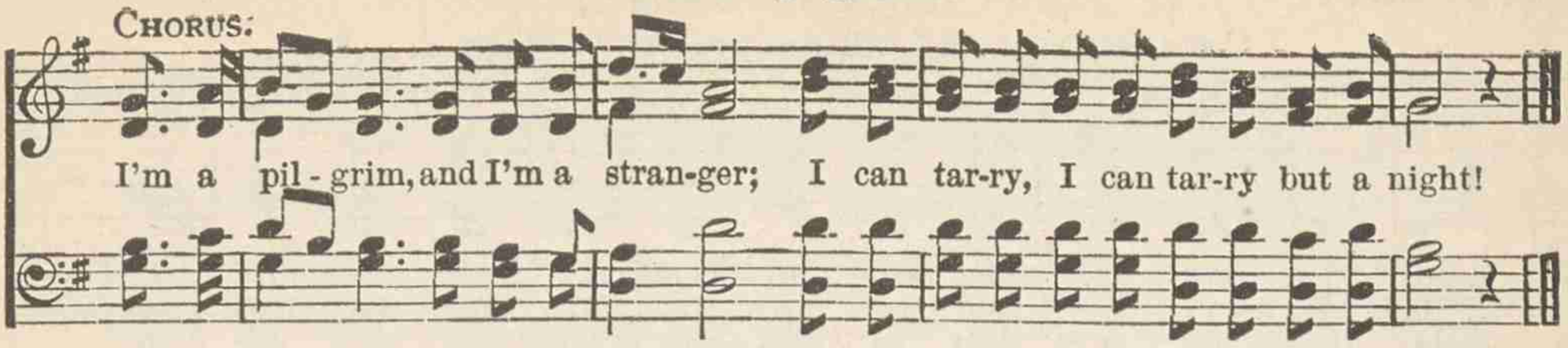
Chorus.



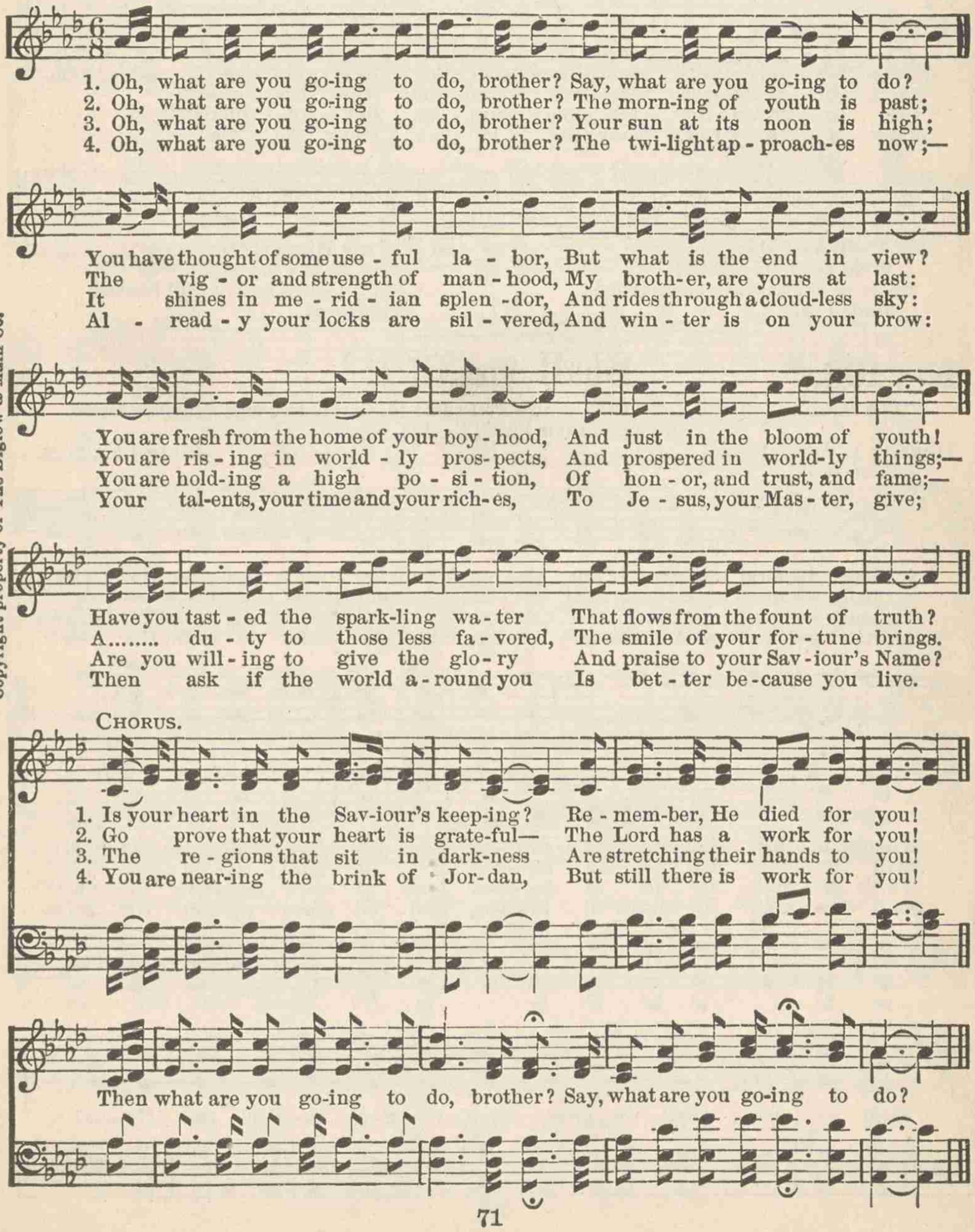
No. 105. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. D. Shindler. Italian Air.

I'm a Pilgrim.

CHORUS:

No. 106. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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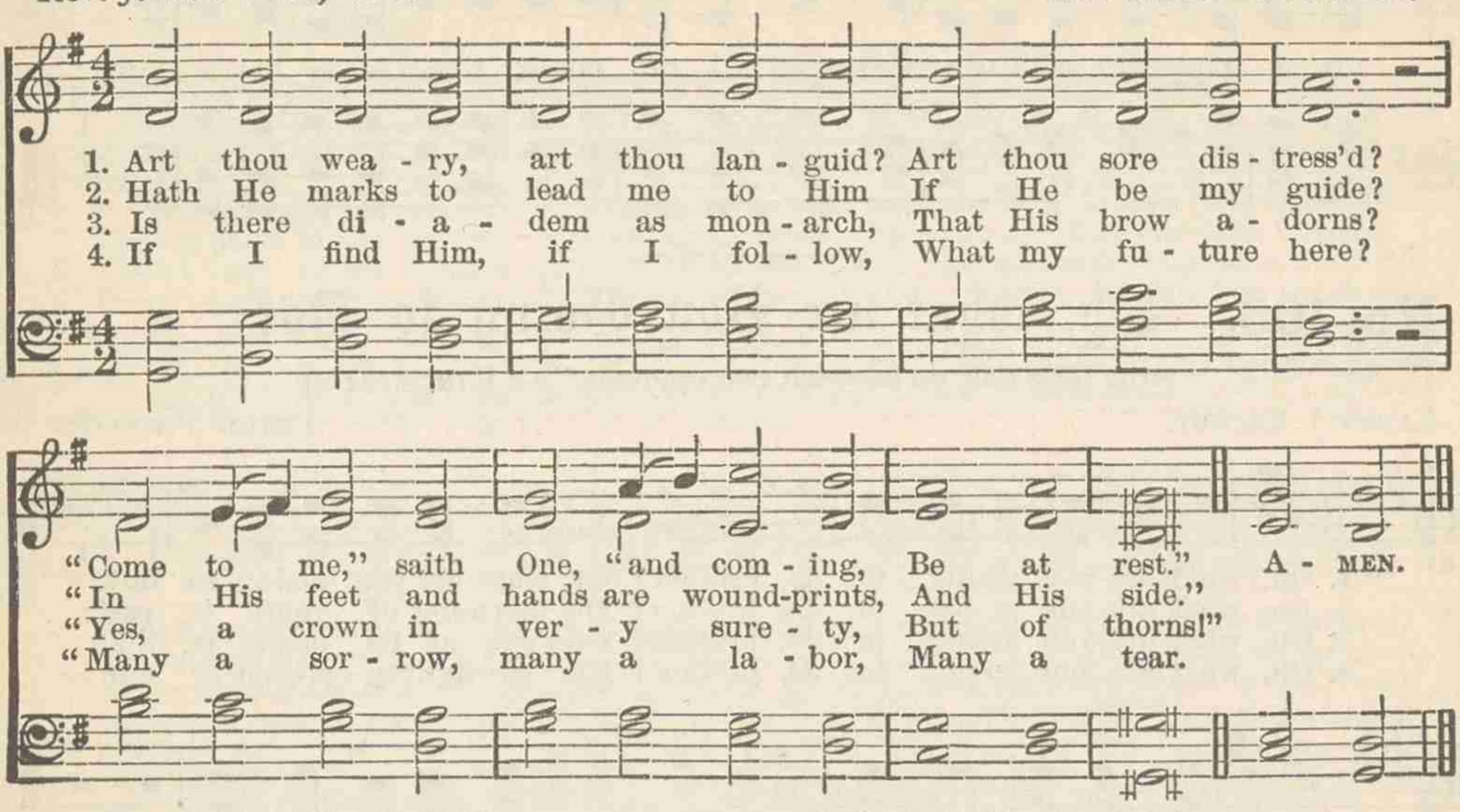
No. 107. Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER.



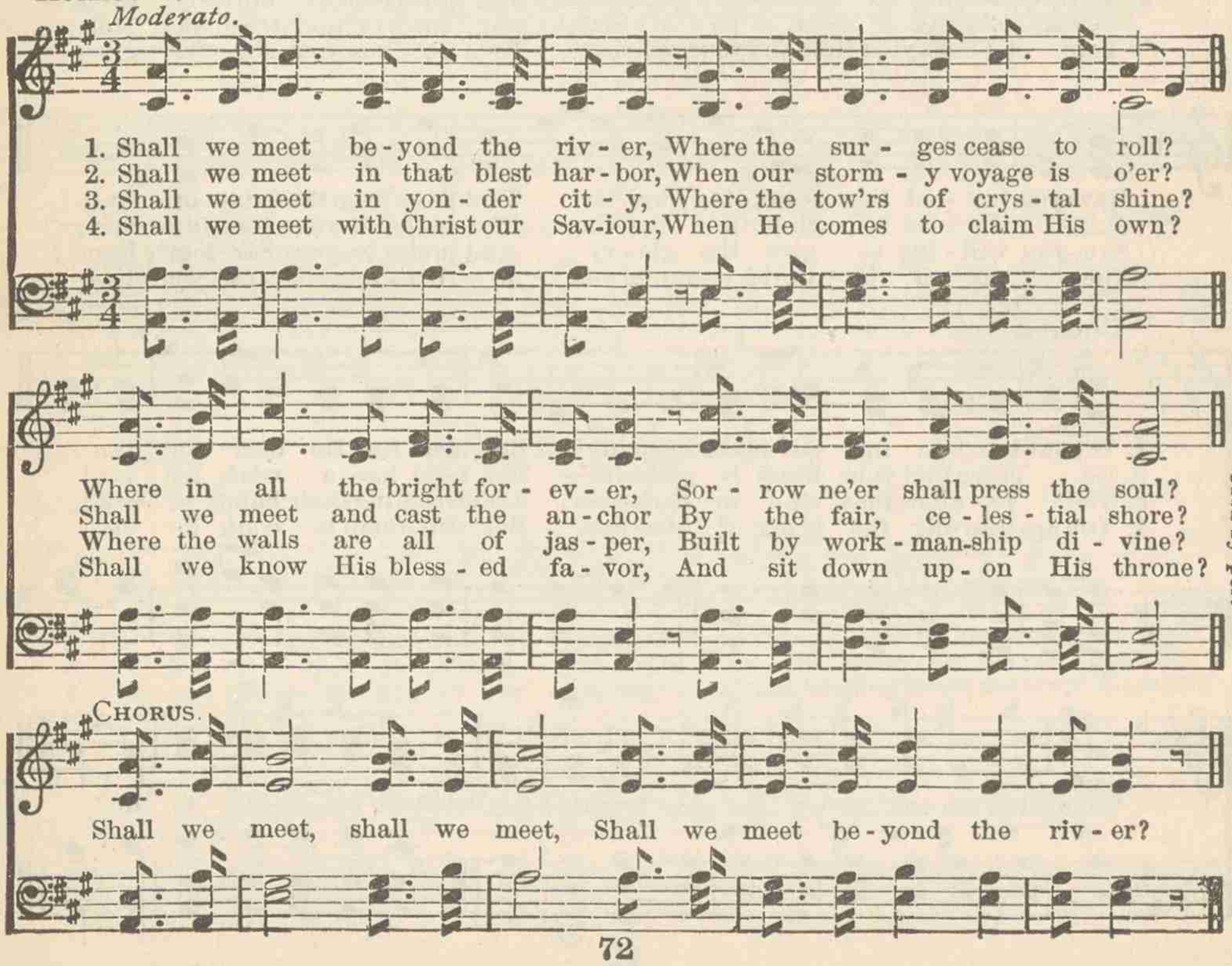
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 108. Shall we Meet?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30 : 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.

Moderato.

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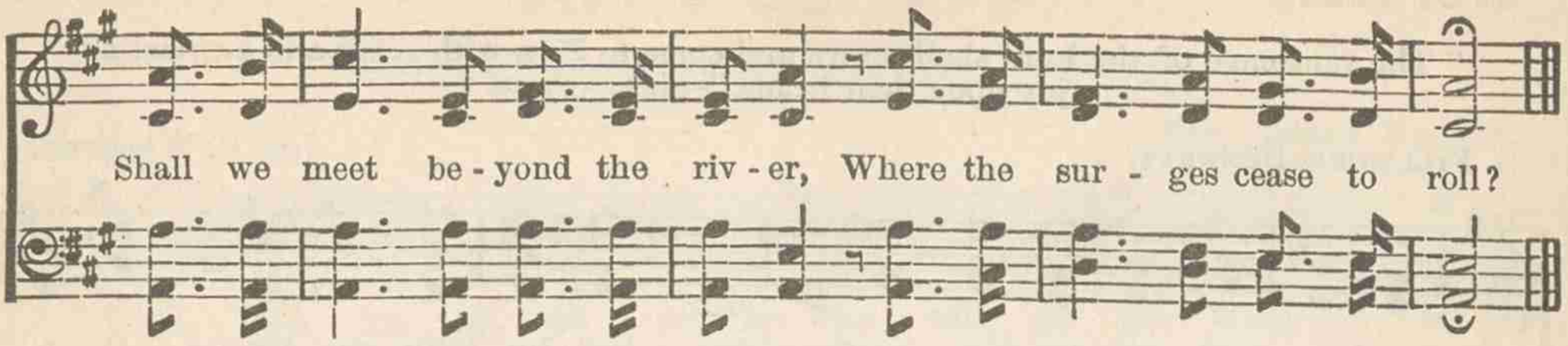
Shall we Meet?

No. 109. Jesus is Mighty To Save.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer.

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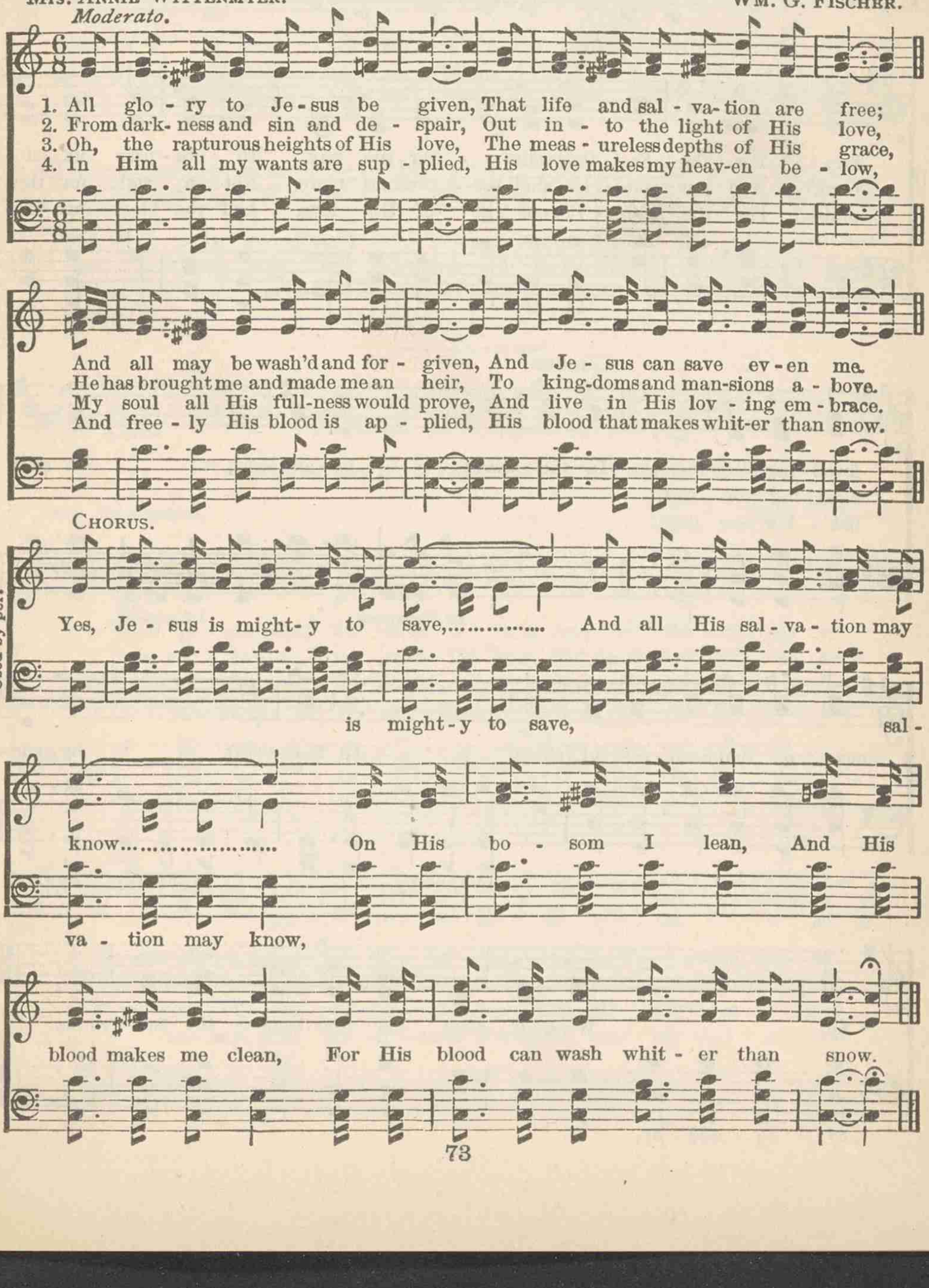
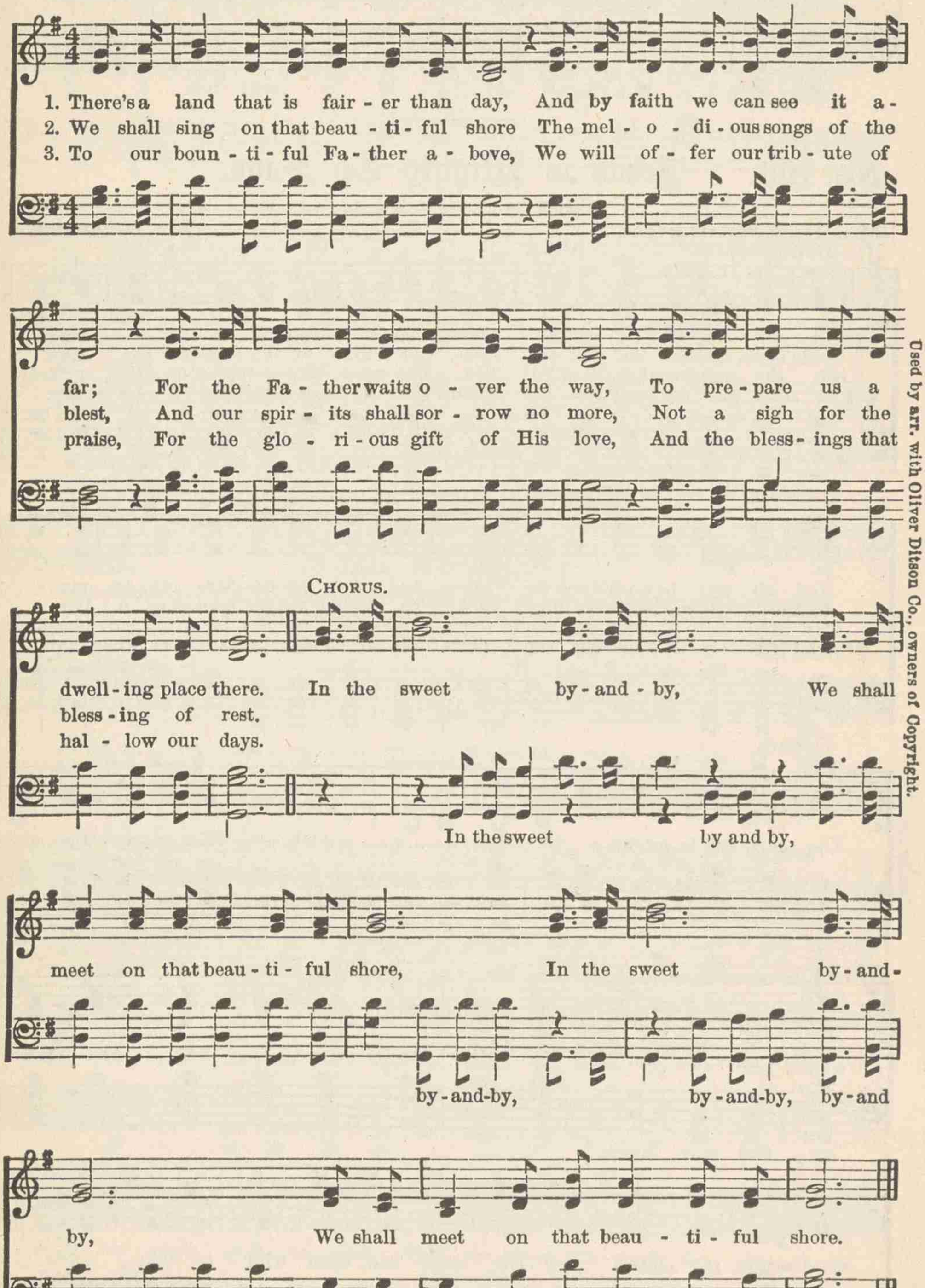

Used by per.

No. 110. Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.



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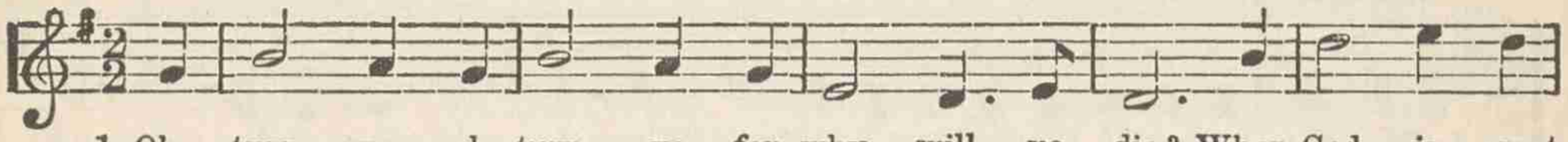
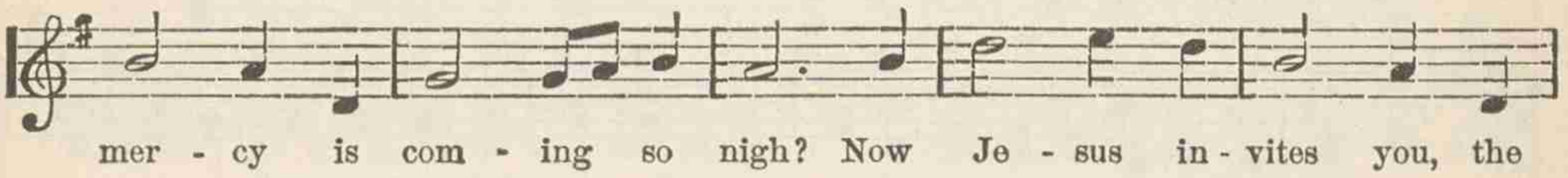
No. 111. Expostulation.

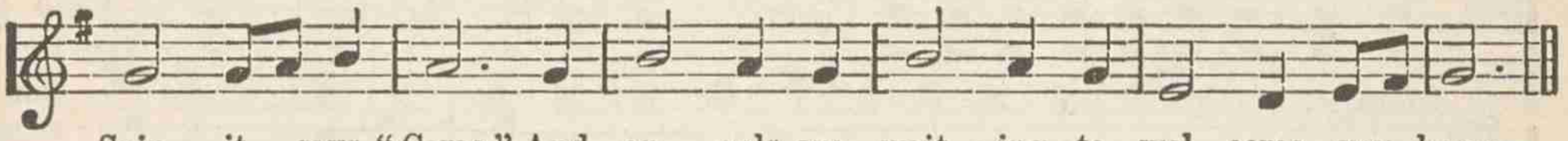
"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Eze. 33: 11.

J. H. Rev. Josiah Hopkins.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con - trite in heart He will free - ly re - ceive, Oh! why will you

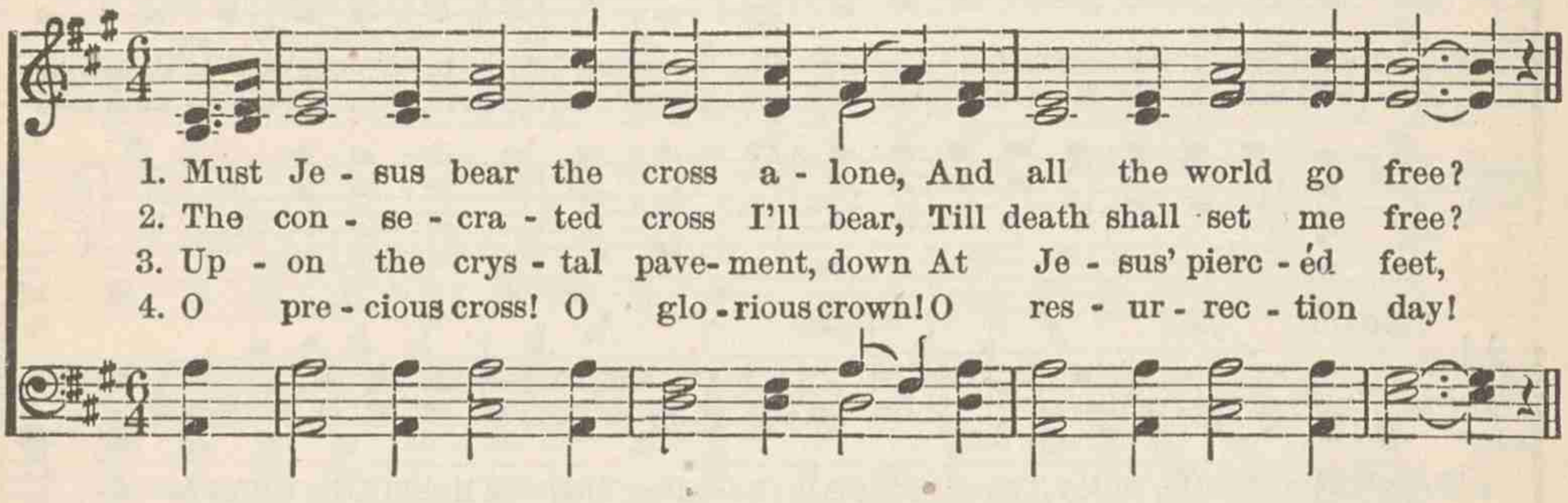


mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
bet - ter your chains melt a - way; Come guilt - y, come wretch - ed, come
not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin be your bur - den, why

Spir - it says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
just as you are All help - less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes wel - come; He bids you come home.

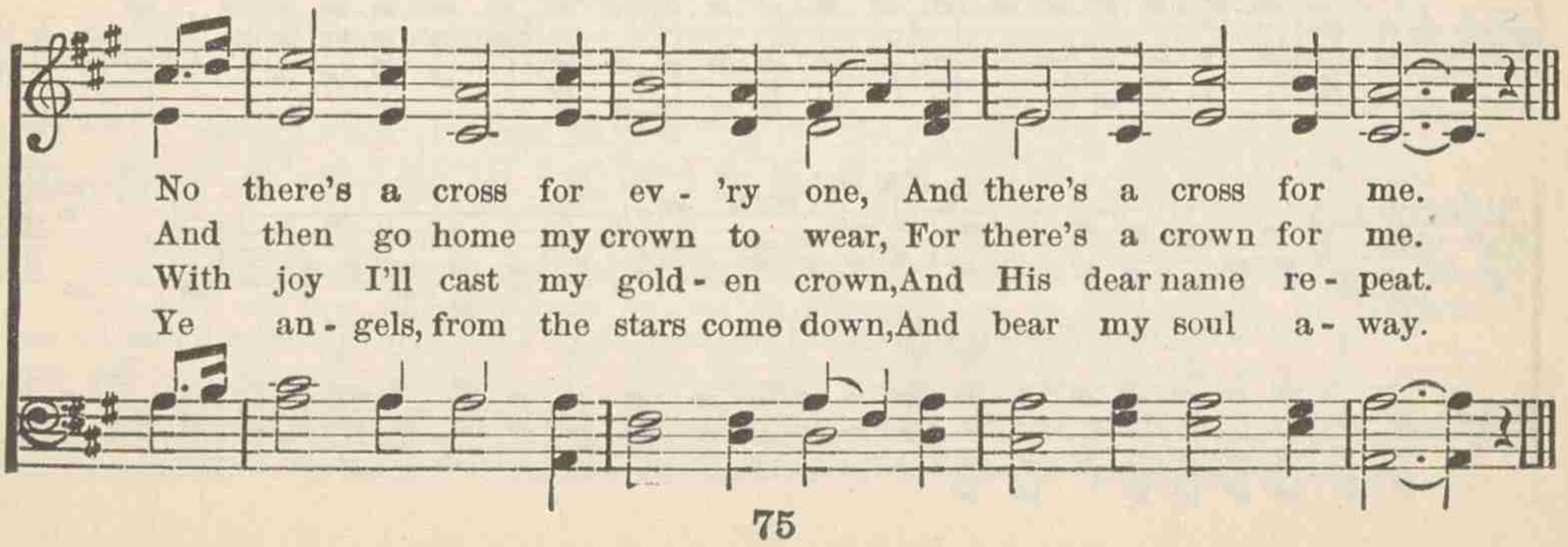
No. 112. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—John 19: 17.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free?
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave- ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - éd feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 113. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil."—PSA. 23 : 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

With expression.

1. Thro' the val-ley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor - dan roll;
2. Now the roll-ing of the billows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore;

But the promise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul.
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.

Slower.

E- ven now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow me!"
I shall find down the val - ley no a - larms, For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;

a tempo.

And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me.
He will bear me in His lov-ing, mighty arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me.

CHORUS. *p* *f* *p*

There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me,.....

for me,

Repeat pp.

And no evil will I fear, While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the valley for me, for me.

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No. 114. The Palace of the King.

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace"—Ps. 48: 15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. 'Tis a good-ly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our Father's constant
2. Our Redeem-er is the King; what a sac-ri-fice He made, When He purchased our re-

bless-ings fall a-round us like the dew; But its sunshine and its beau-ty to our
demption, and His blood the ran-som paid; In His cross shall be our glo-ry, to that

hearts no joy can bring, Like the splendors that a-wait us in the pal-ace of the King.
bless-ed cross we'll cling, Till we reach the gates that o-pen to the pal-ace of the King.

REFRAIN.

In this goodly pleasant land on-ly strangers now are we, For we seek a bet-ter
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-lu-jah to His name! Thro' the blood of His a-

D.C.—O the pal-ace of the King, roy-al palace of the King; Where our Father in His

coun-try, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we long to swell the an-them that for-
tonement, life e-ter-nal we may claim; We shall cast our crowns be-fore Him and our

mer-cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our sorrows and our tri-als like a

rit. D.C. for Refrain.

ev-er-more shall ring, From the pure in heart made perfect in the pal-ace of the King.
songs of vic-t'ry sing, When we en-ter in triumph-ant to the pal-ace of the King.

dream will pass away, And our souls shall dwell forever in the realms of endless day.

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No. 115. Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON. P. P. BLISS.

1. They dream'd not of danger, those sinners of old, Whom No- ah was cho-sen to warn;
2. He could not arouse them, unheeding they stood, Un- mov'd by his warning and prayer;
3. O sin-ners, the her-alds of mer- cy implore, They cry like the pa-triarch, "Come;"

By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown cold, They laugh'd his entreaties to scorn:
The prophet passed in from the on- com- ing flood, And left them to hope-less de - spair:
The Ark of sal- va- tion is moored to your shore, Oh, en- ter while yet there is room!

Yet dai-ly he called them, "Oh, come, sinners, come, Be-lieve and pre-pare to em - bark!
The flood-gates were opened, the del-uge came on, The heavens as midnight grew dark,
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark o - ver head, And when by its fu- ry you're tossed,

Re- ceive ye the message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark!"
Too late, then they turned, ev'ry foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark.
A - las, of your per- ish-ing souls 'twill be said, "They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*

p CHORUS.

Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref- uge a - lone in the Ark, Re-

ceive ye the mes-sage, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark.

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No. 116. Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12: 23.

Marianne Hearn. P. P. Bliss.

Slowly.

1. When my fi - nal farewell to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie down to my rest;
2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide;
3. There are old and for- sak- en who lin-ger a- while In homes which their dearest have left;
4. Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace Of Him who delights to for - give,

When soft-ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
There are dear lit- tle eyes look- ing up in- to mine, Whose tears might be easi - ly dried.
And a few gen-tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir-its be - reft.
Though I bless not the wea - ry a- bout in my path, Pray on- ly for self while I live,—

And when, with my glorified vis-ion at last The walls of "That Cit- y" I see,
But Je-sus may beckon the children a- way In the midst of their grief and their glee—
But the Reaper is near to the long standing corn, The wea-ry will soon be set free—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neg-lect, If sor-row in heav-en can be,

Will an - y one then at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Should no one I love, at the beau- ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me!

Will an - y one then, at the beau-ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau-ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y of them, at the beau-ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Should no one I love, at the beau-ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me!

Repeat pp.

Chorus.

Be wait-ing and watching, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Be waiting and watching,

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No. 117. What shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts 16: 30.

J. W. Holman. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor- rows that bur- den my soul?
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled?
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sick-ness my strength shall sub-due?
4. O! Lord look in mer- cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:

Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chill- ing floods of dis-
And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re- moved And I weep o'er the
Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a- way, And e- ter- ni- ty
Un- to whom shall I flee, Dear- est Lord, but to Thee, Thou canst make my poor,

tress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
graves of the dead? What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
o- pens to view? What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
broken heart whole. That will I do! that will I do! To Je- sus I'll go and be saved!

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No. 118. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

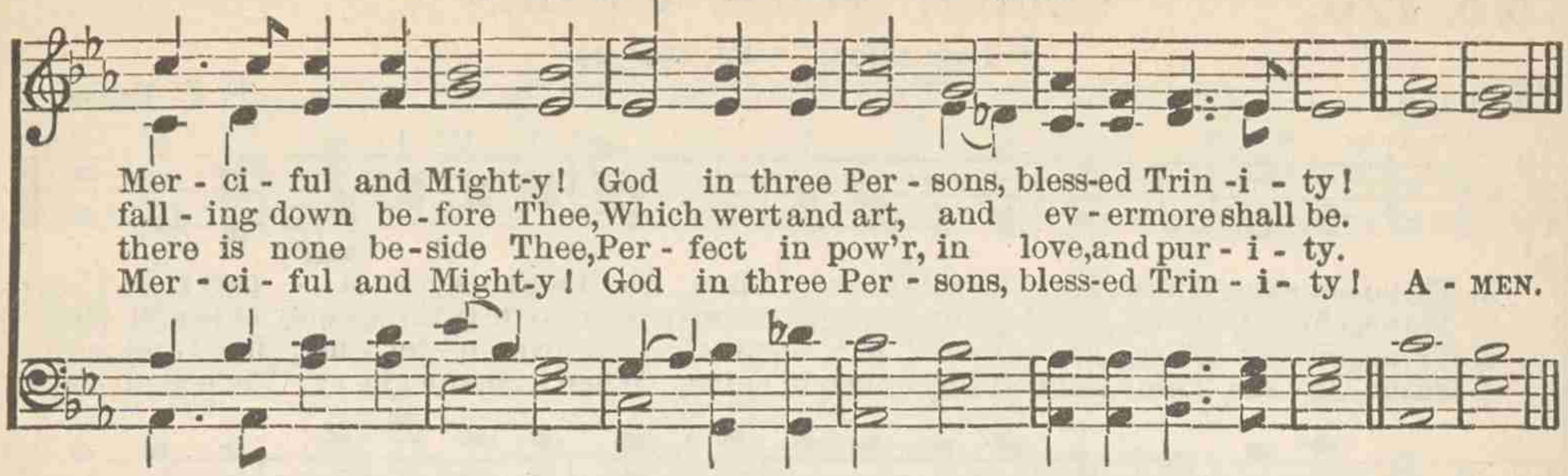
"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

Reginald Heber, D.D. Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly! Lord God Al- might- y! Ear- ly in the
2. Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly! all the saints a- dore Thee, Cast- ing down their
3. Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of
4. Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly! Lord God Al- might- y! All Thy works shall

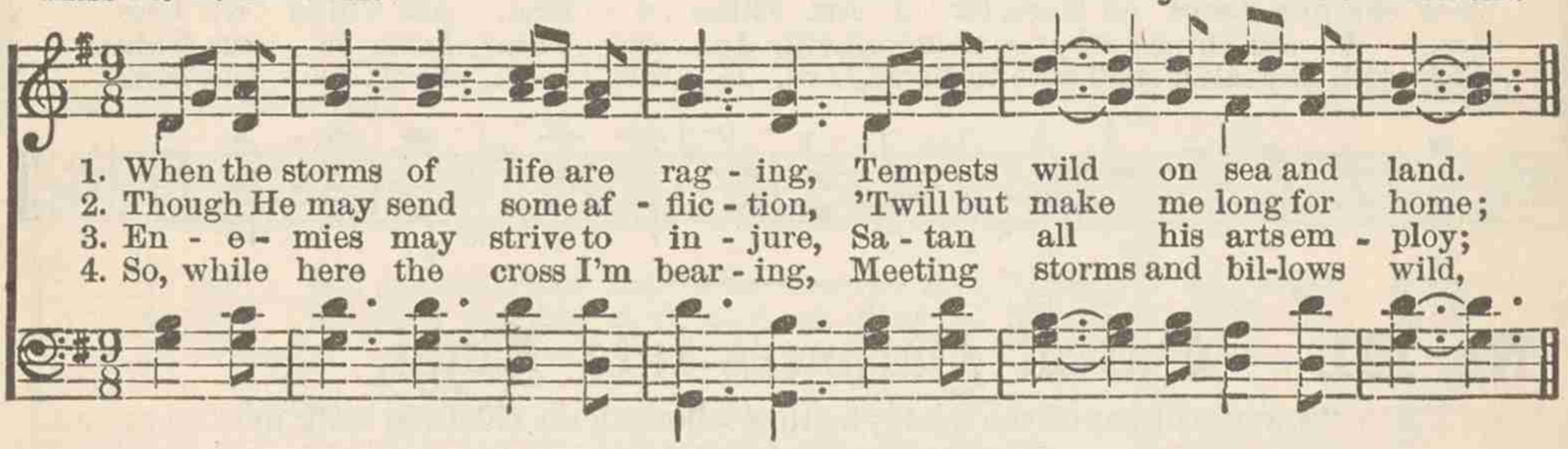
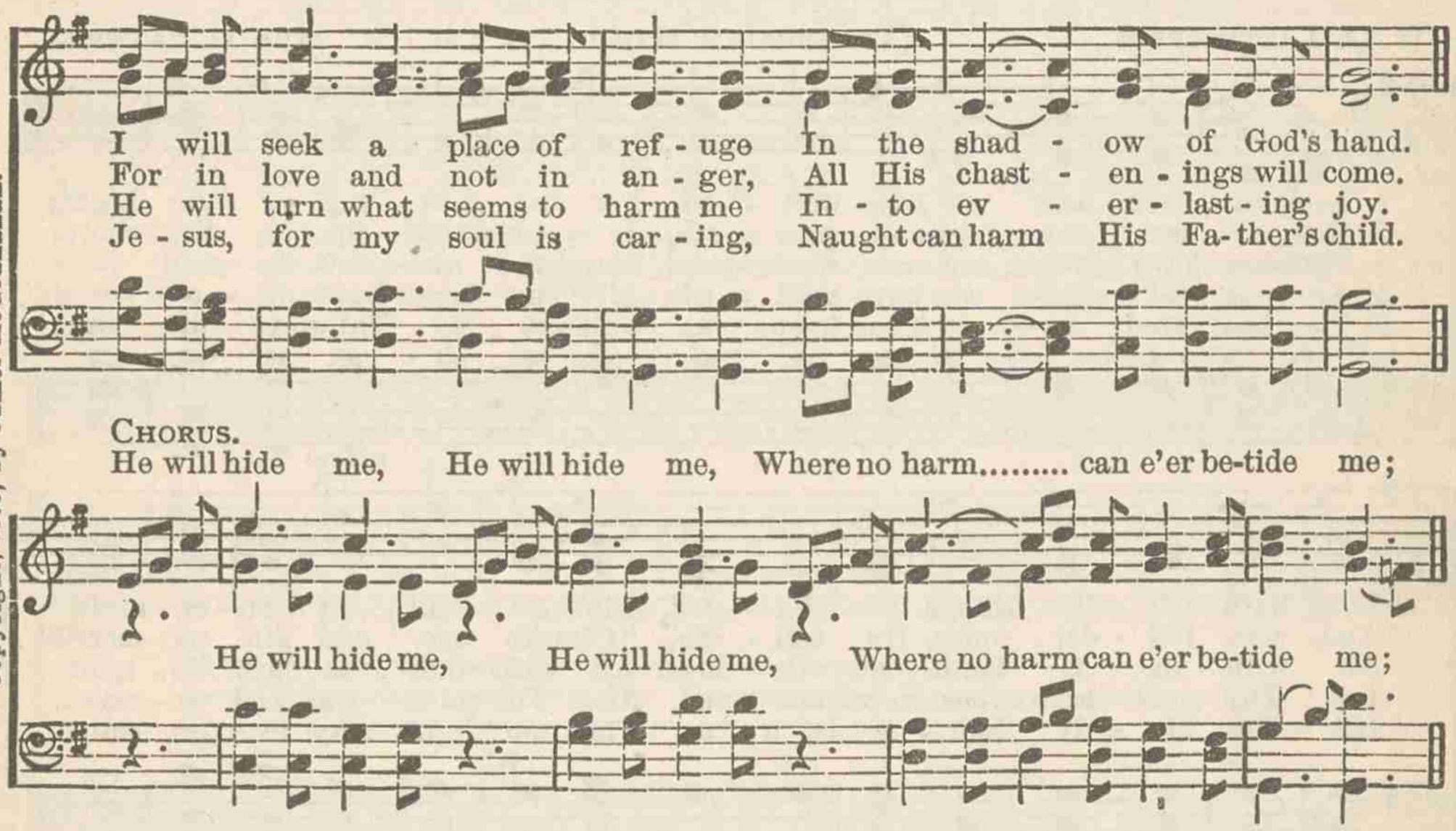
morn- ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly!
gold- en crowns a- round the glass- y sea; Cher- u- bim and Ser- aphim
sin- ful man Thy glo- ry may not see, On- ly Thou art Ho- ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly!

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!



No. 119. He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 2.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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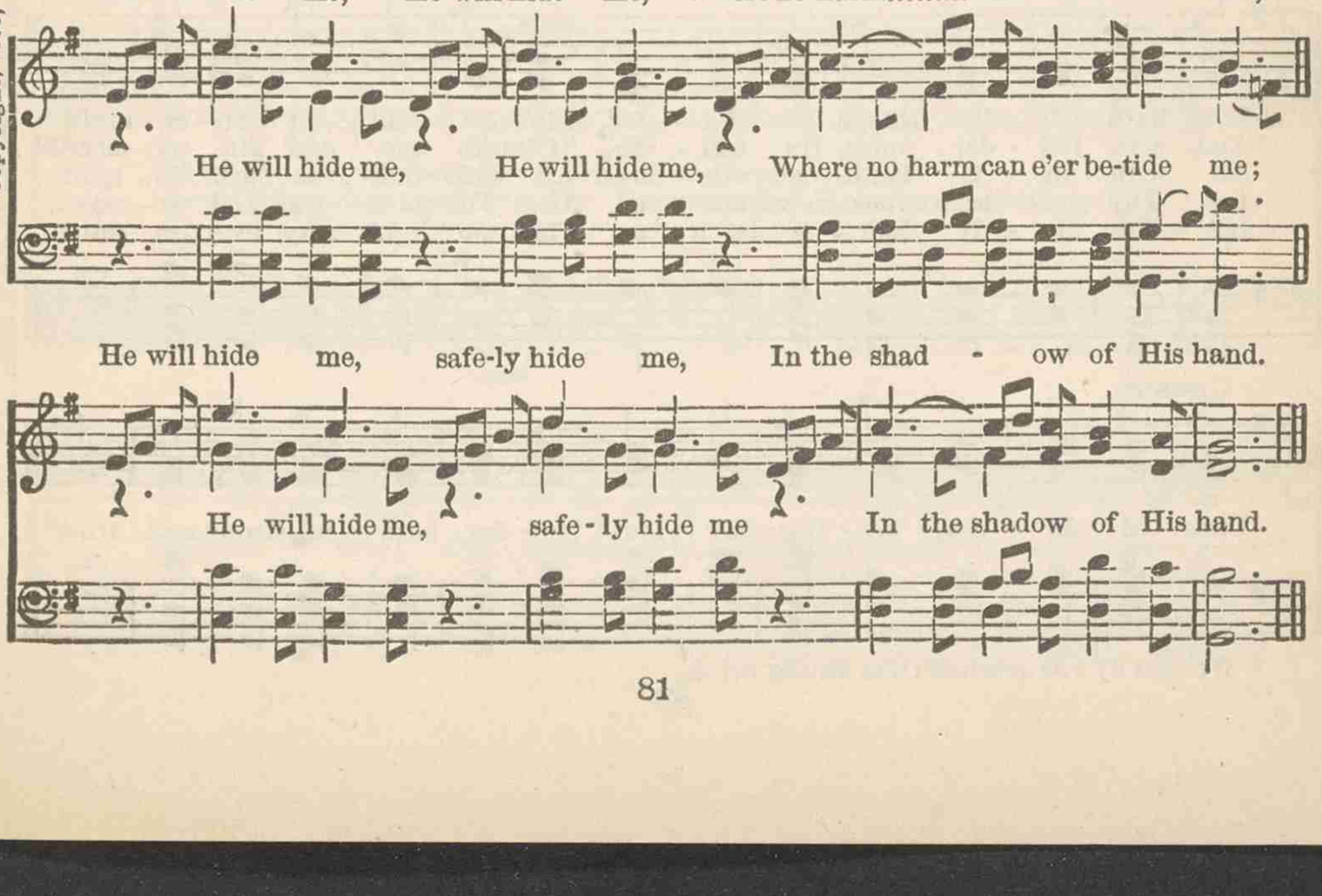
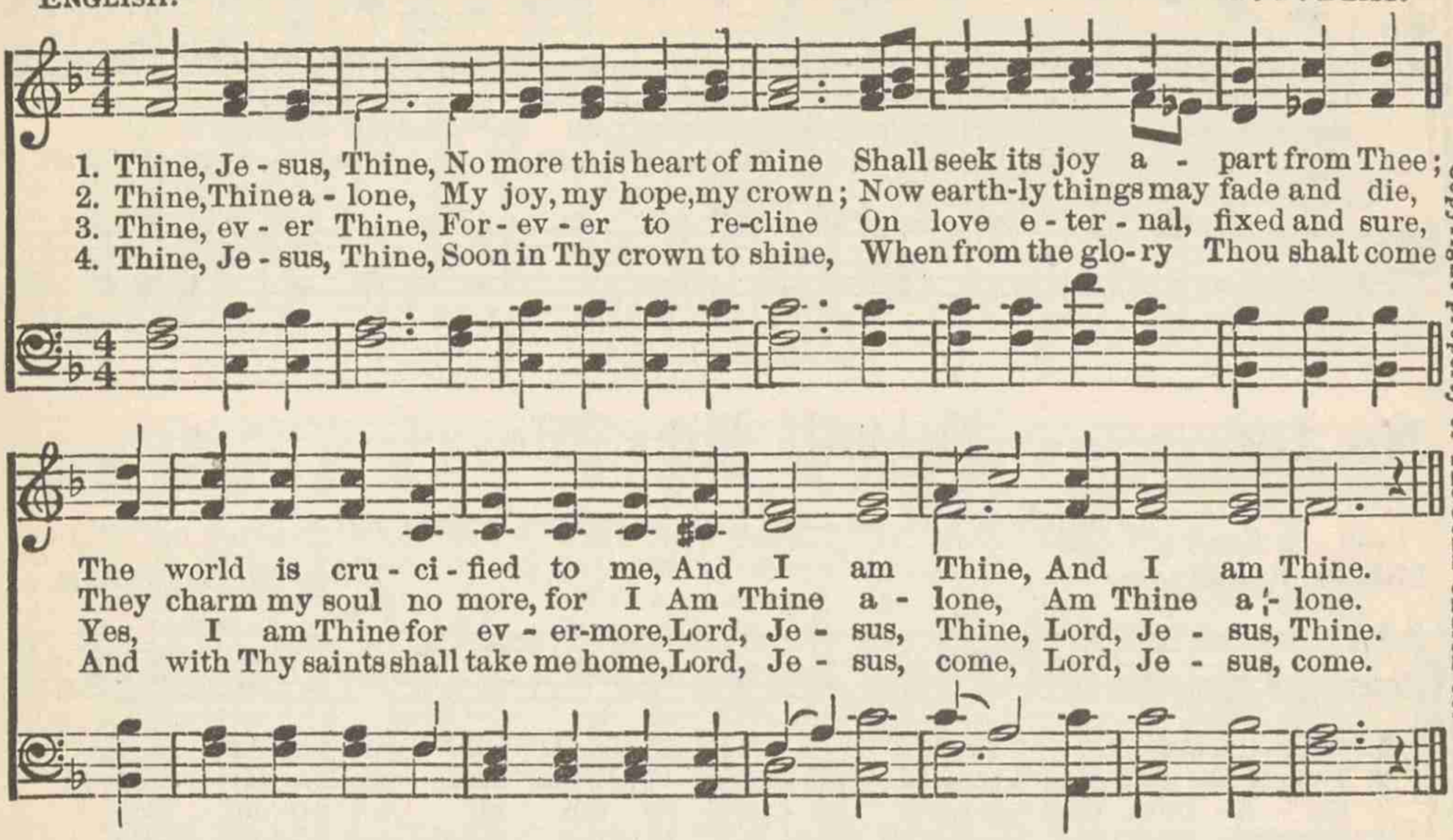
CHORUS.



No. 120. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS.

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No. 121. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY.

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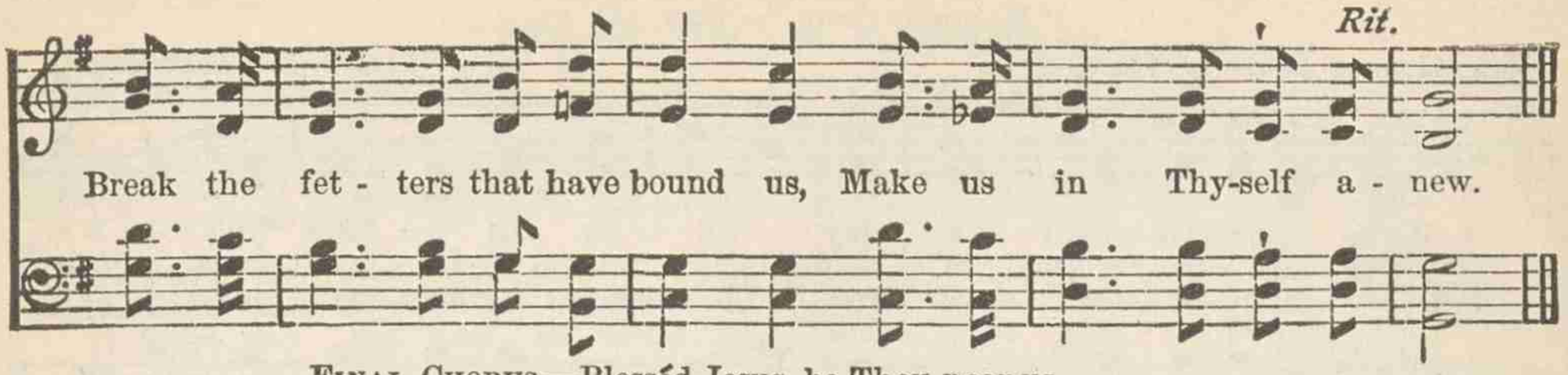
* Written by one rescued from strong drink.

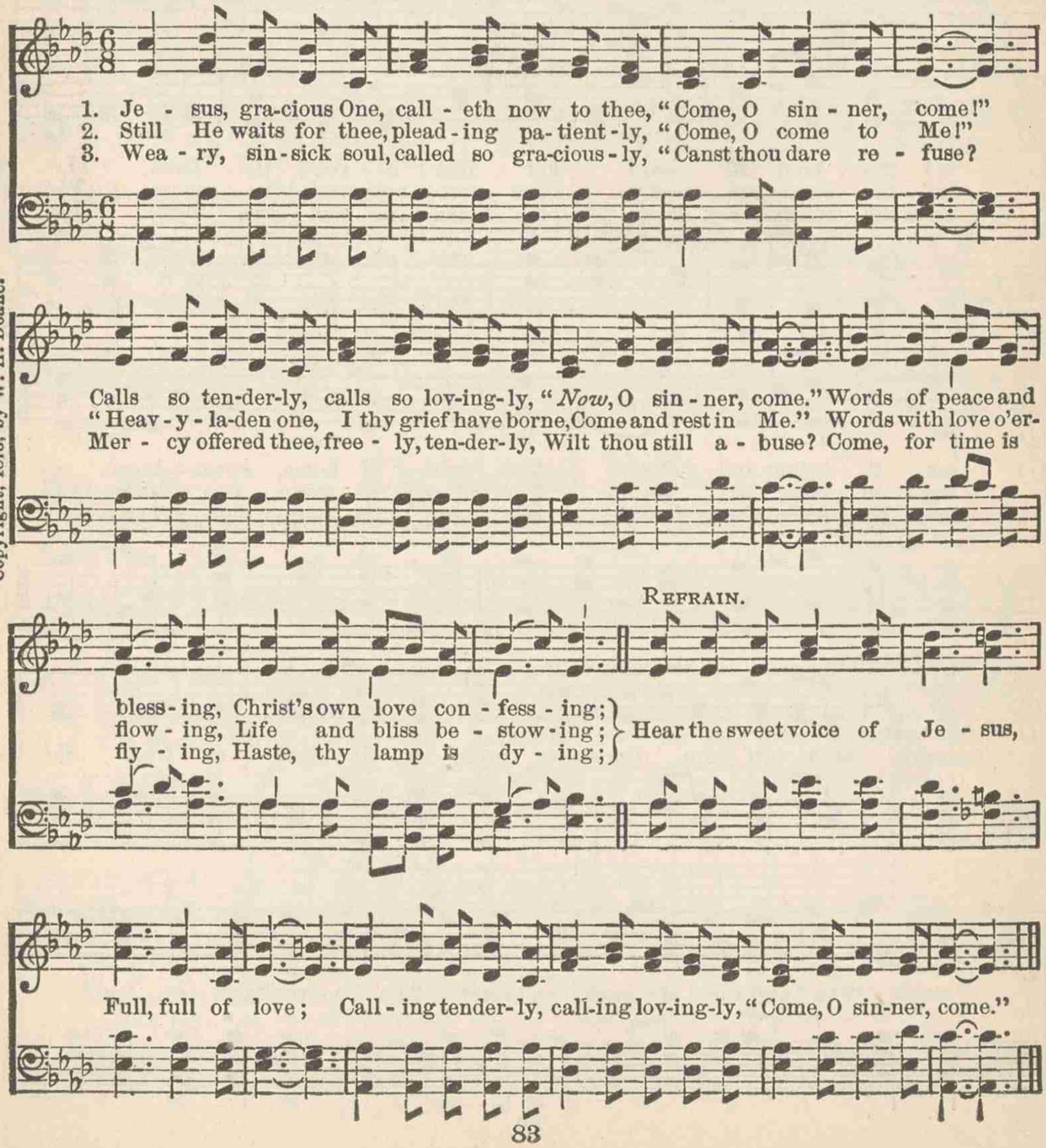
Out of Darkness into Light.



FINAL CHORUS.—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

No. 122. Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—ISA. 42 : 6.

MRS. S. A. COLLINS. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 123. A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M.A. James McGranahan.

1. We've journey'd many a day Up - on an o - cean wide, A -
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bit - ter tears, Our
3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O

mid the mist and spray Of many a surg - ing tide; But,
fight-ings fierce with - out, With - in our anx - ious fears; But,
hav - en of the blest, With bliss and glo - ry crown'd! No

lo! the land is near! For just be - yond the foam I
lo! the storms are past, They can - not reach us more; We've
more the storm, the dark, The break - ers and the foam, No

see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
sight - ed land at last, The bless - ed storm - less shore.
more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

Refrain.

There's a light up - on the shore, broth - er, It flash - es from the
strand; The night is al - most o'er, broth - er, The ha - ven's just at hand.

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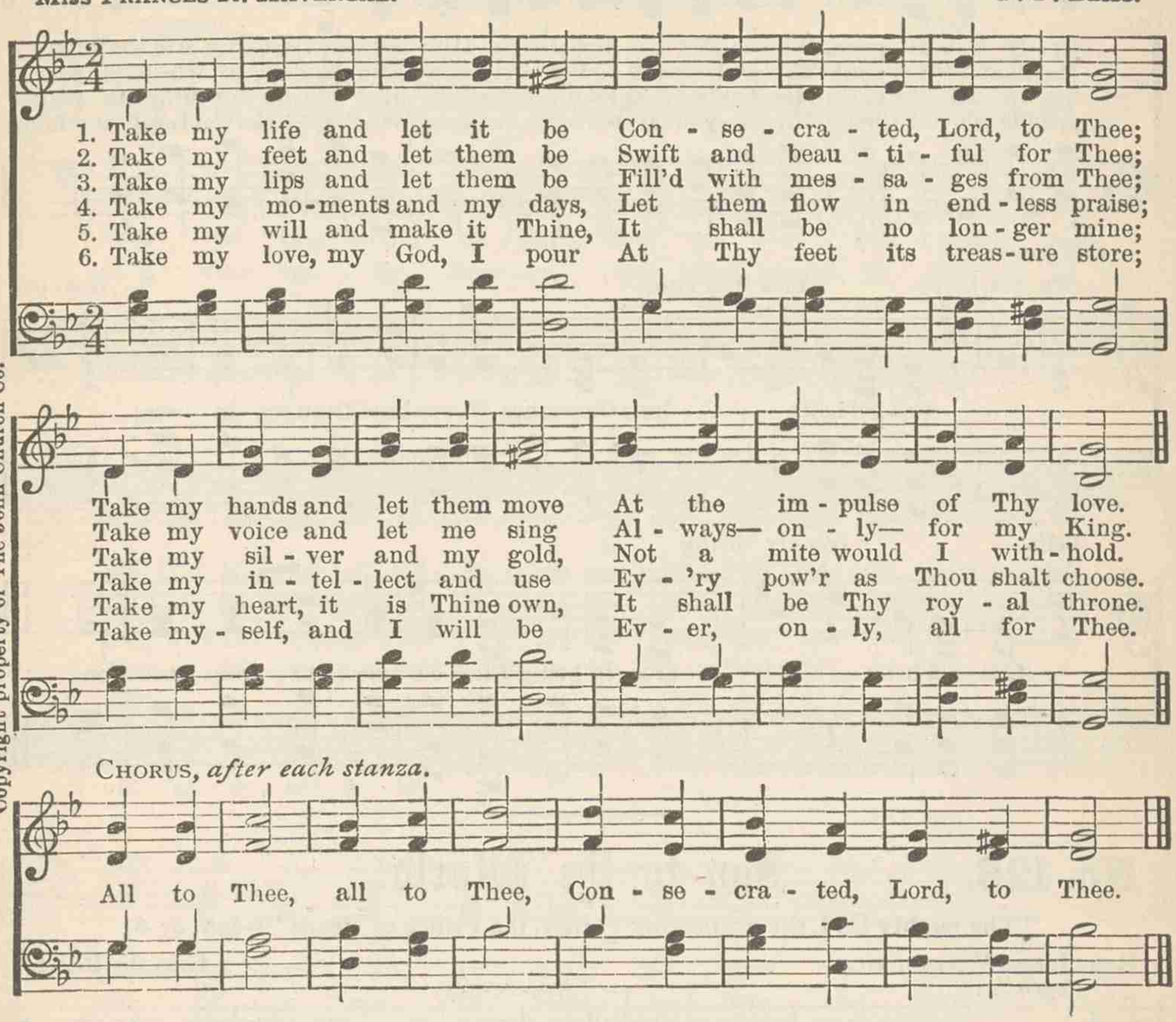
No. 124. Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

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No. 125. The Gospel Bells.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3: 16.

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin.

Used by per.

on - ly Son He gave, Who-so-e'er be - liev-eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
Me, thou hungry soul, Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
not in all the plain, Nor behind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be consumed in pain."
peo-ple do I bring, Un - to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

CHORUS.

Gos - pel bells, how they ring; Gos - pel
Gos-pel bells, how they ring; O - ver land from sea to sea;
bells free - ly bring
Gos - pel bells free - ly bring Bless-ed news to you and me.

No. 126. Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully. *Reverently.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The might - y God, the Ev - er - last - ing
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns, The might - y God, the Ev - er - last - ing
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The might - y God, the Ev - er - last - ing

Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre - - - pare Him room,
Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His righteous - ness,

The might - y God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa - ther, and the Prince of Peace.

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No. 127. Ye Must be Born Again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

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

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to
sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life everlasting if
beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain.....

words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."

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CHORUS. a - gain,..... a - gain,.....

"Ye must be born again, again," Ye must be born again, again, I

a - gain.....

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born again, again.

No. 128. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground."—Luke 13: 7.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Slow.

1. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit-less tree!
2. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit-less tree!
3. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth-less tree!
4. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, For mer-cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit-less tree!

It spreads a harm-ful shade a-round, It spoils what else were use-ful ground,
Be-hold its branch-es broad and green, Its spread-ing leaves have hope-ful been,
For oth-er use the soil pre-pare, Some oth-er tree will flour-ish there,
An-oth-er year of care be-stow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
The Mas-ter, seek-ing fruit there-on Has come—but, griev'd at find-ing none,

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
Some fruit there-on may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
If not—then lay the cum-b'rer low, One year more, one year more.
Now speaks to Jus-tice—Mer-cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.

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No. 129. Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

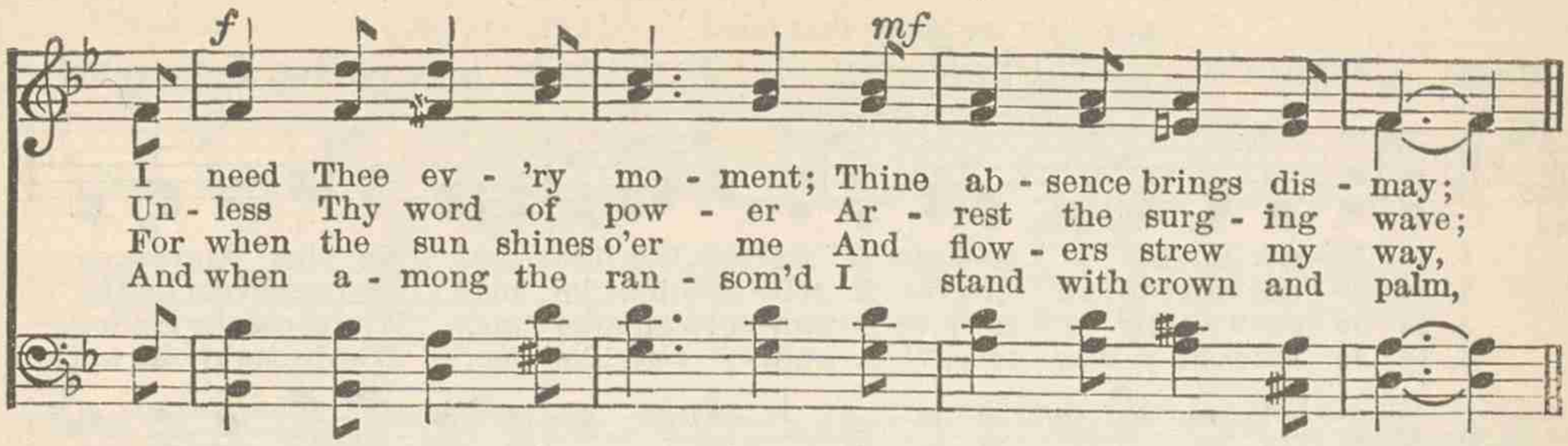
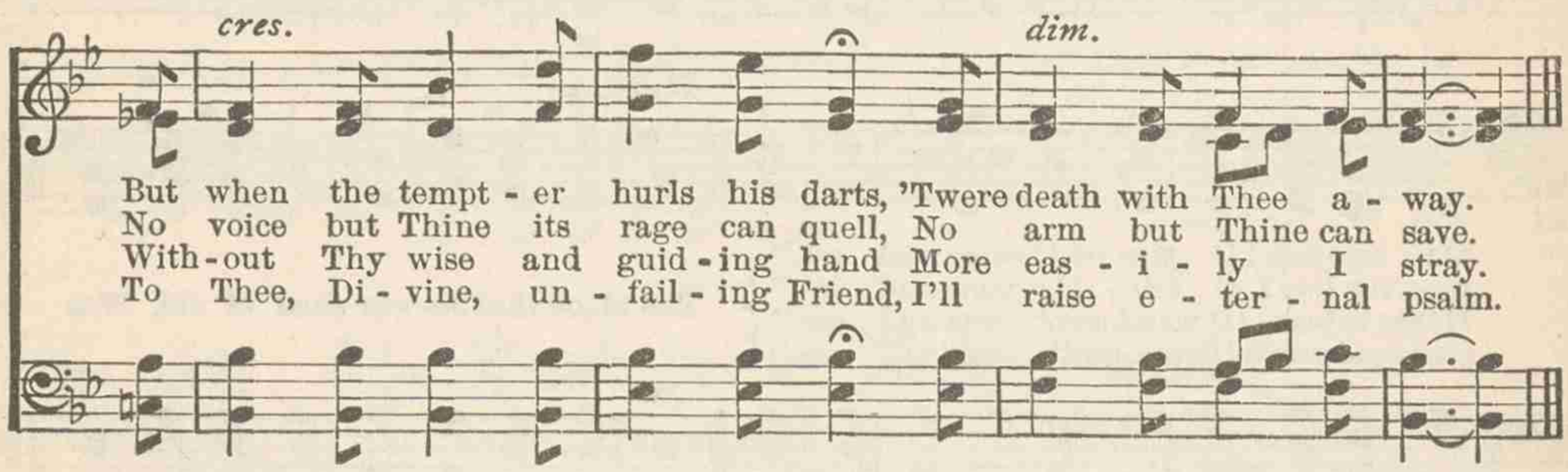
Rev. G. G. Lloyd. J. W. Bischoff.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O my Sav-iour; Thy ten-der-ness re-veal;
2. Come near me, my Re-deem-er, And nev-er leave my side;
3. Come near me, bless-ed Je-sus, I need Thee in my joy,
4. Be near me, might-y Sav-iour, When comes the lat-est strife;

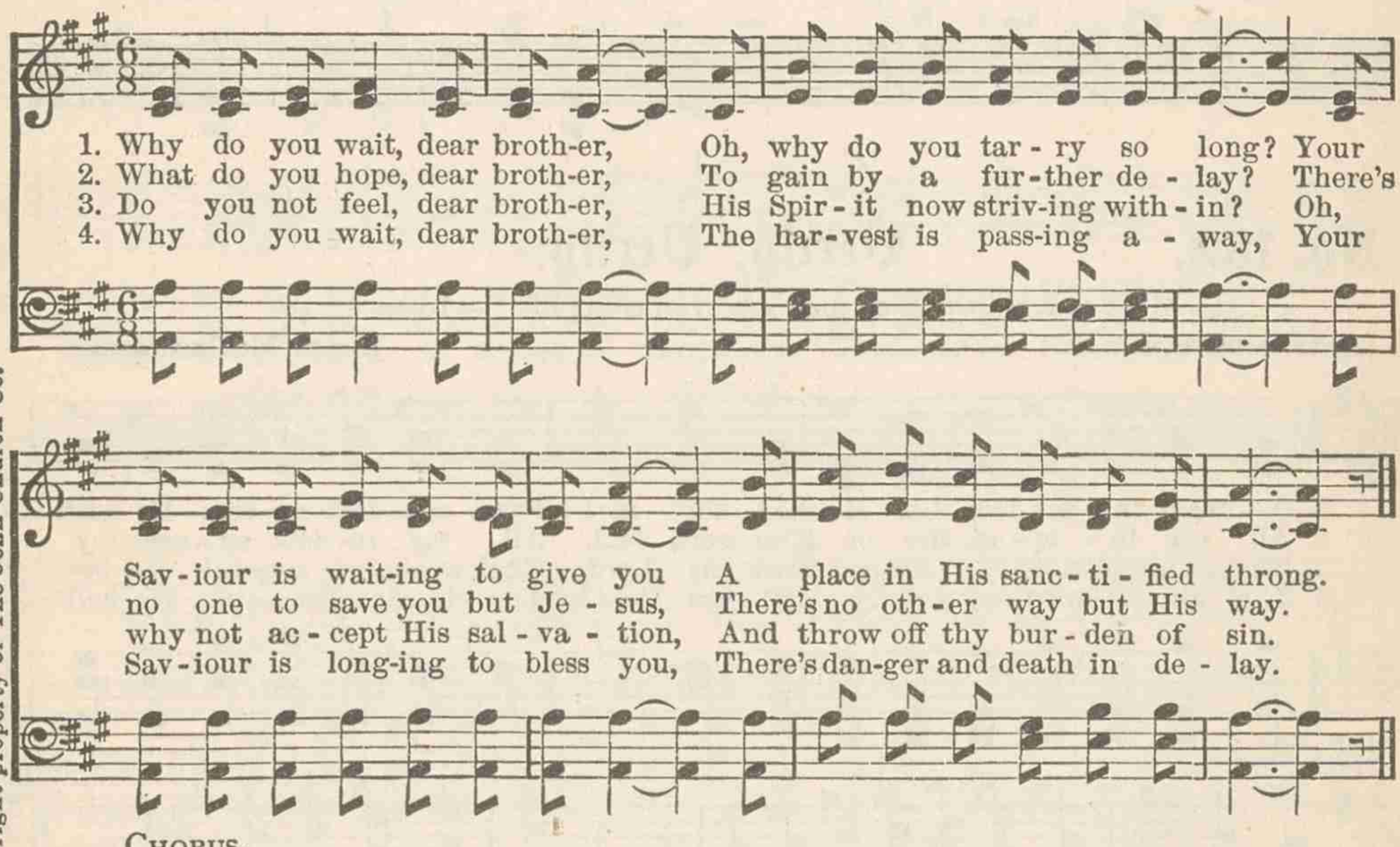
O, let me know the sym-pa-thy Which Thou for me dost feel,
My bark, when toss'd on troub-le's sea, The storm can-not out-ride,
No less than when the dir-est ills My hap-pi-ness de-stroy;
For Thou hast thro' death's shad-ows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life;

Used by per.

Come near Me.

No. 130. Why do You Wait?

"Arise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.



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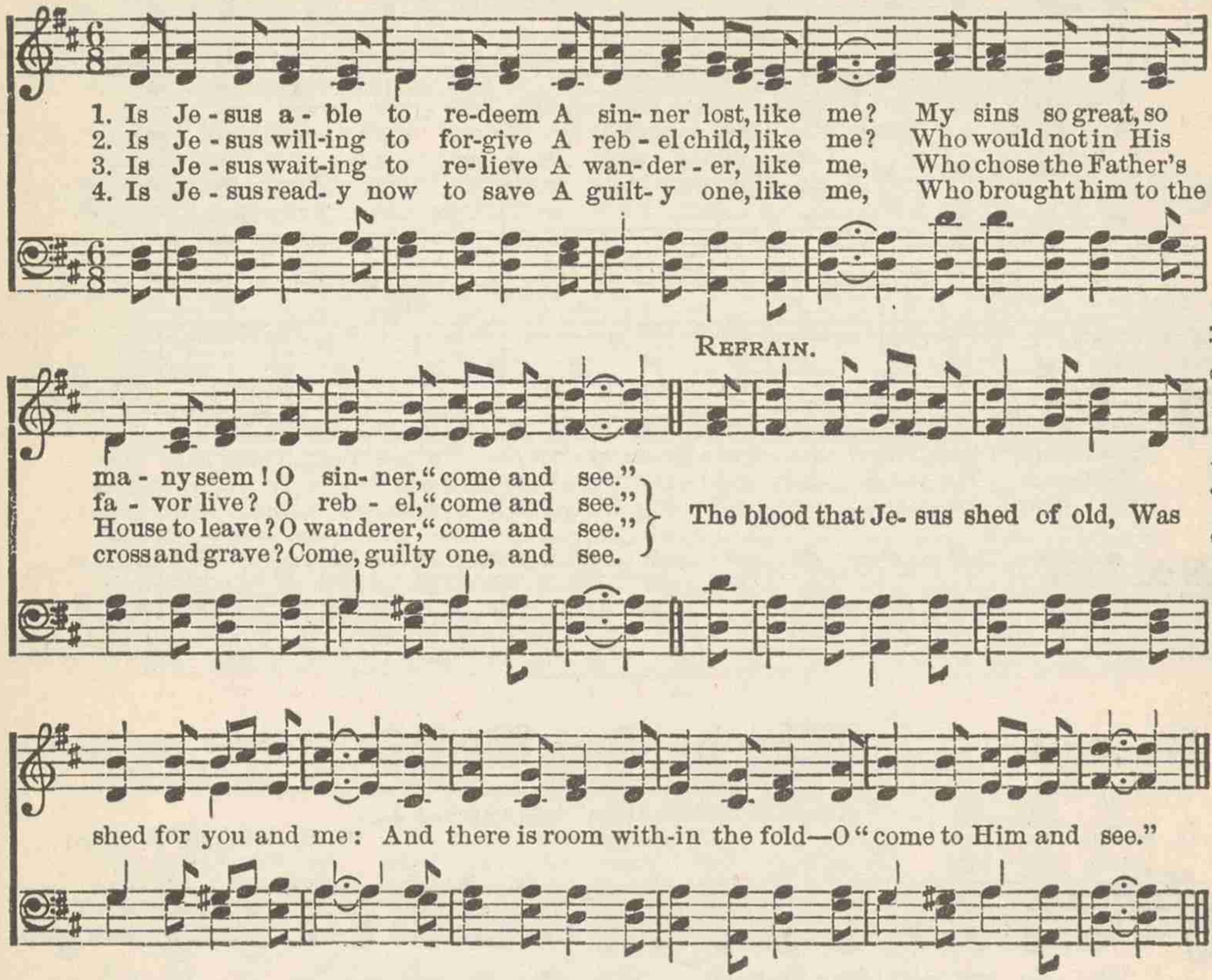
No. 131. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY.



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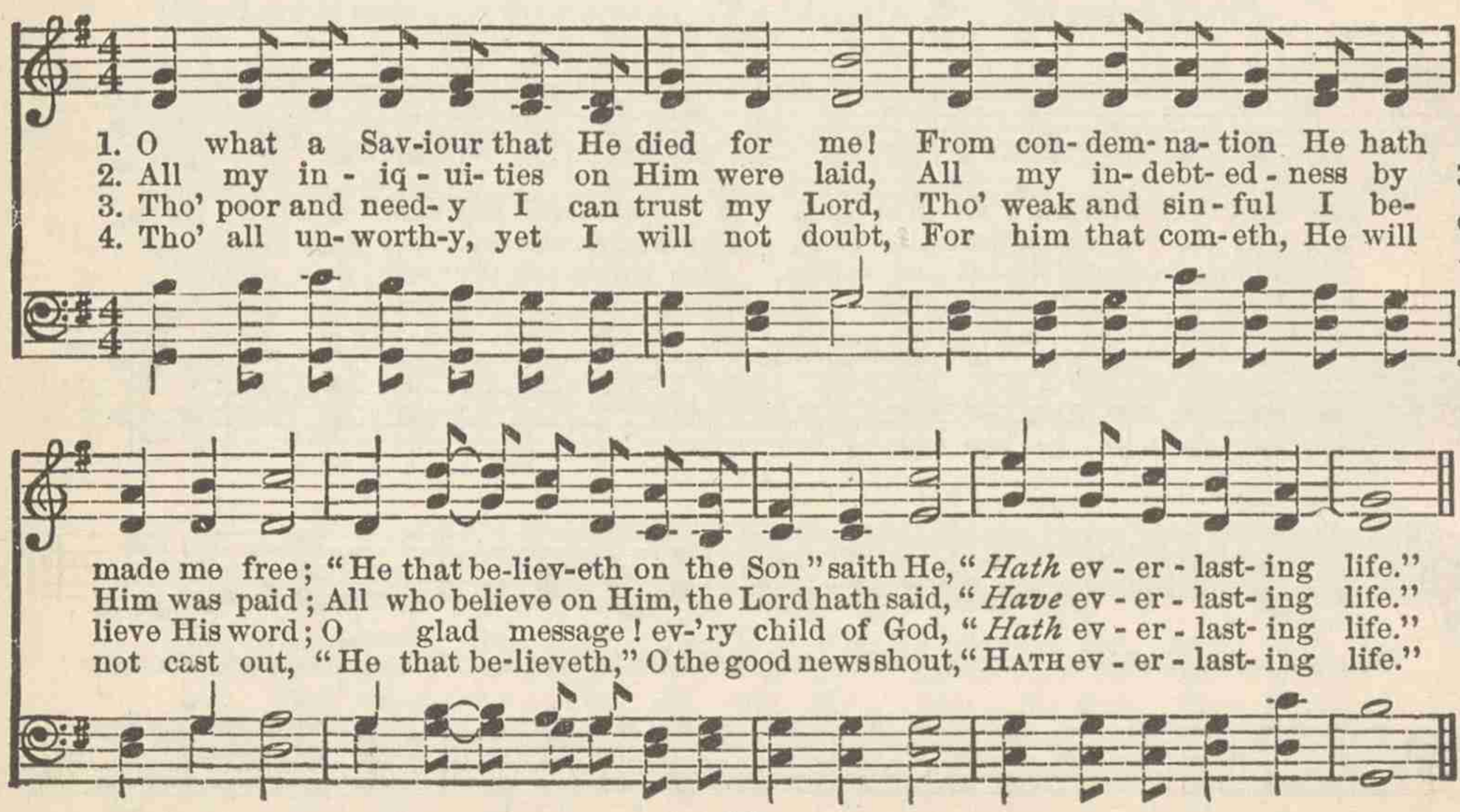
No. 132. Verily, Verily.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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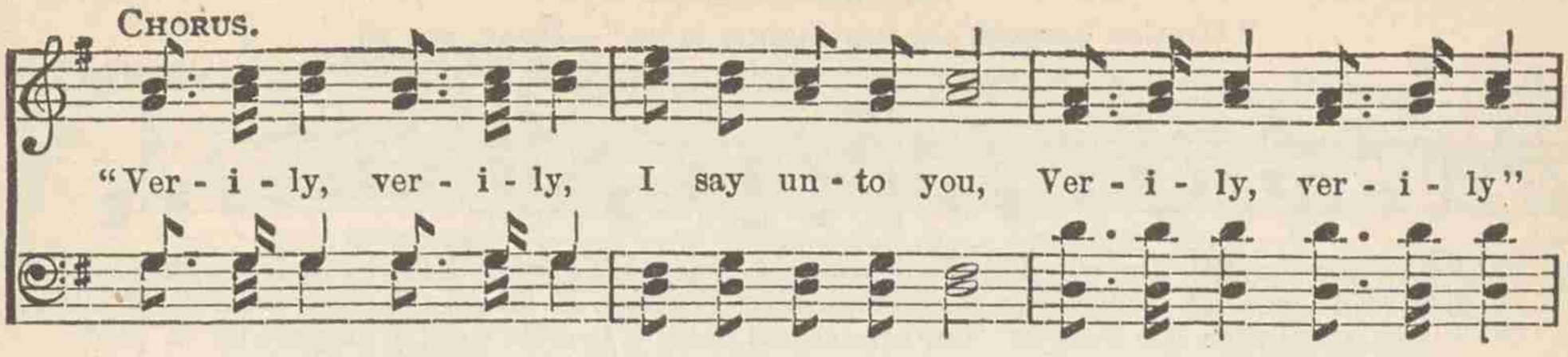
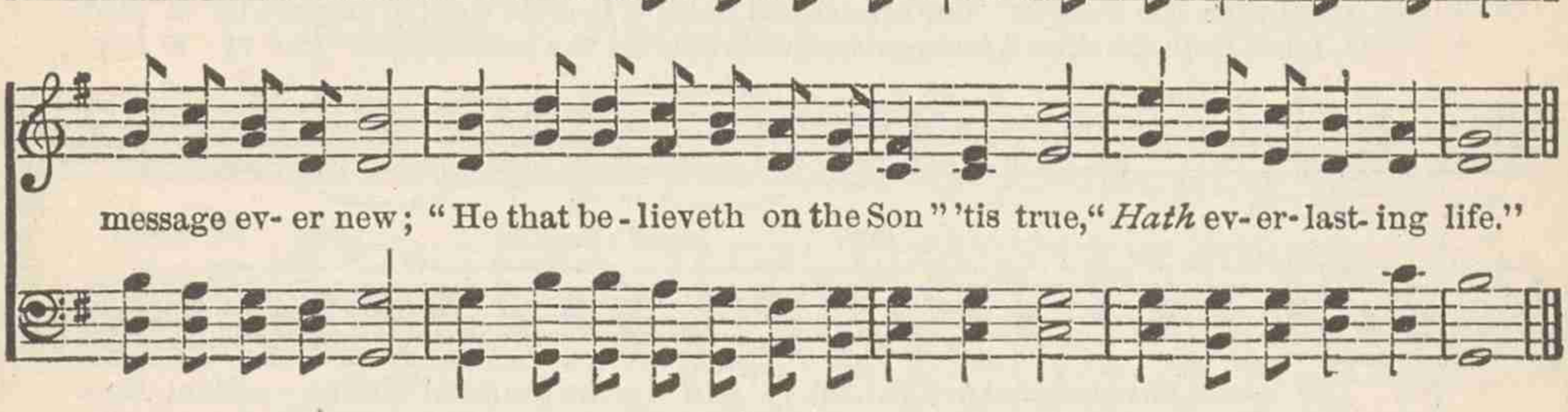
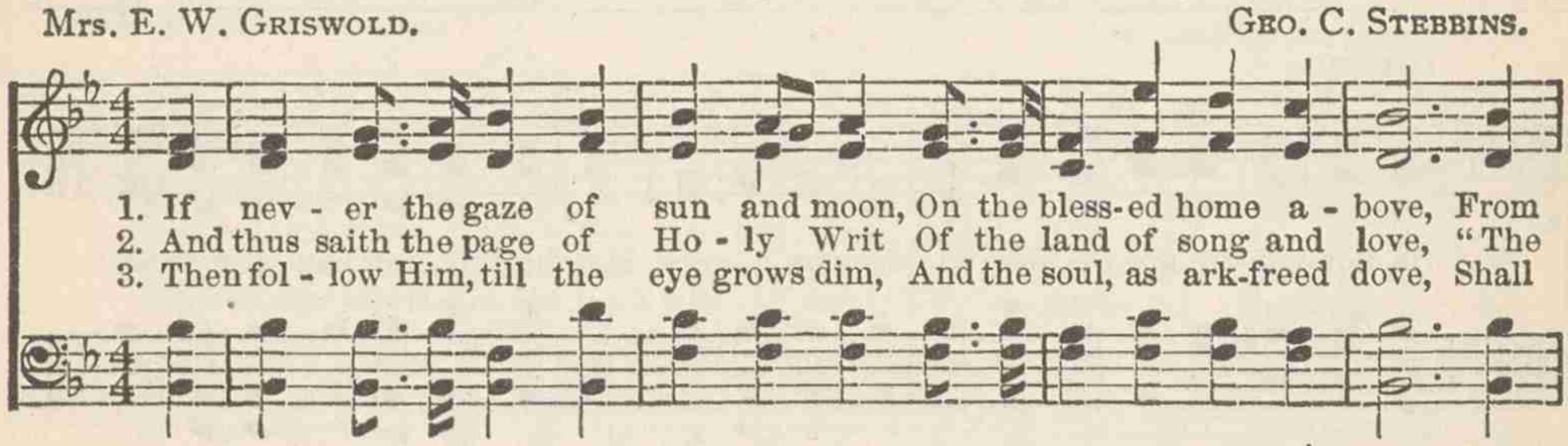
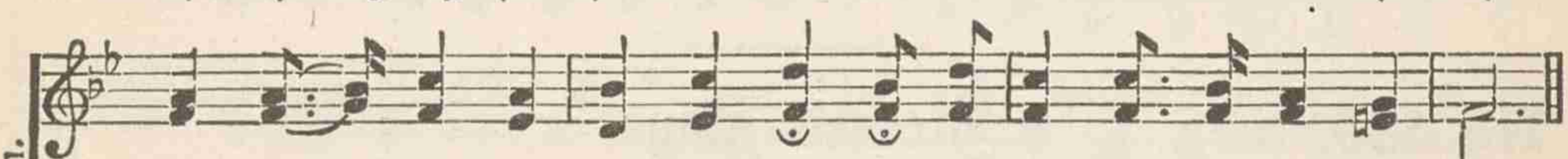
CHORUS.



No. 133. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. 21 : 23.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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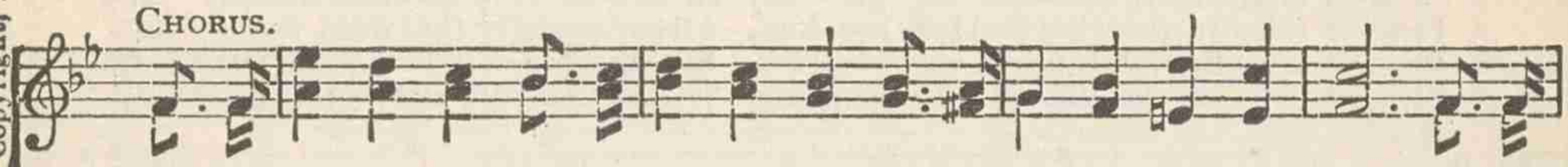
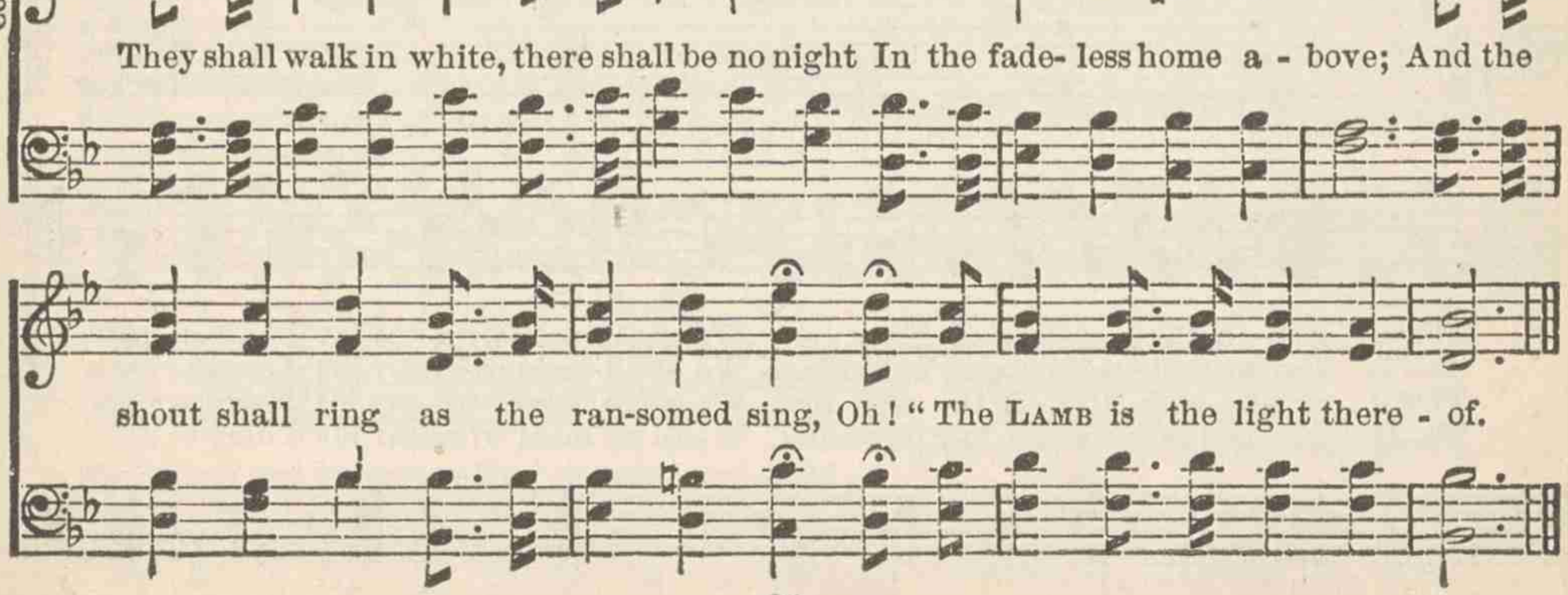
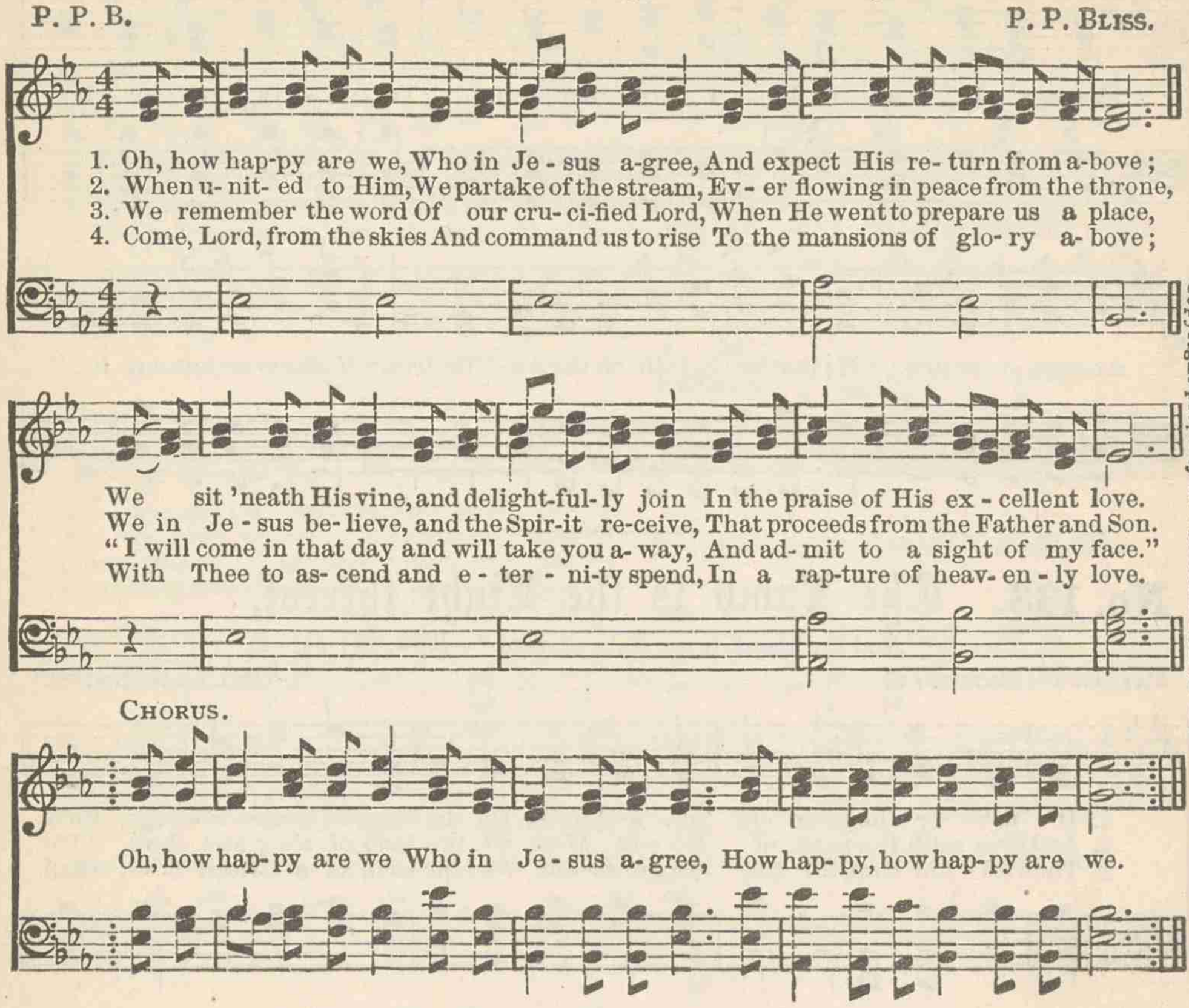
CHORUS.

No. 134. How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



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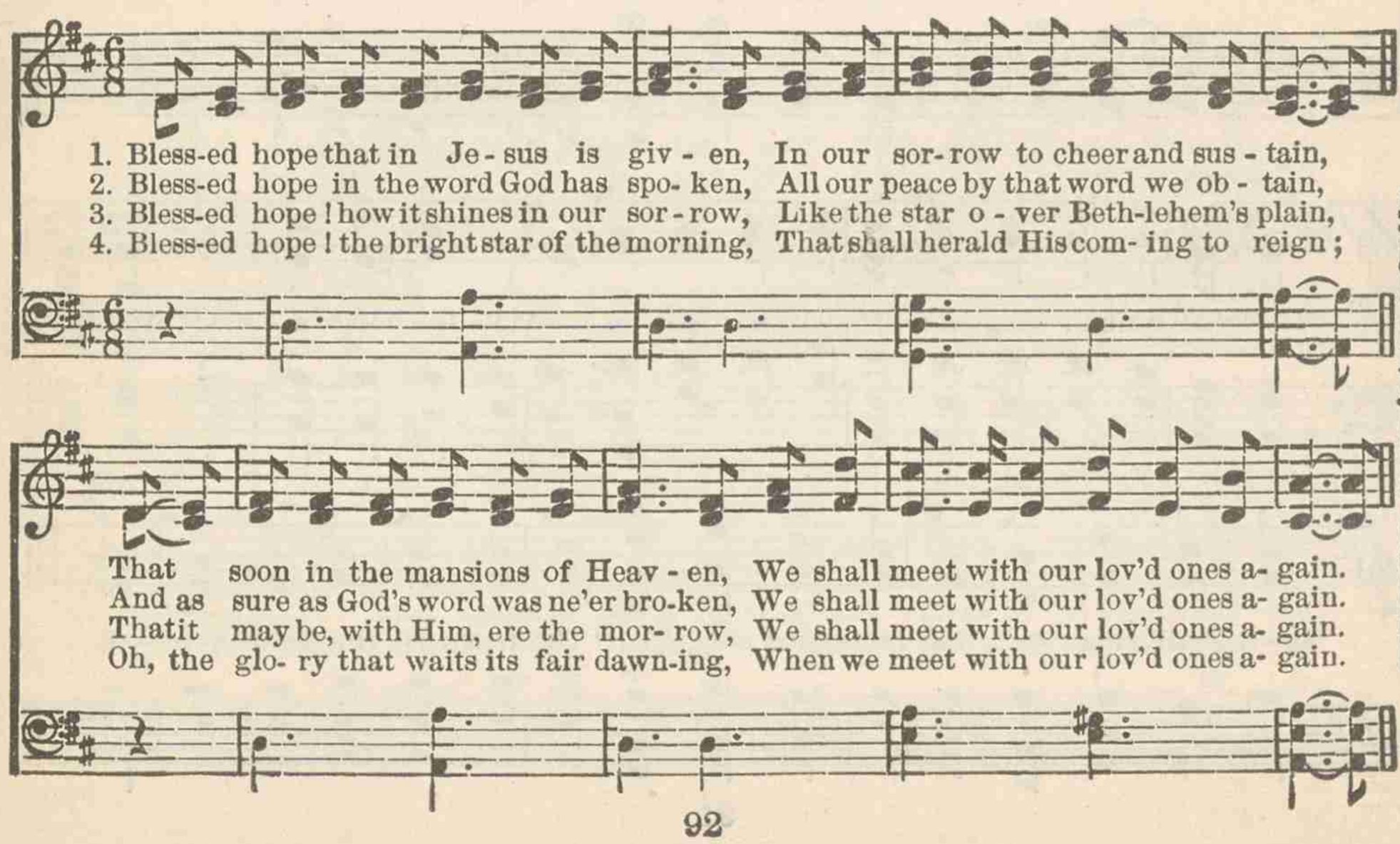
No. 135. Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. 4: 13.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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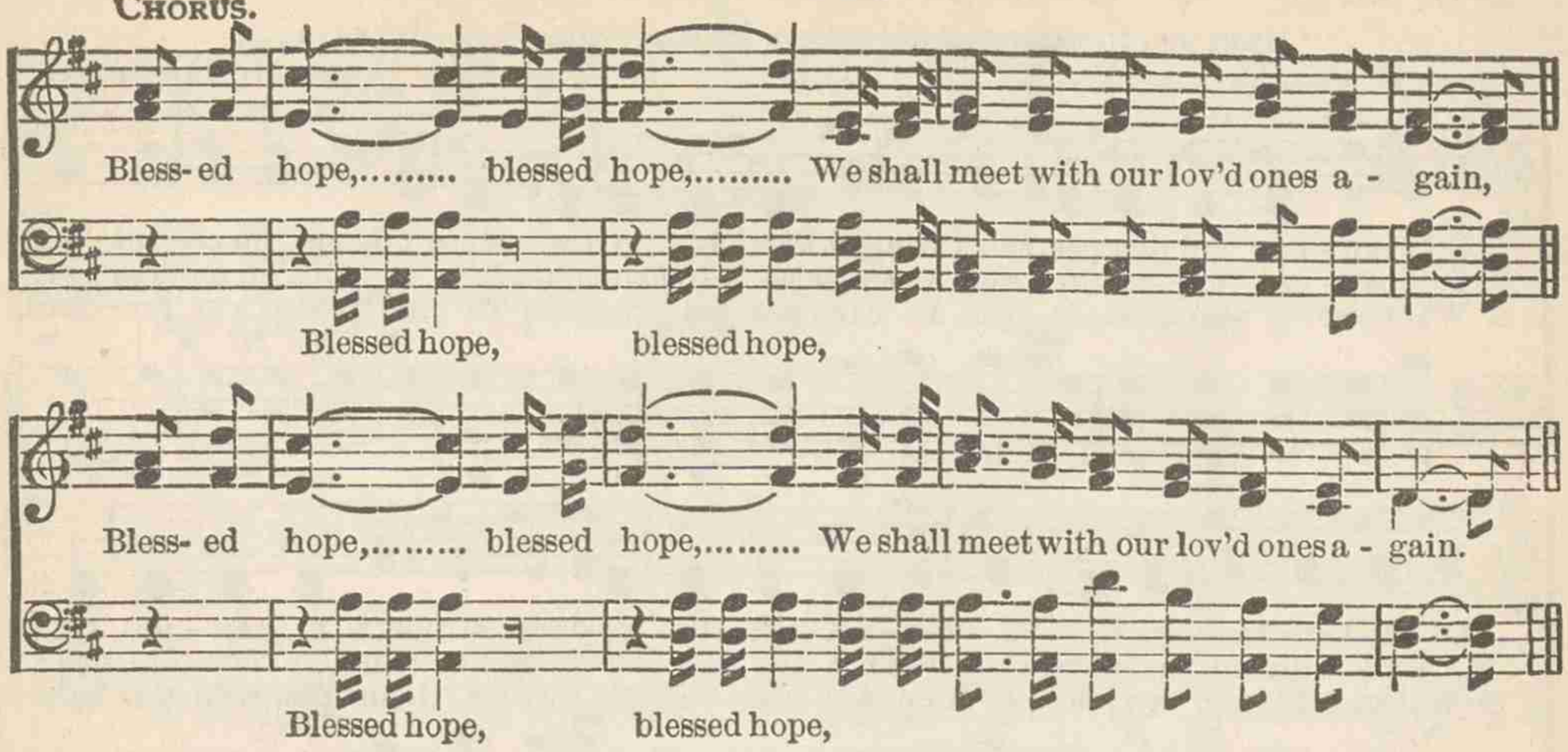
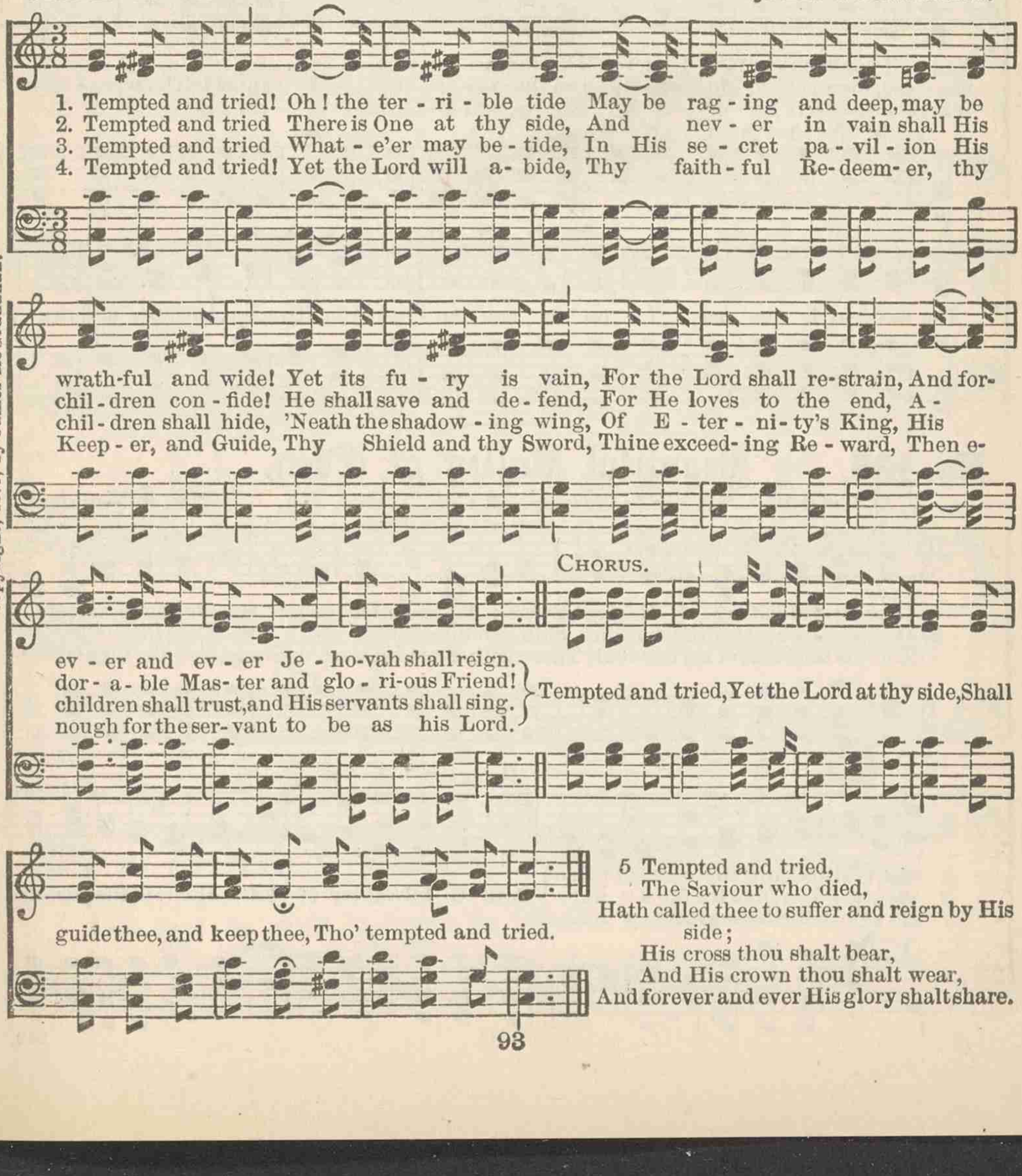
CHORUS.

No. 136. Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—JAS. 1 : 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

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No. 137. I Cannot Tell how Precious.

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

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I can-not tell how pre-cious The Sav-iour is to me, Since I have Him ac-cept-ed,
2. I can-not do for Je-sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en-deav-or
3. Whene'er I think of Je-sus, I can-not but re-joice; To me He's ev-er pre-cious,

And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His goodness, E-nough to sat-is-fy;
To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav-iour For sin-ners cru-ci-fied?
For Him I raise my voice; I know He has in glo-ry A home pre-par'd for me,

CHORUS.

And if you'll on-ly take Him, You'll see the rea-son why.
For me, then, surely, Je-sus Hung on the cross and died.
Where I shall live for-ev-er So hap-py, and so free.
} I cannot tell how pre-cious

The Sav-iour is to me; I on-ly can en-treat you To come, and taste and see.

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No. 138. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "A rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4:9. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noontide calm; O-ver the hearts of the
2. O-ver the heart of the mourner Shin-eth thy gold-en day, Waft-ing the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng, Over the highlands of

REFRAIN.

wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
an-gels Down from the far a-way.
glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.
} Beau-ti-ful val-ley of Eden, Home of the pure and

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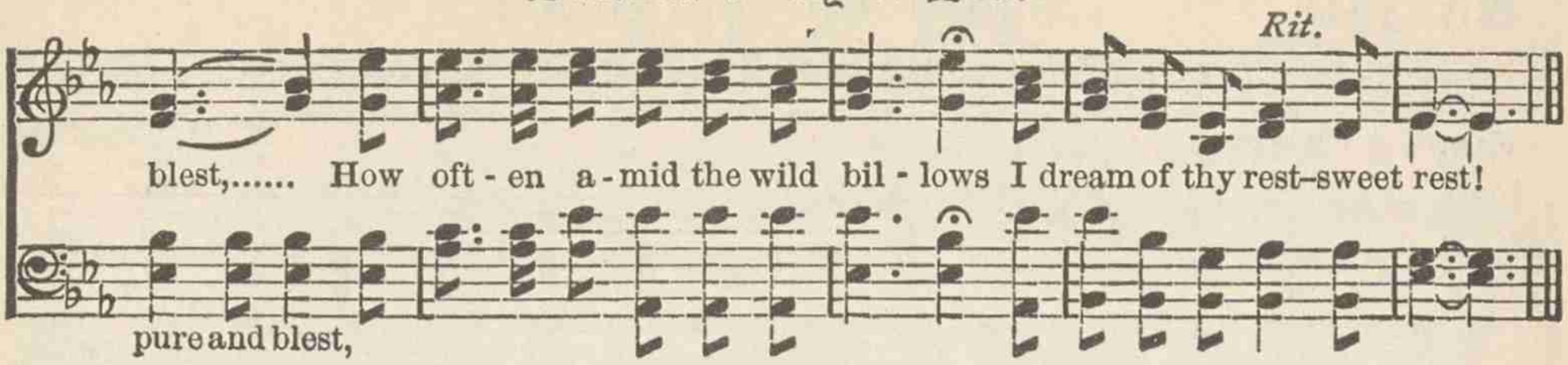
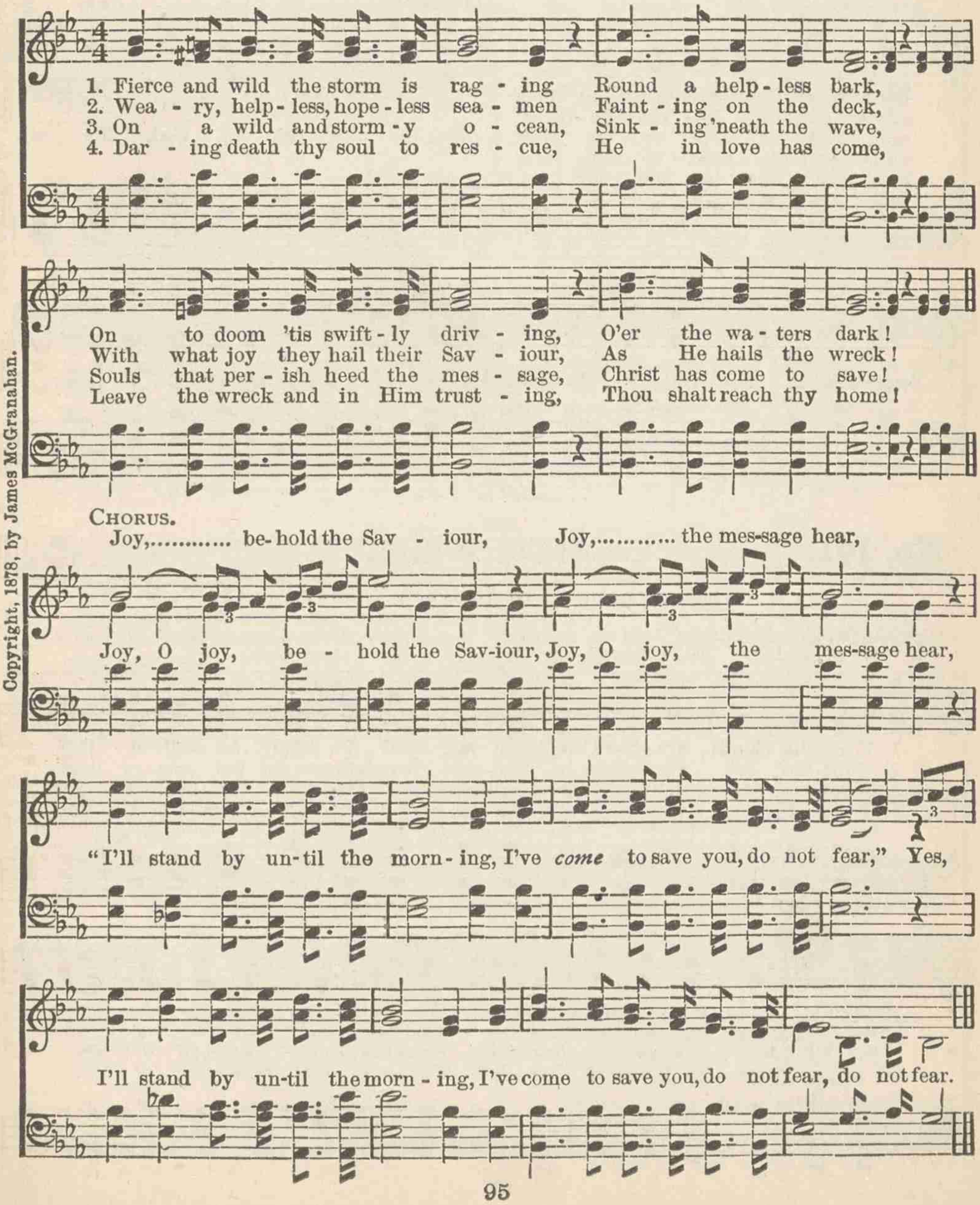
the

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

No. 139. I'll Stand by You.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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No. 140. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1 : 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He con-quered the
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil - est may go, And wash till their
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the

Lord, When He lan-guished and died.
grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
soul, And its hope ev - 'ry hour.
souls Shall be whit - er than snow.
blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re - demp-tion so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Sav-iour, to Thee.

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No. 141. Jesus Only.

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

HATTIE M. CONREY. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. What tho' clouds are hov - 'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth - ly jour - ney Bringeth naught but wea - ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the lov'd of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en - trance I a - wait,

Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasp - ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn-ing, From the shad - owy page of woe—
If I whis - per, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate;

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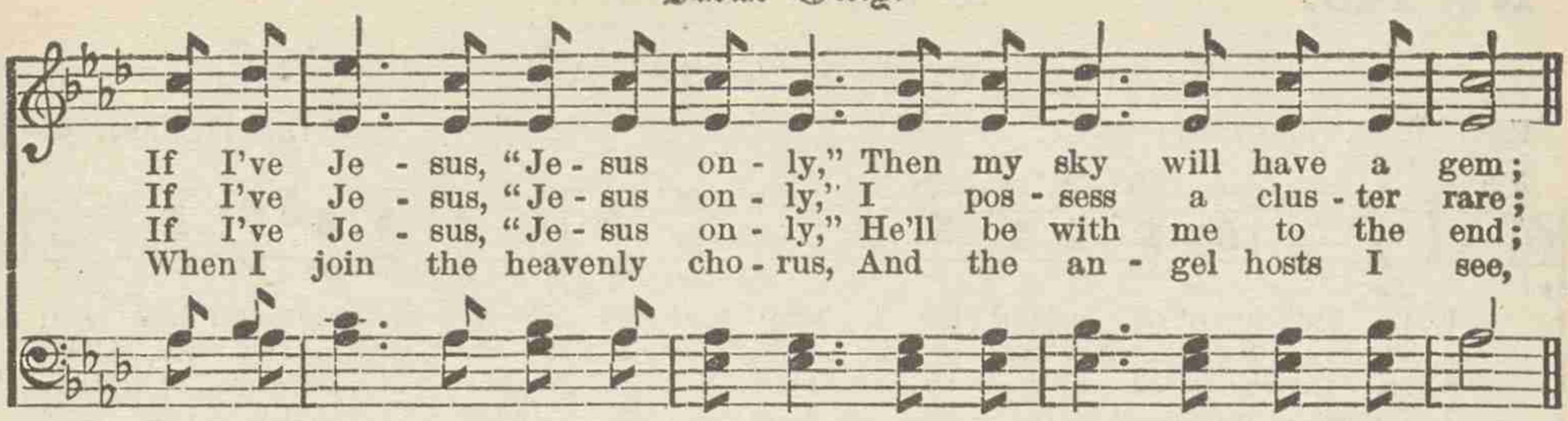
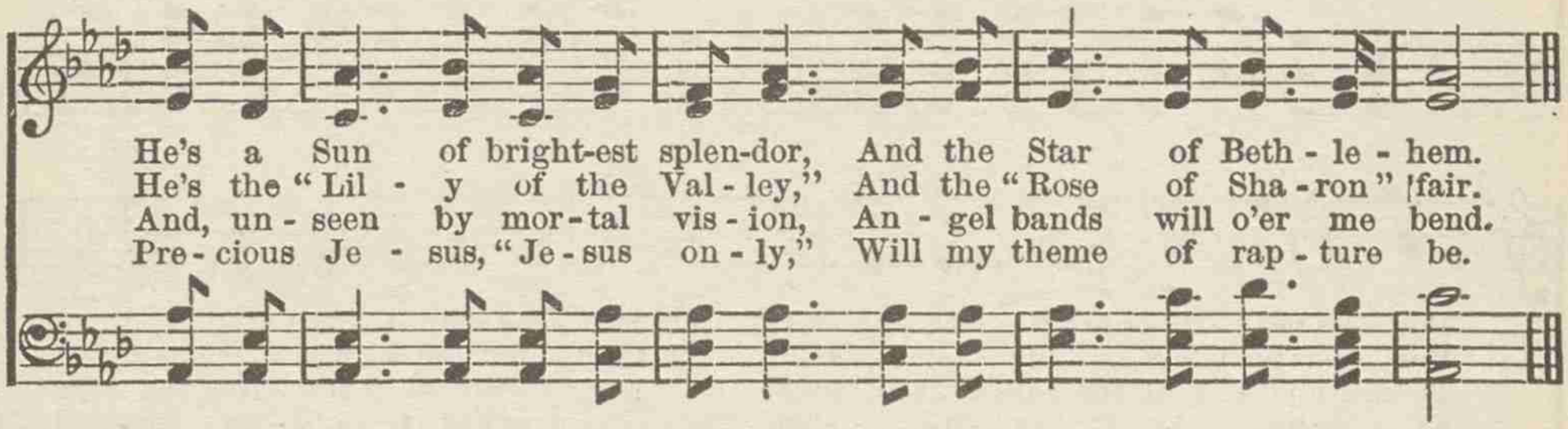
Jesus Only.

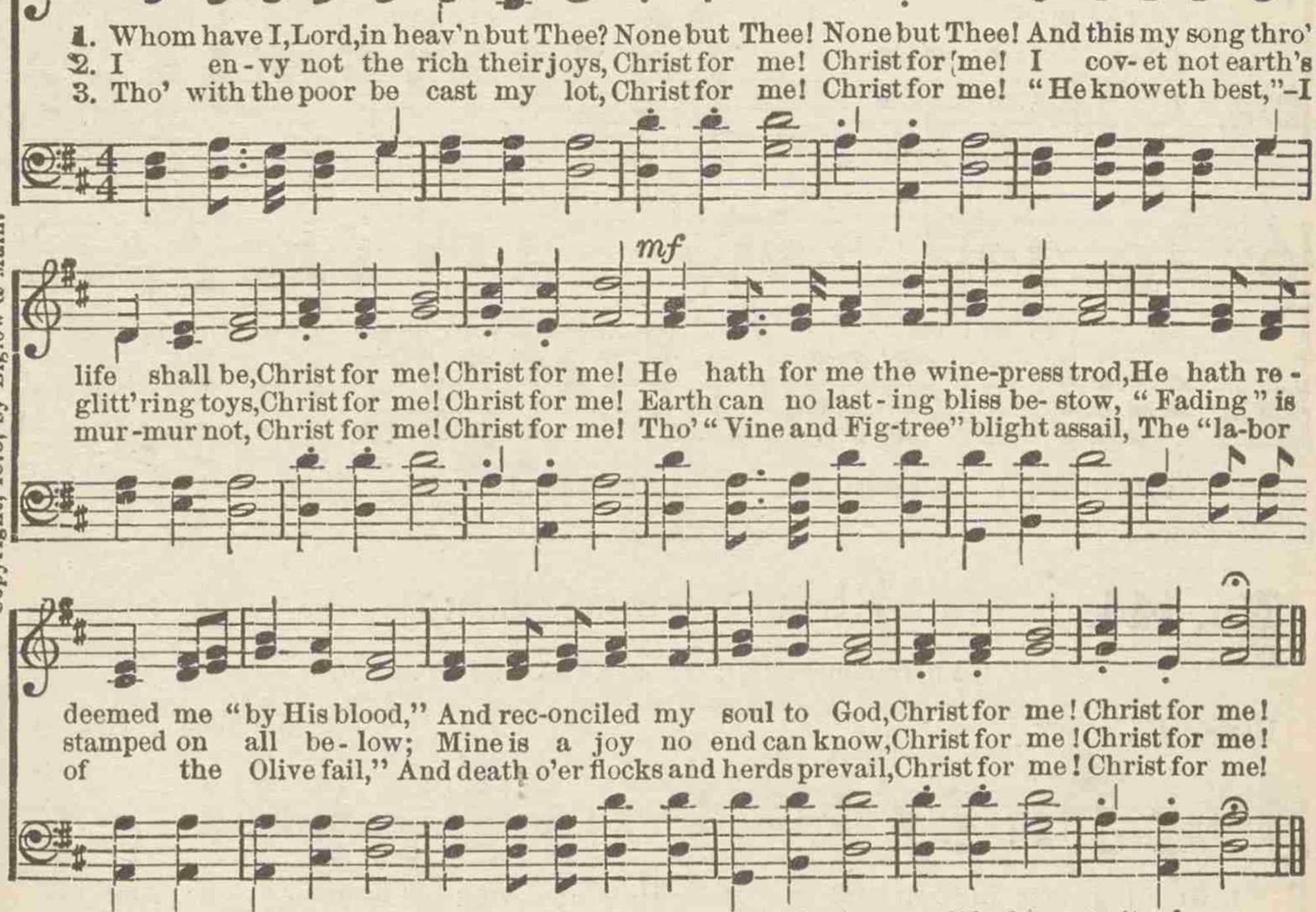


No. 142. Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13: 6.

R. G. H. R. Geo. Halls.

Moderato—bold.



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4 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 143. To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glo-ries no tongue can de - clare;
But its beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.

2. There are fore-tastes of heav-en be - low, There are mo-ments like joys of the blest;
But the splen-dors no mor - tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.

3. In that noon-tide of glo - ry so fair, In the gleam of the riv - er of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share; O how sweet-ly they rest from the strife!

4. There the ransomed with Je - sus a - bide In the shade of the shel-ter - ing fold;
Ev - er-more by Im-man-u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be
To be there, to be there,
there; To be there, to be there,..... And with Je-sus I long to be there.
to be there; To be there, to be there,

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No. 144. Blessed Home-Land.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Glid- ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll; And we
2. Oft we catch a faint re-flec - tion Of its bright and ver- nal hills; And, tho'
3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in One, We shall
4. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease, And our

Blessed Home-Land.

REFRAIN.

cres.

sigh for yonder ha- ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
sing glad songs of triumph When our harvest work is done.
longings and our yearnings, Like a wave, he hushed to peace.

} Bless- ed Home-land, ev-er fair!

dim. *cres.* *dim.*

Sin can nev- er en- ter there; But the soul, to life a- waking, Ev- erlasting bloom shall wear.

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No. 145. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—ISA. 45 : 22.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Would you know God's peace within?
2. Would you calmly walk the wave? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Would you know His pow'r to save?
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Would you songs have in the night?
4. Grieving, would you comfort know? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Humble be when blessings flow?
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; See a light beyond the grave?

CHORUS.

Fix your eyes up- on Je- sus; Je- sus who on the cross did die, Je- sus who *lives* and *reigns* on high, He a- lone can jus- ti- fy; Fix your eyes up- on Je- sus.

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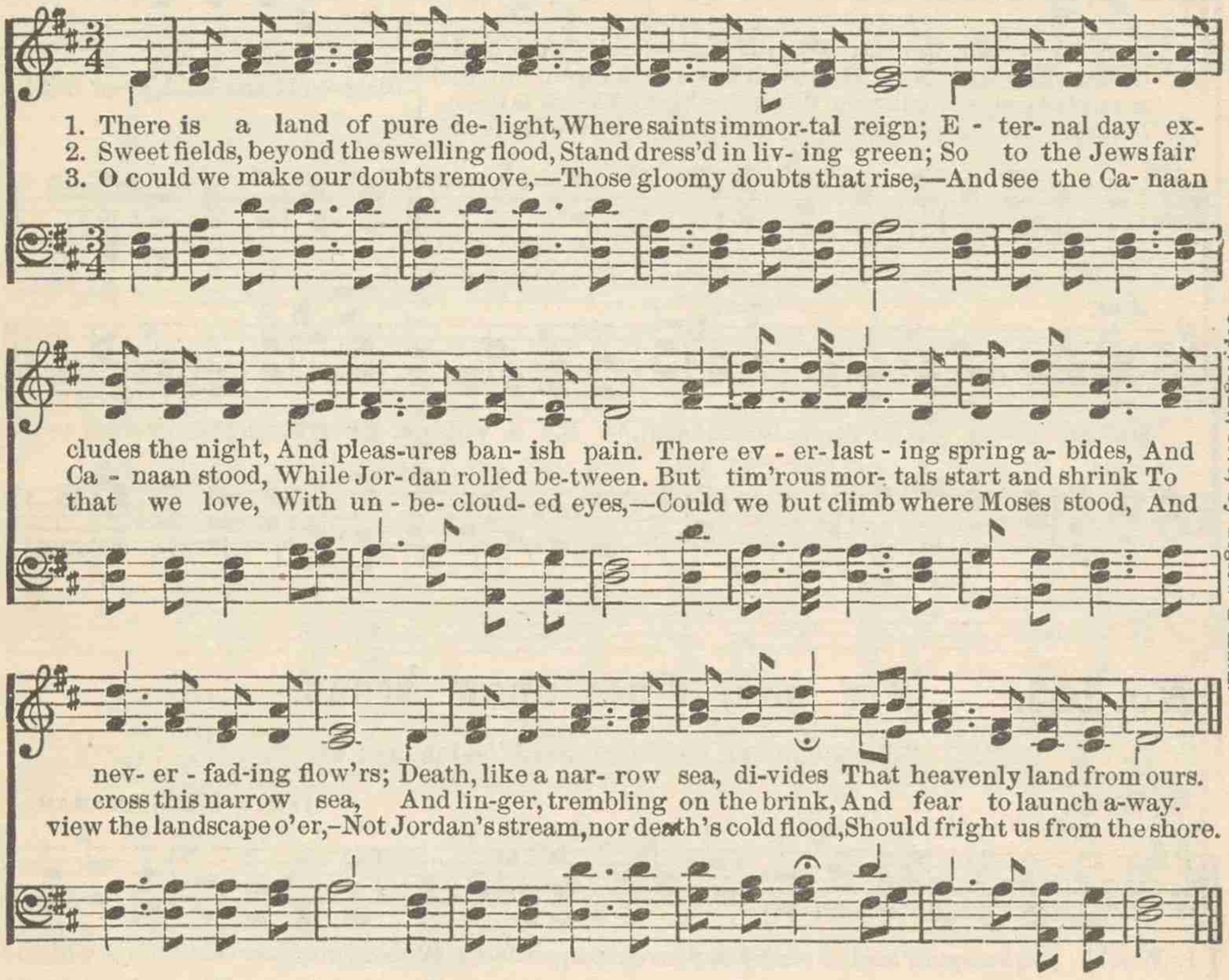
No. 146. The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Isaac Watts. William Henry Oakley.



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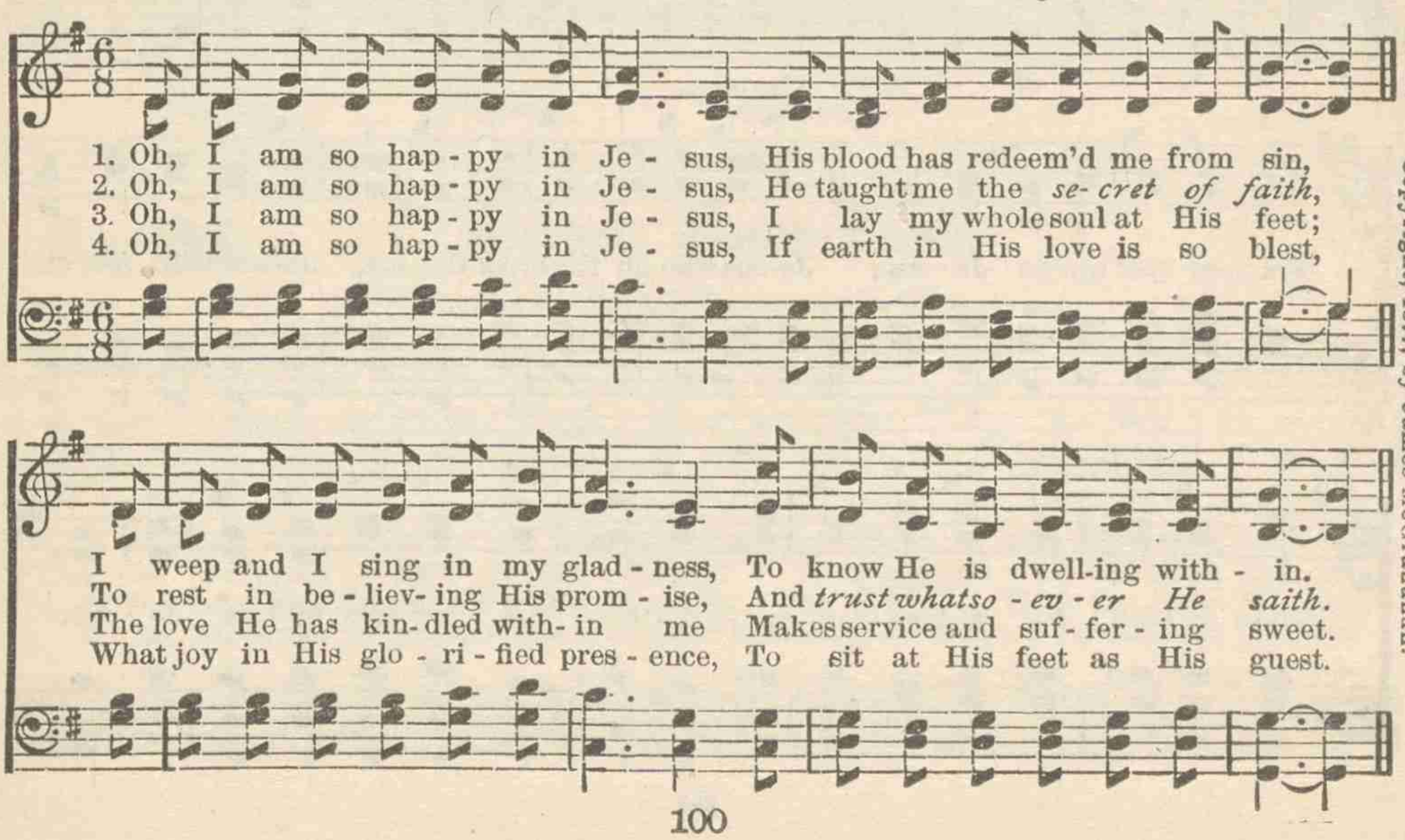
No. 147. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 Kings 10: 8.

Arthur T. Pierson. James McGranahan.



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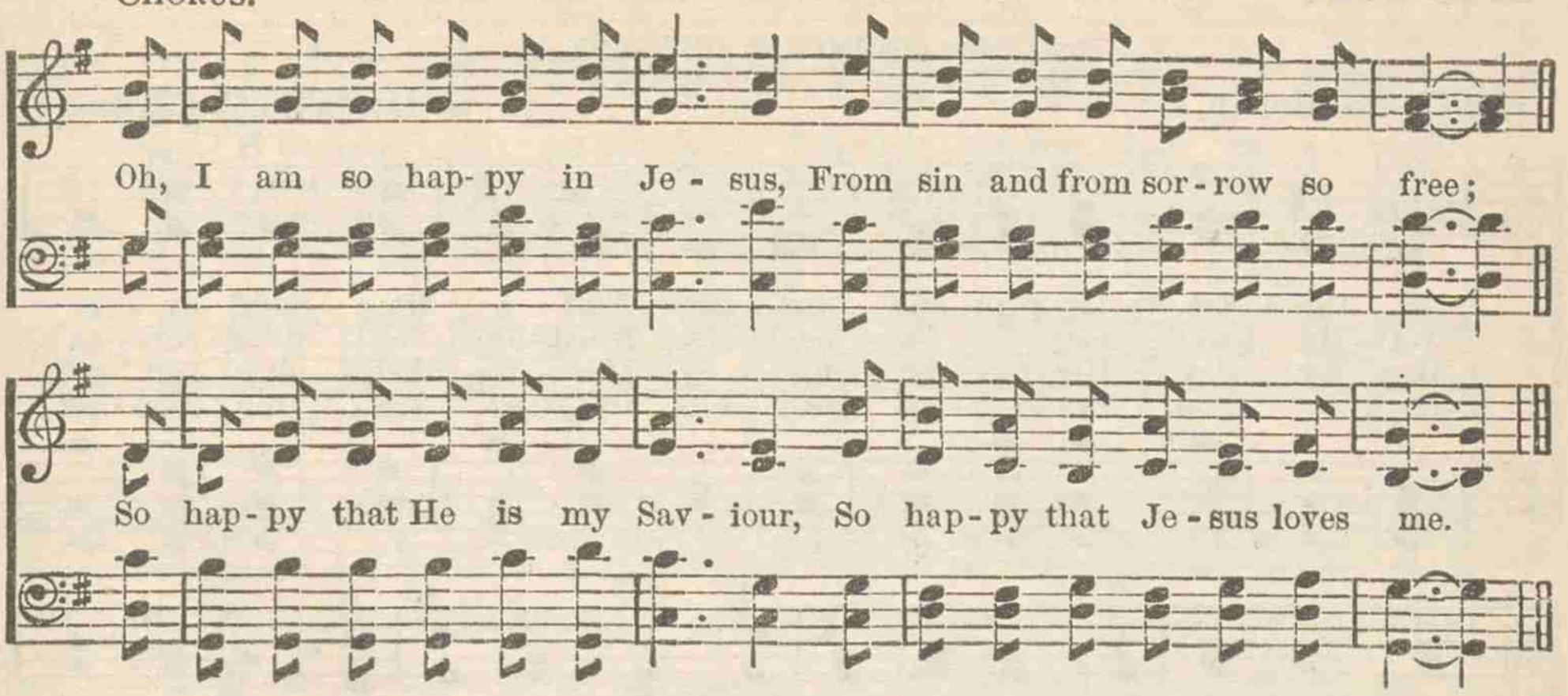
Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

CHORUS.

No. 148. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8–13.

ENGLISH. R. S. THAIN.

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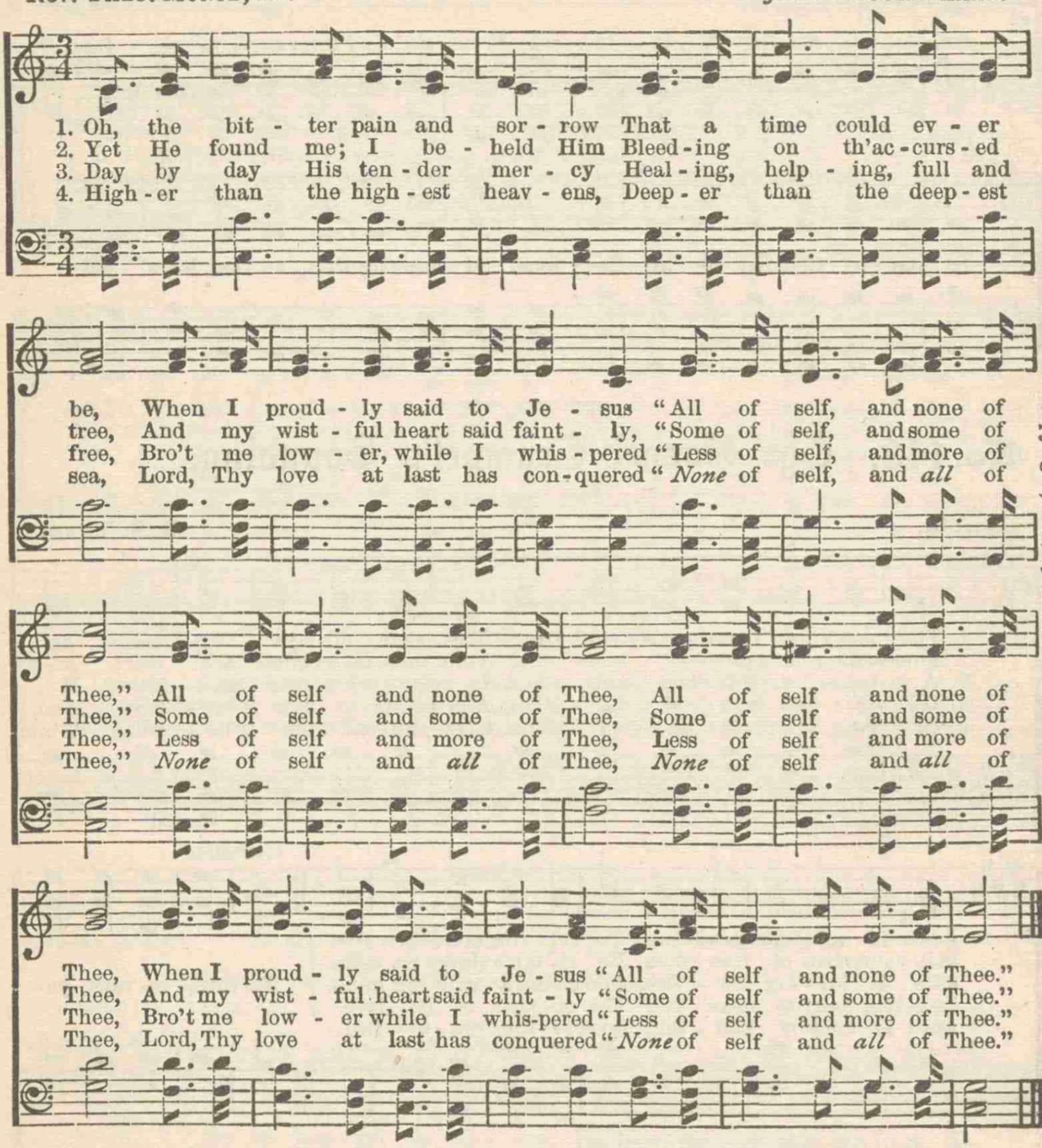
No. 149. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan.

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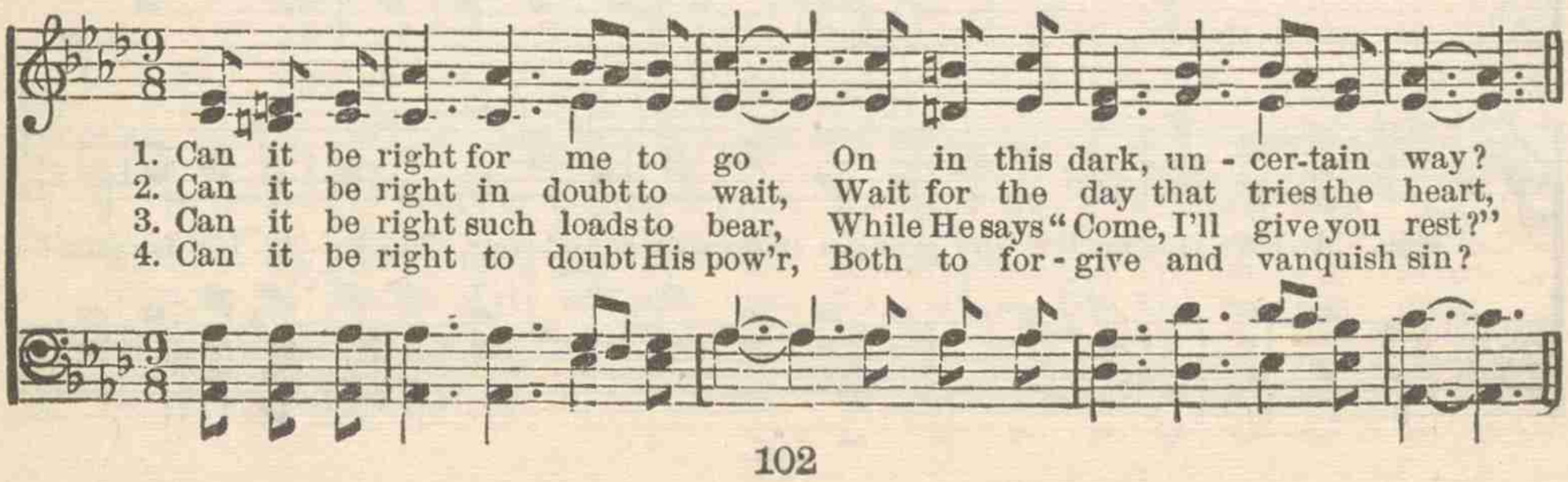
No. 150. Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—Matt. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss.

Can it be Right?

Say, "I be-lieve," and yet not know Wheth-er my sins are put a - way?
Ere I shall learn what is my state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
Bid-ding me cast on Him my care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
E - ven in trials of dark-est hour, Can not His love give peace with-in?

CHORUS.

I will no long-er doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
Will He not ample strength provide?

6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

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No. 151. The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 COR. 10: 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. From the riv - en Rock there flow - eth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;
2. "With - out mon - ey, with - out mer - it," Je - sus calls, "Come un - to me,"
3. Faint - ing in the des - ert, drear - y, Guilt - y sin - ner, hark! 'tis He!

Wea - ry pil - grim, journey-ing on - ward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirst - y trav - 'ler, be en-cour - aged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Sav - iour still en-treat - ing, Know you not He call - eth thee?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges—Smit - ten, strick - en, lo! He dies;
From His side a liv - ing fount - ain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?

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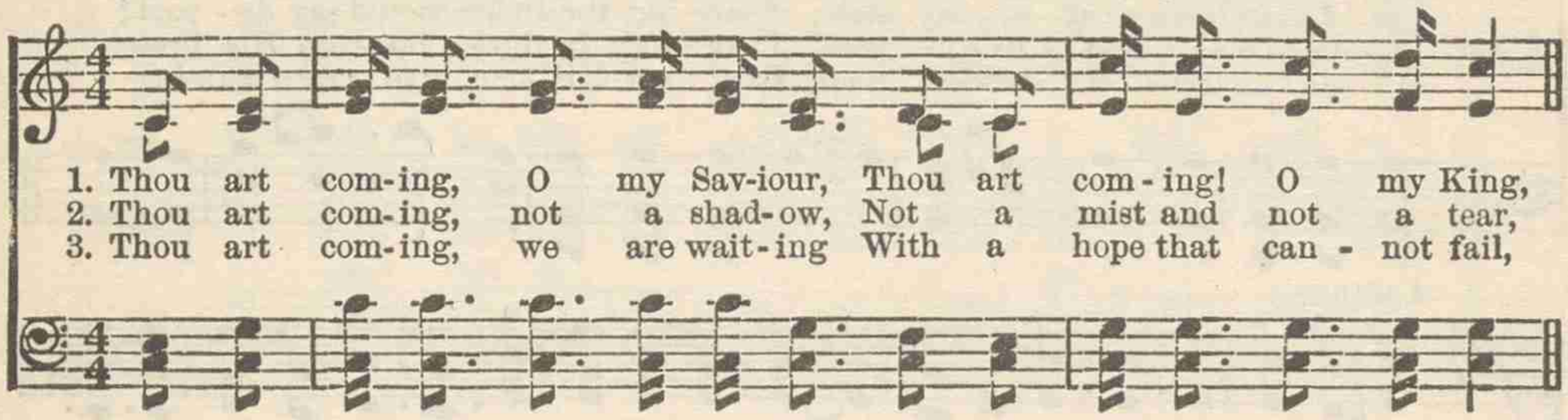
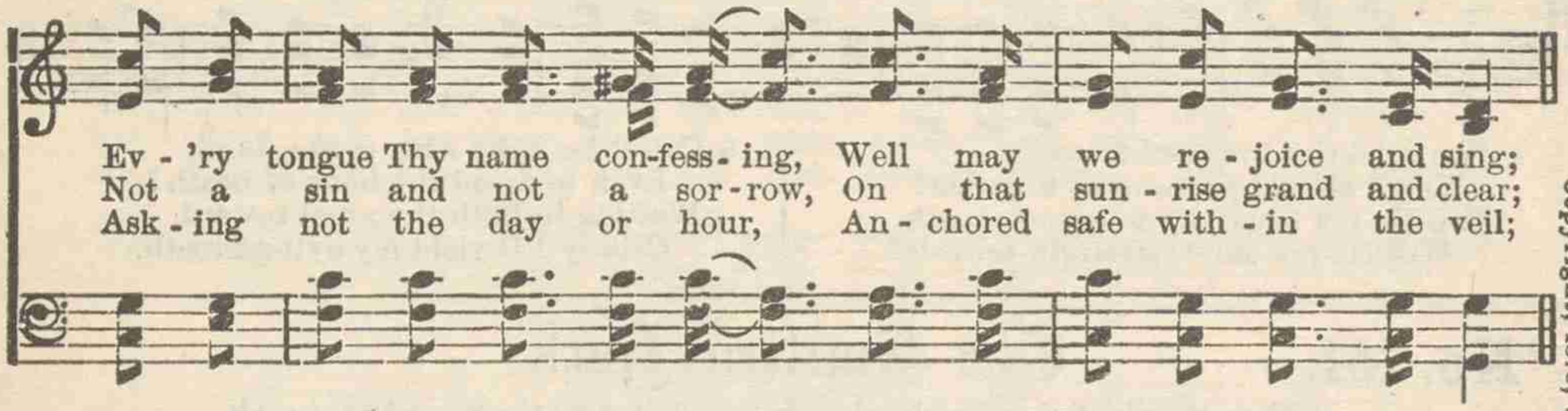
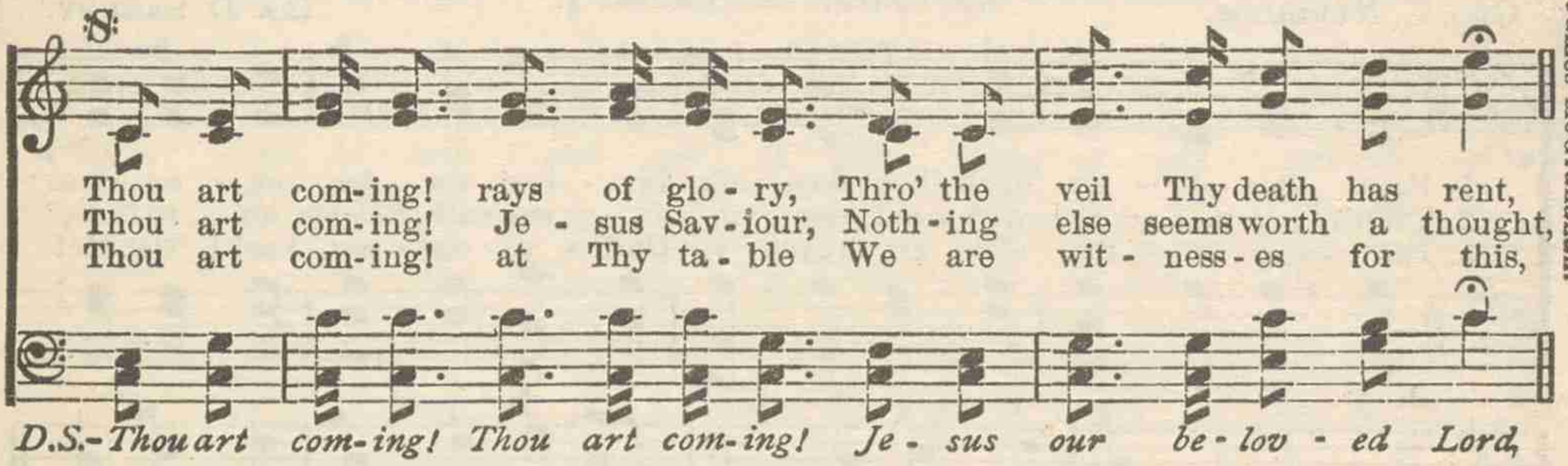
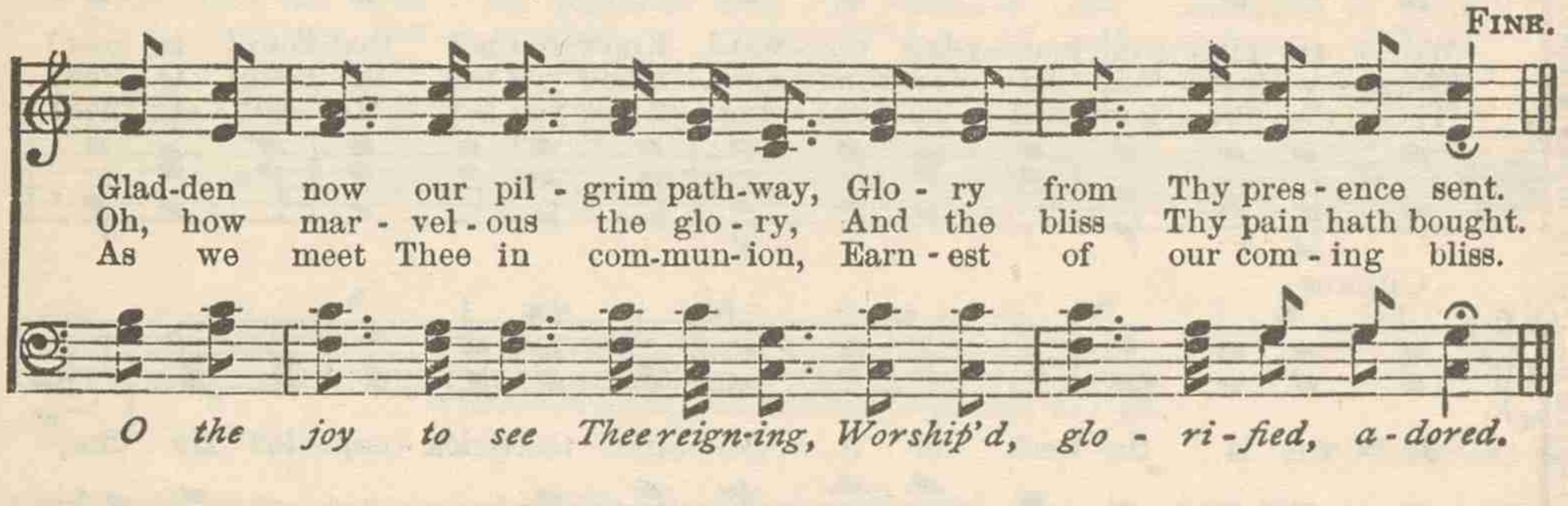
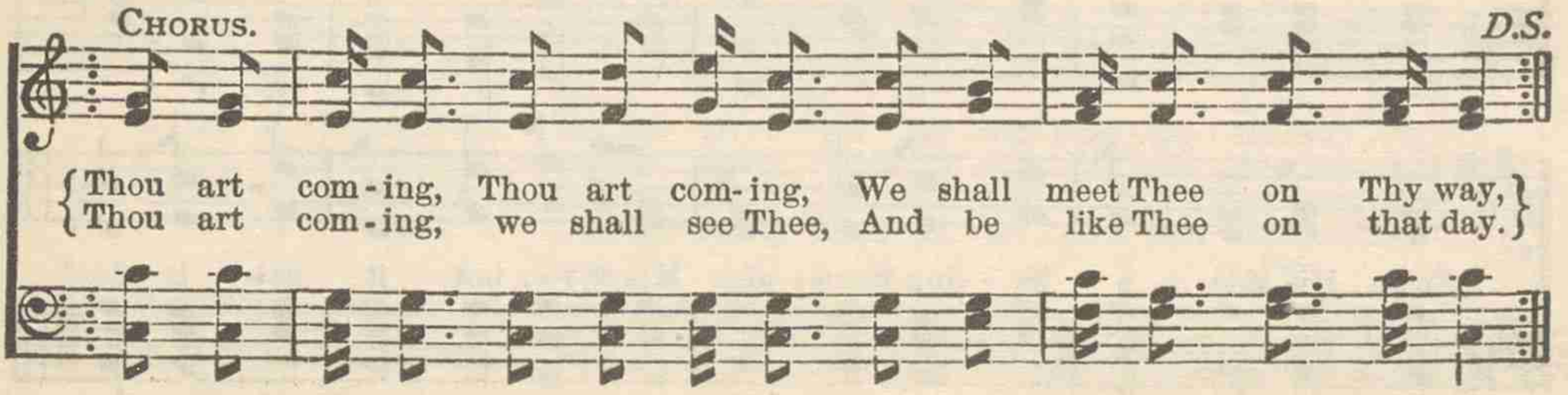
No. 152. Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

Arr. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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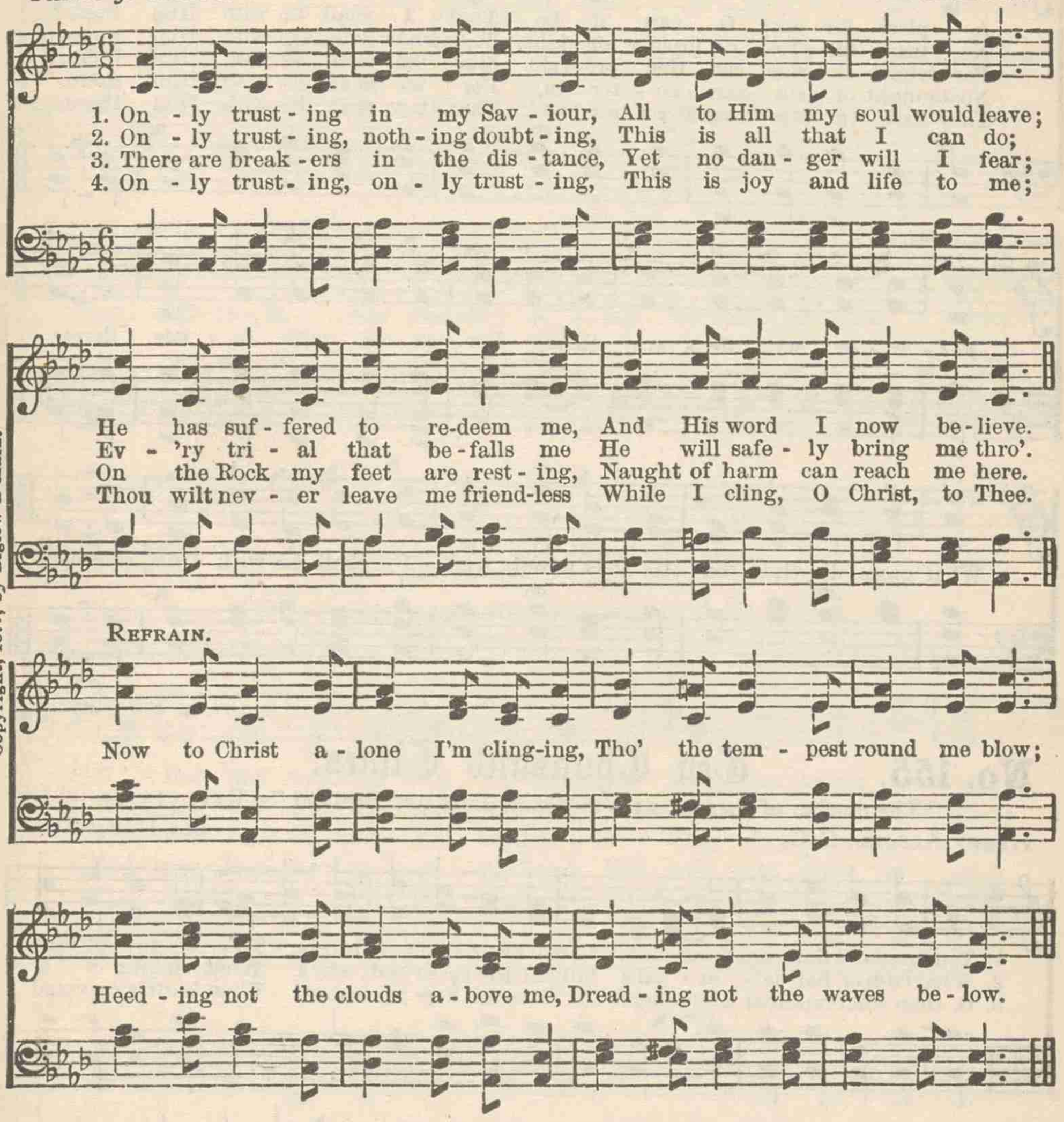
No. 153. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2 : 2.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. F. Sherwin.

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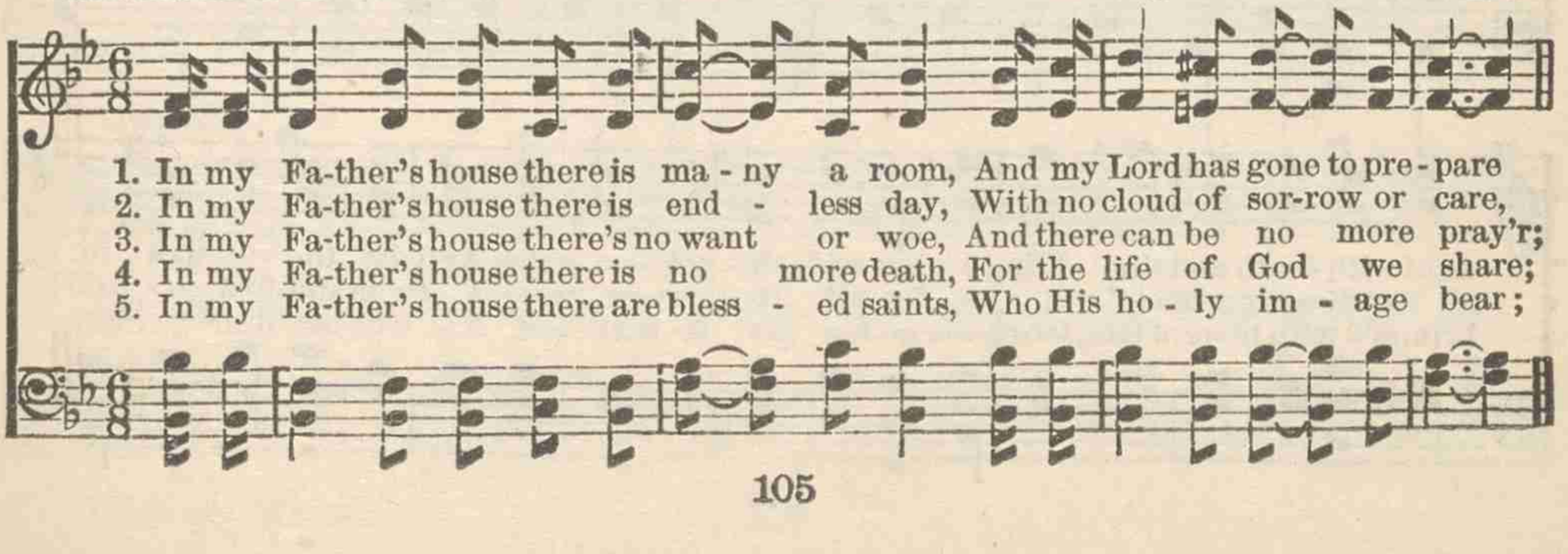
No. 154. Forever with Jesus There.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14 : 2.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. James McGranahan.



Forever with Jesus there.

A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
No tear - ful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
For what be - side can God pro-vide, Since we shall be with Him there.
No thought of sin can en - ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
They find in this their sweet - est bliss, That they may be with Him there.

CHORUS.

For - ev - er with Je - sus there, For - ev - er with Je - sus there;
What grace di - vine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

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No. 155. Ten Thousand Times.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—REV. 5: 11.

HENRY ALFORD, D.D. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Ten thousand times ten thous- and, In sparkling raiment bright, The ar-mies of the
2. What rush of hal- le - lu - jahs Fill all the earth and sky! What ringing of a
3. O, then what raptured greet- ings On Canaan's hap- py shore! What knitting severed

ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis fin- ished, all is fin- ished, Their
thousand harps Be- speaks the triumphs nigh! O day, for which cre - a - tion And
friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall spark- le, That

fight with death and sin; Fling o - pen wide the gold- en gates, And let the vic- tors in.
all its tribes were made! O joy, for all its form- er woes A thousand-fold re - paid!
brimm'd with tears of late; Or-phans no lon - ger fa- ther- less, Nor wid-ows des - o - late.

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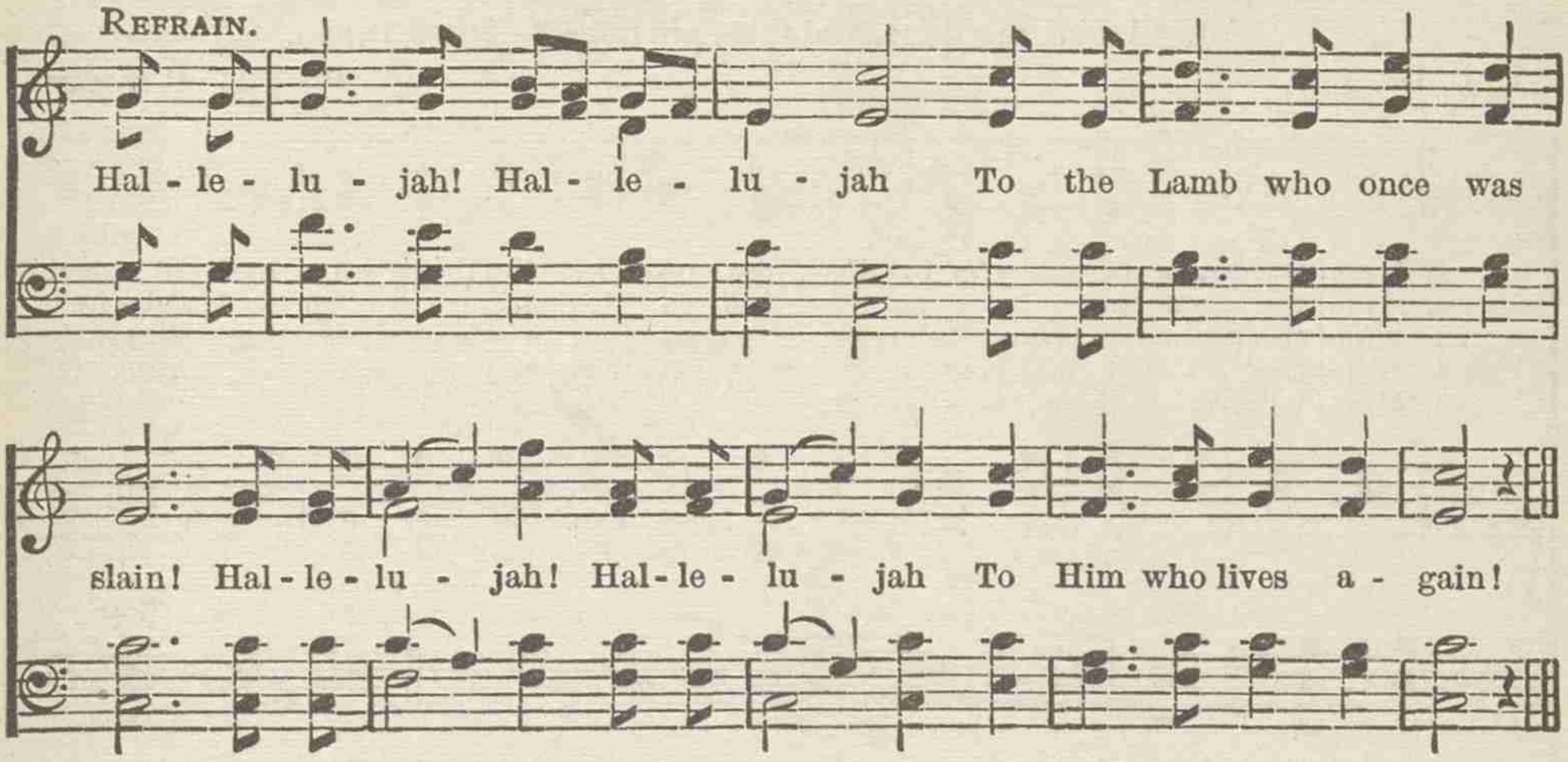
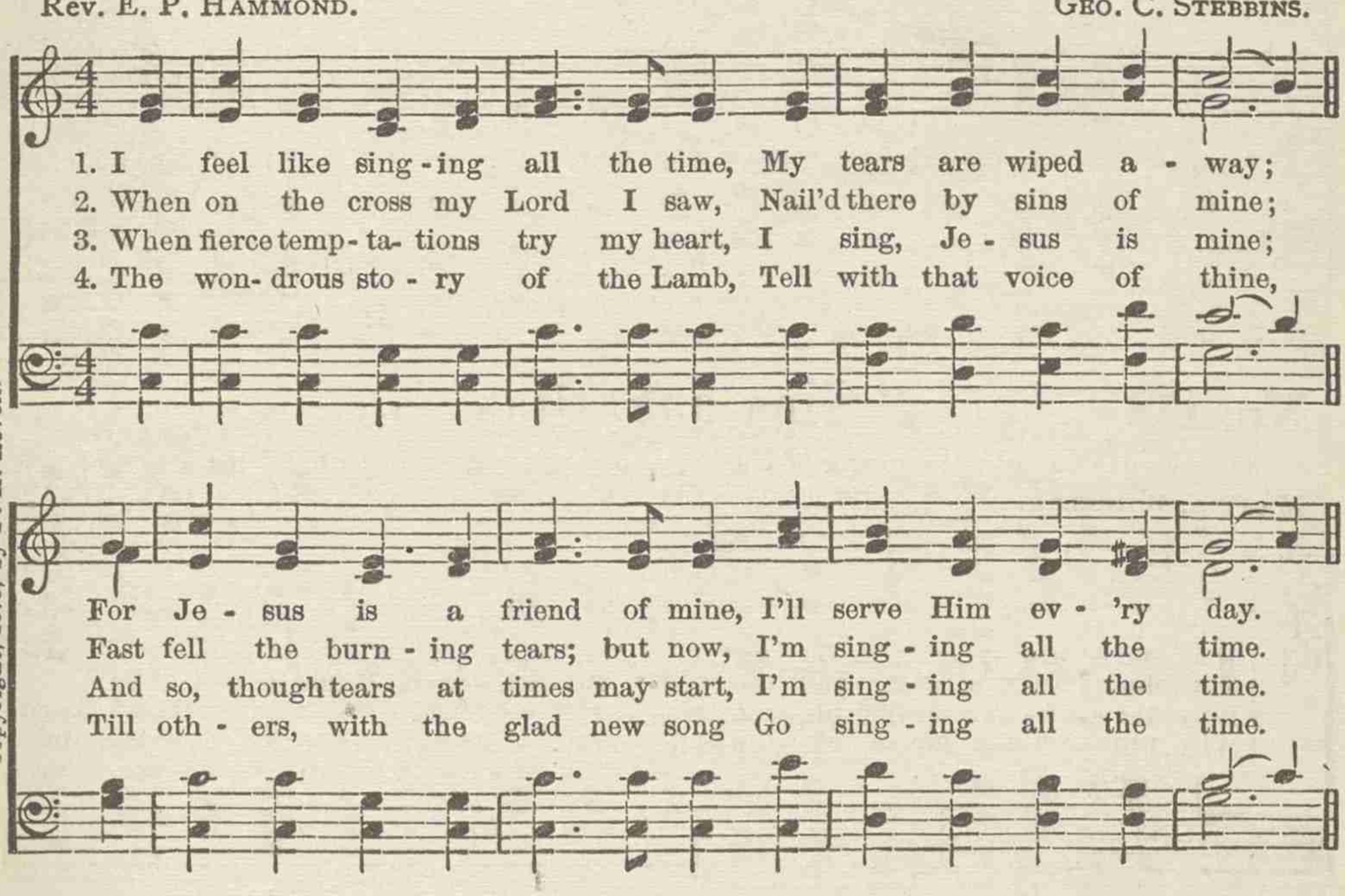
Ten Thousand Times.

REFRAIN.

No. 156. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126 : 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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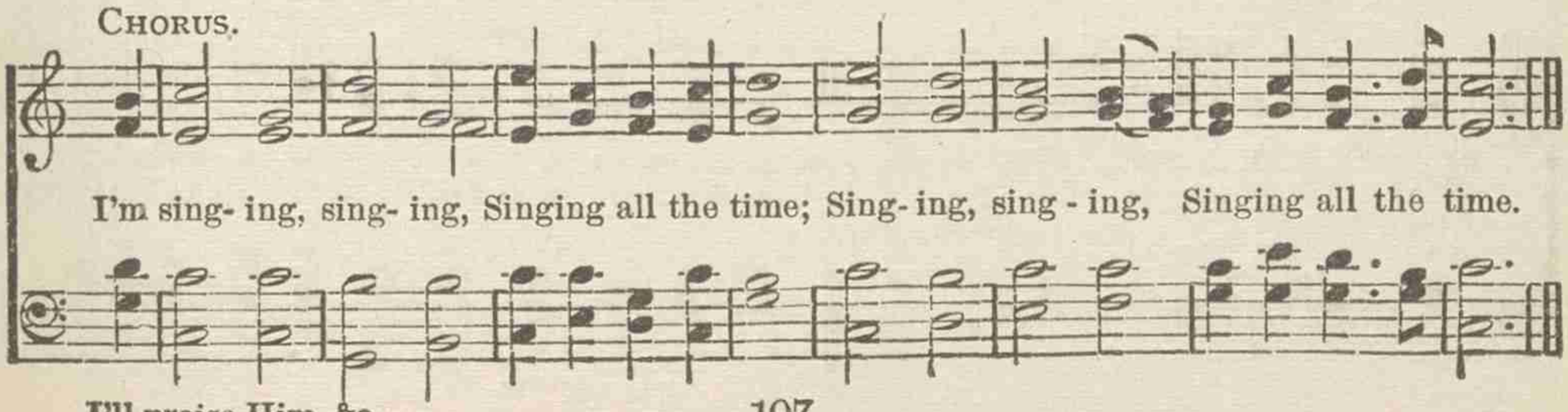
CHORUS.



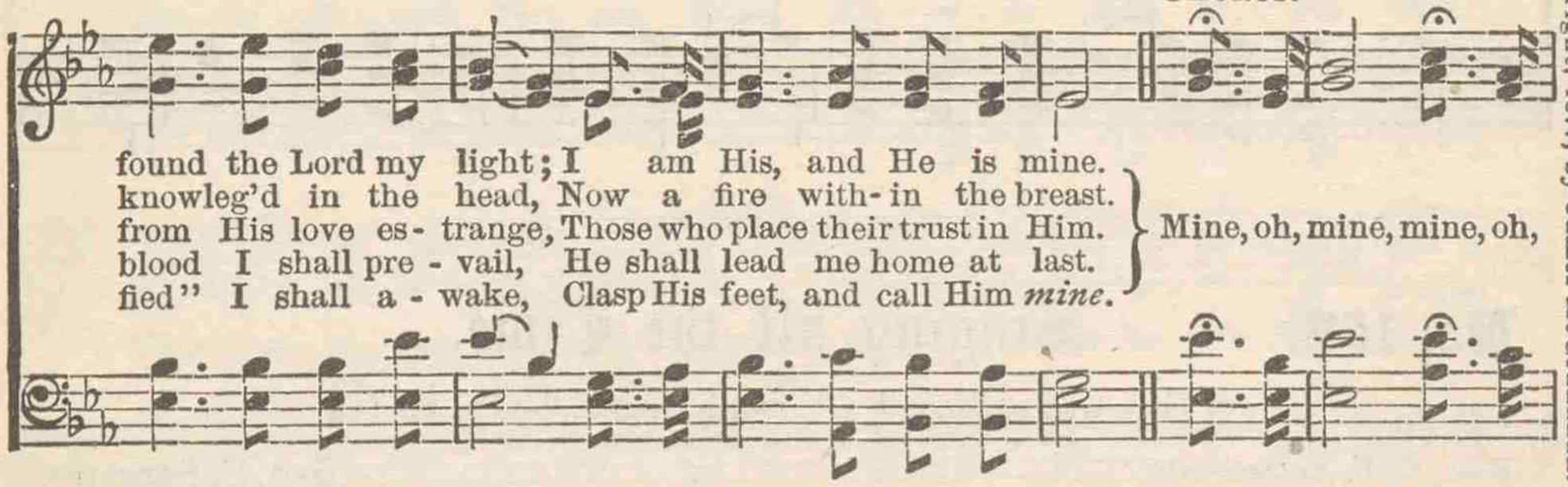
I'll praise Him, &c.

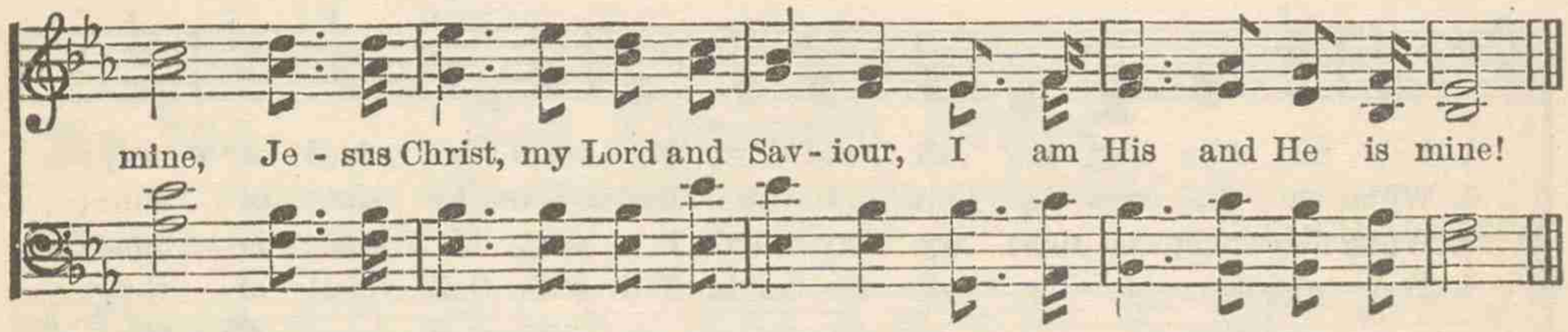
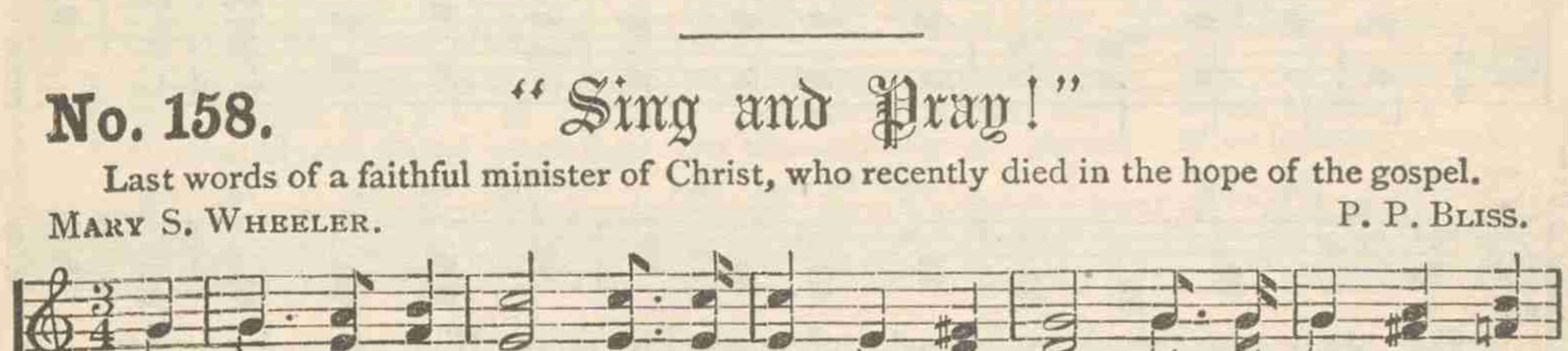
No. 157. Mine!

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

E. L. B. *Alt.* JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the prom - ise shine! I have
2. Mine! the prom - ise oft - en read, *Now* in liv - ing truth im-press'd, Once ac-
3. Mine! the prom - ise can-not change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim; Naught can
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, *He* is strong and holds me fast; By His
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine. "Sat - is -

CHORUS.

found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
knowleg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.
from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
fied" I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine*.

} Mine, oh, mine, mine, oh,

mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and Sav - iour, I am His and He is mine!

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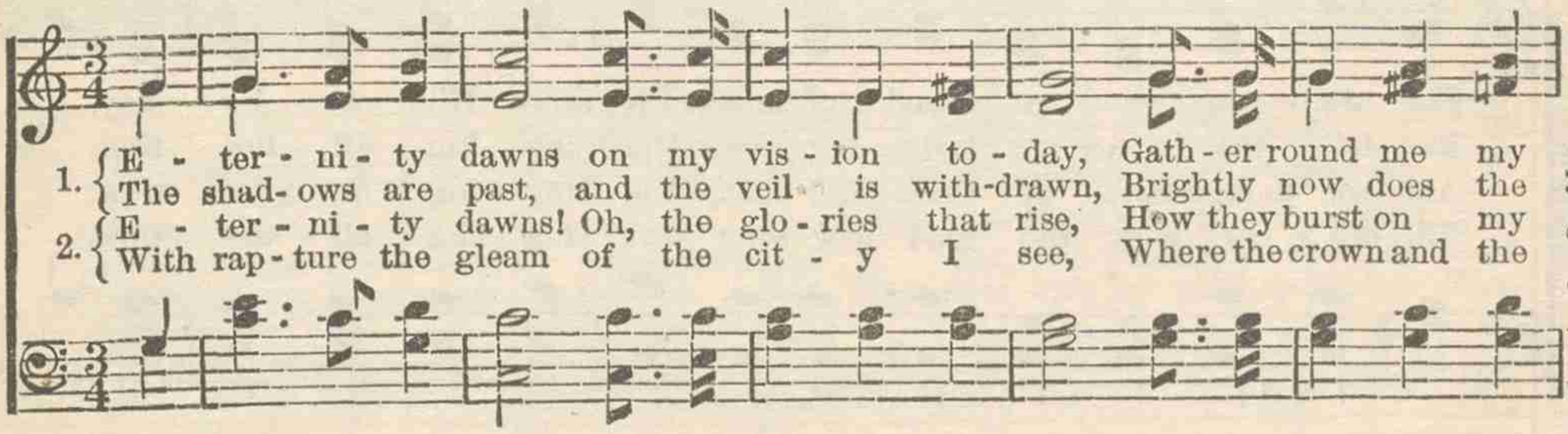
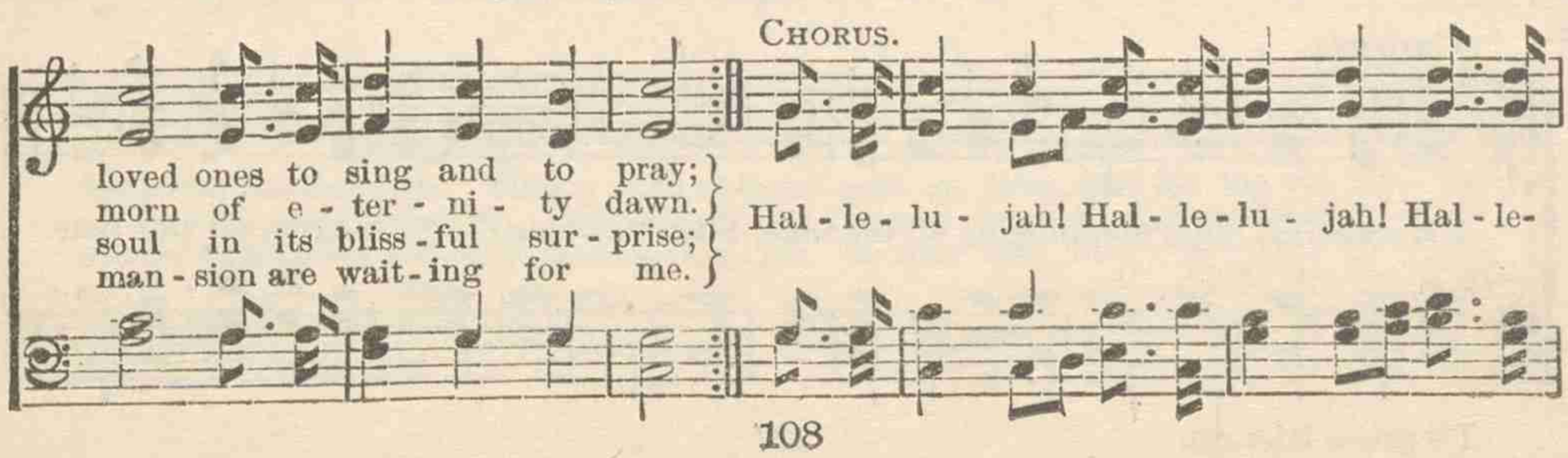
No. 158. "Sing and Pray!"

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS.

1. E - ter - ni - ty dawns on my vis - ion to - day, Gath - er round me my
   The shad - ows are past, and the veil is with-drawn, Brightly now does the
2. E - ter - ni - ty dawns! Oh, the glo - ries that rise, How they burst on my
   With rap - ture the gleam of the cit - y I see, Where the crown and the

CHORUS.

loved ones to sing and to pray;
morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn.
soul in its bliss - ful sur - prise;
man - sion are wait - ing for me.

} Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

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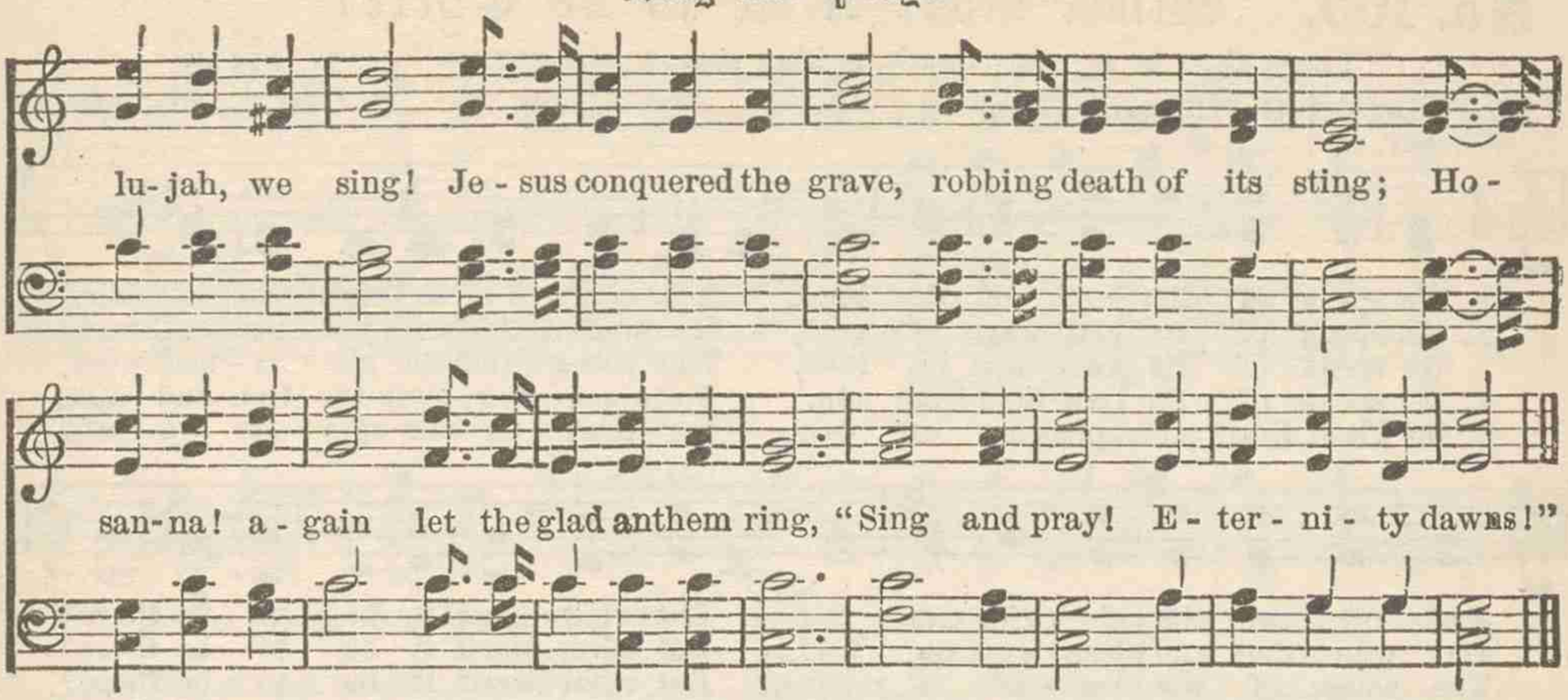
"Sing and Pray!"



3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 159. It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—Luke 18: 18.

Rev. James Proctor. Ira D. Sankey.

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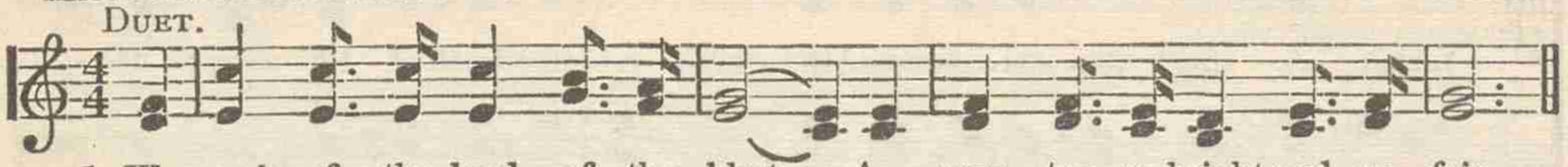
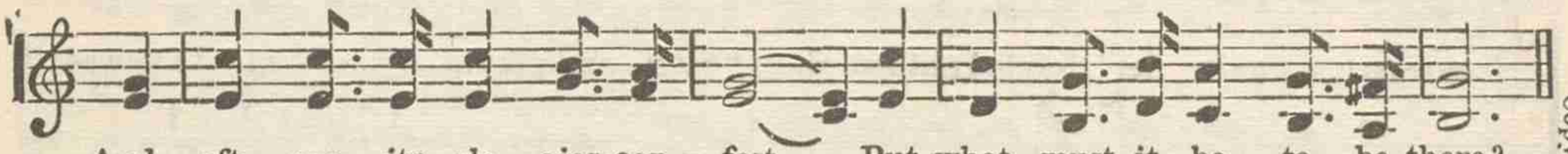
No. 160. What must it be to be There?

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21 : 4.

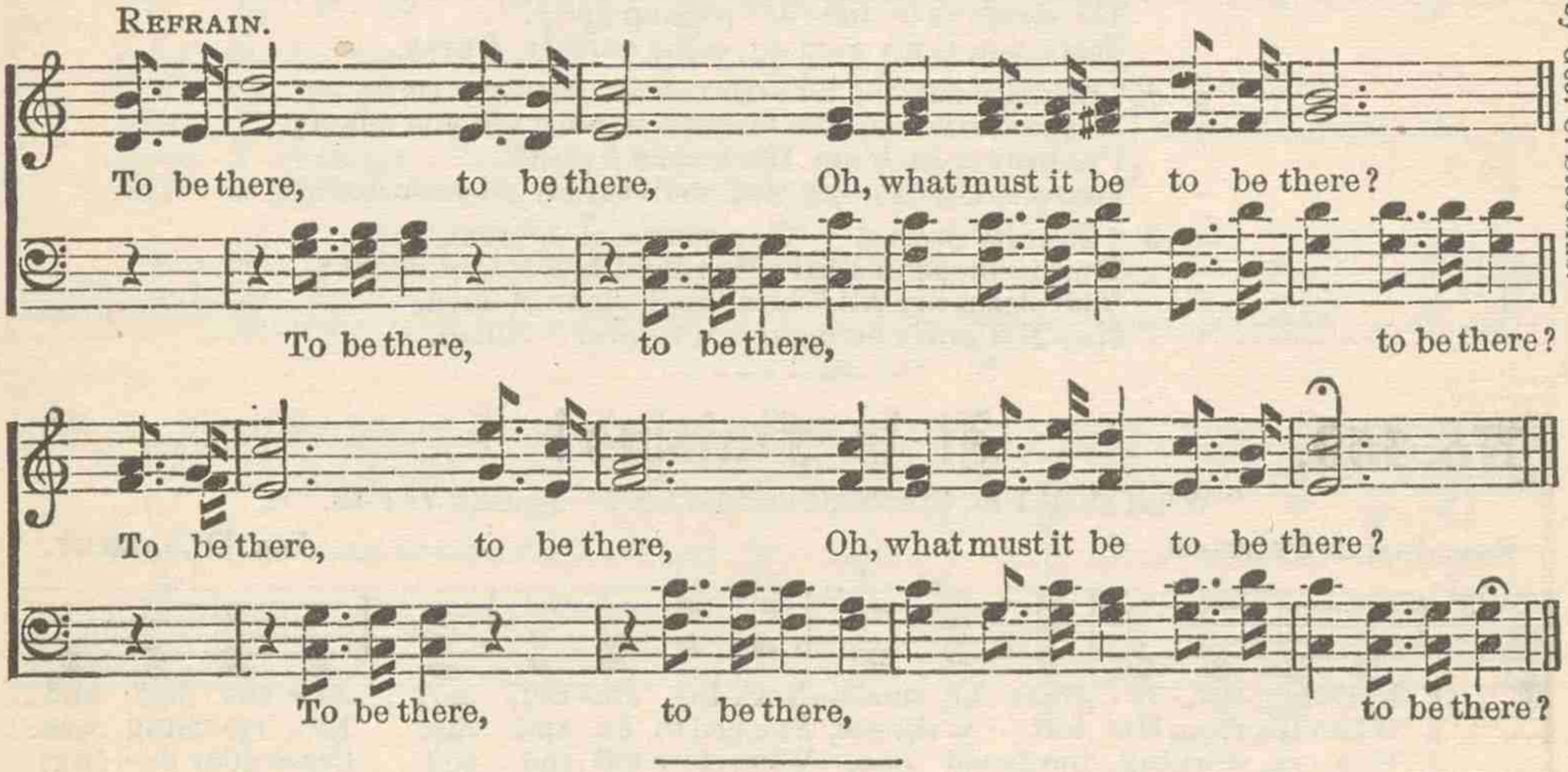
Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Duet.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A coun - try so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its path-ways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jew - els so rare,
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp-ta - tion and care,
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe, For heav - en our spir - its pre - pare,



And oft are its glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
The songs of the bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
From tri - als with-out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
Then short - ly we al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there!

Refrain.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

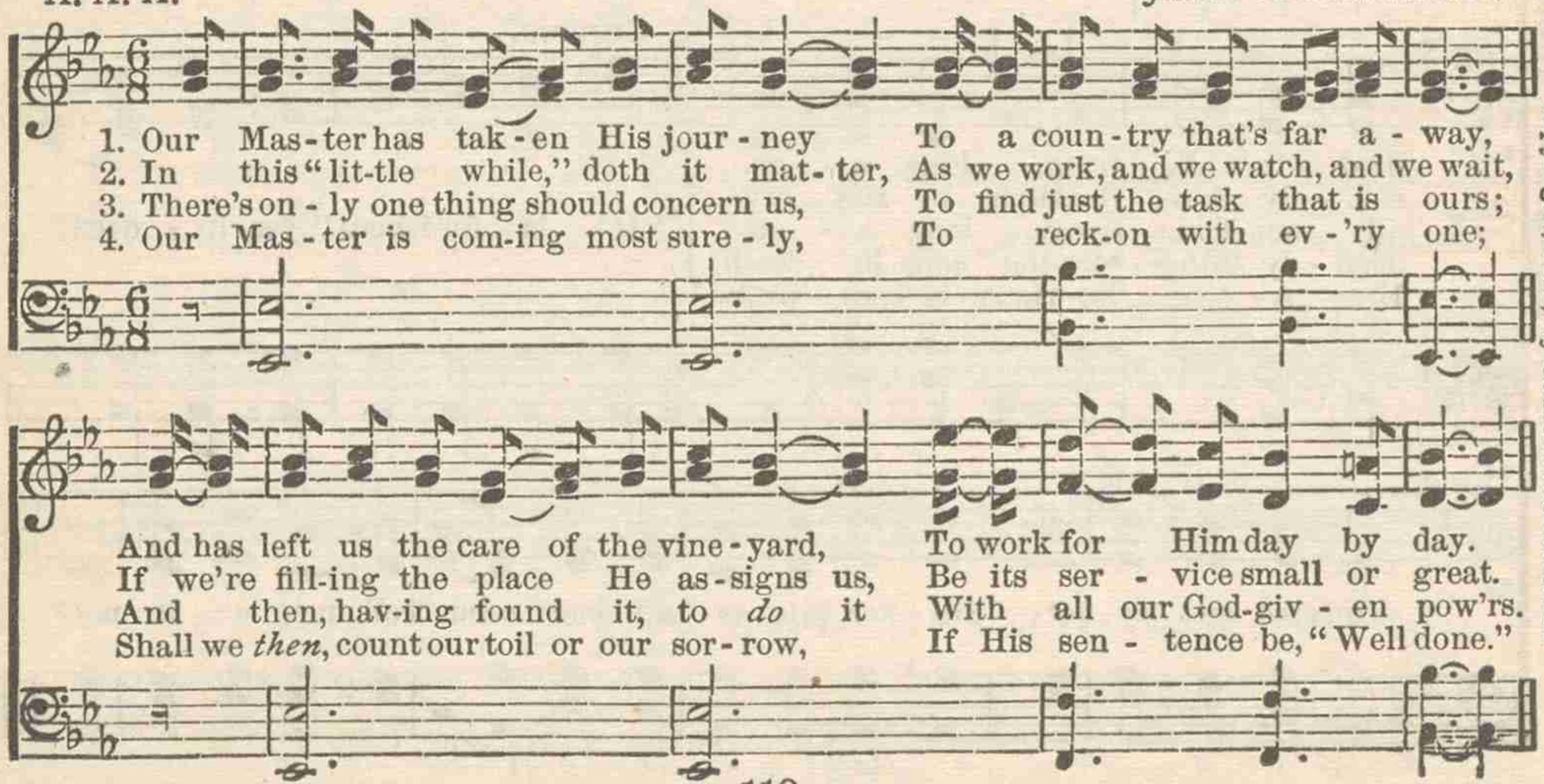
To be there, to be there, to be there?

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 161. There's a Work for each of Us.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13 : 34.

A. A. A. James McGranahan.



1. Our Mas - ter has tak - en His jour - ney To a coun - try that's far a - way,
2. In this "lit-tle while," doth it mat - ter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's on - ly one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Mas - ter is com-ing most sure - ly, To reck-on with ev - 'ry one;

And has left us the care of the vine - yard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're fill-ing the place He as - signs us, Be its ser - vice small or great.
And then, hav-ing found it, to *do* it With all our God-giv - en pow'rs.
Shall we *then*, count our toil or our sor - row, If His sen - tence be, "Well done."

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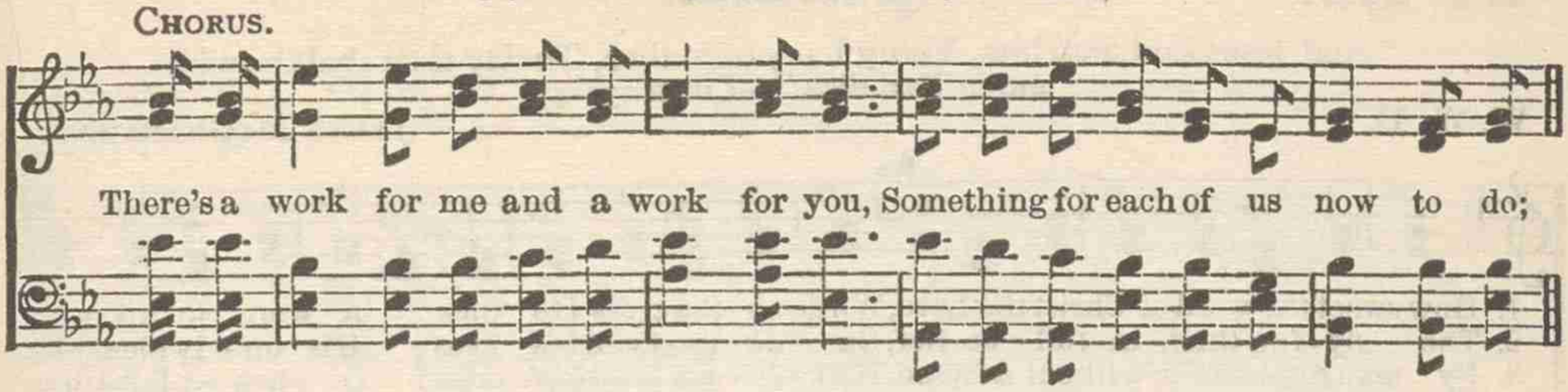
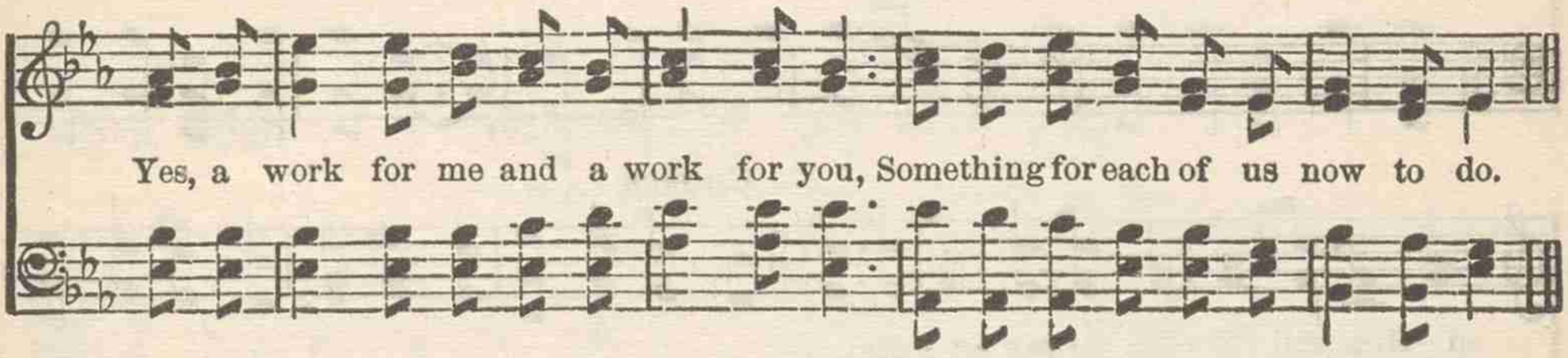
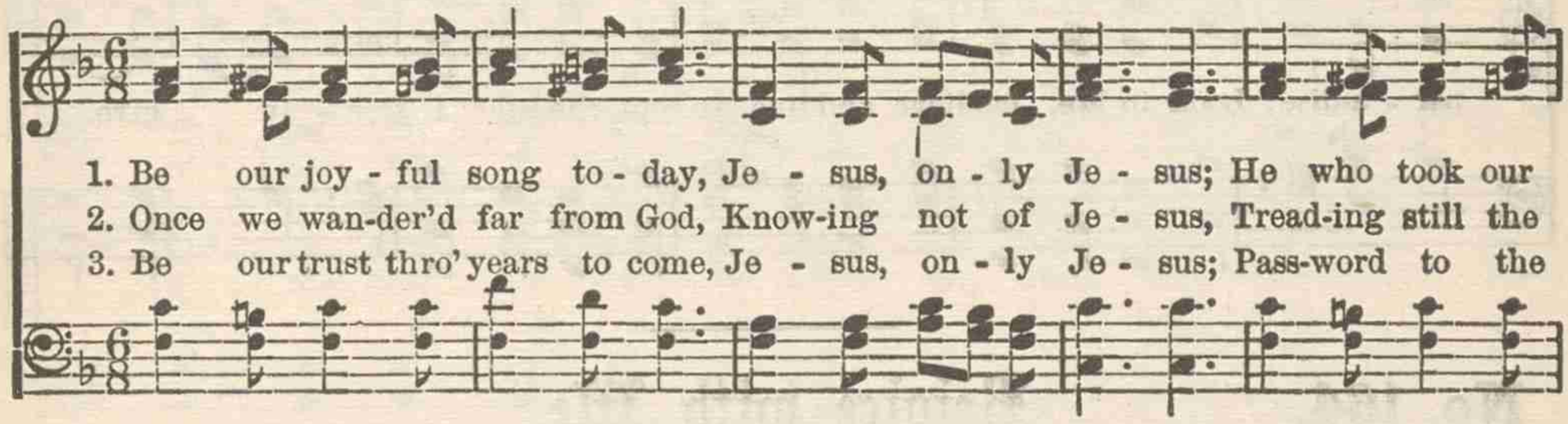
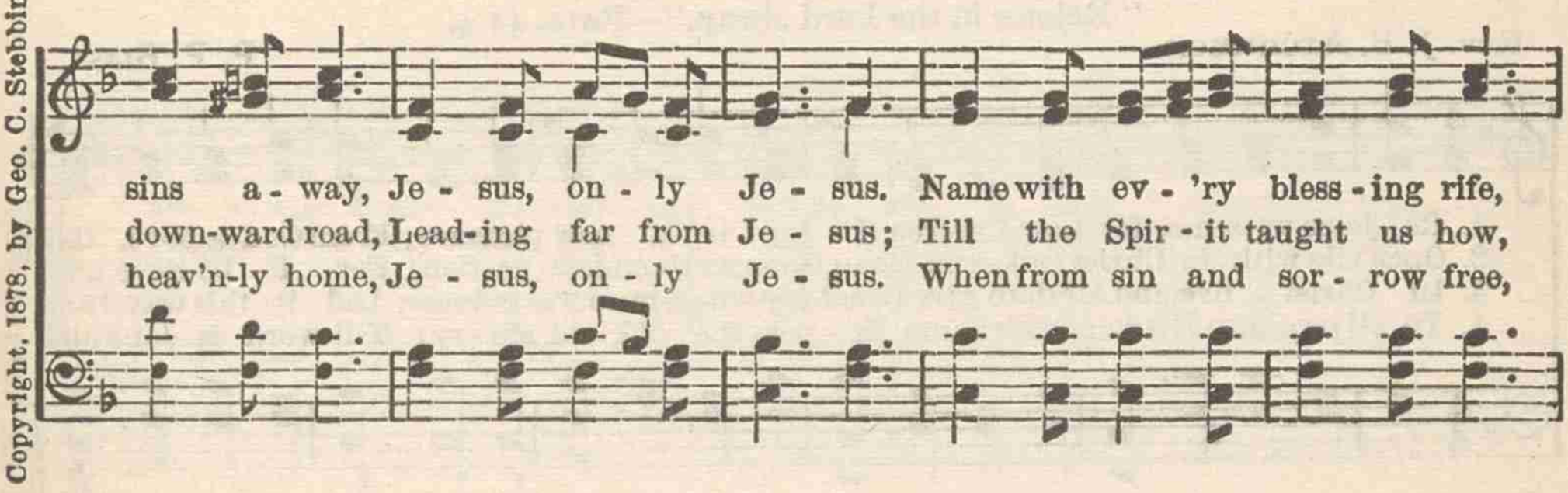
There's a Work for each of Us.

CHORUS.

No. 162. Jesus, only Jesus.

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

SELINA P. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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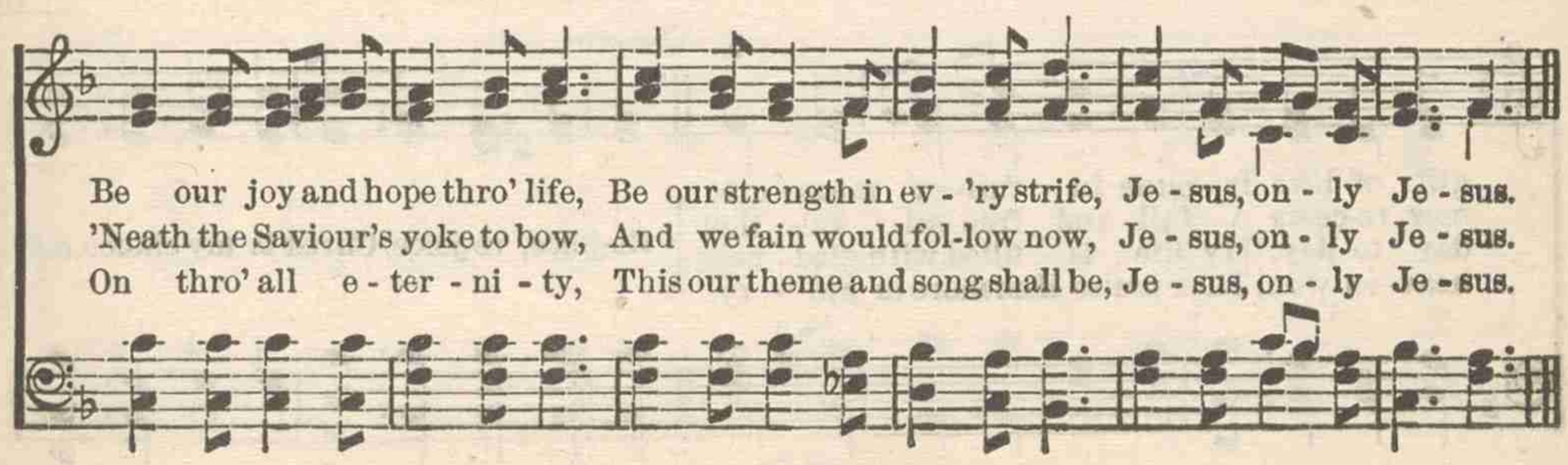
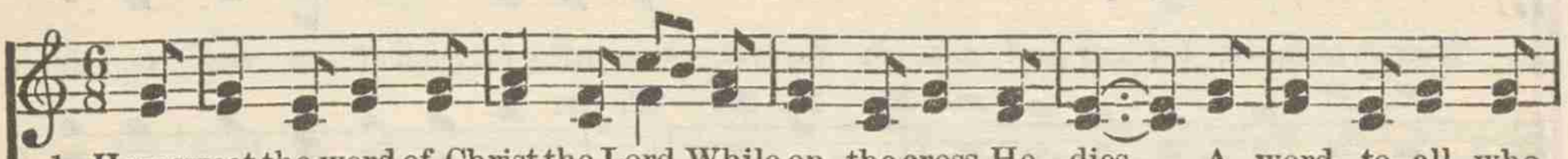
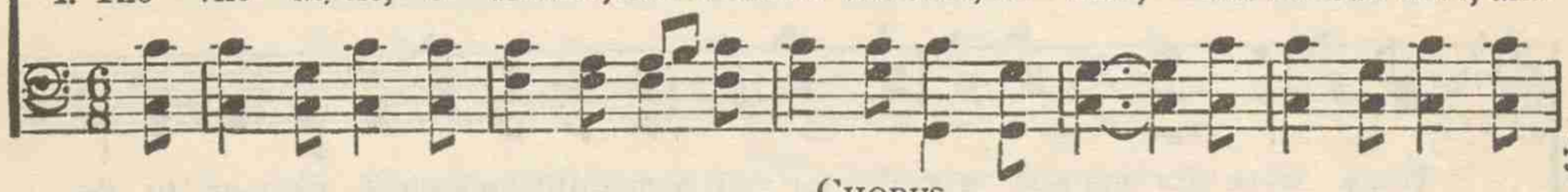
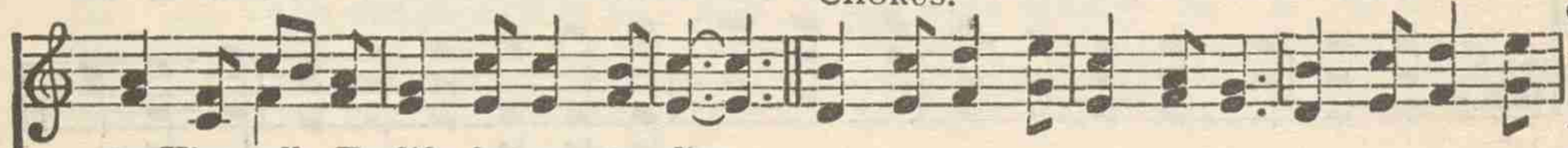
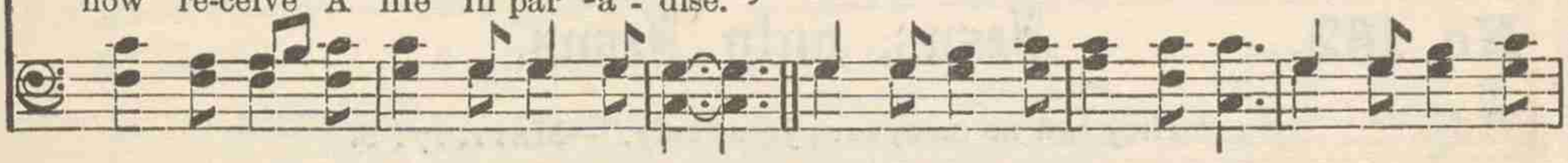
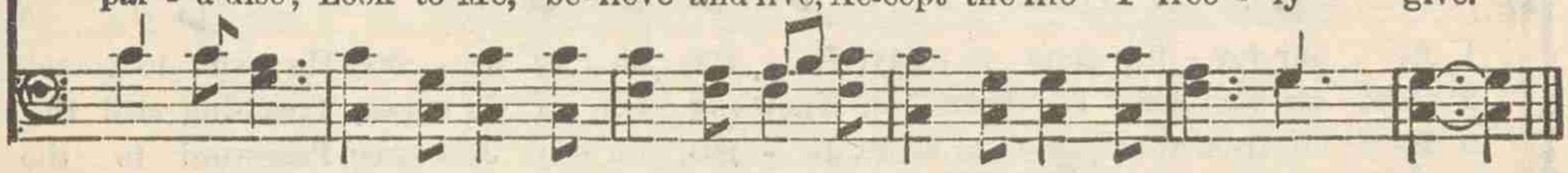

No. 163. Paradise.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies, A word to all who
2. The dy-ing thief, in full be-lief, On Je-sus fixed his eyes; His on-ly plea, "Re-
3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Je-sus heed his cries? O bless-ed Lord, how
4. Tho' vile as he, O sin-ner, flee While Je-sus calls, be wise; His word be-lieve, and

CHORUS.



on Him call For life in par-a-dise.
mem-ber me, O Lord, in par-a-dise."
quick Thy word, "To-day in par-a-dise.
now re-ceive A life in par-a-dise.
} From the cross the Saviour cries, Come with Me to

par-a-dise; Look to Me, be-lieve and live, Ac-cept the life I free-ly give.

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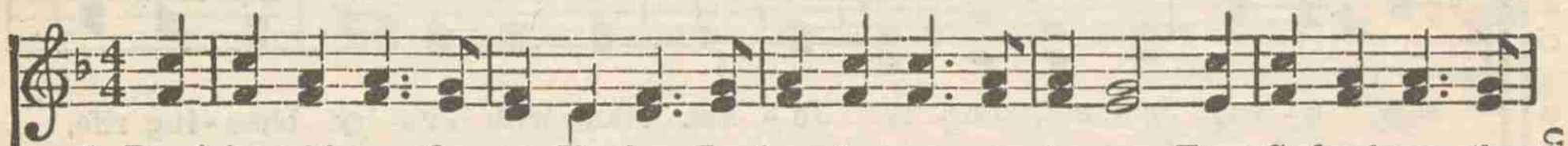
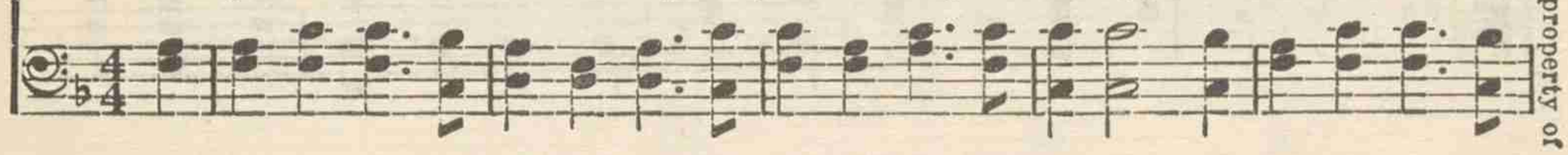
No. 164. Rejoice with Me.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS.

1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure; From God a-bove, the
2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all condem-na-tion; For I be-lieve and
3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness; And in this way, from
4. To all proclaim His wondrous name, Re-peat the old, old sto-ry; Till work is done and

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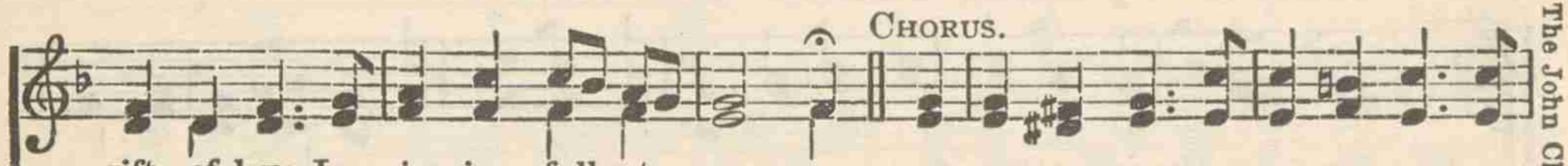
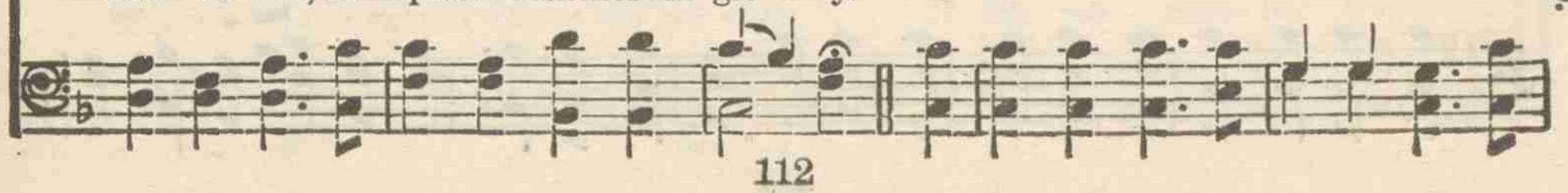
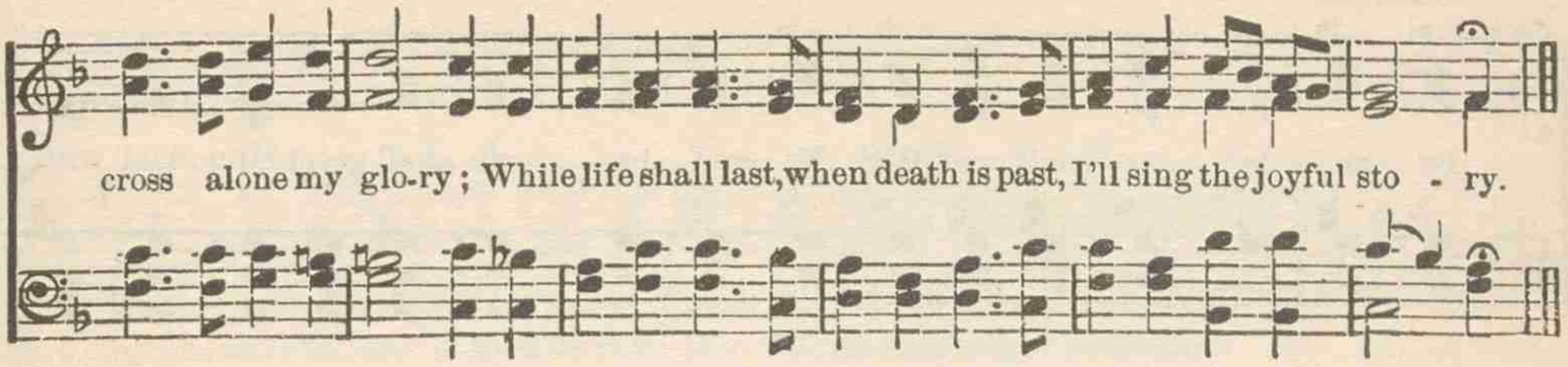
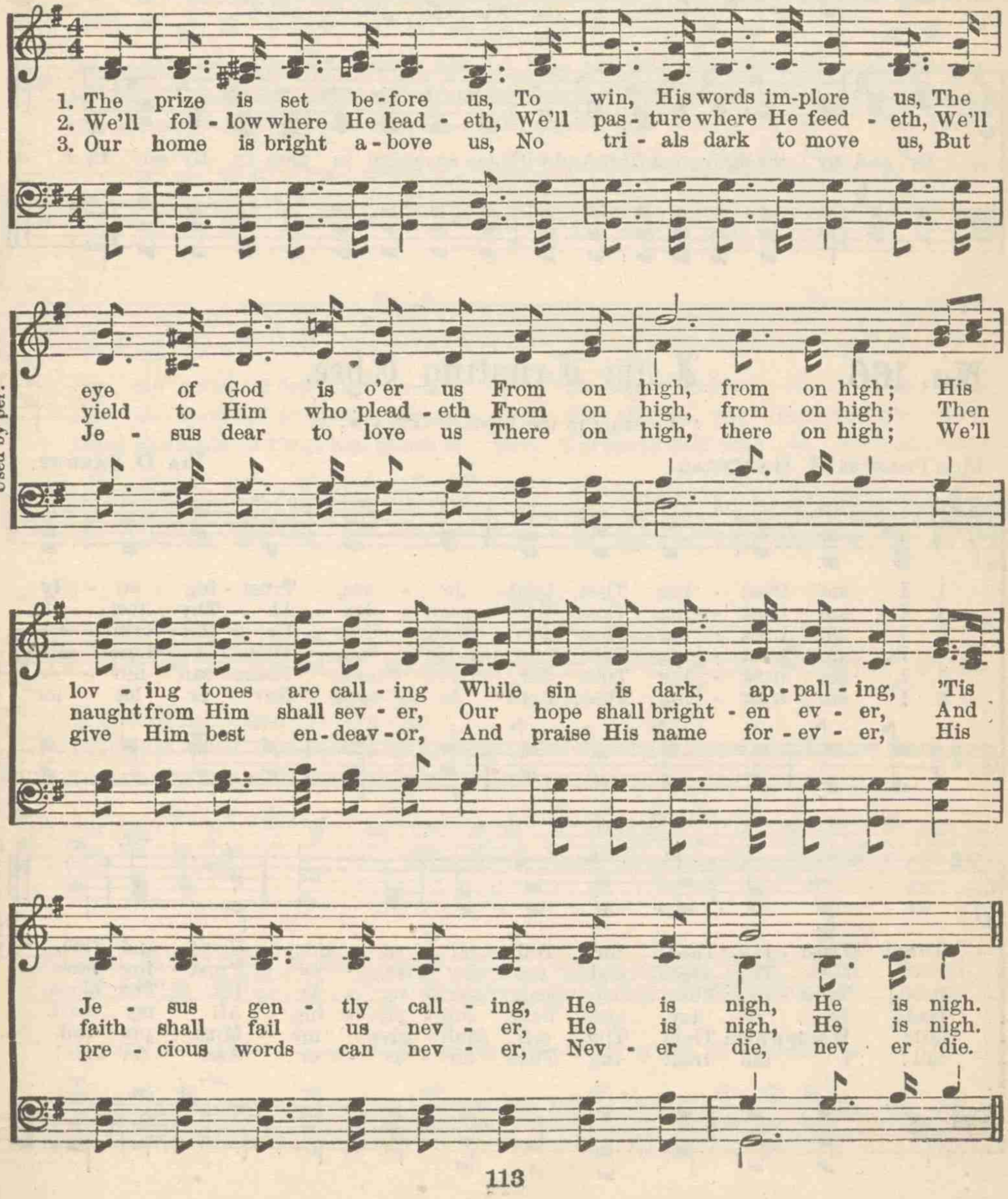

gift of love Is mine in full-est meas-ure.
now re-ceive A full and free sal-va-tion.
day to day, My life is filled with glad-ness.
heav-en won, Then praise Him more in glo-ry.
} Re-joice, re-joice, Christ is my choice, His

Rejoice with Me.



No. 165. Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3 : 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

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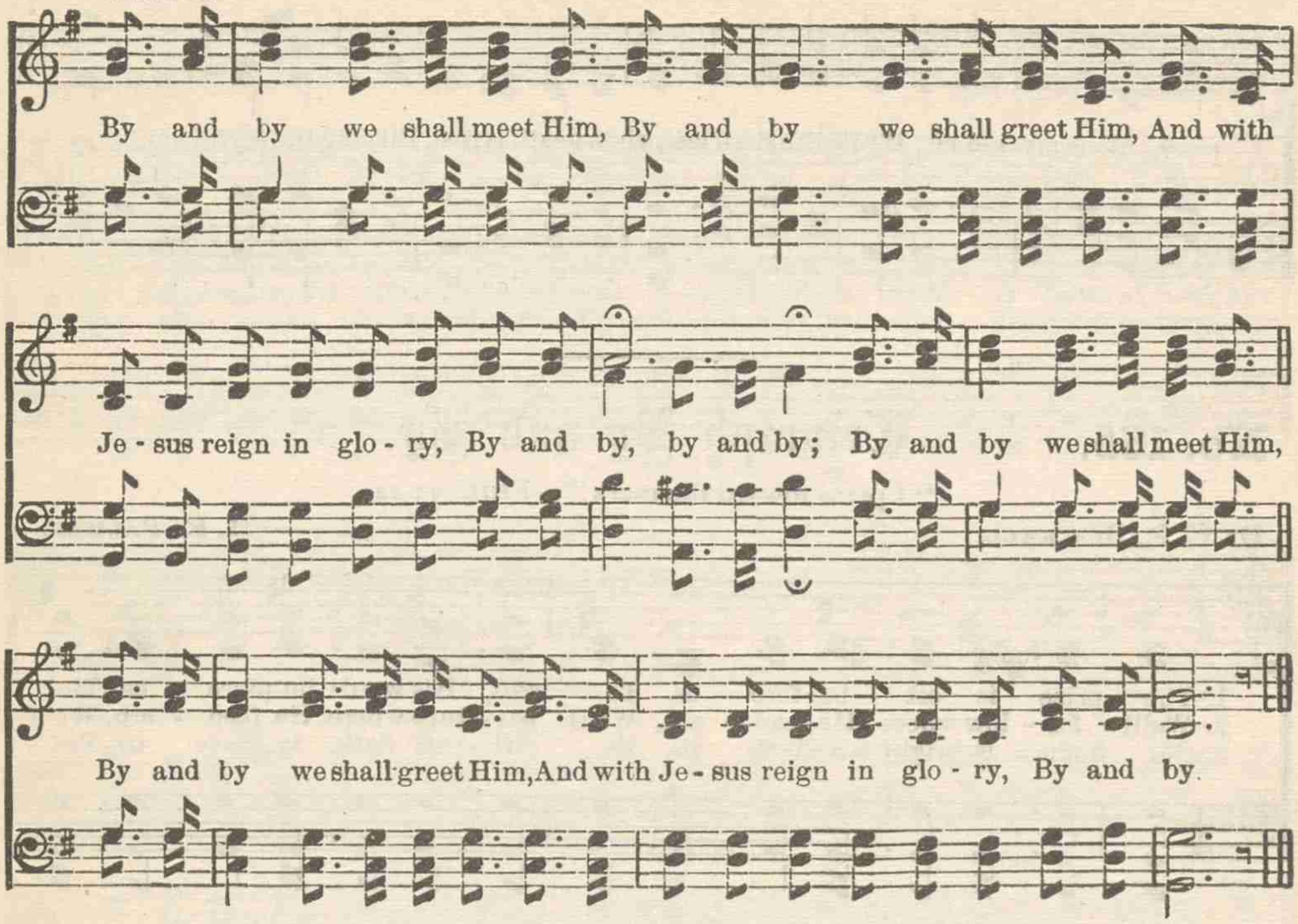
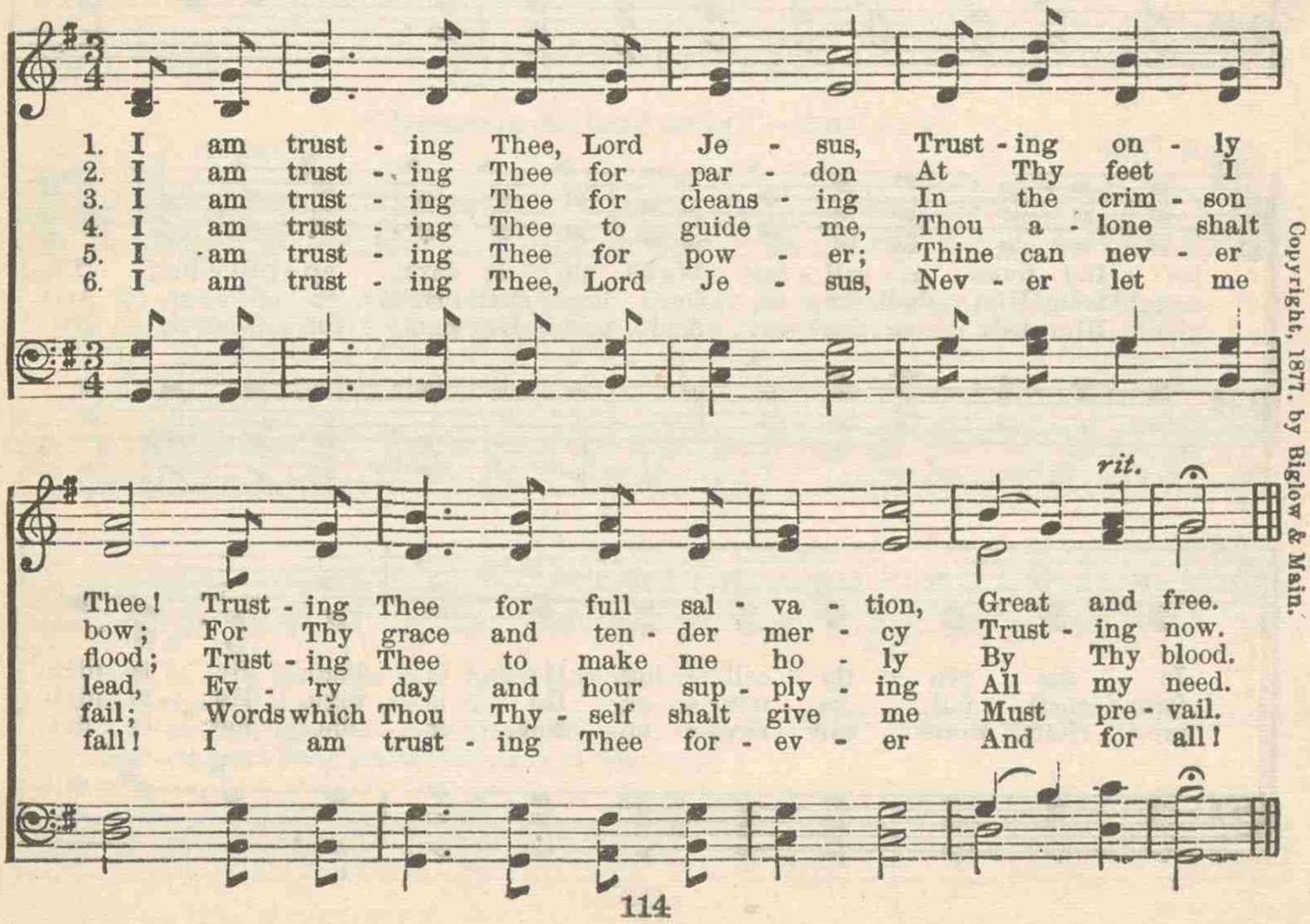
Triumph By and By.

CHORUS.



No. 166. I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

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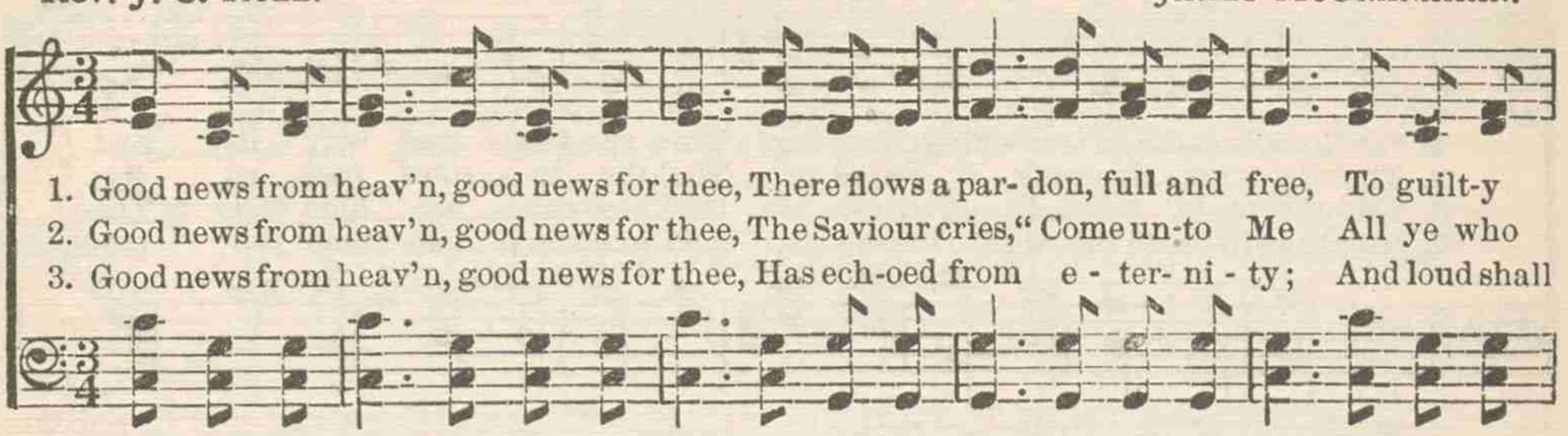
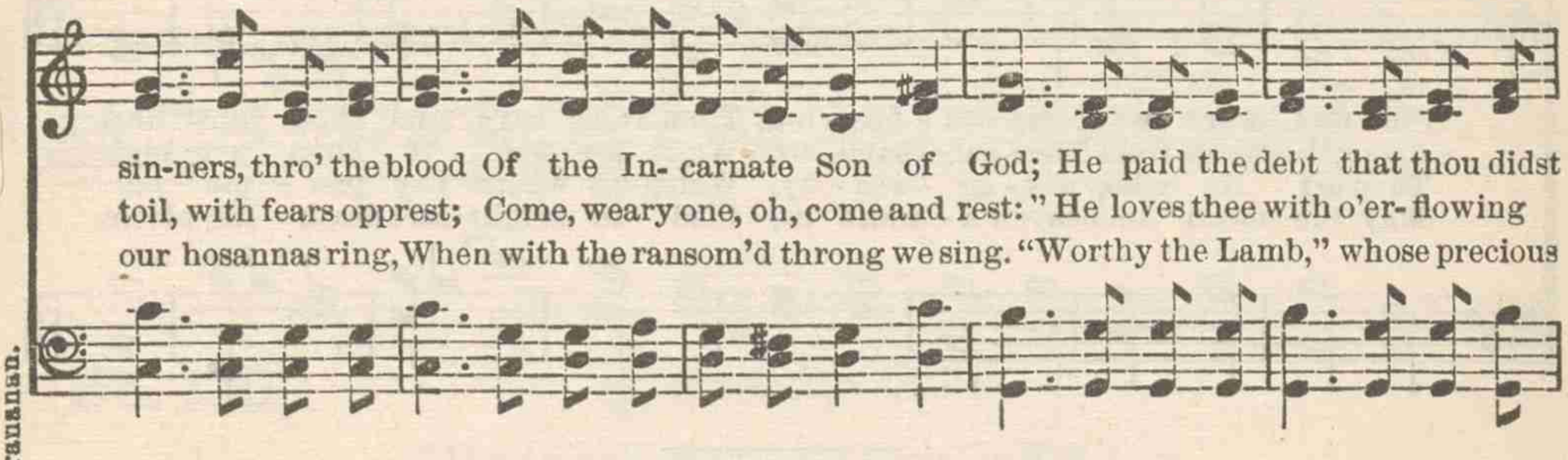
No. 167. Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1 : 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan.





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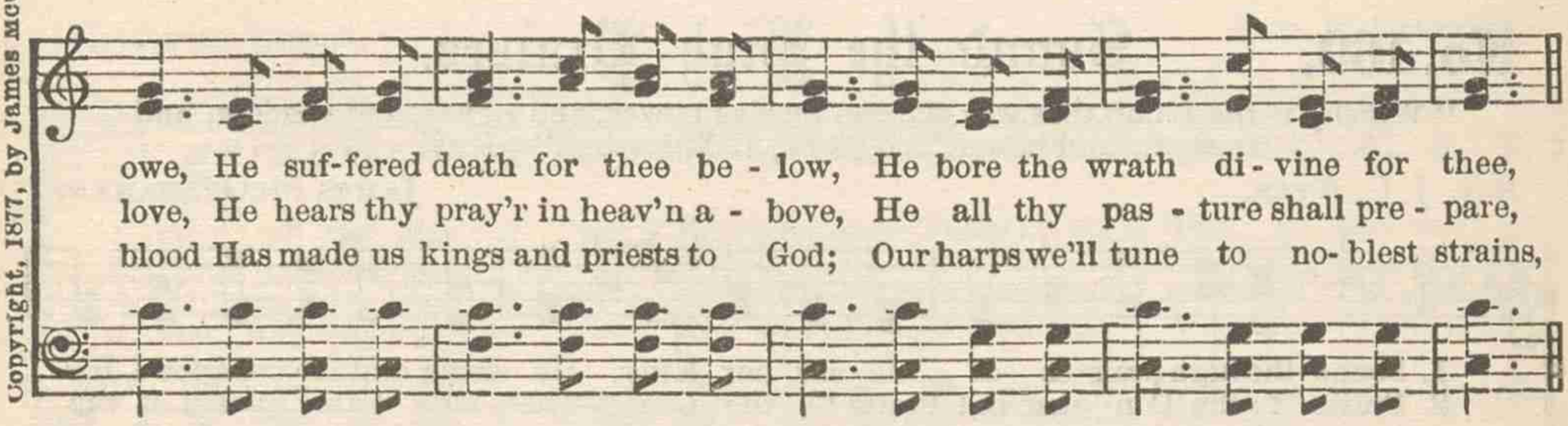
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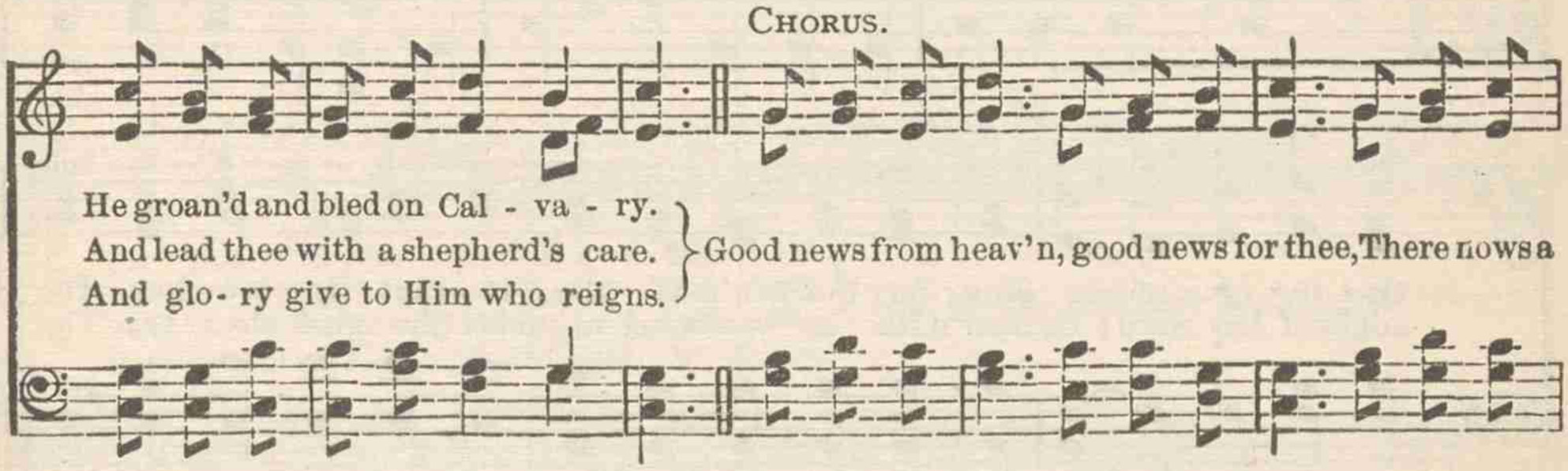
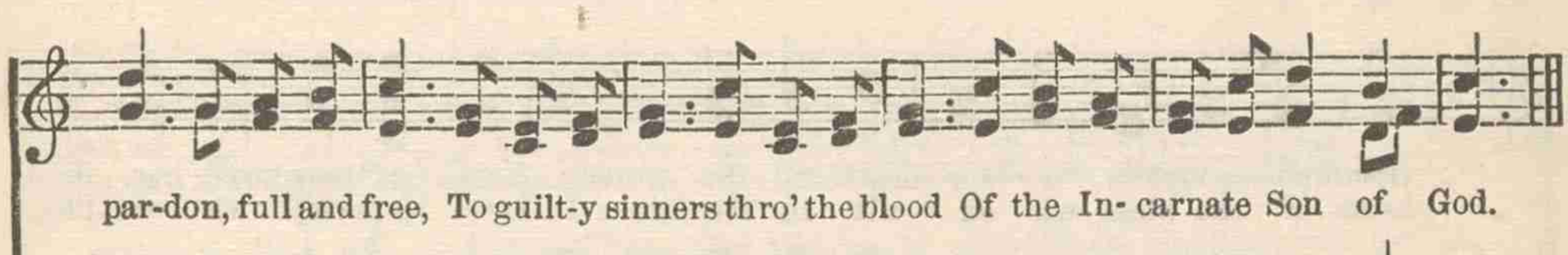
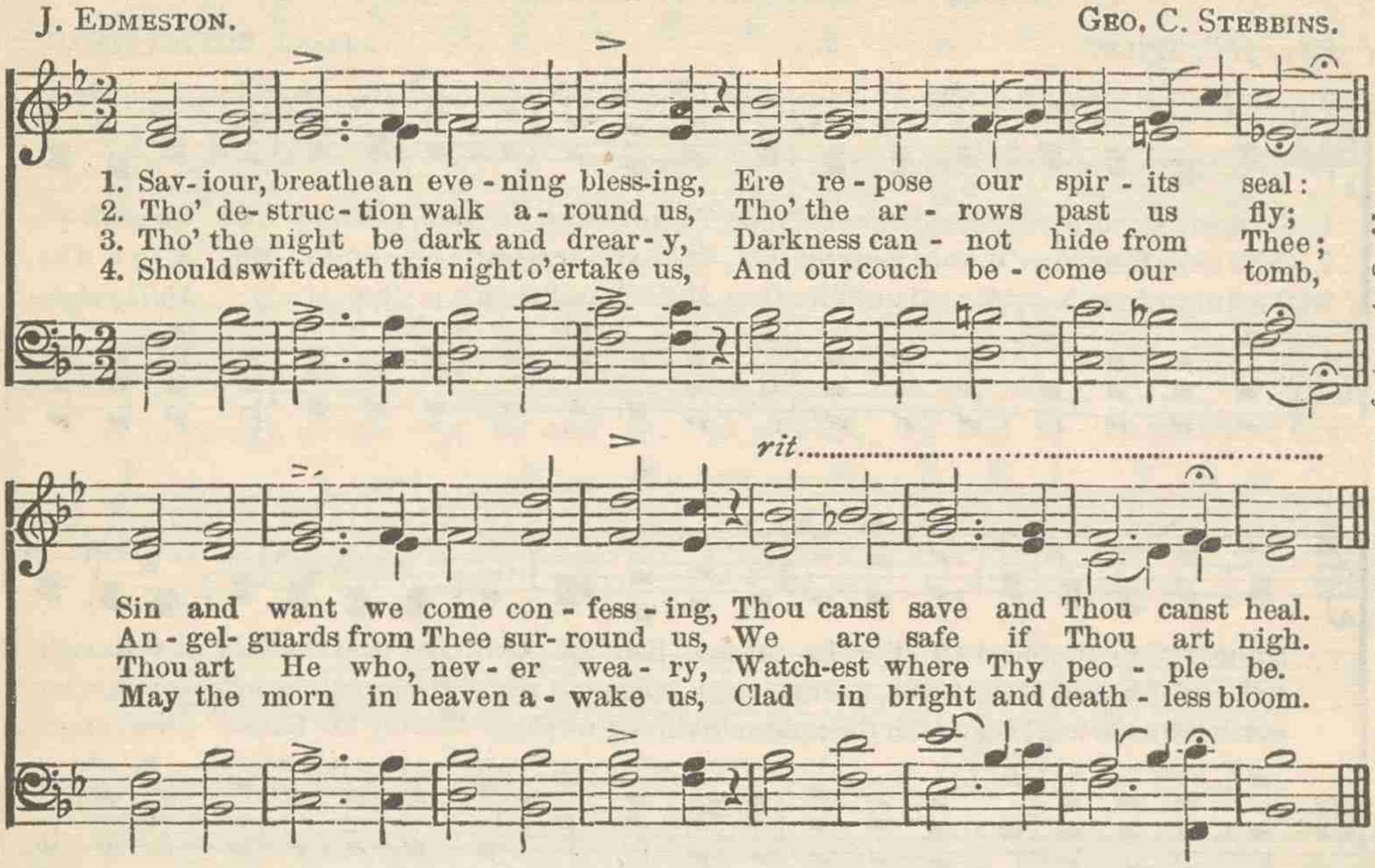



No. 168. Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

J. Edmeston. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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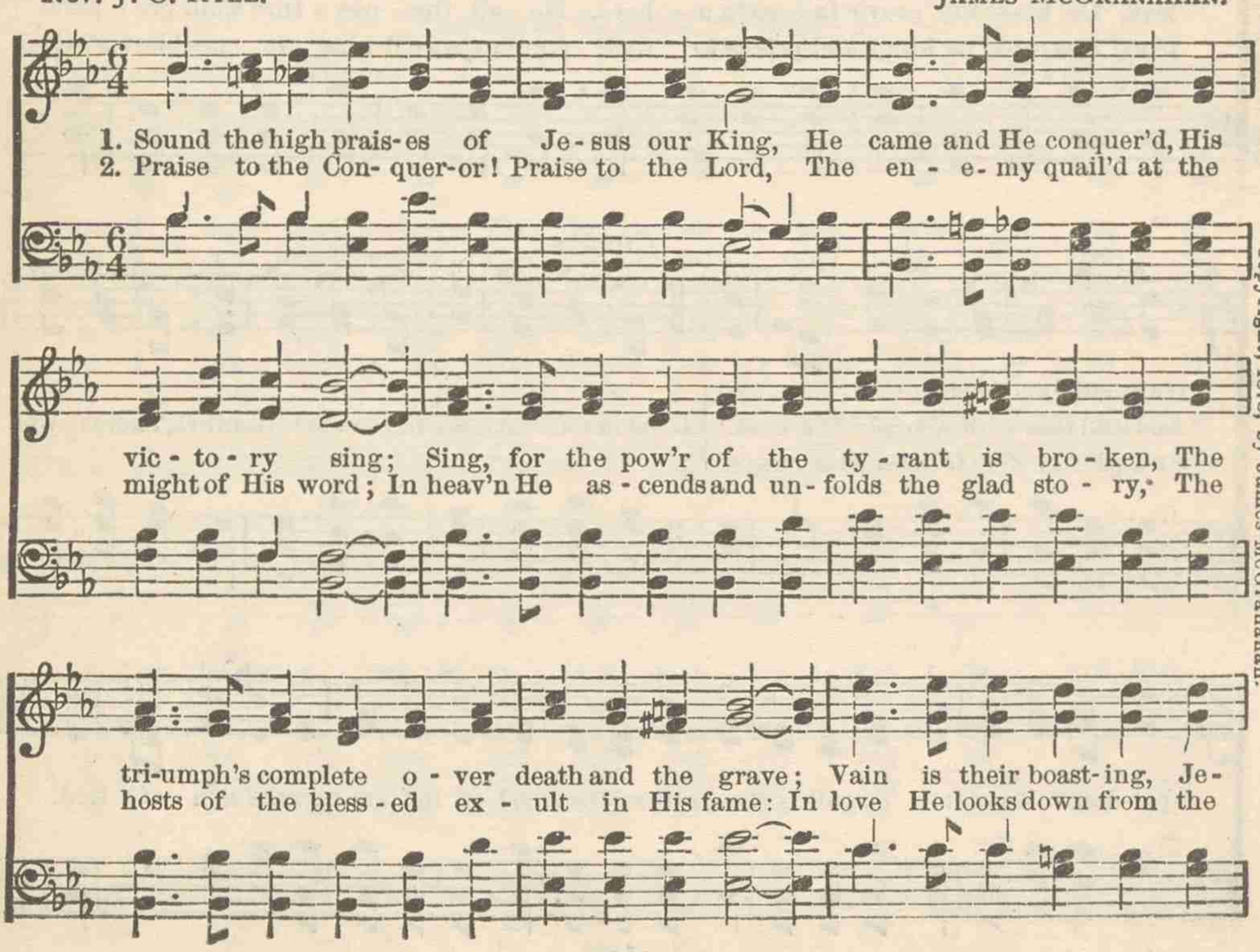
No. 169. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan.



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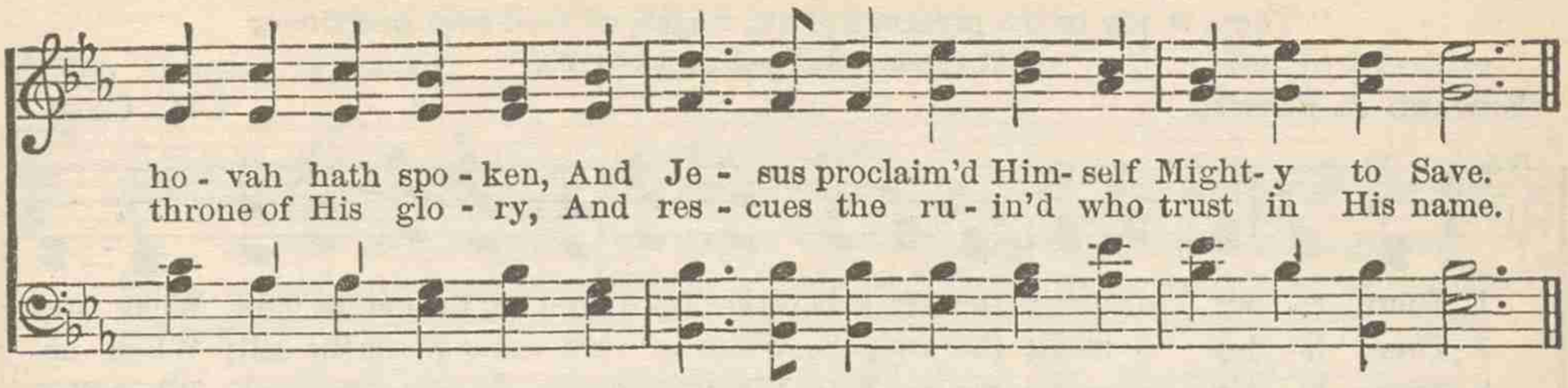
Sound the High Praises.

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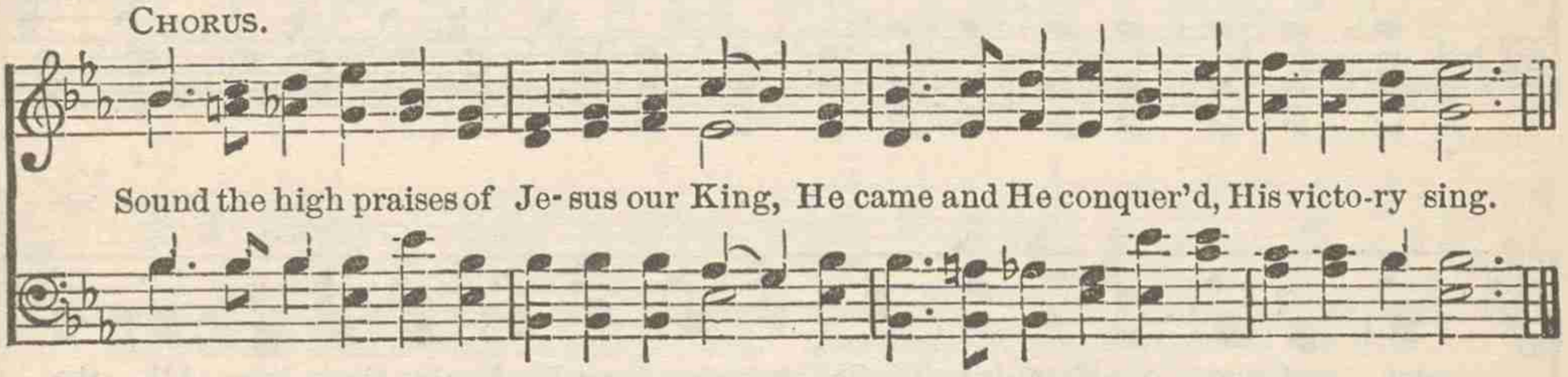
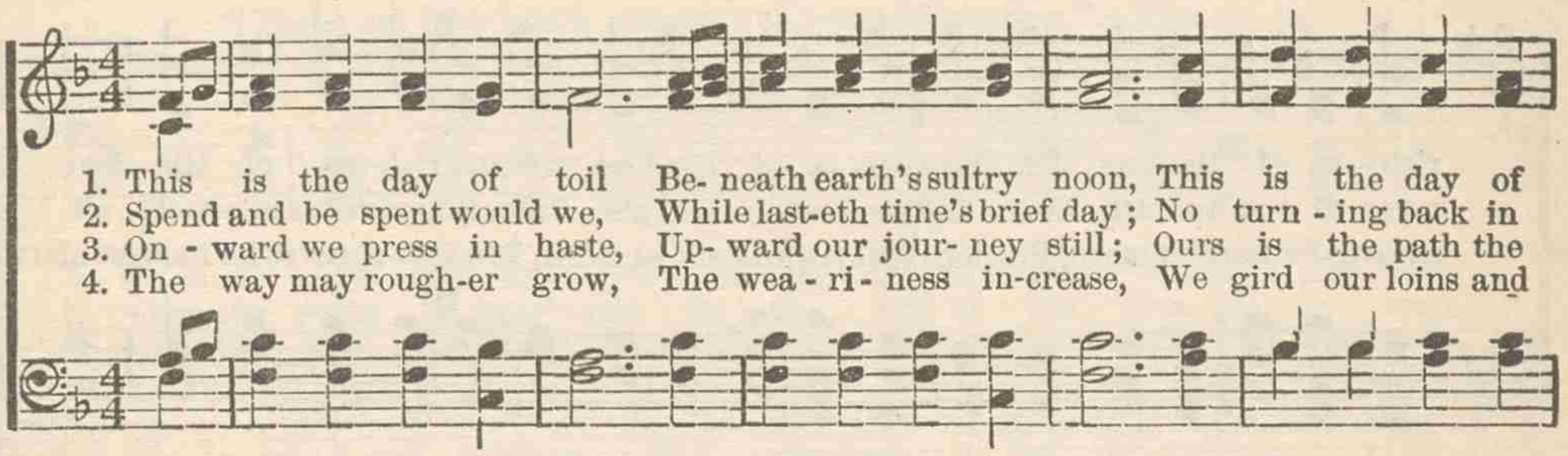

No. 170. Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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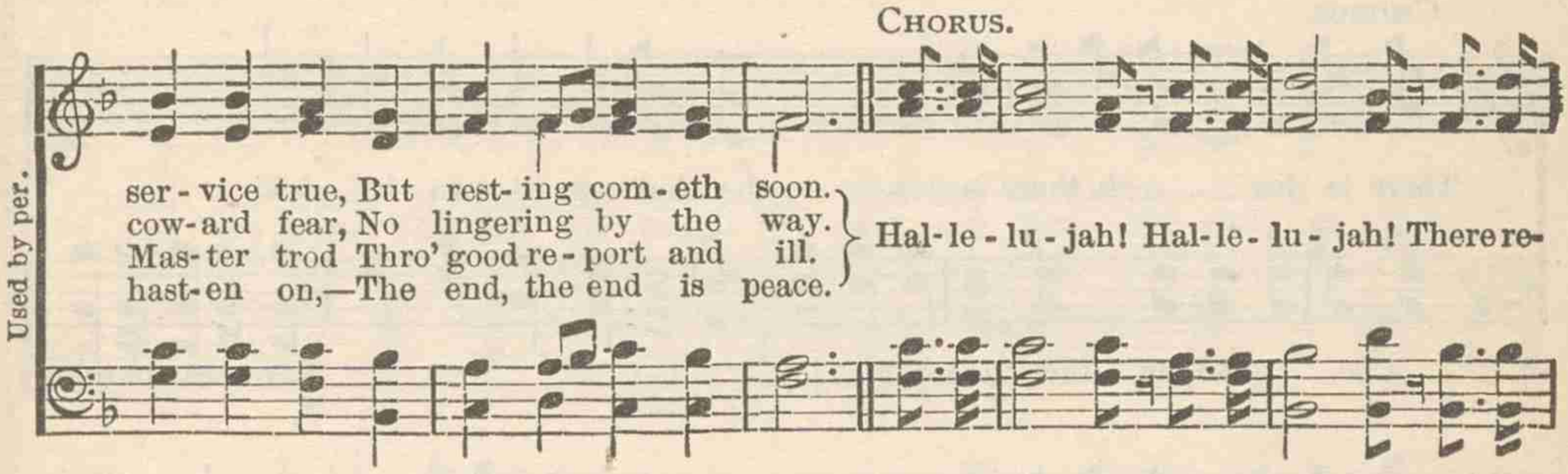
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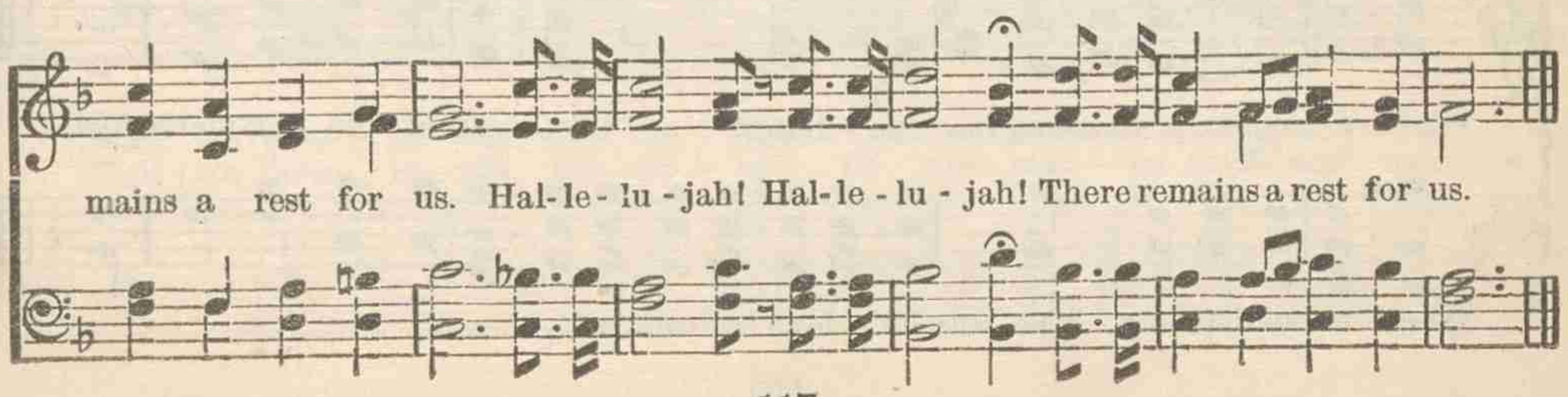
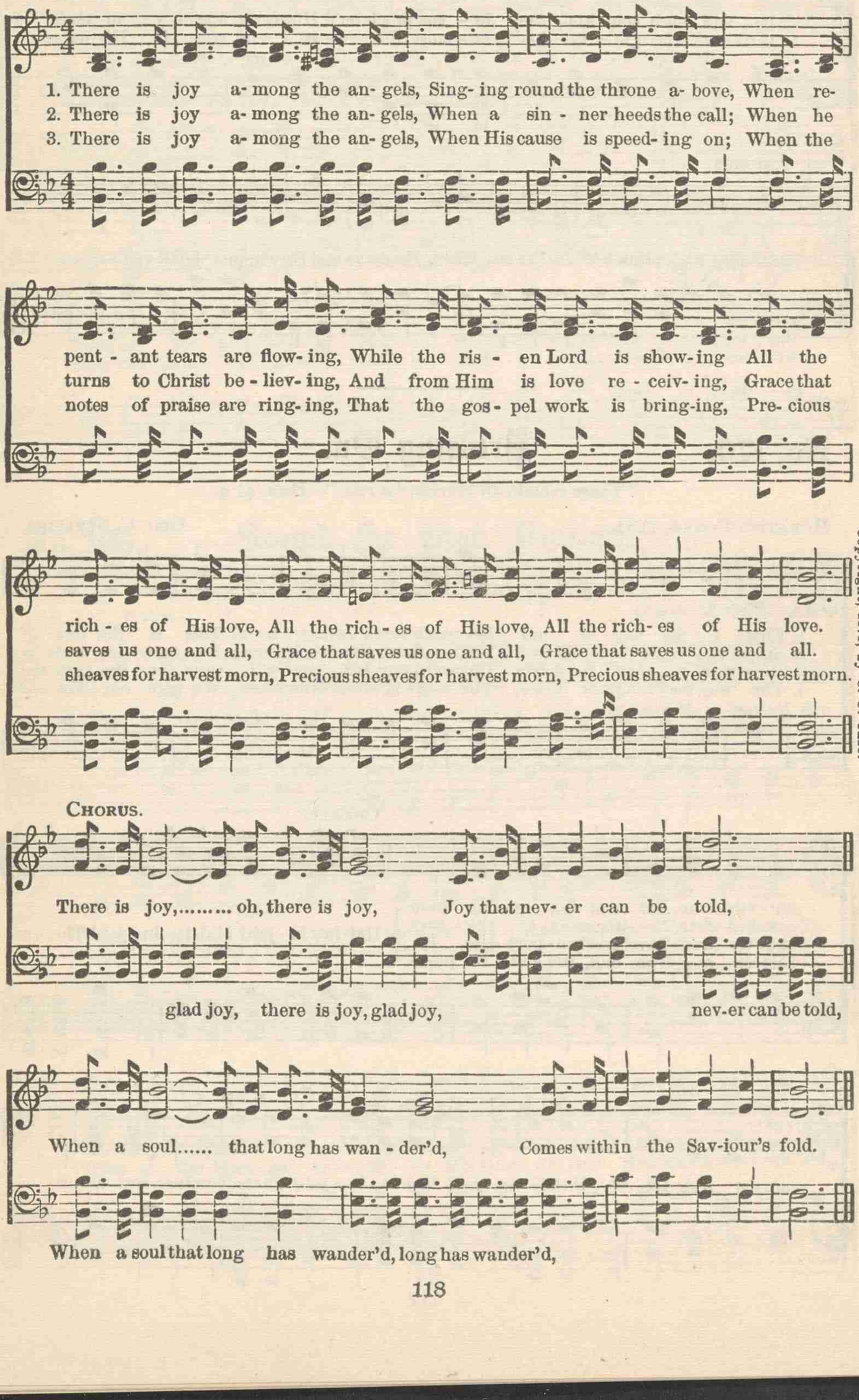

No. 171. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C. CASE.



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No. 172. Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

JULIA SAMPSON HASKELL. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. O - ver the o-cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;
2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
3. Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen band joyful-ly sing,

CHO.—*Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.*

D. C. Chorus.

Groping in ig - norance, dark as the night, No bless-ed Bi - ble to give them the light.
Shall we not send to them Bi-bles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
"O - ver the o-cean wave, oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

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No. 173. Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—REV. 7: 14.

W. P. MACKAY, M. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When we reach our Fa - ther's dwell-ing, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
3. And the way by which He brought us, All the griev - ings that He bore,

And our praise to Him is swell - ing Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,
And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,

Shall we then re - call the sad - ness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dear - er, As we think of wea - ry ways,

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When our hearts were turn'd from hard-ness, And our feet from paths of sin?
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
And His light will be the clear-er As we muse on cloud - y days.

CHORUS.

Yes, we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly

own; For the love so strong and ten - der, That redeem'd and bro't us home.

No. 174. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER. (DAN. 12: 3.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.

DUET.

1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

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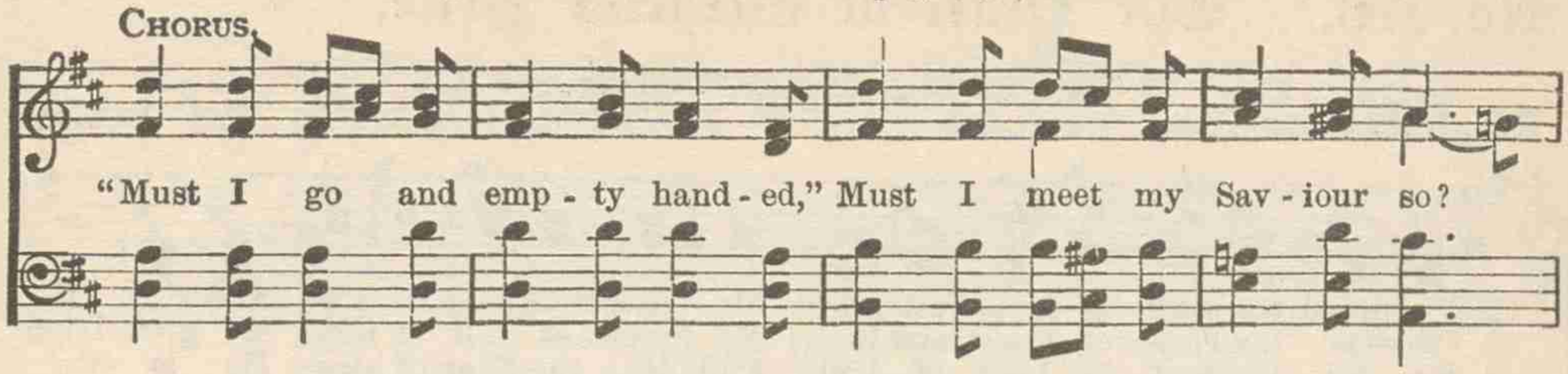
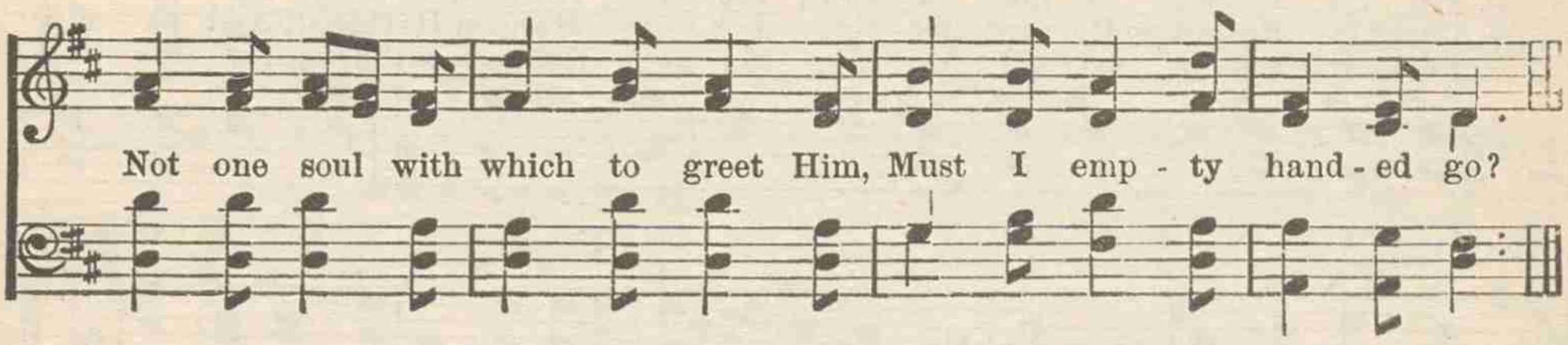
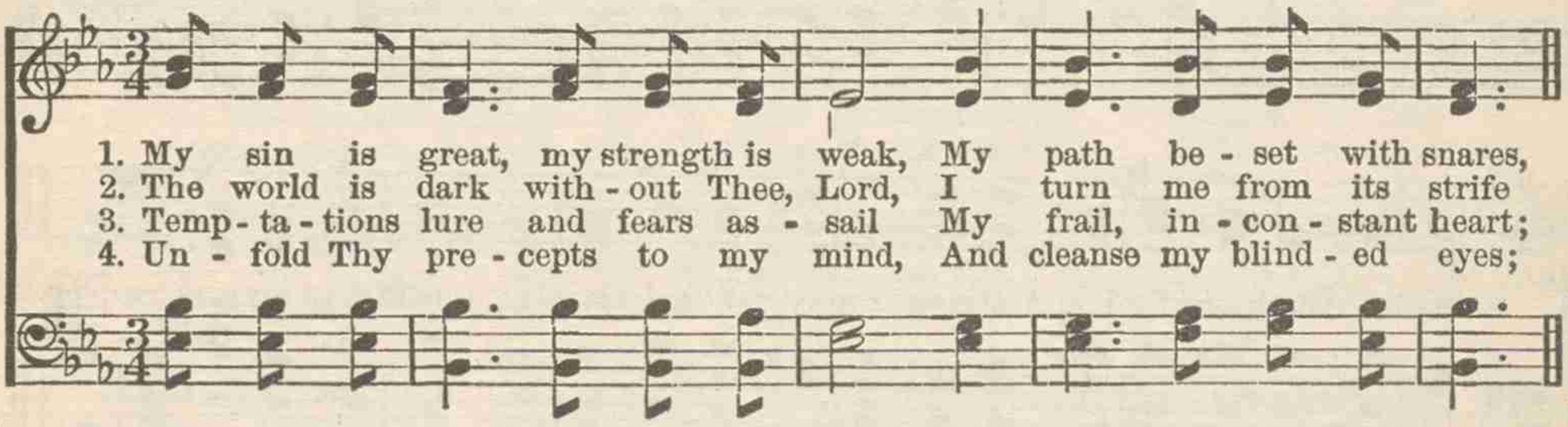
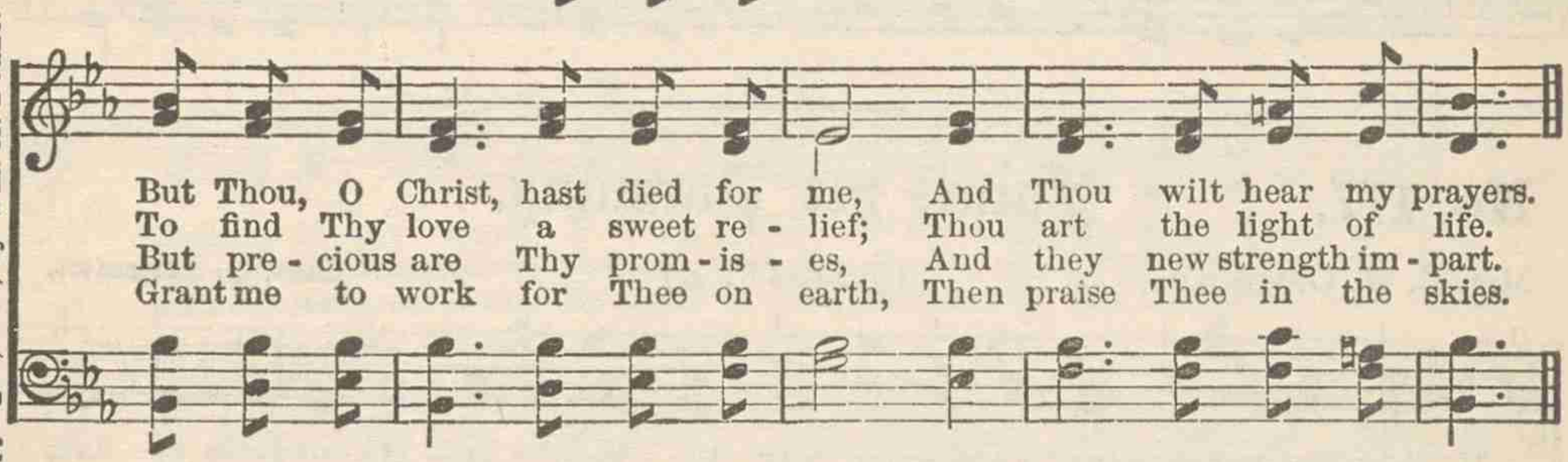
Must I Go and Empty Handed?

CHORUS.



No. 175. My Faith still Clings.

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—ROM. 14: 1.

Rev. H. F. COLBY. W. H. DOANE.

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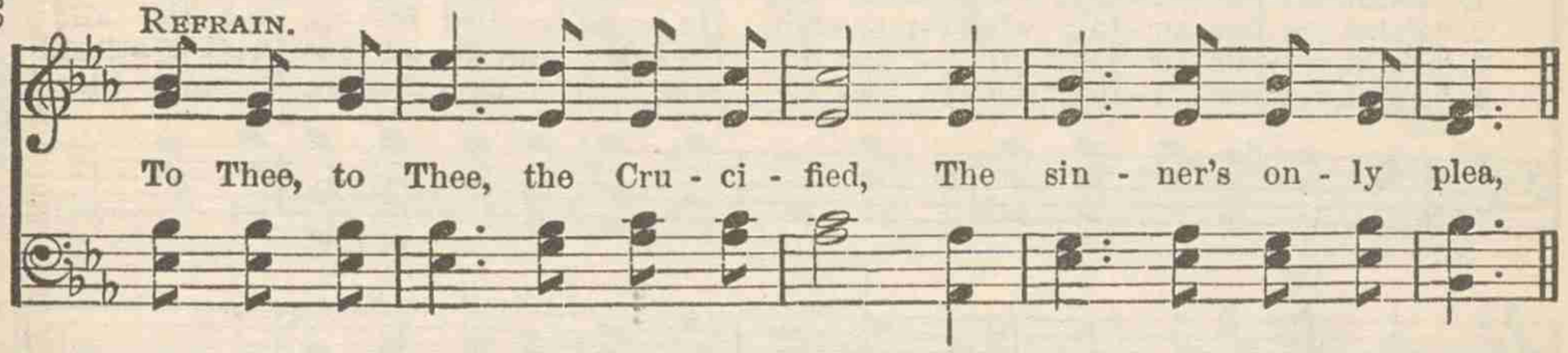
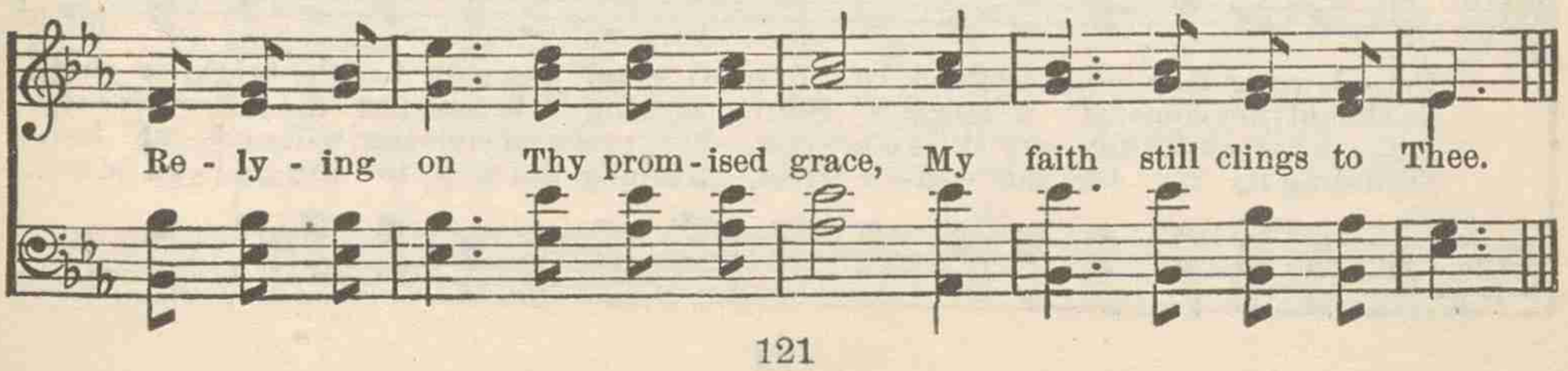
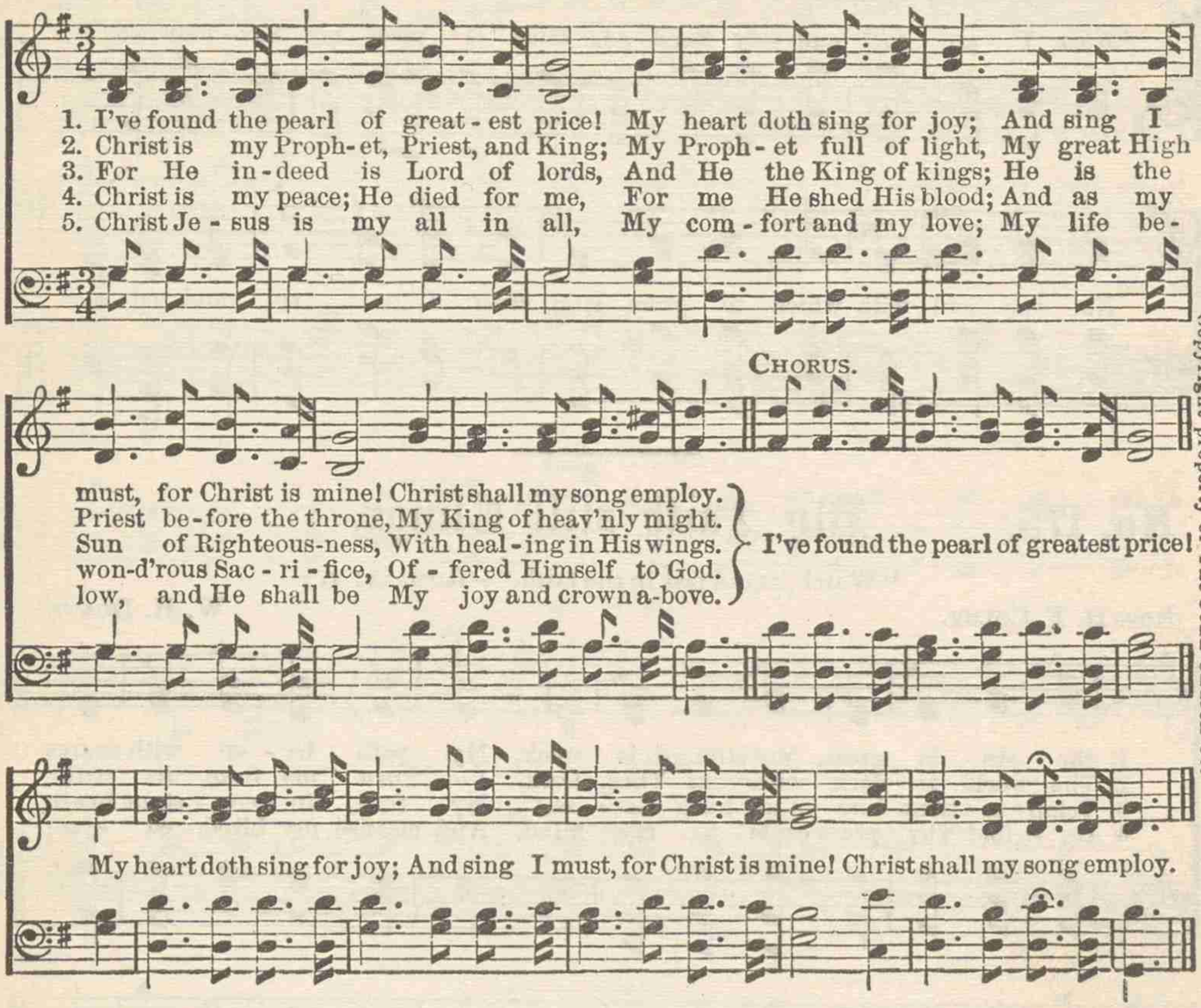

No. 176. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN MASON. P. P. BLISS.

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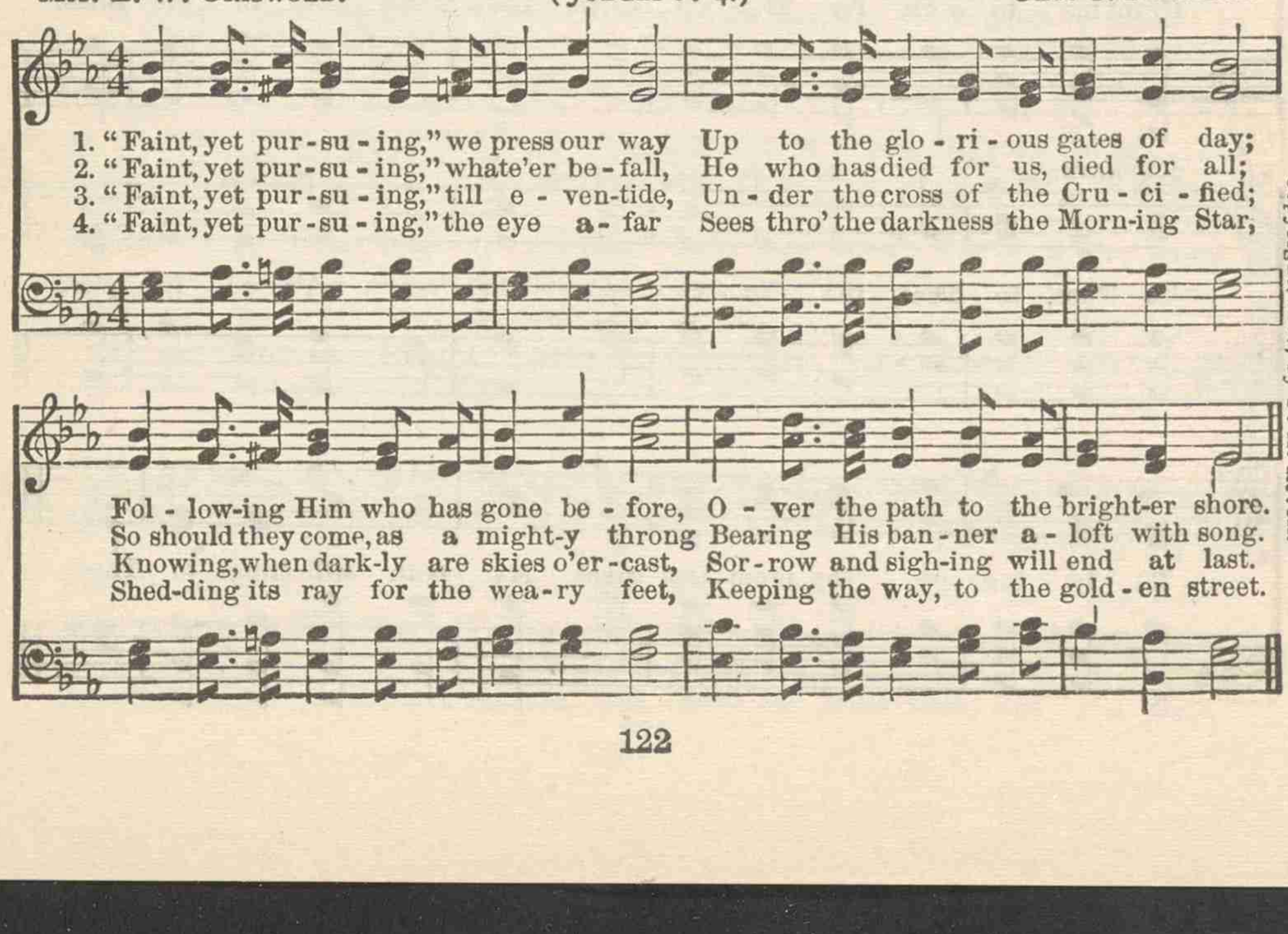
No. 177. Faint, yet Pursuing.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. (JUDGES 8: 4.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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Faint, yet Pursuing.

CHORUS.

"Faint, yet pur-su - ing," from day to day, O - ver the sure and the blood-marked way;
Strengthen and keep us, O Sav-iour, Friend, Ev - er pur-su - ing, un - to life's end.

No. 178. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—ISA. 55: 1.

Anon. P. P. BLISS.

DUET.

1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say: "I want that liv - ing
2. Be - side the pool Be-thes - da, I hear a mournful cry: "No help, no hope is
3. While seated on the hill - side, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most

wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pil - grim, But
of - fered To one so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad com-plain-ing, The
tru - ly: "I am the liv - ing bread;" 'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who

deep-er is my need, I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
gos - pel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
doth our souls re - store; By faith of Him par-tak - ing We live for-ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!

Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

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No. 179. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

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

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Though Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, by and by, Just a - cross on the
ev - er - green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the
ev - er - green shore,
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

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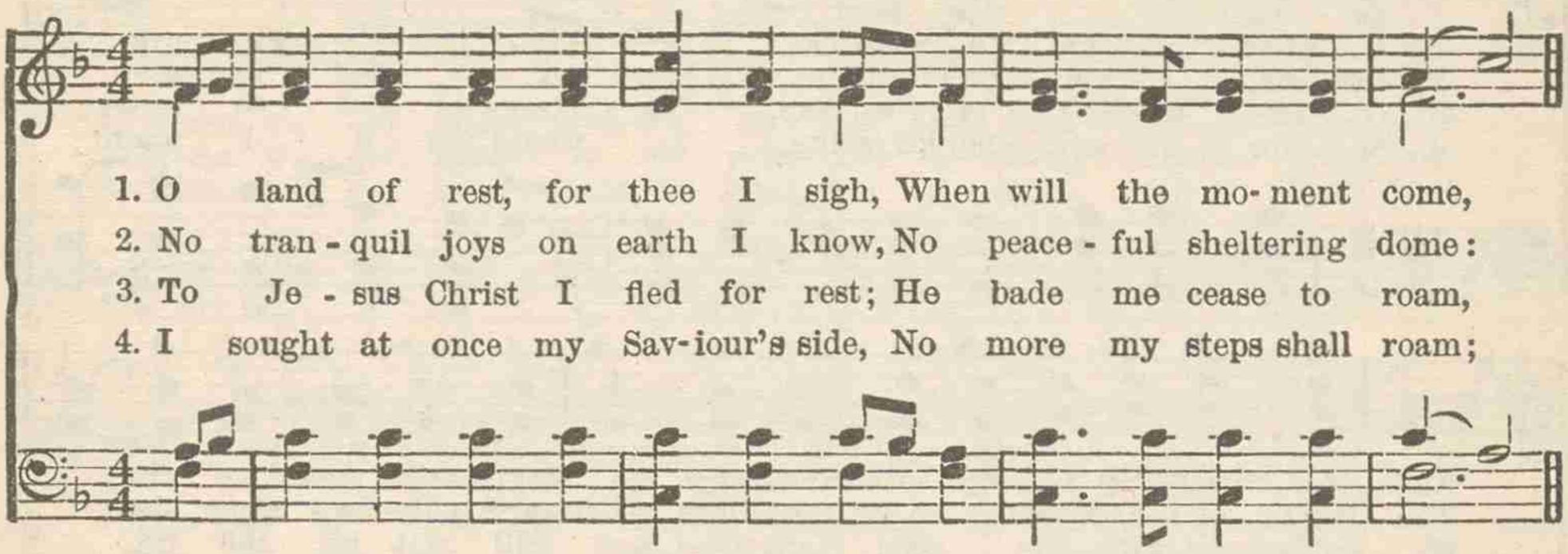
No. 180. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31 : 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

No. 181.

He Knows.

MARY G. BRAINARD. Words arranged by P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,
3. O bliss - ful lack of wis - dom, 'Tis bless - ed not to know;
4. So on I go not know-ing, I would not if I might;

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more bright - ly shines, When earth's il - lu - sions flee;
He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go,
I'd rath - er walk in the dark with God Than go a - lone in the light;

And ev - 'ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur - prise.
And sweet - ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Fol - low me."
And lulls my troub-led soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
I'd rath - er walk by faith with Him Than go a - lone by sight.

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose; And ev - 'ry hour in
per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows; And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll
sing, He knows, He knows. He knows, He knows, He knows.....
He knows.

After last verse only.

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No. 182. When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

Chas. H. Gabriel. James McGranahan.

1. When we get home from our sor-row and care, And we stand with the
2. When we get home to the man-sions a-bove, With the loved ones gone
3. When we get home, when the morn-ing is come, And forth from the

an-gels of light, Oh, what a meet-ing in heav-en there'll be, In that
o-ver be-fore, Oh, who can tell what a joy that will be There, to
cit-y of gold An-gels of God, com-ing down, shall call home All of

land without shad-ow or night; Sor-row and care, trib-u-la-tion and pain We'll
live and re-joice ev-er-more: An-gels will praise, the Re-deem-er will smile, And
those who be-long to His fold; Will you be there, brother, loved ones to greet, Or

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de-spair, storms of tri-al and care We shall
loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be-yond earth-ly stain, We shall
will you for-ev-er be lost? What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures of earth, Or a

Chorus.

leave for that beau-ti-ful home.
dwell in that beau-ti-ful land.
home when death's river is cross'd?
} When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get home to

glo-ry land, Prais-es we'll sing to Je-sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo-ri-fied band.

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No. 183. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the king-dom of
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Saviour has gone to pre-
3. I have read of white robes for the right- eous, Of bright crowns which the glo-ri- fied
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv_ - ing, That vile sin- ners may ask and re-

God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its streets are all gold- en and
pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for- ev - er with Christ o - ver
wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come, en- ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly
ceive Peace and par- don from ev- 'ry trans- gres-sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be-

broad. In the midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys- tal and pure to be-
there; There no sin ev - er en- ters, nor sor- row, The in- hab - i - tants nev - er grow
share;" How the righteous are ev - er- more bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
lieve. I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

hold; But not half of that cit- y's bright glo- ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
old; But not half of the joys that a- wait them To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
gold; But not half of the won-der- ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mer- cy To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

Used by per.

Not Half has ever been Told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not half has ev- er been told;.....

been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

Not half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

No. 184. Are you coming Home to-night?

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Jesus died to win, All footsore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin; Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white; Will you trust His precious promise, Are you coming Home to-night?
2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones? Behold your Lord doth wait: Come, then no long-er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late; Will you come and let Him save you, O trust his love and might; Will you come while He is calling, Are you coming Home to-night?
3. Are you coming Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin; Outside you've long been stand-ing, Come now and ven - ture in; Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite; "Come un-to me," saith Je- sus, Are you coming Home to-night?

rit.....

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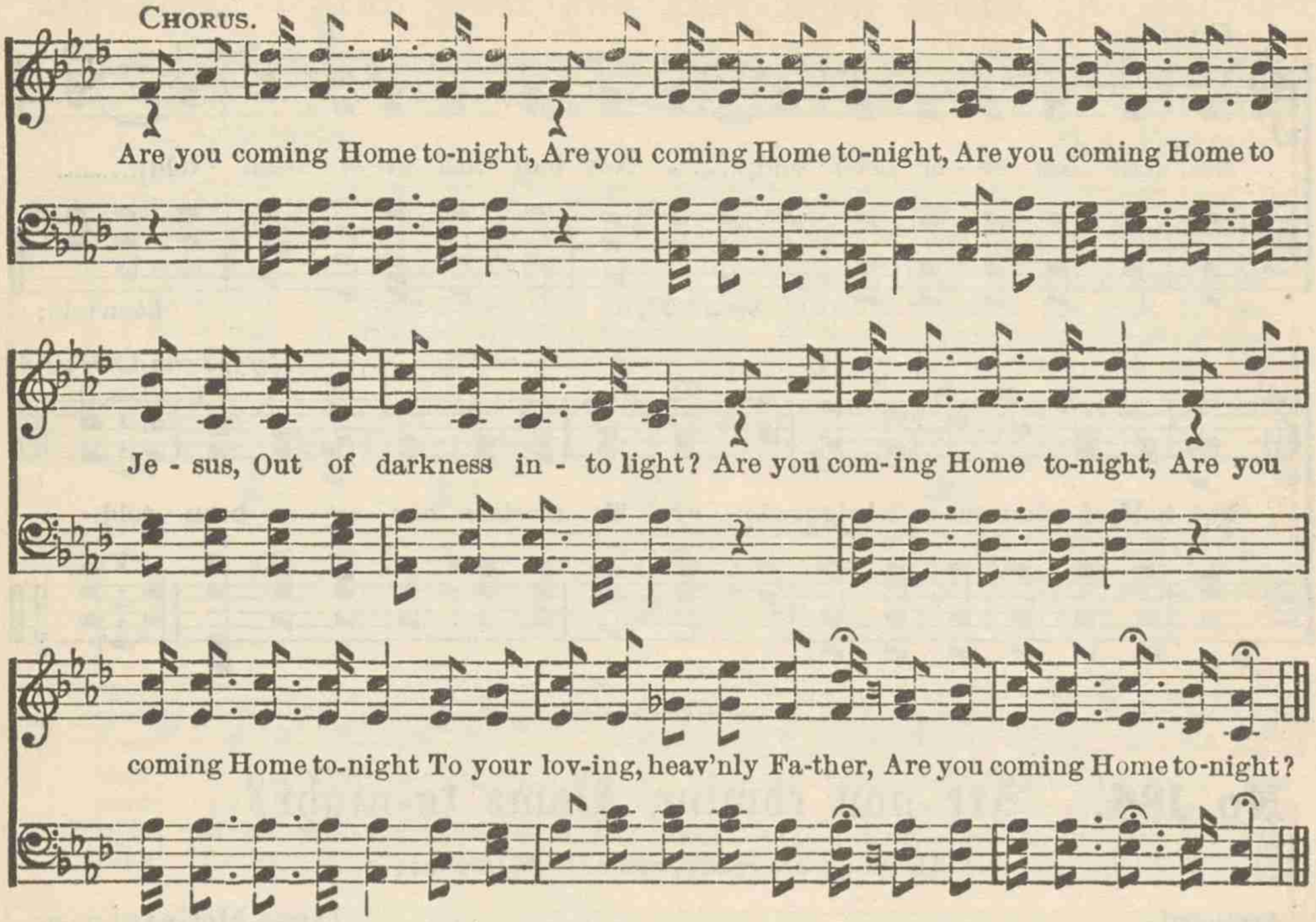
Are you coming Home to-night?

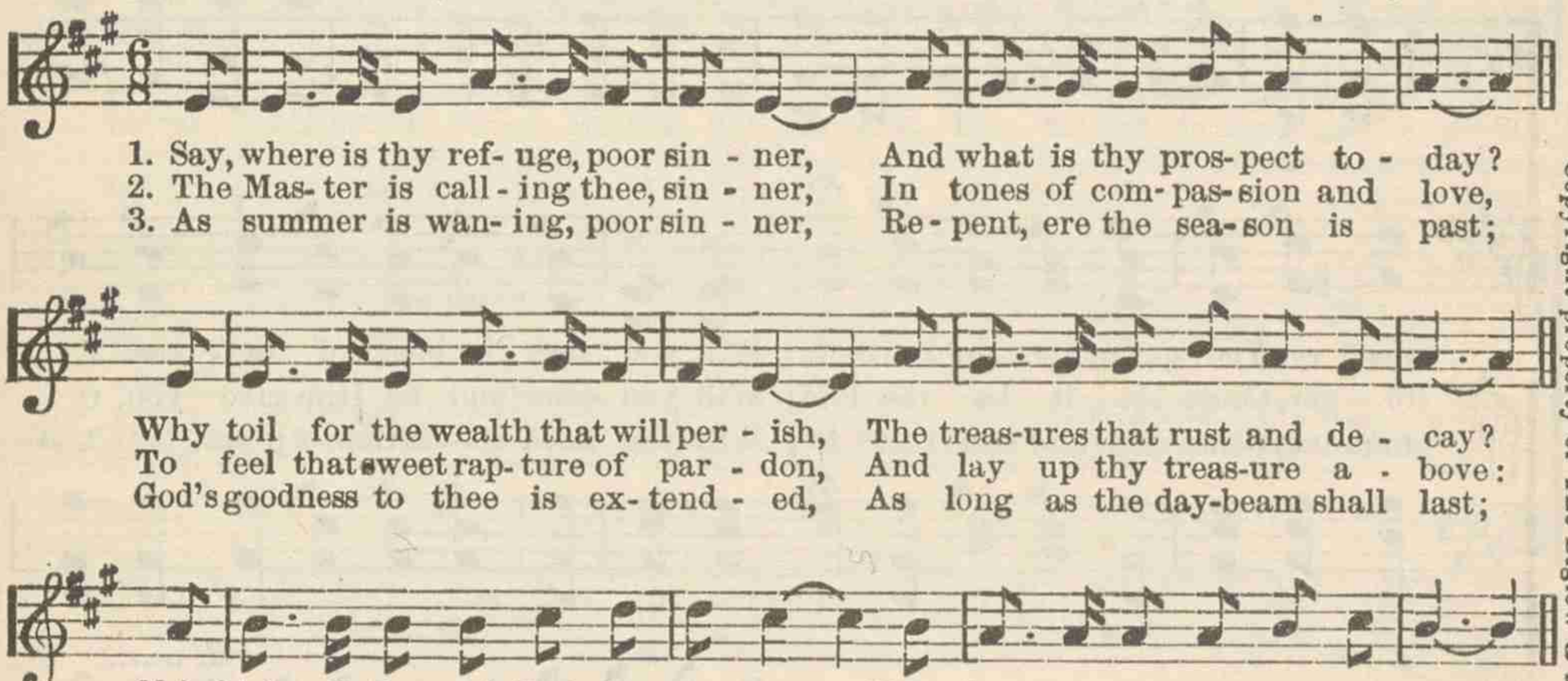
CHORUS.



No. 185. Where is Thy Refuge?

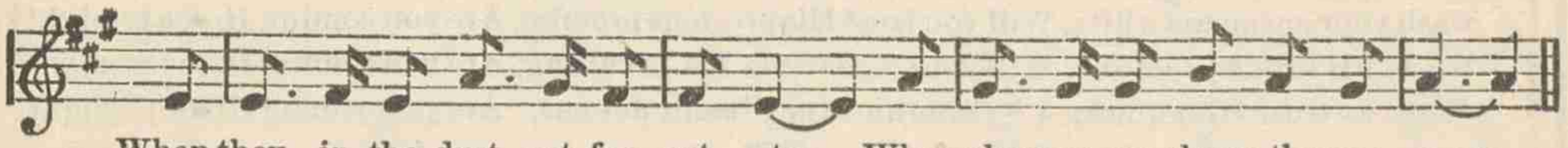
"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.



1. Say, where is thy ref- uge, poor sin - ner, And what is thy pros-pect to - day?
2. The Mas-ter is call - ing thee, sin - ner, In tones of com-pas-sion and love,
3. As summer is wan- ing, poor sin - ner, Re - pent, ere the sea-son is past;

Why toil for the wealth that will per - ish, The treas-ures that rust and de - cay?
To feel that sweet rap-ture of par - don, And lay up thy treas-ure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex-tend - ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

Oh! think of thy soul, that for - ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suf-fered, To ran-som thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warn-ing re-peat - ed With all the bright moments that roll,

When thou, in the dust art for-got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mer - cy will hold thee, The arm that is might - y to save.
Nor say, when the har - vest is end - ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

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Where is Thy Refuge?

CHORUS.

'Twill prof- it thee nothing, but fear- ful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

No. 186. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—ISA. 13 : 2.

Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER. Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our ban- ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers homeward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious
4. Then with Saints and An-gels May we join a - bove, Off'- ring end-less prais - es

To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil- dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—

CHORUS.

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar- row way.
Par- don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus, in His beau - ty;— Songs that nev - er cease.

} Brightly gleams our

ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.

No. 187. He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed race is given!
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a-tone-ment by His blood:
3. Why not be-lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of God re-fuse?

Christ on the cross for you and me Pur-chased a par-don full and free.
When we the glad Good News be-lieve, Then the a-tone-ment we re-ceive.
Why not be-lieve, when God hath said, All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.

CHORUS.

1

He that be-liev-eth, he that be-liev-eth, He that be-liev-eth hath

2

ev-er-last-ing life; He that be-liev-eth hath ev-er-last-ing life.

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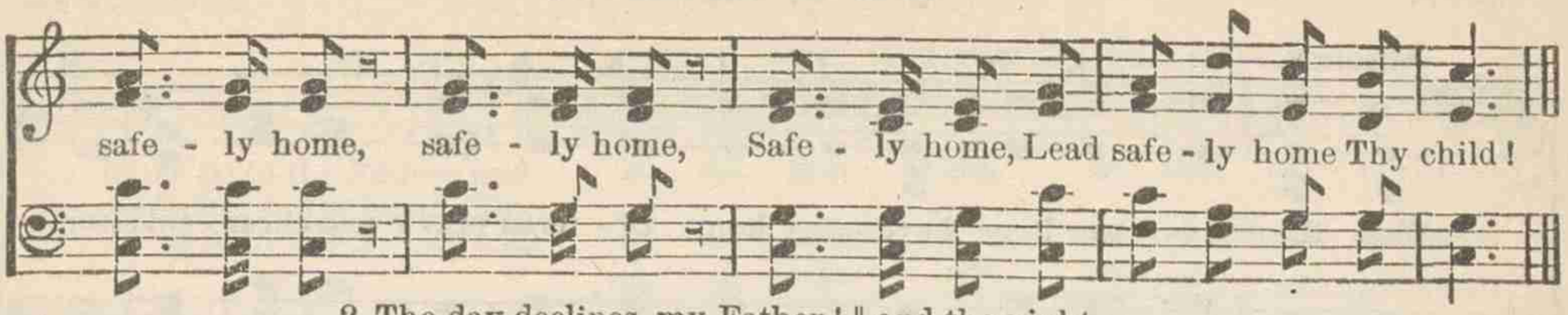
No. 188. Father, Take my Hand.

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

Rev. H. N. COBB. S. J. VAIL.

1. The way is dark my Fa-ther! ‖ { Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunders }
roar a-bove me, ‖ { Yet see, I stand like one bewildered! Father, } take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead

Used by per.

Father, Take my Hand.

2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

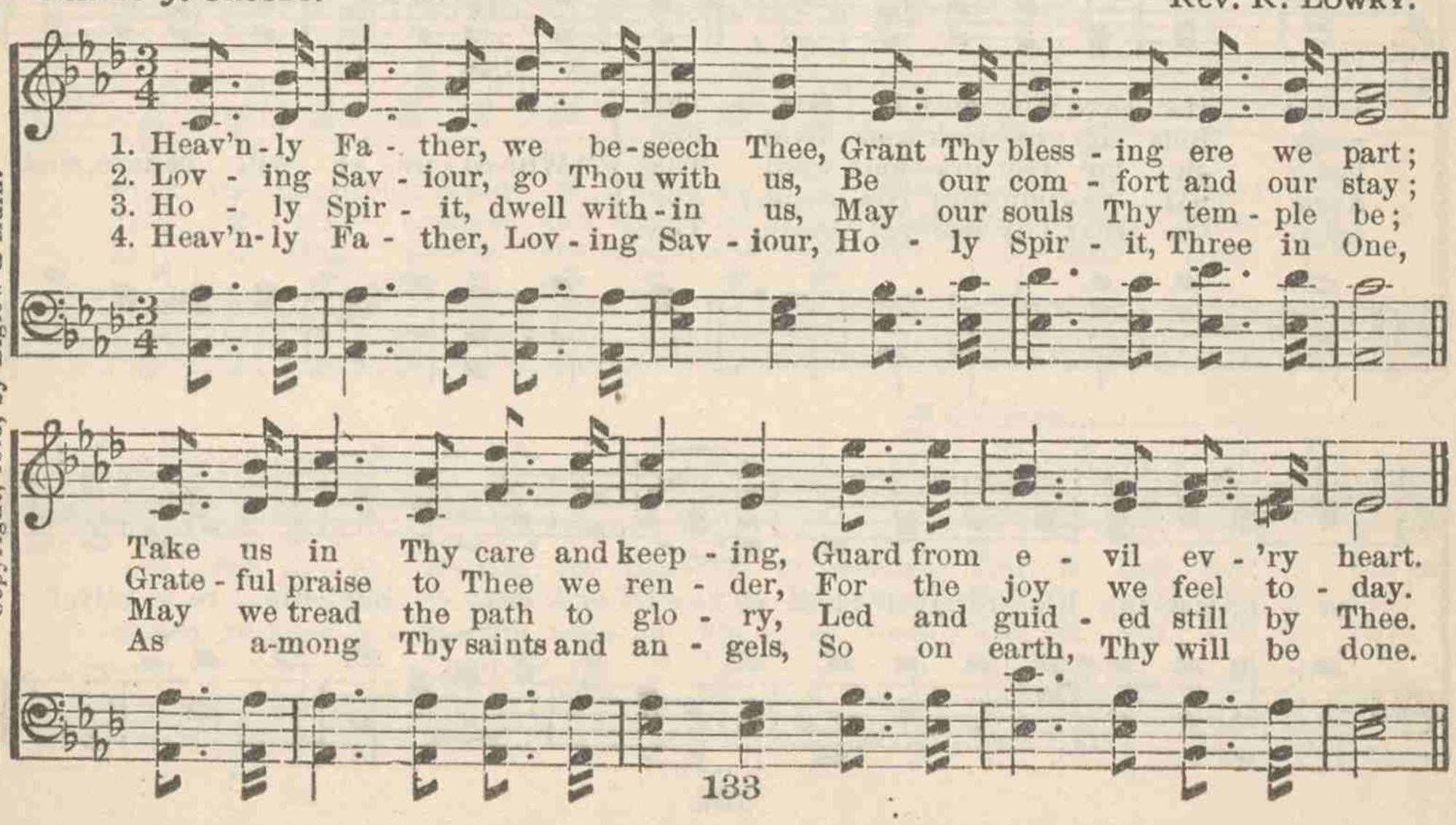
4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

No. 189. Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129 : 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY.

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Parting Hymn.

CHORUS.

Bless the words we here have spo - ken, Of - fered pray'r and cheer - ful strain;

If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain.

No. 190. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—JOHN 3 : 16.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The gos - pel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, "For God so loved the
2. The ser - pent "lift - ed up" Could life and heal - ing give, So Je - sus on the
3. "The soul that sin - neth dies:" My aw - ful doom I heard; I was for - ev - er
4. "Not to con-demn the world" The "Man of sor-rows" came; But that the world might
5. "Lord, help my un - be - lief!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with child-like

world He gave His on - ly Son, That
cross Bids me to look and live; For
lost, But for Thy gra-cious word That } "Who-so - ev - er will believe, shall
have Sal - va - tion thro' His name; For
trust On what Thy gos - pel saith, That

ev - er-last - ing life receive!" Shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"

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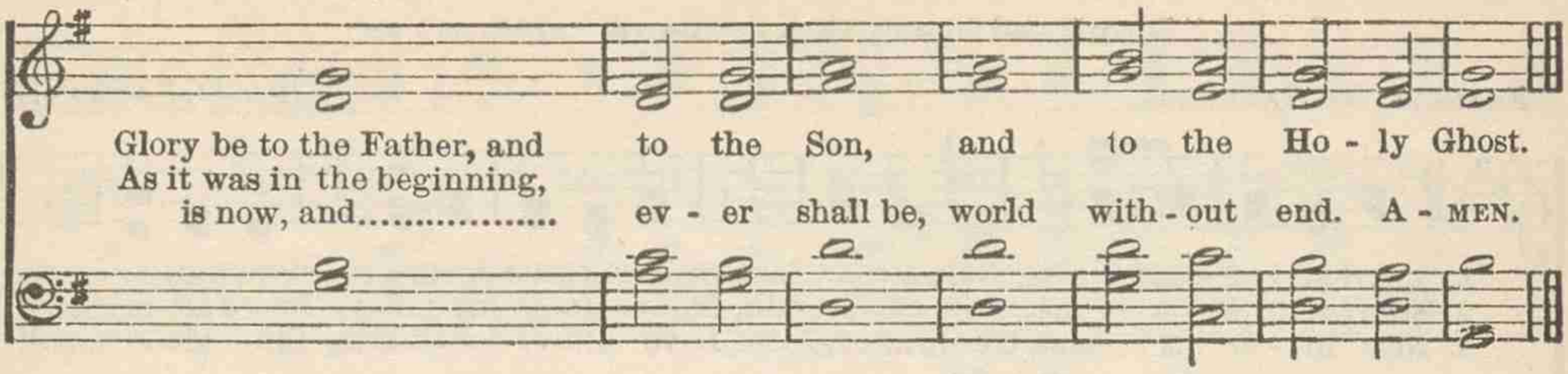
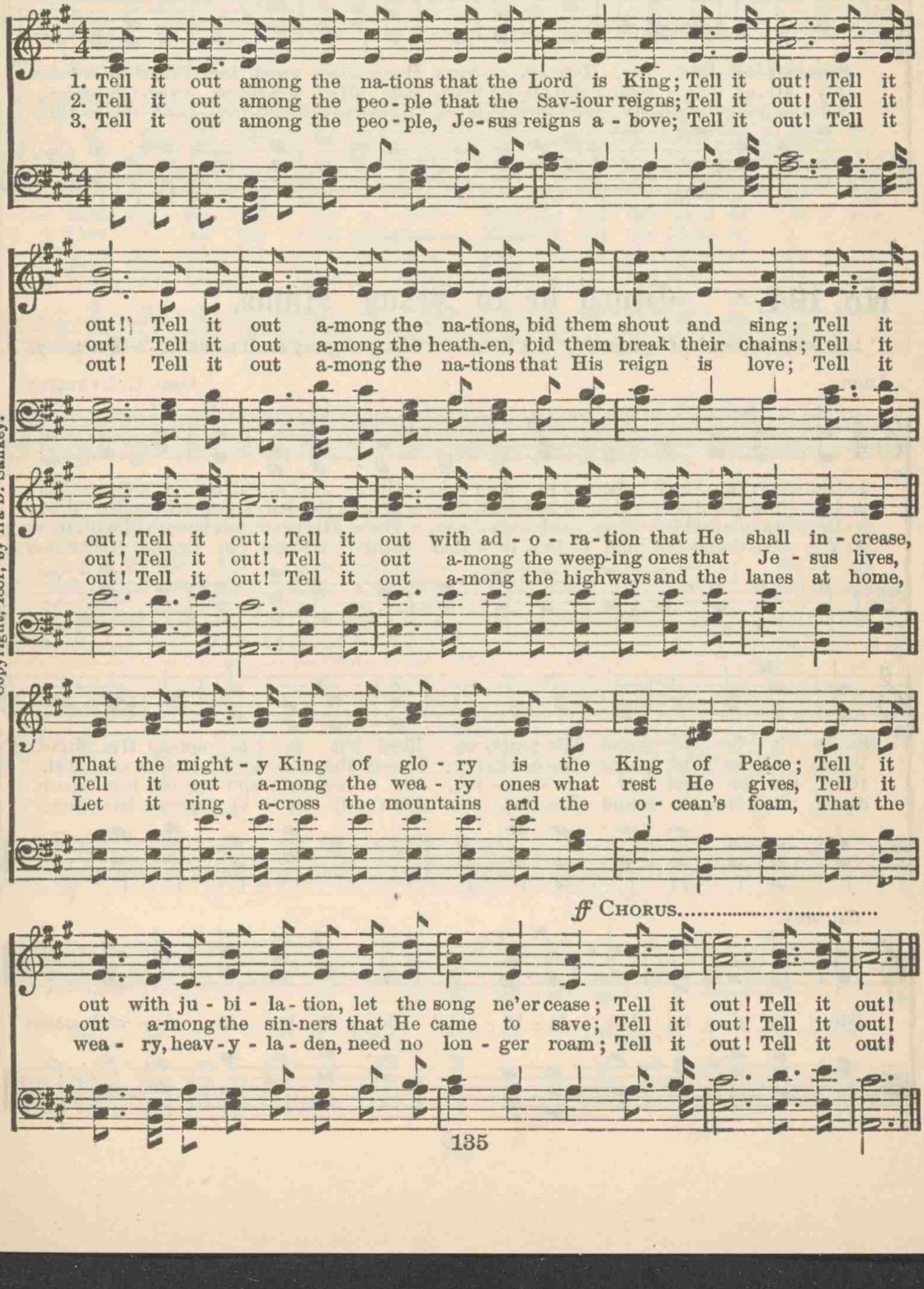
No. 191. Gloria Patri. Anon.

No. 192. Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

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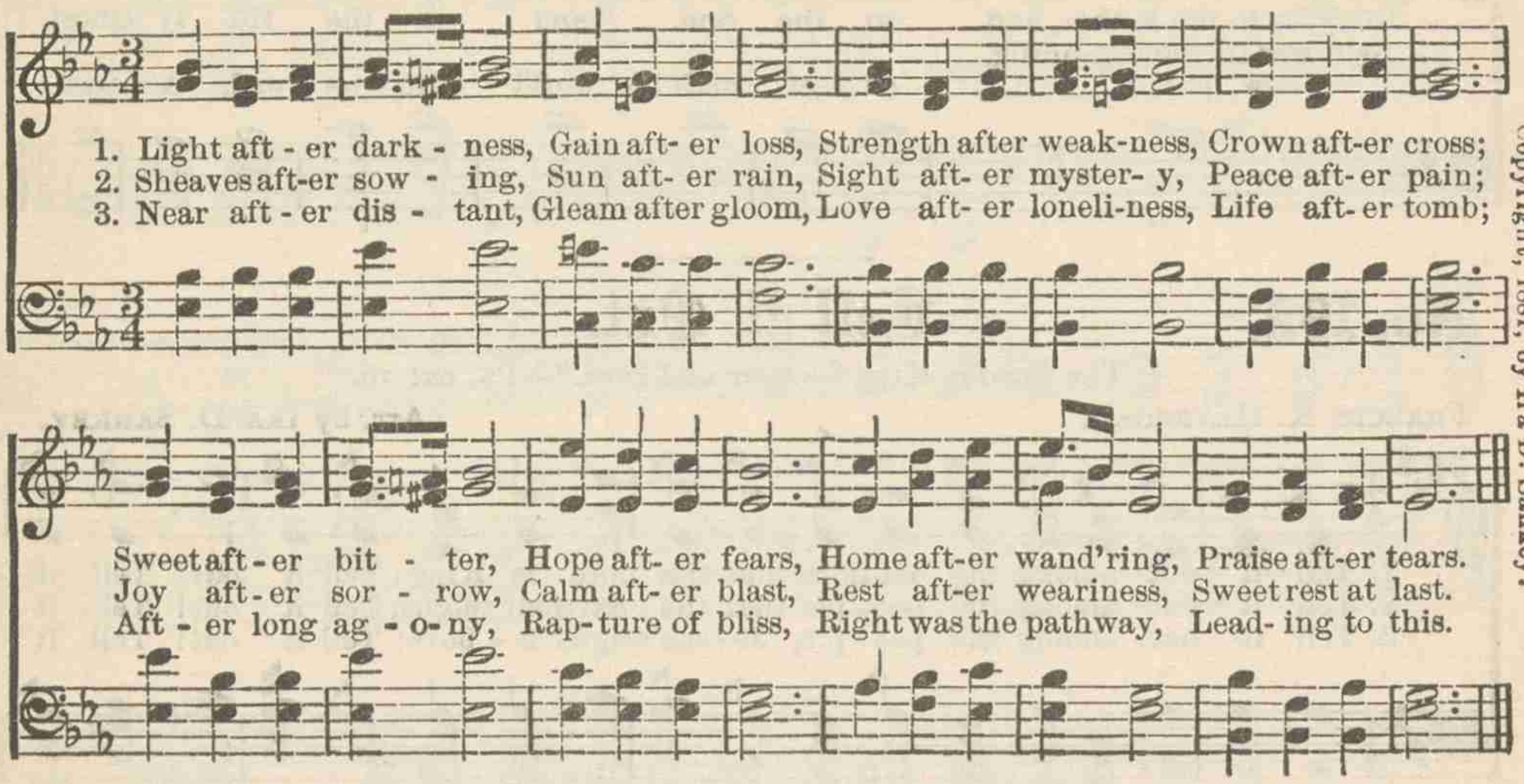
No. 193. Light after Darkness.

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

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.

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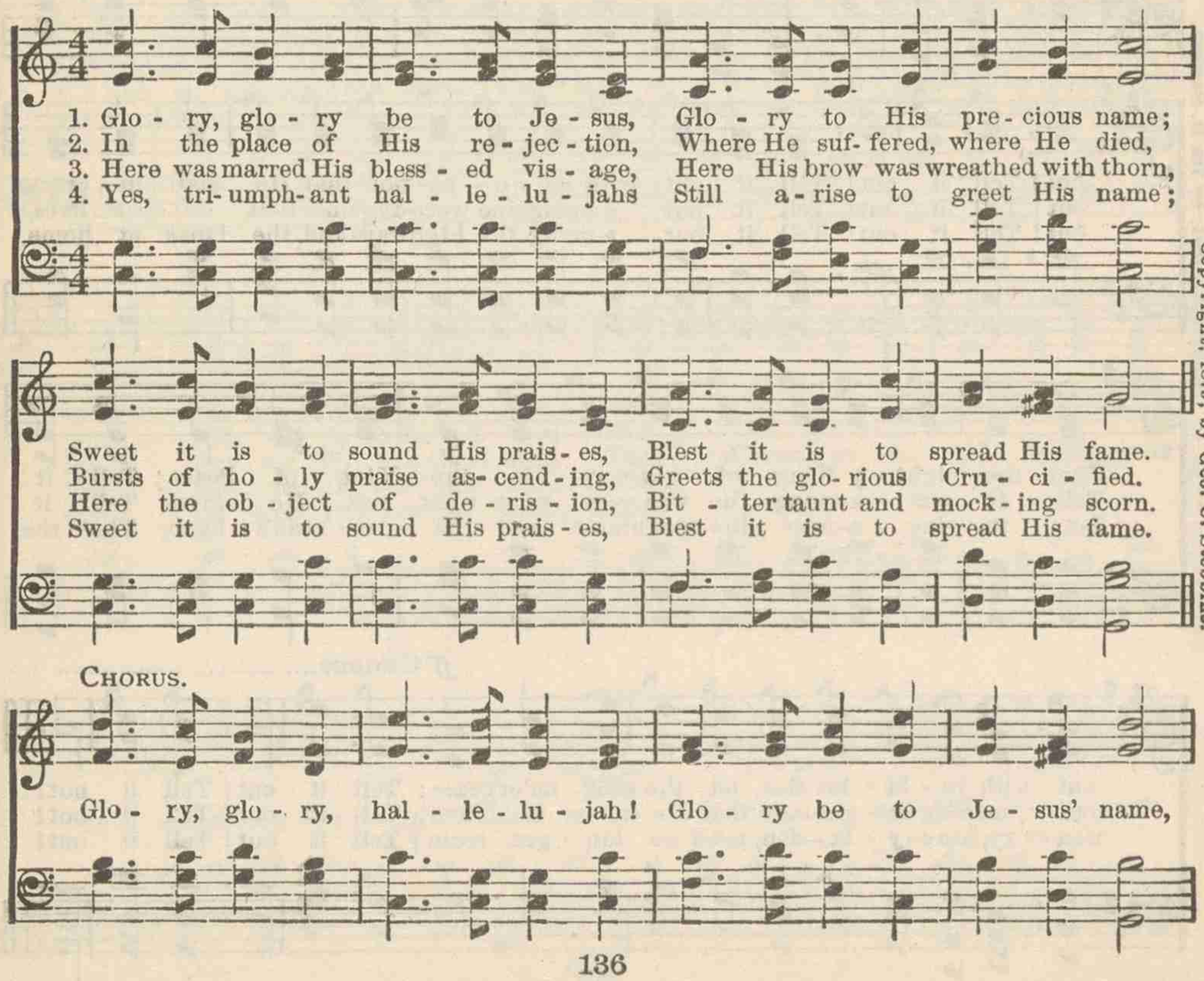
No. 194. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. 24: 7.

Anon. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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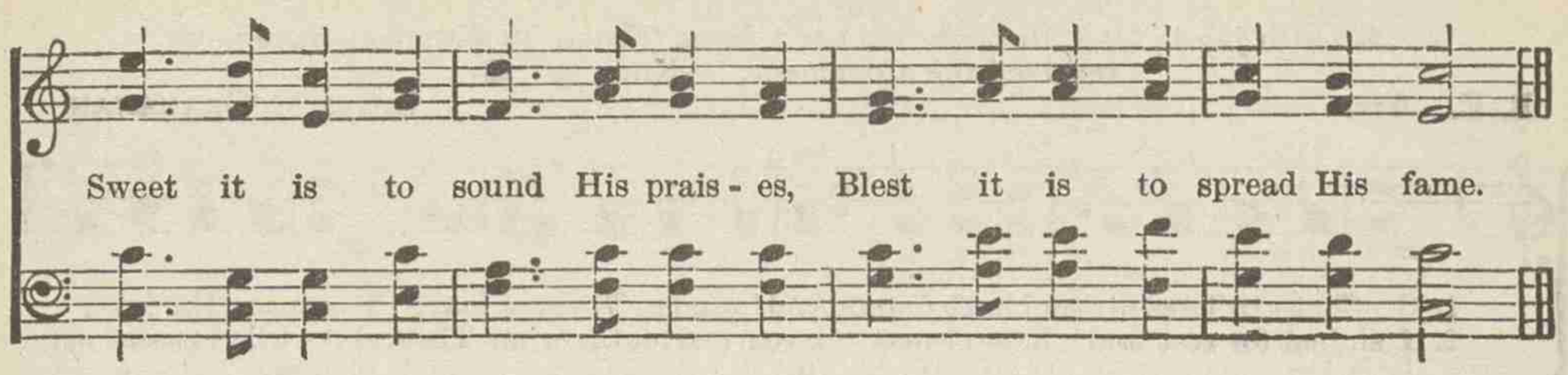
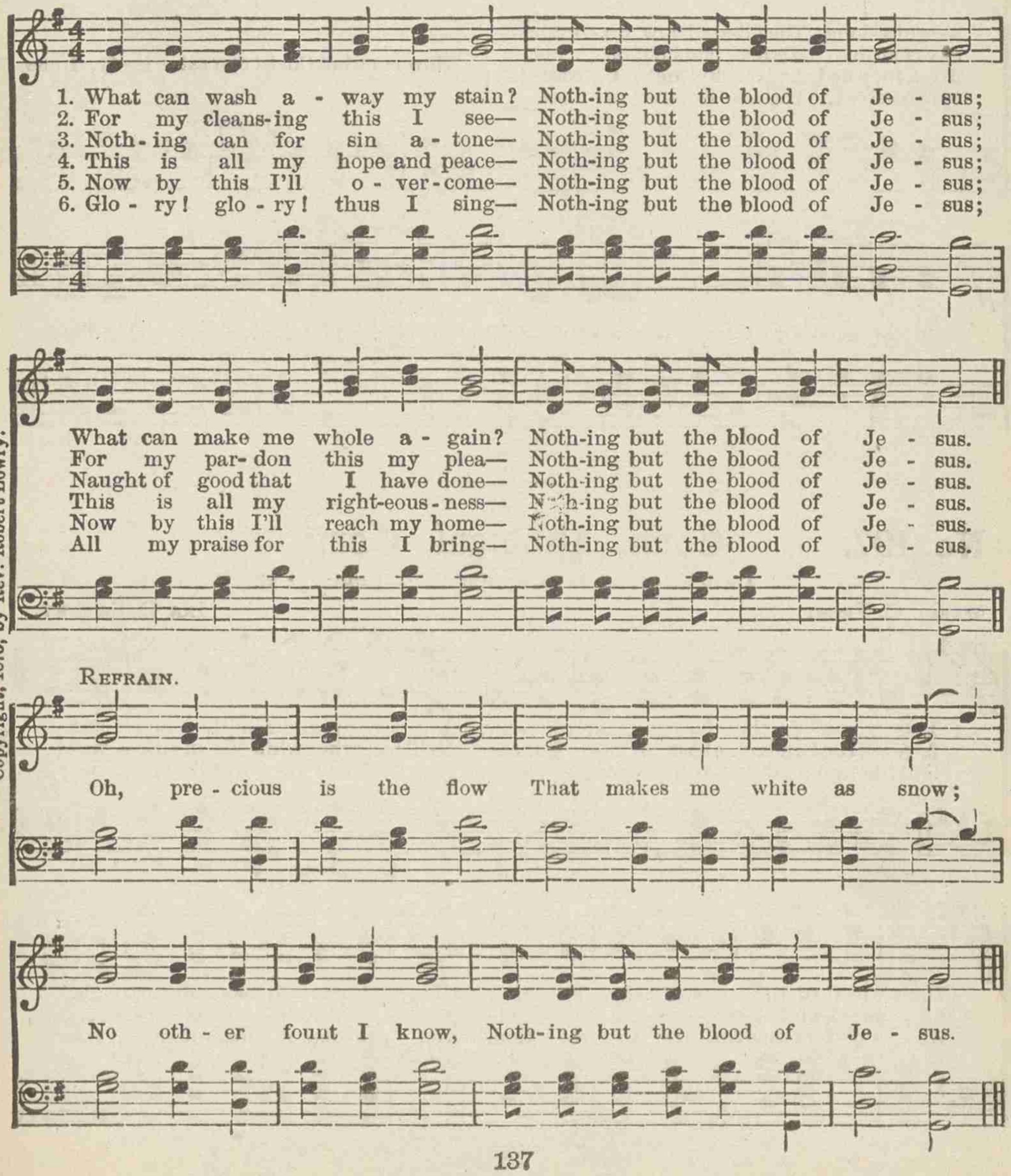
Glory be to Jesus' Name.

No. 195. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9 : 22.

Rev. Robert Lowry. Rev. Robert Lowry.

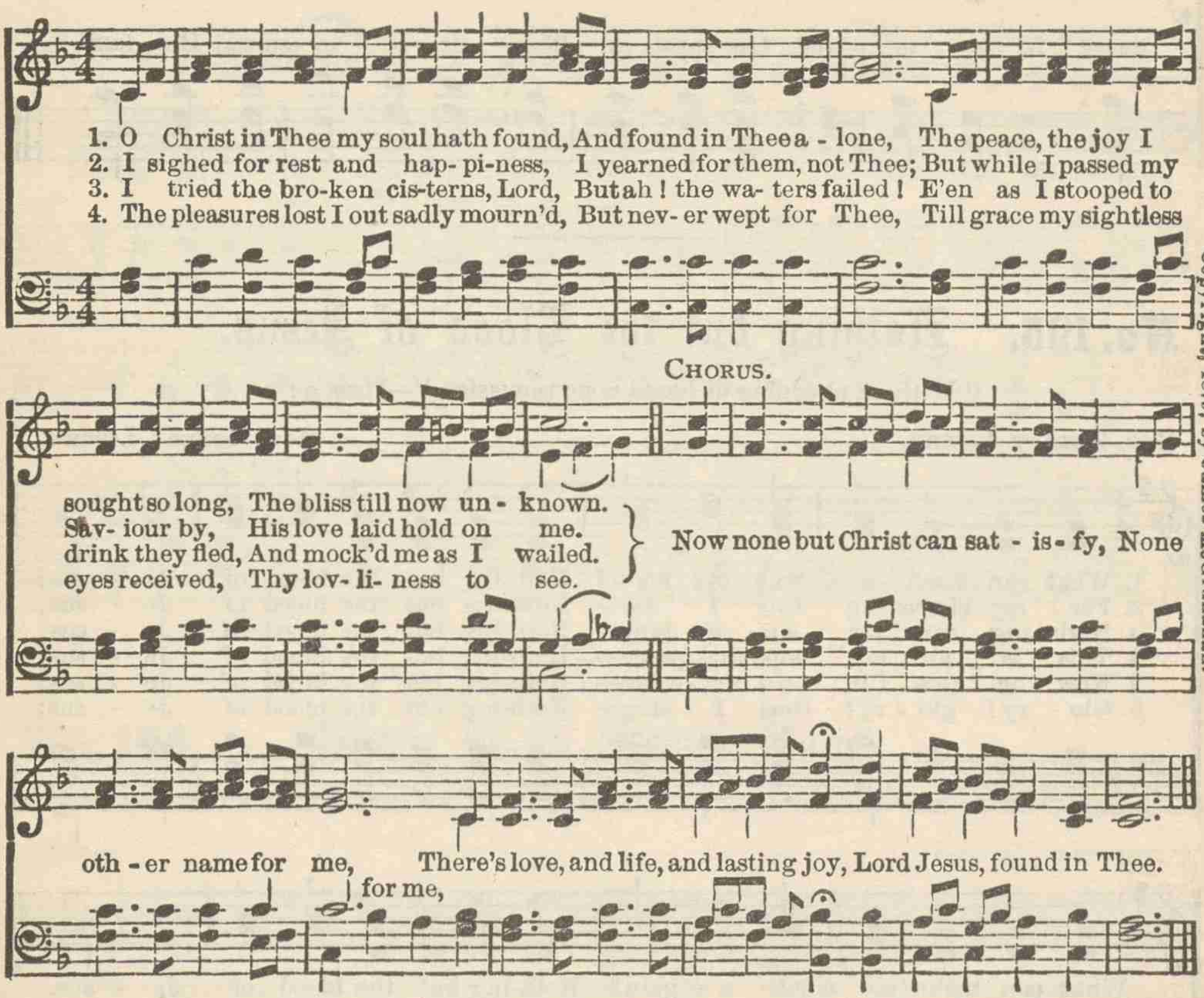


Copyright, 1876, by Rev. Robert Lowry.

No. 196. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—ROM. 5: 118.

B. E. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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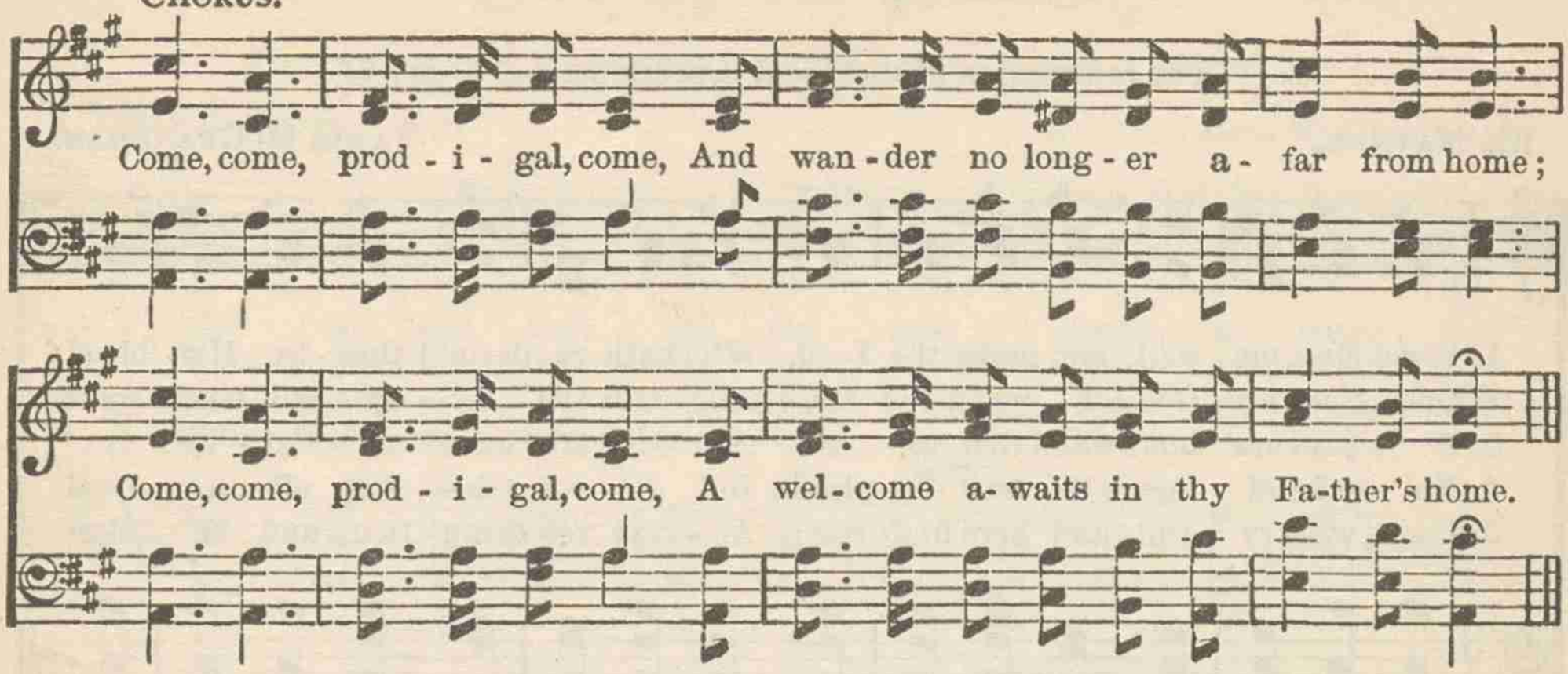
No. 197. Come, Prodigal, Come.

'I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

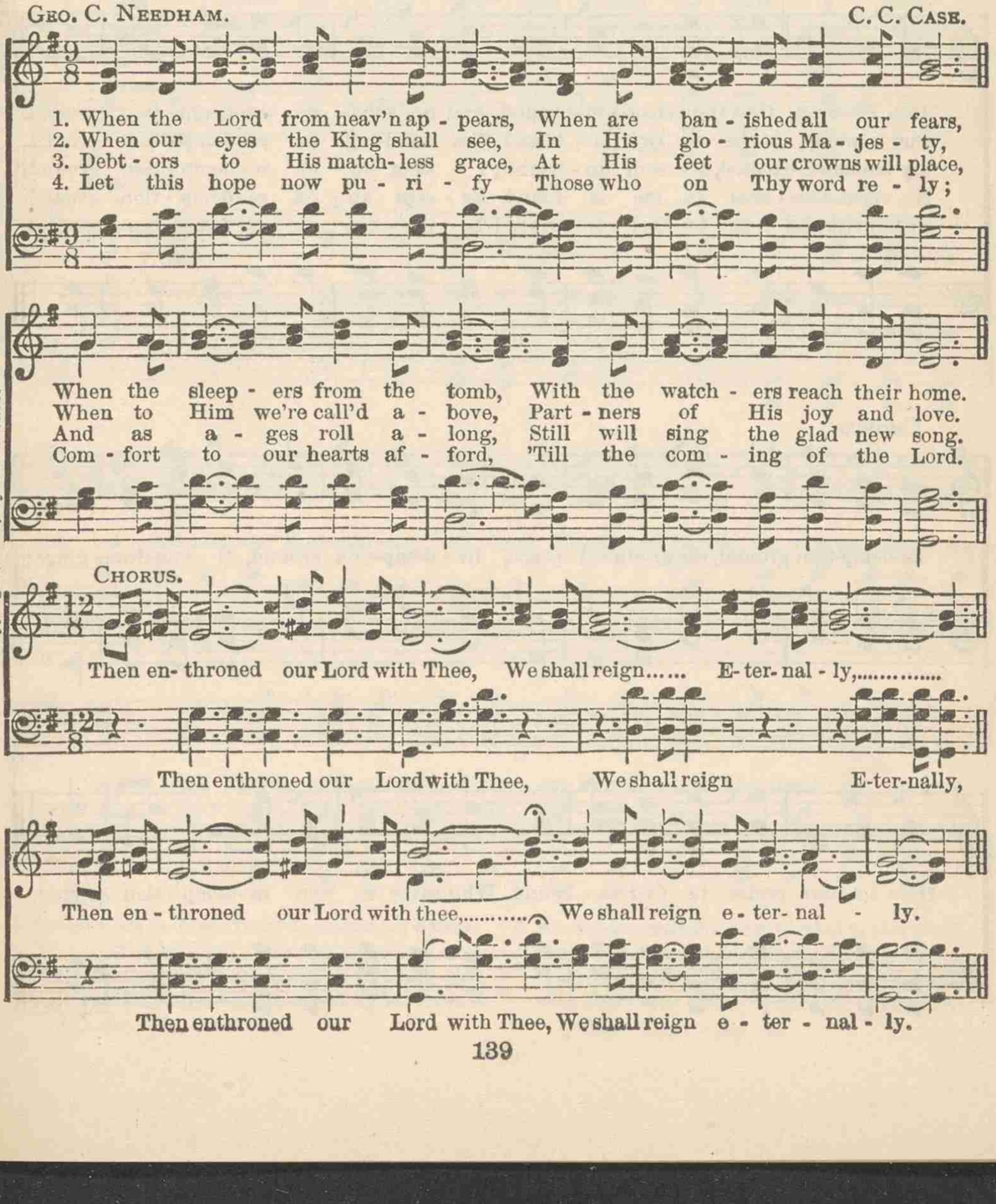
MABEL C. FROST. IRA D. SANKEY.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

Come, Prodigal, Come.

CHORUS.

No. 198. We shall Reign.

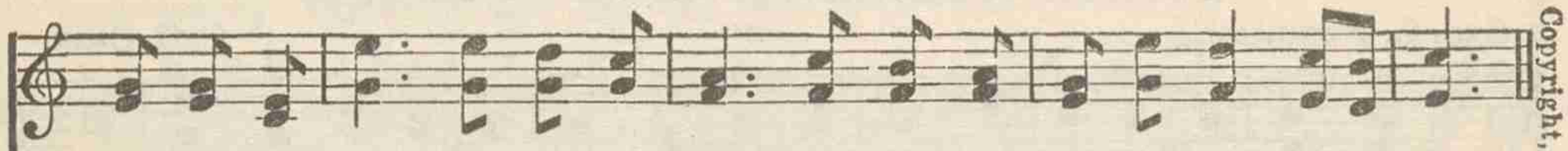
"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 TIM. 2: 12.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

Copyright, 1880, by C. C. Case.

No. 199. Redemption Ground.

"The redemption of their soul is precious."—Ps. 49: 8.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath re-deem'd thee by His blood;
2. Once from my God I wandered far, And with His ho-ly will made war:
3. O joy-ous hour when God to me A vis-ion gave of Cal-va-ry:
4. No works of mer-it now I plead, But Je-sus take for all my need;
5. Come, wea-ry soul, and here find rest; Ac-cept re-demp-tion, and be blest:

De-liv-ered thee from chains that bound, And bro't thee to re-demp-tion ground.
But now my songs to God a-bound; I'm stand-ing on re-demp-tion ground.
My bonds were loosed, my soul un-bound; I sang up-on re-demp-tion ground.
No right-eous-ness in me is found, Ex-cept up-on re-demp-tion ground.
The Christ who died, by God is crown'd To par-don on re-demp-tion ground.

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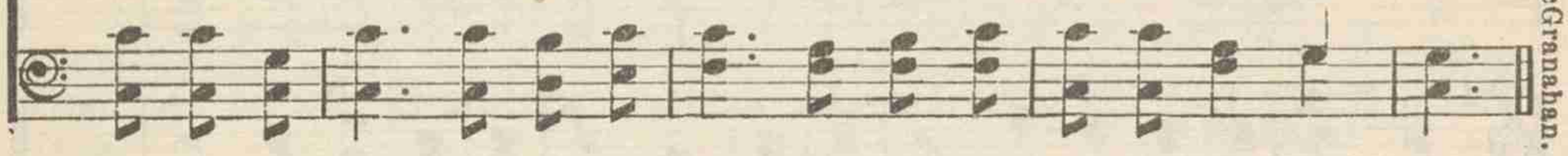
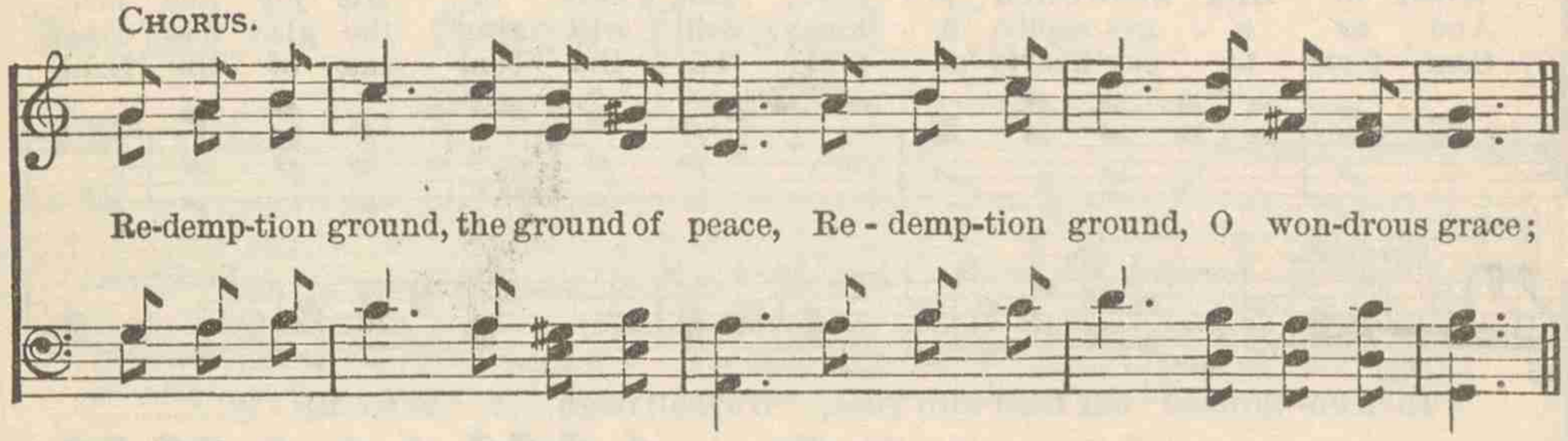
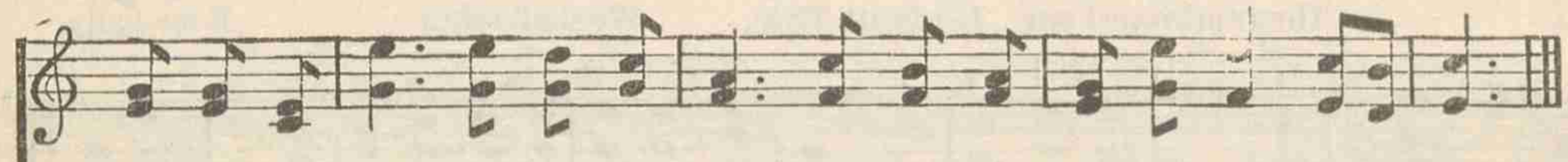
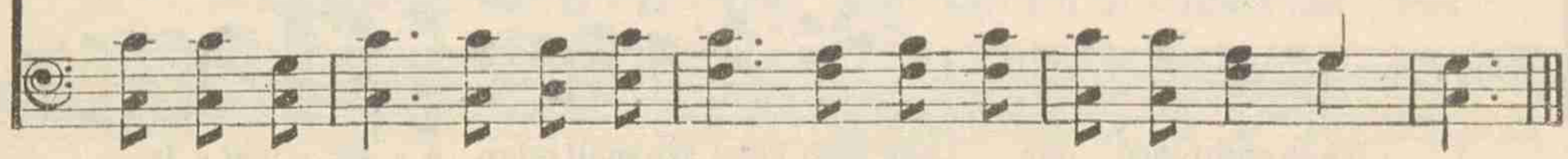

CHORUS.

Re-demp-tion ground, the ground of peace, Re-demp-tion ground, O won-drous grace;

Here let our praise to God a-bound, Who saves us on re-demp-tion ground.

No. 200. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—SONG OF SOL. 2: 10.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr. Arr. by JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Rise up, and hast - en! my soul, haste a - long! And
   Home, home is near - ing, 'tis com - ing in - to view, A

2. Why should we lin - ger when heav - en lies be - fore! While
   Pleas - ures and treas - ures which once here we knew, No

speed on thy jour - ney with hope and with song;
lit - tle more of toil - ing and then to earth a - dieu.
earth's fast re - ced - ing, and soon will be no more;
more can they charm us with such a goal in view.

CHORUS.

Come then, come, and raise the joy - ful song! Ye chil - dren of the
wil - der-ness, our time can - not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de -
lay? The morn of heav'n is dawn - ing, we're near the break of day.

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3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

No. 201. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10: 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
4. In that beau-ti-ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For all that are washed

a - mong men, How He called lit-tle children as lambs to His fold, I should
a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now earn-est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall
and for - given; And ma - ny dear children are gath - er - ing there, For "Of

like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then.
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
see Him and hear Him a - bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
such is the king-dom of heaven." For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

By per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 202. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"I will trust in thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je-sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt-y, lost, and help-less,
2. Je-sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word, Since Thy voice of mer - cy
3. Je-sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Who-so - ev - er com - eth,

Thou canst make me whole. There is none in heav - en or on earth like Thee:
I have oft-en heard, When Thy Spir-it teach-eth, to my taste how sweet—
Thou wilt not cast out," Faith-ful is Thy prom - ise, precious is Thy blood—

D.S.—Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

FINE. CHORUS.

Thou hast died for sin-ners—therefore Lord for me.
On - ly may I hearken, sit - ting at Thy feet.
These my soul's sal - va - tion, Thou my Sav - iour God!

In Thy love con-fid - ing

Guilt-y, lost, and help-less, Thou canst make me whole.

D.S.

I will seek Thy face, Wor-ship and a - dore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

No. 203. Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 COR. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who re-deemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Sav - iour, I be - liev - ing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own!" my time, my tal - ent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord ac - cepts me, One a - mong the ransomed throng,

Glad - ly I ac - cept the mes - sage, I be - long to Christ the Lord.
Ev - 'ry - thing to Him com - mit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
To be used in joy - ful serv - ice For the glo - ry of my King.
Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be - long.

CHORUS.

"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I..... be-long to

Oh, no! Oh, no! Je - sus, I be - long, be - -

long to Thee!

Thee!..... All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.

long to Thee!

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No. 204 Over Jordan.

(Read Duet. 11 : 31. 8 : 7, 8.)

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. J. R. Murray.

1. With His dear and lov - ing care, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rock - y wil - der - ness, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
2. With His strong and might - y hand, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To that
4. In the Prom - ised Land to be, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, Till fair

hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet
land we shall pos - sess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the won-drous ray,
good and pleas - ant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and ol - ive grow,
Ca-naan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,

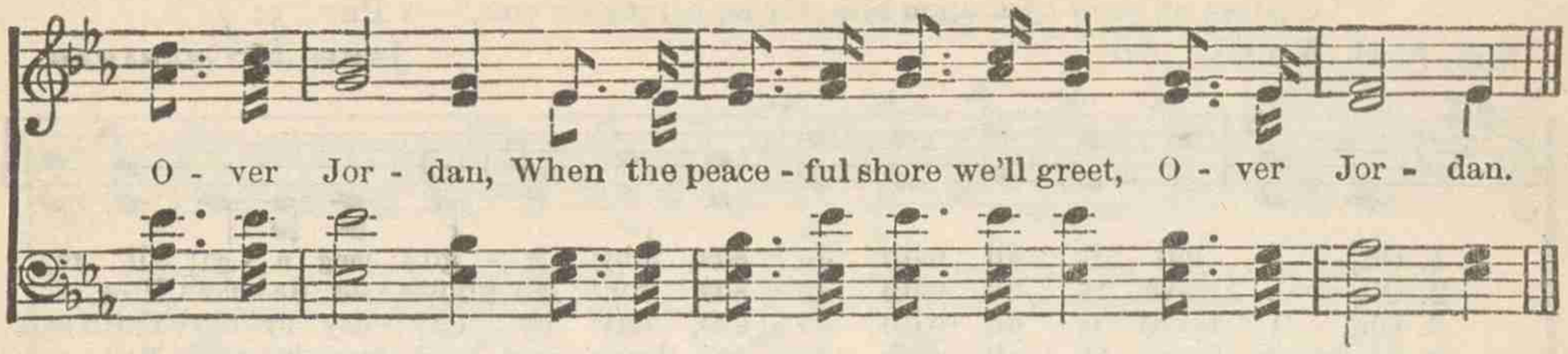
By the crys - tal wa - ters, sweet, When the peace - ful shore we greet,
Cloud - y pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
And the brooks and fount - ains flow, Thirst nor hun - ger shall we know,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed,

Chorus.

O - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet, By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan,

From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.

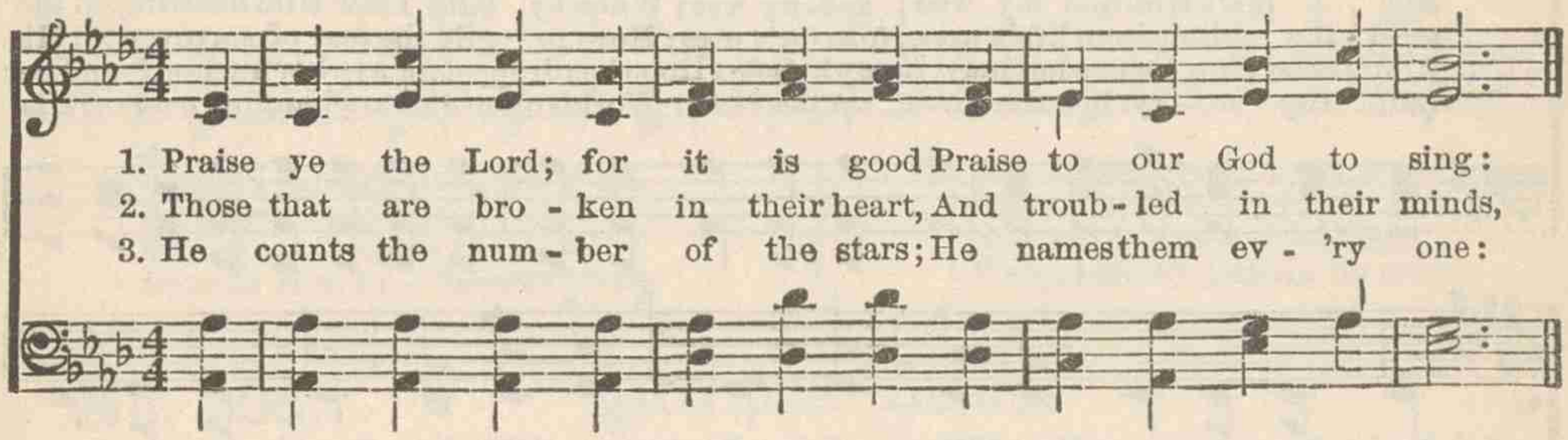
Ober Jordan.

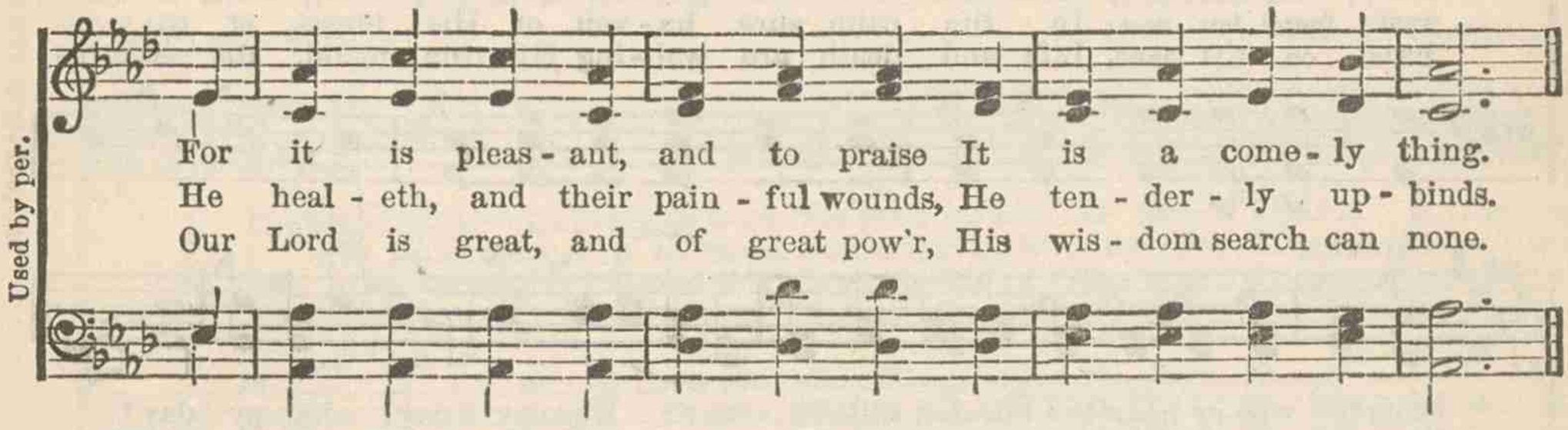


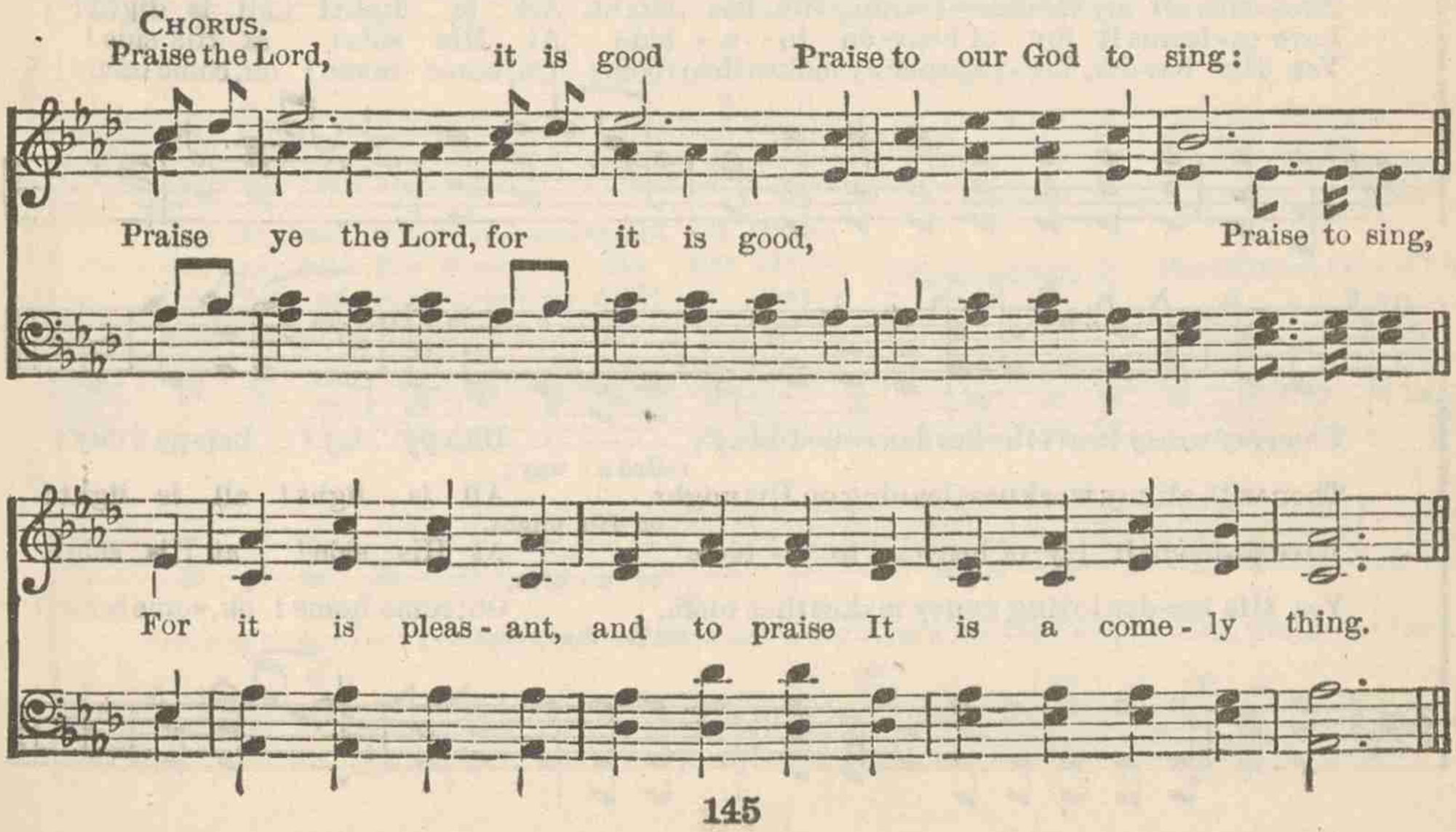
No. 205. Praise Ye the Lord.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; he healeth the broken in heart * * he telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147 : 1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version. C. E. Pollock.







No. 206. I Left it all with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

Mrs. E. H. Willis. Arr. James McGranahan.

1. Oh, I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my sins I bro't Him and my woe; and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whis-per, "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows, How to steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile, with His smile, Make the des - ert gar-den bloom a - while, bloom a - while,
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may; come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha-ven of His breast, of His breast,
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je - sus, droop - ing soul; droop-ing soul; Tell not half thy sto - ry but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand, on His hand, Life and death are wait-ing His com - mand, His com-mand,

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Chorus.

From my wea-ry heart the bur-den rolled a - way: Hap-py day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love es-teems it joy of heav-en to a - bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His ten-der, lov-ing mer-cy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

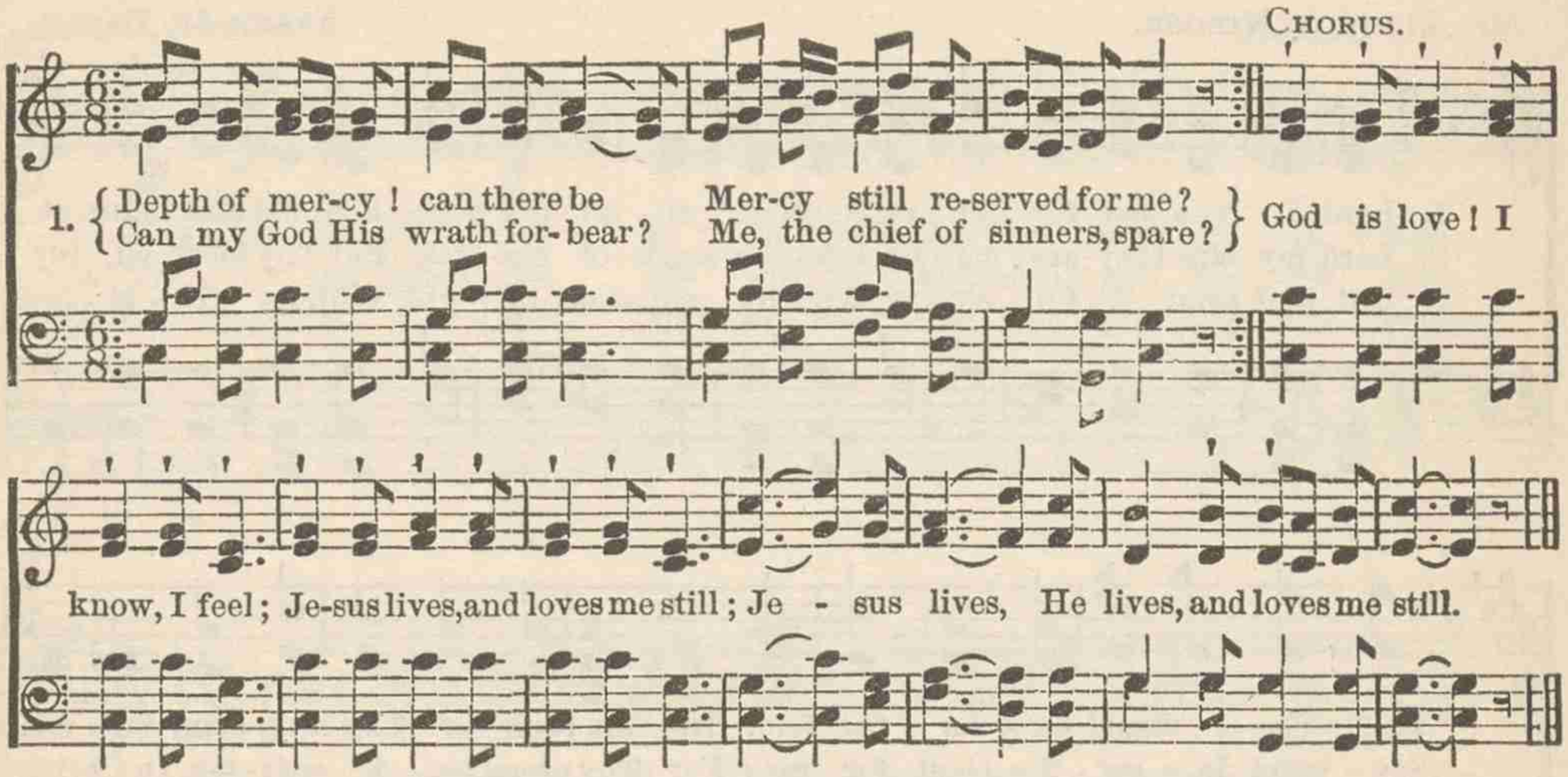
From my weary heart the burden rolled away; Hap-py day! hap-py day!
rolled a - way;
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
on His might,
Love es-teems it joy of heaven to a - bide, At His side! at His side!
to a - bide,
Yes, His ten-der loving mercy makes thee room, Oh, come home! oh, come home!
makes thee room,

No. 207.

Depth of Mercy.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4 : 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. From J. STEVENSON.

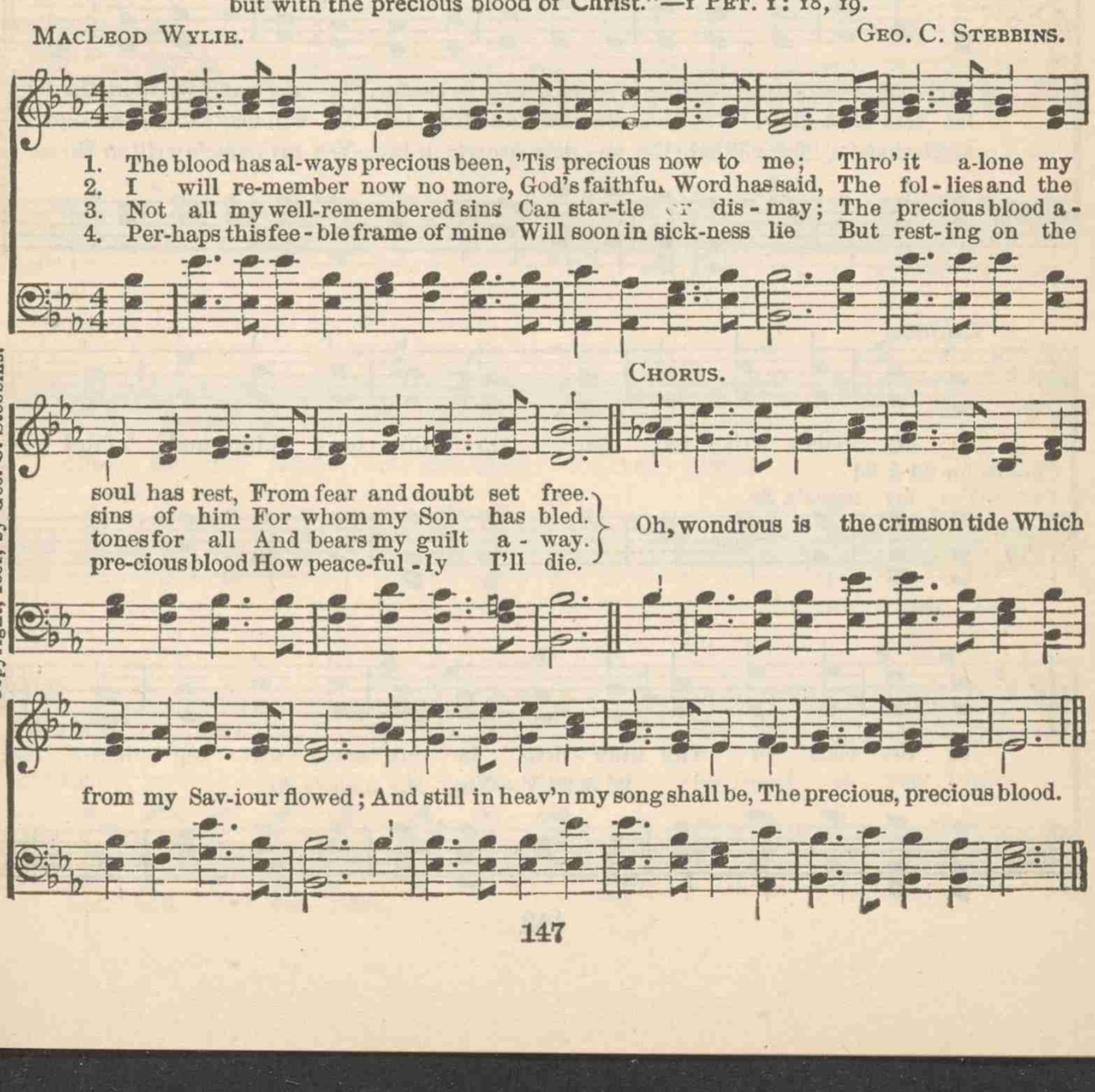
CHORUS.

2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 208.

Precious Blood.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold * * * but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1 : 18, 19.

MACLEOD WYLIE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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No. 209. Is my Name written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its
Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright
be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's written there.

Used by per.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

CHORUS for 2d & 3d
Verses. Yes, my name's, &c.

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.

No. 210. My Soul will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

Moderato.

1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my-self re - sign;
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weak - ness in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
In Je - sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

Refrain.

My soul will o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o - ver-

come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver - come, o - ver-

O - ver-come, My

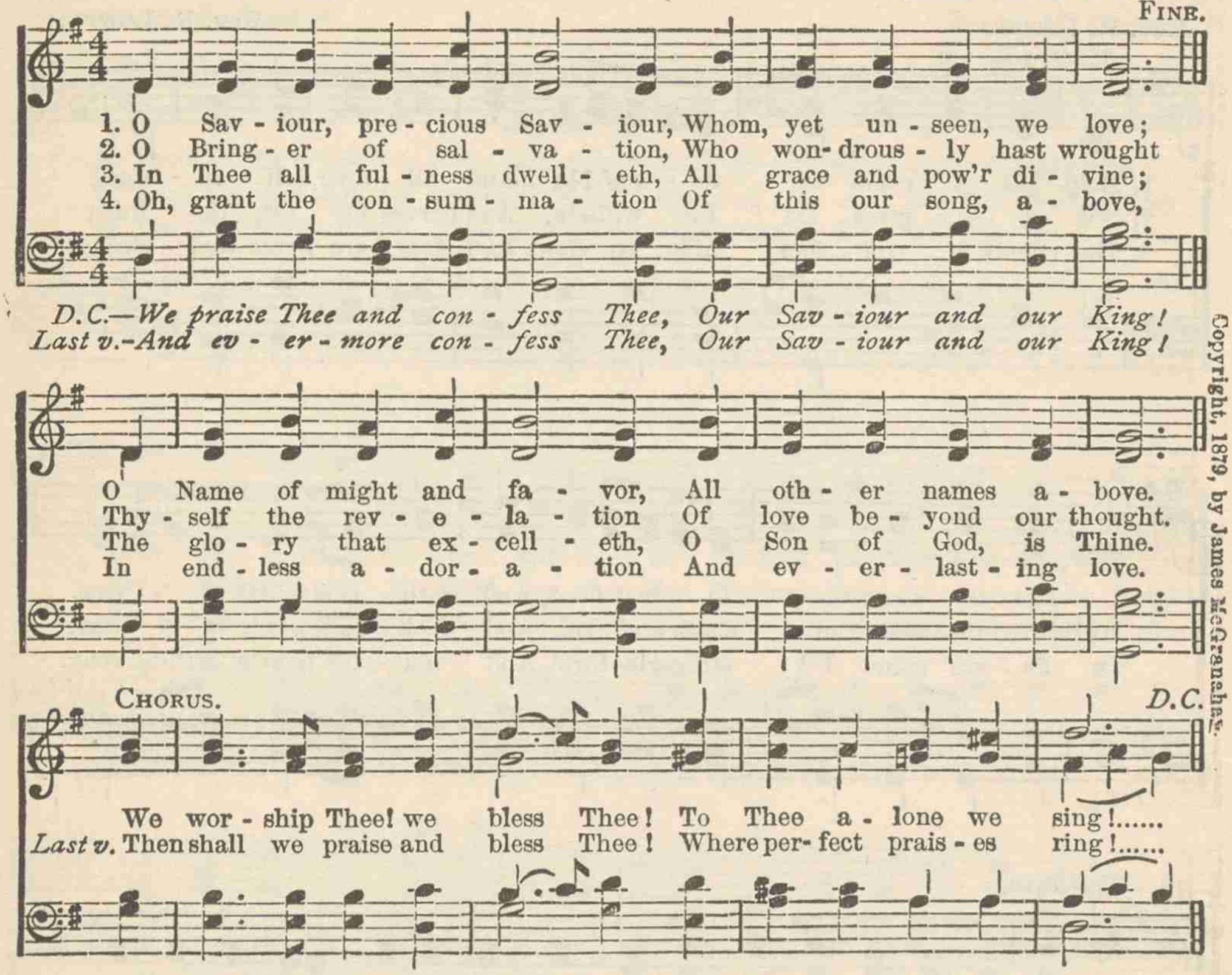
come, O - ver- come by the blood of the Lamb.

soul will o - ver - come.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. R. Lowry.

No. 211. We Worship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1 : 8.

Frances R. Havergal. James McGranahan.

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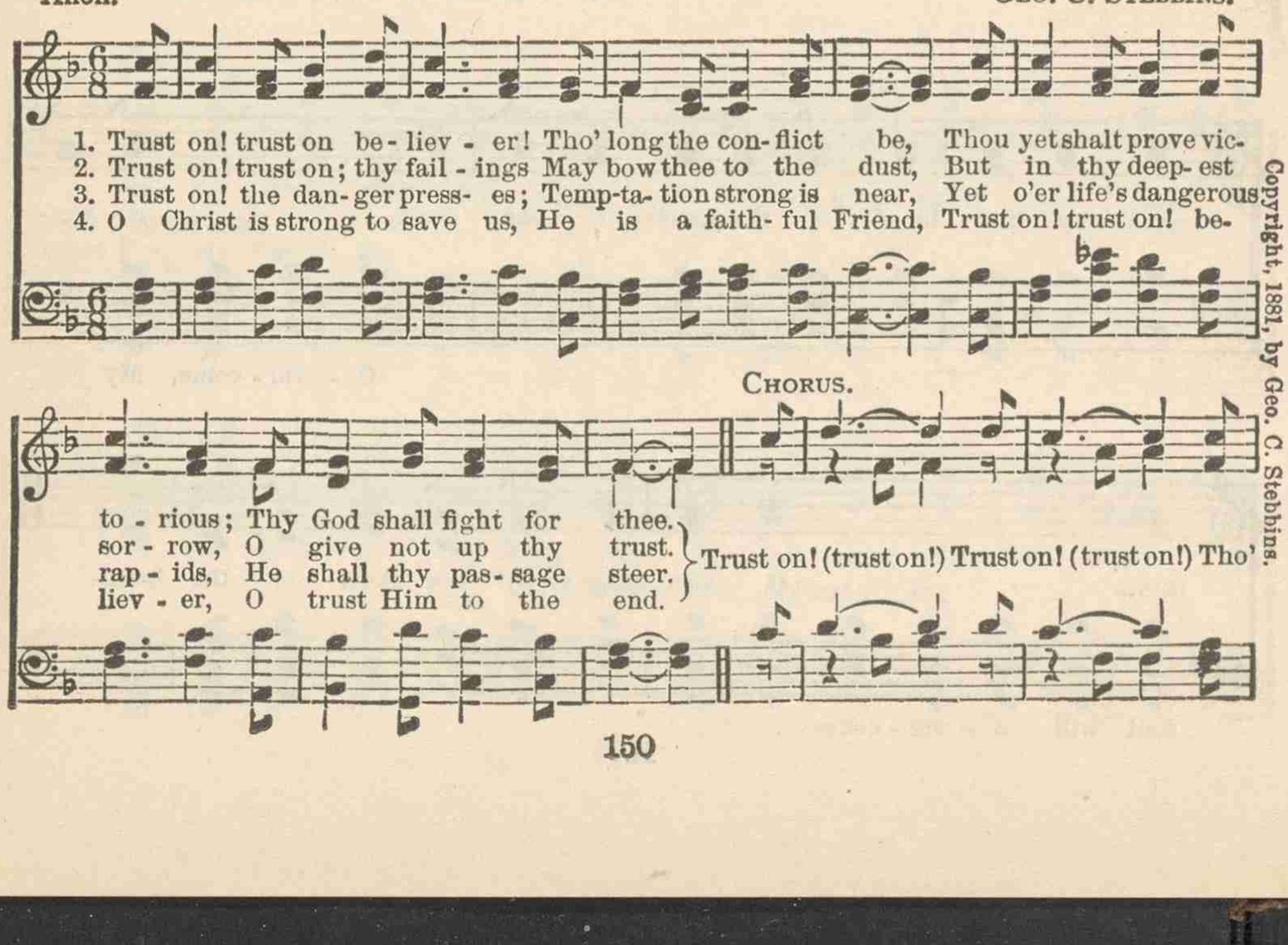
No. 212. Trust On!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—Prov. 3 : 5.

Anon. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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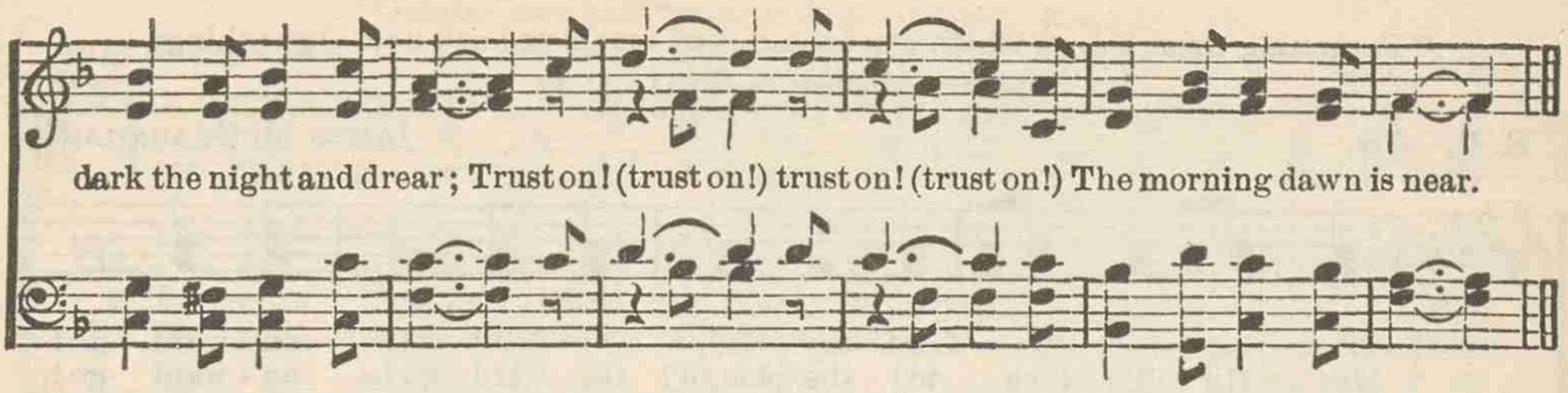
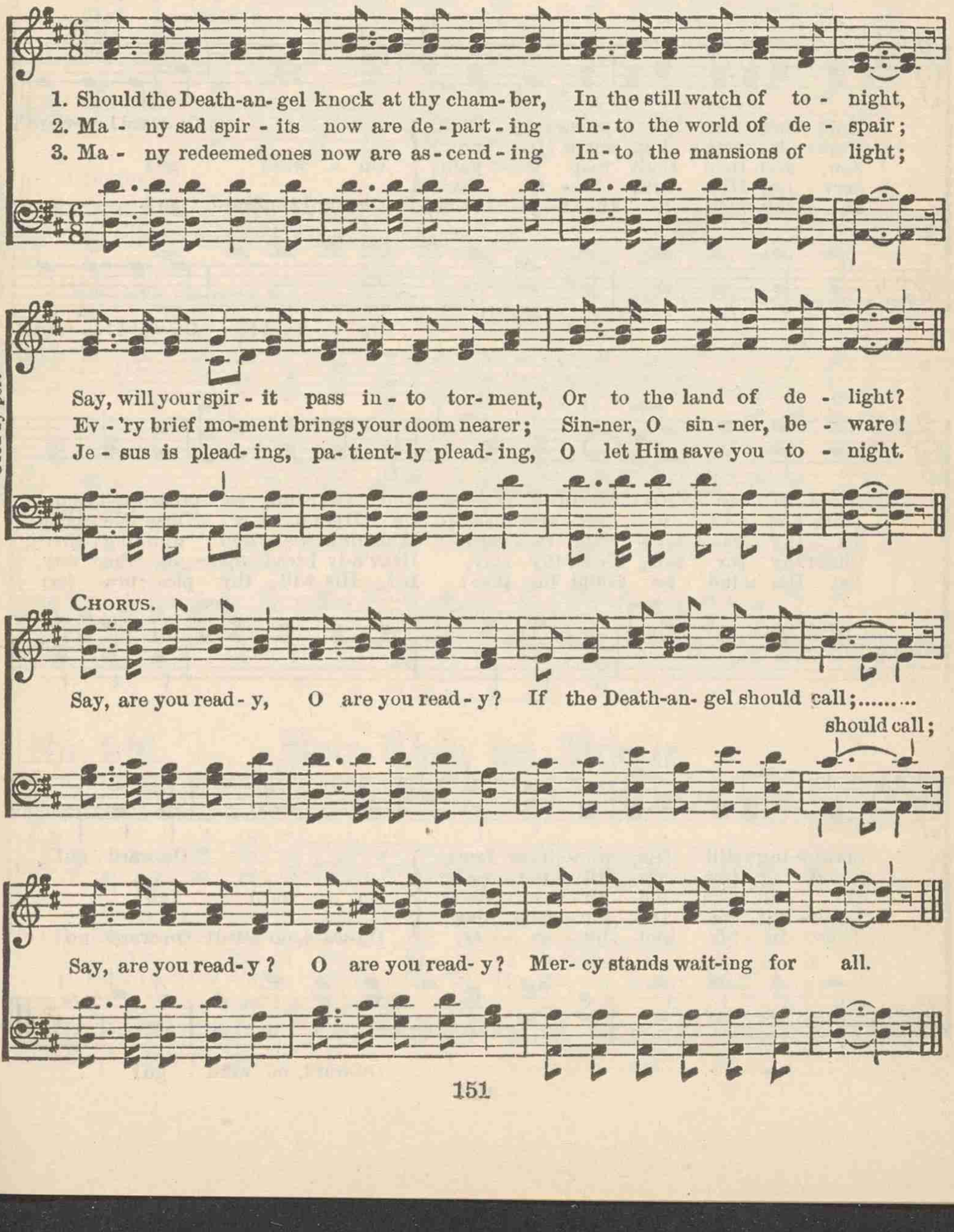
Trust On!

No. 213. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE.

No. 214. Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—PHIL. 3: 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Trust - ing in the Lord thy God, On - ward go! on - ward go!
2. Has He call'd thee to the plough? On - ward go! on - ward go!
3. Has He giv'n thee gold - en grain? On - ward go! on - ward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? On - ward go! on - ward go!
5. In this lit - tle mo - ment then, On - ward go! on - ward go!

Hold - ing fast His prom- ised word,
Night is com - ing, serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain;
Serv - ing Him with ho - ly fear,
In thy ways ac - knowledge Him;

On-ward! on-ward!
On - ward go!
On-ward! on-ward go!

On - ward! On-ward! on-ward!

Ne'er de - ny His worth - y Name, Tho' it bring re - proach and shame;
Faith and love in ser - vice blend; On His might- y arm de - pend;
To thy Mas - ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and wait - ing there;
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heav'n-ly bread up - on the way,
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleas - ure be;

Spread- ing still His won- drous fame,
Stand - ing fast un - til the end,
He will hear and an - swer prayer;
Lead - ing on to glo - rious day;
Thus in life and lib - er - ty,

On-ward go!
On - ward go!
On-ward, on-ward! On-ward go!

On-ward, on- ward go!

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No. 215. More than Tongue can Tell.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—1 JOHN 15 : 13.

J. E. HALL. Arr. J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The ma - ny sor- rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,

That I a ran-somed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.
The mer - it of His pre - cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can tell;
than tongue can tell;

tell; The love that Je-sus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.
than tongue can tell;

By permission of F. A. North & Co.

No. 216. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143 : 1.

Rev. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. All - see- ing, gra-cious Lord— My heart be- fore Thee lies; All sin of thought and
2. Thou knowest all my need, My in-most thought dost see; Ah, Lord! from all al-
3. Thou ho - ly bless- ed One, To me, I pray, draw near; My spir - it fill, O
4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given; While I my all to

Hear Thou my Prayer.

CHORUS.

life abhorred, My soul to Thee would rise.
lurements freed, Like Thee transformed I'd be.
heavenly Son, With lov-ing, God - ly fear.
Thee re- sign, Thou art my all in heaven.

} Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U -

nite my heart to Thee; Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod, From sin de- liv - er me.

rit.

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No. 217. Is your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5 : 16.

Mrs. E. M. H. GATES. C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Say, is your lamp burn - ing, my broth - er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For if it were burn - ing, then sure - ly, Some
2. Up - on the dark moun- tains they stum - ble, They are bruised on the rocks and they lie With white plead- ing fa - ces turn'd up- ward, To the
3. If once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead - i - ly blaze in a line, Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean, What a

beam would fall bright - ly on me. There are ma - ny and ma - ny a-
clouds and the pit - i - ful sky. There is ma - ny a lamp that is
gir - dle of glo - ry would shine! How all the dark pla - ces would

D.S.—Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my

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Is your Lamp Burning?

round you, Who fol - low wher - ev - er you go,..... If you
light - ed— We be - hold them a - near and a - far;..... But not
bright - en! How the mists would roll up and a - way!..... How the

broth - er? I pray you look quick - ly and see; For

D.S. for Chorus.

thought that they walk'd in the shad - ow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
ma - ny a-mong them, my broth - er, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star.
earth would laugh out in her glad-ness, To hail the mil - len - ni - al day!

if it were burning, then sure - ly Some beam would fall brightly on me!

No. 218. We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 5 : 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our way is oft - en rug - ged While here on earth we roam, And thorns are in the
2. To Ma - rah's bit - ter wa - ters We oft have murm'ring come, But God the cup has
3. When of the des - ert wea - ry, Our God His grace has shown, By rest - ing us at
4. With hun-ger oft - en faint - ing, We've made complain-ing moan; But, fed by heavenly
5. Some stand to - day on Ne - bo, The jour - ney near - ly done, And some are in the

CHORUS.

We're go - ing, go - ing,

path - way, But we are go - ing home.
sweet-ened; And so we're go - ing home.
E - lim, With sweet fore-tastes of home.
man - na, We still are go - ing home.
val - ley; But all are go - ing home.

go - ing, we are go - ing, Yes,

we are go - ing home; We soon shall cross the riv - er, And be with Christ at home.

going home;

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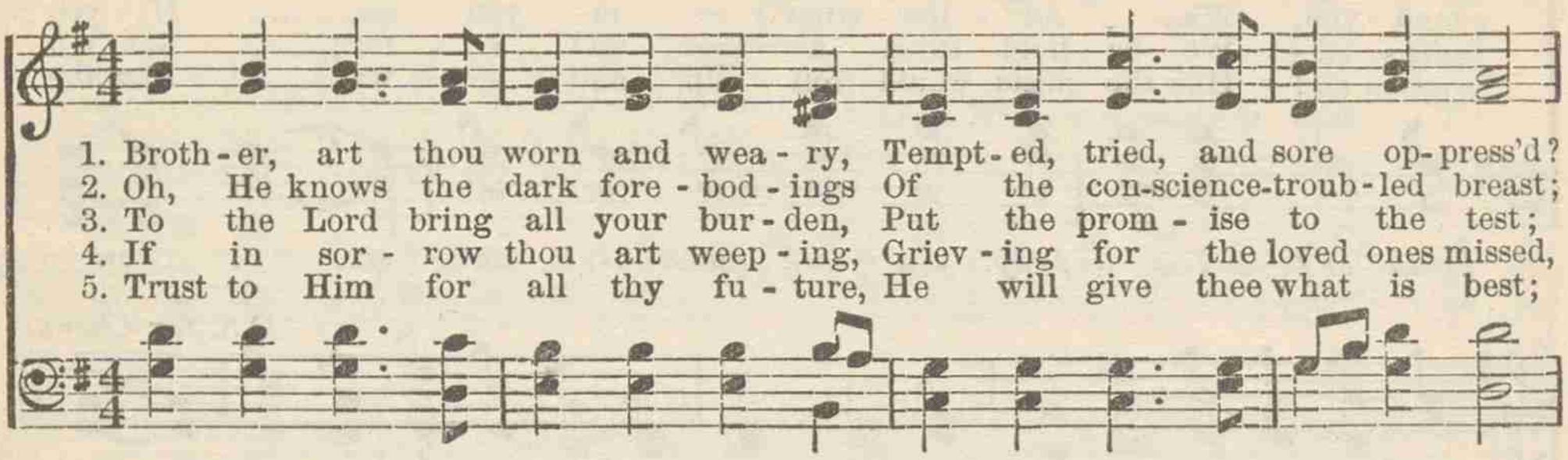
No. 219. Come unto Me, and Rest.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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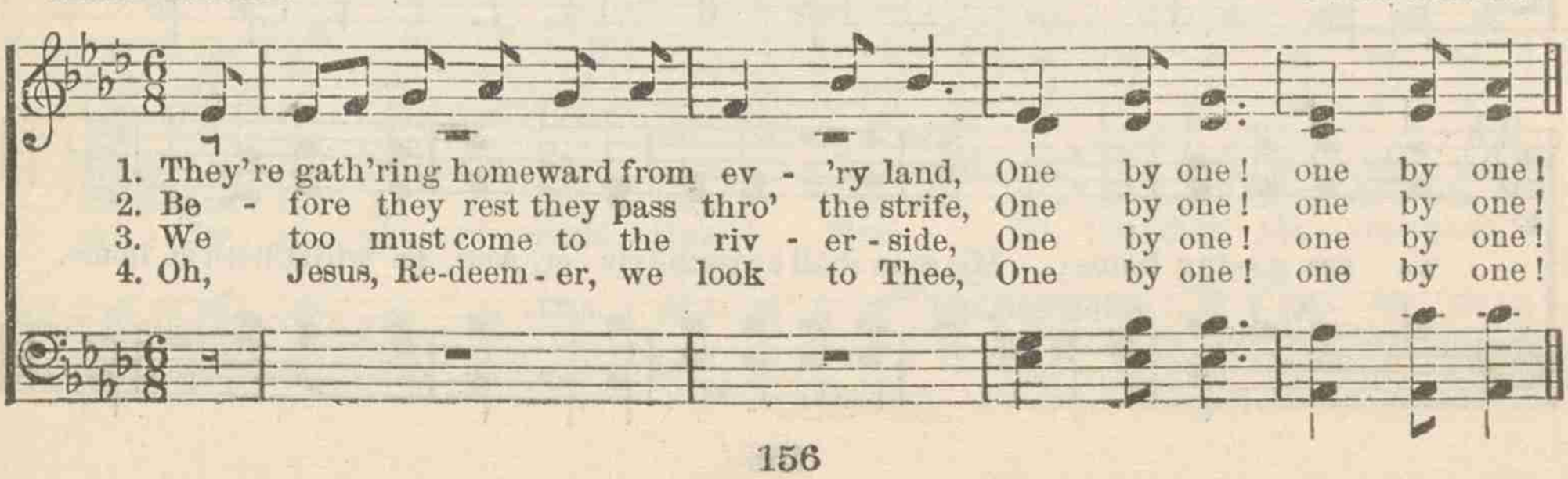
No. 220. Gathering Home.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

Gathering Home.

As their wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one!
Thro' the wa - ters of death they en - ter life, Yes, one by one!
We are near - er its wa - ters each e - ven - tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voi - ces tremb - ling - ly, Yes, one by one!

They rest with the Sav - iour, they wait their crown, Their trav - el-stained
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they ford on their
We can hear the noise of the dash - ing stream, Oft now and a -
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the

gar-ments are all laid down; They wait the white rai-ment the Lord shall pre-pare
way to the heaven - ly hill; The waves to oth - ers run fierce - ly and wild
gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the banks o - ver-flow,
place where our feet shall hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the deep - est mid-night,

REFRAIN.

For all who the glo - ry with Him shall share.
Yet they reach the home of the un - de - filed.
Some - times in rip - ples and small waves go.
Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.
} Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!

Ford-ing the riv - er one by one! Gath'ring home! gath'ring home, Yes, one by one!

By permission of W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O.

No. 221. Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walk-ing with wea - ry feet,
2. Suf - fer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toil - ing a few short days, And

Pa - tient - ly o - ver the thorn - y way That leads to the gold - en street.
Cal - va - ry's cross to Zi - on's crown, Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 222. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

1. I hear the words of Je - sus, They speak of peace with God;
2. His word di - vine - ly bless - ed, It shows me what I am;
3. Oh! hear the words of Je - sus, The tid - ings are for thee;

I see the Lamb, Christ Je - sus, Who bore my heav - y load;
His cross it brings sal - va - tion, The vic - tim was the Lamb;
Oh, clasp the cross of Je - sus, And there for ref - uge flee;

I trust the blood of Je - sus, From sin it sets me free,
His blood pro - cur - eth par - don, And jus - ti - fies the soul,
Oh! trust the blood of Je - sus, Be saved this ver - y hour;

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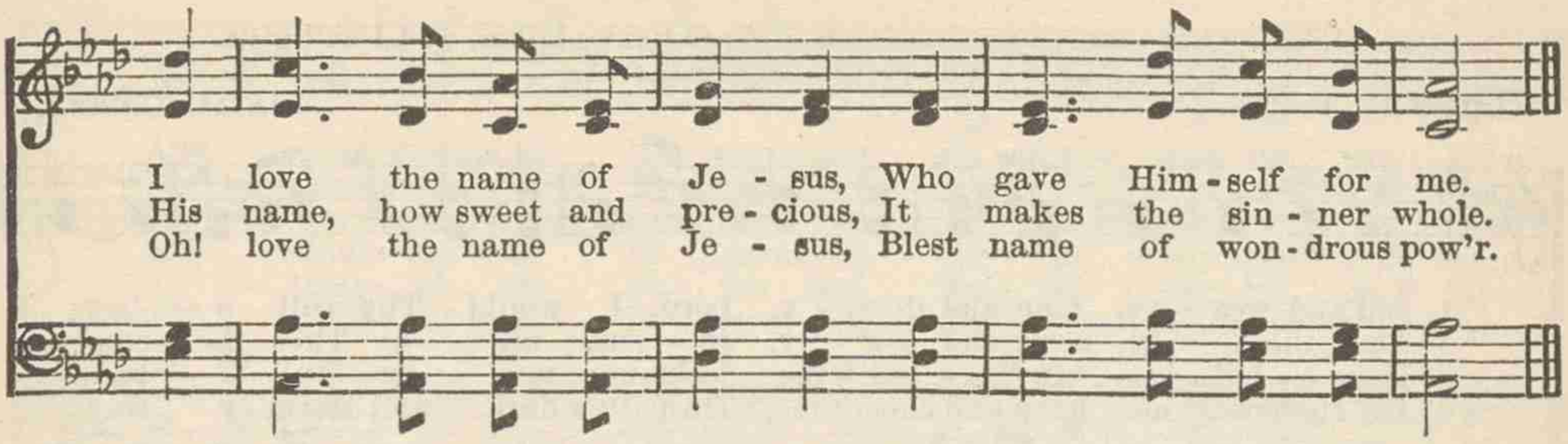
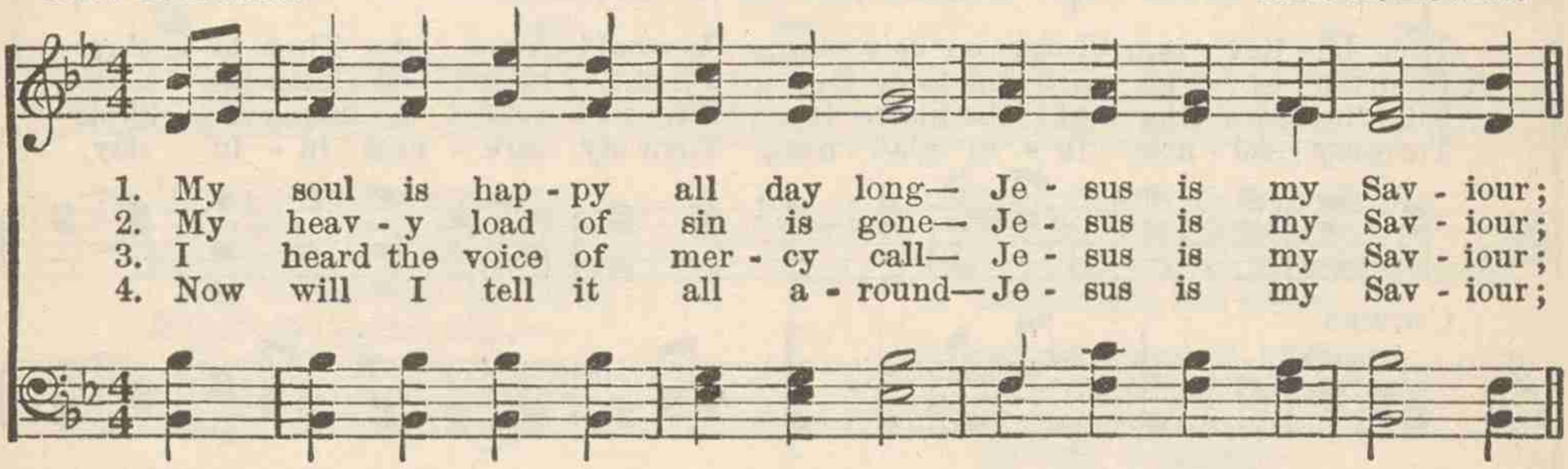
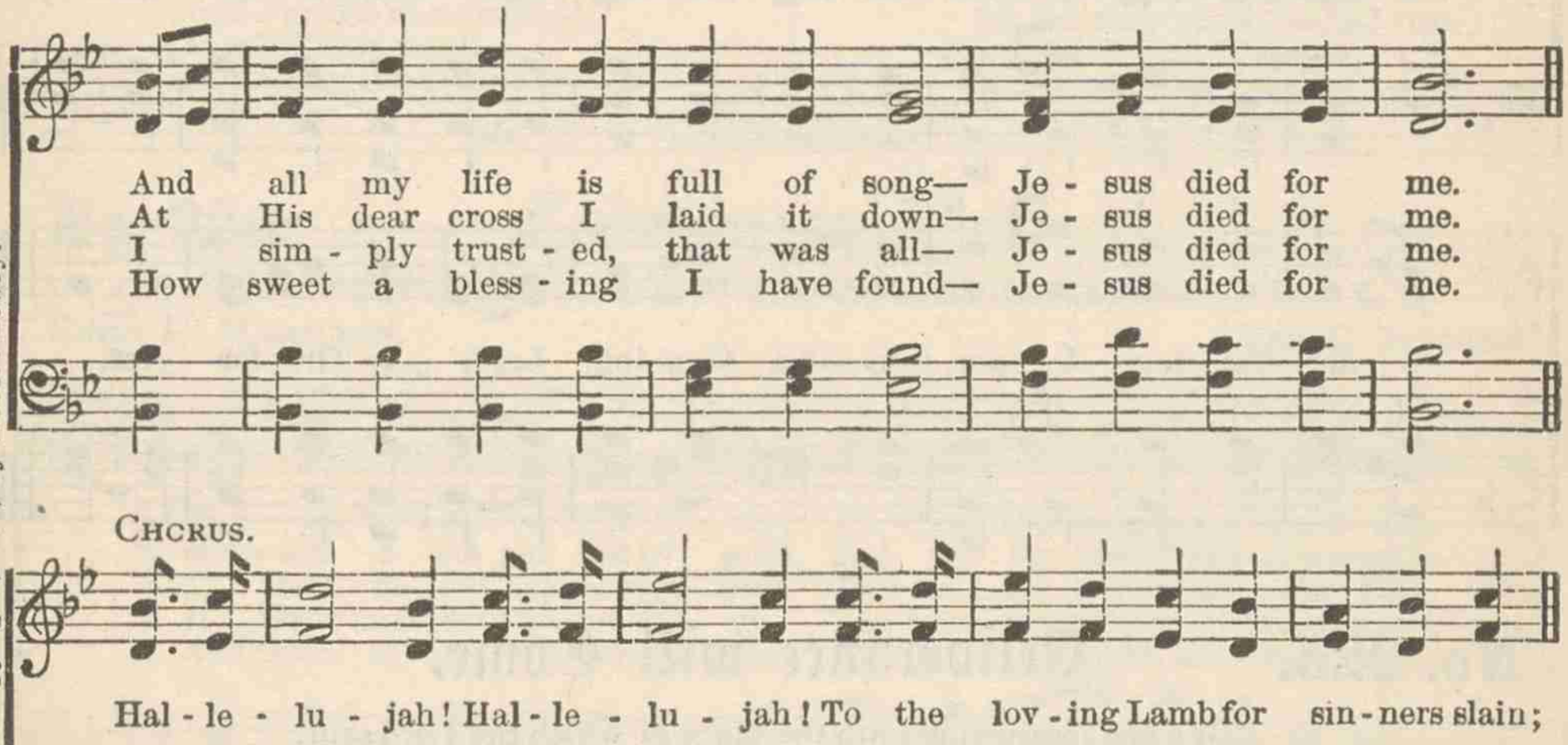
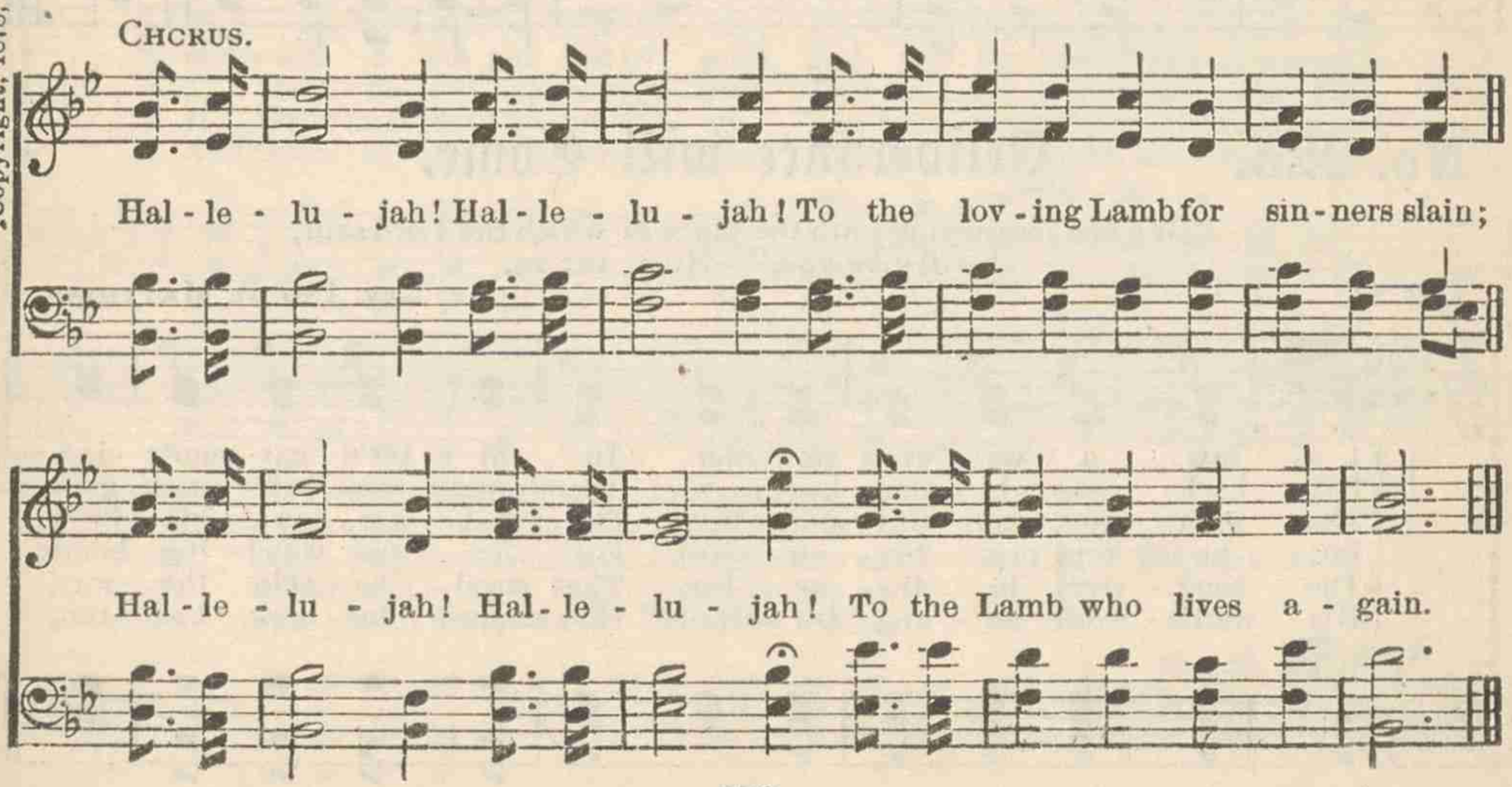
I hear the Words of Jesus.



No. 223. Jesus is my Saviour.

"——went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8: 39.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry.

Chorus.

No. 224. I am Coming.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

HELEN R. YOUNG. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sad and wea - ry, lone and drear - y, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho - ly, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come;
3. Here a - bid - ing, in Thee hid - ing, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and storm - y way;

Thee be - liev - ing, Christ re - ceiv - ing, I would come to Thee to - day.
Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keep-ing roam.
Till the dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When I wake a - mong the blest.
Turn my sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Com-ing, Sav - iour to be blessed;
I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.

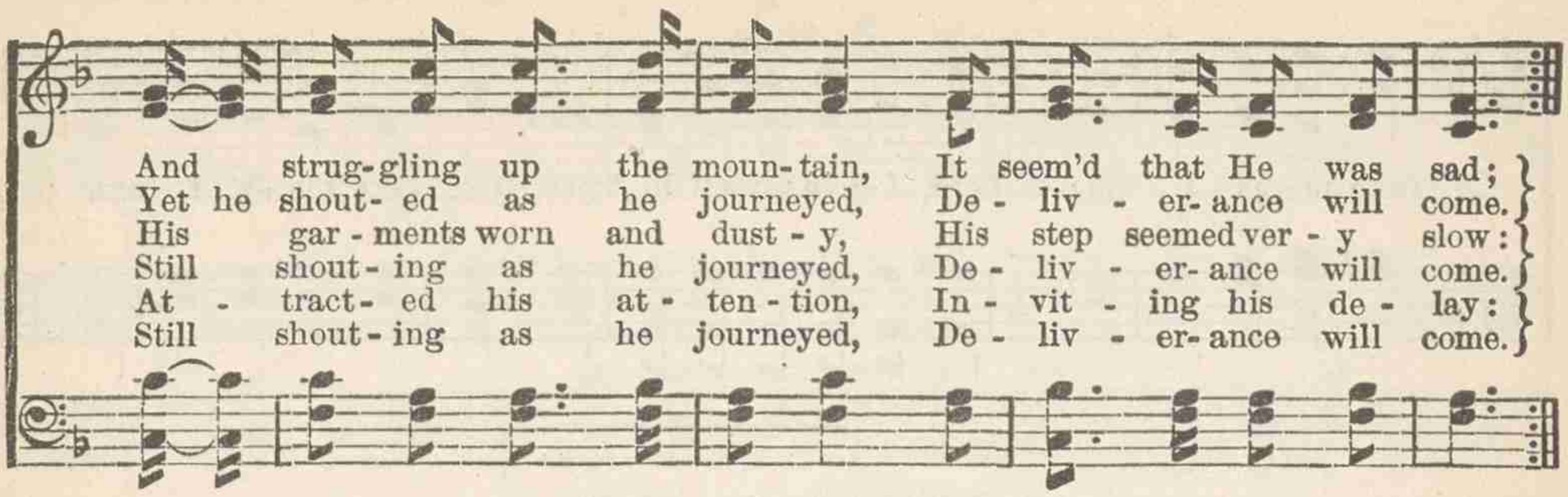
Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

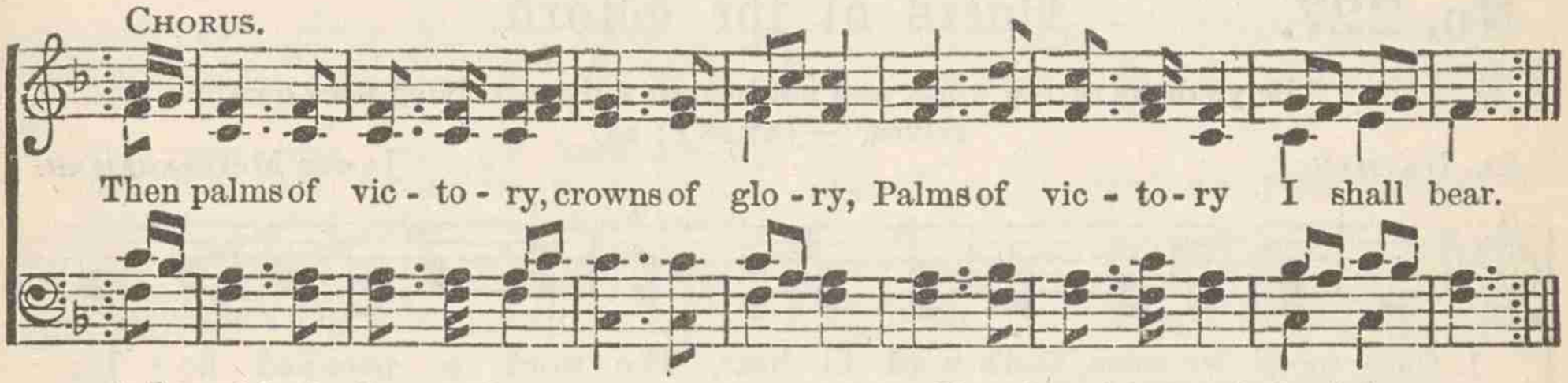
No. 225. Deliverance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M. Rev. JNO. B. MATTHIAS.

1. I saw a way - worn trav' - ler In tat - ter'd gar- ments clad,
   His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
   But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wend - ing home;
3. The song - sters in the ar - bor, That stood be - side the way,
   His watch - word be - ing "On - ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

Deliverance will Come.

CHORUS.



4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

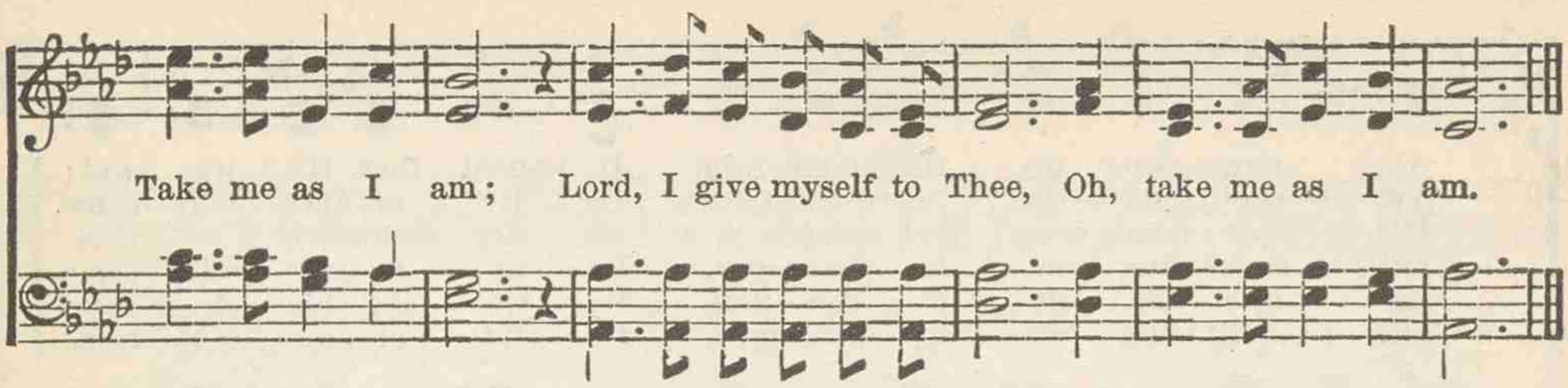
No. 226. Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

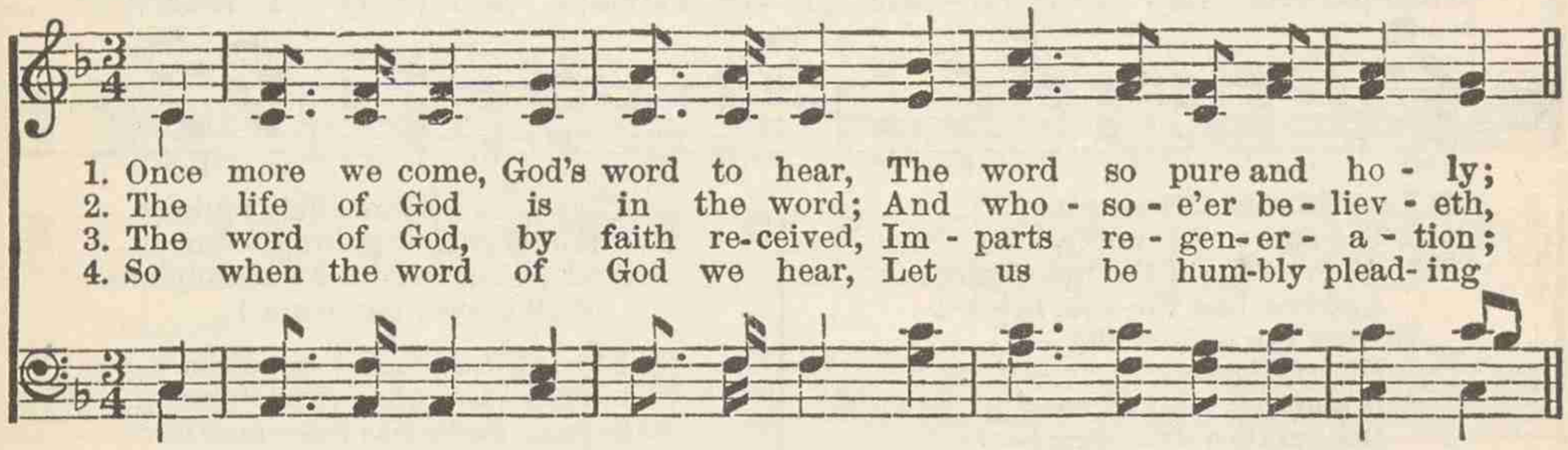
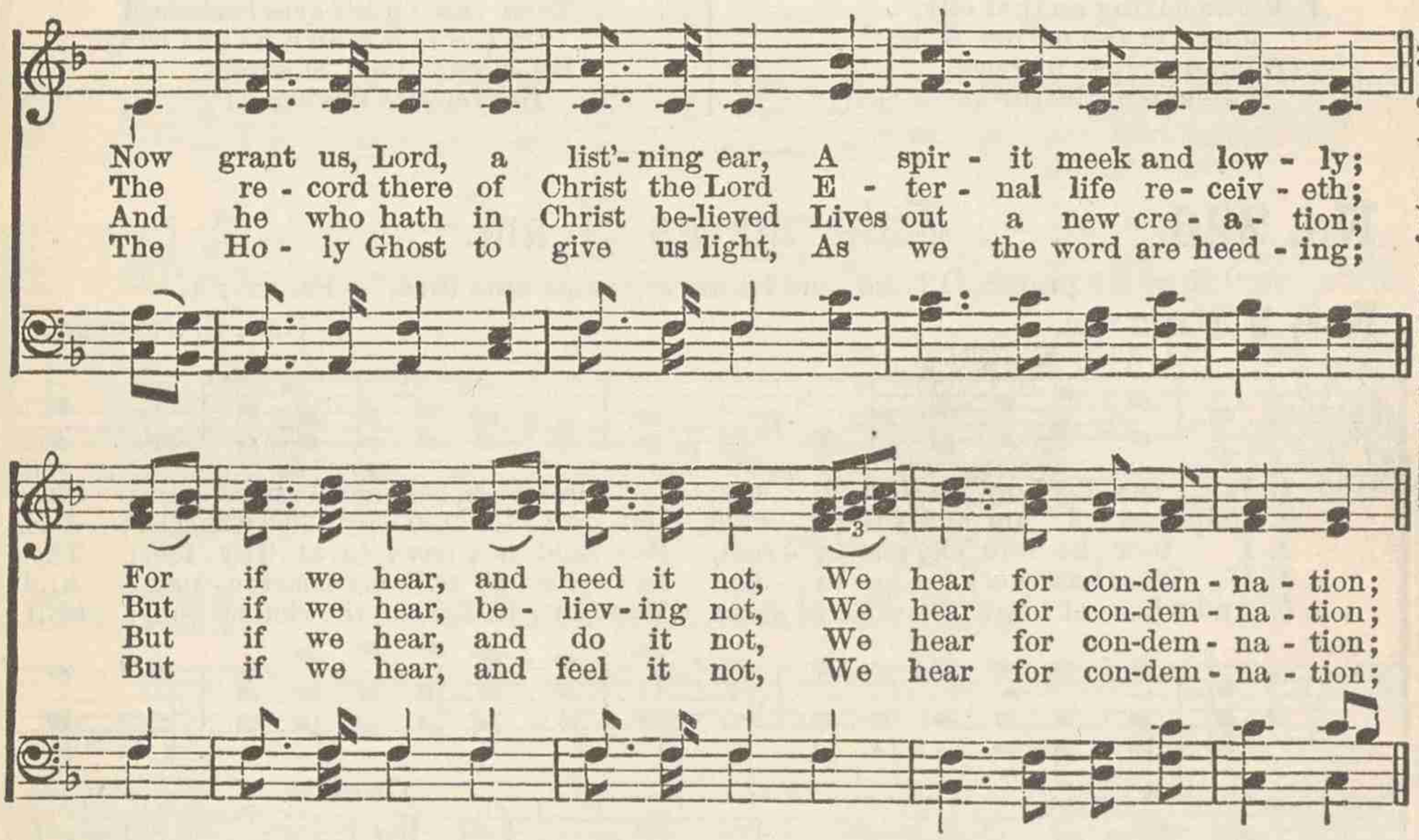
Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

Take me as I am.



No. 227. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES 1: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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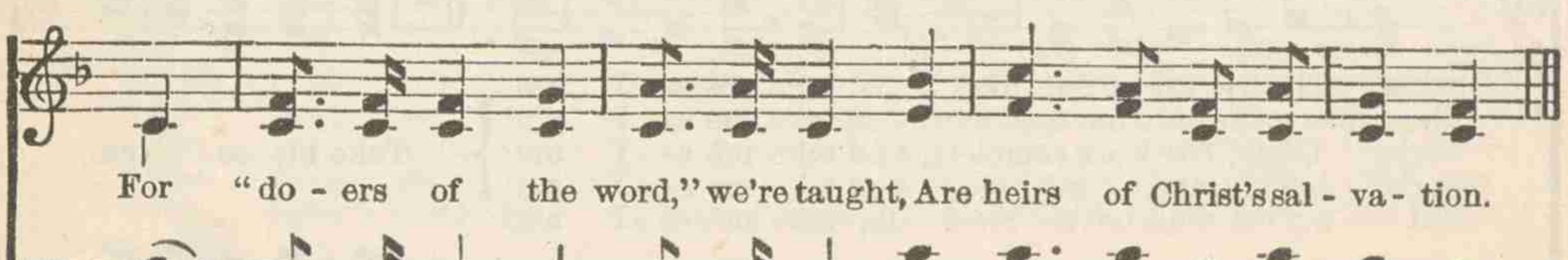
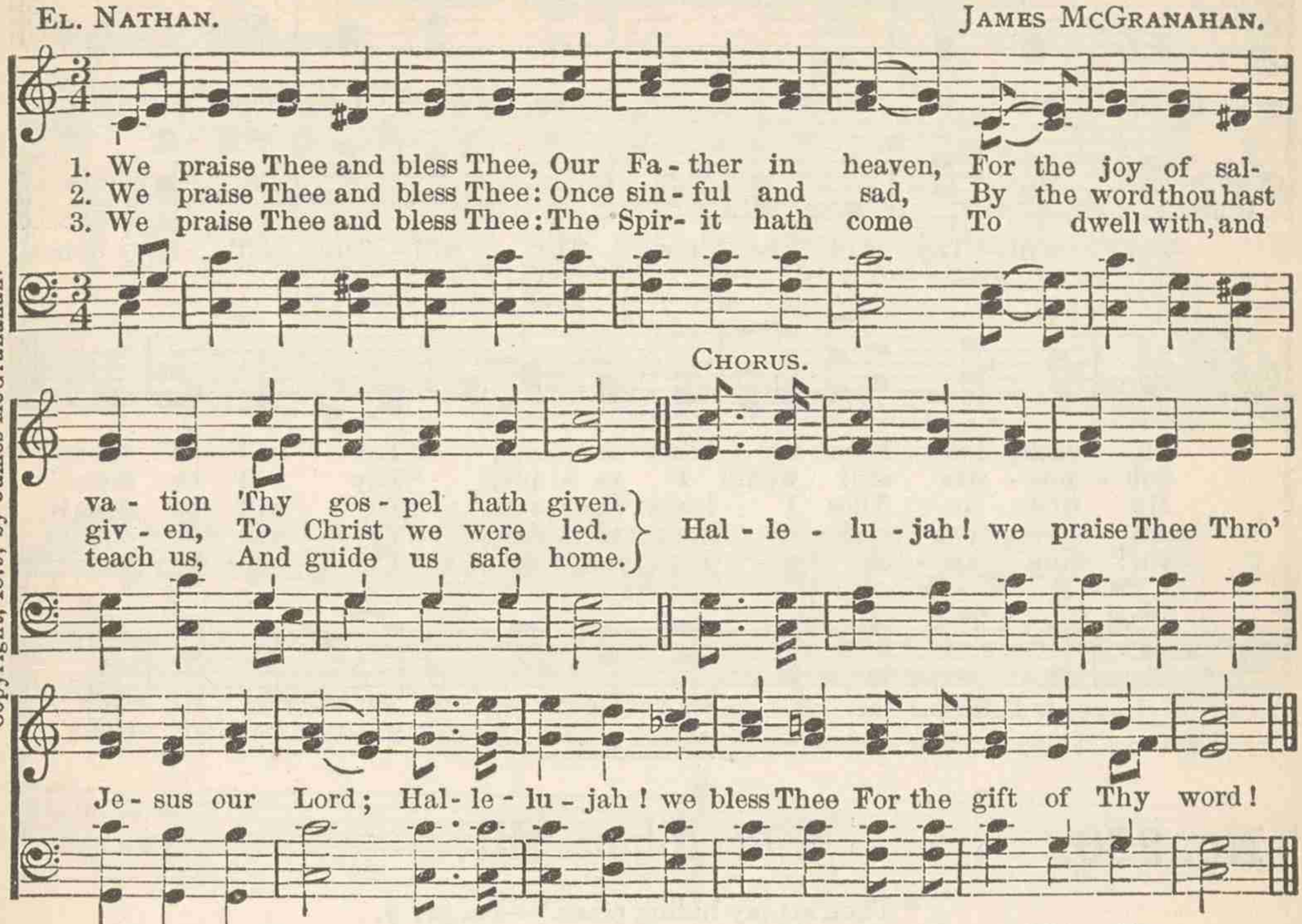

No. 228. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113: 1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

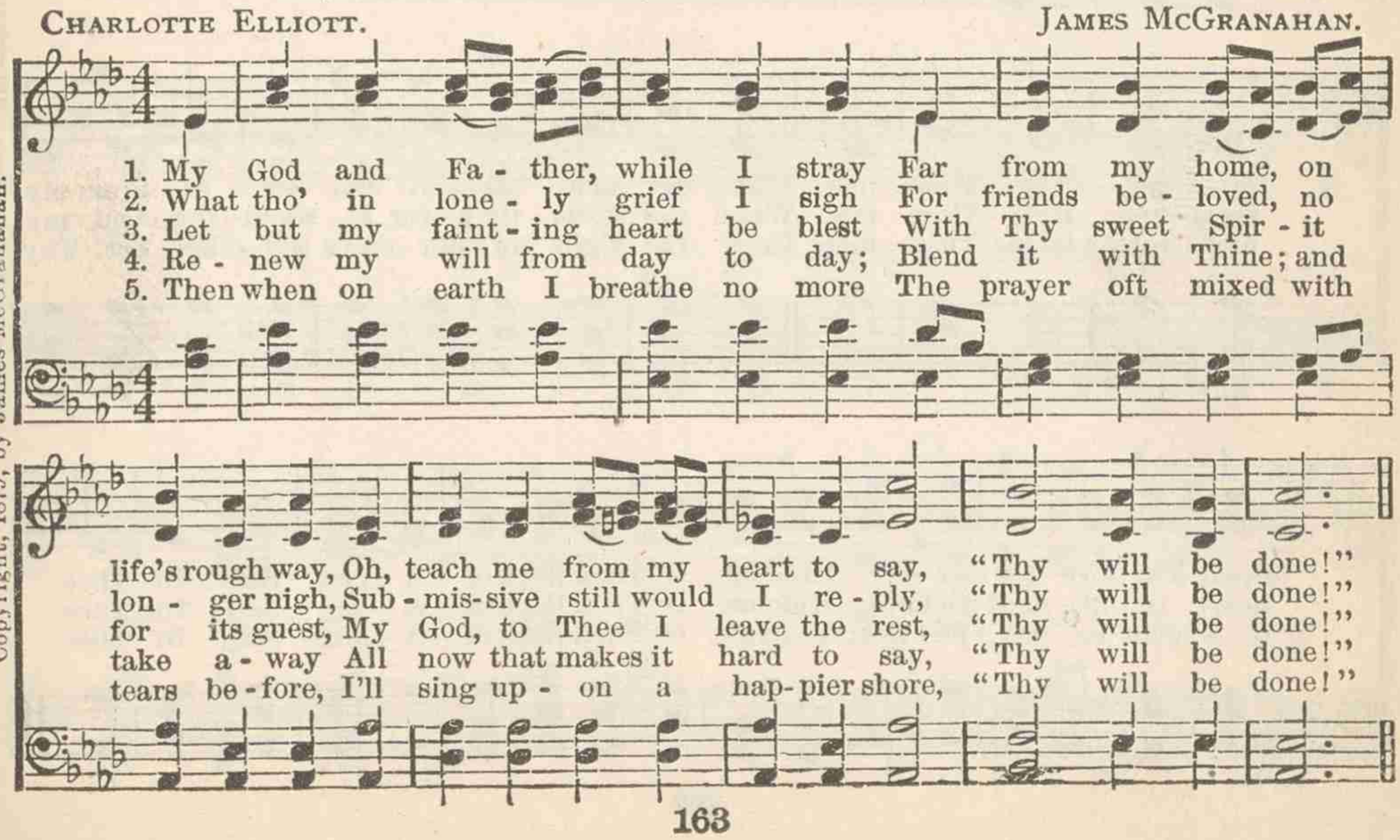
5 We praise Thee and bless Thee;
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.

No. 229. Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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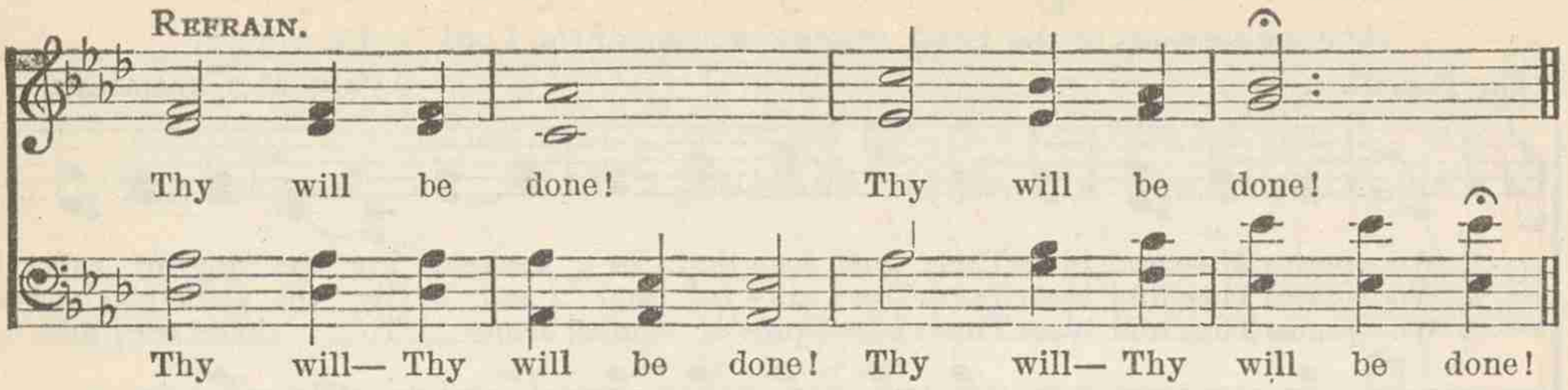
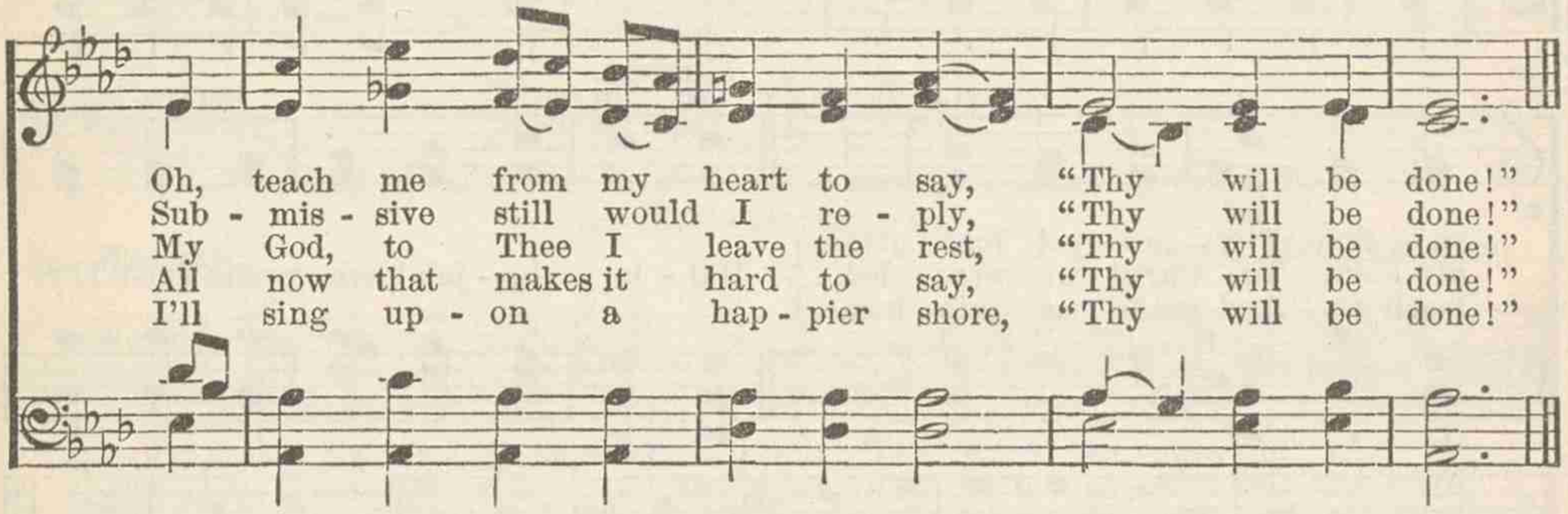
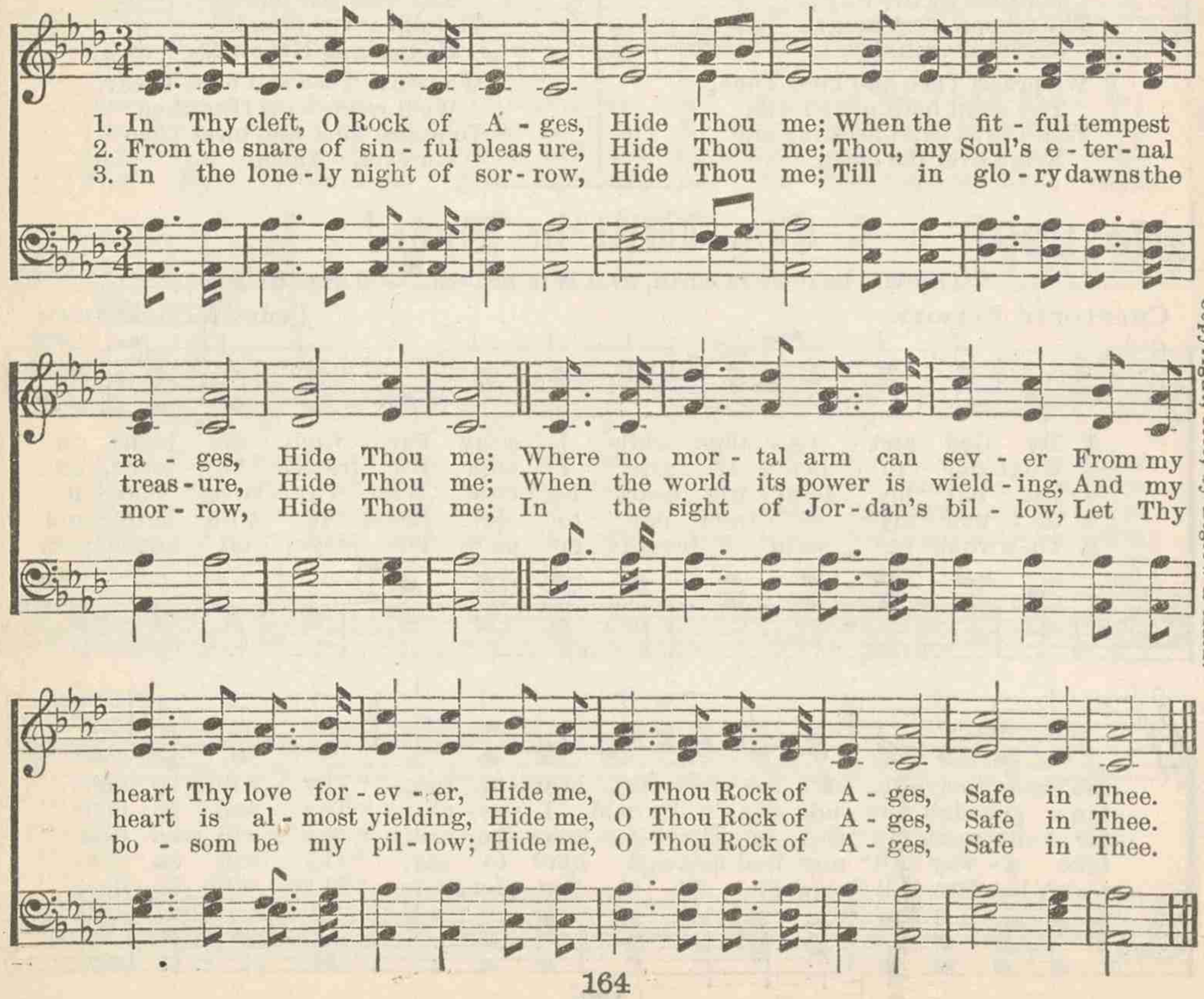
Thy Will be Done!

REFRAIN.

No. 230. Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 231. I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you: depart from me."—MATT. 7: 23.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

1. When the King in His beau - ty shall come to His throne, And a -
2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their
3. Now the right - eous are reign - ing with A - bra - ham there; But for
4. O sin - ner, give heed to this sto - ry of gloom, For the

round Him are gath-er'd His lov'd ones, His own; There be some who will knock at His
pres - ence He heal'd, in their streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their
these is ap-point-ed an end - less de - spair; It is vain that they call: He once
hour is fast near-ing that fix - es your doom: Will you still re - ject mer - cy? still

fair pal - ace door, To be an-swered with - in "There is mer - cy no more."
friend-ship pro-fess'd; But they nev - er be - lieved, for of them He con - fess'd;
knock'd at their gate, But they wel-com'd Him not; so now this is their fate:
hard - en your heart? Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries?—"De-part!"

Copyright, 1881, by C. C. Case.

CHORUS.

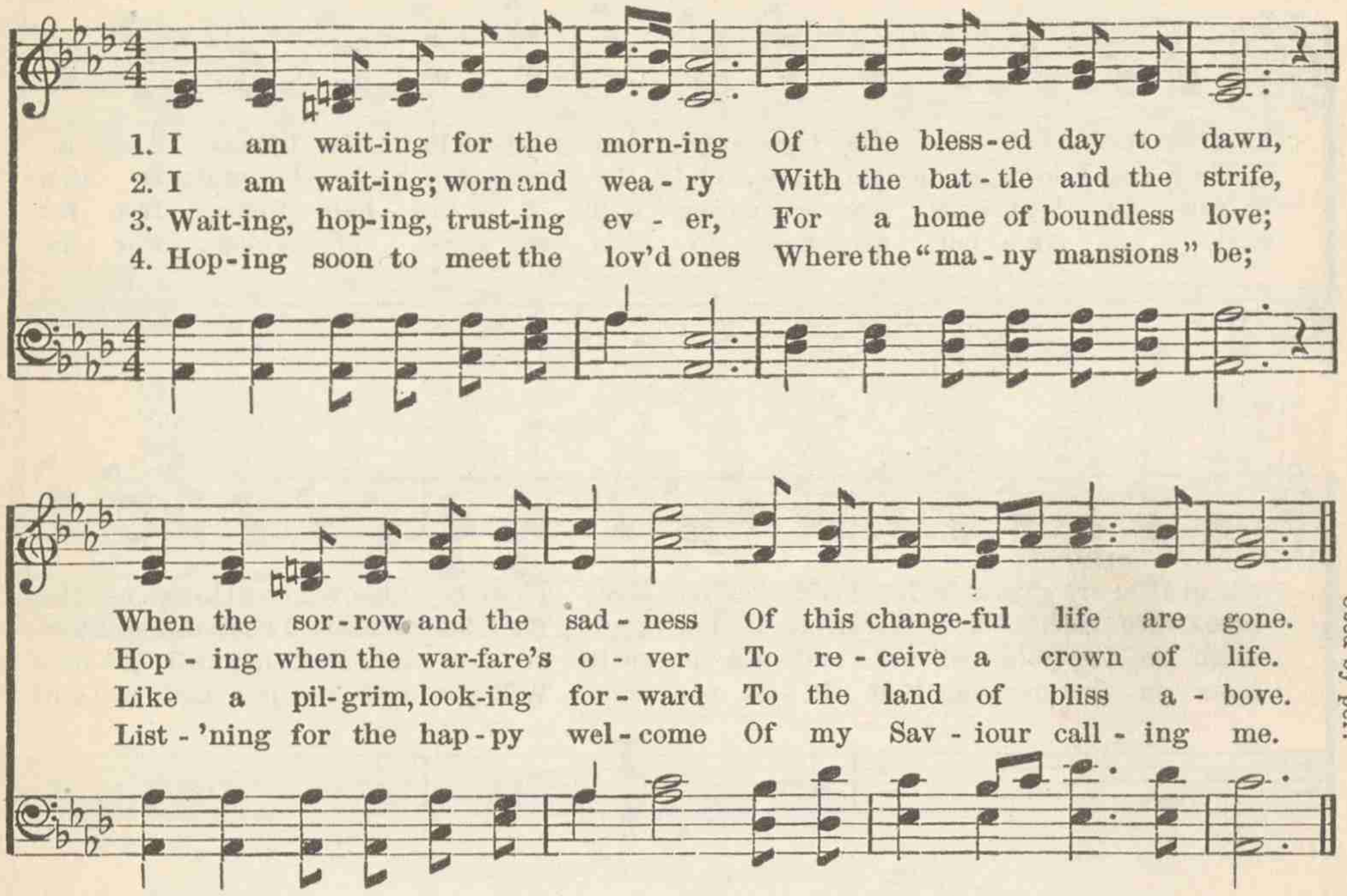
"I have nev - er known you," "I have nev - er known you," "I have

nev - er, I have nev - er, I have nev - er known you."

No. 232. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 THESS. 3: 5.

W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE.



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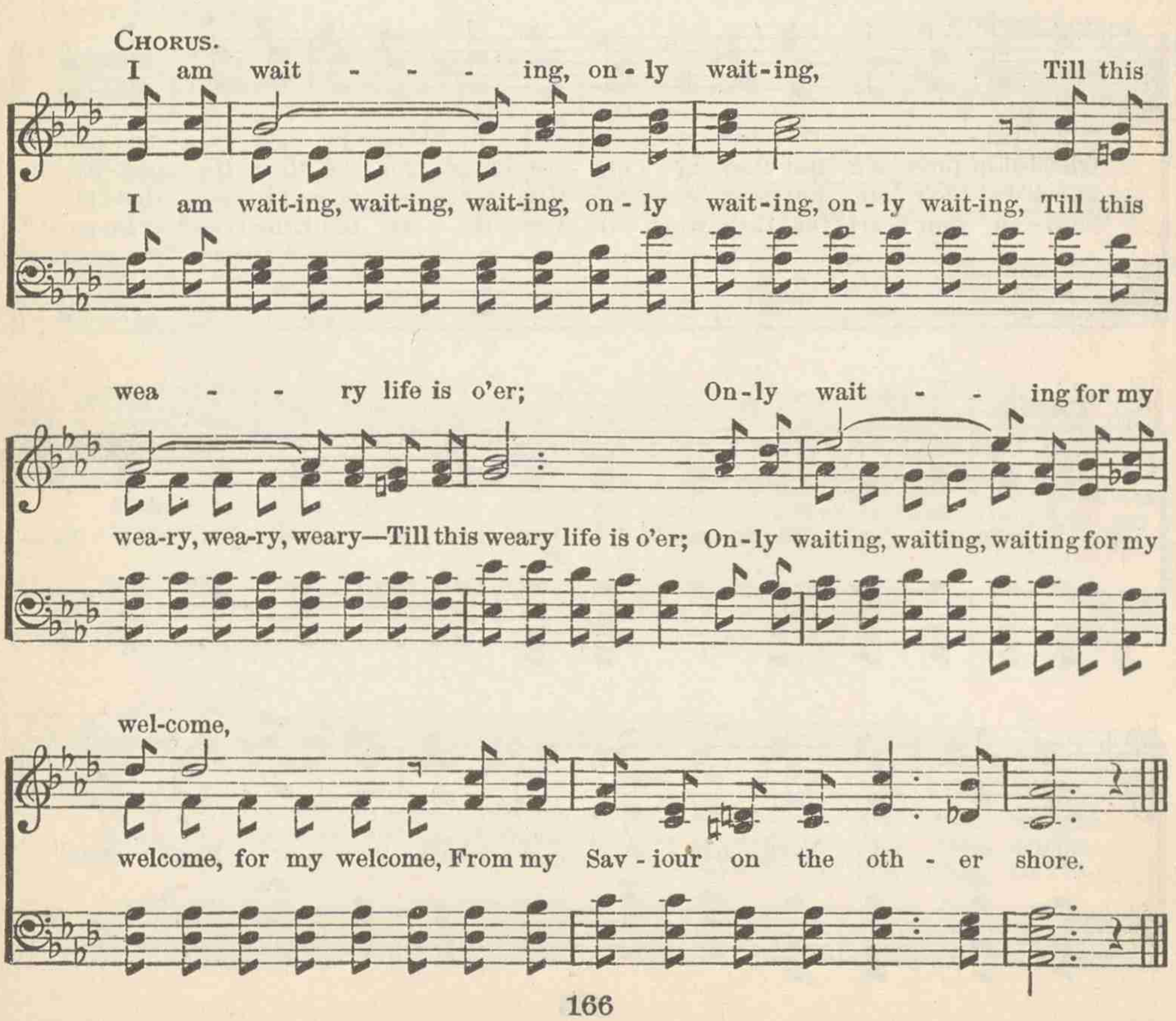
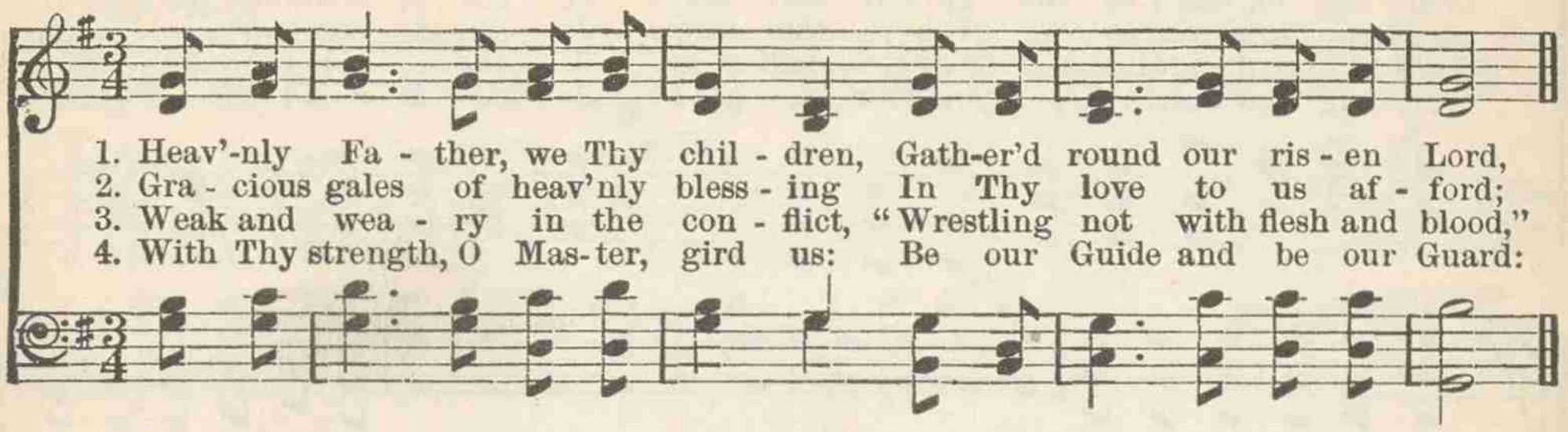
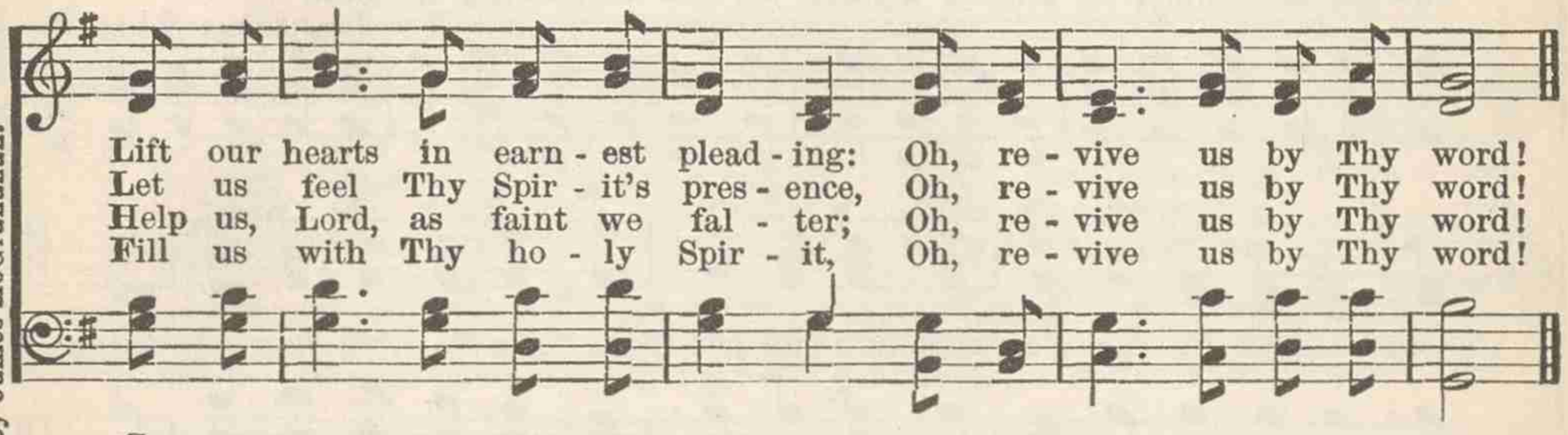
CHORUS.

No. 233. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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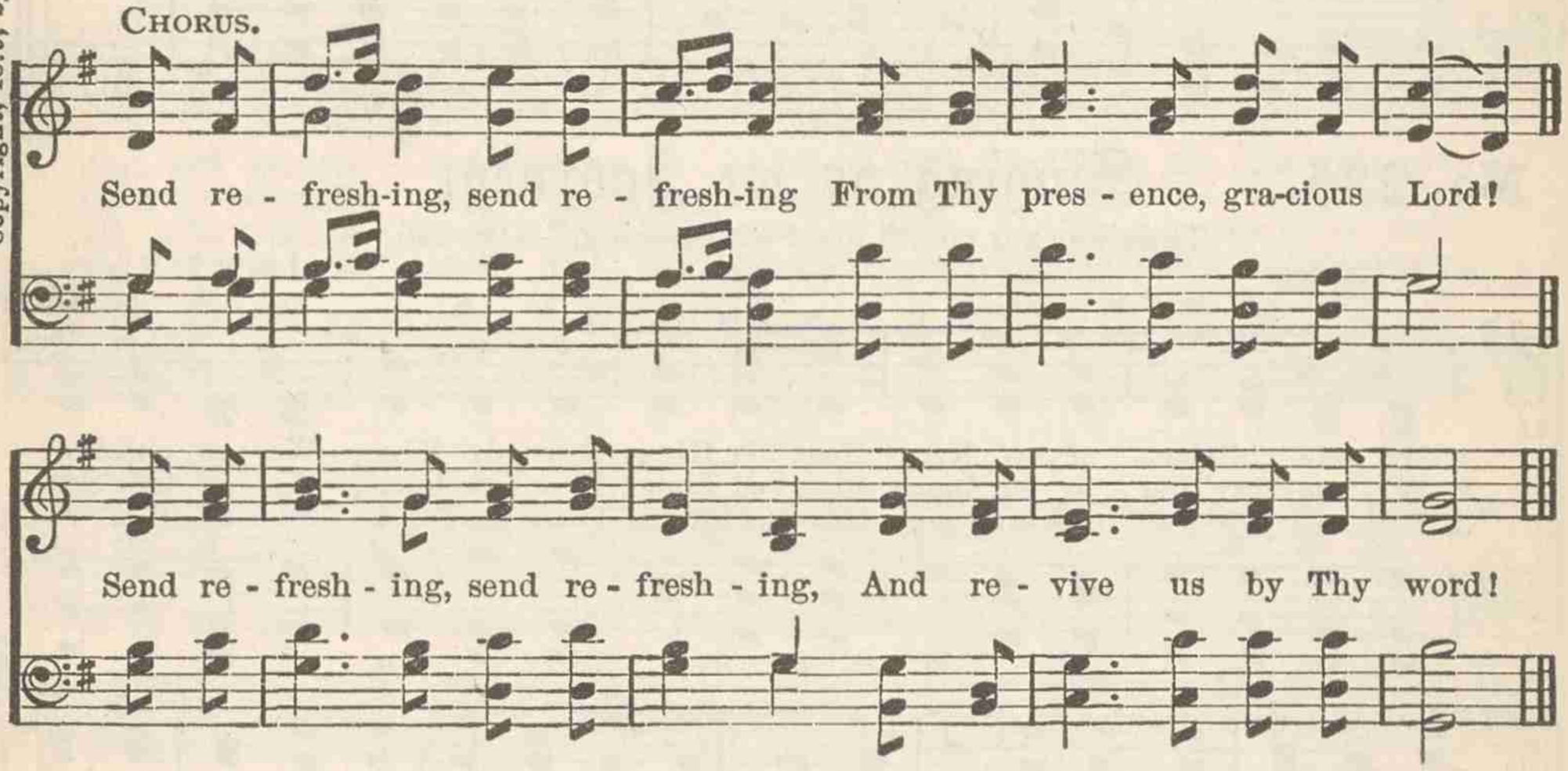
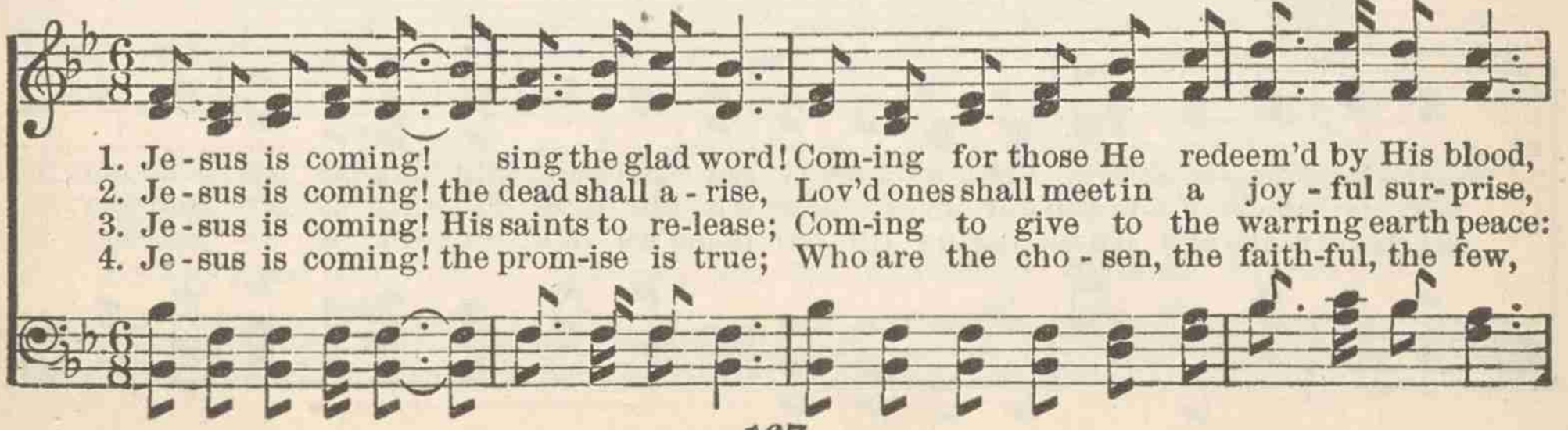
CHORUS.

No. 234. Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 THESS. 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



Jesus is Coming.

Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies. Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Sin - ning, and sigh-ing, and sor - row, shall cease. Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Wait - ing and watching, pre - pared for re - view? Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is coming, is coming a-gain! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Yes, Je - sus is coming! Oh,

Shout the glad tid - ings o'er mountain and plain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

Copyright, 1880, by James McGranahan.

No. 235. Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are chil-dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King, We are children
2. We are trav'ling to our home, Bless - ed home, Bless - ed home, We are trav'ling
3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Heav'nward go, Homeward go, Full of joy we

of a King, Sing - ing as we jour - ney; Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us,
to our home, Sing - ing as we jour - ney; Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight Where will
on-ward go Sing - ing as we jour - ney; Sing - ing all the jour - ney thro'—Singing

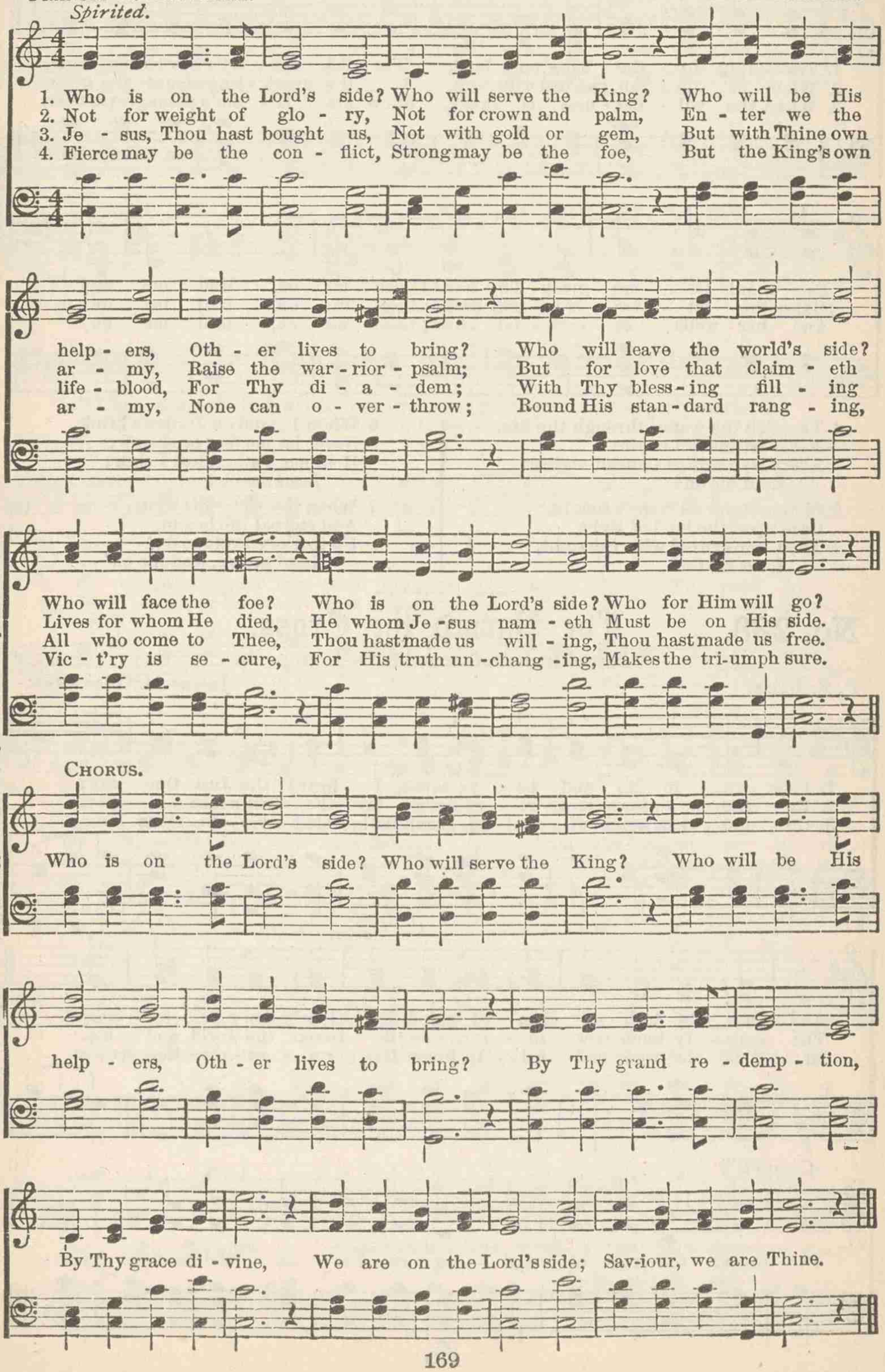
noth - ing ter - ri - fied, Fol-low close - ly at His side, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
fall no shade of night, For our Sav-iour is its light, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
hearts are brave and true—Singing till our home we view, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

No. 236. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 CHRON. 12: 18.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

Spirited.

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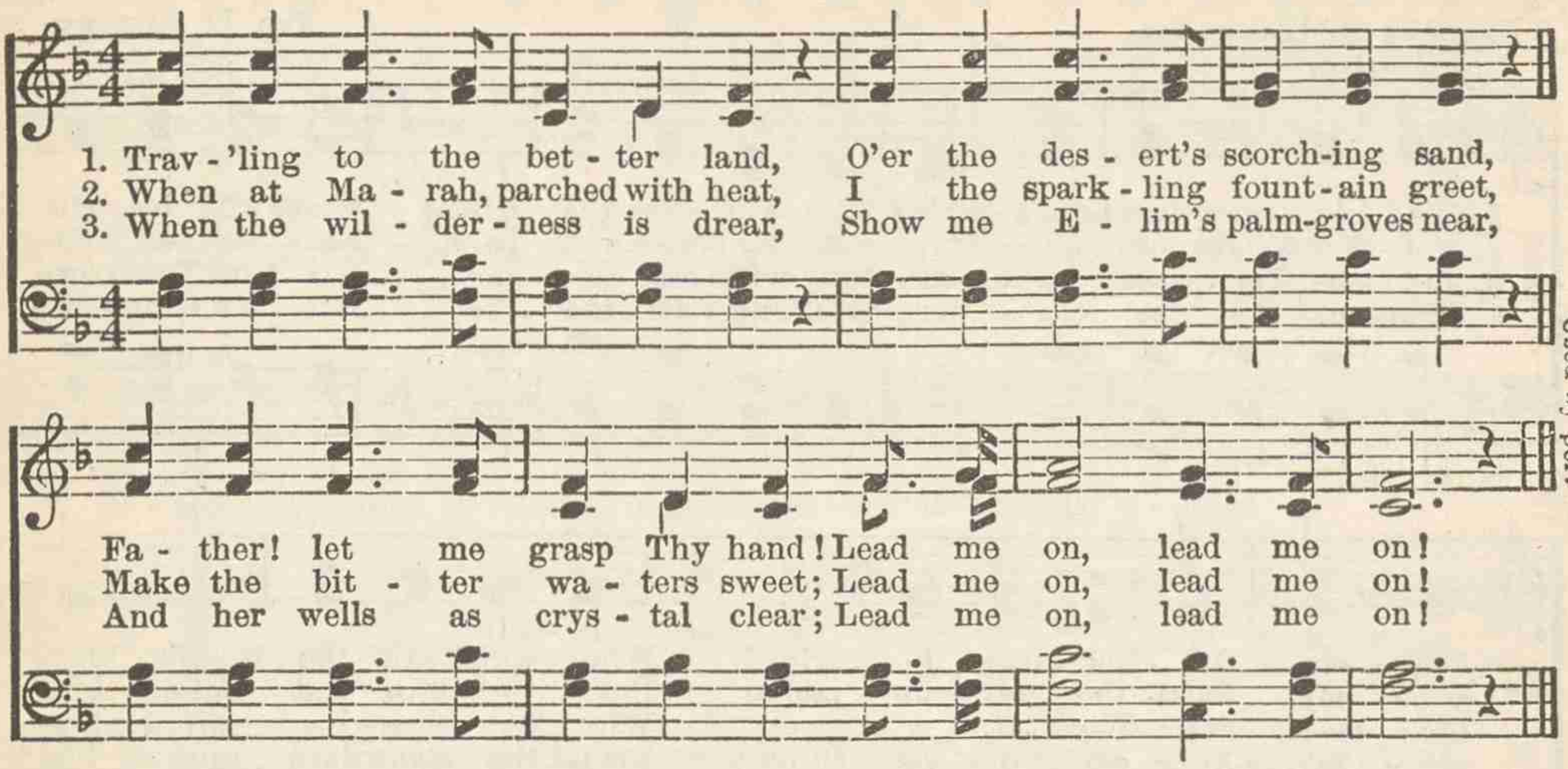
No. 237. Lead me on.

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

C. C. Converse.

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4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

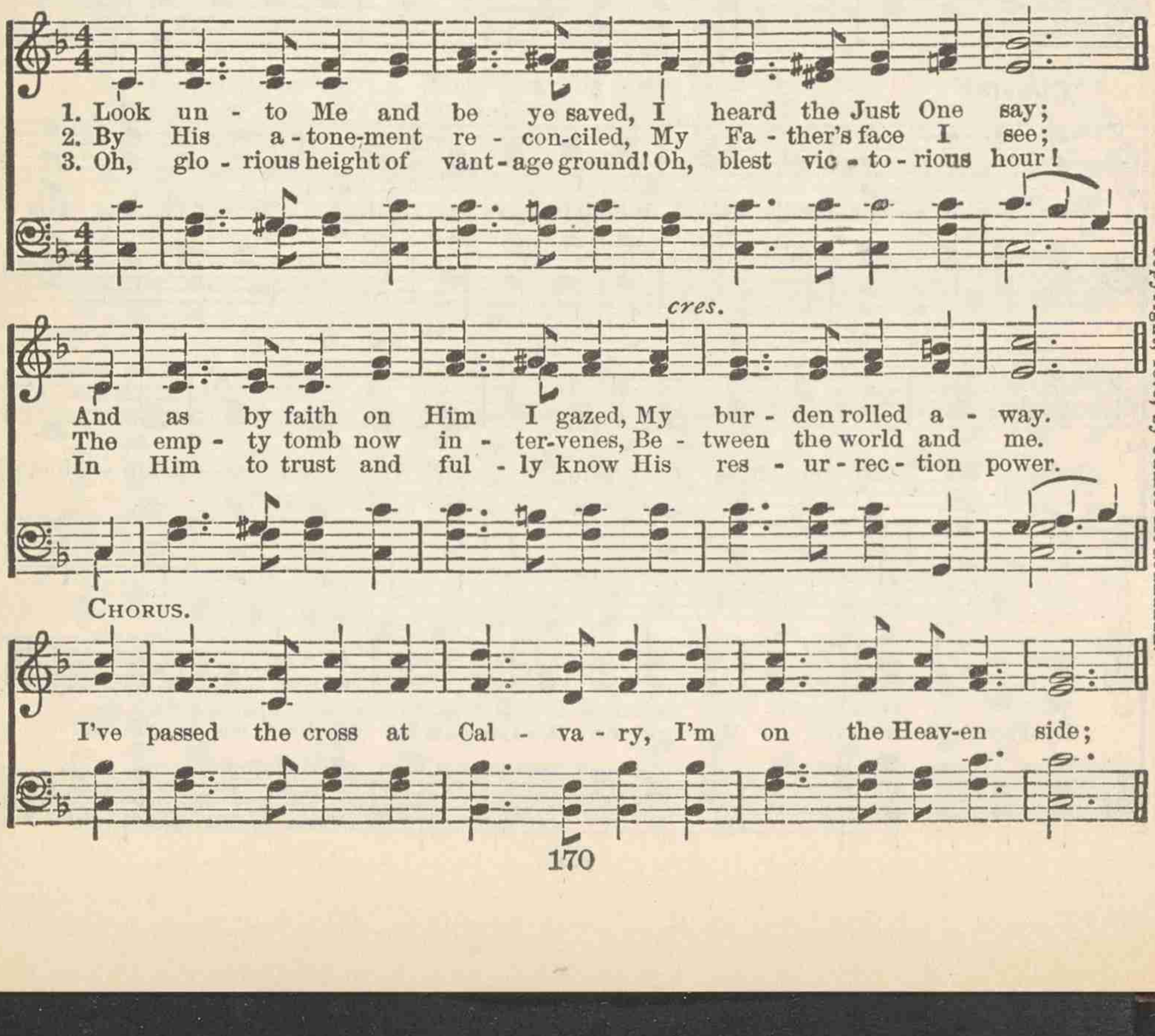
6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on'

No. 238. I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life."—John 5 : 24.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.



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I've Passed the Cross.

The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran - som died;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran - som died.

No. 239. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5: 13.

Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.

1. No works of law have we to boast, By na - ture ru - ined, guilt - y, lost;
2. No faith we bring, 'tis Christ a - lone, 'Tis what He is—what He has done;
3. We do not *feel* our sins are gone, We know it by Thy word a - lone;
4. Be - cause we know our sins for-giv'n, We hap - py feel—our home is heav'n;

Con - demned al - read - y, but Thy hand Pro - vid - ed what Thou didst de - mand.
He is for us as given by God, It was for us He shed His blood.
We know that there our sins didst lay On Him who has put sin a - way.
O help us now as sons of God, To tread the path that Je - sus trod.

Rit.

CHORUS.

We take the guilt - y sin - ner's name, The guilt - y sin - ner's Sav-iour claim;
We take the guilt - y sin-ner's name, The guilt - y sin - ner's Sav - iour claim.

Copyright, 1881, by H. F. Williams.

No. 240. He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—1 JOHN 12 : 1.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;
2. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;
There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes;

And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
For His heav'n-ly voice brings to life the dead, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
And the trust-ing soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

CHORUS.

'Twas a hap-py, hap-py day in the old-en time, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny came, O-pen wide the door, let Him en-ter now! For His love is ev-er the same!

is ev-er the same! is ev-er the same!
His love is ev-er the same! His love is ev-er the same!
is ev-er the same! is ev-er the same!

O-pen wide the door, let Him en-ter now! For His love is ev-er the same!

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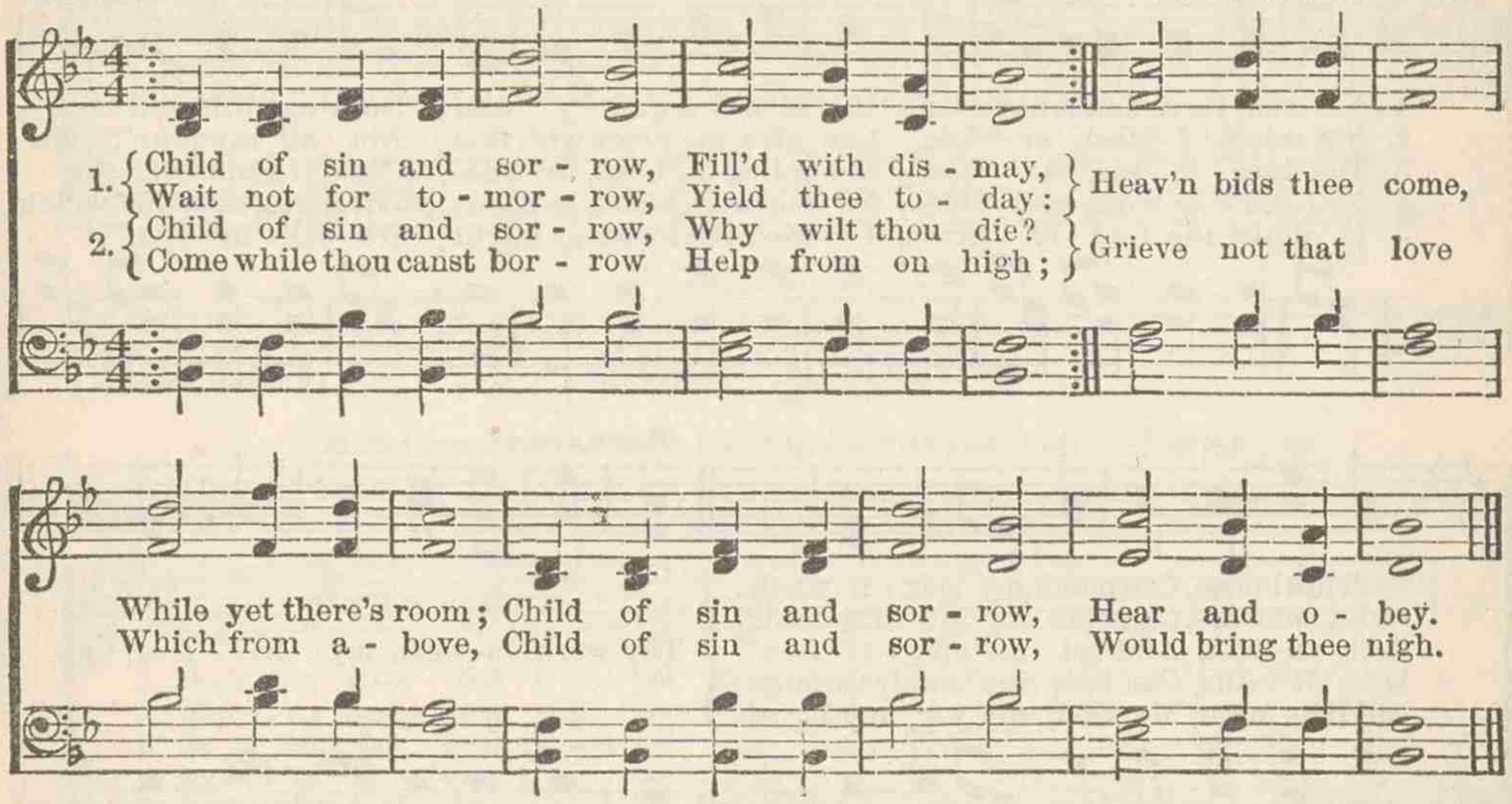
No. 241. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

Th. Hastings. Thomas Hastings.

No. 242. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

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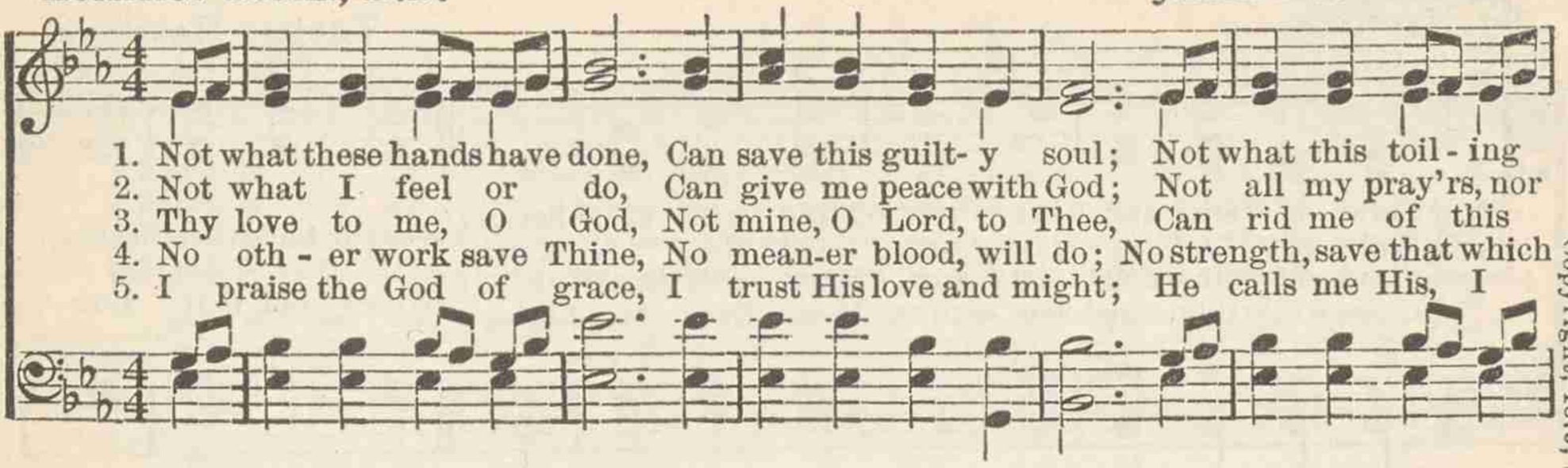
No. 243. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1 : 20.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. James McGranahan.

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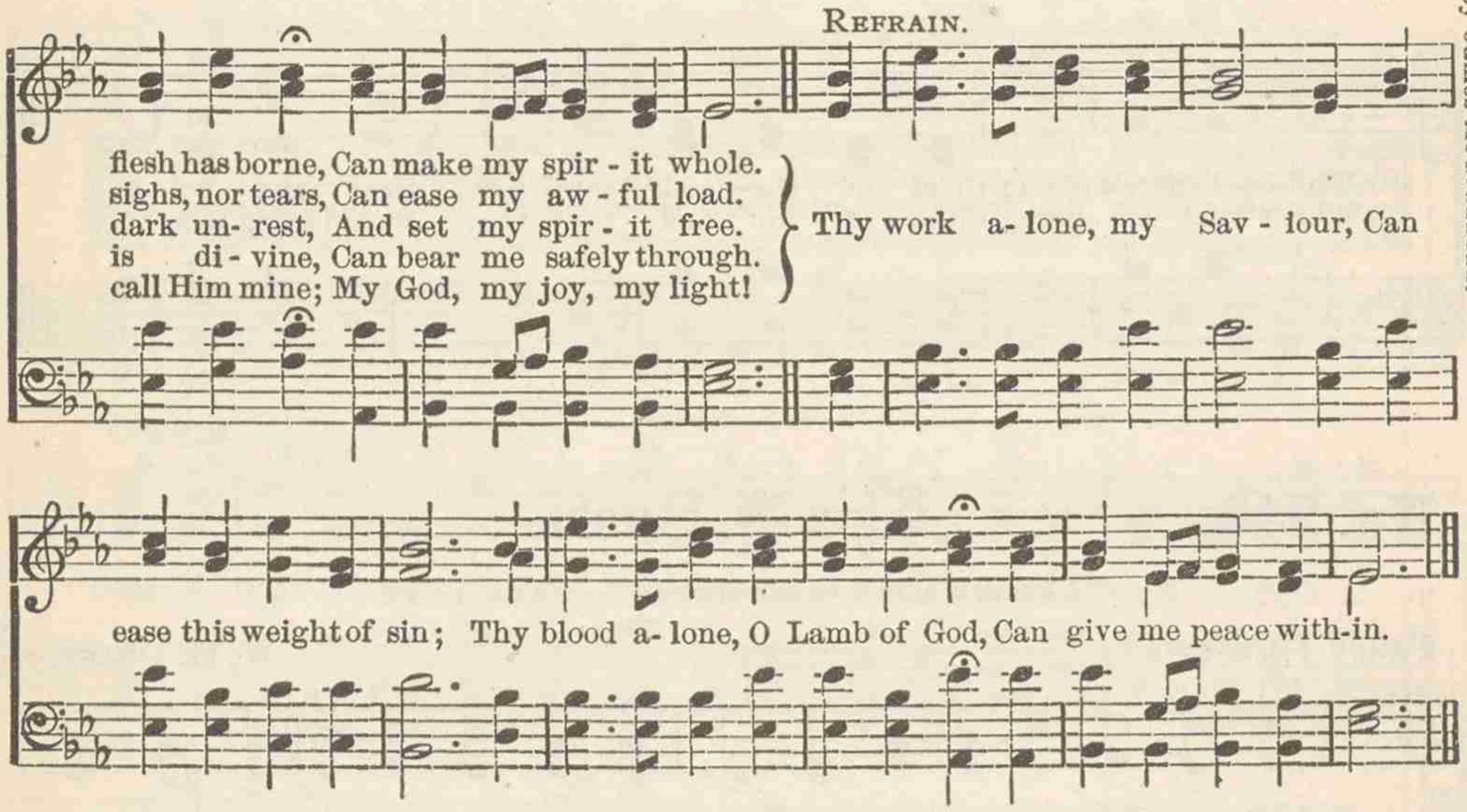
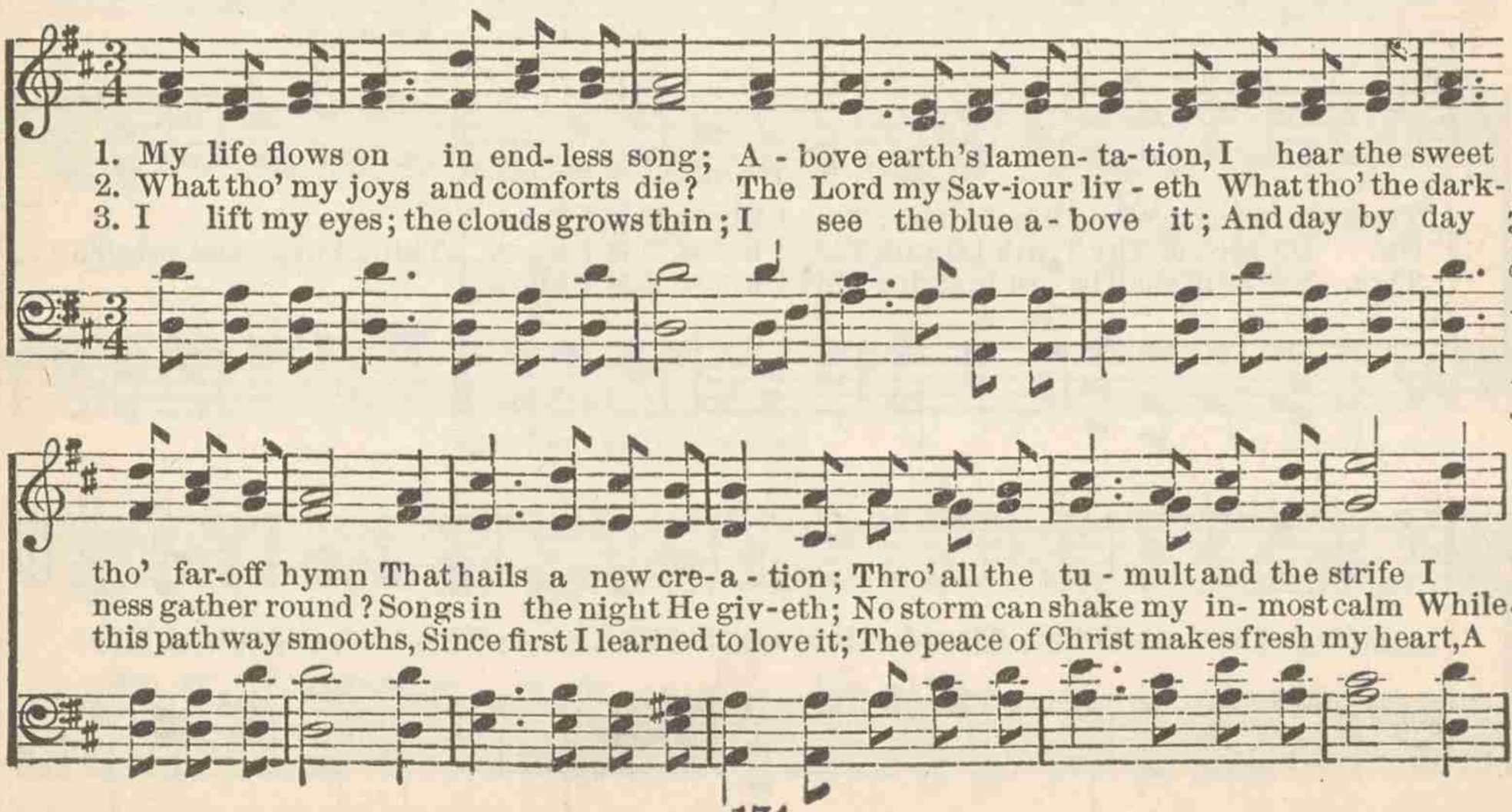
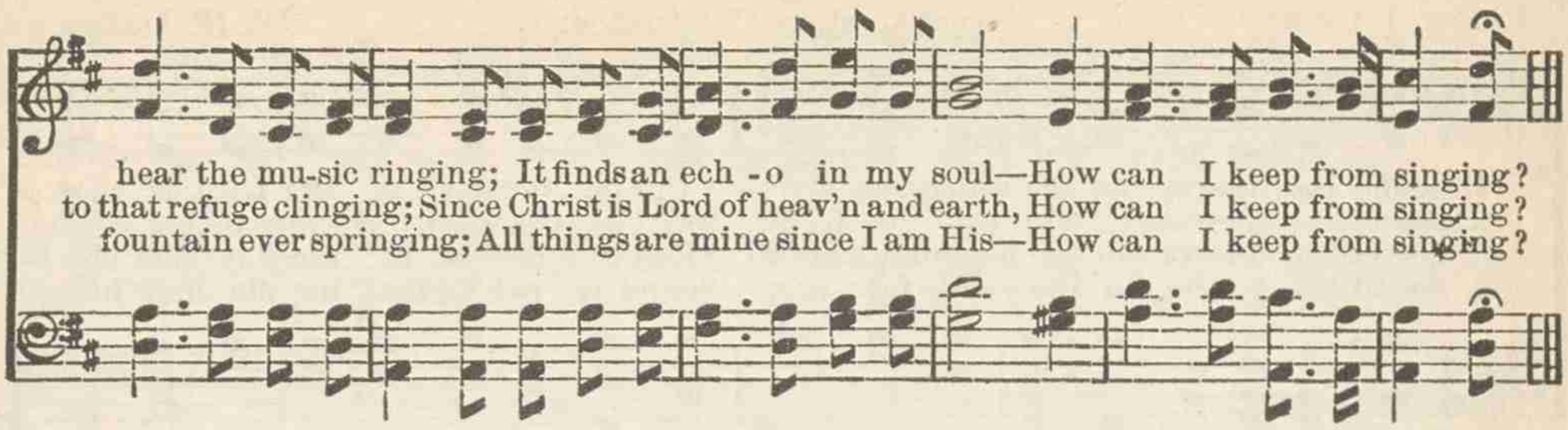
Refrain.

No. 244. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146 : 2.

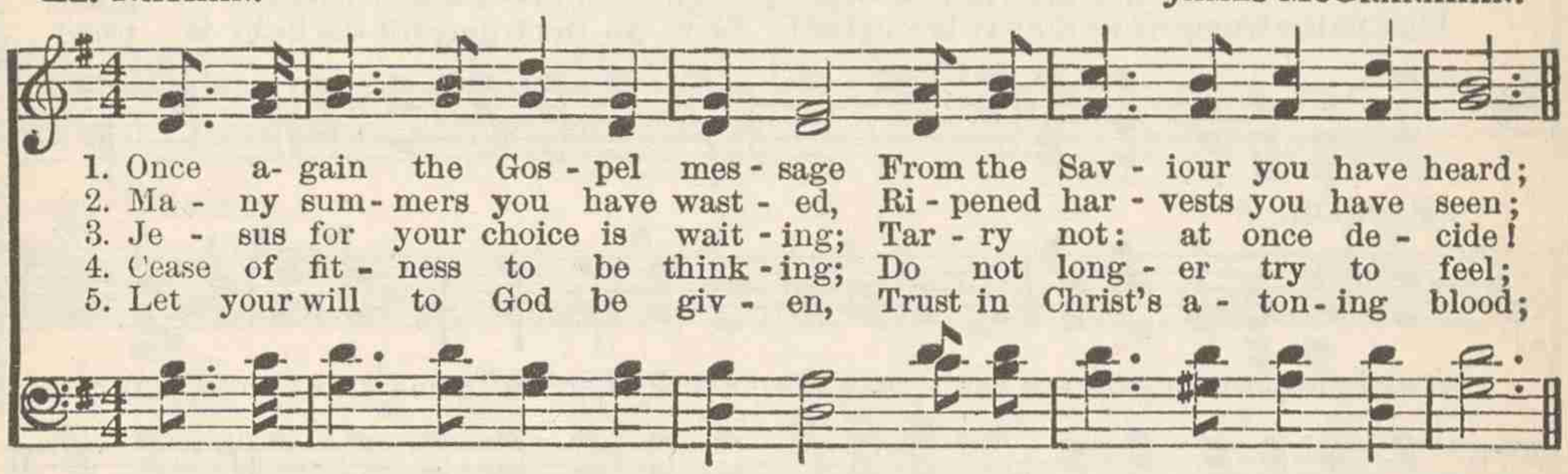
Anon. Ira D. Sankey.



Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

How can I Keep from Singing?

No. 245. Come Believing!

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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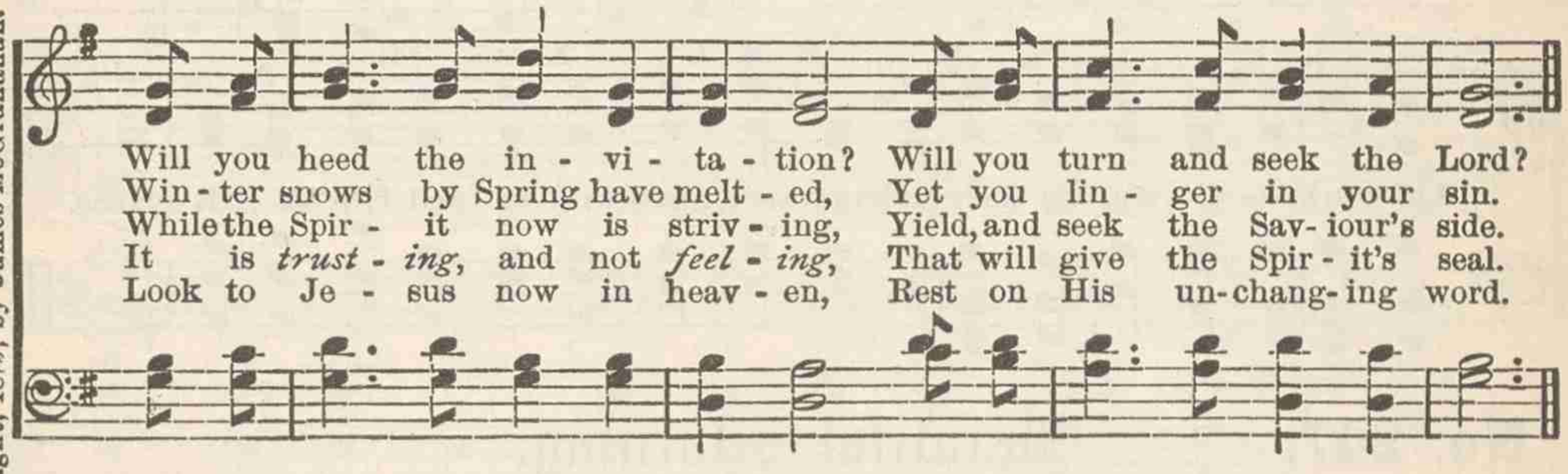
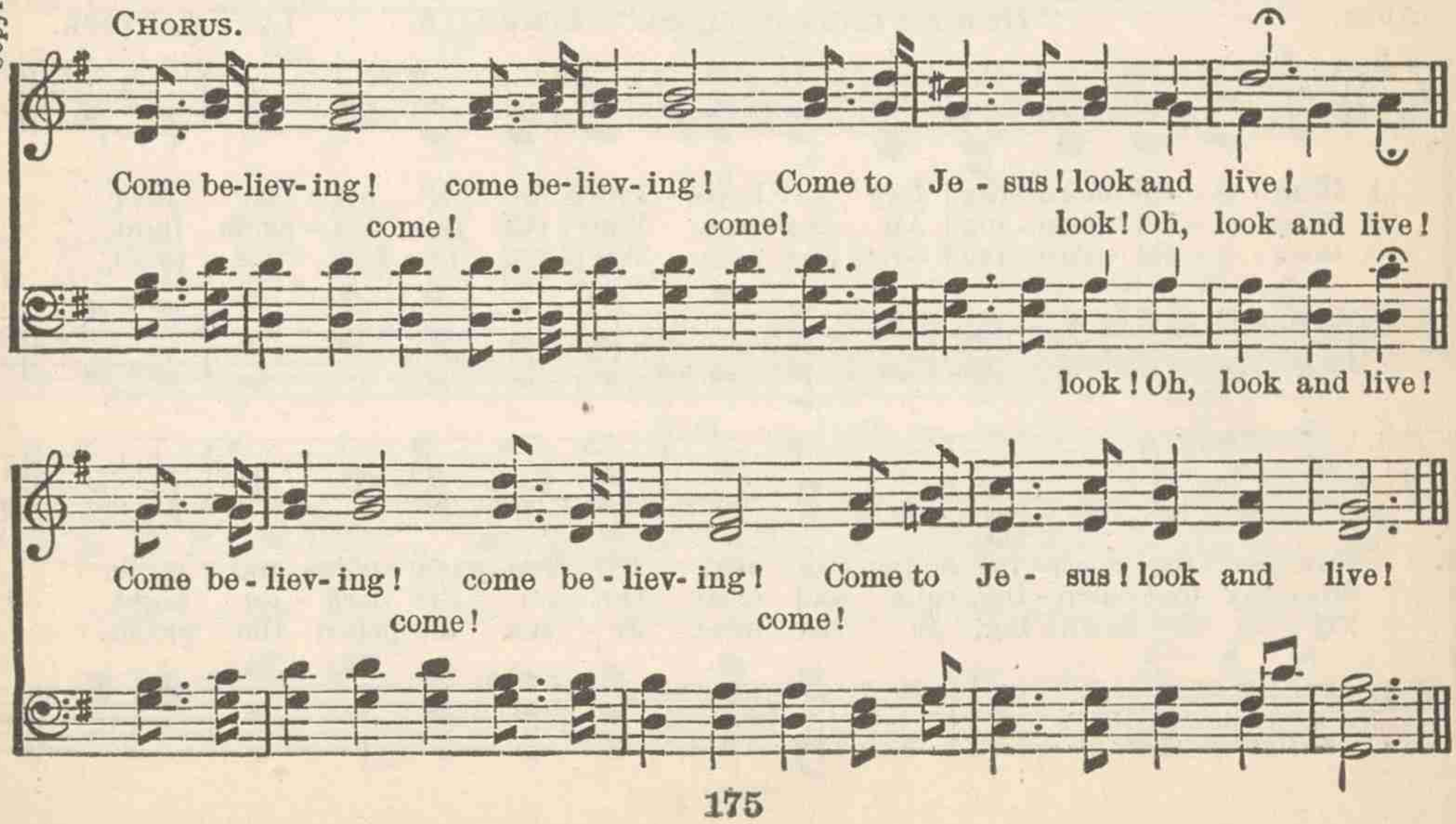

CHORUS.

No. 246. Sound the Alarm!

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2: 1. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a-larm! let the watchman cry!— "Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;
3. Sound the a-larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost by the way-side now;
4. Sound the a-larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a-loud that the old may hear;

Who will es-cape from the wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul's bright home?"
Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide.
Warn them to come and the truth em-brace; Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last! Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

REFRAIN.

Sound the alarm, watchman, Sound the alarm! For the Lord will come with a conq'ring arm;
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall with-er and fall at His glance.

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No. 247. Beautiful Morning.

Anon. "He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Day of hope, Dawn of a bet-ter life;
2. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing! All the week Wait-eth thy wel-come light,
3. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Grief and pain, Weep-ing be-fore the tomb,

Now in thy peace-ful hours we rest, Far from earth's noise and strife.
Since thy first dawn-ing, calm and clear, Out of the dark-est night.
Fly at thy dawn-ing, Je-sus rose, Je-sus dis-pelled the gloom.

Copyright, 1879, by F. H. Revell.

Beautiful Morning.

CHORUS.

Morn - ing of res - ur - rec - tion joy, Day when the Sav - iour rose,

Sing - ing shall greet thy open - ing hour, Sing - ing shall mark thy close.

No. 248. 'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each bro - ken sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearn - ing heart May feel its ev - 'ry
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These check - ered wilds, with thorns o'er-spread, Thro' which our way so

fall - ing tear, Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

cloud - less sky, a wave - less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

rit.

REFRAIN.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

rit.

dread not thy foam; The Pil - grim is long - ing For home, sweet home.

Copyrighted in "Silver Spray," 1868, by W. H. Doane.

No. 249. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know him."—PHIL. 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav - en too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause 'tis true;
2. Earth's fair - est flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'er-spread yon a - zure sky;
3. When o - verwhelmed with un - be - lief, When bur - dened with a blind-ing grief,
4. And when the Glo - ry - land I see, And take the "place pre-pared" for me,

The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Life's dear - est joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Come kind - ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Thro' end - less years my song shall be— "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus."

CHORUS.

"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!" "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

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No. 250. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—COL. 3: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,

We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

That when the Lord from heav - en In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
And pre - cious hours we squan - der'd Up - on the down - ward road;
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;

We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath call'd us, And giv - en us to share
As "stran - gers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,

And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.
The pur - chase of our Sav - iour, A man - sion bright and fair.
But work and watch as "ser - vants," Un - til our Lord shall come.

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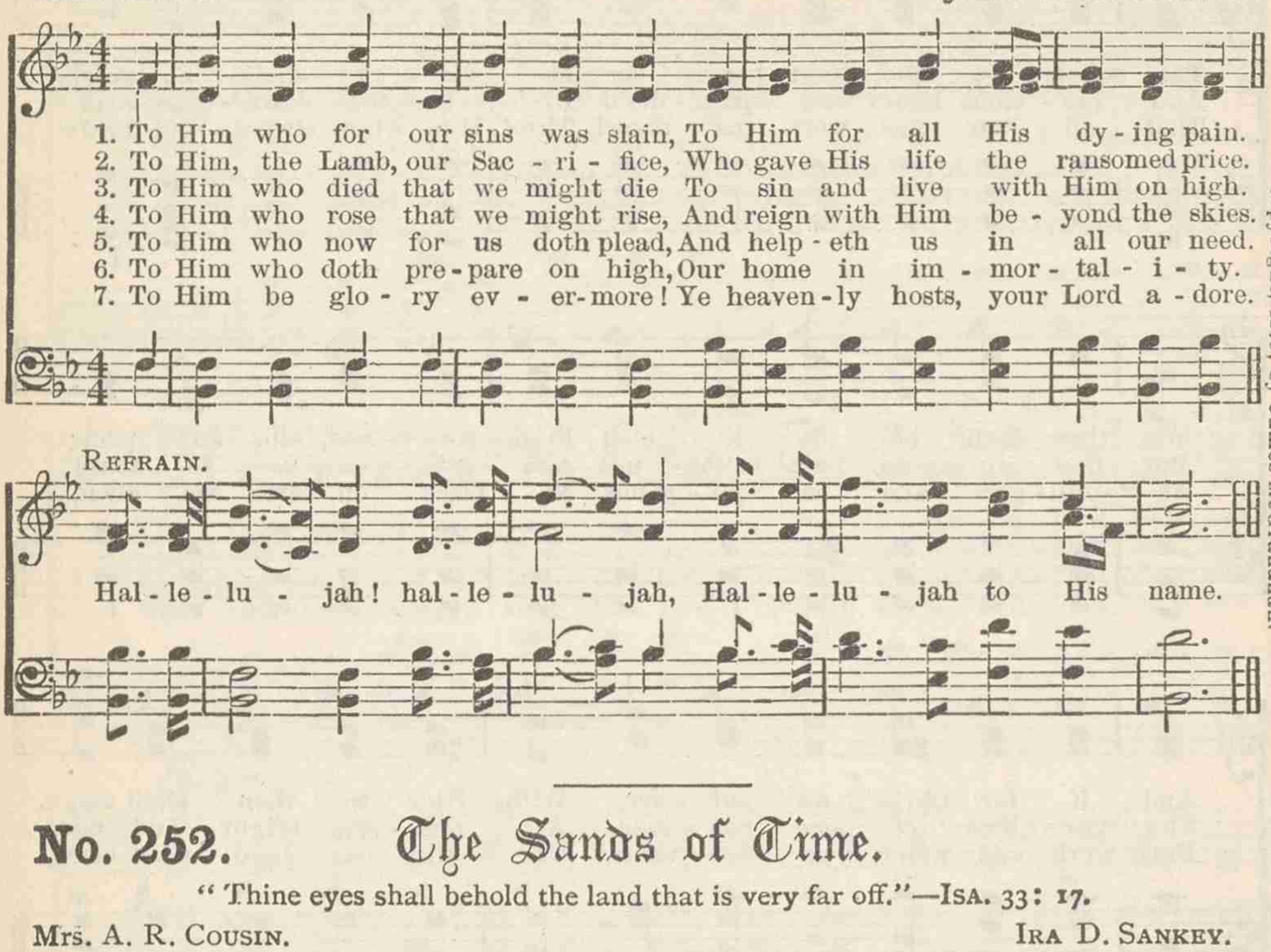
CHORUS.

We are go-ing home to Je - sus! Go-ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing to the man-sions He's pre - par - ing there on high! We are go - ing home to Je - sus!

Go-ing home to Jesus! And we'll gath-er there in glo - ry, By and by! by and by!

No. 251. To Him be Glory Evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

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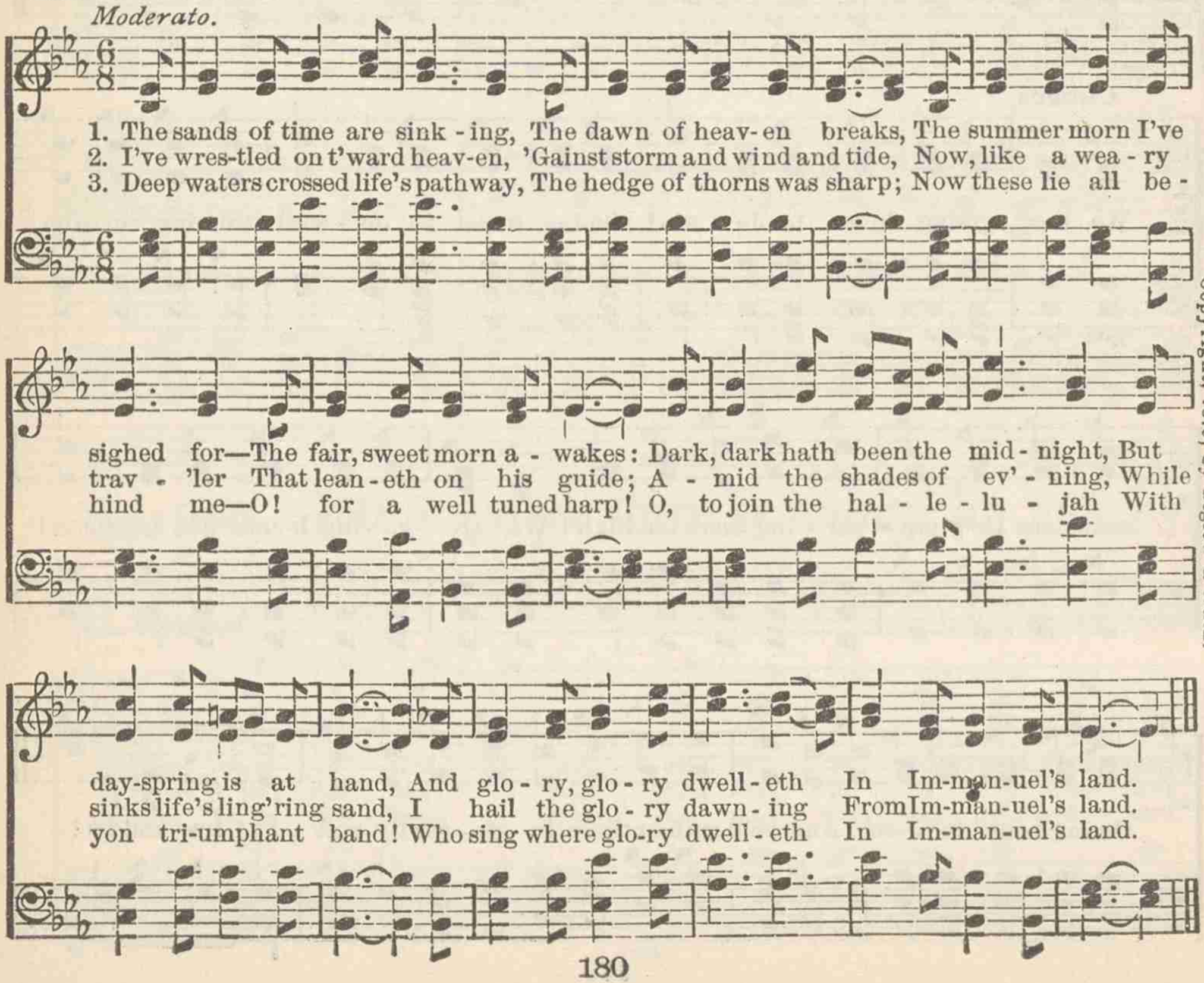
No. 252. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.



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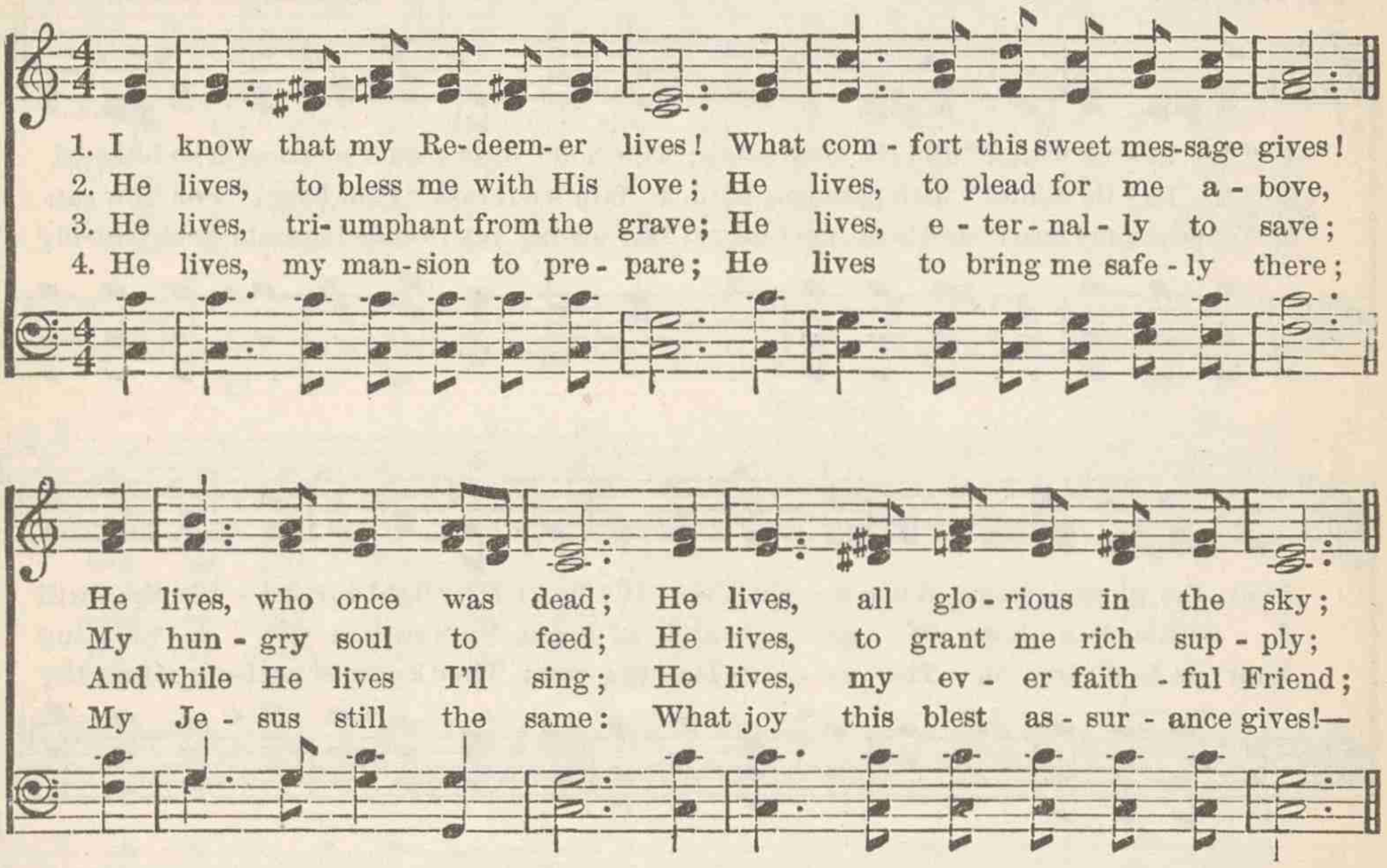
No. 253. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley. James McGranahan.

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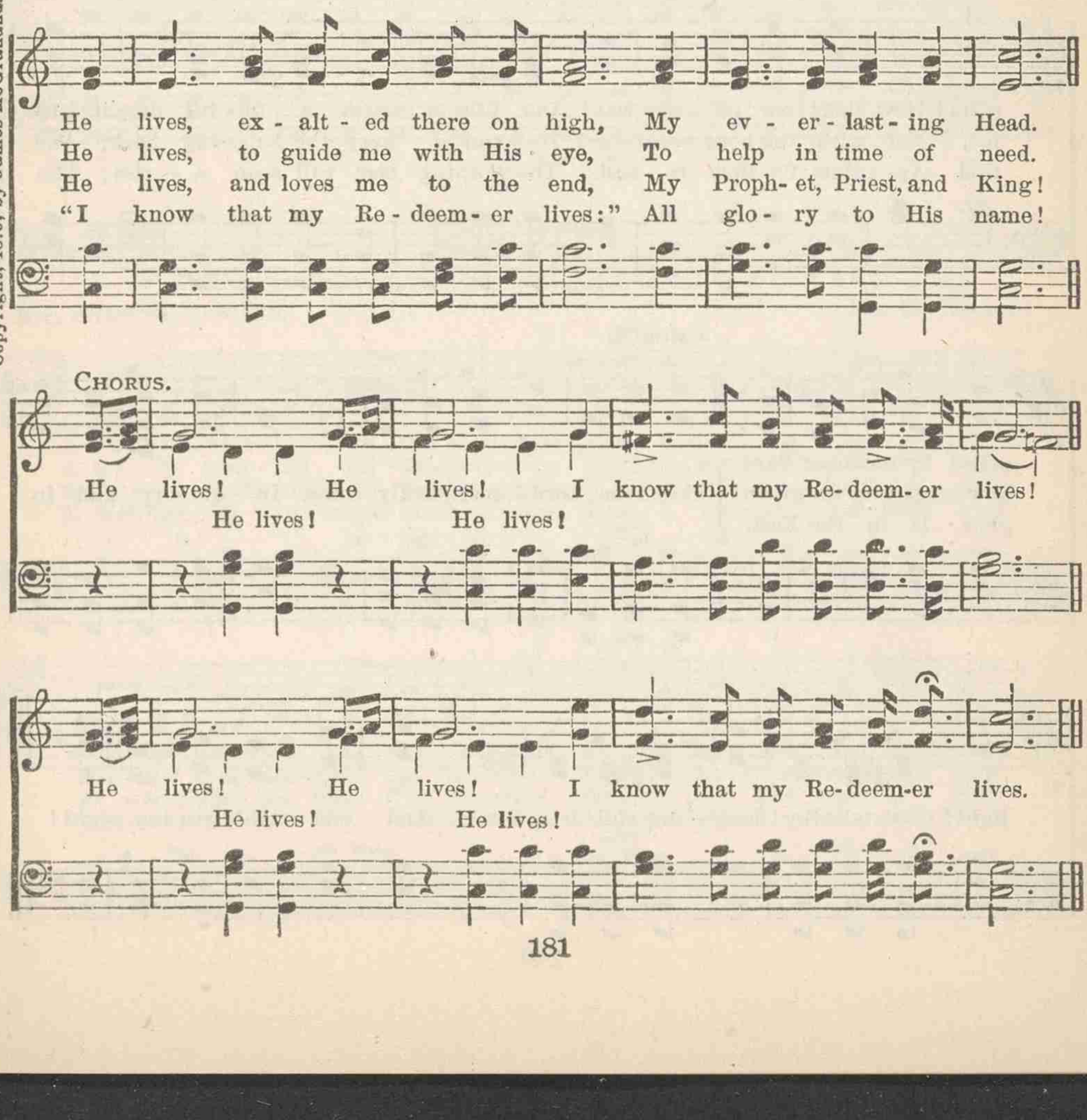
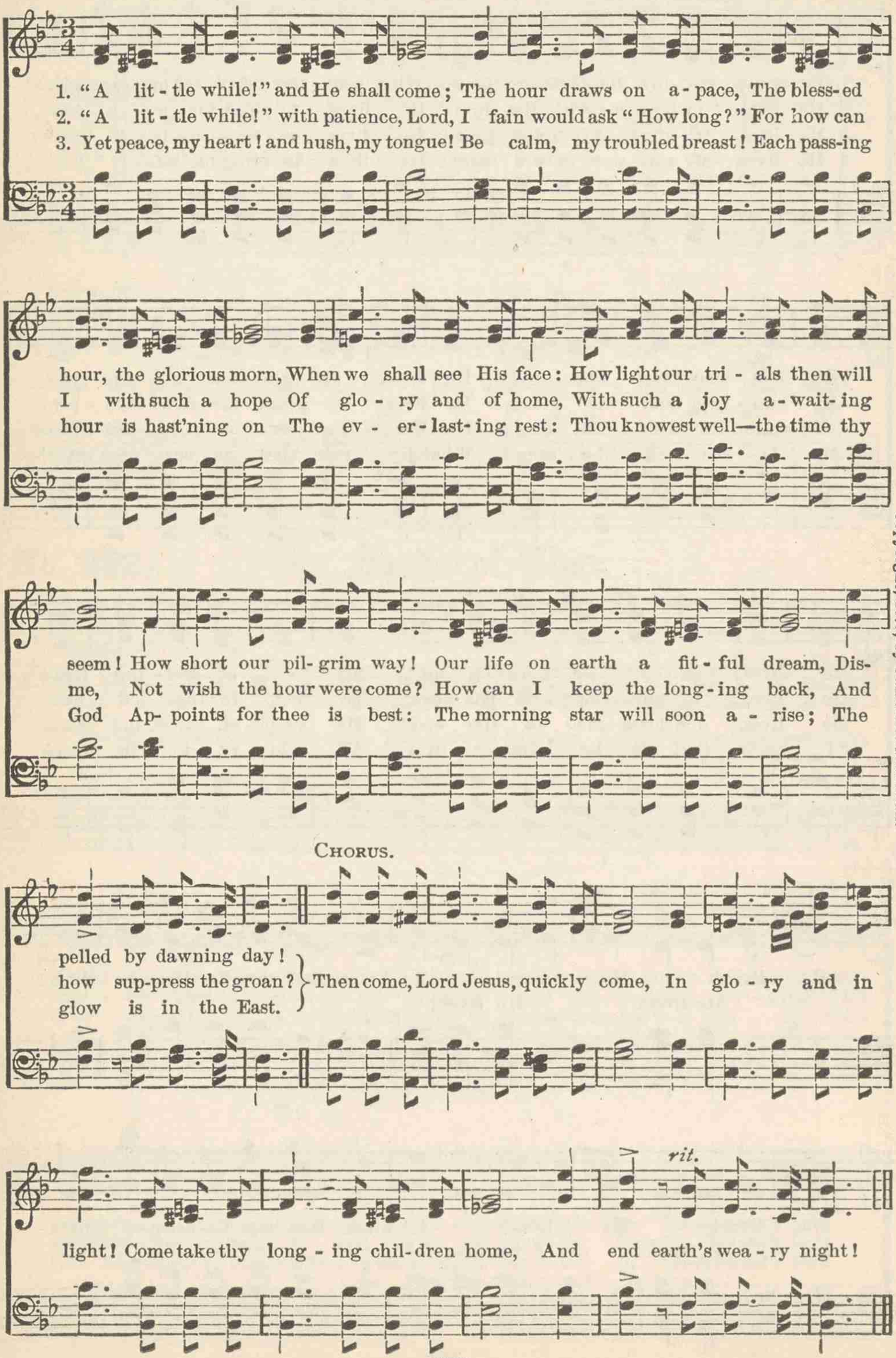


No. 254. A Little While.

"Yet a little while; and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



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No. 255. Only for Thee.

"For me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

ELIZA ANN WALKER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Pre- cious Sav - iour, may I live, On - ly for Thee! Spend the pow - ers
   Be my spir - it's deep de - sire On - ly for Thee! May my in - tel-
2. In my joys may I re - joice, On - ly for Thee! In my choos-ing
   Meek-ly may I suf - fer grief, On - ly for Thee! Grate- ful - ly ac-
3. Be my smiles and be my tears, On - ly for Thee! Be my young and
   Be my peace and be my strife On - ly for Thee! Be my love and

CHORUS.

Thou dost give On - ly for Thee!
lect as - pire On - ly for Thee!
make my choice On - ly for Thee!
cept re - lief, On - ly for Thee!
rip - er years, On - ly for Thee!
be my life, On - ly for Thee!

On - ly Christ who died for me
Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, On - ly for Thee!

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No. 256. Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. 1: 7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gath- er'd home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl - y gate,
4. Wait-ing for a bright- er dwell - ing Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glim- mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum- mer- time has fad - ed And the au - tumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lin- gered, Wea- ry, poor, and des - o - late:
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, And the fields are ev - er green;

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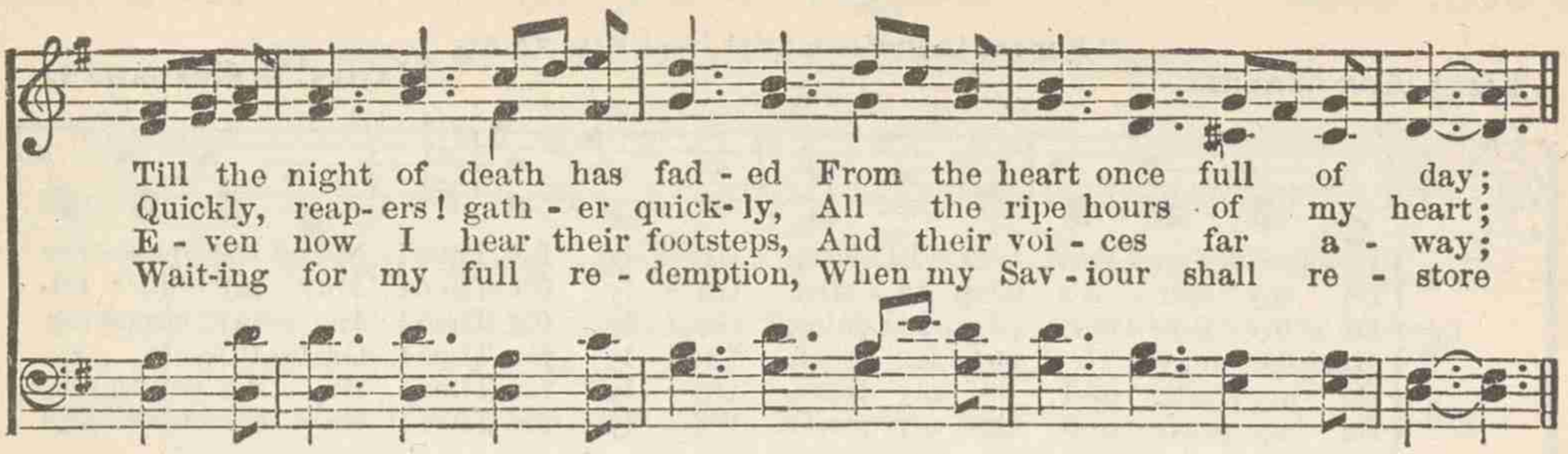
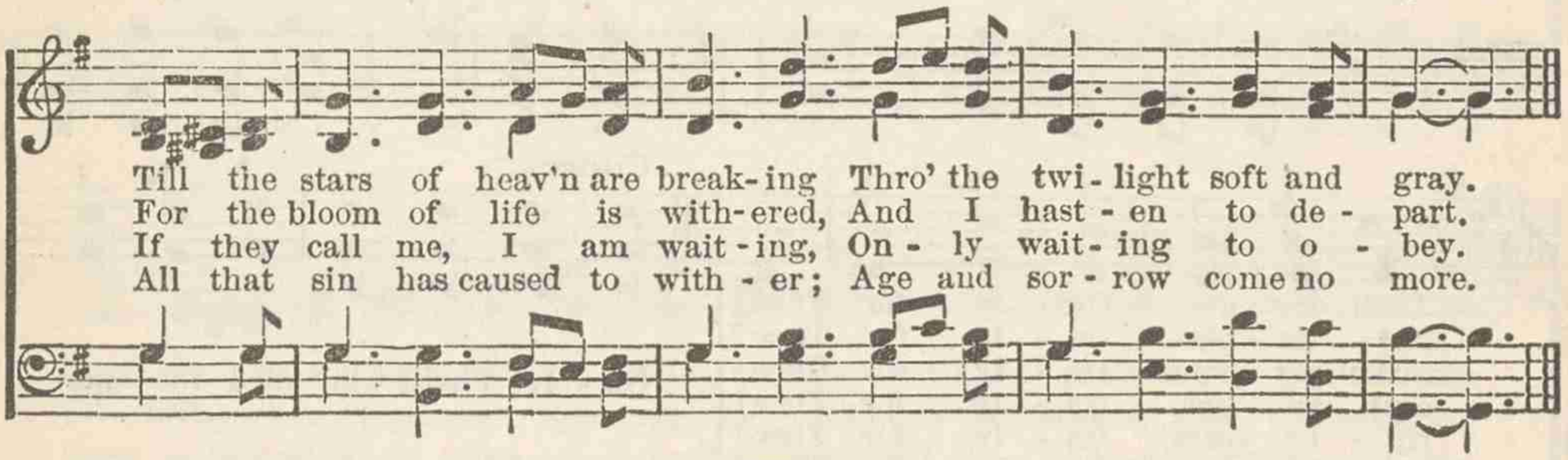
Waiting.



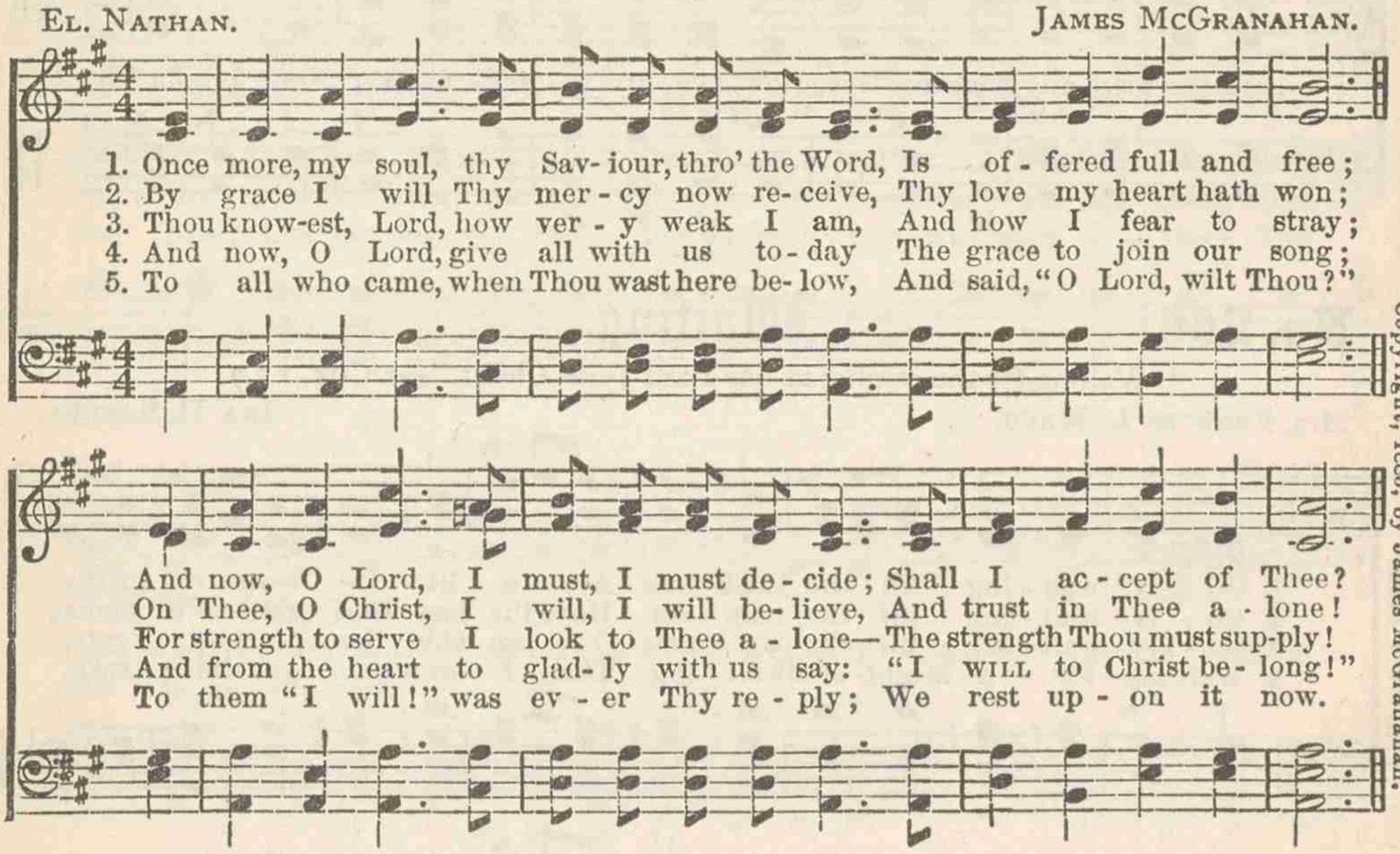


No. 257. I Will!

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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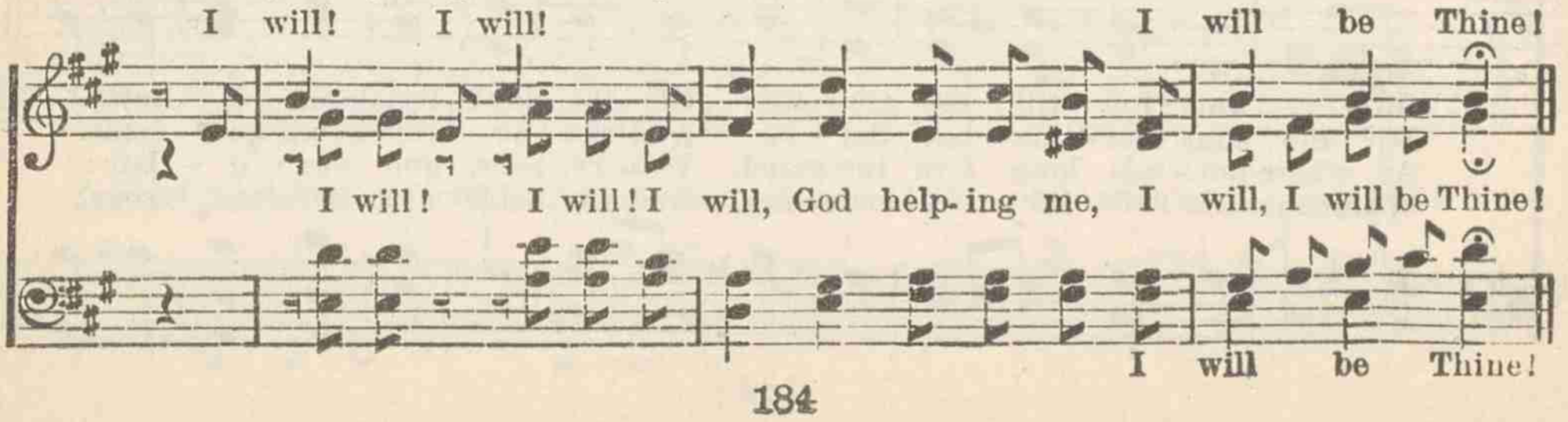
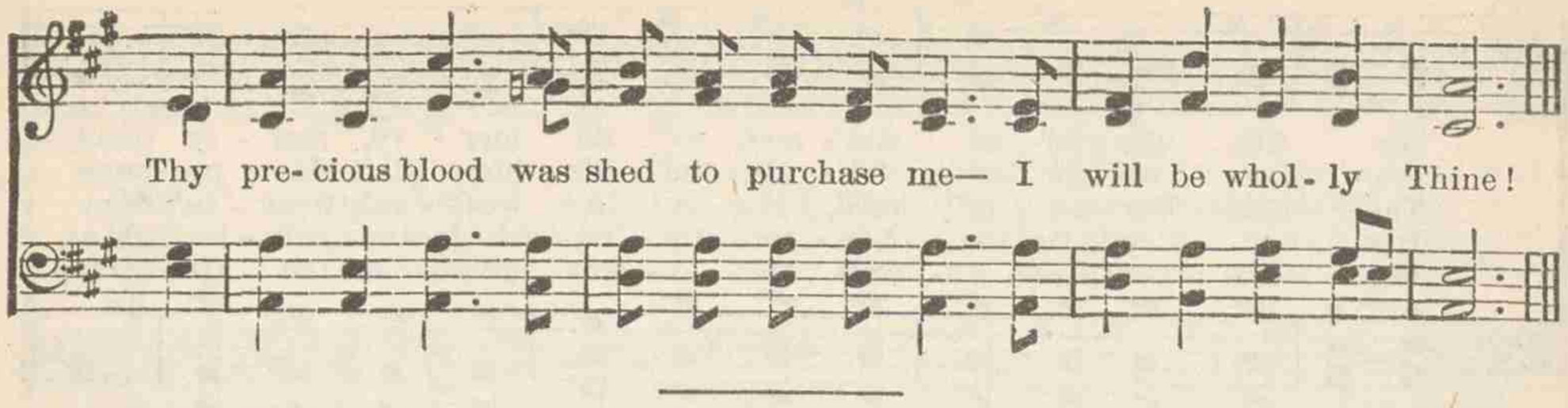
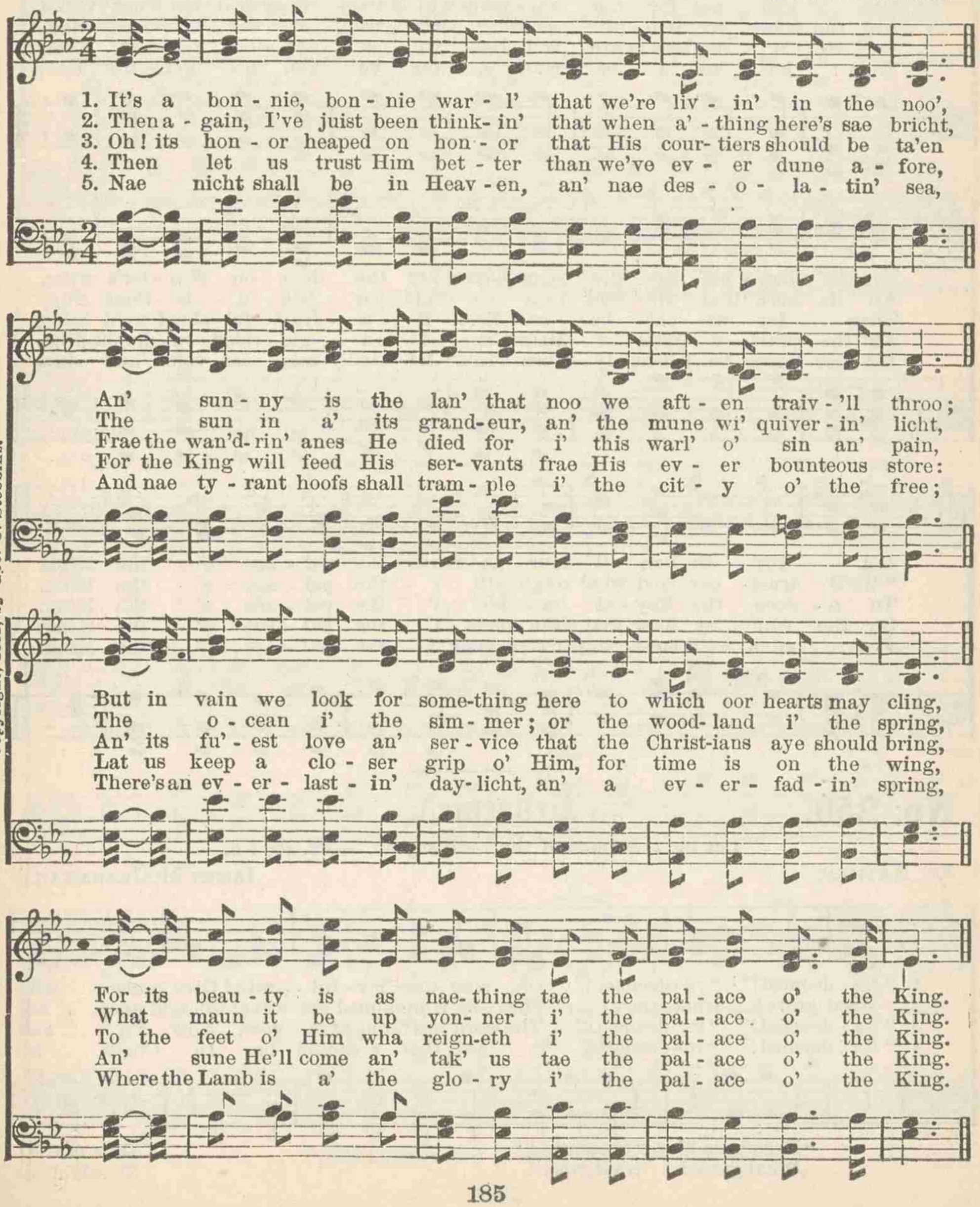
CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*

No. 258. The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

The Palace o' the King.

We like the gild - ed sim - mer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre-pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear - in', wear - in' dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon - nie up - on which the rain - bows shine,
We see oor freen's a - wait us o - wer yon - ner at His gate;

An' we sigh when hoar - y win - ter lays its beau - ties wi' the dead;
His cho - sen for the rai - ment which the ran-somed sin - ner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be o - wer ver - ra sune.
An' its E - den bow'rs are trel - lised wi' a nev - er fad - in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read - y, for ye ken it's get - tin' late;

For tho' bon - nie are the snaw-flakes, an' the doon on Win - ter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib - u - la - tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a fruit - fu' sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl - y gates o' Heav - en, do a glo - rious ra - diance fling,
Let oor lamps be bricht - ly burn - in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur - na touch the pal - ace o' the King.
"We'll trust oor God wha' reign - eth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To a - dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the pal - ace o' the King.
On the star - ry floor that shim - mers i' the pal - ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal - ace o' the King.

No. 259. Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107 : 2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" Oh, sing the joy - ful strain! Give praise; give
2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave, Should stoop, my
3. "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" The word has brought re - pose, And joy, and
4. "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" O joy, that I should be In Christ, in

"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Give praise!
What grace! what grace! Should stoop,

Redeemed.

praise and glo - ry to His name; Who gave His blood our souls to save, And
soul, my guilt - y soul to save! That He the curse should bear for me, A
joy that each redeemed one knows, Who sees his sins on Je - sus laid, And
Christ, from sin for - ev - er free! For - ev - er free to praise His name, Who

give praise!
my soul!

pur-chased freedom for the slave! And pur - chased free - dom for the slave!
sin - ful wretch, His en - e - my! A sin - ful wretch His en - e - my!
knows His blood the ran-som paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
bore for me the guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave!
A sin-ful wretch, His en - e-my, His en - e - my!
And knows His blood the ransom paid, the ran - som paid.
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

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CHORUS.

* "Re - deemed!" "re - deemed!" from sin and all its woe!" "Re-deemed!" "re -

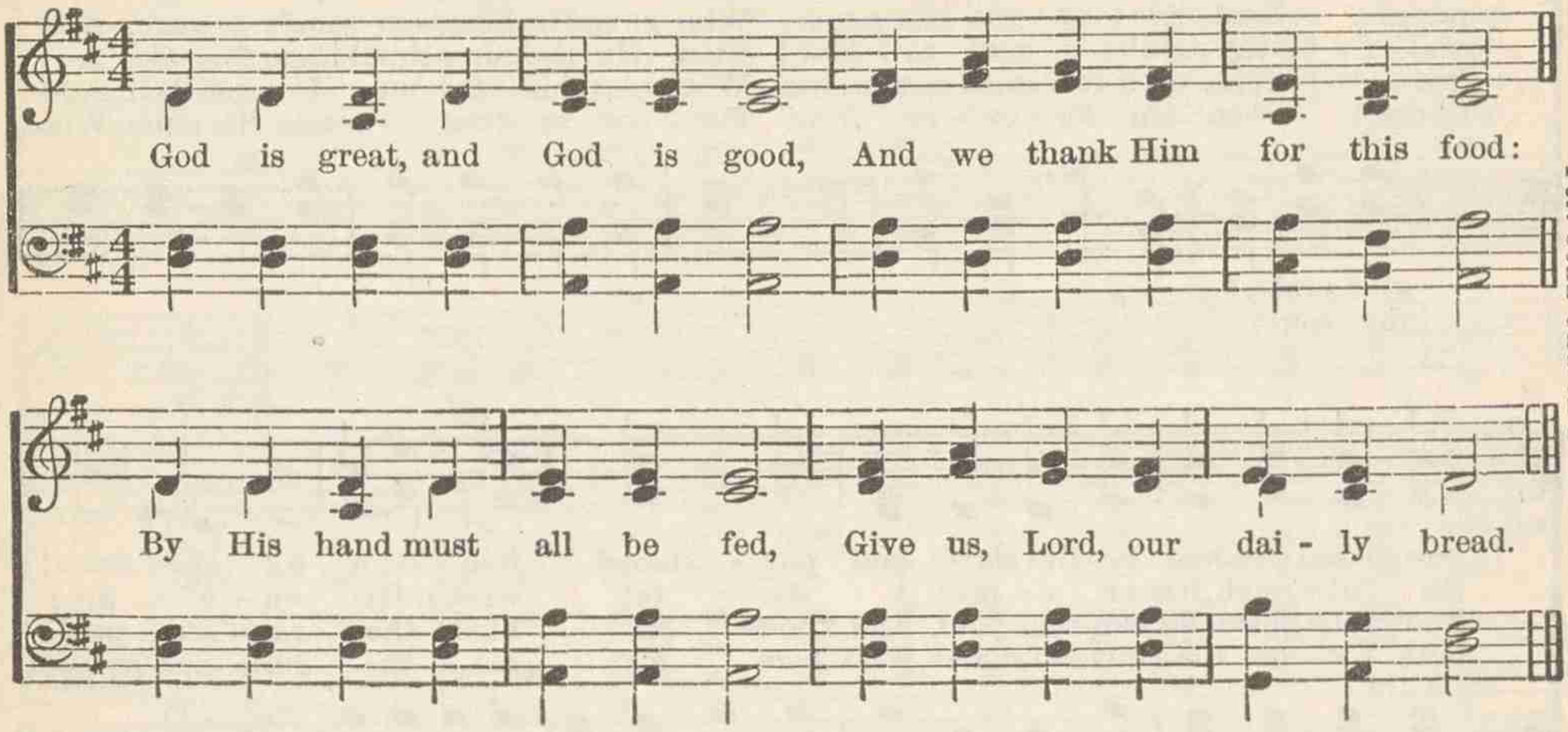
deemed" e - ter - nal life to know! "Re - deemed!" "Re - deemed!" by

Je - sus' blood, "Re - deemed!" "Re - deemed!" Oh, praise..... the Lord!

* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

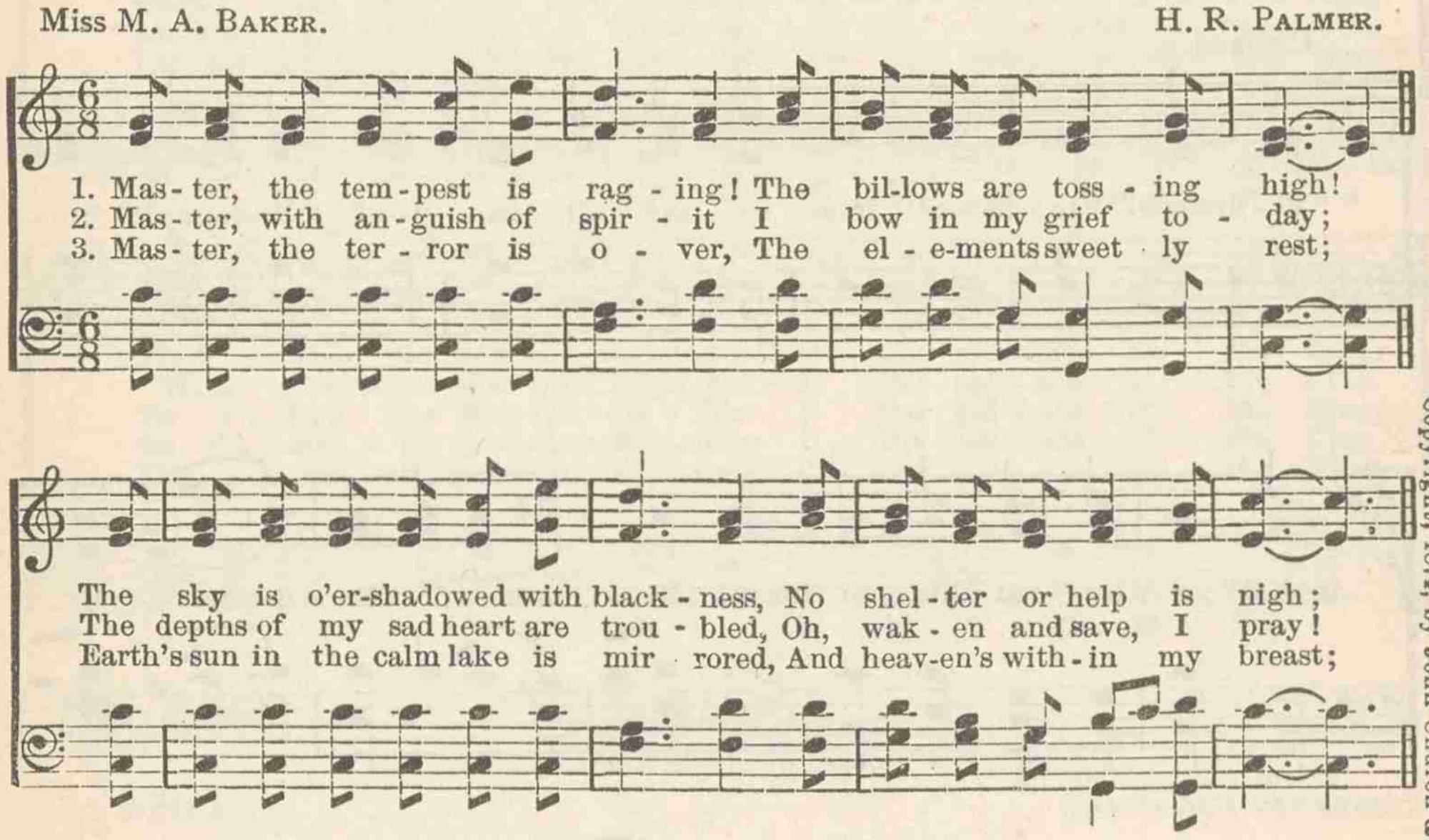
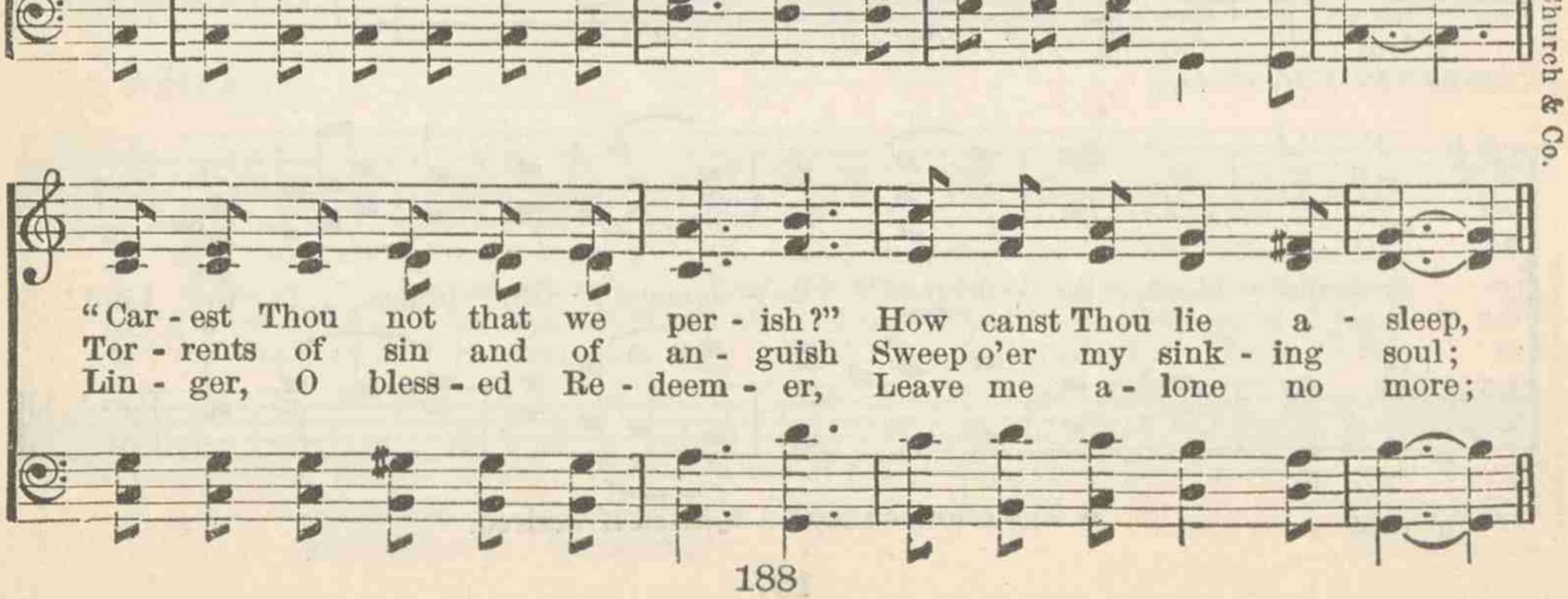
No. 260. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145: 15.

P. P. Bliss.

Per. John Church & Co.

No. 261. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4: 39.

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.



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Peace! Be Still!

When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh! has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will, Peace,..... be still!.....
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cres - - - - - - *cen* - - - - -

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

- - - *do.* *ff*

Mas-ter of o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-bey My will;

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

No. 262. I am the Door.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gath-'ring storm I be - hold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin,
4. I en - ter the wide o - pen door, In Christ I *now* have be - lieved;

cres.

Ex - posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel - ter - ing fold,
No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer - cy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I en - ter there - in,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,

CHORUS.

Is there no shel - ter - ing fold?
Is there no mer - cy for me?
How may I en - ter there - in?
I trust and *now* I am saved?
} I am the door, by Me if an - y man

f

en - ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

ff *ad lib.*.....

by Me if an - y man en - ter in, He shall be saved, he shall be saved.

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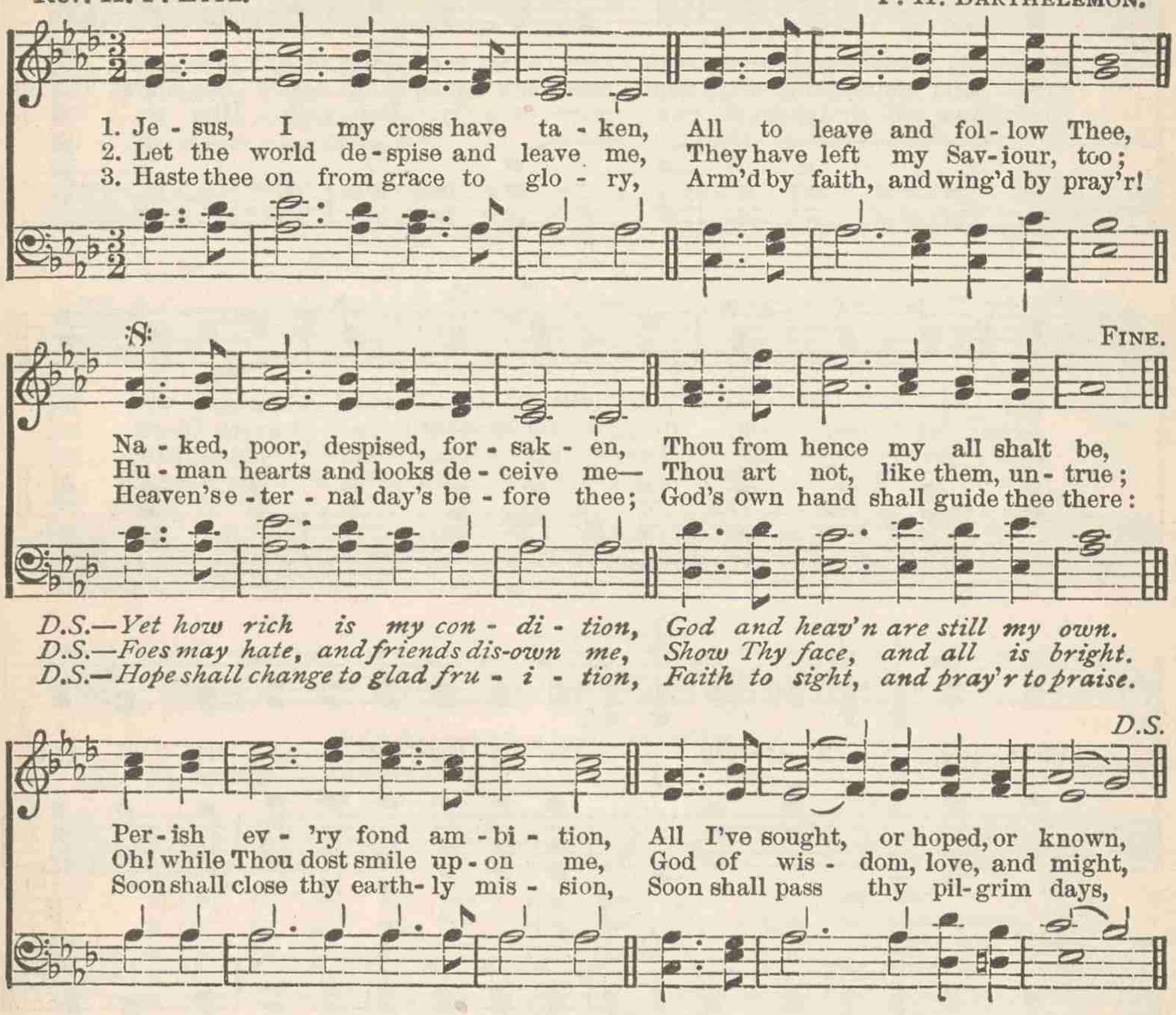
No. 263. Autumn. 8s, & 7s.

"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee."—MATT, 19: 27.

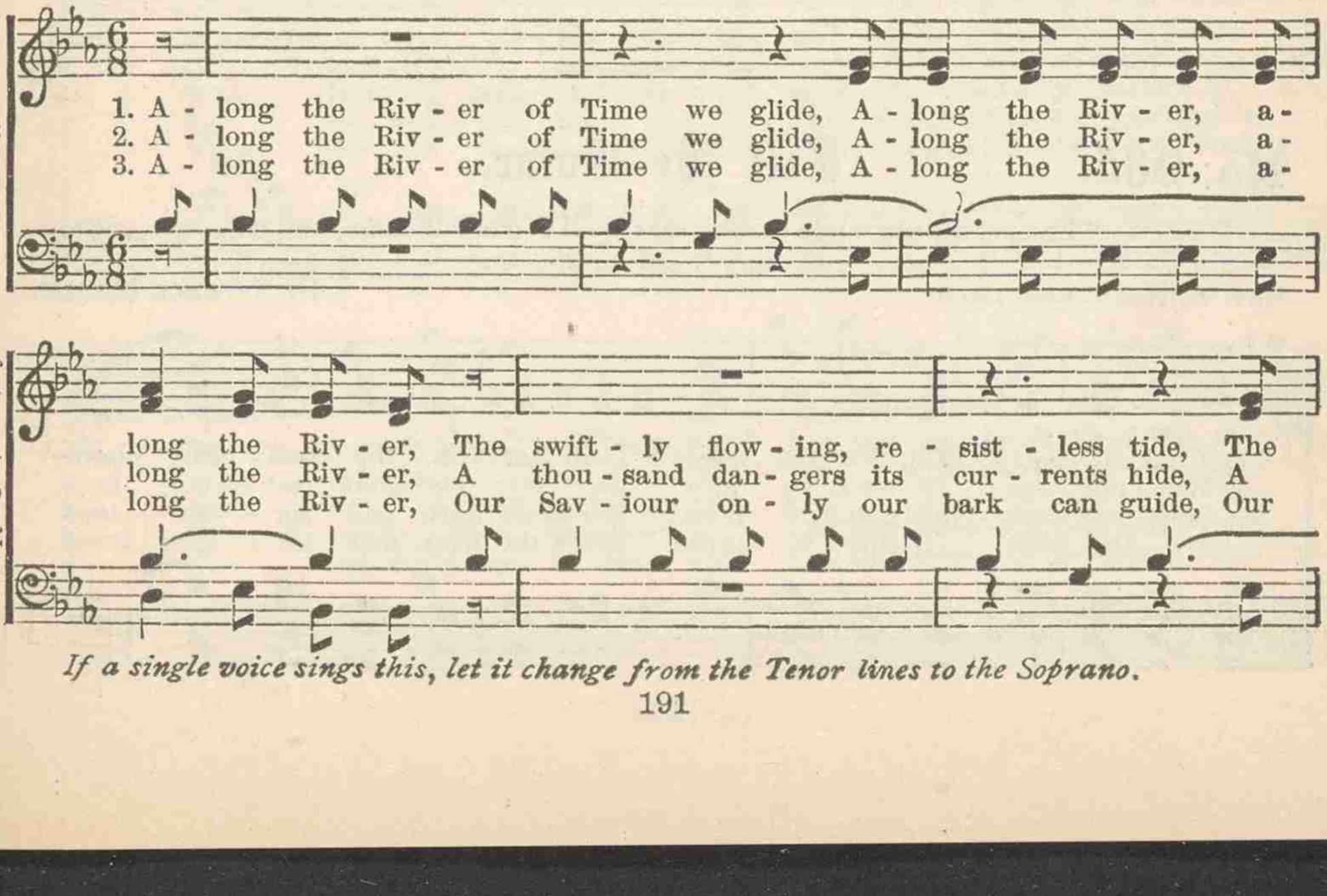
Rev. H. F. LYTE. F. H. BARTHELEMON.



No. 264. Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.



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If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.

Along the River of Time.

swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, Ah, soon, ah, soon, the
thou - sand dan - gers, a thou - sand dan - gers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se-

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful thought! a wreck to be,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

p

Float - ing, Float - ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

pp *rit.*

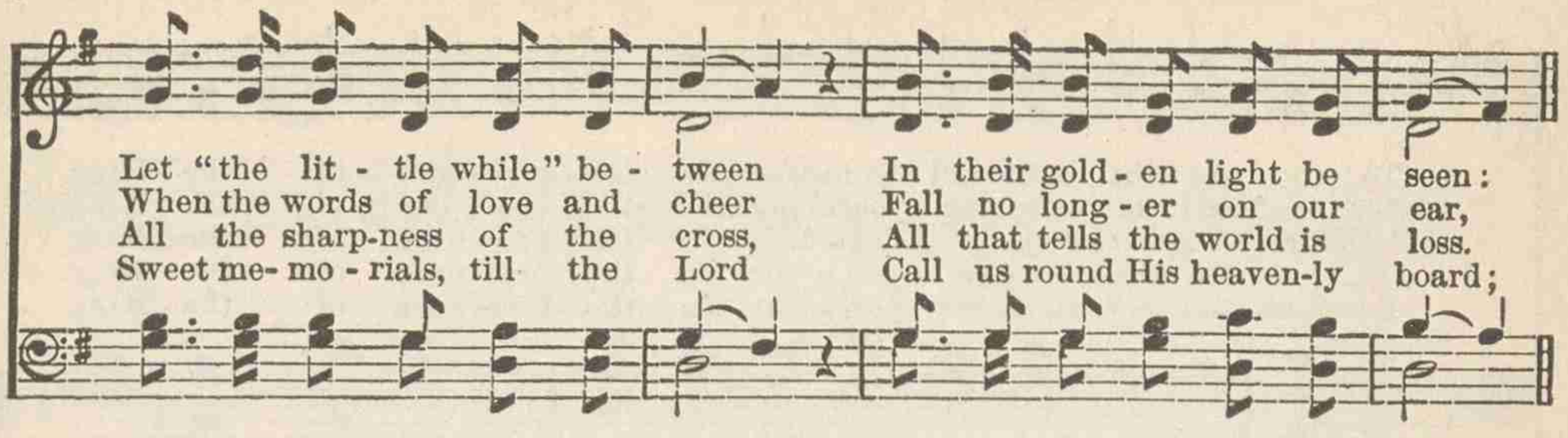
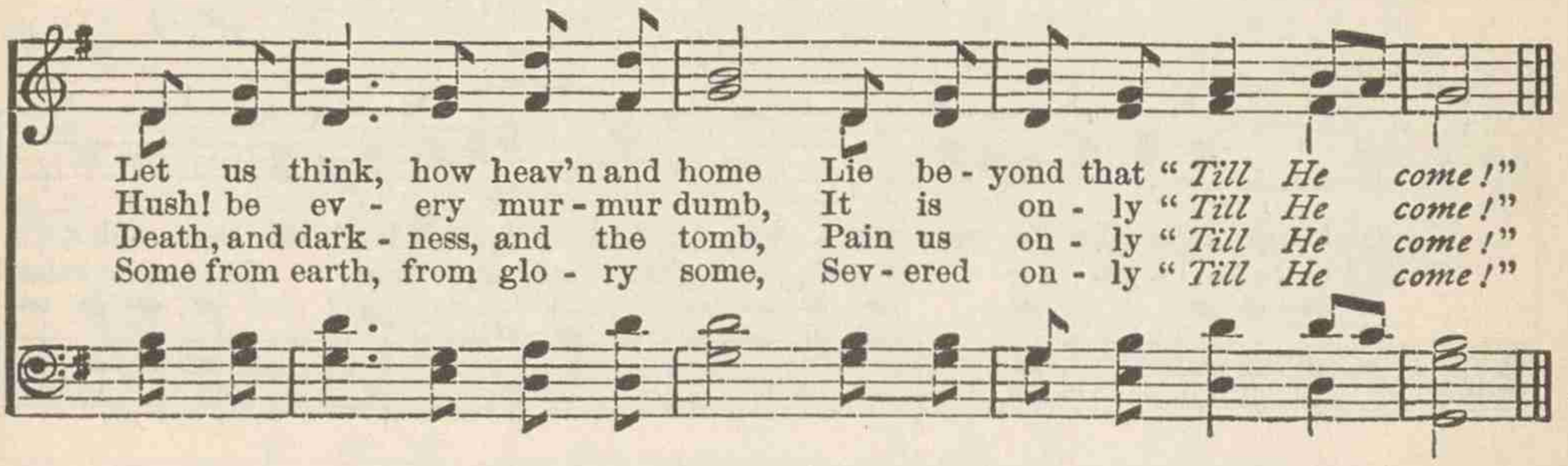
Float - ing, float - ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 265. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

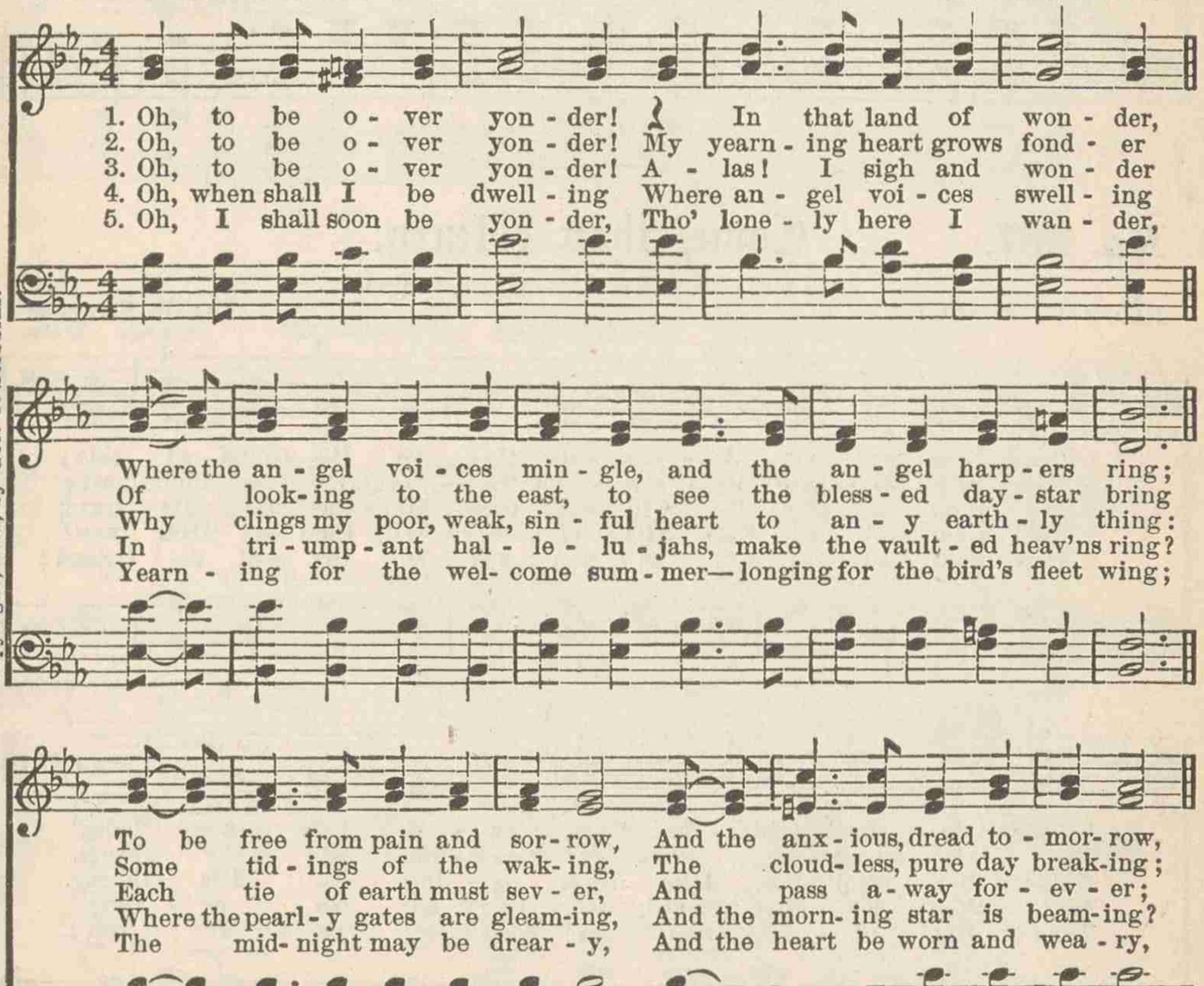
Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. "*Till He come!*"—Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trem - bling chords;
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one sor - row less?
4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

Till He Come.

No. 266. Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

Miss Florence C. Armstrong. Geo. C. Stebbins.



Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

Oh! to be ober Yonder.

To rest in light and sun-shine In the pres-ence of the King.
My heart is yearn-ing—yearn-ing For the com-ing of the King.
But there's no more sep-a-ra-tion In the pres-ence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon-der In the pres-ence of the King.
But there's no more shad-ow yon-der In the pres-ence of the King.

CHORUS.

Oh!..... to be o-ver yon-der, In..... that land of won-der,
Oh! to be o - - ver yonder, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder,

There..... to be for-ev-er In the pres-ence of the King.
There to be for - - ev-er

No. 267. Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come, thou wea-ry, Je-sus calls thee To His wound-ed side;
2. Seek-ing Je-sus? Je-sus seeks thee— Wants thee as thou art;
3. If thou let Him, He will save thee— Make thee all His own;
4. Wilt thou still re-fuse His of-fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea-ry? Is thy soul dis-tressed?

"Come to me," saith He, "and ev-er Safe a-bide."
He is knock-ing, ev-er knock-ing At thy heart.
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dy-ing, To His throne.
Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re-ject-ed, Go a-way?
Take His of-fer, wait no long-er; Be at rest!

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No. 268. Every Day Will I Bless Thee.

Ps. 145 : 2.

J. E. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My Saviour's prais-es I will sing, And all His love ex- press; Whose mercies each re -
2. Redeemed by His al-mighty power, My Sav-iour and my King; My con - fi-dence in
3. On Thee a- lone, my Saviour, God, My steadfast hopes de-pend; And to Thy ho - ly
4. Oh, grant Thy Ho- ly Spirit's grace, And aid my fee-ble powers; That glad - ly I may

CHORUS.

turn-ing day, Proclaim His faith- ful - ness.
Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.
will my soul, Sub-mis-sive - ly would bend.
fol - low Thee Thro' all my fu- ture hours.

"Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev- 'ry day will I bless Thee! And I will praise, will praise, Thy name For-ev - er and ev - er!"

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No. 269. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3 : 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Joy-ful - ly I flee From this world of sor - row,
2. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Tread-ing o'er the des - ert
3. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Come a-long with me; Ye who love the Sav - iour,

With my Lord to be; On- ward to the glo - ry, Up- ward to the prize,
Which my Saviour pressed; "On- ward, up-ward, home-ward!" I shall soon be there,
Bear me com- pa - ny; "On- ward, up-ward, home-ward!" Press with vig - or on;

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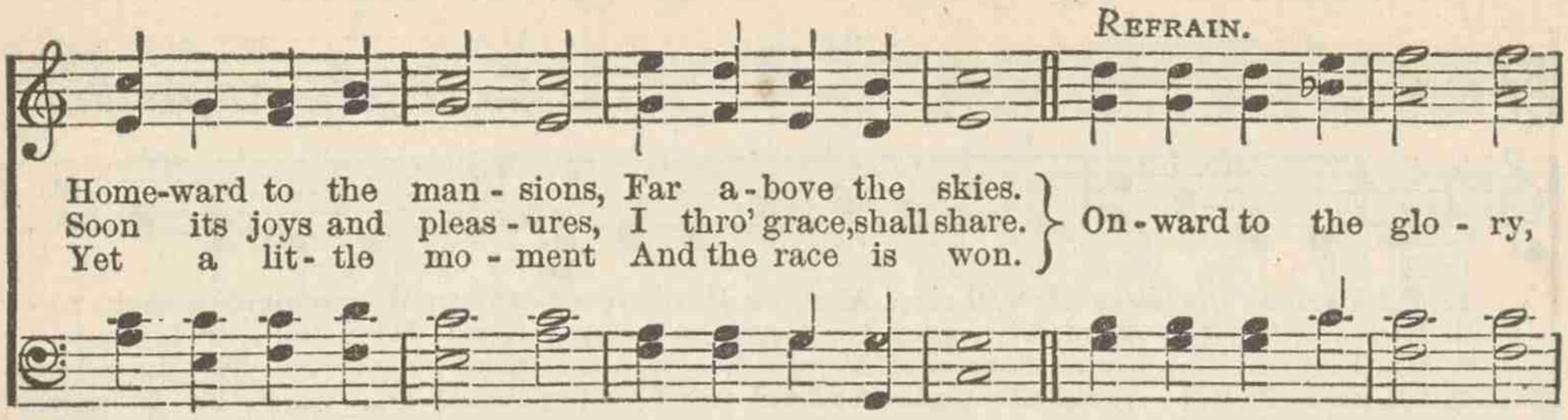
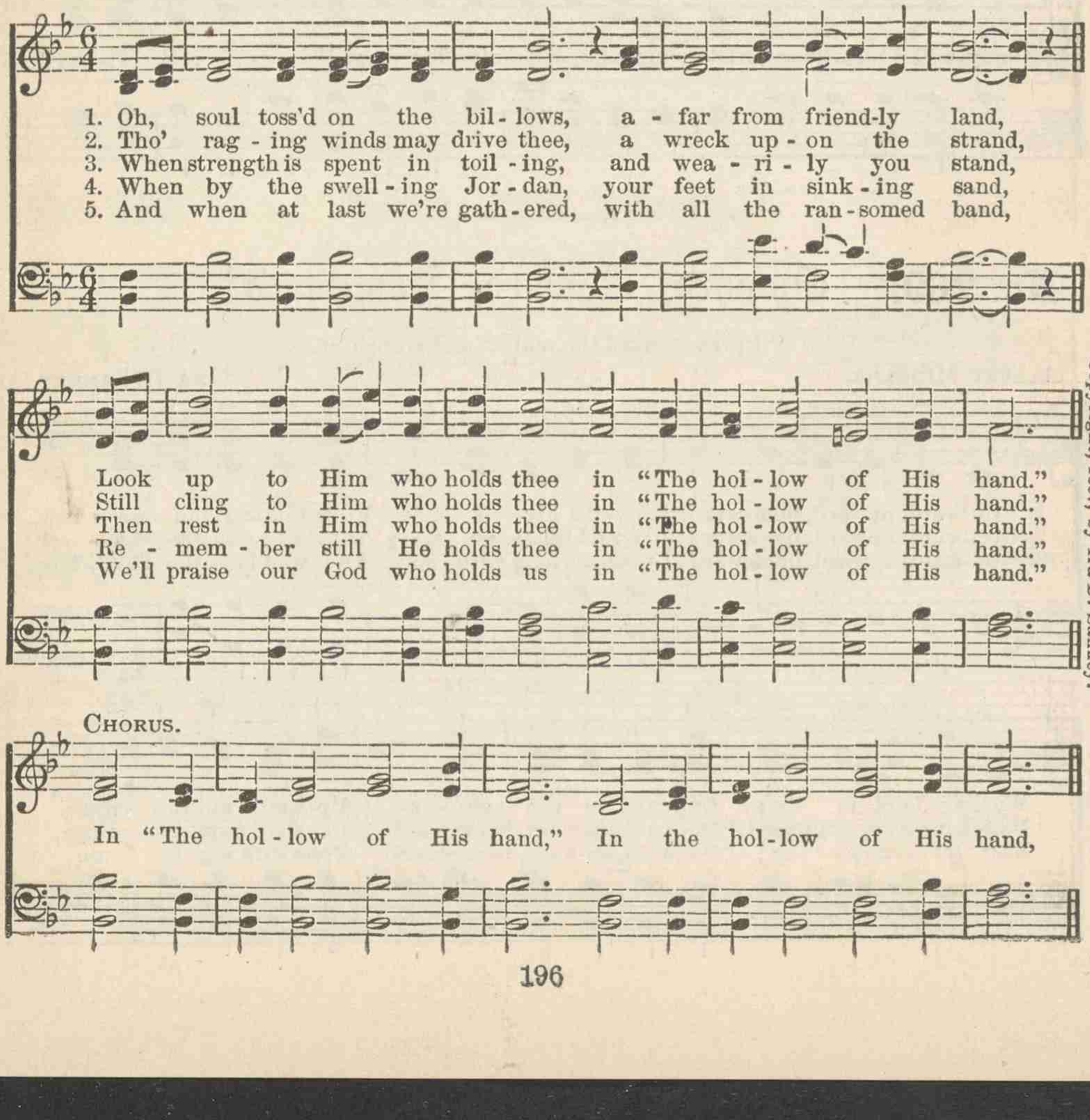
Onward, Upward, Homeward!



No. 270. In The Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."—John 10: 28.

Louise J. Kirkwood, alt. Geo. C. Stebbins.

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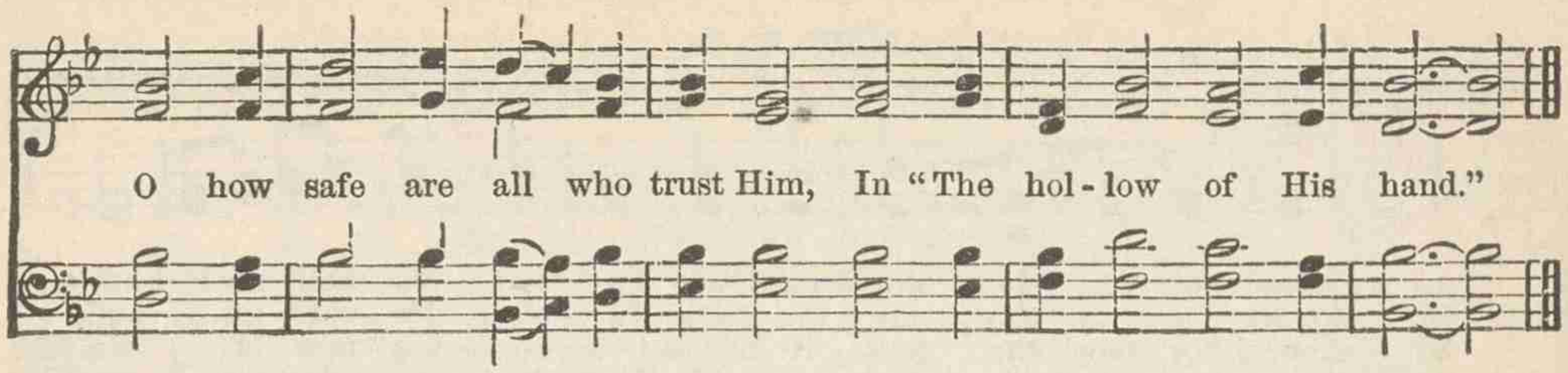
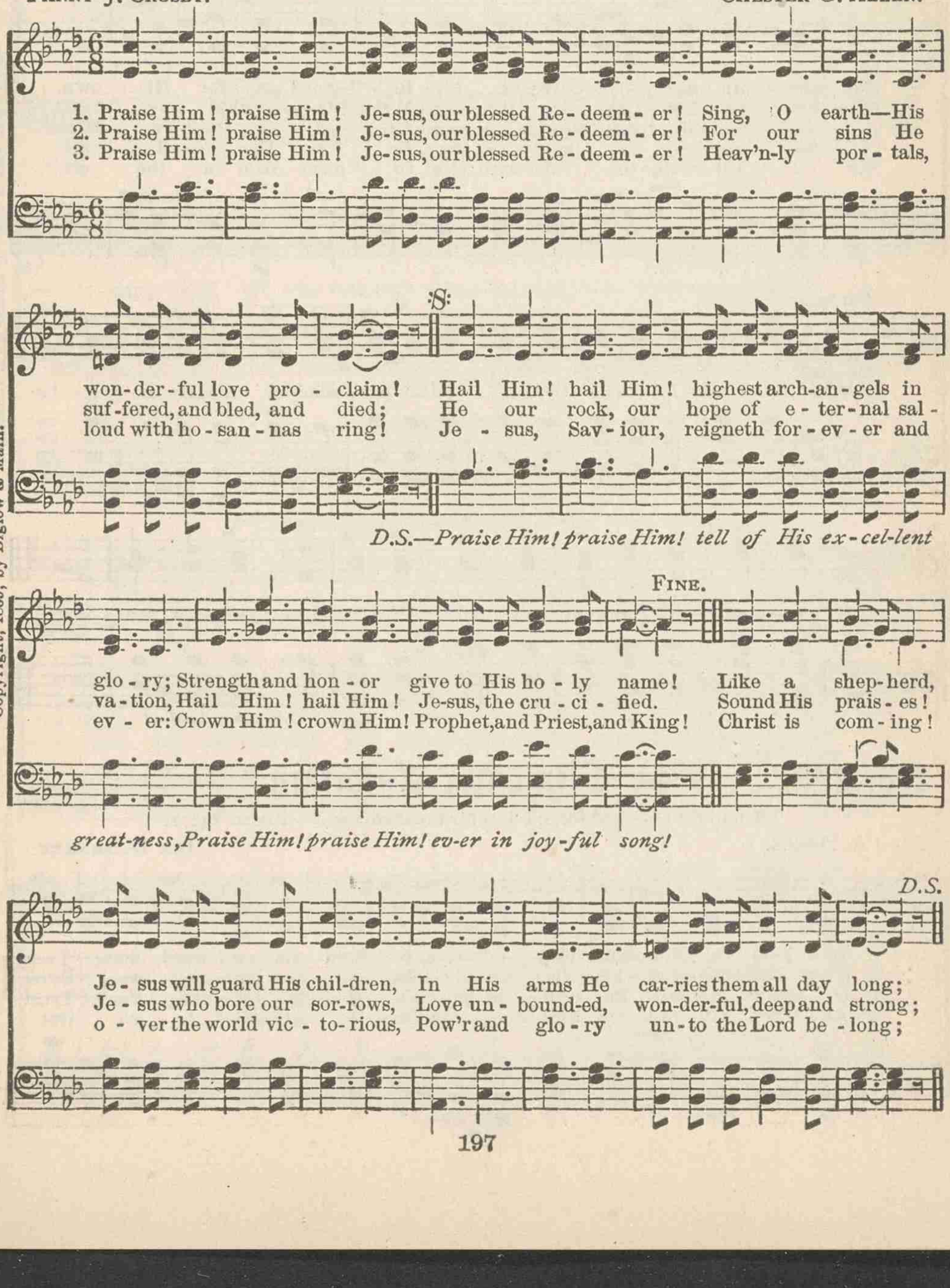
In The Hollow of His Hand.

No. 271. Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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No. 272. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair

Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

Chorus.

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad-ed that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a-gainst that day."

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No. 273. The Cleansing Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Rian A. Dykes. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Be - hold a Fountain deep and wide, Be - hold its on - ward flow; 'Twas
2. From Calvary's cross, where Je - sus died In sor - row, pain, and woe, Burst
3. O may we all the heal - ing power Of that bless'd Fountain know; Trust
4. And when at last the mes -'sage comes, And we are called to go, Our

The Cleansing Fountain.

o - pened in the Sav - iour's side, And cleans - eth "white as snow, And
forth the won - drous crim - son tide That cleans - eth "white as snow, That
on - ly in the pre - cious blood That cleans - eth "white as snow, That
trust shall still be in the blood That cleans - eth "white as snow, That

CHORUS.

cleans - eth white as snow."
cleans - eth white as snow."
cleans - eth white as snow."
cleans - eth white as snow."

Come to this Fount - ain, 'Tis flow - ing to - day; And all who will may free - ly come, And wash their sins a - way.

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No. 274. Come to the Fountain.

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36 : 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fount - ain, Come with thy bur - den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fount - ain, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav - iour; They who re - pent and be - lieve,
4. Come and be healed at the fount - ain, List to the peace-speak-ing voice;

Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
What tho' thy sins are like crim - son, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are will - ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re - ceive.
O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.

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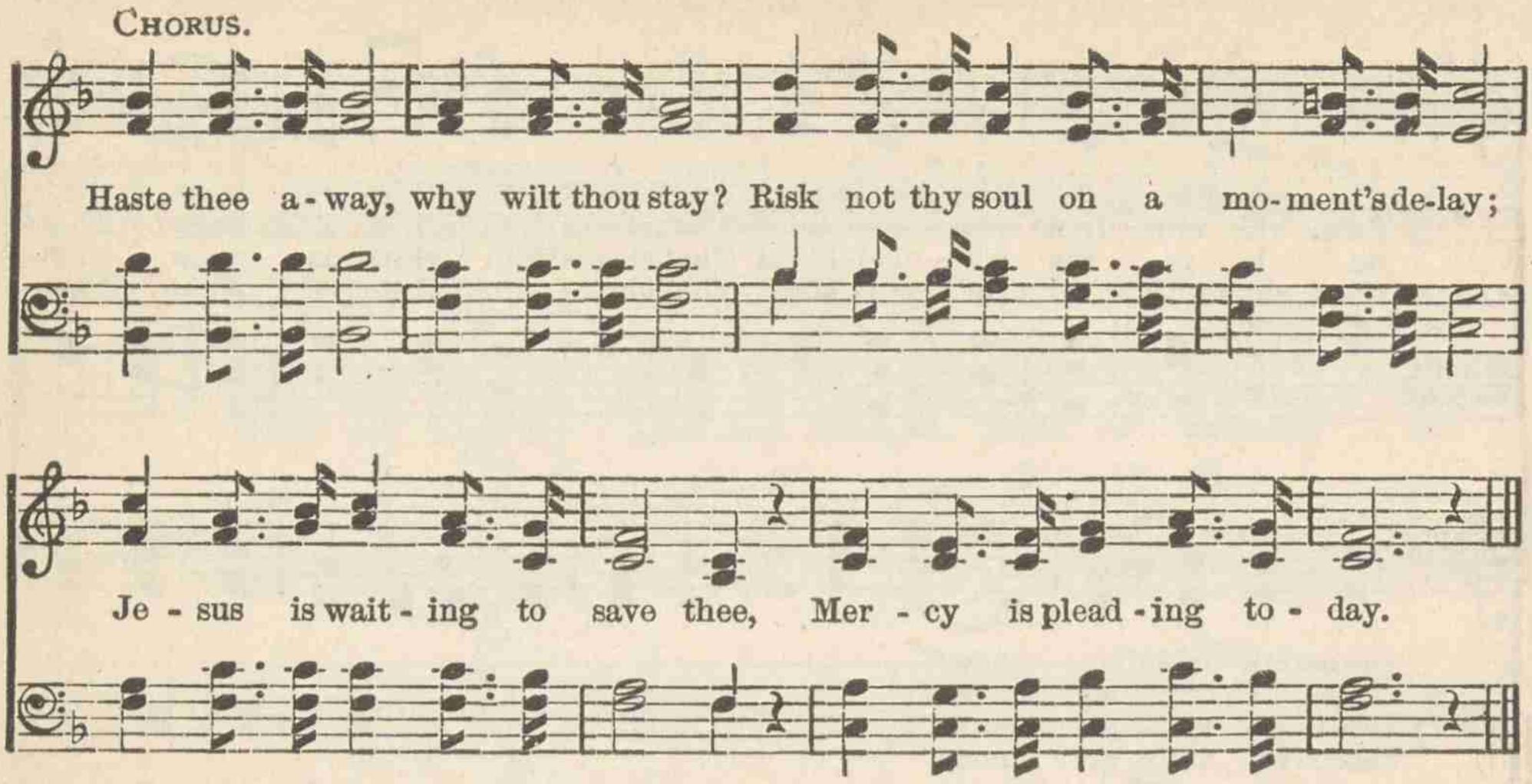
Come to the Fountain.

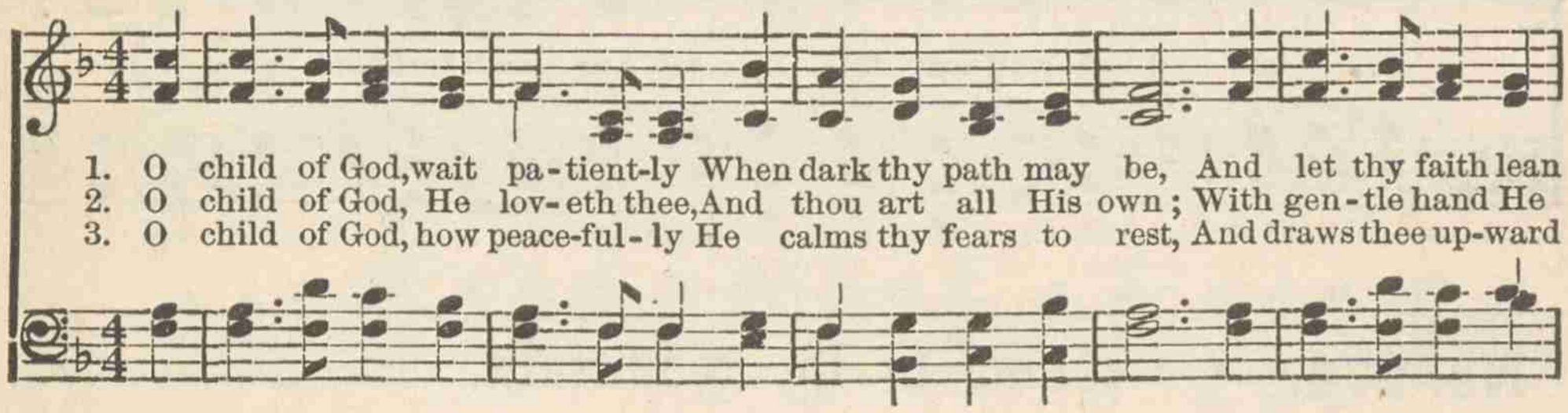
CHORUS.

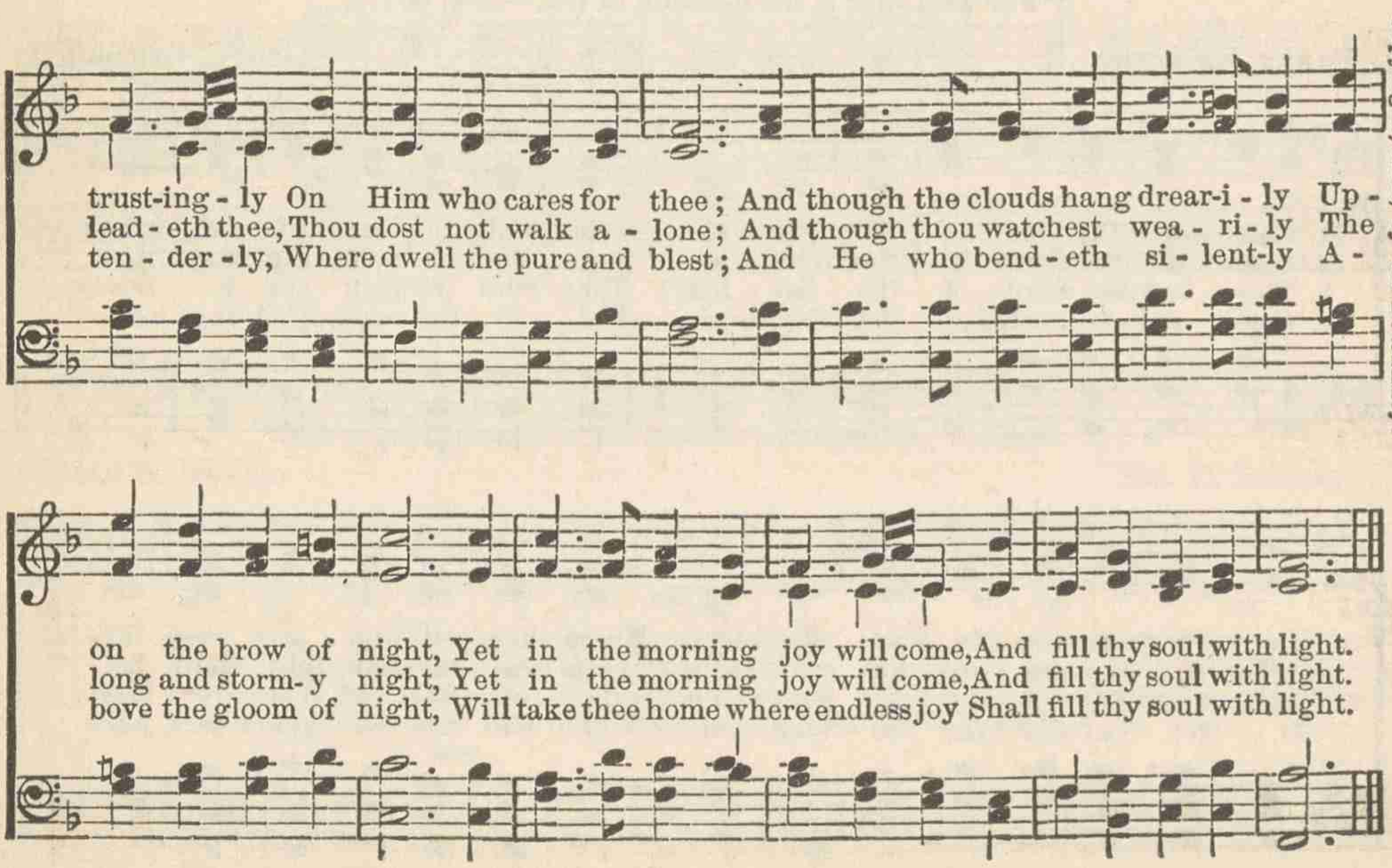


No. 275. O Child of God.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.





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No. 276. Redemption.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—EPH. 1: 7.

F. J. CROSBY. PETER BILHORN.

1. O won - der - ful words of the gos - pel! O won - der - ful
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
3. O come to this won-der-ful Sav - iour, Come wea - ry and
4. There's no oth - er ref - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where

mes-sage they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless-ed re - demp-tion Thro'
mansions a - bove, The world to re-deem from its bond-age; So
sor-row-op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf - fered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten-der-ly call - ing: O

CHORUS.

Je - sus our Sav-iour and King.
great His com-pas-sion and love.
you in His kingdom might rest.
"turn ye," "for why will ye die?"

} Be - lieve, oh, be-lieve in His

mer - cy That flows like a fountain so free; Be - lieve, and re-

Rit.....

ceive the re-demp-tion He of - fers to you and to me.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 277. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. TAYLOR, D.D. Alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos - er still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy
2. Clos - er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref - uge of my soul; Dread I not the
3. Clos - er still, my Help, my Stay, Clos - er, clos - er still; Meek - ly there I
4. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Di - vine; Thro' the ev - er

sheltering wing I would ev - er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as -
tem - pest-shock, Tho' the bil-lows roll. Wild - est storm can - not a - larm, For, to
learn to say, "Fa - ther, not my will;" Learn that in af - flic-tion's hour, When the
Bless - ed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love a - bide, Keep me

saults without, with - in, Help me, Lord, the bat - tle win;—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
me, can come no harm, Lean-ing on Thy lov - ing arm;—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
clouds of sor - row lower, Love di - rects Thy hand of power;—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
ev - er near Thy side, In the "Rock of A - ges" hide,—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

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No. 278. If God be For Us.

G. M. J. ROM. 8: 13. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Re - joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy, cheer, He sun - ders the bands that en-thrall;
2. Be strong in the Lord, re - joic-ing in His might, Be loy - al and true, day by day;
3. Con-fide in His word, His promis - es so sure, In Christ, they are "yea, and a - men;"
4. A - bide in the Lord, se - cure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev - er - last - ing be - gun;

Redeemed by His blood, why should we ev - er fear, Since Je - sus is our 'all in all.'
When e - vils as - sail, be val-iant for the right, And He will be our strength, our stay.
Tho' earth pass a - way, they ev - er shall en - dure, 'Tis writ-ten o'er and o'er a - gain.
To pluck from His hand the weakest, trembling soul, It nev - er, nev - er can be done.

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If God be For Us.

CHORUS.

If God be for us, if God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be a-
If God be for us, if God be for us,

gainst us, who, who, who . . . . . Who can be against us, a - gainst us?
Who, who, Who can be against us?

No. 279. God is Love!

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "God is Love!"—His word pro-claims it, Day by day the truth we prove;
2. "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it glad - ly, How the Sav - iour from a - bove
3. "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mer - cy—May we all its full - ness prove!

Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing, Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"
Came to seek and save the lost ones, Show-ing thus the Fa - ther's love.
Tell - ing those who sit in dark-ness, "God is Light, and God is Love!"

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

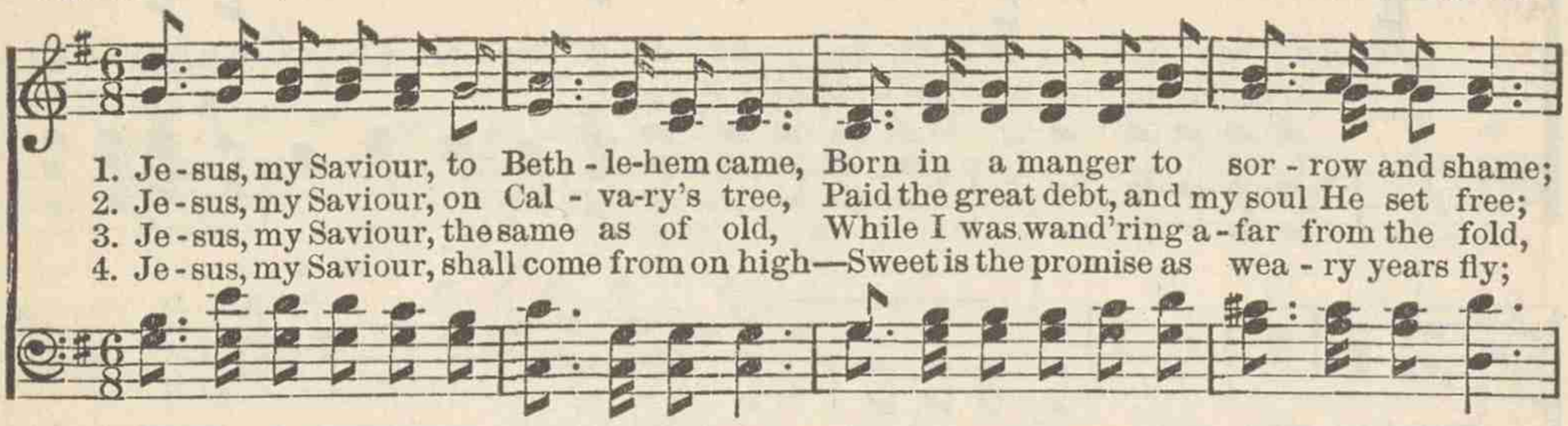
Hal - le - lu. - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;

Sound-ing forth the might-y cho - rus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

No. 280. Seeking for Me.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—EZEK. 34: 11.

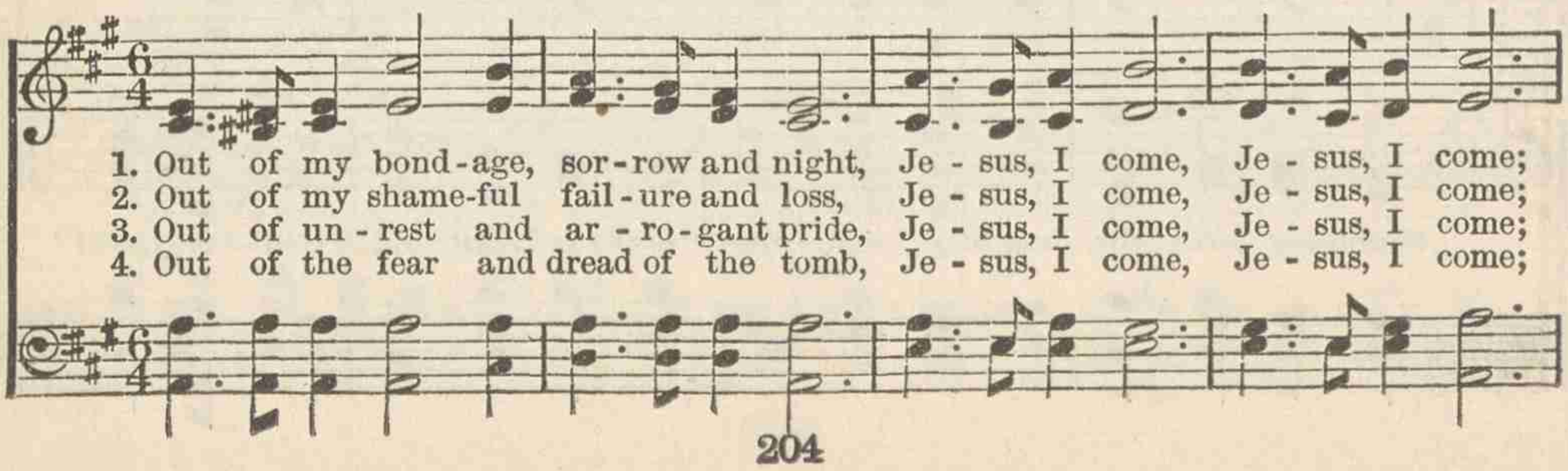
A. N. E. E. HASTY.



Used by per.

No. 281. Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71: 4.

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

Jesus, I Come.

In - to Thy free - dom, glad- ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick- ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in- to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
Out of my- self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de- spair in- to rap-tures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy- self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis- tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be- hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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No. 282. Glory Ever be to Jesus.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—Ps. 96: 7.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Glo - ry ev - er be to Je - sus, God's own well - be - lov - ed Son;
2. Oh the wea - ry days of wand-'ring, Long - ing, hop - ing for the light;
3. In His safe and ho - ly keep - ing, 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing,

By His grace He hath re-deemed us, "It is fin - ished," all is done.
These at last lie all be - hind us, Je - sus is our strength and might.
Glad - ly in His love con - fid - ing, May our souls His prais - es sing.

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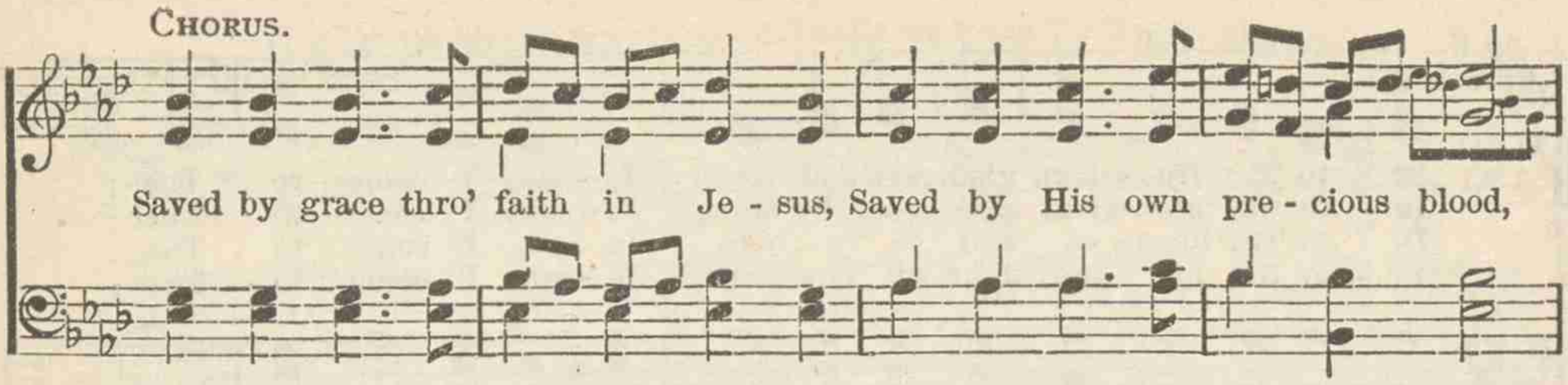
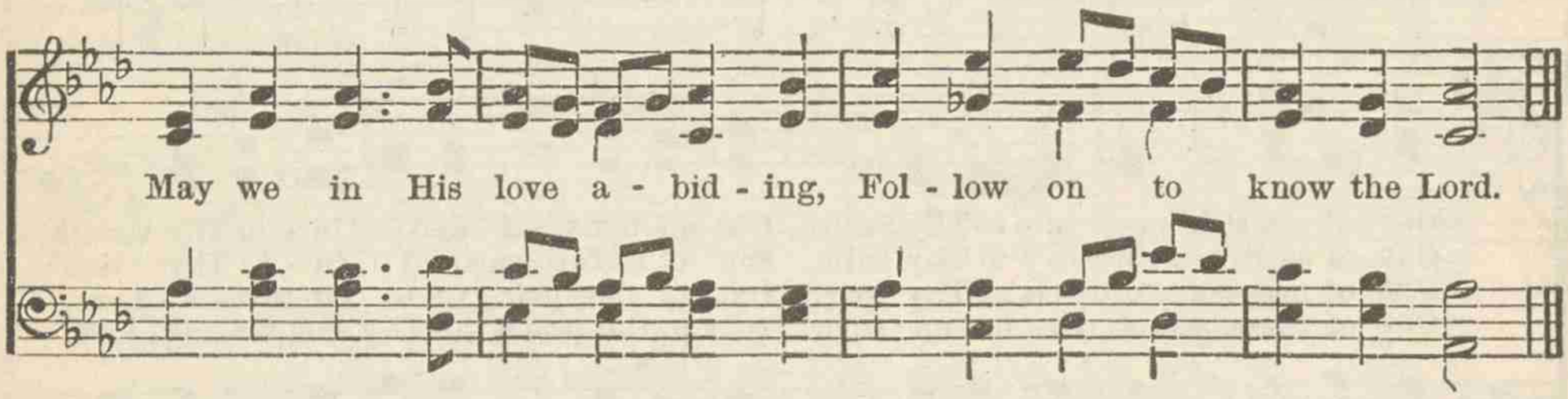
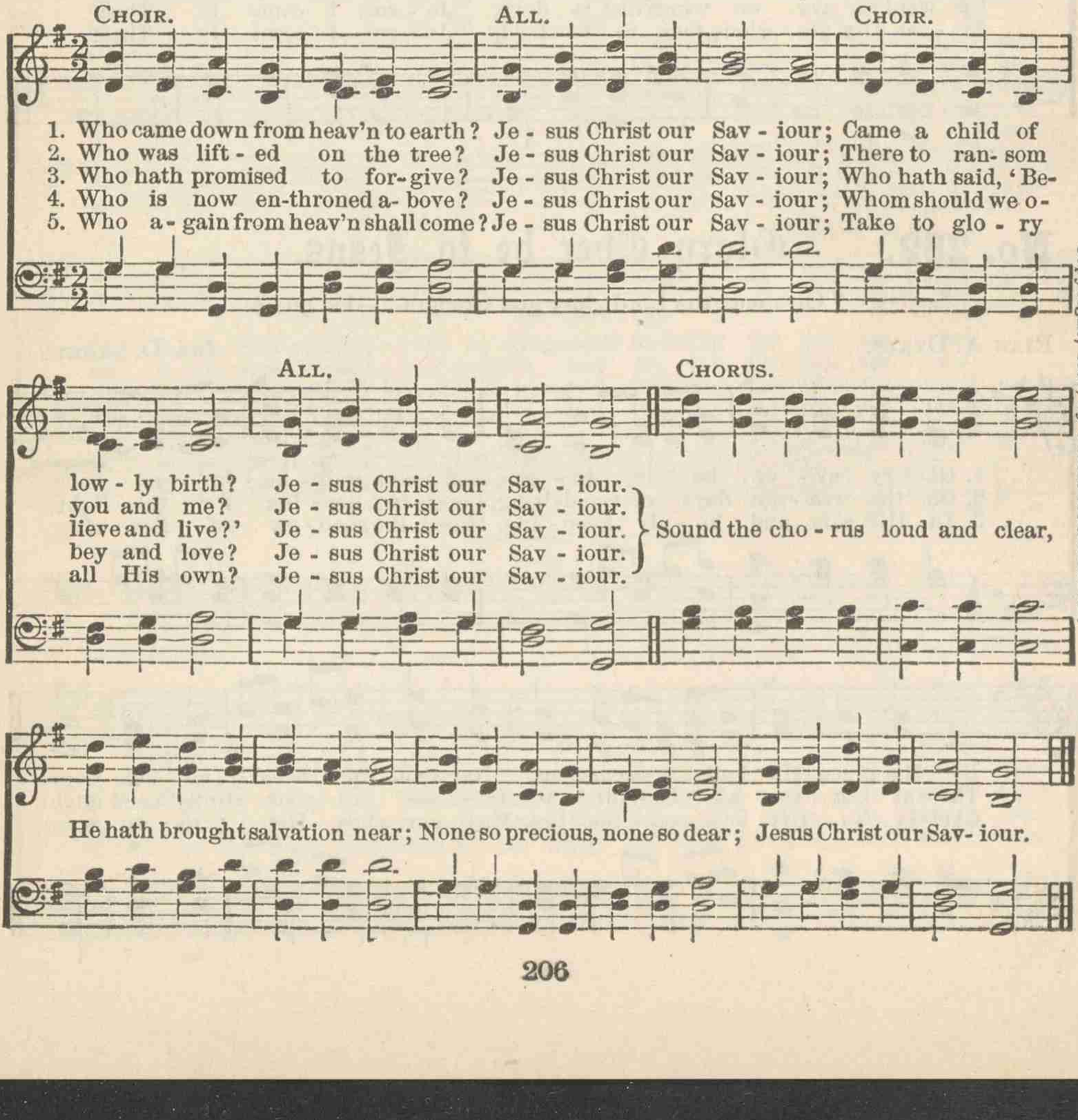
Glory Ever be to Jesus.

CHORUS.

No. 283. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—JOHN 4: 42.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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No. 284. Jesus Saves!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

Priscilla J. Owens — Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy-ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Spread the tidings all a-
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing a- bove the bat- tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! By His death and end-less
4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Let the na-tions now re-

round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je- sus saves! Je - sus saves!
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju- bi- lee: Je- sus saves! Je - sus saves!
heart for mer- cy craves; Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,— Je- sus saves! Je - sus saves!
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je- sus saves! Je - sus saves!

From "Royal Fountain," by per. John J Hood.

No. 285. He is Coming.

"I will come again."—John 14: 3.

Alice Monteith. — Ira D. Sankey.

1. He is com - ing, the "Man of Sor-rows," Now ex - alt - ed on high;
2. He is com - ing, our lov - ing Sav - iour, Bless-ed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com - ing, our Lord and Mas - ter, Our Re - deem - er and King;
4. He shall gath - er His cho - sen peo - ple, Who are called by His name;

He is com - ing with loud ho - san - nas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glo - ry of God the Fa - ther, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beau - ty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ran- somed of ev - 'ry na - tion, For His own He shall claim.

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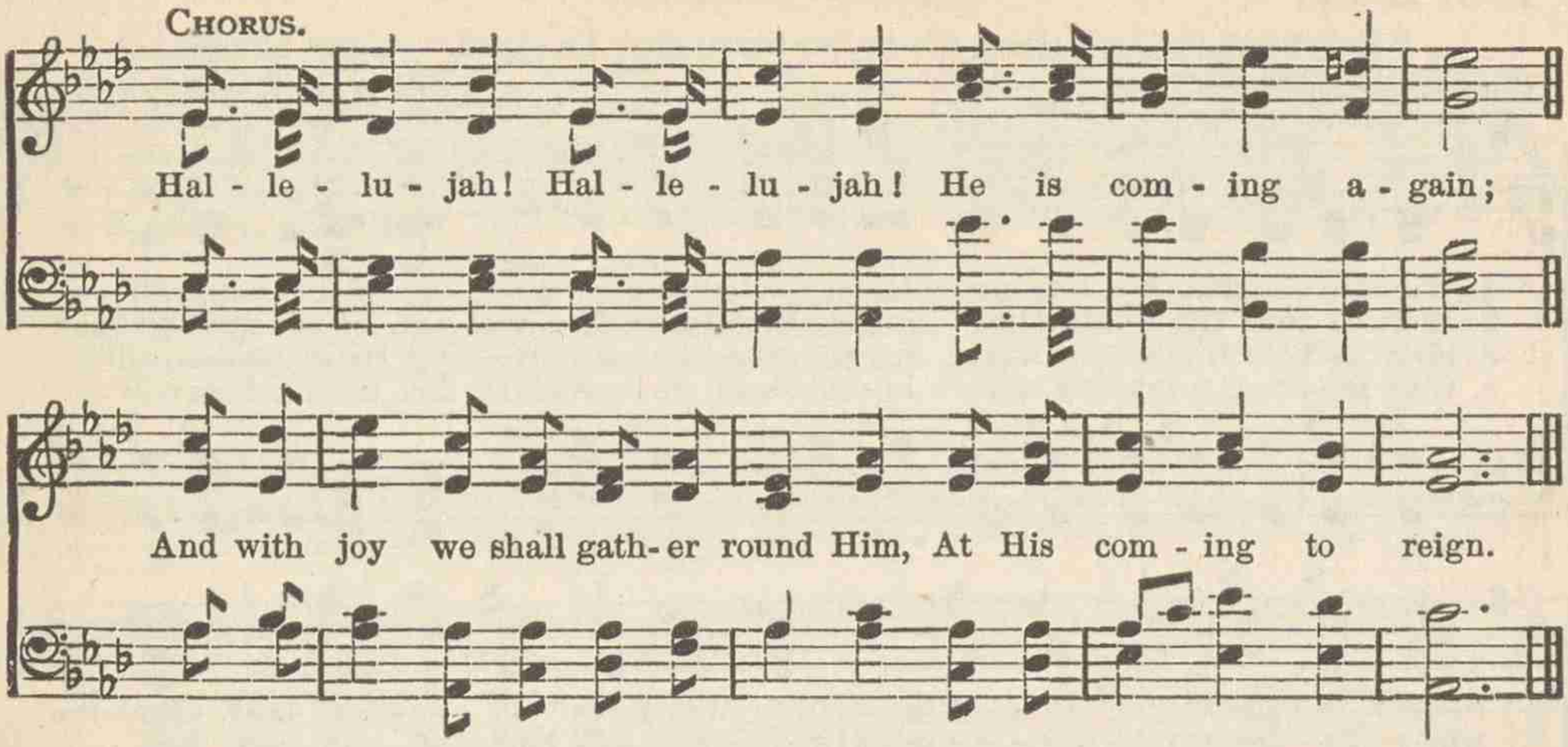
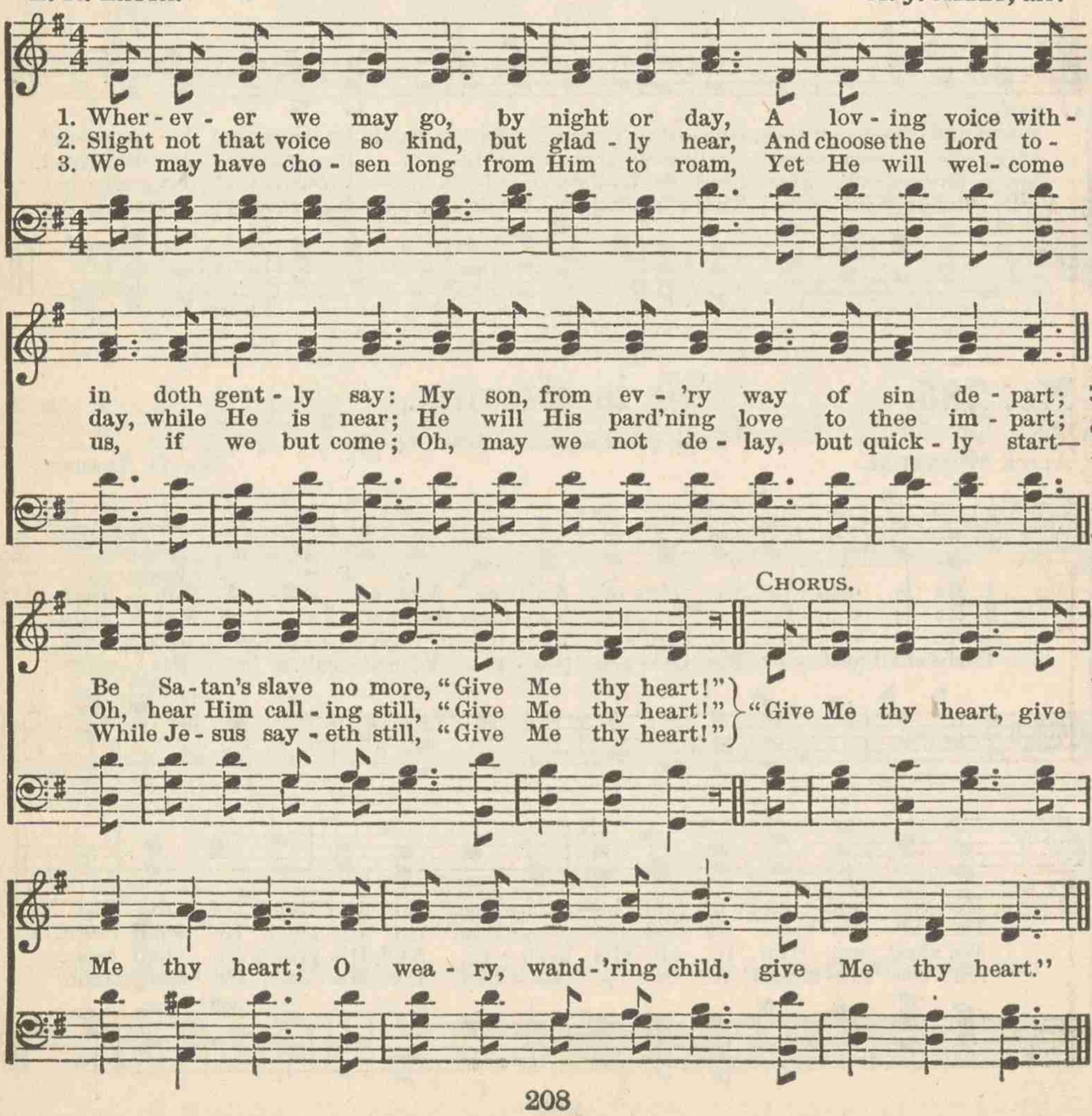
He is Coming.

CHORUS.

No. 286. Give Me Thine Heart!

"My son, give me thine heart."—PROVERBS 23 : 26.

E. R. LATTA. A. J. ABBEY, arr.

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No. 287. They that be Wise.

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—DAN. 12: 3.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O list to the voice of the Proph - et of old, Pro -
2. Tho' rug - ged the path where our du - ty may lead, O!
3. The grand - eur of wealth, and the tem - ples of fame, Where
4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With

claim - ing in lan - guage di - vine, The won - der - ful, won - der - ful
why should we ev - er re - pine? When faith - ful and true, is the
beau - ty and splen - dor com - bine, Will per - ish, for - got - ten and
zeal that shall nev - er de - cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the

mes - sage of truth That "They that be wise shall shine."
prom - ise to all, That "They that be wise shall shine."
crum - ble to dust, But "They that be wise shall shine."
prom - ise be - lieve That "They that be wise shall shine."

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the fir - ma-ment jeweled with light;

Rit.

And they that turn ma - ny to right-eous-ness As the stars for - ev - er bright.

No. 288. Believe, and Keep on Believing.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Jno. 3: 36.

Arr. from W. L. by El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. I be - lieved in God's won-der - ful mer - cy and grace, Be-lieved in the smile of His
2. I be - lieved in the work of my cru - ci - fied Lord, Be-lieved in re-demption a -
3. I be - lieved in the heart that was o-pened for me, Be-lieved in the love flow-ing
4. I be - lieved in Him-self, as the true Liv - ing One, Be-lieved in His presence on

rec - on - ciled face, Be-lieved in His mes-sage of par - don and peace; I be -
lone thro' His blood, Be-lieved in my Sav-iour by trust - ing His word; I be -
bless - ed and free, Be-lieved that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be -
high on the throne, Be-lieved in His com - ing in glo - ry full soon; I be -

Chorus.

lieved, and I keep on be - liev - ing. Be - lieve! and the feel - ing may
come or may go, Be - lieve in the word, that was writ - ten to show That
all who be-lieve, their sal - va-tion may know; Be-lieve, and keep right on be - liev - ing.

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No. 289. Meet me There!

"Where I am there ye may be also,"—JOHN 14: 3.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'n - ly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be - yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be - reave - ments we shall bear;

Where our Lord has en - tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;
When this troub - led life shall cease, Meet me where is per - fect peace;
There no sigh - ings for the dead, There no fare - well tear is shed;

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With our friends of long a - go, Clad in rai - ment white as snow,
Where our sor - rows we lay down For the king - dom and the crown,
We shall, safe from all a - larms, Clasp our loved ones in our arms,

Such as all the ran - som'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
Je - sus doth a home pre - pare,— Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
And in Je - sus' glo - ry share,— Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

No. 290. Be Ye also Ready.

MATT. 24: 44.

GEO. R. CLARK. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Are you read-y, are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord? Are you liv-ing as He bids you in His word? Are you walk-ing in the light? Is your hope of heav-en bright? Could you wel-come Him to-night? Are you read-y?.....
2. Are you wait-ing, are you wait-ing for the com-ing of the King? Have you bundles of the gold-en grain to bring? Can you lay at Je-sus' feet An-y gath-er'd sheaves of wheat, There your bless-ed Lord to greet? Are you read-y?.....
3. Have you ris-en, have you ris-en from the heav-y midnight sleep? Have you ris-en from your slum-ber long and deep? Are your garments wash'd from sin, Are you cleansed and pure within? Are you read-y for the King? Are you read-y?.....

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CHORUS.

There-fore be ye al-so read-y, (there-fore) be ye al-so read-y.....

read-y, there-fore be ye al-so, be ye al-so read-y, for in such an hour, such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man com-eth.

No. 291. Praise the Saviour.

T KELLY. HEB. 13: 15. German Melody.

1. Praise the Sav - iour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for con - flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faith - ful, changing nev - er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleav - ing To Thy - self, and still be - liev - ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;

Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we are and have.
Noth - ing moves and noth - ing harms us, When we trust in Him.
Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing Prom-ised joys in heaven.
Things which are not now, nor could be, Then shall be our own.

No. 292. Shine on, O Star!

"The bright and morning Star."—REV. 22: 16.

VICTORIA STUART. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a - bove; Re - flect - ing in Thy
2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee; Be - yond the clouds that
3. Shine on, O Star un-chang-ing, And guide our pil - grim way, Un - til we see the
4. And when, with Thy redeem'd ones, We reach the heav'nly shore, May we with Thee in

CHORUS. shine on,.....

brightness, Our Father's look of love.
gath - er, Thy ra-diant light we see.
dawn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
glo - ry Shine on for-ev - er - more.

Shine on,..... shine on, shine on, Thou

Shine on, shine on,

Star,..... shine on,..... Beauti-ful Star.....

rit.

bright and beautiful Star, shine on; Shine on. shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on.

shine on; Shine on, shine on,

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No. 293. Go Ye Into all the World.

MATT. 28: 18. MARK 16: 15.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a-way in heath-en dark-ness dwell-ing, Mill-ions of souls for ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
2. See o'er the world the o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise and en-ter in! Breth-'ren, a-wake! our forc-es all u-nit-ing,
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

Look-ing to Je-sus, heed-ing not the cost?
Send forth the gos-pel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go pro-claim.
Shout "Halle-lu-jah for the Lord is King."
} "All power is giv-en un-to me,

All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and preach the gos-pel, and lo, I am with you al-way."

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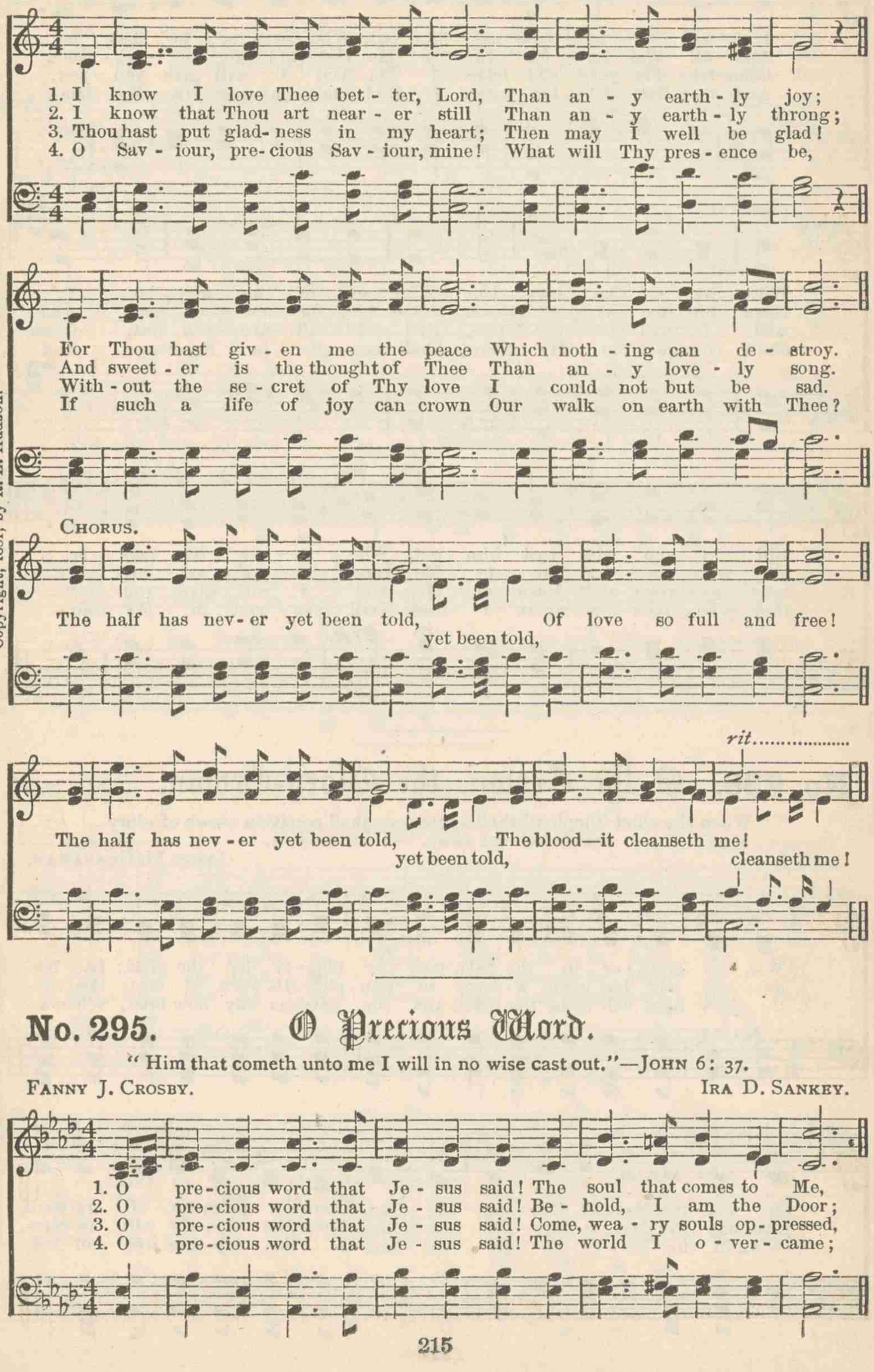
No. 294. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

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No. 295. O Precious Word.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

O Precious Word.

I will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev-er he may be.
And all who en-ter in by Me Have life for ev-er-more.
Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
And they who fol-low where I lead Shall con-quer in My name.

REFRAIN.

Who-ev-er he may be, Who-ev-er he may be, I will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev-er he may be.
Have life for ev-er-more, Have life for ev-er-more, And all who en-ter in by Me Have life for ev-er-more.
And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
Shall con-quer in My Name, Shall con-quer in My Name, And they who fol-low where I lead Shall con-quer in My Name.

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No. 296. O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

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

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Wea-ry glean-er in the field, poor or plen-ty be the yield; La-bor on for the Mas-ter, noth-ing fear-ing, There's a prom-ise of re-ward,
2. Je-sus now has gone a-bove to com-plete His work of love; His re-turn, day by day, is sure-ly near-ing, When His own He will re-ceive,
3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief, When a crown in the glo-ry we are wear-ing, O the rap-ture who can tell,

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O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

at the com-ing of the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.
and a welcome He will give, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.
as for ev - er there we dwell, With re-deem'd ones that lov'd His ap - pear - ing.

CHORUS.

O the crown,..... the glo - ry crown, O the
The glo - ry crown, the glo - ry crown,

day the hap - py day is near-ing, When the crown of rich re - ward shall be

giv - en by the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.

No. 297. We lift our Songs to Thee.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

N. J. SQUIRES. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Sav - iour and our guide;
2. We lift our pray'rs to Thee, Who on - ly hear - eth pray'r;
3. We lift our faith to Thee, In - creased by grace di - vine;
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;

O make us from our bur - dens free, And keep us near Thy side.
They who on earth do thus a - gree, Shall find Thy bless - ing there.
Help us, O Lord, Thy foot - steps see, And on Thy help re - cline.
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy like - ness in us shine.

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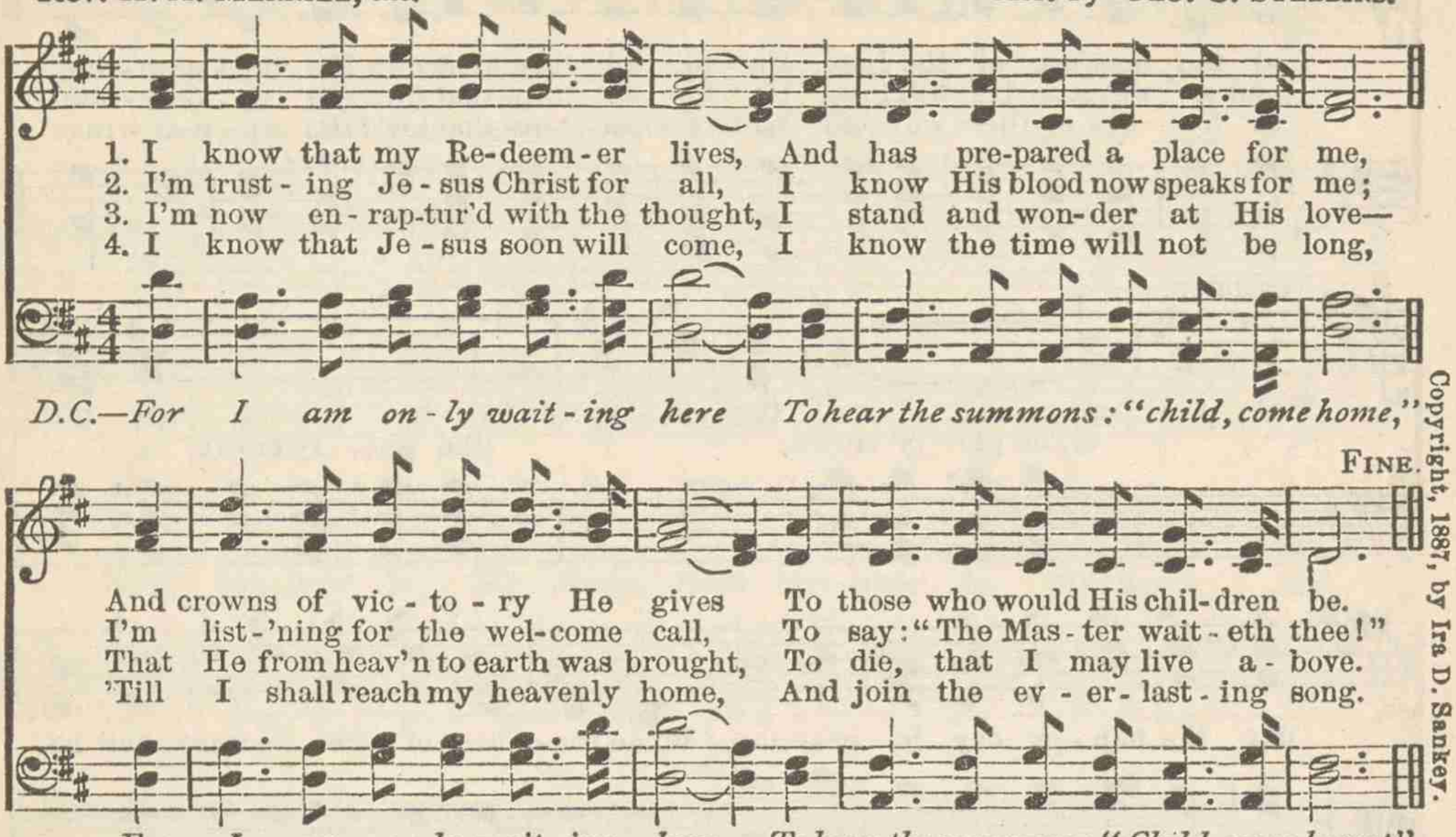
No. 298. I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19 : 25.

Rev. H. A. Merrill, alt. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

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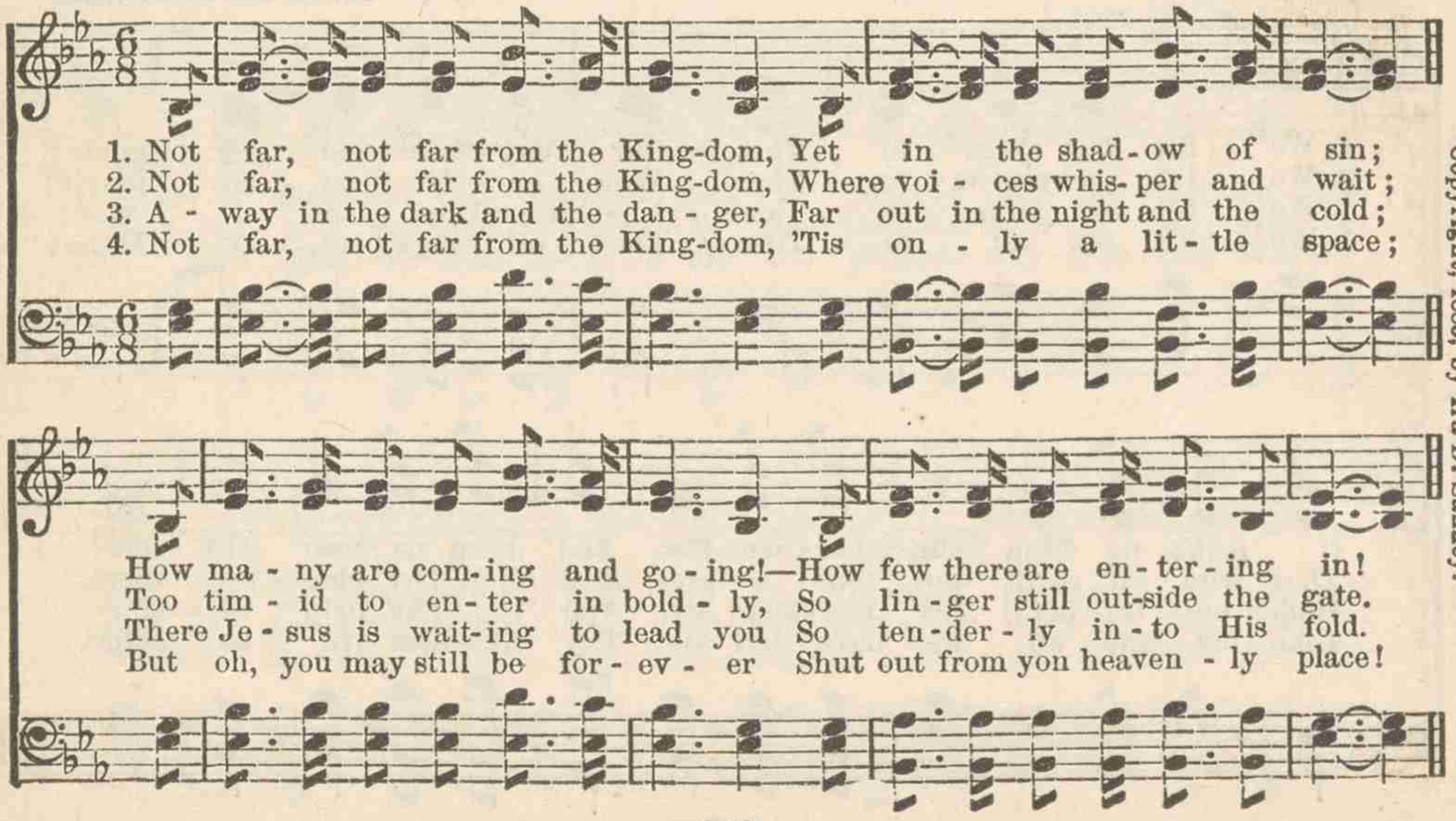
No. 299. Not far from the Kingdom.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12 : 34.

Words arr. Ira D. Sankey.



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Not far from the Kingdom.

REFRAIN.

How few there are en - ter - ing in! How few there are en-ter - ing in!

How ma - ny are com - ing and go - ing!—How few there are en - ter - ing in!

No. 300. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—ROM. 12: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

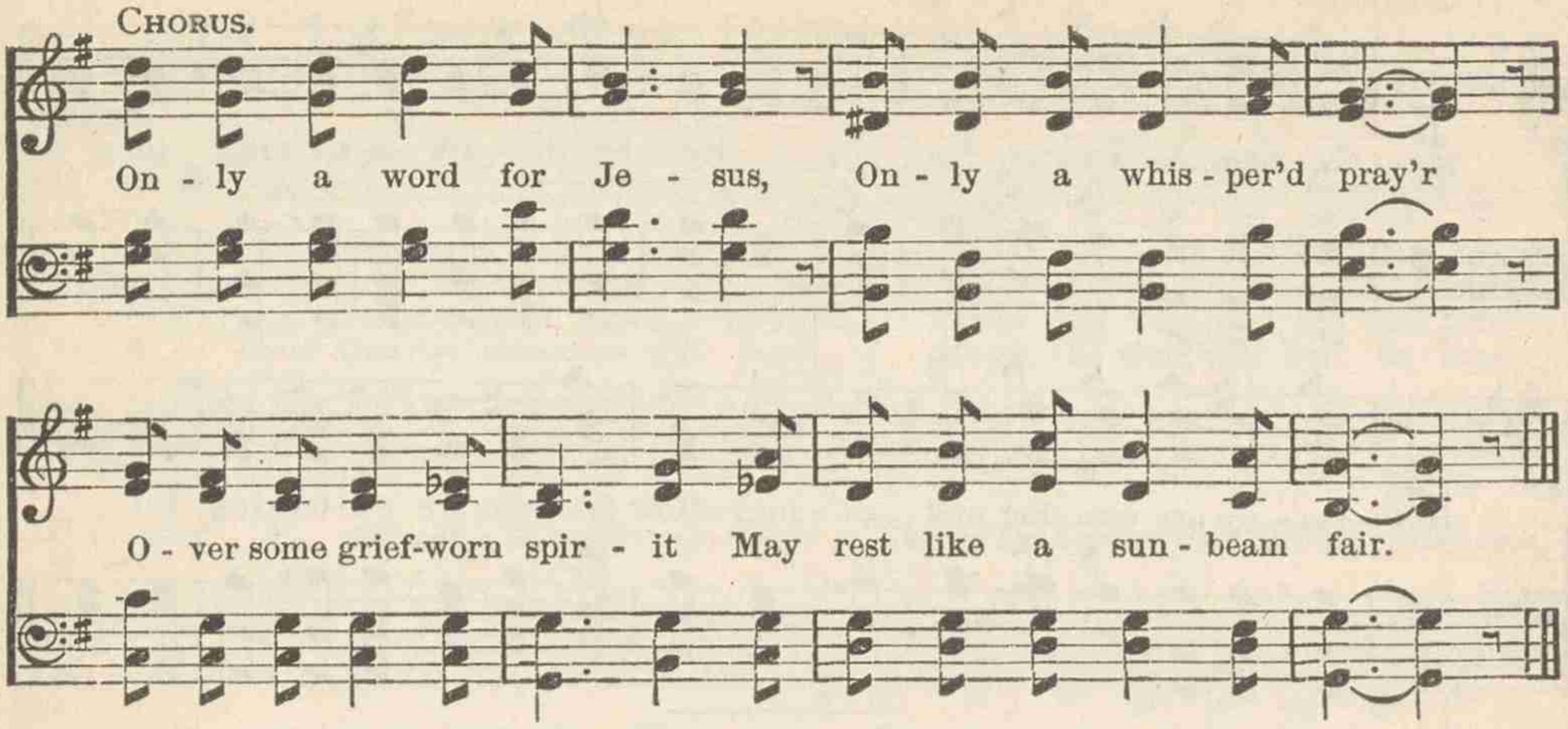
1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To

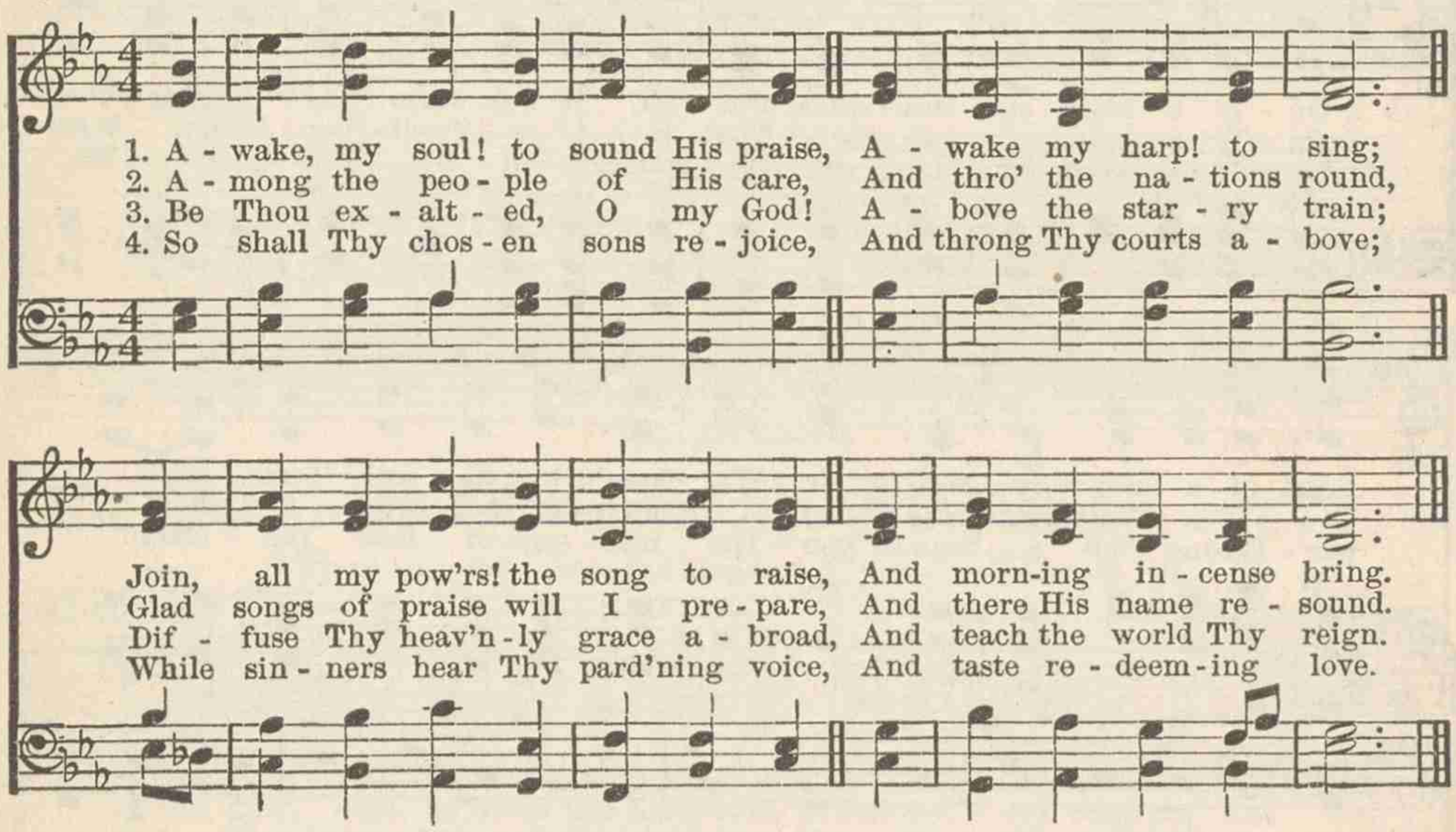
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish-ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smil'd thro' her fall - ing tears, And
Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fil; Re -

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - per'd A mes - sage of peace and love.
show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years.
mem-ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.

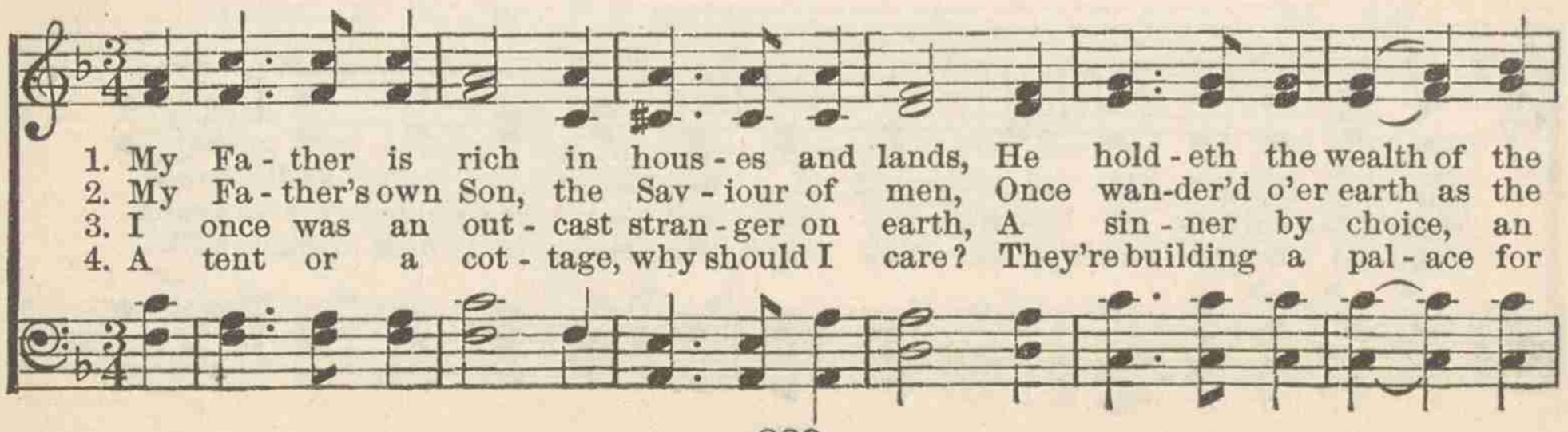
From "Melodious Sonnets," by per. John J. Hood.

Only a Beam of Sunshine.

No. 301. Awake, my Soul.

JOEL BARLOW. (ST. PETER. C. M.) A. R. REINAGLE.

No. 302. The Child of a King!

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES. 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.



The Child of a King!

world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's writ-ten down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un - told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

I'm the child of a King! The

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

ad lib.

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No. 303. Songs of Gladness.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Songs of glad - ness, nev - er sad - ness, Sing the ran-somed ones in heaven;
2. Ev - er sun - shine, nev - er shad - ow, Calm, mild, clear ce - les - tial day;
3. Ev - er gaz - ing, lov - ing, prais - ing, With the an - gel hosts a - bove;
4. Nev - er sigh - ing, nev - er sin - ning; No dis - trust, nor doubt, nor fears;

An - them swell - ing ev - er tell - ing Of the joy of souls for-given.
Ev - er sum - mer in its bright-ness, Nev - er win - ter or de - cay.
One e - ter - nal Hal - le - lu - jah, One e - ter - nal song of love.
Thro' the long un - end - ing a - ges, Thro' the long e - ter - nal years.

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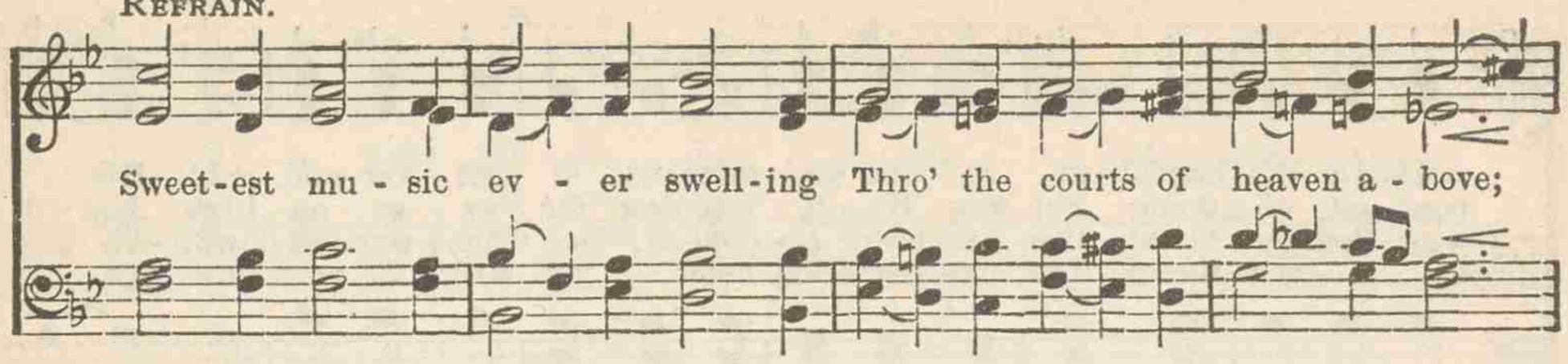
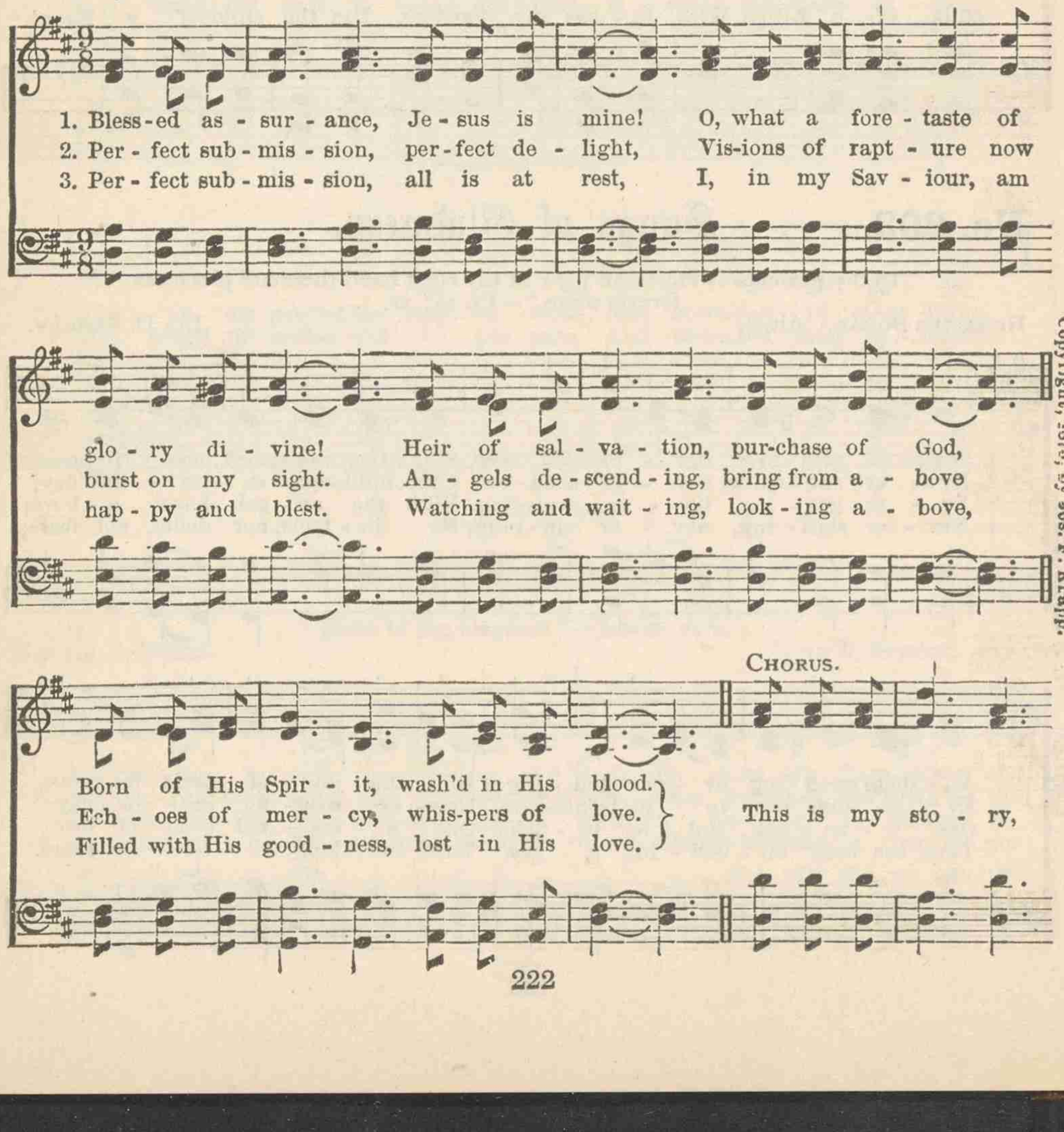
REFRAIN.

No. 304. Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



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Blessed Assurance.

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

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

No. 305. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

I. Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -

Chorus.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

} At the cross, at the cross, where I

first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was
rolled a-way,

there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 306. In the Shadow of His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that pass-eth un-der-
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la-bor, There is rest for friend and neigh-bor; In the shad-ow of His wings,
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end-ing; In the shad-ow of His wings,
sto-ry, Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo-ry; In the shad-ow of His wings,

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, *sweet rest.*
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, *sweet peace.*
There is joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, *glad joy.*

Chorus.

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of His wings:
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shad-ow of His wings.
Sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

From "Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.

No. 307. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

J. G. Deck. (Lyte. 6s. & 4s.) J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a-bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my Ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own

all to me! Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a-part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
is Thy love, All oth-er loves a-bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then ev - er-more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

Used by per.

No. 308. Jesus is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11 : 28.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

Refrain.

Call - - - ing to - day,..... call - - - ing to - day;.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day,

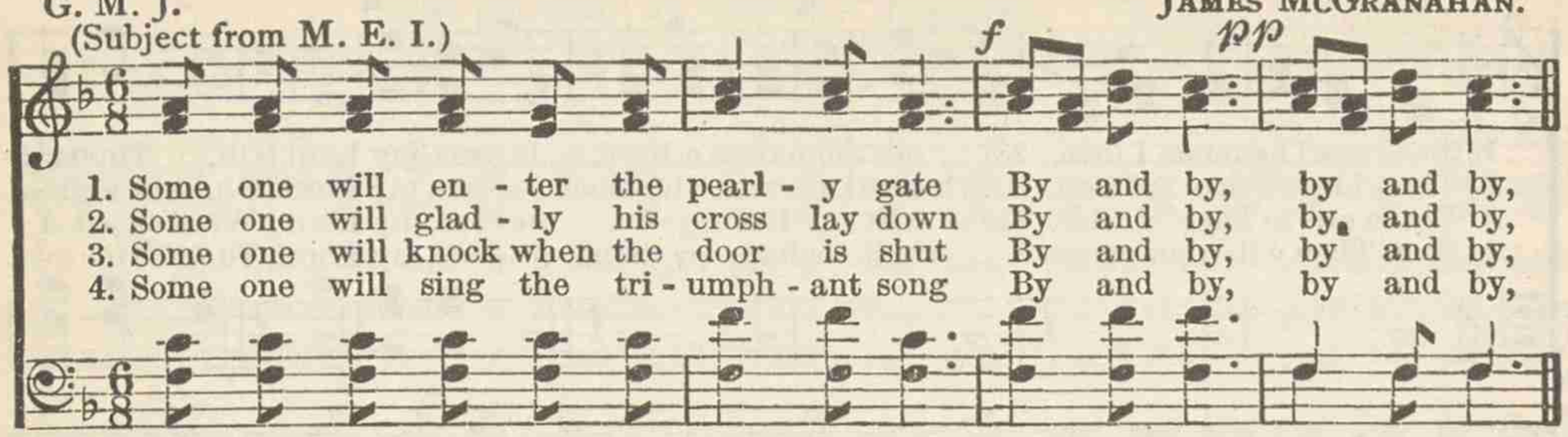
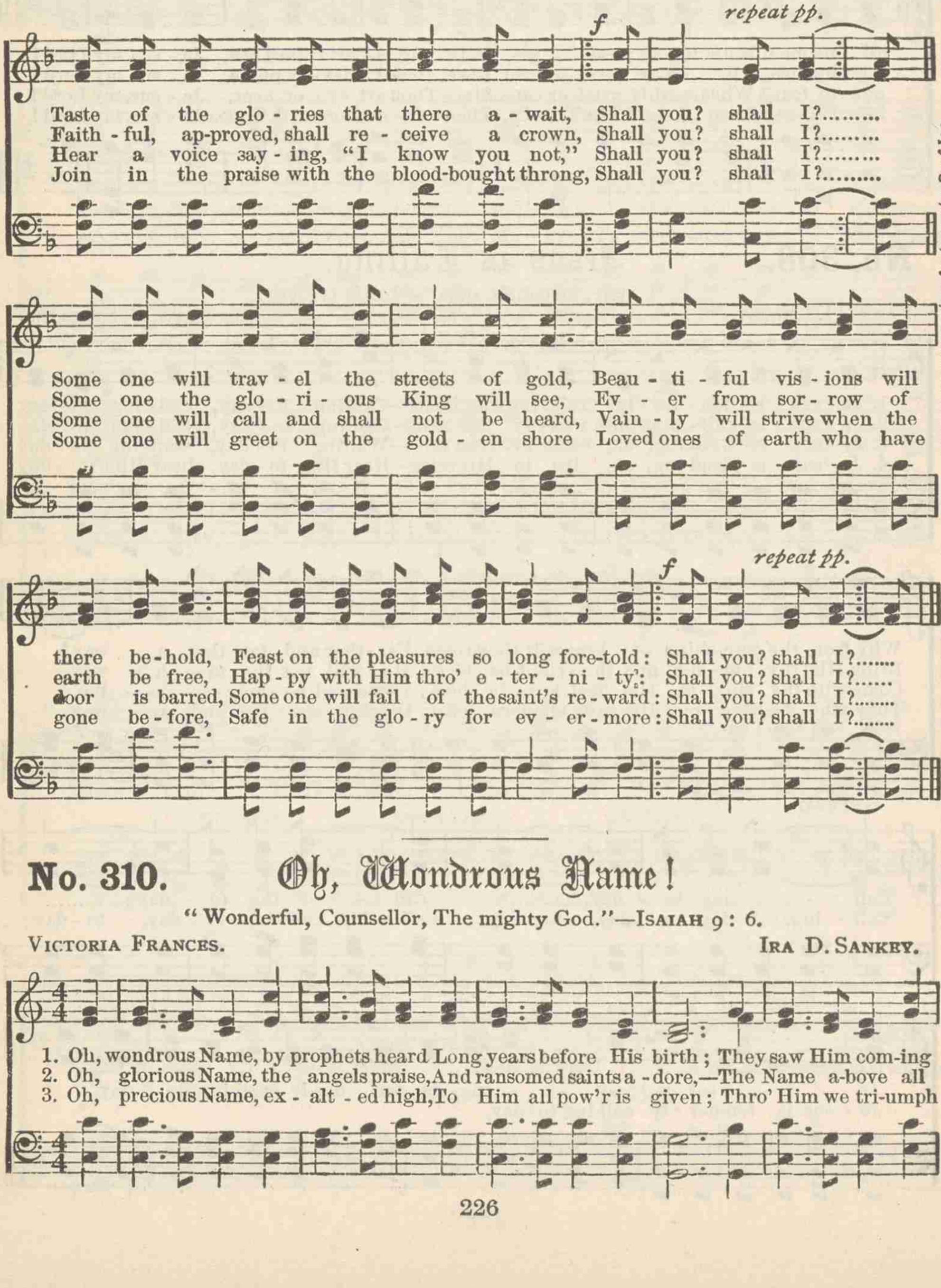
Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 309. Shall you? Shall I?

LUKE 13: 24.

G. M. J.
(Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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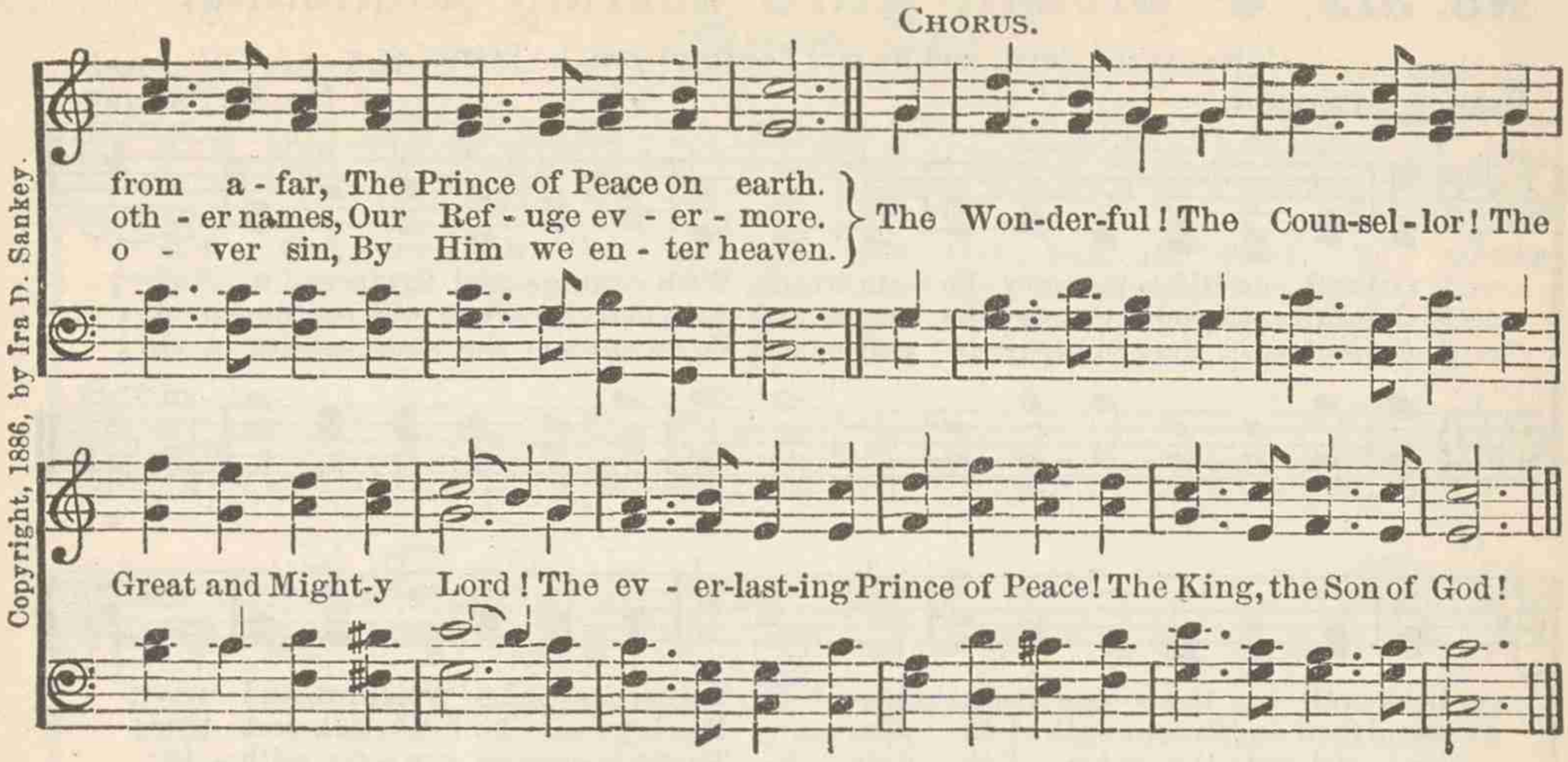
No. 310. Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Oh, Wondrous Name!

CHORUS.

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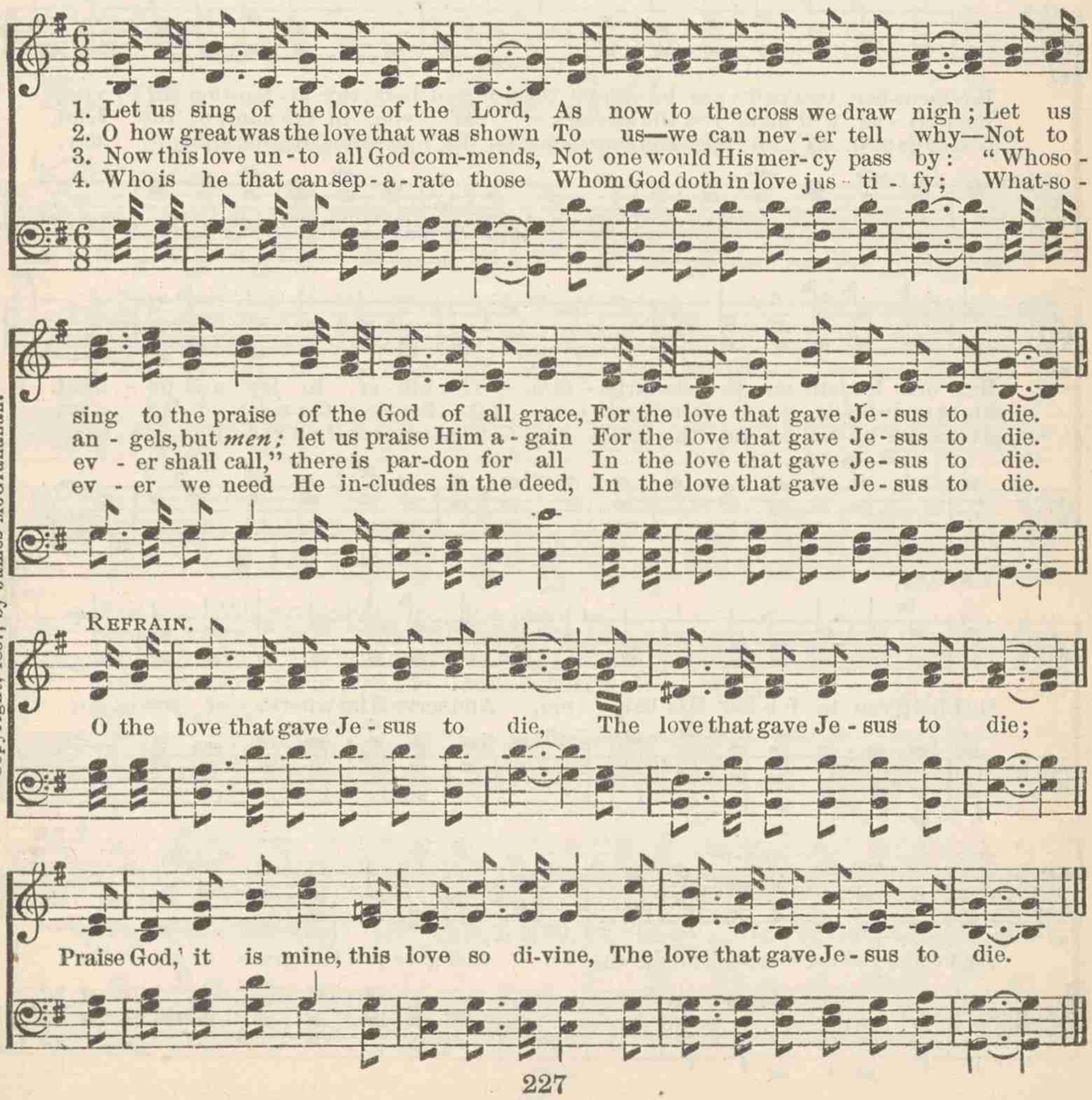
No. 311. The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

EL. NATHAN. JNO. 3 : 16. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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No. 312. O Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

RIAN J. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O broth-er, life's jour-ney be-gin-ning, With courage and firmness a-rise;
Look well to the course thou art choos-ing, Be earn-est, be watchful, and wise;
Re-mem-ber, two paths are be-fore thee, And both, thy at-ten-tion in-vite;
But one leadeth on to de-struc-tion,— The oth-er to joy and de-light.

2. O broth-er, yield not to the tempt-er, No mat-ter what oth-ers may do;
Stand firm in the strength of the Mas-ter, Be loy-al, be faith-ful, and true;
Each tri-al will make you the strong-er, If you, in the name of the Lord,
Fight man-ful-ly un-der your Lead-er, O-bey-ing the voice of His word.

3. O broth-er, the Sav-iour is call-ing; Be-ware of the dan-ger of sin;
Re-sist not the voice of the Spir-it, That whispers so gen-tly with-in;
God calls you to en-ter His serv-ice,— To live for Him here, day by day,
And share by and by in the glo-ry That nev-er shall van-ish a-way.

CHORUS.

God help you to fol-low His ban-ner, And serve Him wherev-er you go;
And when you are tempted, my broth-er, God give you the grace to say "No."

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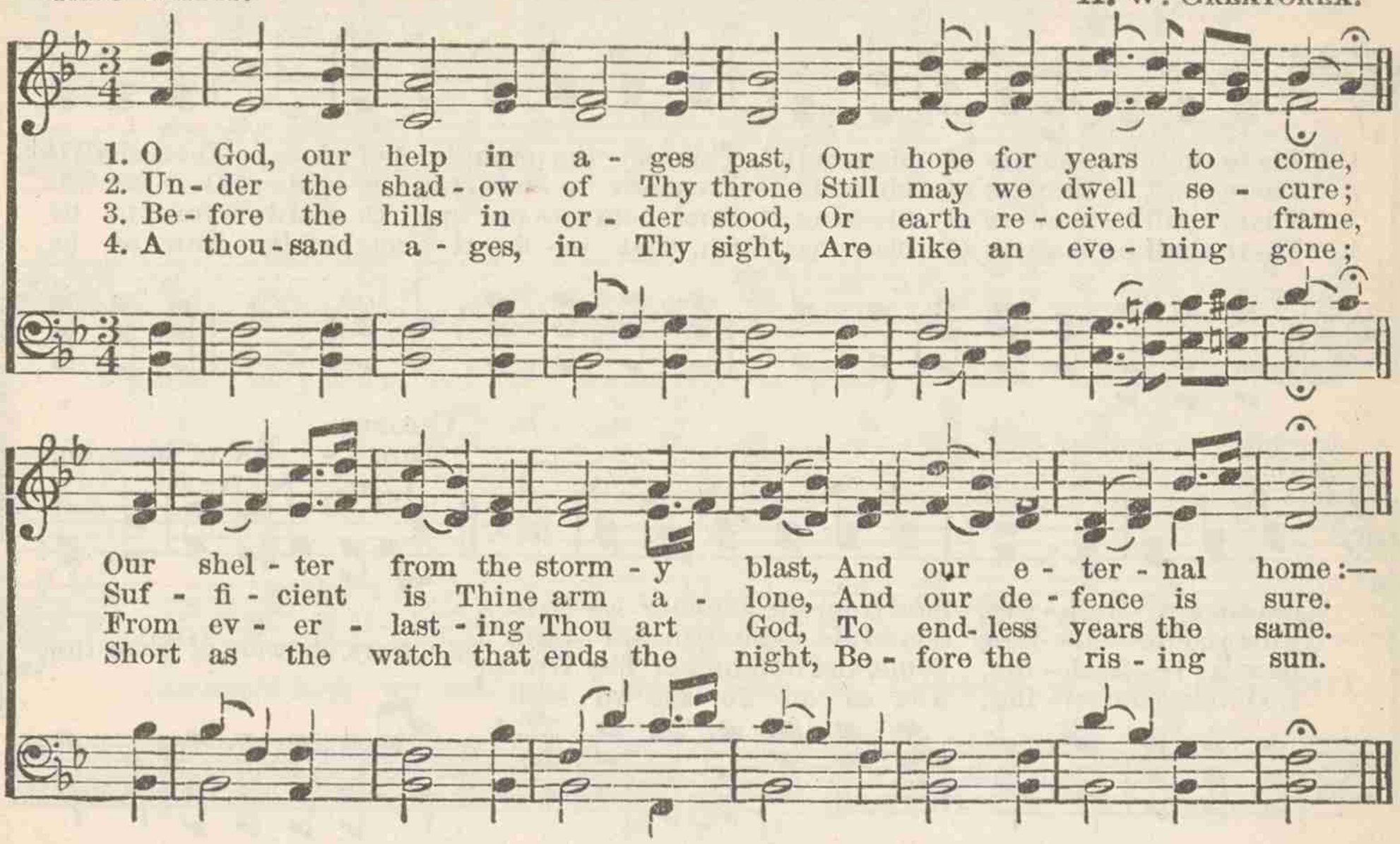
No. 313. O God, our Help.

(BEMERTON. C. M.)

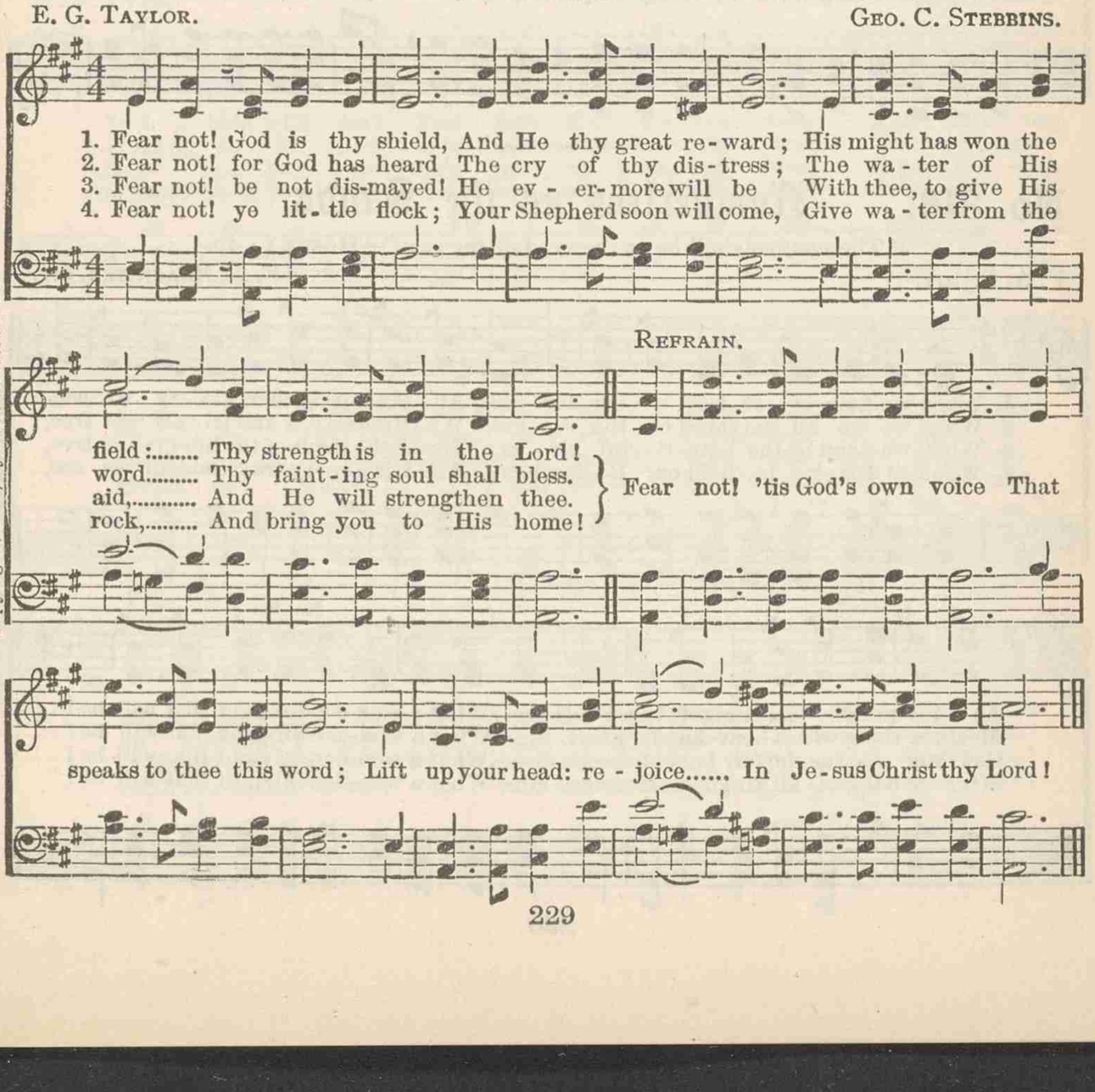
ISAAC WATTS. H. W. GREATOREX.



No. 314. Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1882, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 315. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love: There shall be
2. "There shall be showers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain; O - ver the
3. "There shall be showers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord; Grant to us
4. "There shall be showers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall, Now as to

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,

sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a - bove.
hills and the val - leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.
now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
God we're confess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

} Showers, showers of bless-ing,

Showers of blessing we need; Mercy-drops round us are falling, But for the showers we plead.

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No. 316. Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—HOSEA 1: 10.

F. A. B., arr. F. A. BLACKMER, arr.

1. When we gath-er at last o - ver Jor - dan, And the ransomed in glo - ry we see,
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from sorrow and tri - als are free,
3. When we stand by the beau-ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giv-ing tree,
4. When at last we be-hold our Re-deem-er, And His glo - ry transcendent we see,

As the number-less sands of the sea-shore—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!
Meet-ing there with a heav-en - ly greet - ing—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!
Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of prom - ise—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!
While as King of all kingdoms He reign - eth—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!

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Numberless as the Sands.

CHORUS.

Num-ber-less as the sands of the sea-shore! Num-ber-less as the sands of the shore! (of the shore!) Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ran-som'd host we see, As num-ber-less as the sands of the sea-shore!

No. 317. Abide with Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24: 29.

H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deep-ens— Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

No. 318. Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. PHIL. 4: 4. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God's own word your doubts de- stroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And shel-tered from the world's a - larm;
3. For noth - ing anx - ious I shall be, But trust - ing Thee in ev - 'ry - thing,
4. The joys that mem-'ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that nev - er end;

Let those that trust in Him re - joice, Yea, let them shout for joy.
Why should I sink be - neath my load, When lean - ing on Thine arm.
With thanks for ev - 'ry gift from Thee, My troub - les all take wing.
My loss I count my rich - est gain, For Christ His joy doth send.

f CHORUS. *p* *mf*

Re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, re - joice in the Lord al - way;

f *p* *mf*

f > *p* *f*

Re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, and a - gain I say, Re - joice!

> *p* *f*

Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice in the Lord,

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No. 319. O, Land of the Blessed!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—MATT. 25: 34.

EMILY H. MILLER. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. O Land of the bless-ed! thy shad-owless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see;

rit. . . . . . FINE.

I hear the glad songs that the glo - ri-fied sing, Steal o - ver E - ter - ni-ty's sea;

D.S.—I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

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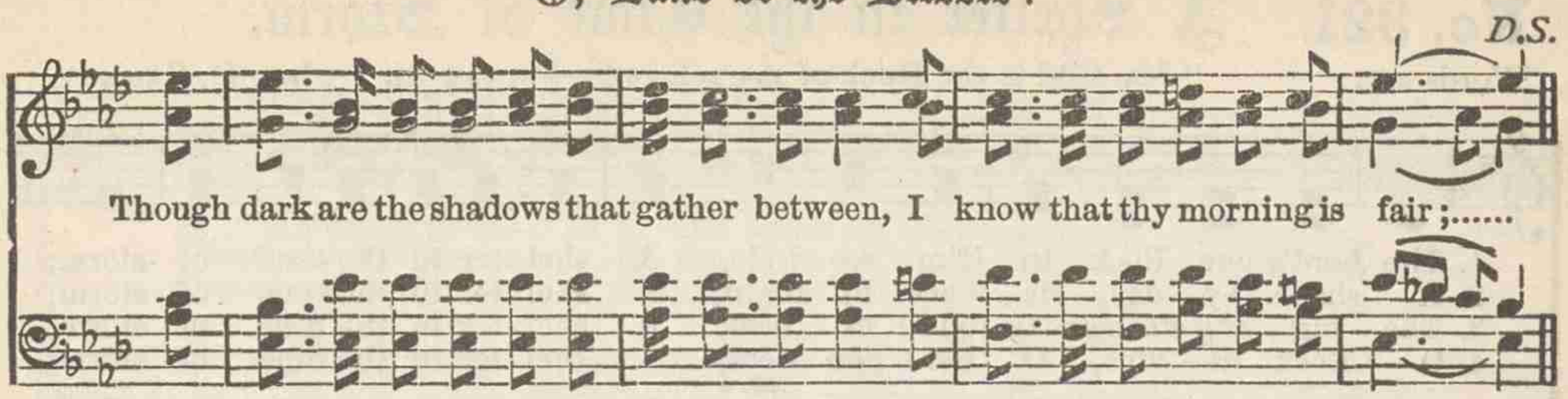
O, Land of the Blessed!

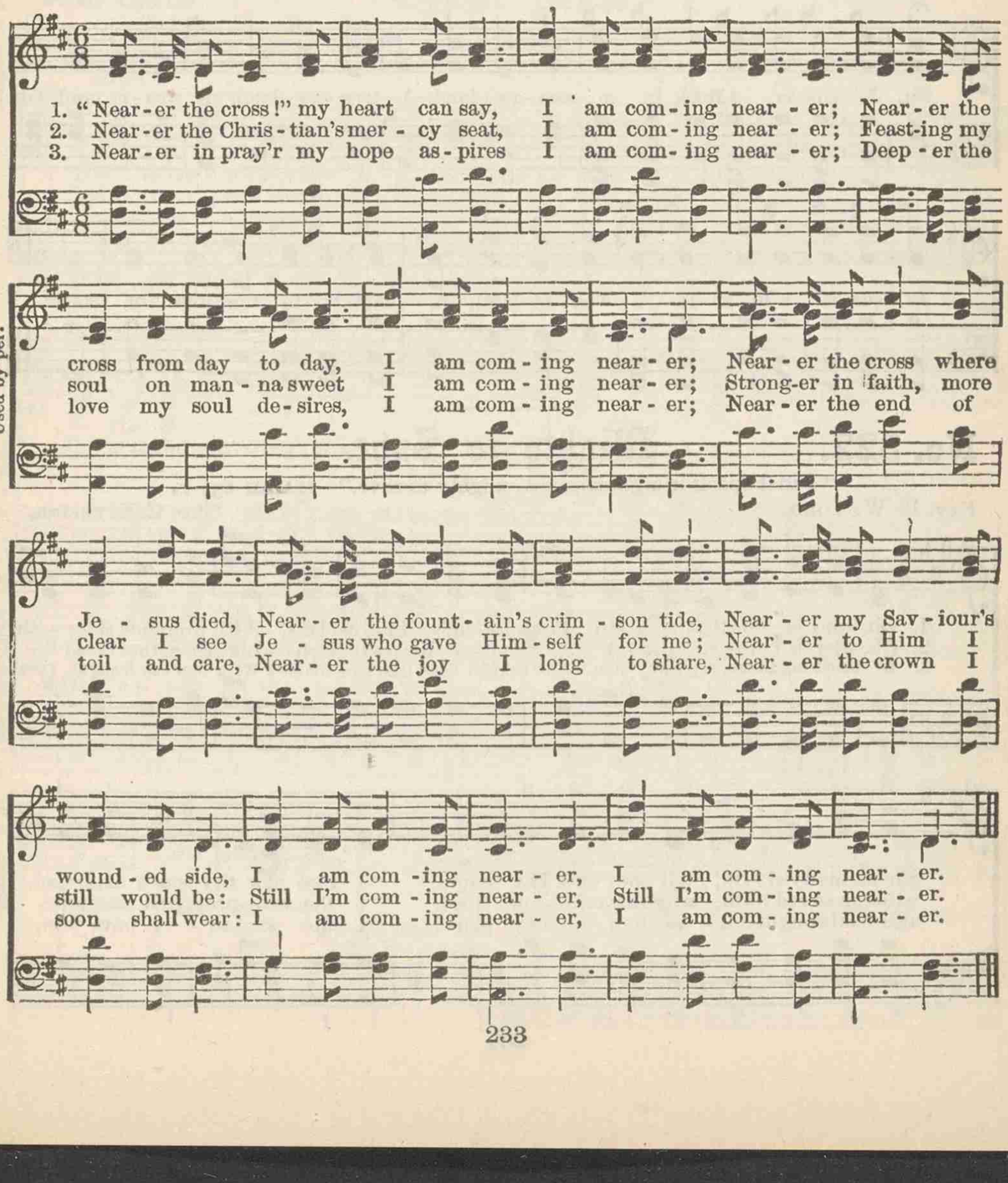


2 O Land of the blessed! thy hills of delight
Sometimes to my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from the valley of shadows below,
And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace,
No shadow of changing can mar;
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy!
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary of toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?—
When He who doth love me shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here?

No. 320. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GALATIANS 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

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No. 321. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Words arr. "My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land; Oh,

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

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No. 322. Mighty to Save.

"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. TODD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, who is this that com-eth From E-dom's crim-son plain, With wounded side; with
2. Oh, why is Thine ap-par-el So ver-y deep-ly dyed?—Like them that tread the
3. O bleed-ing Lamb, my Sav-iour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mer-cy fraught, Thine

gar-ments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name. "I that saw thy soul's dis-tress,
wine-press red? Oh, why this crim-son tide? "I the wine-press trod a-lone,
arm has brought Sal-va-tion in Thy name! "I the vic-to-ry have won,

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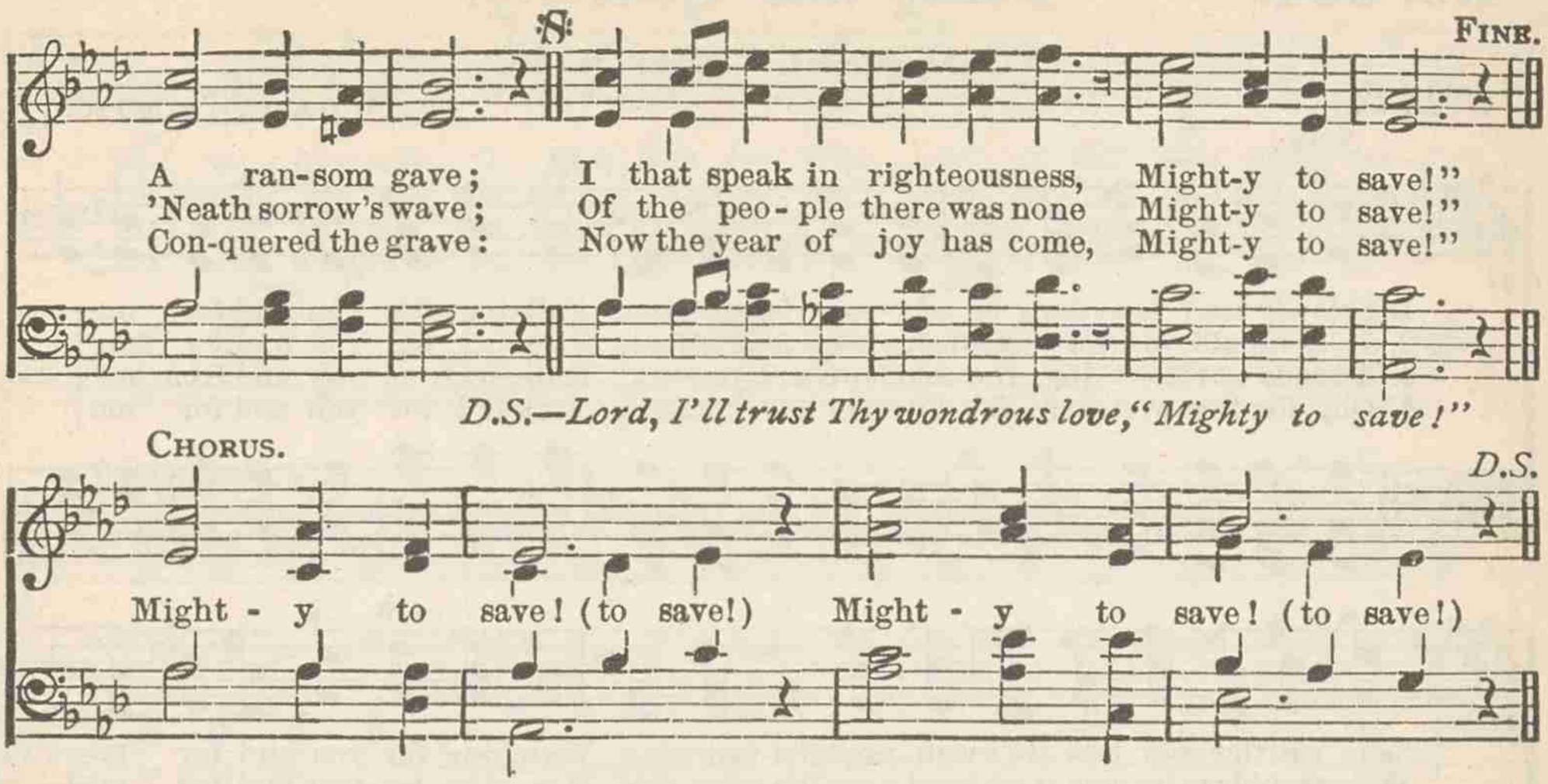
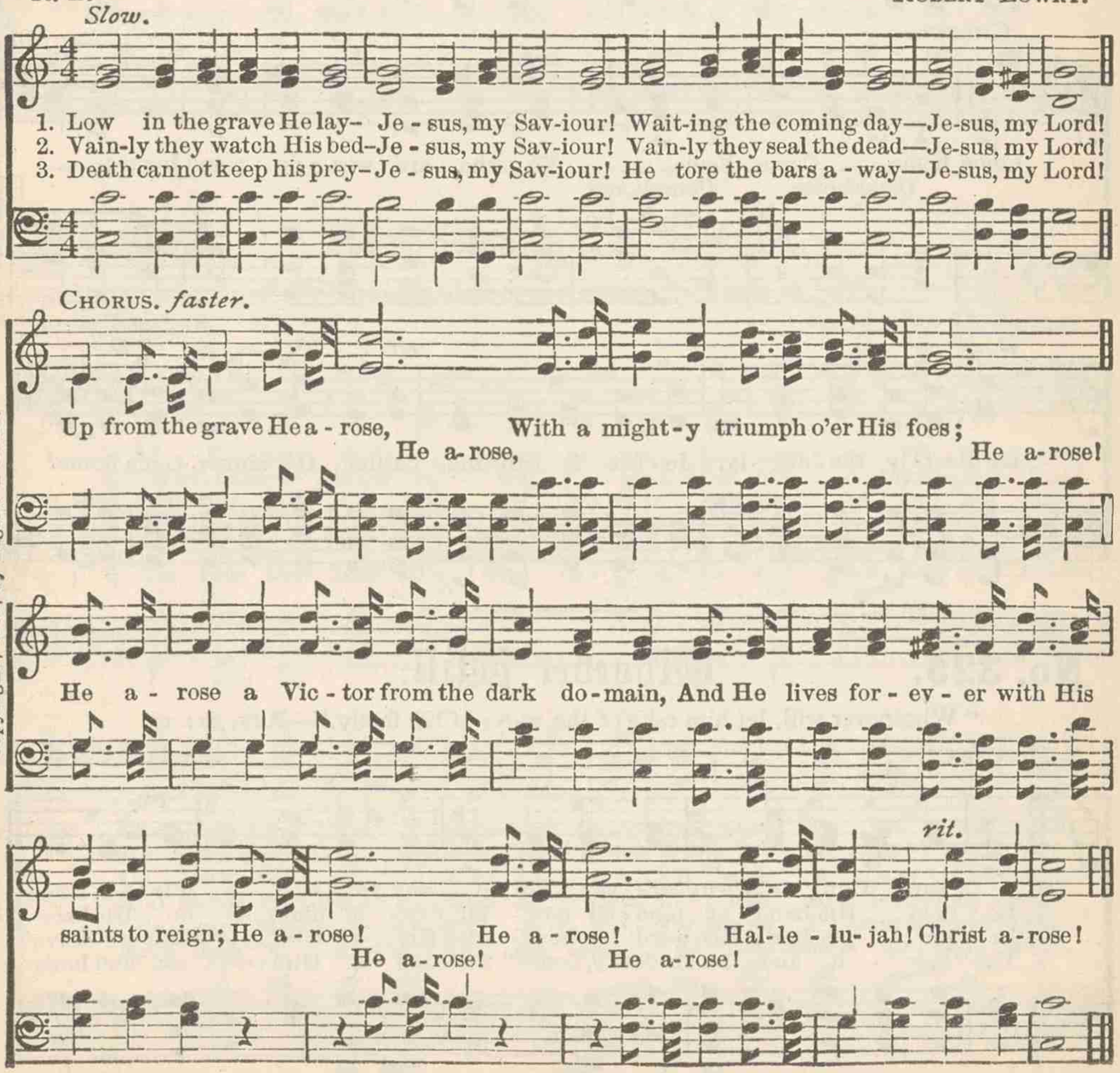
Mighty to Save.

No. 323. Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 324. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

m

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won-der-ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

m *cres.*

Come home,..... Come home,..... Ye who are wea-ry, come home;.....
Come home, Come home,

p *rit.* *p*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

No. 325. Whoever Will.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

A. MONTIETH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O wan-d'ring souls, why will you roam A-way from God, a-way from home;
2. Be-hold His hands ex-tend-ed now, The dews of night are on His brow;
3. In sim-ple faith His word be-lieve, And His a-bun-dant grace re-ceive;
4. The "Spir-it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet rest, and home;

Whoever Will.

The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say, Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still; Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
No love like His the heart can fill, Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
Let him that hear - eth, ech - o still, The bless - ed *who - so - ev - er will.*

REFRAIN.

Who - ev - er will, who - ev - er will, Who - ev - er will may come to - day;

Who - ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira. D. Sankey.

No. 326. The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun - ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face;
4. His fa - ther saw him com - ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,
5. "O fa - ther, I have sinned—for - give! "E - nough," the fa - ther said;
6. 'Tis thus the Lord His love re - veals, To call poor sin - ners home;

They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent.
My fa - ther's house a - bounds in bread, While I am starv - ing here!
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a serv - ant's place."
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child!
"Re - joice, my house; my son's a - live For whom I mourned as dead!"
More than a fa - ther's love He feels, And wel - comes all that come.

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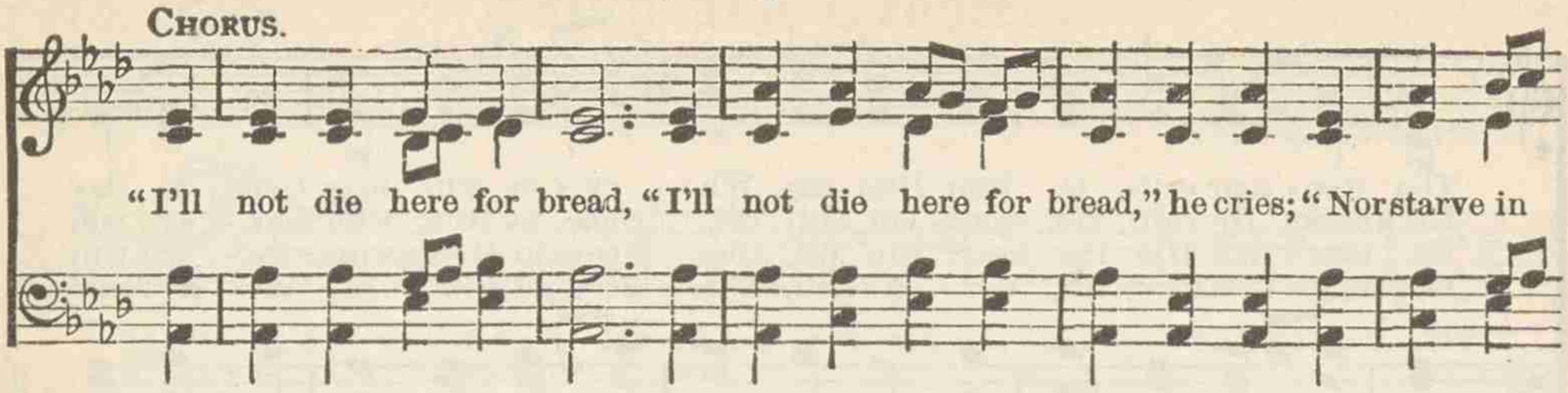
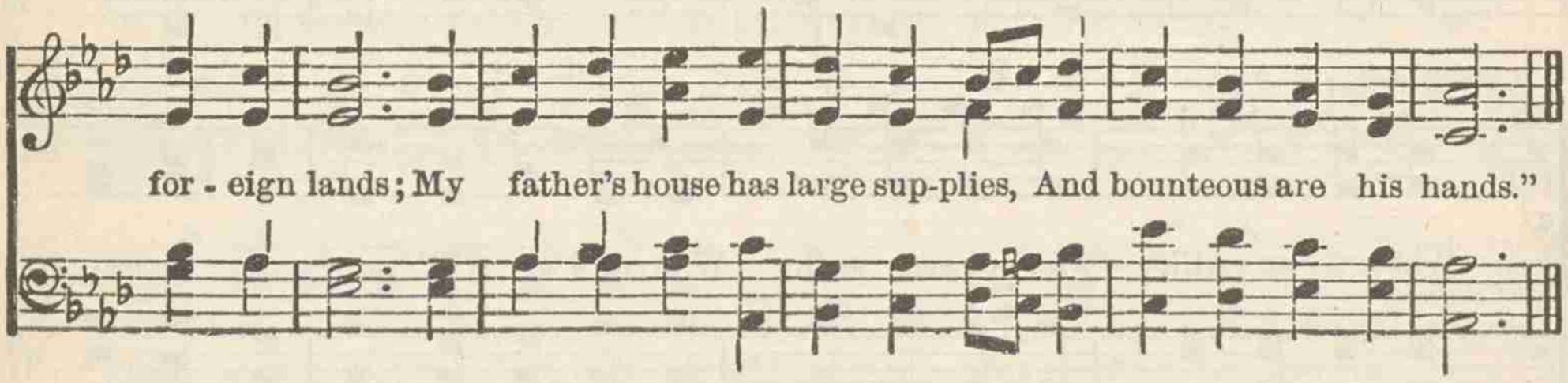
The Prodigal's Return.

CHORUS.

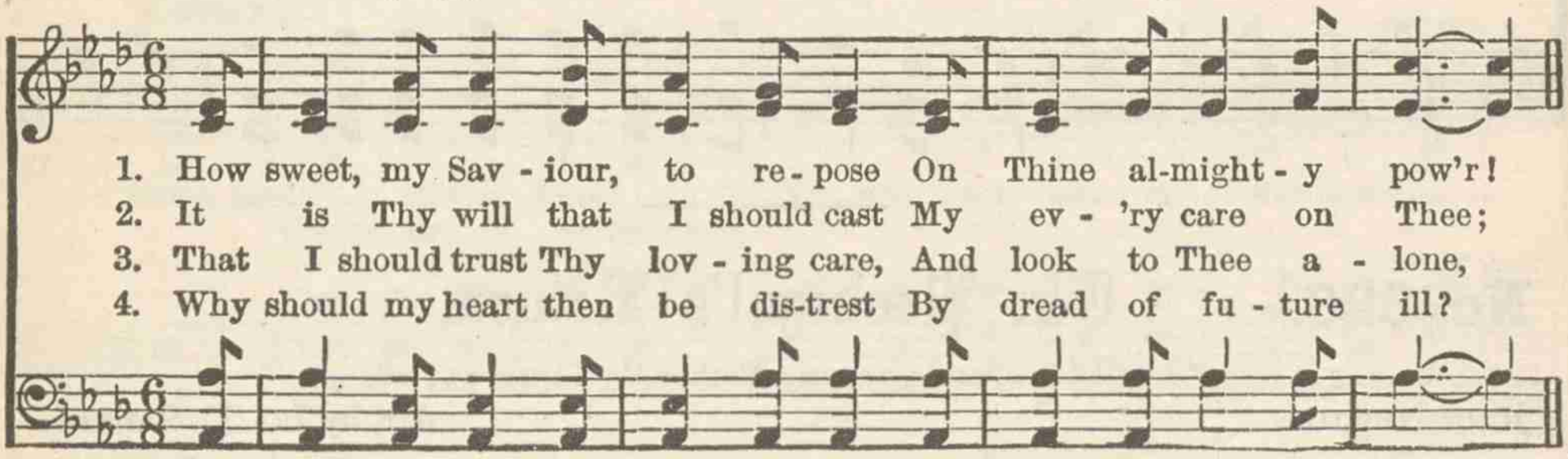


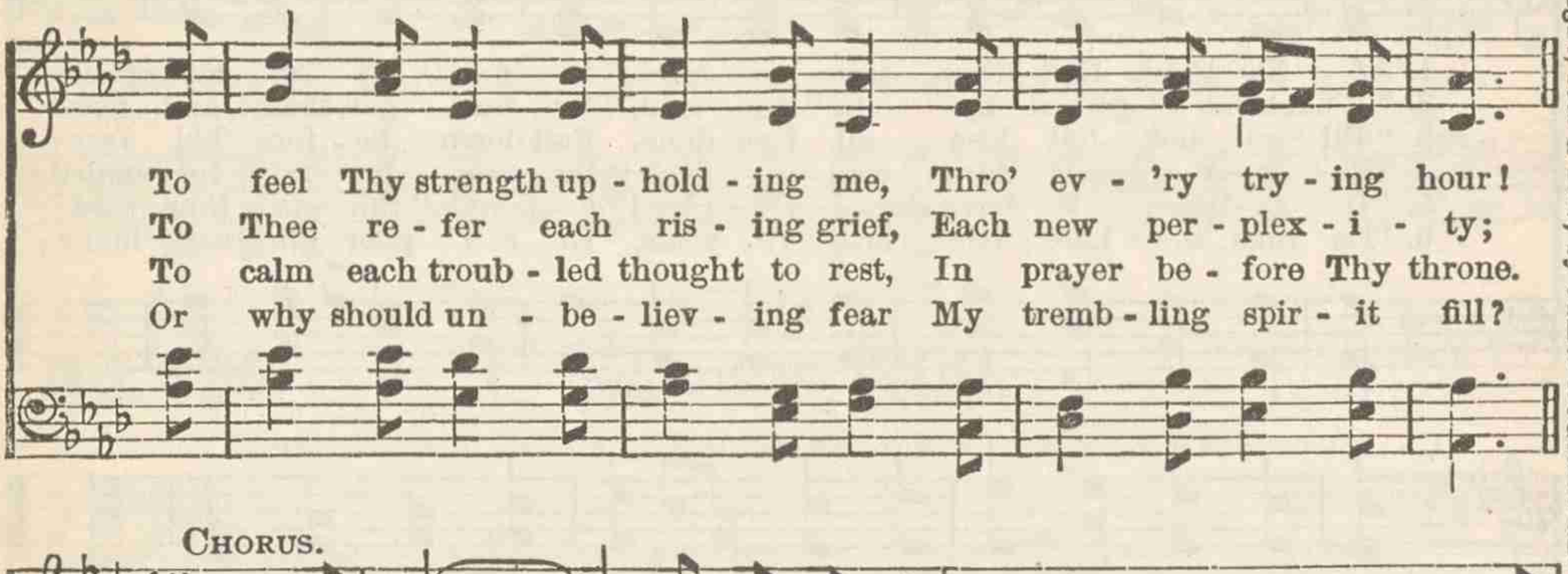


No. 327. Casting all your Care upon Him.

1 PET. 5: 7.

From CÆSAR MALAN, by J. E. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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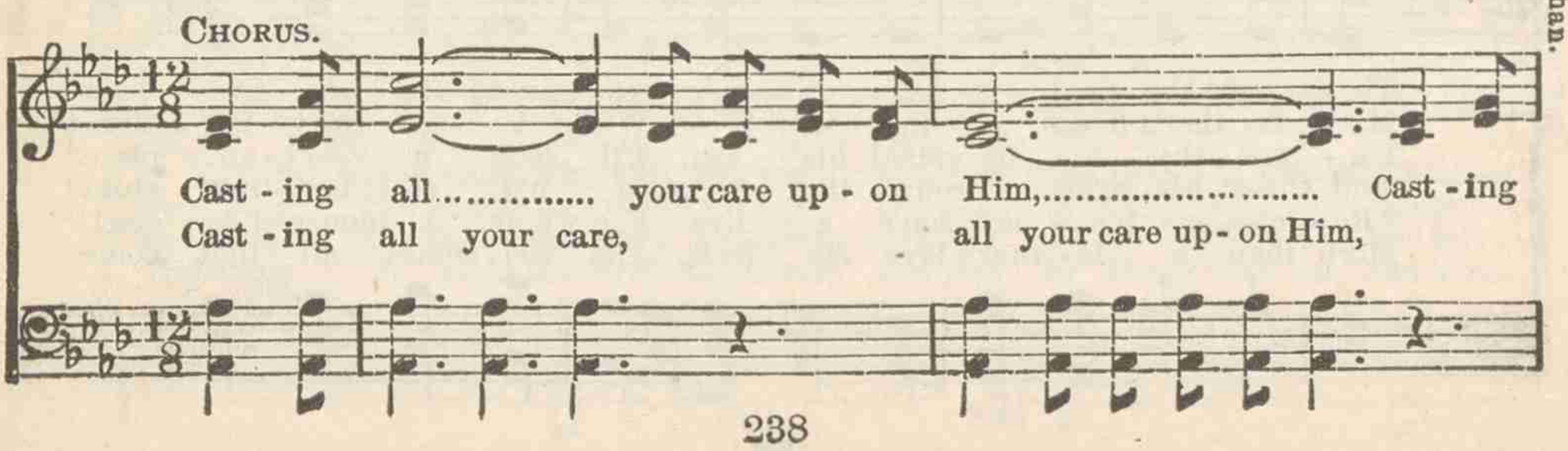
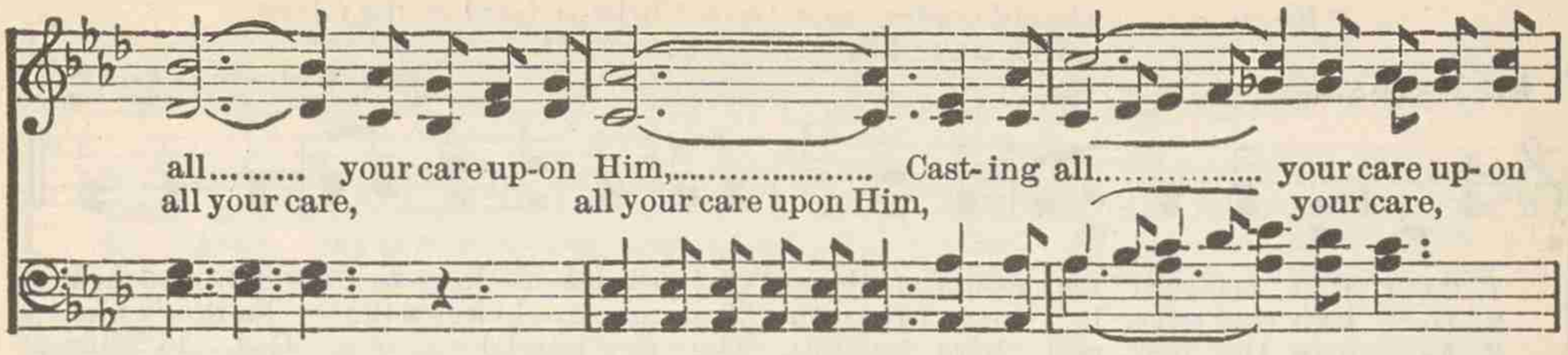
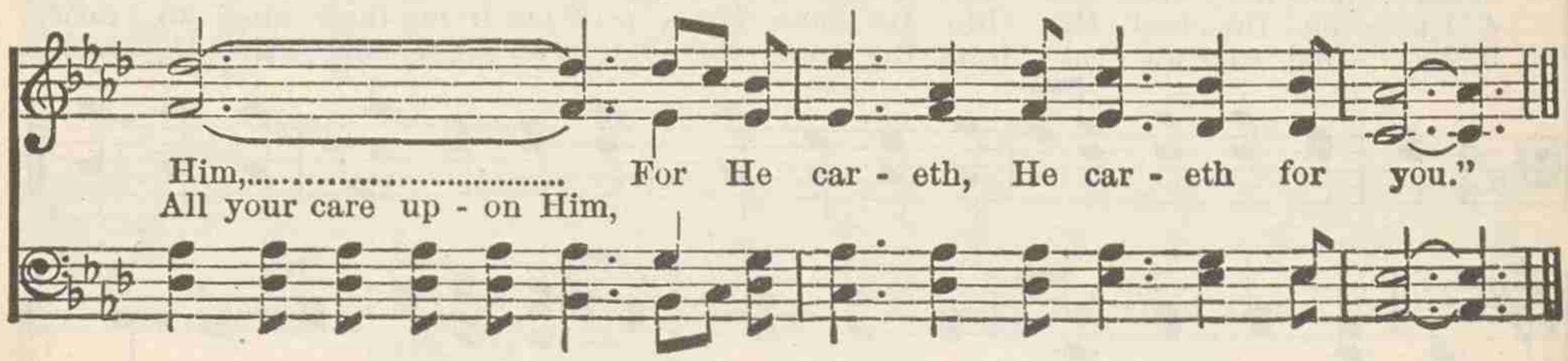
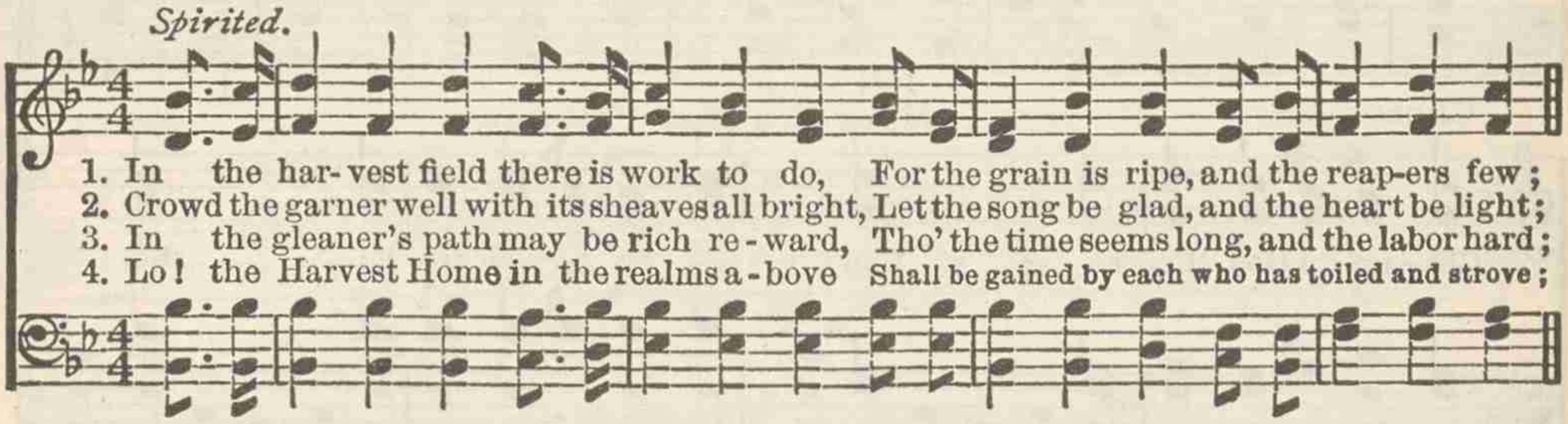


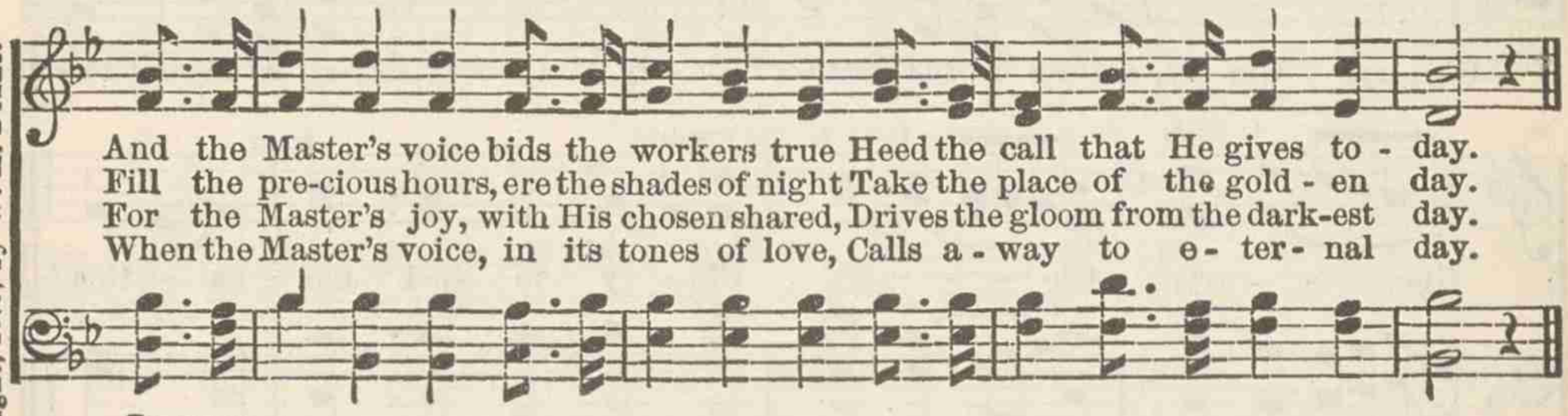
Casting all your Care upon Him.

No. 328. Labor On.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.





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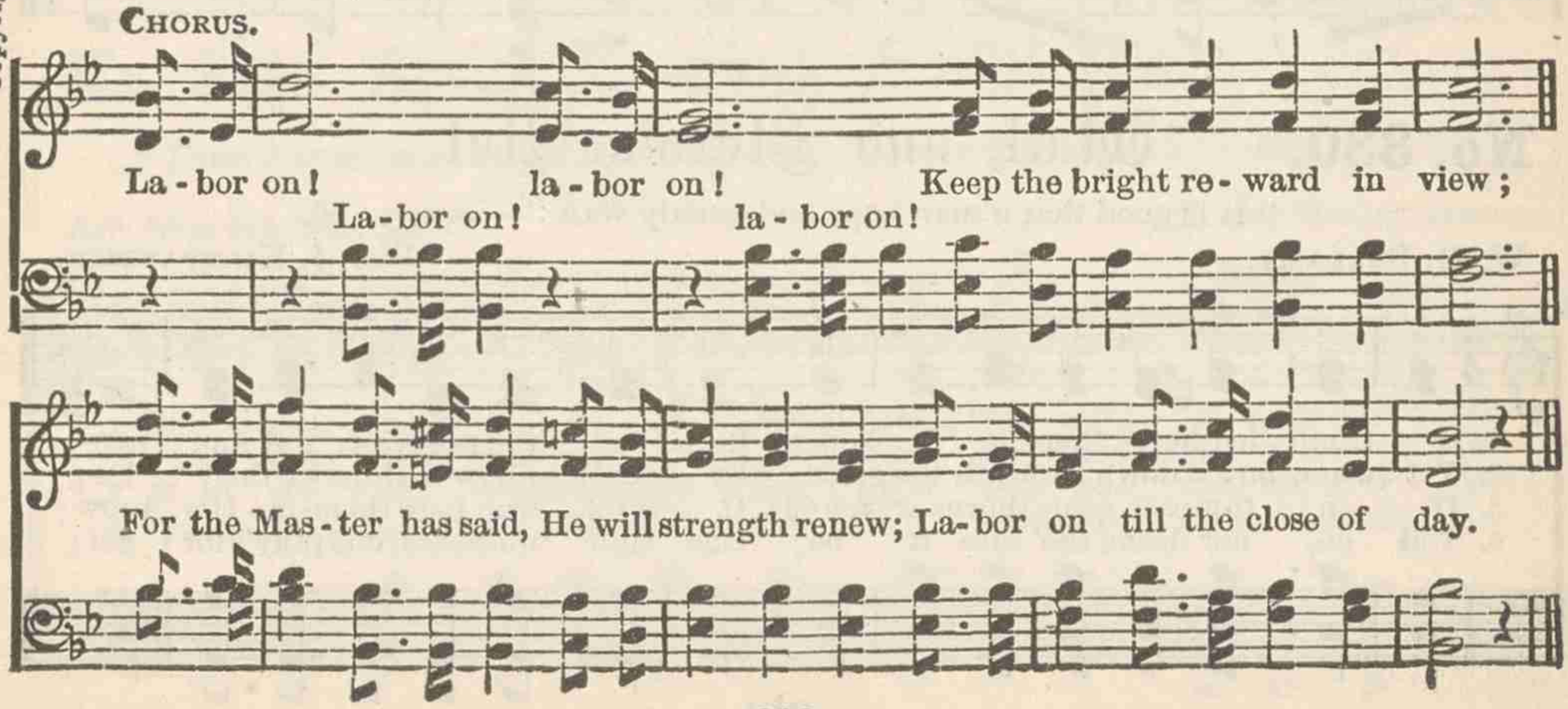
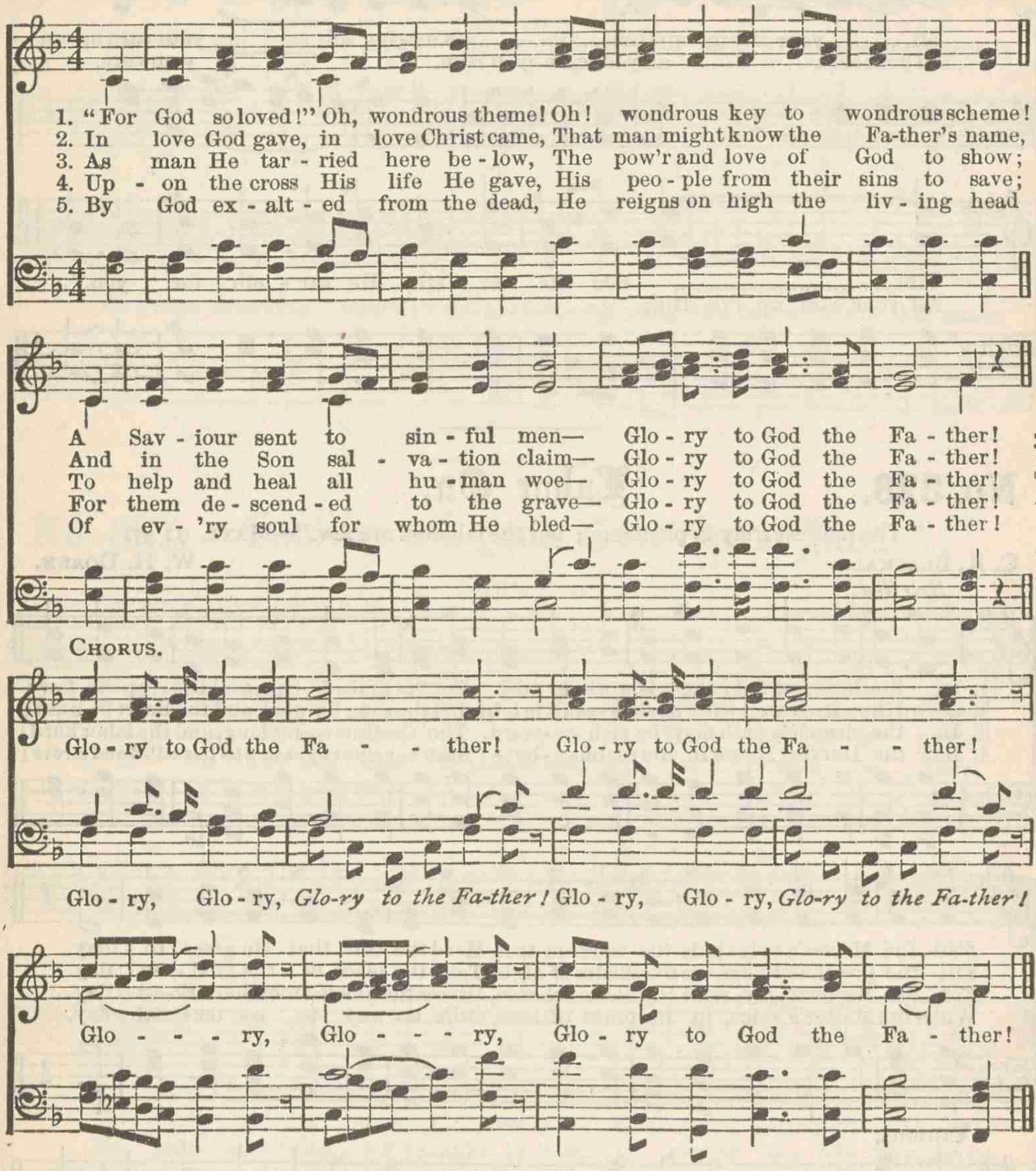
CHORUS.

No. 329. Glory to God the Father.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—PHIL. 2: 11.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 330. Wait, and Murmur Not.

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—SAM. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wait, and Murmur Not.

A home where changes nev - er come; Who would not fain be rest -ing there?
Look up! thoul't reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

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

From "Leaflet Gems," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 331. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes - sage plain:

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No. 332. Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—REV. 3: 20.

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

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door; Let Him in!
2. O - pen now to Him your heart; Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest; Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let the Saviour in!

He has been there oft be - fore; Let Him in!
If you wait He will de - part; Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice; Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de - fend,
He is stand - ing at the door; Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth - ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son; Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end; Let Him in!
And His name you will a - dore; Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Copyright, 1881, by John J Hood.

No. 333. I Looked to Jesus.

"I looked to him, he looked on me, and we were one for ever."—C. H. SPURGEON.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. I looked to Je - sus in my sin, My woe and want con - fess - ing;
2. I looked to Je - sus on the cross, For me I saw Him dy - ing;
3. I looked to Je - sus there on high, From death up-raised to glo - ry;
4. He looked on me! O look of love! My heart by it was bro - ken;
5. Now one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be a - bid - ing,

Un - done and lost, I came to Him, I sought and found a bless - ing.
God's word be-lieved, that all my sins Were there up - on Him ly - ing.
I trust - ed in His power to save, Be - lieved the old, old sto - ry.
And, with that look of love, He gave The Ho - ly Spir - it's to - ken.
And in His love for all my need, In child - like faith con - fid - ing.

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I Looked to Jesus.

CHORUS.

I looked to Him,

"I looked to Him, to Him I looked," 'Tis true, His "Who-so - ev - er,"

He looked on me,

"He looked on me, on me He looked, And we were one for ev - er."

No. 334. Let us Crown Him.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. PERRONET. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto moderato.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;.....
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,.....
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;.....

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

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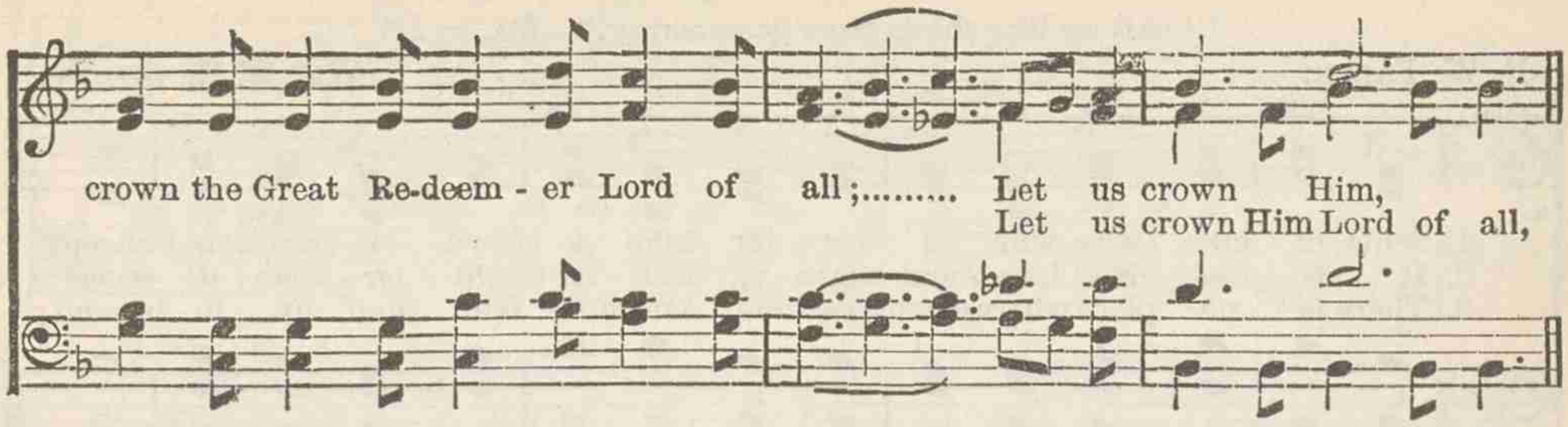
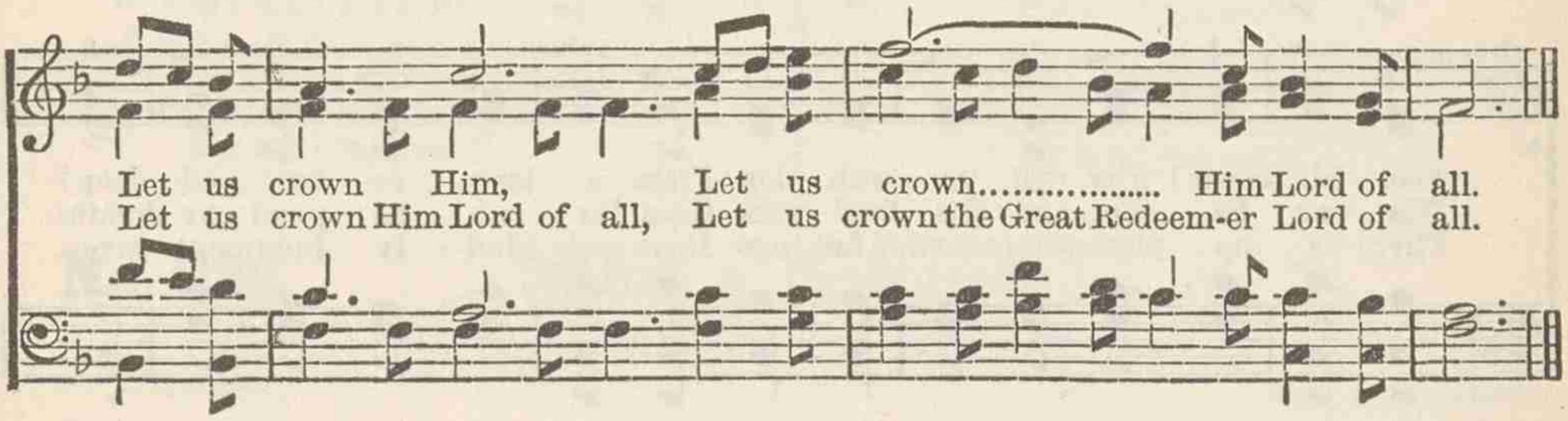
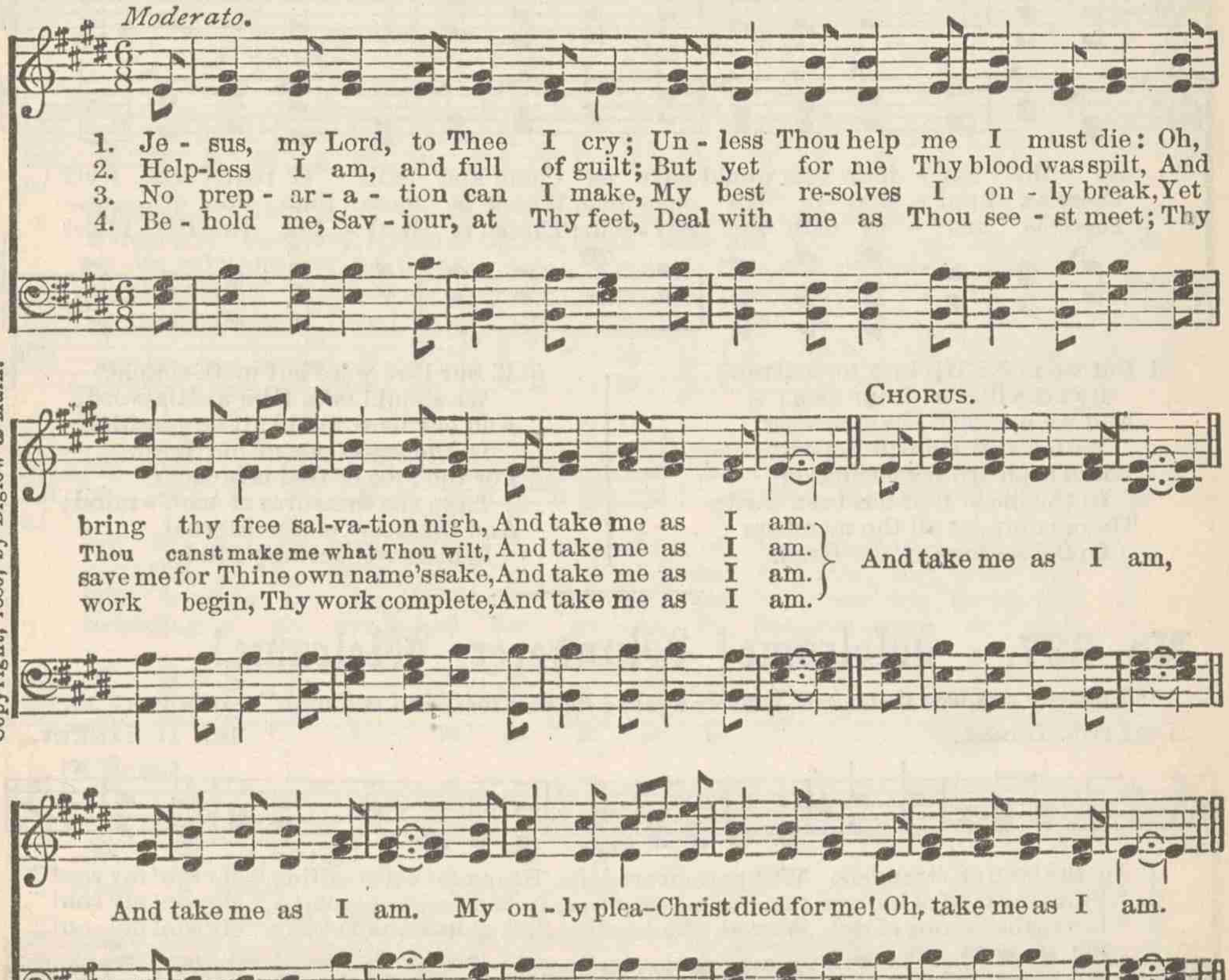
Let us Crown Him.

No. 335. Take Me as I Am.

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

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.



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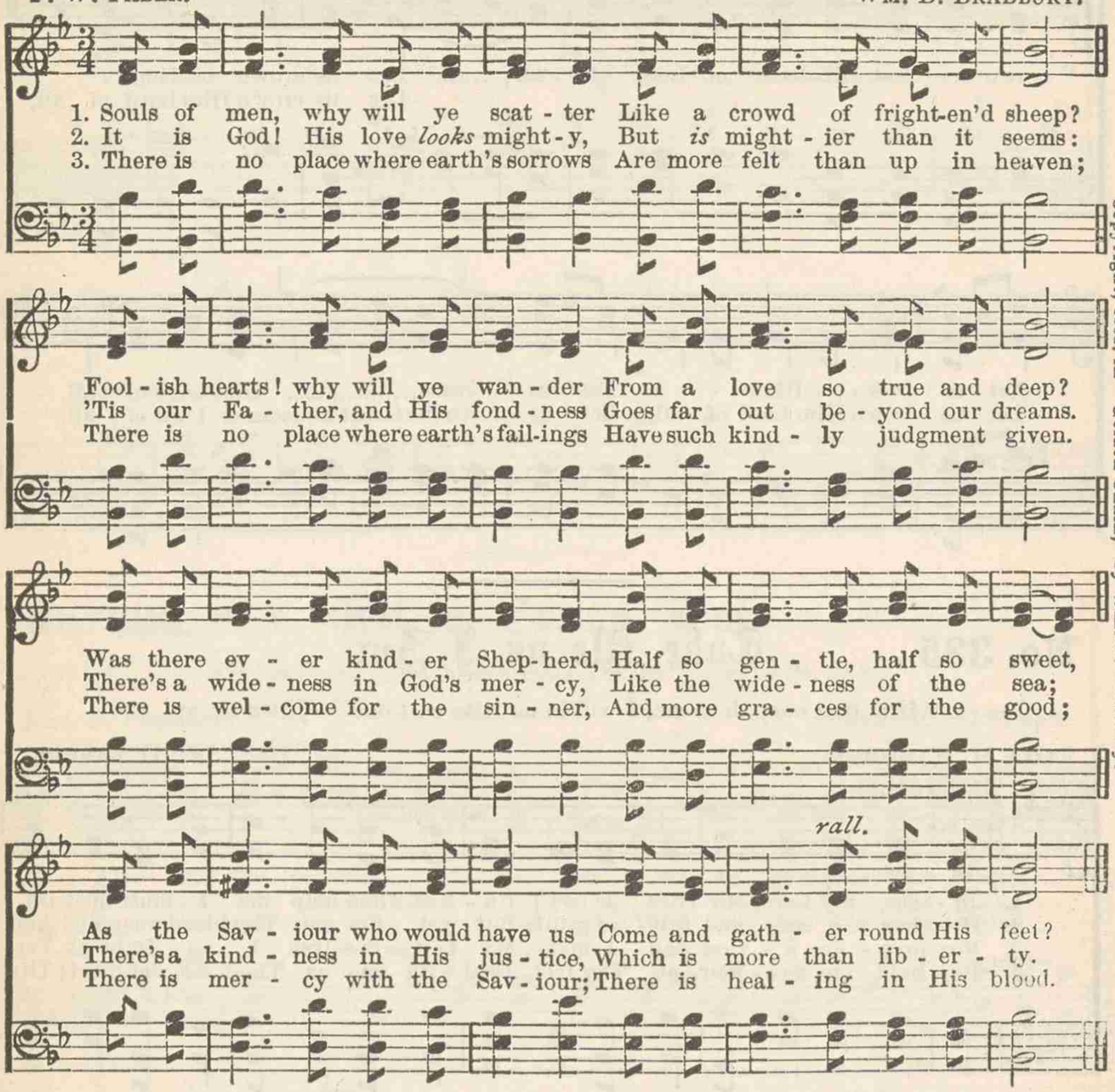
No. 336. Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. 53 : 6.

F. W. Faber. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Copyright, 1861, in "Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

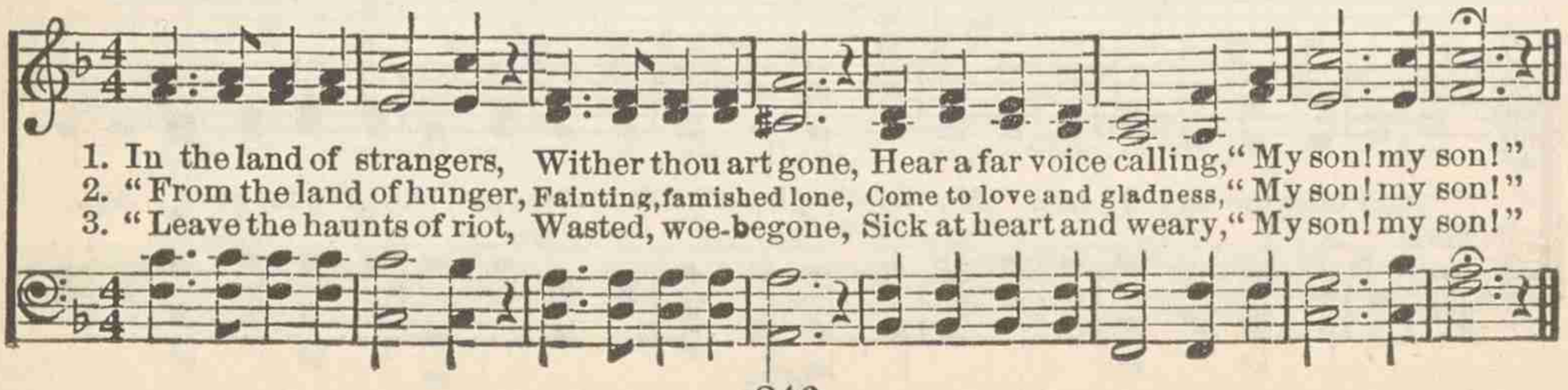
4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

No. 337. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

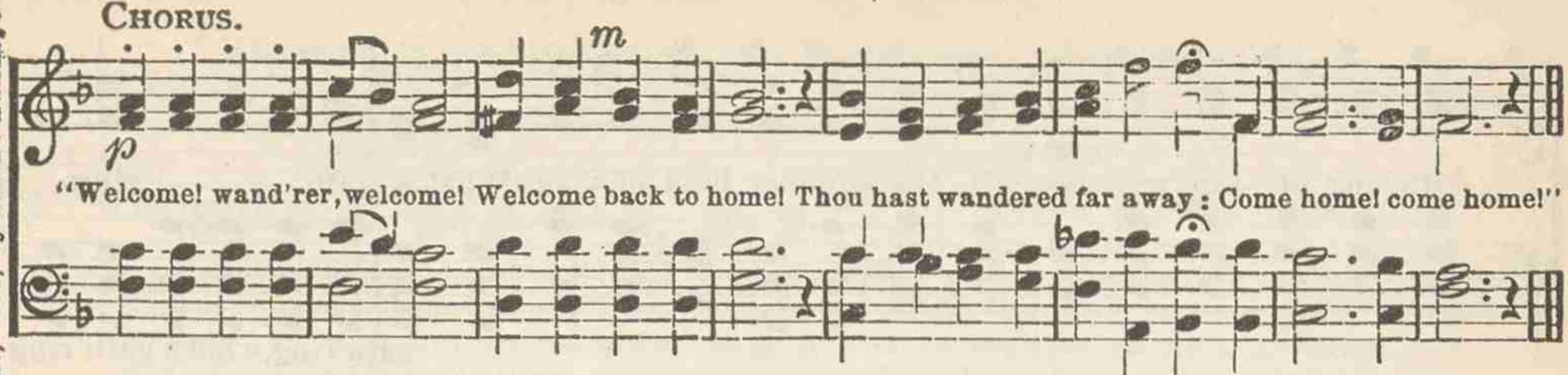
"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke 15 : 24.

Horatius Bonar. Ira D. Sankey.



Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

CHORUS.



4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

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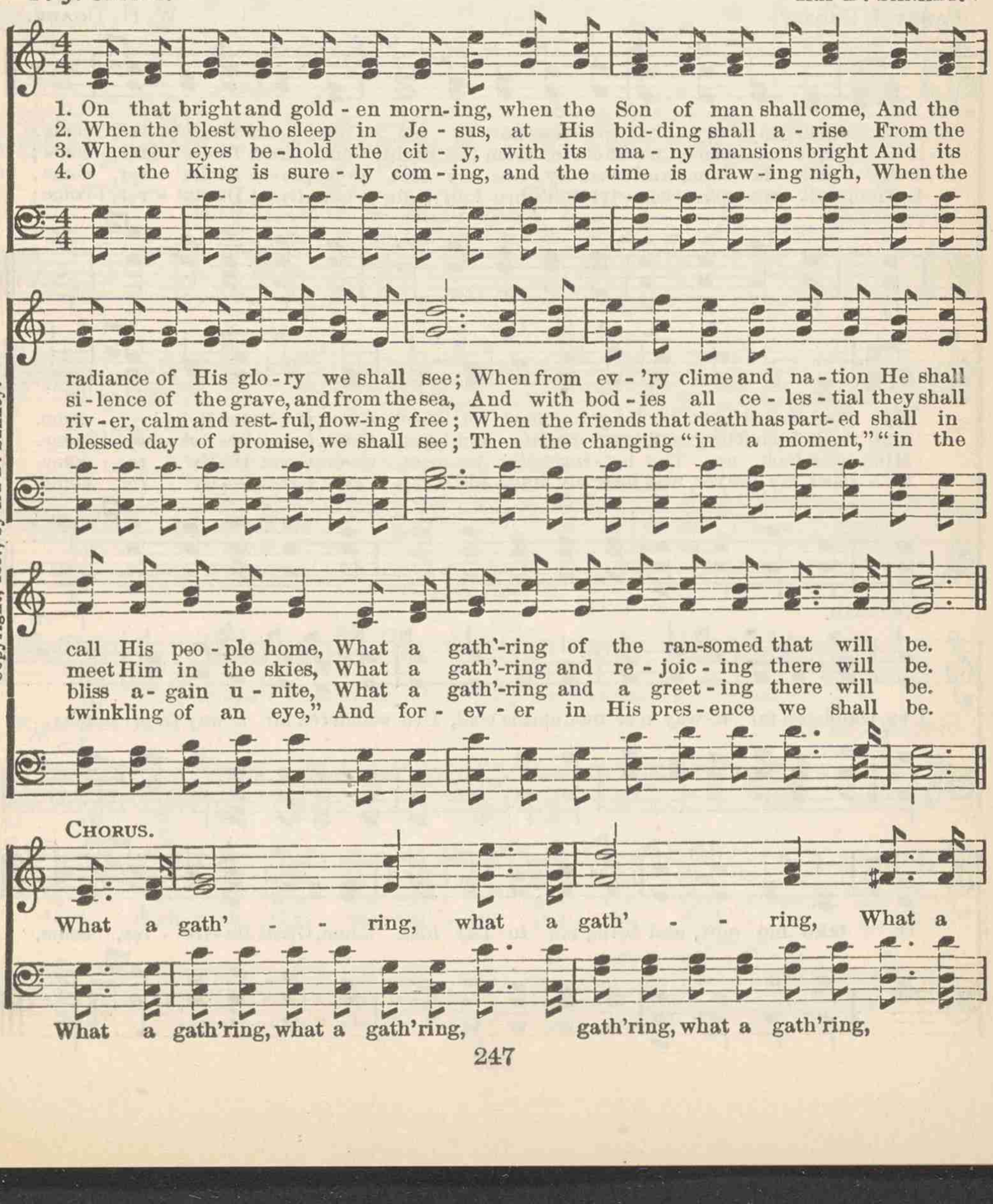
No. 338. What a Gathering!

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

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

CHORUS.

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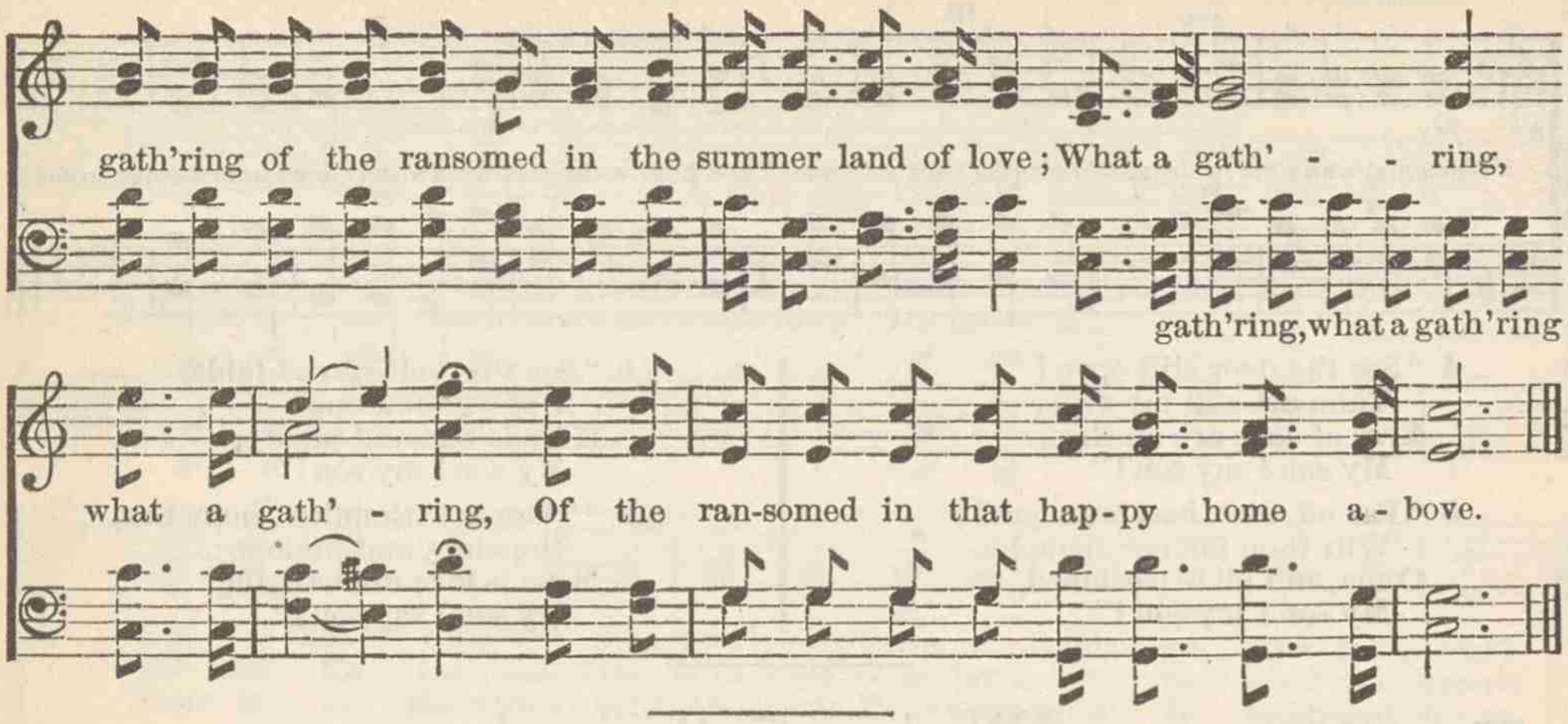
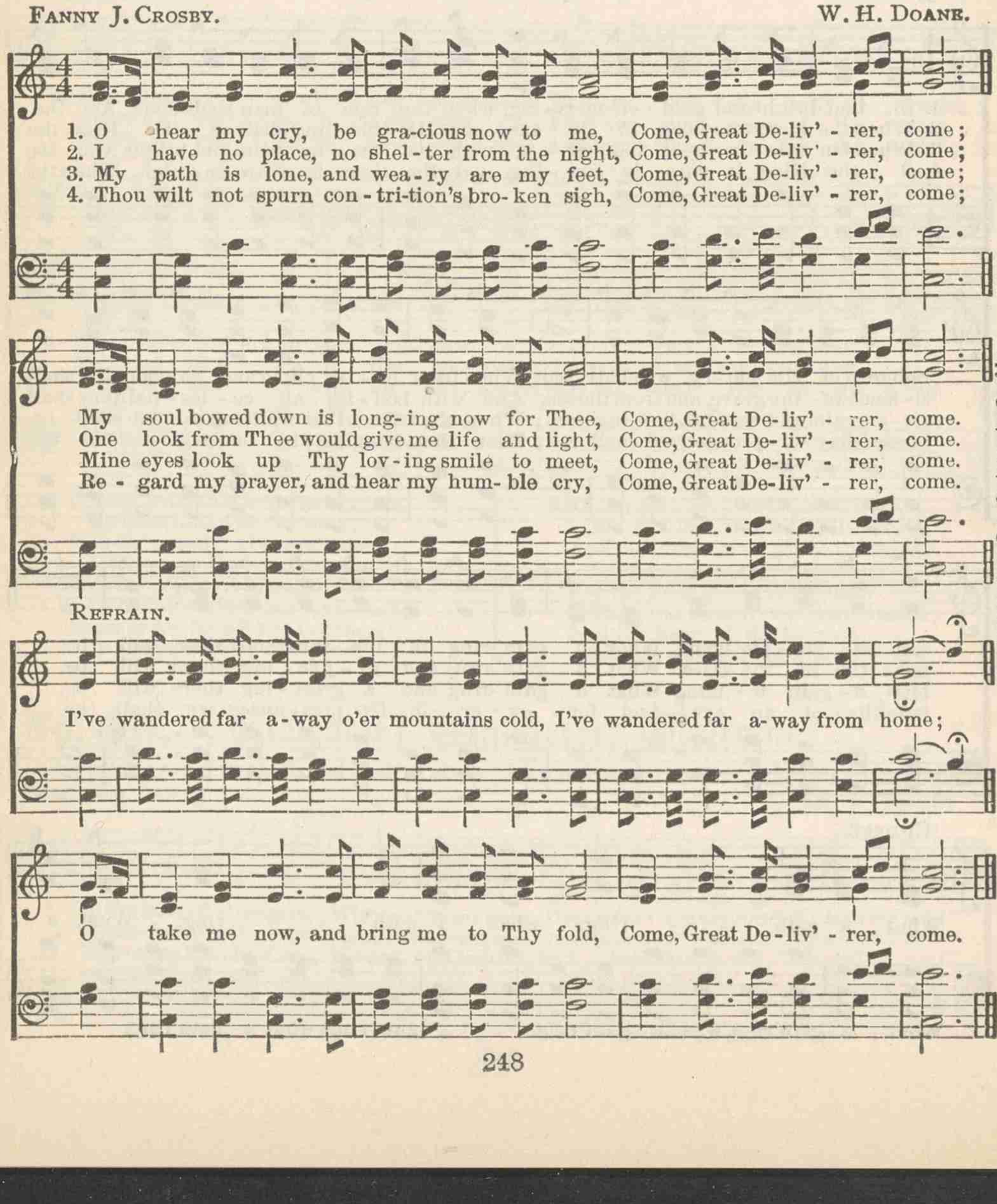
What a Gathering!

No. 339. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 340. God be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

CHORUS.

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

No. 341. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—PSA. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I must walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, I shall

Through the Valley and the Shadow.

journey in a lov-ing Sav-iour's care; He hath said He will
wea-ry days of toil-ing will be o'er; For the strong arms of
glo-ry of the dawn-ing I shall see; I shall join in the
fol-low where my Lord has gone be-fore; Thro' the mists of the

D.S.—But the dark waves of

FINE.

nev-er, nev-er leave me, With His Staff He will com-fort me there.
Je-sus will en-fold me, And with Him I shall sor-row no more.
an-thems o-ver Jor-dan, Where the loved ones are wait-ing for me.
val-ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the ev-er-green Shore.

Jor-dan will not harm me, There is peace in the val-ley, I know.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley, Thro' the val-ley and the shadow I must go,

---

No. 342. Peace, Peace is Mine.

"He is our peace."—EPH. 2: 14.

J. DENHAM SMITH. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. God's almight-y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine; Judgment scenes need not con-
2. While I hear life's rug-ged bil-lows, Peace, peace is mine; Why suspend my harp on
3. Ev-'ry tri-al draws Him near-er, Peace, peace is mine; All His strokes but make him
4. Wel-come ev-'ry ris-ing sunlight, Peace, peace is mine; Near-er home each roll-ing

found me, Peace, peace is mine. Je-sus came Him-self and sought me! Sold to Death, He
wil-lows? Peace, peace is mine. I may sing with Christ be-side me, Tho' a thousand
dear-er, Peace, peace is mine. Bless I then the hand that smit-eth, Gen-tly, and to
midnight, Peace, peace is mine. Death and hell can-not ap-pal me; Safe in Christ what-

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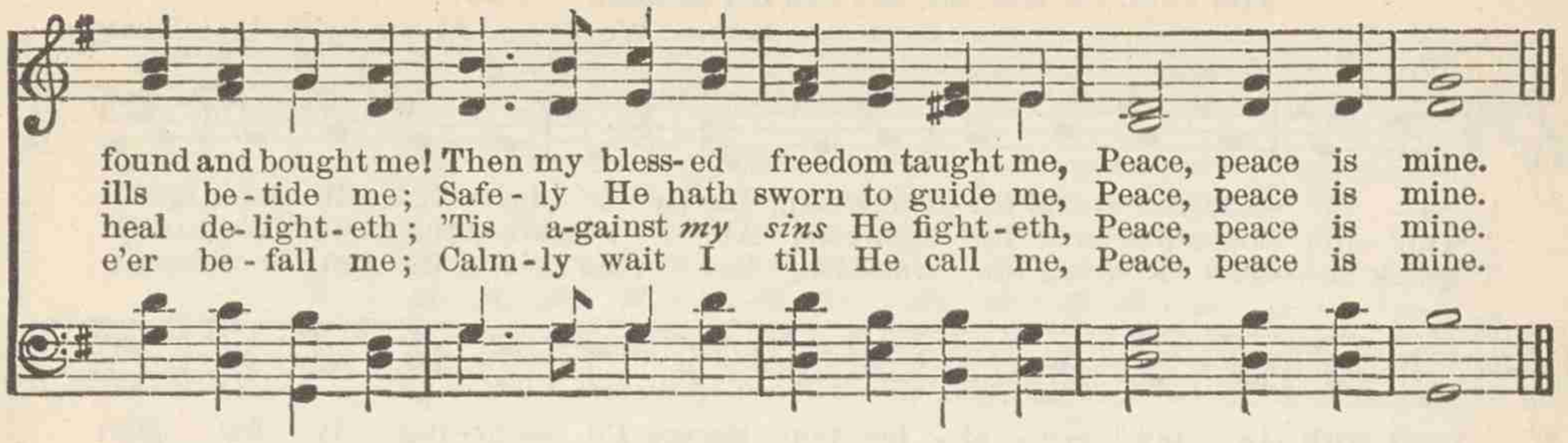
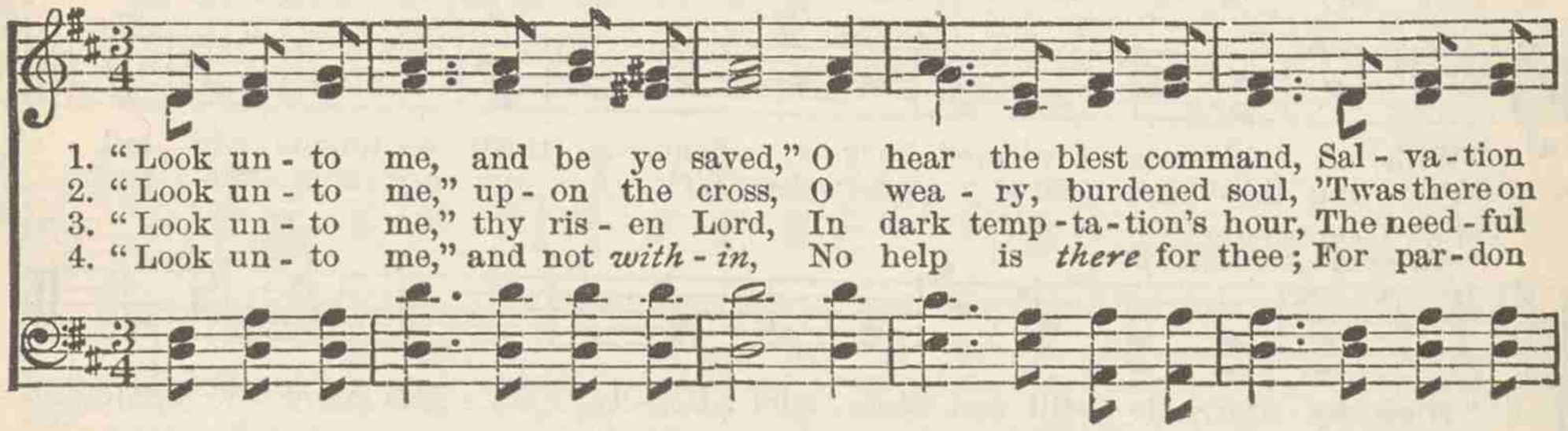
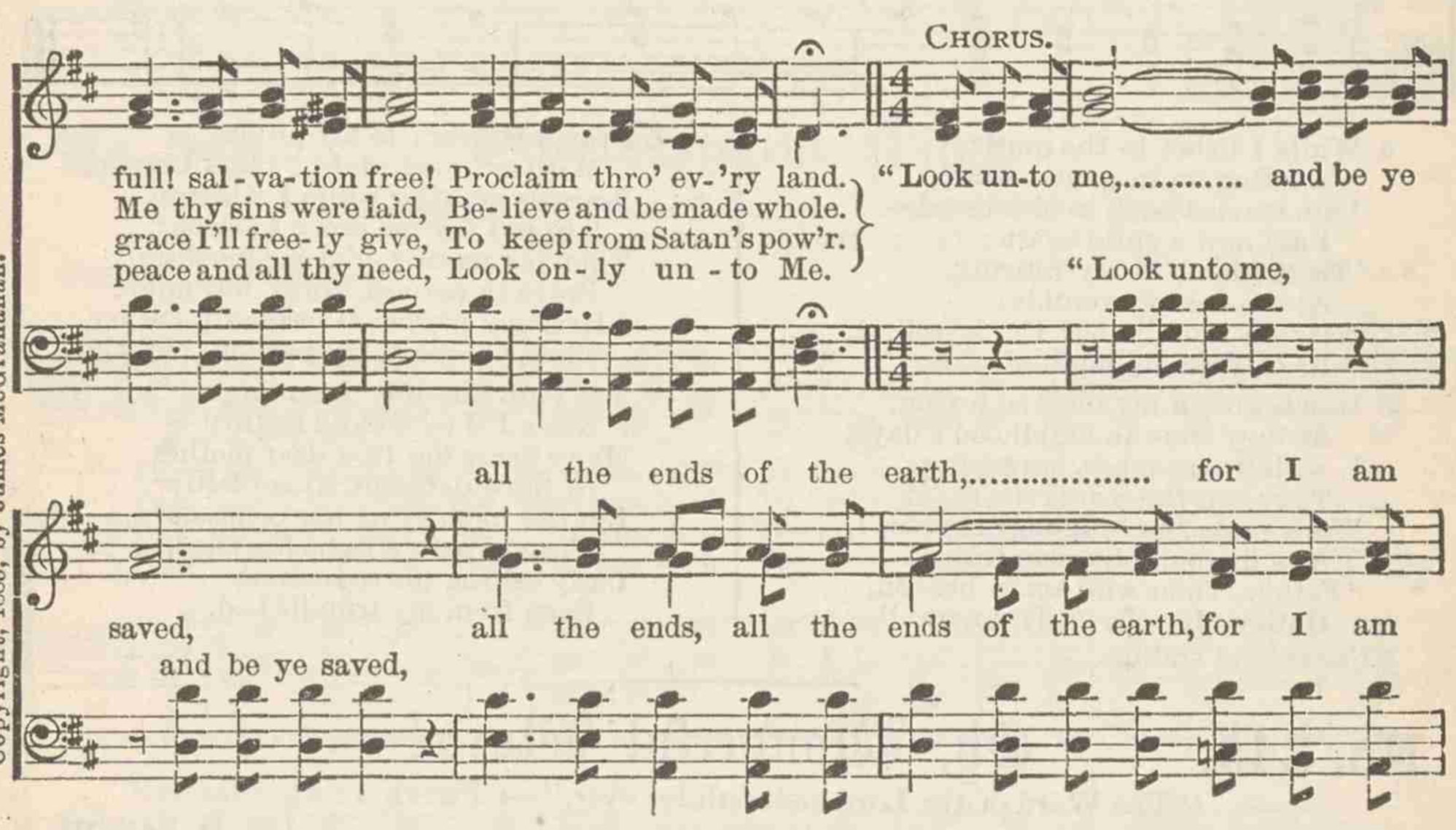
Peace, Peace is Mine.

No. 343. Look Unto Me.

Isa. 45: 22.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



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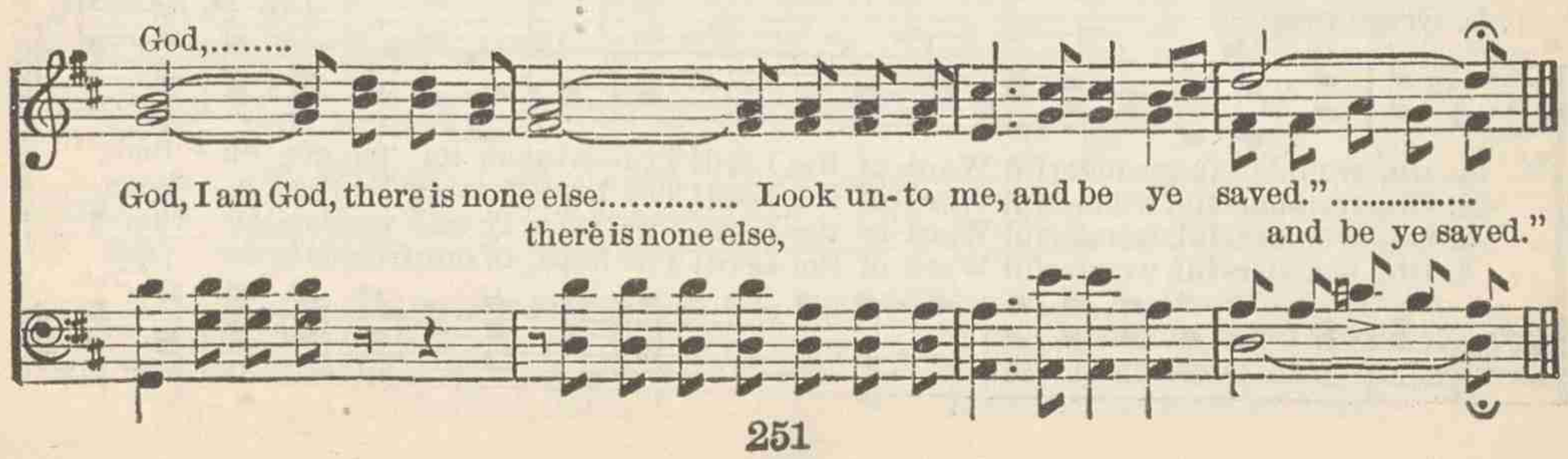
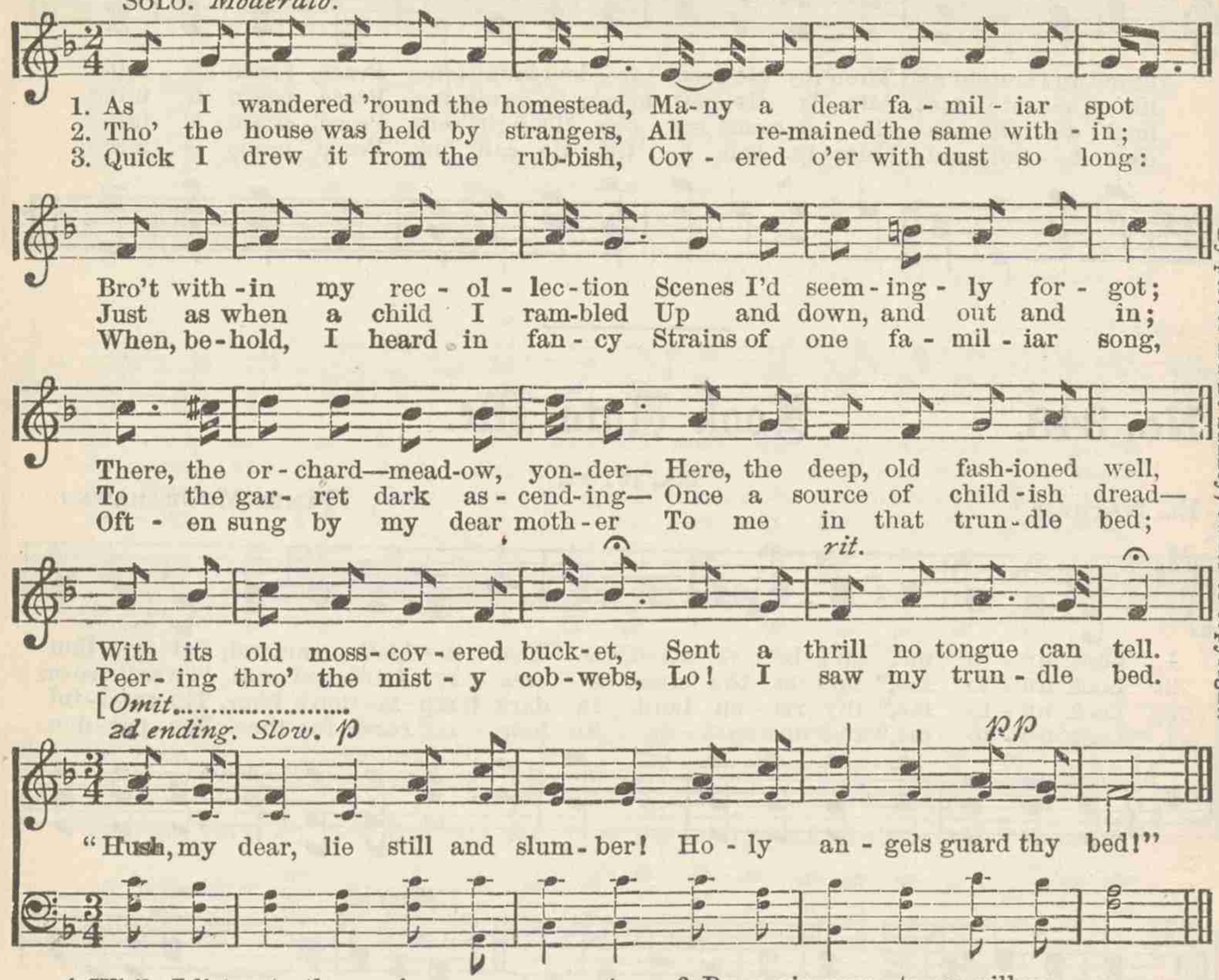

No. 344. My Mother's Prayer.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. 21 : 28.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

* Use second ending.

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

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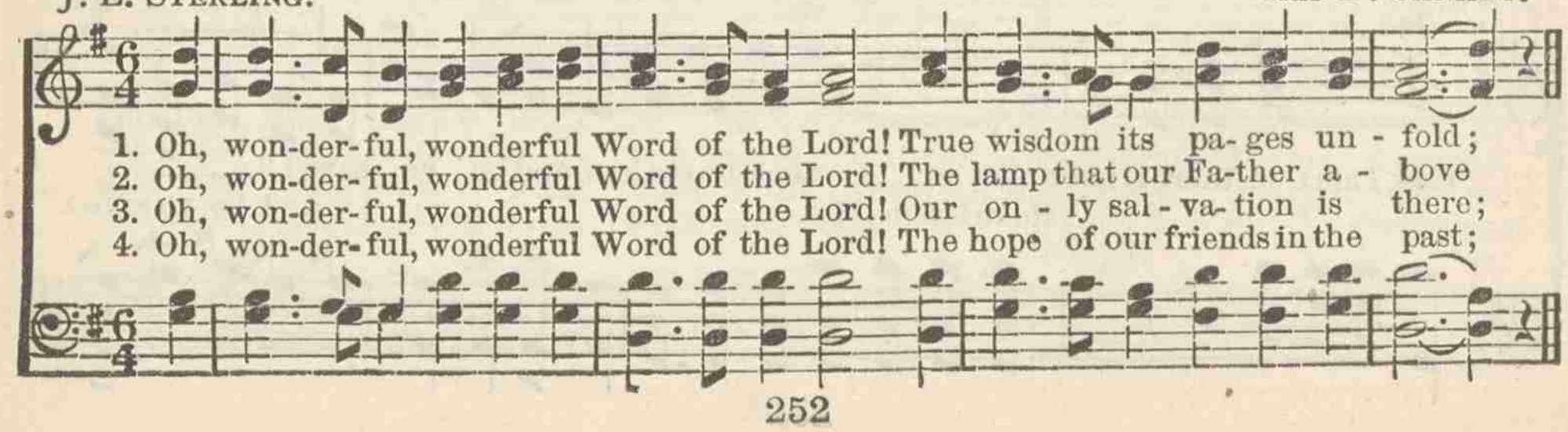
No. 345. Oh, Wonderful Word!

"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 PETER 1 : 25.

J. L. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

Oh, Wonderful Word!

And tho' we may read them a thousand times o'er, They nev-er, no nev-er, grow old!
So kind-ly has light-ed to teach us the way That leads to the arms of His love!
It car-ries con-vic-tion down deep in the heart, And shows us ourselves as we are.
Its truth, where so firmly they anchored their trust, Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal shall last.

Each line hath a treasure, each promise a pearl, That all if they will may se-cure; And we
Its warnings, its counsels, are faithful and just; Its judgments are perfect and pure; And we
It tells of a Saviour, and points to the cross, Where pardon we now may se-cure; For we
Oh, won-der-ful, wonder-ful Word of the Lord! Unchang-ing, a-bid-ing and sure; For we

know that when time and the world pass a-way, God's Word shall for ev-er en-dure.

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No. 346. The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1; 21.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en
   The name, be-fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Sav-iour (*Omit.*) giv-en.
2. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name a-bove Him
   That all might see the rea-son we For-ev-er-more must (*Omit.*) love Him.

1 2 FINE.

D.C.—For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (Omit.) "Je-sus!"

REFRAIN. D.C.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus!

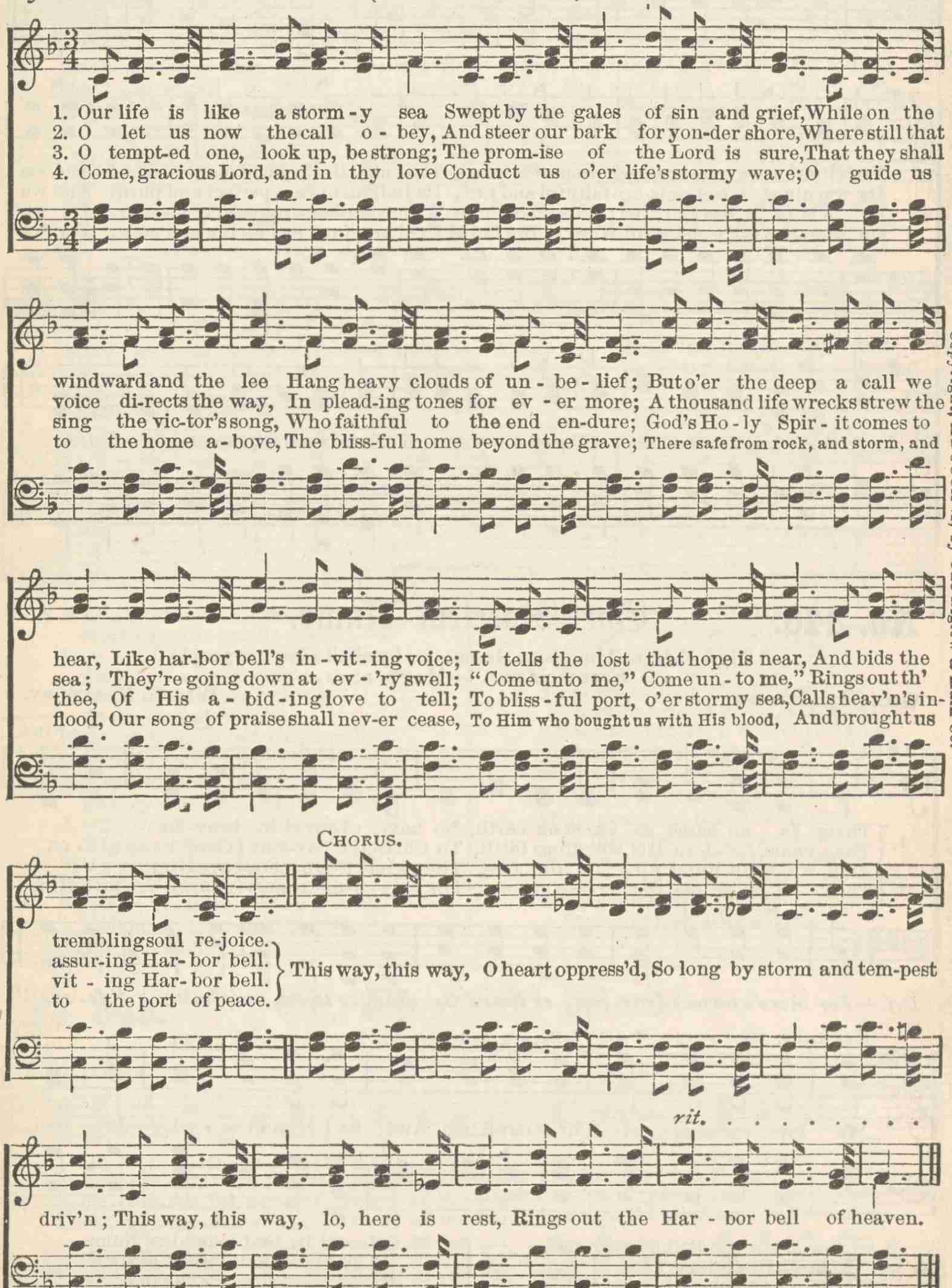
Copyright, 1861, in "Golden Chain."

3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name
Thy grace shall fail us never
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever!

No. 347. The Harbor Bell.

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted, the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore; The whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; Suddenly the pilot cried,—Hark! and far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way,—this way,— Again the engines were started, and guided by the welcome sound we entered the port in safety."

JOHN H. YATES. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) IRA D. SANKEY.

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CHORUS.

No. 348. No Hope in Jesus.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—EPH. 2: 12.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No Rock, no Ref-uge nigh! When the dark days
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! How lone-ly life must be! Like a sail-or,
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No hand to clasp thine own! Thro' the dark, dark
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je-sus; His pard'ning love re-ceive; For the Sav-iour

CHORUS.

'round thee gath-er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
lost and driv-en, On a wide and shoreless sea.
vale of shadows, Thou must press thy way a-lone.
now is call-ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus!
* Come to Je-sus, He will save you;

No Friend, no Light in Jesus! Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! How dark this world must be!
He is the Friend of sinners; Then, when thou hast found the Saviour, How bright this world will be!

* For last verse only.

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No. 349. There is a Land.

"A better country, that is a heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Words arr. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a land which lies a-far, Where grief is all un-known;
2. We are but pil-grims on the earth, And brief our so-journ here;
3. There is a realm of bound-less love, A goal for hearts dis-trest,

A land where-in the an-gels sing 'A-round the heav'n-ly throne.
But well we know when hence we go, There is a bright-er sphere.
Where all may find for end-less years A home a-mong the blest.

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There is a Land.

REFRAIN.

O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet Up- on that dis-tant shore, Where-on the glo-rious
sun ne'er sets, But shines for- ev - er - more, But shines for- ev - er - more.

No. 350. "I am He that Liveth."

"And was dead; and behold I am alive forever more."—REV. 1 : 18.

C. R. H. J. H. BURKE.

1. He dies! He dies! the low - ly Man of sor - rows, On whom were laid our many griefs and
2. He lives! He lives! what glorious conso - la - tion! Ex - alt- ed at His Father's own right
3. He comes! He comes! O blest an- tic - i - pa - tion! In keep-ing with His true and faithful

woes; Our sins He bore, be-neath God's awful bil-lows, And He hath triumph'd o-ver
hand, He pleads for us, and by His in- ter - ces-sion, En - a - bles all His saints by
word; To call us to our heav'nly con-sum- ma-tion–Caught up, to be *"for-ev - er*

CHORUS.

all our foes.
grace to stand.
with the Lord."
} "I am he that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead,

I am he that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead; And be - hold,..... I am a-
I am, I

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"I am He that Liveth."

live..... for - ev - er - more, Be - hold,..... I am a -
am a - live for - ev - er - more, I am, I

live..... for - ev - er - more;..... I am he that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was
am a - live for - ev - er - more;

dead, And be - hold,..... I am a - live for - ev - - er - more."
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er, ev - er - more."

No. 351. Joy Cometh in the Morning!

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. Wienland. E. S. Lorenz, (Arr.)

1. Oh, wea - ry pil - grim, lift your head: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!
2. Ye tremb-ling saints, dis - miss your fears: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!
3. Let ev - 'ry bur-den'd soul look up: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a - way: For joy com-eth in the morn - ing!

For God in His own Word hath said That joy com - eth in the morn - ing!
Oh, weep-ing mourn - er, dry your tears: For joy com - eth in the morn - ing!
And ev - 'ry tremb-ling sin - ner hope: For joy com - eth in the morn - ing!
Sor - row and sigh - ing flee a - way: For joy com - eth in the morn - ing!

Arrangement Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

Joy Cometh in the Morning!

CHORUS.

Joy com - eth in the morn - ing! Joy com - eth in the morn - ing!

Weep - ing may en - dure for a night; But joy com - eth in the morn - ing!

No. 352. Rejoice, Rejoice Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Re - joice, re-joice be - liev - er, And let thy joy and glo - ry ev - er be
2. Re - joice, in thy Re - deem - er, Thou hast a place that noth - ing can re-move;
3. Re - joice, re-joice be - liev - er, A home on high is wait - ing now for thee;
4. Re - joice, re-joice be - liev - er, Press on to join the hap - py, hap - py throng;

In Him, the Great De - liv - 'rer, Who gave Him-self a sac - ri - fice for thee.
He bids thee dwell in safe - ty, And rest be-neath the shad - ow of His love.
And there, in all His beau - ty, The King of saints with won - der thou shalt see.
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev - er - last - ing song.

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CHORUS.

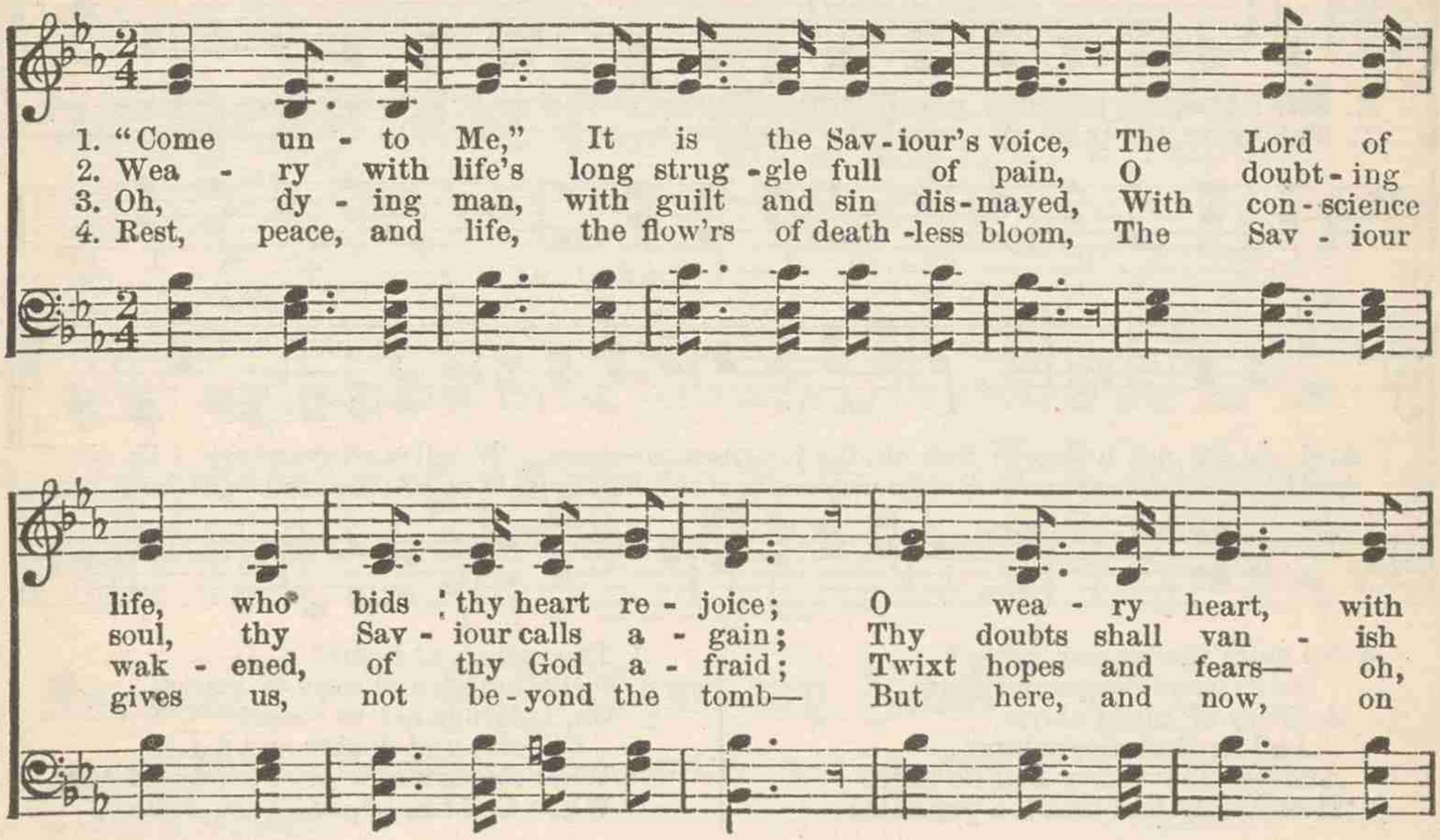
Re - joice, be - liev - er, Re - joice..... and sing Of
O re - joice, O re - joice,

Him who lives for - ev - er, Thy great High Priest and King.

No. 353. Come unto Me.

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

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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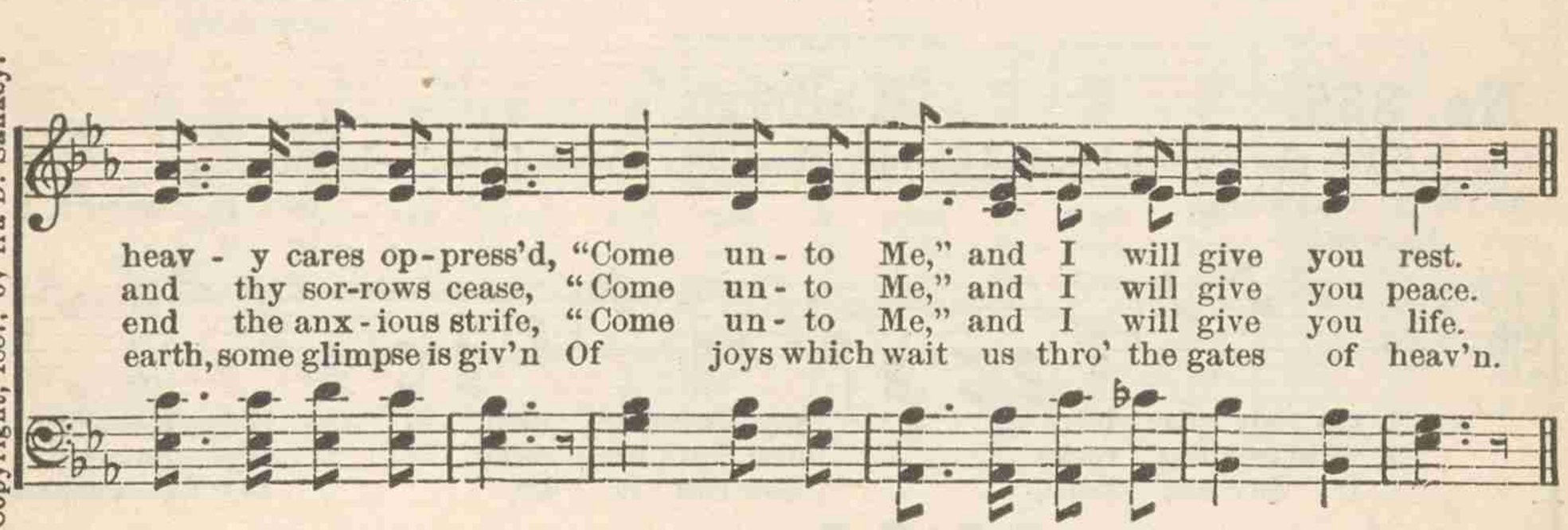
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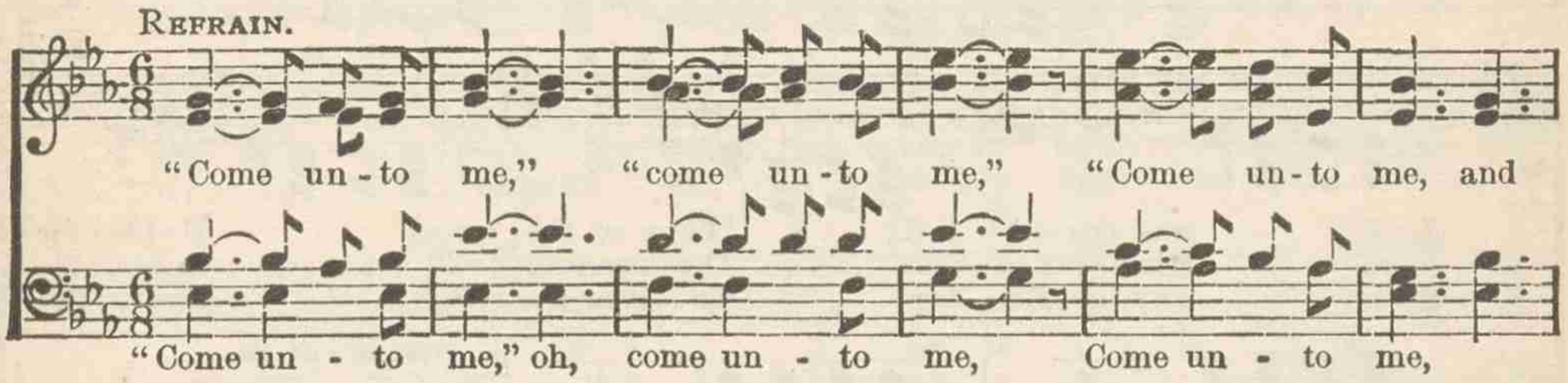
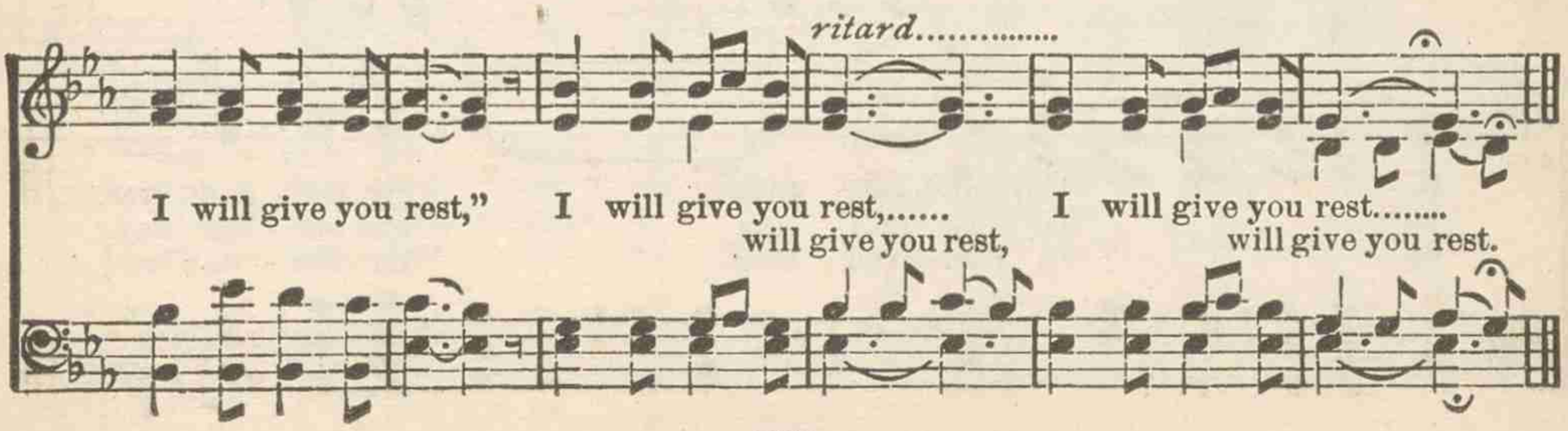
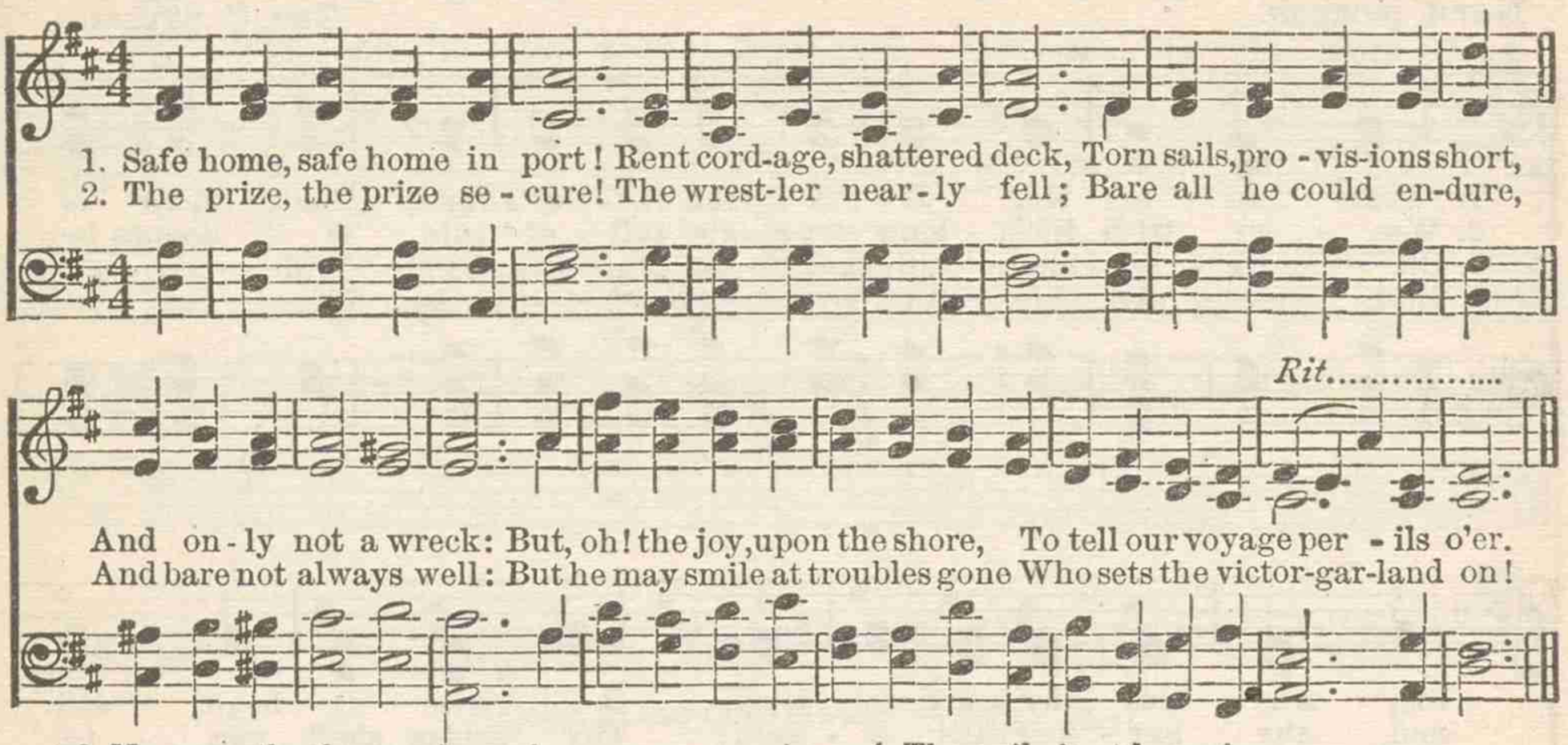

No. 354. Safe Home in Port.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Tr. by J. M. Neale. A. S. Sullivan.



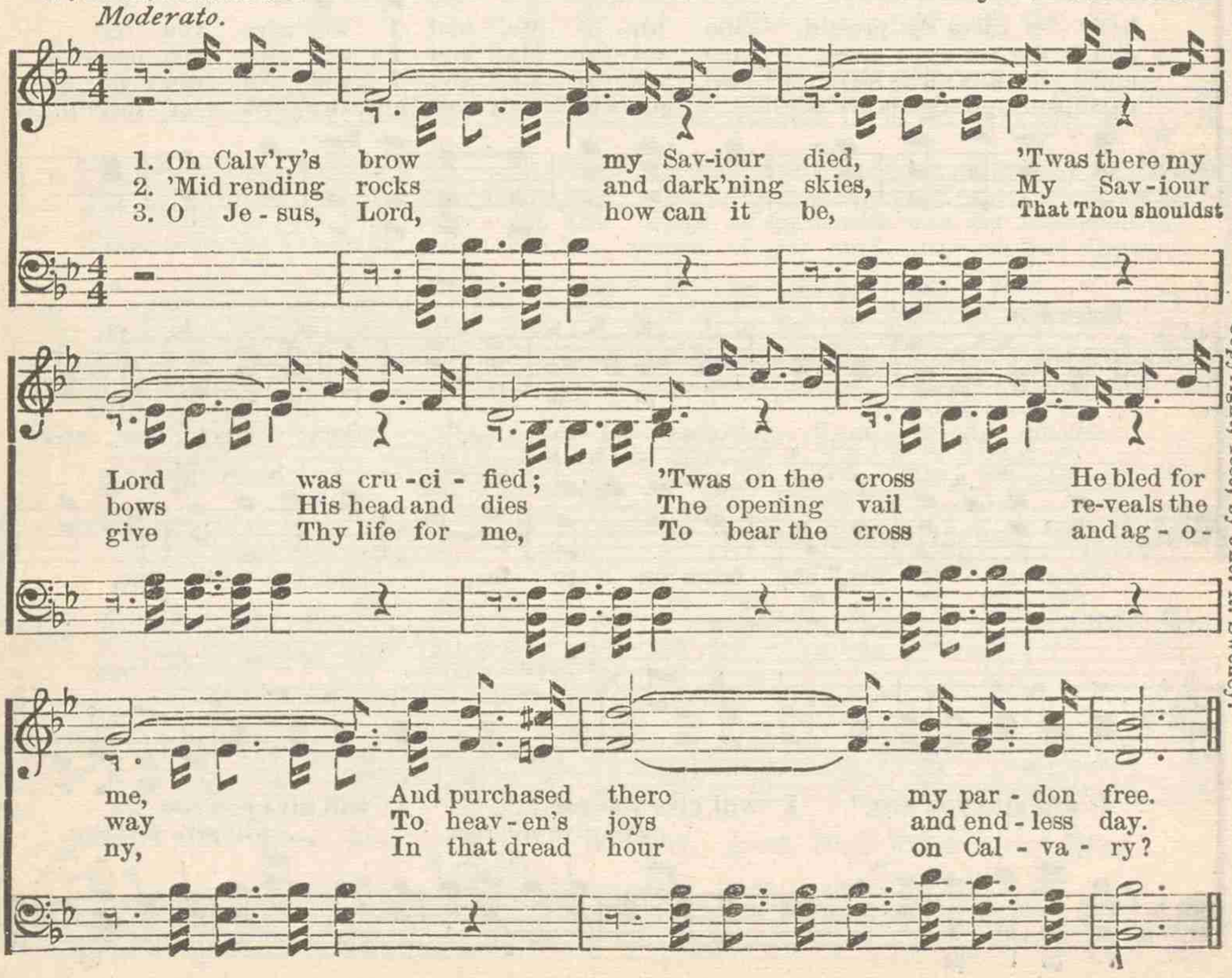
3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

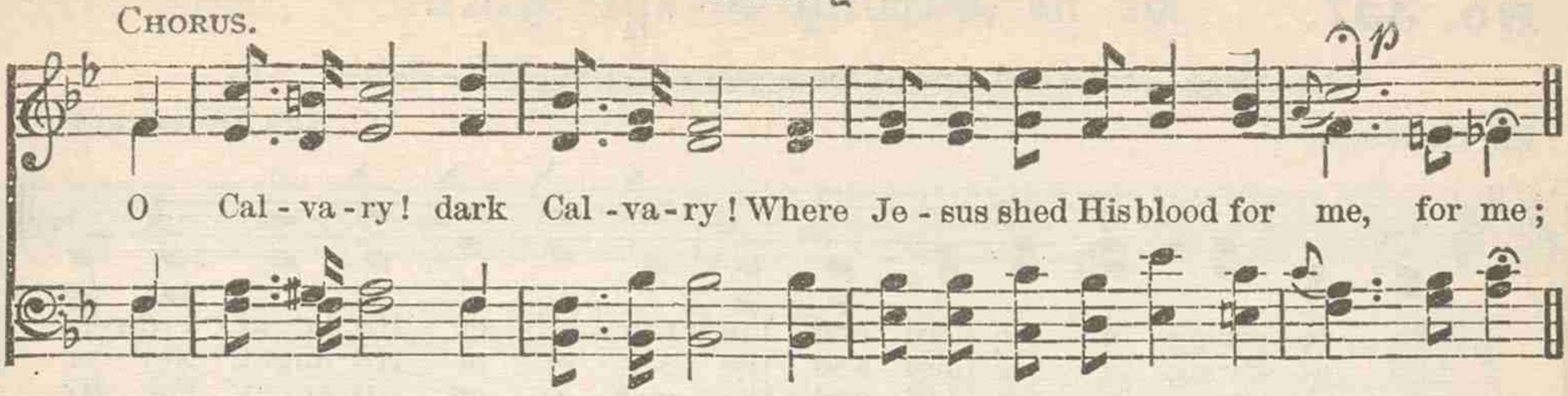
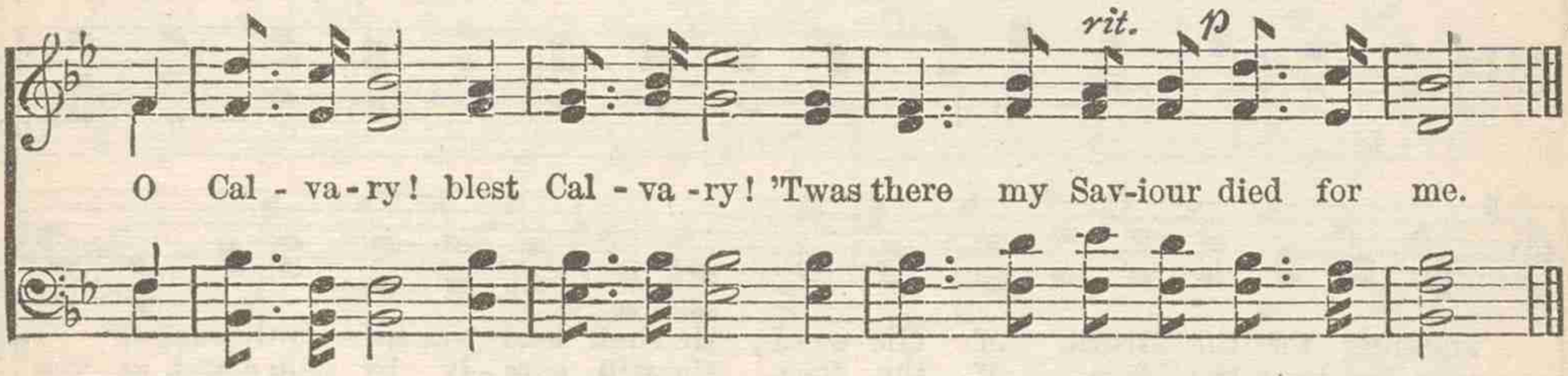
No. 355. Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

W. M'K. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

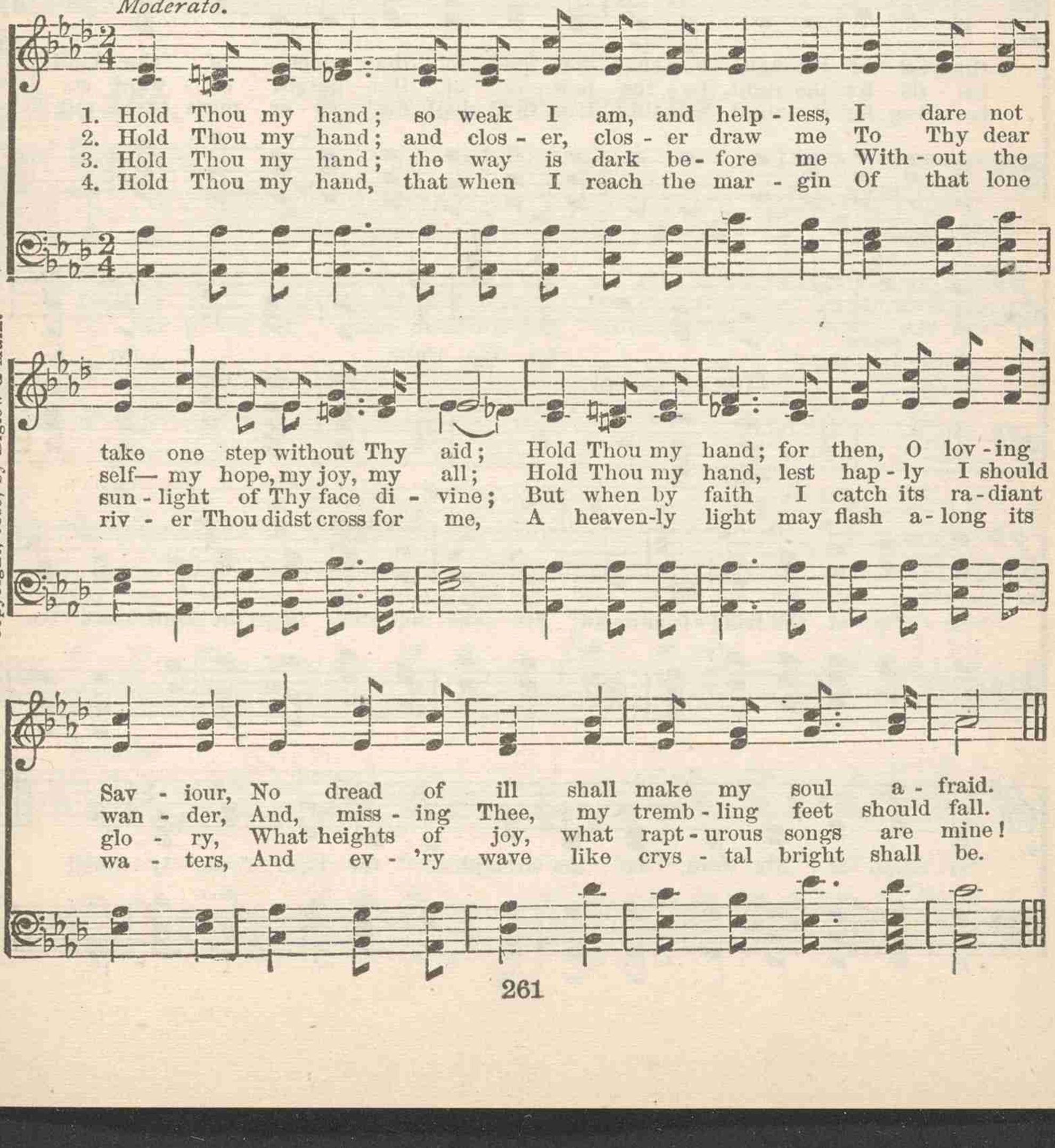
Moderato.

Copyright, 1886, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Calvary.

CHORUS.

No. 356. Hold Thou my Hand.

"I the Lord have called thee.....and will hold thine hand."—ISAIAH 42 : 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

No. 357. Be ye Strong in the Lord.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6. : 10.

El. Nathan. Ira D. Sankey.

1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might," Firm - ly
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might," Nev - er
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might," For His

standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safe - ly through the
turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will sure - ly by you stand, as you
prom - is - es shall nev - er, nev - er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while

thick-est of the fight, You shall con - quer in the name of the Lord.
bat - tle for the right, In the pow - er of His might on - ward go.
bat - tling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for ev - er - more pre - vail.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

Chorus.

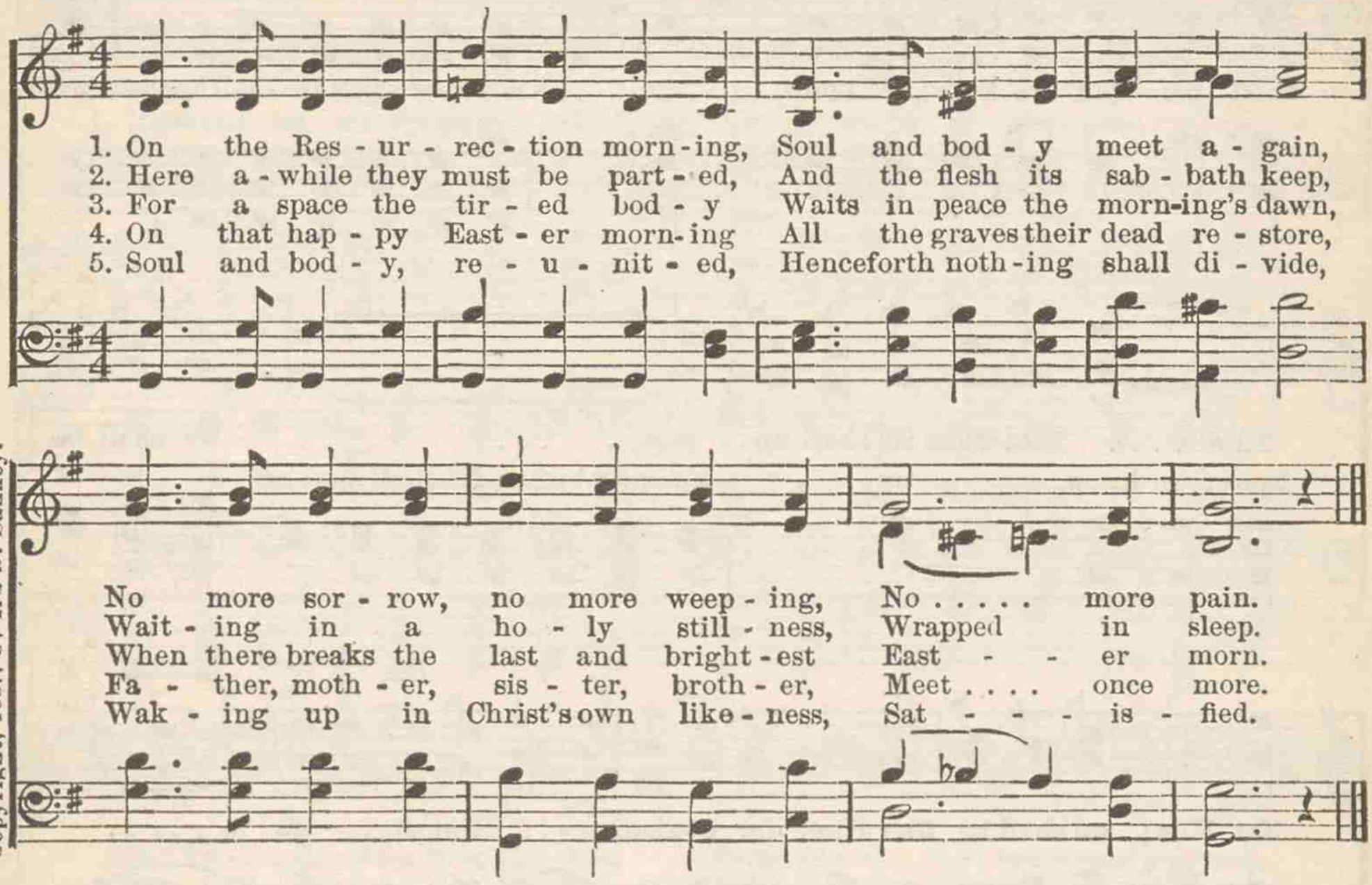
Firm - ly stand for the right, On to
Firm - ly stand for the right,

vic - t'ry at the King's com-mand; For the hon - or of the Lord, and the

tri - umph of His word, In the strength of the Lord firm - ly stand.

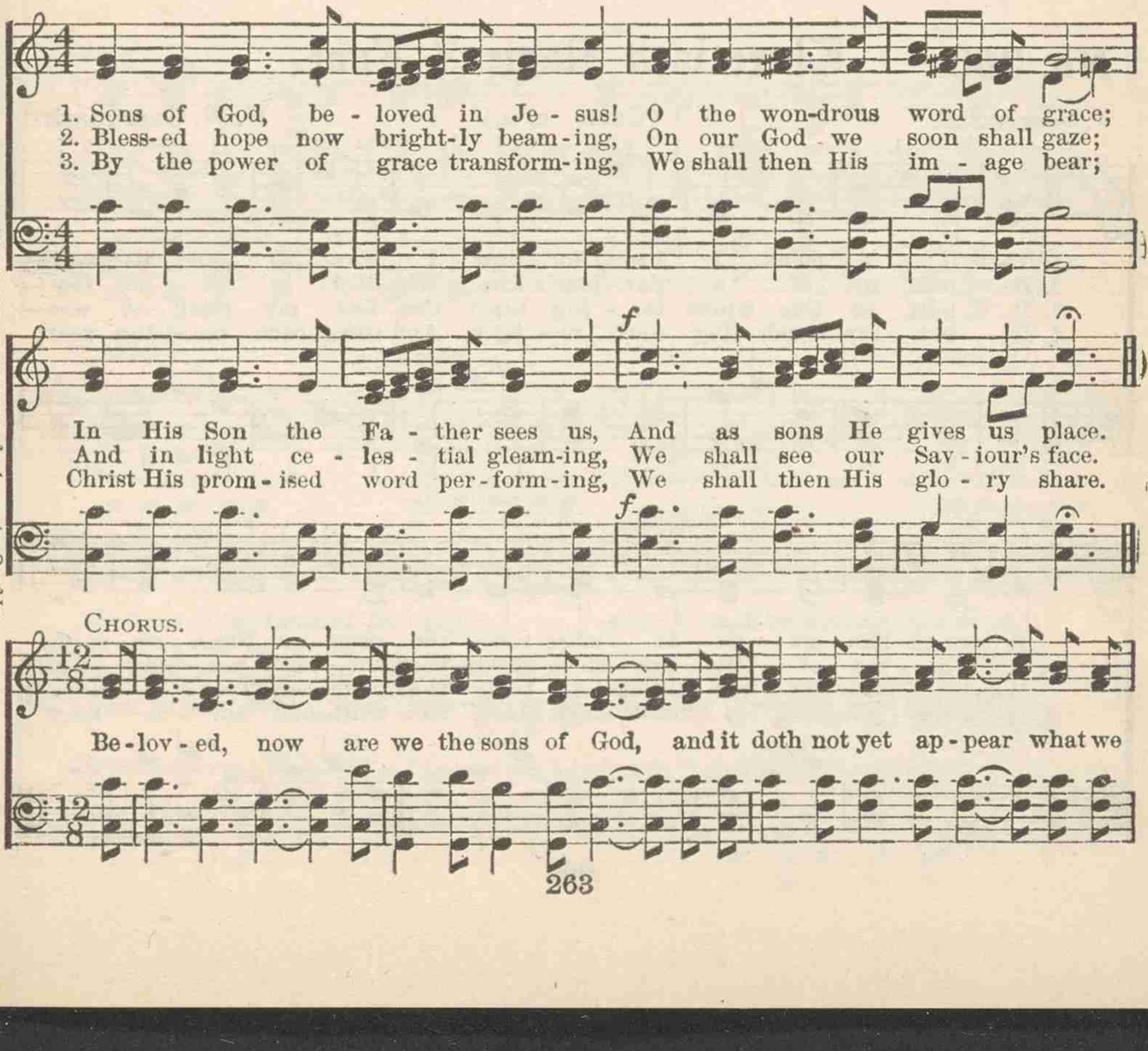
No. 358. Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 Thess. 4: 16.

S. Baring-Gould. Ira D. Sankey.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 359. Beloved, now are we.

El. Nathan. 1 Jno. 3: 2. James McGranahan.



Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.

but we know . . . . that when He shall ap-pear, ...

shall be: but we know, we know, we know that when He shall ap-pear, we

know . . . . that when He shall ap - pear, ... we shall be

know, we know, we know that when He shall ap-pear,

f *Rit.*

like Him; we shall be like Him, for we shall see . . . Him as . . . He is. . . . . .

No. 360. There is a Name I Love.

F. WHITFIELD. (GEER. C. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small - est woe—
4. It bids my tremb - ling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweet-est Name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood—The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

No. 361. Blessed be the Fountain.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Foun-tain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Foun-tain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Copyright. Used by per. Oliver Ditson & Co.

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - er than the snow; . . . .

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, ... And I shall be whit-er than snow. . . .

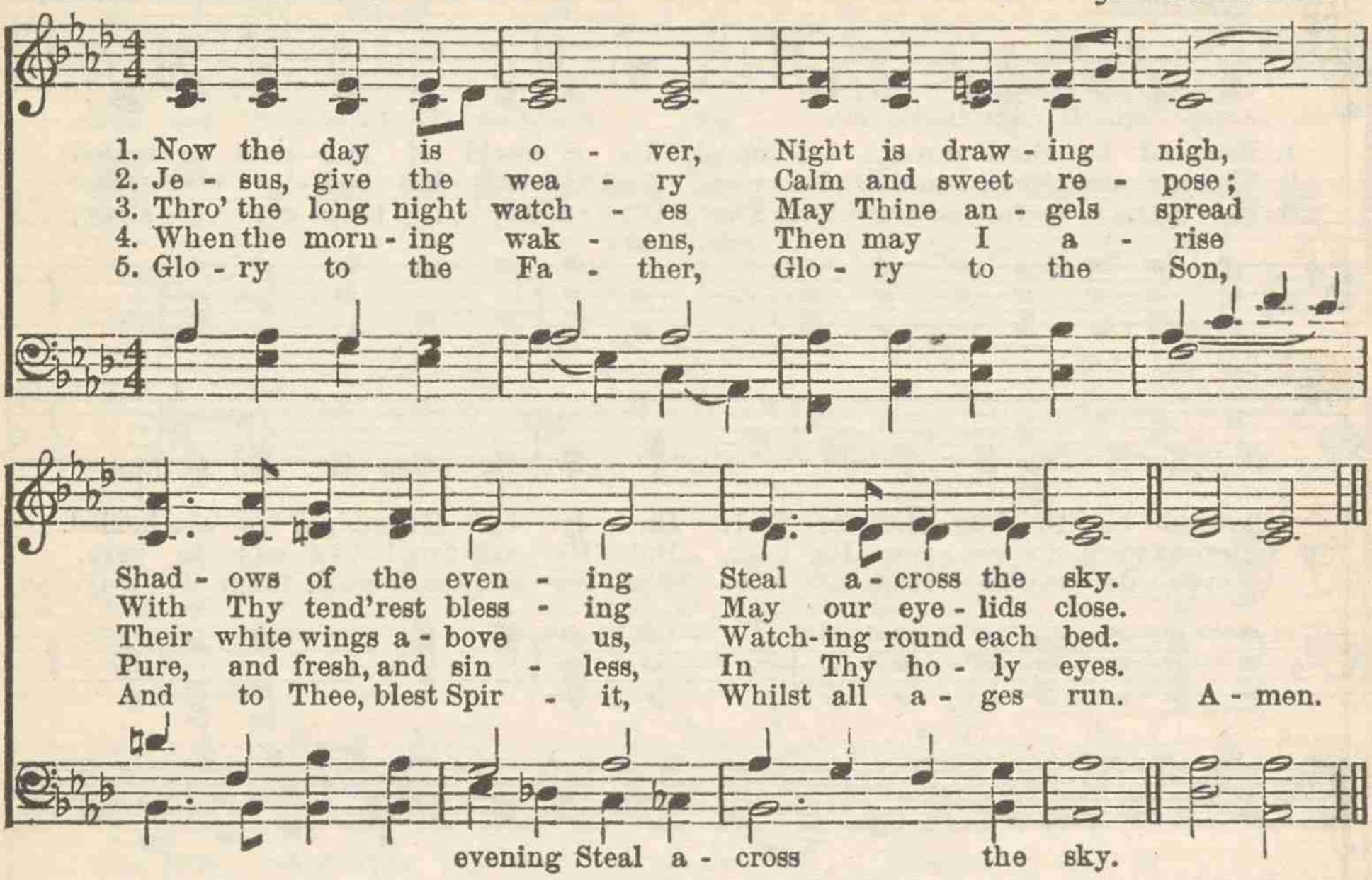
rit. . . . . .

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.

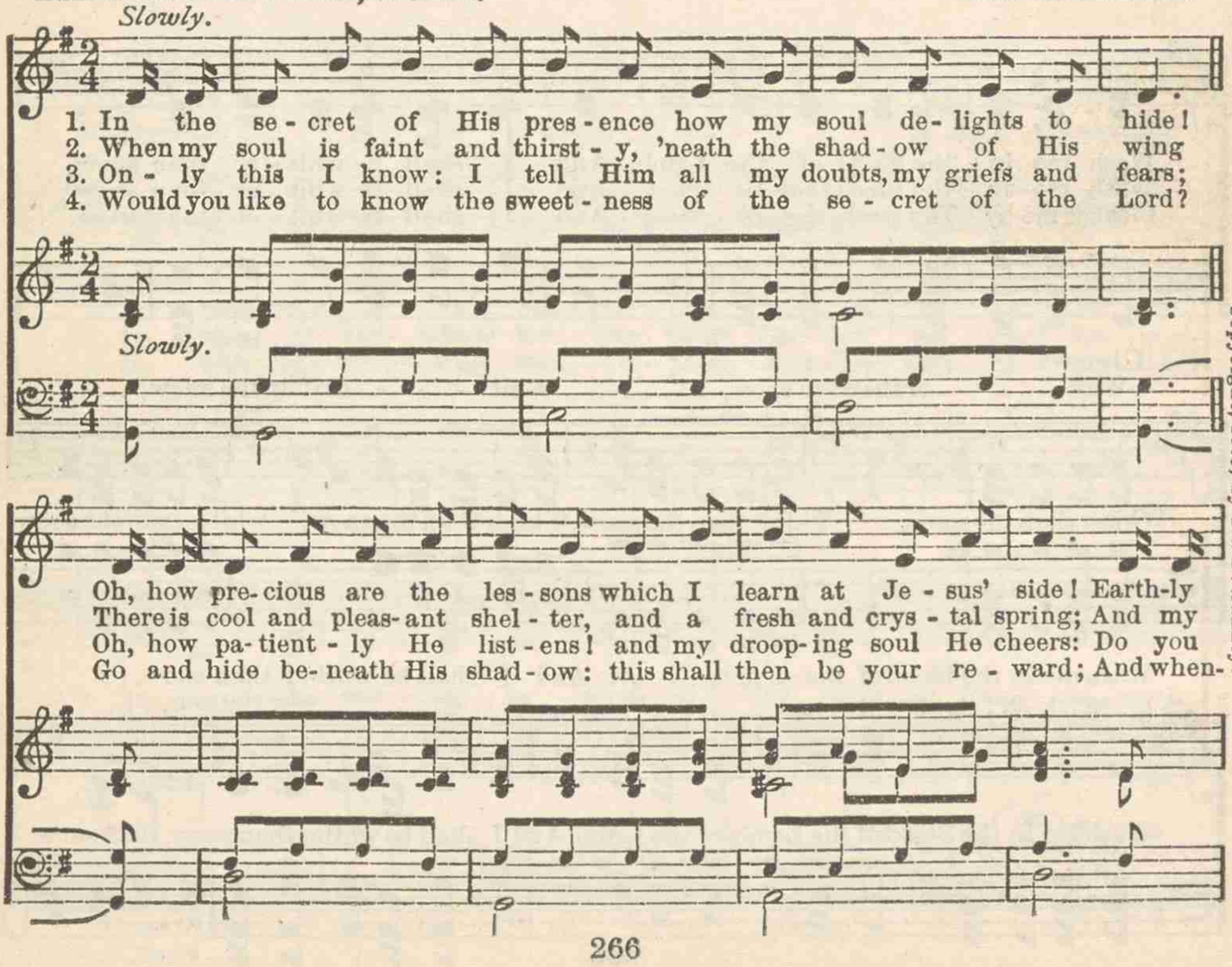
snow. . . .

No. 362. Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—Jer. 6: 4.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

No. 363. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."—Psalm 31: 20.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. Geo. C. Stebbins.

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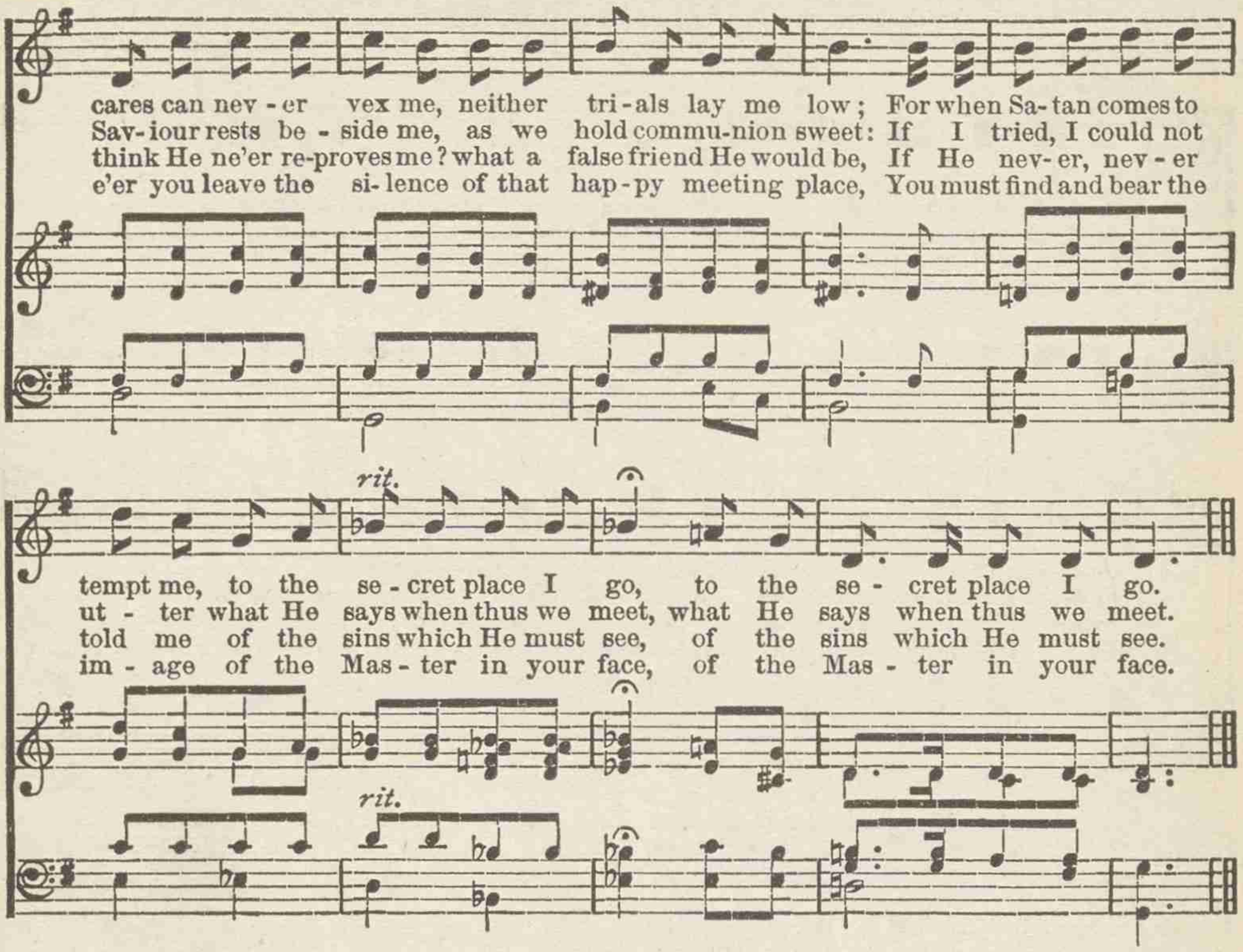
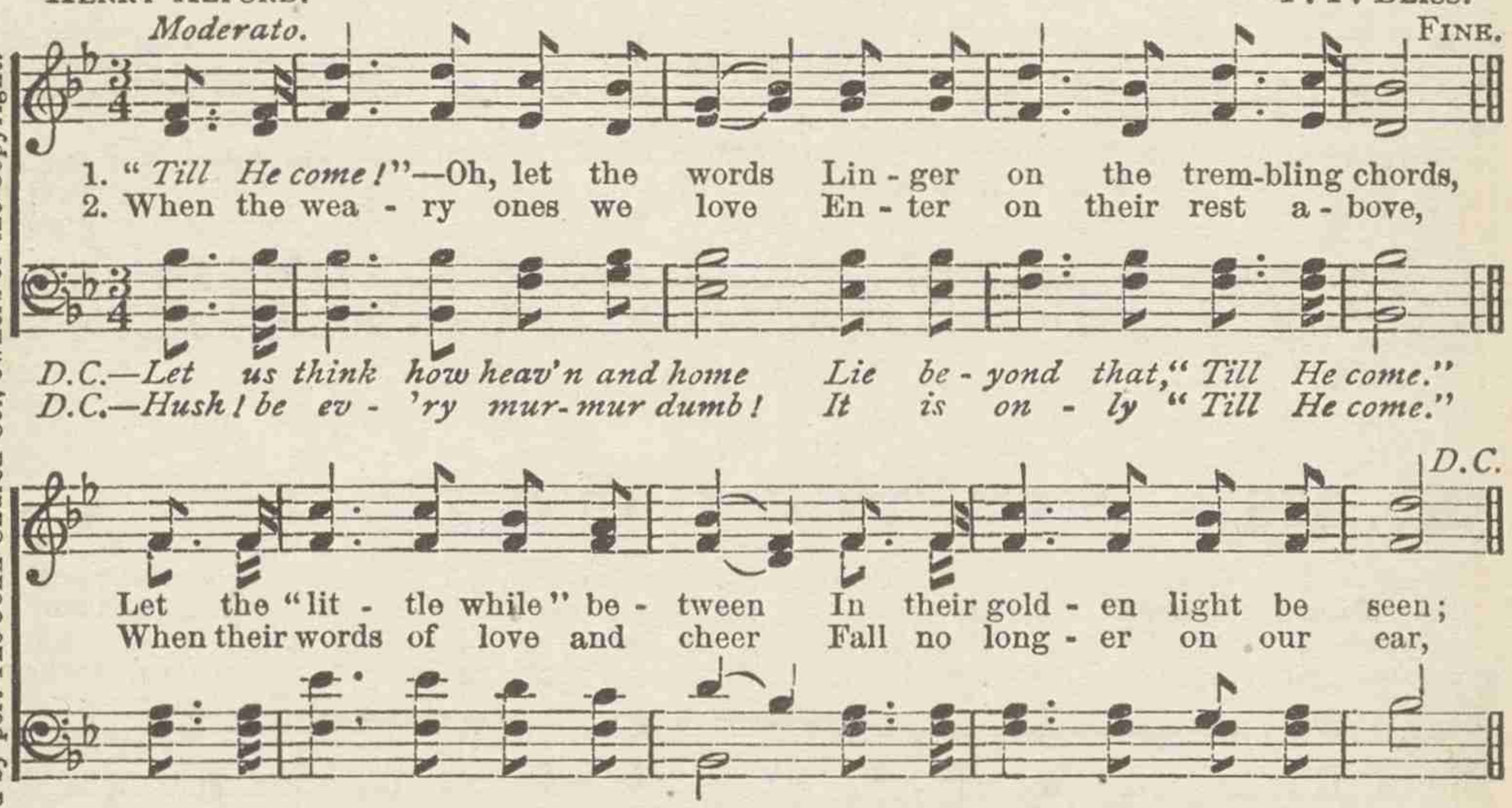
In the Secret of His Presence.

No. 364. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

Henry Alford. P. P. Bliss.



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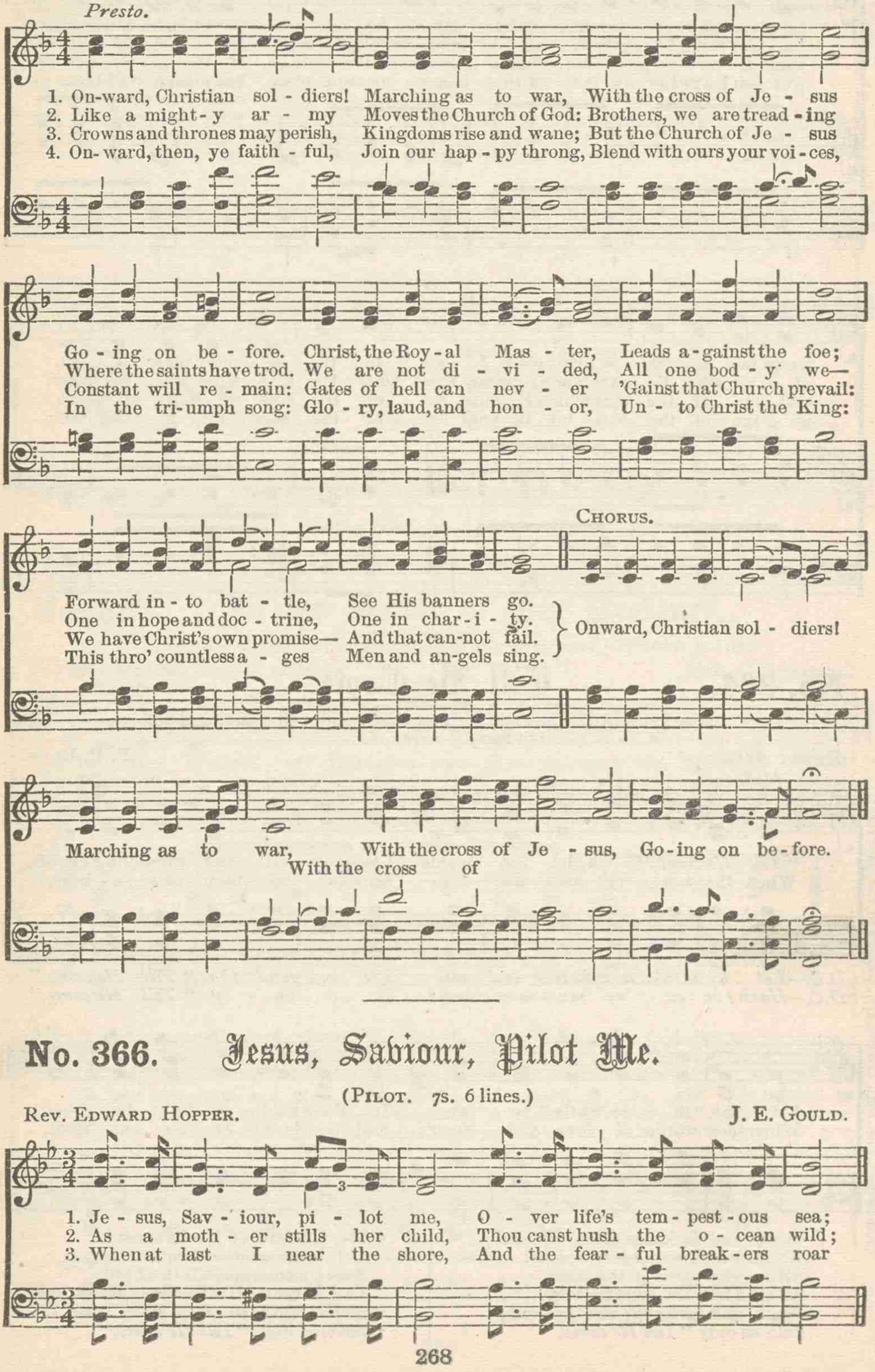
3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only *"Till He come."*

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only *"Till He come."*

No. 365. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

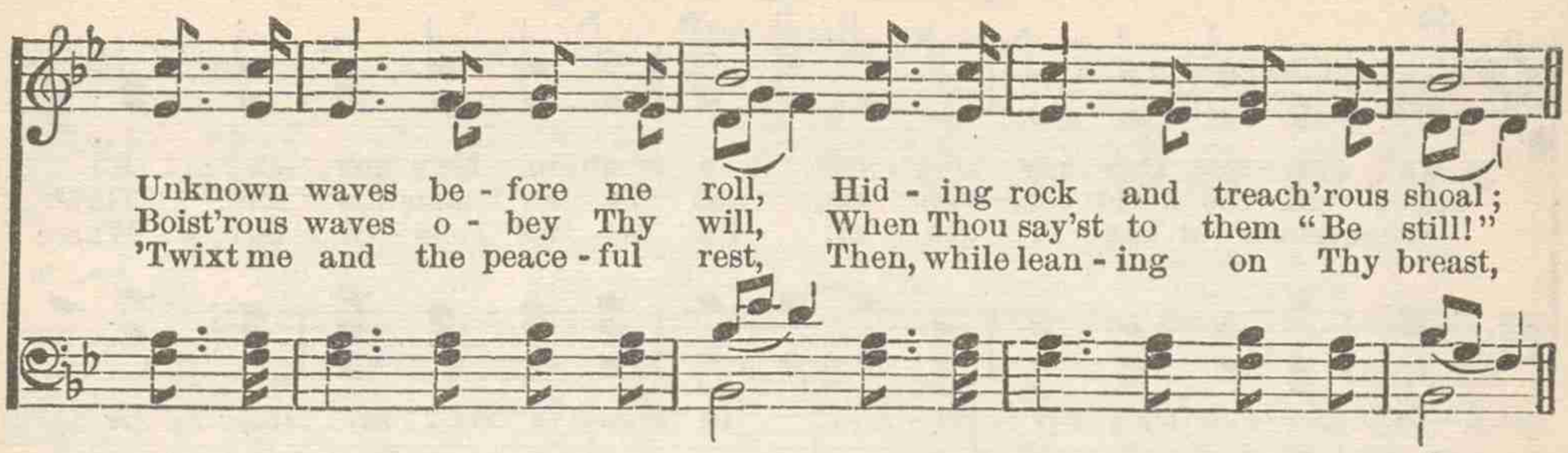
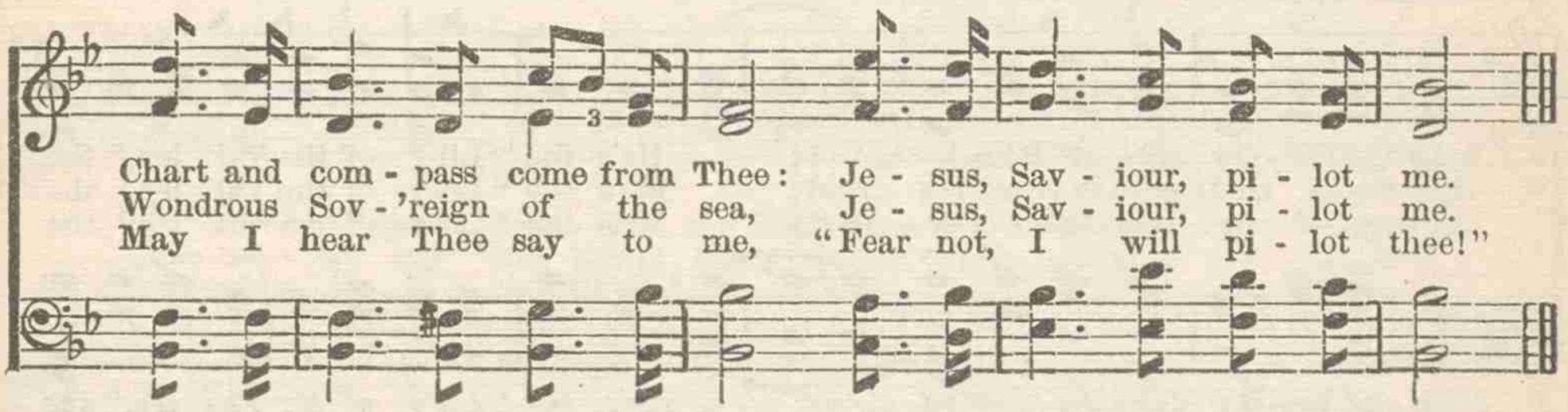
"Be strong and of a good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

Presto.

No. 366. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

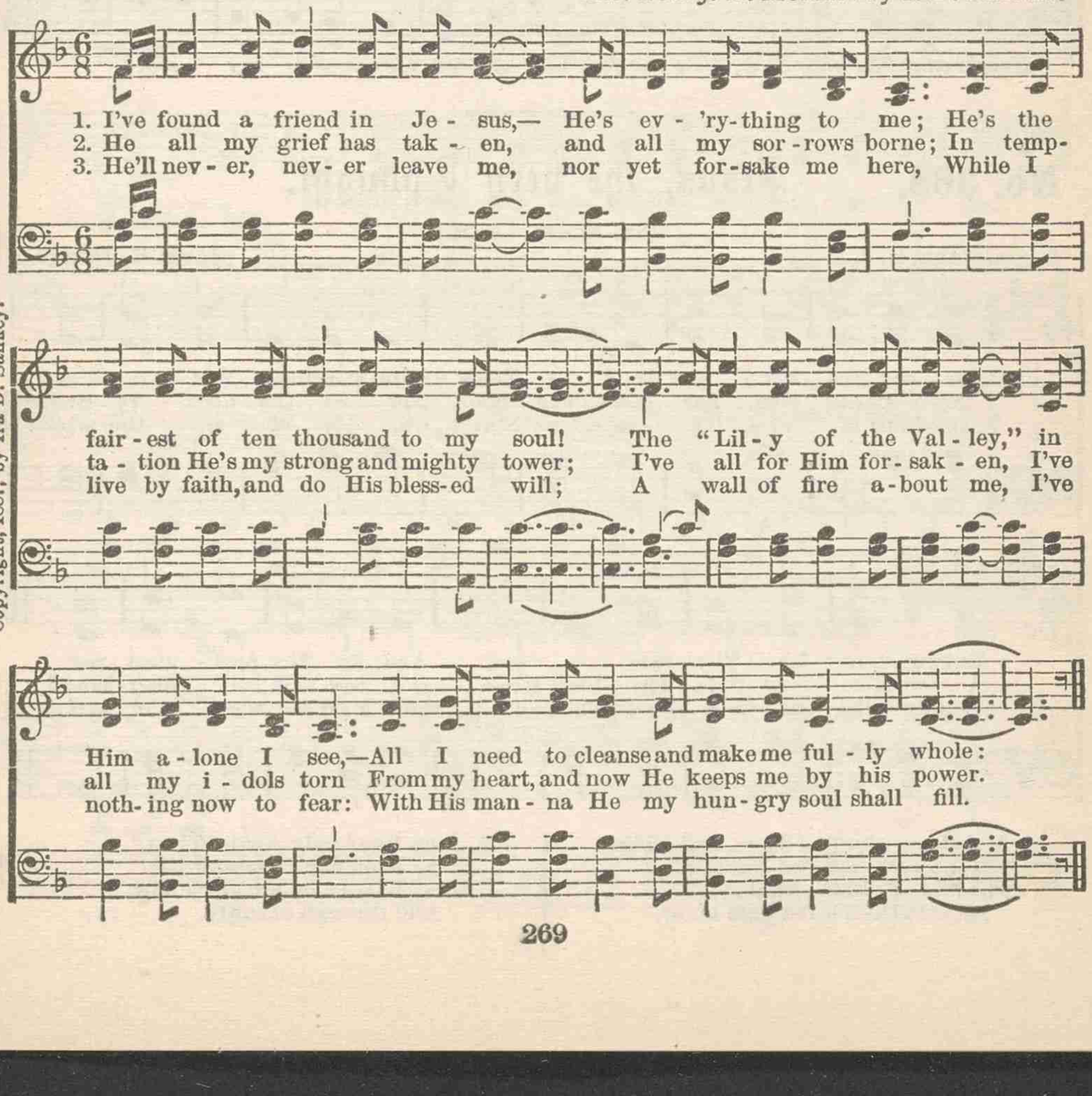
(PILOT. 7s. 6 lines.)

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

No. 367. The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—Song of Solomon 2: 1.

C. W. Fry. Arr. from J. R. Murray by I. D. Sankey.



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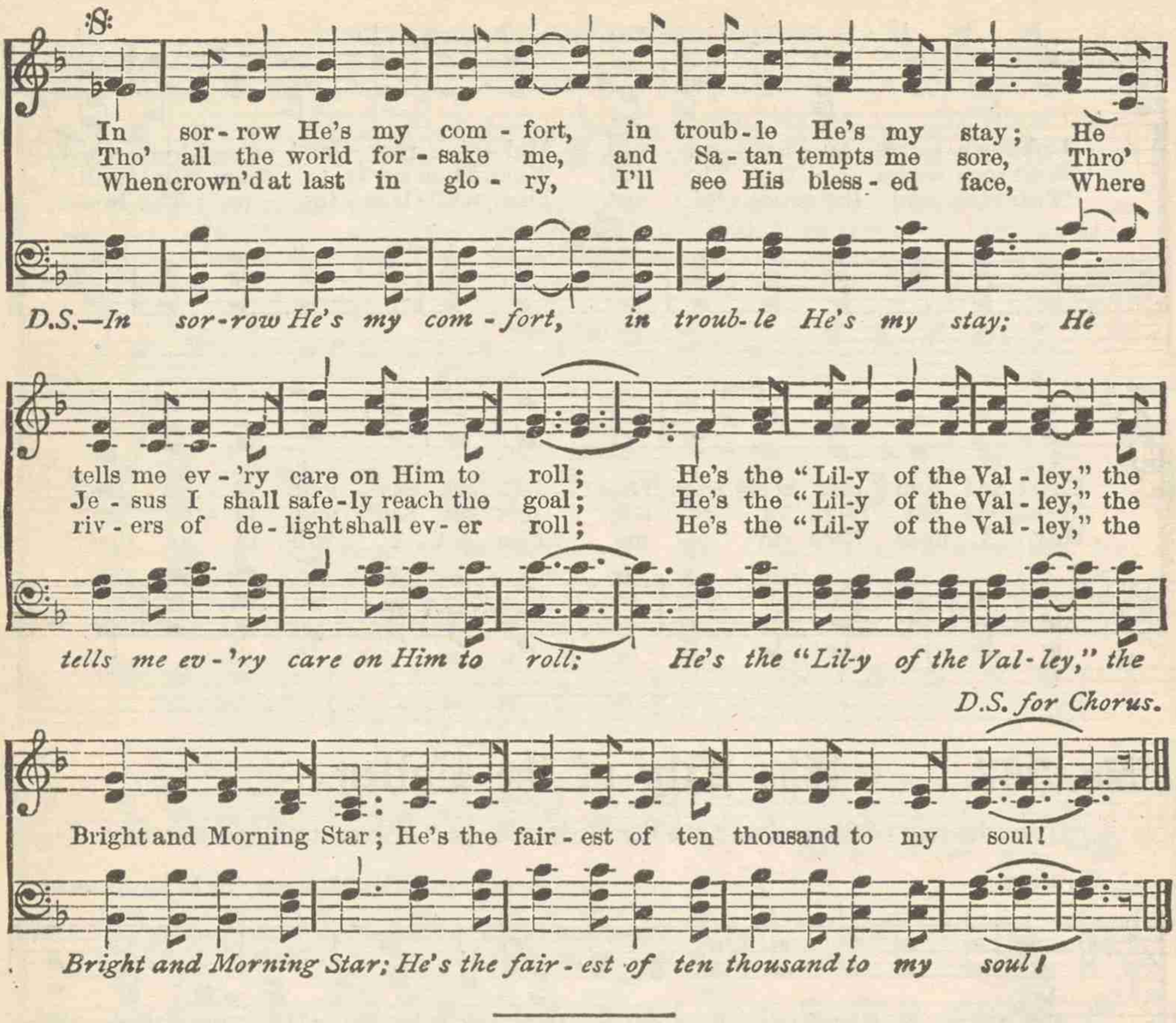
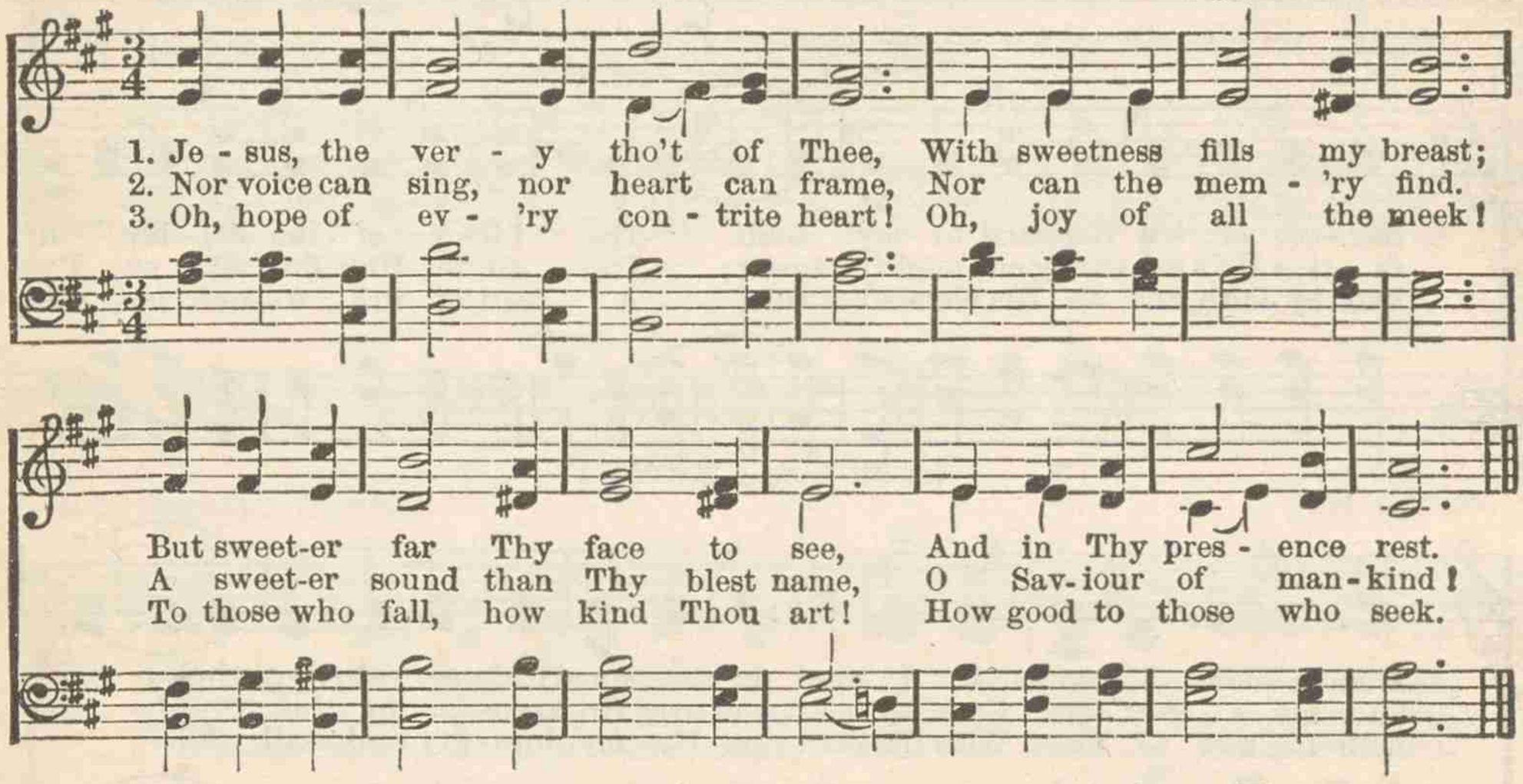
The Lily of the Valley.

No. 368. Jesus, the very Thought.

(St. Agnes. C. M.)

E. Caswall, tr. John B. Dykes.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 369. I Am the Way.

JNO. 14: 6.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Like wand-'ring sheep o'er mount-ains cold, Since all have gone a - stray;
2. Be - wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;
3. To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE, I come, no more to roam;

To "Life" and peace with-in the fold, How may I find the way?.....
While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!" The Truth how may I know?.....
He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E - ter - nal home.....

CHORUS.

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;..... no man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther, but by me.
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, and the life:

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;.....
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, and the life:

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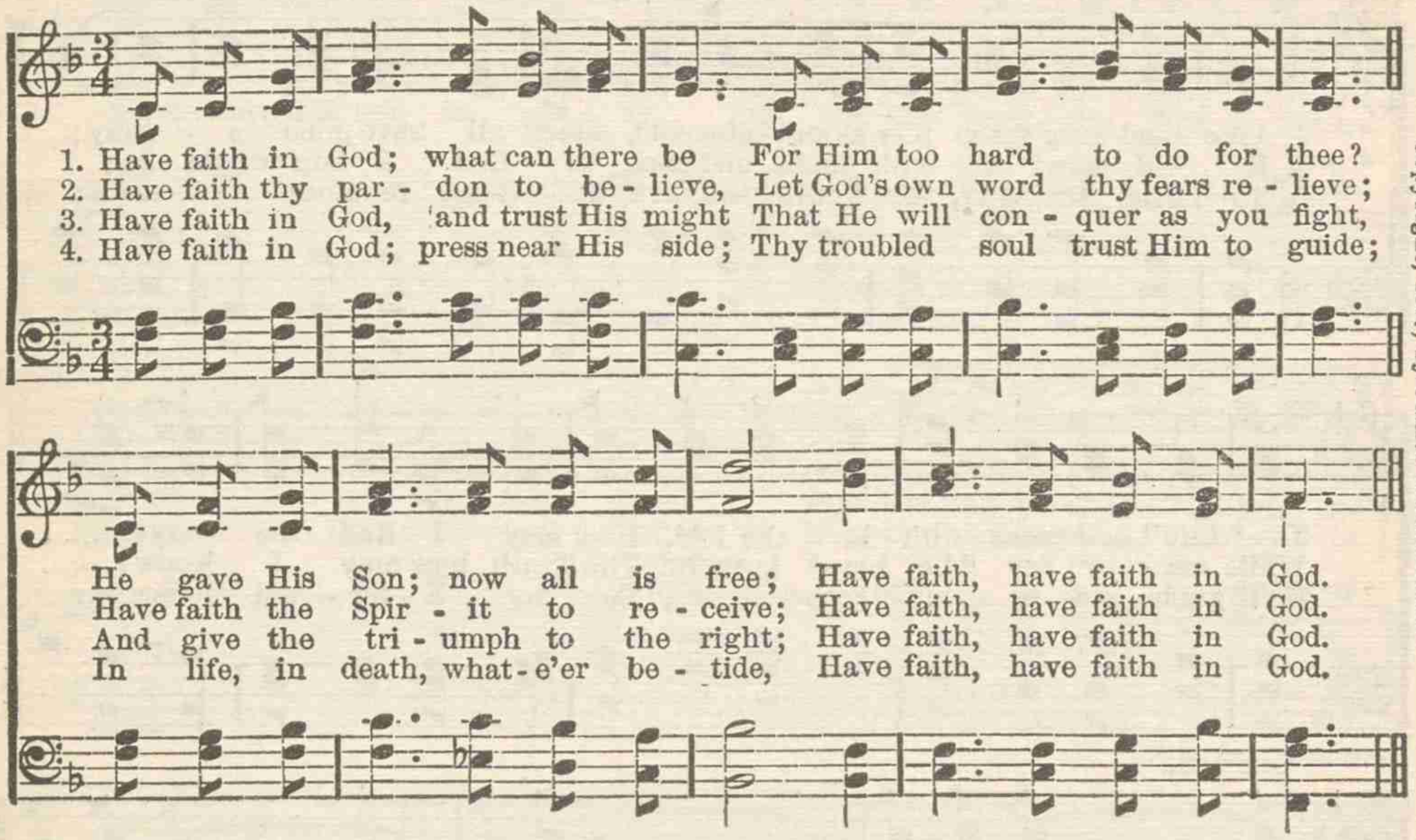
I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;.....
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, and the life:

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life;.....
no man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther, but by me."

No. 370. Have Faith in God.

MARK 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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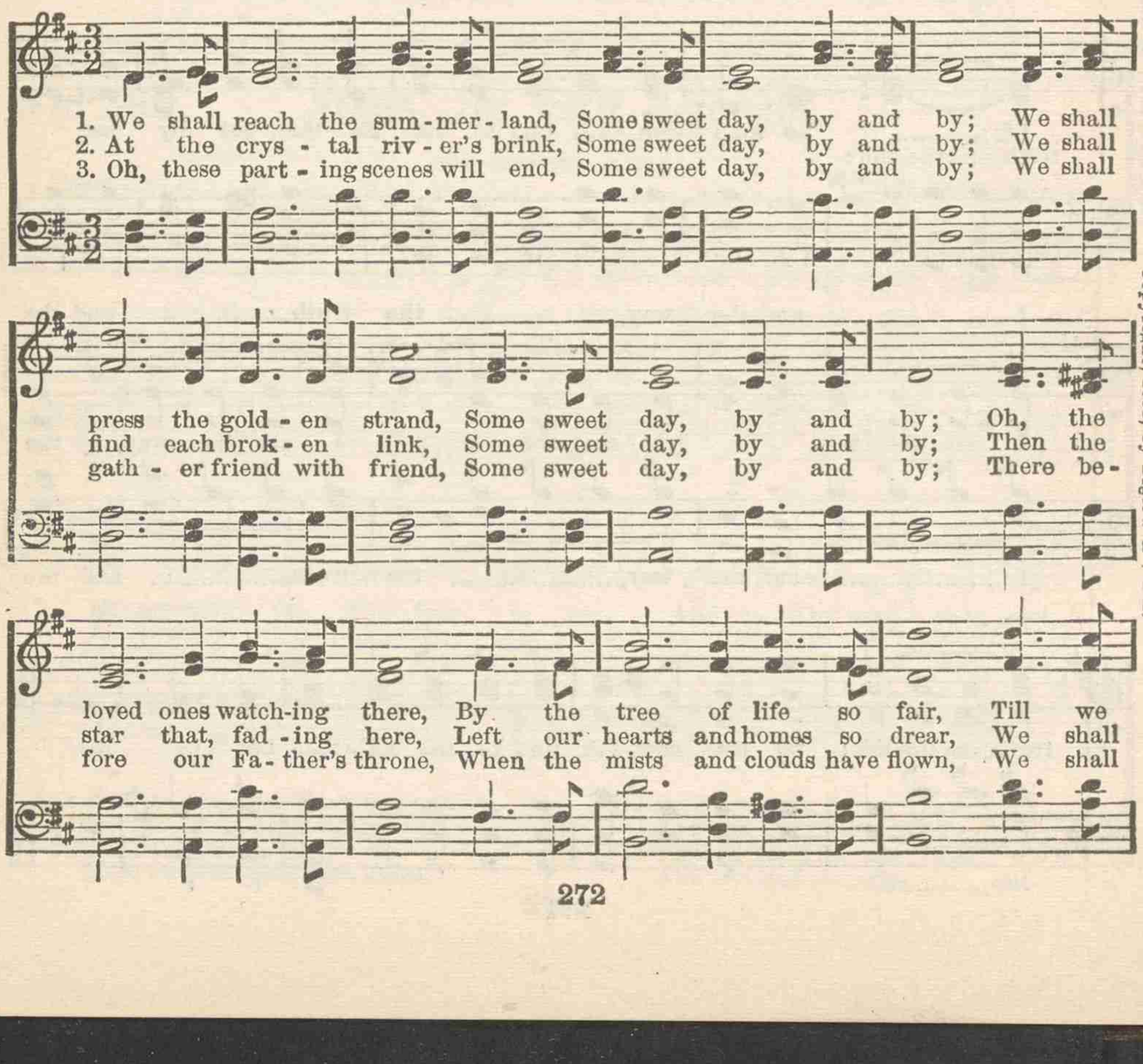
No. 371. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 COR. 13: 12.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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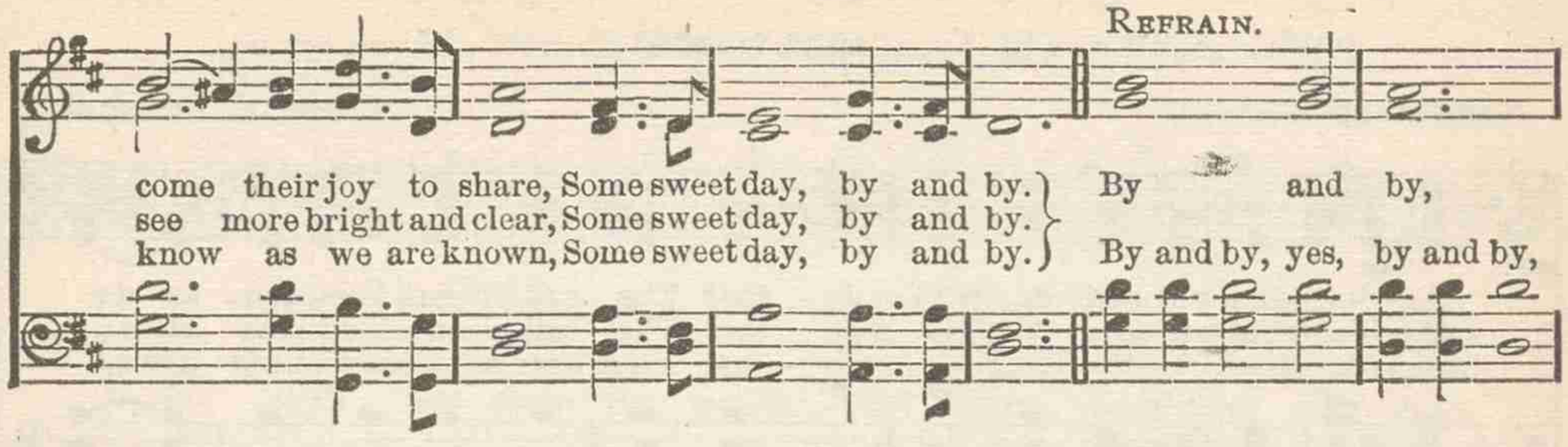
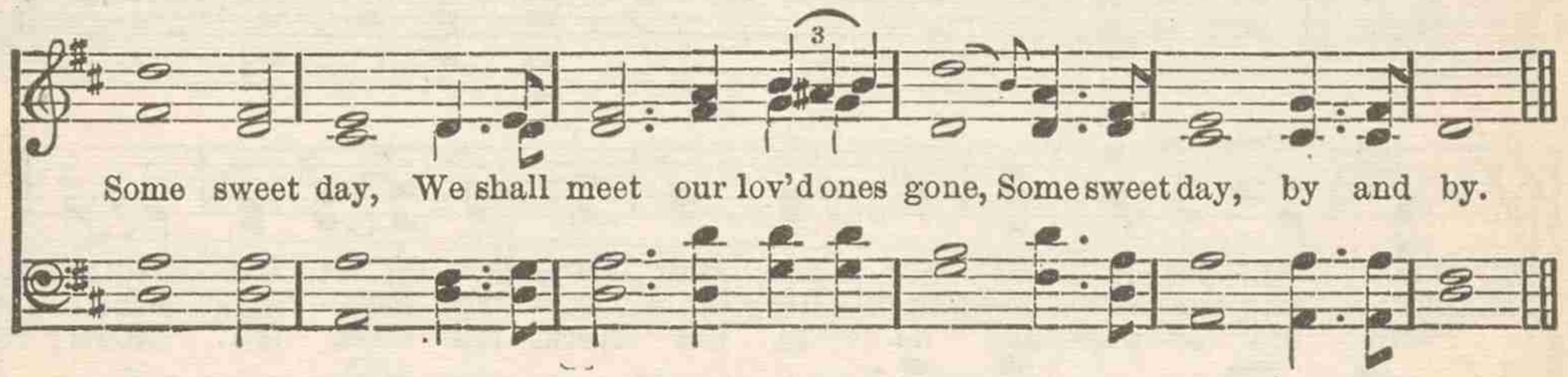
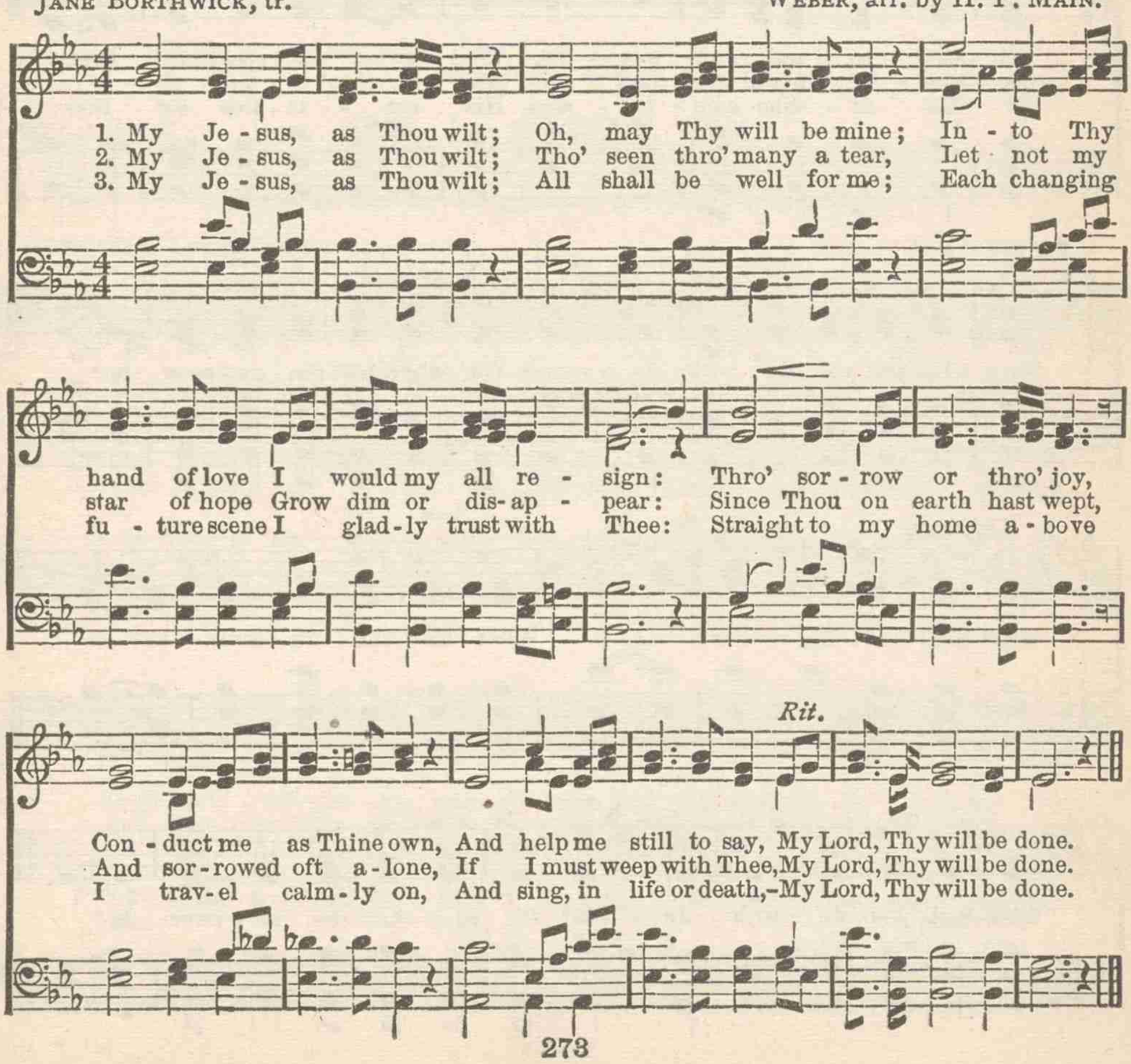
Some Sweet Day By and By.

No. 372. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

(Jewett. 6s. D.)

Jane Borthwick, tr.

Weber, arr. by H. P. Main.

No. 373. What will you do with Jesus?

"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—MATT. 27: 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,

As ten - der - ly He bids you Your bur - dens lay at His feet;
The sol - emn words are sound - ing In ev - 'ry list - 'ning ear;
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;

Oh, soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
Im - mor - tal life's in the ques - tion, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;

Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?

REFRAIN.

What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?

What will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?

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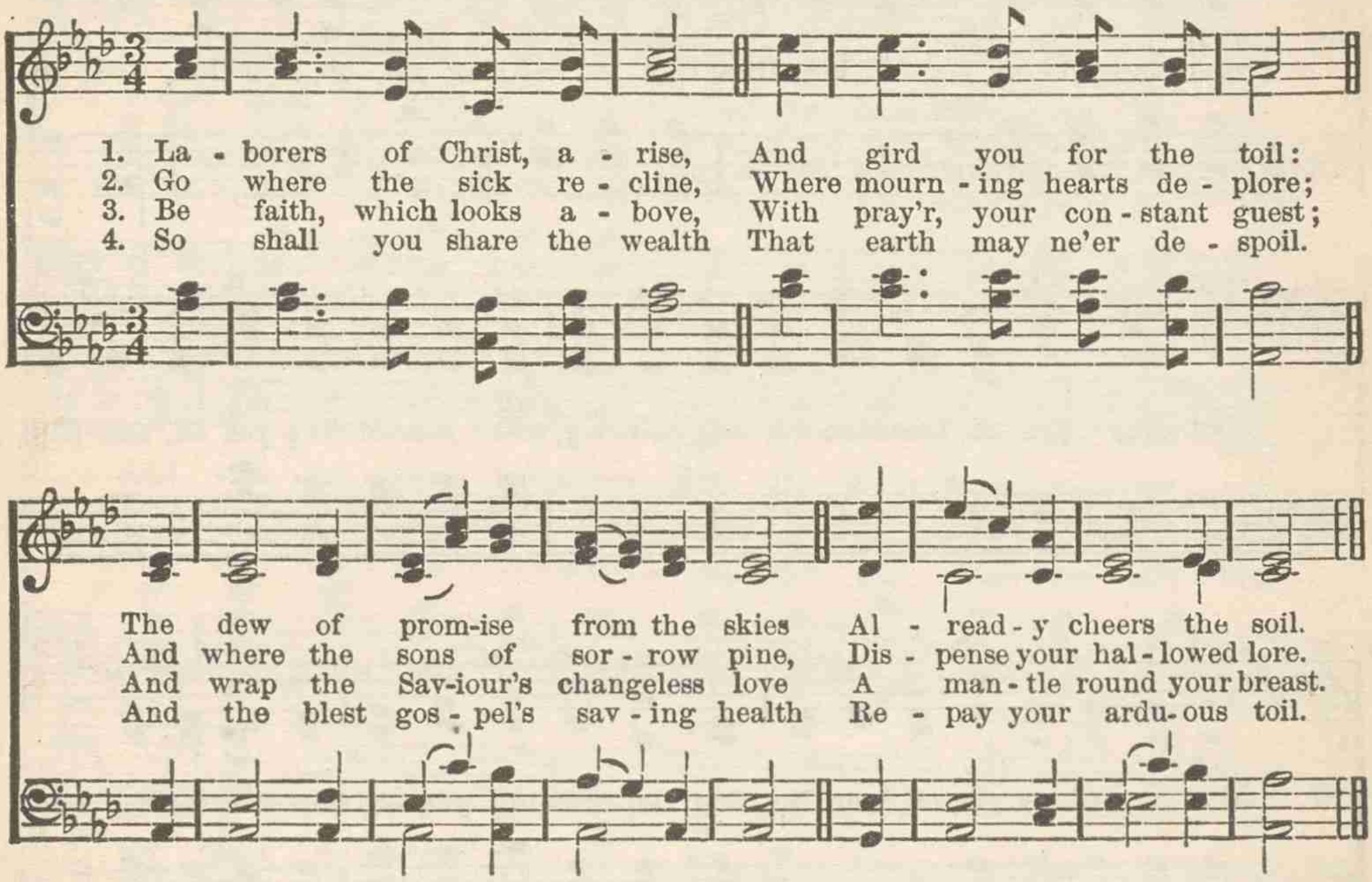
No. 374. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

(AHIRA. S. M.)

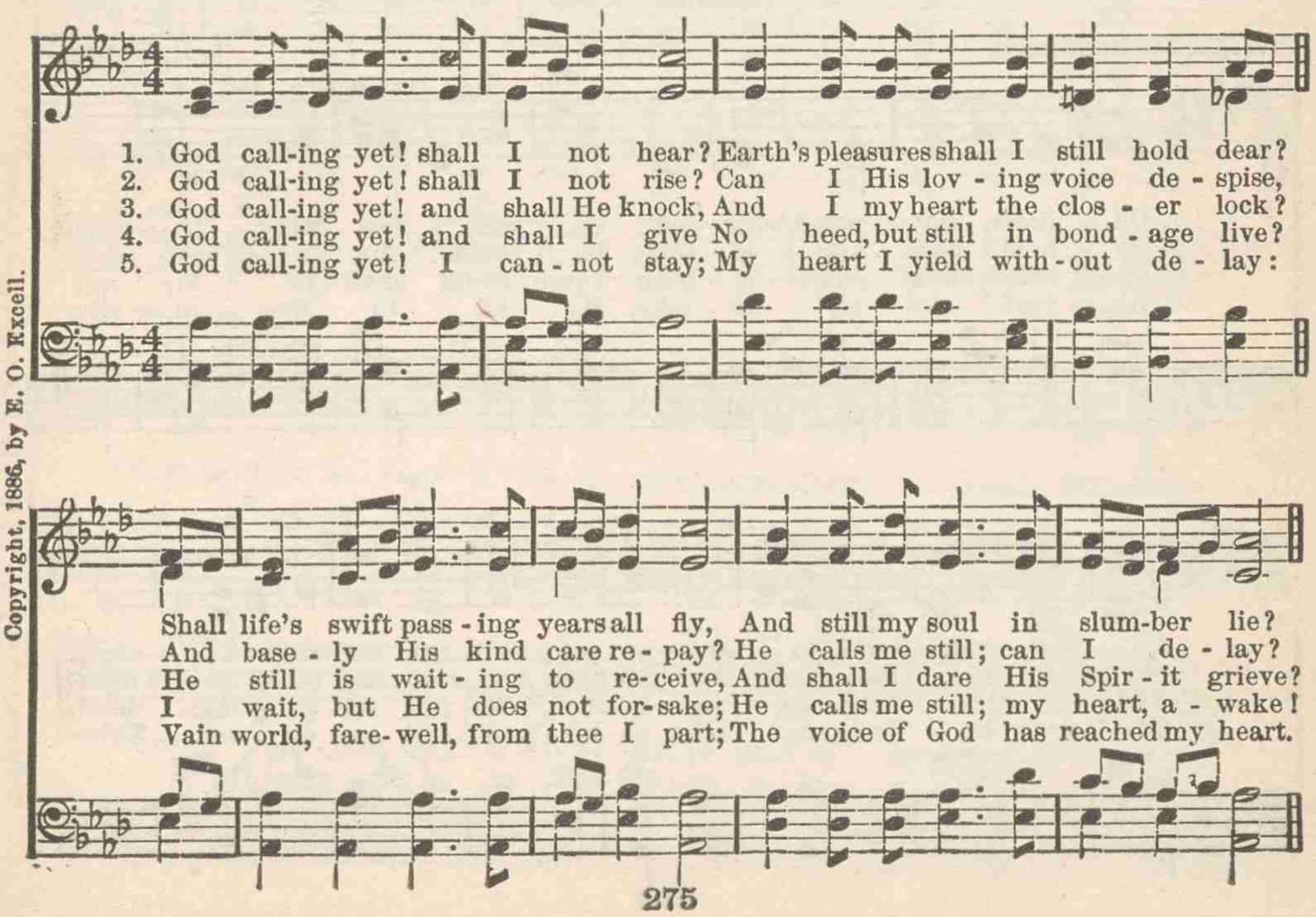
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. H. W. GREATOREX.



No. 375. God is Calling Yet.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.



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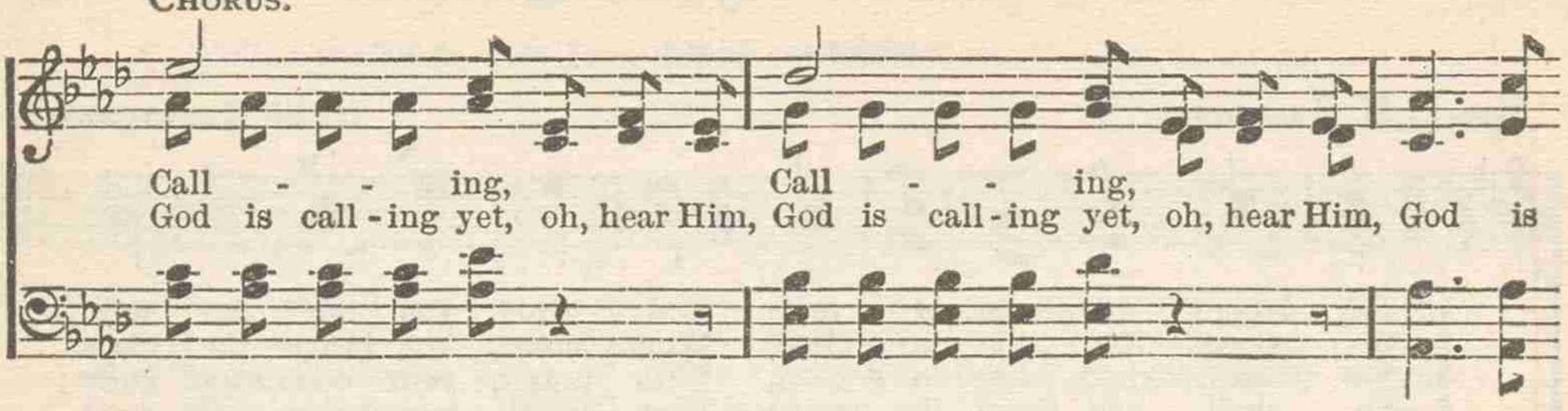
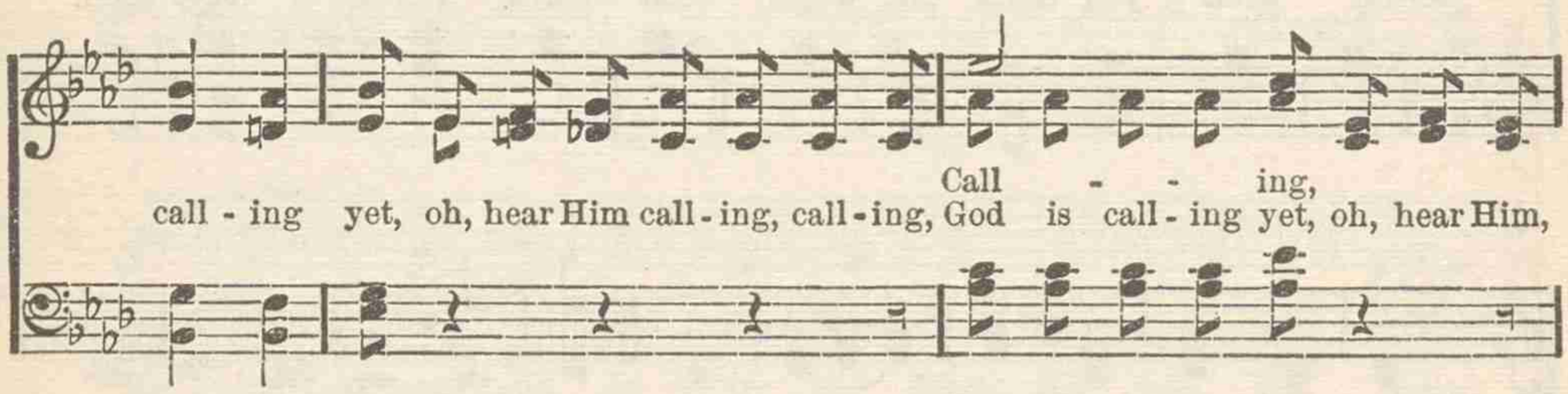
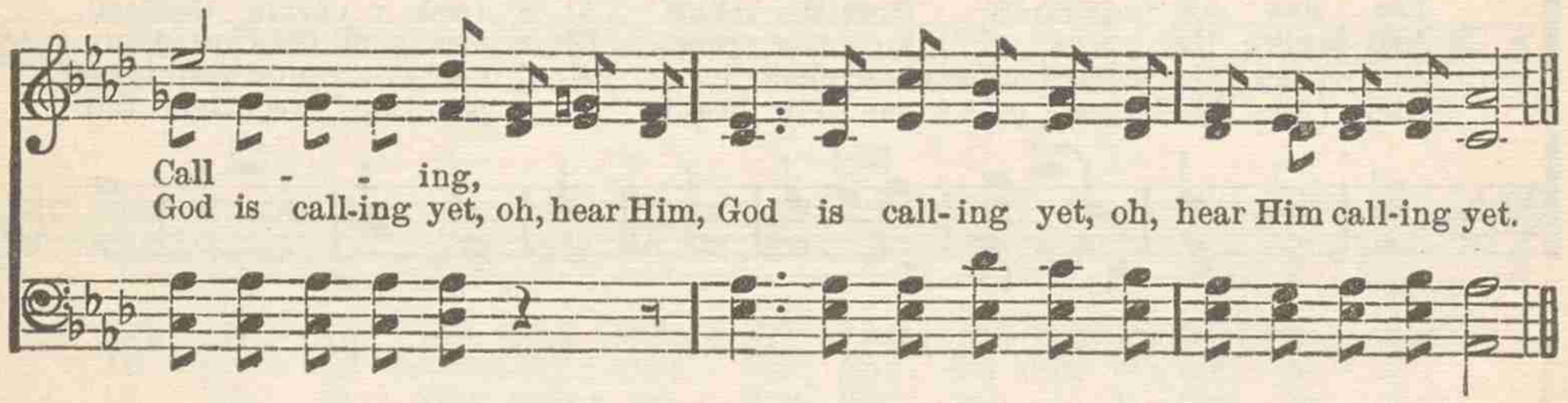
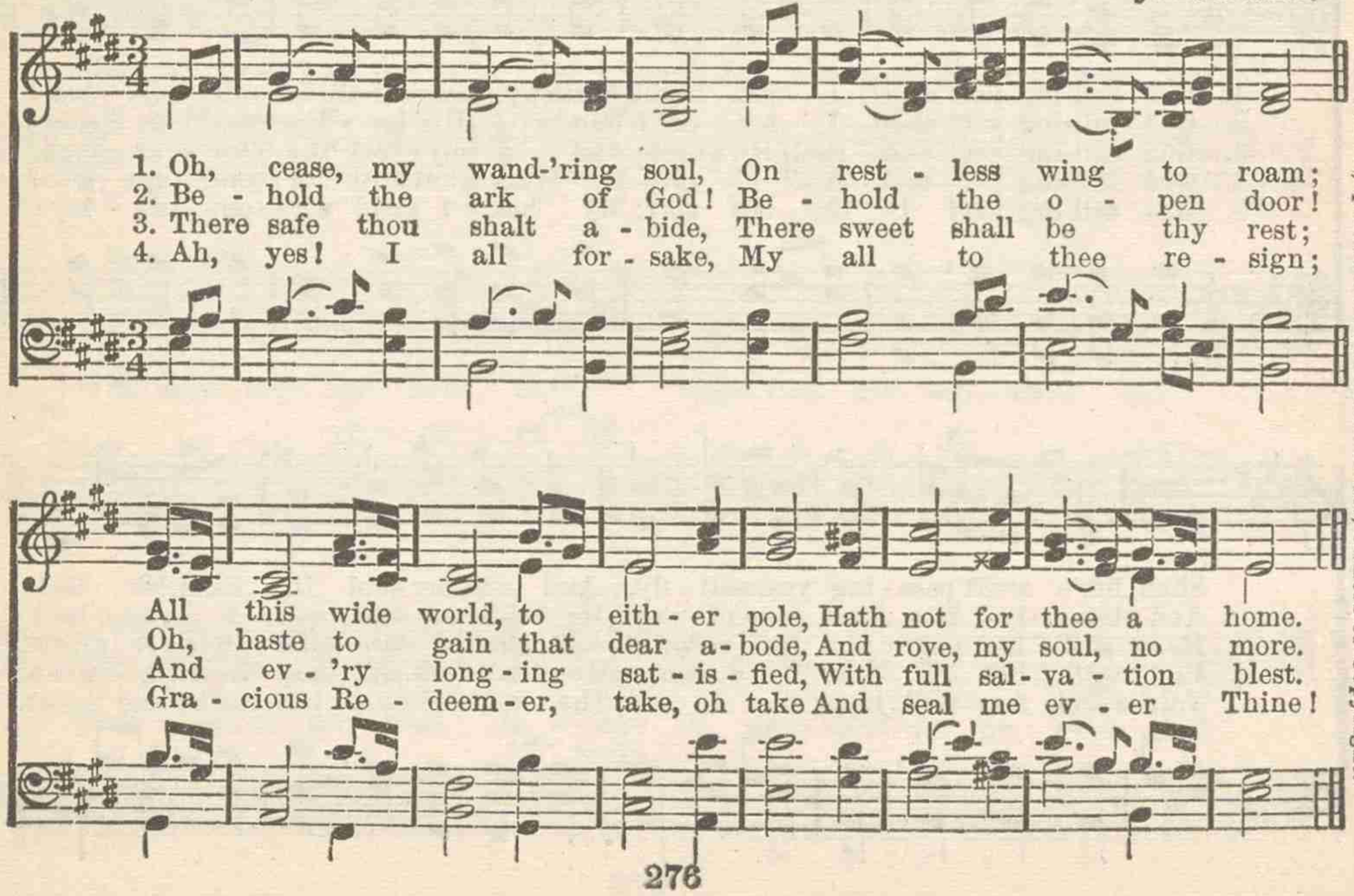
God is Calling Yet.

CHORUS.

No. 376. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

(ADRIAN. S. M.)

W. A. MUHLENBERG. J. E. GOULD.



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No. 377. How Shall we Escape?

HEB. 2: 3.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son;
2. Be - hold the bleed - ing Sav - iour Up - on the cru - el tree,—
3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the small - est sin;
4. Re - turn to God, O wand - 'rer, Thy pur - chased par - don take;

And who - so - e'er re - ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one;
The Just, con-demned, for - sak - en— He dies for you and me;
Then who shall see His King - dom? Or who can en - ter in?
Thy sins He'll not re - mem - ber, For thy Re - deem - er's sake;

He came to bring sal - va - tion, To bear our sins a - way,
The "Son of God" be - lov - ed, For us a curse was made;
'The pre - cious blood of Je - sus'—Let ev - 'ry creat - ure know—
He'll cast them all be - hind Him, Or 'neath the deep - est sea,

That we with Him in glo - ry Might live thro' end - less day.
That we might have re - demp - tion, The aw - ful price He paid.
Can make the "chief of sin - ners" Full whit - er than the snow.
And love us ev - er free - ly Thro' - out E - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

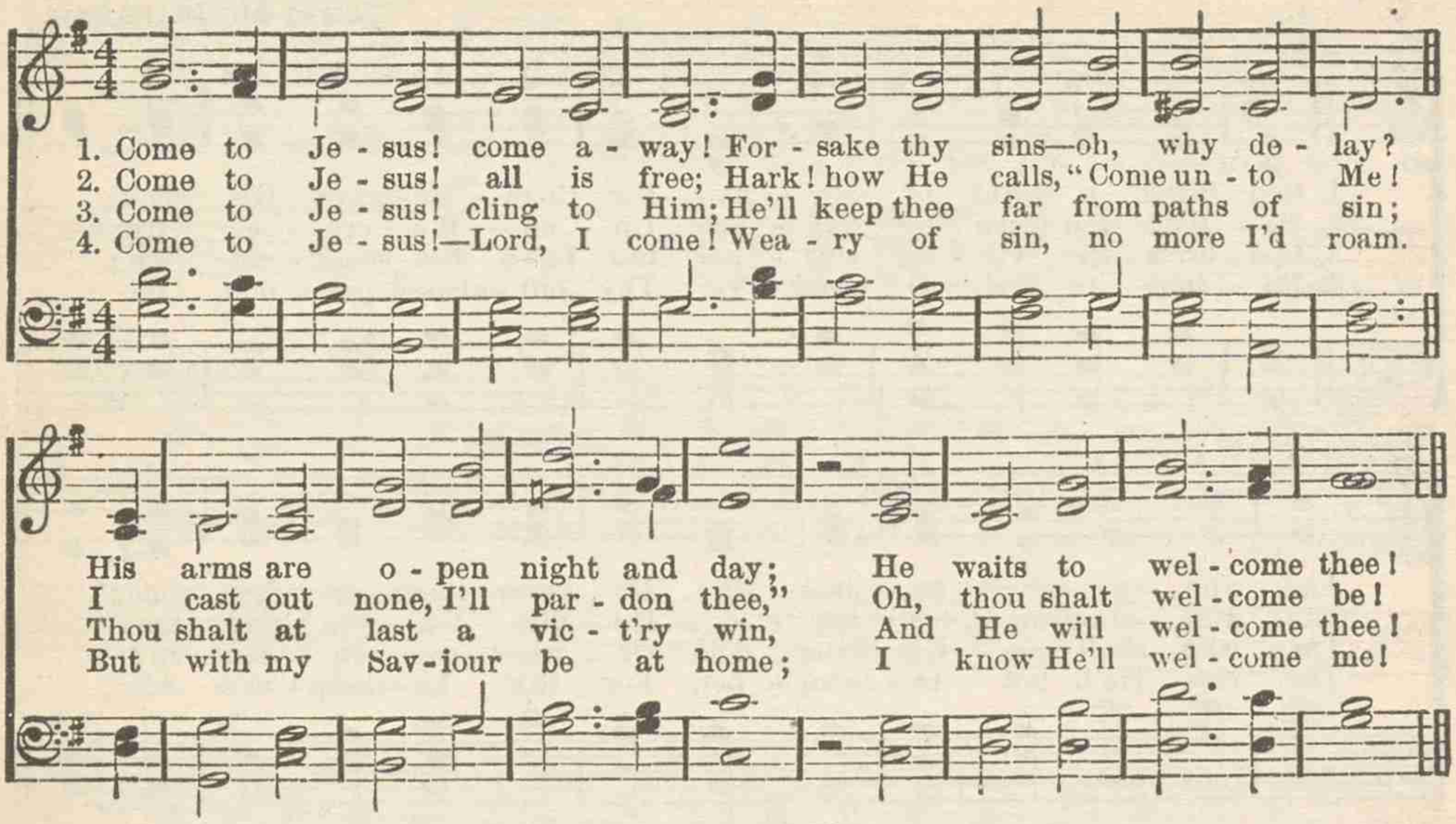
CHORUS.

"How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal - va - tion? How shall we es -

cres.

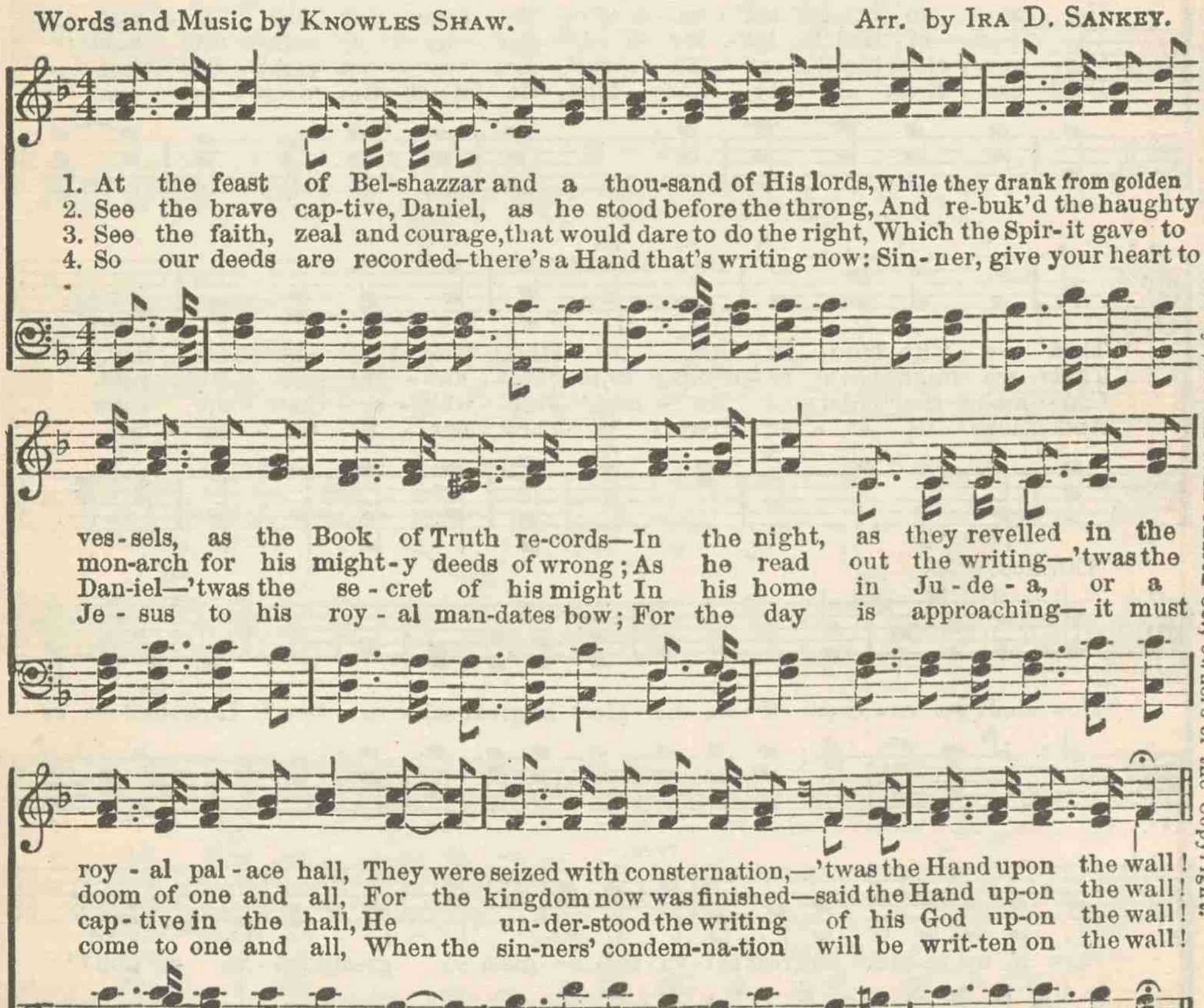
cape if we ne-glect so great sal - va - tion, ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?"

No. 378. Come to Jesus! Come Away!

JOHN 6: 37.

No. 379. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5: 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



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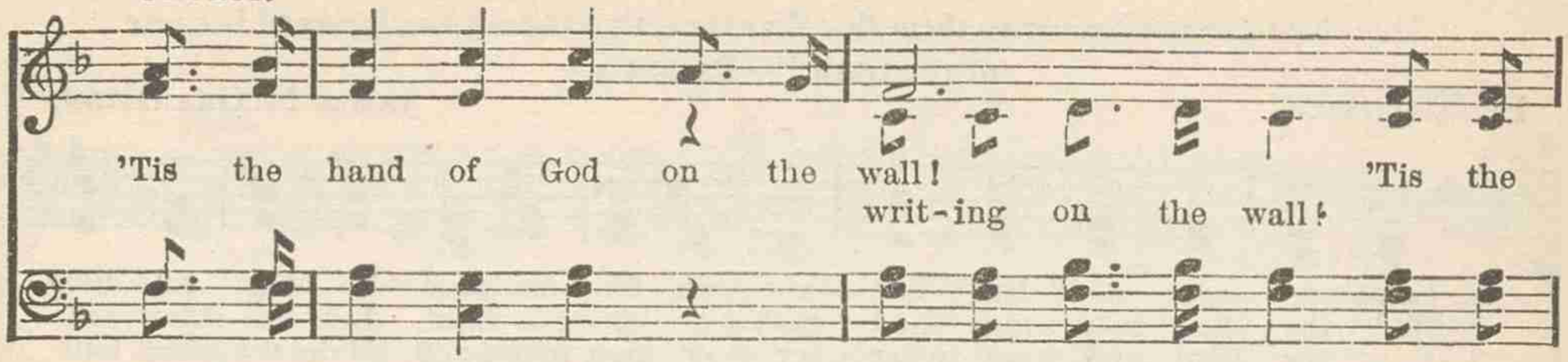
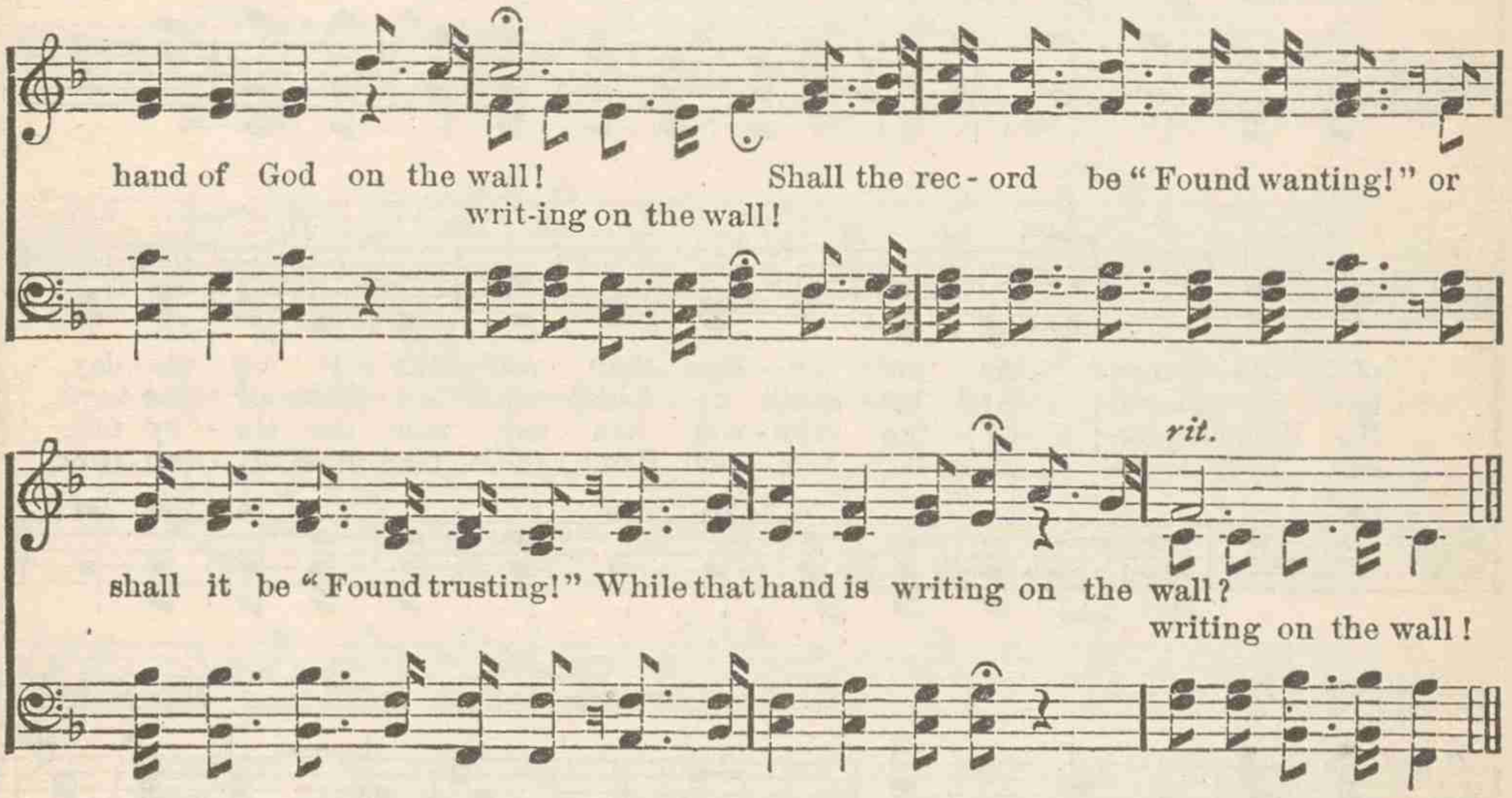
The Handwriting on the Wall.

CHORUS.

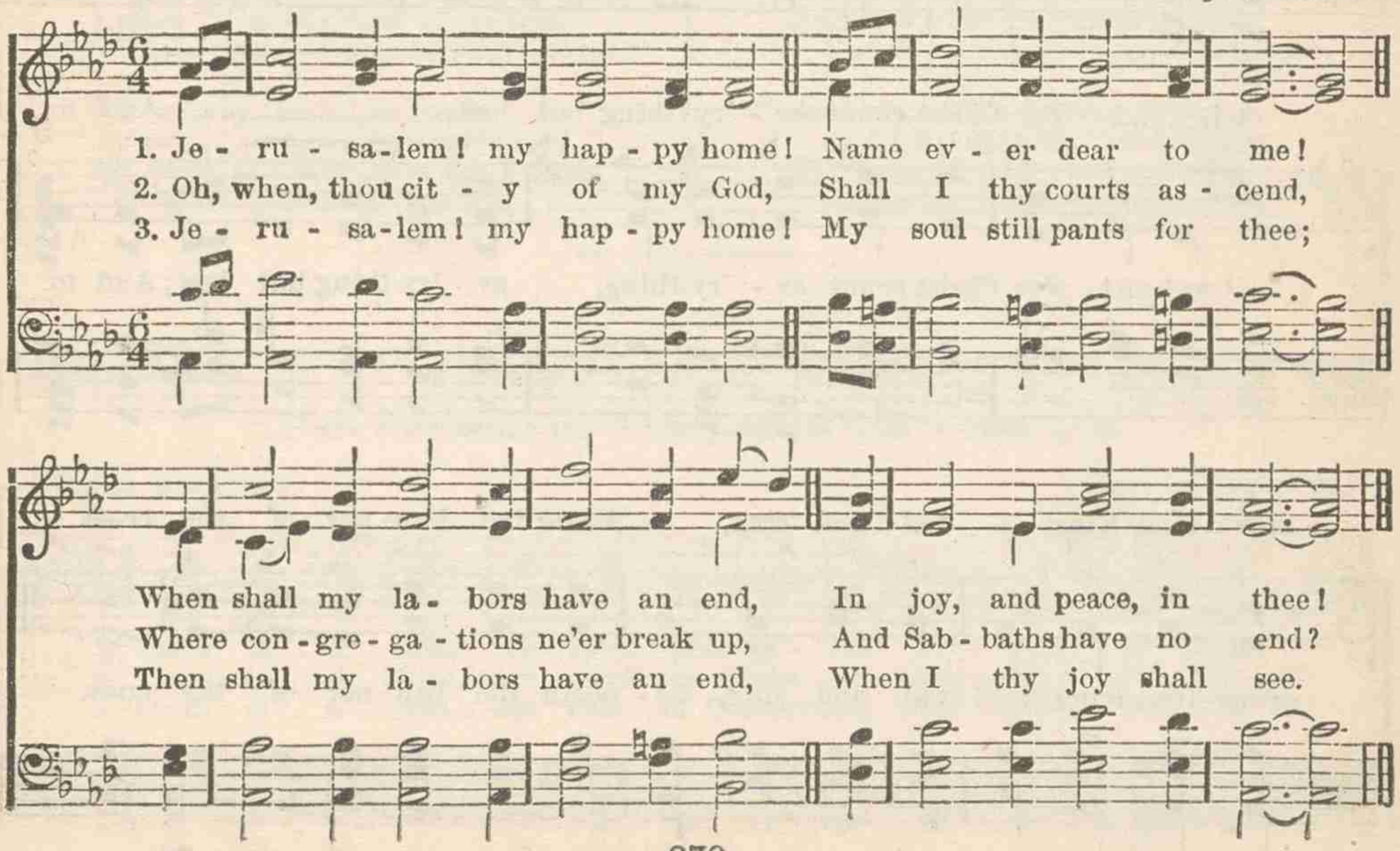




No. 380. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

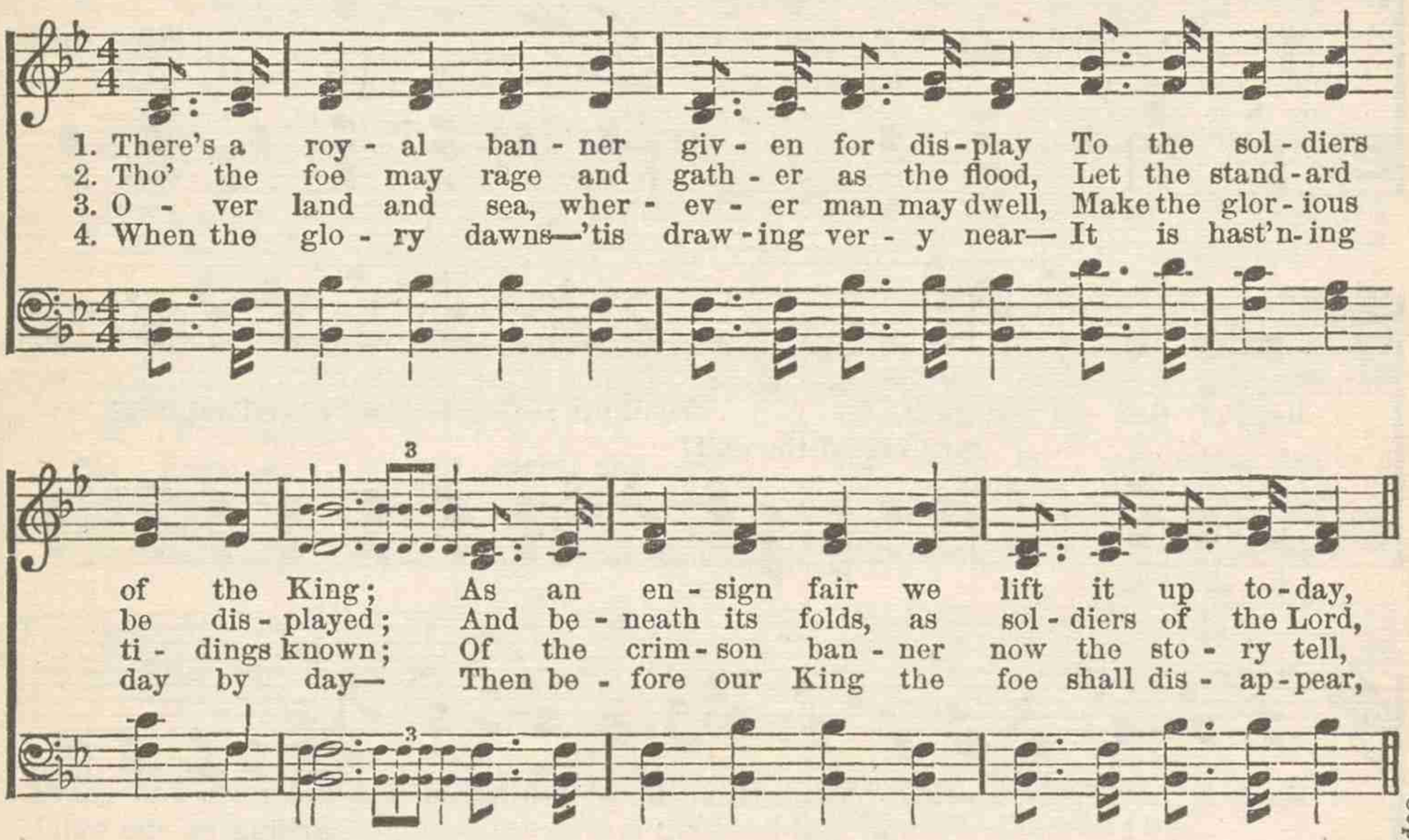
Anon. F. J. HAYDN.



No. 381. The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 382. A Sinner like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. 1 : 15.

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

Slow.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as
2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour,..... A

vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if
ray of light could I see; And the tho't filled my
voice sweet - ly whis-pered to me, Say - ing, Christ the Re -

rit.

Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

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

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

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

No. 383. There is a Calm.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4 : 9.

ERNEST RICKMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a calm be - yond life's fit - ful fe - ver, A deep re -
2. There is a Hope, to which the Christ - ian, cling - ing; Is lift - ed
3. There is a spot - less robe of Christ's own weav - ing; Will you not

There is a Calm.

pose, an ev - er - last - ing rest; Where white-robed angels welcome the be - liev - er
high a - bove life's surging wave; Finds life in death, and fadeless flowers springing
wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand'ring child, up - on thy past life griev-ing,

rit.

A - mong the blest, a - mong the blest. There is a Home, where all the soul's deep
From the dark grave, from the dark grave. There is a Crown pre-pared for those who
Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole! There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in

yearn-ings, And si - lent pray'rs shall be at last ful - filled; Where strife and
love Him; The Christ-ian sees it in the dis-tance shine, Like a bright
Heav - en;—A - las! that an - y should Thy gift re - fuse!—The aw - ful

rit.

sor - row, murm'rings and heart burnings At last are stilled, at last are stilled.
bea - con glit - ter - ing a - bove Him, And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"
choice of life and death is giv - en— Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

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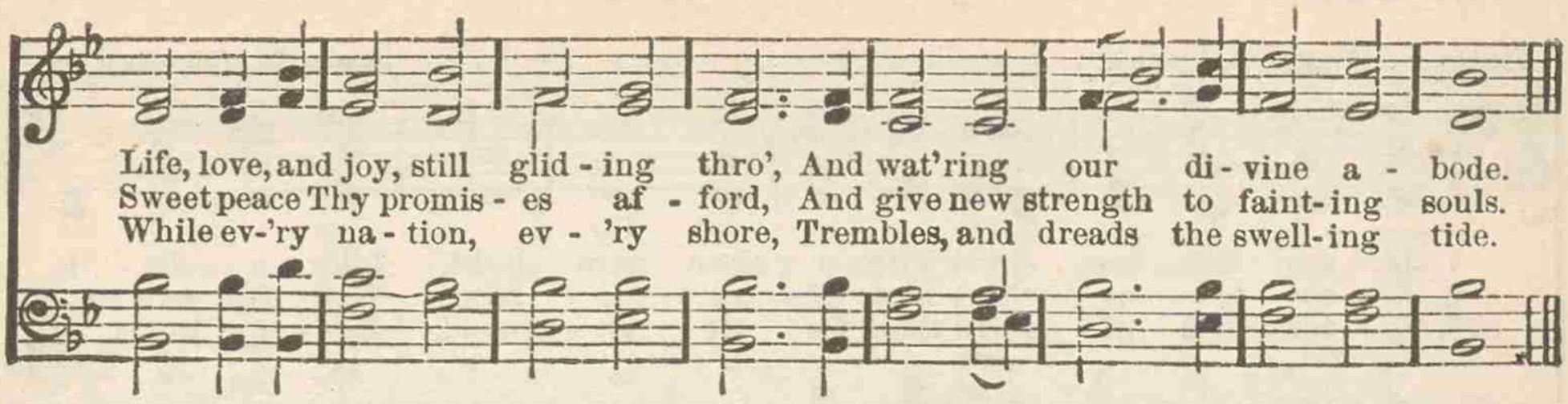
No. 384. There is a Stream.

(WARD. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow · Supplies the · cit - y of · our God;
2. That sacred stream, Thy ho - ly Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;

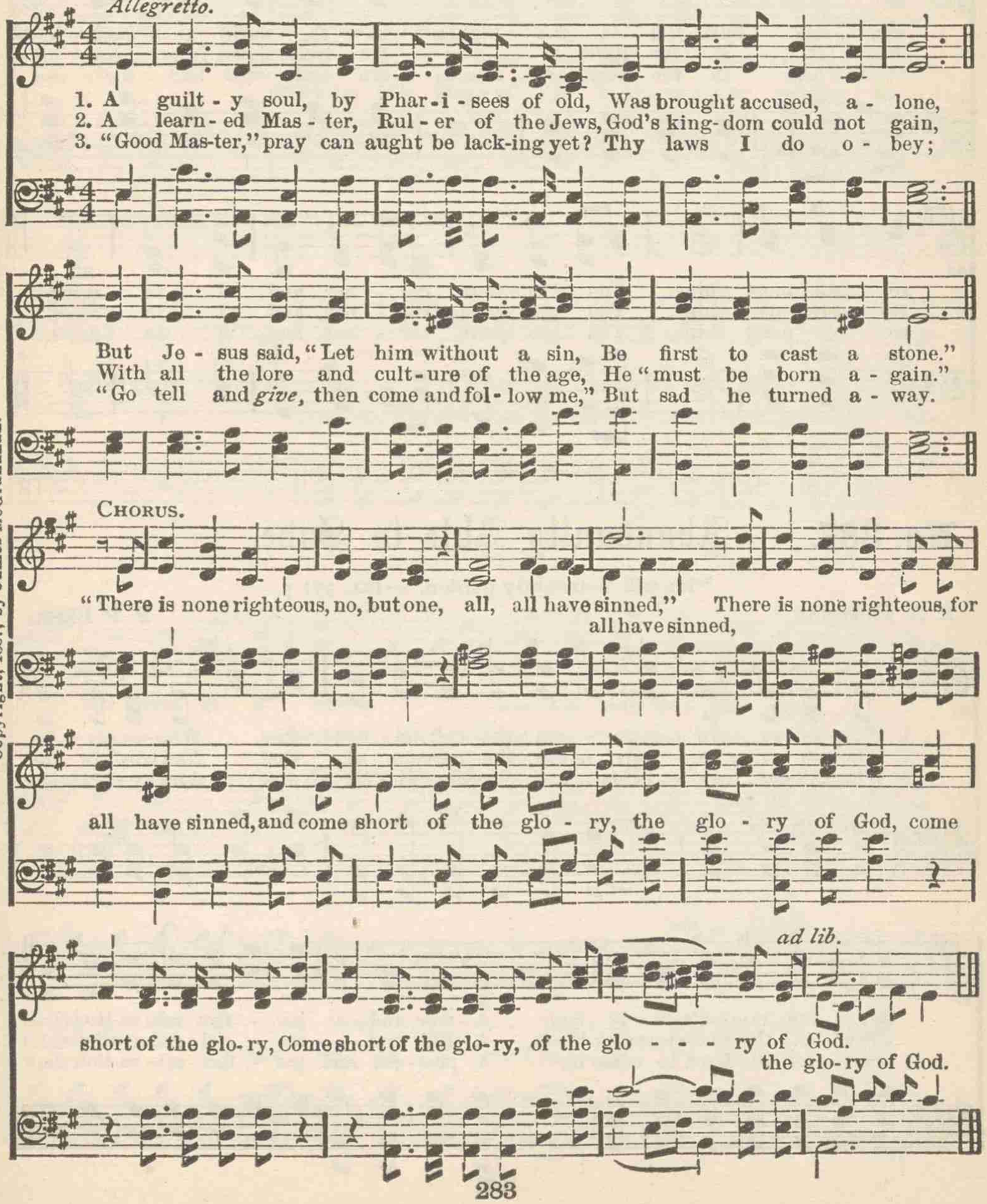
There is a Stream.



No. 385. There is None Righteous.

ROM. 3: 10, 23.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

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No. 386. Little Lights.

ANNA B. WARNER, by per. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle burn-ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness;
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sor - row;

so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
He sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

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No. 387. Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - va-tion shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - va-tion shall

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Abundantly Able to Save.

have: For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
have: For He is both a - ble and will - ing to save.
have: For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

CHORUS.

My broth-er, the Mas - - ter is call - ing for thee;.....
Broth-er, the Mas - ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;

His grace and His mer - - - cy are won-drous-ly free;.....
Broth-er, His grace and His mer - cy are won-drous - ly free;

His blood as a ran - - - som for sin - ners He gave,.....
Broth-er, His blood as a ran - som for sin-ners He gave,

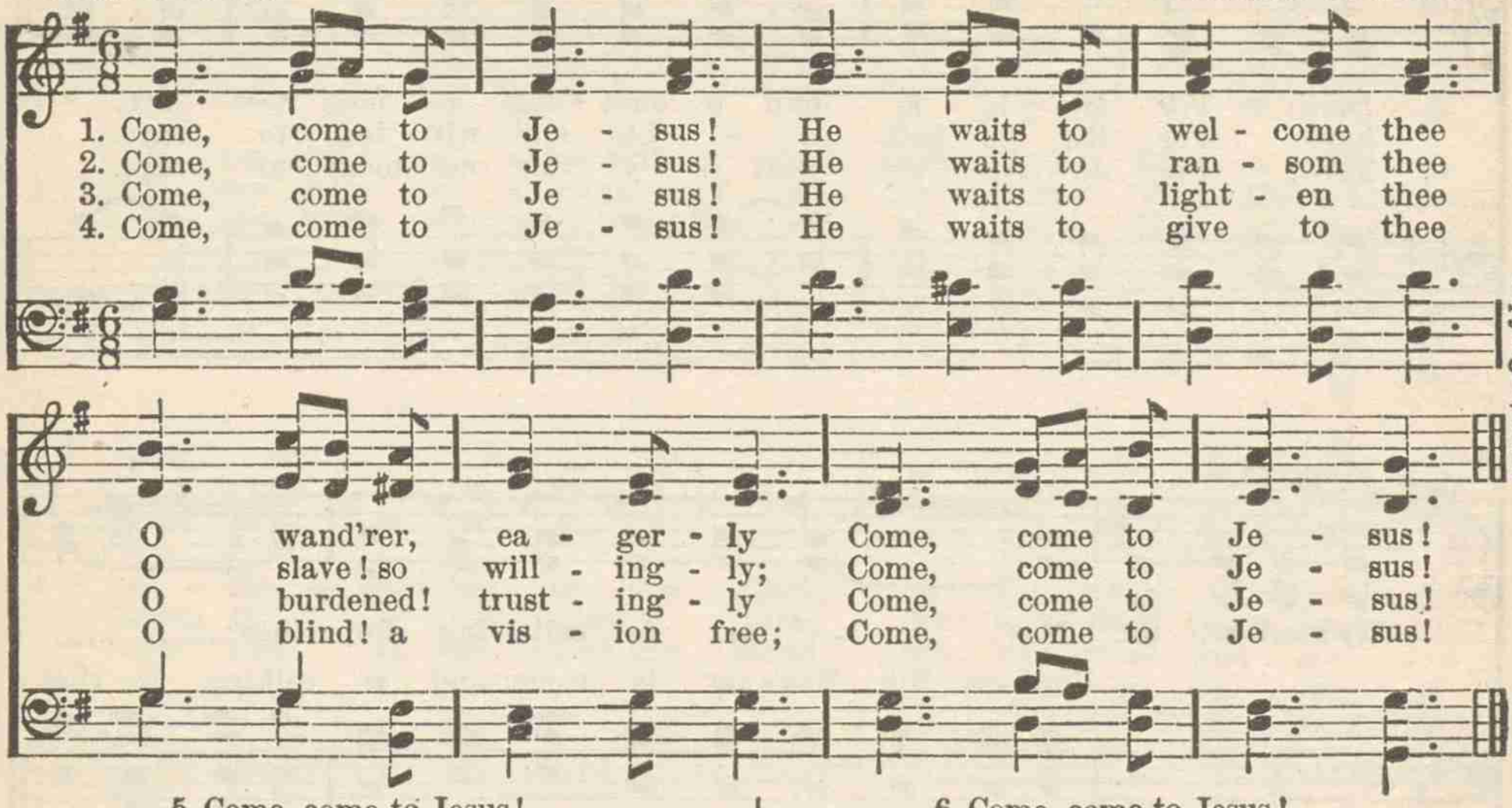
rit.....

And He is a - bund - - - ant - ly a - ble to save.
And He is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 388. Come, Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

GEO. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN.



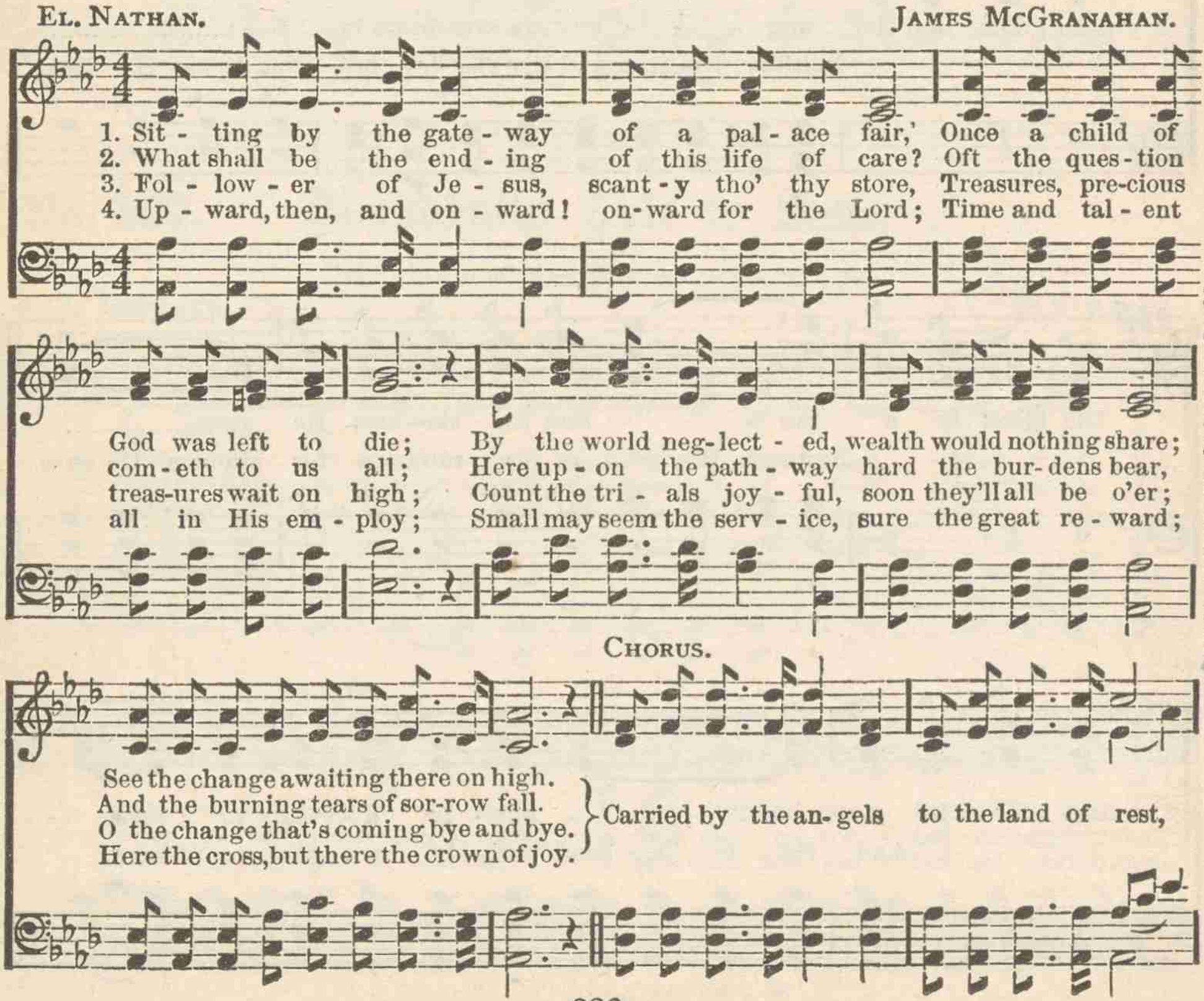
Copyright, 1864.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 389. Carried by the Angels.

LUKE 16: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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Carried by the Angels.

Mu - sic sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies;..... Wel-comed by the

Sav - iour to the heav'n-ly feast, Gath-ered with the loved in Par - a - dise.

No. 390. Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.
Trans. from Dr. MALAN.

ISA. 41: 10.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O Chris - tian trav'ller, fear no more The storms which round thee spread;
   Nor yet the noon-tide's sul - try beams On thy de-fence-less (*Omit*.....) head.
2. Thy Sav - iour, who up - on the cross Thy full re-demp-tion paid,
   Will not from thee, His ransomed one, Withhold His promised (*Omit*.....) aid.

CHORUS.

"Fear thou not, for I..... am with thee: Be not dis-mayed, for I am thy God;

Fear thou not, for I..... am with thee: Be not dis-mayed, for I am thy God."

3 A safe retreat and hiding-place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

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No. 391. Repent Ye.

MATT. 3: 2.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old? Have we left our souls' "first love?" Nei-ther cold nor hot, God commends us not, Nor our luke-warm ways ap-prove.
2. Has the God a-bove our su-preme true love? Have we bowed to Him al-way? Do we own His claim and re-vere His name, And ob-serve His ho-ly day?
3. Do we hon-or those who have soothed our woes? Have we ren-dered good for ill? Are we pure in heart, do-ing *all* our part To ful-fil the Saviour's will?
4. Are we al-ways tru in the thing we do, In our words, our works, our ways? Are we quite con-tent with the bless-ings sent, Giv-ing God a-lone the praise?
5. Dare a mor-tal say— for a sin-gle day—"I have kept Thy law, O God! Un-de-filed by sin, I am pure with-in, And I need no cleansing blood?"

CHORUS.

Re-pent ye, re-pent ye, re-pent ye! 'Tis the call of God to ev-'ry land;
Re-pent ye, re-pent ye, re-pent ye! For the king-dom of heav-en is at hand.

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No. 392. Cling to the Bible.

PS. 119: 105.

M. J. SMITH. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Cling to the Bi-ble, tho' all else be tak-en; Lose not its prom-is-es
2. Cling to the Bi-ble, this jew-el, this treas-ure Brings to us hon-or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would

Cling to the Bible.

pre - cious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,
oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squan-der'd,

CHORUS.

Drink from the fount - ain, so peace - ful, so pure.
Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can. } Cling to the Bi - ble!
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.

Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

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No. 393. Hark! Hark, my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

F. W. FABER. C. C. CONVERSE. **Arr. by I. D. S.**

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev-'ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for

o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,

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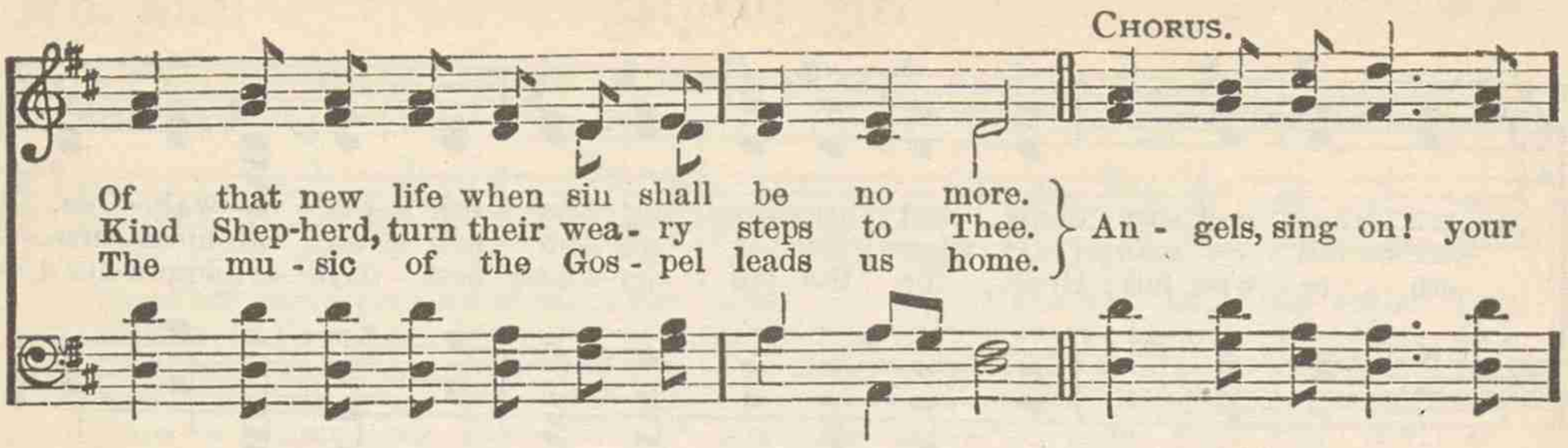
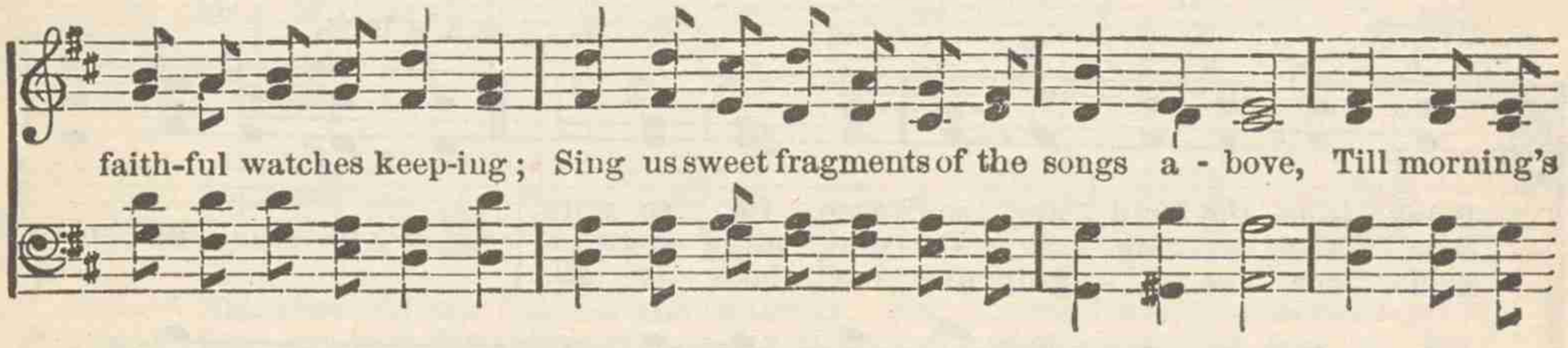
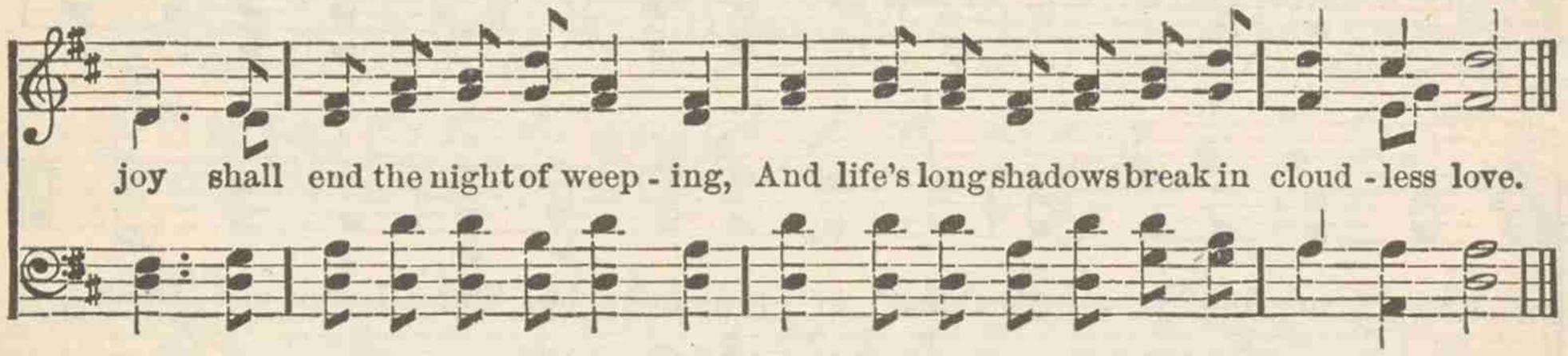
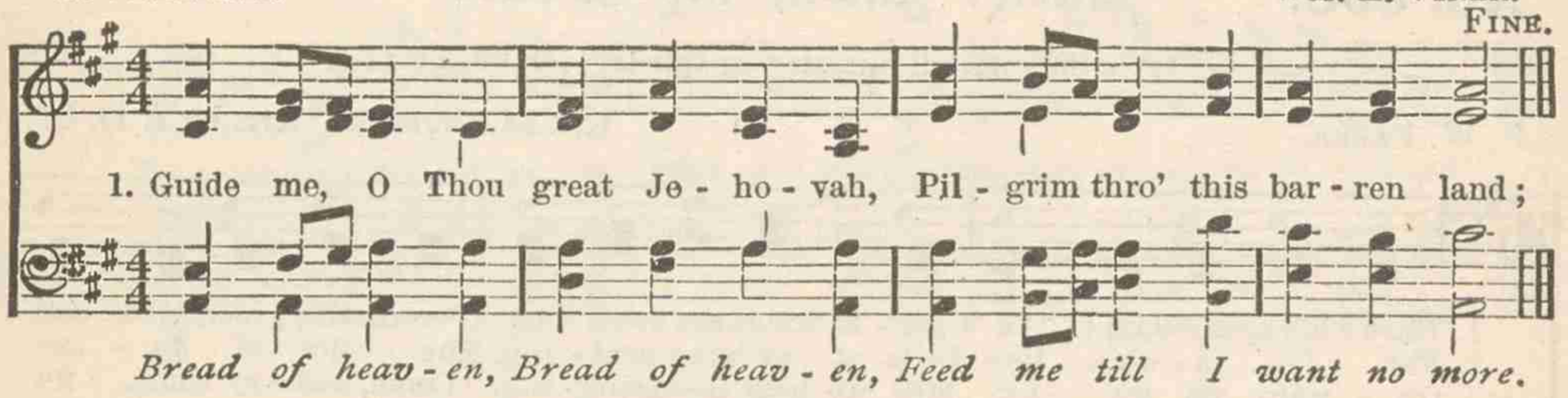
Hark! Hark, my Soul!



No. 394. Guide Me.

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

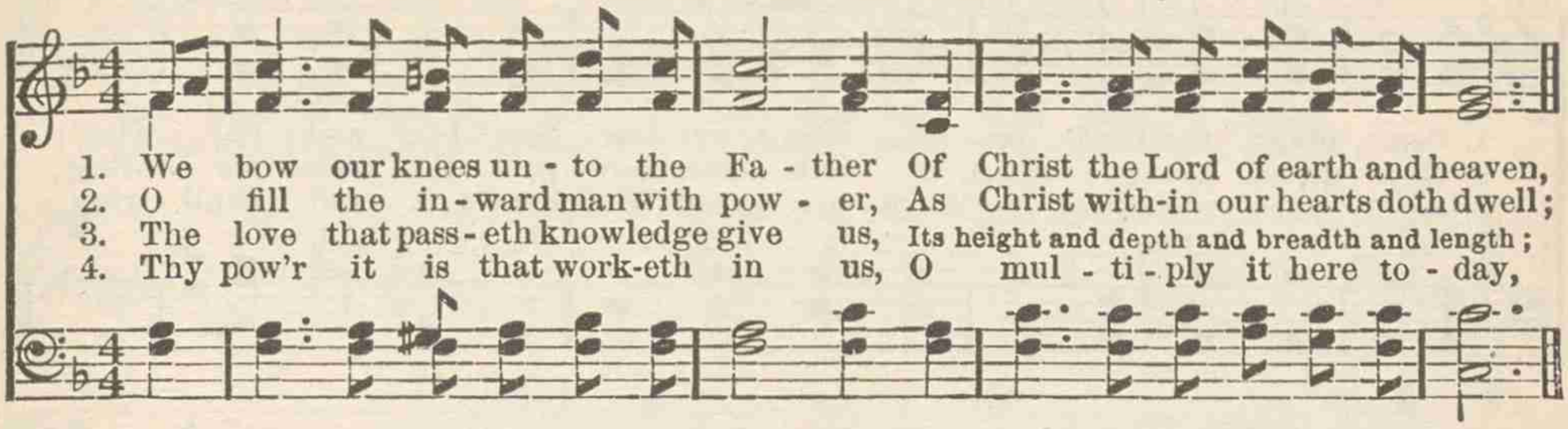
W. WILLIAMS. WM. L. VINER.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

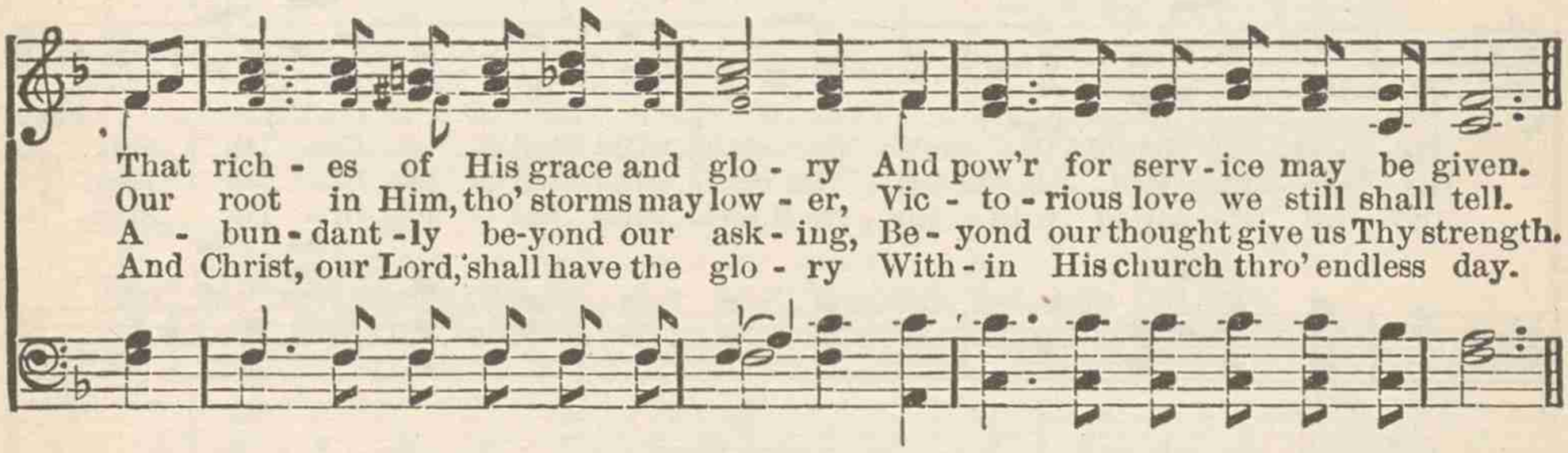
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

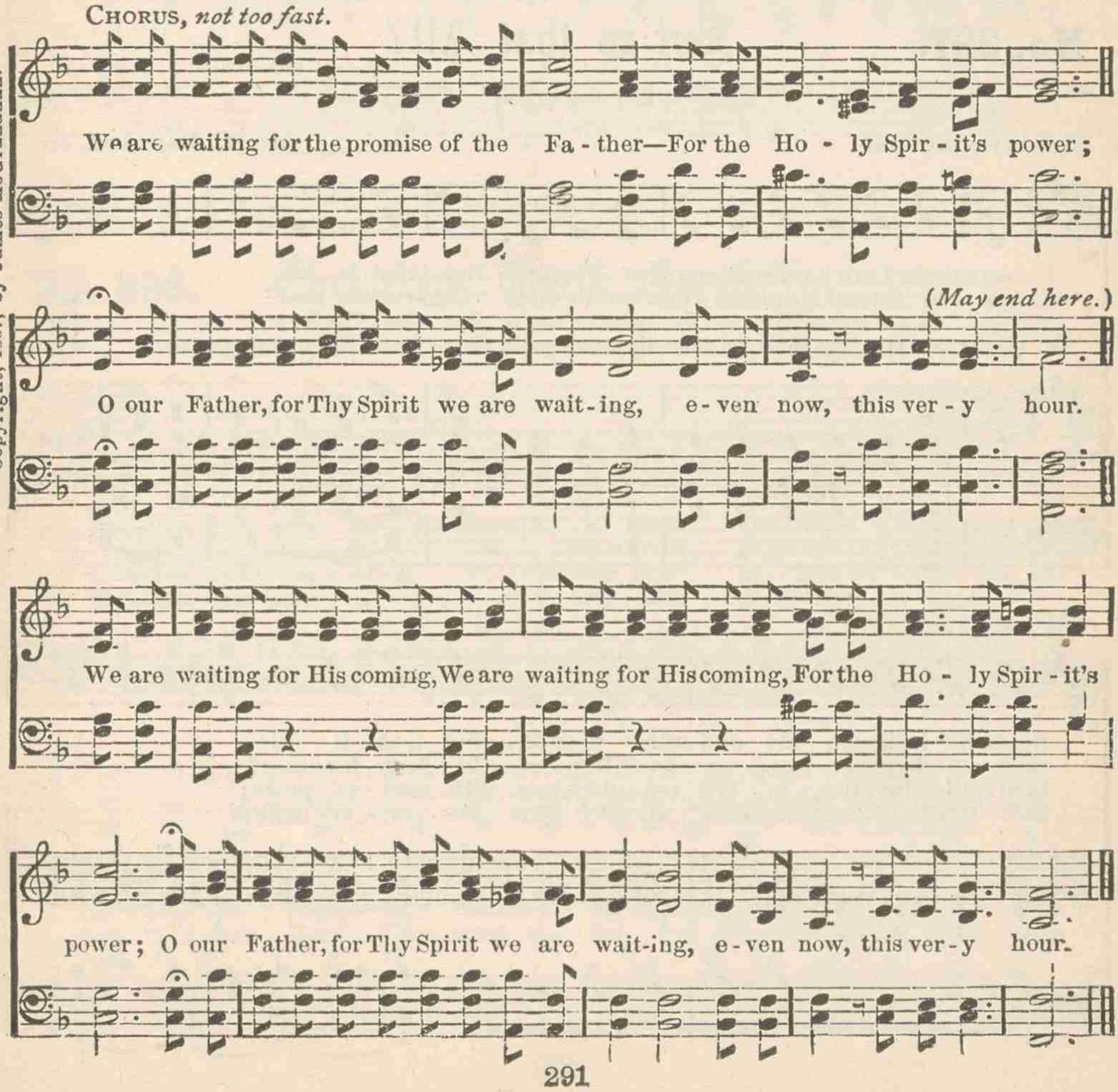
No. 395. Waiting for the Promise.

LUKE 24: 49.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





CHORUS, *not too fast.*

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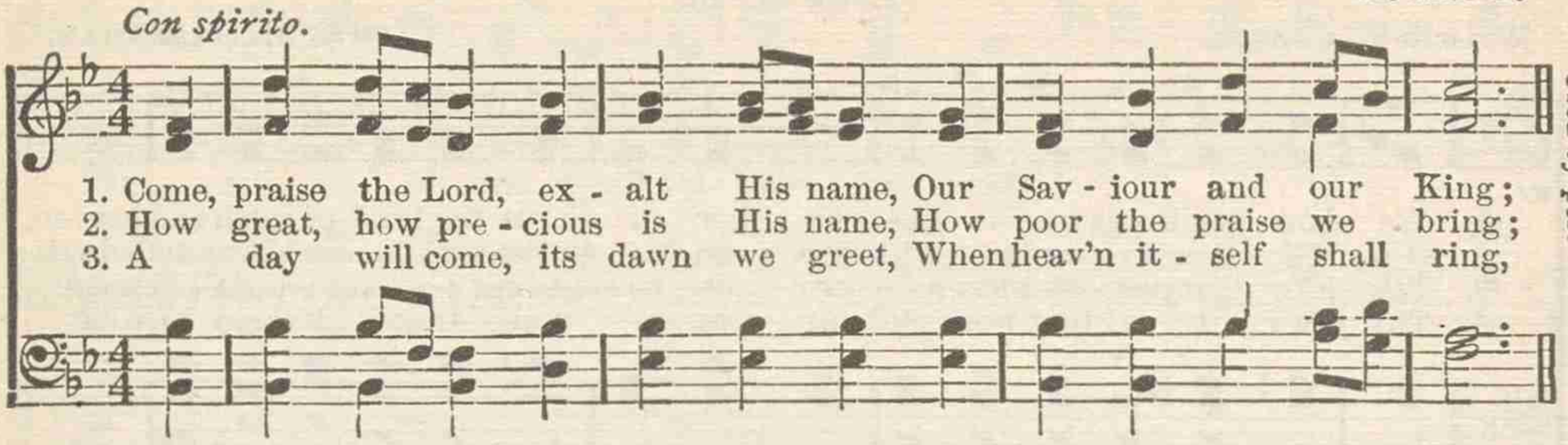
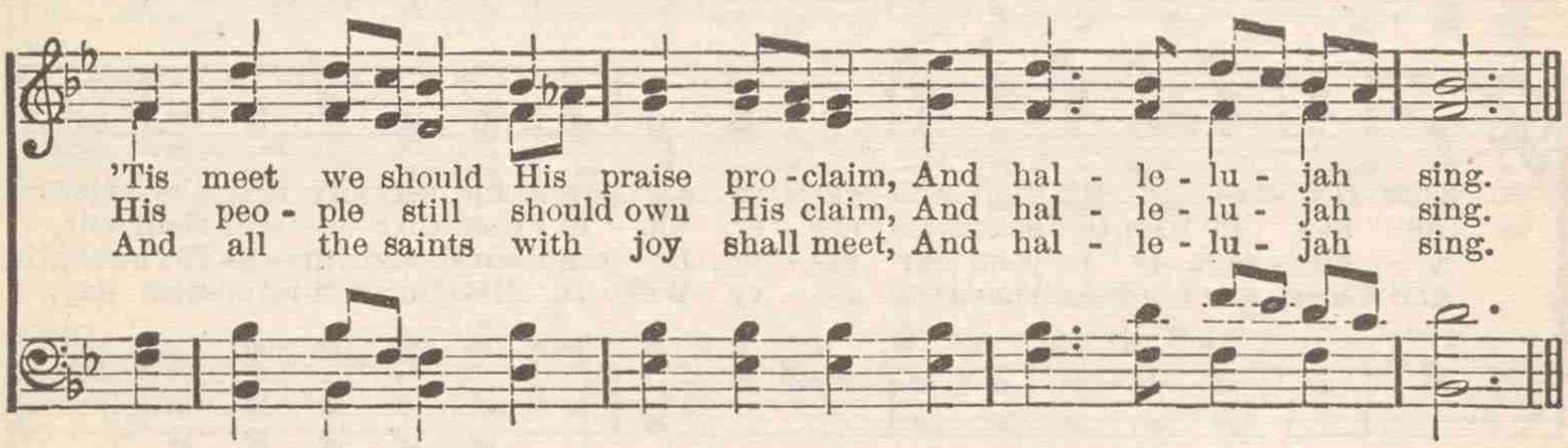
No. 396. Come, Praise the Lord.

A. Mc. G.

Con spirito.



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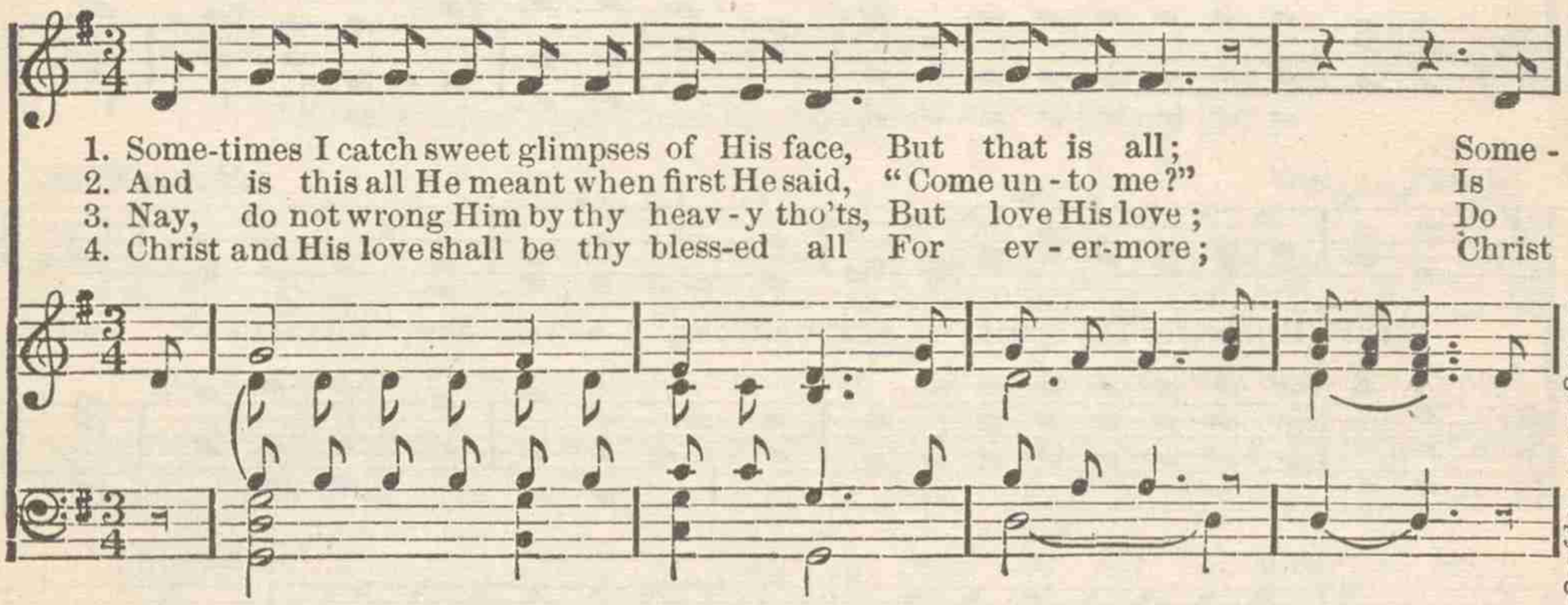
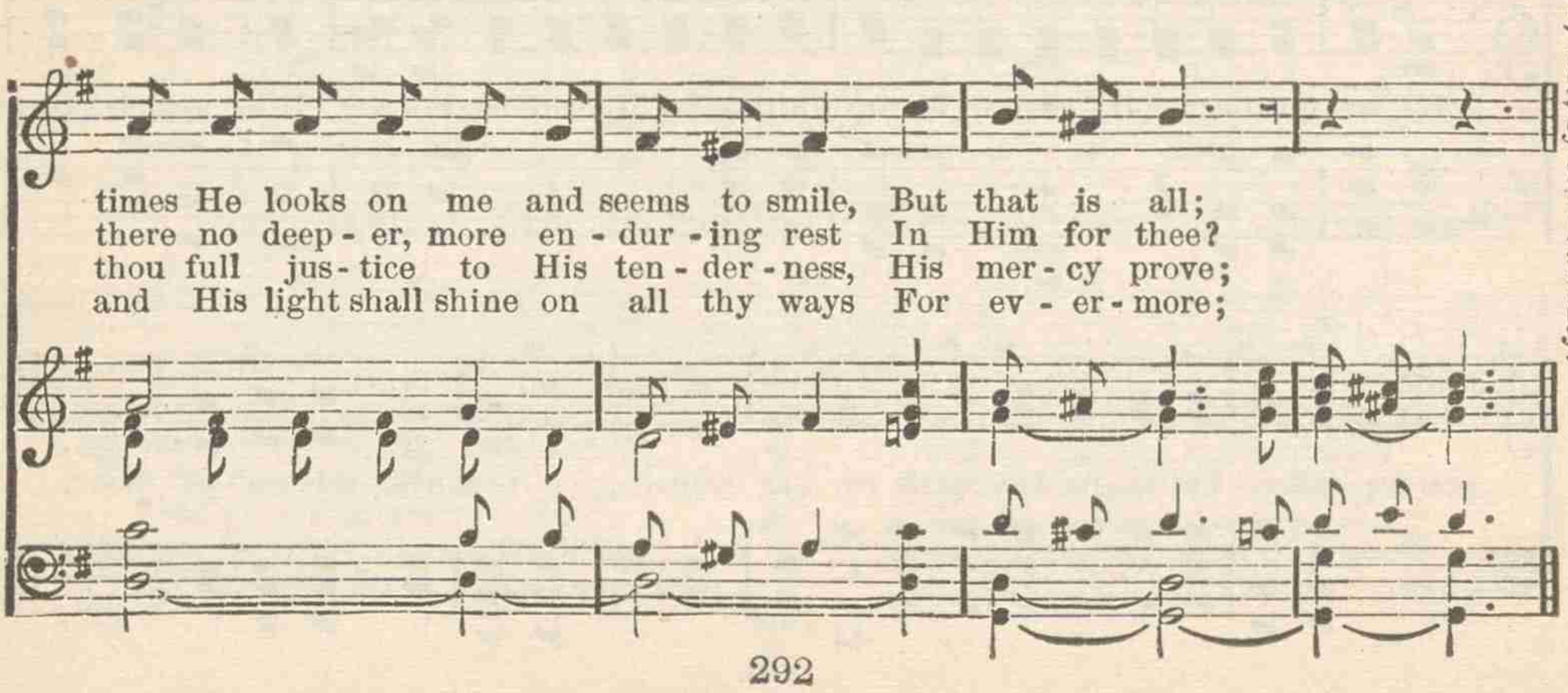
No. 397. But is that All?

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Horatius Bonar. Mrs. C. Barnard, arr.

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But is that All?

Sometimes He speaks a pass-ing word of peace, But that is all:
Is there no stead-ier light for thee in Him? O come and see;
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And look a-bove;
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troub-led soul For-ev-er-more;

Sometimes I think I hear His lov-ing voice Up-on me call;
Is there no deep-er, more en-dur-ing rest In Him for thee?
And do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts, But love His love.
Christ and His love shall be thy bless-ed all For-ev-er-more.

No. 398. Christian, Walk Carefully.

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—EPH. 4: 1.

Words arr. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christian, walk *care-ful-ly*, dan-ger is near; On in thy jour-ney with
2. Christian, walk *cheer-ful-ly* thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the sky with its
3. Christian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-get on thy
4. Christian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, sor-row and pain Cease when the ha-ven of

trem-bling and fear. Snares from with-out and temp-ta-tions with-in,
threat of a-larm. Soon will the clouds and the tem-pest be o'er,
Sav-iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each tri-al and care,
rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the Judge, thy re-ward:

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Christian, Walk Carefully.

CHORUS.

Seek to en - tice thee once more in - to sin. Christian, walk *care - ful - ly,*
Then with thy Sav - iour thou'lt rest ev - er more. Christian, walk *cheer - ful - ly,*
If thou art clad in the ar - mor of pray'r. Christian, walk *pray'r-ful - ly.*
"En-ter thou in - to the joy of thy Lord." Christian, walk *hope - ful - ly,*

Christian, walk *care - ful - ly,* Christian, walk *care - ful - ly,* dan - ger is near.
Christian, walk *cheer - ful - ly,* Christian, walk *cheer - ful - ly* through the fierce storm.
Christian, walk *pray'r ful - ly,* Christian, walk *pray'r ful - ly,* fear lest thou fall.
Christian, walk *hope - ful - ly,* Christian, walk *hope - ful - ly,* rest thou shalt gain.

No. 399. He Holds the Key.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. He holds the key of all un-known, And I am glad;
2. What if to - mor - row's cares were here With - out its rest?
3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;
4. I can - not read His fu - ture plans, But this I know:
5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;

If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust - ed it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
I'd rath - er He un - locked the day, And, as the hours swing o - pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His hand; I hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the ref - uge of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.
For, what I can - not, He can see, And in His care I safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

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No. 400. Hallelujah for the Cross!

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

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR (arr.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand - eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De -
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our

fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown,
tri-umph let us tell, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shown,
sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing,

cres. ..... *ff*

The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver-thrown, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!

cres. ..... *ff*

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*SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

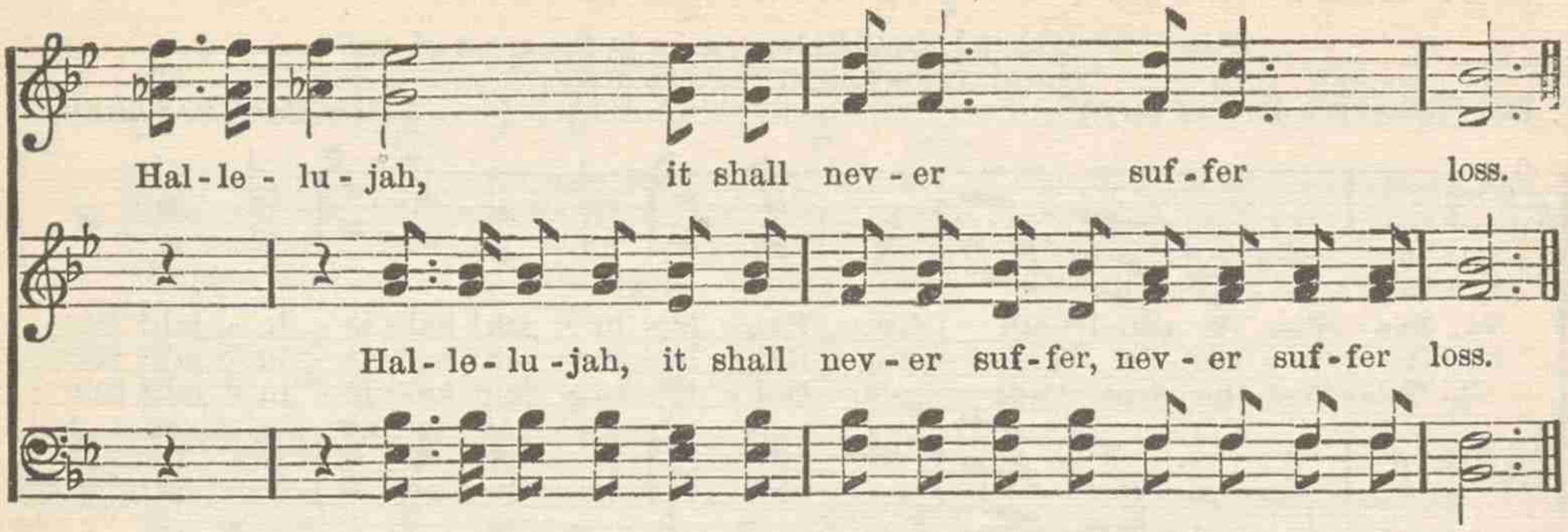
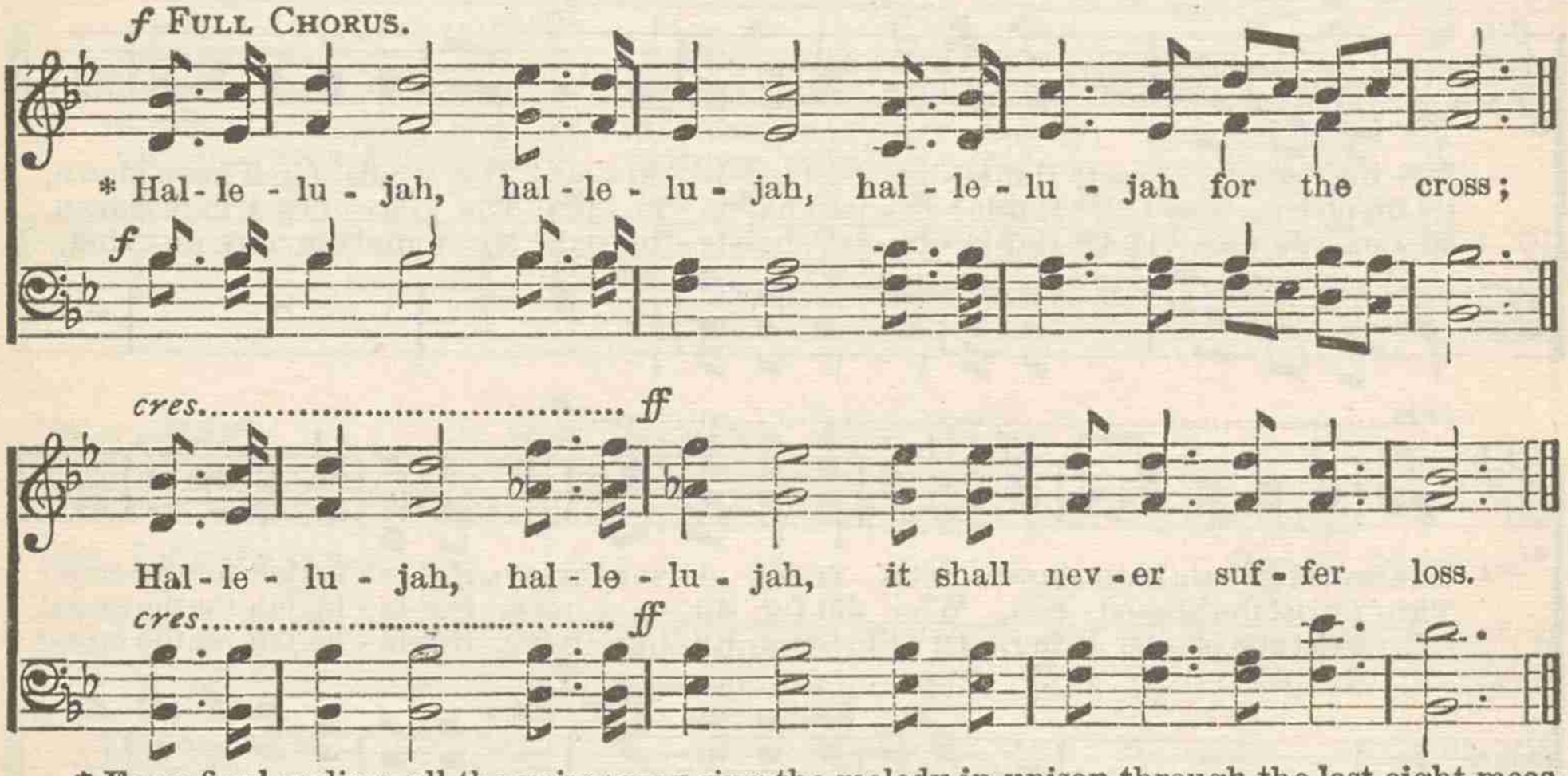
CHO. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

TENOR AND BASS.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

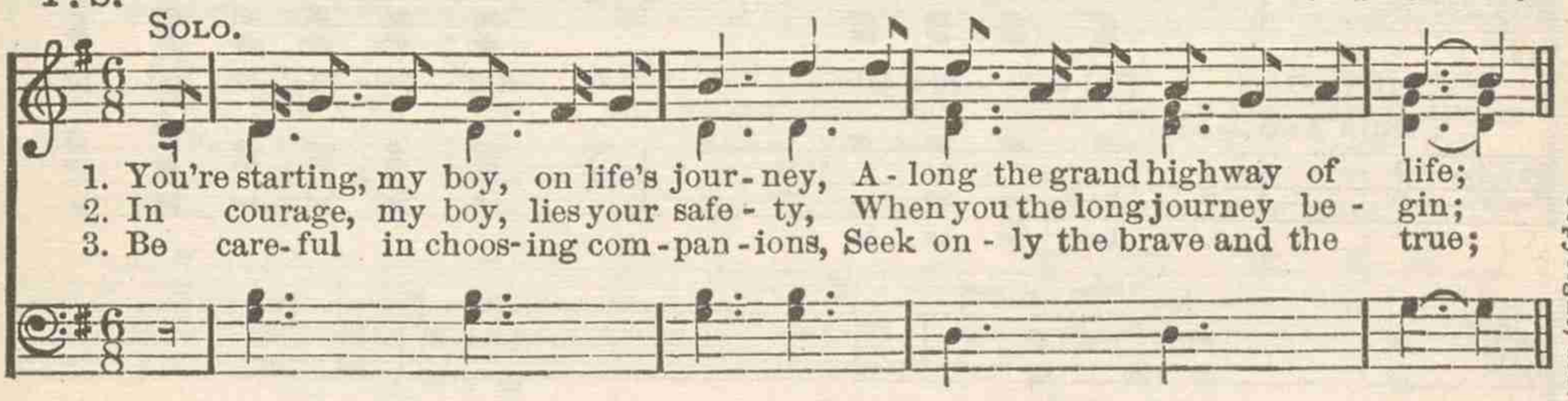
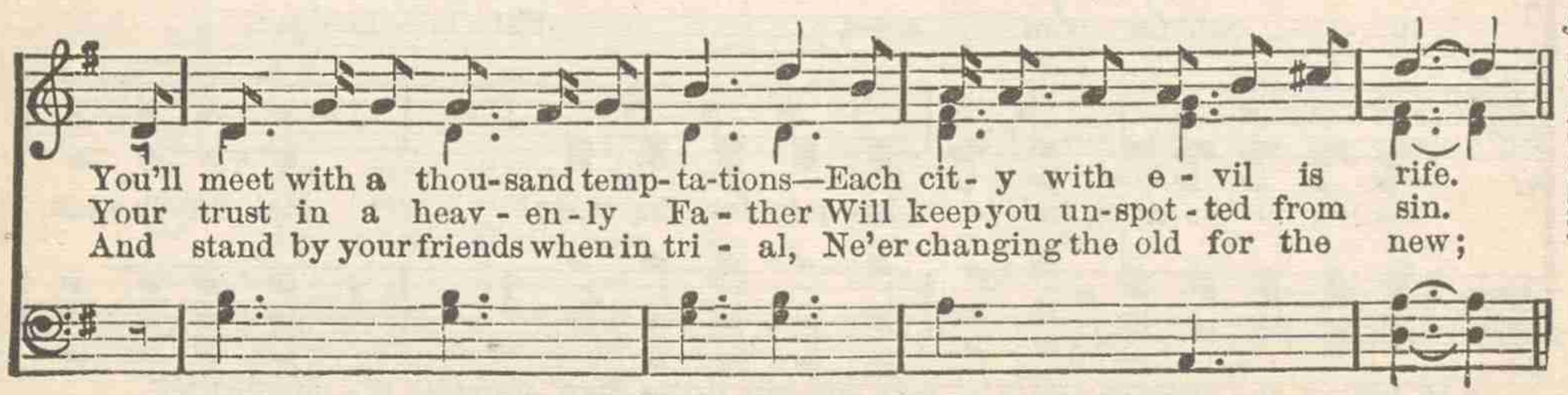
lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 401. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—James 4: 7.

P. S. H. R. Palmer.

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Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

This world is a stage of ex - cite-ment, There's danger wher-ev-er you go;
Temp-ta-tions will go on in - creas - ing, As streams from a riv-u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempt-ed The taste of the winecup to know,

But if you are tempt-ed in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firm-ness, with pa-tience and kind-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!
say No! say No!
Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

No. 402. God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 2.

JOSEPH COOK, D.D. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;
2. End - less sin means end - less woe; In - to end - less sin I go,
3. As the stream its chan - nel grooves, And with - in that chan - nel moves,

While what heav - en loves, I hate, Shut for me is heav - en's gate.
If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.
So doth hab - it's deep - est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

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4 Light obeyed increaseth light;
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

No. 403. O Morning Land.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

EBEN H. REXFORD. EDWARD H. PHELPS.

DUET.

1. "Some day" we say, and turn our eyes Tow'rd the fair hills of Par - a - dise; Some day, some
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o - ver sin and wrong; Some day, some

SOLO. *Alto.*

time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast; Some day, some time, our eyes shall
time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get, That some day all these things shall

SOLO. *Soprano.*

see The fa - ces kept in mem - o - ry; Some day, some time, our eyes shall see
be, And rest be giv'n to you and me; That some day all these things shall be,

DUET. *Slowly.*

The fa - ces kept in mem - o - ry; Some day their hands shall clasp our
And rest be giv - en you and me; So wait, my friends, tho' years move

Tempo.

hand, Just o - ver in the morning land, Just o - ver in the morning land; Some day their
slow, That happy time will come, we know, That happy time will come, we know, So wait, my

p *rit.* *pp*

hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morning land; O morning land! O morning land!
friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know, O morning land! O morning land!

Arranged by Geo. C. Stebbins and Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

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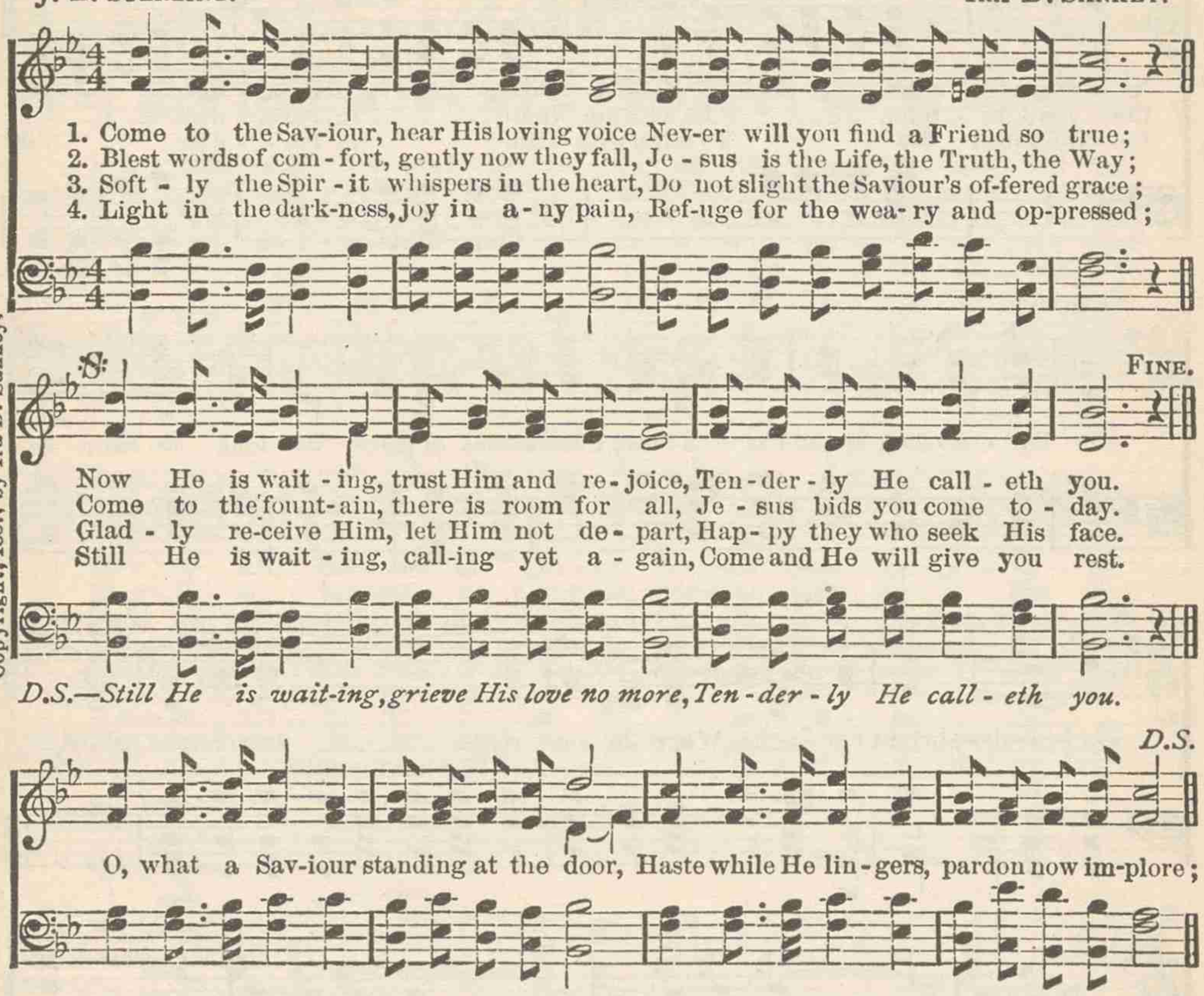
No. 404. O What a Saviour.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11 : 28.

J. L. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.



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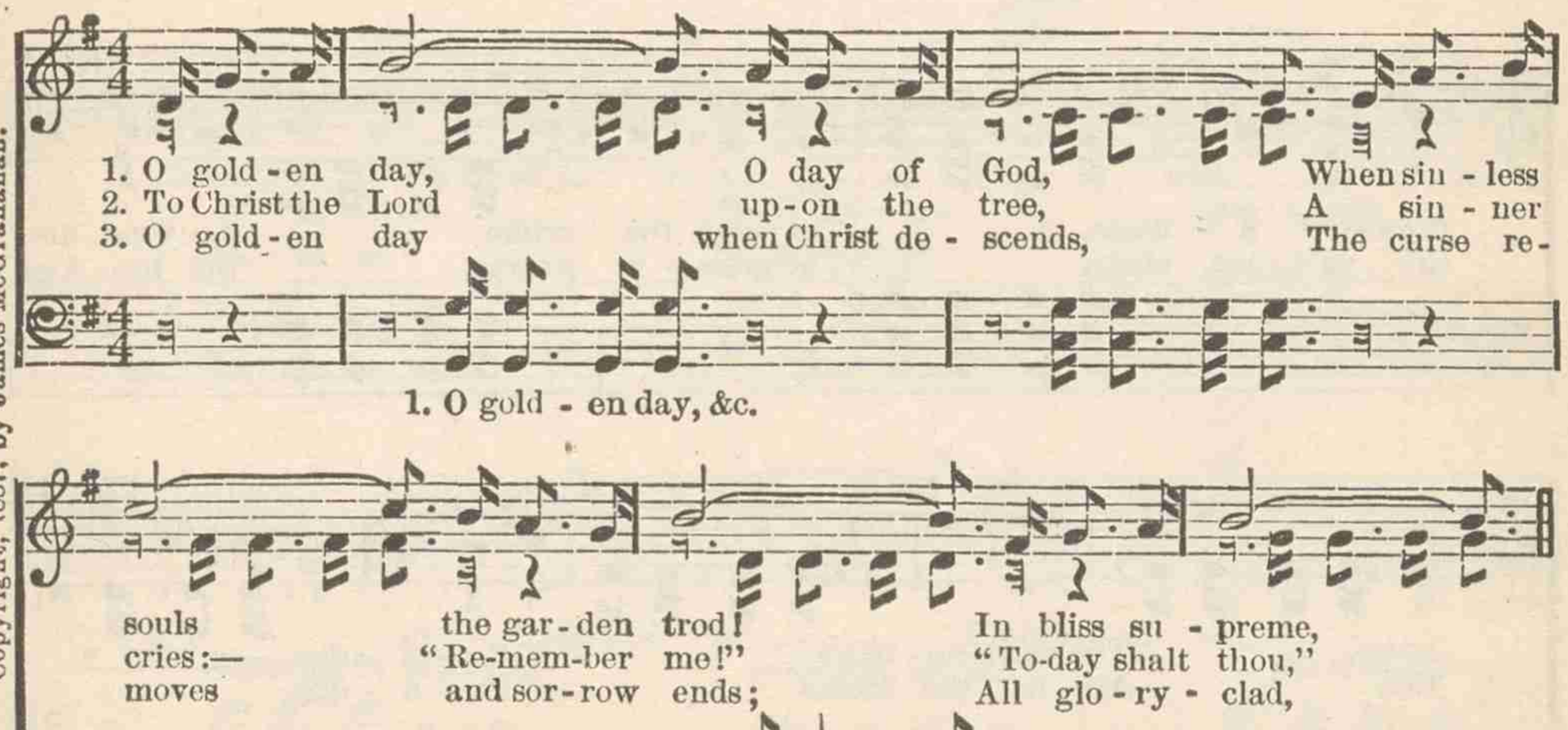
No. 405. O Paradise!

"With me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

O Paradise!

'neath sun - ny skies, In E - den fair, in Par-a - dise.
the Lord re - plies, "Be with me there in Par-a - dise."
the ransomed rise To reign with Him in Par-a - dise.

CHORUS.

O Par - a - dise, sweet Par - a - dise, From scenes of earth we long to rise; O

FINE.

Par - a - dise, bright Par - a-dise, Where Je - sus reigns..... be-yond the skies.
be-yond the skies,

2. The fa - tal fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,
3. The bead-ed brow, the silvered hair, The ach-ing heart,

the sword a - flame, The curse, the crime be-yond dis -
the va - cant chair, The grass - y graves, the bro - ken

guise, The earth no more is Par - a - dise.
ties, Are not the scenes of Par - a - dise.

Go to Chorus.

No. 406. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1 : 89.

F. H. Rawley. Peter Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the wond-rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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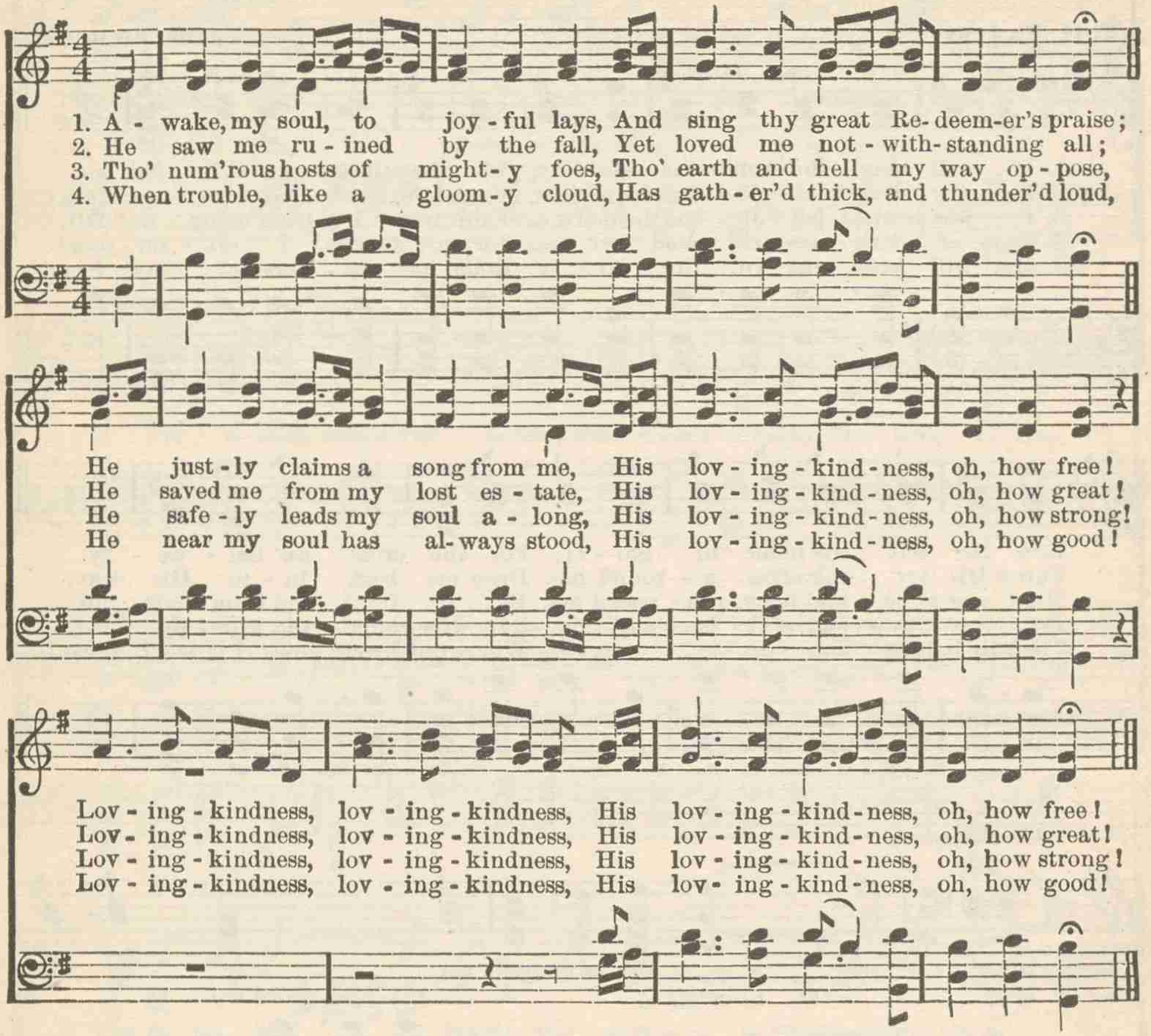
Chorus.

Yes' I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

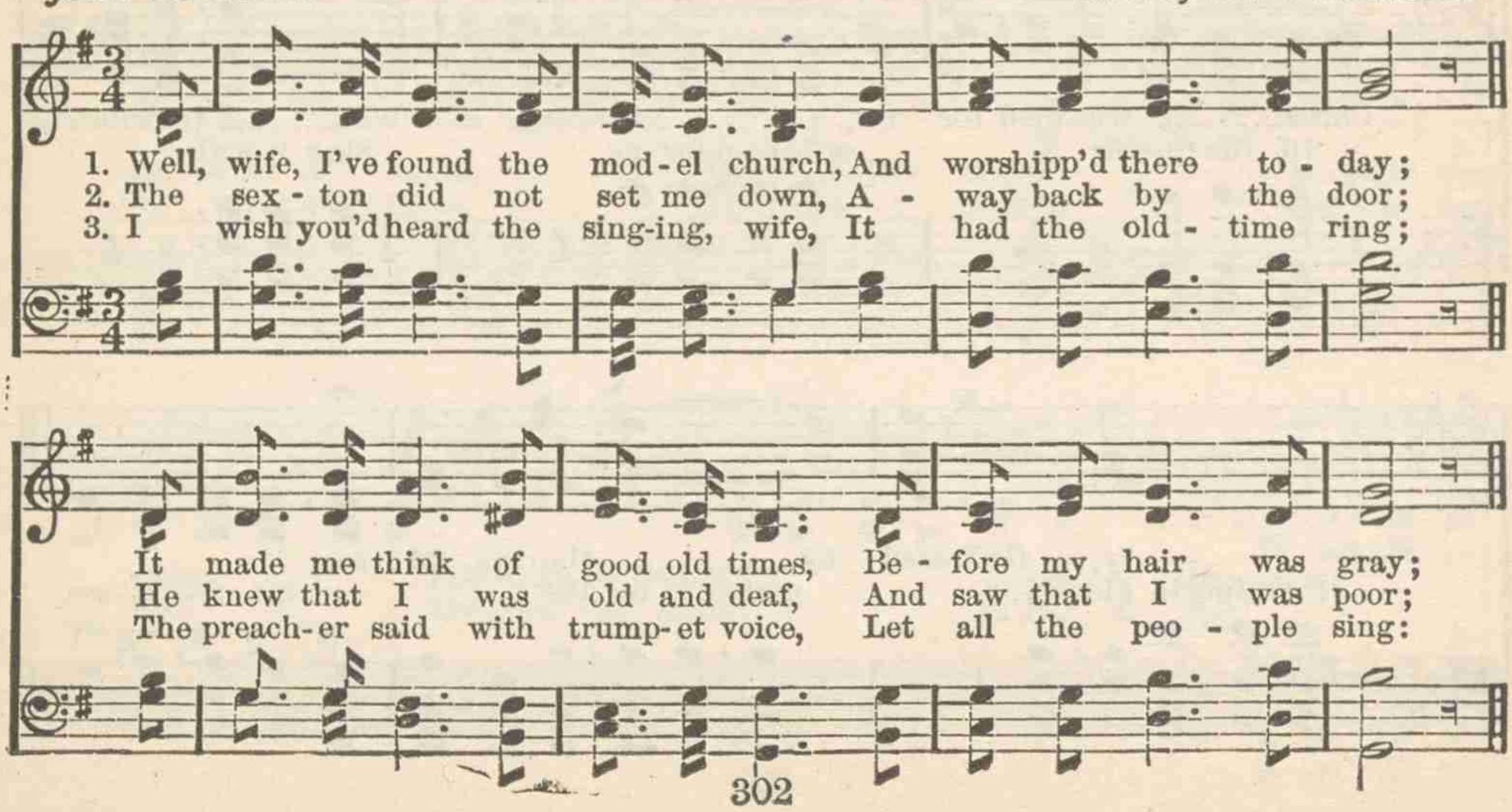
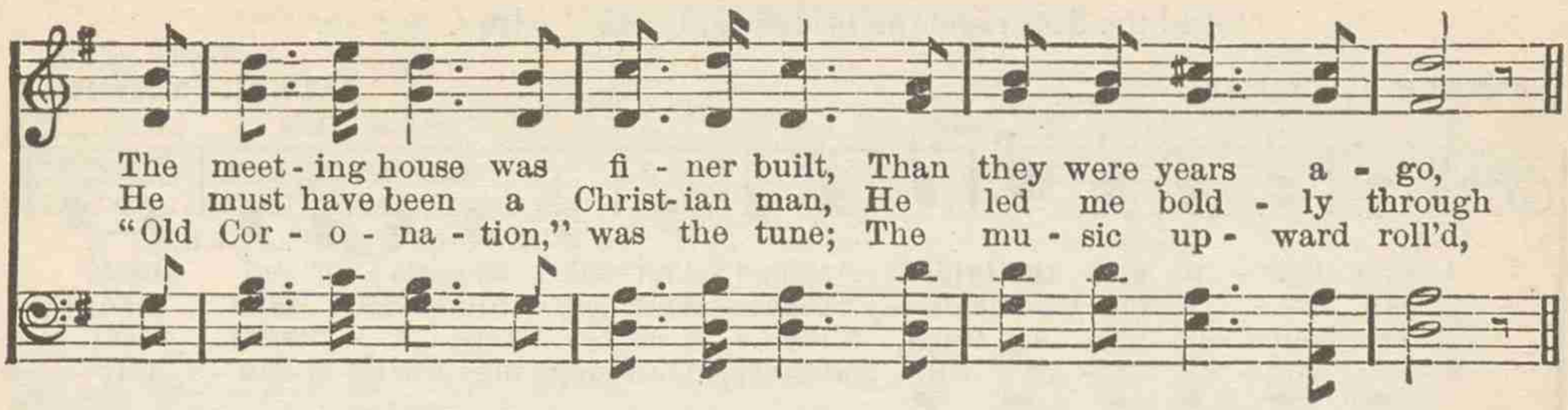
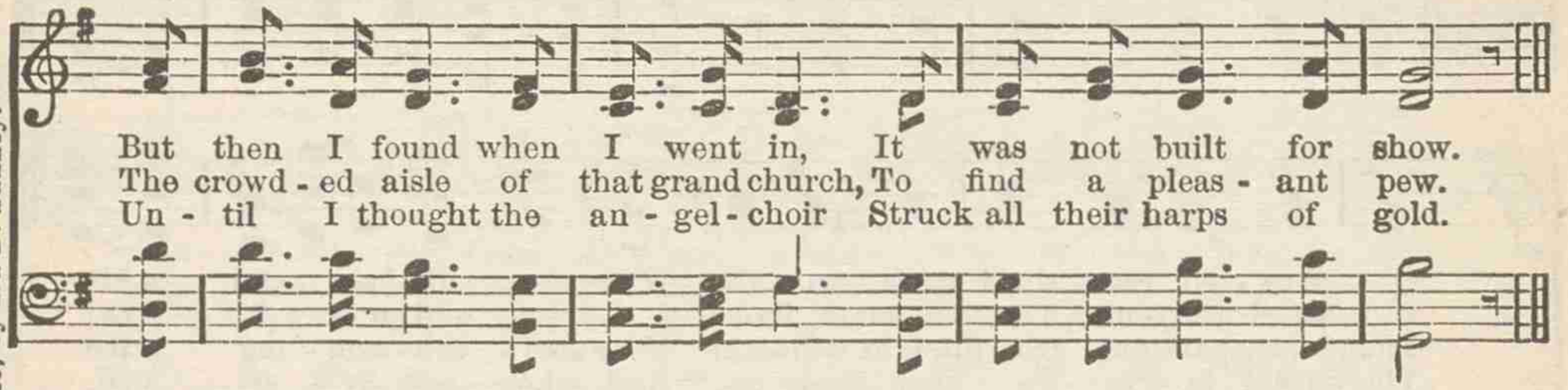
Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys - tal sea,
the saints in glo - ry, gath-ered by the the crys - tal sea.

No. 407. Loving Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.

No. 408. The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

The Model Church.



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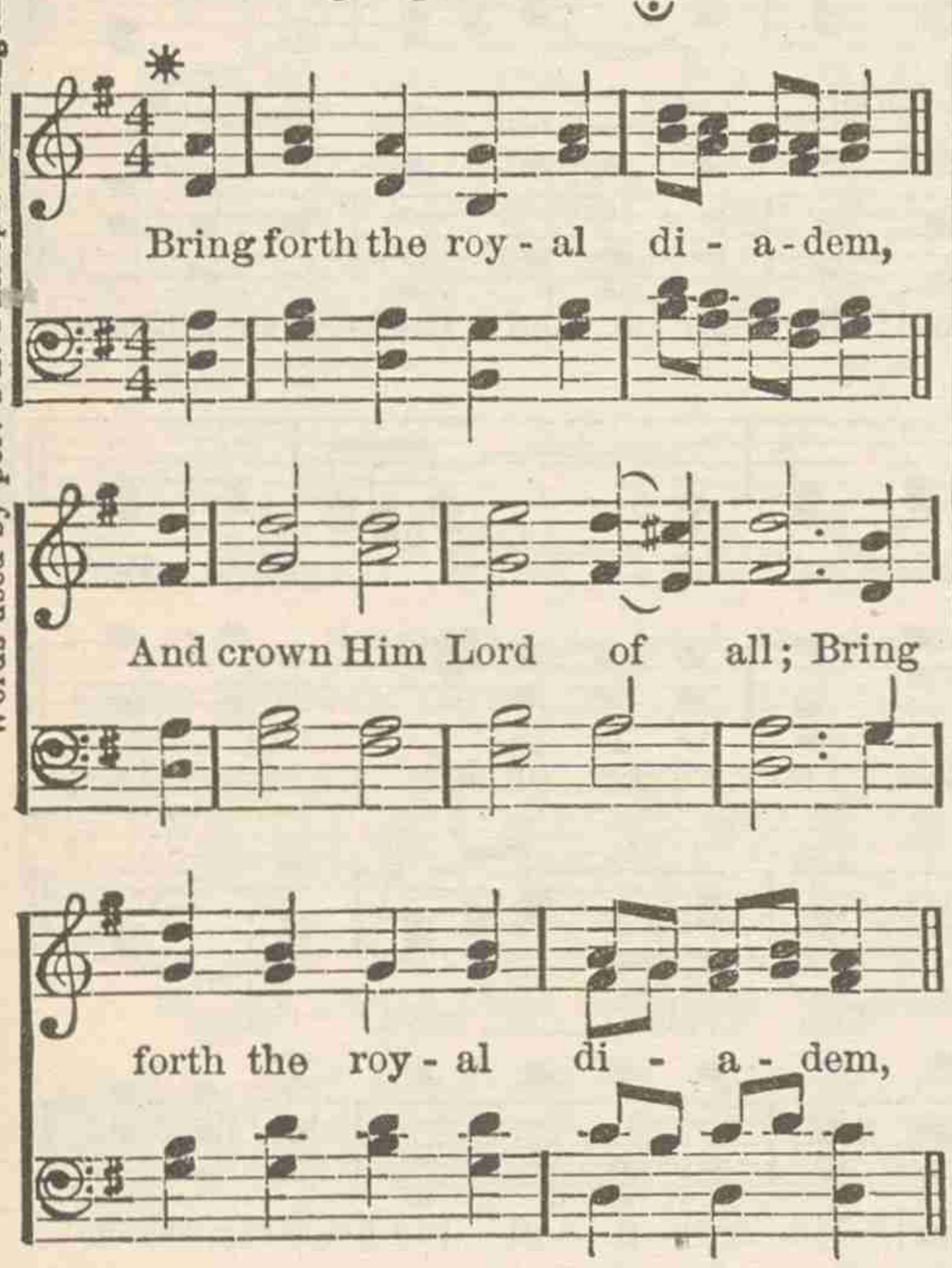
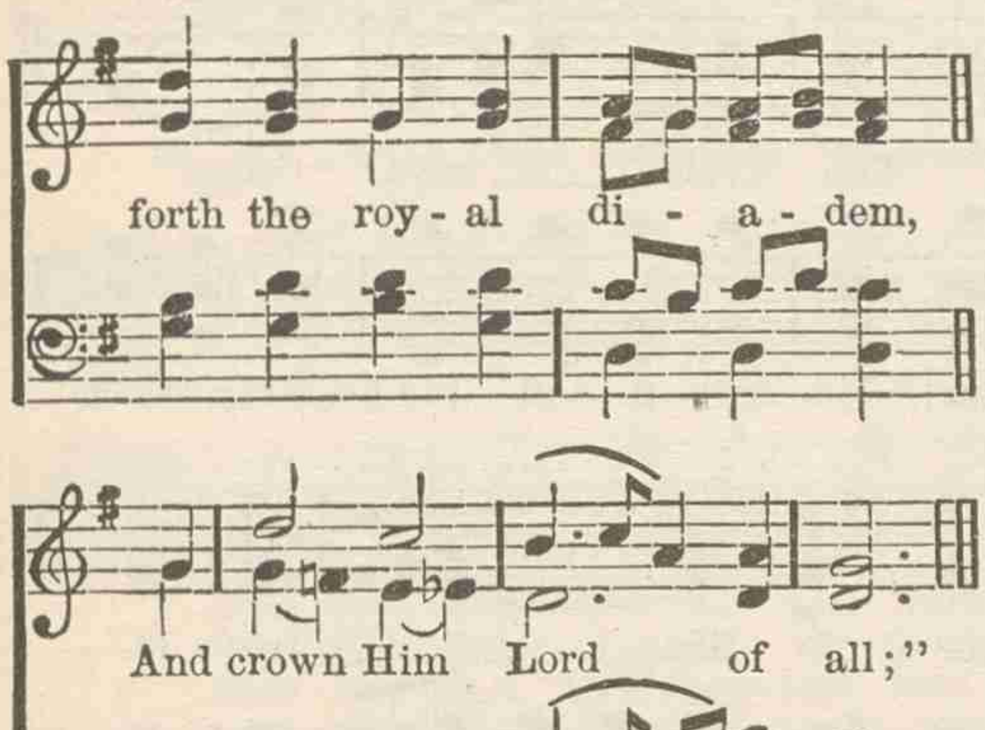
4.

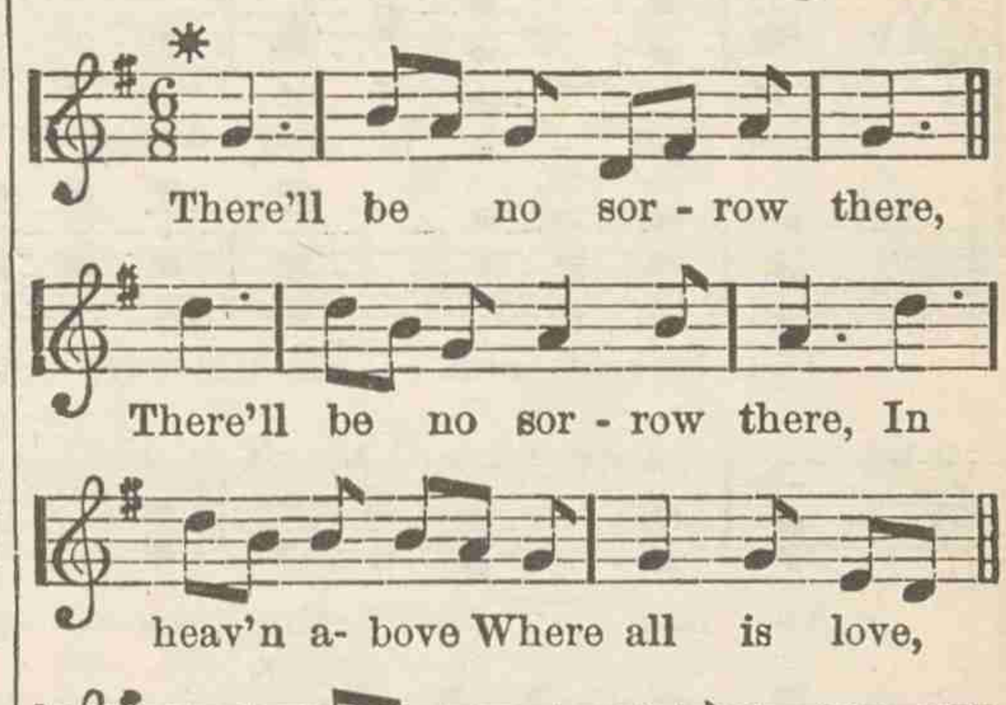
My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;

5.

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vic'try soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

* All join in singing the old tunes.

No. 409. The Gospel Call.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

Arthur T. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" And take the wa - ter of life!"
2. Let ev - 'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joy - ful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a - thirst, for-sake Your bro - ken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who - so - ev - er will may come, Your long - ings Christ can fill;

O bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
Then come, par-take, One draught will slake Your soul's con-sum - ing thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.

Chorus.

The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride..... says, "Come!"
The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!"

And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.

The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride..... says, "Come!"
The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!"

And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.

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No. 410. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11 : 28.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come! Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will now re - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

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No. 411. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2 : 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sun - light fall in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills, And the sun - light fall in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills,
2. Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wea - ry bur - den'd heart, Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part: Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:
3. We shall come with joy and glad - ness, We shall gath - er round the throne; Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known: Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:

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When the Mists have Rolled Away.

We re - call our Fa - ther's prom - ise In the rain - bow of the spray:
But the Sav - iour's "Come, ye bless - ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re - demp - tion, Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

rit.

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morn-ing Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.

CHORUS.

known, as we are known,
We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er - more..... to walk a -

We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk a -

lone,..... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:

lone, to walk a - lone,

rit.

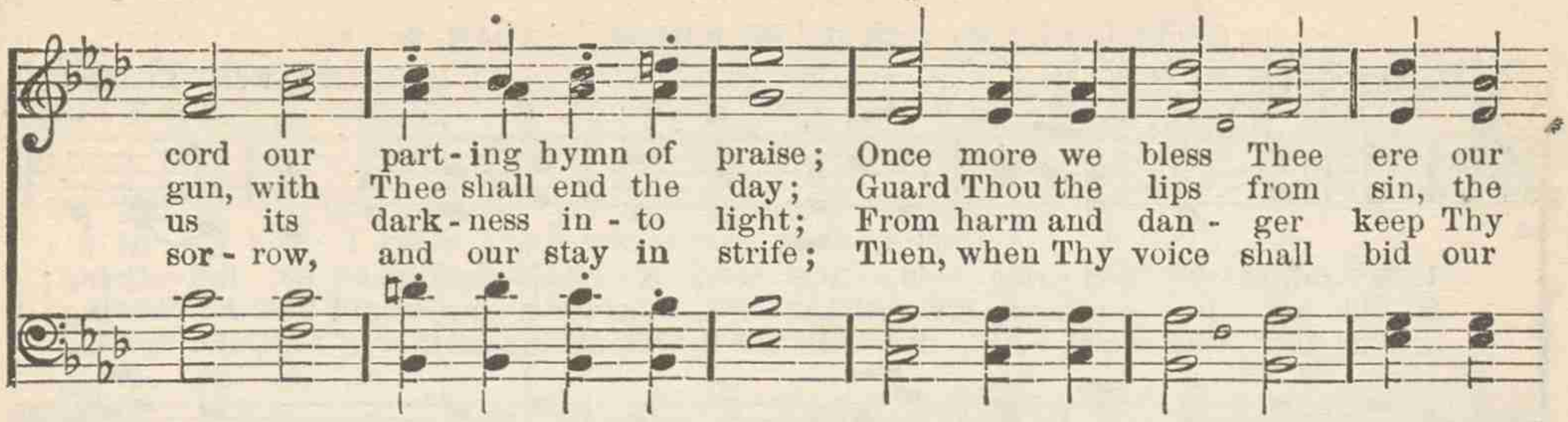
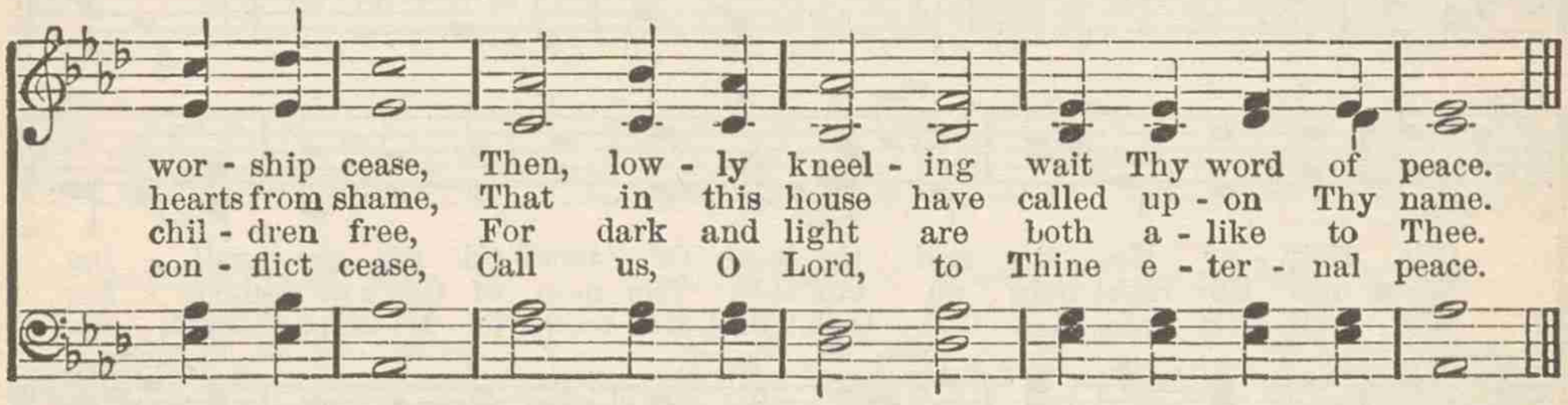
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have rolled a - way.

No. 412. Saviour, Again.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

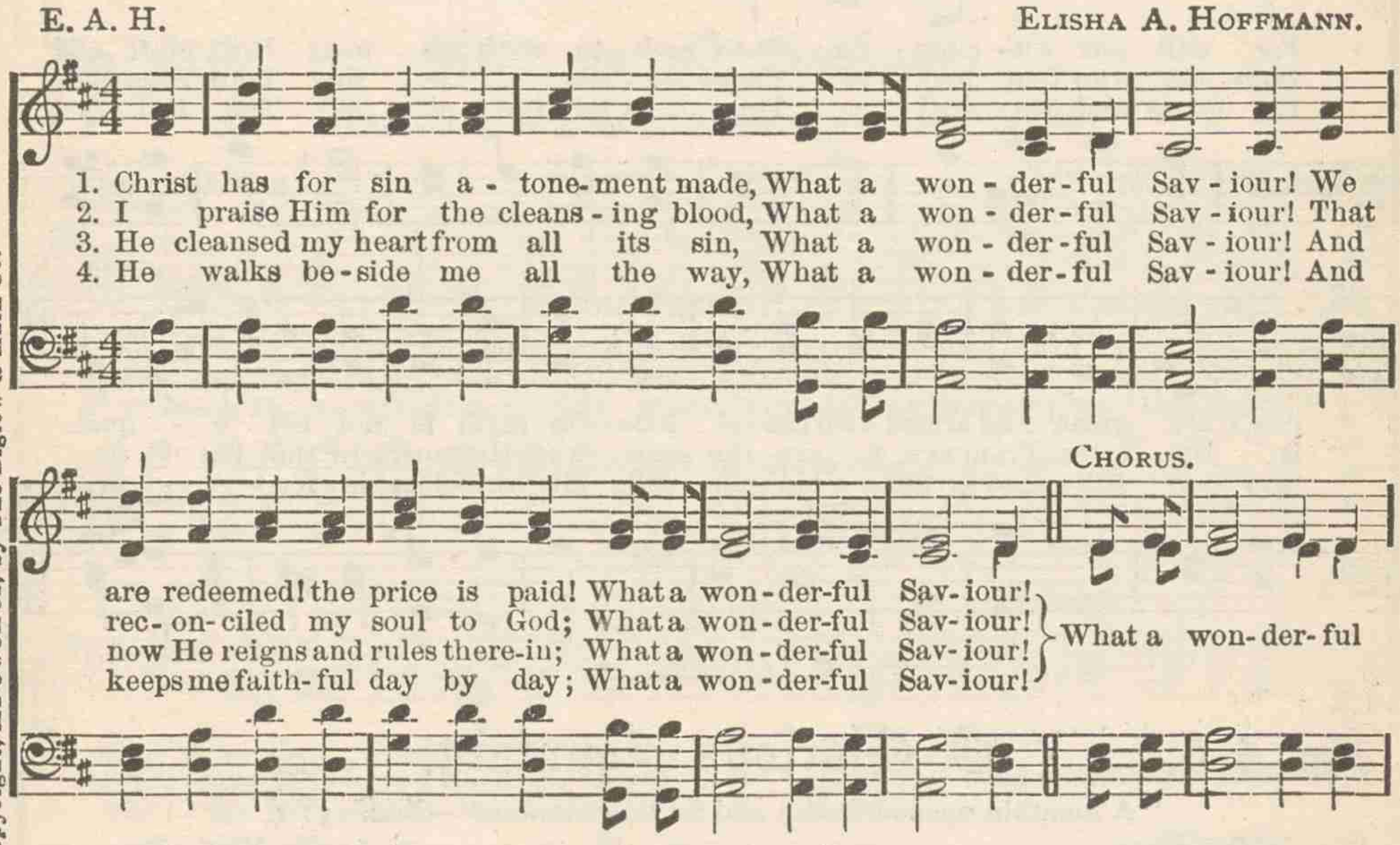
JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

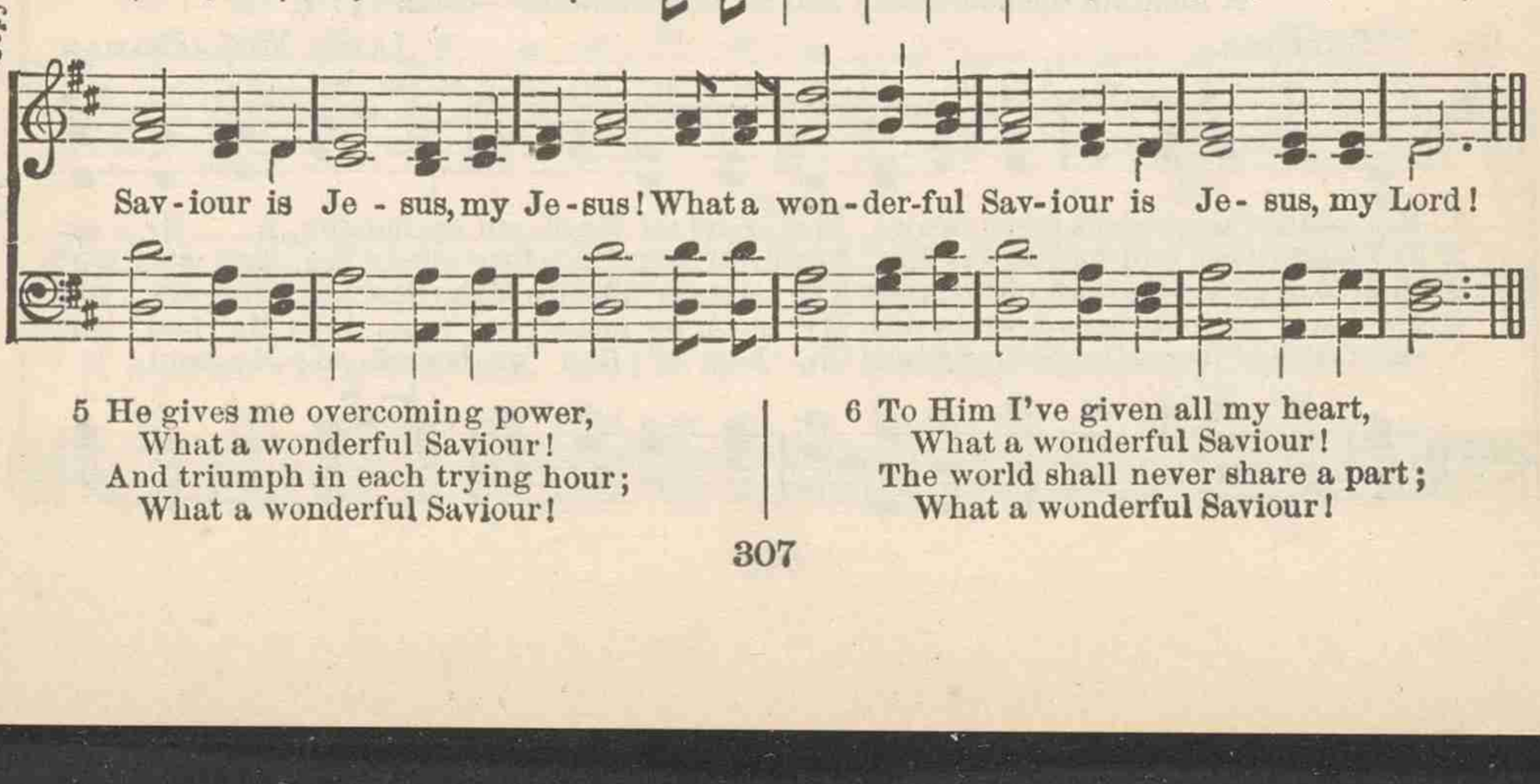
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

Saviour, Again.

No. 413. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa 9 : 6.

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffmann.





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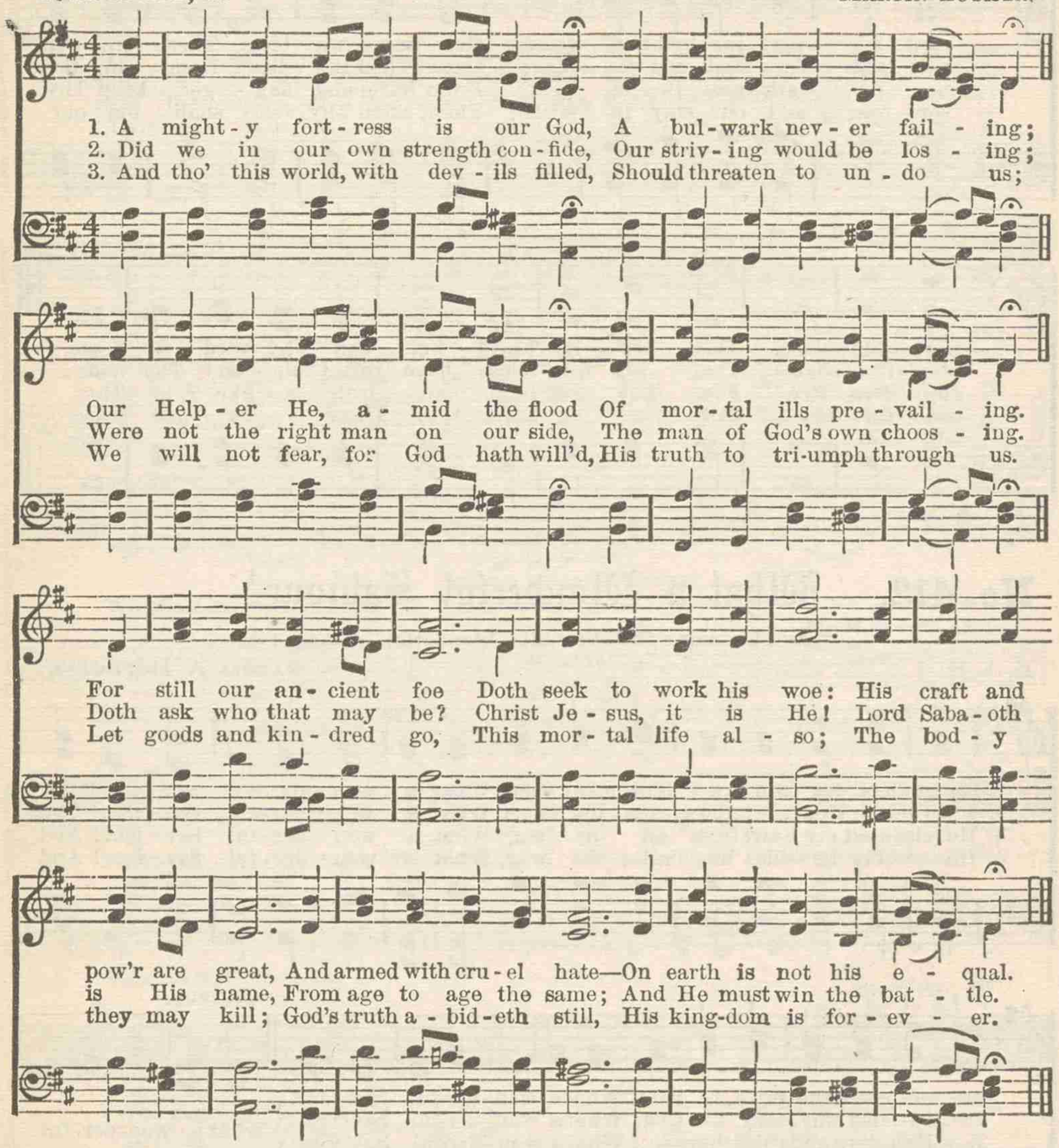
5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 414. A Mighty Fortress.

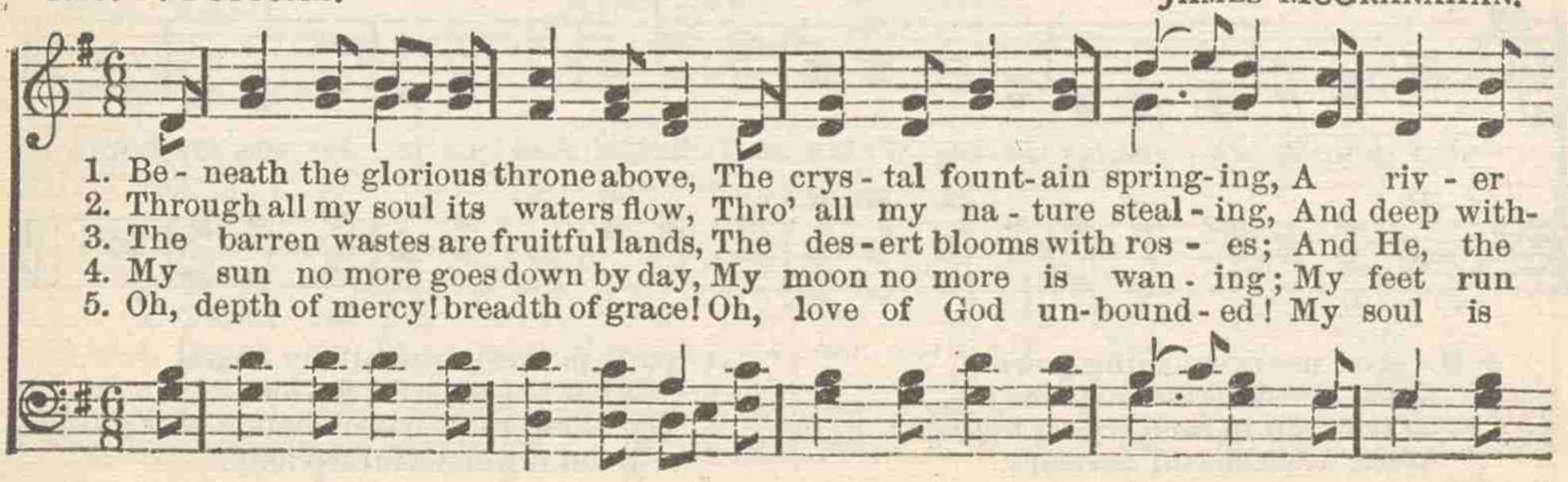
"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 SAM. 22 : 2.

F. H. HEDGE, tr. MARTIN LUTHER.



No. 415. O Glorious Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZEC. 13 : 1.

Rev. F. BOTTOME. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

O Glorious Fountain.

CHORUS.

full of life and love, Is joy and gladness bring-ing.
in my heart I know The consciousness of heal-ing.
glo-ry of all lands, His love-ly face dis-clos-es.
swift the shin-ing way, The heavenly por-tals gain-ing.
lost in sweet a-maze, By wondrous love confound-ed.

O glo-ri-ous fount-ain now flowing so free, O fountain of cleansing o-pen wide to me.
flow-ing, flowing so free,

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No. 416. Hear us, O Saviour.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Hear us, O Sav-iour, while we pray, Humbly our need con-fess-ing; Grant us the promised
2. Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call, Bold-ly Thy throne addressing; Pleading that show'rs of
3. Trusting Thy word that can-not fail, Master, we claim Thy promise; Oh that our faith may

REFRAIN.

show'rs to-day, Send them up-on us, O Lord.
grace may fall,—Send them up-on us, O Lord.
now pre-vail,—Send us the showers, O Lord.

Send show'rs of bless-ing;
Send show'rs re-fresh-ing; Send us show'rs of bless-ing; Send them, Lord, we pray.

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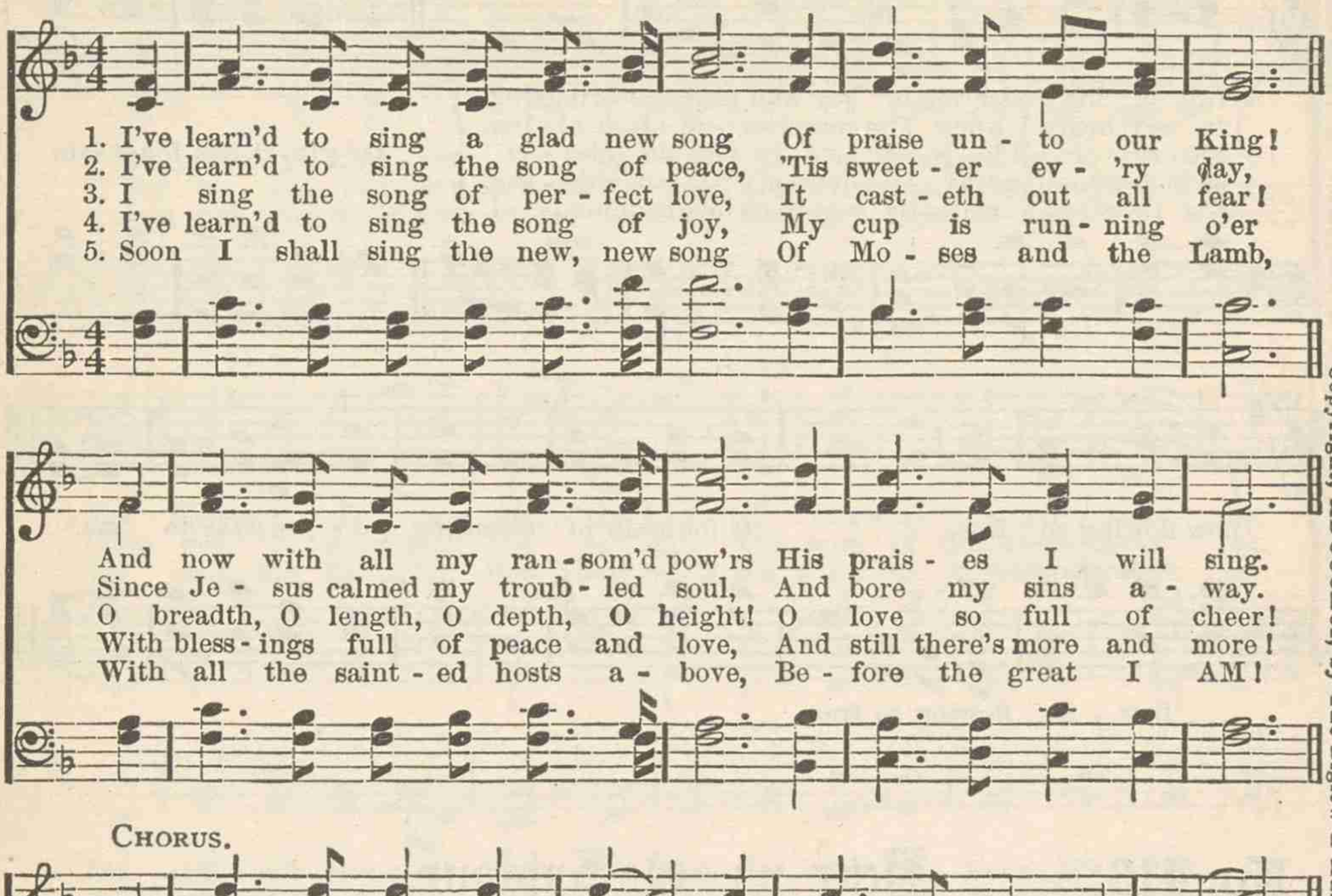
No. 417. His Praises I Will Sing.

"I will sing praise to the Lord."—JUDG. 5: 3.

J. B. ATCHINSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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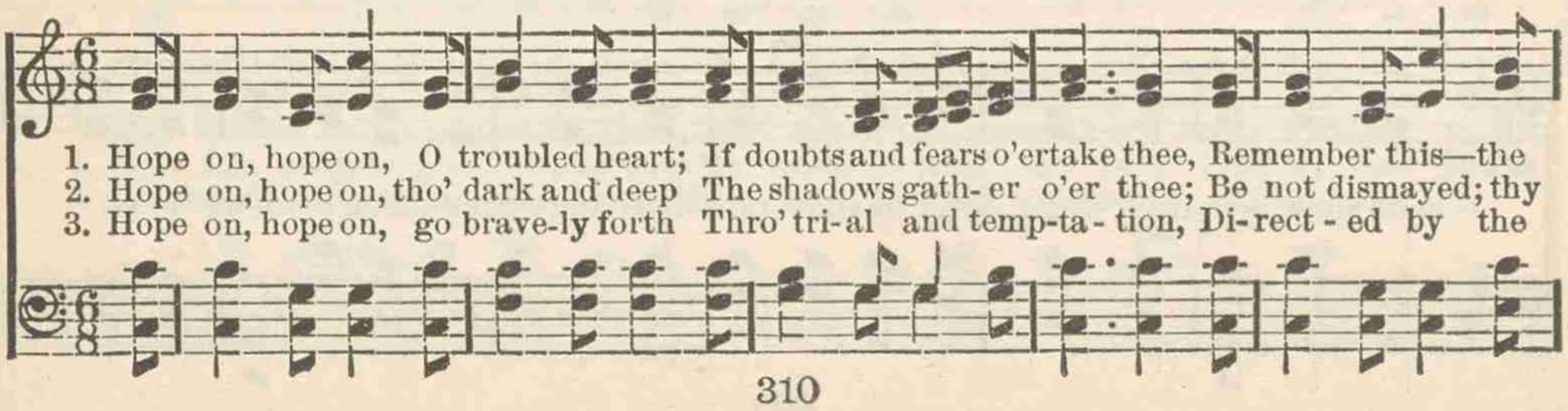
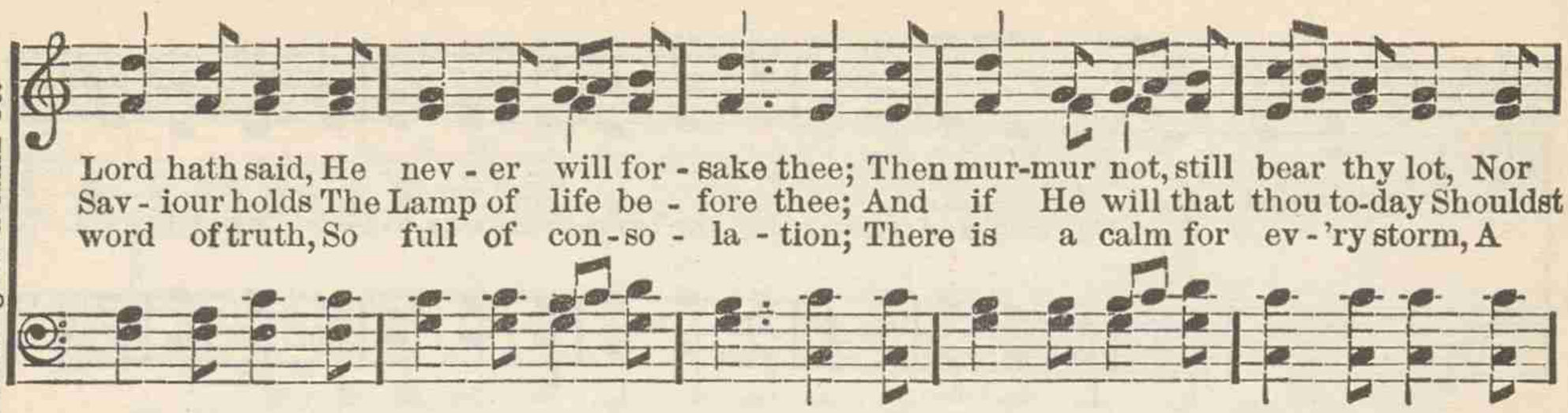
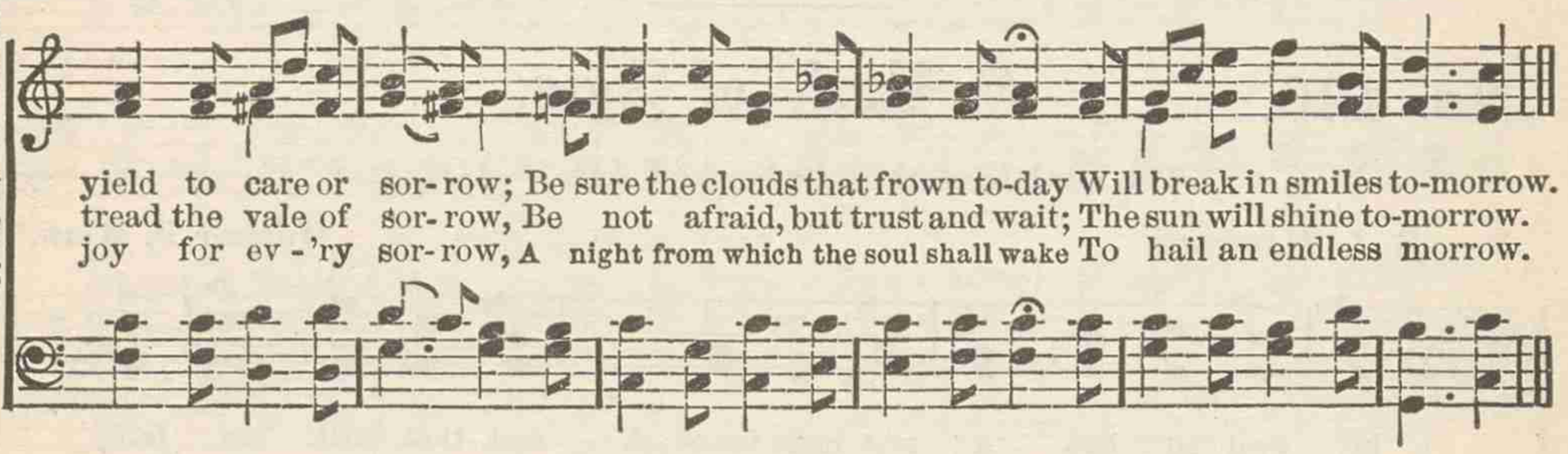
No. 418. Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

ROBERT BRUCE. J. H. BURKE.



Hope On.



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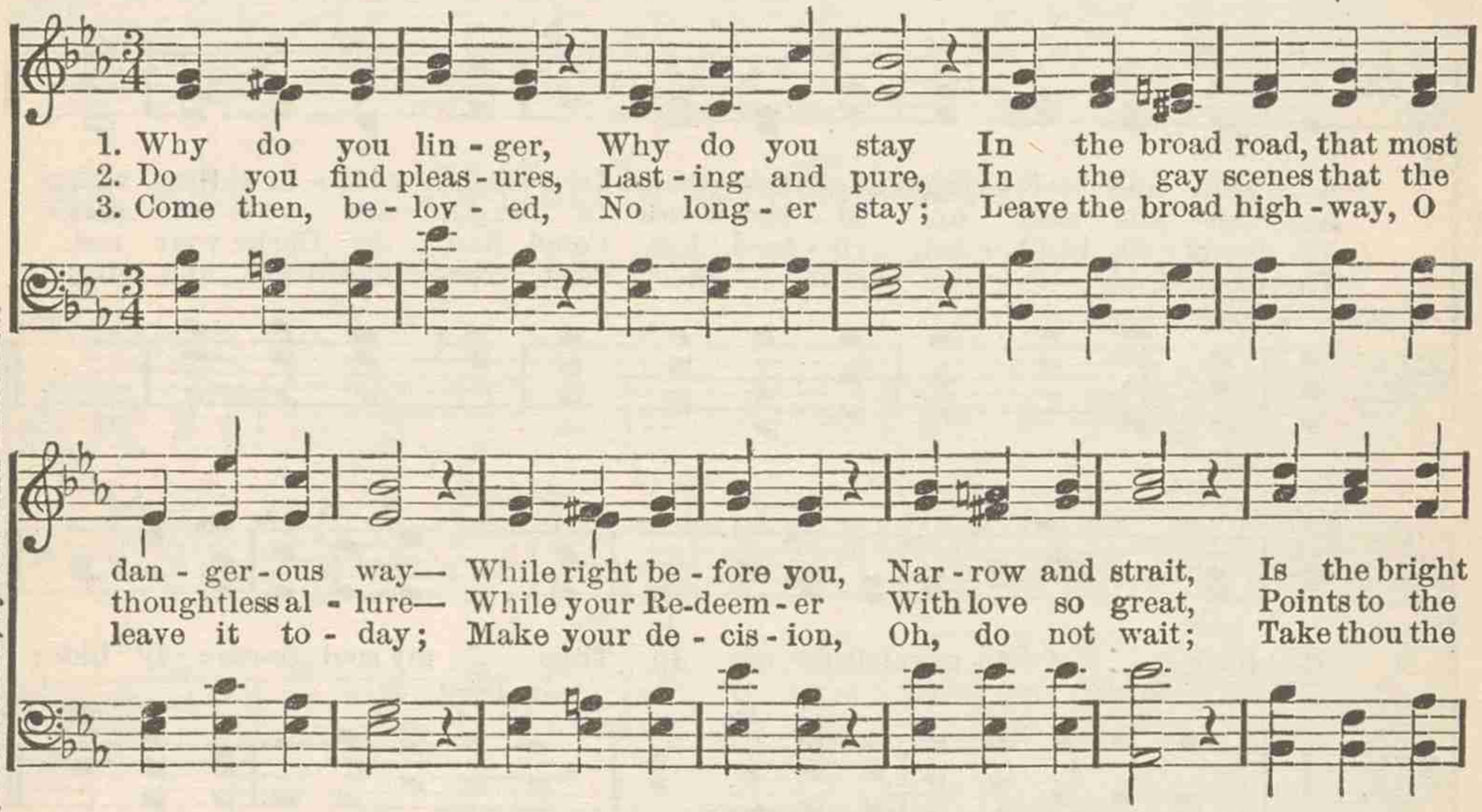
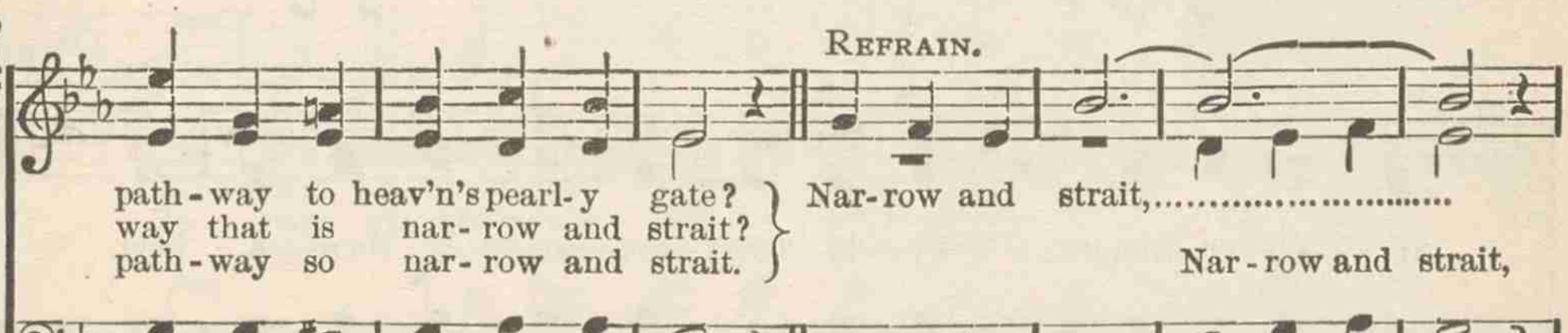
No. 419. Narrow and Strait.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."—MATT. 7: 14.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.



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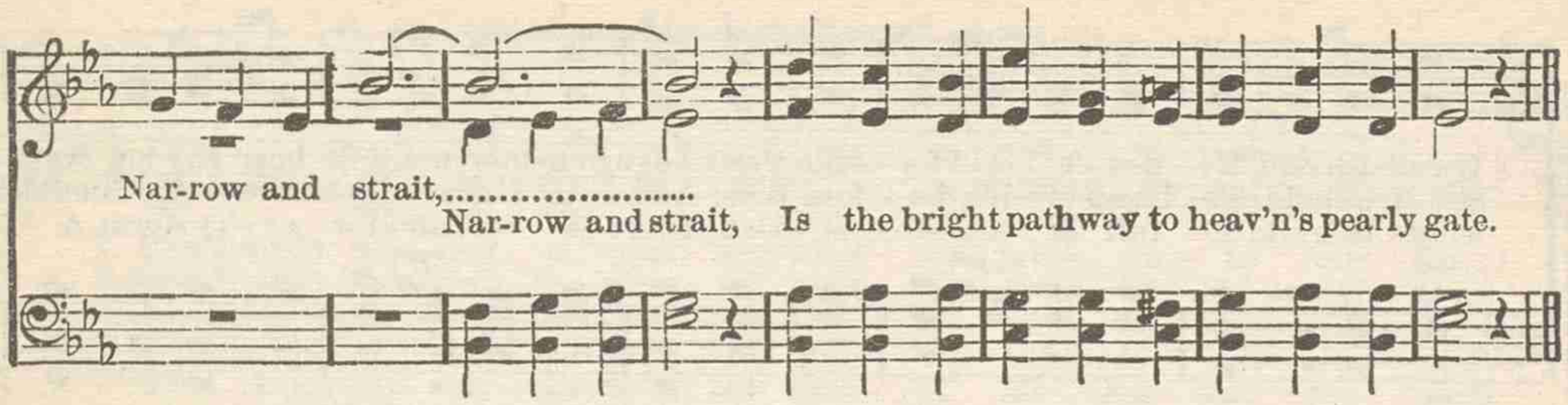
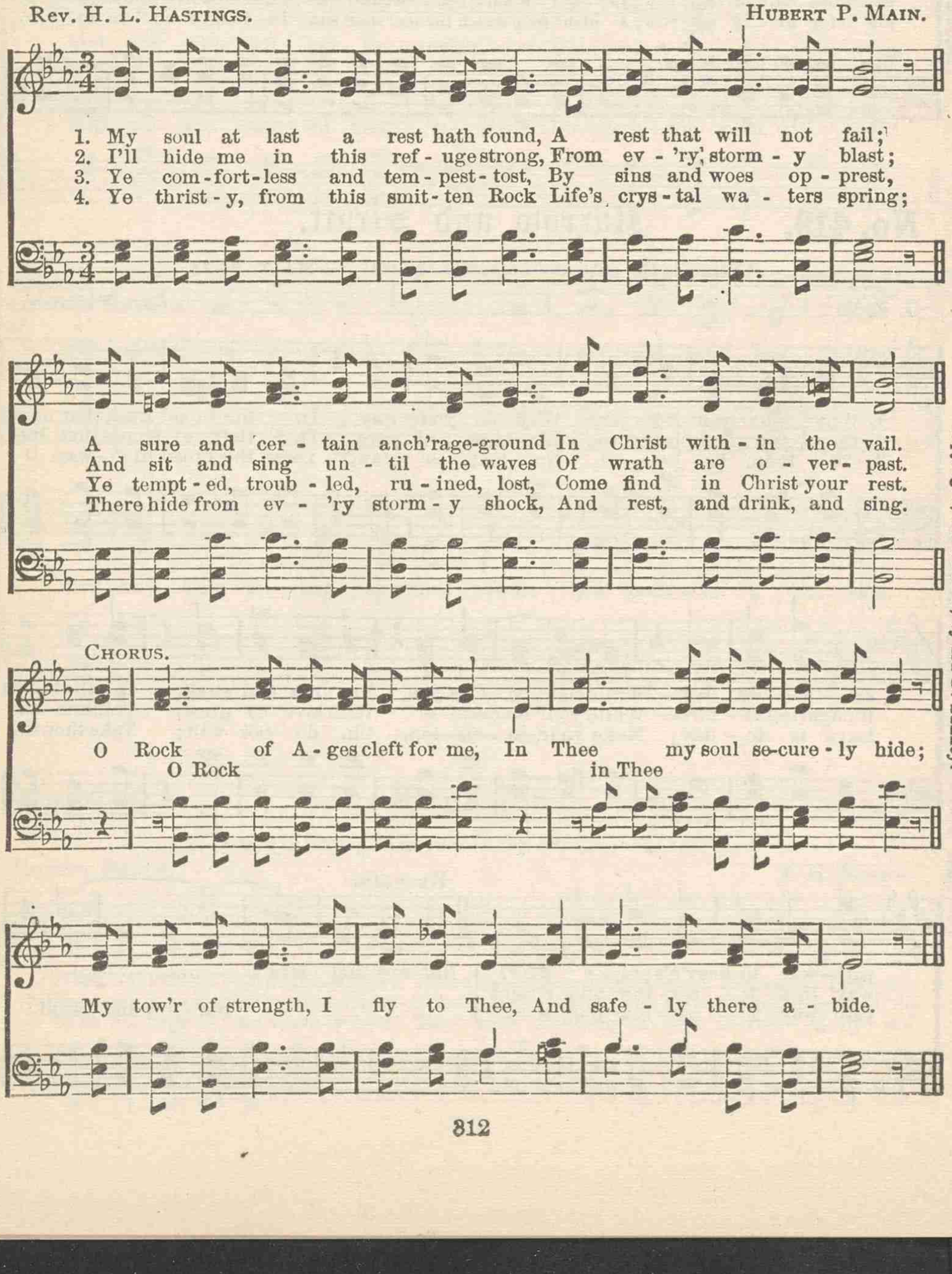
Narrow and Strait.

No. 420. O Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.

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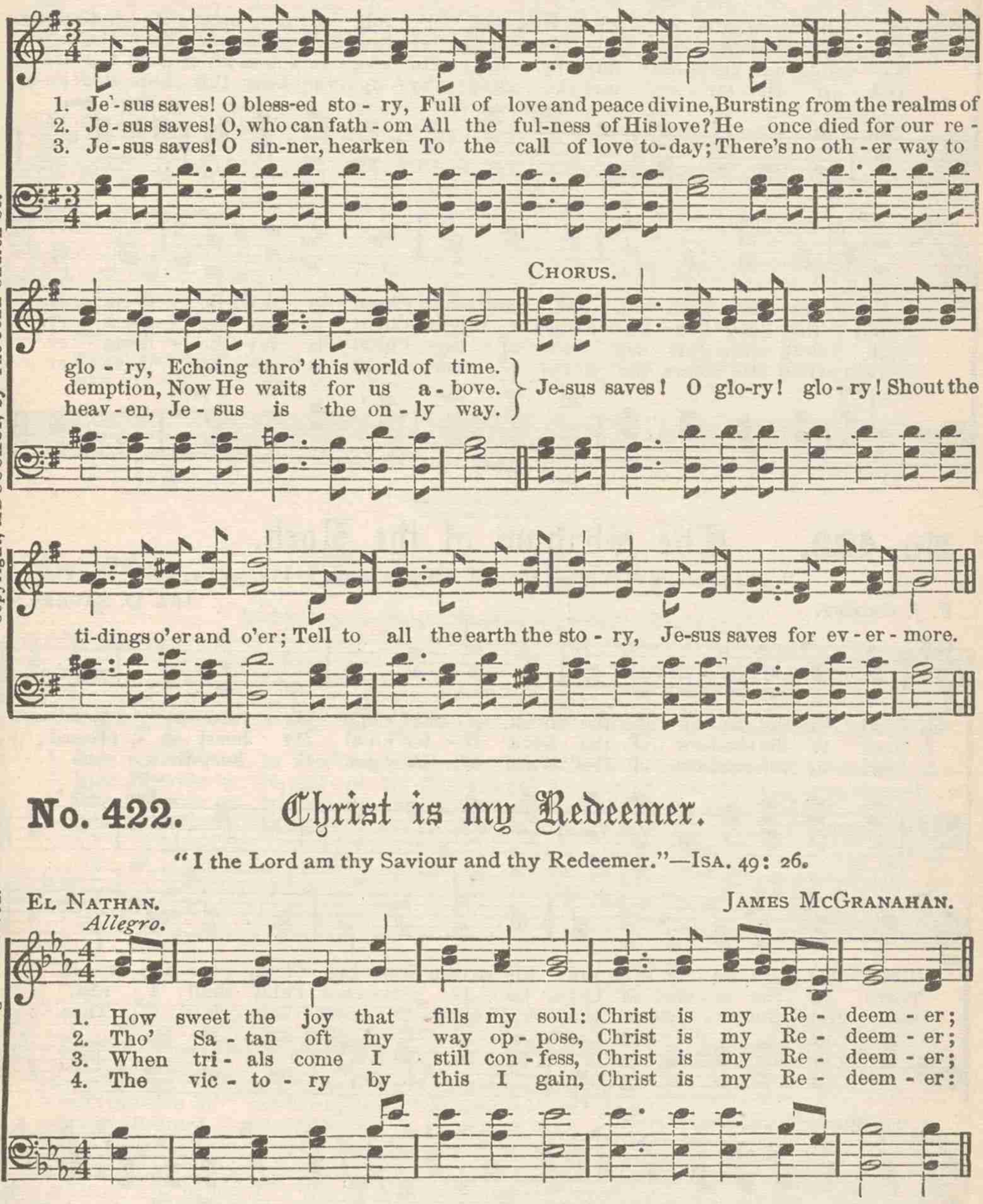
No. 421. Jesus Saves! O Blessed Story.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. 7: 25.

Claudia May Ferrin. J. R. Murray.

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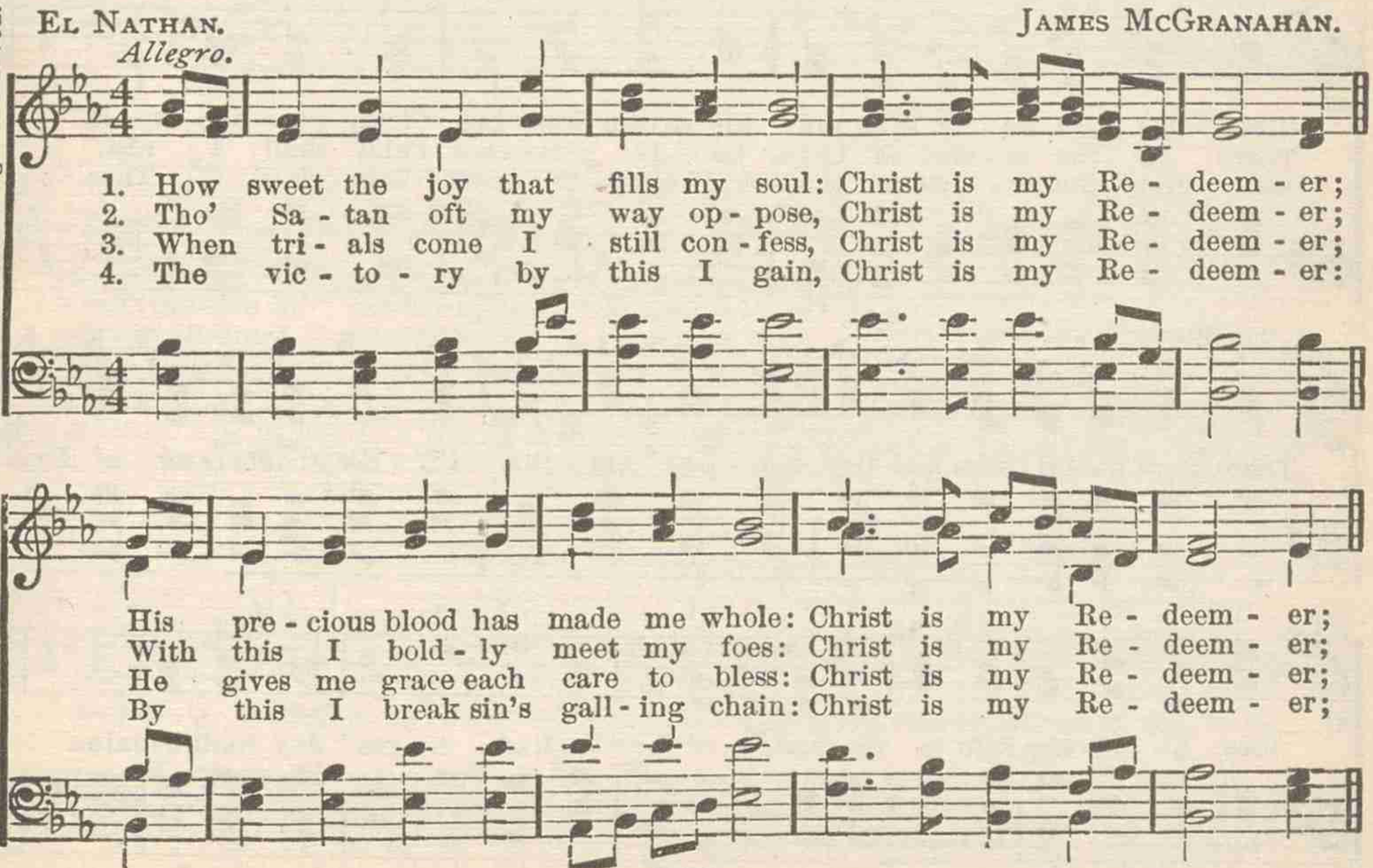
No. 422. Christ is my Redeemer.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer."—Isa. 49: 26.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Allegro.



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Christ is my Redeemer.

My sins were all up - on Him laid, A full a - tone-ment He hath made,
'Twas this that gave me life and light, 'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
He guides and keeps me day by day, He clos - er comes when dark the way,
And if He tar - ry and I sleep, My dy - ing hour this hope shall keep,

For me He hath the ran - som paid: Christ is my Re - deem - er.
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright: Christ is my Re - deem - er.
He doth with this my fears al - lay; Christ is my Re - deem - er.
That when He comes the grave to reap, Christ is my Re - deem - er.

No. 423. The Shadow of the Rock.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock of Ref - uge My wea - ry feet;
2. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock E - ter - nal My heart op - pressed;
3. Lead to the shad-ow of the "Rock of A - ges," O keep thou me

Glve me the wa - ter from the life stream flow - ing Clear, pure and sweet.
There in the se - cret of Thy ho - ly pres - ence, Calm shall I rest.
Safe from the ar - rows of the world's temp - ta - tions, Close, close to Thee.

Chorus.

There from the bil - lows and the tem - pest hid - ing, Un - der the shel - ter of Thy
love a - bid - ing, Safe in the shadow of the "Rock of A - ges," Joy shall be mine.

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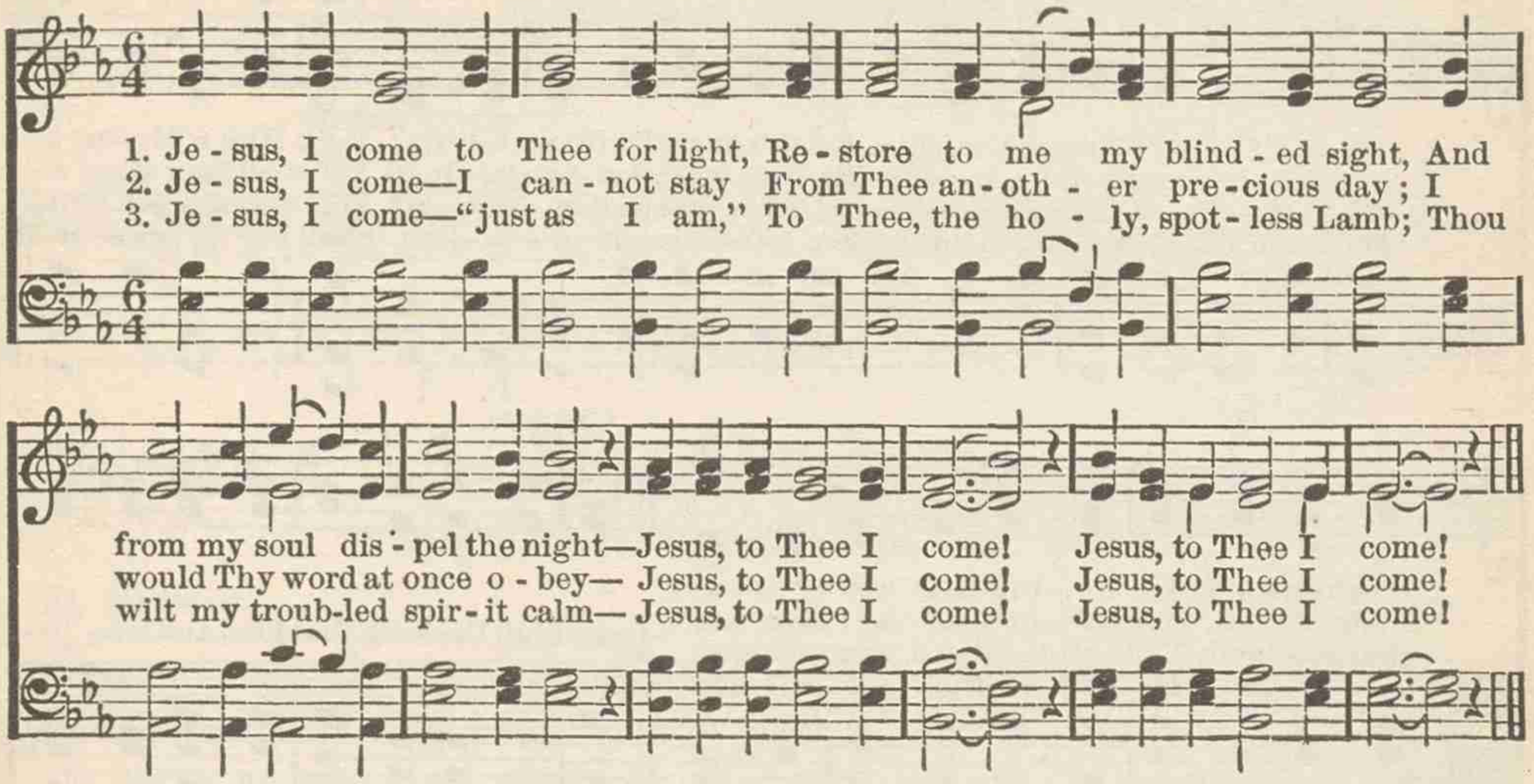
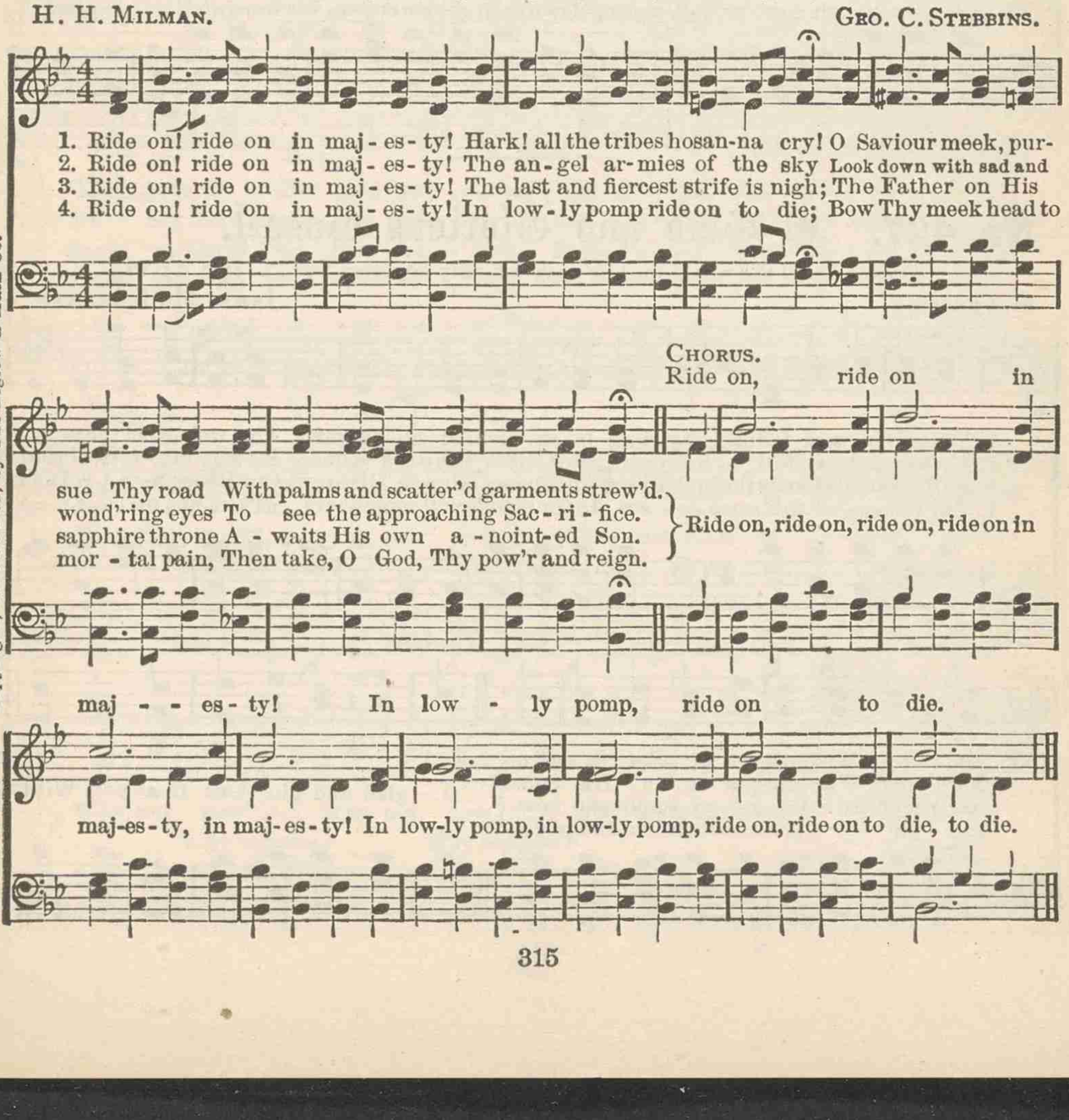
No. 424. To Thee I Come.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Words arr. J. E. GOULD.

No. 425. Ride on in Majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45 : 4.

H. H. MILMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 426. Raise high the Song.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE. J. J. LOWE.

1. Our Sav-iour will descend a-gain, Earth's buried millions raising; With Him will come a
2. And tho' these bod-ies lie in dust Be-fore that glad appear-ing, Yet shall they stand a-
3. What, tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sadness? Yet we may see that
4. Then, safe at last, this blessed throng, Set free from trib-u-la-tion, Shall ev-er praise in

CHORUS.

glo-rious train, A-dor-ing Him and prais-ing.
mong the just, Our Saviour's im-age wear-ing.
glo-rious hour, And hail the dawn with gladness.
ho-ly song The God of their sal-va-tion.

} Raise high the song that loud and long Be-

fore Him ceaseth nev-er, Till, casting down each golden crown, We worship Him forev-er.

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No. 427. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—JNO. 3: 16.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis a true and faithful say-ing, Je-sus died for sin-ful men; Tho' we've told the story
2. He has made a full a-tonement, Now His saving work is done; He has sat-is-fied the
3. Still upon His hands the nail prints, And the scars up-on His brow, Our Redeem-er, Lord and
4. But remem-ber this same Je-sus In the clouds will come again, And with Him His blood-bought

CHORUS.

oft-en, We must tell it o'er a-gain.
Fa-ther, Who accepts us in His Son.
Sav-iour In the glo-ry stand-eth now.
peo-ple Ev-er-more shall live and reign.

} O glad and glo-rious Gos-pel! With

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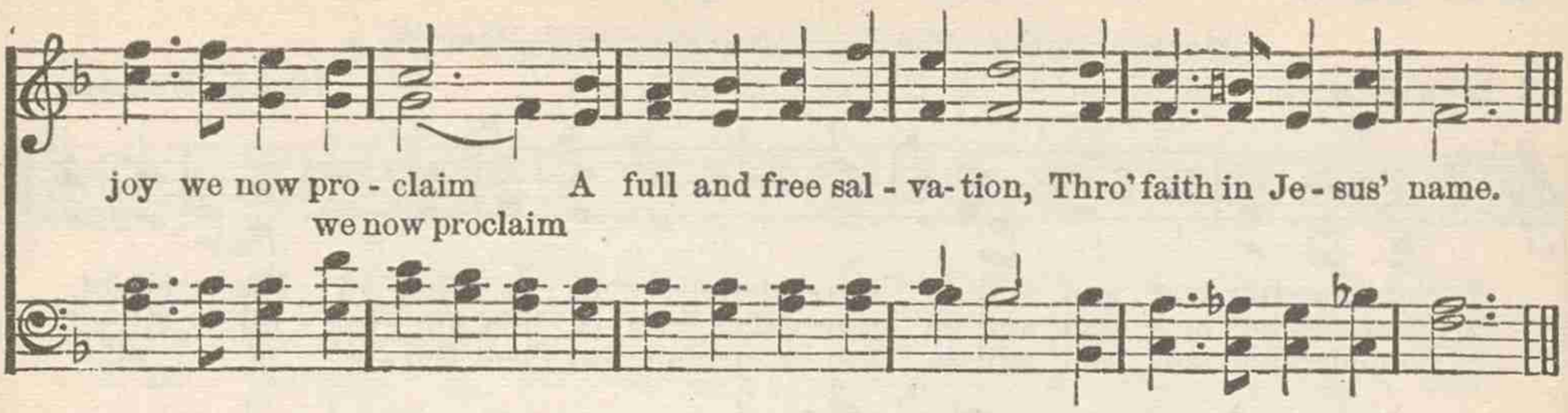
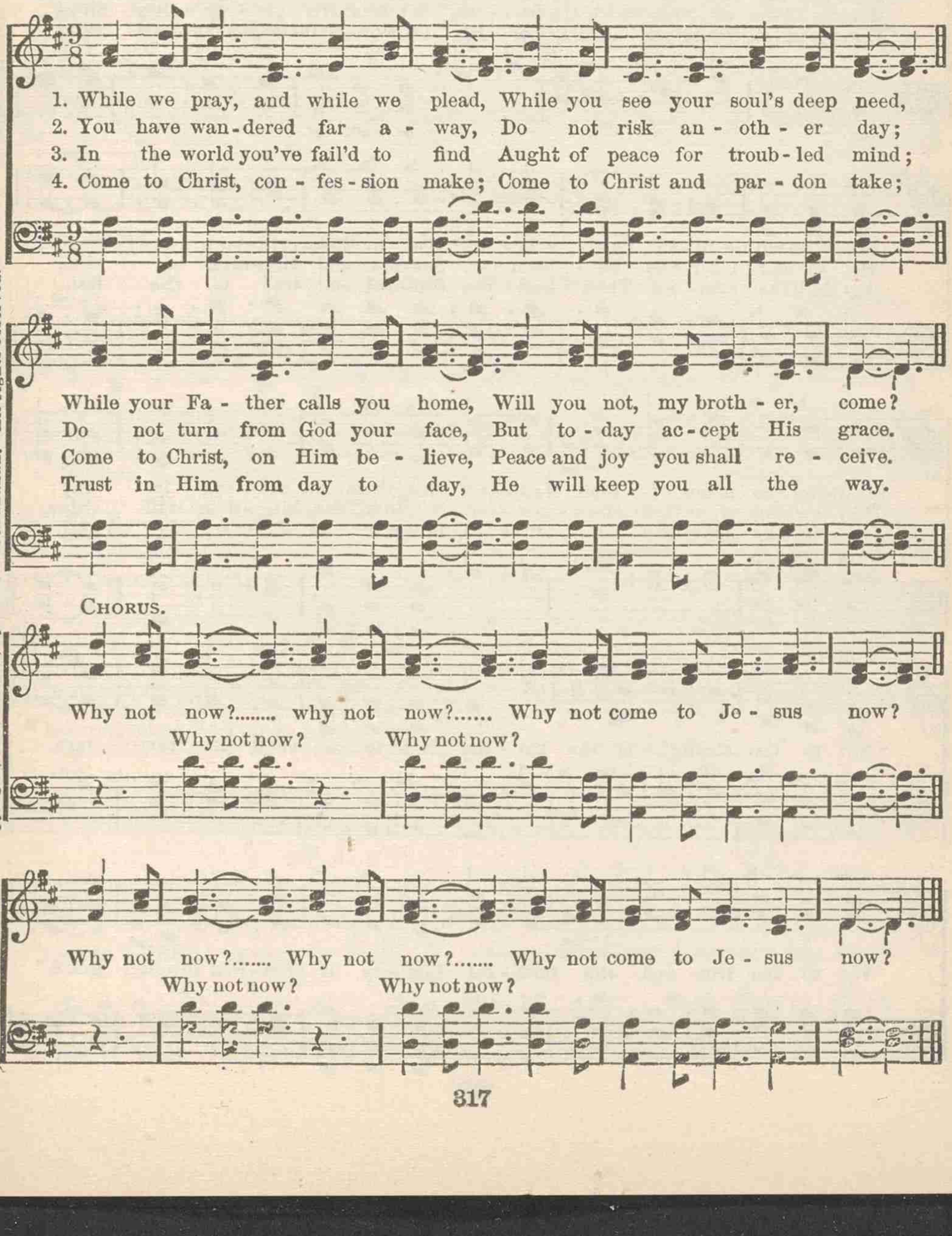
O Glad and Glorious Gospel.



No. 428. Why Not Now?

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.



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No. 429. Victory Through Grace.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6: 2.

S. Martin. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar-ray
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-iour and Mon-arch di-vine,
Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal, Rest when their war-fare is past.

Chorus.

"Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict'-ry is prom-ised through grace."

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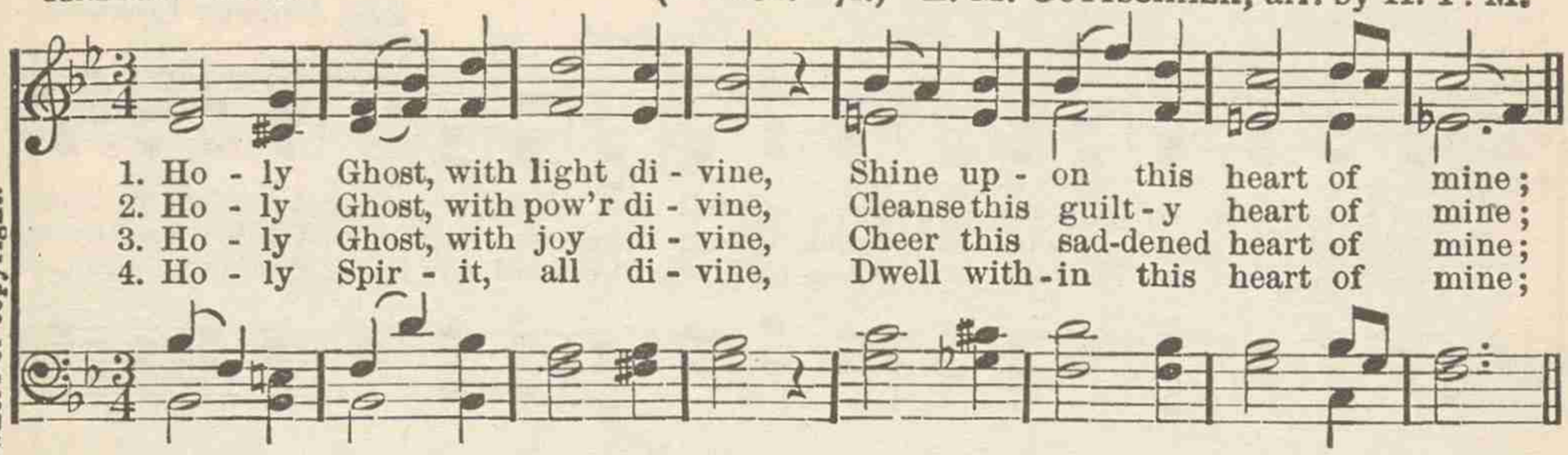
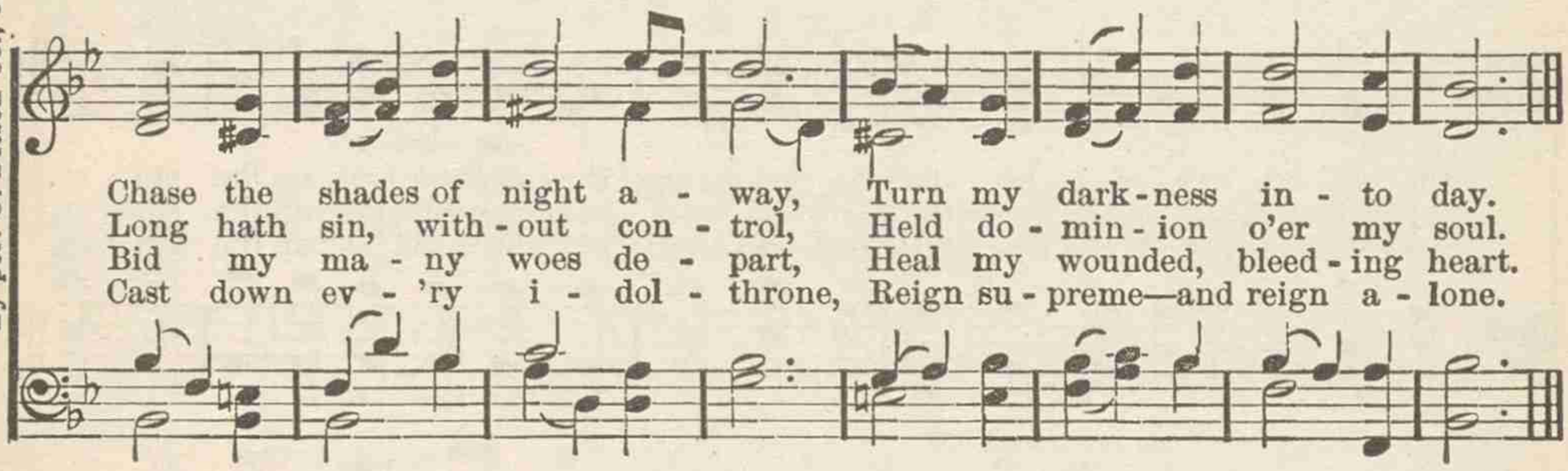
No. 430. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

ANDREW REED. (MERCY. 7s.) L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. M.

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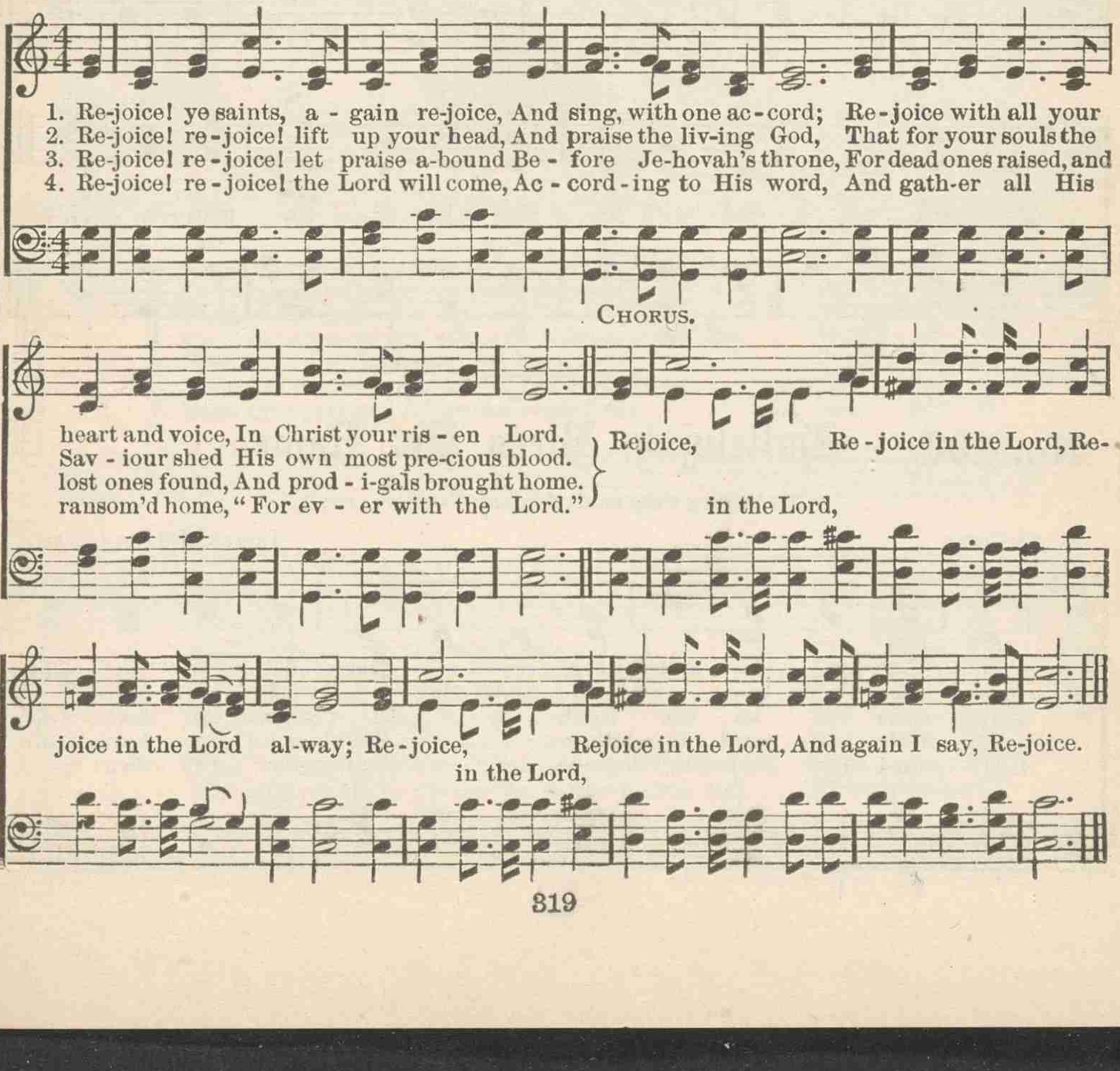
No. 431. Rejoice! Ye Saints.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

C. R. H. J. H. BURKE.



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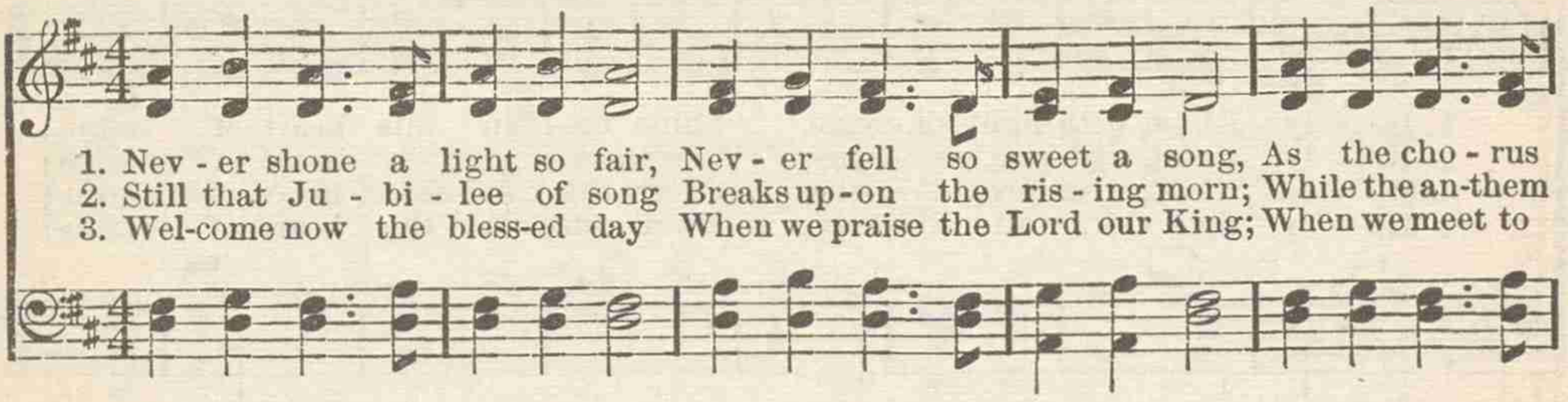
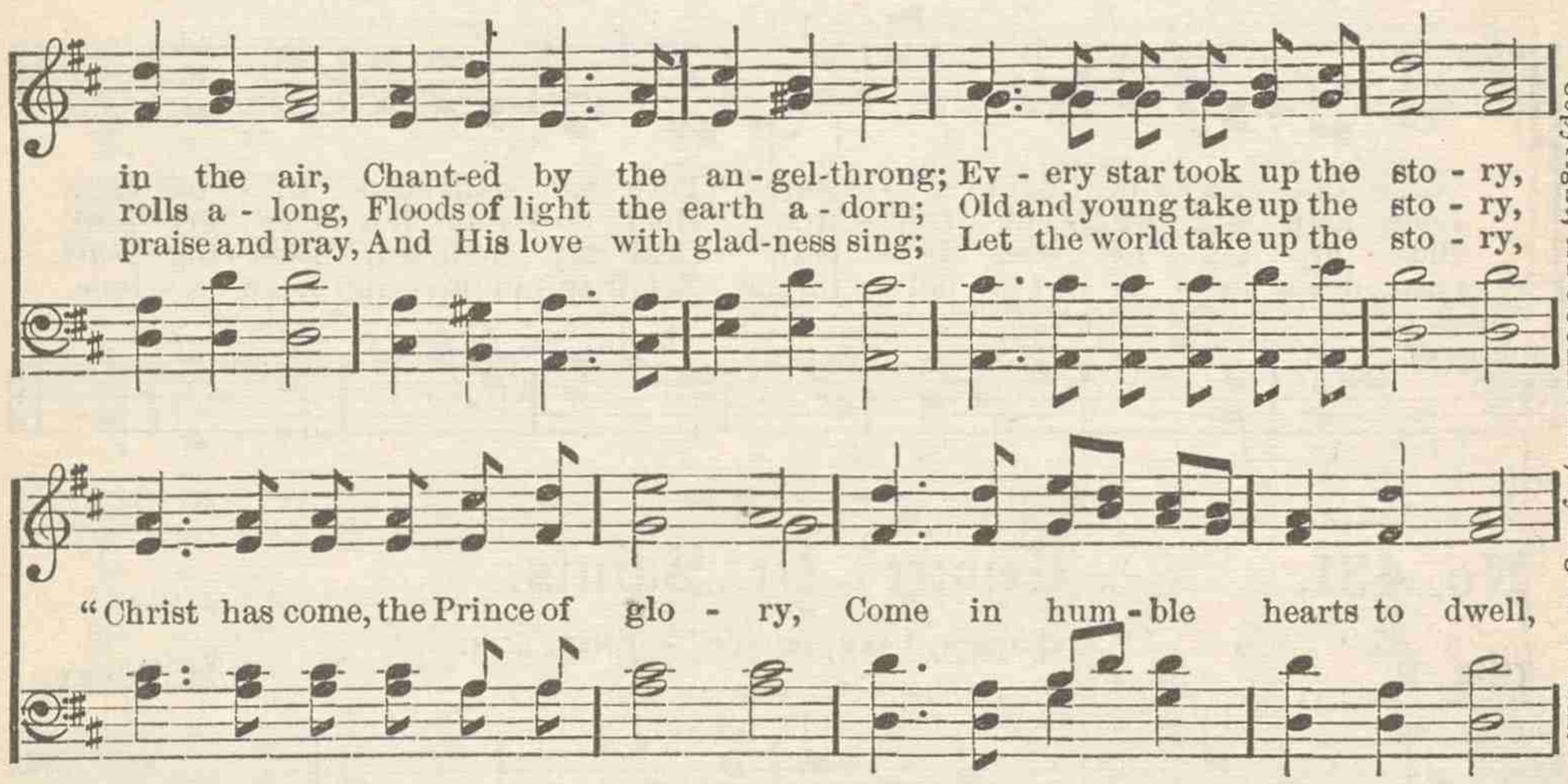
No. 432. Never Shone a Light so Fair.

"I am come a light into the world."—John 12: 46.

F. J. Crosby. Rev. Robert Lowry.

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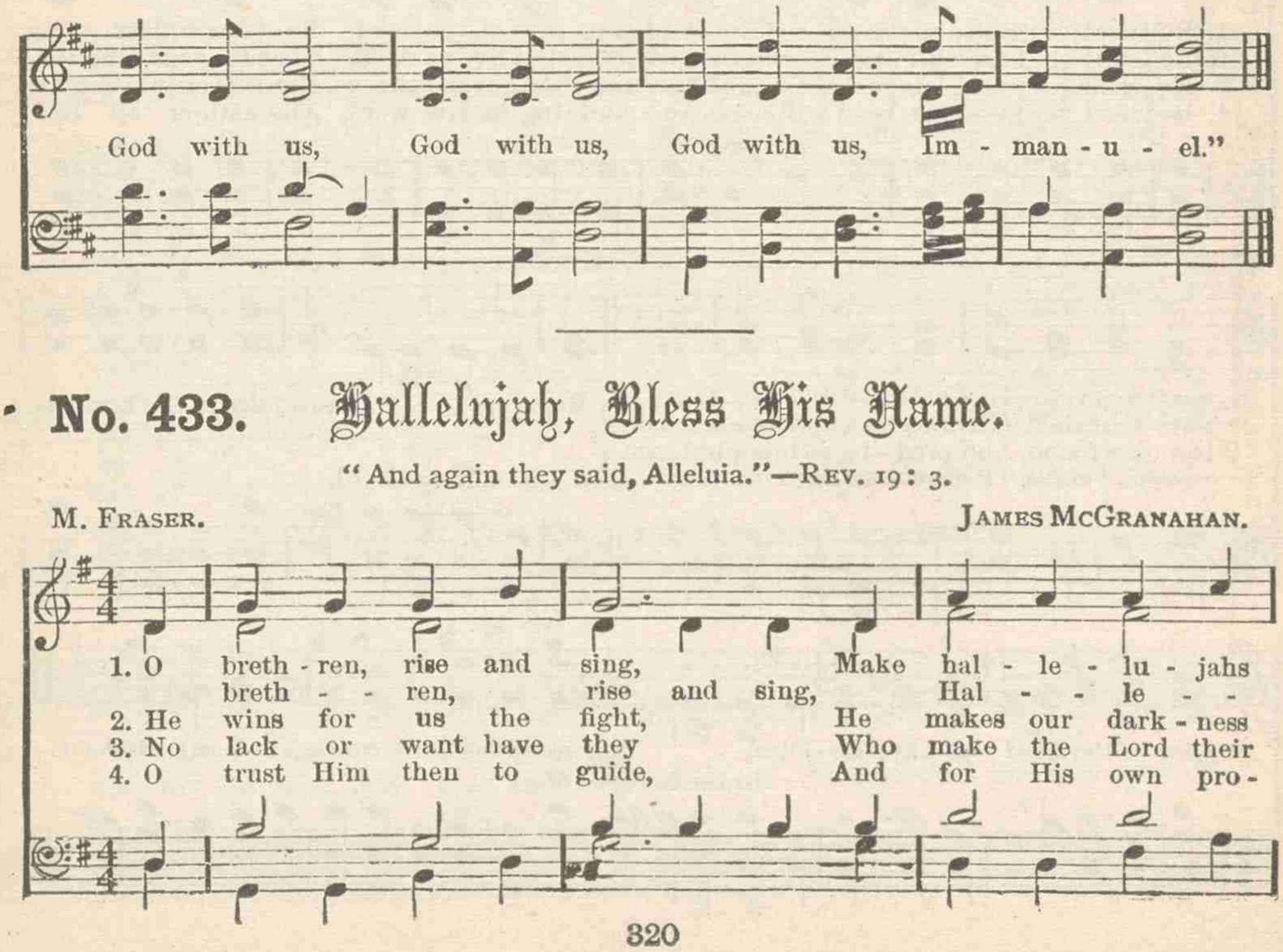
No. 433. Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

"And again they said, Alleluia."—Rev. 19: 3.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

ring To our Al-might-y King, And bless His name.
lu-jahs ring And bless His name.
light, All drear-y doubts take flight When He ap - - pears.
stay; New strength for ev - 'ry day His grace sup - plies.
vide; Should weal or woe be - tide, Trust to the end.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name; Hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, bless His name!
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,

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No. 434. Following Fully.

M. FRASER. "The Lord is my shepherd."—PSA. 23: 1. M. A. SEA.

1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said, "Come, fol - low me;"
2. He led me through green pasture land, By wa - ters still;
3. From out no other eye had ever beamed Such love on me;
4. Black clouds were gathering on a blacker sky, the World all so drear;
5. Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me, I can - not see;
6. And soon there came a loving call in answer, "Be not a - fraid;
7. None ever perished following Jesus fully, No, nev - er one;

What wonder that in haste I rose, So kind was He!
With such a Guide, who would not follow, Go where He will?
Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow Hard aft - er Thee.
Upon the night wind rose the cry of One in great fear.
My feet are stumbling on the mountains; Oh! suc - cor me.
Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and the weary Mine arm shall aid."
The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safe - ly home.

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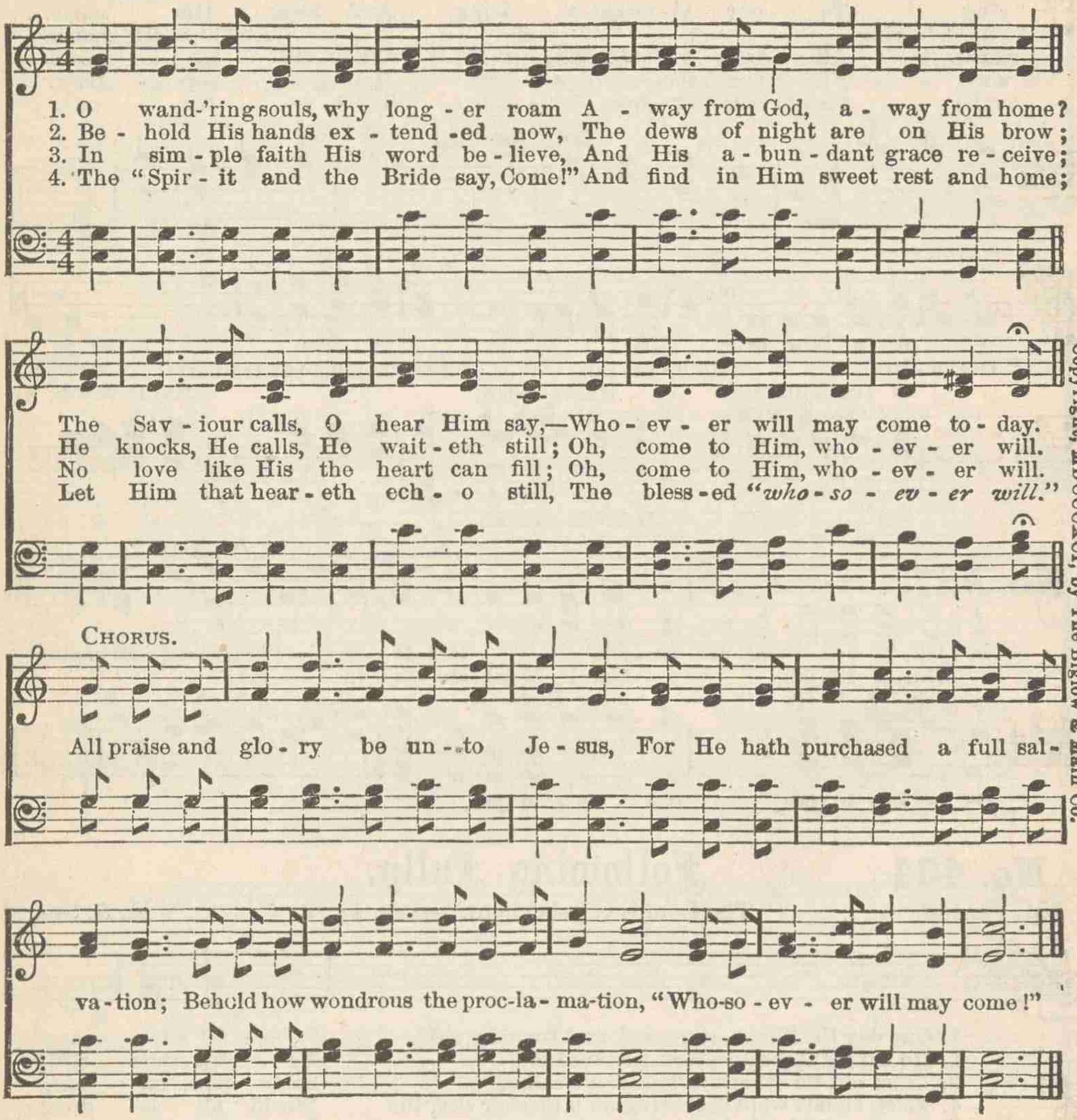
No. 435. Whosoever Will May Come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.



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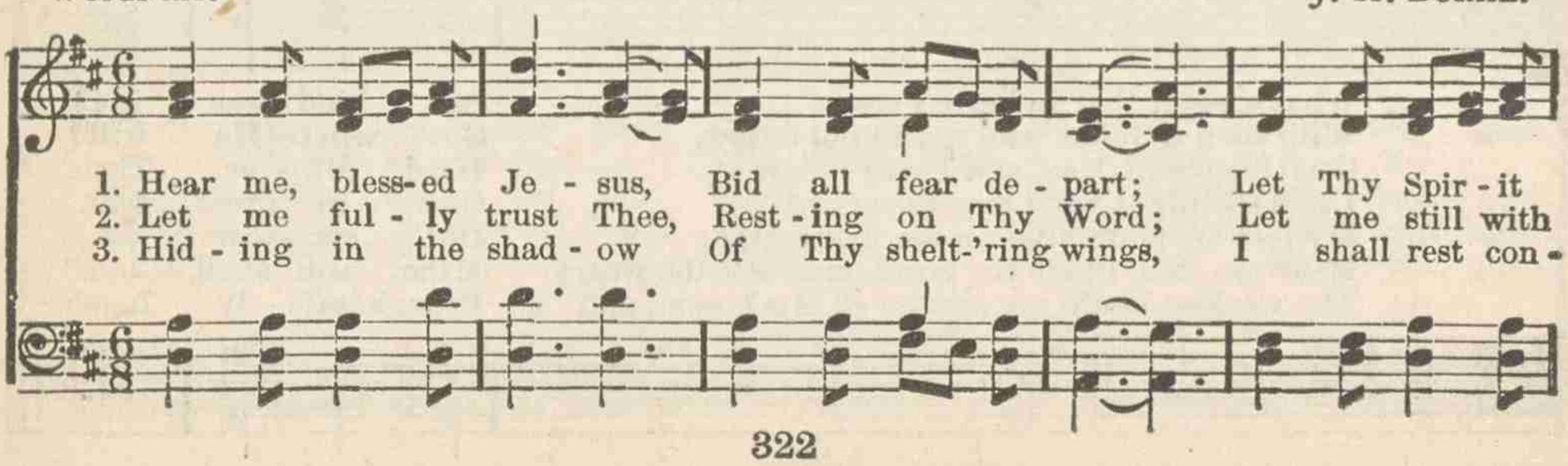
No. 436. Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Words arr. J. H. Burke.

Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.

CHORUS.

whis - per Peace with - in my heart.
pa - tience Wait on Thee, O Lord.
fid - ing In the King of kings.
} Then, what - e'er Thou send - est,

Hap - py shall I be, Je - sus, my Re-deem - er, Look-ing un - to Thee.

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No. 437. Yes, We'll Meet in the Morning.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

C. E. B, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Yes, we'll meet a - gain in the morn - ing, In the dawn of a fair - er day;
When the night of watch-ing and wait - ing, With its dark-ness has passed a - way.
2. Where our pre-cious ones now are dwell - ing, Free from toil and from ev - 'ry care;
With their garments spot-less and shin - ing, Like the robes that the an - gels wear.
3. O what joy when all shall be o - ver, And the jour - ney on earth we close,
And the an-gels homeward shall bear us, Where the life-stream for-ev - er flows.

Where no shad - ows veil the sun - shine, O - ver there in the heav'nly land,
When our pil - grim - age com - plet - ed, And our foot-steps no lon - ger roam,
We shall see the King of glo - ry, We shall praise Him with harp and voice;

And the crys - tal waves of the riv - er, Ev - er flow o'er the gold - en sand.
By the pearl - y gates glad-ly wait - ing, They will give us a wel - come home.
We shall sing the grace that re - deemed us, While our hearts in His love re - joice.

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No. 438. Gird on the Sword and Armor.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Go raise the ban-ner high; The Cap-tain of Sal -
2. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Let faith be thy strong shield; His prom-ise shall sus -
3. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Press on the foe to fight; No en - e - my can

va - tion To Thee is ev - er nigh.
tain thee On ev - 'ry bat - tle field.
harm thee, For God sustains the right.

CHORUS.

Then wave the glo-rious ban - ner, Press for-ward in His name; And soon thy Guide and Cap - tain Will vic - to - ry proclaim. His name;

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No. 439. My Saviour tells me so.

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—JNO. 6: 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. How do I know my sins for-given? My Sav-iour tells me so; That now I am an
2. By trusting Christ the wit-ness came, My Sav-iour tells me so; The pardon's free in
3. Be - lieve and thou shalt sure-ly live, My Sav-iour tells me so; The Spir-it's wit- ness
4. Though rough the way, I shall en - dure, My Sav-iour tells me so; His sheep are ev - er
5. How do I know I'll live a - gain? My Sav-iour tells me so; With Christ in glo - ry

heir of heav'n? My Sav - iour tells me so.
Je - sus' name, My Sav - iour tells me so.
God will give, My Sav - iour tells me so.
kept se - cure, My Sav - iour tells me so.
I shall reign, My Sav - iour tells me so.

CHORUS.

A - way with doubt, a - way with fear, When

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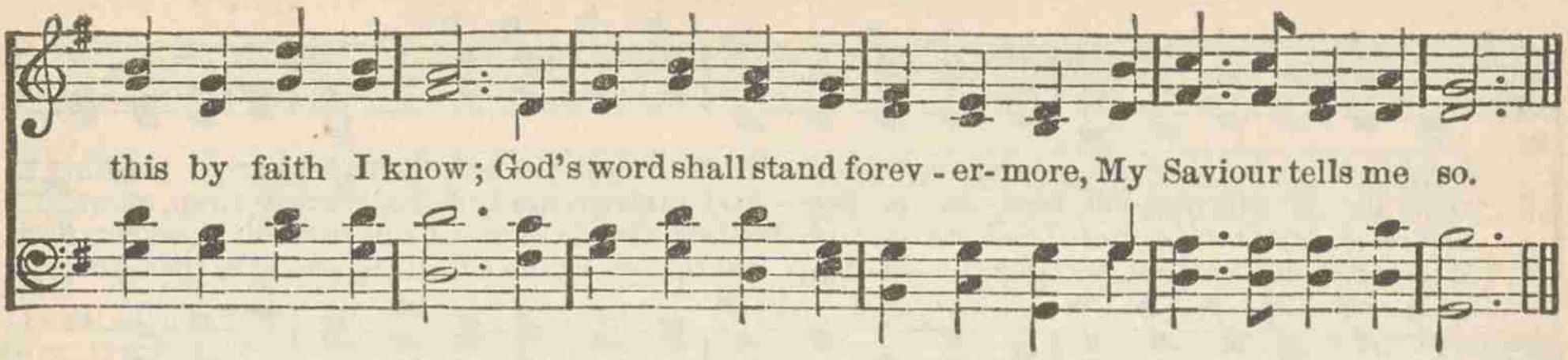
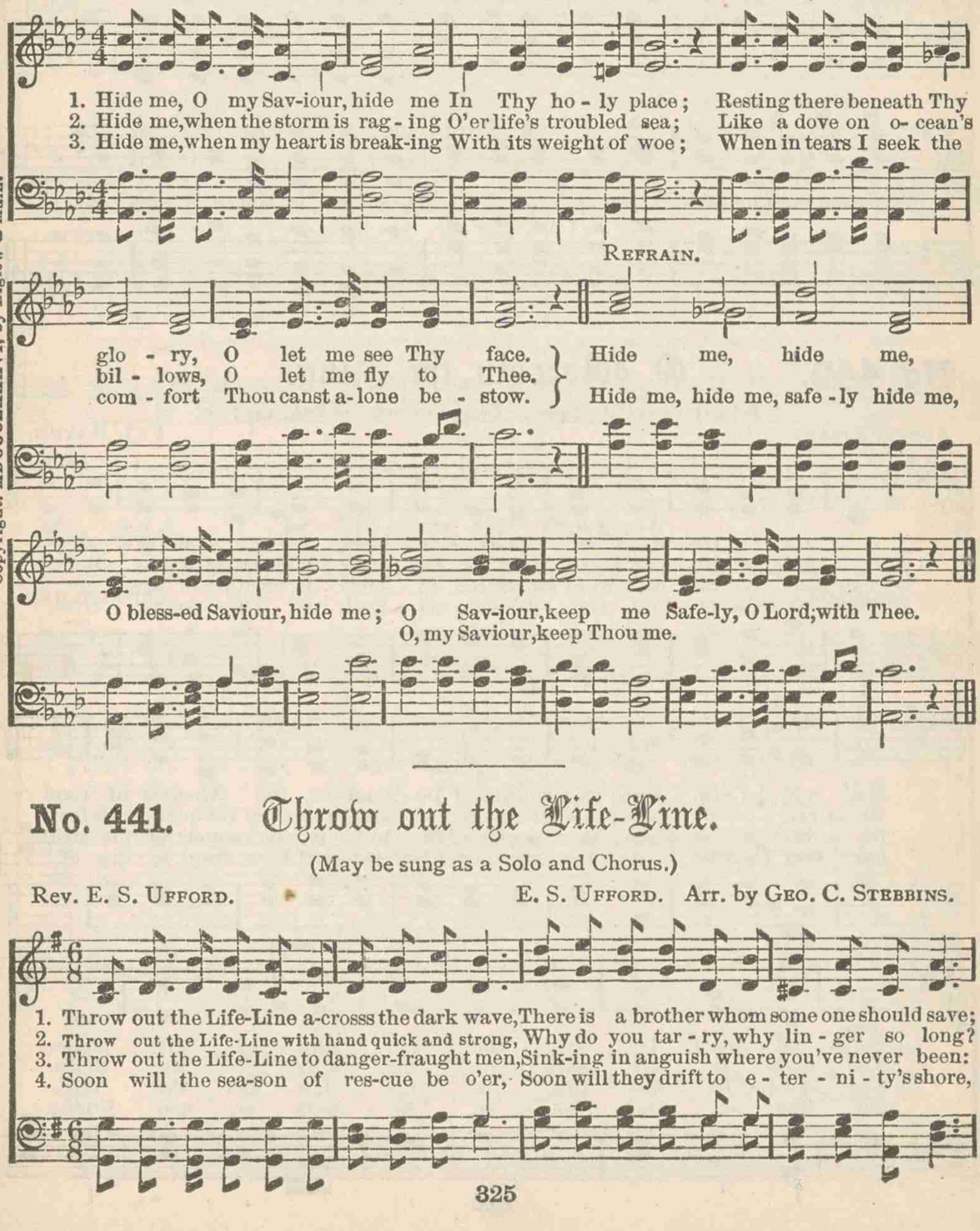
My Saviour tells me so.

No. 440. Hide Me.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

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



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No. 441. Throw out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

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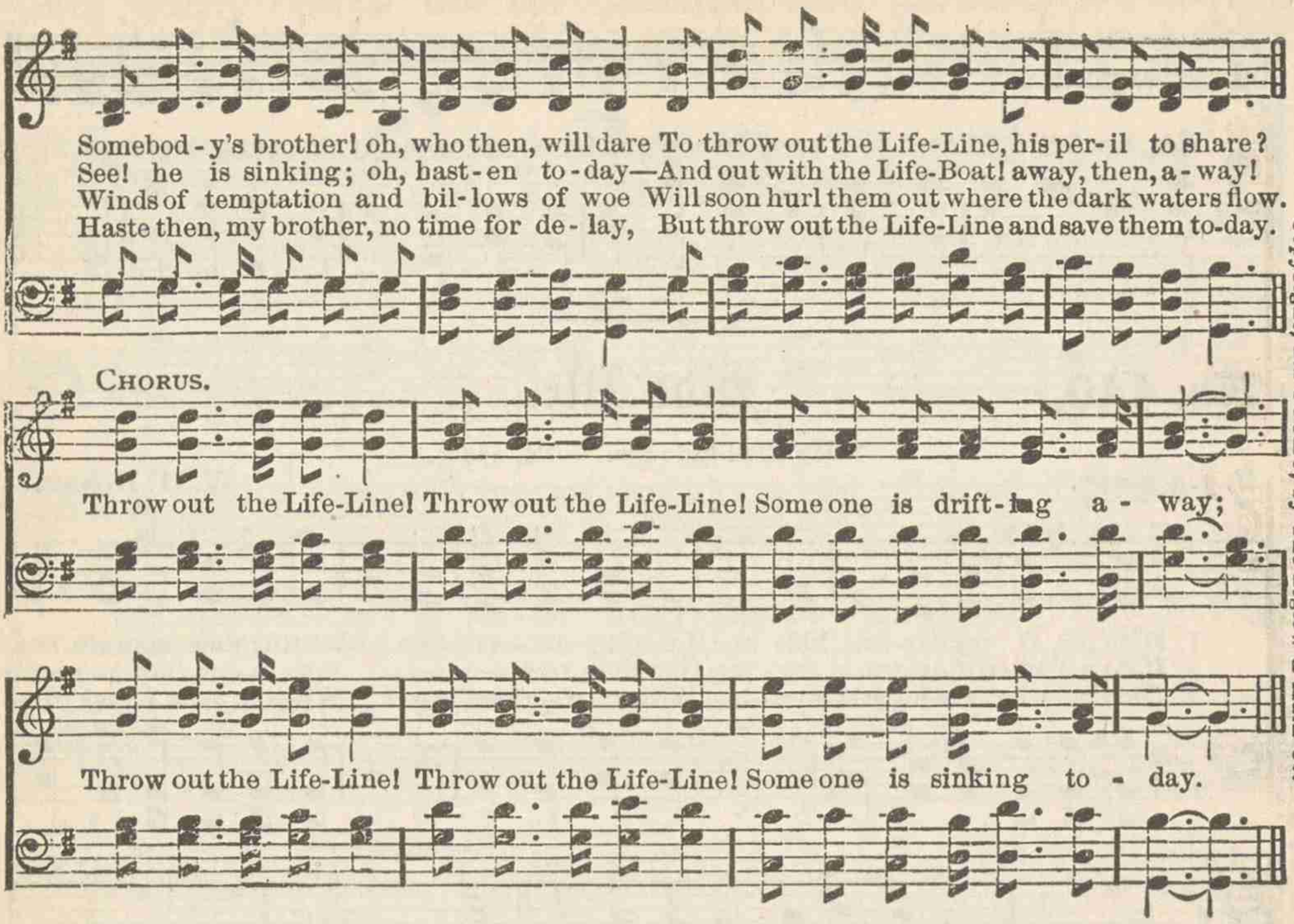
Throw out the Life-Line.



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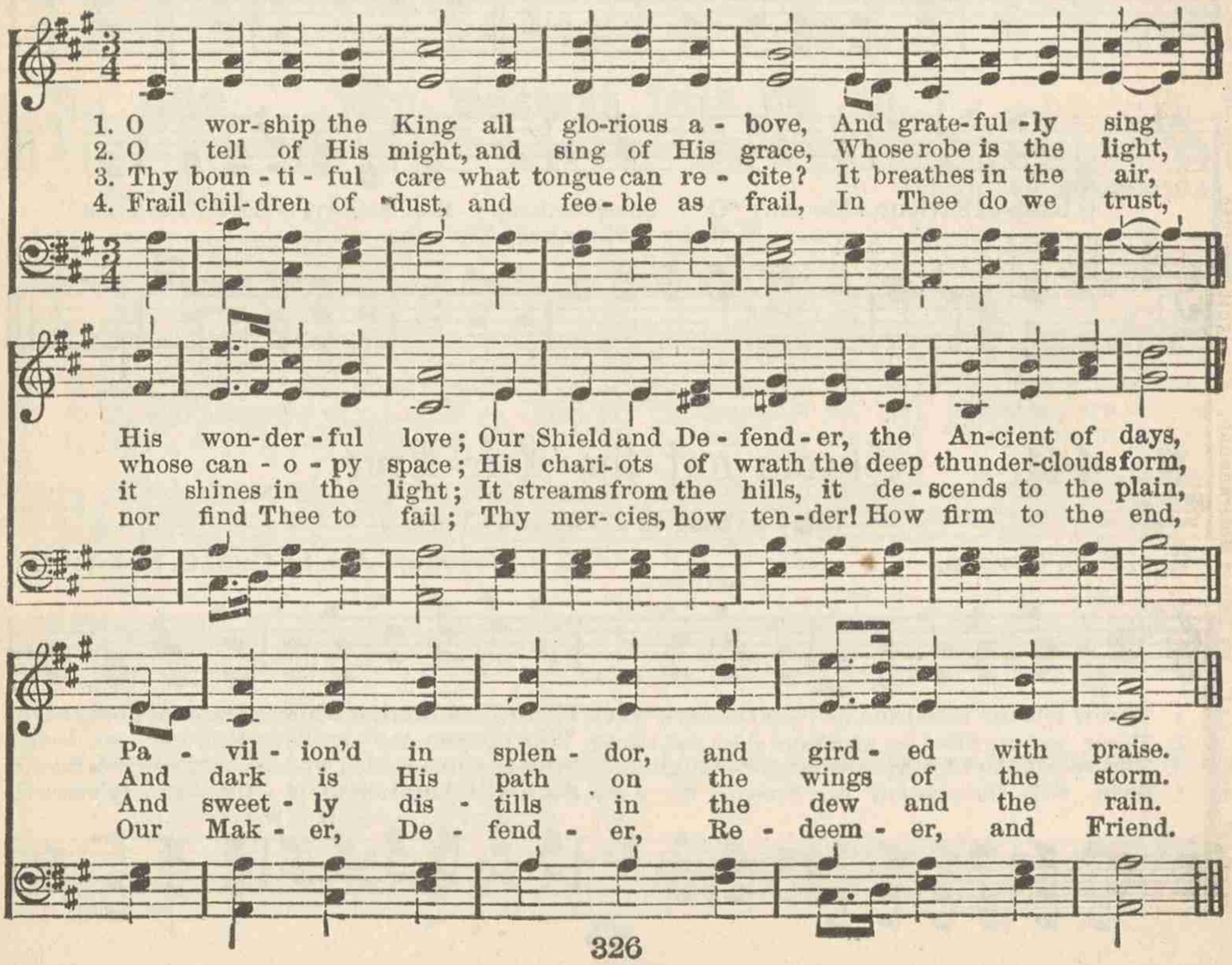
No. 442. O Worship the King.

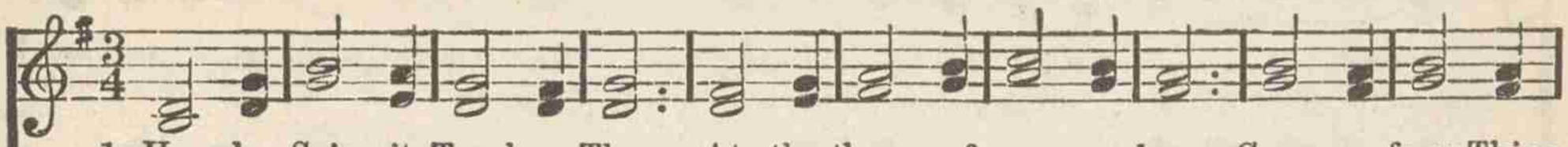
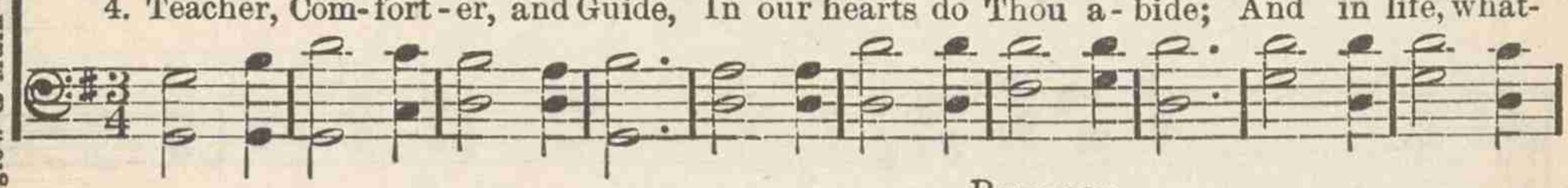
"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—PSA. 145: 10.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.



No. 443. Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

"He shall teach you all things."—JOHN 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teach-er Thou, At the throne of grace we bow; Come, perform Thine
2. Comfort - er in-deed Thou art, Giv-ing strength to ev - 'ry heart; Let Thy pres-ence
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar-row way; Grant that we may
4. Teacher, Com-fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide; And in life, what-

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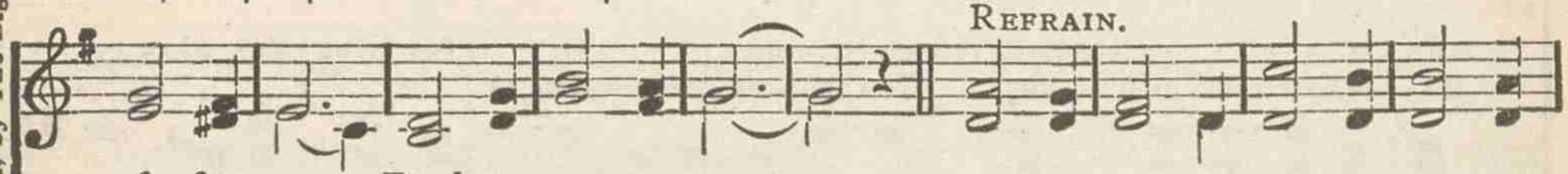
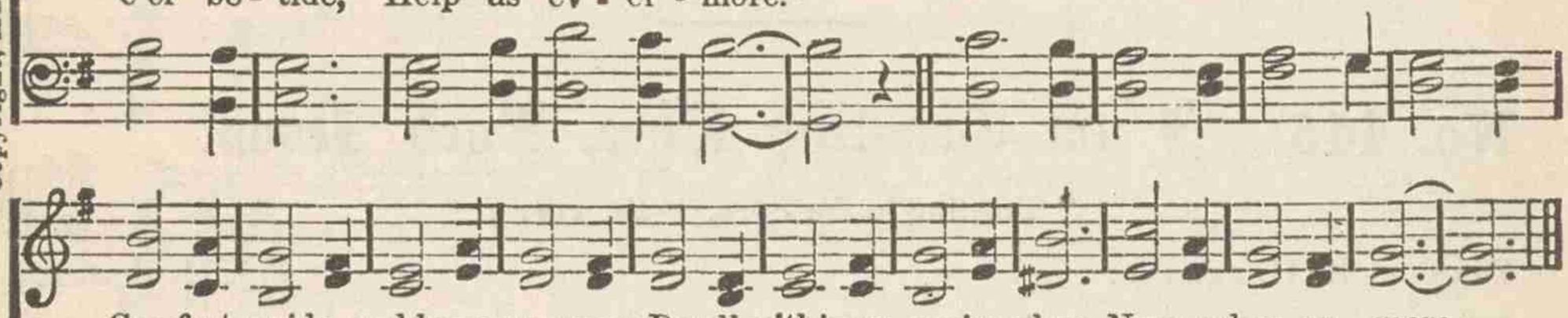
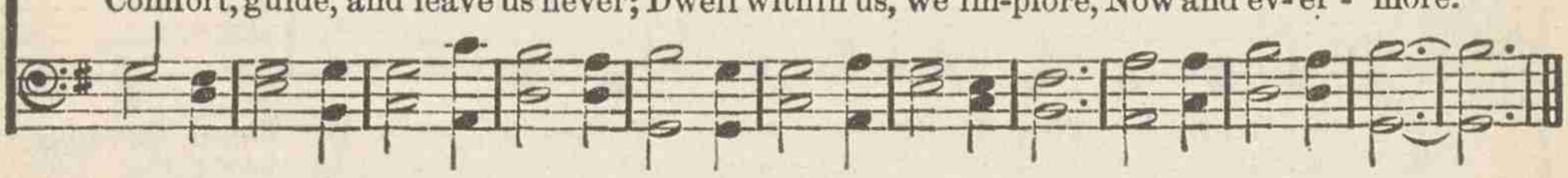


of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.
ne'er de- part, Com - fort ev - er - more.
nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.
e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.

Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er,

Comfort, guide, and leave us never; Dwell within us, we im-plore, Now and ev-er - more.



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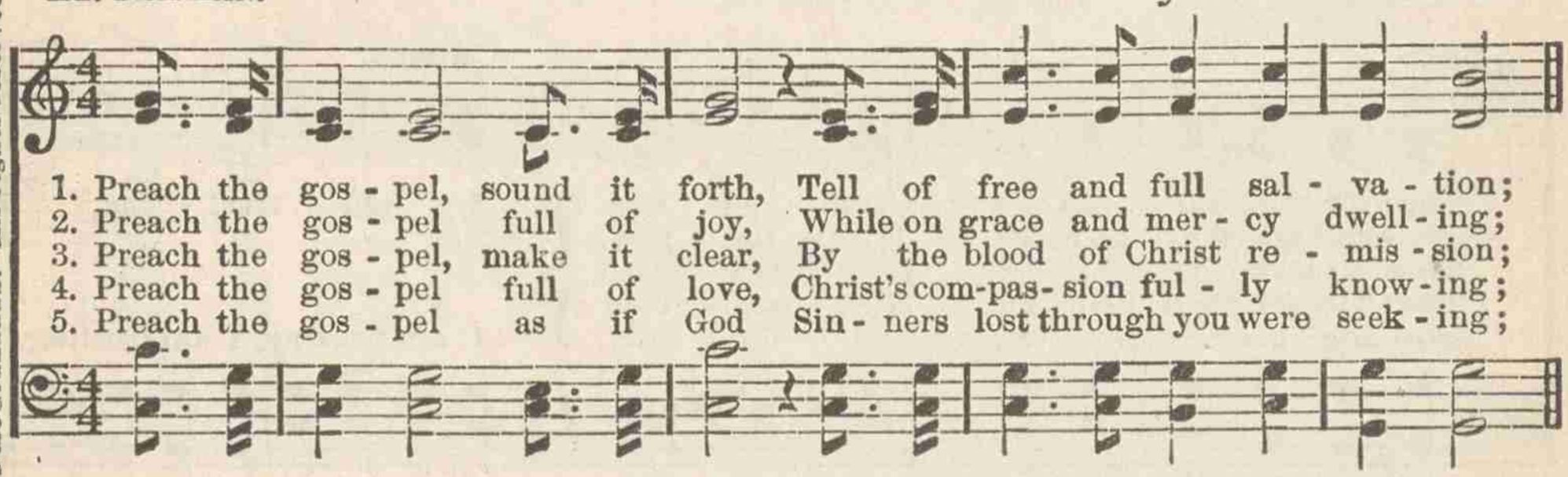
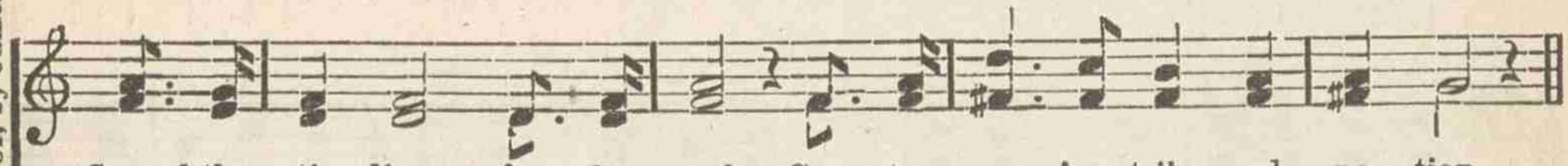
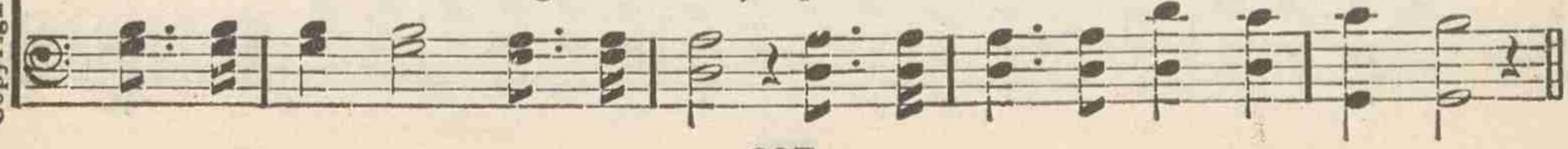
No. 444. Preach the Gospel.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Preach the gos - pel, sound it forth, Tell of free and full sal - va - tion;
2. Preach the gos - pel full of joy, While on grace and mer - cy dwell - ing;
3. Preach the gos - pel, make it clear, By the blood of Christ re - mis - sion;
4. Preach the gos - pel full of love, Christ's com-pas- sion ful - ly know - ing;
5. Preach the gos - pel as if God Sin - ners lost through you were seek - ing;



Spread the ti - dings o'er the earth, Go to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Heart and soul in full em - ploy, As the sto - ry you are tell - ing.
Give the mes - sage, make them hear, This a - lone is our com - mis - sion.
Seek the pow - er from a - bove, While His great com-pas - sion show - ing.
His sal - va - tion through the word, Speaks as if the Lord were speak - ing.

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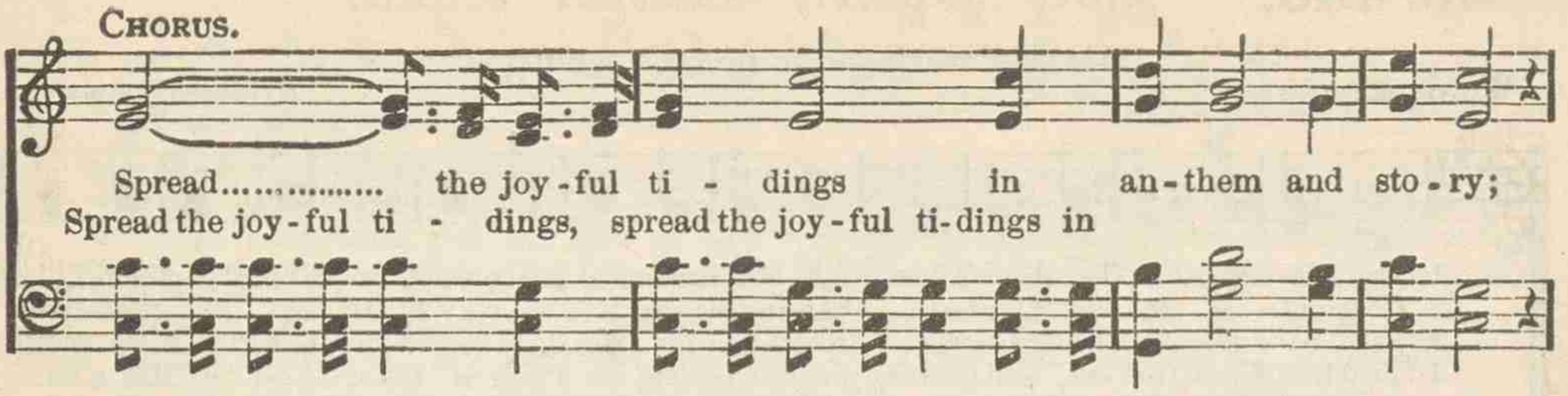
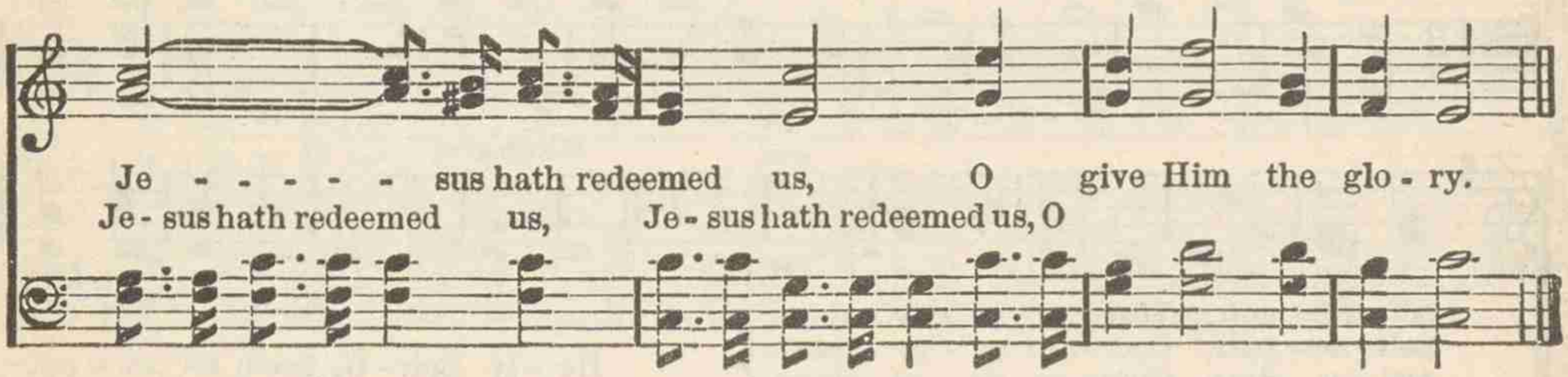
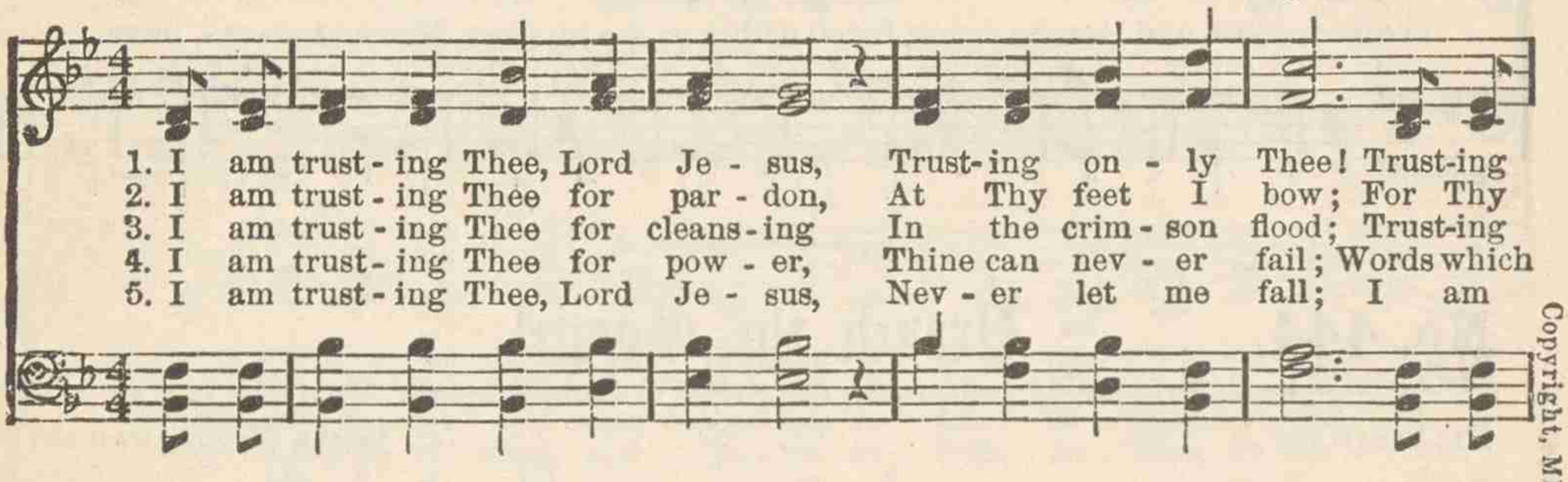
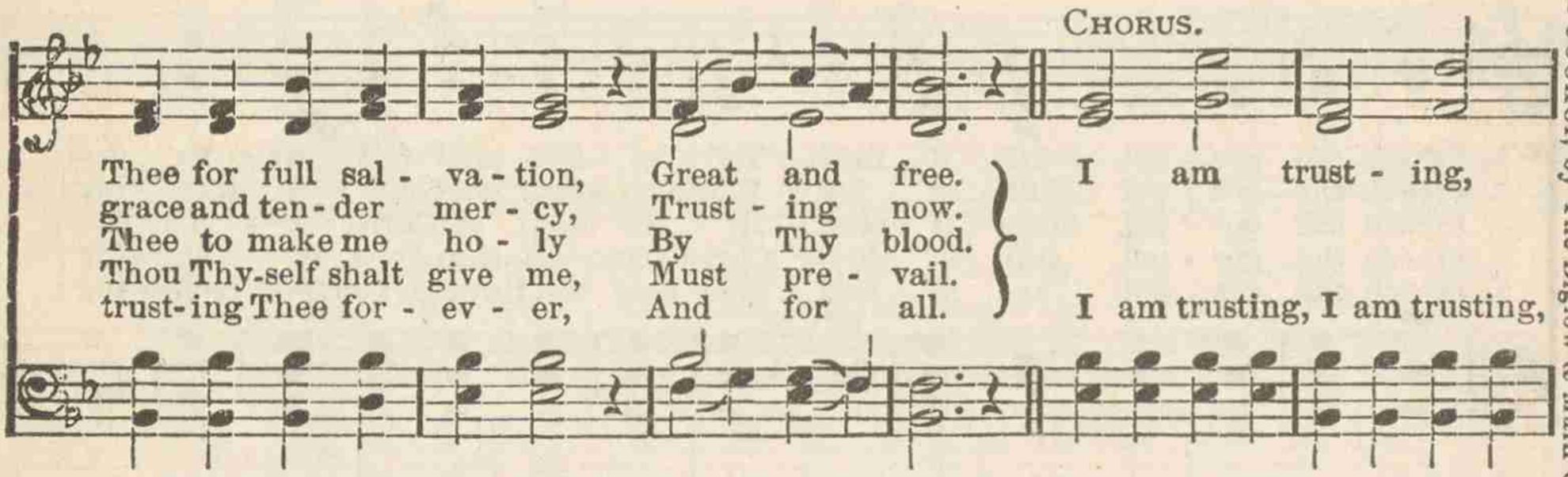
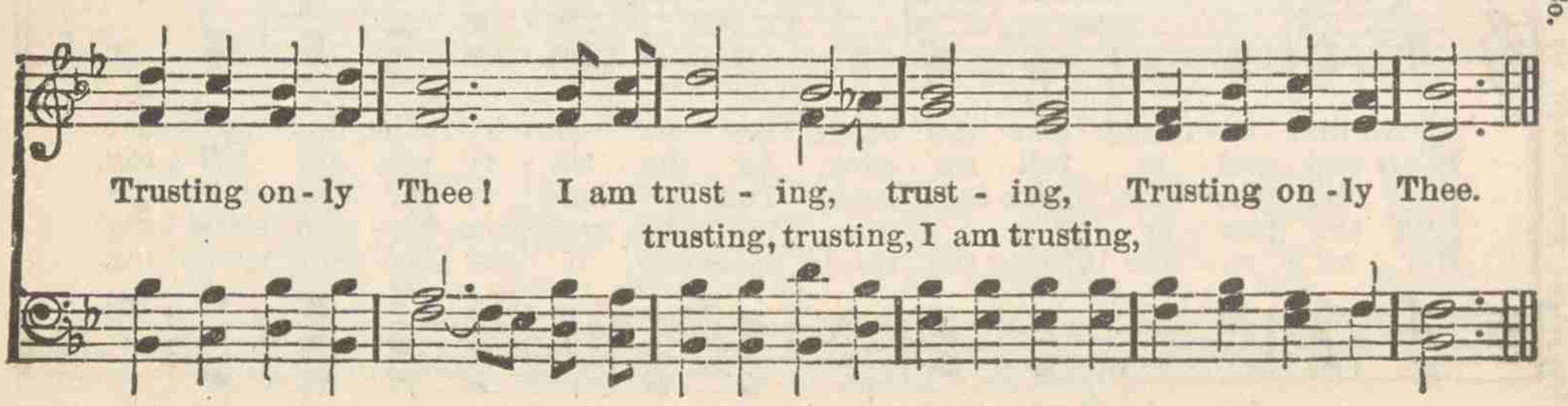
Preach the Gospel.

CHORUS.

No. 445. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.

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No. 446. After.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Aft - er the toil and troub-le, There cometh a day of rest; Aft-er the wea-ry
2. Aft - er the night of darkness, The shadows all flee a - way; Aft-er the day of
3. Aft - er the hours of chastening, The Spir - it made pure and bright; Aft-er the earth's dark
4. Aft - er the pain and sickness, The tears are all wiped a - way; Aft-er the flow'rs are

con - flict, Peace on the Sav-iour's breast; Aft - er the care and sor - row, The
sad - ness, Hope sheds her bright-est ray; Aft - er the strife and strug - gle, The
shad - ow, Clear in the light of Light; Aft - er the guid - ing coun - sel, Com-
gathered, No more of earth's de - cay; Aft - er the deep heart sor - row, An

glo-ry of light and love; After the wilderness journey, The Father's bright home above.
vic - to-ry is won; Aft - er the work is o - ver, The Master's own word, "Well done."
mun - ion full and sweet; Aft - er the will-ing service, All laid at the Saviour's feet.
end of ev - ery strife; Aft - er the dai - ly crosses, A glo - ri-ous crown of life.

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No. 447. Sin no More.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—Jno. 8: 11.

M. A. B., arr. by El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ran - som thee;
2. Sin no more, but close - ly keep Near the Hand that guards the sheep;
3. Sin no more, His blood hath bought, Think on what His love hath wrought;
4. Sin no more, O sin no more, Je - sus lives to keep thee pure;

Now the power of sin is o'er, Je - sus bids thee "sin no more."
Shun the snares that lured be - fore, Trem-bling go, and sin no more.
Think of what for thee He bore, Weep - ing go, and sin no more.
If o'er - ta - ken He'll re - store, Say - ing, "Go, and sin no more."

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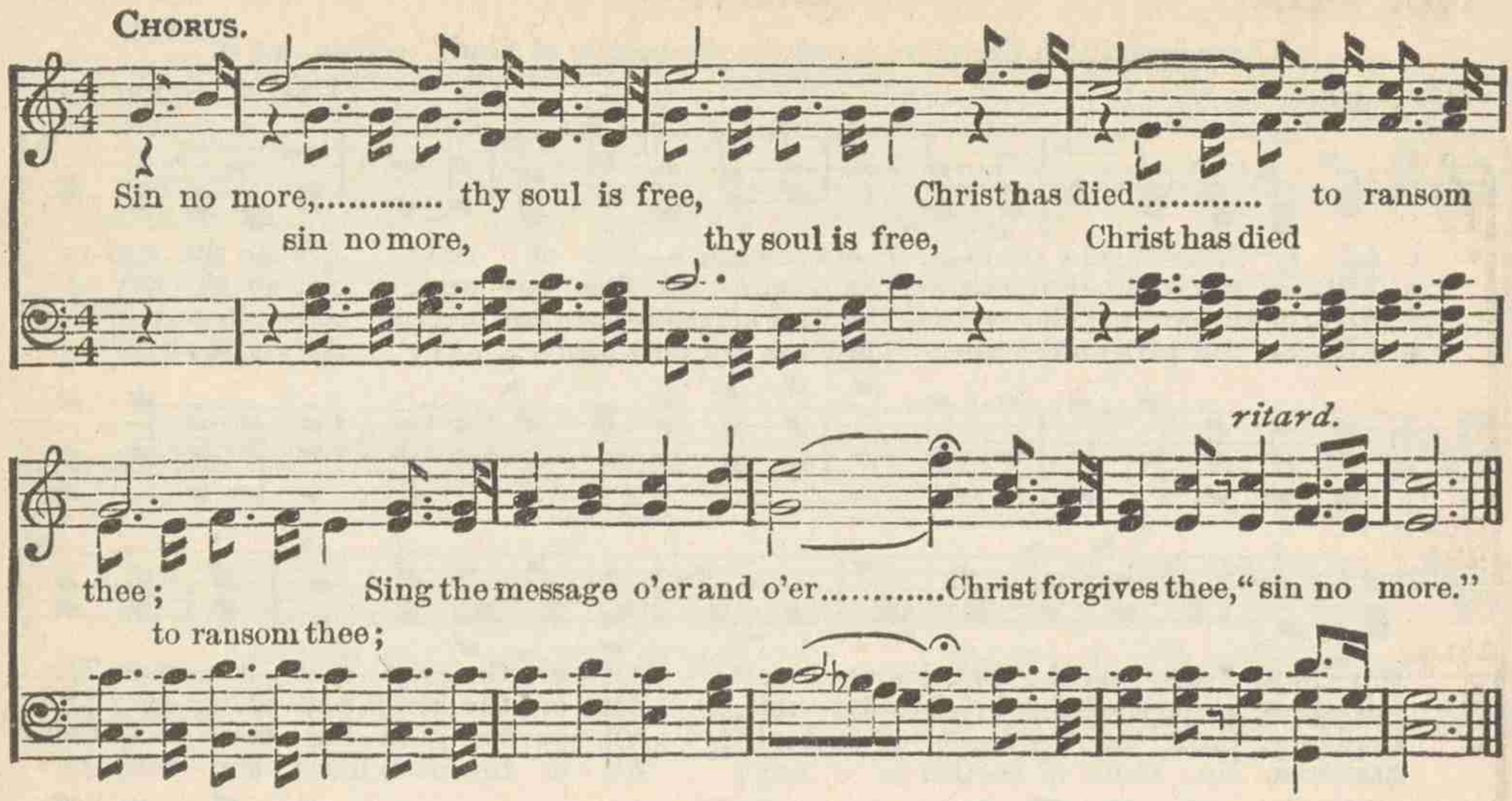
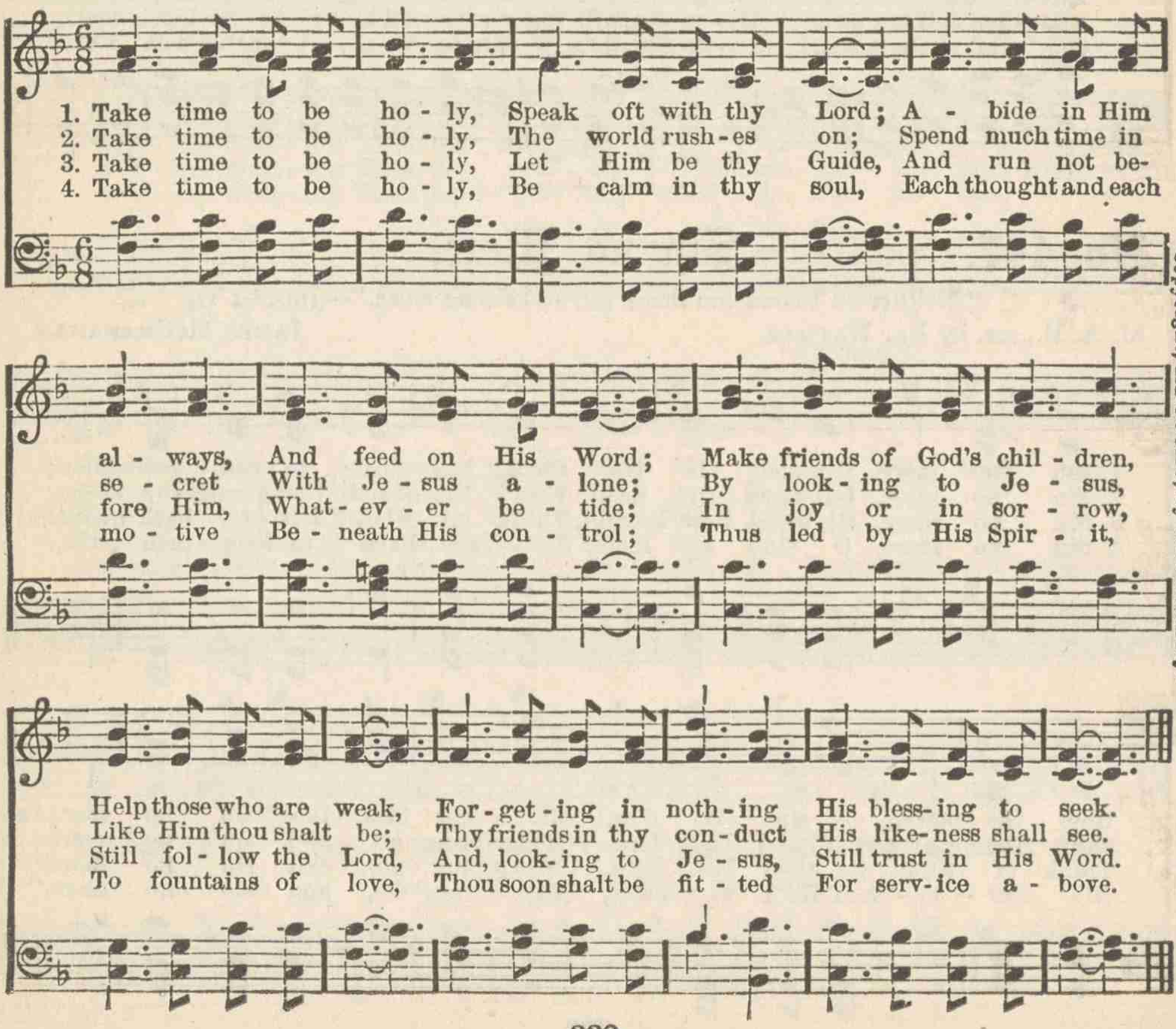
Sin no More.

No. 448. Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—LEV. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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No. 449. The Lord is Coming.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him"—MATT. 25: 6.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN.

1. The Lord is com - ing by and by, Be read - y when He comes;
   He comes from His fair home on high, Be read - y when He comes;
2. He soon will come to earth a - gain, Be read - y when He comes;
   Be - gin His u - ni - ver - sal reign, Be read - y when He comes;
3. Be - hold! He comes to one and all, Be read - y when He comes;
   He quick - ly comes with trum - pet call, Be read - y when He comes;

He is the Lord our Righteous - ness, And comes His chos - en ones to bless,
With Hal - le - lu - jahs heav'n will ring, When Je - sus does re - demp - tion bring;
To judgment called at His command, Drawn thith - er by His might - y hand,

And at His Fa - ther's throne con - fess; Be read - y when He comes.
O trim your lamps to meet your King; Be read - y when He comes.
Be - fore His throne we all must stand; Be read - y when He comes.

CHORUS.

Will you be read - y when the Bride - groom comes? Will you be
when He comes?
read - y when the Bridegroom comes? Will your lamps be trim'd and bright,
when He comes?
Be it morning, noon or night? Will you be read - y when the Bridegroom comes?

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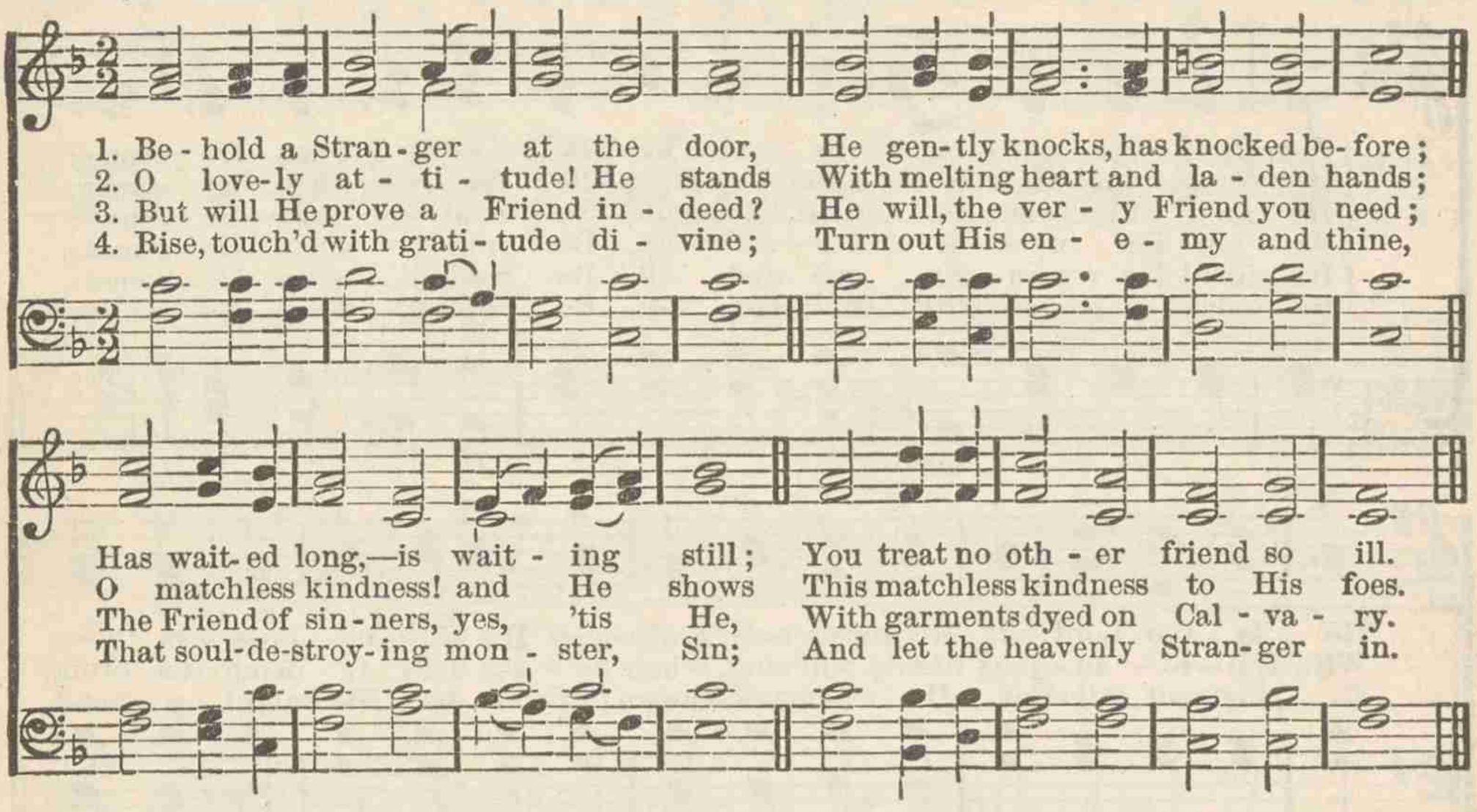
No. 450. Behold a Stranger.

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

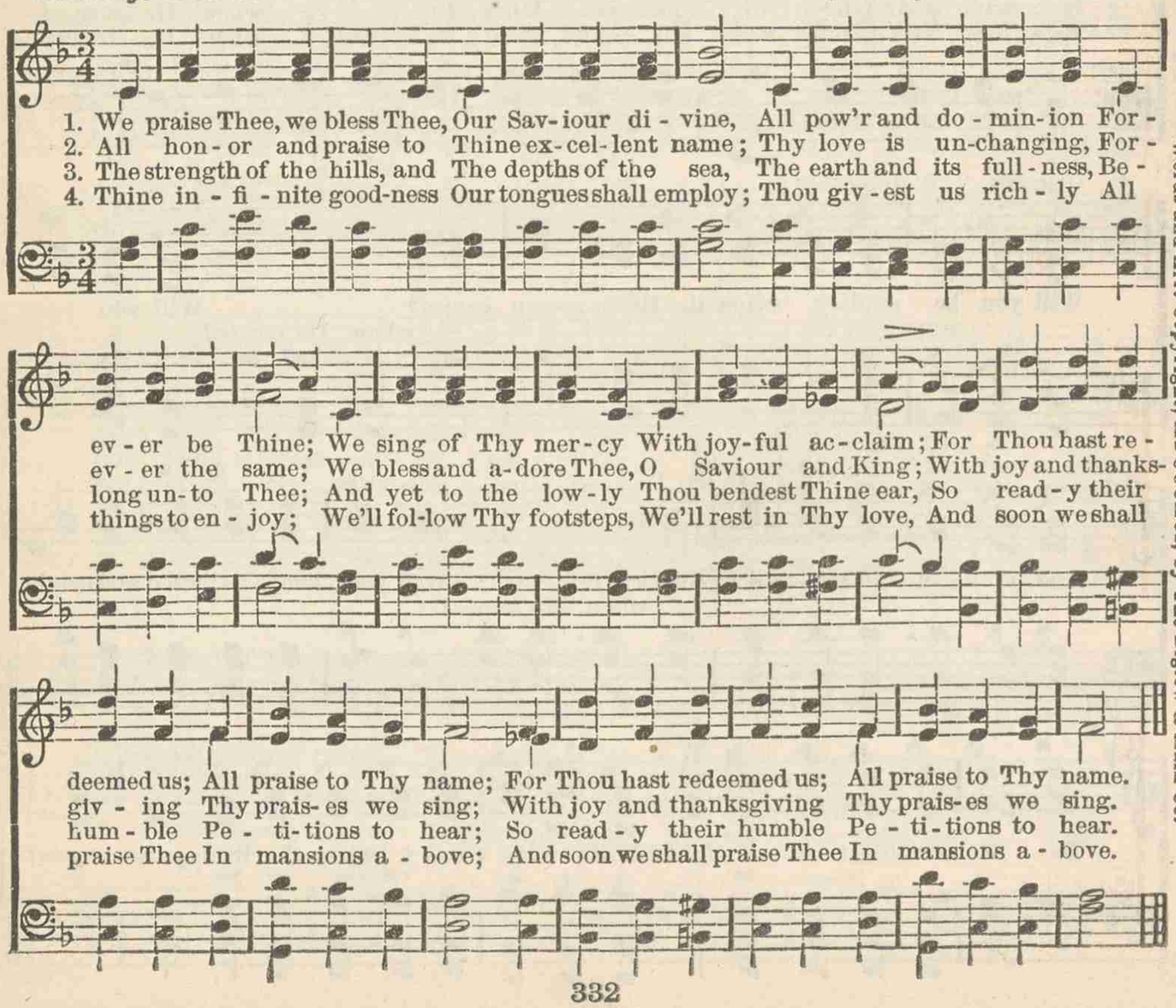
Rev. J. Grigg. (Federal St. L. M.) Henry K. Oliver.



No. 451. We Praise Thee, we Bless Thee.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.

Fanny J. Crosby. Koschat, arr. by Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 452. What a Gospel!

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1: 16.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Noth-ing has ‖: *been left :‖ to do,
2. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Bringing news of ‖: vic-t'ry :‖ won,
3. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Here each wea-ry ‖: la-den :‖ breast,
4. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Je-sus died ‖: to save :‖ your soul;

But to take with grate-ful glad-ness What the Sav-iour did for you.
Tell-ing us of peace and par-don Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
That ac-cepts God's gra-cious of-fer, En-ters in-to per-fect rest.
Have you tak-en His sal-va-tion? Have you let Him make you whole?

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Chorus.

It is fin-ished; Hal-le-lu-jah! It is fin-ished, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Christ the work has ful-ly done; Hal-le-lu-jah! All who will may
have their par-don Through the blood of God's own Son.

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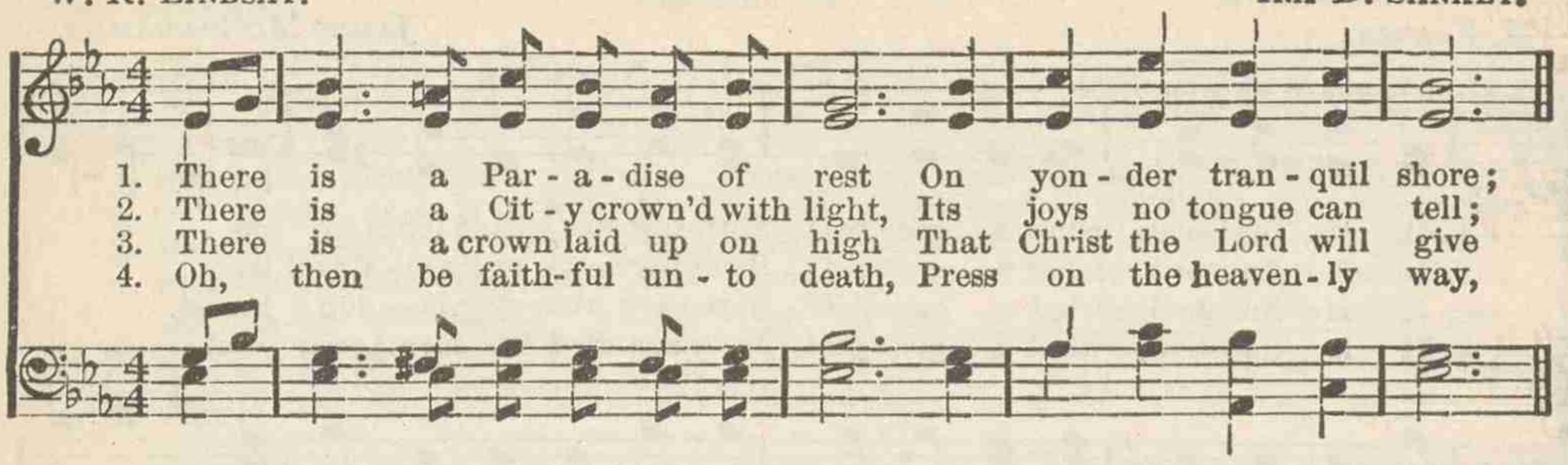
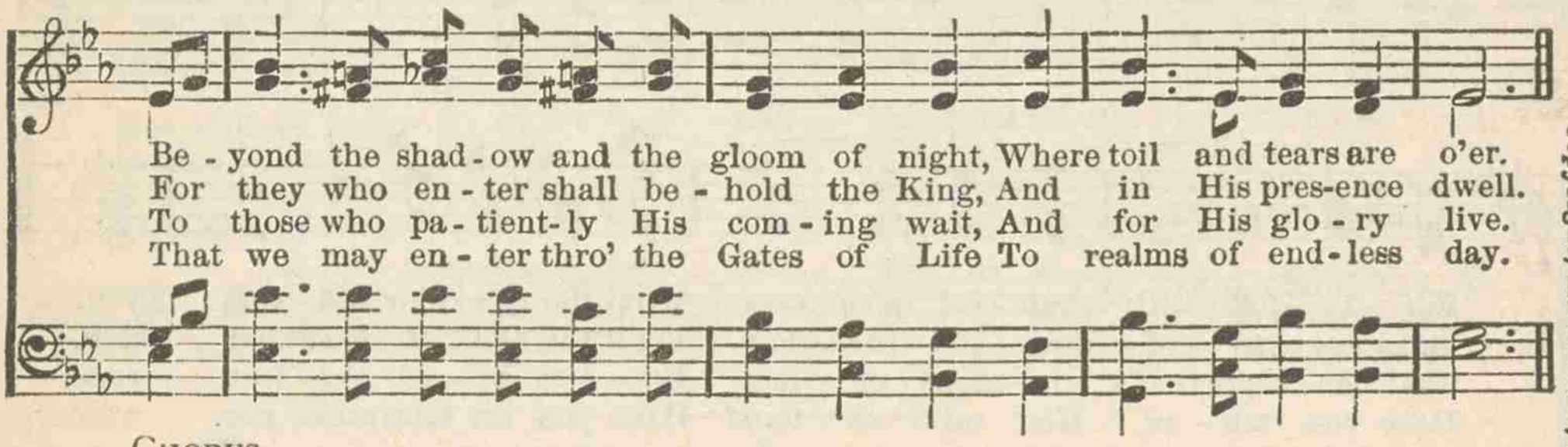
* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

No. 453. There is a Paradise of Rest.

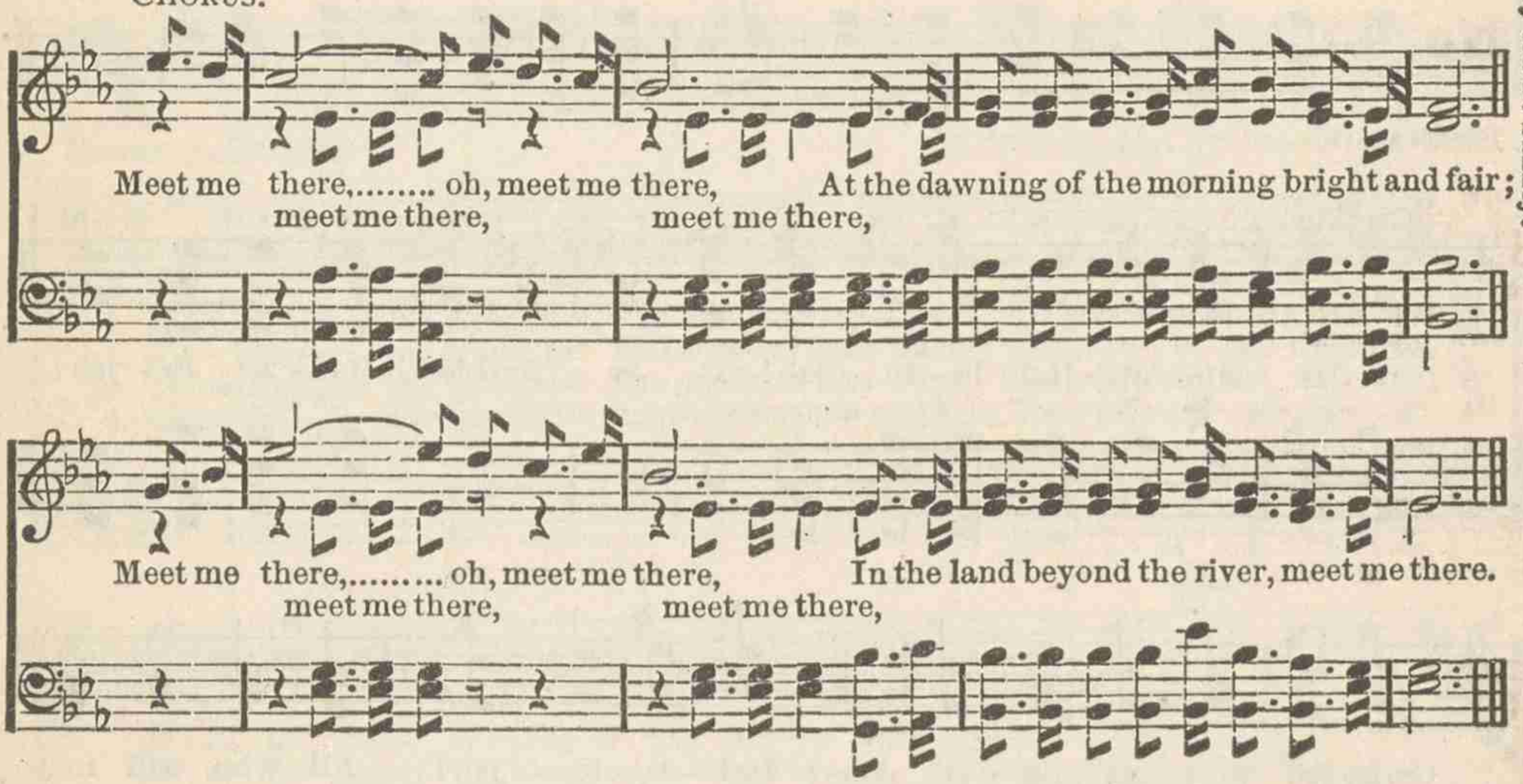
"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

W. R. Lindsay. Ira D. Sankey.





Chorus.



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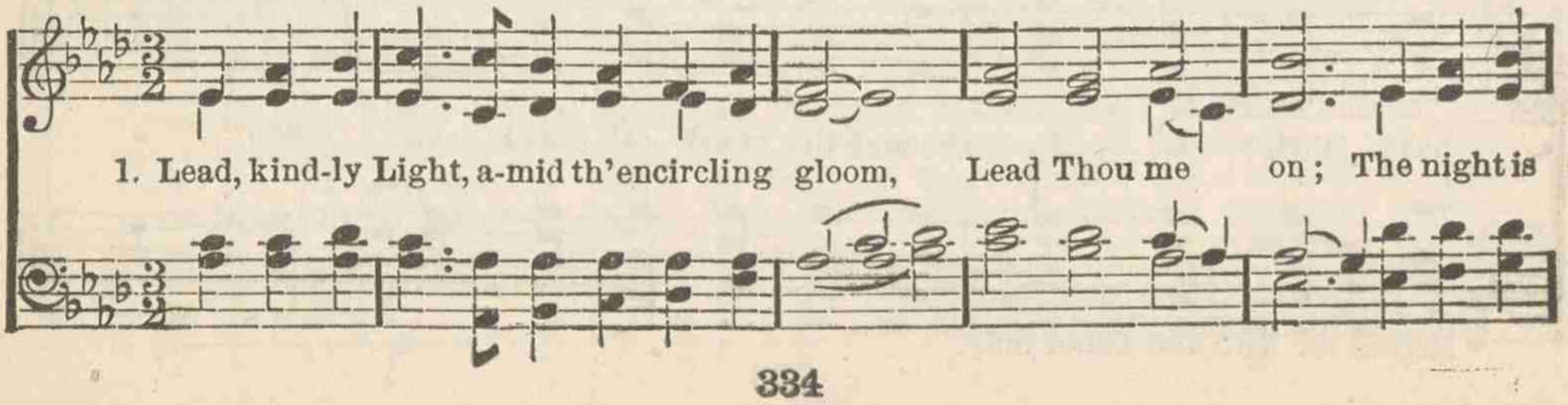
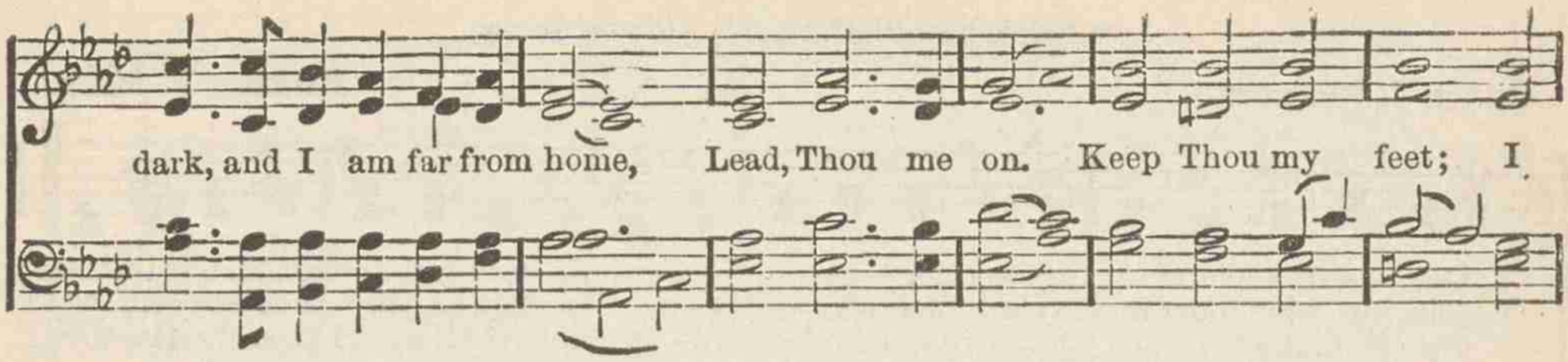
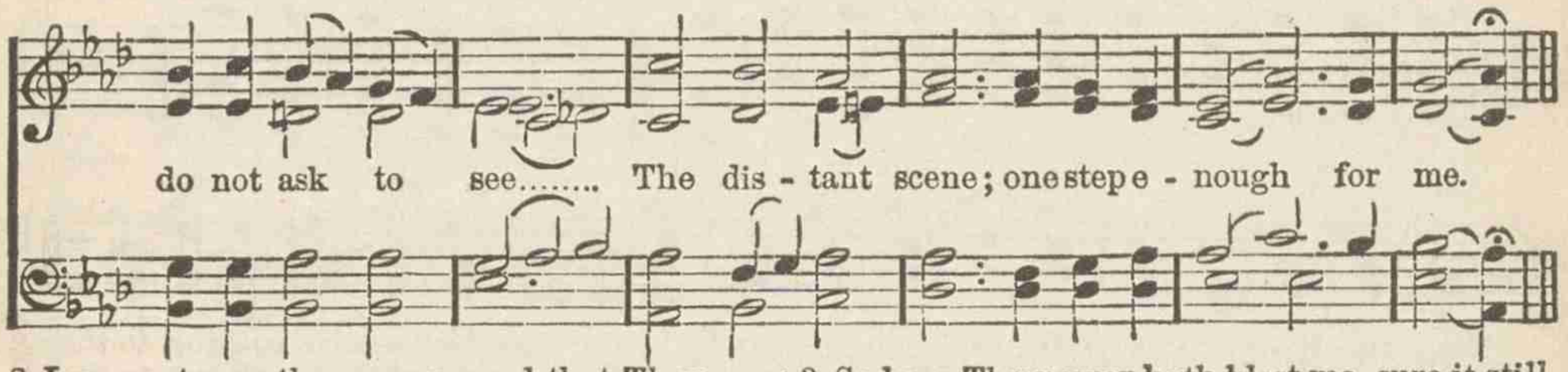
No. 454. Lead, Kindly Light.

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

John H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

Lead, Kindly Light.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 455. I will Pass over You.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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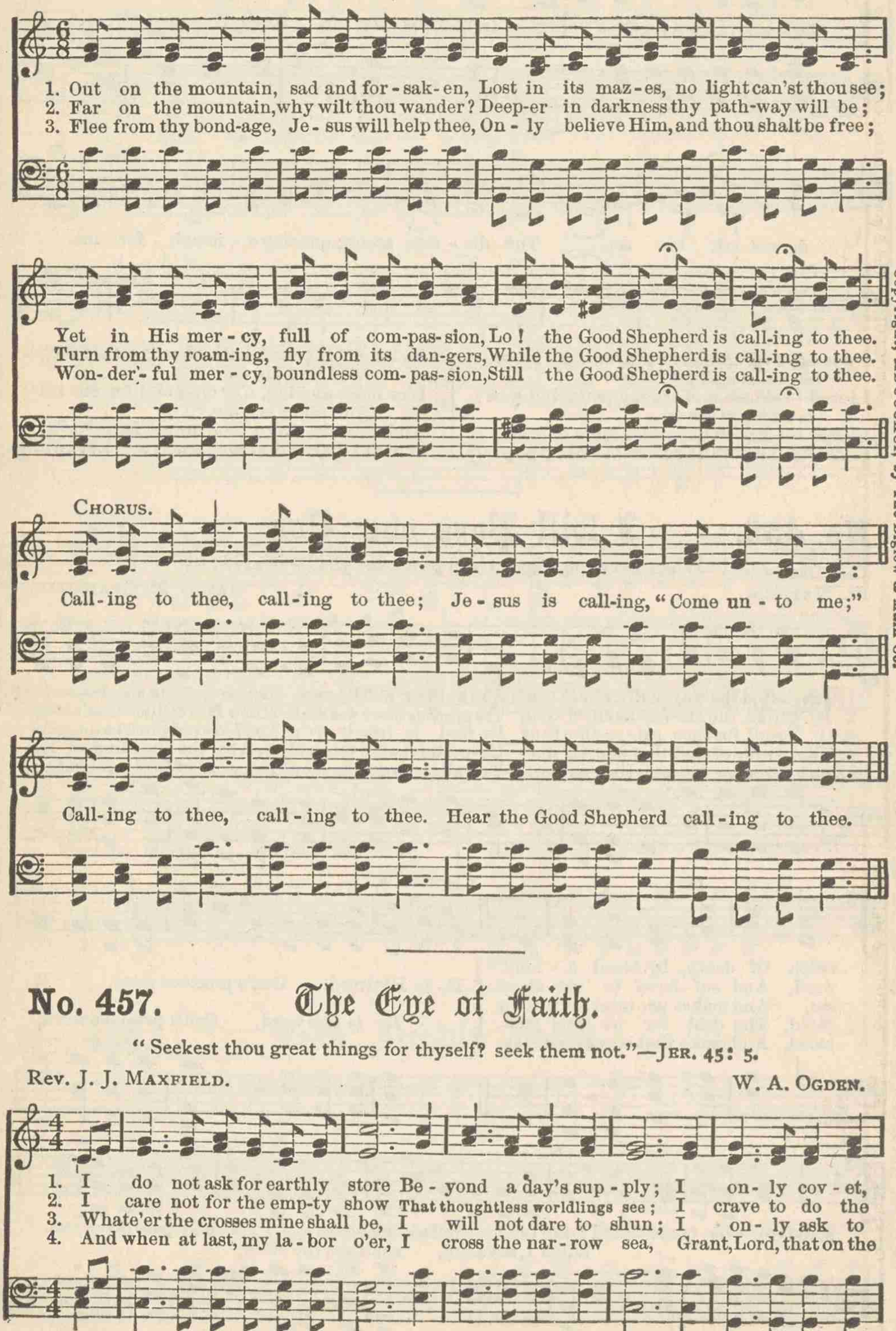
No. 456. Calling to Thee.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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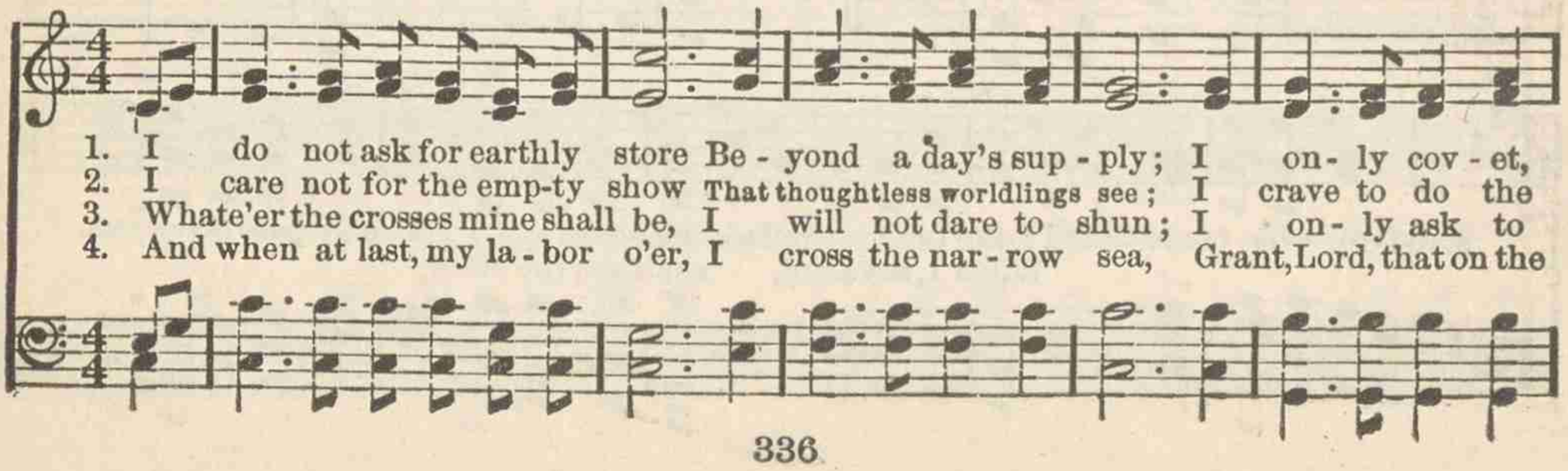
No. 457. The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—JER. 45: 5.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.



The Eye of Faith.

more and more, The clear and sin - gle eye, To see my du - ty face to face, And
best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;—Well sat - is-fied that sweet re - ward Is
live for Thee, And that Thy will be done; Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While
oth - er shore My soul may dwell with Thee; And learn what here I can - not know, Why

CHORUS.

trust the Lord for dai- ly grace.
sure to those who trust the Lord.
press-ing on my homeward way.
Thou hast ev- er loved me so.

Then shall my heart keep sing - ing While to the cross I
singing, singing,
cling; For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet, While homeward faith keeps winging, While homeward faith keeps winging.
cling, I cling;

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No. 458. Lead Me On.

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

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Trav - 'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorch - ing sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the spark - ling fount - ain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,
4. Thro' the wa - ter and the fire, This, O Lord, my one de - sire:
5. When I stand on Jor - dan's brink, Do not let me fear or shrink;

And lead me on.

Fa - ther, do Thou hold my hand,
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet,
With its wells, as crys - tal clear,
With Thy love my heart in - spire,
Hold me, Fa - ther, lest I sink,

And lead me on.

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No. 459. Only a Little Way.

"Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way on to my home, And there in its sunshine for- ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I journey with song, O beau-ti - ful Eden-land, thou art my home.
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way farther to go, O'er mountain and valley where dark waters flow; My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer, His word is my guiding-star; why should I fear?
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way; there I shall see The friends that in glo- ry are waiting for me; Their voices from home now float on the air, They're calling me tenderly, calling me there.

'Tis on - ly a little way, on-ly a little way, 'Tis on - ly a little way on to my home.

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No. 460. I Will Praise Thee.

"Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM 148: 1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. I will praise the Lord my Glo - ry, I will praise the Lord my Light; He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
2. I will praise the Lord my Proph - et, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King; With the an - gels who a - dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keep - er, Past - ure, Door and Fold; O'er the lone - ly hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Broth - er, Guide and Friend; He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem - nant of my days; And will sing thro' end - less a - ges, On - ly my Re - deem - er's praise.

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I Will Praise Thee.

CHORUS.

I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;

I will be glad and re - joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

No. 461. Not Try, but Trust.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—ISA. 12: 2.

E. G. TAYLOR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Not saved are we by try - ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis on the blood re - ly - ing,
2. 'Twas vain for Is-rael bit - ten By serpents on their way, To look to their own do- ing,
3. No deeds of ours are need-ed To make Christ's merit more; No frames of mind, or feelings,

Once for our ran-som paid; 'Tis looking un - to Je - sus, The ho - ly One and Just;
That aw-ful plague to stay; The on - ly way for heal-ing, When humbled in the dust;
Can add to His great store; 'Tis sim-ply to re-ceive Him, The ho - ly One and Just;

CHORUS.

'Tis His great work that saves us, It is not Try, but Trust.
Was of the Lord's re-veal-ing, It was not Try, but Trust.
'Tis on - ly to be-lieve Him, It is not Try, but Trust.
} It is not Try, but Trust;

It is not Try, but Trust; 'Tis His great work that saves us; It is not Try, but Trust.

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No. 462. Come, Holy Spirit.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—JOHN 1: 32.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Like a dove descending, Rest Thou up-on us While we meet to pray;
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Ev'ry cloud dis-pel-ing, Fill us with gladness, Thro' the Master's name;
3. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Sent from God the Fa-ther— Thou Friend and Teacher, Comforter and Guide—

Show us the Sav-iour, All His love reveal-ing; Lead us to Him, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
Bring to our mem-'ry, Words that He hath spoken, Then shall our tongues His wondrous grace proclaim.
Our tho'ts di-rect-ing, Keep us close to Je-sus, And in our hearts For-ev-ermore a-bide.

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No. 463. Jesus of Nazareth.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you."—ACTS 2: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth!" O what a name! Let us rejoice and His glo-ry proclaim;
2. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, tru-ly a man, Low in His cra-dle His life He be-gan,
3. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, nailed to the tree, Dy-ing that we by His death might be free,
4. Je-sus of Naz-areth, raised from the dead, Spotless and ho-ly, and still in our stead,
5. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, seat-ed on high, Sending the Spir-it of grace to ap-ply
6. Je-sus of Naz-areth, earth's coming King, Peace to the warring world soon He shall bring,

Sav-iour and Keep-er for ev-er the same, Shepherd, Re-deem-er and Lord.
Lived before God, both in pat-tern and plan, Righteous, o-be-di-ent One.
Bearing the curse all for you and for me, Dy-ing a ran-som for all.
Made for us ev-er our glo-ri-fied Head, Rais'd from the dead for us all.
Life through the word unto men far and nigh, Off-'ring sal-va-tion to all.
Nations of saved ones His prais-es shall sing; All shall bow down at His name.

CHORUS.

Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, once cru-ci-fied, Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, now glo-ri-fied,
Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, throned at God's side, Glo-ry and praise to His name.

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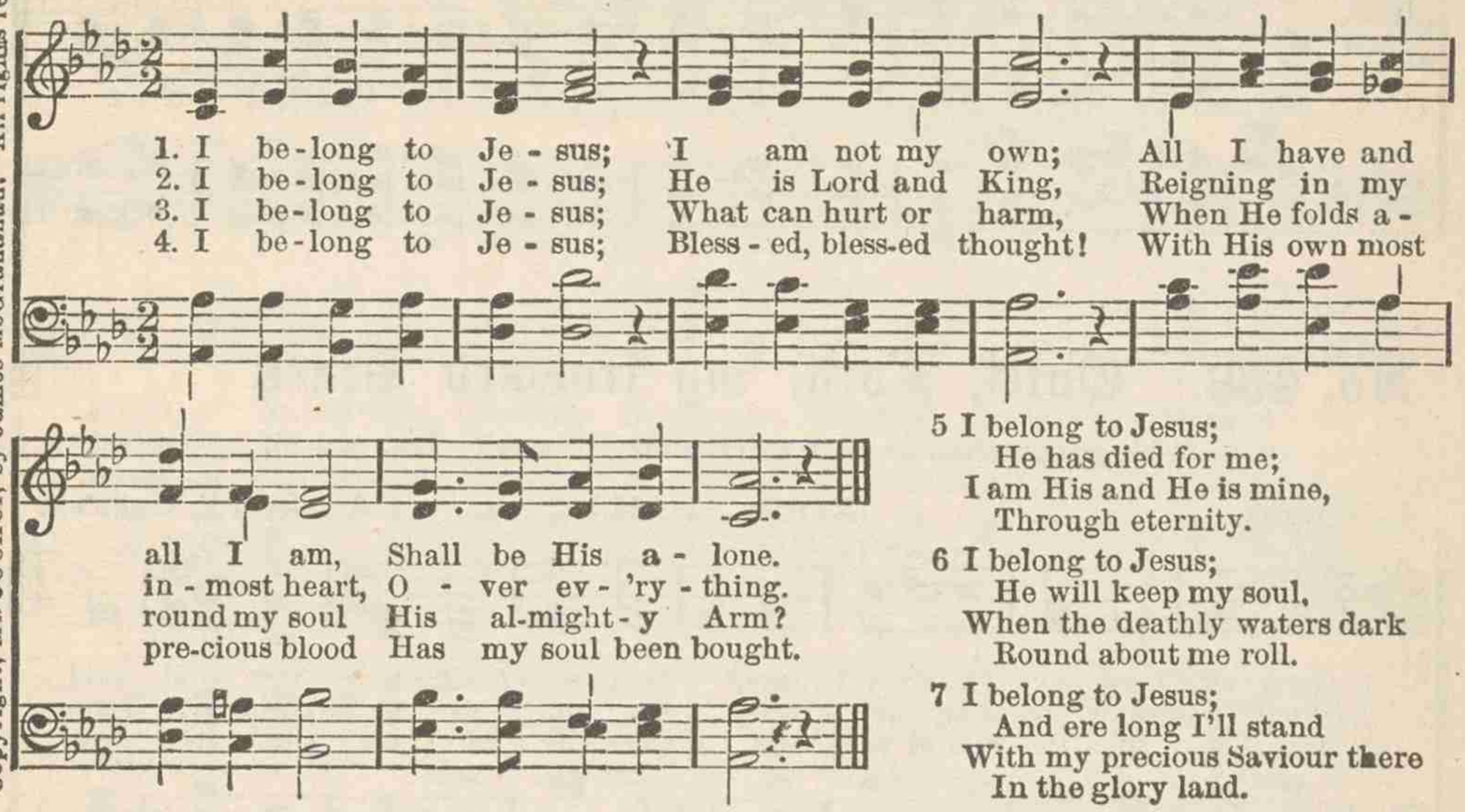
No. 464. I Belong to Jesus.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."—Acts 27: 23.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.

5 I belong to Jesus;
He has died for me;
I am His and He is mine,
Through eternity.

6 I belong to Jesus;
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark
Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus;
And ere long I'll stand
With my precious Saviour there
In the glory land.

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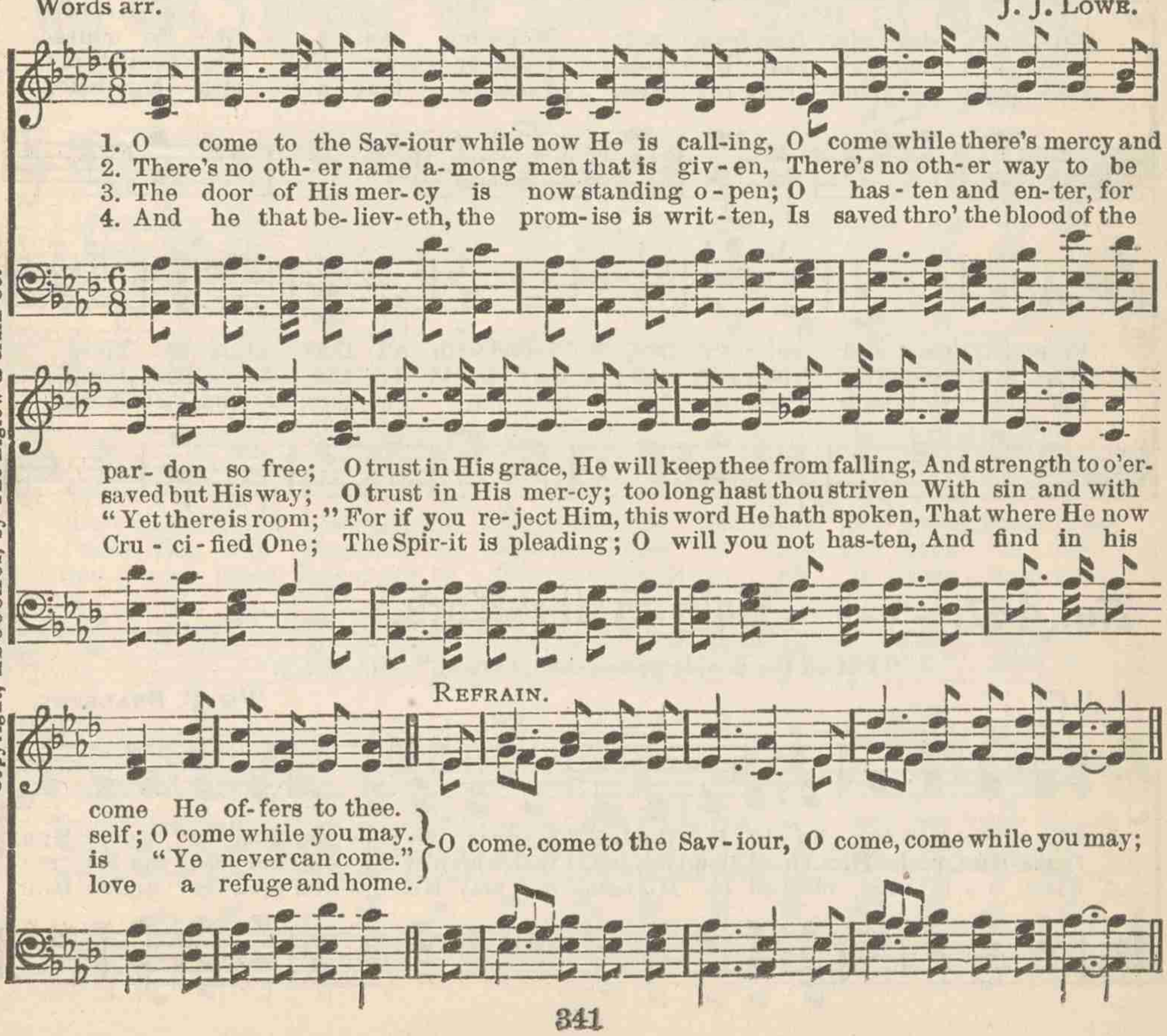
No. 465. O Come to the Saviour.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

Words arr. J. J. Lowe.



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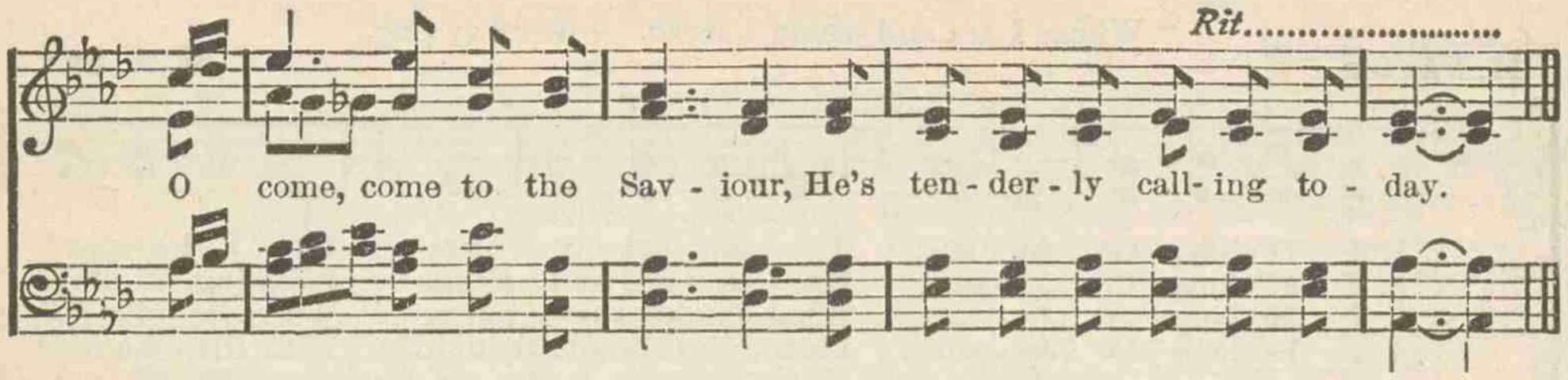
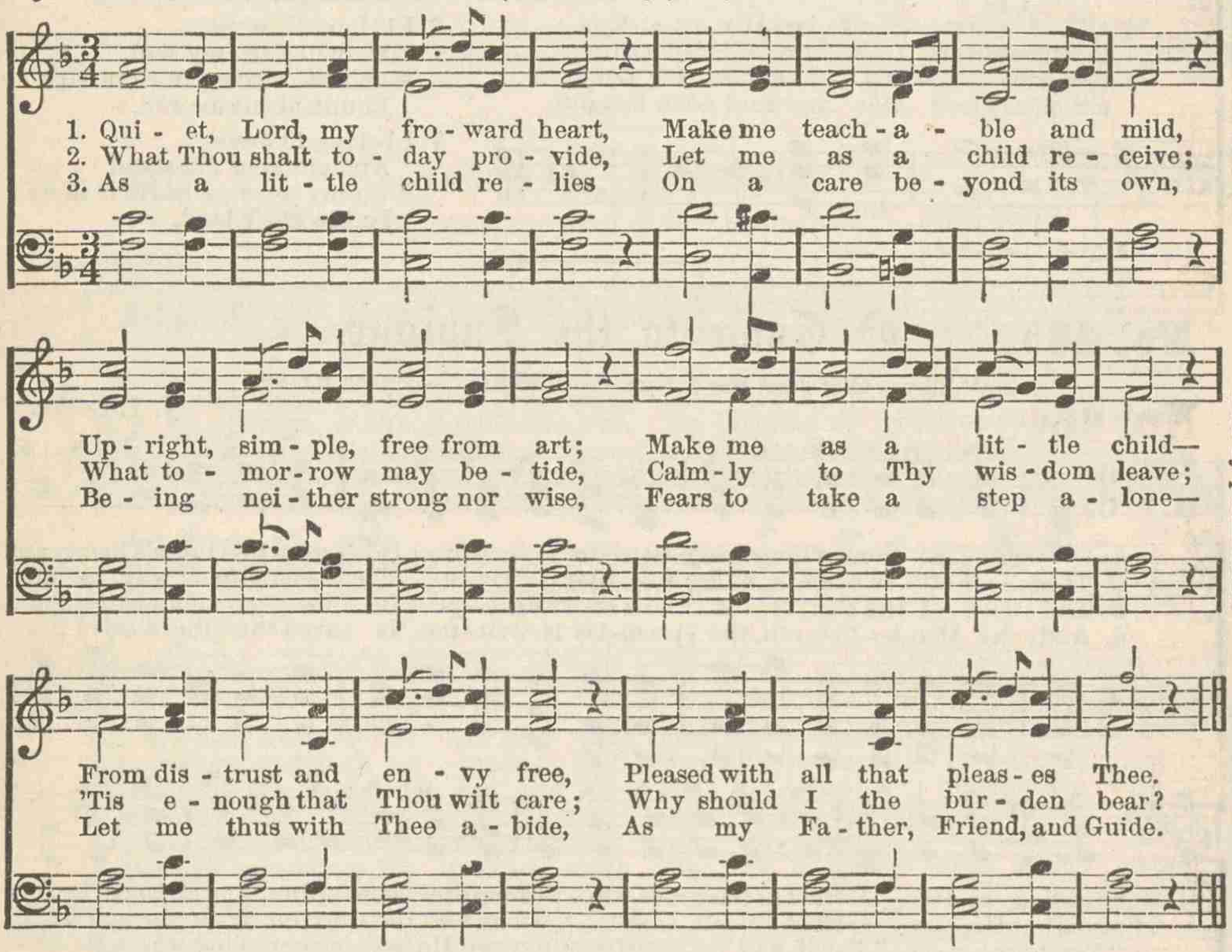
O Come to the Sabiour.

No. 466. Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—Isa. 32: 18.

J. Newton. (Repose. 7s, 61.) Arr. from F. Kücken.

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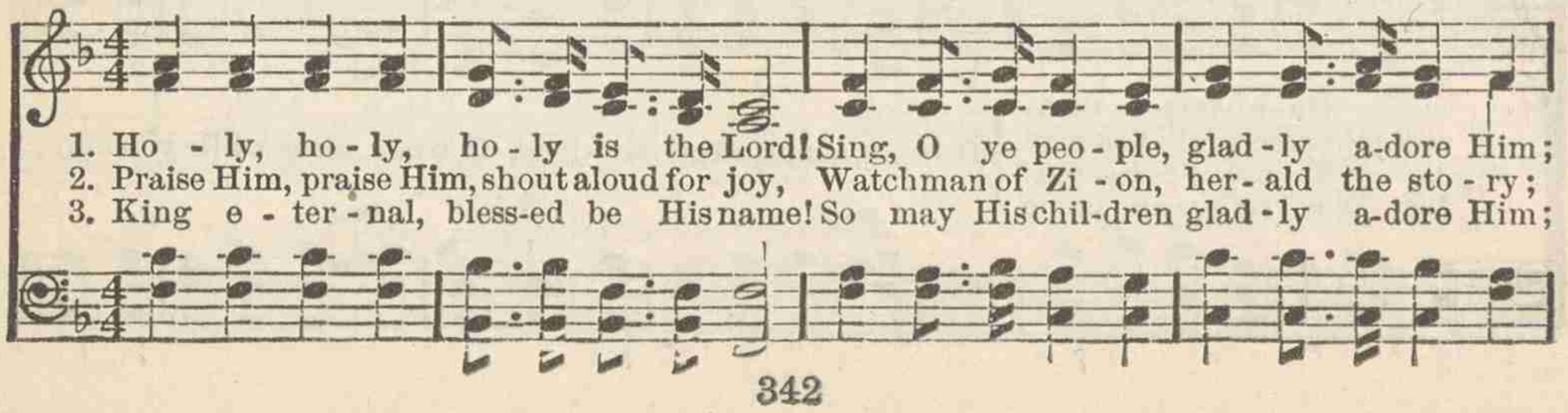
No. 467. Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

F. J. C. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Holy is the Lord.

Let the mountains trem-ble at His word, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him;
Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy; All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
When in heav'n we join the hap- py strain, When we cast our bright crowns be- fore Him;

Might - y in wis - dom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je- ho - vah, King o - ver all.
Praise Him, ye an - gels, ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, di- vine.
There in His like-ness joy - ful a-wak-ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

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No. 468. Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

H. F. LYTE. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face;

Ran - som'd, heal'd, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise shall sing?
Praise Him still, the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwell - ers all in time and space;

Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

No. 469. Christ, my All.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Horatius Bonar. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the hour when guilt as - sails me, On His gra-cious name I call, Then I find the heavenly full-ness, Christ, my righteousness, my all.
2. In the night when sor-row clouds me, And the burn - ing tear-drops fall, Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my Brother and my all.
3. In the day when this im - mor-tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall, Then my song of res-ur - rec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.

Chorus.

All my song when standing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all, This shall ev - er be my anthem, "Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all;" This shall ev - er be my anthem, "Christ my glory, Christ my all."

Rit.....

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No. 470. O Wondrous Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

I. Watts, arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immor-tal reign; E - ter -nal day ex-
2. There ev - er-last-ing spring abides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor

O Wondrous Land.

CHORUS.

cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.
death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

O wondrous land be-yond the sky, O

land so bright and fair, When shall we reach the gold-en gates, And dwell for-ev - er there?

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No. 471. Christ Liveth in Me.

"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GAL. 2 : 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. As lives the flow'r within the seed, As in the cone the tree, So, praise the God of
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see; But in God's word the
3. As rays of light from yon-der sun The flow'rs of earth set free, So life and light and
4. With longing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be, As on the wondrous

CHORUS.

truth and grace, His Spir - it dwelleth in me.
light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.
love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.
tho't I dwell, That Christ liv - eth in me.

Christ liv-eth in me,

Christ liv-eth in

Christ liv-eth in me, O what a sal - vation this, That Christ liveth in me!
me, Christ liv-eth in me, O

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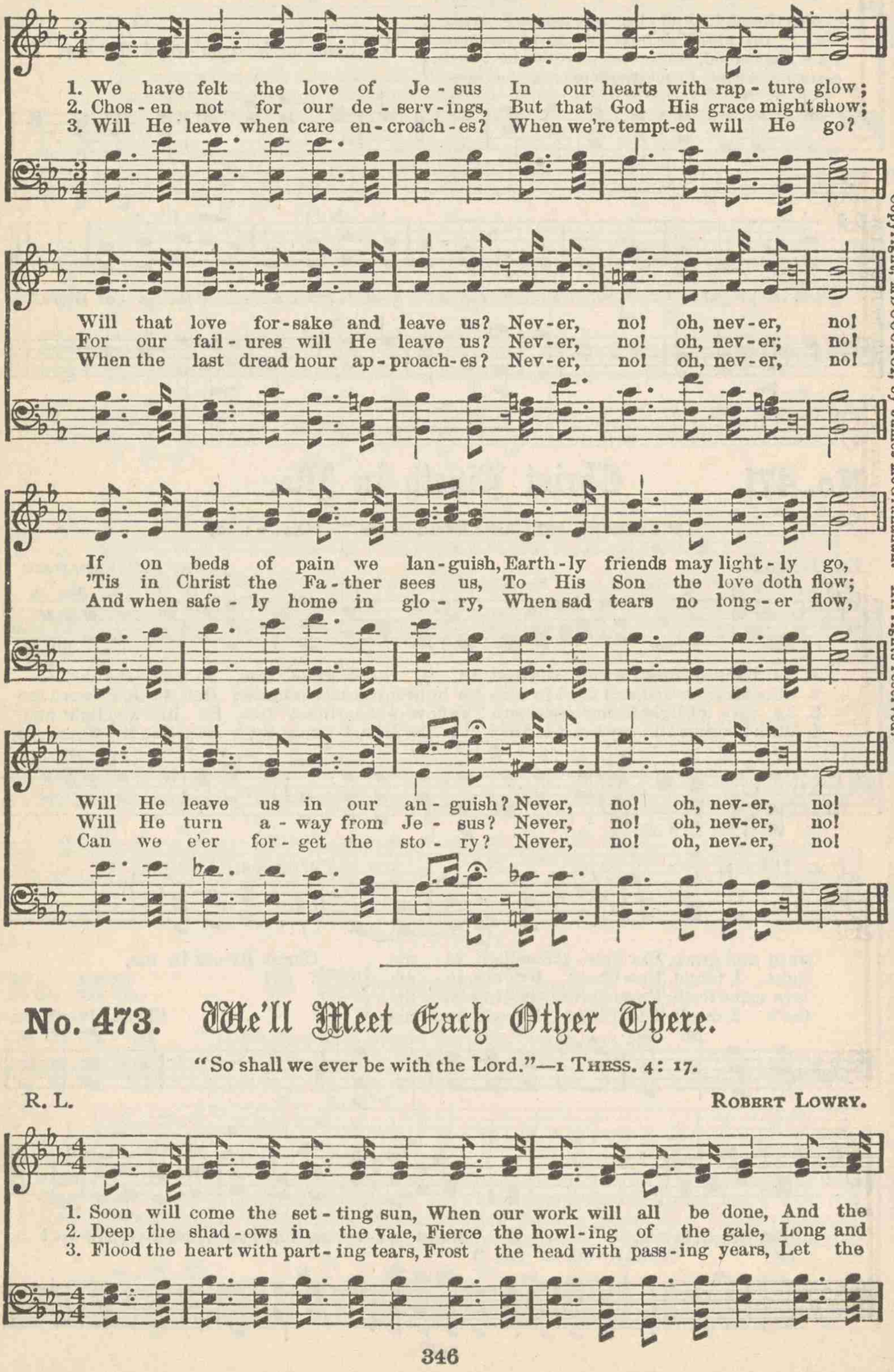
No. 472. We Have Felt the Love of Jesus.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31: 3.

Rev. J. P. HUTCHINSON. Arr. by E. N. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

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No. 473. We'll Meet Each Other There.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 4: 17.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

We'll Meet Each Other There.

wea-ry heart at last be still; But the Lord with gentle cry, Will a-wake us by and by,
dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way To the shining realms of day,
days of earth be fill'd with care; But the Lord at length will come, In His love to take us home,

CHORUS.

And we'll meet again on Zi- on's hill.
With the shadow and the storm no more.
And we'll never know a sor- row there.
} We'll meet each other there, Yes, we'll meet each other there,

And the Saviour's likeness bear, When we meet each other there; We'll meet each other there,

Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there, And His glo - - - - - ry we shall share.
glo - ry, and His glo - ry

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No. 474. "'Tis Midnight."

"It is finished."—JOHN 19: 30.

WM. B. TAPPAN. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - mov'd, The Sav - iour wres - tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt, The Man of sor - row weeps in blood;

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now The suff'- ring Sav - iour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Mas - ter's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.

No. 475. Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.

"Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—EPH. 2: 13.

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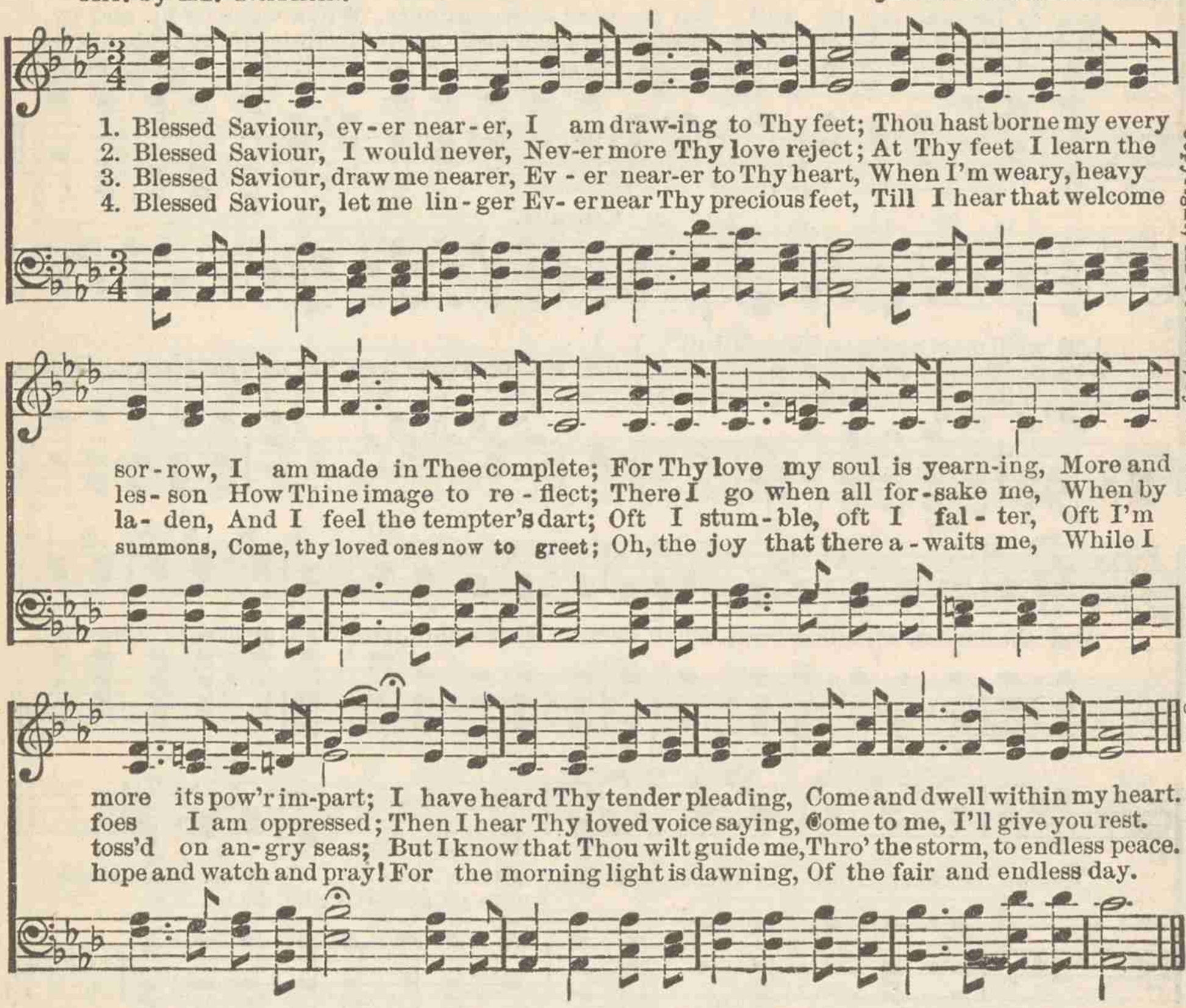
Arr. by EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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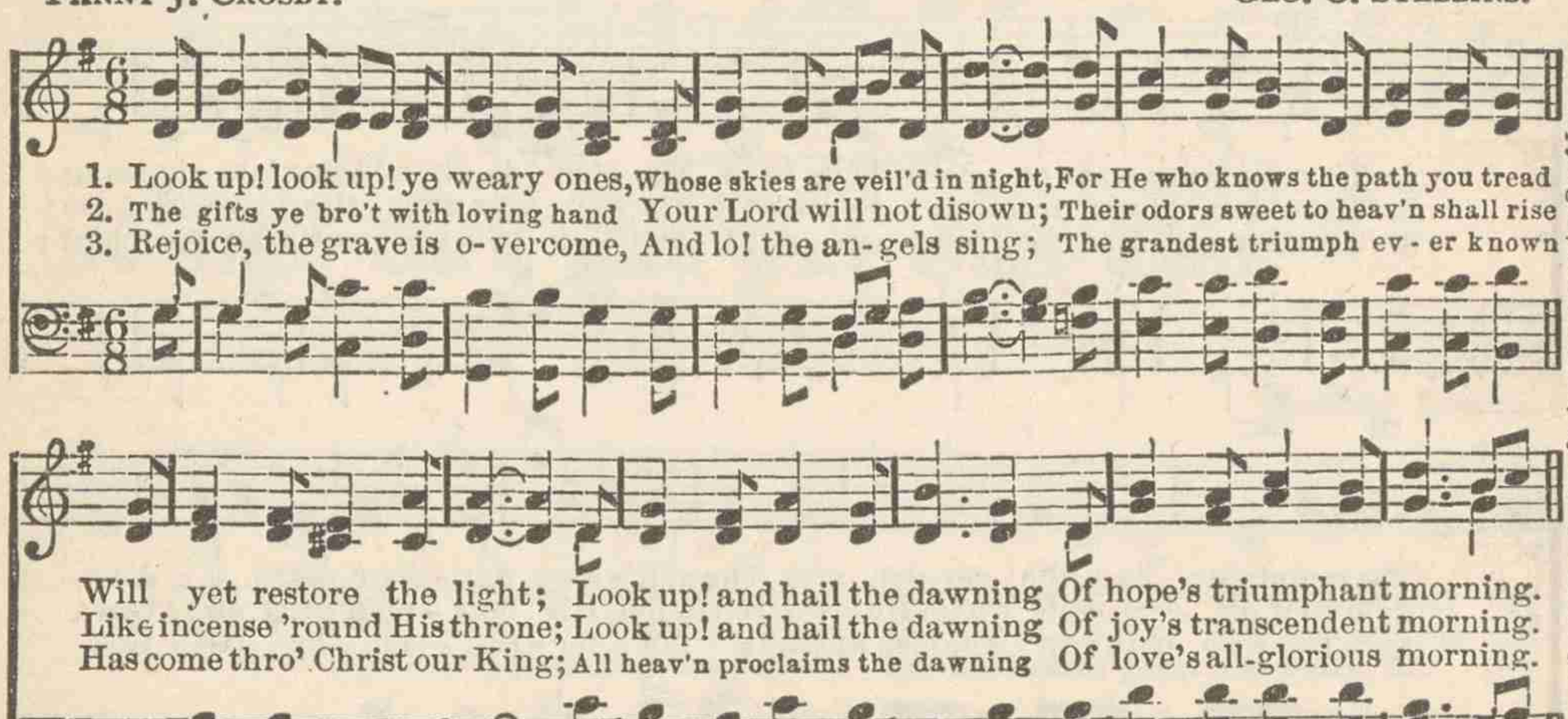
No. 476. Behold Him!

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN 1: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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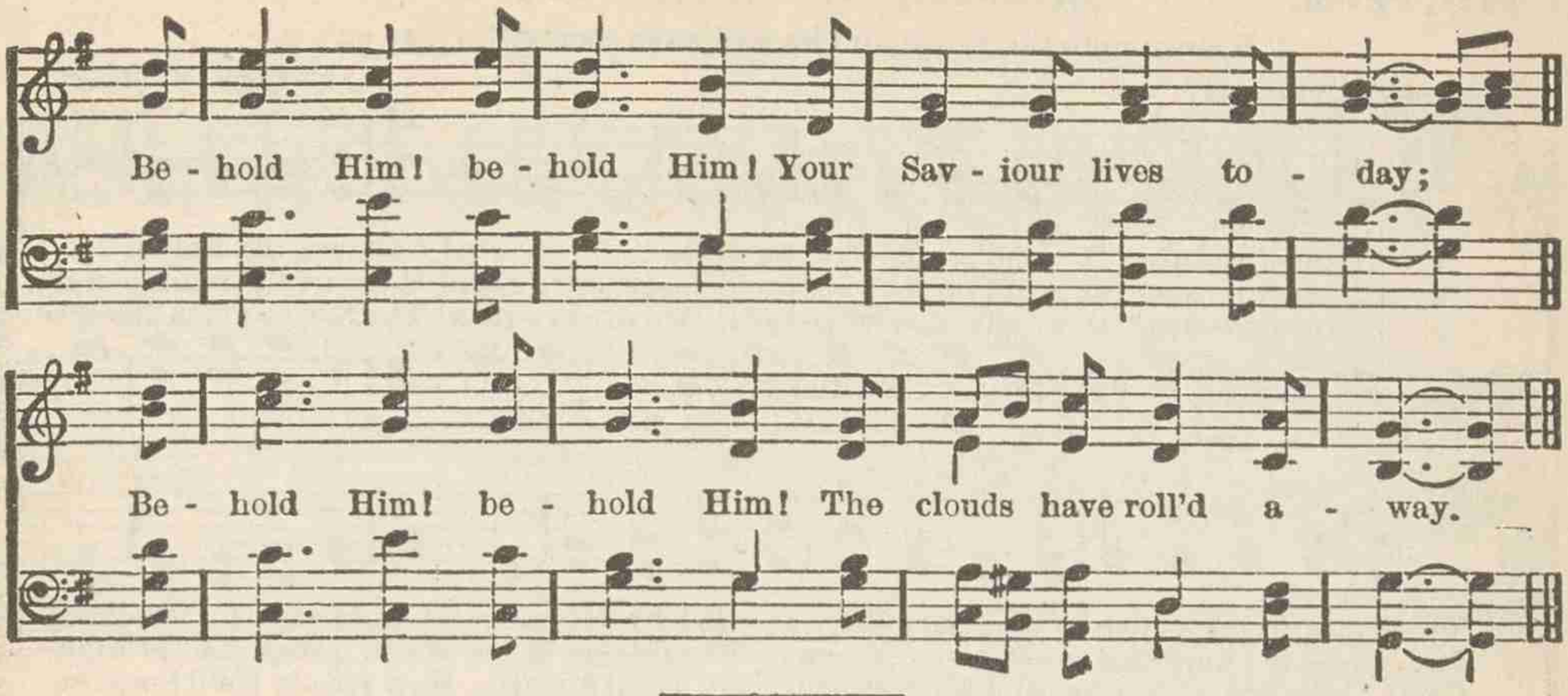
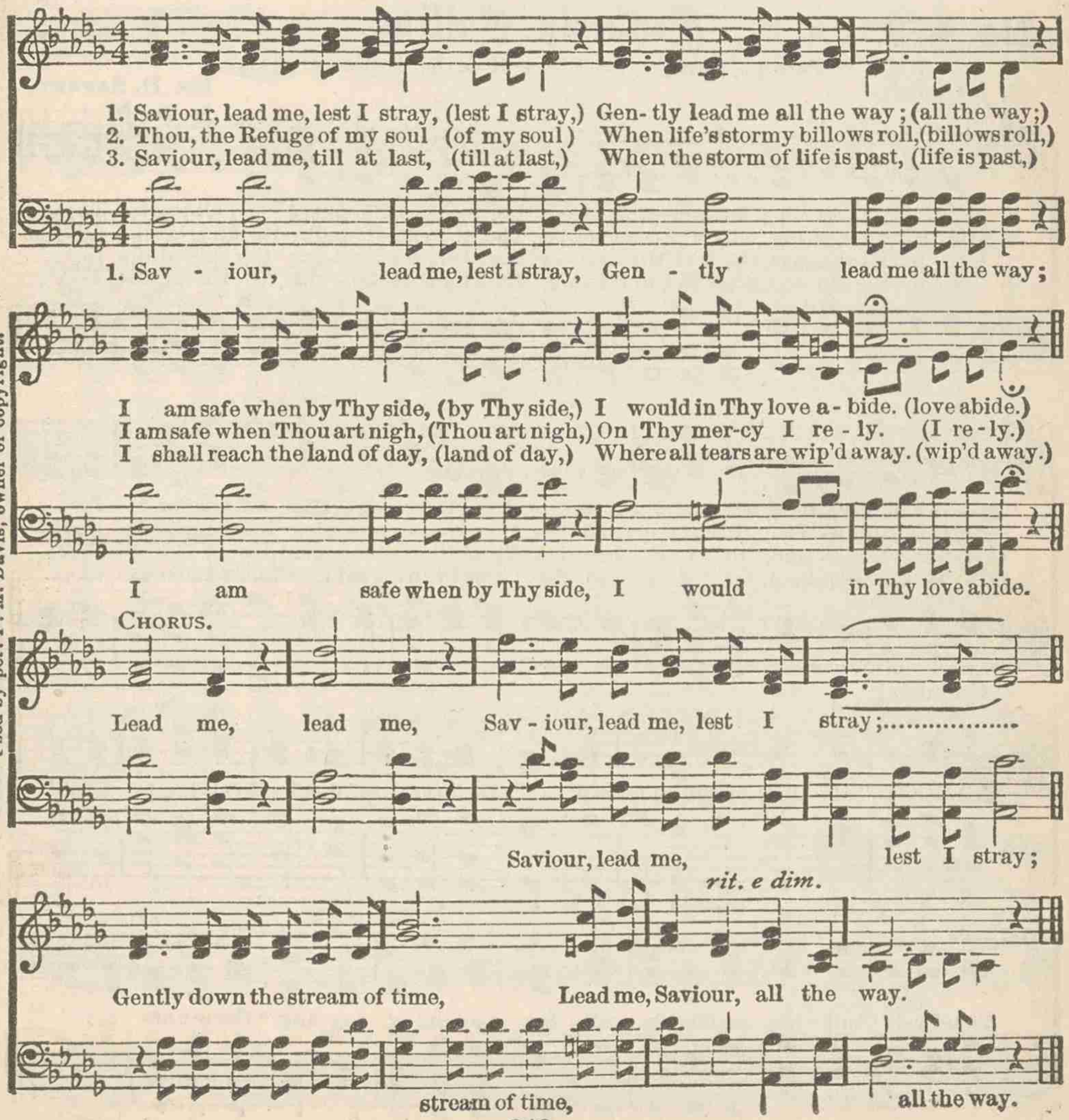
Behold Him!

No. 477. Lead me, Saviour.

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

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

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No. 478. Return, O Wanderer!

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—Isa. 55 : 7.

W. B. Collyer, arr. Geo. F. Root.

1. Re-turn! re-turn! O wand'rer, now re-turn! Re-turn! re-turn! And seek thy Father's face;
2. Re-turn! re-turn! O wand'rer, now re-turn! Re-turn! re-turn! He hears thy humble sigh;
3. Re-turn! re-turn! O wand'rer, now re-turn! Re-turn! re-turn! Thy Saviour bids thee live;

Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by His grace, Were kindled by His grace.
He sees thy burden'd spirit mourn When no one else is nigh, When no one else is nigh.
Come hum-bly to His feet and learn How free-ly He'll for-give, How free-ly He'll for-give.

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No. 479. Tenderly Calling.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—Ezek. 33 : 11.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn and weary, Lo! the Good Shepherd is call-ing to - day;
2. Still He is wait-ing, why wilt thou per-ish, Tho' thou hast wand'red so far from the fold?
3. List to His message, think of His mer - cy! Sin - less, yet bear- ing thy sins on the tree;
4. Come in the old way, come in the true way, En - ter thro' Je - sus, for He is the Door;

Seeking to save thee, waiting to cleanse thee, Haste to re-ceive Him, no lon-ger de - lay.
Yet, with His life-blood, He has redeem'd thee, Wondrous compassion that cannot be told!
Per-fect re - mis - sion, life ev - er - last - ing, Thro' His a - tone-ment, He of-fers to thee.
He is the Shep-herd, ten-der-ly call - ing, Come in thy weakness, and wander no more.

Chorus.

Ten-der-ly call - ing, pa-tient-ly call - ing, Hear the Good Shepherd call-ing to thee;

Ten-der-ly call - ing, pa-tient-ly call - ing, Lov-ing-ly say - ing, "Come unto me!"

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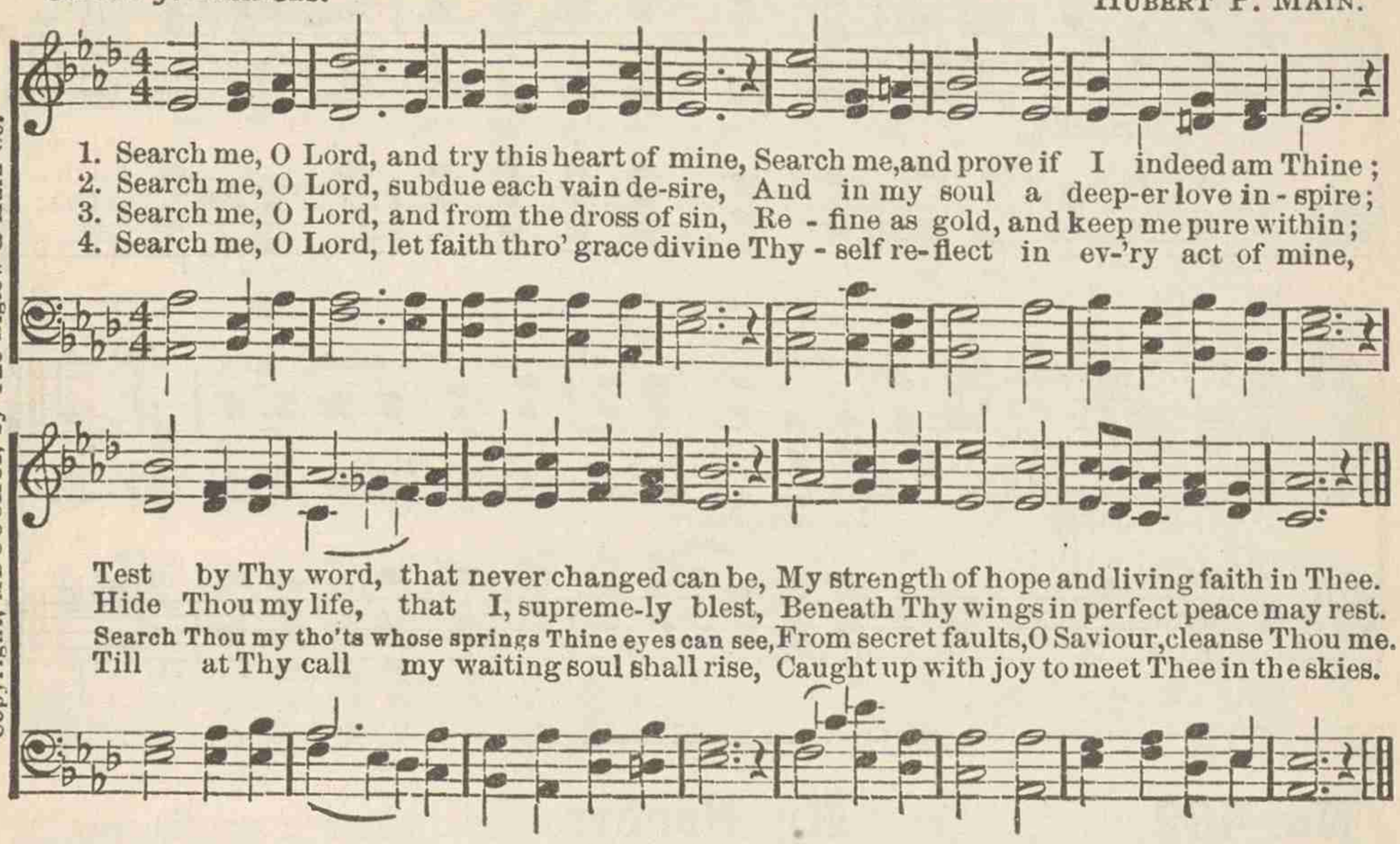
No. 480. Search me, O Lord.

"And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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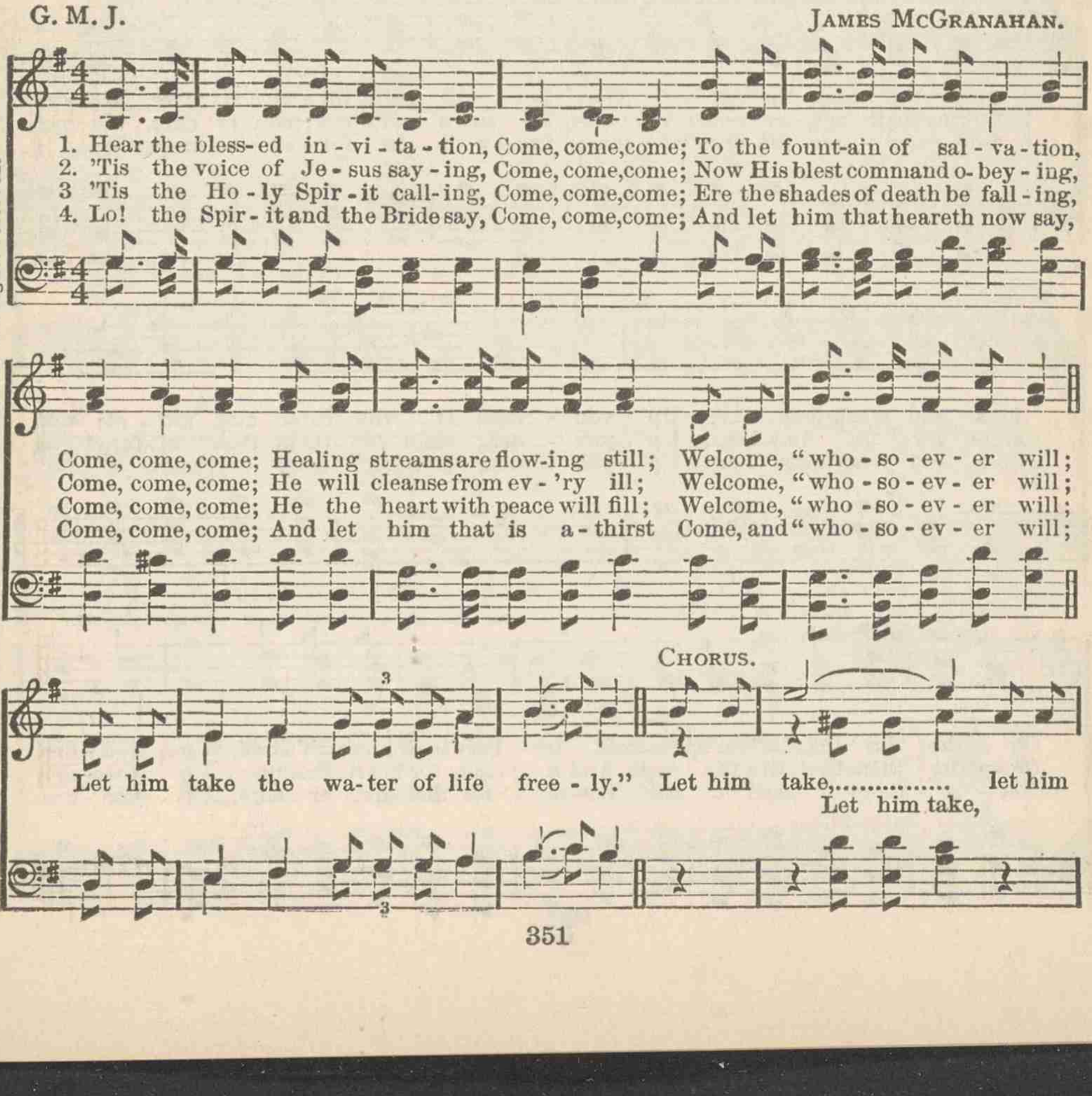
No. 481. Hear the Blessed Invitation.

"The Spirit and the bride say come."—Rev. 22: 17.

G. M. J. James McGranahan.



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Hear the Blessed Invitation.

take,..... Let him take the wa-ter of life free - ly; Let Him
let him take,

take,..... let him take,..... Let him take the wa-ter of life free - ly.
let him take, let him take,

No. 482. Up Yonder.

"Where I am, there ye may be also."—Jno. 14: 3.

M. Frazer. M. A. Sea.

1. Safe up - on the heav'n-ly shore, Done with pain for - ev - er-more, Wea - ri-
2. Storms shall nev - er reach us there, No more sor - row, pain or care, No more
3. Safe up - on the heav'n-ly shore, Done with sin for - ev - er-more, Wea - ri -

ness and weak-ness o'er, Up yon - der; O the calm and qui - et rest
cross for us to bear, Up yon - der; Gain for them that suf-fered loss,
ness and weak-ness o'er, Up yon - der; Nev - er more to know a fear,

On the lov - ing Saviour's breast; It is bet - ter than earth's best, Up yon - der.
Crowns for them that bore the cross, And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yon - der.
Nev - er - more to shed a tear, Bet-ter far than ev - er here, Up yon - der.

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No. 483. In Heavenly Pastures.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker. Geo. F. Root.

1. In the heav'n-ly past-ures fair, 'Neath the ten - der Shepherd's care, Let us rest be-side the liv-ing stream to - day; Calm-ly there in peace recline, Drink-ing in the truth di-vine, As His lov - ing call we now with joy o - bey (with joy obey).
2. Far from all the noise and strife That dis - turb our dai - ly life, Let us pause a-while in si-lence and a - dore; Then the sound of His dear voice Will our wait-ing souls re-joice, As He nam-eth us His own for ev - er-more (for ever-more).
3. O how good and true and kind, Seek - ing His stray sheep to find, If they wan - der in - to dan-ger from His side; Ev - er close - ly may we tread Where His ho - ly feet have led, So at last with Him in heav'n we may a - bide (we may abide).

Chorus.

Glorious stream of life e - ter - nal, Beauteous fields of liv - ing green (living green), Tho' re - vealed with - in the word Of our Shep - herd and our Lord, By the pure in heart a - lone can they be seen (ev - er seen).

rit.

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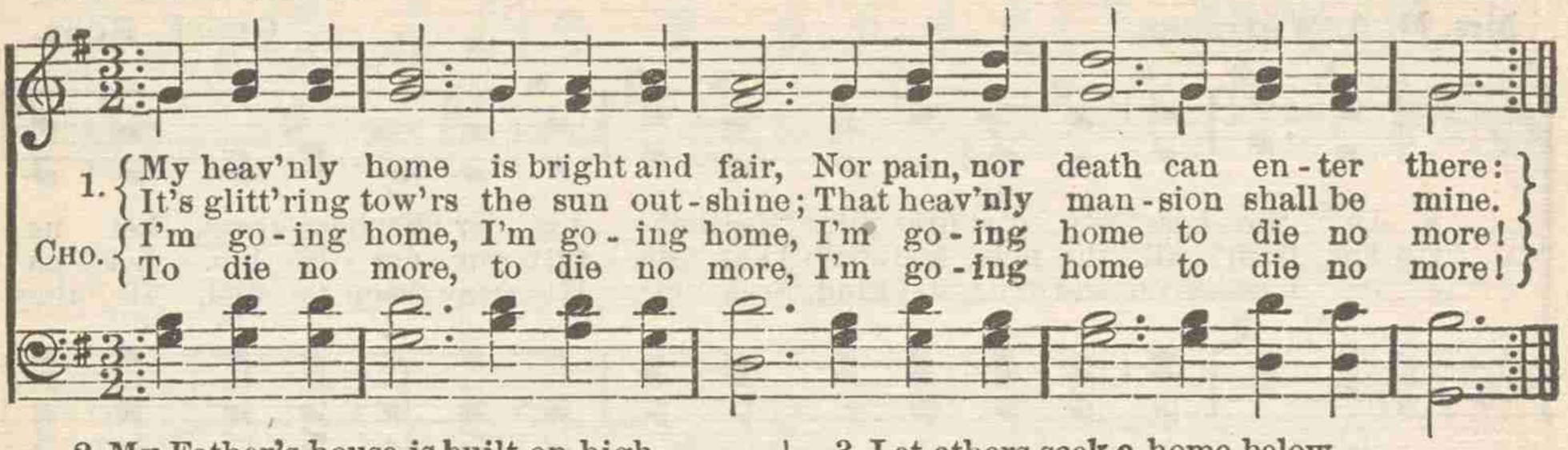
No. 484. I'm Going Home.

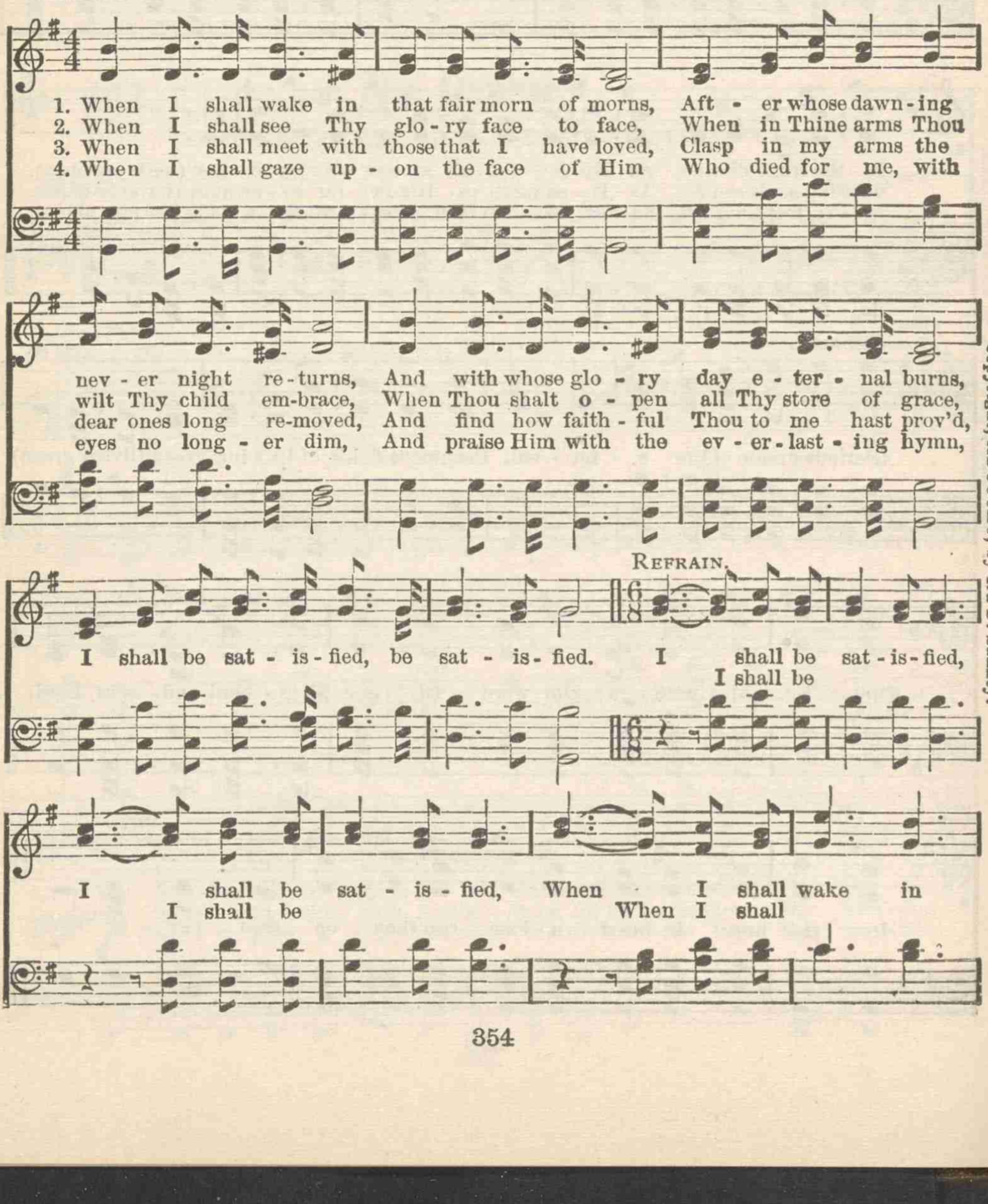
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JNO. 14: 2.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 485. Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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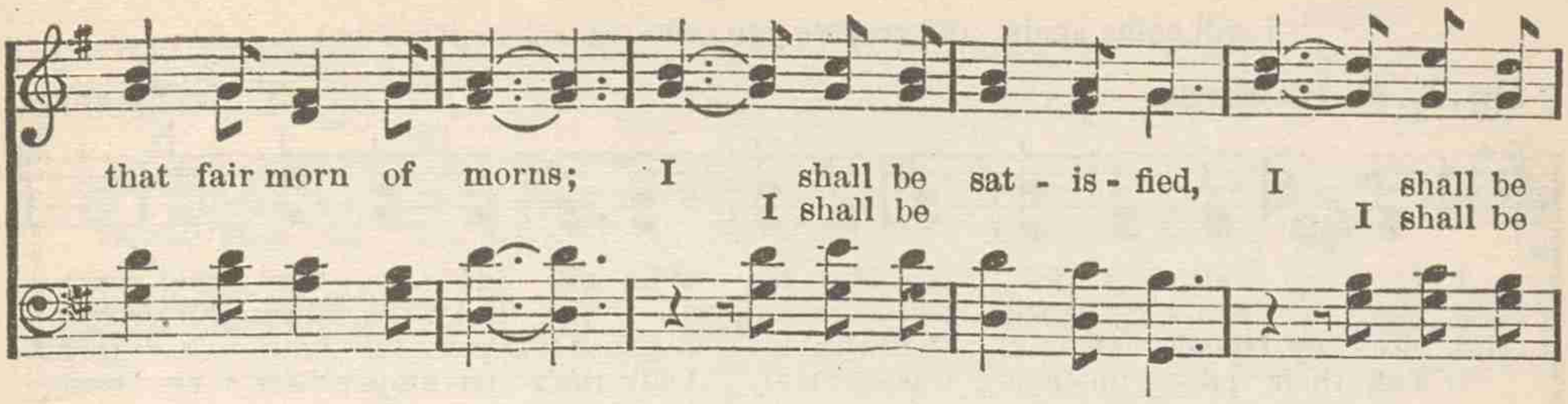
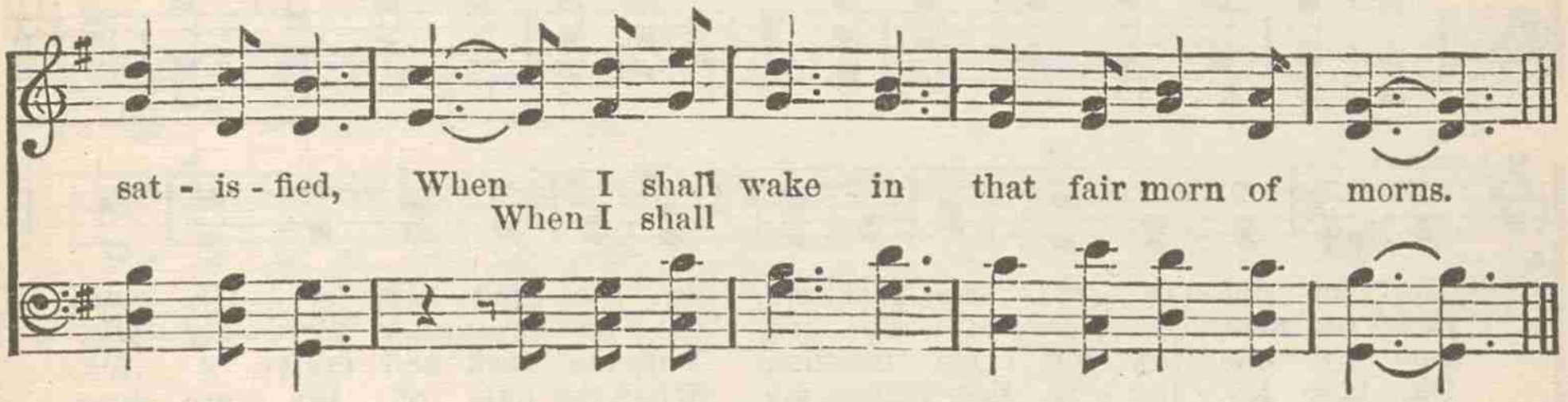
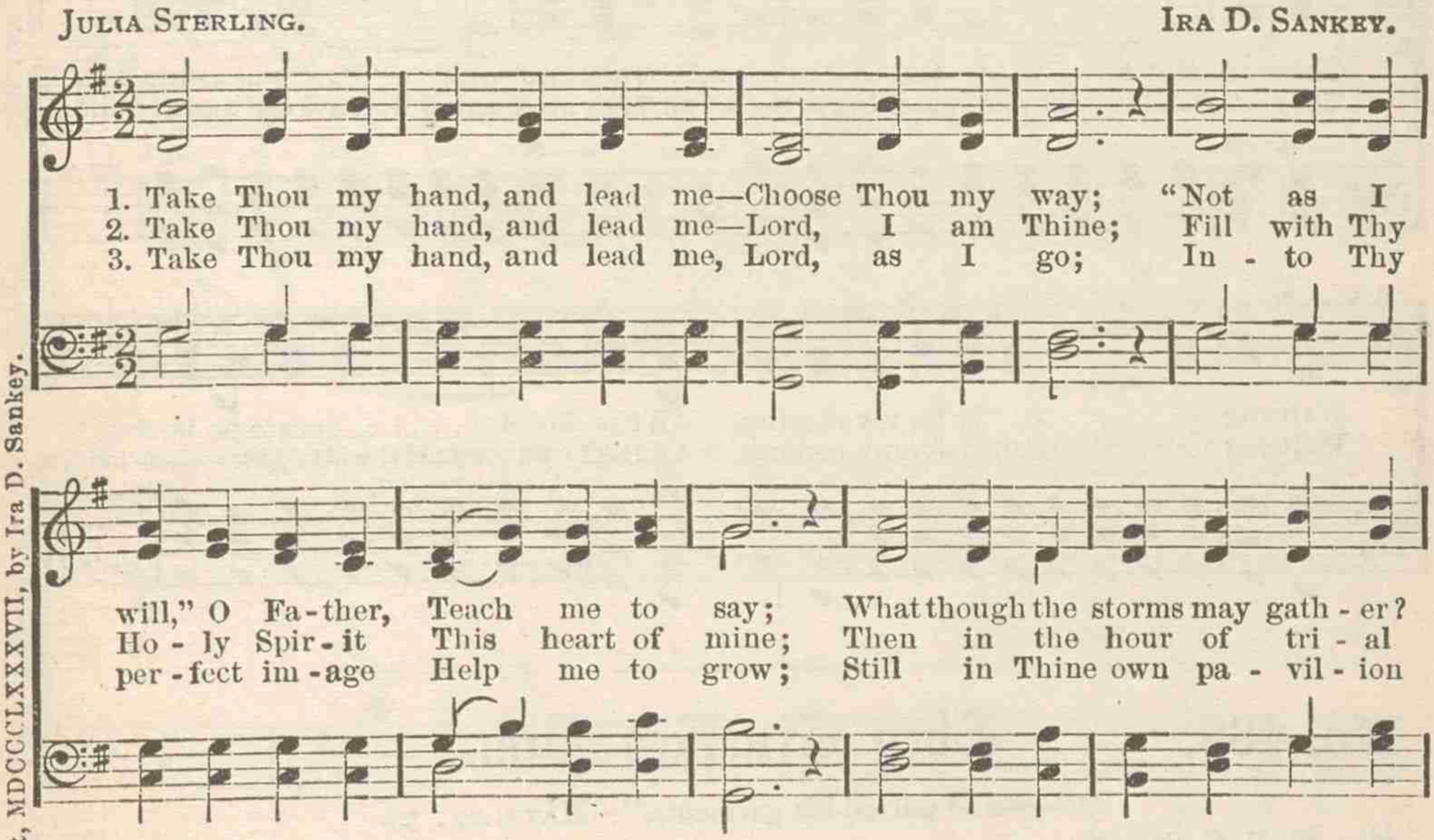
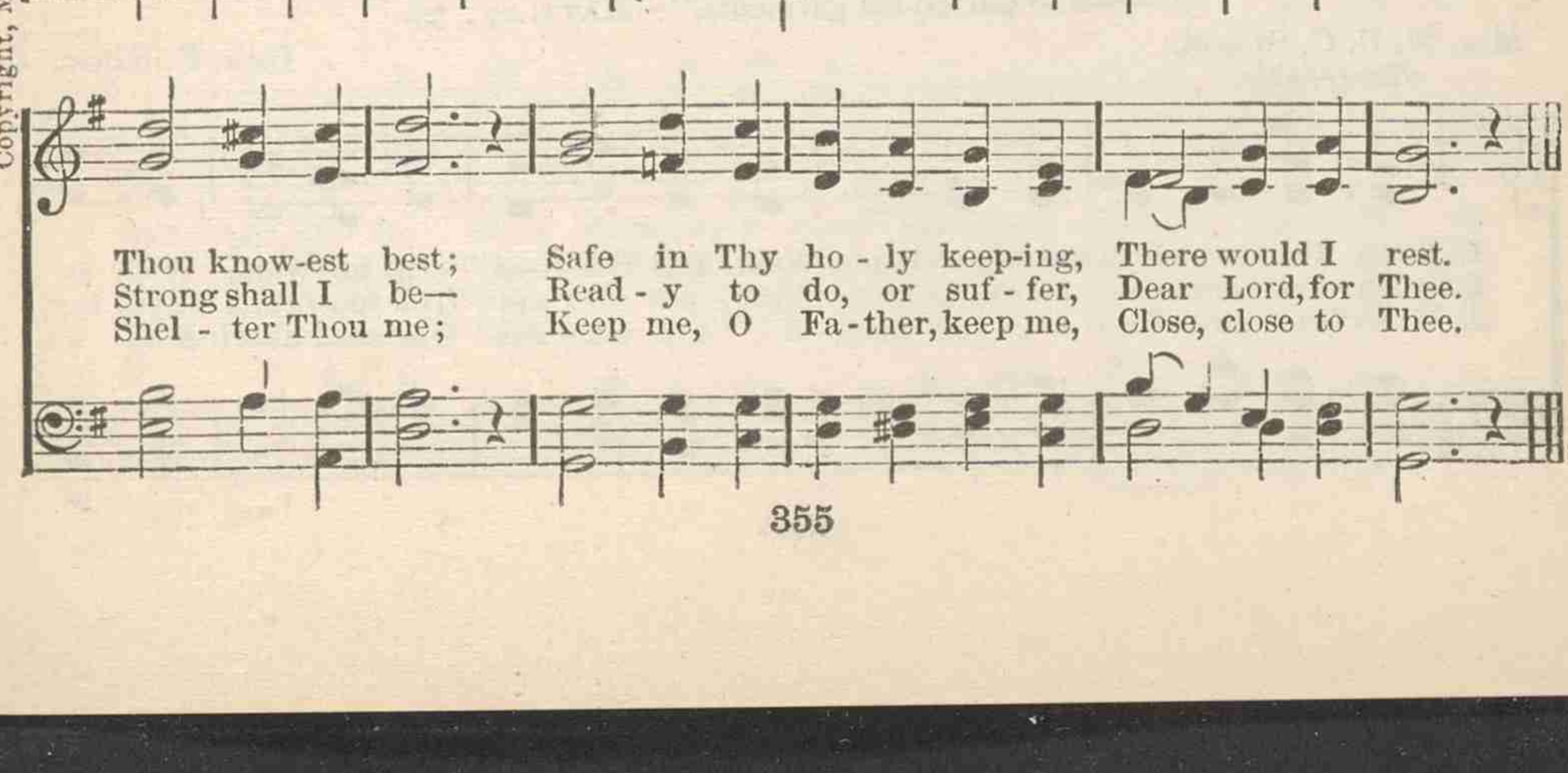

No. 486. Take Thou My Hand.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41 : 13.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 487. Waiting at the Door.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

Mrs. K. M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am wait - ing for the Mas - ter, Who will bid me rise and come
2. Many a wea - ry path I've trav-eled, In the dark - est storm and strife,
3. Ma - ny friends that trav - eled with me Reached that por - tal long a - go;
4. Yes, their pil - grim - age was short- er, And their tri- umphs soon - er won;

To the glo - ry of His pres-ence, To the glad - ness of His home.
Bear - ing many a heav - y bur - den, Oft - en strug-gling for my life.
One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
Oh, how lov - ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.

CHORUS.

They are watch - - ing at the port-al, They are wait - - ing at the door;
They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are waiting, they are waiting at the door;

Wait-ing on - - ly for my coming, All the loved..... ones gone be-fore.
Wait-ing only, waiting on-ly for my coming, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone before.

By per. T. C. O'Kane, owner of copyright.

No. 488. They Crucified Him.

"——and parted his garments."—MATT. 27: 35.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.

1. From the Bethlehem man - ger- home, Walk - ing His dear form be - side, We to
2. Scorn - ful words the sol - diers fling; Wick - ed rul - ers Him de - ride, Say - ing,
3. Won - drous love for sin - ful men, Of the sin - less One that died! May we

They Crucified Him.

CHORUS.

Cal - vary's mount have come, Where our Lord was cru - ci - fied.
if thou be the King, Save Thy-self, Thou cru - ci - fied. } Sweet tones of
wound Thee not a - gain, Thou, O Christ, the cru - ci - fied.

love come down the a - ges through: Fa - ther, for-give, they know not what they do.

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No. 489. Pass it On.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim 4: 2.

M. FRAZER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
2. Pass a - long the cup of com - fort That the Lord has giv - en you;
3. Pass a - long each boon and bless - ing That may come to you through life;
4. Pass a - long the watchword, "Courage;" Soon the dark - ness will be o'er;

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass a - long the lov - ing
Oth - er wea - ry, troubled
You may help the wea - ry -
Pass it on, pass it on, See, al - read - y dawn is

mes - sage Un - to ev - 'ry thirst - y one; Pass it on,..... pass it on.
spir - its Need to taste its sweetness too; Pass it on,..... pass it on.
heart - ed Who are faint a - mid the strife; Pass it on,..... pass it on.
break - ing On the bright ce - les - tial shore; Pass it on,..... pass it on.

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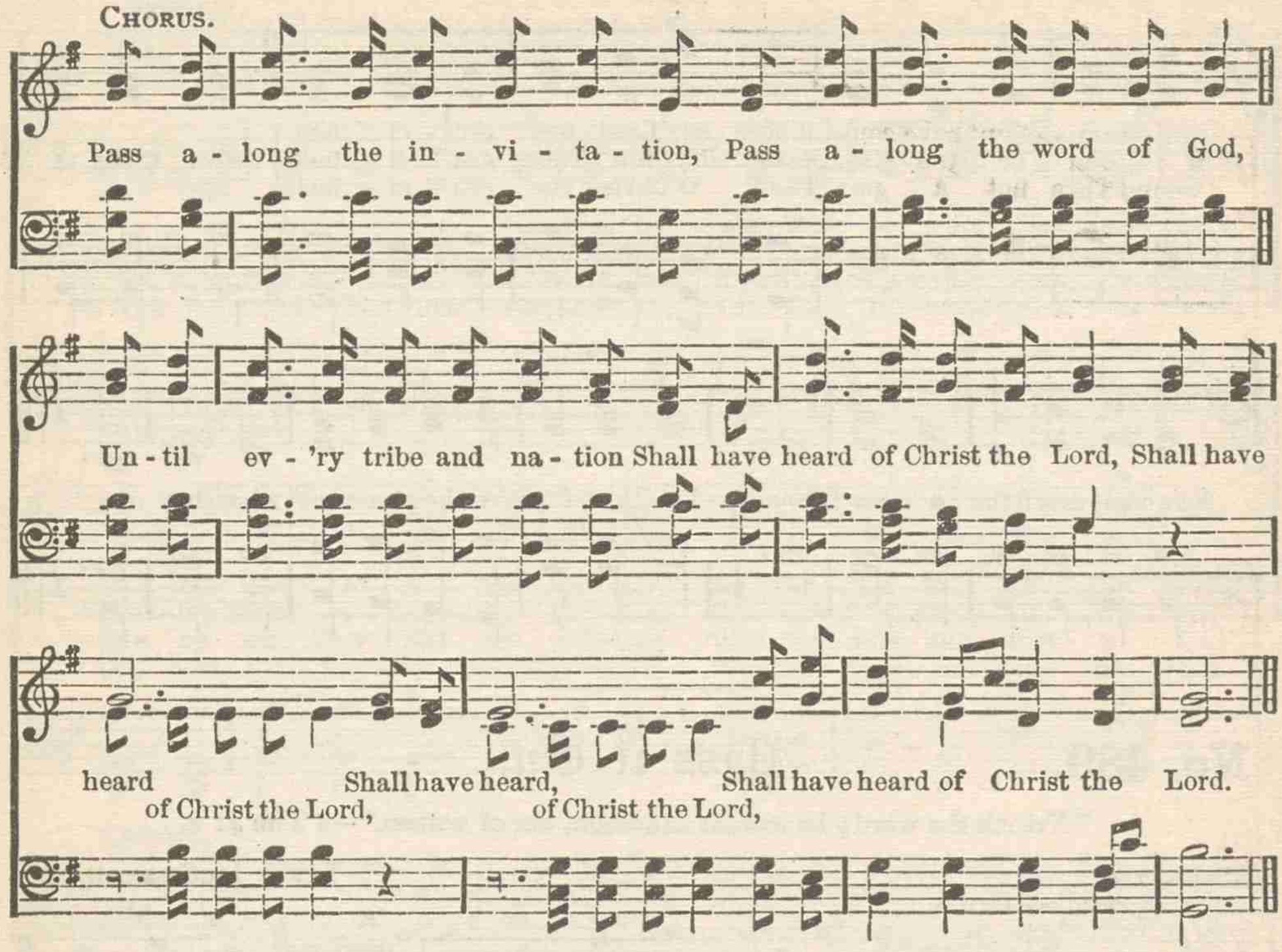
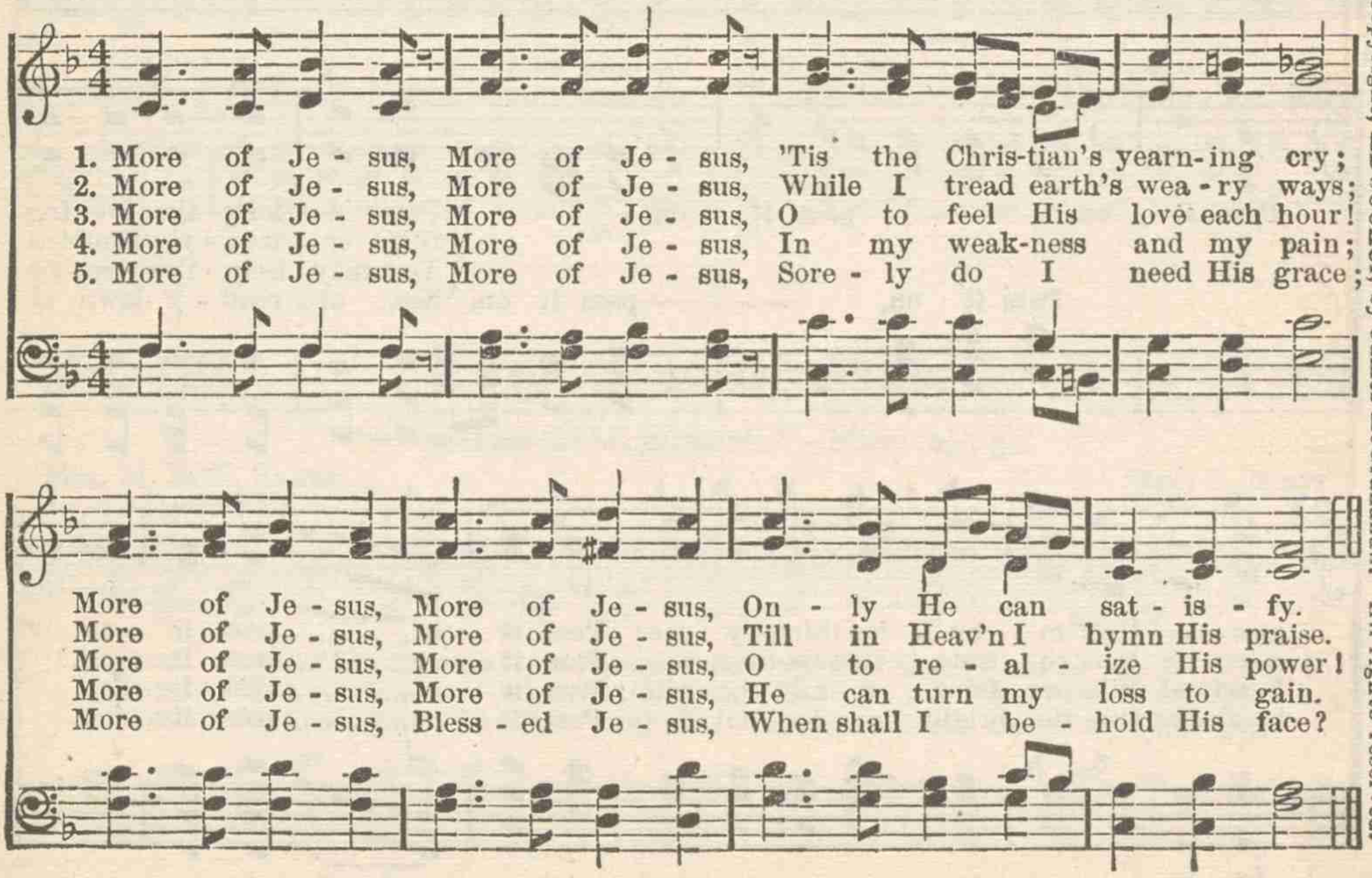
Pass it On.

CHORUS.

No. 490. More of Jesus.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord."—2 PETER 1 : 2.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.

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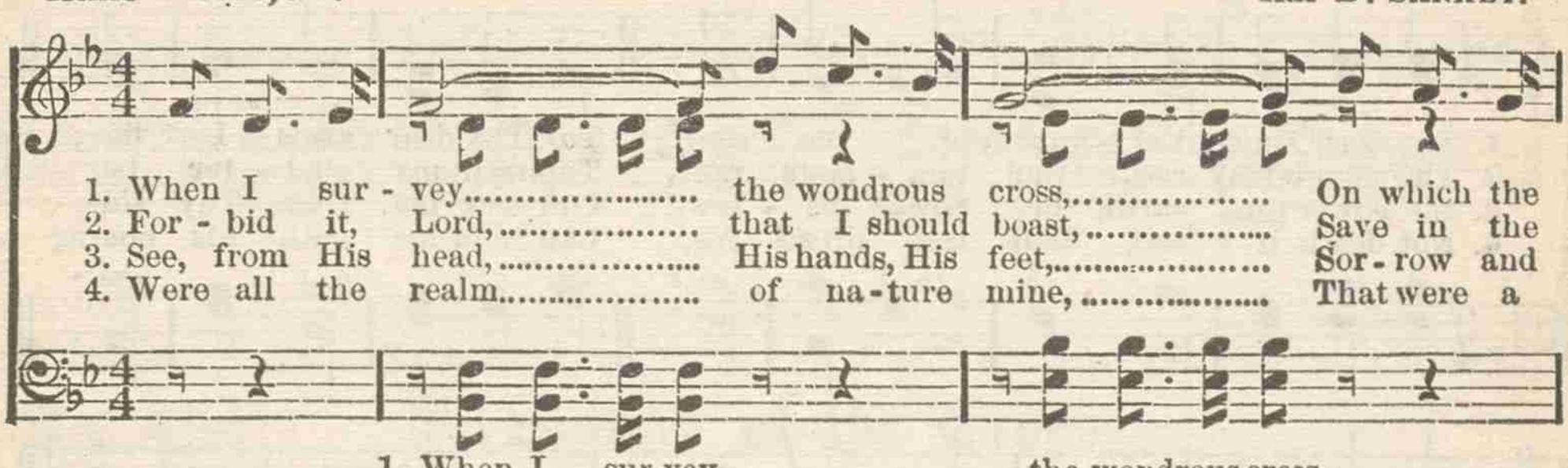
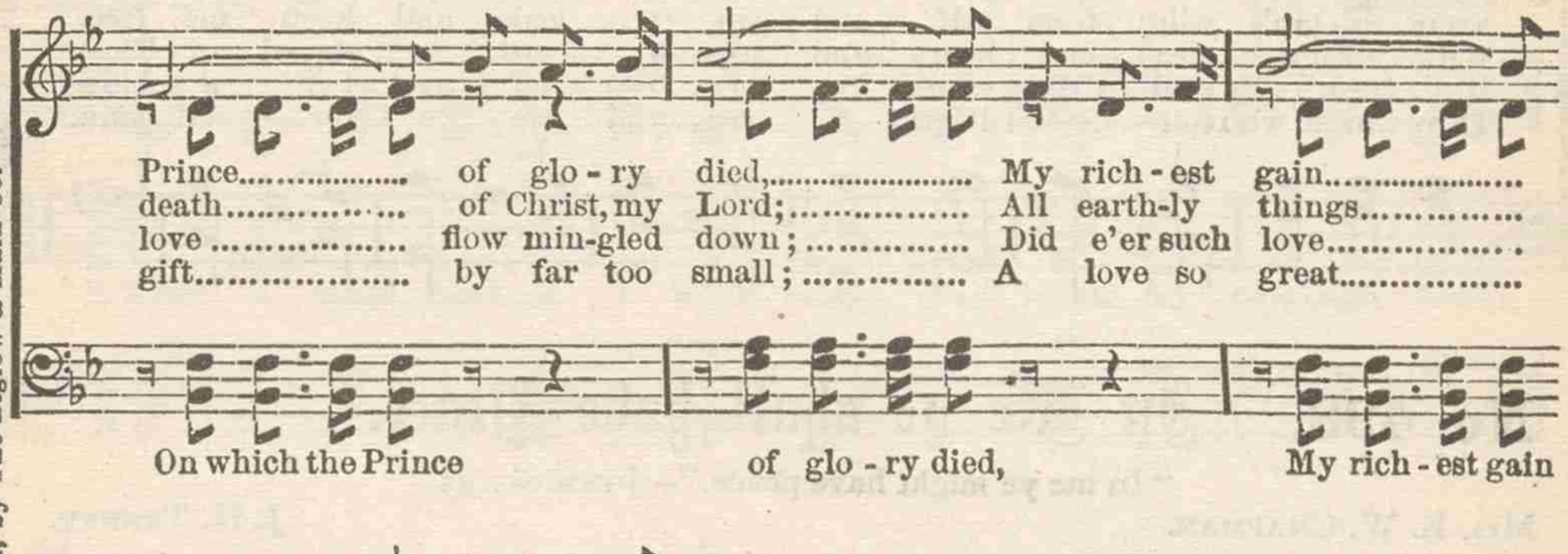
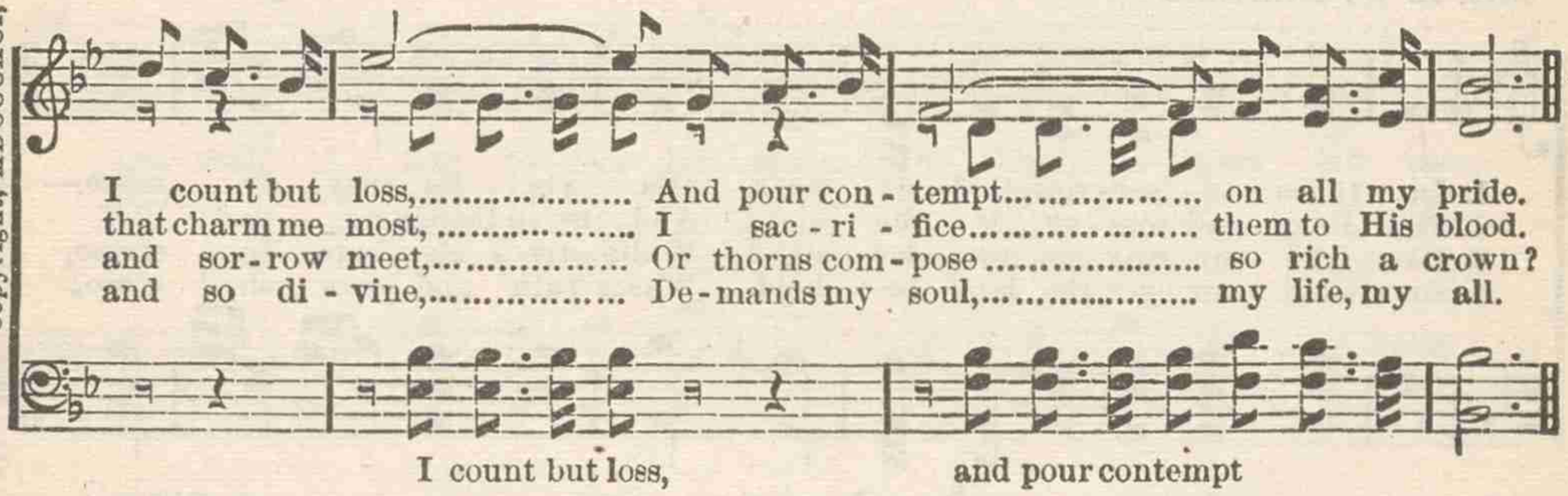
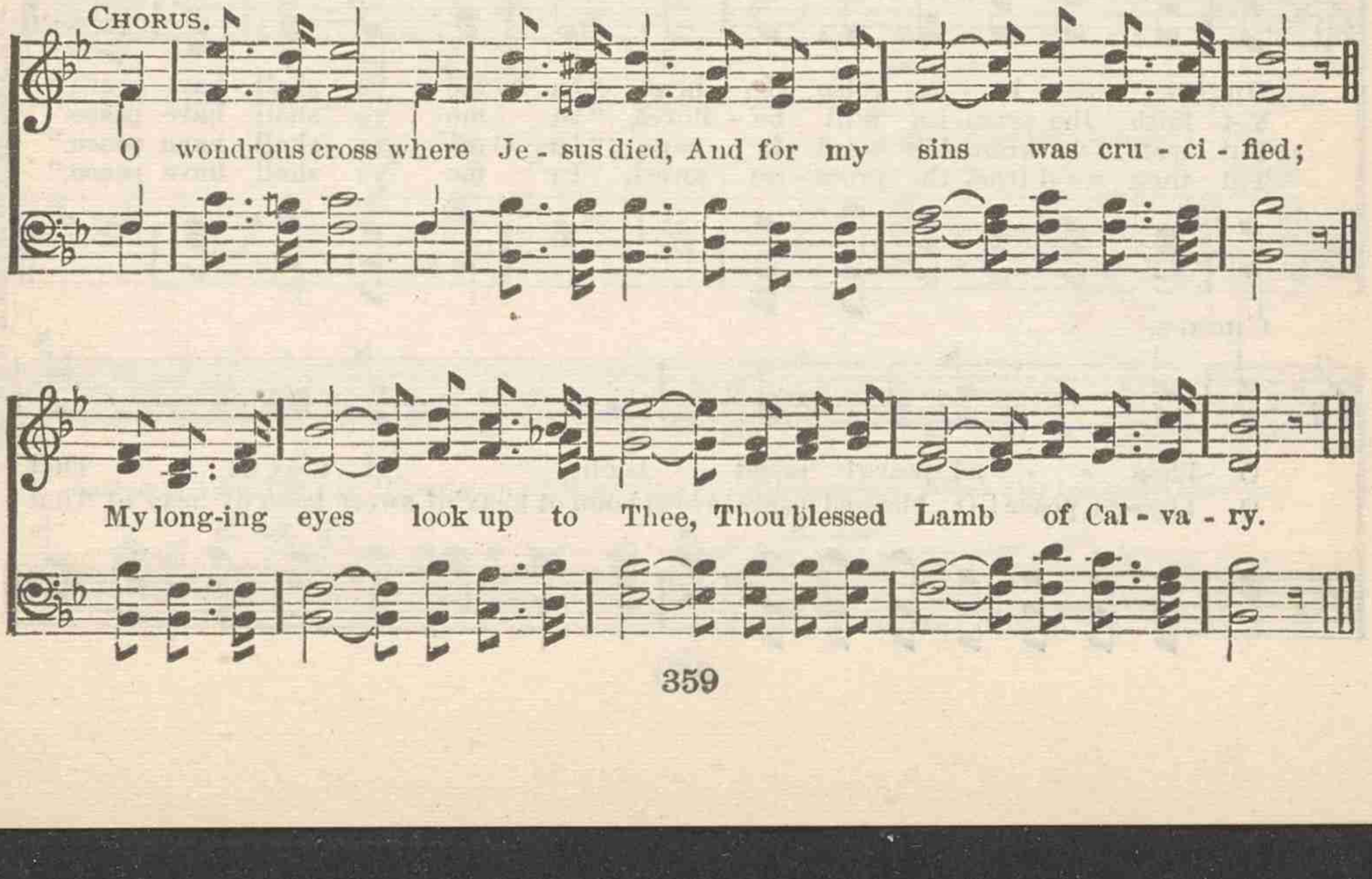
No. 491. The Wondrous Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

Isaac Watts, arr. Ira D. Sankey.





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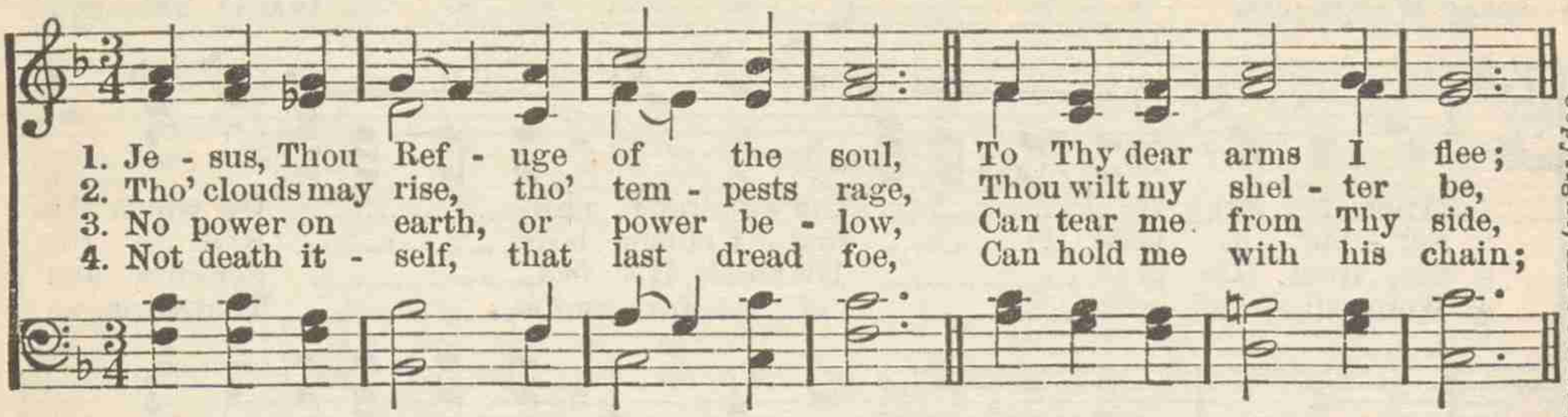
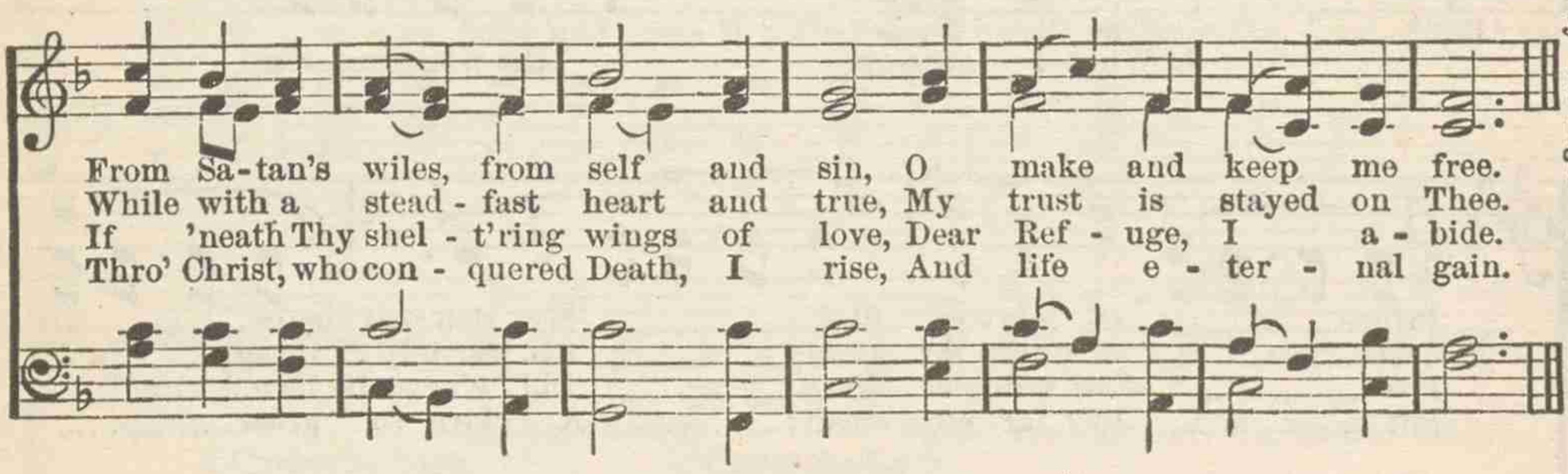
No. 492. Our Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

Mrs. C. Warren. Hubert P. Main.

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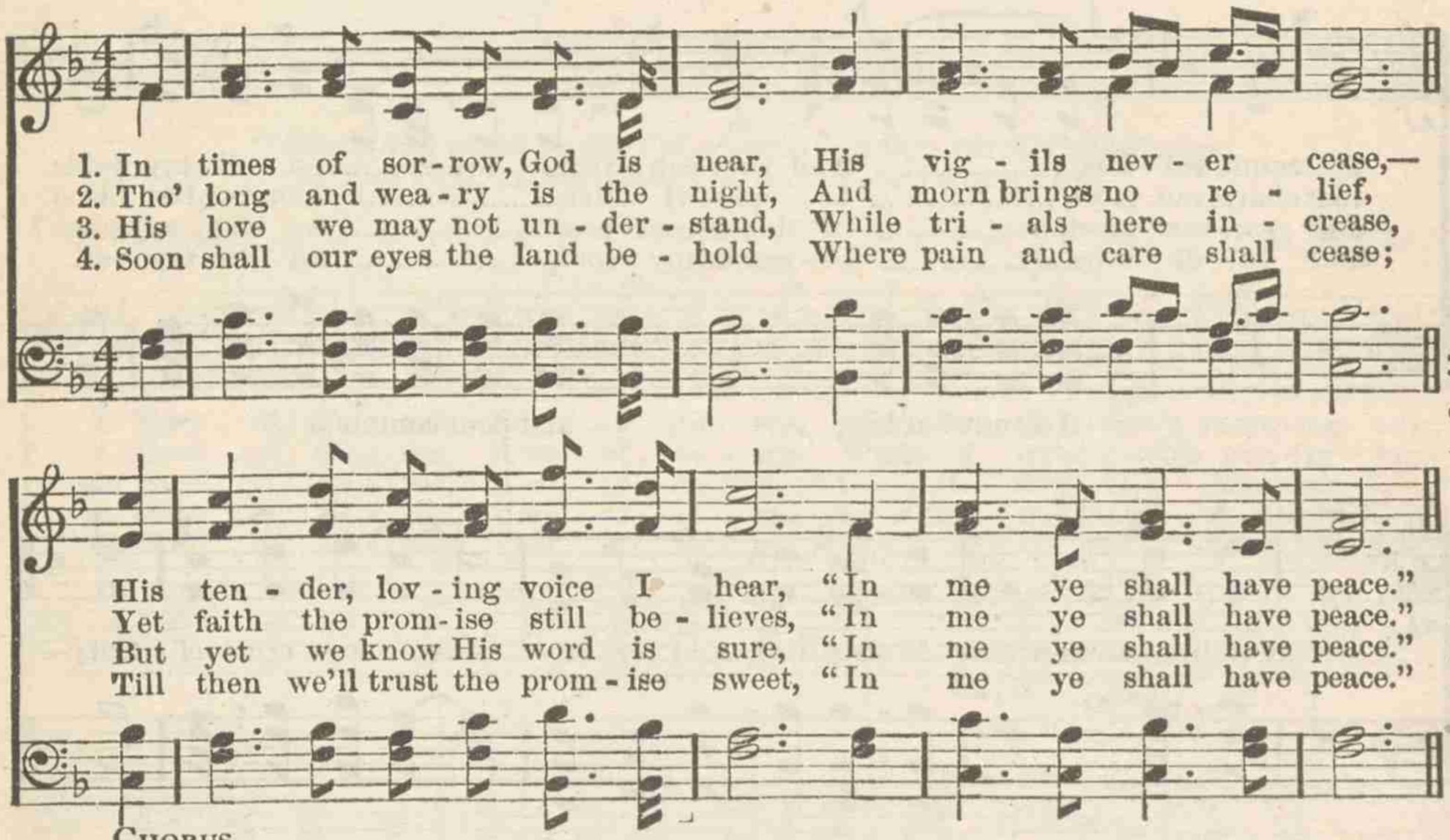
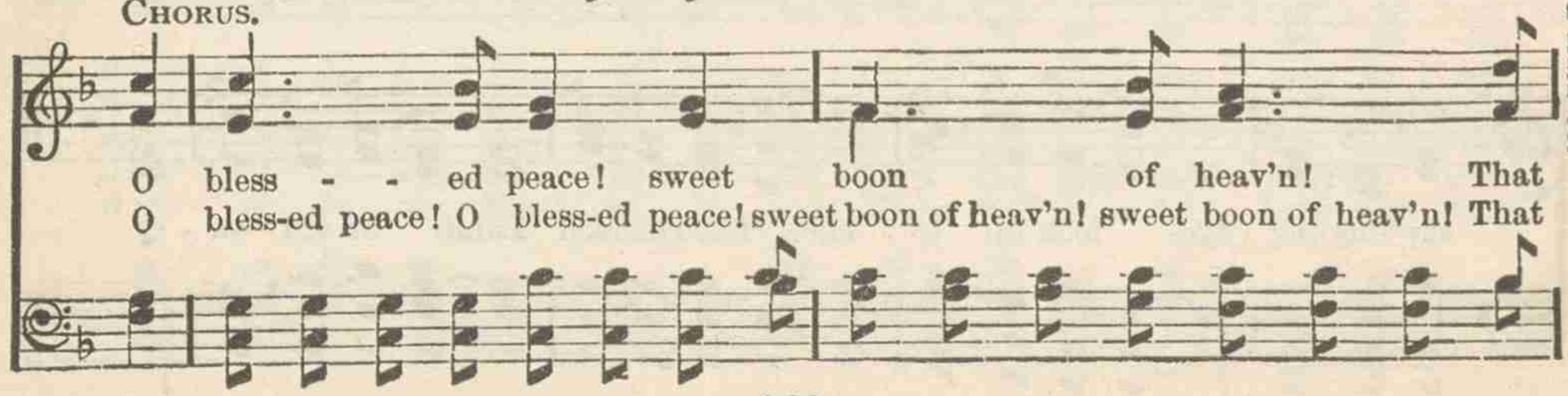
No. 493. In Me ye shall have Peace.

"In me ye might have peace."—John 16: 33.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

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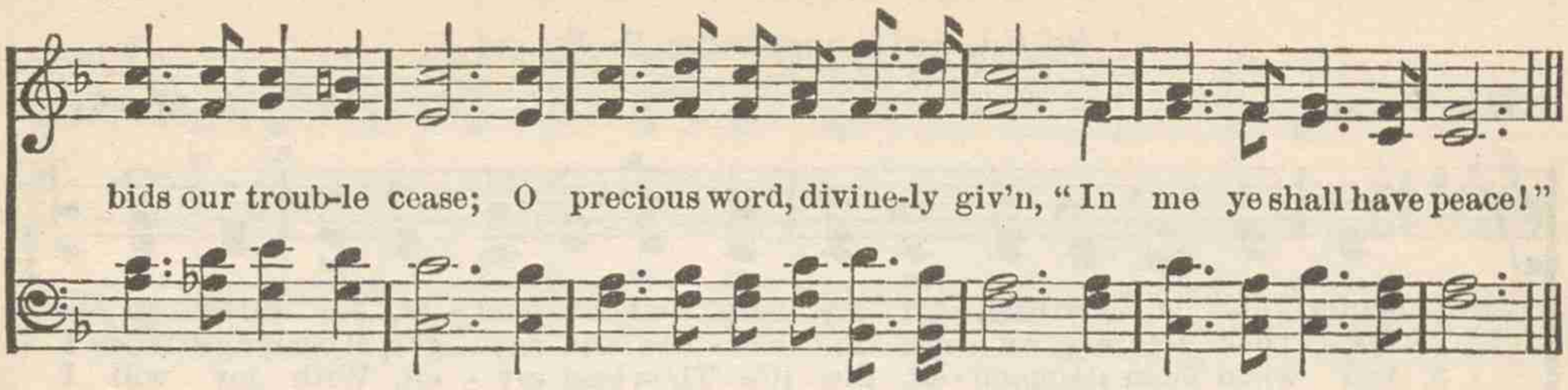
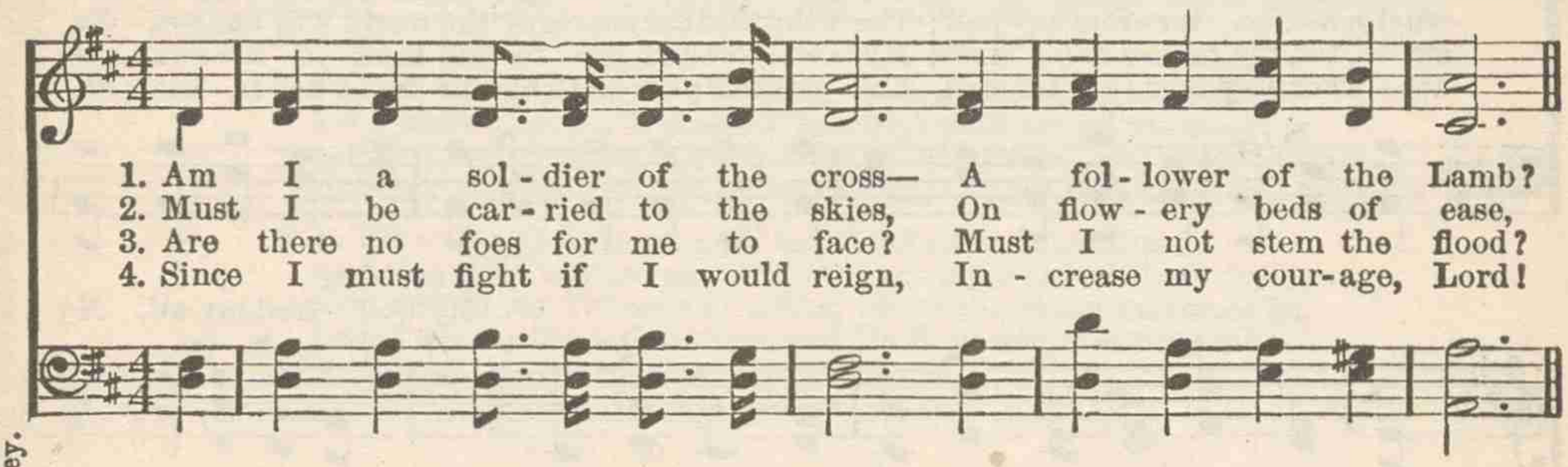
In Me ye shall have Peace.



No. 494. A Soldier of the Cross.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.



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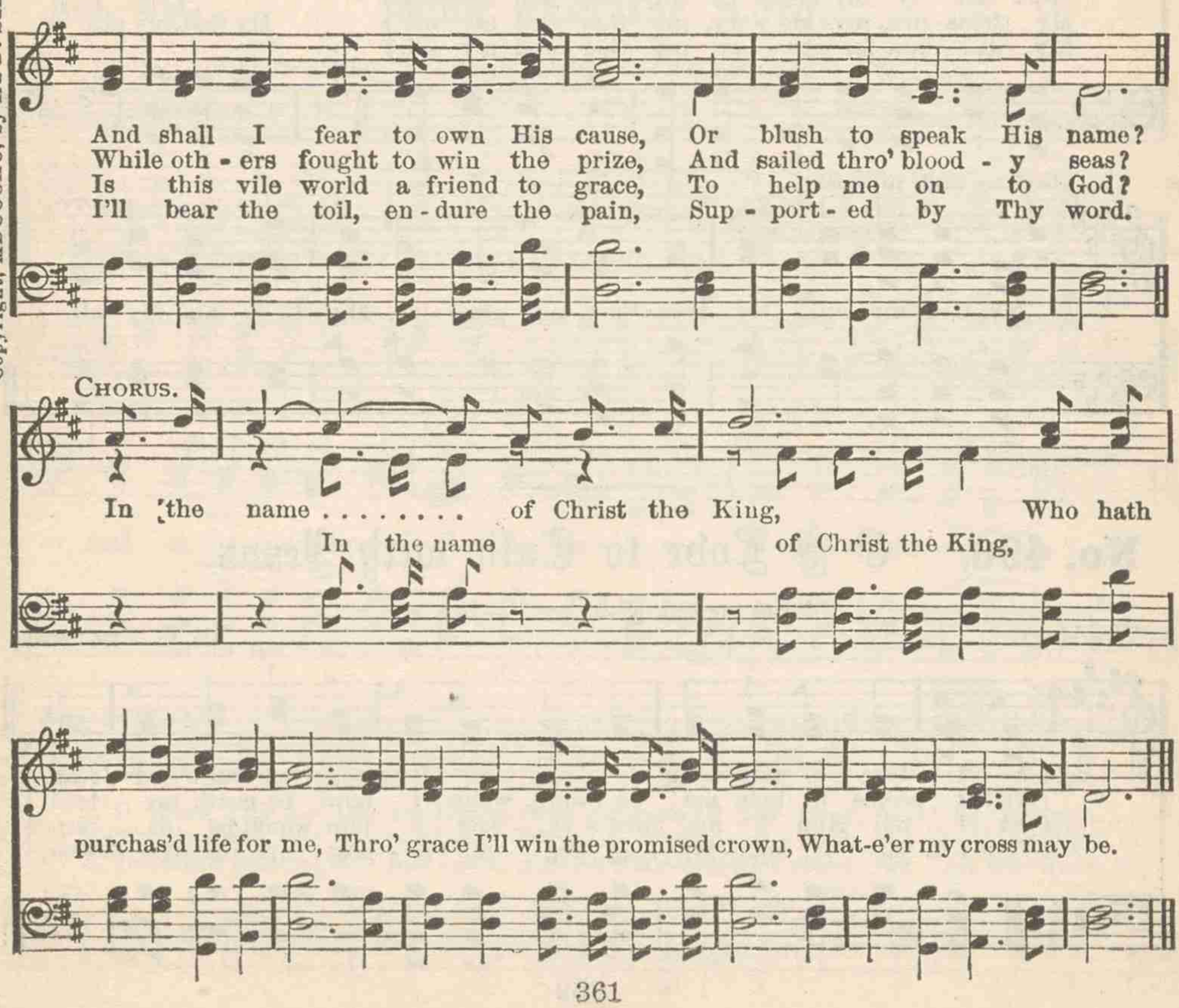
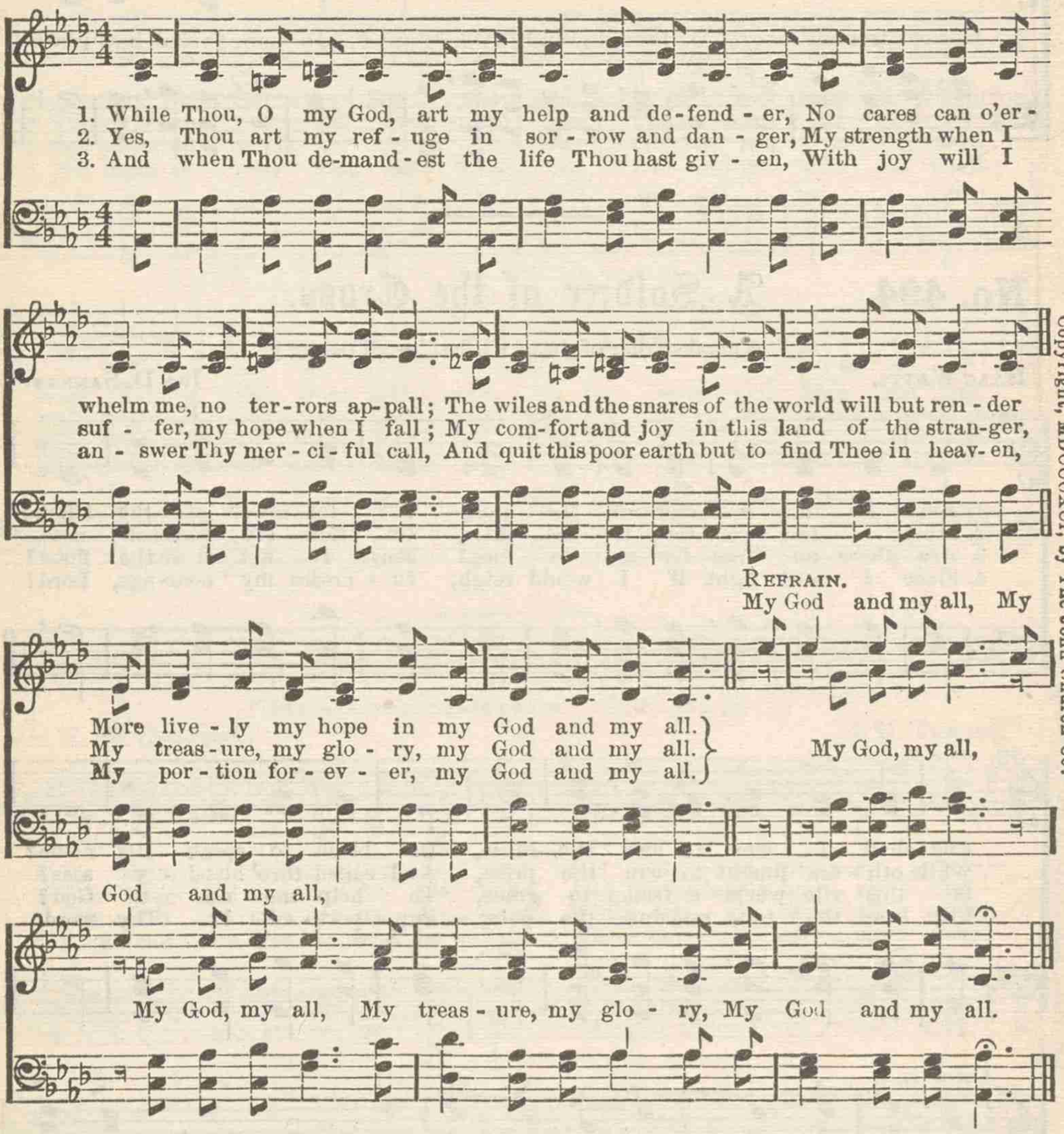


No. 495. My God and my All.

"Behold, God is mine helper."—Ps. 54: 4.

WM. YOUNG. J. R. MURRAY.

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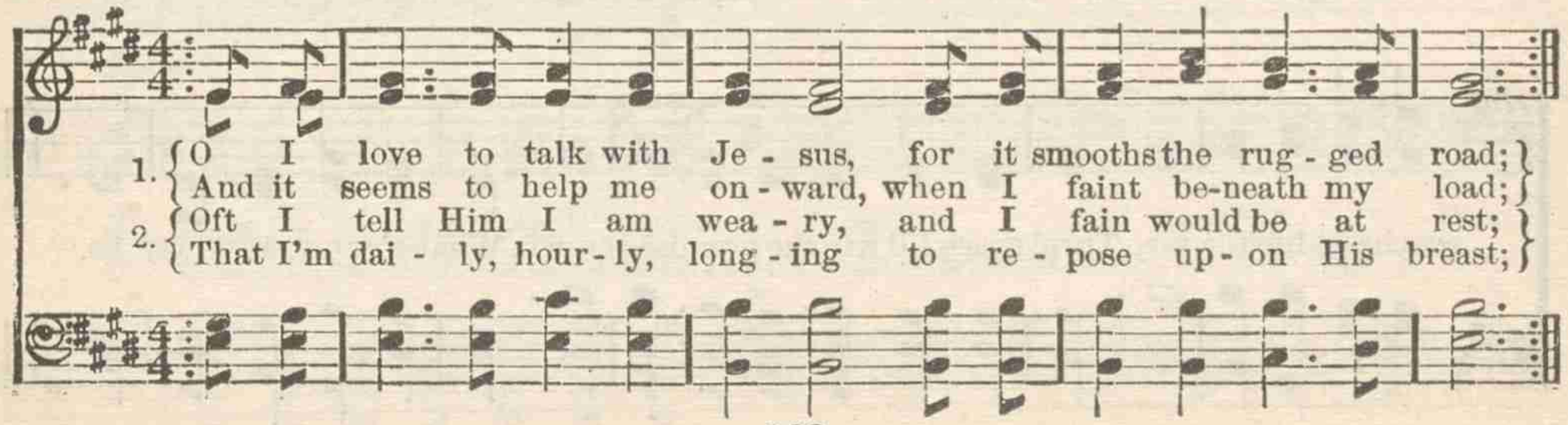
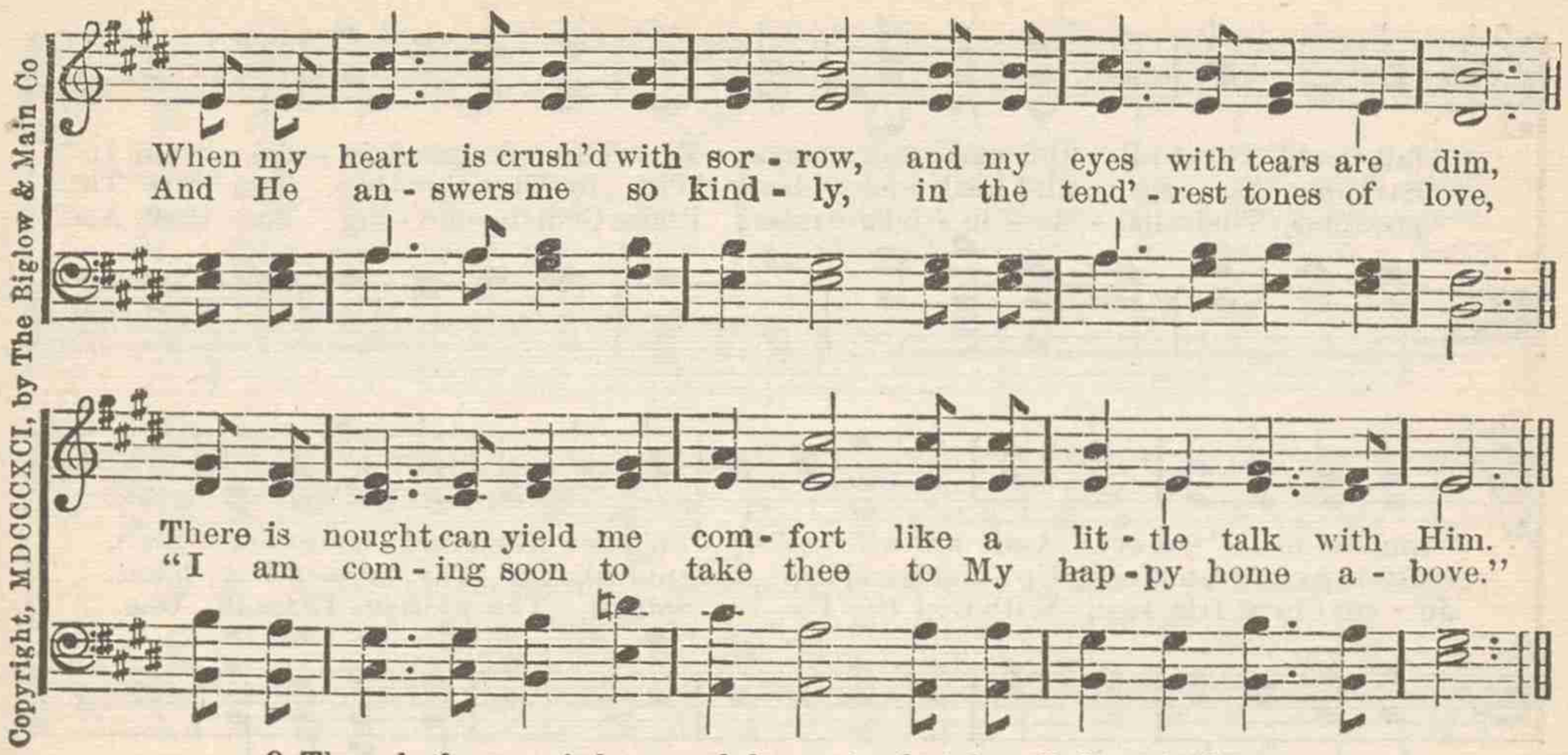
No. 496. O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

"Let me talk with thee."—JER. 12: 1.

Words arr. W. G. FISCHER.

O I Love to Talk with Jesus.



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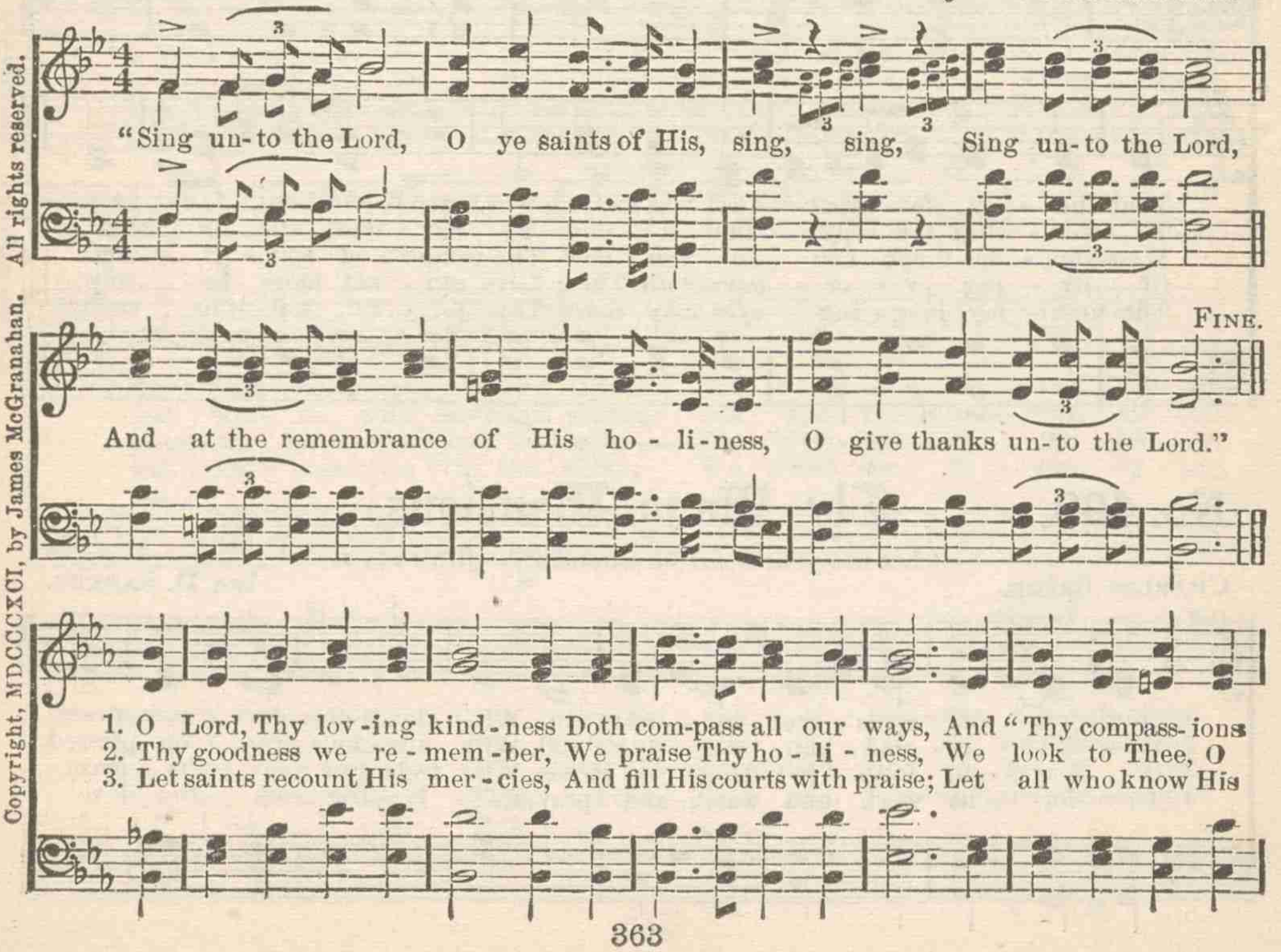
3 Though the way is long and dreary to that far-off distant clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time;
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger still to know Him more and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with me.

No. 497. Sing unto the Lord.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30: 4.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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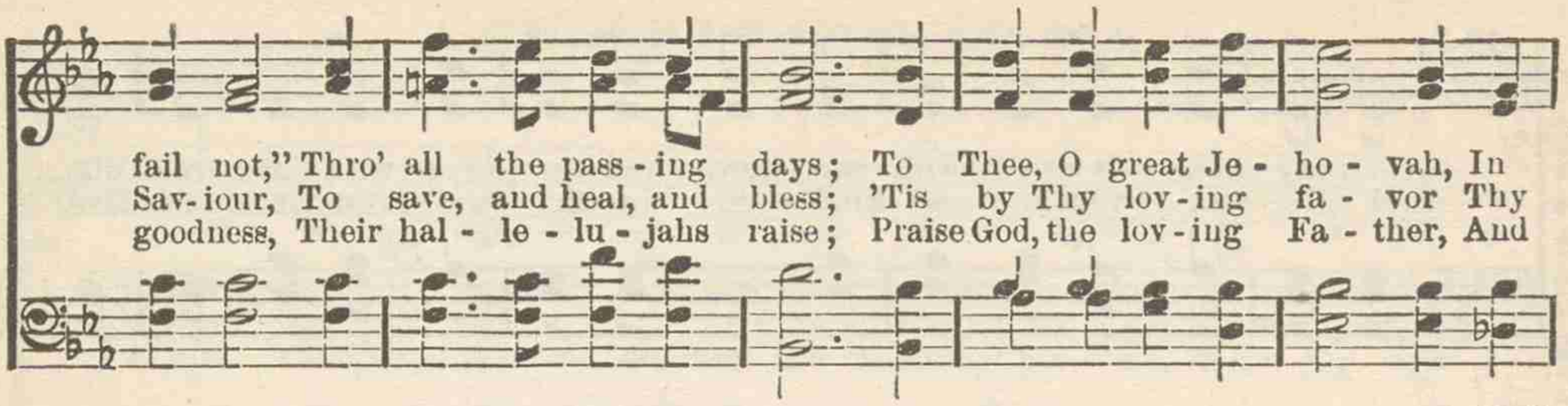
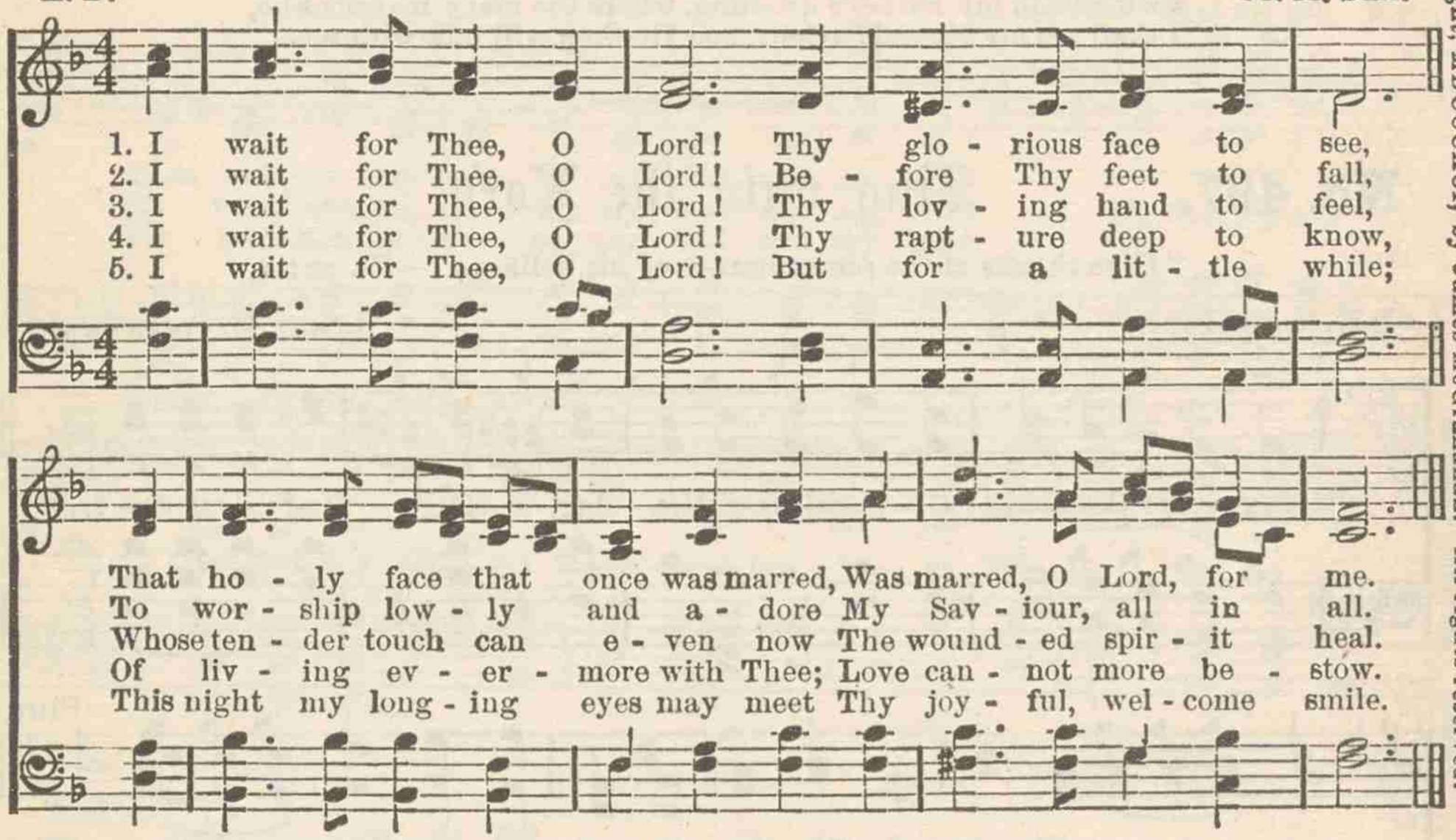
Sing unto the Lord.

No. 498. I wait for Thee, O Lord.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130 : 8.

E. B. M. A. Sea.

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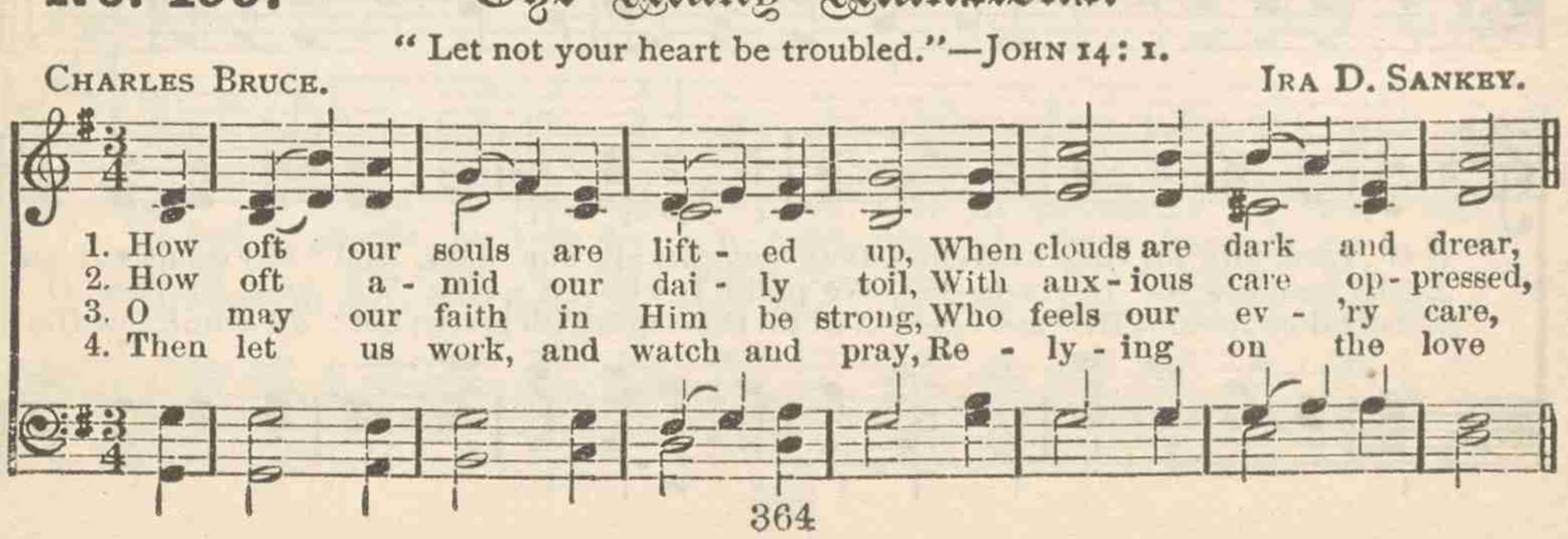
No. 499. The Many Mansions.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—John 14 : 1.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



The Many Mansions.

For Je - sus comes, and kind - ly speaks These lov - ing words of cheer.
We hear a - gain the pre - cious word That tells of joy and rest.
And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven pre - pare.
Of Him who now pre - pares a place For us in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS. JOHN 14: 2.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; If it were not so I would have told you;

ritard.

In my Father's house are ma - ny mansions," "I go to prepare a place for you."

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No. 500. We would see Jesus.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN 12: 21.

Anon. F. MENDELSSOHN. Arr.

1. We would see Je - sus— for the shadows length - en A - cross this lit - tle land - scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strength - en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock-foun - da - tion, Where - on our feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil - grim - age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare - well, mor - tal night!

No. 501. Pray, Brethren, Pray!

"Watch and pray."—MARK 13: 33.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato.

1. Pray, brethren! pray! The sands are fall-ing; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is call-ing,
2. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is end-ing.
3. Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dy-ing: Watch, brethren watch! Old time is fly-ing!
4. Look, brethren, look! The day is breaking; Hark, brethren, hark! The dead are wak-ing,

Allegro.

Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime; We kneel up-on the verge of time:
Be-hold, the glo-ry draw-eth near The King Him-self will soon ap-pear:
Watch as men watch the part-ing breath, Watch as men watch for life or death:
With gird-ed loins all read-y stand; Be-hold, the Bridegroom is at hand!

After last verse only.

REFRAIN. *Slow.* *ritard.* *Adagio.*

E-ter-ni-ty is drawing nigh! E-ter-ni-ty is drawing nigh! is drawing nigh!

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No. 502. Young Men in Christ the Lord.

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the World.

ROBERT WEIDENSALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Young men in Christ the Lord, Own Him your Saviour God, His name a-dore;
2. Young men in Christ the Lord, Be might-y in His word, Its truths de-clare;
3. Young men in Christ the King, Your grate-ful trib-ute bring, Of love and praise;
4. Young men in Christ the Friend, On Him all hopes de-pend, Of true re-lief;

For by His wondrous sac-ri-fice, He paid the great re-demp-tion price,
And seek the Ho-ly Spir-it's power, By faith and per-se-ver-ing prayer,
U-nit-ed in His roy-al name, With loy-al hearts His words pro-claim,
To ev-'ry burdened soul you meet, His gra-cious, lov-ing words, so sweet,

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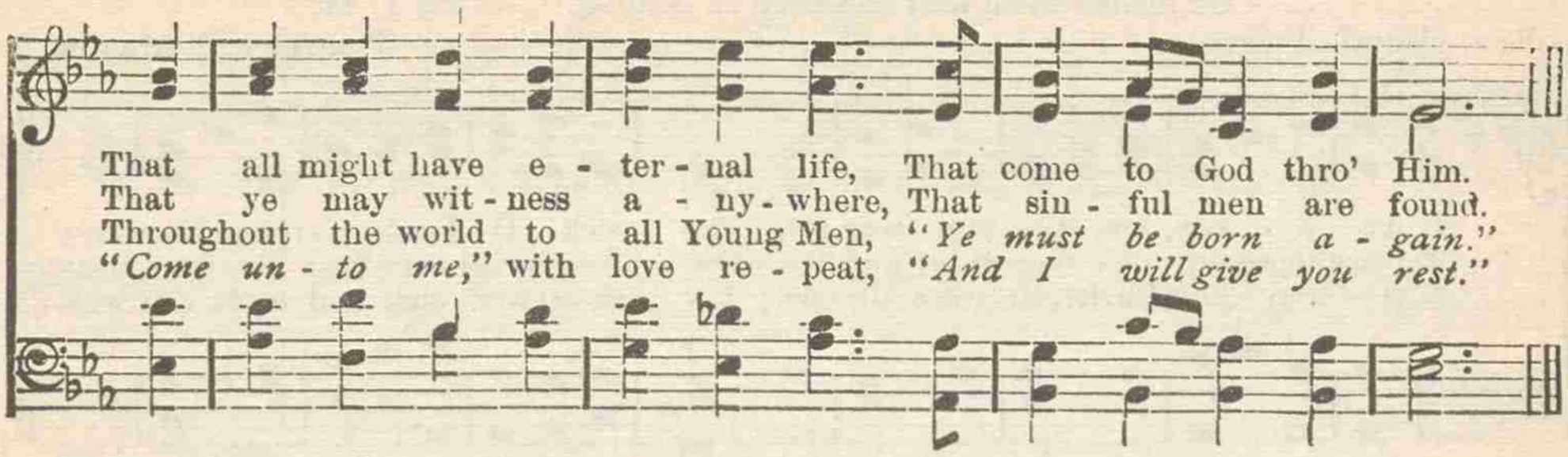
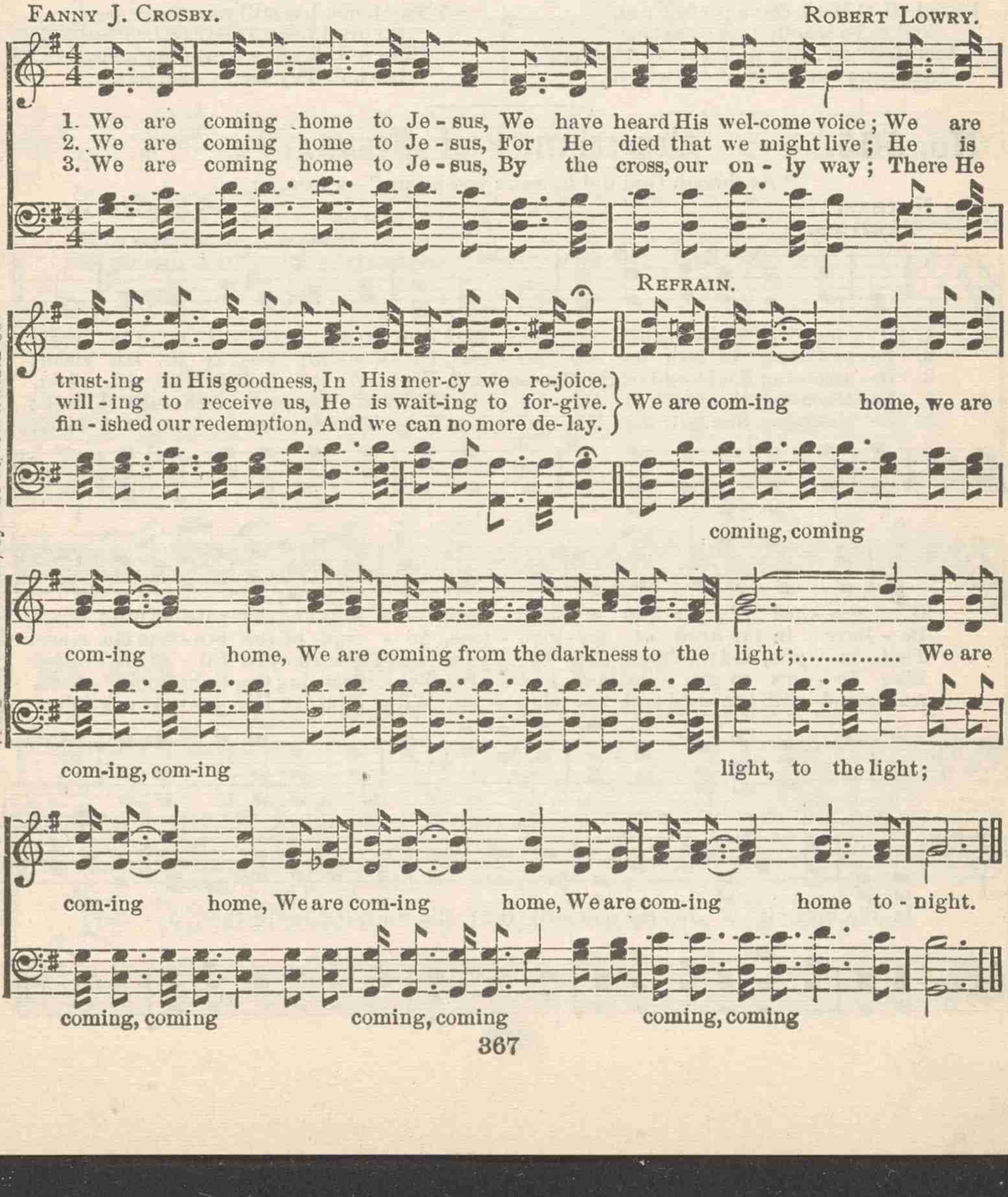
Young Men in Christ the Lord.

5 Young men in Christ, arise,
The world before you lies,
Enslaved in sin;
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepared to go at His command,
To save lost men in every land,
At any sacrifice

6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed;
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

No. 503. Coming Home To-Night.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.

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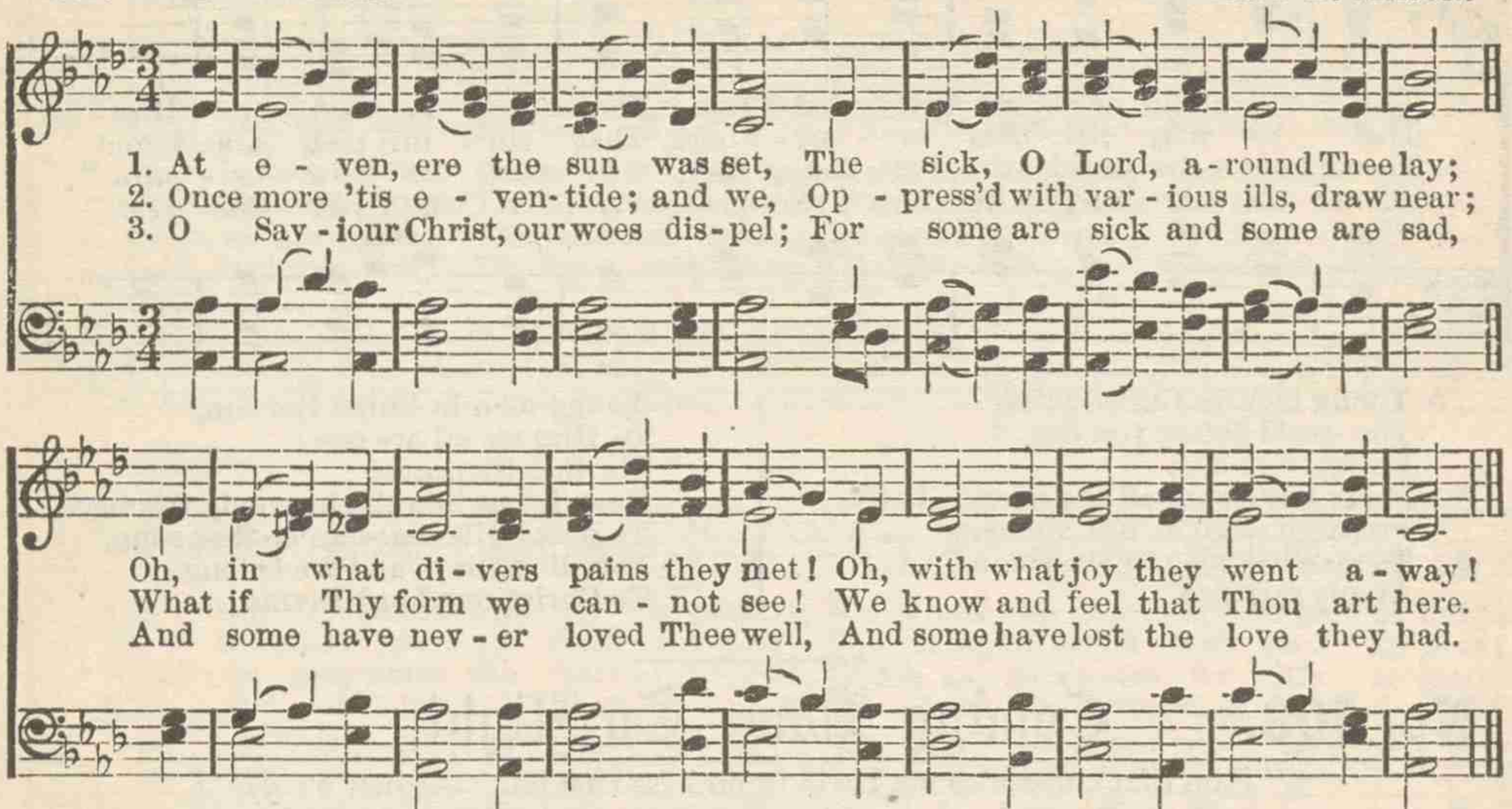
No. 504. At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—Luke 9: 11.

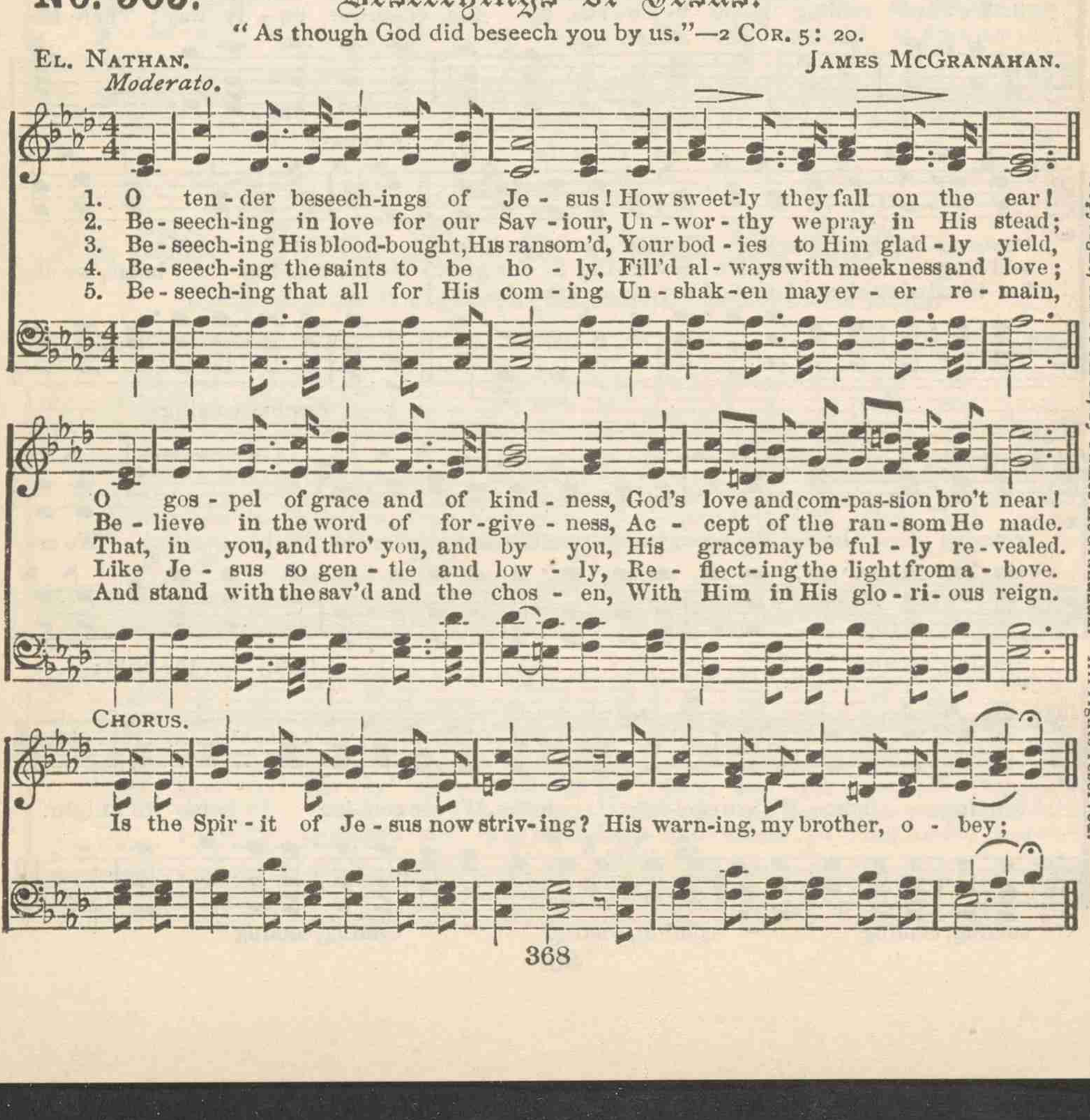
Rev. Henry Twells. Timothy B. Mason.

4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

No. 505. Beseechings of Jesus.

"As though God did beseech you by us."—2 Cor. 5: 20.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

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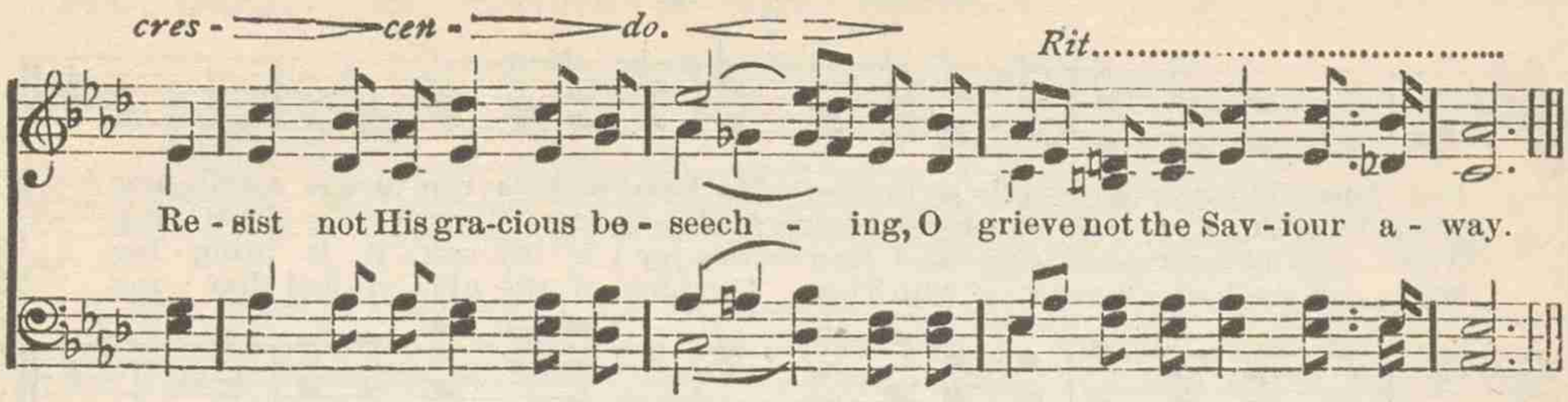
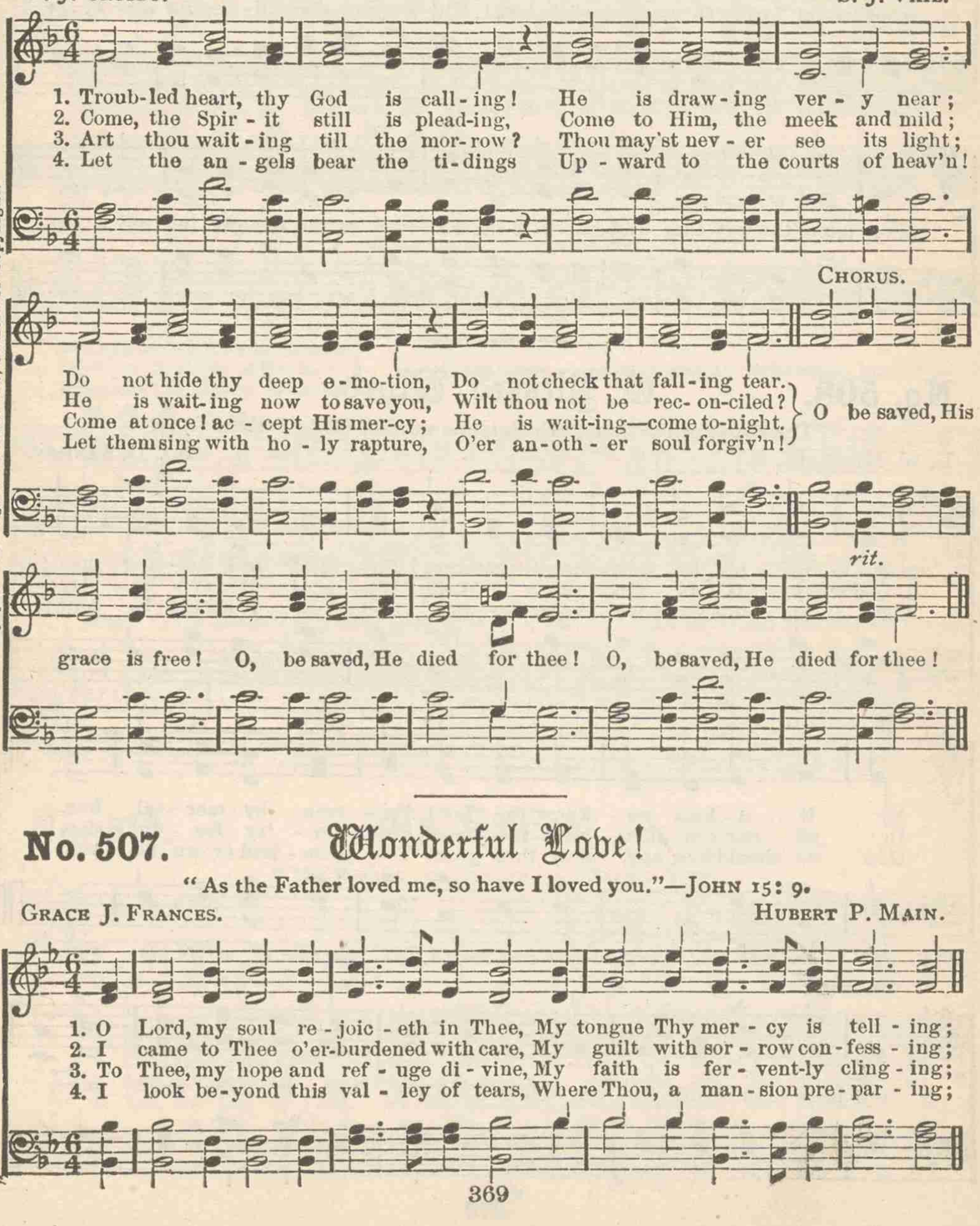

No. 506. He Died for Thee.

"The Son of man is come to save."—MATT. 18: 11.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

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No. 507. Wonderful Love!

"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Wonderful Love!

I've found Thy love so precious to me, My heart with its rap-ture is swell-ing.
'Twas love, Thy love, that banished my fear, And gave me for sadness a bless-ing.
And ev-'ry hour some to-ken of love New joy to my spir-it is bring-ing.
Wilt call me home for-ev-er with Thee, The bliss of the glo-ri-fied shar-ing.

REFRAIN.

Won-der-ful love! O won-der-ful love! I'll sing of its ful-ness for-ev-er;

I've found the way that lead-eth a-bove, The way to the life-giv-ing riv-er.

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No. 508. O Blessed Word.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—EPH. 6: 17.

L. W. MUNHALL. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. E-ter-nal life God's word proclaims To lost and dy-ing men;
2. God's grace is in His Ho-ly Word; We need it ev-'ry day;
3. By this same Word we know our work, And how it should be done;

By it a-lone we know the Lord, Un-seen by mor-tal ken.
In all our con-flicts, this the sword, Our ev-'ry foe to slay.
How we should live, and how thro' grace The prom-ised crown is won.

FINE.

D.S.—O may it be our Strength and Sword, Till earth-ly strife is o'er.

CHORUS. D.S.

O bless-ed Word, O gra-cious Word, We love it more and more;

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No. 509. O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

F. W. FABER, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. O come to the mer-ci-ful Sav-iour who calls you, O come to the Lord who for-
2. O come then to Je-sus whose arms are ex-tend-ed To fold His dear children in
3. Then come to the Sav-iour, whose mercy grows brighter The long-er you look at the

gives and for-gets; Tho' dark be the fortune on earth that be-falls you, A bright home a-
clos-est em-brace; O come, and your ex-ile shall short-ly be end-ed, And Je-sus will
depths of His love; O fear not, 'tis Je-sus, and life's cares grow lighter While thinking of

CHORUS.

Come home,..... come home,.....

waits you whose sun never sets.
show you the light of His face.
home and the glo-ry a-bove.

Come home, come home, In darkness no longer to

roam, 'Tis Je-sus who tender-ly calls you to-day, Oh brother, my brother, come home.

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No. 510. My Saviour.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 SAM. 22: 3.

DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to un-derstand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sin-ners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin-ful man to die,
4. And O that He ful-filled may see The tra-vail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my so-lace from this spring,

My Saviour.

I on - ly know at His right hand Is One who is my Sav - iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav - iour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav - iour!
And with His work con - tent - ed be, As I with my dear Sav - iour!
That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav - iour!

No. 511. Christ the Fountain.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John. 1: 7.

Newman Hall. C. C. Case.

1. Fount-ain of pur - i - ty opened for sin, Here may the pen - i - tent wash and be clean;
2. Though I have la-bored a - gain and a - gain, All my self-cleansing is ut - ter - ly vain;
3. Cleanse Thou the tho'ts of my heart, I implore, Help me Thy light to re-flect more and more;
4. Whit-er than snow! nothing further I need, Christ is the Fountain; this on - ly I plead;

Je - sus, Thou blessed Re-deem-er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
Je - sus, Re-deem-er from sor-row and woe, Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
Dai - ly in lov - ing o - bedience to grow, Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
Je - sus my Sav-iour, to Thee will I go, Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

Chorus.

Whit - er than snow,..... whit - er than snow,..... Wash me, Re-
Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,

deem - - - er, And I shall be whit - er than snow.....
Wash me, Re-deem-er, whit-er than snow.

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No. 512.

My Offering.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51 : 10.

J. H. Johnston. James McGranahan.

1. I bring to Thee, O Mas - ter, My bur - den and my grief;
2. I bring my guilt - y nat - ure, For cleans - ing and for cure;
3. Thy mer - cy reach - es low - er Than all the depths of sin;
4. My fal - tering faith I bring Thee, My weak and wavering will;

I do be - lieve Thy prom - ise, Help Thou mine un - be - lief.
Oh, heal my sore dis - eas - es, Re - store and make me pure.
As Thy com - pas - sions fail not, Oh, give me peace with - in.
My spir - it fails and fal - ters; Thy prom - is - es ful - fill.

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No. 513.

Coming To-Day.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

F. J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Out on the des - ert, seek-ing, seek-ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus seek-ing for thee;
2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing; O what com - pas - sion beams in His eye!
3. Lov-ing - ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slight - ed, bears with thee yet;

Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to Me.
Hear Him re - peat-ing, gent - ly, gent - ly, Come to thy Sav-iour, O why wilt thou die?
Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py; Come ere the life-star for - ev - er shall set.

Refrain.

Je - sus is call-ing, Je - sus is call-ing; Why dost thou linger? why tar - ry a-way?

Come to Him quick - ly, say to Him glad - ly, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing to - day.

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No. 514. God Bless You.

"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts."—2 THESS. 2: 16, 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "God bless you!" from the heart we sing, God give to ev - 'ry one His grace,
2. God bless you on your pil-grim way, Thro' storm and sun-shine guid-ing still;
3. God bless you in this world of strife, When oft the soul would homeward fly,
4. God bless you, and the patience give To walk thro' life by Je - sus' side;
5. God bless us all, and give us rest When Christ shall come and glo - ry dawn;

Till He on high His ransomed bring To dwell with Him in end-less peace.
His pres-ence guard you day by day, And keep you safe from ev - 'ry ill.
And give the sweet-ness to your life, Of wait-ing for the rest on high.
For Him to bear, for Him to live, And then with Him be glo - ri - fied.
Our sun is swing-ing toward the west, Life's lit - tle day will soon be gone.

CHORUS.

God bless you! God bless you! Bless and keep us all in Je - sus' love,

And, when our part-ings here are o - ver, Take us to the joys a - bove.
when our part-ings

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No. 515. Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 KING 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend, And thro'
2. For the heart grows rich in giv-ing; All its wealth is liv-ing grain; Seeds, which
3. Lost and wea-ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow? Chafe that
4. Is thy heart a well left emp-ty? None but God its void can fill; Noth-ing

Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

all the years of fam-ine It shall serve thee to the end. Love di-vine will fill thy
mil-dew in the gar-ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur-den hard and
froz-en form be-side thee, And to-geth-er both shall glow. Art thou wound-ed in life's
but a cease-less fountain Can its ceaseless longings still. Is thy heart a liv-ing

storehouse, Or thy hand-ful still re-new; Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a
heav-y? Do thy steps drag wea-ri-ly? Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will
bat-tle? Ma-ny stricken round thee moan; Give to them thy precious ointment, And that
pow-er? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low; It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by

roy-al feast for two; Scanty fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
bear both it and thee; Help to lift thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee.
balm shall heal thine own; Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
serving, love will grow; It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serv-ing love will grow.

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No. 516. Jesus, my All.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

F. J. Crosby. Anon.

rit.

1. Lord, at Thy mer-cy-seat Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si-lent-ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer-cy-seat Sav-iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

rit.

prom-ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be-gin,
un-be-lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
prom-ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

rit.

Oh, make me pure with-in, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

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No. 517. Singing with Grace to the Lord.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. 3: 16.

J. H. Johnston. James McGranahan.

1. Come in - to His presence with sing - ing, O wor-ship the Lord with a song;
2. Not yet, as the an- gels in heav - en, May mortals their grat - i - tude sing;
3. Then come to His courts with re-joic - ing, And join in the cho- rus of praise;

A trib - ute of grat - i - tude bring-ing, To Him to whom prais-es be - long;
Not here up- on earth is it giv - en, Per - fect - ion of serv - ice to bring;
The pray'r and the an- them but voic - ing The thanks which your loving hearts raise;

But oh, while you join in thanksgiv - ing, With voi - ces in tune - ful ac - cord,
But ear - nest and true ad - o - ra - tion, The heart in the hymn and the pray'r,
With grace in your hearts e - ven du - ty Will change in - to pleas- ure ere long,

Re-mem-ber, He watch-es your *liv - ing*, And sing with your hearts to the Lord.
Will be an ac - cept - ed ob - la - tion, And light - en life's bur - den and care.
And see-ing the King in His beau - ty, Your life shall then be as a song.

Chorus.

Sing-ing,..... sing-ing,..... This is true wor- ship and love;
Sing-ing with grace in your heart to the Lord,

Liv- ing,..... sing- ing,..... This is ac - cept- ed a - bove.
Liv- ing and sing- ing in sweet- est ac - cord,

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No. 518. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le-giance Yield - ing henceforth to our
3. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo-rious! Take Thy great pow - er and

grace we will be; Un - der the stan-dard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri-ous King; Val - iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o - be-dience, Free - ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur -

CHORUS.

strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
joy - ous-ly now would we bring.
ren - dered and wholly Thine own.

Peal out the watchword! si - lence it nev - er!
Peal si-lence

Song of our spir - it's re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watchword!
Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal

loy - al for - ev - er! King of our lives, By thy grace we will be.
loy - al King

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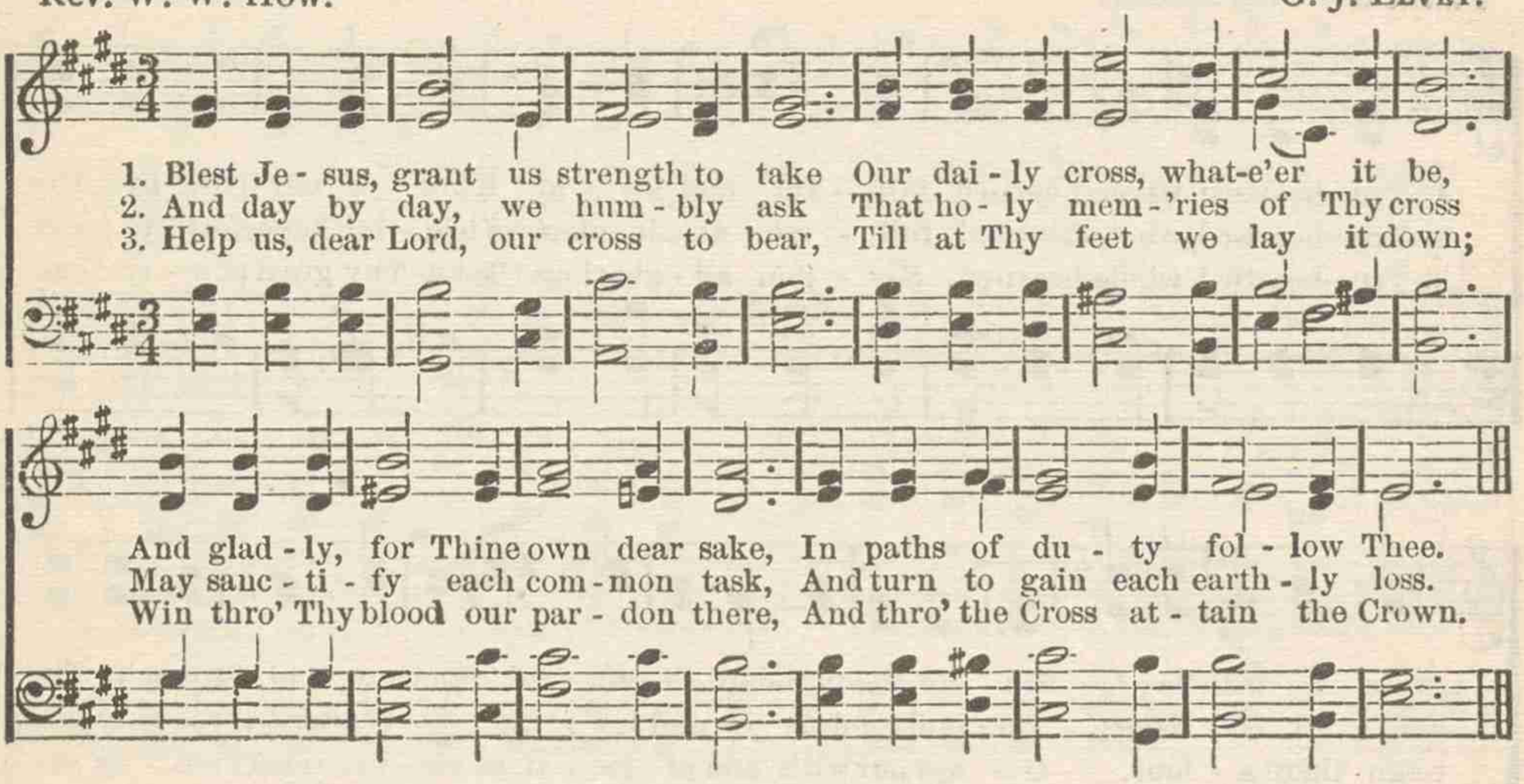
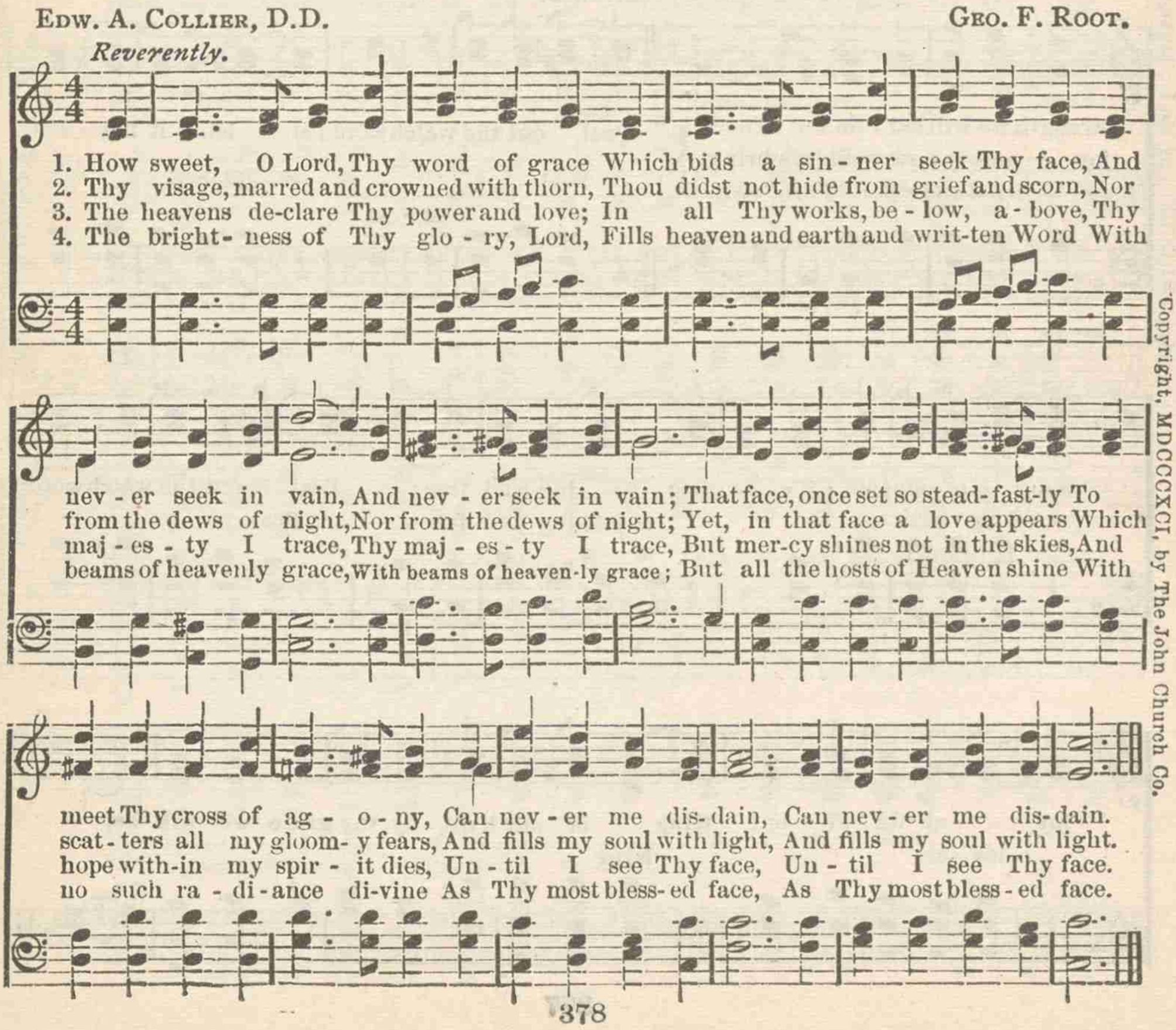
No. 519. Blest Jesus, Grant us Strength.

"Give thy strength unto thy servant."—Ps. 86: 16.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.

No. 520. The Saviour's Face.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

Edw. A. Collier, D.D. Geo. F. Root.

Reverently.

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No. 521. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. 'Tis the hal-lowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our
2. 'Tis the pre-cious hour of pray'r, And we hum-bly en-treat: Fa-ther,
3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to

doubt-ings and our fears To our Sav-iour and King; For we know that He de-
breathe the Spir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of
soul is breathing here The com-mun-ion of love; Ev-'ry heart is sweet-ly

lights A glad wel-come to give, And the bless-ings that we ask for
song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-stow the ben-e-dic-tion
filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav-en

Chorus.

We shall ful-ly re-ceive.
Of Thy peace from a-bove.
Where such true joys abound.
} Pre-cious hour of pray'r! Hallowed hour of pray'r!

Sa-cred sea-son of com-mun-ion, It is sweet to be there!

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No. 522. Thou shalt be Saved.

"If thou shalt confess.....the Lord Jesus."—Rom. 10: 9.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Be-hold how plain the truth is made; Since Christ the ran-som price has paid,
2. The death of Christ up-on the tree Was for the judg-ment due to thee;
3. By rais-ing Je-sus from the dead Our bless-ed God has sure-ly said,
4. And now to God as sons brought nigh We come and "Ab-ba Fa-ther" cry,

Thou shalt be Saved.

And all our sins on Him were laid, We must in Him be saved.
He died that thou mightst ran - som'd be And live by faith in Him.
That He ac - cepts the blood He shed As cleans - ing us from sin.
And seek the Spir - it's full sup - ply That we as sons may live.

CHORUS.

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, And believe in thine

heart That God hath raised Him from the dead, Thou shalt be saved, Thou shalt be saved.

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No. 523. The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

"Mizpah; * * * The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GEN. 31: 49.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.

1. The Lord keep watch between us, The ev - er pres- ent Friend; No love like His so
2. Though ab- sent from each oth - er, We are not far from Him; Let not our courage
3. Though time and space may sev - er The Mas-ter's serv-ants here, 'Tis on - ly for a
4. The Lord Himself is watch-ing, In ten-der-ness and love; Let prais-es meet and

CHORUS.

might - y, To keep and to de - fend. } Miz - pah! Miz - pah!
fal - ter, Let not our faith grow dim.
sea - son, The meet - ing-time draws near.
min - gle A - round the throne a - bove.

The Lord keep watch be-tween us, Keep

watch in tend'rest love, Un - til our prais - es min - gle A-round the throne a - bove.

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No. 524. Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We tread the
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To Him that o-ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-fore the

bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a
ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met
an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven; Then on-ward from the

vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they
on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall trem-ble
hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll van-quish all the

CHORUS.

ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world. Faith is the vic-to-ry!
conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
hosts of night, In Je-sus' conquering name. Faith is the vic-to-ry!

Faith is the vic-to-ry! Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, That o-vercomes the world.
Faith is the vic-to-ry!

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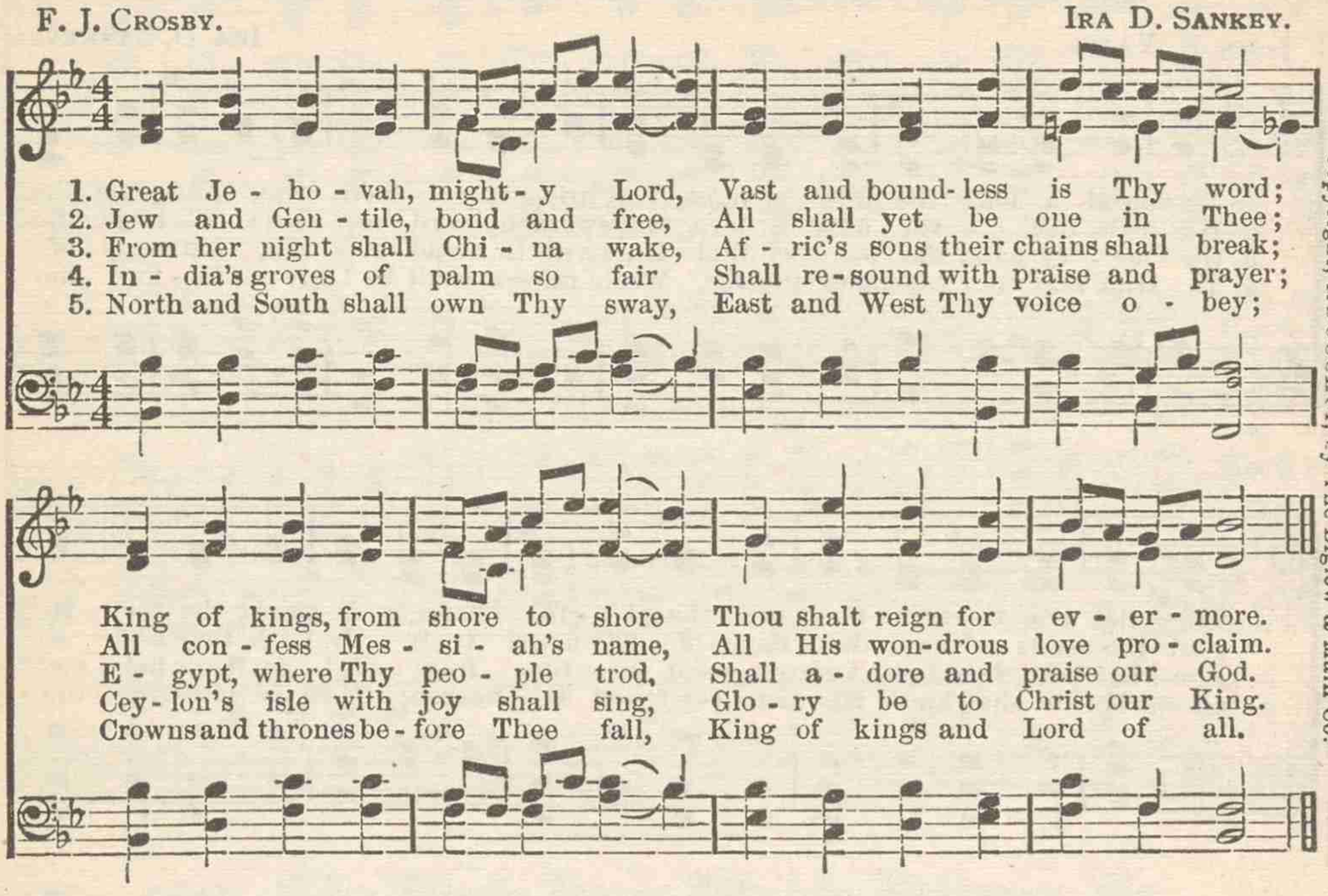
No. 525. Mission Hymn.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—Rev. 15: 4.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

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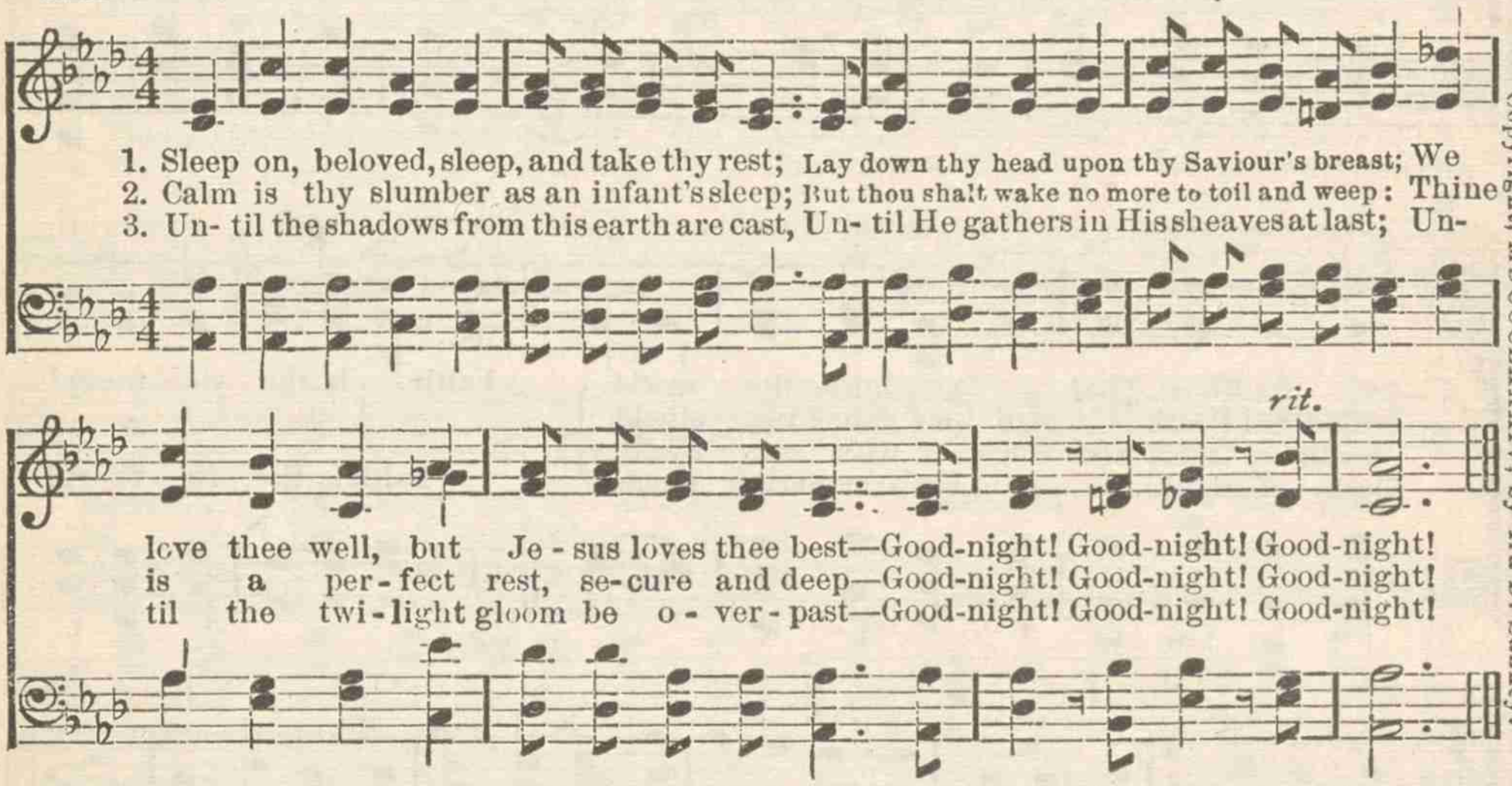
No. 526. The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

Sarah Doudney. Ira D. Sankey.

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4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

No. 527. Christ is Risen.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "For he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28 : 6. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Blessed morn of life and light; Lo, the grave is rent a-
2. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Friends of Jesus, dry your tears; Thro' the vail of gloom and
3. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! He hath ris-en, as He said; He is now the King of

REFRAIN.

sun-der, Death is conquered thro' His might.
darkness, Lo, the Son of God appears.
glo-ry, And our great ex-alt-ed Head.
} Christ is ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Gladness

fills the world to-day; From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a-way.

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No. 528. In Jesus' Face.

"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 COR. 4 : 6.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The liv-ing God, who by His might Spake but the word and there was light, Hath promised
2. This mighty Christ, so strong and true, Has come from God, His work to do; He comes with
3. In Je-sus' face our God we know, And trust in Him to bear us through; He will not
4. When darkness gives the soul distress, When sorrows on our pathway press, One look at
5. Then come, ye wea-ry ones, and rest; Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed; With-in your

CHORUS.

now to show His grace To sin-ful men, in Je-sus' face.
power the soul to save, To give the vict'ry o'er the grave.
leave us to de-feat, But make our victo-ry com-plete.
Him will clouds displace, While comfort beams from Je-sus' face.
heart give Christ His place, And see God's love in Je-sus' face.
} In Je-sus' face! in Je-sus'

face! O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace! The living God thro' sin concealed, In Jesus' face is now revealed.

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No. 529. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.

1. O Sav-iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un-seen, we love; O Name of might and
2. O bring'-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrous - ly hast wrought, Thy-self the rev - e -
3. In Thee all full-ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine; The glo - ry that ex -
4. Oh, grant the con-sum - ma - tion Of this our song, a - bove, In end - less ad - o -

CHORUS.

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
la - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.
cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

} We worship Thee! we bless Thee! To

Thee a - lone we sing! We praise Thee and confess Thee, Our Saviour, Lord and King.

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No. 530. A Home on High.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

L. W. MANSFIELD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be-yond the light of setting suns, Beyond the clouded sky, Be-yond where starlight fades in
2. Be-yond all pain, beyond all care, Beyond life's myster - y, Be - yond the range of time and
3. Swift-flying worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light, Will bring no darkness to my
4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all fare-well, High up a-mid th' eter- nal

CHORUS.

night,— I have a home on high.
change,— My home's reserved for me.
soul; My home's be-yond the night.
years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

} A man-sion there,..... not made with a mansion there,

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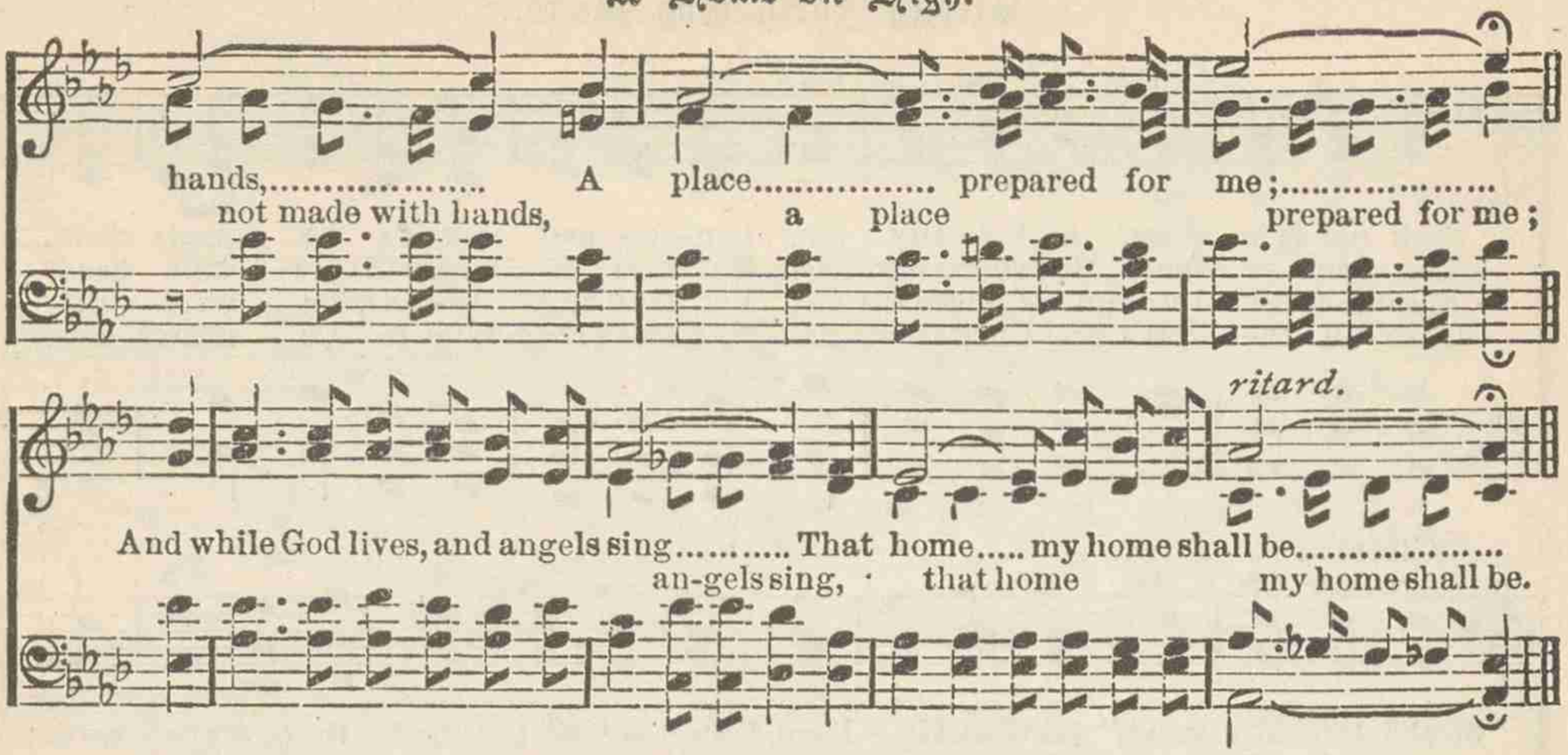
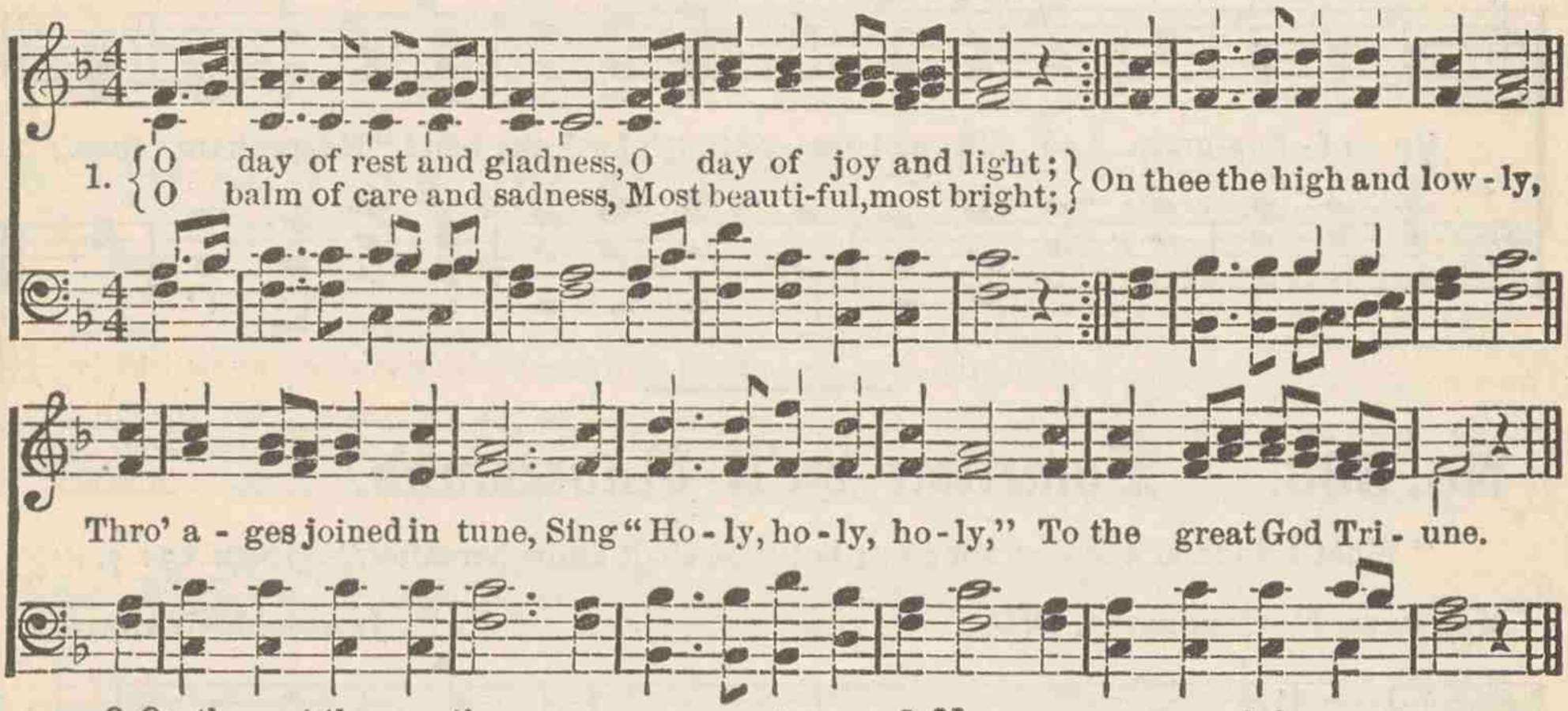
A Home on High.

No. 531. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

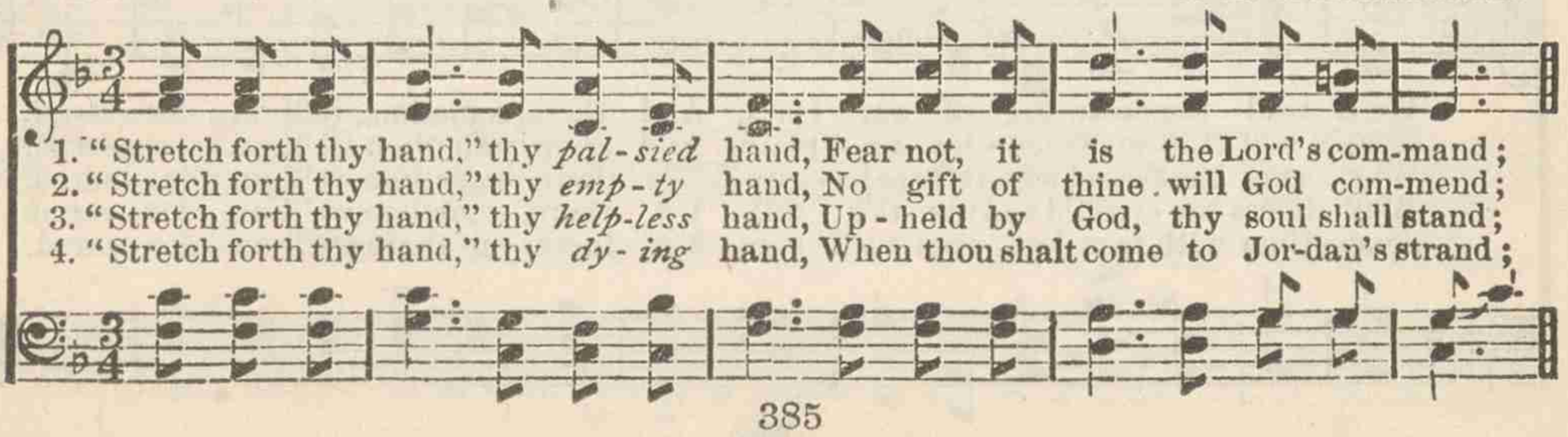
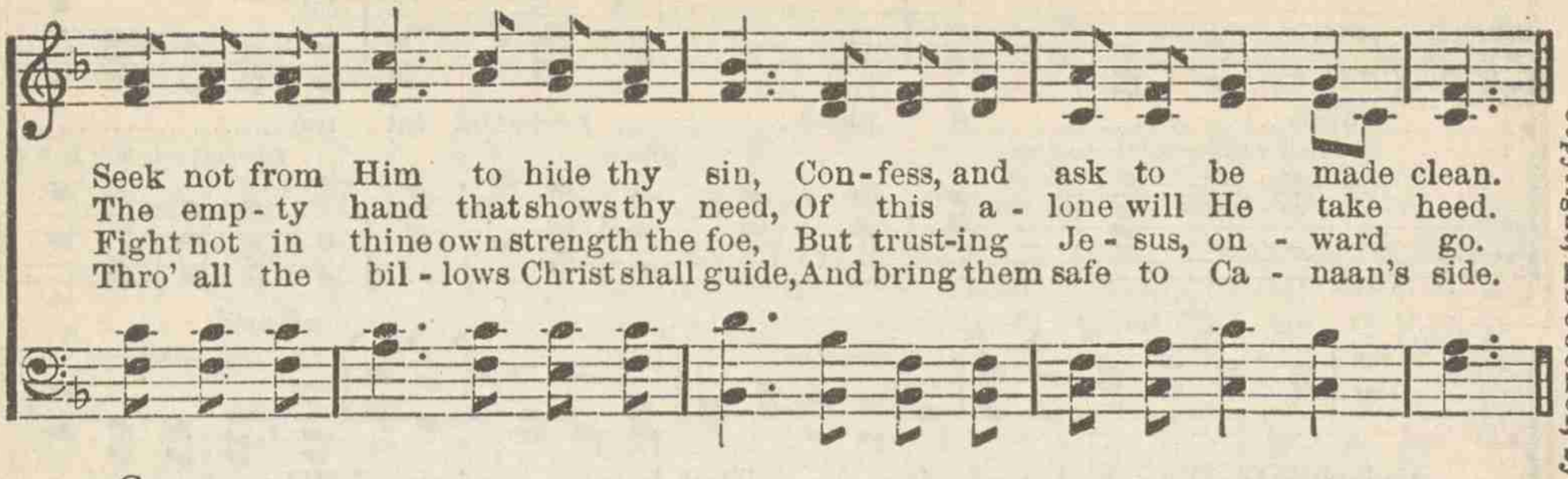
"The rest of the holy Sabbath."—Ex. 16: 23.

C. WORDSWORTH. German Melody.

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 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.

No. 532. Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

"And it was restored whole, like as the other."—MATT. 12: 13.

EL. NATHAN. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

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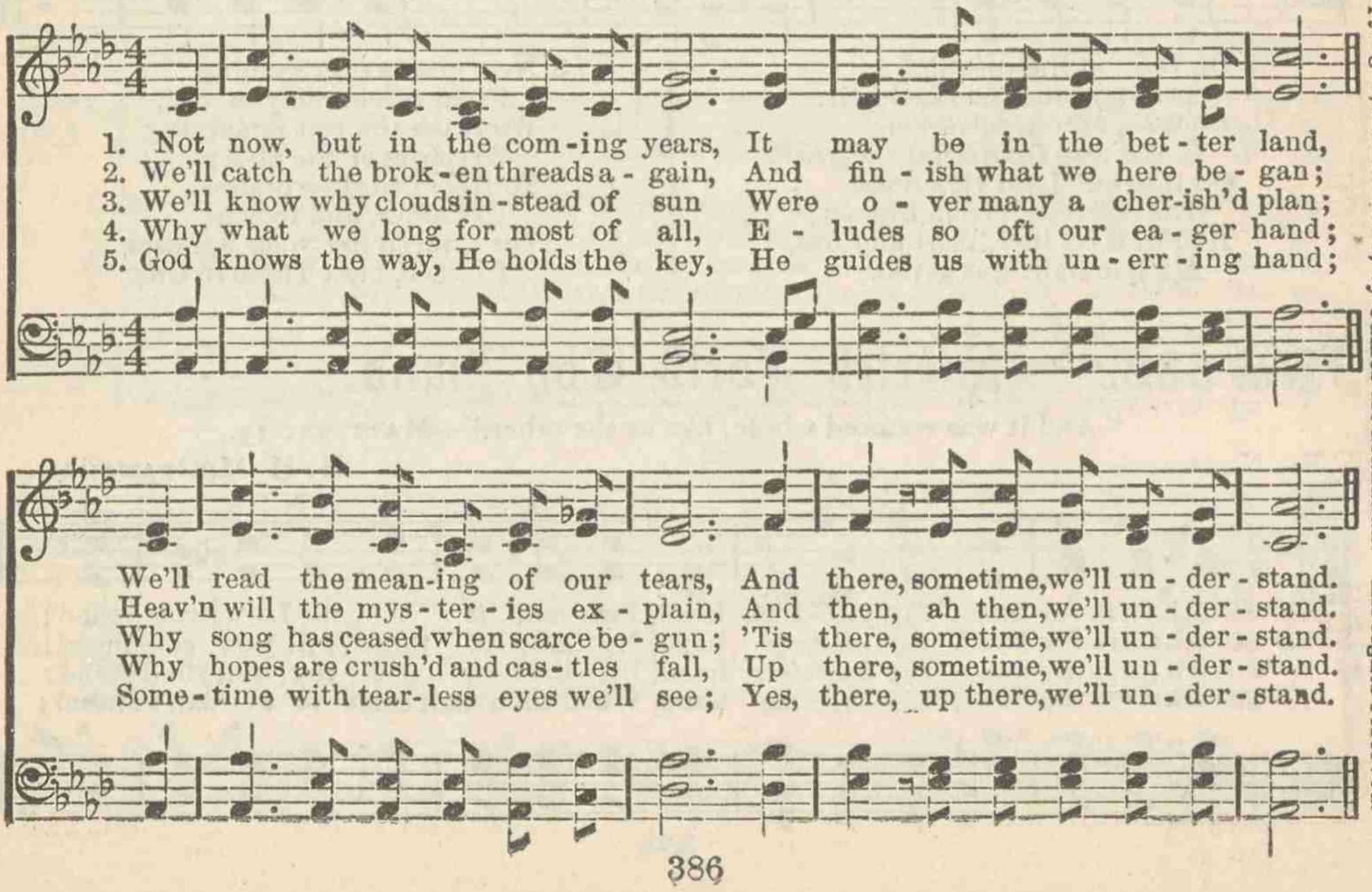
No. 533. Sometime we'll Anderstand.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN 13: 7.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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Sometime we'll Understand.

CHORUS.

A little faster.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He *doth hold thy hand;
‖: doth hold :‖ thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.

* Repeat for alto only.

No. 534. Only Remembered.

"I will make thy name remembered."—Ps. 45 : 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, (alt.) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Fad-ing a-way like the stars of the morning, Los-ing their light in the glo-ri-ous sun—
2. Shall we be miss'd tho' by oth-ers suc-ceed-ed, Reap-ing the fields we in spring-time have sown?
3. On-ly the truth that in life we have spoken, On-ly the seed that on earth we have sown;
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,

Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling, On-ly remembered by what we have done.
No, for the sowers may pass from their labors, On-ly remembered by what they have done.
These shall pass onward when we are for-got-ten, Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.
Then shall His wea-ry and faith-ful dis-ci-ples, All be remember'd by what they have done.

REFRAIN.

On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered, On-ly remembered by what we have done;

Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling, On-ly remembered by what we have done.

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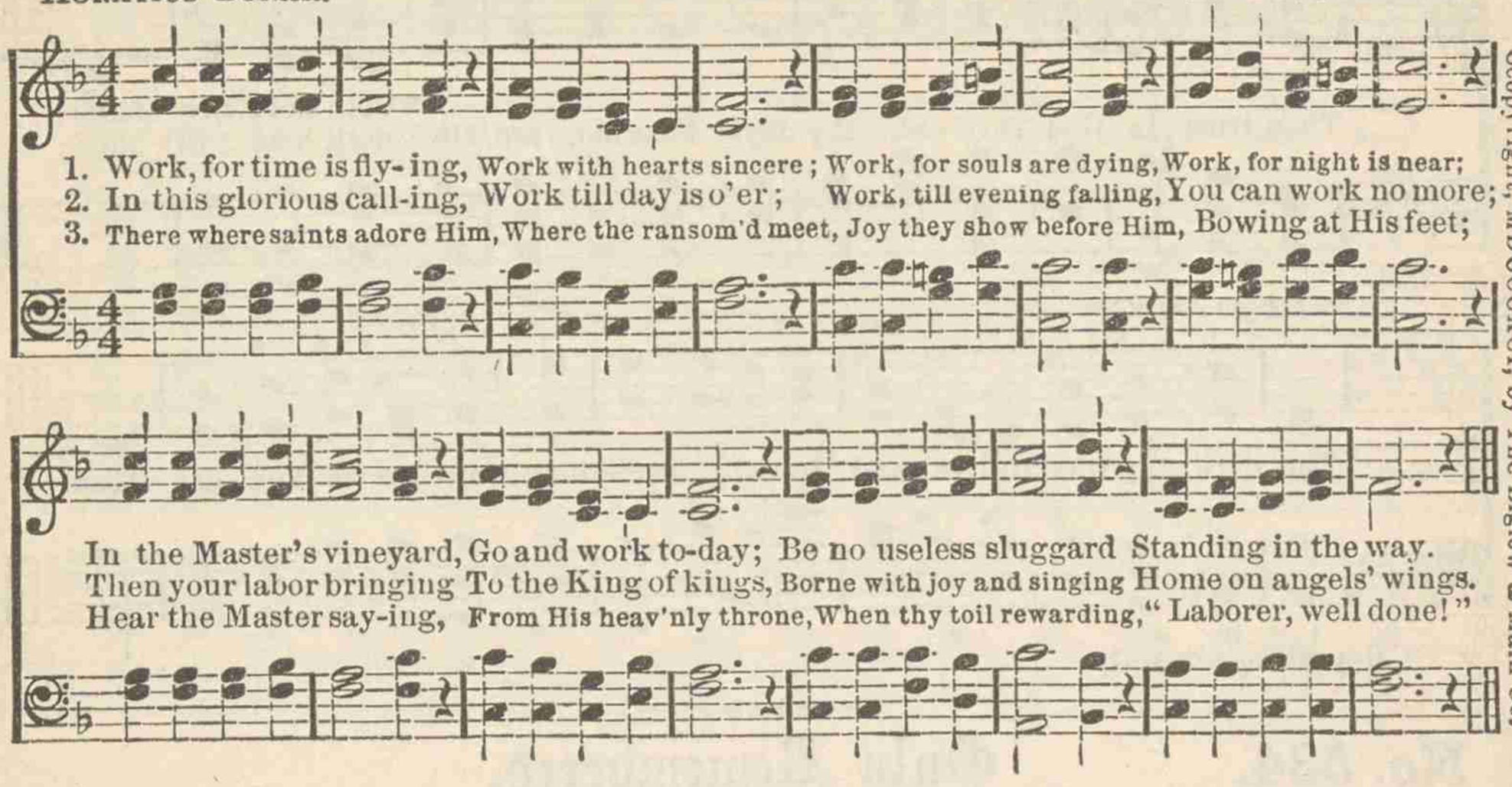
No. 535. Work for Time is Flying.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 536. Have You Sought?

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—EZE. 34: 6.

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY.

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Nor lingered till safe home re-turn-ing, You have gathered the sheep that were lost?
Have you asked them to trust in the Sav-iour Whose love shall for-ev - er en-dure?
Have you told of the life ev - er-last-ing That all, if they will, may re-ceive?
"In-as-much" as 'twas done for "my brethren," E - ven so it was done "un-to me."

No. 537. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

"I will praise thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54: 6.

Rev. E. Caswall. J. Barnby.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd;
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A so-lace here I find, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd;
3. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd;

A-like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be prais'd.
Or fades my earth-ly bliss? My comfort still is this, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd.
Be this th'e-ter-nal song, Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd.

No. 538. Let us go Forth.

"Let us go forth unto him."—Heb. 13: 13.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. The call of God is sounding clear, O Christian let it reach thine ear;
2. Let us go forth, as call'd of God, Redeem'd by Je-sus' precious blood;
3. Let "Christ a-lone" our watchword be— The Son of God who made us free;
4. The Christ of God to glo-ri-fy, His grace in us to mag-ni-fy,—

Endeav-or now of souls to bring A band to love and serve the King.
His love to show, His life to live, His message speak, His mer-cy give.
He bore our sins, He makes us pure, For His name's sake we all en-dure.
His word of life to all make known, Be this our work, and this a-lone.

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Let us go Forth.

CHORUS.

Let us go forth,..... the call is clear,..... Let us go
Let us go forth, the call is clear,

forth,..... no tar-ry-ing here;..... For Him to live,..... the Christ, the
Let us go forth, no tarrying here; For Him to live,

Lord,..... A crown from Him,..... our high re - ward.
the Christ, the Lord, A crown from Him,

No. 539. I Will Lift up Mine Eyes.

PSALM 121.

G. F. ROOT.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help;
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber;
3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right | hand;
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre - | serve thy | soul.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber nor | sleep.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for | ev - er - | more. A - men.

By per. The John Church Co.

No. 540. Press On.

F. J. C. "Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Isa. 27: 12. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Re - joicing in the Lord, Be-lieving in His prom- ise,
2. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, A - long the heav'nly way; Remember God commands us
3. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Tho' clouds and storms may rise; The Light that never faileth

And trusting in His word; Fear not, for He is with us, Whate'er the cross we bear;
To watch and work and pray; He bids us all be faith - ful, And cast on Him our care;
Shines brightly in the skies; Press on where crowns await us, In yonder mansions fair;

Refrain.

And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather o - ver there. Gather o - ver there,

Gather o - ver there; And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather o - ver there.

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No. 541. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Ps. 136: 1–26.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjée.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

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No. 542. The Palace of the King.

PSALM 45: 10-17. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O daughter take good heed, In-cline, and give good ear; Thou must for-get thy
   Thy beau-ty to the King, Shall then de-light-ful be: And do thou hum-bly
2. The daughter then of Tyre There with a gift shall be, And all the wealth-y
   The daughter of the King All glo-rious is with-in; And with em-broi-der-

CHORUS.

kin-dred all, And father's house most dear.
worship Him, Be-cause thy Lord is He.
of the land Shall make their suit to thee.
ies of gold Her garments wrought have been.

With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shalt bring, And they to-geth-er en-ter shall The palace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The pal-ace of the King; And they togeth-er enter shall, The palace of the King.

rit.

3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

4 And in thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

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No. 543. Happy Day.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—PSA. 144: 15.

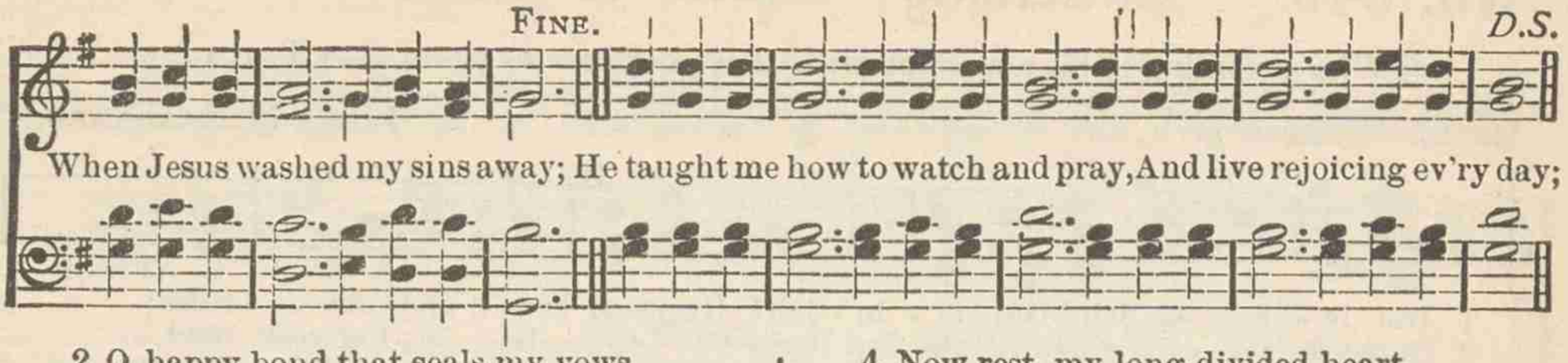
P. DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.

𝄋 CHORUS.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

D.S. Happy day, hap-py day,

Happy Day.



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

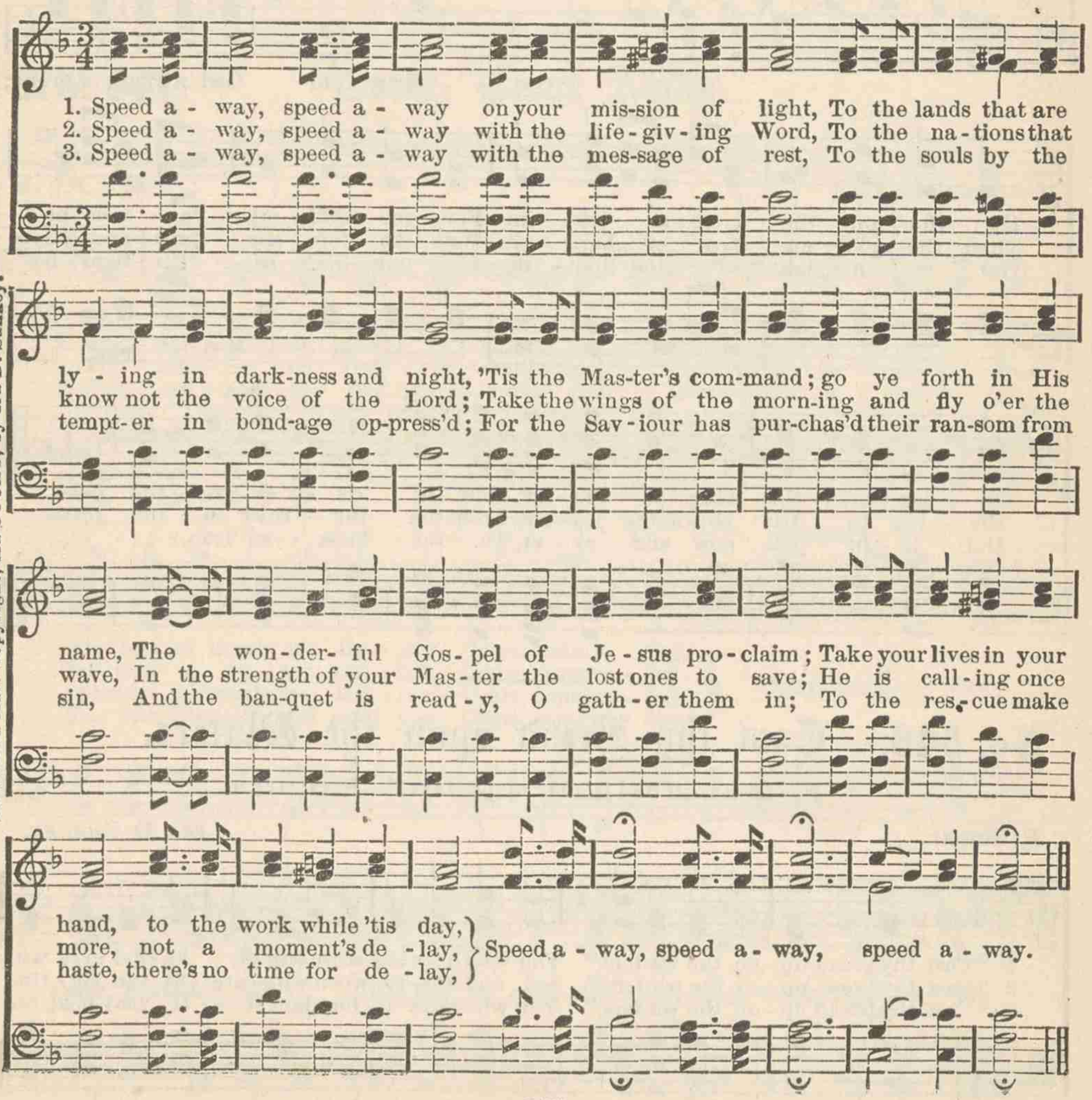
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

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

No. 544. Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MATT. 16: 15.

F. J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

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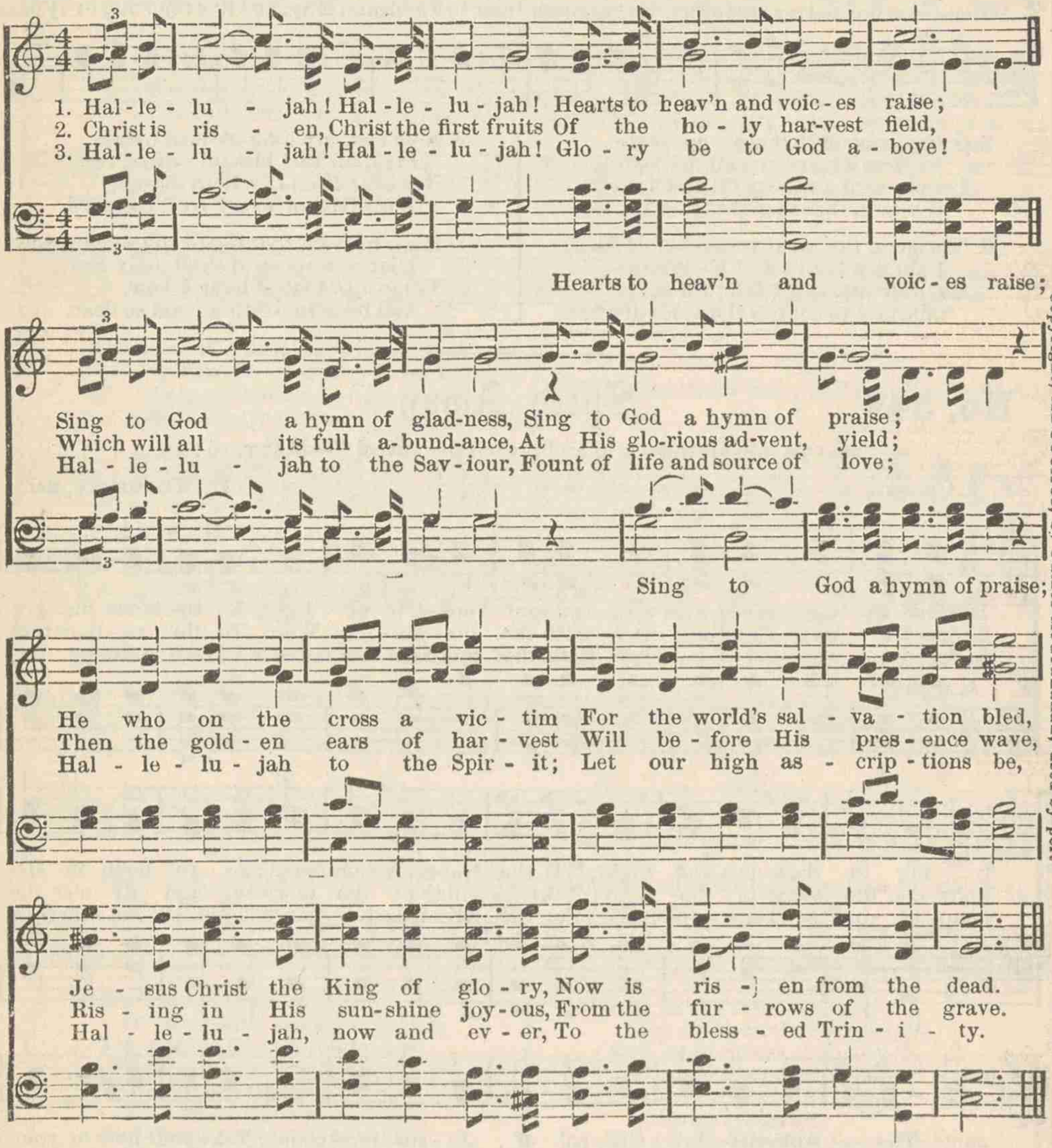
No. 545. Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.

"Who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again."—1 PET. 1: 3.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, alt. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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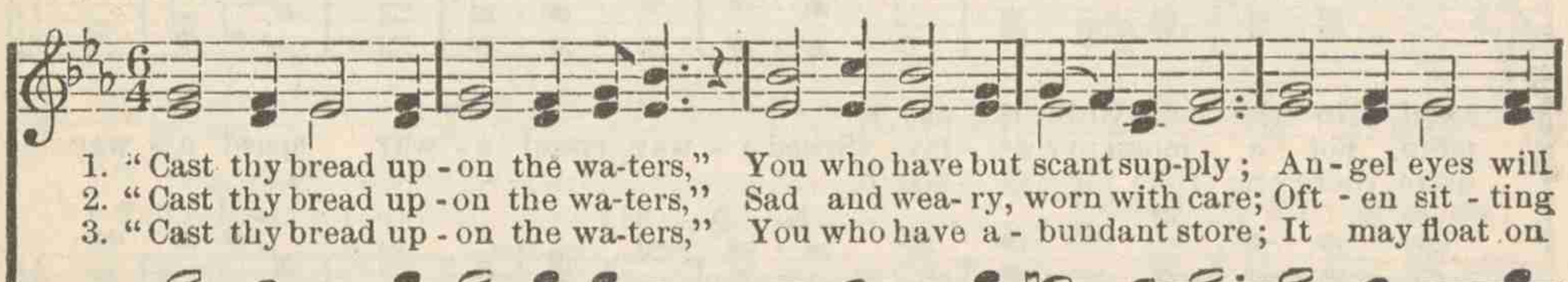
No. 546. Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—ECCL. 11: 1.

R. EDGAR. IRA D. SANKEY.



Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

watch a-bove it; You shall find it by and by; He who in His righteous balance,
in the shadow,— Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to those around you
many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore; You may think it lost for-ev - er,

Doth each human action weigh, Will your sacrifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
Sing some lit-tle song of hope, As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
But, assure as God is true, In this life, or in the other, It will yet re- turn to you.

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No. 547. Come, Come Away.

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, list to the watch - man cry - ing, Come, come a - way; The
2. The Spir - it of God is plead - ing, Come, come a - way; The
3. The mer - cy of God is call - ing, Come, come a - way; How
4. The an - gels of God en - treat you, Come, come a - way; The

CHORUS.

ar - rows of death are fly - ing, Come, come to - day.
Sav - iour is in - ter - ced - ing, Come, come to - day.
sweet-ly the words are fall - ing, Come, come to - day.
Fa - ther Him-self will meet you, Come, come to - day.
} Come, come a - way;

Come, come a - way; Je - sus is gen - tly call - ing, Come, come to - day.

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No. 548. Whosoever Calleth.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sounding far and wide; Good news of full sal -
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod, Be - hold, the light of
3. Ye wea - ry, heav- y la - den, Oppressed with toil and care, He waits to bid you

va - tion, Thro' Him, the Cru - ci - fied; God's Word is truth e - ter - nal; Its
mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God; With all your heart be - lieve Him, And
wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear; A pre - cious gift He of - fers, A

prom-ise all may claim, Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up-on His name.
now the prom-ise claim, That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up-on His name.
gift that all may claim, Who look to Him be - liev - ing, And call up-on His name.

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er

call - eth on His name shall be saved! Who - so - ev - er call - eth,

Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so- ev - er call- eth on the Lord shall be saved!"

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No. 549. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en- treats you, Oh, re- turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your trans-gressions, And re- mem-ber them no more! no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un- to me..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

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

QUARTET. *f*

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

p ritard.

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

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

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane.

No. 550. They that Wait upon the Lord.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Ho, reap - ers in the whitened har - vest! Oft fee - ble, faint and few,
2. Too oft a - wea - ry and dis - cour - aged, We pour a sad com - plaint;
3. Re - joice, for He is with us al - way, Lo, e - ven to the end!

They that Wait upon the Lord.

Come wait up - on the bless-ed Mas - ter, Our strength He will re - new.
Be - liev - ing in a *liv-ing* Sav - iour, Why should we ev - er faint?
Look up, take cour-age and go for - ward, All need - ed grace He'll send.

CHORUS. ISA. 40 : 31.

"For they that wait up-on the Lord..... shall re - new..... their
that wait up- on the Lord shall re - new,..... shall re-

rit.

strength, they shall mount up with wings, they shall mount up with wings as ea-gles;
new their strength, they shall mount..... up with wings,

they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

a tempo.

They shall run..... and not be wea - ry, they shall walk and not faint;
They shall run and not be weary, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;

They shall run..... and not be wea - - - ry, they shall walk and not
They shall run and not be wea-ry, they shall walk, shall

faint; They shall run and not be wea - ry, shall walk and not faint."
walk and not faint;

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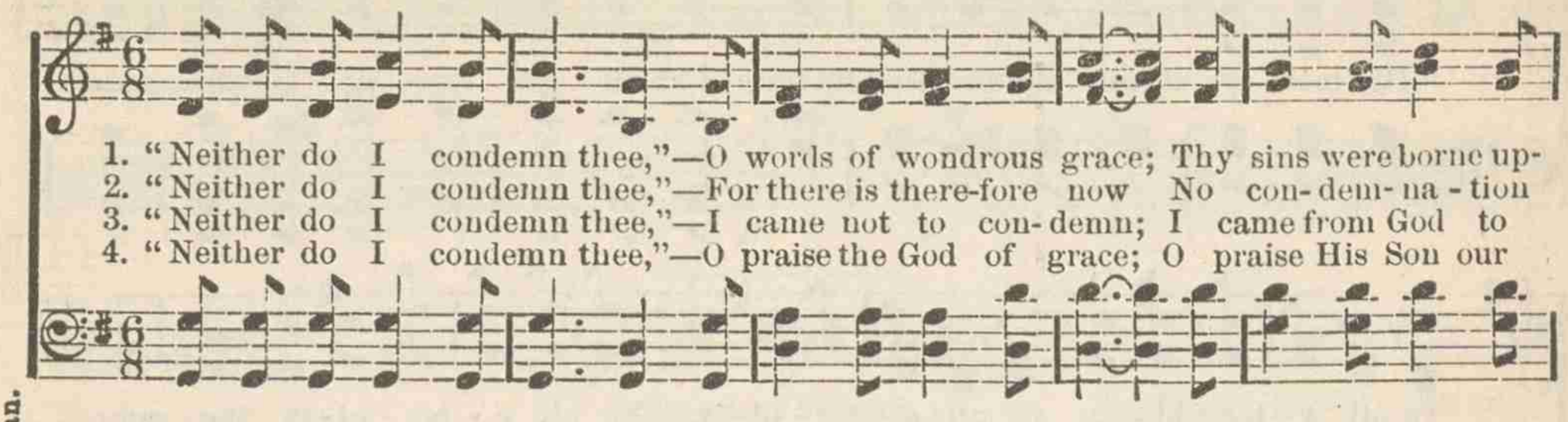
No. 551. Neither do I Condemn Thee.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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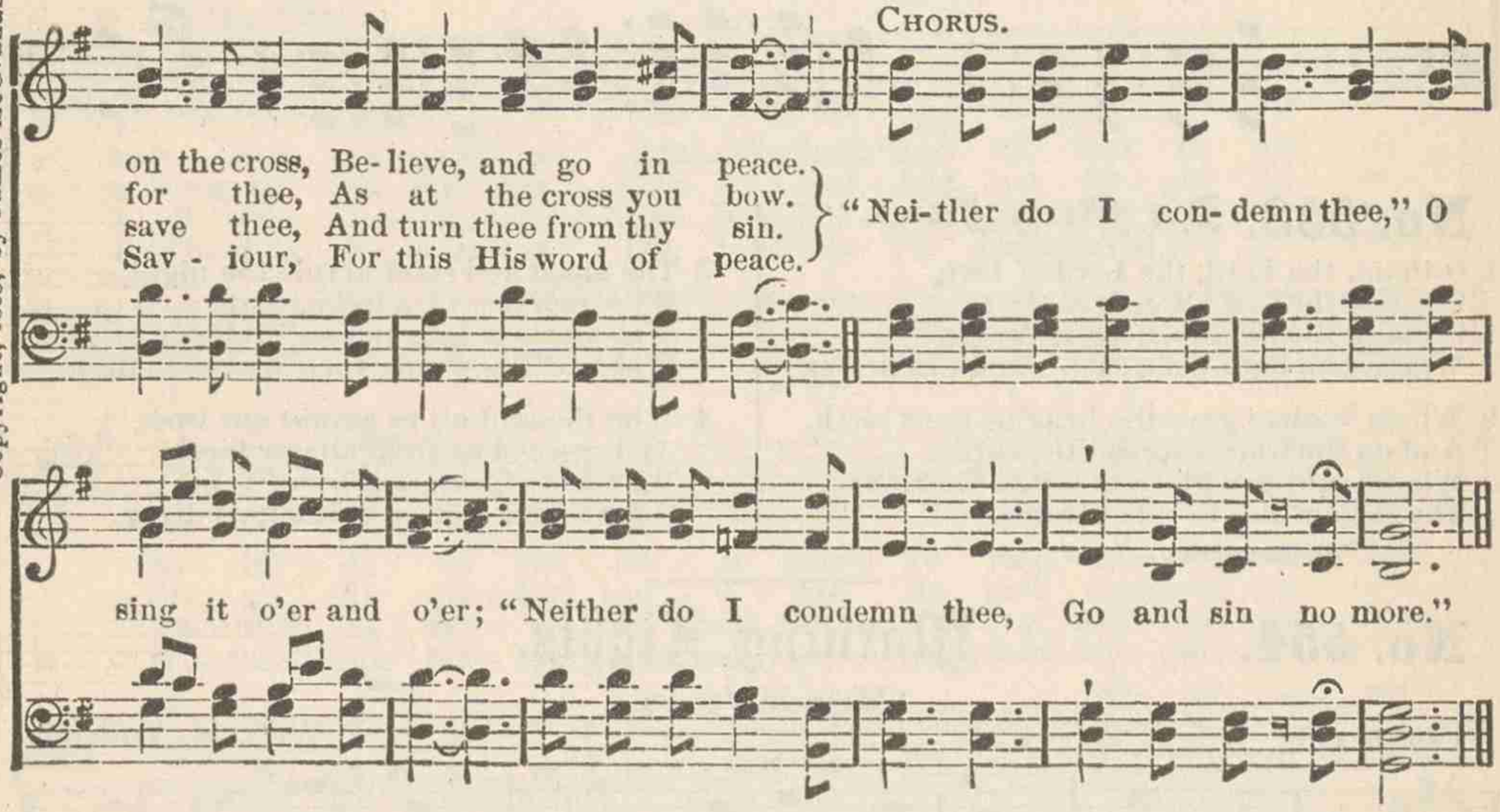
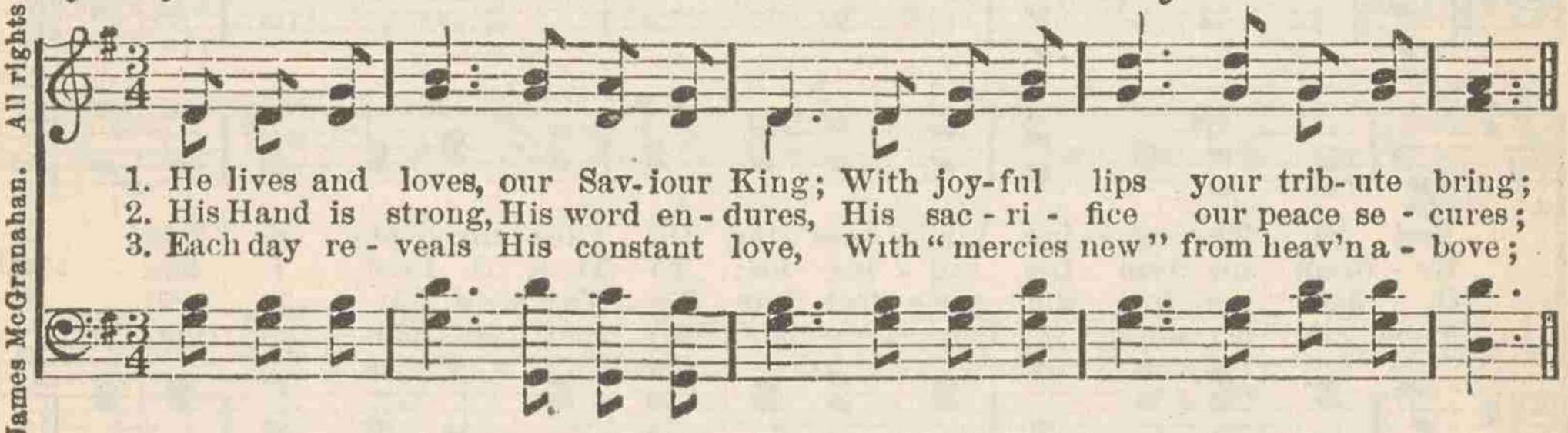


No. 552. Our Saviour King.

"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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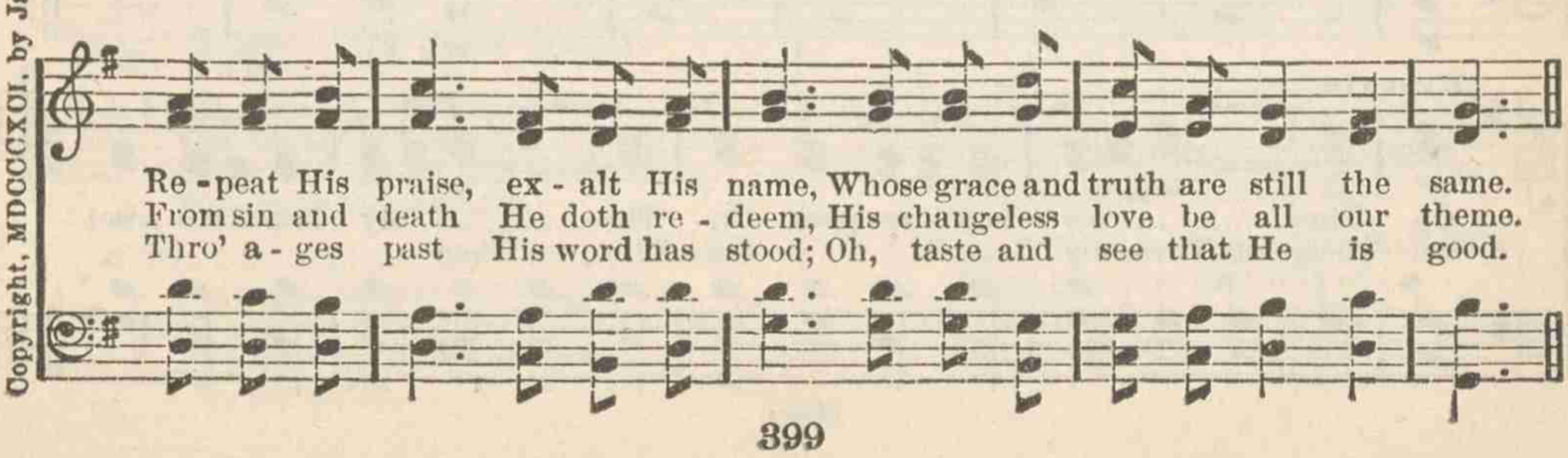
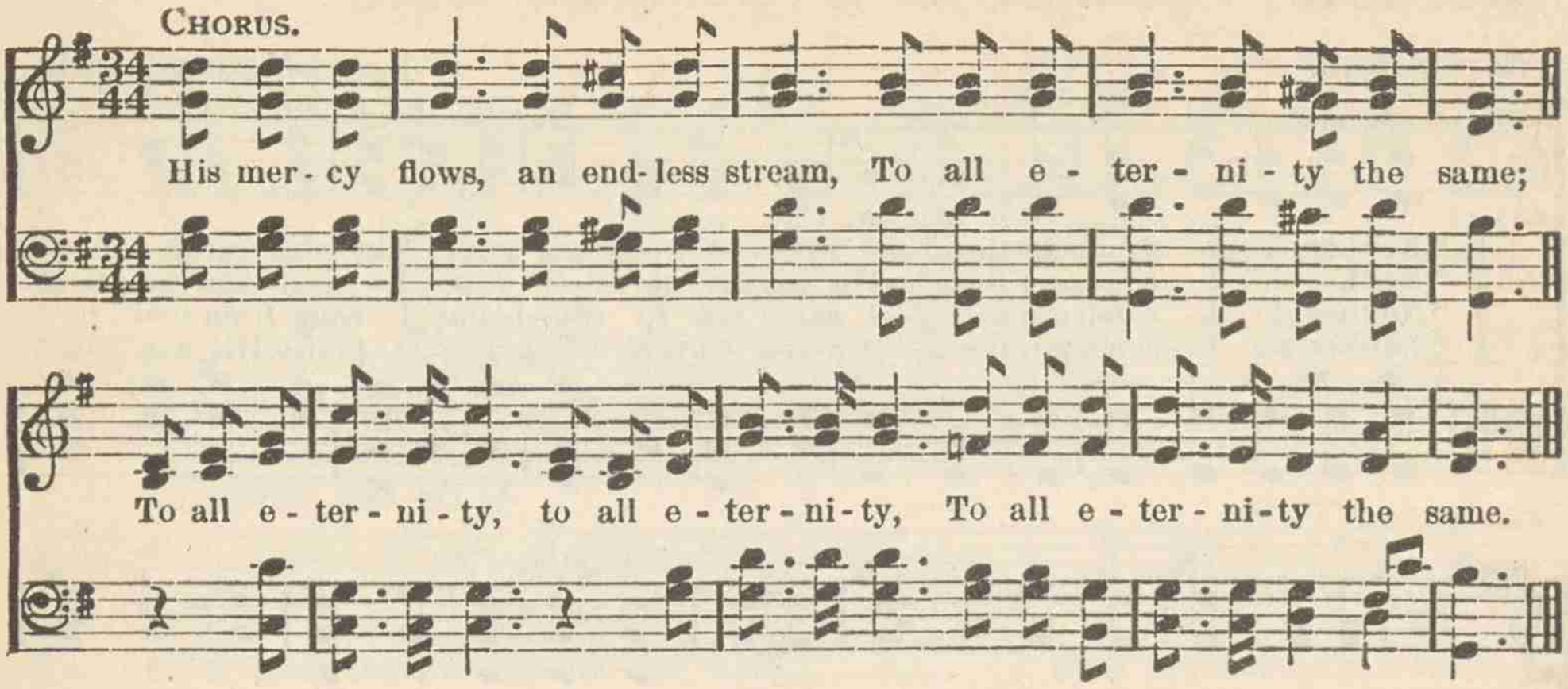


Our Saviour King.

No. 553. His Mercy Flows.

1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God all gods above;
O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their birth,
And on the waters spread the earth;
Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.

3 The moon and stars to rule the night,
With radiance of a milder light;
Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride,
When in His wrath, their first-born died.

4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes;
Who daily feeds each living thing;
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

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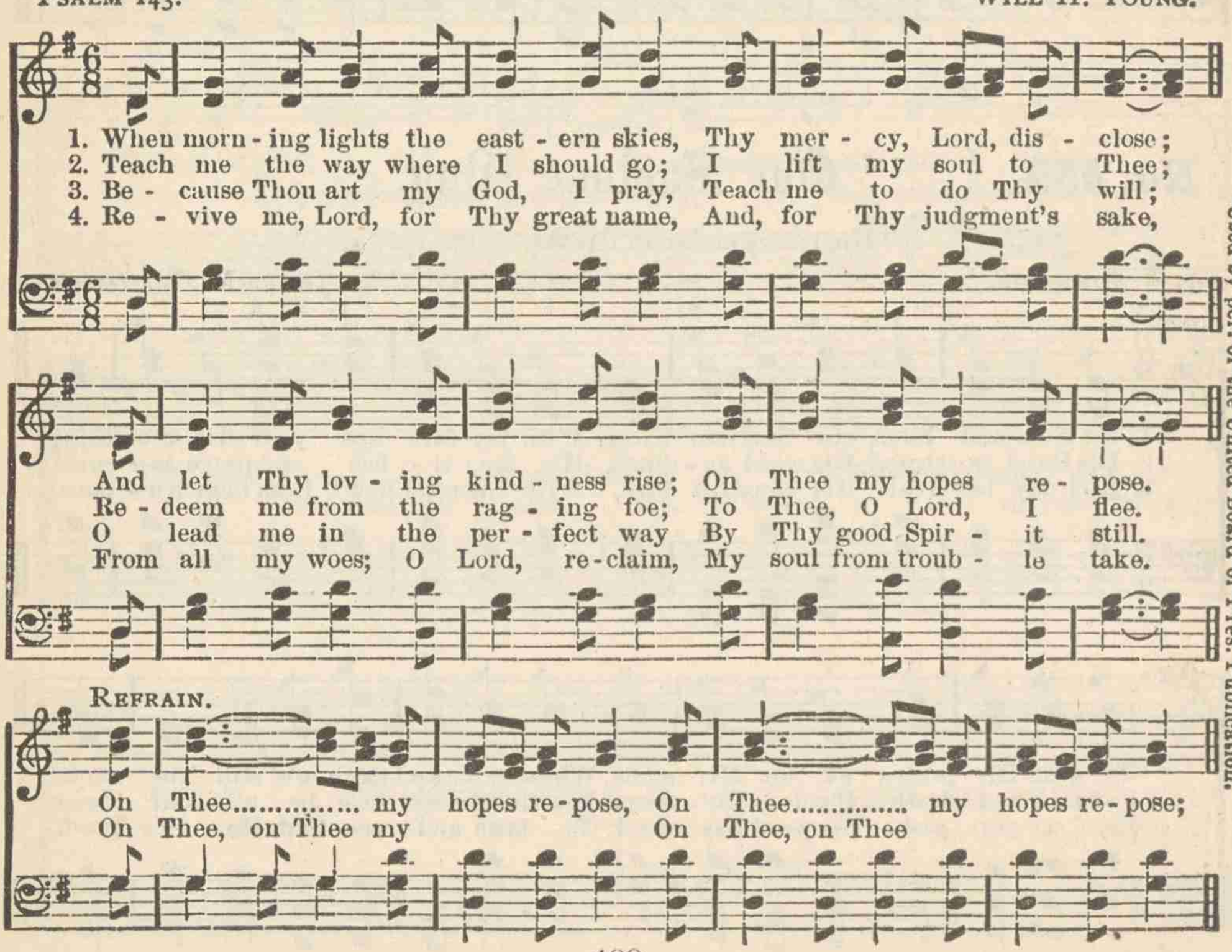
No. 554. Morning Lights.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 143. WILL H. YOUNG.



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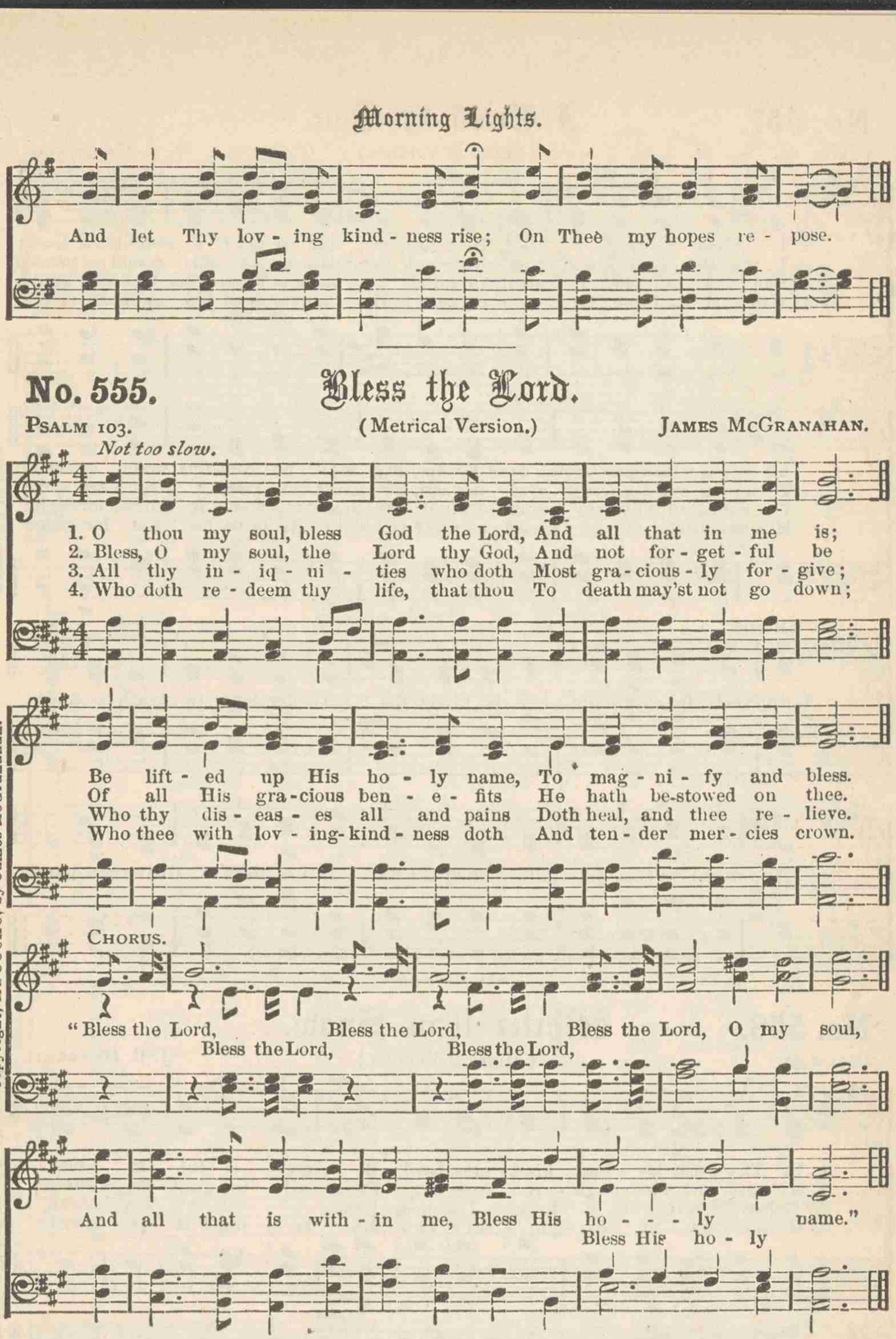
No. 555. Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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No. 556. I'll Thee Exalt.

1 I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King,
Thy name I will adore;
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
Thy name forevermore.

2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds;
Race unto race shall praise Thy works,
And show Thy mighty deeds.

3 I of Thy glorious majesty
The honor will record;
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4 Men, of Thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, Thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

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No. 557. I Cried to God.

PSALM 77. (Metrical Version.) W. S. MARSHALL.

1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;
2. I thought of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;
4. Will God cast off for ev - er-more? His fa - vor will He ne'er re-store?

All night with hands stretch'd out I wept, My soul no com-fort would ac-cept.
Thou hold-est, Lord, my eyes a-wake; So great my grief I can - not speak.
I called to mind my song by night; My mus - ing spir - it sought for light.
Has grace for ev - er passed a-way? Or, doth His prom-ise fail for aye?

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CHORUS.

Hath God for-got-ten to be kind? His ten - der love in wrath confined?

My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Re - call-ing years of God's right hand.

No. 558. Whiter than Snow.

PSALM 51. (Metrical Version.) J. B. HERBERT.

1. In Thy great lov - ing kind - ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor-ough - ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on- ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, I in in - iq - ui - ty My be - ing first re - ceived;

In Thy com - pass-ions great blot out All my in - iq - ui - ty.
For my trans - gres-sions I con-fess; I ev - er see my sins.
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just, And in Thy judg-ing right.
And with a na - ture all cor-rupt My moth - er me con - ceived.

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Whiter than Snow.

CHORUS.

Wash..... Thou me, yes, wash..... Thou me, And
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me,

then I shall be whit-er than the snow,..... I shall be whit-er than the snow.
snow, the snow,

No. 559. Thee will I Love.

PSALM 18. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fort - ress is the Lord;
2. The Lord is wor - thy to be prais'd, Up - on His name I'll call;
3. In my dis - tress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I there-fore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks pro - claim;

My rock, and He that doth to me De - liv - er - ance af - ford.
And He from all my en - e - mies Pre - serve me safe - ly shall.
He from His tem - ple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.
And I a - mong the hea - then will Sing prais - es to Thy name.

CHORUS.

My God whom I will trust, A buck-ler un - to me,.....
My God, my strength,

The horn of my sal - va - tion, too, And my high tow'r is He.

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No. 560. As Pants the Hart.

PSALM 42. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Far from Thy sa - cred courts my tears Have been my food by night and day,
2. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sa - cred way
3. O why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so dis - qui - et thee?

While con-stant - ly, with bit - ter sneers, "Where is thy God?" the scof - fers say.
To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high, With throngs who keep the ho - ly day.
Still hope in God, and Him ex - tol, Whose face brings saving health to me.

CHORUS.

rit.....

As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for
As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul, O

a tempo.

Thee: For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the liv-ing God to see.
God, for Thee:

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No. 561. For Jehovah I am Waiting.

PSALM 130. (Metrical Version.) WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. From the depths do I in - voke Thee, O Je - ho - vah, give an ear;
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who be - fore Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3. Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mer-cies great are found with Him;

To my voice be Thou at - ten - tive, And my sup - pli - ca - tions hear.
But with Thee there is for - give - ness, That Thy name may fear com - mand.
He, a - bound - ing in re - demp - tion, Is - rael will from sin re - deem.

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For Jehovah I am Waiting.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing,... I am wait-ing,..... And my hope is in His word;
For Je-ho-vah I am wait-ing, wait-ing, My hope is in His word;

I am wait-ing,..... ev-er wait-ing,..... Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.....
In His word of prom-ise, my hope is in His word, Yea, my soul..... waits for the Lord.

No. 562. O Praise Him.

PSALM 150. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. O praise our Lord, where rich in grace His pres-ence fills His ho - ly place;
2. O praise Him for His deeds of fame, O praise the great-ness of His name;
3. O praise Him with the notes of joy, And ev - 'ry harp in praise em-ploy;

Praise Him in yon ce-les-tial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march, Where holds His
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round, With harp and
On cym-bals loud, Je-hovah praise, On cymbals high His glo - ry raise, On cym - bals

CHORUS.

pow'r its glo-rious march.)
psal - tery answering round.} O praise Him, O praise Him for all His deeds of
high His glo - ry raise.)

fame; O praise Him, O praise Him, O praise His might-y name; Let all that
Let all

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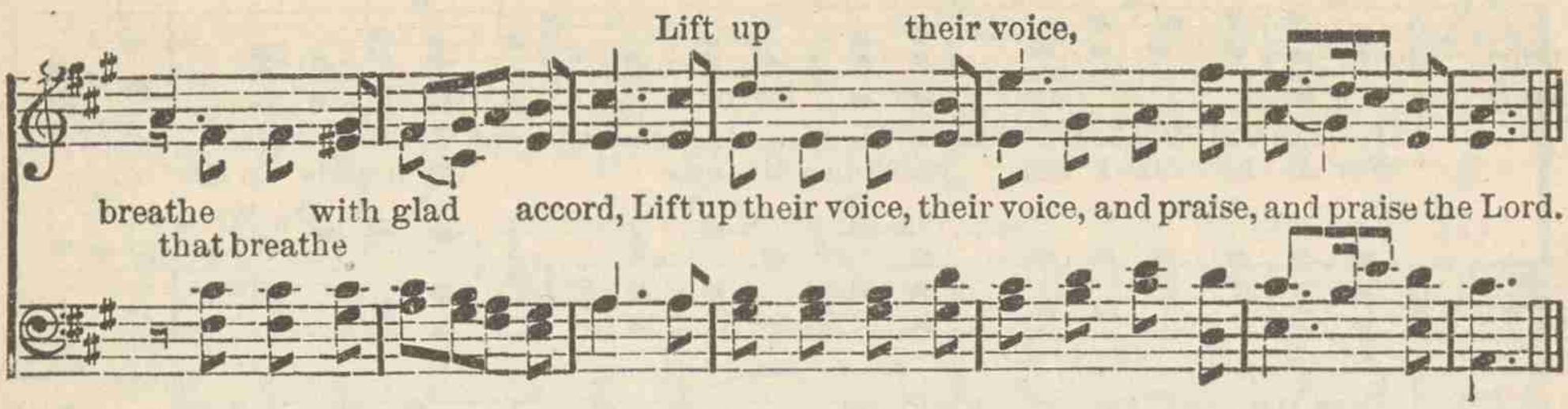
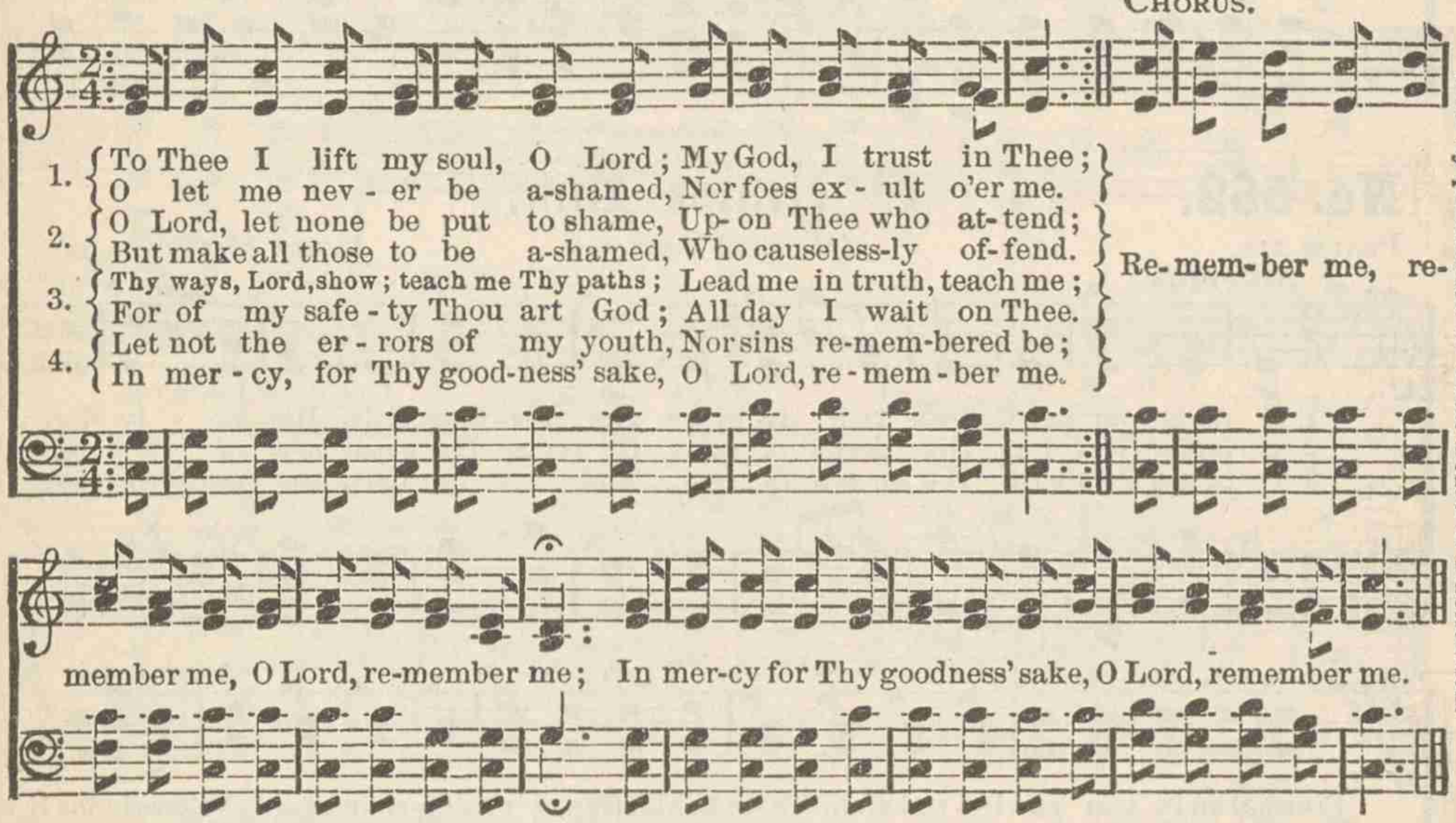
O Praise Him.

No. 563.

Remember Me.

PSALM 25. (Metrical Version.) C. E. POLLOCK.

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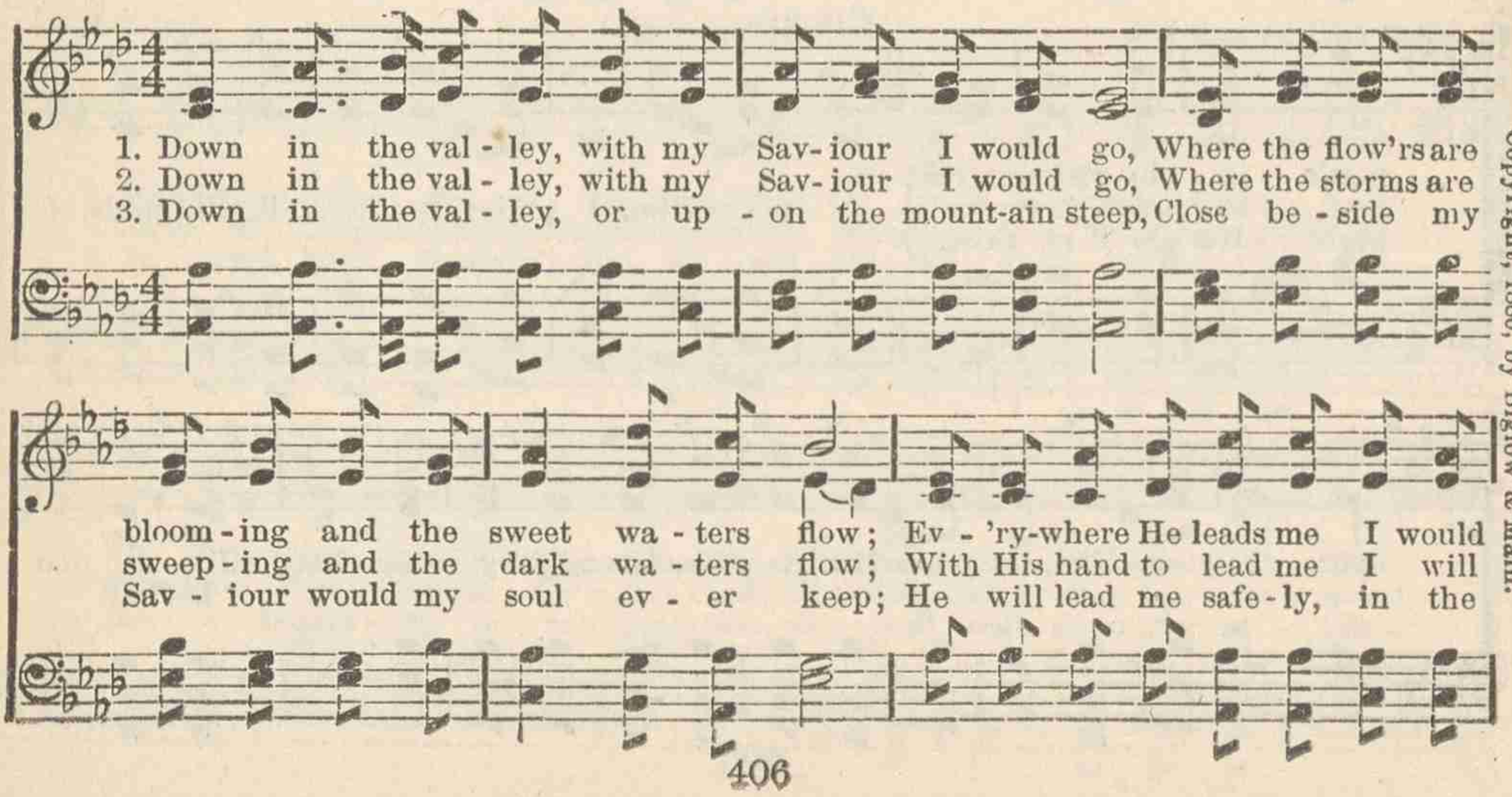
No. 564.

Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.

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Follow On!

fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol - low! fol - low! I would follow Je - sus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!

Fol - low! fol - low! I would follow Je - sus! Ev'rywhere, He leads me I would follow on!

No. 565. Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je - sus knows thy sor - row, Knows thine ev - 'ry care; Knows thy deep con -
2. Trust the heart of Je - sus, Thou art pre-cious there; Sure - ly He would
3. Je - sus knows thy con - flict, Hears thy bur-dened sigh; When thy heart is

tri - tion, Hears thy fee-blest prayer; Do not fear to trust Him—Tell Him all thy
shield thee From the tempter's snare; Safe - ly He would lead thee By His own sweet
wound - ed, Hears thy plain-tive cry; He thy soul will strengthen, O - ver-come thy

grief; Cast on Him thy bur - den, He will bring re - lief.
way, Out in - to the glo - ry Of a bright - er day.
fears; He will send thee com - fort, Wipe a - way thy tears.

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No. 566. Gather Them In.

F. J. Van Alstyne. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a mes-sage from God a-bove;

Oh, gath-er them in!—let His house be filled, And the hun-gry and poor be fed.
To think of the ma-ny who slight the call That may nev-er be heard a-gain!
Oh, gath-er them in-to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!

Refrain.

Out in the high-way, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov-ing heart, And gath-er the wand'rers in!

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No. 567. We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.

Spirited.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne, And
heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a-broad, May
heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly field, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er world's on high, To

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. R. Lowry.

thus surround the throne, And thus sur-

We're Marching to Zion.

CHORUS.

thus surround the throne.
speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful

round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,

Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti-ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi-on,

No. 568. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D. from L. W. M.

C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleas-ure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?
O to - day is time ac - cept - ed, To-mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's plead-ing cease.

CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry! Has - ten now His word o - bey!

Swing the heart's door wide - ly o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

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No. 569. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
linger - ing near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but lost!*"

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No. 570. The Ninety and Nine.

To be sung only as a Solo.

E. C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters

fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far
Thee?" But the Shep - herd made an - swer; "This of mine Has
cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He

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The Ninety and Nine.

off from the gates of gold— A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare,
wan - dered a - way from me, And, although the road be rough and steep
found His sheep that was lost: Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—

A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
Sick and helpless, and read - y to die, Sick, and helpless, and read - y to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 571. Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy mighty arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quick - en the smould'ring
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; But hung'ring for the
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy precious name; And, by the Ho - ly

CHORUS.

wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
em - bers now By Thine Almight - y breath.
bread of life, Oh, may our spir-its be!
Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in- flame.

Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And Re - vive Thy work! re-vive Thy work! And

give re-freshing showers; The glo - ry shall be all Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.

give, oh, give, refreshing showers;

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No. 572. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se- crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de- light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

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

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

near - er, near - er,

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleeding side.

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No. 573. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. STAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows like sea - billows roll;
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as - sur-ance control,
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—My sin— not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,

It is Well with My Soul.

What-ev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
That Christ hath regard-ed my help-less es-tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de-scend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.
It is well..... with my soul,.....
It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

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No. 574. Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I, My soul in its con-flicts and sor-rows would fly; So sin-ful, so wea-ry, Thine,
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp-ta-tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem-pests of life, on its
3. How oft in the con-flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Ref-uge and breathed out my woe; How oft-en when tri-als, like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.
wide, heav-ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.
sea-bil-lows roll, Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

CHORUS.
Hid-ing in Thee, Hid-ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.

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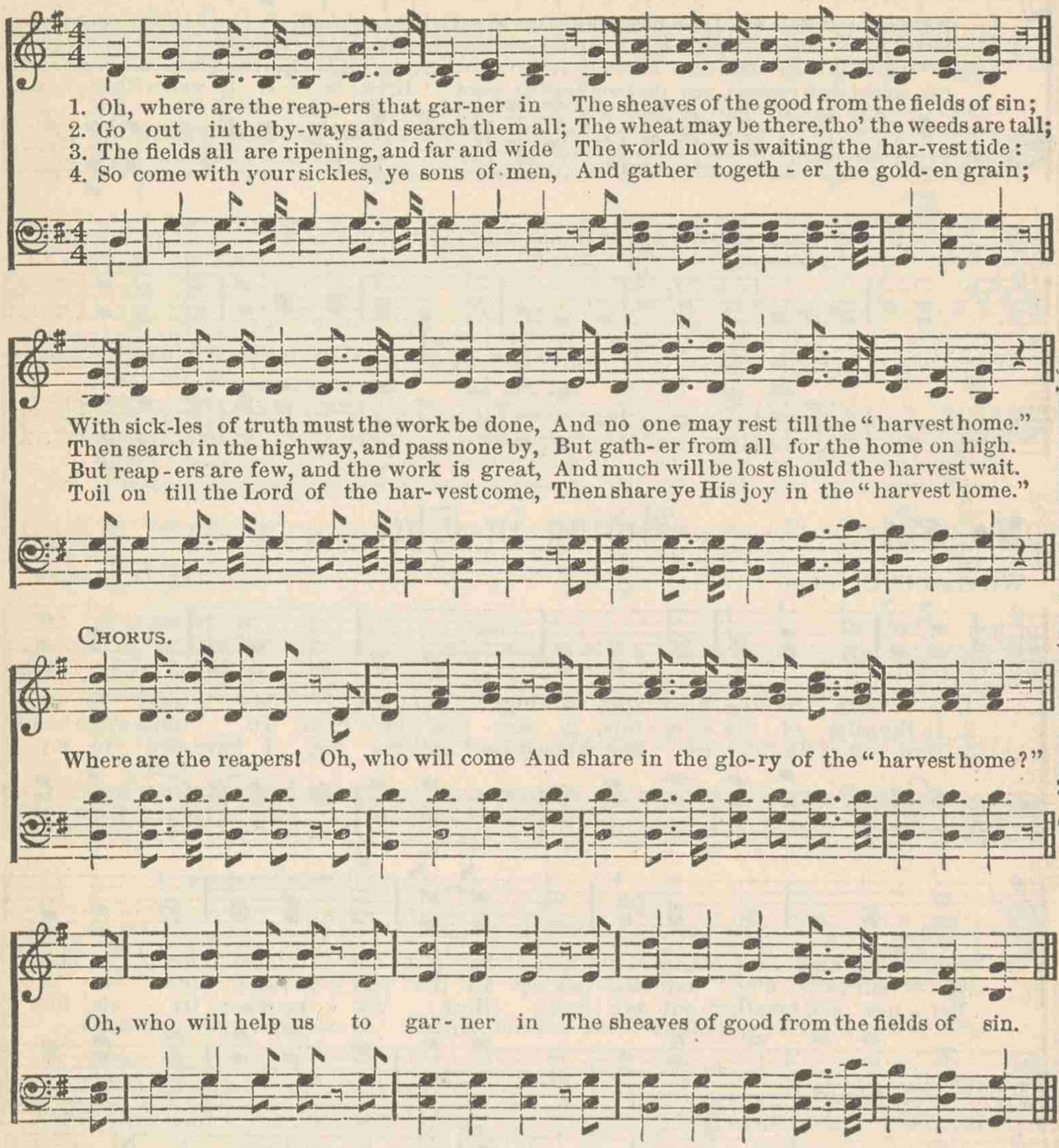
No. 575. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.



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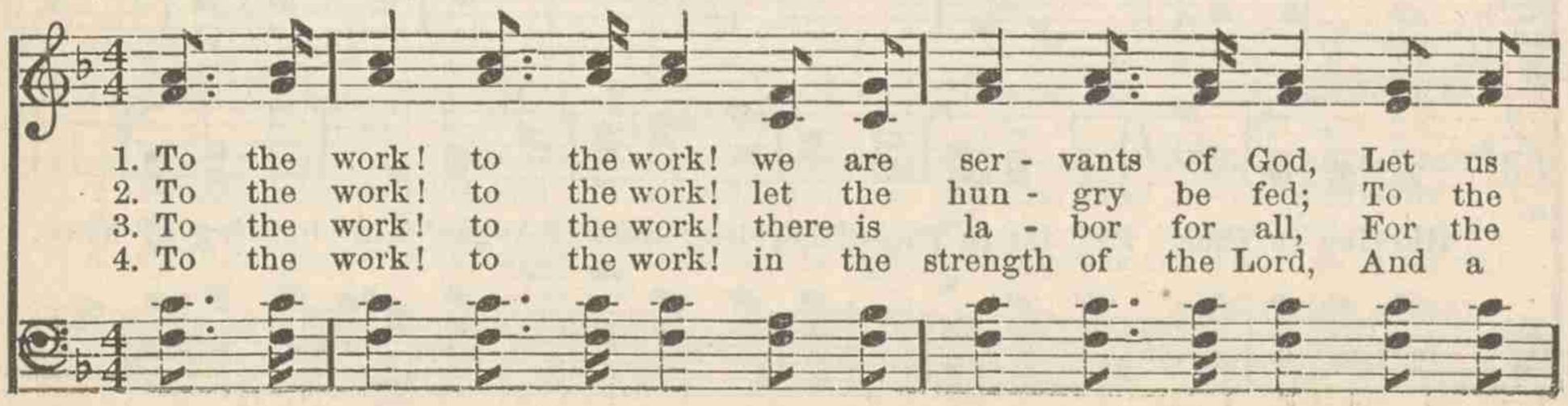
No. 576. To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



To the Work.

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our
fount-ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our
king-dom of dark- ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex -
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faith - ful our

strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid - ings, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*
alt - ed shall be In the loud swell-ing cho - rus, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*
dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransom'd, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*

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CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,

on, Let us hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.

Toiling on, and trust, and pray,

No. 577. My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re - deem - er And His won - drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His heav'n - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf - fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

My Redeemer.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His blood.....

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His blood.....

blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me,..... On the cross.....

blood..... He pur-chased me,

blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me; On the cross.....

He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt, and made me free,

cross, He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the debt, and made me free,

Repeat pp after last verse.

And made me free, and made me free.

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No. 578. While the Days are going By.

GEORGE COOPER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
   There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
   Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;
   One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour-ney we pur - sue, Oh, the
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

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While the Days are going By.

REFRAIN.

good we all may do, While the days are going by.
fall - en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.
Go-ing by, go-ing by,

going by, going by,

Go-ing by, go-ing by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

going by, go-ing by,

No. 579. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-derful words of Life, Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all, Won-derful words of Life, Sin - ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-derful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and

beau - ty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and du-ty;
lov - ing call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heav-en.
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Saviour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Wonder - ful words of Life, Life.

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No. 580. Behold, what Love!

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed On sin-ners
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh; Ac - cept - ed
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear; But when our
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be, More like our

CHORUS.

lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
in the "Well-beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.
pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
ris - en, gio-rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

Be - hold, what manner of love!..... What manner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us,

What manner of love,

That we,.....that we should be call'd,..... Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

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No. 581. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. STITES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Simp - ly trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way; E - ven when my
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear; If in dan - ger,
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trusting Him til' earth is past; Till with-in the

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

CHORUS.

faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
for Him call, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly,

Trust-ing as the days go by; Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.

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No. 582. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,

Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind-hearted and true,
Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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No. 583. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit,
2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trouble an - y-where? We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful,
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre-cious Saviour, still our Ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee?

Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not 'car - ry Ev'ry thing to God in prayer.
Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

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No. 584. I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him. And 'round my heart still closely twine Those
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en; To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav - en. Th' e - ter - nal glo-ries gleam a - far, To
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der, So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er! From Him, who loves me now so well, What

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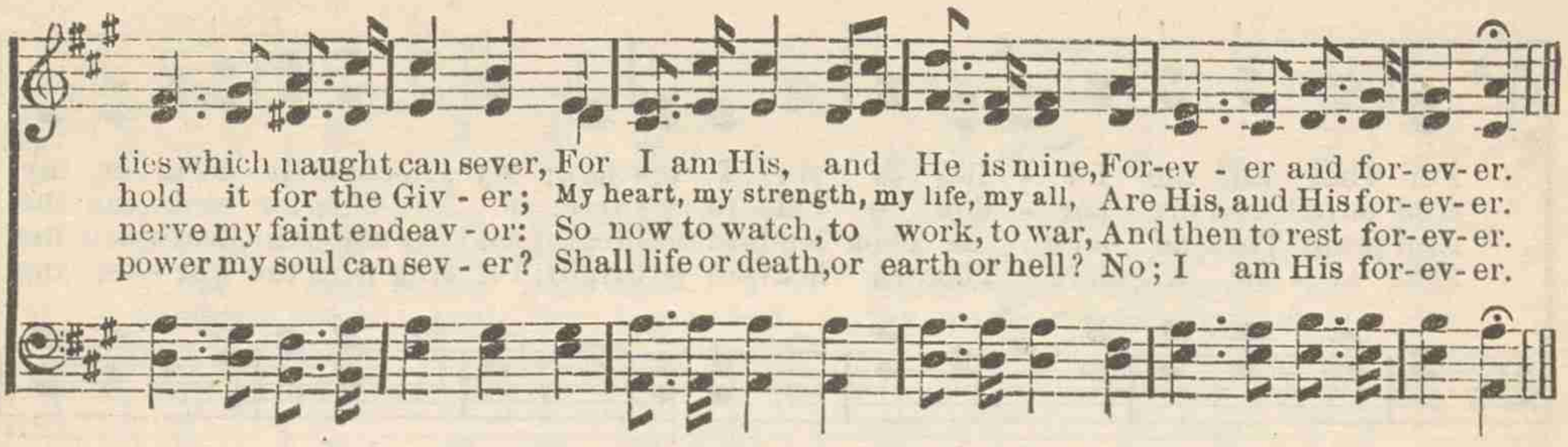
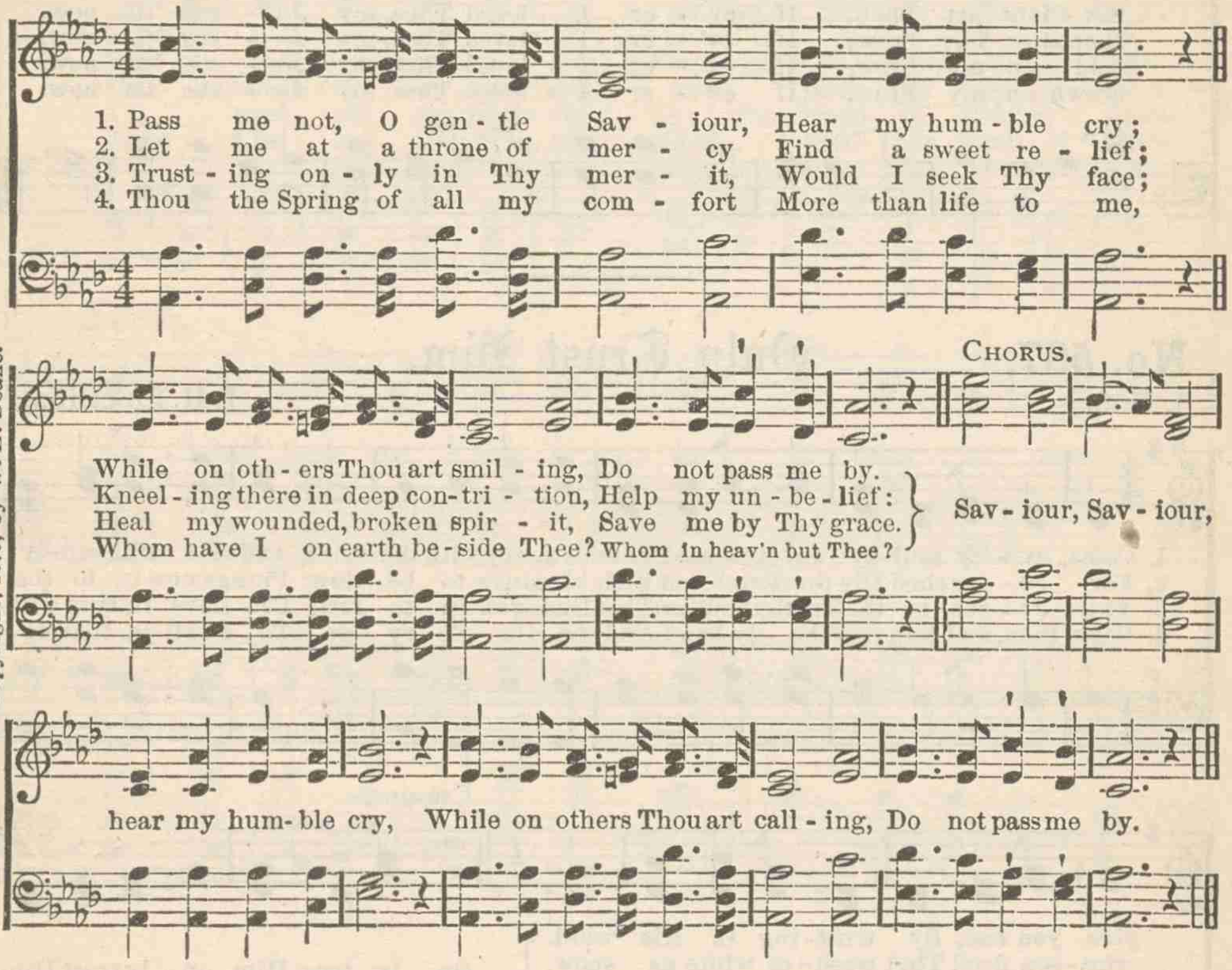
I'be Found a Friend.



No. 585. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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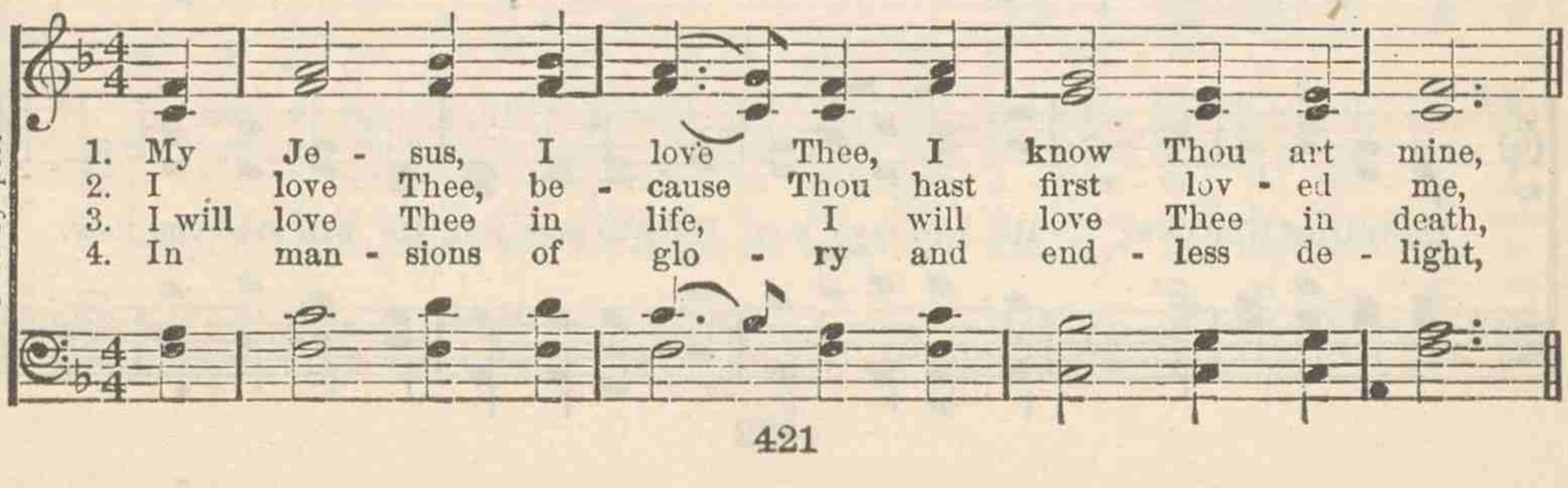
No. 586. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.



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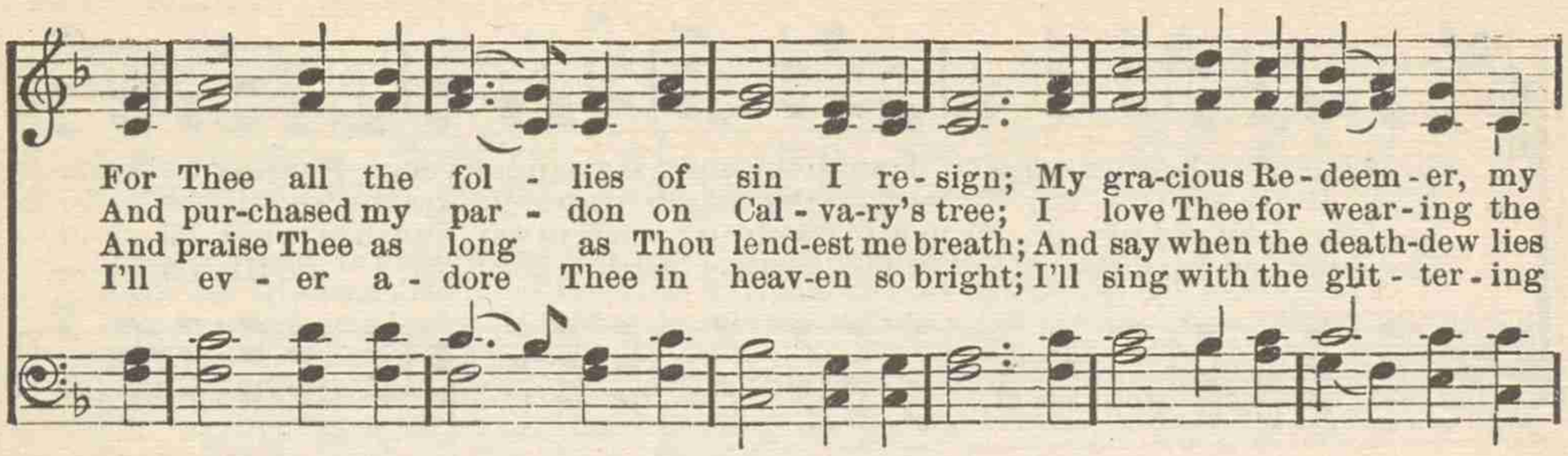
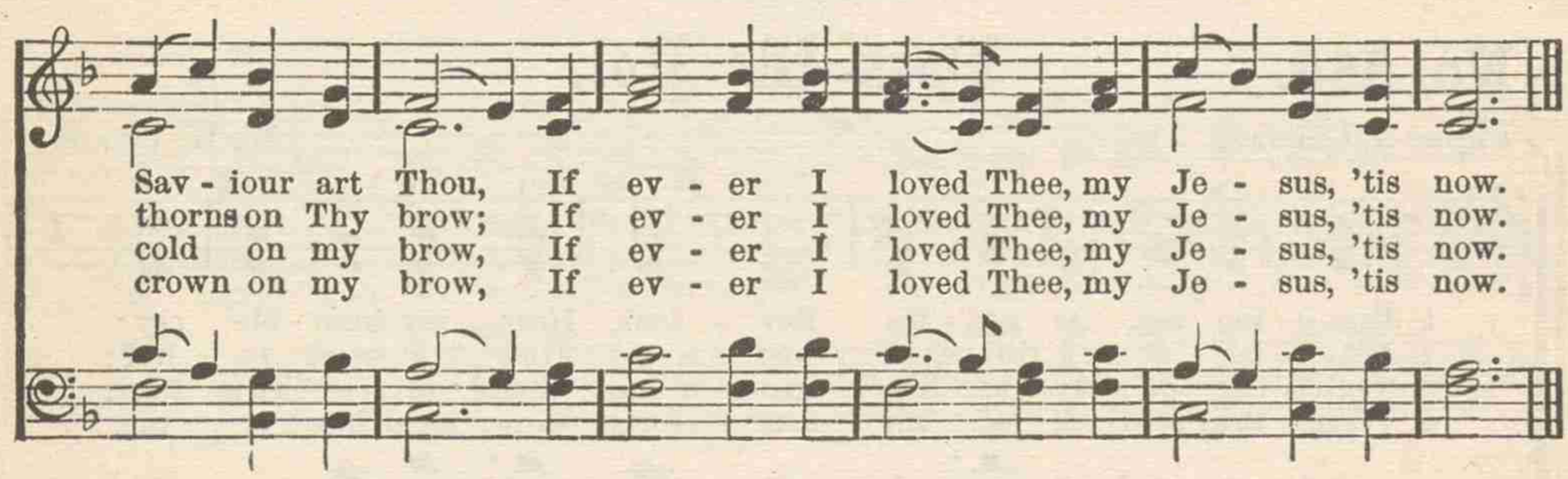
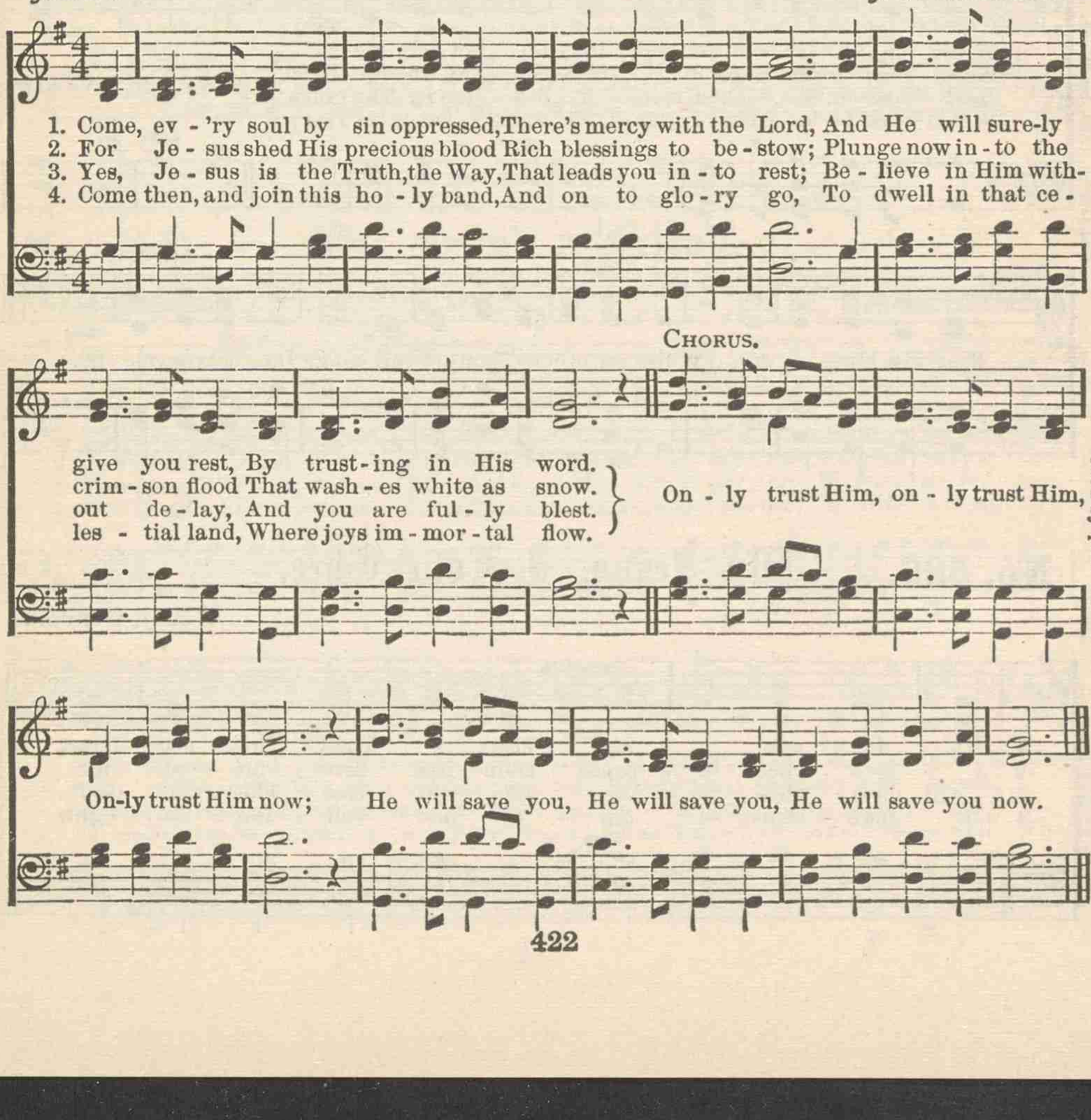
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

No. 587. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



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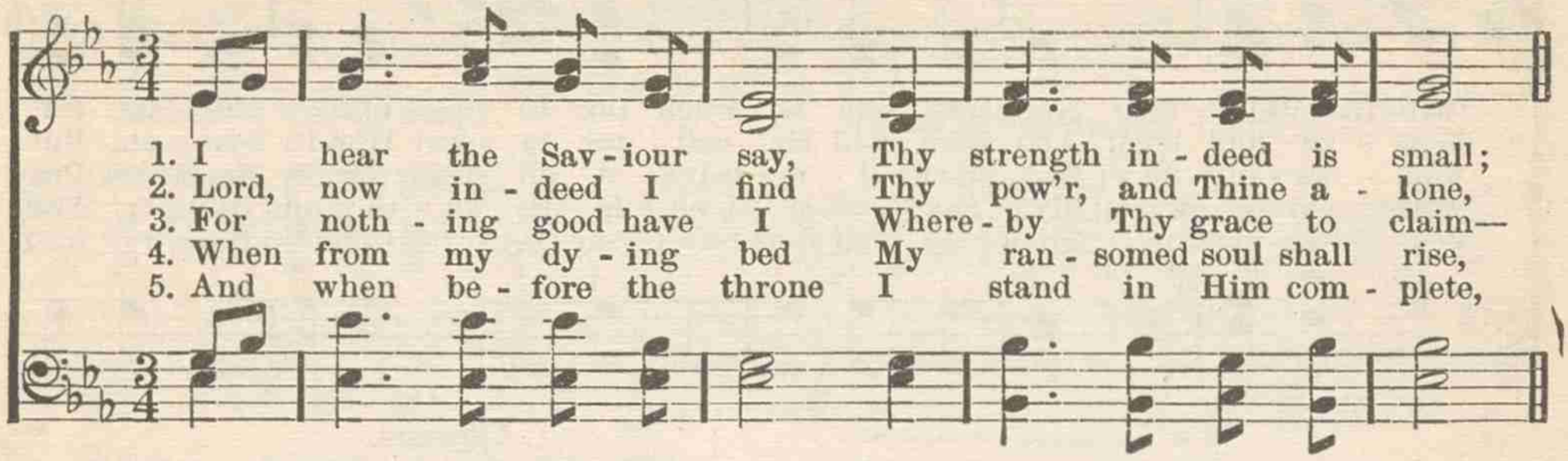
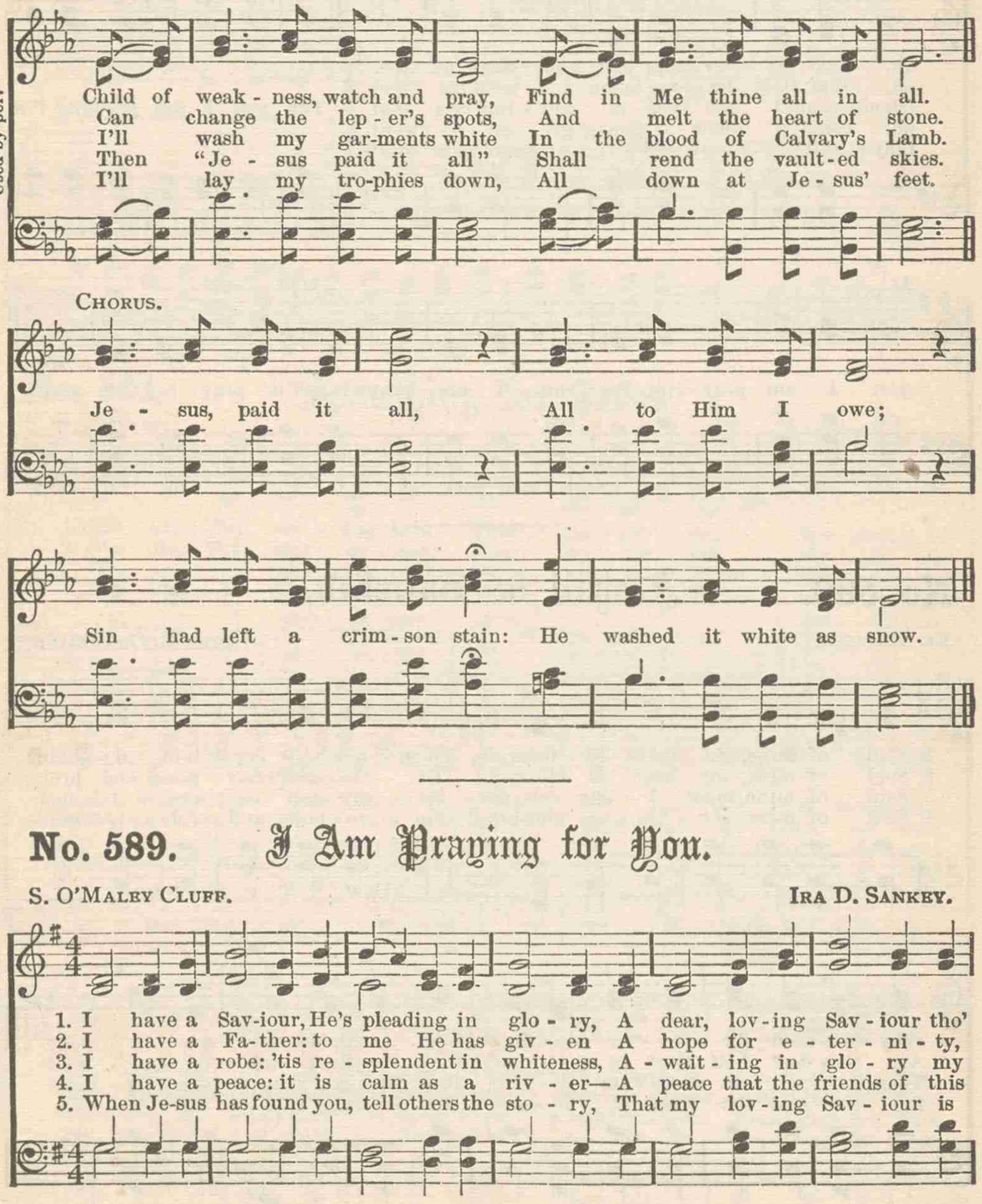
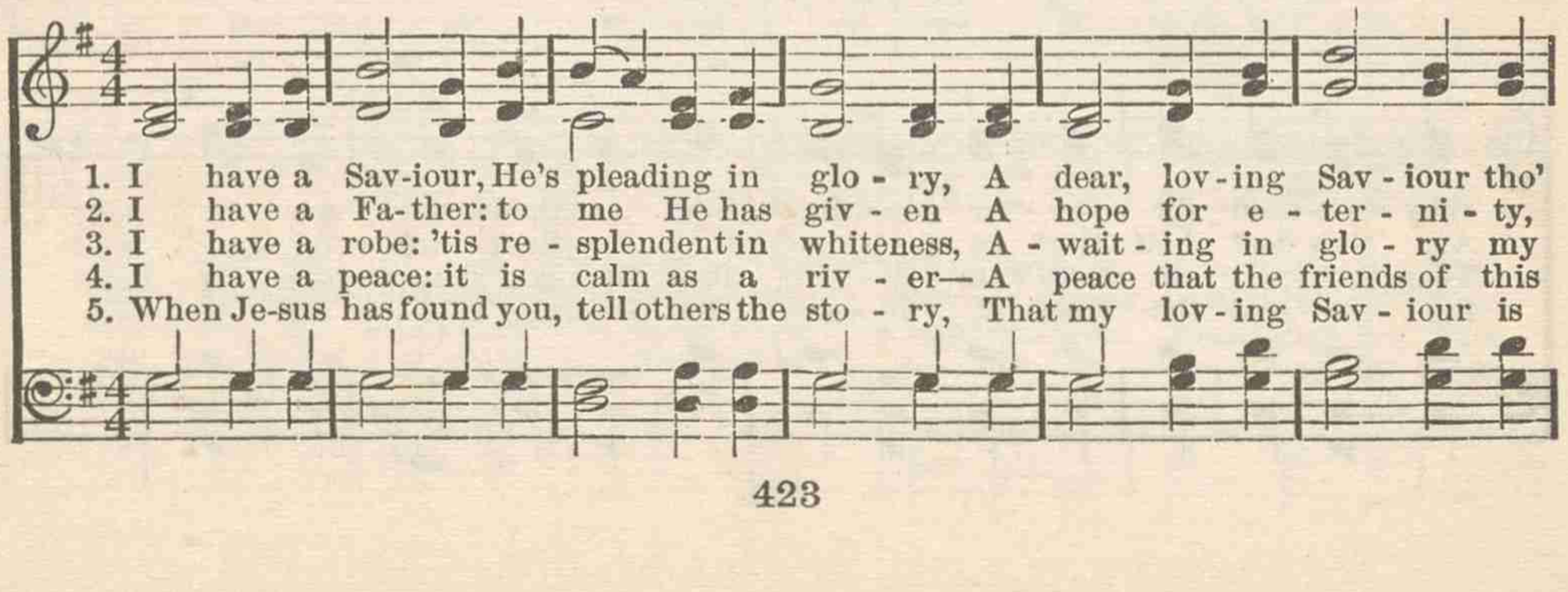
No. 588. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.



No. 589. I Am Praying for You.

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



I Am Praying for You.

earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-derness o'er me, But
bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But
won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear
world nev-er knew; My Sav-iour a-lone is its Au-thor and Giv-er, And
your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may bring them to glo-ry, And

CHORUS.

oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too.
oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one too!
oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
pray'r will be answered—'twas an-swered for you!

} For you I am pray-ing, For

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

rall.

No. 590. I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;

Why art thou for-ev-er plead-ing? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied.

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I shall be Satisfied.

CHORUS.

I ..... shall be sat-is-fied, I ..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

When I a-wake in His like-ness, I ..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied,

I ..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like-ness.
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

No. 591. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart— Like-ness to Thee— That each de-
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part-ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun,
grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy won-drous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won. Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee.

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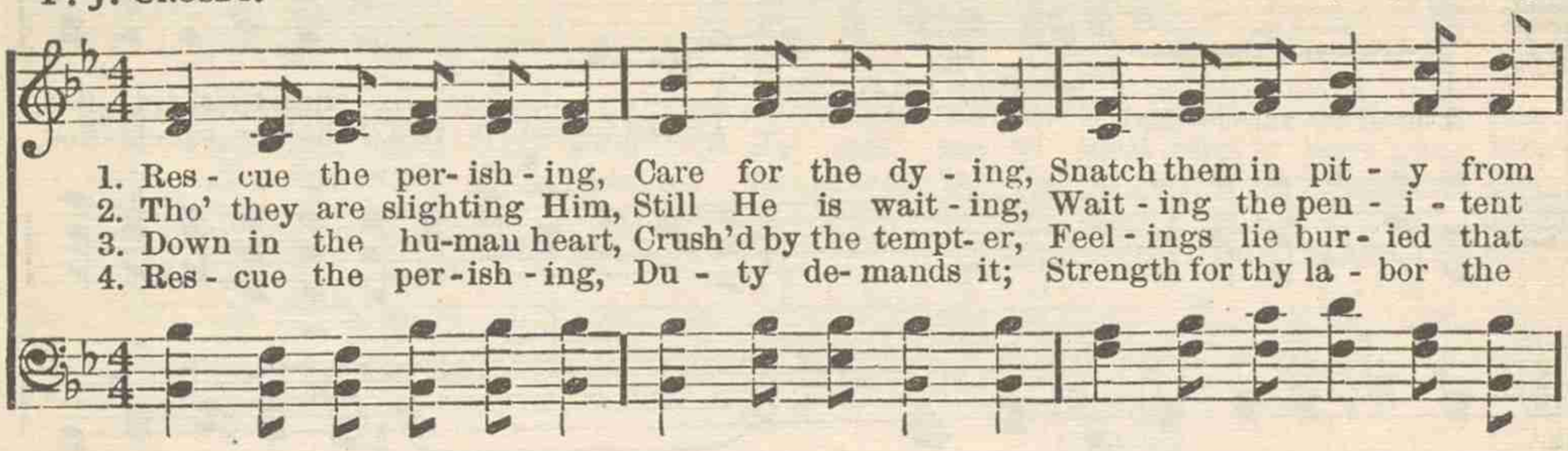
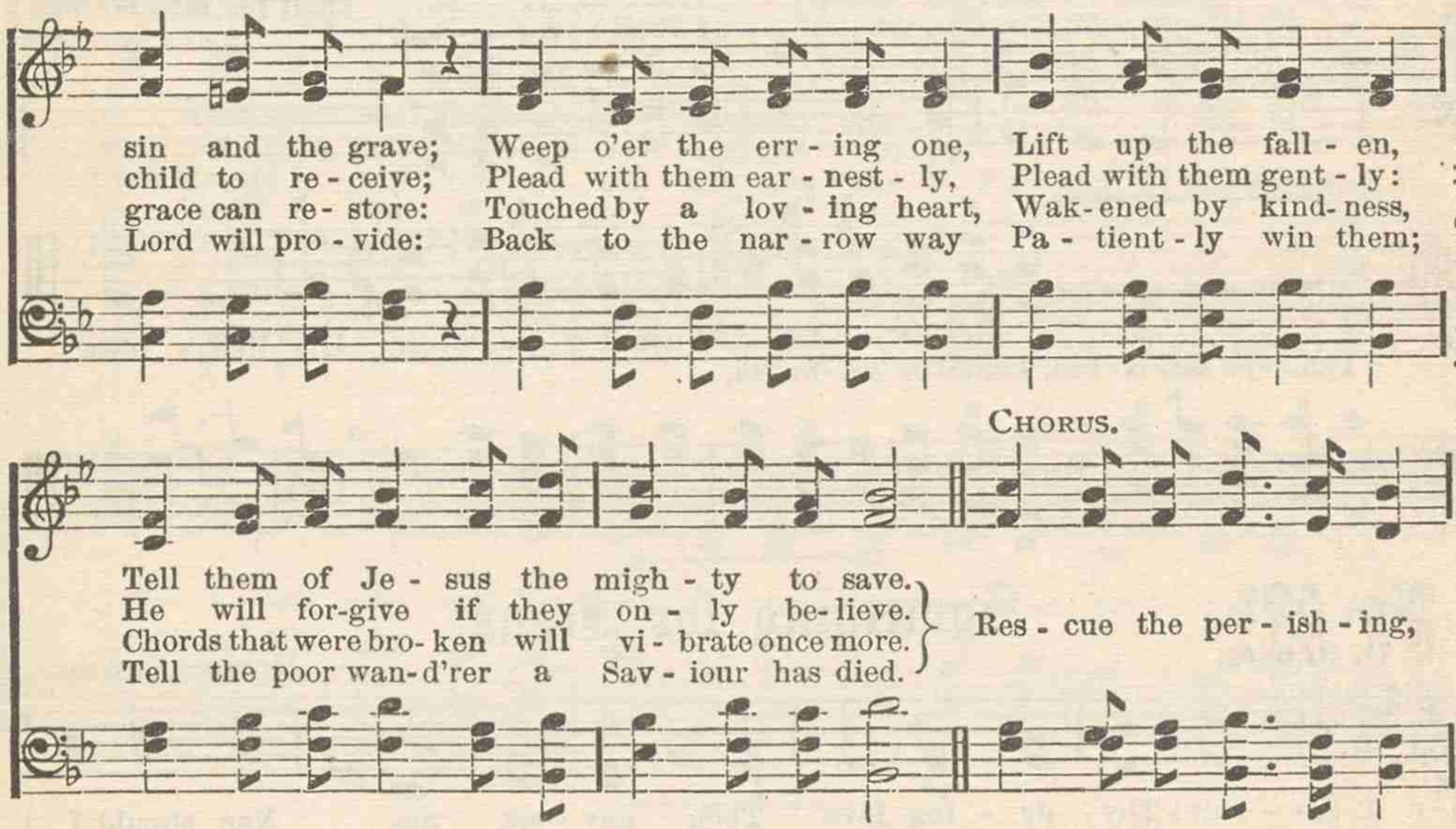
No. 592. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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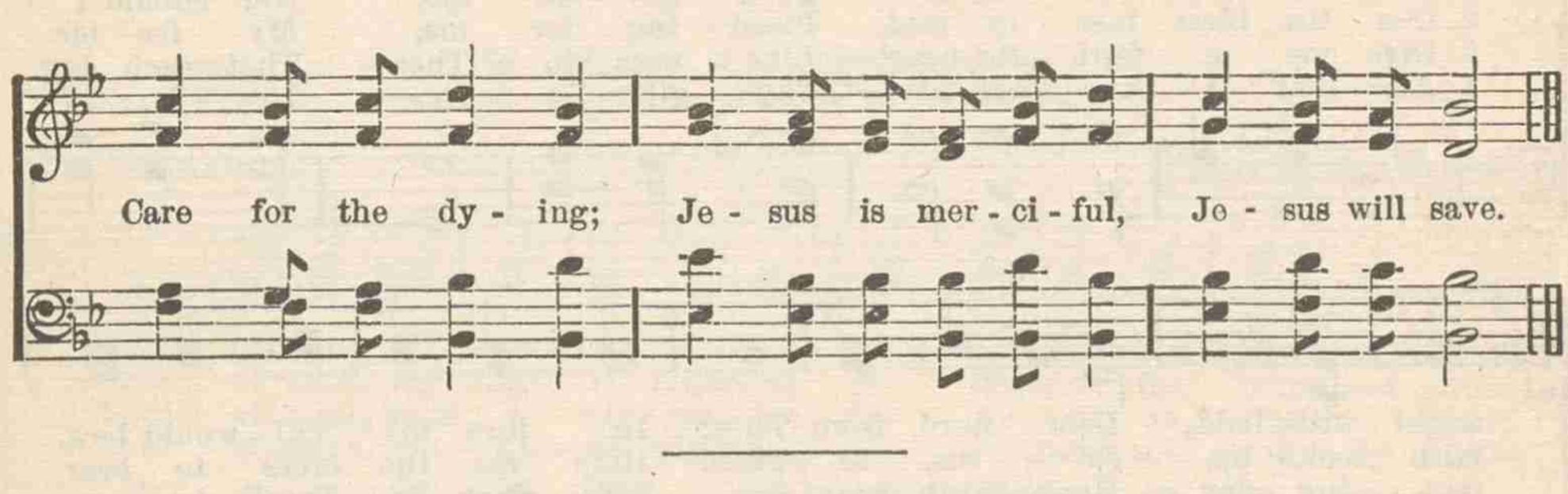
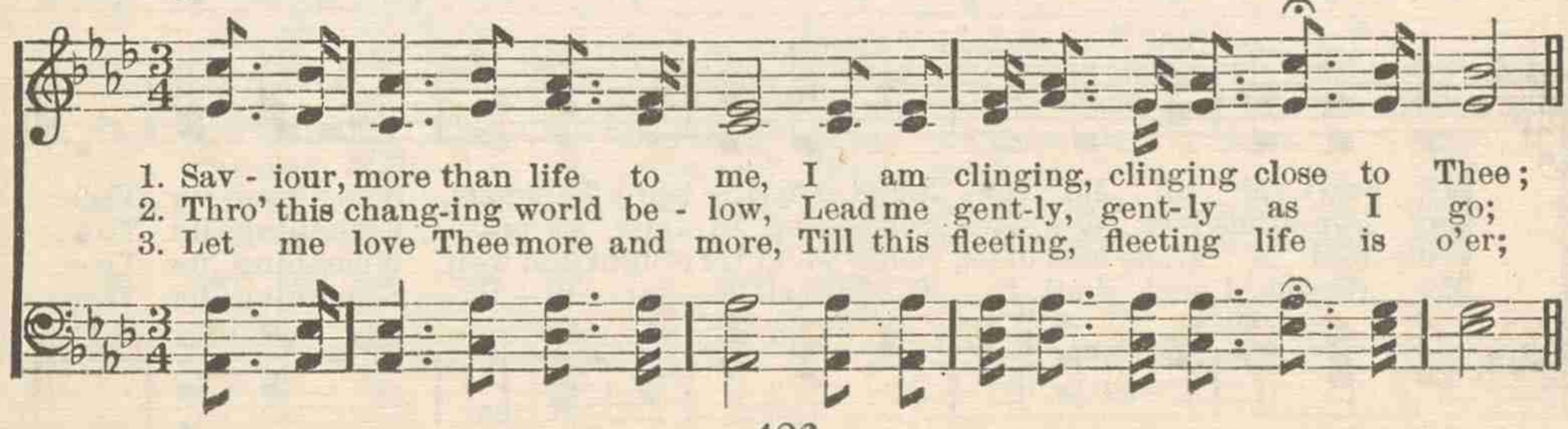
CHORUS.

No. 593. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Saviour, More than Life.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,
May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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No. 594. My Prayer.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ings with-in;
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come;

More patience in suff-'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav-iour,
More pride in His glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor-rows,
More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home; More fit for the king-dom,

rit.

More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More pur-pose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho-ly, More, Saviour, *like Thee.*

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No. 595. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

I am com-ing Lord!

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.

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

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

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No. 596. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-iour who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ings we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this

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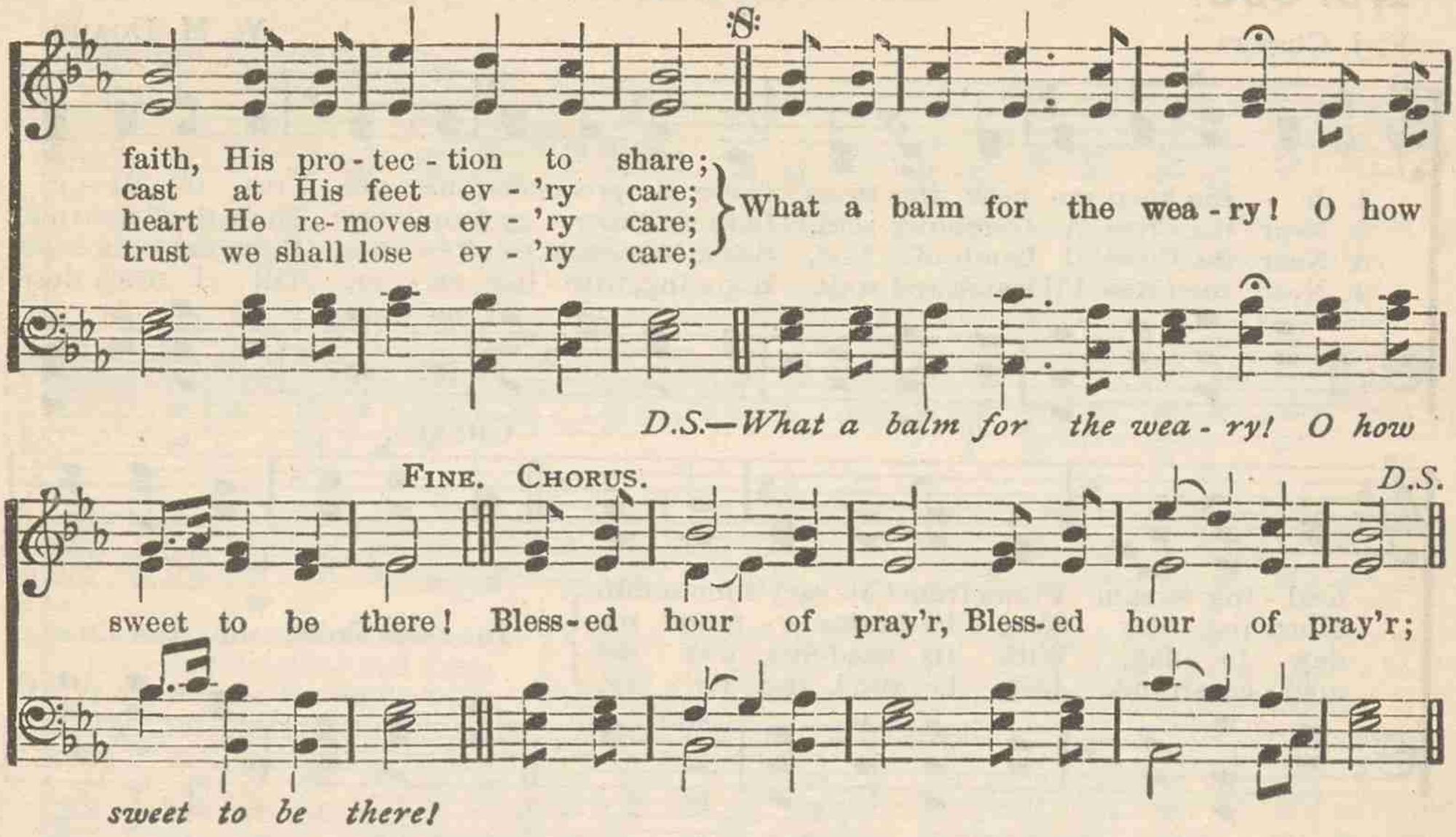
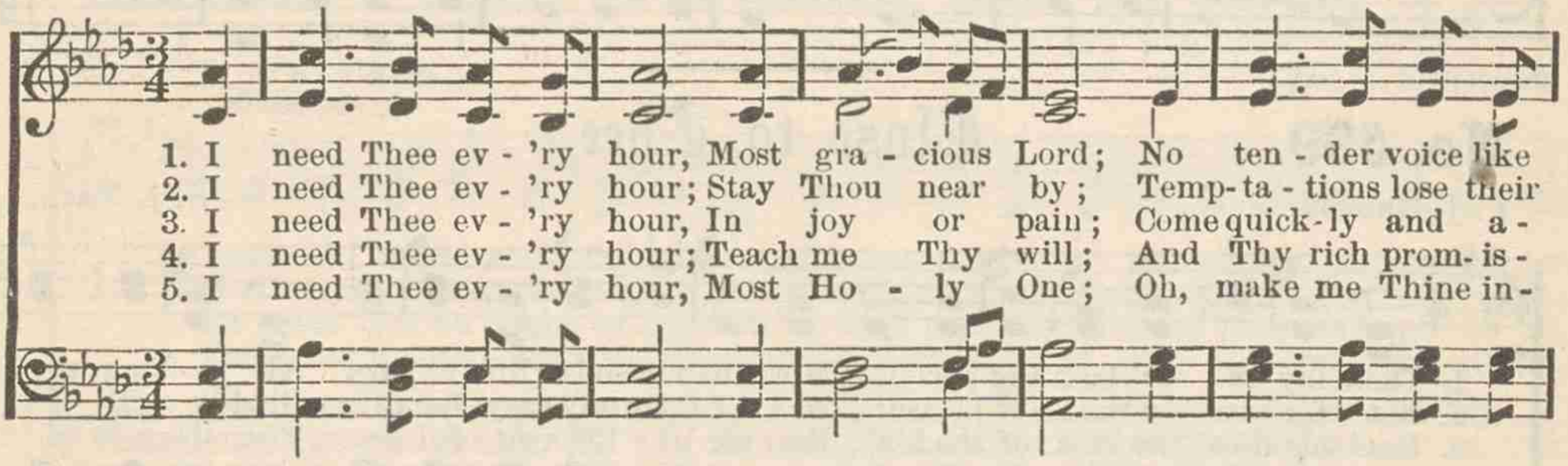
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.



No. 597. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 598. Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre-cious fount-ain Free to all— a
2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the Bright and
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mountain.
Morn-ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er; Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.

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No. 599. Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me, All a-long my
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be; Glad-ly will I
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea: Then the gate of

REFRAIN.

pil-grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
life e-ter-nal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to

Thee, close to Thee; All a-long my pil-grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

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No. 600. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light,— My glo - ry-cir-cled throne I left, for earth-ly night,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag - o - ny,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,

And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
To res-cue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
My par-don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

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No. 601. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-y wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear; But we be-lieve it
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4. There was no oth-er good enough, To pay the price of sin; He on-ly could un-

CHORUS.

cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us, He hung and suffered there.
last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.
lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

} Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And

rit.

we must love Him too; And trust in His re-deeming blood, And try His works to do.

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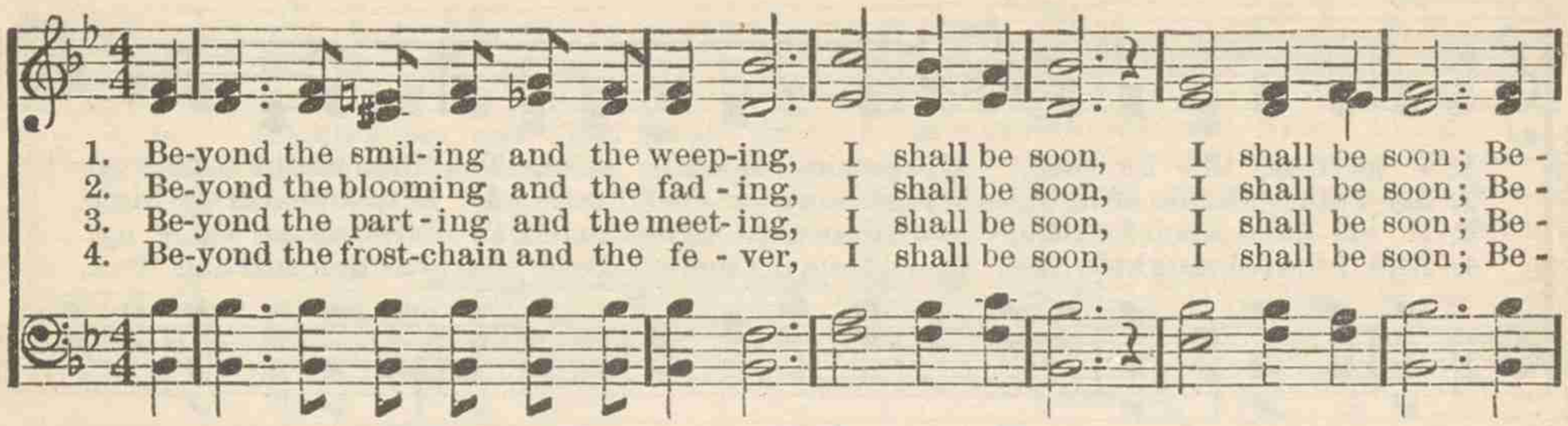
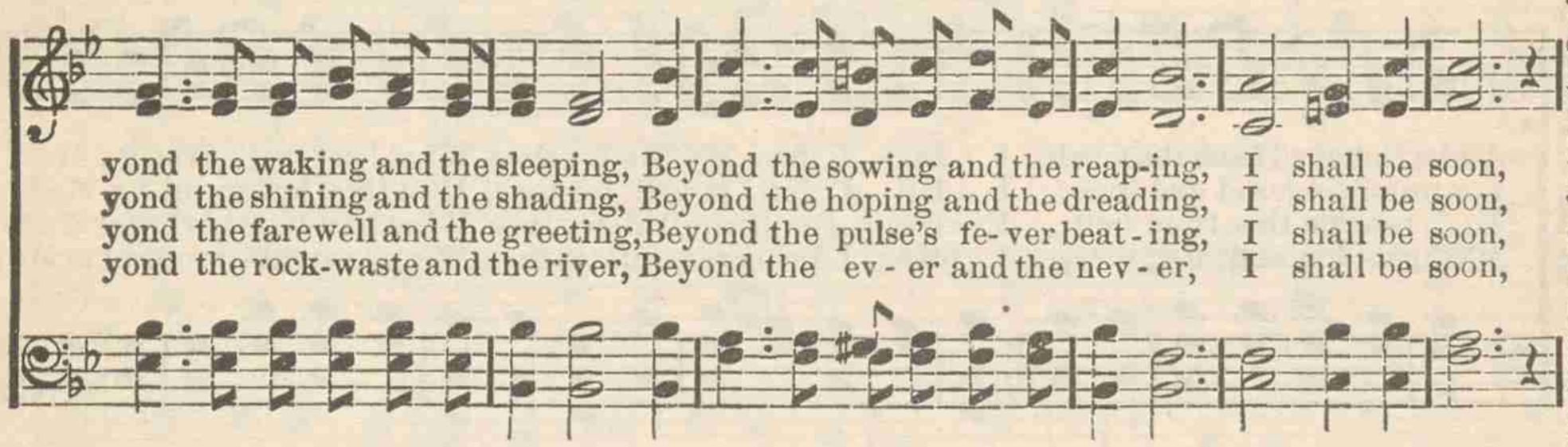
No. 602. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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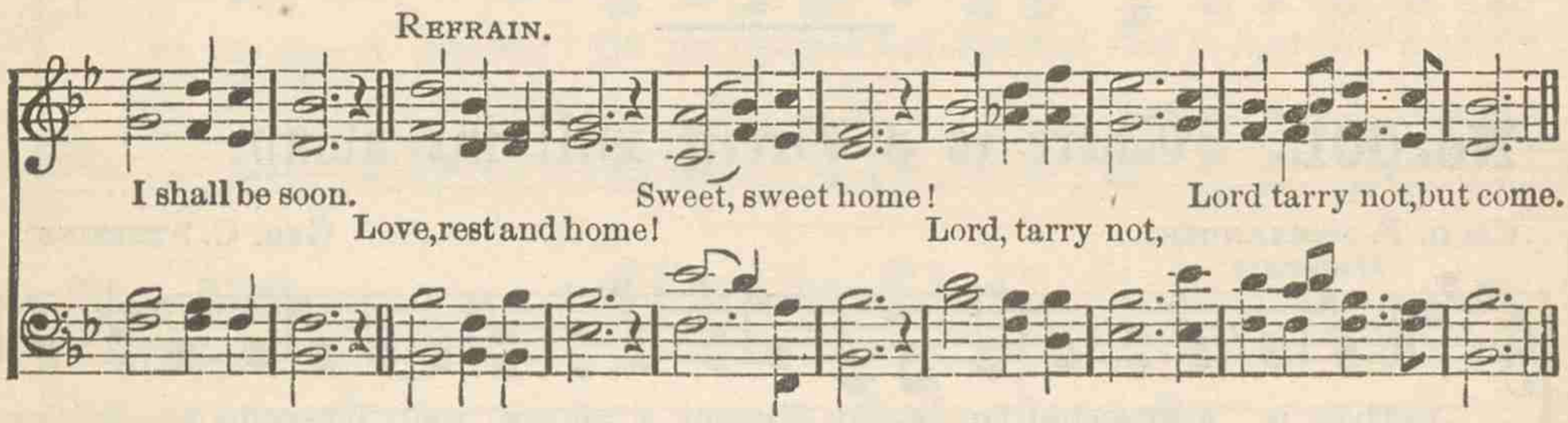
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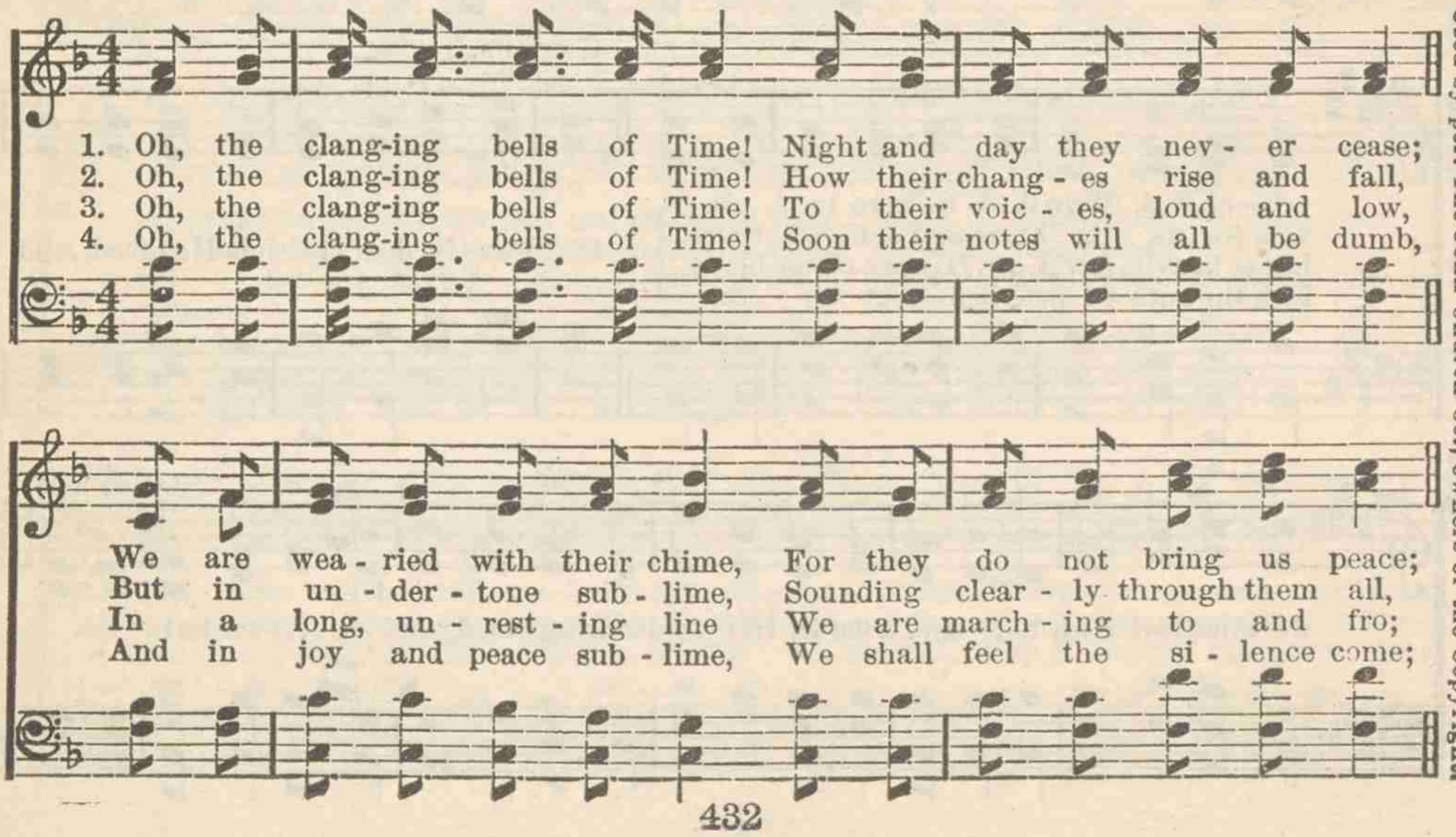
No. 603. Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS.



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And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,

Rit. *Rallentando.*

If thy shores are draw - ing near,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
And it speak - eth, aye, one word,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
For thy breath doth wrap us round,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
When thy glo- rious morn shall break,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

No. 604. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.

ff *pp*

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the dark-ness
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re -
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest

shall be o - ver, By and by, By and by; With the toil - some jour-ney done,
demption's sto - ry, By and by, By and by; And the strains for ev - er - more
life will give us, By and by, By and by; And the an - gels who ful - fil
rap - ture knowing, By and by, By and by; All the blest ones, who have gone

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ff *pp*

And the glorious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yonder ev - er - last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
To the land of life and song,—We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by, by and by.

ff *pp*

No. 605. Christ is Coming.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and tra - vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cra - dled in a man - ger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "bless - ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease:
She shall yet be- hold Thy glo - ry, When Thou com - est back to reign.
Here an a - lien and a stran - ger, Mock'd of men, dis-own'd of God.
But, in heaven - ly ves - ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the might - y ran - som'd cho - rus On - ward roll from tongue to tongue.

CHORUS.

Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of peace!

Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of peace!

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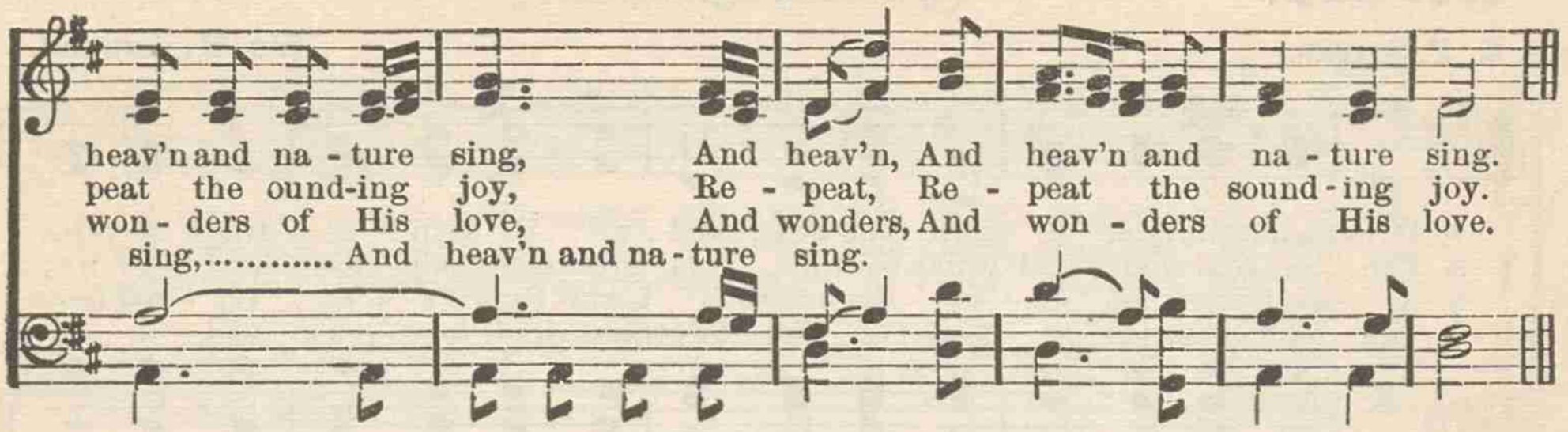
No. 606. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) Arr. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.

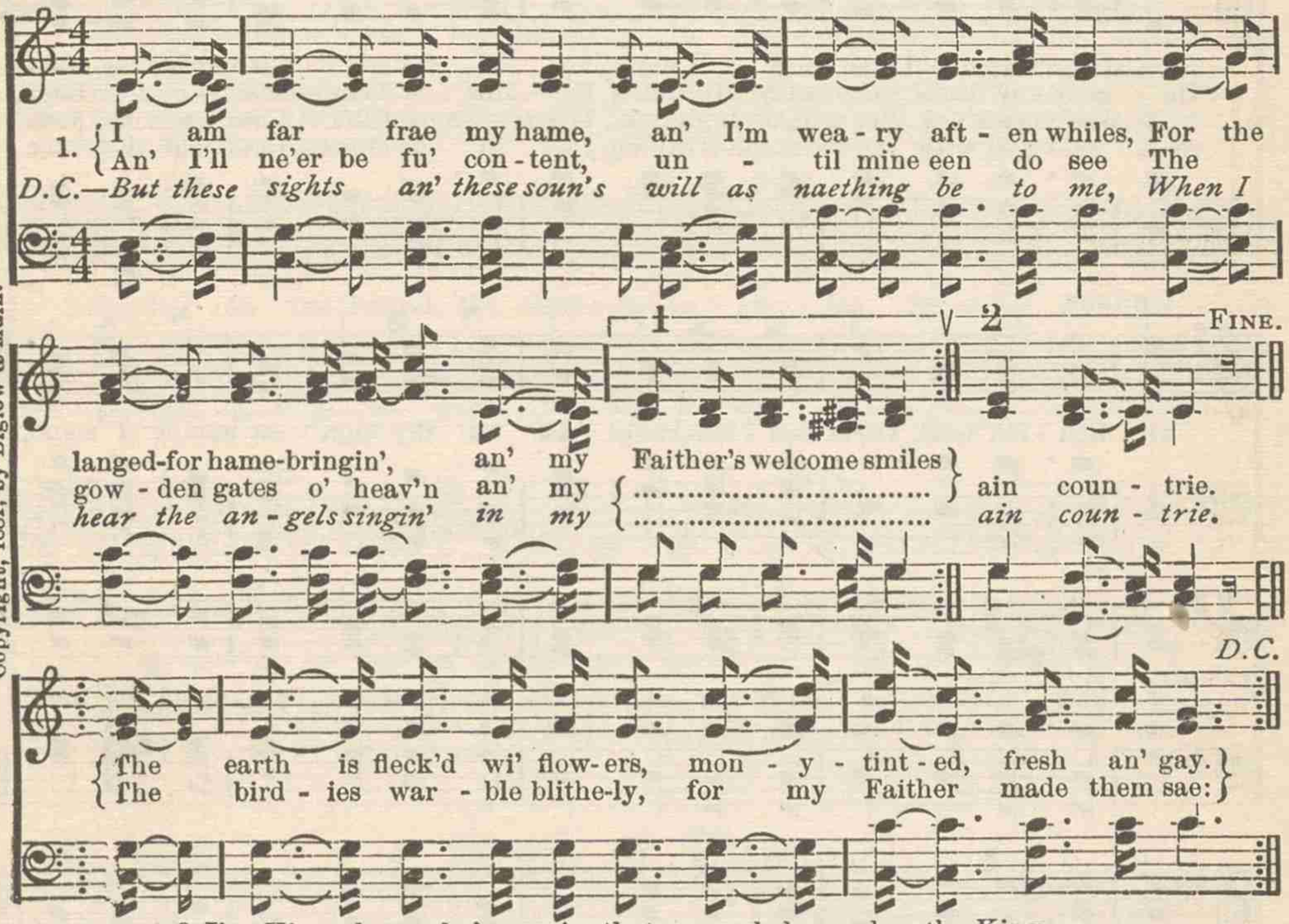
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace; And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

Joy to the World.

No. 607. My Ain Countrie.

M. L. Demarest, 1860–1881. Mrs. I. T. Hanna. Har. by H. P. Main.



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2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what 'oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 608. Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

From "Goodly Pearls," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 609. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fearing nei - ther clouds nor
3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

Used by per.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 610. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY. F. W. KÜCKEN. Arr. H. P. MAIN.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God His
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken
3. Now, in-cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re -

wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
volt de-plore, Look, be-lieve, and sin no more, Look, be-lieve, and sin no more.

Arr. copyright, 1887, by Ira. D. Sankey.

No. 611. The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world dis-owned,
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splen - dor, But bright - er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,

By the *ma - ny* still ne - glect - ed, And by the *few* en-throned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way,

But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh, For the
The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the
A joy in our Re - deem - er, As we to Him are nigh, In the
By gath - 'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the

CHORUS.

crown-ing day is coming by and by.
crown-ing day that's coming by and by.
crown-ing day that's coming by and by.
crown-ing day that's coming by and by.

} Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing,

Is com - ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow - er,"

And "glo - ry" from on high. Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den, Each

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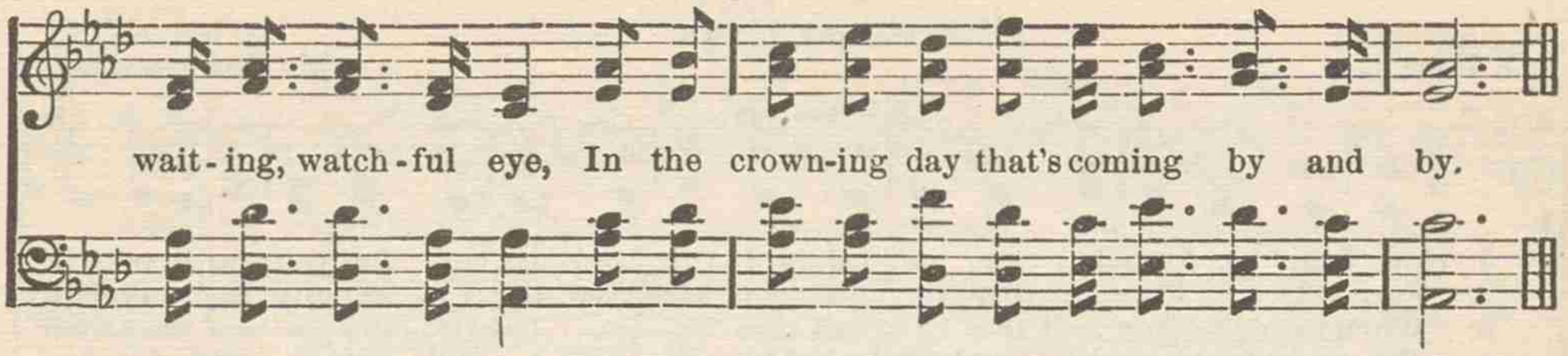
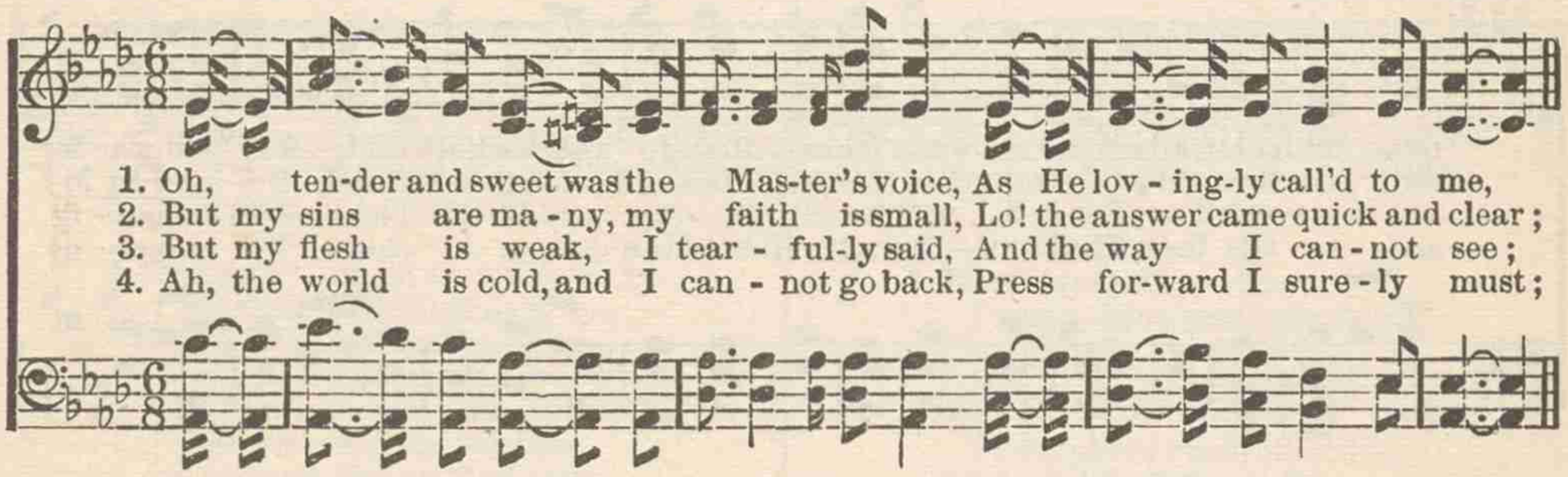
The Crowning Day.



No. 612. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS.

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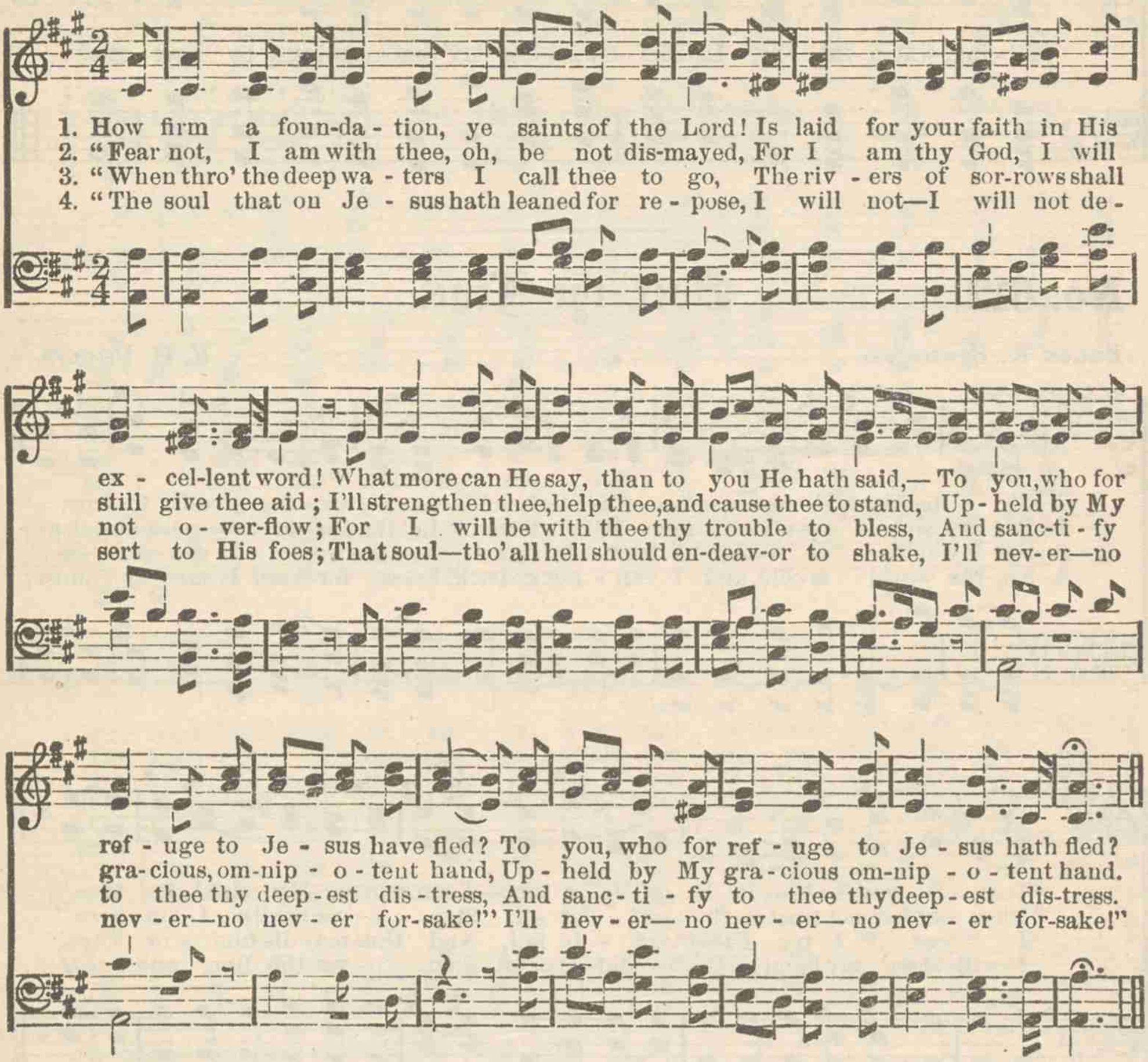
No. 613. How Firm a Foundation.

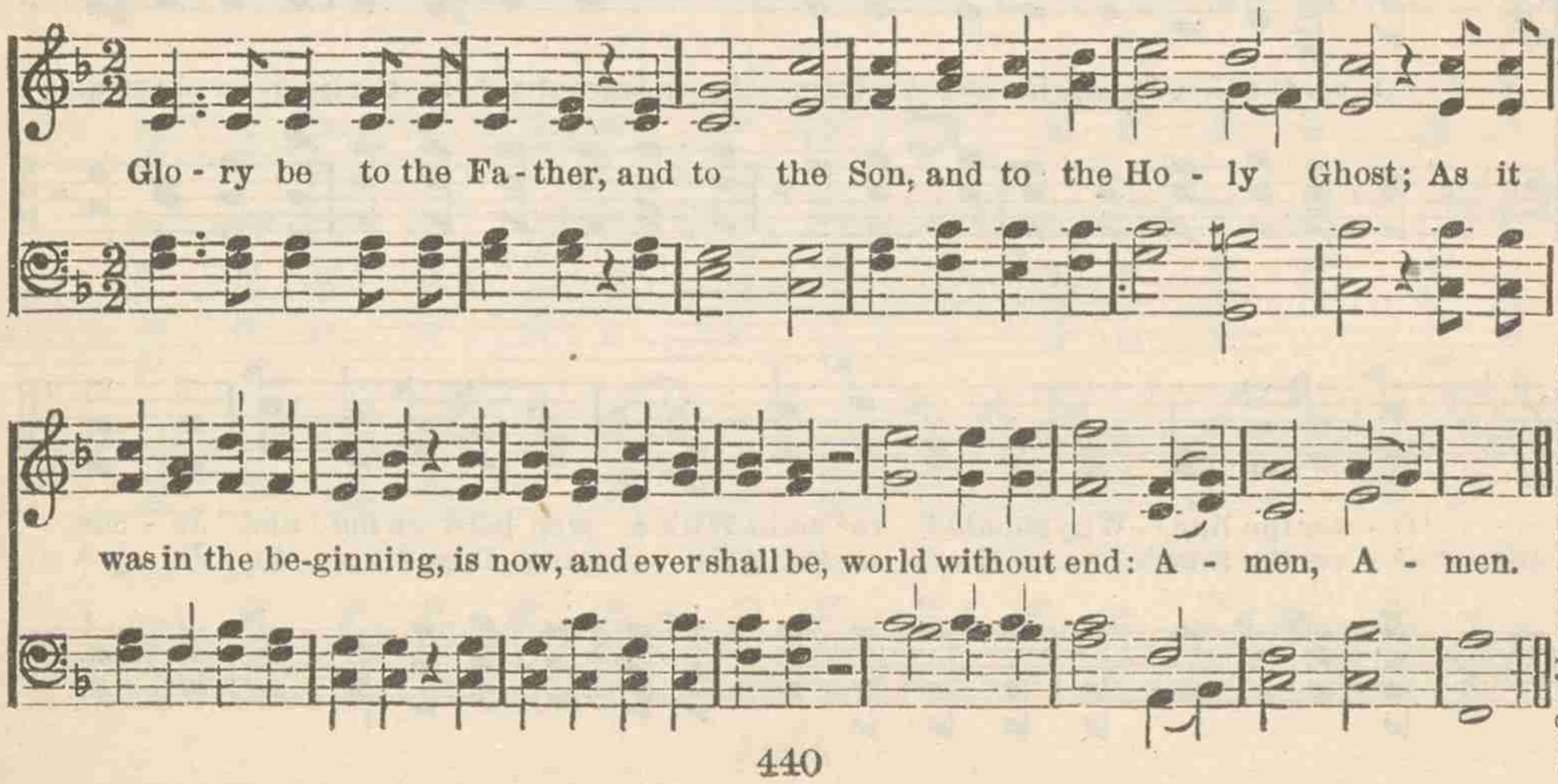
(Portuguese Hymn. 11s.)

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.



No. 614. Glory be to the Father.

H. W. Greatorex.



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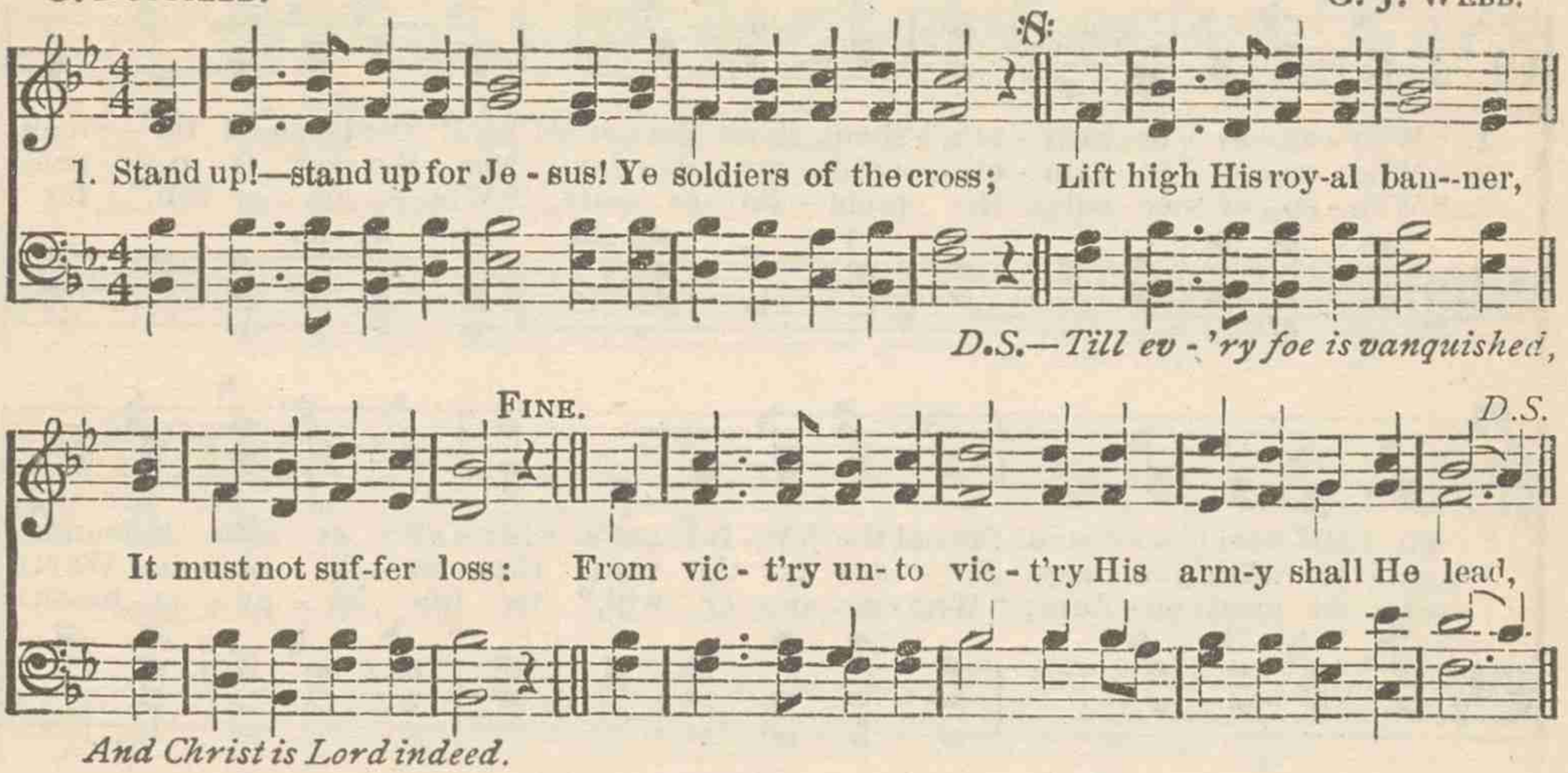
No. 615. Stand up for Jesus.

(WEBB. 7s. 6s.)

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

No. 616.

The Morning Light. 7s. 6s.

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!"

S. F. Smith.

No. 617.

Sometimes a Light Surprises.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

No. 618. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Joyfully.

1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed tid - ings
2. "Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Nor the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who-so - ev - er will," for

all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more;

Chorus.

"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"

Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

Fa - ther calls the wand - 'rer home!" "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

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No. 619. Crown Him.

Rev. Thos. Kelly. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the "Man of sor - rows" now;
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ri - son crown'd Him; Mock - ing thus the Sav-iour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud tri-umph - ant chords;

Crown Him.

From the fight re - turn'd vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
Sain[illegible] and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
Je[illegible] sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.

REFRAIN.

Crown Him, crown Him, an - gels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings;"

Crown Him, crown Him, an - gels crown Him, Crown the Sav-iour "King of kings."

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No. 620. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour;

rit.

As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

Used by per.

No. 621. That will be Heaven for Me.

P. P. Bliss. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a - way to His own dear home;
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I know not the name that I then shall bear;

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
But I know that my Sav-iour will welcome me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

CHORUS.

And that will be glo - ry for me,..... Oh, that will be glo - ry for me;
And that will be mu - sic for me,..... Oh, that will be mu - sic for me;
And that will be heav-en for me,..... Oh, that will be heav-en for me;

Yes, that will be glo-ry, oh, that will be glo - ry for me;
Yes, that will be mu-sic, oh, that will be mu - sic for me;
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heav-en for me;

Ritard.

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glo-ry for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Je - sus our King, And that will be mu-sic for me.
But I know that my Sav-iour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

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No. 622. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul, re -
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wanderer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels, swell the

D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the

FINE.

turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
glad tri - umphant strain! Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way!

an - them of the free.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

Ring the Bells.

CHORUS.

Wel - com-ing His wea - ry, wand'ring child.
And is born a - new a ran-somed child.
For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the

D.C.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

No. 623. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be
5. Of vic - tory now o'er Sa - tan's power Let all the ran - somed

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
God; Re - demption by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
known The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
given A glo-rious fore- taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heaven.
sing, And tri-umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.

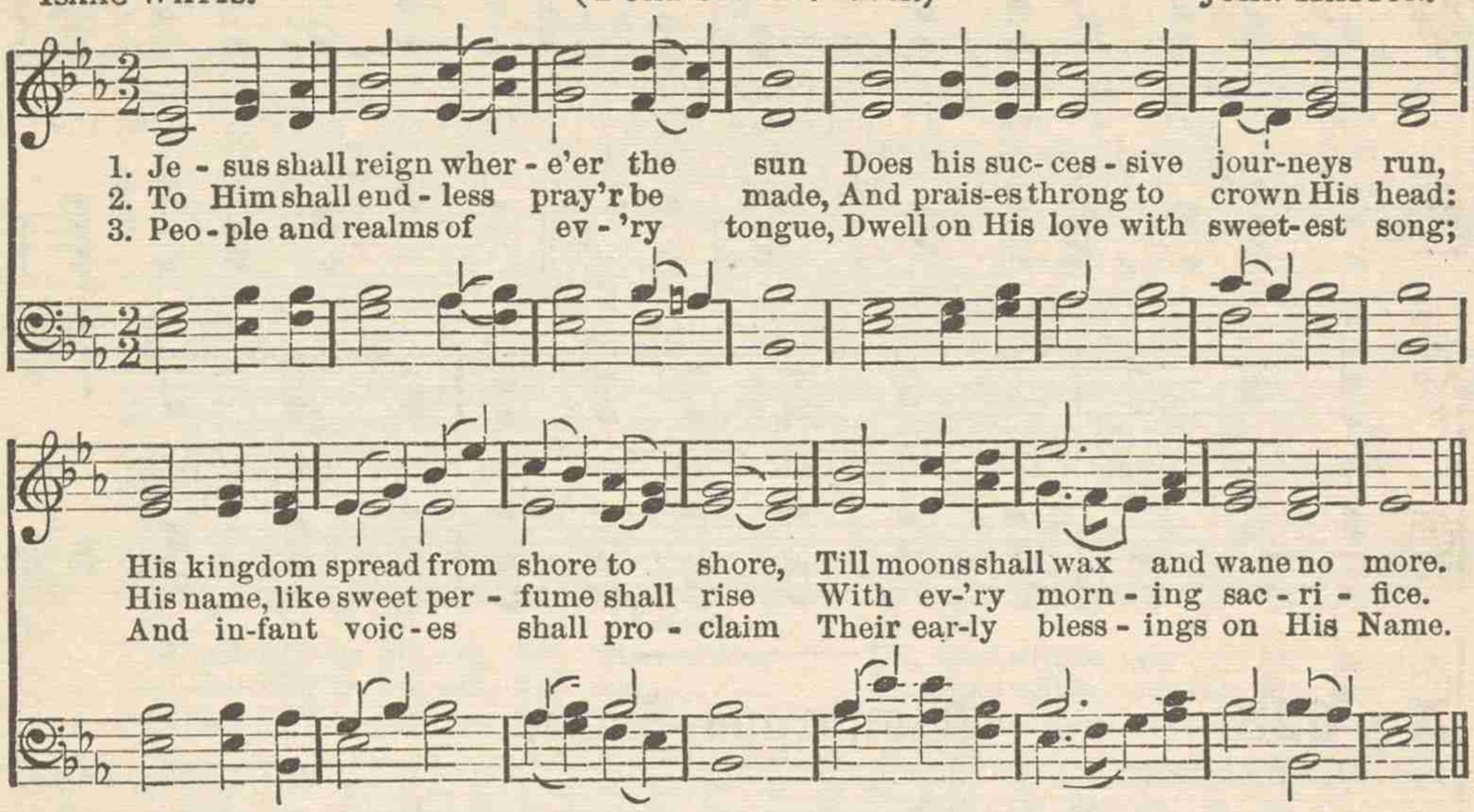
CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

By per. W. G. Fischer, owner of copyright.

No. 624. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) JOHN HATTON.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 625. Tune—DUKE STREET. L. M.

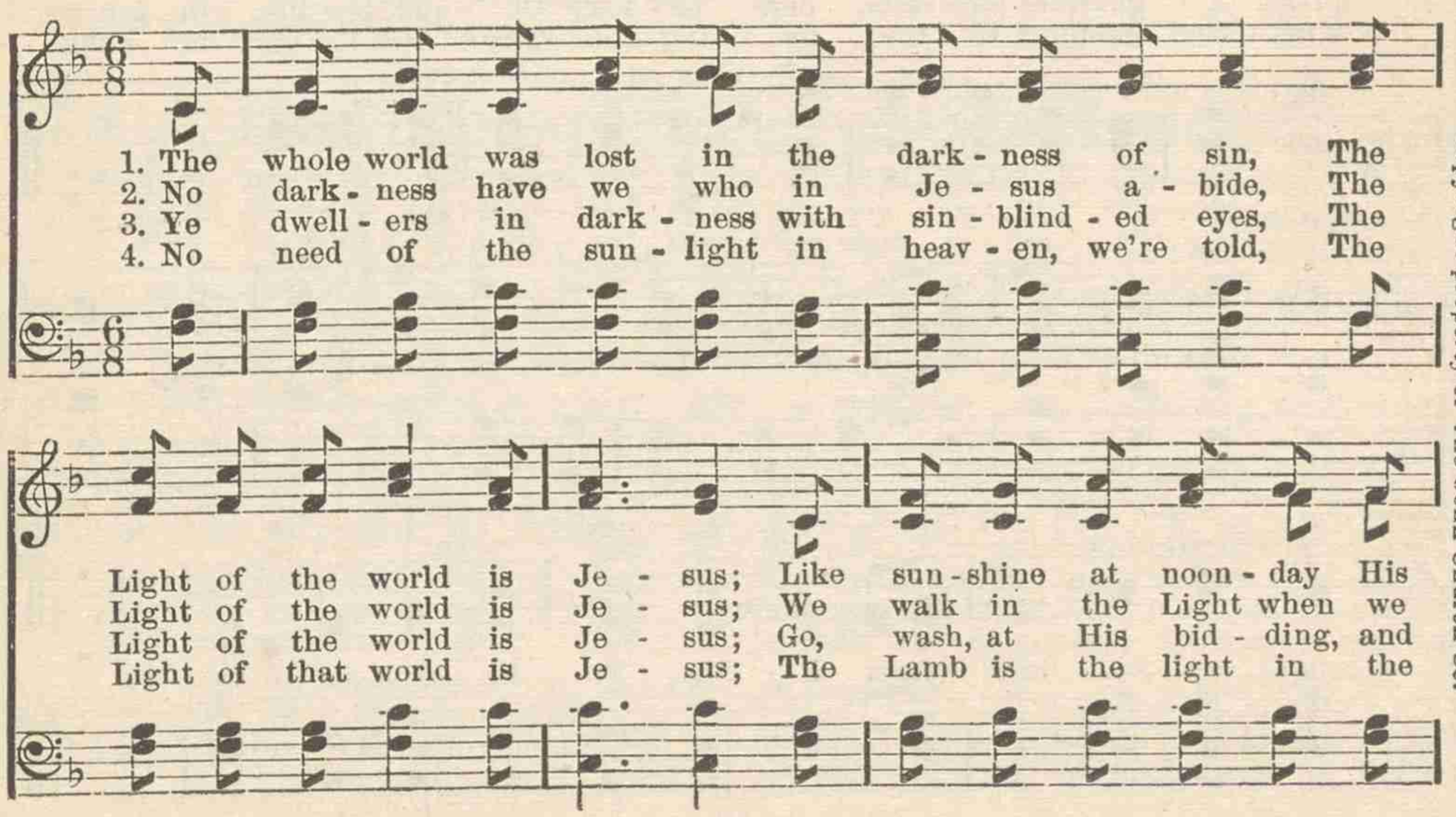
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Isaac Watts.

No. 626. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

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The Light of the World.

glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee: Sweet-ly the Light has dawn'd up-on me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 627. The Prodigal Child.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, And so lone - ly and wild; O prod - i - gal child! Come
gate, While the shad - ows are piled; O prod - i - gal child! Come

CHORUS. *rit.*

home! oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home!
home! oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

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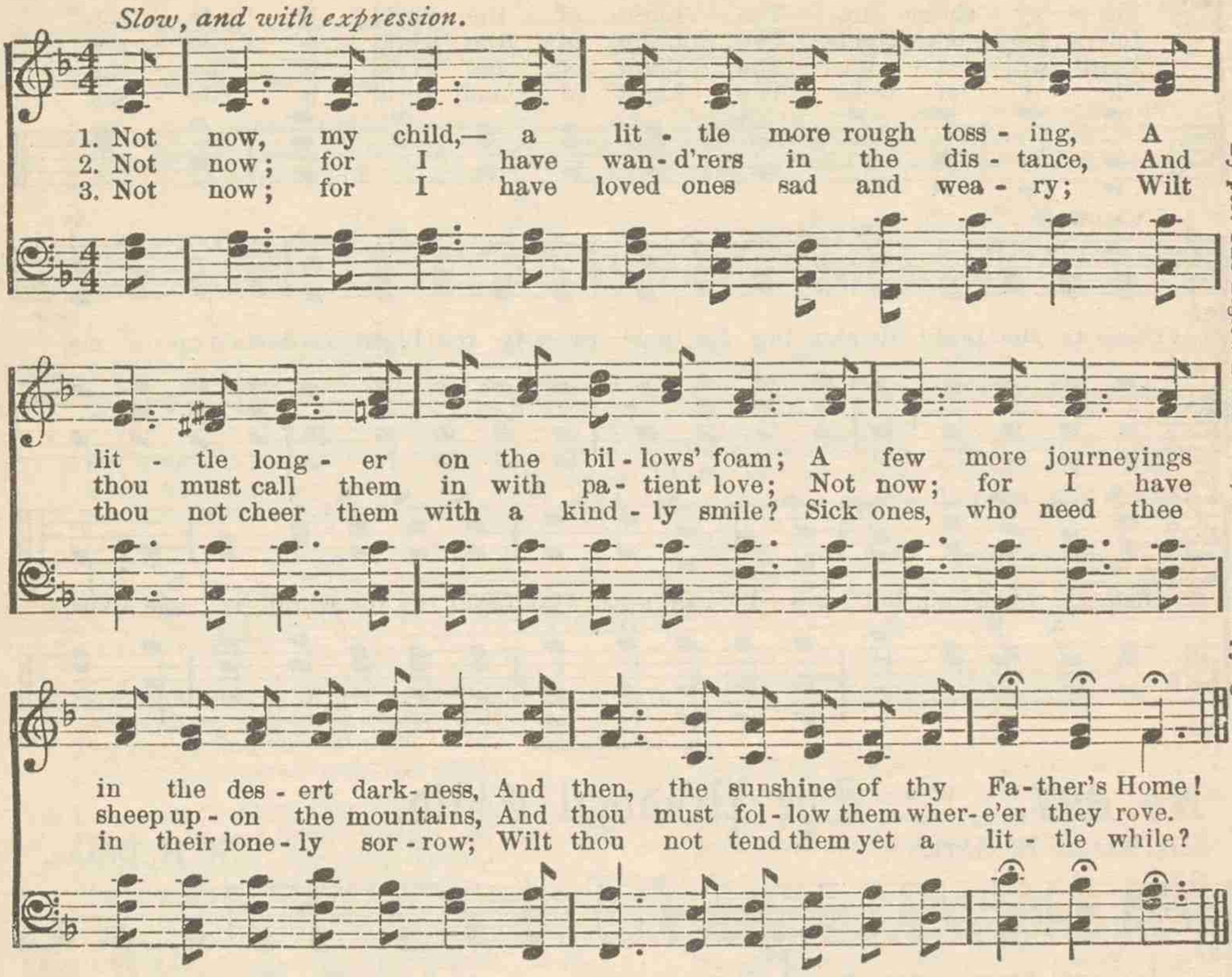
No. 628. Not Now, My Child.

Mrs. Pennefather. Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, and with expression.

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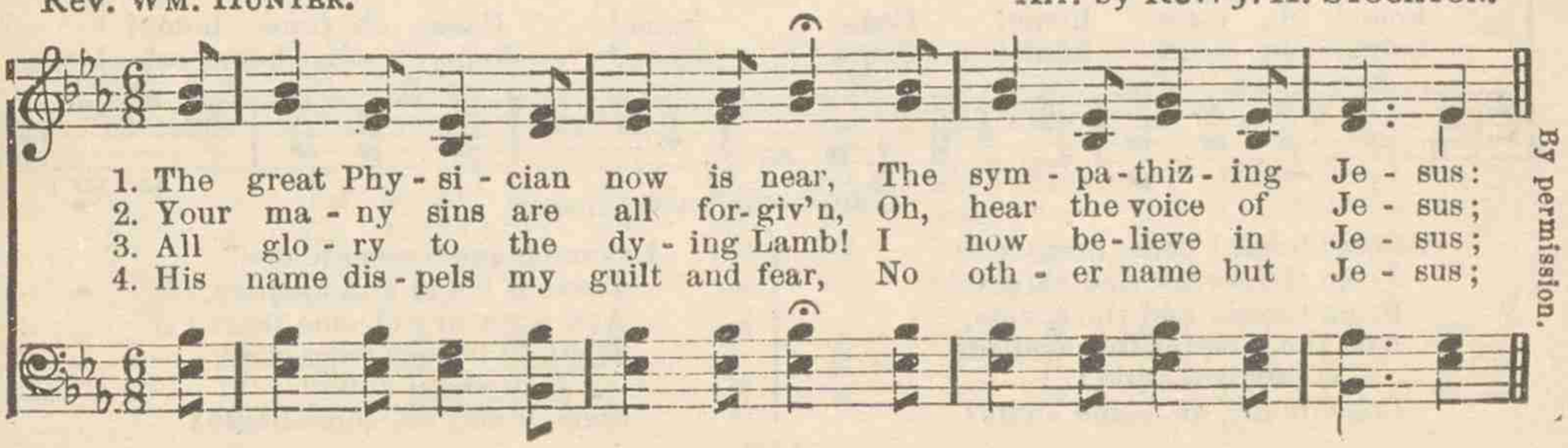
4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 629. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

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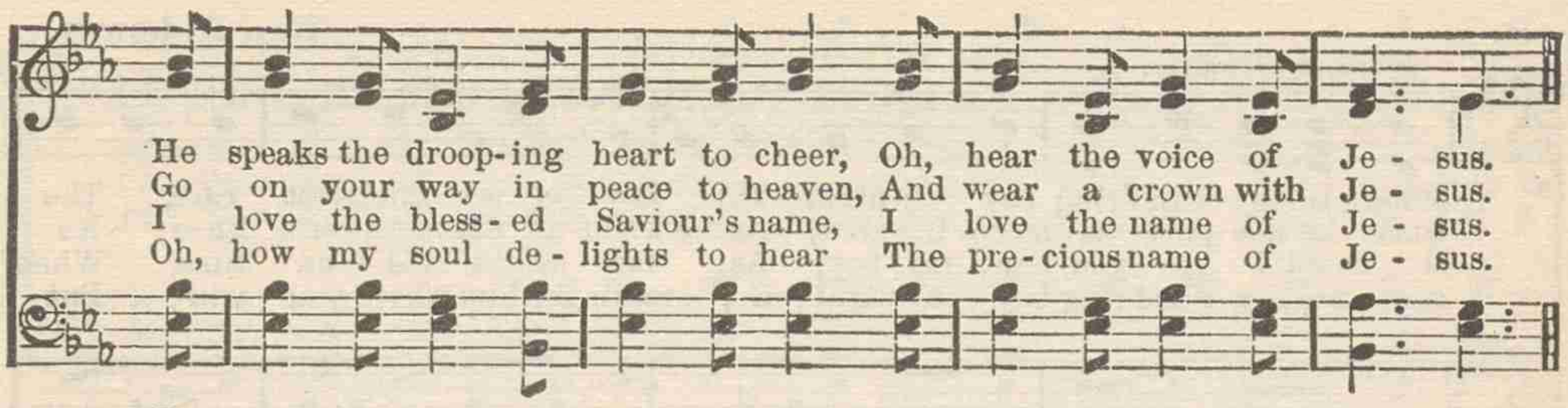
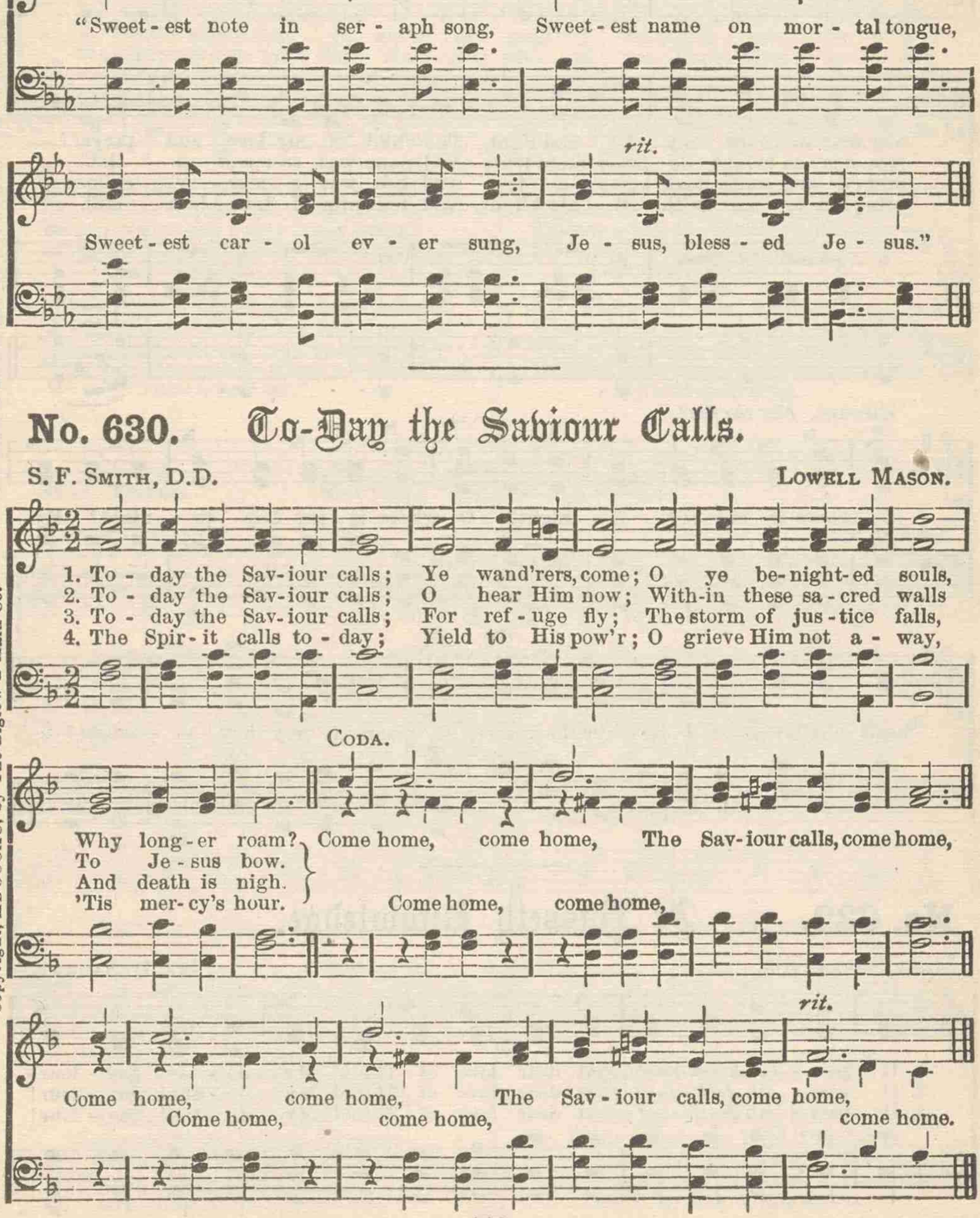
The Great Physician.

No. 630. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. Smith, D.D. Lowell Mason.

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No. 631. Where is my Boy to-night?

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

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CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night? My
heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

No. 632. It Passeth Knowledge.

MARY SHEKLETON. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. It pass-eth know-ledge, that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-iour!
2. It pass-eth *tell-ing!* that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-iour!
3. It pass-eth *prais-es!* that dear love of Thine! My Je-sus! Sav-iour!

It Passeth Knowledge.

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yet this soul of mine Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
yet these lips of mine Would fain pro - claim to sin - ners far and near
yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,

Its height, and breadth, and ev - er - lasting strength, Know more and more.
A love which can re - move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.
Which brought an un - done sin - ner, such as me, Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"Thou lovest me."

6 Oh, *fill* me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength-
My soul shall sing.

No. 633. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. John Wyeth.

Fine.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }

D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

D.C.

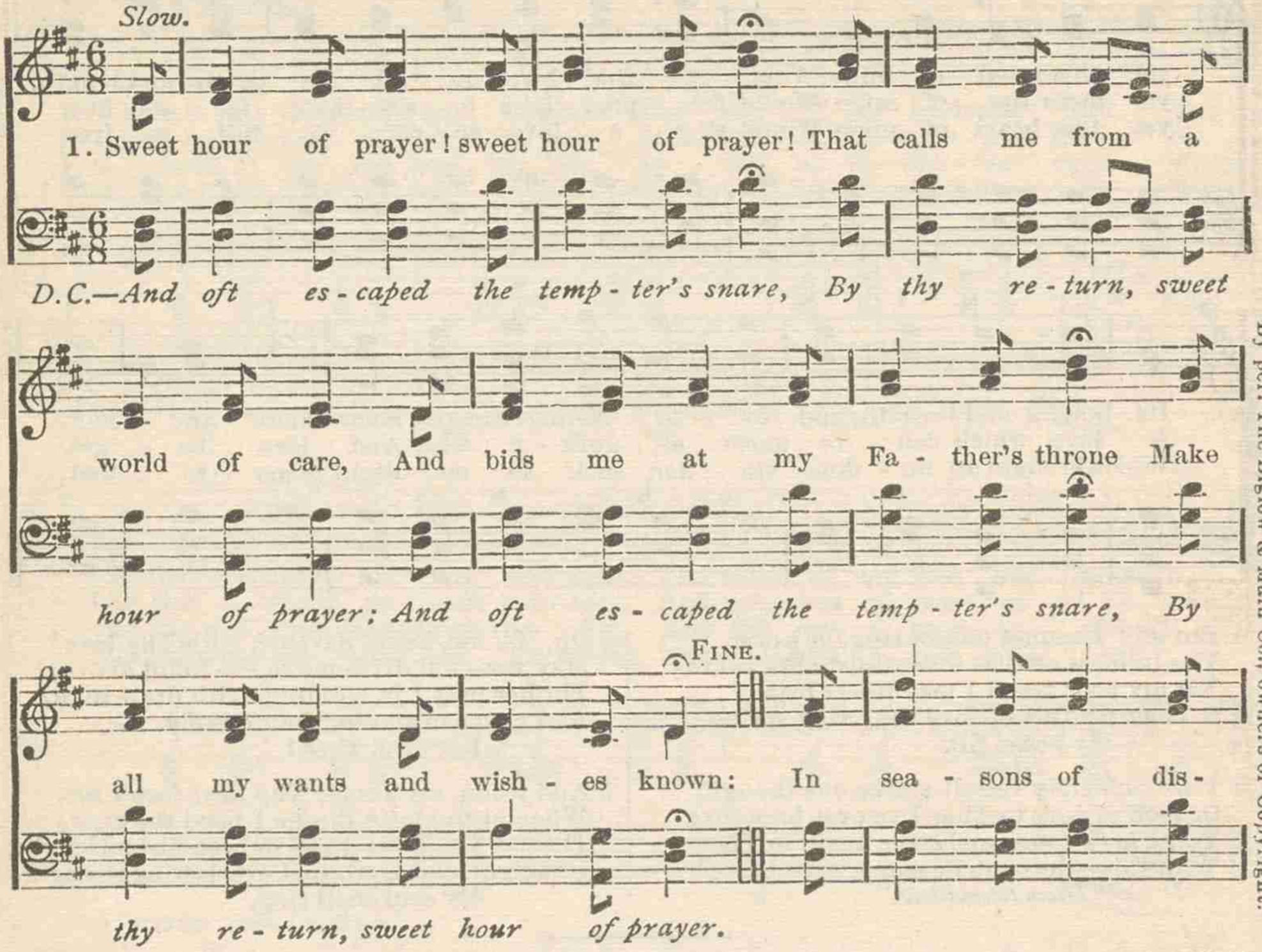
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 634. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

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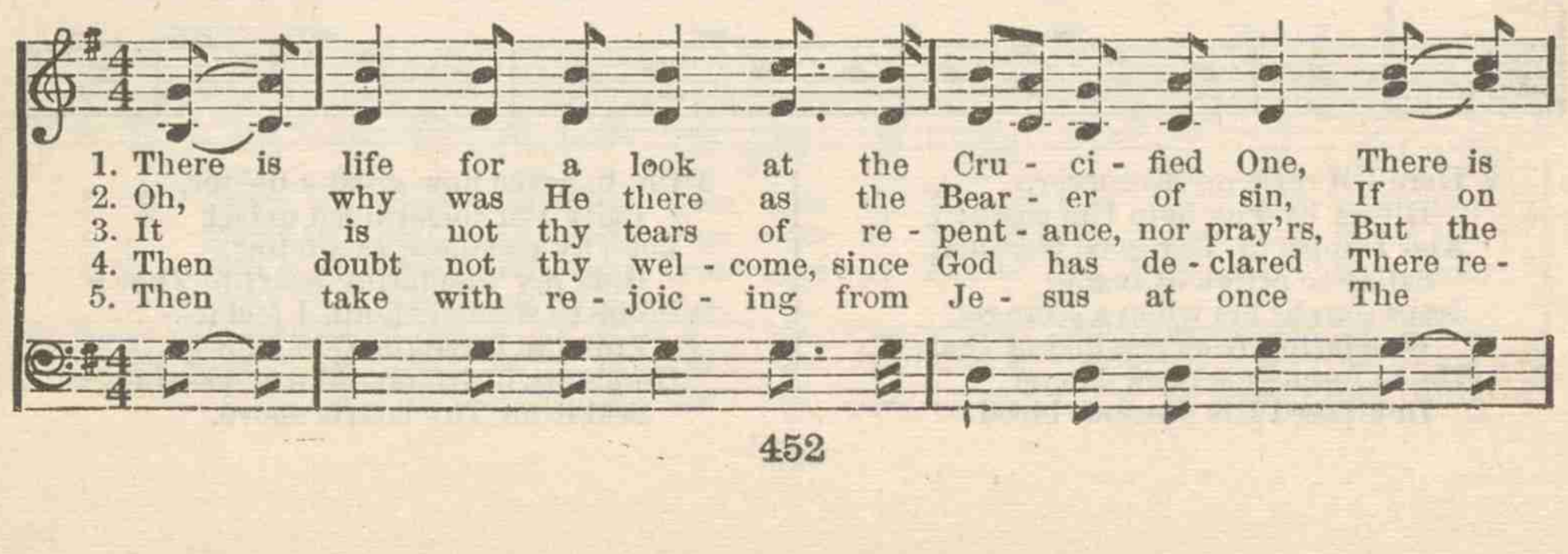
No. 635. There is Life for a Look.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

There is Life for a Look.

life at this mo- ment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un - to Him and be saved,
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh, why from His side flowed the sin- cleansing blood,
Blood, that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou may - est at once
main - eth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appeared,
life ev - er - last - ing He gives; And know with as - sur - ance thou nev - er canst die,

REFRAIN.

Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
Thy weight of in - iq - ui - ties roll.
And com - plet - ed the work He be - gun.
Since Je - sus thy right - eous-ness, lives.

} Look! look! look and live! There is

life for a look at the Cru - ci-fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

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No. 636. Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Suf - fer the chil-dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap forth and re - joice,
3. Think once a- gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest com-mands, and o - bey;

Here in our midst He's stand - ing to - day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
And let us free - ly make Him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come.
Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say, "Will you, my chil - dren, come?"

FINE.

D.S.—And we shall gath - er, Sav - iour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

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No. 637.

He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! bless-ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly com-fort fraught;
2. Some- times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic- tr'y's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

Refrain.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead- eth me;
His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

By per. The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.

No. 638.

Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom: All the
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

Chorus.

jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own. } Like the stars of the
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.

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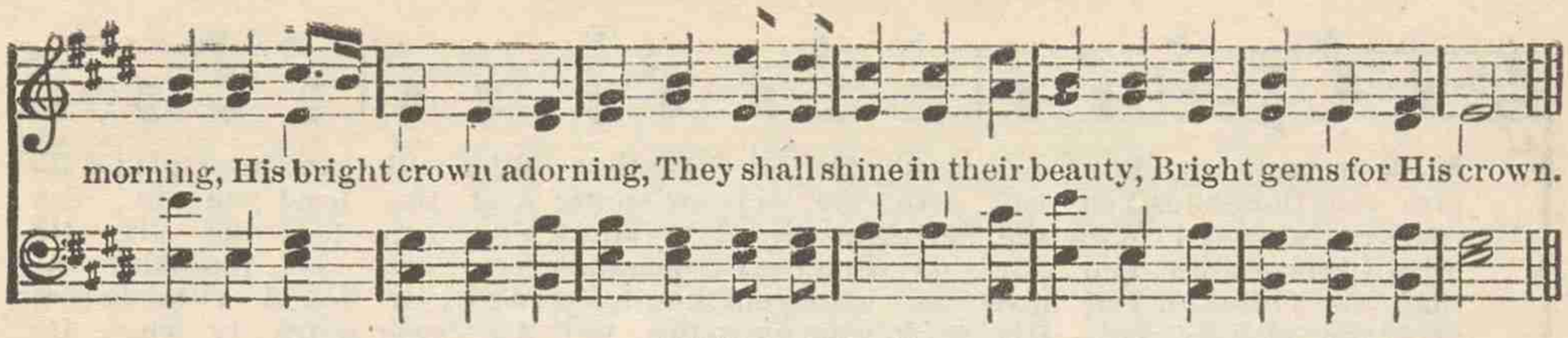
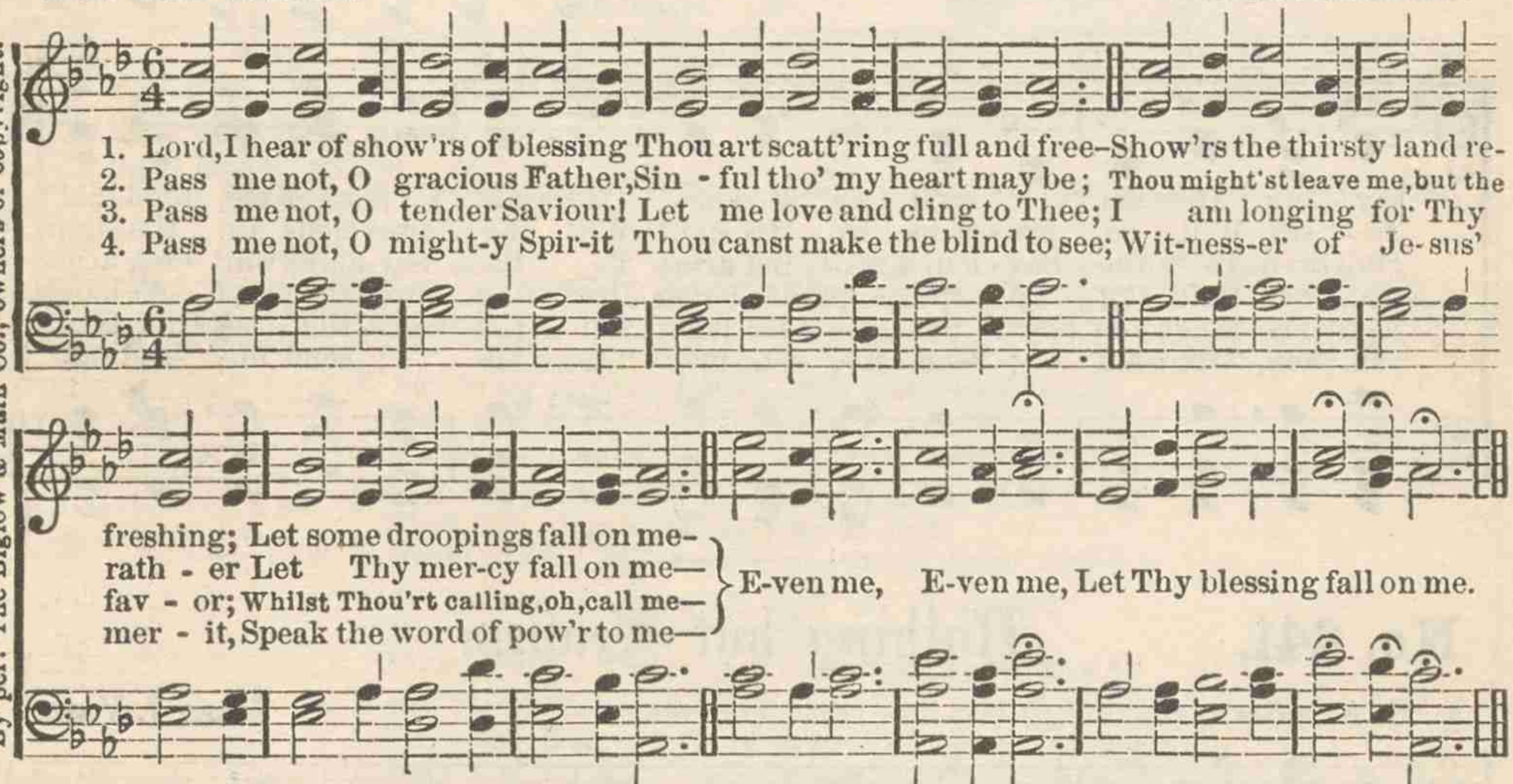
Jewels.



No. 639. Even Me.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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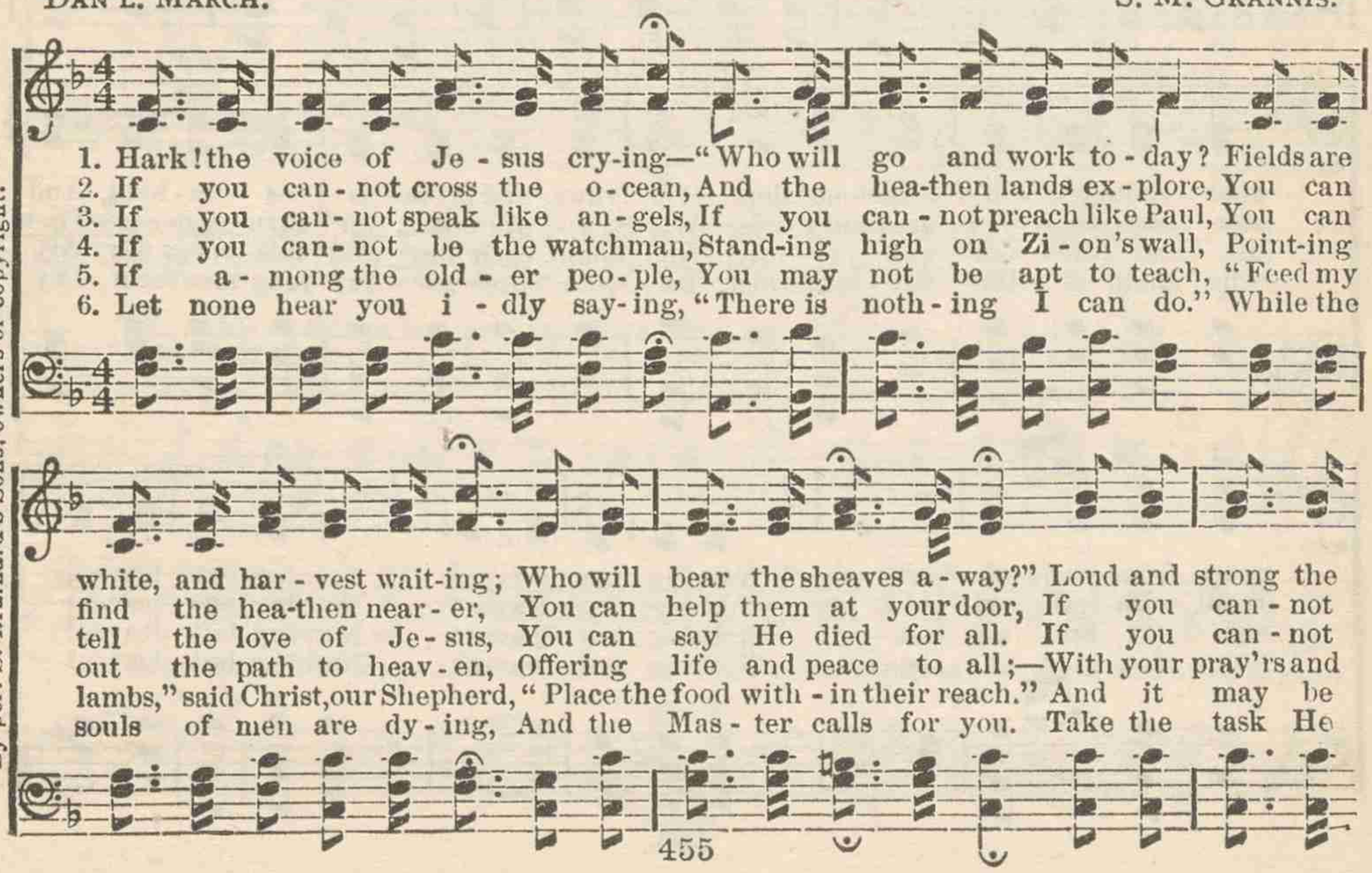
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me—

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—

No. 640. Here am I; Send Me

Dan'l. March. S. M. Grannis.



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Here am I; Send Me.

Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee; Who will an - swer, glad - ly
give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite; And the least you do for
rouse the wick - ed With the judgment's dread a - larms, You can lead the lit - tle
with your bounties You can do what heav'n demands; You can be like faith - ful
that the chil-dren You have led with trembling hand, Will be found a - mong your
gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas - ure be; An - swer quick - ly when He

say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"
Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight, Will be pre - cious in His sight.
chil - dren To the Sav - iour's wait - ing arms, To the Sav-iour's wait - ing arms.
Aa - ron, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.
jew - els, When you reach the bet - ter land, When you reach the bet - ter land.
call - eth, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 641. Nothing but Leaves.

L. E. Akerman, alt. Silas J. Vail.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip - 'ning grain: We
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with - ered leaves? Ah,

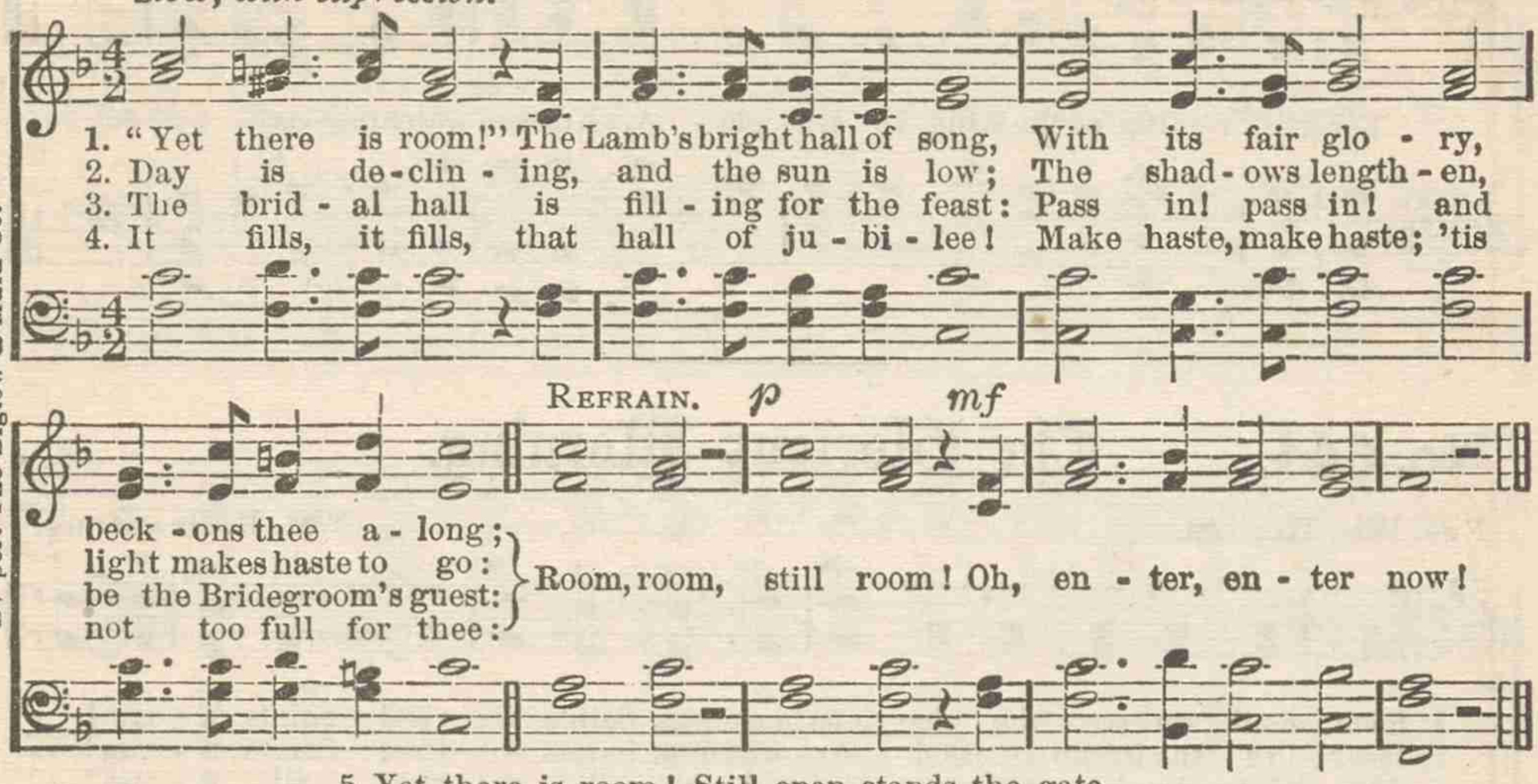
sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es un - kept, And
sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *i - dle* words, for earn-est deeds—Then
as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and mis - spent day, We
who shall, at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judg-ment-seat, Lay

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
sad - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
down for, gold - en sheaves,— Nothing but leaves? Nothing but leaves?

By permission.

No. 642. Yet There is Room.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, with expression.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

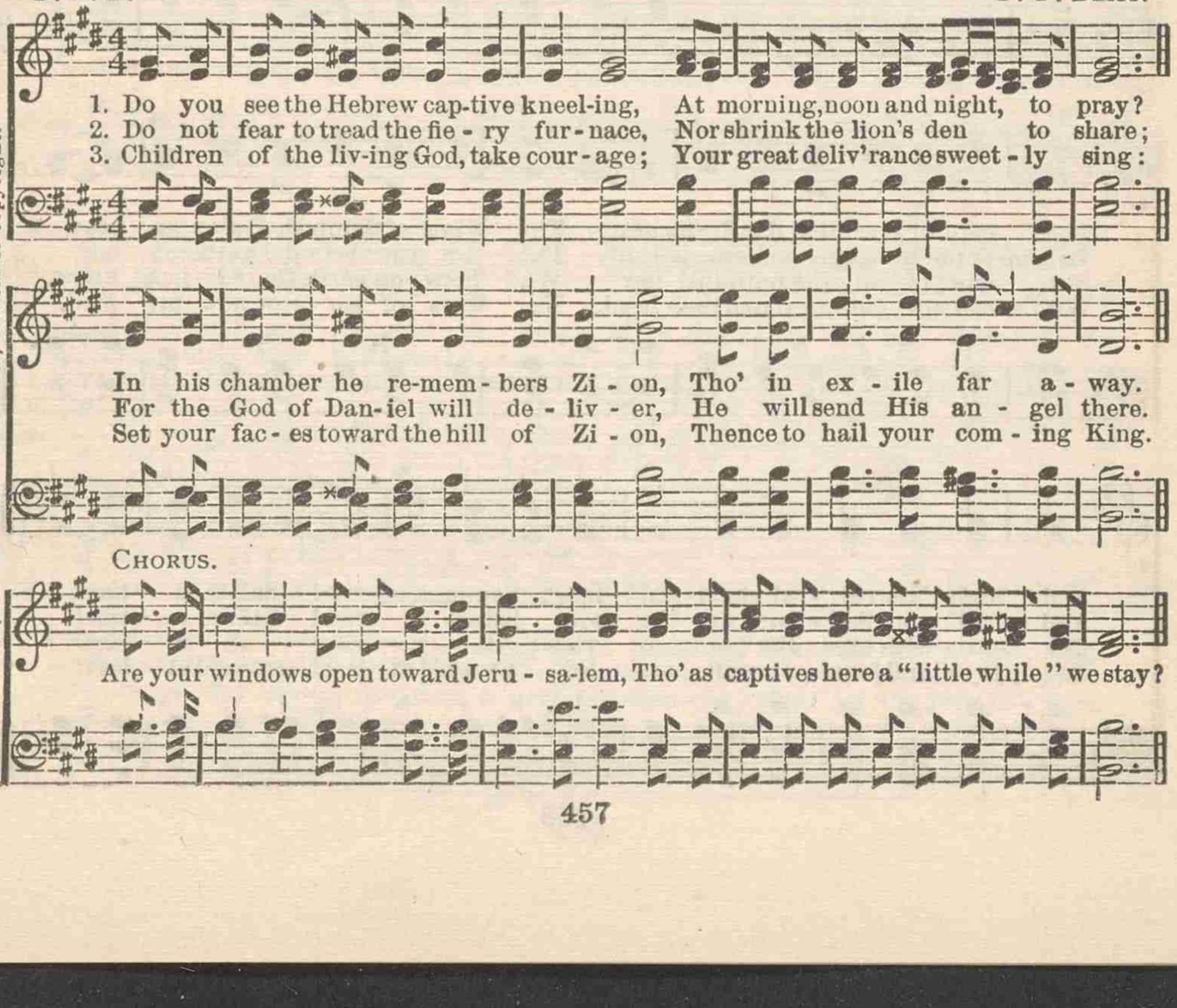
6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

By per. The Biglow & Main Co.

No. 643. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

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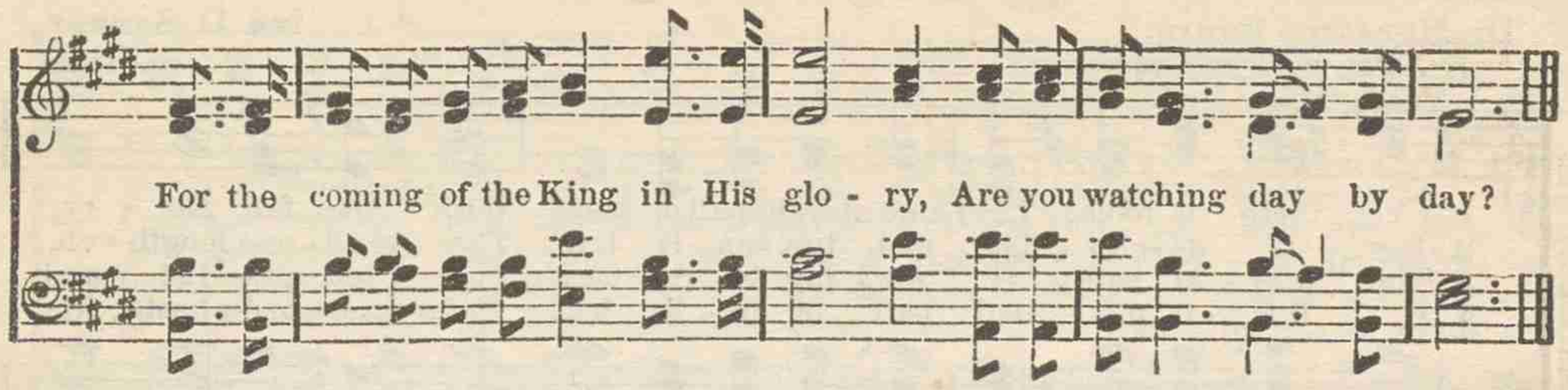
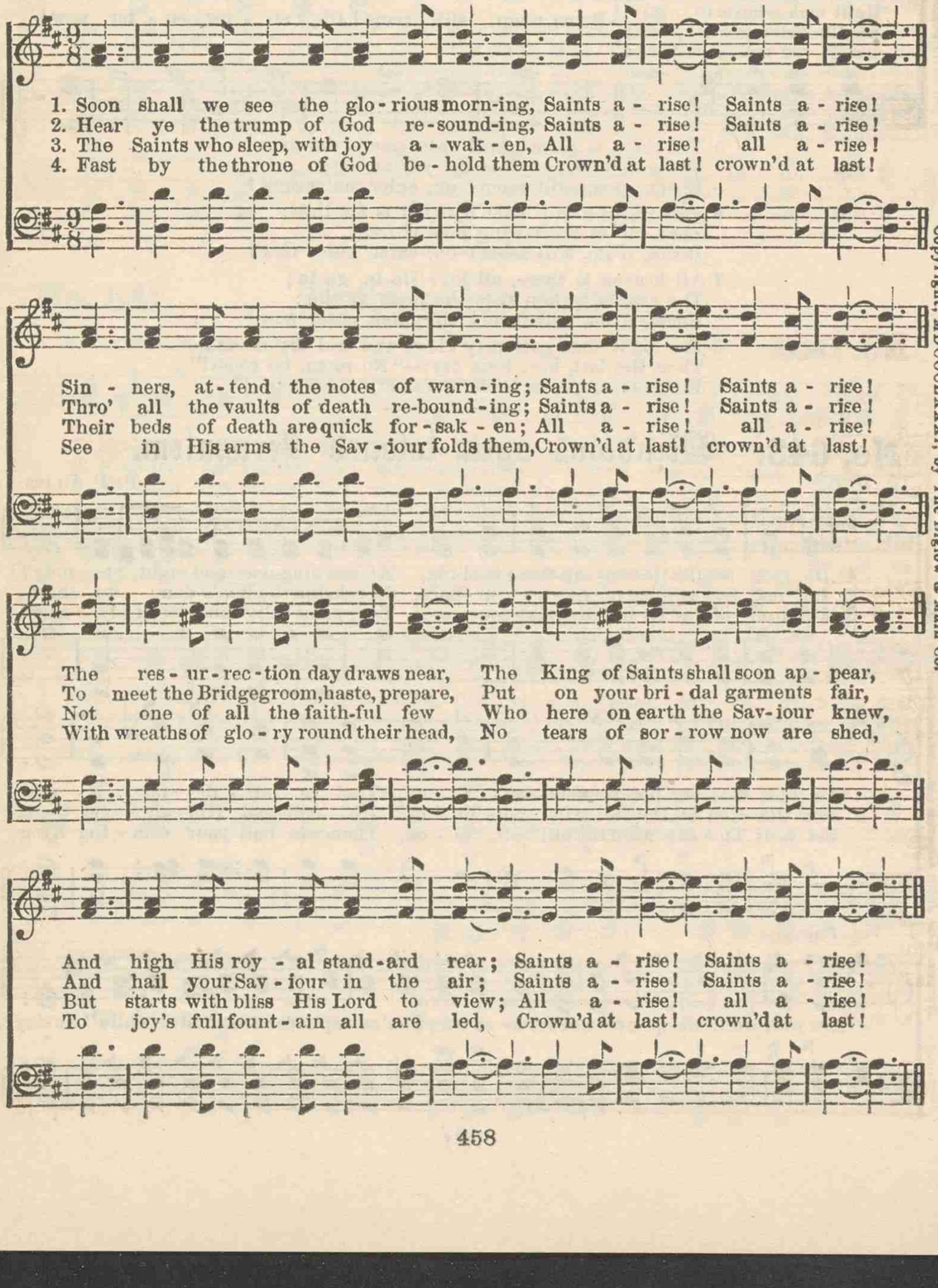
Windows open toward Jerusalem.

No. 644. The Glorious Morning.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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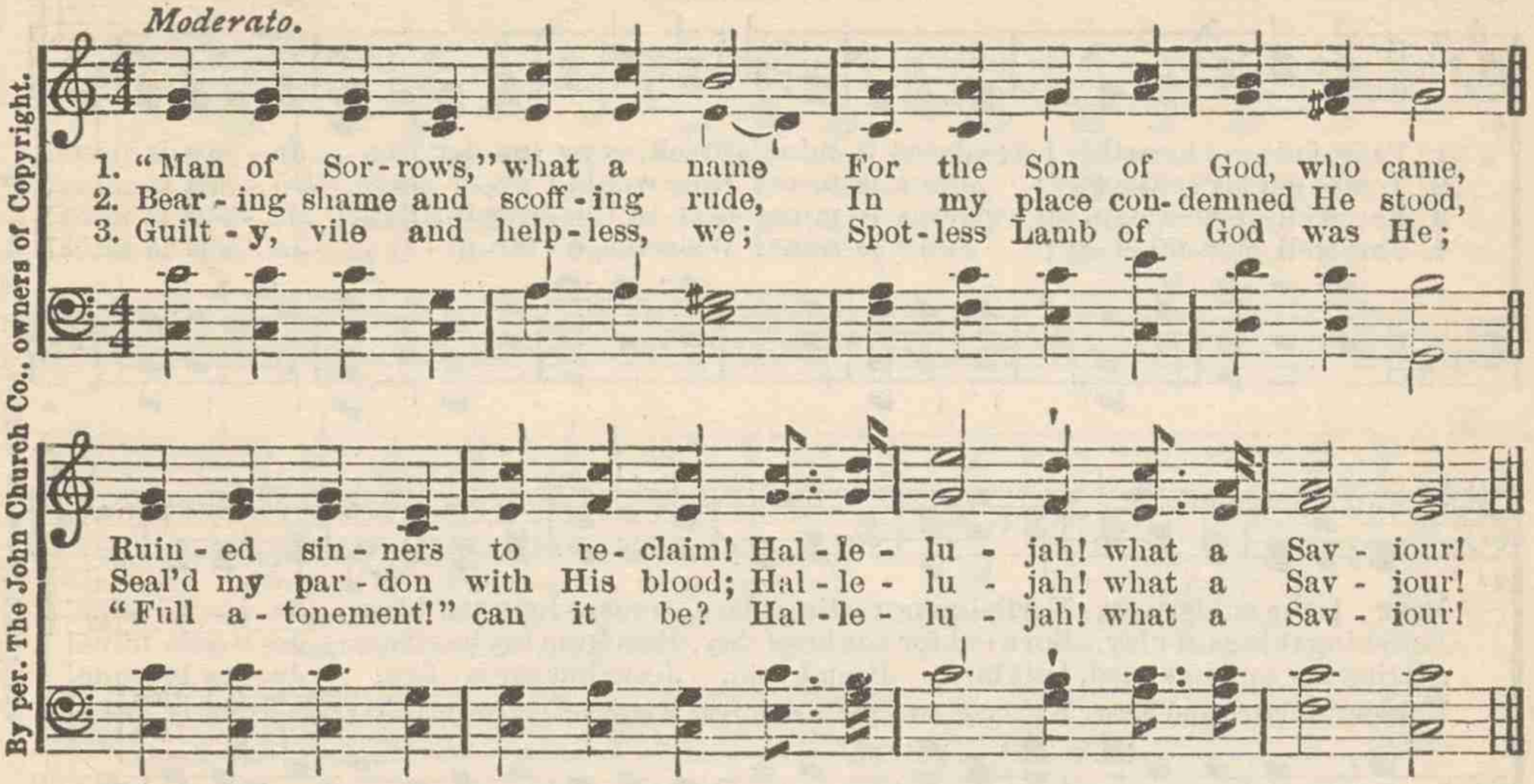
No. 645. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.



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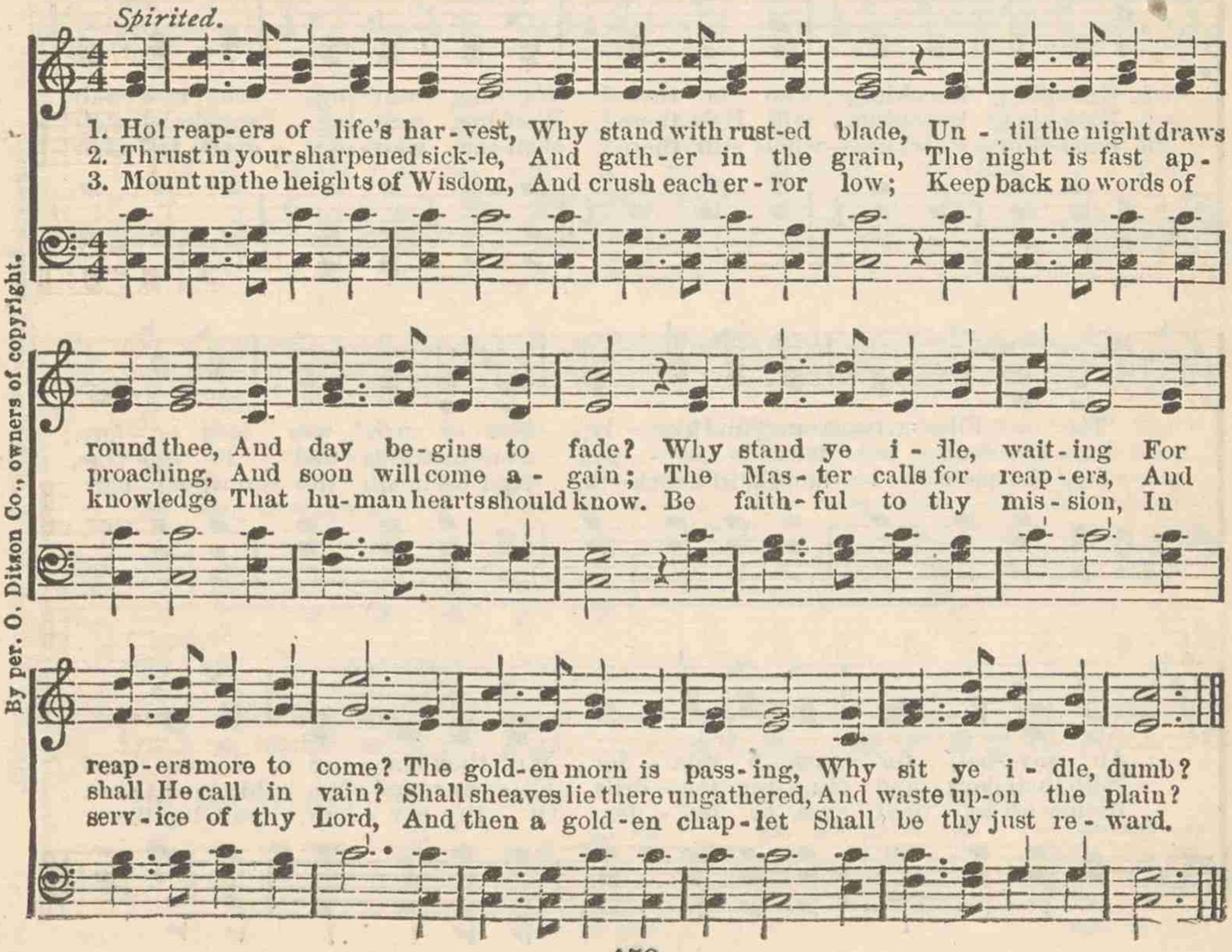
4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

No. 646. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. W. I. B. Woodbury.

Spirited.

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No. 647. Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. C. J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Jesus is mine! Break, ev'ry ten-der tie; Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul away; Jesus is mine! Here would I ev-er stay; Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night; Jesus is mine! Lost in this dawning light; Je - sus is mine!
4. Farewell, mor-tal - i - ty; Jesus is mine! Welcome, e - ter-ni - ty; Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting place, Jesus a-lone can bless, Je- sus is mine!
Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je- sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried, Left but a dismal void, Jesus has sat-is - fied, Je- sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

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

No. 648. Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knooking, still He's there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, wondrous fair!
3. Knocking, knocking,—what! still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair!

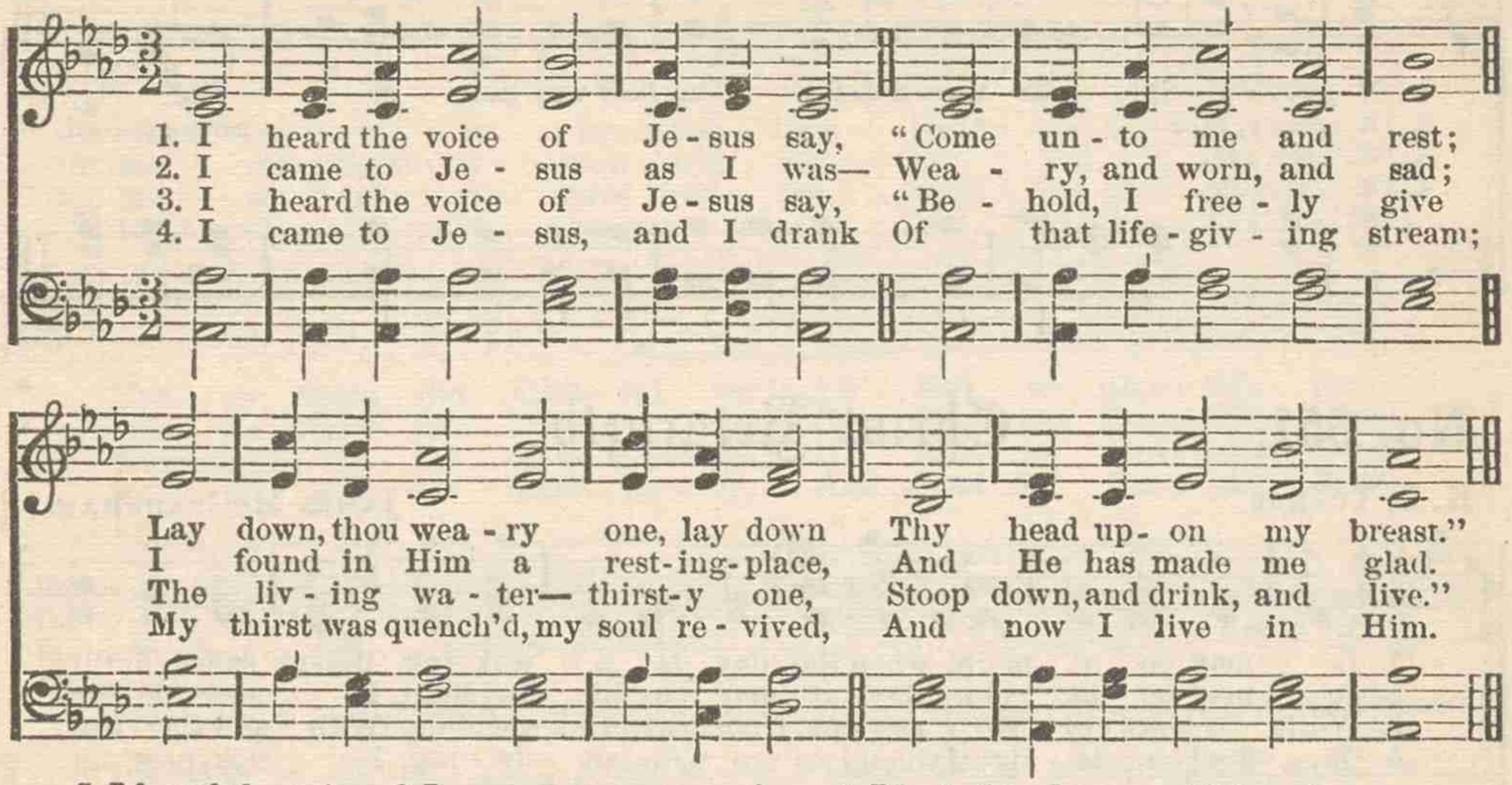
'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore;
But the door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy - vine,
Yes, the pierc - ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the crown-ed hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won - der Wilt thou not un - do the door?
With their dark and cling-ing ten - drils, Ev - er round the hing-es twine.
Beam with pa - tient eyes, so ten - der, Of thy Sav - iour, wait-ing there.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

No. 649. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

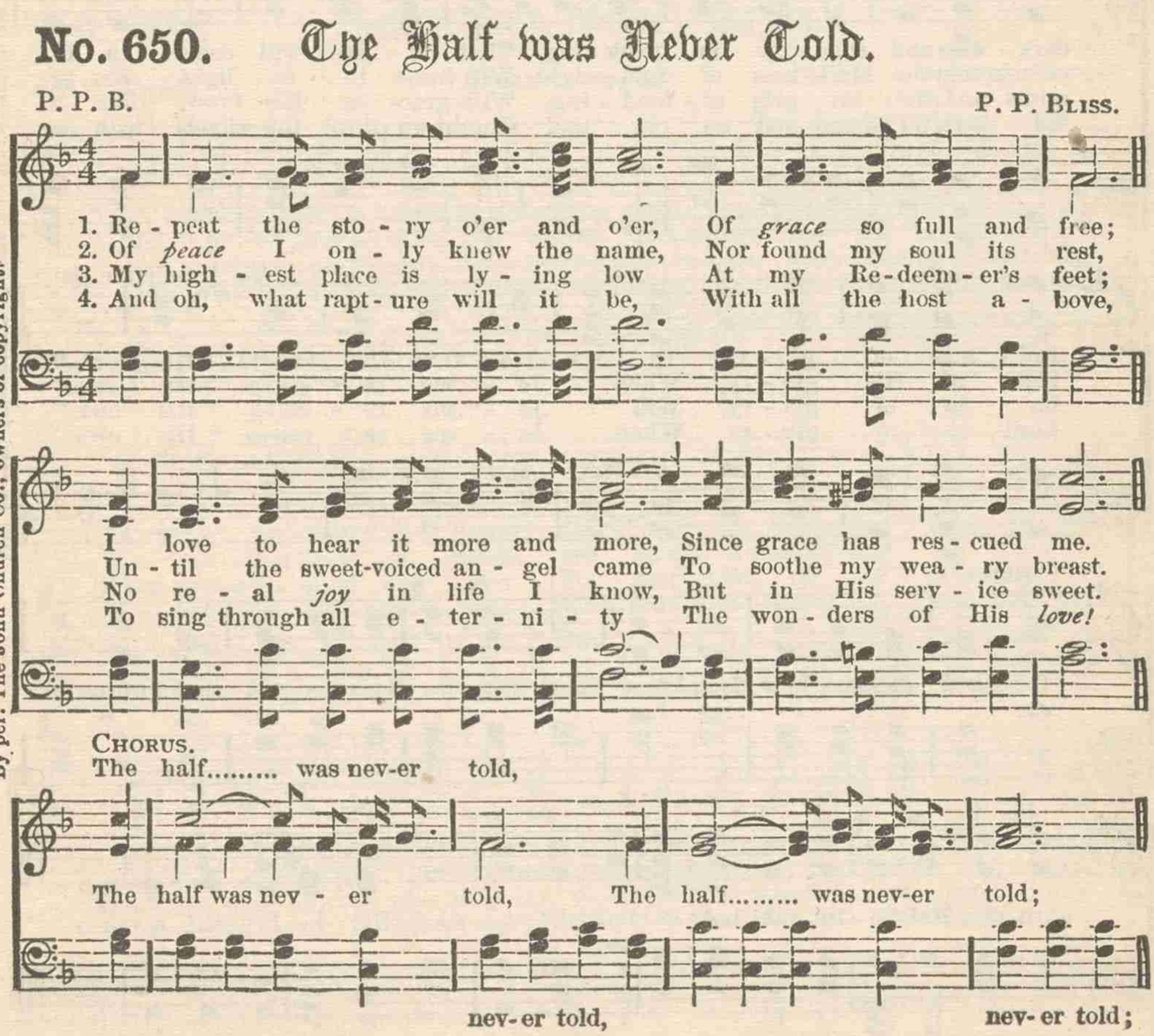
H. Bonar, D.D. (Evan. c. m.) Wm. H. Havergal.



5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 650. Tye Half was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

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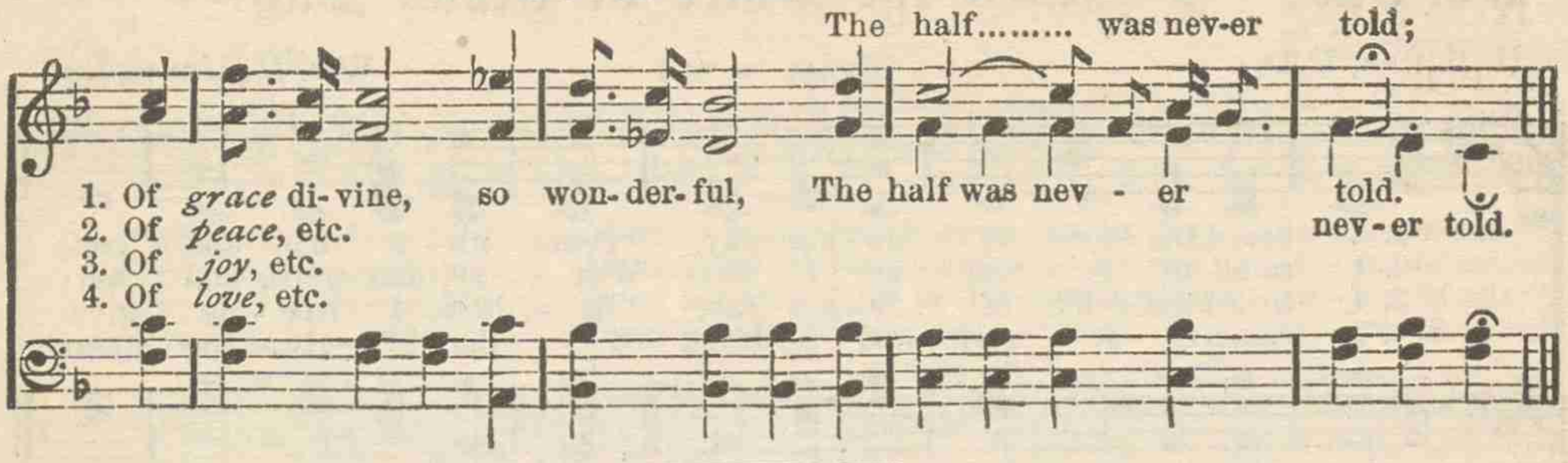
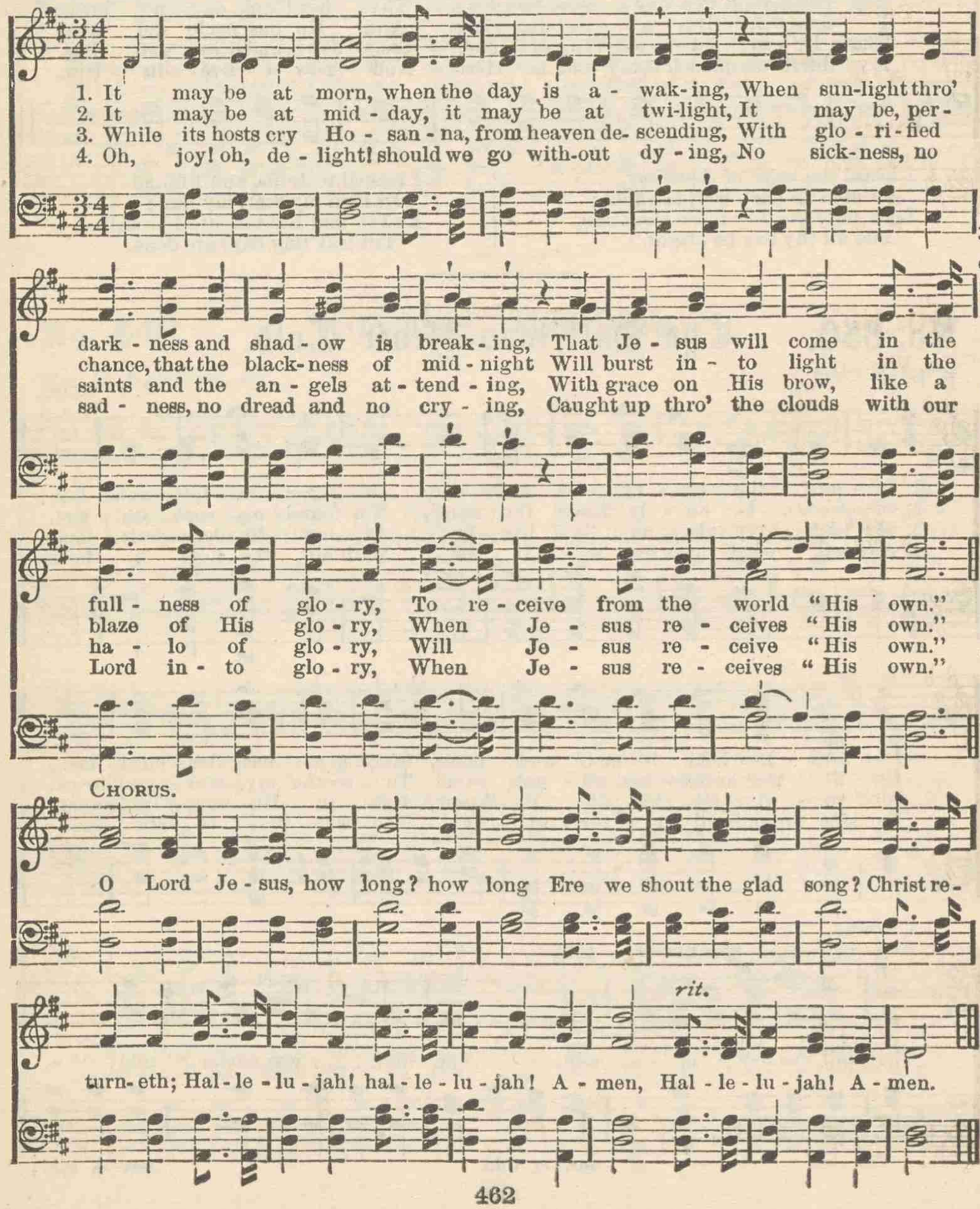
The Half was Never Told.



No. 651. Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner. James McGranahan.

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No. 652. Dare to be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!

Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band!
Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!
Sa - tan and his hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!

Chorus.

Dare to be a Dan-iel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

By per. The John Church Co., owners, of copyright.

No. 653. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

Ch. Wesley. (Lenox. 6s, 8s.) Lewis Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleed-ing sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all redeem-ing love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re-ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fectual prayers,
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong-ly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

No. 654. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-changing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trump-et sound, O, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My anch-or holds with-in the vail.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Cloth'd in His righteous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne!

Chorus.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

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No. 655. The Beautiful Land on High.

James Nicholson. Wm. U. Butcher.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would fly,
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by;
3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high; Then why should I fear to die,

When by sorrows press'd down, I long for a crown In that beauti-ful land on high.
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beauti-ful land on high.
When death is the way To the realms of day, In that beauti-ful land on high.

Chorus.

In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free;

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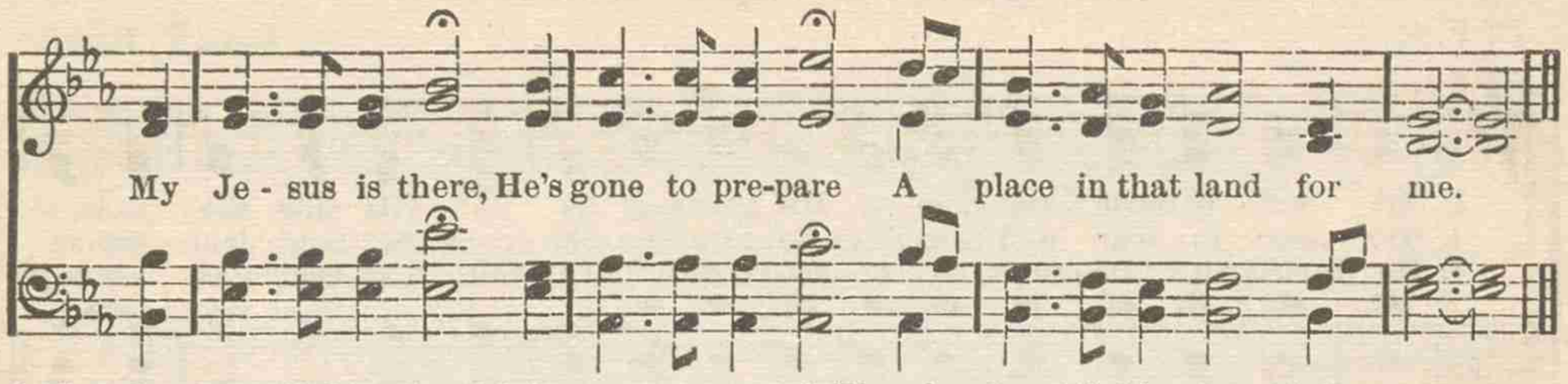
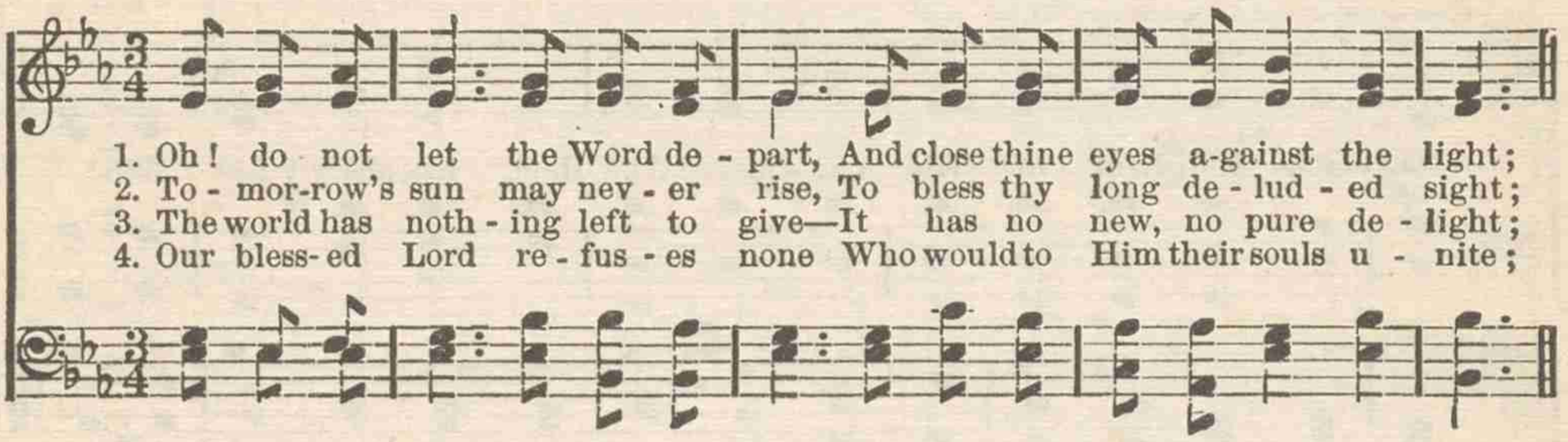
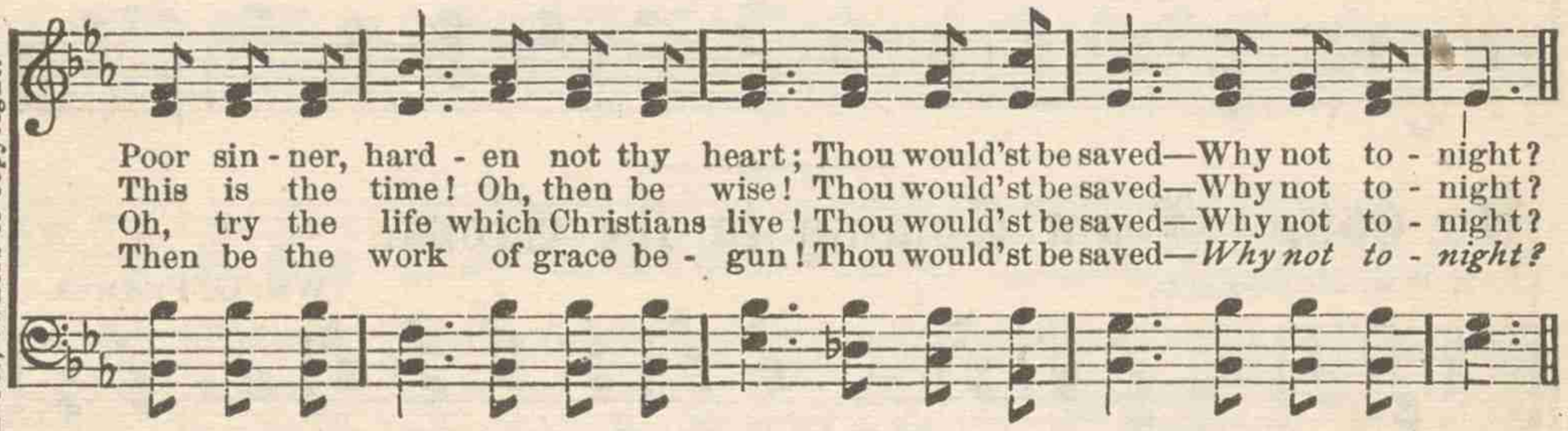
The Beautiful Land on High.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.

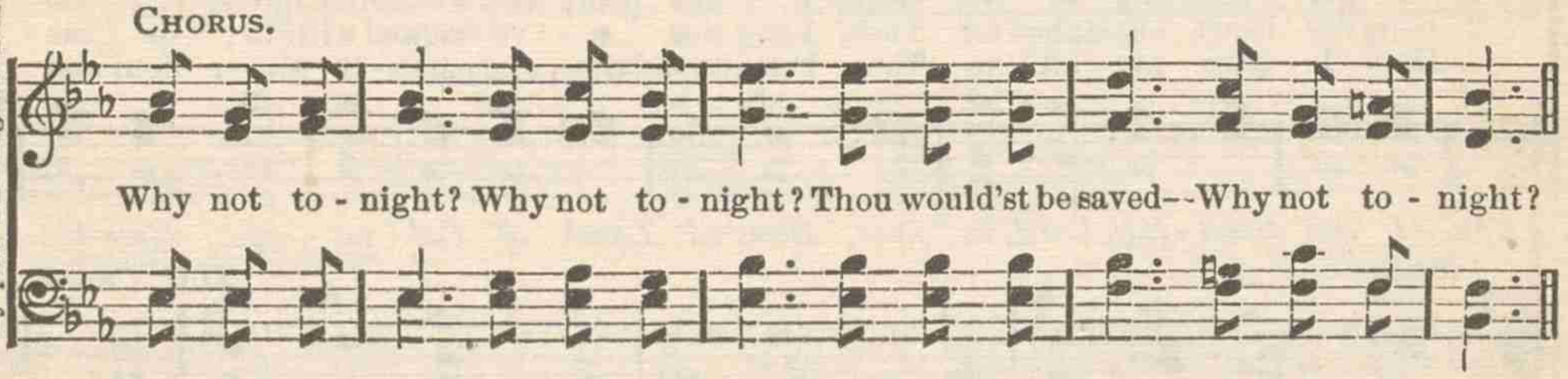
No. 656. Why not To-night?

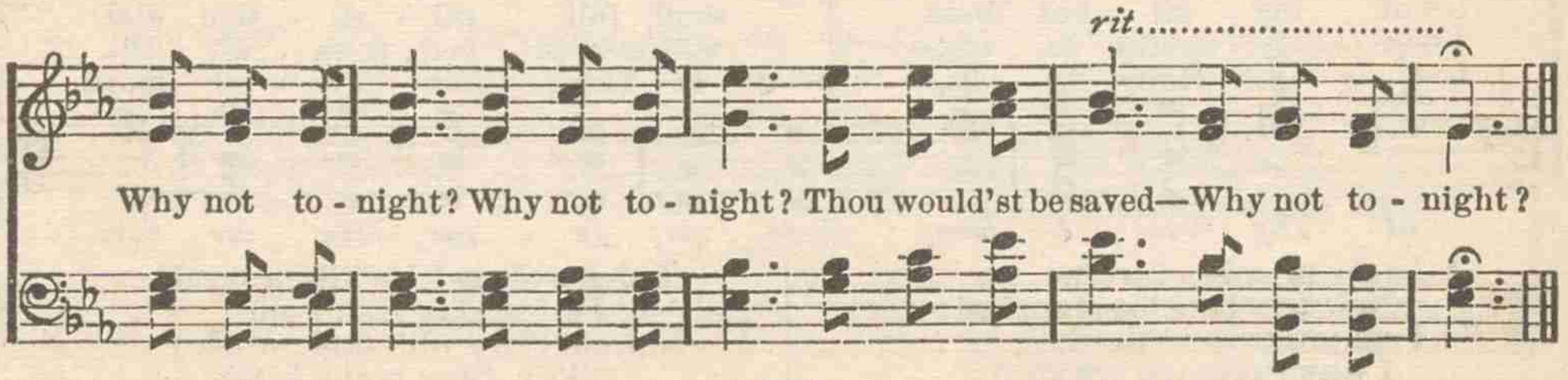
ELIZA REED. IRA D. SANKEY.





CHORUS.





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No. 657. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As to His side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trembling be - fore Him, She knew her Lord had come;
3. He turn'd with "Daughter, be of good com-fort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;"

A - mid the crowd that gath-er'd around Him, And straightway she was whole.
She felt that from Him vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
And peace that pass - eth all un - der-stand-ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment! And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

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No. 658. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in; Je - sus
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store; Soul and

Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry: Hum-bly
D.C. Chorus.

count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin.
bod - y Thine to be,— Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.

at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

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

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No. 659. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share;

Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents, Will He answer thee—"Well done?"
If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watch - ing there?

REFRAIN.

Oh, can we say we are read - y, broth-er?—Read - y for the soul's bright home?

Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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No. 660. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
   In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
   Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

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No. 661. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, alt. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re - move

No. 662. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Miss Emily S. Oakey. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lingering pain, Sow-ing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home:

Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

Chorus.

Sown..... in the dark - - ness or sown..... in the

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

What Shall the Harvest Be?

sown..... in our might,..... Gath - er'd in time or e-

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - er'd in time or e-

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be.....

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

No. 663. Take My Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways— on - ly— for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

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No. 664. "Come."

Mrs. JAS. G. JOHNSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Voices in Unison.

1. O word of words the sweet - est, Oh words, in which there lie
2. O soul! why shouldst thou wan - der From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. O, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be

"Come."

All prom - ise, all ful - fill - ment, And end of mys - ter - y;
Cling clos - er, clos - er to Him, Stay with Him to the end;
Naught but a gen - tle whis - per, To one close, close to Thee;

La - ment - ing or re - joic - ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,
A - las! I am so help - less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mount - ain, Far from or near my home,

I hear the "Come!" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whis - per "Come!"

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REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,..... Wea - ry, heav - y

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

la - den, Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,.....

me, Oh come, come, come, come, come,

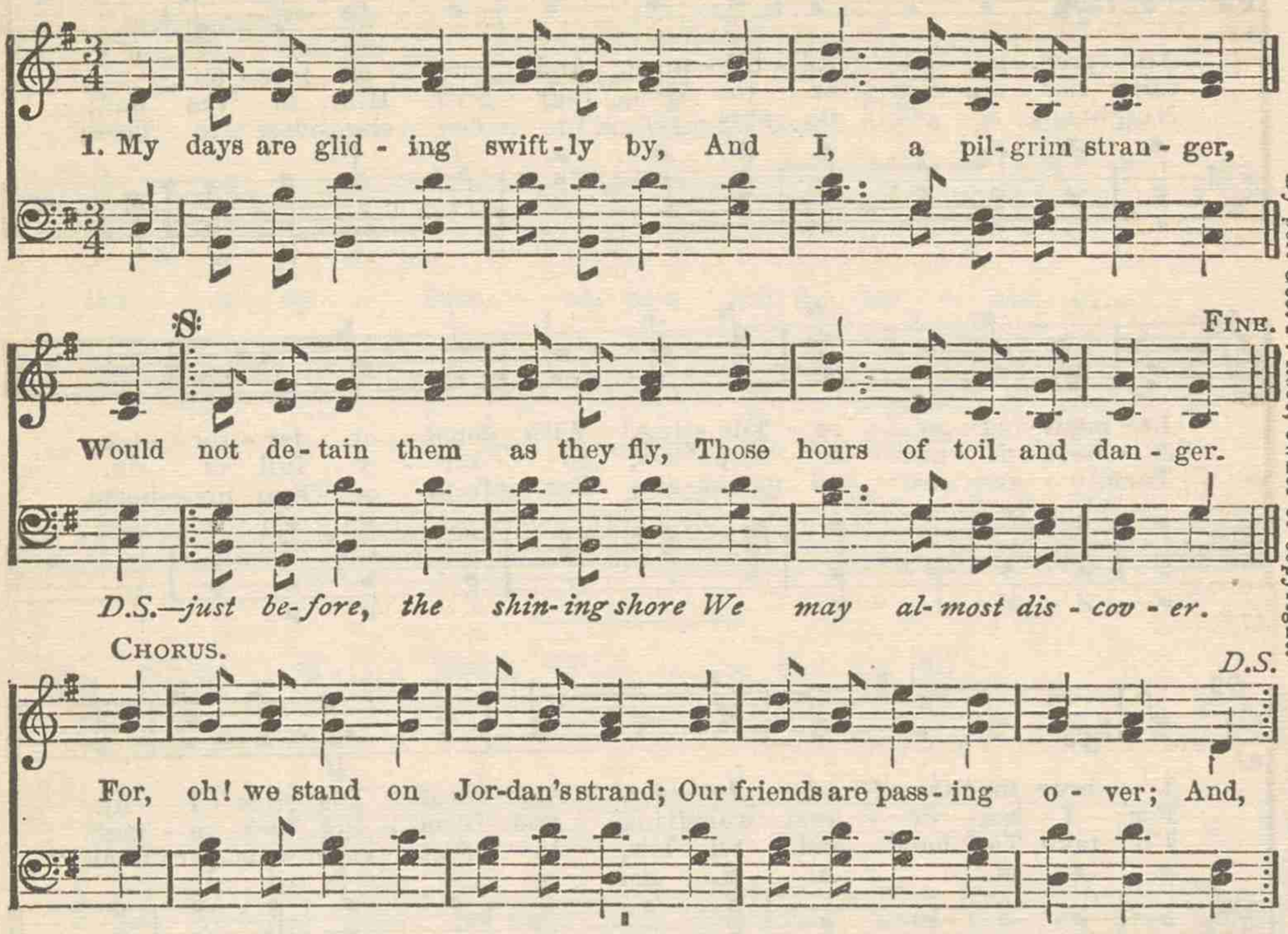
rit.....

Come, oh, come to me,..... Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, come, oh, come to me.

Come, come, come, come, come.

No. 665. The Shining Shore.

Rev. DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.



2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says—"Come!"—and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For, oh! we stand, etc.

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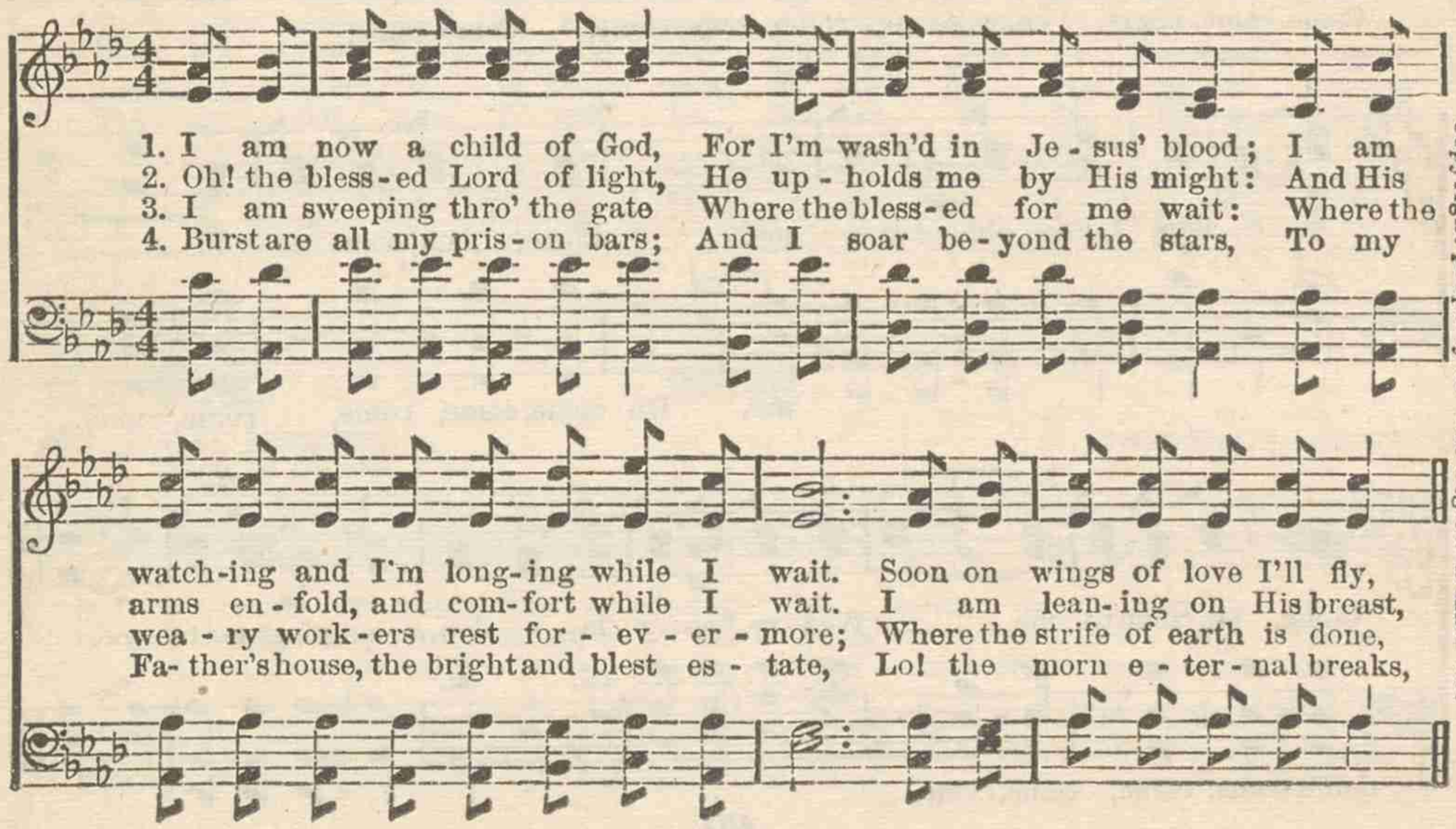
No. 666. I am Sweeping Thro' the Gate.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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I am Sweeping Thro' the Gate.

To my home be-yond the sky, To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate.
Oh! the sweetness of His rest, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am sweeping thro' the gate.
And the crown of life is won: Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
And the song im-mor-tal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gate.

REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Wash'd from ev-'ry stain I am;

rit. *Repeat pp.*

Rob'd in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

No. 667. Pardon, Peace and Power.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Would we be joy-ful in the Lord? Then count the rich-es o'er,
2. For ev-'ry sin, by grace di-vine A *par-don* free be-stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup-ply;
4. The *power* to win a soul to God, The Spir-it, too im-parts;
5. These bless-ings we by faith re-ceive, By sim-ple child-like trust;

Re-vealed to faith with-in His word, And note the bound-less store.
And with the par-don *peace* is mine, The peace in Je-sus' blood.
The Ho-ly Ghost, the heart with-in, From sin doth *pu-ri-fy.*
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de-light to *give:* He prom-ised, and He must.

CHORUS.

There is par-don, peace and pow'r,..... And pu-ri-
pardon, peace, and pow'r, pardon, peace and pow'r,

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ty..... and Par - a - dise;..... With all of these..... in
And pur - i - ty, and Par - a- dise; With all of these in

Christ for me..... Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise!
in Christ for me,

No. 668. Come now saith the Lord.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Come souls that are long-ing for pleas-ure, Our Sav-iour has pleasures to give;
2. The pleas-ures of sin are de- ceiv - ing, They've nothing for yes- ter-day's pain,
3. The pleas-ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They van- ish with life's pass-ing morn;
4. Then all who are long-ing for pleas- ure, Ye wea - ry, and all who are worn;
5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak- ing, Re - deem- er, and Sav- iour, and Lord;

Come find in His love the rare treasure, That makes ev-'ry true pleasure live.
But hope of to - mor-row re - ceiv - ing, And then, its—*To-morrow*—a - gain.
Like dew-drops the morning sun greet-ing, They glist - en and then they are gone.
Come find in the Lord a sure treasure, That from you shall nev- er be torn.
And soon in the glo - ry a - wak-ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward,

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CHORUS.

Come *now* saith the Lord, let us rea - son, Come *now* and your pur- pose de - clare;
Is it pleasures of sin for a sea - son, Or pleasures the glo - ri - fied share?

No. 669. Beautiful River.

R. Lowry. Rev. Robert Lowry.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gather at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for
2. On the margin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we ev-'ry burden down; Grace our spirits will de-

Chorus. *p*

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
ev - er, All the hap-py, gold- en day.
liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.
} Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er; The beautiful, the

beau-ti - ful riv - er— Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

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

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

No. 670. Come, Ye Sinners.

Rev. John Newton. (Zion. 8s. 7s. & 4.) Dr. Thos. Hastings.

p

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r;
} He is a - ble,
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be- lief, and true repentance,—Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,—
} Without mon- ey,

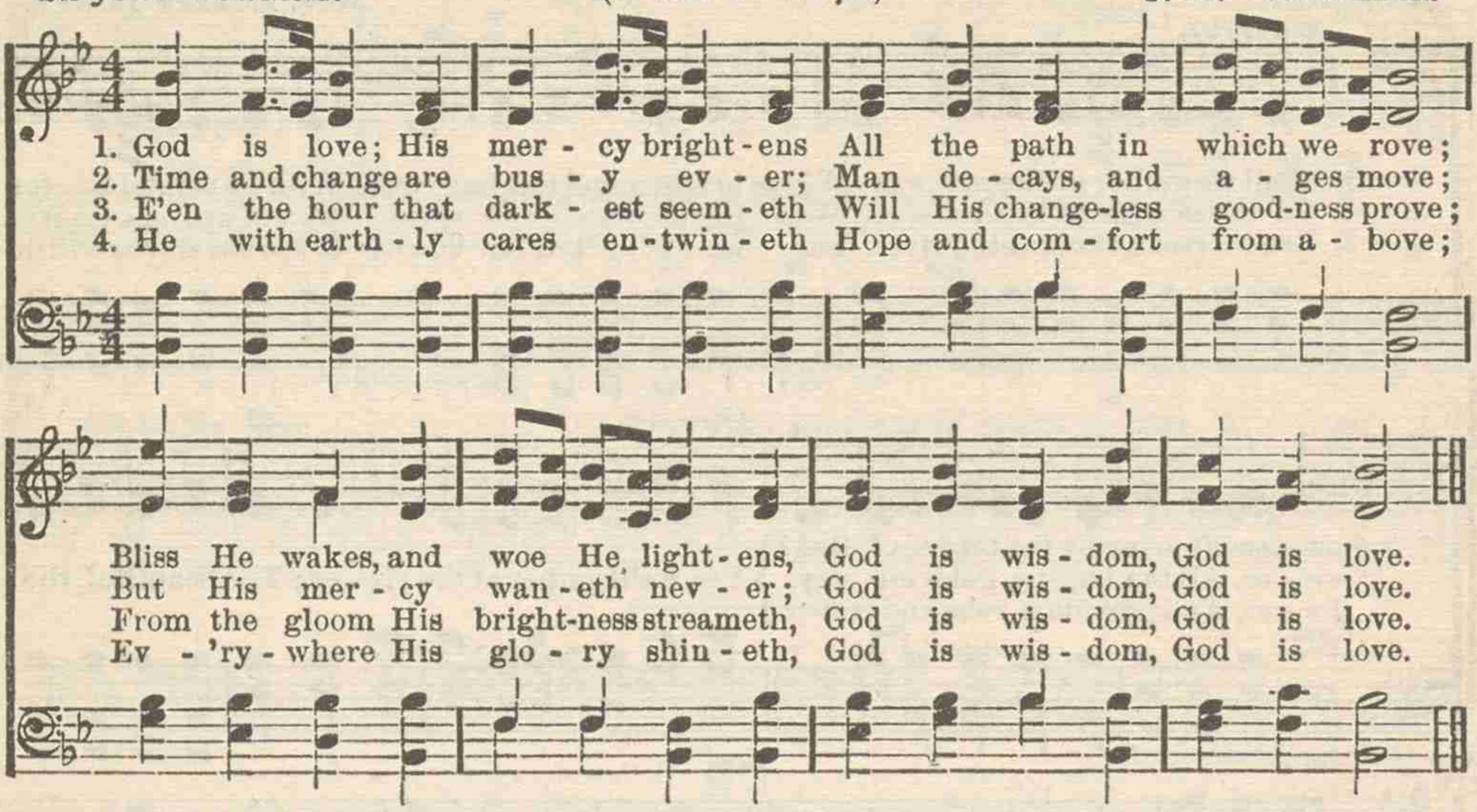
sf

He is will-ing: doubt no more; He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
Come to Je- sus Christ and buy; Without mon-ey, Come to Je- sus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 671. God is Love.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (WILMOT. 8s. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

No. 672.

Tune—DUKE ST. L. M. No. 624.

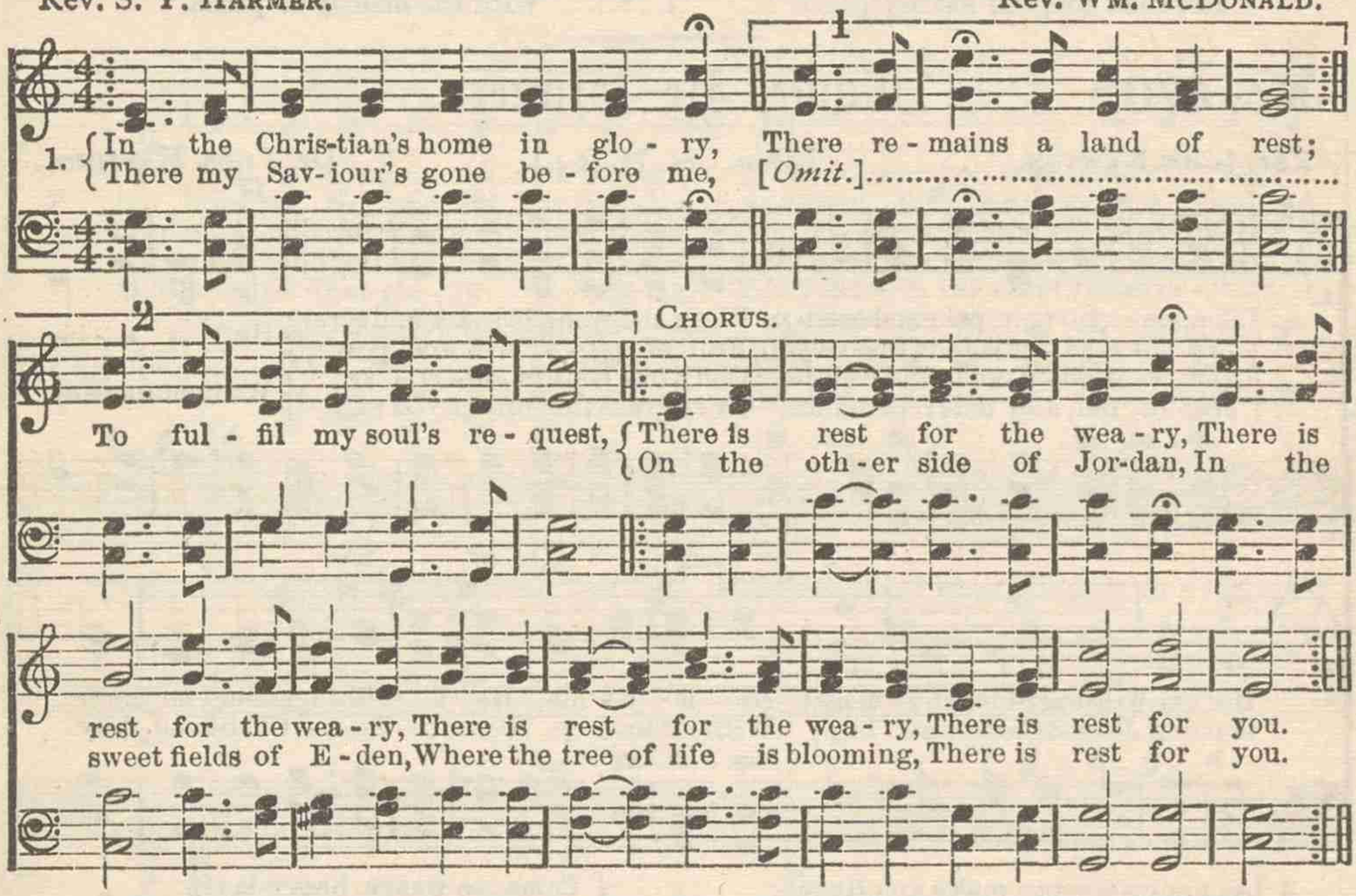
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

No. 673. Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. Y. HARMER. Rev. WM. McDONALD.

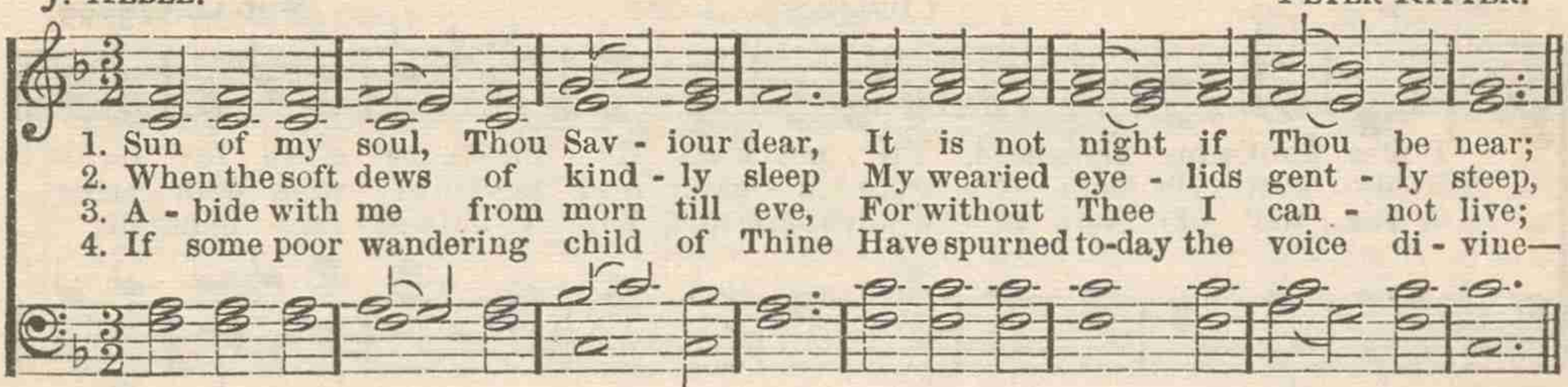


2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Sing, Oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go!
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

No. 674. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. PETER RITTER.



No. 675. Tune—LENOX. 6s. 8s. No. 653.

1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

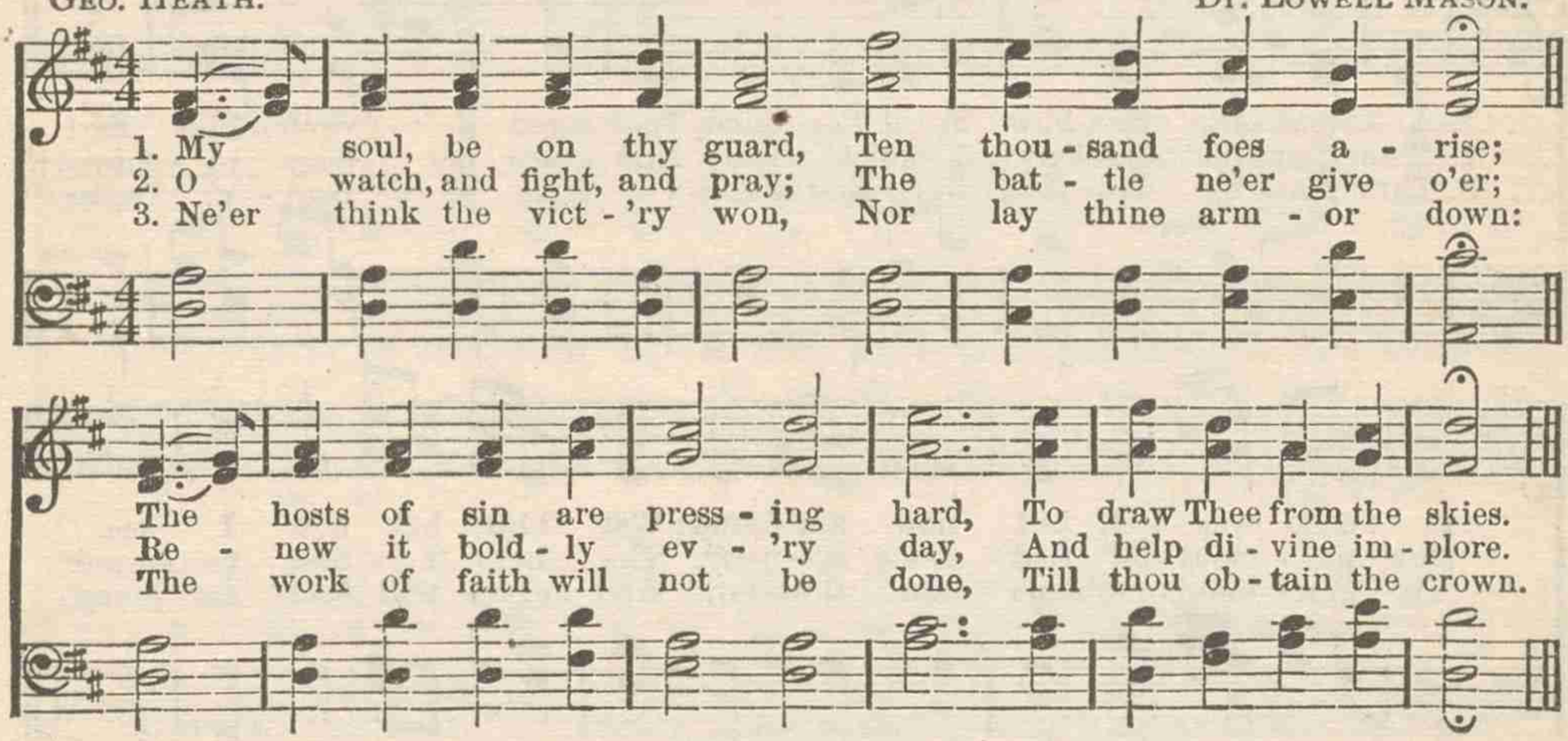
2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love come down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face
And ever be in His embrace.

Samuel Stennet.

No. 676. Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

No. 677. Tune—CHRISTMAS. C. M. No. 693.

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

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

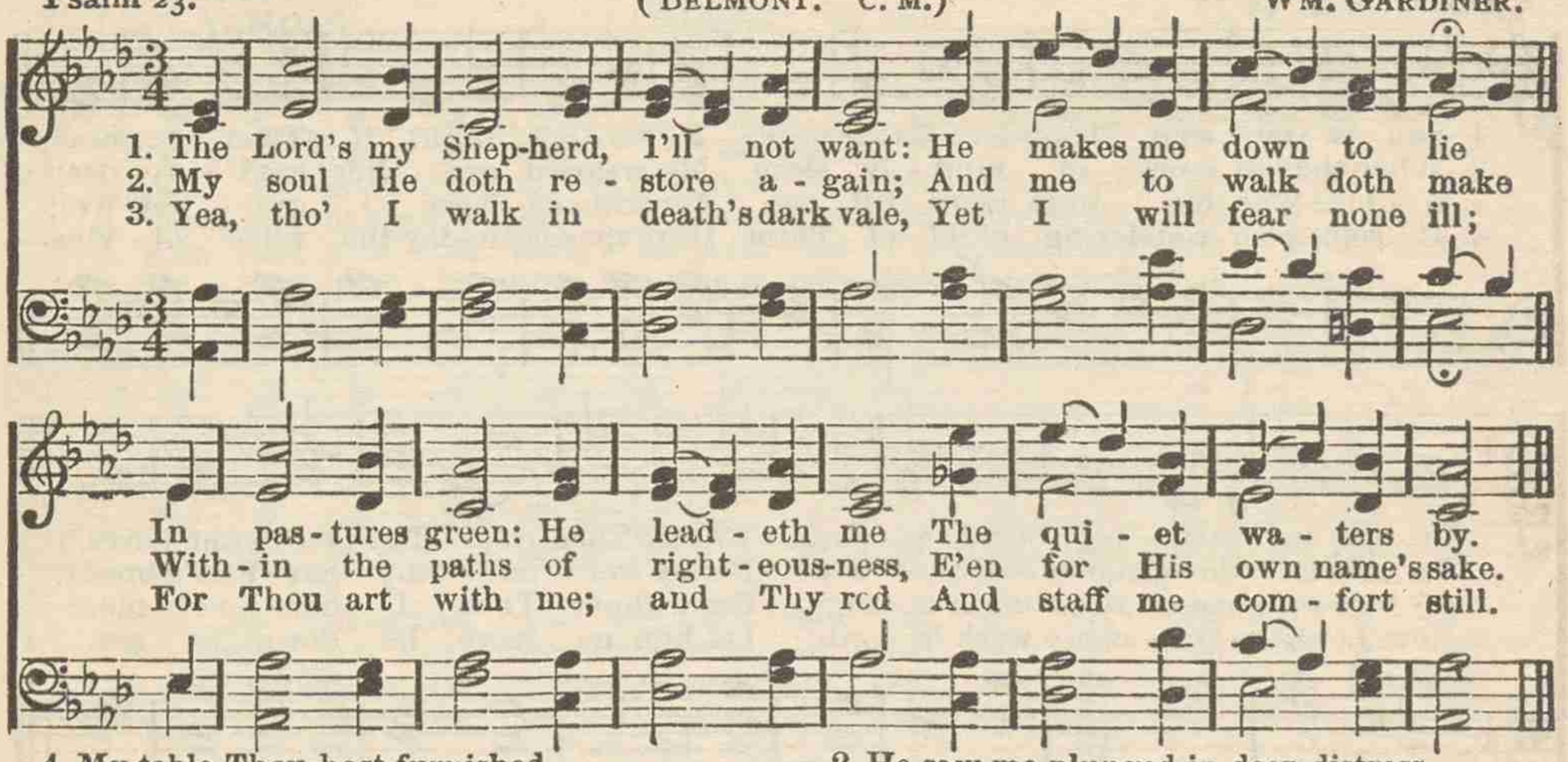
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge.

No. 678. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Psalm 23. (BELMONT. C. M.) WM. GARDINER.



4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 679. Tune—BELMONT. C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

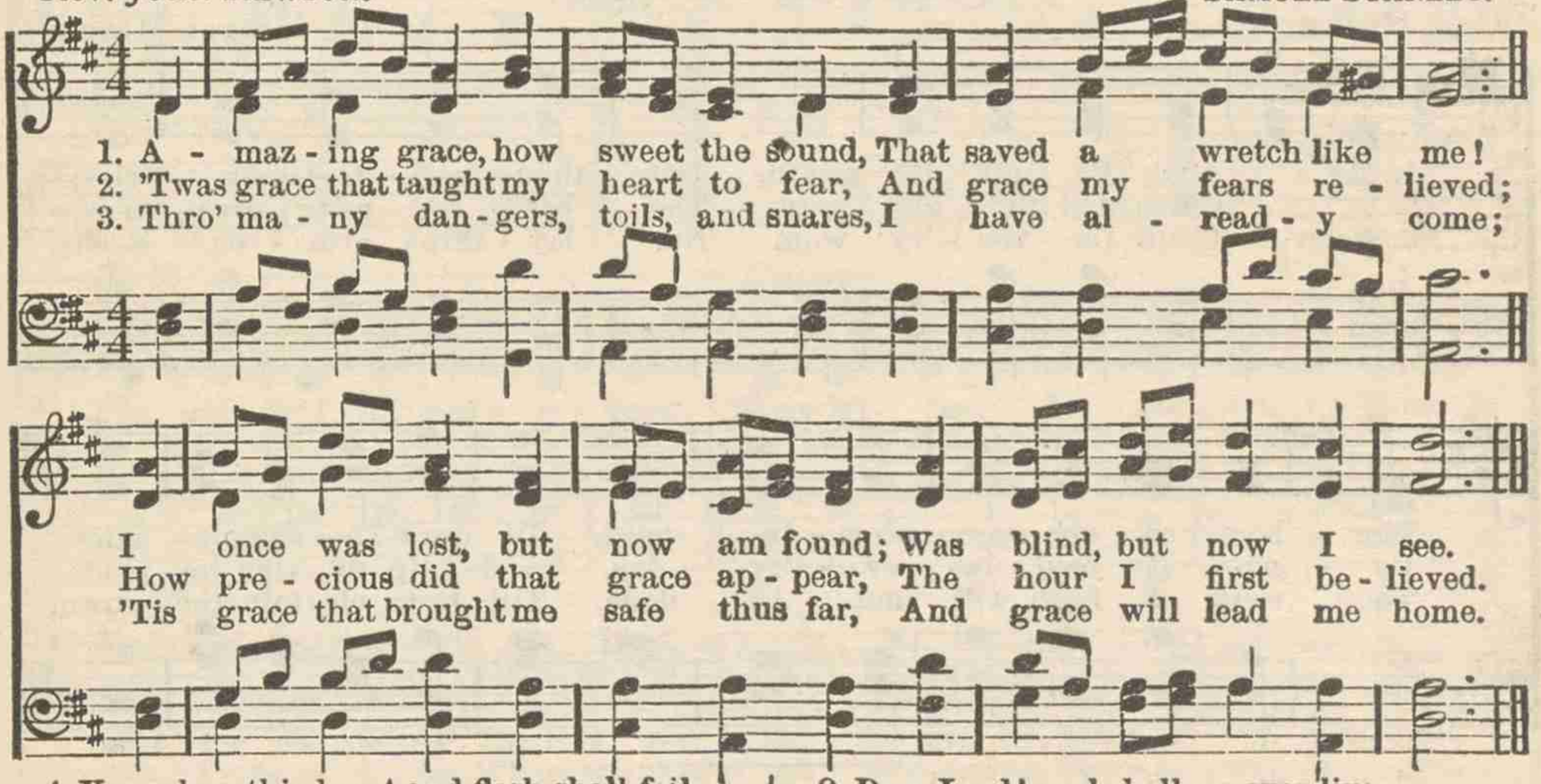
3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett.

No. 680. Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. SAMUEL STANLEY.



4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

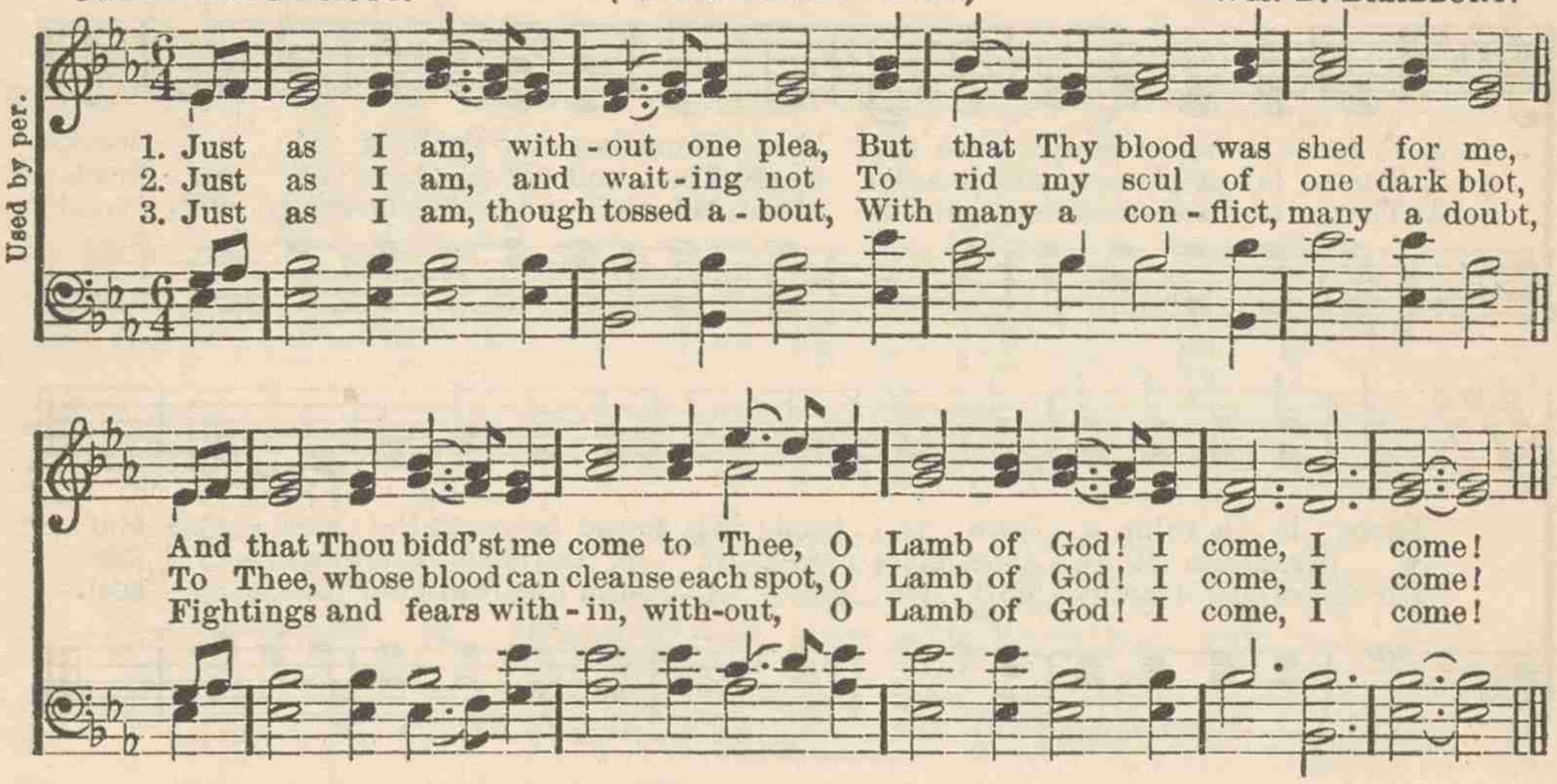
No. 681. Tune—MARLOW. C. M. Key G.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

No. 682. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

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!

No. 683. Tune—HENDON. 7s. No. 731.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice
Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, homeless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

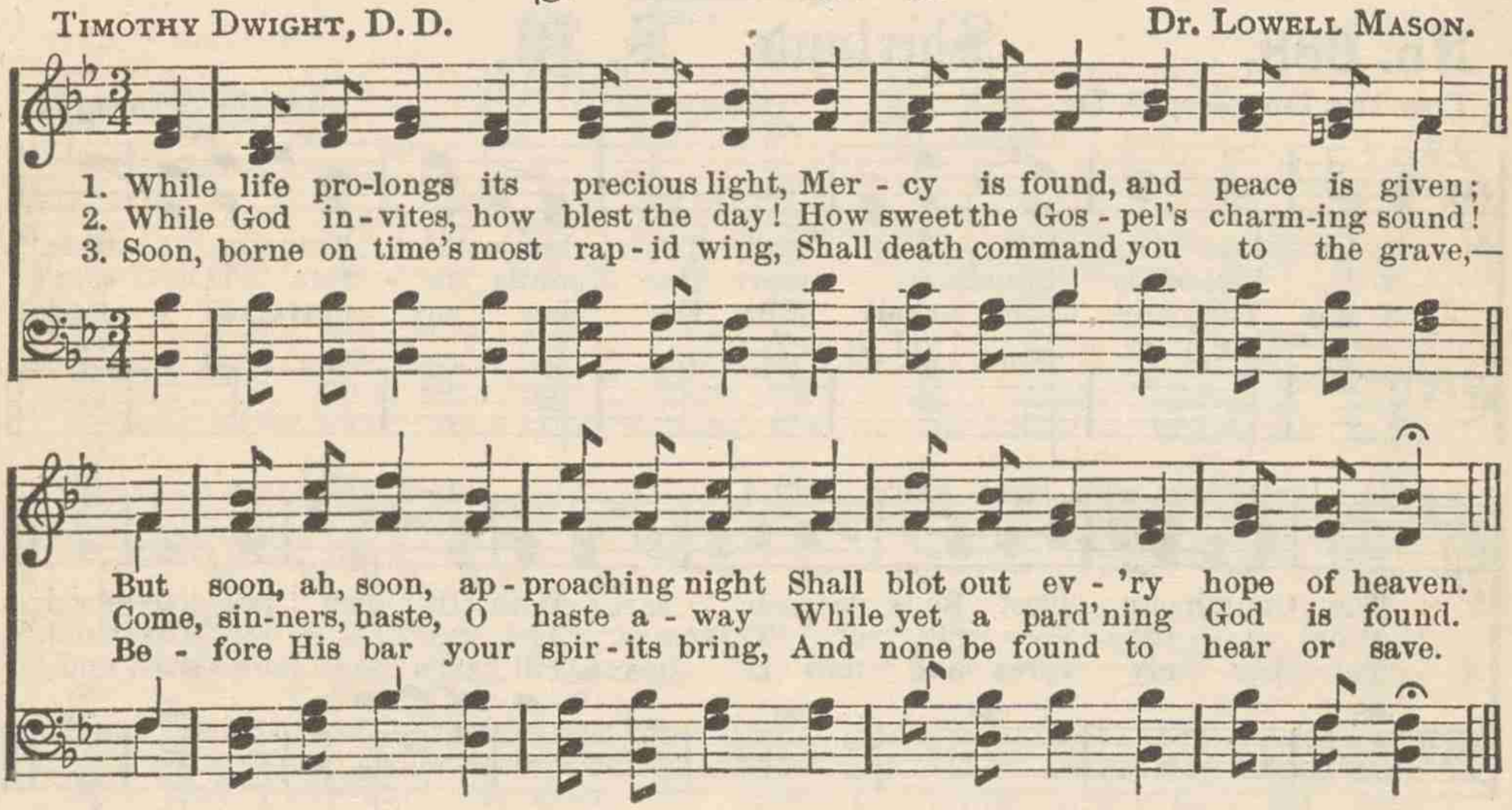
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred. sure.

Ann L. Barbauld.

No. 684. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. DR. LOWELL MASON.

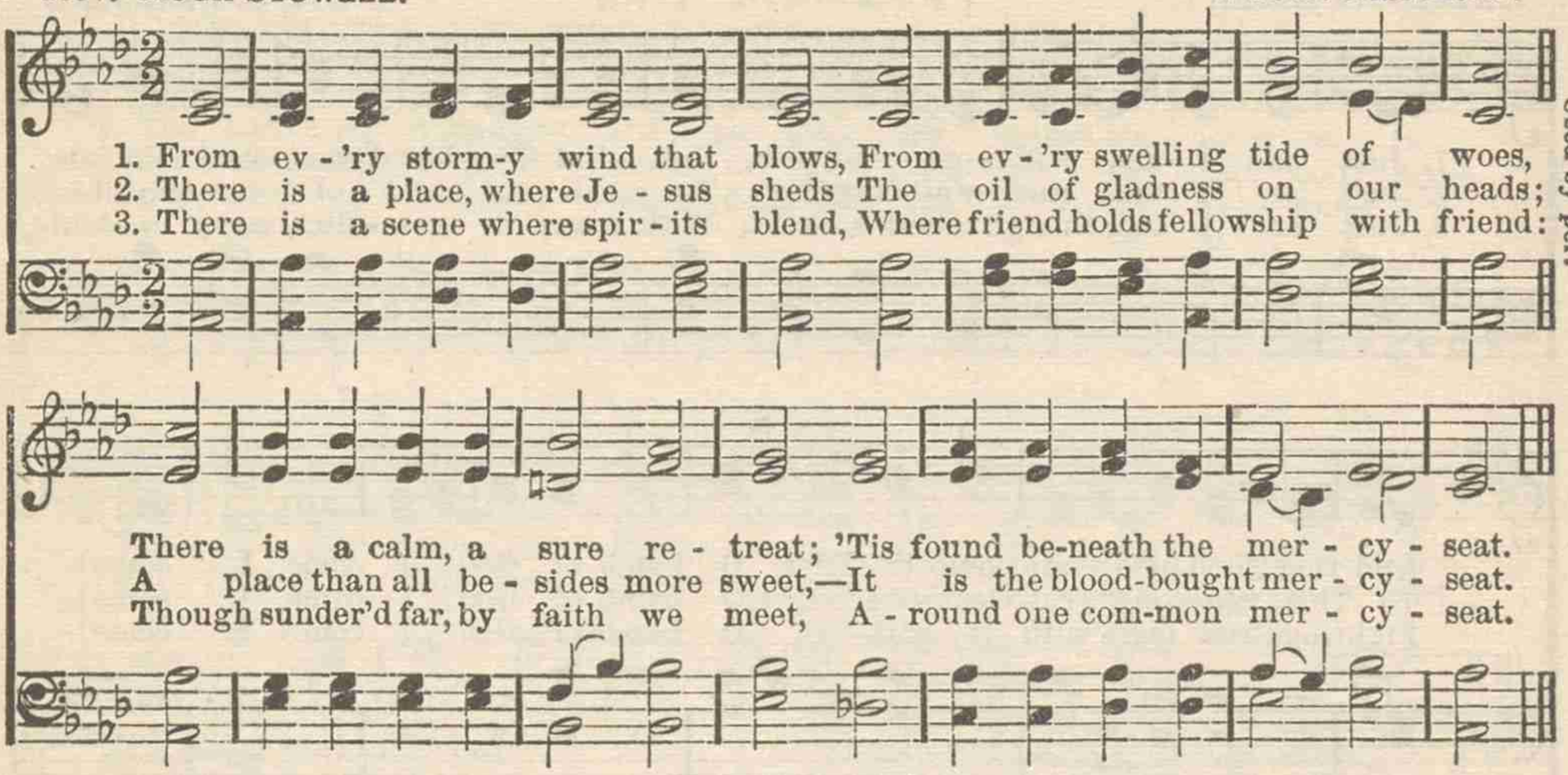


4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 685. Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. Wm. B. Bradbury.



Used by per.

No. 686. Tune—No. 600.

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

Cho.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!

3 O cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

Rev. A. T. Pierson.

No. 687. Tune—St. Thomas. S. M. No. 692.

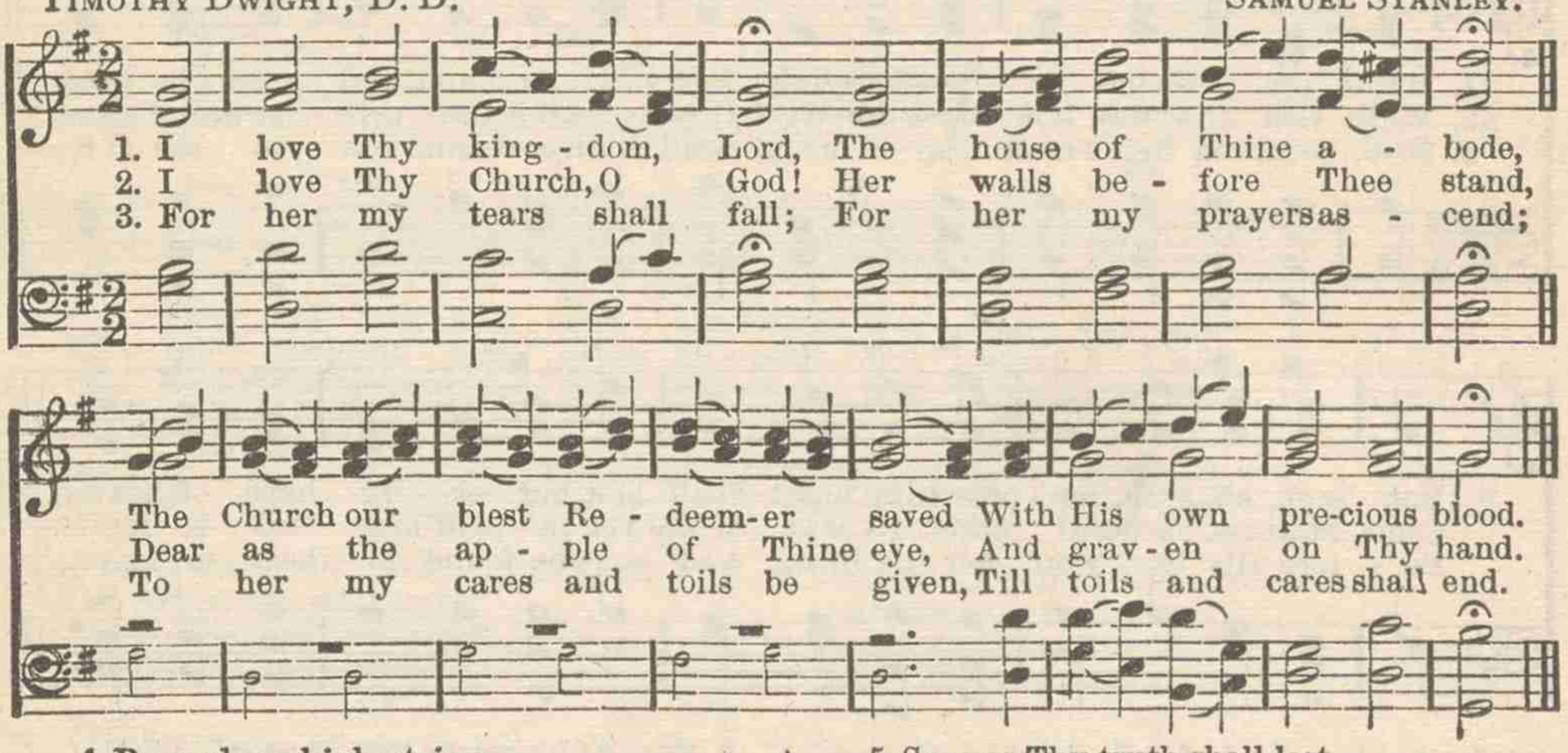
1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

Oswald Allen.

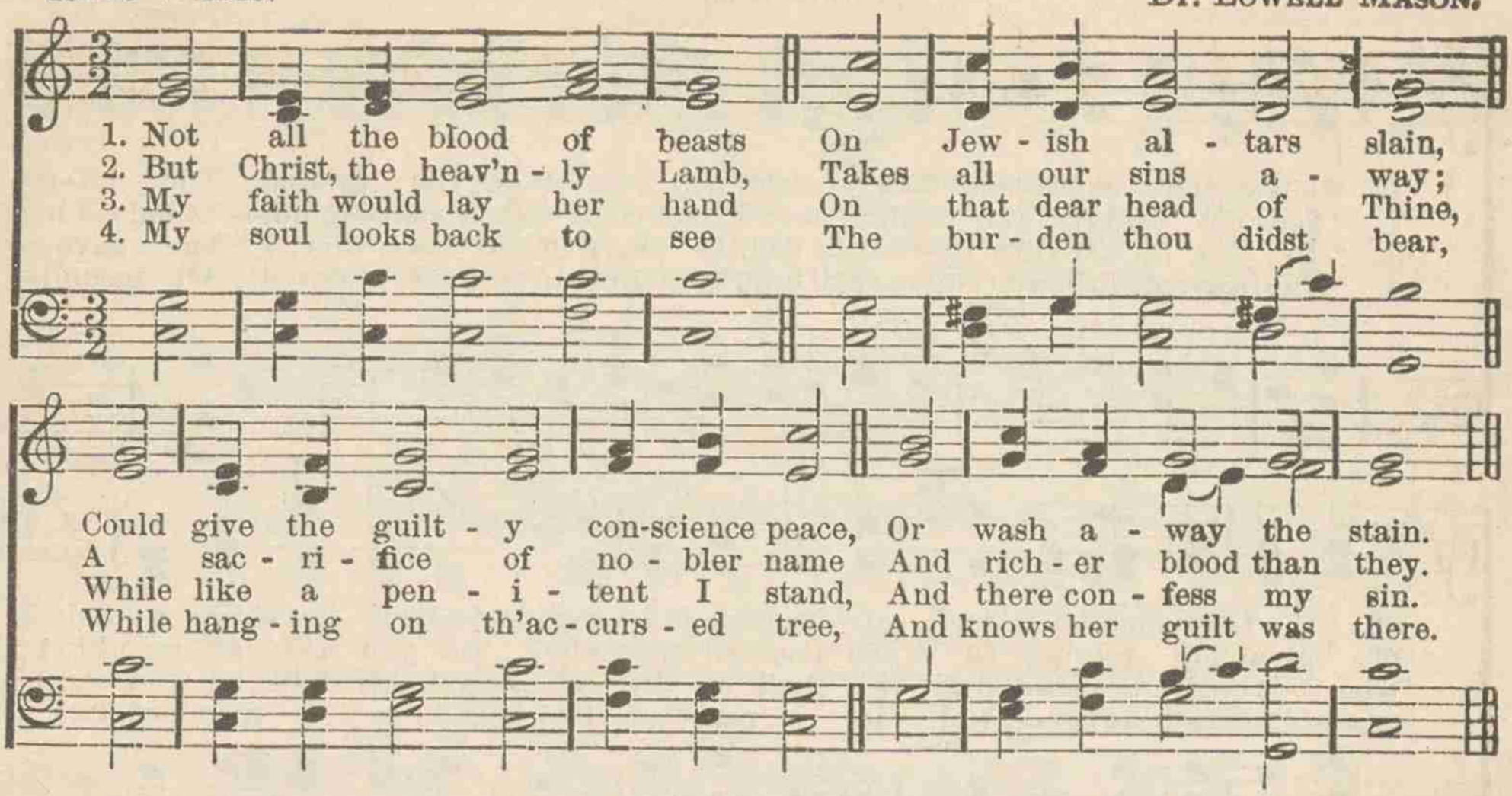
No. 688. Shirland. S. M.

Timothy Dwight, D. D. Samuel Stanley.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 689. Boylston. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 690. Tune—BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"

2 *"Ye must be born again!"*
For so hath God decreed;
Nor reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 *"Ye must be born again!"*
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4. *"Ye must be born again!"*
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

Anon.

No. 691. Tune—BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Lord, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face:
That th' earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

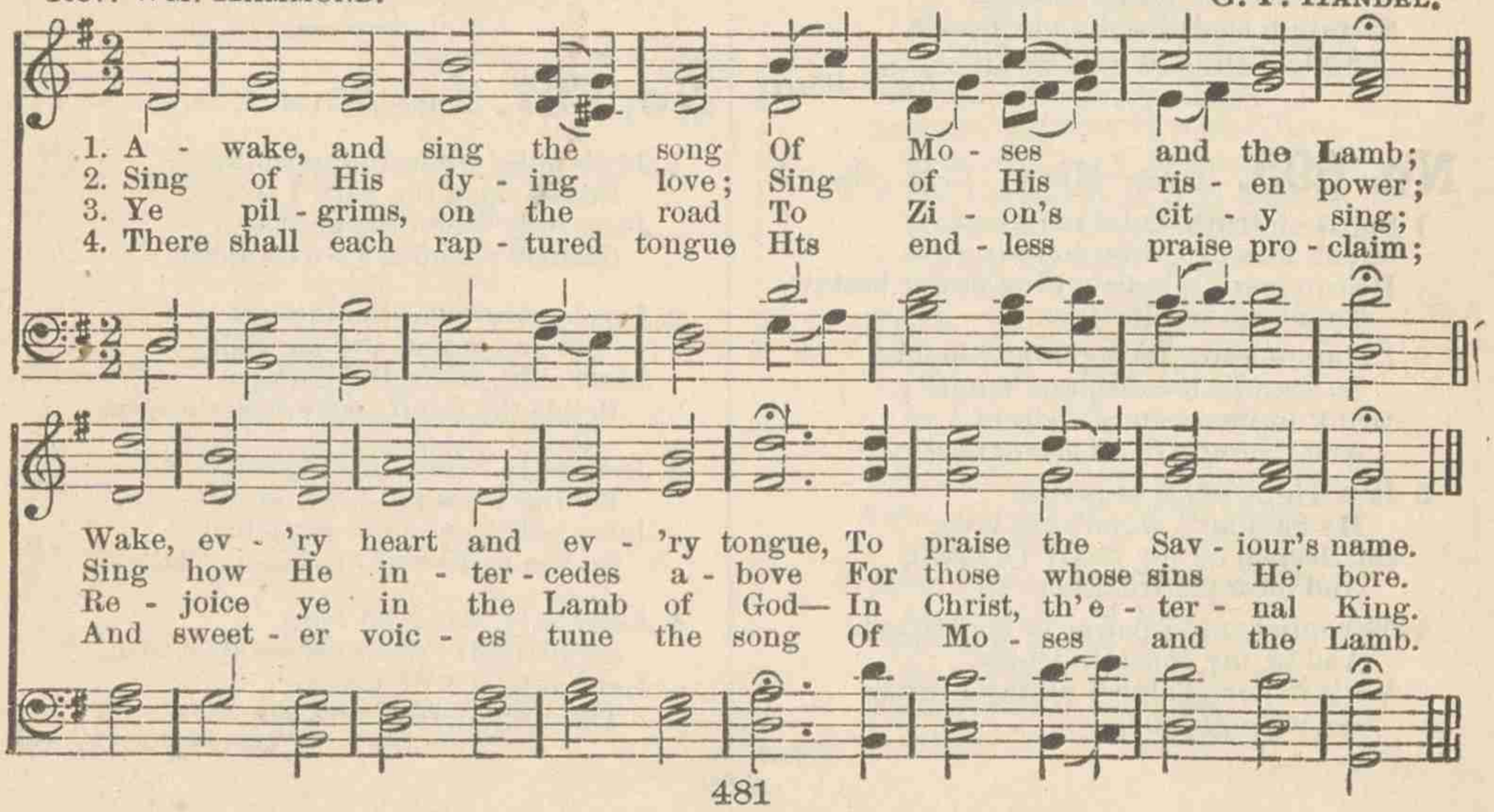
2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
Let people all Thee praise!
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise!

3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all;
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them
Praise Thee, both great and small!

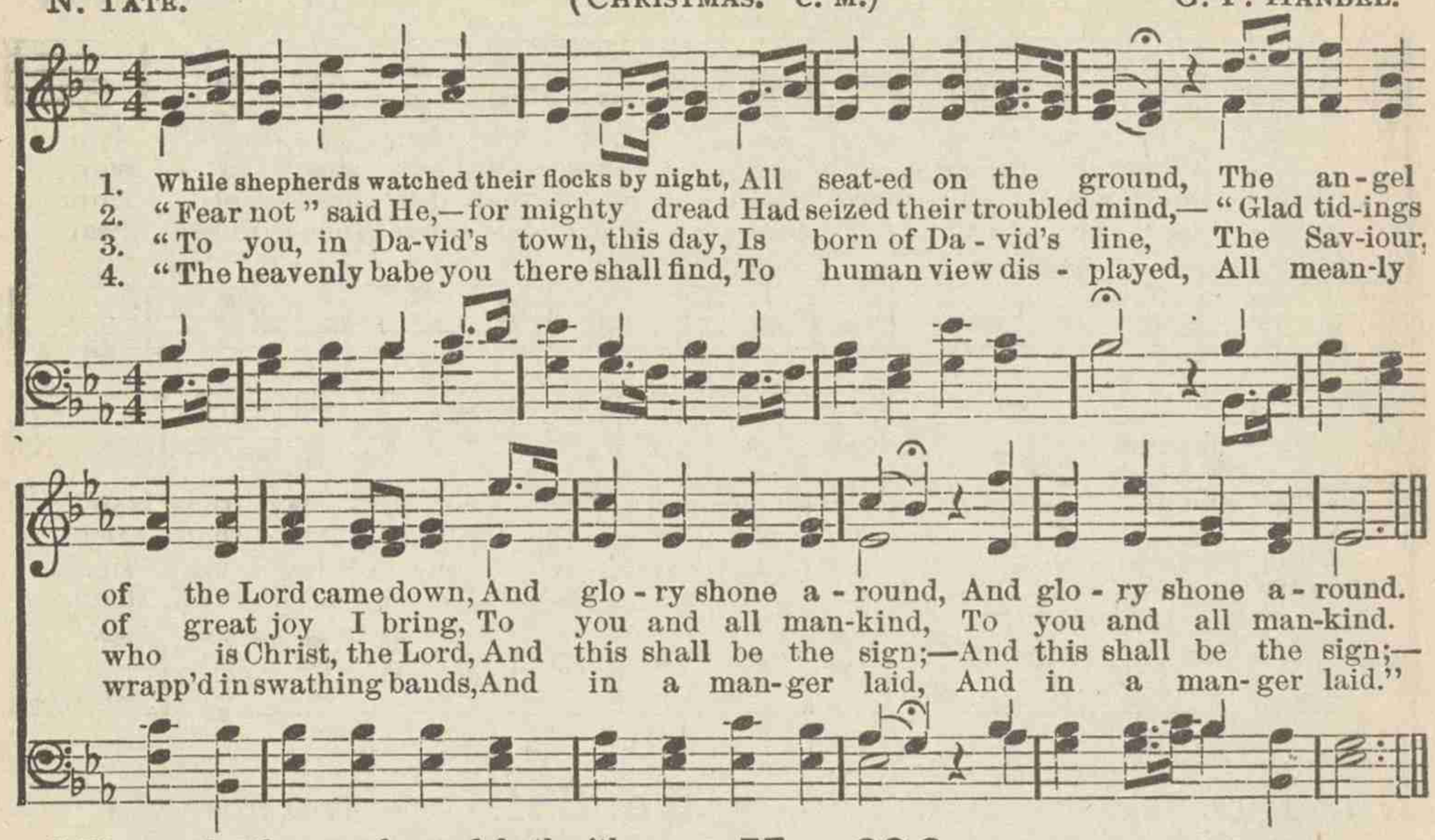
4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send;
God shall us bless: men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

Psalm 67.

No. 692. St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. WM. HAMMOND. G. F. HANDEL.

No. 693. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

No. 694. Tune—AZMON. C. M. Key A.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth 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.

Isaac Watts.

No. 695. Tune—MEAR. C. M. Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, O let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

Anon.

No. 696. Tune—RATHBUN. No. 698.

1 O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
And within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good-things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

Psalm 103.

No. 697. Tune—WILMOT. 8s. 7s. No. 671.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when adoring,
Saints their crown before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Rev. Elias Nason.

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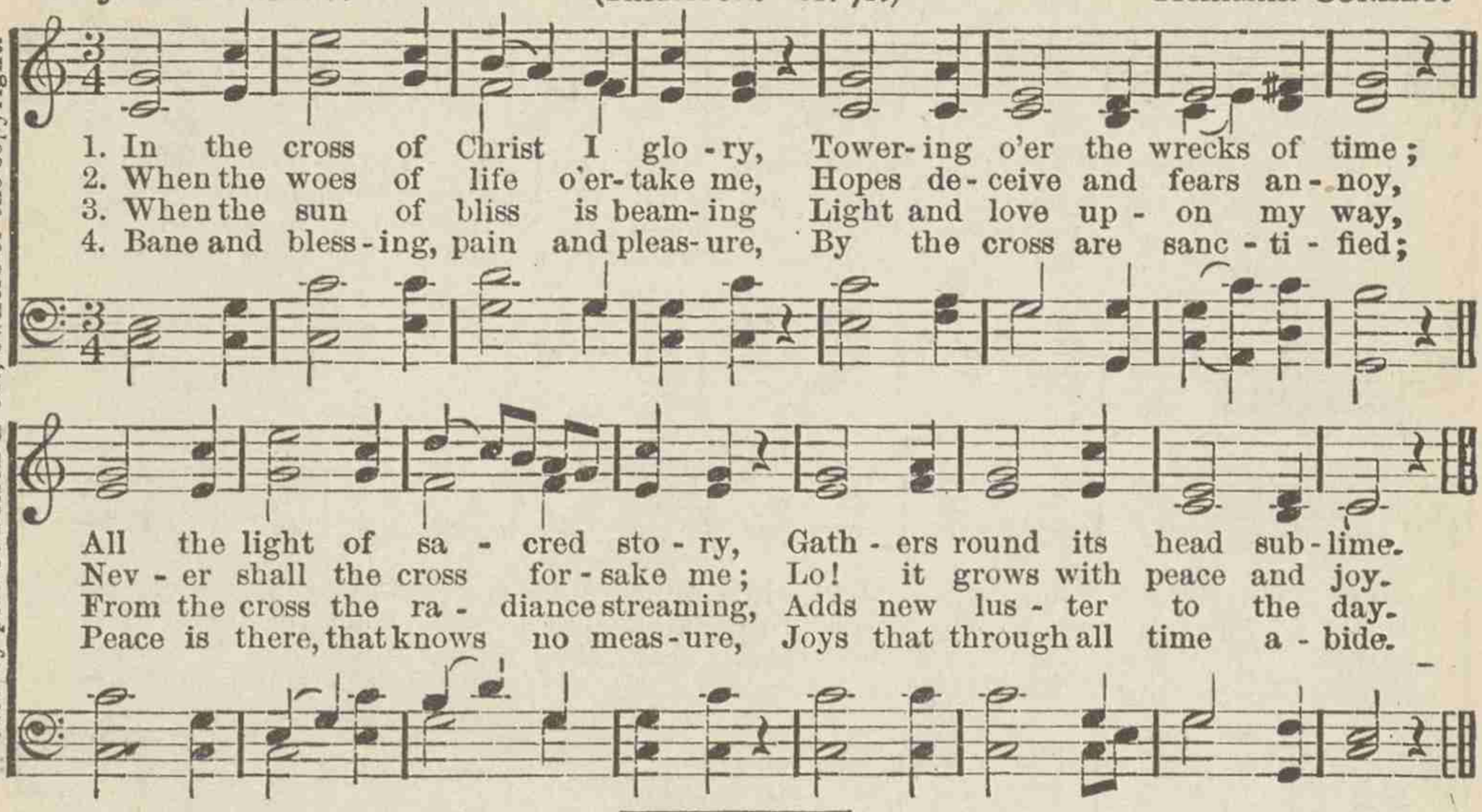
No. 698. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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No. 699. Tune—RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too, have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss Mary P. Griffin.

No. 700. Tune—RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.

1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. John Newton.

No. 701. Tune—RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinnere thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell.

No. 702. Tune—AUTUMN. 8s. 7s. No. 263.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany.

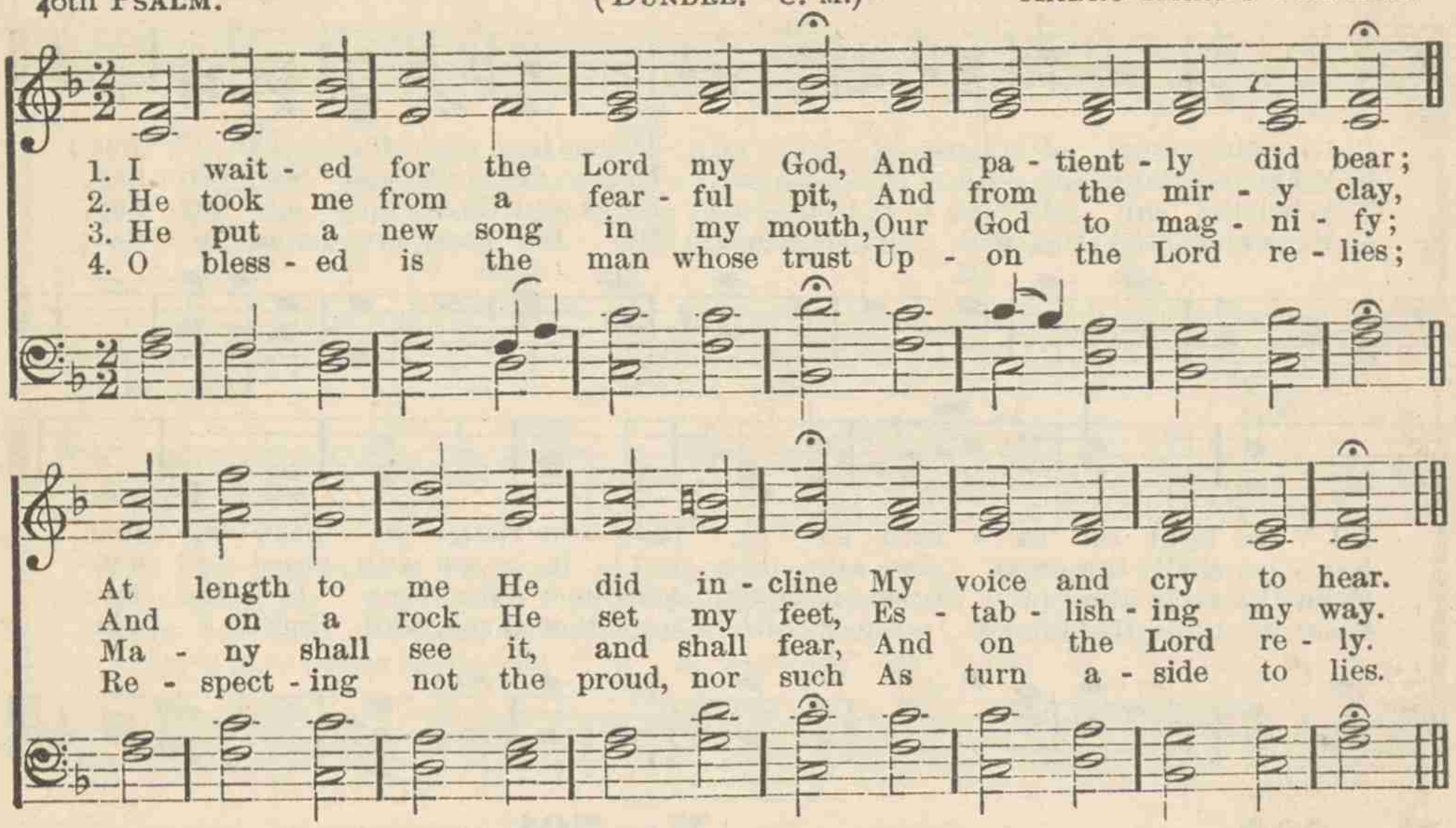
2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tears;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
Thou art all in all to me
Living One of Bethany.

Sir Edward Denny.

No. 703. I Waited for the Lord.

40th PSALM. (DUNDEE. C. M.) ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

No. 704. Tune—WARD. L. M. No. 384.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

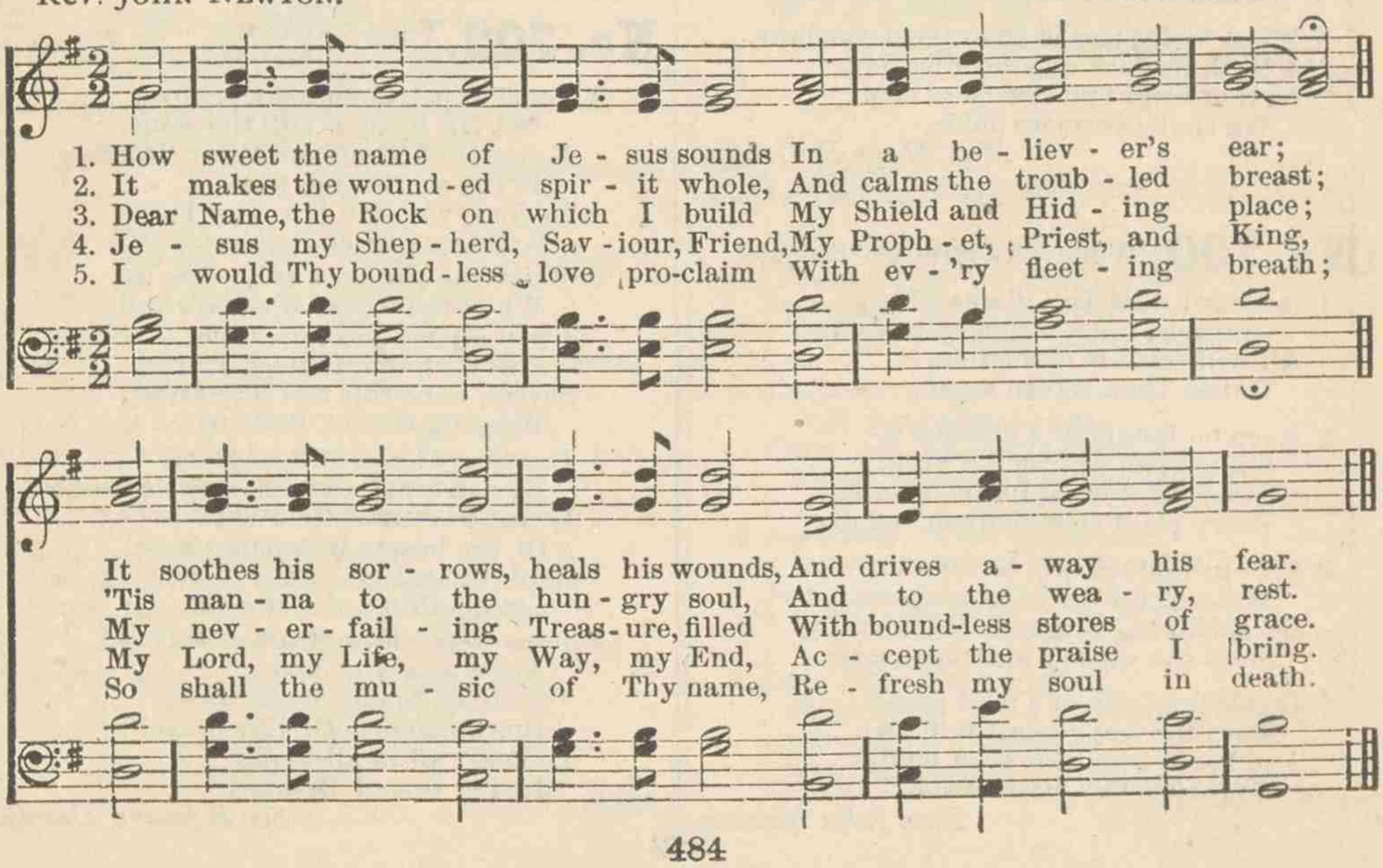
4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg.

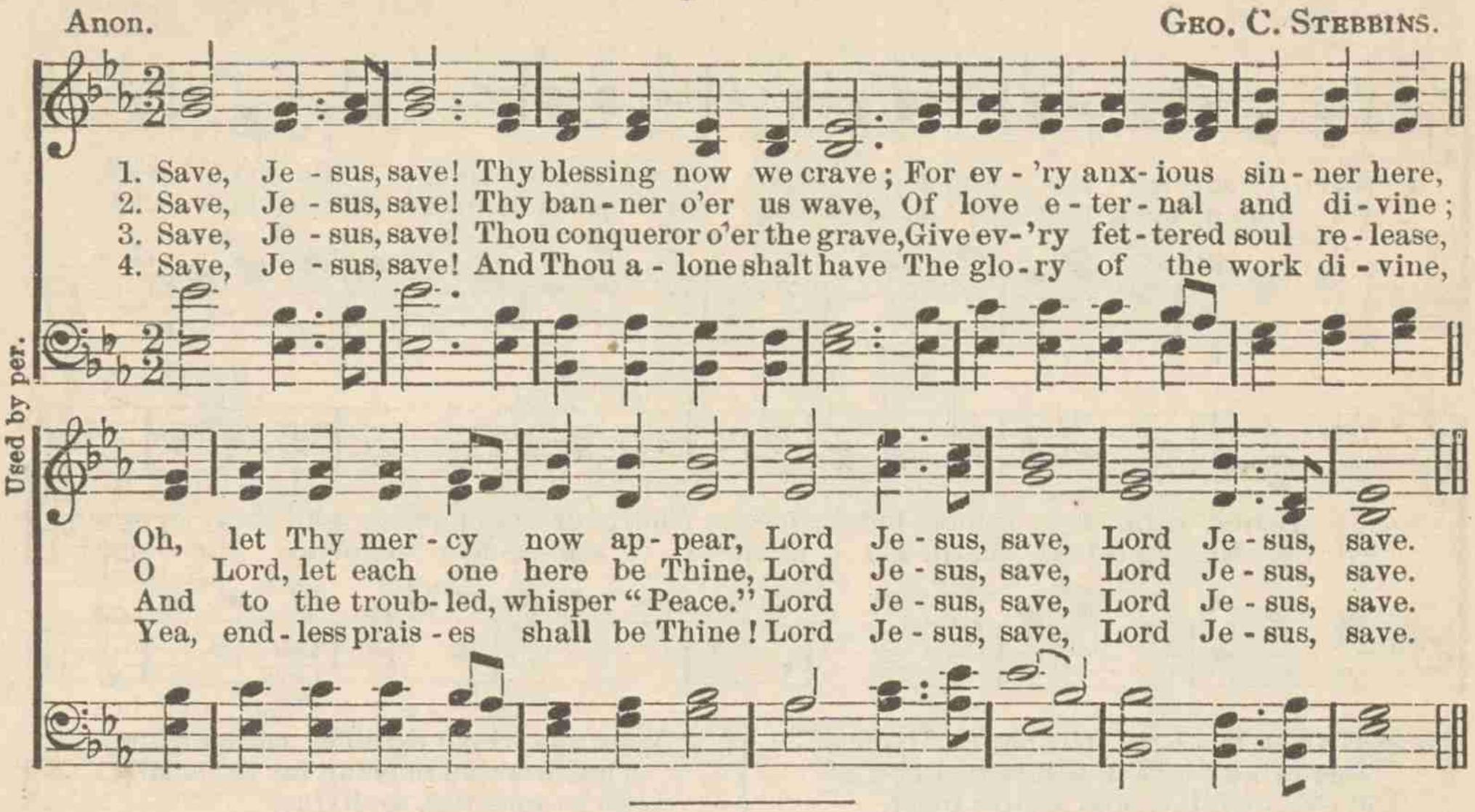
No. 705. Arlington. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. THOS. A. ARNE.



No. 706. Save, Jesus, Save!

Anon. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



No. 707.

Tune—ARLINGTON. C. M. No. 705.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

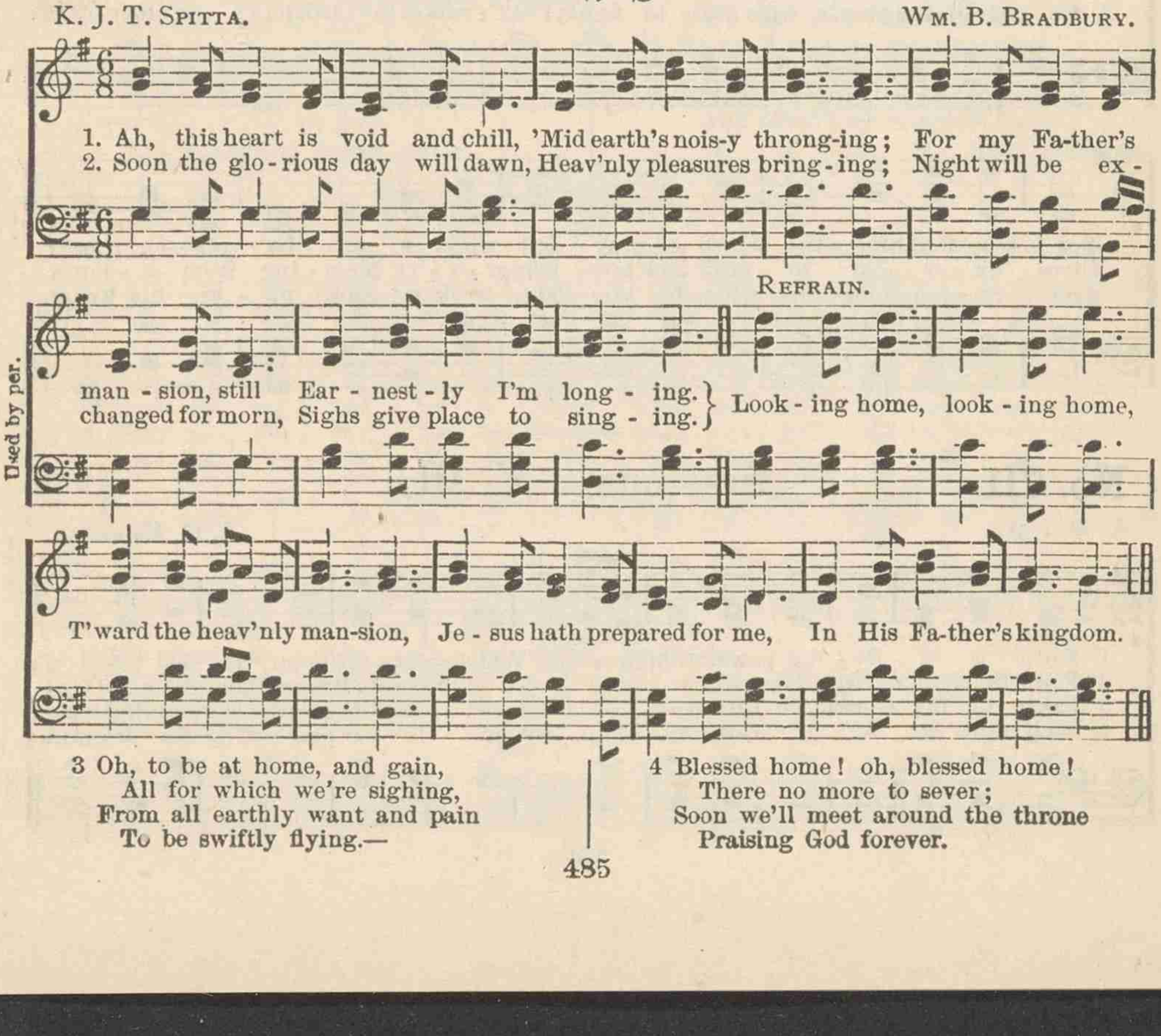
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
And when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. W. H. Bathurst.

No. 708. "Looking Home."

K. J. T. SPITTA. WM. B. BRADBURY.

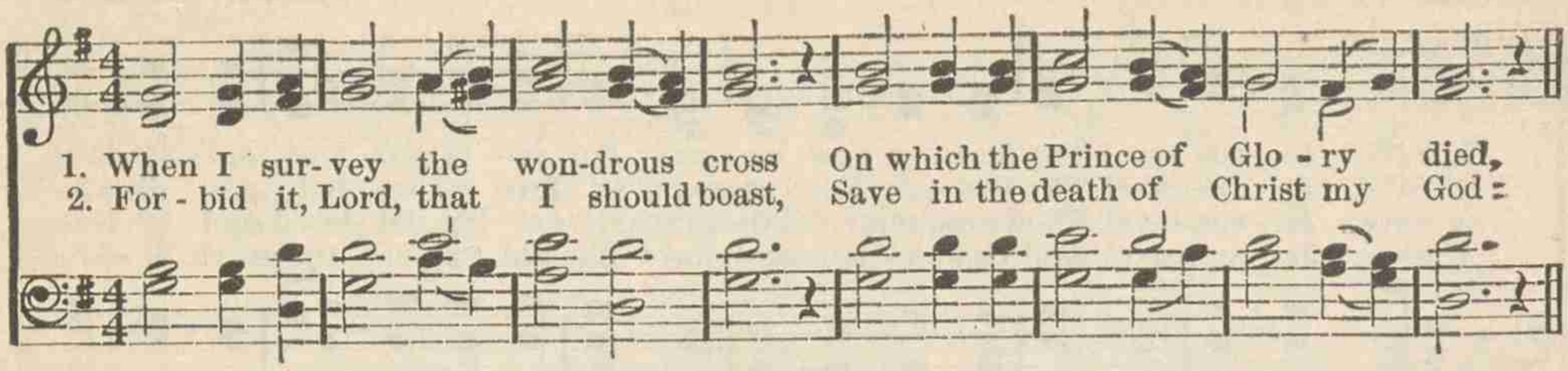
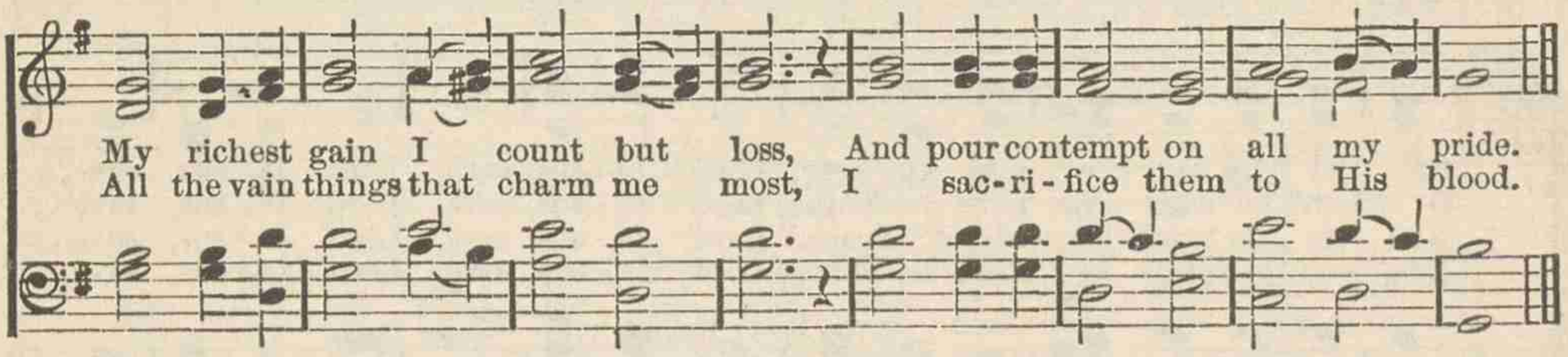


3 Oh, to be at home, and gain,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.—

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

No. 709. Hamburg. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

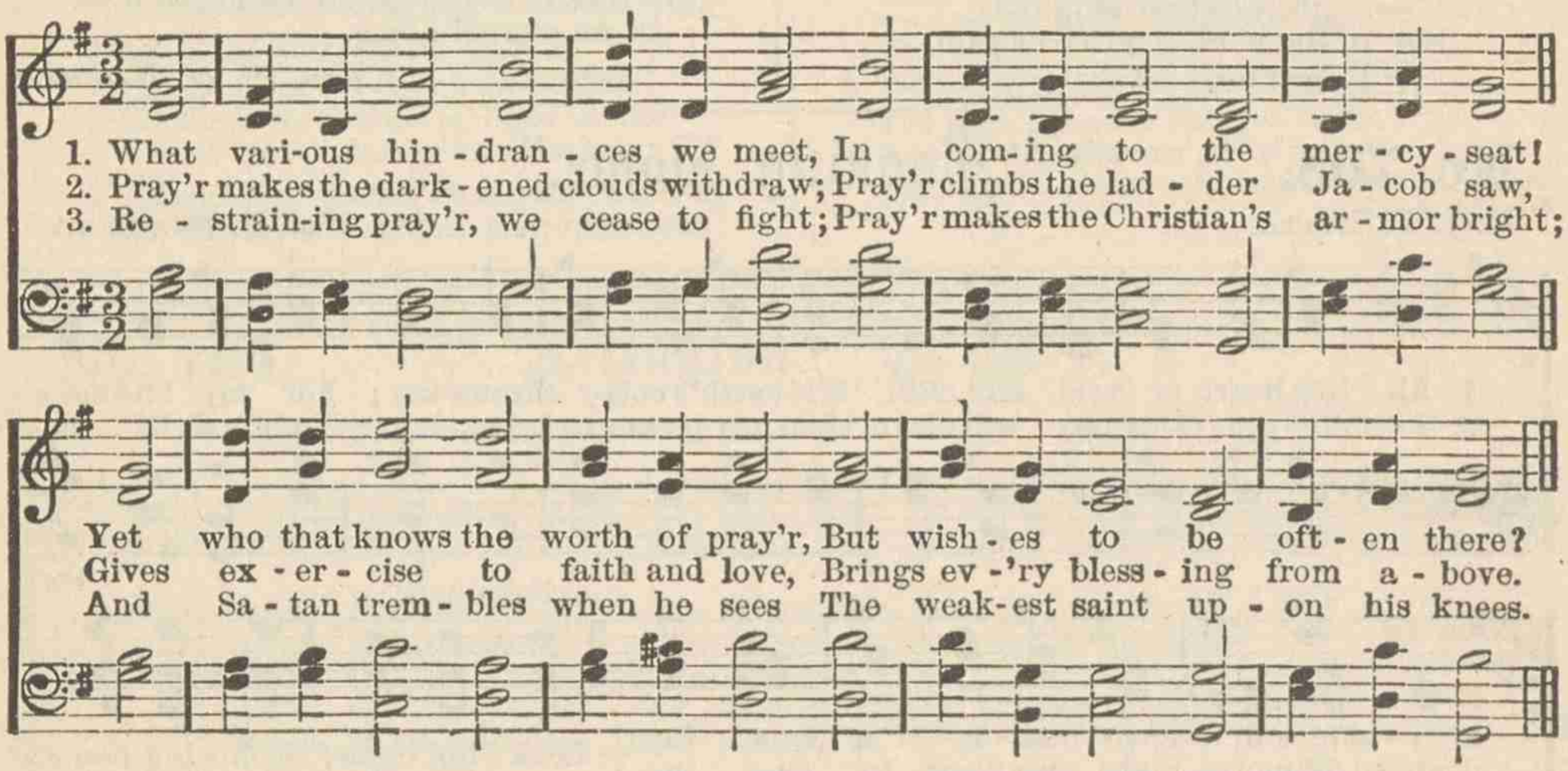


3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

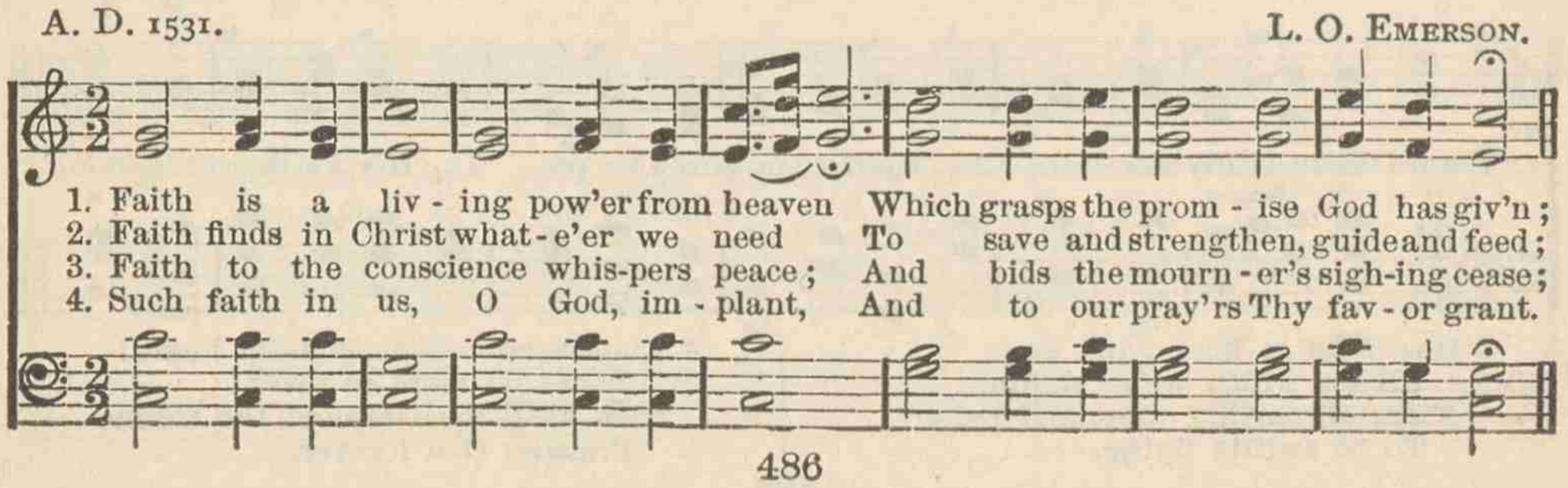
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

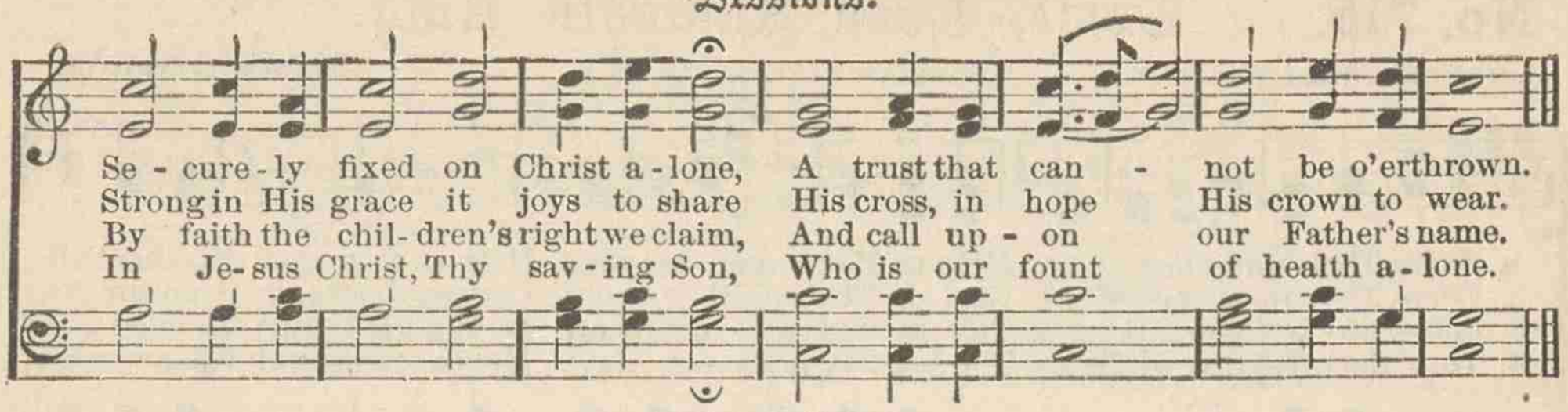
No. 710. Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

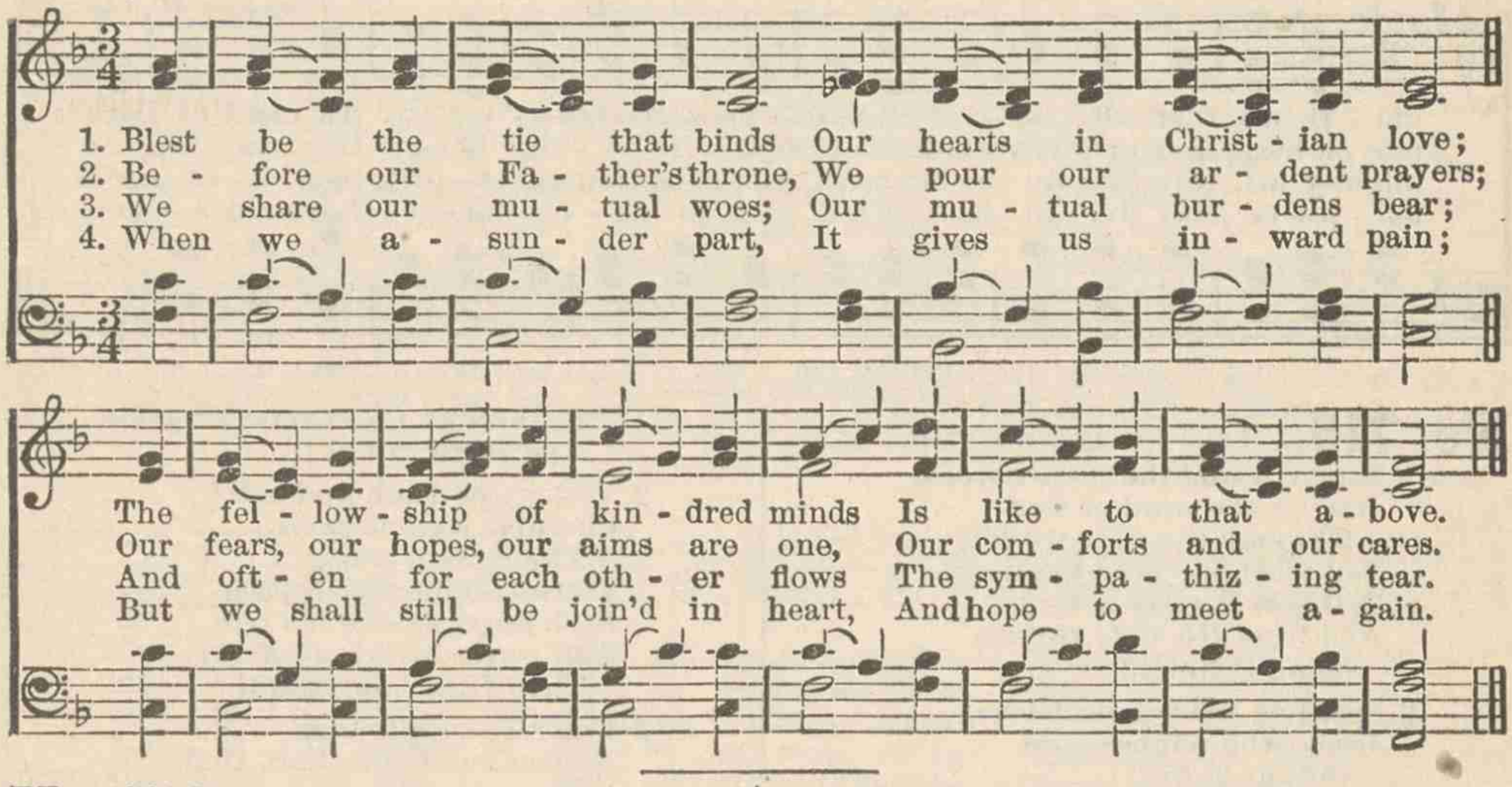


No. 711. Sessions. L. M.

A. D. 1531. L. O. EMERSON.

Sessions.



No. 712. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.

No. 713. Tune—Boylston. s.m. No. 689.

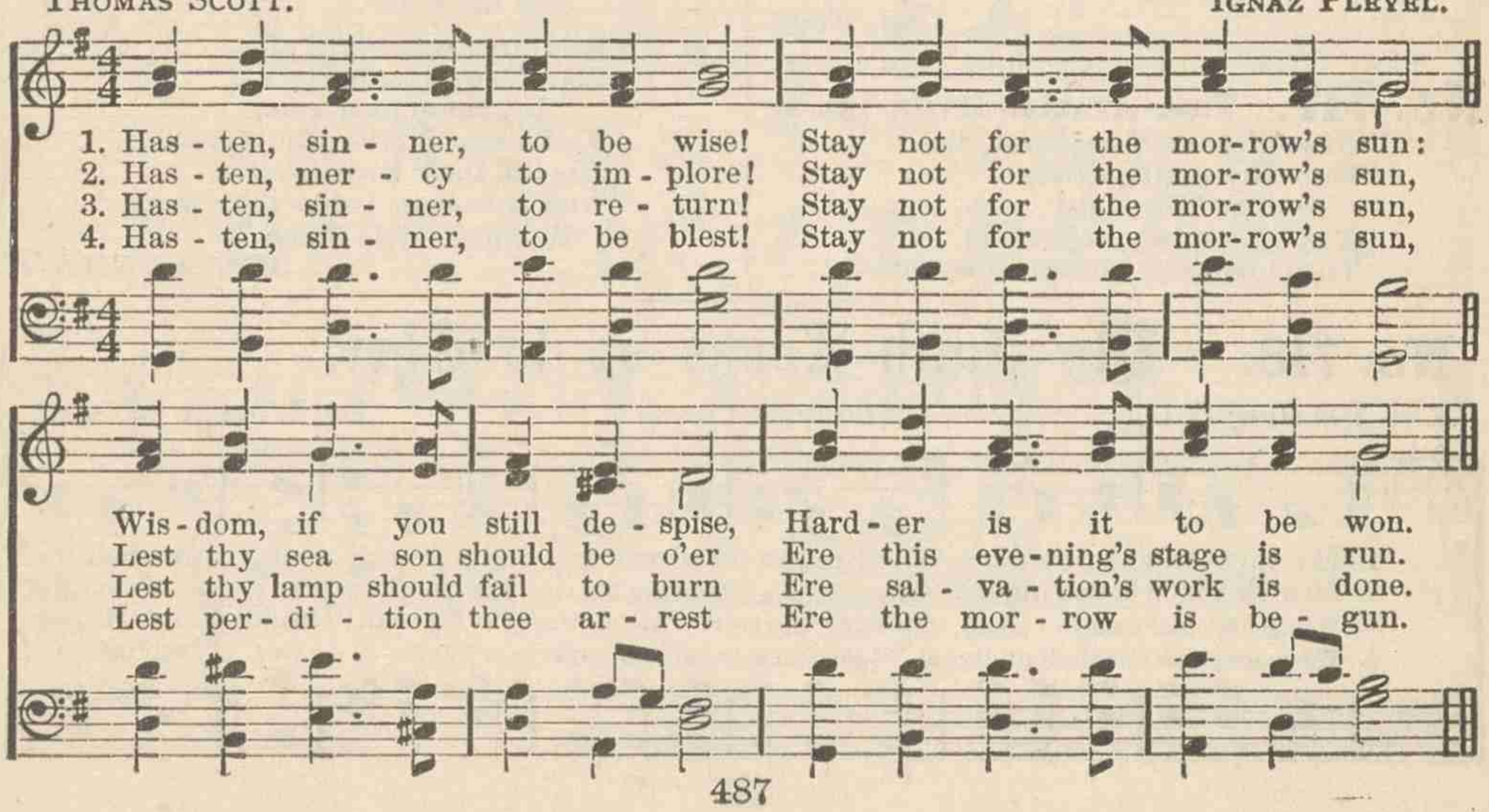
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

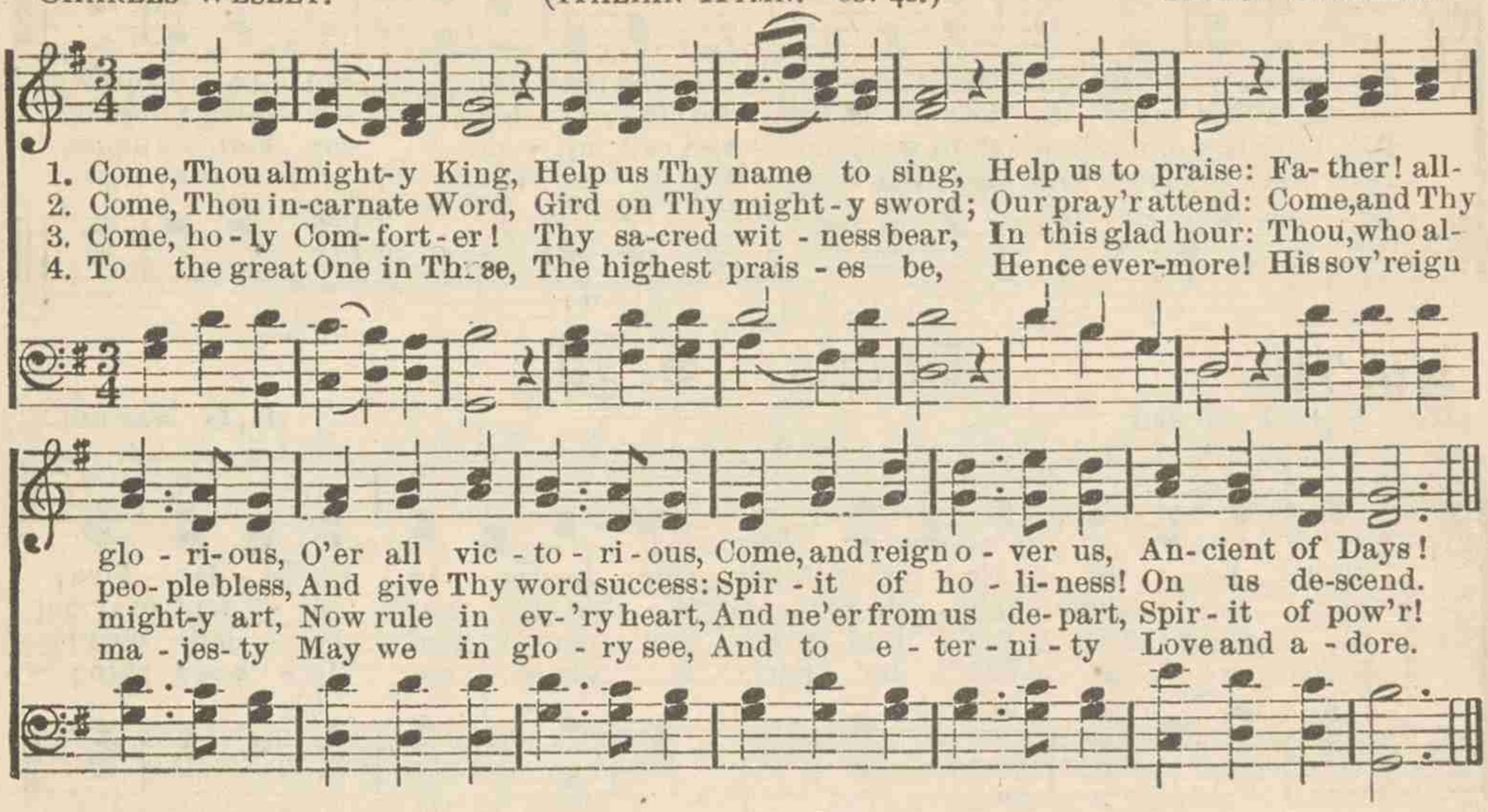
3 He wept that we might weep!
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benj. Beddome.

No. 714. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

Thomas Scott. Ignaz Pleyel.

No. 715. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.



No. 716. Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Thos. Kelly.

No. 717. Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine, have trod
The serpent down
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown!

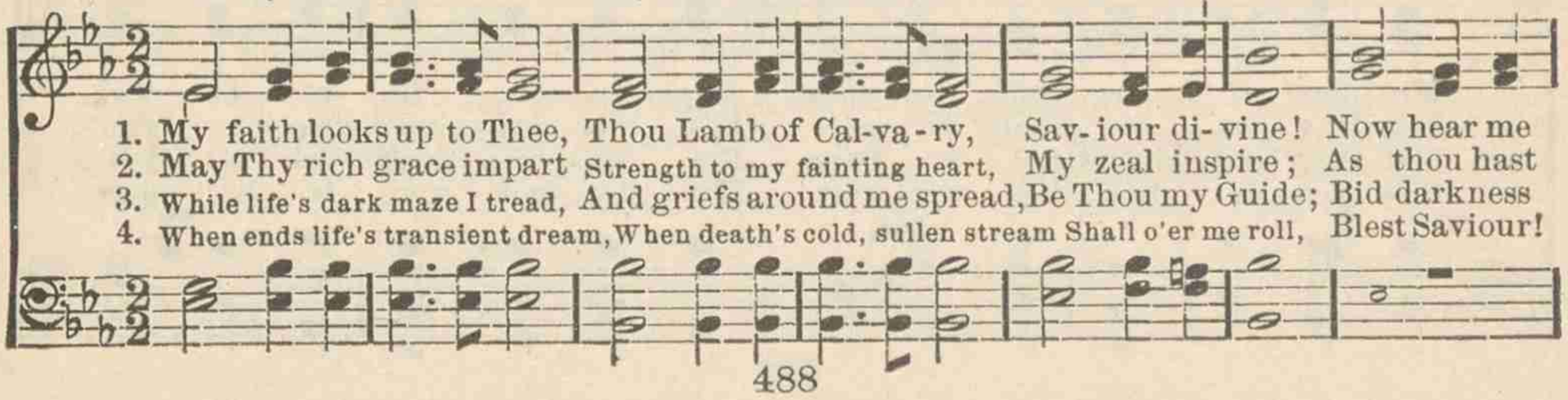
4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

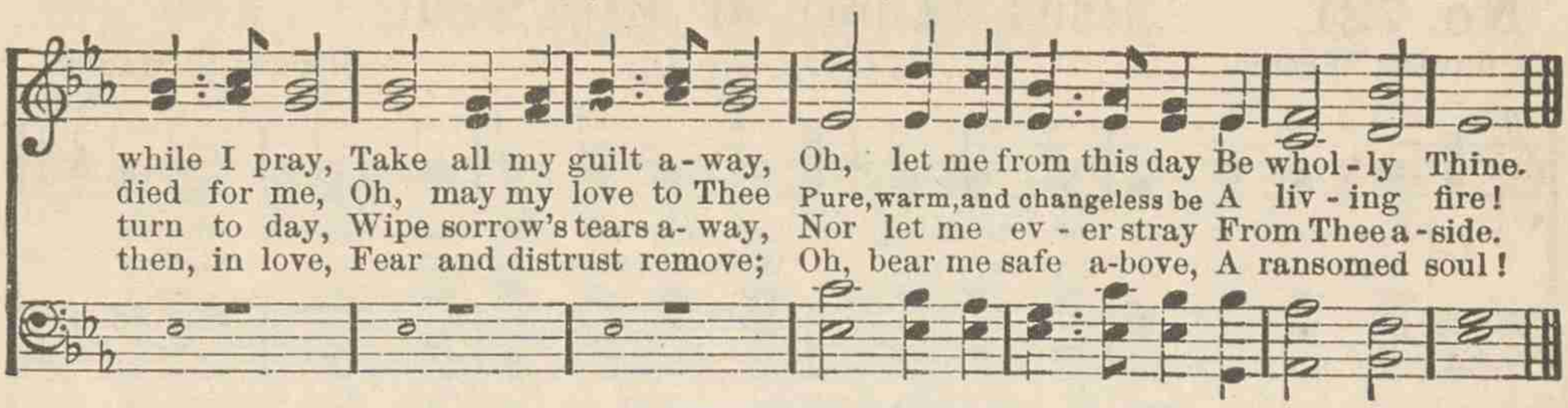
5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges.

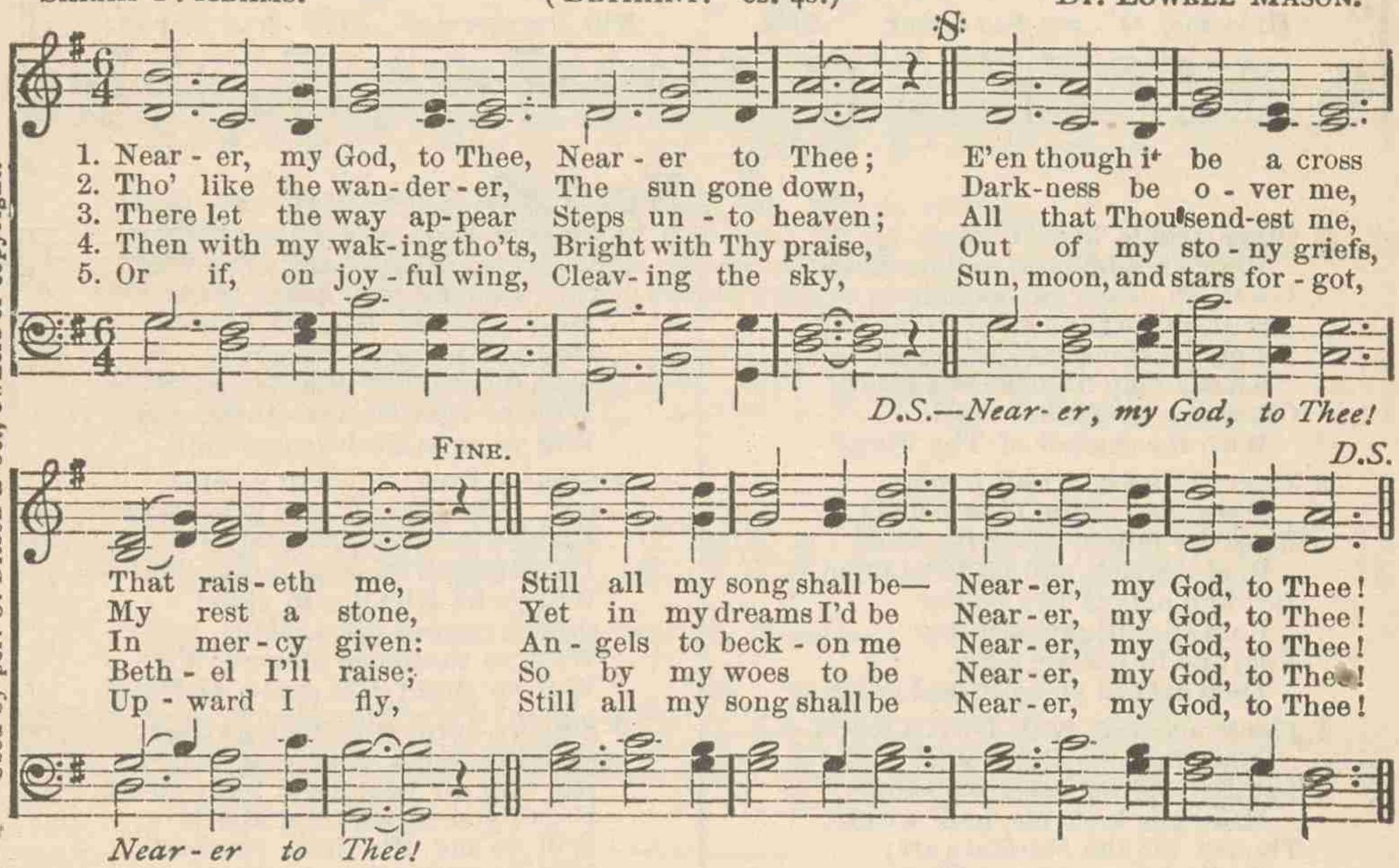
No. 718. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER, D.D. (OLIVET. 6s. 4s.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.



My Faith Looks up to Thee.

No. 719. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s. 4s.) DR. LOWELL MASON.



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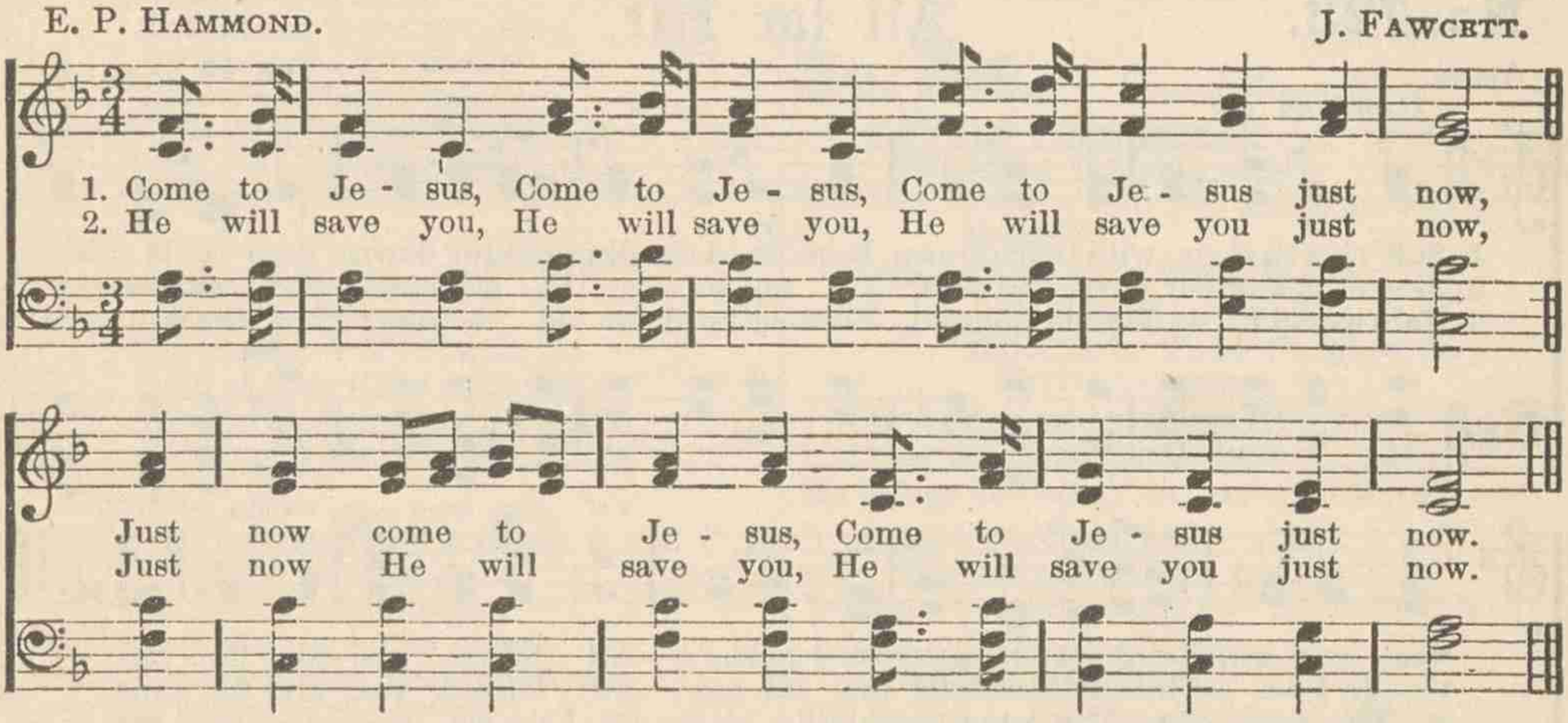
No. 720. Come to Jesus Just Now.

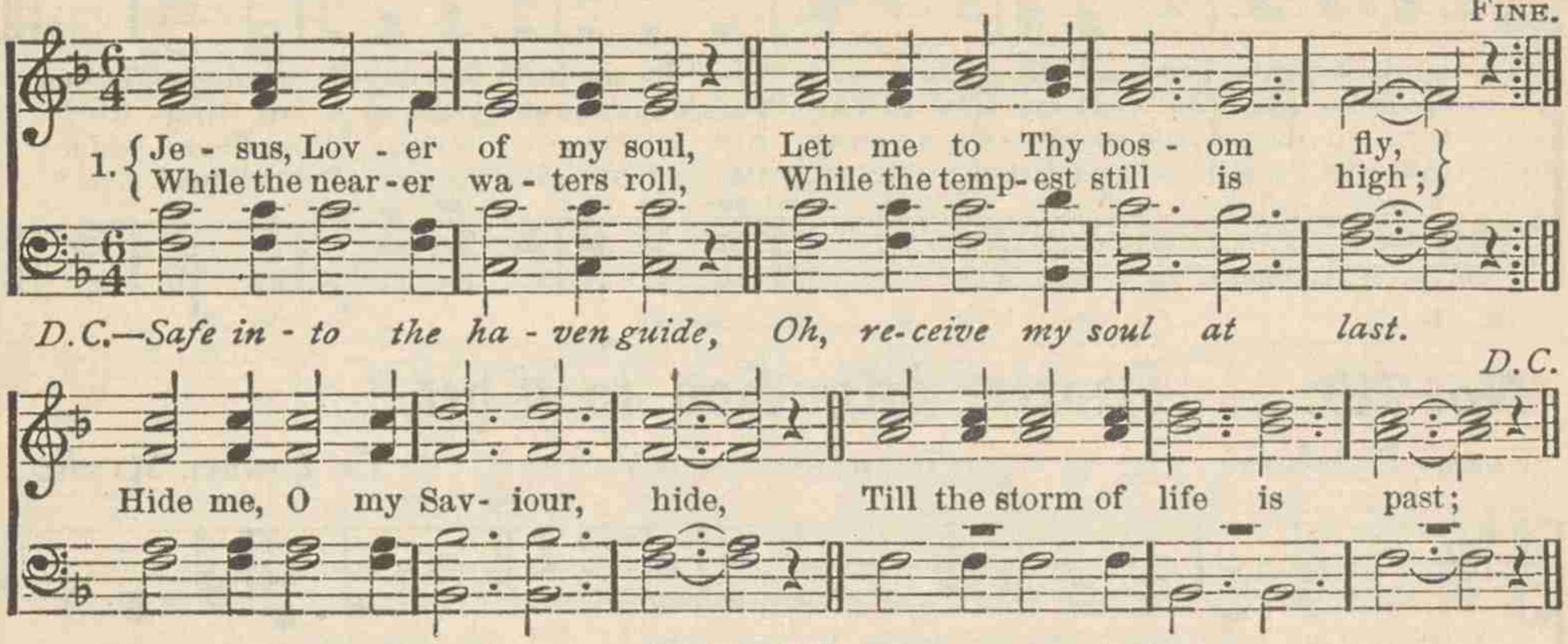
E. P. HAMMOND. J. FAWCETT.

3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc.
8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you'll trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.

No. 721. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTYN. 7s. D.) SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make me, 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.

No. 722. Tune—MARTYN. 7s. D.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live!
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, Why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

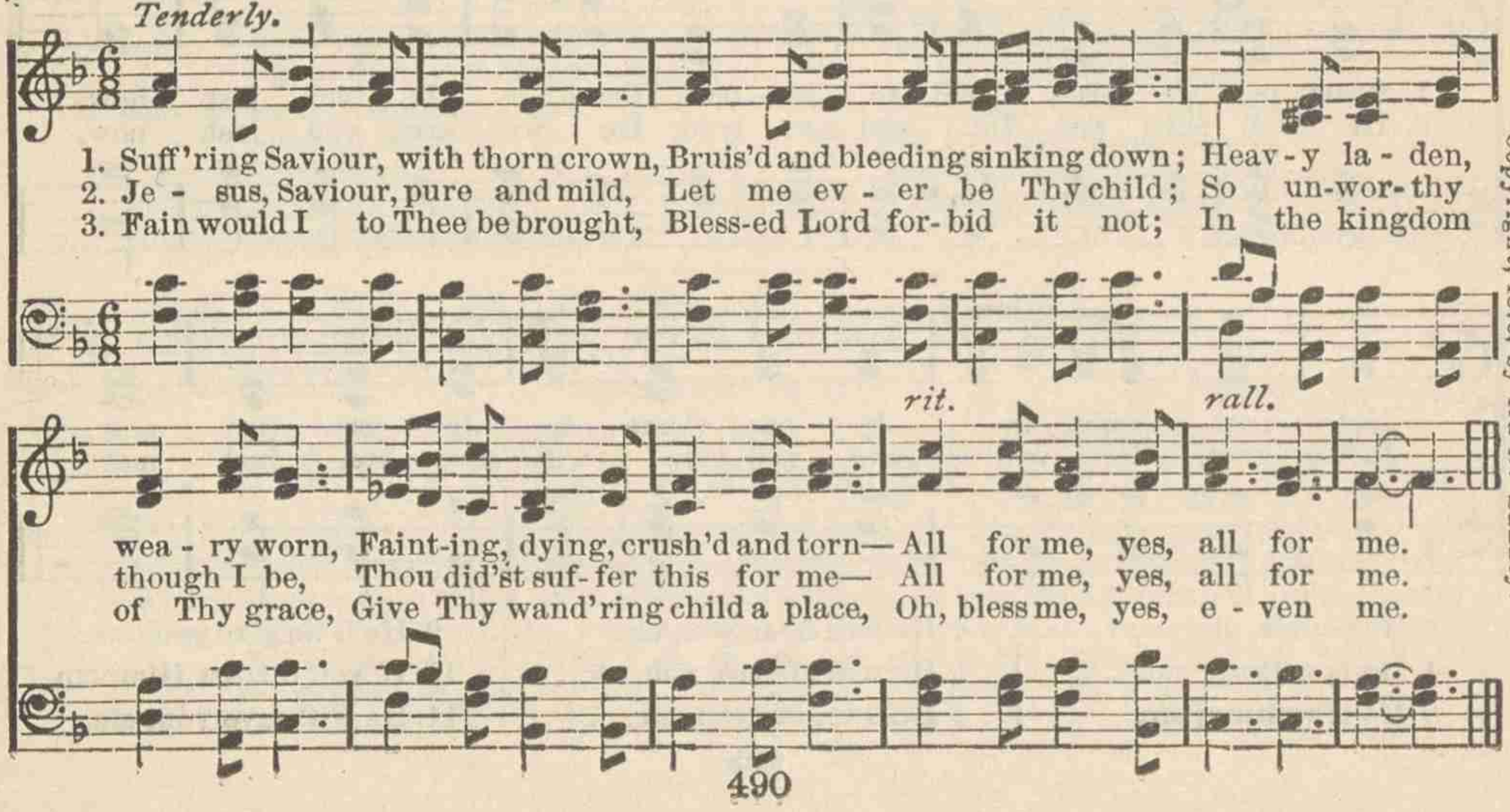
3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley.

No. 723. All for Me.

Anon. IRA D. SANKEY.

Tenderly.



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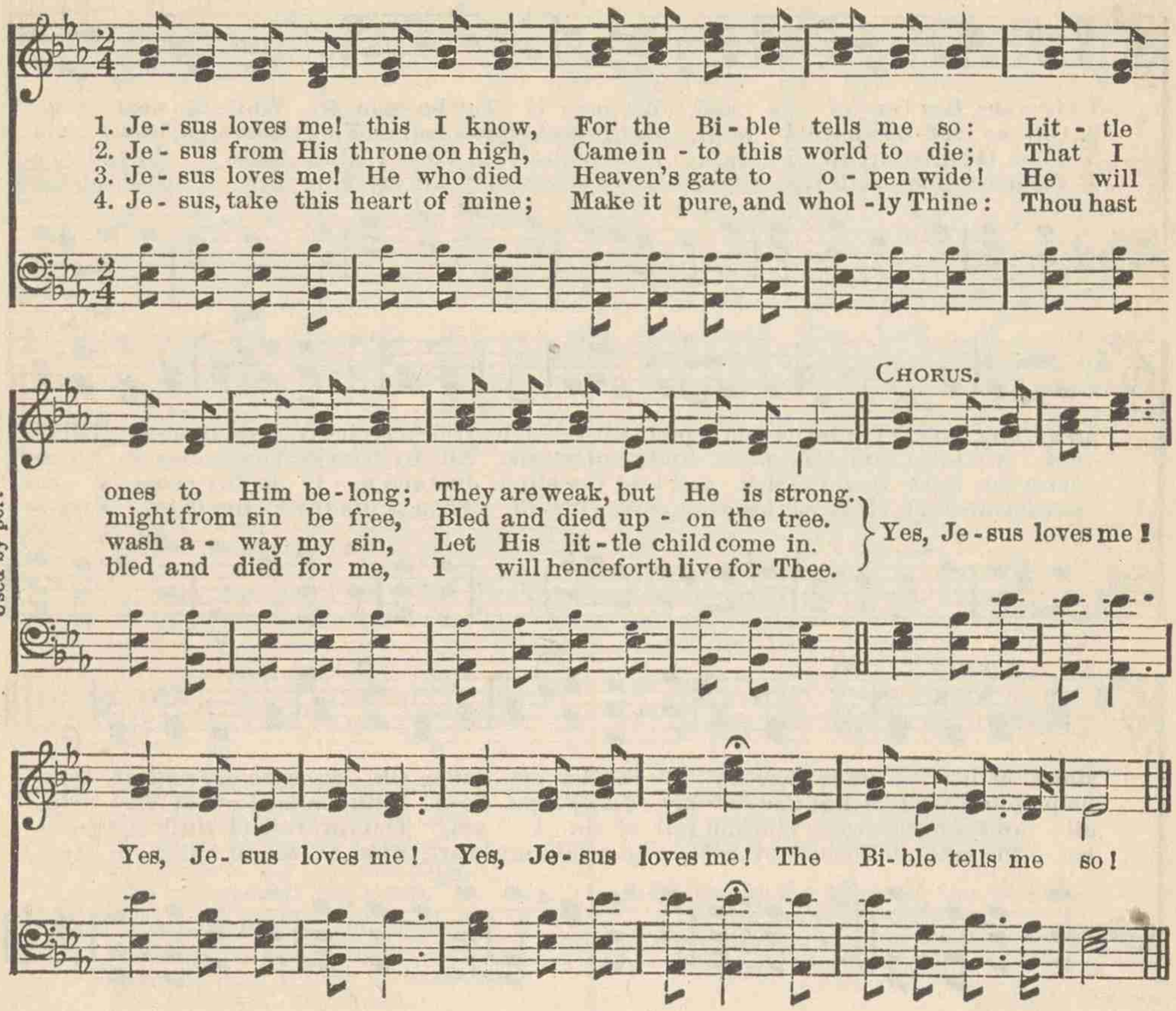
No. 724. Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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No. 725.

Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. No. 715.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name—
Ye who have felt His blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name—
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. Allen, alt.

No. 726.

(Tune, No. 19.)

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life and where joy, and true comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

5 And this I shall find
For such is his mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Rev. John Gambold.

No. 727. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found–Grace to cov - er all my sin: Let the heal - ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide, Till the
not a - lone Still sup - port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure with - in, Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my defenceless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all unrighteous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

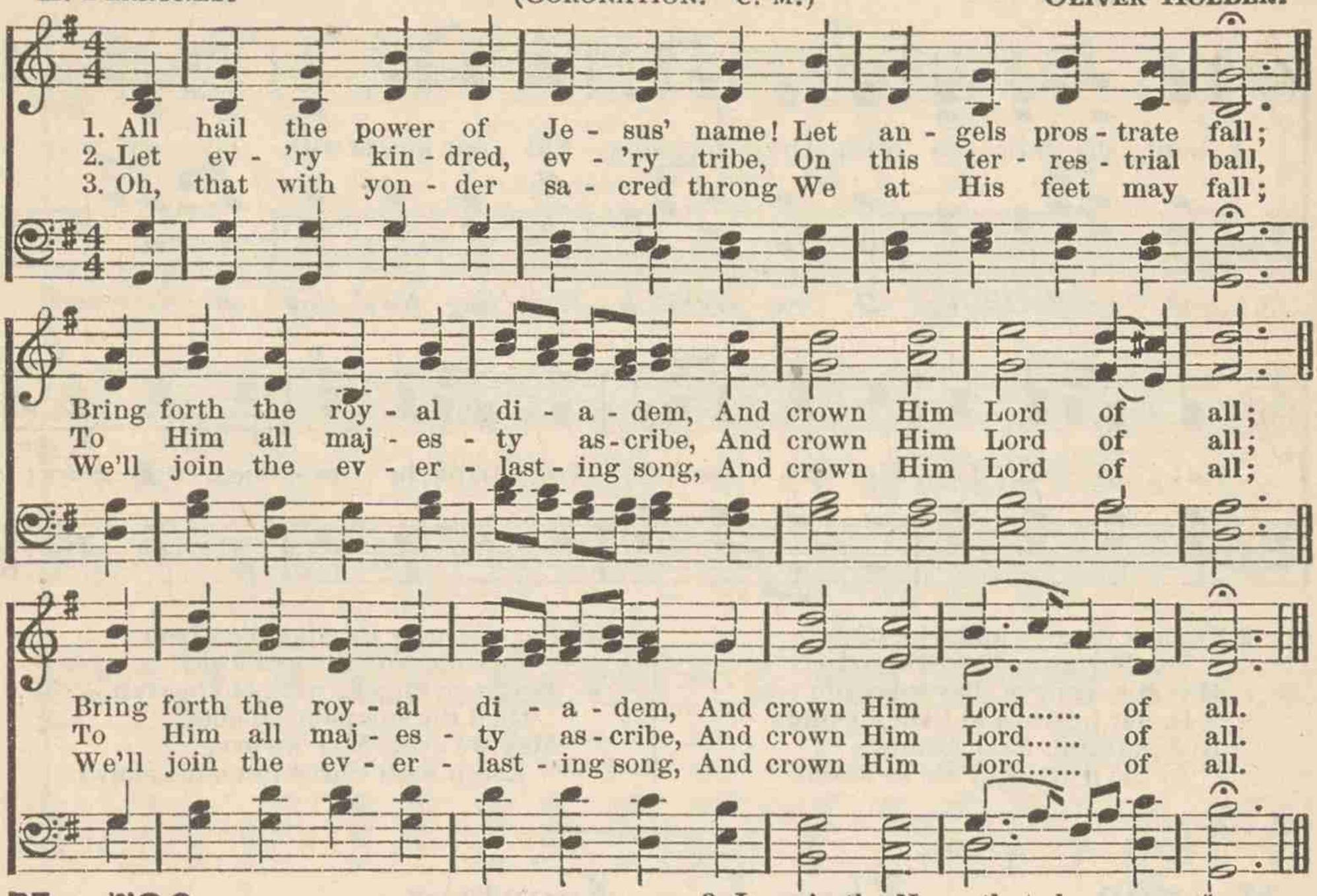
No. 728. Windham. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY DANIEL READ.

1 Stay, Thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de - spite,
2. Though I have most un - faith - ful been Of all who e'er Thy grace re - ceived;
3. Yet O, the chief of sinners spare, In hon - or of my great High Priest;
4. O Lord, my wea - ry soul re - lease, Up - raise me by Thy gra - cious hand;

Cast not the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last - ing flight.
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy good - ness grieved.
Nor in Thy right - eous an - ger swear, I shall not see Thy peo - ple's rest
Guide me in - to Thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the prom - ised land.

No. 729. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. (CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

No. 730. Tune—CORONATION. C. M.

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.

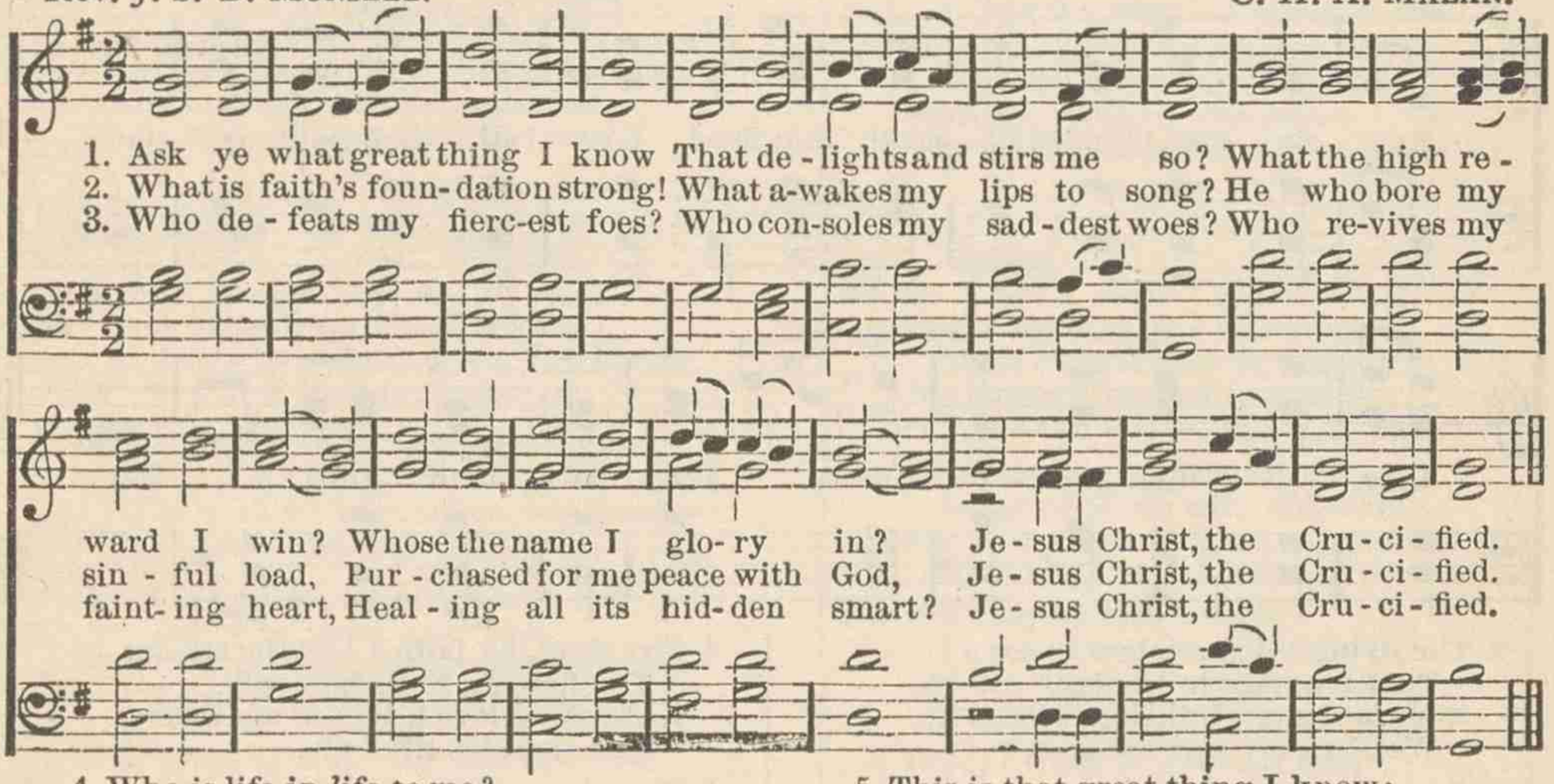
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

Charles Wesley.

No. 731. Hendon. 7s.

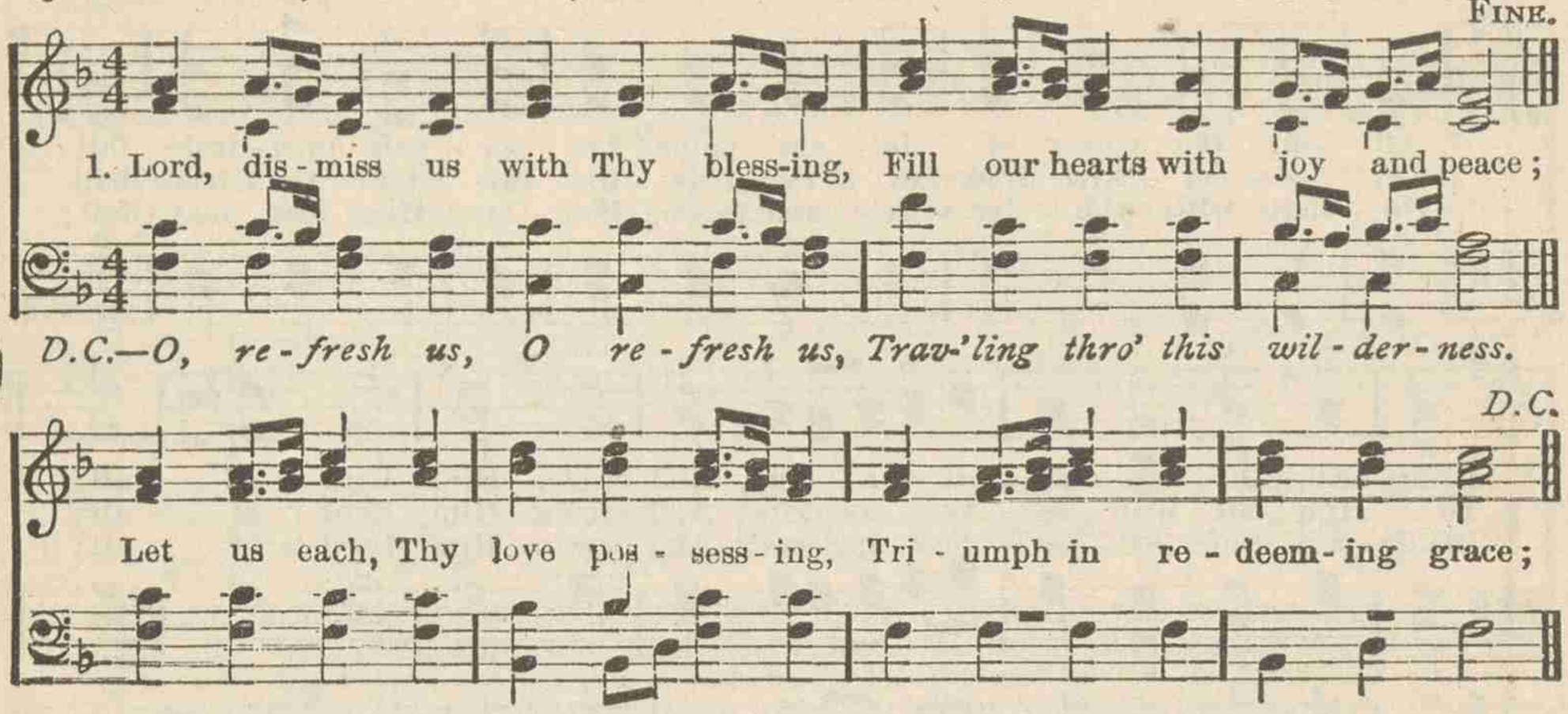
Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.



4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

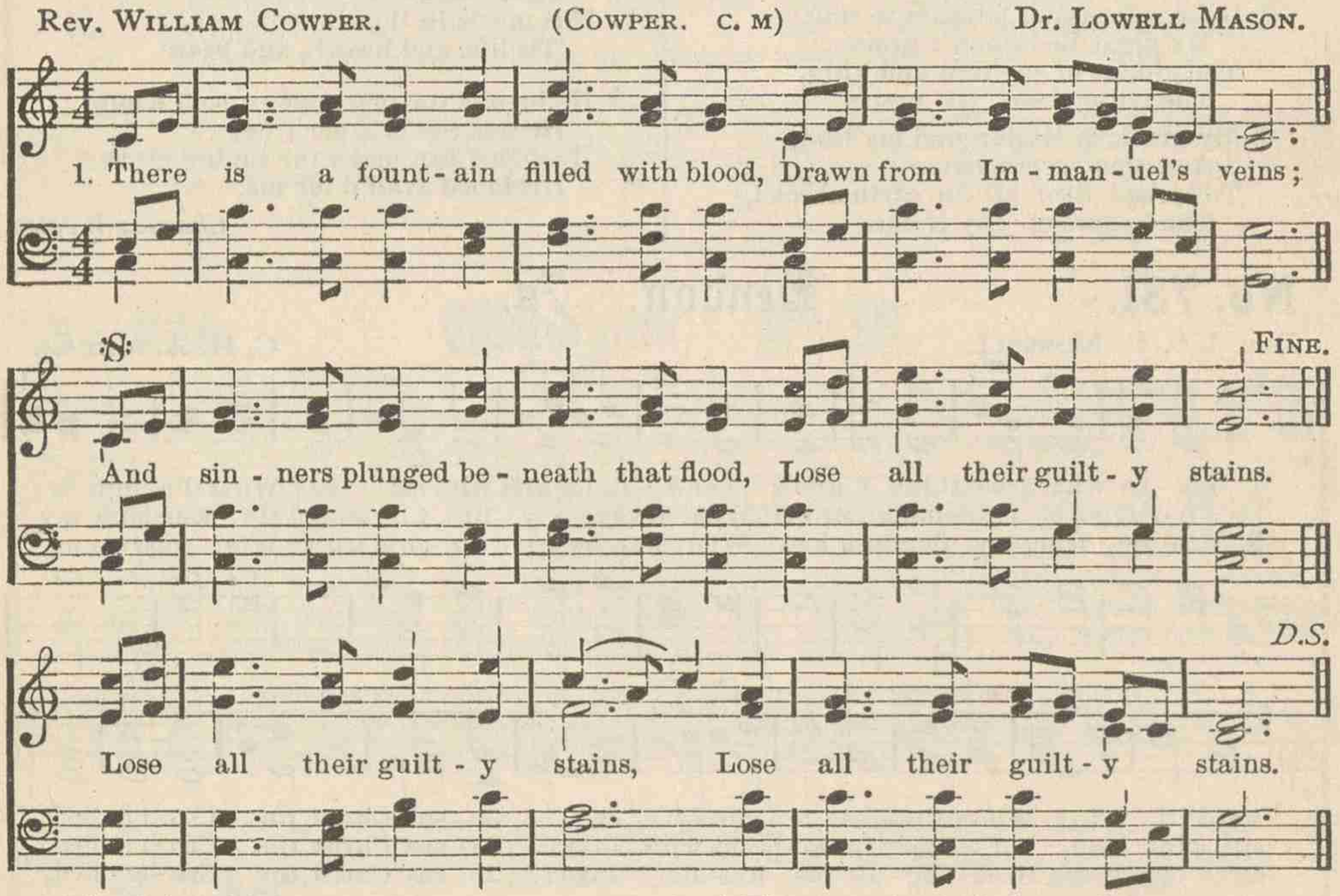
No. 732. Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. (GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. & 4.) J. J. ROSSEAU.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

No. 733. There is a Fountain.

Rev. WILLIAM COWPER. (COWPER. C. M) Dr. LOWELL MASON.



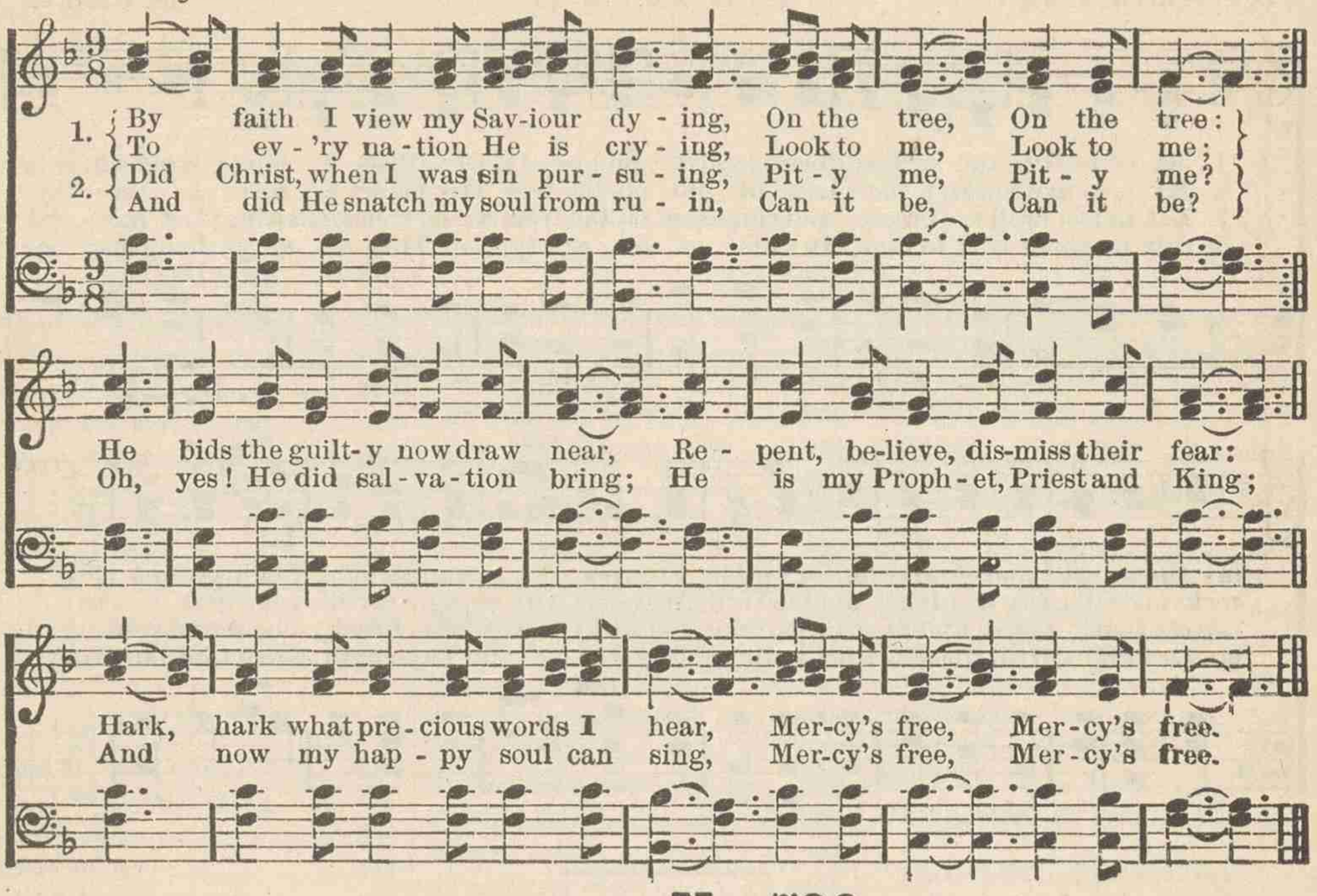
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

No. 734. Mercy's Free.

RICHARD JUKES. From D. F. E. AUBER.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 735. Tune—BELMONT. C. M. No. 678.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

No. 736. Tune—HENDON. 7s. No. 731.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :‖

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to Thee,
God has promised needful grace
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ‖

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :‖

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ‖

Wm. F. Lloyd.

No. 737. Tune—HENDON. 7s. No. 731.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer.
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

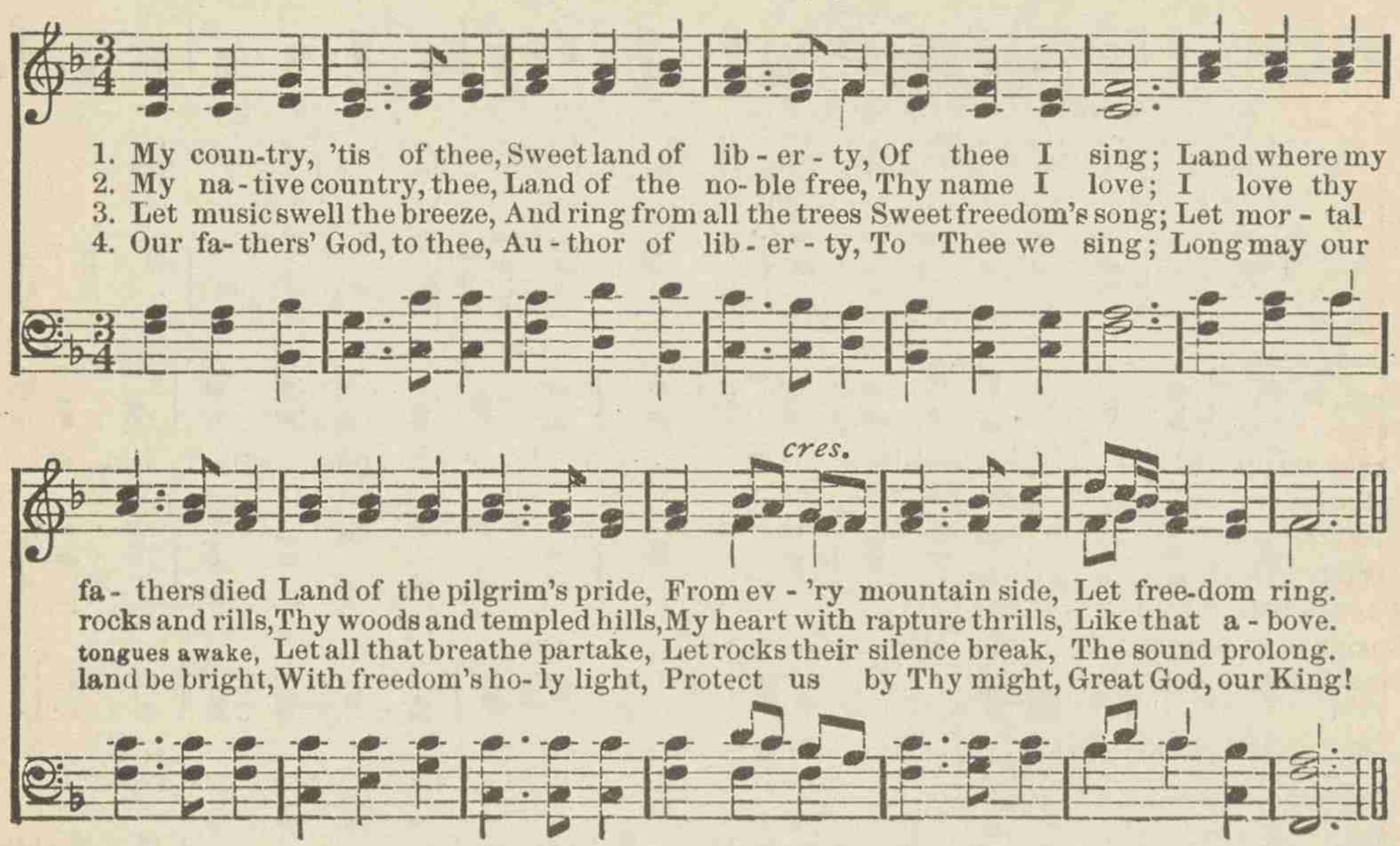
3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. John Newton.

No. 738. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

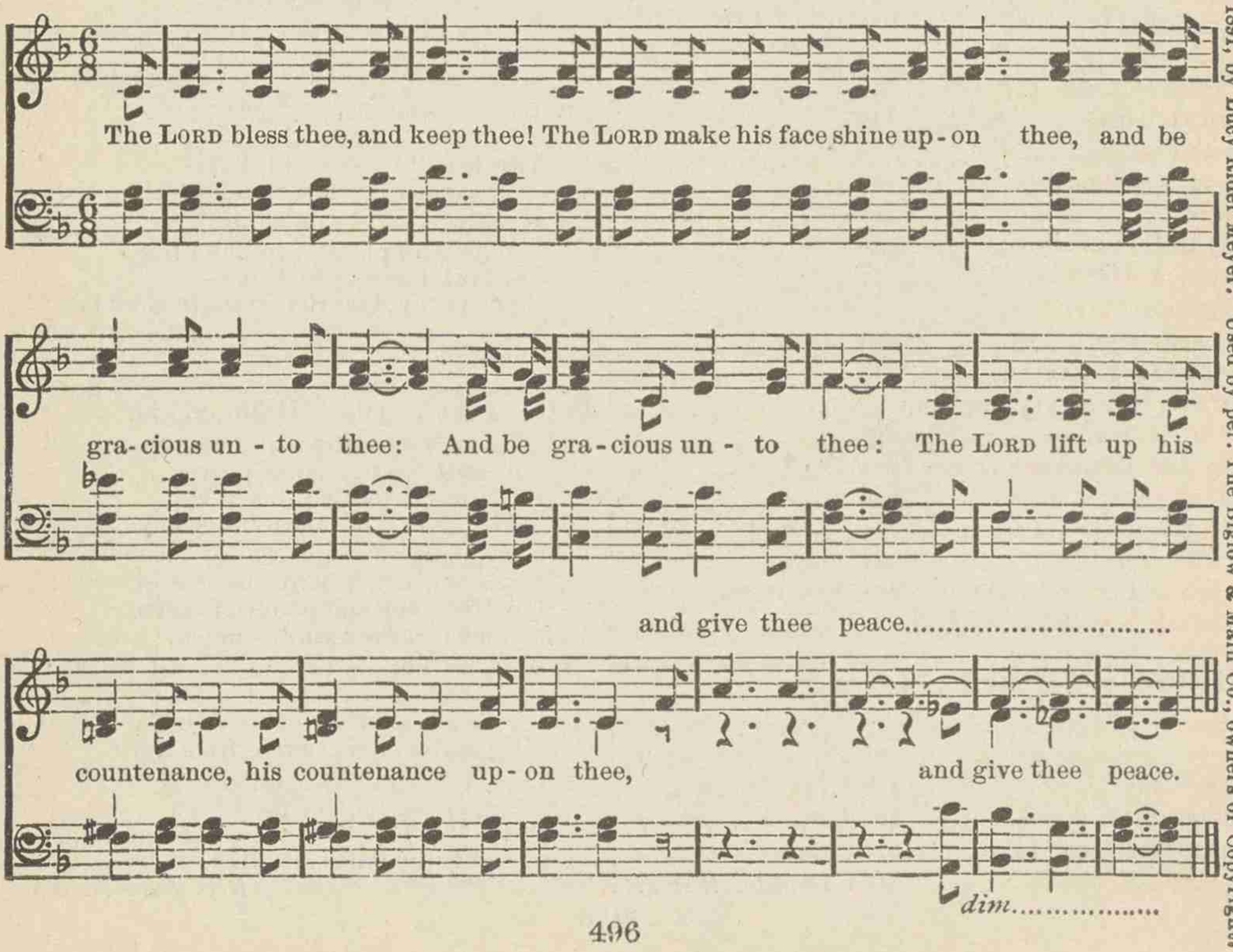
S. F. Smith, D.D. (America. 6s. 4s.) H. Carey.



No. 739. The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee.

(Written for Mr. Moody's Schools at Northfield, Mass.)

Num. 6: 24-26. Lucy Rider Meyer.



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TOPICAL INDEX.

GOSPEL HYMNS, 1 TO 6 COMPLETE.

ADOPTION.

Arise, my soul, arise.....653
Behold, what love.....580
Come, prodigal, come!.....197
I am now a child of God.....666
I know that my Redeemer.....253
In the land of strangers.....337
My Father is rich.....302
O child of God.....275
Ring the bells of heaven.....622
Singing as we journey.....235
Sons of God.....359

ASSURANCE.

Arise, my soul, arise.....653
Ask ye what great thing.....731
Blessed assurance.....304
Christ for me!.....142
Fade, fade each earthly.....647
Fully persuaded..... 49
He holds the key.....399
He knows.....181
How do I know my sins.....439
I know I love Thee.....294
I know not why.....272
I know that my Redeemer.....253
I must walk thro' the valley.....341
Jesus is mine.....647
Look unto Me.....343
Lord, I care not for riches.....209
Mine!.....157
My God, I have found.....726
My hope is built on.....654
My Jesus, I love Thee.....586
O happy day.....543
Rejoice in the Lord.....278
Safe in the arms of Jesus..... 6
That will be Heaven.....621
The pearl of greatest.....176
This I know.....242
'Tis the promise of God..... 5
Verily, verily.....132
When peace, like a river.....573
Wishing, hoping, knowing..... 46

BLOOD of CHRIST (The).

Alas! and did my..... 79
Arise, my soul arise!.....653
Behold a fountain.....273
Blessed be the fountain.....361
Come, every soul by sin.....587
Fountain of purity.....511
Hallelujah! 'tis done..... 5
How sweet the joy.....422
I am sweeping thro' the.....666
I gave My life for thee.....600
I hear Thy welcome voice.....595
It is finished.....159
Jesus is mighty to save.....109
Just as I am.....682
My hope is built on.....654
My soul will overcome.....210
Not all the blood of beasts.....689
Nothing but the blood.....195
O Christ, what burdens..... 39
O who is this.....322
On Calvary's brow.....356
Precious blood.....208
Rock of Ages..... 21
Saved by the blood.....140
Saviour, more than life to.....593
There is a fountain.....733
There is a green hill.....601
When God the way.....455
When I survey the wondrous...491
Whiter than snow.....82, 558
Whoever receiveth the.....387

CHILDREN.

Alas! and did.....305
Christ has for sin.....413
Come to the Saviour.....636
Dare to be a Daniel!.....652
Hear me, blessed Jesus.....436
Holy is the Lord.....467
How do I know my sins.....439
I cannot tell how precious.....137
Jesus loves even me..... 18
Jesus loves me.....724
Never shone a light so.....432
O, I am so happy.....147
O, list to the watchman.....547
Only for Thee.....255
Ring the bells of Heaven.....622
Saviour, like a shepherd.....660
Scatter seeds of kindness..... 86
Singing all the time.....156
Sowing in the morning.....609
Standing by a purpose.....652
Take the name of Jesus..... 47
The light of the world.....626
The sweet story of old.....201
The whole world was lost.....626
Triumph by-and-by.....165
We are children of a King.....235
We're marching to Zion.....567
When He cometh.....638
"Whosoever heareth".....618

CHRIST A FRIEND.

Come to the Saviour.....636
I've found a friend in.....367
I've found a Friend, oh.....584
Jesus knows thy sorrow.....565
Jesus, Thy name I love.....307
Saviour, more than life.....593
Sometimes I catch sweet.....397
There is a Name I love.....360
What a friend we have.....583

CHRIST SEEKING.

Behold a Stranger.....450
Come, thou weary.....267
In the silent midnight..... 93
Jesus Christ is passing.....620
Jesus of Nazareth..... 9
Knocking, knocking.....648
Out on the desert, seeking.....513
Seeking to save..... 89
The ninety and nine.....570

CHRIST SOUGHT BY THE SINNER.

A sinner forgiven..... 44
Bless me now..... 23
Come, my soul!.....737
Fully persuaded..... 49
I am coming.....224
I am coming to the cross.....658
I bring my sins to Thee..... 73
I hear Thy welcome voice.....595
I stood outside the gate..... 85
Just as I am.....682
O, tender and sweet!.....612
Pass me not.....585
She only touched the hem.....657
Take me as I am!.....226-235
What shall I do?.....117

CROSS of CHRIST (The).

Alas! and did my..... 79
Beneath the Cross..... 32
Bless me now!..... 23
From the Bethlehem manger...488
I am coming to the cross.....658

NO.

In the cross of Christ.....698
I've passed the Cross.....238
Jesus, keep me near.....598
"Man of Sorrows" 645
Must Jesus bear the cross? 112
Nearer the cross 320
Near the cross 598
On Calvary's brow.....356
Once for all..... 13
Paradise.....163
Rejoice and be glad! 19
The cross it standeth.....400
The gate ajar 12
There's a royal banner 381
When I survey.....709

CHRIST, THE SHEPHERD.

Out on the mountain.....456
Saviour, like a Shepherd 660
The Lord's my Shepherd.....678
The ninety and nine 570

COMING of CHRIST (The).

A little while 76
Arise and shine.....103
Behold, the bridegroom..... 81
Christ is coming 605
Christ returneth 651
Crown Him!.....619
Do you see the Hebrew.....643
He is coming.....285
How happy are we 134
I am He that liveth 350
I am waiting.....232, 487
I know not the hour.....621
It may be at morn... 651
Jesus is coming 234
Look, ye saints.....619
On that bright and golden.....338
Our Lord is now rejected.....611
Our Saviour will descend.....426
Soon shall we see the.....644
The crowning day.....611
The Lord is coming.....449
Thou art coming.....152
Till He come! 265
'Tis a true and faithful.....427
Watchman, tell me..... 95
We shall reign.....198
Weary gleaner in the field.....296
When I shall wake.....485
When Jesus comes..... 37
Will Jesus find us.....659

CONFESSION.

Afflictions, tho' they seem.....326
Alas! and did my.....305
Am I a soldier 494

NO.

Awake, my soul, to joyful.....407
Behold, how plain.....522
Christ for me.....142
Depth of mercy! 57, 207
I am not skilled.....510
I heard the voice of Jesus 649
I hear the Saviour say.....588
I looked to Jesus 333
I love to tell the story 30
I need Thee every hour.....597
I waited for the Lord.....703
I was once far away.....382
In Thy great loving.....558
Jesus, and shall it ever be 704
Just as I am 682
Just a word for Jesus..... 77
Mine! 157
My Jesus, I love Thee.....586
O, hear my cry.....339
Once I was dead in sin 686
Repeat the story o'er.....650
So let our lips and lives 625
Stand up, stand up.....615
Tell me more about Jesus 249
Tell me the old, old story..... 28
The half was never told.....650
The mistakes of my life.....100
The pearl of greatest.....176
We're marching to Canaan..... 78
We take the guilty.....239
Where are the nine?..... 8
Who is on the Lord's side.....236
Young men in Christ 502

COMMUNION, or THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Alas! and did my..... 79
Come, for the feast is spread.....101
Not all the blood of beasts.....689
Till He come!.....265, 364
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's...474
When I survey the wondrous...491

GRACE.

A sinner forgiven 44
Amazing grace! how sweet.....680
Awake and sing the.....692
Be present at our table..... 3
Come ye that love the Lord.....567
Grace, 'tis a charming sound ... 35
I heard the voice of Jesus.....649
We thank Thee, Lord..... 4

CONSECRATION.

All-seeing, Gracious God.....216
Blessed Saviour.....475
Christ for me 142
Closer, Lord, to Thee.....277

NO.

Fade, fade, each earthly 647
Fully persuaded..... 49
I am coming to the cross 658
I am Thine 572
I belong to Jesus 464
I bring my sins to Thee 73
I bring to Thee.....512
I gave my life for Thee.....600
I wait for Thee.....498
Jesus, I my cross have 263
Jesus, my Lord 335
Just as I am 682
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat 516
Lord Jesus, I long to be.. 82
More holiness give me.....594
More love to Thee..... 61
My faith looks up.....718
My Jesus, as Thou wilt.....372
Nearer, my God.....719
Nearer the cross 320
None of Self.....149
Not my own 203
O cease, my wandering.....376
O for a heart.....735
One day the Shepherd.....434
Only for Thee 255
O, to be nothing..... 48
Out of my bondage.....281
Saviour, more than life.....593
Saviour! Thy dying love.....591
Search me, O Lord.....480
Something for Jesus 591
Take me as I am.....226
Take my life and let 124
Take time to be holy 448
Thine, Jesus, Thine.....120
Thou, my everlasting 599
True-hearted 518
Wholly Thine 62

ETERNITY.

Along the river of time.....264
Eternity dawns.....158
Home of the soul..... 15
O, the clanging bells of time.....603
Pray, brethren, pray 591
The sands of time..... 67

FAITH.

Can it be right.....150
Encamped along the hills.....524
Faith is a living power 711
Fear not.....314
From the depths 561
Have faith in God.....370
Hope on 418
How do I know my sins 439
I believed in God's wonderful...288
I cried to God.....557

NO.

I do not ask.....457
I know not why God's.....272
I left it all with Jesus..... 53
I need Thee every hour.....597
My faith looks up.....718
My faith still clings.....175
O child of God.....275
O, for a faith!.....707
O, I left it all with Jesus 206
O spirit, o'erwhelmed 88
She only touched.....657
The hem of His garment 657
The Lord's my Shepherd.....678
'Tis the promise of God 5
Verily, verily!.....132
We are coming home.....503

FEAR NOT.

Be ye strong in the Lord.....357
Fear not.....314
How firm a foundation 613
O brother, life's journey.....312
O Christian trav'ler.....390
Oh, weary pilgrim 351
Rejoice in the Lord 278
While shepherds watched.....693
You're starting, my boy.....401

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

At the feet of Jesus 75
Beulah Land 608
Blessed Saviour.....475
Christ for me 142
Close to Thee 599
Come near me 129
Fade, fade, each earthly.....647
He came to Bethany 240
Hear Thou my prayer.....216
I am Thine, O Lord.....572
I need Thee every hour.....597
In times of sorrow 493
I've found a friend.....584
Jesus is mine 647
Jesus only 141
Joy in sorrow..... 70
Mine!.....157
More love to Thee..... 61
More of Jesus.....490
My Jesus, I love Thee.....586
None but Christ can 196
O daughter, take good.....542
O happy day.....543
O, how He loves 27
O, I am so happy 147
O I love to talk with 496
O, sing of His mighty..... 34
O, word of words.....644

NO.

Only for Thee!.....255
Quiet, Lord, my 466
Safe in the arms 6
Saviour, more than life to.....593
Sun of my soul.....674
Take the name of Jesus 47
Thine, Jesus, Thine!..... 120
The valley of blessing.....104
What a friend we have.....583

FUNERAL and BURIAL.

Beyond the light of.....530
Beyond the smiling and 602
Blessed hope.....135
Gathering home 220
Give me the wings 96
In the Christian's home 673
Jesus, Lover of my soul.....727
My heavenly home.....484
Not now, but in the 533
O, think of the home..... 54
Safe in the arms 6
Shall we gather 669
Shall we meet beyond 108
Sleep on, beloved.....526
There's a land that is 110
There is a land of pure..... 16
We shall meet by-and-by 604
We shall sleep, but not..... 94
When peace, like a river 573

GOD'S WORD.

Eternal life God's word 508
He lives and loves.....552
How firm a foundation 613

GUIDANCE.

All the way my 42
Blessed Saviour.....475
Brightly gleams our banner 186
Dark is the night 68
Down in the valley.....564
Father, take my hand.....188
Guide me, O Thou great 394
He knows! 181
He leadeth me 637
Hold Thou my hand.....356
I must walk thro' the 341
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....366
Lead, kindly Light.....454
Lead me on.....237
O I love to talk with 496
Over Jordan 204
Precious promise..... 36
Saviour, lead me 477
Saviour, like a shepherd.....660
Saviour, more than life.....593
Take Thou my hand.....486

NO.

The Lord's my shepherd 678
Thou, my everlasting 599
Through the valley.....113
Trav'ling to the better land.....458

HEAVEN.

"ALMOST THERE."

A light upon the shore.....123
A little while..... 76
Deliverance will come.....225
Gathering home.....220
I am now a child of God 666
I am waiting.....232
I'm a pilgrim.....105
Looking home 708
My days are gliding.....665
My latest sun is sinking..... 97
O think of the home..... 54
O to be over yonder..... 40
One sweetly solemn thought.....102
On Jordan's stormy banks.....179
The sands of time.....252
'Twill not be long.....248
Waiting!.....256
We are waiting by the 699

HEAVEN.

After the toil.....446
Beautiful valley of Eden.....138
Beyond the light of.....530
Beyond the smiling and the.....602
Blessed homeland.....144
Forever with Jesus.....154
Give me the wings of..... 96
Hark, hark! my soul.....393
Home at last!..... 99
Home of the soul..... 15
How oft our souls 499
I am far frae my hame.....607
I am waiting for 487
I know not the hour.....621
In the Christian's home 673
In the presence of the..... 40
Is my name written there 209
I've reached the land.....608
Jerusalem! my happy.....380
Meet me there.....289
My heavenly home.....484
Not half has ever been 183
Not now, but in.....533
O golden day.....405
O land of the blessed.....319
On that bright and golden.....338
Onward, upward, home.....269
Over Jordan 204
Press on 540
Rise up and hasten.....200
Safe home 354

NO.

Safe in the arms..... 6
Safe upon the heavenly.....482
Shall we gather.....669
Shall we meet.....108
Sitting by the gateway.....389
Some day we say.....403
Soon will come the 473
Ten thousand times.....155
That will be Heaven for.....621
The heavenly land..... 71
The Lamb is the Light.....133
The Palace of the King 114
There's a beautiful land.....655
There's a land that is 110
There is a calm.....383
There is a land of pure.....146
There is a land which.....349
There is a Paradise.....453
'Tis a goodly pleasant land 114
'Tis only a little way.....459
To be there! 143
Waiting and watching.....116
We are going home.....218
We'll gather there in.....250
We're going home to-morrow... 17
We're marching to Zion.....567
We shall meet 604
We shall reach the summer.....371
What must it be to be there!...160
When the mists have.....411
When we get home.....182
When we reach our 173
When we gather at last.....316
Yes, we'll meet again.....437
"Yet there is room".....642

HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy spirit.....462
Come, Thou almighty 215
Holy Ghost, with light.....430
Holy Spirit, faithful..... 31
Holy Spirit, Teacher.....443
More to follow..... 22
O Holy Spirit, come!.....687
Revive Thy work 571
Spirit of truth 695
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit.....728
Take Thou my hand 486
The Spirit and the Bride 409
The Spirit, O sinner..... 29
There shall be showers.....315
We bow our knees.....395
When the Comforter 58
Would we be joyful 667

INVITATION.

Almost persuaded.....569
Are you coming home?.....184
Behold, a fountain 273

NO.

Calling now 10
Call them in!..... 72
Child of sin and sorrow 241
Come believing!.....245
Come, come to Jesus.....388
Come, every soul!.....587
Come, for the feast.....101
Come home! Come home! 627
"Come now!" saith.....668
Come, prodigal, come!.....197
Come to Jesus!.....378
Come to the Saviour!.....636
Come unto Me 353
Come, with thy sins.....274
Come, ye disconsolate! 661
Come, ye sinners, poor 670
Expostulation.....111
God calling yet.....375
Hasten, sinner, to be wise 714
Have you any room for?.....568
Hear the blessed invitation.....481
In the land of strangers.....337
Jesus calls thee!.....122
Jesus Christ is passing 620
Jesus is tenderly calling.....308
Look unto Me.....343
O come to the merciful 509
O come to the Saviour..... 55
O do not let the word.....656
O list to the watchman.....547
O tender and sweet.....612
O tender beseechings.....505
O wand'ring souls.....325
O what will you do.....373
O wonderful words.....276
O word of words! 644
Only a step to Jesus..... 66
Out of the ark.....115
Out on the desert.....513
Out on the mountain.....456
Over the line.....612
Return, O wanderer.....478
Sinners, Jesus will receive.....331
Sinners, turn! 722
Softly and tenderly.....324
"Stretch forth thy hand".....532
The Gospel bells 125
The Gospel trumpet's.....148
The prodigal child 627
There is life for a look.....635
The valley of blessing.....104
The whole world was.....626
There's a Stranger at the.....332
The Spirit and the Bride.....409
Tho' your sins be as.....549
To-day the Saviour.....630
Troubled heart, thy God.....506
Turn thee, O lost one 479
Where is thy refuge?.....185

NO.

Wherever we may go.....286
While Jesus whispers 410
While life prolongs.....684
While we pray.....428
Whoever receiveth the.....387
Whosoever will 618
Why do you linger.....419
Why do you wait.....130
Why not to-night? 656
Yes, there is pardon..... 55

JOY.

Yet there is room! 642
As lives the flower.....471
Blessed assurance.....304
Christ for me!.....142
Come into His presence.....517
Come sing, my soul 199
Come, ye that love 567
How happy are we! 134
How sweet the joy.....422
I've found a joy..... 70
I will sing the wondrous.....406
In the shadow of His.....306
Joy to the world.....126
Look up! Look up!.....476
My God, I have found.....726
My life flows on.....244
My soul is happy.....223
O child of God.....275
O crown of rejoicing 91
O happy day.....543
O Lord! my soul.....507
O I am so happy 147
O praise the Lord.....318
O weary pilgrim 351
Rejoice! rejoice, believer.....352
Rejoice with me.....164
Rejoice! ye saints.....431
Ring the bells of heaven.....622
Singing all the time.....156
Singing as we journey.....235
Songs of gladness.....303
The pearl of greatest.....176
There is joy among.....171

LOVE.

Awake, my soul, to..... 407
Behold, what love.....580
"For God so loved" 329
God is love!.....279, 671
God loved the world.....623
Have you on the Lord..... 22
How sweet, O Lord 520
I gave my life for 600
I have heard of a Saviour's..... 74
I know I love Thee.....294
I love to tell the story..... 30
It passeth knowledge.....632

NO.

I've found a friend!.....584
Jesus loves even me..... 18
Jesus loves me.....724
Jesus, the very thought 368
Jesus, Thy name I love 307
Jesus wept.....702
Let us sing of the love.....311
More love to thee 61
More than tongue can.....215
My Redeemer.....577
My Jesus, I love Thee 586
None but Christ can 196
O how he loves! 27
O sing of his mighty..... 34
Once I was dead in sin.....686
Repeat the story.....650
Safe in the arms 6
Saviour, more than life 593
Something for Jesus.....591
Sometimes I catch sweet 397
Songs of gladness.....303
Souls of men 336
Spirit of truth.....695
Tell me the old, old story 28
Thee will I love.....559
The half was never.....650
There is a name I love 360
There is love 240
There's a wideness in 521
We have felt the love.....472
Wonderful love.....507

MISCELLANEOUS.

As I wandered 'round 344
My country, 'tis of thee 738
Standing by a purpose.....652
Well, wife, I've found.....408

MISSIONARY.

Bringing in the sheaves 609
Cast thy bread upon.....546
From Greenland's icy..... 41
Go work in my vineyard..... 56
Great Jehovah.....525
Hear the call..... 69
Here am I 640
Ho! reapers of life's.....646
Is thy cruse of comfort.....515
Jesus shall reign..... 64
One more day's work 26
Over the ocean wave 172
Preach the gospel 444
Rescue the perishing.....592
Something for Jesus.....591

NO.

Sowing in the morning.....609
Speed away 544
Throw out the Life-Line 441
What shall the harvest be?.....662

PARTING HYMNS.

Blest be the tie.....712
Glory be to the Father.....191
God be with you 340
God bless you.....514
Now the day is over.....362
Saviour, again to Thy.....412
Saviour, breathe an evening.....168
The Lord bless thee.....739
The Lord keep watch.....523

PEACE AND REST.

After the toil.....446
Ah, my heart!..... 25
Art thou weary?.....107
Beautiful valley of Eden!.....138
"Come!" said Jesus'.....683
Come unto Me.....353
God's almighty arms.....342
How sweet, my Saviour.....327
I heard the voice of Jesus.....649
In the heavenly pastures.....483
In the shadow of His.....306
In times of sorrow.....493
It is well with my soul.....573
My soul at last.....420
Near the Cross.....598
Now the day is over.....362
O day of rest.....531
O for the peace..... 76
O troubled heart.....330
Peace! be still!.....261
Pressing on.....170
Sad and weary.....224
Saviour, again to Thy.....412
Some day we say.....403
There is a calm.....383
We'll work till Jesus.....180
When peace like a river.....573
Would we be joyful.....667

PRAISE.

All hail the power.....729
All people that on earth..... 1
Awake, and sing.....692
Awake, my soul, stretch.....677
Awake, my soul, to joyful.....407
Be our joyful song 162

NO.

Come into His presence.....517
Come, praise the Lord.....396
Come, sing the gospel's..... 59
Come, Thou almighty.....715
Come, Thou Fount of.....633
Come, ye that love 567
Conquering now 429
Crown Him!.....619
For God so loved.....329
From all that dwell.....672
Gloria Patri.....191
Glory be to Jesus' name!.....194
Glory ever be to Jesus.....282
Glory to God on high!.....725
He lives and loves.....552
His praises I will sing.....417
Holy, holy, holy! 118
Holy is the Lord.....467
How sweet the name.....705
I will praise the Lord.....460
I will sing of my Redeemer.....577
I will sing the wondrous.....406
I'll Thee exalt.....556
Jesus, hail! enthroned.....701
Look, ye saints.....619
Majestic sweetness.....679
My Redeemer.....577
My Saviour's praises.....268
My song shall be of Jesus..... 65
Never shone a light so..... 432
O brethren, rise.....433
O for a thousand tongues.....730
O my soul, bless 696
O praise our Lord.....562
O praise the Lord.....318
O Saviour, precious.....529
O thou, my soul.....555
O worship the King.....442
Praise God from whom..... 2
Praise Him.....271
Praise, my soul, the.....468
Praise the Saviour.....291
Praise ye the Lord.....205
Redeemed! redeemed!.....259
Revive us again 20
Ride on! ride on in. 425
Sing unto the Lord.....497
Sound the high praises 169
Take the name of Jesus..... 47
The new song..... 33
Thee will I love.....559
There is no name so.....346
To Him who for our.....251
We praise Thee and bless.....228
We praise Thee, O God..... 20
We praise Thee, we bless.....451
We worship Thee.....211
When morning gilds.....537
Whom have I, Lord, in.....142

PRAYER.

	NO.
Abide with me	317
As I wandered 'round	344
At even, ere the sun	504
Bless me now	23
Blest be the tie	712
Blest Jesus, grant	519
Come, Holy Spirit	462
Come, my soul, thy	737
Come, Thou almighty	715
Do you see the Hebrew	643
Even me!	639
Father, take my hand!	188
From every stormy wind	685
From the depths	561
God is great	260
Hear me, blessed Jesus	436
Hear Thou my prayer!	216
Hear us, O Saviour	416
Hide me	440
Ho, reapers in the	646
How firm a foundation	613
I am praying for you	589
I have a Saviour	589
I need Thee every hour	597
In Thy great loving	558
Jesus, I come	281
Jesus, Lover of	721
Jesus, my Lord, to	335
Jesus, Saviour, pilot	366
Jesus, the very thought	368
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat	516
Lord, bless and pity	691
Lord, dismiss us!	732
Lord, I hear of	639
More holiness give me	594
My faith looks up	718
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	372
My prayer	594
My sin is great	175
Nearer, my God	719
O hear my cry	339
O, revive us by Thy	233
Parting hymn	189
Pass me not	585
Pray, brethren, pray	501
Revive Thy work	571
Rock of Ages	21
Save, Jesus, save!	706
Saviour, again to Thy	412
Saviour, breathe an evening	168
Saviour, visit Thy plantation	700
Search me, O Lord	480
Sweet hour of prayer!	634
There is a fountain	733
There shall be showers	315
'Tis the blessed hour of	596
'Tis the hallowed hour	521
To Thee I lift	563
We bow our knees	395
We lift our songs	297
What a Friend we have	583
What various hindrances	710
When morning lights	554
Windows open toward	643

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

Cling to the Bible	392
Come!	664
His word a tower	92
Jesus loves even me	18
Mine!	157
O, precious word	295
O, wonderful word	345
Once more we come	227
Precious promise	36
Sing them over again	579
There is a stream	384
Wait, my soul, upon	736
We bow our knees	395
Whosoever will	618
Wonderful words of life	579

REFUGE.

Abide with me	317
A mighty fortress	414
Closer, Lord, to Thee	277
Dark is the night	68
From every stormy wind	685
God be with you	340
He will hide me	119
Hide me	440
Hide Thou me!	230
Hiding in Thee	574
His word a tower	92
In the secret of His	363
I will lift up my	539
Jesus, Lover of my	727
Jesus, Thou Refuge	492
Lead to the shadow	423
My high tower	84
My hope is built	654
My soul at last	420
Nearer, my God	719
O cease, my wand'ring	376
O God, our help	313
O safe to the rock	574
O soul, tossed on the	270
O, to have no Christ	348
Rock of Ages	21
Safe in the arms	6
Saviour, lead me	477
The Cross of Jesus	32
The Lord's our Rock	321
The solid Rock	654
Thee will I love	559
We would see Jesus	500
While Thou, O my God	495

REPENTANCE.

Afflictions, tho' they	326
Alas! and did my	79
Bless me now!	23
Depth of mercy	57, 610
Have our hearts grown	391
I am coming to the cross	658
I am the Door	262
I bring my sins	73
I hear Thy welcome	595
I looked to Jesus	333
I stood outside the	85
In Thy great loving	558
Jesus, my Lord, to	226
Just as I am	682
O hear my cry	339
Once more, my soul	257
Out of my bondage	281
Pass me not, O	585
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit	728
Take me as I am	226
The mistakes of my life	100
There is joy among the	171
To Thee I lift	563
We take the guilty	239
What shall I do	117

RESURRECTION.

Beautiful morning!	247
Beyond the smiling and the	602
Christ hath risen	527
Hallelujah! Christ is	545
Hallelujah! He is risen	90
I am He that liveth	350
I shall be satisfied	590
Jesus of Nazareth	9, 463
Low in the grave He	323
O the clanging bells	603
On that bright and	338
On the resurrection	358
Our Saviour will	426
Rise, glorious Conqueror	717
Soon will come the	473
Soul of mine	590
The glorious morning	644
We shall sleep, but not	94
When I shall wake	485
Yes, we'll meet again	437

SALVATION.

A guilty soul	385
Alas! and did my	305
Amazing grace, how	680
Behold, how plain	522

NO.

Beneath the glorious 415
Choose I must.....402
Christ has for sin 413
Come believing 245
Come, every soul.....587
Come, sing the gospel's..... 59
Doers of the word.....227
Fierce and wild.....139
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.....145
Fresh from the throne..... 83
God loved a world.....377
God loved the world.....623
Good news.....167
Grace, 'tis a charming sound... 35
He that believeth 187
Ho, every one that.....178
How solemn are the words.....693
How sweet the word.....163
I am coming to the.....658
I am the door.....262
I hear the Saviour say 588
I hear the words.....222
I looked to Jesus.....333
I was once far away.....382
Is Jesus able to redeem ?.....131
It is finished !.....159
Jesus is mighty to save.....109
Jesus, my Saviour 280
Jesus saves 421
Light after darkness..... 51
Like wand'ring sheep.....369
Long in darkness 121
Mercy's free.....734
My hope is built on 654
My soul will overcome 210
Neither do I condemn.....551
No other name..... 52
Not all the blood.....689
Not what these hands 243
Nothing but the blood.....195
O hear the joyful.....548
O who is this.....322
O wondrous name.....310
Once for all..... 13
Our life is like.....347
Pull for the shore..... 51
Salvation ! oh, the joyful.....694
Saved by the blood 140
She only touched.....657
Shine on, O Star of.....292
Sinners, Jesus will.....331
Sin no more.....447
Some one will enter.....309
Sometimes a light.....617
Song of salvation..... 74
Soul of mine.....336
Take me as I am.....335
The gate ajar..... 12
The gospel of Thy grace.....190

NO.

The great Physician.....629
The living God 528
The morning light is.....616
The prize is set before us.....165
The whole world.....626
There is a fountain 733
There is life for a look 635
'Tis a true and.....427
'Tis the promise of God..... 5
We have heard the.....284
What shall I do ?.....117
While shepherds watched.....693
Who came down.....283
"Whosoever heareth" 618
White as snow..... 38
Wishing, hoping, knowing..... 46
Would we be joyful.....667
Ye must be born again.....127

SORROW.

Ah, my heart ! 25
Art thou weary ? 107
Blessed hope !.....135
Come, ye disconsolate ! 661
Did Christ o'er sinners weep ...713
From every stormy wind.....685
Go, bury thy sorrow 43
Joy in sorrow..... 70
Not now, my child ! 628
Only a little while 221
Only waiting.....232
What shall I do ?.....117

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Alas ! and did my..... 79
Did Christ o'er sinners.....713
From the Bethlehem.....488
How sweet, O Lord.....520
I gave My life for thee.....600
Man of Sorrows 645
My Redeemer..... 577
O Christ, what burdens !..... ... 39
Suffering Saviour.....723
There is a green hill 601
Thou didst leave Thy throne... 98
'Tis midnight, and on.....474
To Him who for our sins.....251
When I survey the.....709

TEMPERANCE.

Come home ! Come home !.....627
Come, prodigal ! 197
Dare to be a Daniel !.....652
I need Thee every hour.....597

NO.

Let the lower lights..... 45
Long in darkness.....121
Rescue the perishing !.....592
Ring the bells of heaven.....622
Sowing the seed.....662
Standing by a purpose 652
The mistakes of my life.....100
The prodigal child 627
Throw out the Life-Line.....441
What shall the harvest.....662
Where is my wand'ring.....631
Yield not to temptation 582

TEMPTATION.

Come near me ! 129
Christian, walk carefully.....398
Faint, yet pursuing.....177
Hiding in Thee.....574
Hold fast till I come..... 88
I need Thee every hour.....597
I've found a friend in.....367
My soul, be on thy guard !.....676
O, brother, life's journey.....312
Singing all the time.....156
Sweet hour of prayer.....634
Tempted and tried.....136
Trust on ! 212
What a friend.....583
Yield not to temptation.....582
You're starting, my boy.....401

TRUST.

All the way..... 42
Come, every soul by sin.....587
Fear not.....314
Fully trusting..... 63
He knows.....181
Hope on.....418
How firm a foundation.....613
How sweet, my Saviour.....327
I am coming to.....658
I am trusting Thee.....166, 445
Jesus, I will trust Thee.....202
Jesus knows thy sorrow.....565
Look away to Jesus..... 80
Not saved are we by.....461
Oh, soul tossed on.....270
Once more, my soul.....257
Only trusting in my.....153
Onward go ! 214
O praise the Lord.....318
Rejoice in the Lord.....278
Simply trusting 581
The Lord will provide..... 7
Thy will be done.....220
Trust on ! 212
We are coming home.....503

WARNING.

NO.

Almost persuaded.....569
Along the River of Time.....264
Are you ready.....290
At the feast of Belshazzar.....379
Christian, walk carefully.....398
Cut it down!.....128
Eternity!.....603
God loved a world.....623
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....714
Have you any room.....568
In the silent midnight..... 93
I never knew you!.....231
Jesus of Nazareth!..... 9
Not far from the Kingdom.....299
Nothing but leaves.....641
O, do not let.....656
O, list to the.....547
O, tender beseechings.....505
O, the clanging bells.....603
O, to have no Christ.....348
O, what will you do.....373
Out of the ark.....115
Say, are you ready?.....213
Sinners, turn! why will.....722
Sound the alarm!.....246
Sowing the seed.....662
What shall the harvest.....662
Where is thy refuge.....185
While life prolongs.....684
Why do you linger.....419
Why do you wait.....130
Why not to-night.....656
Yet there is room.....642
Yield not to temptation.....582

WORK.

Am I a soldier.....494
Awake, my soul.....301, 677
Brightly beams our..... 45
Brightly gleams 186
Bringing in the sheaves.....609
Come, ye that love the 567
Dare to be a Daniel!.....652
Fading away like the.....534
Far, far away.....293
Gather them in.....566
Gird on the sword.....438
Go, work in my vineyard 56
Hark, the voice of Jesus!.....640
Have you sought for the.....536
Hold the fort!..... 11
Ho, reapers of life's.....646
In the harvest-field.....328
Is thy cruse of comfort.....515
Is your lamp burning.....217
Jesus bids us shine.....386
Laborers of Christ.....374
Light after darkness.....193
Lo! the day of God..... 69
Must I go and empty.....174
Nothing but leaves.....641
Not now, my child.....628
O list to the voice.....287
O, what are you going to.....106
O, where are the reapers?.....575
One more day's work..... 26
Only a beam of sunshine.....300
Only an armour-bearer..... 50
Onward, Christian soldiers!... 88
Onward go!.....214
Onward, upward!..... 60
Pass along the invitation.....489
Preach the gospel.....444
Press on, O pilgrim.....540
Rescue the perishing!.....592
Scatter seeds of kindness..... 86
Sound, sound the truth.....716
Sowing in the morning.....609
Sowing the seed by.....662
Speed away.....544
Stand up.....615
The call of God.....538
The word of God is given.....250
Tell it out!.....192
There are lonely hearts 578
There's a royal banner.....381
There's a work for each.....161
Throw out the Life-Line.....441
To the work!.....576
Weary gleaner in the.....296
We'll work till Jesus.....180
What shall the harvest.....662
Where hast thou..... 24
While the days are going.....578
Work, for the night..... 14
Work, for the time is.....535
Young men in Christ.....502

WORSHIP.

Abide with me.....317
Alas! and did my.....79, 305
All hail the power.....334
All people that on earth..... 1
Amazing grace 680
Am I a soldier.....494
Arise and shine.....103
Arise, my soul.....653
Awake and sing.....692
Blest be the tie!.....712
Closer, Lord, to Thee.....277
Come, Holy Spirit.....462
Come, Thou almighty.....715
Come, Thou Fount.....633
Come, ye disconsolate.....661
Depth of mercy.....610
Far from Thy sacred.....560
Glory be to the Father.....614
Guide me, O Thou.....394
Holy is the Lord.....467
How sweet, O Lord.....520
How sweet the name.....705
I hear Thy welcome.....595
I know that my Redeemer.....298
I love Thy kingdom.....688
I need Thee every hour 597
I wait for Thee.....498
I'll Thee exalt.....556
In the cross of Christ.....698
Jesus keep me near.....598
Jesus, Lover of my soul.....721
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee.....335
"Jesus of Nazareth!".....463
Jesus shall reign.....624
Joy to the world.....606
Just as I am.....682
Lord, I hear of showers.....639
Must Jesus bear the cross.....112
Nearer my God.....719
Now the day is over.....362
O day of rest and.....531
O for a thousand.....730
O God, our help.....313
O list to the voice.....287
O my soul, bless thou.....696
O Saviour, precious.....529
O thank the Lord.....553
O thou, my soul.....555
O, worship the King.....442
On that bright and.....338
Pass me not.....585
Praise the Saviour.....291
Rock of Ages..... 21
Salvation, oh, the joyful.....694
Saviour, more than life.....593
Saviour, visit Thy plantation...700
Sing them over again.....579
Songs of gladness.....303
Sweet hour of prayer!.....634
The Lord's my shepherd.....678
There is a fountain.....733
There is a name.....360
There is a stream.....384
There shall be showers.....315
We worship Thee.....211
When I survey.....491
Whiter than snow.....558
Wonderful words of life.....579

INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPITALS; *First Lines in* Roman.

A

NO.

A Guilty soul, by Pharisees of...385
A HOME ON HIGH.....530
A LIGHT UPON THE SHORE.....123
A LITTLE WHILE 76, 254
"A Little While," and He.....254
A long time I wandered..... 46
A MIGHTY FORTRESS.....414
A ruler once came to Jesus.....127
A SHELTER IN THE TIME.....321
A SINNER FORGIVEN..... 44
A SINNER LIKE ME.....382
A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.....494
ABIDE WITH ME.....317
ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE...387
ADRIAN. S. M.....376
Afflictions, tho' they seem.....326
AFTER.....446
After the toil and trouble.....446
AHIRA. S. M.....374
AH, MY HEART..... 25
Ah, this heart is void and chill..708
Alas! and did my Saviour..79, 305
All glory to Jesus be given.....109
ALL FOR ME.....723
ALL HAIL THE POWER.....334, 729
All my doubts I give to Jesus... 63
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH.. 1
All-seeing, gracious Lord.....216
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR..... 42
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.....588
ALMOST PERSUADED.....569
ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.....264
Amazing grace! how sweet.....680
AMERICA. 6s, 4s.....738
Am I a soldier of the Cross.....494
ANTIOCH. C. M.....606
ARE YOU COMING HOME.....184
Are you ready, are you ready...290
ARISE AND SHINE.....103

NO.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.....653
ARLINGTON. C. M.....705
ART THOU WEARY.....107
Ask ye what great thing I know.731
As I wandered 'round the home.344
As lives the flower within 471
AS PANTS THE HART.....560
AT EVEN ERE THE SUN WAS SET 504
AT THE CROSS.....305
At the feast of Belshazzar.....379
AT THE FEET OF JESUS..... 75
AUTUMN.....263
Awake and sing the song.....692
AWAKE, MY SOUL!.....301
Awake, my soul, stretch every..677
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays..407
Awake my soul! to sound His...301

B

Be our joyful song to-day.....162
Be present at our table, Lord ... 3
BE YE ALSO READY.....290
BE YE STRONG IN THE LORD...357
BEAUTIFUL MORNING!.....247
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.....669
BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN..138
Behold a Fountain deep and.....273
BEHOLD A STRANGER.....450
BEHOLD HIM!.....476
Behold how plain the truth is...522
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM..... 81
BEHOLD, WHAT LOVE!.....580
BELIEVE, AND KEEP ON.....288
BELMONT. C. M.....678
BELOVED, NOW ARE WE 359
BEMERTON. C. M.....313
Beneath the cross of Jesus..... 32

NO.

Beneath the glorious throne 415
BESEECHINGS OF JESUS.....505
Beside the well at noon-time.....178
BETHANY. 6s, 4s.....719
BEULAH LAND.....608
Beyond the light of setting.....530
BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE..602
BLESSED ASSURANCE.....304
BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.....361
BLESSED HOME-LAND.....144
BLESSED HOPE.....135
Blessed hope that in Jesus.....135
BLESSED RIVER..... 83
BLESSED SAVIOUR, EVER.....475
BLESS ME NOW..... 23
BLESS THE LORD.....555
Blest be the tie that binds 712
BLEST JESUS, GRANT US.....519
BOYLSTON. S. M. 689
Brightly beams our Father's..... 45
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR.....186
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.....609
Brother, art thou worn and.....219
BUT IS THAT ALL?.....397
By faith I view my Saviour.....734

C

CALLING NOW 10
CALLING TO THEE.....456
CALL THEM IN..... 72
CALVARY!.....355
CAN IT BE RIGHT?.....150
CARRIED BY THE ANGELS.....389
CASTING ALL YOUR CARE.....327
CAST THY BREAD UPON THE.....546
CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.....241

NO.

Choose I must, and soon must...402
CHRIST AROSE.....323
CHRIST FOR ME.....142
Christ has for sin atonement.....413
Christ hath risen! hallelujah!..527
CHRIST IS COMING!.....605
CHRIST IS MY REDEEMER.....422
CHRIST IS RISEN.....527
CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.....471
CHRIST MY ALL.....469
CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL.....331
CHRIST RETURNETH.....651
CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN.....511
CHRISTIAN, WALK CAREFULLY.398
CHRISTMAS. C. M. 693
CLING TO THE BIBLE 392
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE 277
CLOSE TO THEE.....599
"COME" 664
COME BELIEVING! 245
COME, COME AWAY.....547
COME, COME TO JESUS.....388
Come, every joyful heart.....675
Come, every soul by sin 587
COME; FOR THE FEAST IS.....101
COME, GREAT DELIVERER.....339
COME, HOLY SPIRIT.....462
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly...681
Come home, come home!.....627
Come into His presence with...517
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.737
COME NEAR ME.....129
Come near me, O my Saviour...129
COME NOW, SAITH THE LORD.....668
COME, PRAISE THE LORD.....396
COME, PRODIGAL, COME.....197
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..683
Come, sing, my soul, and praise..199
Come, sing the Gospel's joyful .. 59
COME, SINNER, COME 410
Come souls that are longing for..668
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING..715
COME, THOU FOUNT.....633
COME, THOU WEARY.....267
COME TO JESUS! COME AWAY..378
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus!..720
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.....720
COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.....274
COME TO THE SAVIOUR.....636
Come to the Saviour, hear His..404
COME UNTO ME.....353
COME UNTO ME, AND REST.....219
COME YE DISCONSOLATE.....661
COME, YE SINNERS.....670
Come, ye that love the Lord.....567
Come with thy sins to the.....274
COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.....503
COMING TO-DAY.....513
Conquering now and still to.....429

NO.

CONSECRATION. C. M.....124
CORONATION. C. M.....729
COWPER. C. M. 733
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.....112
CROWN HIM 619
CUT IT DOWN.....128

D

DARE TO BE A DANIEL.....652
DARK IS THE NIGHT..... 68
DELIVERANCE WILL COME.....225
DENNIS. S. M.....712
DEPTH OF MERCY.....57, 207, 610
Did Christ o'er sinners weep...713
DOERS OF THE WORD 227
Down in the valley with my.....564
Down life's dark vale we..... 37
DOXOLOGY..... 2
Do you see the Hebrew captive..643
DUKE ST. L. M. 624
DUNDEE. C. M. 703

E

ELTHAM. 7. D. 265
Encamped along the hills of.....524
Eternal life God's Word.....508
ETERNITY 603
Eternity dawns on my vision...158
EVAN. C. M. 649
EVENING PRAYER 168
EVEN ME.....639
EVERY DAY WILL I BLESS.....268
EXPOSTULATION.....111

F

Fade, fade each earthly joy.....647
Fading away like the stars of...534
FAINT, YET PURSUING.....177
Faith is a living power from.....711
FAITH IS THE VICTORY.....524
Far, far away in heathen.....293
Far from Thy sacred courts.....560
FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.....188
FEAR NOT! 314
FEAR THOU NOT.....390
FEDERAL ST. L. M.....450
Fierce and wild the storm is.....139
FIX YOUR EYES UPON JESUS.....145
FOLLOWING FULLY (Chant).....434
FOLLOW ON.....564
FOREVER WITH JESUS THERE...154
For God so loved! O wondrous..329
FOR JEHOVAH I AM WAITING...561

NO.

Fountain of purity opened.....511
Free from the law, oh happy..... 13
Fresh from the throne of glory.. 83
From all that dwell below.....672
From every stormy wind that...685
From Greenland's icy..... 41
From the Bethlehem manger-...488
From the depths do I invoke.....561
From the riven rock there.....151
FULLY PERSUADED..... 49
FULLY TRUSTING..... 63

G

GATHERING HOME 220
GATHER THEM IN 566
GEER. C. M.....360
GIRD ON THE SWORD AND 438
GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH.. 96
GIVE ME THINE HEART! 286
Gliding o'er life's fitful waters..144
GLORIA PATRI.....191
GLORY BE TO JESUS' NAME.....194
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.....614
Glory be to the Father.....191
GLORY EVER BE TO JESUS.....282
Glory, glory be to Jesus.....194
Glory to God on high.....725
GLORY TO GOD, THE FATHER...329
GO BURY THY SORROW..... 43
GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD... 56
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD..293
GOD BE WITH YOU.....340
GOD BLESS YOU.....514
God calling yet! shall I not.....375
GOD IS CALLING YET.....375
God is great and God is good.....260
GOD IS LOVE;—His mercy.....671
GOD IS LOVE!—His word.....279
God loved a world of sinners...377
God loved the world of sinners..623
GOOD NEWS 167
God's almighty arms are round..342
GOD'S TIME NOW 402
GRACE 3
GRACE BEFORE MEALS.....260
Grace! 'tis a charming sound... 35
Great Jehovah, Mighty Lord...525
GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s.....732
GUIDE ME—O Thou great.....394

H

HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS.....433
HALLELUJAH! CHRIST IS RISEN.545
HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS!..400
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!.....545

INDEX.

	NO.
HALLELUJAH; HE IS RISEN!...	90
HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE!.....	5
HALLELUJAH! WHAT A.....	645
HALLOWED HOUR OF PRAYER...	521
HAMBURG. L. M.	709
HAPPY DAY.....	543
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL!.....	393
Hark! the voice of Jesus.....	640
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	714
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY.....	401
HAVE FAITH IN GOD.....	370
Have our hearts grown cold.....	391
HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR	568
Have you on the Lord believed?	22
HAVE YOU SOUGHT?.....	536
HEAR ME, BLESSED JESUS.....	436
HEAR THE BLESSED.....	481
HEAR THE CALL.....	69
HEAR THOU MY PRAYER.....	216
HEAR US, O SAVIOUR!.....	416
Hear ye the glad good news from.	187
Heavenly Father, bless me now.	23
Heavenly Father, we beseech...	189
Heavenly Father, we Thy.....	233
HEBRON. L. M.....	684
HE DIED FOR THEE.....	506
He dies! He dies! the lowly...	350
HE CAME TO BETHANY.....	240
HE HOLDS THE KEY.....	399
HE IS COMING.....	285
HE KNOWS	181
HE LEADETH ME.....	637
He lives and loves, our Saviour..	552
HE THAT BELIEVETH.....	187
HE WILL HIDE ME.....	119
Helpless I come to Jesus' blood..	210
HENDON. 7s.....	731
HERE AM I, SEND ME.....	640
HIDE ME.....	440
HIDE THOU ME.....	230
HIDING IN THEE.....	574
HIS PRAISES I WILL SING.....	417
HIS WORD A TOWER.....	92
HO, EVERY ONE THAT.....	178
Ho! my comrades, see the signal.	11
Ho, reapers in the whitened.....	550
HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S.....	646
HOLD FAST TILL I COME.....	88
HOLD THE FORT.....	11
HOLD THOU MY HAND.....	356
HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT.....	430
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD.....	118
HOLY IS THE LORD.....	467
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.	31
HOLY SPIRIT, TEACHER THOU..	443
HOME AT LAST.....	99
HOME OF THE SOUL.....	15
HOPE ON.....	418
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM.....	244
How do I know my sins forgiven.	439
HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.....	613
HOW HAPPY ARE WE.....	134
How oft our souls are lifted up..	499
HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?	377
How solemn are the words.....	690
How sweet, my Saviour, to.....	327
How sweet, O Lord, Thy Word..	520
How sweet the joy that fills my..	422
How sweet the name of Jesus...	705
How sweet the word of Christ...	163

I

I AM COMING.....	224
I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.....	658
I am far frae my hame.....	607
I AM HE THAT LIVETH.....	350
I am not skilled to understand..	510
I am now a child of God.....	666
I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.....	589
I am so glad that our Father in..	18
I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE..	666
I AM THE DOOR	262
I AM THE WAY.....	369
I AM THINE, O LORD.....	572
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee.....	658
I AM TRUSTING THEE.....	166, 445
I am waiting for the Master.....	487
I am waiting for the morning...	232
I believed in God's wonderful...	288
I BELONG TO JESUS.....	464
I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.....	73
I bring to Thee, O Master!.....	512
I CANNOT TELL HOW PRECIOUS..	137
I CRIED TO GOD.....	557
I do not ask for earthly store...	457
I feel like singing all the time...	156
I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.....	600
I have a Saviour, He's pleading..	589
I have entered the Valley of.....	104
I have heard of a land far away.	143
I have heard of a Saviour's.....	74
I have read of a beautiful city...	183
I hear the Saviour say.....	588
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS...	649
I HEAR THE WORDS OF JESUS..	222
I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE..	595
I KNOW I LOVE THEE BETTER..	294
I know not the hour, when my..	621
I know not what awaits me.....	181
I know not why God's.....	272
I KNOW THAT MY.....	253, 298
I KNOW WHOM I HAVE.....	272
I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS..	53, 206
I LOOKED TO JESUS.....	333
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.....	30
I love to think of the heavenly..	71
I love thy Kingdom, Lord.....	688
I must walk thro' the valley.....	341
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.....	597
I NEVER KNEW YOU.....	231
I saw a way-worn traveler.....	225
I SHALL BE SATISFIED.....	590
I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.....	85
I think when I read that sweet..	201
I WAITED FOR THE LORD.....	703
I WAIT FOR THEE, O LORD.....	498
I was once far away from the...	382
I WILL!	257
I WILL LIFT UP MINE (Chant).	539
I WILL PASS OVER YOU.....	455
I WILL PRAISE THEE.....	460
I will praise the Lord my.....	460
I will sing of my Redeemer.....	577
I WILL SING THE WONDROUS...	406
I will sing you a song of that...	15
I'll Thee exalt, my God.....	556
I'LL STAND BY YOU.....	139
I'M A PILGRIM.....	105
I'M GOING HOME.....	484
IF GOD BE FOR US.....	278
If never the gaze of the sun.....	133
IMMANUEL'S LAND.....	67
IN HEAVENLY PASTURES.....	483
IN JESUS' FACE	528
IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE..	493
In my Father's house there is...	15
In some way or other, the Lord..	7
In the Christian's home in.....	673
IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.....	698
In the harvest-field there is.....	328
In the heavenly pastures fair...	483
IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND..	270
In the hour when guilt assails..	469
In the land of strangers.....	337
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE.....	40
IN THE SECRET OF HIS.....	363
IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.	306
IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT.....	93
In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages...	230
In Thy great loving kindness..	558
In times of sorrow, God is near..	493
In Zion's Rock abiding.....	84
IS JESUS ABLE TO REDEEM?.....	131
IS MY NAME WRITTEN	209
IS THY CRUSE OF COMFORT.....	515
IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?.....	217
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.	715
It's a bonnie, bonnie warl'.....	258
IT IS FINISHED.....	159
It is finished; what a Gospel!...	452
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.....	573
It may be at morn, when the...	651
IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.....	632
I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.....	584
I've found a friend in Jesus.....	367

NO.

I've found a joy in sorrow..... 70
I've found the Pearl of greatest..176
I've learned to sing a glad new..417
I've reached the land of corn...608
I'VE PASSED THE CROSS.....238

J

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.380
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....704
Jesus bids us shine with a.....386
JESUS CALLS THEE.....122
JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY.....620
JESUS CHRIST, OUR SAVIOUR.....283
Jesus, gracious One, calleth now.122
Jesus hail! enthroned in glory.701
JESUS, I COME.....281
Jesus, I come to Thee for light.424
Jesus, I my cross have taken...263
JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.....202
JESUS IS CALLING.....308
JESUS IS COMING.....234
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.....109
JESUS IS MINE.....647
JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR.....223
Jesus is tenderly calling thee...308
Jesus, keep me near the cross..598
JESUS KNOWS THY SORROW.....565
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.721,727
JESUS LOVES EVEN ME..... 18
JESUS LOVES ME.....724
Jesus loves me, and I know I... 18
Jesus loves me, this I know.....724
JESUS, MY ALL.....516
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee...226, 335
Jesus, my Saviour,. to.....280
JESUS OF NAZARETH.....9, 463
JESUS ONLY.....141
JESUS, ONLY JESUS.....162
Jesus only, when the morning...697
JESUS SAVES!.....284
JESUS SAVES! O BLESSED.....421
JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME !.....366
JESUS SHALL REIGN.....64, 624
JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT.....368
Jesus! Thou Refuge of the soul..492
JESUS, THY NAME I LOVE.....307
Jesus wept! those tears are.....702
JEWELS.....638
JEWETT. 6s, D. 372
JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING!..351
JOY IN SORROW..... 70
JOY TO THE WORLD.....126, 606
JUST AS I AM.....682
JUST A WORD FOR JESUS..... 77

K

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO...648

L

NO.

LABAN. S. M. 676
LABORERS OF CHRIST, ARISE...374
LABOR ON.....328
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.....454
LEAD ME ON.....237, 458
LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.....477
Lead to the shadow of the Rock.423
LENOX. 6s, 8s. 653
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS..... 45
LET THE SAVIOUR IN.....332
LET US CROWN HIM.....334
Let us gather up the sunbeams.. 86
LET US GO FORTH.....538
Let us sing of the love of the...311
Lift up, lift up thy voice with...103
LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.....193
Light in the darkness, sailor..... 51
Like wandering sheep o'er.....369
LITTLE LIGHTS.....386
Long in darkness we have.....121
LOOK AWAY TO JESUS..... 80
LOOK UNTO ME.....343
Look unto me, and be ye saved..238
Look up! look up! ye weary...476
Look, ye saints, the sight is.....619
LOOKING HOME.....708
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat.....516
Lord, bless and pity us.....691
LORD, DISMISS US.....732
Lord, I care not for riches.....209
Lord, I hear of showers of.....639
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly.. 82
Lord, my trust I repose in Thee..242
Lo! the day of God is breaking.. 69
LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. 407
Low in the grave He lay.....323
LYTE. 6s, 4s. 307

M

Majestic sweetness sits 679
MANOAH. C. M. 380
"Man of Sorrows," what a.....645
MARTYN. 7s, D. 721
Master, the tempest is raging...261
MEET ME THERE!.....289
MEMORIES OF EARTH.....173
MERCY. 7s. 430
MERCY'S FREE 734
MIGHTY TO SAVE.....322
MINE!.....157
Mine! what rays of glory.....157
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s, D.. 41
MISSION HYMN 525
More holiness give me.....594
MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST. 61
MORE OF JESUS.....490

NO.

MORE THAN TONGUE CAN TELL.215
MORE TO FOLLOW..... 22
MORNING LIGHTS.....554
MUST I GO, AND EMPTY-..... 174
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone.112
MY AIN COUNTREE.....607
MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.....738
My days are gliding swiftly by.665
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE..718
MY FAITH STILL CLINGS 175
My Father is rich in houses.....302
My God and Father while I.....229
MY GOD AND MY ALL.....495
My God, I have found.....726
My heart, that was heavy and.. 58
My heavenly home is bright.....484
MY HIGH TOWER..... 84
My hope is built on nothing less.654
MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.....372
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE 586
My latest sun is sinking fast... 97
My life flows on in endless song.244
MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.....344
MY OFFERING 512
MY PRAYER.....594
MY REDEEMER 577
MY SAVIOUR.....510
My Saviour's praises I will sing.268
MY SAVIOUR TELLS ME SO.....439
My sin is great, my strength is.175
MY SONG SHALL BE OF JESUS... 65
My soul at last a rest hath found.420
My soul be on thy guard.....676
My soul is happy all day long..223
MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.....210

N

NARROW AND STRAIT.....419
NEAR THE CROSS.....598
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE 719
NEARER THE CROSS.....320
NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE..551
NETTLETON. 8s, 7s.....633
NEVER SHONE A LIGHT SO.....432
NO HOPE IN JESUS.....348
NO OTHER NAME..... 52
No works of law have we to.....239
NONE BUT CHRIST CAN 196
NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF.....149
Not all the blood of beasts.....689
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM..299
NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN.....183
NOT MY OWN 203
Not now, but in the coming.....533
NOT NOW, MY CHILD 628
Not saved are we by trying.....461
NOT TRY, BUT TRUST 461

NO.

NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE.243
NOTHING BUT LEAVES.....641
NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF.....195
Nothing either great or small...159
Now just a word for Jesus..... 77
NOW THE DAY IS OVER 362
NUMBERLESS AS THE SANDS.....316

O

O BLESSED WORD.....508
O, bliss of the purified 34
O brethren, rise and sing.....433
O BROTHER, LIFE'S JOURNEY..312
O CEASE, MY WAND'RING SOUL.376
O CHILD OF GOD.....275
O Christ, in Thee my soul hath..196
O Christ, what burdens bowed.. 39
O Christian trav'ler, fear no...390
O COME TO THE MERCIFUL 509
O COME TO THE SAVIOUR.....465
O, come to the Saviour, believe.. 55
O CROWN OF REJOICING 91
O daughter, take good heed.....542
O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.531
O, do not let the Word depart.. 656
O for a faith that will not shrink.707
O for a heart to praise my God..735
O for a thousand tongues to sing.730
O, for the peace that floweth as.. 76
O GLAD AND GLORIOUS GOSPEL.427
O GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN 415
O GOD, OUR HELP 313
O golden day, O day of God.....405
O happy day, that fix'd my.....543
O hear my cry, be gracious now.339
O hear the joyful message.....548
O Holy Spirit, come.....687
O, how happy are we.....134
O, HOW HE LOVES..... 27
O, I AM SO HAPPY IN JESUS.....147
O, I left all with Jesus 206
O I LOVE TO TALK WITH JESUS.496
O land of rest, for thee I sigh...180
O LAND OF THE BLESSED! 319
O list to the voice of the.....287
O list to the watchman crying..547
O Lord, my soul rejoiceth in ...507
O MORNING LAND.....403
O my soul, bless thou Jehovah..696
O PARADISE !.....405
O PRAISE HIM.....562
O praise our Lord, where rich in.562
O praise the Lord with heart...318
O PRECIOUS WORD.....295
O, REVIVE US BY THY WORD..233
O ROCK OF AGES.....420
O safe to the Rock that is,.....574

NO.

O SAVIOUR, PRECIOUS.....211, 529
O, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE. 34
O soul in the far-away country..197
O soul, tossed on the billows.....270
O, Spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy .. 88
O, tender and sweet was the.....612
O tender beseechings of Jesus..505
O thank the Lord, the Lord.....553
O, the bitter pain and sorrow...149
O the clanging bells of Time!..603
O THE CROWN, THE GLORY-.....296
O, think of the home over there. 54
O thou my soul, bless God the..555
O, TO BE NOTHING..... 48
O, TO BE OVER YONDER.....40, 266
O to have no Christ, no Saviour!.348
O troubled heart, there is a.....330
O, turn ye, O, turn ye.....111
O wand'ring souls, why longer..435
O wand'ring souls, why will.....325
O weary pilgrim, lift your head.351
O, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO...106
O WHAT A SAVIOUR.....404
O what a Saviour, that He died.132
O what shall I do to be.....117, 262
O what will you do with Jesus?...373
O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS...575
O who is this that cometh.....322
O WONDERFUL WORD!.....345
O wonderful words of the.....276
O WONDROUS LAND.....470
O WONDROUS NAME!.....310
O word of words the sweetest...664
O WORSHIP THE KING.....442
OLD HUNDRED. L. M. 1
OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. 685
OLIVET. 6s, 4s.....718
Once again the Gospel message.245
ONCE FOR ALL..... 13
Once I was dead in sin.....686
Once more, my soul, thy Saviour 257
Once more we come, God's word.227
On Calvary's brow my Saviour..355
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS...179
On that bright and golden morn.338
On the Resurrection morning...358
One day the Shepherd passed...434
ONE MORE DAY'S WORK..... 26
One offer of salvation..... 52
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN 102
One there is above all others..... 27
ONLY A BEAM OF SUNSHINE.....300
ONLY A LITTLE WAY.....459
ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.....221
ONLY A STEP TO JESUS..... 66
ONLY AN ARMOR BEARER..... 50
ONLY FOR THEE.....255
ONLY REMEMBERED.....534
ONLY TRUST HIM.....587

NO.

ONLY TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOUR 153
ONLY WAITING.....232
Only waiting till the shadows...256
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN 87, 365
ONWARD GO.....214
ONWARD! UPWARD!..... 60
ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD269
Our lamps are trimmed and 81
Our life is like a stormy sea.....347
Our Lord is now rejected.....611
Our Master has taken His.....161
OUR REFUGE.....492
OUR SAVIOUR KING.....552
Our Saviour will descend again.426
Our way is often rugged.....218
OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.121
Out of my bondage, sorrow and.281
OUT OF THE ARK.....115
Out on the desert, seeking.....513
Out on the mountain, sad and..456
OVER JORDAN.....204
OVER THE LINE.....612
OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.....172

P

PARADISE 163
PARDON, PEACE, AND POWER...667
PARTING HYMN.....189
Pass along the invitation.....409
PASS IT ON.....489
PASS ME NOT.....585
PEACE! BE STILL! 261
PEACE, PEACE IS MINE.....342
PILOT. 7s, 6 lines.....366
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. 714
PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. 613
Praise God from whom all..... 2
PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!.....271
PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING...468
PRAISE THE SAVIOUR.....291
PRAISE YE THE LORD.....205
PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY.....501
PREACH THE GOSPEL.....444
PRECIOUS BLOOD.....208
PRECIOUS PROMISE..... 36
Precious Saviour, may I live...255
PRESS ON.....540
PRESSING ON.....170
PULL FOR THE SHORE..... 51

Q

QUIET, LORD, MY FROWARD.....466

R

RAISE HIGH THE SONG.....426
RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. 698
REDEEMED 259

INDEX.

NO.

REDEMPTION 276
REDEMPTION GROUND.....199
REFUGE. 7s, D. 727
REJOICE AND BE GLAD..... 19
REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY..318
Rejoice in the Lord, O let His...278
REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVER..352
REJOICE! YE SAINTS.....431
REJOICE WITH ME.....164
REMEMBER ME.....79, 563
Repeat the story o'er and o'er...650
REPENT YE.....391
REPOSE. 7s, 6 lines.....466
RESCUE THE PERISHING.....592
REST FOR THE WEARY.....673
RESURRECTION MORN.....358
RETURN, O WANDERER!.....478
Return; return, O wanderer.....478
REVIVE THY WORK 571
REVIVE US AGAIN..... 20
RIDE ON IN MAJESTY 425
Ride on! ride on in majesty 425
RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN..622
Rise, glorious conqueror, rise ...717
RISE UP, AND HASTEN.....200
ROCKINGHAM. L. M. 710
ROCK OF AGES..... 21
ROOM FOR THEE..... 98

S

Sad and weary, lone and dreary.224
SAFE HOME IN PORT.....354
SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS... 6
Safe upon the heavenly shore...482
SALVATION 59
Salvation, O the joyful sound..694
SATISFIED.....485
SAVED BY THE BLOOD.....140
SAVE, JESUS, SAVE!.....706
SAVIOUR, AGAIN.....412
Saviour, breathe an evening.....168
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray ...477
SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD...660
SAVIOUR, MORE THAN LIFE.....593
Saviour, Thy dying love 591
Saviour, visit Thy plantation...700
SAY, ARE YOU READY?.....213
Say, is your lamp burning, my.217
Say, where is thy refuge, poor..185
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.. 86
SEARCH ME, O LORD.....480
SEEKING FOR ME.....280
SEEKING TO SAVE..... 89
SESSIONS. L. M.....711
SEYMOUR. 7s 57
Shall we gather at the river?...669
SHALL WE MEET?.....108

NO.

SHALL YOU? SHALL I?.....309
She only touched the hem.....657
SHINE ON, O STAR 292
SHIRLAND. S. M. 688
Should the death-angel knock at.213
Simply trusting every day.....581
SING AND PRAY! 158
Sing them over again to me.....579
SING UNTO THE LORD 497
SINGING ALL THE TIME 156
SINGING AS WE JOURNEY.....235
SINGING WITH GRACE 517
Sinners Jesus will receive 331
Sinners, turn, why will ye die...722
SIN NO MORE.....447
Sitting by the gateway of a.....389
Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and.....526
SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.....324
So let our lips and lives.....625
Some day, we say, and turn.....403
Some one will enter the pearly..309
SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY. 371
SOMETHING FOR JESUS 591
Sometimes a light surprises.....617
Sometimes I catch sweet.....397
SOMETIME WE'LL 533
SONG OF SALVATION 74
SONGS OF GLADNESS 303
Sons of God, beloved in Jesus...359
Soon shall we see the glorious..644
Soon will come the setting sun...473
Soul of mine, in earthly temple..590
SOULS OF MEN, WHY WILL YE..336
Sound, sound the truth abroad..716
SOUND THE ALARM!.....246
SOUND THE HIGH PRAISES.....169
Sowing in the morning.....609
Sowing the seed by the.....662
SPEED AWAY.....544
Spirit of truth, O let me know..695
Standing by a purpose true.....652
STAND UP FOR JESUS.. 615
Stand up! stand up for Jesus!..615
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.728
ST. AGNES. C. M.....368
ST. PETER. C. M.....301
ST. THOMAS. S. M.....692
STRETCH FORTH THY HAND.....532
SUBSTITUTION..... 39
Suffering Saviour, with thorn..723
SUN OF MY SOUL.....674
SWEET BY-AND-BY 110
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.....634

T

TAKE ME AS I AM.....226, 335
TAKE MY LIFE AND LET..124, 663
Take the name of Jesus with... 47

NO.

TAKE THOU MY HAND.....486
TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY 448
TELL IT OUT.....192
TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS...249
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY. 28
TEMPTED AND TRIED.....136
TENDERLY CALLING 479
Tenderly the Shepherd..... 89
TEN THOUSAND TIMES.....155
THAT WILL BE HEAVEN FOR ME.621
THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.....381
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND ON.....655
The blood has always precious..208
The call of God is sounding.....538
THE CHILD OF A KING!.....302
THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD-NIGHT.526
THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.....273
The cross it standeth fast.....400
THE CROSS OF JESUS..... 32
THE CROWNING DAY.. 611
THE EYE OF FAITH.....457
THE GATE AJAR FOR ME 12
THE GLORIOUS MORNING.....644
THE GOSPEL BELLS..... 125
THE GOSPEL CALL.....409
THE GOSPEL OF THY GRACE...190
THE GOSPEL TRUMPET'S 148
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.....629
THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD..650
THE HANDWRITING ON THE.....379
THE HARBOR BELL.....347
THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.....146
THE HEAVENLY LAND..... 71
THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.....657
THE HOLY SPIRIT..... 29
THE HOME OVER THERE..... 54
THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT.....133
THE LAND OF BEULAH..... 97
THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.....626
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.....367
The living God, who by His.....528
THE LORD BLESS THEE AND 739
THE LORD KEEP WATCH.....523
THE LORD IS COMING.....449
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE..... 7
THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD.....678
The Lord's our Rock, in Him...321
THE LOVE THAT GAVE JESUS...311
The love that Jesus had for me.215
THE MANY MANSIONS.....499
THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.. 100
THE MODEL CHURCH.....408
The morning light is breaking.616
THE NEW SONG..... 33
THE NINETY AND NINE.....570
THE PALACE OF THE..114, 258, 542
THE PEARL OF GREATEST.....176
THE PRECIOUS NAME 47
The prize is set before us.....165

NO.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.....627
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.....326
THE SANDS OF TIME ARE...67, 252
THE SAVIOUR'S FACE.....520
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.....423
THE SHINING SHORE.....665
THE SMITTEN ROCK.....151
THE SOLID ROCK.....654
The Spirit and the bride say.....409
The Spirit, oh, sinner..... 29
THE SWEETEST NAME.....346
THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.....201
THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.....104
The way is dark, my Father.....188
The whole world was lost in.....626
THE WONDROUS CROSS.....491
THE WONDROUS GIFT..... 35
The word of God is given.....250
THEE WILL I LOVE.....559
There are lonely hearts to.....578
THERE IS A CALM.....383
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.....733
There is a gate that stands ajar. 12
THERE IS A GREEN HILL.....601
THERE IS A LAND.....16, 349
There is a land of pure.16, 146, 470
There is a land which lies afar..349
THERE IS A NAME I LOVE.....360
THERE IS A PARADISE OF REST.453
THERE IS A STREAM.....384
THERE IS JOY AMONG THE.....171
THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.....635
There is love, true love.....240
There is no name so sweet on...346
THERE IS NONE RIGHTEOUS.....385
There's a beautiful land on high.655
There's a land that is fairer.....110
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE.....113
There's a royal banner given...381
There's a Stranger at the door..332
THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S.541
THERE'S A WORK FOR EACH...161
THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS.....315
There were ninety and nine.....570
THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.....488
They dreamed not of danger.....115
THEY THAT BE WISE.....287
THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE.....550
They're gathering homeward...220
THINE, JESUS, THINE.....120
Thine, most gracious Lord..... 62
THIS I KNOW.....242
This is the day of toil.....170
This loving Saviour..... 10
THOU ART COMING.....152
Thou didst leave Thy throne... 98
Thou, my everlasting portion...599
THOU SHALT BE SAVED.....522
THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS.....549

NO.

THROUGH THE VALLEY AND...341
Through the valley of the.....113
THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.....441
THY WILL BE DONE.....229
TILL HE COME.....265, 364
'Tis a goodly pleasant land.....114
'Tis a true and faithful saying..427
'Tis known on earth, in heaven.249
'TIS MIDNIGHT.....474
'Tis only a little way on to my.459
'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR OF.....596
'Tis the hallowed hour of prayer.521
'Tis the promise of God, full..... 5
TO BE THERE.....143
TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS...630
TO HIM BE GLORY EVERMORE..251
To Him who for our sins was...251
To the hall of the feast came the. 44
TO THE WORK 576
TO THEE I COME.....424
To Thee I lift my soul, O Lord.563
TOPLADY. 7s, 61..... 21
Trav'ling to the better.....237, 458
TRIUMPH BY AND BY.....165
Troubled heart, thy God is.....506
TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-.....518
Trusting in the Lord thy God..214
TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL..581
TRUST ON.....212
Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn.479
'TWILL NOT BE LONG.....248

U

UP YONDER.....482

V

VARINA. C. M. D. 16
VERILY, VERILY 132
VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.....429

W

WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.....330
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord..736
WAITING 256
WAITING AND WATCHING.....116
WAITING AT THE DOOR.....487
WAITING FOR THE PROMISE.....395
Wand'ring afar from the..... 8
WARD. L. M.....384
WARWICK. C. M. 680
WATCHMAN, TELL ME..... 95
We are children of a King.....235
We are coming home to Jesus...503
WE ARE GOING HOME.....218

NO.

We are waiting by the river.....699
Weary gleaner in the field.....296
Weary gleaner, whence comest.. 24
WEBB. 7s, 6s, D.....615
We bow our knees unto the.....395
WE HAVE FELT THE LOVE OF..472
We have heard the joyful.....284
WE LIFT OUR SONGS TO THEE..297
WE PRAISE THEE AND BLESS..228
We praise Thee, O God!..... 20
WE PRAISE THEE, WE BLESS..451
We shall meet beyond the river..604
WE SHALL MEET, BY AND BY..604
We shall reach the summer-.....371
WE SHALL REIGN.....198
WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT..... 94
We speak of the land of the.. ...160
WE TAKE THE GUILTY.....239
We thank Thee, Lord, for this.. 4
WE WORSHIP THEE.....211
WE WOULD SEE JESUS.....500
WE'LL GATHER THERE IN.....250
WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER.....473
WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS.....180
We're going home, no more to.. 17
WE'RE GOING HOME..... 17
We're marching to Canaan..... 78
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.....567
We're saved by the blood.....140
We've journeyed many a day...123
WELCOME, WANDERER.....337
Well, wife, I've found the.....408
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN..583
WHAT A GATHERING!.....338
WHAT A GOSPEL!.....452
WHAT A WONDERFUL.....413
What can wash away my stain?.195
What! "lay my sins on Jesus".. 38
What means this eager..... 9
WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE.....160
WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE.....117
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST.....662
What tho' clouds are hovering..141
What various hindrances we...710
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH.....373
When God the way of life.....455
When He cometh, when He.....638
When I shall wake in that fair..485
When I survey the.....491, 709
WHEN JESUS COMES..... 37
When Jesus comes to reward...659
WHEN MORNING GILDS THE.....537
When morning lights the.....554
When my final farewell to the..116
When peace, like a river.....573
WHEN THE COMFORTER CAME.. 58
When the King in His beauty..231
When the Lord from heaven...198
WHEN THE MISTS HAVE.....411

NO.

When the storms of life are.....119
When we gather at last over.....316
WHEN WE GET HOME.....182
When we reach our Father's...173
WHERE ARE THE NINE?..... 8
WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED?.. 24
WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?..631
Where is my wandering boy...631
WHERE IS THY REFUGE.....185
Wherever we may go, by night..286
While foes are strong and..... 92
While Jesus whispers to you.....410
While life prolongs its precious..684
WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED..693
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING..578
While Thou, O my God, art.....495
While we pray and while we...428
WHITE AS SNOW..... 38
WHITER THAN SNOW.....82, 558
Who came down from heaven...283
Whoever receiveth the 387
WHOEVER WILL.....325

NO.

WHOLLY THINE 62
Whom have I, Lord, in heaven..142
WHOSOEVER CALLETH 548
"Whosoever heareth," shout...618
WHOSOEVER WILL.....618
WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME..435
WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE...236
WHO'S ON THE LORD'S SIDE..... 78
Why do you linger?.....419
WHY DO YOU WAIT?.....130
WHY NOT NOW.....428
WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?.....656
WILL JESUS FIND US.....659
WILMOT. 8s, 7s. 671
WINDHAM. L. M. 728
WINDOWS OPEN TOWARDS.....643
WISHING, HOPING, KNOWING... 46
With harps and with viols..... 33
With His dear and loving care..204
WONDERFUL LOVE.....507
WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE..579
WONDROUS LOVE.....623

NO.

WOODWORTH. L. M. 682
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS..... 14
WORK, FOR TIME IS FLYING...535
Would you lose your load of.....145
Would we be joyful in the.....667

Y

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.....127
YES, THERE IS PARDON FOR..... 55
Yes, we'll meet again in the.....437
YES, WE'LL MEET IN THE.....437
YET THERE IS ROOM.....642
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.....582
You're starting, my boy, on.....401
YOUNG MEN IN CHRIST THE...502

Z

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.....670

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