GOSPEL HYMNS

No. 4.

BY

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN,

AND

GEO. C. STEBBINS,

AS USED BY THEM IN

Gospel Meetings.

PUBLISHED BY

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth Street, New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

JOHN CHURCH & CO.
66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.
Root & Son's Music Co., Chicago.

May be ordered of Booksellers and Music Dealers.

Price in Board Covers, $30 per 100 Copies; 35 Cents each, by Mail.
Words Only, Paper Covers, $5.00 per 100; 6 Cents each, by Mail.

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PREFACE.

The contents of GOSPEL HYMNS No. 4, have for the most part been written and composed by those engaged in Evangelistic and Sabbath School work, and great care has been taken to admit only such pieces as have therein been tested and found useful.

While the body of the book contains much that is *new*, in the hymn and tune department will be found many of the old favorites so familiar to all.

That the Master may greatly bless the use of these "Gospel Hymns," as He has done those which have preceded them, to encourage, strengthen and cheer, and to turn many to righteousness, is the earnest united desire of the Editors.

IRA D. SANKEY,
JAMES MCGRANAHAN,
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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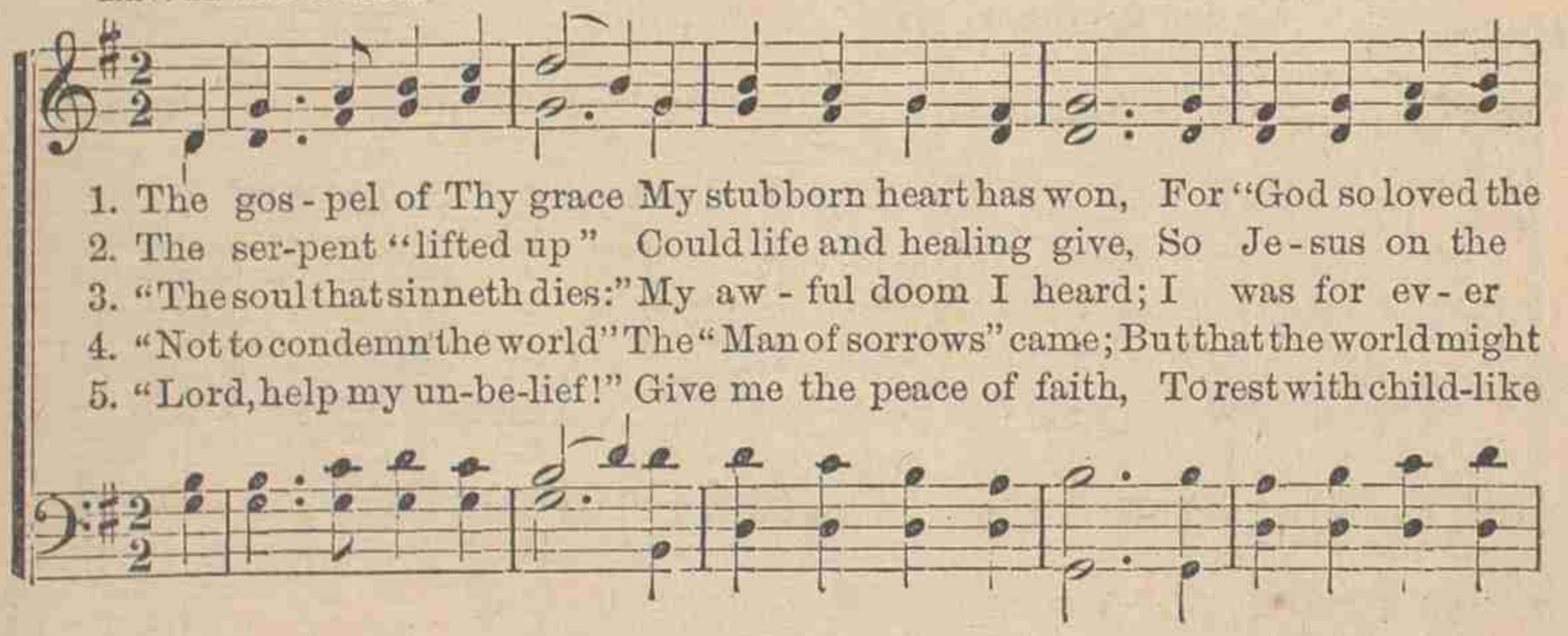
GOSPEL HYMNS

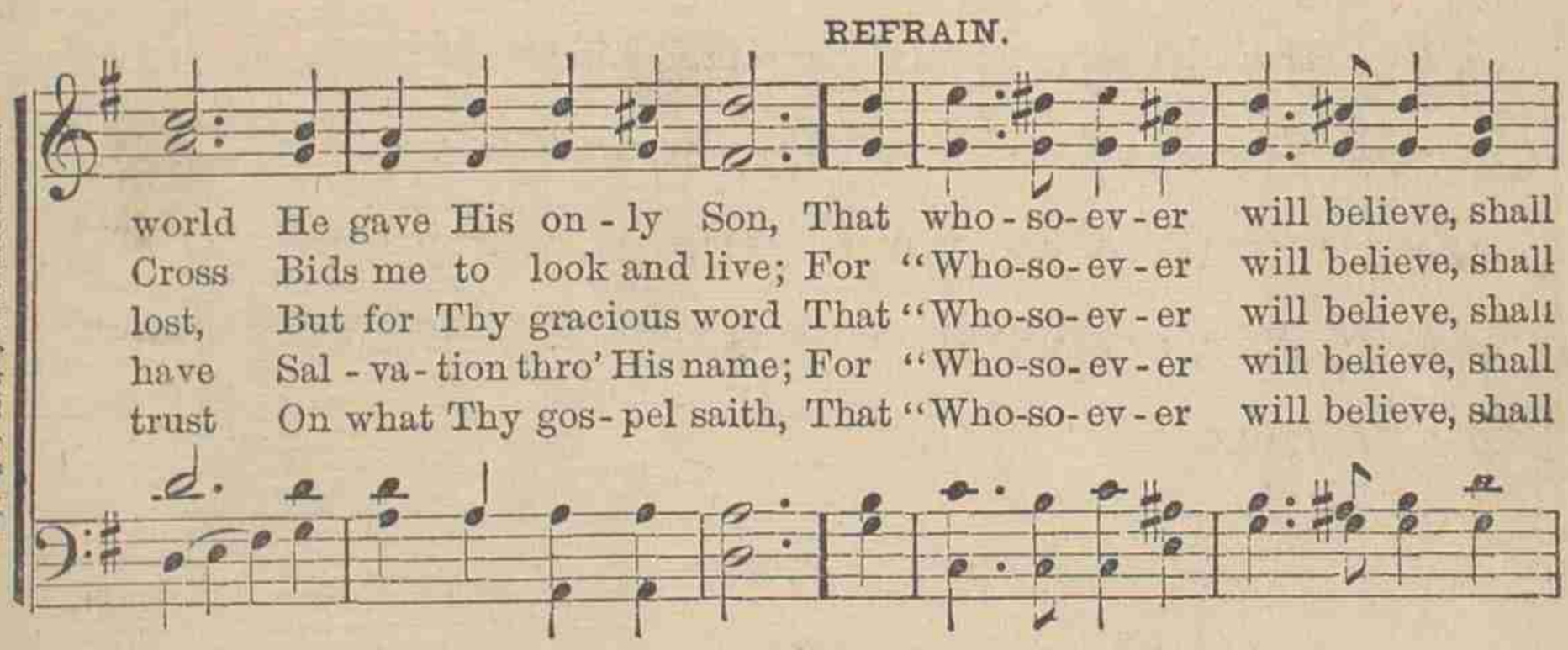
No. 4.

No. 1. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

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

REV. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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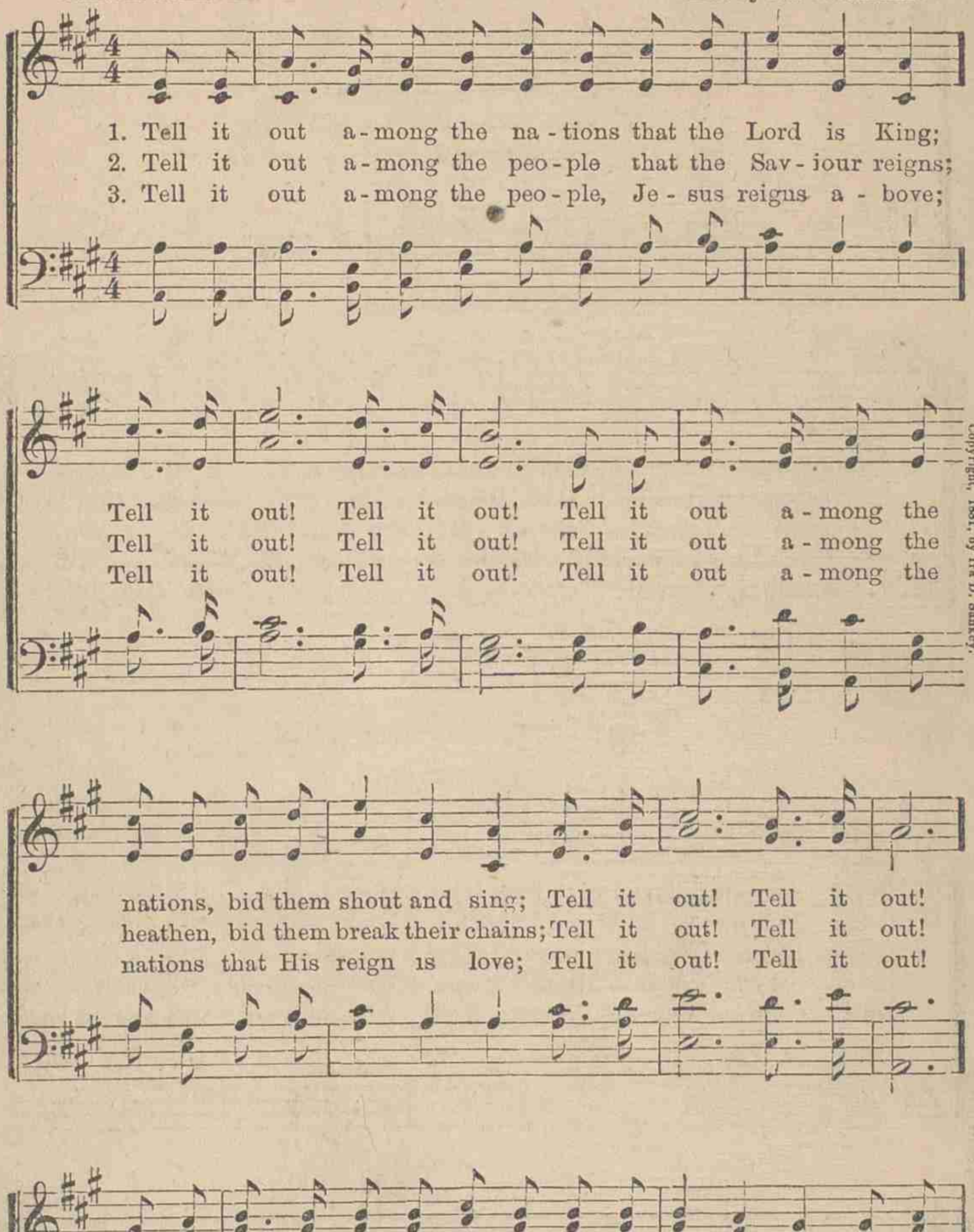
No. 2. Tell it Out.

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

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



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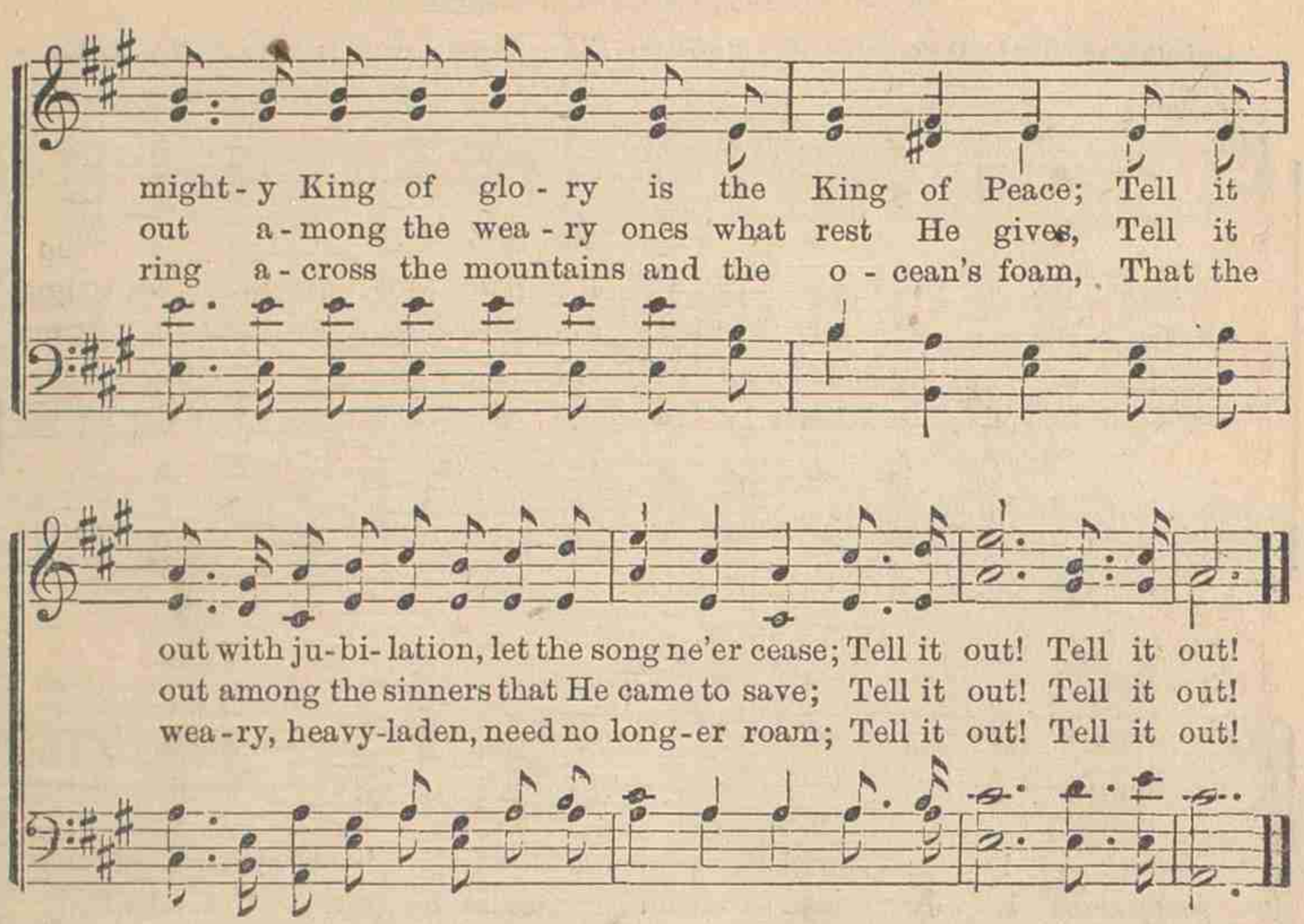
Tell it Out.—Concluded.

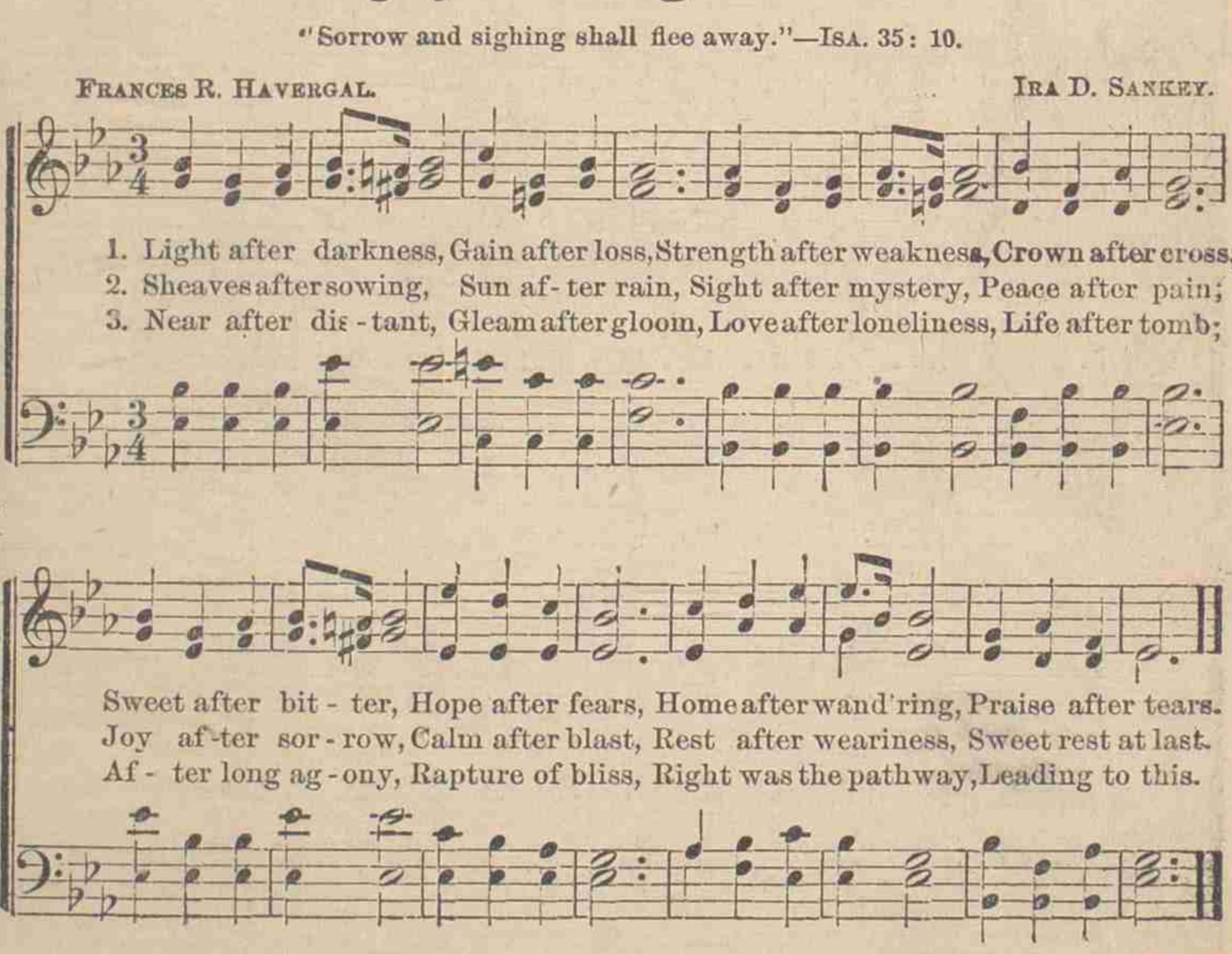


No. 3.

Light after Darkness.

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

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.



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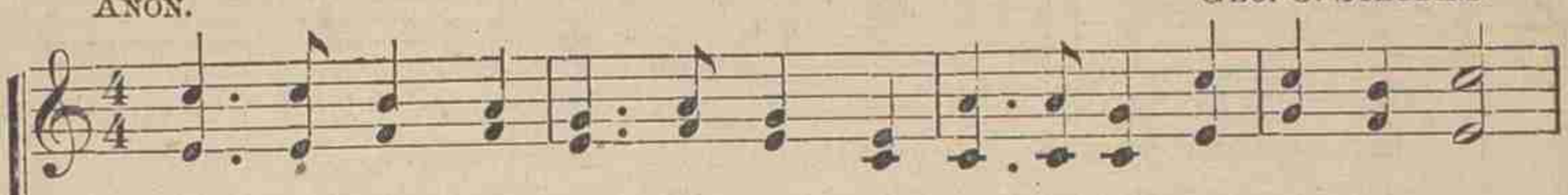
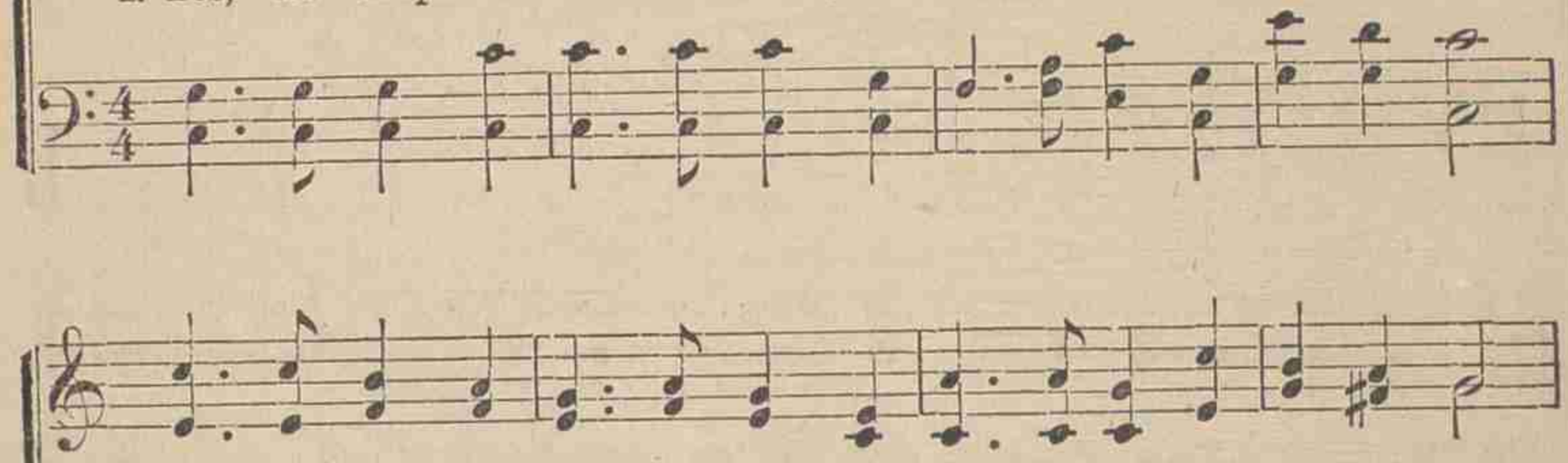
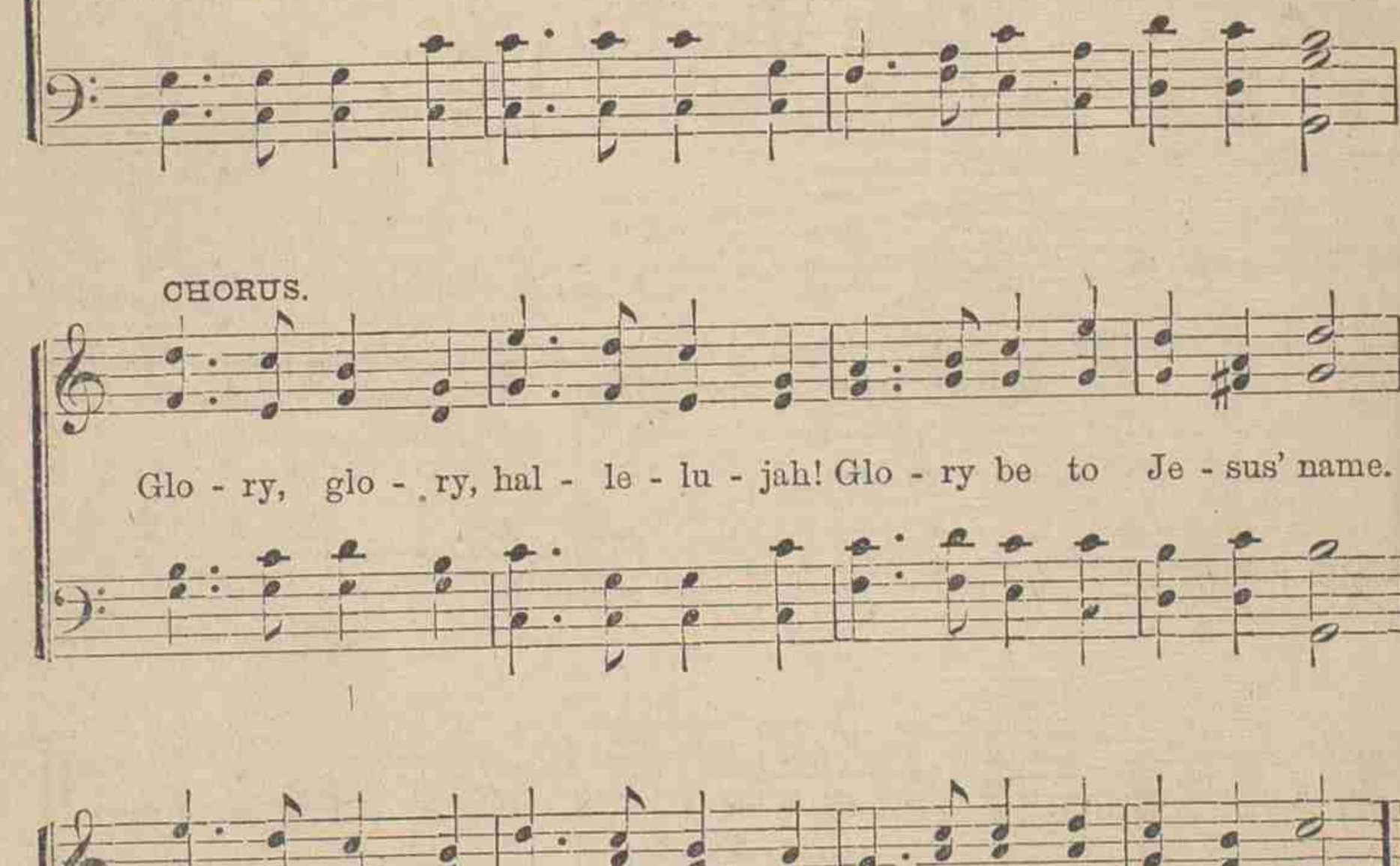
No. 4.

Glory be to Jesus' Name.

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

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to His pre-cious name;
2. In the place of His re - jec - tion, Where He suffered, where He died,
3. Here was marred His bless-ed visage, Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
4. Yes, tri - umph-ant hal - le - lu - jahs Still a - rise to greet His name;

Sweet it is to sound His prais-es, Blest it is to spread His fame.
Bursts of ho - ly praise as - cend-ing, Greets the glorious Cru - ci - fied.
Here the ob - ject of de - ris - ion, Bit - ter taunt and mocking scorn.
Sweet it is to sound His prais-es, Blest it is to spread His fame.



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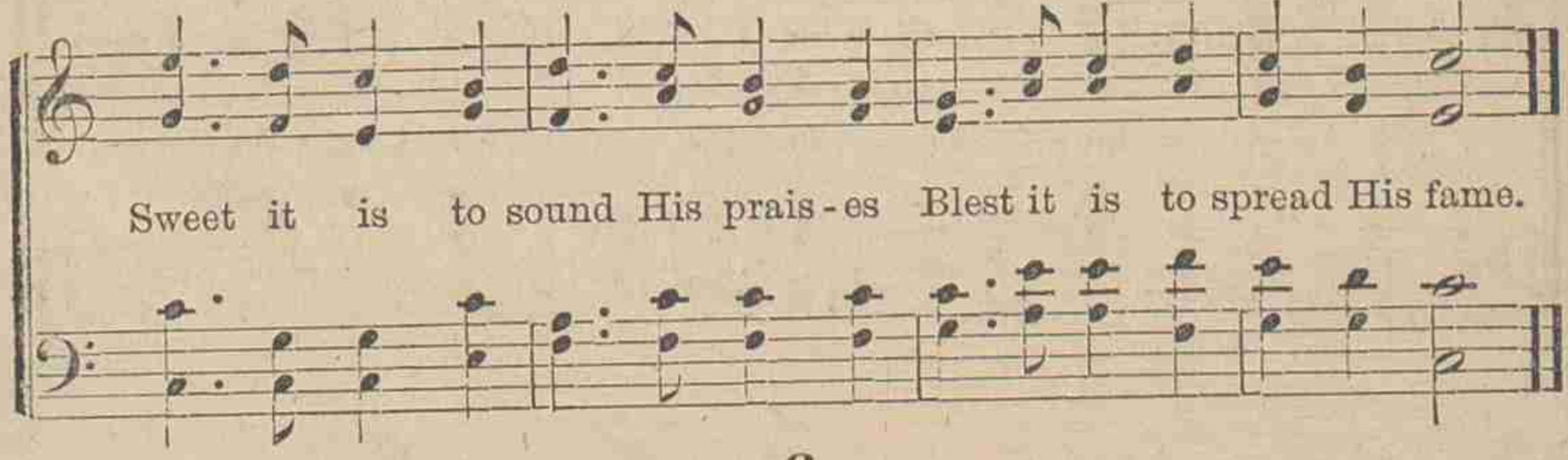
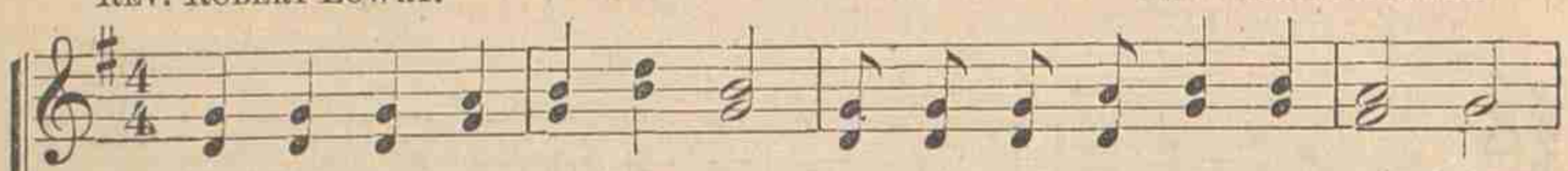
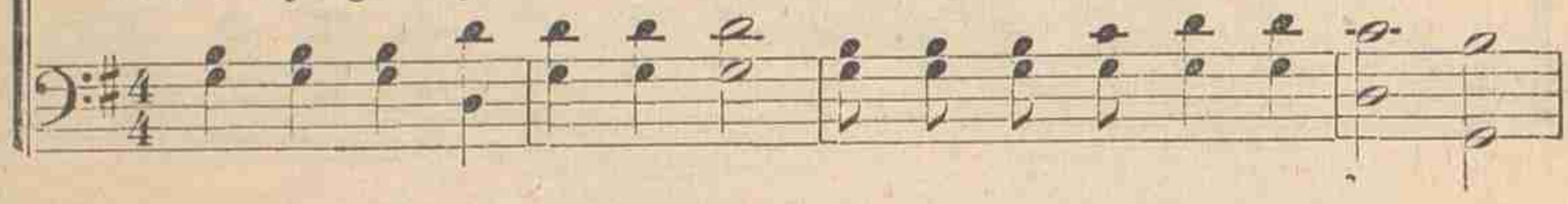
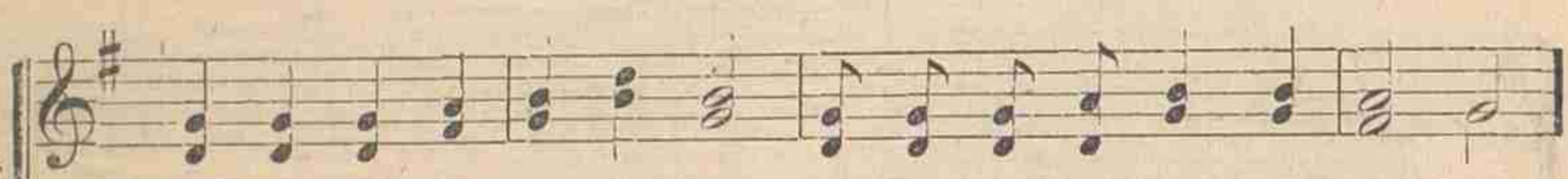
CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name.

Sweet it is to sound His prais - es Blest it is to spread His fame.

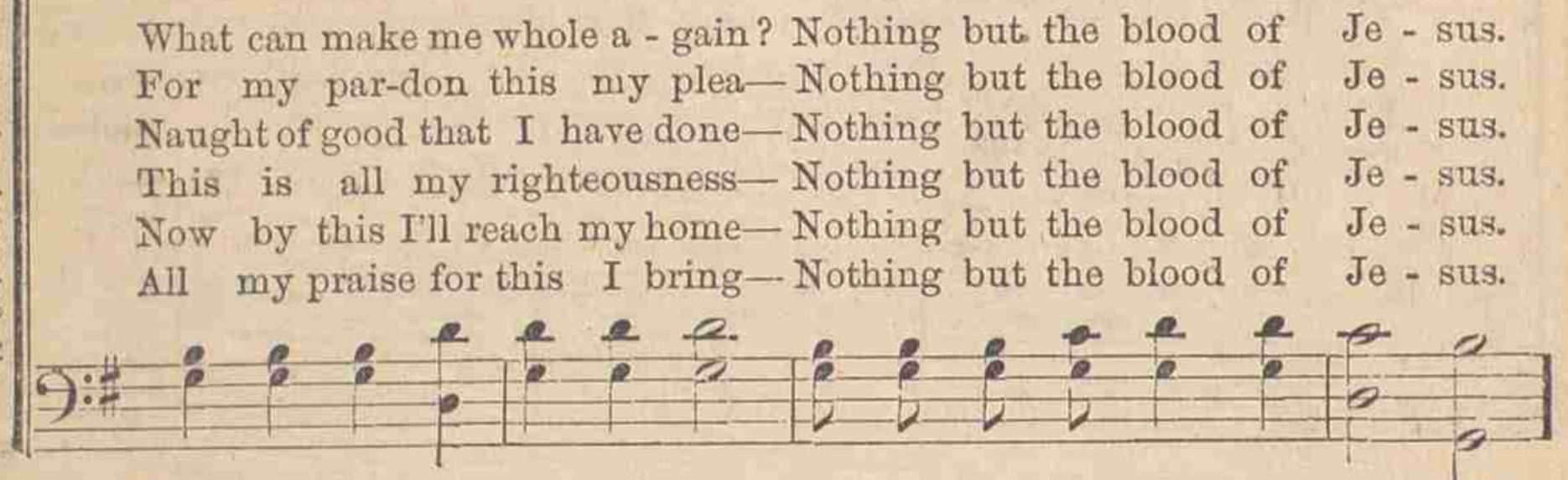
No. 5. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

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

REV. ROBERT LOWRY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll ov - er-come— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;



What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



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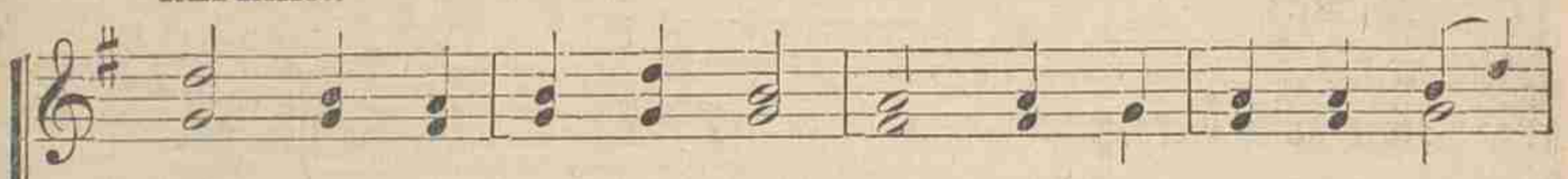
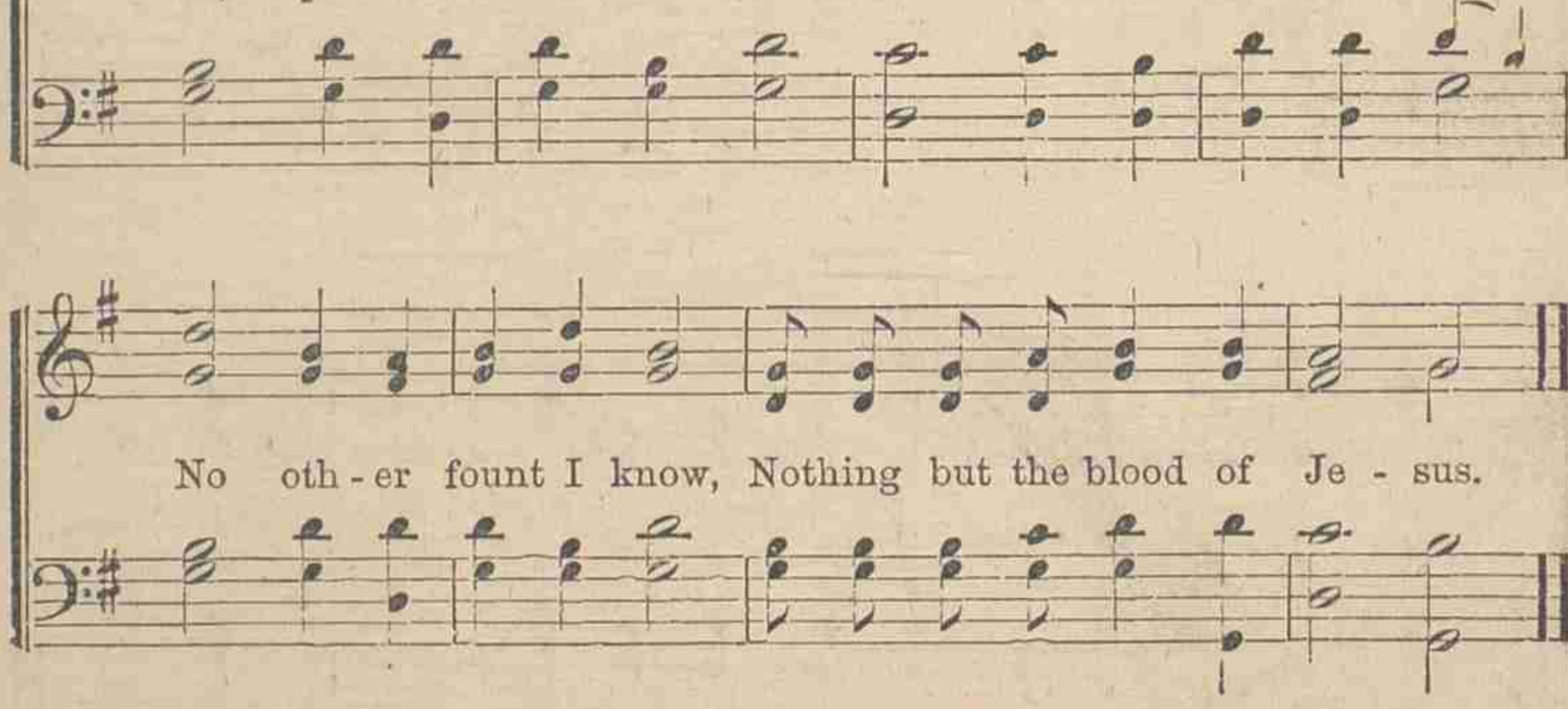
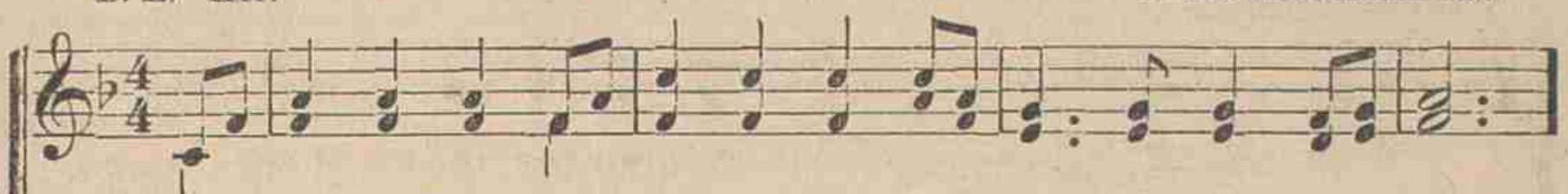
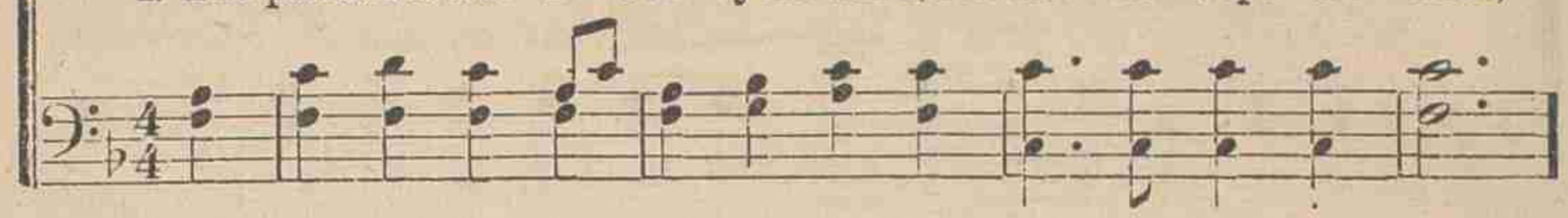
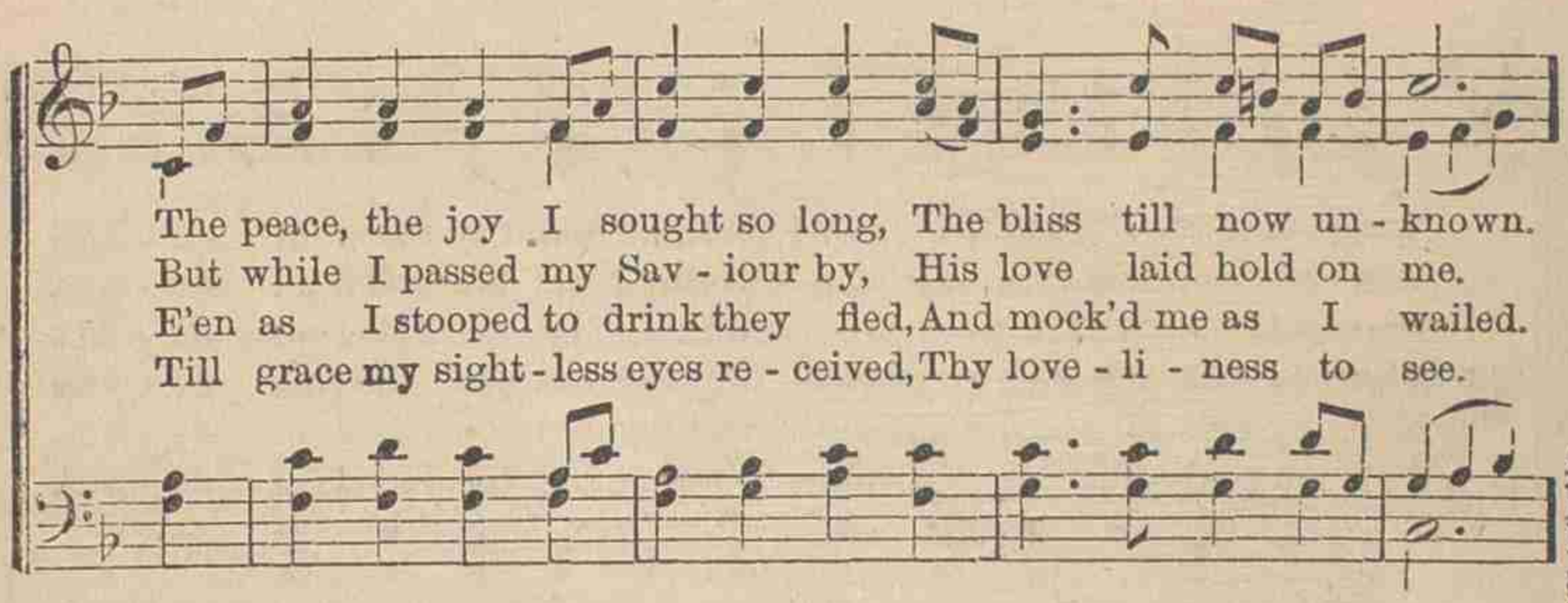

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 6. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Rom. 5: 11.

B. E. Ait. James McGranahan.

1. O Christ, in Thee, my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone,
2. I sighed for rest and hap - pi - ness, I yearned for them, not Thee;
3. I tried the bro - ken cis - terns, Lord, But ah! the wa - ters failed!
4. The pleasures lost I sad - ly mourn'd, But nev - er wept for Thee,

The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.
But while I passed my Sav - iour by, His love laid hold on me.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled, And mock'd me as I wailed.
Till grace my sight - less eyes re - ceived, Thy love - li - ness to see.

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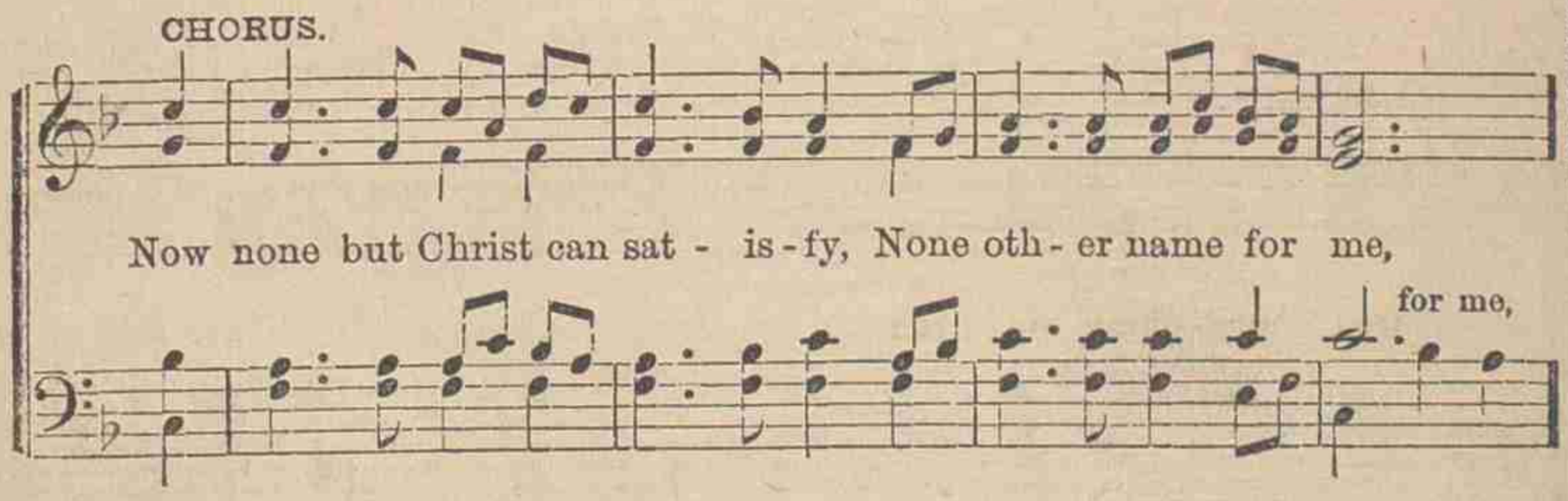
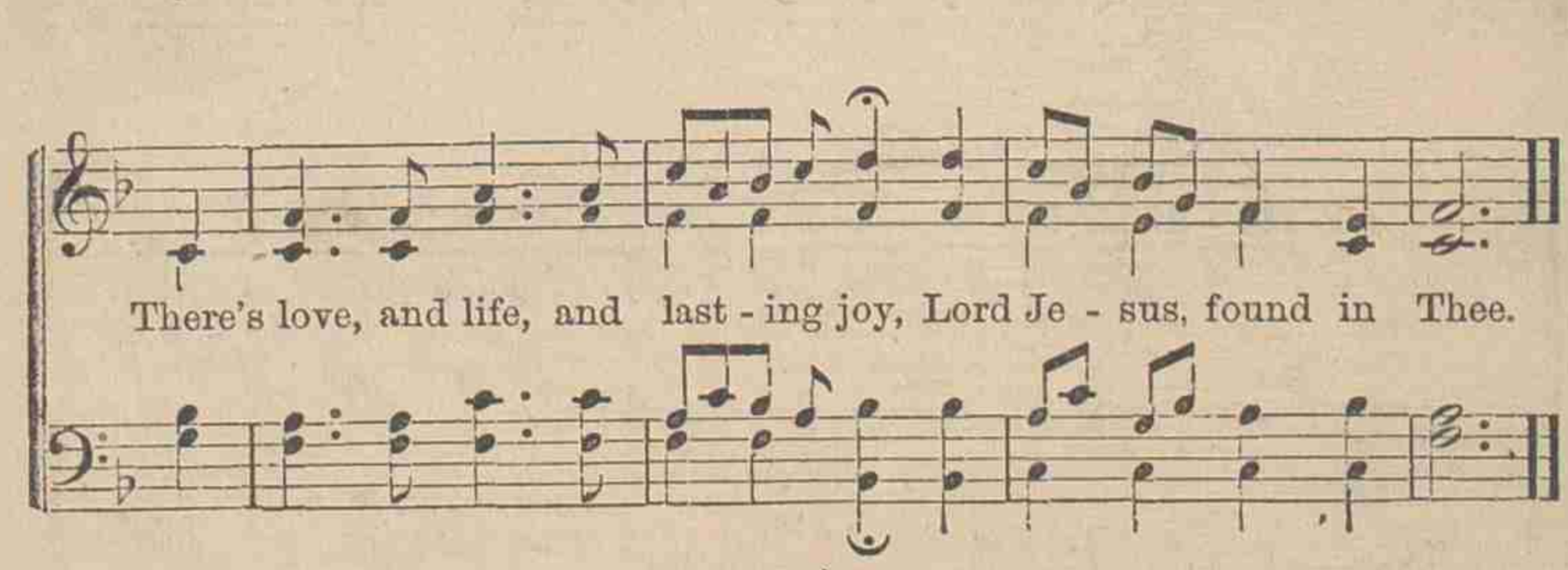
CHORUS.

Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None oth - er name for me,
for me,

There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

No. 7. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

——went into the temple at the hour of prayer.—Acts. 3: 1.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a ten - der com-pas-sion His children to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - ery care,
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the Sav - iour who loves them their sorrow con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing heart He removes ev - ery care;
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be - lieve That the blessing we're needing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the fullness of this trust we shall lose ev - ery care;

D. S.—*What a balm for the wea - ry! O how*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;
sweet to be there!

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No. 8.

Come Prodigal Come.

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

M. C. F. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O soul in the far a - way coun - try, A - wea - ry, and
2. A - rise! and come back to thy Fa - ther, He'll meet thee while
3. Al- though thou hast sinned against heav - en, And weak and un -

famished, and sad, There's rest in the home of thy Fa - ther,
yet on the way; As - sured of His ten - der com - pas - sion,
worthy may be; He of - fers thee full res - to - ra - tion,

CHORUS.

His wel - come will make thy heart glad. Come, come, prod - i - gal
O why wilt thou long- er de - lay.
And par - don a - bundant and free.

come, And wan - der no long-er a - far from home; Come, come,

prod - i - gal come, A wel - come a - waits in thy Father's home.

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No. 9. We shall Reign.

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

C. C. Case.

Geo. C. Needham.

1. When the Lord from heav'n ap-pears, When are banished all our fears,
2. When our eyes the King shall see, In His glo - rious Majes - ty,
3. Debt-ors to His matchless grace, At His feet our crowns will place,
4. Let this hope now pu - ri - fy Those who on Thy word re - ly;

When the sleep-ers from the tomb, With the watch-ers reach their home.
When to Him we're call'd a - bove, Partners of His joy and love.
And as a - ges roll a - long, Still will sing the glad new song.
Com - fort to our hearts af - ford, 'Till the com - ing of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Then en - throned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign....
Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign
E - ter - nal - ly..... Then en - throned.... our Lord with
E - ter - nal - ly, Then enthroned our
Thee,..... We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
Lord with Thee, We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

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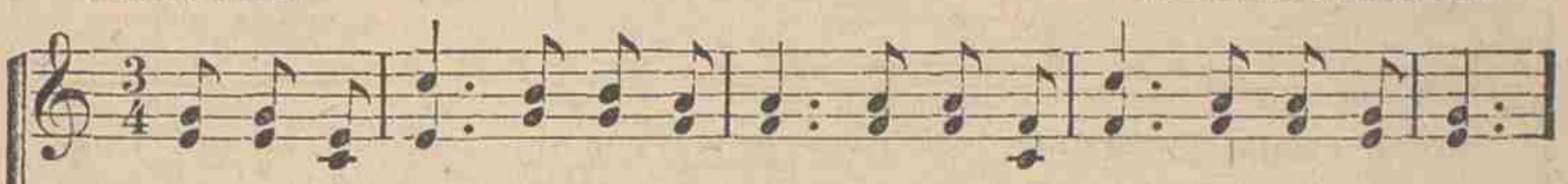
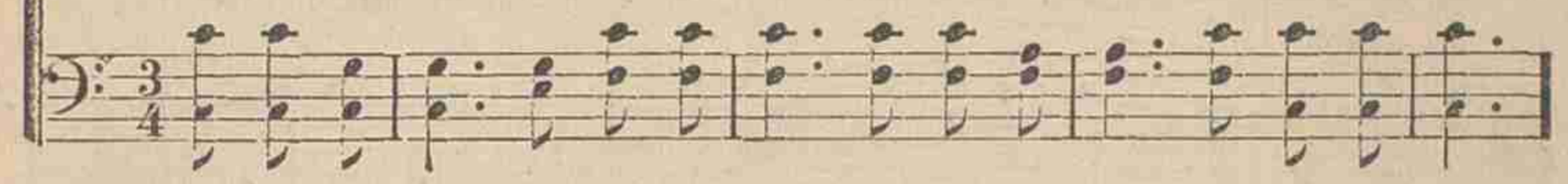
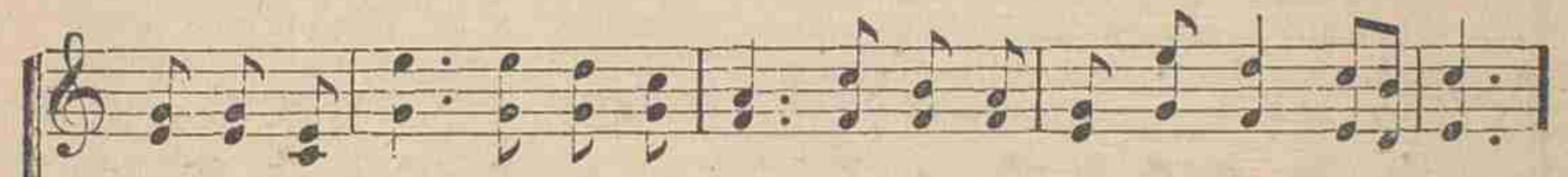
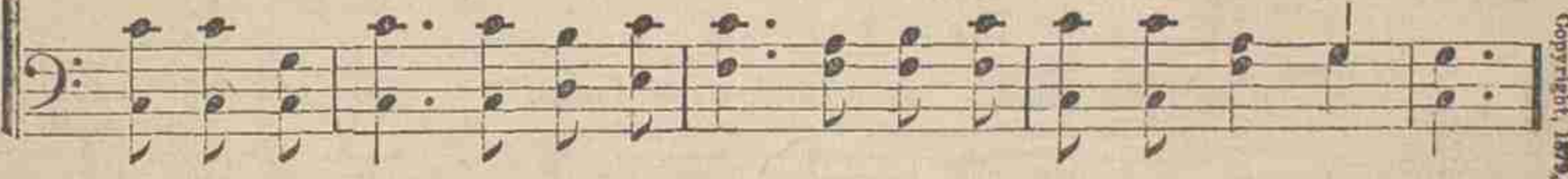
No. 10.

Redemption Ground.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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

De - livered thee from chains that bound, And bro't thee to redemption ground.
But now my songs to God a - bound; I'm standing on re - demption ground.
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound; I sang up - on re - demption ground.
No right-eousness in me is found, Except up - on re - demption ground.
The Christ who died, by God is crowned To pardon on re - demption ground.

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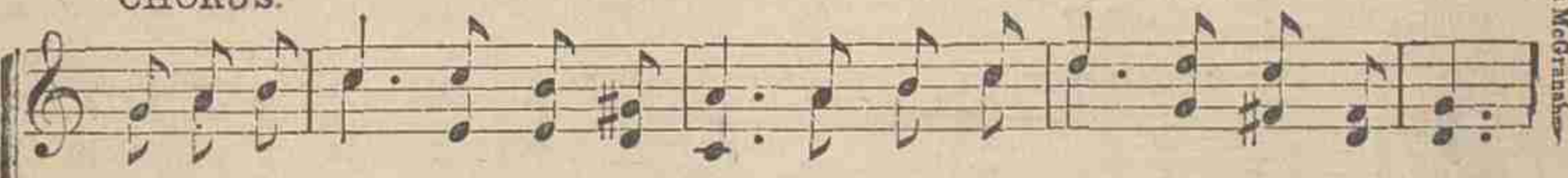
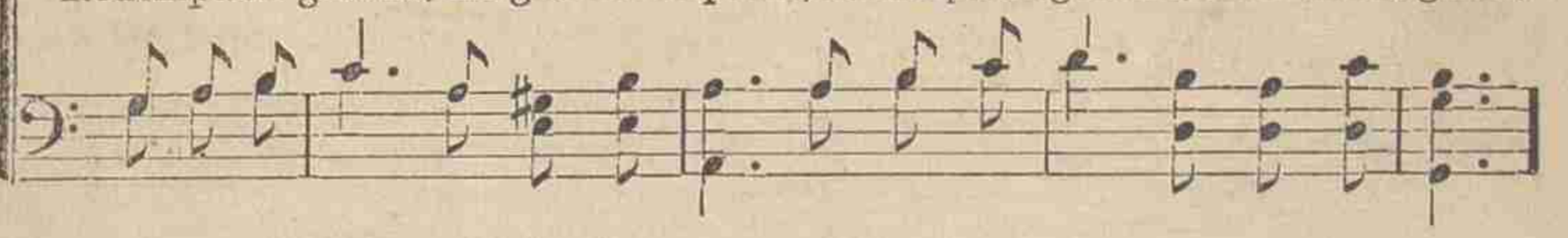
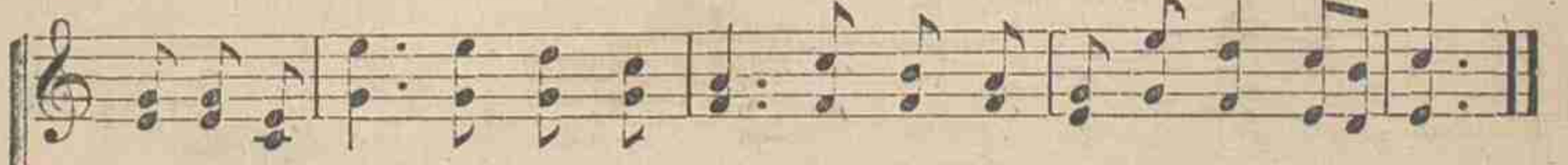
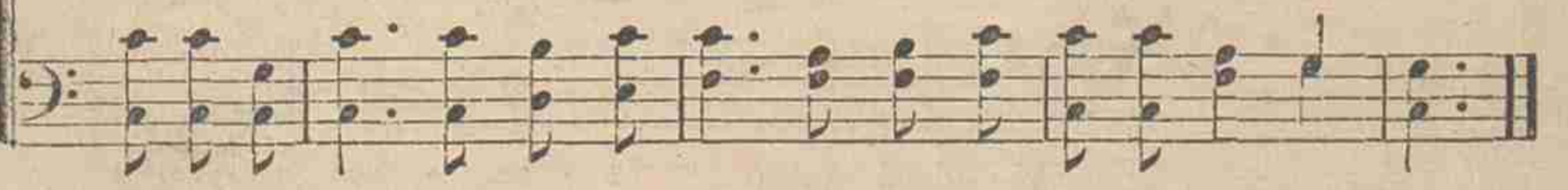
CHORUS.

Redemption ground, the ground of peace, Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;

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

No. 11.

Christ is Coming.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—MATT. 16: 27.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ is com-ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and travail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cradled in a manger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pining, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "blessed hope" be-fore us, Let no harp re - main unstrung;

Let the glorious proclam - a - tion Hope restore and faith in-crease:
She shall yet be - hold Thy glo - ry When Thou comest back to reign.
Here an a - lien and a stranger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heavenly vesture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the mighty ransom'd cho-rus Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

CHORUS.

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

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No. 12. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Song of Sol. 2: 10.

J. Denham Smith. Arr. Arr. by James McGranahan.

1. Rise up, and hast-en! my soul, haste a-long! And speed on thy
   Home, home is near-ing, 'tis coming in-to view, A lit-tle more of

2. Why should we lin-ger when heaven lies be-fore? While earth's fast re-
   Pleasures and treasures which once here we knew, No more can they

CHORUS.

jour-ney with hope and with song;
toil-ing and then to earth a-dieu.
ced-ing, and soon will be no more;
charm us with such a goal in view.

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

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Rise Up and Hasten.—Concluded.

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

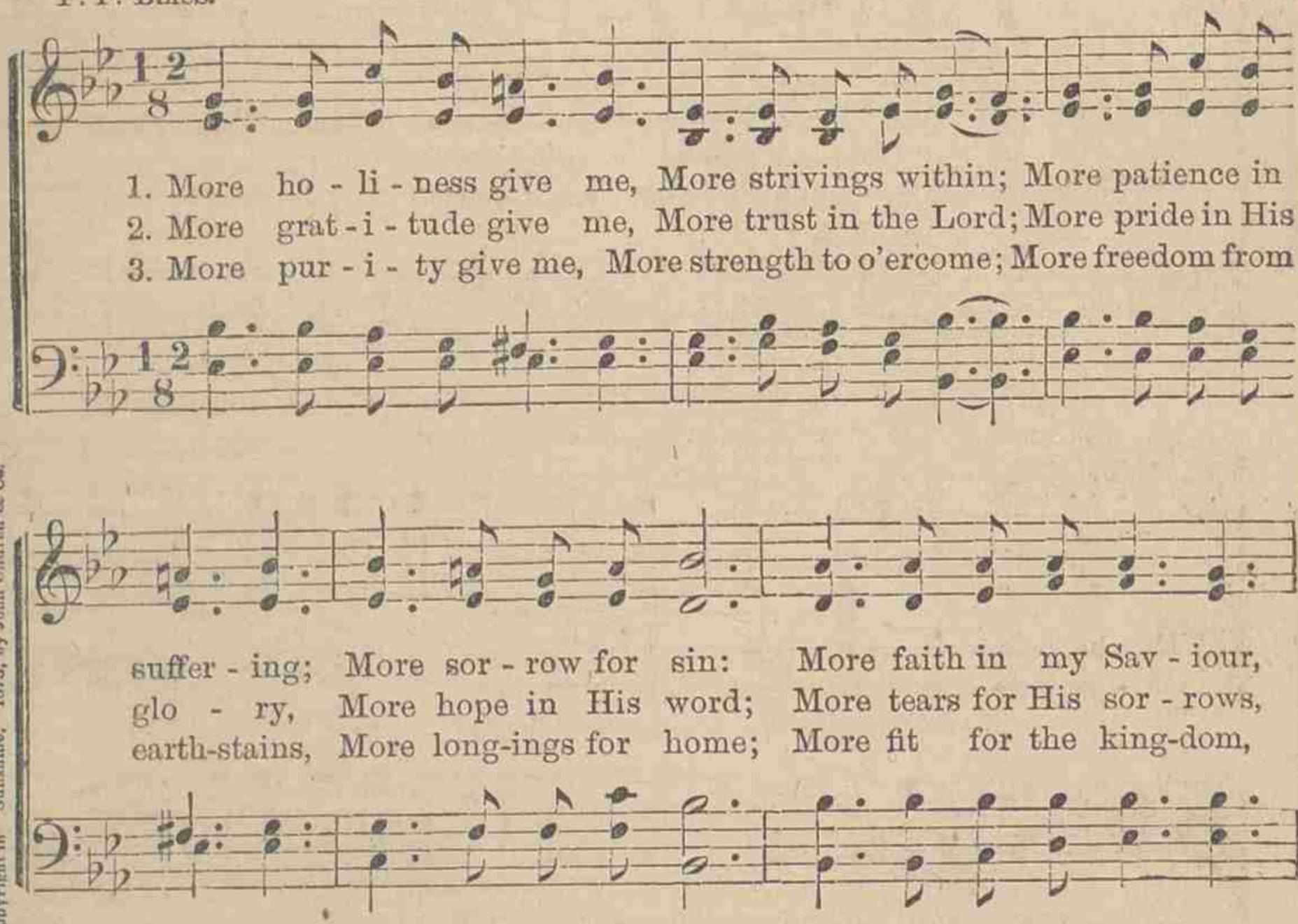
4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

—o—

No. 13. My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 48.

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



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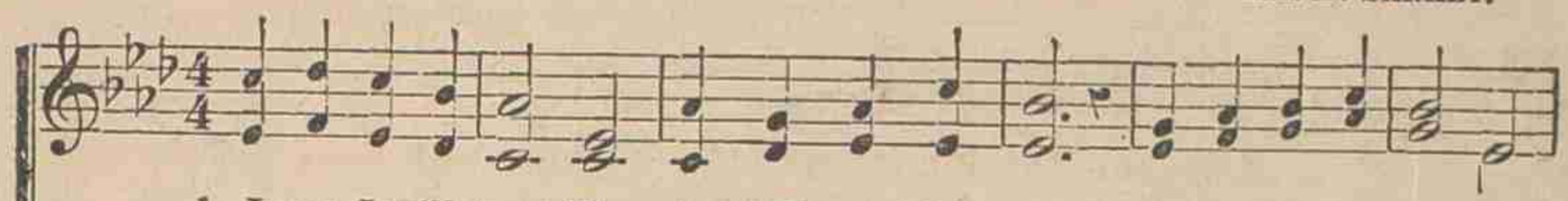
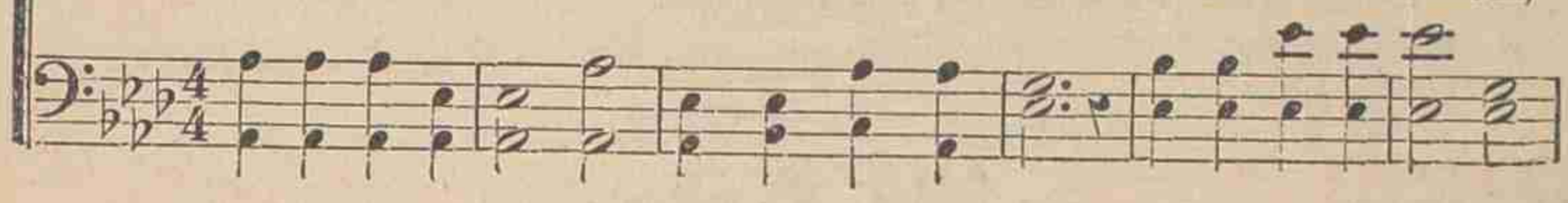
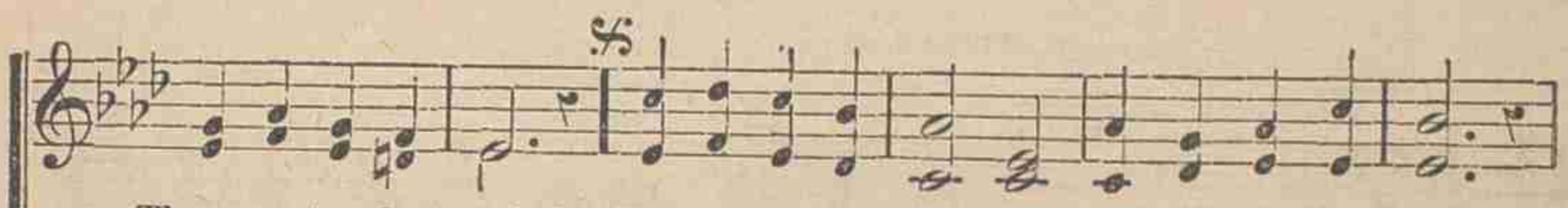
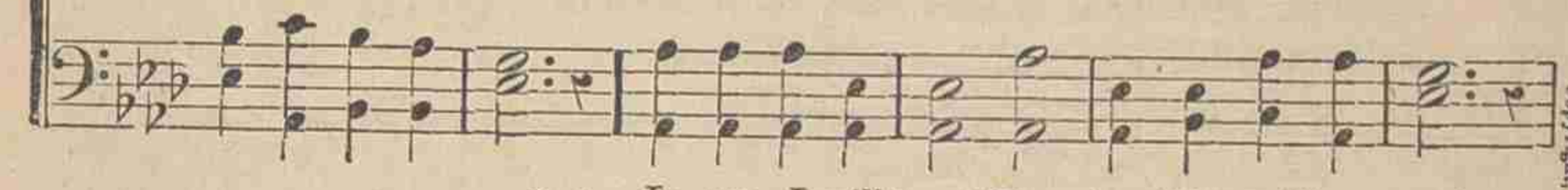
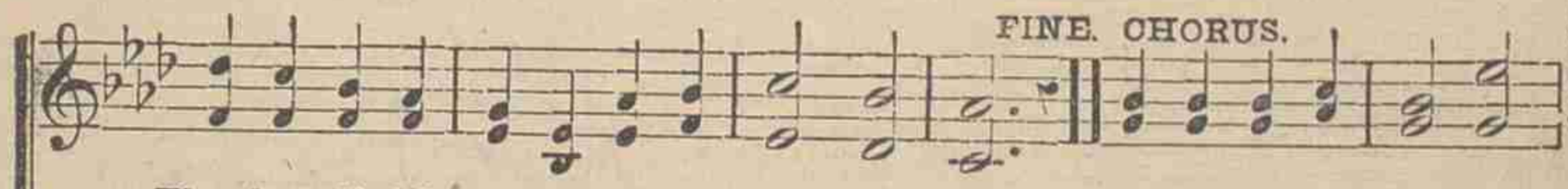
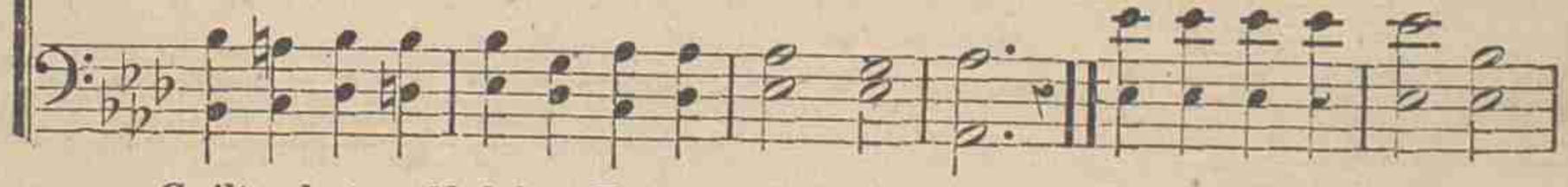
No. 14. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"I will trust in Thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost, and helpless,
2. Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word, Since Thy voice of mercy
3. Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Whosoev-er cometh,

Thou canst make me whole. There is none in hea-ven or on earth like Thee:
I have often heard, When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Thou wilt not cast out," Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—

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

Thou hast died for sinners—therefore Lord for me. In Thy love confid - ing
On - ly may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Sav - iour God!

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

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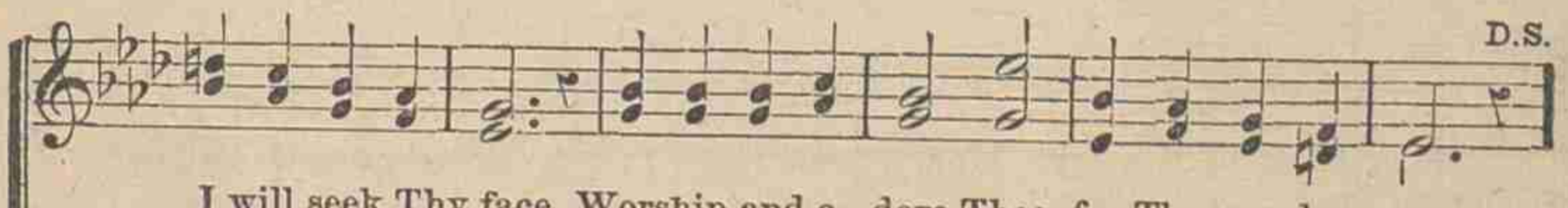
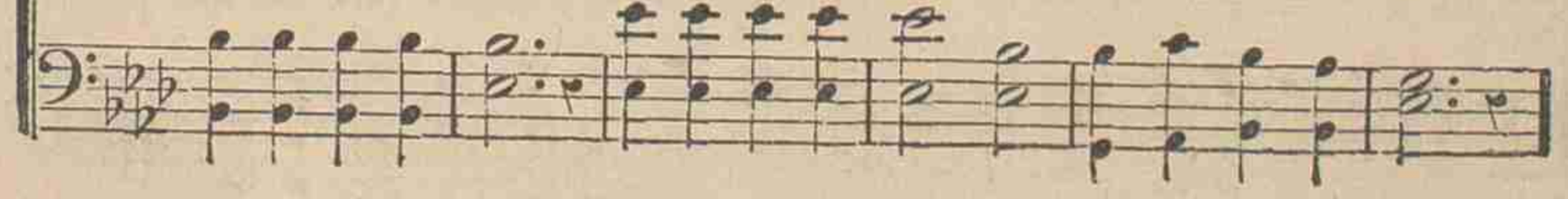
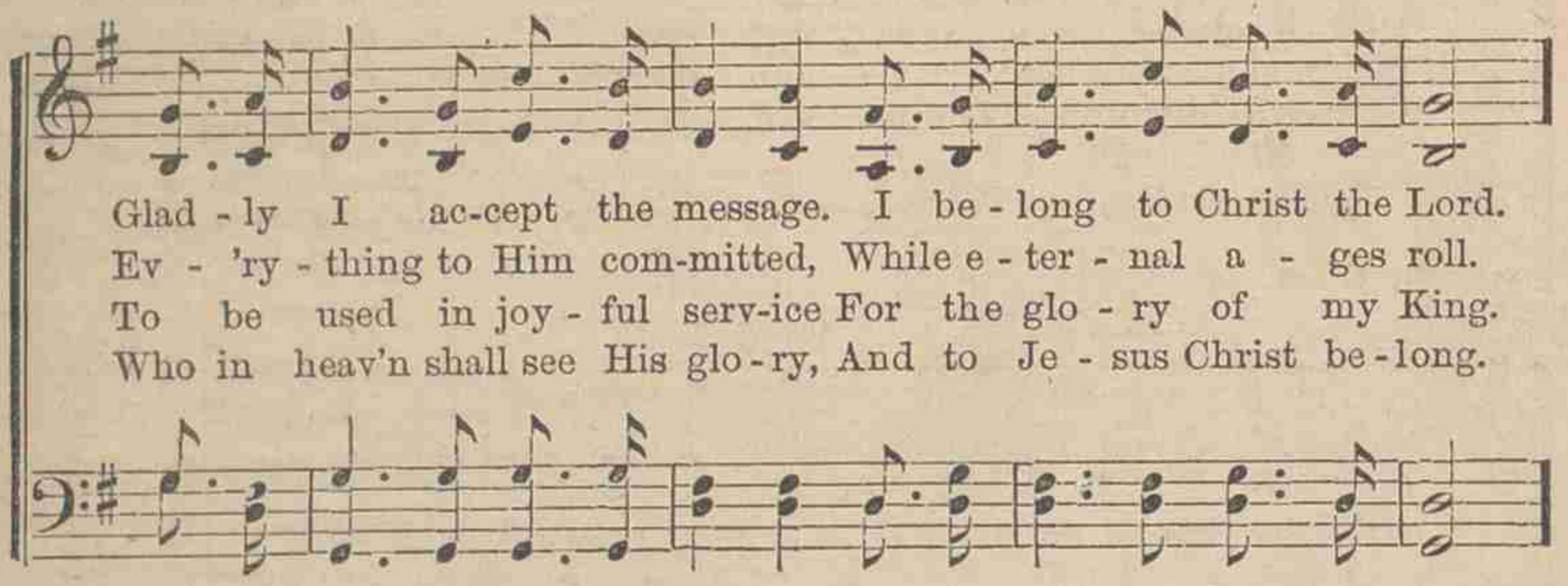

I will seek Thy face, Worship and a - dore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

No. 15.

Not My Own.

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

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

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



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

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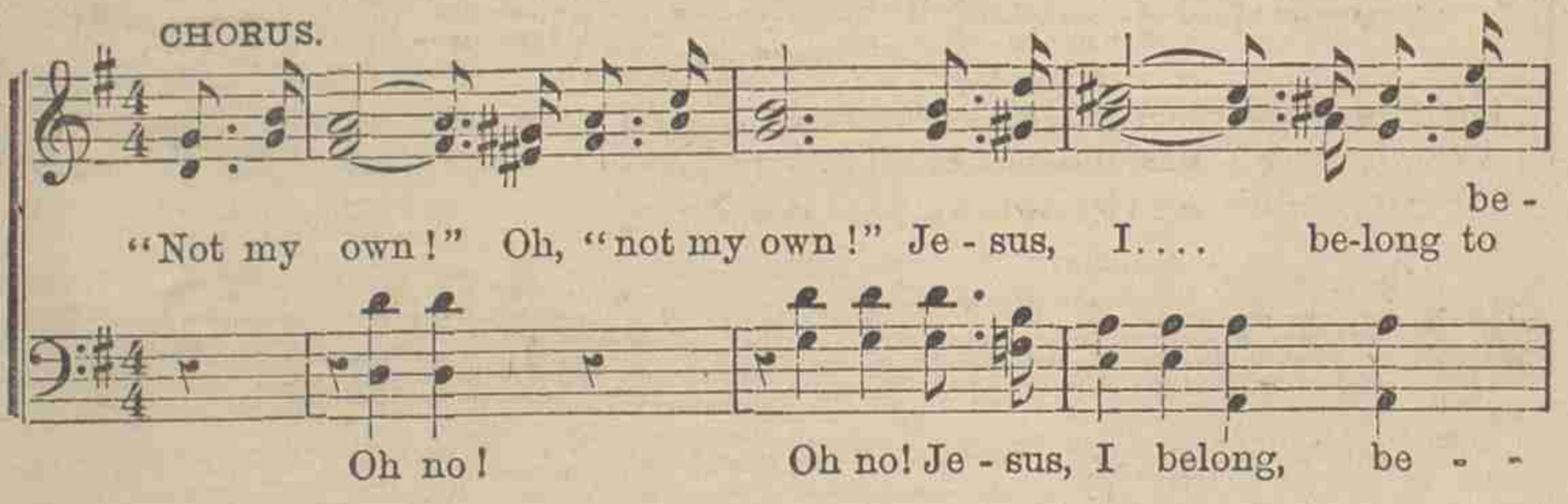
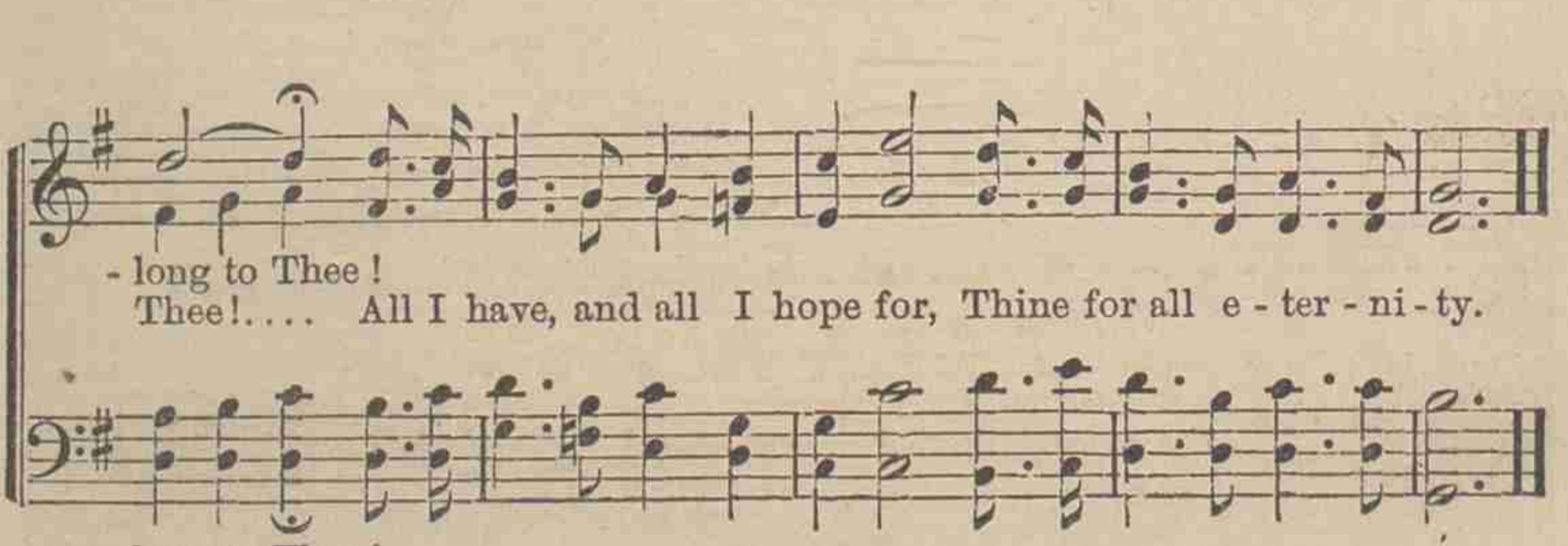
CHORUS.

"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I.... be-long to be -
Oh no! Oh no! Je - sus, I belong, be - -



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

No. 16.

Over Jordan.

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

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY.

1. With His dear and lov-ing care, Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rocky wilderness, Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
3. With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Saviour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be, Will the Saviour lead us on, Till fair

hills and valleys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
land we shall possess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
good and pleasant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes! where vine and olive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes! to dwell with Thee, at last,

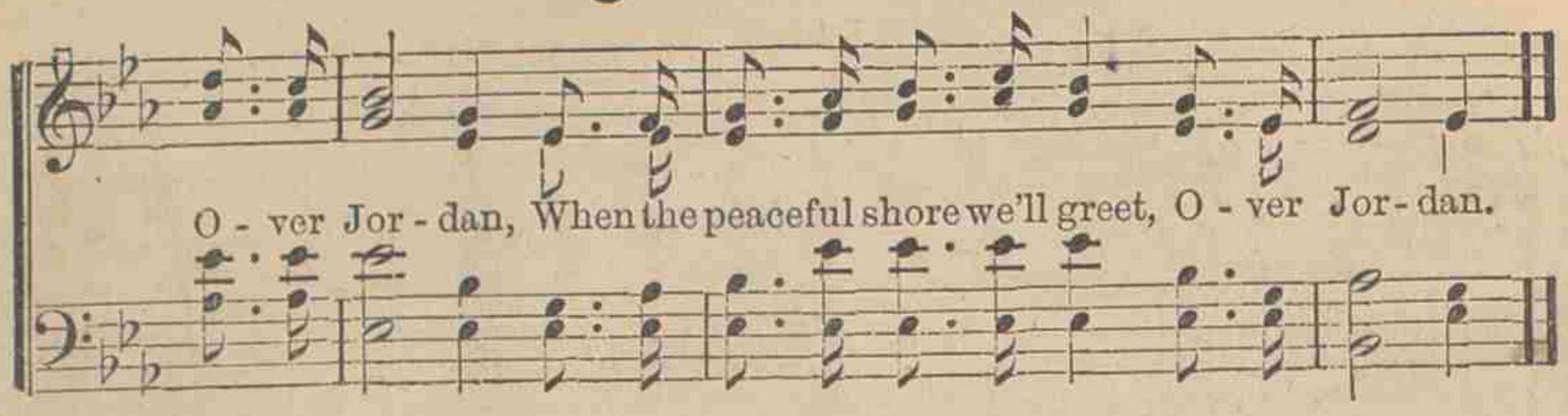
By the crys-tal waters, sweet, When the peaceful shore we greet, O - ver
Cloudy pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way, O - ver
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hunger shall we know, Over
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed, O - ver

CHORUS.

Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll
rest our wea-ry feet, By the Crystal waters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan,

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

Over Jordan. Concluded.



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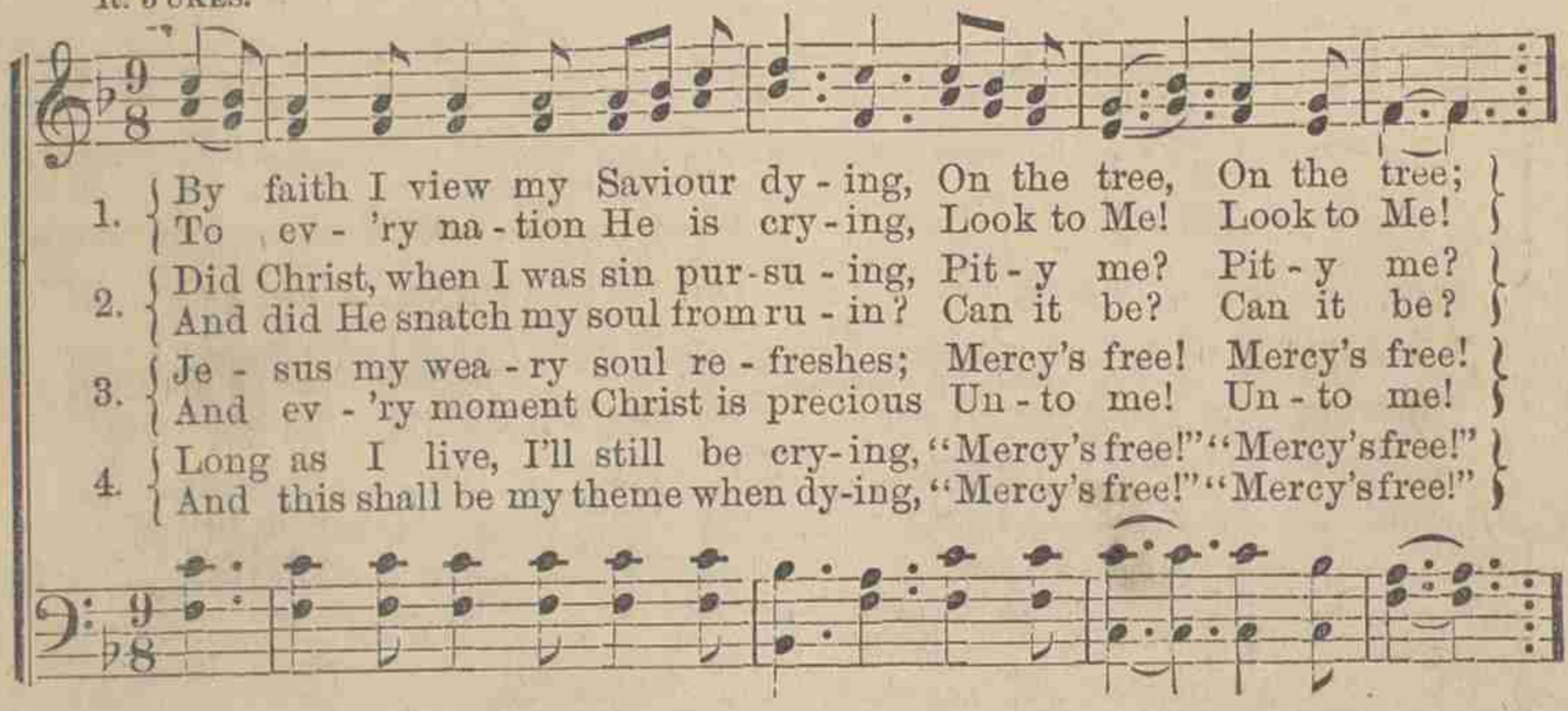
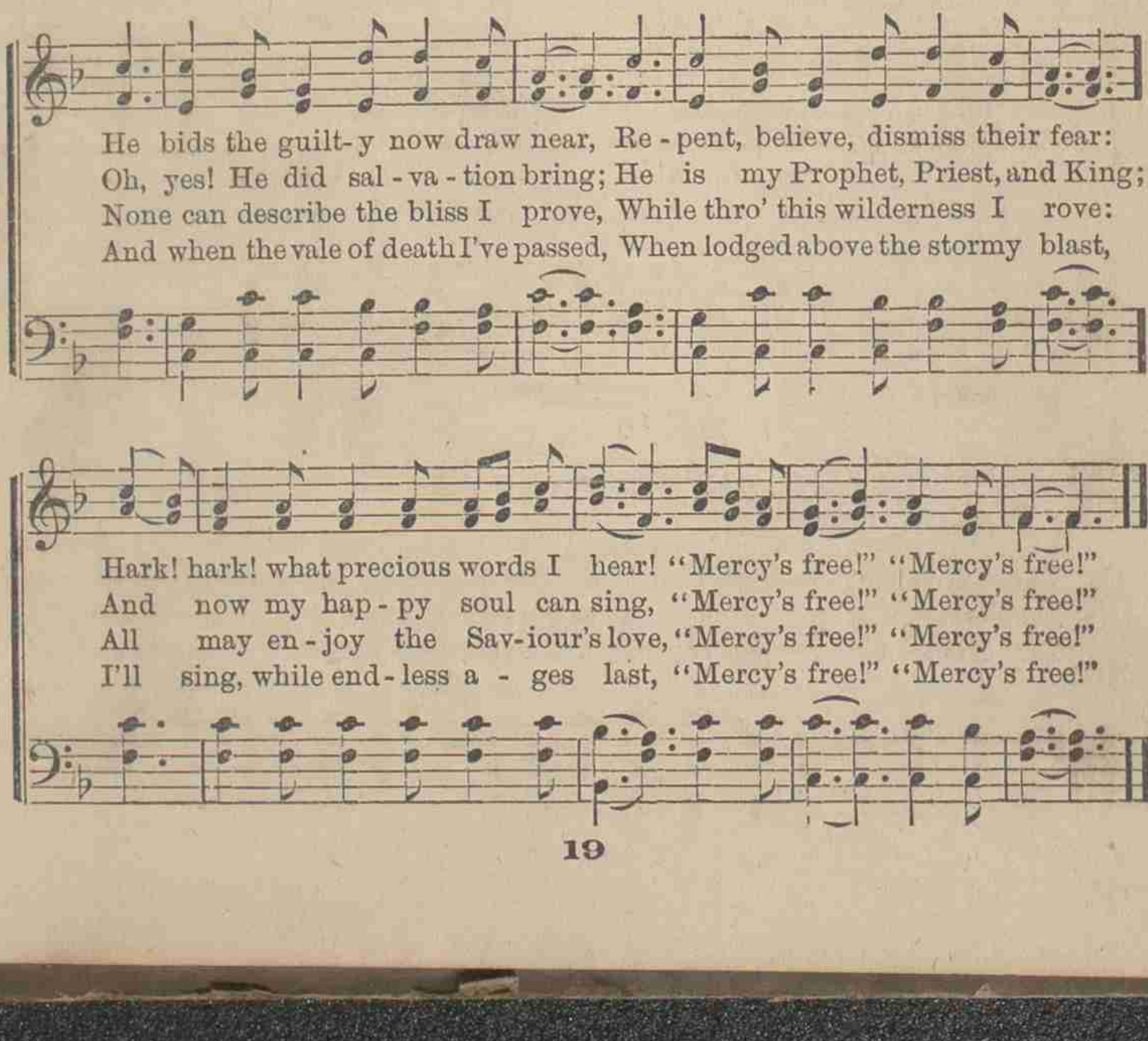
No. 17.

Mercy's Free.

"Without money and without price."—Is. 55: 1.

R. JUKES. From AUBER.



No. 18.

I Left it all with Jesus.

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

Mrs. E. H. WILLIS. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows, How to
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je - sus, drooping soul; droop - ing soul; Tell not

sins I brought Him and my woe; and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the
steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His
firmly trust Him, come what may; come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her
half thy story, but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His

tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whisper "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
smile, with His smile, Make the des - ert gar - den bloom awhile, bloom a - while.
rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha - ven of his breast, of His breast
hand, on His hand; Life and death are wait - ing His command, His com - mand.

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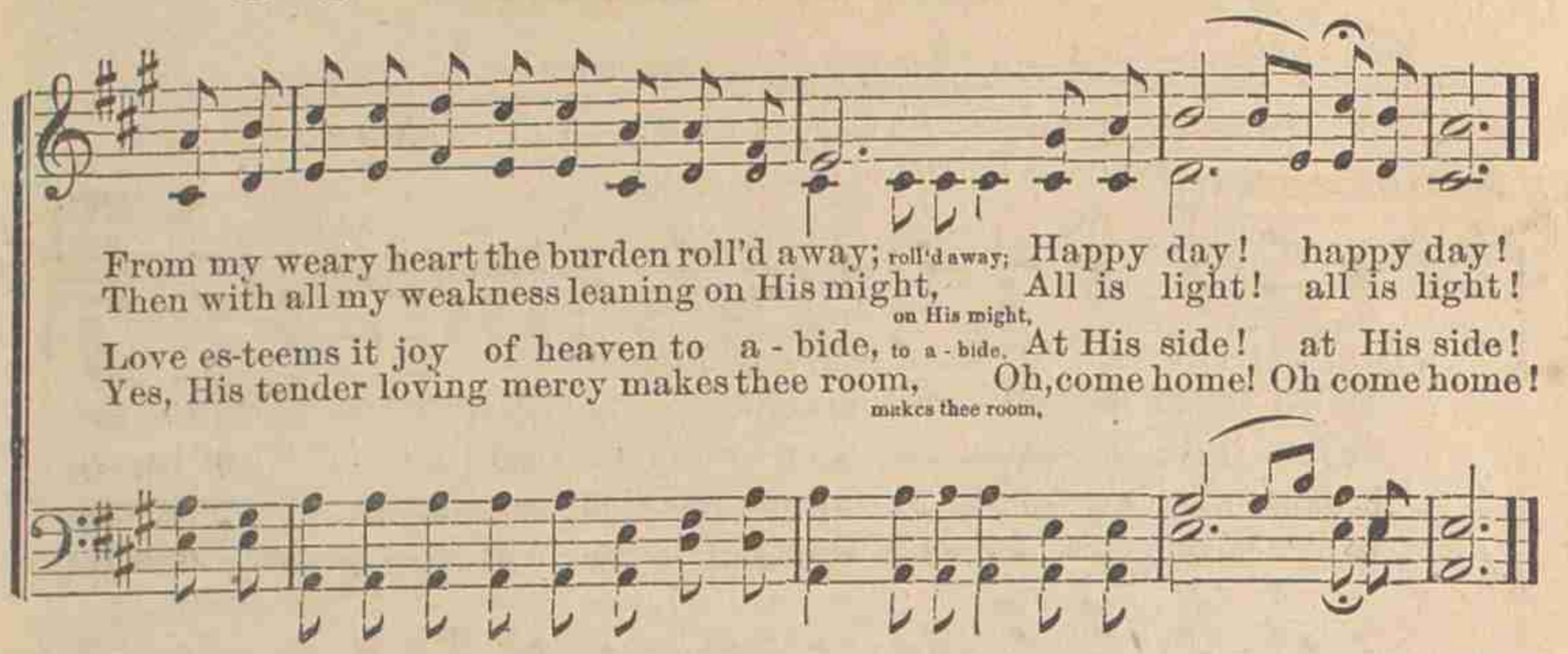
CHORUS.

From my weary heart the burden rolled a - way: Happy day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love esteems it joy of heaven to a - bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

I Left it all with Jesus.—Concluded.



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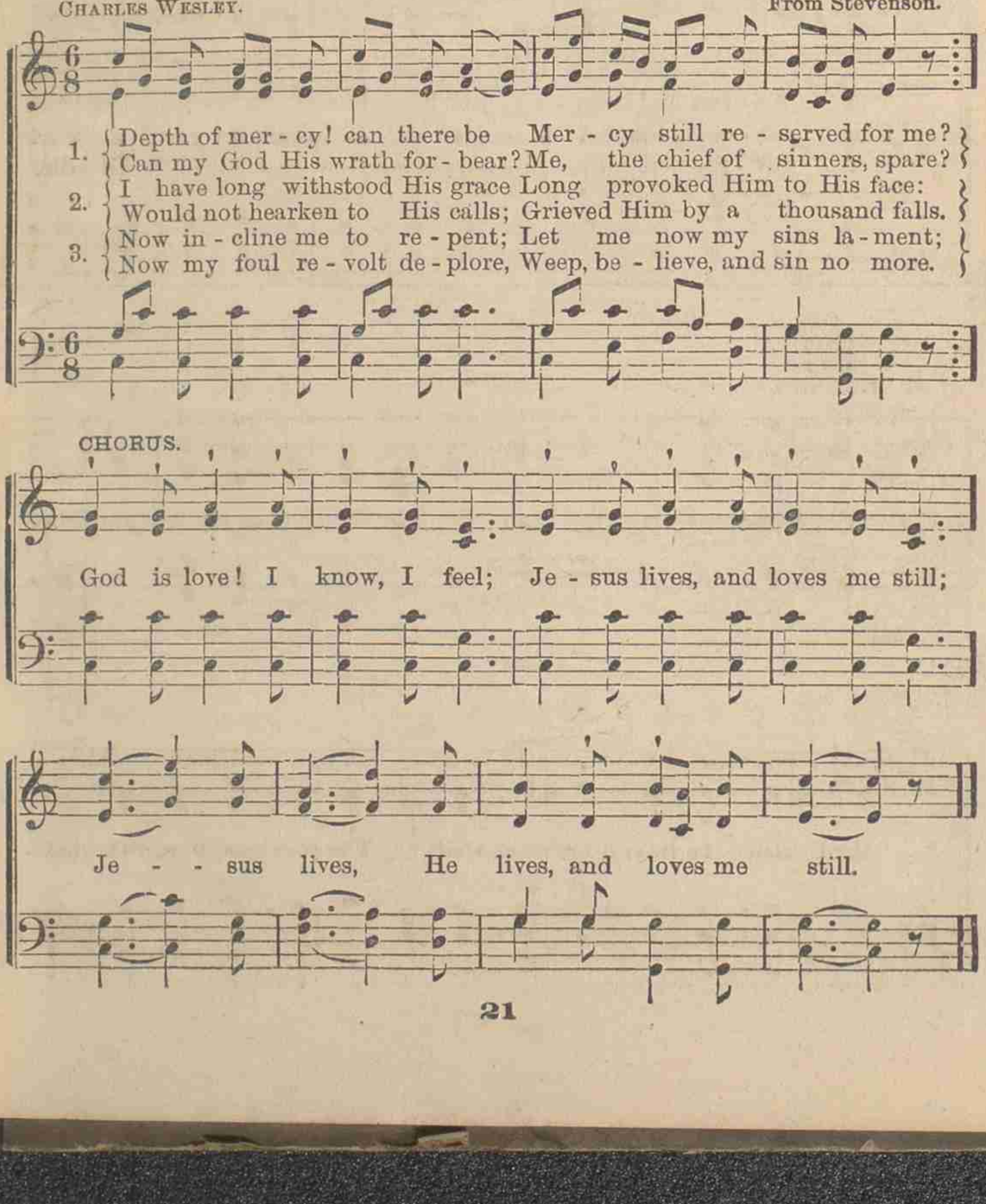
No. 19. Depth of Mercy.

"God is Love."—1st JOHN, 4: 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. From Stevenson.

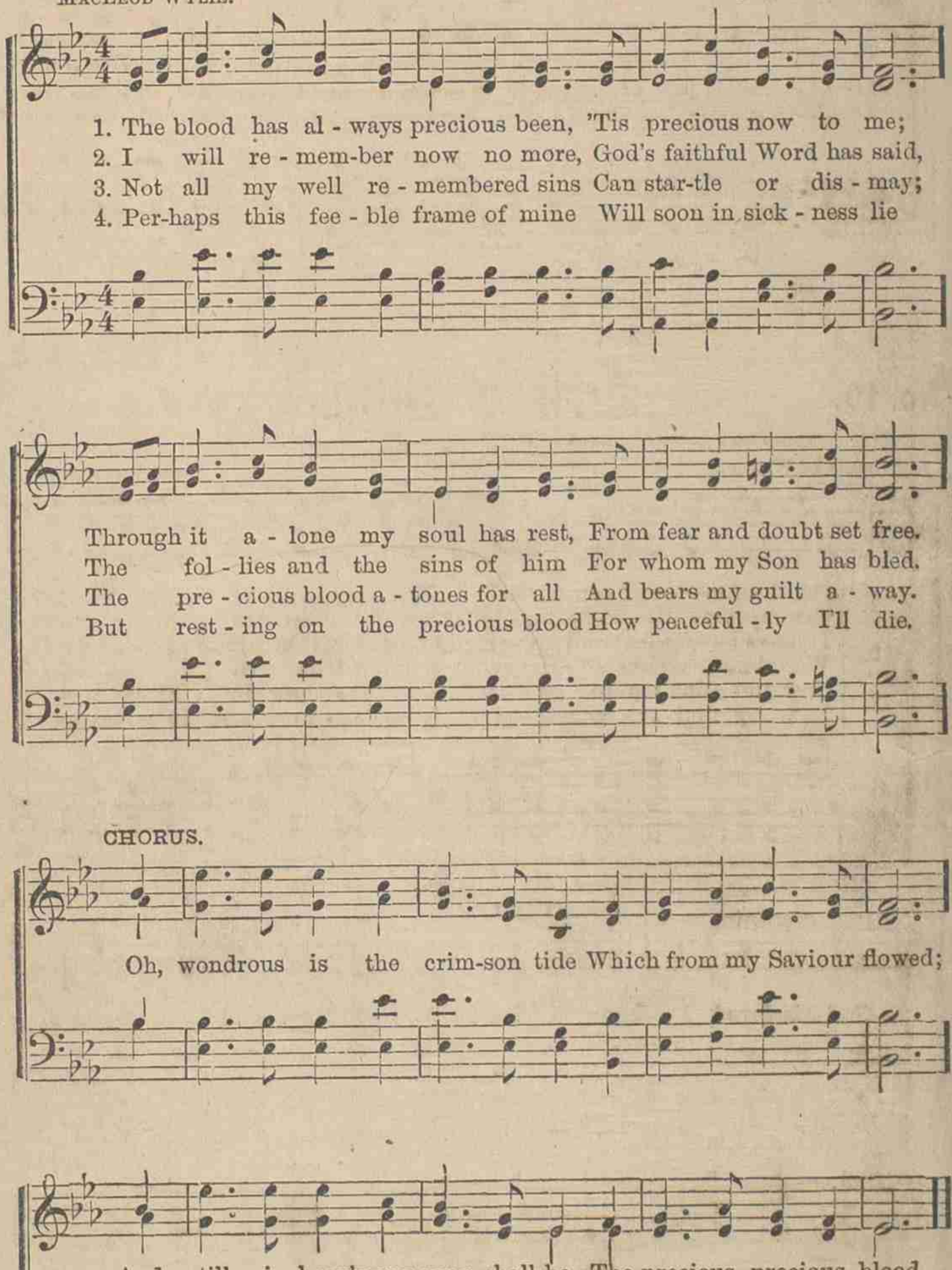


No. 20.

Precious Blood.

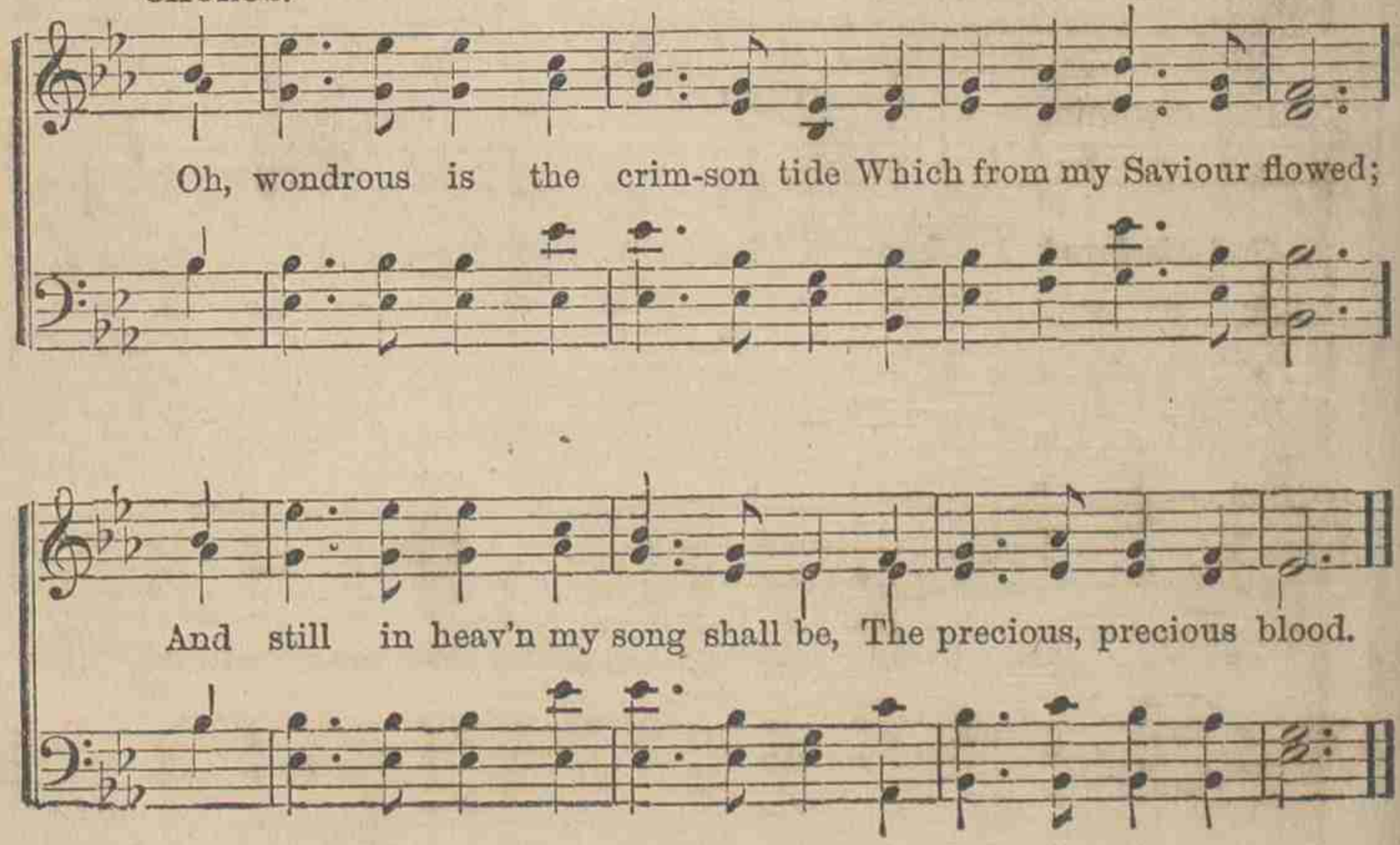
"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold * * * but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 18, 19.

MACLEOD WYLIE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

CHORUS.



No. 21.

Is my Name written There?

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

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh! that beauti-ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified

heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Saviour, is my name written there?
let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

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

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

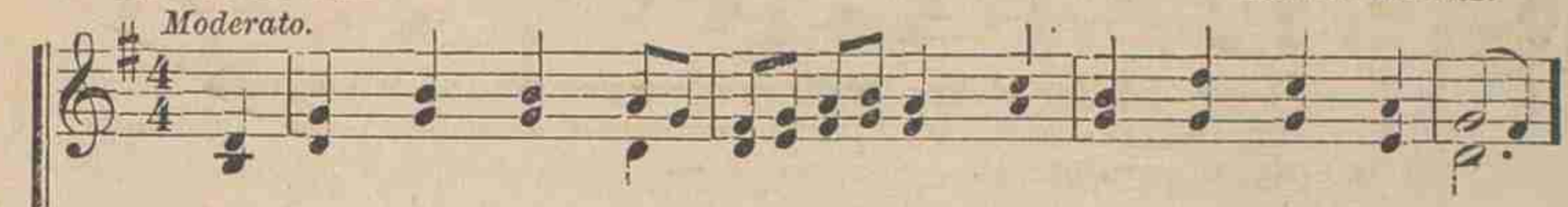
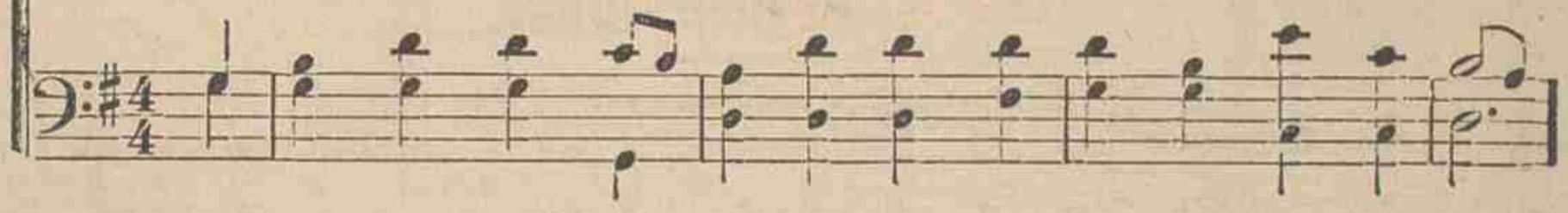
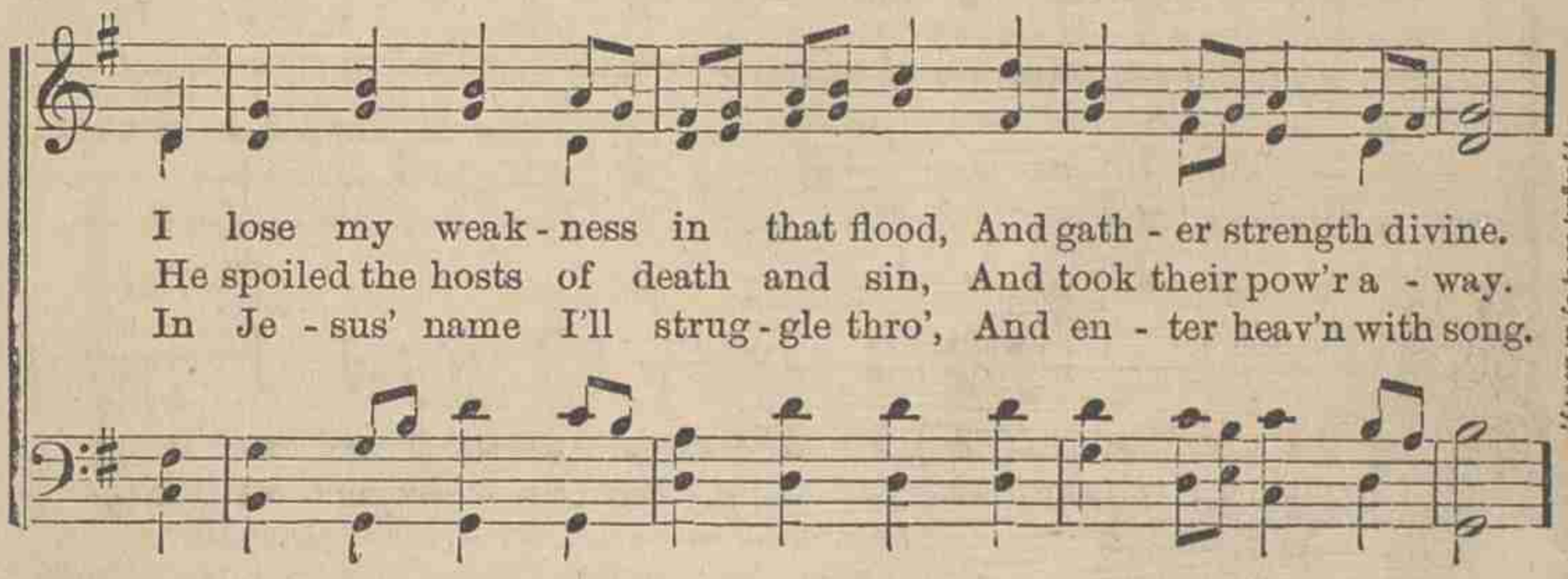
In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

2nd & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.

No. 22. My Soul will Overcome.

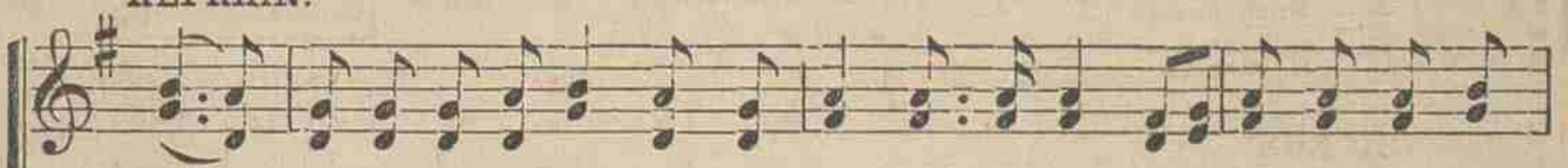
"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12 : 11.

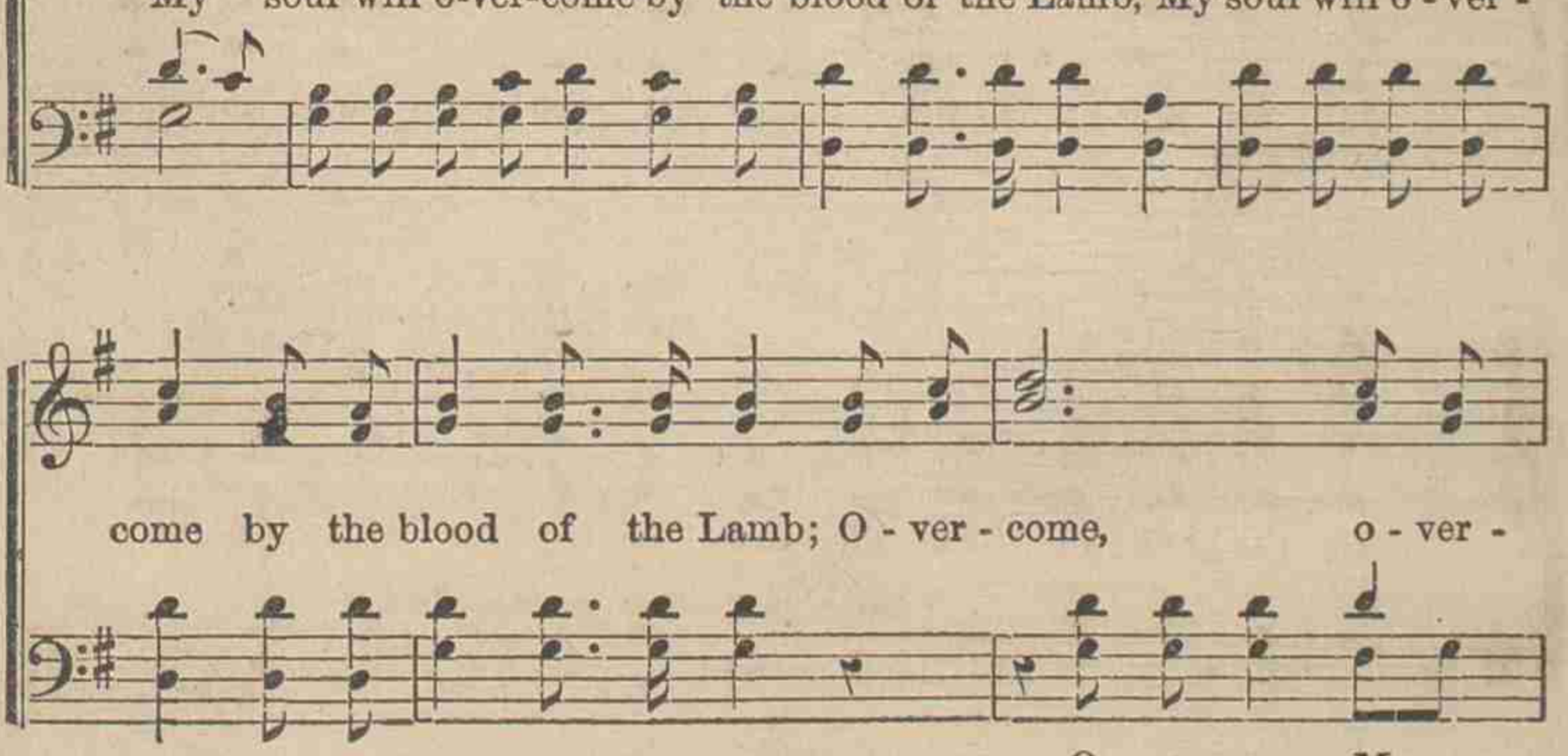
Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

Moderato.

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



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

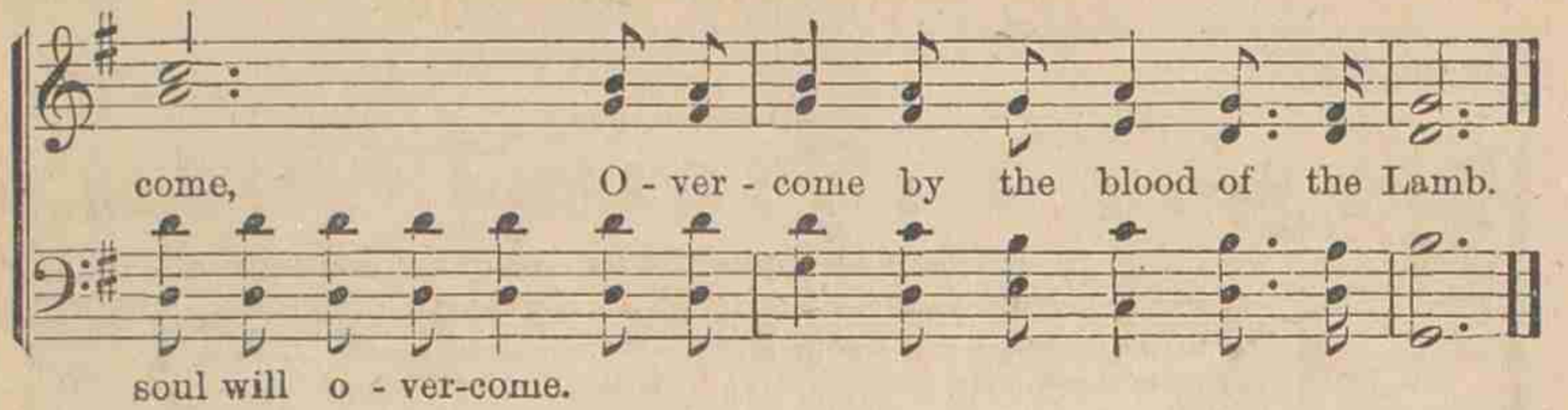
Copyright, 1876, by R. Lowry.

REFRAIN.

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



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

O - ver-come, My

My Soul will Overcome.—Concluded.

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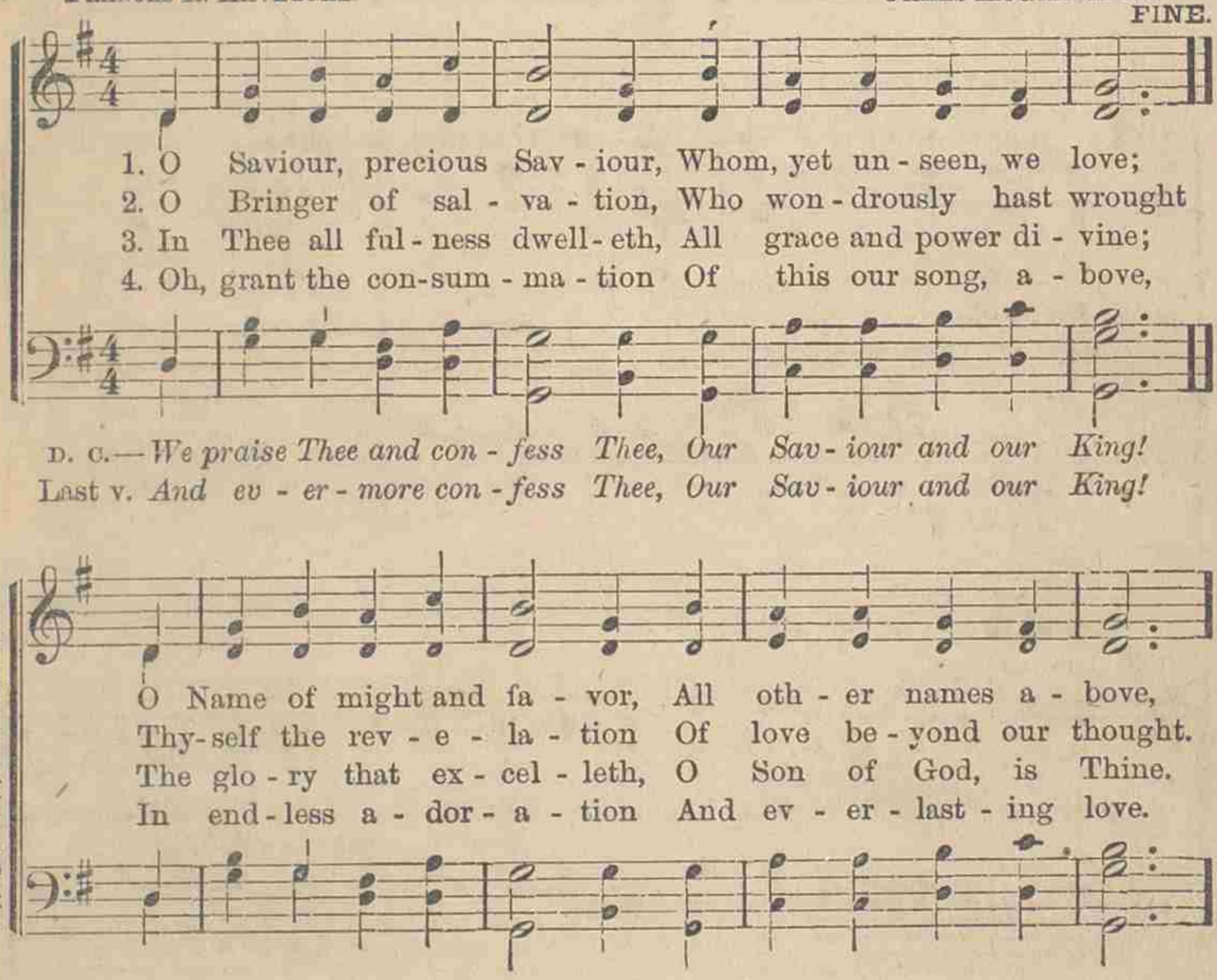
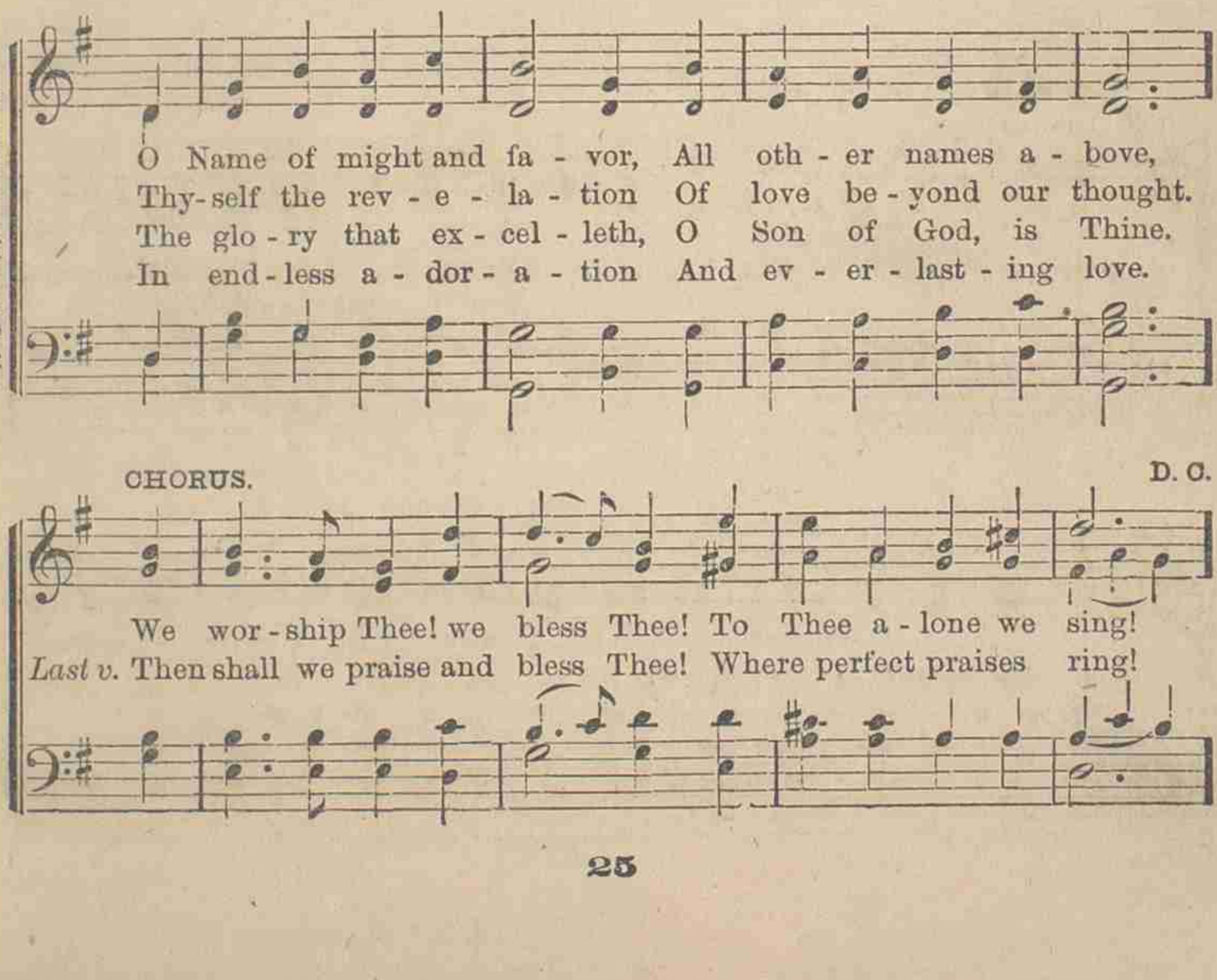
No. 23. We Worship Thee.

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

Frances R. Havergal. James McGranahan.





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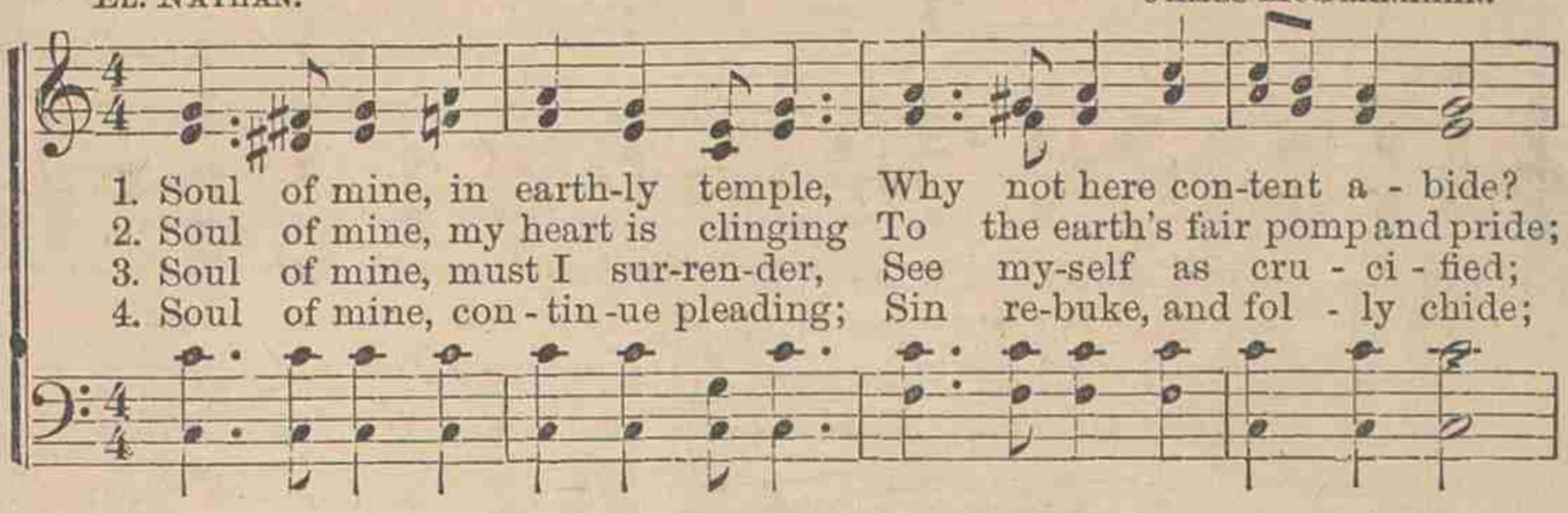
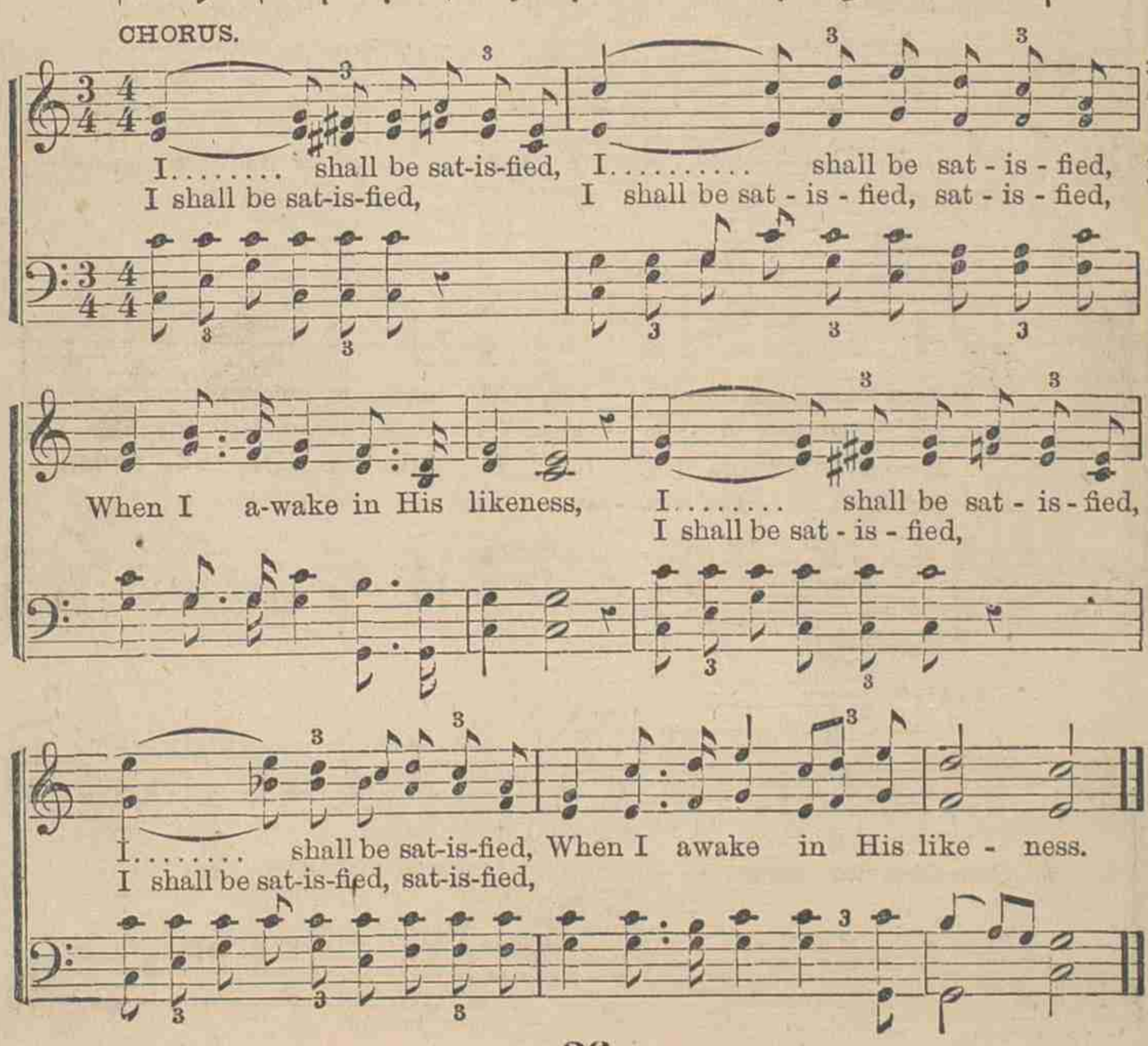
No. 24. I shall be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17 : 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



CHORUS.

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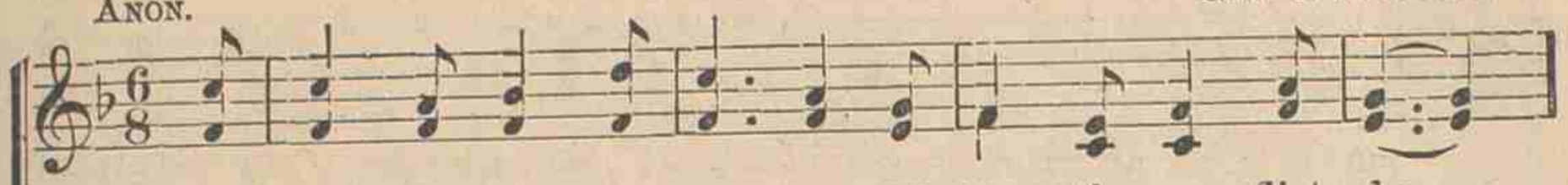
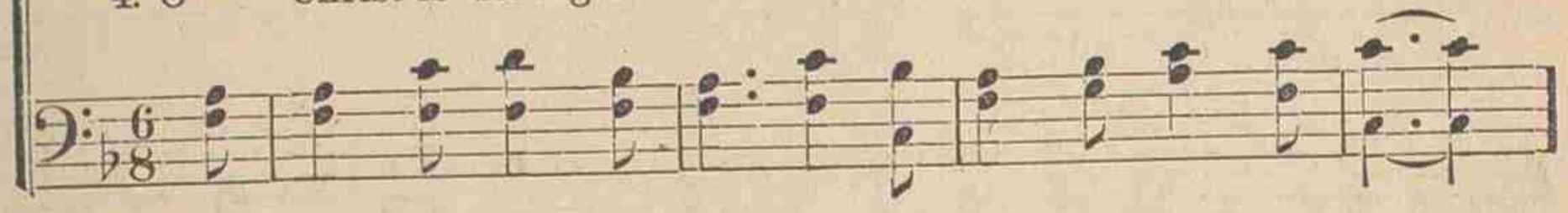
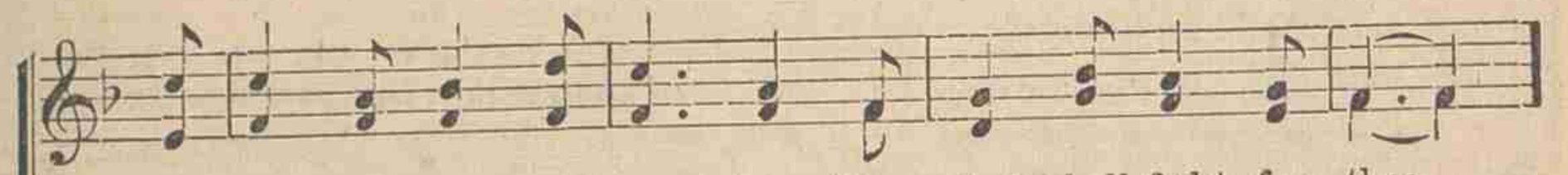
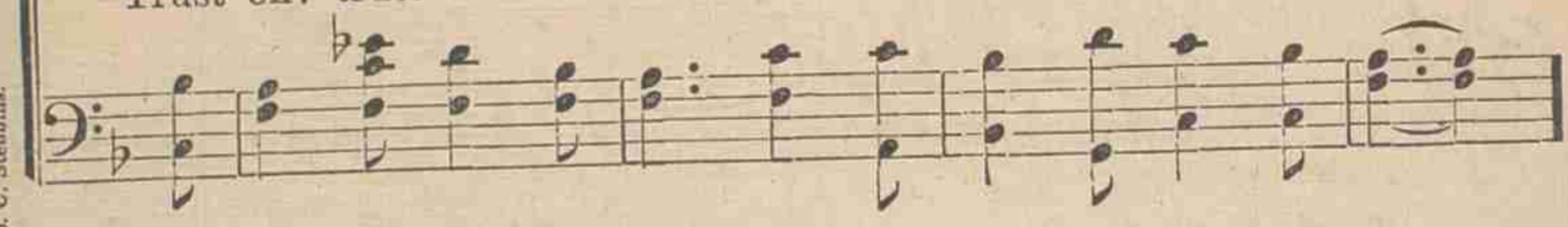
No. 25.

Trust On!

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

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

ANON.

1. Trust on! trust on be - liev - er! Tho' long the con - flict be
2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on! the dan-ger press-es; Tempta - tion strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith - ful Friend,

Thou yet shalt prove vic-to - rious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep - est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dangerous rap-ids, He shall thy pas - sage steer.
Trust on! trust on! be - liev - er, O trust Him to the end.

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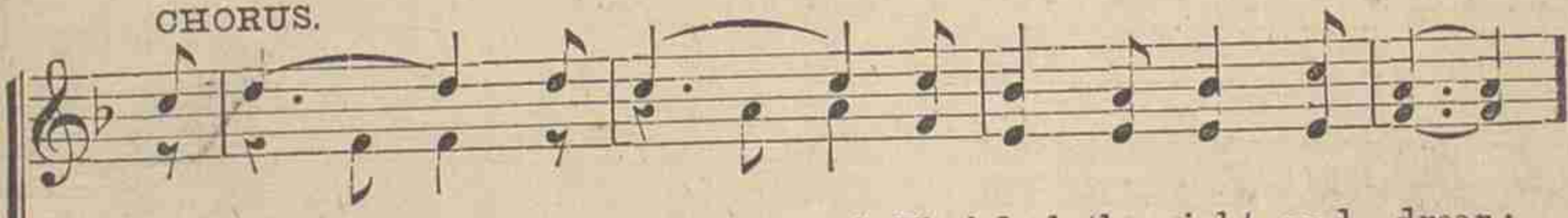
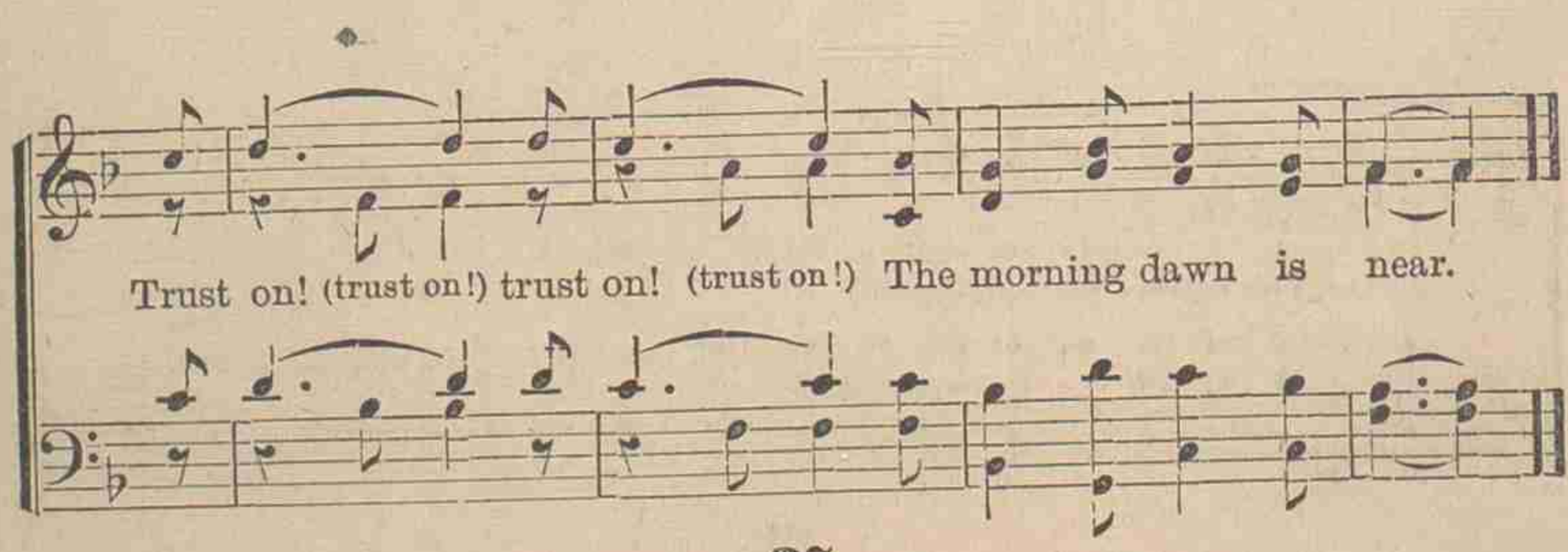
CHORUS.

Trust on! (trust on!) Trust on! (trust on!) Tho' dark the night and drear;

Trust on! (trust on!) trust on! (trust on!) The morning dawn is near.

No. 26.

Say, are You Ready?

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

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy chamber, In the still
watch of to - night, Say will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment,
Or to the land of de - light? Say are you read-y,

2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part-ing In - to the
world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!

3. Ma - ny re - deemed ones now are as - scending In - to the
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,
O let Him save you to - night.

O are you read-y? If the Death an - gel should call;
should call;

Say, are you ready? O are you ready? Mercy stands waiting for all.

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No. 27. "None of self and all of Thee."

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

Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er be, When I proud-ly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleeding on th'accurs-ed tree; And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free, Bro't me low - er, while I whispered "Less of self, and more of
4. High - er than the high - est heavens, Deep - er than the deepest sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self, and *all* of

Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,
Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,
Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,
Thee," *None* of self and *all* of Thee, *None* of self and *all* of Thee,

Thee, When I proud - ly said to Jesus "All of self and none of Thee."
Thee, And my wistful heart said faintly "Some of self and some of Thee."
Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered "Less of self and more of Thee."
Thee, Lord Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self and *all* of Thee."

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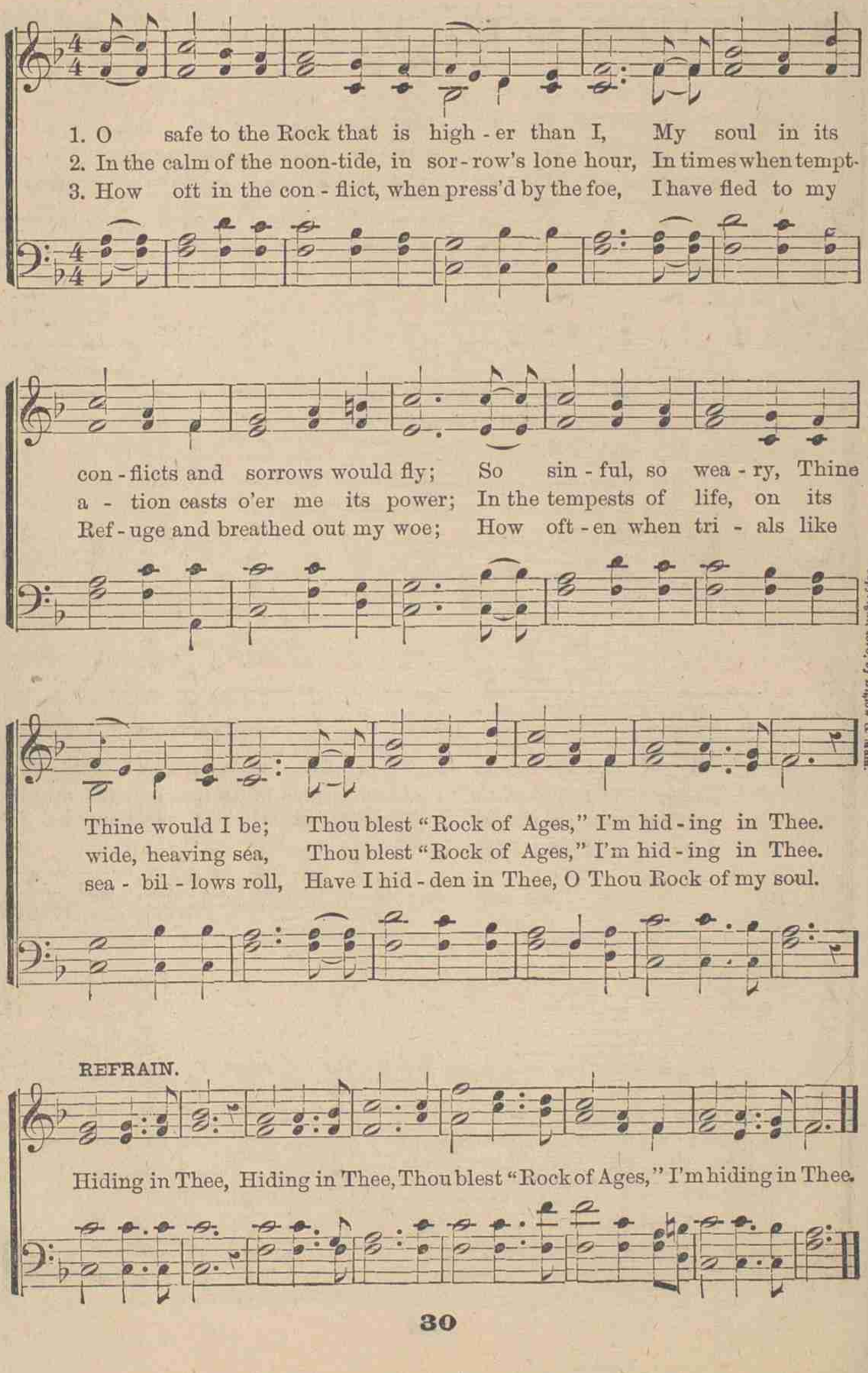
No. 28. Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31: 2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

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No. 29. Onward Go!

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

E. B. ARR. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Trust-ing in the Lord thy God, Onward go! onward go!
2. Has He called thee to the plough? Onward go! onward go!
3. Has He given thee golden grain? Onward go! onward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? Onward go! onward go!
5. In this lit-tle moment then, Onward go! onward go!

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

Onward! onward!

Onward, onward go!

On-ward! Onward! onward!

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

Onward go!

Spreading still His wondrous fame, On-ward go!
Stand-ing fast un-til the end, On-ward go!
He will hear and an-swer prayer; On-ward go!
Lead-ing on to glorious day; On-ward go!
Thus in life and lib-er-ty, On-ward go!

On-ward, on-ward! Onward go!

On-ward, on-ward go!

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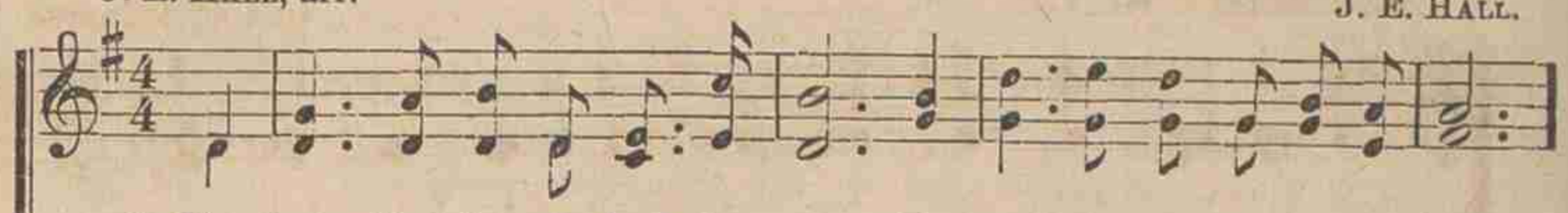
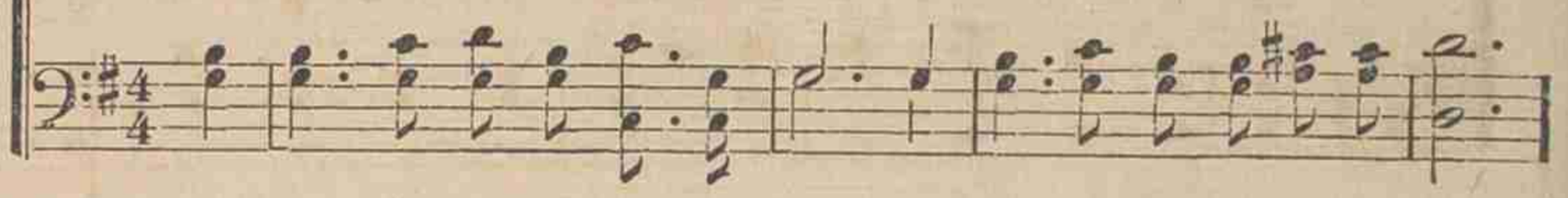
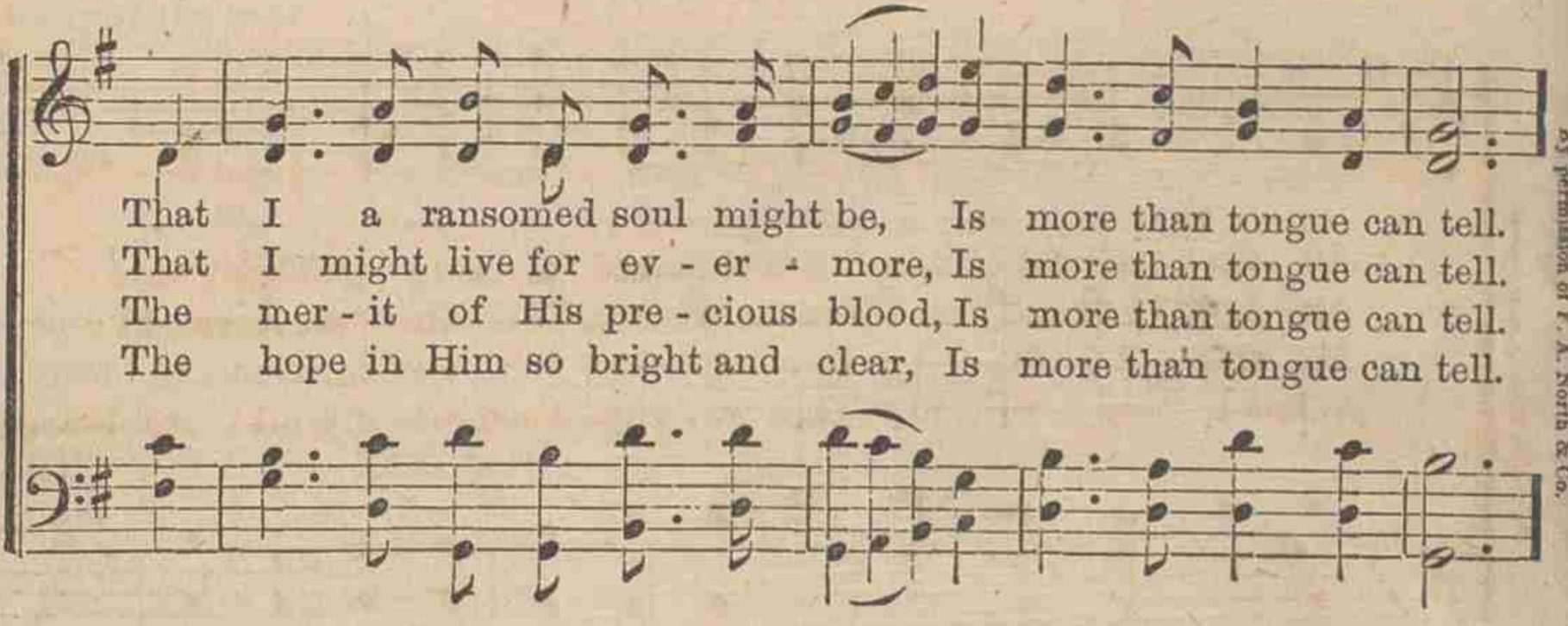
No. 30. More than Tongue can Tell.

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

J. E. HALL, arr. J. E. HALL.

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



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

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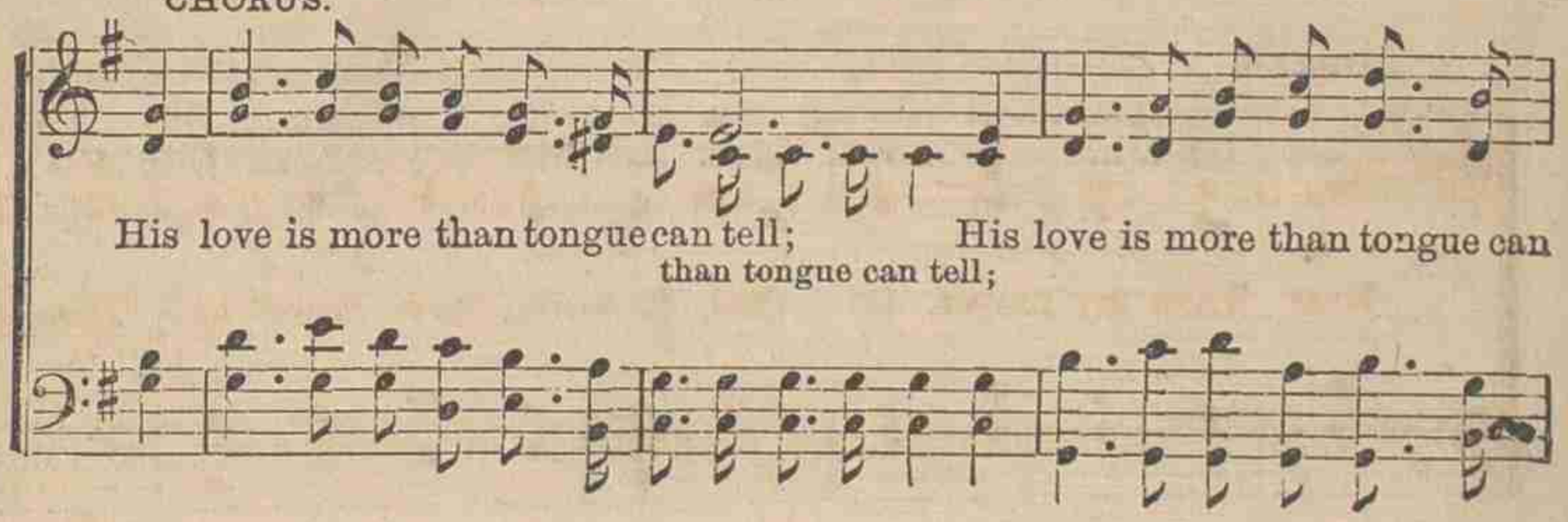
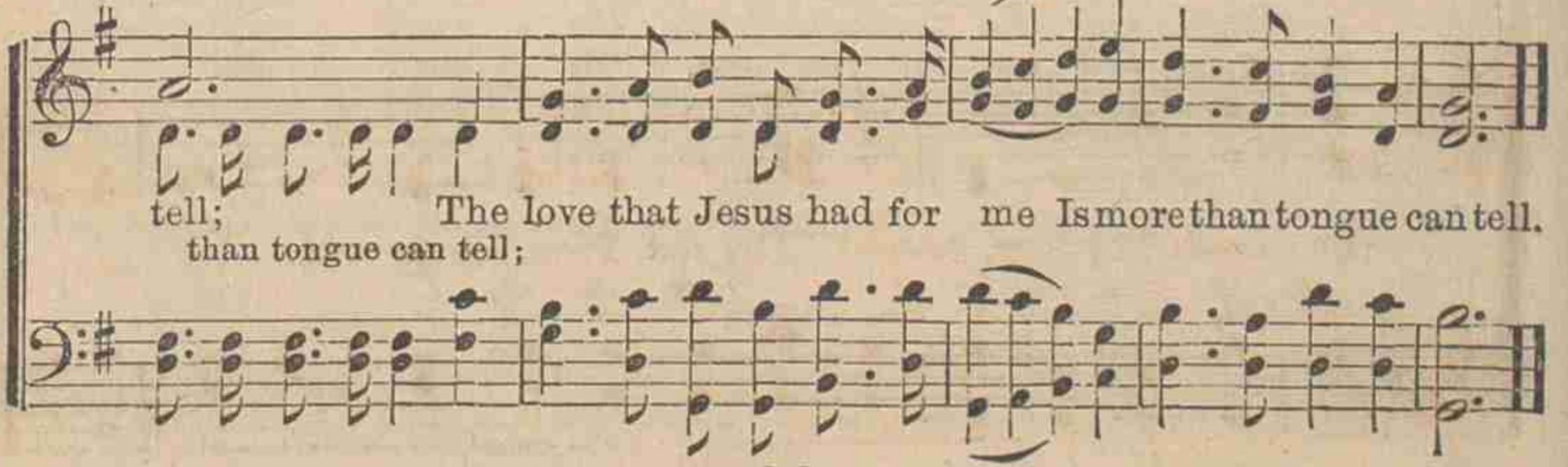
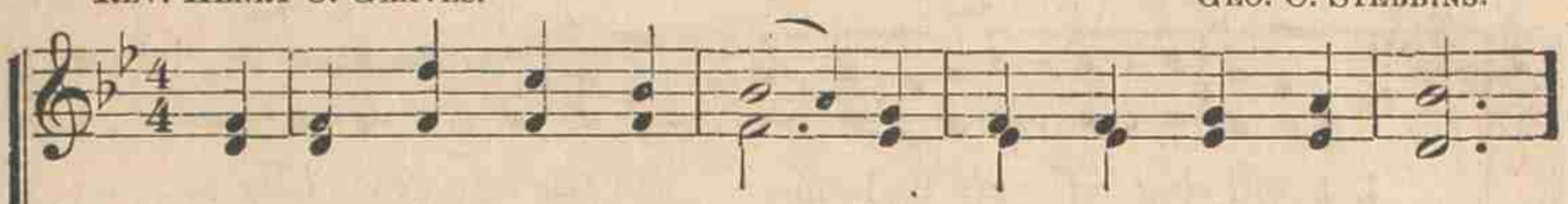
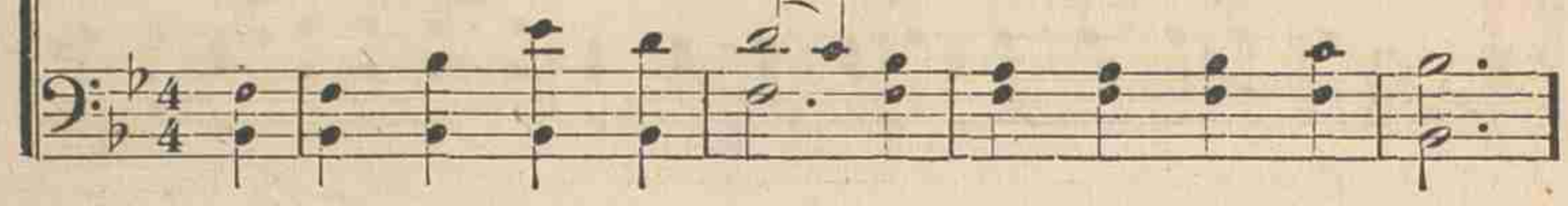
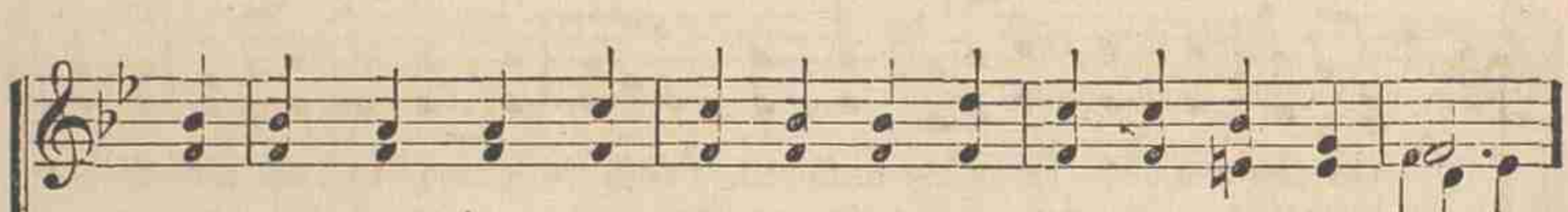
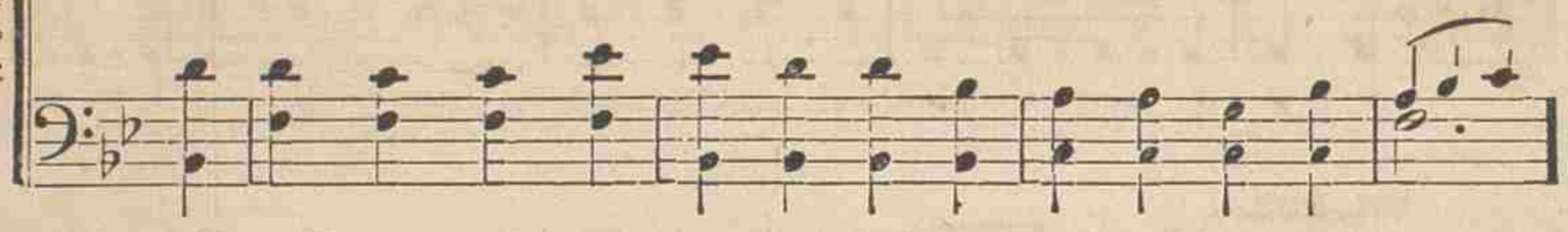
CHORUS.

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

tell; The love that Jesus had for me Is more than tongue can tell. than tongue can tell;

No. 31. Hear Thou my Prayer.

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

REV. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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

All sin of thought and life abhorred, My soul to Thee would rise.
Ah, Lord! from all al - lure-ments freed Like Thee transformed I'd be.
My spir - it fill, O heavenly Son, With lov-ing, God - ly fear.
While I my all to Thee re - sign, Thou art my all in heaven.

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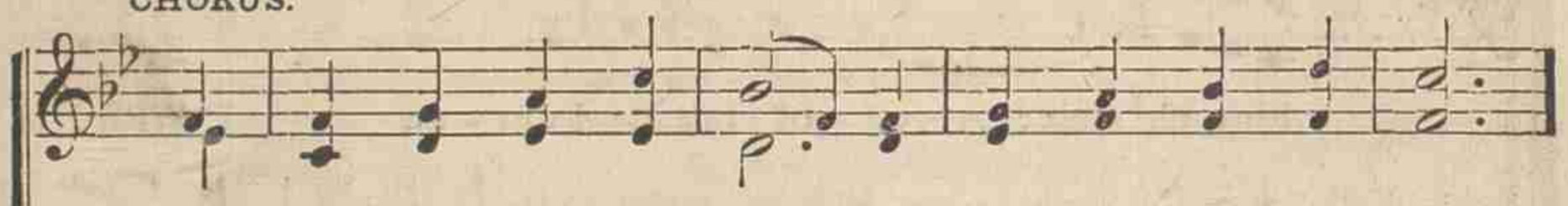
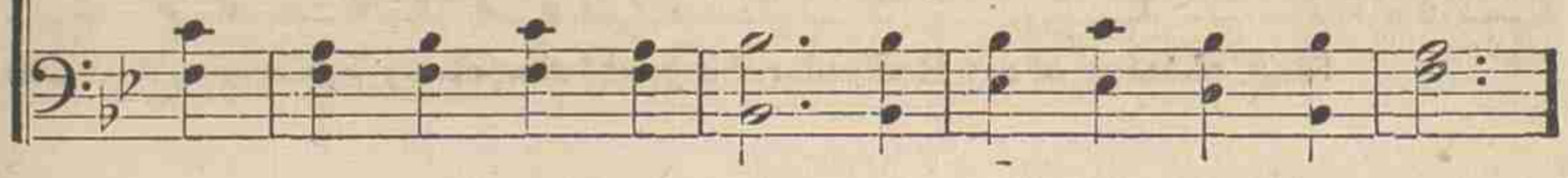
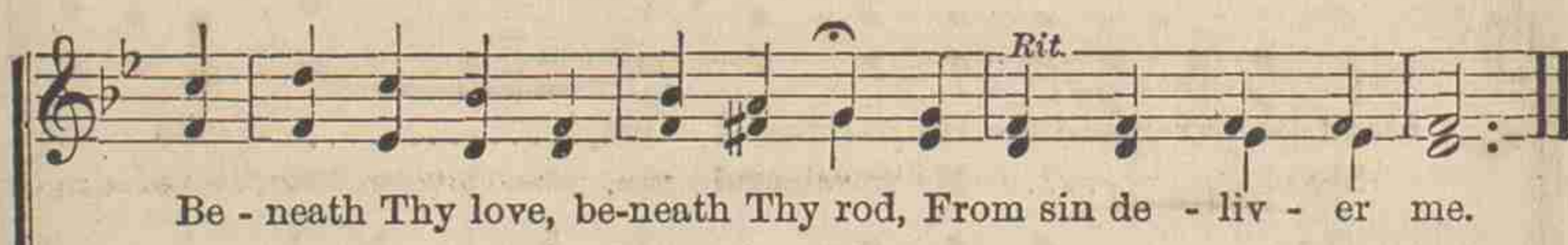
CHORUS.

Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U - nite my heart to Thee;



Be - neath Thy love, be-neath Thy rod, From sin de - liv - er me.

No. 32. My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'n - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

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CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His

blood.....

blood He purchased me, He purchased me,..... On the

blood..... He purchased me,

blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the

cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the

debt,..... and made me free, and made me free.

debt, and made me free.

No. 33. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14 : 17.

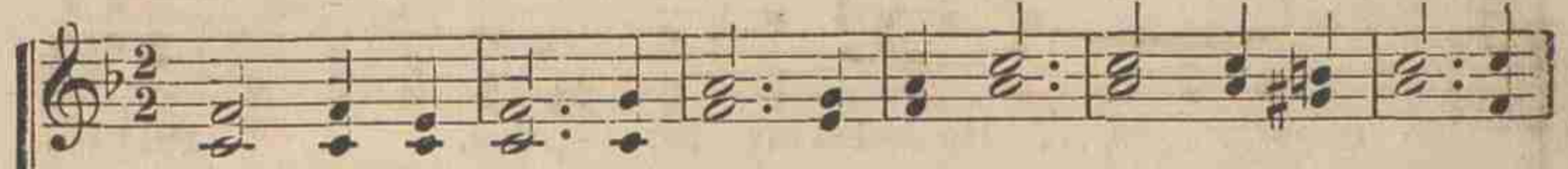
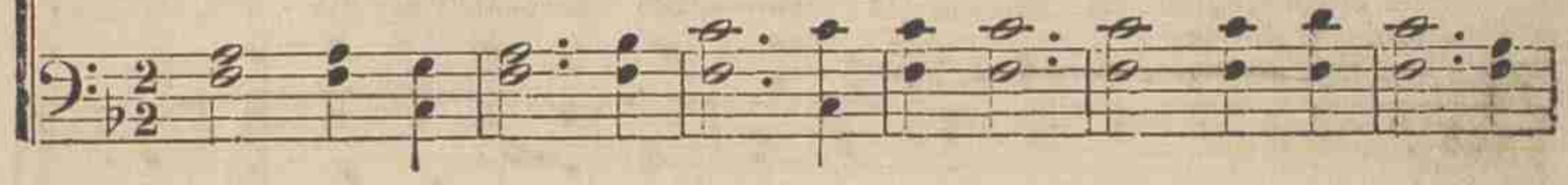
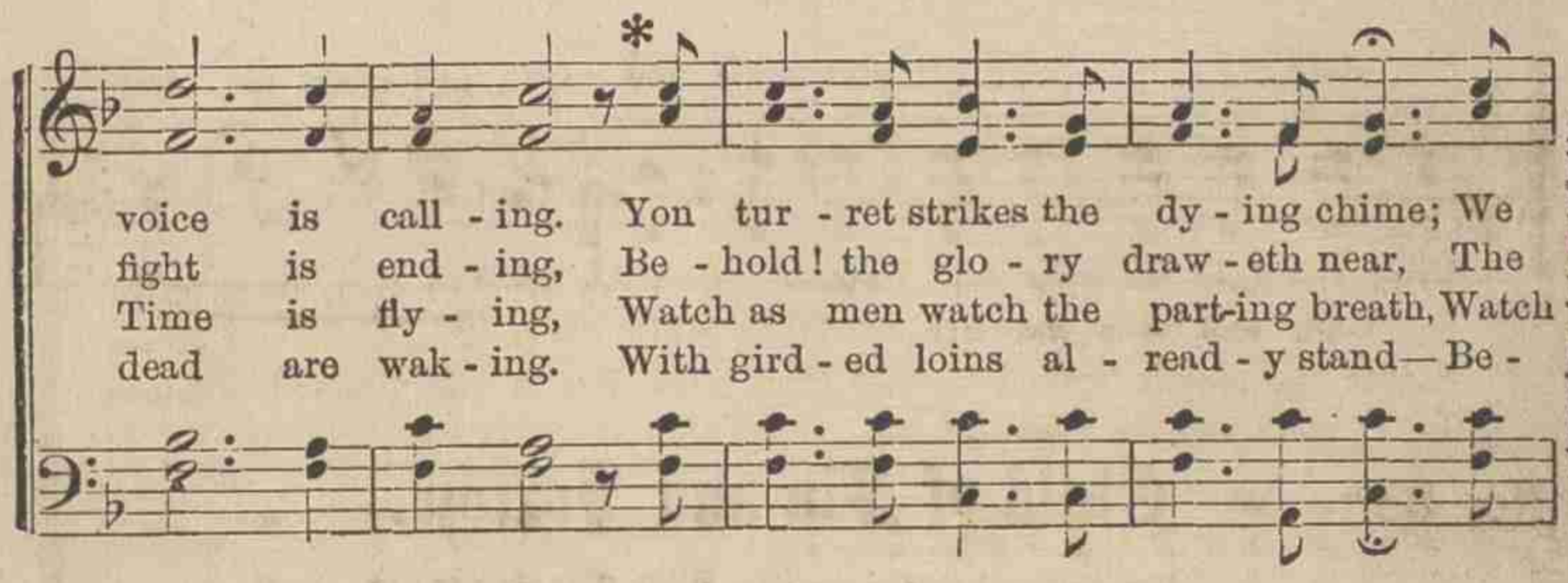
Th. Hastings. Thomas Hastings.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis-may,
   Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day:
   Heav'n bids thee come,
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die?
   Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high;
   Grieve not that love

While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

No. 34. Eternity is drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—ROM. 13 : 12.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall - ing, Pray, brethren, pray, God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The
3. Watch, brethren, watch, The day is dy - ing; Watch, brethren, watch, The
4. Look, brethren, look, The day is break-ing; Hark, brethren, hark, The



voice is call - ing. Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We
fight is end - ing, Be - hold! the glo - ry draw - eth near, The
Time is fly - ing, Watch as men watch the part-ing breath, Watch
dead are wak - ing. With gird - ed loins al - rend - y stand—Be -

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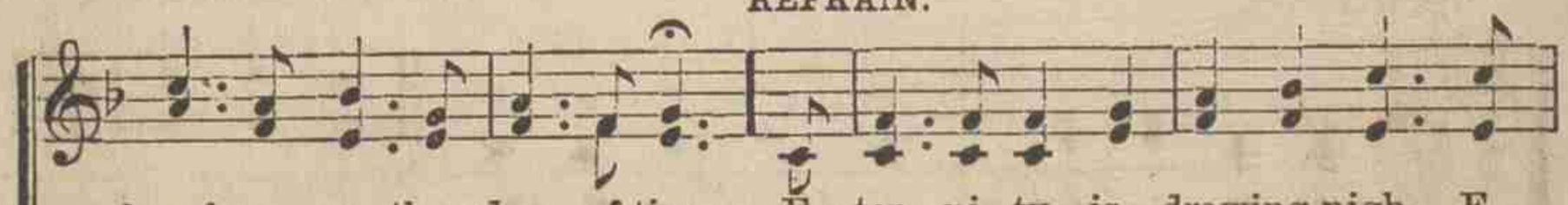
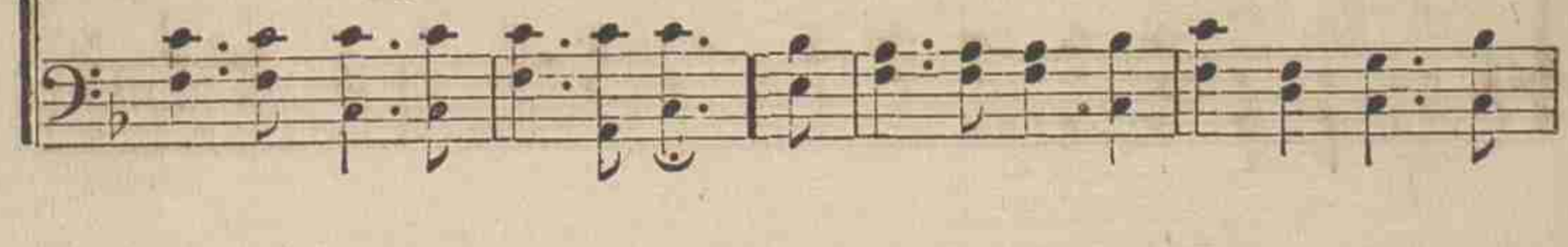
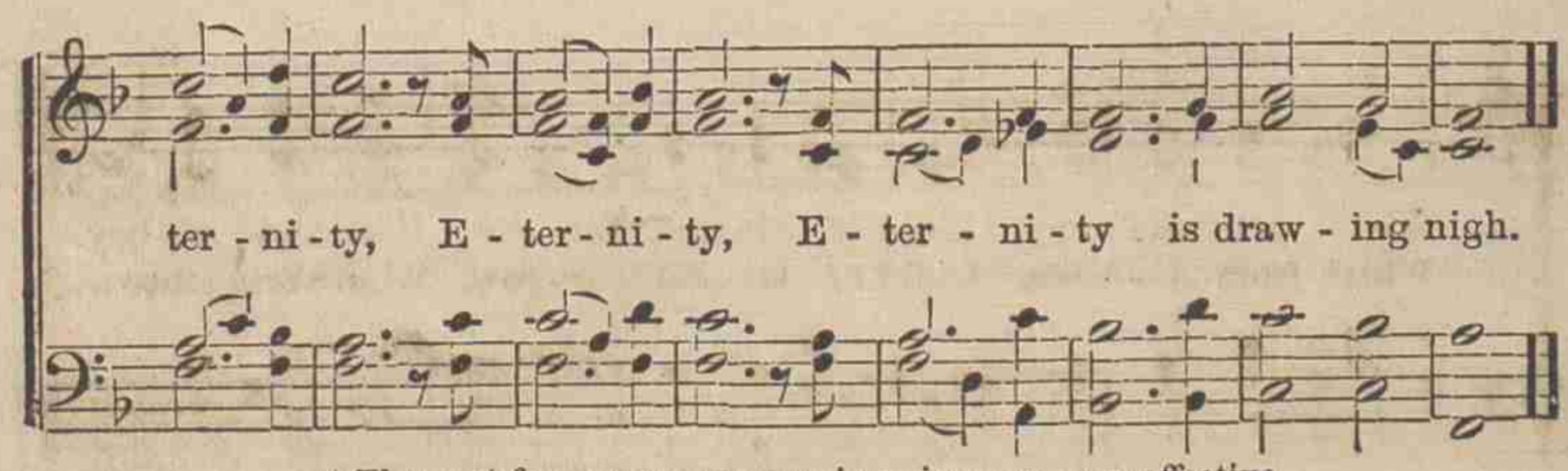
REFRAIN.

kneel up - on the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is drawing nigh, E -
King Himself will soon appear.
as men watch for life or death.
hold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh.



* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

No. 35. Crown Him!

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8: 5.

Rev. THOS. KELLY. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of sorrows" now,
2. Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him! Rich the trophies Je - sus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de-rision crown'd Him, Mock-ing thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark the bursts of ac - cla-mation! Hark these loud triumphant chords!

From the fight re - turn vic - torious: Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow!
In the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of hea - ven rings.
Saints and angels crowd around Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion, Oh what joy the sight af - fords!

CHORUS.

Crown Him! crown Him! angels, crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

Crown Him! crown Him! angels, crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

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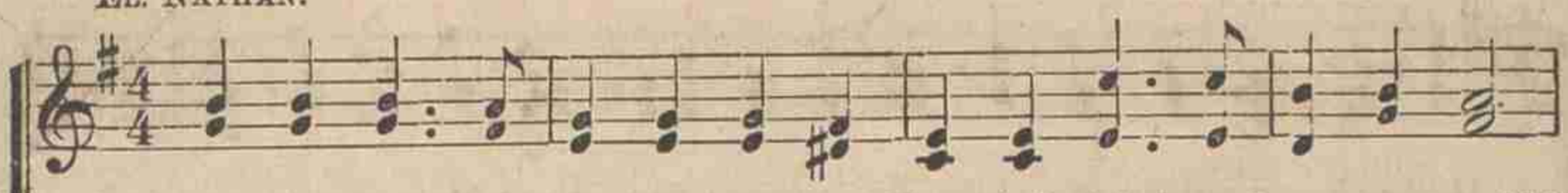
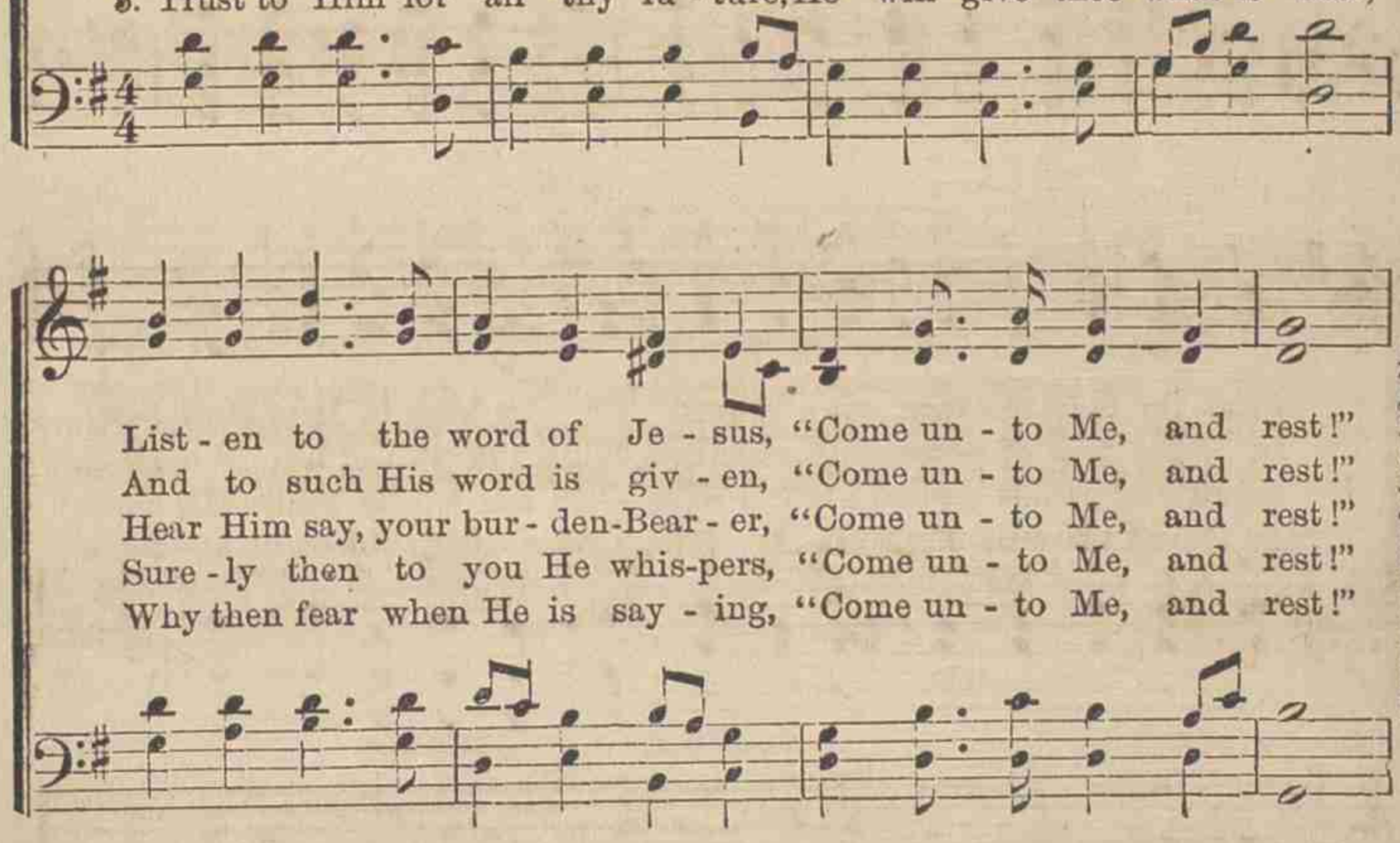
No. 36. Come unto Me, and Rest.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Broth-er, art thou worn and wea-ry, Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd?
2. Oh, He knows the dark fore-bod-ings Of the conscience-troubled breast;
3. To the Lord bring all your burden, Put the prom - ise to the test;
4. If in sor - row thou art weeping, Griev-ing for the loved ones missed,
5. Trust to Him for all thy fu - ture, He will give thee what is best;



List - en to the word of Je - sus, "Come un - to Me, and rest!"
And to such His word is giv - en, "Come un - to Me, and rest!"
Hear Him say, your bur - den-Bear - er, "Come un - to Me, and rest!"
Sure - ly then to you He whis-pers, "Come un - to Me, and rest!"
Why then fear when He is say - ing, "Come un - to Me, and rest!"

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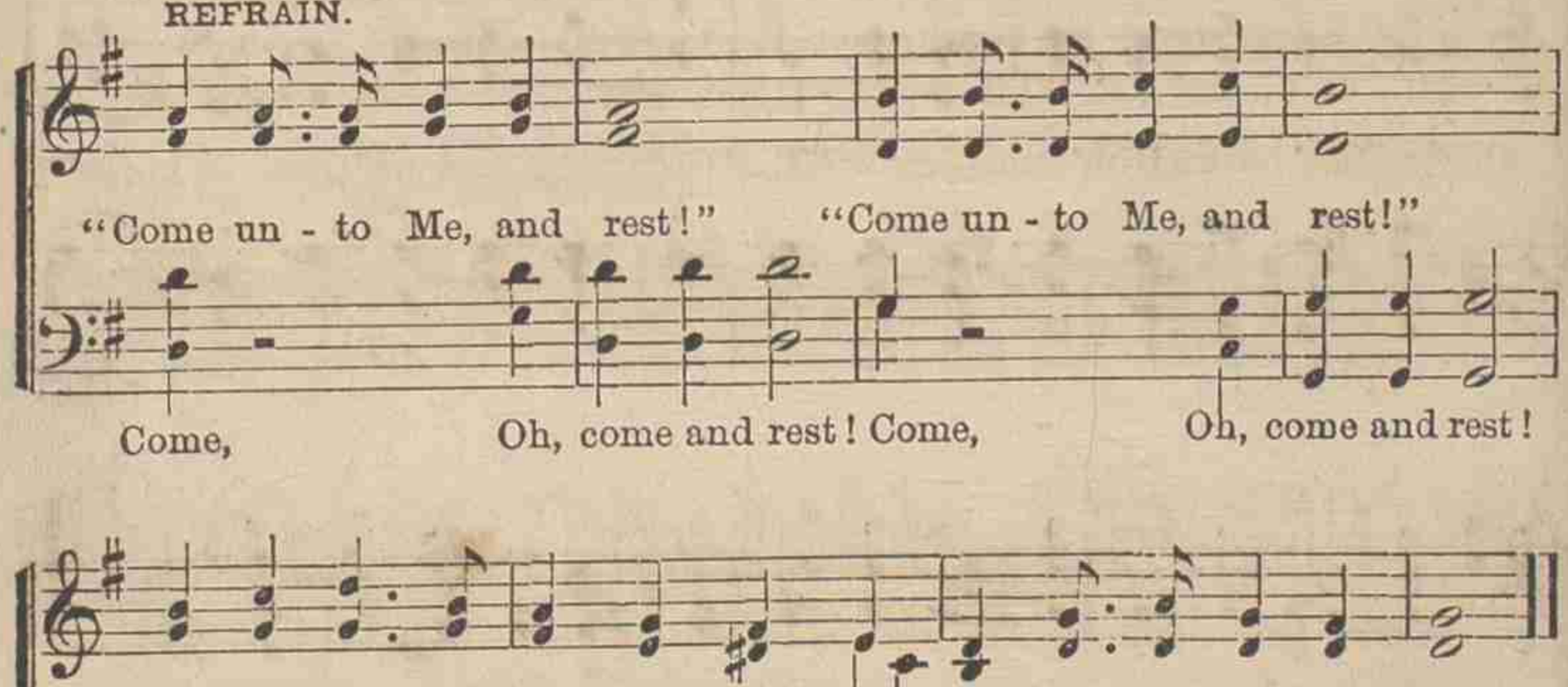
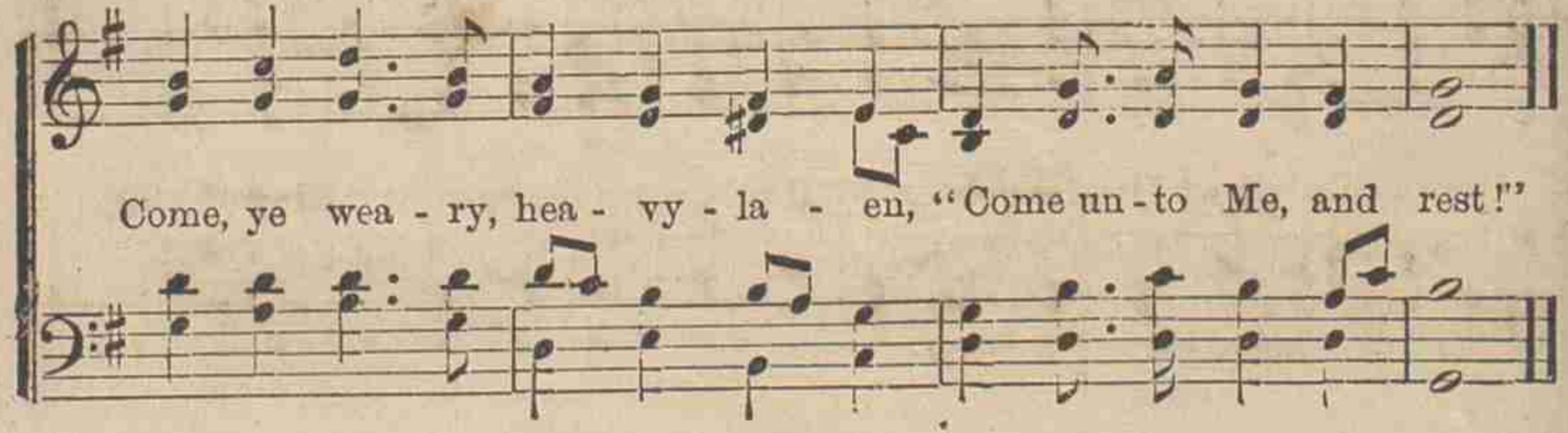
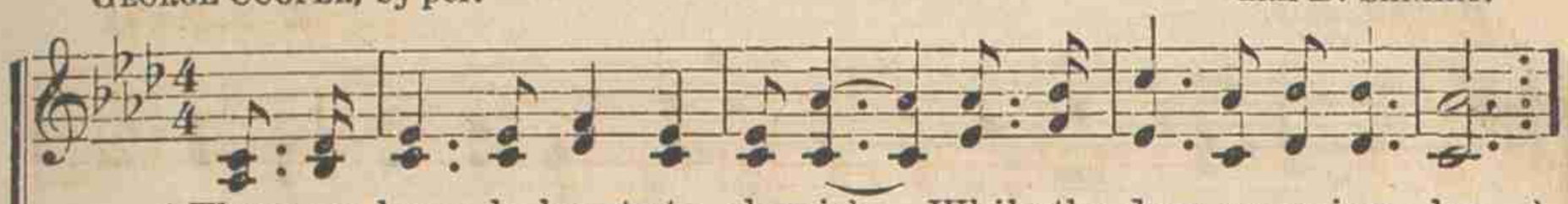
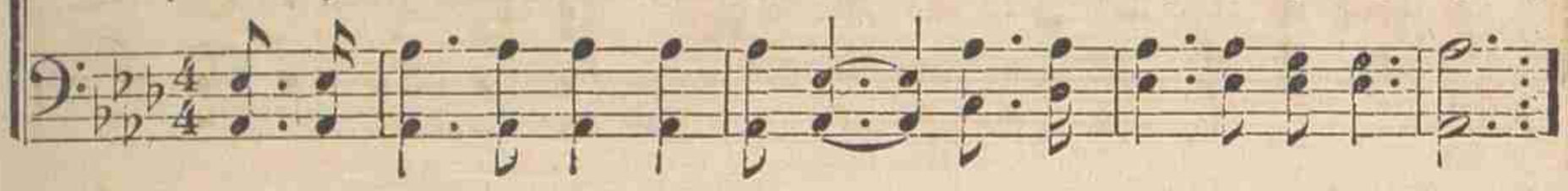
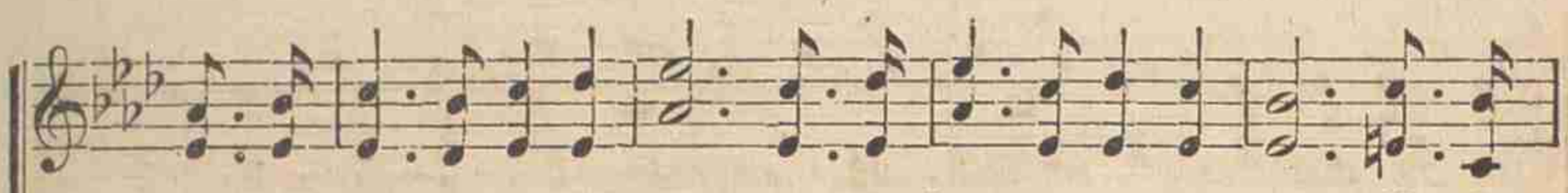
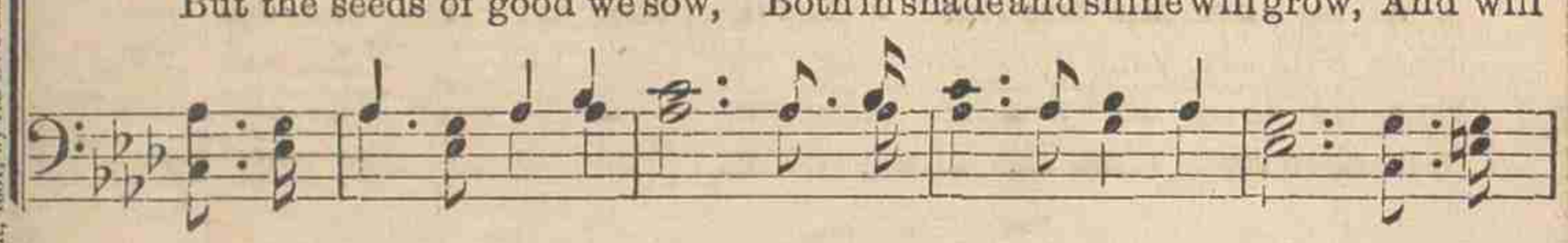

"Come un - to Me, and rest!" "Come un - to Me, and rest!"

Come, Oh, come and rest! Come, Oh, come and rest!

Come, ye wea - ry, hea - vy - la - en, "Come un - to Me, and rest!"

No. 37. While the Days are going By.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9 : 10.

George Cooper, by per. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are going by;
   There are wea - ry souls who per-ish, While the days are going by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are going by;
   Let your face be like the morning, While the days are going by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are going by;
   One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are going by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our journey we pur - sue, Oh, the
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

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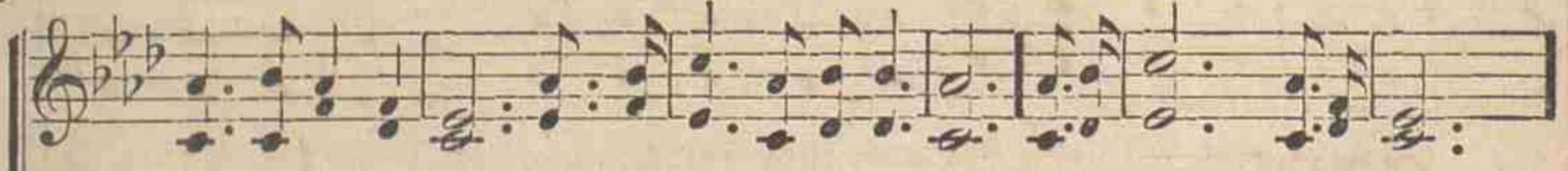
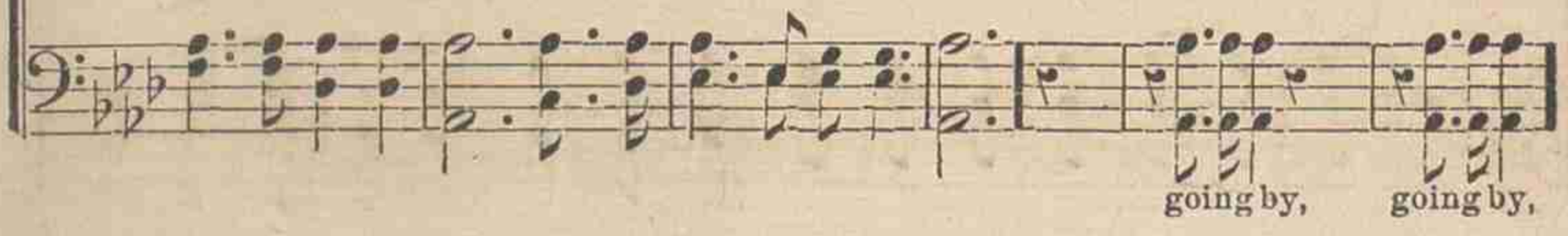
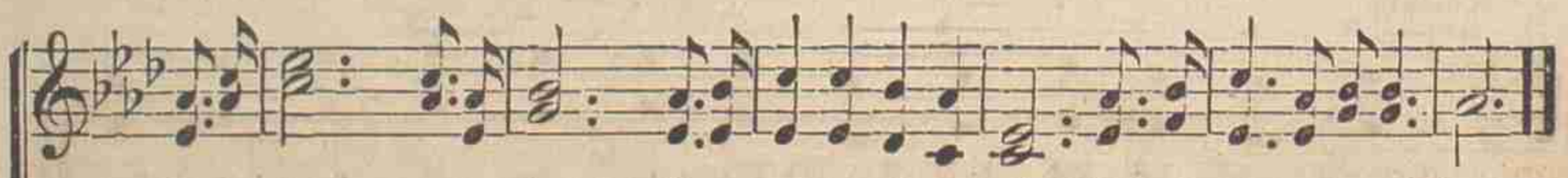
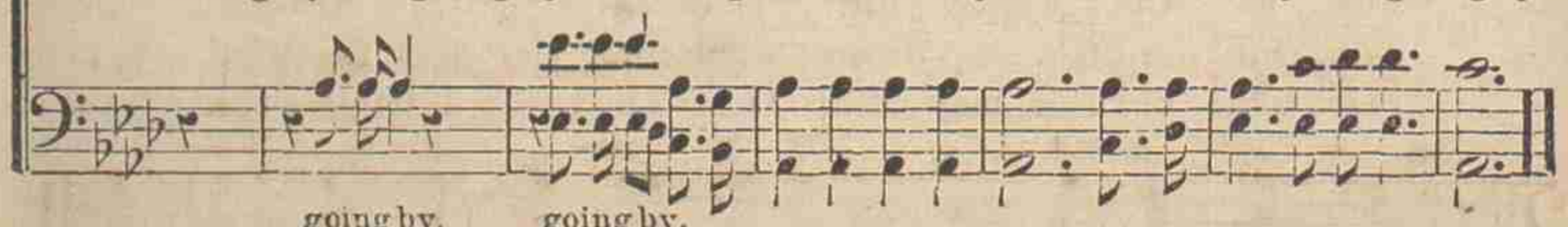
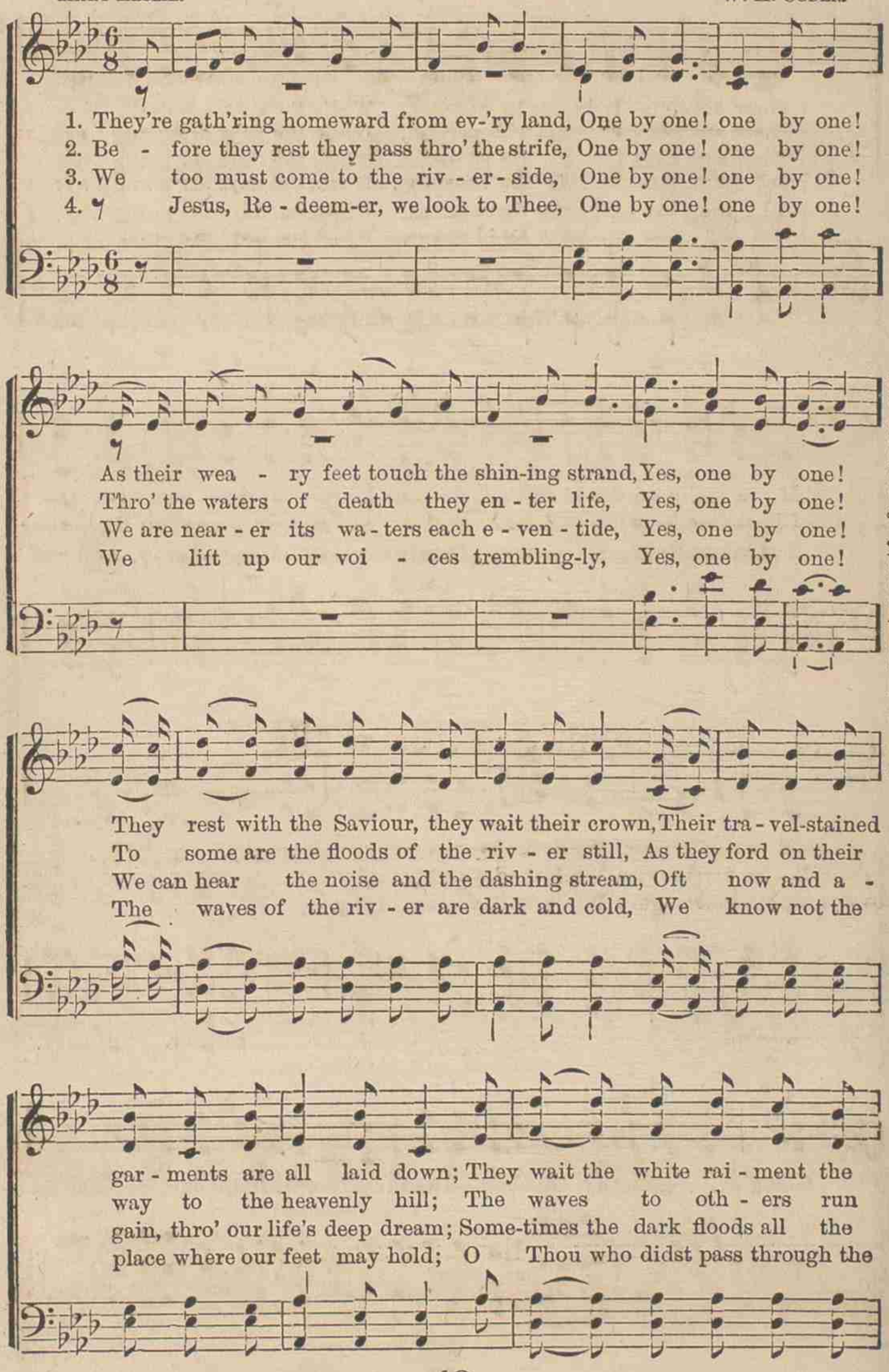

good we all may do, While the days are going by. Going by, going by,
fall - en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.

going by, going by,

Going by, going by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

going by, going by,

No. 38. Gathering Home.

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

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.



From "New Silver Song," by per. of the publisher W. W. Whitney.

Gathering Home.—Concluded.

Lord shall prepare For all who the glo - ry with Him shall share.
fierce-ly and wild, Yet they reach the home of the un - de - filed.
banks o - ver - flow, Some - times in rip-ples and small waves go.
deep-est midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

REFRAIN.

Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Fording the riv - er one by one!

Gath'ring home! gath'ring home, yes, one by one!

No. 39. Only a Little While.

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

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

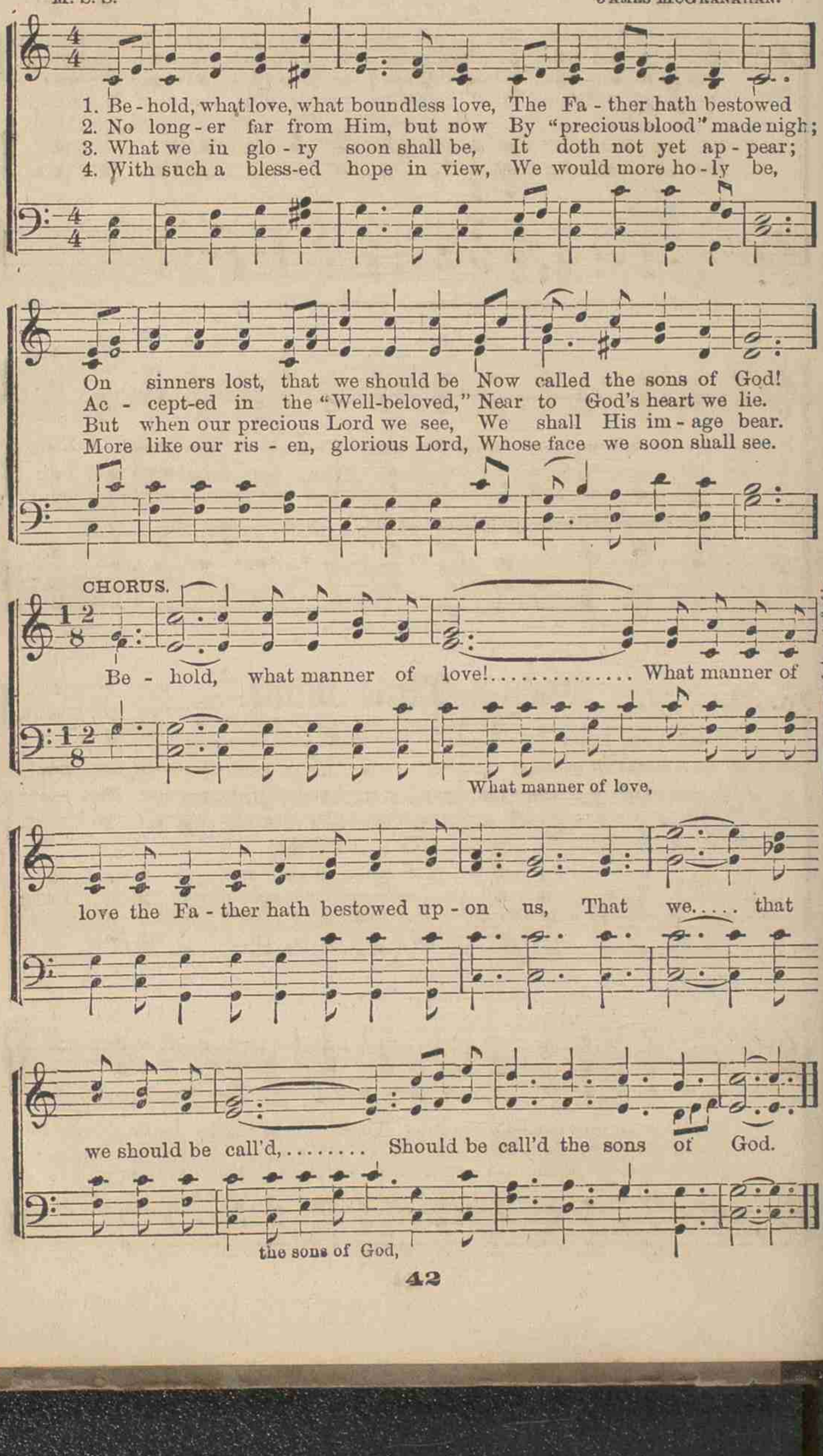
1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea - ry feet,
2. Suffer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toiling a few short days, And

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

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 40. Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—JOHN 3: 1.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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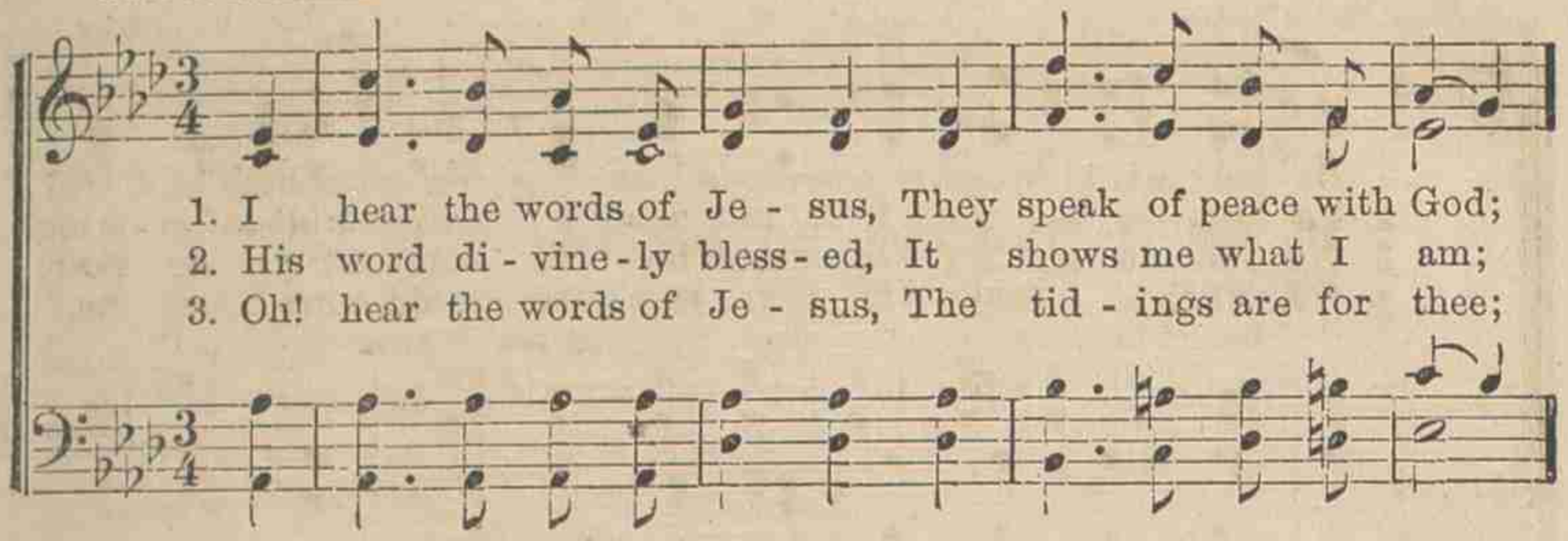
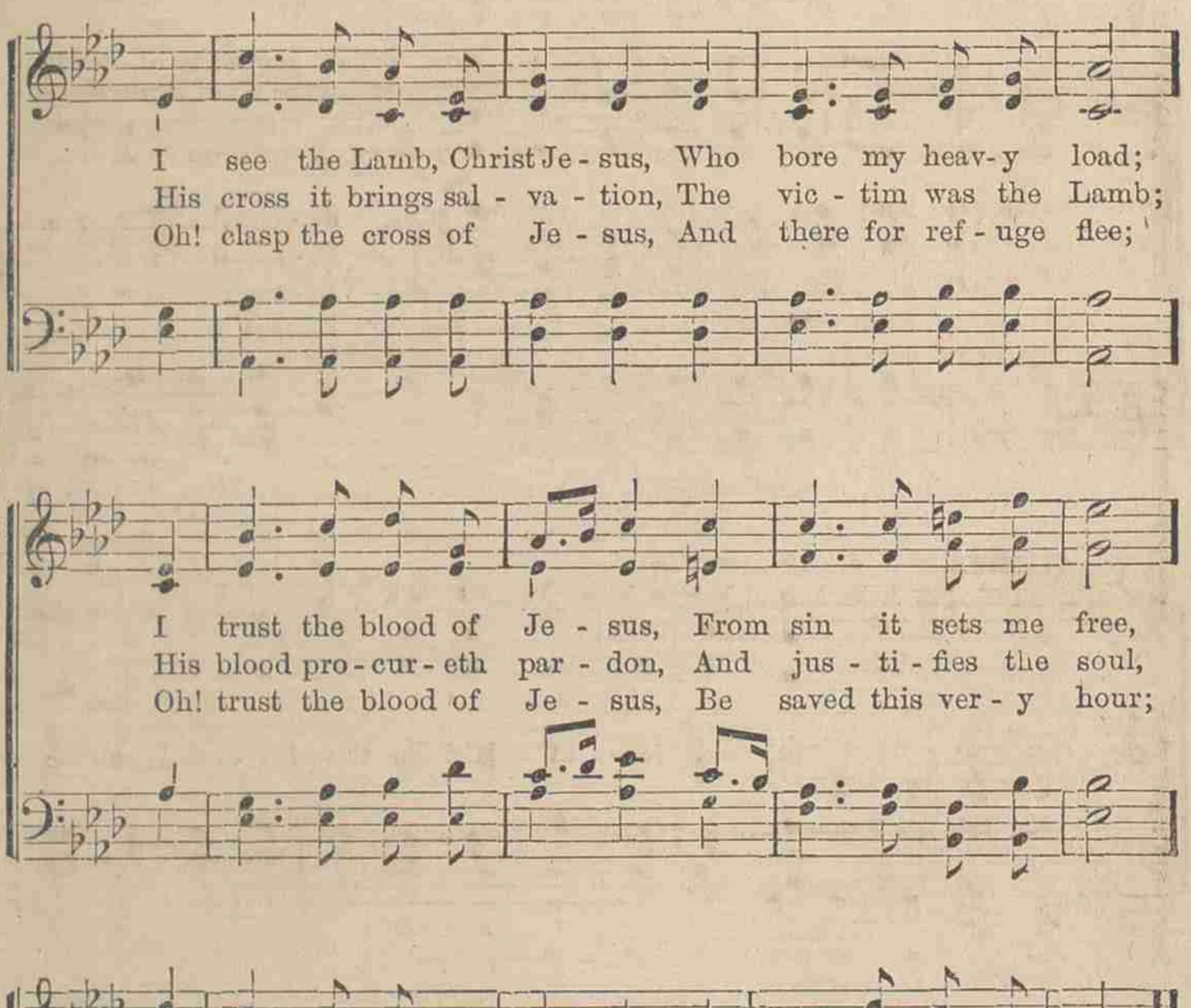
No. 41. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

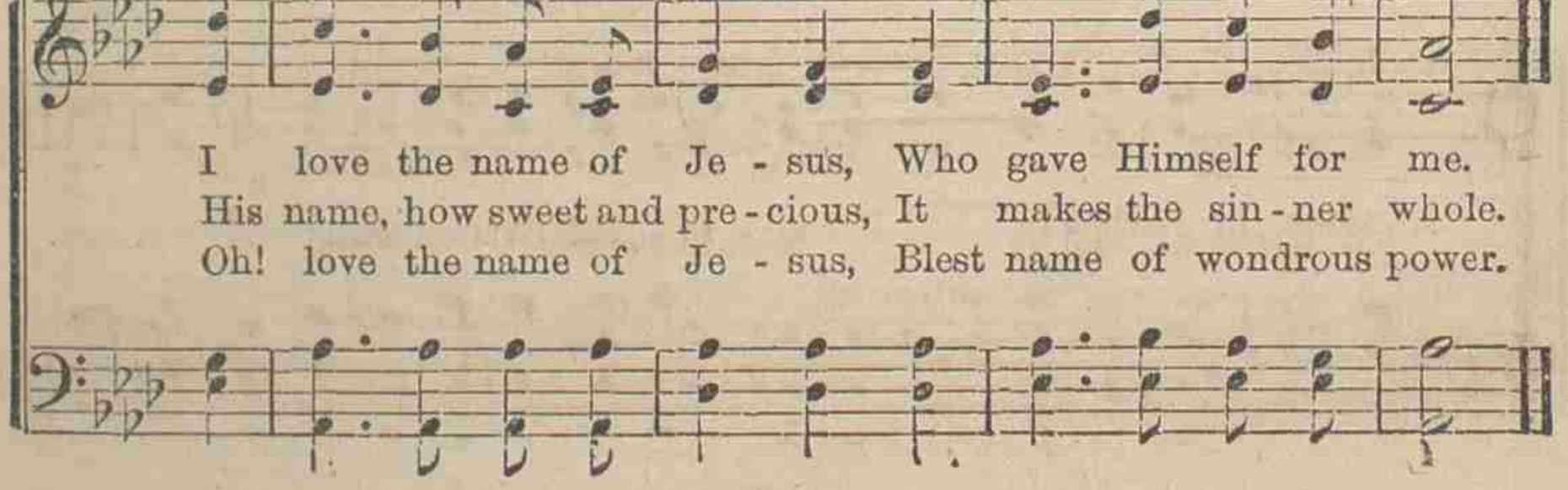


1. I hear the words of Je - sus, They speak of peace with God;
2. His word di - vine - ly bless - ed, It shows me what I am;
3. Oh! hear the words of Je - sus, The tid - ings are for thee;



I see the Lamb, Christ Je - sus, Who bore my heav - y load;
His cross it brings sal - va - tion, The vic - tim was the Lamb;
Oh! clasp the cross of Je - sus, And there for ref - uge flee;

I trust the blood of Je - sus, From sin it sets me free,
His blood pro - cur - eth par - don, And jus - ti - fies the soul,
Oh! trust the blood of Je - sus, Be saved this ver - y hour;

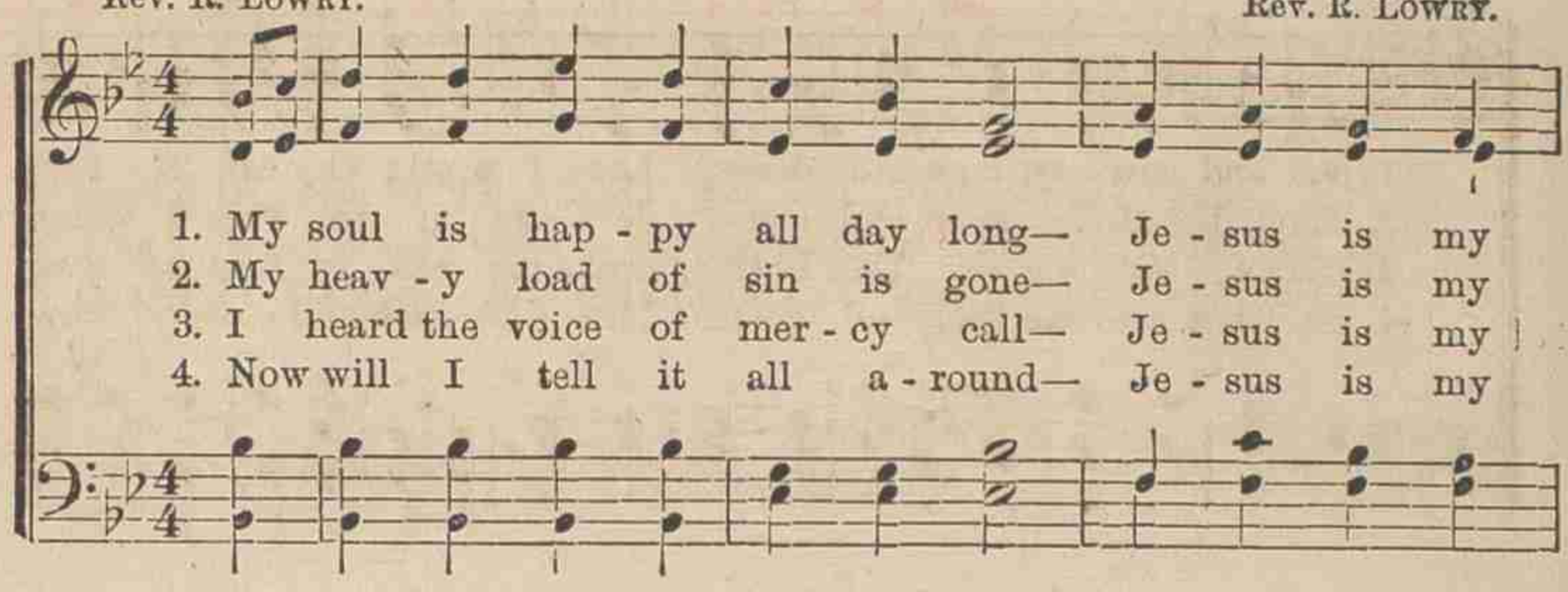


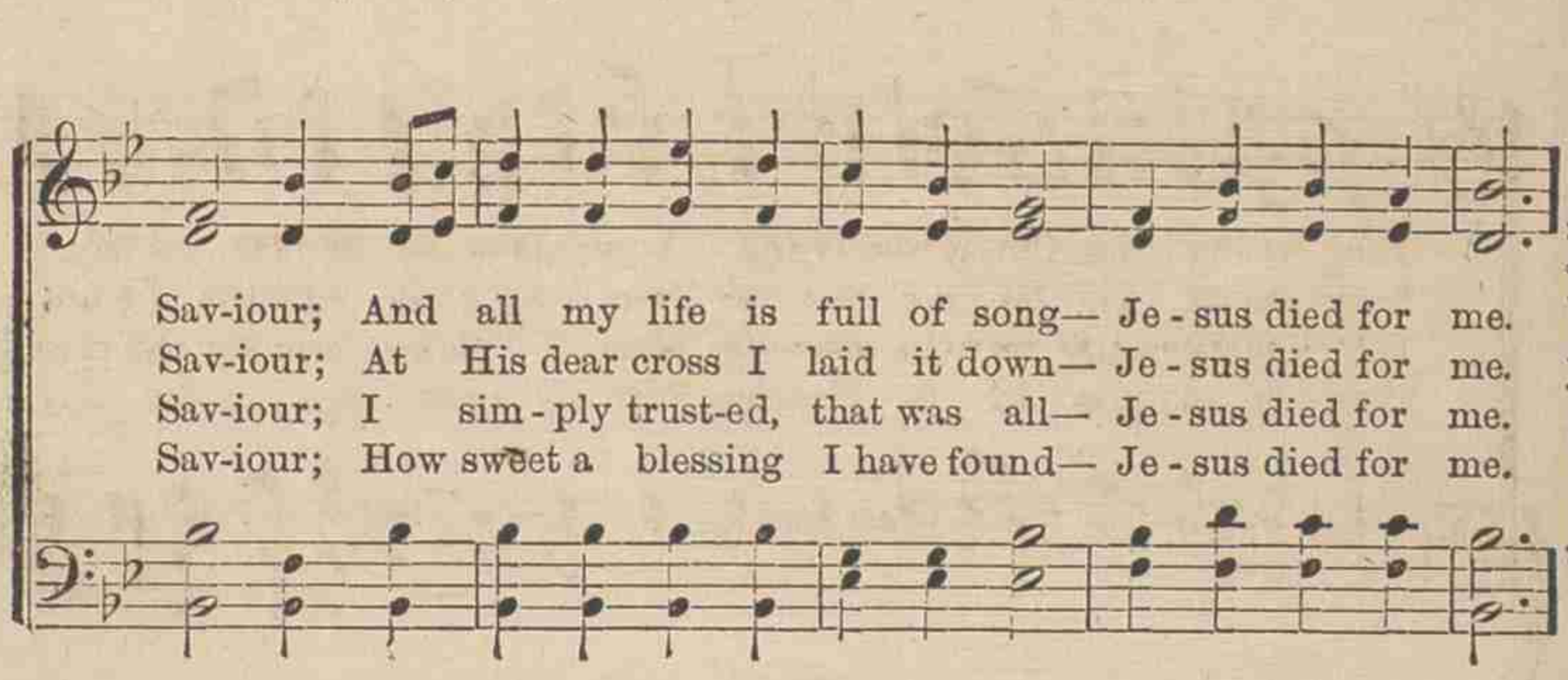
I love the name of Je - sus, Who gave Himself for me.
His name, how sweet and pre - cious, It makes the sin - ner whole.
Oh! love the name of Je - sus, Blest name of wondrous power.

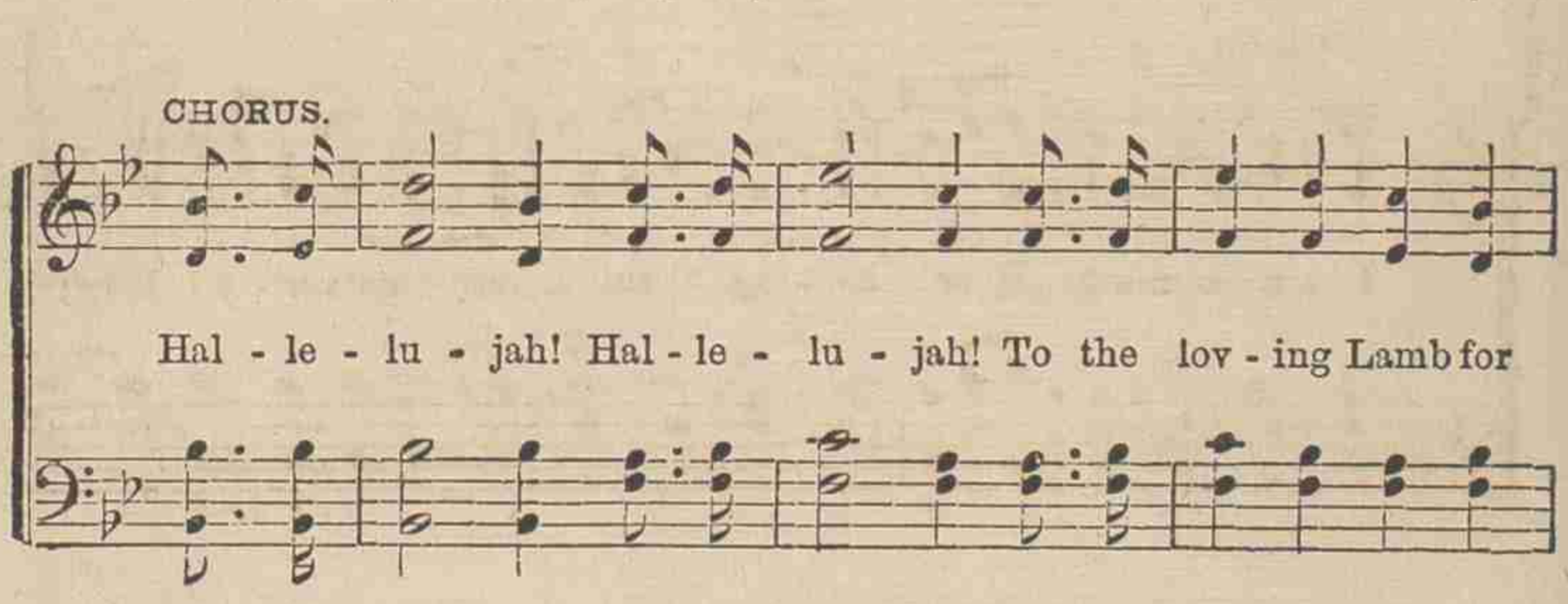
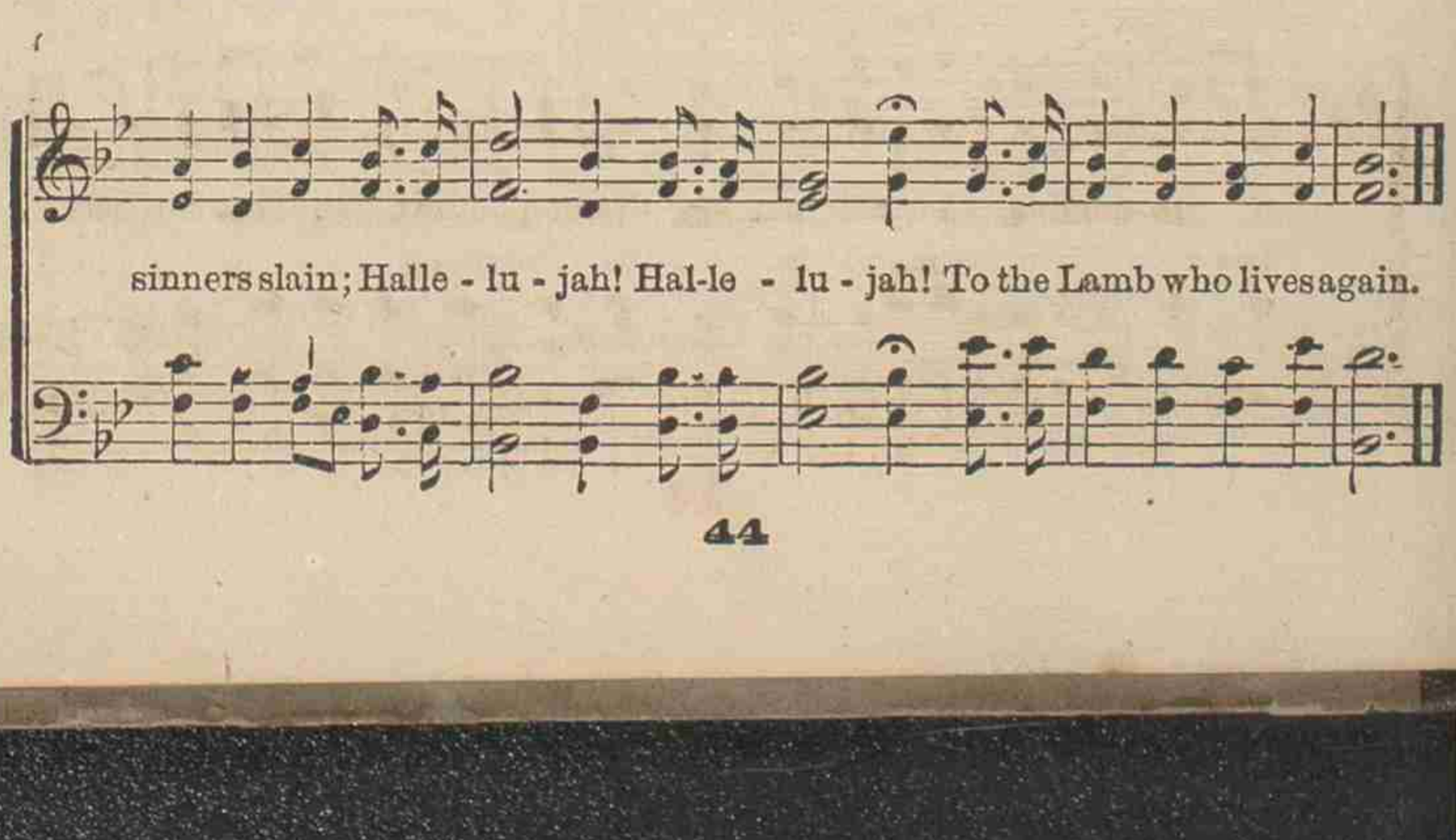
Copyright, 1881, by C. C. Case.

No. 42. Jesus is My Saviour.

"——went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8 : 39.

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

1. My soul is hap - py all day long— Je - sus is my
2. My heav - y load of sin is gone— Je - sus is my
3. I heard the voice of mer - cy call— Je - sus is my
4. Now will I tell it all a - round— Je - sus is my



Sav-iour; And all my life is full of song— Je - sus died for me.
Sav-iour; At His dear cross I laid it down— Je - sus died for me.
Sav-iour; I sim - ply trust-ed, that was all— Je - sus died for me.
Sav-iour; How sweet a blessing I have found— Je - sus died for me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! To the lov - ing Lamb for

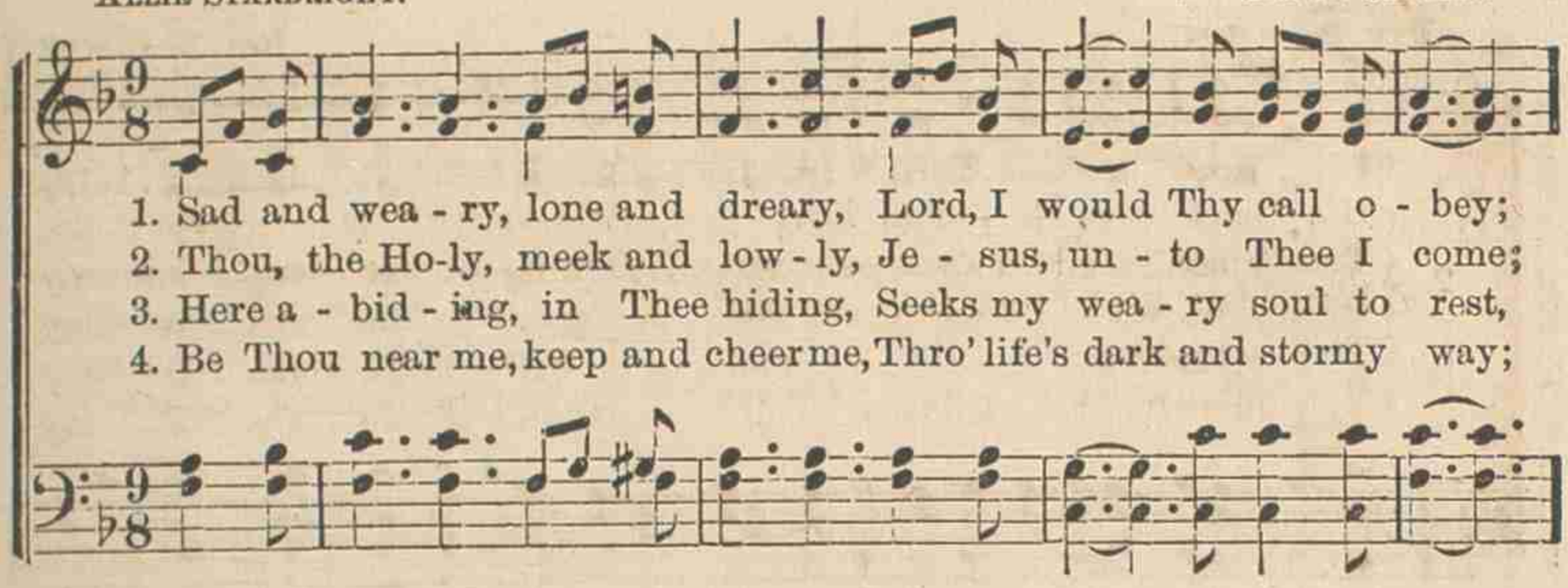
sinners slain; Halle - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! To the Lamb who lives again.

Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry.
Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

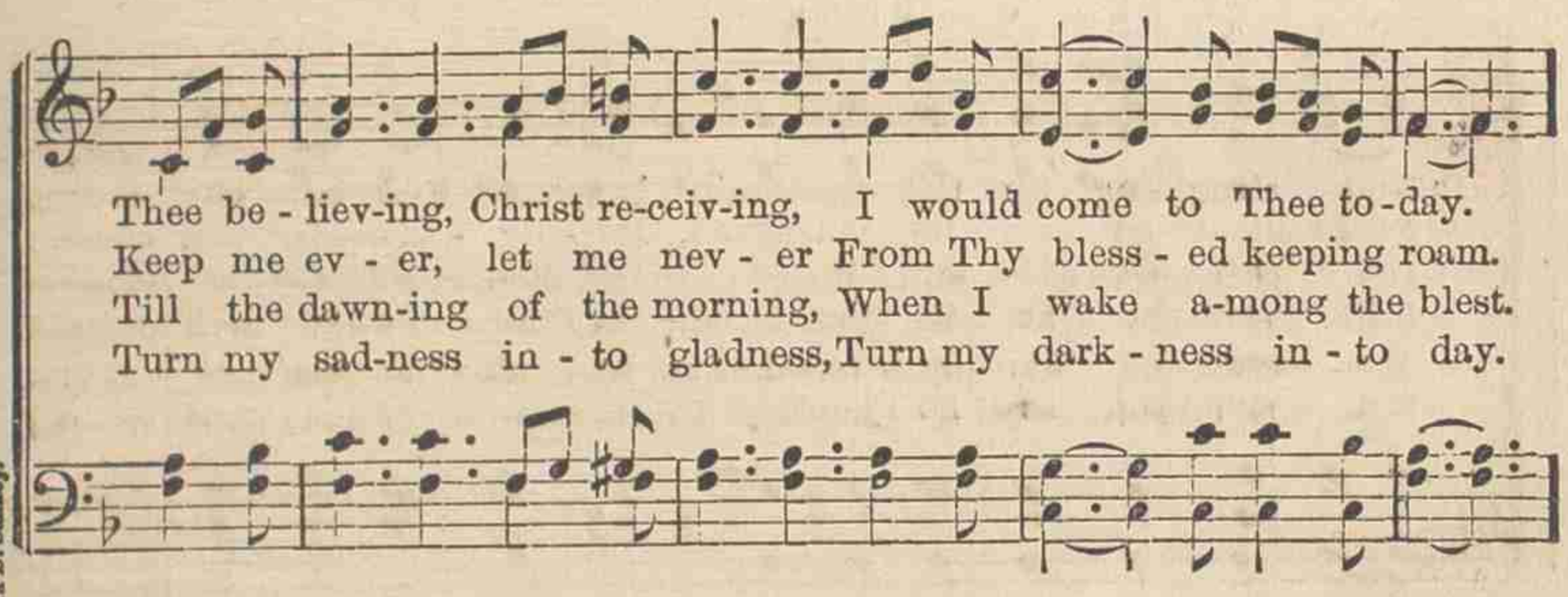
No. 43. I am Coming.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

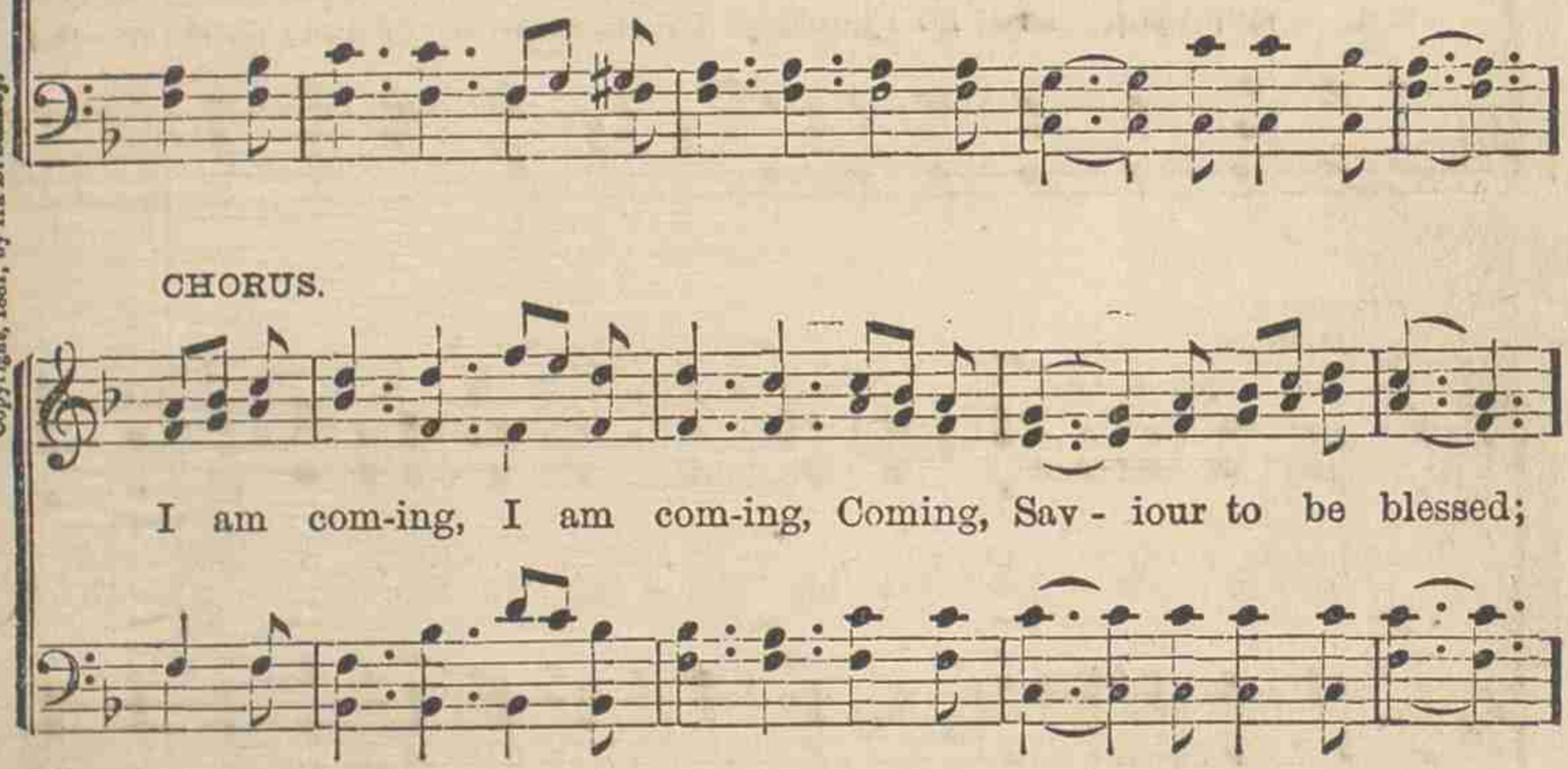
ALLIE STARBRIGHT. IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Sad and wea - ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho-ly, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come;
3. Here a - bid - ing, in Thee hiding, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way;



Thee be - liev-ing, Christ re-ceiv-ing, I would come to Thee to-day.
Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keeping roam.
Till the dawn-ing of the morning, When I wake a-mong the blest.
Turn my sad-ness in - to gladness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.



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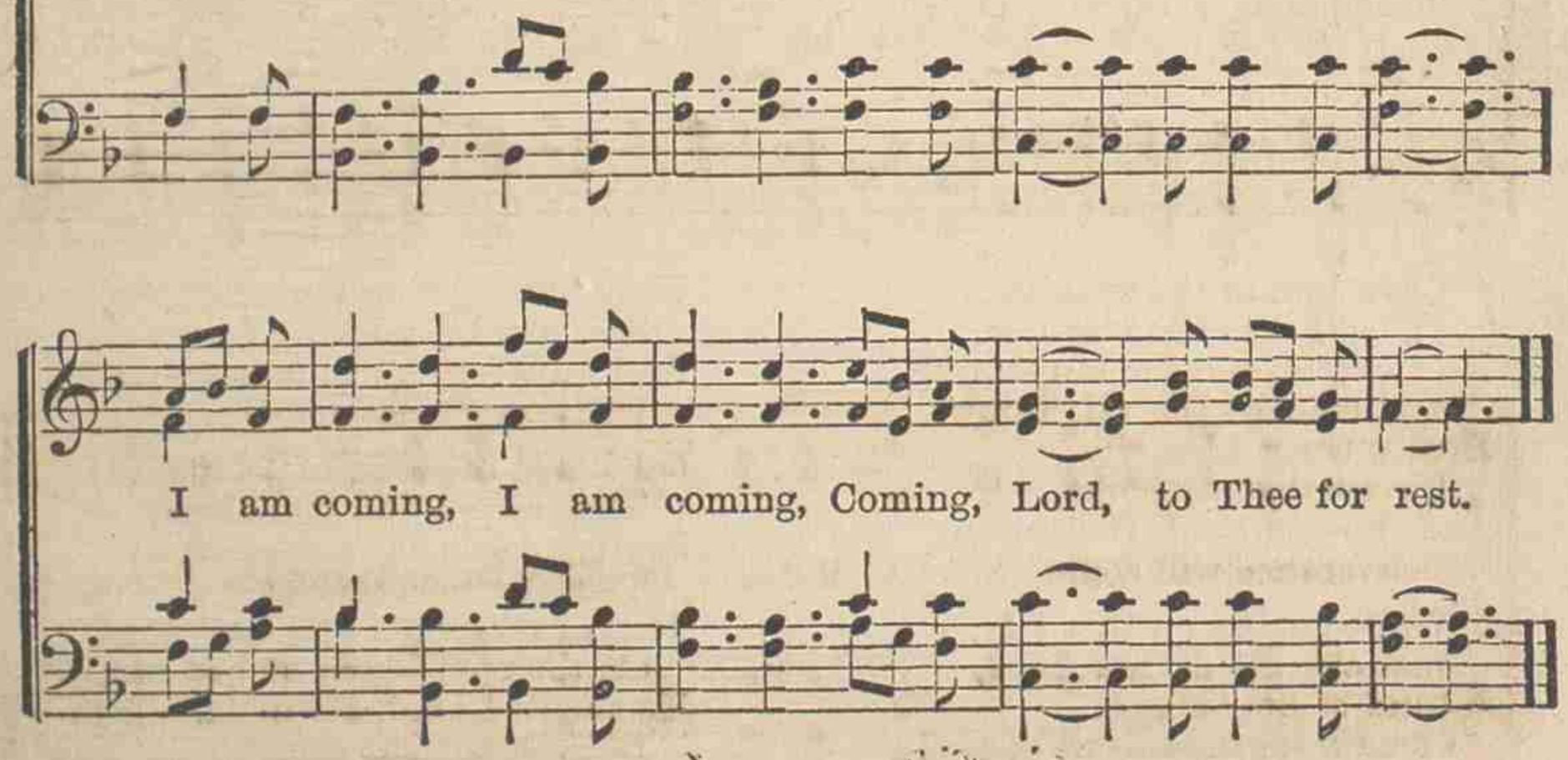
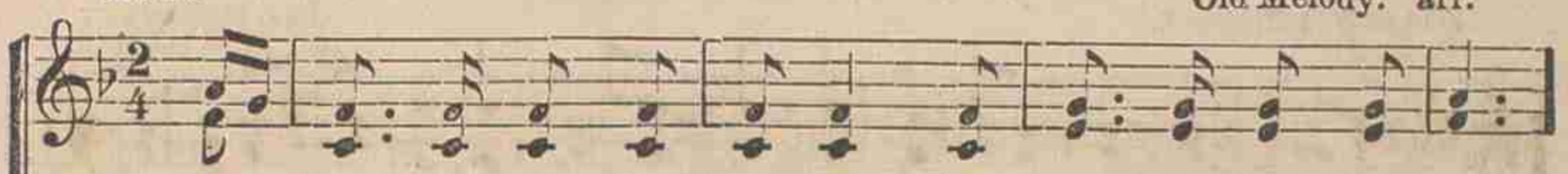
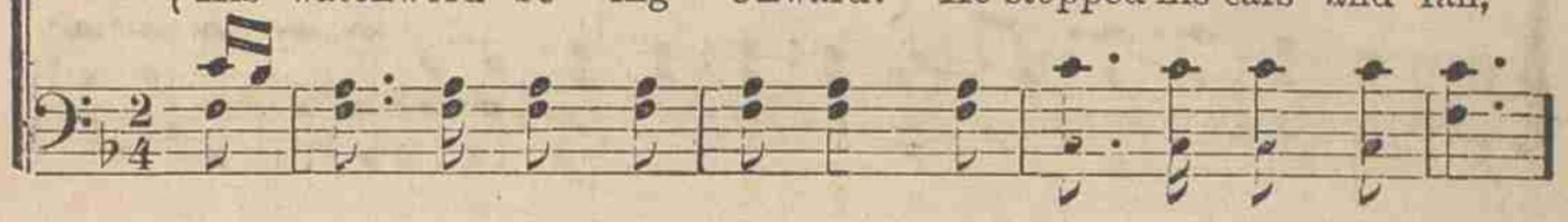
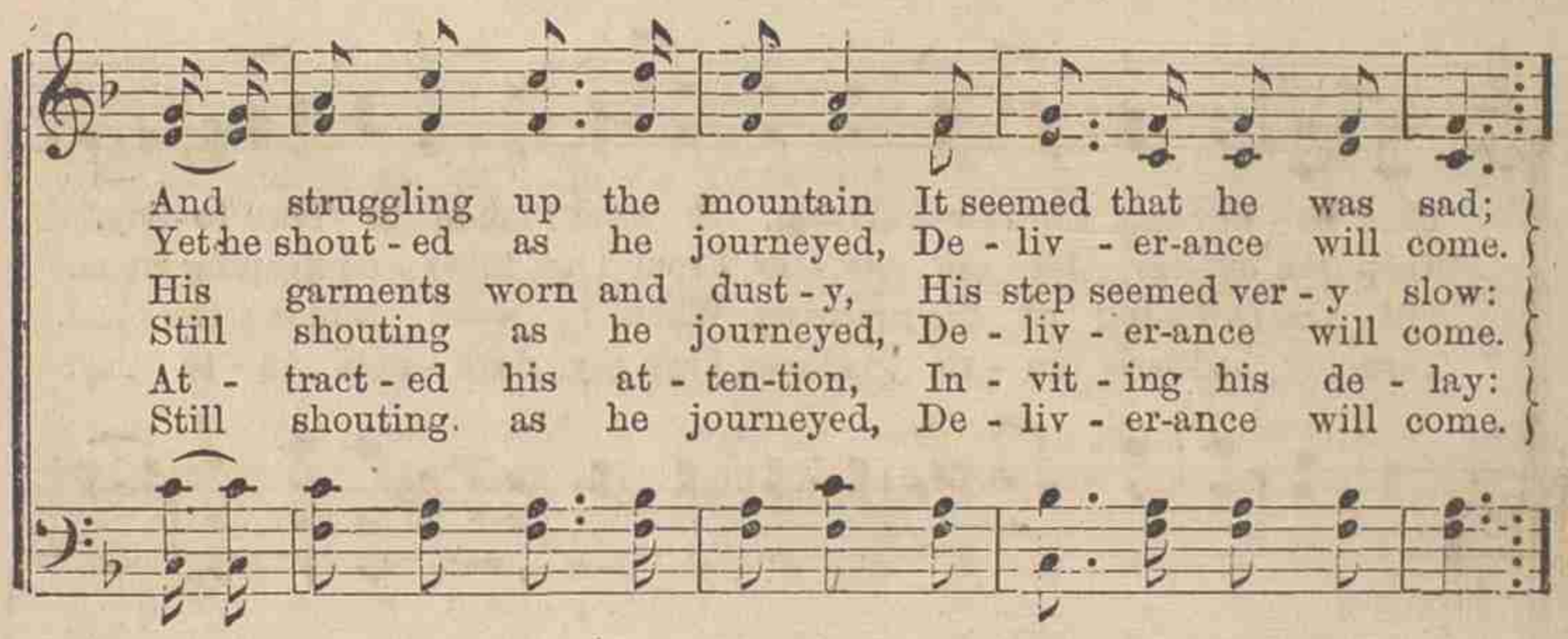
CHORUS.

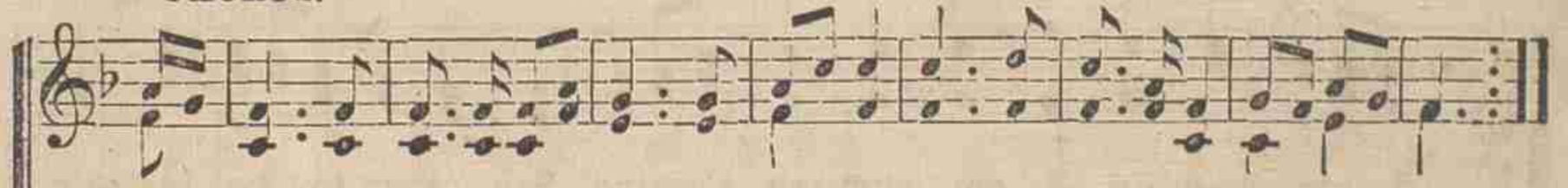
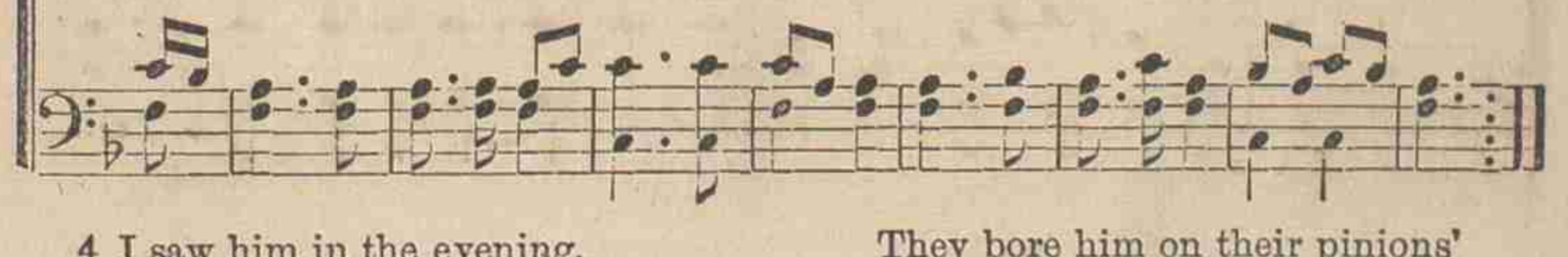
I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Coming, Sav - iour to be blessed;

I am coming, I am coming, Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

No. 44. Deliverance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you.—NUM. 10 : 29.

ANON. Old Melody. arr.

1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat-ter'd garments clad,
   His back was la - den heav - y His strength was al - most gone,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
   But he kept press - ing onward For he was wend - ing home;
3. The songsters in the ar - bor That stood be - side the way
   His watchword be - ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,



And struggling up the mountain It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout - ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.
His garments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow:
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.
At - tract - ed his at - ten-tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay:
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic-tory I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions'
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 45. Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."—Ps. 102 : 1.

E. H. H. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus my Lord to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow be-fore Thy mercy - seat, Be-hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will. my heart re - new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh take me as I am.

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

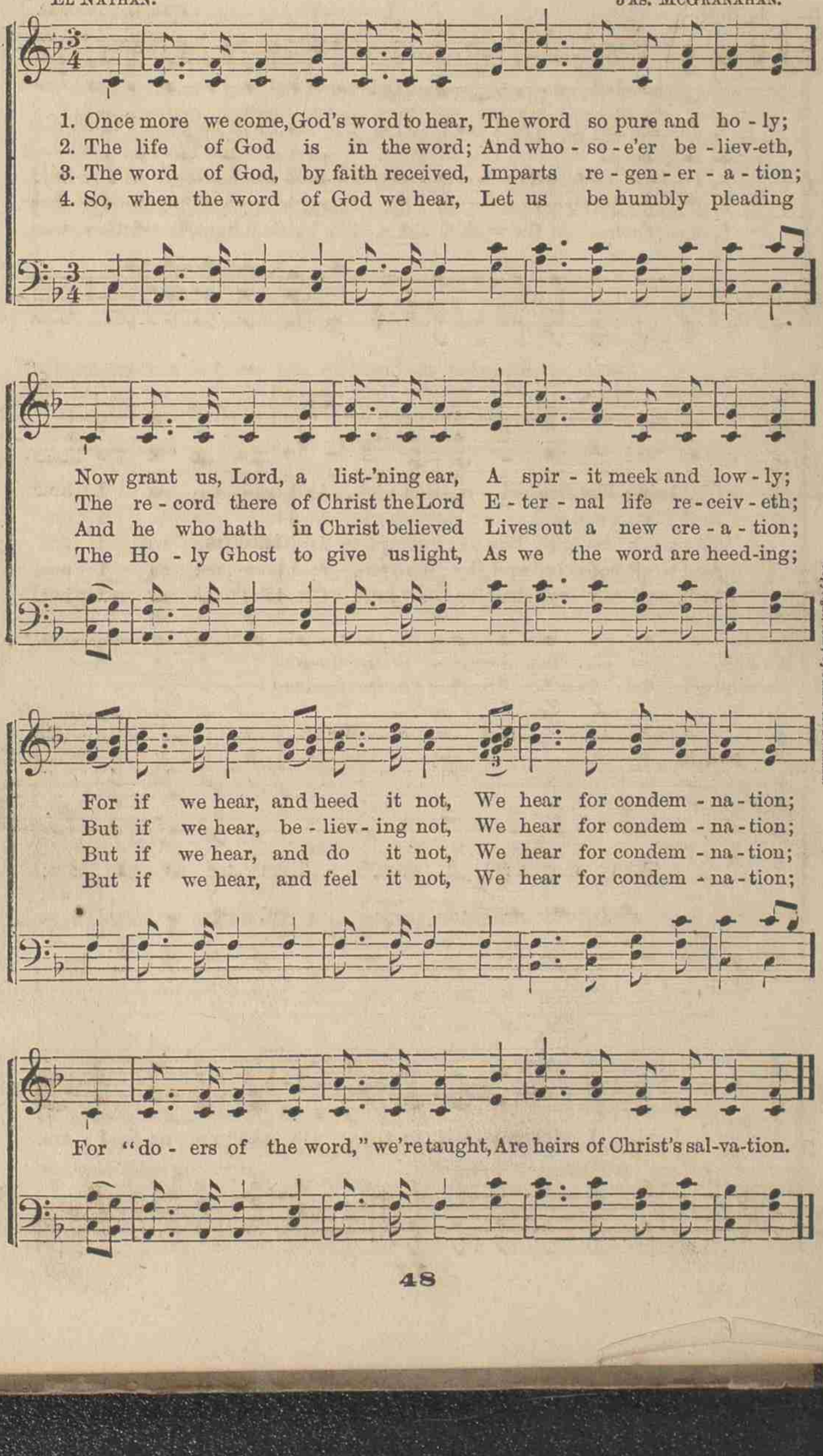
CHORUS.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;
Lord, I give my - self to thee, Oh take me as I am.

No. 46. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—JAMES 1 : 22.

EL NATHAN. JAS. MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 47. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13 : 39.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end-ed,
spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

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No. 48. The Glorious Morning.

"And God hath raised up the Lord, and will also raise us up by his own power."—1 Cor. 6: 1

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Soon shall we see the glorious morning, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sounding, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
3. The saints who sleep, with joy awak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
4. Fast by the throne of God behold them Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

Sin - ners, attend the notes of warning, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Through all the vaults of death rebound-ing, Saints arise! saints a - rise!
Their beds of death are quick forsak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
See in his arms the Saviour folds them, Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

The res - ur-rec-tion day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon appear,
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare, Put on your bridal garments fair,
Not one of all the faithful few Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
With wreaths of glory round their head, No tears of sor-row now are shed,

And high his roy - al standard rear, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
And hail your Saviour in the air, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
But starts with bliss his Lord to view, All a - rise! all a - rise!
To joy's full fountain all are led, Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

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No. 49. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113 : 1.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. We praise Thee and bless Thee, Our Fa - ther in heaven,
2. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Once sin - ful and sad,
3. We praise Thee and bless Thee: The Spir - it hath come
4. We praise Thee and bless Thee, For food by the way;
5. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Thy word hath gone forth,
6. We praise Thee and bless Thee, And wait His re - turn
7. We praise Thee and bless Thee: We'll reign with Him then,

For the joy of sal - va - tion Thy gos - pel hath given.
By the word thou hast giv - en, To Christ we were led.
To dwell with, and teach us, And guide us safe home.
The man - na from hea - ven Pro - vid - ed each day.
That Christ shall be King and Reign o - ver the earth.
To ful - fil ev - 'ry prom - ise He made to His own.
To praise Thee and bless Thee For ev - er. A - men.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! we praise Thee Thro' Je - sus our Lord;
Hal - le - lu - jah! we bless Thee For the gift of Thy word!

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No. 50.

Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6 : 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint - ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long - er nigh, Submis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be-fore, I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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REFRAIN.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Thy will—Thy will be done! Thy will—Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

No. 51.

Why do You Wait?

GEO. F. ROOT. "Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Copyright, 1877, by John Church & Co.

No. 52. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3: 5.

W. G. Irvin. J. H. Fillmore, by per.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting; worn and wea-ry With the bat- tle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the "many mansions" be;

When the sorrow and the sadness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop - ing when the warfare's o - ver To re - ceive a crown of life.
Like a pilgrim, looking forward To the land of bliss a - bove.
List'ning for the hap- py welcome Of my Sav - iour call - ing me.

I am wait - - - - ing, on - ly waiting,
I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, on - ly waiting
Till this wea - - - - ry life is o'er;
Till this wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry—Till this wea - ry life is o'er;
On - ly wait - - - - ing for my welcome,
On - ly waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome, for my welcome,

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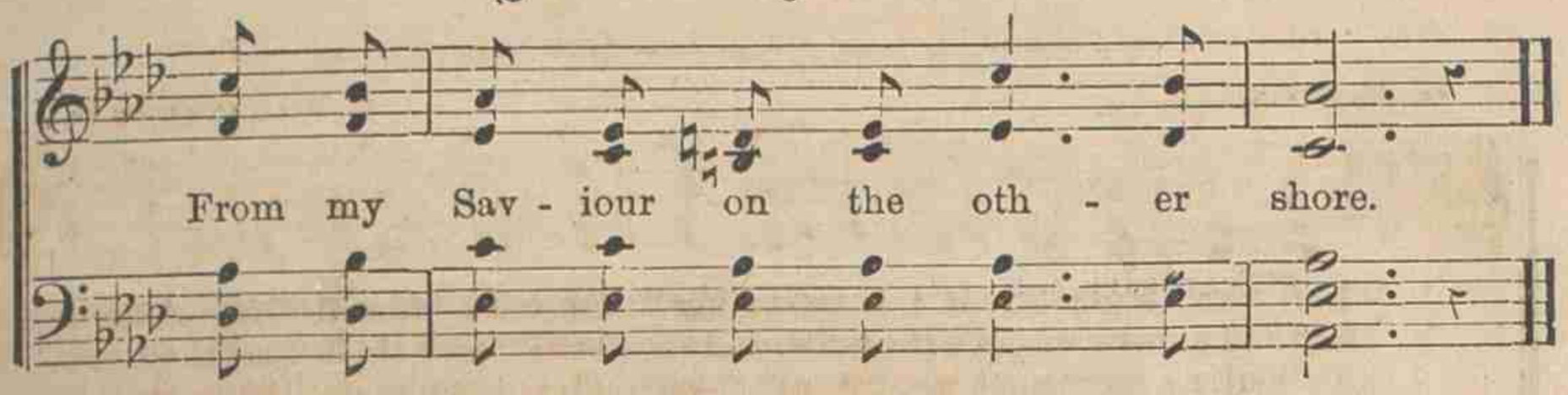
Only Waiting.—Concluded.

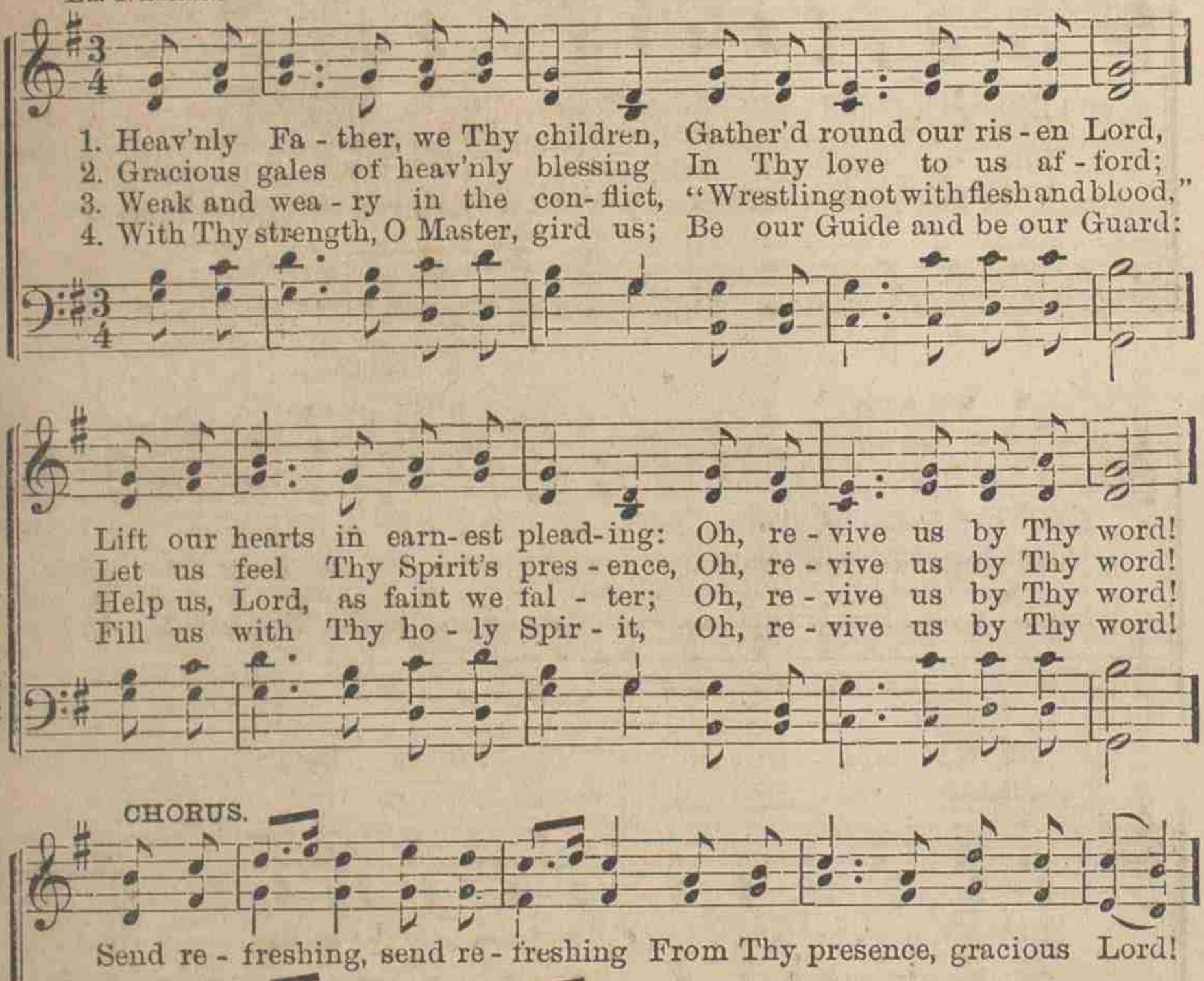


—o—

No. 53. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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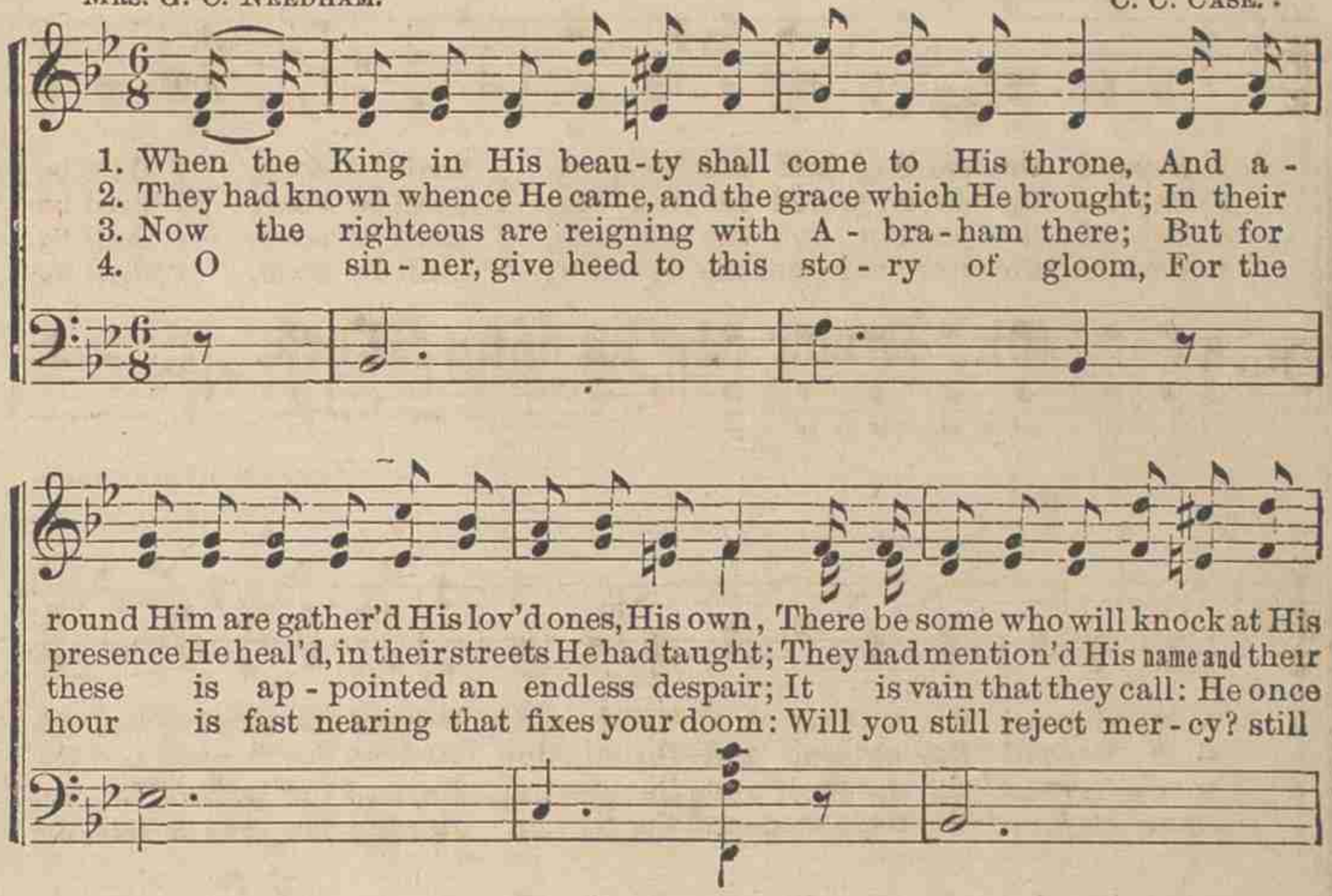
No. 54.

I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you: depart from Me."—MATT. 7: 23.

MRS. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their
presence He heal'd, in their streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their
friendship profess'd; But they nev-er believed, for of them He confess'd;

3. Now the righteous are reigning with A-bra-ham there; But for
these is ap-pointed an endless despair; It is vain that they call: He once
knock'd at their gate, But they welcom'd Him not; so now this is their fate:

4. O sin-ner, give heed to this sto-ry of gloom, For the
hour is fast nearing that fixes your doom: Will you still reject mer-cy? still
hard-en your heart? Oh then, what will you do as the King cries?—"Depart!"

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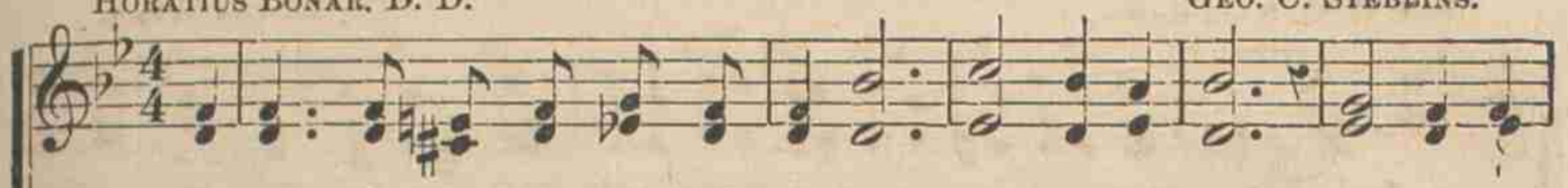
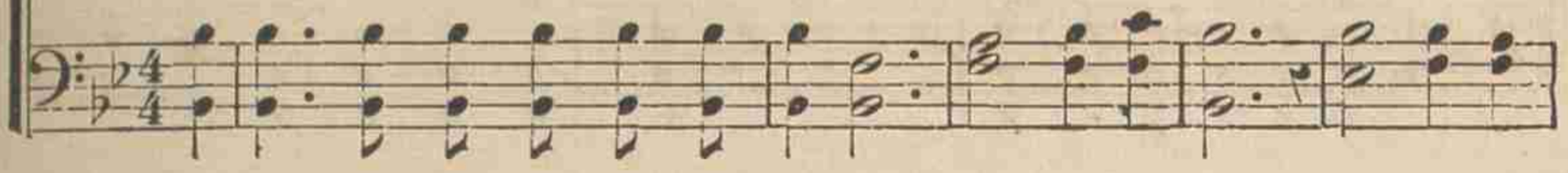
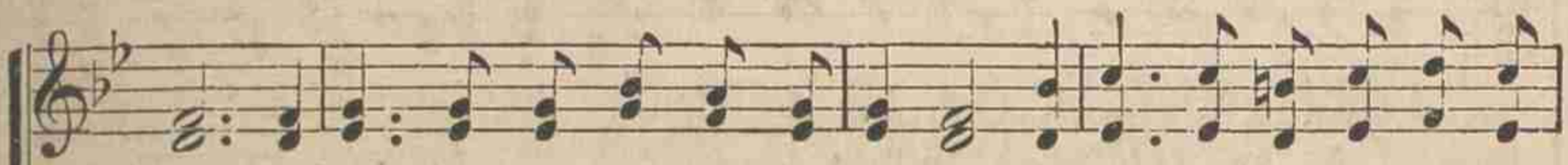
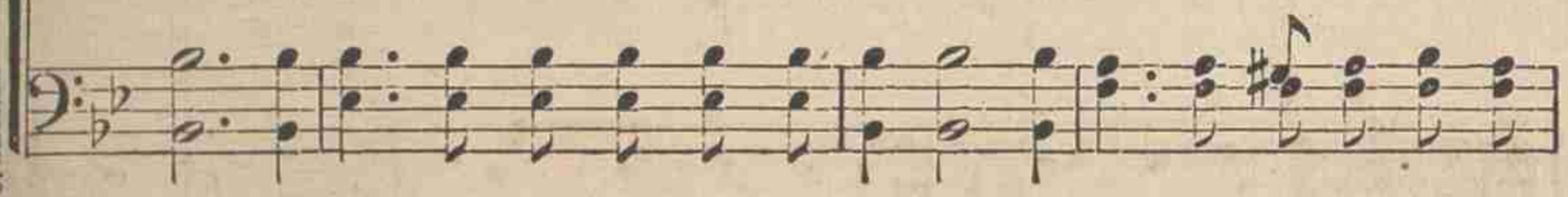
Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 55. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—REV. 21 : 4.

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

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be
2. Beyond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be
3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be
4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon, I shall be

soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the
soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the
soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fe - ver
soon; Beyond the rock-wasteand the riv - er, Beyond the ev - er and the

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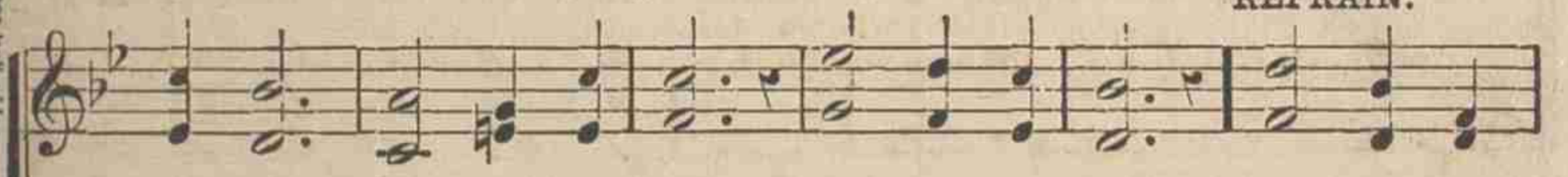
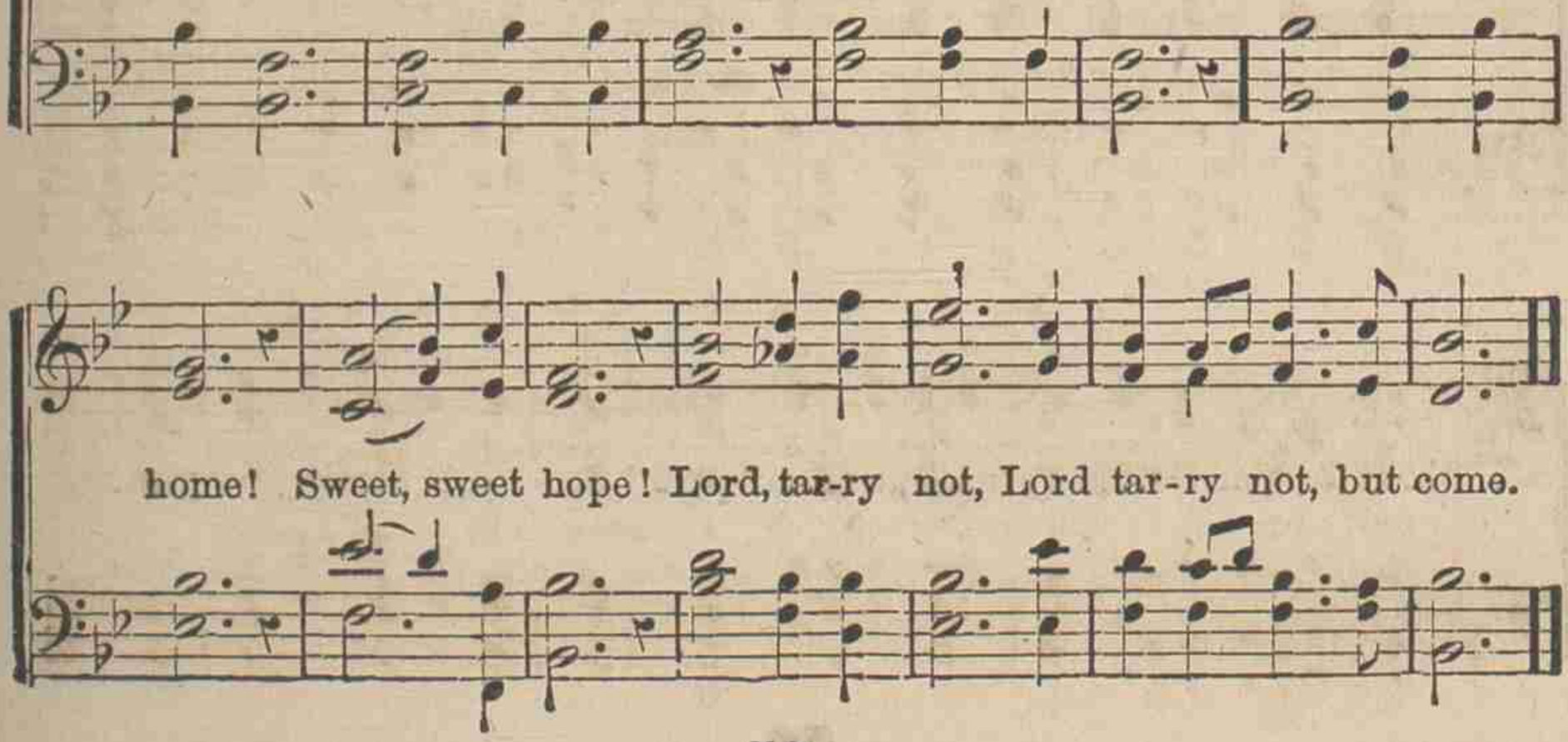

reaping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon. Love, rest and
dreading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
beating, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

home! Sweet, sweet hope! Lord, tar-ry not, Lord tar-ry not, but come.

No. 56. Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 Thess. 4: 16.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Je-sus is coming! sing the glad word! Com-ing for those He re -
2. Je-sus is coming! the dead shall a - rise, Lov'd ones shall meet in a
3. Je-sus is coming! His saints to re - lease; Com-ing to give to the
4. Je-sus is coming! the promise is true; Who are the cho - sen, the

deem'd by His blood, Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!
joy - ful surprise, Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies.
war - ring earth peace: Sin - ning, and sighing, and sor - row, shall cease.
faith - ful, the few, Wait - ing and watching, prepared for re - view?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com-ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is

coming a - gain! Je - sus is coming a - gain!
Yes, Je - sus is com - ing! Oh,

Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je - sus is coming a - gain!

Copyright, 1880, by James McGranahan.

No. 57. Singing as we Journey.

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

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are chil - dren of a King, Heavenly King, Heavenly King,
2. We are travel-ing to our home, Bless - ed home, Bless - ed home,
3. Full of joy we on - ward go, Heavenward go, Homeward go,

We are chil - dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour - ney;
We are travel-ing to our home, Sing - ing as we jour - ney;
Full of joy we on - ward go, Sing - ing as we jour - ney;

Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth-ing ter - ri - fied,
Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight Where will fall no shade of night,
Sing-ing all the jour-ney thro'— Singing hearts are brave and true—

Fol - low close - ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
For our Sav - iour is its light, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
Sing - ing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.

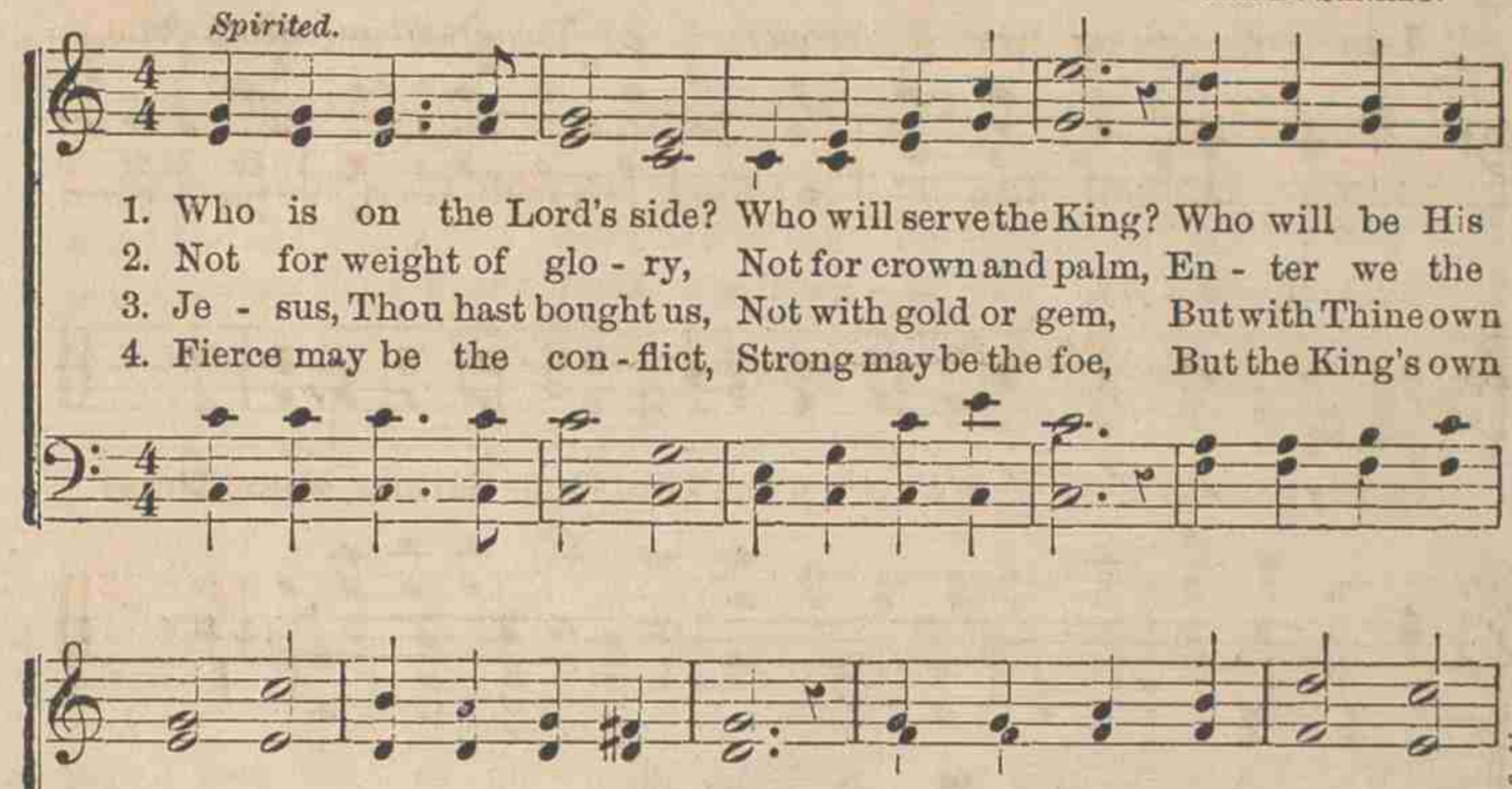
Copyright, 1878, by P. H. Revell

No. 58. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 CHRON. 12: 18.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

Spirited.



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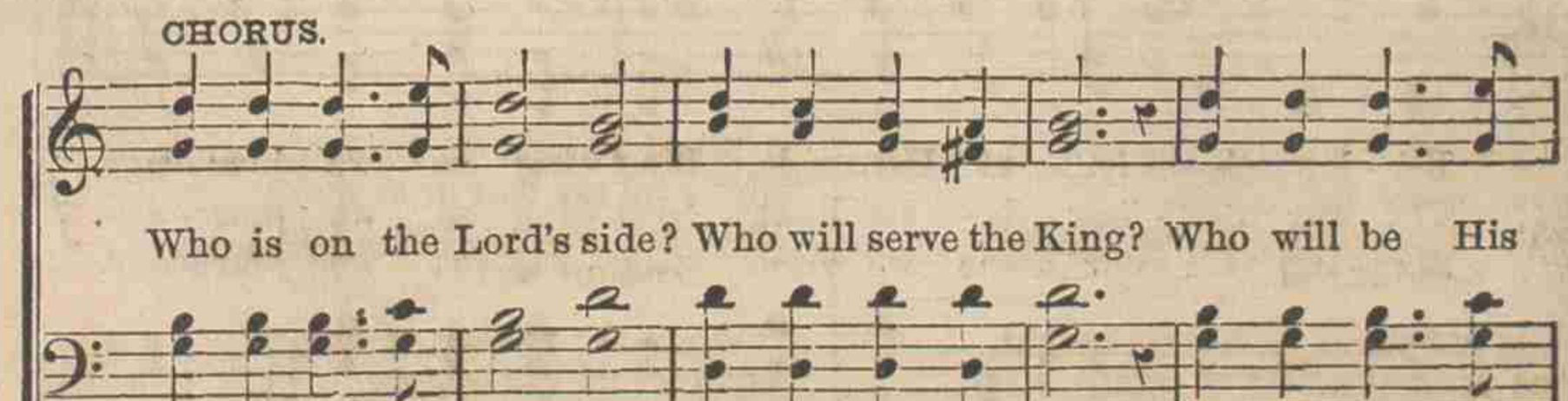
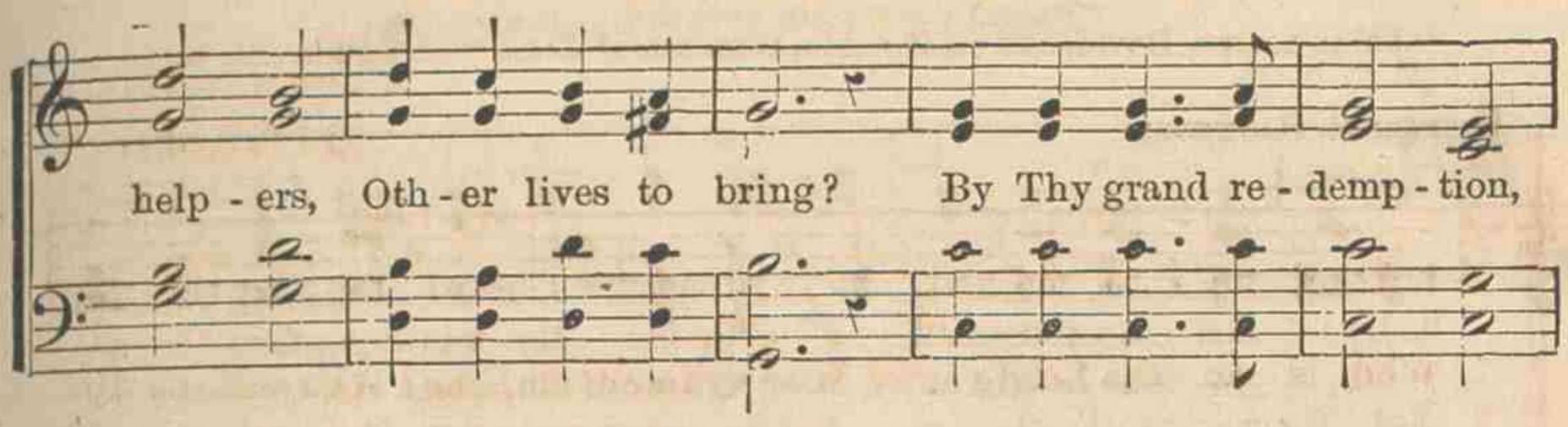
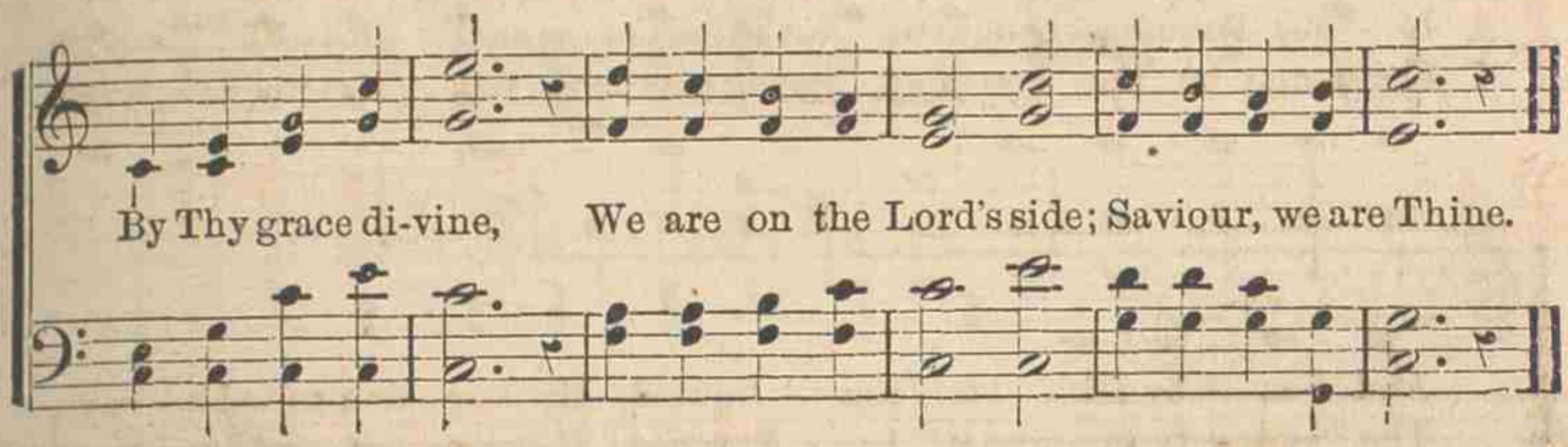
CHORUS.



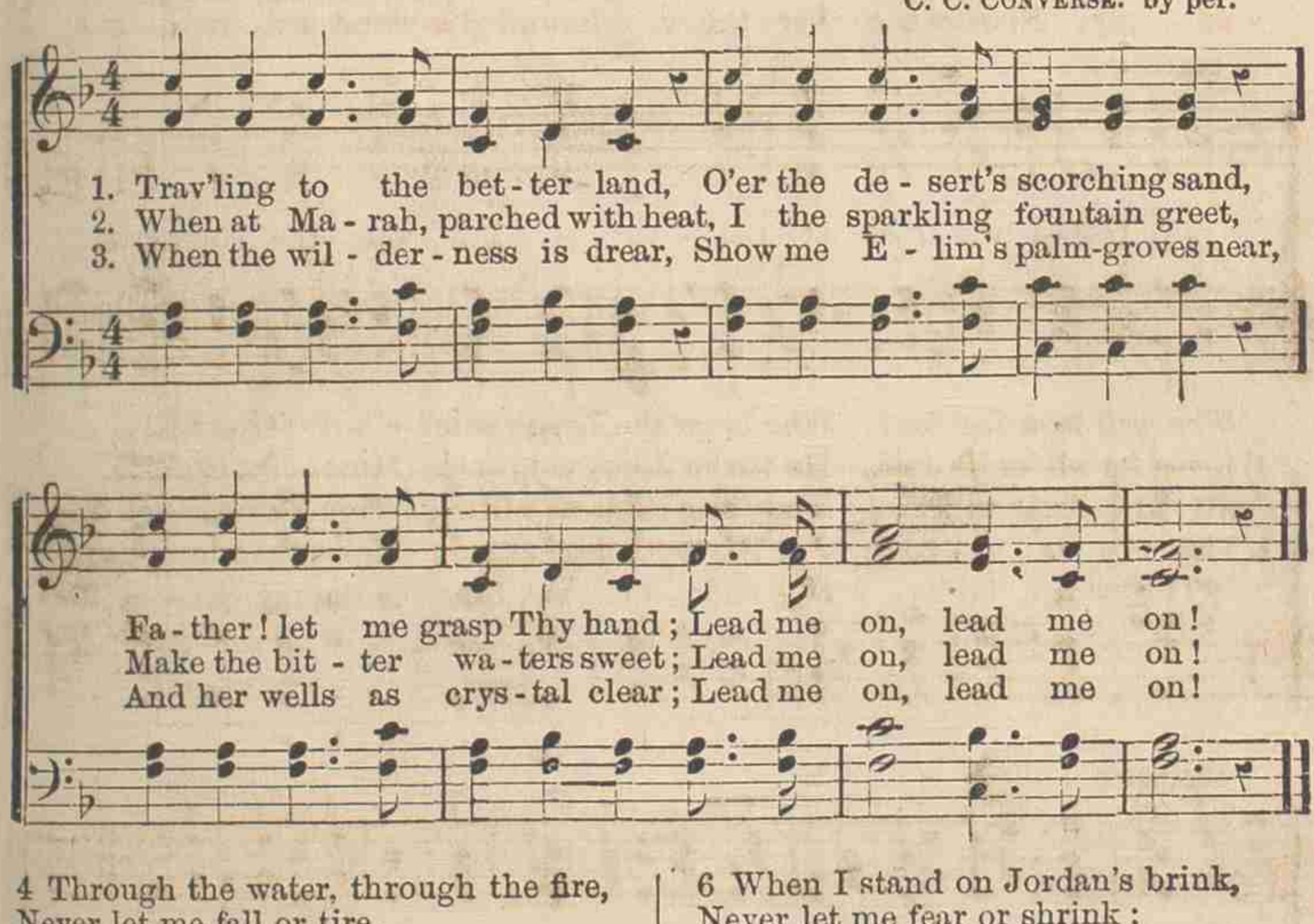
Who is on the Lord's Side. Concluded.



No. 59. Lead me on.

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

C. C. CONVERSE. by per.



4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

No. 60.

I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 5 : 24.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, I heard the Just One say;
2. By His a - tonement re - conciled, My Fa-ther's face I see;
3. Oh, glo-rious height of vant-age ground! Oh, blest vic - to-rious hour!

Cres.

And as by faith on Him I gazed, My bur - den rolled a - way.
The emp - ty tomb now in - tervenes Be-tween the world and me.
In Him to trust and ful - ly know His re - sur - rec-tion power.

CHORUS.

I've passed the cross at Cal - va - ry, I'm on the Heaven side;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran-som died;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

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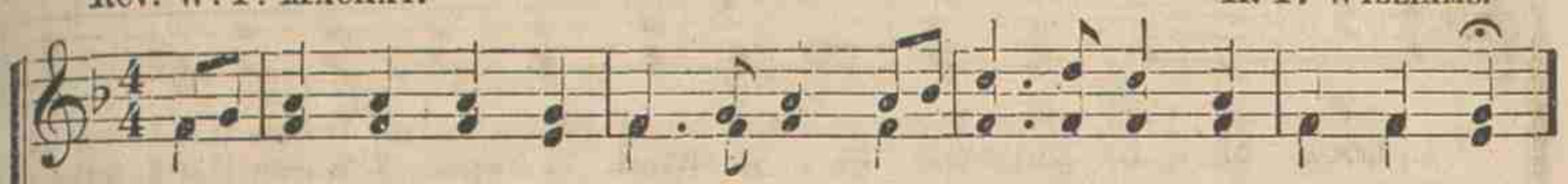
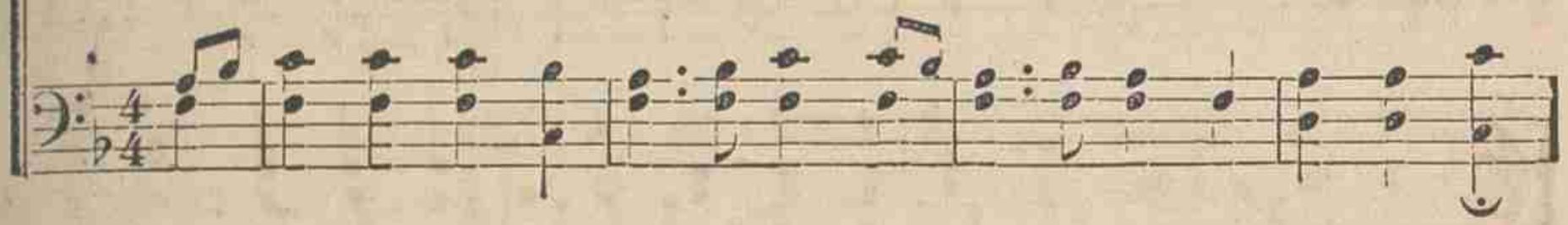
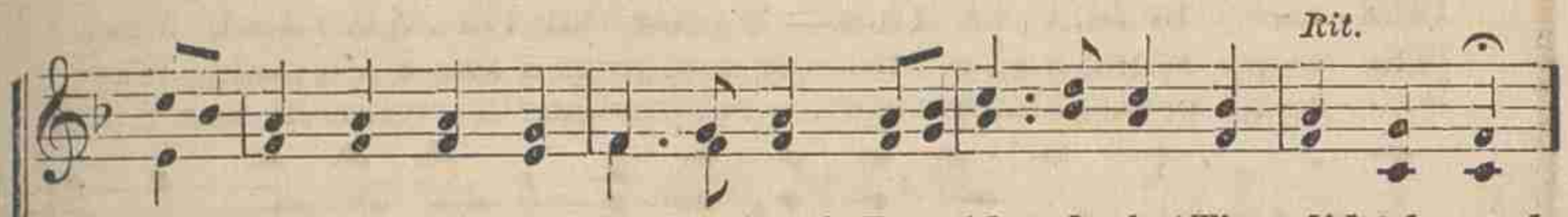
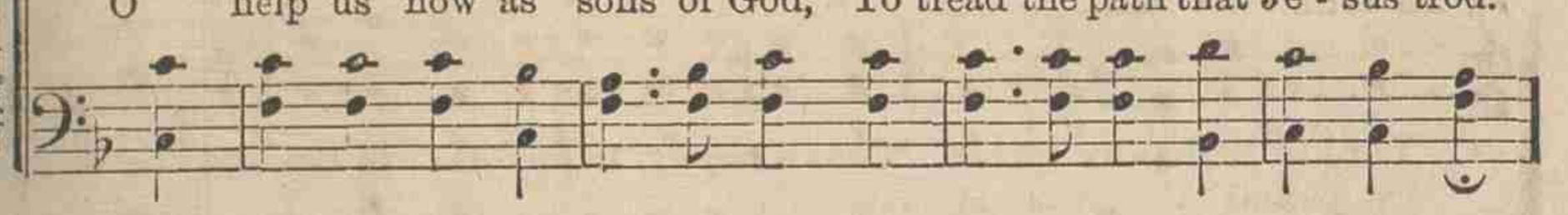
No. 61. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5 : 13.

Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.

1. No works of law have we to boast, By na-ture ruined, guilt-y, lost;
2. No faith we bring, 'tis Christ a-lone, 'Tis what He is—what He has done;
3. We do not *feel* our sins are gone, We know it by Thy word a-lone;
4. Be-cause we know our sins forgiven, We hap-py feel—our home is heav'n;

Condemned al-read-y, but Thy hand Pro-vid-ed what Thou didst demand.
He is for us as given by God, It was for us He shed His blood.
We know that there our sins didst lay On Him who has put sin a-way.
O help us now as sons of God, To tread the path that Je-sus trod.

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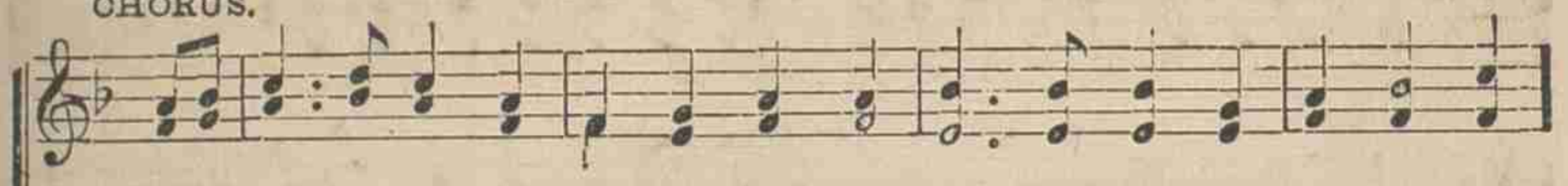
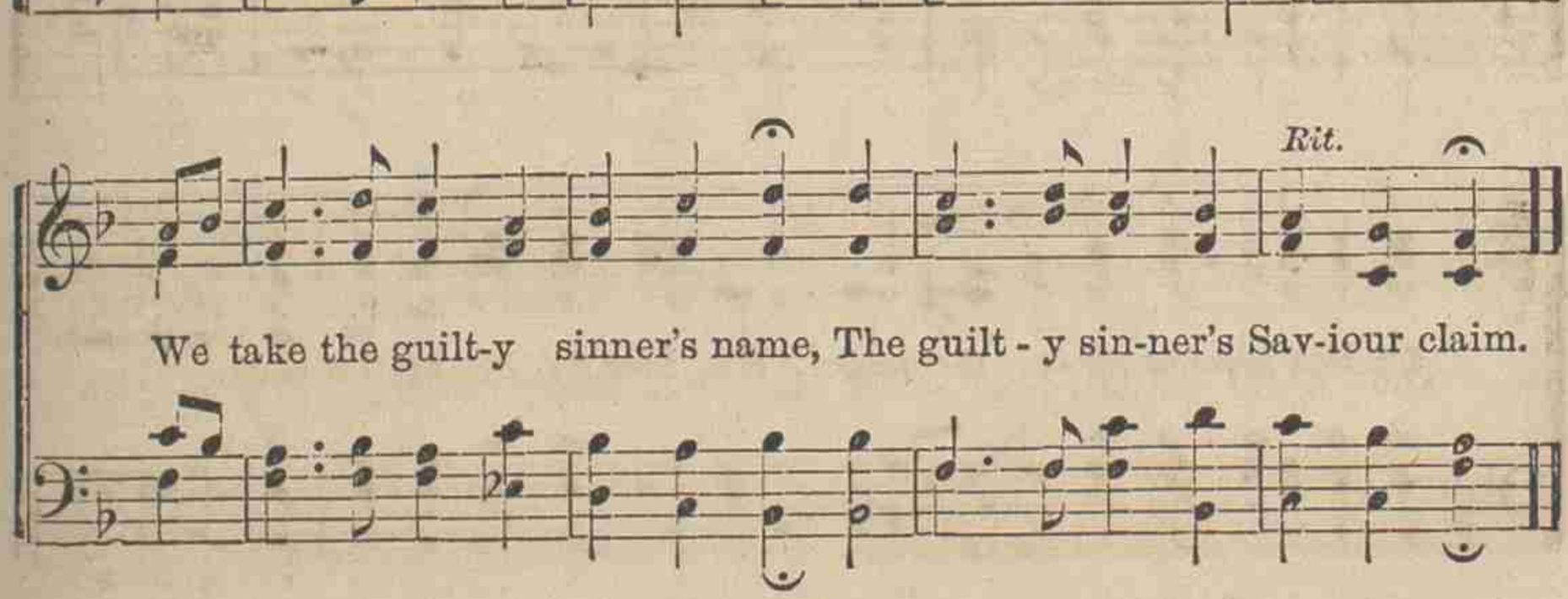
CHORUS.

We take the guilt-y sinner's name, The guilt-y sin-ner's Saviour claim-



We take the guilt-y sinner's name, The guilt-y sin-ner's Sav-iour claim.

No. 62.

He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—JOHN. 12: 1.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to
   There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to
2. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to
   There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to

Beth - a - ny comes; And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the
Beth - a - ny comes; For His heavenly voice brings to life the dead, When the
Beth - a - ny comes; And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the
Beth - a - ny comes; And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the

CHORUS.

Lord to Betha - ny comes. 'Twas a happy, happy day in the old - en time,

When the Lord to Betha - ny came, Open wide the door, let Him en - ter now!

for His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the same!
is ev - er the same!

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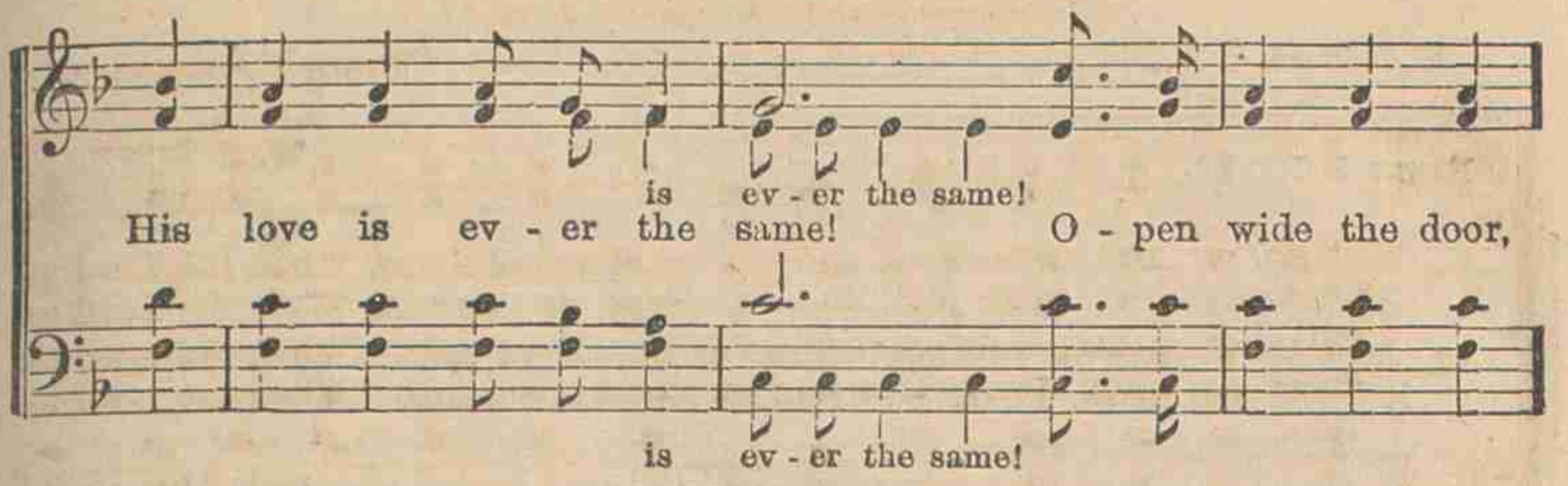
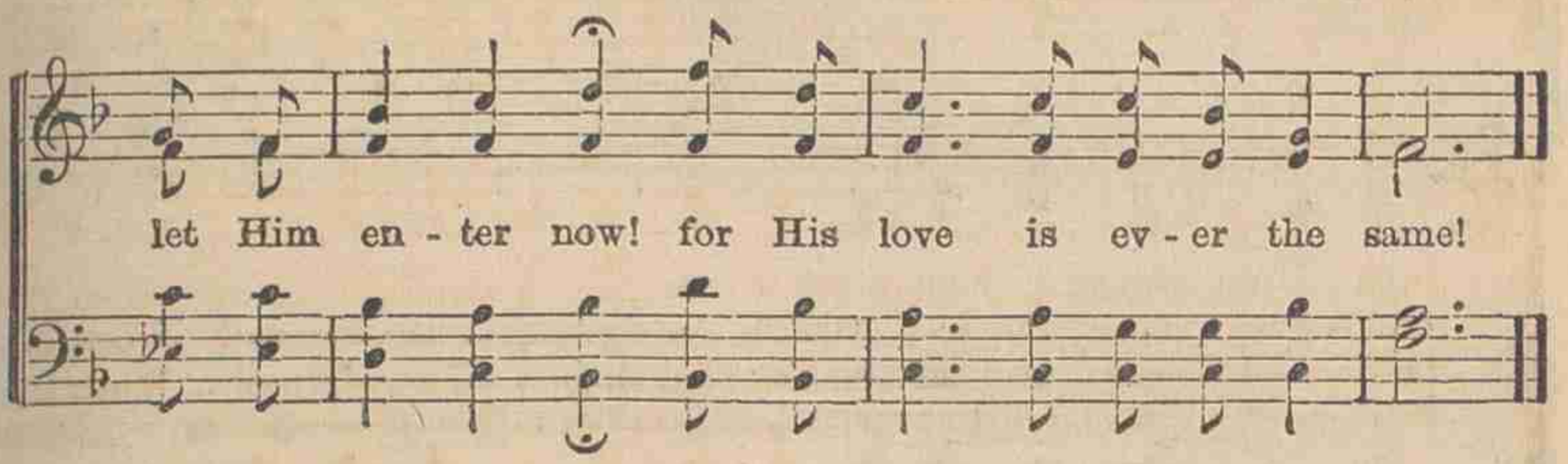
He Came to Bethany.—Concluded.

No. 63. Hallelujah! what a Saviour.

"A Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—Isa. 53: 3.

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

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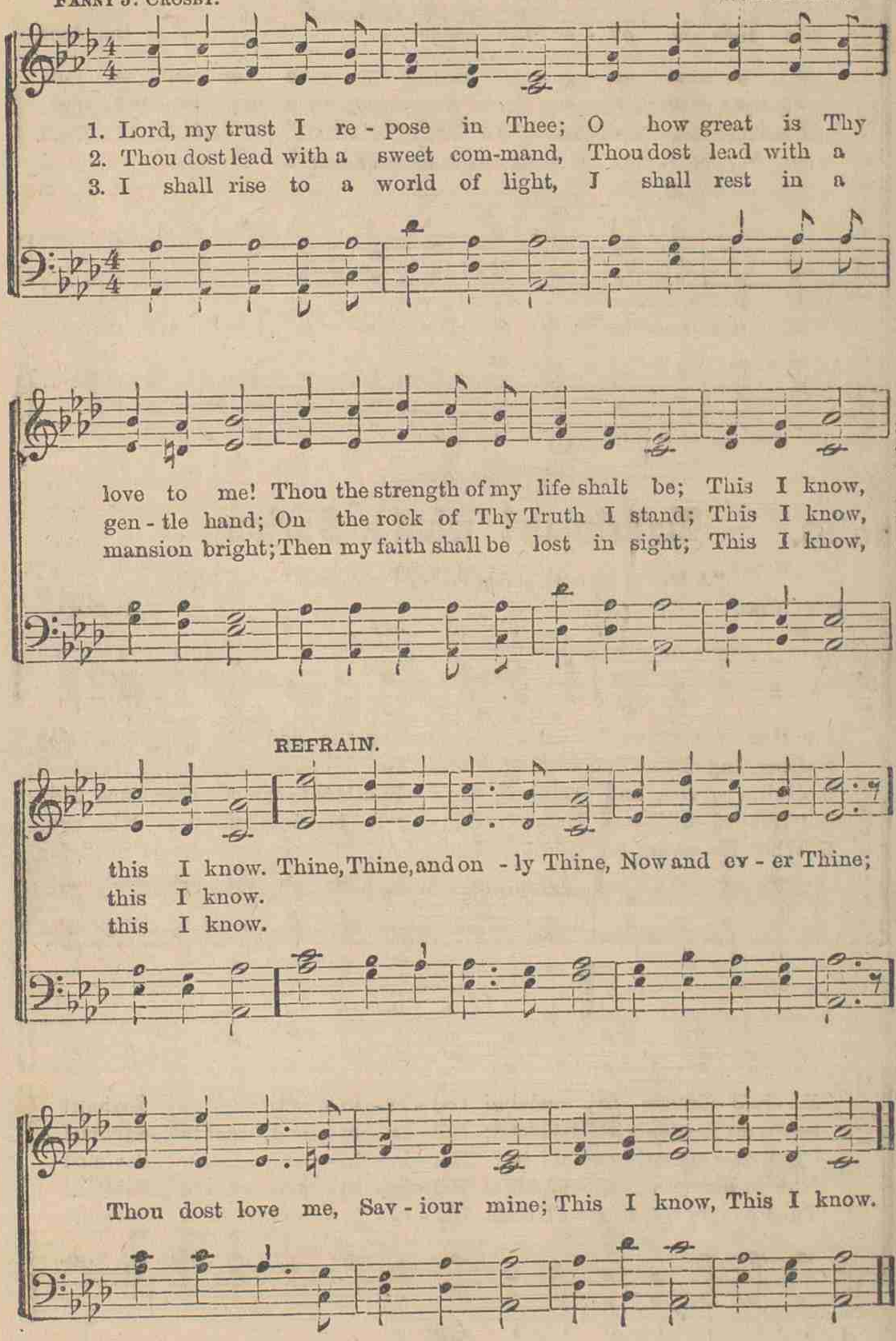
No. 64. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1 : 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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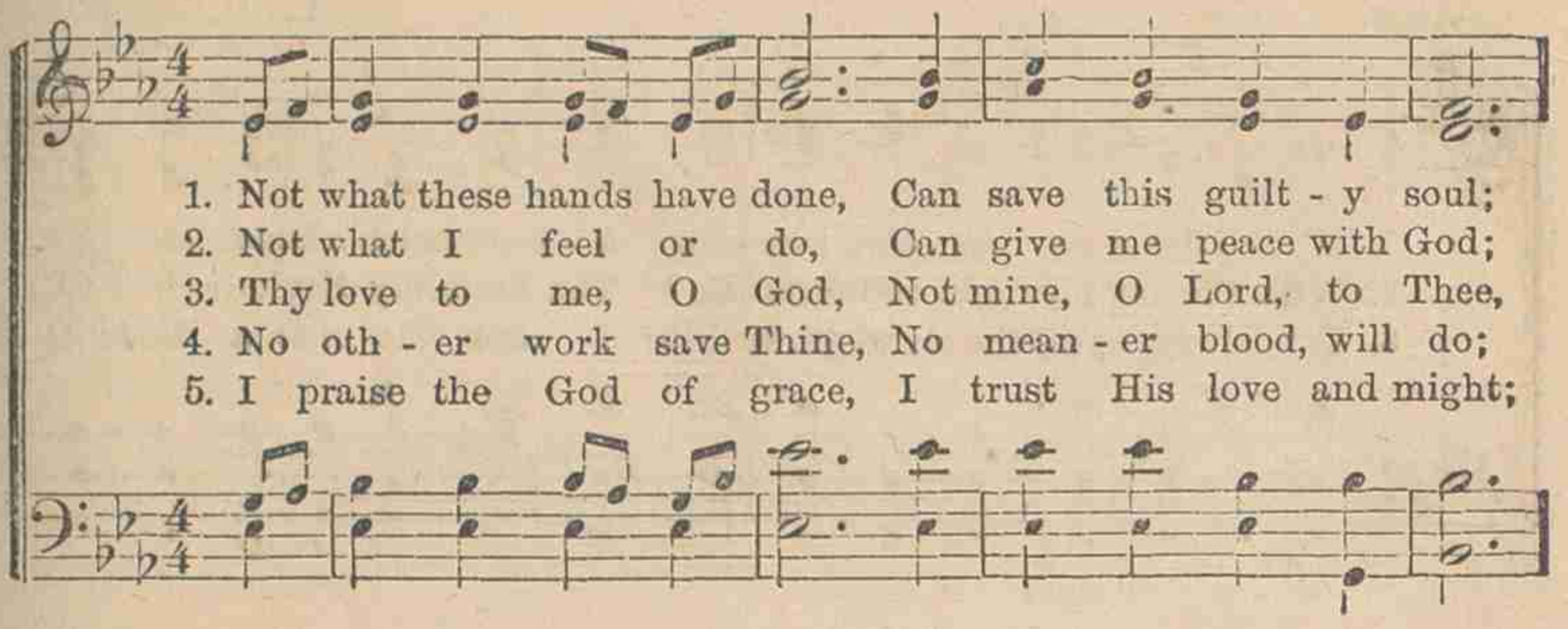
No. 65. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. 1 : 20.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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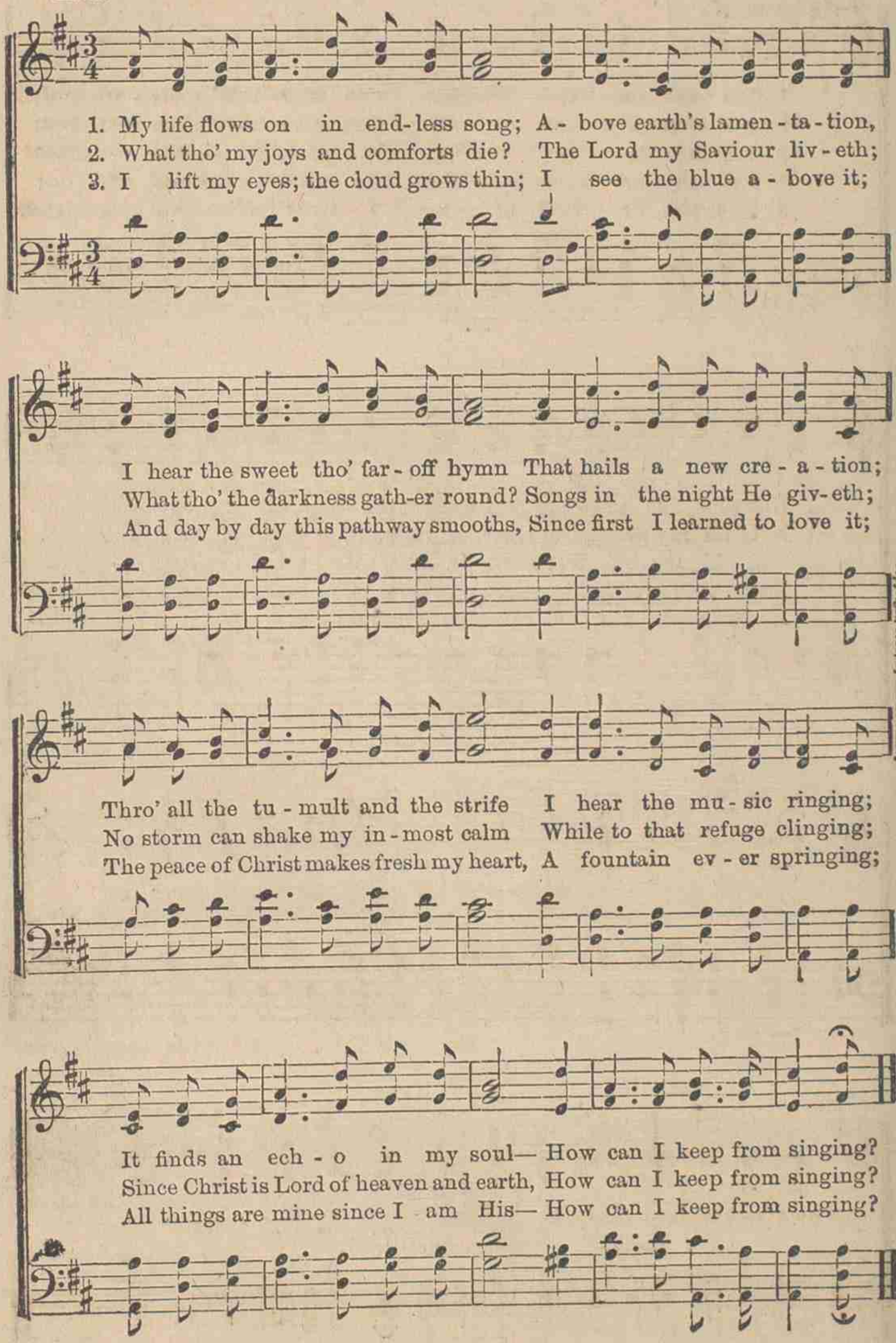
No. 66. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2.

ANON. IRA D. SANKEY.



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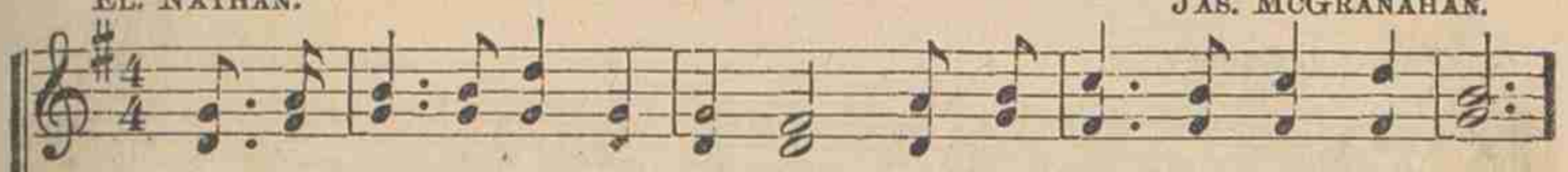
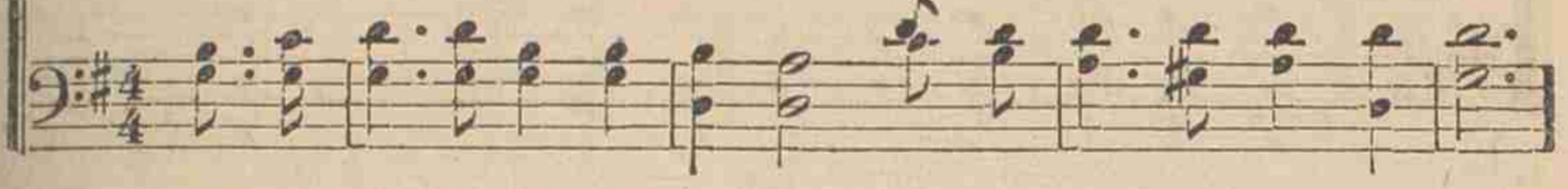
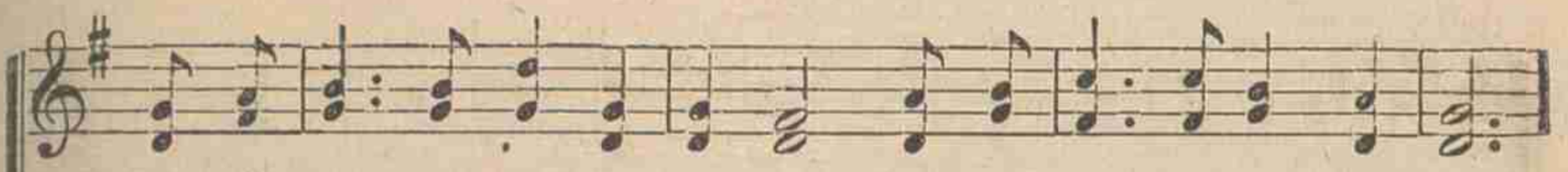
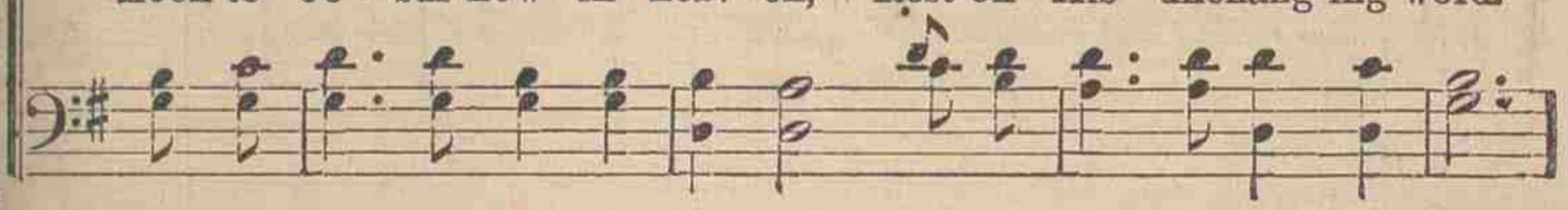
No. 67. Come Believing!

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. Once a - gain the Gospel mes-sage From the Sav - iour you have heard;
2. Man - y summers you have wast-ed, Ripened har-vests you have seen;
3. Je - sus for your choice is waiting; Tar - ry not: at once de - cide!
4. Cease of fit - ness to be think-ing; Do not lon - ger try to feel;
5. Let your will to God be giv - en, Trust in Christ's a - ton - ing blood;

Will you heed the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you turn and seek the Lord?
Win-ter snows by Spring have melt-ed, Yet you lin - ger in your sin.
While the Spir - it now is striv-ing, Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.
It is *trust - ing*, and not *feel - ing*, That will give the Spir - it's seal.
Look to Je - sus now in heav - en, Rest on His unchang-ing word.



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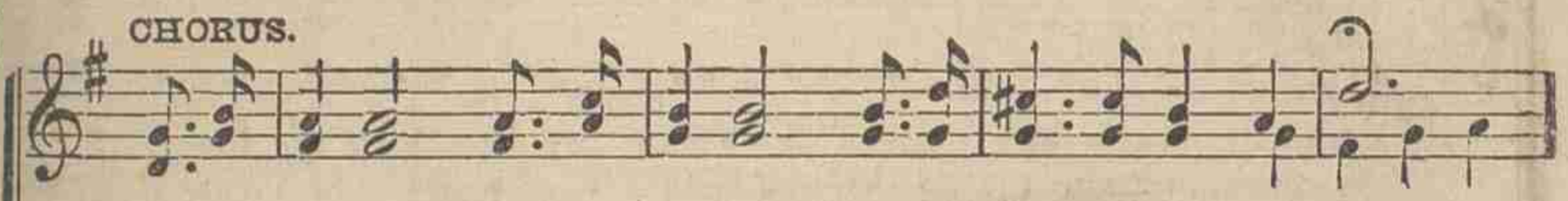
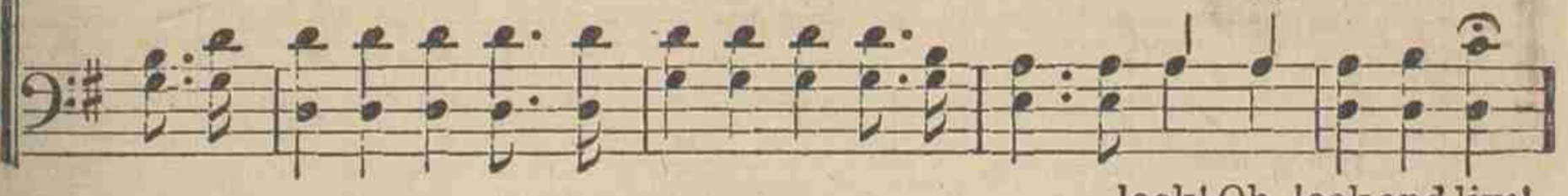
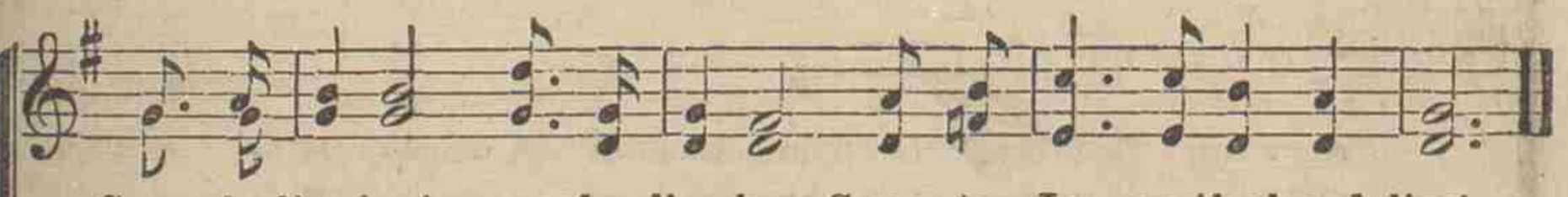
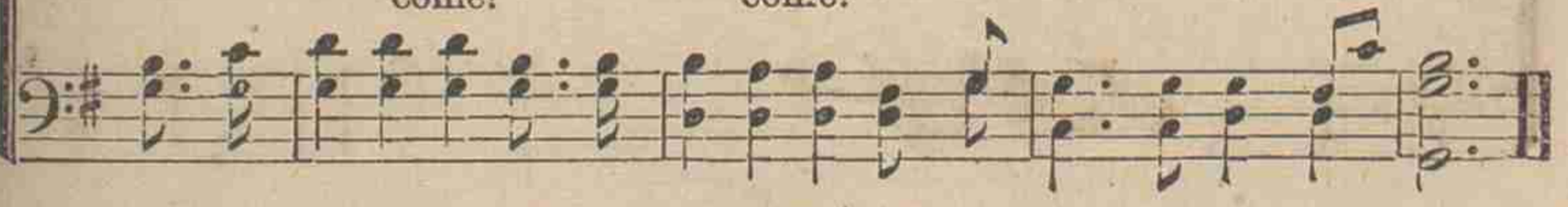
CHORUS.

Come be-liev-ing! come be - liev-ing! Come to Je-sus! look and live!
come! come! look! Oh, look and live!

look! Oh, look and live!

Come be-liev-ing! come be - liev-ing: Come to Je - sus! look and live!
come! come!

No. 68.

Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in

fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's e - ter - nal treas-ure, Hide Thou me; When the
glo - ry dawns the mor-row, Hide Thou me; In the

mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
world its power is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
sight of Jor'-dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my

ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield-ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

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No. 69.

We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 4: 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our way is oft-en rug-ged While here on earth we roam,
2. To Marah's bit-ter wa-ters We oft have murm'ring come,
3. When of the des-ert wea-ry, Our God His grace has shown,
4. With hunger oft-en fainting, We've made complain-ing moan;
5. Some stand to-day on Ne-bo, The jour-ney near-ly done,

And thorns are in the path-way; But we are go-ing home.
But God the cup has sweetened; And so we're go-ing home.
By rest-ing us at E-lim, With sweet fore-tastes of home.
But, fed by heavenly man-na, We still are go-ing home.
And some are in the val-ley; But all are go-ing home.

CHORUS.

We're go - ing, go-ing,
go-ing, we are go-ing, Yes, we are go-ing home;
go-ing home

We soon shall cross the riv-er, And be with Christ at home.

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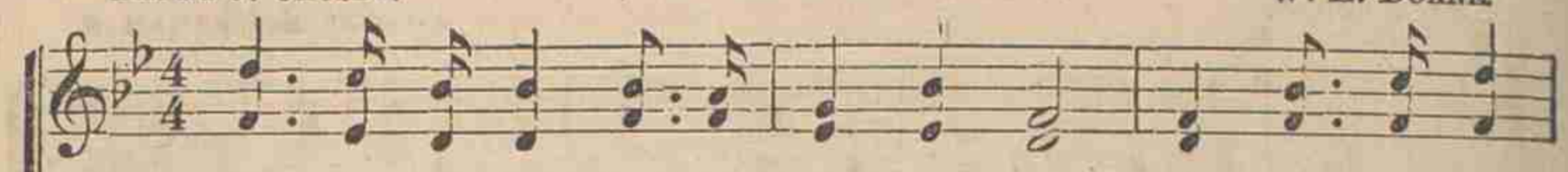
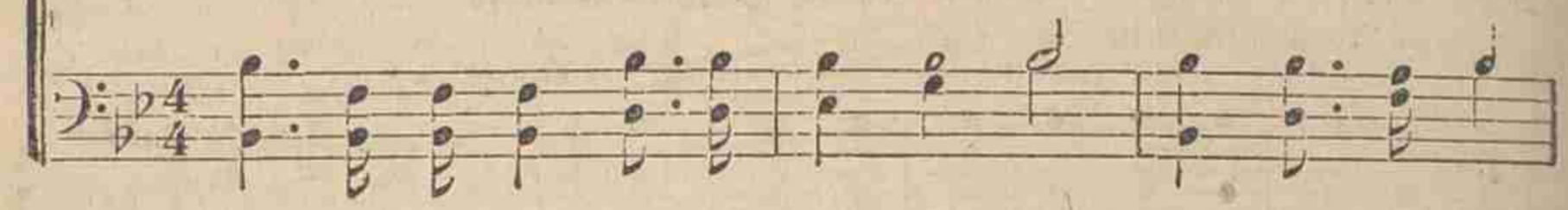
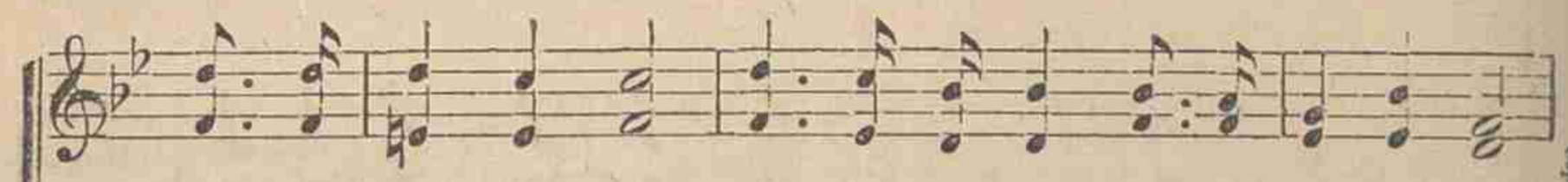
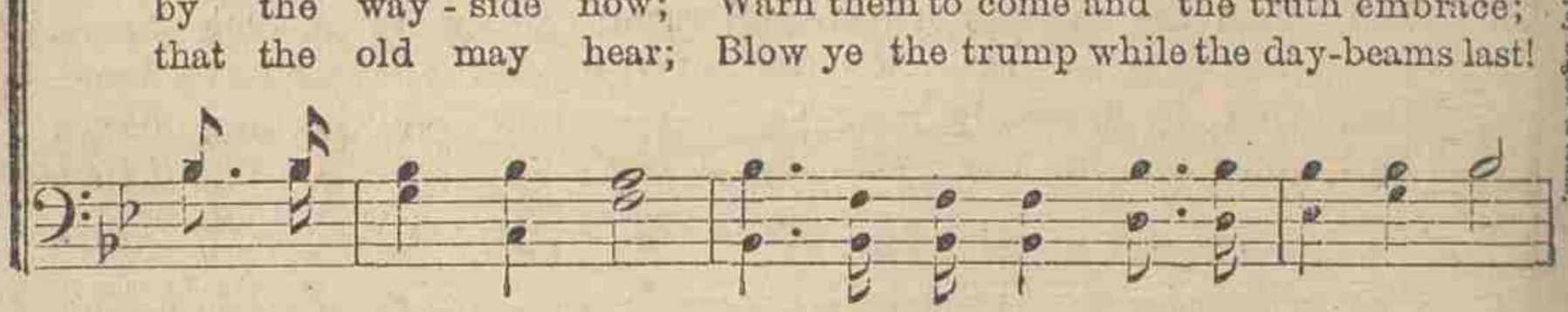
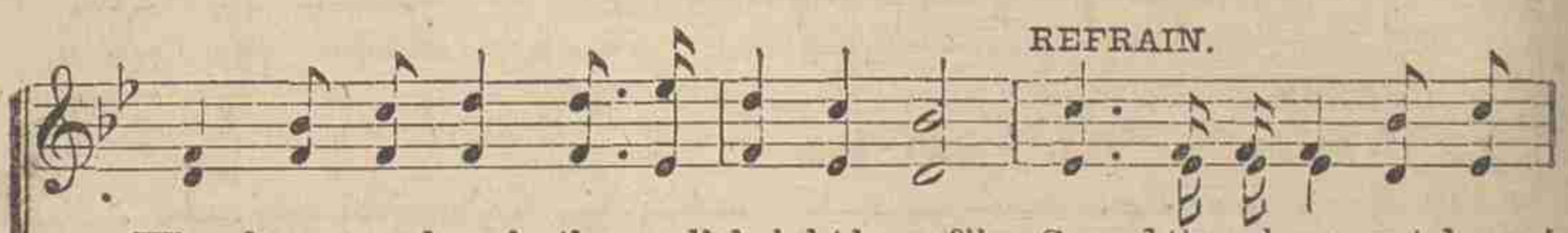
No. 70.

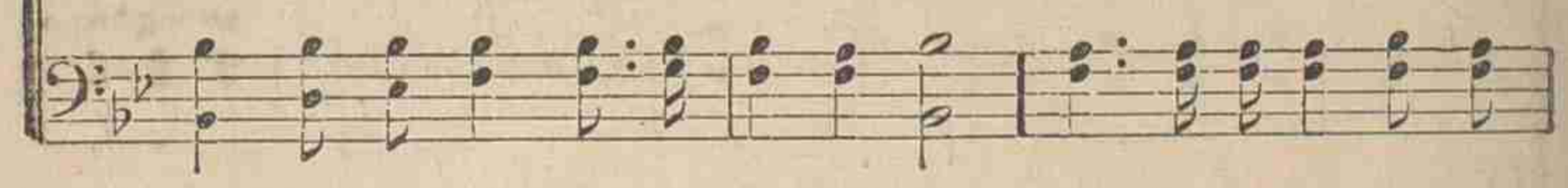
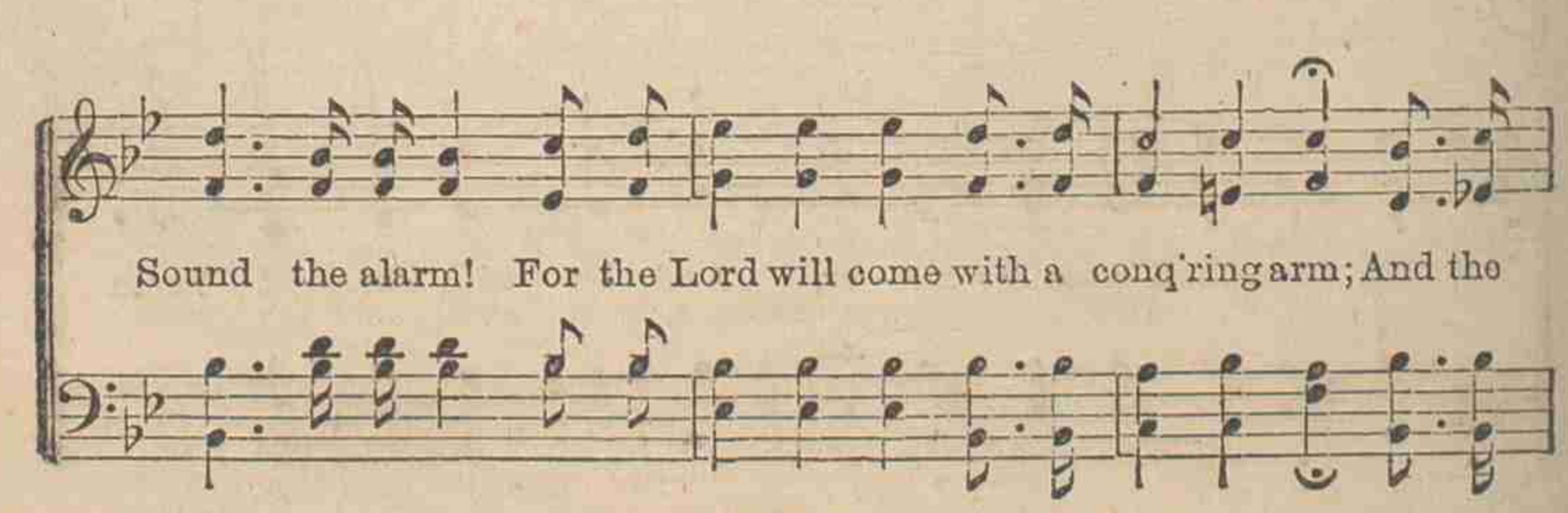
Sound the Alarm!

"Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a-larm! let the watchman cry!— "Up! for the day
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind,
3. Sound the a-larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost
4. Sound the a-larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a-loud

of the Lord is nigh; Who will es-cape from the wrath to come?
o'er the realms of earth; "Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!
by the way-side now; Warn them to come and the truth embrace;
that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!



REFRAIN.

Who have a place in the soul's bright home?" Sound the a-larm, watchman!
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide!"
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

Sound the alarm! For the Lord will come with a conq'ring arm; And the

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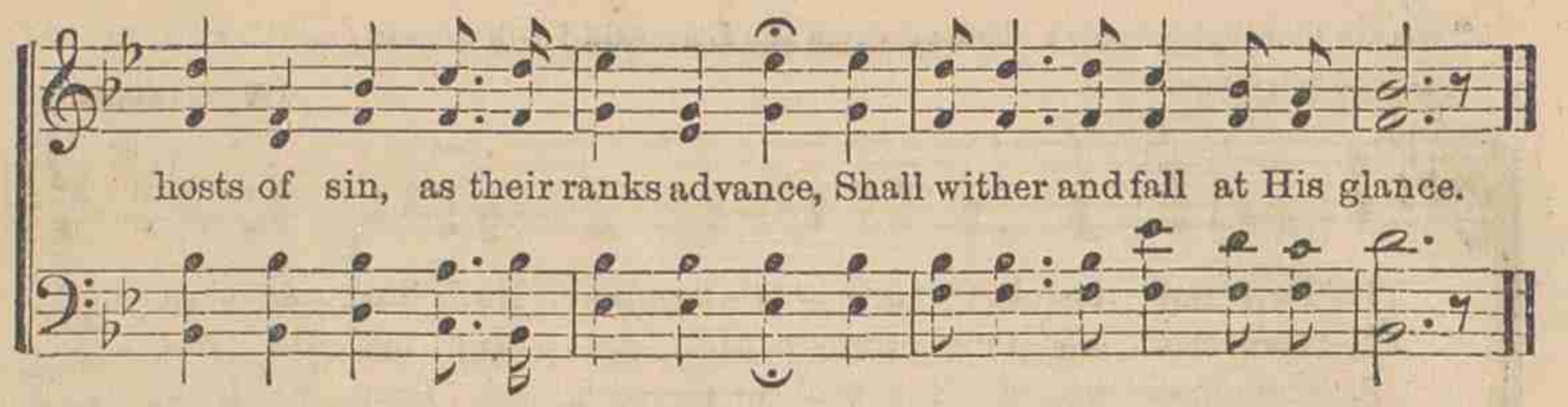
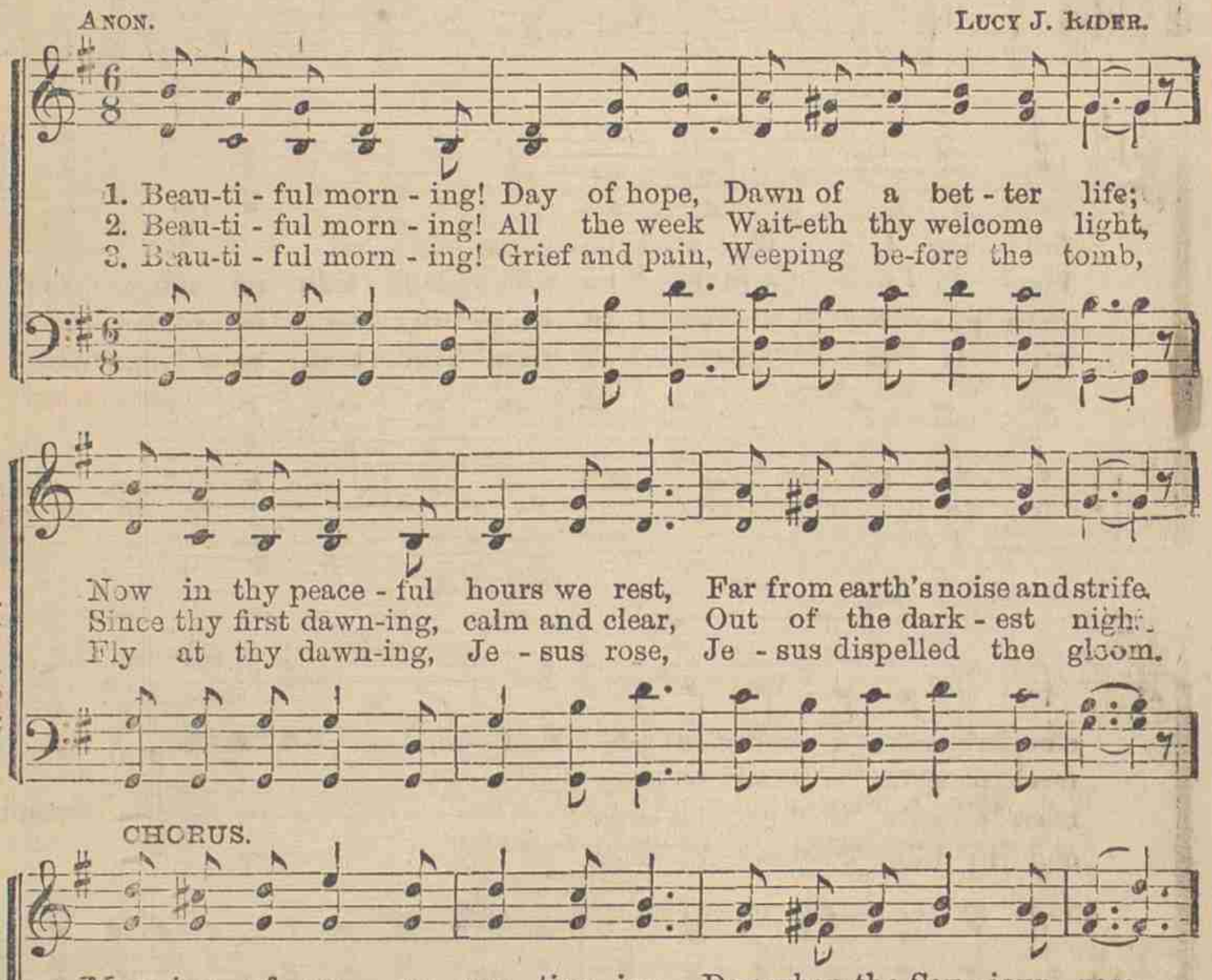
Sound the Alarm!—Concluded.

No. 71. Beautiful Morning.

"He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24 : 6.

ANON. LUCY J. RIDER.



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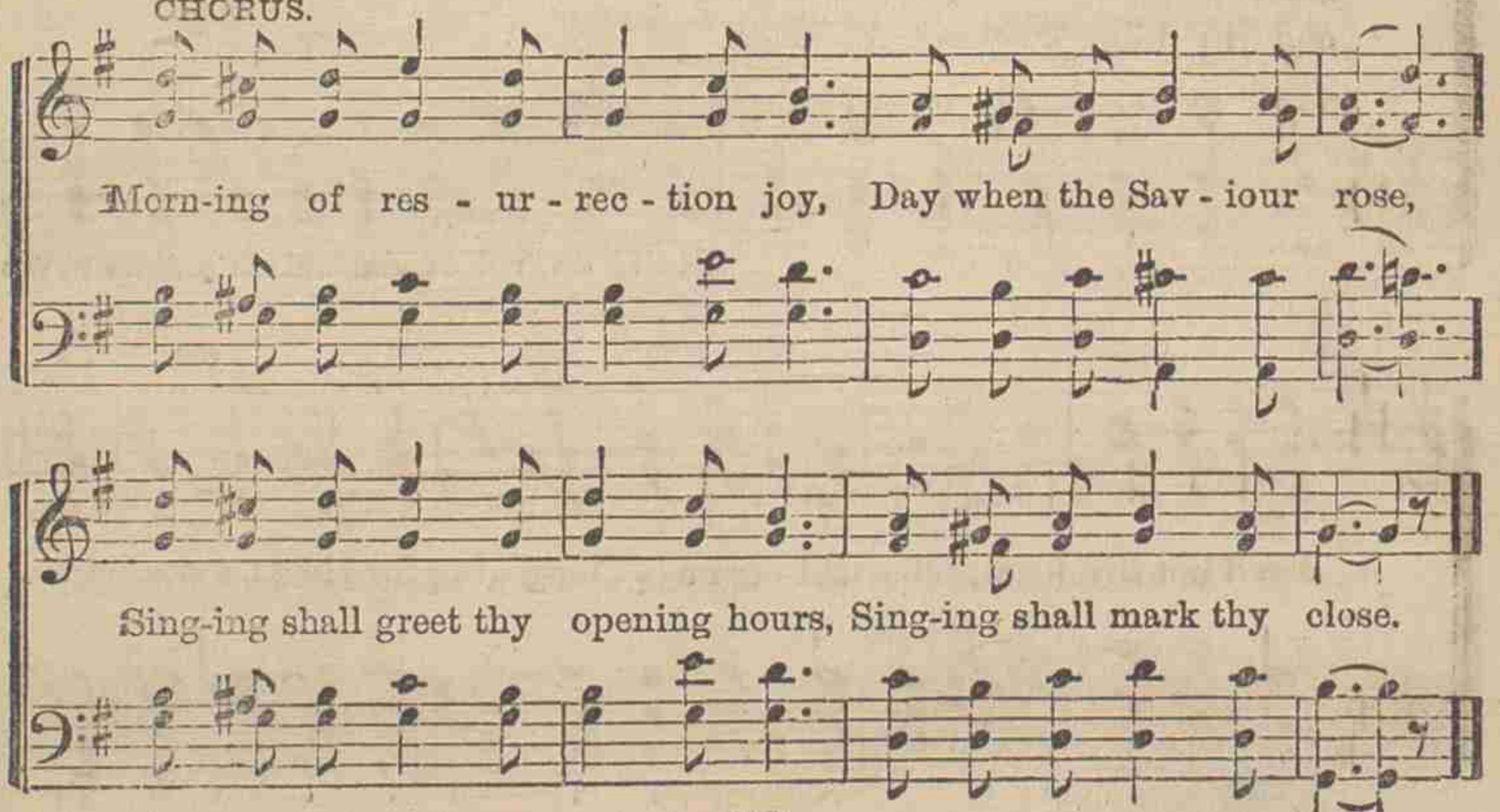
CHORUS.



No. 72. 'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each brok - en sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its eve - ry
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Through which our way so

fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

Rit. REFRAIN.

cloudless sky, a wave-less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

Rit.

dread not thy foam; The Pil - grim is long - ing for Home, sweet home.

Copyrighted in "Silver Spray," 1868, by W. H. Doane.

No. 73. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know Him."—PHIL. 3 : 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth and heav-en too, 'Tis sweet to me be- cause 'tis true; The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more about Je-sus.
2. Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky; Life's dearest joys flit fleet-est by; Tell me more about Je-sus.
3. When overwhelmed with un - be - lief, When burdened with a blinding grief, Come kind-ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more about Je-sus.
4. And when the Glo-ry-land I see, And take the "place prepared" for me, Thro' endless years my song shall be— "Tell me more about Je-sus."

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CHORUS.

"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

No. 74. We'll gather there in glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,

That when the Lord from hea - ven In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
And pre - cious hours we squander'd Up - on the down - ward road;
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;

We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath called us, And giv - en us to share
As "strangers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,

And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.
The pur - chase of our Sav - iour, A man - sion bright and fair.
But work and watch as "serv - ants," Un - til our Lord shall come.

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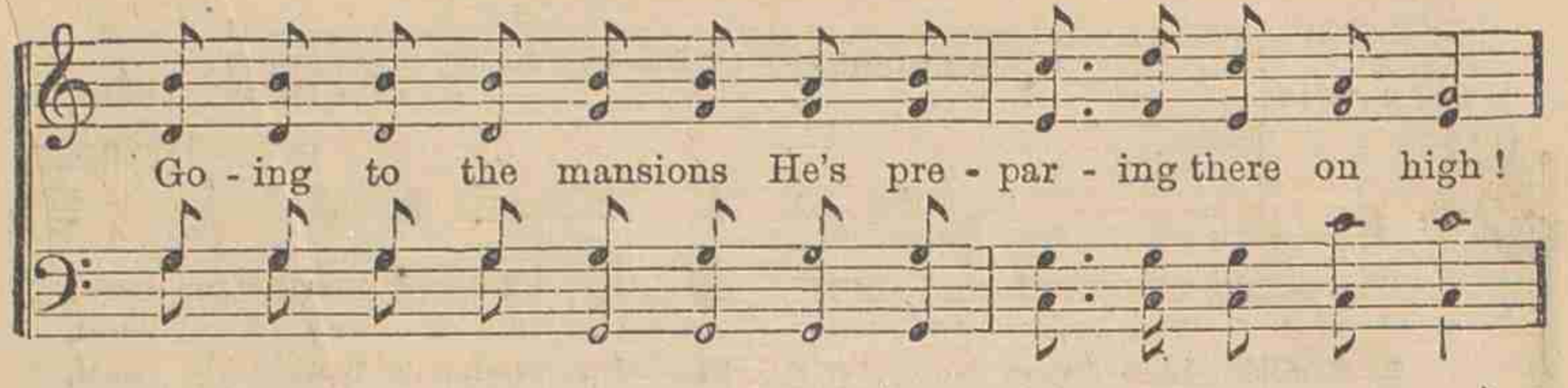
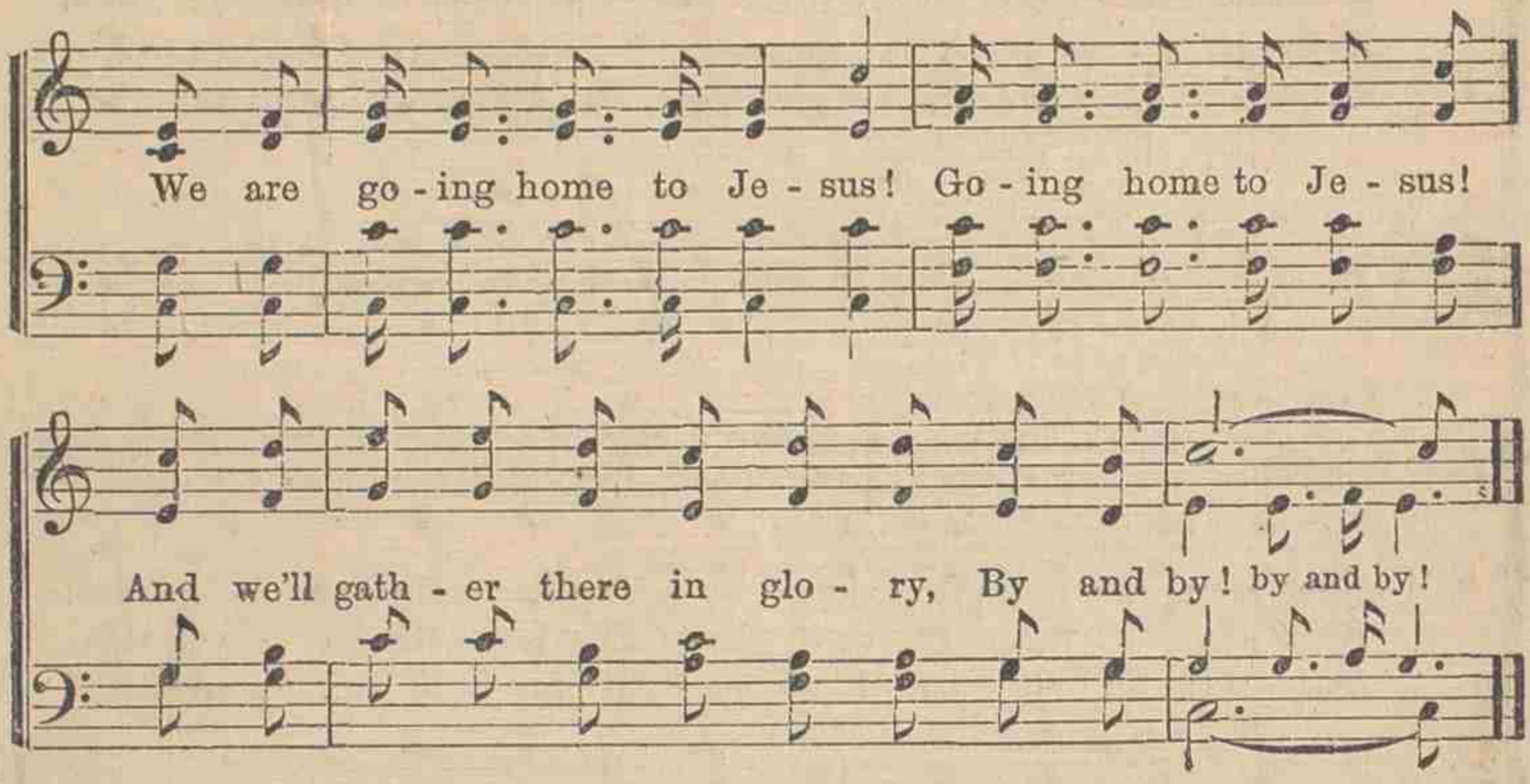
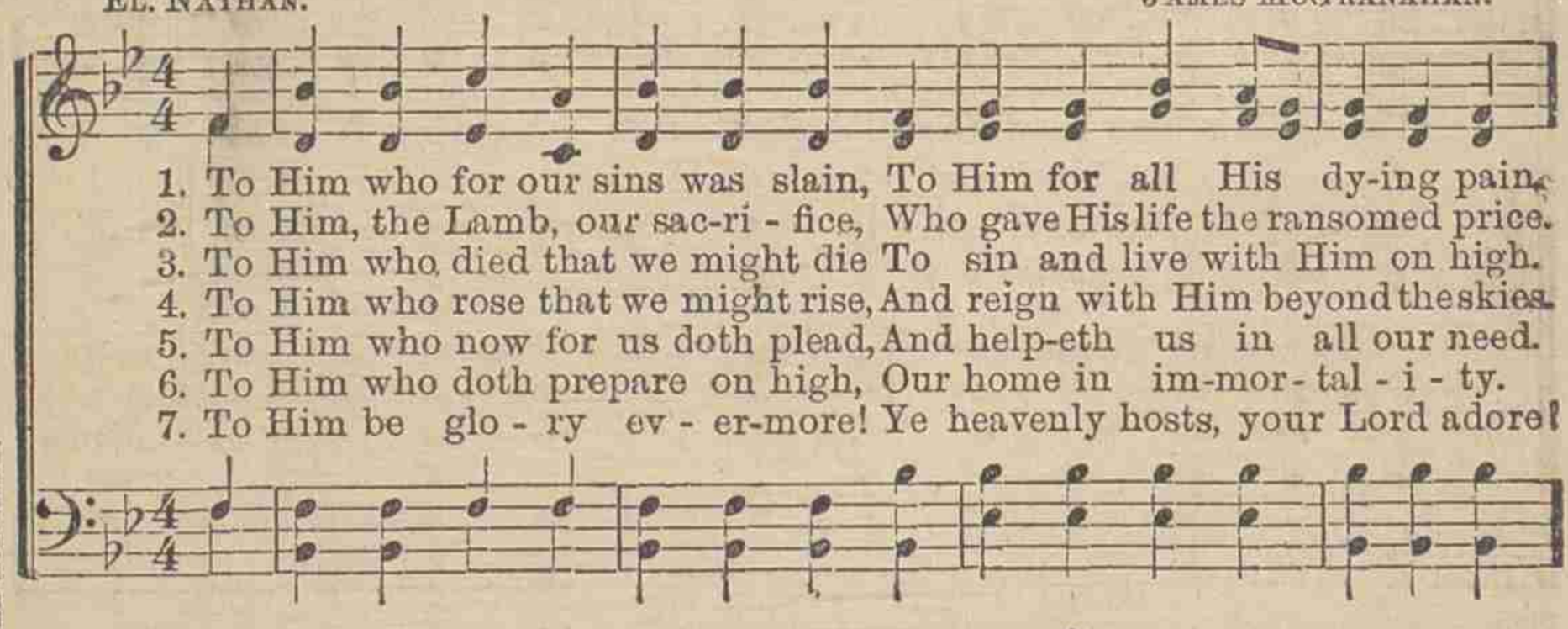
CHORUS.

We are go - ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing home to Je - sus!

We'll gather there in glory. Concluded.

No. 75. To Him be glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood"—Rev. 5: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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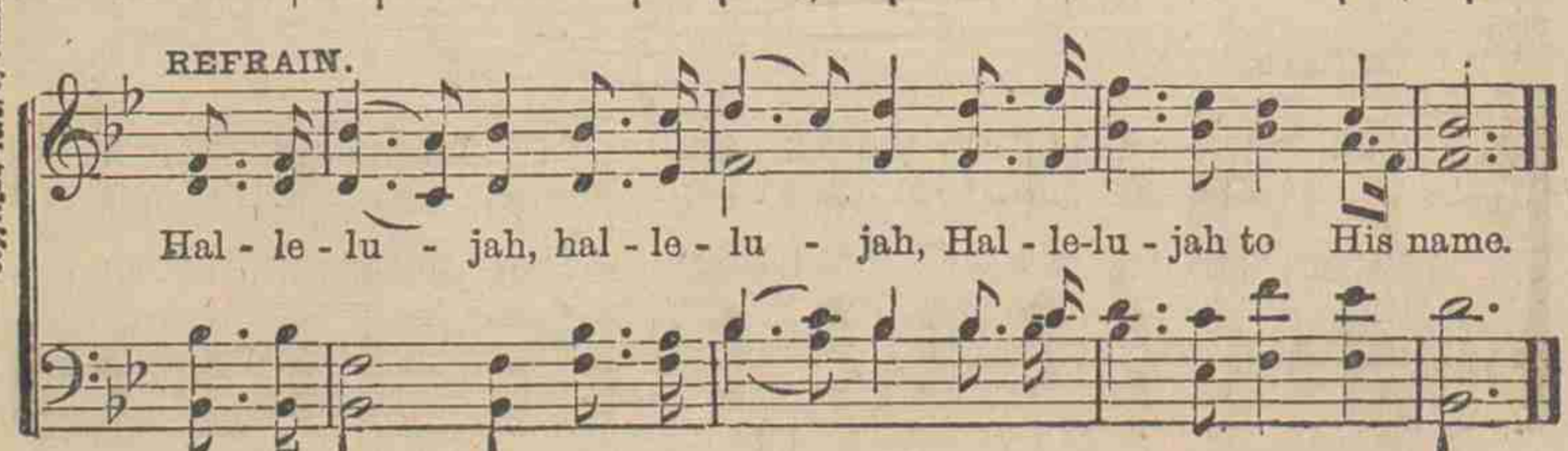
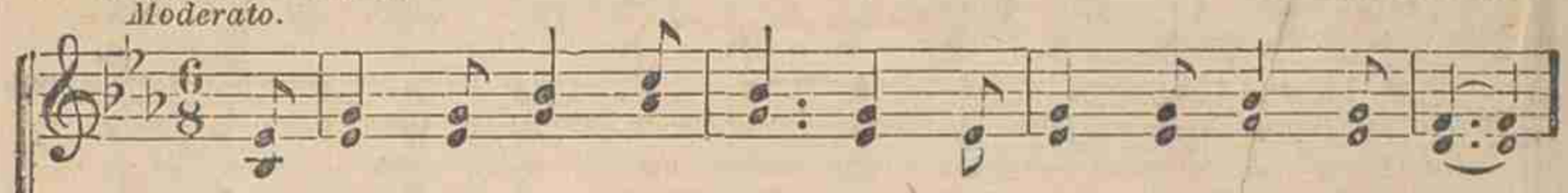

No. 76. The Sands of Time.

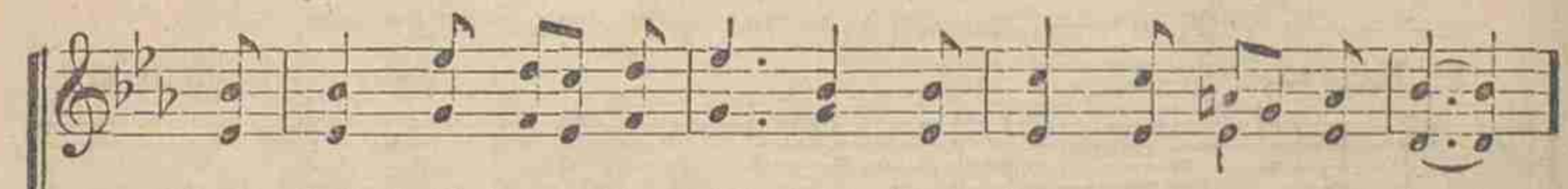
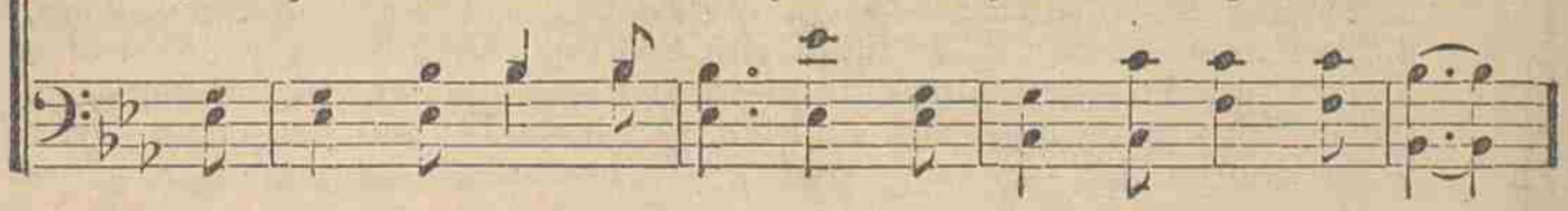
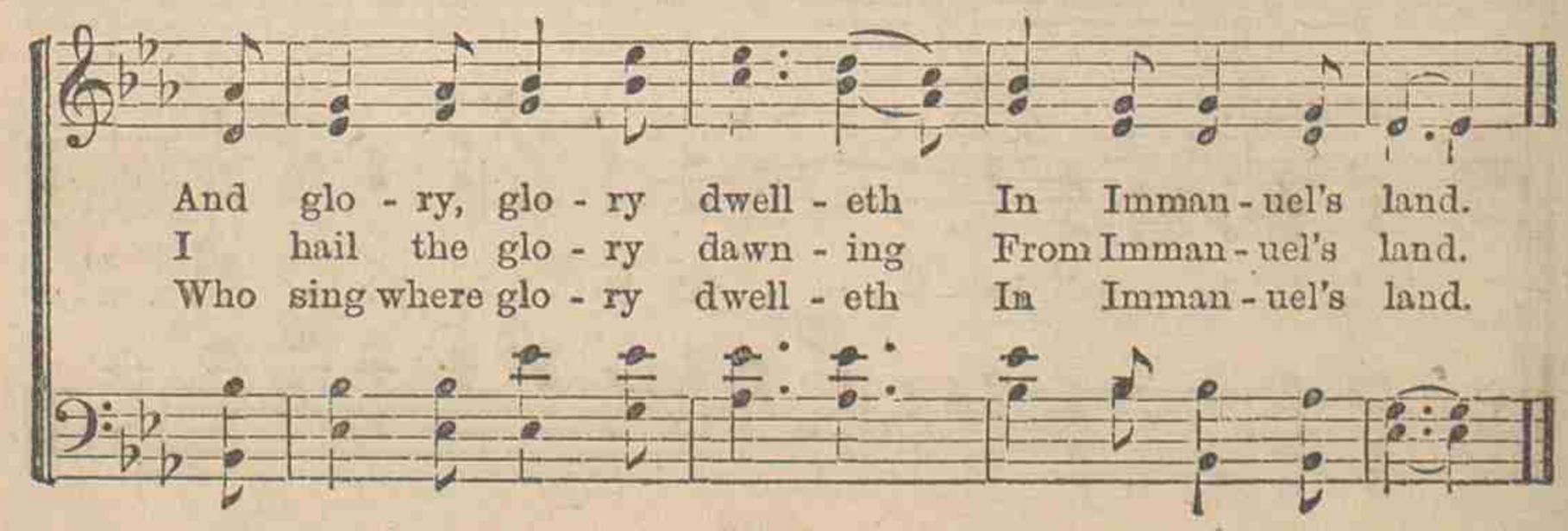
"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa 33 : 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
Now, like a wea - ry trav' - ler That lean - eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be - hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!

Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
A - mid the shades of even - ing, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri-umph-ant band!

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Imman - uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing From Imman - uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth In Imman - uel's land.

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No. 77. I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19 : 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley. James McGranahan.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives! What comfort this sweet message gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove,
3. He lives, triumphant from the grave; He lives, e - ter-nal - ly to save;
4. He lives, my mansion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safely there;

He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glorious in the sky;
My hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup - ply;
And while He lives I'll sing: He lives, my ev - er faithful Friend;
My Je - sus still the same: What joy this blest as - sur-ance gives!—

He lives, ex - alt - ed there on high, My ev - er - last - ing Head.
He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
He lives, and loves me to the end, My Pro - phet, Priest, and King!
"I know that my Re-deem-er lives:" All glo - ry to His name!

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CHORUS.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Redeem - er lives;
He lives! He lives!

He lives! He lives! I know that my Redeem - er lives.
He lives! He lives!

No. 78. A Little While.

"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10 : 37.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. "A lit - tle while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a - pace,
2. "A lit - tle while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?"
3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast!

The blessed hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face:
For how can I with such a hope Of glo - ry and of home,
Each passing hour is hast'ning on The ev - er - last - ing rest:

How light our tri - als then will seem! How short our pilgrim way!
With such a joy a - wait - ing me, Not wish the hour were come?
Thou knowest well— the time thy God Ap - points for thee is best:

Our life on earth a fit - ful dream, Dispelled by dawning day!
How can I keep the longing back, And how suppress the groan?
The morning star will soon a - rise; The glow is in the East.

CHORUS.

Then come, Lord Je - sus, quickly come, In glo - ry and in light!

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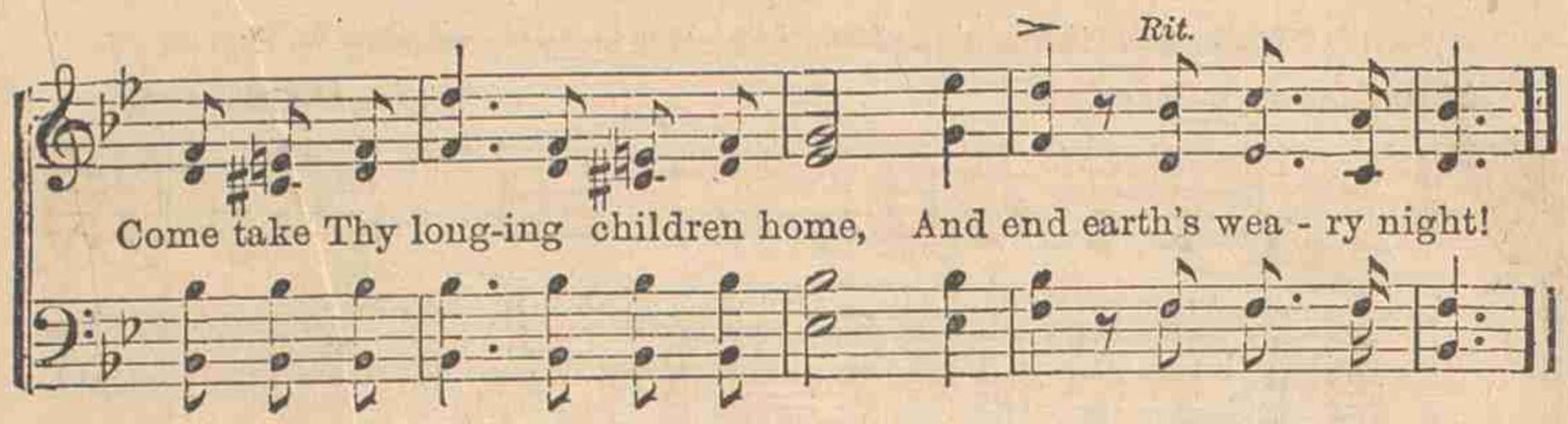
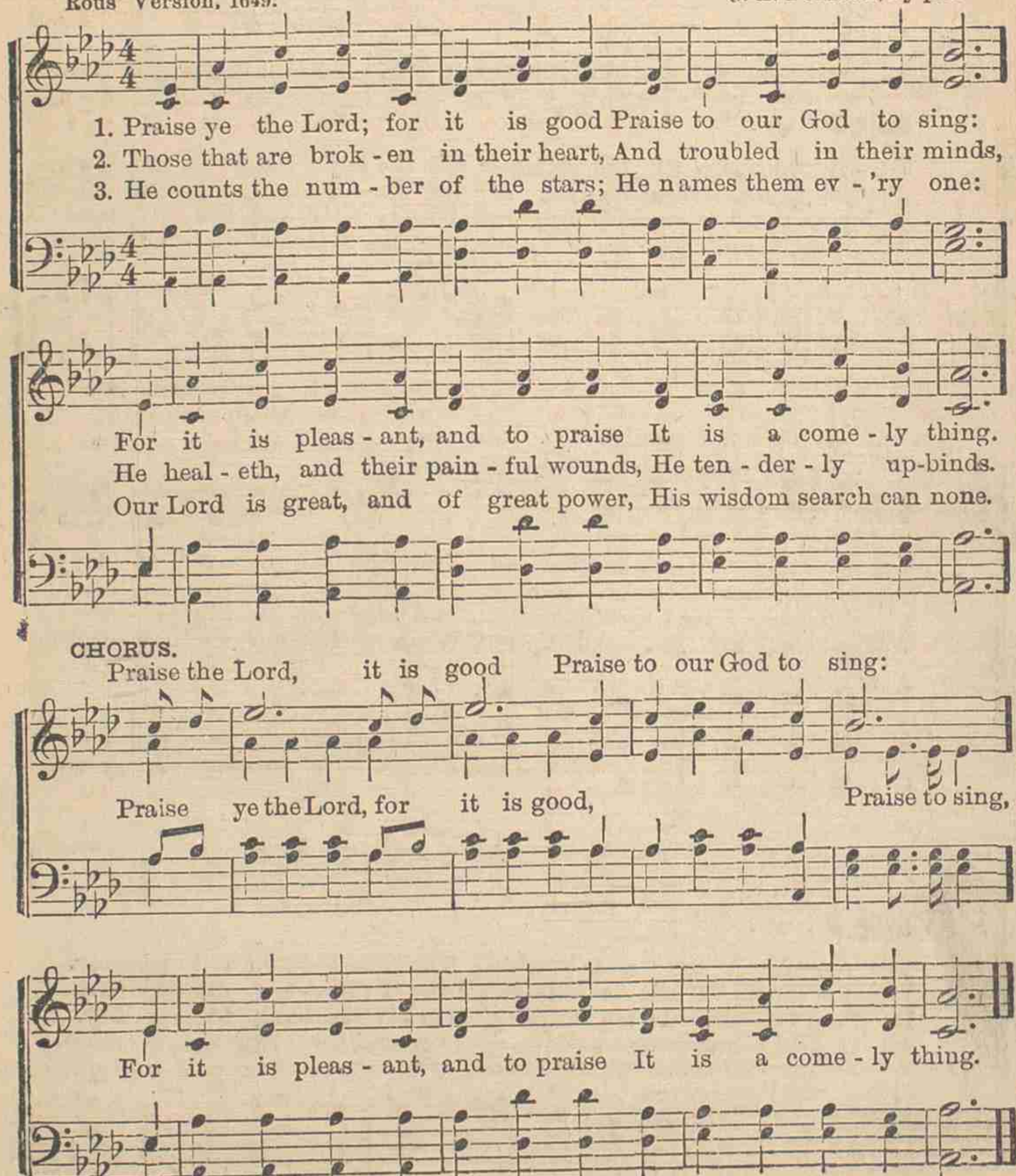
A Little While.—Concluded.

No. 79. Praise Ye the Lord.

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

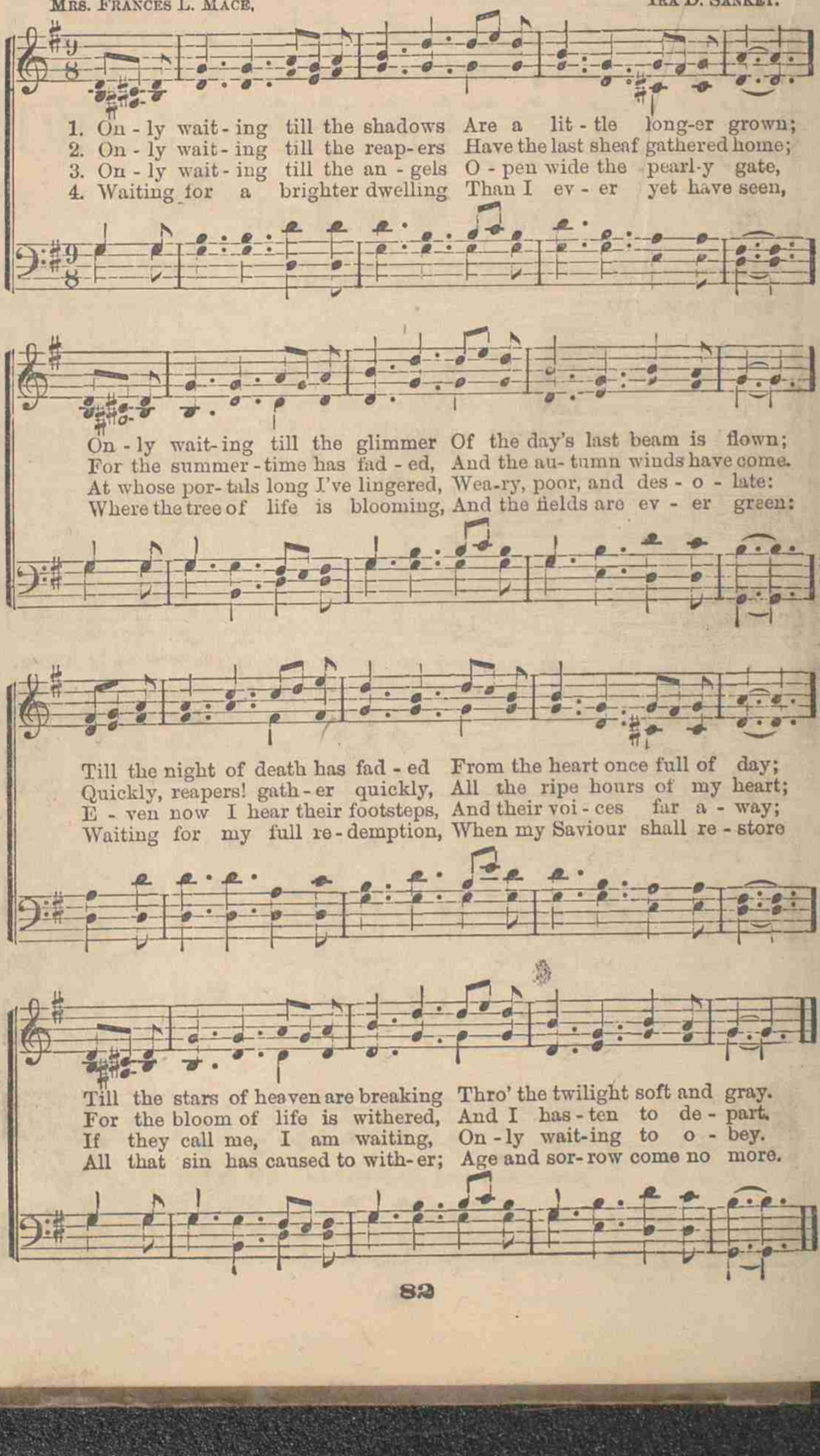
Rous' Version, 1649. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.



No. 80. Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

Mrs. Frances L. Mace. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 81. Is your Lamp Burning?

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

D. H. LLOYDE. C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For if it were burning, then sure-ly Some beam would fall brightly on me. There are ma-ny and ma-ny a-
2. Up-on the dark mountains they stum-ble, They are bruised on the rocks and they lie With white pleading fa-ces turned upward, To the clouds and the pit-i-ful sky. There is ma-ny a lamp that is
3. If once all the lamps that are light-ed Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line. Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean, What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine! How all the dark pla-ces would

D. S.—*Say, is your lamp burning, my broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For*

round you, Who fol-low where-ev-er you go, If you thought that they walked in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
light-ed— We be-hold them a-near and a-far; But not ma-ny among them, my brother, Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
bright-en! How the mists would roll up and a-way! How the earth would laugh out in her glad-ness, To hail the mil-len-ni-al day!
broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For if it were burn-ing, then sure-ly Some beam would fall brightly on me!

D.S. for Chorus.

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No. 82.

The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16 : 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. It's a bon-nie, bon-nie war - l' that we're liv - in' in the noo',
2. Then a-gain, I've just been thinkin' that when a'thing here's sae bricht,
3. Oh! its hon - or heaped on hon-or that His courtiers should be ta'en
4. Then lat us trust Him bet - ter than we've ev - er dune a - fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae des - o - la - tin' sea,

An' sun - ny is the lan' that now we aft - en traiv'll throo;
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
For the King will feed His servants frae His ev - er bounteous store:
And nae ty - rant hoofs shall trample i' the cit - y o' the free;

But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o - cean i' the sim-mer; or the woodland i' the spring,
An' its fu' - est love an' serv - ice that the Christians aye should bring
Lat us keep a clo - ser grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
There's an ev - er - last - in' daylight, an' a nev - er fad - in' spring,

For its beau - ty is as naething to the pal-ace o' the King.
What maun it be up yon-ner i' the pal-ace o' the King.
To the feet o' Him who reigneth i' the pal-ace o' the King.
An' sune He'll come an' take us tae the pal-ace o' the King.
Where the Lamb is a' the glo - ry i' the pal-ace o' the King.

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

The Palace o' the King.—Concluded.

We like the gild-ed simmer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre-pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear-in, wear-in dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon-nie up - on which the rainbows shine,
We see oor friends a-wait us o - wer yon - ner at His gate;

An' we sigh when hoar-y win-ter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
His cho-sen for the rai-ment which the ransomed sinner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be o - wer ver - y sune.
An' its E - den bow'rs are trellised wi' a nev - er fad - in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read - y, for ye ken it's get-tin' late;

For tho' bon-nie are the snawflakes, an' the down on Winter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib - u - la - tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a fruit-fu' sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl-y gates o' Hea-ven do a glorious radiance fling,
Let oor lamps be brichtly burn-in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur-na touch the pal - ace o' the King.
" We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To a - dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the pal - ace o' the King.
On the star - ry floor that shimmers i' the pal - ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal - ace o' the King.

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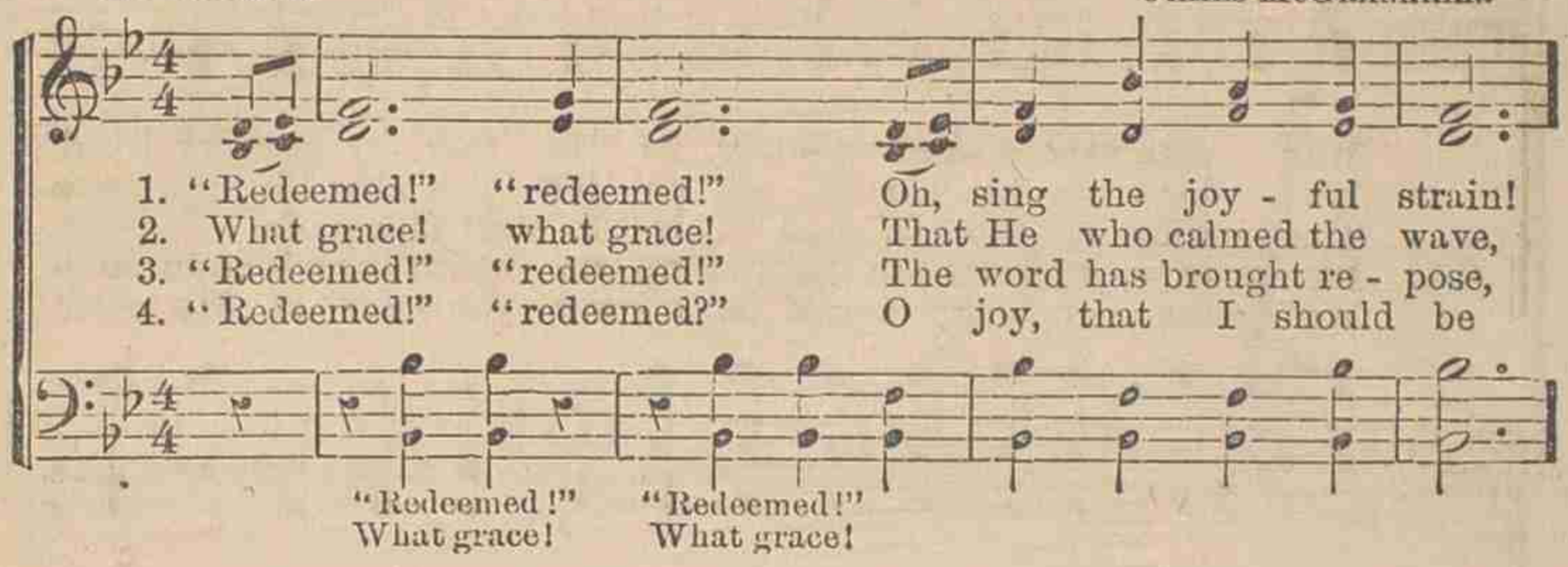
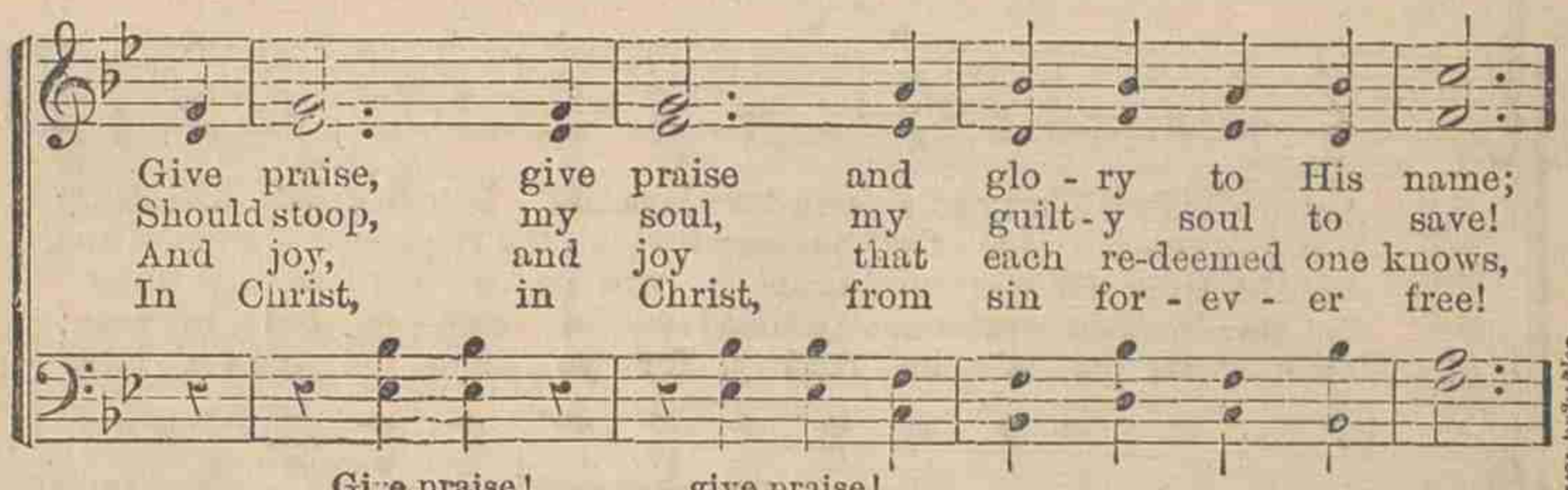
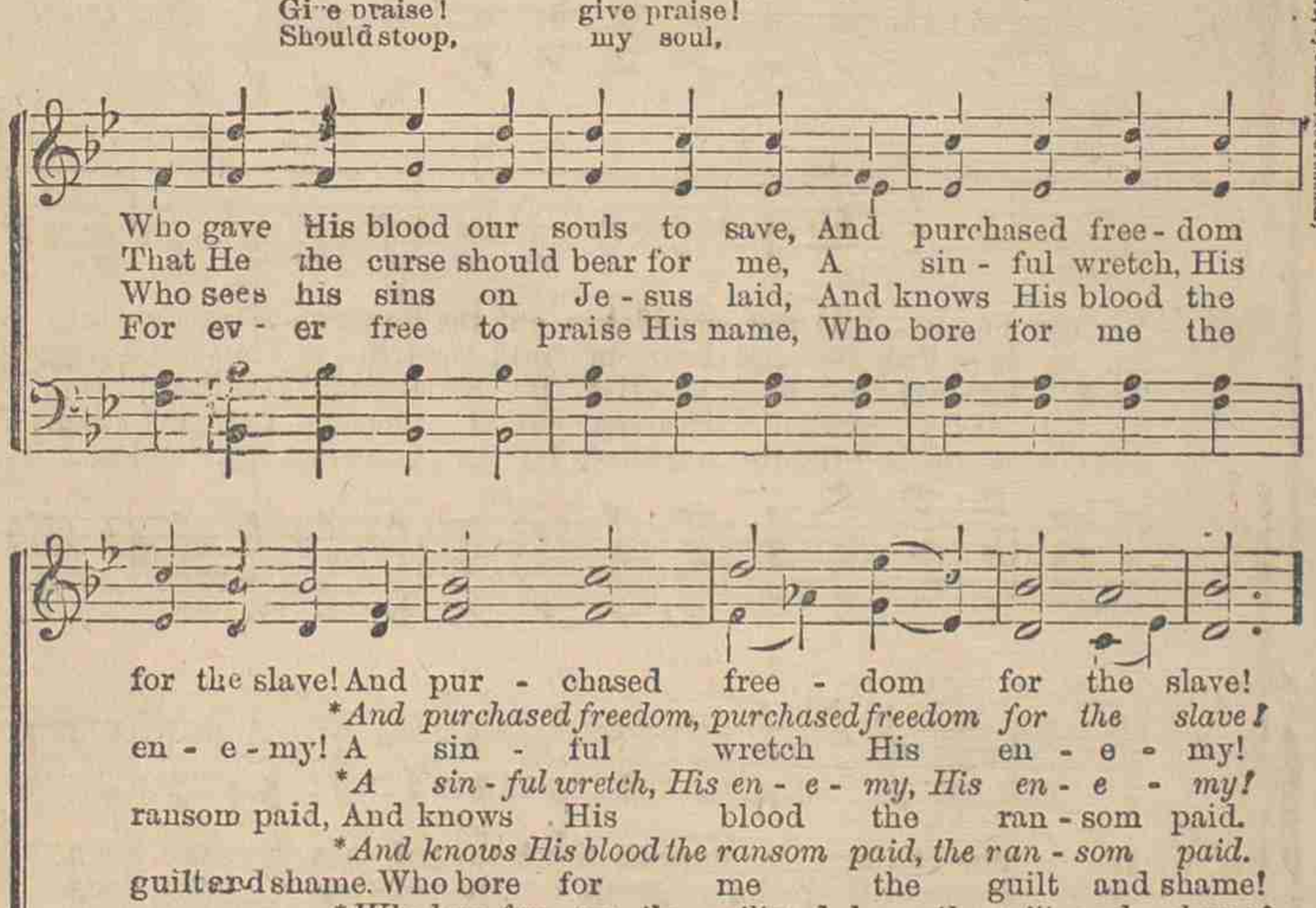
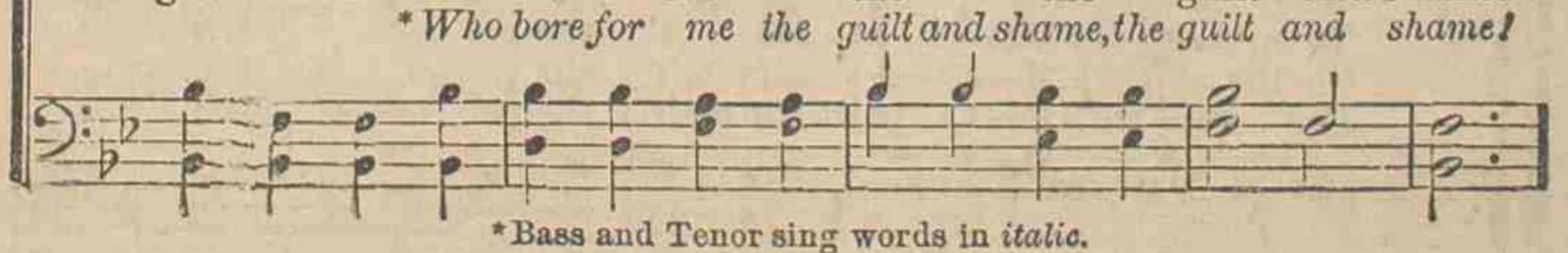
No. 83. Redeemed.

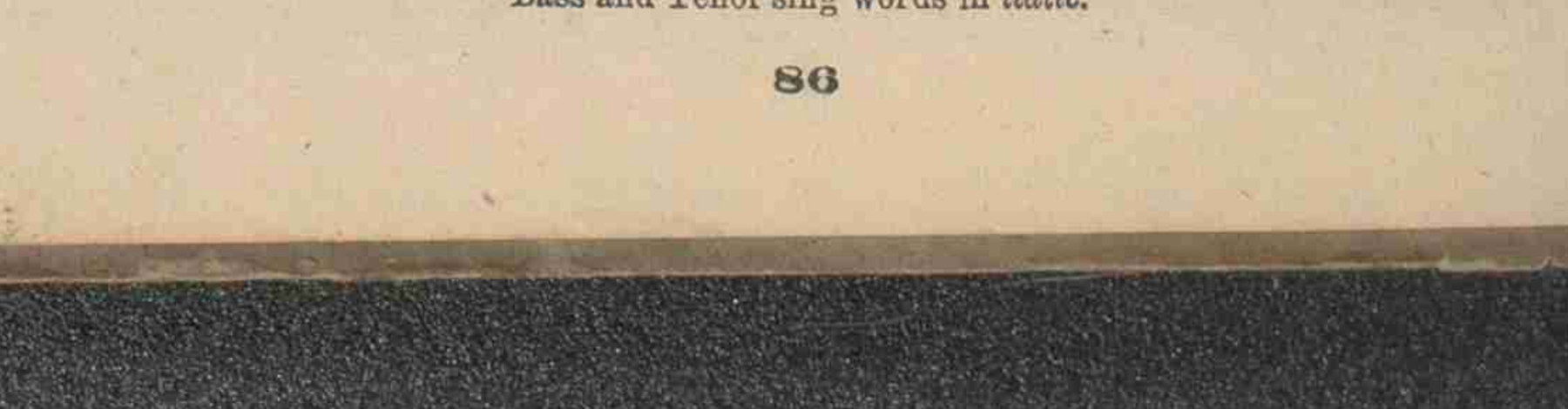
"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107 : 2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Oh, sing the joy - ful strain!
2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave,
3. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" The word has brought re - pose,
4. "Redeemed!" "redeemed?" O joy, that I should be

"Redeemed!" "Redeemed!"
What grace! What grace!

Give praise, give praise and glo - ry to His name;
Should stoop, my soul, my guilt - y soul to save!
And joy, and joy that each re-deemed one knows,
In Christ, in Christ, from sin for - ev - er free!



Give praise! give praise!
Should stoop, my soul,

Who gave His blood our souls to save, And purchased free - dom
That He the curse should bear for me, A sin - ful wretch, His
Who sees his sins on Je - sus laid, And knows His blood the
For ev - er free to praise His name, Who bore for me the



for the slave! And pur - chased free - dom for the slave!
And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave!
en - e - my! A sin - ful wretch His en - e - my!
A sin - ful wretch, His en - e - my, His en - e - my!
ransom paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
And knows His blood the ransom paid, the ran - som paid.
guilt and shame. Who bore for me the guilt and shame!
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

*Bass and Tenor sing words in *italic*.

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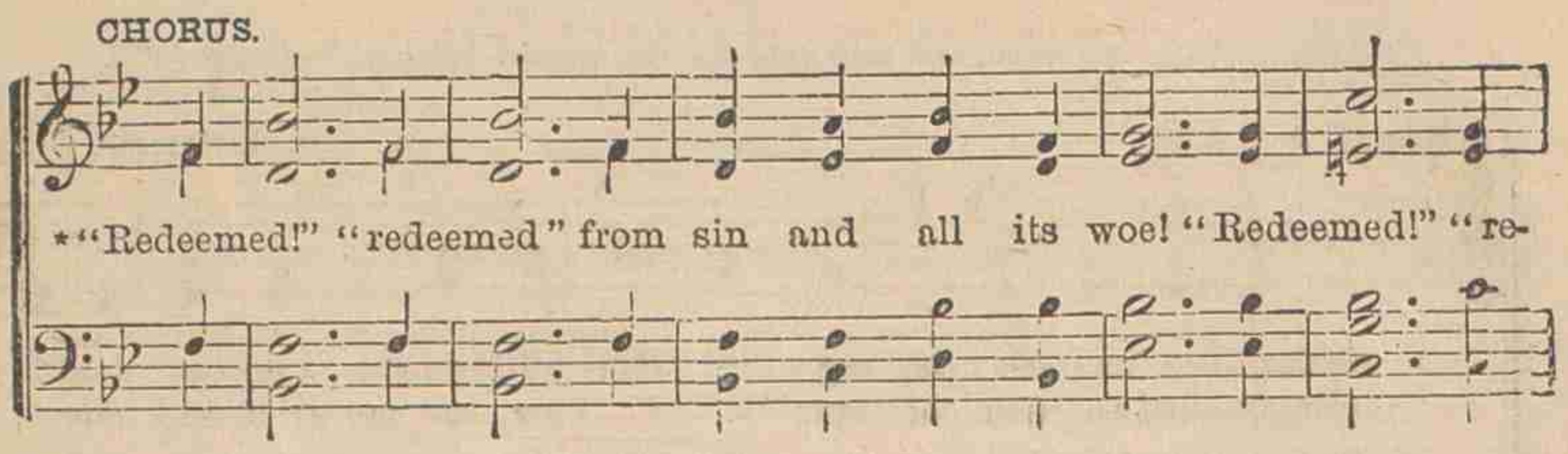
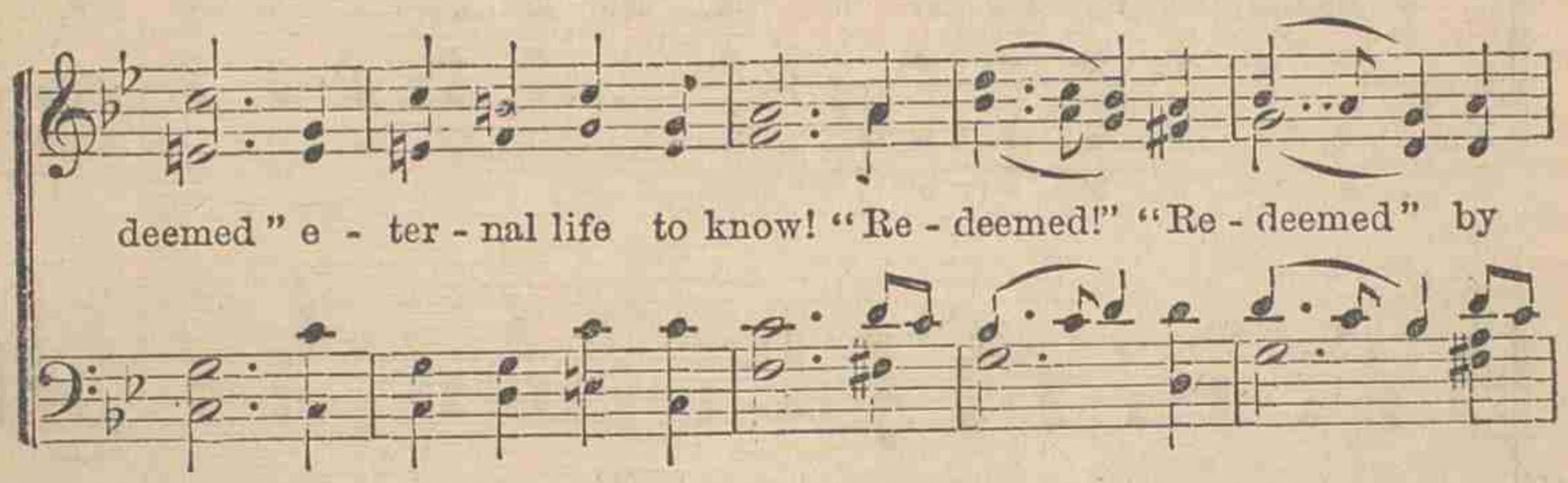
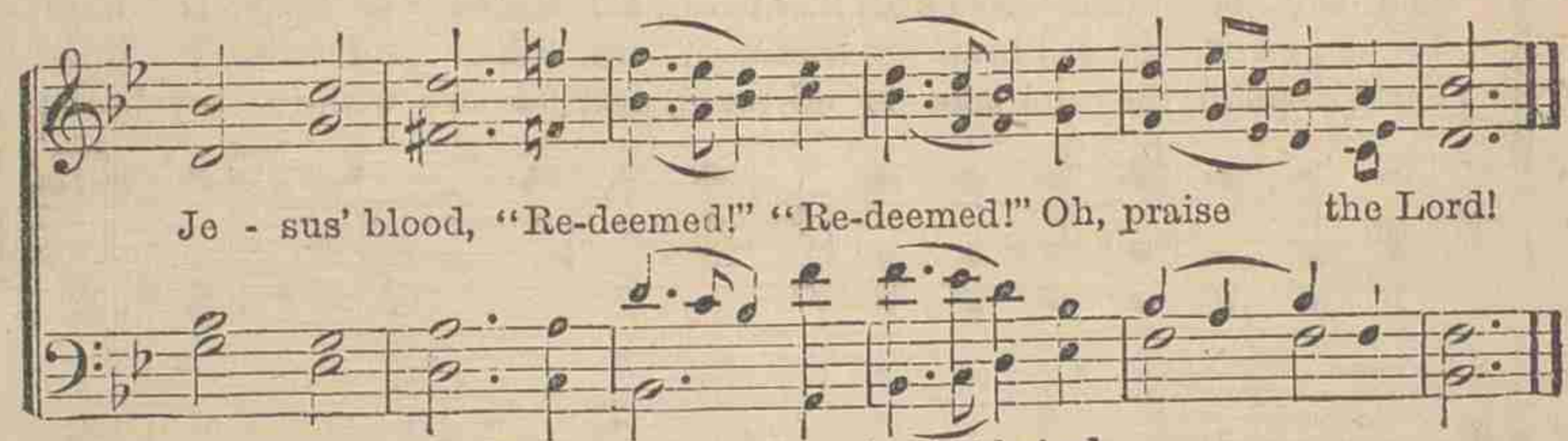
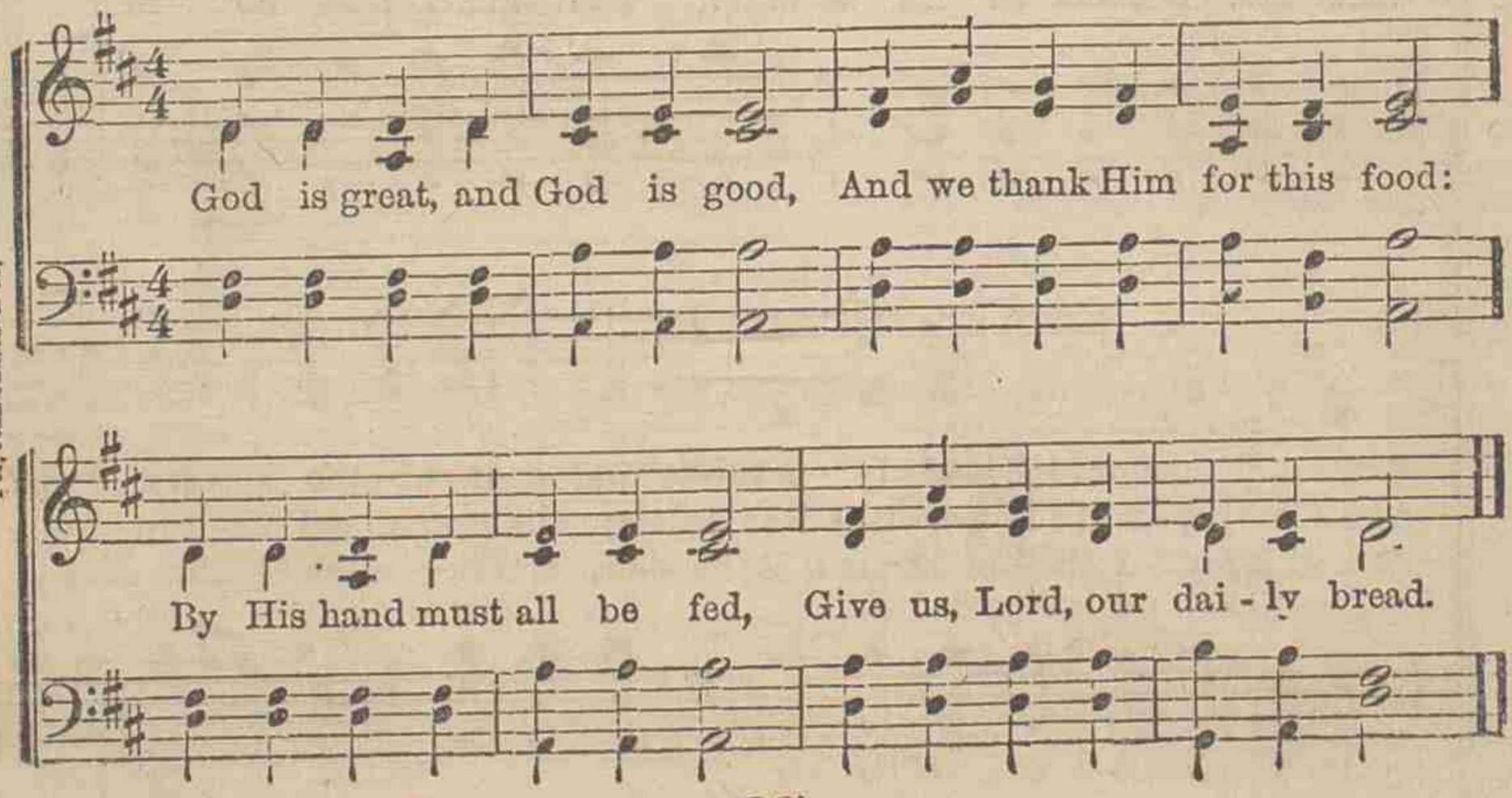
Redeemed.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

No. 84. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145 : 15.

P. P. BLISS.

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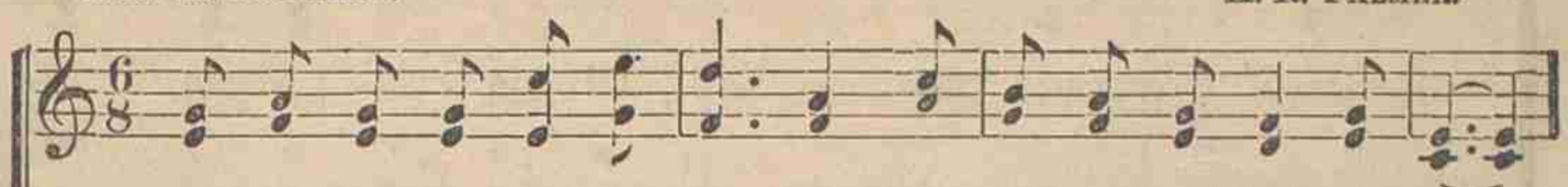
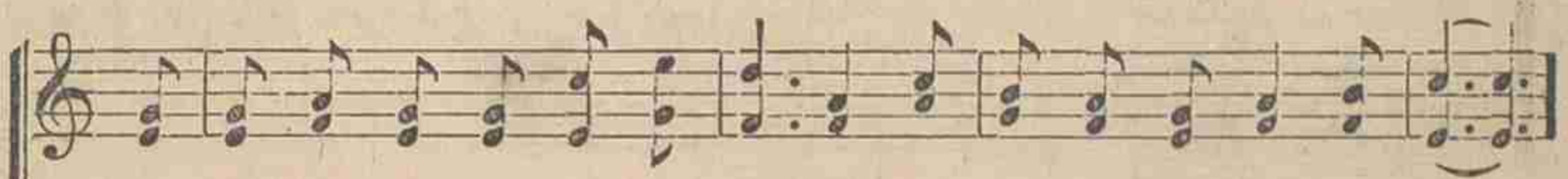
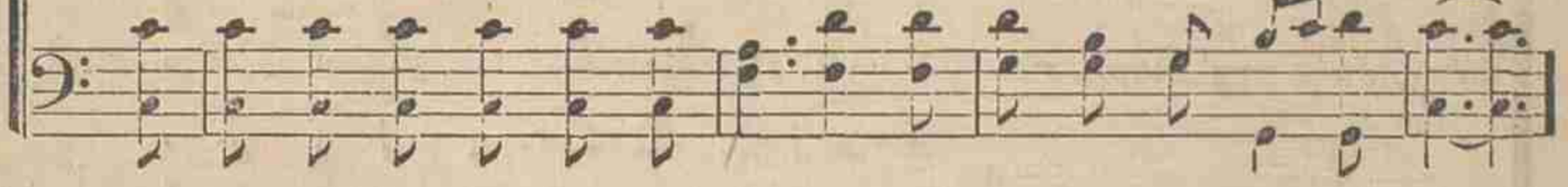
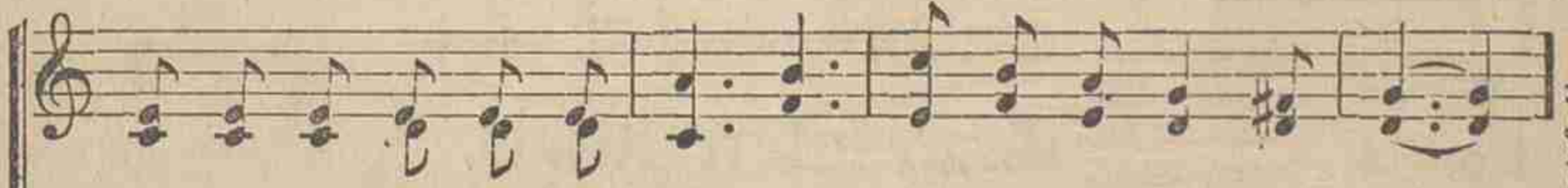
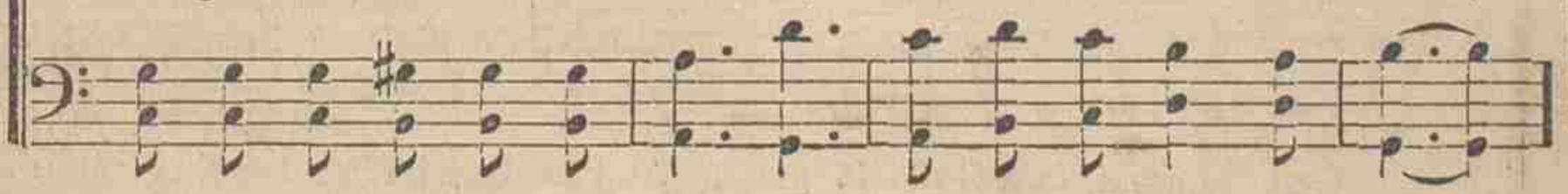
Per, John Church & Co.

No. 85.

Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MARK 4 : 39.

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweetly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

"Car-est Thou not that we per - ish?"—How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Torrents of sin and of an - guish Swèep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Master; Oh hasten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the blissful shore.

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Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will, Peace, ... be still!.....

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what -

Cres — — — — — — — — *cen* — — — — — —

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

— — — *do.* *ff*

Master of ocean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will;

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Peace, be still!

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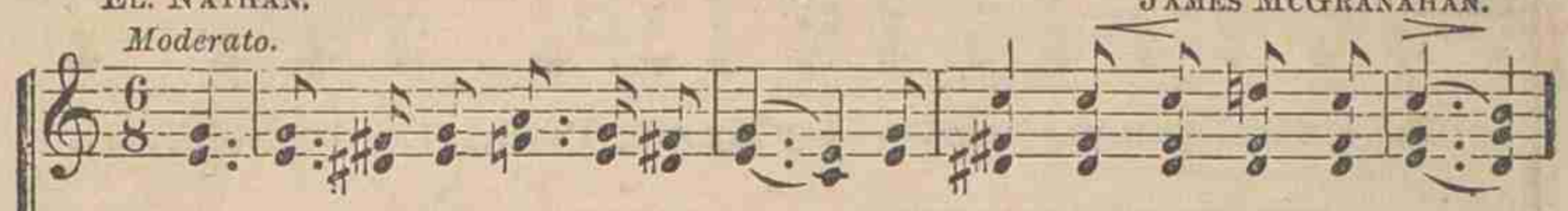
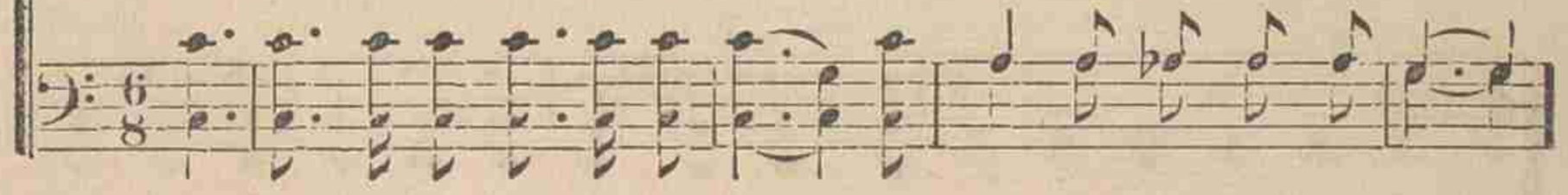
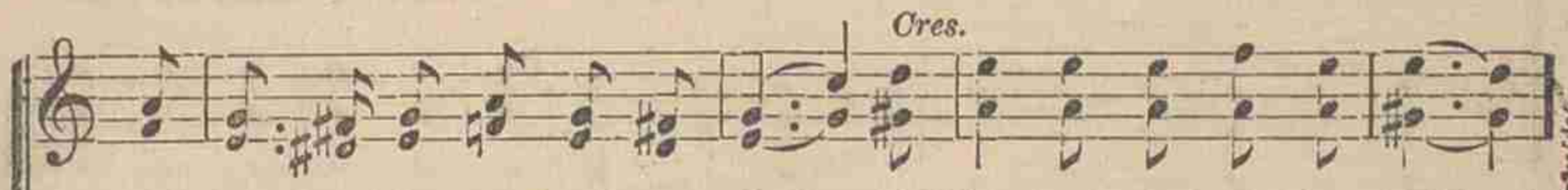
No. 86.

I am the Door.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gathering storm I be - hold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin,
4. I en - ter the wide o-pen door, In Christ I *now* have be - lieved;

Cres.

Ex-posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel-ter - ing fold,
No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer-cy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I en - ter there - in,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,

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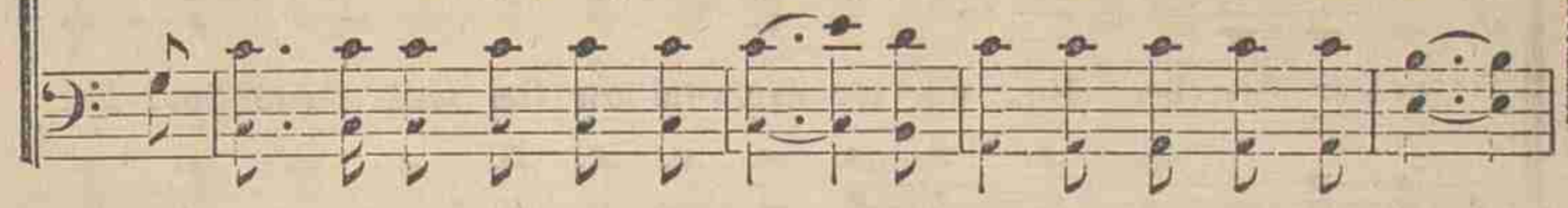
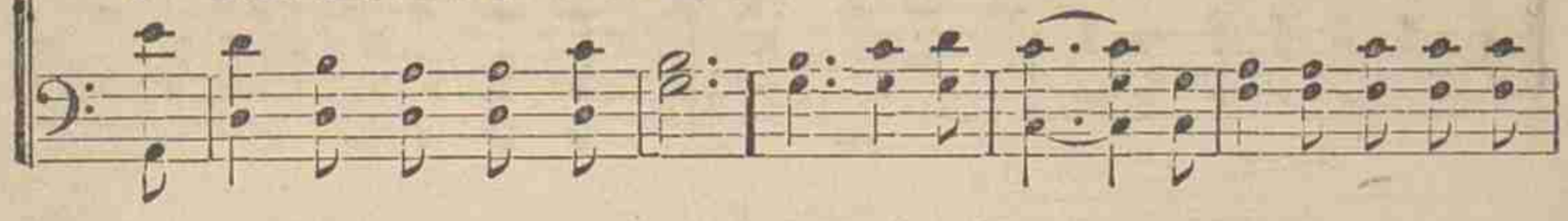
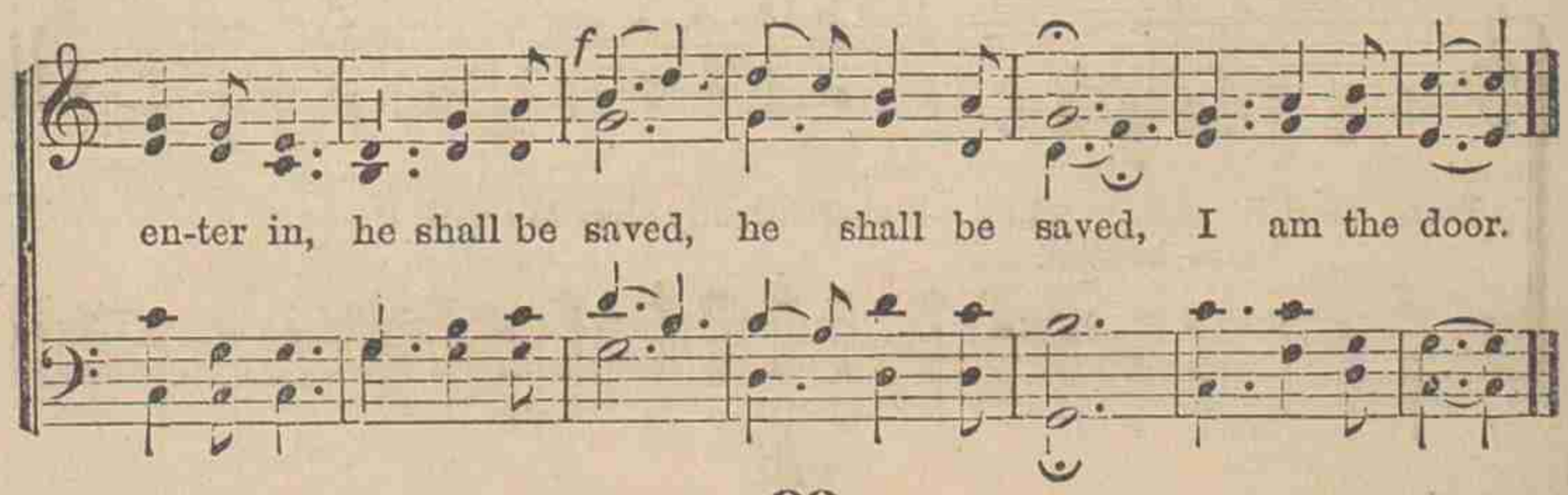
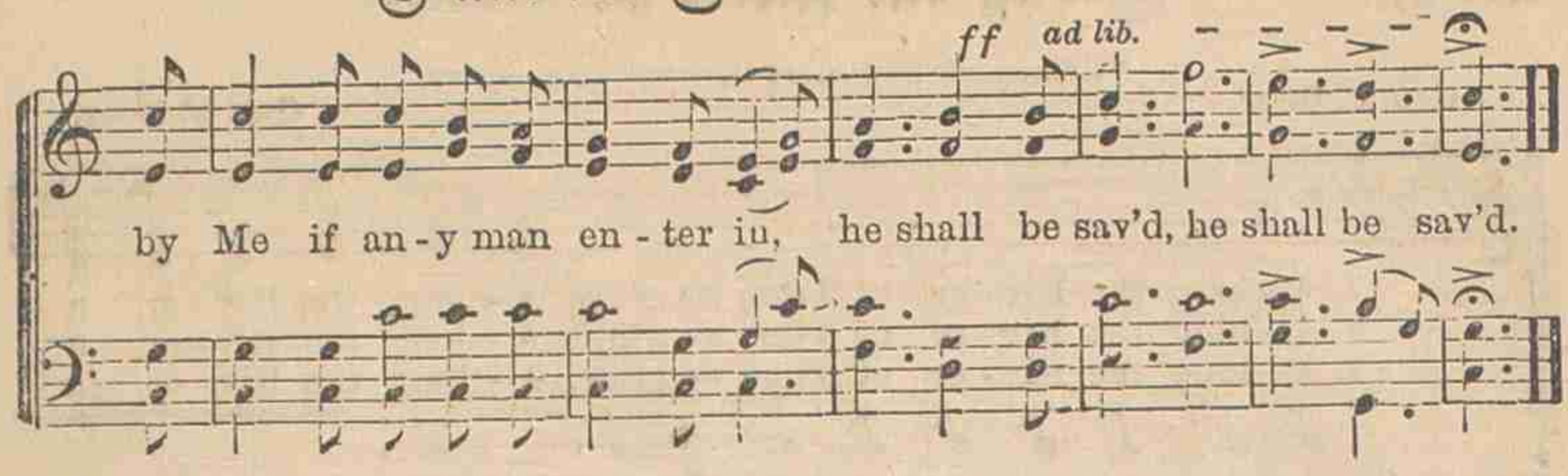

CHORUS.

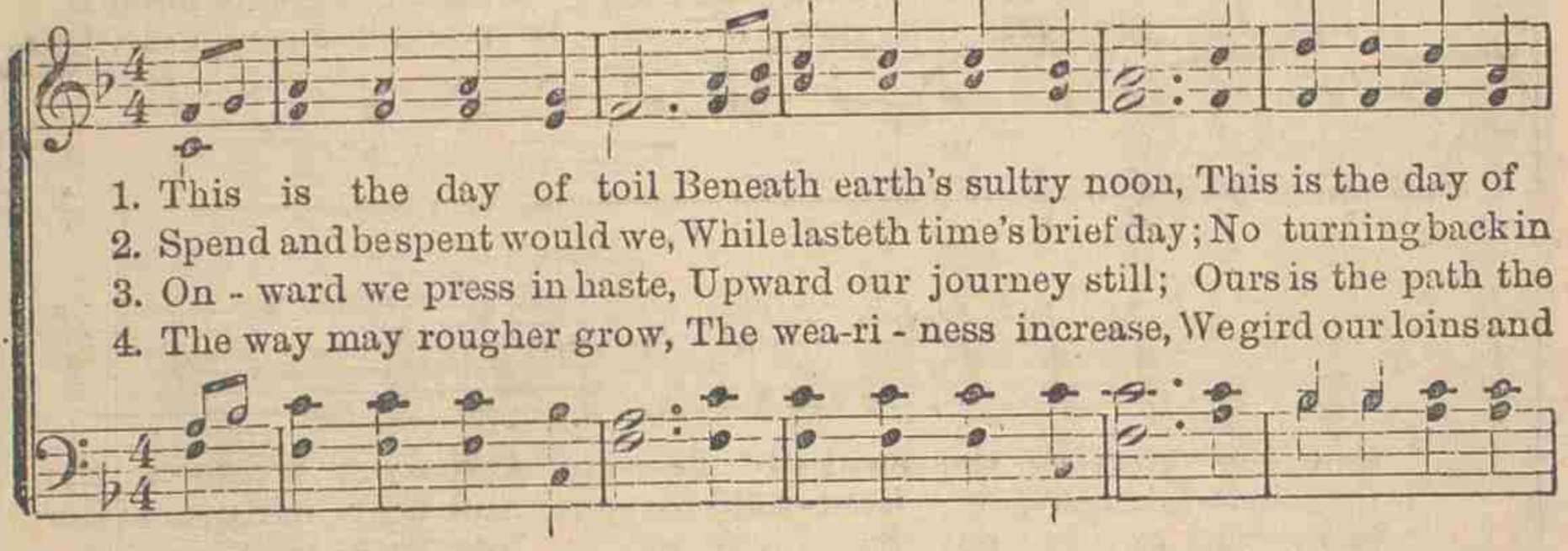
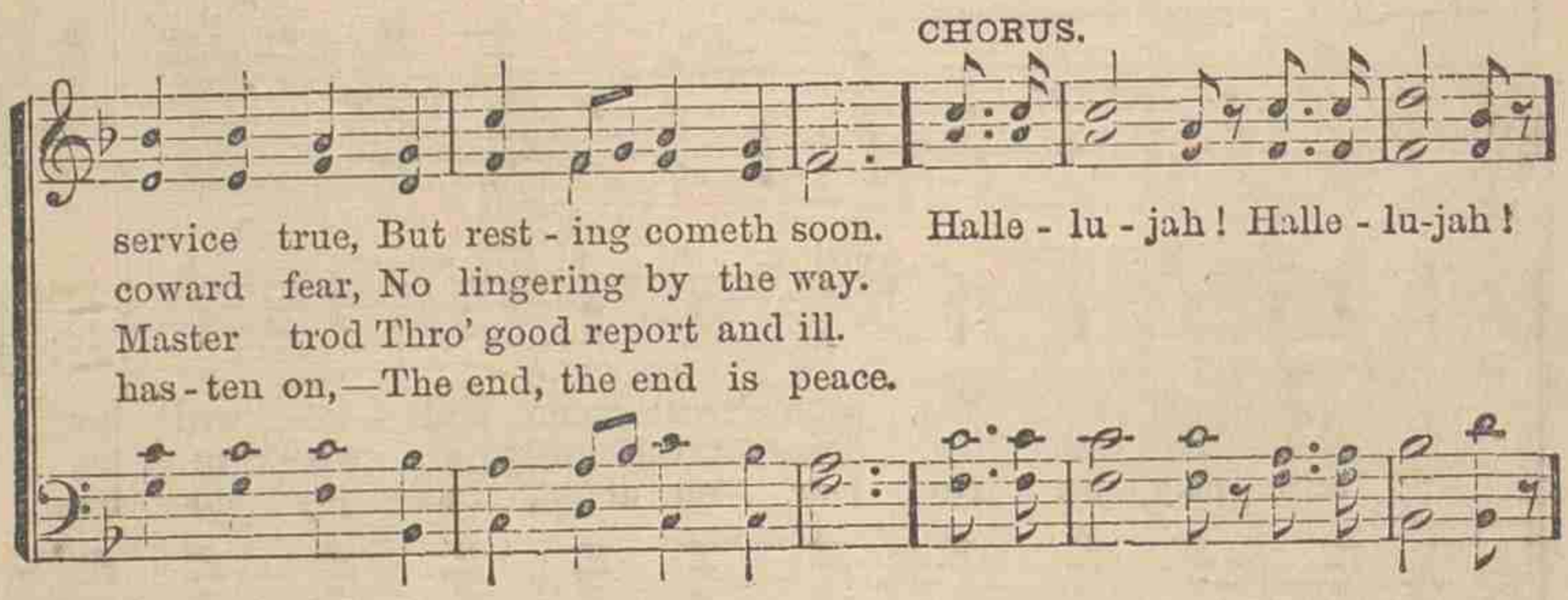
Is there no shel-ter - ing fold? I am the door, by Me if an - y man
Is there no mer-cy for me?
How may I en - ter there-in?
I trust and now I am saved!



en-ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

I am the Door.—Concluded.

No. 87. Pressing On.

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

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



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No. 88. Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -

long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow-ing, re - sist - less tide, The
long the Riv - er, A thou - sand dangers its cur - rents hide, A
long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our

swift - ly flow-ing, the swift - ly flow-ing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thou - sand dangers, a thou - sand dangers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se -

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful thought! a wreck to be,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

Floating, Floating, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.

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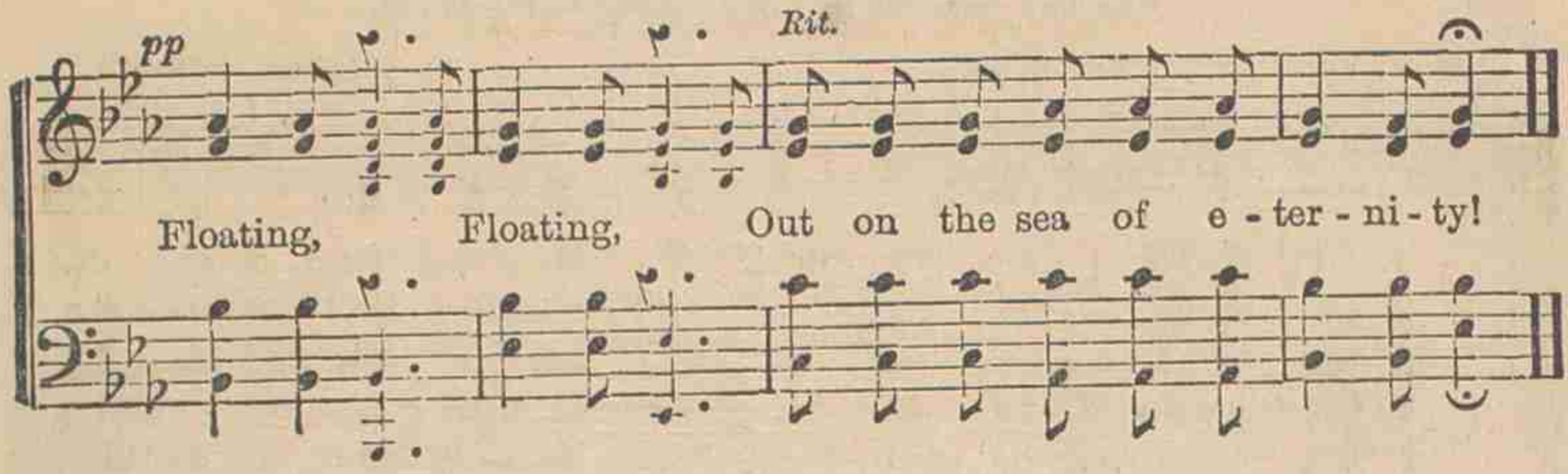
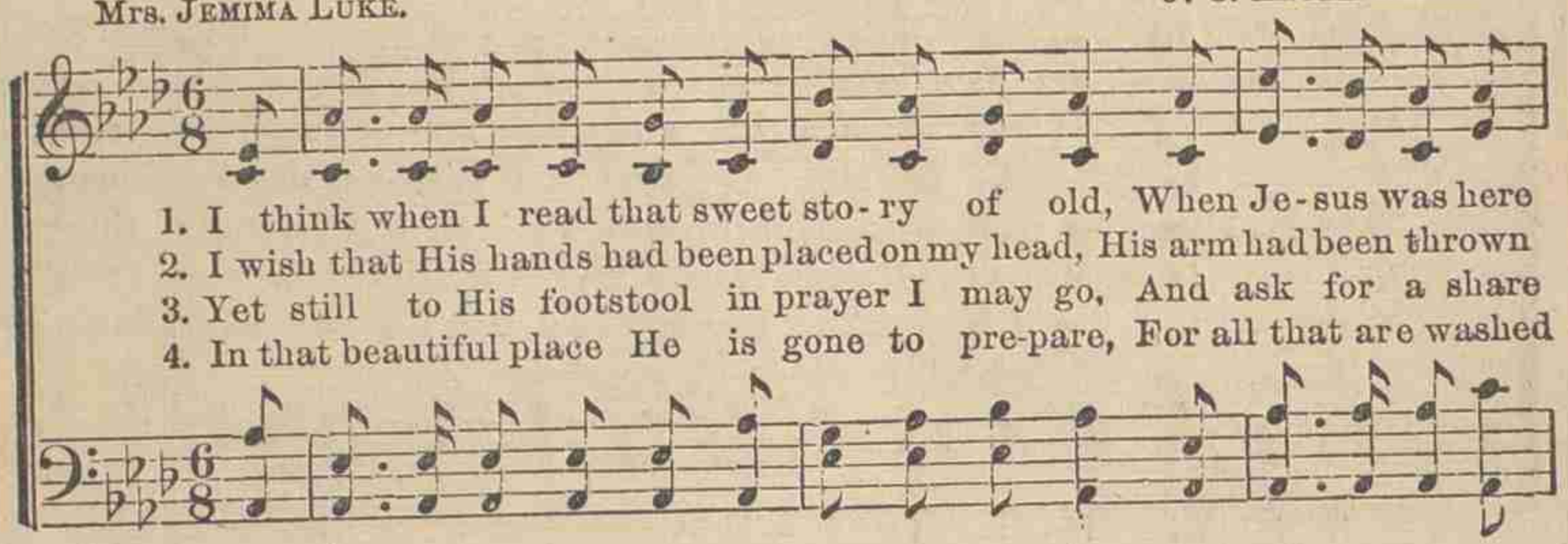
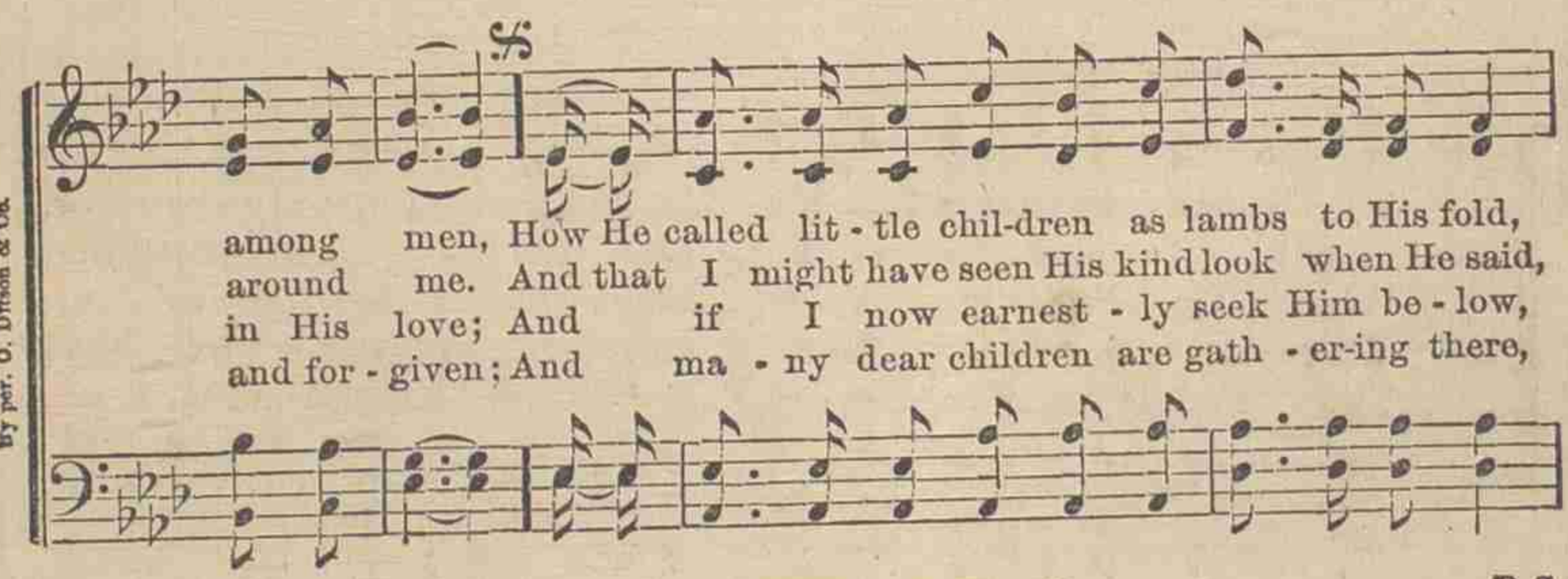
Along the River of Time.—Concluded.

No. 89. The Sweet Story of Old.

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

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.





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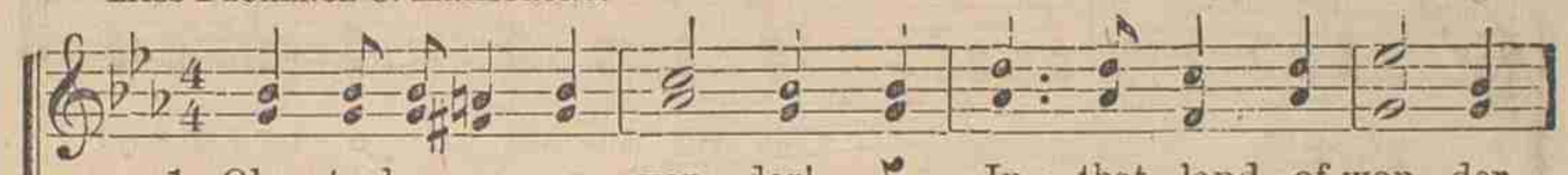
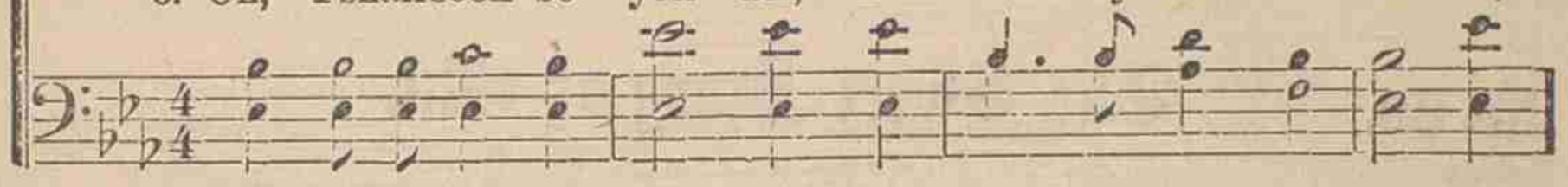
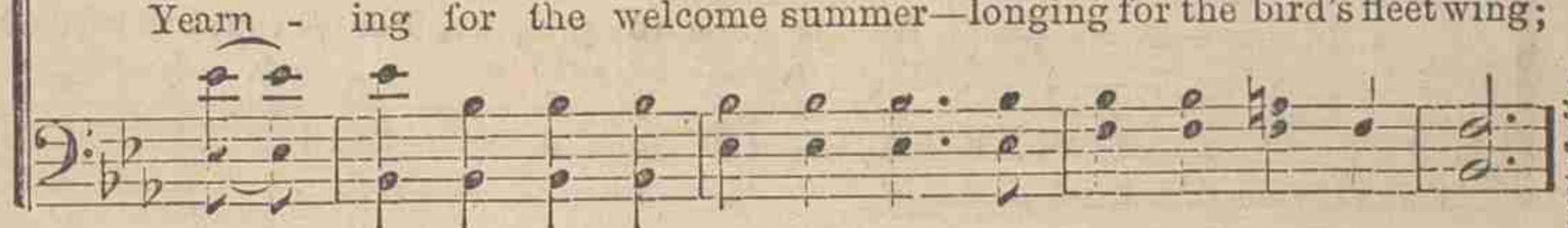
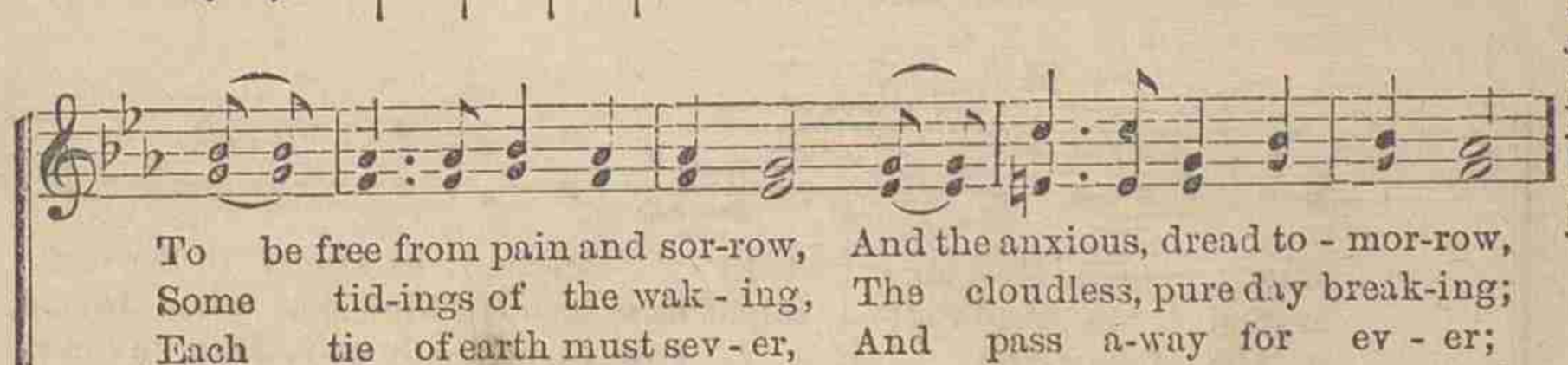
No. 90.

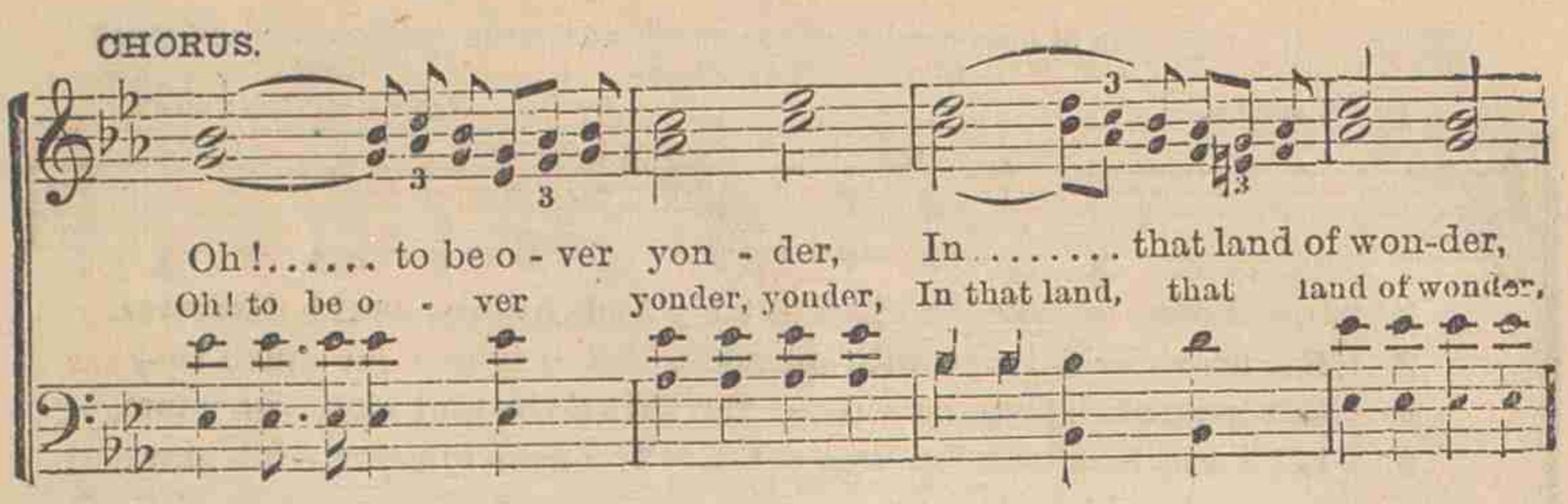
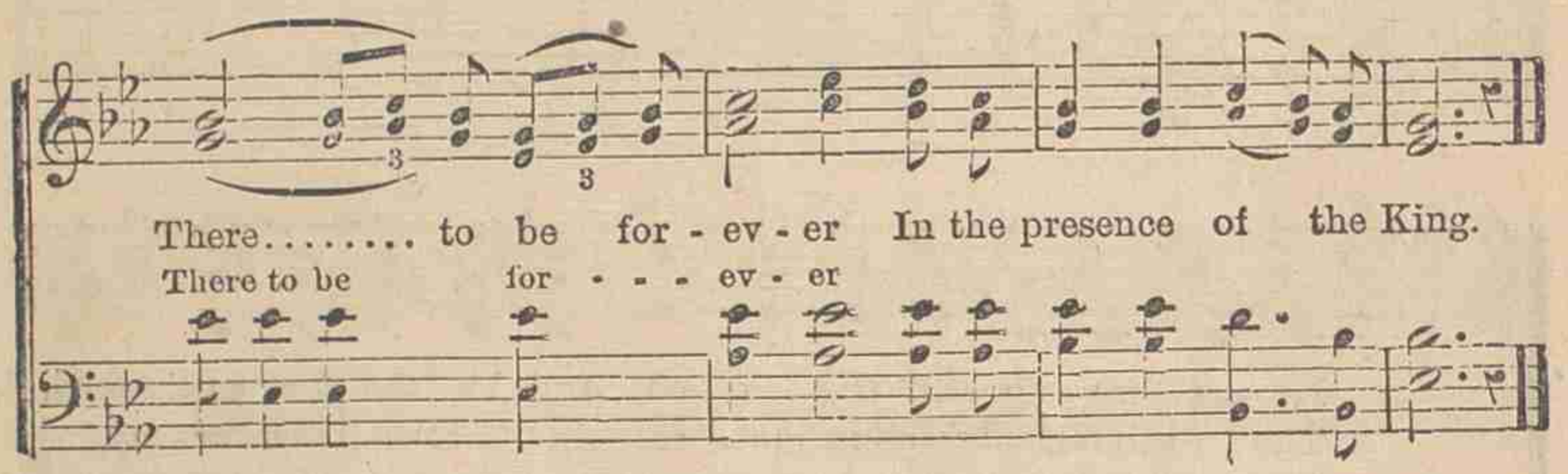
Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16 : 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell-ing Where an - gel voi - ces swell-ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan-der,

Where the an - gel voi - ces min - gle, and the an - gel harp-ers ring;
Of looking to the east, to see the bless-ed day-star bring
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to an - y earthly thing:
In tri - umph - ant hal - le - lu-jahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Yearn - ing for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing;

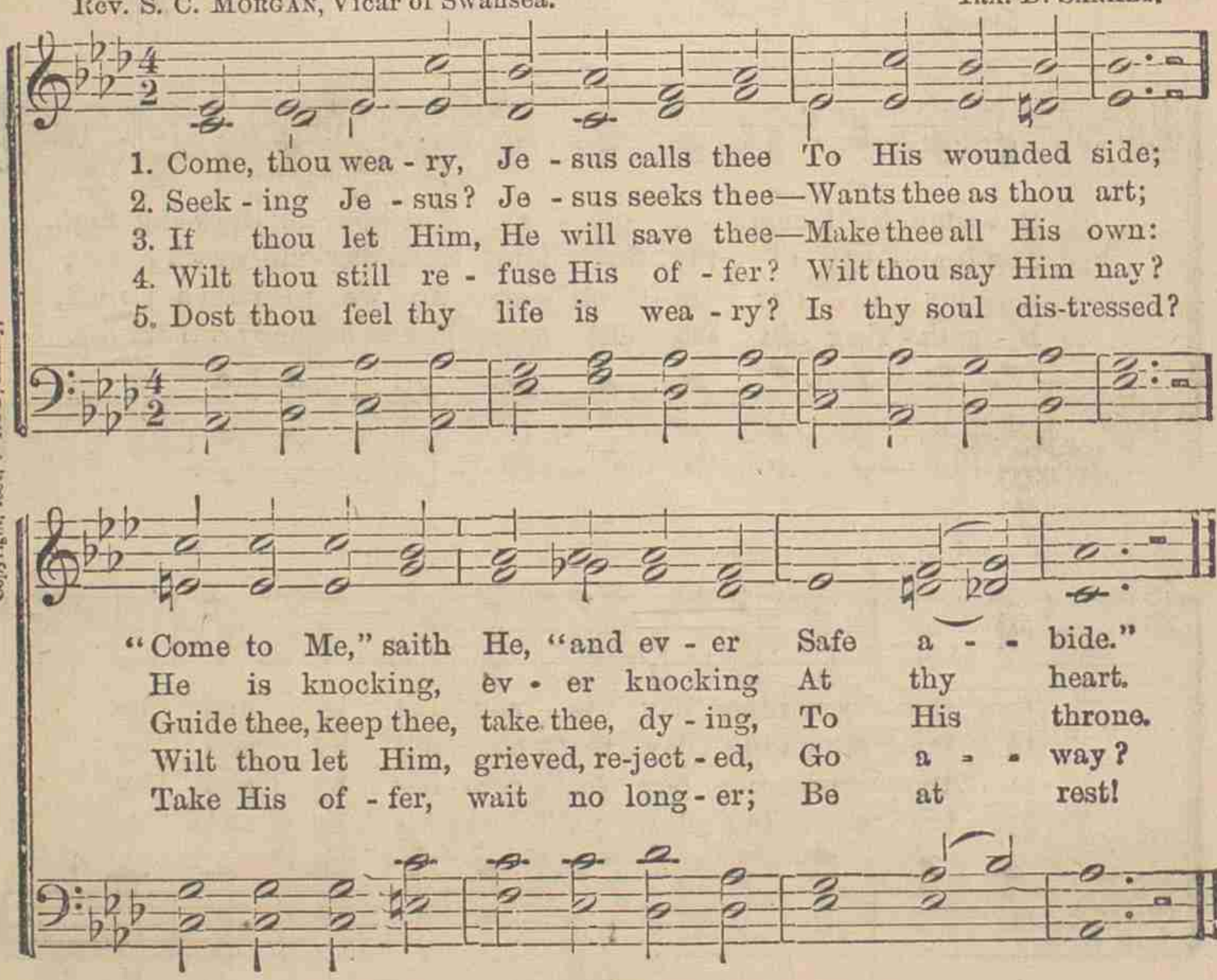
Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

To be free from pain and sor-row, And the anxious, dread to - mor-row,
Some tid-ings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day break-ing;
Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a-way for ev - er;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning star is beam-ing?
The midnight may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearning—yearning For the coming of the King.
But there's no more sep-a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der In the presence of the King.
But there's no more shadow yon-der In the presence of the King.

Oh! to be over Yonder.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 91. Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN, Vicar of Swansea. IRA. D. SANKEY.

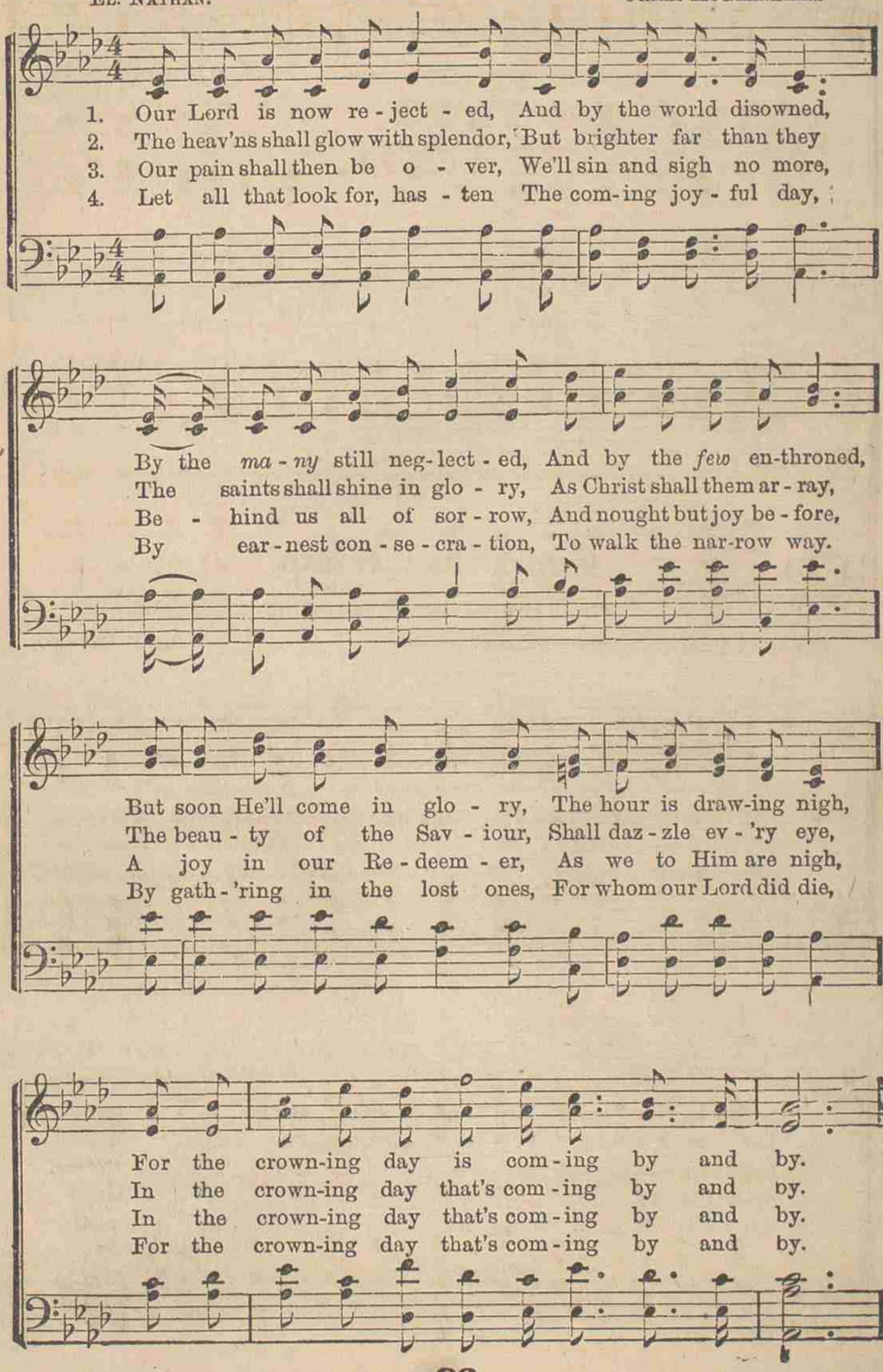


Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 92. The Crowning Day.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MAT. 24: 30.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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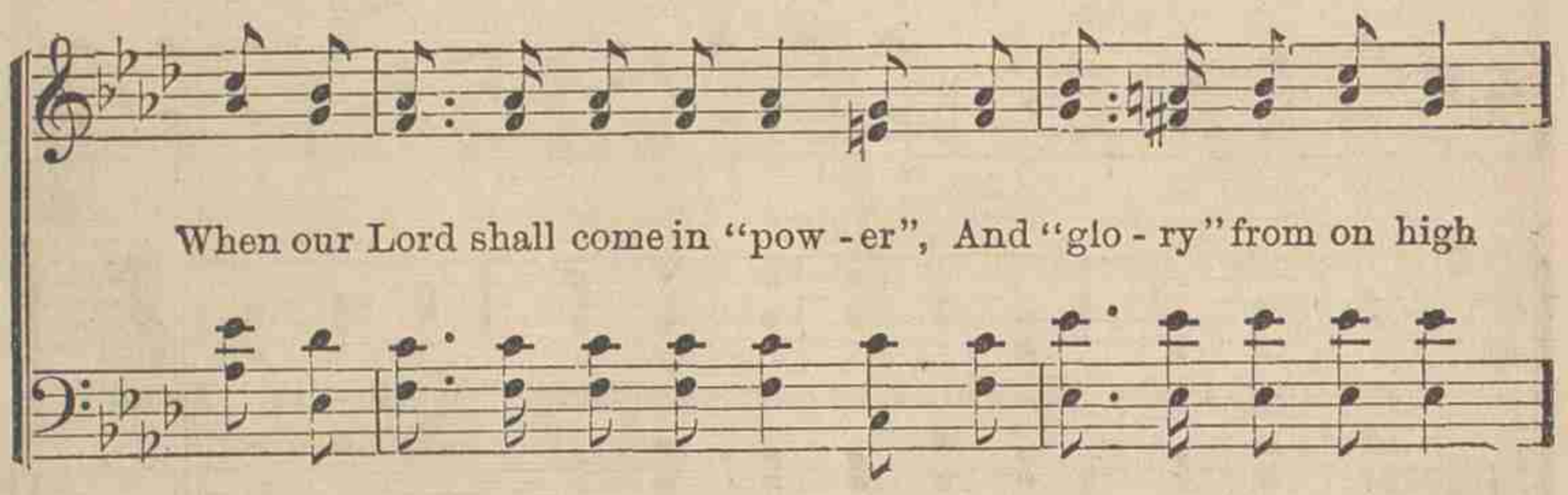
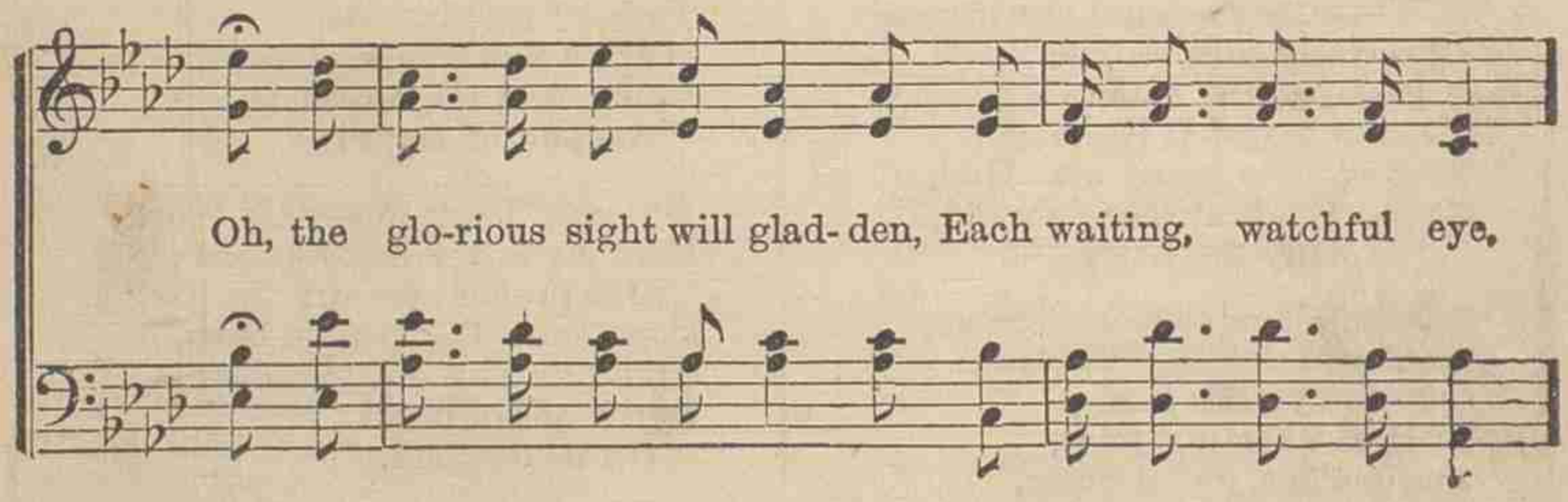
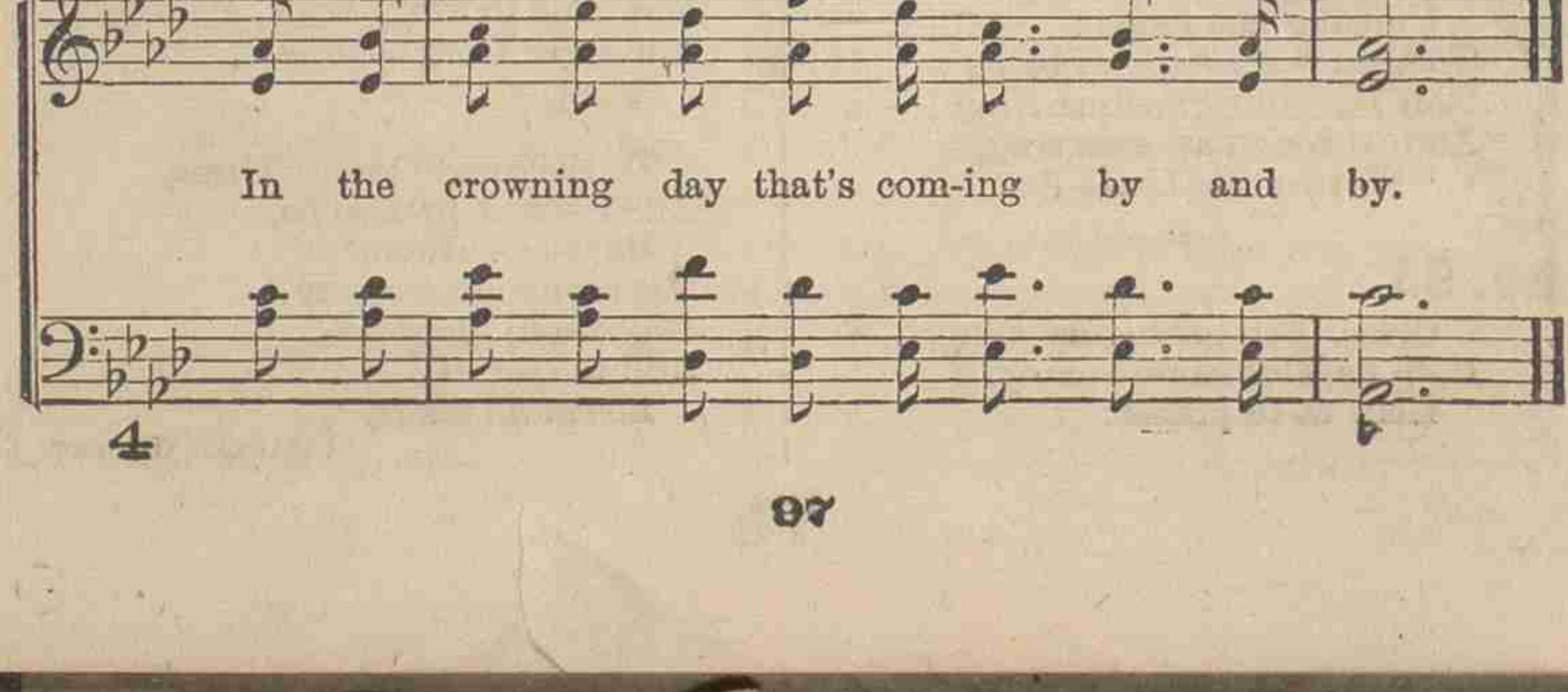
The Crowning Day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.





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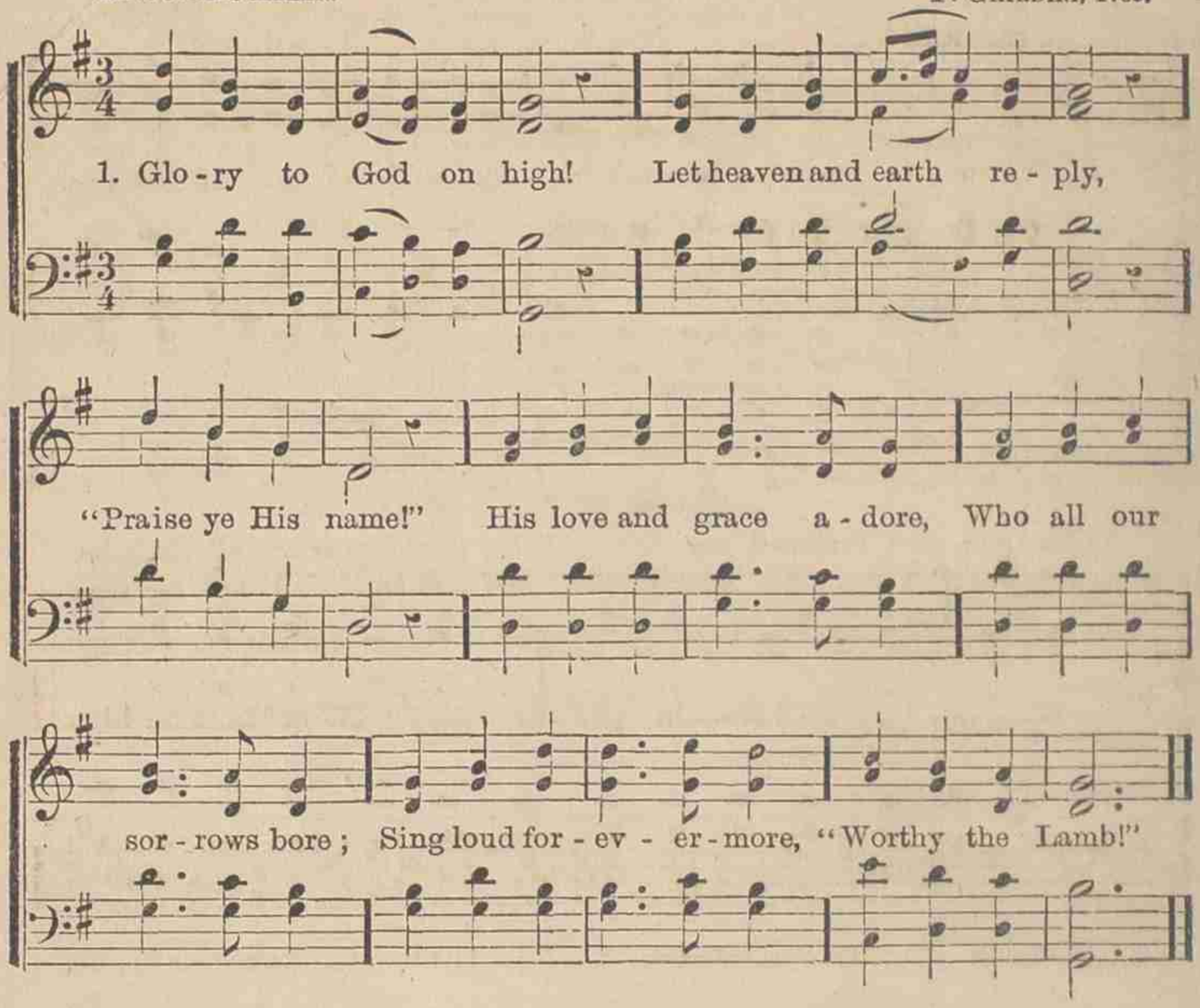
No. 93. Italian Hymn.

REV. JAMES ALLEN. F. GIARDINI, 1769.

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
  Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
  Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
  Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

—o—

No. 94.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
  Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
  Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
  Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
  On us descend.

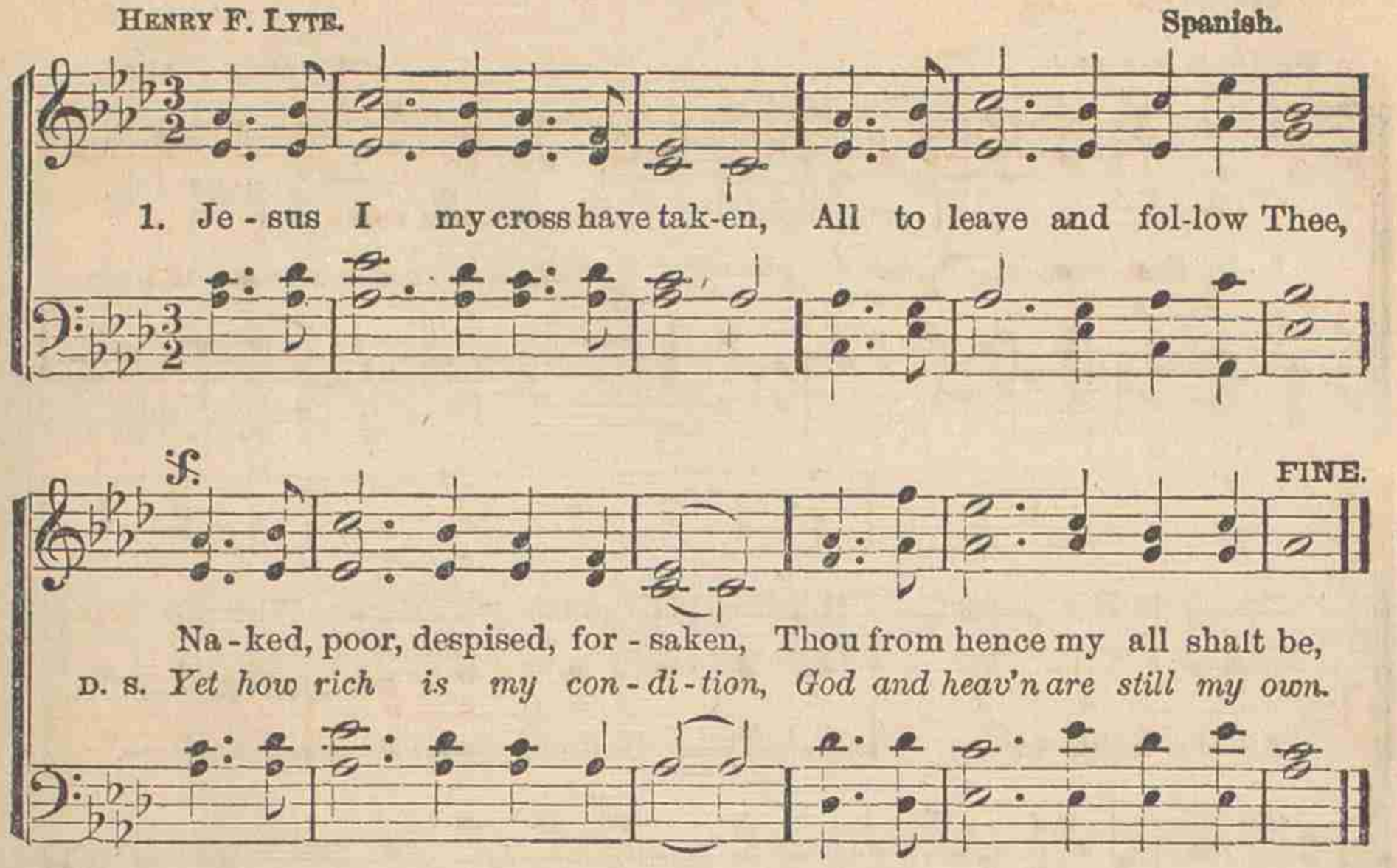
3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
  In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
  Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
  Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 95.

Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE. Spanish.

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

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—o—

No. 96.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.

||: Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany. :||

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
||: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany. :||

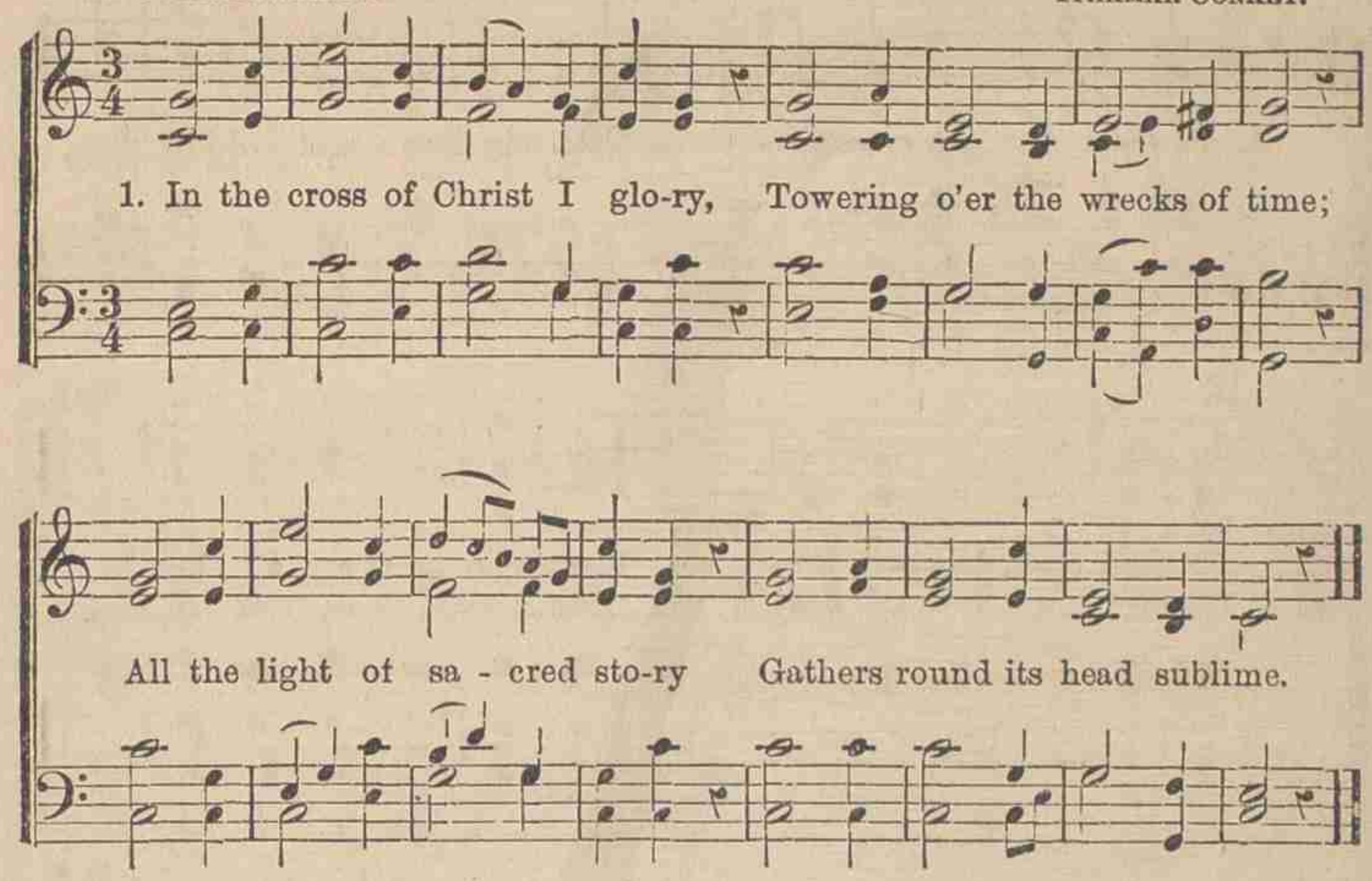
3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
||: Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany. :||

4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
||: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany! :||

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

No. 97.

Rathbun.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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 the way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

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

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

—o—

No. 98.

1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

—o—

No. 99.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

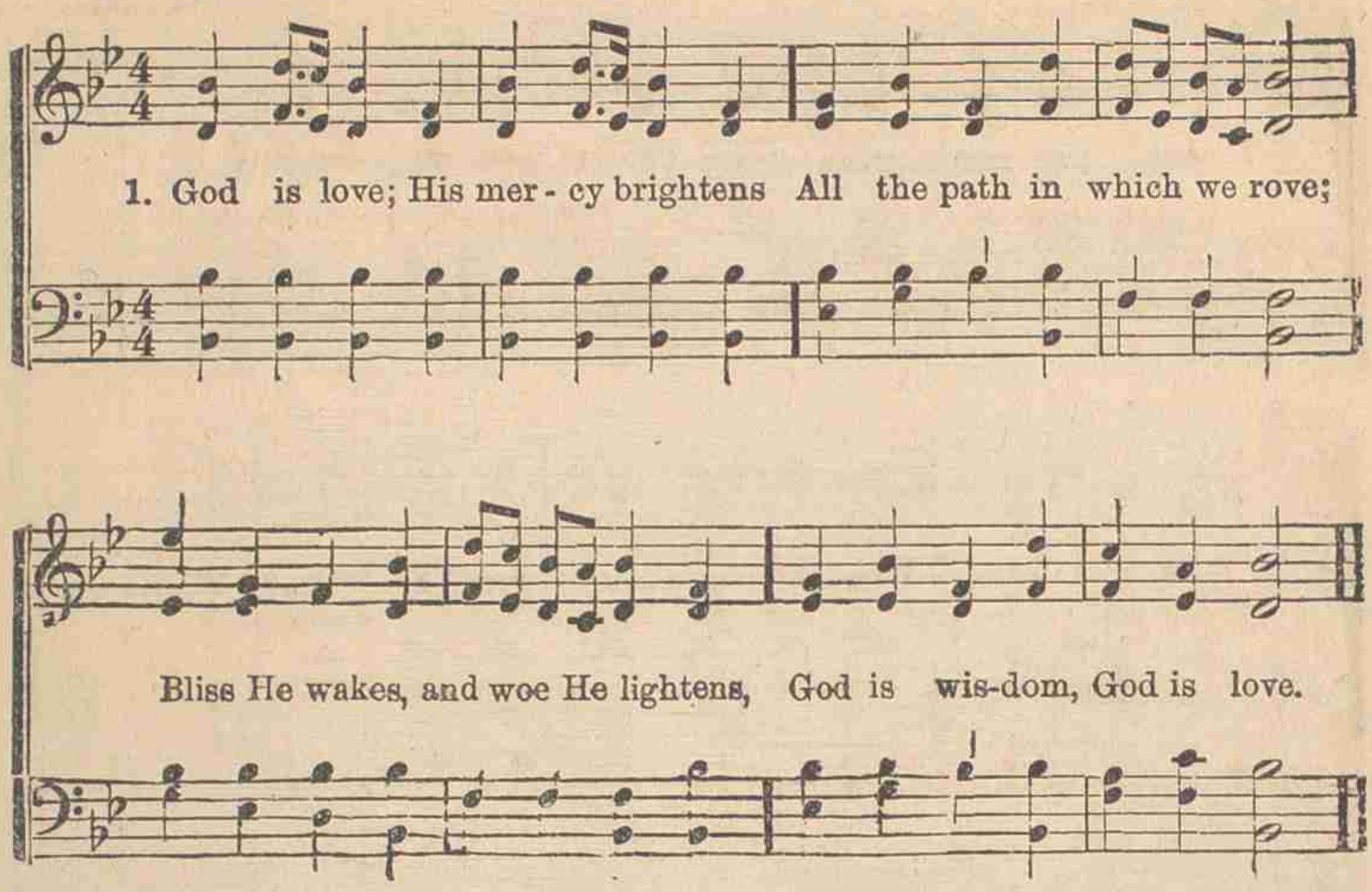
2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to bring our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

REV. JOHN BAKEWELL.

No. 100. Wilmot.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER.

2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

—o—

No. 101.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

REV. ELIAS NASON.

—o—

No. 102.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy
Weak and wounded sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity, love, and power.

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,

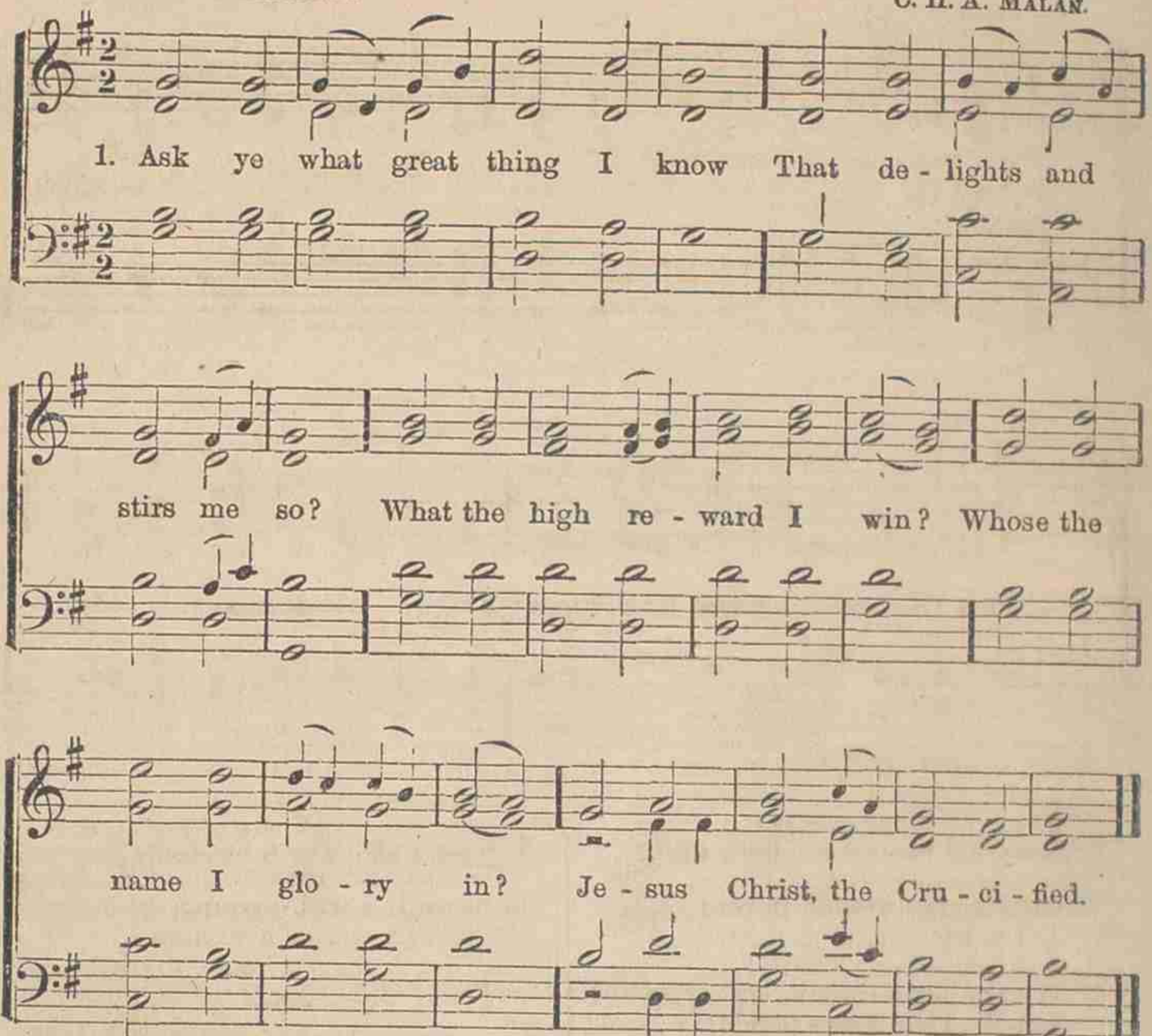
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

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

REV. JOSEPH HART.

No. 103. Hendon.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.



2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

No. 104.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":||

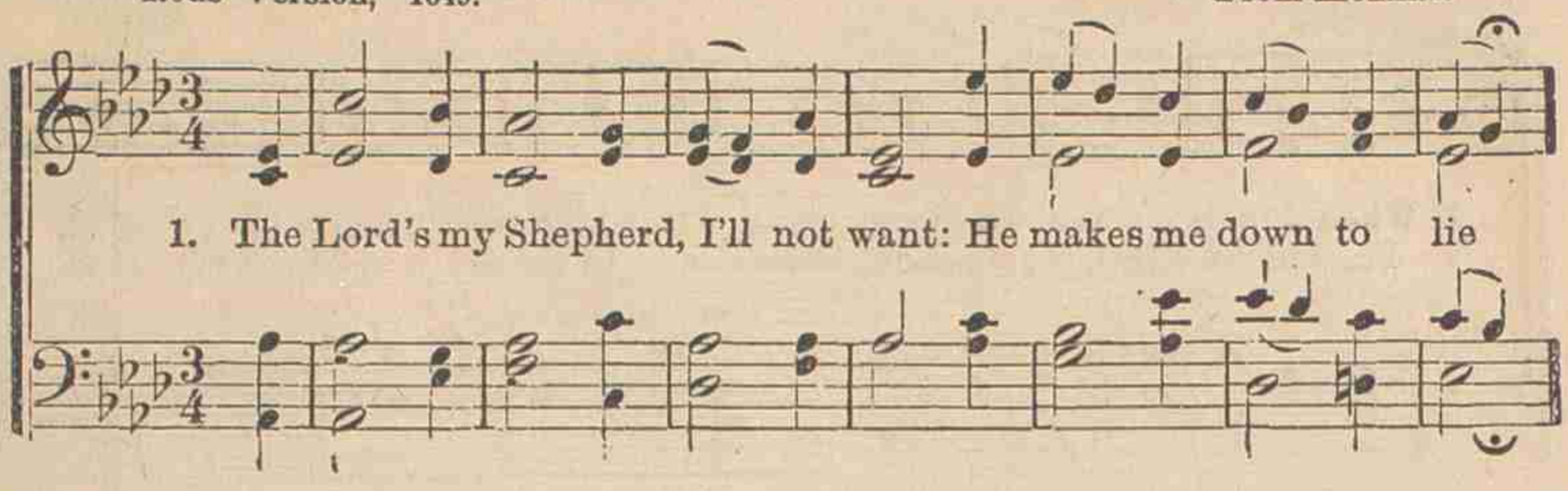
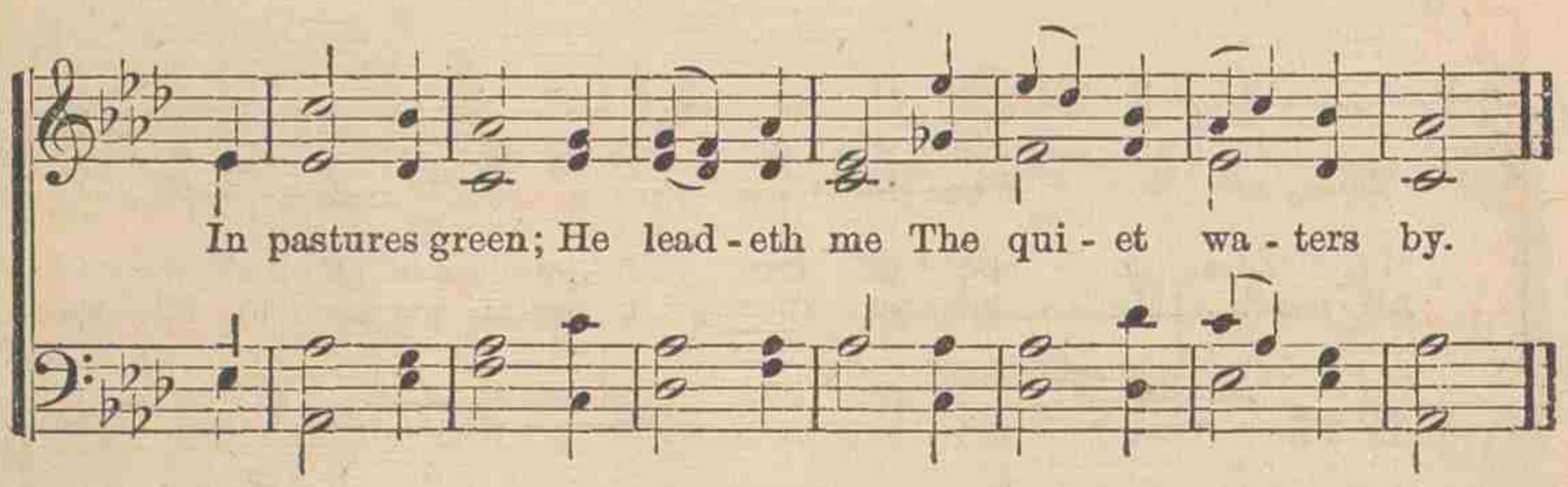
2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":||

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":||

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
||: "As thy days, thy strength shall be.":||

WM. F. LLOYD.

No. 107. Belmont.

"Rous' Version," 1649. From MOZART.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet I will fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

—o—

No. 106.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

—o—

No. 107.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

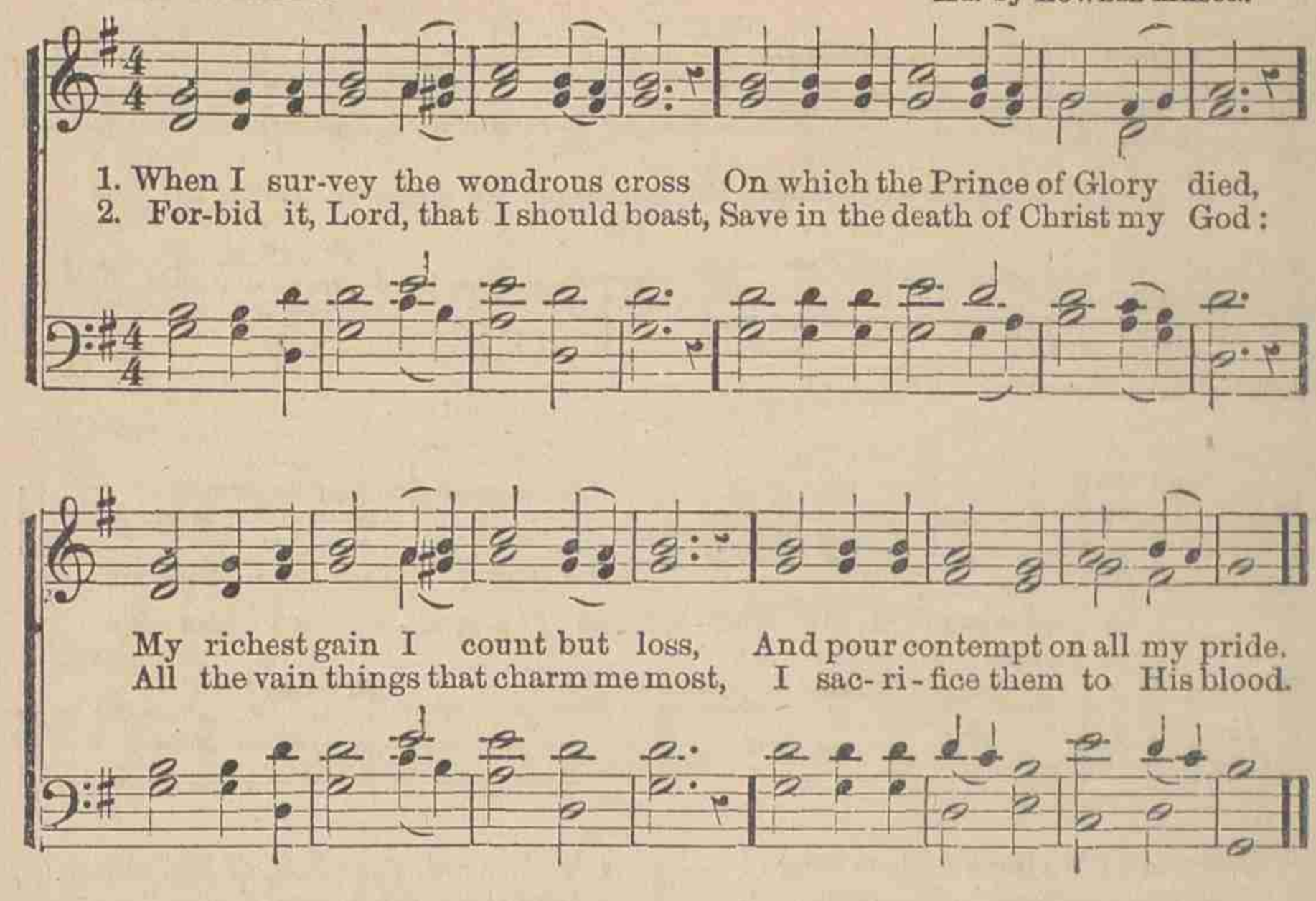
4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

No. 108. Hamburg.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



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

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

—o—

No. 109. (G. H. 3–104. combined 322.)

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus, 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 fear to quell, no soul to save.

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

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 110 Gloria Patri.

ANON.

No. 111.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1-2.)
Key F

1 'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.
CHO.—Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One.

2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng:
They are safe now in glory; and this is their song:

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me.
And the theme of our praises for ever will be:

P. P. BLISS.

No. 112.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1-52.)
Key G.

1 Down life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.
Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.
CHO.—All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

2 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

3 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

P. P. BLISS.

No. 113.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1-29.)
Key F.

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

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

ANON.

No, 114.

(TUNE.—G. H. 2-33. Combined, 165.)
Key A♭.

1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all,

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past:
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

EDGAR PAGE.

No. 115.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1–18.)
Key B♭.

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

CHO—Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

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

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 116.

(TUNE.—G. H. 3–42. Combined, 263.)
Key G.

1 Would you lose your load of sin?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!
Would you know God's peace within?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!

CHO.—Jesus who on the cross did die,
Jesus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,
He alone can justify!
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!

2 Would you calmly walk the wave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!
Would you know His power to save?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!

3 Would you have your cares grow light?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!
Would you songs have in the night?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!

4 Grieving, would you comfort know?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!
Humble be when blessings flow?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!

5 Would you strength in weakness have?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!
See a light beyond the grave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!

W. W. D.

No. 117.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1–24.)
Key G.

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

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory? Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory! revive us again.

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

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

4 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be re-kindled with fire from above.

5 Revive us again, raise the dead from their tomb:
May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room!

REV. W. P. MACKAY.

No. 118.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1–23.)
Key G.

1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see.
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

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

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.

P. P. BLISS.

No. 119.

TUNE.—CORONATION.
Key G.

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

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

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

REV. EDWARD PERRONET.

No. 120.

Key B♭.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

No. 121.

(TUNE.—G. H. 3-21. Combined, 242.)
Key G.

1 Oh, what a Saviour—that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,
"*Hath* everlasting life."

CHO.—"Verily, verily, I say unto you;"
"Verily, verily,"—message ever new!—
"He that believeth on the Son!"—'tis true!
"*Hath* everlasting life!"

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"*Have* everlasting life."

3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,
Tho' weak and sinful, I believe His word;
O glad message! every child of God
"*Hath* everlasting life."

4 Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
For him that cometh He will not cast out:
"He that believeth,"—oh the good news shout!—
"HATH everlasting life."

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

No. 122.

Key E♭.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus, from His throne on high,
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 I can see Him even now,
With His pierced thorn-clad brow,
Agonizing on the tree:
Oh, what love! and all for me!

4 Jesus loves me!—He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

5 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure and wholly Thine:
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

ANNA WARNER.

No. 123.

(TUNE—G. H. 2-5. Combined. 138.)
Key A♭.

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend;
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,—
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 124.

(TUNE—G. H. 1-92.)
Key A.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—||: Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there. :||

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—||: Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there. :||

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—||: Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there. :||

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—||: Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there. :||

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

No. 125.

TUNE.—OLIVET.
Key E♭.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

No. 126.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1–13.)
Key B♭.

1 I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.
CHO—And that will be glory for me,
Oh, that will be glory for me,
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.
CHO.—And that will be music for me,
Oh, that will be music for me,
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.
CHO.—And that will be heaven for me,
Oh, that will be heaven for me,
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

P. P. BLISS.

No. 127.

(TUNE.—G. H. 1–54.)
Key E♭.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bids't me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

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

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

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

No. 128.

TUNE.—MARTIN.
Key F.

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

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

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

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 129.

(TUNE—G. H. 1–72.)
Key A♭.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you—
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—
Precious name, oh how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven!
Precious name, oh how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven!

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

No. 130.

(TUNE—G. H. 2–10, Combined 143.)
Key E.

1 Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon, and night to pray?
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

CHO.—
Are your windows open towards Jerusalem,
Though as captives here a "little while" we stay?
For the coming of the King in His glory,
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage!
Your great deliverance sweetly sing:
Set your faces towards the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King!

P. P. BLISS.

No. 131.

(TUNE—G. H. 2–80, Combined 204.)
Key G.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

No. 132.

Key C.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER.

No. 133.

Key F.

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

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

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

ANNIE L. WALKER.

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