GOSPEL SONGS

BY

P. P. BLISS

CINCINNATI:

JOHN CHURCH & CO.,

66 WEST FOURTH STREET.

M. Emma Dudley.

Esqr

A. H.

P

GOSPEL SONGS,

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

NEW AND OLD,

FOR

GOSPEL MEETINGS, PRAYER MEETINGS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC.

BY

P. P. BLISS,

Author of "CHARM," "SUNSHINE," "JOY," Etc.

CINCINNATI:

Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., 66 W. 4th St.

1874.

PREFACE.

GOD so loved the world that he gave his
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.
O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: shew forth his salvation from day to day.

TO

D. L. MOODY, PHILIP PHILLIPS, GEO. F. ROOT,
D. W. WHITTLE, IRA D. SANKEY, J. H. VINCENT,
B. F. JACOBS, H. R. PALMER, K. A. BURNELL,
H. W. BROWN, W. H. DOANE, WM. G. FISCHER,
OLIVER DITSON & Co., and JOHN CHURCH & Co.,

Thanks are hereby tendered, for assistance rendered.

The full name, P. P. BLISS, indicates authorship of words and music; the initials, P. P. B., of words or music only.

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Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. BLISS.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

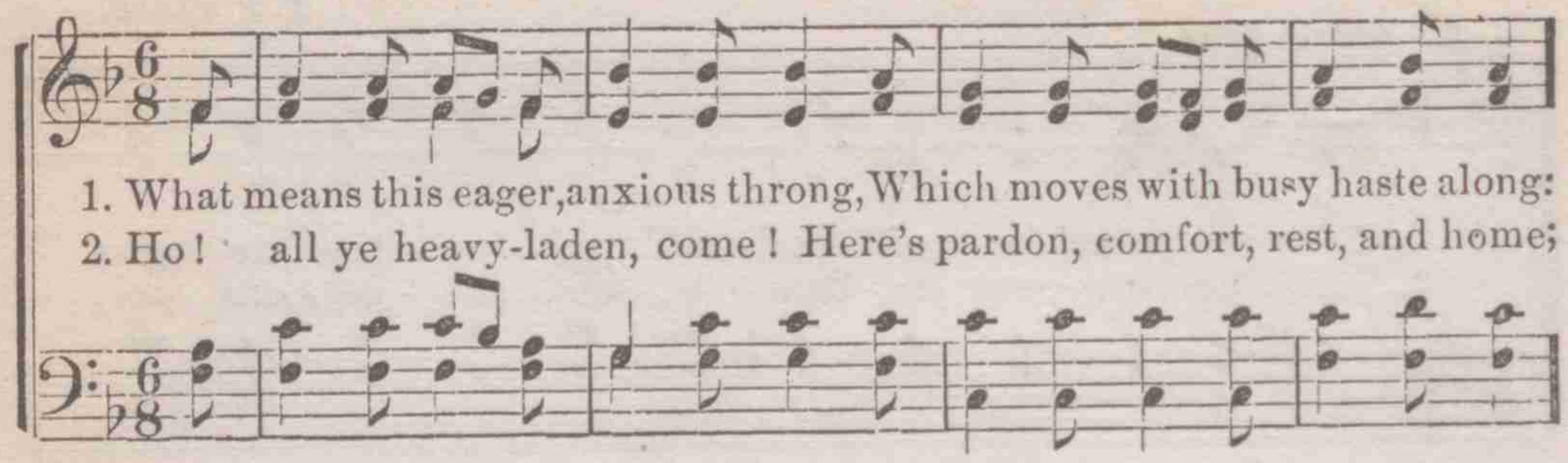
4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And he smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

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

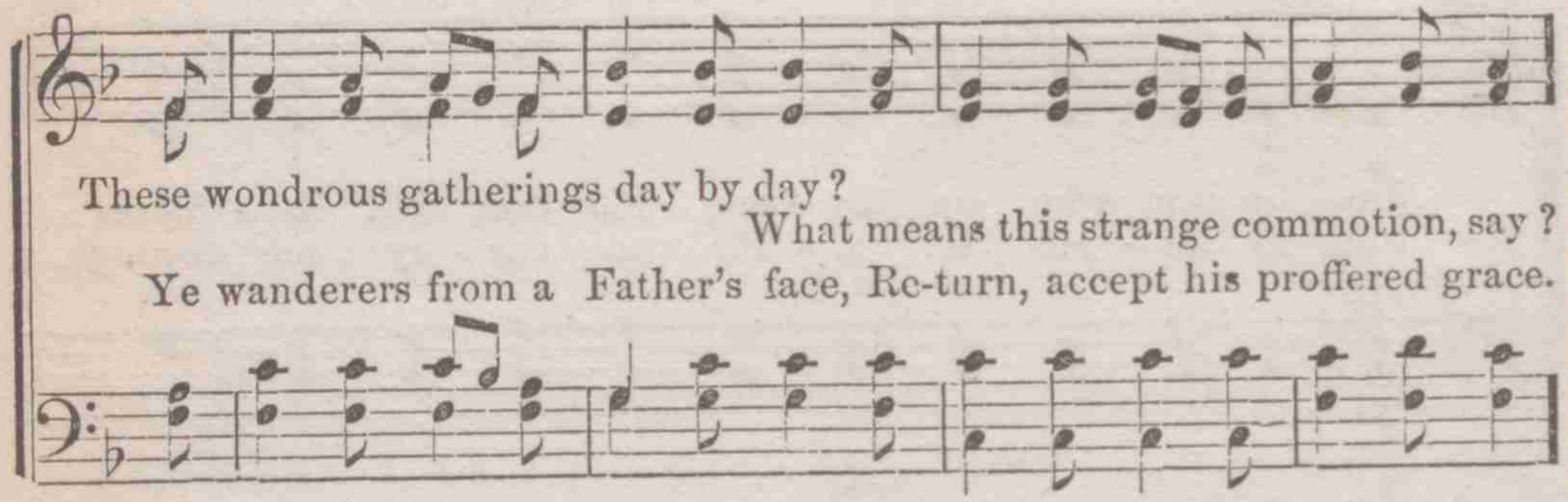
6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

Jesus of Nazareth.

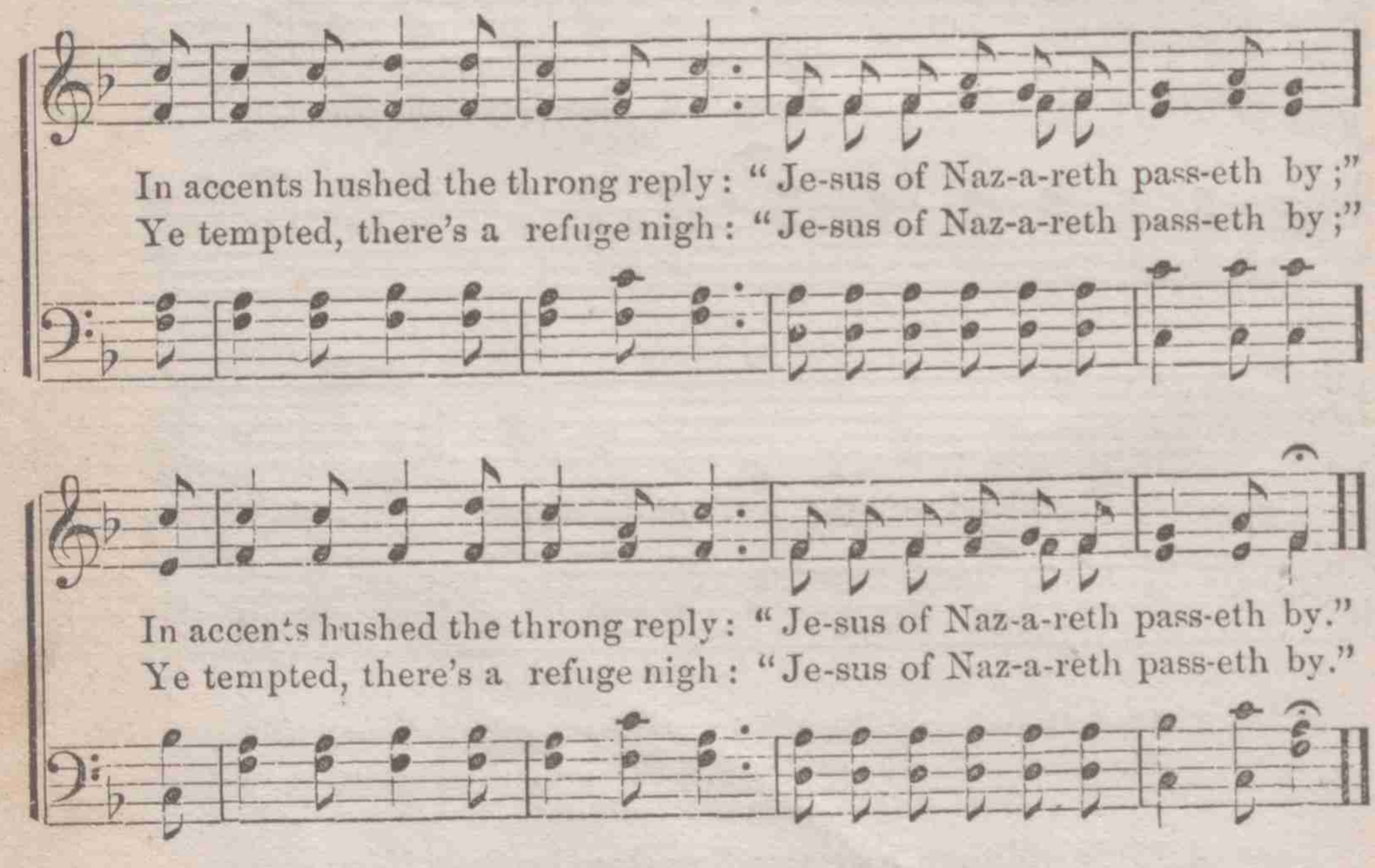
P. P. B.



1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along:
2. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;



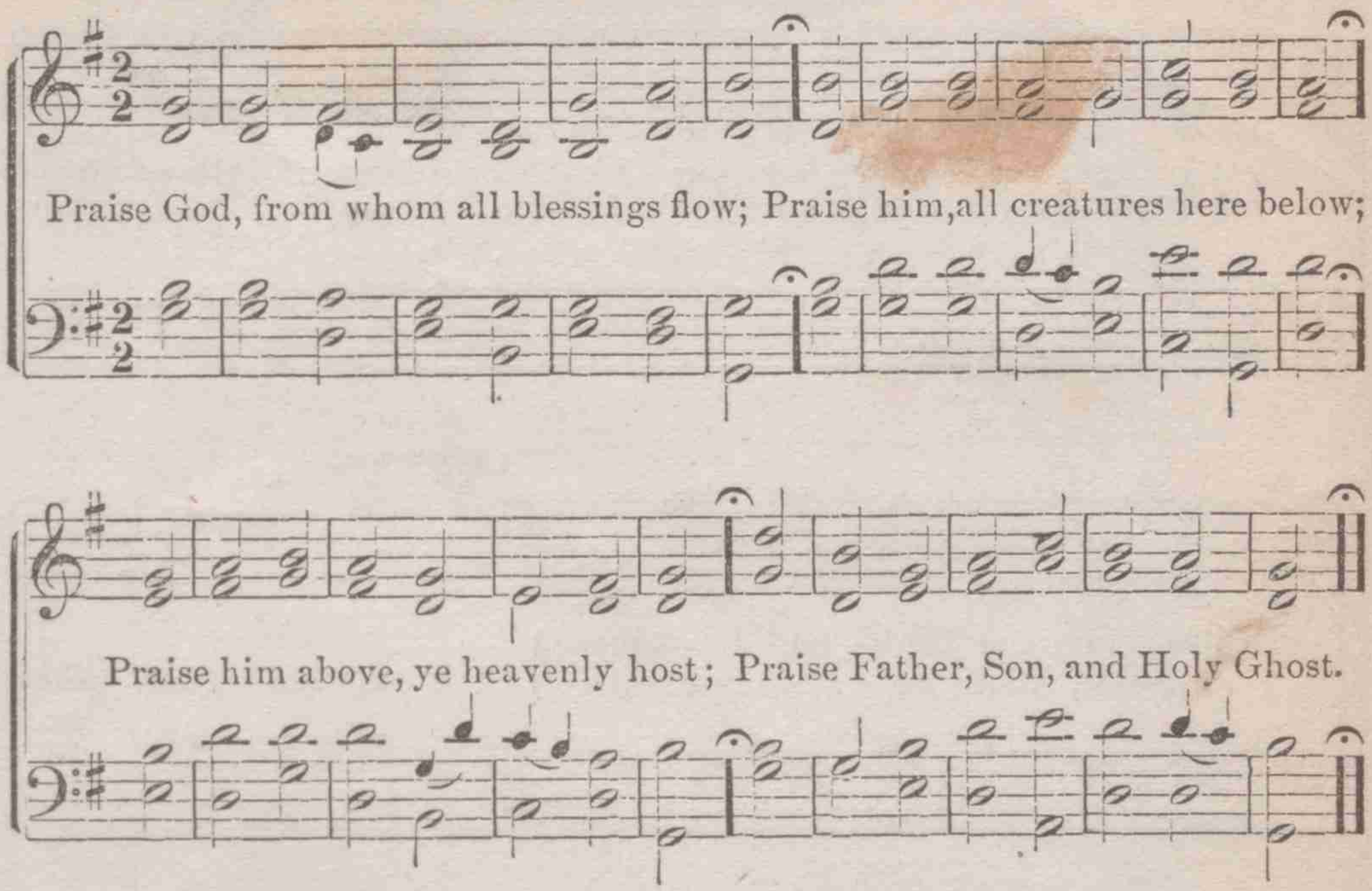
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
Ye wanderers from a Father's face, Re-turn, accept his proffered grace.



In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;"
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;"

In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."

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



1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

---

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

---

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

---

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

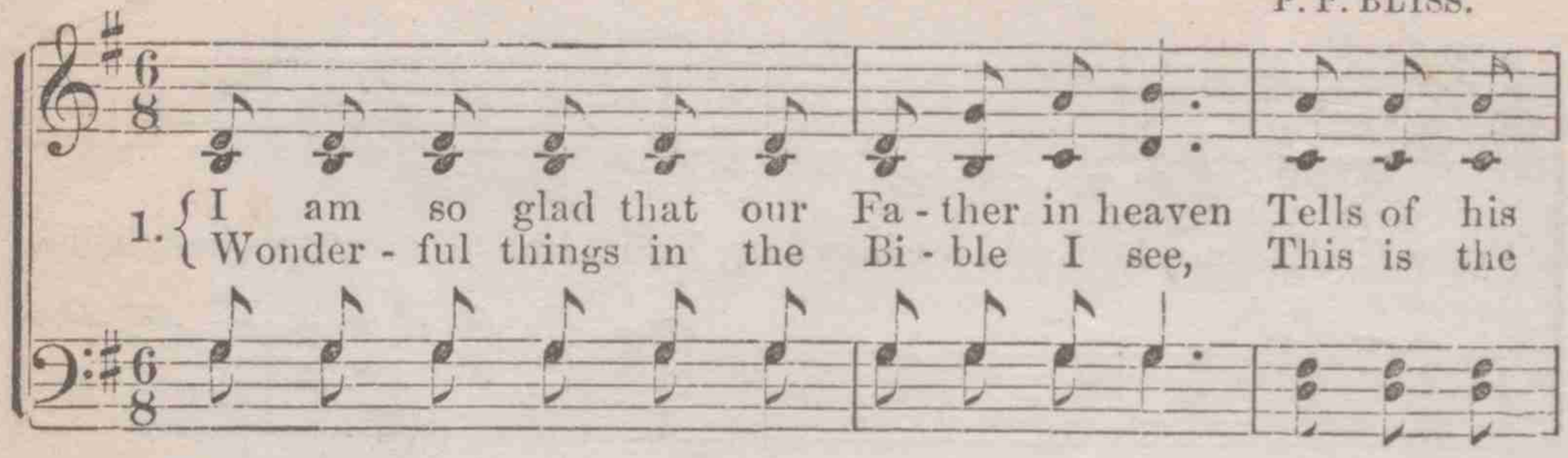
---

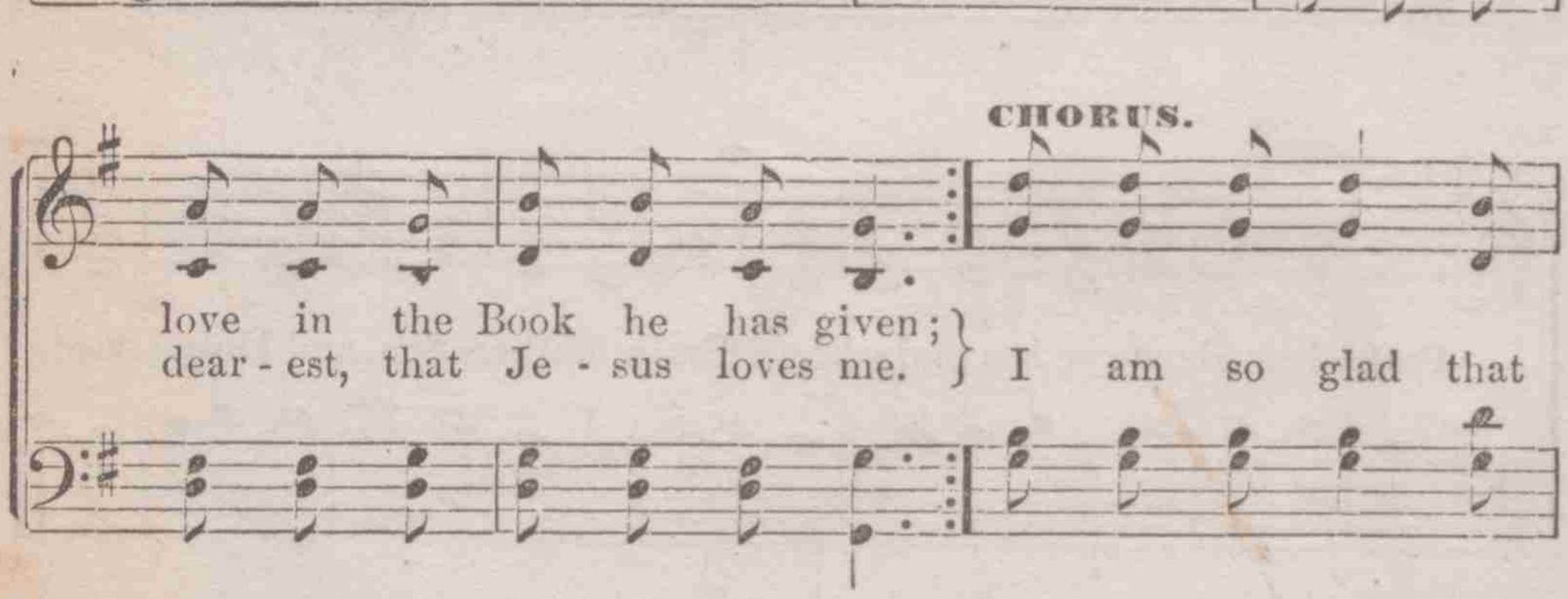
1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

I am so Glad that Jesus Loves Me.

P. P. BLISS.



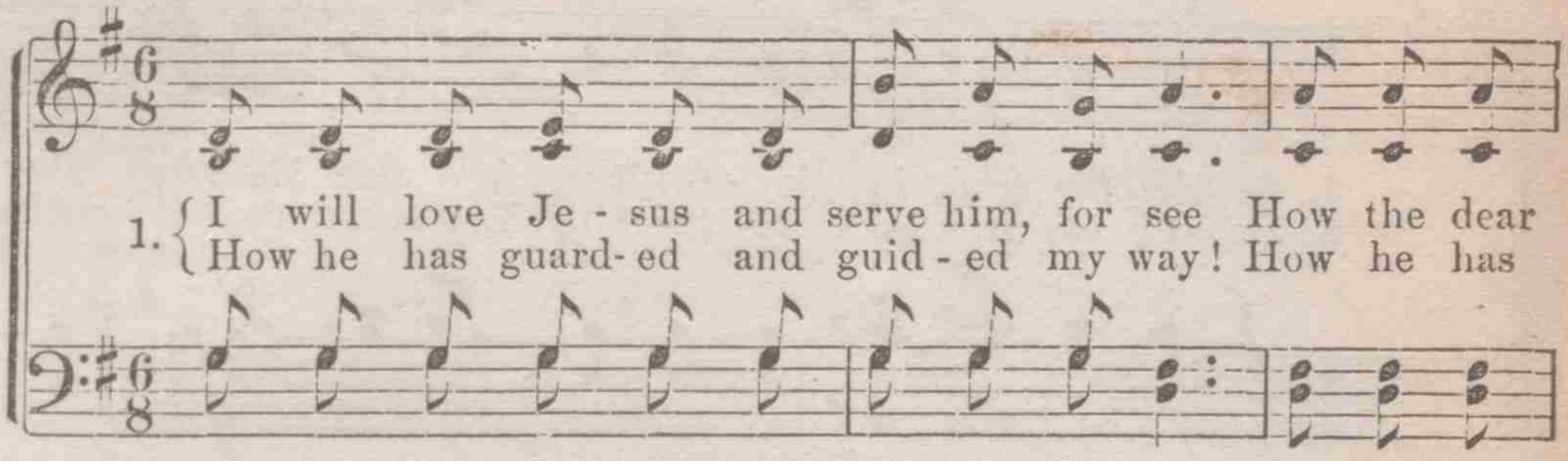


2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

I will Love Jesus.

PAULINA. MRS. P. P. BLISS.



2 I will love Jesus and learn of his will,
Trusting him ever, through good and through ill;
Seeking his blessing, where'er I may be,
Knowing he cares for the sparrows and me. *Cho.*

3 I will love Jesus, and, sure of his love,
I shall be safe as the blessed above.
Oh! when he calls to the glory on high,
How we will praise him, the angels and I! *Cho.*

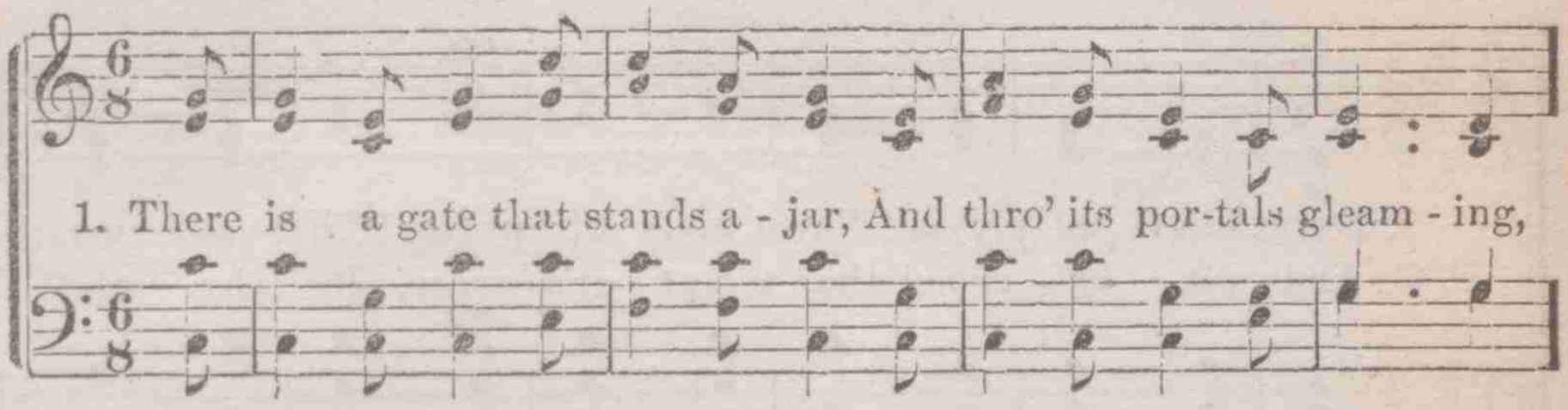
Loving-Kindness. L. M.

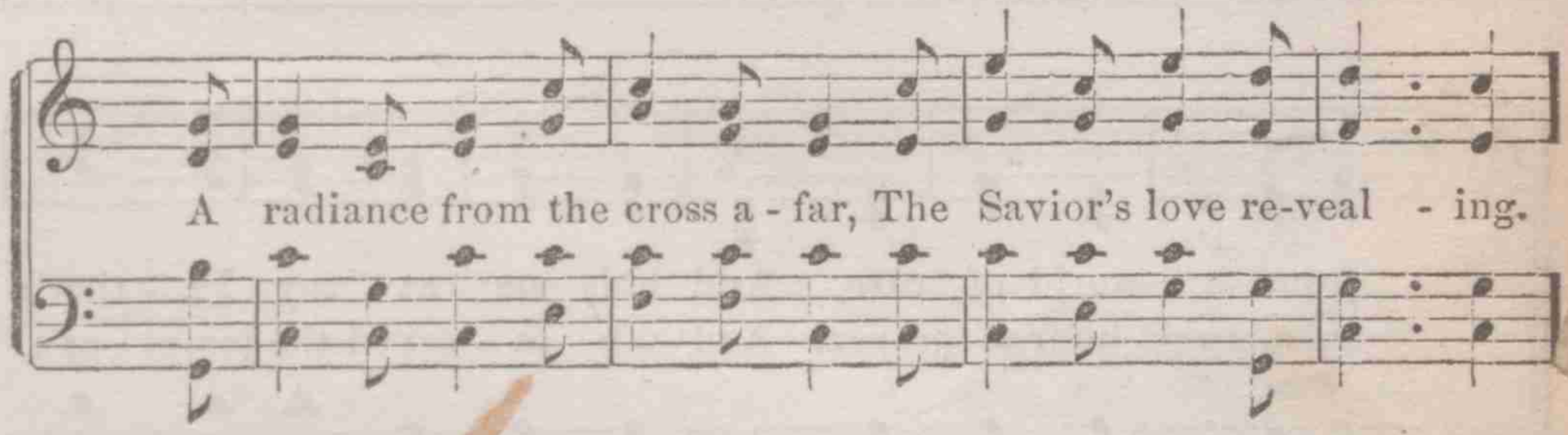
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale:
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

The Gate Ajar for Me.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. From "NEW HALLOWED SONGS," by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.





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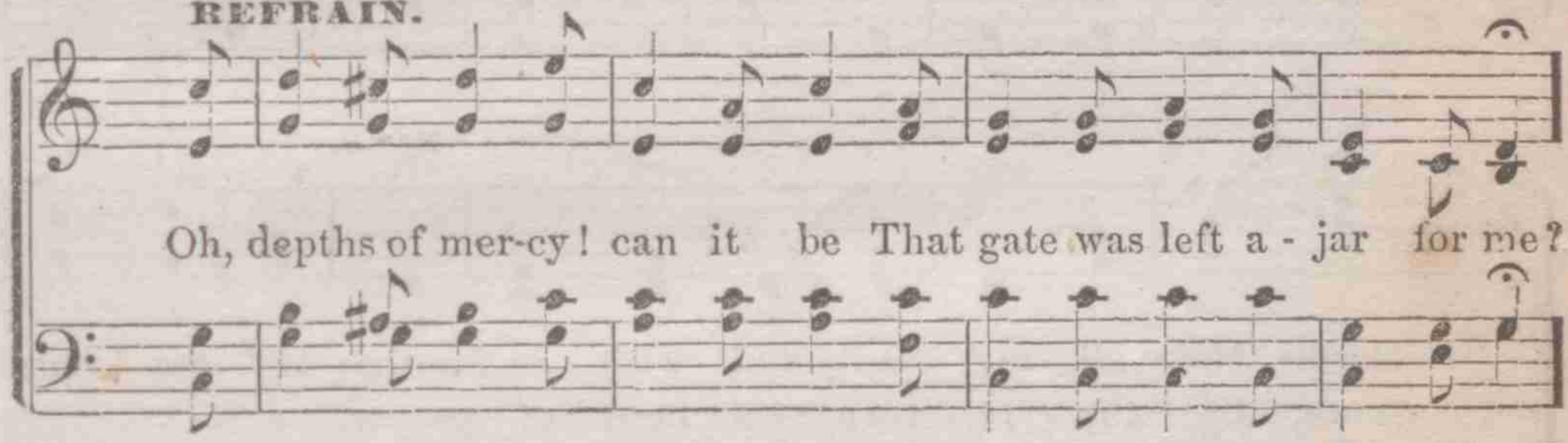
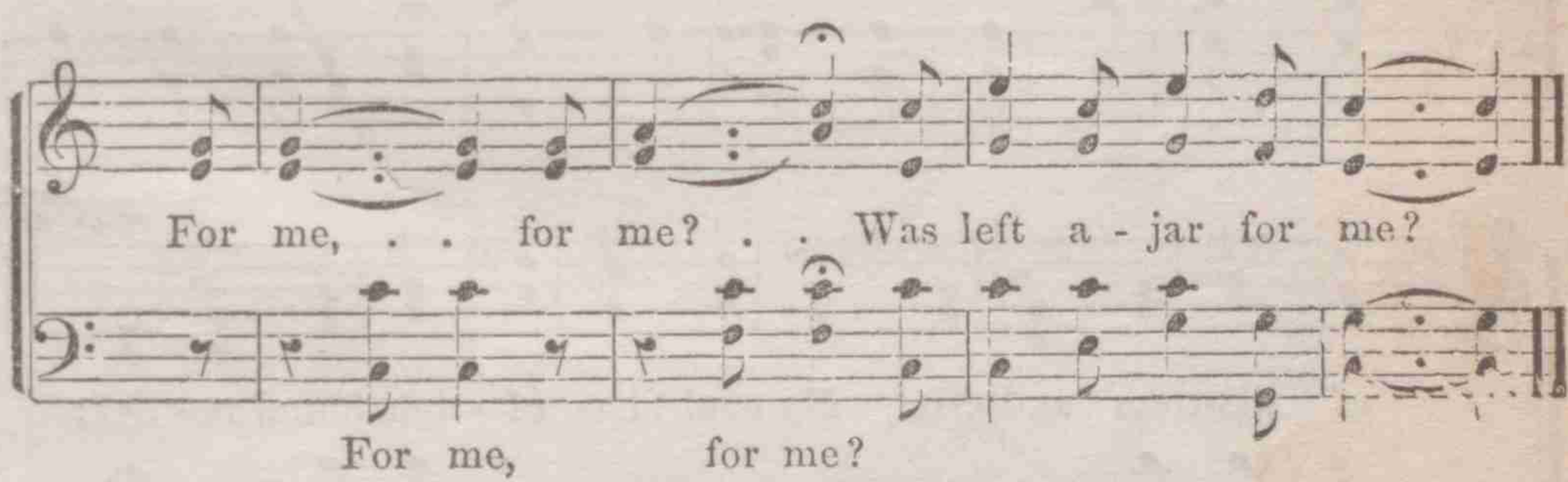




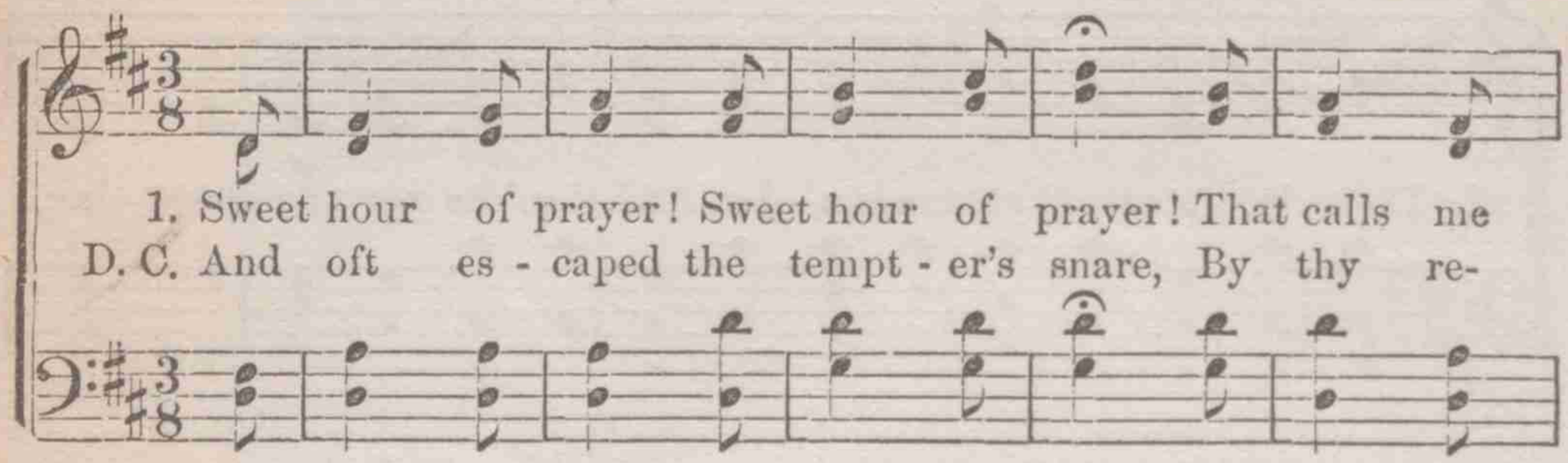
2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation. *Refr.*

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token. *Refr.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven. *Refr.*

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Words by WALFORD, 1849. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer.:‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share; [prayer!
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize; [air,
‖: And shout, while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Sav - ior, make no de - lay; Here in his word he's
2. "Suf - fer the children!" Oh hear his voice, Let ev - ery heart leap
3. Think once a - gain, he's with us to - day; Heed now his blest com-

shown us the way; Here in our midst he's stand - ing to - day,
forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly make him our choice:
mands and o - bey; Hear now his ac - cents ten - der - ly say,

CHORUS.

Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!" Joy - ful, joy - ful
Do not de - lay, but come. Joy - ful, etc.
"Will you, my chil - dren, come?" Joy - ful, etc.

will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gather, Sav - ior, with thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

Yield not to Temptation.

From "Songs of Love," by per. Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil compan-ions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help us Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav- ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Once for All.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap- py con - di-tion! Je - sus hath bled, and
2. Now are we free—there's no condem-na-tion; Je - sus provides a
3. "Children of God!" oh, glo - ri - ous call-ing! Sure-ly his grace will

there is re - mis-sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
per - fect sal - va - tion, "Come unto *me*," oh, hear his sweet call,
keep us from fall - ing, Passing from death to life at his call,

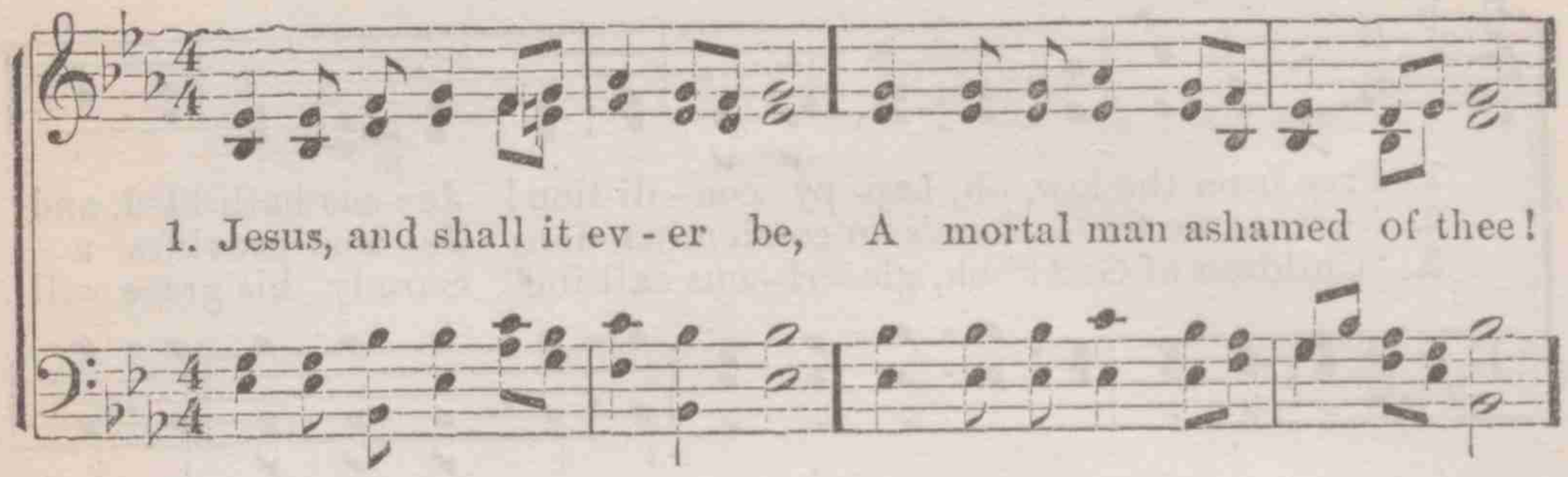
CHORUS.

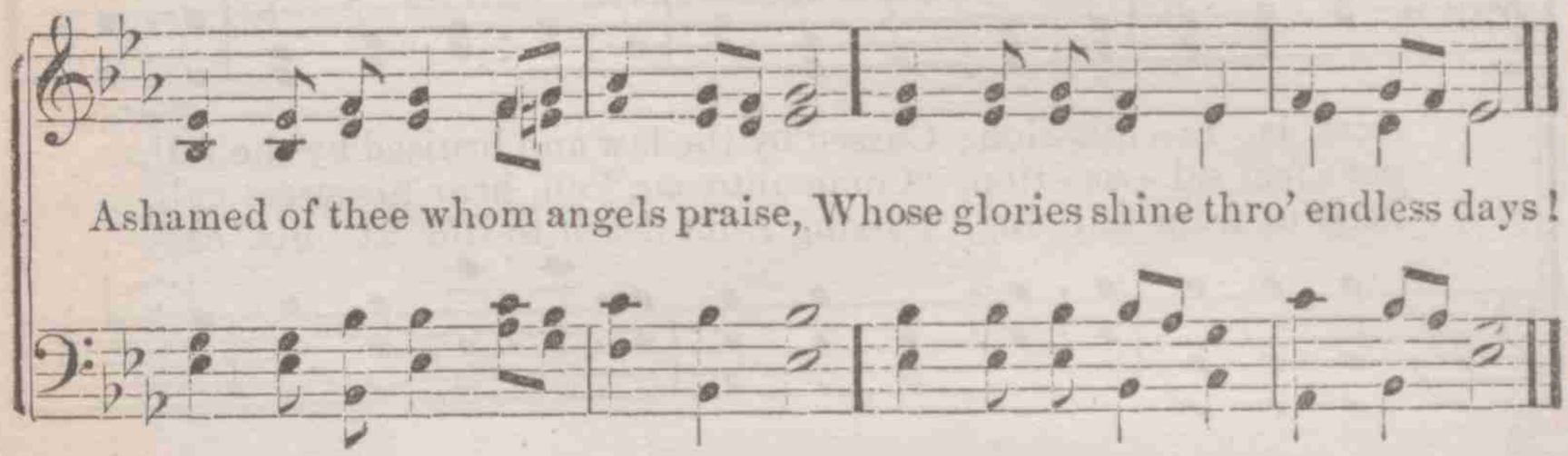
Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, oh, sinner, re-
Come, and he saves us, once for all. Once for all, etc.
Bless - ed sal - va-tion, *once for all.* Once for all, etc.

ceive it; Once for all, oh, brother, be-lieve it; Cling to the

cross, the bur - den will fall; Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.

Hamburg. L. M.





2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

---

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

Retreat. Key C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

WOODWORTH. KEY D.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

HAMBURG.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore, [tide.
Trembles, and dreads the swelling

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro'
And watering our divine abode.

HAMBURG.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

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

HEBRON. KEY B♭.

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

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

REST. KEY E♭.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

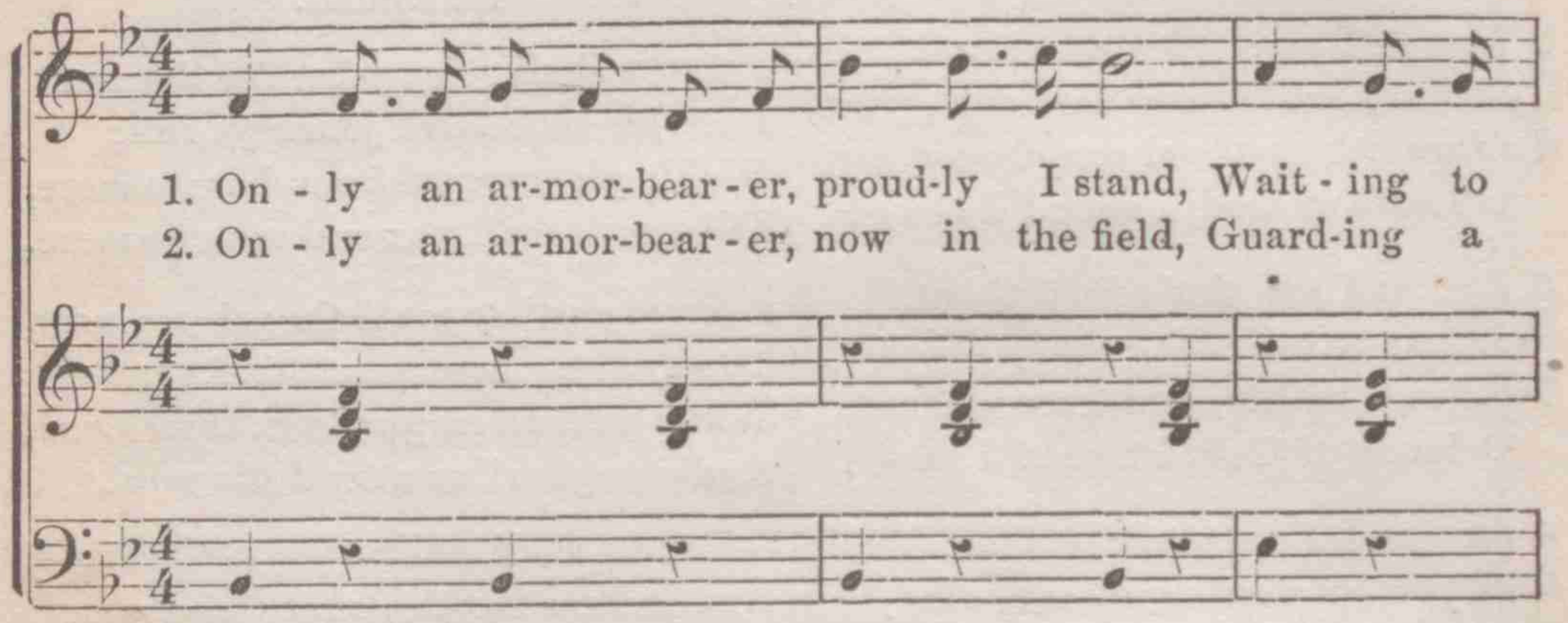
3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Only an Armor-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan, the Son of Saul, said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison, that is on the other side: it may be that the LORD will work for us: for there is no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thy heart; turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him.

"So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over to Beth-aven."

P. P. BLISS.



Hear ye the bat-tle-cry, "Forward," the call! See, see the falt'ring ones,
Hear ye the bat-tle-cry, etc.

CHORUS.

backward they fall. Sure - ly the Captain may de- pend on me,

Sure - ly the Captain may de- pend on me,

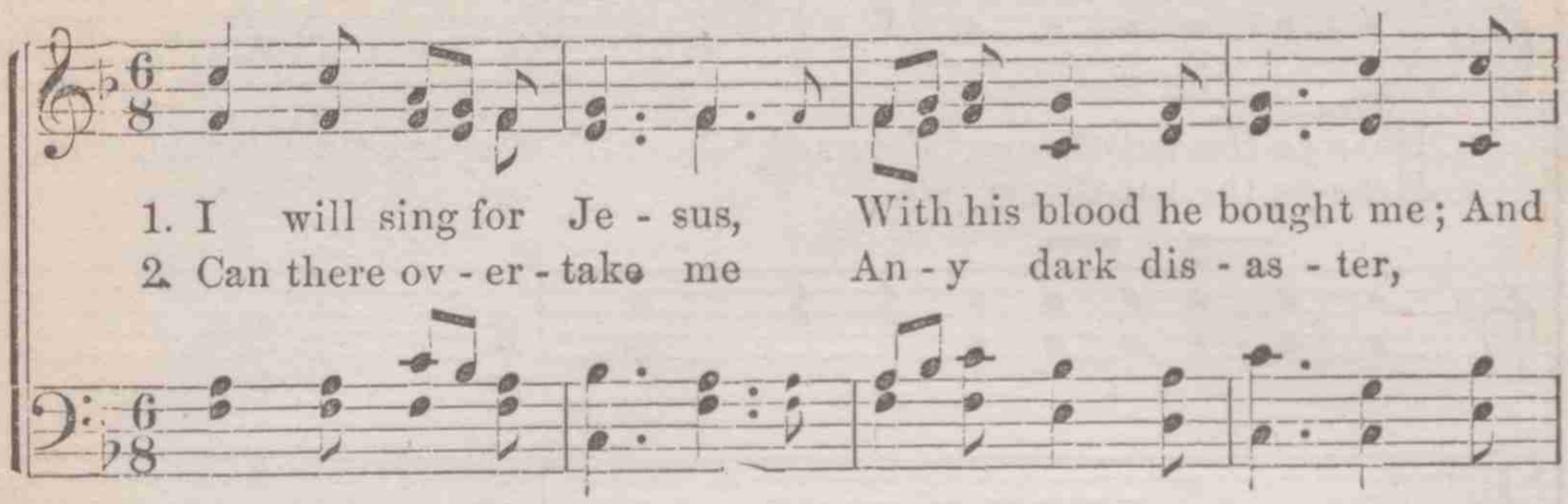
Tho' but an armor-bear-er I may be; Surely the Captain may de-

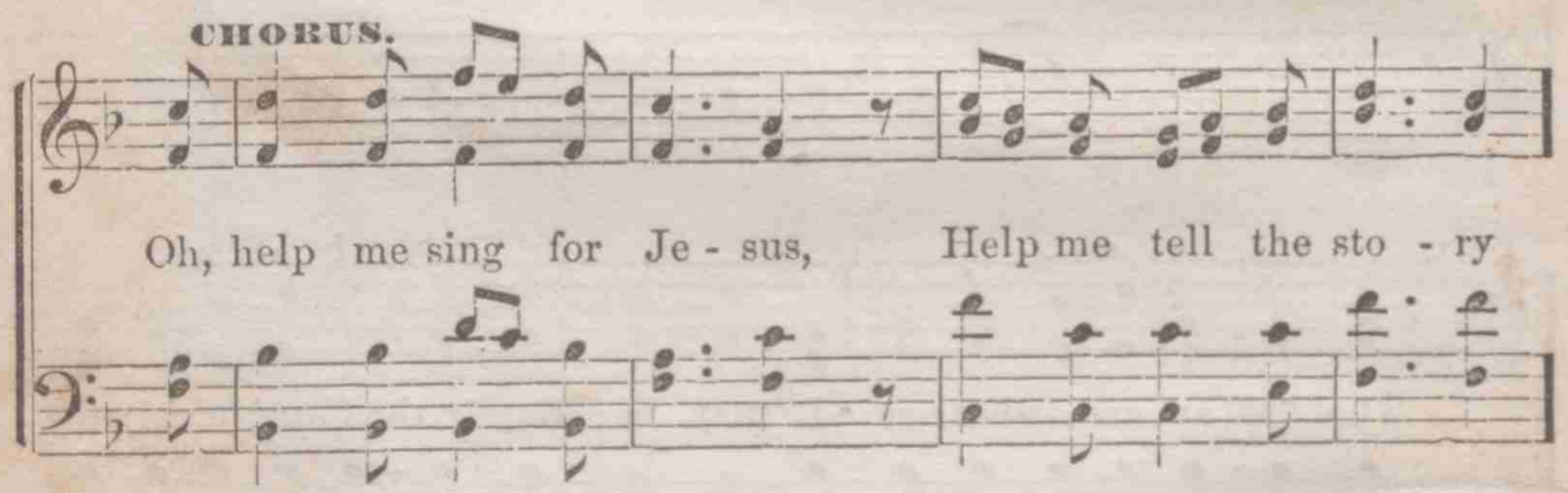
pend on me, Tho' but an ar - mor-bear-er I may be.

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.
Hear ye the battle-cry, etc.

I will Sing for Jesus.

From "NEW HALLOWED SONGS," by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



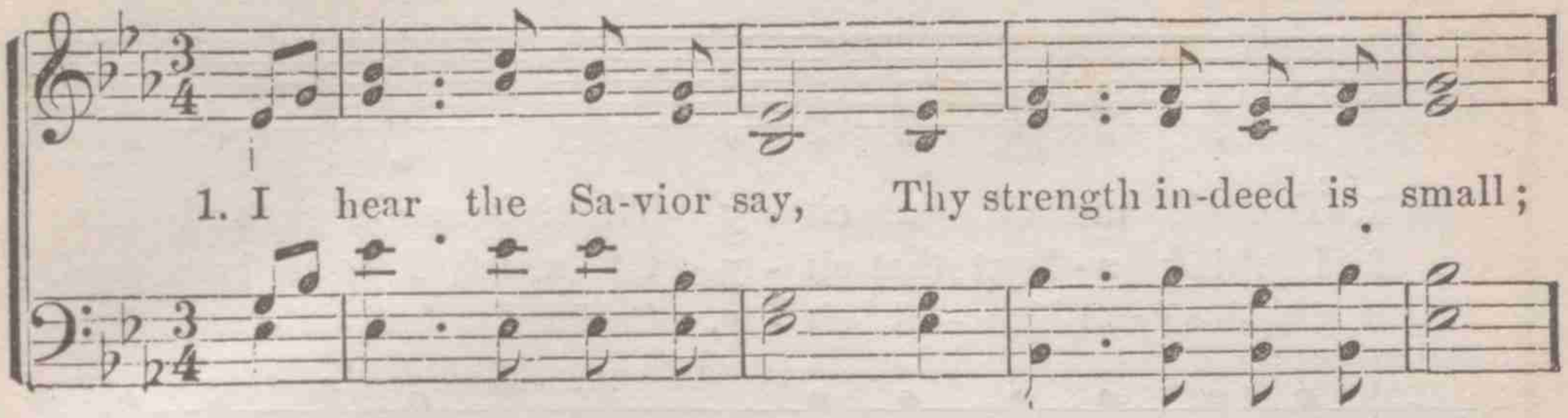


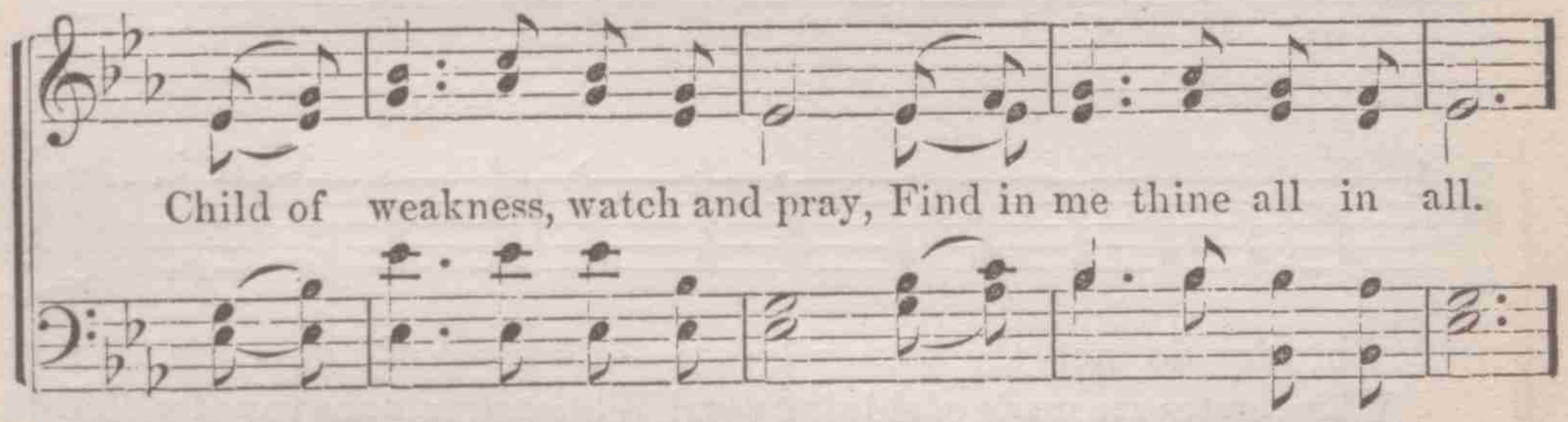
3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Oh, help me, etc.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
Oh, help me, etc.

All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. E. M. HALL. J. T. GRAPE.





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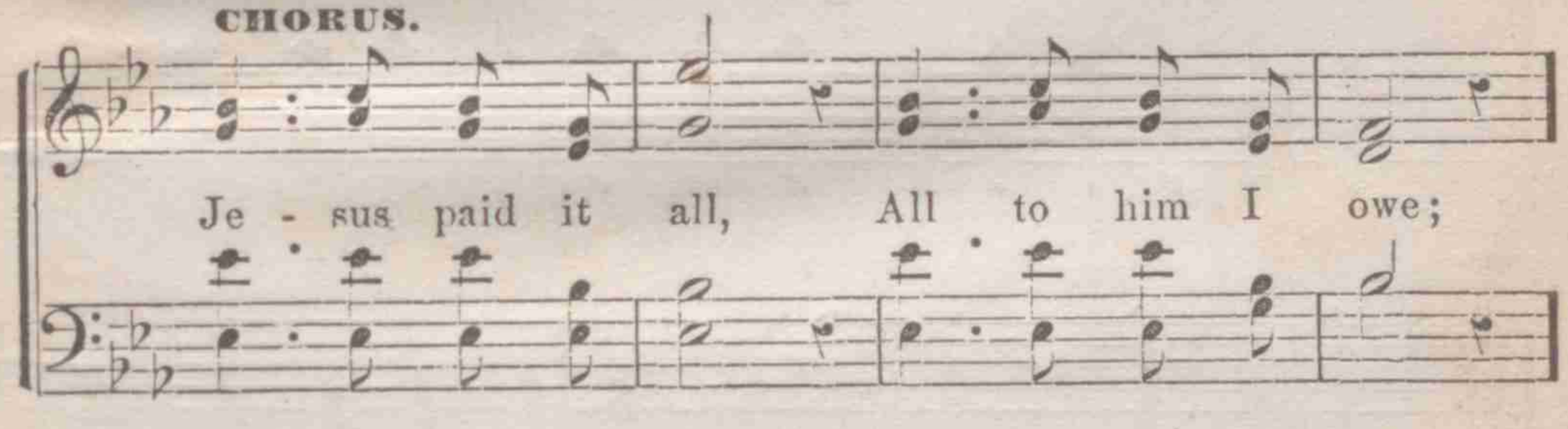
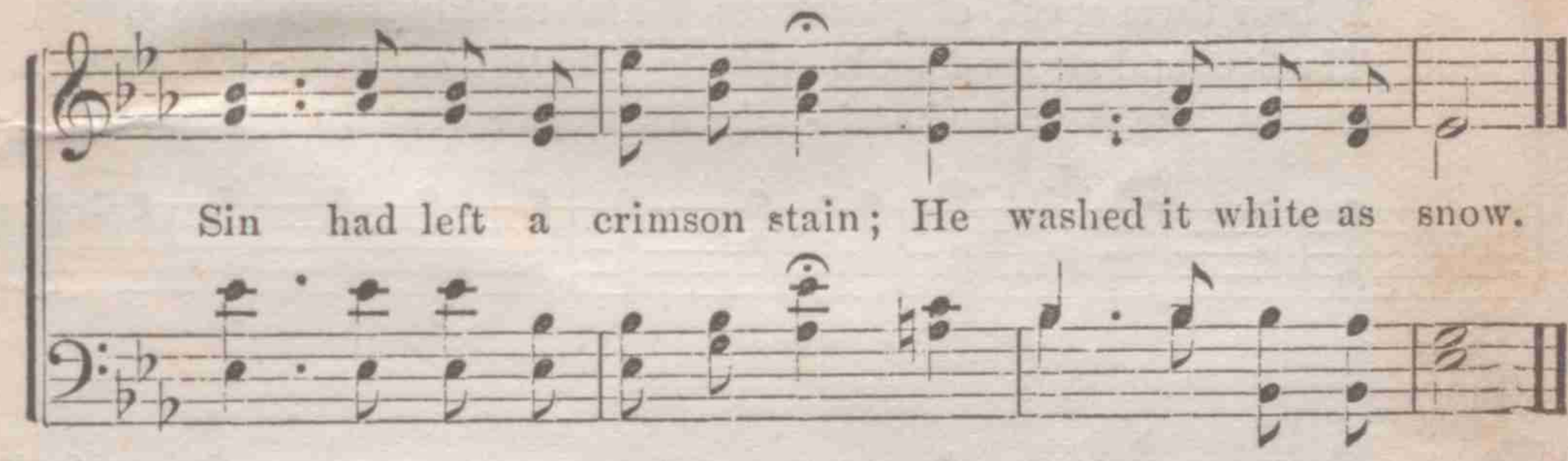




2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

4 When from my dying bed,
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

5 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.
Jesus paid it all, etc.

That City.

KATE CAMERON. From "Joy." E. A. HANCHET.

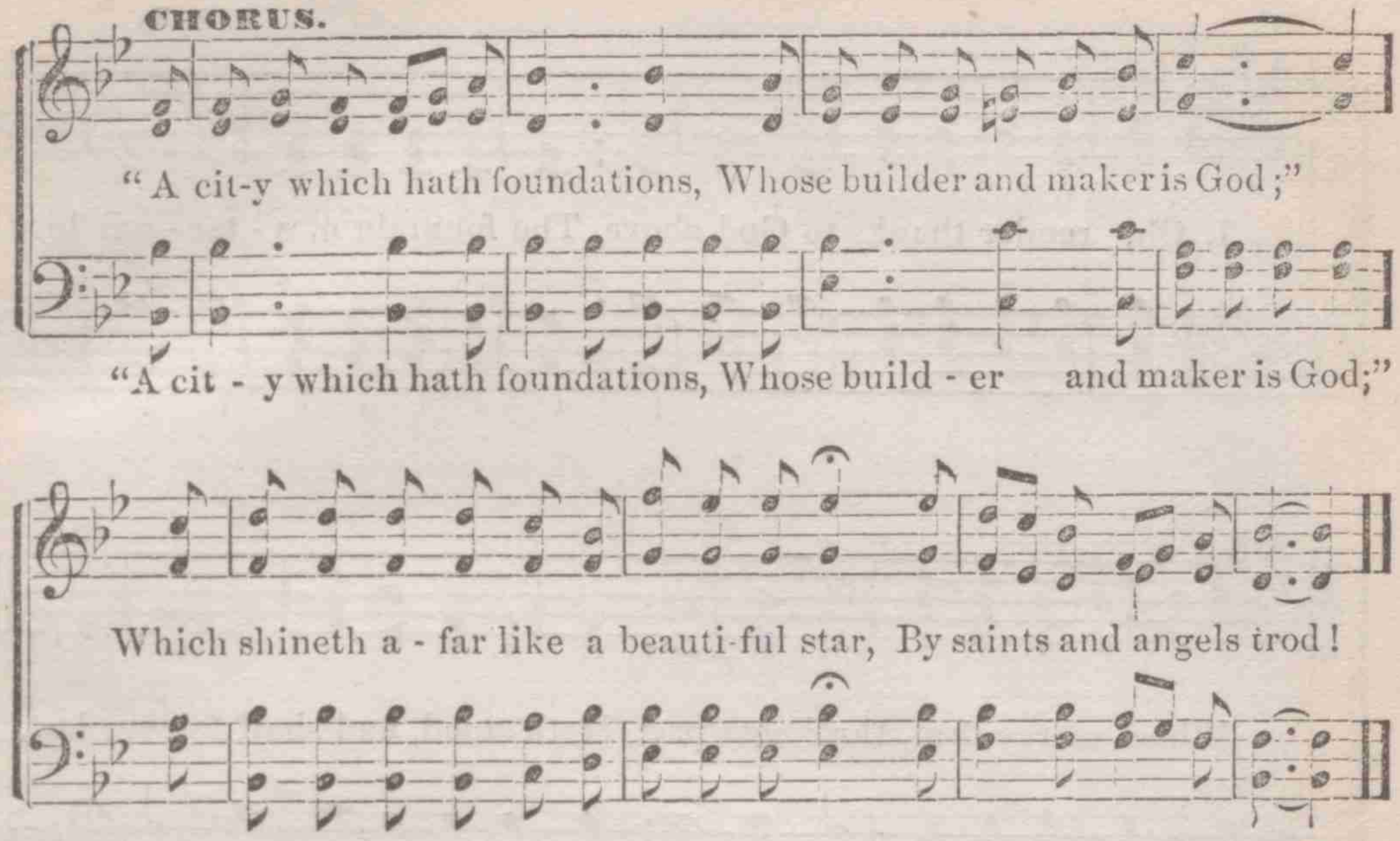
1. You tell me of a cit - y Which is so bright and fair;
2. I think a - bout that cit - y Of which I have been told,
3. Oh, dear and bless - ed cit - y, Could I but en - ter in,

Oh, why do not the friends I love Talk more of go - ing there?
Whose gates are made of shining pearl, Whose streets are paved with gold.
I should be free from ev - ery pain, From care, and doubt, and sin.

I hear them speak of pleas-ures Which earthly things have given;
The firm and strong founda - tion Is built of jew - els rare;
Oh, let me bear each tri - al As pa - tient as I may,

Why do they nev - er men - tion The bet - ter joys of heaven?
I'm sure that noth - ing earth - ly Can with those walls com-pare.
For soon will all things mor - tal For - ev - er pass a - way.

CHORUS.



Aid.

Words and Music by ELLA WOLCOTT.

2 More of thy love I'd have; Nearer to thee would live:
Earnest heart service give, Day after day.

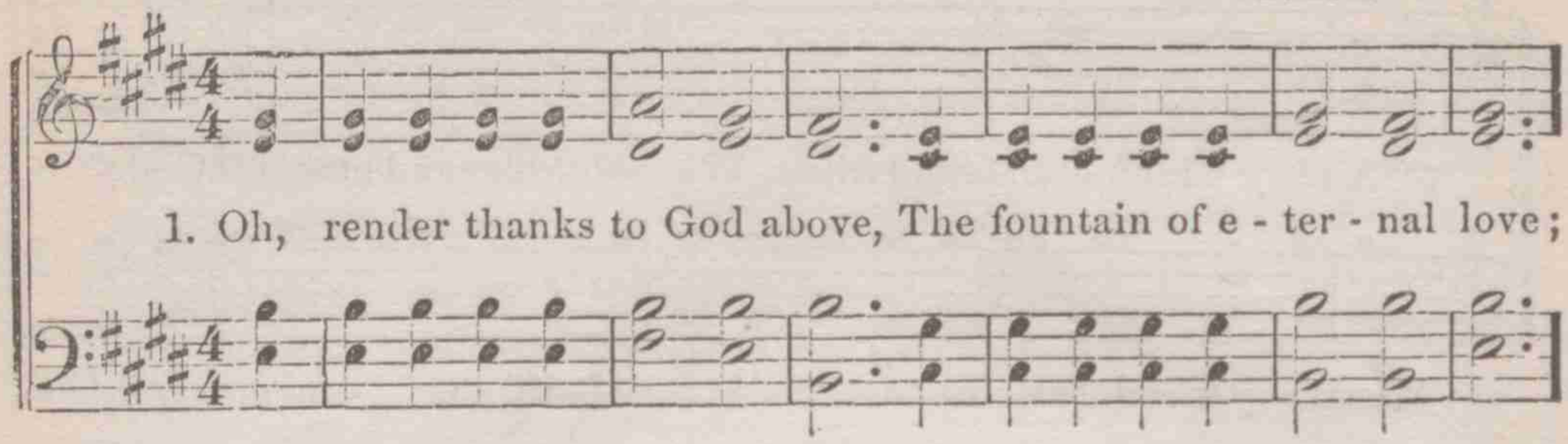
3 In the straight narrow path, Thou bidst me walk by faith;
Oh, grant the grace that hath Aided alway.

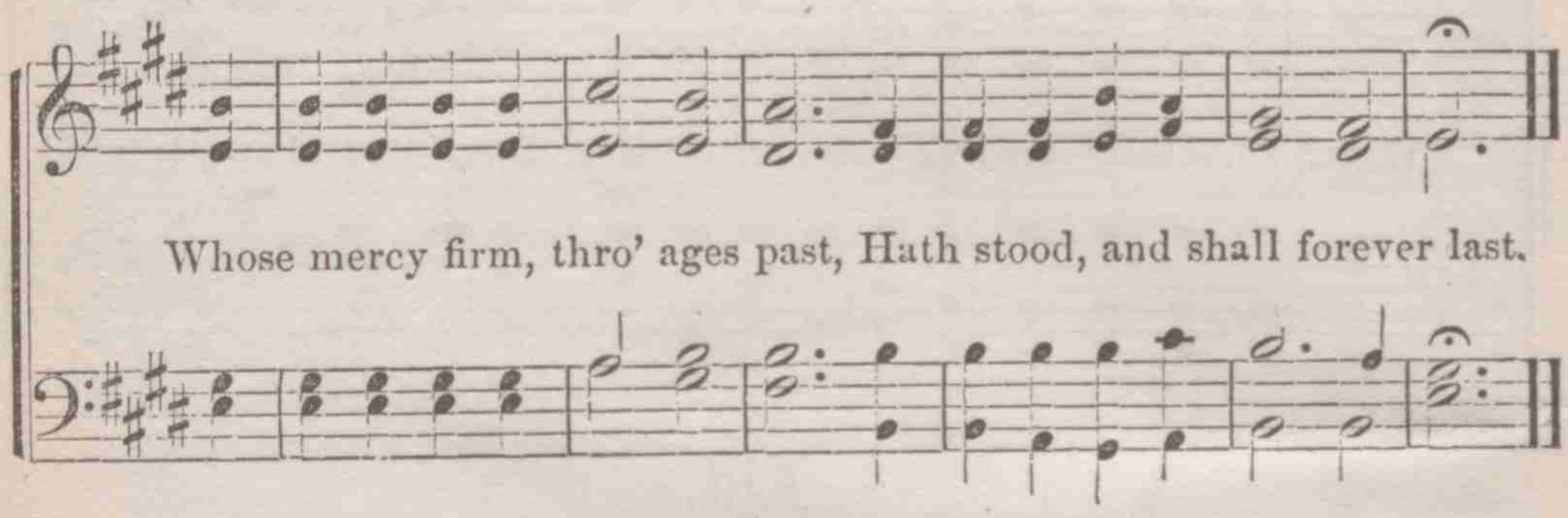
4 When I shall tempted be, Nothing but clouds can see,—
Strengthen my trust in thee, Let me not stray.

5 When comes that final night, Ere faith is changed to sight,
Be thou the perfect light, Leading to Day.

Murray's Chant. L. M.

P. P. B.





2 Who can his mighty deeds express—
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of eternal praise.

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

---

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

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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

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

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Tho' I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare!
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"Because Christ also suffered for us, * * * who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, by whose stripes ye were healed."

"Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Words by L. N. P. P. B.

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus—
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases.
He doth my soul redeem.

24 That will be Heaven for Me.

Words by P. P. BLISS. Music by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I

take me away to his own dear home; But I know that his presence will
know not the sound of the harp's glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Savior will

light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel - come me there, And that will be heav - en for me.

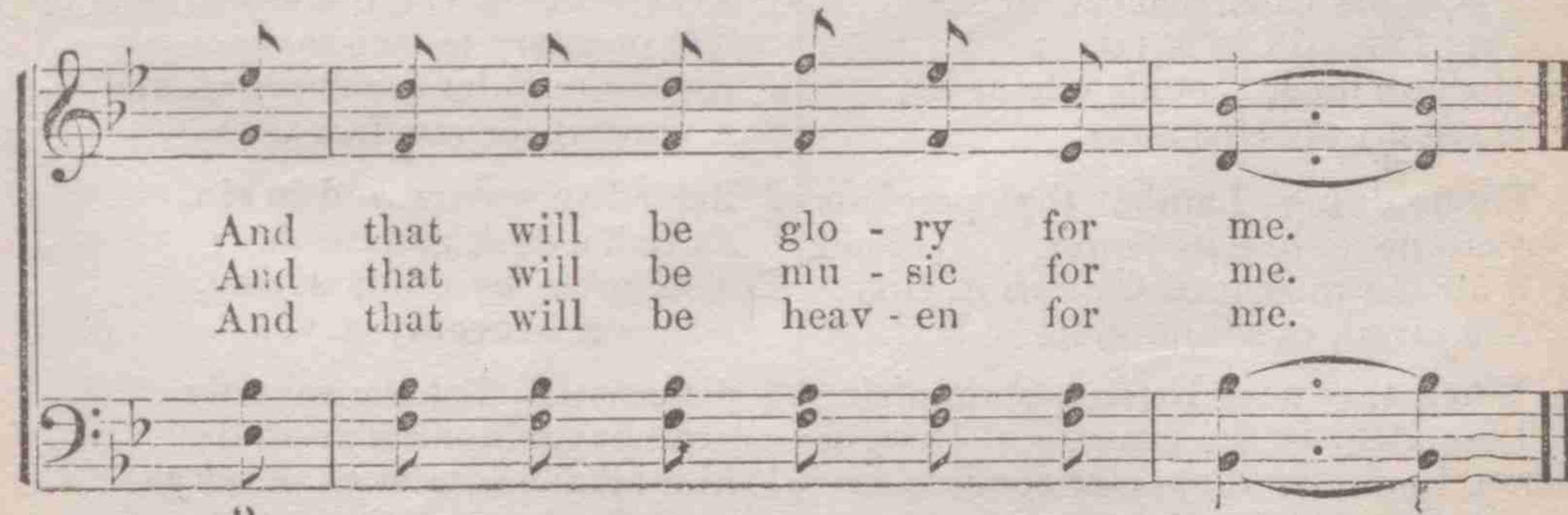
And that will be glo - ry for me, . . . oh,
And that will be mu - sic for me, . . . oh,
And that will be heav - en for me, . . . oh,

Yes, that will be glo - ry, oh,
Yes, that will be mu - sic, oh,
Yes, that will be heav - en, oh,

that will be glo - ry for me;
that will be mu - sic for me;
that will be heav - en for me;

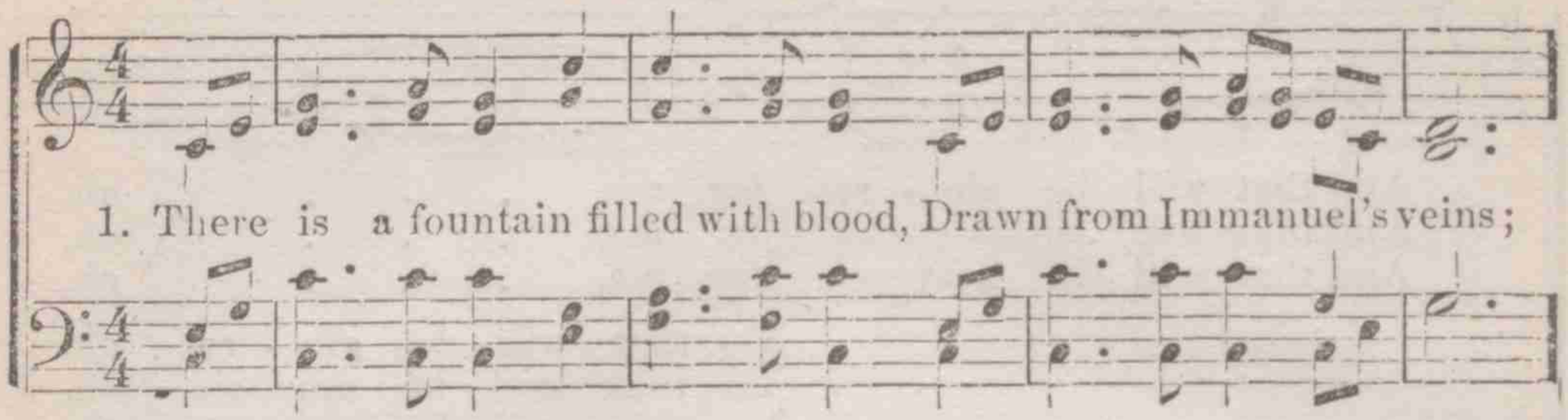
that will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me;
that will be mu - sic, be mu - sic for me;
that will be heav - en, be heav - en for me;

But I know that his pres - ence will light - en the gloom,
But I know there'll be men-tion of Je - sus our King,
But I know that my Sav - ior will wel - come me there,



And that will be glo - ry for me.
And that will be mu - sic for me.
And that will be heav - en for me.

There is a Fountain.



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

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

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

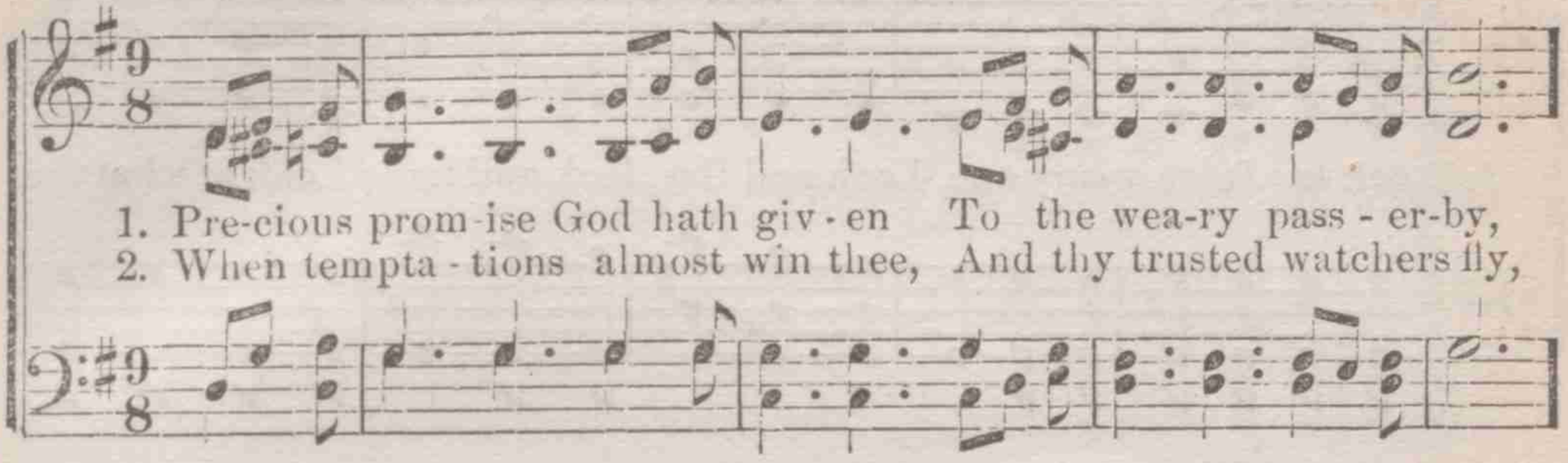
1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

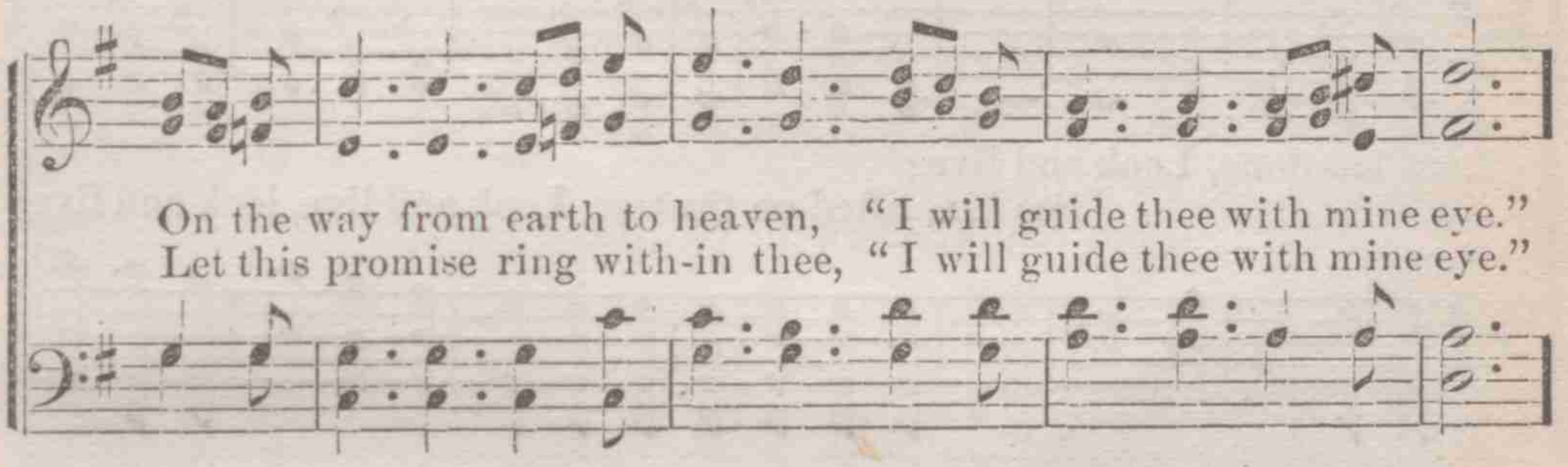
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark gate we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Precious Promise.

Words by N. N., in the "Episcopalian." P. P. B.





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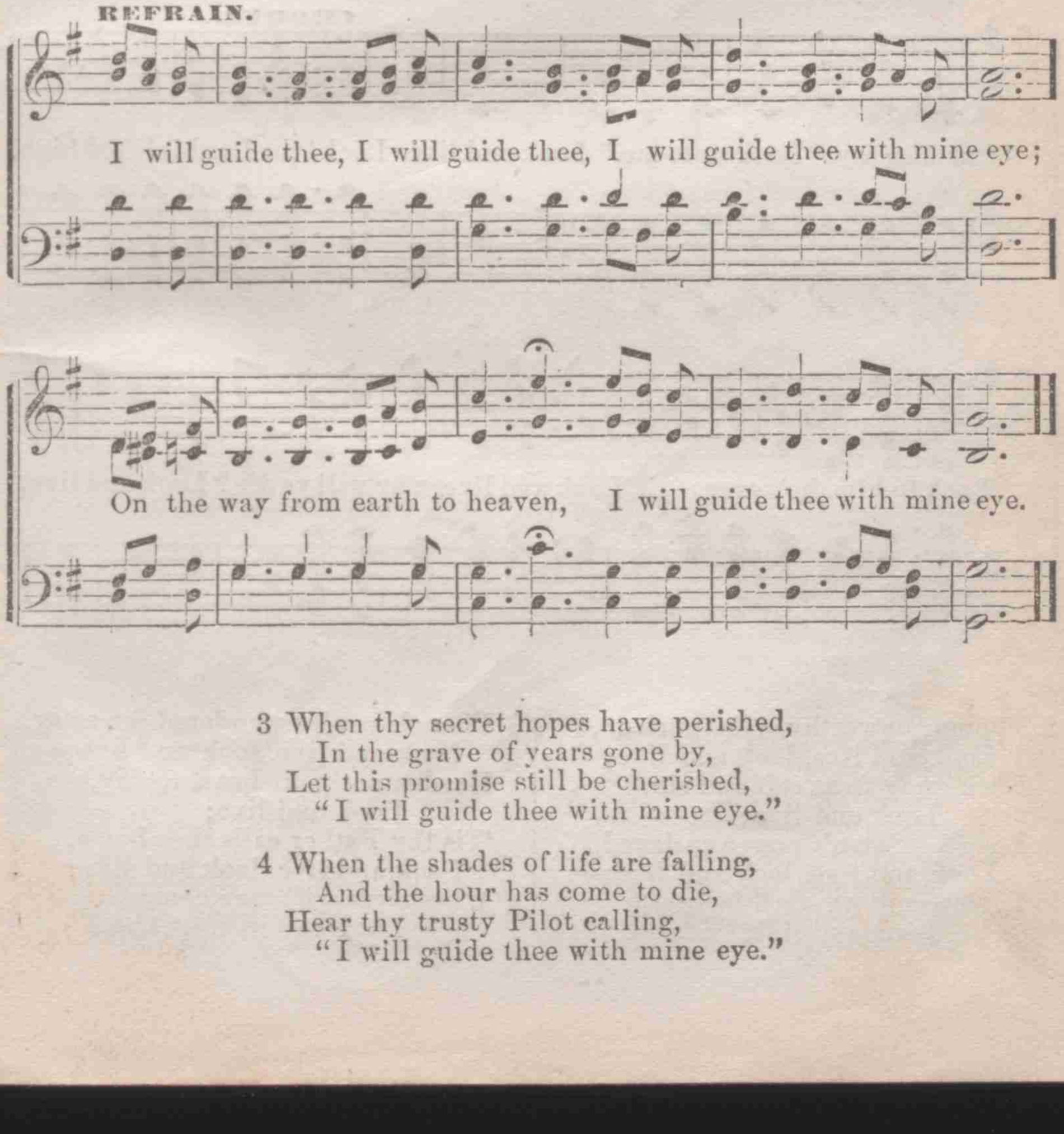
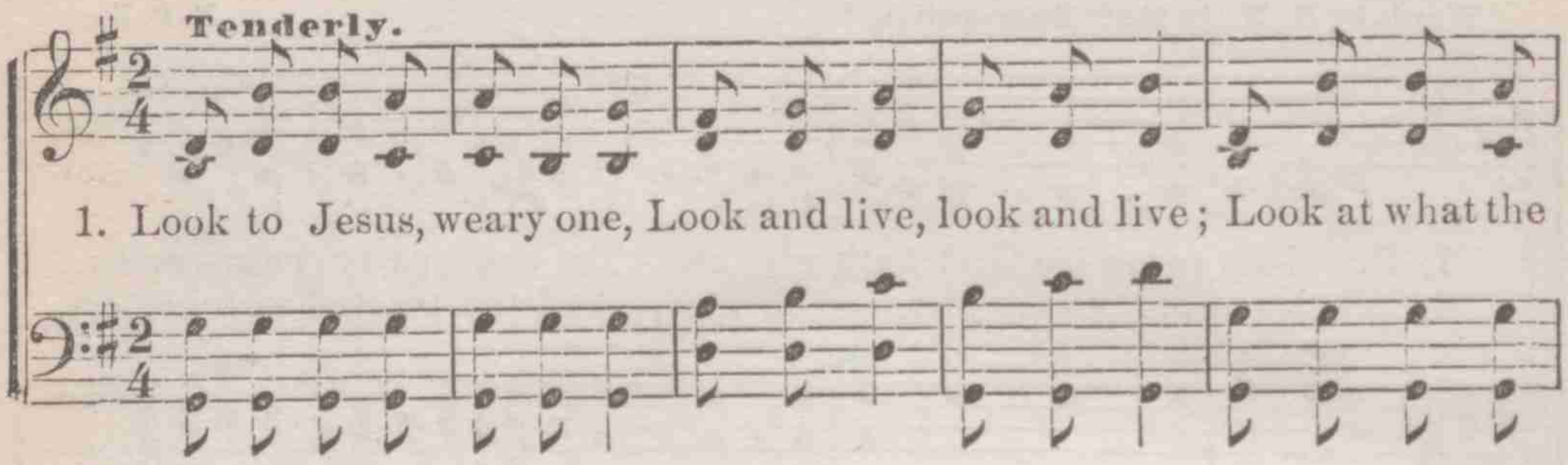


3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

Look and Live.

From "Prize." P. P. BLISS.

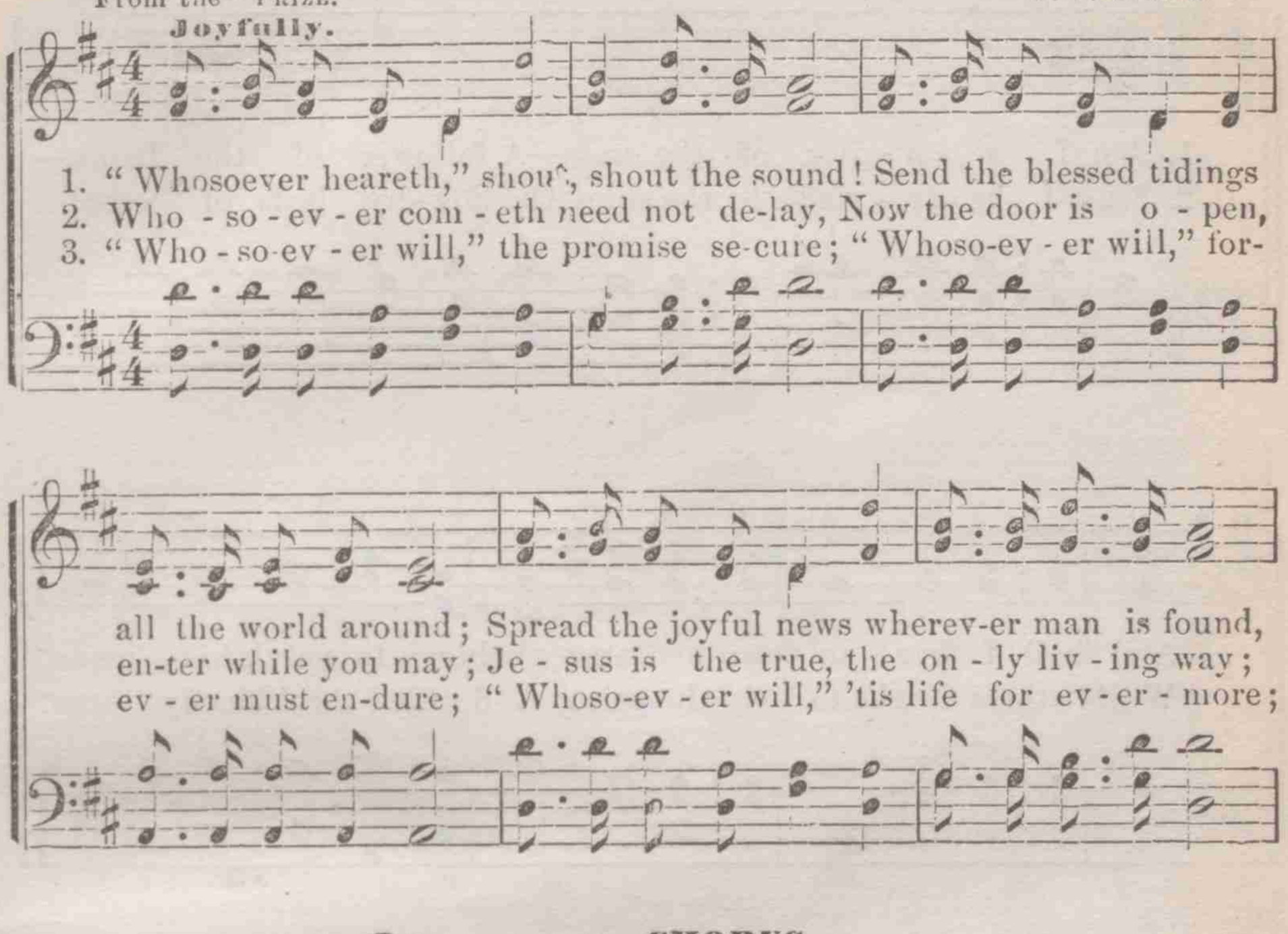


2 Though unworthy, vile, unclean,
Look and live, look and live;
Look away from self and sin,
Look and live;
Long by Satan's power enslaved,
Look and live, look and live;
Look to me, ye shall be saved,
Look and live. *Chorus.*

3 Though you've wandered far away,
Look and live, look and live;
Harden not your heart to-day,
Look and live;
'Tis thy Father calls thee home,
Look and live, look and live;
Whosoever will may come,
Look and live. *Chorus.*

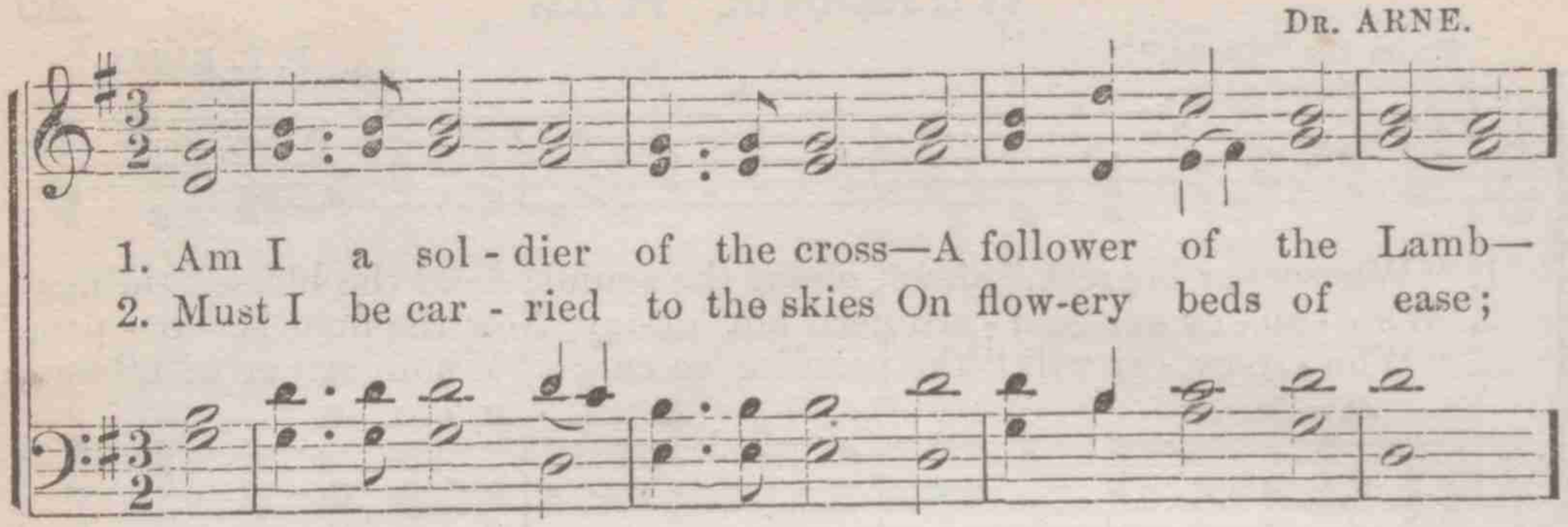
Whosoever Will.

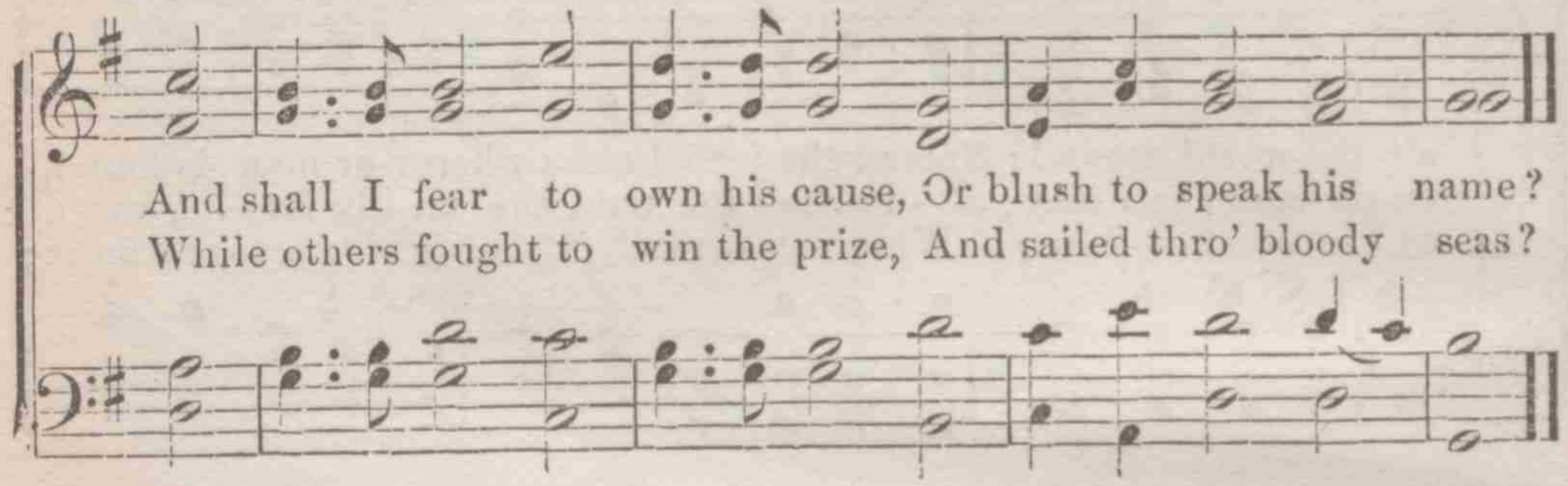
From the "PRIZE." P. P. BLISS.



Arlington. C. M.

DR. ARNE.





3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—*Watts.*

---

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

---

1 OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

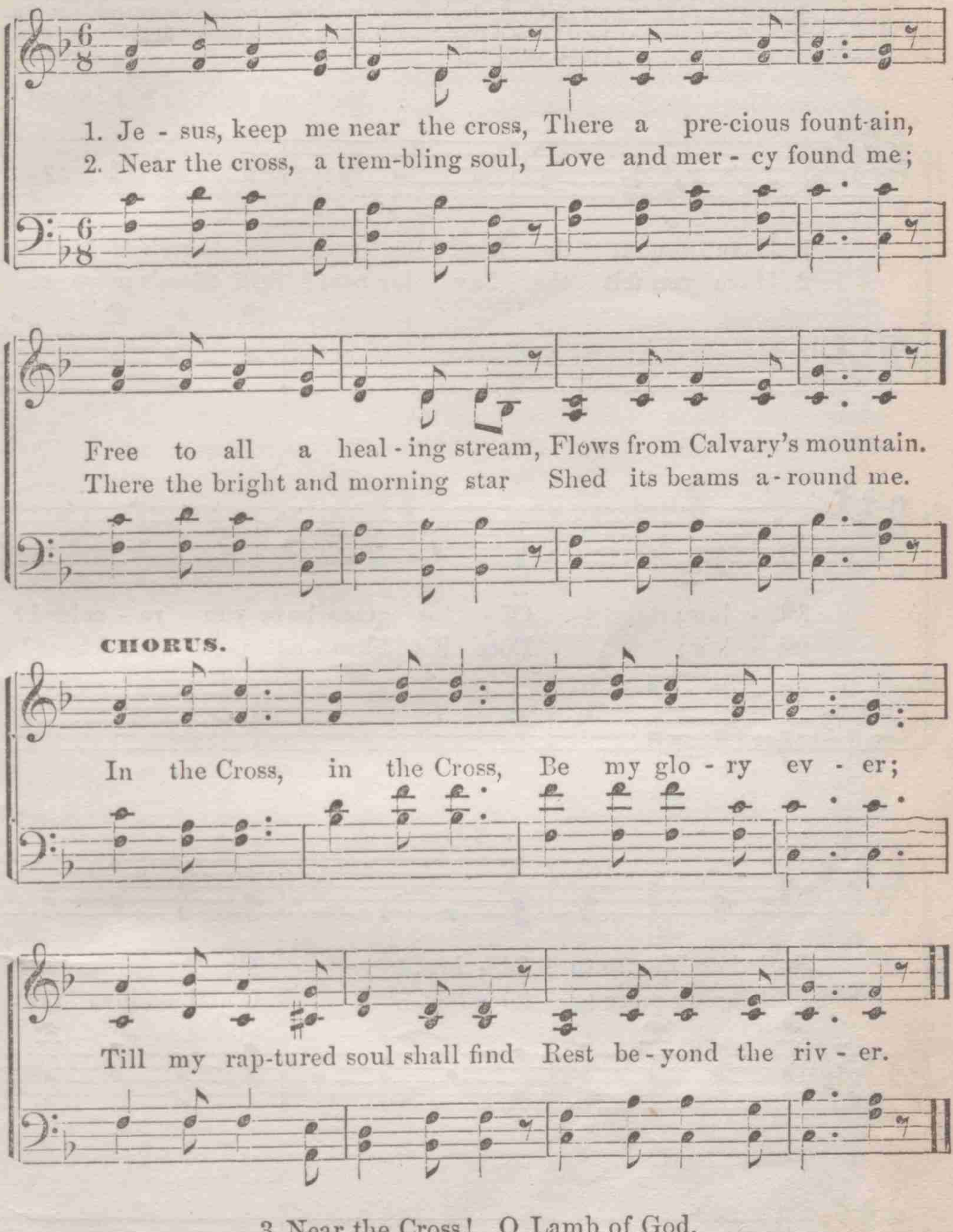
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Near the Cross.

FANNY CROSBY. 1869. W. H. DOANE. From "BRIGHT JEWELS," by per.



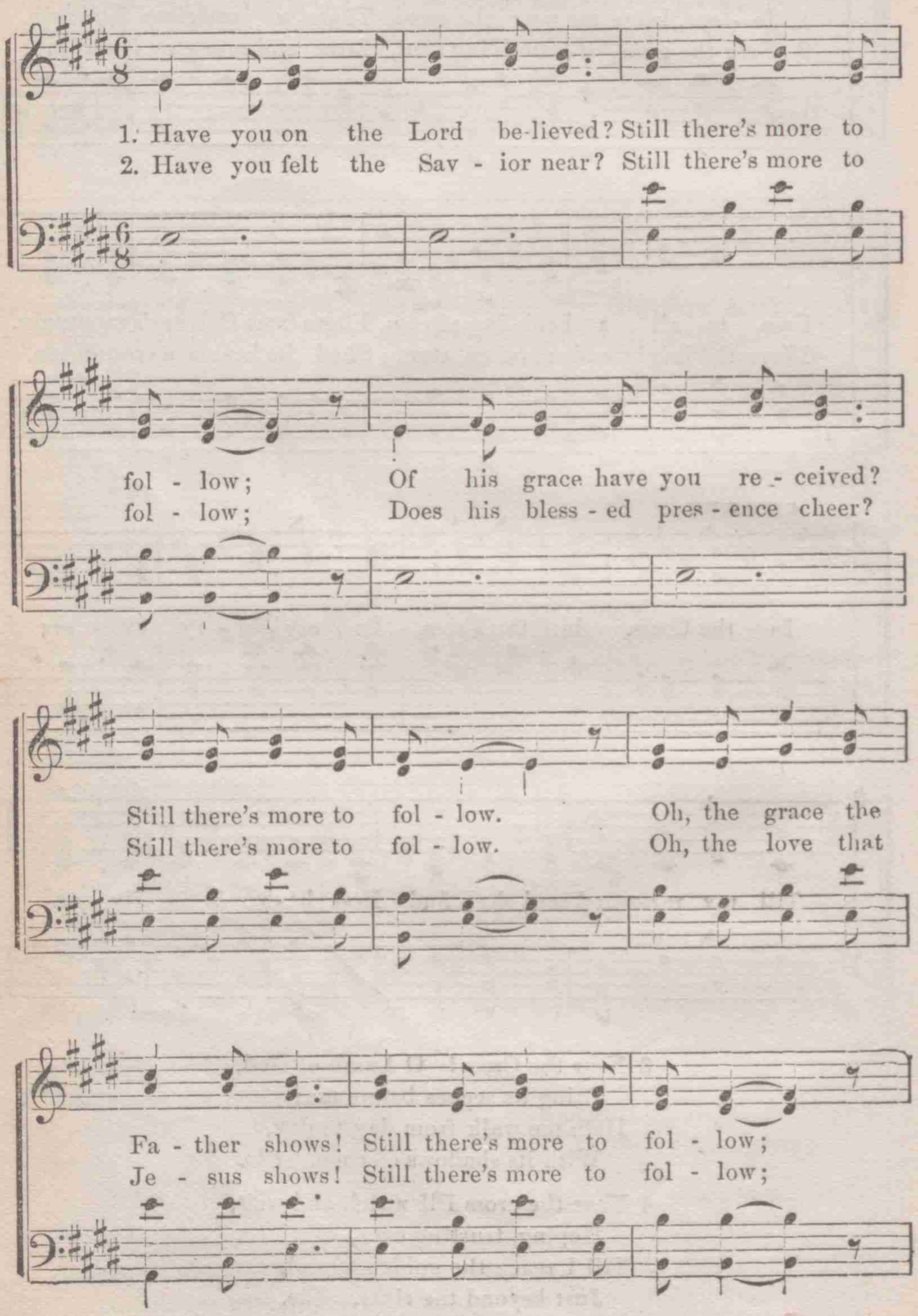
3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

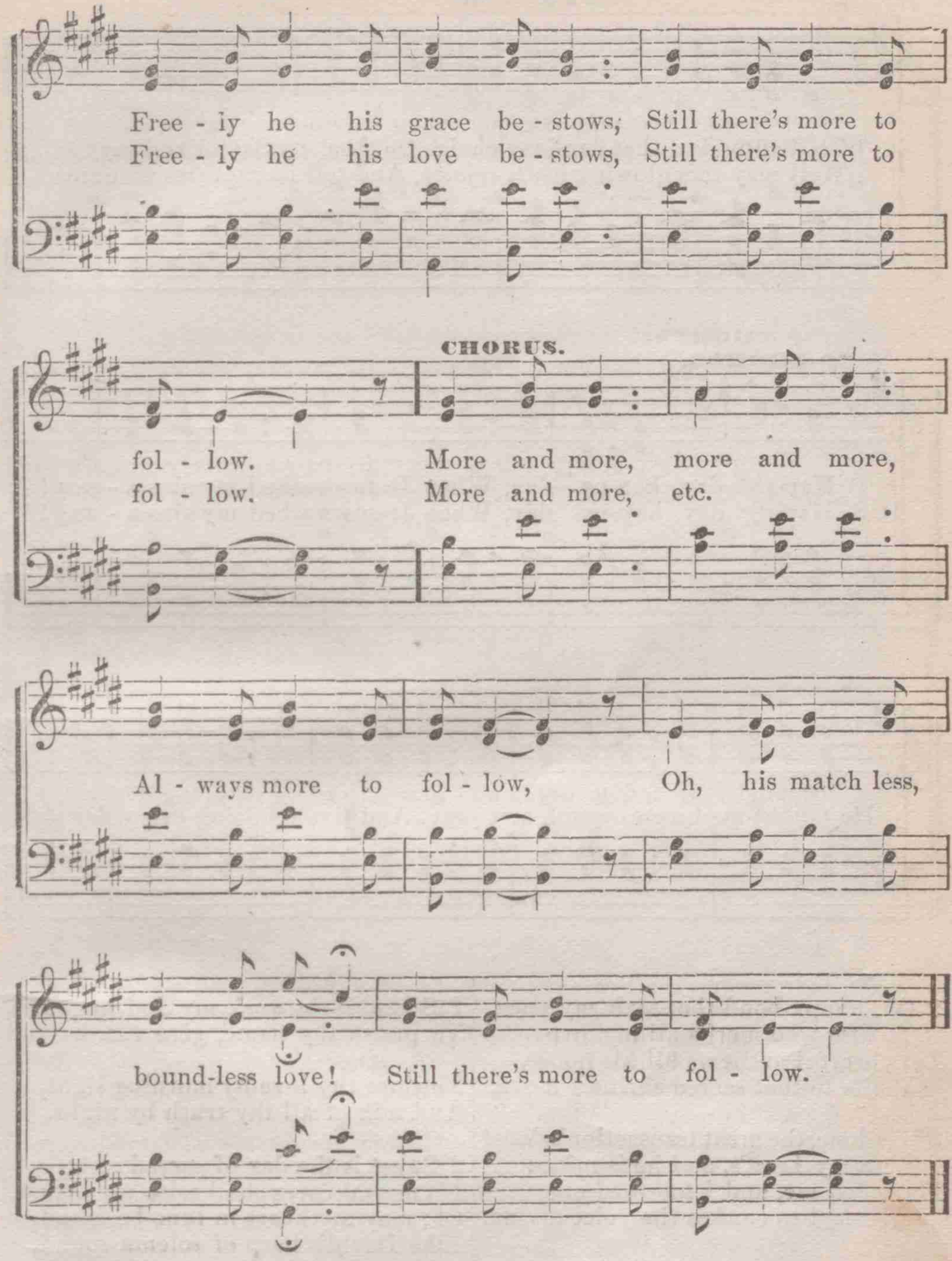
4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river. *Cho.*

More to Follow.

"A vast fortune was left in the hands of a minister for one of his poor parishioners. Fearing that it might be squandered if suddenly bestowed upon him, the wise minister sent him a little at a time, with a note, saying: '*This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow.*' Brethren, that's just the way the Lord deals with us."
D. L. Moody.

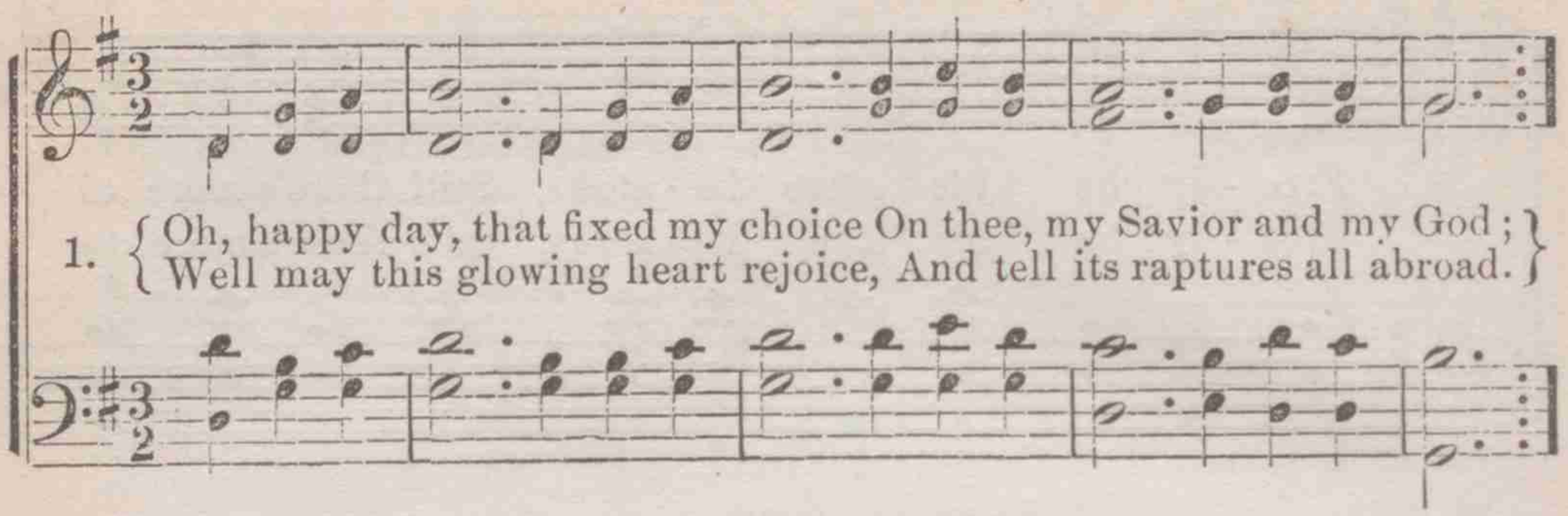
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

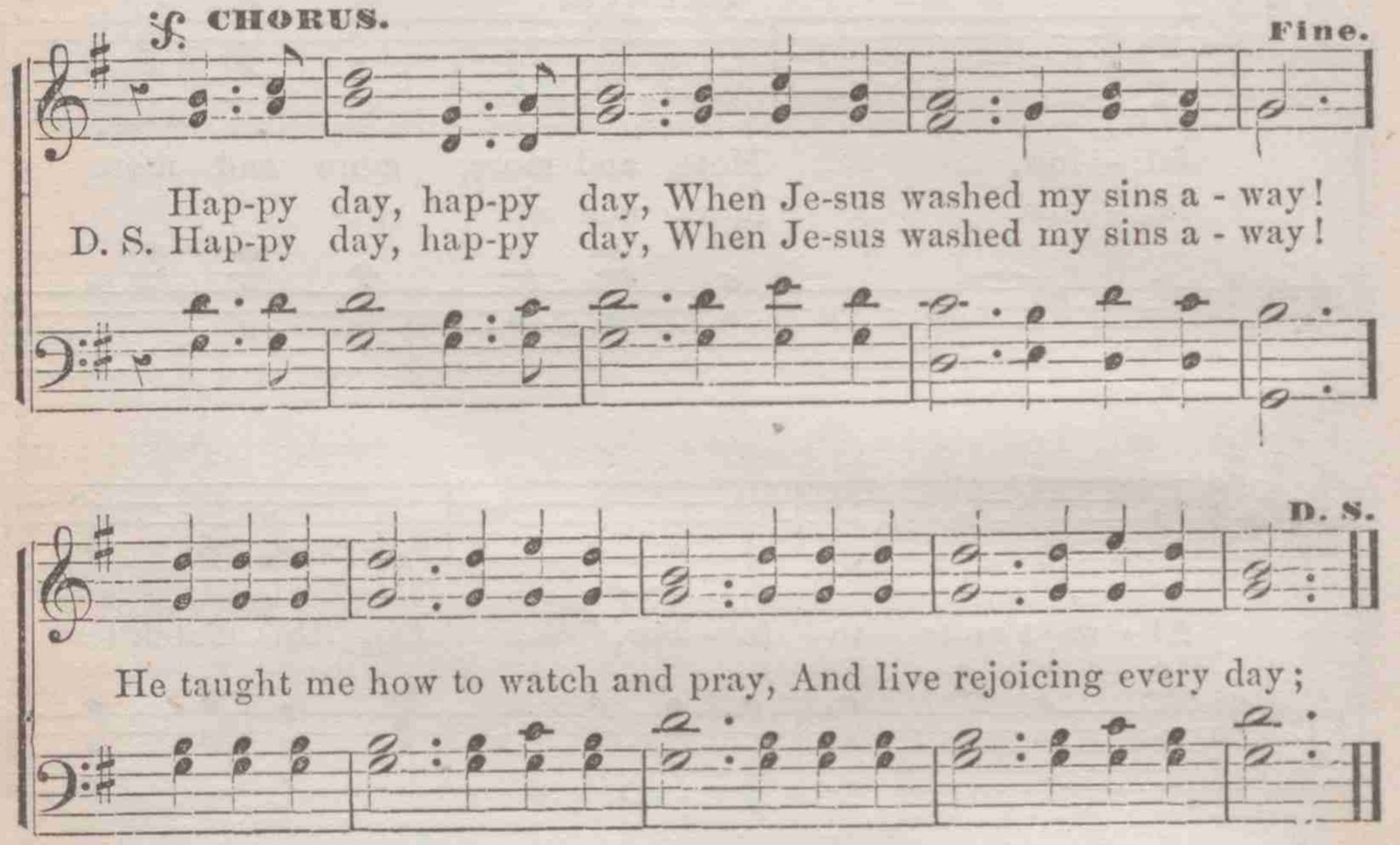




3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow,
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely he his power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
More and more, etc.

Happy Day. L. M.





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 called me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a noble part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

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

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

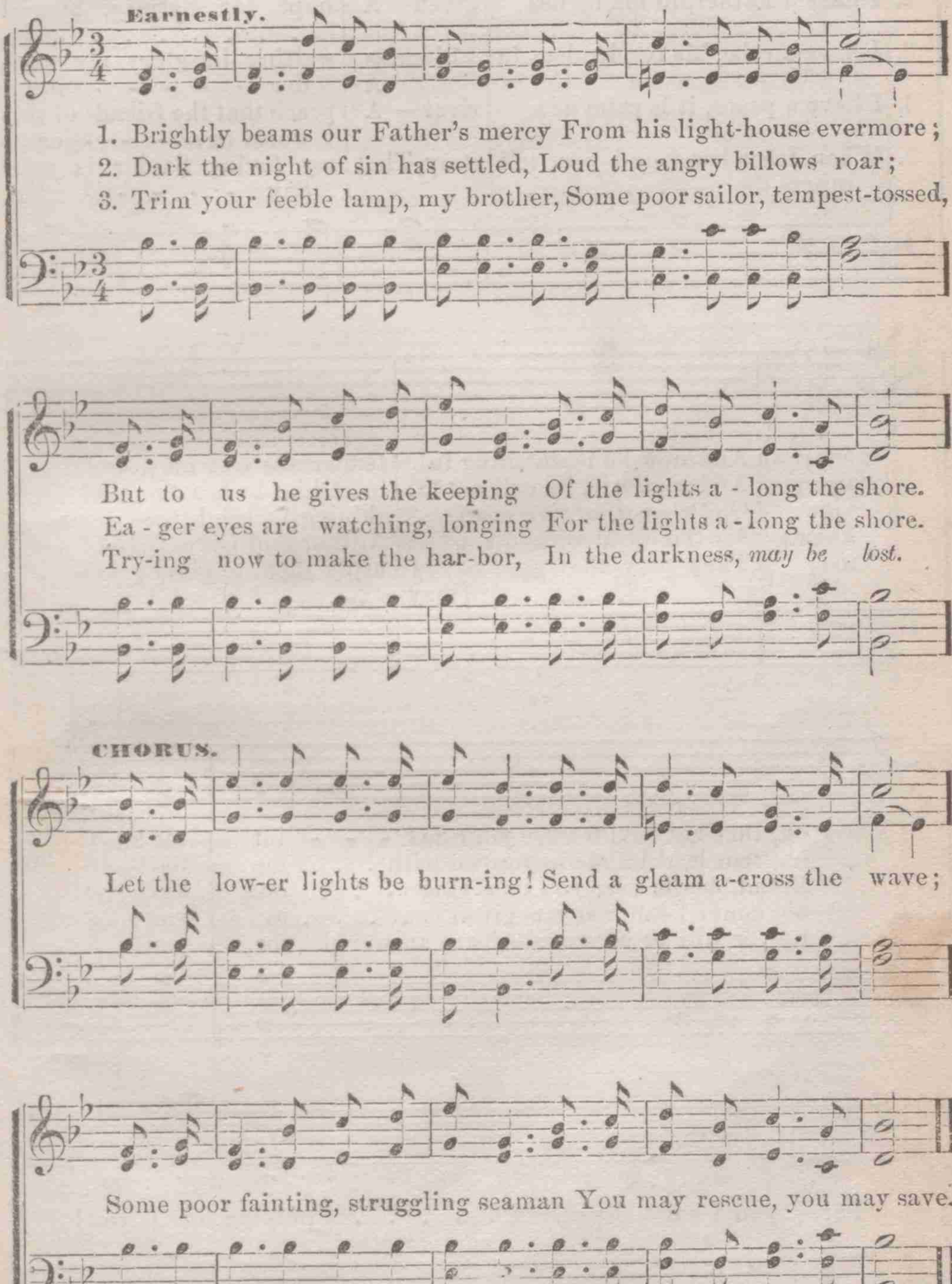
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
Oh, may my heart in tune be found.
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

On a dark, stormy night, when the waves rolled like mountains, and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor. "Are you sure this is Cleveland?" asked the Captain, seeing only one light from the light-house. "Quite sure, sir," replied the pilot. "Where are the lower lights?" "Gone out, sir." "Can you make the harbor?" "We *must*, or perish, sir!" And with a strong hand and a brave heart the old pilot turned the wheel. But, alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered, and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great light-house; *let us keep the lower lights burning!* D. L. MOODY.

P. P. BLISS.



I'm Praying for You.

P. P. B.

Slowly.

1. I have a Savior, he's pleading in glory, A dear, loving Savior, though earth friends . . be
2. I have a Father, to me he has given A hope for eternity, blessed . . . . . and
3. I have a robe, 'tis resplendent in whiteness A- waiting in glory my wonder - - - - - ing
4. I have a peace, it is calm as a river— A peace that the friends of this world nev - - - er
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the . . . . . story, That my loving Savior is your Sav - - - - - ior

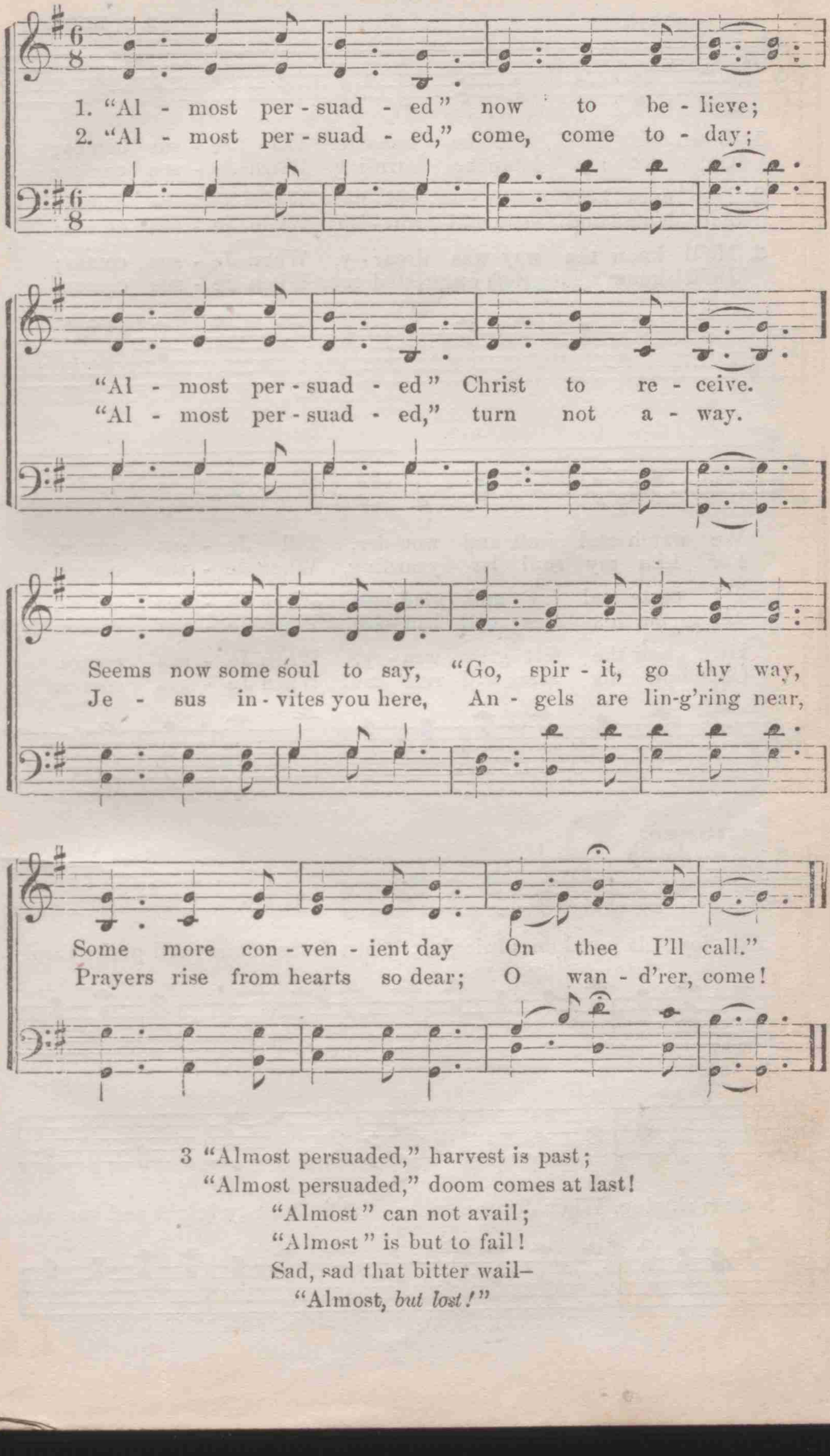
few; And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me; And
true; And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven; But
view; Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness, Dear
knew; My Savior alone is its Author and Giver; And
too; Then pray that your Savior [may bring them to glory; And

oh, that my Savior were your Sav - - - ior too!
oh, that he'd let me bring you with . . . me too!
friend, could I see you receiving . . . one, too!
oh, could I know it was given . . . . to you!
prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

For | you I am praying, I'm . . . | praying for | you!

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.



3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail–
"Almost, *but lost!*"

When Jesus Comes.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je - sus comes;
   Oh, let my lamp be burn-ing, When Je - sus comes;

2. No more heart-pangs nor sad-ness, When Je - sus comes;
   All doubts and fears will van-ish, When Je - sus comes;

3. He'll know the way was drear-y, When Je - sus comes;
   He'll know what griefs op-pressed me, When Je - sus comes;

We watch and wait and won-der, Till Je - sus comes.
For him my soul be yearning, When Je - sus comes.

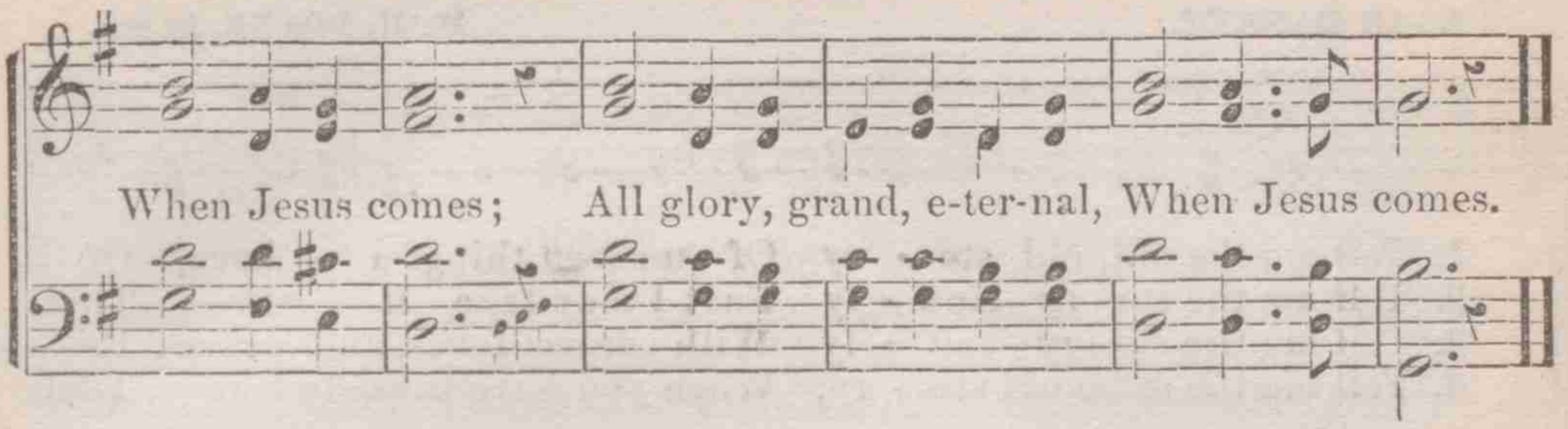
All peace and joy and glad-ness, When Je - sus comes.
All gloom his face will ban-ish, When Je - sus comes.

He'll know the feet grew wea-ry, When Je - sus comes.
Oh, how his arms will rest me! When Je - sus comes.

CHORUS.

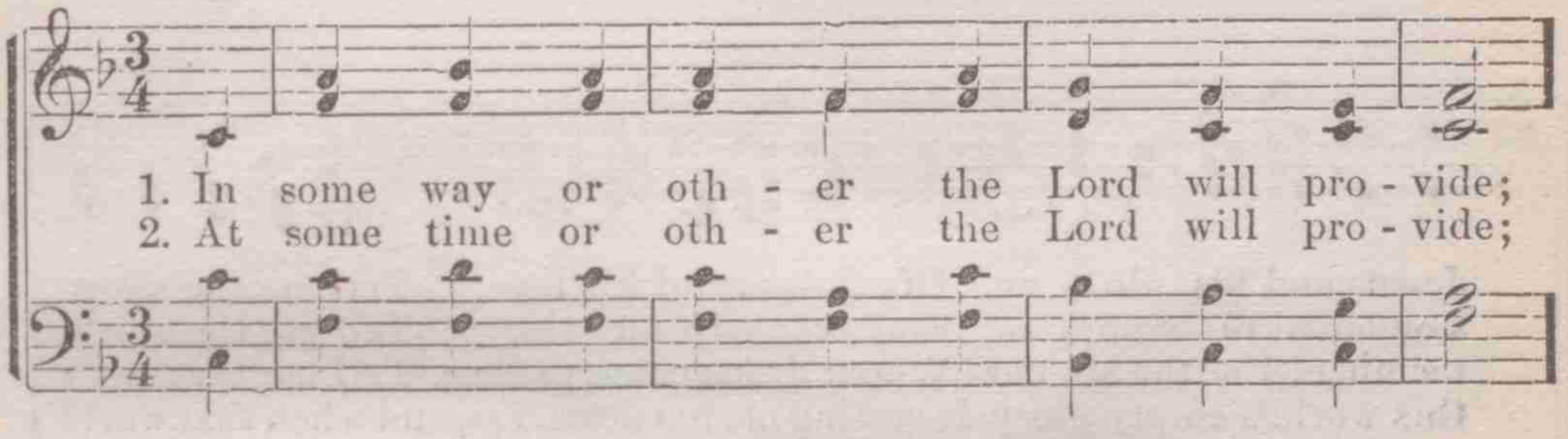
All joy his loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise thro'

heaven ringing, When Jesus comes; All beau-ty bright and vernal



Jehovah Jireh. ("The Lord will Provide.")

Words by MRS. M. A. W. COOK. Music by J. H. TENNEY.



3 Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Hath ever been broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

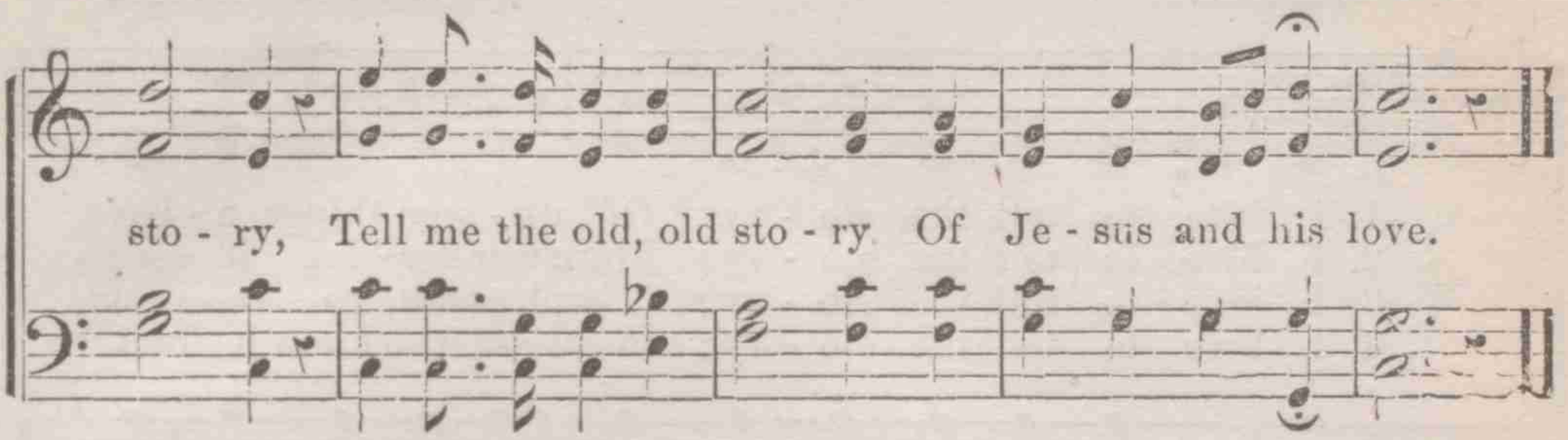
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and his glo - ry,
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly That I may take it in— That wonderful re - demption,
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly With earnest tones, and grave; Re- member! I'm the sin-ner
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glory

Of Je-sus and his love. Tell me the story
God's remedy for sin. Tell me the story
Whom Jesus came to save. Tell me that story
Is costing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

simply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
of - ten, For I for-get so soon, The "early dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, "Christ

CHORUS.

helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old
passed away at noon. Tell me, etc.
comfort-er to me. Tell me, etc.
Jesus makes thee whole." Tell me, etc.

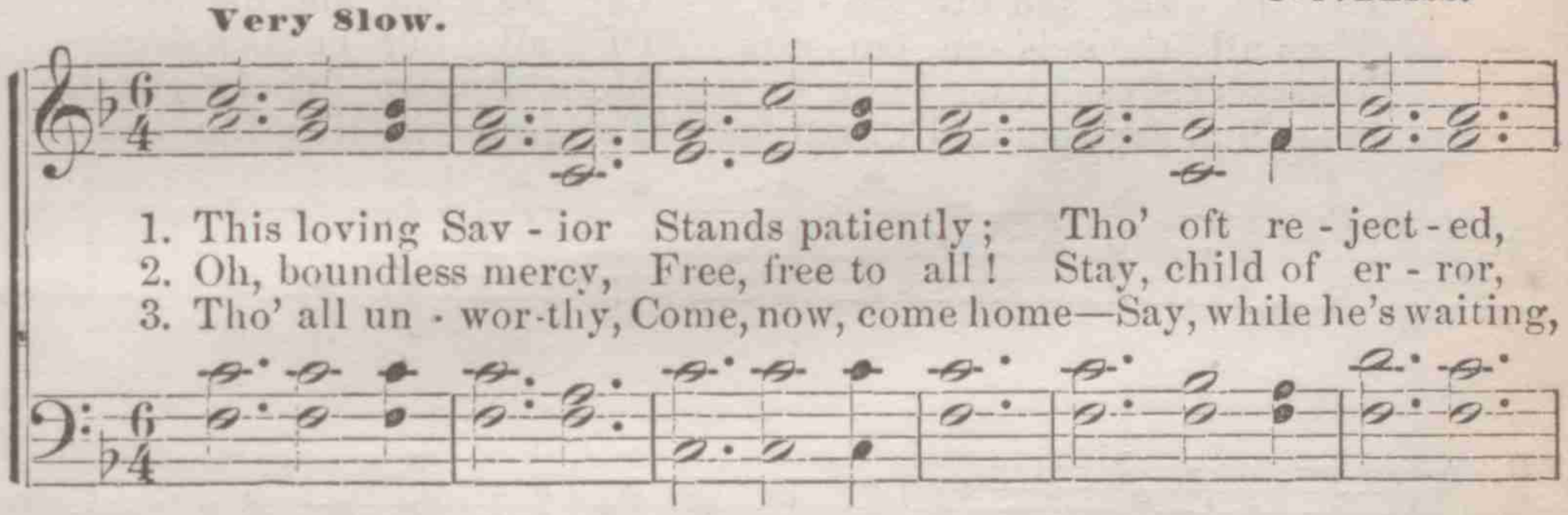


Calling Now.

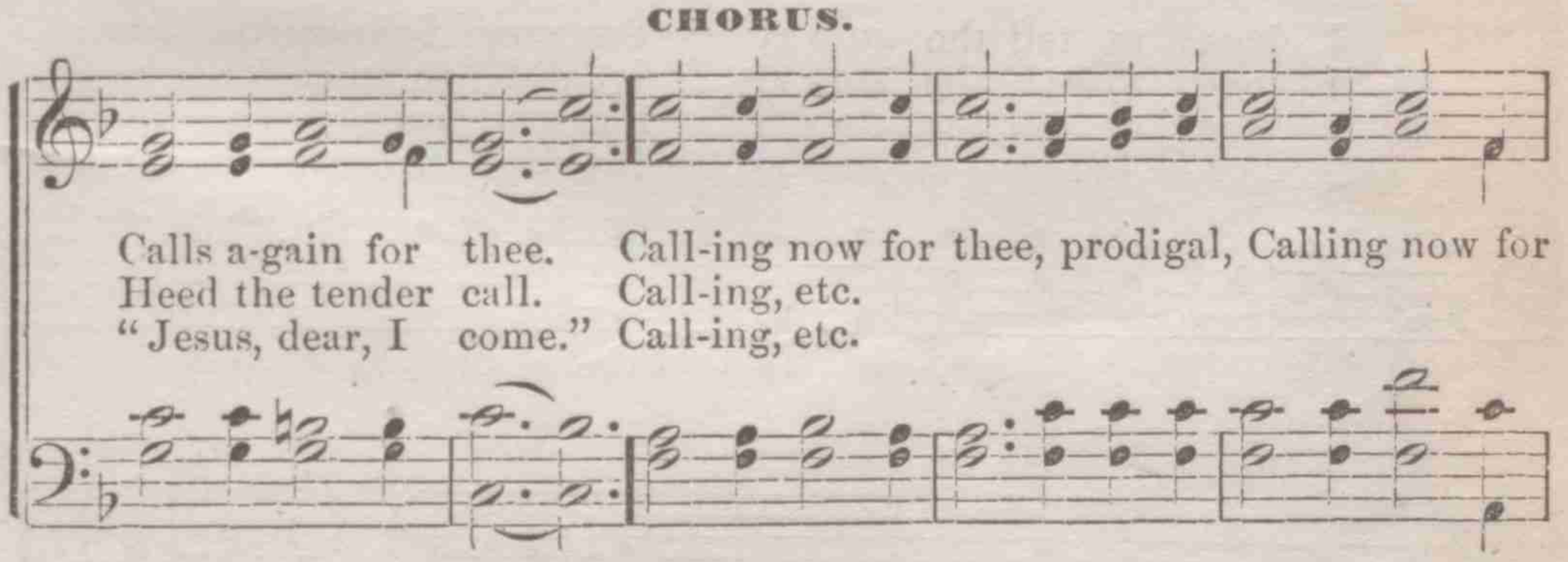
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."
"They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."
"I have redeemed thee—I have called thee by thy name."
"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

P. P. BLISS.

Very Slow.



CHORUS.



42 I Love to Tell the Story.

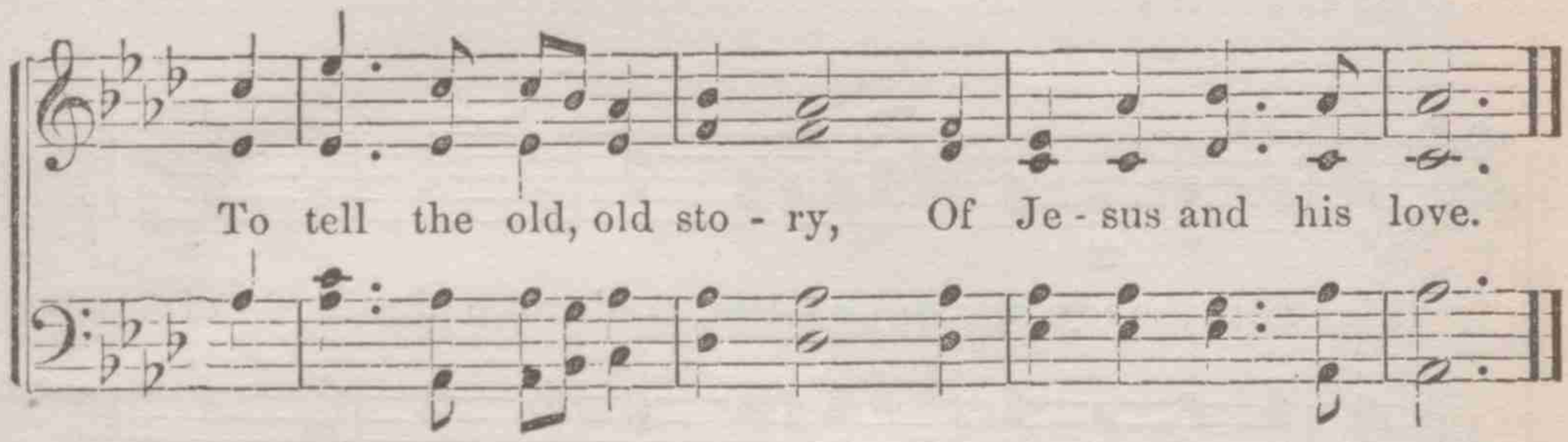
KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best

Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love:
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun-ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest.

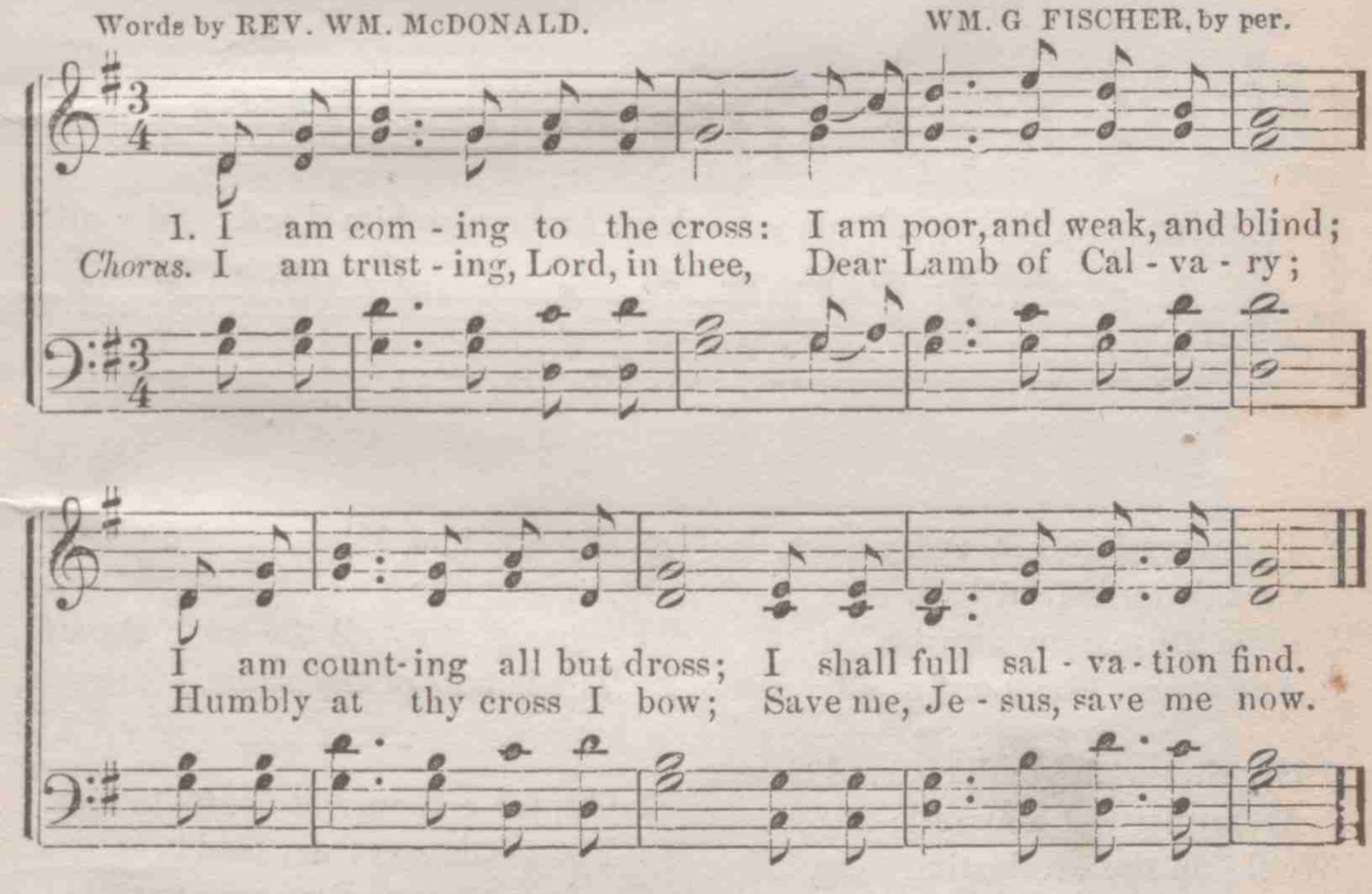
I love to tell the sto - ry Be-cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me!
I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long-ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Words by REV. WM. McDONALD. WM. G FISCHER, by per.



2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*

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

4 In the promises I trust:
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb! *Cho.*

Coronation.

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

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

---

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

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

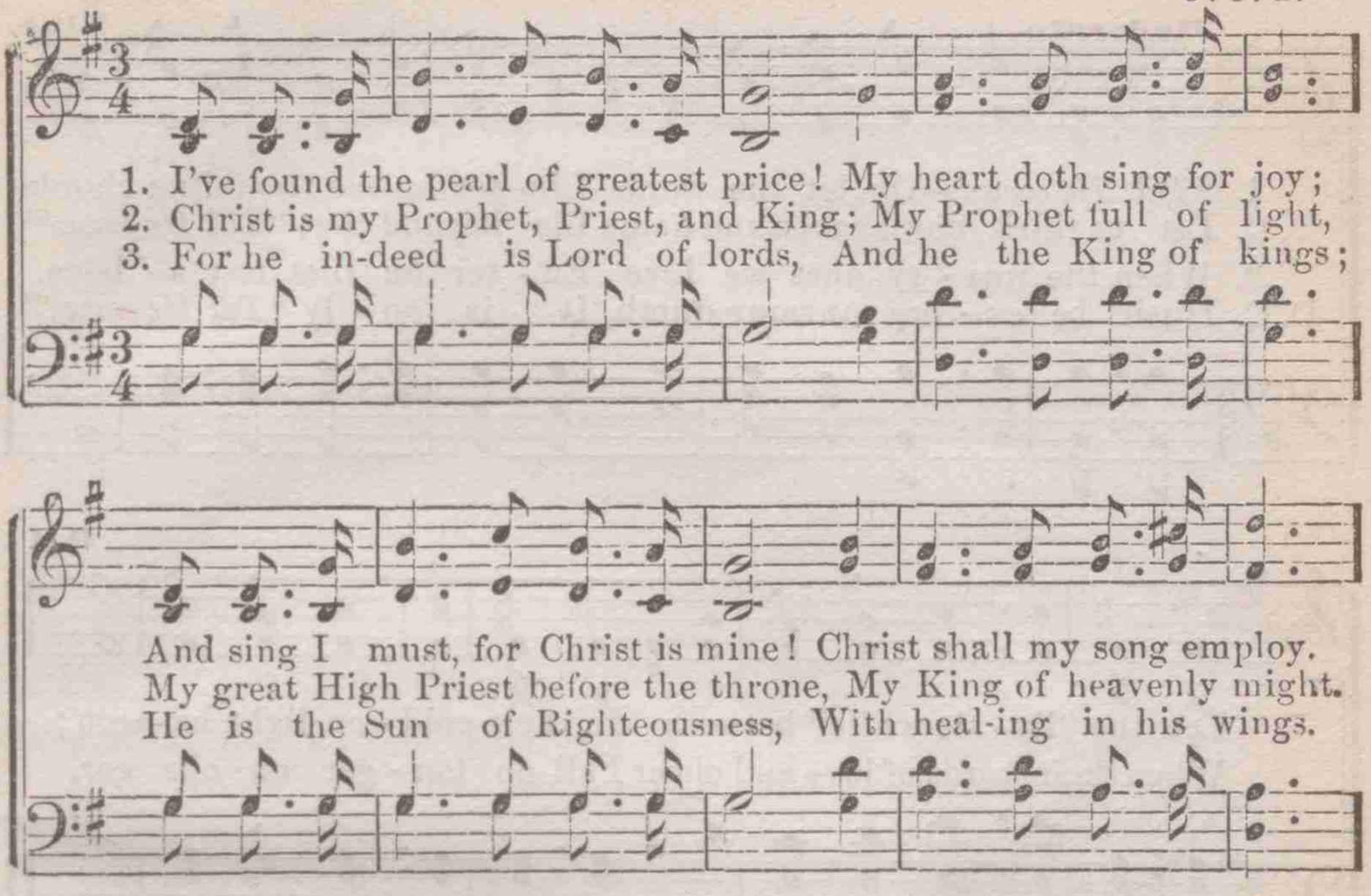
---

1 Oh, for a thousand hearts to feel
The goodness of my God!
Oh, for a thousand tongues to tell
That goodness all abroad!

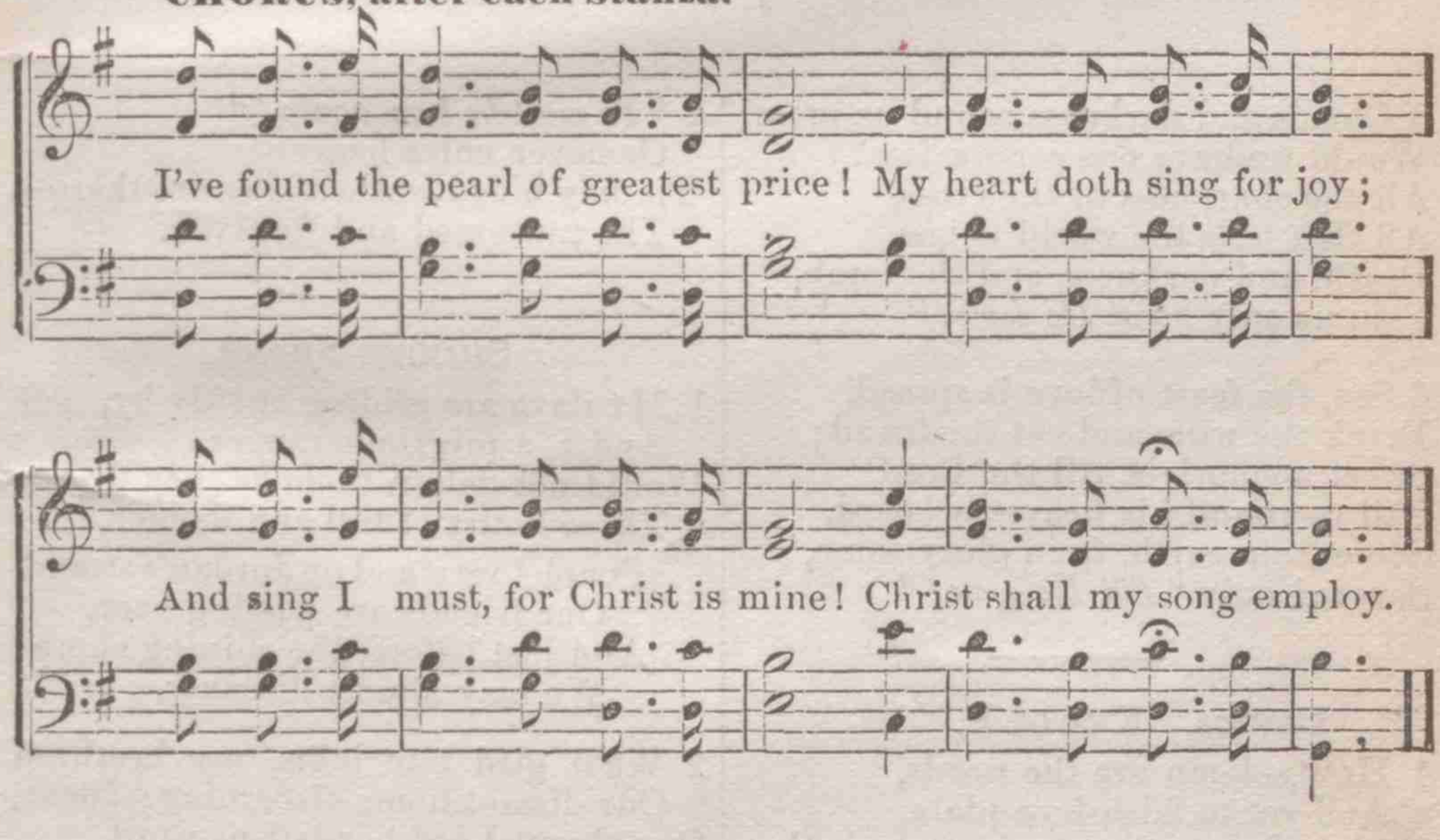
2 Unnumbered blessings thus bestow'd,
Unbounded praise demand;
To give a tithe of what is owed,
Would all my life command.

—*T. Nield.*

P. P. B.



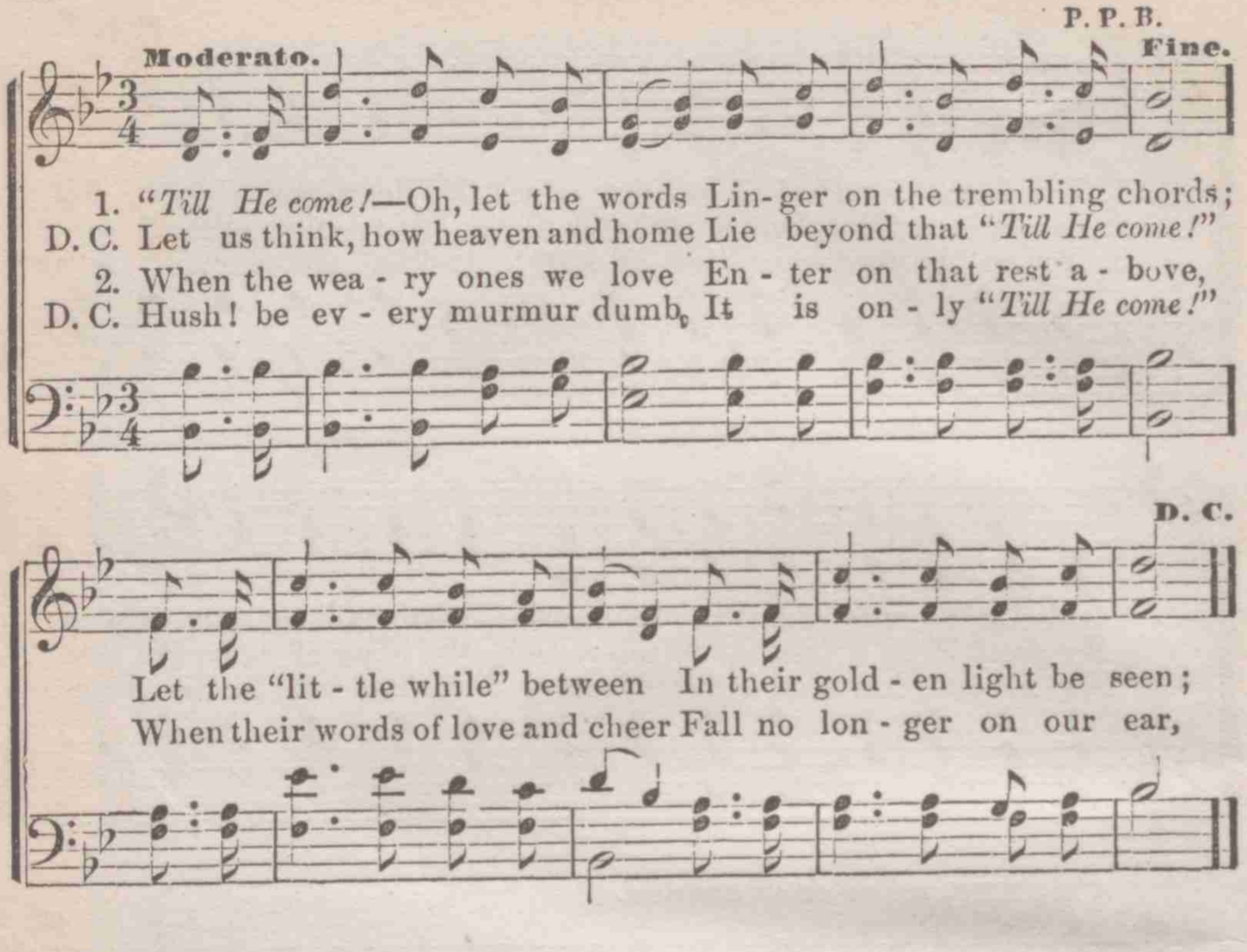
CHORUS, after each Stanza.



4 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he shed his blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.
I've found the pearl, etc.

5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.
I've found the pearl, etc.

Till He Come.



3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

DENNIS. KEY OF F.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis he *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

SHINING SHORE.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. *Cho.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. *Cho.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever! *Cho.*

P. P. BLISS.

Not too Slow.

1. Hear the words our Sav-ior hath spo - ken, Words of life un-
2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his
3. They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from

fail-ing and true; Careless one, prayerless one, hear and remember,
promis - es too; Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us,
sor-row and strife; Sanc-ti - fied, glo - ri - fied, now and for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

Jesus says, "Blessed are they that do." Blessed are they that do his com-
Blessed, oh, blessed are they that do. Blessed, etc.
They may have right to the tree of life. Blessed, etc.

mandments, Blessed are they, bless-ed are they, Blessed are they that

do his com-mand-ments, Blessed, blessed, bless-ed are they.

Over There.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my journey I

light, Where the saints all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are

o - ver there,

CHORUS.

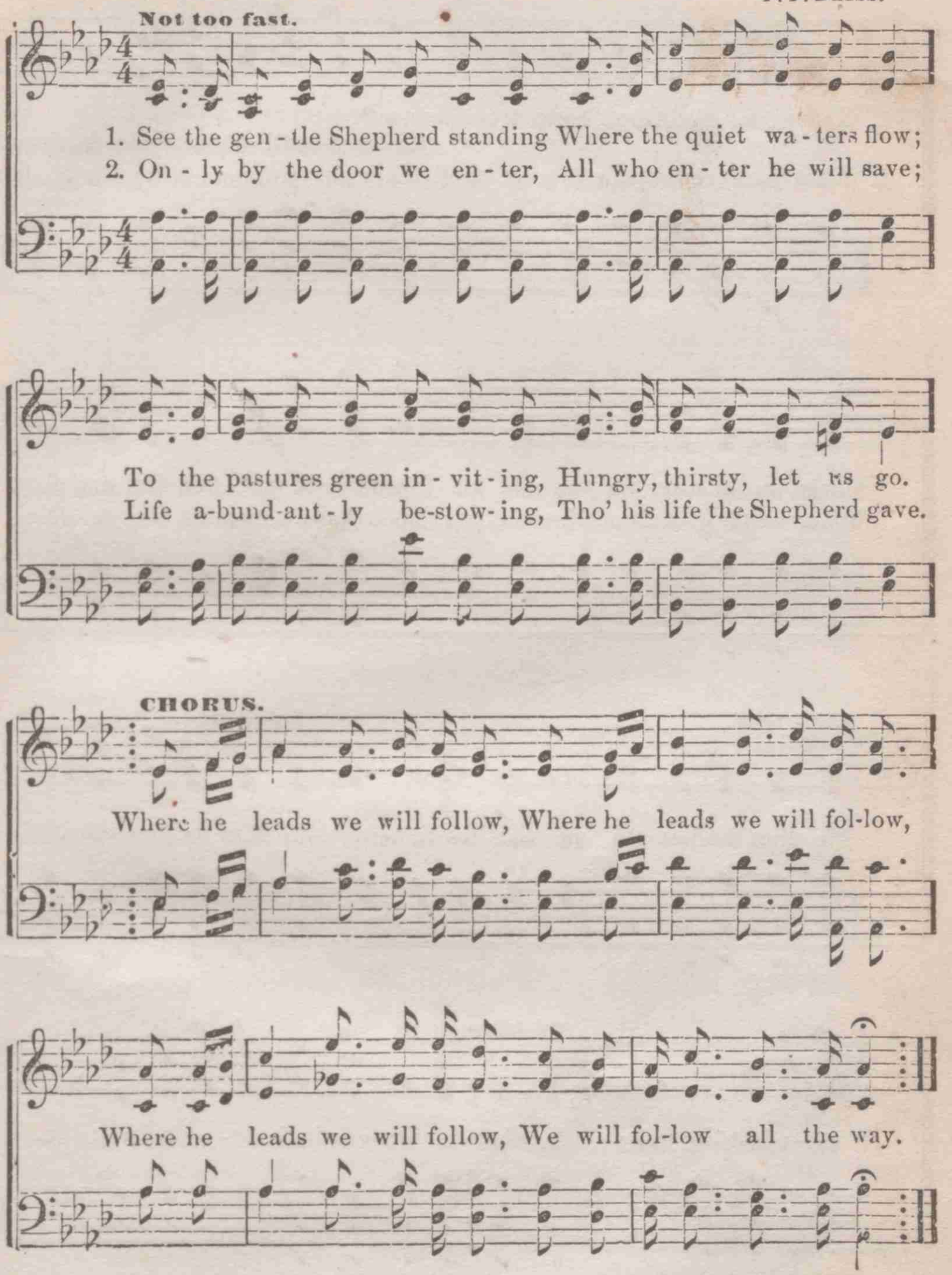
robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal-ace of God. Over there, etc.
watching and waiting for me. Over there, etc.

o - ver there. o - ver there,

there, over there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there, over there; O - ver

there, over there, over there, over there, Oh, think of a home over there.

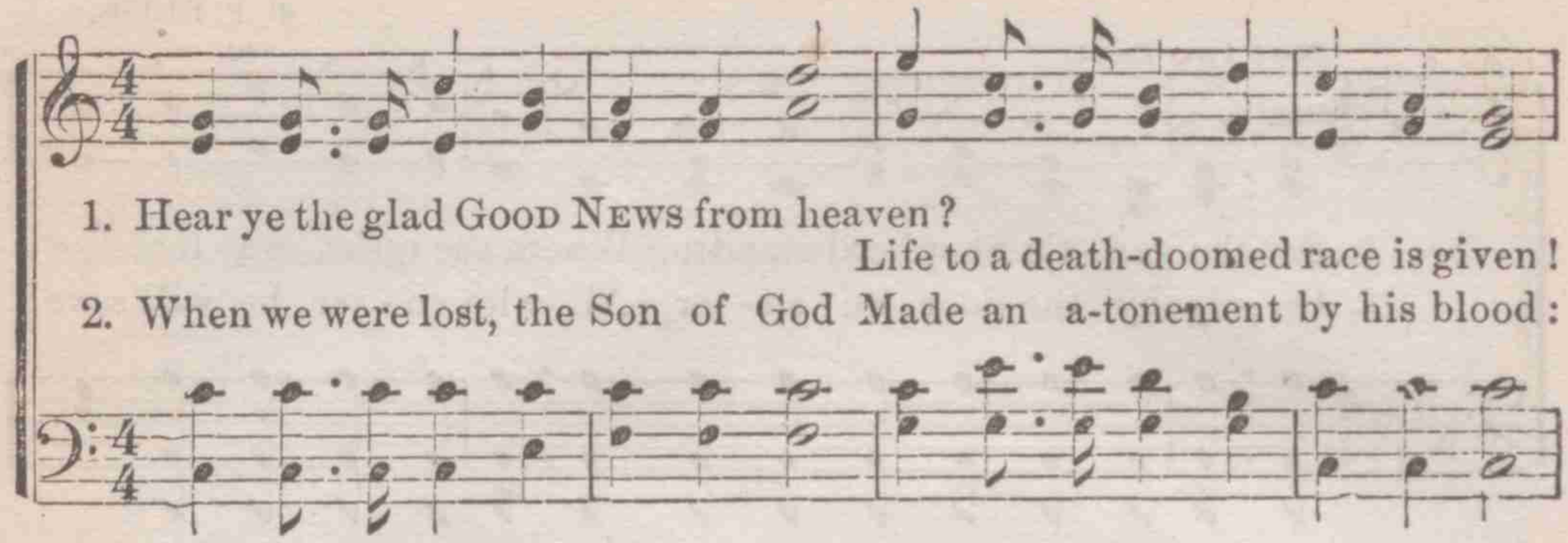
P. P. BLISS.

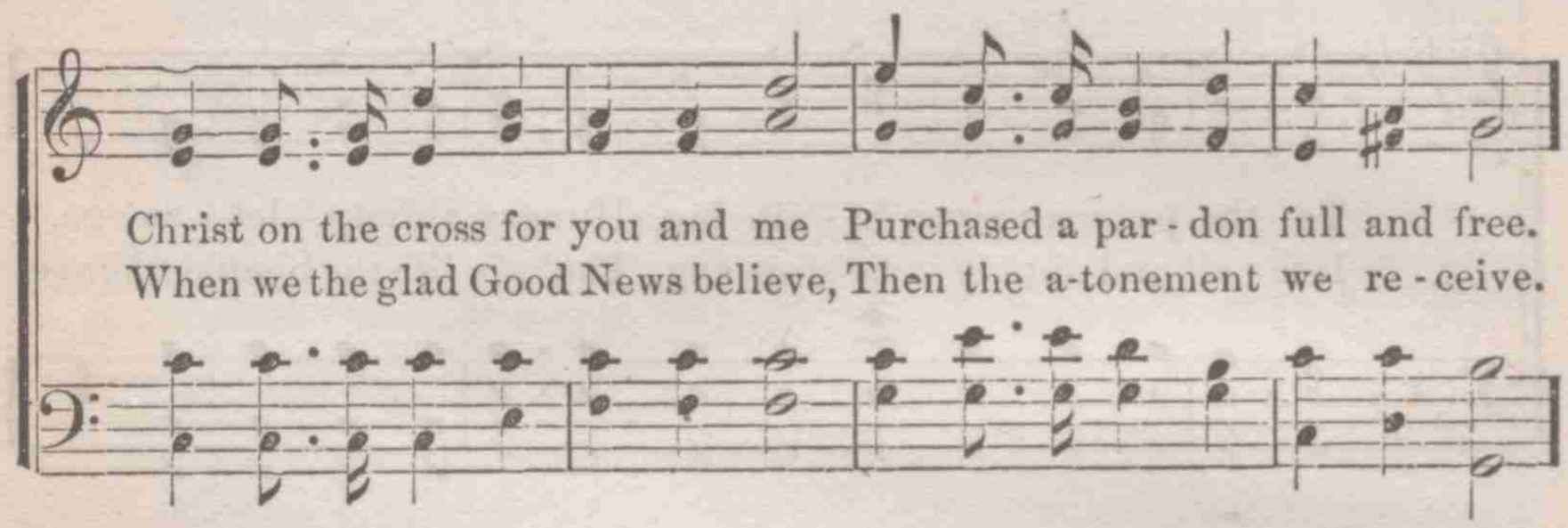


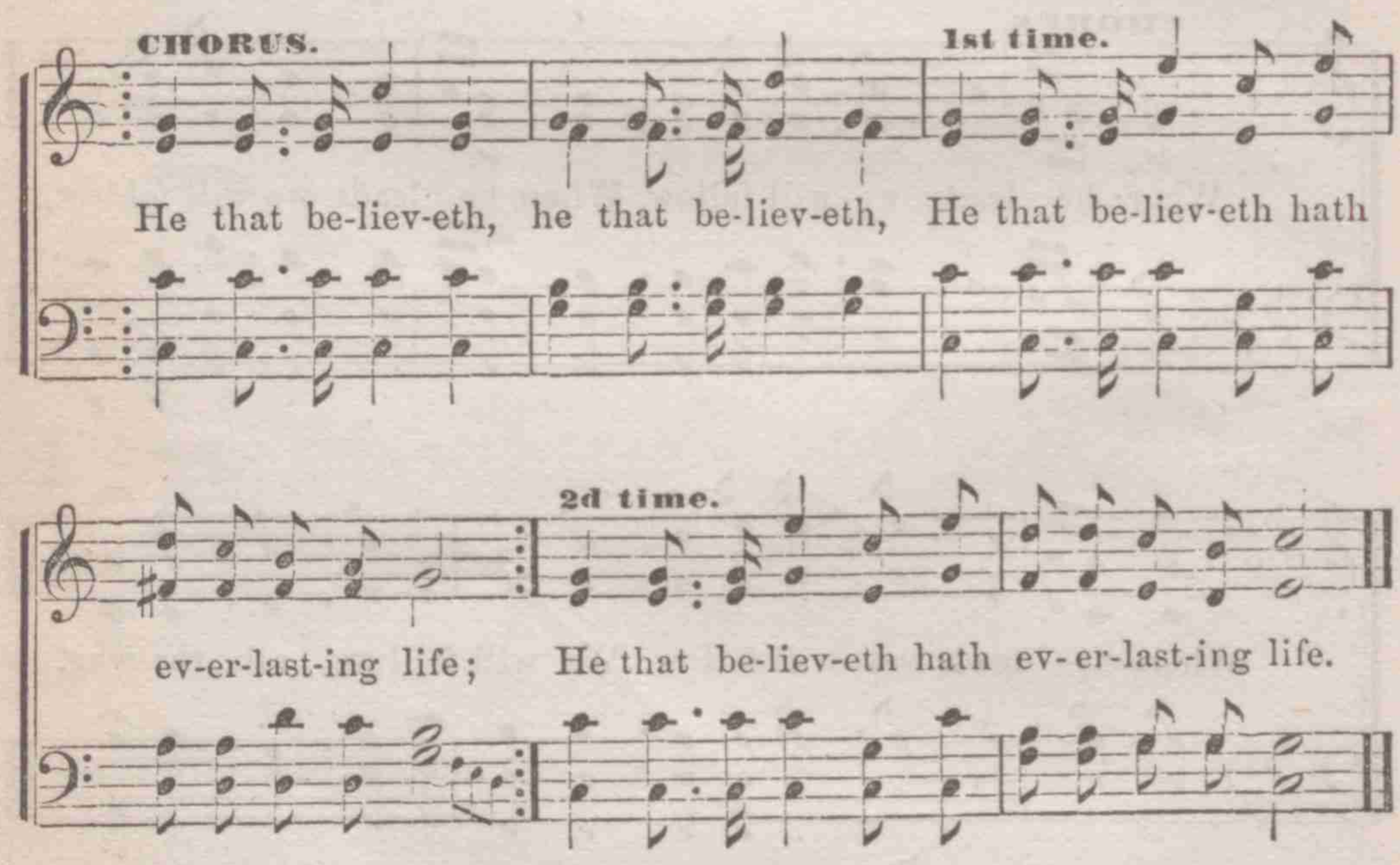
3 Safe within the fold he leads us,
He the Shepherd, we his own;
And as him the Father knoweth
Precious thought—of him we're known.
Where he leads, etc.

Good News.

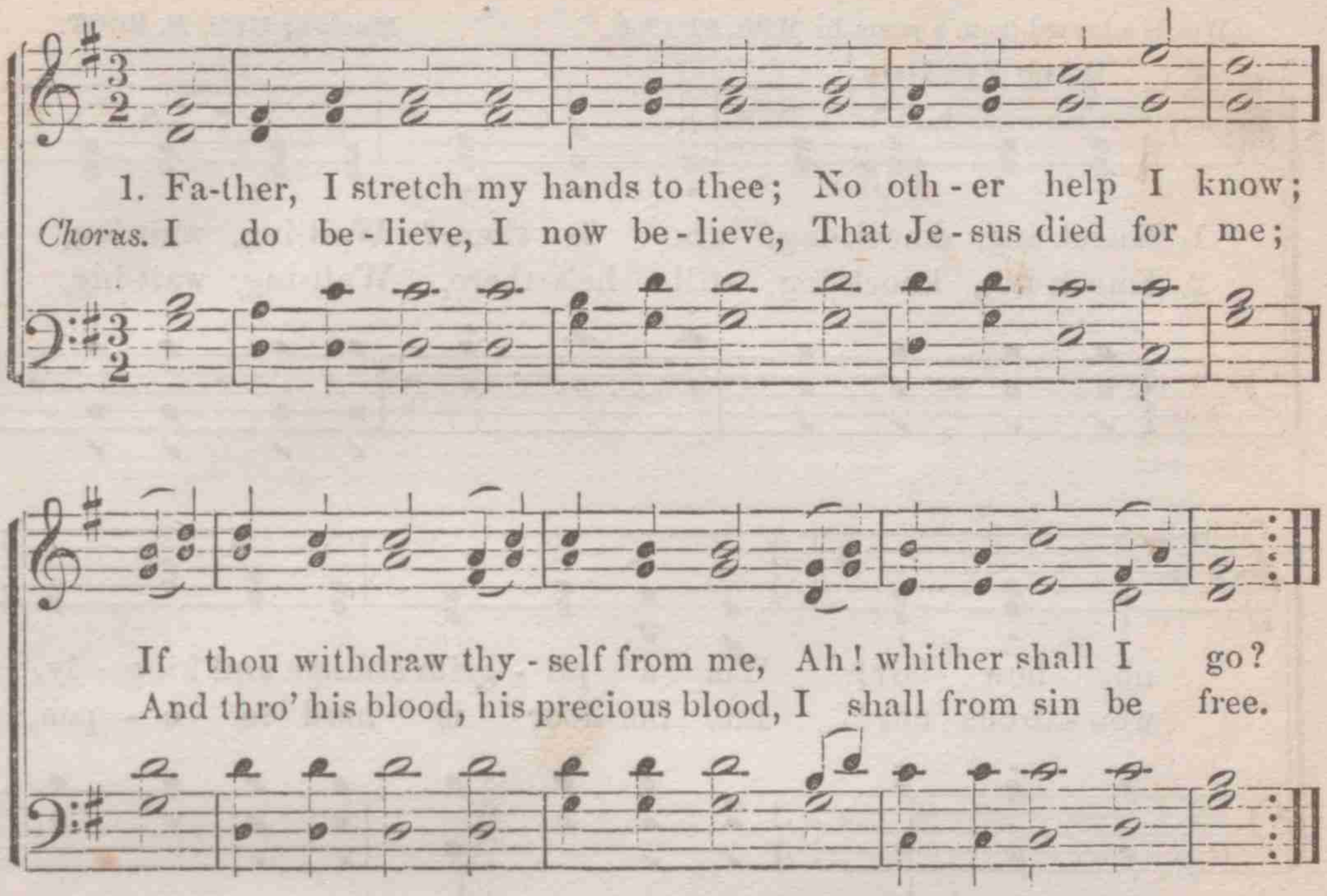
P. P. BLISS.







3 Why not believe the glad Good News?
Why still the voice of God refuse?
Why not believe, when God hath said,
All, *all* our guilt "on him" was laid.
He that believeth, etc.



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

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour. *Cho.*

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift-
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

—*C. Wesley.*

---

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest. *Cho.*

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace. *Cho.*

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

---

1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I? *Cho.*

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! *Cho.*

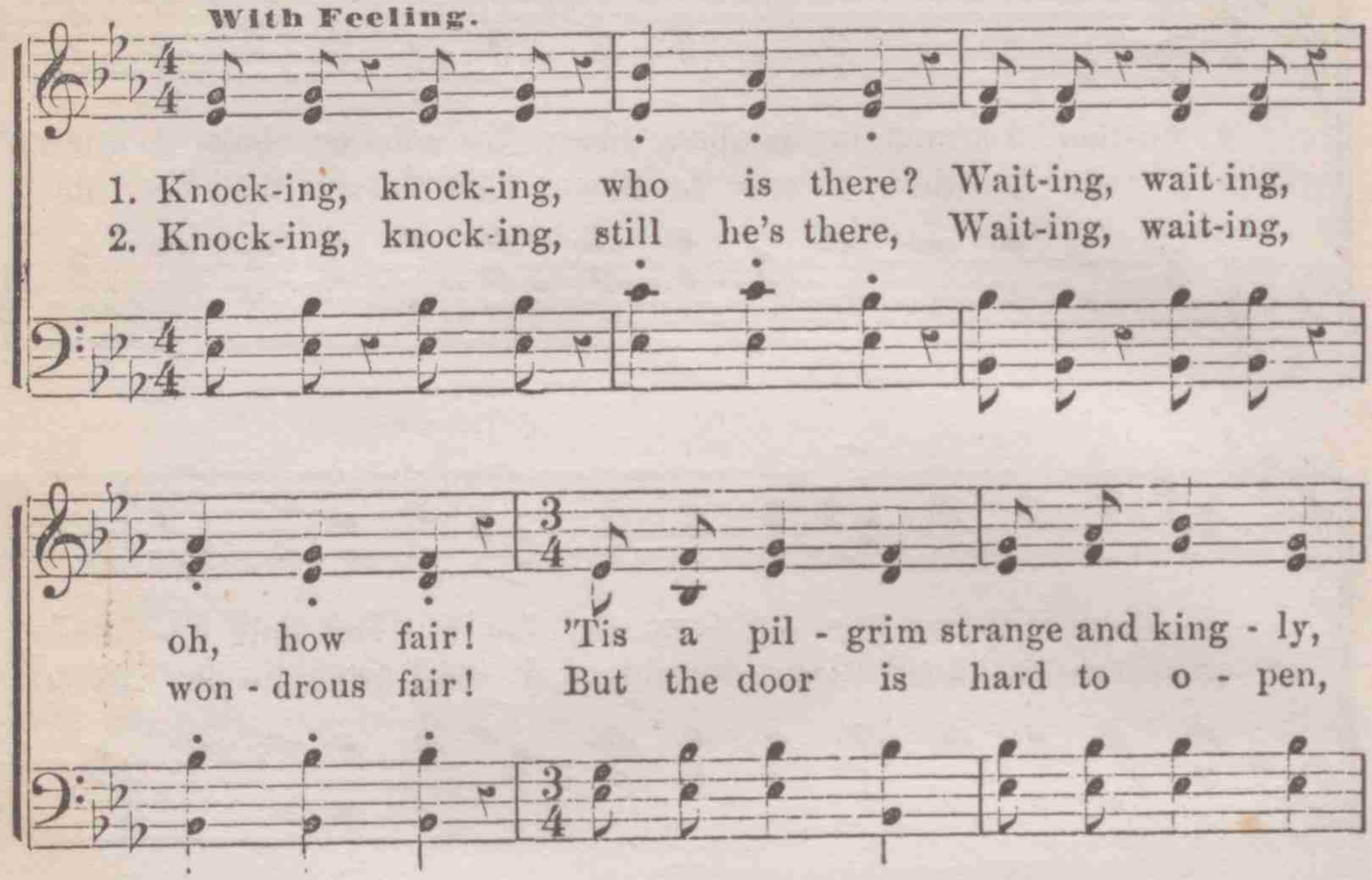
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin. *Cho.*

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

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

52 Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

Words adapted from a poem by MRS. STOWE. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



3 Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And, beneath the crowned hair,
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Savior, waiting there.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

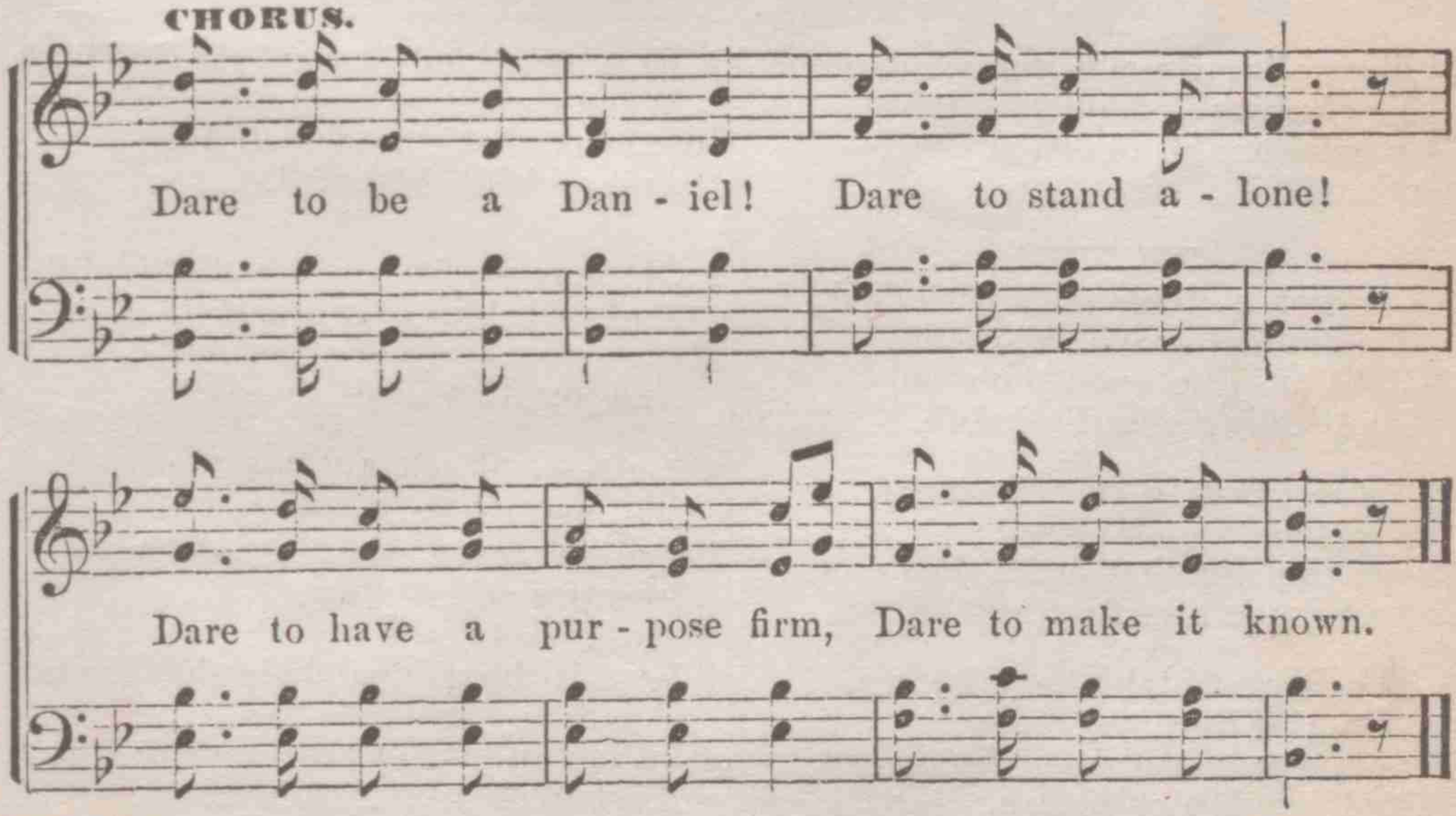
"So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

P. P. BLISS.

1. Standing by a pur-pose true, Heeding God's command,
2. Ma - ny might-y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi-ants great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high, On to vic-tory grand!

Hon - or them, the faithful few, All hail to Dan-iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By joining Dan-iel's Band.
Headlong to the earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's Band.
Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Daniel's Band.

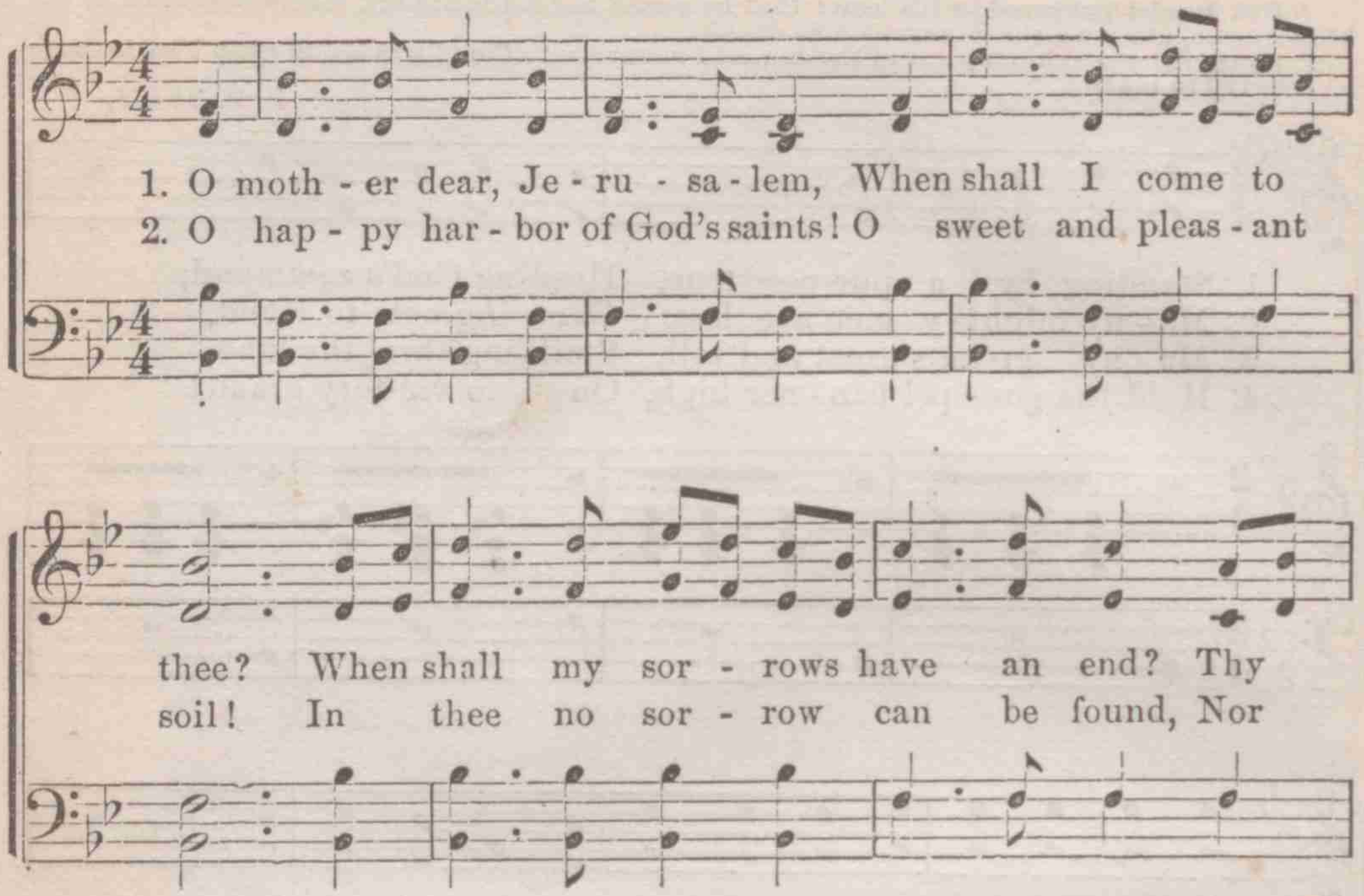
CHORUS.



Dare to be a Dan - iel! Dare to stand a - lone!

Dare to have a pur - pose firm, Dare to make it known.

Rhine. C. M.



3 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

---

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

2 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word.

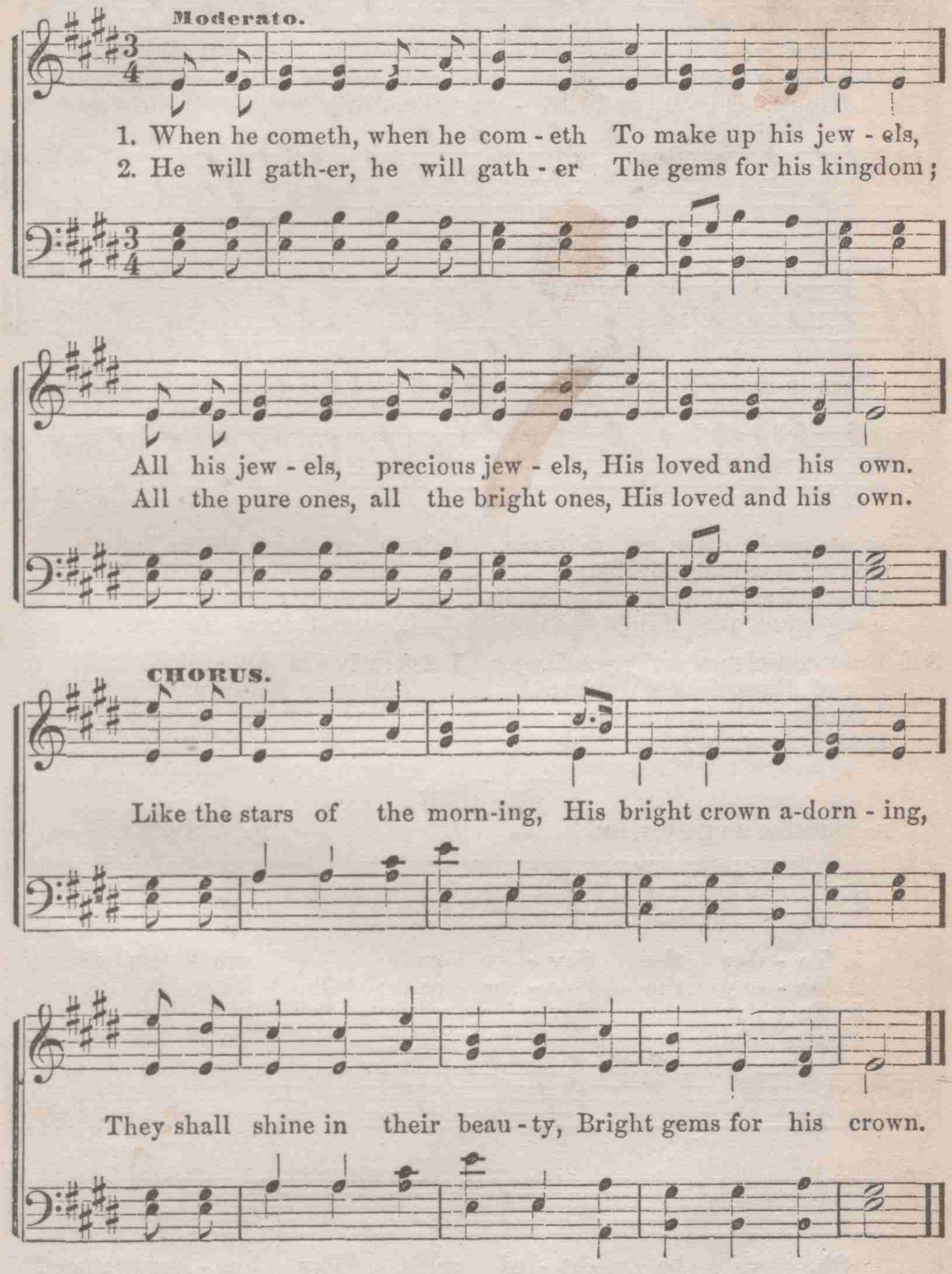
2 Oh, may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrow fly from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above:
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

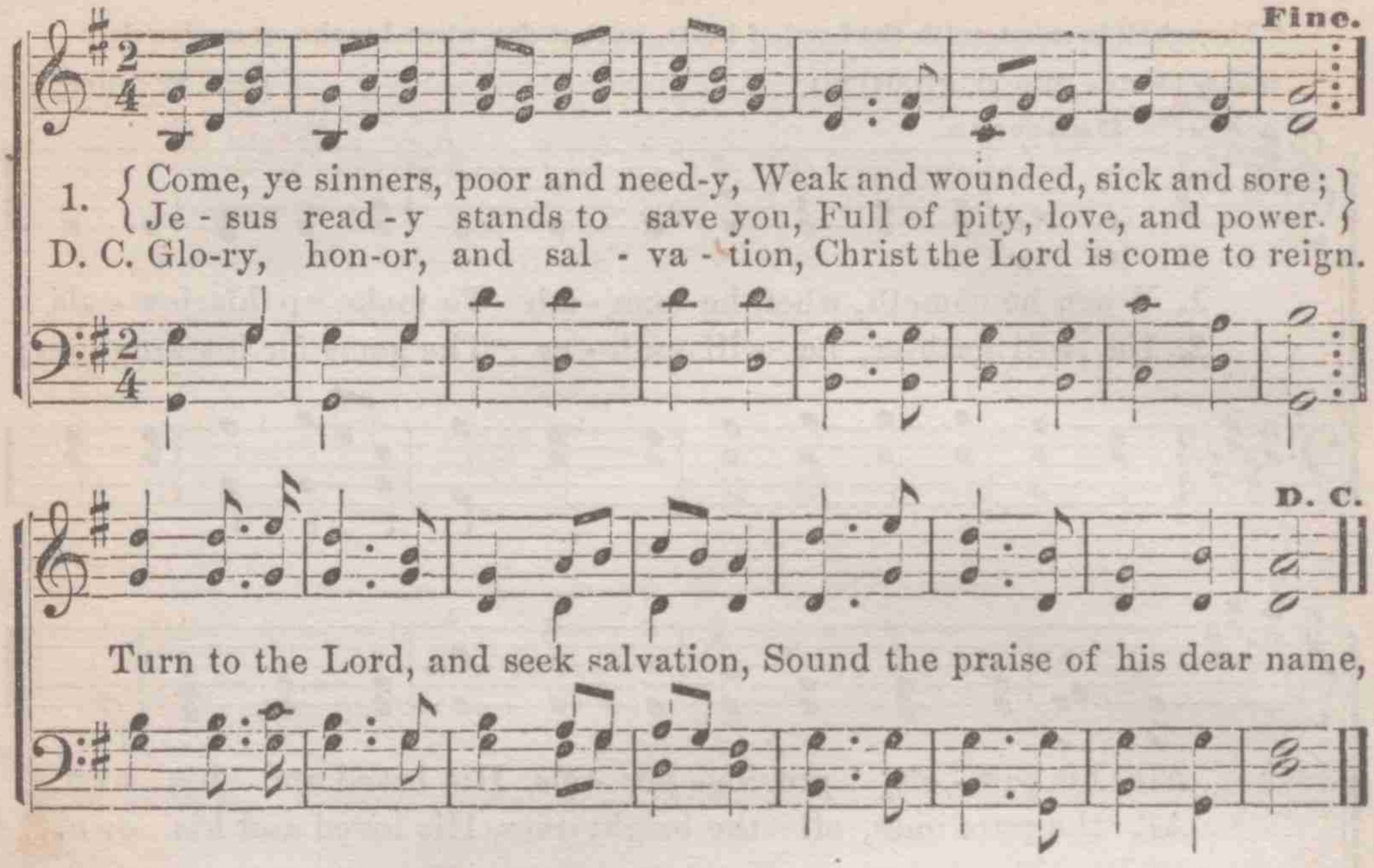
"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Words by REV. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.



3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.
Like the stars, etc.

Turn to the Lord.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

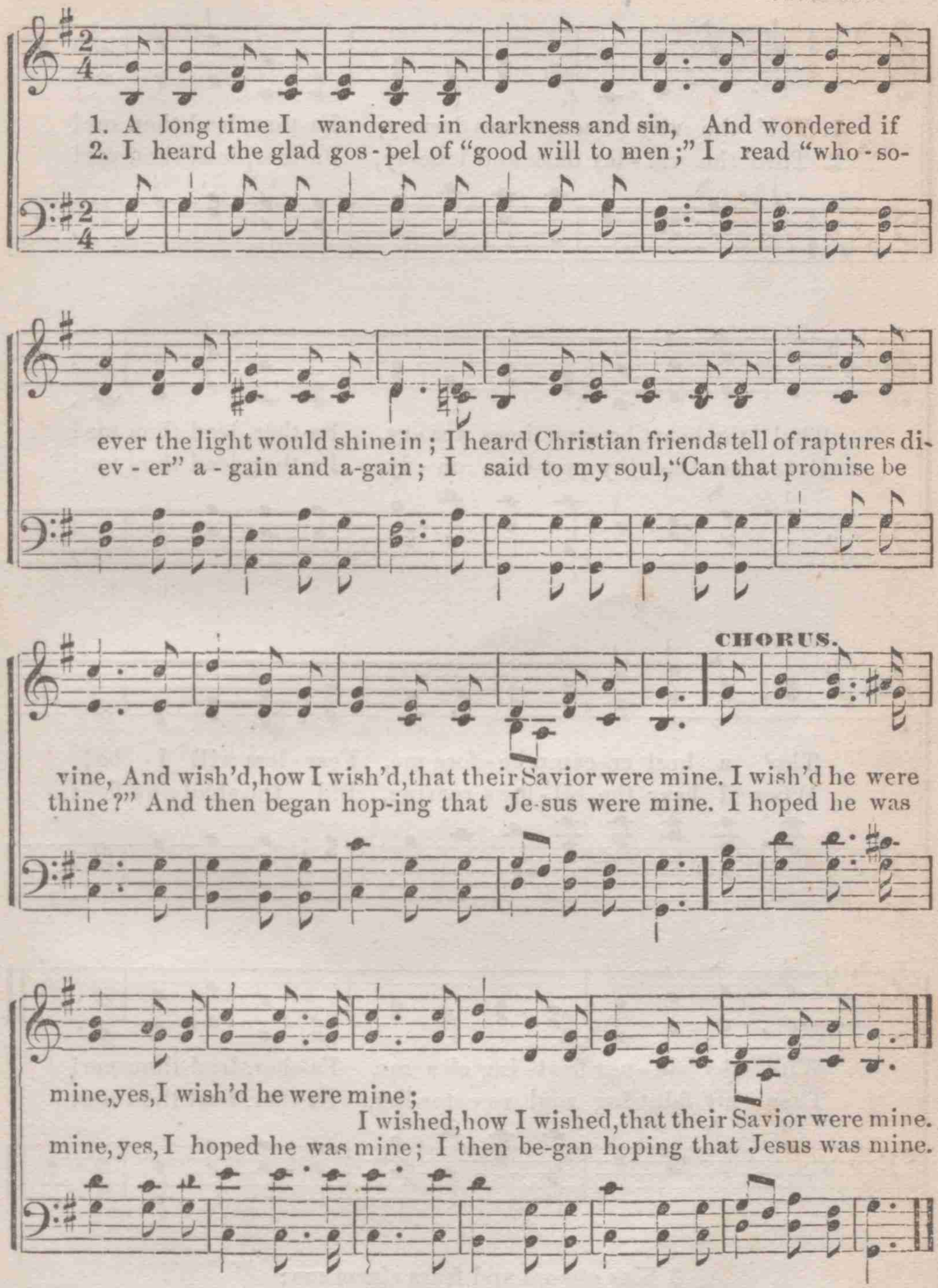
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him—
Hear him cry before he dies.

To-Day.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1831. DR. L. MASON, by per.

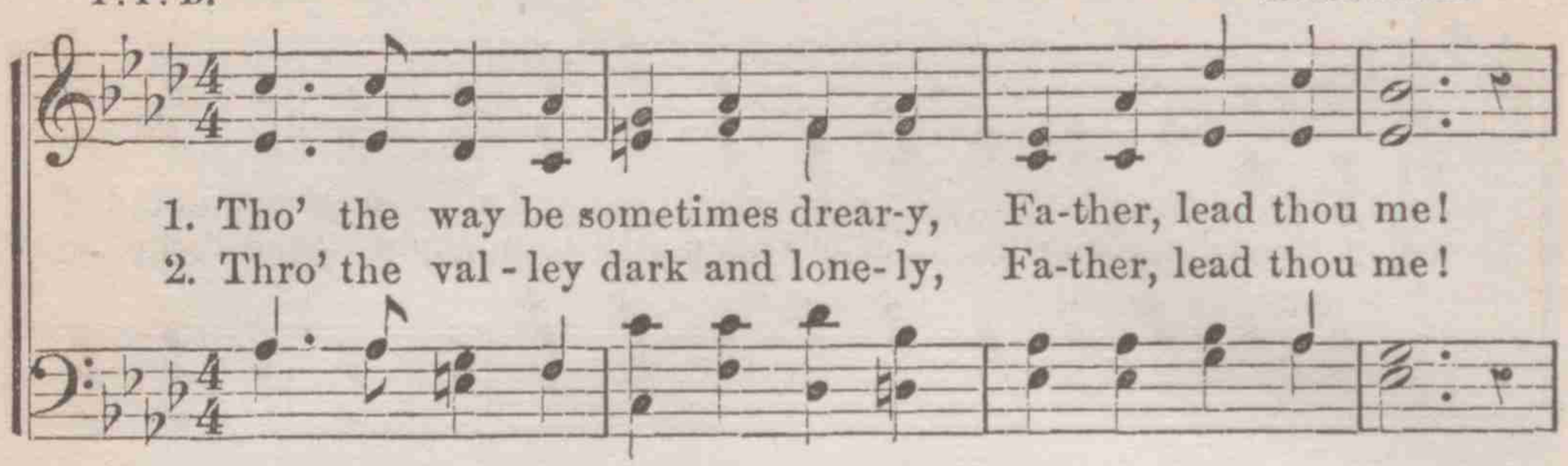
P. P. BLISS.

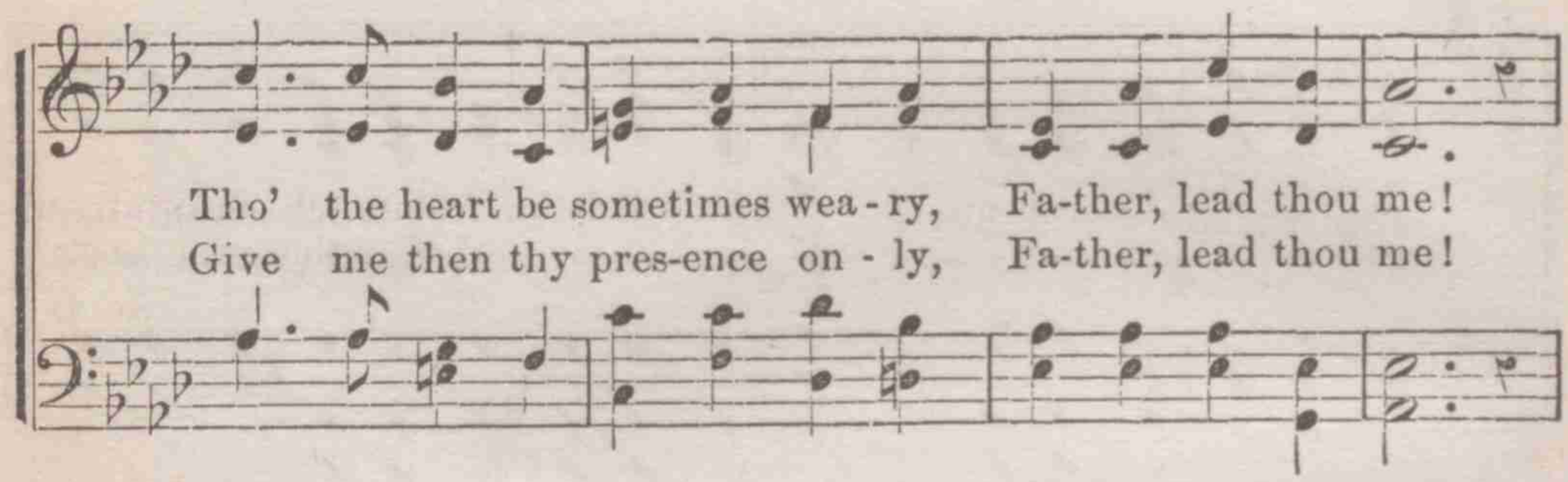


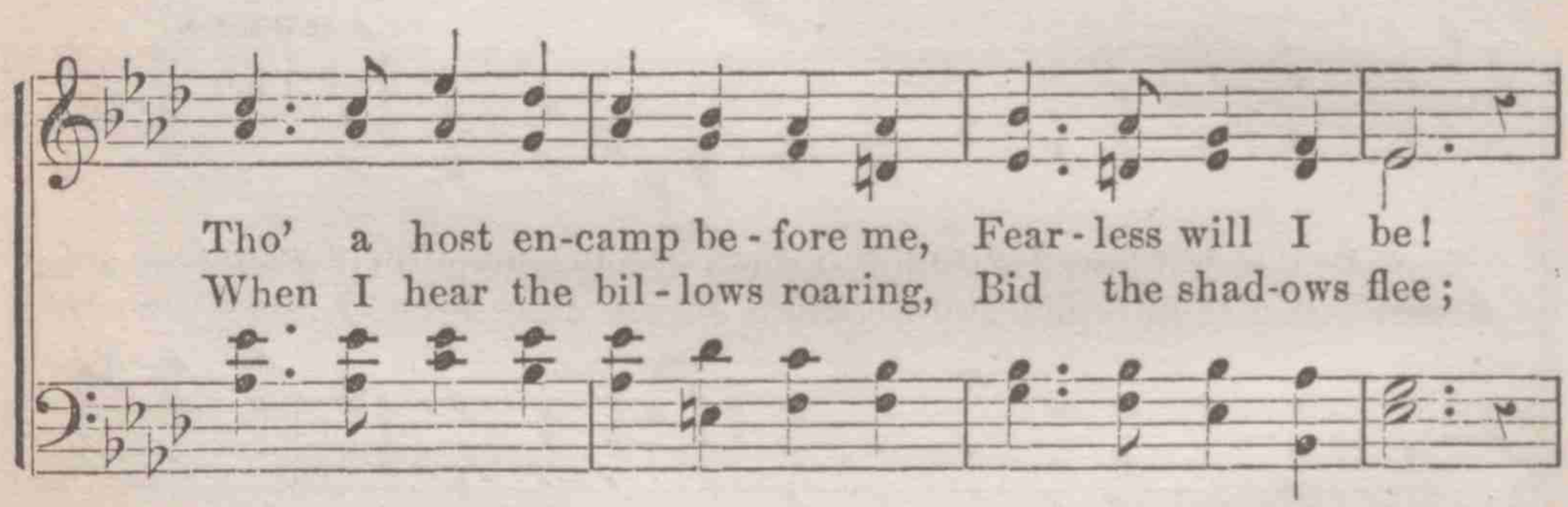
3 Oh, mercy surprising, he saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," he says, "will I be."
On his word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know he is mine!
Chorus. I know he is mine, yes, I know he is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know he is mine!

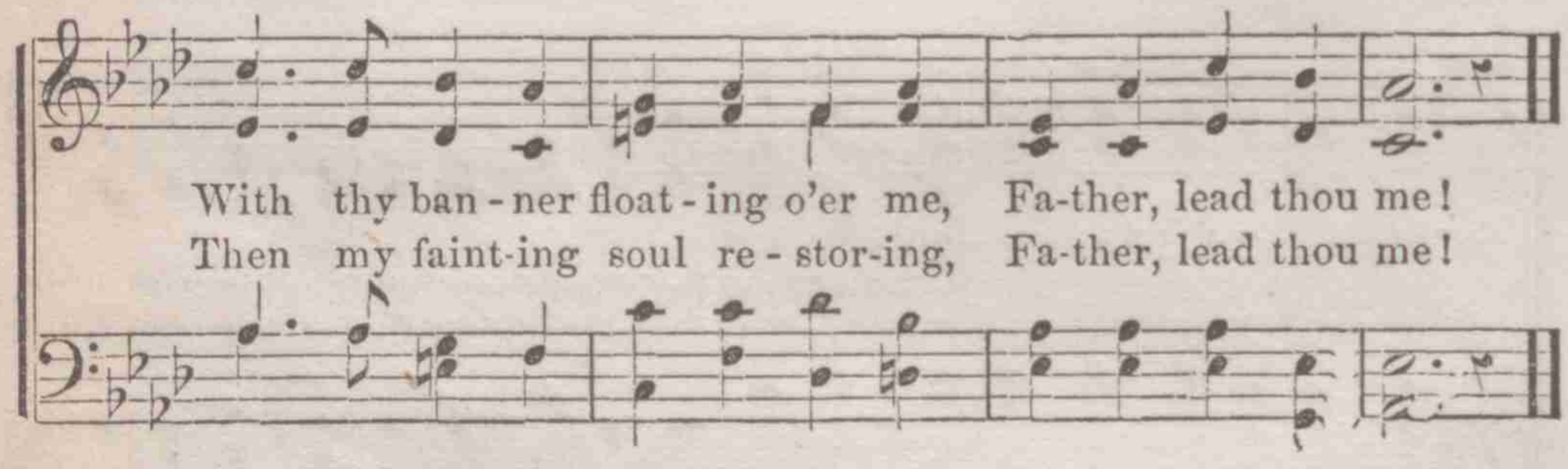
Lead Thou Me.

P. P. B. S. H. PRICE.





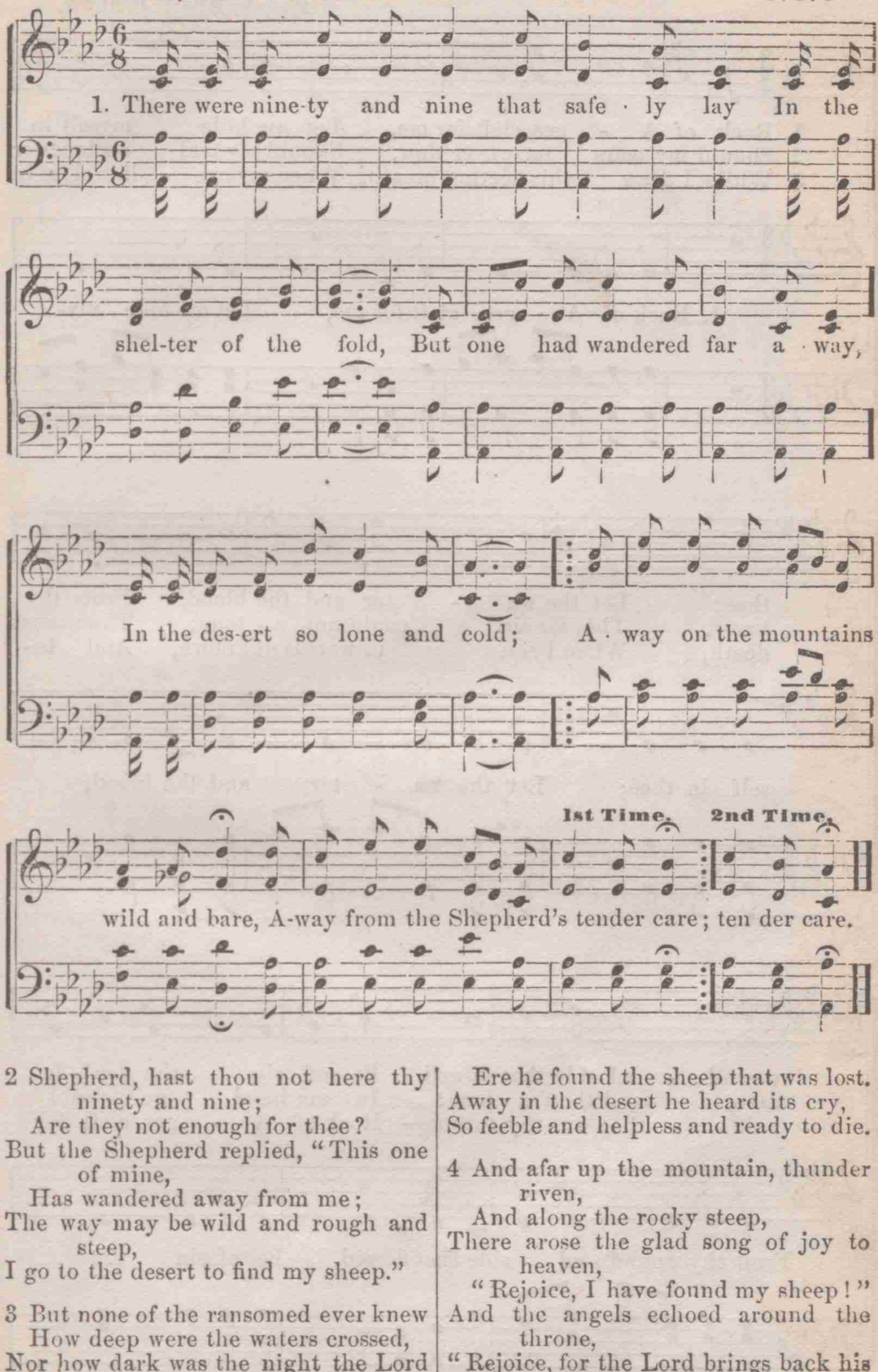




3 Sins oppose and fears alarm me:
Father, lead thou me!
Led by thee there's naught can harm me:
Father, lead thou me!
By thy mighty power surrounded,
Trusting all to thee,
Let me never be confounded:
Father, lead thou me!

The Ninety and Nine.

Furnished by IRA D. SANKEY. P. P. B



2 Shepherd, hast thou not here thy
ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one
of mine,
Has wandered away from me;
The way may be wild and rough and
steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord
passed through
Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
So feeble and helpless and ready to die.

4 And afar up the mountain, thunder
riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There arose the glad song of joy to
heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his
own!"

Rock of Ages.

Music by MRS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in
2. Should my tears for-ev-er flow, Should my zeal no languor
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye - lids close in

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-

thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy
know, This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must
death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-

self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the doub- le
save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I
hold thee on thy throne— Rock of A - ges, cleft for

From thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the

cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure; Be of
bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling; In my
me, Let me hide my - self in thee! Rock of

doub- le cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure;

sin the double cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!

Be of sin the double cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

One there is Above all Others.

New Arrangement. GEO. F. ROOT.

Fine.

1. { One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend; }
{ His is love be-yond a broth-er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end. }
D. C. But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - onciled in him to God.

D. C.

Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?

2 When he lived on earth abased, Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften, Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often, What a Friend we have above.

62

What hast Thou done for Me?

P. P. B.

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

NETTLETON. KEY E♭.

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

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

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

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

GOOD BYE. KEY G.

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
When he called little children, as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footsteps in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there;
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

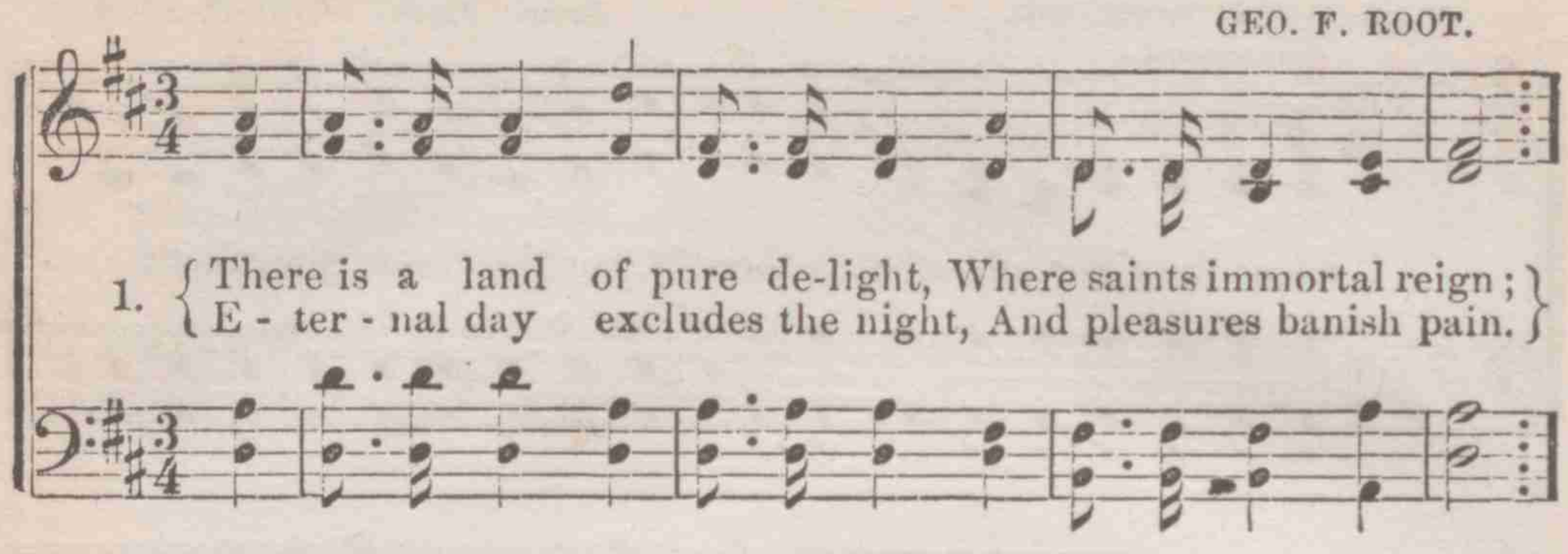
Words by E. E. REXFORD. From "PRIZE." GEO. F. ROOT.

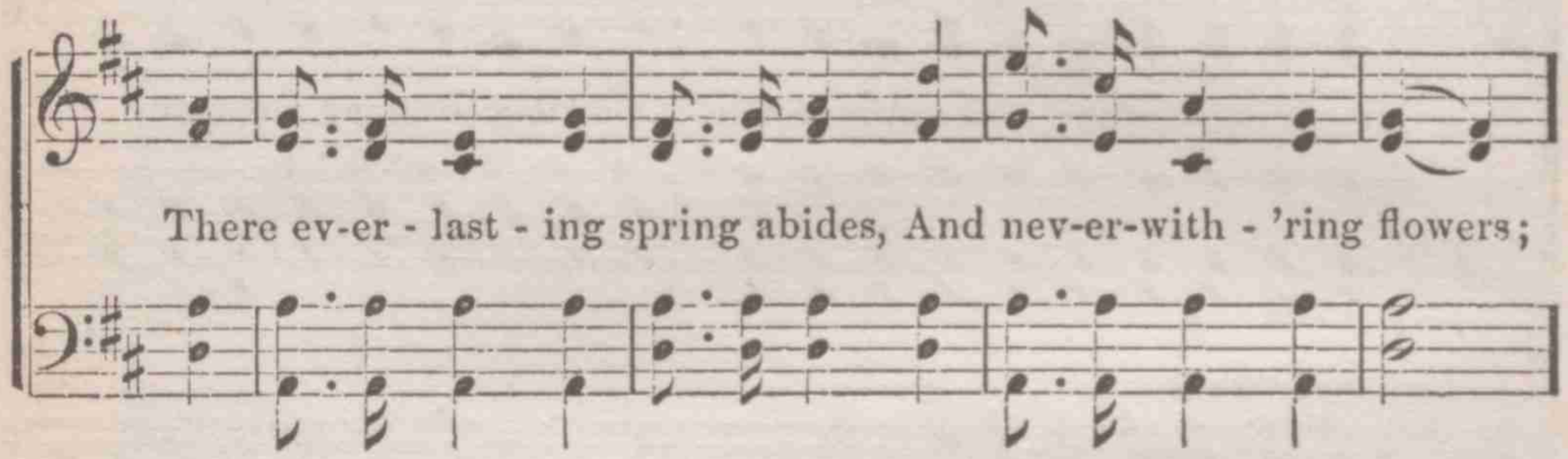
2 Over the river! oh, who is there?
Over the river, the river?
Friends who have gone from our earth-life, to share
Life from the Bountiful Giver
Over the river, etc.

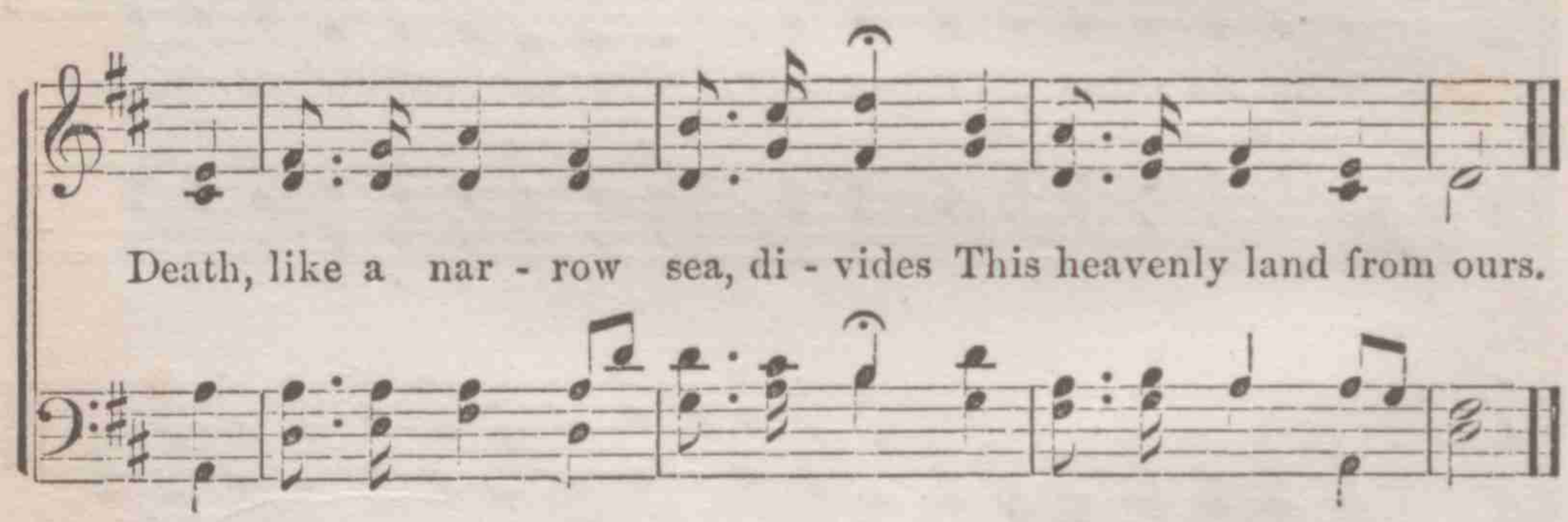
3 Over the river! oh, wonderful land,
Over the river, the river!
Happy and holy each radiant band,
May we be with them forever.
Over the river. etc.

Varina. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.







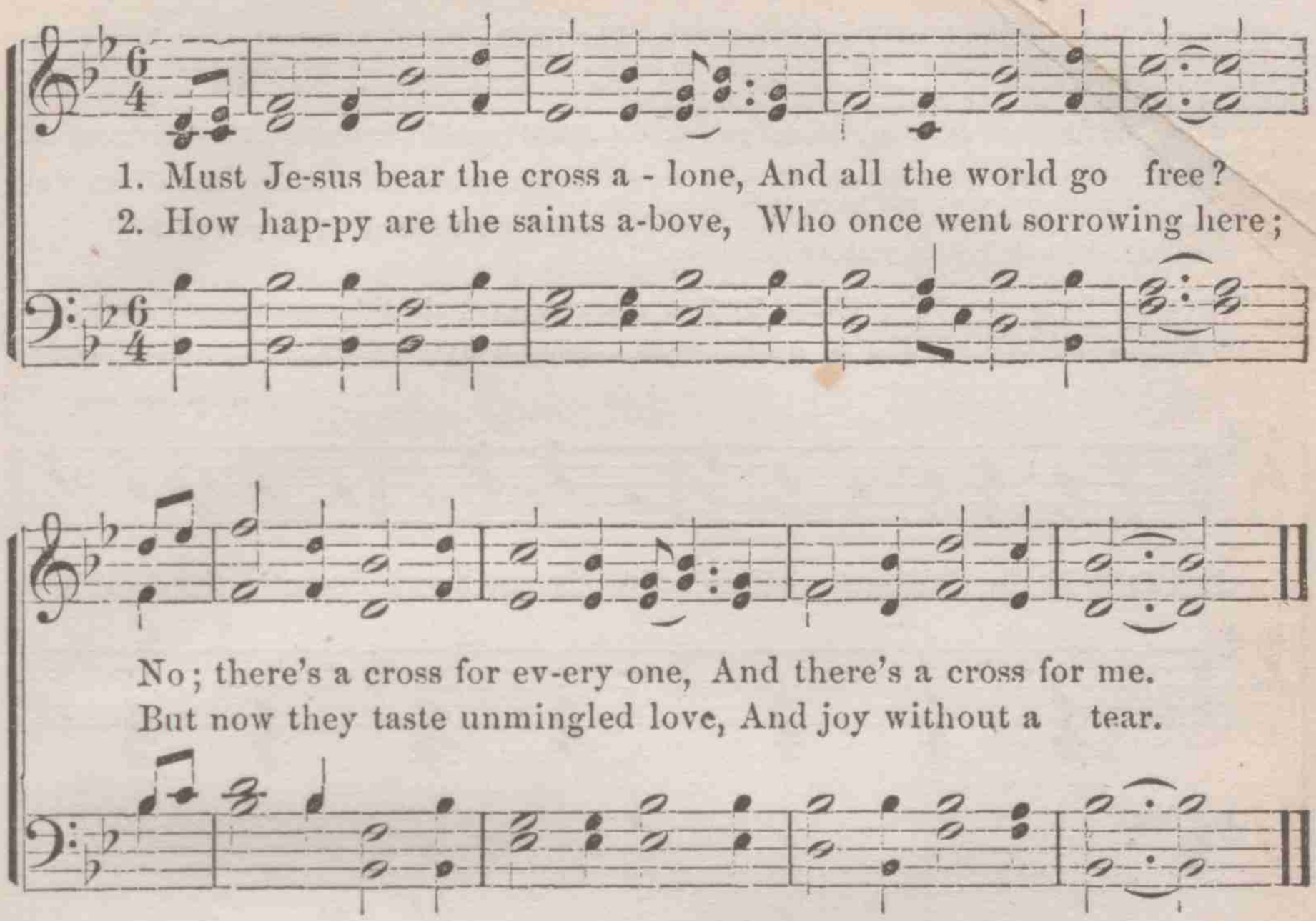
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

---

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.



3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.—G. N. A.

---

1 How happy every child of grace,
That knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ concealed—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel's filled.

---

1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Tho' now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

---

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Tho' pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear.
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

"We watched the wreck with great anxiety. The life-boat had been out some hours, but could not reach the vessel through the great breakers that raged and foamed on the sand-bank. The boat appeared to be leaving the crew to perish. But in a few minutes the captain and sixteen sailors were taken off, and the vessel went down.

"'When the life-boat came to you, did you expect it had brought some tools to repair your old ship?' I said.

"'Oh, no; she was a total wreck. Two of her masts were gone, and if we had stayed mending her, only a few minutes, we must have gone down, sir.'

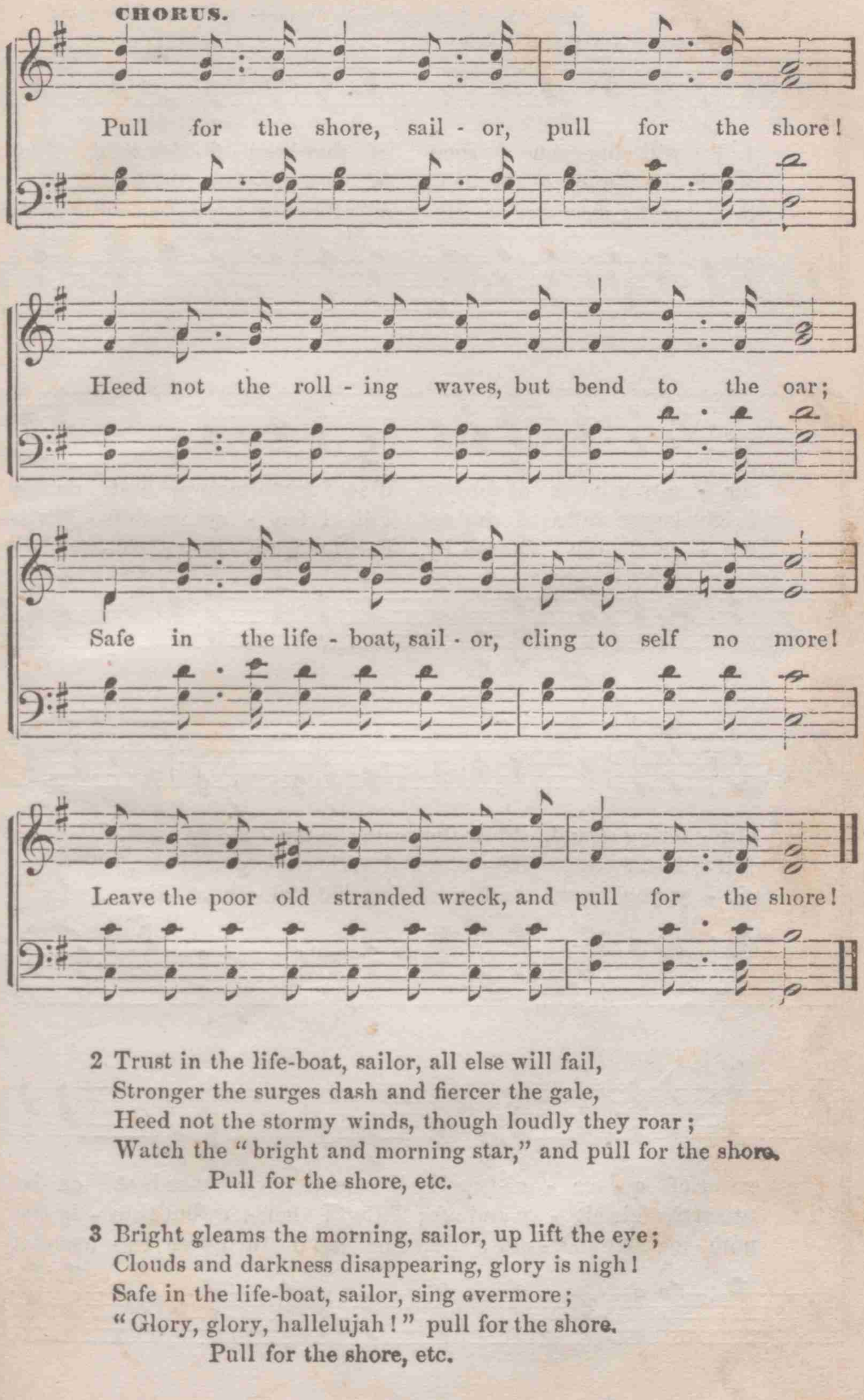
"'When once off the old wreck and safe in the life-boat what remained for you to do?'

"'Nothing, sir, but just to pull for the shore.'"

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

"Wherefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

P. P. BLISS.



2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, etc.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, etc.

Home of the Soul.

From "New Hallowed Songs," by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

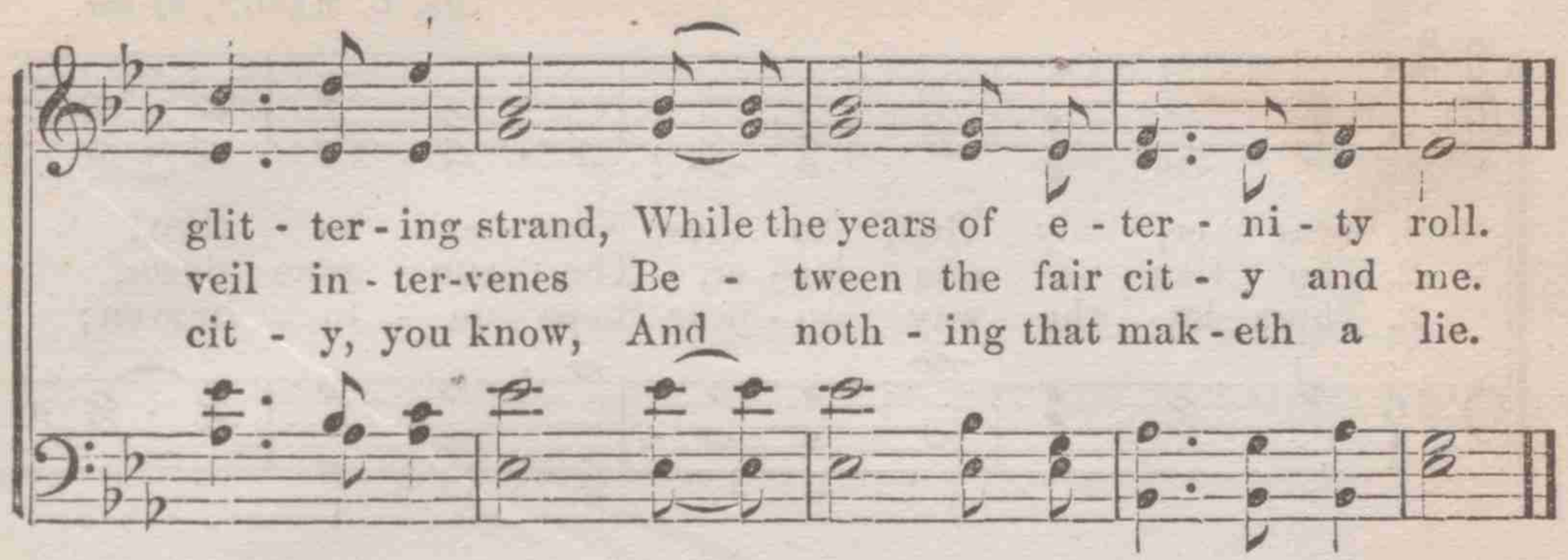
Moderato e Affettuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. Oh, the home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its
3. There the great tree of life in its beau - ty doth grow, And the

far - a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the
bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
riv - er of life floweth by, For no death ev-er en - ters that

glit - tering strand, While the years of e-ter - ni - ty roll, While the
veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be-
cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that mak-eth a lie, And

years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er beat on the
tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
noth - ing that mak - eth a lie; For no death ev-er en - ters that



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

5 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.—*Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.*

---

1 Oh! how happy are they Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Oh, what tongue can express The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'Twas a heaven below, My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died,
To redeem guilty rebels like me.

---

1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My Comfort by day, and my Song in the night,
My Hope, my Salvation, my All.

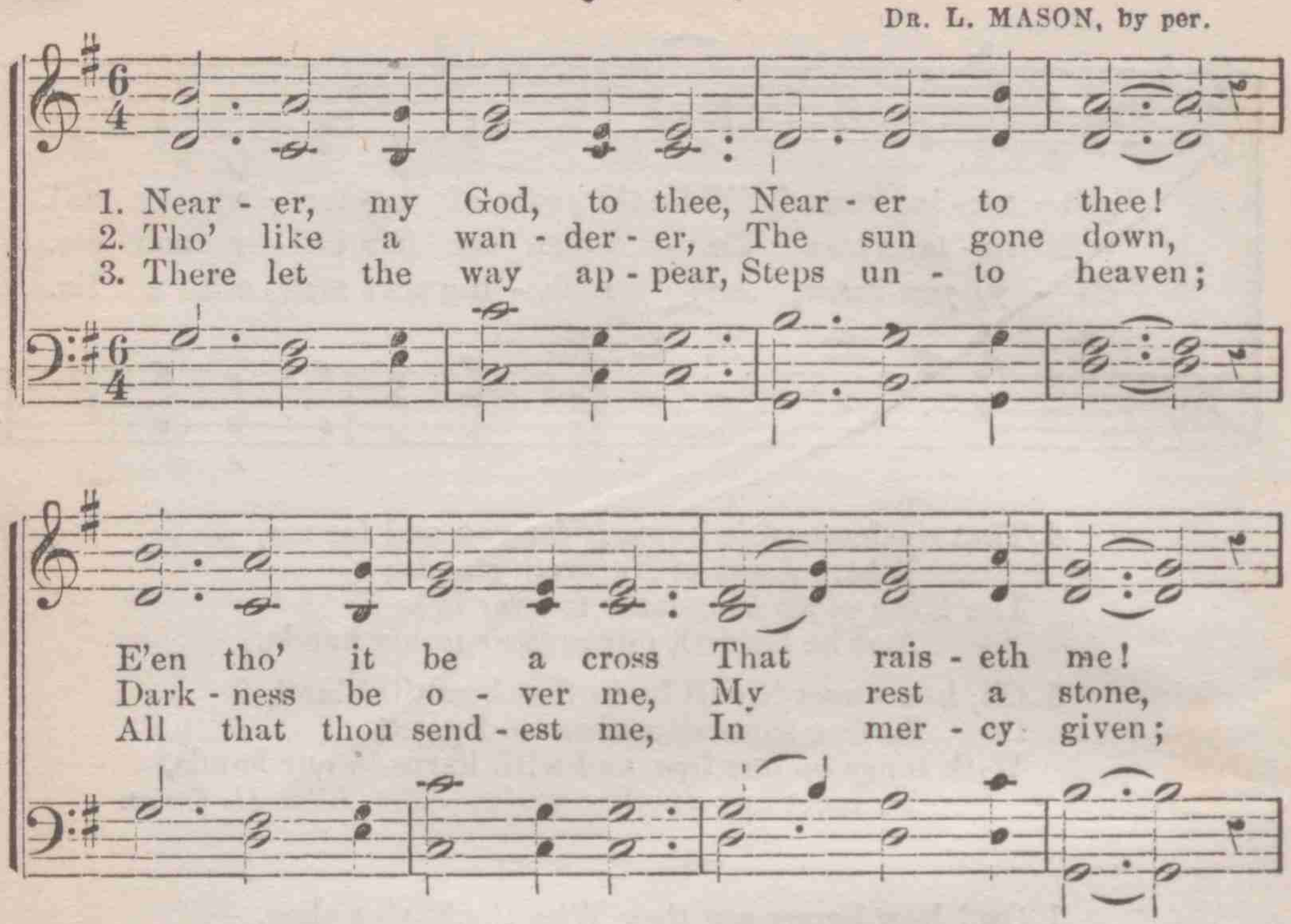
2 Where dost thou, at noontide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 The joy of thy presence, dear Shepherd, restore;
I pant for the light of thy face;
An alien no longer, I'll wander no more,
But dwell in my Savior's embrace.

Bethany. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, by per.



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

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

Nearer to Me.

P. P. BLISS.

3 Thy hand, in youth's wild way,
Did me uphold;
Forsake me not, I pray,
When I am old;
I put my trust in thee,
Now and eternally,
Be near, O God, to me,
Nearer to me.

---

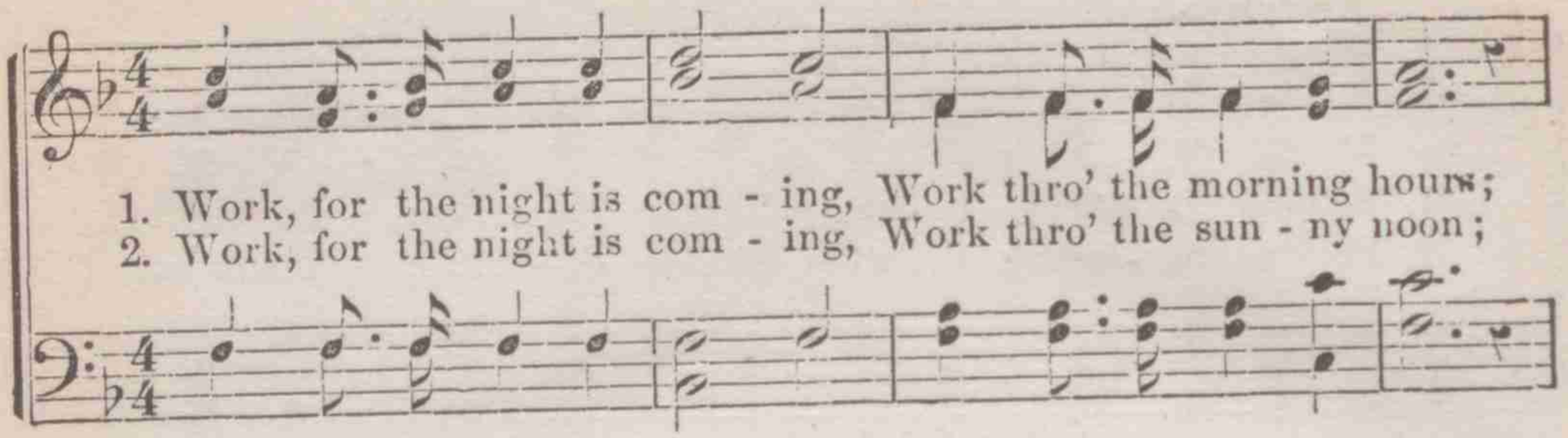
1 Savior! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

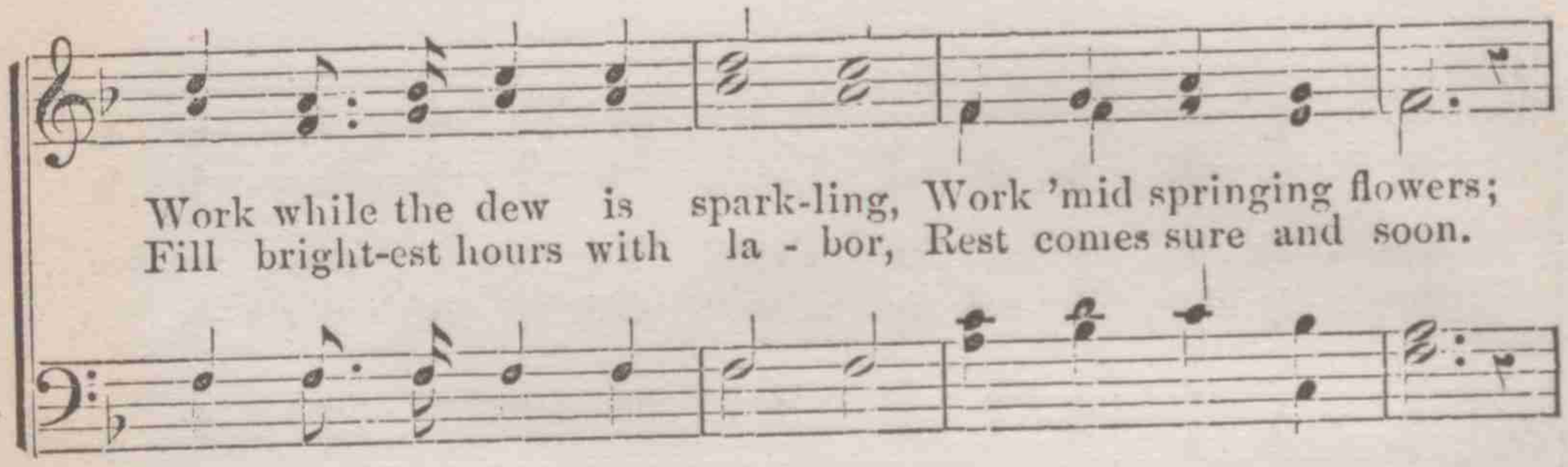
2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls,
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe."

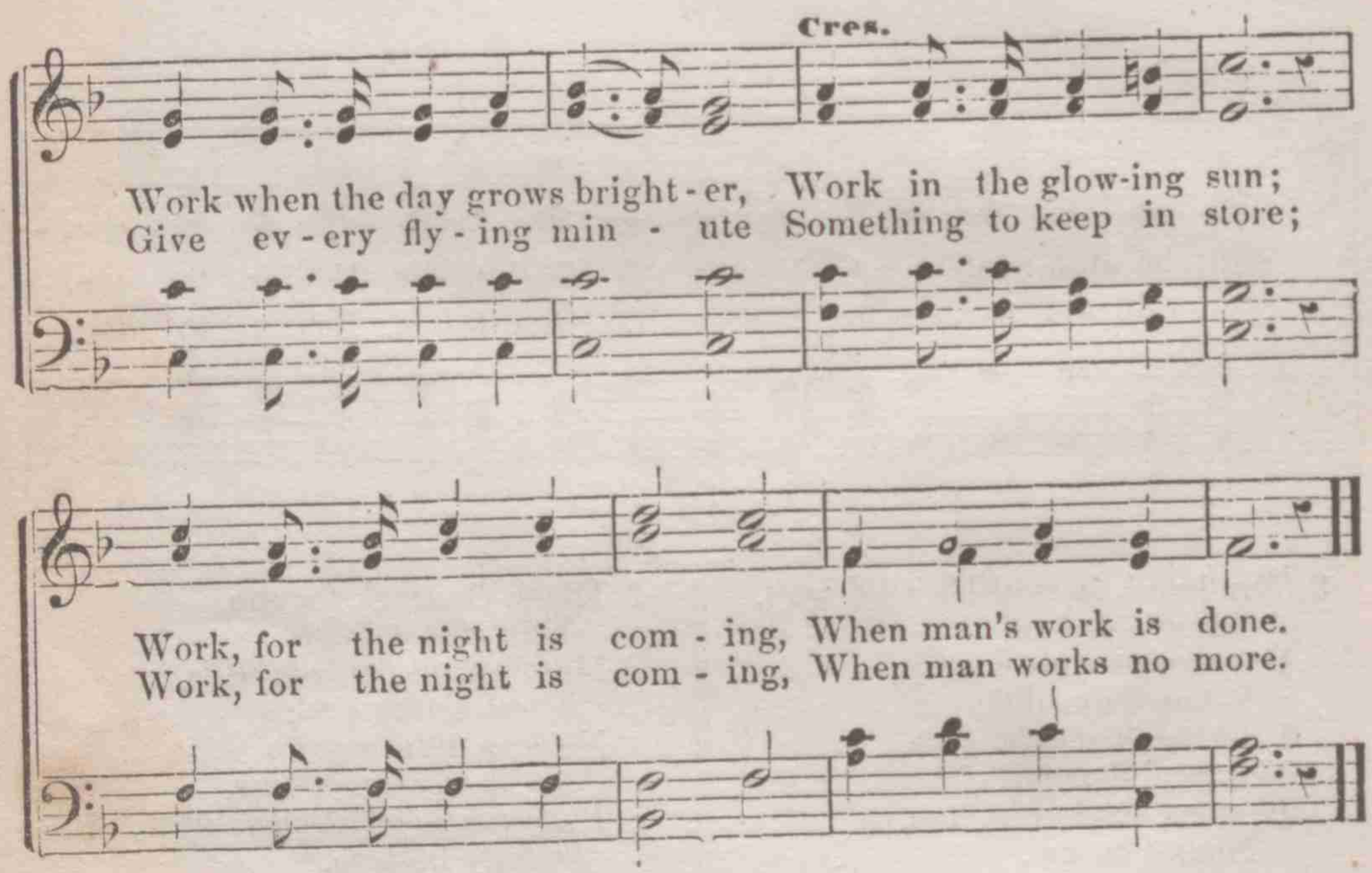
3 Savior! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me.

72 Work, for the Night is Coming.

DR. MASON. By per.



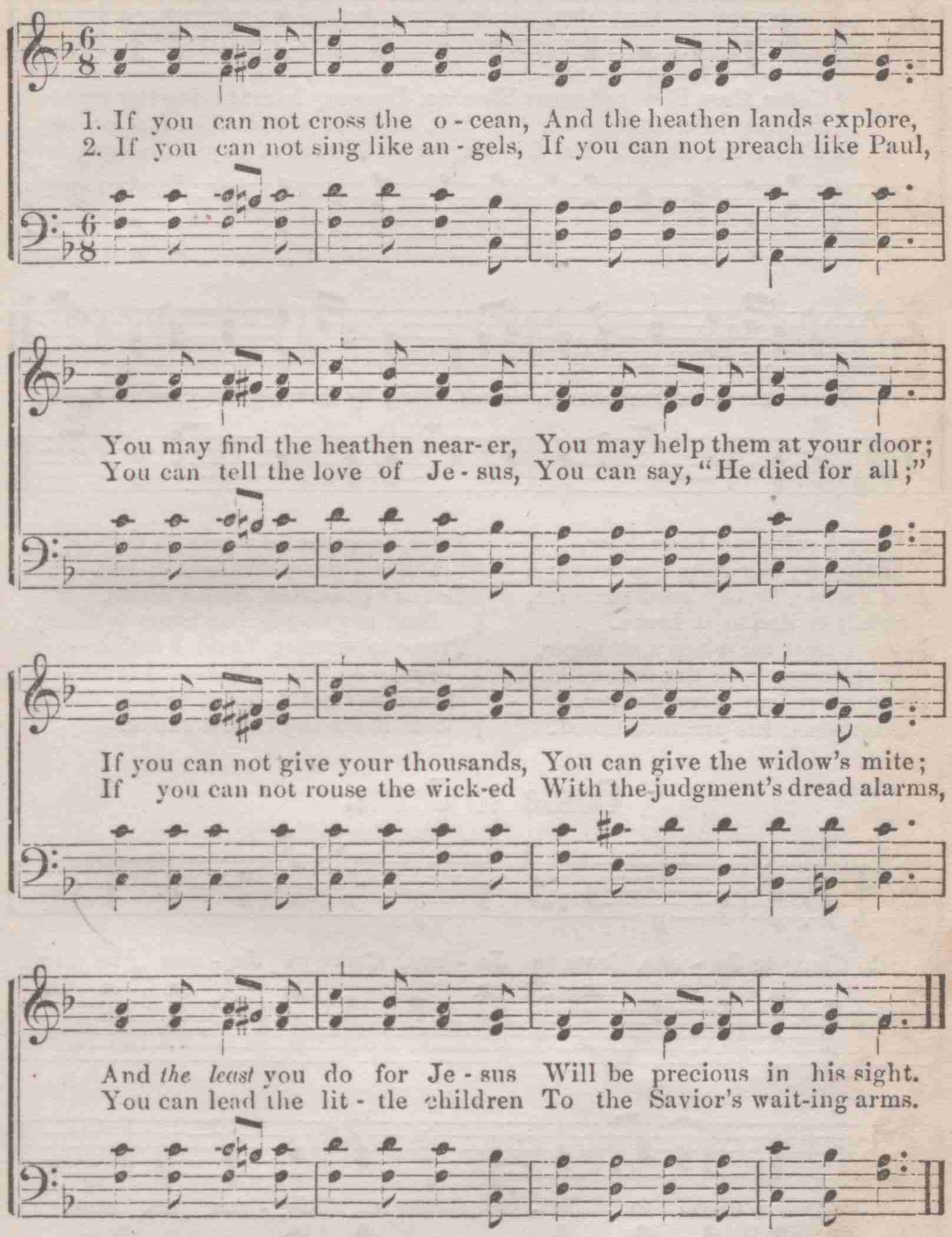




3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

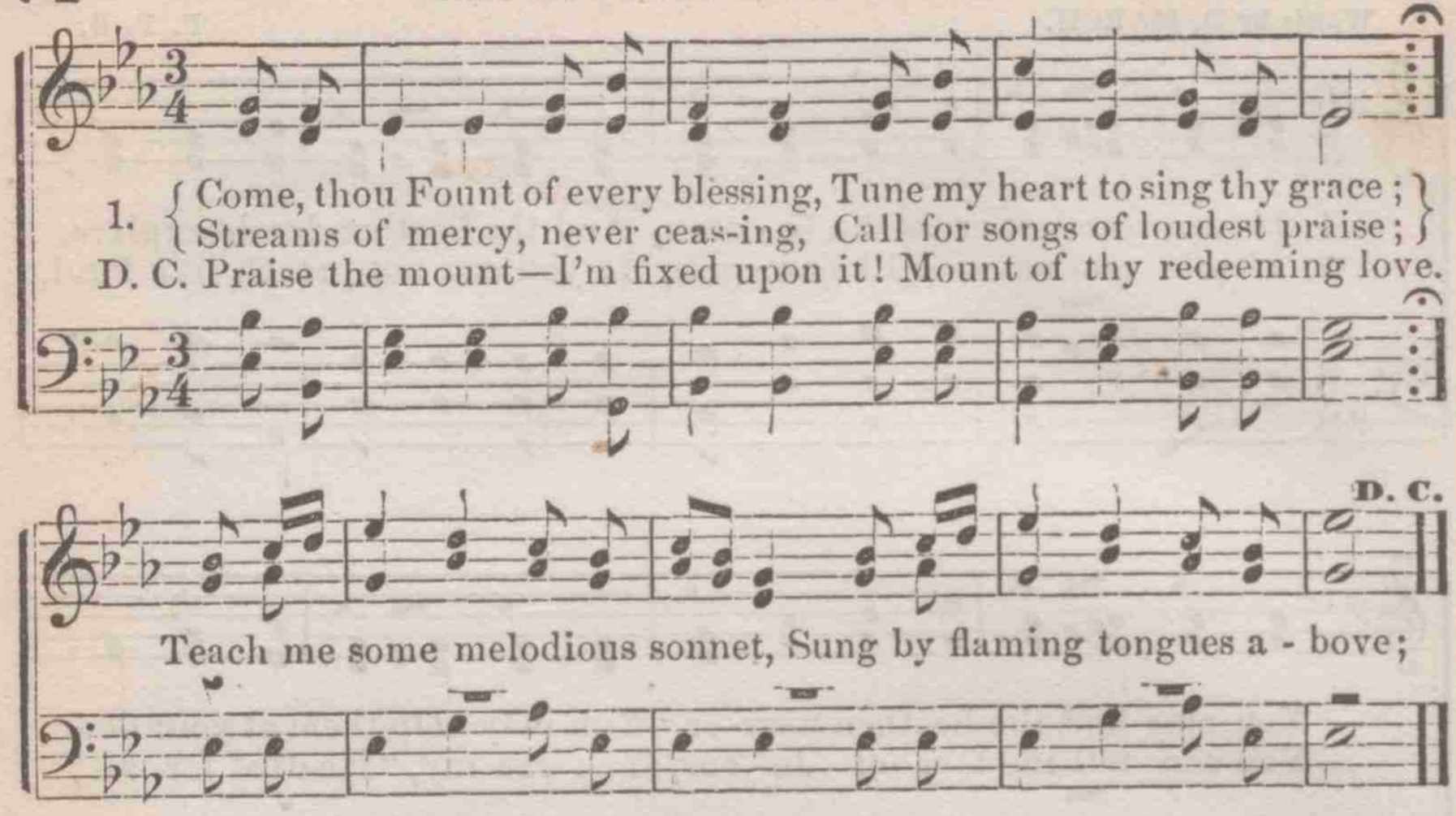
What can I do? 73

Words by D. MARCH. P. P. B.



3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

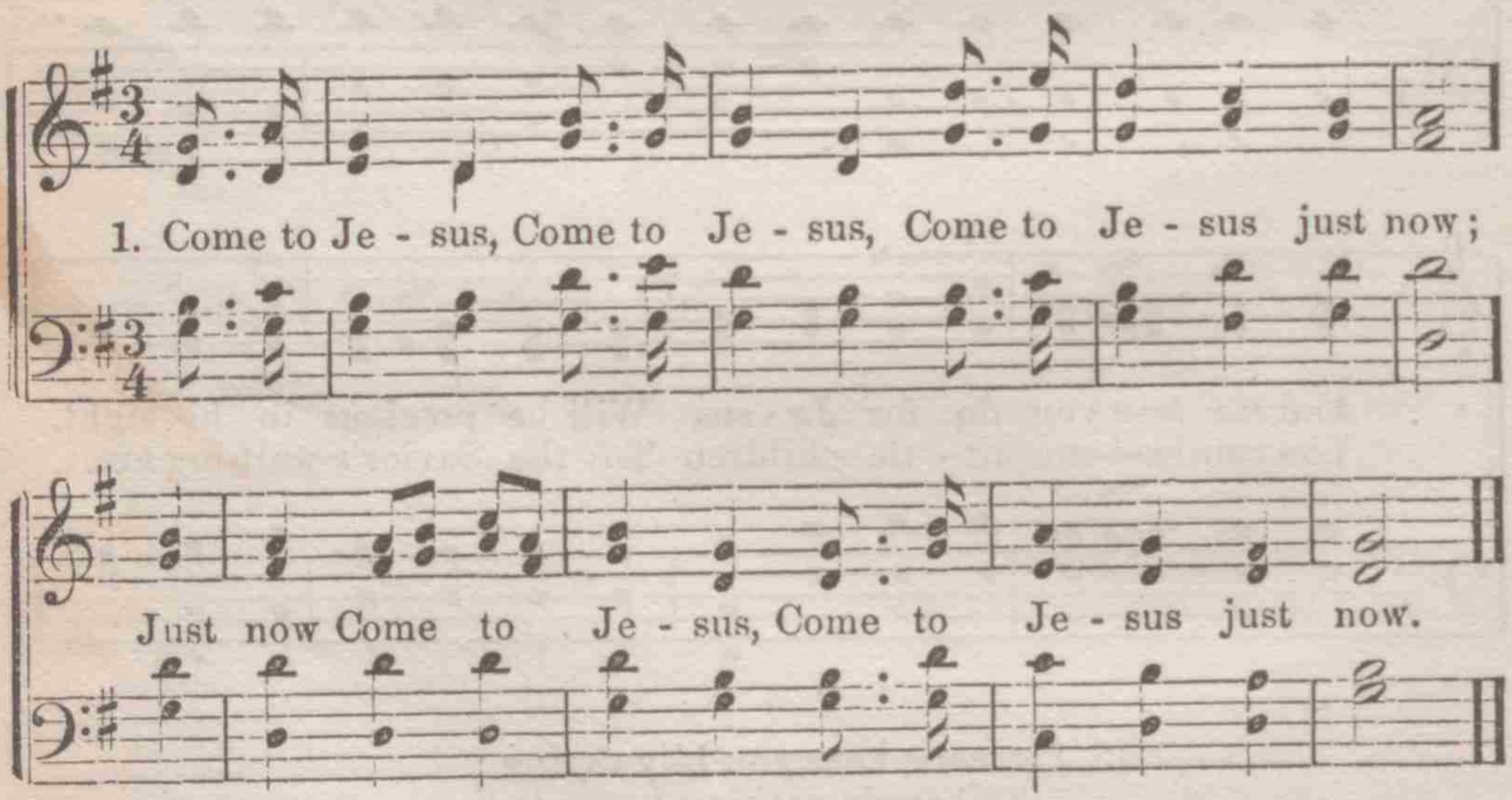
Nettleton. 8s & 7s.



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

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

Come to Jesus.



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 Jesus.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah. Amen.

LENOX. KEY B♭.

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 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is 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.

NAOMI. KEY D.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at the throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art
My life and death attend; [mine,
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

BADEA. KEY F.

1 OUR times are in thy hand,
O God, we wish them there;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 Our times are in thy hand,
Why should we doubt and fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

NETTLETON. KEY E♭.

1 SAVIOR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare.
We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho' we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Early let us seek thy favor,
Early help us do thy will;
Gracious Lord, our only Savior!
With thy grace our bosoms fill.

ZION. KEY D.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro';
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

BOYLSTON. KEY C.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

There are Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an-gels hovering round, There are an-gels hovering round,
2. They will carry the tidings home, They will carry the tidings home,

There are an - gels, an - gels hov - ering round.
They will car - ry, car - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

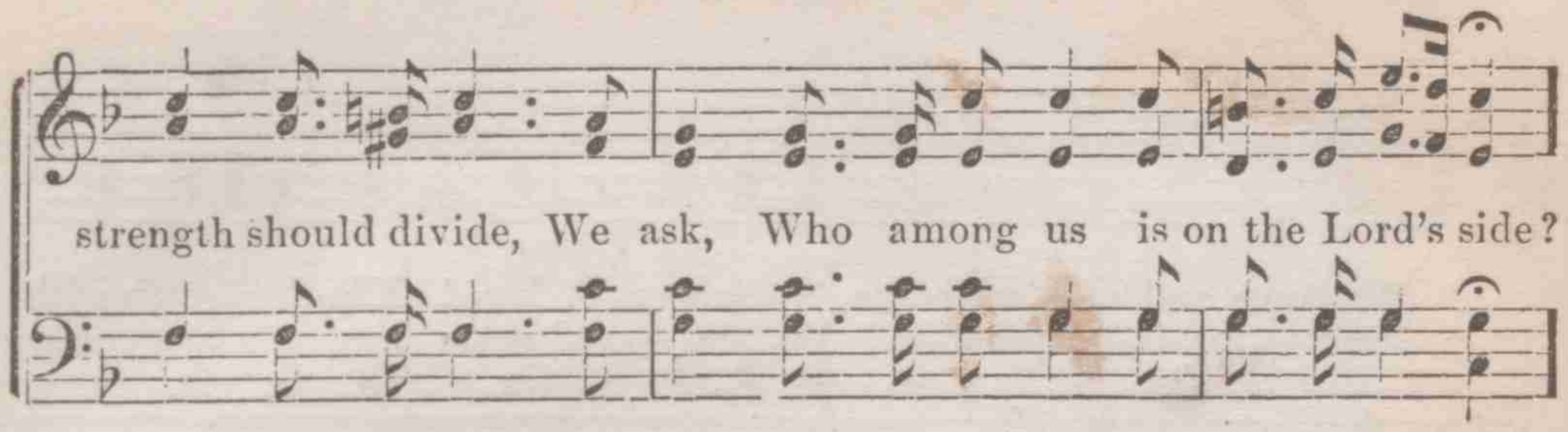
6 There's glory all around,
There's glory all around,
There's glory, glory all around.

Who's on the Lord's Side?

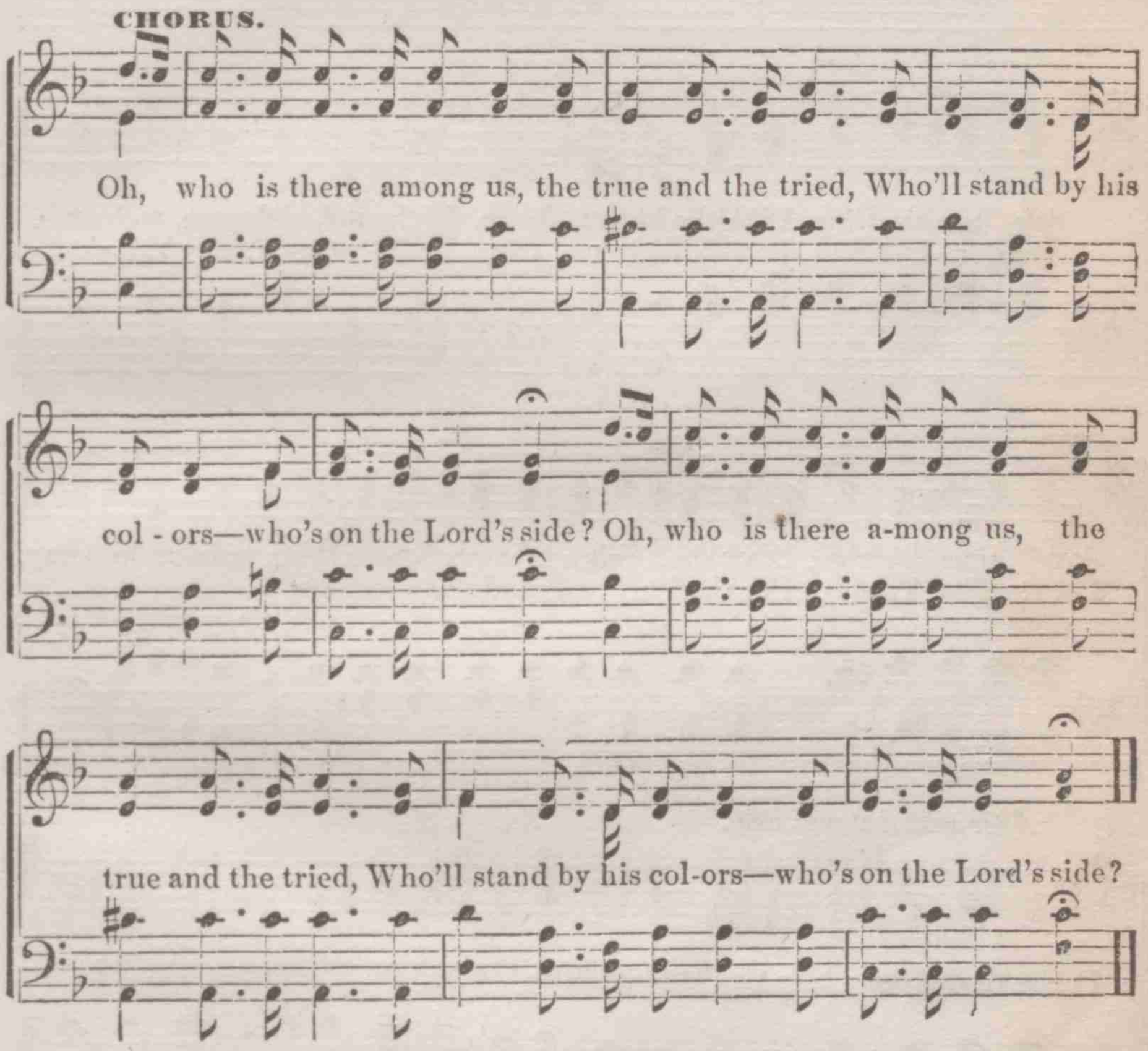
PAULINA. P. P. B.

1. We're marching to Canaan with banner and song, We're soldiers en-

list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our



CHORUS.



2 The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,
While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side." *Cho.*

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste while he's waiting and seek the Lord's side. *Cho.*

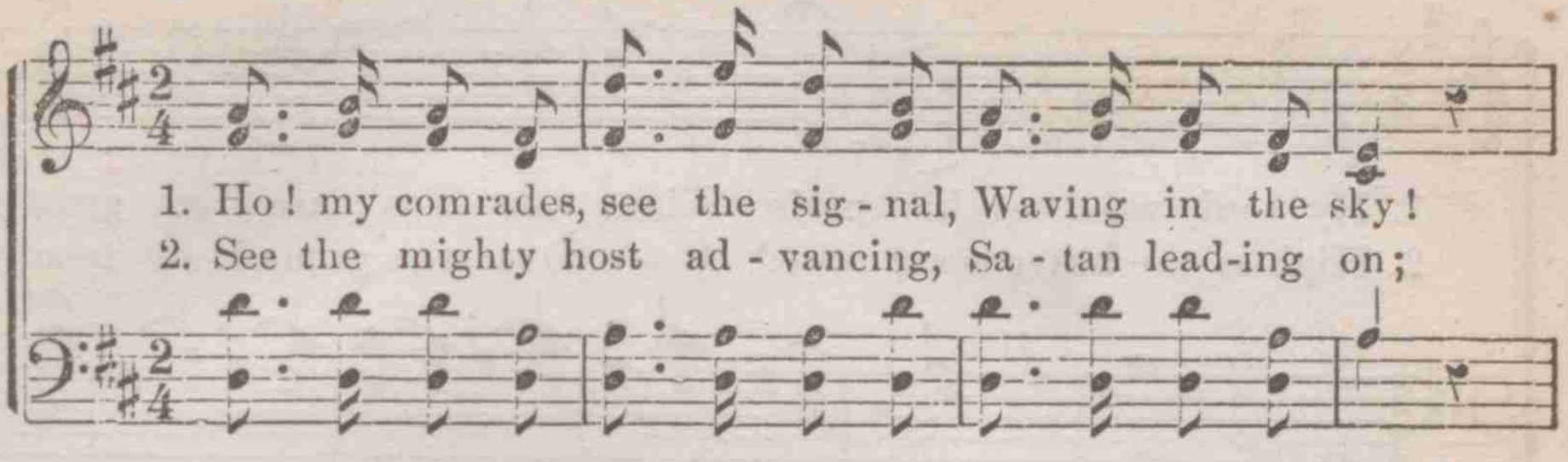
4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side!*" *Cho.*

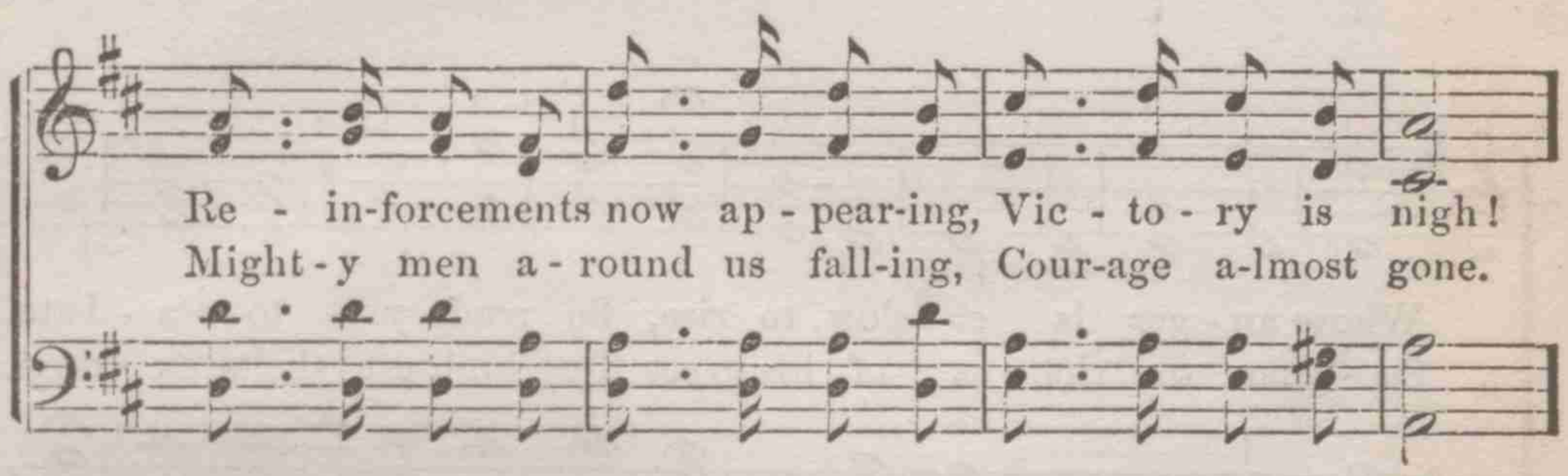
Welcome.

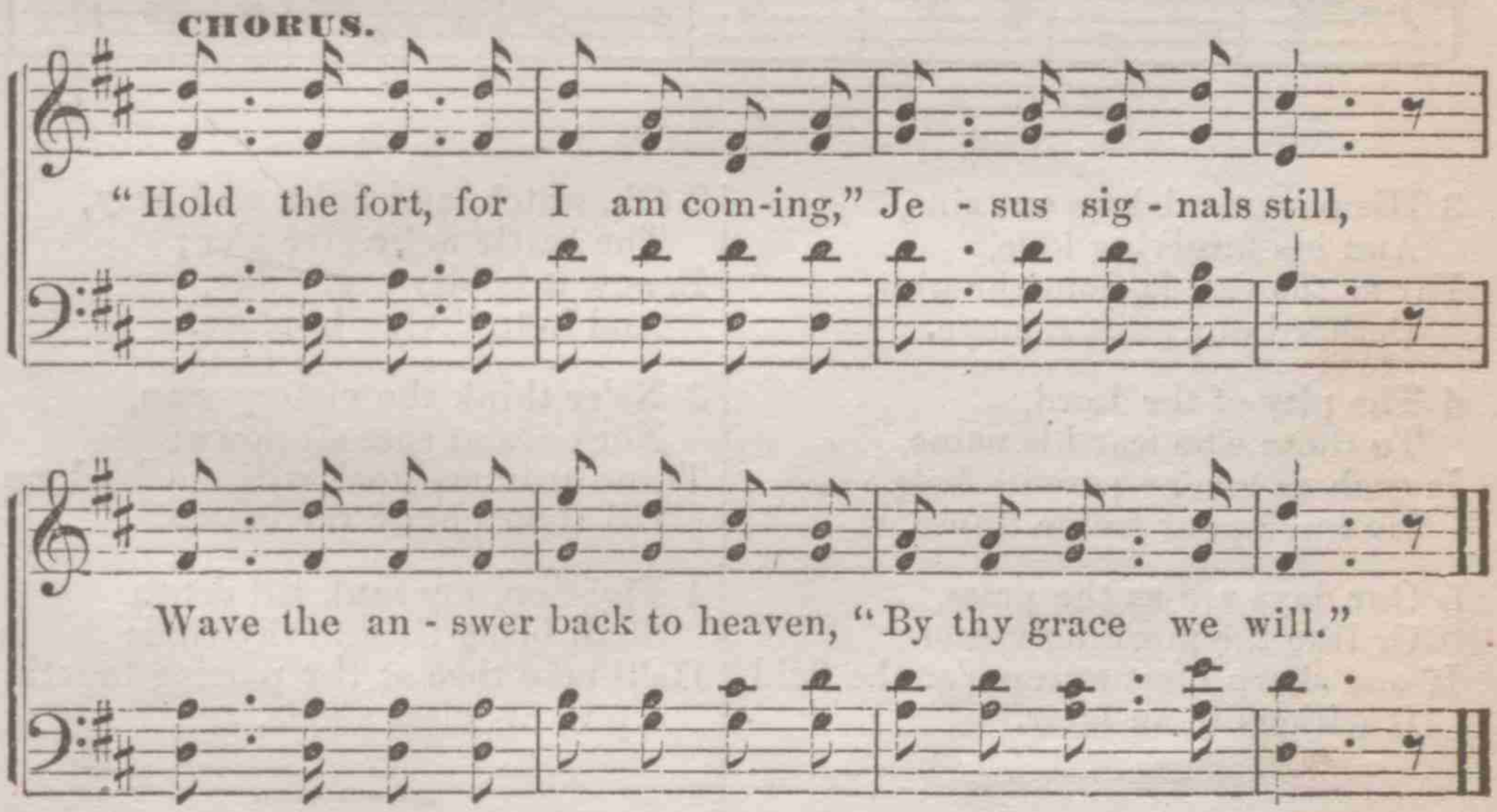
P. P. BLISS.

Hold the Fort.

Suggested by MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE. P. P. BLISS.



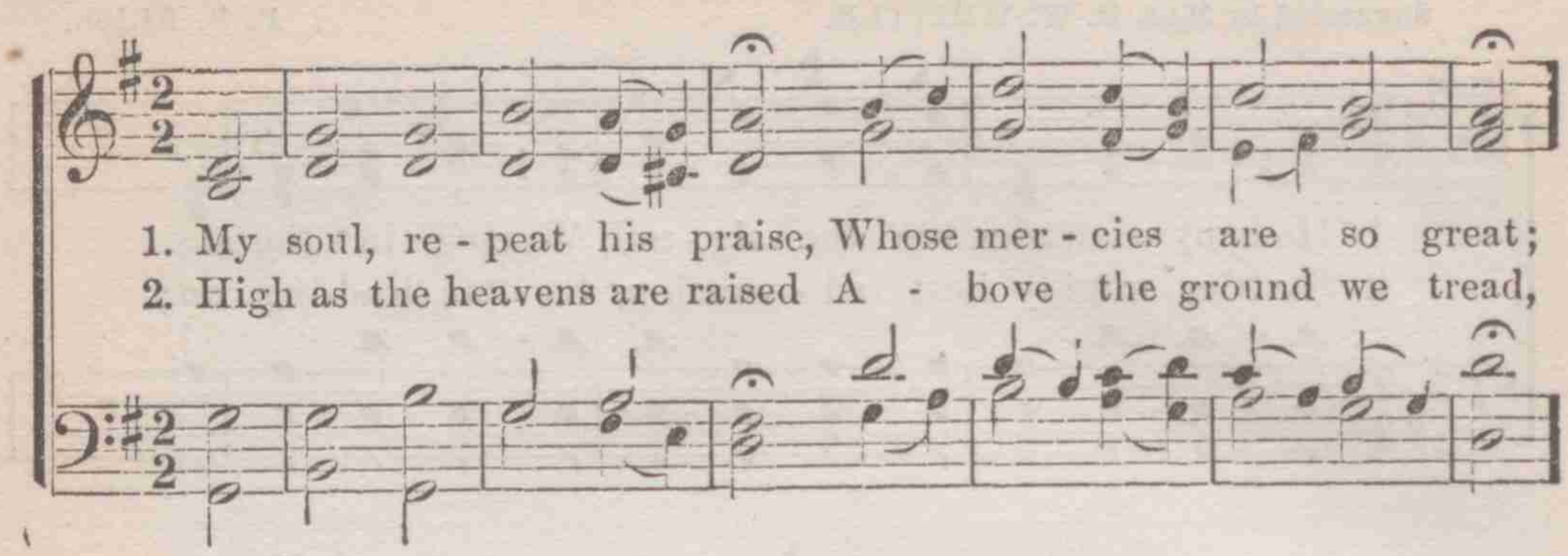


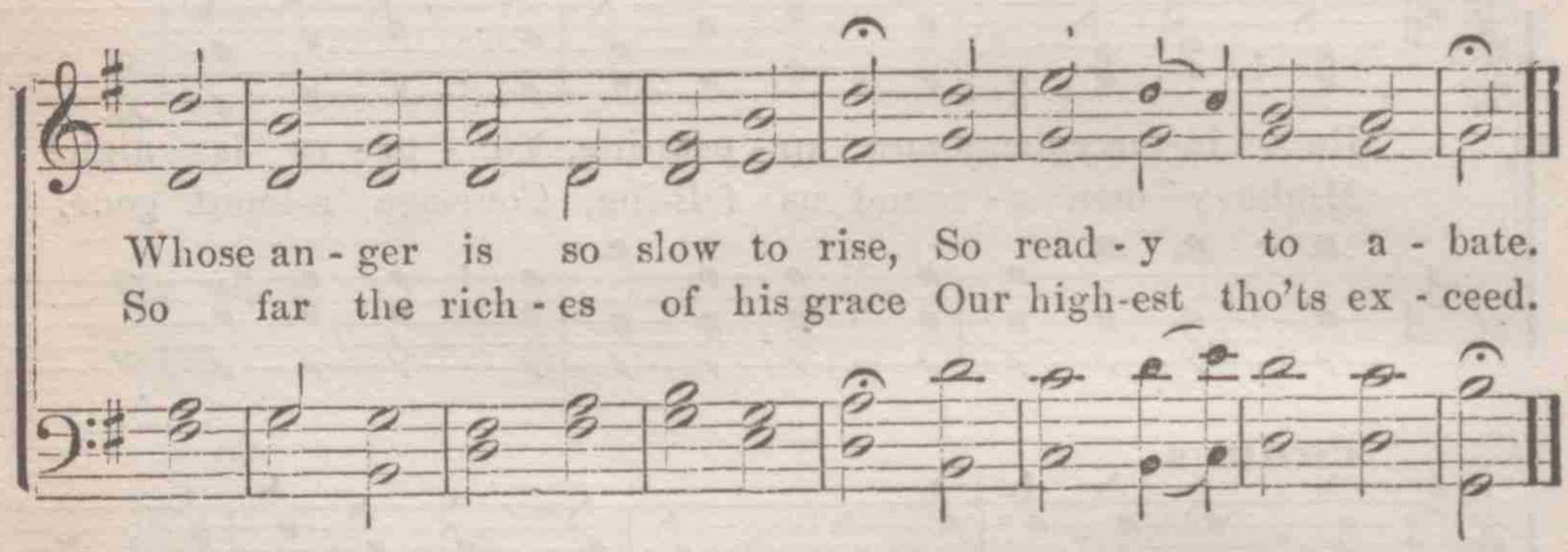


3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.
"Hold the fort," etc.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort," etc.

St. Thomas.





3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

---

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing,
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

2 Come—worship at his throne,
Come—bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

---

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 obtain 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.

---

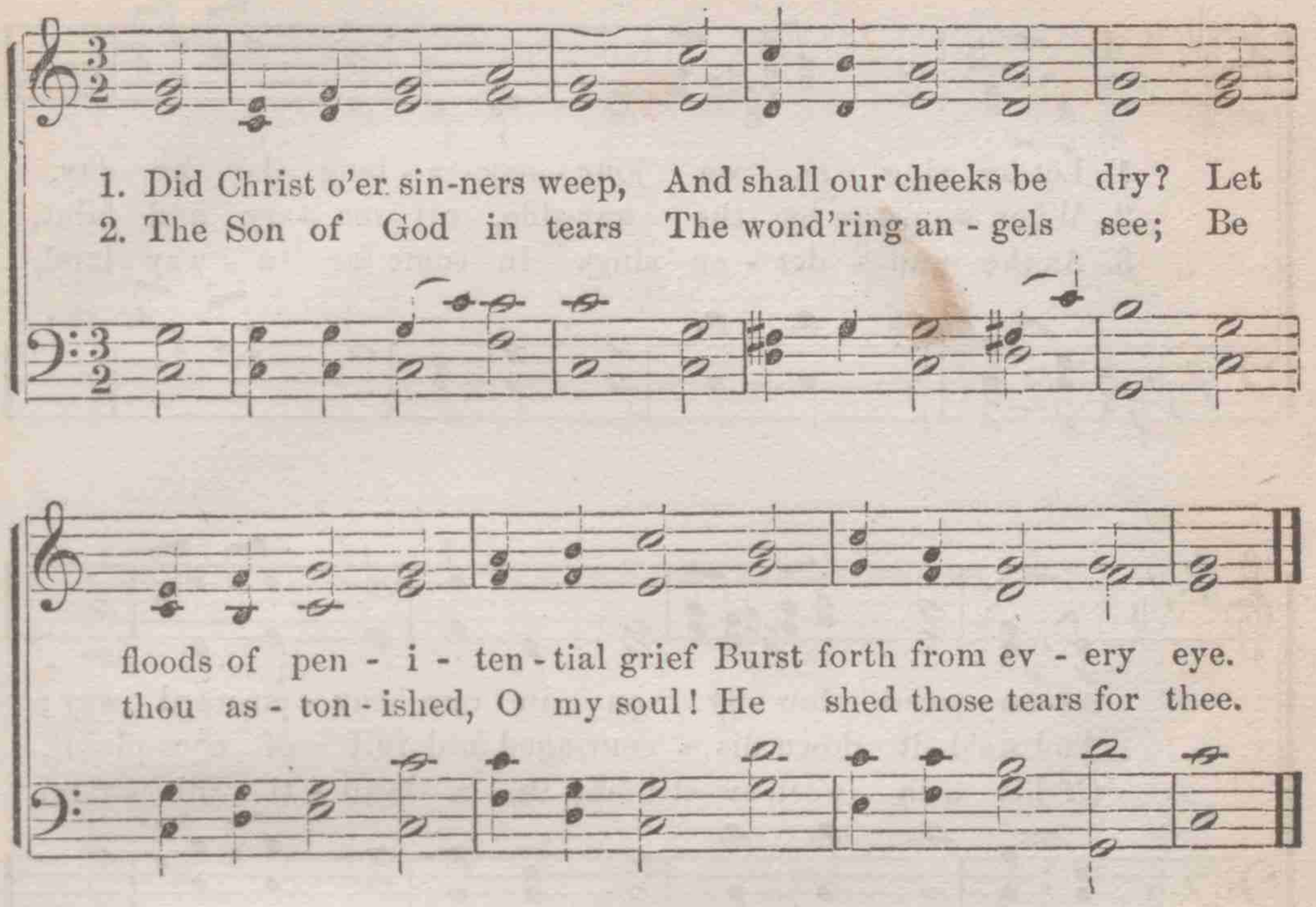
1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Boylston.

DR. MASON. By per.



3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

---

1 OH, WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

---

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 fulfil—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

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

---

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

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

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

Home.

E. E. REXFORD. P. P. B.

1. Let us sing as we jour - ney a - long day by day,
2. When we pause by the way-side, all wea - ry and faint,
3. As the wan - der - er sings in some far a - way land,

As we tread slow - ly on in our heav - en-ward way;
And we'd sit down dis - cour-aged and full of com-plaint,
Of his own sweet, sweet home in a beau - ti - ful strand,

Let us sing of the rest that a - wait - eth our feet,
Oh, sing, and the wea - ri - some care will be fled,
So we sing as we jour - ney a - far from our God,

When we pass the white gates to the beau - ti - ful street.
As we sing of the rest that is wait - ing a - head.
Of the home that is ours, where the an - gels have trod.

1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety divine,
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow—
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
I then will adore thee in regions of light;
I will sing with the glittering crown on my brow—
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

---

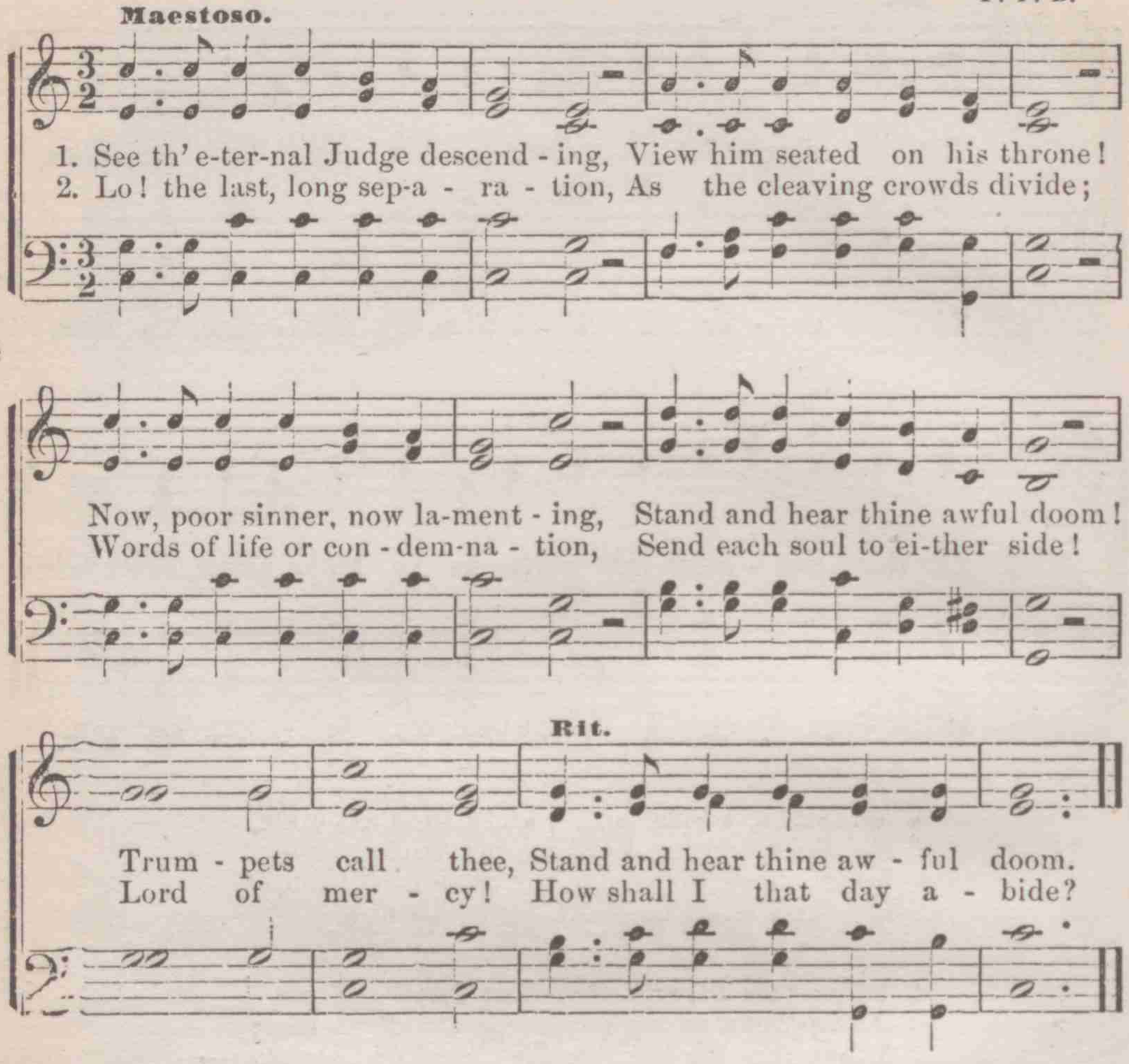
1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus and sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when we stand face to face,
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

That Day.

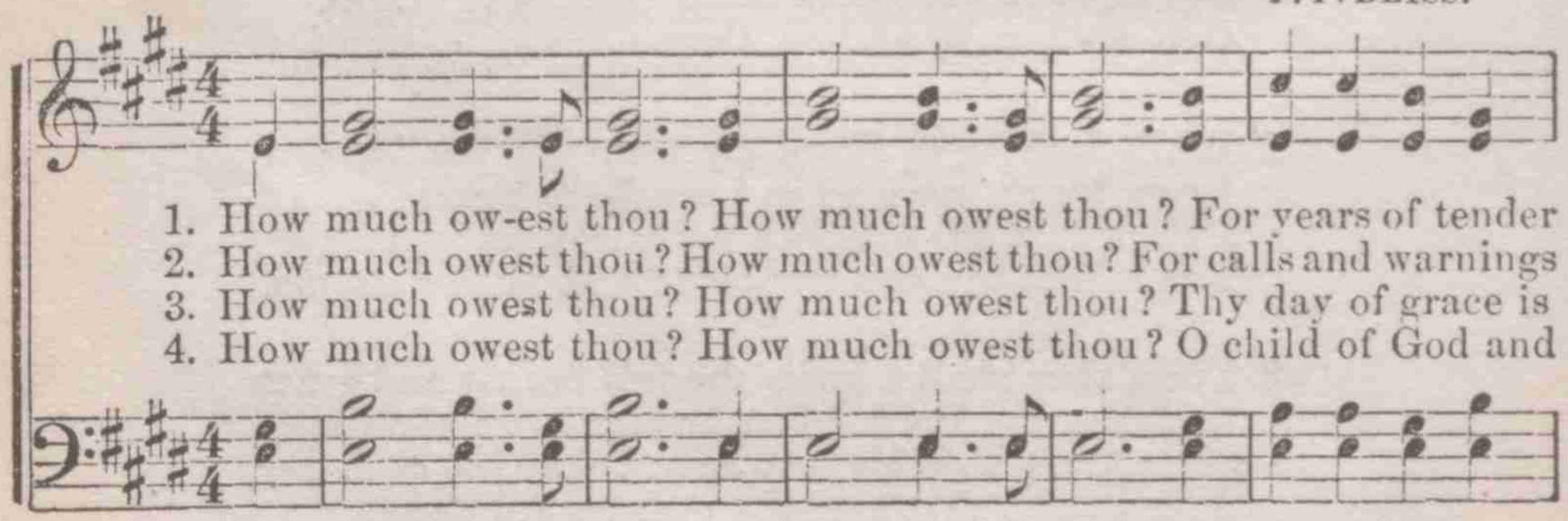
P. P. B.

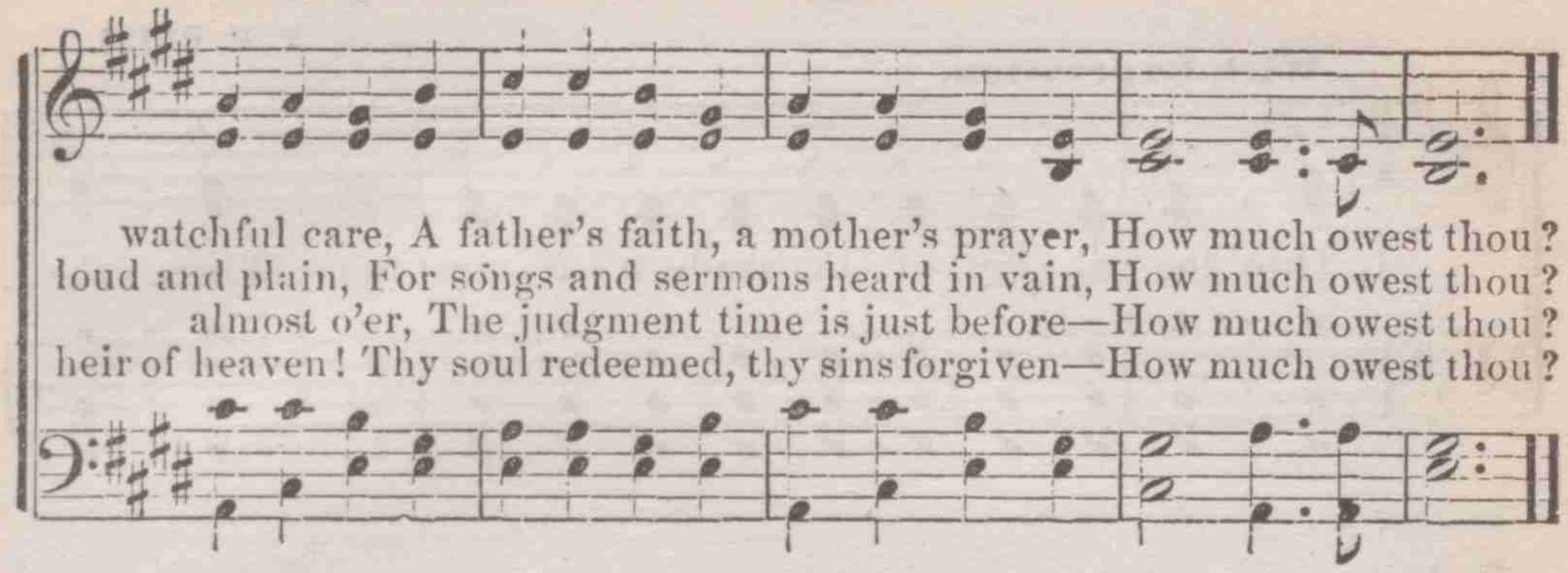


3 "Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

How Much Owest Thou.

P. P. BLISS.





Only in Thee.

O. W. YOUNG.

3 Only in thee, our very will
Be as thy will, whose aid we seek;
Oh, hear our cry! oh, make us still
Strong with thy strength, we else were weak,
Only in thee, only in thee.

There's a Light in the Valley.

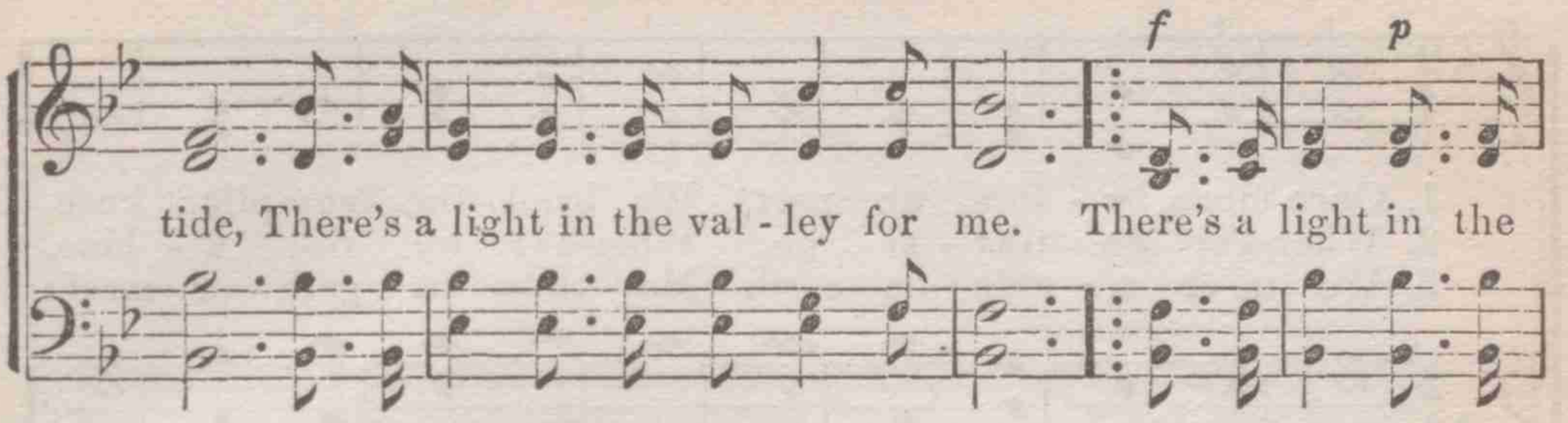
P. P. BLISS.

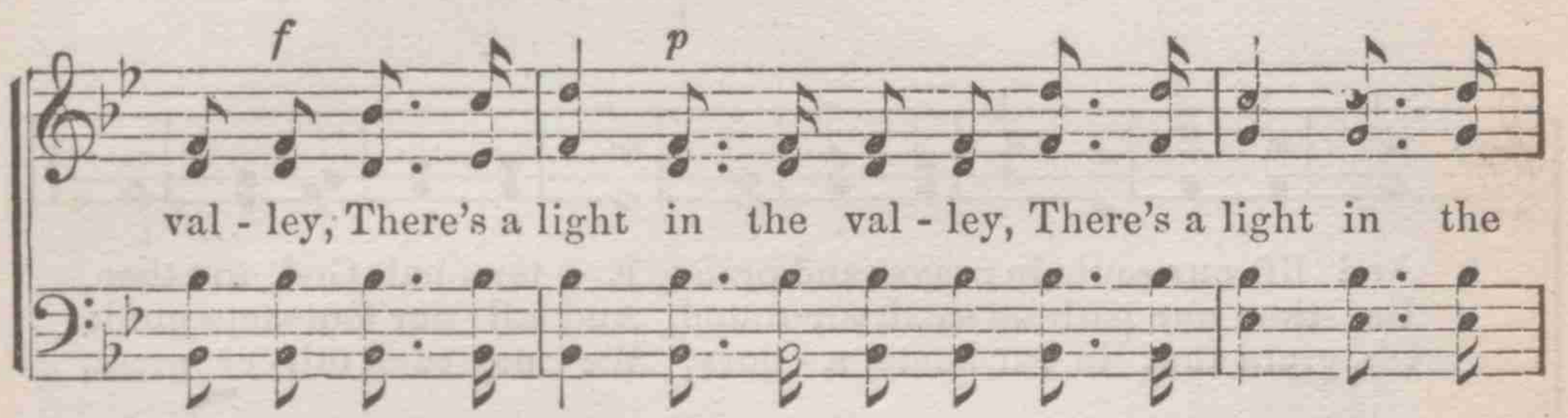
With Expression.

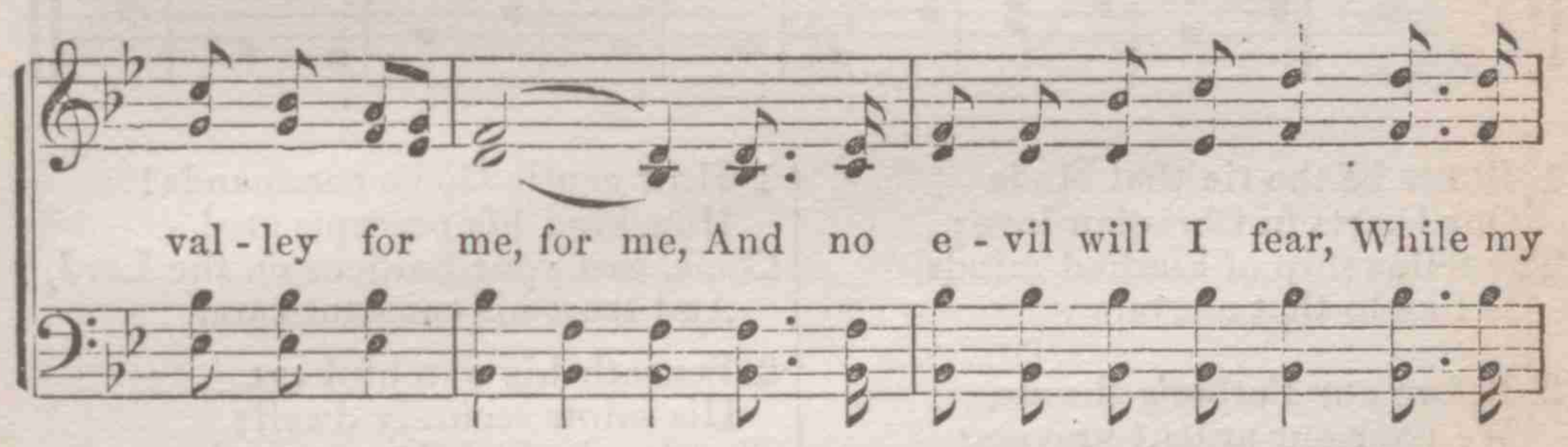
1. Thro' the val - ley of the shad-ow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the prom-ise of my Shepherd will, I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Sav - ior say, "Fol-low me!" And with him I'm not a - fraid to cross the

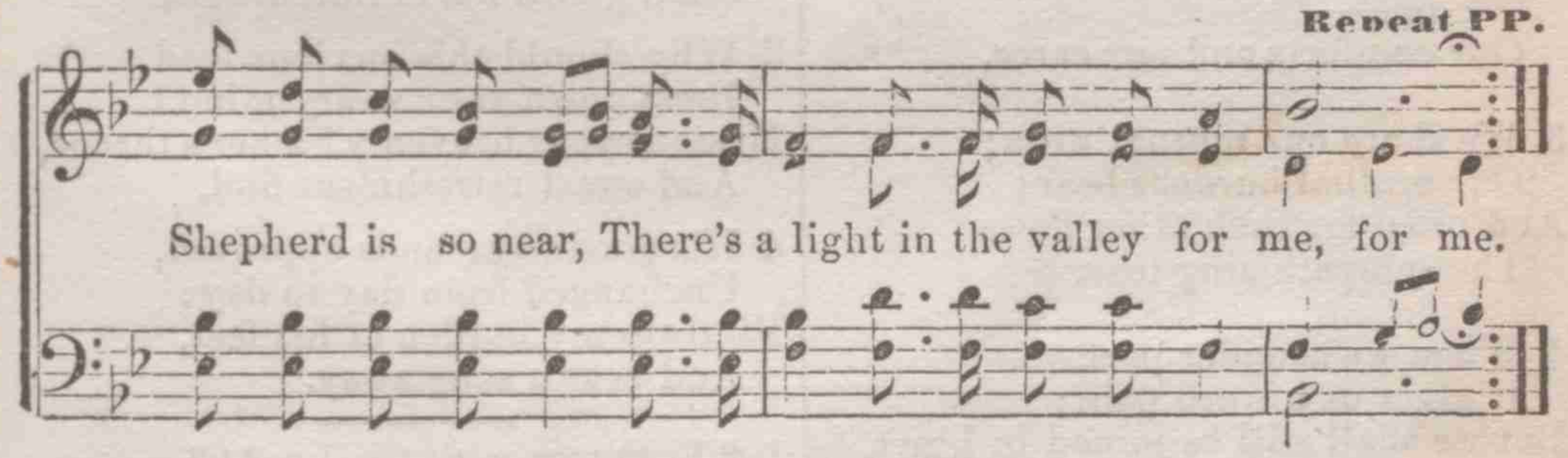
Slower.

A tempo.



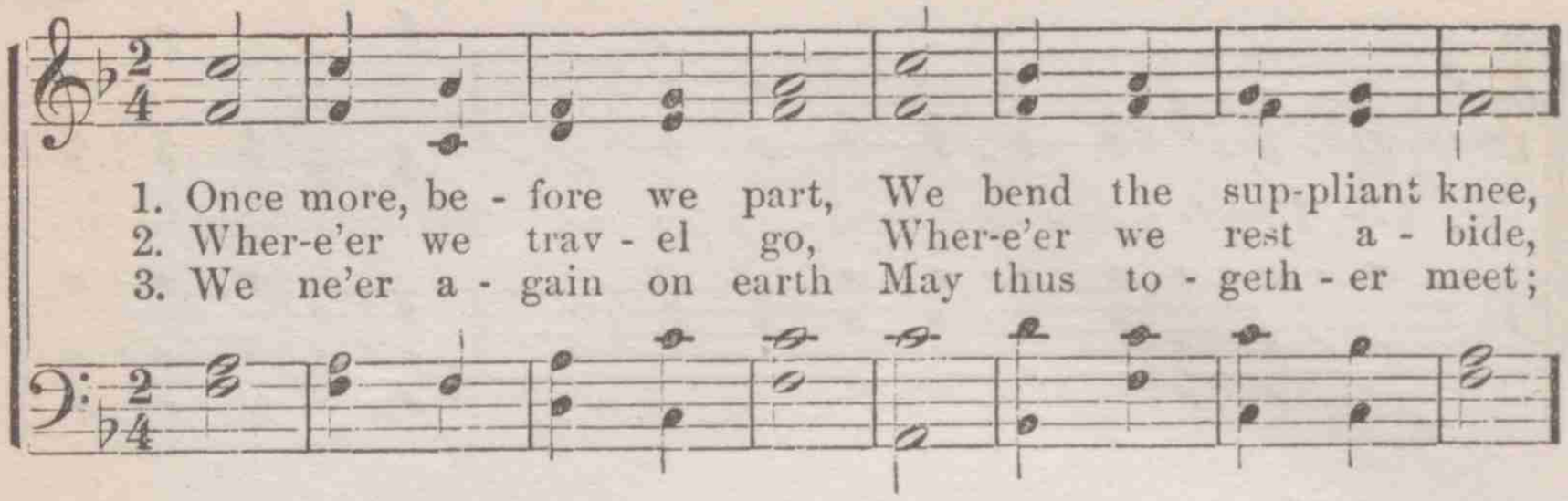


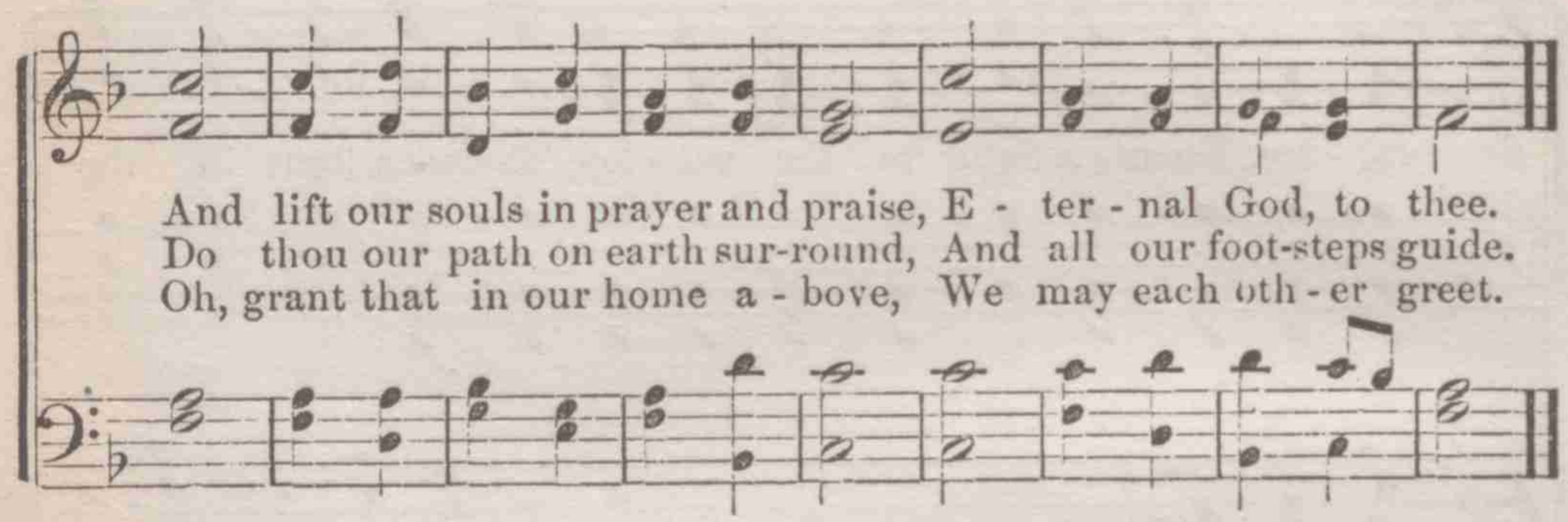




2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Savior's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in his loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me.
There's a light, etc.

Badea. S. M.





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

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

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

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

---

1 If on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful heart, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But shou'd the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

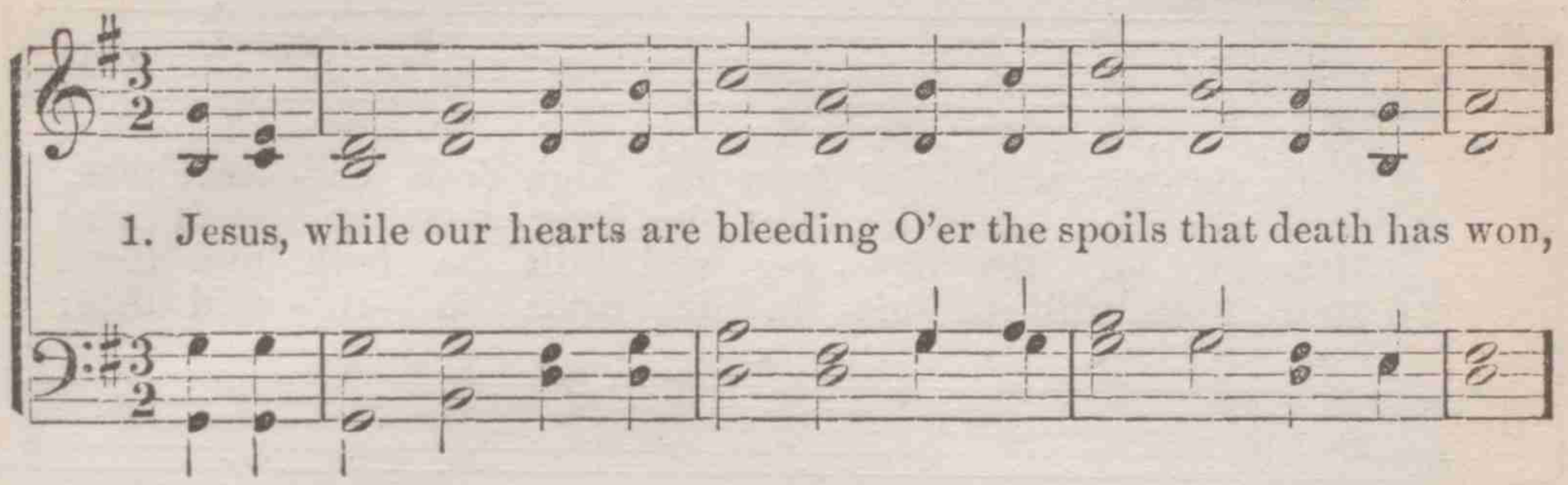
---

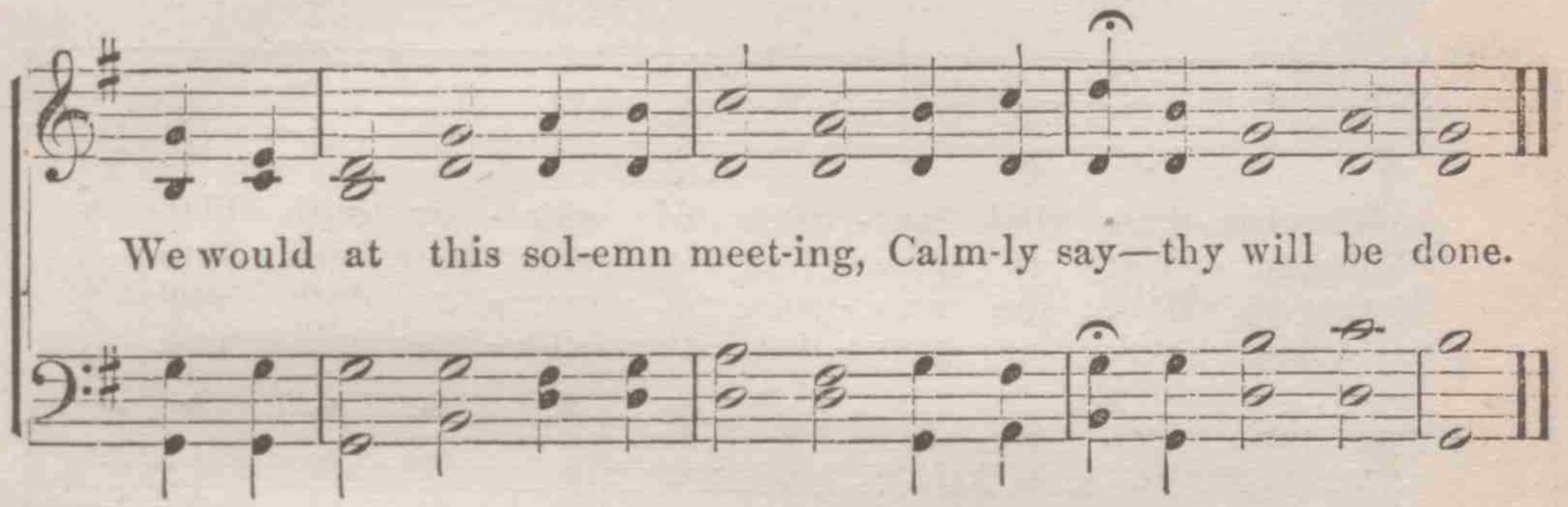
1 "Forever with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

ISRAEL BRUNDAGE.





* Observe the hold only in this hymn.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say—thy will be done.

2 Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord—thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore—thy will be done!

---

1 I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
If would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

---

1 TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path of heaven.

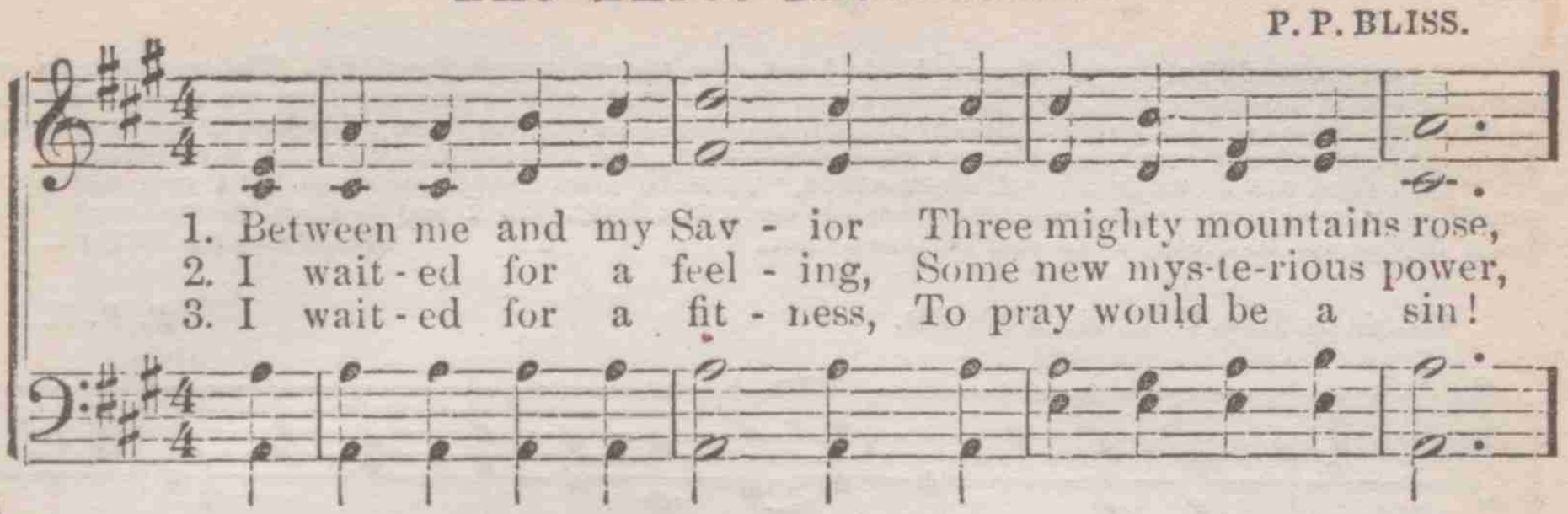
The Harvest is Passing.

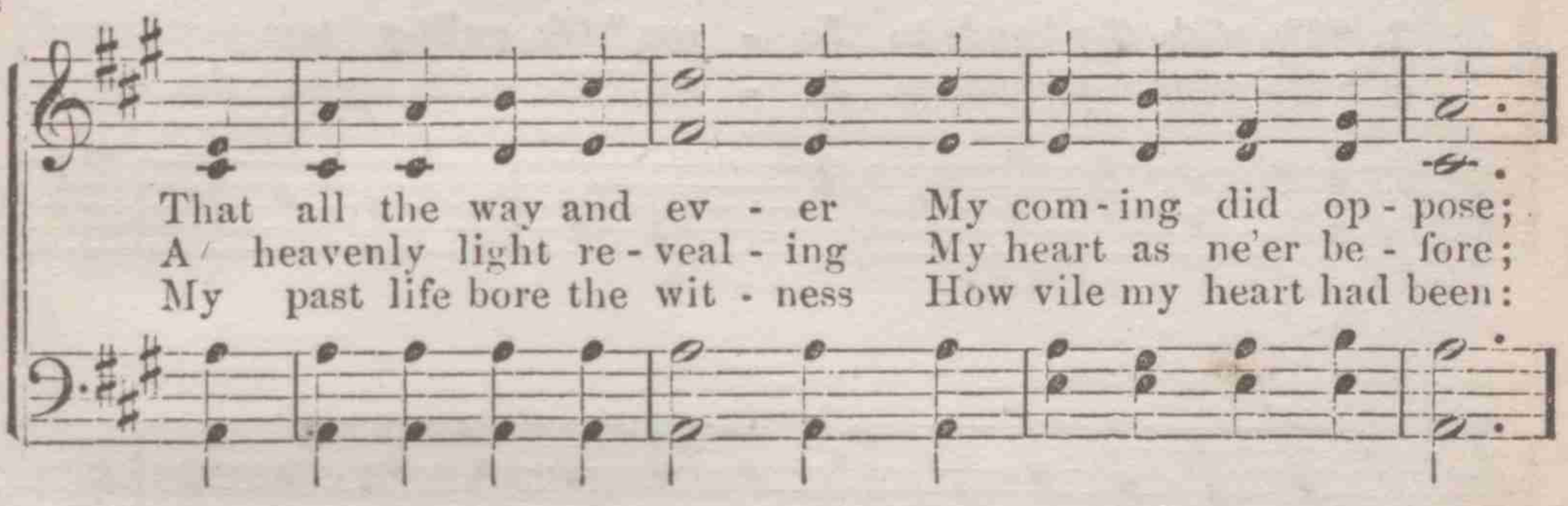
P. P. B.

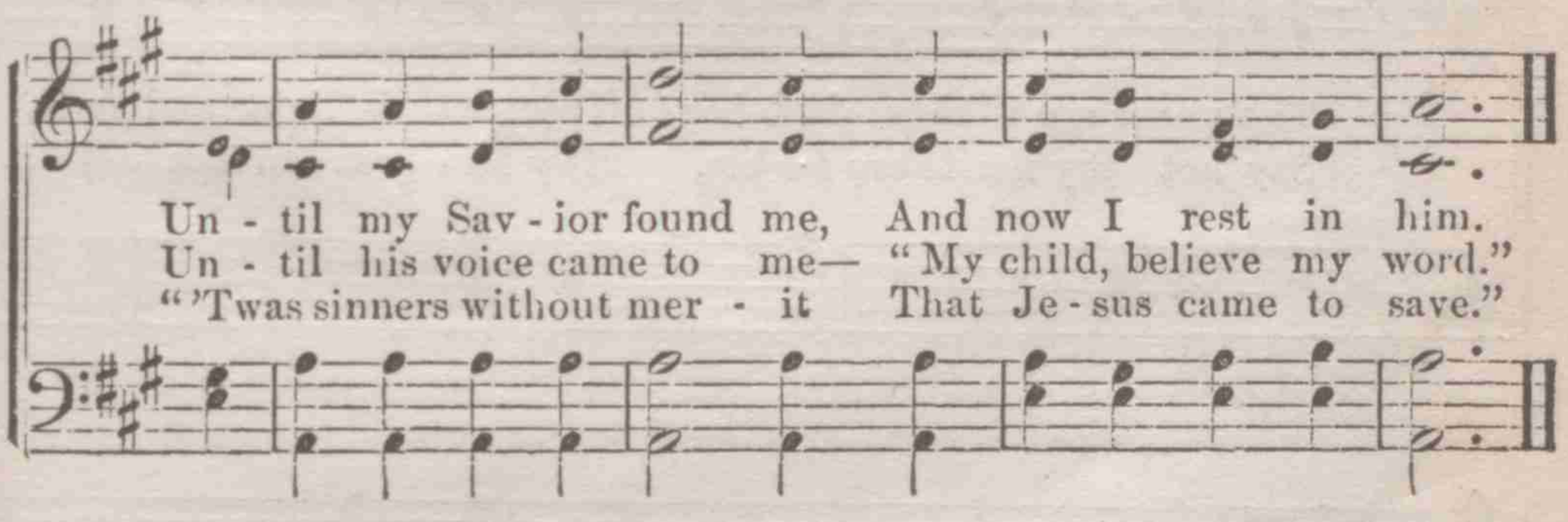
3 Despised and rejected, at length he may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 The Savior will call thee in judgment before him;
Oh, bow to his scepter, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him:
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

P. P. BLISS.







4 And then my fear of failing,
Of hopes indulged in vain,
Of efforts unavailing
Eternal life to gain:
This mountain rose before me,
I called for help divine;
Said Jesus, "Dost thou love me?
Then rest thy life in mine."

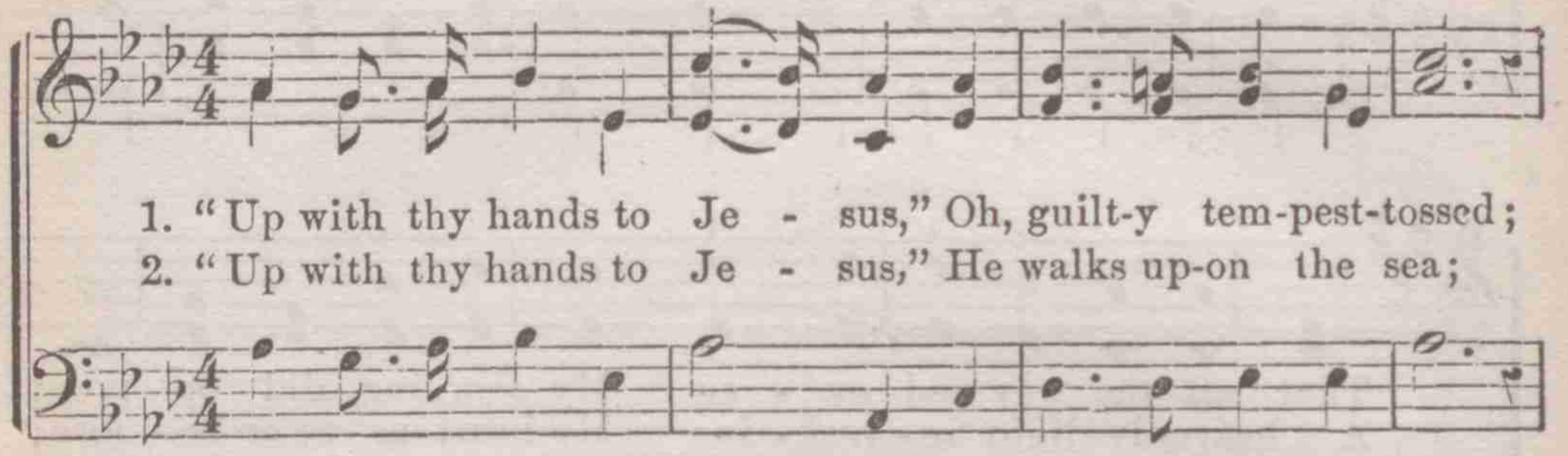
Up with thy Hands to Jesus.

"As we neared the steamer in our little boat, the storm raged fearfully. The waves ran so high we could not approach directly, but were ordered to the lee, and even then we were in imminent peril. The captain threw himself flat on the deck and reached down his hands for me. But I was frightened and weak, my fingers were benumbed, and I dared not give him my hands.

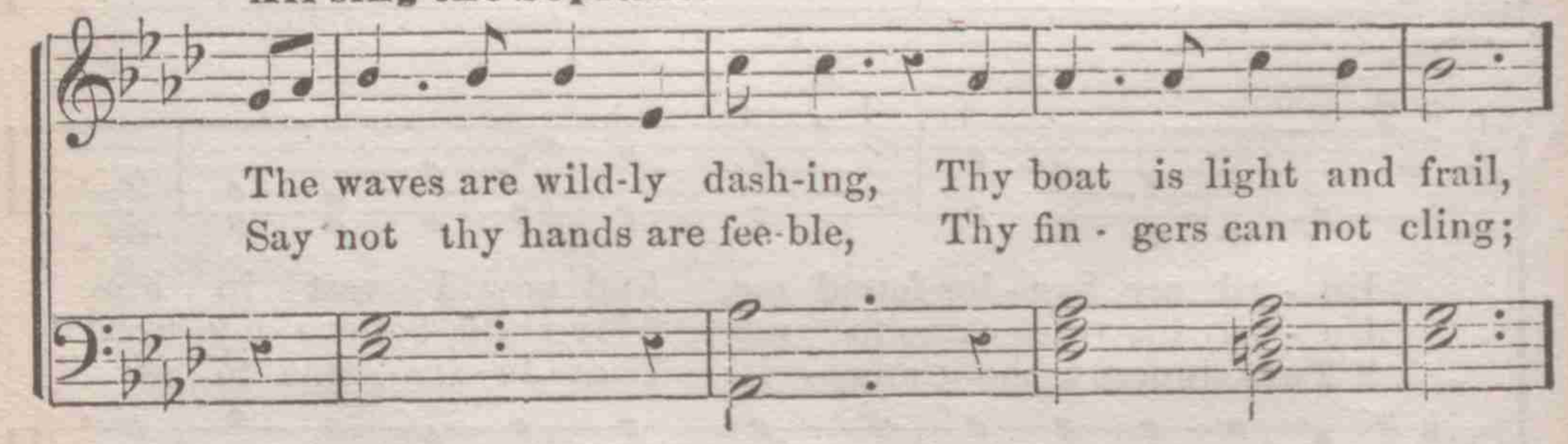
"He called out to me in a loud, stern voice, 'Up with your hands, woman, or I can not save you!' I obeyed, and he immediately drew me upon the deck. So I say to thee, poor sinner, 'Up with thy hands to Jesus, or he can not save thee.'"

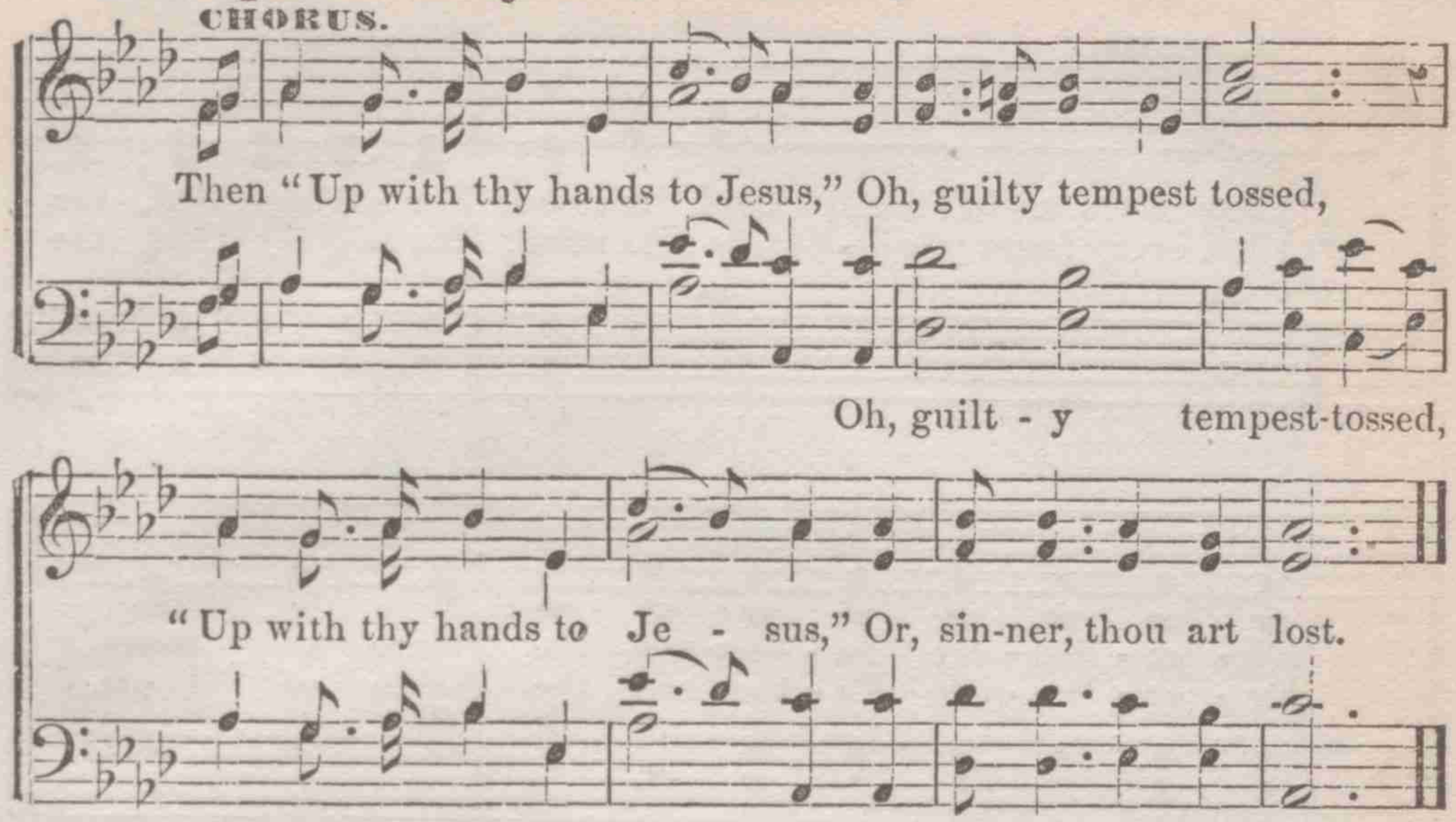
MISS SARAH SMILEY.

Words by REV. H. L. HAMMOND. P. P. B.



All sing the Soprano.



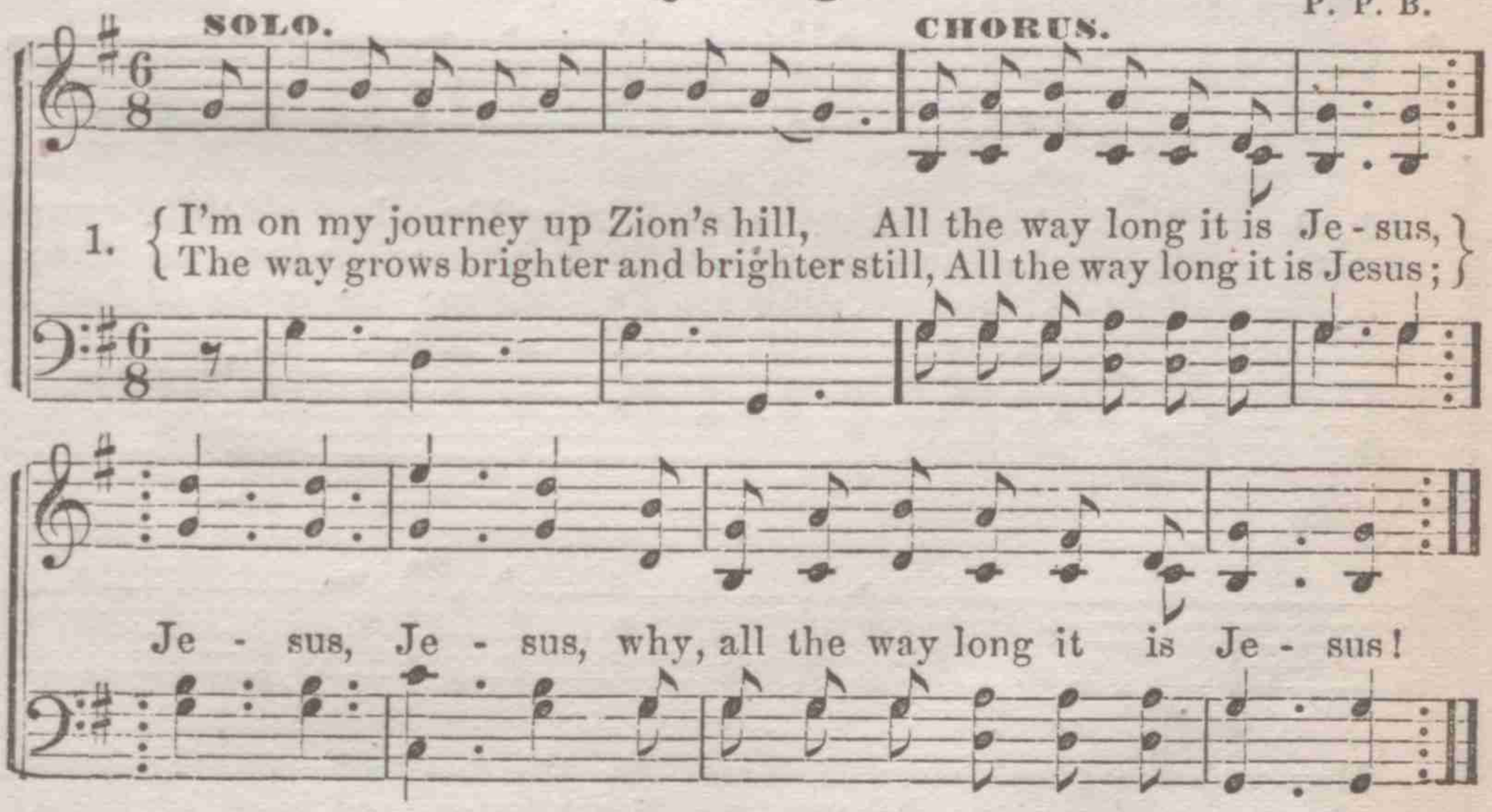


3 "Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He hears thy piteous cry;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
No other help is nigh.
Even now thy bark is sinking,
The billows o'er thee roll,
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Oh, sinner, save thy soul.

4 "Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He ruleth wind and wave;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
His love now yearns to save.
Oh, if thou wilt but trust him,
His help he'll quickly give;
Haste, then, no longer doubting,
"Up with thy hands," and live.

All the Way long it is Jesus.

P. P. B.



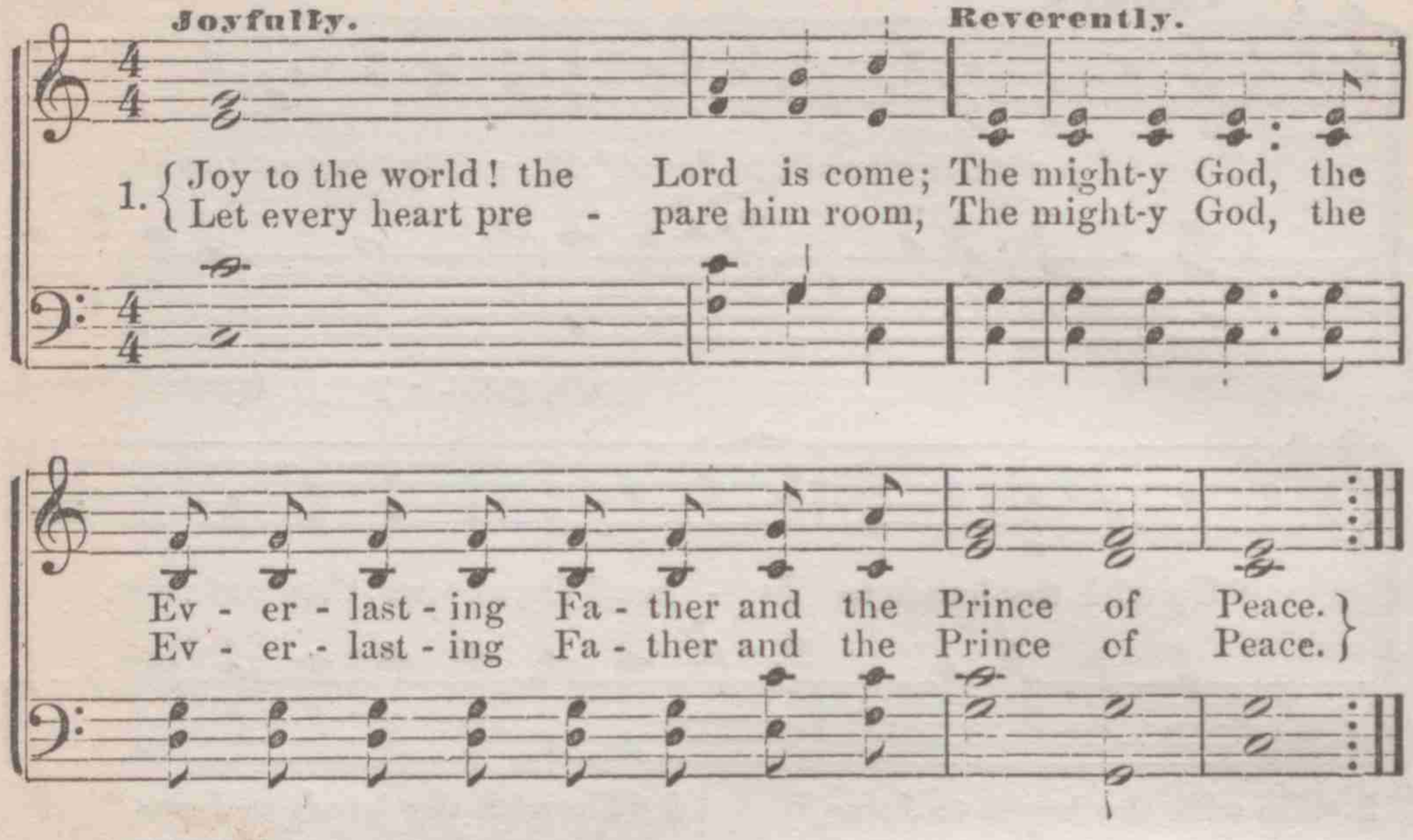
2 And oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot, All the way, etc.,
He has a comfort the world has not, All the way, etc.

3 Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise, All the way, etc.,
He seeks a city with cloudless skies, All the way, etc.

4 At home the pilgrims together will sing, All the way, etc.,
We'll make the heavenly mansions ring, All the way, etc.

Joy to the World.

GEO. F. ROOT.

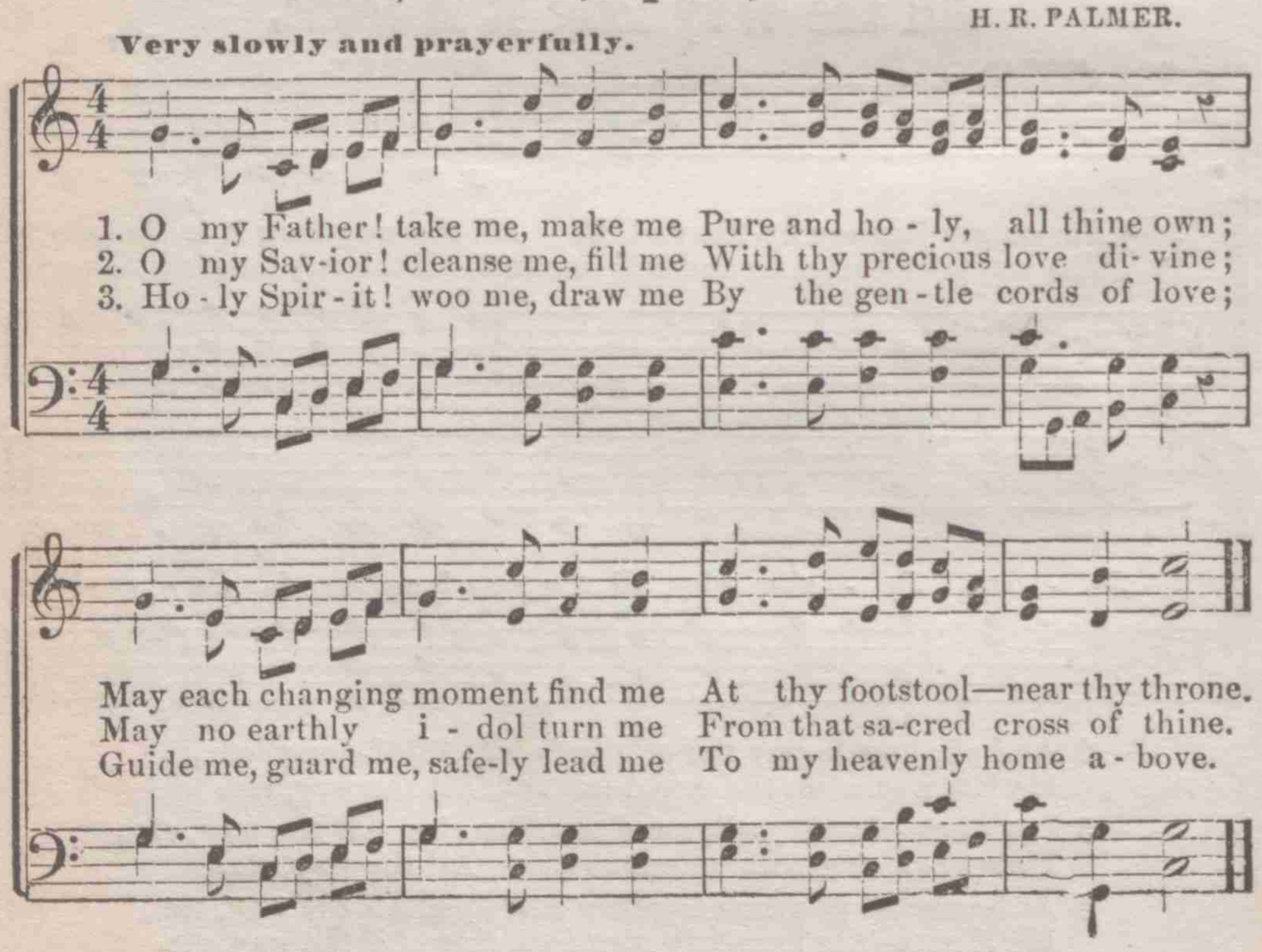


2 Joy to the world! the | Savior reigns, The mighty, etc.
Oh, praise him, floods, rocks, | hills, and plains, The mighty, etc.

3 He rules the world with | truth and grace, The mighty, etc.
And saves us by his | righteousness, The mighty, etc.

Father, Savior, Spirit, Take Me.

H. R. PALMER.



My Prayer. 95

P. P. BLISS.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More strivings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come;

More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in his glo - ry, More hope in his word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

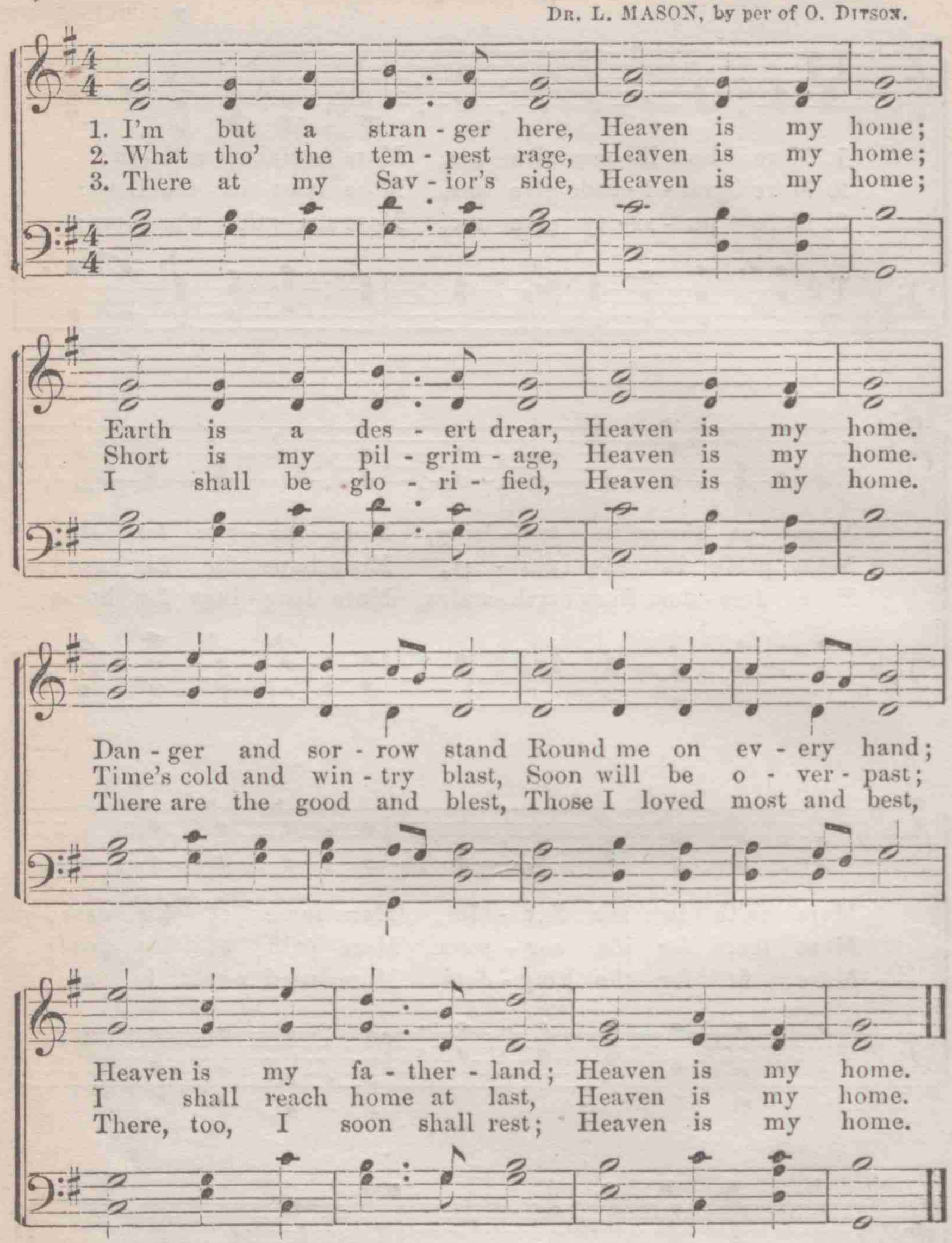
More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of his care;
More tears for his sor - rows, More pain at his grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

Rit.

More joy in his serv - ice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, *like thee.*

Oak. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, by per of O. DITSON.

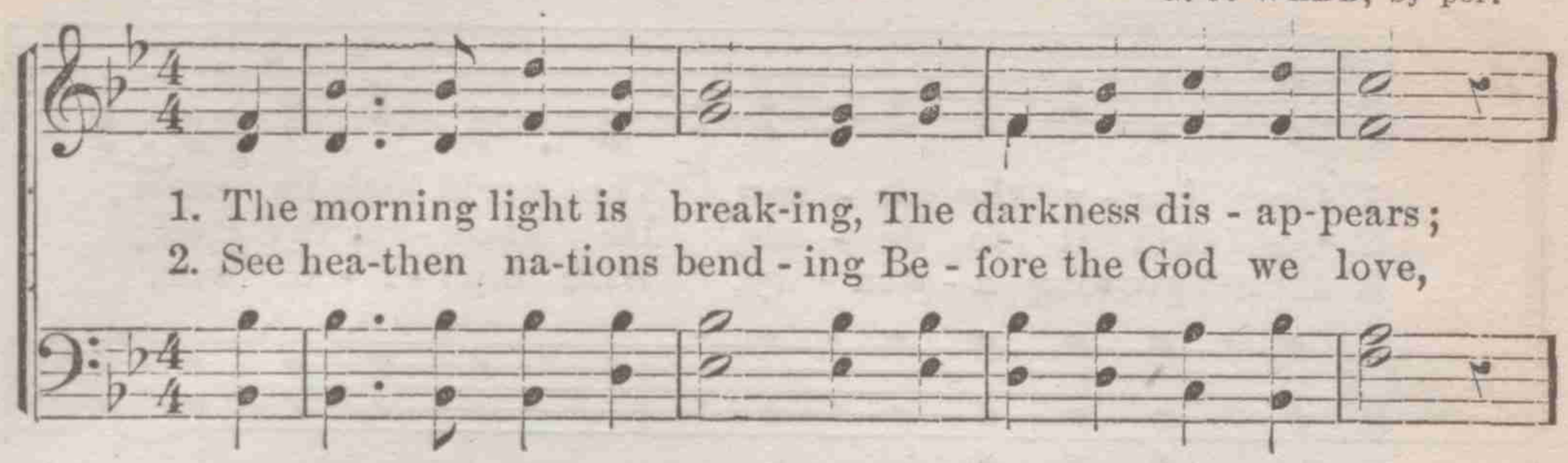


1 FADE, fade each earthly joy! Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie; Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness; Earth has no resting place;
Jesus alone can bless; Jesus is mine!

2 Farewell, mortality; Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity; Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest! Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Savior's breast! Jesus is mine!

Webb. 7s & 6s., D.

G. J. WEBB, by per.



3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

---

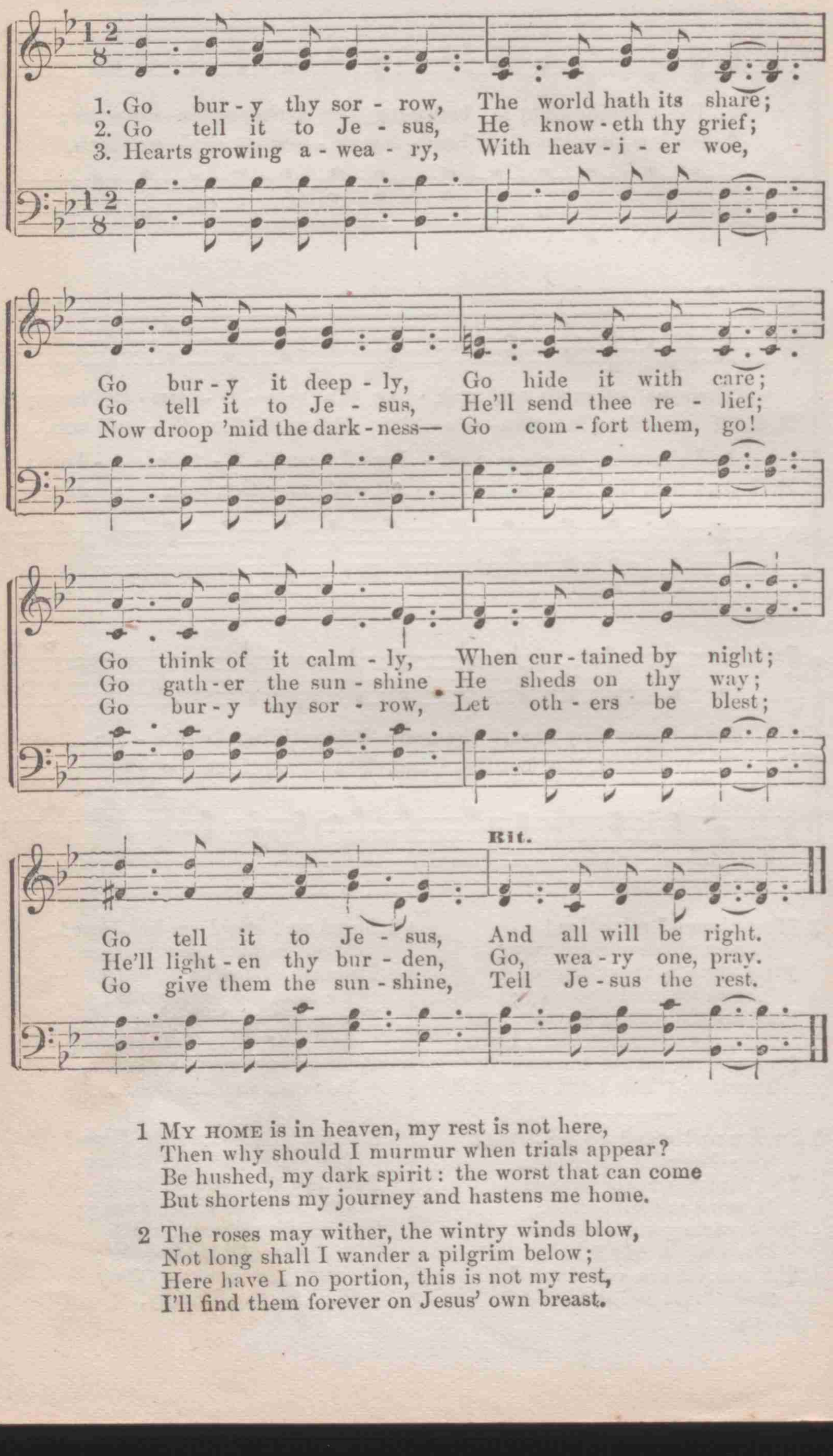
1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Go Bury thy Sorrow.

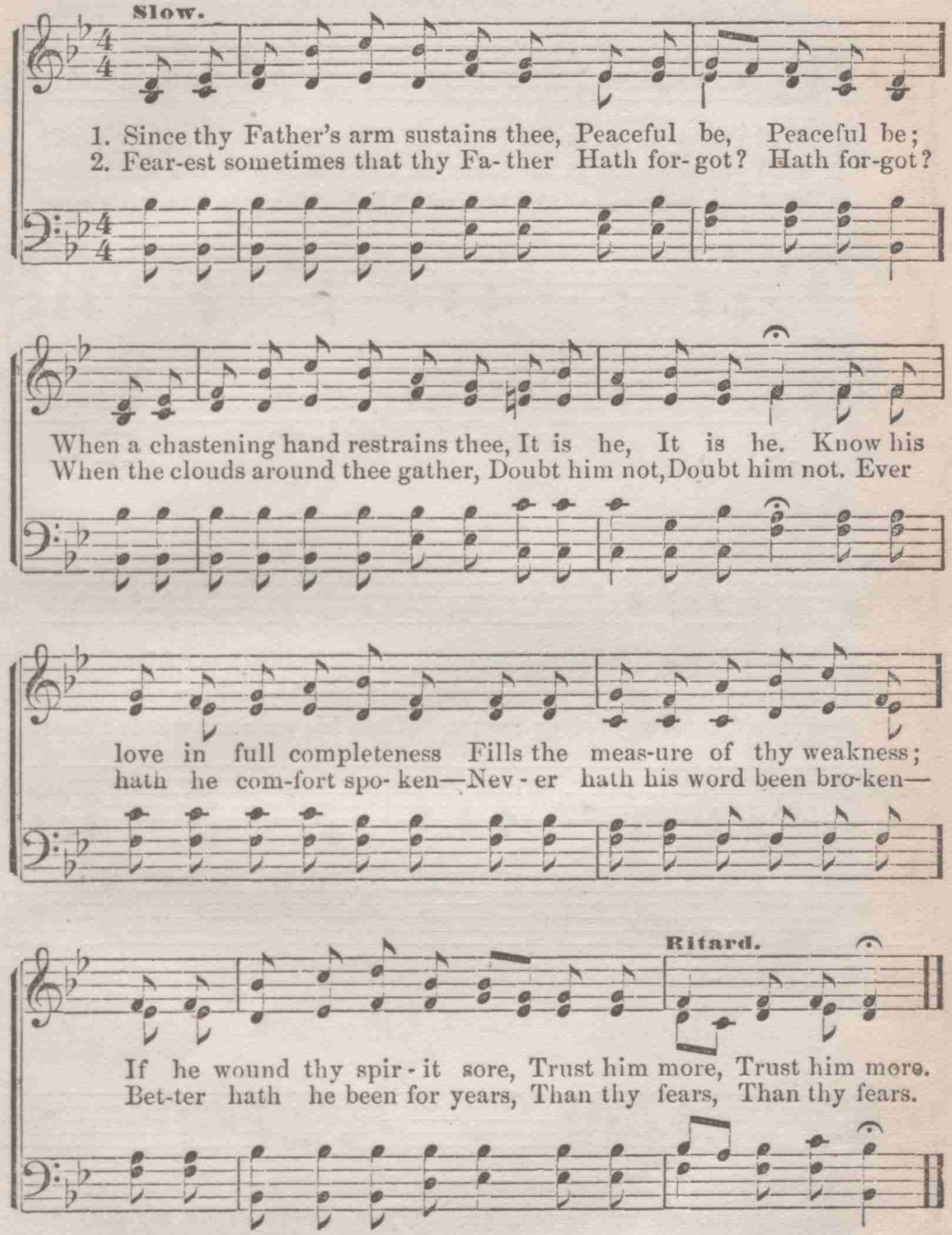
P. P. B.



1 My HOME is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit: the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2 The roses may wither, the wintry winds blow,
Not long shall I wander a pilgrim below;
Here have I no portion, this is not my rest,
I'll find them forever on Jesus' own breast.

P. P. B.



3 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
Follow on, Follow on,
Saying, "Whatsoe'er God doeth,
Is well done, Is well done."
Bear to-day thy cross of sorrow,
Wear thy crown of life to-morrow,
Sing, while calmly holding still,
'Tis His will, 'Tis His will.

4 To his own the Savior giveth
Daily strength, Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length, Peace at length.
Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Know his love for thee provideth;
Do not question "Why?" or "How?"
Only bow, Only bow.

Meet Me at the Fountain.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Will you meet me at the fountain, When I reach the glory-land?
2. Will you meet me at the fountain, For I'm sure that I shall know
3. Will you meet me at the fountain? I shall long to have you near,

Will you meet me at the fountain, Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
Kindred souls and sweet communion, More than I have known below.
When I meet my loving Savior, When his welcome words I hear.

Other friends will give me welcome, Other loving voices cheer;
And the chorus will be sweeter, When it bursts upon my ear,
He will meet me at the fountain, His em-brac-es I shall share,

There'll be music at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there?
And my heaven seem completer, If your happy voice I hear.
There'll be glory at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there?

CHORUS.

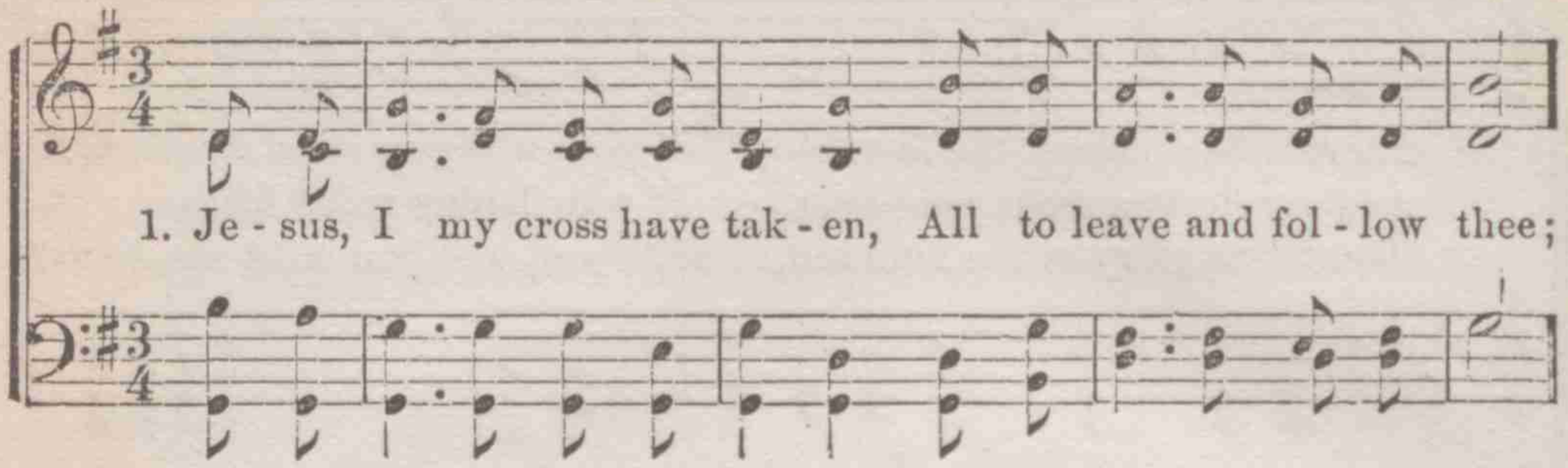
Yes, I'll meet you at the fount - ain, At the fountain bright and
fair, Oh, I'll meet you at the
fair, yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll meet you at the
fair, Oh, I'll meet you at the
fair, yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll meet you at the

Rit.

fount - ain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

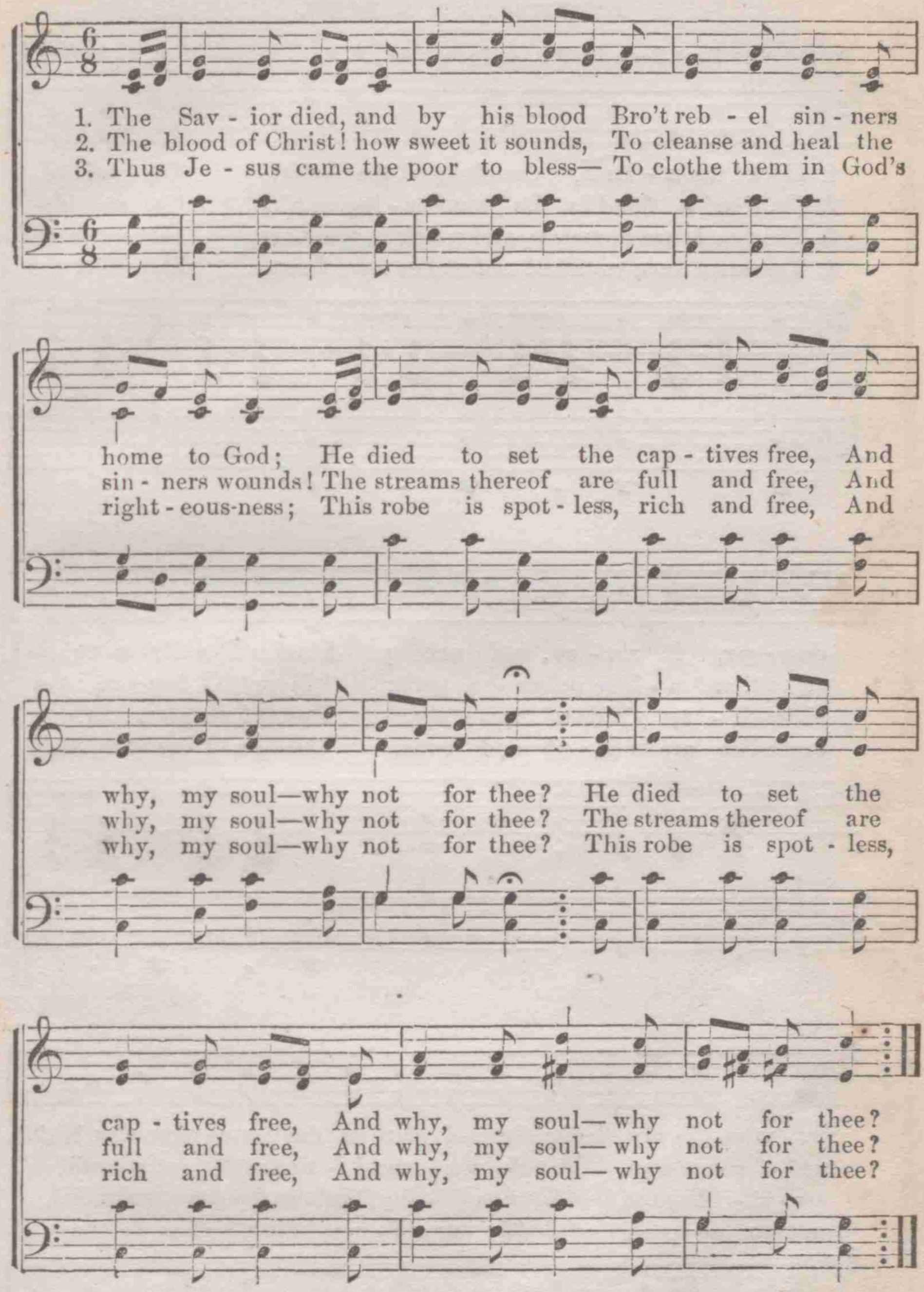
Taking the Cross.

P. P. B.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.



4 Eternal life by Christ is given,
And ruined rebels raised to heaven;
Then sing of grace so rich and free,
And shout, my soul—'tis all for thee!

Roll on, O Billow of Fire!

DEDICATED TO D. L. MOODY.

Published in Sheet Form by Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y.

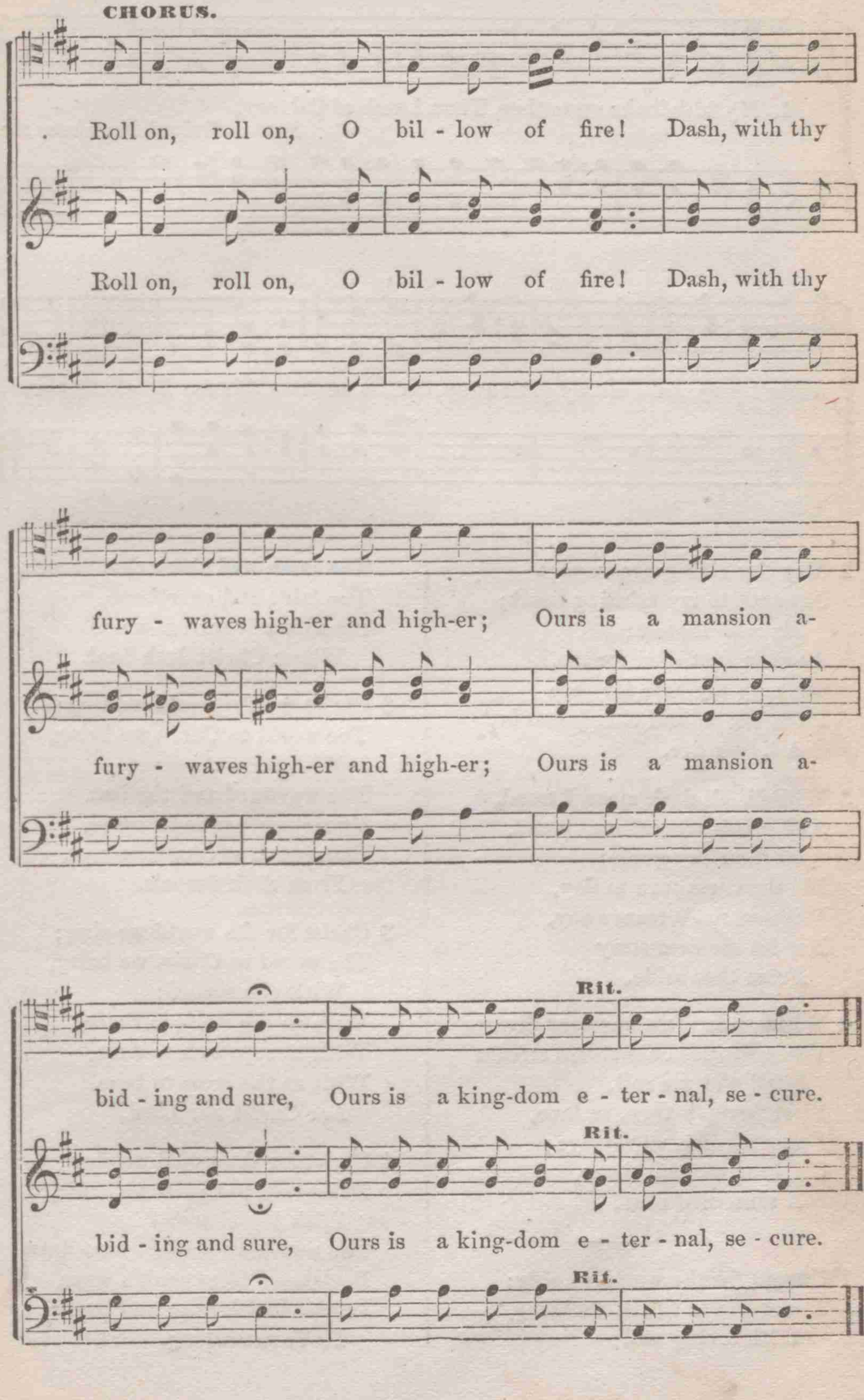
P. P. BLISS.

1. Hark! the a - larm, the clang of the bells! Sig - nal of
2. On, like a fiend in its tow - er - ing wrath, On, and de-
3. Thousands are homeless, and quick to their cry, Heaven-born
4. Treasures have vanished and riches have flown, Hopes for the

dan - ger, it ris - es and swells; Flashes like lightning il-
struc-tion a - lone points the path; "Mercy, O hea-ven," the
char - i - ty yields a sup - ply, Upward we glance in our
earth-life are blast - ed and gone, Courage, O brother, yield

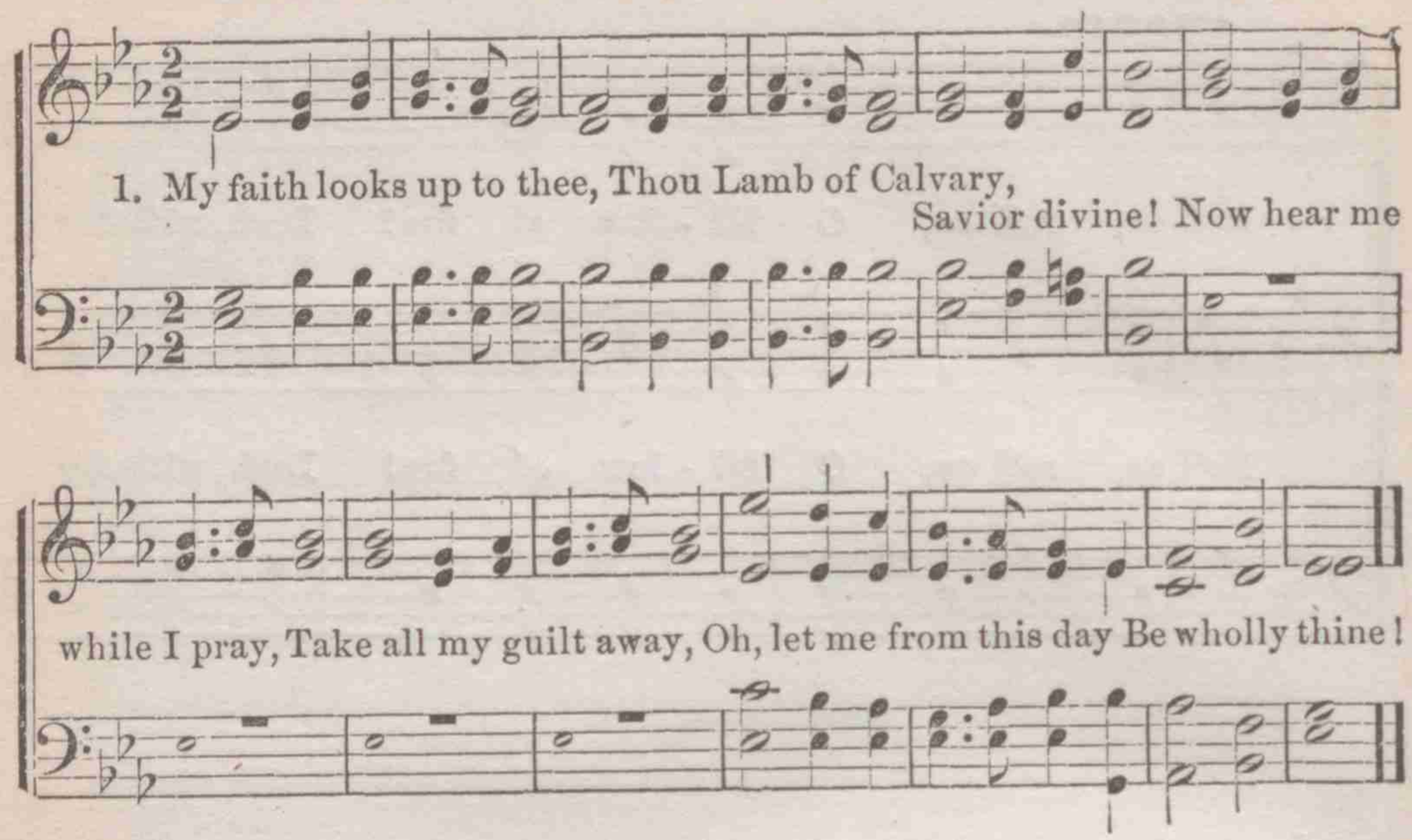
lu - mine the sky, See the red glare as the flames mount on high!
suf - fer - ers wail, Fee-ble hu - man-i - ty naught can a - vail.
ter - ri - ble grief, "Give us this day," brings the promised relief.
not to de-spair, "God is our ref - uge," his kingdom we share.

CHORUS.


Roll on, roll on, O bil - low of fire! Dash, with thy
Roll on, roll on, O bil - low of fire! Dash, with thy
fury - waves high-er and high-er; Ours is a mansion a-
fury - waves high-er and high-er; Ours is a mansion a-
Rit.
bid - ing and sure, Ours is a king-dom e - ter - nal, se - cure.
Rit.
bid - ing and sure, Ours is a king-dom e - ter - nal, se - cure.
Rit.

Olivet. 6s & 4s.

By per. O. Ditson & Co.



2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love for thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

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

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

---

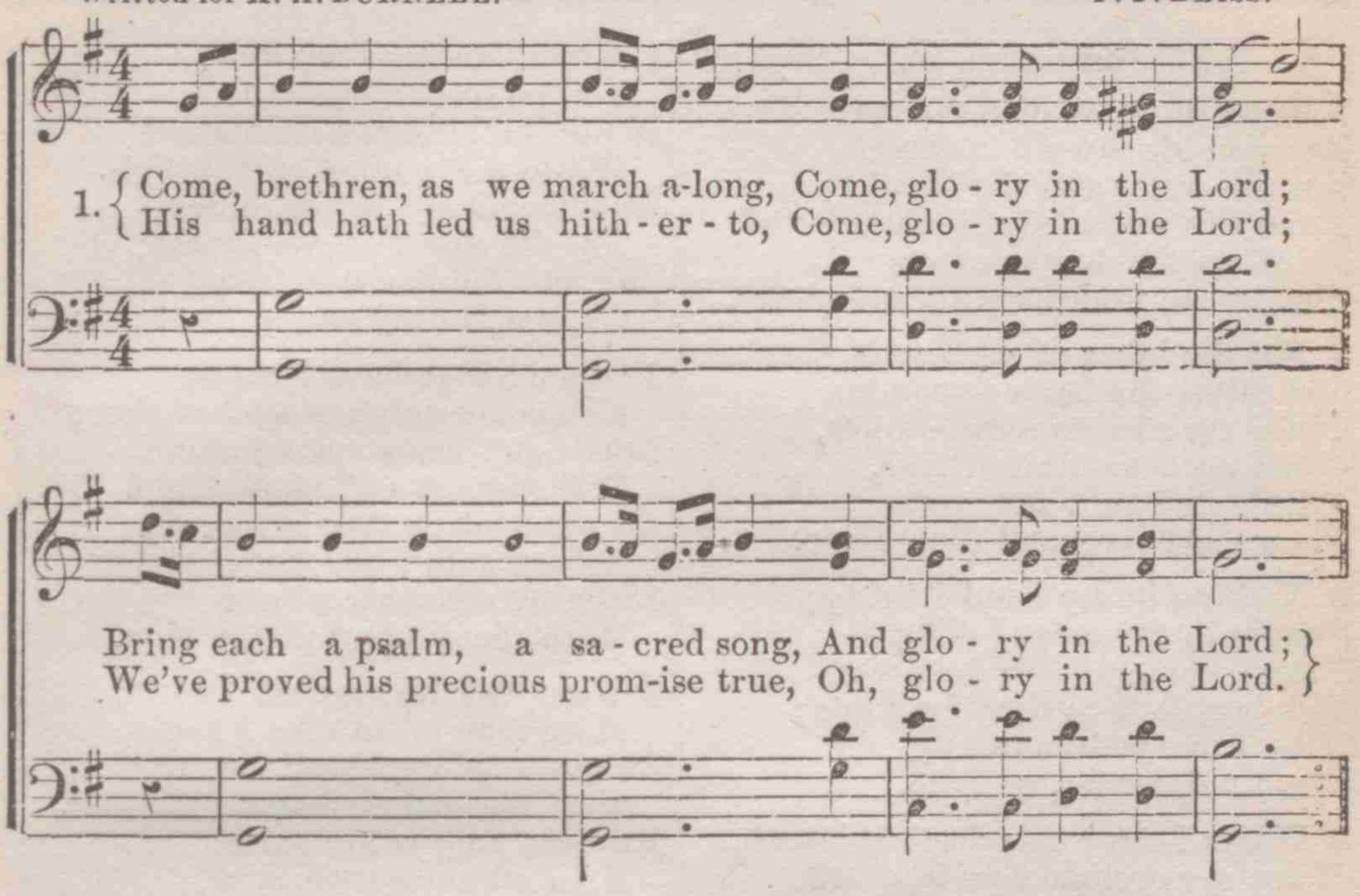
1 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song!
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Written for K. A. BURNELL. P. P. BLISS.



2 Though we in danger dread may be, We glory in the Lord;
In perils oft, by land and sea, We glory in the Lord;
In weary watchings night and day, We glory in the Lord;
He says, "with you I am alway"—We glory in the Lord. *Chorus.*

3 Fight on! O soldier of the cross, We glory in the Lord;
For Jesus' sake count all things loss, And glory in the Lord;
In life or death, in ease or pain, We glory in the Lord;
"To live is Christ, to die is gain"—We glory in the Lord. *Chorus.*

JOHN XIX: 34. *Toplady.*

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

---

1 IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.
There is rest, etc.

1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide!
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

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

3 Thou, O Christ art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

NATIONAL. *S. F. Smith.*

1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

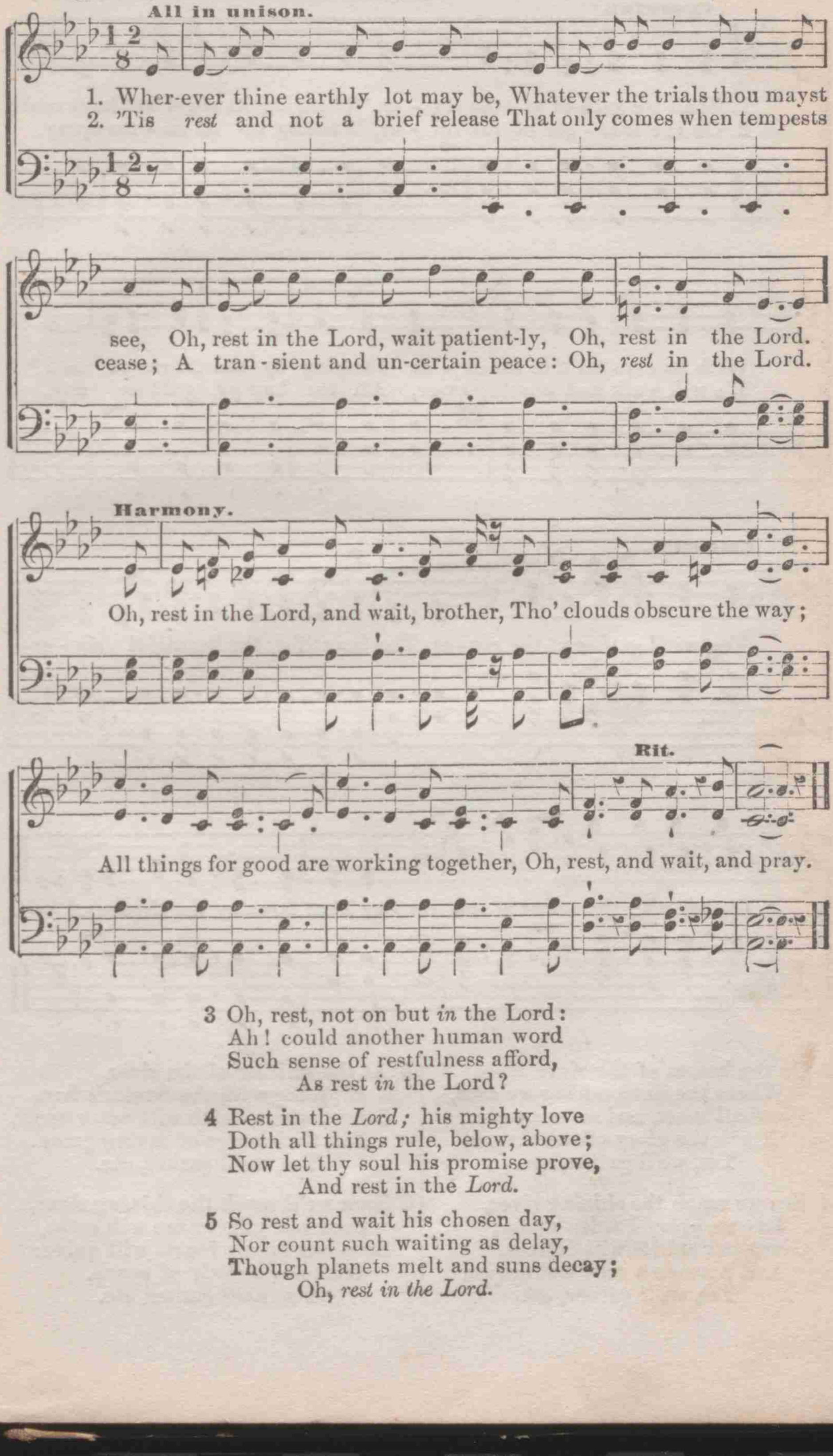
2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

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

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Suggested by J. H. COLE. Words arranged from "The S. S. TIMES." P. P. B.

All in unison.



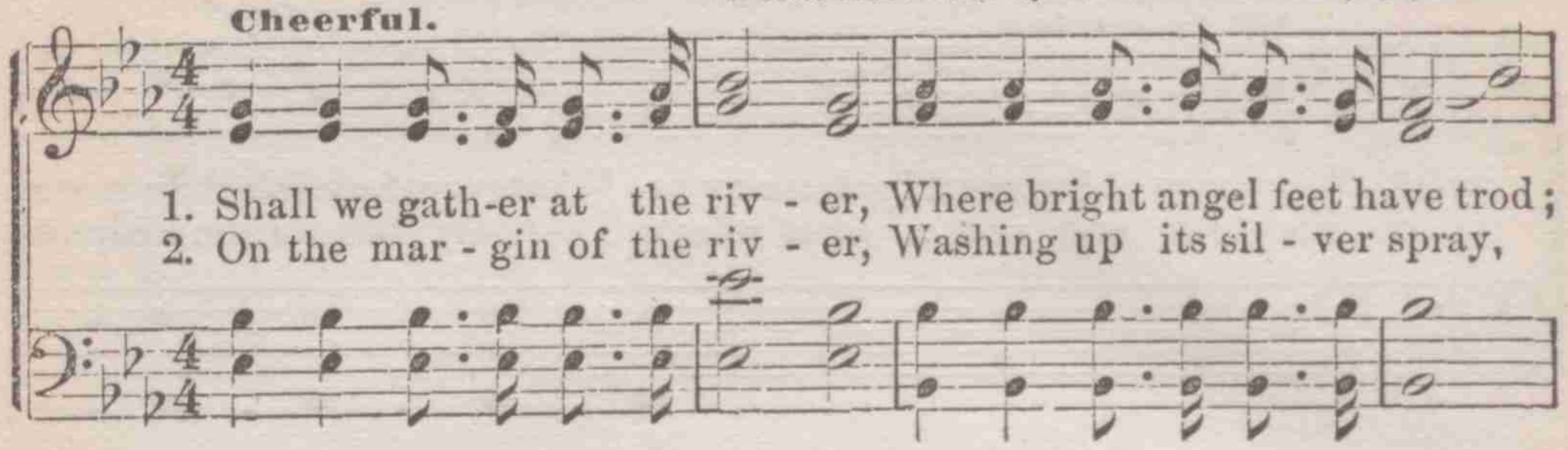
3 Oh, rest, not on but *in* the Lord:
Ah! could another human word
Such sense of restfulness afford,
As rest *in* the Lord?

4 Rest in the *Lord;* his mighty love
Doth all things rule, below, above;
Now let thy soul his promise prove,
And rest in the *Lord.*

5 So rest and wait his chosen day,
Nor count such waiting as delay,
Though planets melt and suns decay;
Oh, *rest in the Lord.*

110 Shall we Gather at the River?

Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Savior-King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

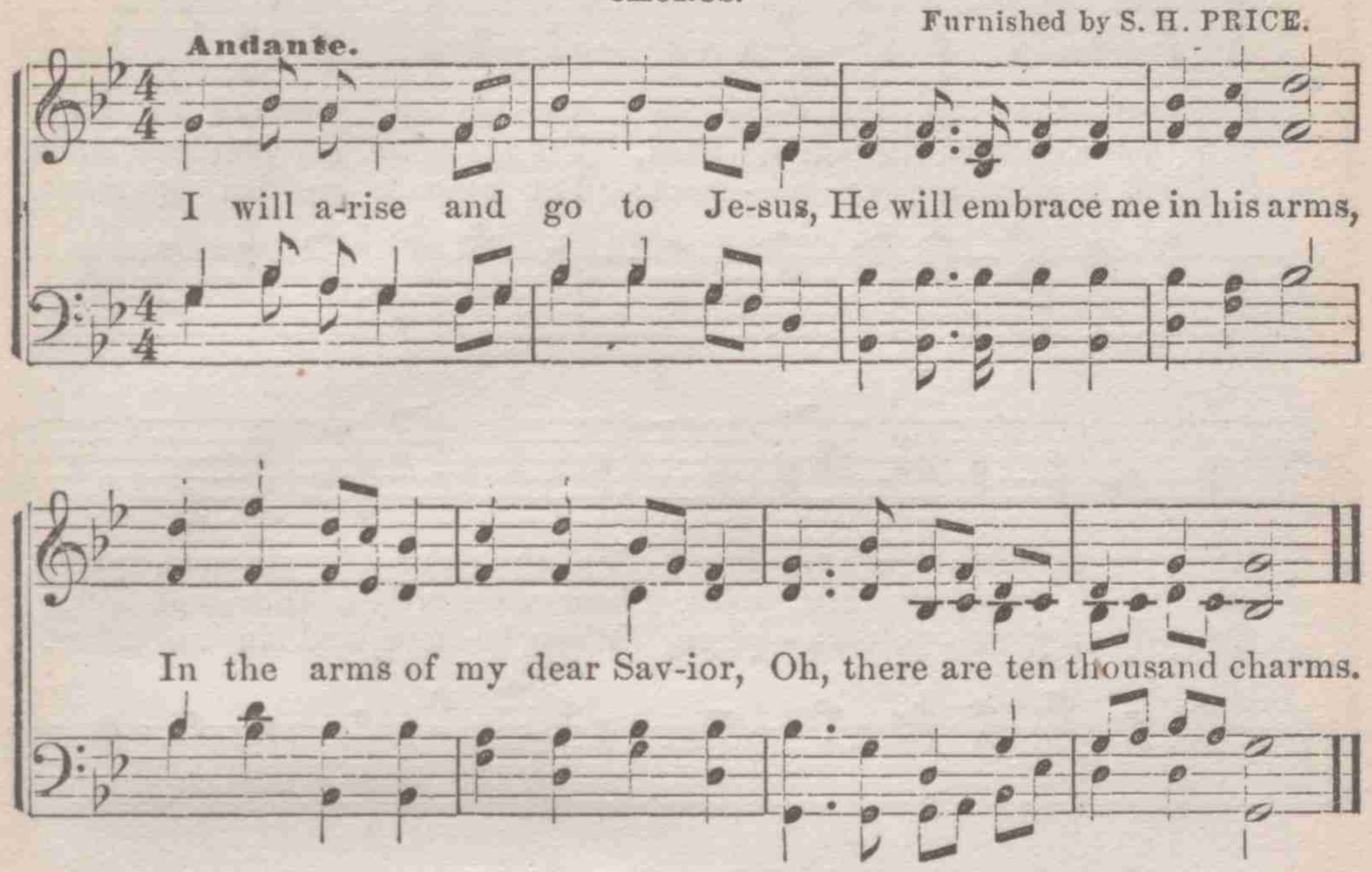
4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Savior's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

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

CHORUS.*

Furnished by S. H. PRICE.



* This chorus may be sung after each of the following stanzas, or as a response to "Come ye sinners, poor and needy," "Jesus sought me when a stranger," etc.

It is one of the old-fashioned, camp-meeting "Spirituals," and well deserves a place among "GOSPEL SONGS." P. P. B.

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."

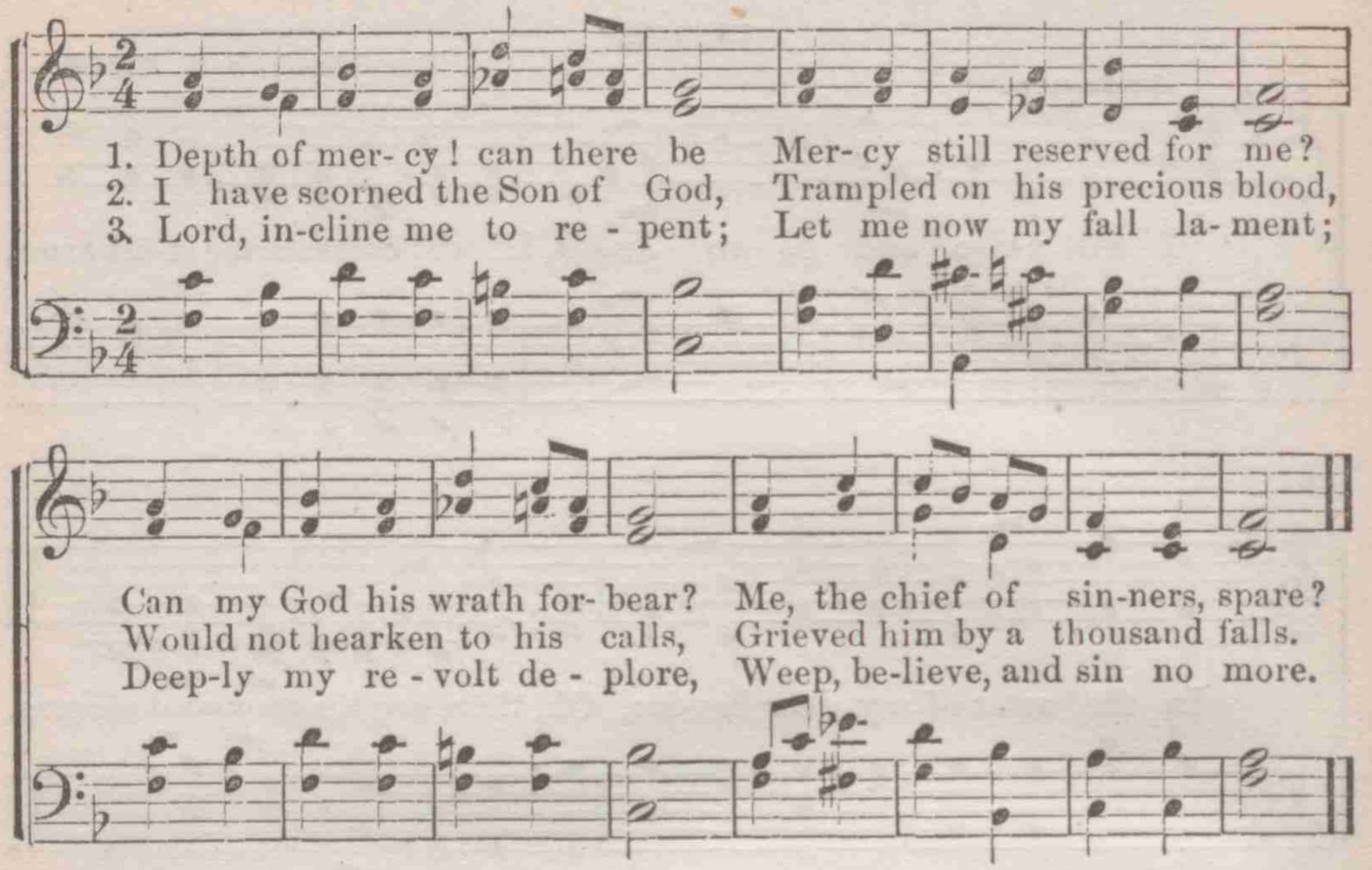
3 "I will arise, though faint and weary,
Home to my father I will go;
Woe is me that e'er I wandered;
Ah, that I such need should know!"

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

5 Then I arose and came to my father—
Mercy amazing! love unknown!
He beheld me, ran, embraced me,
Pardoned, welcomed, called me "son!"

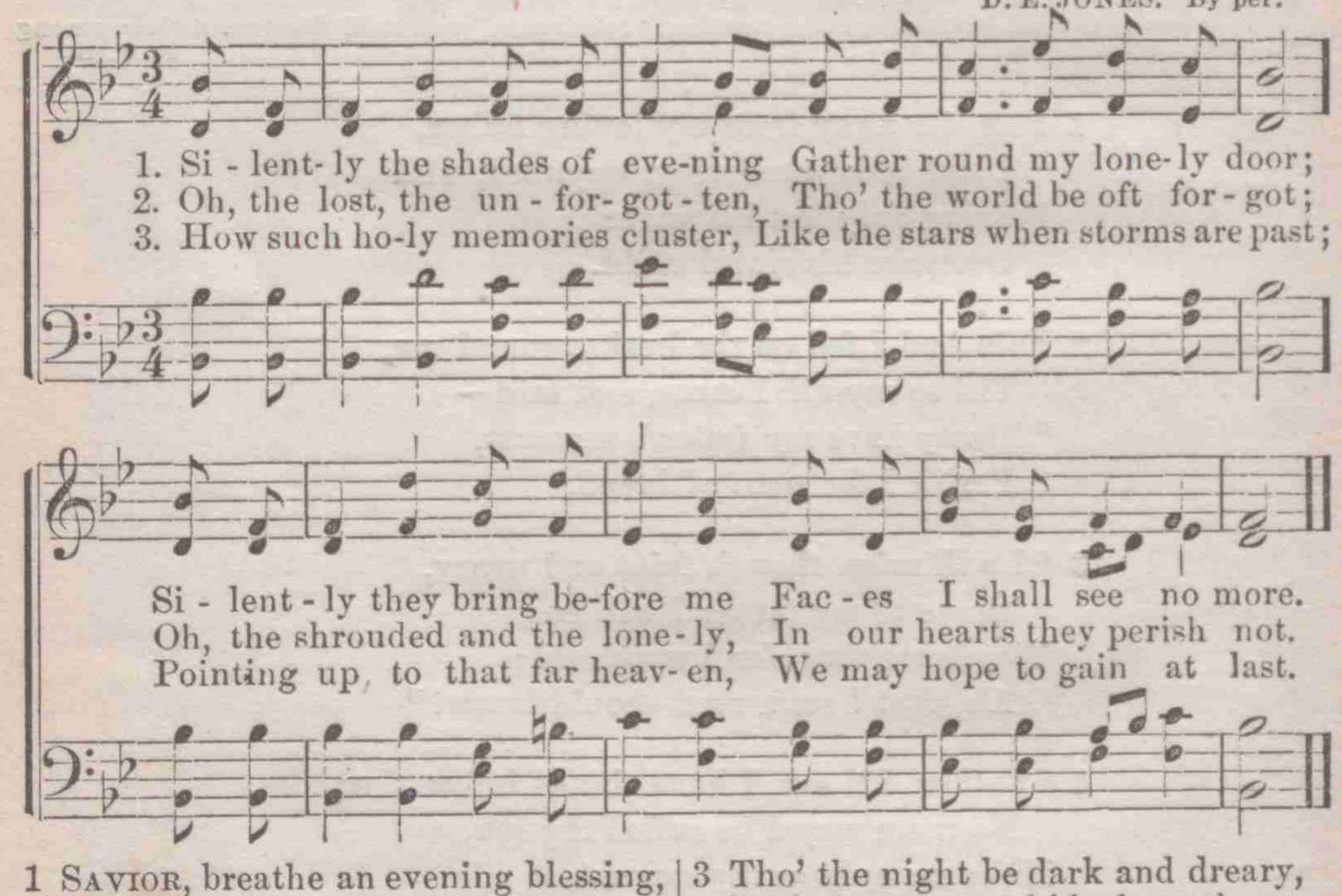
Seymour. 7s.

VON WEBER.



Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES. By per.



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

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

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

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

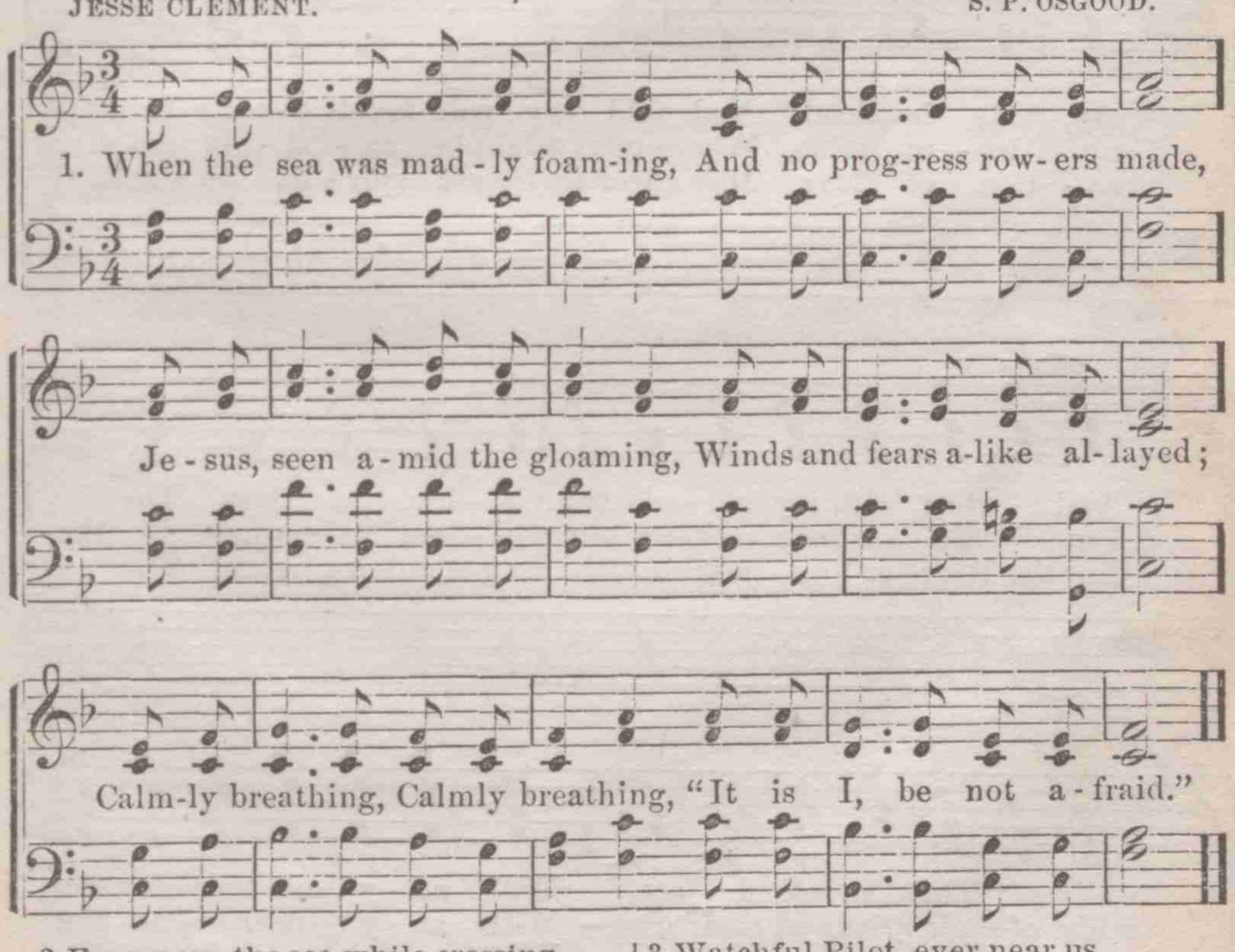
Words and Music by PALMER HARTSOUGH.

2 Quick, my soul, to Jesus turn;
O'er the past no longer mourn;
He hath all thy sorrows borne—
Jesus crucified.

3 Spread the tidings far and wide,
Of the healing, cleansing tide,
Flowing from his wounded side—
Jesus crucified.

"It is I, be not Afraid."

JESSE CLEMENT. S. P. OSGOOD.



2 Even now, the sea while crossing,
When the winds in strife arrayed,
Fearfully the ship is tossing,
Child of faith, be not dismayed;
Hear the whisper, Hear the whisper,
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Watchful Pilot, ever near us,
In thy robes of light arrayed,
Thou wilt walk the waves to cheer us,
E'en till death our track invade,
Then wilt whisper, Then wilt whisper,
"It is I, be not afraid."

Waiting and Watching for Me.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Furnished by F. J. HARTLEY Esq., of London, Eng.

Slowly.

1. When my fi - nal fare-well to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watch-ers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
2. There are lit - tle ones glanc-ing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear little eyes look-ing up in - to mine, Whose tears might be ea - si - ly dried.
3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a - while In homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen - tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir - its be - reft.

And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion, at last The walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the
But Je - sus may beck - on the chil - dren a - way - In the midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the
But the Reap - er is near to the long stand - ing corn, The wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
‖: Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me! :‖

116 Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh!

"And five of them were wise."

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've
2. Go forth, go forth to meet him, The way is o - pen now, All
3. We see the marriage splendor With-in the o - pen door; We

tarried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en-ter in? We know we've nothing
lighted with the glory That's streaming from his brow. Accept the in - vi-
know that those who enter Are blest for ev-er - more. We see he is more

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

CHORUS.

Are all from him a - lone. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! And all may
And joy e - ter-nal find. Behold, etc.
Will nev - er ope a - gain. Behold, etc.

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

Too Late!

"And five of them were foolish."

Words by TENNYSON. Arr. from MISS LINDSAY, and partly composed by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but
2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that
3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? Oh, let us in, that

we can en-ter still; Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late! But
we may find the light; Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, That
we may kiss his feet! Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, That

CHORUS.

we can enter still, But we can en- ter still. Too late! too late!
we may find the light, That we may find the light. Too late! etc.
we may kiss his feet, That we may kiss his feet. Too late! etc.

Too late! too late!

p

Ye can not enter now! Too late! too late! Ye can not enter now!

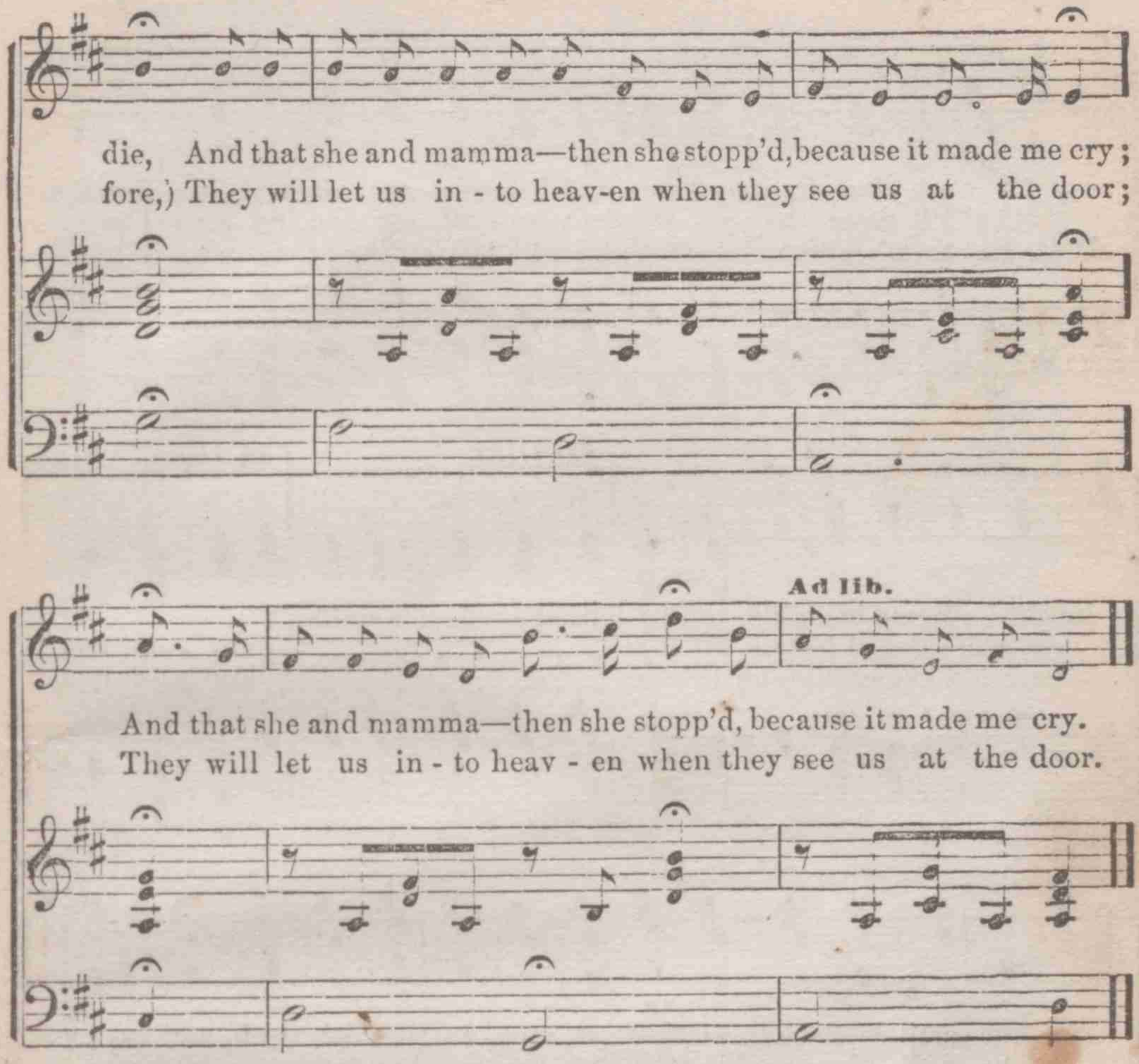
If Papa were Only Ready.

P. P. BLISS.

Thoughtfully.

1. I should like to die, said Wil-lie, if my papa could die too; But he says he is - n't read - y, 'cause he has so much to do;
2. But she told me, I remember, once while sitting on her knee, That the an - gels nev - er wea - ry, watching o - ver her and me;

And my lit - tle sis - ter Nel - lie says that I must sure - ly
And that if we're good—(and mamma told me just the same be-



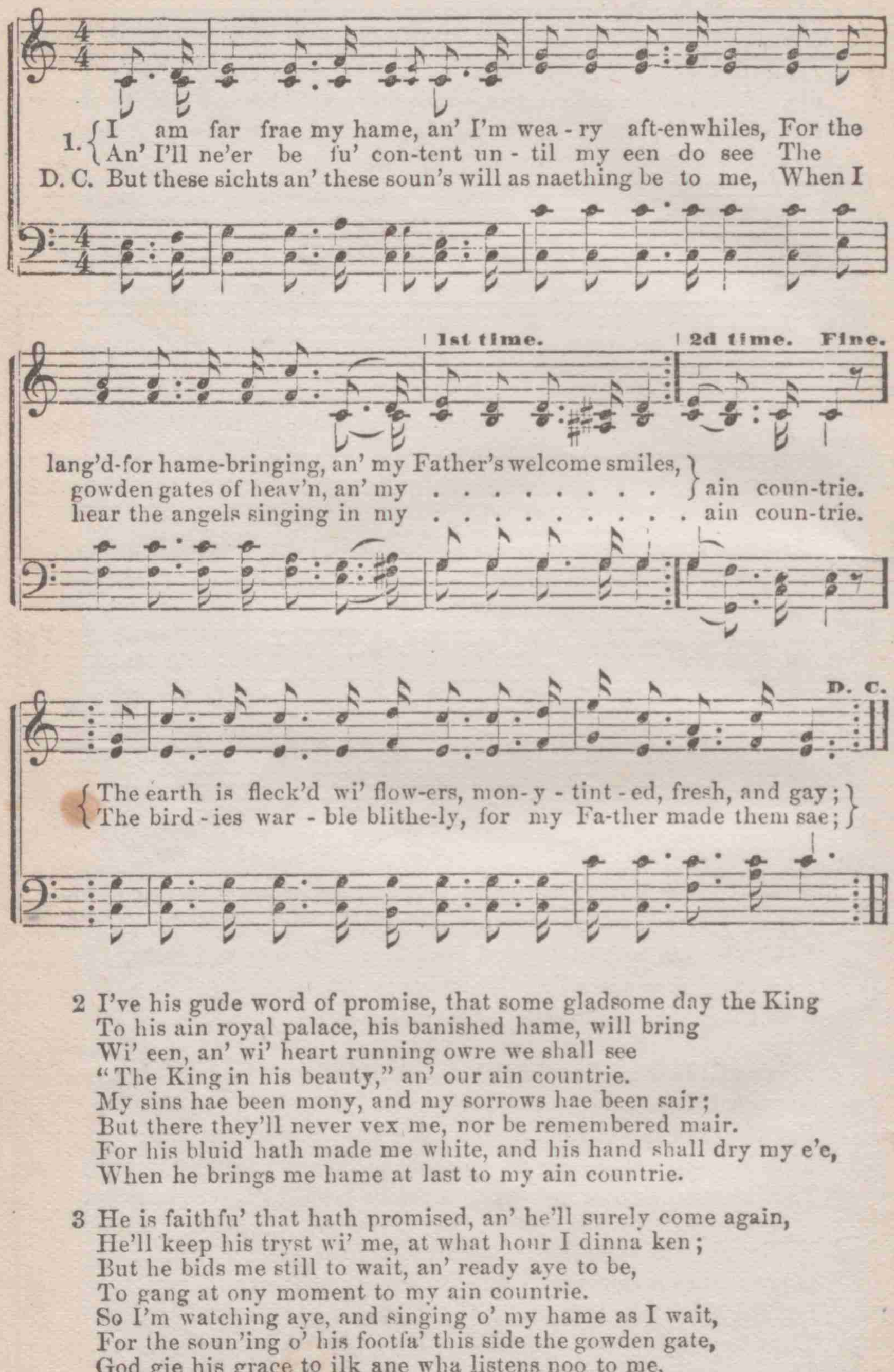
3 There I know I shall be happy, and will always want to stay;
I shall love to hear the singing, I shall love the endless day;
I shall love to look at Jesus, I shall love him more and more,
And I'll gather water-lilies for the angel at the door;
And I'll gather water-lilies for the angel at the door.

4 There will be none but the holy—I shall know no more of sin;
Though I'll see mamma and Nellie, for I know he'll let them in,
But I'll have to tell the angel, when I meet him at the door,
That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store;
That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store.

5 Nellie says, that may be I shall very soon be called away;
If papa were only ready, I should like to go to-day;
But if I should go before him to that world of light and joy,
Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to see his little boy;
Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to see his little boy.

My Ain Countrie.

MISS M. A. LEE. Scotch Song. Arr.



2 I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring
Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

Father, I'm Tired!

P. P. B.

With expression.

1. Father, I'm tired! The way is rough and thorny, and my feet are torn,
2. Father, I'm tired! I do not want to go to heaven on beds of ease;
3. Father, I'm tired! Yet, oh, I would not murmur when my lot seems hard.
4. Father, I'm tired! Yet this I know, that sometime I shall fold my hands

Are torn and bleeding, and I'm wea - ry, sad, and worn;
Nor always would I ask clear sky and balm - y breeze.
I know the servant can not be a - bove his Lord;
From their life work; my soul shall burst its pris - on bands;

I thirst for the still waters of the prom - ised land,
I would not shrink from clouds and threatening sky and storm.
I know that every cross I bear for thee be - low,
My feet shall stand by Jordan; I shall catch a gleam

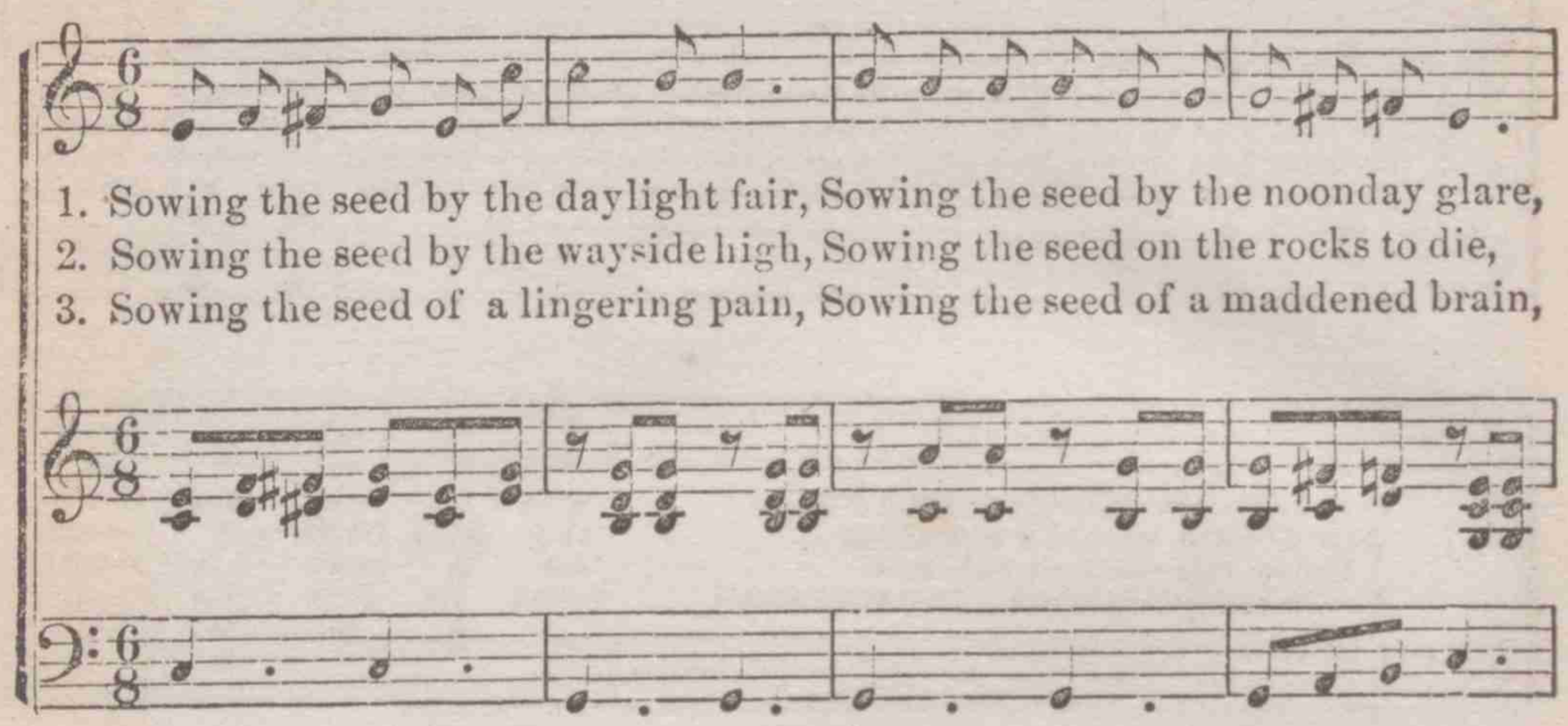
And seem to hear them rippling on the gold - en sand.
I know the after sunlight seems more sweet and warm.
Shall make my crown in heaven more bright - ly glow;
Of the pure, sinless clime that lies be- yond the stream;

Yet through this arid waste I journey on and on,
But oh, to strive and struggle thus from day to day,
I would do any thing, be any thing for thee;
I shall go hand in hand with Jesus through the tide;

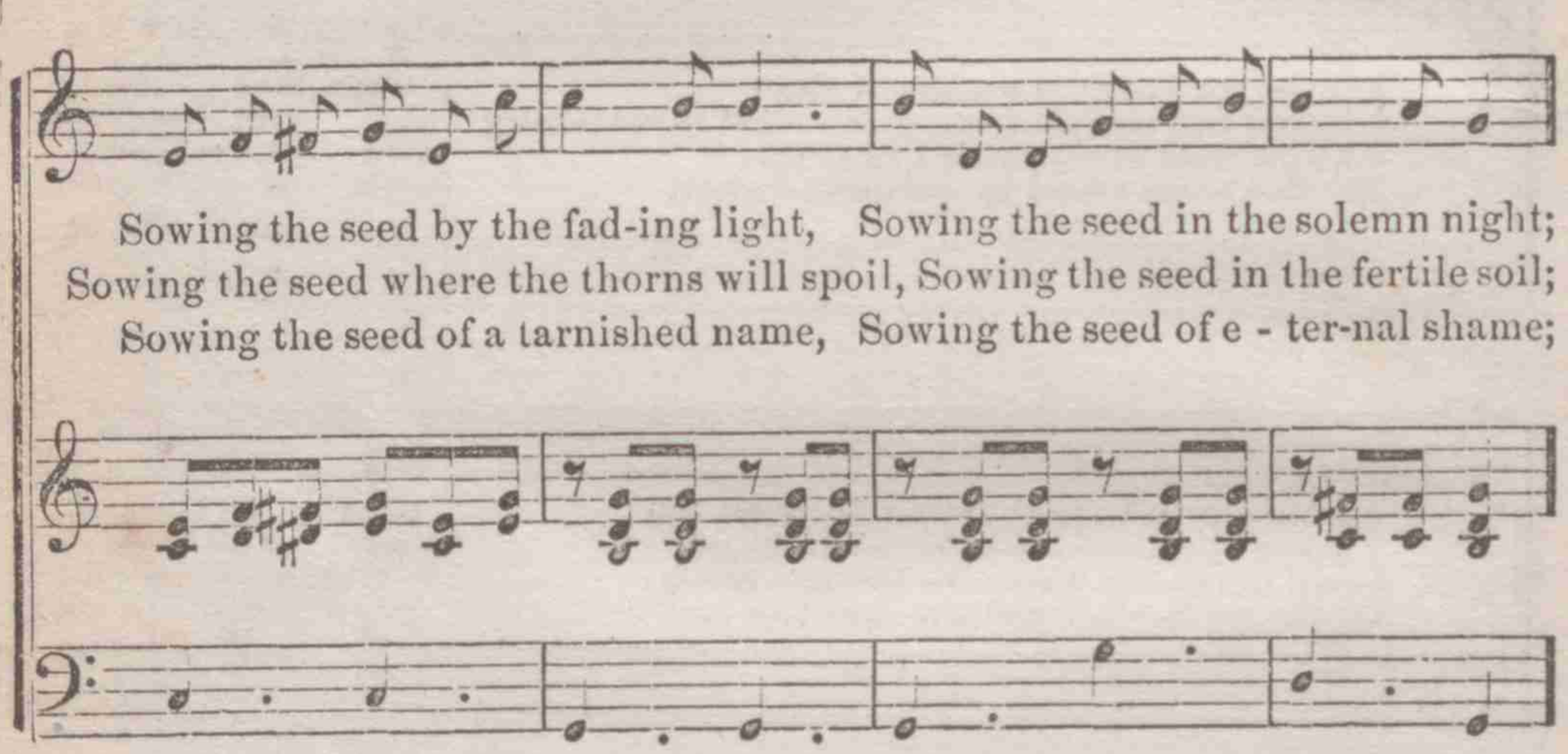
All the long journey seems for me but just be- gun, Yet I am tired.
And know that such must be my lot, I can but say, Father, I'm tired.
O Father, grant thy grace to strengthen me, when I am tired.
And in the home prepared upon the other side, *never grow tired.*

What shall the Harvest be?

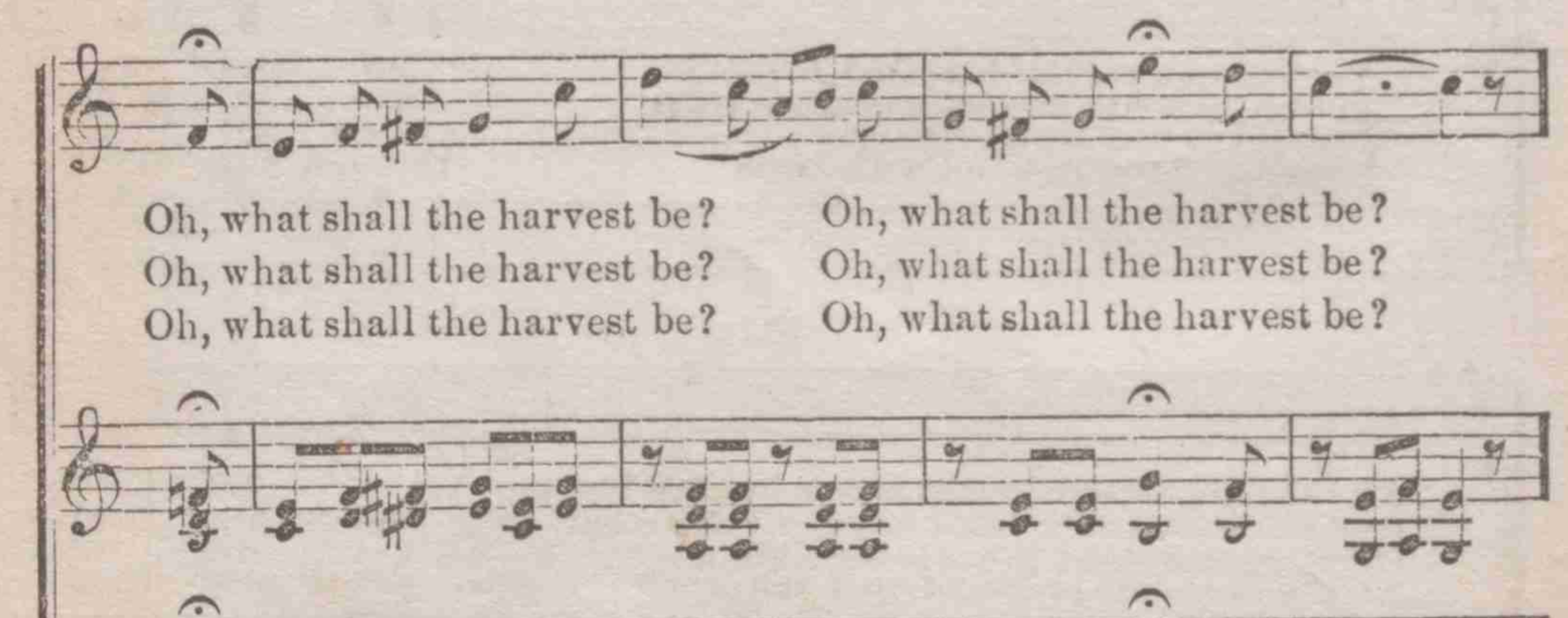
P. P. BLISS.



1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

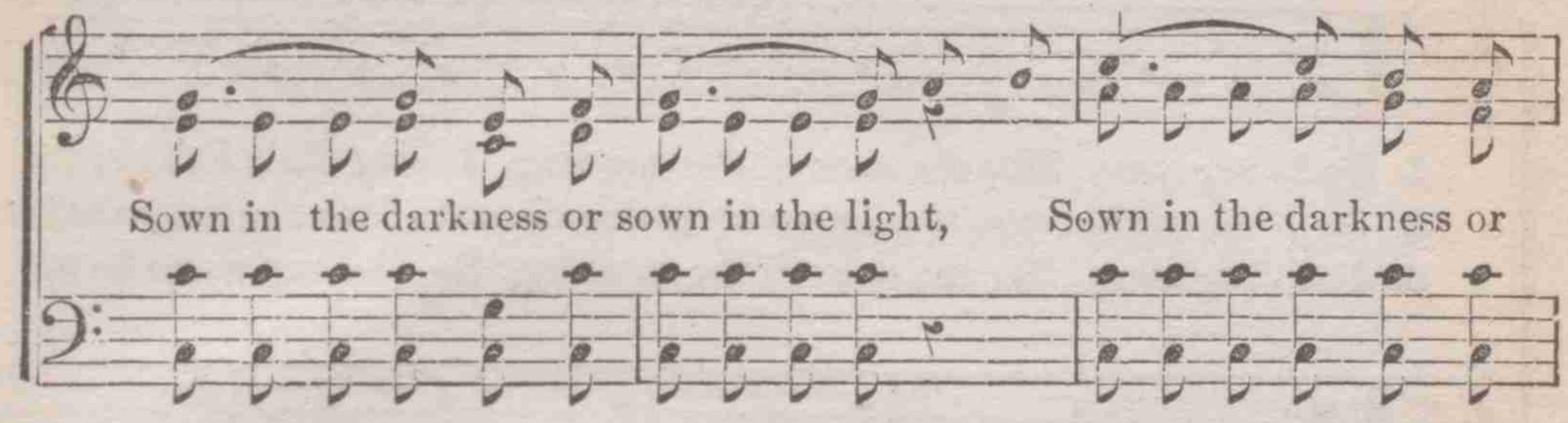


Sowing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter-nal shame;



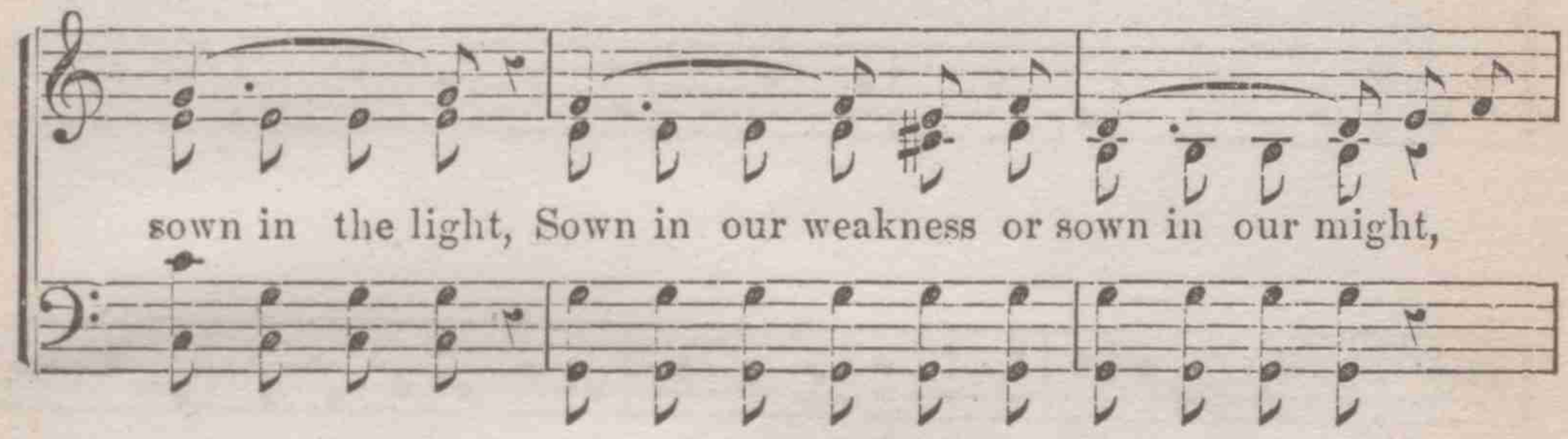
Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown . . . in the dark - - ness or sown . . in the



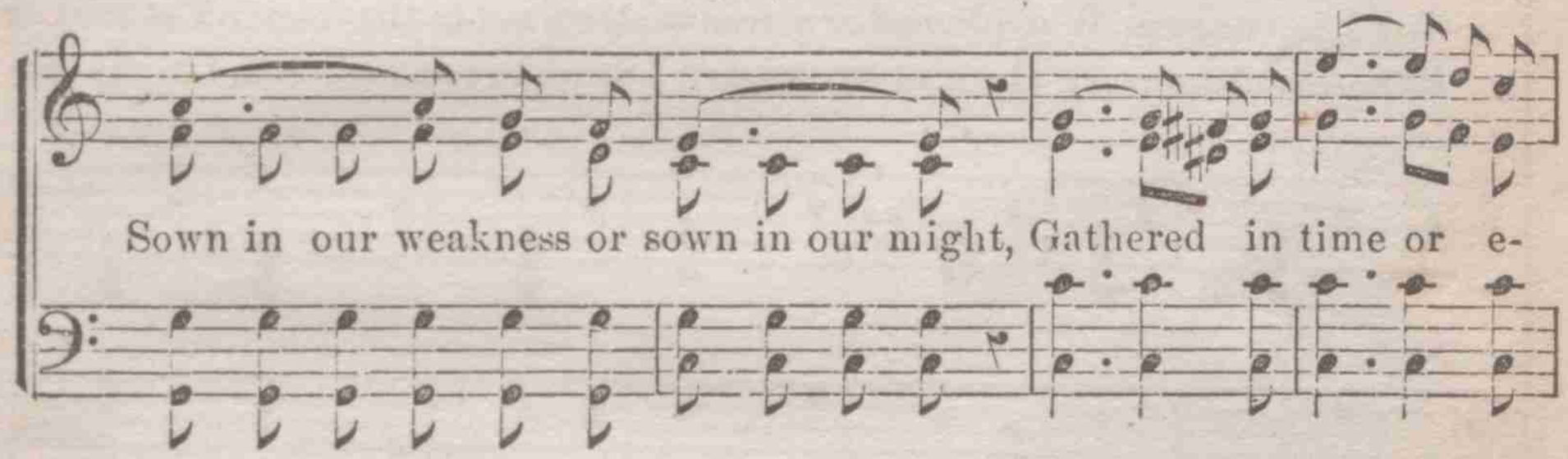
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

light, ... Sown . . . . in our weak - - ness or



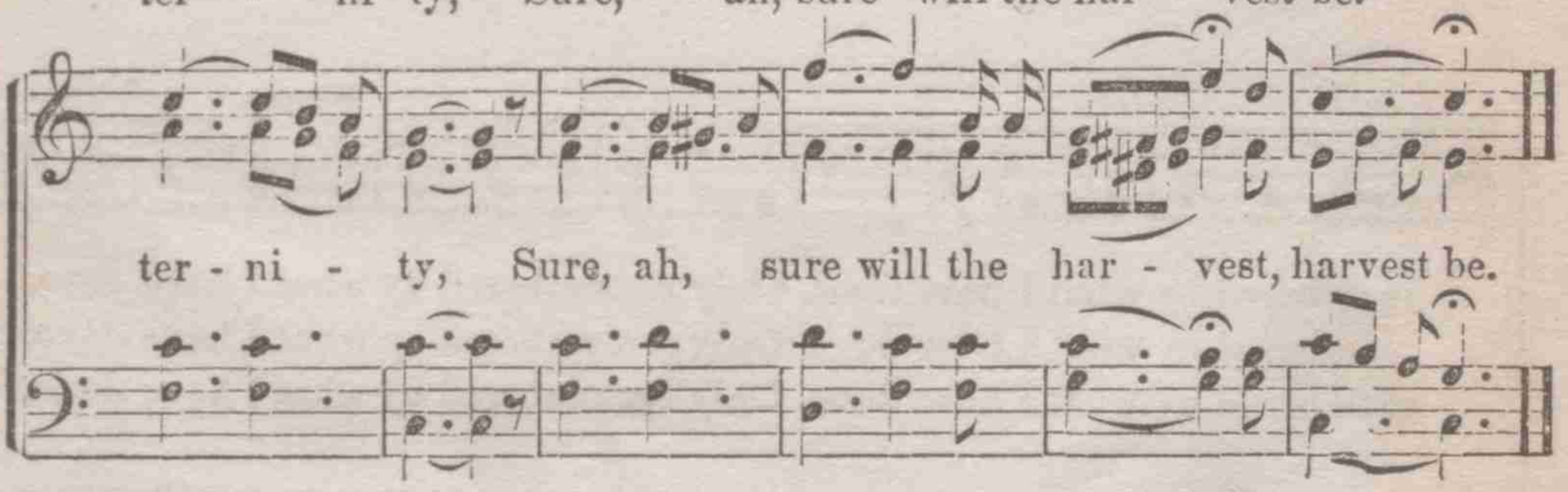
sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

sown . . . . in our might, . . . Gath - ered in time or e-



Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in time or e-

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be.



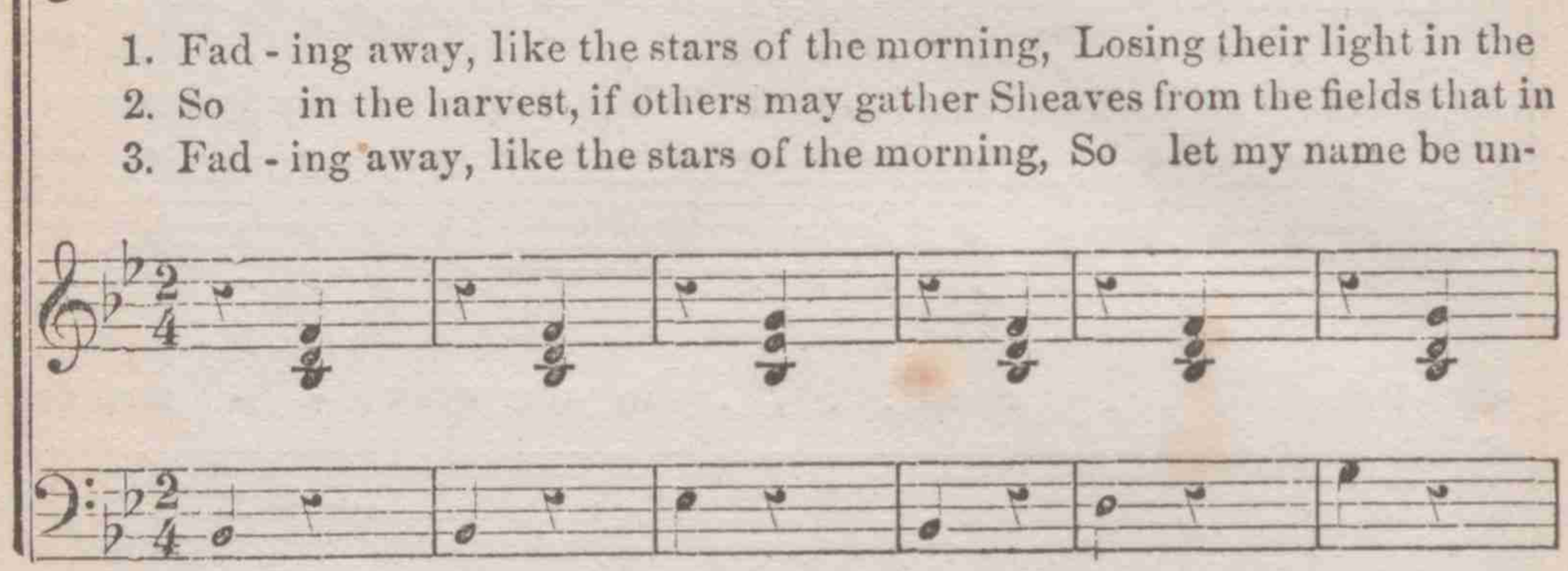
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, **etc.**

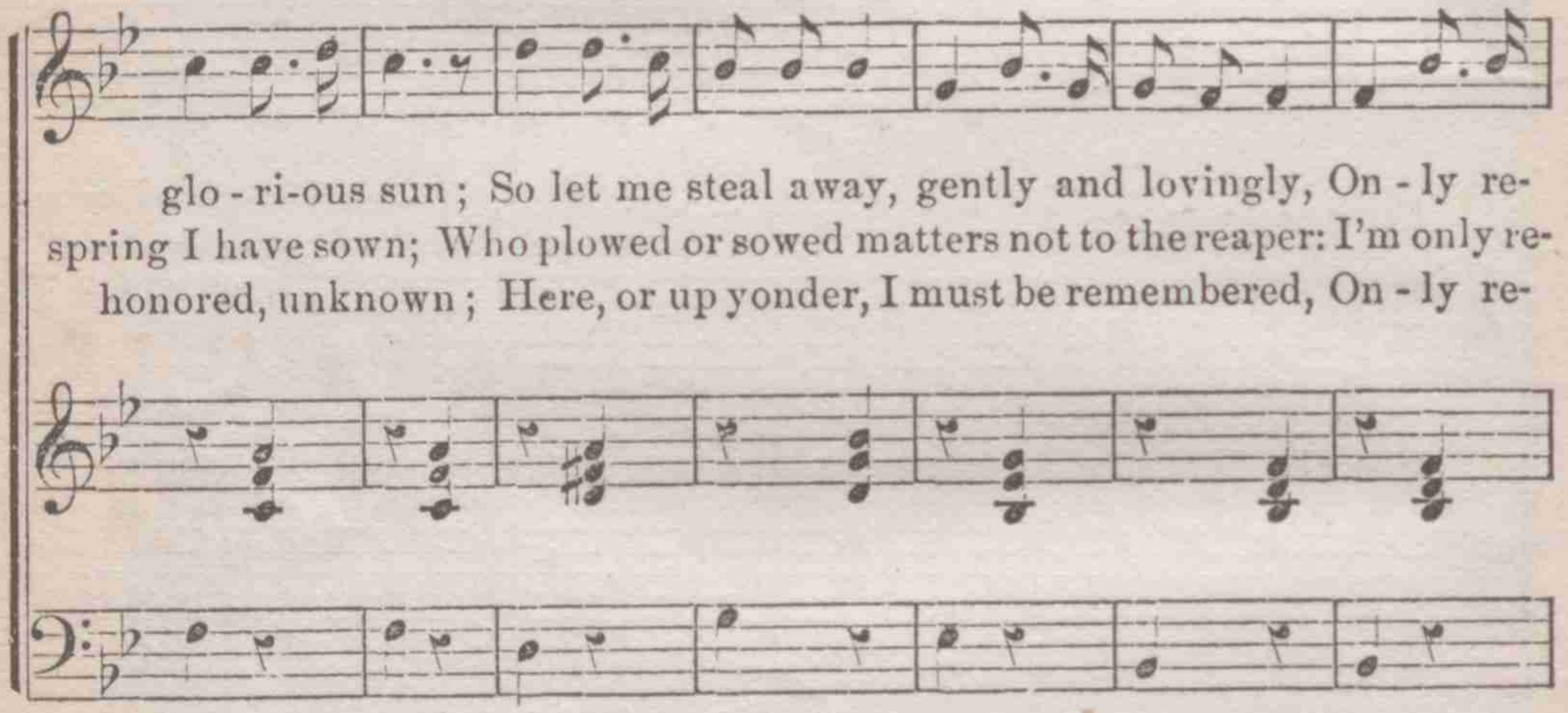
Remembered.

BONAR. BLISS.

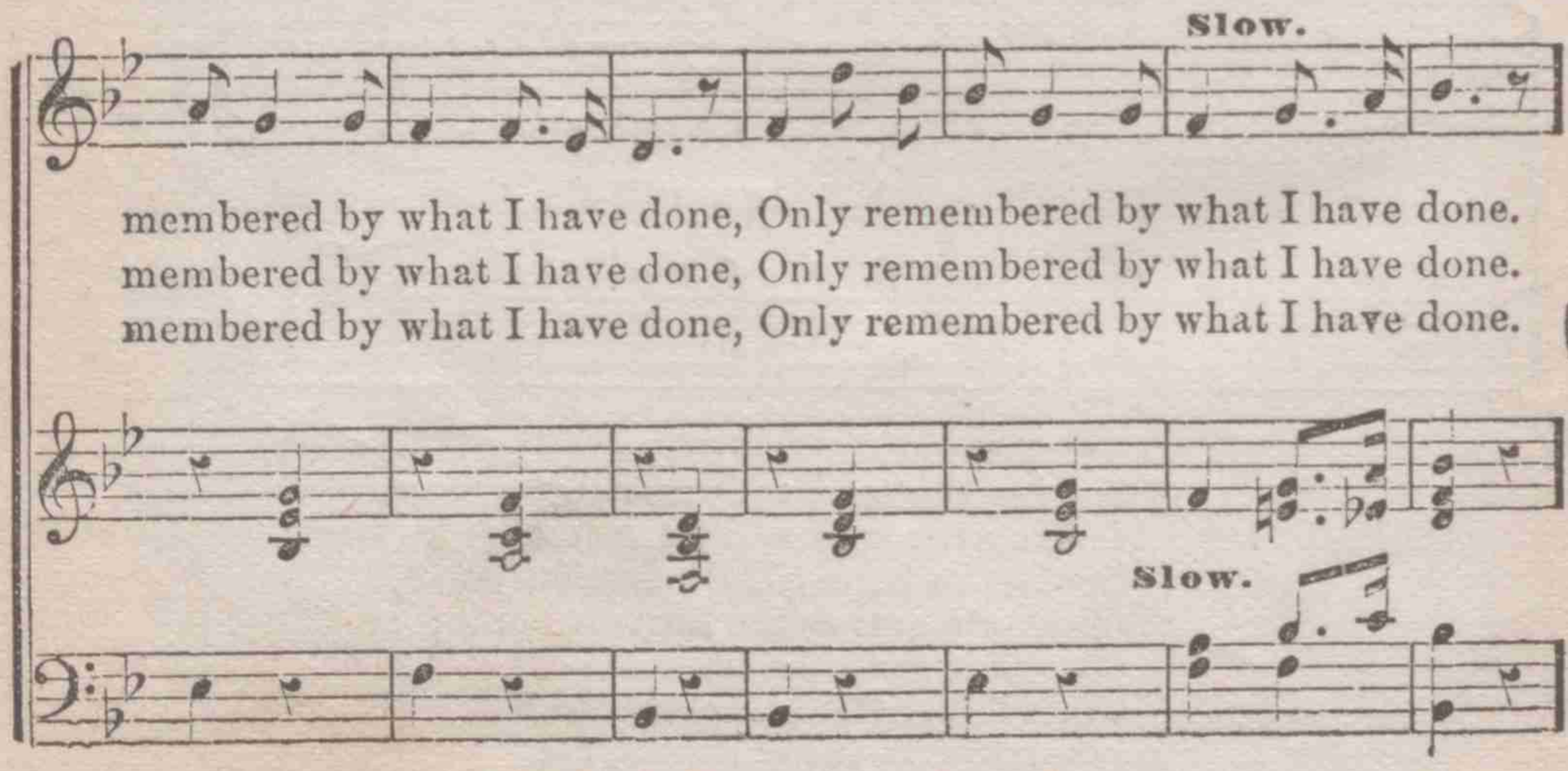
1. Fad - ing away, like the stars of the morning, Losing their light in the
2. So in the harvest, if others may gather Sheaves from the fields that in
3. Fad - ing away, like the stars of the morning, So let my name be un-



glo - ri-ous sun; So let me steal away, gently and lovingly, On - ly re-
spring I have sown; Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper: I'm only re-
honored, unknown; Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered, On - ly re-



membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.
membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.
membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.
membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.



CHORUS. Soprano.

Ev - er remembered, for - ev - er remembered, Ev - er re-

Alto.

Ev-ermore re-membered, ev - ermore remembered, Ev - er re-

membered while the years are rolling on; Ev - er remembered, for-

membered while the years are rolling on; Ev - er-more re-membered,

Ritard.

ev - er remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

Ev-ermore remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

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