Songs of Old Erin

EDITED
—BY—
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SONGS

OF

REDEEMING LOVE

"Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

EDITED BY

JNO. R. SWENEY, C. C. McCABE,
T. C. O'KANE, W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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JOHN J. HOOD,
1018 Arch Street.

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PREFACE.

FEAR not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

"Therefore the redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the LORD hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem."

"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity."

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

"Unto him that loved us,
and washed us from our sins in his own blood,
and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father,
to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

AMEN.

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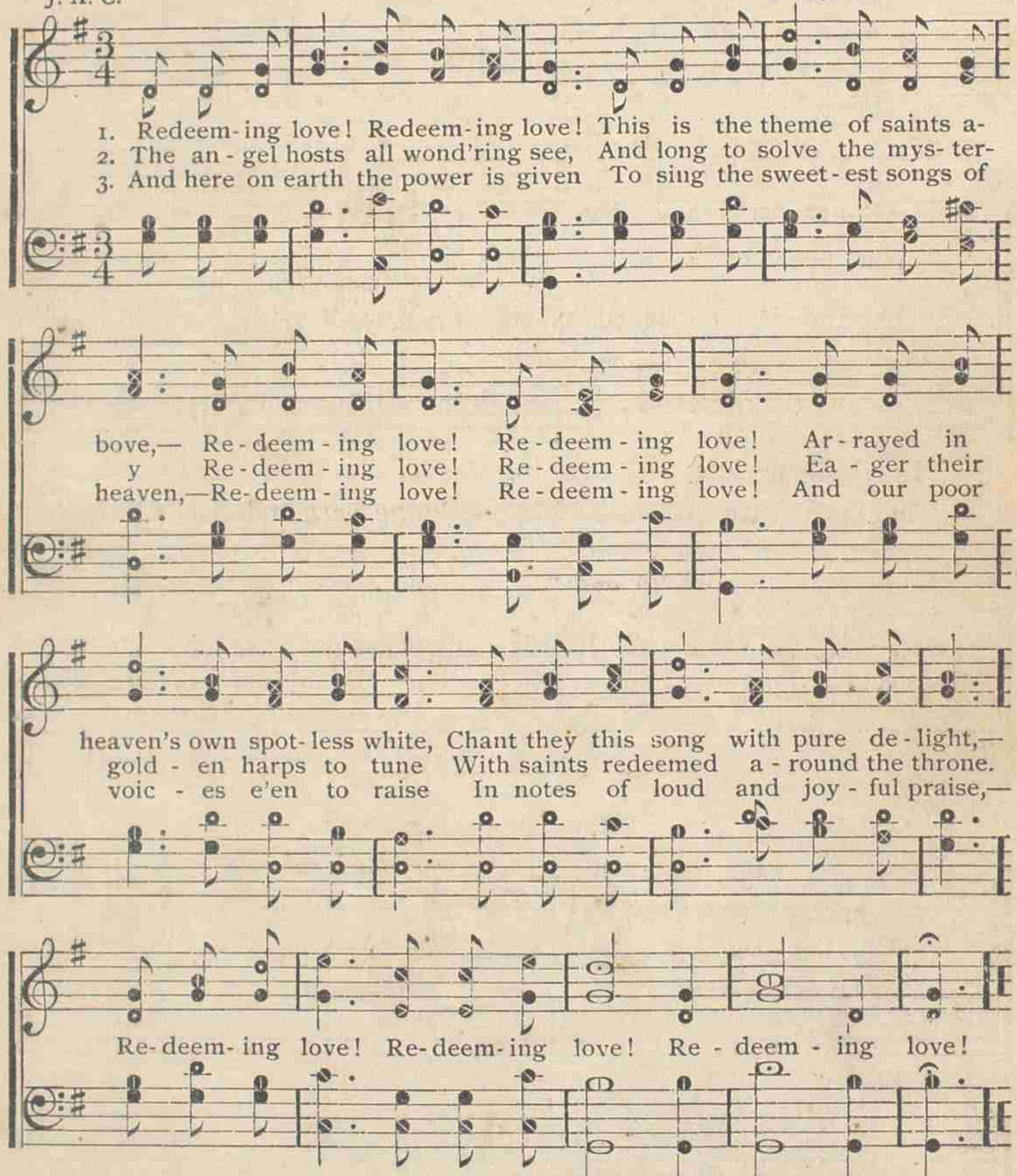
Redeeming Love.

J. A. C.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



4 Oh! shout aloud, ye sons of men,
Tell the glad tidings o'er again,—
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
From east to west, from south to north,
Still let the sound go reaching forth,—
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

5 Let distant lands take up the strain,
Till love on earth entire shall reign,
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
O earth, be glad! O heaven, above,
Sing ye the song,—Redeeming love!
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Song of the Soul.

Rev. Henry A. von Dulsem. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
2. In the beau - ti - ful land far a - way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
3. And the fair, golden harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
4. And as a - ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per - ish the

pine, in the home of our King! But as a - ges fly onward new
home of the An - cient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the
touch that no an - gel can give, As we sing in that land where the
stars that in heav - en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be

chords shall un - fold, New mel - o- dies meeting, in - spire us to sing.
sun in his pride, Our long hal - le - lu - jahs of glo - ry we'll raise.
wea- ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin - ner might live.
deathless and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!

For - ev - er in glo - ry the song of the soul!

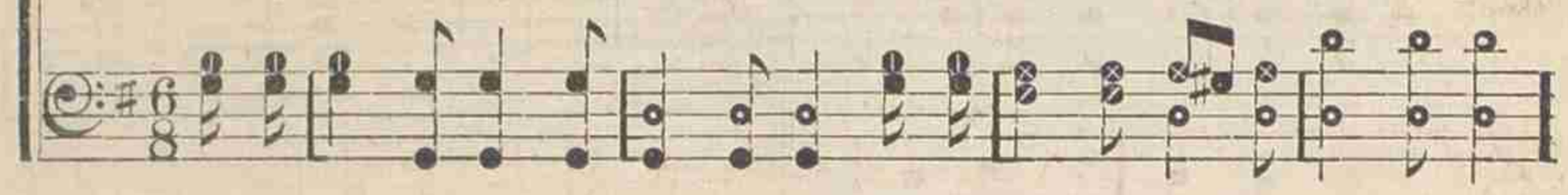
From "Reedeemer's Praise," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

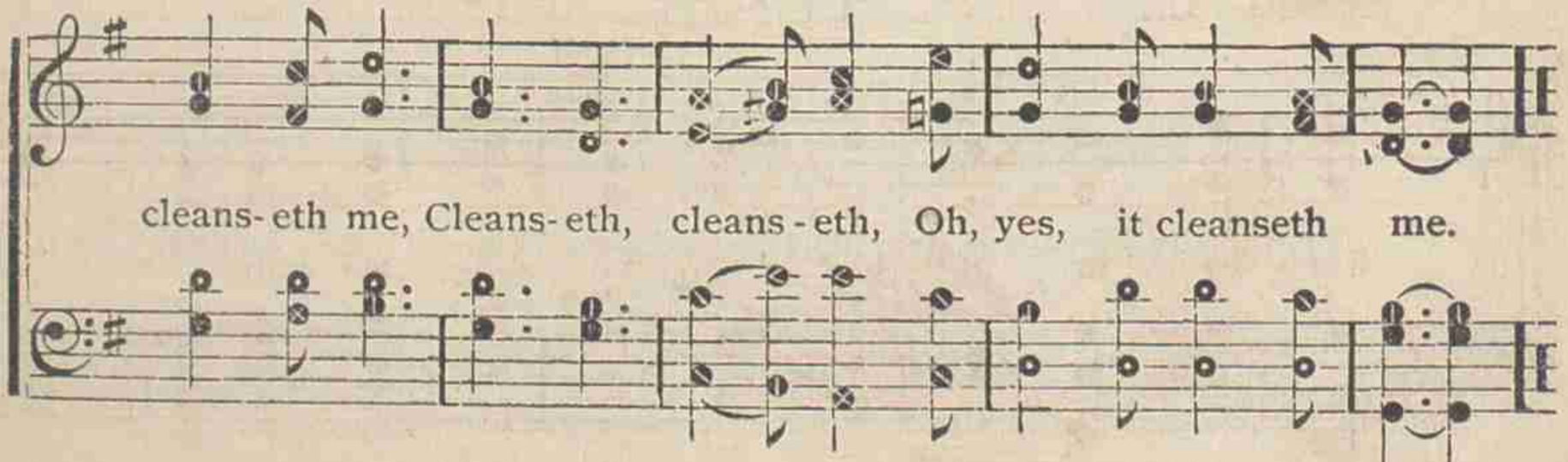
1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
3 Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,



In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

CHORUS.

O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus



cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Beloved.

H. M. BRADLEY. THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Down in the val- ley, a- mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Belov- ed, his
2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to discov- er Where is the place of thy
3. Now I approach thee, oh, fair- est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
4. Gen - tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the

footprints I see; Haste I to fol - low thee, Saviour and Lov- er,
frag-rant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that adores thee,
sun in the sky; Gath - er me ten - der-ly, close to thy bo - som,

CHORUS.

How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be - loved Lord!
Shelter'd near fountains unsearch'd by the heat.
Hast thou not sought me and call'd me thy Dove?
Faint with thy lov - li-ness thus let me die.

For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

Redeemed thro' his infi- nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who loving- ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
redeemed, redeemed,

Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
redeemed, redeemed,

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

H. L. G.

Speak to Me, Jesus.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, In sickness and sor- row, so
3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im- part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

of - ten have told That sto - ry so sim - ple, so kind and so free, Oh,
ten - der and soft, Did gen - tly admon - ish in Beth - a- ny's home, Oh,
wand'ring's are o'er; I seek now for par - don, in pen - i- tence wait, Oh,
cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

D.S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.

speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . . to me,
speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
speak to me, Je - sus, before 'tis too late.
help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
(3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
(4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . . from a - bove, Tell . . . of thy
speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,

hands, . . . of thy side, . . . and thy love; . . . For-
tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Have you heard?

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Have you heard of those heavenly mansions, Prepared by the Saviour above,
2. Have you heard of that wonderful ci - ty, Whose walls are of jasper and gold?
3. Have you heard of those emblems of vict'ry, That all of the glori-fied bear?
4. But the beauti-ful mansion and ci - ty, The palm, and the glittering crown,

For all who are un - to him faithful, And who his appearing shall love?
Whose inha - bit- ants ev - er are happy, And nev-er grow weary or old?
Of the star-bedecked crowns of rejoicing Which all of the ransomed shall wear?
We each may en-joy, if we serve him Who for us his life once laid down.

CHORUS.

Yet, half has never been told, . . . Yet, half has never been told; . . .
never been told, never been told;

For the eye has not seen them, nor ear ever heard, And half has never been told.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp *m*

1. Softly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home, . .
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnest-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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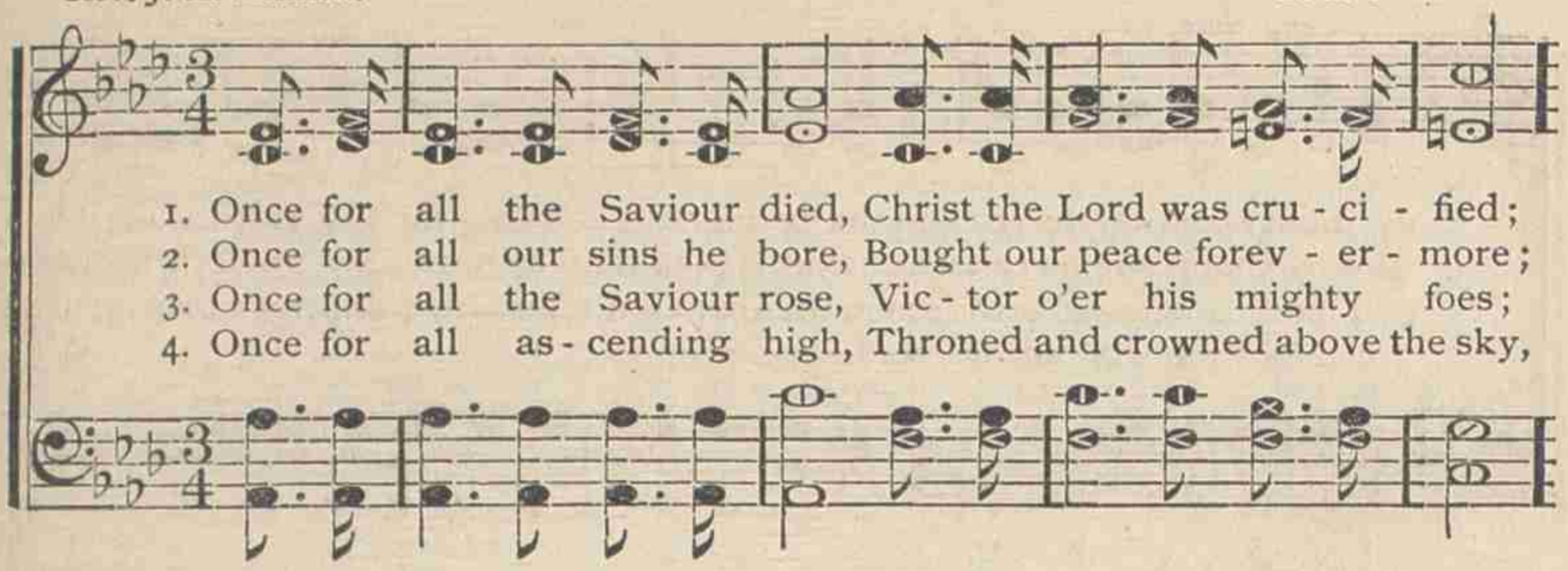
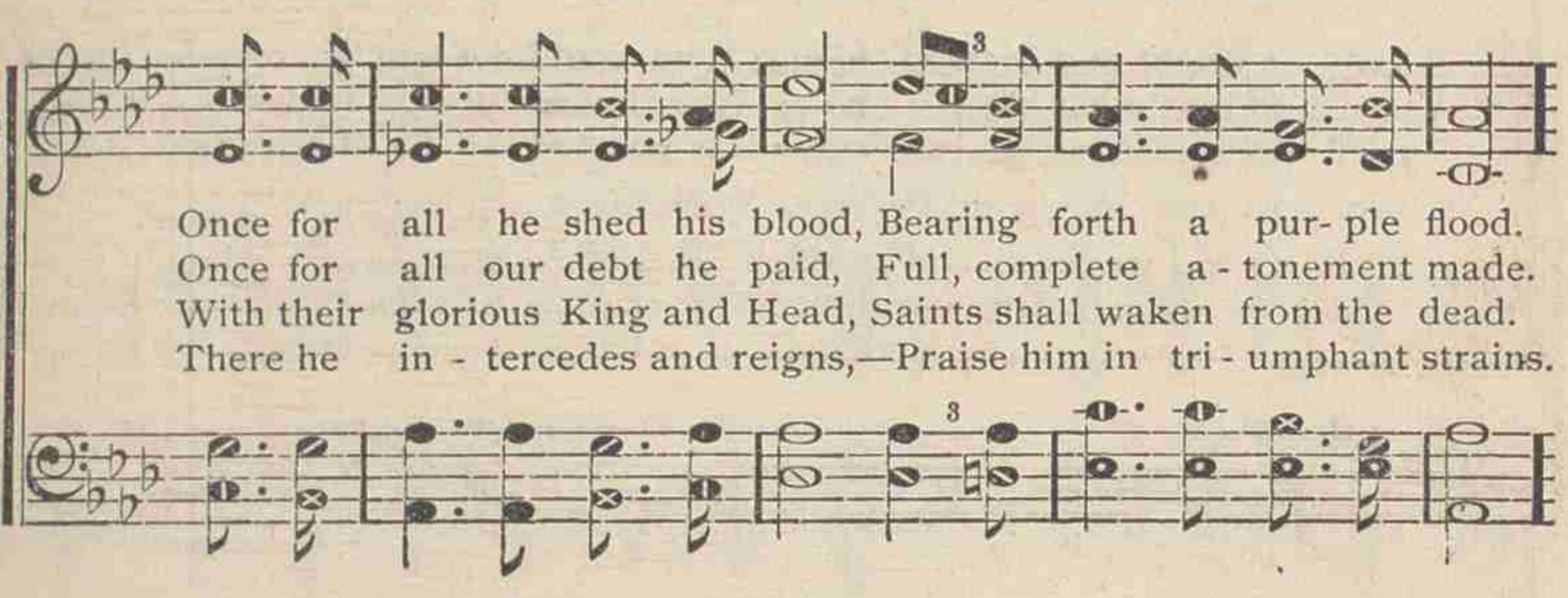
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Once for All the Saviour Died.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. T. C. O'KANE.



From 'Redeemer's Praise.'



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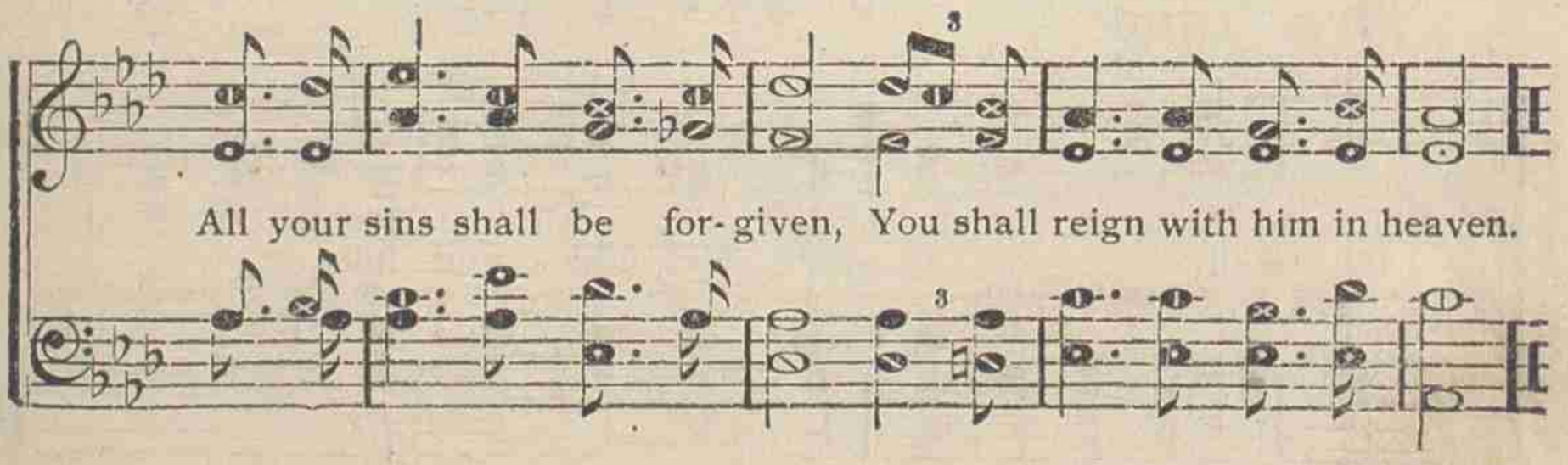

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Wait, and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,

wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait,
meekly wait,

O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.
meekly wait,
O, murmur not.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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In the Cleft of the Rock.

Mrs J. C. Yule. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. In the Rock that is high-er than I In peace I am resting to-
2. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— The Rock that was rent for my
3. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— That-is stronger than earth or than
4. O, the Rock that is high-er than I,— I hide in the cleft of his

day, And the clouds that hung dark O'er my storm-driven bark Are
sin,— In the cleft of the Rock, Where there cometh no shock, I am
hell,— With nev-er a fear, Tho' the storm rages near, In
side, And I know that for aye, Tho' the worlds pass away, My

CHORUS.

rolled from the heavens a-way. O, the Rock that is higher than I!
hiding; by mercy shut in!
peace and as-surance I dwell!
hiding-place still shall a-bide!

Blessed Rock that is high-er than I! Safe sheltered I rest, Where no

ills can mo-lest, In the Rock that is high-er than I!

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly-ing, Je-sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
4. At the cross I'm calmly rest - ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;

Burdened, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je-sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give."
All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
I am tast-ing of his glo - ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo-ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,
I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting at the cross;
I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

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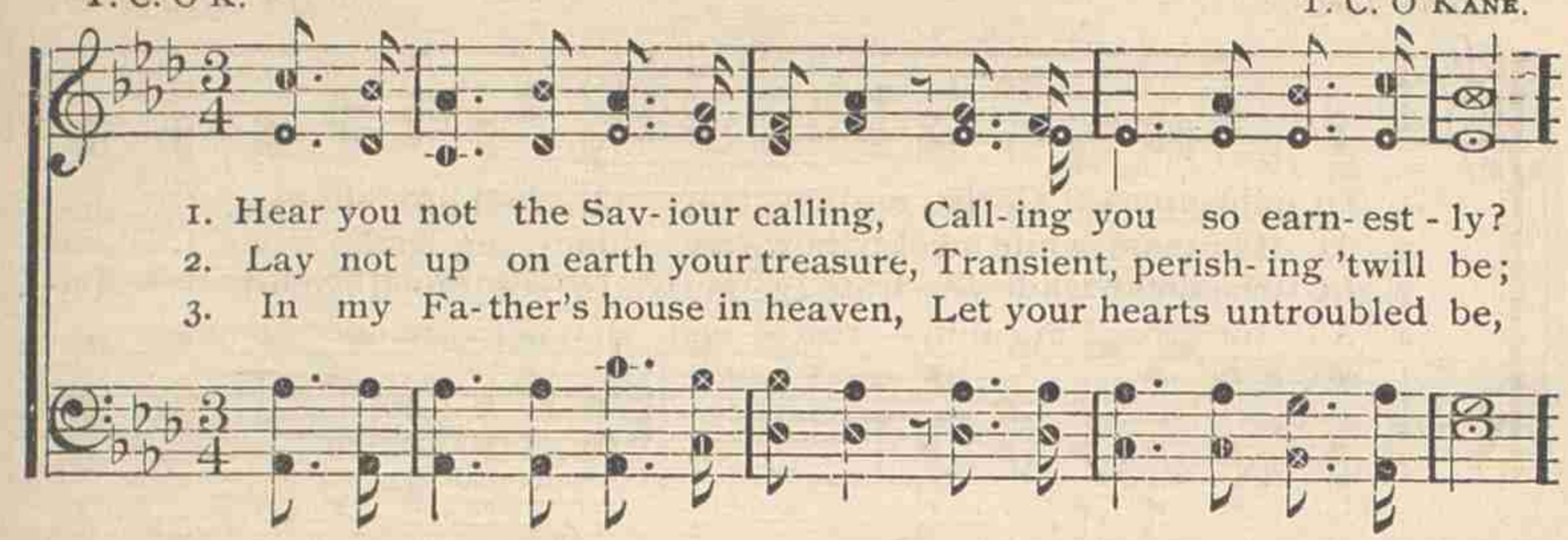
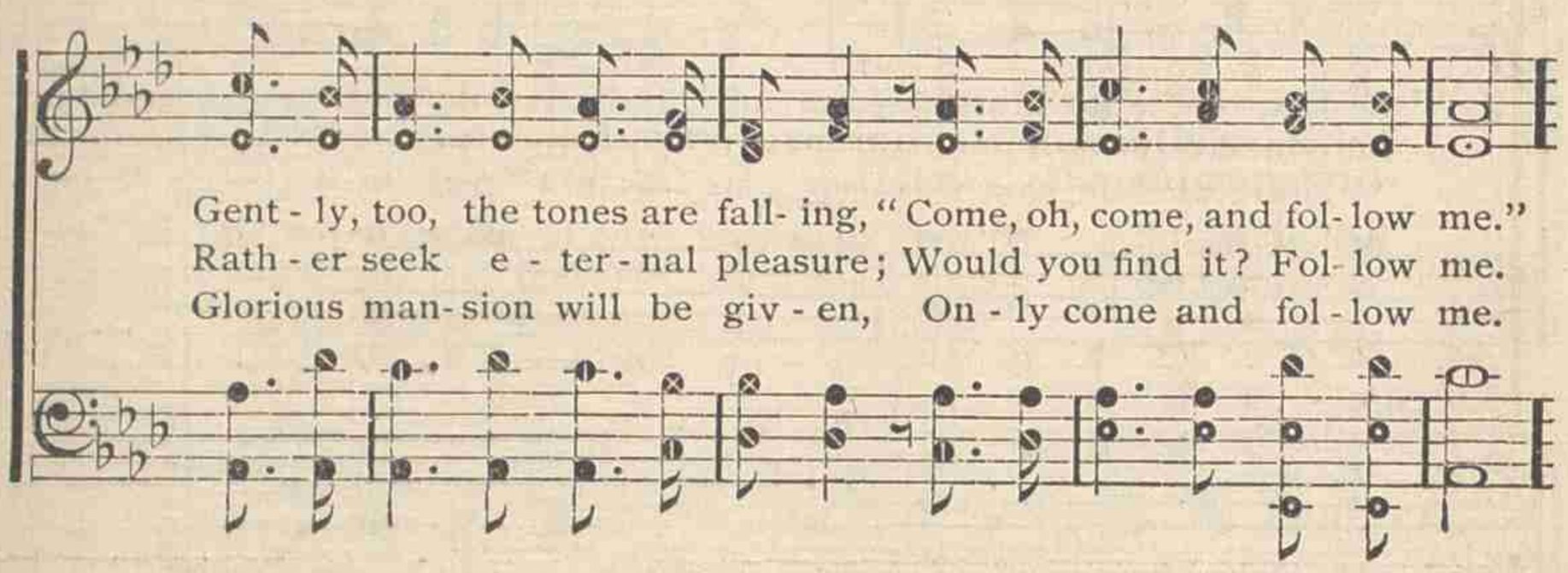
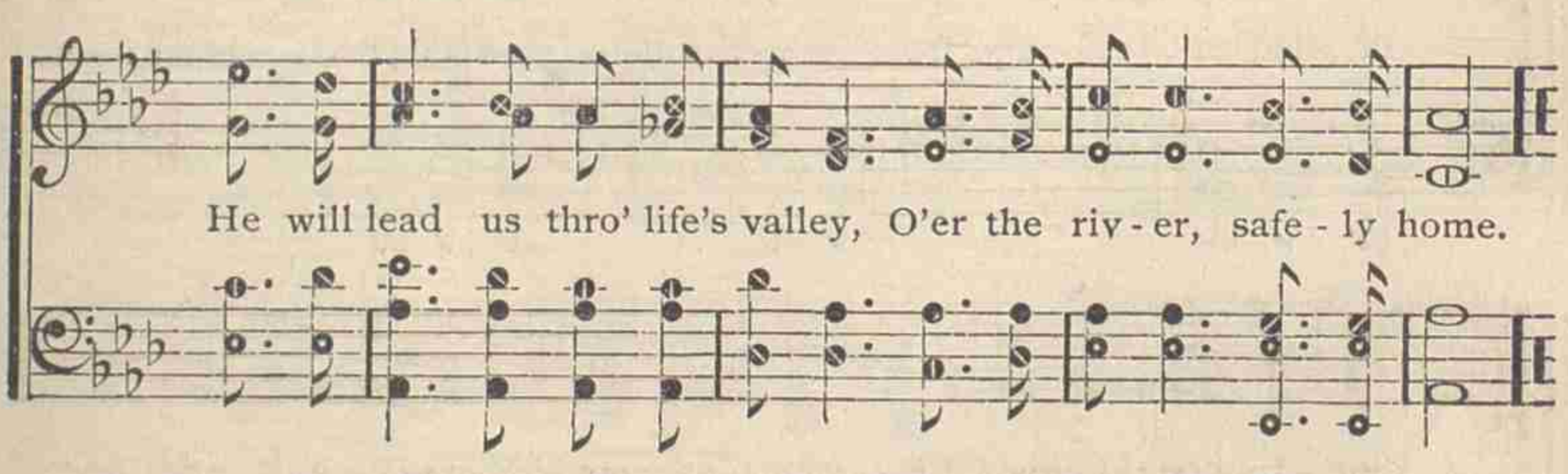
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

"Follow Me."

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.







4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
Whither duty leadeth thee,
Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
I will guide thee,—follow me.

5 When thy days on earth are ending,
And the close of life you see,
Even to the grave descending,
Never fear, but follow me.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

What a Refuge.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the shadow of the Rock in a thirsty land I flee, To the shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Redeemer bids me go, and how sweet my rest will be, With his tender, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so many pilgrim feet, In their joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a sure and safe retreat, And the blessed lamp of faith still is burn-ing.
3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful waters from the pure crystal riv-er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its cleft my soul shall hide, With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev-er.

D.S.—sweet my rest will be, With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er me.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a ref-uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge!—my only hope is there; My Re-deemer bids me go, and how

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Outside the Gate. 17

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Father's home;
2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
3. O, lin-ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb-ing fast;

Why lin-ger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—
His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em-brace;
This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;

Come in,—be-hold, thy Fa-ther calls; His love for thee is great;
He longs to hear thee say, for-give; He mourns thy hapless state;
Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;

Fine.

Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?

D. S.—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Outside the gate, out-side the gate, O soul, no long-er wait;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Beautiful Day.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Beau-ti-ful day, love-ly thy light; Ho-ly each ray, ban-ishing night;
2. Beau-ti-ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beau-ti-ful day, perfect-ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,
4. Beau-ti-ful day, ha-ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;

Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.
Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful day, Evermore shine on my way;
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day, Ev-ermore shine on my way;

Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beauti-ful day.
beauti-ful day.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir-gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!

Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com- eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

20

I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29. T. C. O'Kane.

1. O, sing of Je- sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous power of love di- vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er- more shall be;

And for a ran- som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all mankind, Em - brac - es e - ven me.
He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed, Through the
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re - deemed,
of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,

I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
I'm redeemed,

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Jesus will give you Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach- ing
3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je -sus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov- ing

pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,
breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
best, By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,
breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap- py rest! sweet, happy rest!

Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in

. happy rest,

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

From "Joy to the World," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Coming to Jesus.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. With my sin-wounded soul, To be made ful - ly whole, And thy perfect sal-
2. O, how long have I tried To re - sist nature's tide, All in vain have I
3. I thy promise believe, That in thee I shall live, Thro' thy blood shed so
4. To be thine, wholly thine, Precious Saviour divine; With my all con-se-

va-tion to see; With my heart stained by sin, To be washed and made clean,
sighed to be free; In myself all undone, 'Neath the waves sinking down,
free - ly for me To ob-tain a pure heart, To secure this "good part,"
crat - ed to thee; To be kept ev'ry hour, By thy love's wondrous power,

REFRAIN.

I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. I am coming, dear Saviour, to

thee, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee; With my heart stained by

sin, To be washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Freely Speak for Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, free - ly speak for Je - sus,—Pro- claim how great his love;
2. Go, bear a - mid the dark- ness Some beams of gos - pel light,
3. Oh, gent - ly lift the fal - len; Let love her man- tle spread;
4. The small - est act for Je - sus Shall glow with grace di - vine,

Oh, tell that sweet compas - sion Once brought him from a - bove.
'Till hope shall clear each pathway Now shroud - ed dark as night.
Then bear the lost to Je - sus, Who once for sin- ners bled.
And peace that pass- eth knowledge Shall ev - er-more be thine.

CHORUS.

Yes, fill thy life with ser - vice, Oh, fill it to the brim;
Christ wrought for thee a bless - ing: Then do thy best for him.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The great Judgment Day.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You are un-der condem-na-tion, careless sin-ner, And the judgment day is sure-ly draw-ing near; If you tram-ple un-der
2. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin-ner, And re-member there's a death that nev-er dies; Oh, the wail-ing of the
3. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin-ner, If you sin a-way the precious time of grace, You will call up-on the
4. There's a world where all the righteous shall be gath-ered, And an-oth-er of remorse and end-less pain; If you die with-out the

foot redeeming mer-cy, What a sentence then your guilty soul will hear.
lost who feel its an-guish; To its horror will you dare to close your eyes?
rocks to fall up-on you, And to hide you from a slighted Saviour's face.
cleansing blood of Je-sus, Then for-ev-er with the lost you must remain.

CHORUS.

De-part from my presence, the Judge will proclaim, De-part from my presence in-to ev-erlasting flame! Oh, escape this aw-ful doom; cling to

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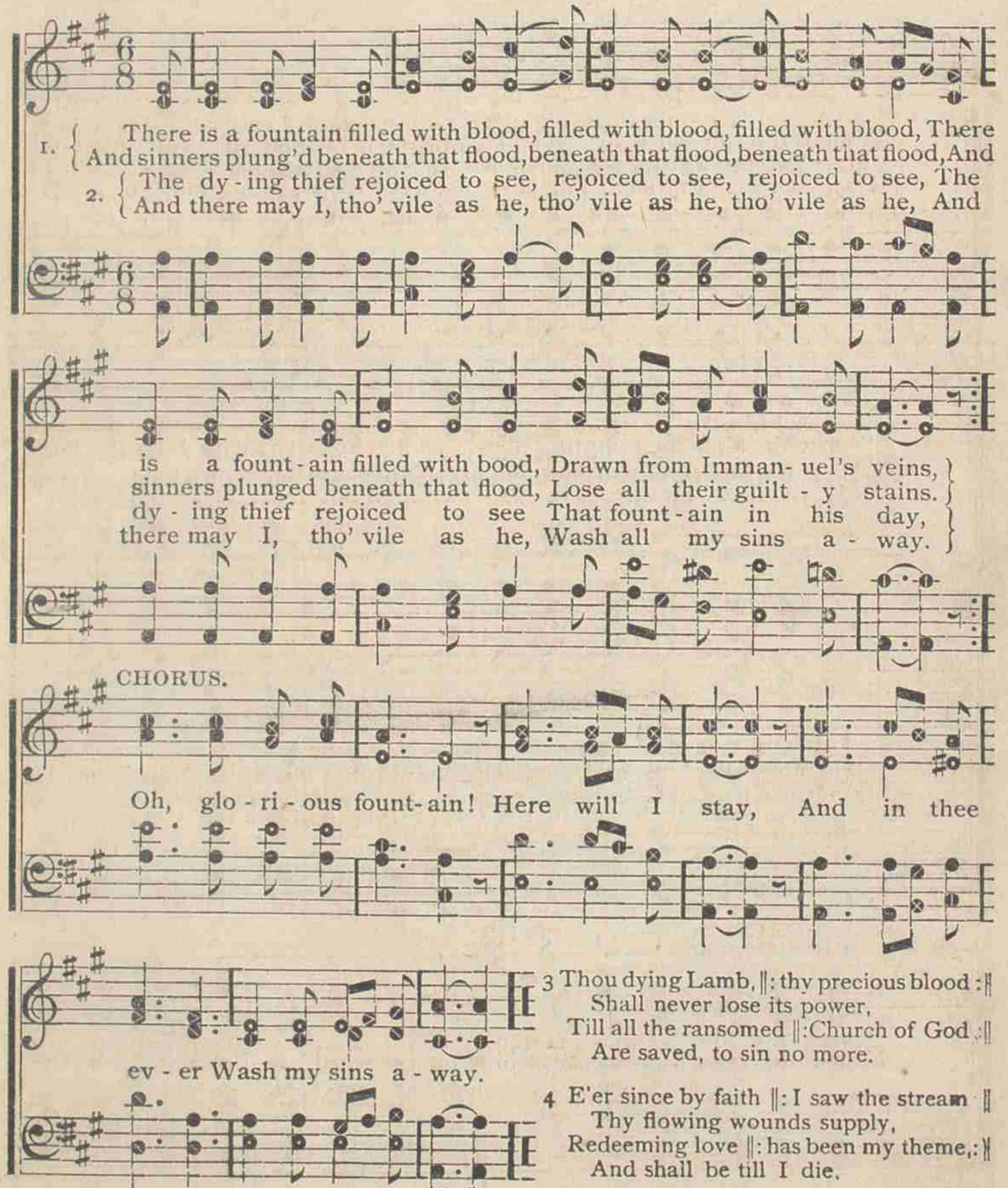
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.



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

4 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.

From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Marching Onward.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumes our way;
3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;

With our ban - ner float- ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!
Ev - er on- ward, ev - er on-ward, Step by step, and day by day!
For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war- fare may be long!

Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us with lur - ing hand;
'Tis a grand and glorious ar- my; And the King whose name we bear,
No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;

But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.
Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!
Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!

CHORUS.

March- ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the

Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Marching Onward.—CONCLUDED.

ban- ner of the pure and free; Marching on - ward, marching
Marching on- ward,

on - ward; Christ our Leader prom- is - es the vic - to - ry.
Marching on - ward;

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won- drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Je- sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

Fine. CHORUS. *D.S.*

name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou- bled at the thought of dy- ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de- part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx- ious what shall be to - mor- row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

My Father-land.

Rev. W. Hunter. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode;
2. There is a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade;
3. There is a place where my friends have gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me,
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er,—

The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.
Where never is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my beloved is dead."
Ex - al- ted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.

I'm bound for home, for my father-land, The house and the city a - bove; And
soon shall I join the ransom'd band, And dwell in that cit-y of love.

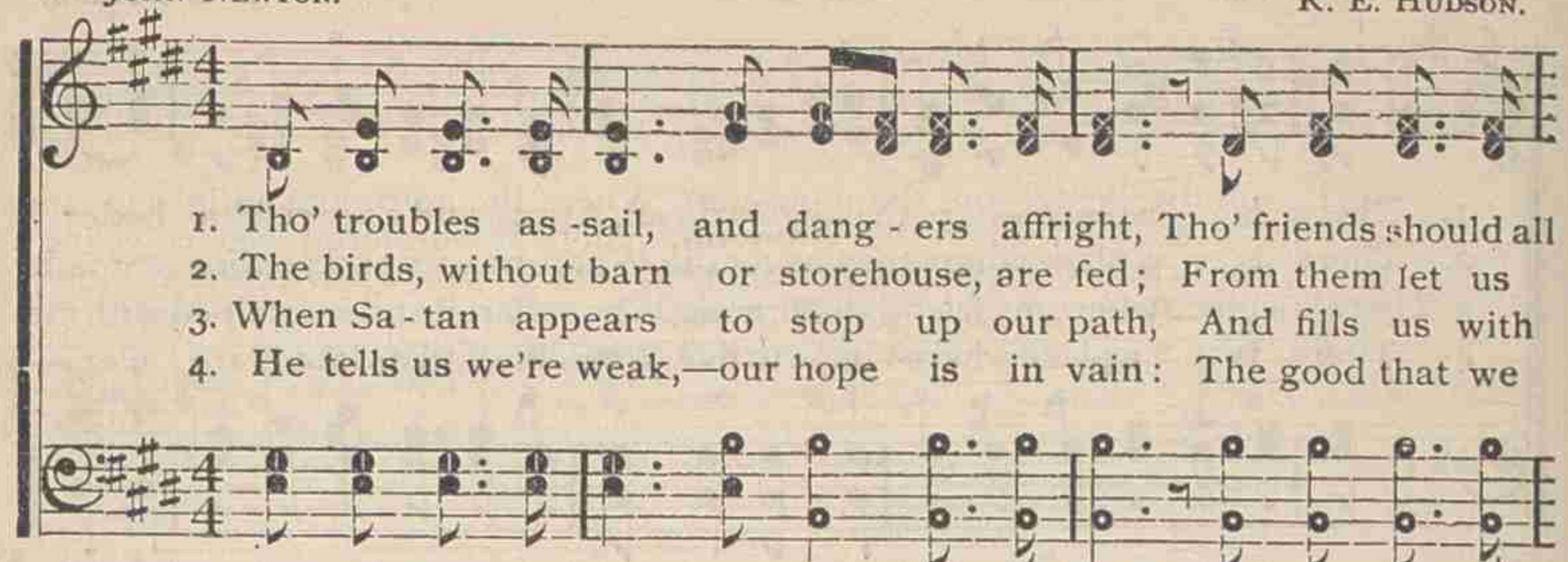
rit.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

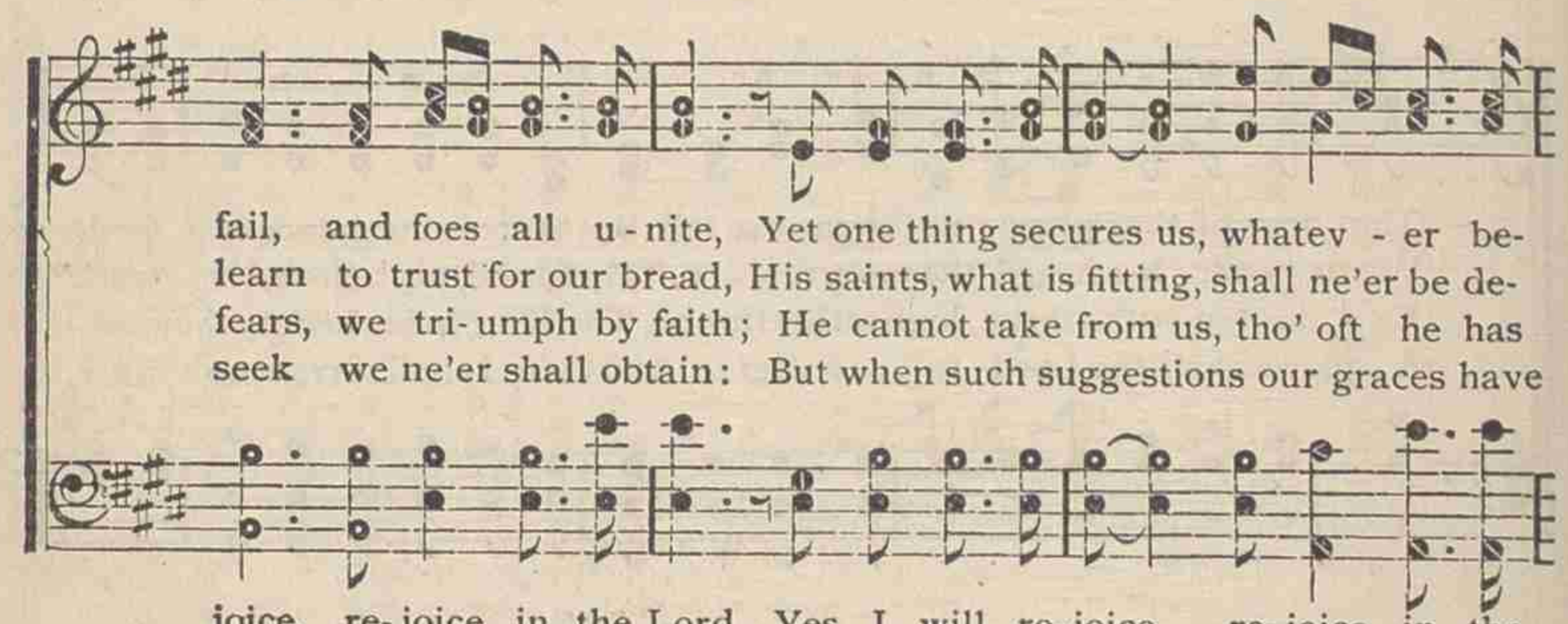
Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON.



1. Tho' troubles as -sail, and dang - ers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa - tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we

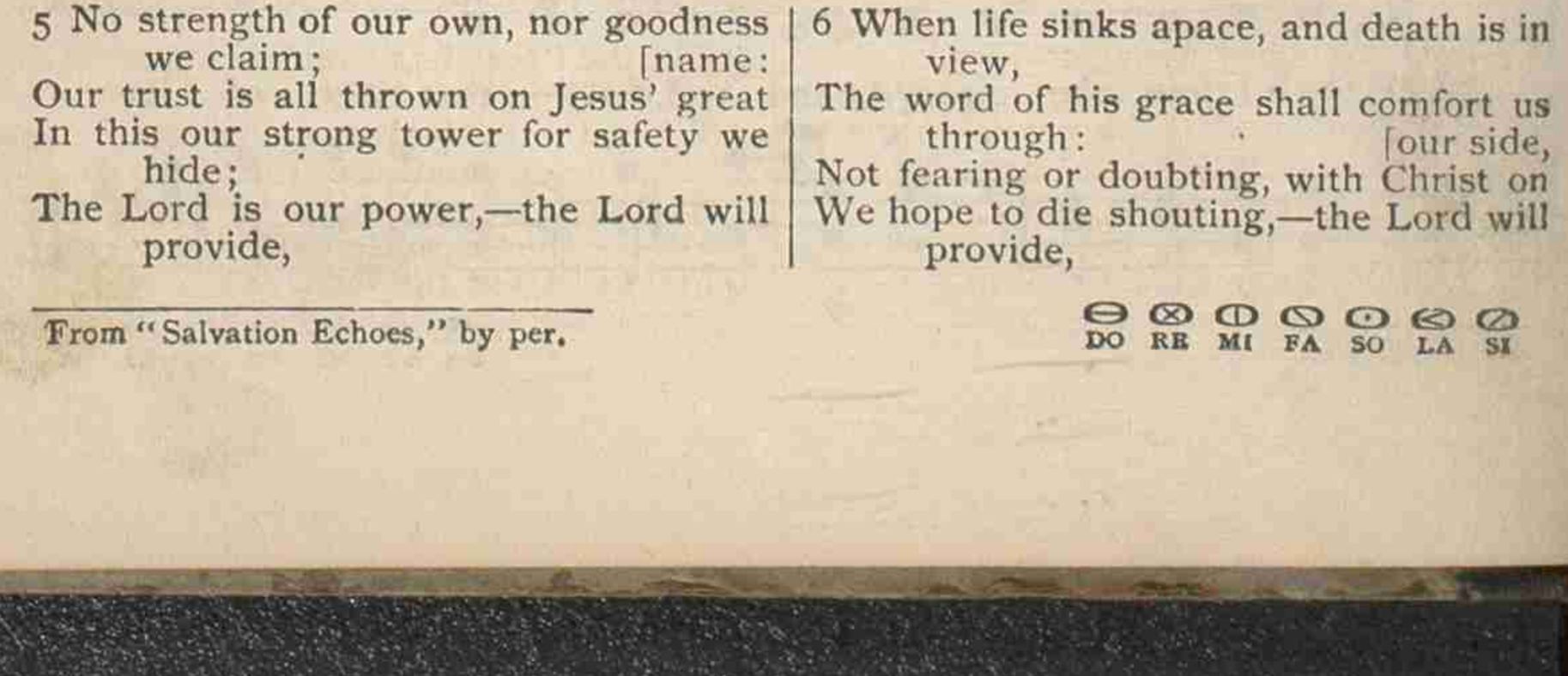
CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re-



fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev - er be-
learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-
fears, we tri - umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has
seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have

joice, re-joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the

D. C.



tide, The prom - ise as-sures us,— the Lord will pro - vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,— the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, The heart-cheer - ing promise,— the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, This ans - wers all questions,— the Lord will pro - vide.

Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name:
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide,

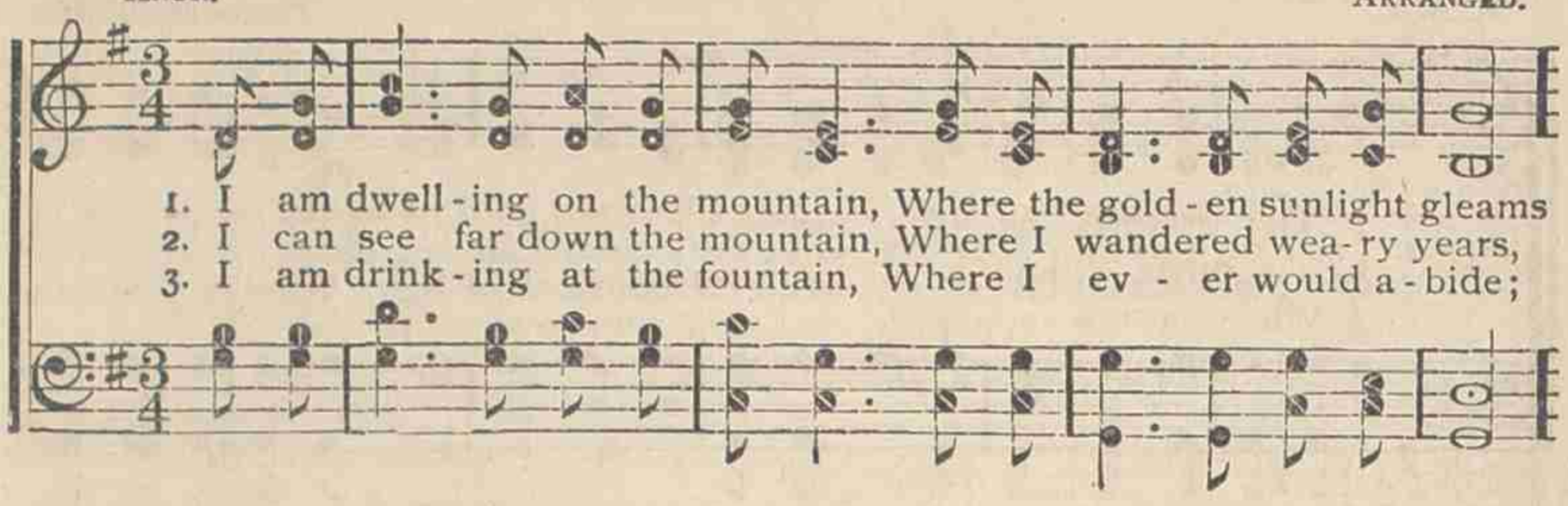
6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide,

From "Salvation Echoes," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Is not this the Land of Beulah.

ANON. ARRANGED.



D. S. Chorus.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

32

Is my Name written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

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, O 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
Saviour! is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pag- es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, 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,—Is my name written there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy king- dom, Is my name written there?

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov- ing Sav- iour, Still repeats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask- eth,
Come, ye weary, hea- vy- laden, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Give to Jesus Glory.

W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. From mountain top and dew - y vale, From temples old and hoary, Proclaim redemption's wondrous tale, And give to Jesus glo - ry.
2. From break of day to star - ry night, Ring out sal - va - tion's story; And when returns the morning light, Still give to Je-sus glo - ry.
3. High in the heaven of heavens a- bove, Where angels hosts a- dore thee, We'll sing the Father's matchless love, And give to Jesus glory.
2. Oh, sin - ner, ere per - di- tion's waves Shall roll in fu - ry o'er thee, Come unto Jesus Christ who saves, And give to him the glo - ry.

CHORUS.

Give to Je- sus glo - ry, Give to Je- sus glo - ry, Proclaim re- demp- tion's wondrous tale, And give to Je - sus glo - ry.

From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Abiding.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how en - riching is this sacred treasure! En - riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest - ing! I rest to - day, I'm

fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At
soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And
resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And

CHORUS.

last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a - bid - ing, gracious
I henceforth, for-ev- er, Lord, am thine.
Je- sus will be yours as he is mine.

Sav - iour, I'm a - bid- ing in thy precious love to - day; I'm a-

bid - ing, yes, a - bid - ing In thy love, thy precious love, to - day.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Whatsoe'er our Sowing be.

B. F. CRAWFORD.

QUARTETTE.

1. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
2. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
3. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:

SOLO—Tenor or Soprano.

With sleepless watch, and | ear - nest | heed, Some are | sowing the seed of
And scattering seed thro' | all the | land Are | many who stand with
But sown in darkness or | sown in | light, Whether | sown in weakness or

no - ble deed; | With ceaseless hand broad- | cast they | sow, And
i - dle hands, | While some are sowing the | seeds of | care, Their
sown in might, | Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing | be,

TUTTI.

leave whit'ning fields where'er they go: Oh, rich will their har - vest be!
soil long hath borne and still must bear; Oh, sad will their har - vest be!
E - vil or good, we its fruits must see, For sure will the har - vest be!

From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Say, are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFFER. "Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,

2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;

3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,

CHORUS.

Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let him save you to - night.

Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call?
should call?

Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Freely to all.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Jesus now of-fers forgiveness of sin Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
2. Jesus the water of life will give Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
3. Jesus has promised the bread of heav'n Freely to all, free-ly to all;
4. Haste to accept of his proffered love,—Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;

Pardon and pur - i - ty,—peace within,—Free- ly, yes, free- ly to all.
Life un - to all who on him will believe, Free -ly, yes, free- ly to all.
Ne'er shall they hunger to whom it is giv'n,—Free-ly, yes, free- ly to all.
So you may win a crown promised above, Free- ly, yes, free- ly to all.

REFRAIN.

Come to Je- sus, his blessing receive; Come to Je- sus, in him you may live;

He is waiting sal - va-tion to give, Free- ly, yes, free- ly to all.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me. 39

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a

blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-
blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his

D.S.—found a spring of joy that the

Fine. CHORUS.

world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

D.S.

Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Beautiful River.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. The beauti- ful riv- er, the life - giving riv- er, Will flow on e - ternal when
2. The gladdening plains and the valleys are telling Of glo- ry surrounding the
3. Oh, taste of this beauti- ful riv- er now flowing From out of the soul-saving

worlds cease to move; Its murmurings ech-o the praise of the Giv - er, Who
ev - ergreen shore; Of wonderful music, in richness excelling, Breathed
fount-ain for thee; Its name is sal - vation, on sinners be- stowing An

sends it to flow from the fountain of love.
back by the saints that have safely cross'd o'er.
undeserved pardon, e - ter-nal and free.

CHORUS.

O beau - - ti- ful
O beau-ti - ful riv - er, thy
Be- side . . thy pure
And all thro' e - ter - ni - ty

riv - - - - er, In sil - - - - ver - y bed, . . .
wa - ters will ev - er Flow on in their course thro' their sil - ver - y bed,
wa - - - - ters The ran - - - somed are led. . . . .
naught can e'er sev - er The ransomed in heaven by thy wa - ters bright led.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. They are coming with songs, the victorious throngs, Lo! up to Mount Zion they come!
2. Tho' rough is their path, how unwav'ring their faith, Tho' fearful the foes in their way!
3. Oh, well may they sing, for the Spirit doth bring Rich foretastes of bliss as they go!
4. Sing on, happy throng, for your jubilant song Is the wonderful story of grace;

With joy they are crown'd; oh, what blessings abound In the way to their glorious home!
Still singing they come up to Zion their home, And they triumph in Christ day by day.
An earnest is given; the glory of heaven Makes bright all their pathway below!
It tells of the blood of your Crucified Lord, And bestows on the Lamb all the praise.

CHORUS.

They are com-ing, com-ing, The ransomed of the Lord, And

Je-sus his banner o'er them spreads; They are coming, coming,

com-ing with songs And ev-er-last-ing joy up-on their heads.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Going Home Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are going home rejoicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are go- ing home re- joicing, To a house not made with hands; We are
2. We are going in a vessel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the good old ship of Zi- on That has stood the storm so long; Countless
3. We are going home rejoicing; Praise the Lord, we're going home! Where for- ev- er and for- ev- er, With the Sav- iour we shall roam; Clad in

go- ing home to Je- sus, Who redeemed us with his blood, Hal- le- lu- jah! hal- le- lu- jah! Soon we'll cross the swell- ing flood.
millions it has anchored, And will an- chor millions more, In the port of life e- ter- nal, On the bright, ce- les- tial shore.
robes that he has brought us,—Precious garments of his grace,—We shall see him in his glo- ry, And be- hold him face to face.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jor- dan, And the happy, happy

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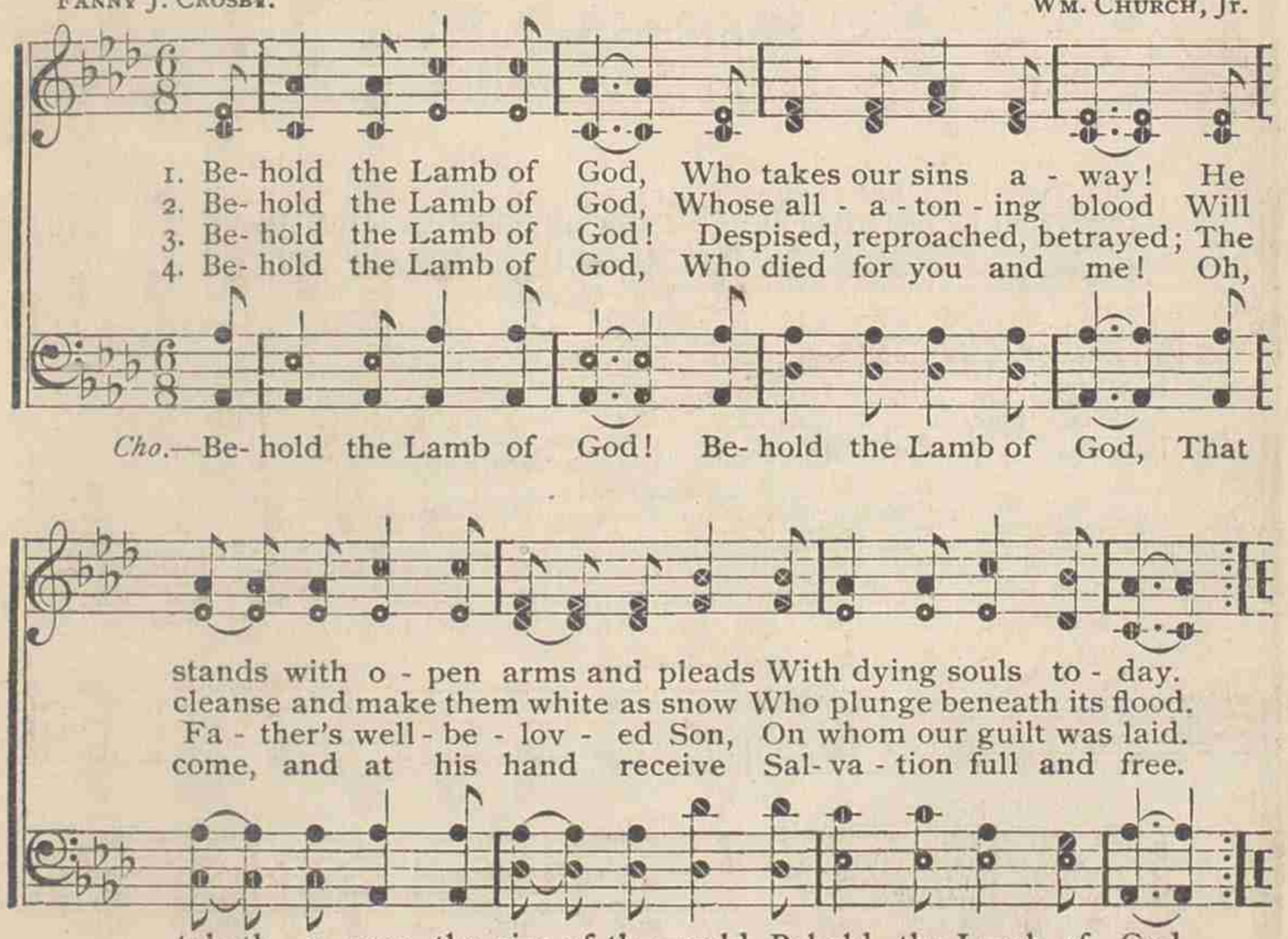
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Behold the Lamb of God.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. CHURCH, Jr.



5 Behold the Lamb of God!
From earth's foundation slain,
That we, if faithful unto death,
With him might live and reign.

6 Behold the Lamb of God,
Whom now by faith we see;
Oh, tell the wonders of his grace.
And shout redemption free.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Dayspring.

ENGLISH. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come, thou "Bright and Morning Star," Light of lights, without be - ginning,
2. As the soft re - freshing dew Falls on drooping herb and flower,
3. Let thy love's pure fire de - stroy All our earth - ly taint and leaven.
4. Ah! thou dayspring from on high, Grant that at thy next ap - pearing,
5. Light us to those heavenly spheres, Sun of grace in glo - ry shrouded;

Shine up - on us from a - far, That we may be kept from sin- ning;
Let thy Spir - it shed a - new Life on ev' - ry wearied pow - er;
Kindling love and ho - ly joy With the dawning east - ern heav - en;
We who in the grave do lie May a - rise, thy summons hearing,
Lead us thro' this vale of tears To the land where days un - clouded,

Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night, our dark night;
Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more, ev - er- more;
Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set, life has set;
And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife, far from strife;
Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease, nev - er cease;

Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night.
Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more.
Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set.
And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife.
Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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He Waits to Answer Prayer.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

1. In Christian love u - ni - ted A - gain we meet to pray, And tell the wondrous deal - ings Of God from day to day, Now
2. And while we kneel to - geth - er, As one, around his throne, To tell him all our sor - rows, And make our wish - es known, Let
3. If here the precious moments That with the Lord we spend Are but the dis - tant gleamings Of joy that ne'er shall end, If

may his Ho - ly Spir - it Descend in migh - ty power, Re-
ev' - ry thought be earn - est, And ev' - ry heart be - lieve That
now our faith can waft us To Pis - gah's mountain height, Oh,

D.S.—leave the world be - hind us, For - get its ev' - ry care, Look

Fine. CHORUS.

vive his work with - in us, And con - secrate this hour. Oh,
each re - quest we of - fer An an - swer will re - ceive. *D.S.*
what will be our rap - ture When faith is lost in sight.

up, look up to Je - sus,—He waits to an - swer prayer.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm ciii. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, our souls, and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky; Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills reply;

Fine.

Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting breath; Give thanks to him who triumphed over death.
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth, Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth.

O bless the Lord, ye an - - gels round his throne,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne,
O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,

Who do his will and make his wonders known;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known;
And let his love re - sound from shore to shore;
Let his love, let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore;

Strike, strike your harps, ye ran - somed host above,
Strike your harps, strike your harps, strike your harps, ye ransomed host above,
O bless the Lord Je - ho - - vah, King of kings,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord Je - hovah, King of kings,

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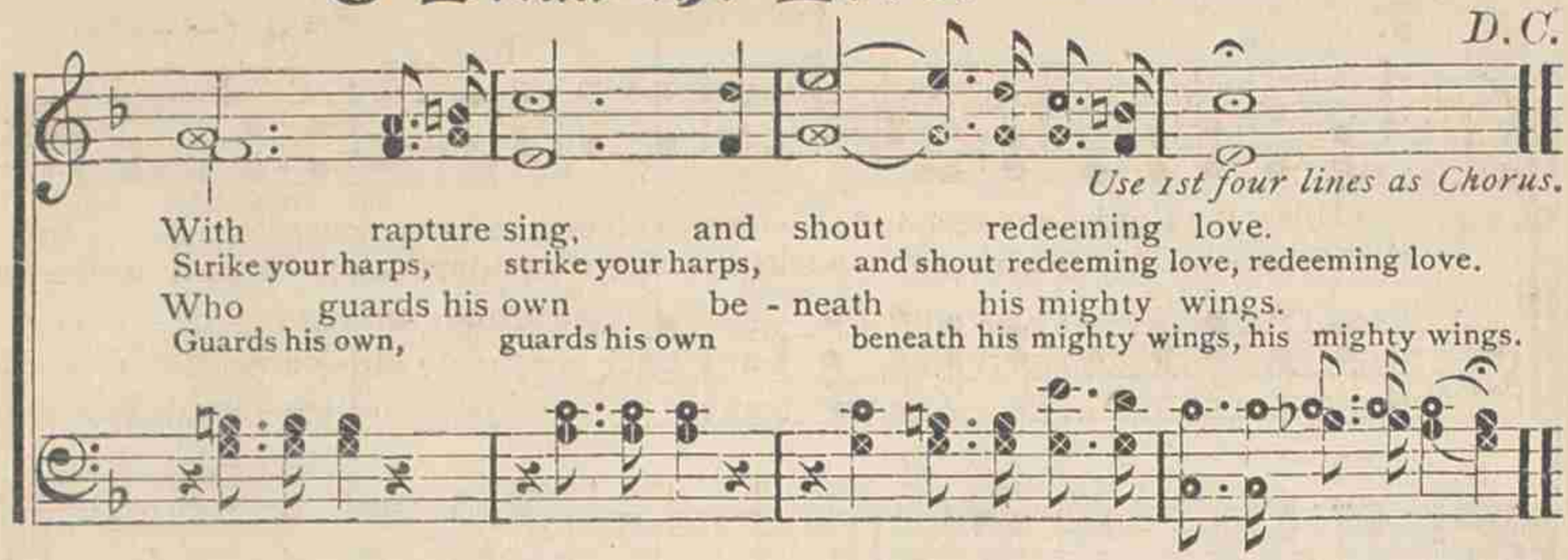
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

O Bless the Lord.—CONCLUDED.

D. C.



I Come to Thee.

MERLE MURRIE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e-ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pil- grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

O the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.

O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a- bove.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

What of the Future?

I asked a dear one, "What of the future?" He replied, "It is all dark."—M. B. W.

Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. What of the future, my broth- er,— Af- ter this world and its strife?
2. What of the future, my broth- er? Can you not see thro' the gloom
3. What of the future, my broth- er? Get thyself read- y to - night,
4. What of the future, my broth- er? Turn not a- way from the love

Is there no light for thee yon - der, Bright'ning the on-coming life?
Veil- ing the pathway be- fore you? Is it all dark in the tomb?
Fear-ing that God's Holy Spir - it, Griev- ed and sad, takes his flight.
Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee To him, and mansions a- bove.

CHORUS.

Make thyself read- y, my broth - er, Read - y to meet the dear Lord,

Knowing that soon he will call you,—Call you to meet your re - ward.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Pray for them Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O pray for the wretched and perishing souls, That firm in his fetters the tempt- er controls, O pray that Je - ho- vah his arm will make bare, And
2. O pray for the mothers now weeping alone, Their poor hearts are broken, how sad - ly they moan; For those who in childhood so fond- ly they reared, A-
3. O pray for the millions that love not the Lord, And heed not the message that comes from his word, O pray without ceasing that work may be done, Yes,
4. O pray that the Spir-it on sinners may fall, That those who are vilest the loud - est may call, May plead for the mer-cy they dared to de- spise, And

CHORUS.

snatch them from ru- in, from wreck and despair. Pray for them now, lest they
las! by the wine cup are blighted and seared!
work in the name of the Cru - ci - fied One.
lift up to Je - sus their tear streaming eyes.

languish and die, Pray for them now with an ag - o-nized cry, Pray for them

earnest-ly, pray for them tender-ly; Je- sus has died for them, Jesus is nigh.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

I will give you Rest.

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

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an Ed - en blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the

wea- ry and distressed, Seeking for com- fort from your heavenly Father,
sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

REFRAIN.

Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to me,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

Come, Come un - to

come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest: Come un - to

me, un - to me, Come,

me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

Come un - to me, un - to me,

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Even Me.

Mrs. E. Codner. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin- ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;

Show'rs, the thirsty land re- freshing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath- er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
I am long - ing for thy fa- vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

E - ven me, ... e - ven me, ...
Yes, e - ven me, yes, e - ven me,—

Show'rs, the thirsty land re- freshing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
I am long - ing for thy fa- vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

From "The Garner," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

No Night in Heaven.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. No night shall be in heav'n; no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape
2. No night shall be in heav'n; for- bid to sleep, These eyes no more their mournful
3. No night shall be in heav'n, but endless noon; No fast de- clining sun, no
4. No night shall be in heav'n; no darkened room, No bed of death, nor silence

ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs That
vig - ils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all wash'd away, They
wan- ing moon; But there the Lamb shall yield per-pet- ual light, 'Mid
of the tomb, But breez - es ev - er fresh with love and truth Shall

CHORUS.

breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les- tial bowers. No night in heaven,
gaze un - dazzled on e - ter - nal day.
pastures green and wa- ters ev - er bright.
brace the frame with an im - mor - tal youth. No night in heaven,

No night in heaven, But all is joy and light,—No night in heaven.

No night in heaven,

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.

54

Freely for Me.

J. P. H. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thou Lamb of God, On thee my sins were laid,
2. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy blood a - lone Can for the sinner's guilt
3. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy grace to me Fills all my soul with peace,
4. Je - sus my Sav - iour, bought with thy blood, Living, my life is thine,

a mighty load, Now with a joy-ful heart by faith I see Thy precious
ful - ly a-tone; This my redemption price, gladly I see Thy precious
boundless and free, This is my steadfast hope, clearly I see Thy precious
hid-den with God; Dy- ing, to thee I'll fly, ev - er to see Thy precious

REFRAIN.

blood was shed free - ly for me. Free - ly for me, free - ly for me,

Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me: Free - ly for me,

free - ly for me, Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me.

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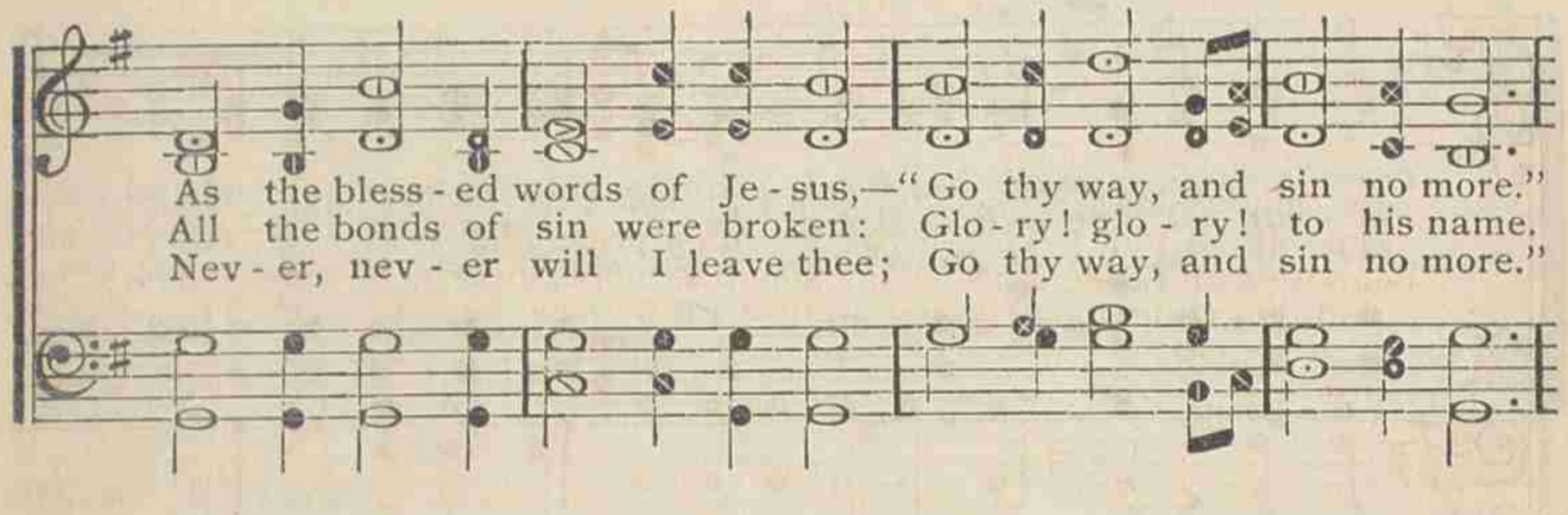
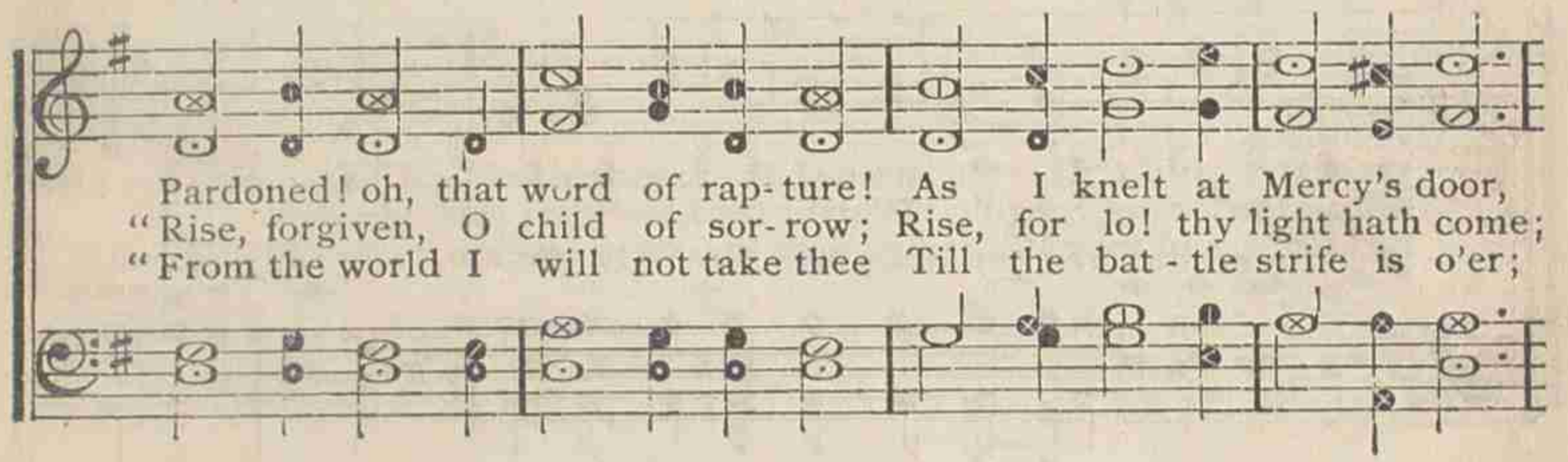
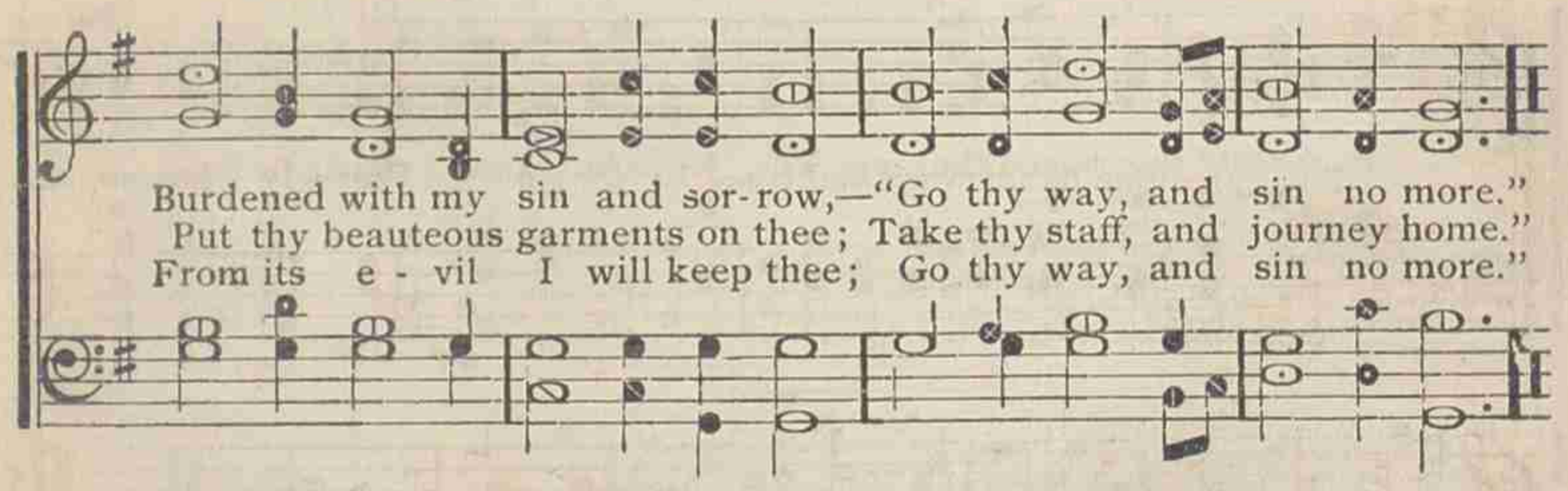
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Sin No More.

C. C. McCABE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,
For the victory is mine;
In the cross of Christ I glory,
Triumphing in love divine.
O the dawn of heaven's glory!
O the day that has no night!
O the sun that finds no zenith!
O the host in raiment bright!

5 O, the King who dwells among them
In his beauty I shall see;
Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas
Unto him who died for me.
But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,
I will ne'er forget the hour
When my Saviour said, "Forgiven!
Go thy way, and sin no more."

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Home of the Ransomed.

M. A. EGAN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a bright land of promise for the chil-dren of light, Just a-
2. There's a song in that land, 'tis an old, rapturous song, It is
3. Our King all vic - to - rious has cast up a way Of

cross Jordan's dark roll-ing flood, With its mansions e-ter-nal and its
fill - ing all time with its strain; As it vi-brates for - ev - er through-
life to that ev - er-green shore; Thro' which he is lead - ing the

CHORUS.

great tree of life, "'Tis the home of the ransomed of God." Our King has gone
out all the throng, Singing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
righteous, and they Will reign with him there ev-ermore.

o- ver and purchased the land, Yes, Jesus has cross'd the dark flood, And

holds for us there the DEED in his hand, And 'tis seal'd with his own precious blood.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His
poorest of men, But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof-fers are full,—he has riches un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heaven by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

ad lib.

child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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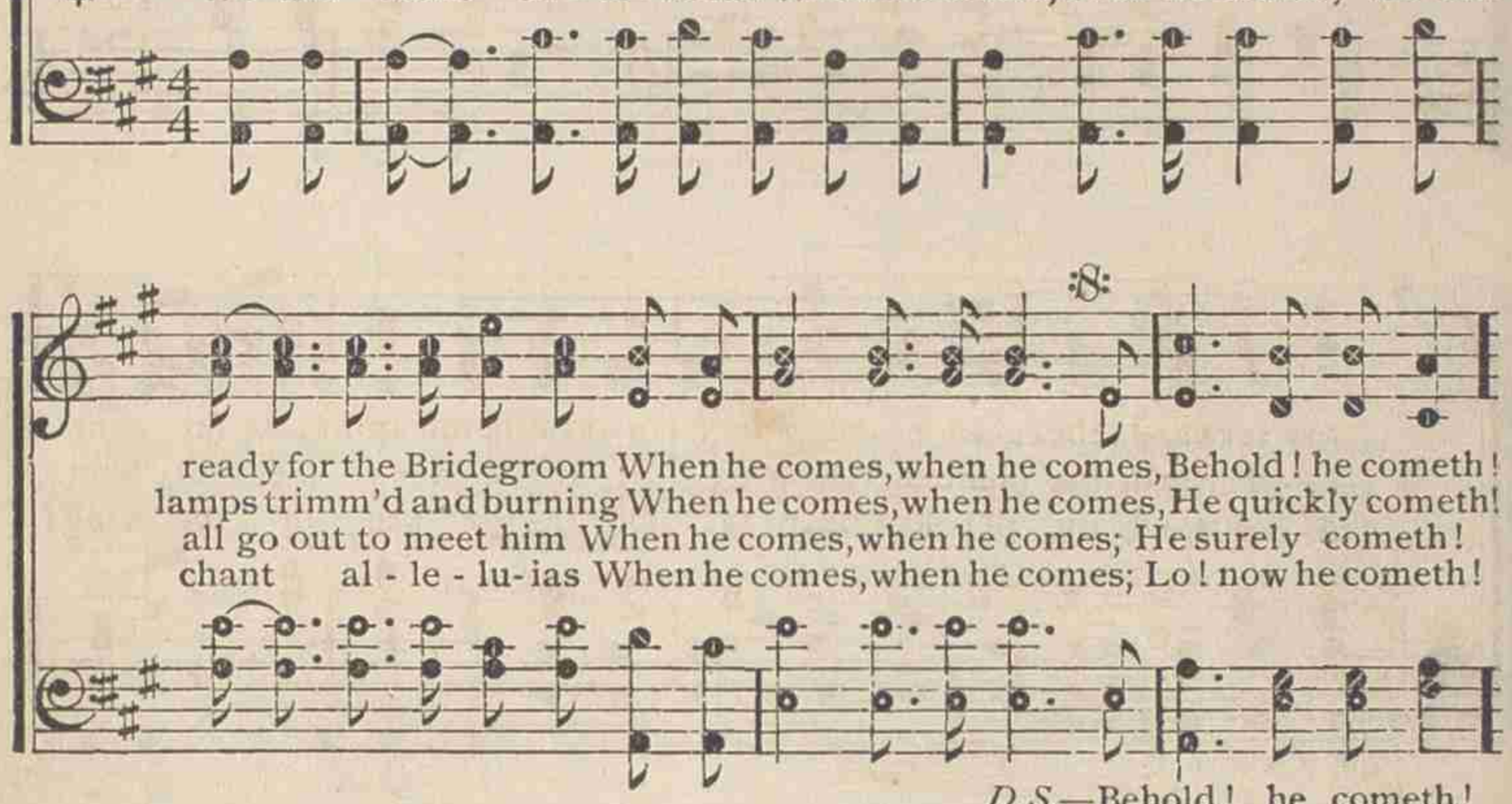
Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

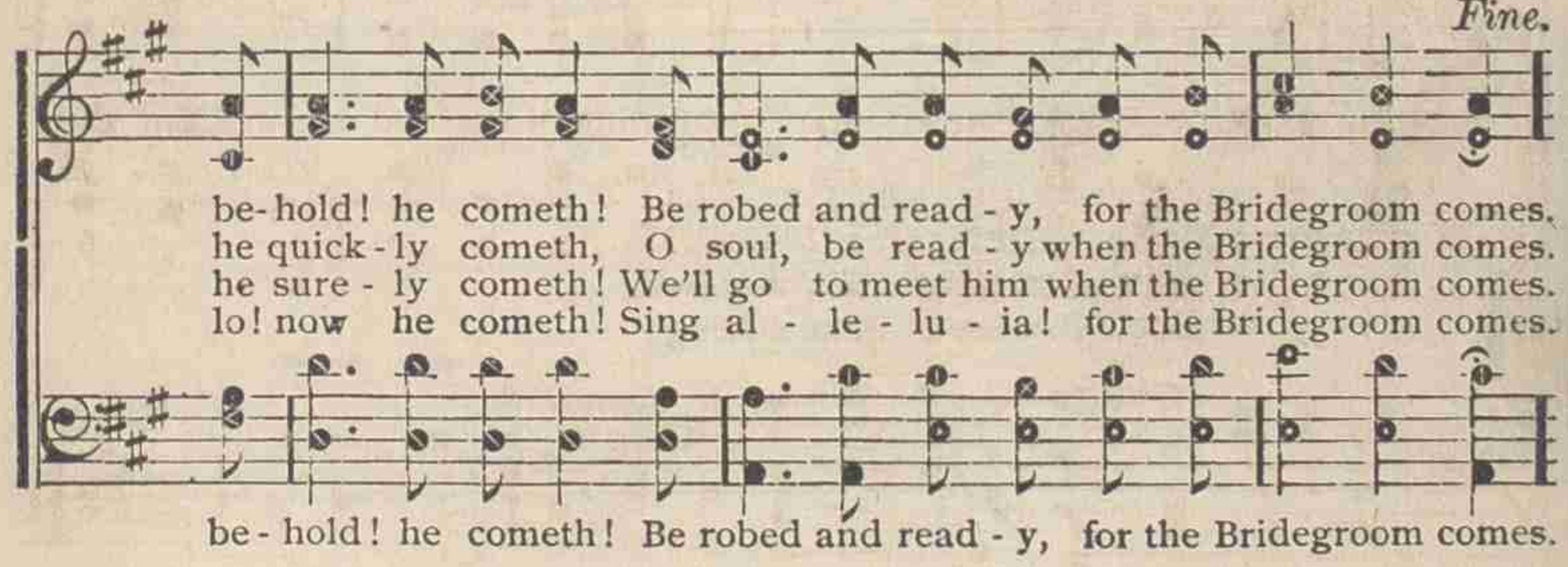
R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!



D.S.—Behold! he cometh!

Fine.



be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
he quick-ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

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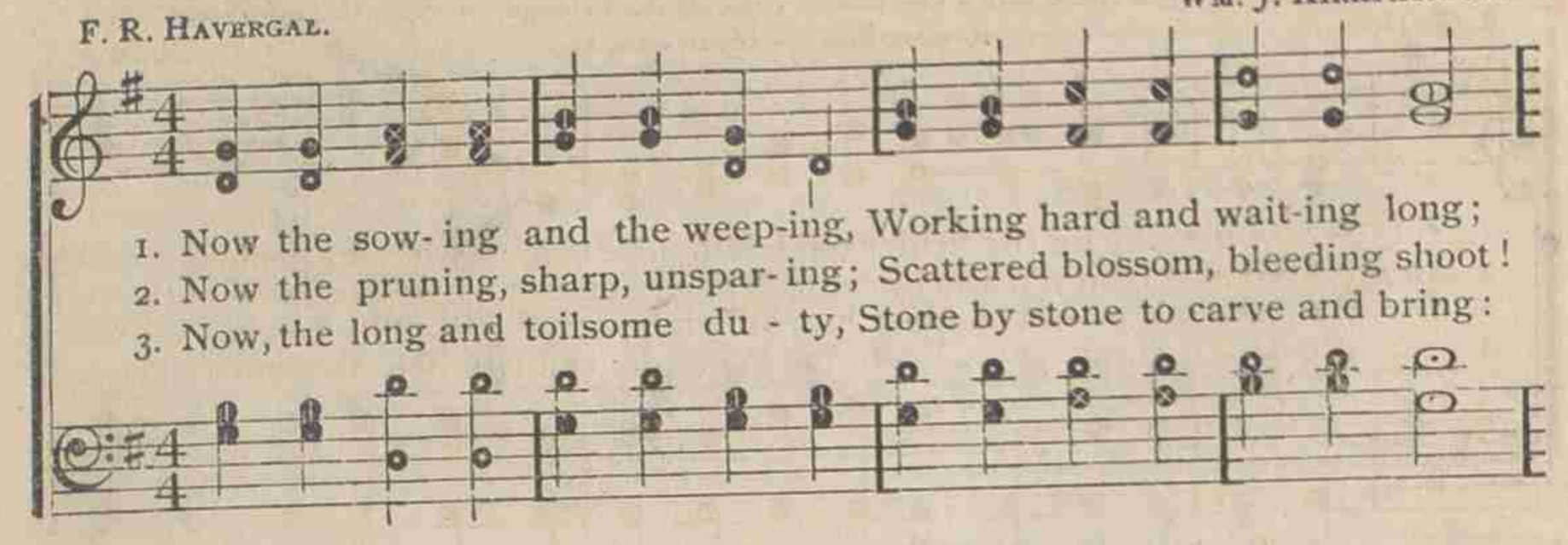
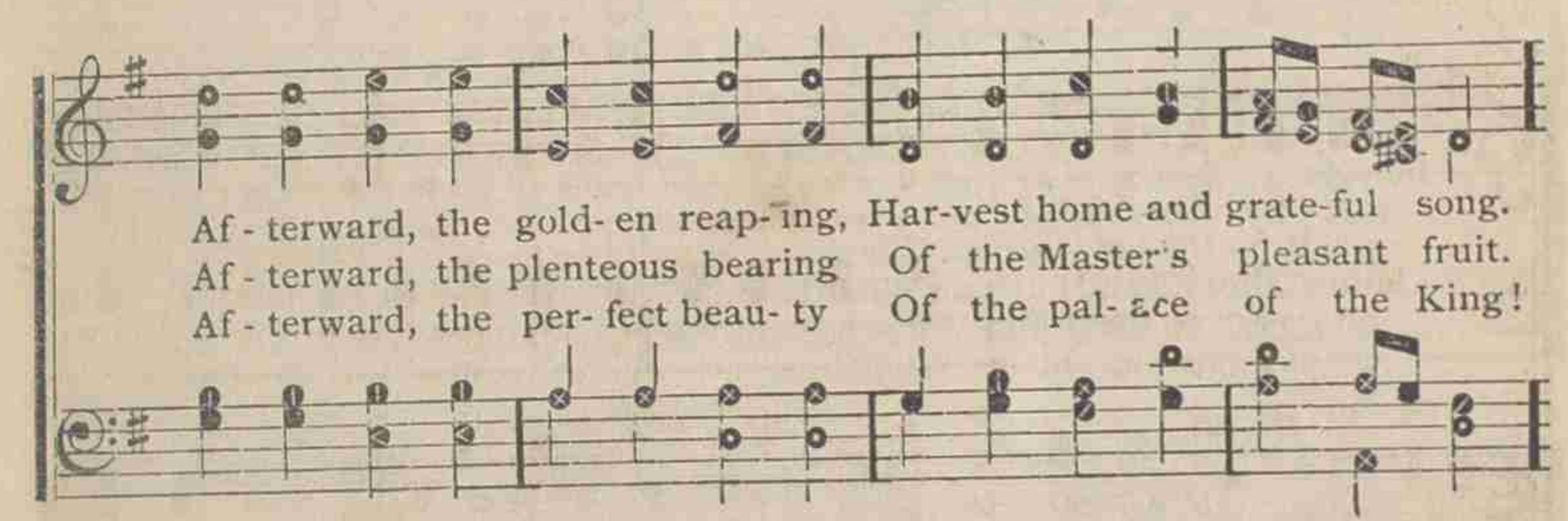
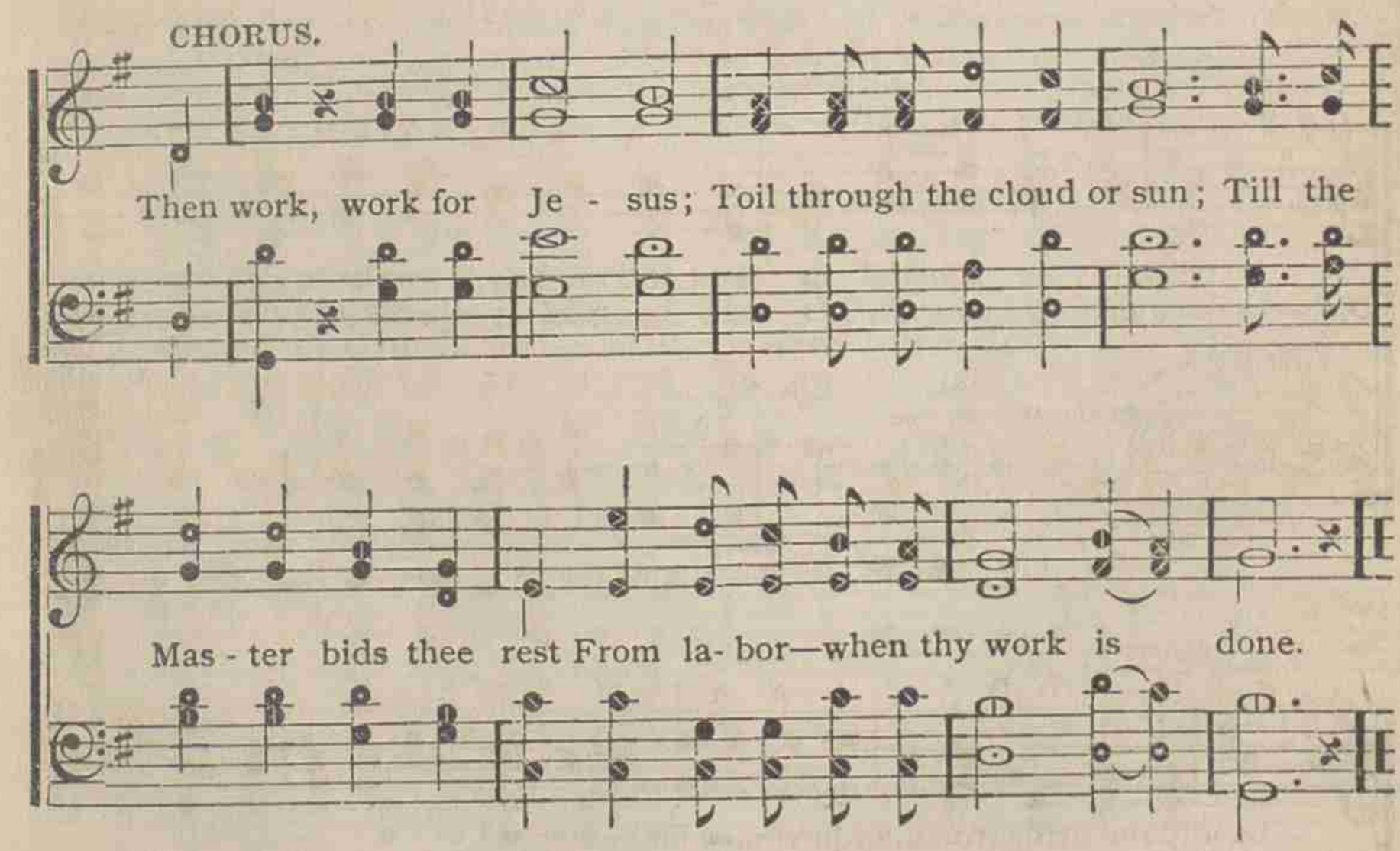
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Now the Sowing and the Weeping.

F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor-crown of life!

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Evermore.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. They are looking down up-on us from the bat-tlements of light, Happy souls now at home with Je-sus; In the blood of his atonement they have
2. They have conquered in the battle and the race they no-bly run, Of their faith not a link is broken; Thro' the might of him that loved them life e-
3. They are looking down up-on us,—our beloved are looking down; We have friends in that roy-al ar-my; At the hand of their Redeemer they re-
4. They are watching, they are waiting, and the time will not be long Till we meet by the crystal riv-er, There to praise our Lord and Saviour in a

wash'd their garments white, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
ternal they have won, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
ceiv'd a starry crown, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
nev-er-ending song, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

D.S.—Saviour calls us home, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

CHORUS

O-ver Jor-dan, o-ver Jor-dan, They have anchored, safely anchored on the shore; (*on the shore;*) In their footprints we will follow till the

Fine.

D.S.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Always with us.

EDWIN H. NEVIN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. With us when we toil in sadness,—Sowing much and reaping none,—
2. With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear;
3. With us in the lone- ly val - ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

Telling us that in the fu - ture Gold-en harvests shall be won.
Waking hope with- in our bo- soms, Stilling ev- 'ry anx - ious fear.
Lighting up the steps to glo - ry With sal- vation's ra- diant beam.

CHORUS.

"Lo, I'm with you, with you alway,"—Words of cheer, and words of love,—

Thus the ris - en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place a - bove.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Softly fades the twilight ray.

Wm. Church, Jr.

1. Soft- ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,

Gent- ly as life's setting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
Symbol of the peace within When the spir - - it rests from sin.
Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.

Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,

All things tell of calm re- pose, At the ho - - ly Sabbath's close.
All things tell of calm repose, At the ho-ly Sabbath's close.
Till in heaven our souls re- pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.
Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth,
2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir-it, "Come," saith the Holy Spir-it,
3. Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth,
4. Come, whoso-ev-er list-eth, Come, whoso-ev-er list-eth,

Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
"Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir-it, Come to the wa-ter of life.
Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
Come, who-so-ev-er list-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.

CHORUS.

Come, for ev-'rything is read-y,— Je-sus is waiting; hear him call,

"Come and buy with-out mon-ey,"—"Je-sus paid it all."

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

64 # "Fling down your Gold for Jesus."

Miss P. J. Owens. Last words of Dr. T. M. Eddy. Harry Sanders.

Allegro.

1. E- ter - ni- ty is dawning In brightness round me pour'd, I see the Star of Morn - ing, My Je- sus! my Adored: Earth, take my latest warn-ing, In
2. What treasures hath he given To fill your souls with light, For you the wealth of heav - en Is stored in mansions bright; For you his heart was riven With
3. No earthly treasure heaping For time, the spoilers hoard, No tribute backward keep - ing, Thou ow-est to thy Lord; For heathen souls are weeping, In

earnest accents told; O souls that follow Jesus, For his cause spend your gold.
grief and pain untold; Ah, men that follow Je - sus, Refuse him not your gold.
sorrow unconsoled; O Church, redeem'd by Jesus, For his sake give your gold.

CHORUS.

Go, seek immortal treasure, That time can never dim, Fling down your gold for Je - sus, And take the world for him; And bring no stinted measure, For

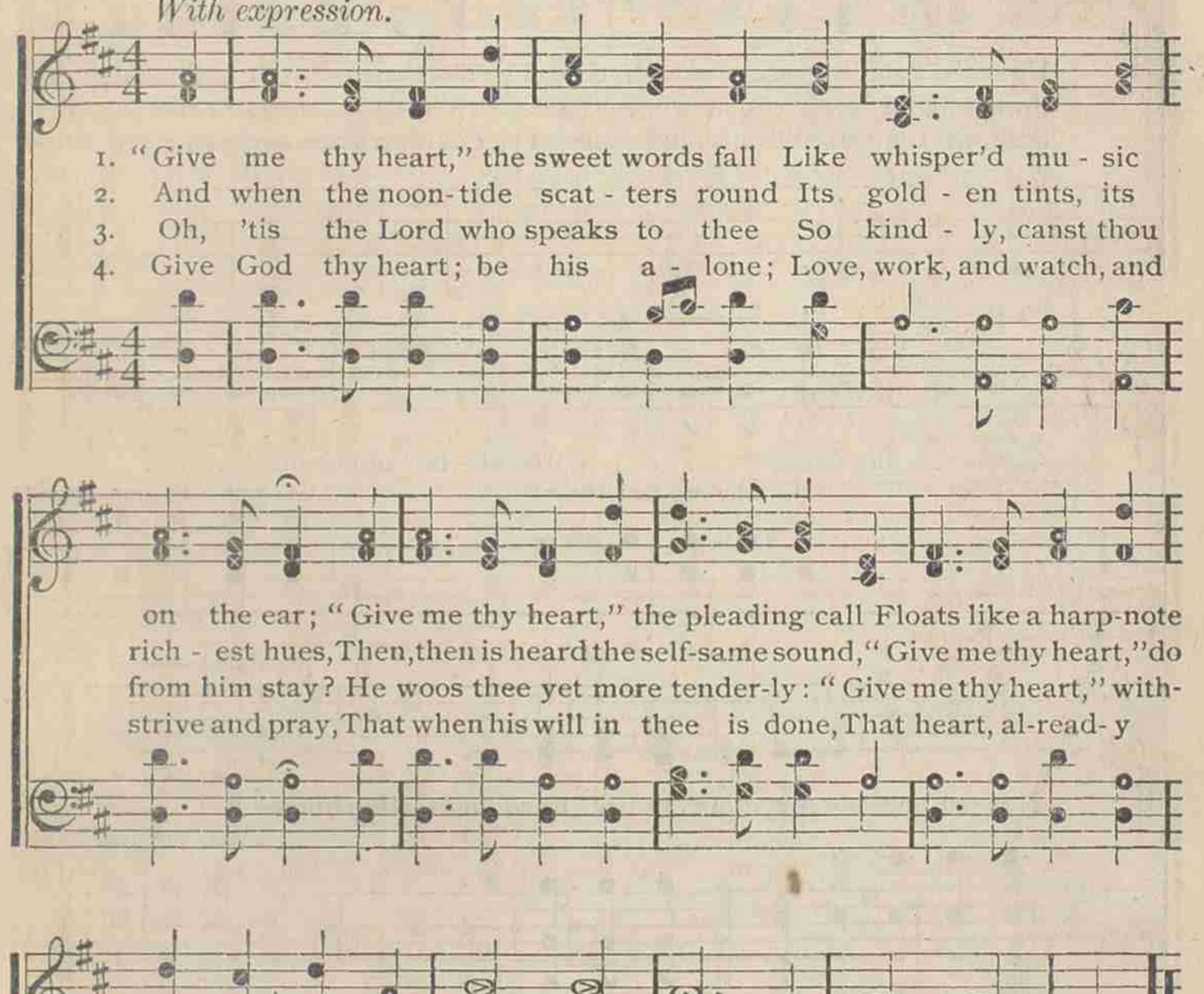
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Give Me Thy Heart.

Mrs. B. A. Perrigo. H. Sanders.

With expression.



By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Gathering Home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. N. M'Intosh.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giver of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of his infi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! . . . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . . .
Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! . . . .
Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! . . . . God's children are gather-ing home.
gath-er-ing home!

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

One by One.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—
3. One by one, our ranks are thinning, Thinning here but swelling there;
4. Good bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joy are ours to-day;

One by one, a-mong the ho-ly, Sing the vic-tor's song sublime.
Bowed and broken, but the rather, In e-ter-nal youth ap-pear.
One by one, bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.
Some have gone, and lo! the others Hast-en on the shortening way.

CHORUS.

One by one, one by one; We shall soon, yes, soon be there;

One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end-less glo-ry share.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

68

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-gether, on the
3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bright ce-lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee!
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth-er, What a gath - - 'ring, ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

From "Song Treasury," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
dear ones meet each oth - er,

Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a- side thy grace;
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter- nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O boundless con - de- scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.
Sav- iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."—Matt. xi. 28

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER. By per.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Cleft for Me.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm:
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. Mighty Rock, the pilgrim's home, Re - fuge from the billow's foam,
4. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil - ly breath,

Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil oppressed, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock, by countless millions blest, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock, where all my hopes a - bide, In thy shad - ow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Un - to thee, un - to thee, Precious Sa- viour, now I flee;

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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Wilt thou be made whole?

W. J. K.

WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je- sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci - ful call Freely off- ers sal- va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
4. Bless- ed Saviour, as- sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing pow - er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev- 'ry sin- spot, Take

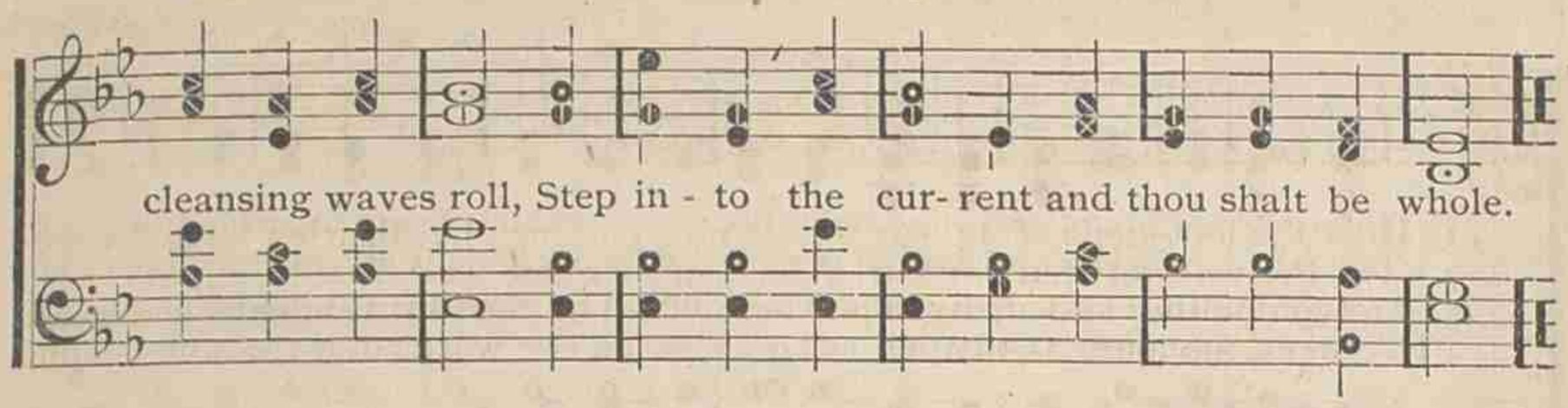
lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin tainted soul, And lov- ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earnest- ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per-fect con - trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry suff'rer, O come, sin- sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow- ing, See, the

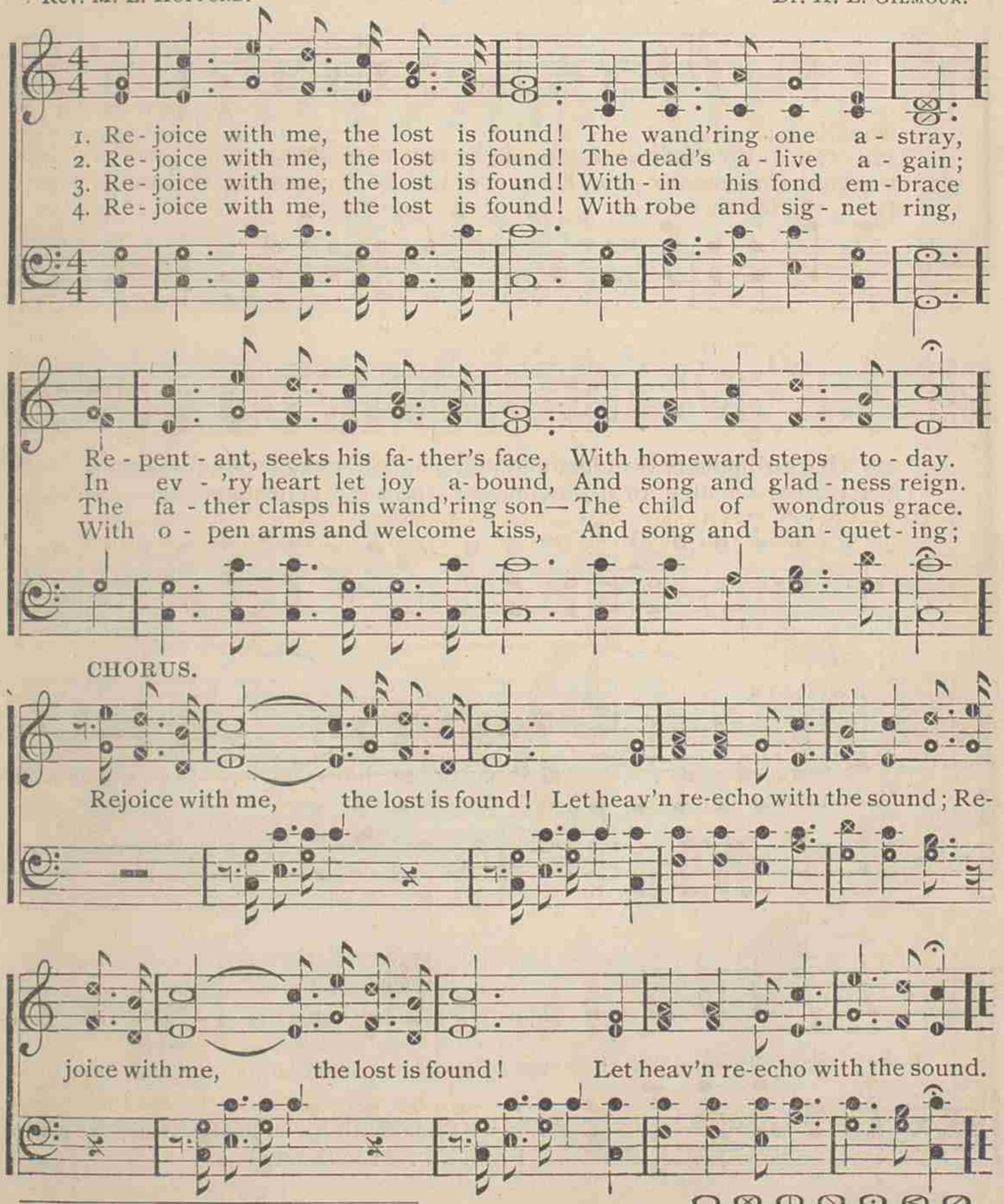
By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI



Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD. Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



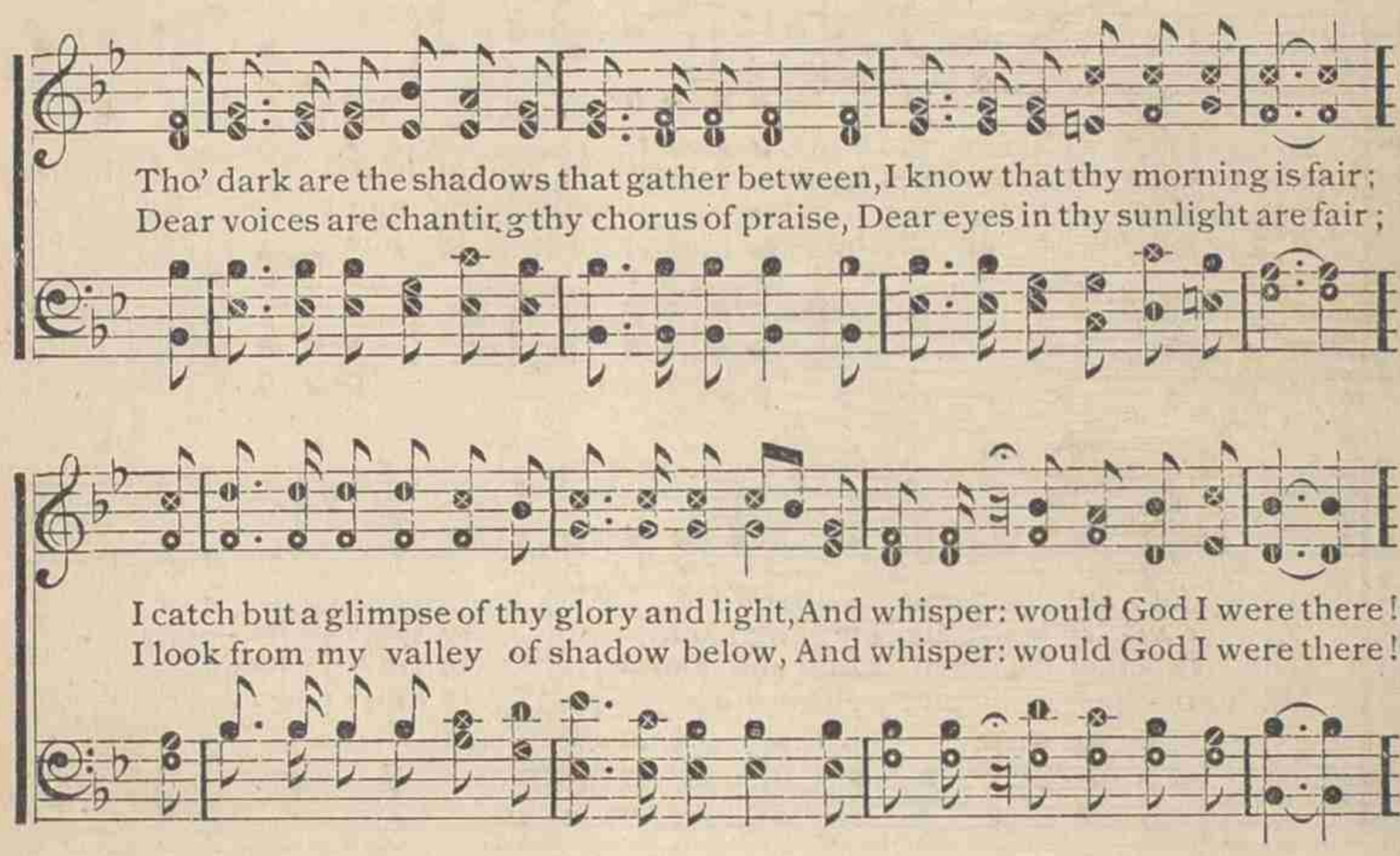
From "Songs of the New Life," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Land of the Blessed.

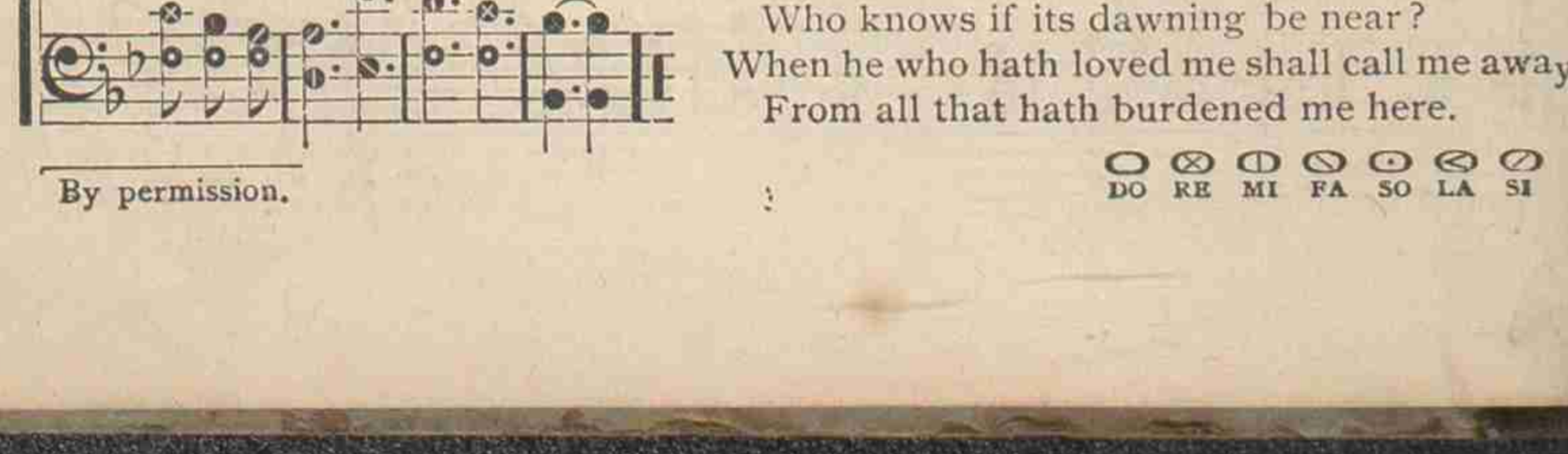
Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Oh! Land of the blessed, thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see:
   I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over eterni- ty's sea.
2. Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight Sometimes on my vision unfold;
   Thy mansions celestial, thy pal- aces bright, Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold.



Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise, Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;

I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: would God I were there!
I look from my valley of shadow below, And whisper: would God I were there!



CHORUS.

Oh! Saviour, prepare . . . My spirit to share . . . For- ev- er with

thee . those mansions fair.

3 Dear home of my Father, fair city, whose peace
No shadow of changing can mar!
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?
When he who hath loved me shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here.

By permission.

Memories of Galilee.

KOBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough, That makes the
2. Each flowery glen and mossy dell, Where hap-py
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who

eve so blest to me, Has something far divin-er
birds in song a-gree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once

now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.
tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-lee.
more To follow him in Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O

Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau- ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu - man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fath- er knows his own,

And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain- bow of the spray,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a- way,—
Love, beyond the o - rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,

We shall know each oth- er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

From "The Welcome," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

We Shall Know.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew- y eves; Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap- ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest, and the la- bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en 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,

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

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic- ing, bringing in the sheaves,

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By permission.

Take me as I am.

ANON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

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CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. **JUST AS I AM.** Tune and Chorus above.

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

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!

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

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

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

80 Mrs. E. J. Bugbee. **Church of God, Awake.** T. C. O'Kane.

1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float a-long the glorious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry he hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,

Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears:
Are but words of i-dle mean-ing, If with these ye turn a-way;
Scat-ter blessing *now* he bids you, O'er his green earth everywhere;
Till the measure full and e-ven Has been rendered at thy word;

Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv-en, From his hand who owns it all,
Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,
Then from out her night of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed arise,

Speedy dawn of light portend-ing;—Church of God, a-wake, a-rise!
And his eye beholds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gracious morning splendor Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
And the fair millen-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal-tint-ed skies.

CHORUS.

Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Church of God, a-wake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The happy Pilgrim.

Words arranged. By per.

2 The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

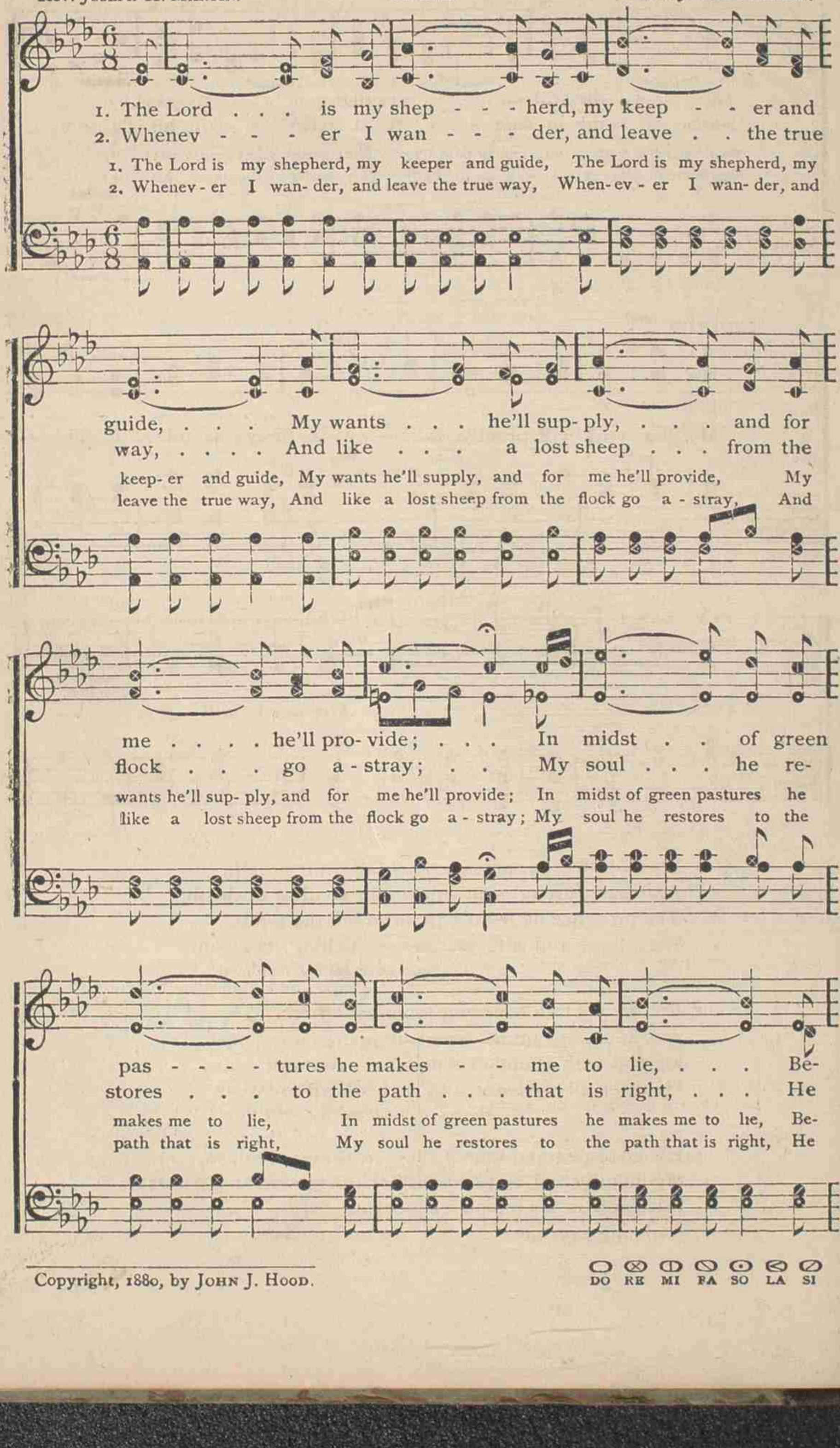
3 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

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 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!

My Shepherd.

Rev. Joseph H. Martin. Ps. xxiii. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.
With gladness dispelling its gloom.

4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
He heals all my woes, all my woes.

5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
And sing of his grace and his love.

I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex- ul - ta - tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal- va - tion! glad sal-va - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In- to thy great judgment one,

I have tast - ed God's sal-va - tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev - er Under thy pro - tecting eyes.
Un- til each dis - eas- ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written, In the re - cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I re-joice sal - vation came;

Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal- le - lu - jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
3. Sing a - bove the bat- tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,

Spread the glad- ness all a- round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end- less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est hills and deep- est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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86 # The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow- y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high- er than I:
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Nearer Home.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. One sweetly solemn thought | o'er and o'er,— | I'm nearer home to-day Than
[Comes to me | | [I ever have
2. Nearer the bound of life, | burdens down; | Nearer leaving the cross;
[Where we lay our | | [Nearer
3. Father, perfect my trust! | might of-my faith; | Let me feel as I would when I
[Strengthen the | | [stand On the rock of the

been be- fore. | Nearer my Father's house, Where the many | mansions be;
gaining-the crown. | But lying darkly between, Winding down | thro' the night,
shore of death: | Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping | o- ver-the brink.

Nearer the great white throne; | crystal sea; Home, home, sweet, sweet
[Nearer the | |
Is the deep and unknown | last to-the light.
[stream That leads at | |
For it may be, I'm nearer | now than-I think!
[home—Nearer | |

sweet, sweet

home,—Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.

Tell it Out.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav - iour reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen, Je - sus reigns a - bove, Tell it

out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations, bid them
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations that his

Tell it out, tell it out,

shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out with ad - o-
burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
name is love, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the

Tell it out,

ration, that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it out,
weeping ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out, tell it out,
highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it out,

Tell it out, tell it out,

From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Tell it Out.—CONCLUDED.

That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace, Tell it
Tell it out a-mong the wea-ry ones what rest he gives, Tell it
Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o-cean foam, Tell it

out, tell it out; Tell it out with ju-bi-lation, though the
out, tell it out; Tell it out among the sinners that he
out, tell it out, Like the sound of many waters let our

Tell it out, tell it out,

waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it out, That he sitteth on the
came to save, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it out, Till it e-cho and re-

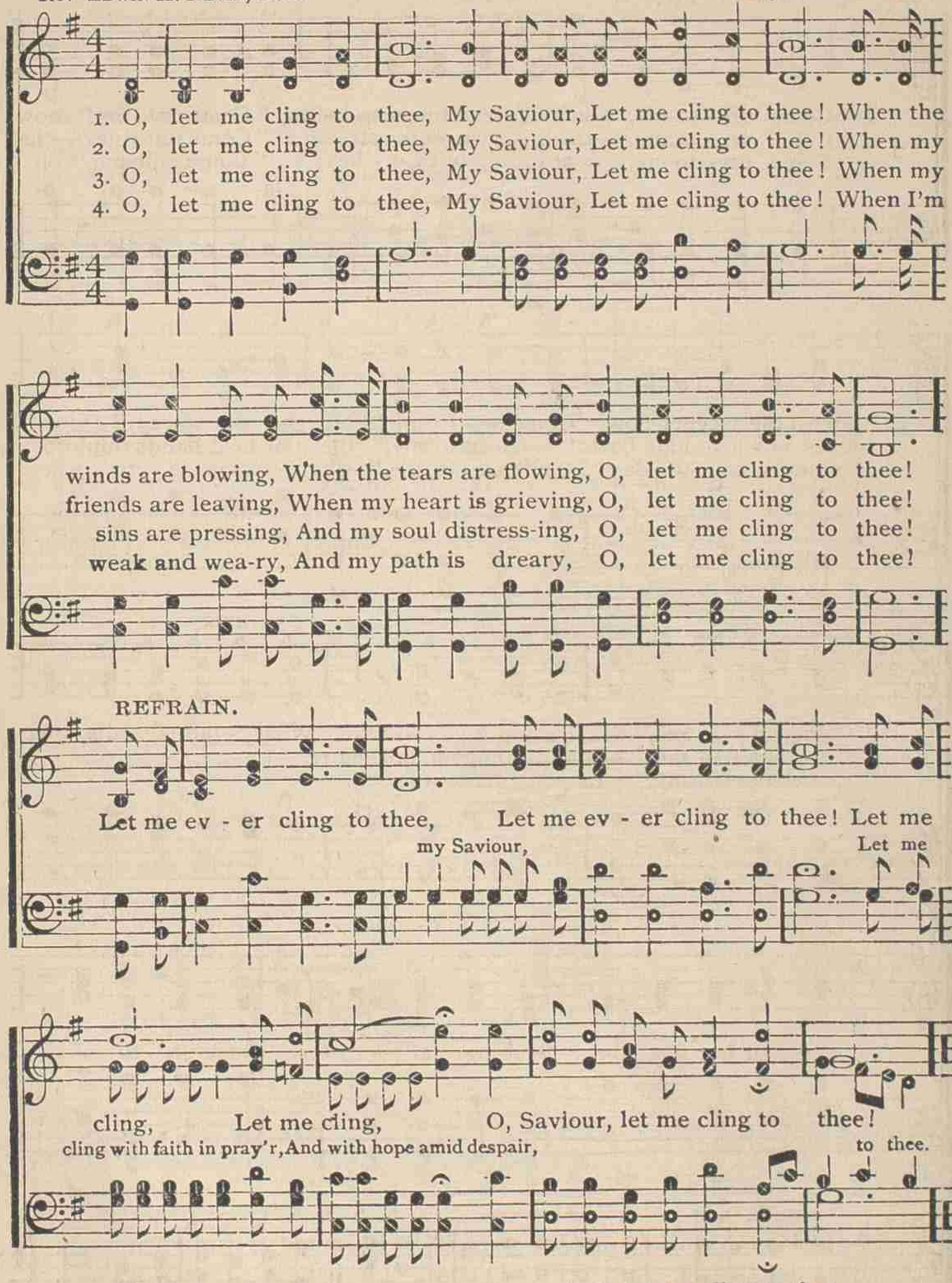
Tell it out, tell it out,

water-floods, Our King forev-ermore, Tell it out, tell it out.
dying that he triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.
e-cho from the islands of the sea, Tell it out, tell it out.

Tell it out,

Let me Cling to Thee.

Rev Edwin H. Nevin, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5 O, let me cling to thee,
My Saviour,
Let me cling to thee!
When the cloud is o'er me,
And the storm before me,
O, let me cling to thee!

6 O, let me cling to thee,
My Saviour,
Let me cling to thee!
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to thee!

From "Leaflet Gems," No. 2. by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Come unto Me.

J. P. Mills. T. C. O'Kane.

1. "Come un - to me,"—in measured tones and slow, "Come unto me," how
2. "Come un - to me,"—the lips with mercy stream, "Come unto me,"—the
3. "Come un - to me," dear toiling ones, o - bey, "Come unto me," oh,

sweet the accents flow, "Come un - to me," oh, gen- tle voice di - vine!
eyes with love-light beam; "Come unto me," the out-held hands implore,
sinners, hear to - day! "Come un - to me,"—the welcome is to all.

CHORUS.

"Come un - to me," de- sire and love combine. Weary - lad-en souls, what-
"Come un - to me," such words none spake before.
"Come un - to me,"—'tis Jesus makes the call.

e'er your bur-den be, Seeking af - ter rest, Come un - to me,

Come un- to me, come unto me, I will give you rest, whate'er your burdens be.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

92

Home at Last.

Melody by M. LINDSAY.
Arr. by W. J. K.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
2. O, the long and sweet re- un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease;
3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, summer land;
O, the greet - ing, endless greet - ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor - dan they have passed,
Where the hop - ing and despond - ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast,

And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter - nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.
And we en - ter life e - ter - nal,—Home at last, home at last.
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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I will Trust in the Blood.

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

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This
2. My dy- ing Saviour and my God,—Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprink-
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash
4. Th'a-tonement of thy blood ap- ply, Till faith to sight improve; Till

CHORUS.

all my hope and all my plea,—"For me the Sav- iour died." I will
le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
me, but not my feet a - lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.
hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb: I will

trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

I will trust,

By permisssion.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

94

Arise and Shine.

H. Bonar. J. J. Hood.

1. Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night,
2. From this world's alluring snares, From its per - ils and its cares,
3. From the van - i - ties of youth, In - to rest, and love, and truth,

Out of midnight in - to day Je - sus bids us come a - way.
From its van - i - ty and strife, Je - sus beckons us to life.
In - to joy that nev- er palls, Je - sus in his mer- cy calls.

CHORUS.

A- rise, a - rise, ... a- rise and shine; . . . A- rise, a-
A- rise, a- rise, a- rise and shine;
rise, . . . thy light is come; . . . Arise and shine, . . . thy light is
Arise, arise, thy light is come; Arise and shine,
come, ... The glo - ry of the Lord is risen up- on our gloom.
thy light is come,

rit.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,

Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace abound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her latest pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.

REFRAIN.

Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!

Je-sus comes to reign victo-rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

5 Lamb of God!—thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion!—high and holy,
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee,
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee,

6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he's interceding;
Haste, ere grace and time diminished
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, Arise! a-rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes a-
3. O church of God, extend thy kind, mater- nal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And
hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And

CHORUS.

take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get- ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shelter of the Sav-iour's fold.
"Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,

cho - rus; On, on, the morning-star is shin-ing o'er us;
swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,

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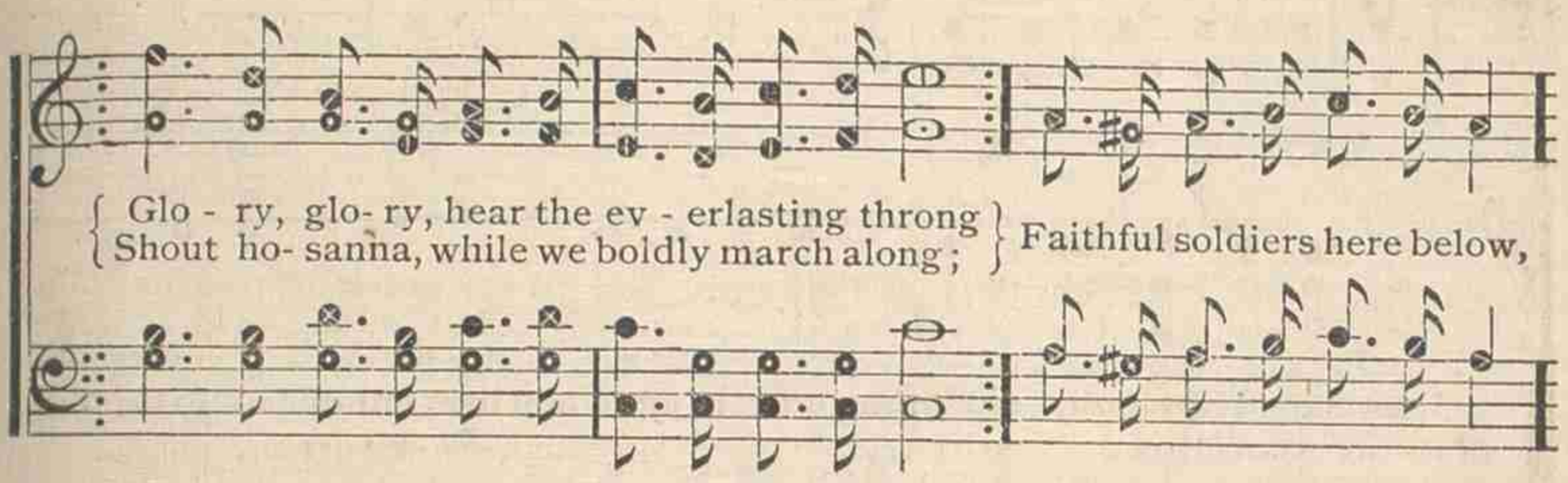
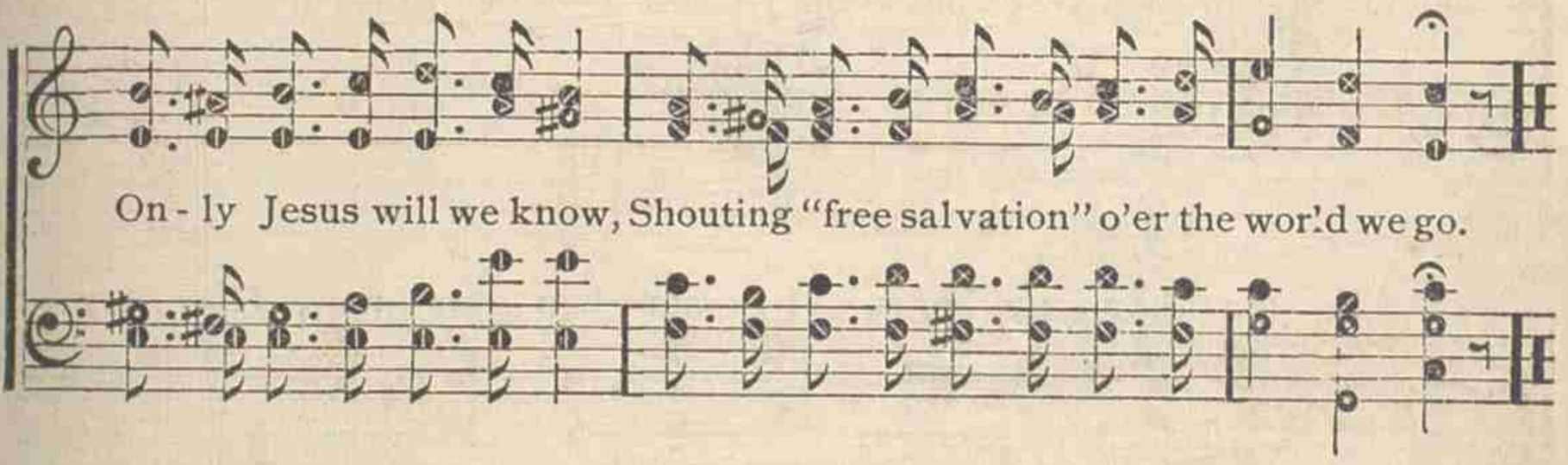
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI





F. J. C. **Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!** Tune above.

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is dawning now,
Awake! awake! and hail its golden light;
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of Righteousness
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long night.

Cho.—Come, come, join the chorus,
Come, come, the angel hosts are bending o'er us;
Come, come, join the chorus,—
All glory be to God, to God above.
Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic form,
Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls along.
Hark! the merry, merry bells,
Everywhere their music swells;
Hark! the merry chiming of the grand old bells.

3 Good news, good news resounding o'er the earth again,
Good news, good news: behold a Saviour born;
Make room, make room in every heart to welcome him,
And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birth-day morn.

4 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel chain to break,
He comes, he comes to give his people rest;
Break forth, break forth, his mighty, mighty love proclaim;
In him shall every nation, every clime, be blessed.

From "Hood's Carols," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Thy precious, precious Fold.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sav- iour, though long I have slighted thee, Still thou hast kind-ly in-
2. No more the night com- eth drear-i - ly, No more my feet wan- der
3. Sav- iour, how gent - ly thou guidest me, How in thy mer - cy thou
4. Saved by thy grace, and so ten- der- ly, Glo - ry and praise I will

vit-ed me, Praise for the love that united me To thy precious, precious fold.
weari - ly, Sweet is thy voice and how cheerily It has led me to thy fold.
hidest me, All that I need thou providest me, In thy precious, precious fold.
render thee, Thou in thy mercy remembered me, Thou hast brought me to thy fold.

REFRAIN.

I am hap - py now, I am hap - py now, How my
heart is swell - ing, all his mer - cy tell - ing; I am
hap - py how, I am hap- py now, In thy precious, precious fold.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Joy cometh in the morning. 99

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm xxx. 5.

Mrs. M. M. Weinland. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Oh, wea - ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!
2. Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!
3. Let ev -'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!
4. Our God will wipe our tears away, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!

For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morn - ing!
And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!
And ev -'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!
Sor - row and sighing flee a- way, For joy cometh in the morn - ing!

CHORUS.

Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en-

dure, may en- dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morn - ing.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

On the Lord's Side.

HAVERGAL. "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." T. C. O'KANE.

From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Soldiers of th' Eternal King. 101

J. H. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Soldiers of th'eternal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
2. La- bel it on ev-'ry door, Place it high the pulpit o'er, Let it stand for-
3. Place it on the chisel'd stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the

churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
ev - er-more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Blazon it in mansion - halls,
monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might

Ut- ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus stand;
Pencil it on prison walls; Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus stand.
Roll for reason and for right, Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus stand.

CHORUS.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand. Up! for Jesus stand,
Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.
Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.

Up! for Jesus stand; Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Jesus stand.
Jesus stand;

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
2. How a- maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a -dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim,

Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flow- ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
This stupend - ous bliss of Heav-en, This un-measured wealth of love!
I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!

CHORUS.

It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

From "The Garner," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Joy in Heaven.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato. *rit.*

There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

Andante.

1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The paths of sin for - sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are bro- ken,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reach - ing,
4. O then to God re - turn,—Come back and be for - giv - en,

And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Sav- iour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The con - trite heart's beseech - ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

{All the gold- en bells are ring- ing,
All the an- gel choirs are sing- ing,} All the lov - ing an- gels say,

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day."

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

104

Washed in the Blood.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am bowed at the cross, Washed from sin and its dross, In the all-cleansing
2. I have come to the blood; And the Spir- it of God Pours the sin- cleansing
3. Oh, the wonderful fount Ope'd on Calvary's mount! There believing and

blood of the Lamb; Joy and rapture are mine, Peace and comfort divine. Fully
tide thro' my soul, Till it burns with pure love To the Saviour above, By whose
wait - ing I am. Lo! the all-cleansing tide To my heart is applied; I am

REFRAIN.

saved thro' his mercy I am. I am washed in the blood,
grace I am saved and made whole.
washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

In the blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all- cleansing
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;

tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Rest Yonder. 105

H. Bonar. J M. Black.

1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a ci-ty yet to come; Onward
2. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life along, On the

to it I am hast-ing, On to my e-ter-nal home; In it
fresh-est pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh-ing in-to song; Soon we'll

:S:

all is light and glo-ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Ev-'ry
pass this des-ert drea-ry,—Soon we'll bid farewell to pain,—Nev-er

D. S.—saved of earth shall gather In that ci-ty of de-light, There to

Fine. CHORUS.

trace of sin's sad story, All the curse has pass'd away. Blessed home bright and
more be sad or weary, Never, never sin again. blessed home

praise their dear Redeemer, Clad in garments white.

D. S.

fair, Sin can nev - - - er en-ter there; All the
bright and fair, Sin can nev-er, sin can nev-er en-ter there, en-ter there;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Peace in Believing.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Peace in believ-ing the words of my Saviour, Peace in believing each
2. Peace in believ-ing each moment he saves me, Peace in believing his
3. Peace in believ-ing I dwell in his presence, Peace in believing I
4. Peace in believ-ing when tri - als are o-ver, When in his likeness made

prom-ise di-vine, Peace in believ-ing the Lord is my Shepherd; Glory to
gar-ment I wear, Peace in believ-ing, whatev-er befall me, Je-sus is
walk by his side, Peace in believ-ing he will not forsake me, Tho' in the
pure I shall be; There, where no sorrow nor darkness can enter, Pleasures im-

CHORUS.

Jesus! I know he is mine. Peace in believing, sweet peace in believing—
waiting to answer my prayer.
furnace my soul may be tried.
mortal are waiting for me.

Precious en-joyment, no language can tell; Peace in believ-ing, sweet

peace in believing,—Grace has redeemed me; I know it full well.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Tell Me the Story of Jesus. 107

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev- 'ry word,
2. Fast- ing, a- lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,

Chorus.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,

Fine.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

Tell how the an- gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,
Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear- er than ev - er I see;

D.C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af- flict - ed, Homeless, re- ject- ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Happy in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Gen - tle Saviour mine, oh, the joy di- vine,—Trusting in thy mer - cy
2. Gen - tle Saviour mine, all my love is thine, Love that now is cling - ing,
3. Toil - ing here be - low, wheresoe'er I go, Tar - ry, O my Sav - iour
4. When my spirit flies homeward to the skies, When thy face in glo - ry

flow - ing for me; 'Tis thy tender voice bids my heart rejoice; Lord, I am
clinging to thee; All my journey 'long this shall be my song, Lord, I am
tar - ry with me; On - ly safe am I 'neath thy watchful eye, There I am
smil - ing I see, How my harp will ring, how my voice will sing, Lord, I am

CHORUS.

hap - py, so hap - py in thee. Leaning on thy breast sweetly now I rest,

Since, my Redeem - er, thou car - est for me; All the livelong day

still my heart can say, Lord, I am hap - py, so hap - py in thee.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Walking with Jesus. 109

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. Walking with Je- sus, my Sav- iour di- vine; Walking with Je - sus, what
2. Walking with Je- sus, in him I a - bide, Fearing no e - vil while
3. Walking with Je- sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je - sus, O

com- fort is mine; Led by his Spir - it, redeemed by his love,
close to his side; Grace for each mo- ment my Sav- iour be- stows,
sweet is my song; Bless- ed com- mun - ion with Him I a - dore;

CHORUS.

Heir to his Kingdom of glo - ry a - bove. Walking with Je - sus,
Peace like a riv - er con - tin - ual - ly flows.
He is my re- fuge, I ask for no more.

how can I stray; Walk- ing with Je - sus, bright is my way;

Walking with Je- sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

110

When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR. Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit- ting, perhaps, where his
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri -fied he who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then,
friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
gar - ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Sacred Rest. 111

"For we who have believed do enter into rest."

Mrs. Mary D. James. Heb. iv. 3. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. How sweet the sacred rest it brings To nestle 'neath his shelt'ring wings,—The
2. 'Tis rest no angel's tongue can tell; 'Tis joy untold, unspeak-a- ble, My
3. Oh, full salvation, hallowed bliss! No creature joys compare with this Di-
4. Oh, wondrous, condescending grace! That we may bask in his bright rays, His

Lover of my soul! "A covert" from the pelting storms, "A refuge" from life's
Saviour's love to know; To see him smile, and hear him say, "I'll guide thro' all the
vine, unbroken rest:—The sacred calm the soul receives, The peace of God which
wealth of blessing prove! And lifted to the glorious height Of fellowship with

REFRAIN.

dread alarms, When raging billows roll. Oh, glo - ry be to Je- sus! How
dang'rous way Each step that thou shalt go."
Jesus gives, While leaning on his breast.
saints in light, What magnitude of love!

sweetly I am blest!—In trusting my Redeemer I am finding perfect rest.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

He has Come.

[Written after hearing a sermon from Chaplain McCabe, from the text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has tak - en my heart as his own cho- sen home. At last I have giv - en the
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my be - ing is swayed by his word. He has come and he reigns in the
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart! He has given his word that he will not depart. What trou - ble can enter; what
4. He has come to a-bide: and ho - ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to ban- quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord,

welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.
realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!
e - vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?
since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"

CHORUS.

He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem-er has come! He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er, my Redeemer, my Re-deemer has come!

come! His presence is heav'n, My heart is his home! My Redeemer has come!

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Our Way of Duty. 113

WM. H. RUDDIMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have each our work to do, Let us strive, let us strive, For e-
2. We have sins to o - vercome, Let us strive, let us strive, That the
3. We have upward paths to tread, Let us strive, let us strive, In the

ternal things are pressing near; While the glowing hours still shine, Oh, im-
Spir- it in our hearts may dwell, Planting sacred longings there, Ripening
Master's loving will to grow; May his ev - er-guiding hand Lead us

CHORUS.

prove the gift divine, Lest too soon the night ap - pear. We'll serve, serve
fruits of faith and pray'r, While our lives their fragrance tell.
to the farther strand, And his radiant honors show. We'll serve,

on, serve on, Dear Saviour, for thee toil on, toil on, Till the promised rest we

gain, On the high resplendent plain, And with thee in bliss sit down.

From "Precious Songs," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

114

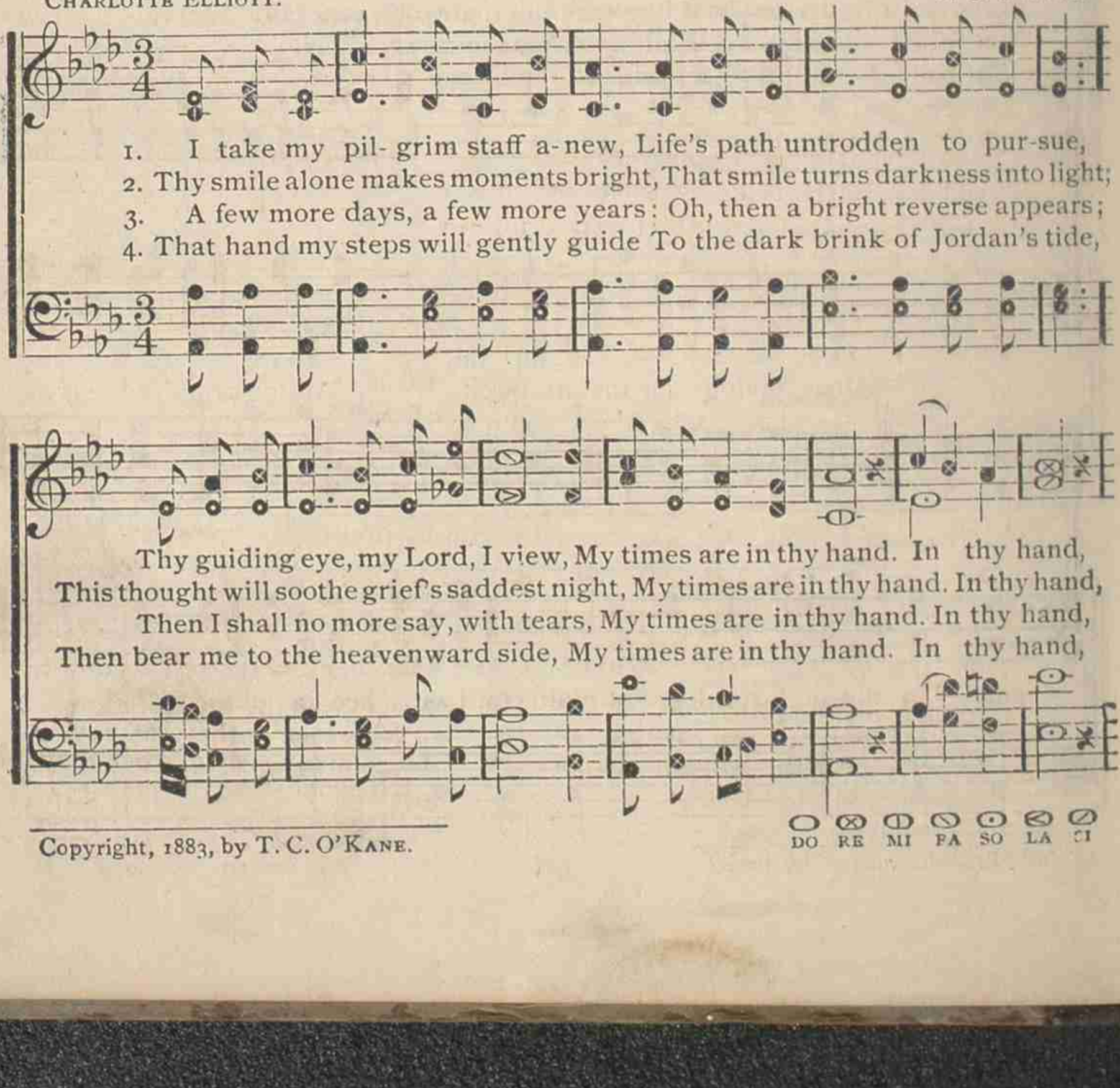
Saviour, Comfort Me.

By per. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

In Thy Hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. T. C. O'KANE.



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In Thy Hand.—CONCLUDED.

Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

H. W. M. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Jesus loves the little ones,
Bears their sin and care;
Loves to hear them lisp his name
In his praise or prayer.

5 Jesus loves the little ones,
Wheresoe'er they roam;
Then he takes them when they die
To his heavenly home.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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116

He invites You to-day.

C. E. L.

C. E. Leslie.

1. Sin - ner, come, will you come, To the Lamb that was slain,
2. There's a work to be done, There's a cross you should bear;
3. You have friends who have gone To that ha - ven of rest,

Will you come to his arms, He will cleanse ev - 'ry stain.
There's a crown to be won, There's a glo - ry to share.
Whom you promised to meet In the land of the blest.

REFRAIN.

He in - vites you to - day, Do not, then, stay a - way,

:S: Bless - ed be the Lord! He in - vites you to - day. *Fine.*

Bless - ed be the Lord! Bless - ed be the Lord! *D.S.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Jesus will Save You now. 117

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,— Je - sus will save you now;
2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;

Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je- sus will save you now.
Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.
Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.

CHORUS.

Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,

Come, and the step you will ne'er re -gret, Je - sus will save you now.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul! Let me to thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

QUARTETTE.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee:

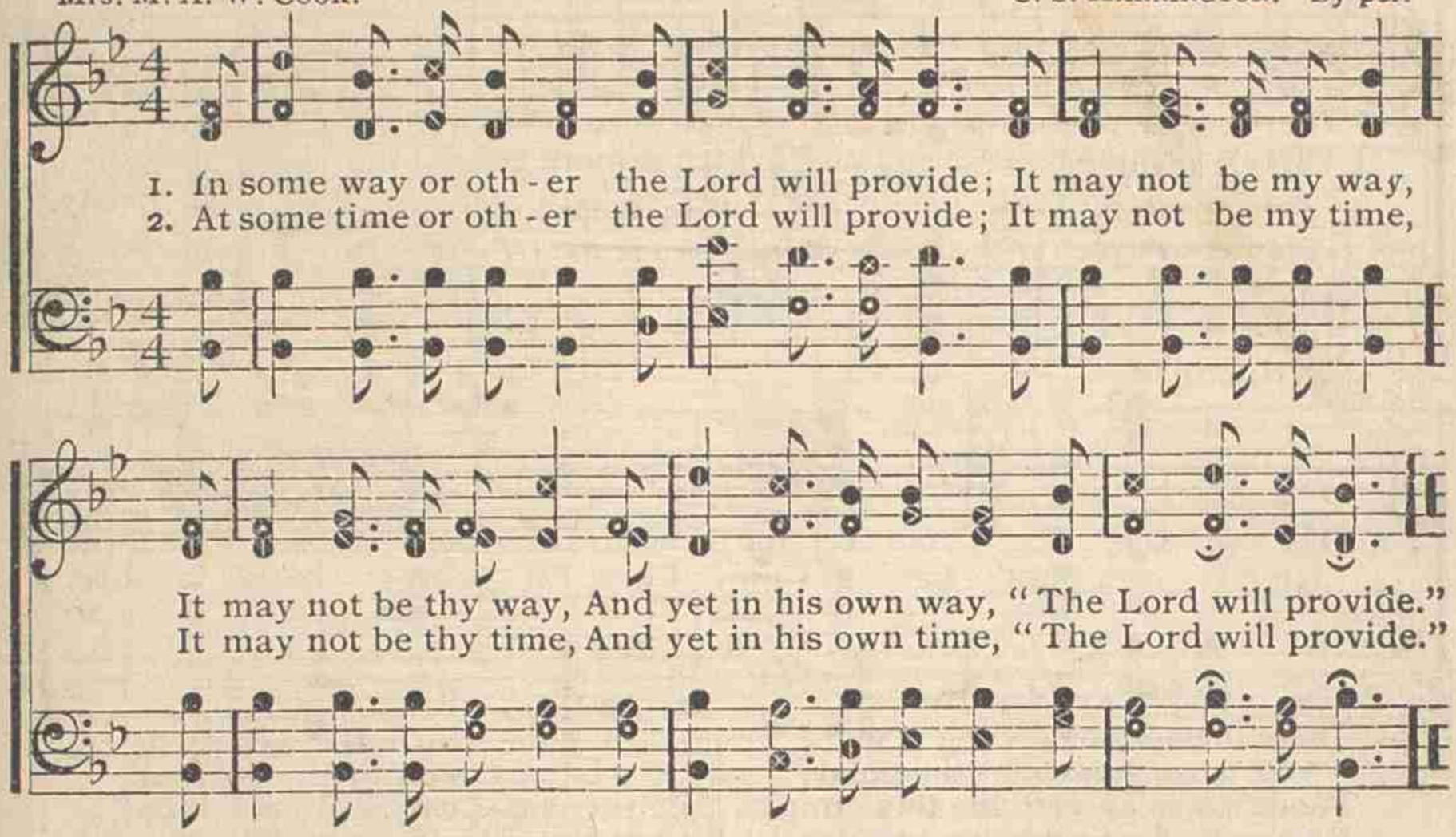
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my defenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing!
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

From "Anthems and Voluntaries," by per.

119 The Lord will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington. By per.

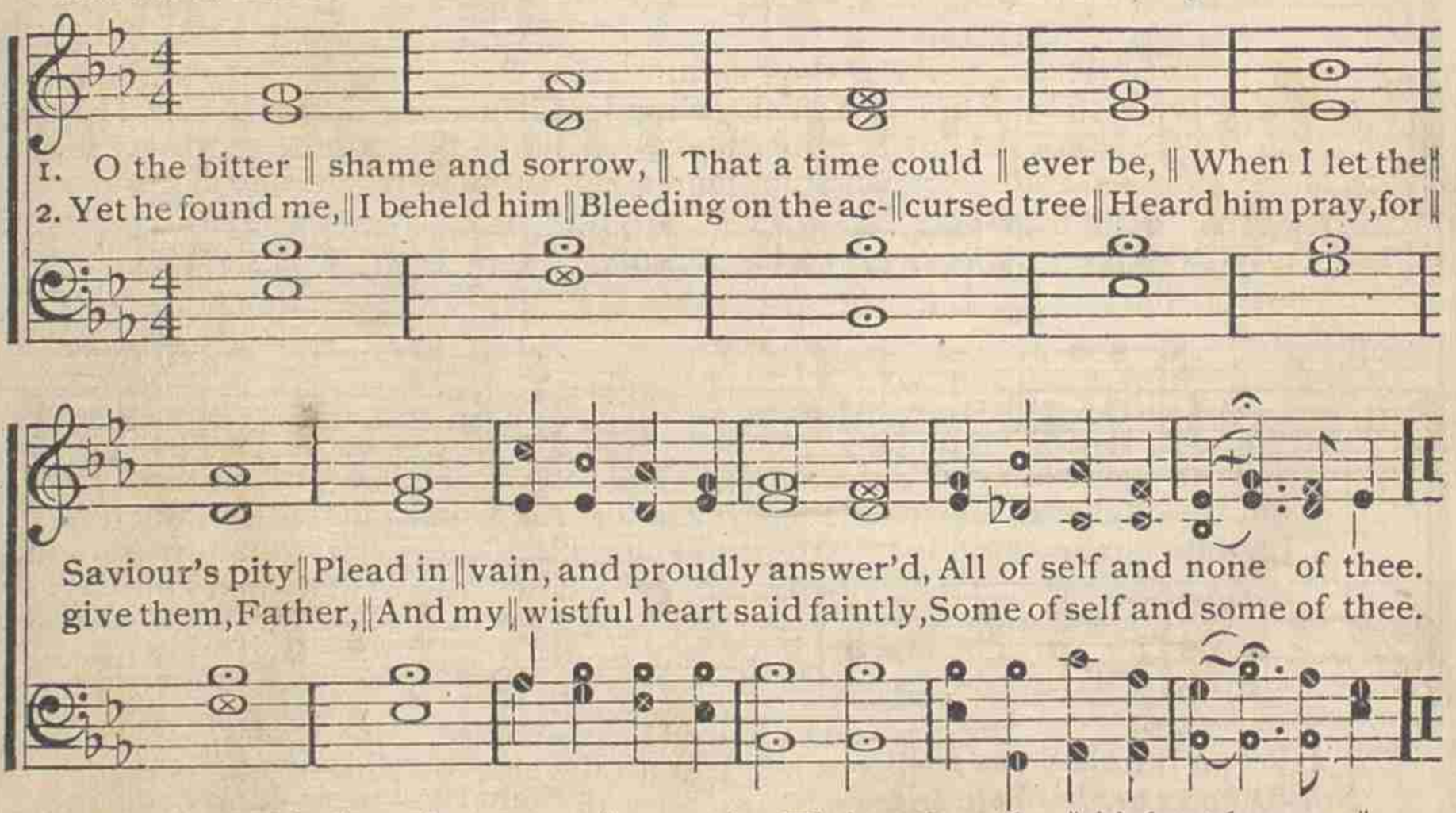


3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

120 The Altered Motto.

Rev. Theo. Monod. J. G. Robinson.



3 Day by day his ‖ tender mercy, ‖
Healing, helping, ‖ full and free, ‖
Sweet, and strong, ‖ and, oh, so patient, ‖
Brought me ‖ lower while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the ‖ highest heaven, ‖
Deeper than the ‖ deepest sea. ‖
Lord, thy love ‖ at last has conquer'd, ‖
Grant me ‖ now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

121 He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

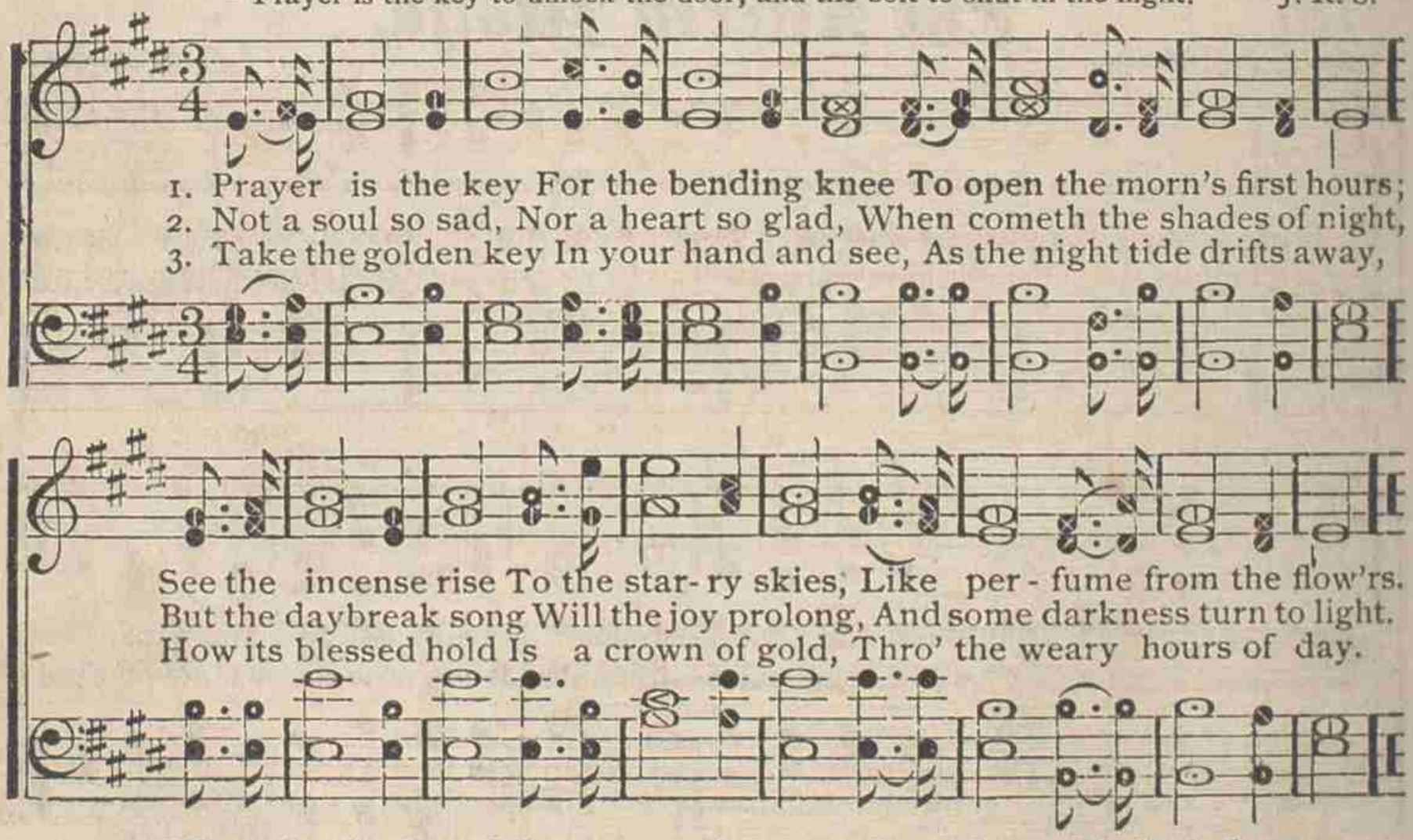
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
Tnere is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

122 The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." J. R. S.



4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

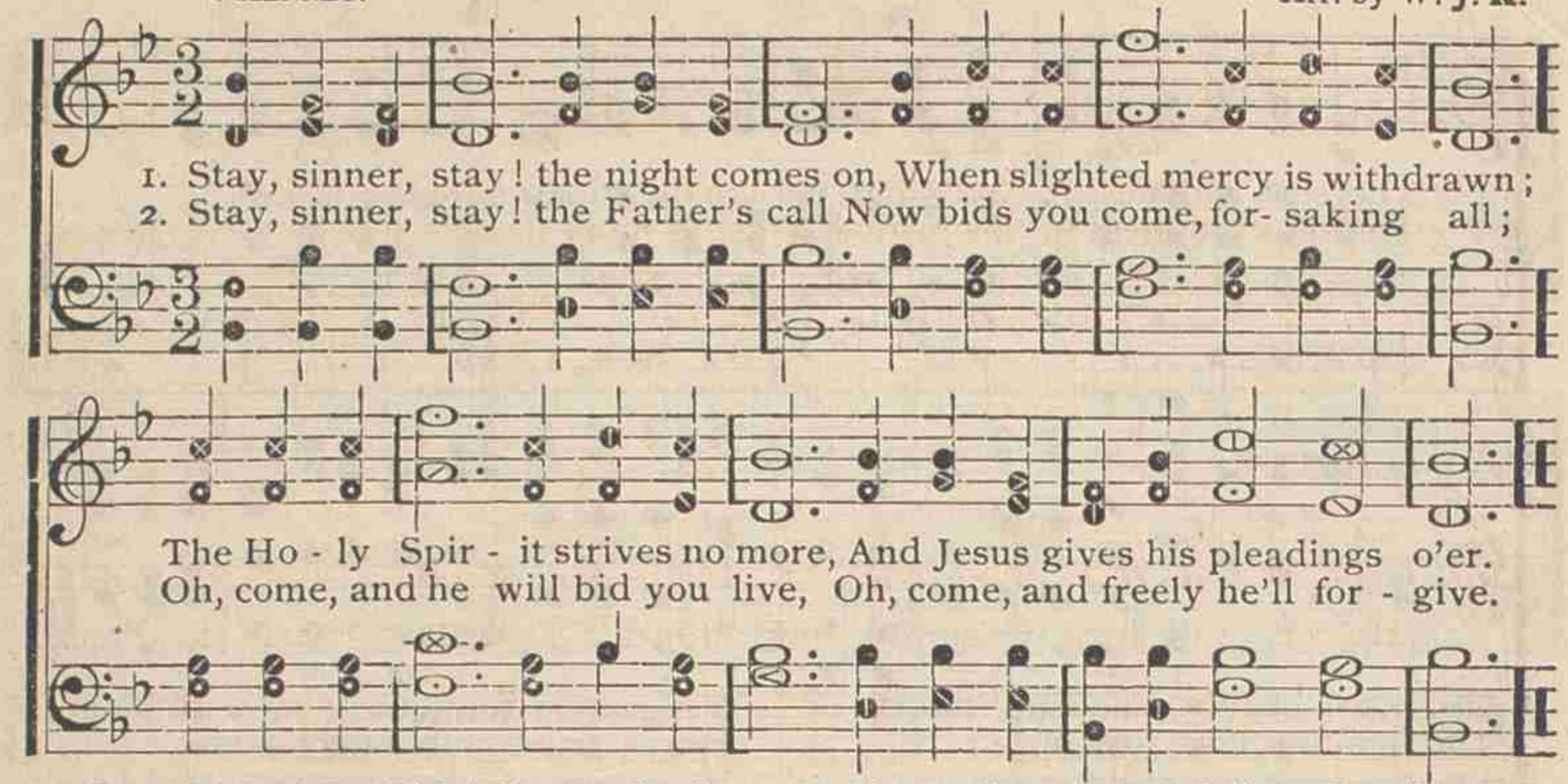
5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

123 Stay, Sinner, stay!

W. KENNEY. Arr. by W. J. K.



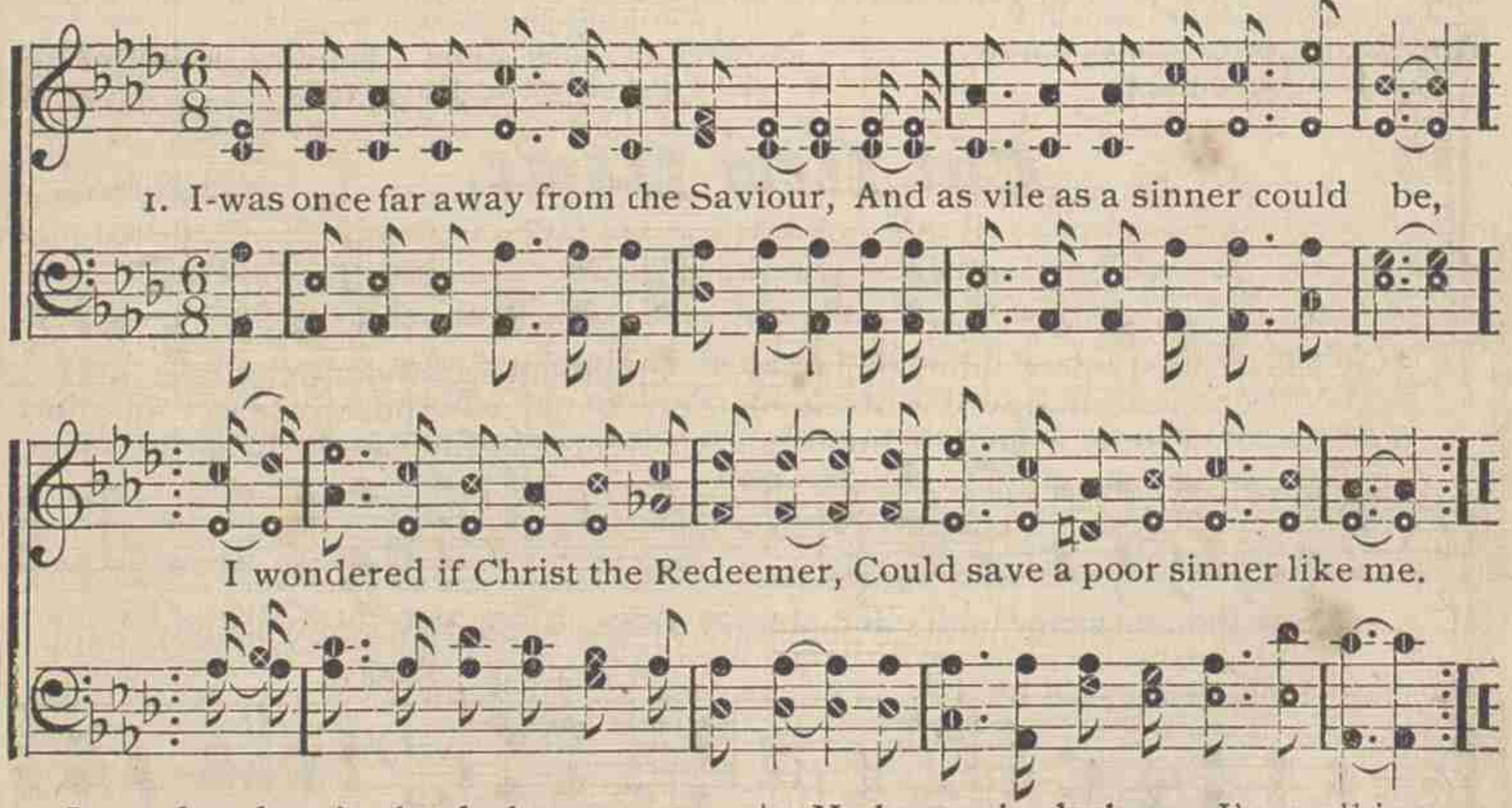
3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.

4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.

5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.

6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.

124 C. J. B. A Sinner like Me. CHAS. J. BUTLER.



2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

125

Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deed and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

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

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
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

126 J. E. H.

The New Name.

J. E. Hall.

1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,

Fine.

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I won- der, I

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

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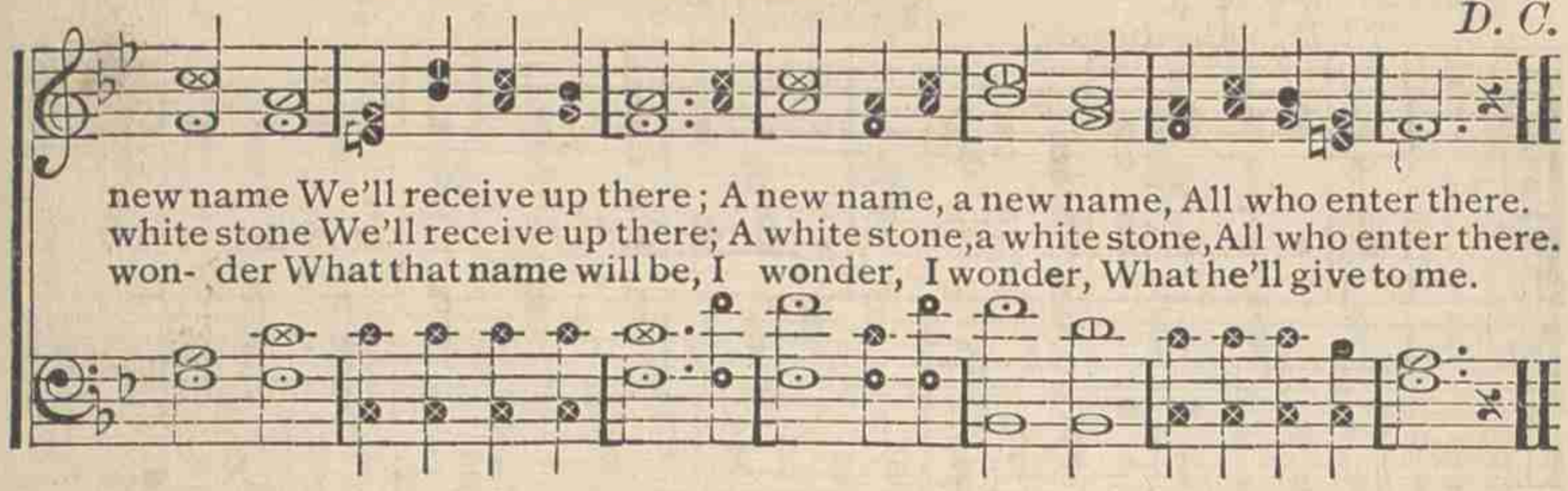
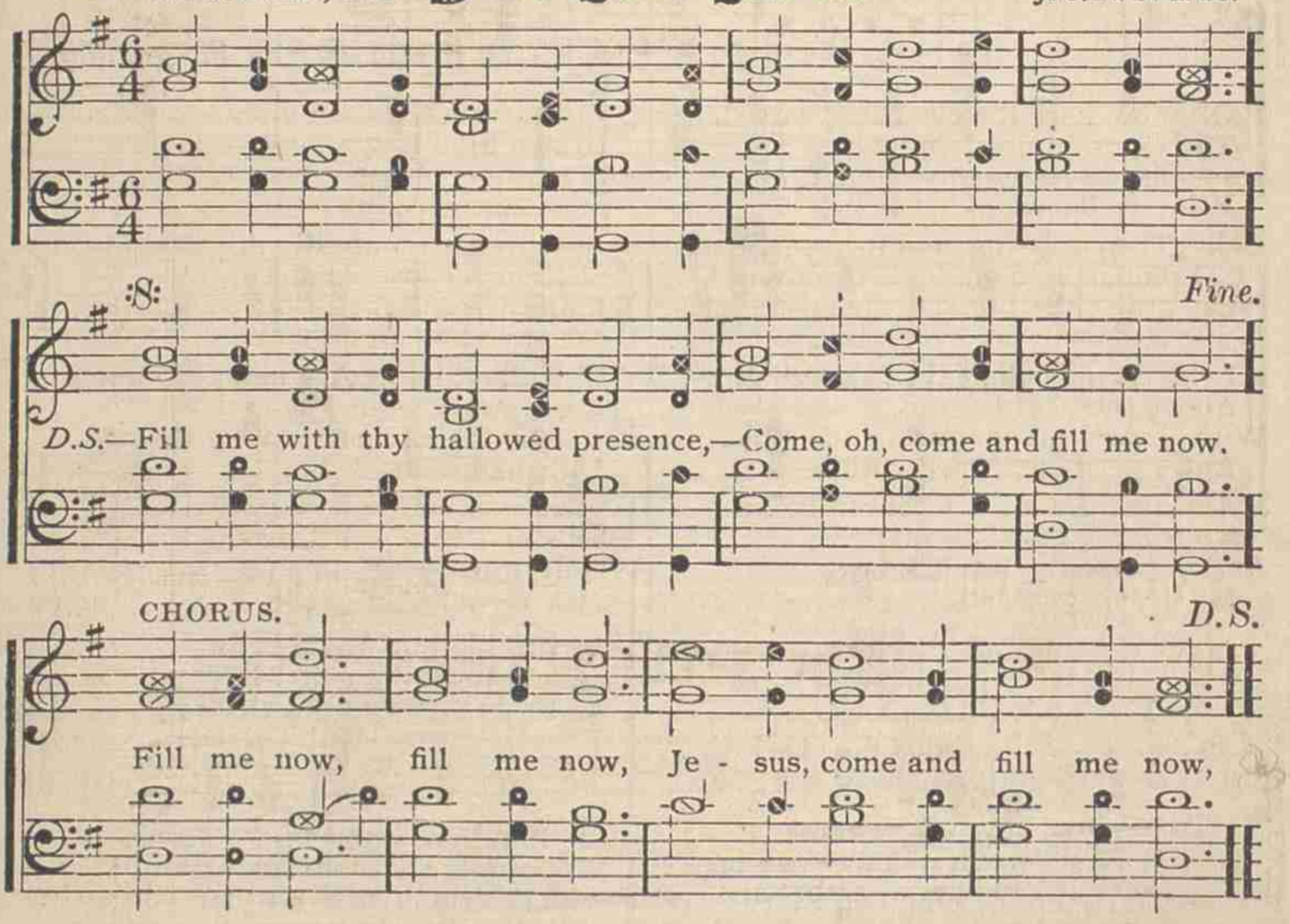
The New Name.—CONCLUDED.



127 E. H. STOKES, D.D.

Fill Me Now.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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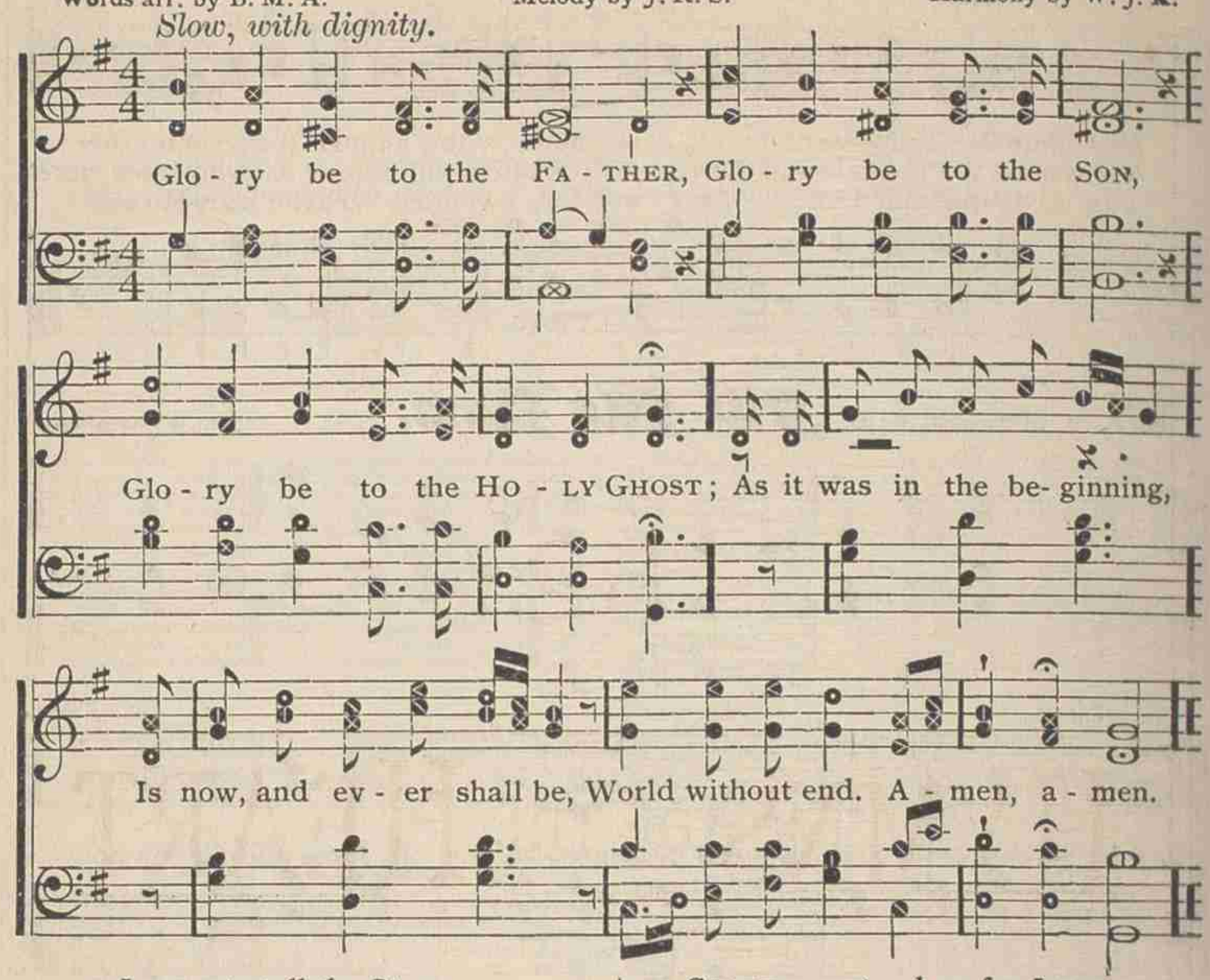
128

Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A. Melody by J. R. S. Harmony by W. J. K.



1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

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

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

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

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

52

HYMNS OF THE HEART

SELECTED BY

C. C. McCABE,

PREFACE.

HOW shall our church music be improved? This is an unsettled question. From the meaningless chords played by the organist at the beginning of the service till the congregation rises to sing the doxology the music is unsatisfactory, almost everywhere. Why? Because it lacks heart. It lacks enthusiasm. It lacks volume. It lacks the joyful spirit of praise. Try an experiment,—Give out from the Church Hymnal, as part of the Sabbath-school lesson, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." Let every member of the Sabbath-school learn it *by heart*. Let the pastor announce it as one of his hymns on Sabbath morning. Request the organist to omit all flourishes,—all *preludes* and *interludes*. Let not the leader be over anxious about the time. The people will sing much better with *heart* beat than with *hand* beat or *baton* beat. One blast on the organ to get the pitch. Then let choir, congregation, and Sabbath-school "sing unto the Lord." The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps on the willows. They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help to fill up the empty pews. It will help you to preach. Try another hymn in the same way, till you have packed fifty-two of the grand old hymns of Zion into the memories of the children,—and after while you will have a singing church.

C. C. MCCABE.

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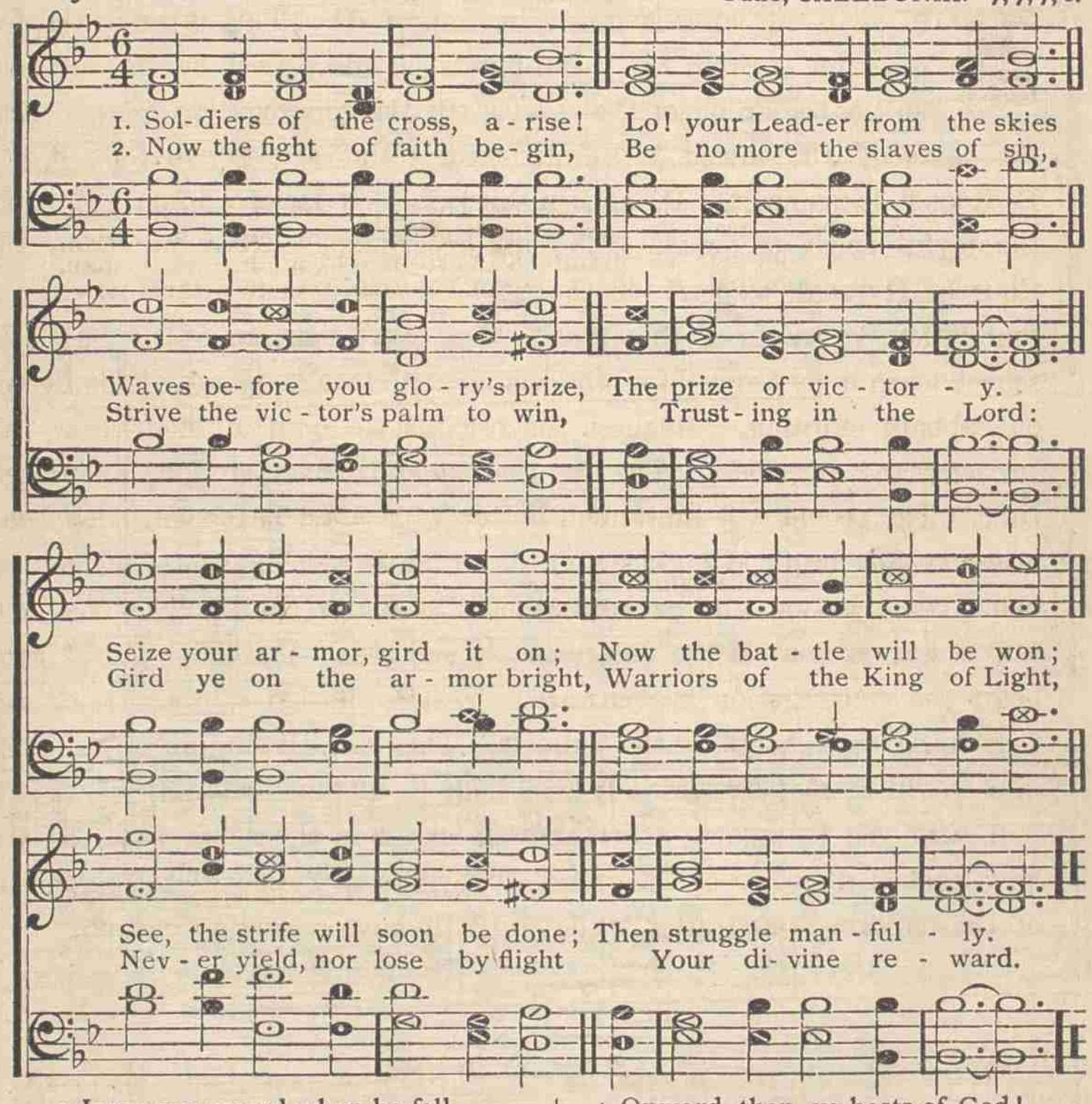
52

HYMNS OF THE HEART.

1 Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY. Tune, CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.



3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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Enthroned is Jesus Now.

T. J. JUDKIN. Theme of Chorus from Webster. T. C. O'KANE.

1. En-throned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat; The king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
2. In shin - ing white they stand, A great and countless throng; A palm - y scep- tre in each hand, On ev - 'ry lip a song.
3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The Lamb, thro' whose a - ton - ing blood, Each wears his di - a - dem.
4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy blessed help sup - ply, That we may join that ra - diant host, Tri - umphant in the sky.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,
We shall be sat - is-fied By and by; By and by,
There, there, with the glorified,
By and by; We shall be sat - isfied By and by.
Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

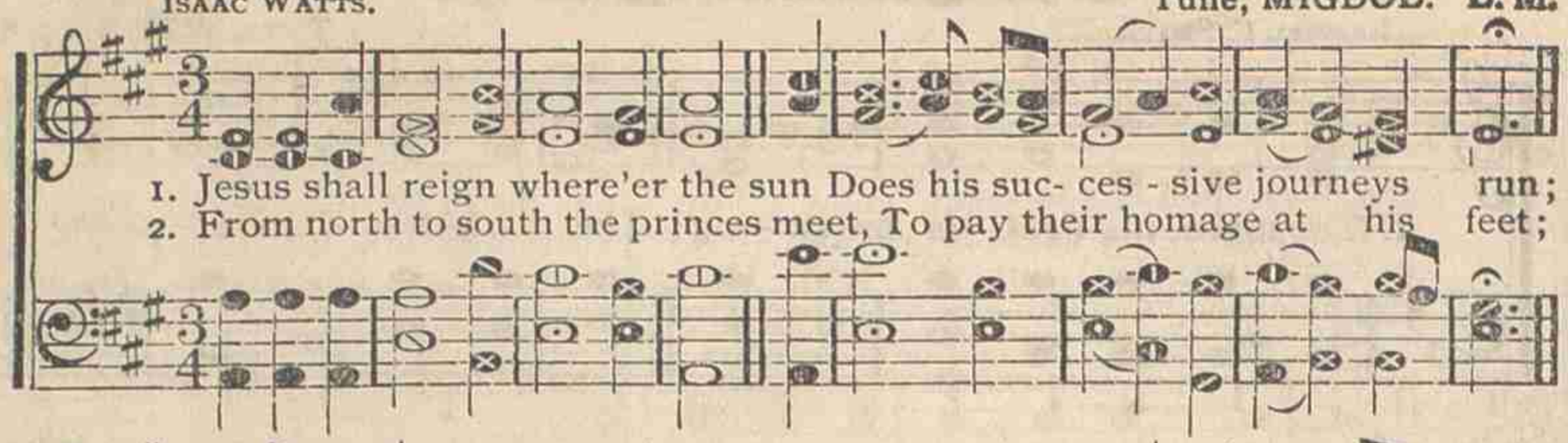
From "Joy to the World," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

3

Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, MIGDOL. L. M.



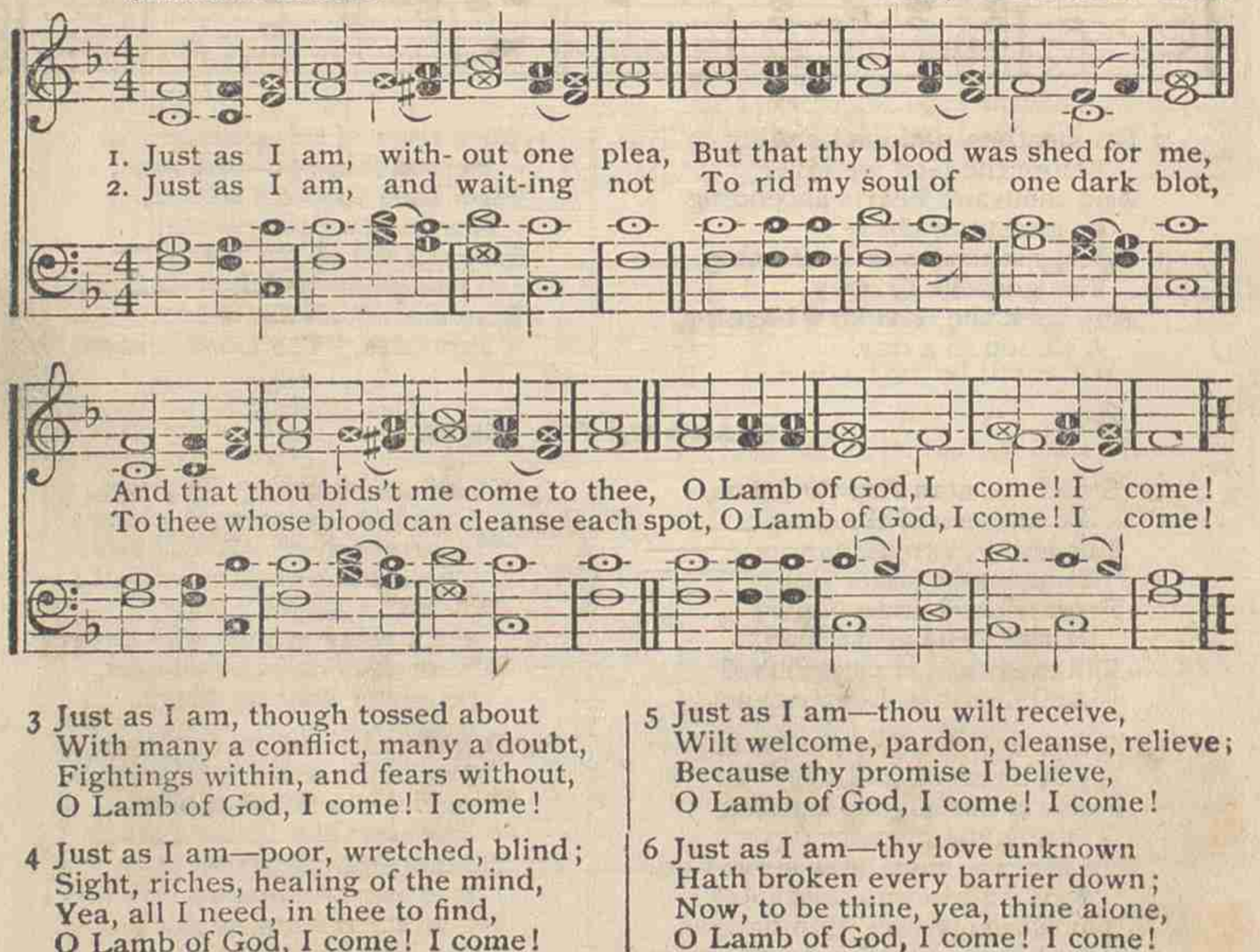
3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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

4

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Tune, HAMBURG. L. M.



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

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

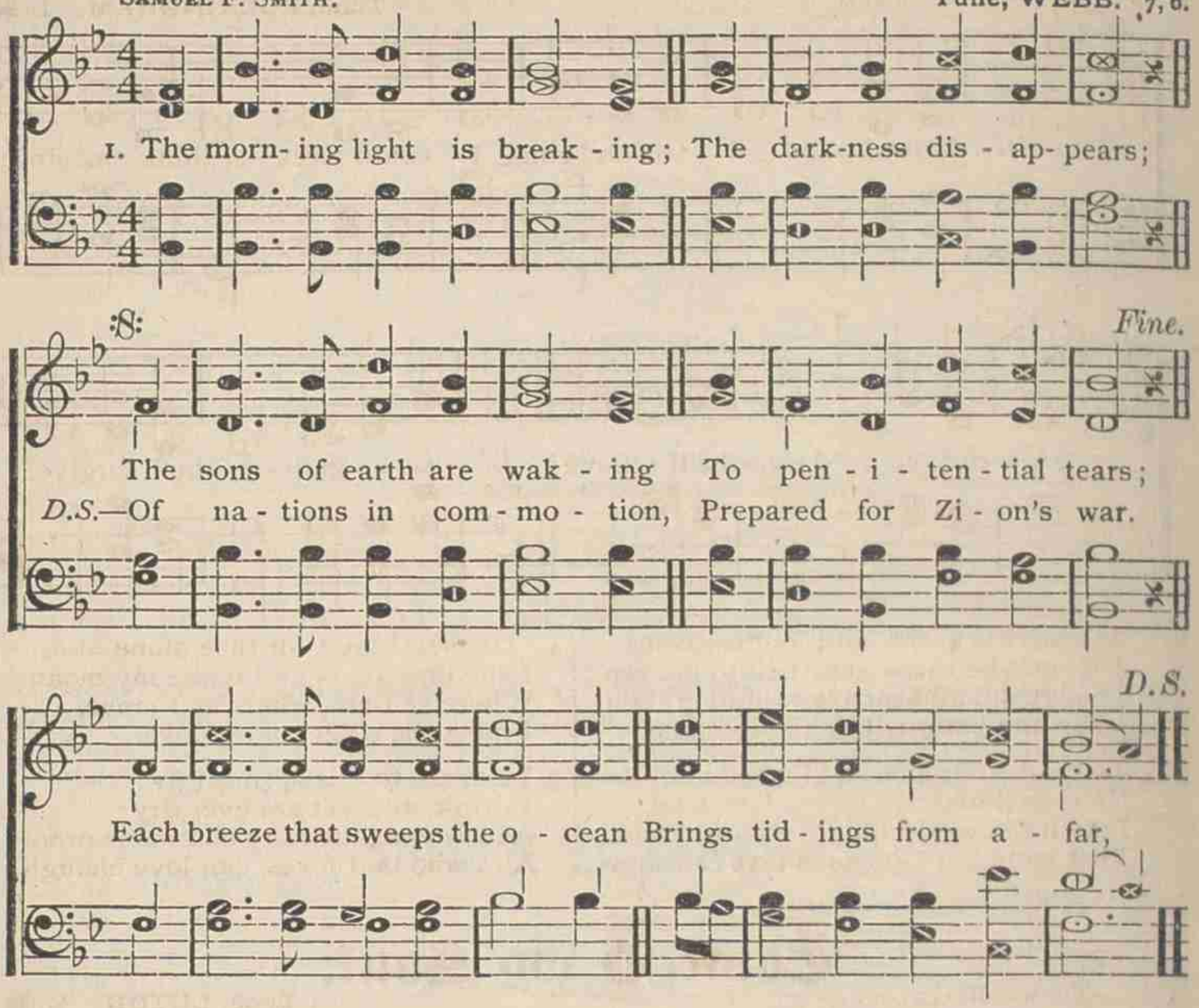
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

5

The Morning Liyht.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

6

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

7, 6.

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

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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

7 Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. Boehm. Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

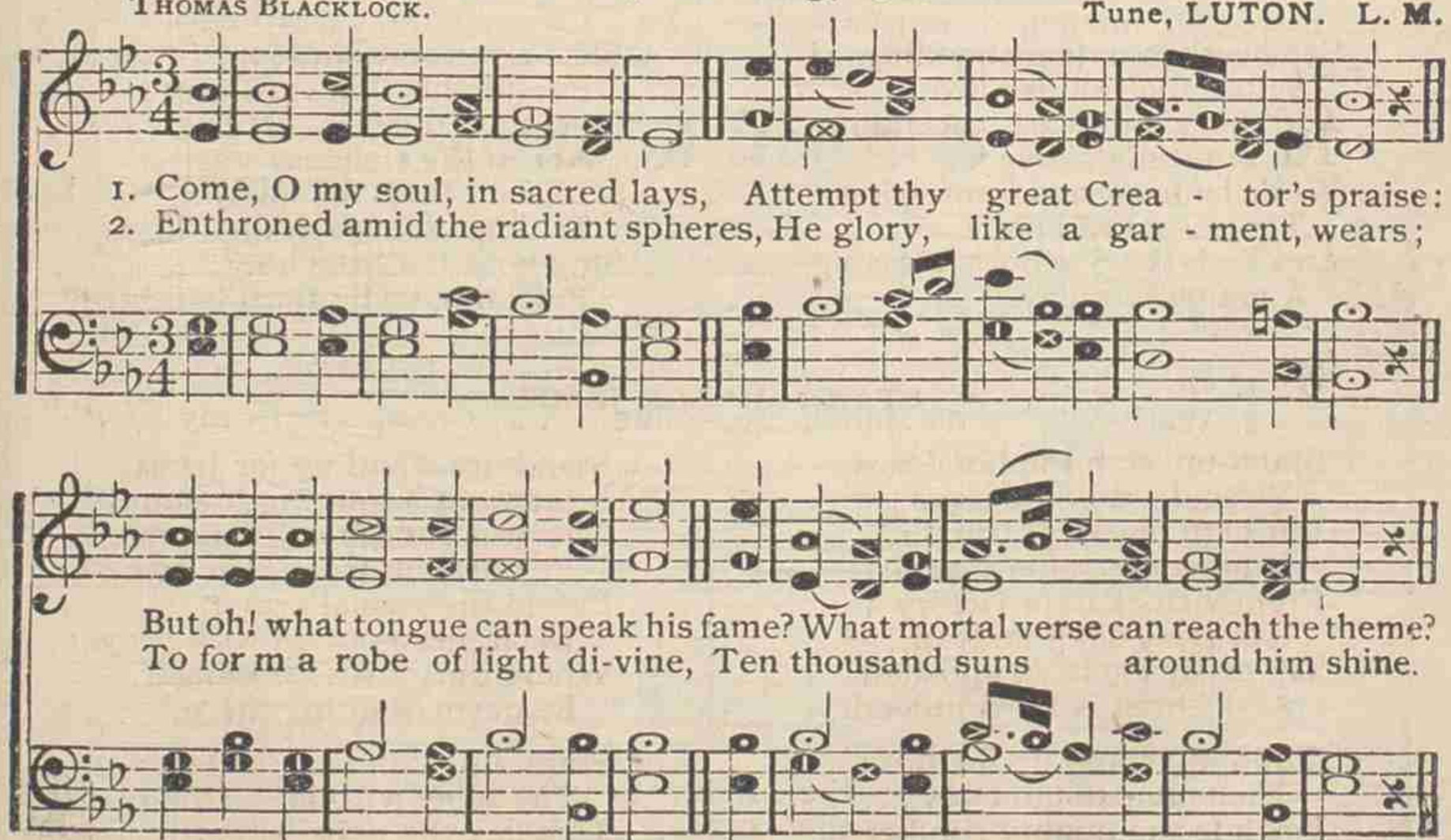
3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

8 Come, O my Soul.

Thomas Blacklock. Tune, LUTON. L. M.



3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

9

And can it Be? Tune, FILLMORE. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

2 'Tis mystery all! the immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

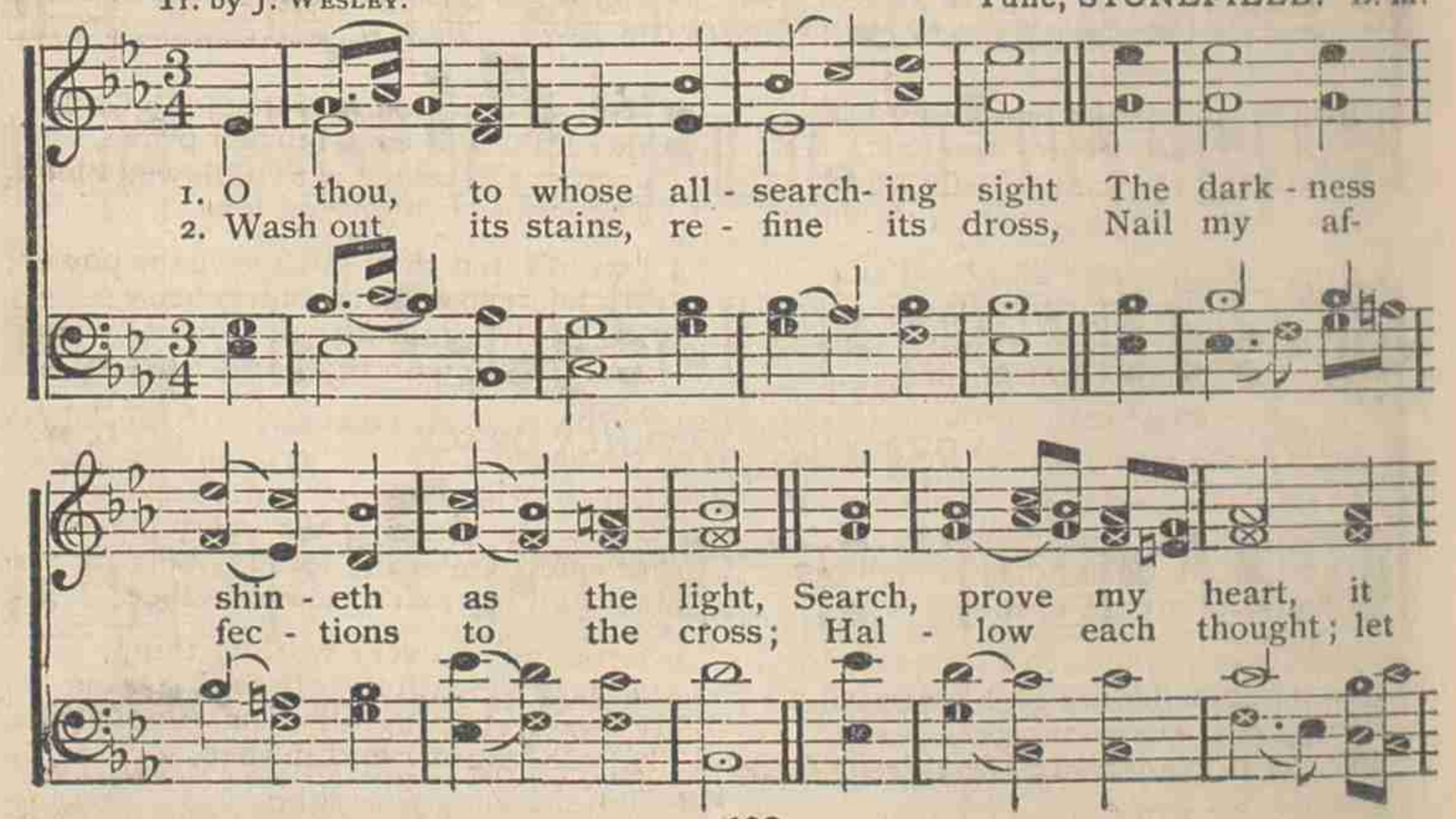
4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

10

O Thou to whose.

Tr. by J. WESLEY. Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.



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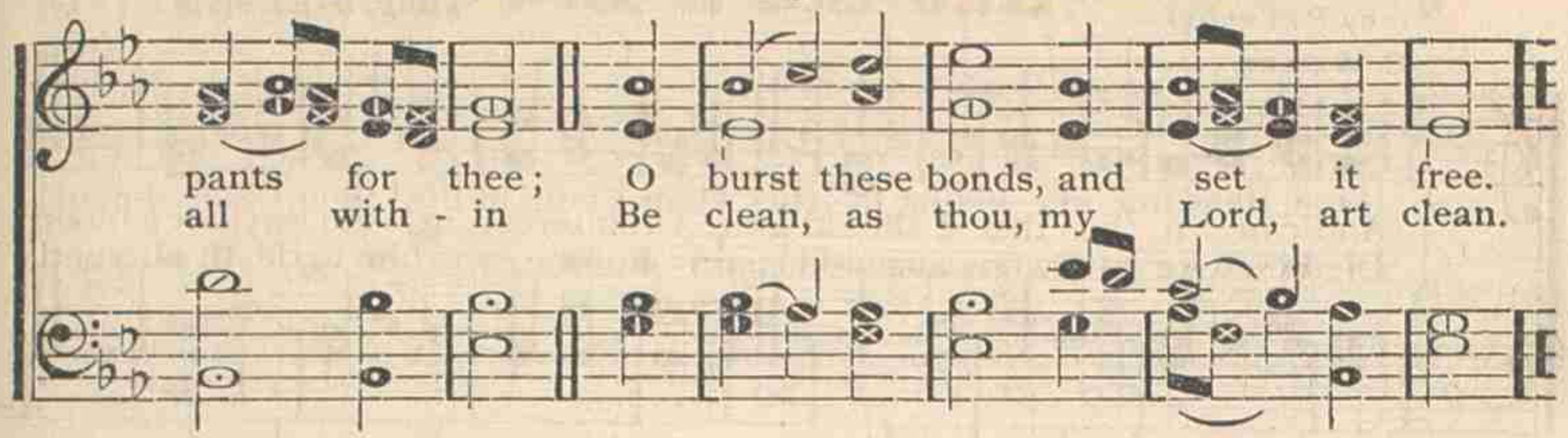


3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

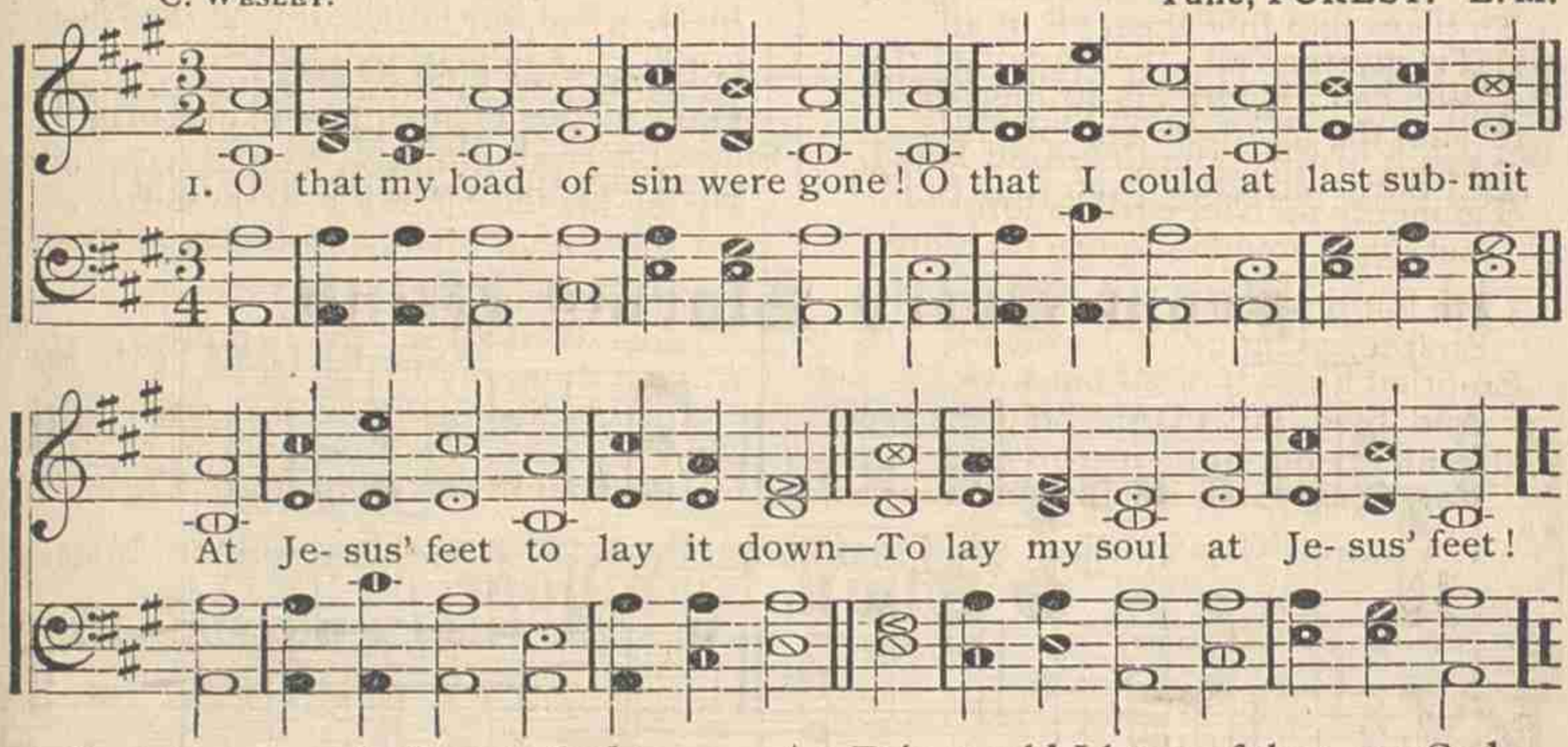
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

11 O that My Load.

C. WESLEY. Tune, FOREST. L. M.



2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

12 O LORD, THY HEAVENLY GRACE. L. M.

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

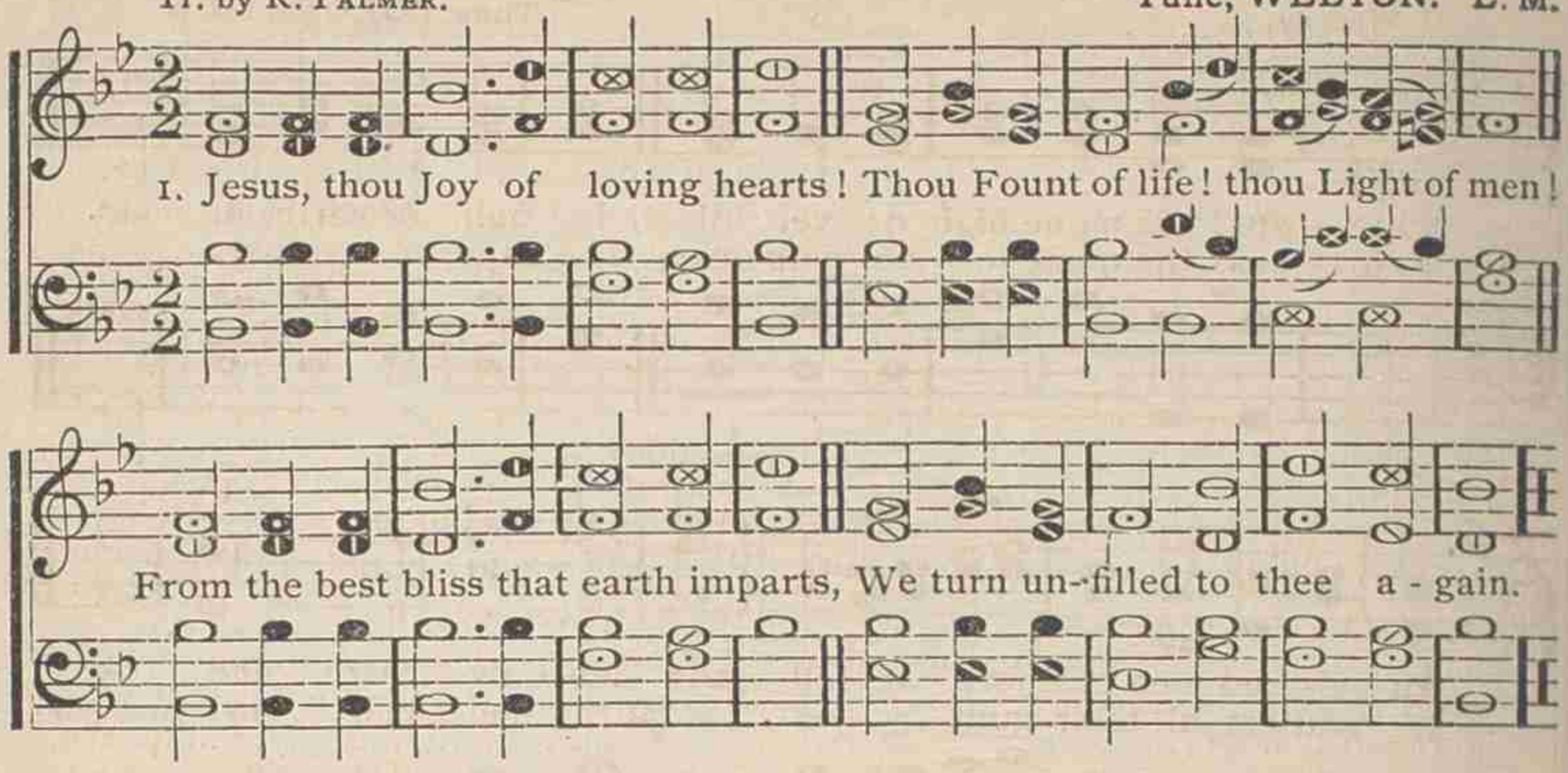
3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

13

Jesus, Thou Joy.

Tr. by R. PALMER. Tune, WELTON. L. M.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

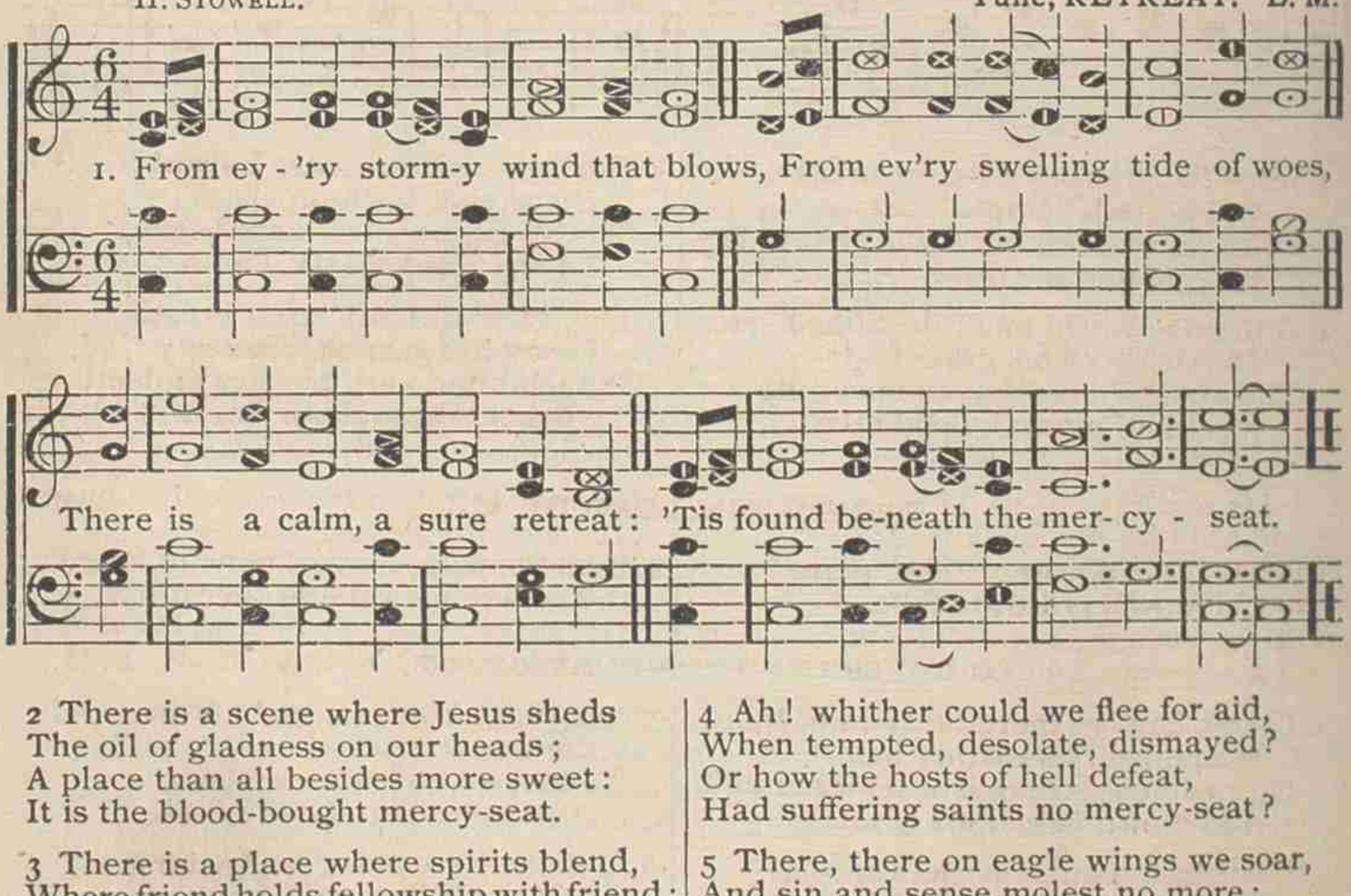
4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

14

From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL. Tune, RETREAT. L. M.



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

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

15

Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

16

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

C. M.

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

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

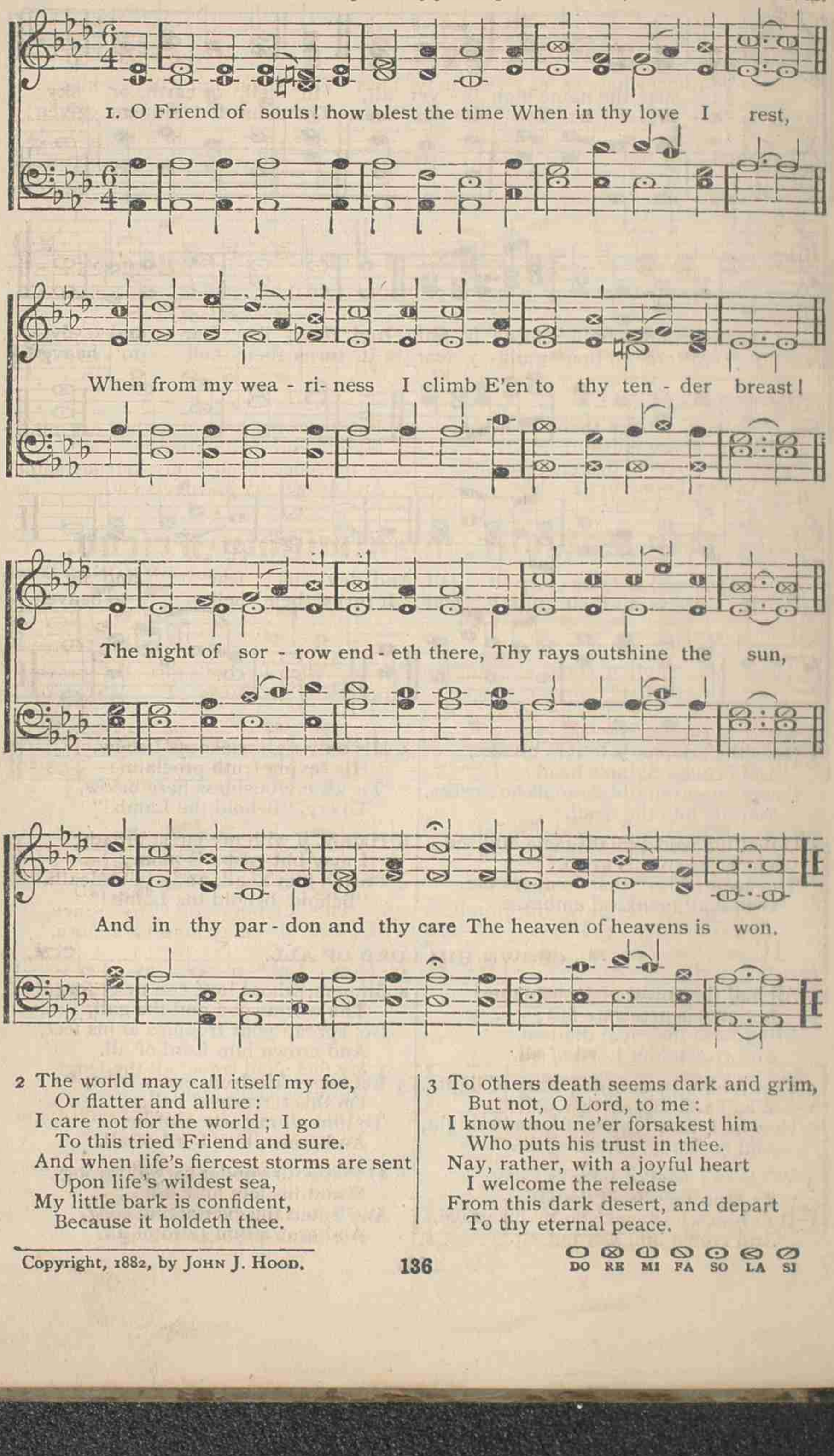
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

O Friend of Souls.

W. C. DESSLER. [Music by J. R. S.] Tune, ROCKWELL. C. M.



2 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth thee.

3 To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

18 Father, whate'er.

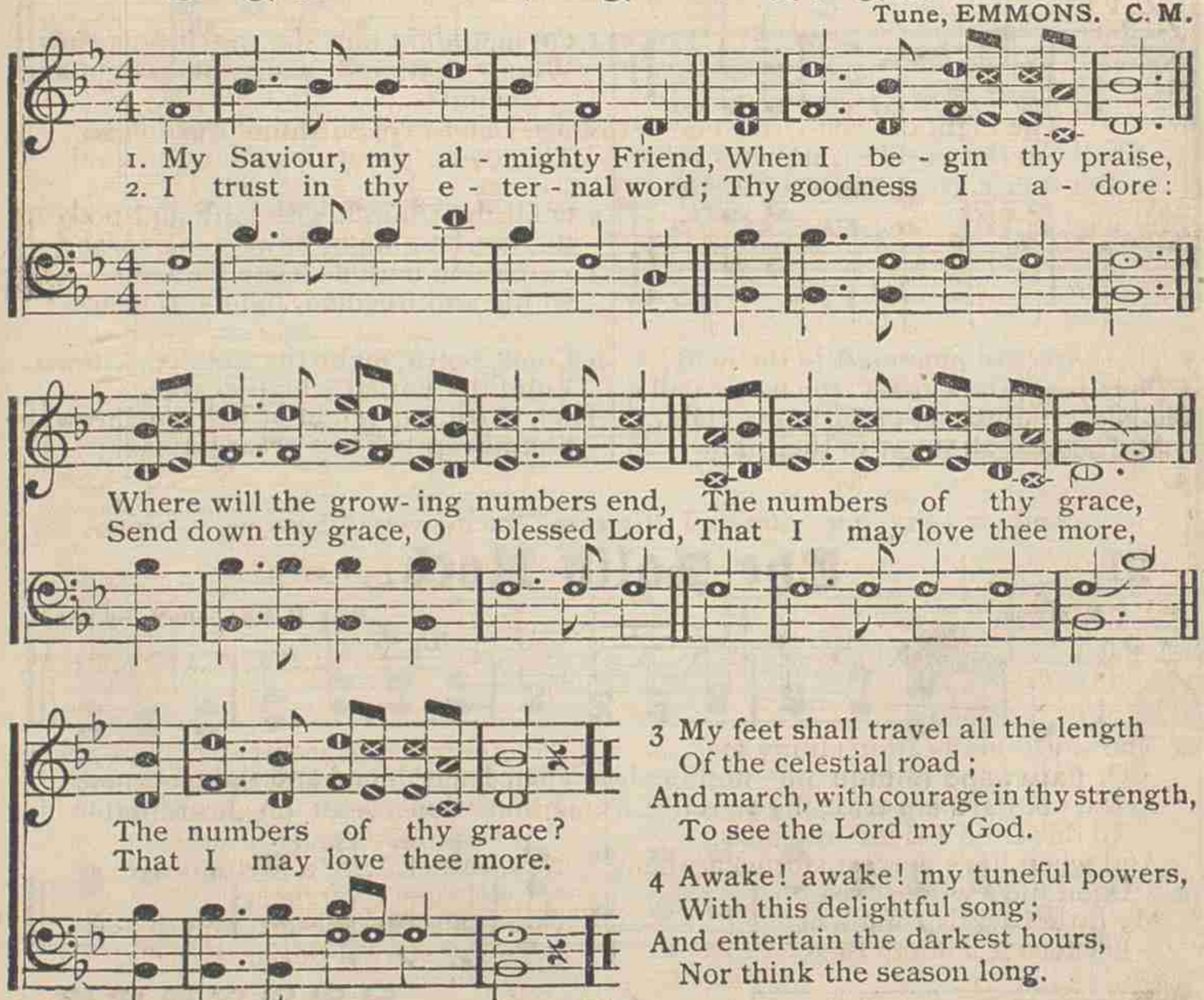
ANNE STEELE. Tune, NAOMI. C. M.

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

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

19 My Saviour, my almighty Friend.

Tune, EMMONS. C. M.



3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

20 Eternal Father, Thou.

R. PALMER. Tune, ROLLAND. L. M.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

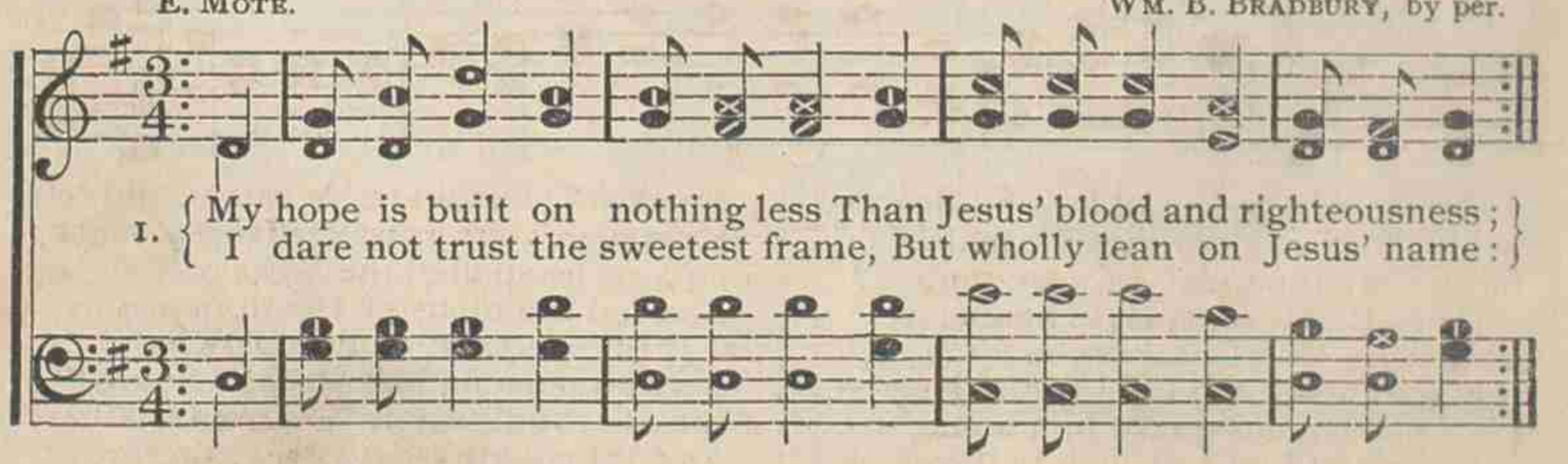
4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

21 The Solid Rock.

E. MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



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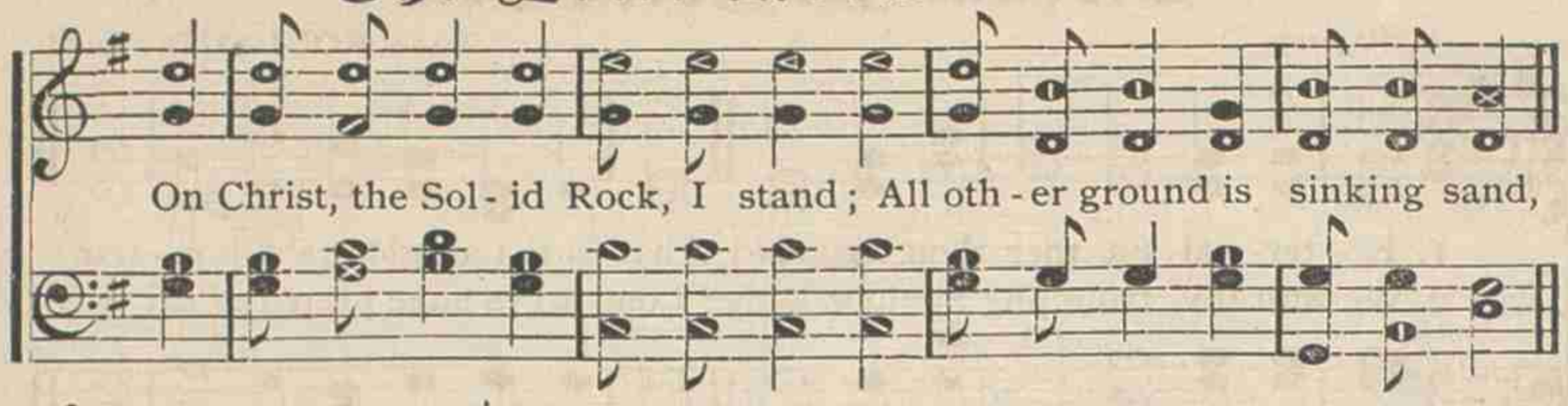
The Solid Rock.—CONCLUDED.

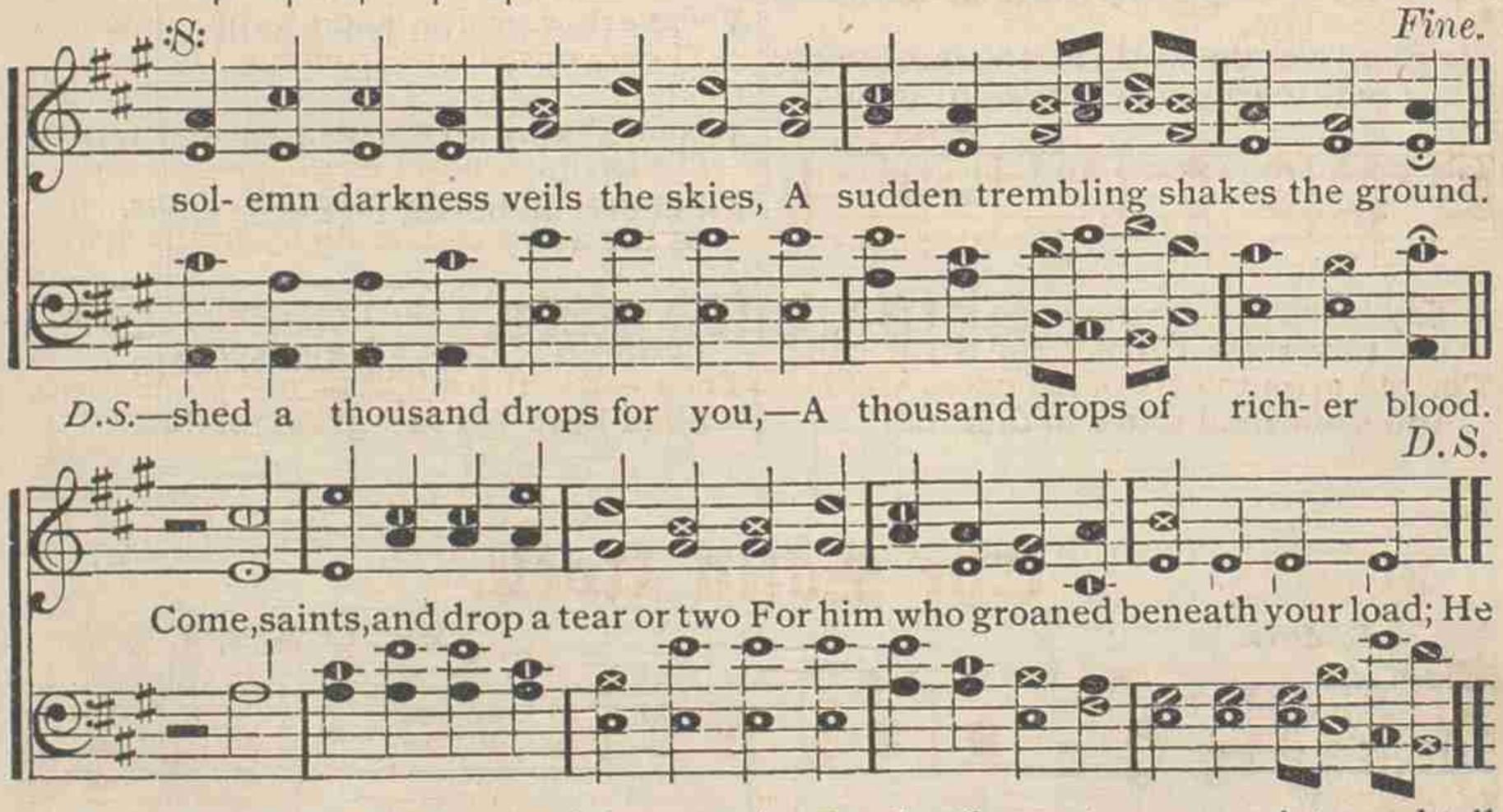


2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

22 He Dies! the Friend.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M d.



2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster Death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

23 How Firm a Foundation.

Tune, PORTUGUESE.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

24 Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.

Abide with Me.—CONCLUDED.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

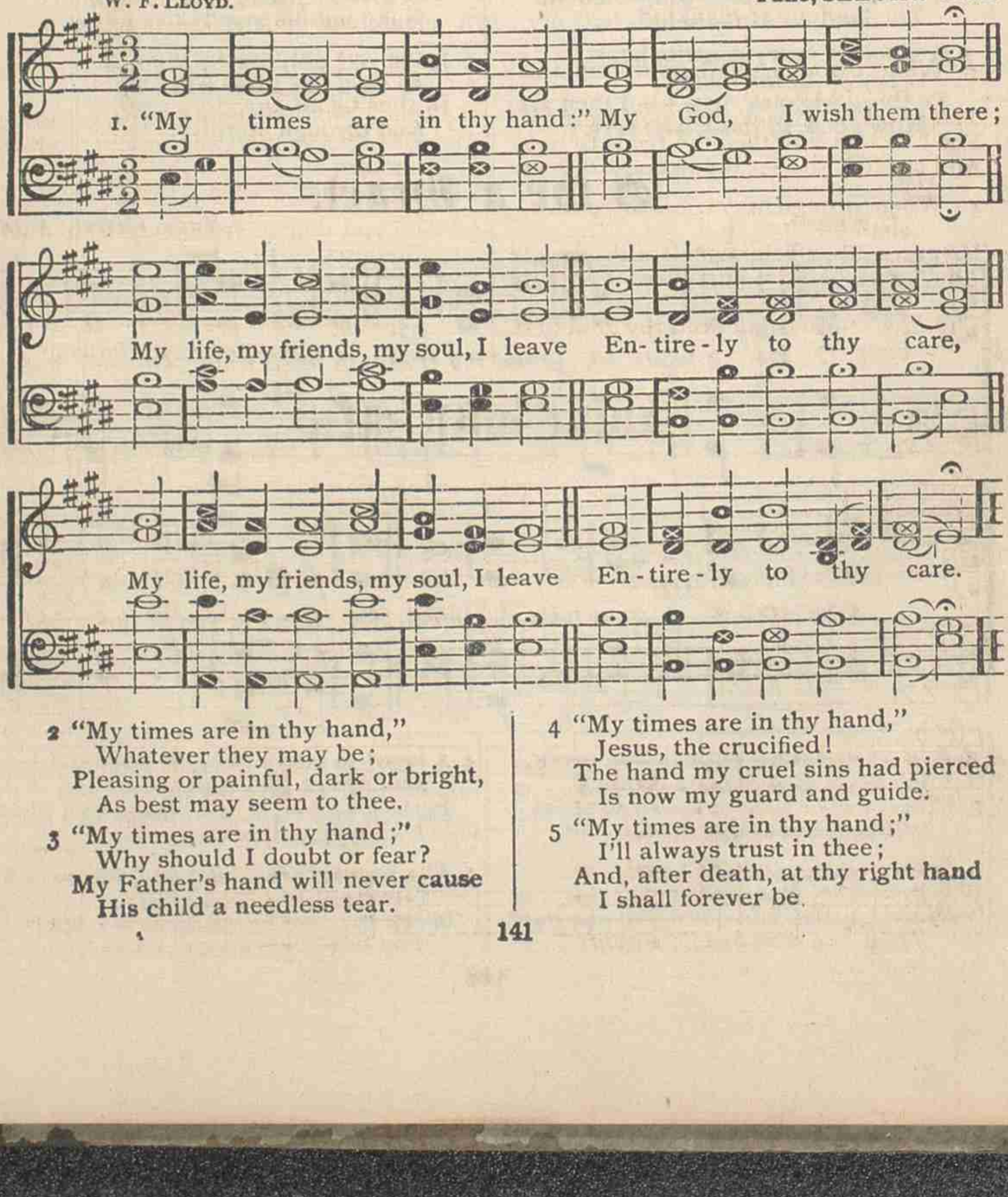
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

25 My Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. LLOYD. Tune, SELVIN. S. M.



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

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

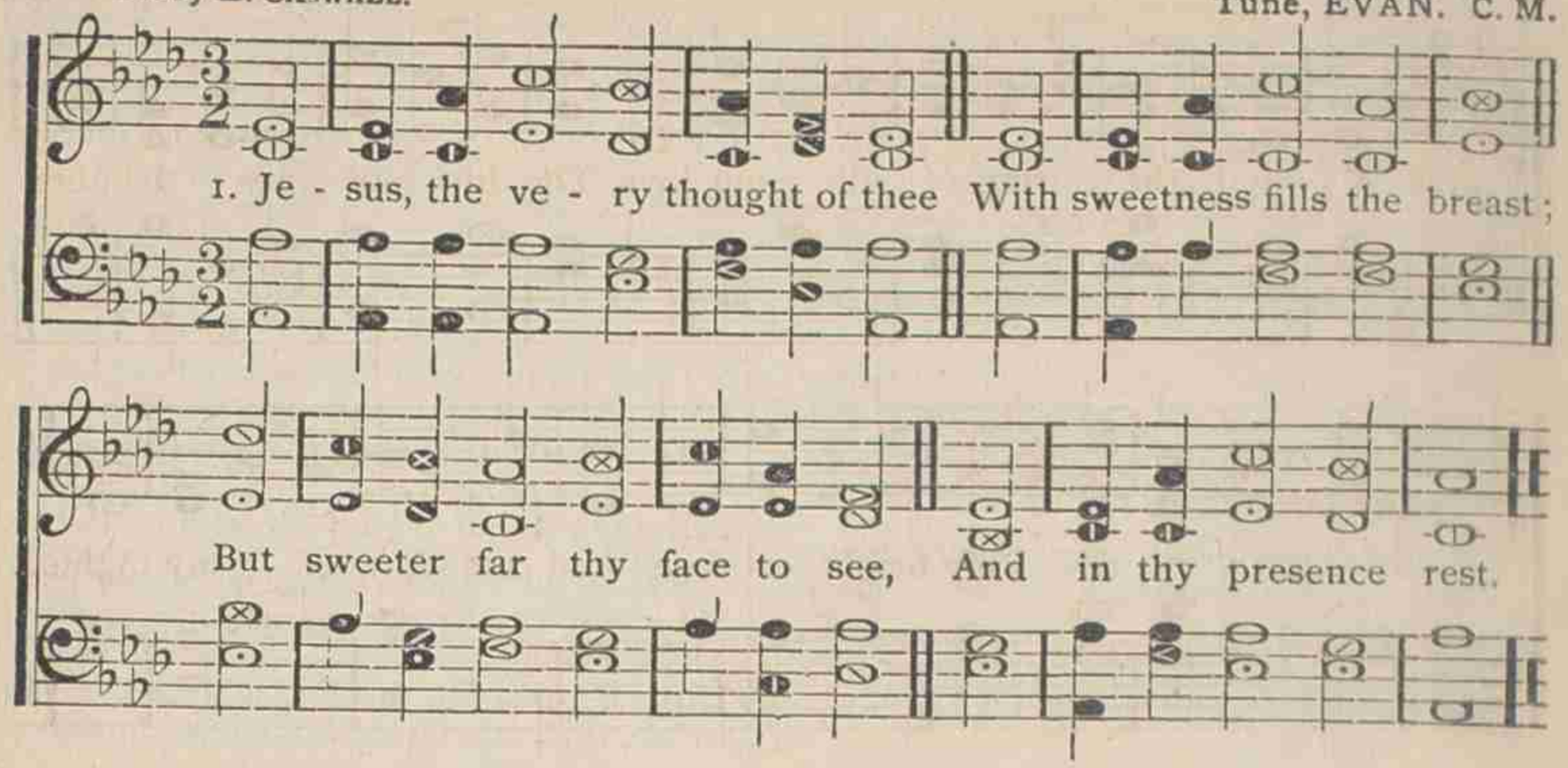
5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

26

Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

Tune, EVAN. C. M.



2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

27

O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, AVON. C. M.

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

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

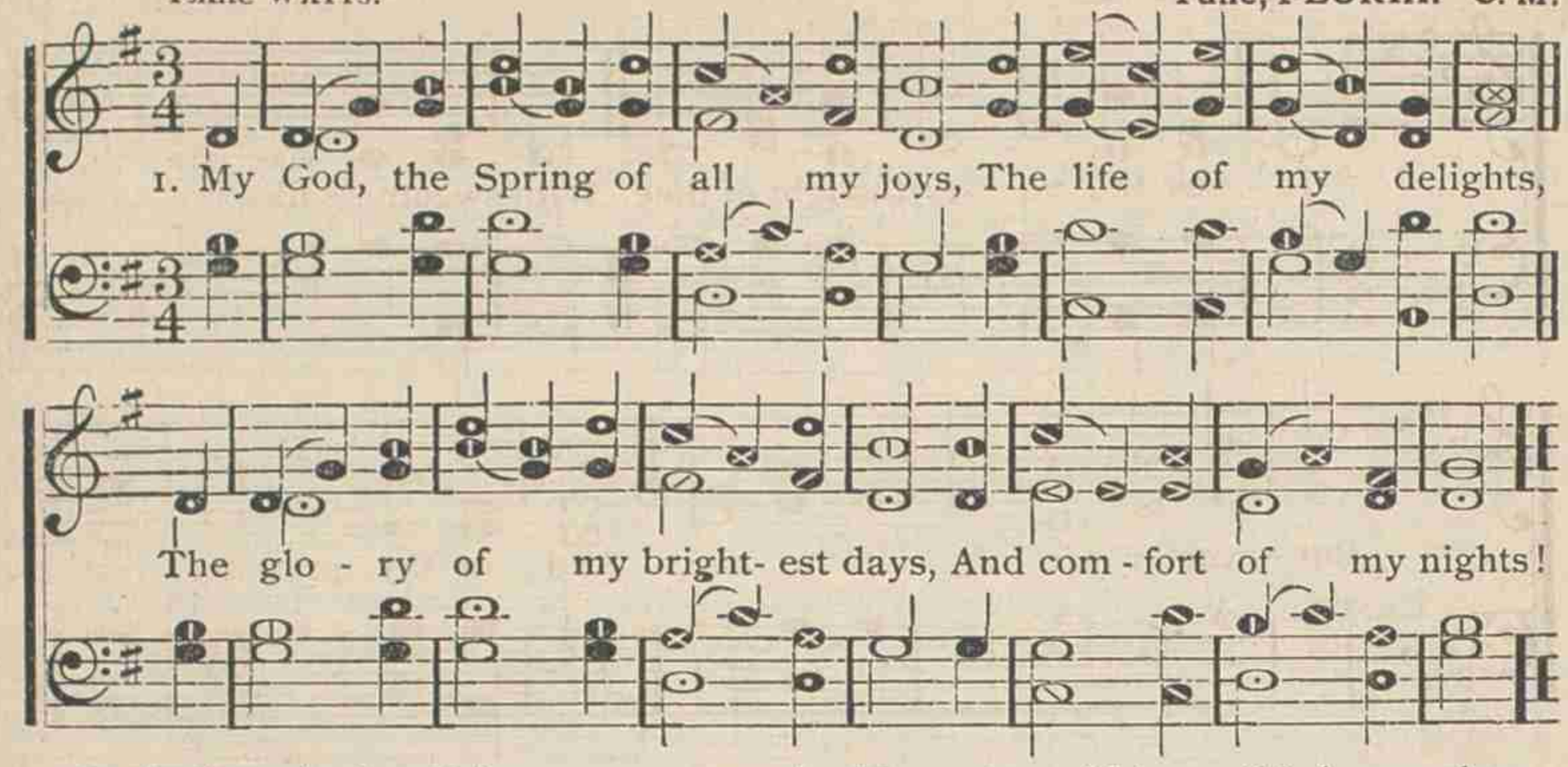
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

28

My God, the Spring.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, PEORIA. C. M.



2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

29

While Thee I Seek.

H. M. WILLIAMS. Tune, CADDO. C. M.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

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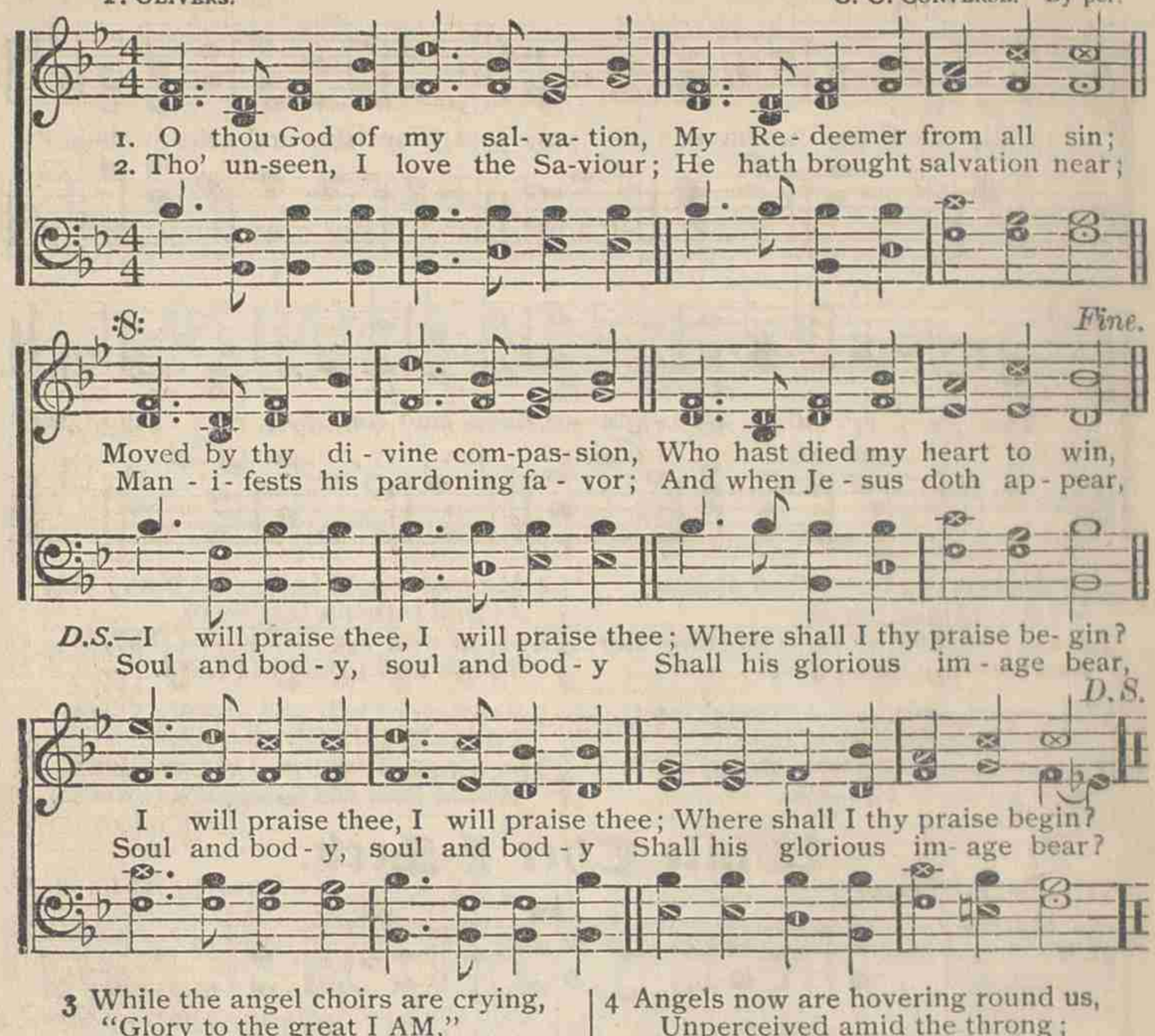
30

I Will Praise Thee.

T. Olivers. C. C. Converse. By per.



3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

31

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

6, 4, 6

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

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

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

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

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

32 What a Friend.

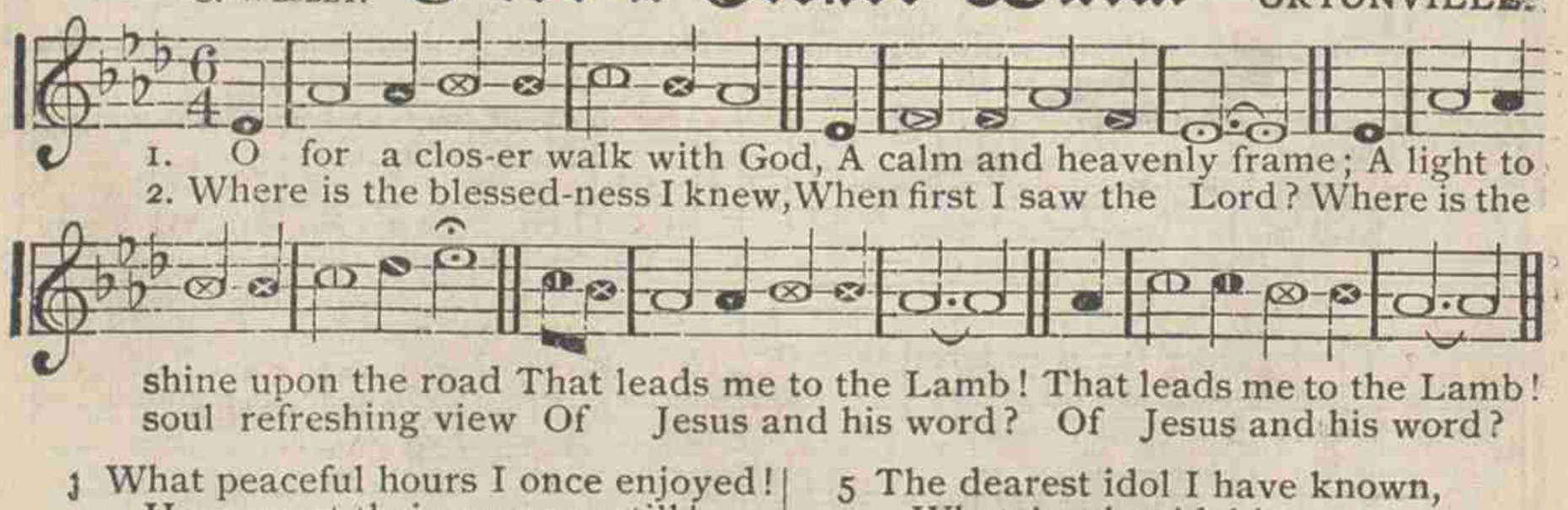
H. Bonar. C. C. Converse. By per.

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.

33 O for a Closer Walk.

C. Wesley. Tune, ORTONVILLE.



3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

34 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Tune, HURSLEY. L. M.

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

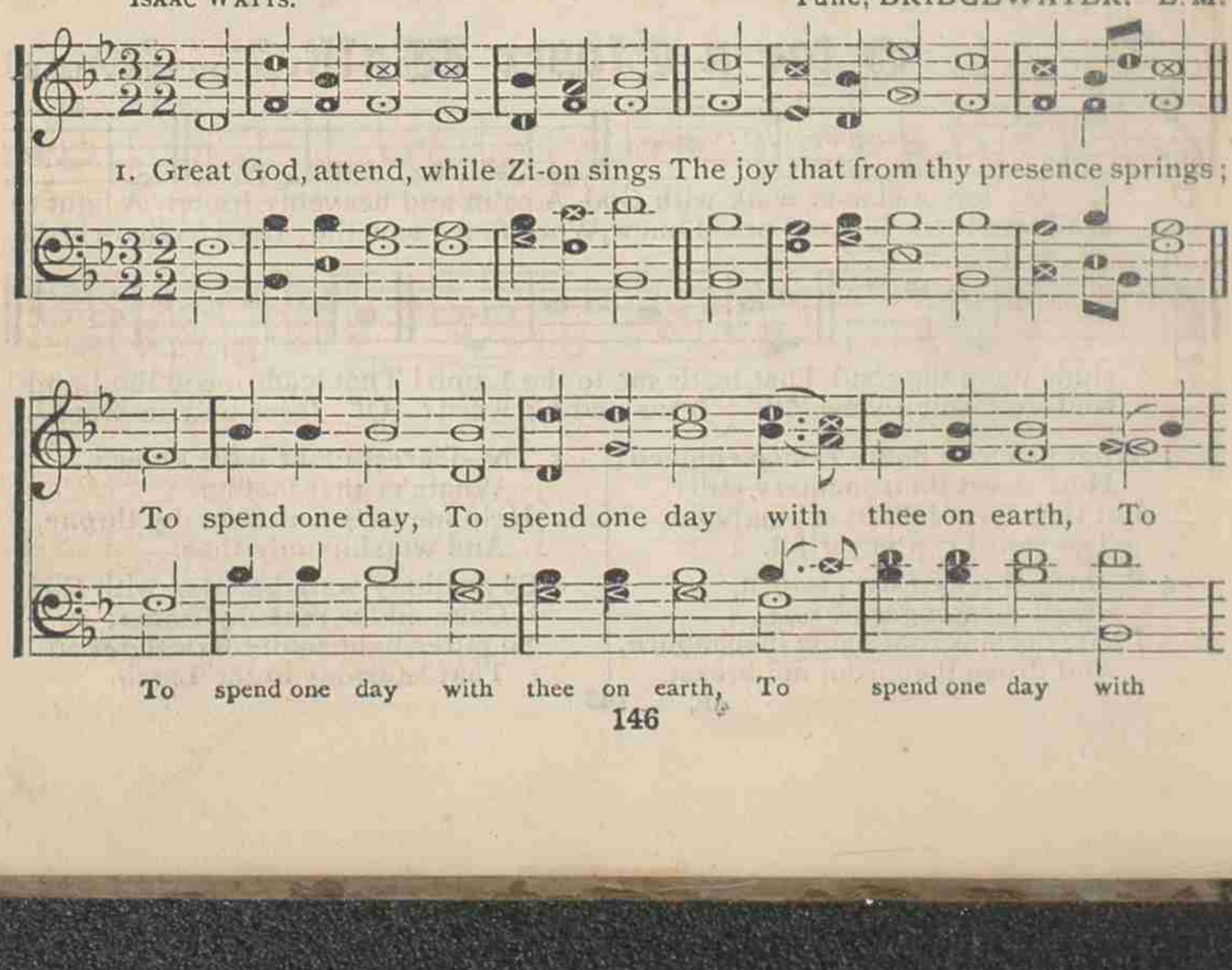
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

35 Great God, Attend.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, BRIDGEWATER. L. M.



Great God, Attend.—CONCLUDED.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day,
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

36 Glorying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, EUCHARIST. L.M.

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

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

37 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir. J. BOWRING. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

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

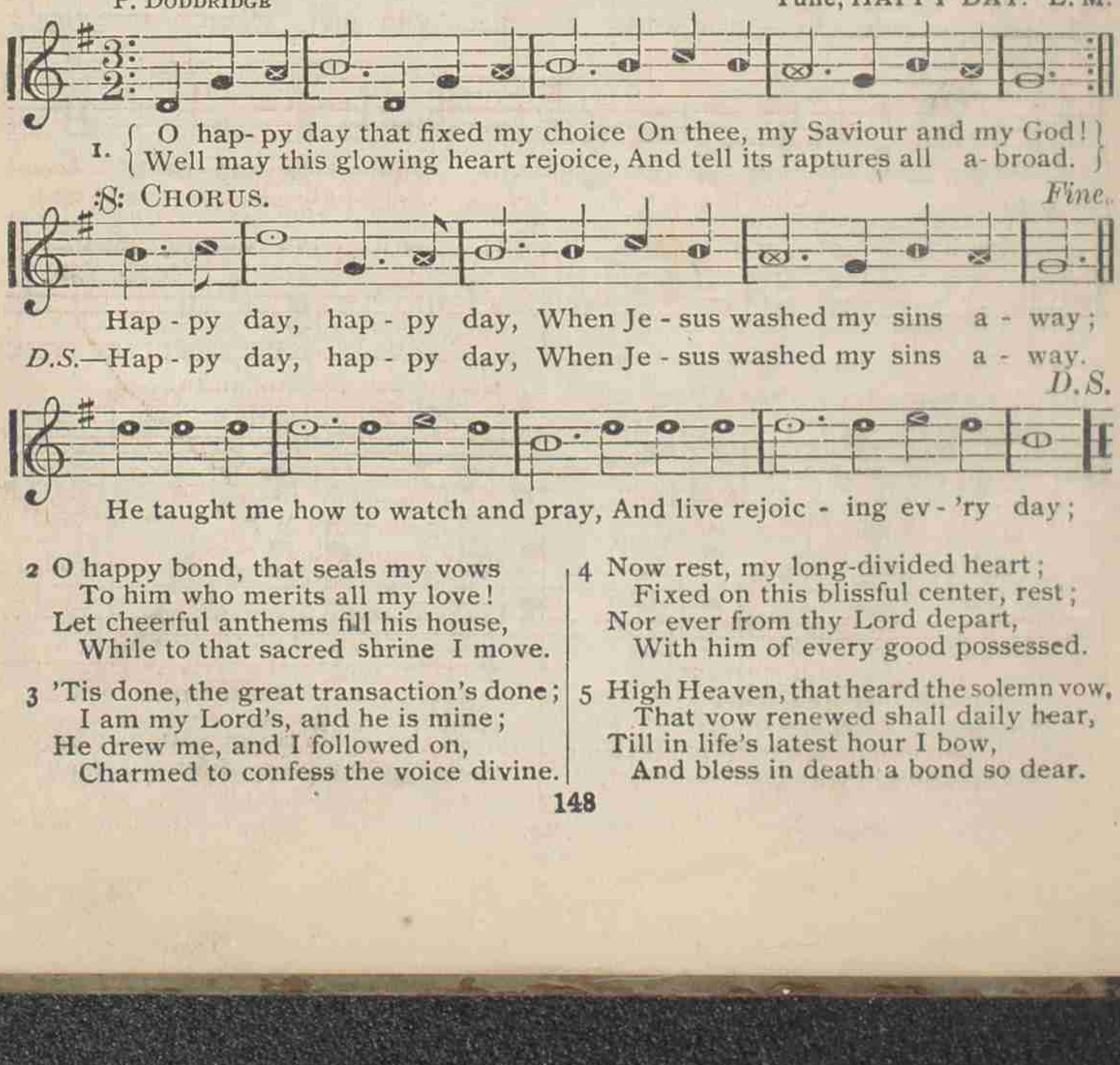
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

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,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

38 O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE Tune, HAPPY DAY. L. M.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

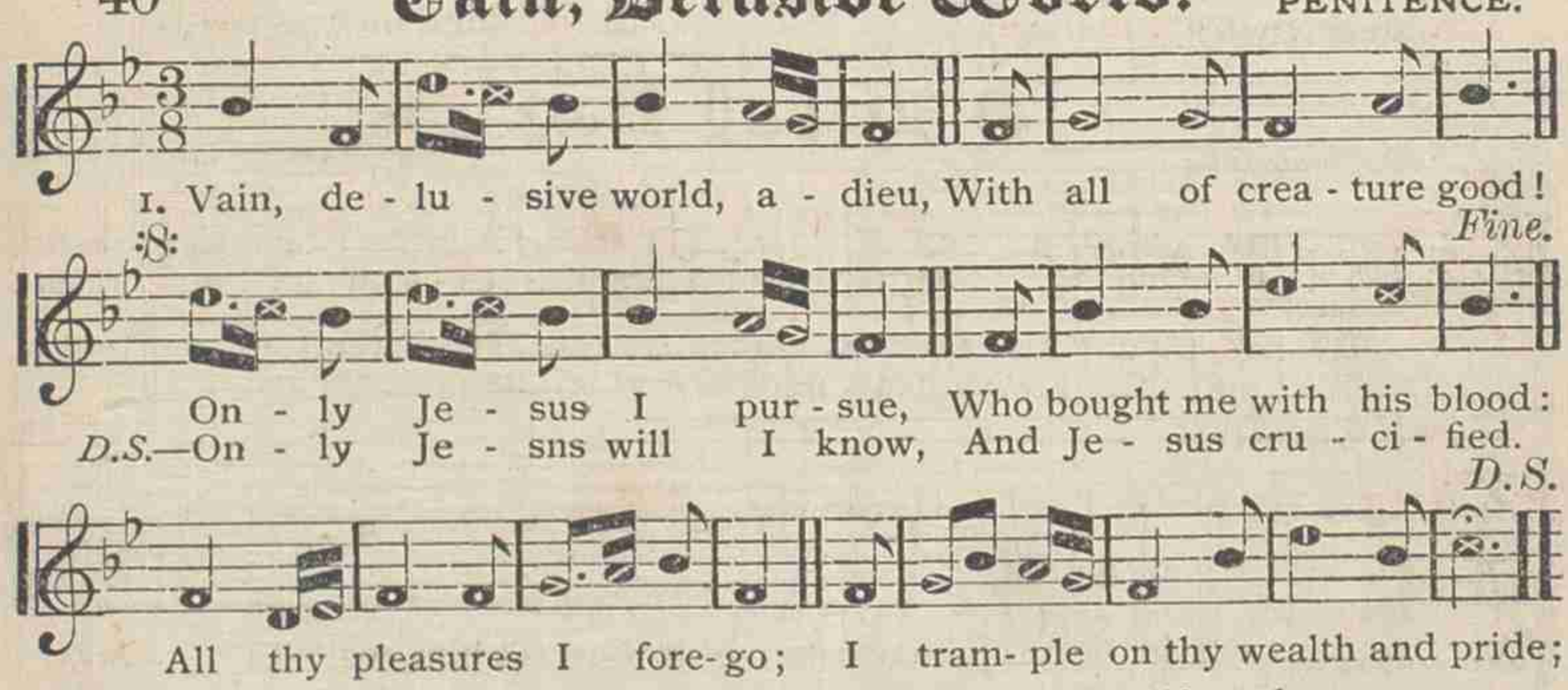
5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

39 **Rock of Ages** Tune, TOPLADY. 7.

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

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

40 **Vain, Delusive World.** Tune, PENITENCE.



2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

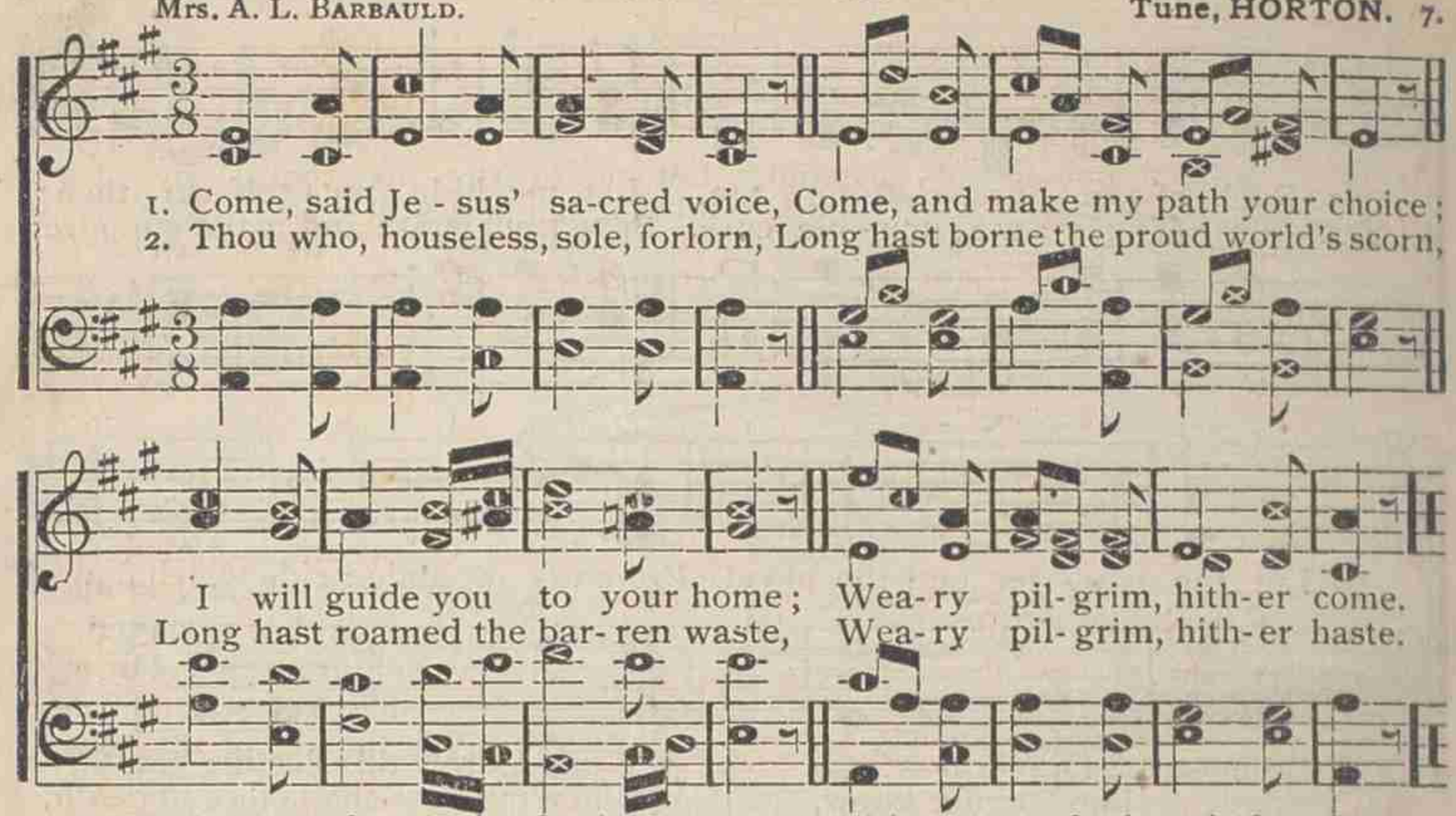
4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

41

Come, Said Jesus.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld. Tune, HORTON. 7.



3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

42

Come, My Soul.

John Newton. Tune, HENDON. 7.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

43 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Tune, MARTYN. 7.

C. WESLEY.

Fine.

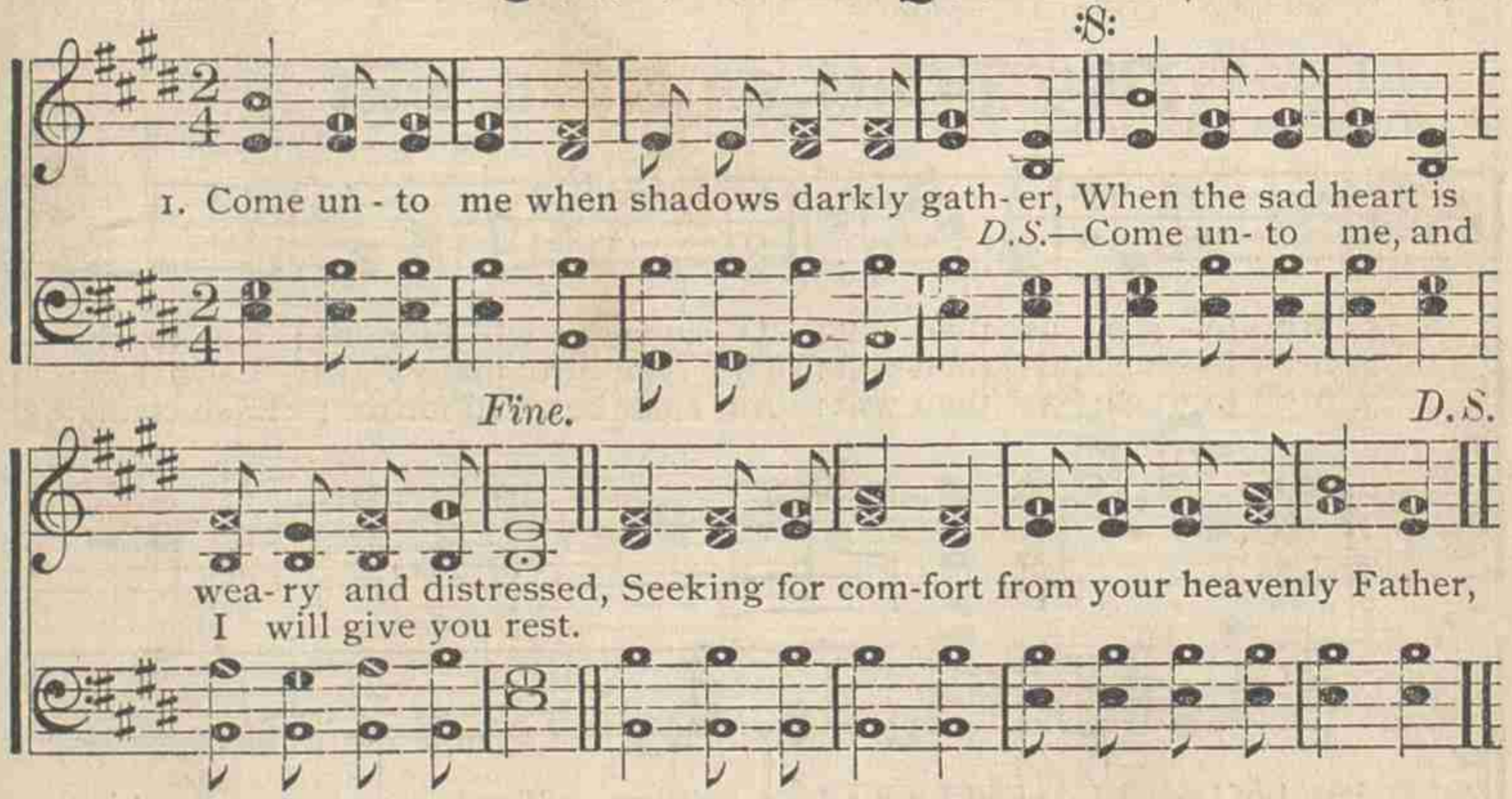
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

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:
False 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 and 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.

44 Come unto Me.

Tune, HENLEY. 11, 10.

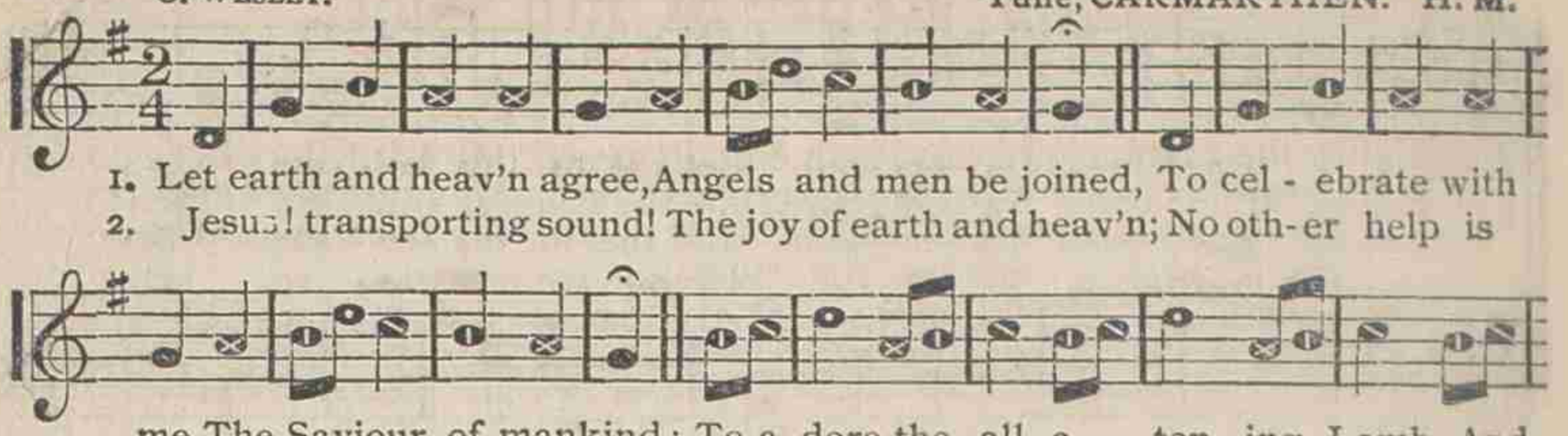


2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

45 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

C. WESLEY. Tune, CARMARTHEN. H. M.



3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart with joy.

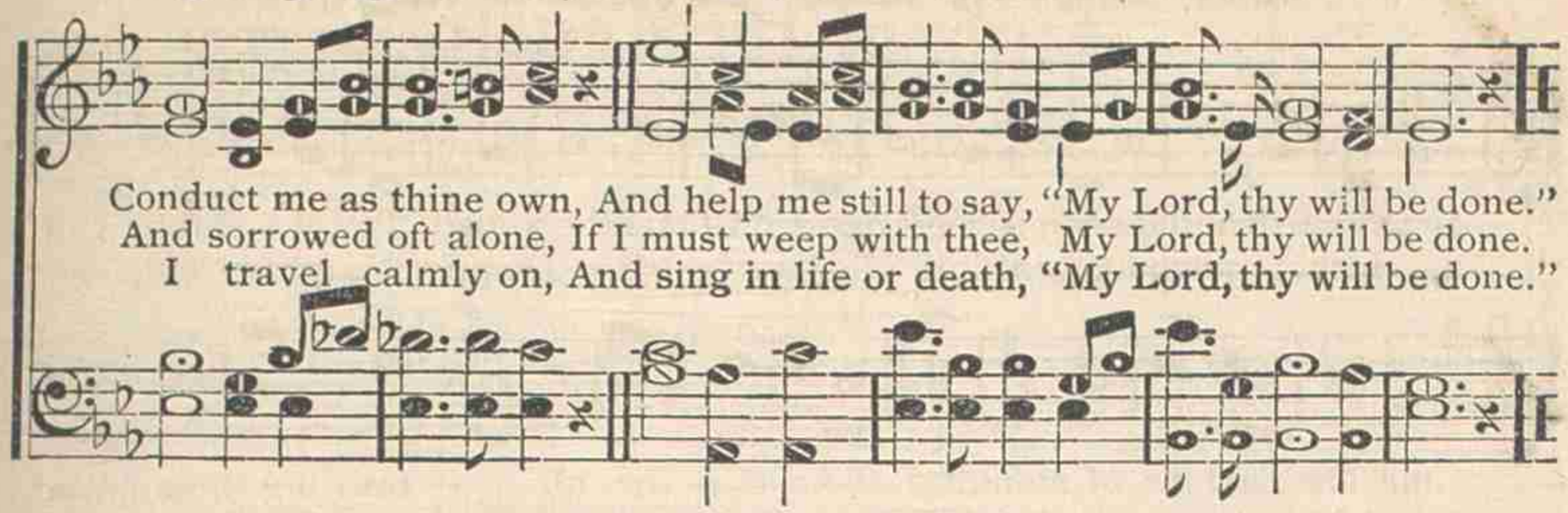
5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

46 My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK. Tune, JEWETT. 6.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt.—CONCLUDED.



47 O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. WORDSWORTH. Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

48

Light of the Lonely.

Sir. E. DENNY. Tune, NEWBOLD. C. M.

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!

49

O Thou, in Whose Presence.

J. SWAIN. Tune, MEDITATION. 11, 8.

O Thou, in Whose, etc.—CONCLUDED.

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

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone? [seen
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard 'mid the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.

6 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word: [voice,
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. [voice,

50 Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY. Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

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

51

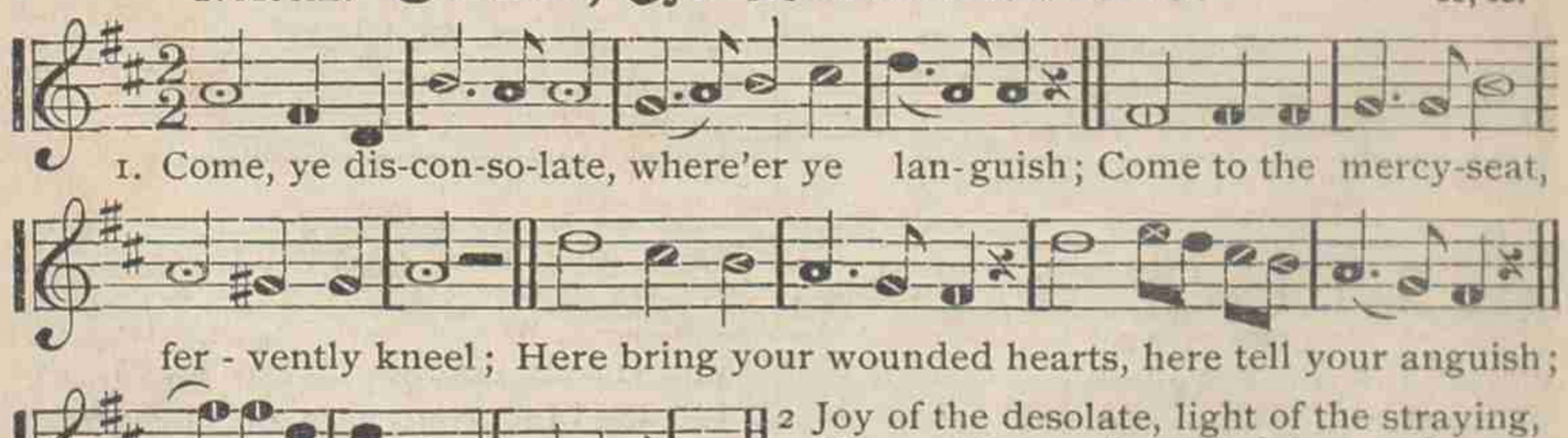
All-victorious Love.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

52 T. MOORE. **Come, Ye Disconsolate.** 11, 10.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

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