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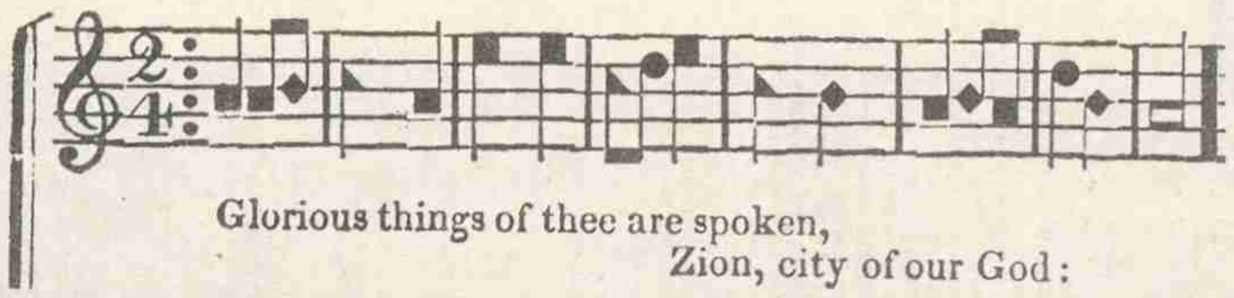

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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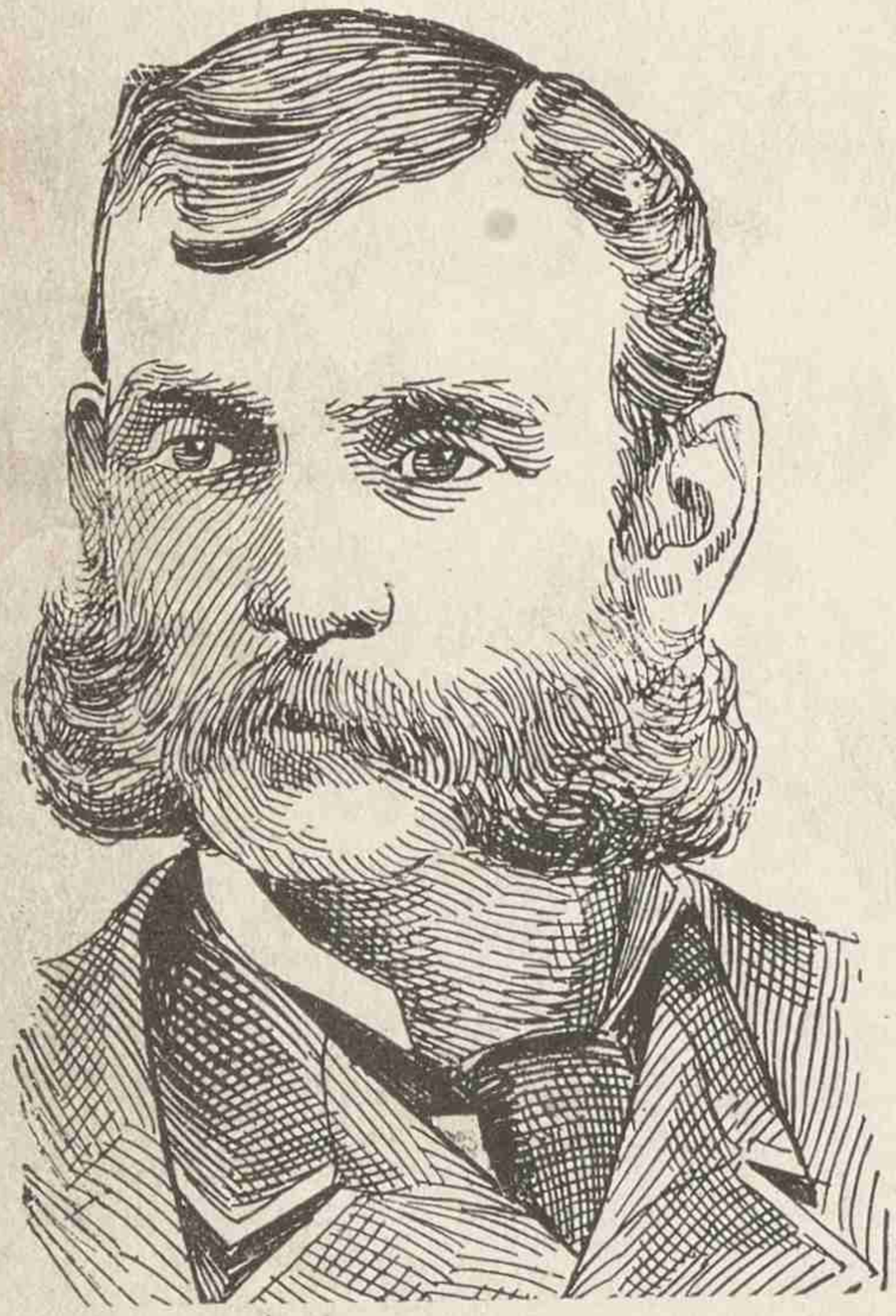
In God we Trust

EDW. S. FOGG.



E. S. UFFORD.

T. W. BARKER.

In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.—JOHN 1 : 4.

LIFE AND LIGHT No. 2.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

LIVING SONGS FOR REVIVALS, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, EPWORTH LEAGUE, PRAYER MEETINGS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL.

PUBLISHED BY

E. S. FOGG, CORNETIST AND EVANGELIST,
E. S. UFFORD, BAPTIST MINISTER, . .
T. W. BARKER, METHODIST MINISTER.

141 West Sixth Street, - - - - Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Hymn
1894
Life

27
F688

PREFACE.

BELIEVING Song to be one of God's appointed ways of spreading the gospel, we send this little messenger forth in His name.

"I am the Light of the World: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."– JOHN VII : 12.

EDW. S. FOGG.
T. W. BARKER.

No. 2.

The Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Societies have demanded a greater variety of songs than is found in No. 1, therefore the C. E. and E. L. edition is sent on its mission to help Evangelize the World.

FOGG, UFFORD & BARKER.

THIRD EDITION.

11,000 ISSUED.

ARMSTRONG & FILLMORE,
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS AND PRESS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Life and Light No. 2.

No. 1. Life and Light.

REV. T. W. BARKER. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. My soul is joyful in the Lord (the Lord), His light shines all around (around),
2. His blood has cleansed me from all sin (all sin), I'm ev'ry whit made whole (made whole),
3. My life is hid with Christ in God (in God), My bread is in his Word (his Word),
4. I care not for this world below (below), It has no charms I love (I love);

For Je - sus is my life, my way, His love in me a-bounds.
And life and light shine now within, And glo - ry fills my soul.
My meat and drink his righteousness, In him I live and move.
I live by faith and faith a - lone, I seek a home a - bove.

CHORUS.

I am walk-ing, walking in the light, the truth, the light, the way;
walking, walking, the way;

I am walk - ing, walking in the light, the beautiful light of God to-day.
walking, walking,

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No. 2. Redeeming Mercy.

J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

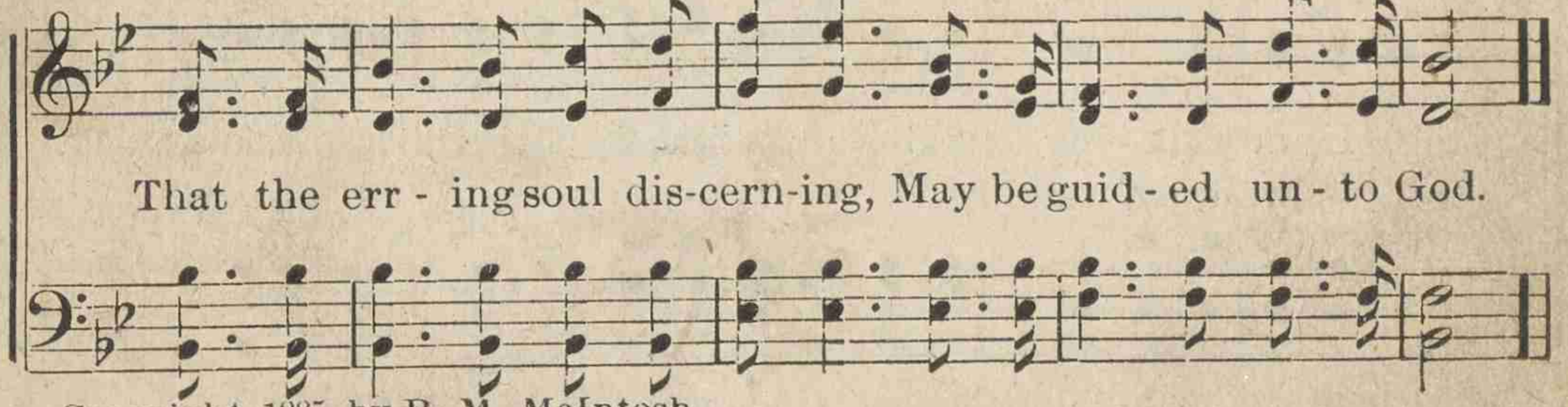
1. Brightly shines redeeming mer - cy From the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. See that cross illum'd with splendor, Blazing with the love of God,
3. Look, my soul, a - dore and wonder, Praise and bless Immanuel's name,
4. He has purchas'd our sal - va-tion, Ransom'd us from sin and hell,
5. On the trag - ic scene a - maz-ing, On the cross of Cal - va - ry,

Beams of ra-diance ev - er streaming Dart on ev - 'ry land and sea.
View the Sav-iour, kind and tender, Pouring forth his precious blood.
Quake not at the law's dread thunder, Tremble not at Si-nai's flame.
Give him thanks and ad-o - ra - tion, Saints with him in bliss shall dwell.
Sin - ner, with con-tri - tion gaz-ing, Trust in him that died for thee.

REFRAIN.

'Tis a bea - con brightly burning, Casting gleams of light abroad,

That the err - ing soul dis-cern-ing, May be guid - ed un - to God.



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No. 3. Let the Saviour In.

REV. S. W. SPEER. D. D. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Let the Saviour in, O lis-ten to His call, Let the Saviour in, Your only hope, your all; Let the Saviour in, A friend so kind and true,
2. Let the Saviour in, To you He kindly speaks, Let the Saviour in, While yet for you He seeks; Let the Saviour in, He will His grace bestow,
3. Let the Saviour in, How can you yet delay, Let the Saviour in, His loving voice o - bey; Let the Saviour in, For soon He may depart,
4. Yes, O Christ I yield, I trust in Thee just now, Come, Thy Spirit give, And hear this sacred vow; Come, O Saviour, come, My trembling faith increase,

CHORUS.

Brother, let Him in, He's pleading now with you.
Give to Him your heart, And full sal - vation know. O - pen now your heart, Yes, while the Saviour's near, . . . Open now your
Yield to Him just now, And give to Him your heart. And let Him in, While He is near,
Seal the work be-gun, And give me joy and peace.

heart, For He's your friend so dear, Oh, He's your friend so dear.
And let Him in,

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No. 4. On the Cross.

Words for Chorus arr. P. BILHORN.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovreign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord! I give my-self to thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS. Faster.

On the cross, on the cross where I first saw my Lord, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way (rolled a -way); It was

there by faith I received his word and now I am happy all the day.

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No. 5. Come, Sing to Me of Jesus' Love.

REV. BEN. HELM. EDW. S. FOGG.

DUET. Con express.

1. Come sing to me of Jesus' love, For life's low tide is ebbing
2. Draw near, and slowly sing to me How then on him my sins were
3. Oh, sing a-gain of Cal-va-ry, Where Je-sus died my soul to
4. Sing how tho' now ex-alt-ed high, At his almighty Father's

fast; Sing how he came from heav'n a-bove, On
laid, That I now in his cross may see, That
save; How there in death and ag-o-ny, The
side, In Death's lone wave he still is nigh, To

CHORUS.

earth to seek and save the lost.
all my debt is ful-ly paid. Sing of his love, wonderful
Sav-iour triumphed o'er the grave. his wonderful love,
safe-ly bear me o'er the tide.

love, How he gave his life for me, Sing of his
his wonderful love,

love, wonderful love, How he died for you and me.
his wonderful love, his wonderful love,

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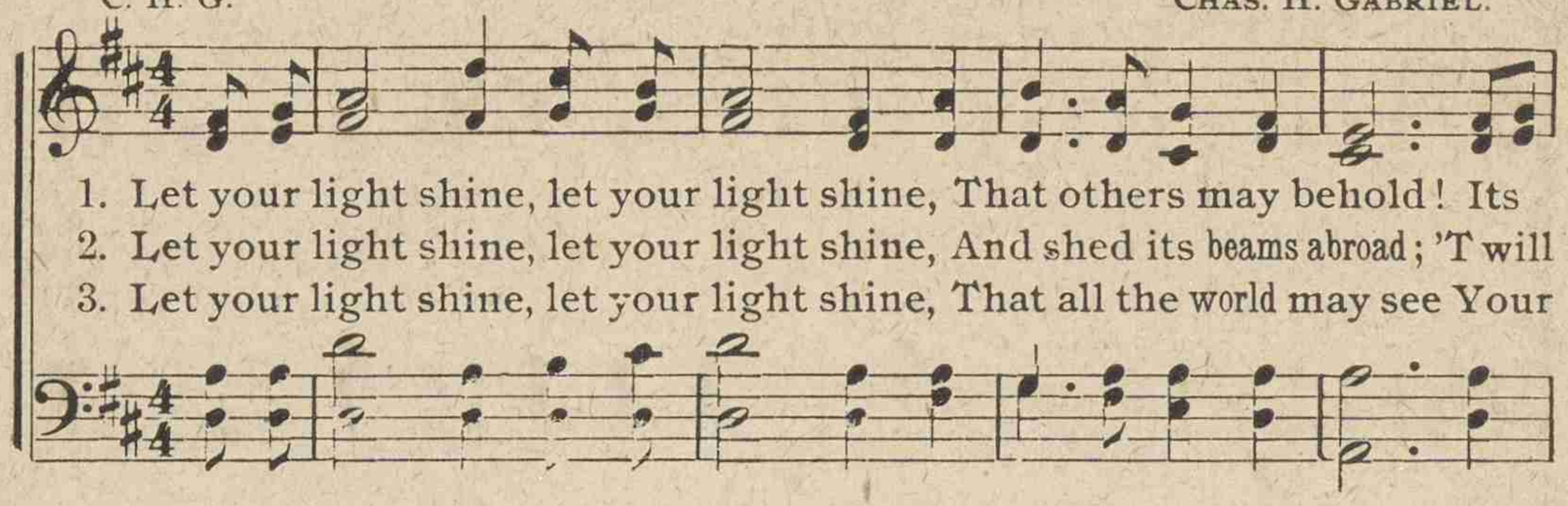
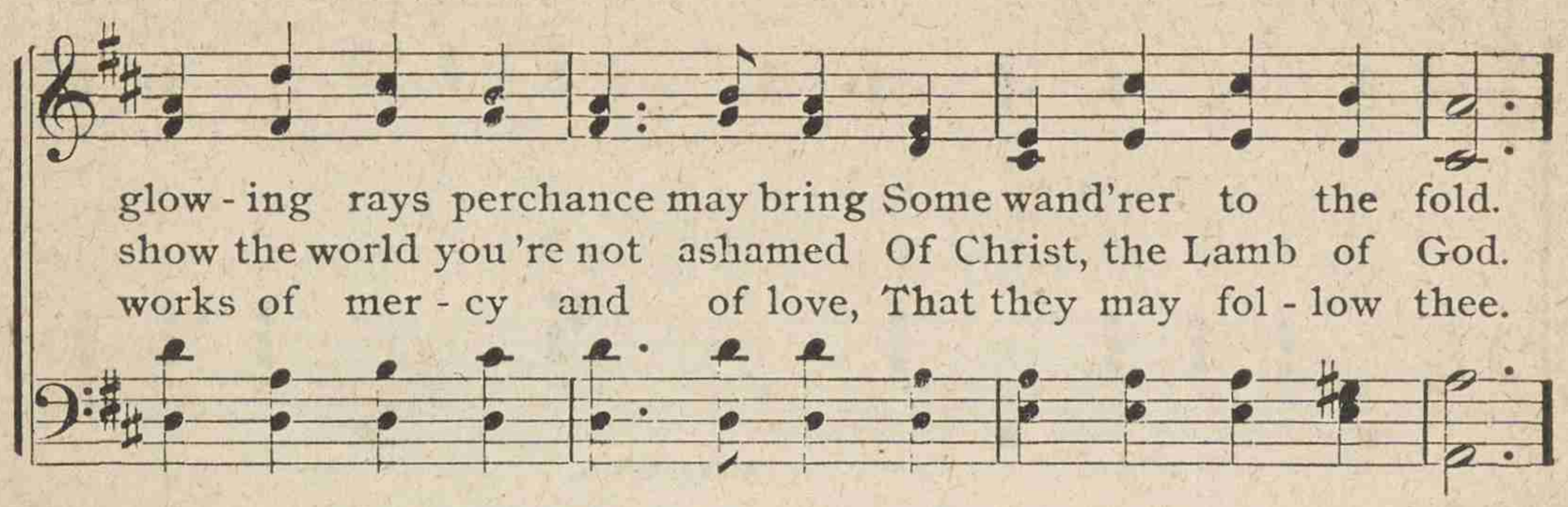
No. 6. Let Your Light Shine.

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





CHORUS.

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By permission.

No. 7. Jesus is Calling To-day.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Duet. **Semi-Chorus.**

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,
2. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee now, Calling thee now, yes,
3. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing, O come! Calling to - day, yes,

Duet.

call - ing for thee, List - en and hear him say, "fol-low thou me,"
call - ing thee now, Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,
call - ing to - day, All who are wea-ry and longing for home,

Semi-Chorus. **Full Chorus.**

Fol - low, yes, fol - low thou me. Je - - - sus is
Call - ing, yes, call - ing just now.
Je - sus is call - ing to - day. Je - sus is call-ing,

call - ing to - day, Je - - - sus is call-ing to - day;
call - ing to - day, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing to - day;

Je - - - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Je - sus is call-ing, calling to-day,

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No. 8. Be Ready When He Comes.

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

1. Are you ready for your Lord, should he come? should he come? Are you
2. Oh, there 'll be re-joicing when he comes? when he comes! If we
3. See! the saints en-ter in when he comes? when he comes! To the

ready for his sum-mons home? (summons home?) Does your
hear him saying: "Children come! ("Children come!) Come, ye
wedding when the Bride-groom comes! (when he comes!) Brightly

anx-ious spir-it burn, His ap-pear-ing to dis-cern? Are you
bless-ed en-ter in, I have cleans'd you from all sin!" Oh, there 'll
burning is each light, And in raiment spot-less white, See! the

CHORUS.

ready if your Lord should come?
be re-joicing when he comes! Oh, be ready for him
saints en-ter in when he comes!

when he comes! when he comes! Oh, be ready for him when he comes!

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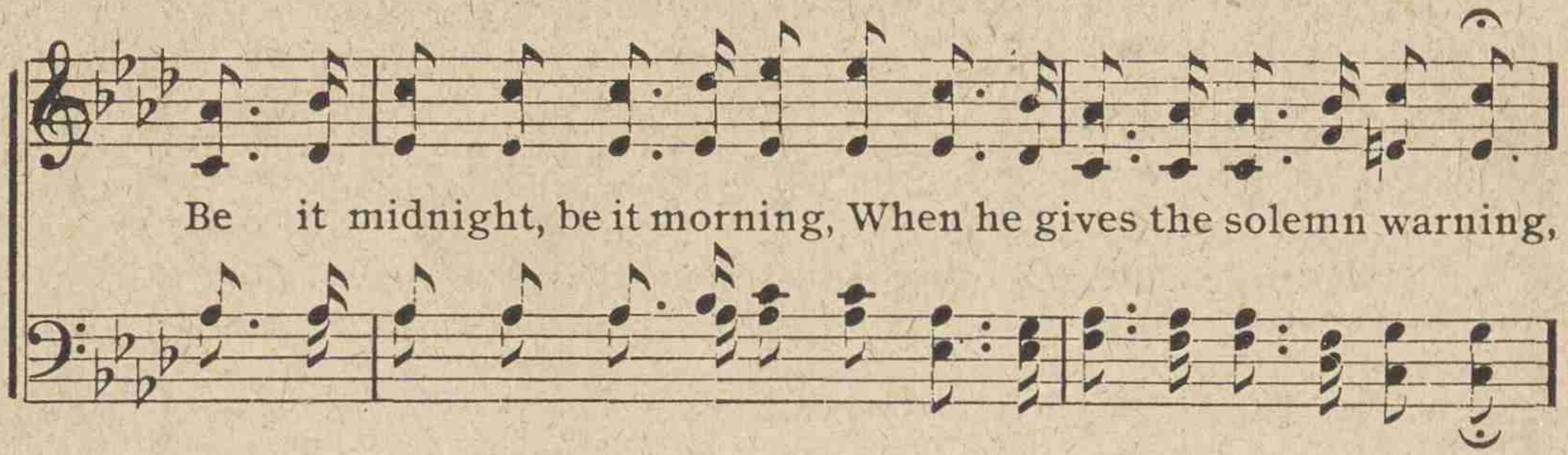
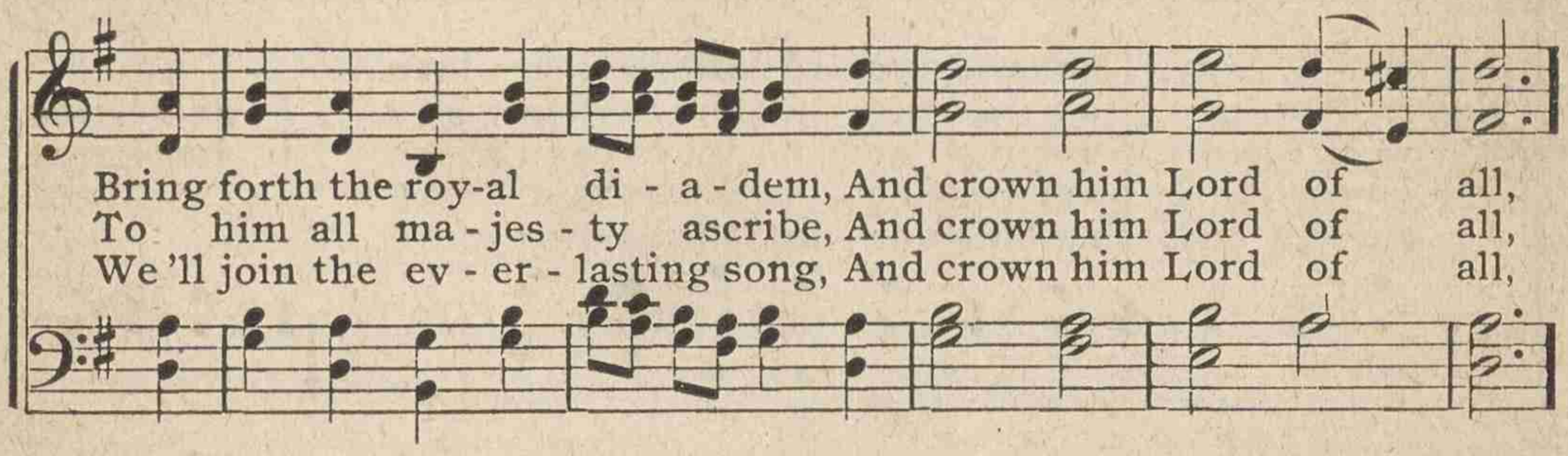
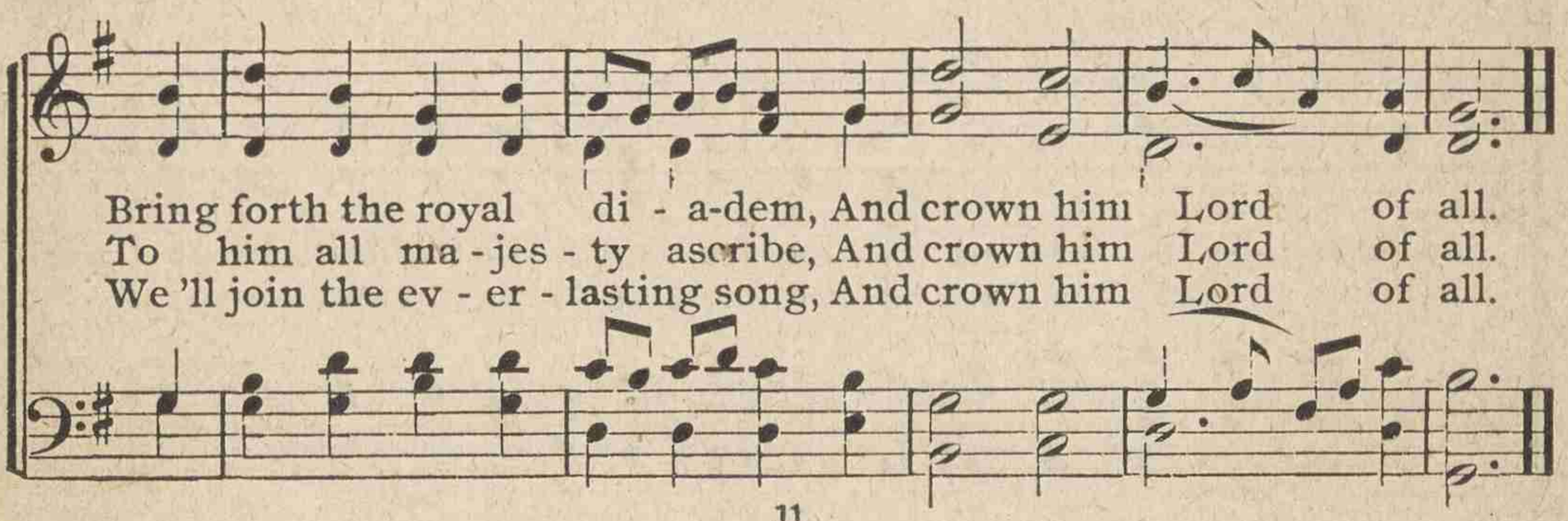
Be Ready When He Comes. Concluded.



No. 9. All Hail the Power.

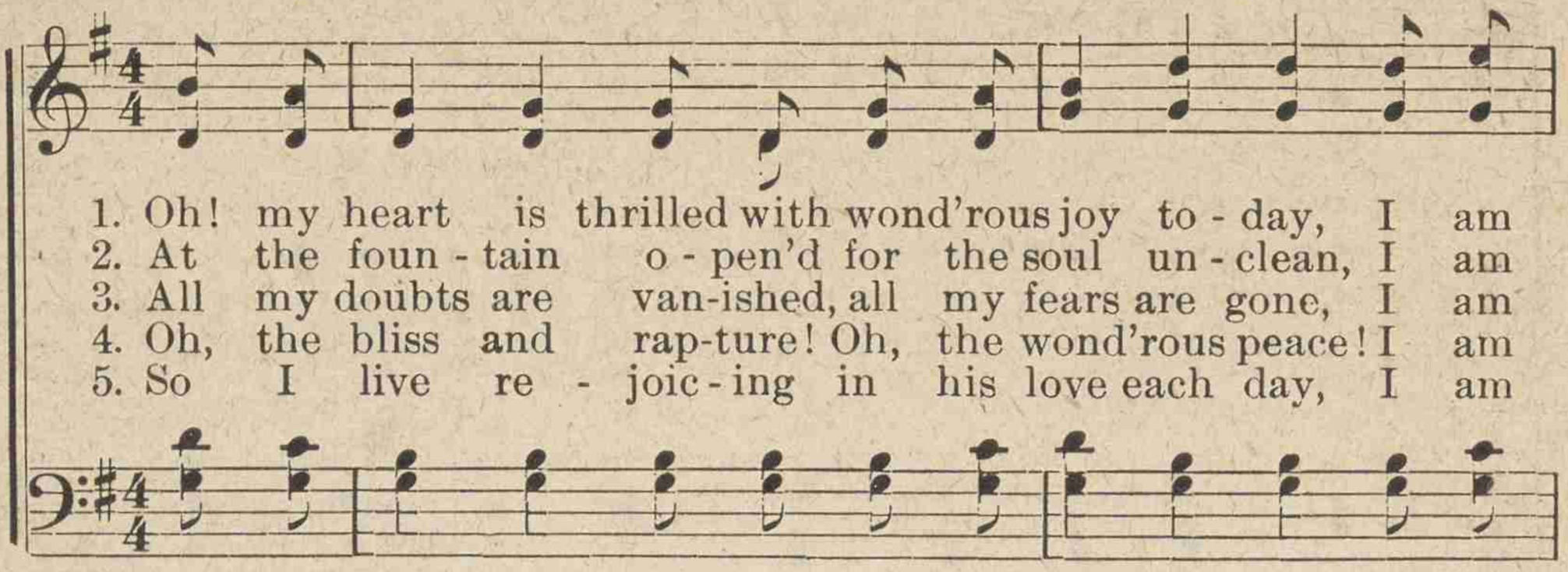




No. 10. I am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."– HEB. 4: 3.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.



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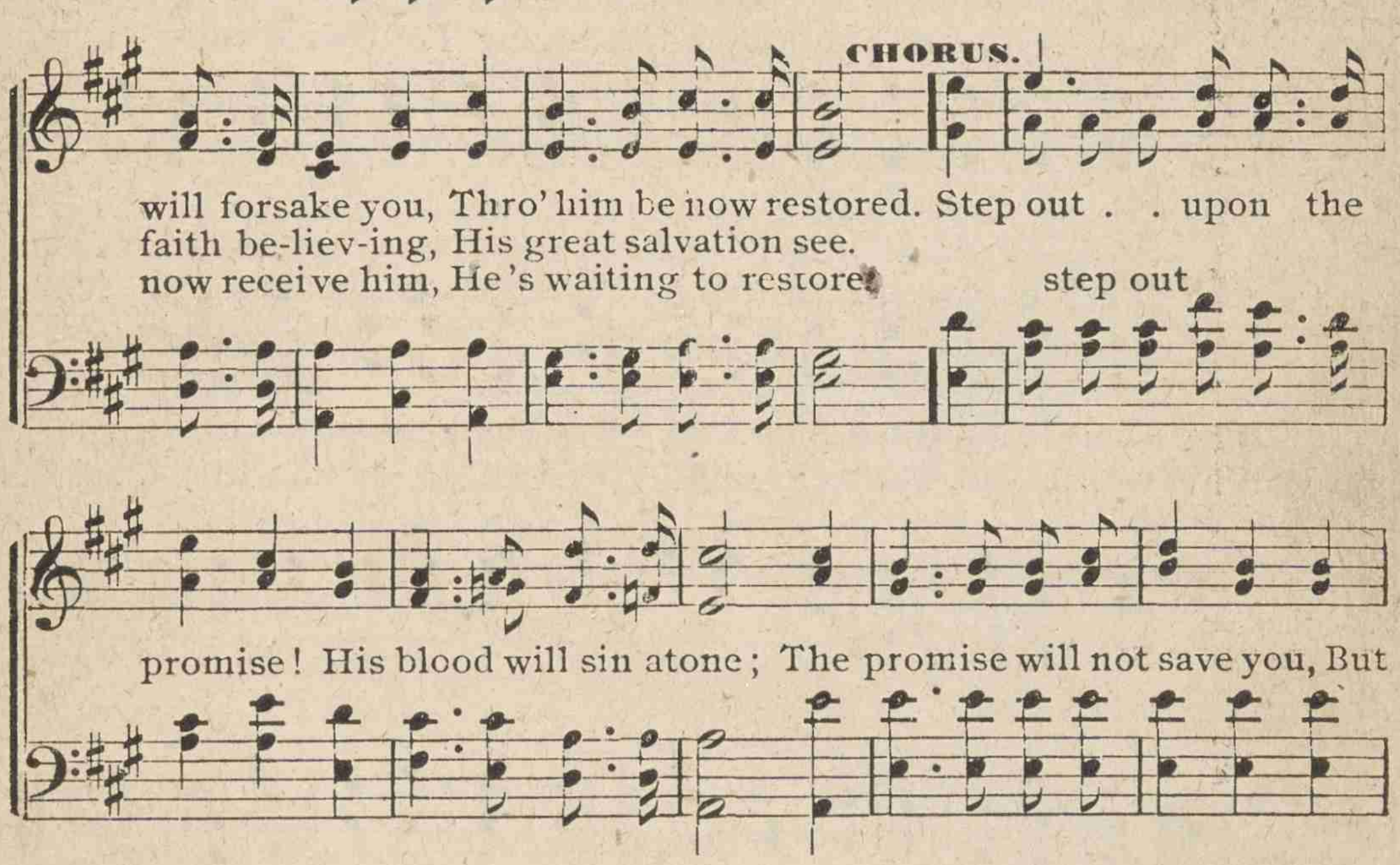
I am Resting. Concluded.

No. 11. The Promise.

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



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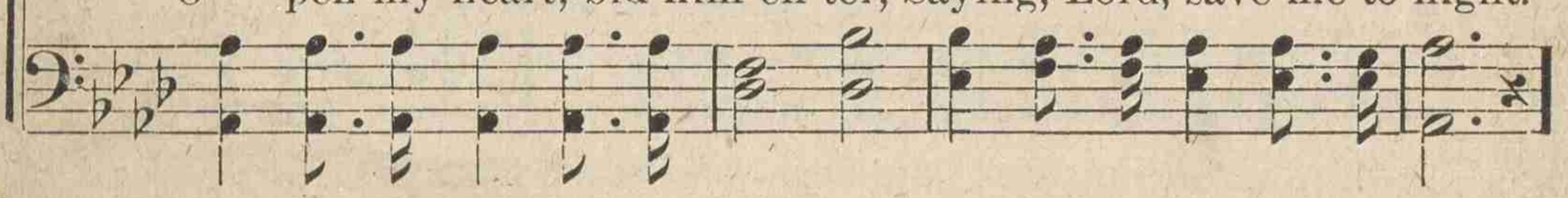
No. 12. "What Shall I do Then with Jesus?"

Matthew 27 : 22.

W. A. WELLS. P. BILHORN.

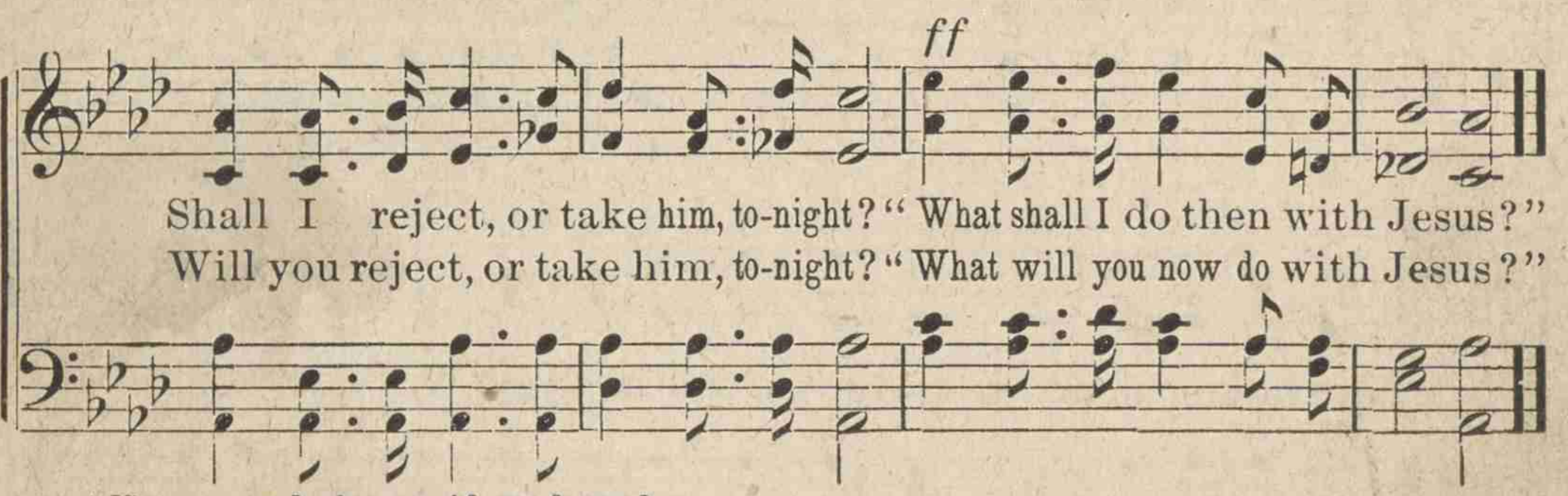
1. "What shall I do then with Je - sus," Je-sus, the Saviour of men?
2. God's Ho - ly Spir-it is plead-ing Now at the door of my heart,
3. What shall I do? shall I slight him, Drive him away from my side?
4. What shall I do? thus I'm halt-ing, Scarce knowing how to decide;
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir-it, now help me, Answer this question a-right,

Now as to me comes the question, Shall I re-ject him a - gain?
Je - sus is seek - ing ad - mis-sion, Shall I then bid him de-part?
Je - sus who longs to re-deem me, Who for me suffered and died?
One moment long-ing to take him, Then over - come by my pride.
O - pen my heart, bid him en-ter, Saying, Lord, save me to-night.



CHORUS.

What shall I do, What shall I do, "What shall I do then with Je - sus?"
* What will you do, What will you do, "What will you now do with Je - sus?"



Shall I reject, or take him, to-night? "What shall I do then with Jesus?"
Will you reject, or take him, to-night? "What will you now do with Jesus?"

* Use second chorus if preferred.

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No. 13. Pure and Clean.

N. C. MISS NORA CARR.

1. Yes, I was once so full of sin and more Of mis - ery
2. I read his Word and pondered day and night On his prom-ise
3. It was for you he shed his precious blood, Come and all your

and de - spair, The Saviour could not en - ter in my heart For
full and free, At last I came and gave myself to him And
la - bor give, He'll forgive and save and keep you by his pow'r, Oh,

CHORUS.

world-li-ness was all my care. Pure and clean,
now his blood it cleans-eth me.
broth-er trust in him and live. Praise his name, oh, praise his name,

He has washed me in his blood, Yes, pure and
For re - demption full and free, Praise his name, O

clean, Glo - ry in the pow'r of Je-sus' blood.
praise his name, It cleanseth me.

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No. 14. Have You heard of Jesus?

REV. JAMES M. BAKER. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Have you heard of Je - sus who was cru - ci-fied; Do you know he's the
2. Do you feel his com-fort in your heart each hour; Do you know he's the
3. Do you love the Saviour who hath shed his blood; Do you know he's the
4. Yes, I love the Saviour who his life did give, Yes, I know he's the

Saviour of man? Do you read the sto - ry and by it a-bide; Do you
Saviour of man? Do you know his goodness and his keeping pow'r, Do you
Saviour of man? Do you hope for heaven where you'll reign with God; Do you
Saviour of man; And I hope for heaven where with him I'll reign, Yes, I

know he's the Saviour of man? Are you walk - ing, walk - ing,

CHORUS.

walking, walking, walking, walking,

Walking in the path the Saviour once trod? Have your sins been pardoned

thro' his cleansing blood? Do you walk in the light of God?

of God?

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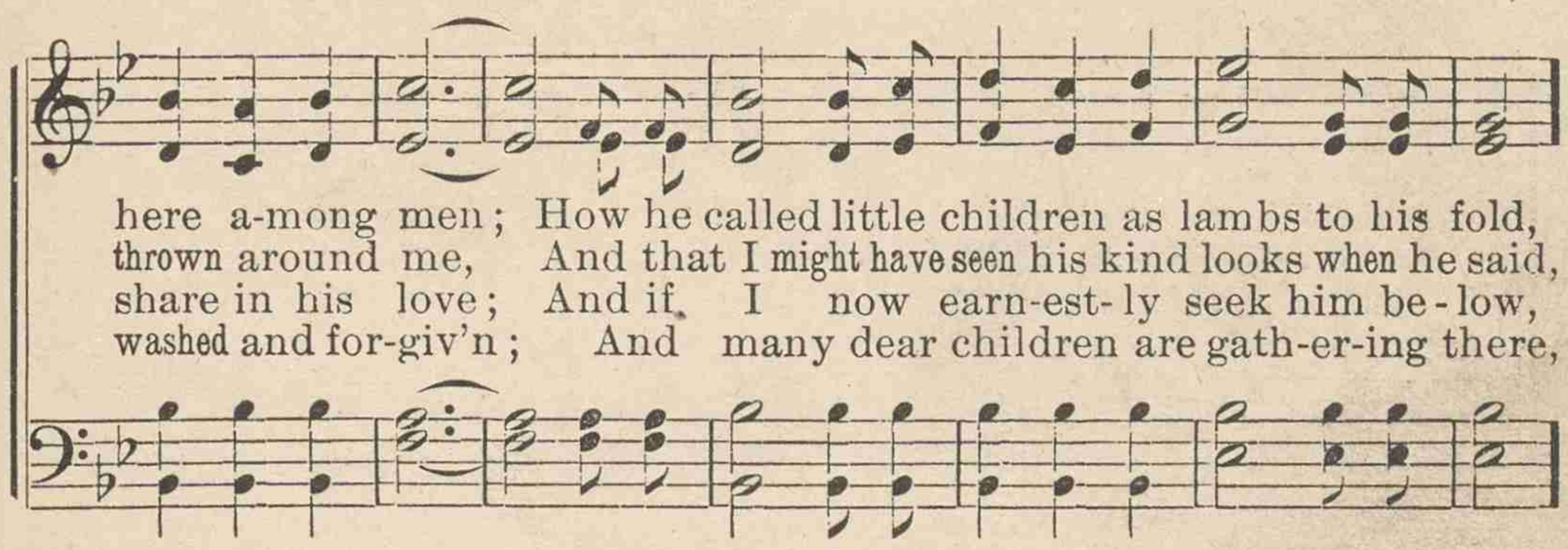
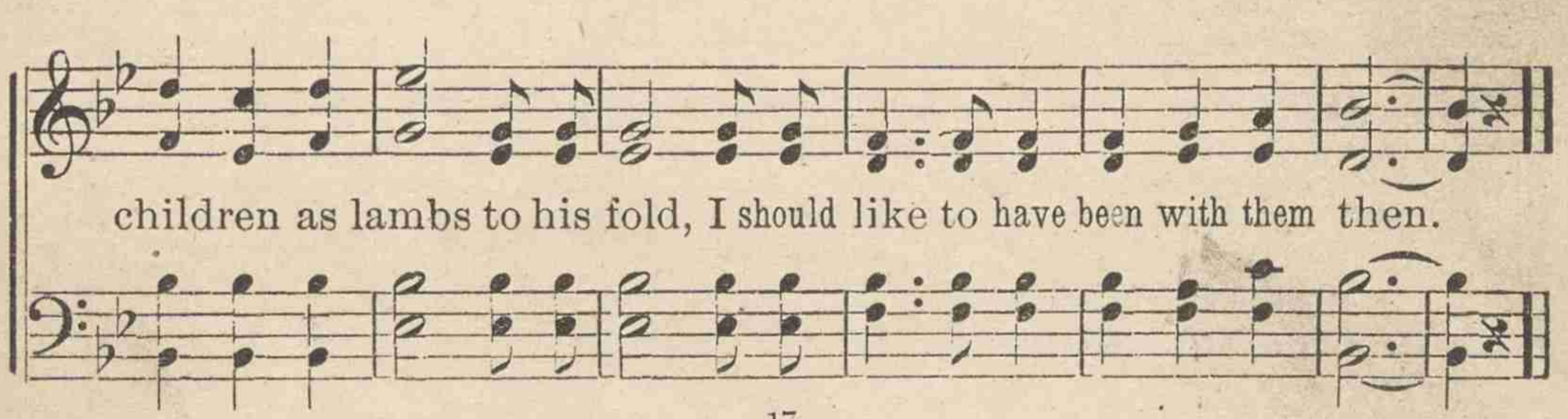
No. 15. Sweet Story of Old.

MRS. J. LUKE. Old Melody. Arr. by E. S. FOGG.





No. 16. One Day Nearer.

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

1. Let us work with a will for Je - sus while we may,—He is call - ing for reapers—let us then o - bey; Precious moments are
2. There's a cross to be borne if we the crown would wear, There is joy with the an-gels that we each may share; Let us rise then to
3. Shall we go emp-ty handed from the har - vest here, With but leaves for the master, when he shall ap - pear? Oh, my broth - er, a -

passing, brother, watch and pray;—Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home.
du-ty, and for Christ prepare,— Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home.
rouse ye, for the night is near,— Ev'ry day brings us nearer to our home.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home, Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to our home,
Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home, Ev - 'ry day brings us nearer to our home,
Ev-'ry day

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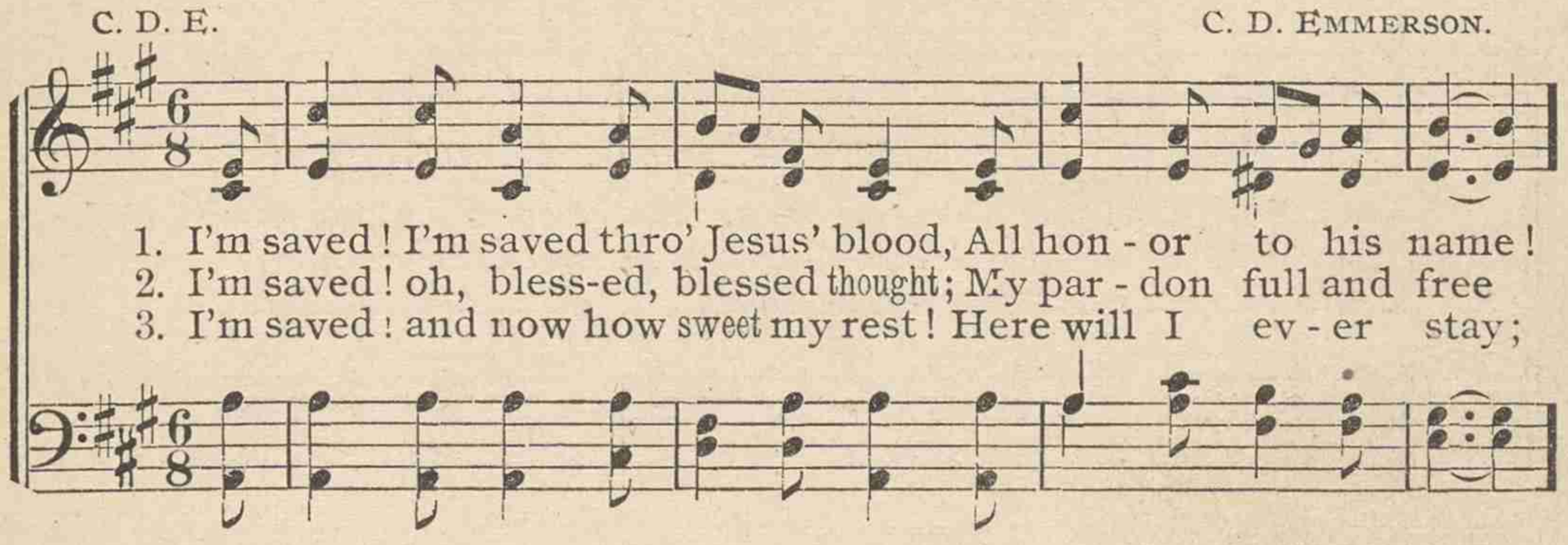
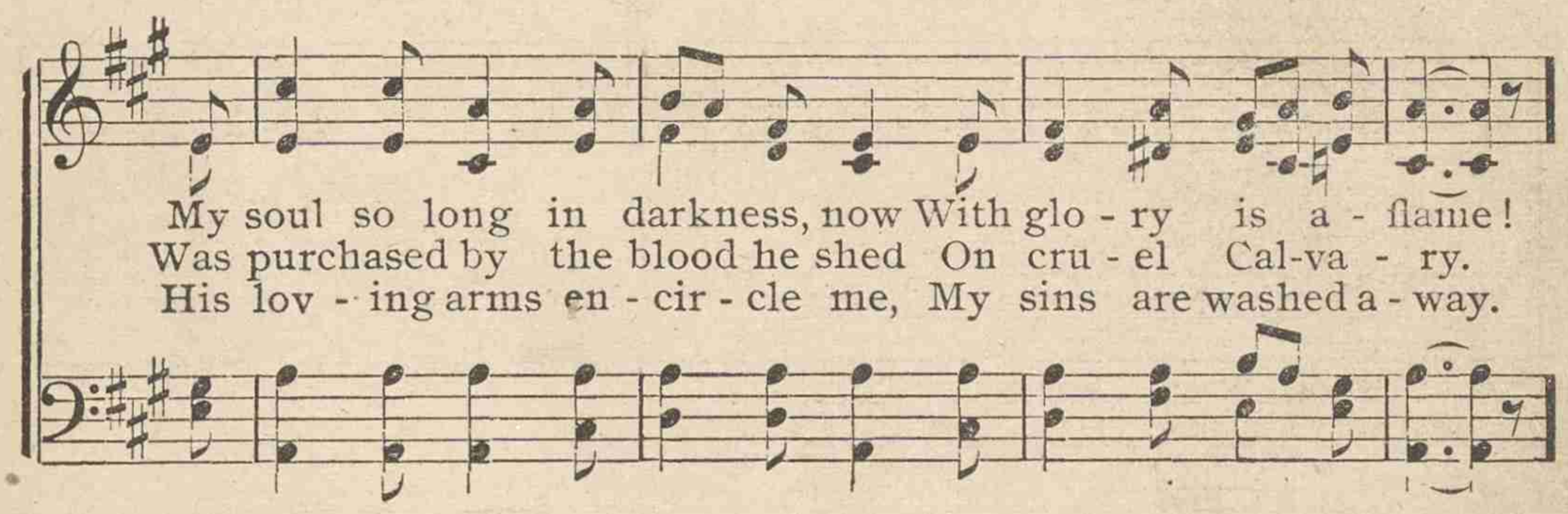
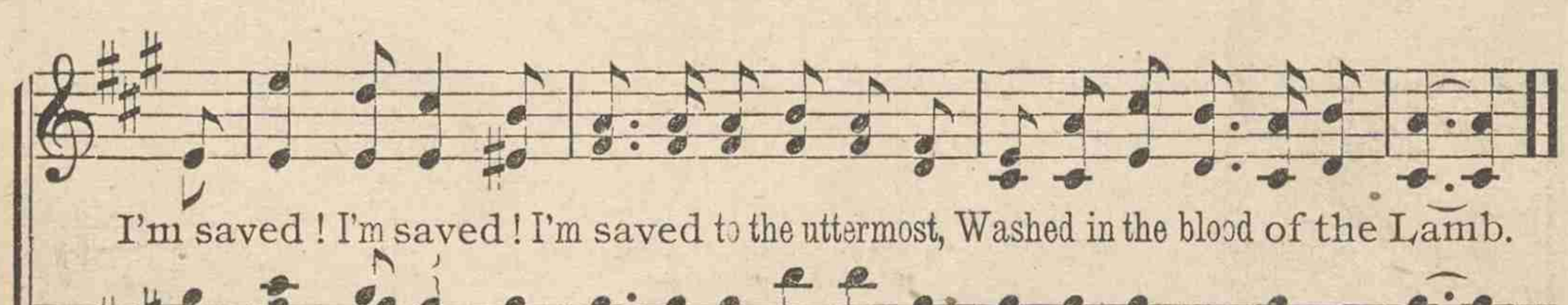
One Day Nearer

No. 17. Saved to the Uttermost.

C. D. E. C. D. EMMERSON.







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No. 18. Our Father!

Portuguese Hymn. Arr. by F. L. Bristow.

1. Our Fa - ther in Heav - en, we hal - low thy name,
2. Forgive our trans-gres-sions, and teach us to know

May thy king-dom ho - ly on earth be the same!
That hum - ble com - pas - sion that par - dons each foe;

Oh! give to us dai - ly our por - tion of bread.
Keep us from temp - ta - tion, from weakness and sin,

It is from thy boun - ty, It is from thy boun - ty,
And thine be the glo - ry, And thine be the glo - ry,

It is from thy boun - ty, We all must be fed!
And thine be the glo - ry, For - ev - er, a - men!

No. 19. Magnify His Name.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign, Increase my cour - age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

CHORUS.

Oh let us walk in the light, (beau-ti - ful light,) And

mag - ni - fy his name, (blessed name,) Oh let us walk

in the light, (beautiful light,) And mag - ni - fy his name.

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No. 20. We're on the Way.

REV. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.

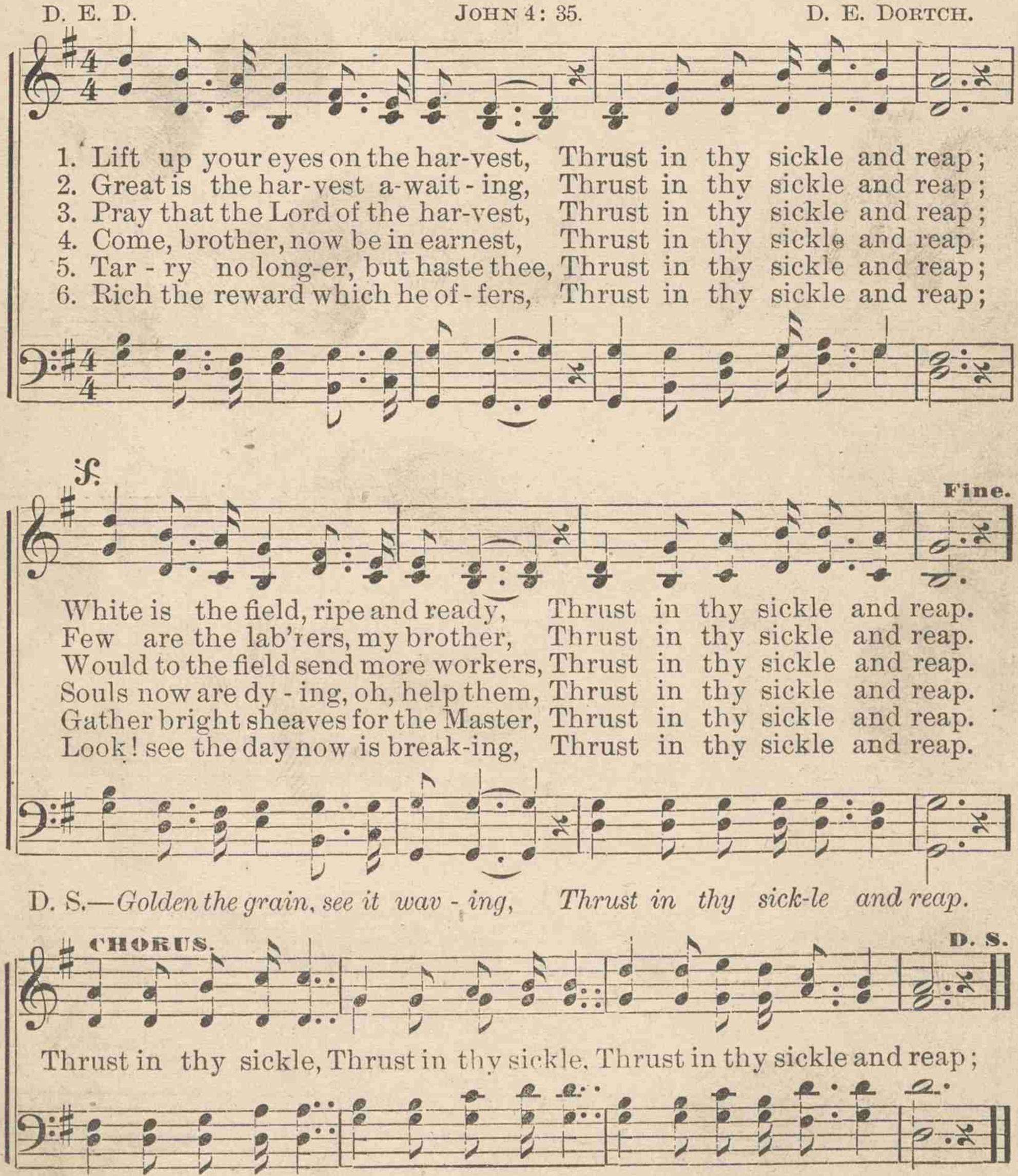
Copyright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle.

We're on the Way. Concluded.

No. 21. Thrust in thy Sickle and Reap.

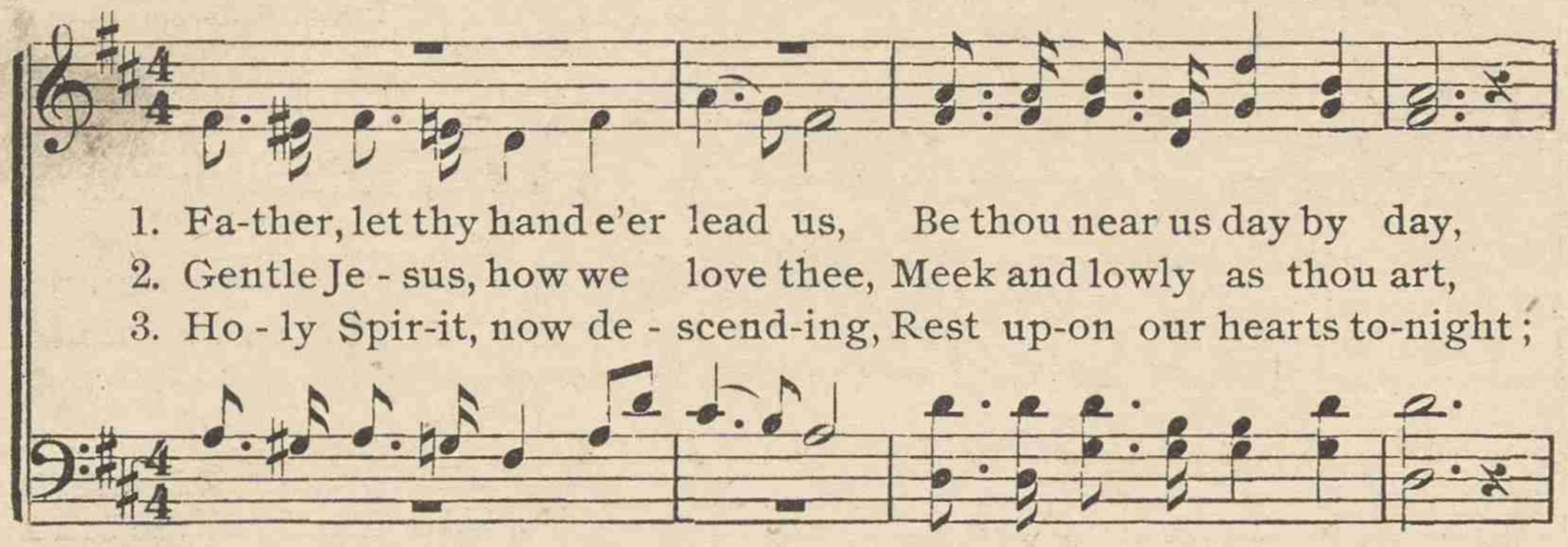
"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

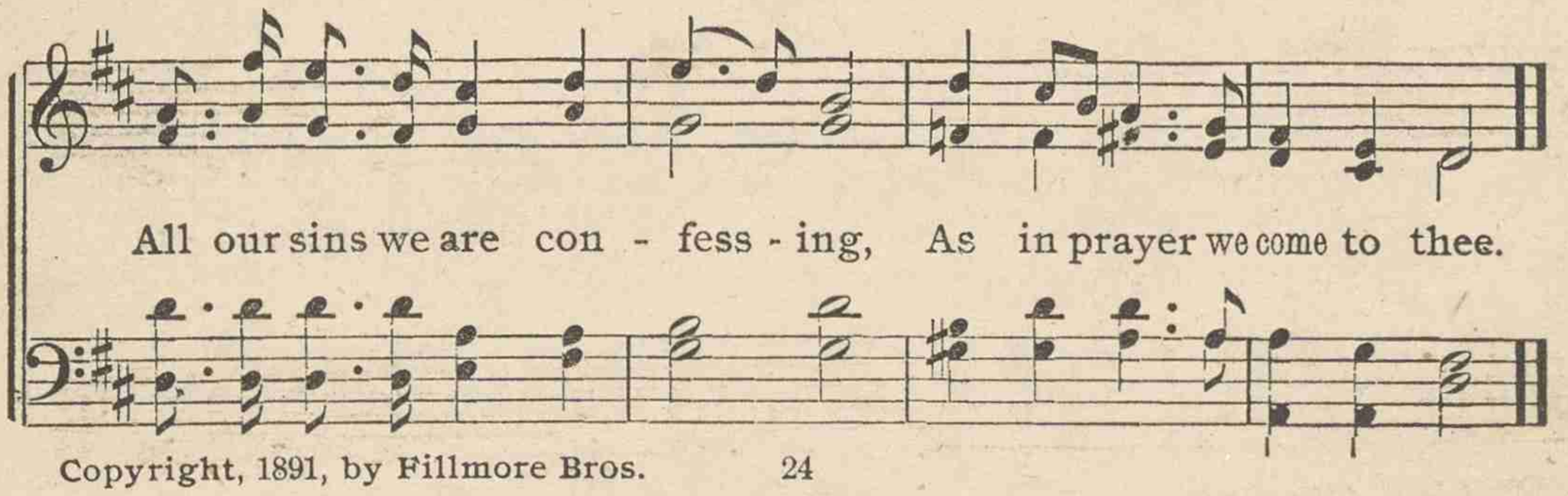
D. E. D. JOHN 4: 35. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 22. Saviour, Breathe a Blessing.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. *May be sung in D-flat.* J. E. HALL.





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No. 23. Lord, I Come.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All my weakness, all my fail - ings, Lord, in sor - row I deplore;
2. I have failed to fol-low close-ly All the steps marked out for me,
3. Henceforth, Saviour, walk be side me, Lead me by thy loving hand,

Make me pur - er, stronger, bet - ter, That my heart may love thee more.
Yet I dare to hope for mer - cy, For my heart still trusts in thee.
Till my feet shall reach the portals Of the dear Immanuel's land.

CHORUS.

Full of failings, yet I come, Saviour, make my heart thy home! Let it

be, let it be, let it be, let it, let it be, Full of light and pur - i - ty.

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No. 24. Send the Light.

C. H. G. (MISSIONARY.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac - e - donian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound, "Send the light!
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are
Send the light!" And a gold - en off'ring at the
Send the light!" And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry -
Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a

Send the light!

souls to save, Send the light! . . Send the light!
cross we lay, Send the light! . . Send the light!
where be found, Send the light! . . Send the light!
crown a-bove, Send the light! . . Send the light!

Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *The first eight measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted.*

We will spread . the ev - erlasting light,
We will spread . . the ev - er-last - ing light, With a

Bass Solo.

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Send the Light. Concluded.

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the
will - ing heart and hand, . . . Giving God . . the glory

glo - ry ev - ermore, We will follow, follow his command.
ev - er - more, We will follow his command. . . . . .

Send the light, . . the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
Send the light, the blessed gospel light,

shine from shore to shore! . . Send the light! and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

ra-diant beams Light the world for ev - er-more. . . . .
let its radiant beams Light the world for ev - ermore.

No. 25. Hear the Saviour.

E. S. FOGG. E. S. FOGG.

1. When I was far a - way from God, And all was dark to me, I
2. Yet still I wandered on in sin, By worldly pleasures tossed, Un-
3. Yes, lost I was, but these words came, In thunder tones so plain, If
4. And now that I this new birth have, And God lives in my soul, I

heard a voice from heaven say, The Saviour calls for thee.
til it seemed all hope had fled, And I was tru - ly lost. Calling for
you would full salvation have, "Ye must be born a - gain."
pray you, sinner, turn to Christ, That he may make you whole.

CHORUS.

thee, Oh, sinner, obey, The Saviour still pleads, . . .
He's calling for thee, Oh, sinner, obey, The Saviour still pleads.

He's pleading to-day, ... Hear his sweet voice, ... And turn not a-
He's pleading to-day, O, hear his sweet voice,

Rit.

way, ... For Jesus is wait - ing to save you to - day.
And turn not away, Is waiting, yes waiting, to save you to-day.

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No. 26. Through the Blood.

Words by A. P. COBB. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Have you touched the garments of the ho - ly One? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai-ly with your Lord in view? Are you close to his
3. Are you bringing sinners to the sinners' Friend? Does your life tell of

soul-cleansing tide? Are your sins for - giv - en? Do you hope for heaven
dear, wounded side? Do you love your Saviour? Do you seek God's favor
Je-sus who died? Do you have the Spir - it? Do you peace in - her-it

CHORUS.

Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci-fied? Thro' the blood, cleansing
Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci-fied? Thro' the blood,
Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci-fied?

blood, Thro' the blood of the Christ crucified! Are your sins forgiven?
cleansing blood,

Do you hope for heav-en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci - fied?

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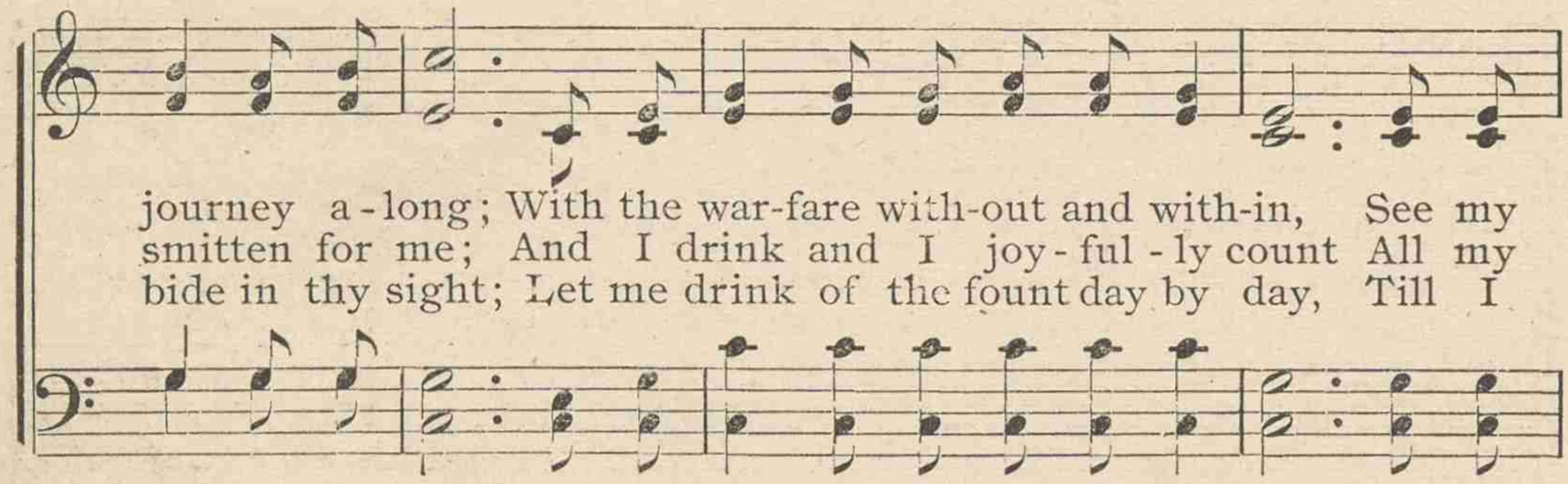
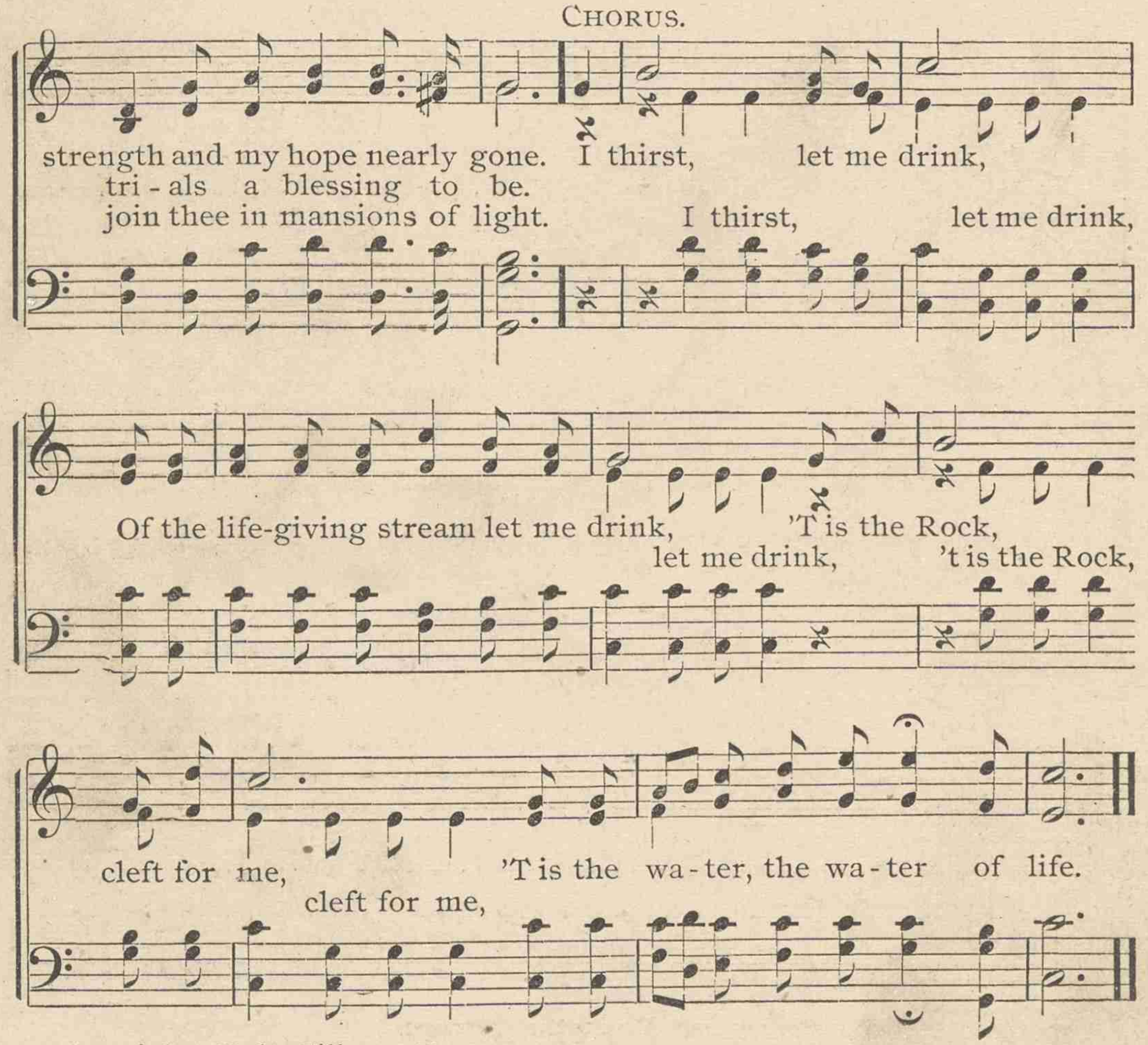
No. 27. The Water of Life.

Words by H. R. TRICKETT. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



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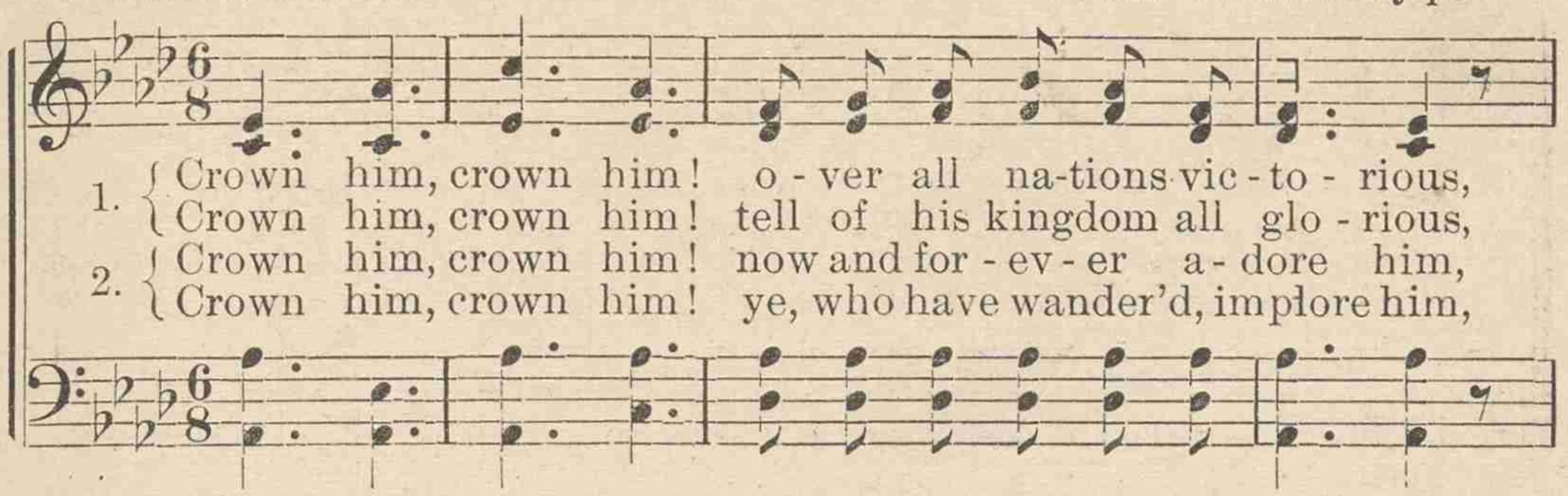
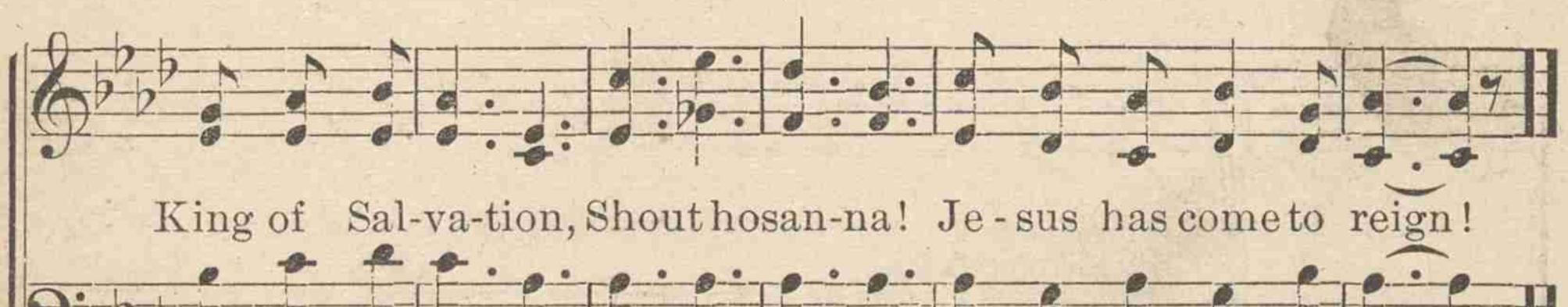
No. 28. Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. GEO. F. ROSCHE. By per.





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No. 29. City of Love.

To my true friend, James H. Wood.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. I seek a place where they have no sigh, Where sor - row can nev - er be known; But where I shall
2. I seek a place where they sin no more, Where Sa - tan, my foe, can not lure; And, oh, when I
3. I seek a place where the Sav - iour reigns; That Je - sus once nailed to the tree; He purchased that

drink from founts of joy That gush, ev - er bright, from the throne.
reach that bless - ed shore My soul is for ev - er se - cure.
place with blood and pain, And went to pre-pare it for me.

CHORUS.

I am bound for home, For my bliss-ful home, The home and the city a - bove.

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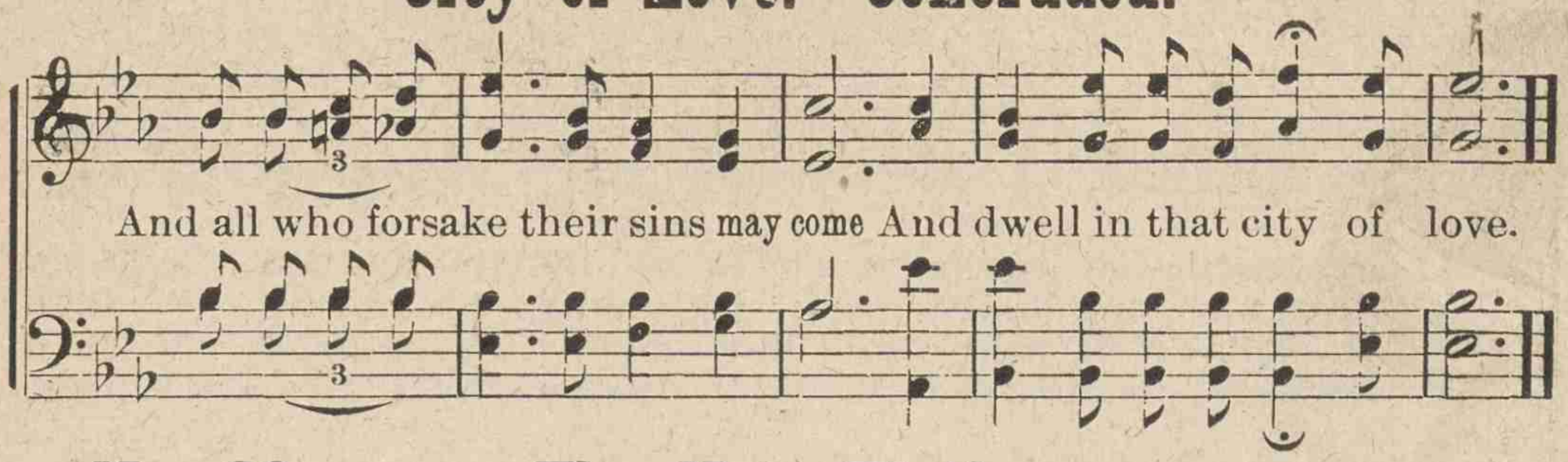
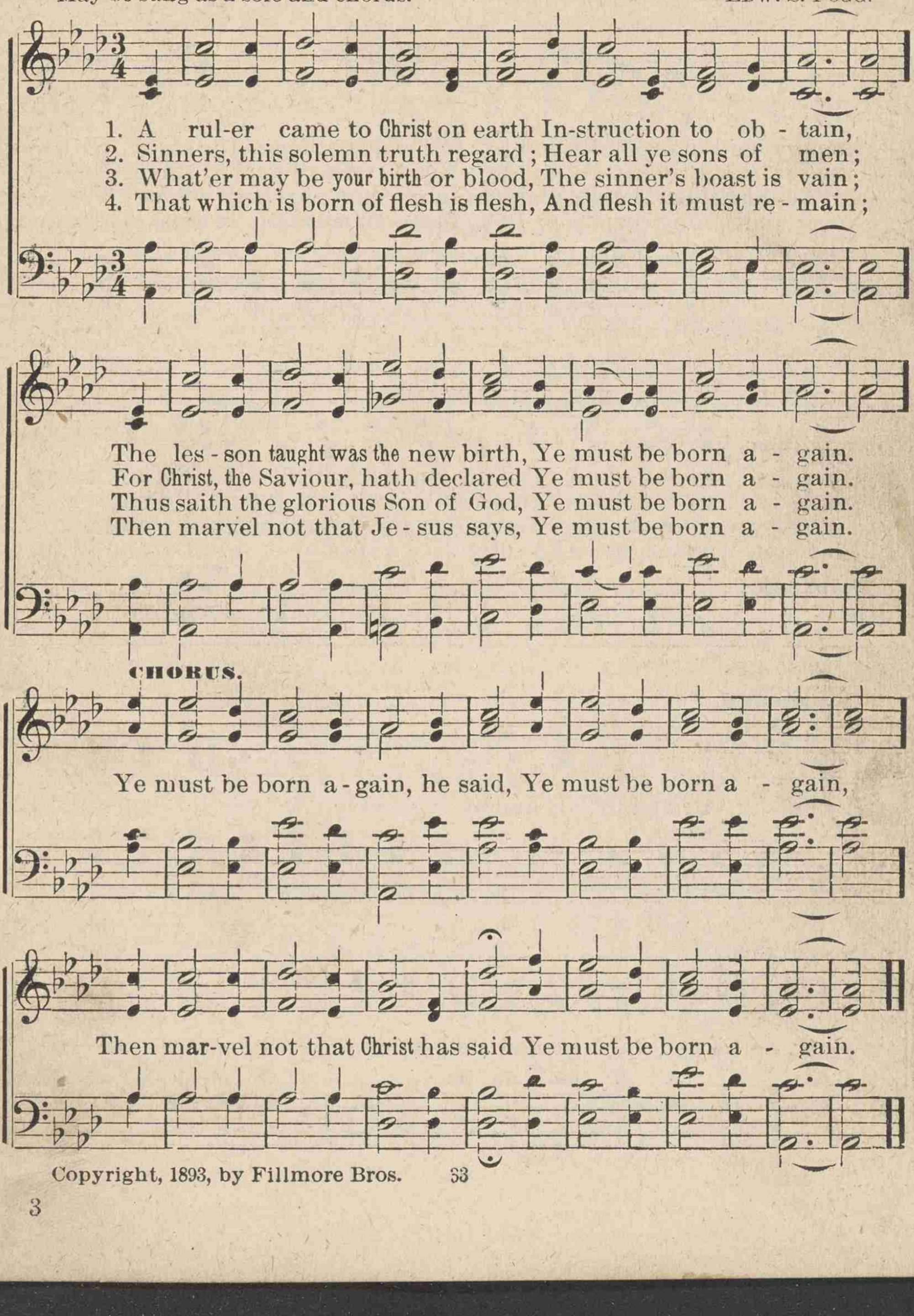
City of Love. Concluded.



No. 30. The New Birth.

May be sung as a solo and chorus.

EDW. S. FOGG.



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No. 31. Over Jordan We Shall Meet.

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that hap-py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gather on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be - fore, And the Saviour's name a-dore, By and by.
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a ho - ly, hap - py band, Crowned with glory in that land, By and by.
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair Where the hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise forever there, By and by.
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by; There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, (By and by,) by and by, (by and by,) O - ver Jor-dan we shall gath - er, by and by, (by and by,) By and by, (By and by,) by and

By permission.

Over Jordan. Concluded.

by, (by and by,) Then we'll shout and sing for-ev-er, by and by, by and by.

No. 32. Come to Jesus.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, trembling sin-ner, from thy seat, And bow be - fore the Lord;
2. Come while you may to Christ and live, For life will soon be done;
3. Come if thou canst, or canst not feel; Come trusting in his grace;
4. Come while the voice of Je - sus calls In ac - cents full and clear,
5. The Sav-iour stands thy cause to plead Be - fore the throne a - bove;

Fall as a mourn-er at his feet, And hang up - on his Word.
Oh, come and to the Sav - iour give That guil - ty heart of stone!
He will the work of par - don seal On all who seek his face.
And mer-cy's sweet-est language falls In - vit - ing on the ear.
Come in thy hour of great - est need, And feel his pard'ning love.

CHORUS.

1st time. 2d time.

Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Jesus now,
Only trust him, he will save you, (*Omit*) . . . . He will save just now.

No. 33. Joy Among the Angels.

Words by JESSIE H. BROWN. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. There is joy in heav'n among the an - gels, When a wan-der - er re-
2. There is joy on earth among the righteous, There are faithful hearts that
3. You can give that joy to saints and an - gels, For the lov-ing Shepherd

turns to the fold,—When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, Aft-er
thrill with delight, When a soul is giv - en to the Sav-iour—Led to
calls you to - day, Heav'n and earth will join to bid you welcome, Do not

CHORUS.

stray-ing in the dark and cold. There is joy . . . among the
trust the gen-tle Shepherd's might.
lin - ger, do not lon-ger stray. There is joy, yes, there is

an - - - - gels, There is joy among the an-gels when a
joy among the an-gels,

wanderer returns; There is joy . . . among the an - - - -
There is joy, yes, there is joy among the

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Joy Among the Angels. Concluded.

No. 34. Y. P. S. C. E.

(Dedicated to the Christian Endeavor Societies everywhere.)

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

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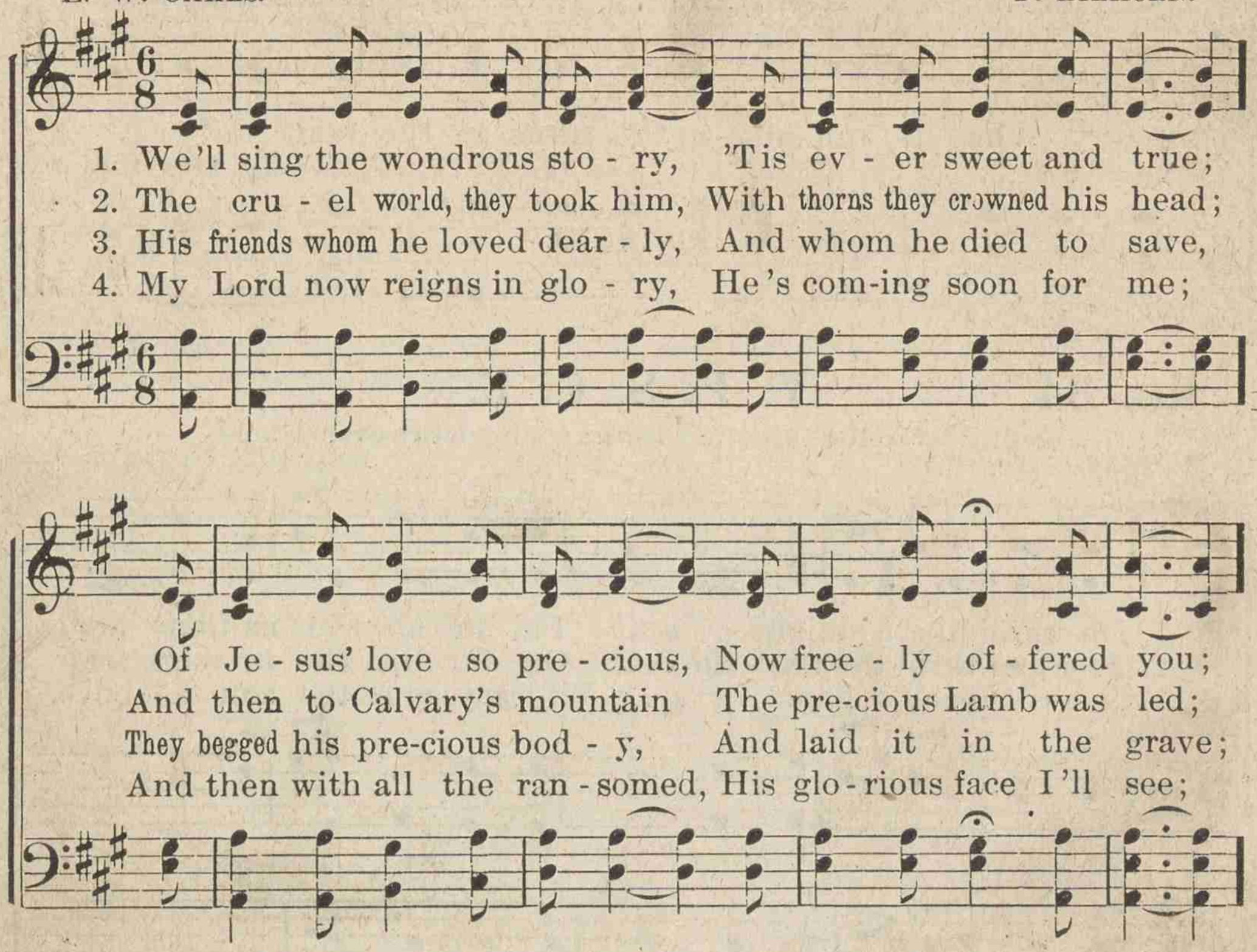
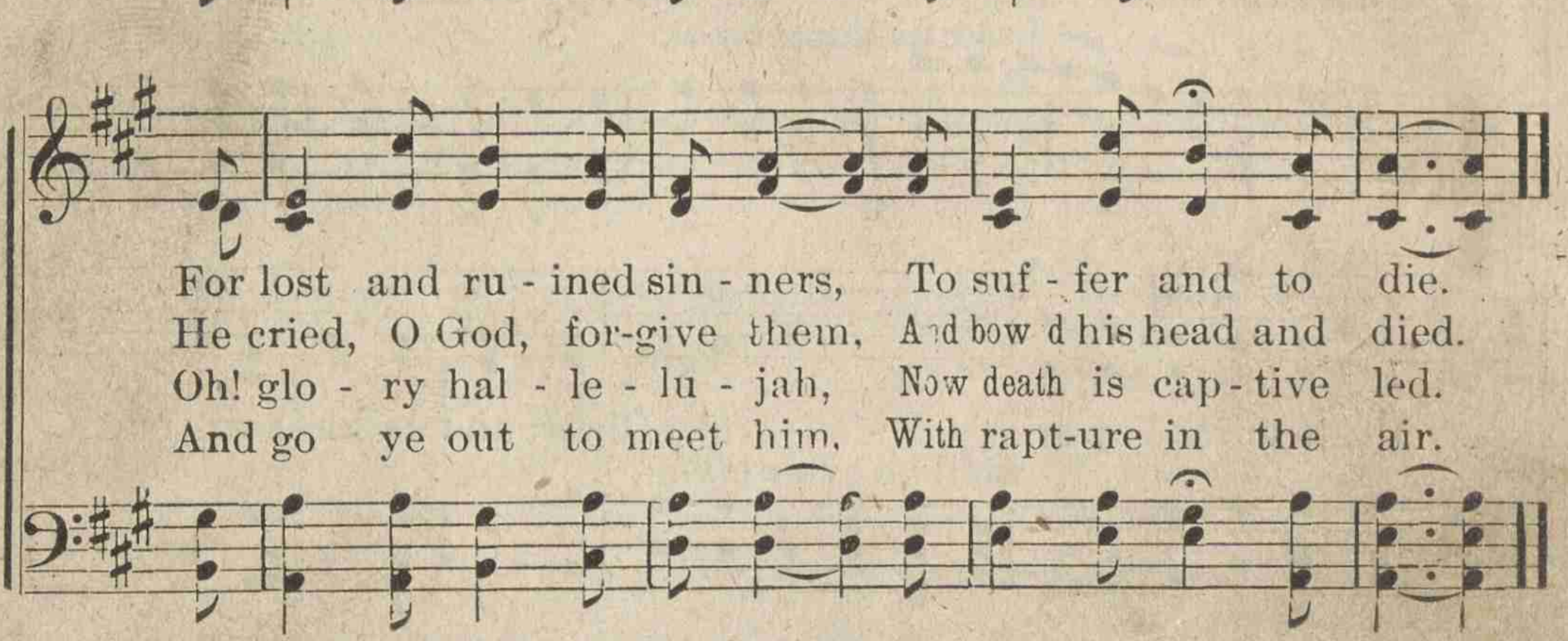
No. 35. A Story Sweet and True.

E. W. OAKES. P. BILHORN.





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No. 36. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the morning bright and fair? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the sol - emn night? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, For a fer - tile way? Are you getting ready for the harvest, brother, That will

CHORUS.

heat of the noon-day's glare?
har - vest pure and white? For the harvest time is coming on,
come at the last great day? coming on,

And the reaper's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be soon be done,

ma - ny, will you garner any, For the gath'ring at the harvest home?

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No. 37. Save the Young Men of the State.

To the Young Men's Christian Associations of Kentucky.

H. W. HUTCHINS. EDW. S. FOGG.

DUET.

1. The cry comes up from the hearts of all, Oh, save the young men of the State;
2. Ye men who have money and talents to spare, For you does this du - ty a - wait;
3. Their lives are so precious to home and to land, Still they're going to ru - in so fast;

Those who are struggling with sin in the world, Oh, save them before 'tis too late.
So, up and a - way, at your work while 'tis day, And save the young men of the State.
Reach out un - to them the help - ing hand, And bring them to heaven at last.

CHORUS.

Then, up and a - way, let us toil while 'tis day, For soon it will be too late; (too late;) Then stand firm ev'ry man with an outstretched hand, And save the young men of the State.

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No. 38. Seeds of Promise.

Words by JESSIE H. BROWN. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

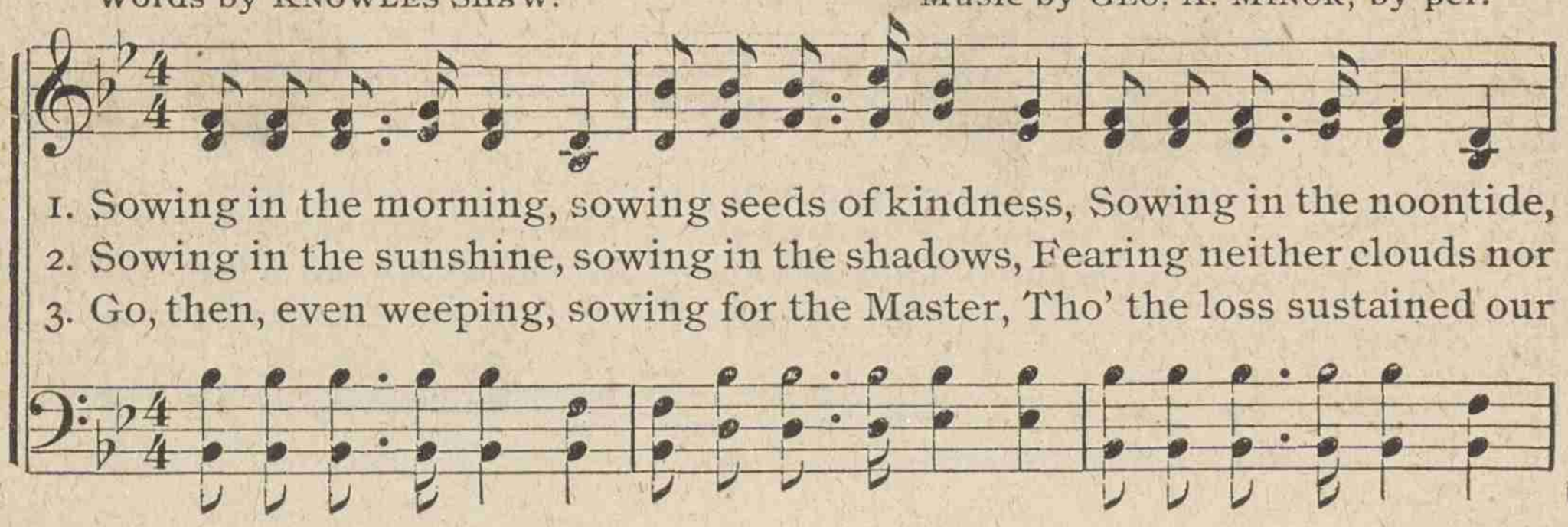
CHORUS.

day . . . along your way, ... The seeds of prom - - -
Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise
ise cast, ... That ripened grain . . . from hill and
cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain
plain, ... Be gathered home . . at last. . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last . . .

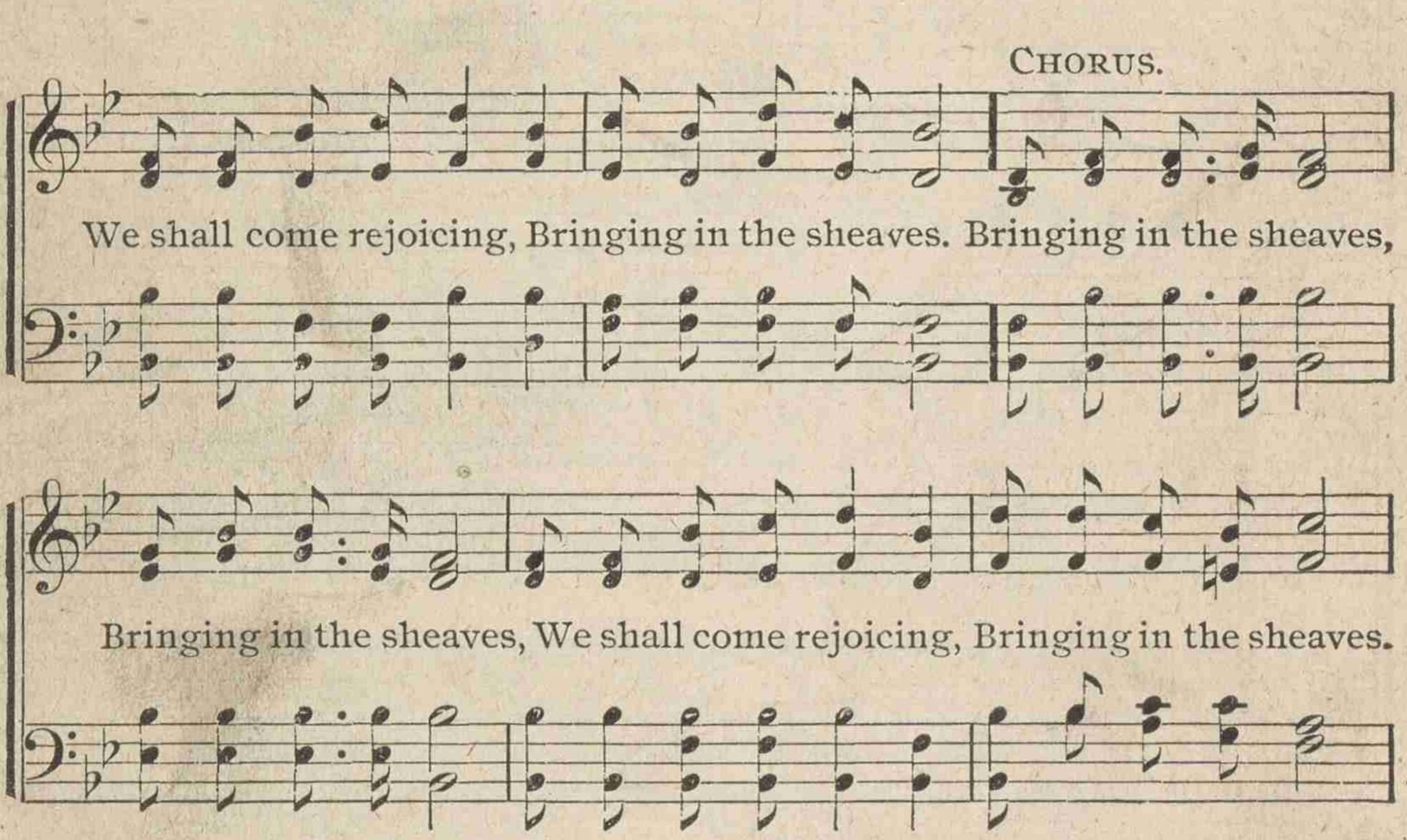
By permission.

No. 39. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words by KNOWLES SHAW. Music by GEO. A. MINOR, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 40. Have You Found Jesus?

IDA L. REED. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Have you found that Friend and Saviour, Who has died, your soul to save,
2. Do you bring to him your burdens? He will help you all to share,
3. He will help you bear your sorrows, Well he knows your ev-'ry grief,
4. Trust in him, your on - ly Saviour, Give to him your heart to - day,

Who o'er sin and death tri-umph-ant, Passed the portals of the grave?
Heard you not his in - vi - ta - tion, "Cast on me your ev - 'ry care"?
He has borne them all be - fore you, And will send your soul relief.
And, with-in the fount of cleans - ing, He will wash your sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Have you found him, do you know him, Do you rest with - in his love?

Are you looking onward, upward, To his promised home a - bove?

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No. 41. The Wonderful City.

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

1. I hear them tell of a wondrous country, A land of pure de-light,
2. I hear them tell of a ris-en Saviour, A mighty King of kings,
3. O broth-er, let us believe the story That comes to me and you,

Where summer suns are forever shining, And never there falleth night;
The build - er of that immortal city,—The world with his glory rings;
Its truth appears in the stars of heaven, And shines from the pearly dew;

I hear that within that dominion fair, A cit - y immortal stands,
They tell me that he has prepared for all A place in that land so fair,
That country's the home of immortal souls, That city's the throne of love,

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The Wonderful City. Concluded.

A city whose beauty is yet untold, A city not built with hands.
And sends down a full invitation, too, That all may be present there.
That king is the Saviour who shed his blood, To build us that home above.

CHORUS.

Blessed cit - y, love-ly cit - y, Cit - y in a world so fair,

Bless - ed cit - y, love - ly cit - y, Broth - er, may we
Blessed cit - y, love-ly cit - y,

one and all meet there, . . . May we one and all meet there. . .
meet there, meet there.

No. 42. My Heavenly Home.

(Dedicated to Pine Grove Choir.)

REV. W. J. DORAN. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. I'm think-ing of home, my beau - ti - ful home, That home far a - way in the sky, Where Je - sus has gone to pre-
2. That beau-ti - ful home where the glo - ri - fied dwell, So free from all sor-row and pain, Where an - gels the sto - ry of
3. How sweet in that home, that beau - ti - ful home, Are the joys of the sanc - ti - fied ones; No long-er they'll roam; they

pare me a room, And I'll meet him by and by. I
Je - sus will tell, And we meet with loved ones a - gain. Where
call us to come, Far from earth's tears and groans. I

know he has room for a sin - ner like me, For he says he has
death is a stranger and want ne'er comes, Nor doubt nor op-
long for the time when I too shall go, To the mansions of

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My Heavenly Home. Concluded.

gone to pre - pare A man - sion a - mong the
pres - sion a - rise, In that cit - y of mansions and
love o - ver there, Where Je - sus, my Sav - iour and

bless-ed and free, A place for me o - ver there.
gold - en streets, Far a - way in the star - decked skies.
friends I shall know, A - mong the im-mor-tal and fair.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful home, . . Heav - en-ly

beau-ti - ful, beauti-ful, beauti-ful home, Heavenly, heavenly

home, . . Land of the blessed and free; My loved ones have

heaven-ly home,

gone With the Saviour to dwell, And are watching and waiting for me.

No. 43. Let me Sing.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.

1. Let me sing, oh, let me sing, Je - sus' love so full and free,
2. Let me sing, oh, let me sing, Tell the sto - ry day by day;
3. Let me sing, oh, let me sing, Nothing else can comfort me,

Let me sound the notes of praise, Of my Saviour's love for me.
Let me sing redemption's song, All along my pilgrim way.
Tho' I'm wea - ry, weak and worn, Still I'll sing, yes, sing of thee.

CHORUS.

Let me sing . . . . . from day to day, ...
Oh, let me sing let me sing,

Let me sing . . . . from day to day, ...
Oh, let me sing let me sing,

Let me sound . . . . the notes of praise, ...
Let me sound the notes of praise, Let me sound the notes of praise

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Let me Sing. Concluded.

No. 44. Move Forward.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.

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No. 45. Come to Jesus Now.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D. VIOLA FROST MIXER.

1. Sin - ner, now the Spirit warns you, Seek salvation while you may,
2. Heed the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion, Fly to Christ from sin and shame,
3. Long you 've halted, doubting, wav'ring, Half persuaded to o-bey;
4. Wait no longer, Je - sus calls you, Now decide for him to live;
5. Jus - ti-fied by faith in Jesus, All your doubts and fears will cease,

Now the door of mercy's o - pen, But there 's danger in de - lay.
Par - don now is offered free-ly, Free-ly offered in his name.
Long you 've tarried at life's portals, Oh, come in, come in to - day.
Come and prove his boundless mercy, Prove how freely he 'll forgive.
And your soul become God's temple, Filled with light and love and peace.

REFRAIN.

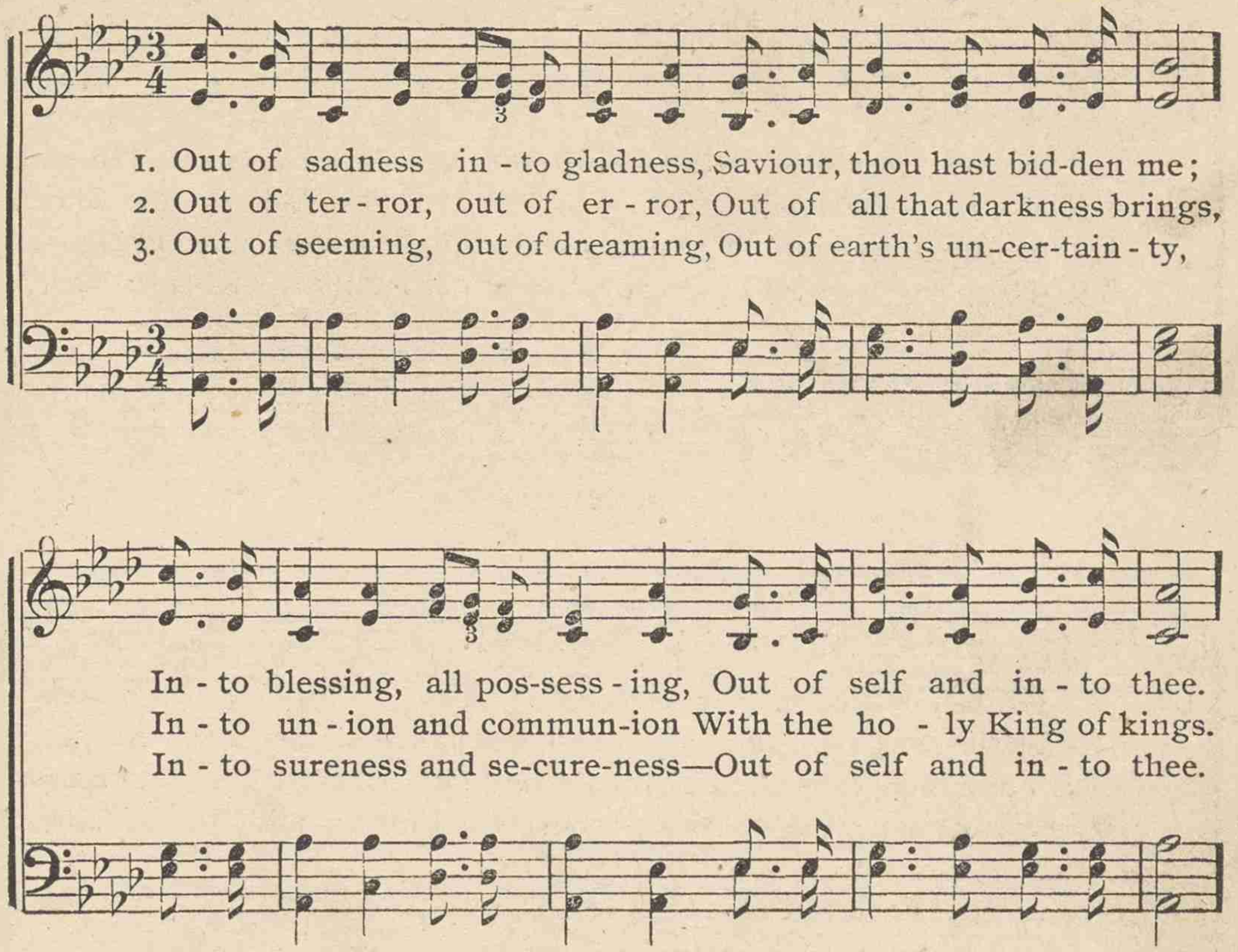
Come to Jes-us, Come to Je-sus, At his feet now humbly bow,

Oh, de- lay not, oh, de - lay not, But come, come to Je-sus now.

Repeat *pp*

No. 46. Out of Self and Into Thee.

Words by JESSIE H. BROWN. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Out of sadness in - to gladness, Saviour, thou hast bid-den me;
2. Out of ter - ror, out of er - ror, Out of all that darkness brings,
3. Out of seeming, out of dreaming, Out of earth's un-cer-tain - ty,

In - to blessing, all pos-sess - ing, Out of self and in - to thee.
In - to un - ion and commun-ion With the ho - ly King of kings.
In - to sureness and se-cure-ness—Out of self and in - to thee.

REFRAIN.

Out of self and in - to thee! Lord, thy wondrous love I see;
Out of self and in-to thee! Lord, thy wondrous love I see;

Let me dai - ly farther flee, Out of self and in - to thee.
Let me daily farther flee,

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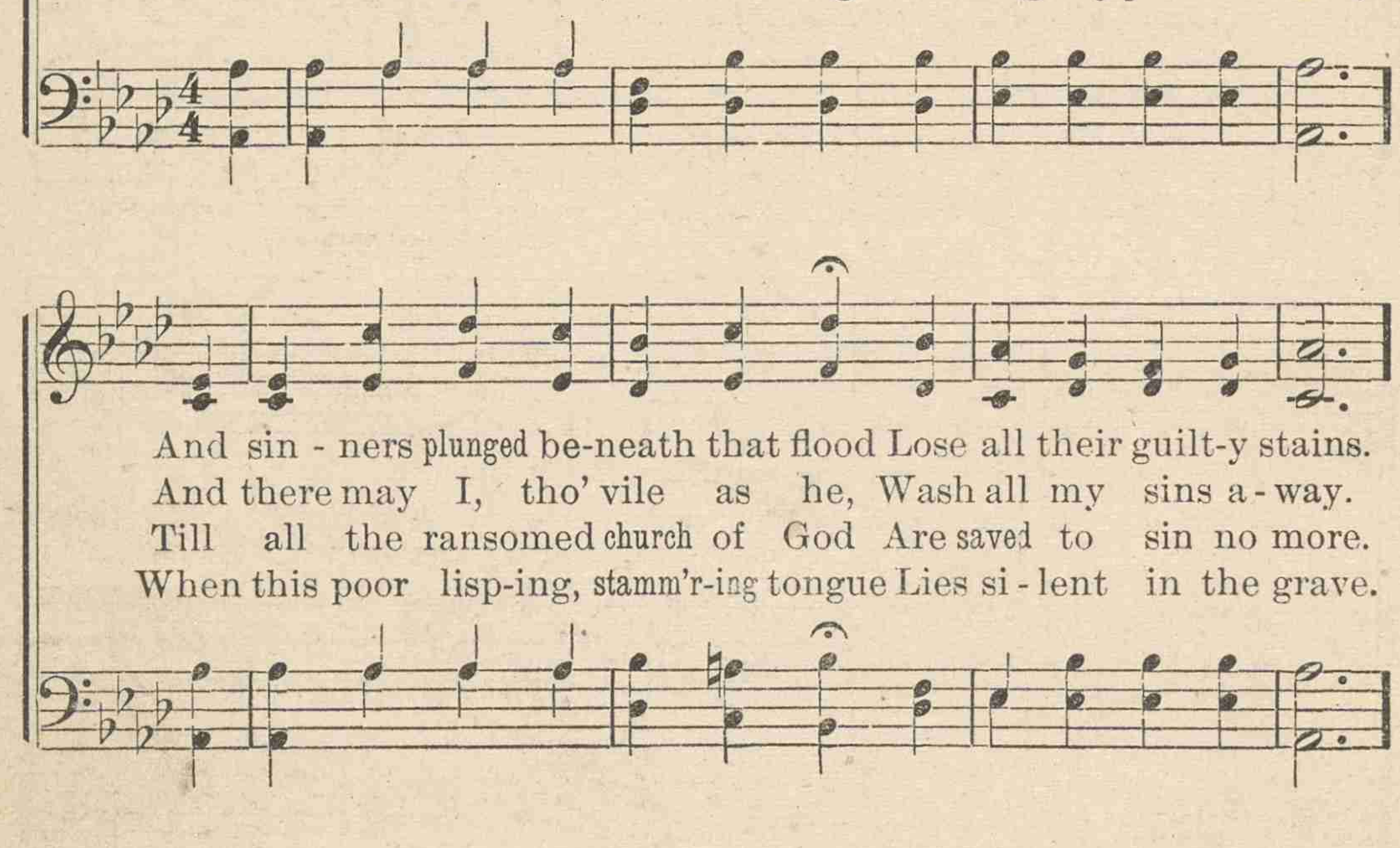
No. 47. Come to This Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Music and Chorus by EDW. S. FOGG.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day,
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save,



And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved to sin no more.
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'r-ing tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.

Won't you come to this fountain, brother? 'Tis flowing for you to - day,
to - day.

Come trusting in the Saviour, His blood will wash your sins a - way.

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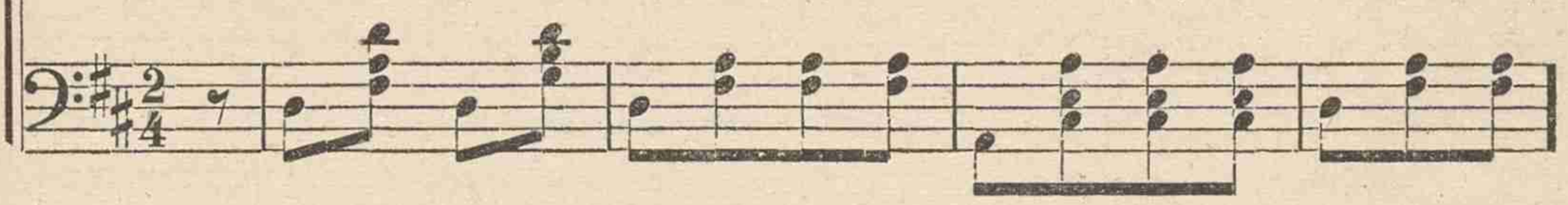
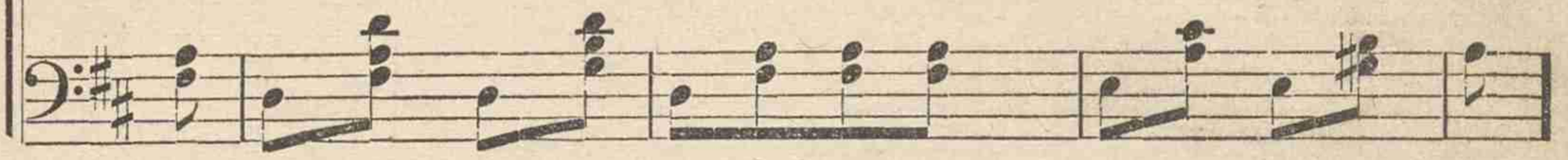
No. 48. Children's Army Song.

REV. T. W. BARKER. EDW. S. FOGG.

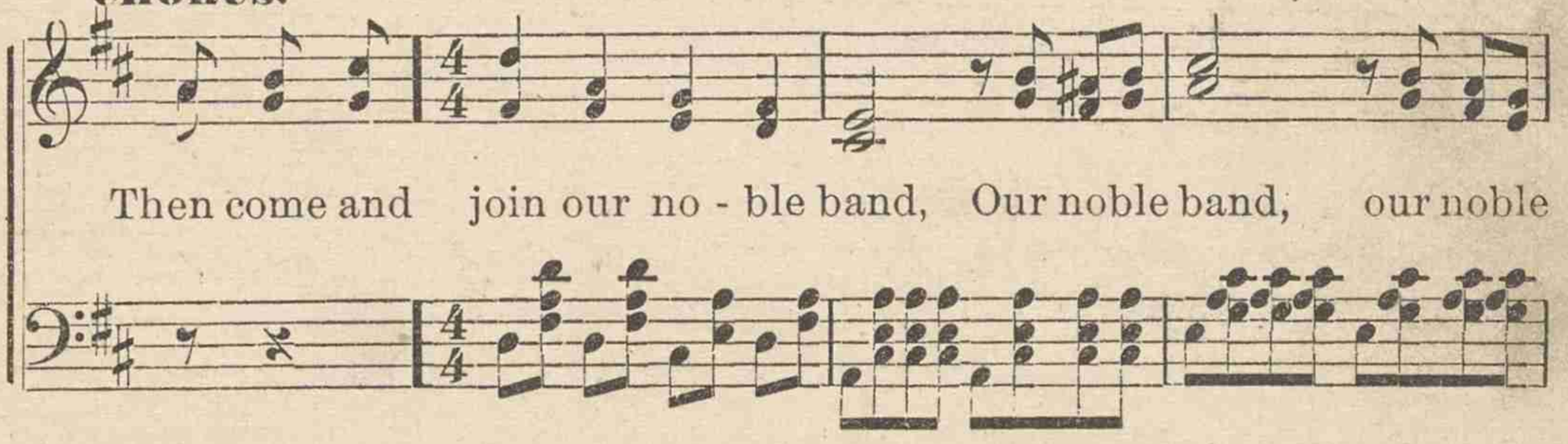
1. We are a band of sol - diers, Of sol - diers, of sol - diers,
2. We'll do our best to conquer sin, To conquer sin, to conquer sin,
3. Our battle is to do the right, To do the right, to do the right,
4. We learn the way at Sunday school, At Sunday school, at Sunday school,
5. We'll work always for Je - sus, For Je - sus, for Je - sus,



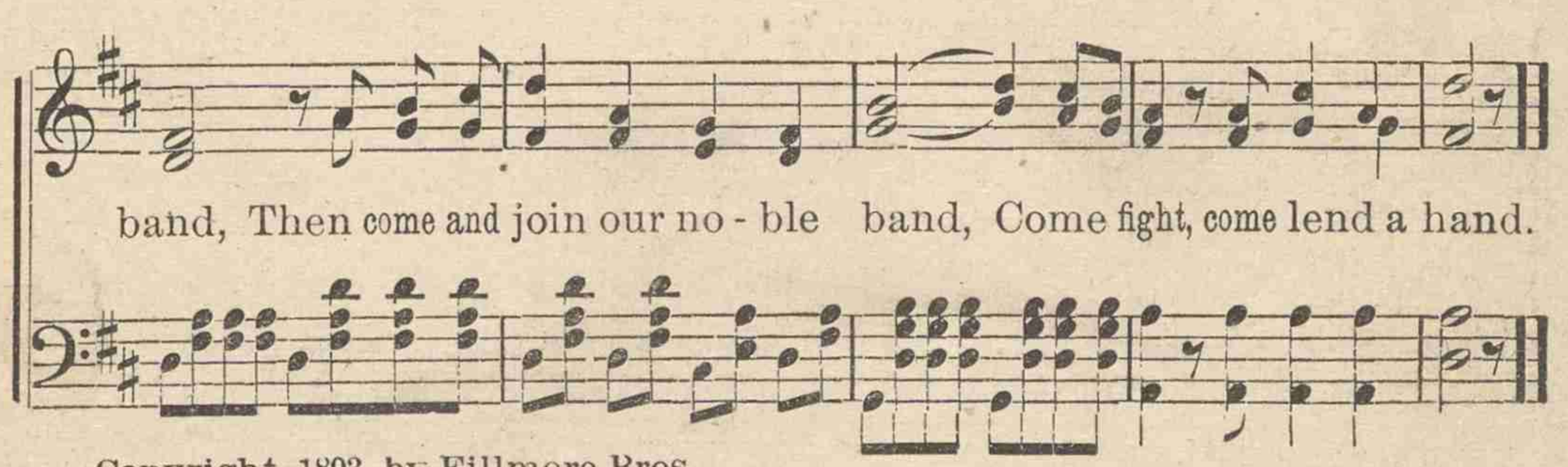
We are a band of sol - diers, En - list - ed in the war.
We'll do our best to conquer sin, In the strength of Christ our Lord.
Our bat - tle is to do the right, And nev - er be found wrong.
We learn the way at Sunday school, For here we are made strong.
We'll work al - ways for Je - sus, And help each oth - er on.



CHORUS.



Then come and join our no - ble band, Our noble band, our noble



band, Then come and join our no - ble band, Come fight, come lend a hand.

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No. 49. Tell it To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. If the name of the Sav - iour is precious to you, If his
2. If your faith in the Sav - iour has brought its reward, If a
3. If the souls all a - round you are liv - ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi -

pre-sence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
rest in his pal - ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
ta - tion they nev - er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

glad-ness to - day? Oh, will you not tell it to - day? . . .
sto - ry re - peat?
cheer-bringing word? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to - day? . . . . If the light of his
Will you not, will you not tell it to - day?

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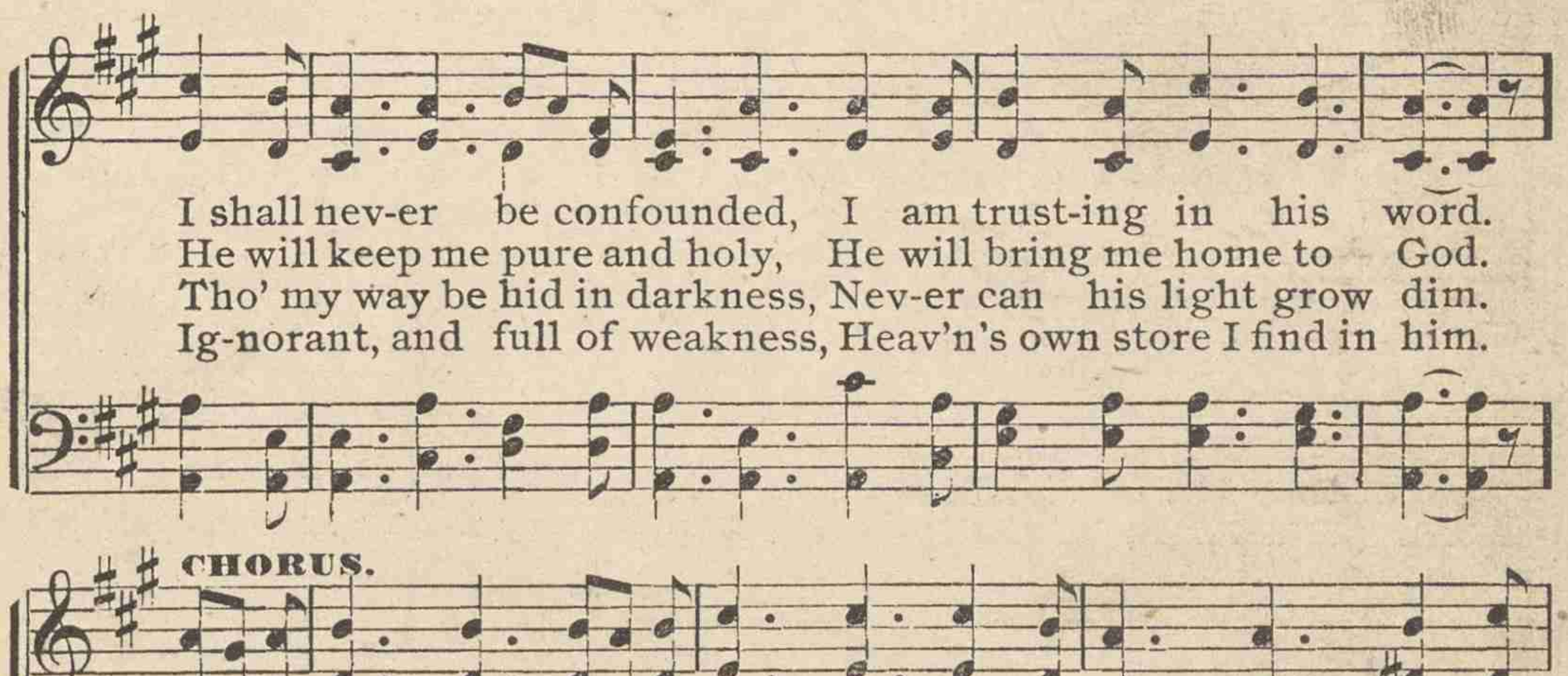
Tell it To-day. Concluded.

No. 50. I am Trusting.

C. H. G.



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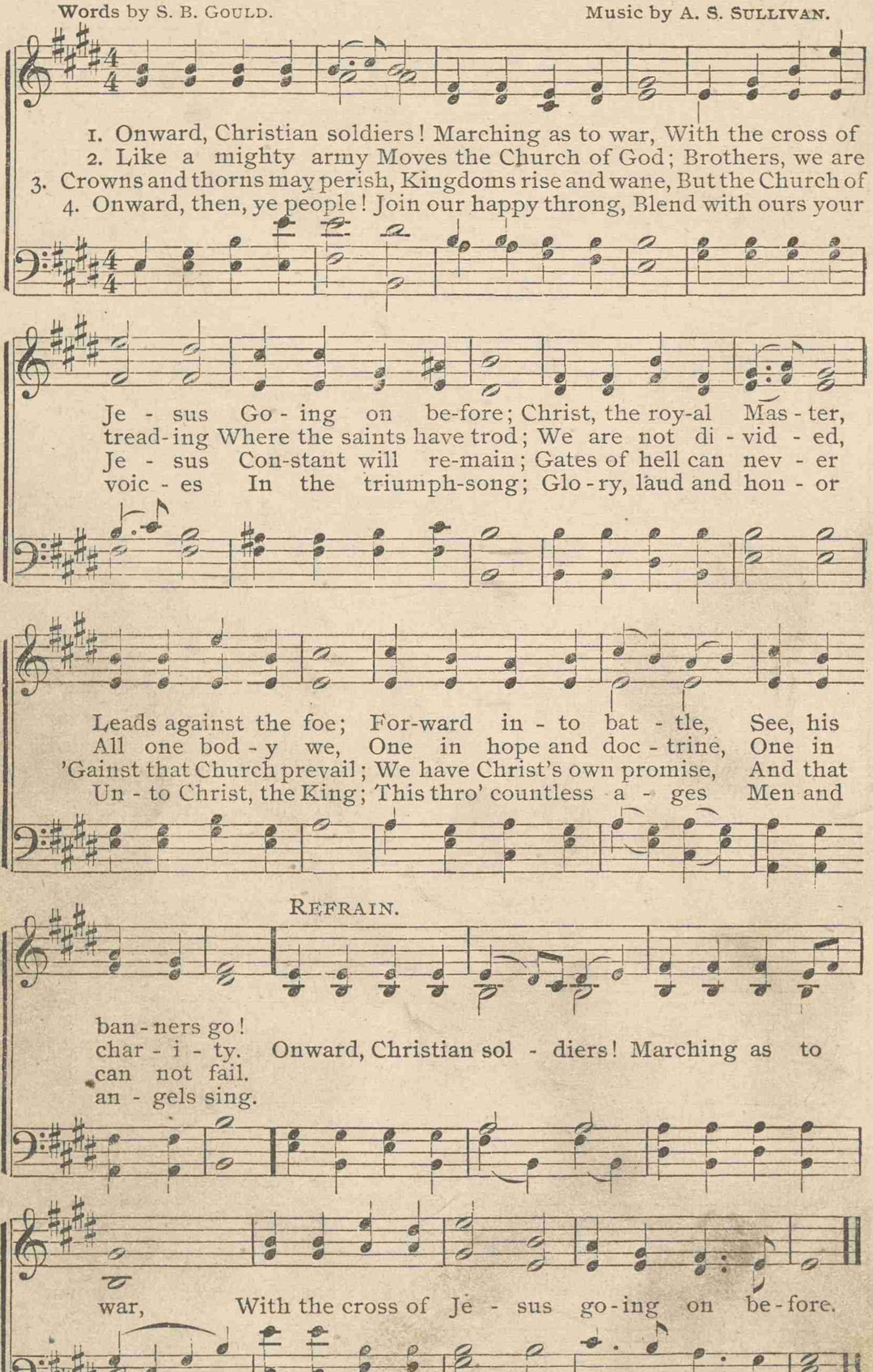
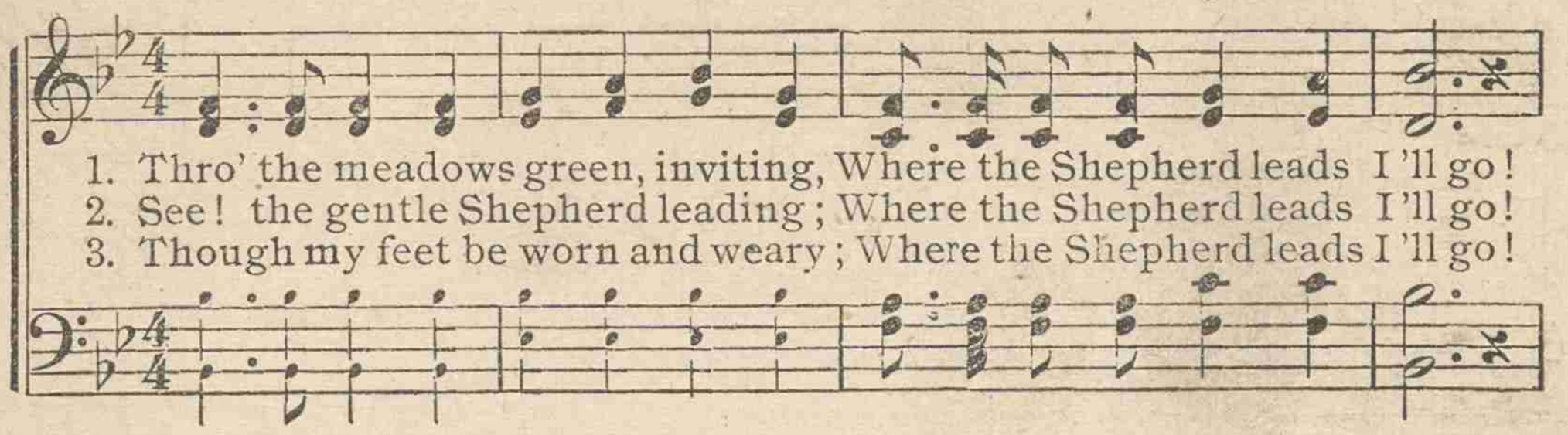
No. 51. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

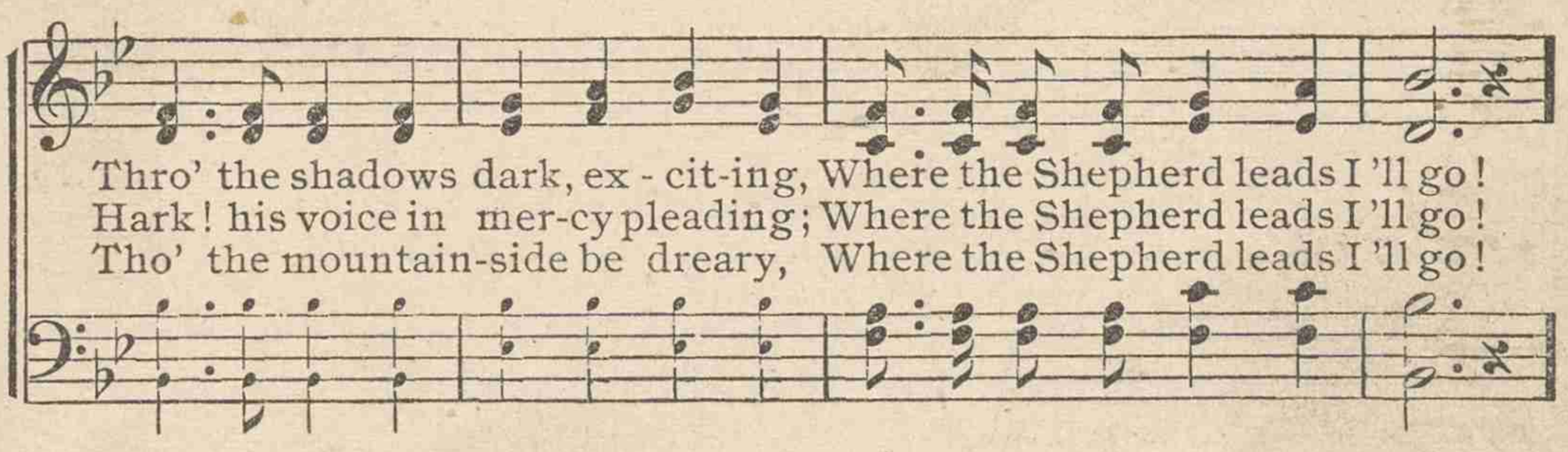
Words by S. B. GOULD. Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.

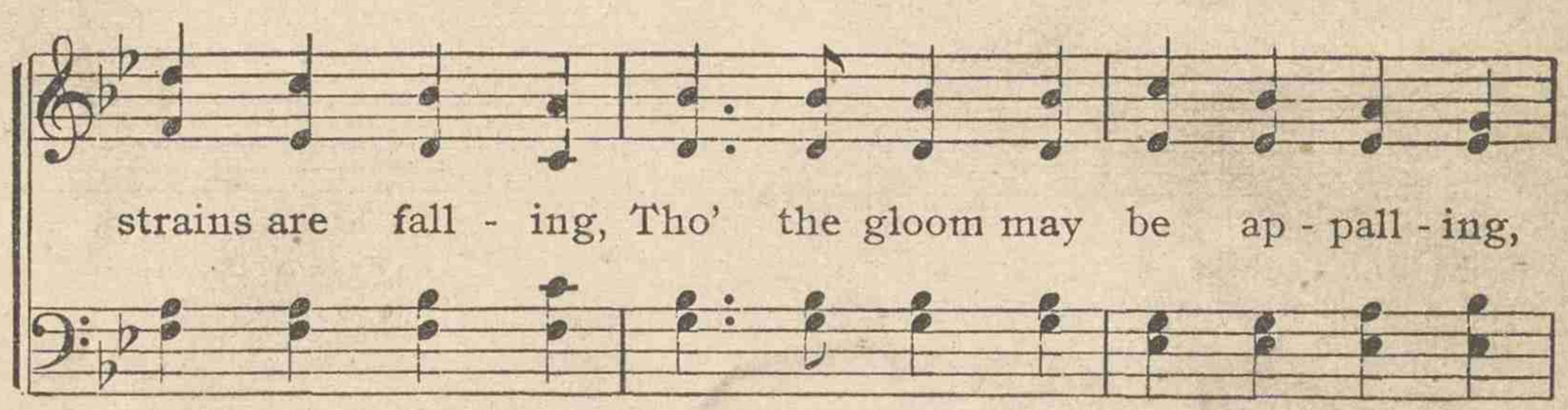


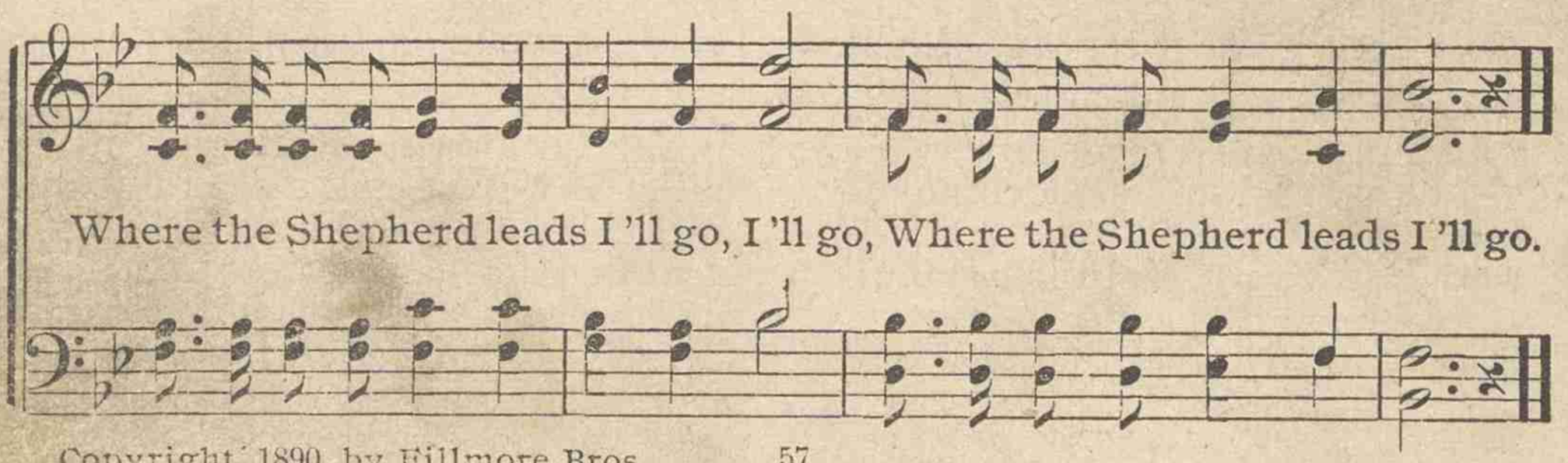
No. 52. Where the Shepherd Leads I 'll Go.

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









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No. 53. Revive Us Again.

DR. W. P. MACKAY. English Melody.

No. 54. Rock of Ages.

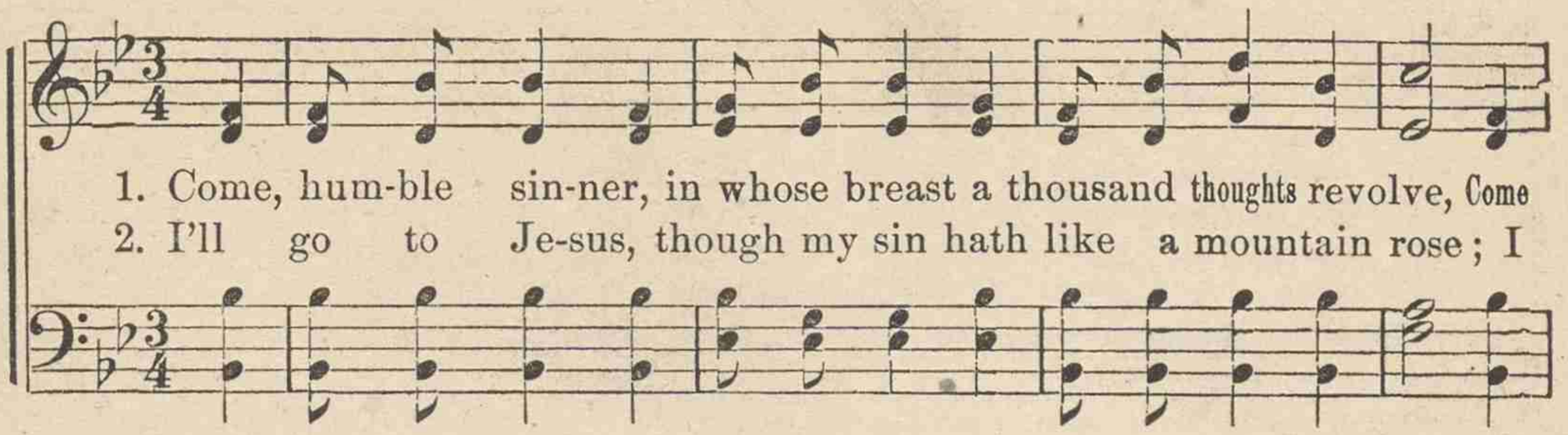
A. TOPLADY. Tune: TOPLADY. 7.

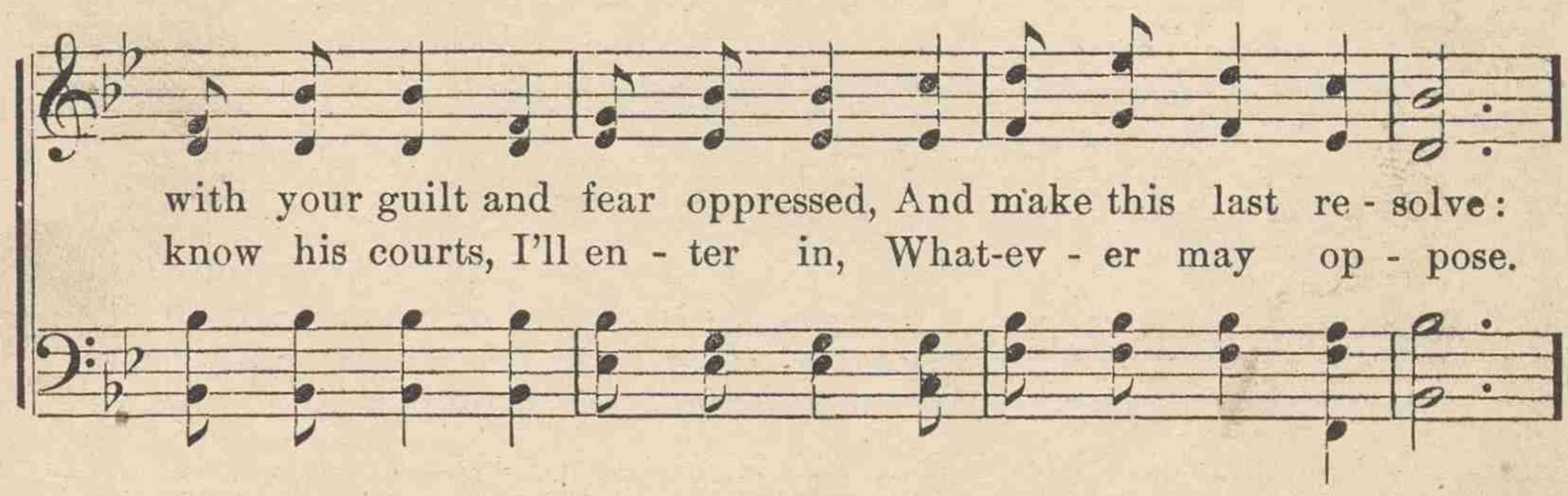
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

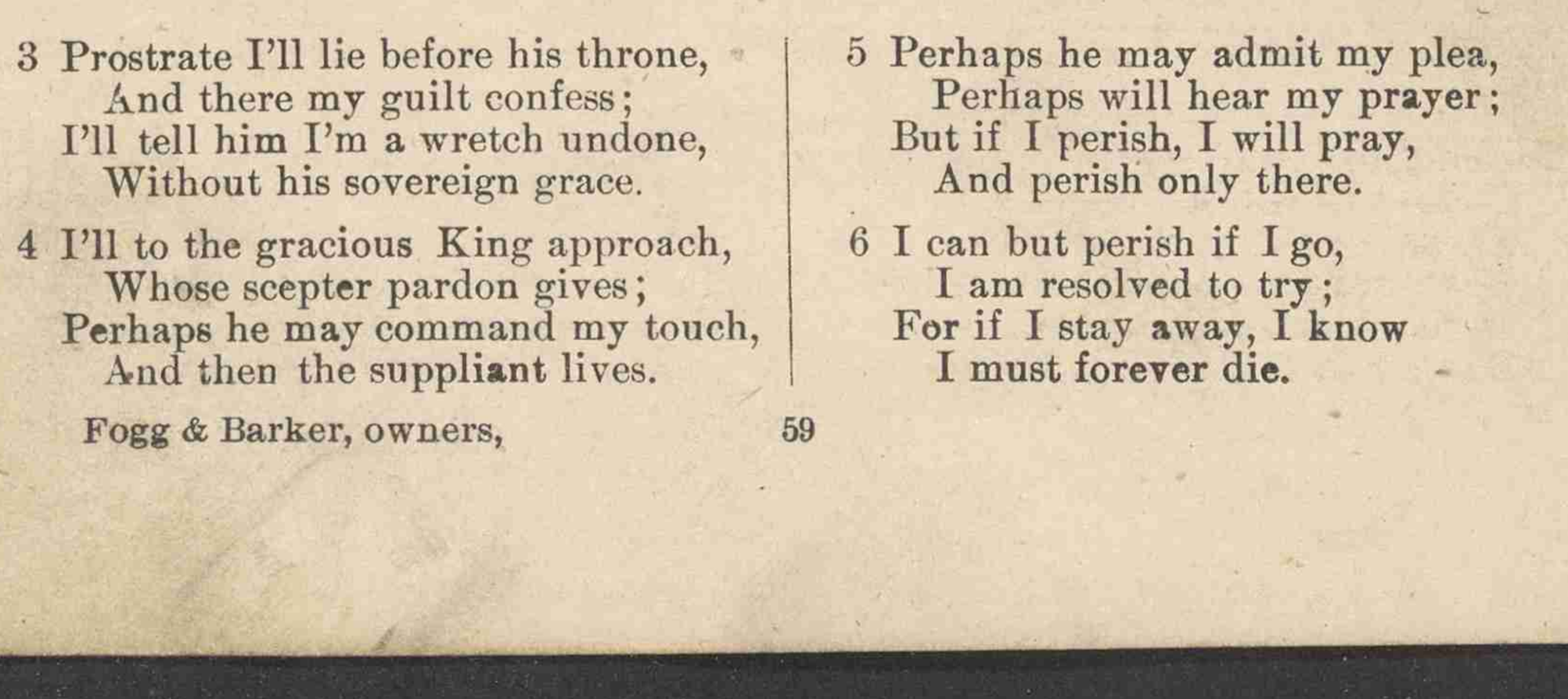
No. 55. The Savior's Call.

E. S. FOGG.





CHORUS.



3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 56. What a Wonderful Saviour.

REV. W. J. DORAN. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, A won-der - ful
2. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He saved a poor
3. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He sweet - ly
4. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He's com - ing

Sav - iour is he, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
sin - ner like me, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
dwells with - in, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
by and by, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is

CHORUS.

Je - sus, He died for you and me.
Je - sus, There's par - don wait-ing for thee. What a won - der - ful,
Je - sus, He saves and keeps from sin.
Je - sus, We'll reign with him on high.

won - der - ful Sav - iour, He saves, he saves, What a
he saves, he saves,

won-der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus, He saves and keeps me now.

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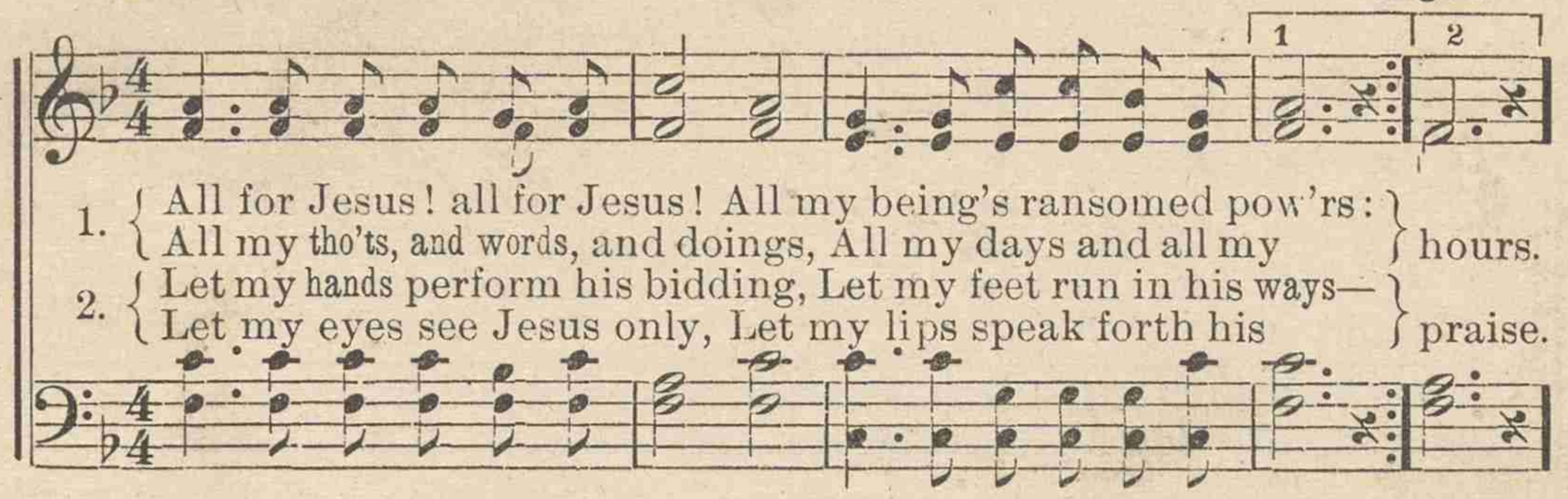
No. 57. All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.



1. { All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs: }
   { All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my } hours.
2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways— }
   { Let my eyes see Jesus only, Let my lips speak forth his } praise.

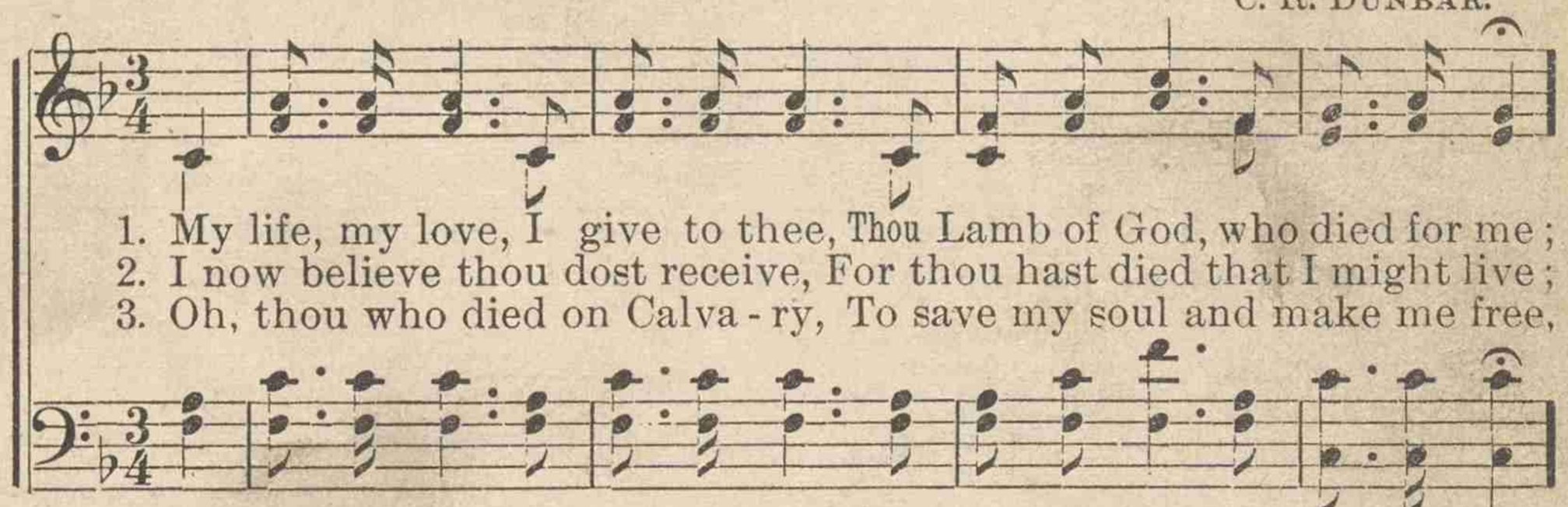
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :‖

No. 58. I'll Live For Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Calva-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

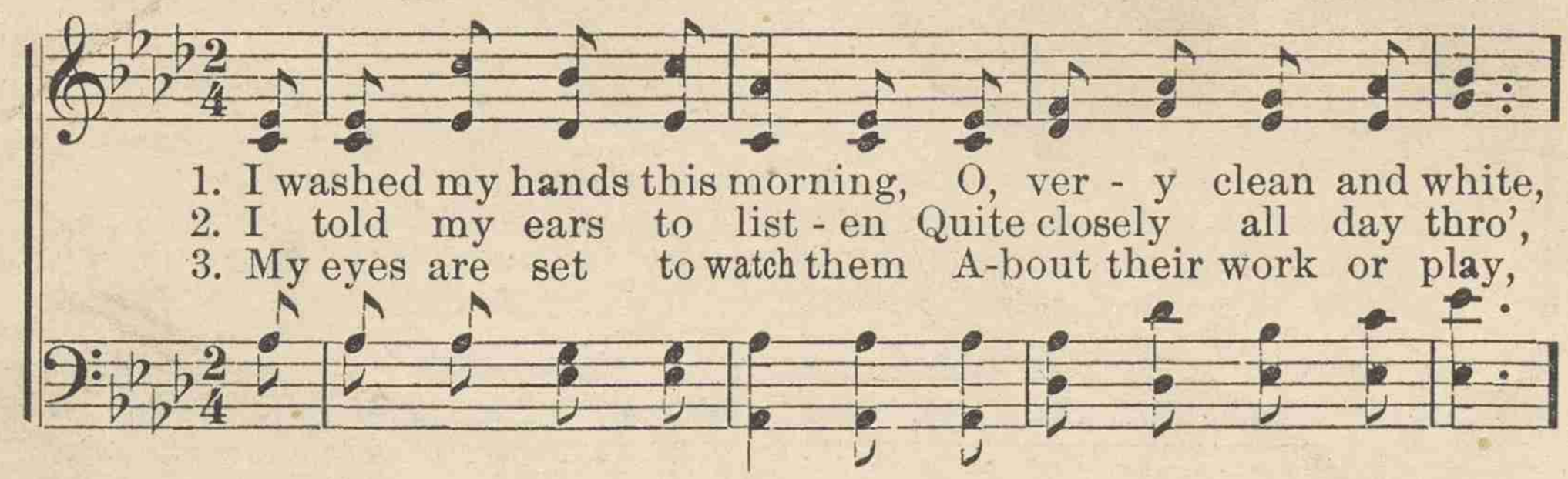
CHO.–*I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

No. 59. Little Feet be Careful.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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No. 60. Doxology. (SESSIONS.)

THOS. KEN. SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.

No. 61. Haste! to the Rescue.

(To the singers of Mitchell Chapel Revival.)

REV. LEONIDAS ROBINSON. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Thousands are sinking and call - ing for you, The cries are so ma - ny the help - ers so few; The fran - tic wails waft out
2. You, in the beams of beau - ti - ful light, Are thrilled with rap - ture of ho - ly de - light; Some lov - ing message in
3. Many—all 'round you give up in de - spair, Go to them in sym - pa-thy, mer - cy and pray'r; And tell them of Je - sus who

on the winds, Their voic-es are hushed and they die in their sins.
God's name told, May brighten the way of some wan - der-ing soul.
saves from sin, Go ten - der - ly—broth-er, and bid them come in.

Haste, haste, rescue the perishing, lending in mer-cy a lov - ing hand.

Haste, haste, rescue the per-ishing, ma - ny are sinking while idle you stand.

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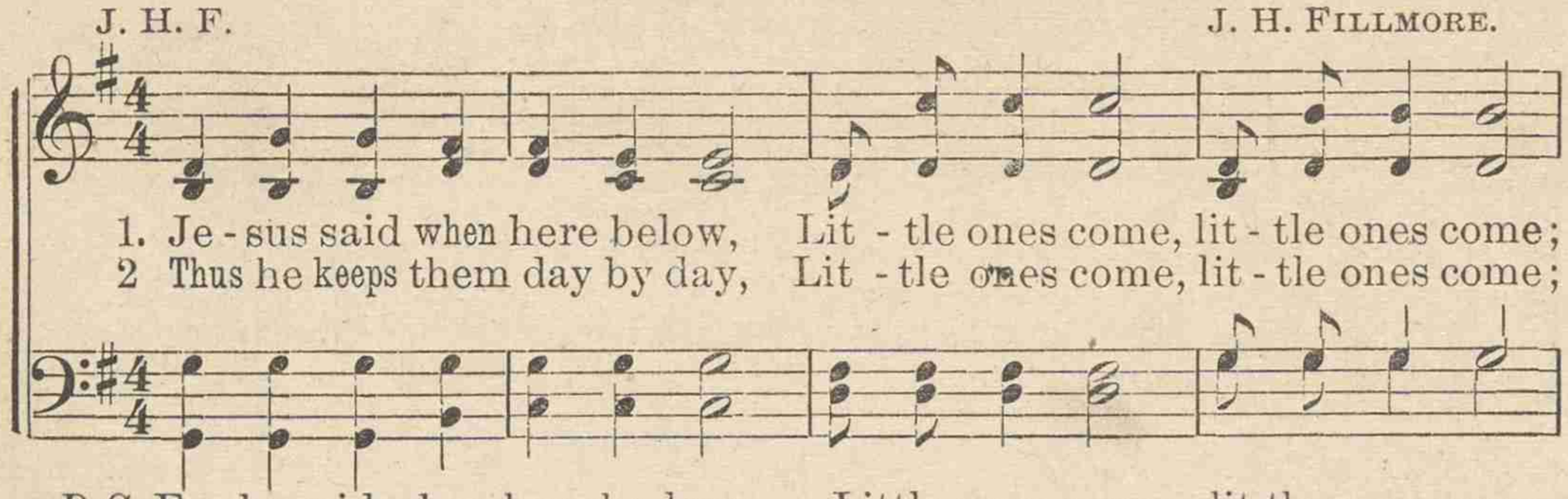
No. 62. Little Ones Come.

J. H. F. J. H. FILLMORE.



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No. 63. CONSECRATION.

Tune – HENDON.

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

2 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my will and make it thine,
Let it be no longer mine.

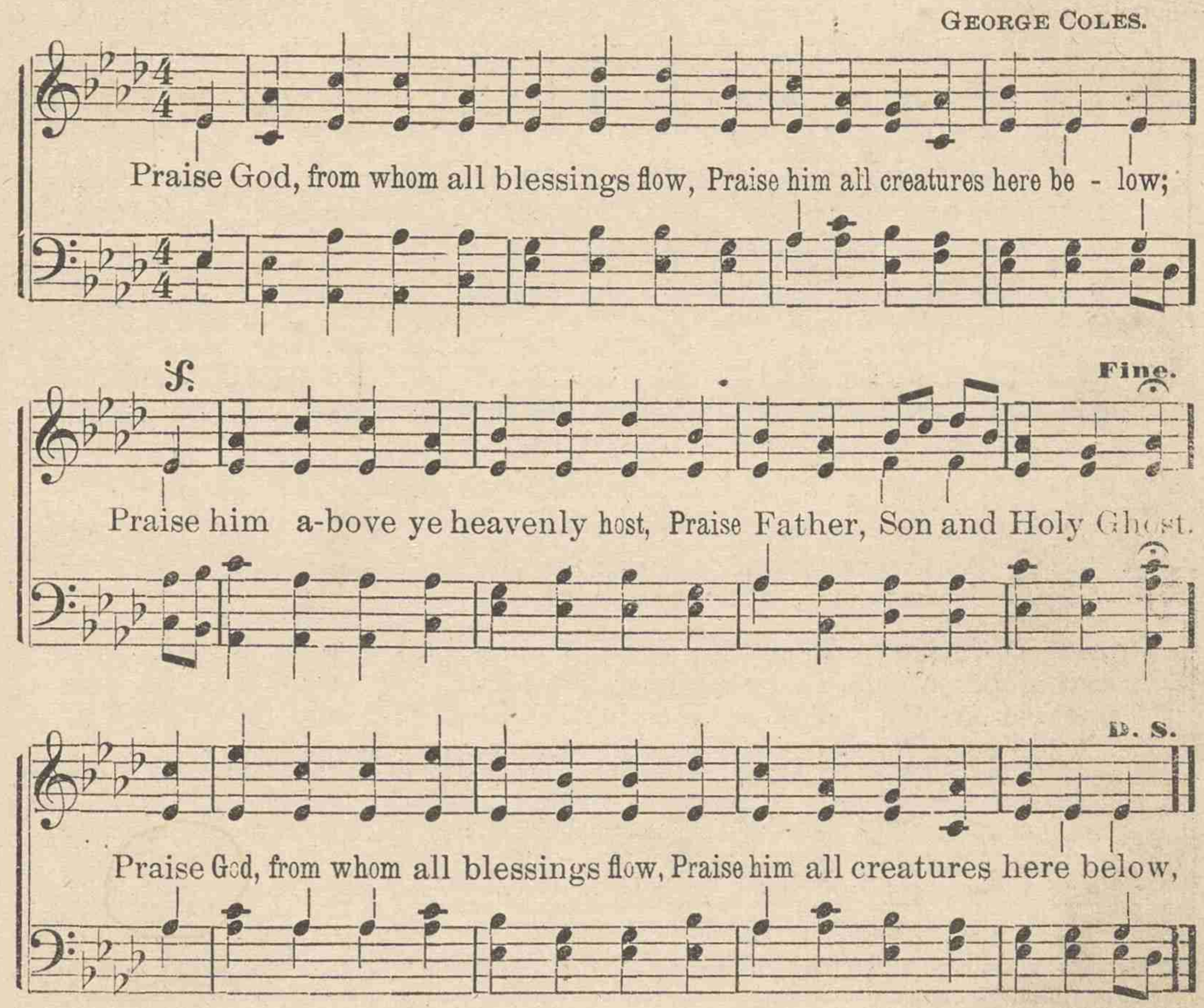
3 Take my heart, it is thine own,
Let it be thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord of power,
At thy feet its treasures store.

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

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

No. 64. Doxology.

GEORGE COLES.



No. 65. A Charge to Keep.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

No. 66.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 67. The Wayworn Preacher.

REV. J. N. ISON. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. I saw a wayworn preacher, In rus - ty garments clad, He traveled
2. I saw him on the cir - cuit, To which he had been sent; He wished he
3. I saw him in the morning Start out up-on the road, With sad-dle -
4. He saved a lit - tle mon-ey To pay his rail-road fare, For he must
5. The people all were sor - ry And wished him better pay, But would not

on a cir-cuit—The roads were very bad. His work was in the
had a parsonage, To save him pay-ing rent. He took his lit - tle
pockets empty To hunt the children food; His heart grew ver - y
go to conference And answer questions there. He told them all his
give their money To help him pay his way. He strug-gled on with

mountains Where all are poorly paid, He could not make a liv - ing. With-
fam - ily And went up in the hills, And lived on shorter ra - tions And
heav - y, The tears came in his eyes, The peo-ple had no mon-ey And
tri - als And how he did his best, But he must know his lesson As
tri - als Un-til his work was o'er, Then shouted "Halle-lu - jah, I'll

CHORUS.

out a lit-tle aid. But palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory
paid up all his bills.
gave him small supplies.
well as all the rest. *For last verse.*
suffer never more." The palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory

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The Wayworn Preacher. Concluded.

No. 68. Deal Kindly with the Fallen.

MRS. H. A. WOOLISCROFT. EDW. S. FOGG.

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.

*Small notes in Chorus are for Instrument.

Copyright, 1894, by Fogg & Barker.

No. 69. The Victory.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. If you have lost in the bat - tle of life, Do you want the vic - to - ry? If sin has you un - der in the strife,
2. Let go your sin, and the Sav - iour own, If you want the vic - to - ry; The en - e - my will be o - ver-thrown,
3. From sin and fear you will then be freed, When you get the vic - to - ry; The Lord will sup-ply your ev - 'ry need,
4. A robe and crown, and a vic - tor's palm, When you get the vic - to - ry; And af - ter the storm, a peace-ful calm,—

CHORUS.

Do you want the vic - to - ry?
And you'll get the vic - to - ry! The vic - to - ry! the
When you get the vic - to - ry.
When you get the vic - to - ry.

vic - to - ry! Do you want the vic - to - ry? Just look to the

Lord, and trust his word, And you'll get the vic - to - ry!

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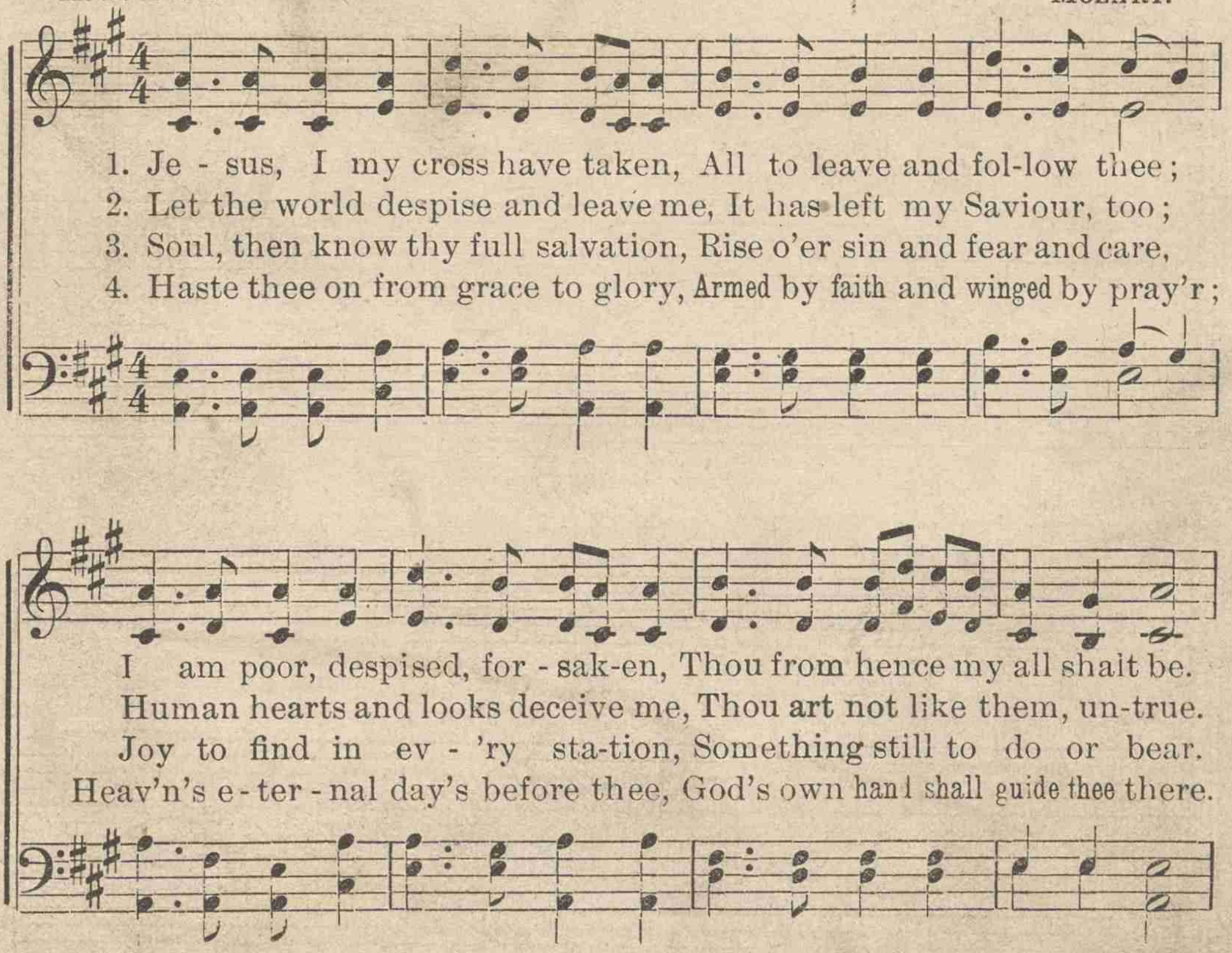
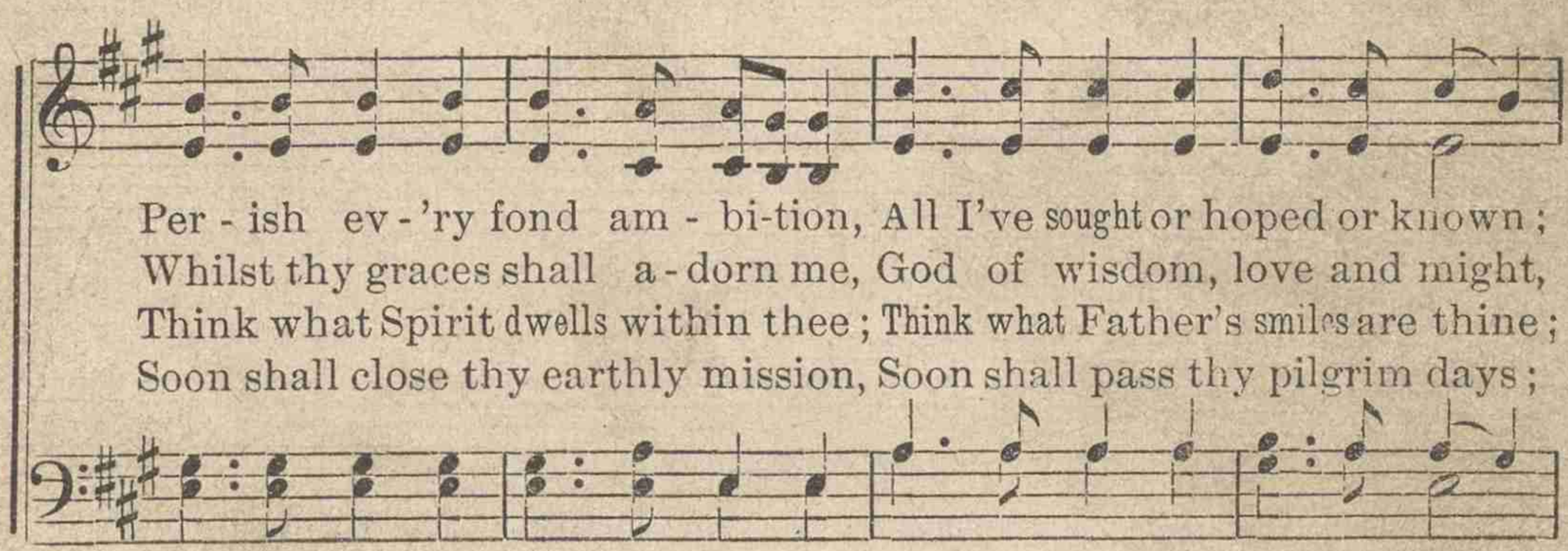
No. 70. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. LYTE. MOZART.

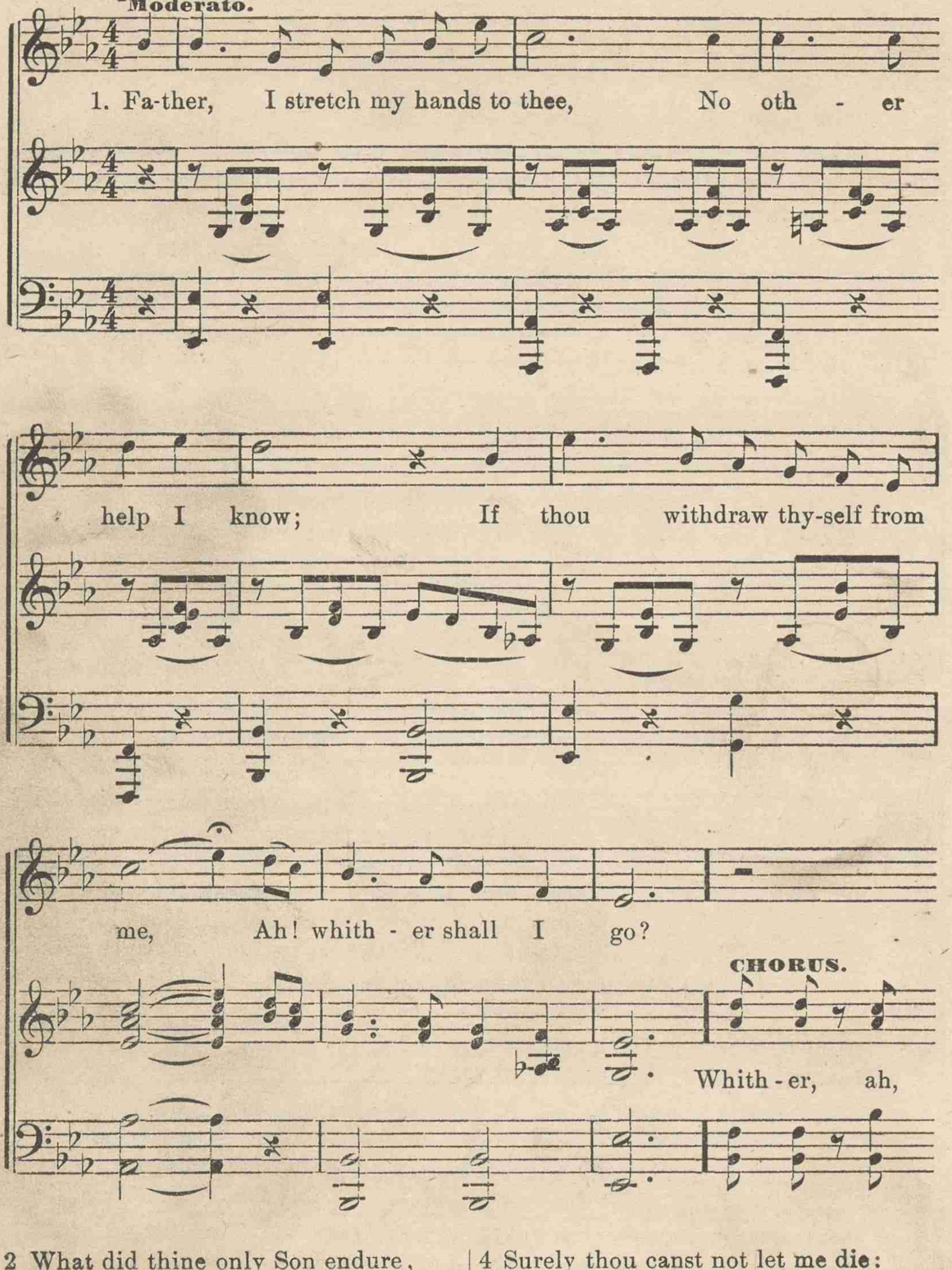




No. 71. "Whither?"

E. S. FOGG.

Soprano Solo.
Moderato.



2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O, let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

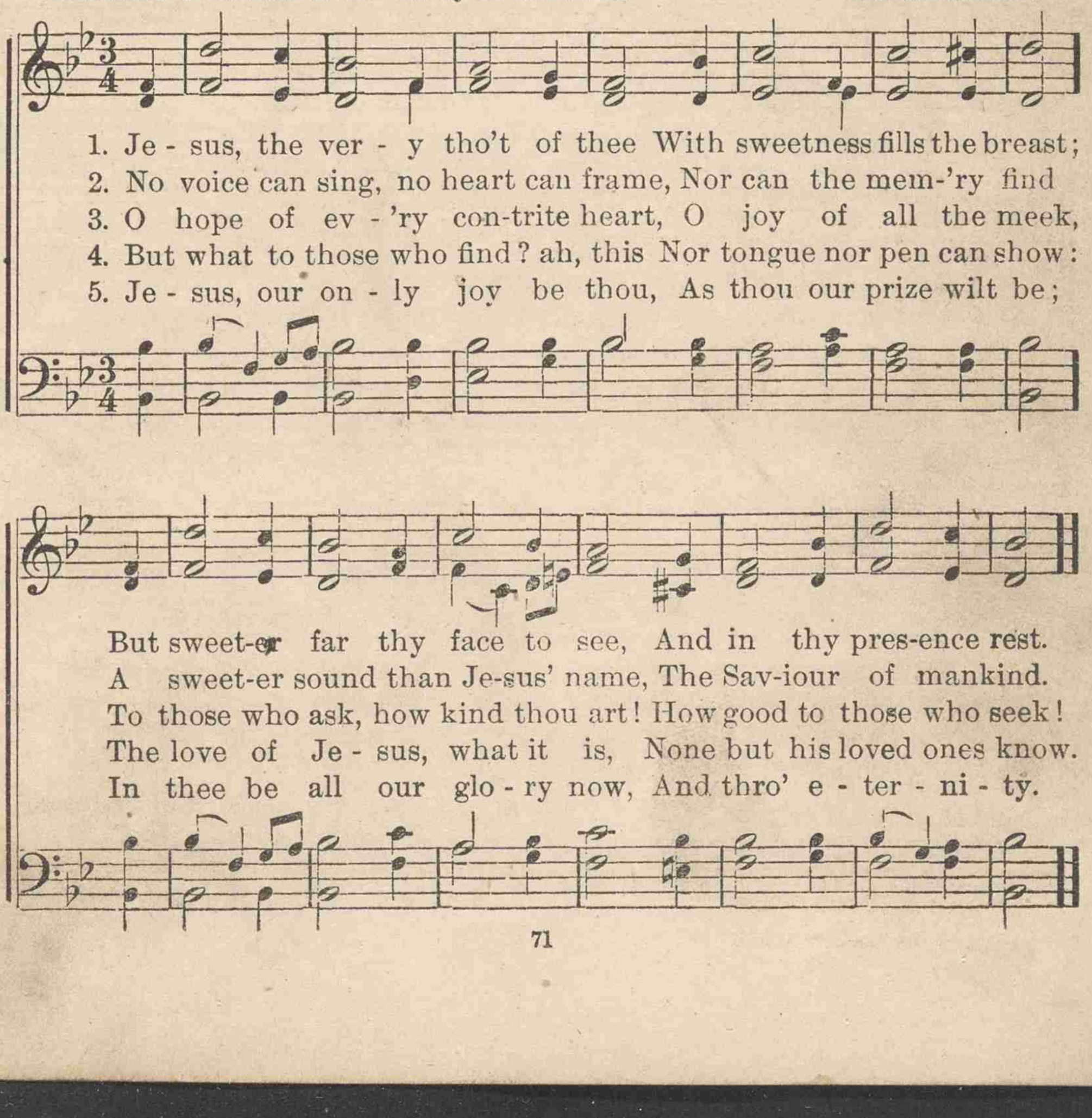
4 Surely thou canst not let me die:
O, speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

5 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O, let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

"Whither?" Concluded.

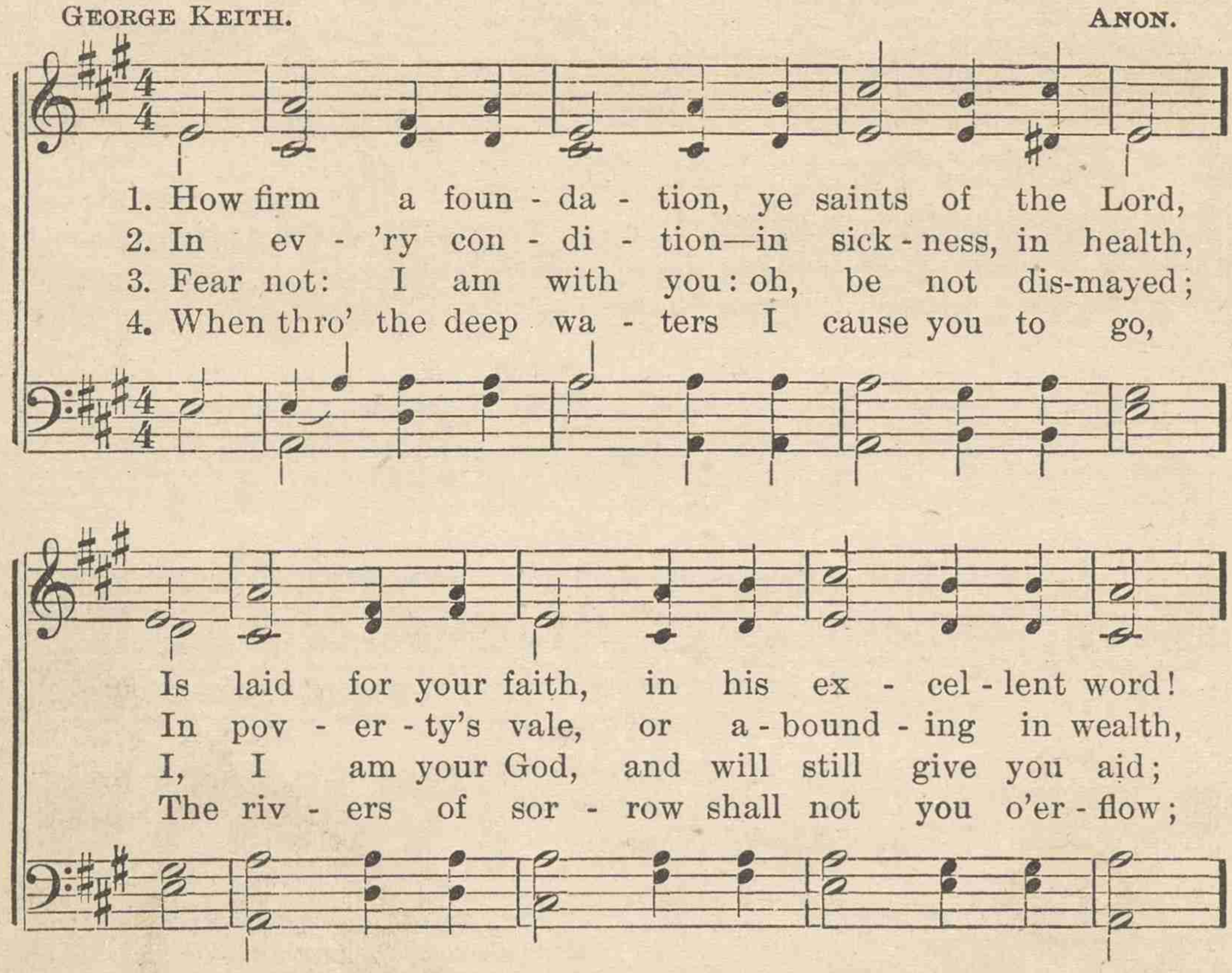
No. 72. Holy Cross. C. M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. by E. CASWELL. MENDELSSOHN.



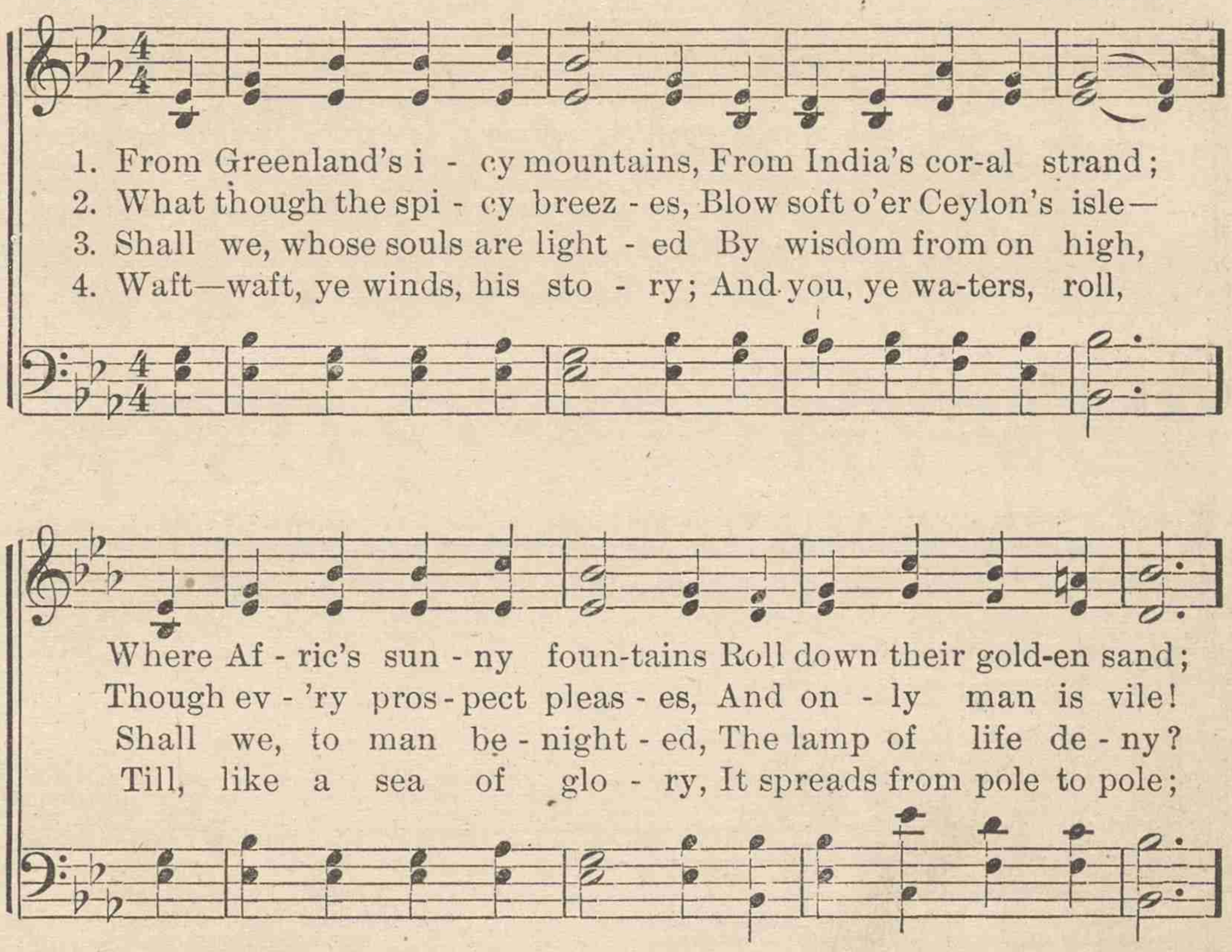
No. 73. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. ANON.



No. 74. Missionary Hymn.

R. HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 75. The Old and New Home.

Old English. Arranged by F. L. BRISTOW.

DUET.

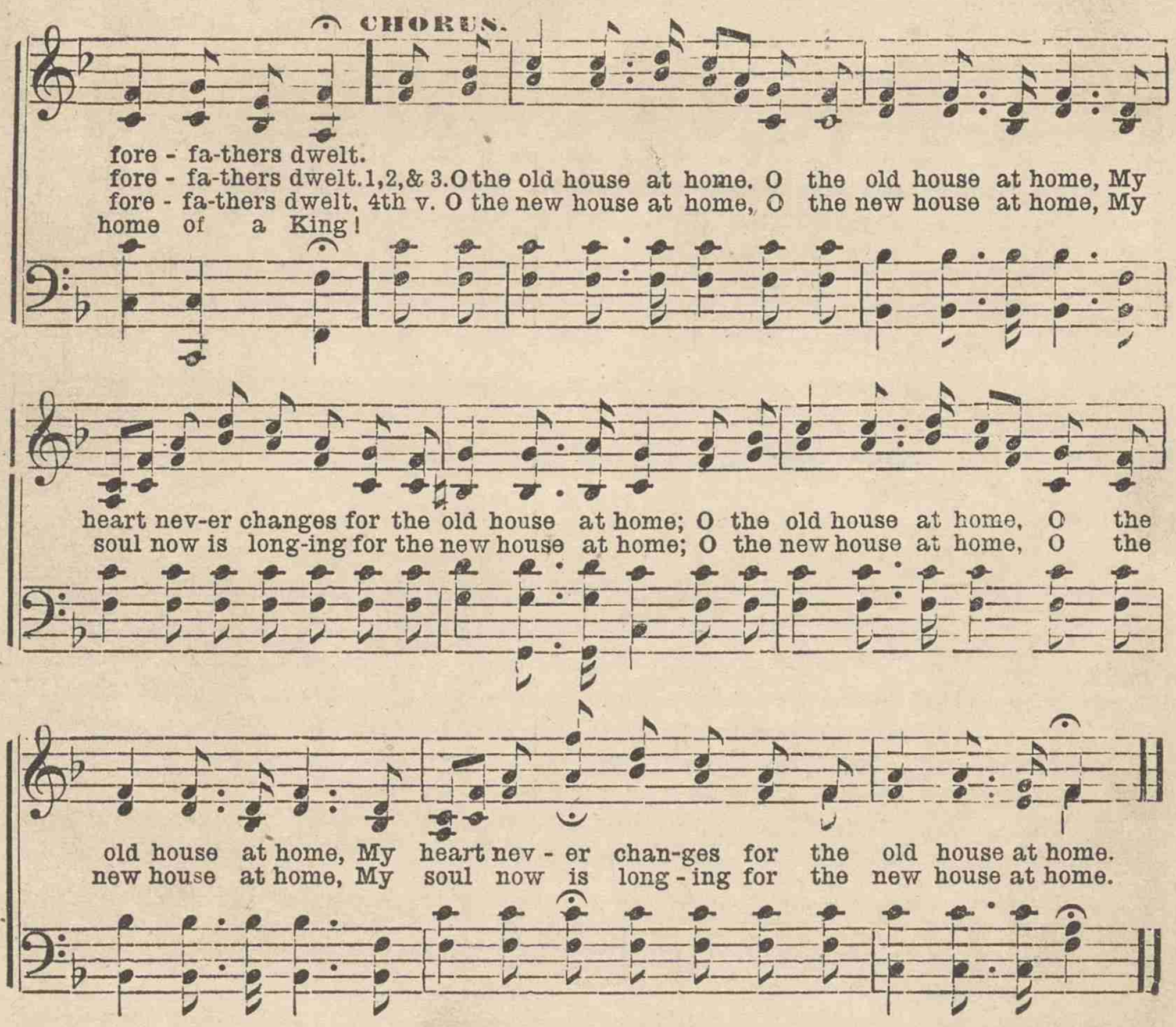
1. O the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt; Where a child at the feet of my moth- er I knelt; Where she taught me the prayer where she read me the page
2. It was not for its splen-dor that dwelling was dear; It was not that the gay and the no - ble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the i - vy en-twined,
3. But the old house no more is a dwelling for me; The home of the stran- ger henceforth it must be; And I nev - er shall room in its rooms as a guest,
4. There's the "New House" for me that is not made with hands; 'Tis a mansion in heaven, e - ter - nal it stands—By the riv - er of life, where the streets are of gold,

Which if in - fan- cy lisps Is the sol - ace of age. My heart, 'mid all changes, wher-
And the jes - sa-mine fra-grantly waved in the wind. But dear- er to me Than proud
Nev - er roam thro' the fields that my fa - ther possessed. But still in my dreams wher-
And the gates are of pearl—It can nev - er be sold. And soon I shall go to the

e'er I may roam, Nev-er los - es its love for the old house at home; For 'twas
tur - ret or dome Is the home of my fa - ther, the old house at home; For 'twas
e'er I may roam, Sweet vis - ions will come of the old house at home; For 'twas
land of the blest, To meet with moth-er and the loved ones at rest; And 'tis

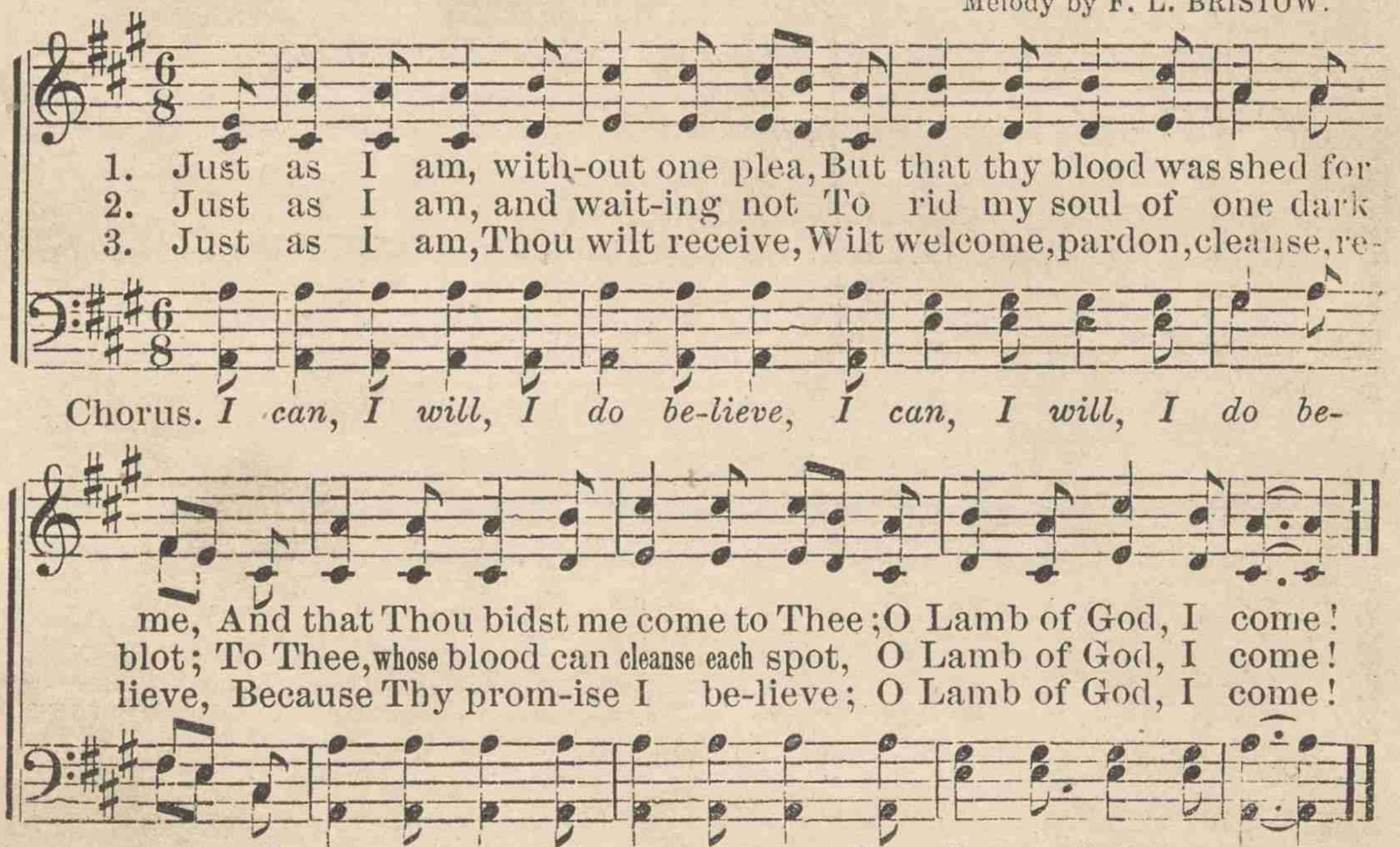
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my
there 'round a throne pearly white we shall sing, In that "New House at Home," 'tis the

The Old and New Home. Concluded.



No. 76. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

Melody by F. L. BRISTOW.



No. 77. All the World in Darkness.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Moderato.

1. All the world in dark - ness! Som - bre shad - ows fall!
   All the world in dark - ness! Hushed the night wind's call!
2. All the world in dark - ness! Wea - ry of the night!
   All the world in dark - ness! Look - ing for the light!
3. All the world in dark - ness! Hearts of sor - row weep!
   O'er a world in dark - ness! Lov - ing vig - il keep!

Sing - ing birds are sleep - ing Safe - ly shelt-ered in the nest!
Cool - ing streams are creep - ing Thro' the fields to qui - et rest!
Wait - ing for the beam - ing Of the star of beau - ty bright!
Long - ing for the gleam - ing That will bright-en mor - tal sight!
Stars in count - less num - ber From your heav'nly win-dows peep!
Wea - ry mor - tals slum - ber, Nod-ding Nat-ure falls a - sleep!

CHORUS

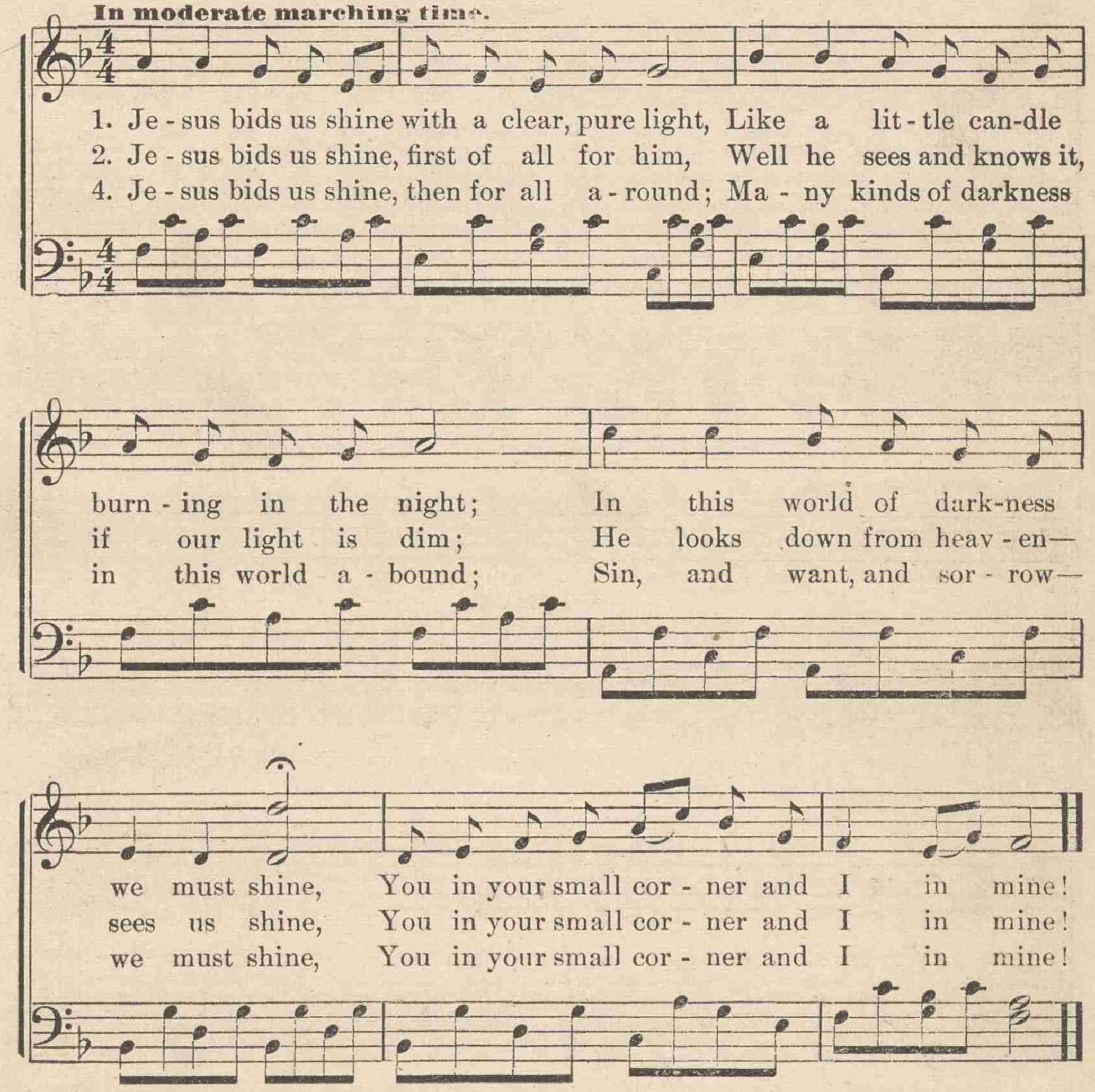
An - gels! an - gels! in your heav'n-ly throng! An - gels! an - gels!

sing your sweetest song! To a world in darkness—Sinful and forlorn!

All the World in Darkness. Concluded.

No. 78. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

(SONG OF THE "LITTLE MISSIONARY.") F. L. BRISTOW.



No. 79. He Keepeth Me Ever.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. He keepeth me, ev - er, Where'er be the place! I've on - ly to ask it— Most won-der-ful grace! Though sor - est temp-ta - tions,
2. He keepeth me, ev - er, With ten-der-est care! I've on - ly to ask him My burdens to bear! A word of his prom-ise,
3. He keepeth me, ev - er, From yielding to dread; Though darkness be round me, And clouds o - ver - head! He still - eth my doubtings,

My Spir - it may try, I know my Re - deem - er
He nev - er will break! Who - ev - er may leave me,
He light-ens my grief! I've on - ly to trust him—

CHORUS.

Will ev - er be nigh!
He ne'er will for - sake! He keepeth me, ev - er! His love end-eth
He'll give me re - lief!

nev - er! From him, naught shall sever! He keep-eth my soul!

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No. 80. Be Patient.

ISA.—40 : 31.

REV. H. G. HENDERSON, A. M. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. He that waits upon the Lord, Shall re - new him for the strife,
2. He shall run and not be weary, He shall walk and never faint,
3. For that home, my soul is longing, 'Tis the goal of ev-'ry thought,

He shall mount on wings like the eagle, Far a-bove the storms of life.
But a - long the heavenly high-way, He shall be a hap-py saint.
Where the angels and the loved ones, Sing the songs of God's blood-bought.

CHORUS.

Be patient, my soul, be patient, And wait up - on the Lord.

The bow will span the dark clouds, The stars will gem the sky,

Then be patient, my soul, be patient, Earth's ills are hast'ning by.

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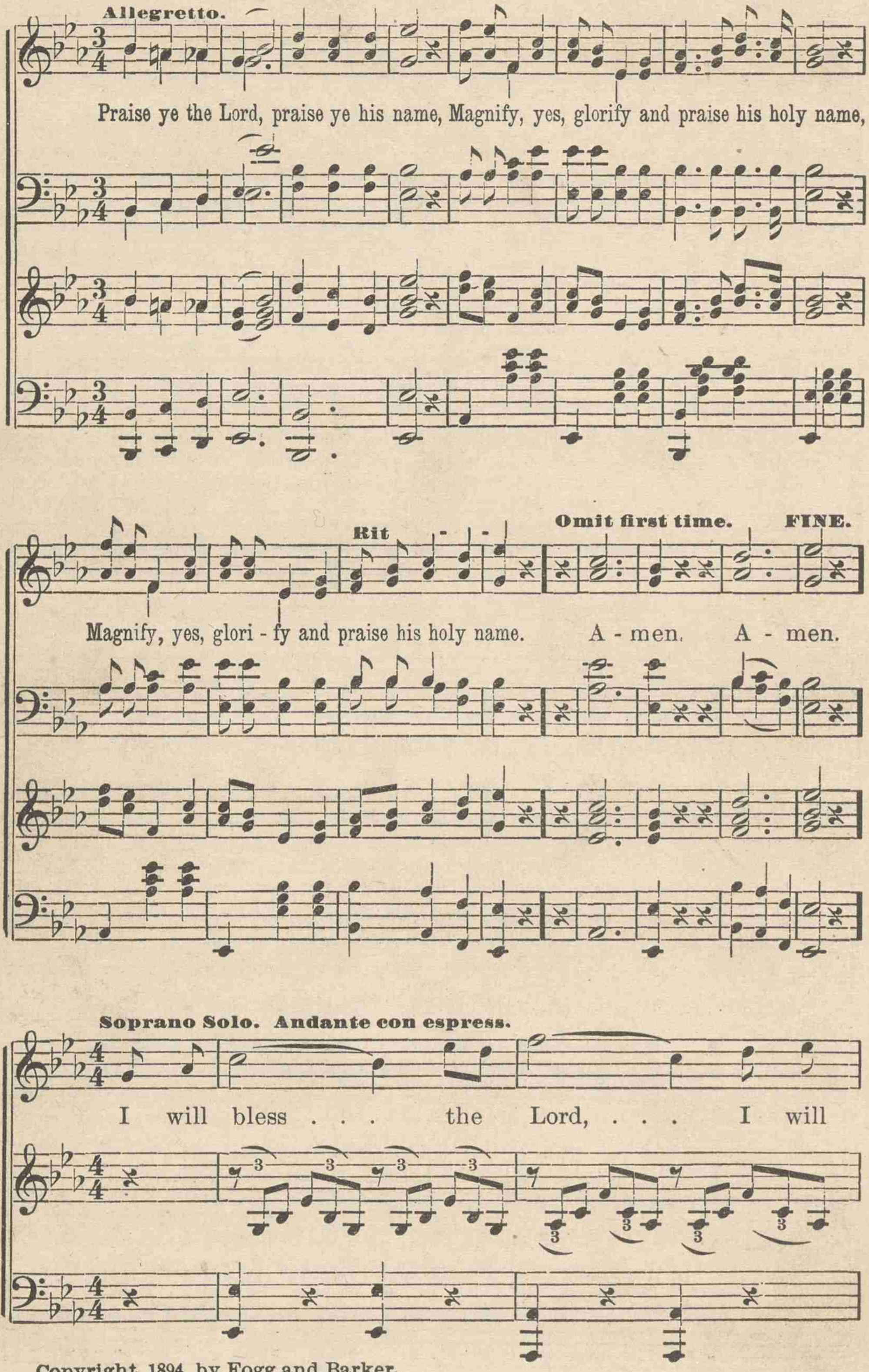
No. 81. I Will Bless the Lord.

EDW. S. FOGG.



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I Will Bless the Lord. Concluded.

bless the Lord at all times, His praise, . . his

praise . . . Shall al - ways be in my mouth.

1st time Duet. 2d time Unison.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name, Oh,

Rit - - - - - - - - - D. C.

magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name togeth - er.

No. 82. Have You Not a Word for Jesus?

"My praise shall be continually of Thee."—Psa. 71 : 6.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Have you not a word for Jesus? Will you now His love proclaim?
2. He has spoken words of blessing, Pardon, peace and love to you,
3. Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance while you are dumb,
4. Yours may be the joy and hon-or Some poor ransomed soul to bring.

REF.—*Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will you now His love proclaim?*

Who will speak if you are si-lent, You who know and love His name?
Glorious hope and gracious comfort, Strong and tender, sweet and true;
Wait and wea - ry for your message, Hop-ing you will bid them come;
Jew - els for the cor - o - na-tion, Of your com-ing Lord and King.

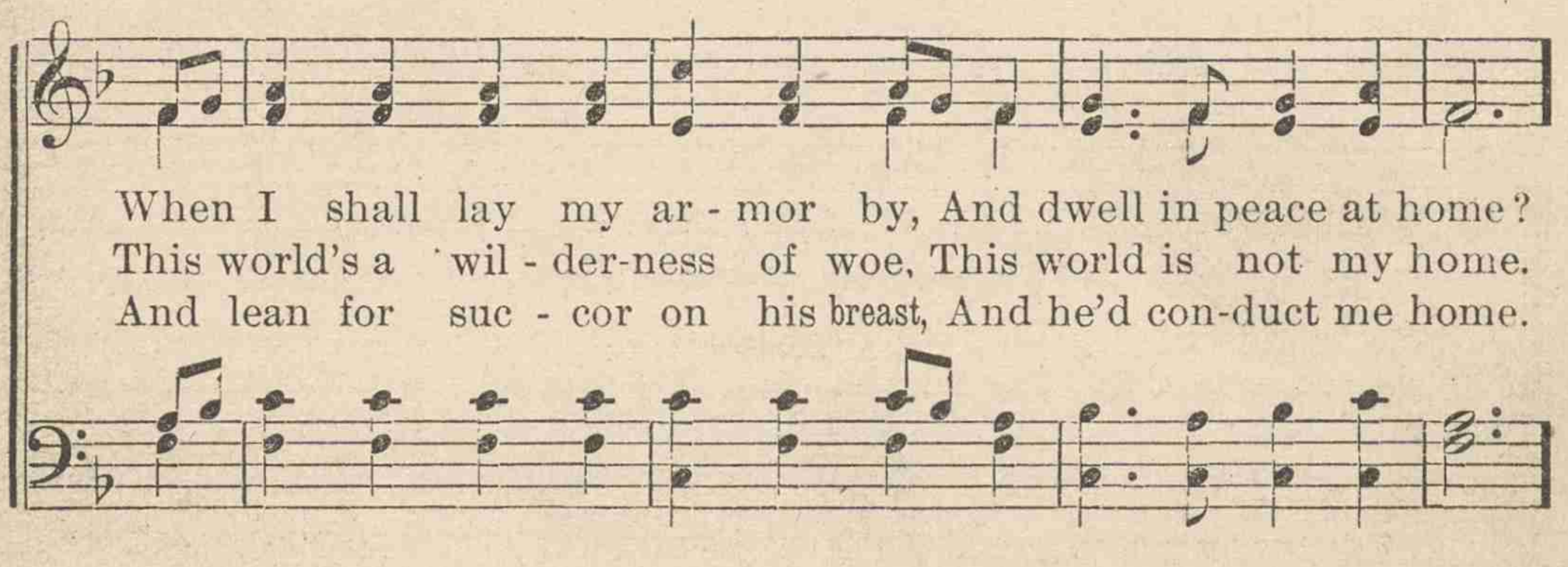
Who will speak if you are si - lent, You who know and love His name?

You whom He hath called and chosen His own wit - ness-es to be,
Does He hear you tell-ing oth-ers Something of his love un-told.
Nev - er tell - ing hidden sorrows, Ling'ring just out-side the door,
Will you cast a - way the gladness, Thus your Master's joy to share,

Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?"
O - ver-flow-ings of thanksgiving, For his mer-cies man - i-fold?
Longing for your hand to lead them In - to rest for ev - er-more.
All because a word for Je-sus Seems too much for you to dare?

No. 83. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

DR. MILLER.



No. 84. Clinging to the Rock of Ages.

N. C. NORA CARR.

1. Clinging to the Rock of A - ges safe from all the angry waves,
2. When the sea of life gets an - gry, and the billows loudly roar,

Fear - ing naught from rag-ing temp-est, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Then I hear the voice of Je - sus, trust in me ev - er-more;

When the sky grows dark and threat'ning and the wa-ters hoarsely sing,
If I keep on cling-ing to him, soon the clouds will dis-ap-pear,

And the light-ning wild - ly flash - es to the rock I cling.
When at last my sun is set - ting I shall have no fear.

Cling - - ing, cling - - ing,

CHORUS.

Cling - ing to the Rock, I'm cling-ing to the Rock, Yes,

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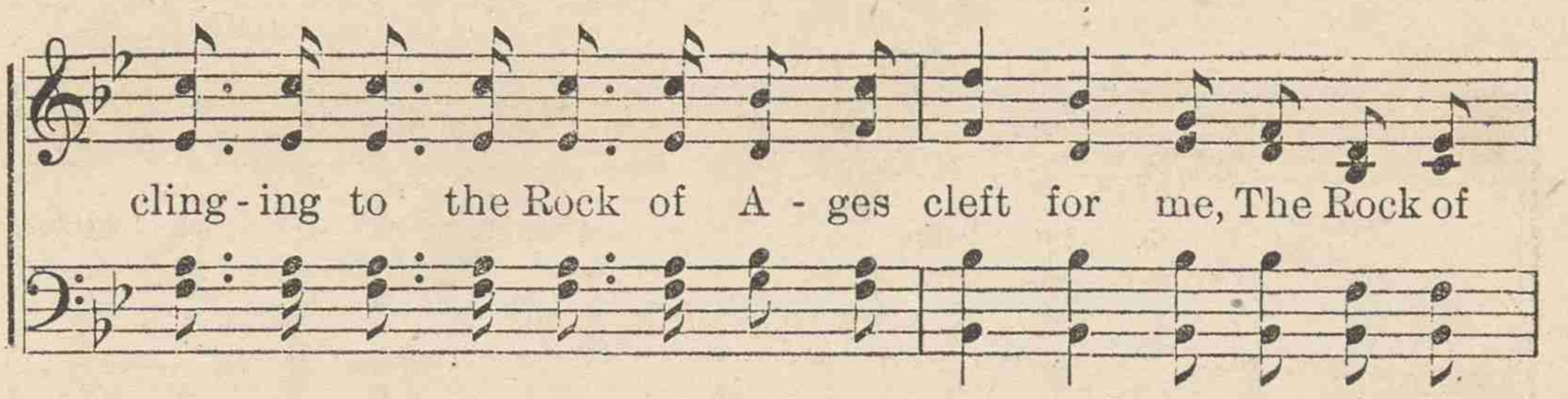
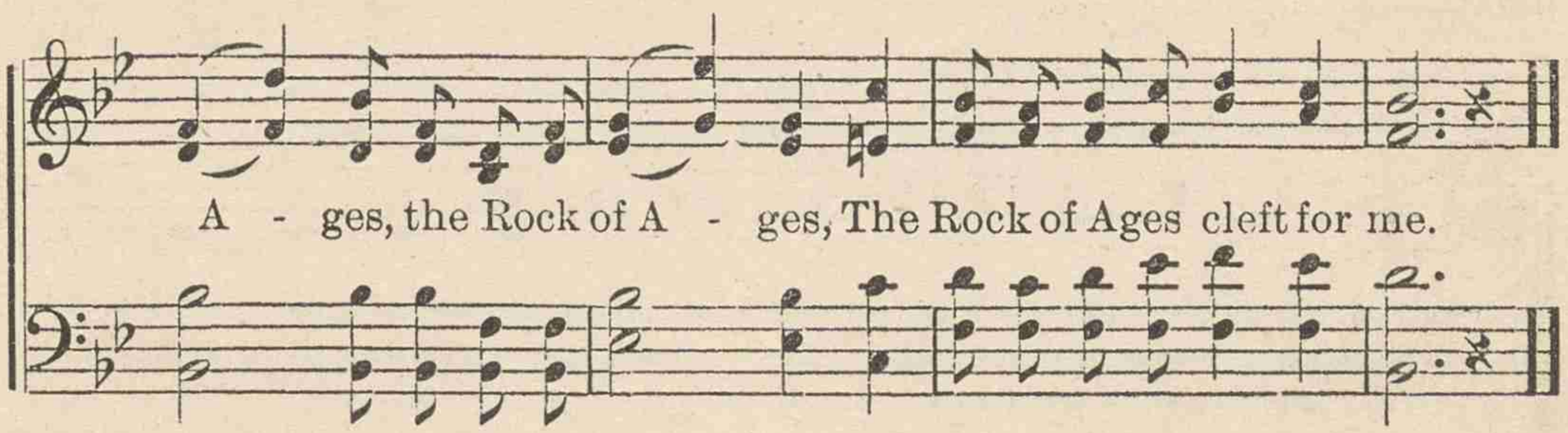
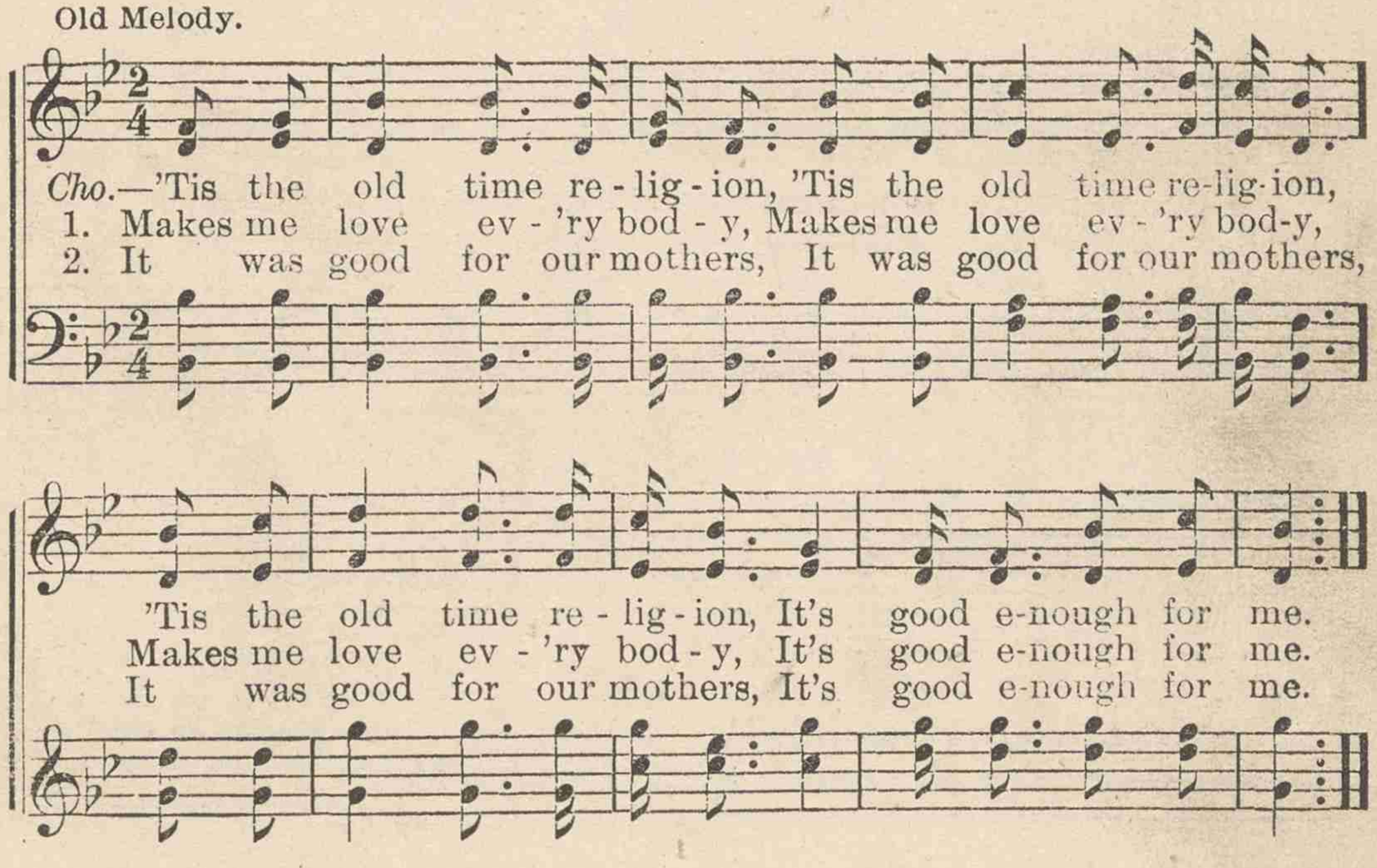
Clinging to the Rock of Ages. Concluded.





No. 85. Old Time Religion.

Old Melody.



3 It has saved our fathers,
It has saved our fathers,
It has saved our fathers,
It's good enough for me.

4 It will save our children,
It will save our children,
It will save our children,
It's good enough for me.

5 It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.

6 It will do when I am dying,
It will do when I am dying,
It will do when I am dying,
It's good enough for me.

7 It will take us all to heaven,
It will take us all to heaven,
It will take us all to heaven,
It's good enough for me.

No. 86. Tell it to Jesus.

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

1. Tell it to Je - sus— all of thy sor - row, All of thy
2. Tell it to Je - sus, he is thy Sav - iour, Tell it, and
3. Tell it to Je - sus, when the dark bil - lows Rise to thy

cares what e'er they be, Sure - ly and sweet-ly, he will de-
his sal - va - tion see; Do not de - ny him, do not de-
view, on death's dark sea; Tell it be - liev - ing, tell it re-

D. S. *On - ly be - lieve him, trust and re-*

liv - er, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.
fy him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.
ceiv - ing Grace to sus - tain and com - fort thee.

FINE.

ceive him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus, . He will hear, . . .
Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear, he will hear.

D. S.

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No. 87. It is Better Farther On.

W. W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.

1. Hope is sing-ing, sing-ing sweet-ly, Soft - ly in an un - der-
2. Night and day it sing-eth sweet-ly, Sing - eth while I sit a-
3. Farth - er on, oh, how much farther? Count the milestones one by
4. When we stand by graves of loved ones, With our hearts all anguish-

tone, Singing as if God had taught it, "It is bet - ter farther on."
lone; Singeth so the heart may hear it, "It is bet - ter farther on."
one; No! no counting, on - ly trusting, "It is bet - ter farther on."
torn, Comes that cheering voice from Eden, "It is bet - ter farther on."

Sing-ing as if God had taught it, "It is bet - ter farth - er on."
Sing-eth so the heart may hear it, "It is bet - ter farth - er on."
No! no counting, on - ly trusting, "It is bet - ter farth - er on."
Comes that cheering voice from Eden, "It is bet - ter farth - er on."

FINE.

REFRAIN.

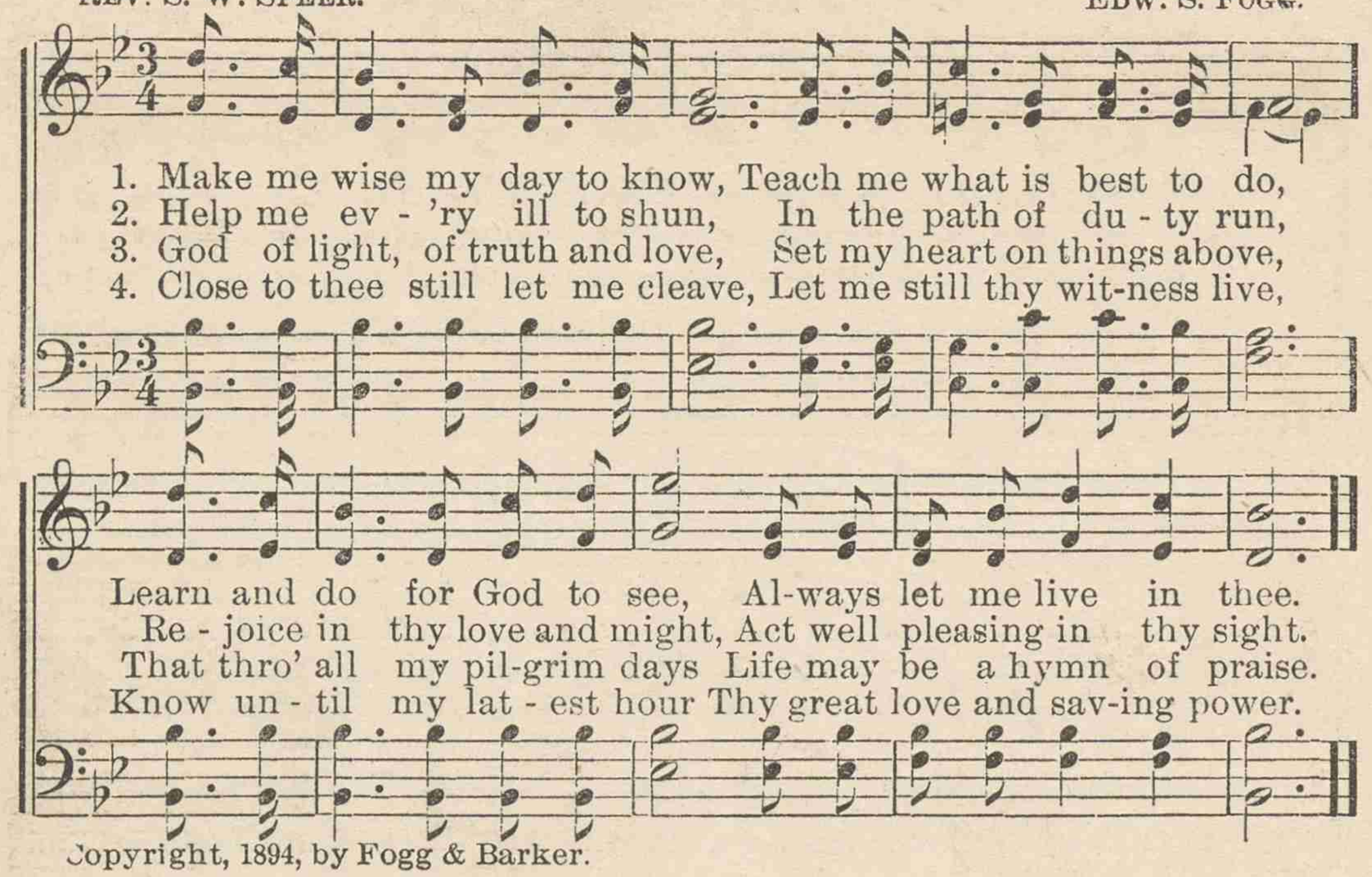
It is bet - ter farth - er on, It is bet - ter farth - er on.

D. S.

Fogg and Barker, owners.

No. 88. The Christian's Prayer.

REV. S. W. SPEER. EDW. S. FOGG.



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No. 89. I Will Love Thee.

Arranged by F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

I Will Love Thee! Concluded.

I will love thee NOW and EV - ER - MORE (for ev - er - more.)
Me, I'll love thee THEN and EV - ER - MORE (for ev - er - more.)
I will love thee THERE FOR EV - ER - MORE (for ev - er - more.)

CHORUS.

I will love thee, bless - ed Sav - - - ior,
I *do* love thee, my Sav - ior, *now*,

My Re - deem - - - er and my King, ... Yes,
Re-deem-er dear, and on - ly King,

I will love thee, I will love thee,
I *do* love thee, I *do* love thee,

And with heart and voice thy praise will sing. (thy praise will sing.)

No. 90. Marching Along.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Singing a song, ... a song of ju - bi - lee, Singing a song,
Singing a song,

song, ... a song of ju - bi - lee, Marching a-long
Sing-ing a song,

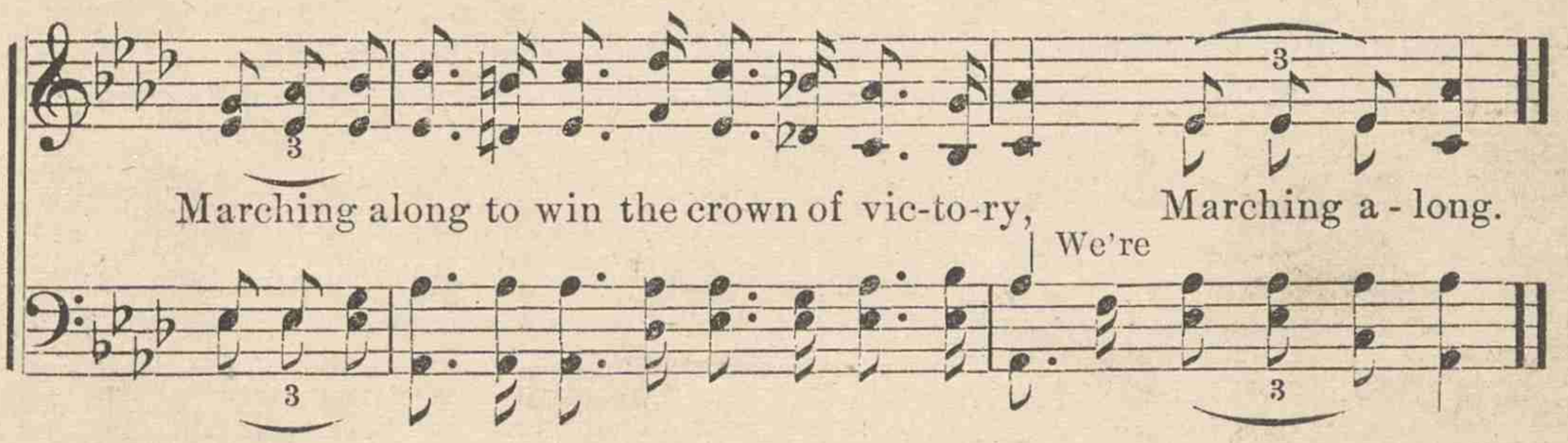
long with arm - or bright, Marching a-long to do the right,
Marching a - long, Marching a - long,

March-ing a - long to win the crown of vic - to' - ry, We're

CHORUS.

Marching a - long. Marching a-long, a fear-less band, Marching a-
Marching along,

Marching Along. Concluded.



2 Singing a song of *"Life's eternity,"*
Singing a song of *"Life's eternity,"*
Marching along to *"By and by,"*
Marching along, to never die,
Marching along to win the crown of victory.

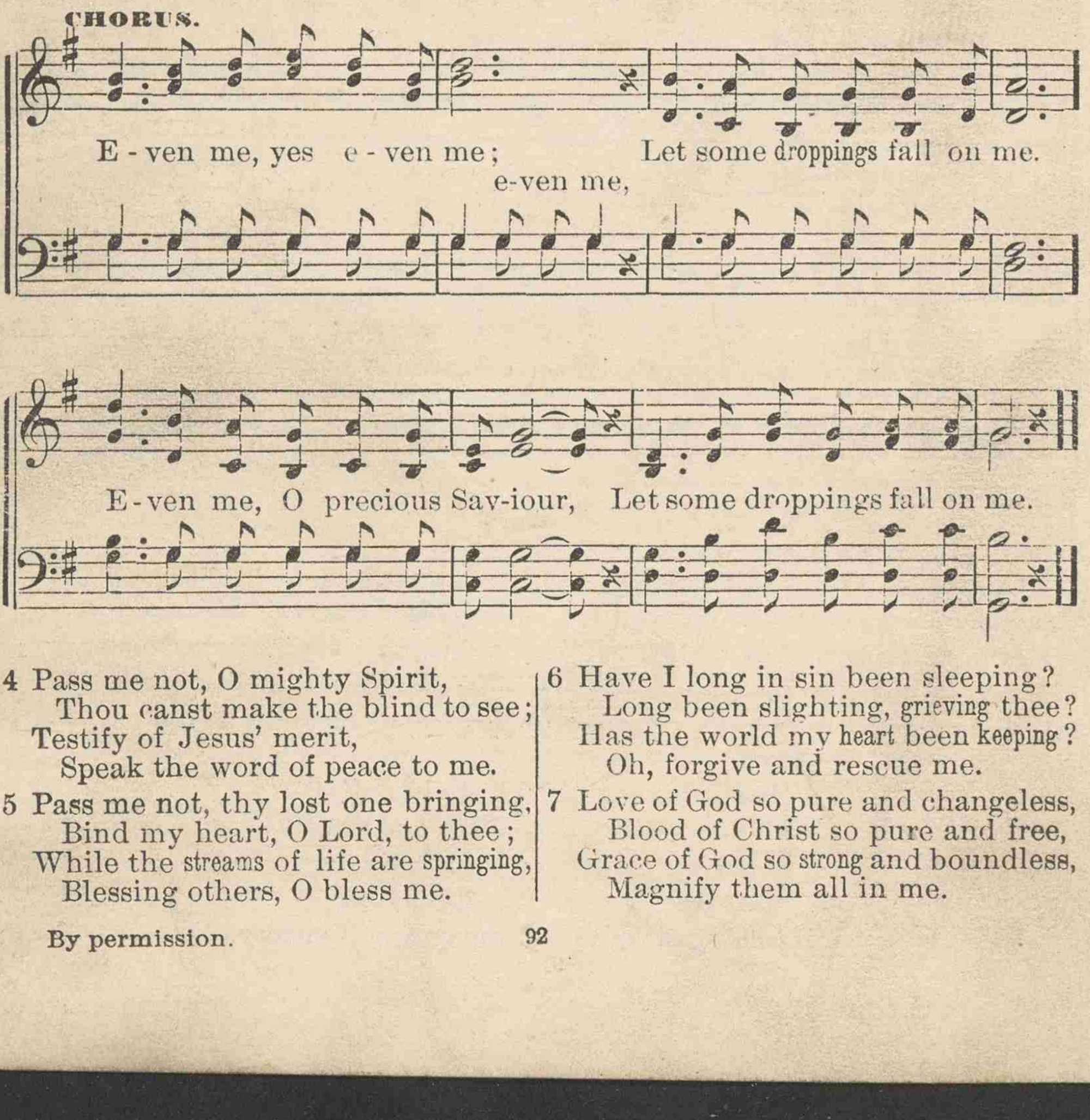
3 Singing a song of *"Love's nativity,"*
Singing a song of *"Love's nativity,"*
Marching along, to never roam,
Marching along to Father's home,
Marching along to win the crown of victory.

4 Singing a song of *"Death's captivity,"*
Singing a song of *"Death's captivity,"*
Marching along, to part no more,
Marching along to friends of yore,
Marching along to win the crown of victory.

No. 91. Showers of Blessing.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 31 : 26.
"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27 : 34.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDER. D. E. DORTCH.



4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

5 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

6 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

7 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so pure and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

By permission.

No. 92. The Soul's Refuge.

J. M. W. REV. J. M. WILSON.

1. "Why say to my soul, Fly a-way like a bird To your
2. My soul weep-eth not By the "riv-er of life," As the
3. I fly to the "Rock That is high-er than I," "Rock of

mountain," and hide from your foe? For my ref-uge is God,
cap-tives on Bab-y-lon's shore. For the "sword of the Lord"
A-ges," my feet thou wilt stay! I have learned the new song,

In the "hill of the Lord," Where he sayeth, I sure-ly will go.
Hath requit-ed the foe; All my bondage and sor-row are o'er.
"Ever praise to our God!" I am free from the "mire and the clay."

CHORUS.

Fly a-way, then, my soul, To the mount of the Lord, And find sweet com-
Rest un-der his wing, Con-fide in his word, And

pas-sion in God: dwell in his love shed a-broad.

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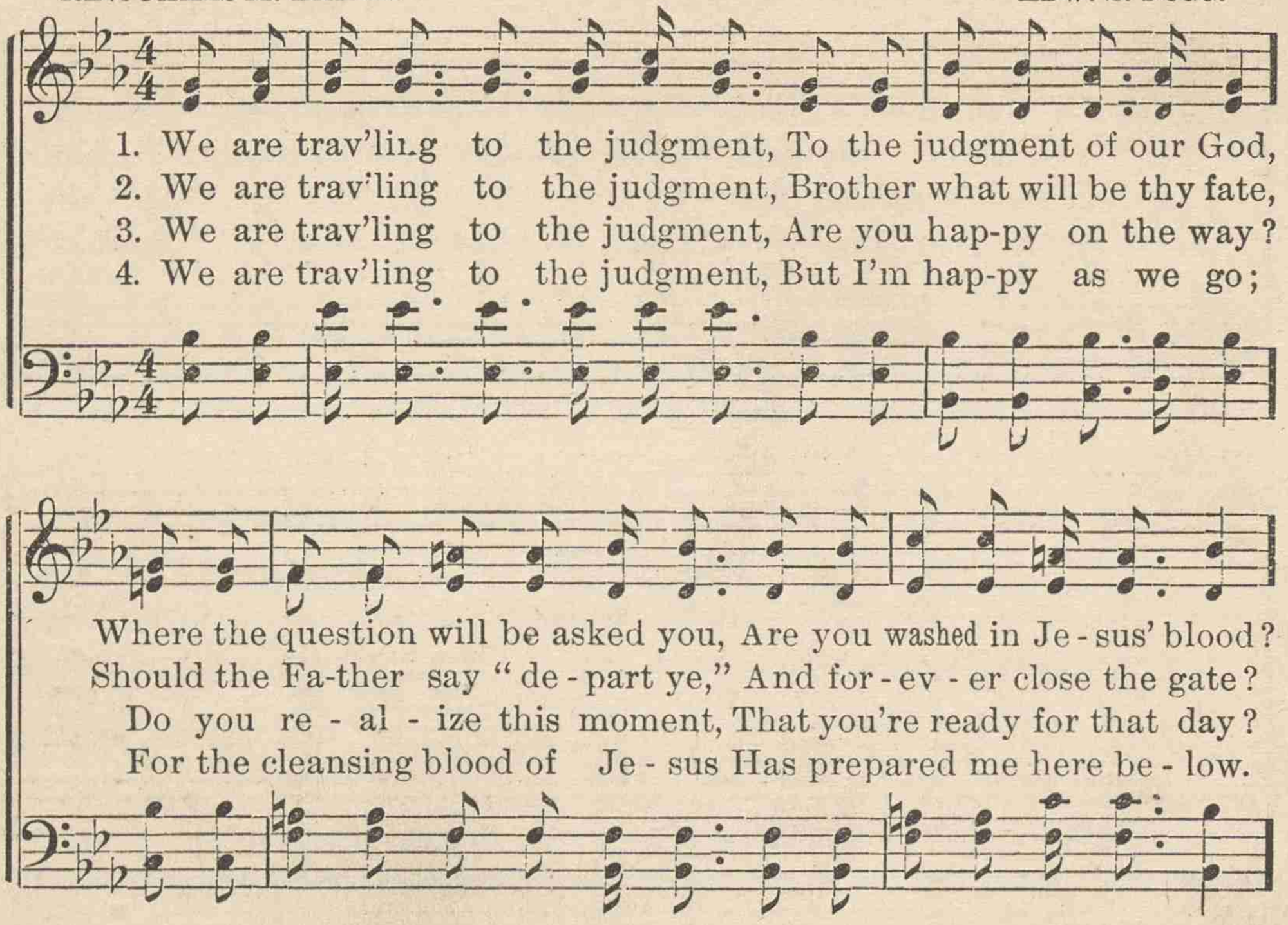
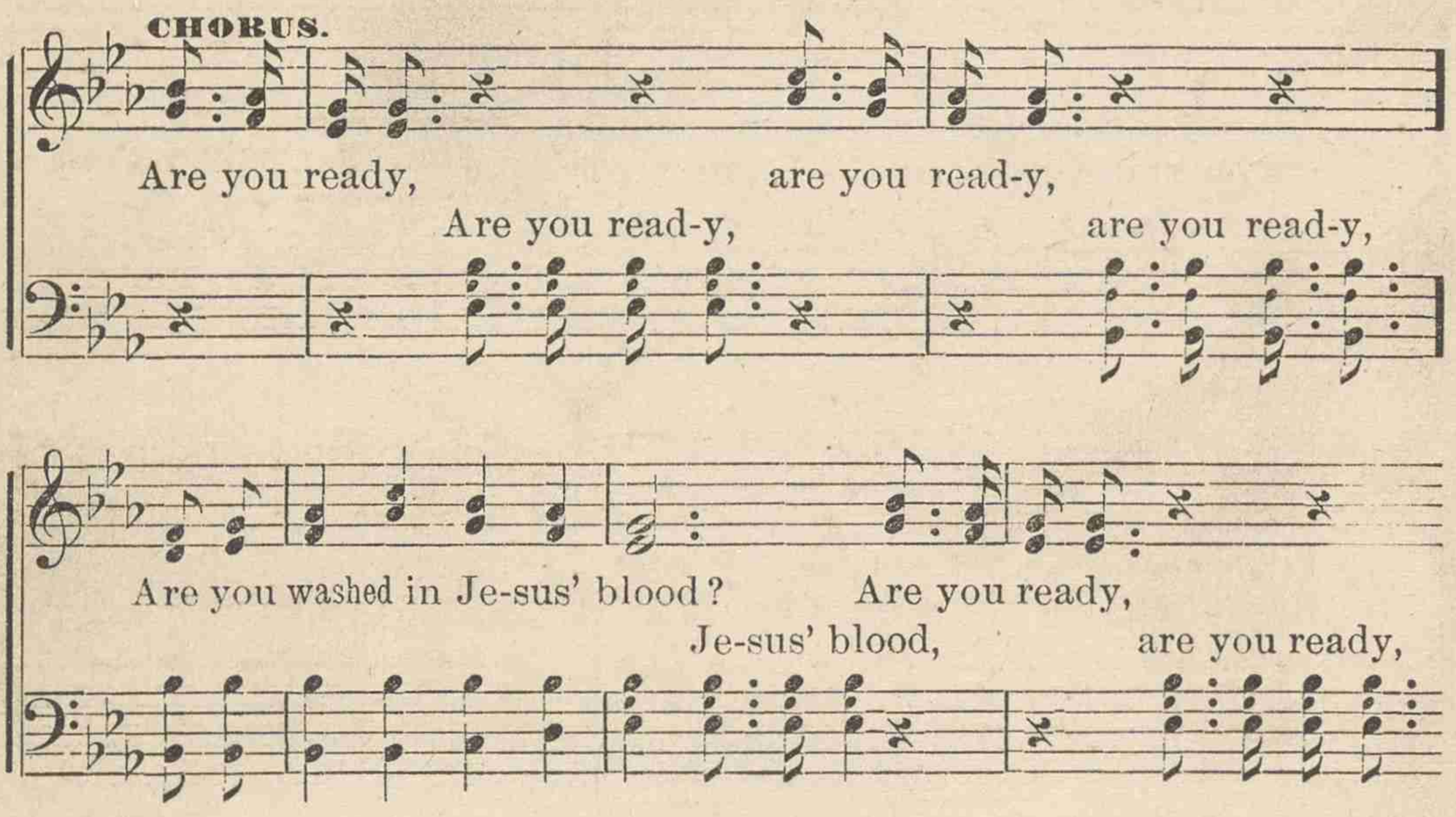
No. 93. Are You Ready?

REV. JAMES M. BAKER. EDW. S. FOGG.





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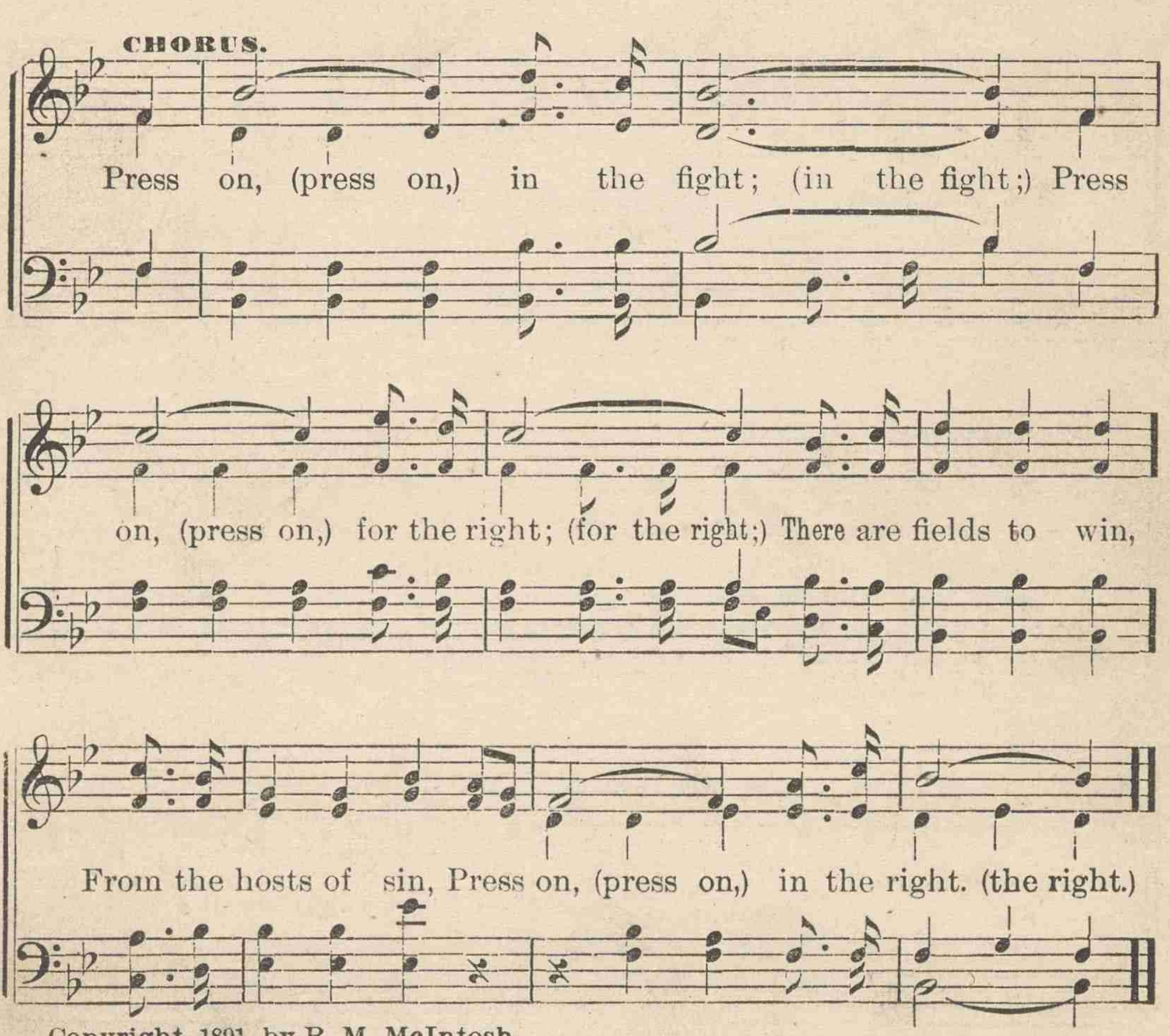
No. 94. Press On For the Right.

W. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.



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No. 95. The Kingdom Coming.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

CHORUS.

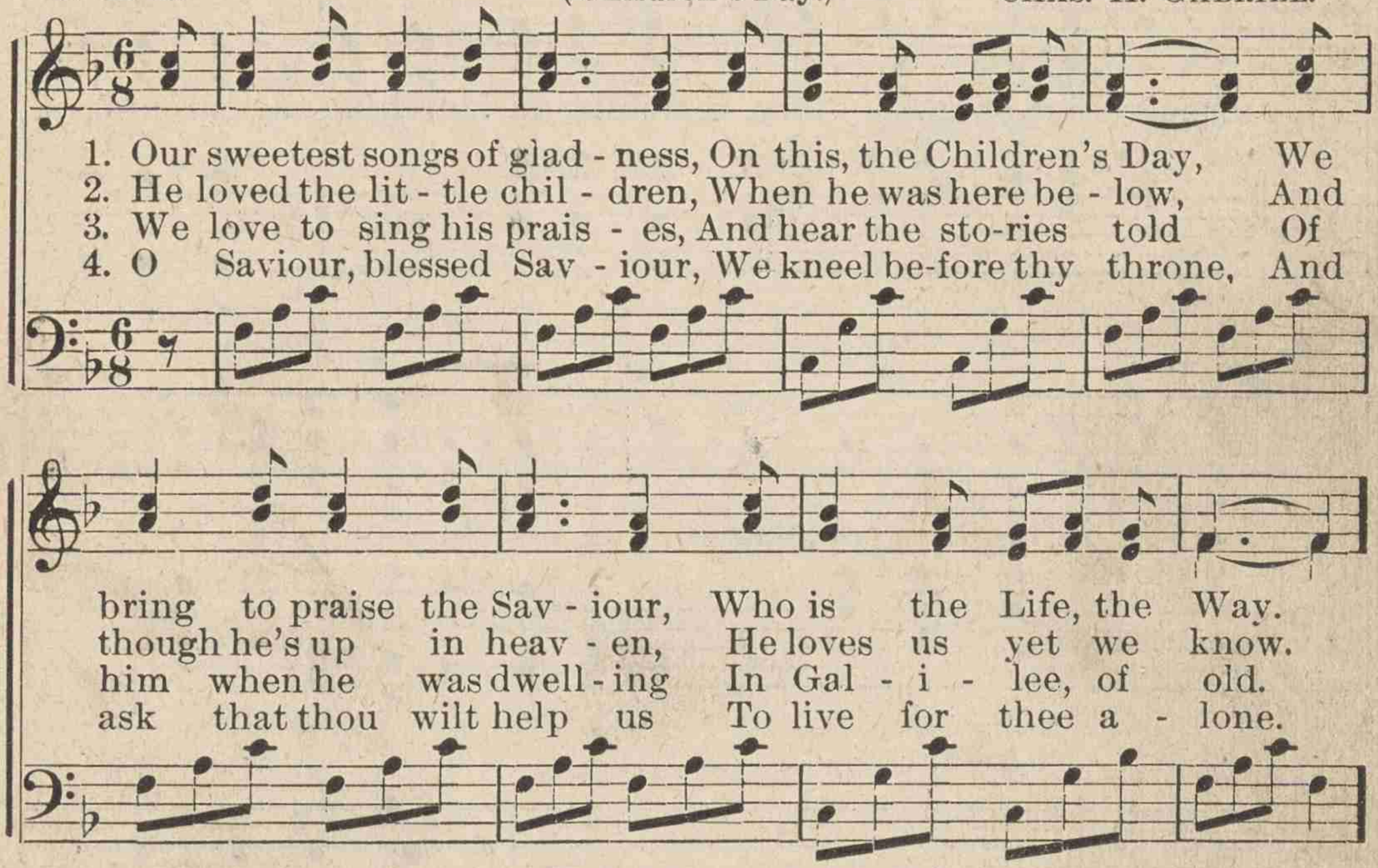
By permission.

The Kingdom Coming. Concluded.

No. 96.

Our King.

C. H. G. (Children's Day.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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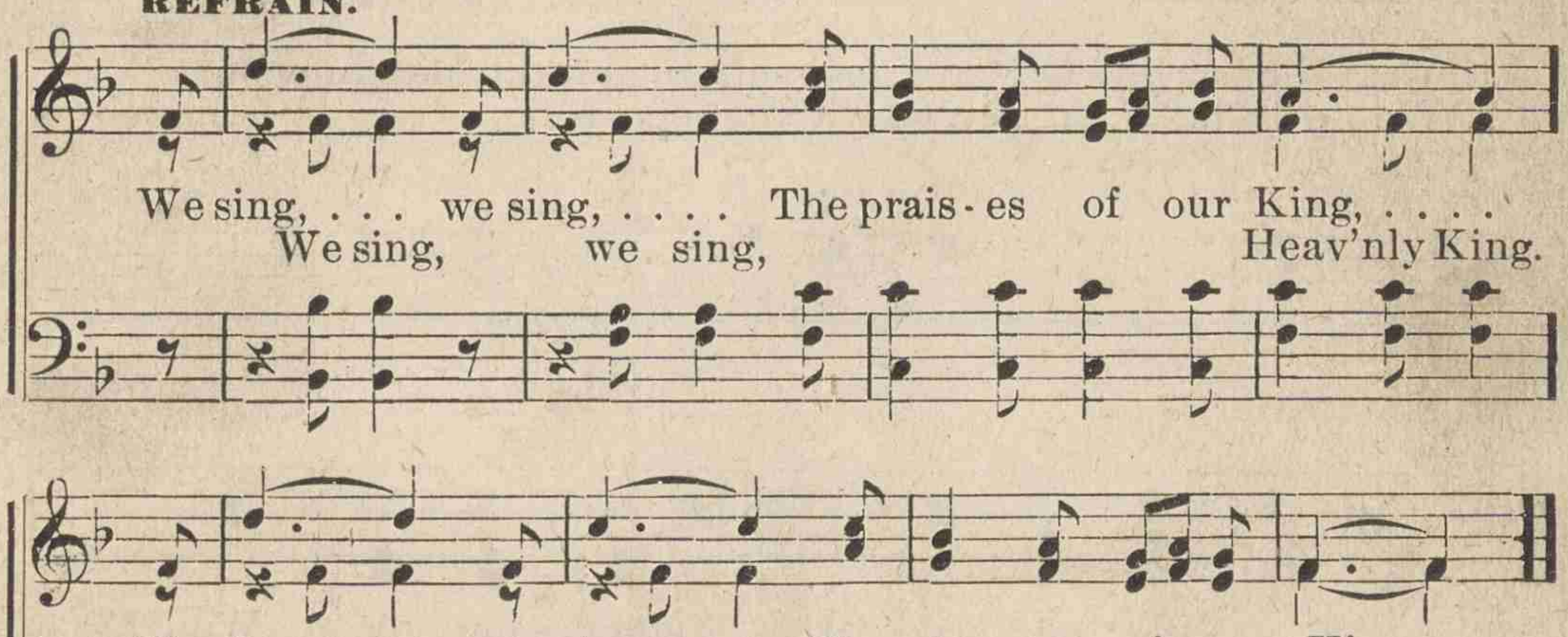

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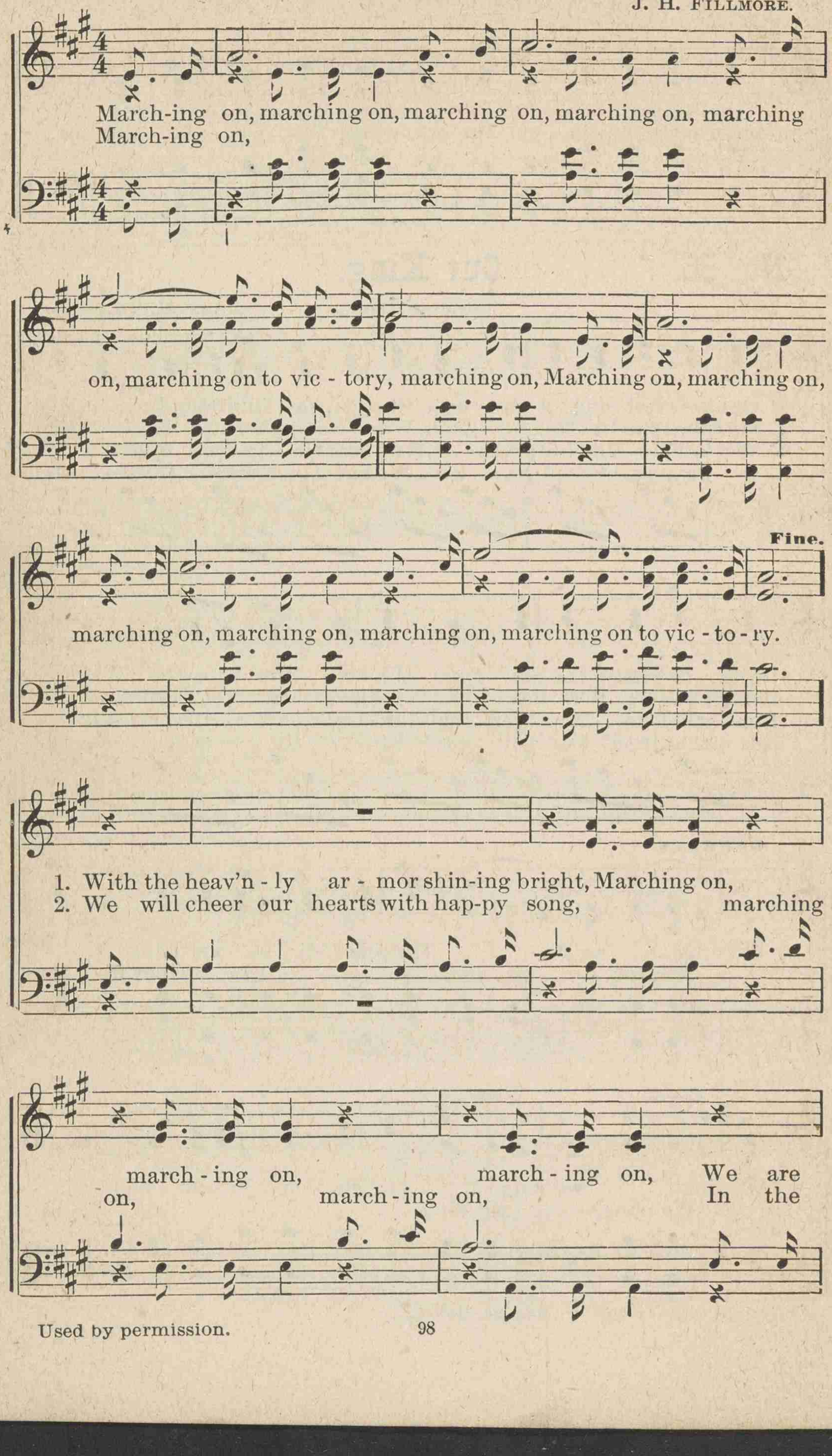
No. 97. Marching On.

J. H. FILLMORE.



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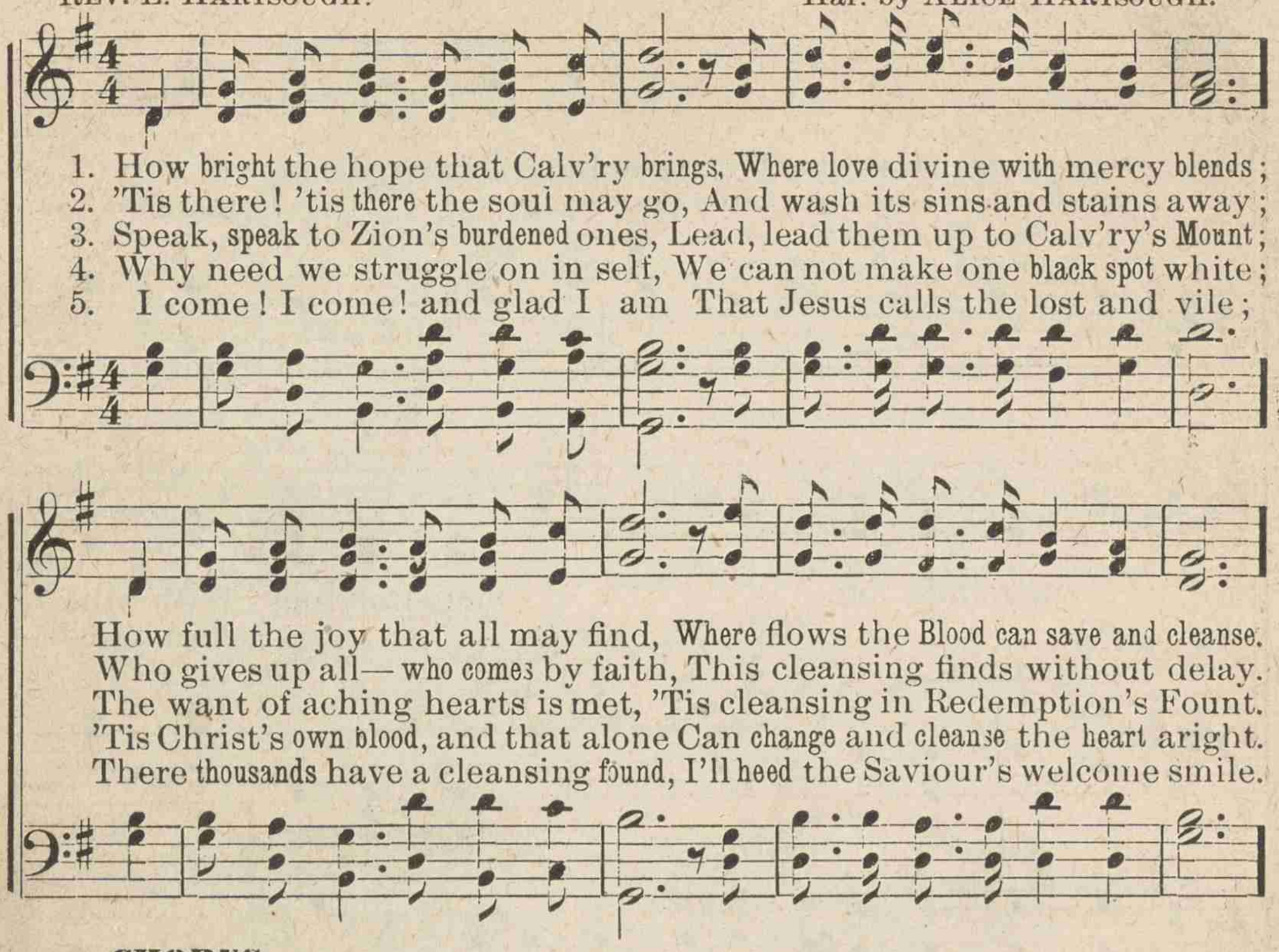
Marching On. Concluded.

No. 98. I Am Glad There is Cleansing.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH. Har. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.



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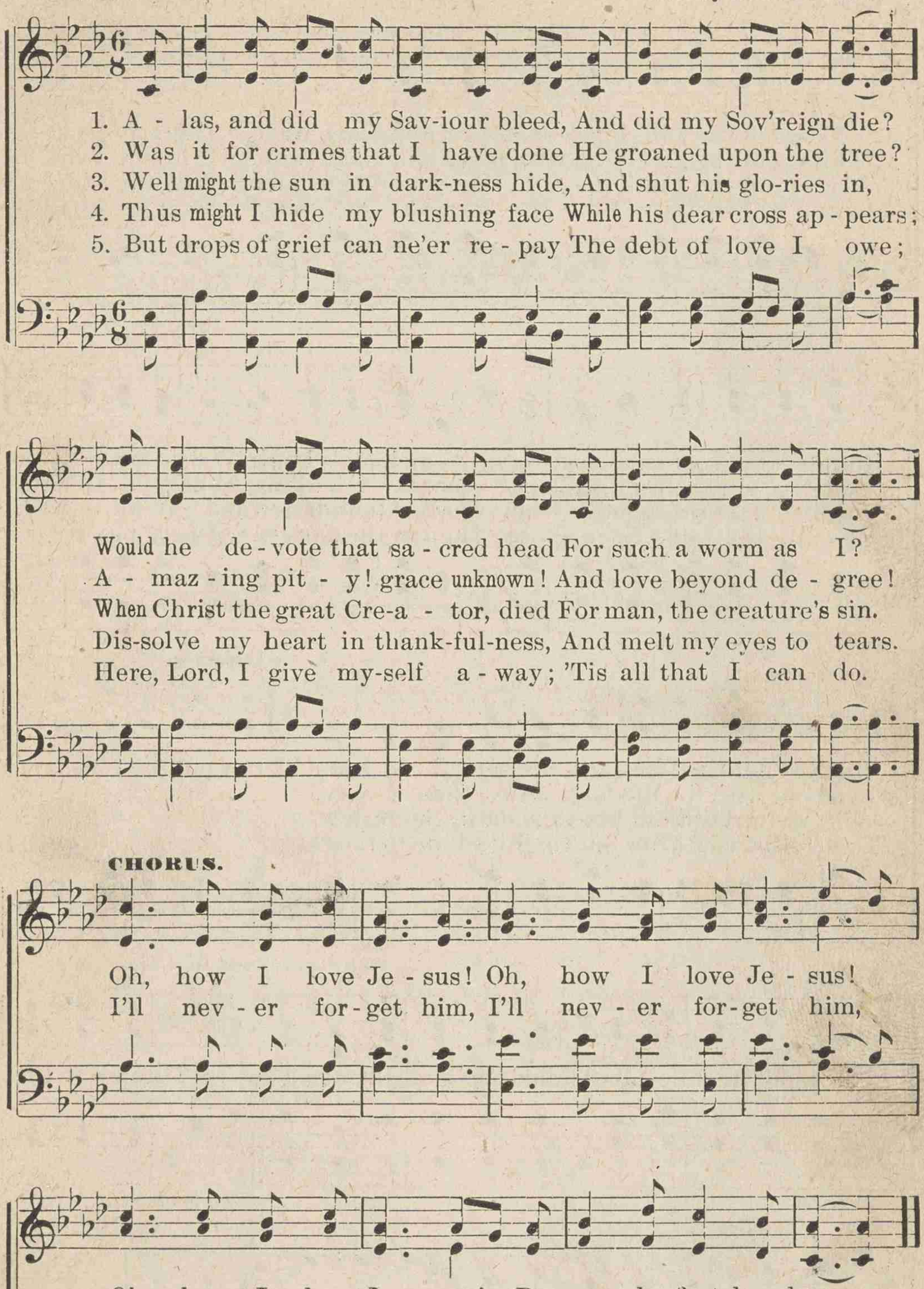
No. 99. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

REV. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



No. 100. Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in
4. Soon will this sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall

brother whom some one should save; Somebody's brother, O who then will dare
tar - ry, my broth-er, so long? See, he is sinking, O hast-en to-day,
anguish where we've never been; Winds of temptation and billows of woe,
go to the fair Eden shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
And out with the life-boat, away, then, a - way.
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
That Jesus will throw out the Life-Line to thee!

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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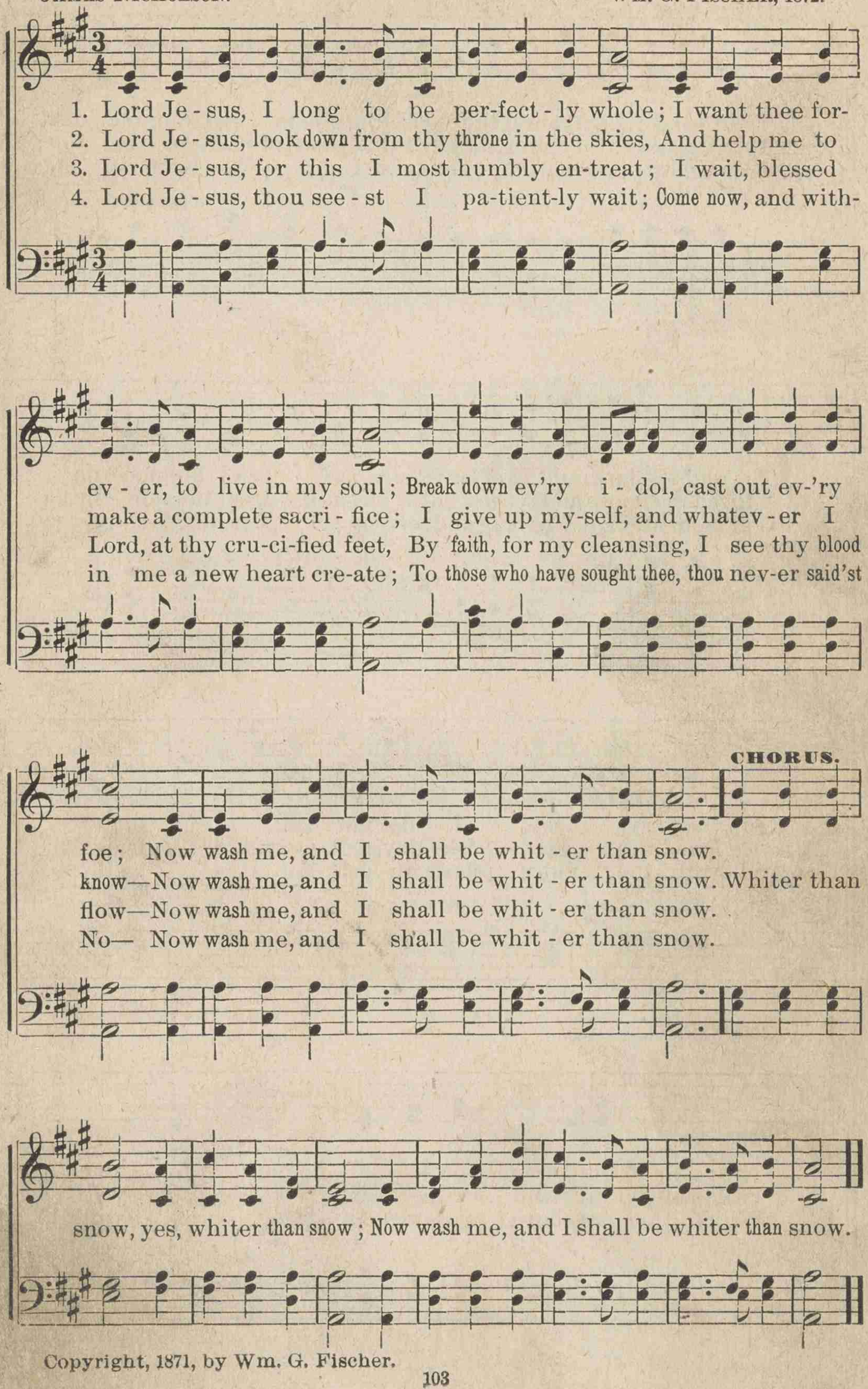
No. 101. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, 1872.



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No. 102. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-member not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

No. 103. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

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

ANON. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

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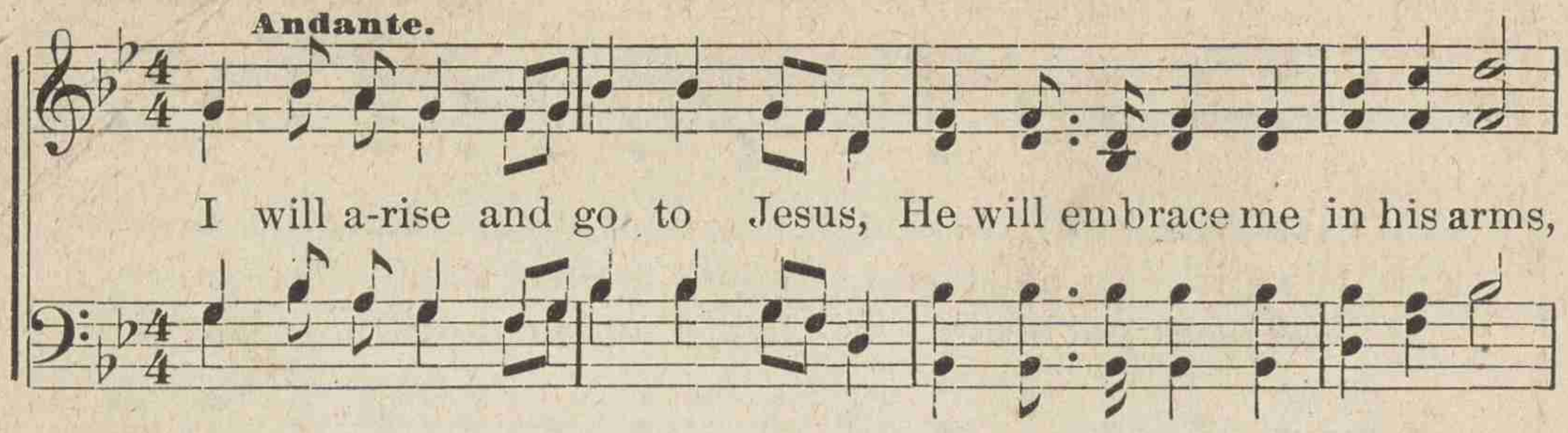
No. 104. The Prodigal Son.

CHORUS. Old Camp-meeting Melody.



1 Far, far away from my loving father,
I had been wandering, wayward, wild;
Fearing only lest his anger
Overtake his sinful child.

2 Fain had I fed on the husks around me,
Till to myself I came, and said—
"Plenty have my father's servants,
Perish I for want of bread."

3 "I will arise, though faint and weary,
Home to my father I will go;
Woe is me that e'er I wandered;
Ah, that I such need should know!"

4 "Father, I'll say I've sinned before thee,
No more may I be called thy son,
Make me only as thy servant,
Pity me, a wretch undone!"

No. 105. Come Thou Fount.

Key D.

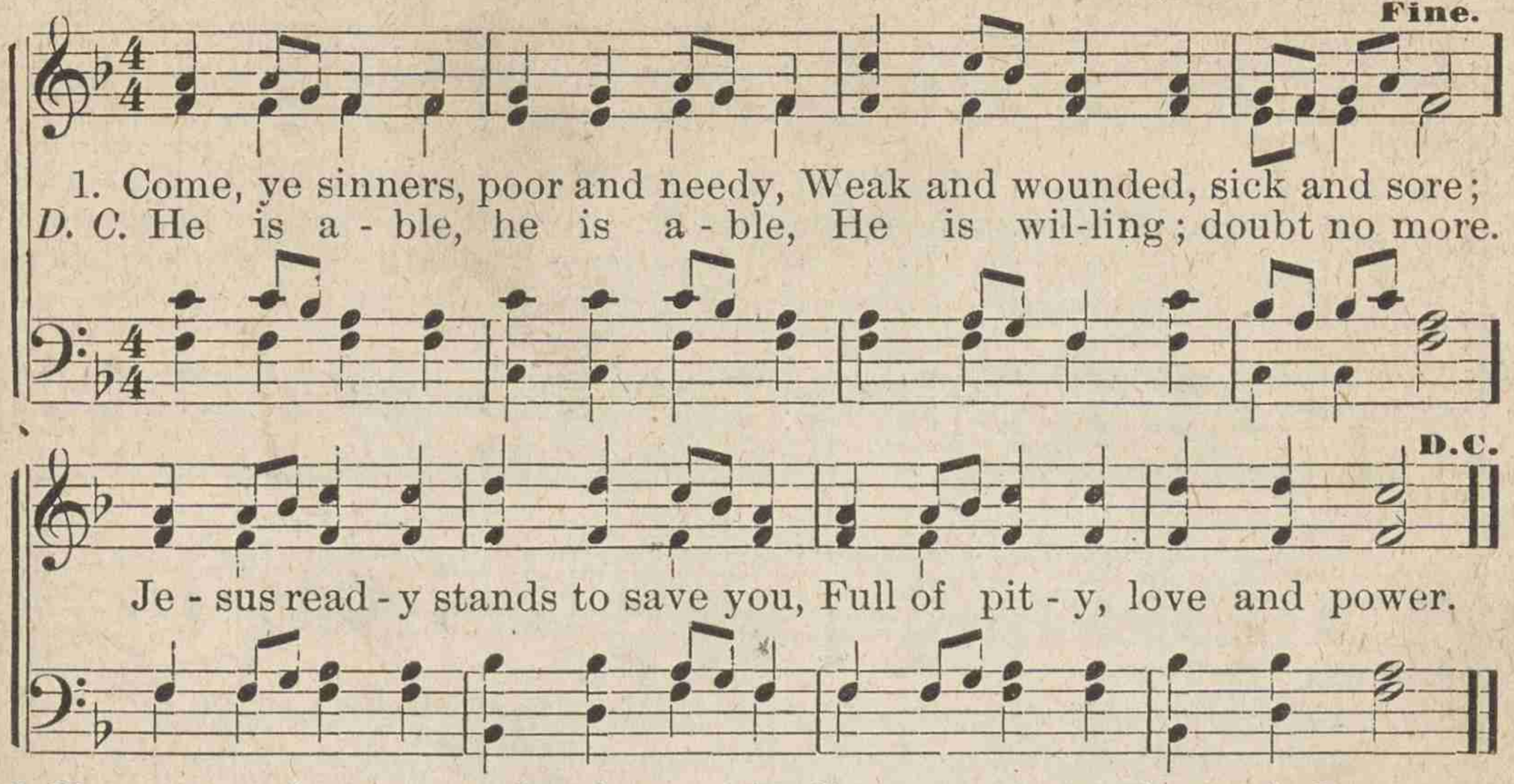
1 Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 106. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



2 Now ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
‖: Without money, :‖
Come to Jesus 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 glimmering 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.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
‖: Hallelujah! :‖
Sinners here may do the same.

No. 107. Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: LABAN. S. M.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on, [supplies
Strong in the strength which God
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mightv power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 Till, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

No. 108. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

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

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

No. 109. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.
2. I love thee, because thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as long as thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a- dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

No. 110. Come to Jesus Just Now.*

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

* Balance of words on page 109.

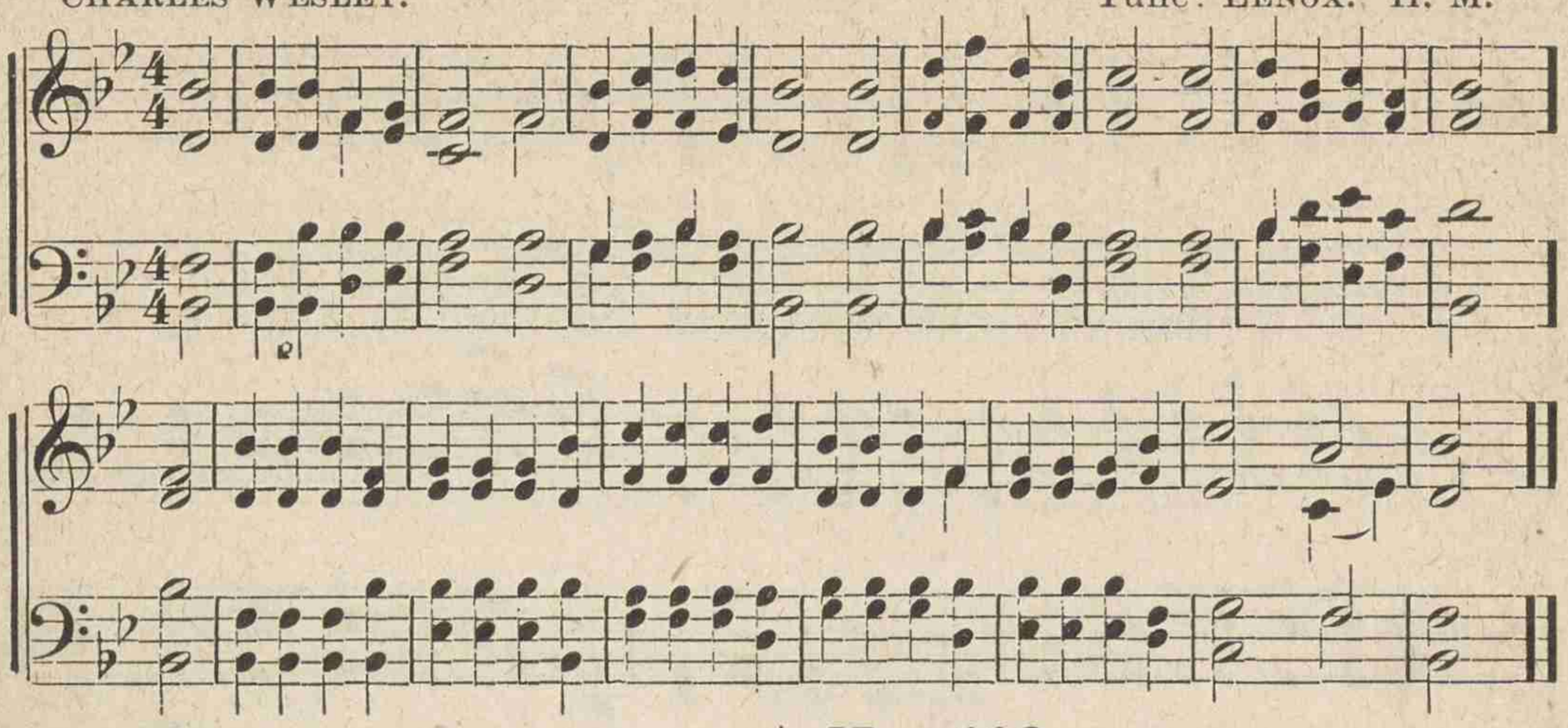
No. 111. Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. FILLMORE.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to you.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 112. Arise, My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: LENOX. H. M.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
‖: Before the throne my Surety stands; :‖
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race, :‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh, :‖
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 113.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

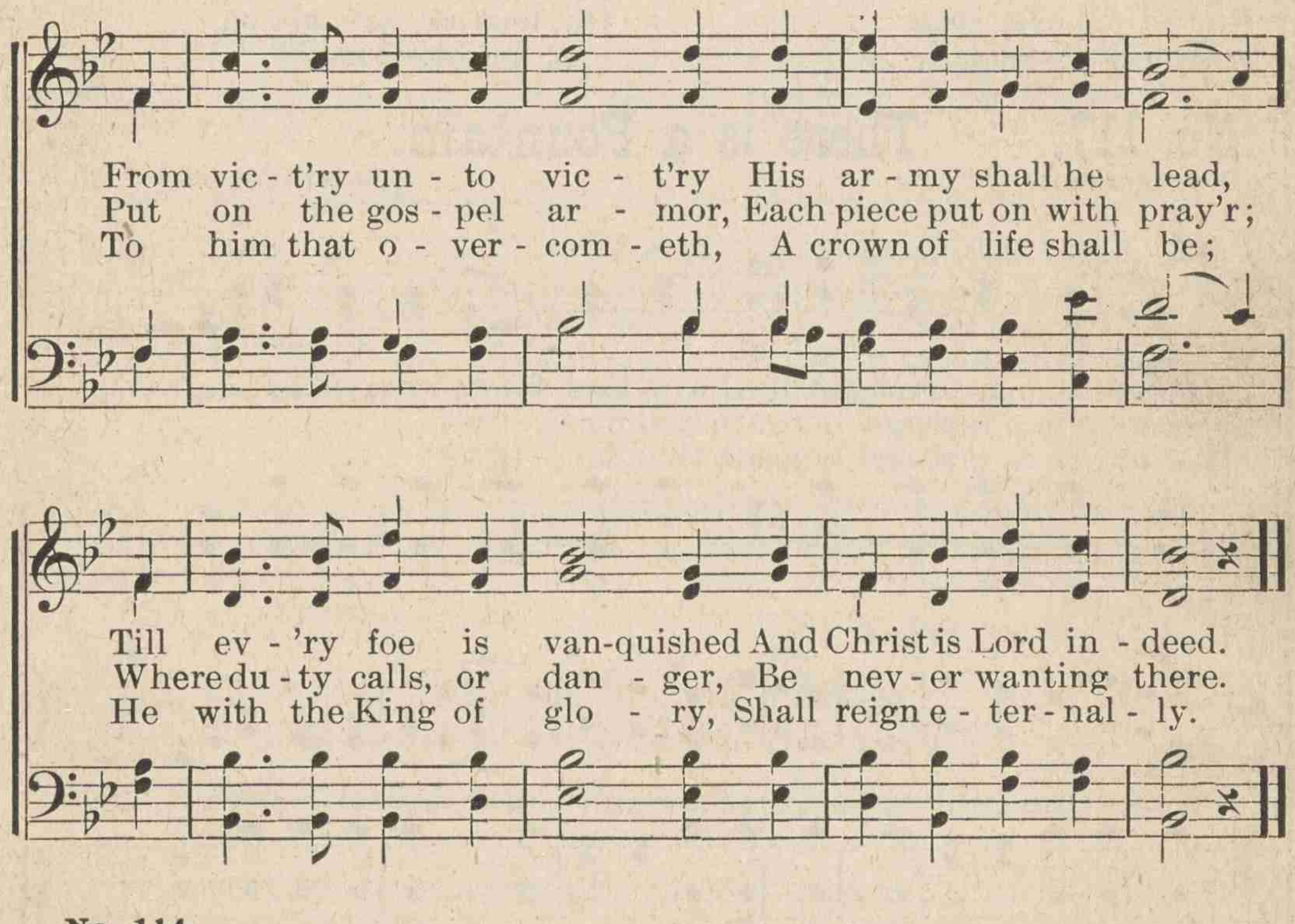
No. 114. Dennis. S. M. *

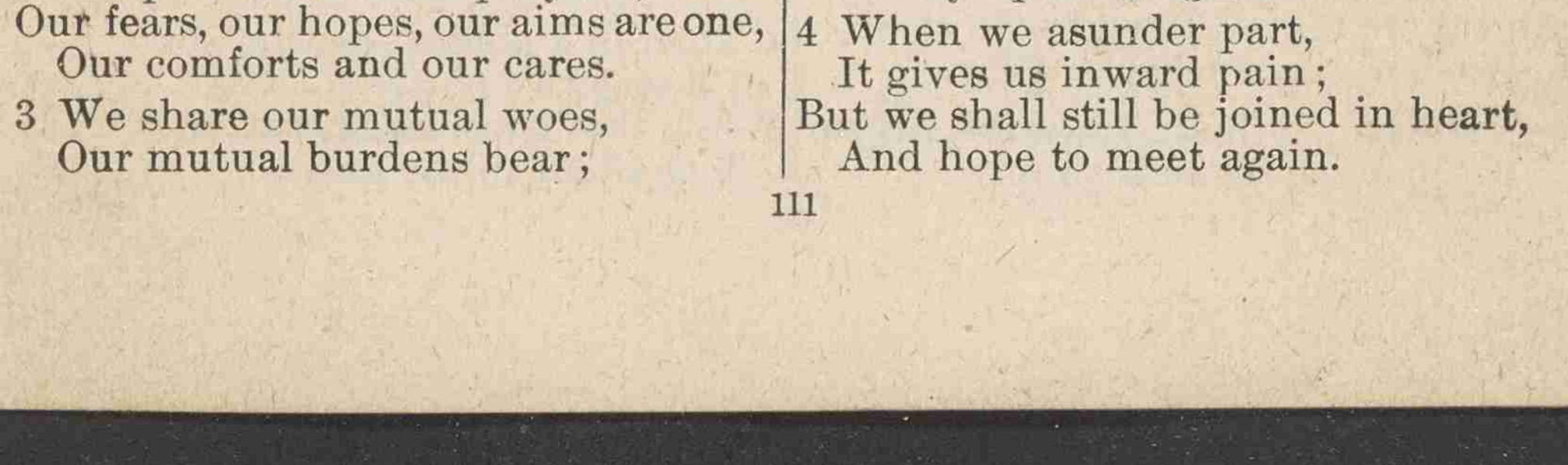
JOHN FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAGELI.

*Balance of words on next page.

No. 115. Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.





No. 114.

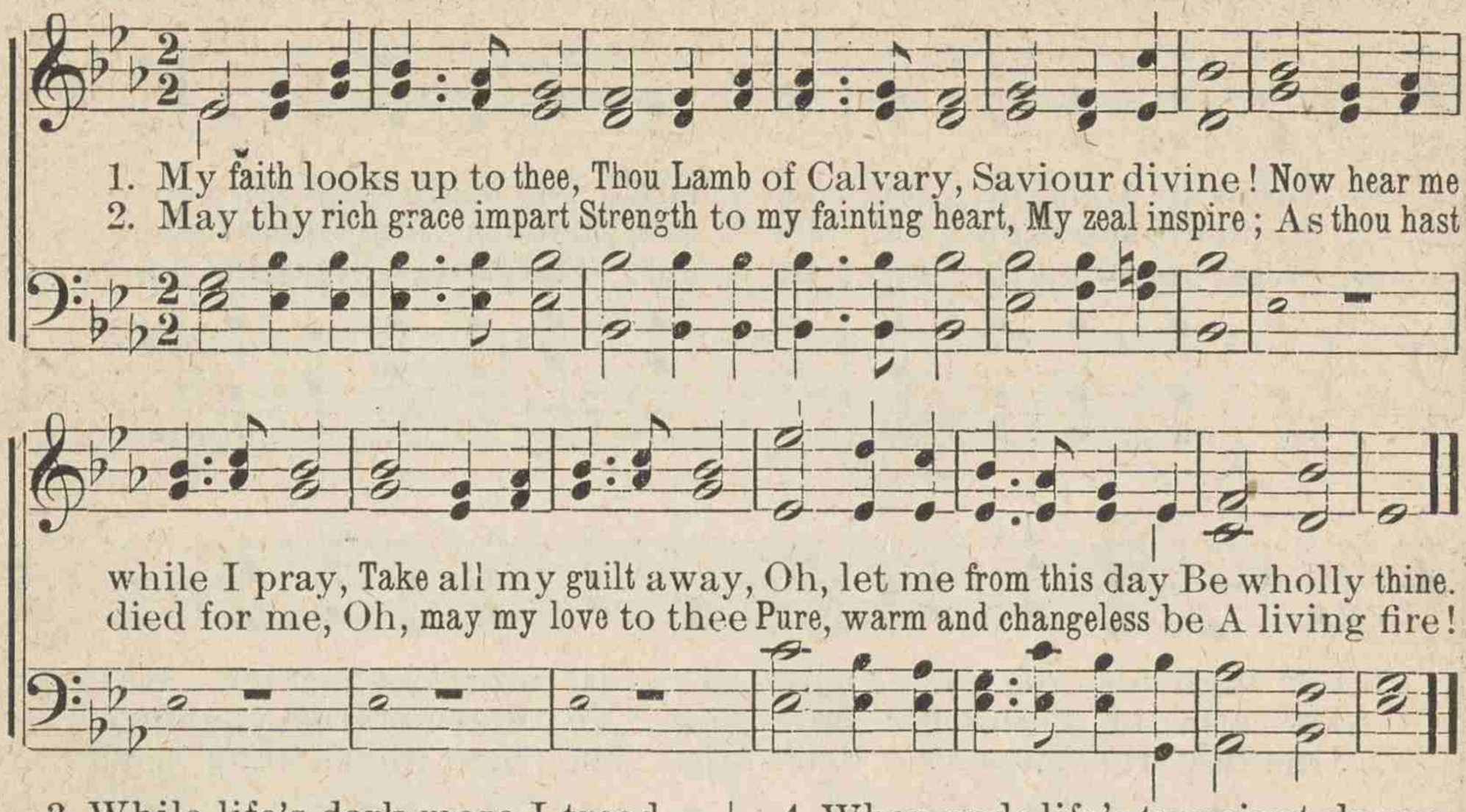
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 116. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 117. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody. C. M.

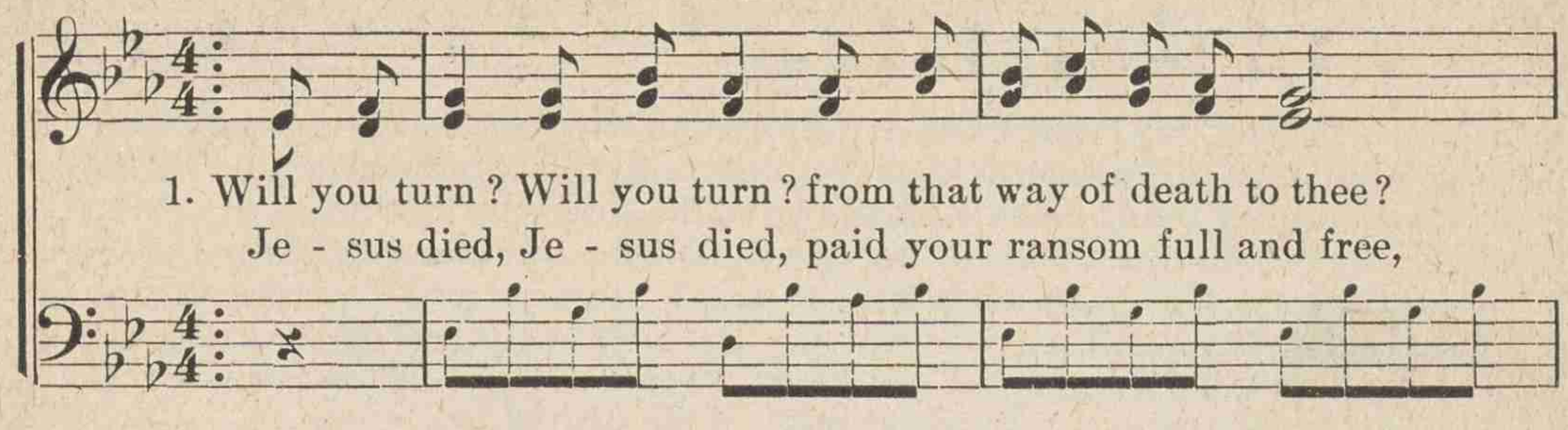
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

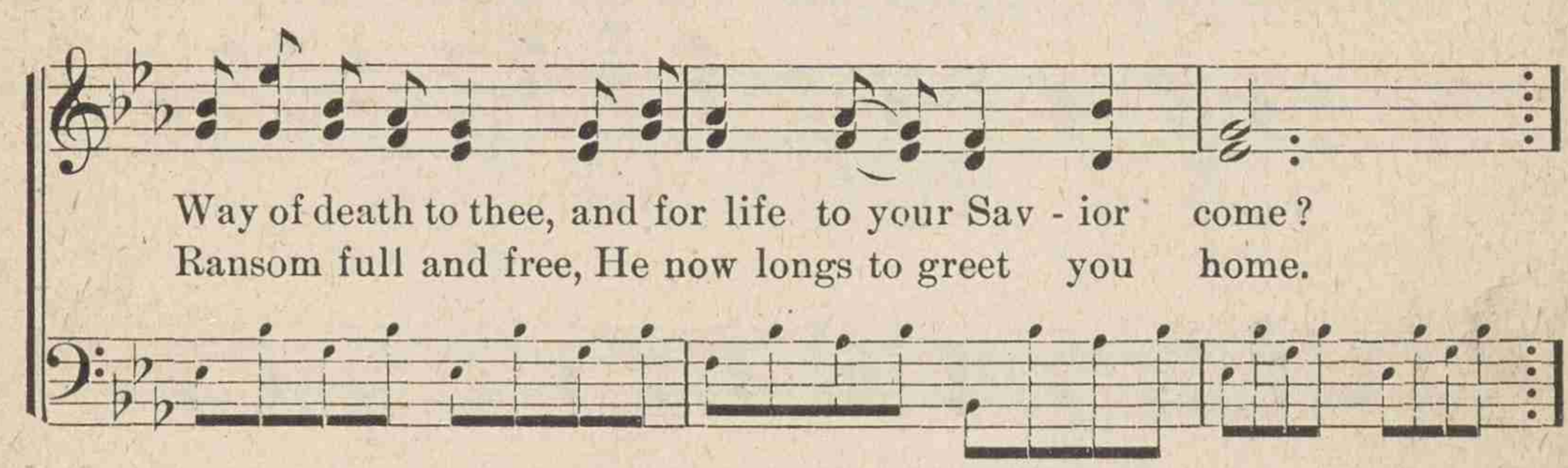
3 Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

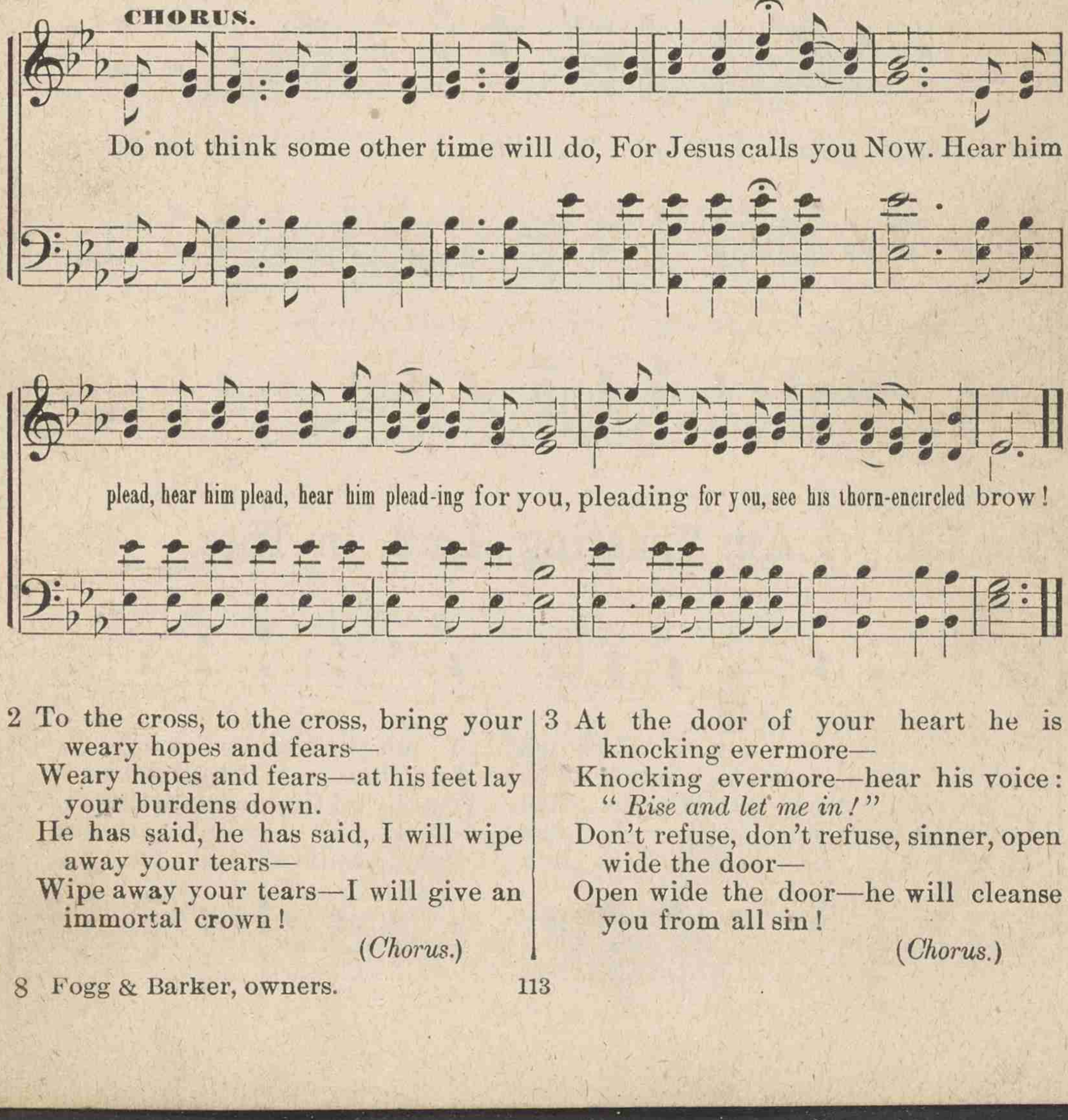
4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 118. Pleading Savior.

F. L. B. From the German, by F. L. BRISTOW.







2 To the cross, to the cross, bring your weary hopes and fears—
Weary hopes and fears—at his feet lay your burdens down.
He has said, he has said, I will wipe away your tears—
Wipe away your tears—I will give an immortal crown!

(*Chorus.*)

3 At the door of your heart he is knocking evermore—
Knocking evermore—hear his voice: "*Rise and let me in!*"
Don't refuse, don't refuse, sinner, open wide the door—
Open wide the door—he will cleanse you from all sin!

(*Chorus.*)

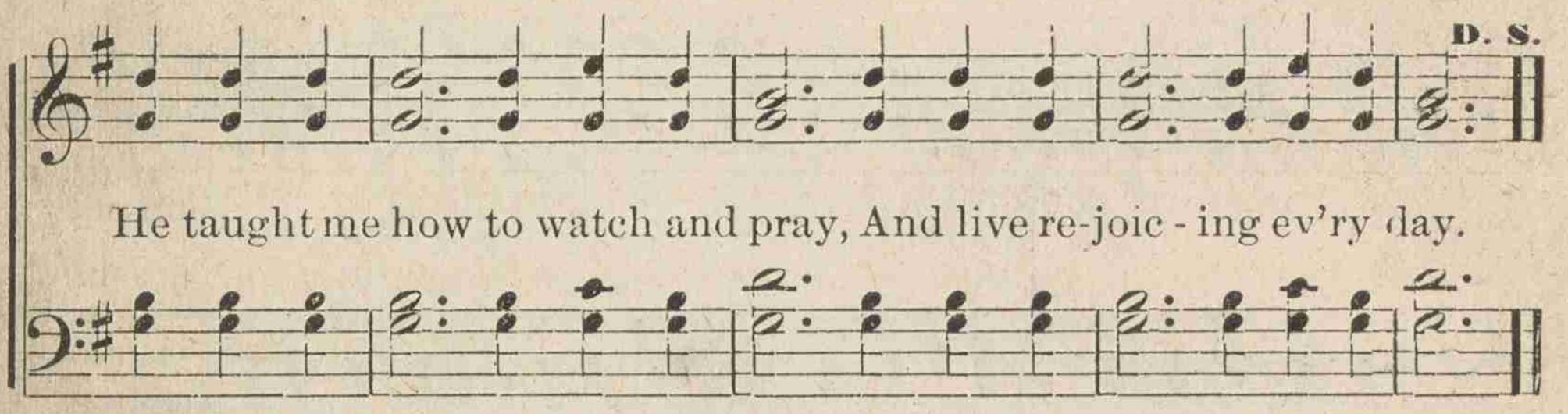
No. 119. Happy Day.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { Oh, 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. }
2. { Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! }
   { Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine; }
   { He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. }
4. { Now rest, my long divid - ed heart, Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; }
   { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With him of ev-'ry good possessed. }

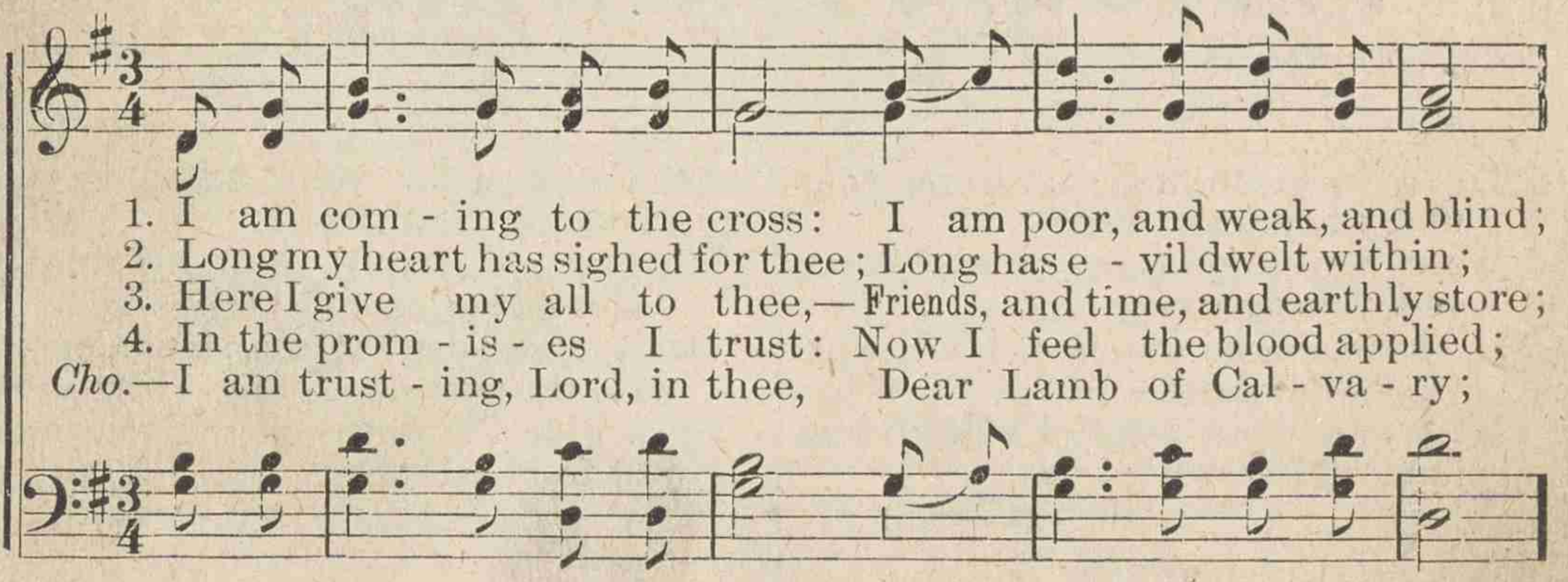
Happy day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

D. S. *Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.*



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev'ry day.

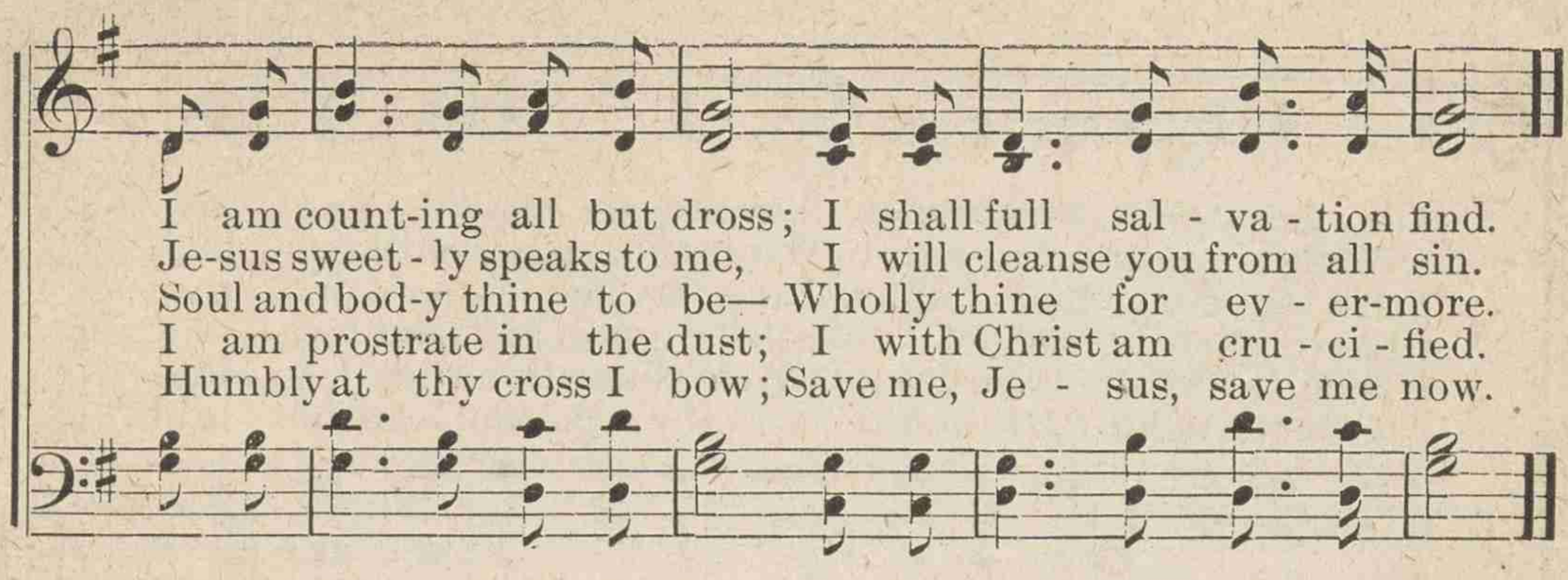
No. 120. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.



1. I am com - ing to the cross: I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt within;
3. Here I give my all to thee,—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust: Now I feel the blood applied;

Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee. Concluded.

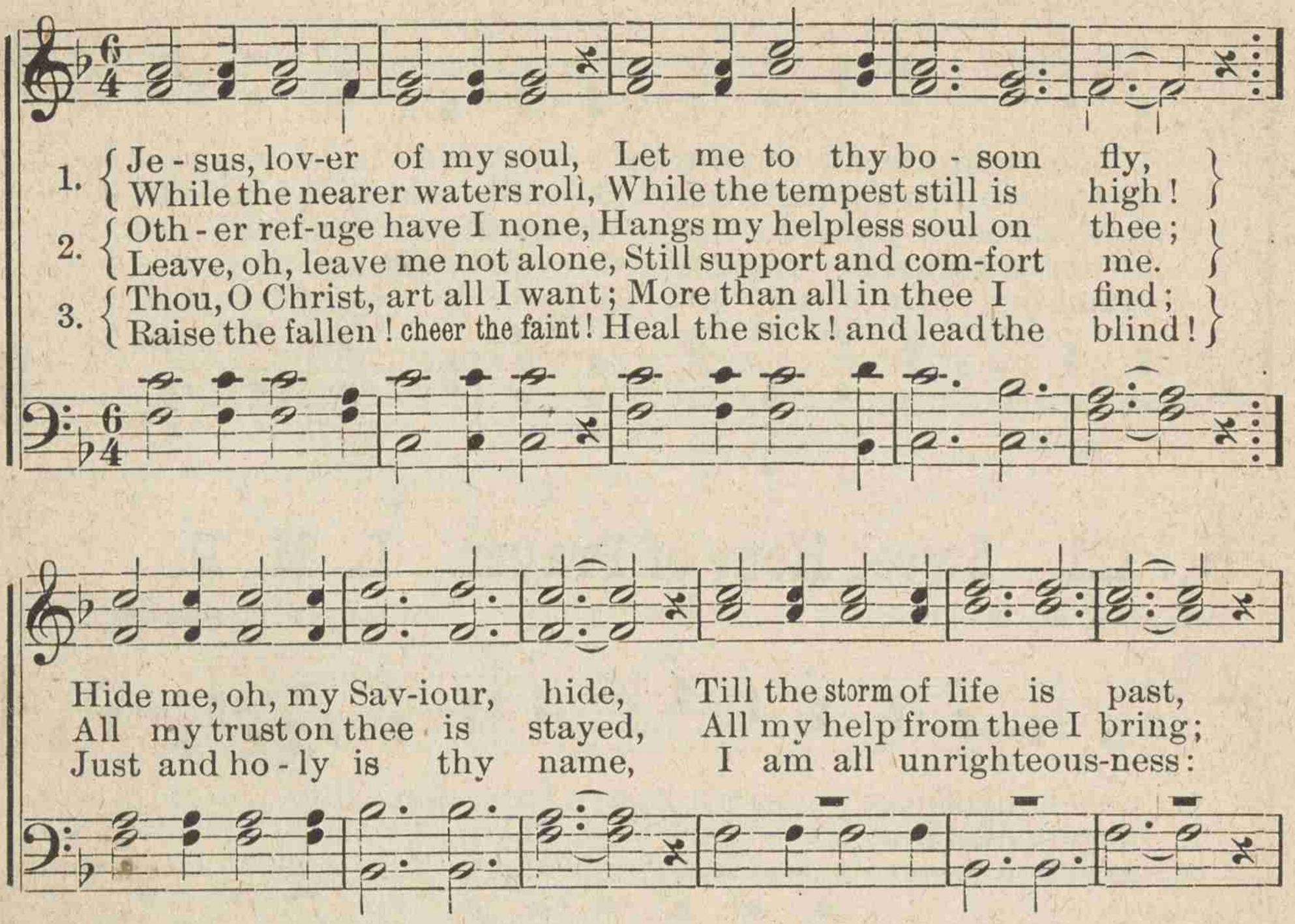


No. 121. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

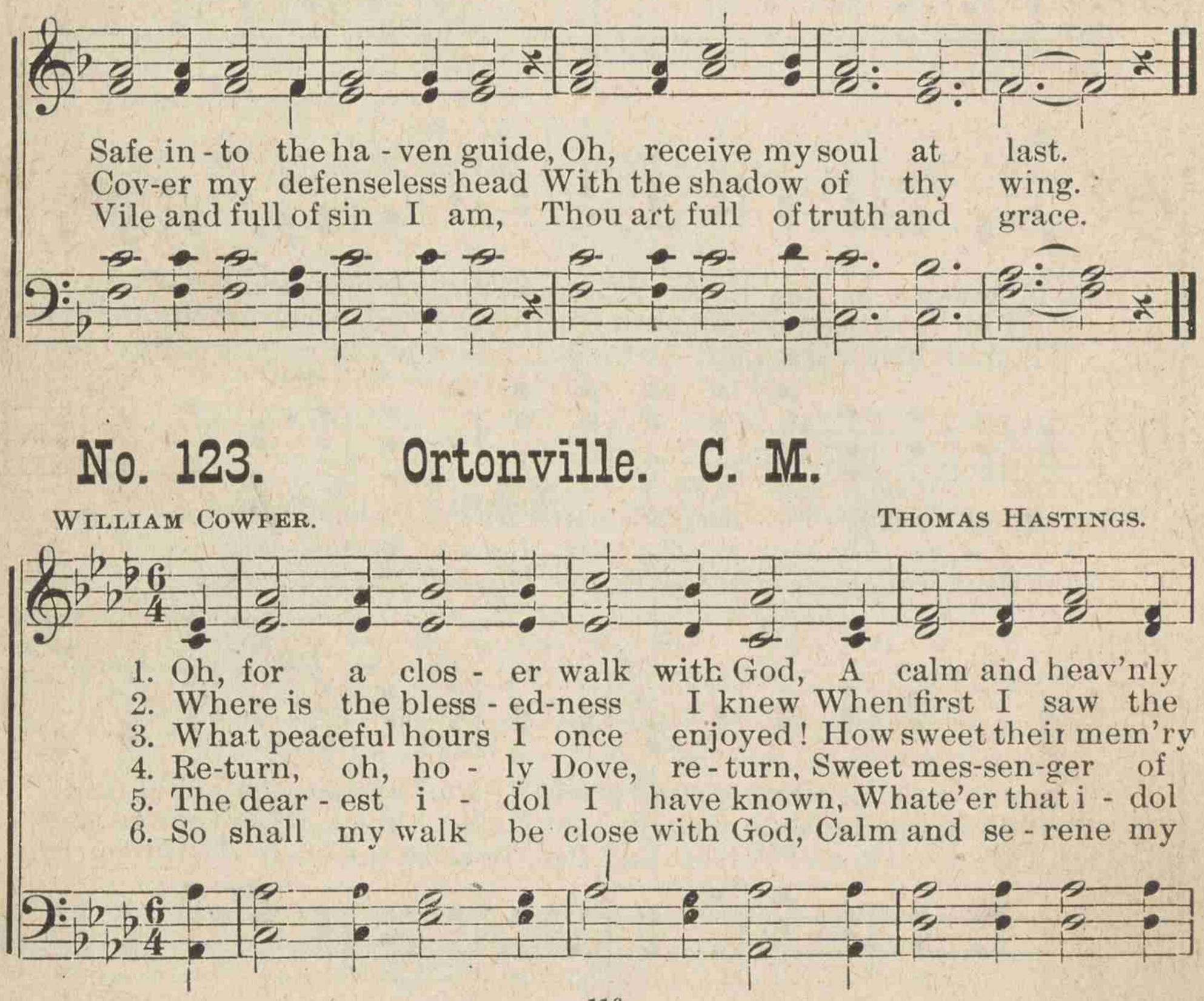
No. 122. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



No. 123. Ortonville. C. M.

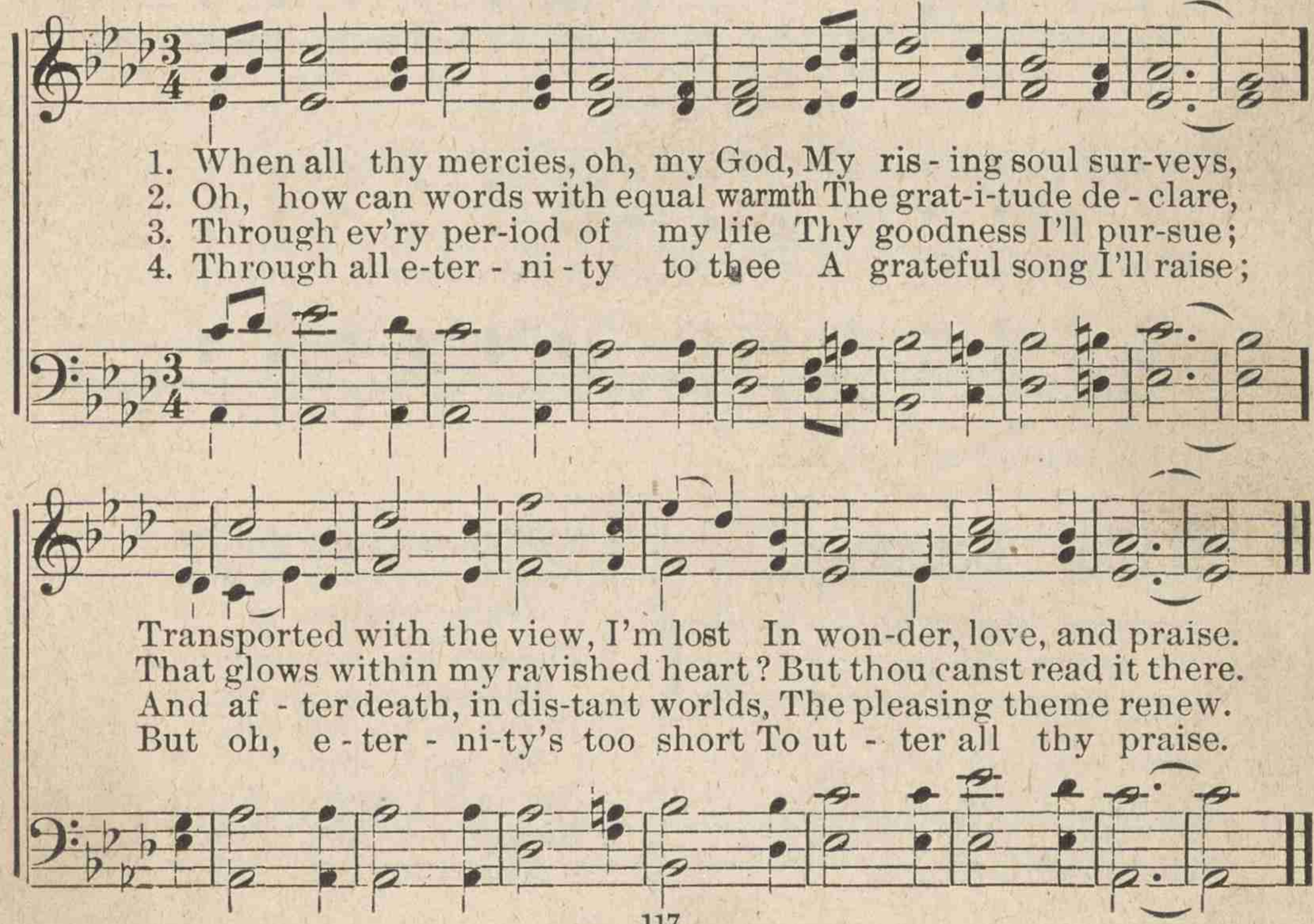
WILLIAM COWPER. THOMAS HASTINGS.



Ortonville. C. M. Concluded.

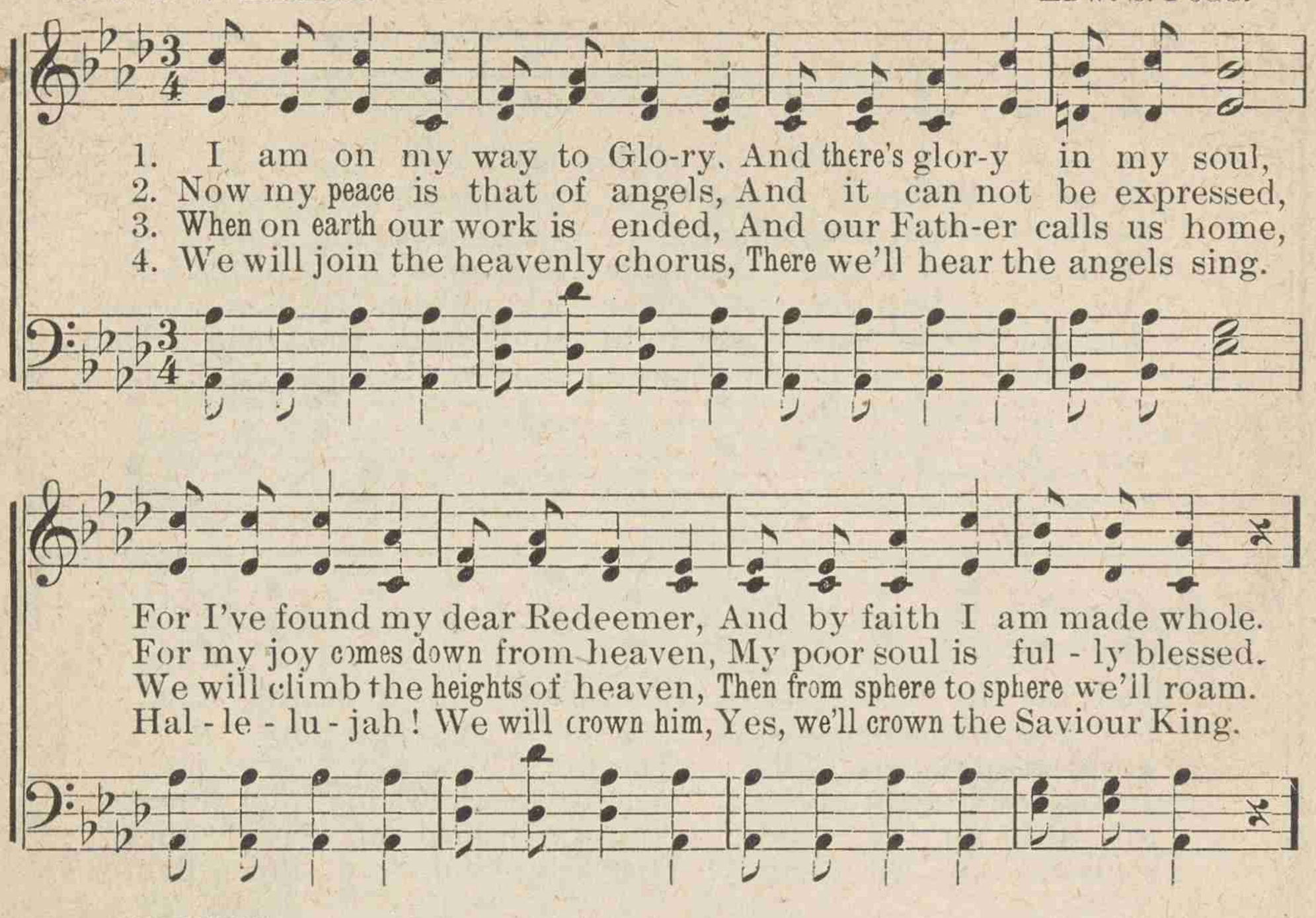
No. 124. Manoah. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON. FROM F. J. HAYDN.

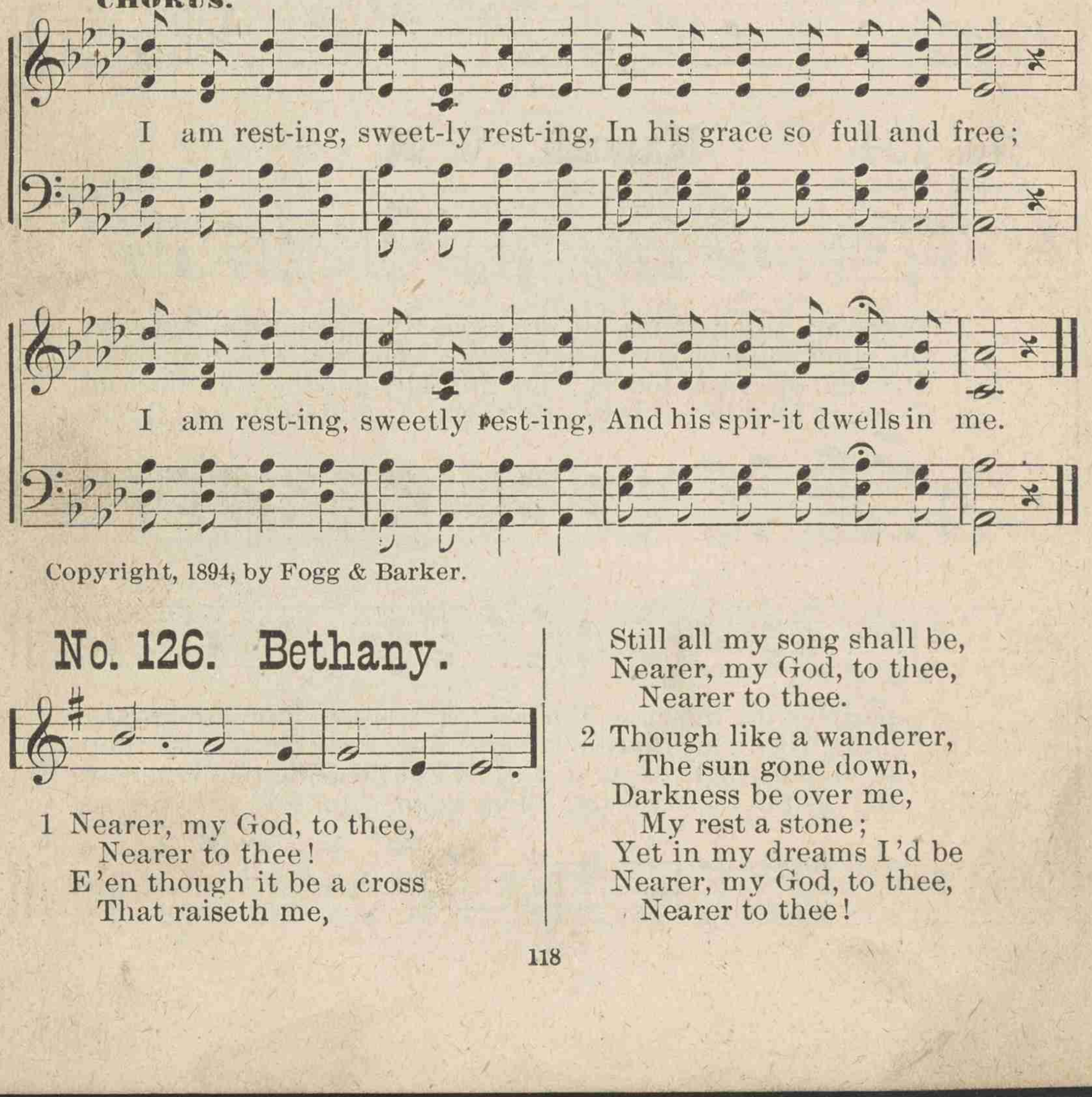


No. 125. I Am Sweetly Resting.

REV. T. W. BARKER. EDW. S. FOGG.



CHORUS.



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No. 126. Bethany.

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

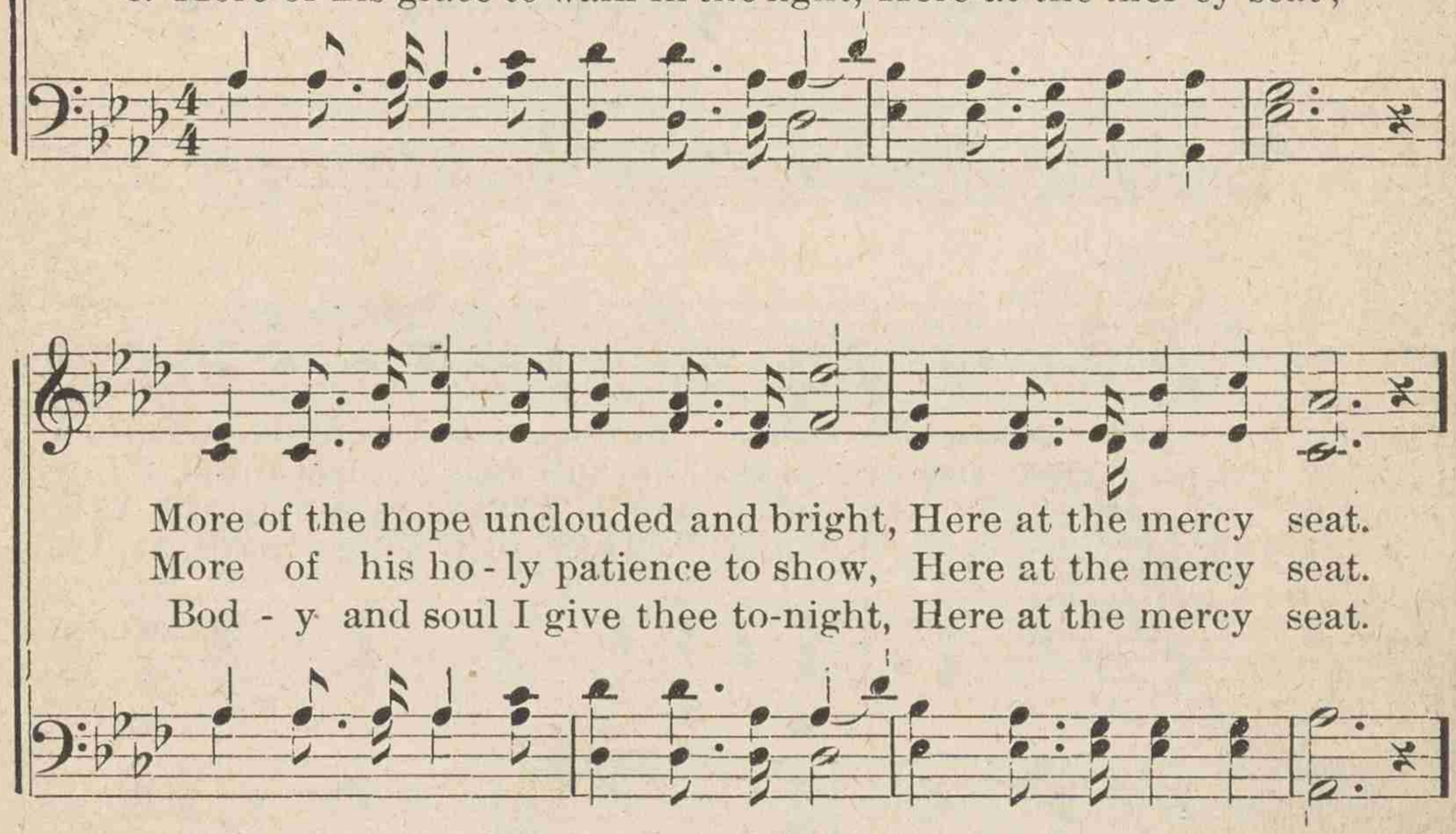
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

No. 127. Here at the Mercy Seat.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

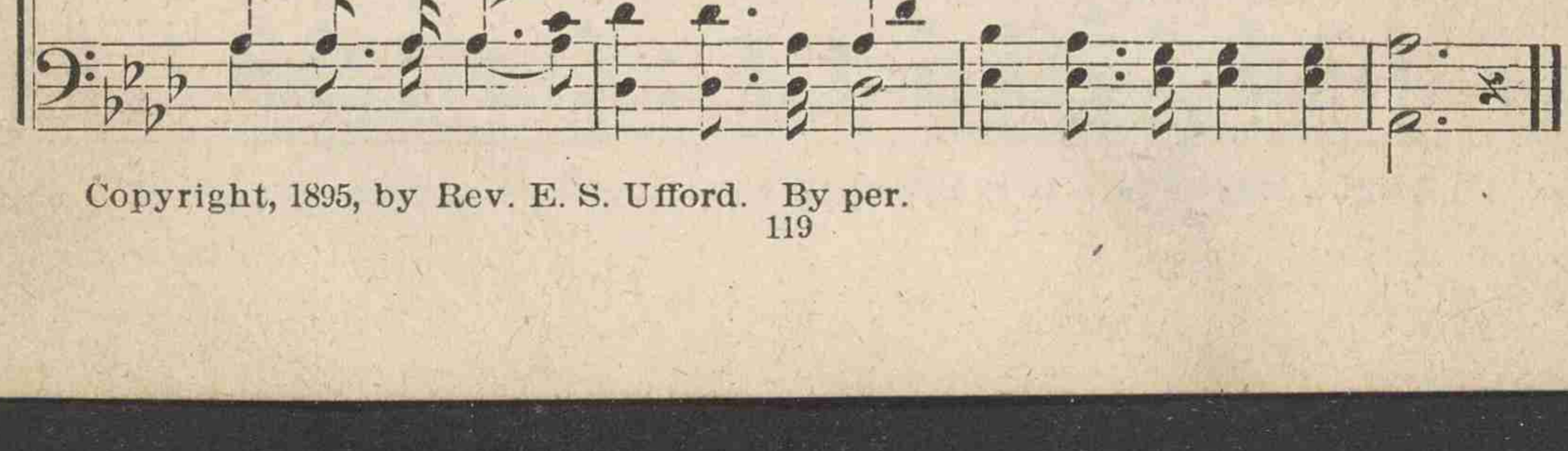
1. More of the Christian's holy delight, Here at the mer-cy seat;
2. More of his likeness now let me know, Here at the mer-cy seat;
3. More of his grace to walk in the light, Here at the mer-cy seat;



More of the hope unclouded and bright, Here at the mercy seat.
More of his ho-ly patience to show, Here at the mercy seat.
Bod-y and soul I give thee to-night, Here at the mercy seat.

REFRAIN.

Cre-ate me whole, dwell in my soul, Kneeling at thy feet;



Now hear my cry, Lord, sanc-ti-fy, Here at the mercy seat.

Copyright, 1895, by Rev. E. S. Ufford. By per.

No. 128. Old Goliath.

I. Sam. 17.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. There a-long the mountain side, Is an army true and tried, And they're
2. See the hel-met on his brow, He's a ter-ror, you'll allow; With his
3. How this gi-ant doth de-fy, With his proud and blatant cry! All the
4. You can face this ver-y foe, As he walketh to and fro, Though he

battling for the cause of the right. But across the vale between, There's a
staff and his ar-mor and his spear; He will make you feel afraid, By his
arm-y who are on the other side; For he thinks he makes you quail, As he
boasts that his equal can't be found. Take the little sling of prayer, And just

diff'rent army seen, And Go-li-ath is their leader in the fight.
man-ner of parade, And the pow-er of his ter-ri-fy-ing sneer.
stalks along the vale, But he's on-ly arm'd with van-i-ty and pride.
whirl it in the air, And Go-li-ath will go tumbling to the ground.

CHORUS.

We are marching on to vic-to-ry, to vic-to-ry, to vic-to-ry,

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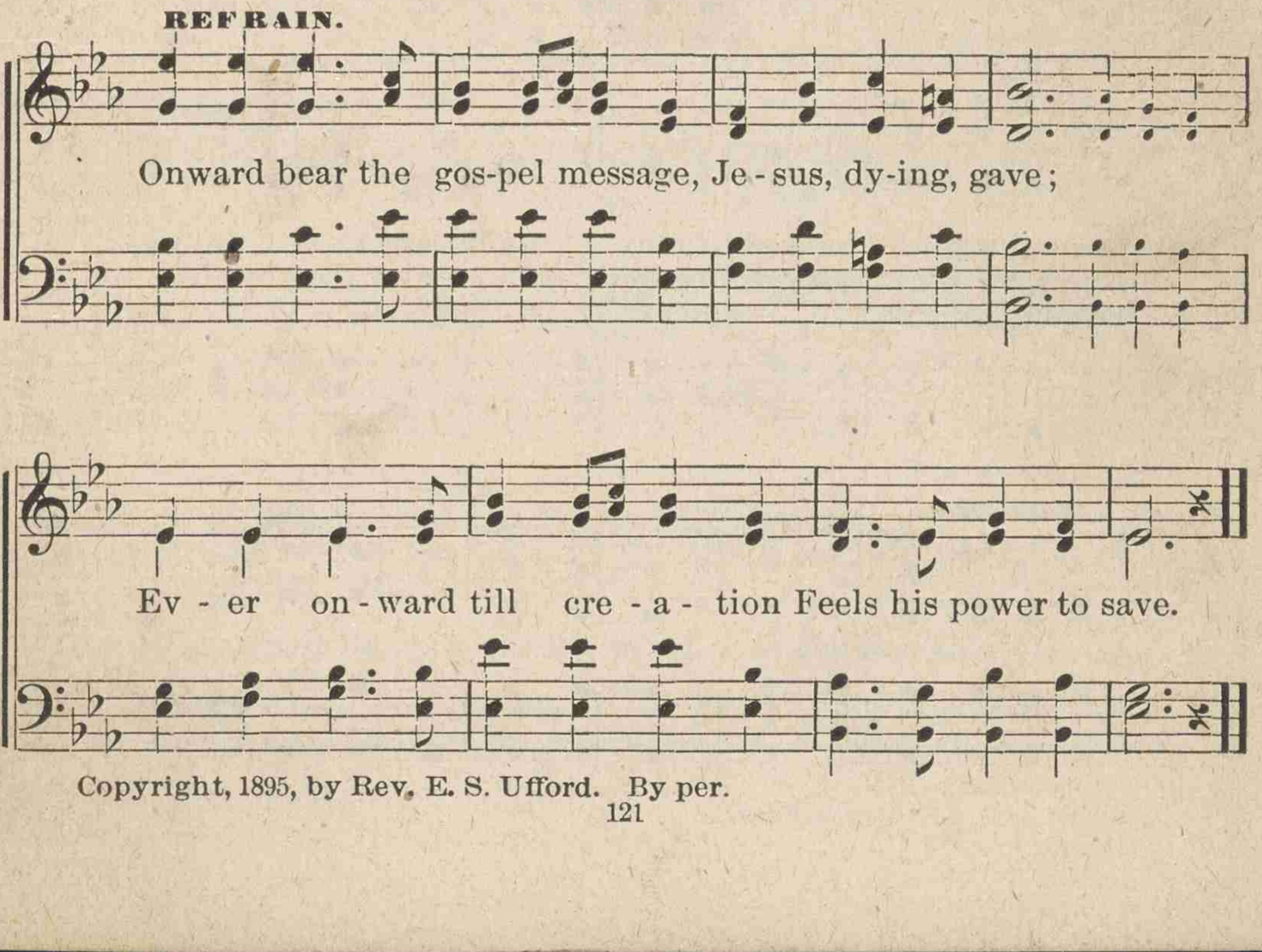
Old Goliath. Concluded.

No. 129. Onward Bear the Gospel Message.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.



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No. 130. Walk and Talk With Jesus.

Luke 24 : 32.

To my friends, W. S. Nickle and wife, Chicago

REV. LEONIDAS ROBINSON. EDW. S. FOGG.

Con express. Best as Duet.

1. Let us walk so close to Je-sus That his heart will throb with ours,
2. If we'll walk and talk with Je-sus, All our doubts will dis-ap-pear,
3. Has your heart ne'er burned within you? Have you ne'er felt joy and peace?

And his wealth of tender mer-cies Quicken our immortal powers.
As through rifted clouds above us, Breaks the sunshine bright and clear.
Have a qui - et talk with Je-sus, And your bar-ren life re-lease.

Then we'll walk and talk with Jesus, Then with rapture can we say,
Let the troublous storm clouds threaten, Heavy sorrows press the soul;
Let us walk and talk with Je-sus, And our way will shine with light,

"How our hearts did burn within us, As he taught us by the way!"
Brother, walk and talk with Je-sus, And on him your burdens roll.
Till our pilgrim life is end-ed, And our faith is lost in sight.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll walk and talk with Jesus, All the way, all the way, How our

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Walk and Talk With Jesus. Concluded.

No. 131. I Love My Shepherd.

"Rouse's Version," 1643. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

Copyright, 1894, by Rev. E. S. Ufford.

No. 132. I Have It in My Soul, Hallelujah!

Dedicated to my friend, William P. Pratt, Portland, Maine.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Come weep just as we did in sorrow for sin, Come knock till the Lord bid you enter within; Come trust-ing, expecting, there's no oth-er way, And
2. Come pray just as we did to live hour by hour, Above earth's temptations with God's keeping pow'r; To kneel oft in pray-er is vic-t'ry begun, Thus
3. Come shout just as we did your "Glory to God!" Sing praises to Jesus who saves by his blood; The song of redemption shall be our refrain Till

soon you will find it the gladsome new day. I have it in my soul, halle-
wrestling with evil the crown will be won.
in the new heaven we sing it a-gain.

CHORUS.

lujah! I have found the Saviour precious all the way; I was
all the way;

once a child of sin, but I let my Saviour in, And there's sunlight in my soul to-day.

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No. 133. Forward Leaguers.

DEDICATED TO EPWORTH LEAGUES.

REV. T. W. BARKER. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Come ye Epworth band, Forward ev'ry man, Let us take the land
2. Marching on we go, Let us meet the foe, Faith in Christ we know
3. We are leaguers strong, Forward is our song, As we march a-long
4. When our work is done, And our race is run, And the bat-tle won

for the Lord; Keep your armor bright, Stand firm for the right,
must prevail; Walk-ing in the light, Shield and banner bright,
on the way; Let us shout and sing, And the sin-ner bring,
here be-low; We will climb the heights, And en-joy delights,

CHORUS.

With your eyes upon his ho-ly word.
Fighting for the right we can not fail. Forward leaguers, rally round the
Unto Christ, our King, as we all pray.
And as we are known we all shall know.

Cornet.

standard Epworth-Leaguers let us march a-long; Forward leaguers,

shout a-loud ho-san-na, Christ is Captain and will lead us on.

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No. 134. Is My Boy in the Fold To-night?

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Is my boy in the fold where the Good Shepherd calls, 'Mid the
2. Is my boy in the fold where the wolf preys in vain, And the
3. Is my boy in the fold with the good and the pure, Where no

ransom'd who walk in his light? Or out in the world where the
flock feeds in pas-tures of green? Or out in the night, there to
snare can be spread for his feet? Oh, to know that his hope 'neath the

Lest far from his home, in - to

dark shad-ow falls; Is my boy in the fold to - night? Is my
fall and be slain, By the dart of the tempt-er keen?
blood was made sure; Then in heav'n u - nit - ed we'd meet.

sin he may roam; Is my boy in the fold to - night?

boy in the fold, blessed refuge of old; Oft I pray till the dawn of the light,

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as you Sow do also shall
you reap.

I have been like the
Man that was Saw the
Fire and the life
Line was thrown to him
he took a hold of the
life Line and he said
to that he is rescued
rescued the rope but
would not hold on
the rope- Jumped in
and Drowned

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