CHRISTIAN WORKERS

BY J. H. ROSECRANS.

FILLMORE BROS., PUBLISHERS,

141 West 6th St., CINCINNATI, O.

40 Bible House, NEW YORK.

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CHRISTIAN

WORK-SONGS:

FOR USE IN

PROTRACTED MEETINGS

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

BY

J. H. ROSECRANS.

FILLMORE BROS., Publishers,

141 West Sixth Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

No. 40 Bible House,
NEW YORK.

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Hymn
1890
Rose

Z
R121

PREFACE.

IN preparing this book, I have been guided by the wishes of the people—"Gospel Songs; Work-Songs; Children's Songs; Prayer-meeting Songs; Home Songs; cream of the Old Hymns and Tunes; the choicest Familiar Hymns without the music; a number of the best Classical Tunes; New Tunes for Church Worship; a book that can be used on all religious occasions; the stanzas printed inside the parts; a book that choirs and congregations can use separately or together; a cheap book."

I believe that "CHRISTIAN WORK-SONGS" will meet all the above requirements.

That it may prove a blessing and a benefit to all CHRISTIAN WORKERS is my prayer.

J. H. ROSECRANS.
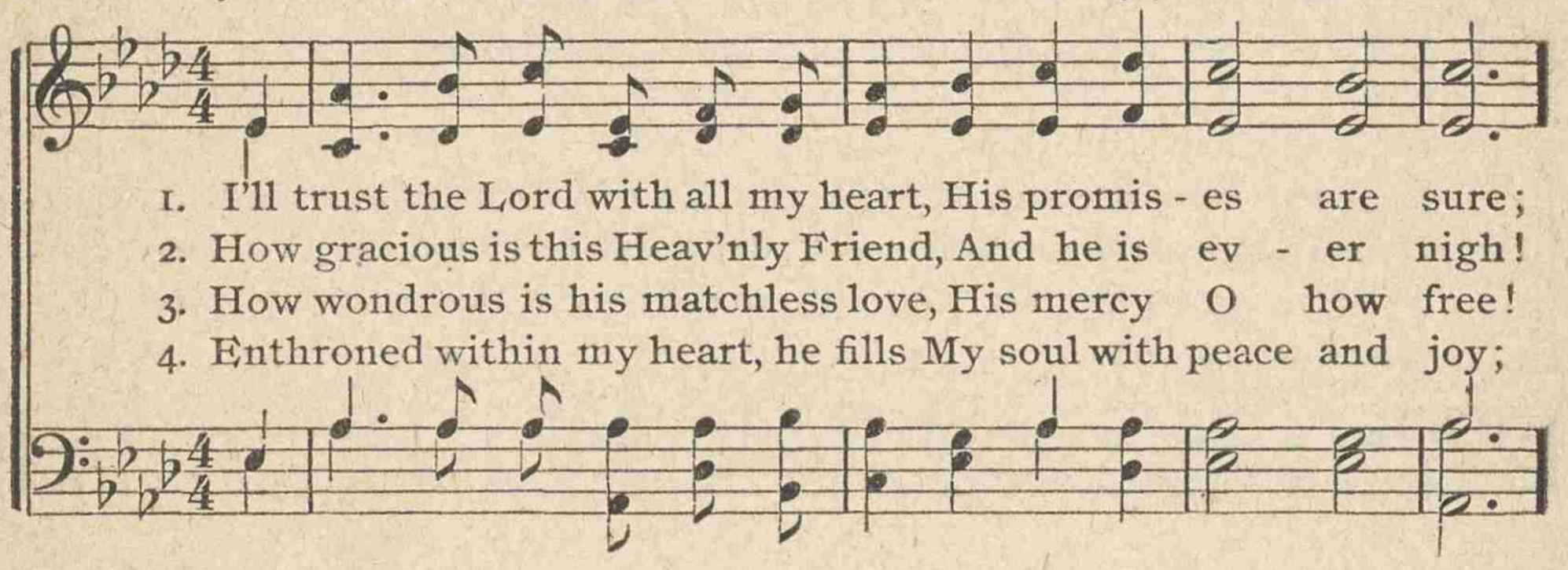
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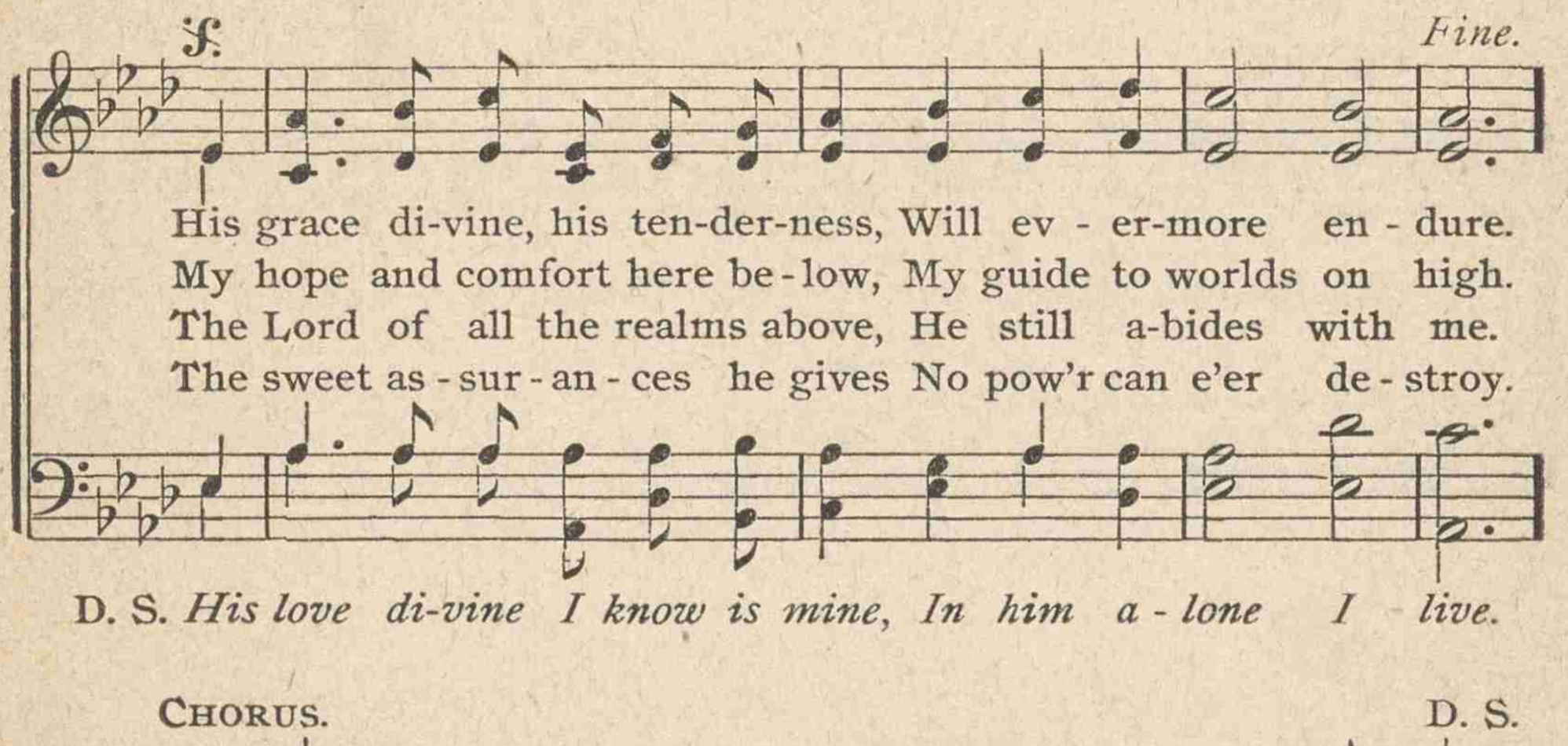
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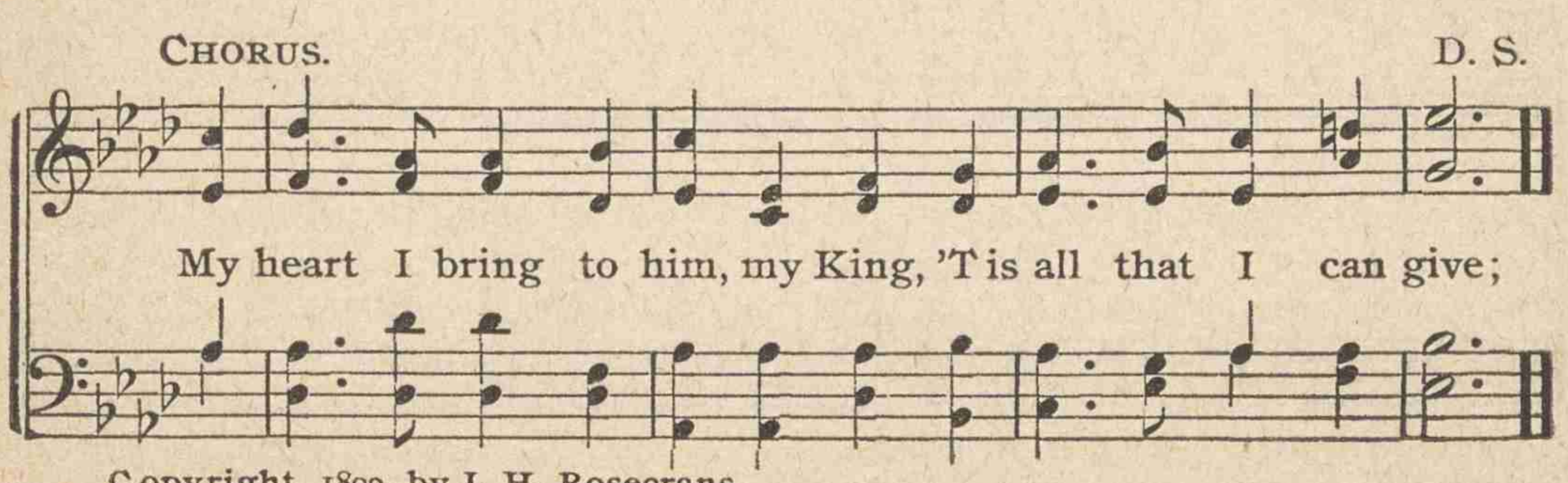
CHRISTIAN WORK-SONGS.

No. 1. I'll Trust the Lord.

Words by MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



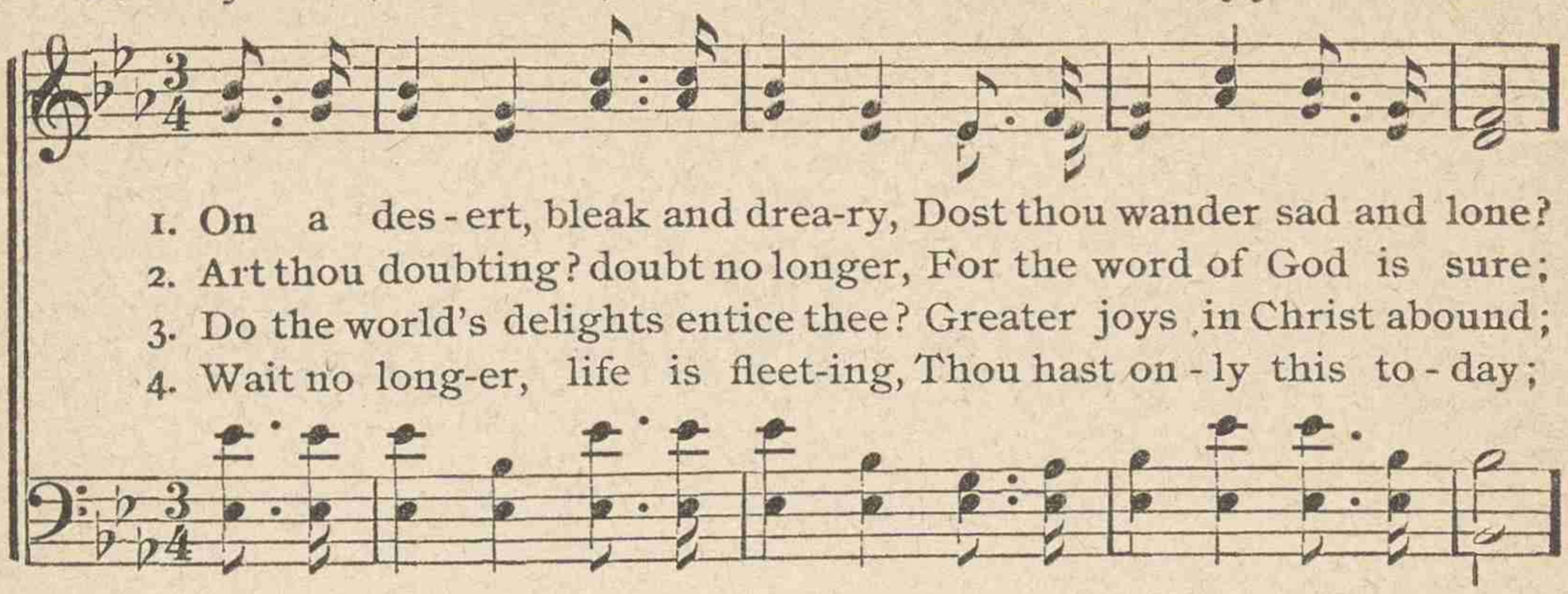




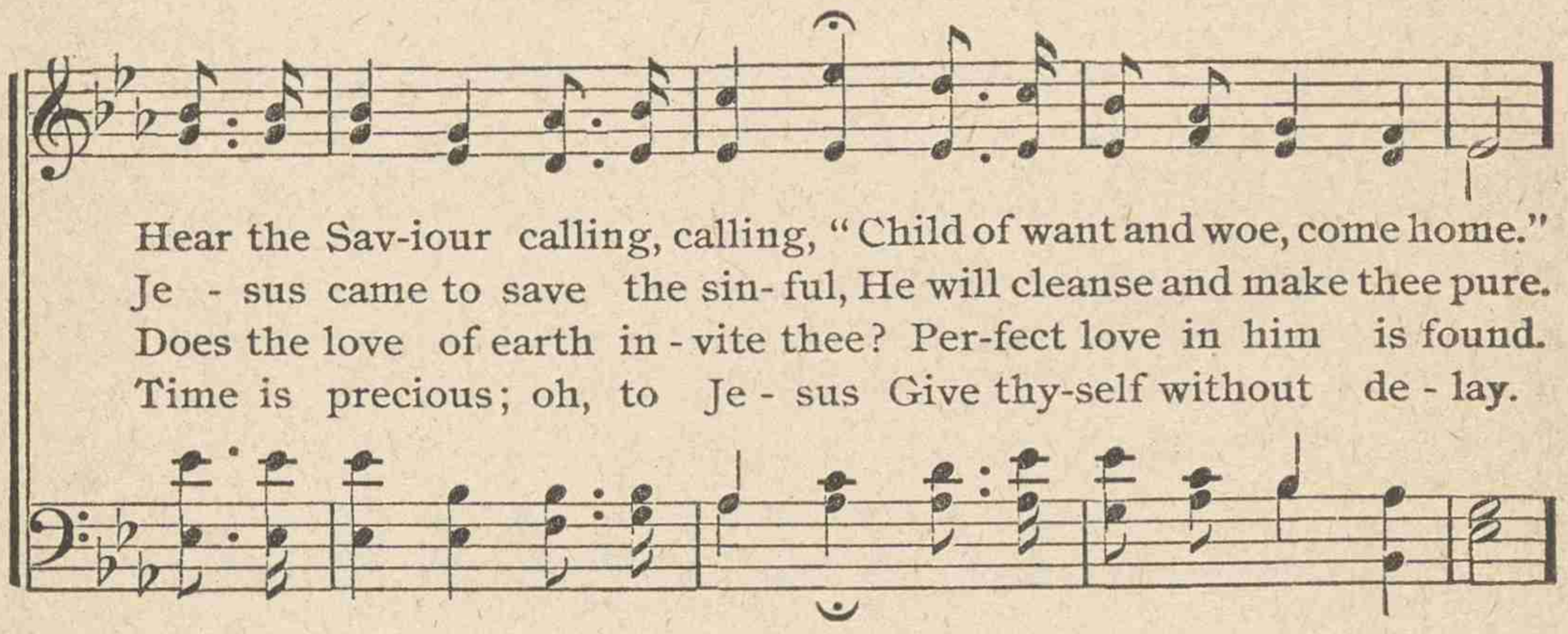
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No. 2. Child, Come Home.
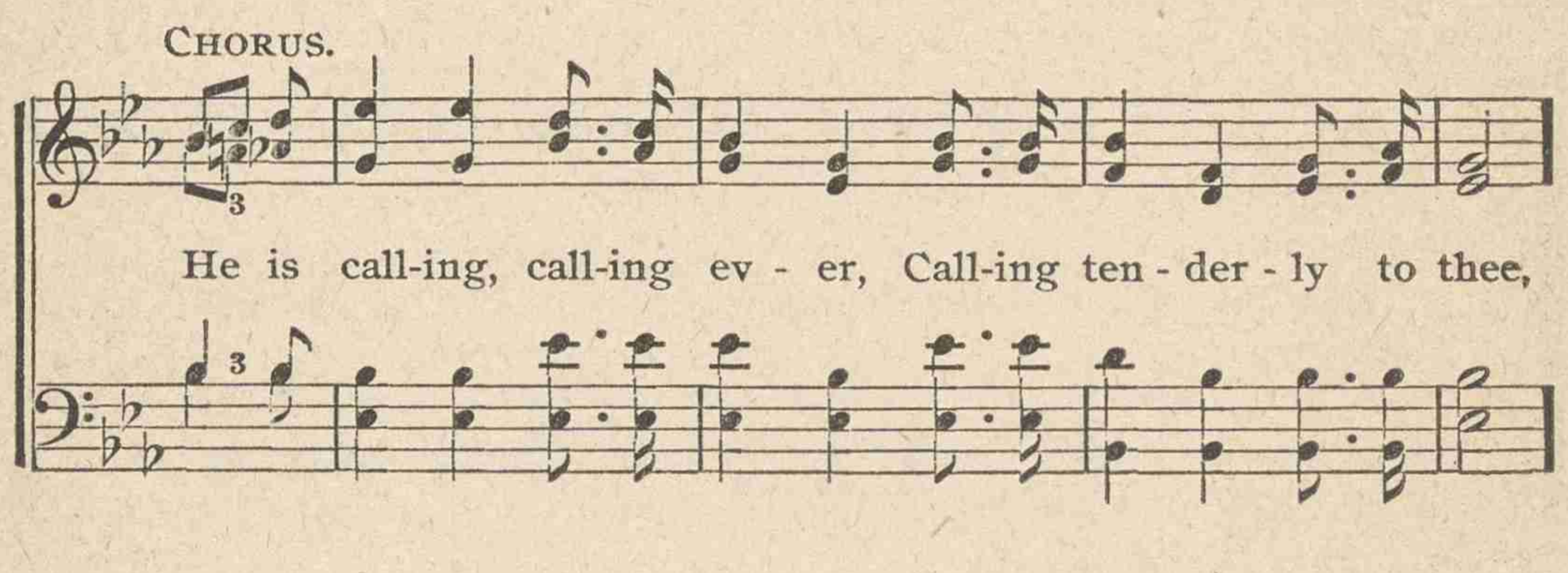
Words by MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. Music by J. E. HAWES.



1. On a des-ert, bleak and drea-ry, Dost thou wander sad and lone?
2. Art thou doubting? doubt no longer, For the word of God is sure;
3. Do the world's delights entice thee? Greater joys in Christ abound;
4. Wait no long-er, life is fleet-ing, Thou hast on-ly this to-day;

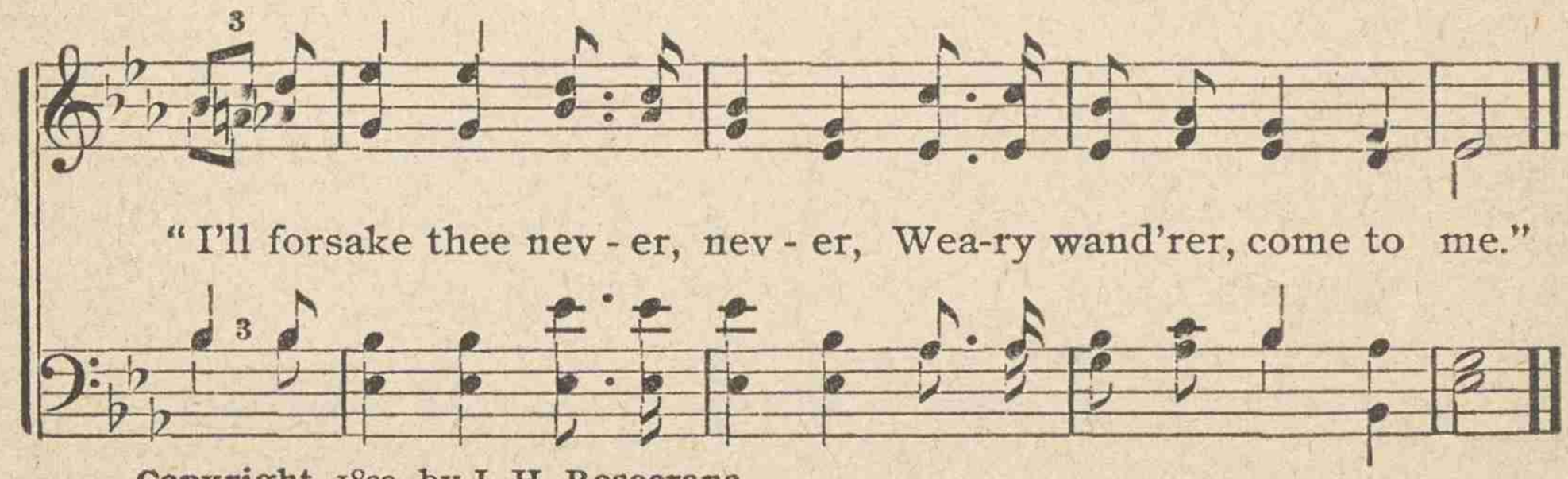


Hear the Sav-iour calling, calling, "Child of want and woe, come home."
Je - sus came to save the sin-ful, He will cleanse and make thee pure.
Does the love of earth in-vite thee? Per-fect love in him is found.
Time is precious; oh, to Je - sus Give thy-self without de-lay.



CHORUS.

He is call-ing, call-ing ev - er, Call-ing ten-der-ly to thee,

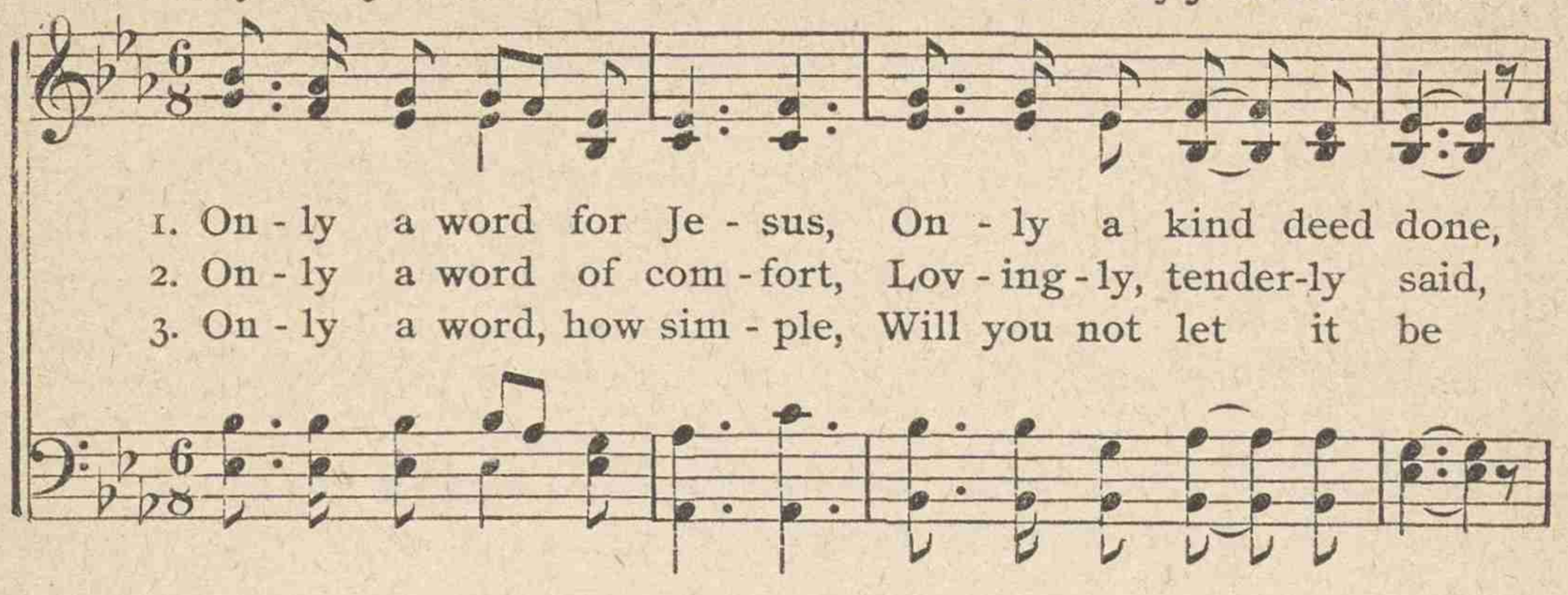


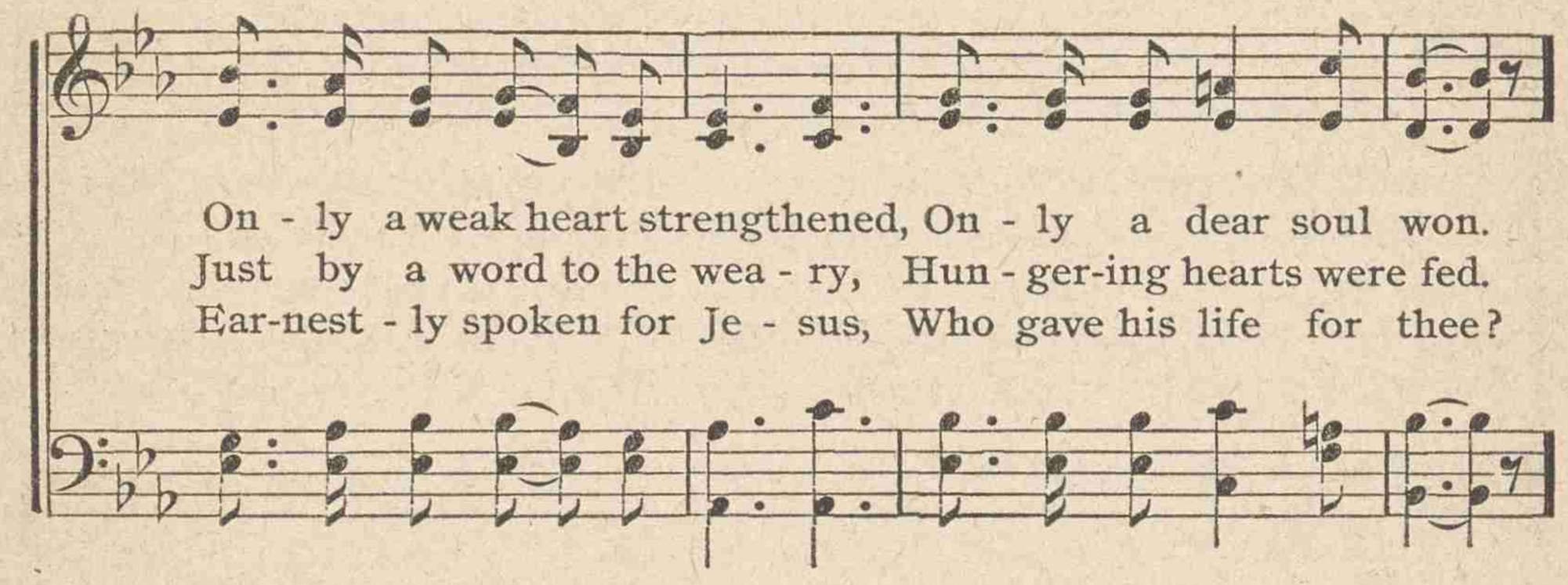
"I'll forsake thee nev-er, nev-er, Wea-ry wand'rer, come to me."

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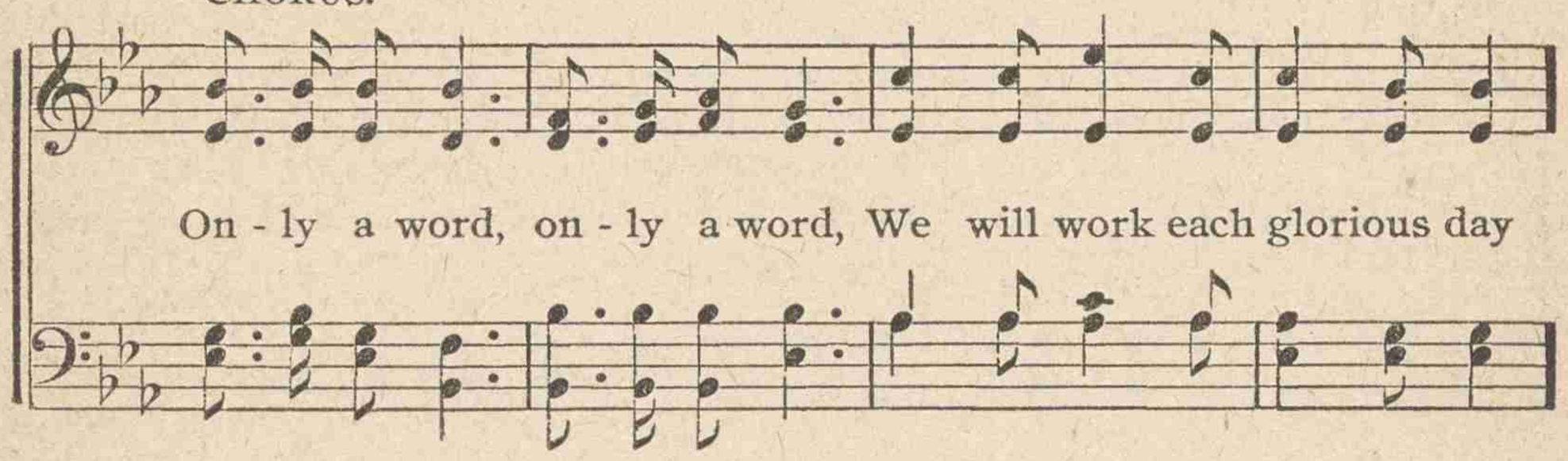
No. 3. Only a Word.

Words by MRS. J. V. COOMBS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.
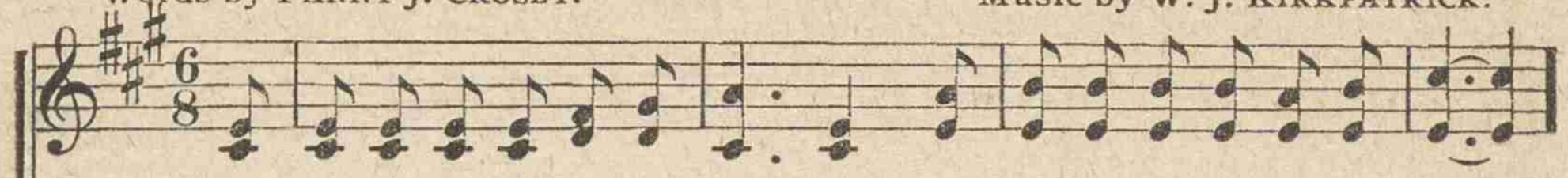




CHORUS.
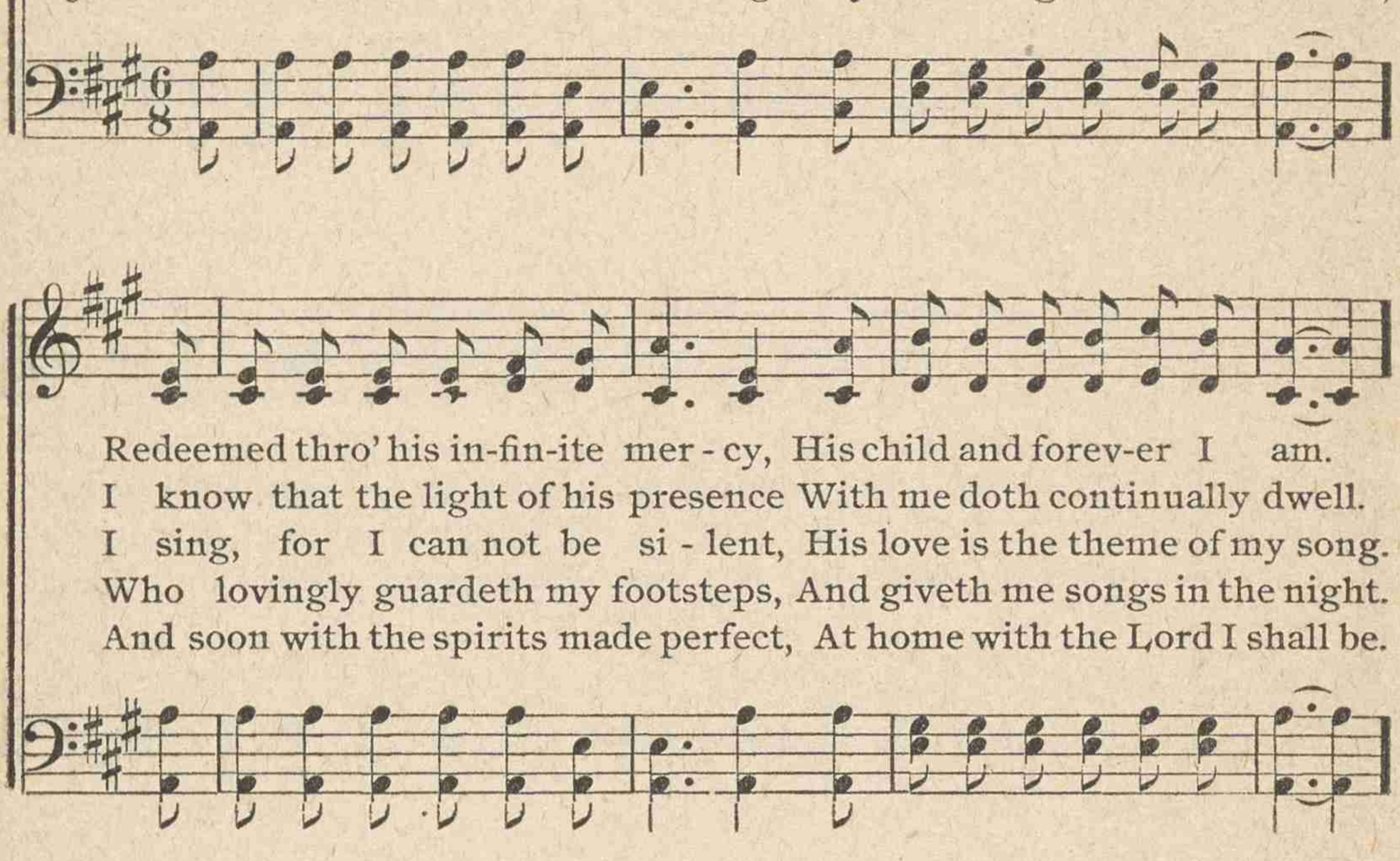


From "The Gospel Call," by per.

No. 4. Redeemed.

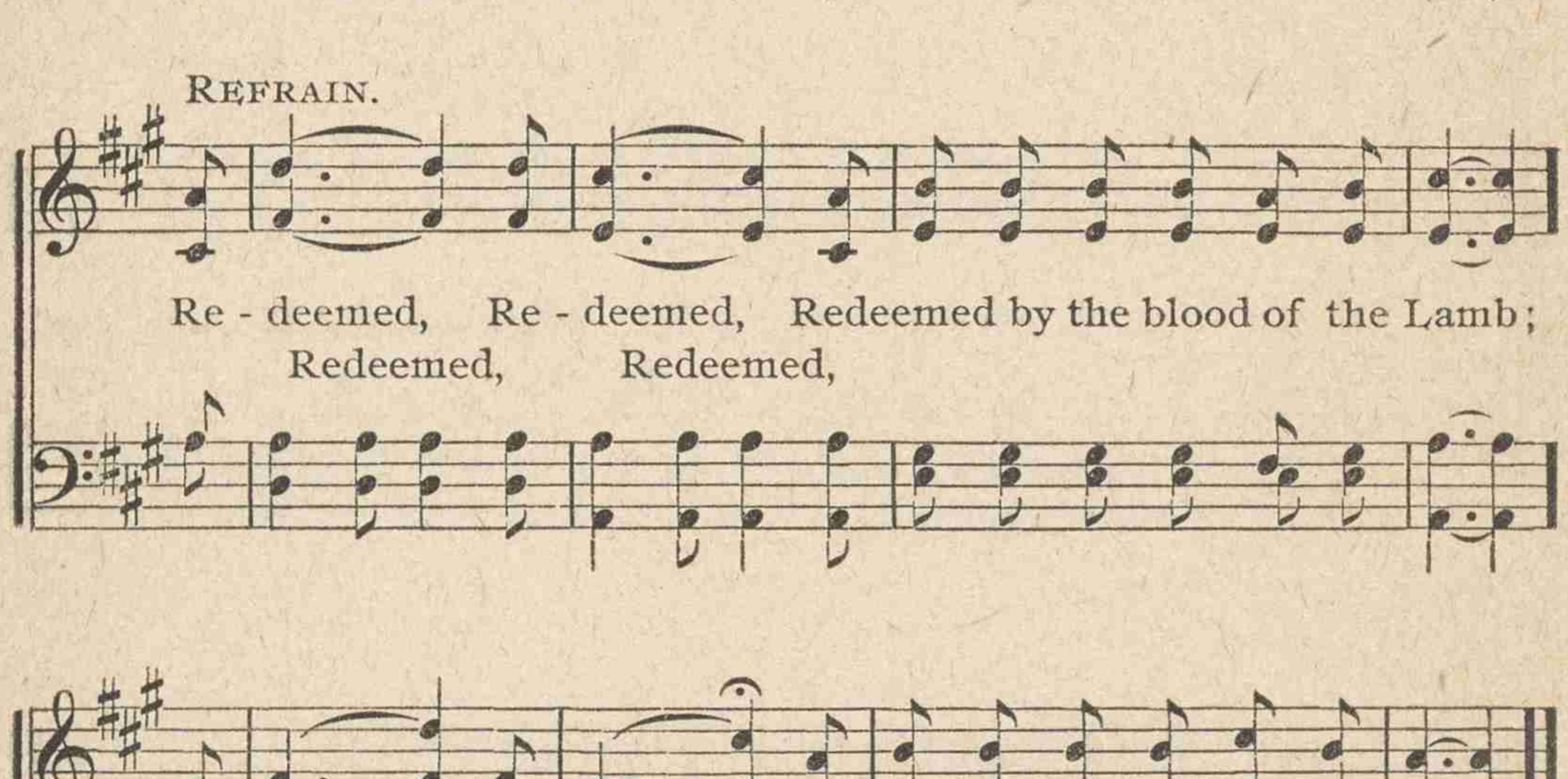
Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



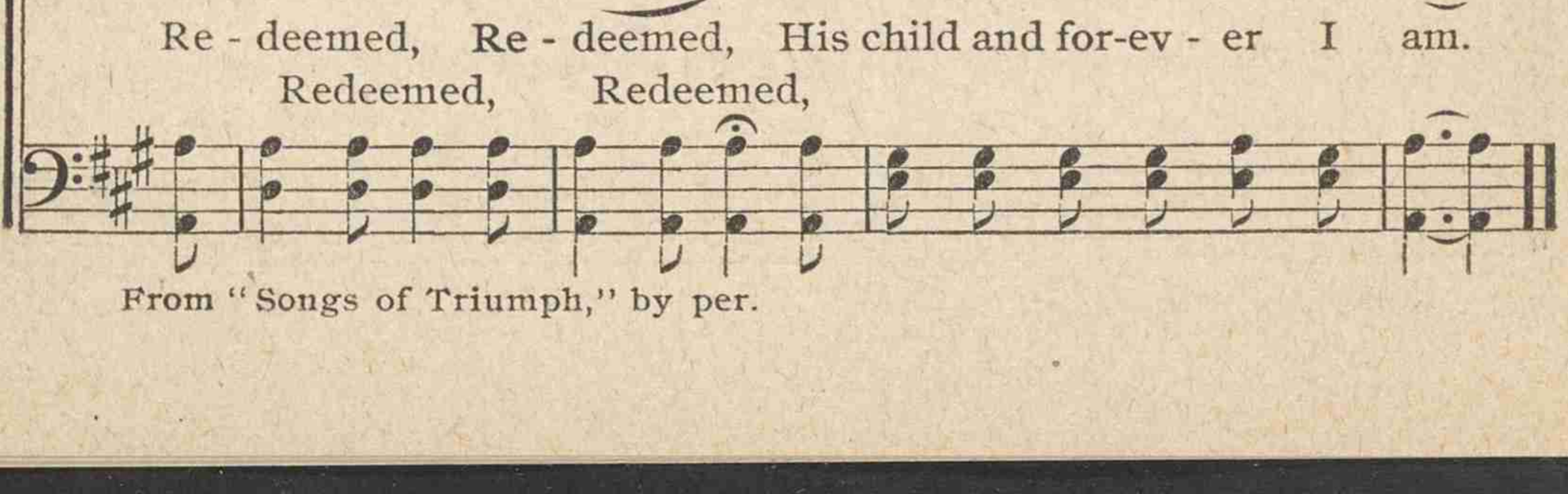
1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty, The King in whose law I delight;
5. I know there's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



Redeemed thro' his in-fin-ite mer - cy, His child and forev-er I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I can not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly 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.
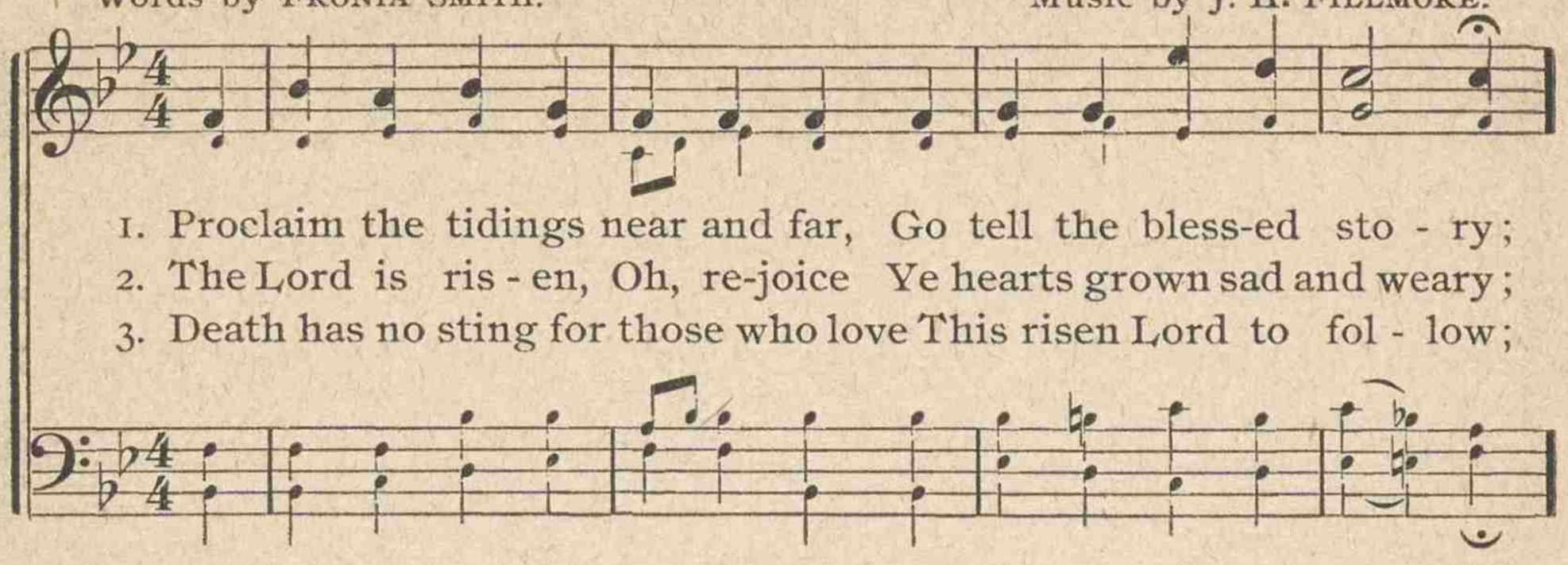


Re - deemed, Re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, Redeemed,

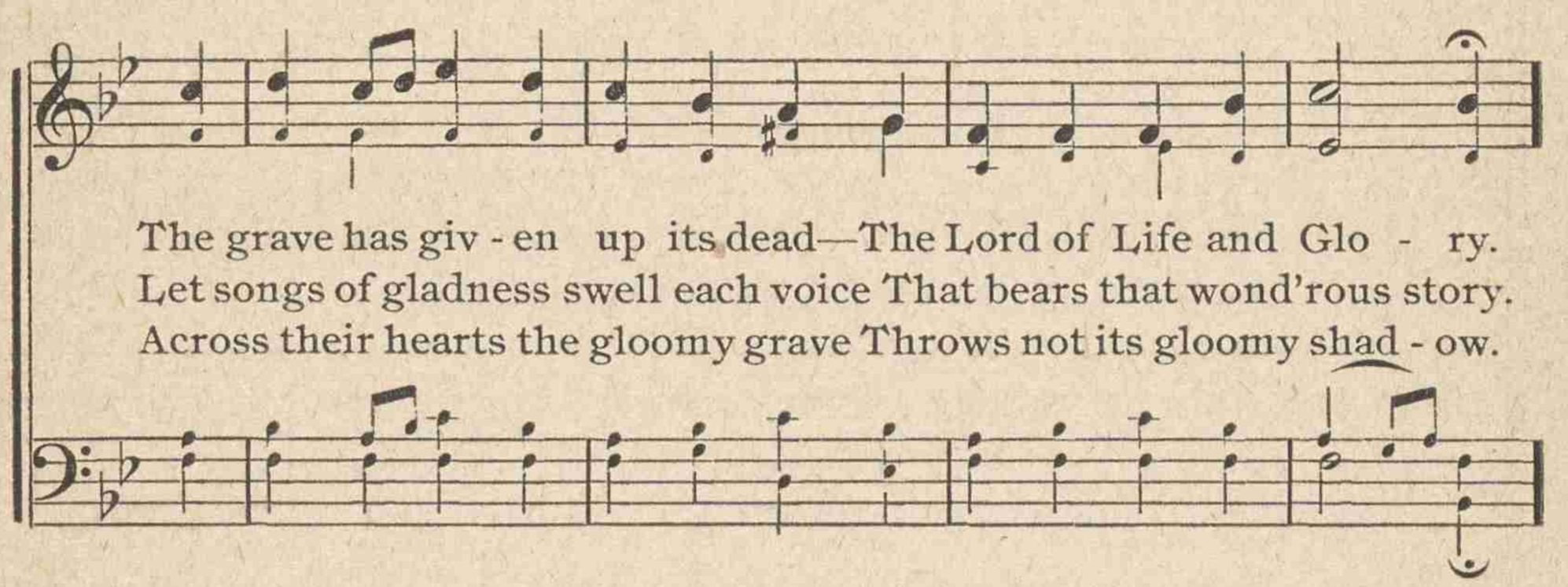
Re - deemed, Re - deemed, His child and for-ev - er I am.
Redeemed, Redeemed,

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.
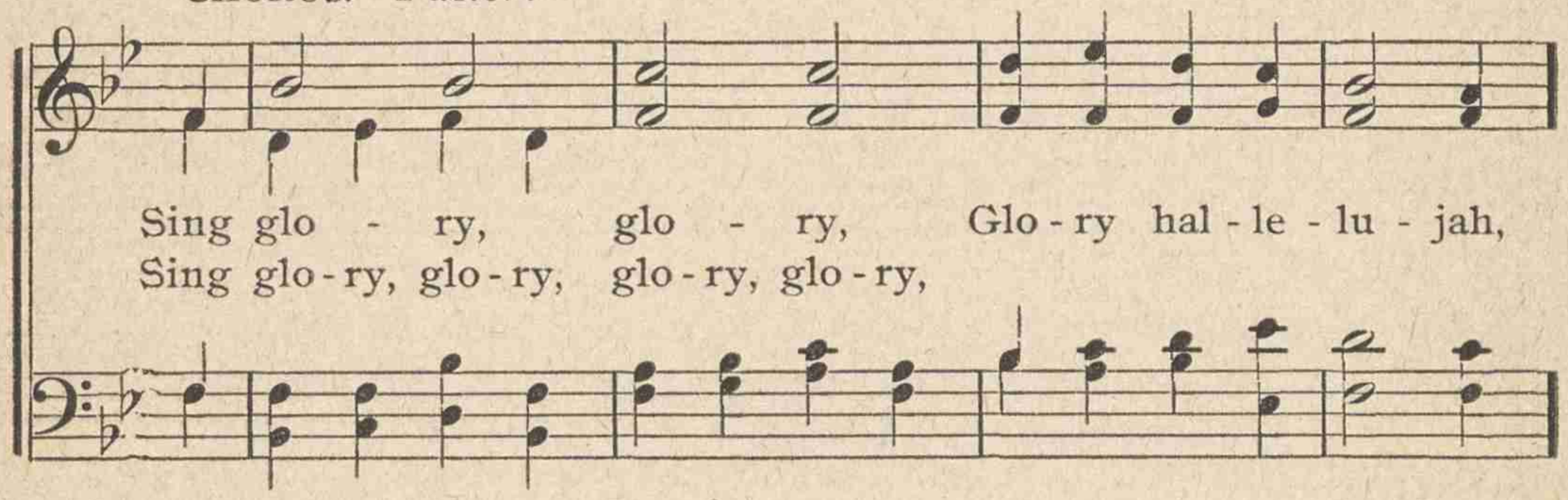
No. 5. Proclaim the Tidings.

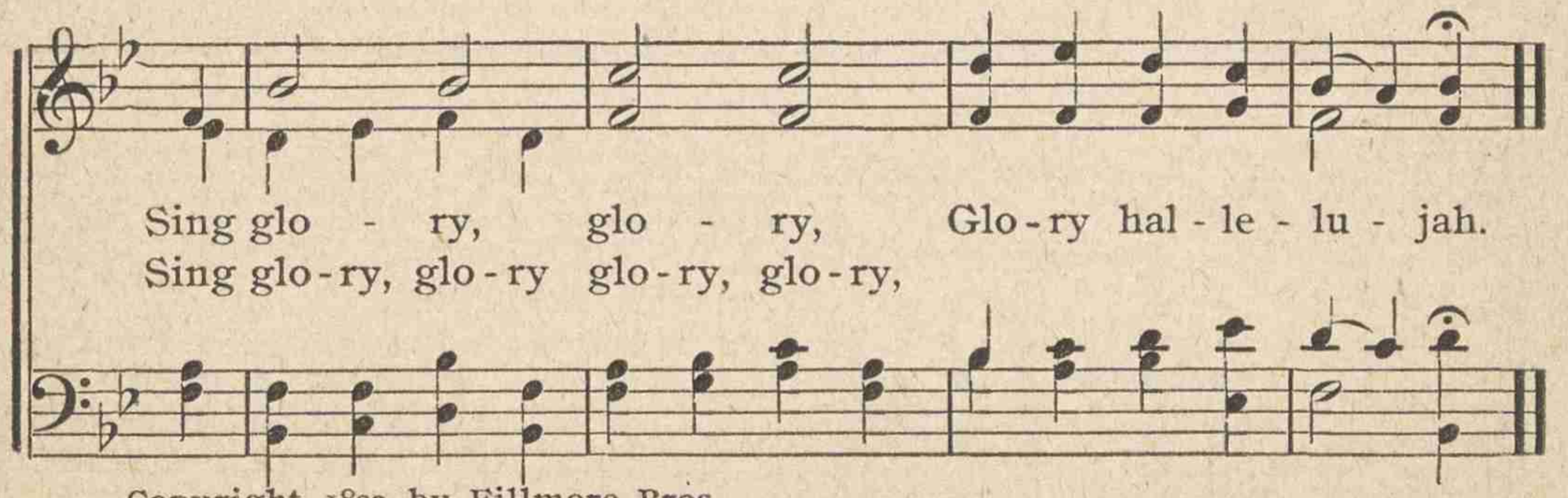
Words by FRONIA SMITH. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.





CHORUS. *Faster.*





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No. 6. Wonderful Love.

Words by ANNE STEELE. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy di - vine con- trol?
4. Oh, may our will-ing hearts confess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway;

And didst thou bleed, and groan and die, For thy re - bell-ious foes?
No thought of an-gels ev - er knew Com-pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sovereign love, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.
Glad cap - tives of thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

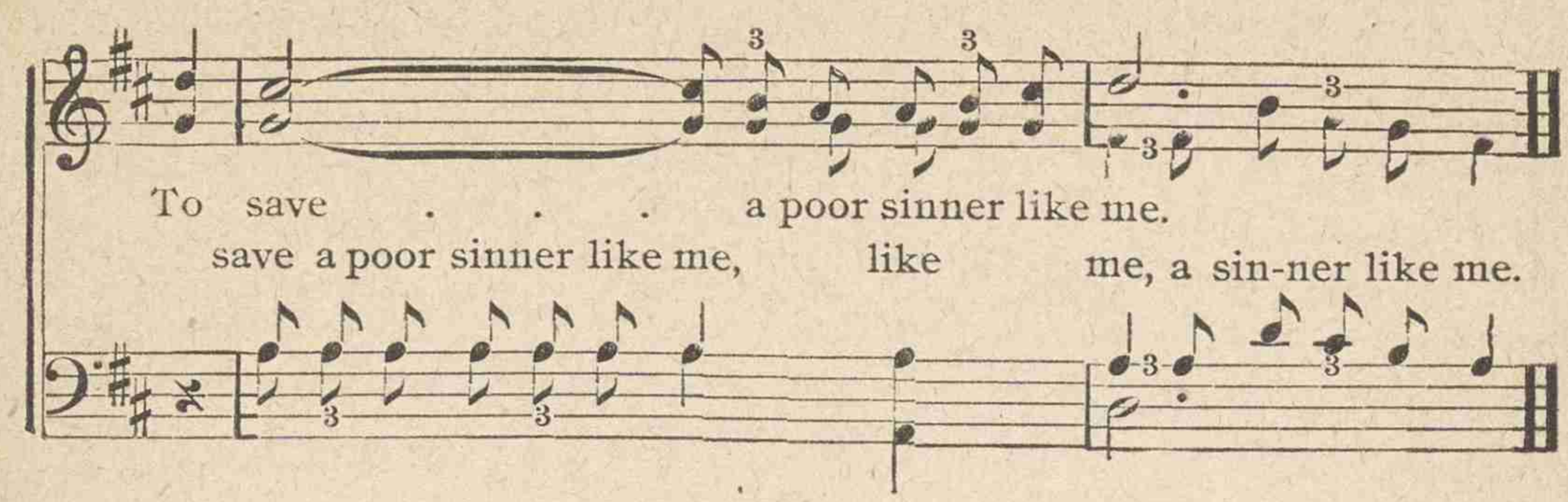
O 't was won - - - derful, wonderful love,
wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love

That brought . . him from heaven above,
brought him from heaven above, beautiful heaven above,

As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,
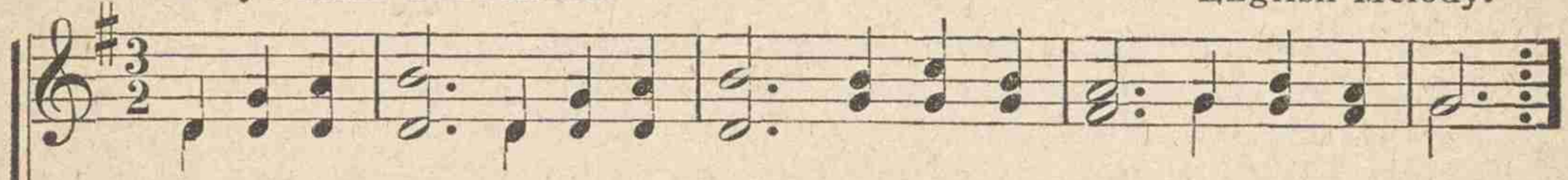
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Wonderful Love. Concluded.



No. 7. O Happy Day.

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



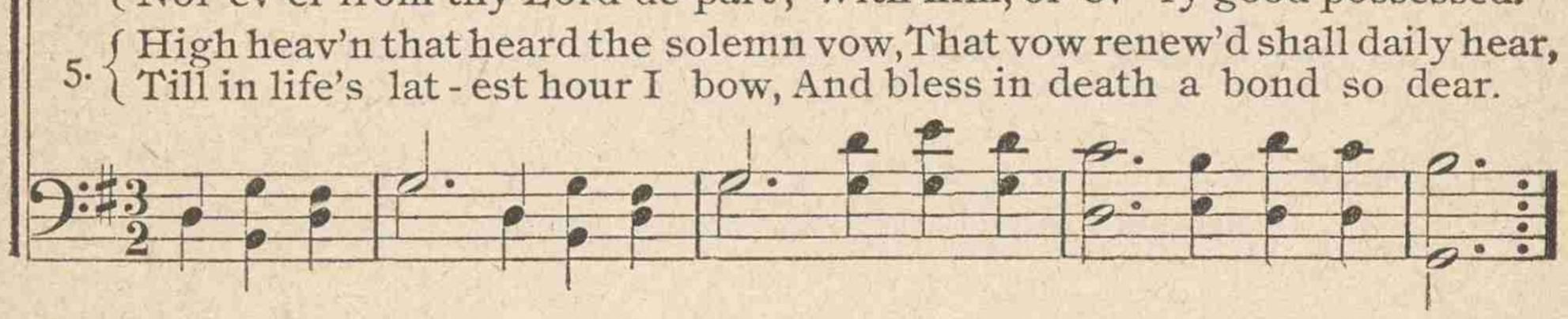
1. { O hap-py day that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God!
   { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

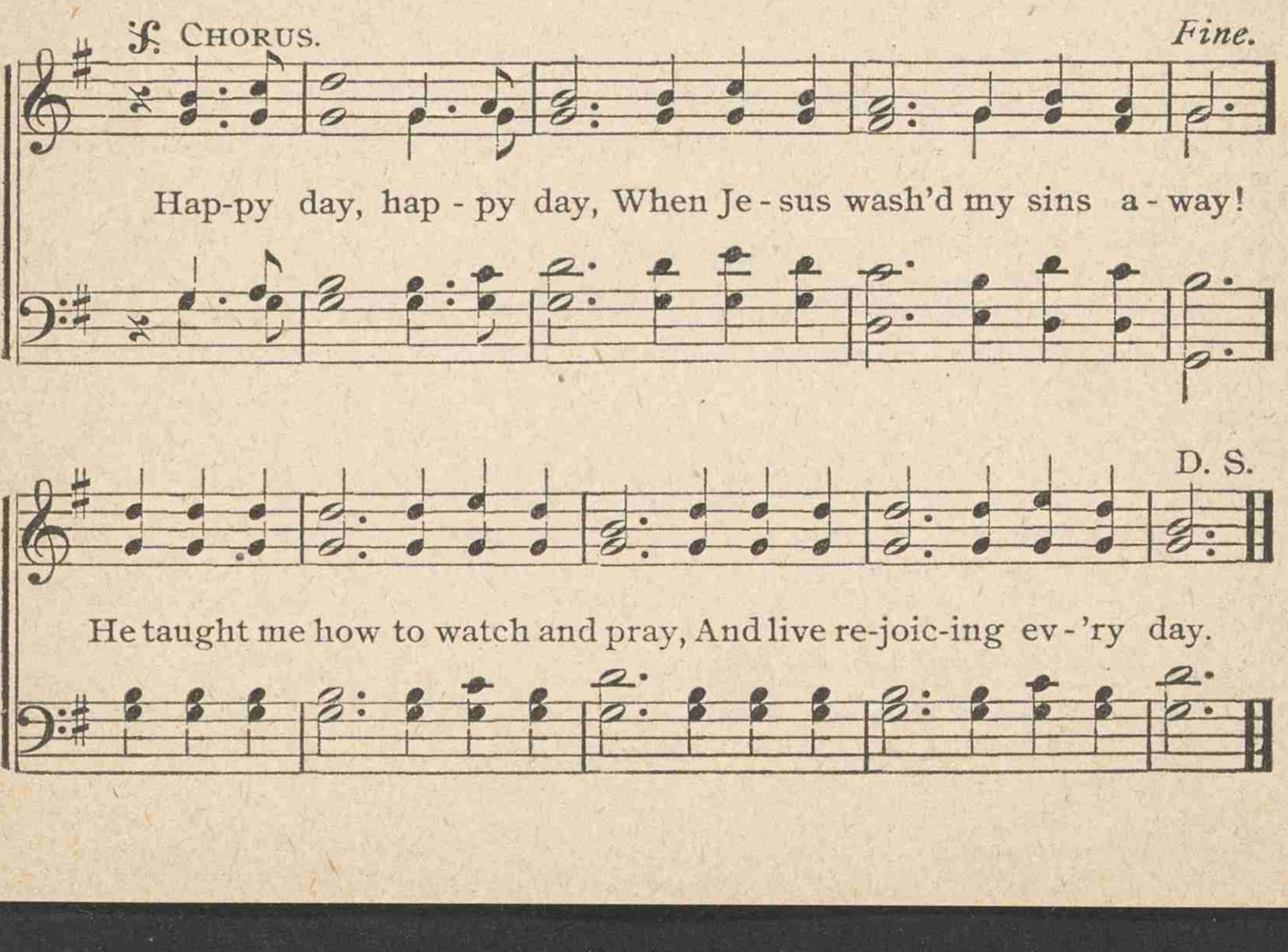
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him that mer-its all my love!
   { Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. { 'T is 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 di-vine.

4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fix'd on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest;
   { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part; With him, of ev-'ry good possessed.

5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
   { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.





No. 8. Sinner, Look and Live!

Words and Music by M. CUMMING.

1. O sin - ner, why will you thus lon-ger de - lay? Your day of sal-
2. The lon - ger you live in the bye-ways of sin, The har - der your
3. O come! be per-suad-ed that Je - sus for-gives Such sin-ners as

va - tion is here; Why lin - ger in doubt, why wan-der a - way?
heart will be - come; The door may be shut when you seek to go in—
you are to - day; His par - don is free, and He ev - er lives

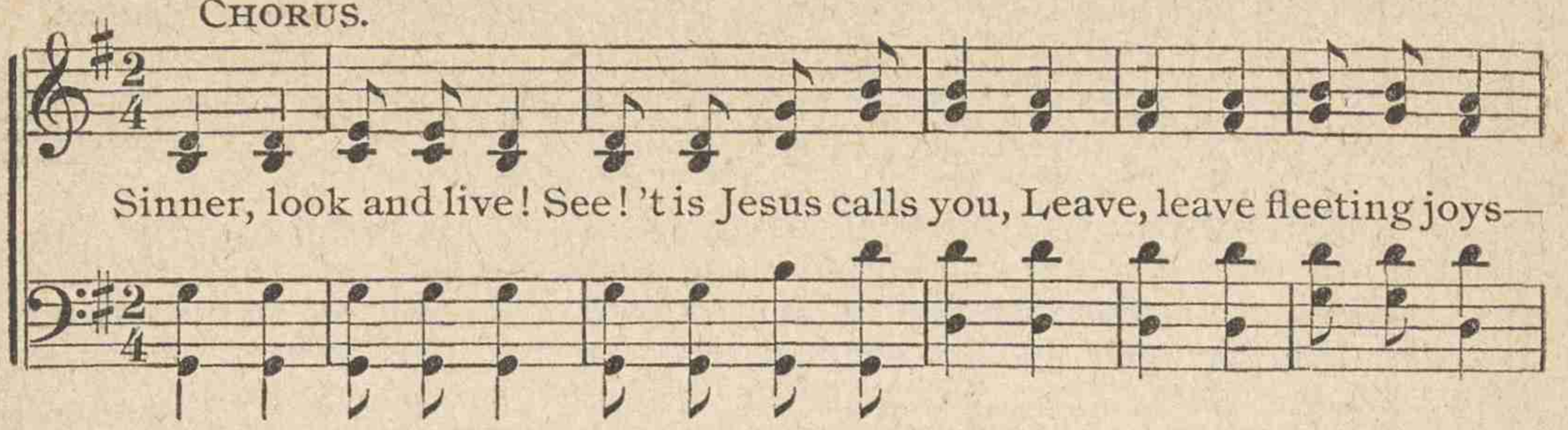
The Ark of God's mer-cy is near. The bil - lows of sin, with-
You may knock, but no answer will come. Your day will be past, your
To guide you o'er life's troubled way. Sin's pleasures swift fly, like

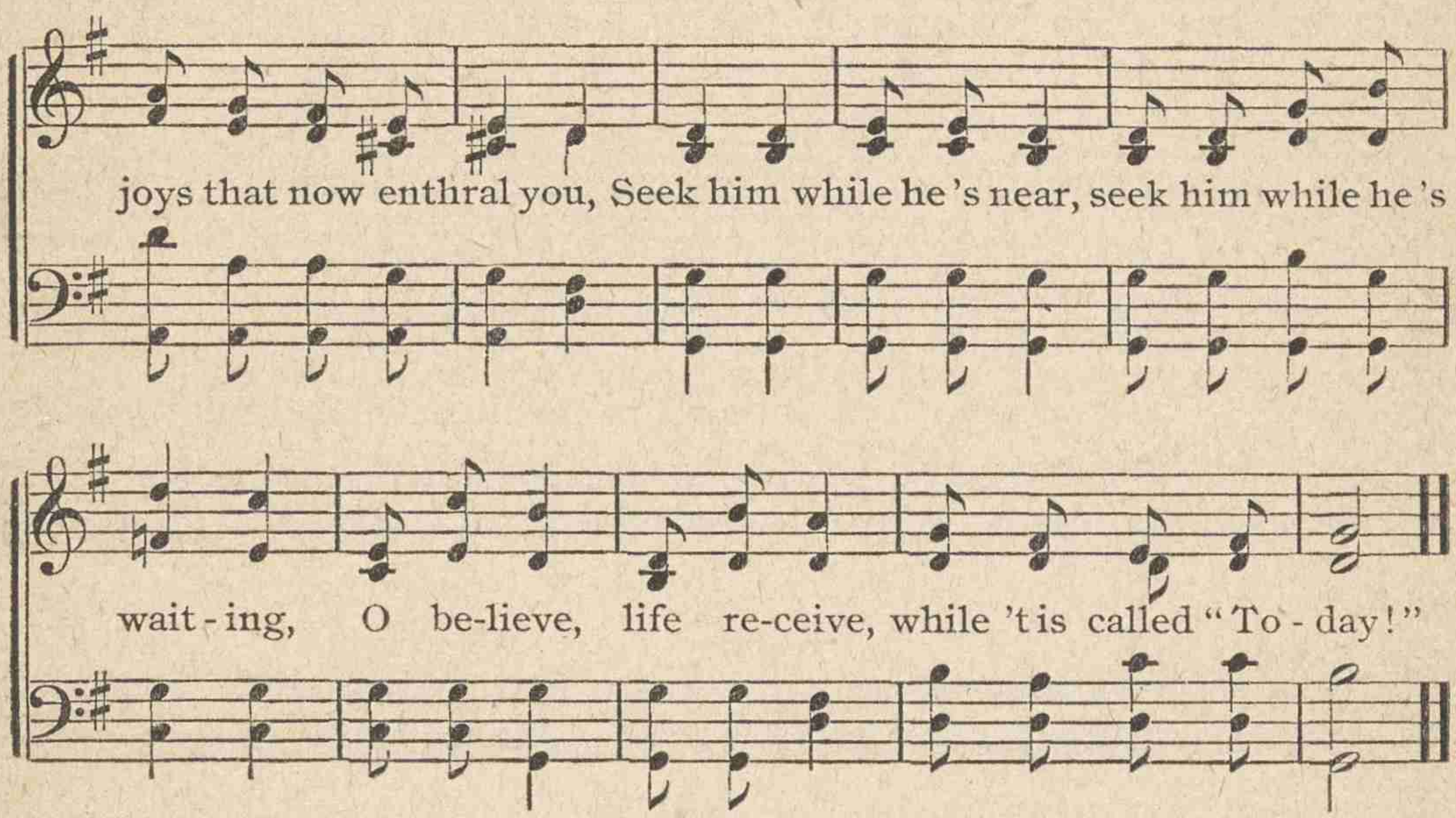
out and with-in, Are crested with wrath and despair; No lon-ger re-
doom will be cast, In anguish you 'll utter, "Too late!" Before the great
clouds thro' the sky, And soon you must sleep in the grave; Then, why thus de-

main on sin's stormy main, When the har-bor of heaven 's so fair.
throne, there sadly a - lone, Poor sin - ner, what will be your fate?
lay, why still stay a - way, When Je - sus is rea - dy to save?

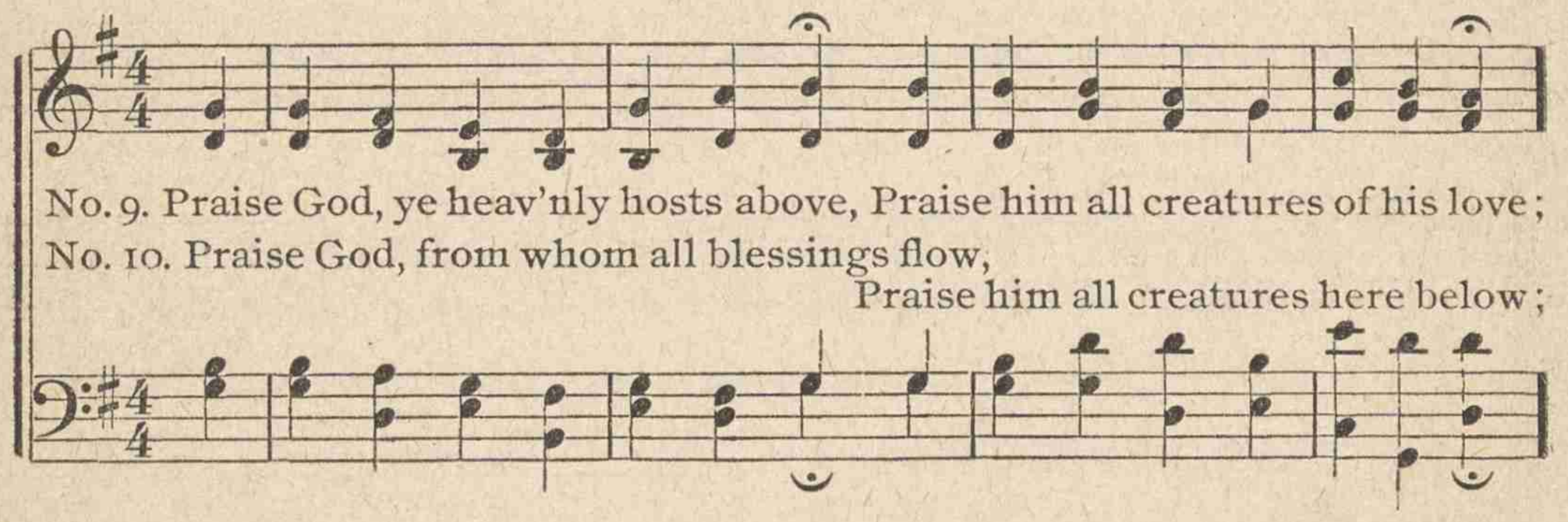
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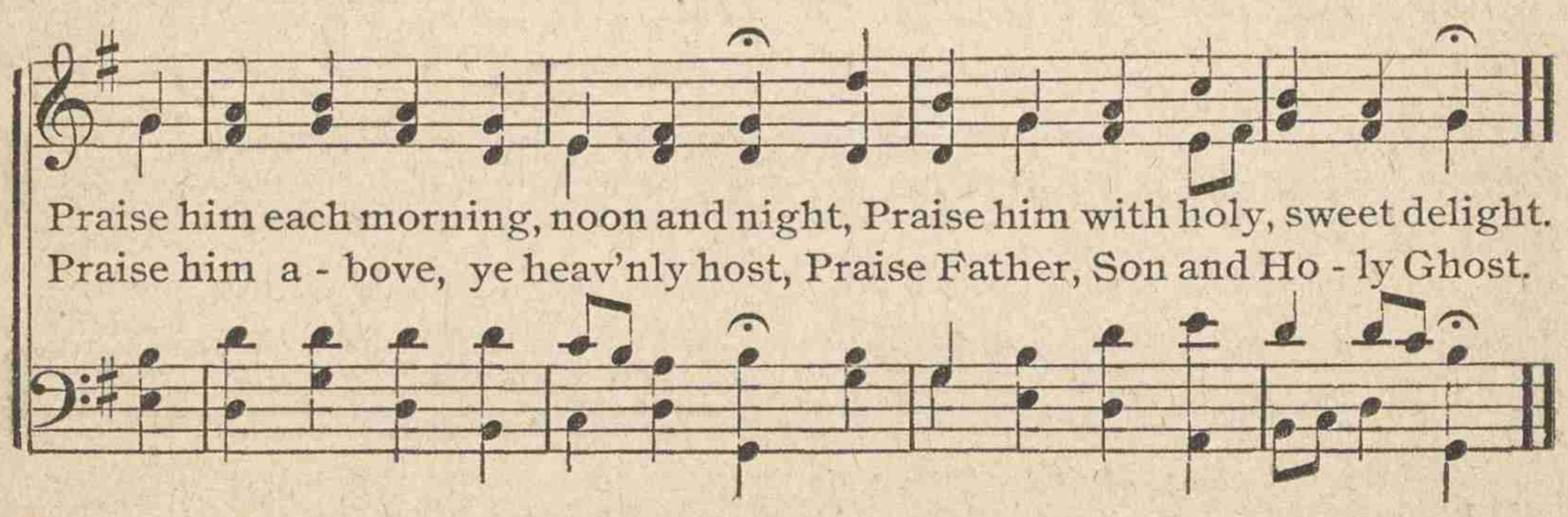
Sinner, Look and Live! Concluded.





Nos. 9 & 10. Old Hundred. L. M.





No. 11. Always Ready.

Words by J. O. FOSTER. Music by W. A. OGDEN.

1. Let the day, when the call of the Mas - ter Bids me come to the
2. In the watch of the night or the morn-ing, When the sun in his
3. Where the bat-tle of life is the hard - est, And the strife may be
4. May the soul in the life all im-mor - tal Be assured when the

place of his rest, Find me rea - dy to answer the sum - mons,
strength is a - glow, Or the shadows of even-ing are fall - ing,
wea - ry and long, Let me stand like a rock in the con - flict,
tri - als are o'er, That a - bove in the home of the ran - somed,

CHORUS.

And go home to the land of the blest.
Let me al-ways be rea - dy to go. Ready, ready, al-ways
And be no - ble and val-iant and strong.
It may rest safe - ly there ev - er-more.

rea - dy, Rea-dy for the soul's bright crown; Yes, ready for the
Mas - ter's watch - word, And rea - dy when he calls his own.

From "Gathered Jewels," No. 2, by per.

No. 12. Who is Ready?

Words by ANNIE CUMMINGS. Music by W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Wait - ing is the gol - den har - vest, Wait - ing is the gol - den grain, While the Mas - ter calls for reap-ers From the
2. Tru - ly is the har - vest plenteous, But the la - bor- ers are few; Pray ye that the Lord of har - vest Send forth
3. Will the Mas - ter hold us guilt - less, If the work be left un-done? If for lack of la - bor per - ish, Precious
4. Haste, oh, hast - en, will - ing work - ers, Swift - ly speed the hours a - way; Hearken to the Master's warn-ing, "Work ye

CHORUS.
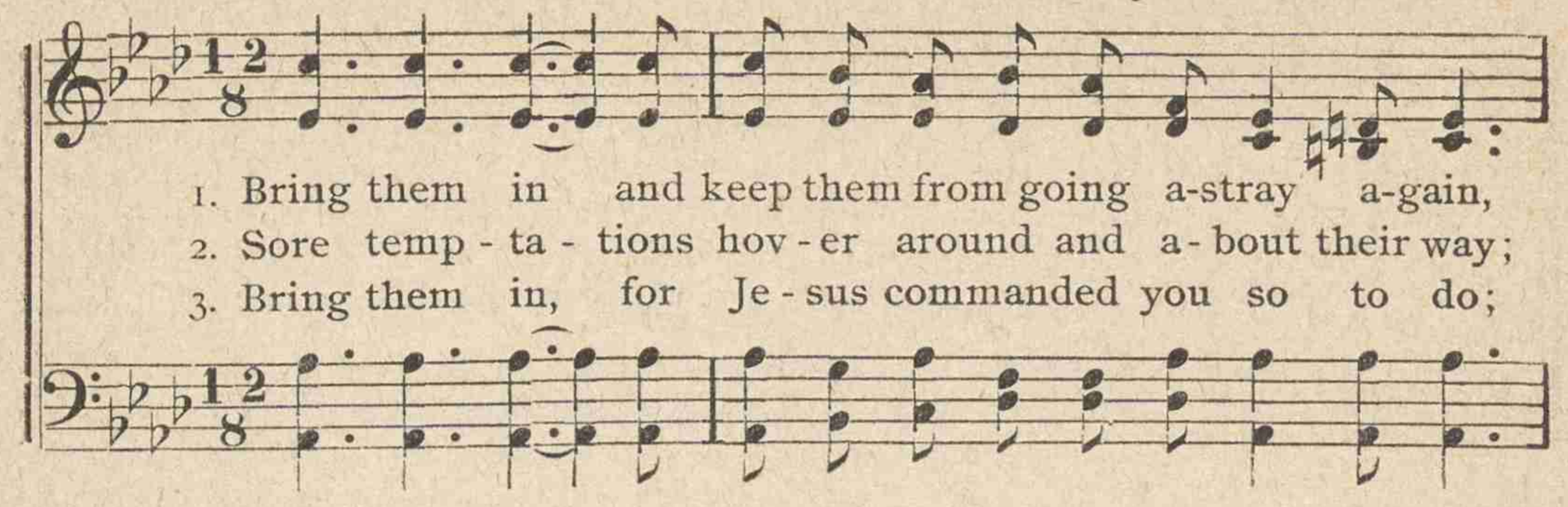
hill - side and the plain.
work-men tried and true. Who is will-ing? who is rea - dy?
souls we might have won?
while 't is called to - day?

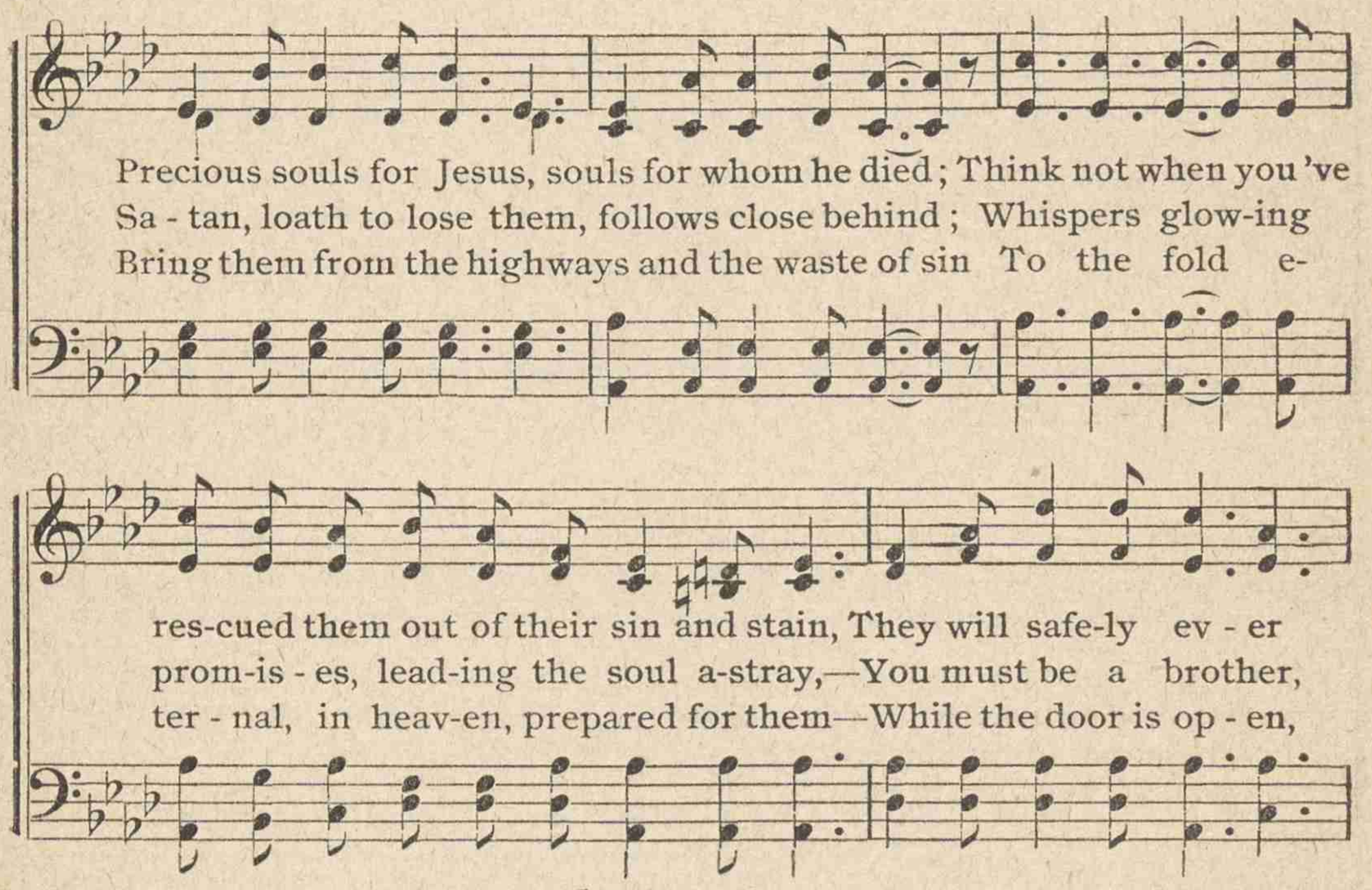
Who will go and work to - day? See the gol - den har - vest wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?

By permission.

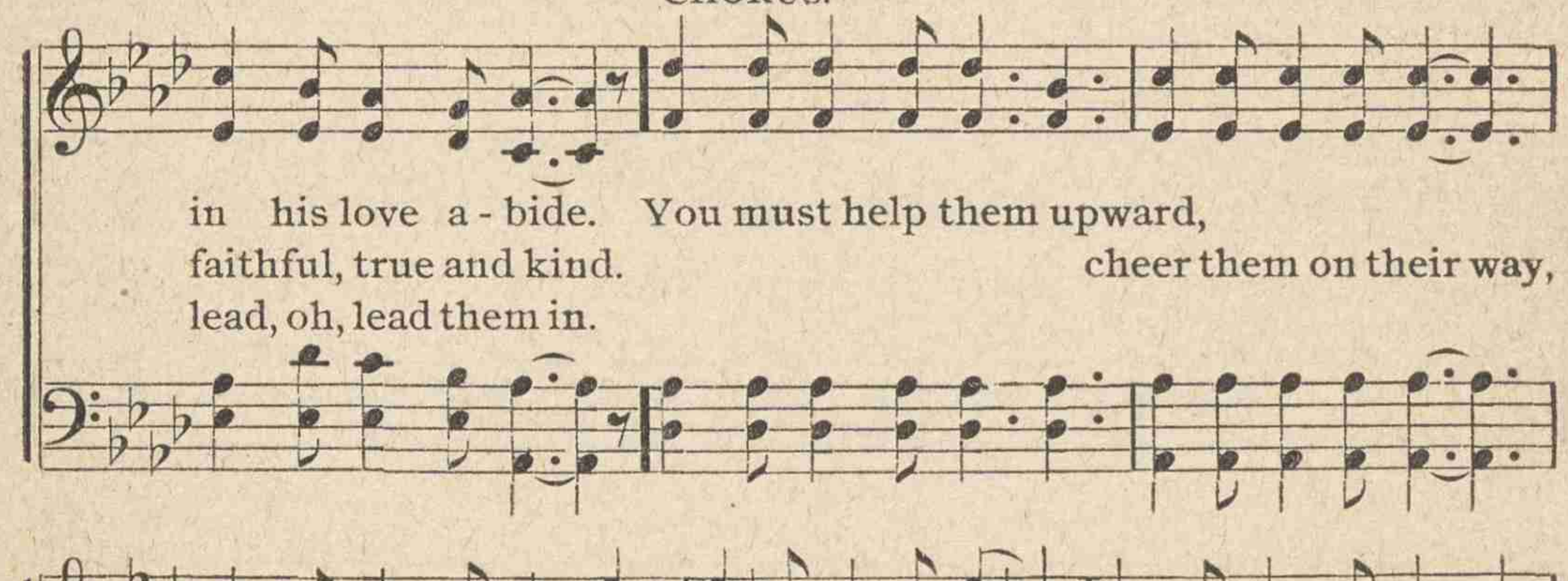
No. 13. Bring Them In.

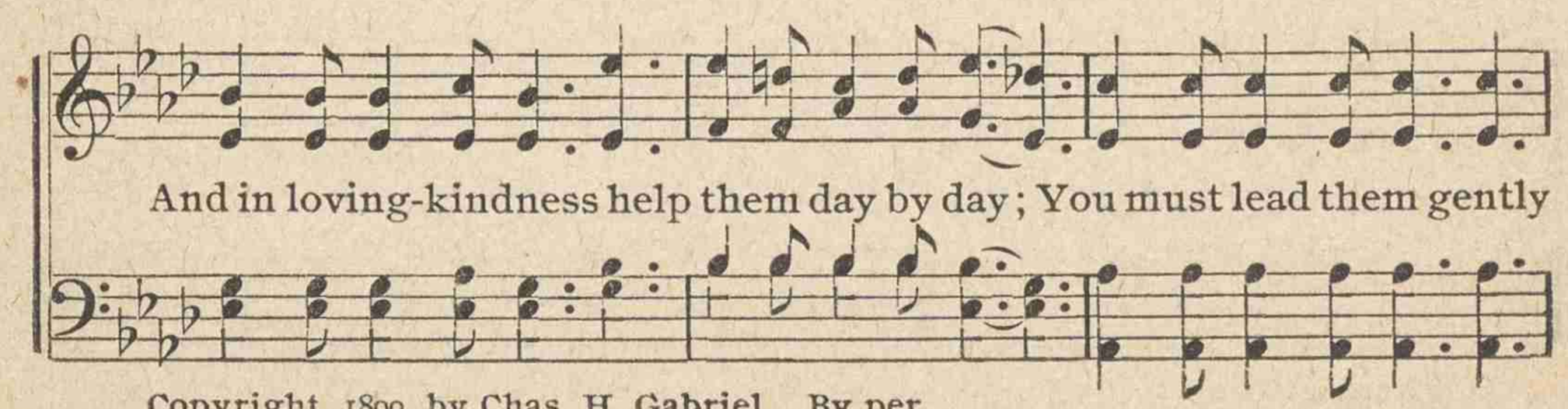
Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
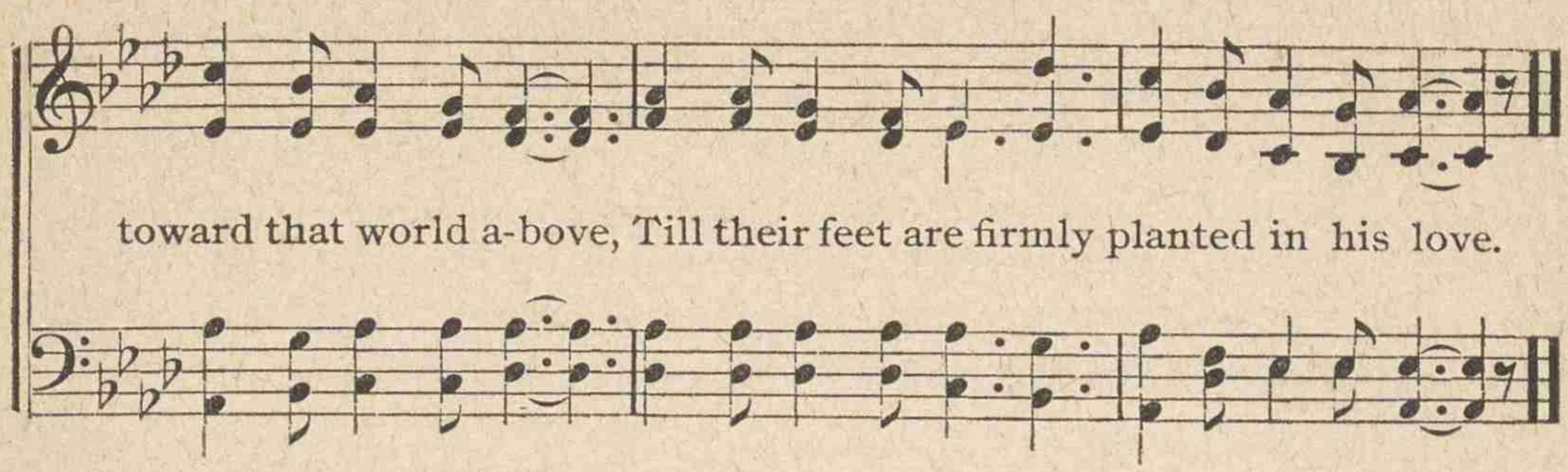




CHORUS.





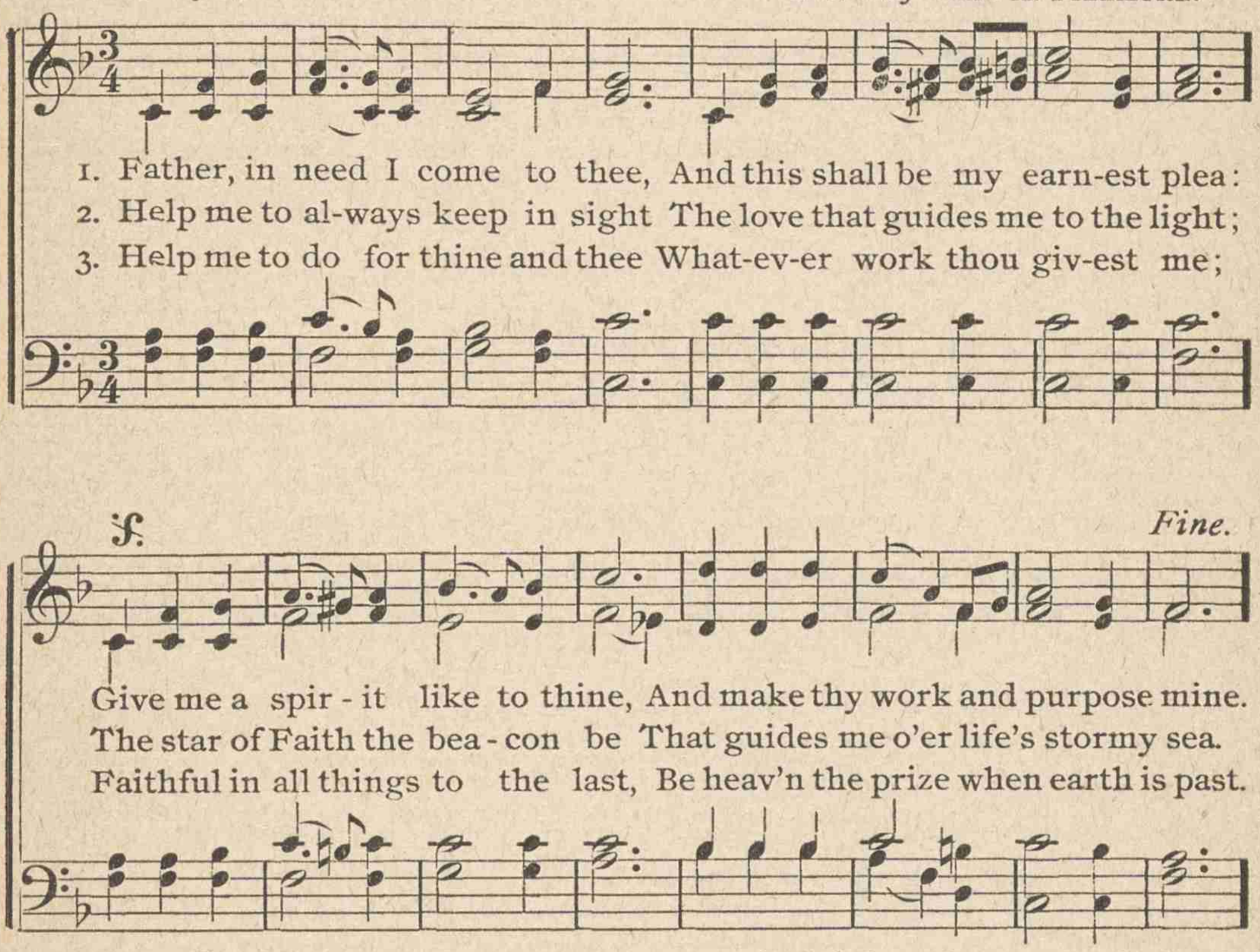
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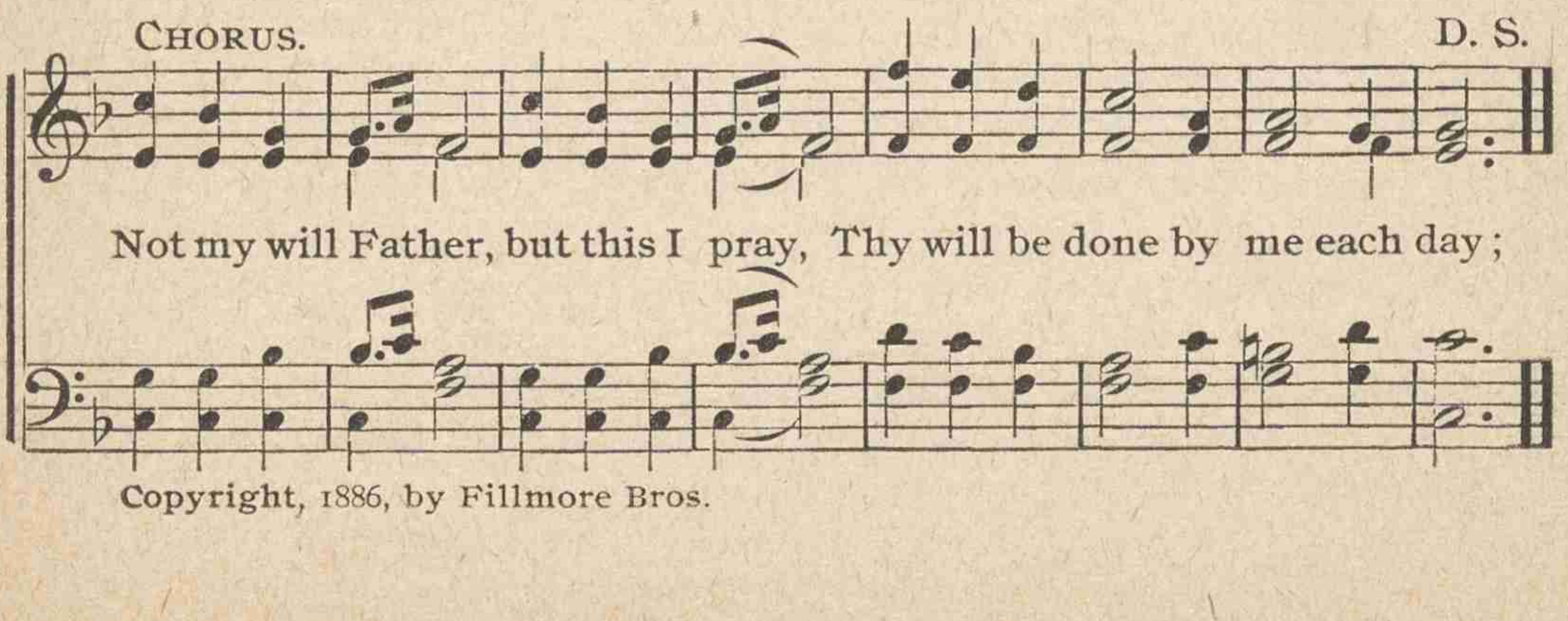
Bring Them In. Concluded.



No. 14. Thy will be Done.

Words by E. E. REXFORD. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.
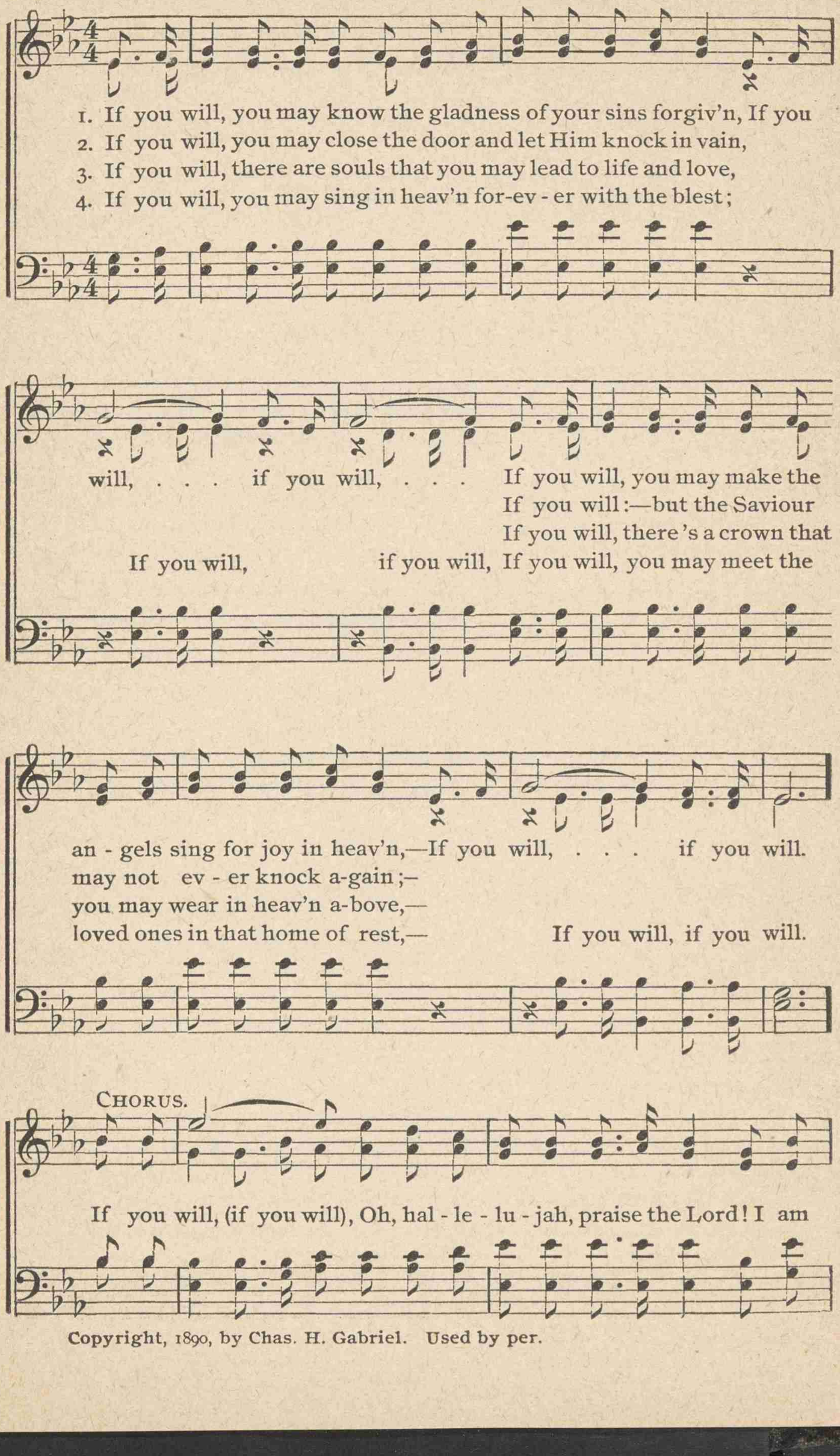




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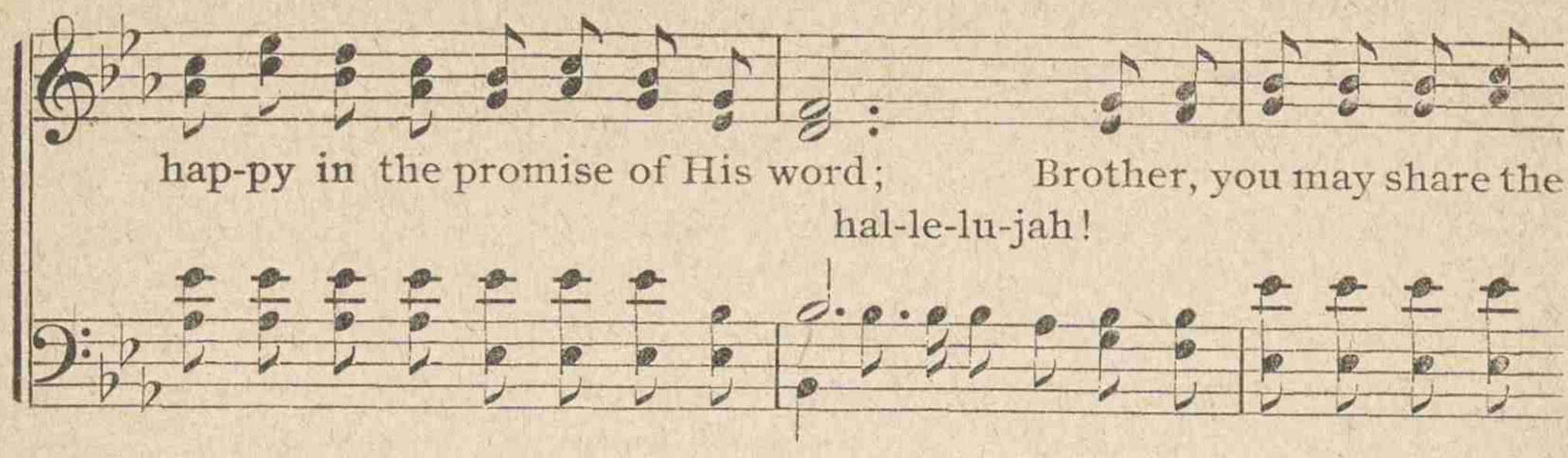
No. 15. You May, if You Will.
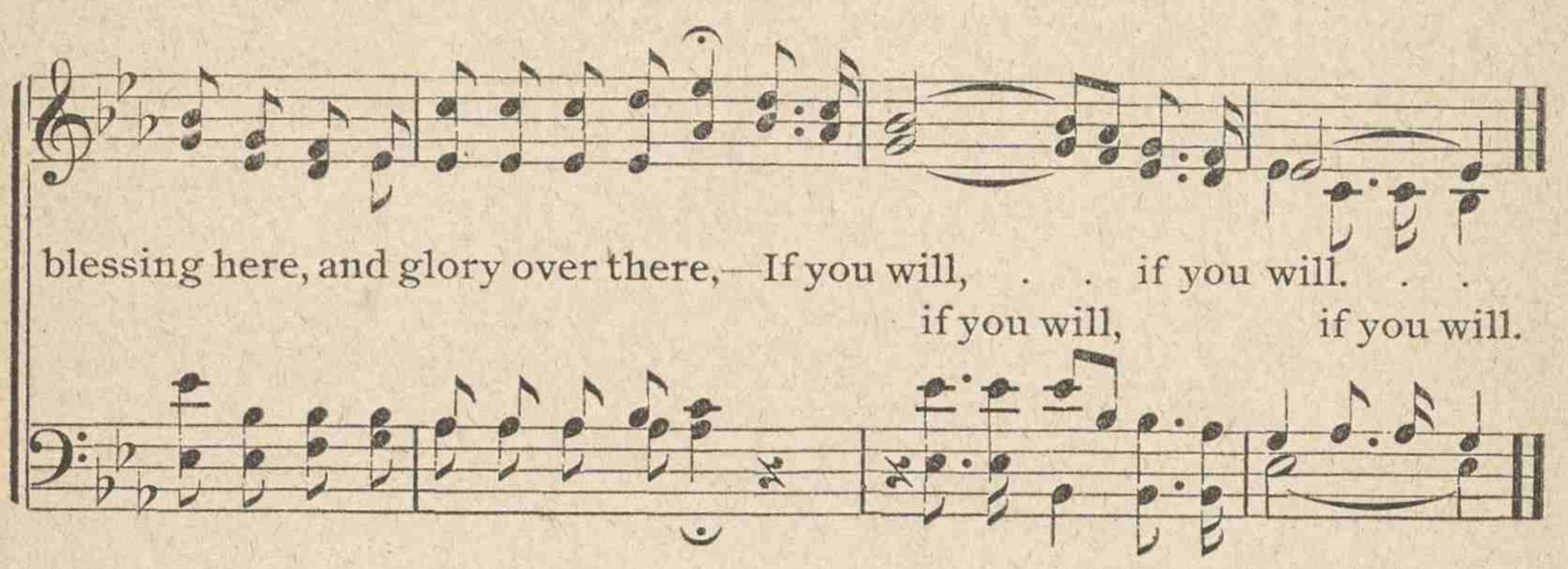
Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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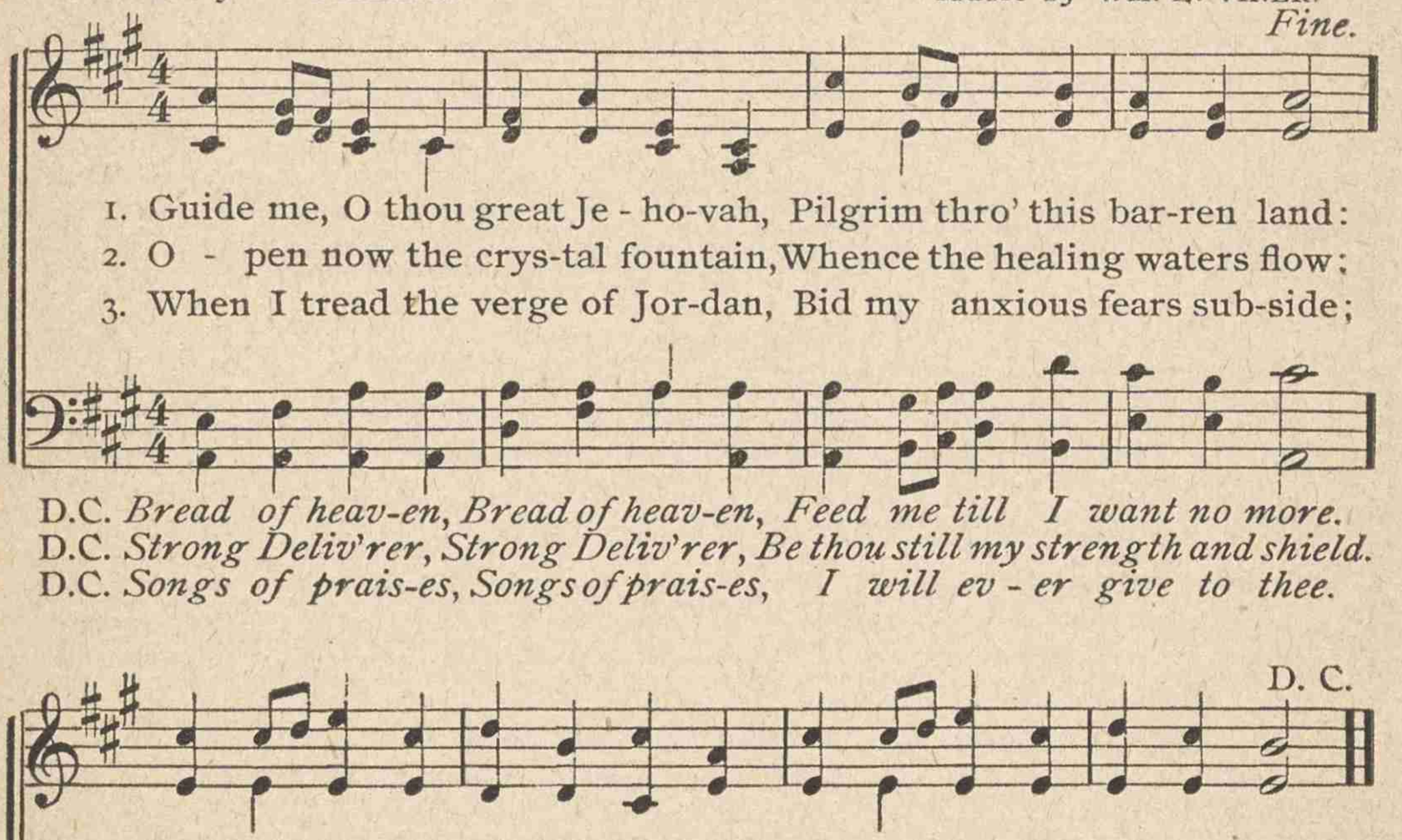
You May, if You Will. Concluded.

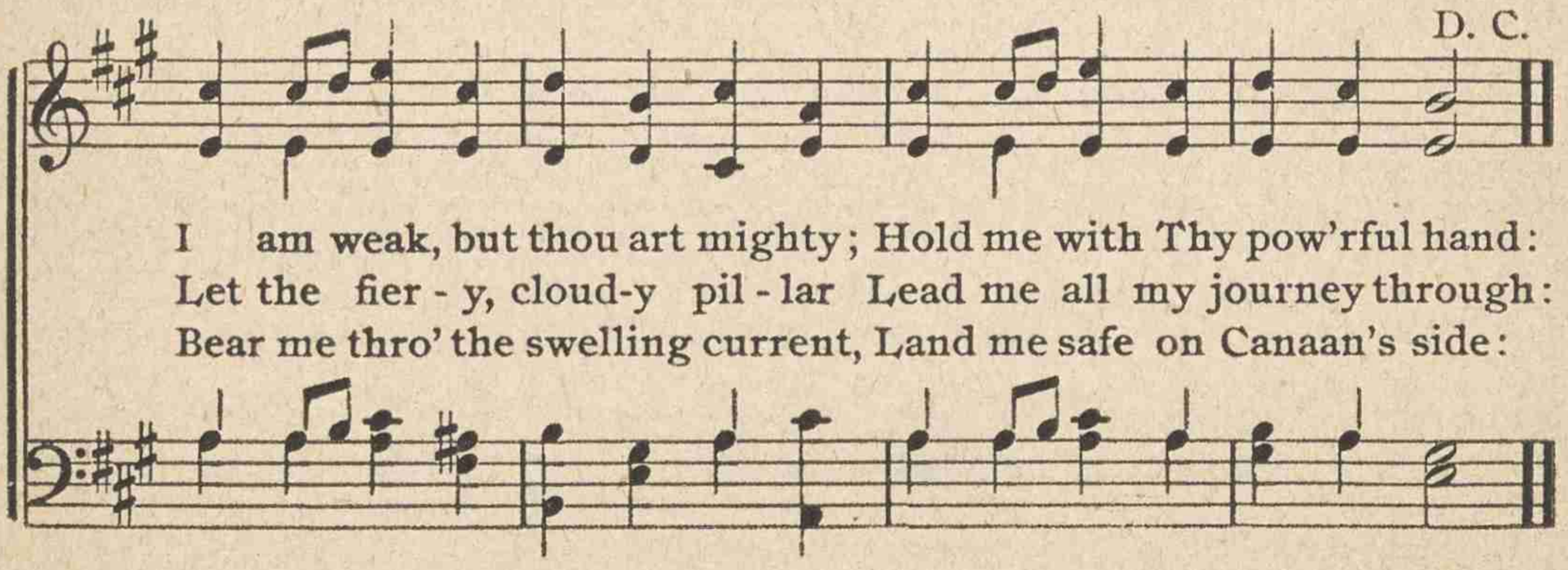




No. 16. Guide Me.
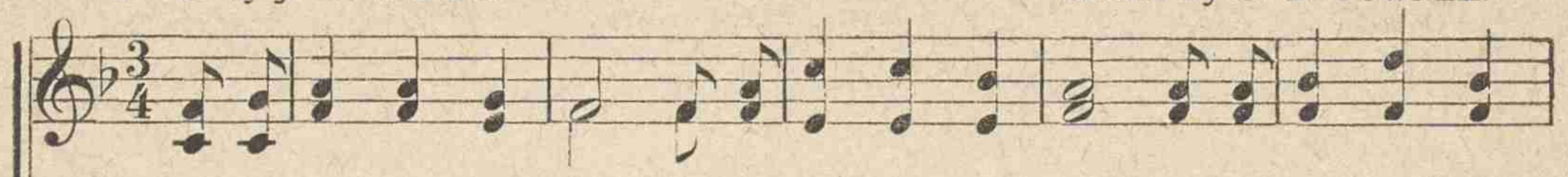
Words by W. WILLIAMS. Music by WM. L. VINER.



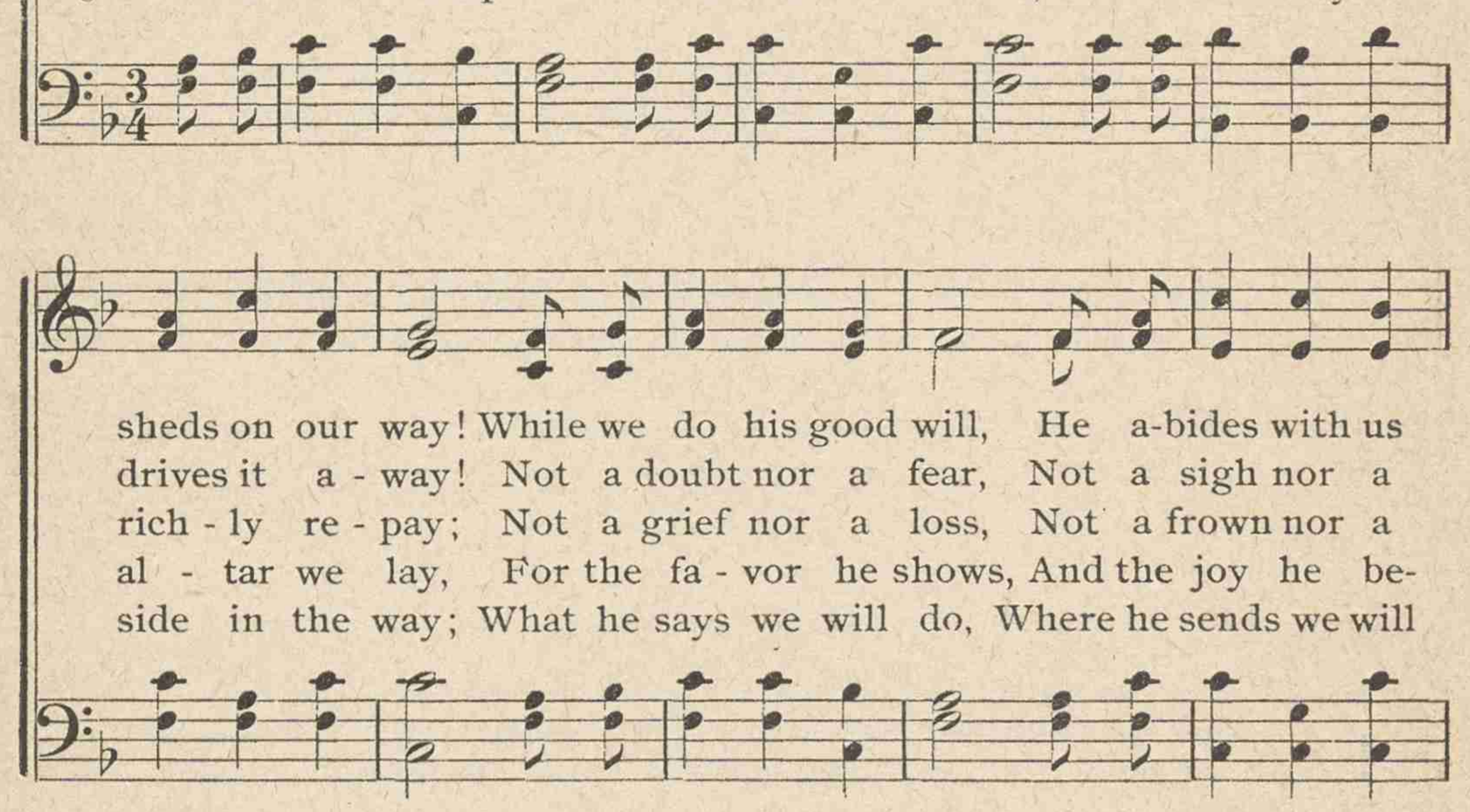


No. 17. Trust and Obey.
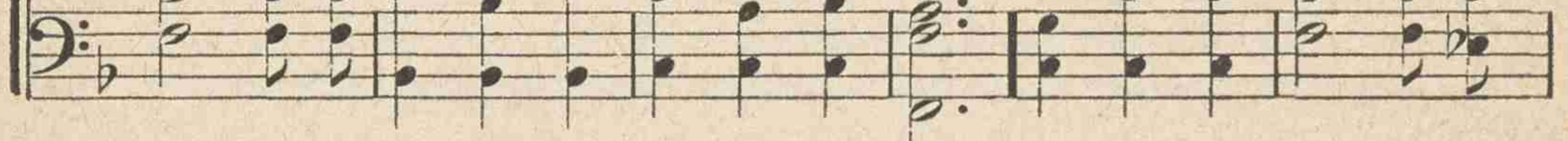
Words by J. H. SAMMIS. Music by D. B. TOWNER.
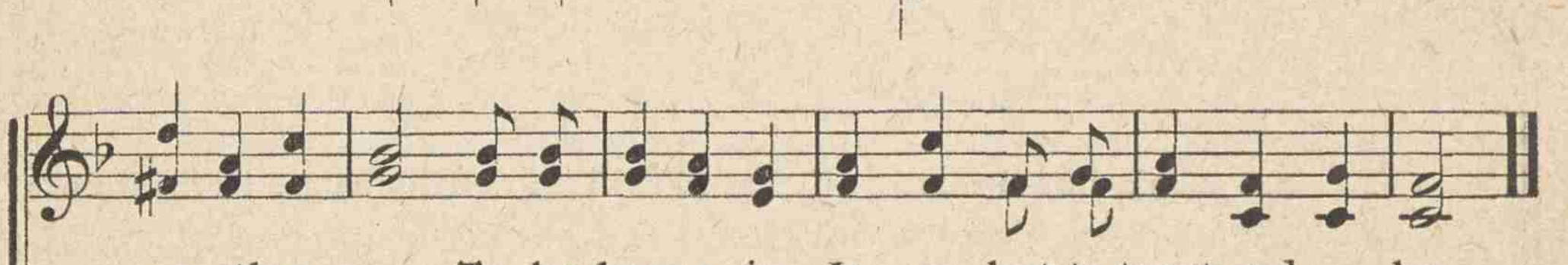


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of his love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his



sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way! Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor he shows, And the joy he be-
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will



CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear, Can abide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
stows, Are for them who will trust and obey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

no other way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

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No. 18. A New Heart, Lord.

Words by CHAS. M. FILLMORE. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Cre-ate in me a new heart, Lord, The old in bonds of sin en-twined
2. A new heart, Lord, I would possess, I do not wish the old re - newed,
3. A new heart then, in me cre - ate, One ho - ly, perfect, pure and true,

Has ev - er un - to fol - ly turned, And nev-er has to good in-clined.
Its tho'ts have been so long of bad, It nev - er can be whol-ly good.
That hates the ver - y tho't of sin, De-light-ing on - ly good to do.

CHORUS.

A new heart, Lord, . . cre - ate in me, . . .
A new heart, Lord, cre-ate in me,

From sin and crime, . . and fol - ly free, . . A new heart,
From sin and crime, and fol - ly free,

Lord, . . cre-ate in me, Of perfect pur-i - ty.
A new heart, Lord, cre-ate in me,

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 19. He is Knocking.

Words by I. B. CARLIN. Music by I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh the Sav-iour is standing at the door, And knocking gently
2. Oh the Sav-iour is knocking at the door, And wait-ing to re-
3. Oh the Sav-iour is knocking at the door, And pleading in sweet

knocking all the day; He is waiting to cross the threshold o'er: A-
deem thy soul from sin; He has knocked at thy heart, how long before; Oh,
ac-cents sad and low; "I have died for you, children, rich and poor, Then

CHORUS.

rise and let him in without de - lay. He is knocking
will you still refuse to let him in?
why, dear children, will you treat me so?" at the door,

1st time.

He is knocking He is wait-ing to save you
at the door,

2d time.

from your sin; Will you op - en and let the Sav-iour in?

Copyright, 1886, by I. Baltzell.

No. 20. Wondrous Glory.

Words by SALLIE M. SMITH. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand,
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 't is ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where he bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are honored With such visions of de - light,

While we drink the crystal wa - ters Flowing down from Eden's land.
In the brightness of his pres-ence, Christ, our Lord, revealed we see.
Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak-ing each a welcome guest.
Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight!

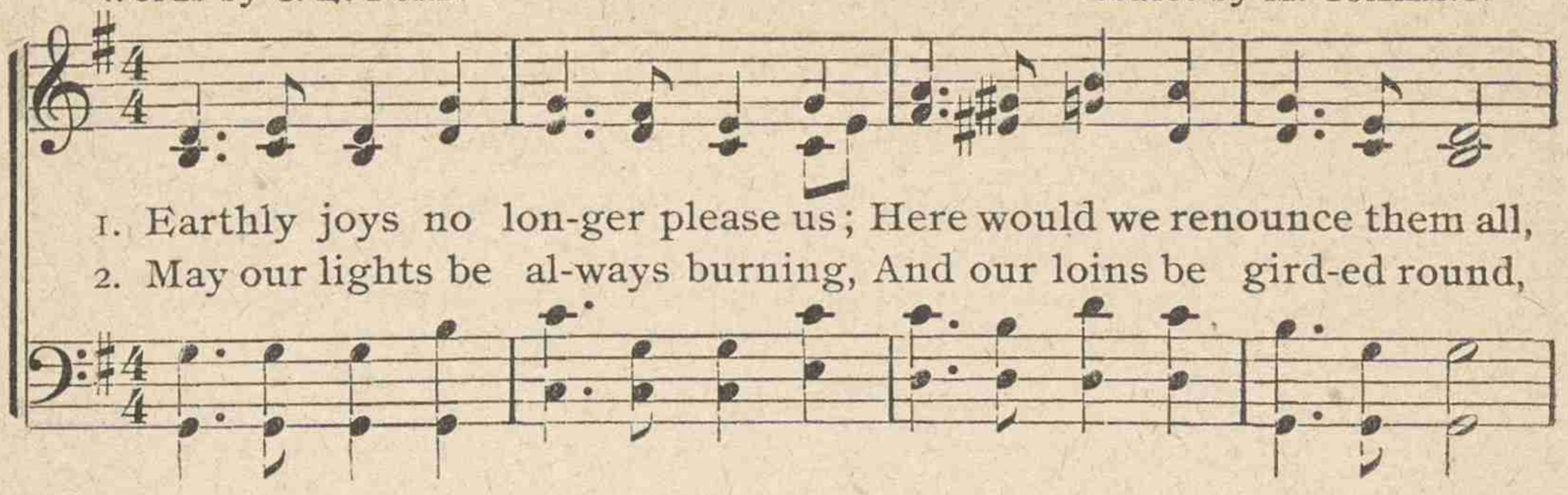
CHORUS.
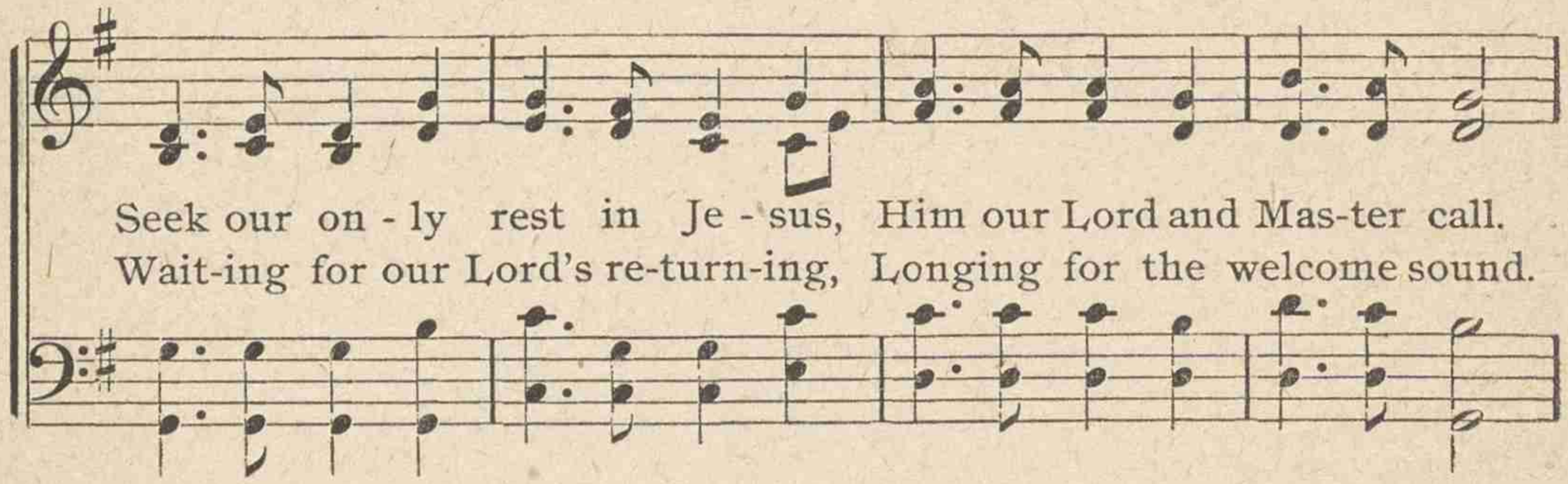
How the heart . . . . its toil for-gets, In the joy . . . . we there be-hold; In the ful - - - ness of his love, That is bet-ter felt than told.
How the heart its toil for-gets, In the joy we there be-hold; there be-hold; In the ful-ness of his love, of his love,

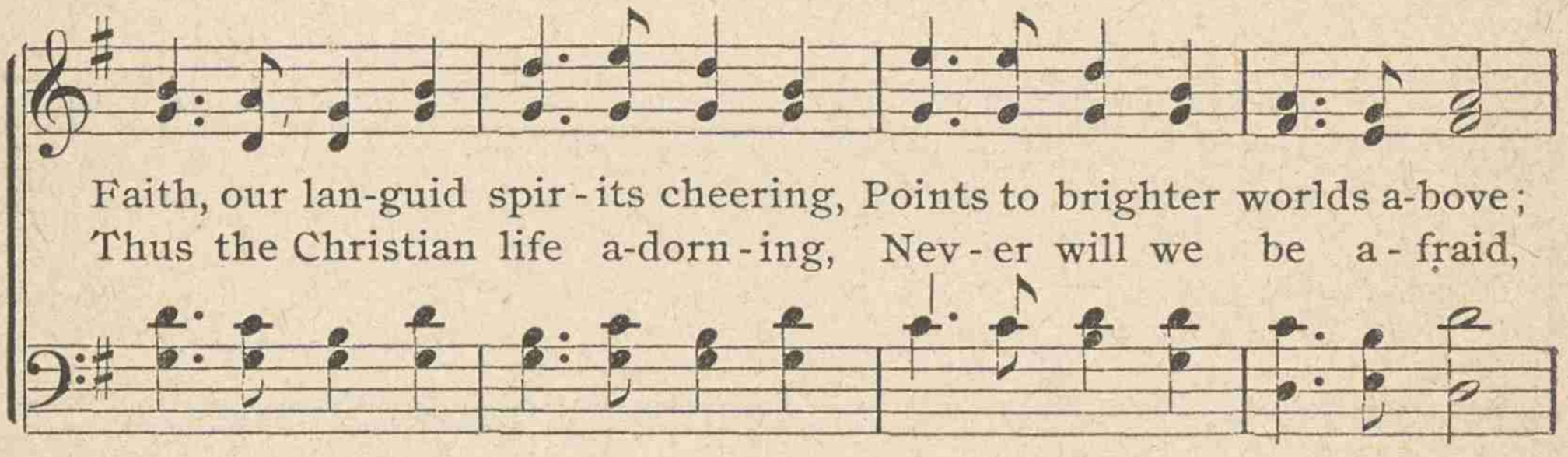
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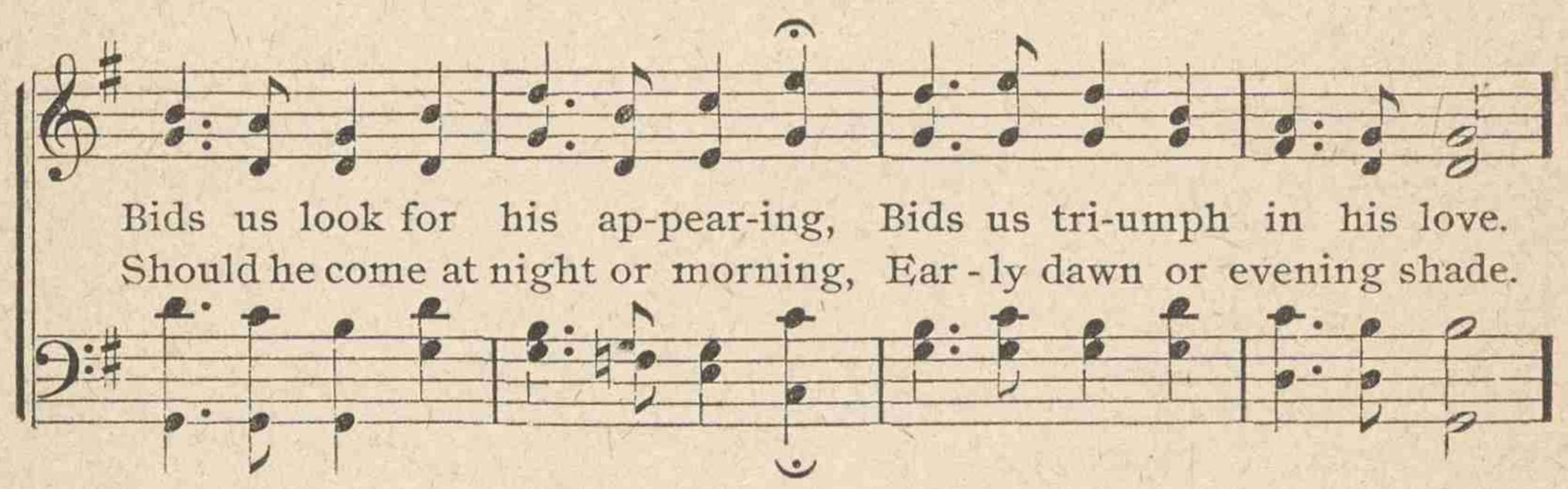
No. 21. Christ will Come Again.
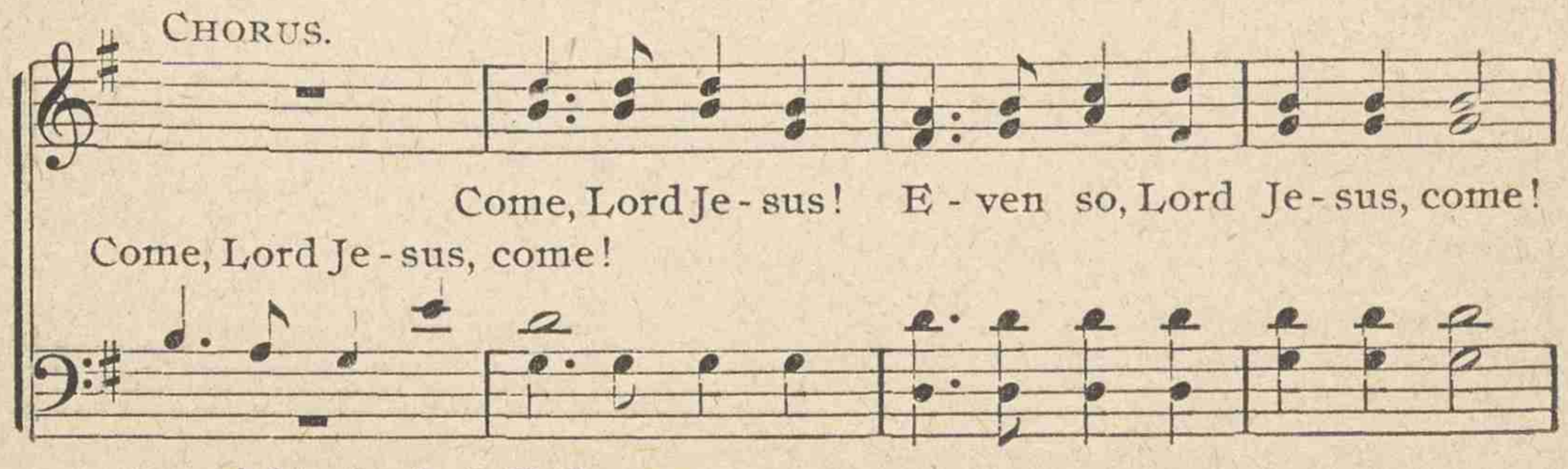
Words by C. L. FORD. Music by M. CUMMING.





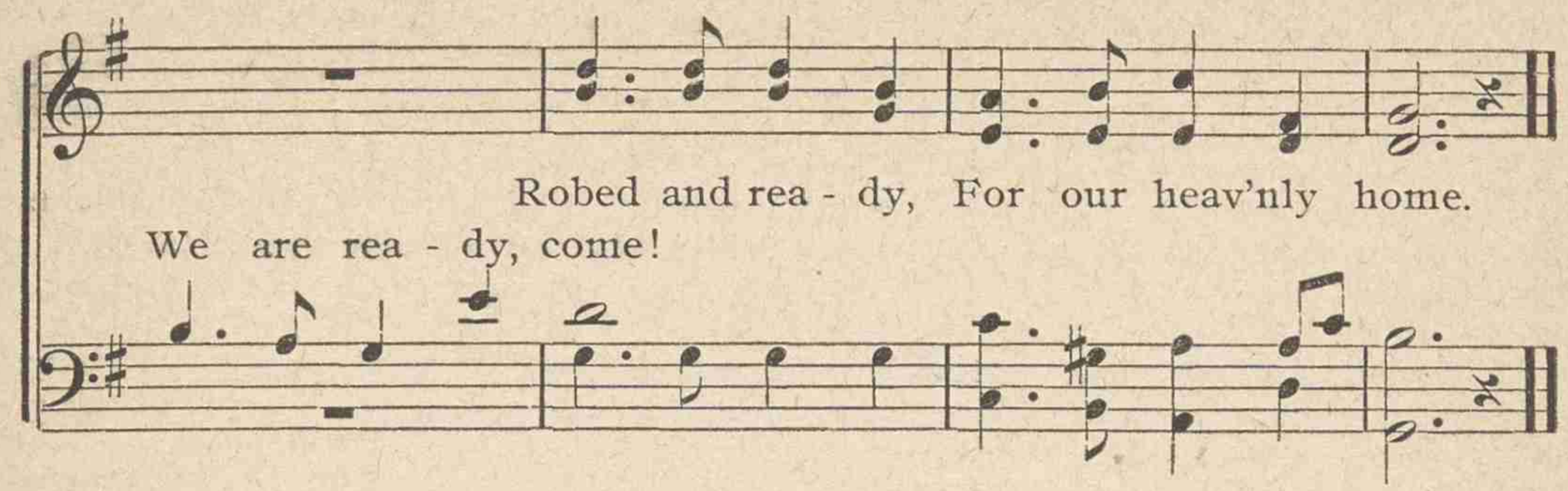






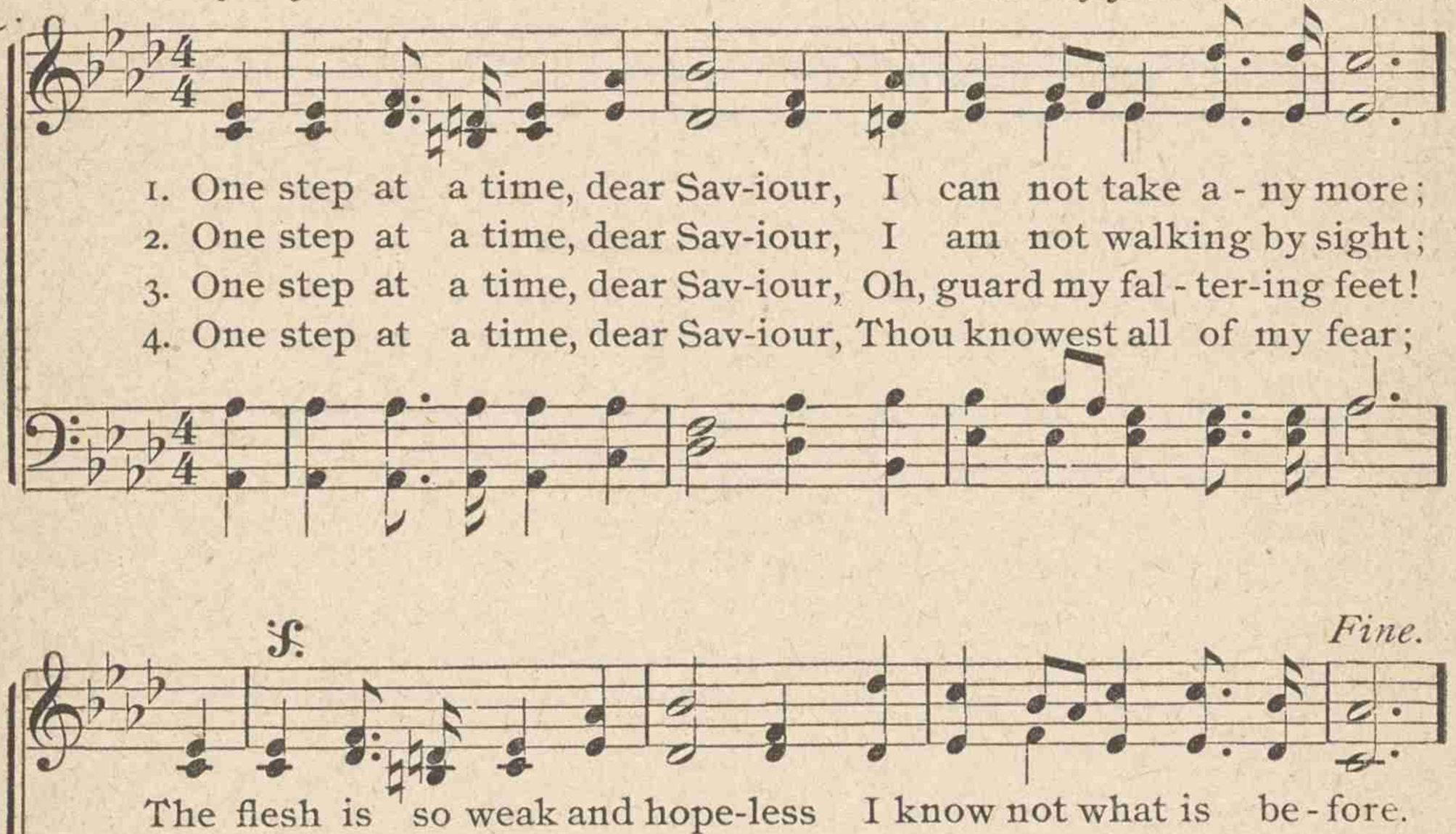
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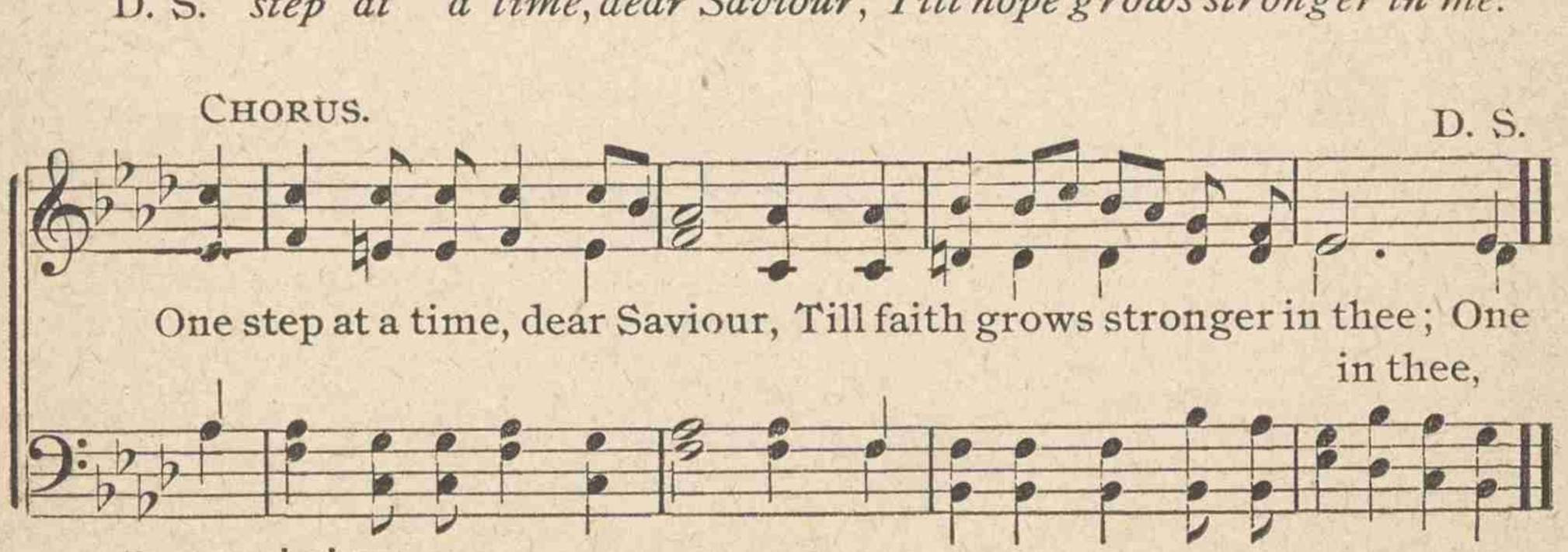
Christ will Come Again. Concluded.



No. 22. One Step at a Time.

Words by T. J. SHELTON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.





By permission.

No. 23. Dare to Say No!

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH. Music by ASA HULL.

1. My friend, do you know that the temp-ter of souls Will fol-low where-
2. Be - ware of the pleasures that lead you from God, Be - ware of the
3. For ev - 'ry temp-ta-tion a - way of es-cape, The Lord in his

ev - er you go? With art - ful de - ceit he will urge you to sin,
wine's ruddy glow; Tho' of-fered by those you have trusted and loved,
mer - cy doth show; He 'll give you the strength to o-bey his command;

REFRAIN.

Stand firmly, and dare to say no! Dare to say no! . . . . .
Stand firmly, and dare to say no!
If sin - ners en-tice thee, say "No!" Dare to say no!

dare to say no! . . . . . Whether the tempter be friend or foe, Stand
dare to say no!
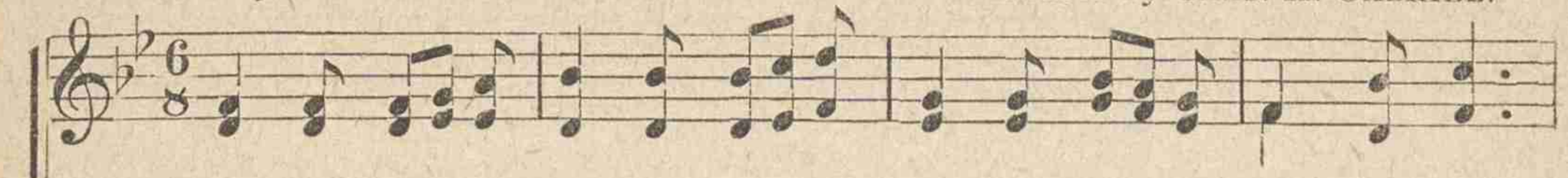
Rit. . . . . . .

firmly, and dare to say no! . . . . Dare to say no! . .
Dare to say no! . .

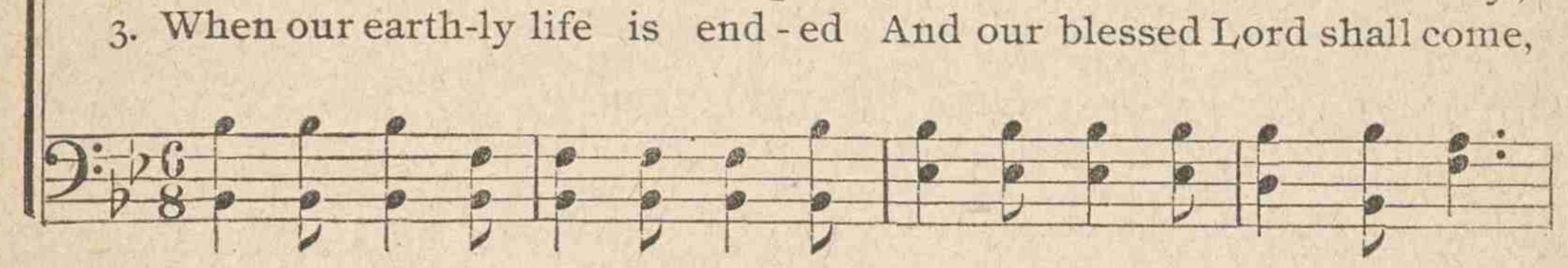
Copyright, 1887, by Asa Hull. By permission of Asa Hull.
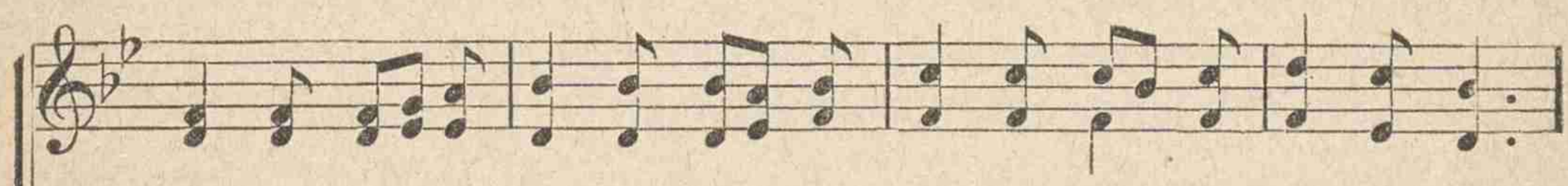
No. 24. Watch and Pray.

Words by MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
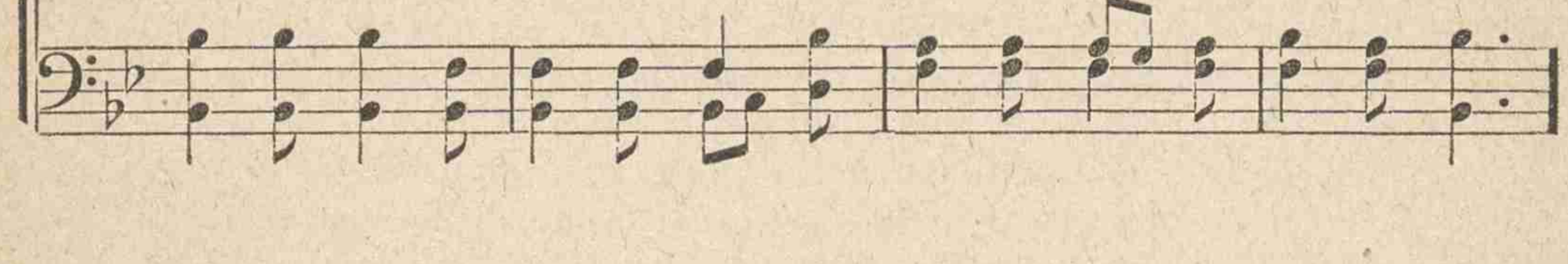


1. There are per - ils ev - er lurk-ing All a - long the heav'nward way,
2. From the fold and from the Shepherd, We are of - ten lured to stray;
3. When our earth-ly life is end - ed And our blessed Lord shall come,
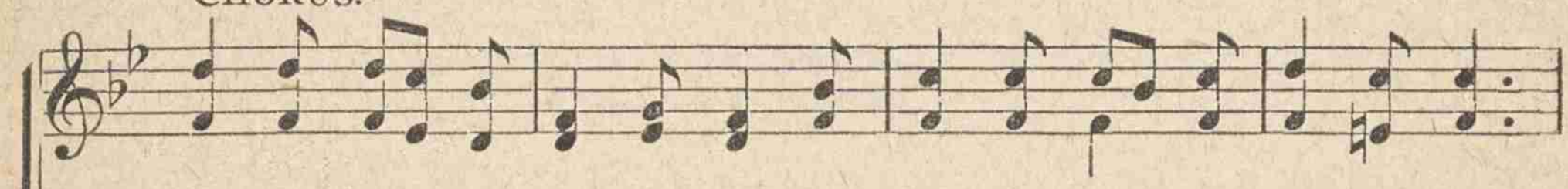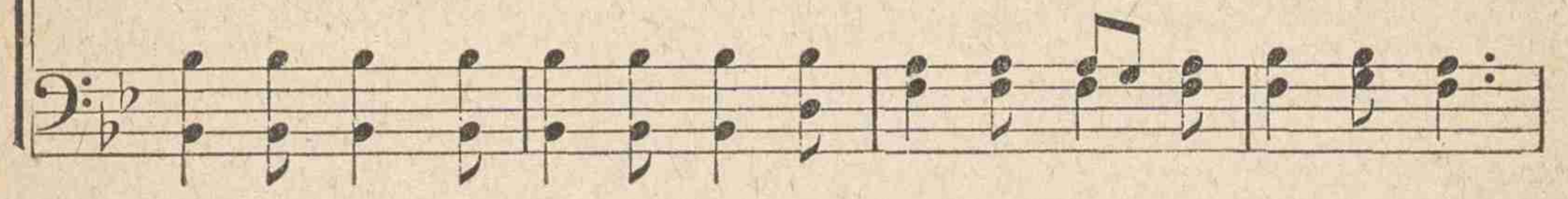




Ere we reach the shining por - tal, We must watch as well as pray.
If we would a - bide in safe - ty, We must watch as well as pray.
May he find us watching, waiting For the welcome summons home.
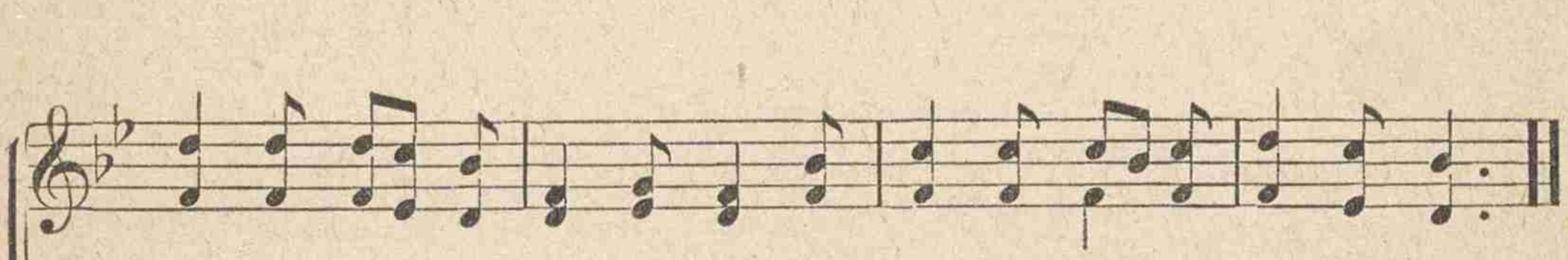


CHORUS.
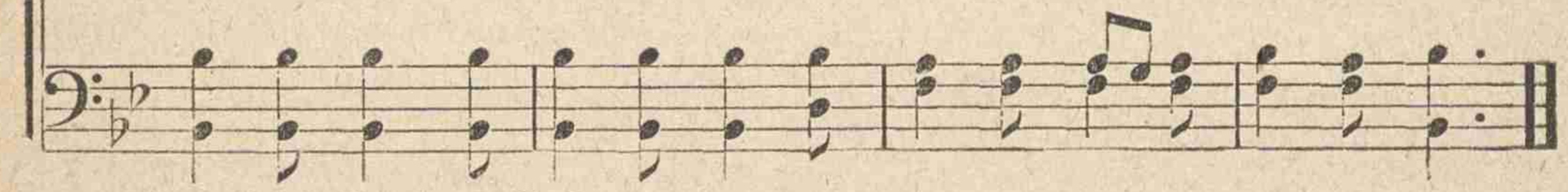


Watching, praying, nev - er straying From the path the Saviour trod,





We shall reach the shining por - tal Of the cit - y of our God.



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No. 25. Blood of the Lamb!

Words by KNOWLES SHAW. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I am sin - ful, and to thee, Lord, in an-guish I would flee,
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let thy hand on me be laid—
3. Cleanse me in thy precious blood, Love's pure, crimson, streaming flood;

To the fount-ain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Thou a - lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Robes of brightness, Lord, bestow, Make me whit - er than the snow.

CHORUS.

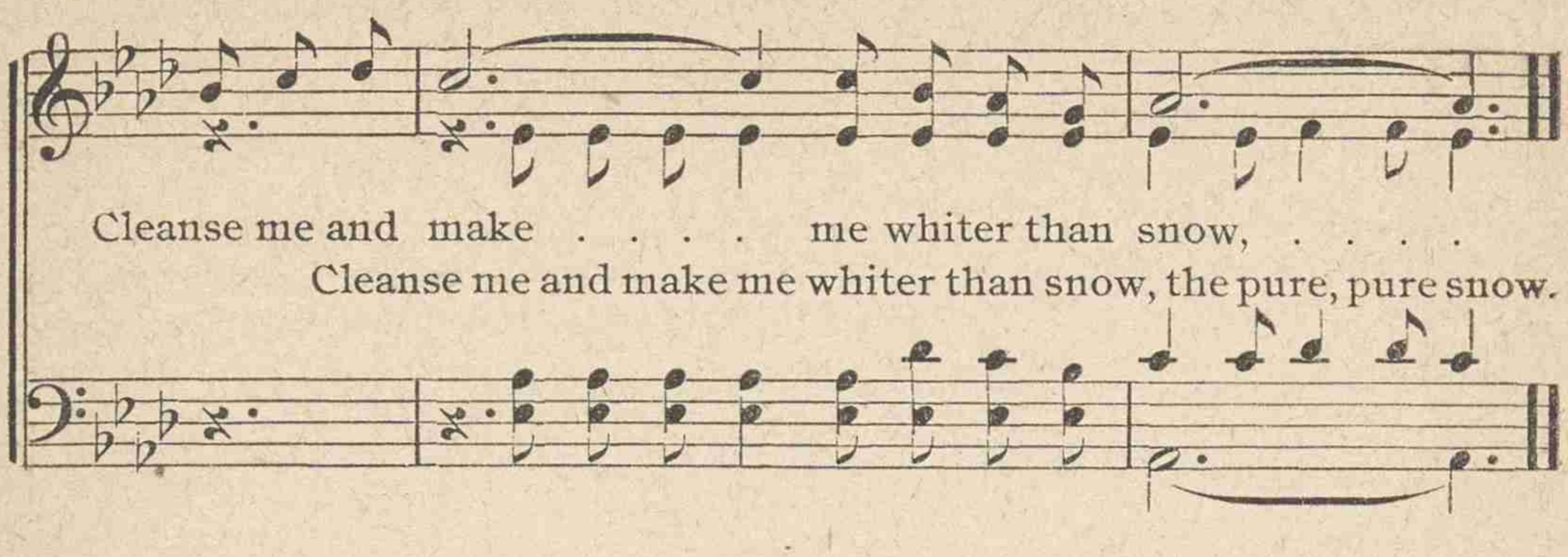
Blood of the Lamb! . . . in thy wonderful flow, ...
Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy crimson flow,

Cleanse me and make . . . . me whit-er than snow, ...
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, the pure, pure snow,

Whiter than snow, ... the beauti - ful snow, ...
Whiter than snow, the beautiful snow, the beautiful snow,

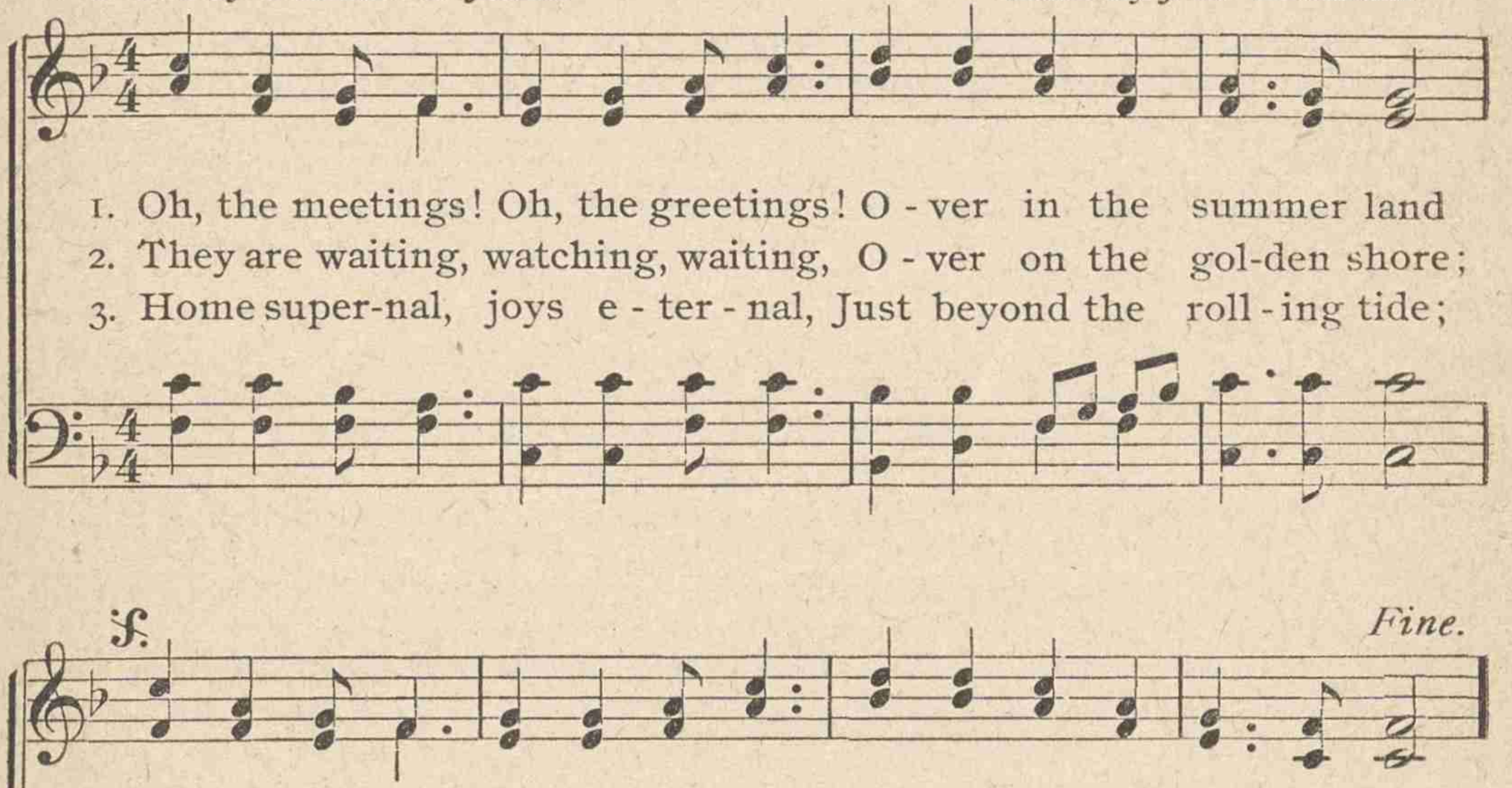
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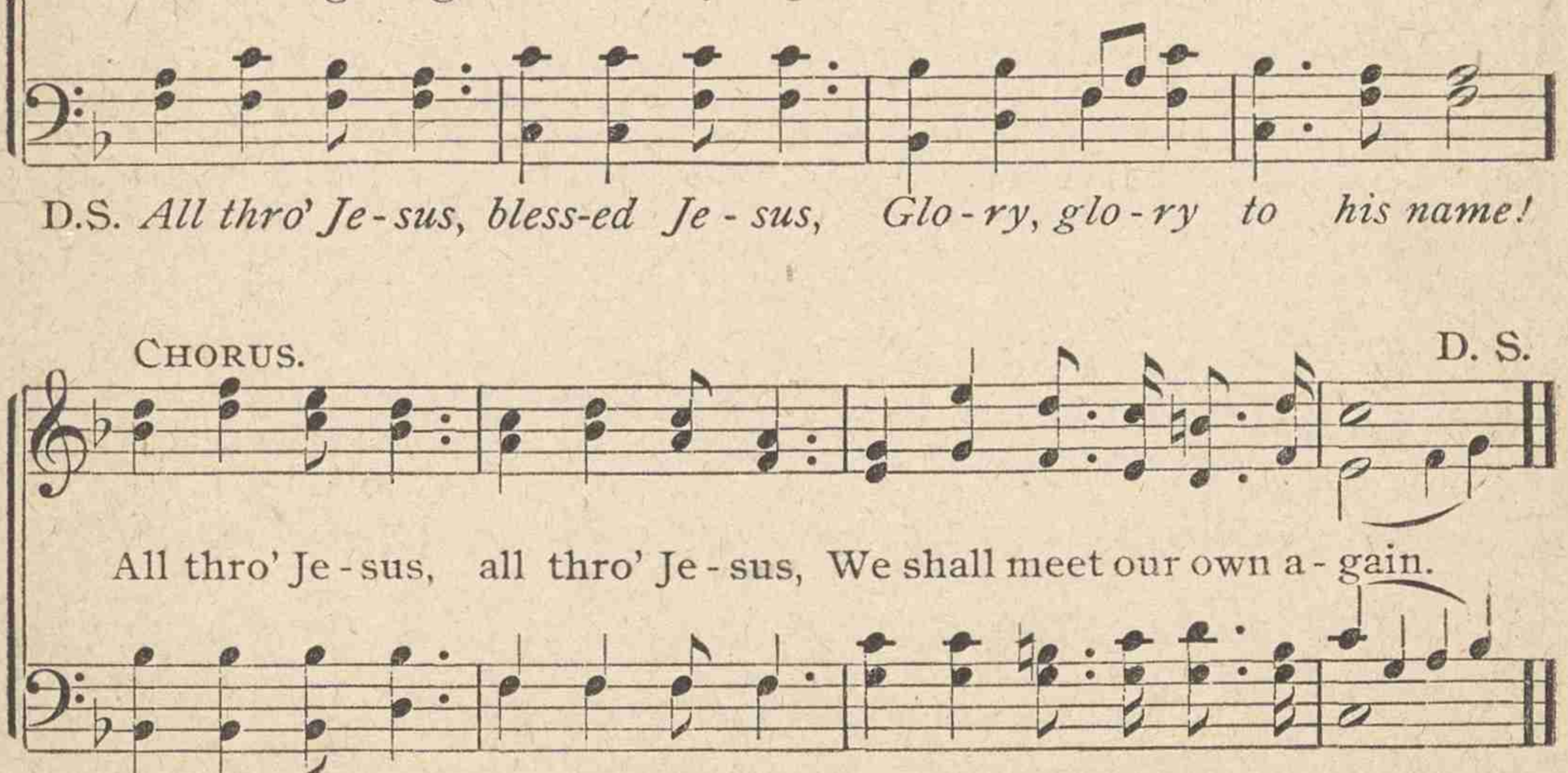
Blood of the Lamb! Concluded.



No. 26. Oh, the Meetings!

Words by HARRIET E. JONES. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.
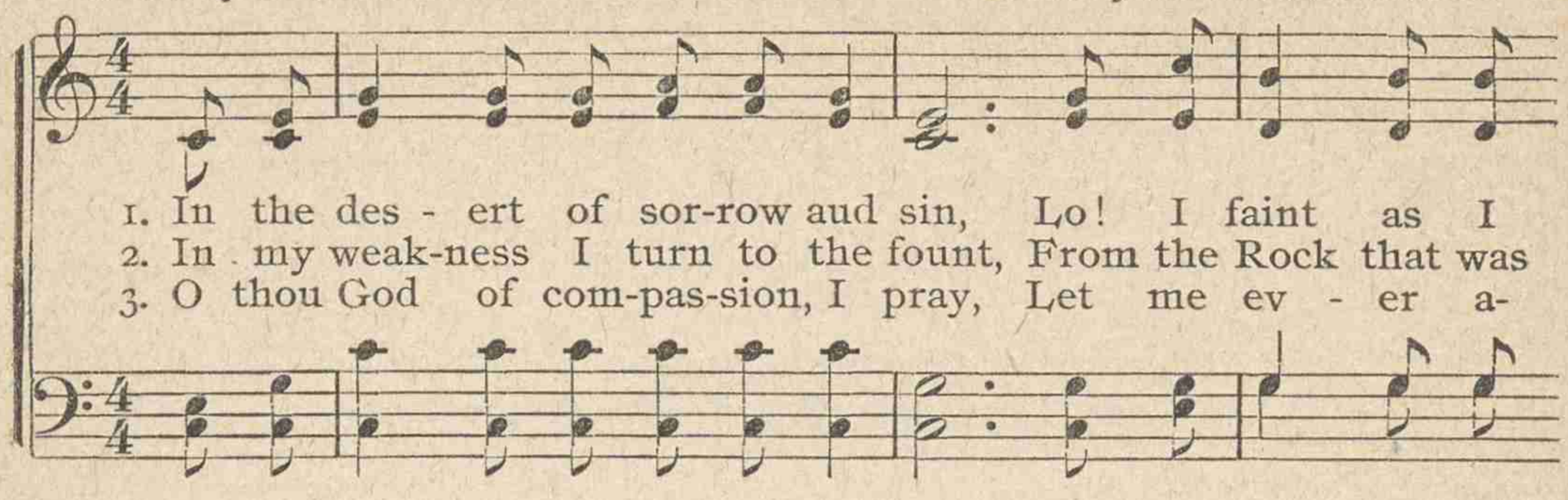




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No. 27. The Water of Life.
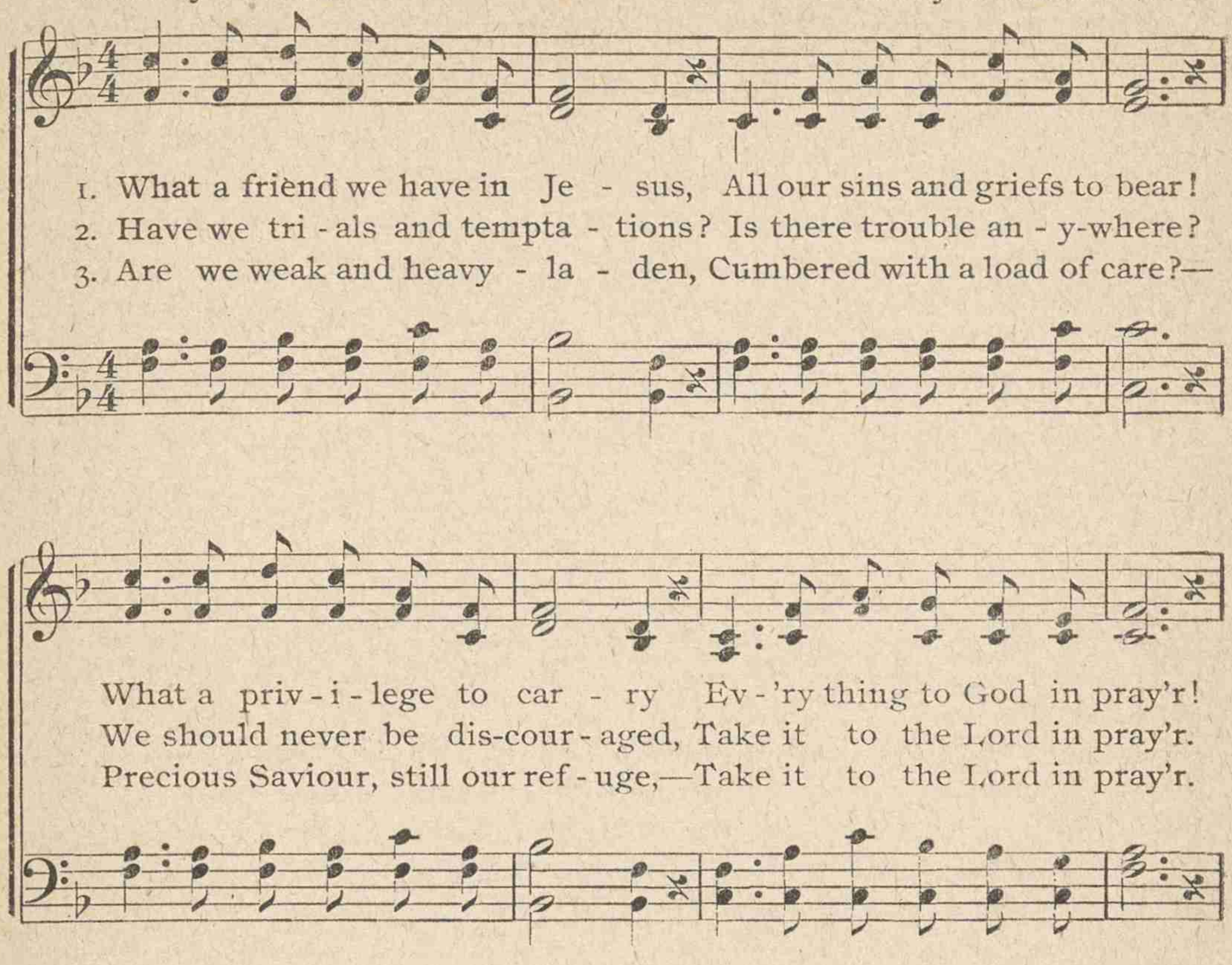
Words by H. R. TRICKETT. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.



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No. 28. What a Friend.

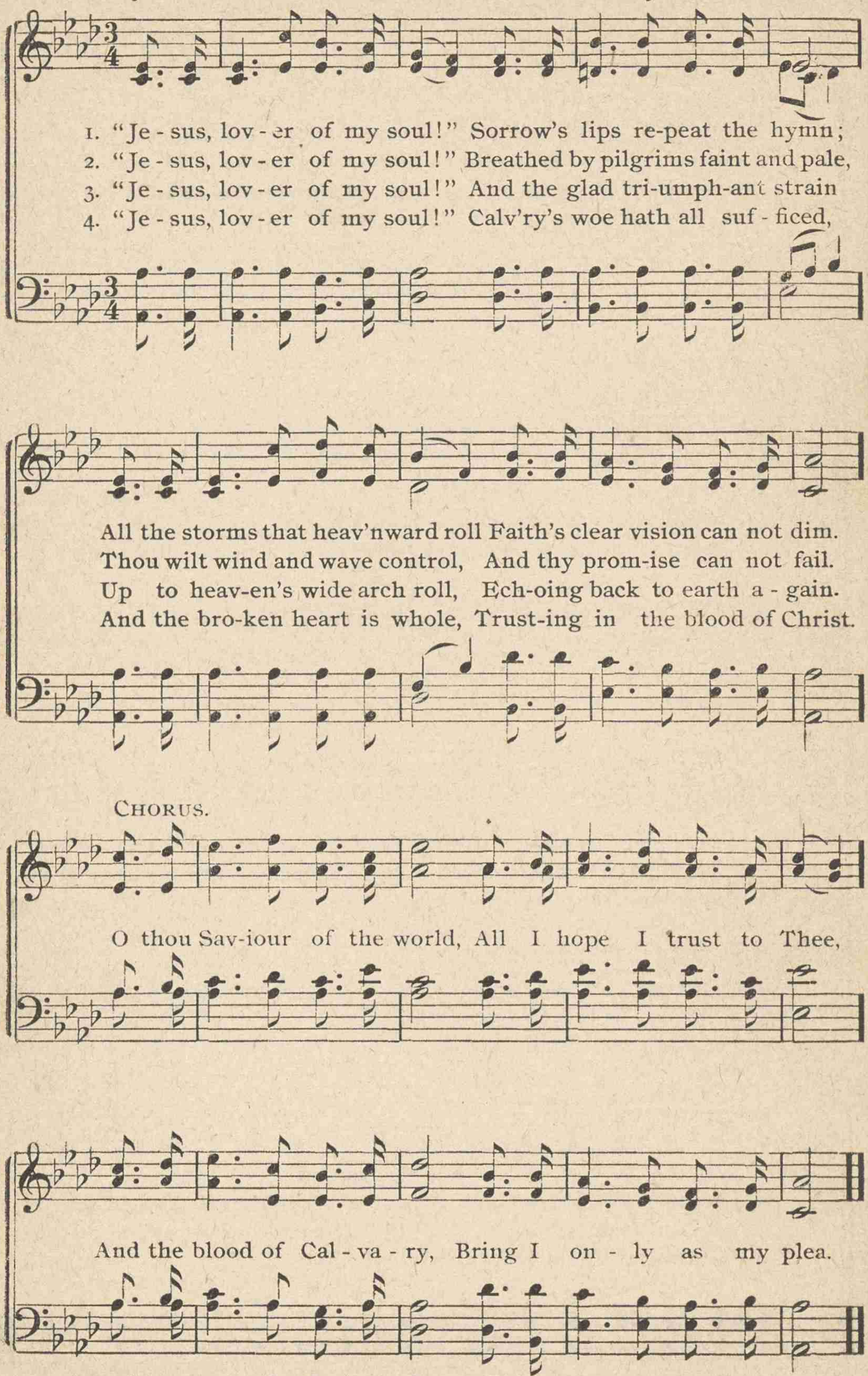
Words by H. BONAR. Music by C. C. CONVERSE.



By permission.

No. 29. Saviour of the World.

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD. Music by WM. H. PONTIUS.



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No. 30. The Precious Book.

Words by J. FAWCETT. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in - spir - a - tion giv'n!
2. It sweet - ly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears;
3. This lamp thro' all the ted-ious night Of life, shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its precepts shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
Life, light and joy, it still imparts, And quells our ris-ing fears.
Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

The Bi - - ble, sweet message of love, To us, in loving-kind-
The Ho-ly Bi - - ble, message of God's love,

ness, for our guidance giv'n; O, beau - - ti - ful gift from a-
O, gift of God from

bove! . . . . Shine on, and guide our souls to heav'n. . . .
yonder home a-bove! our trusting souls to heav'n.

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No. 31. The Bright Forever.

Words by MRS. EMMA PITT. Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There's a sweet, a bright forev - er, Just be-yond the Jas-per sea;
2. There's a sweet, a bright forev - er, Where no sorrow e'er can come;
3. We shall see our precious Sav-iour, When he comes his own to claim;

When we cross that gold-en riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
'T is a-cross yon gold-en riv - er, Je - sus has a glorious home.
Oh, we 'll bask in Je - sus' fa - vor, Singing glo - ry to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sweet, . . . the bright forev - - er, Just be-
Oh, the sweet, the bright forever, Oh, the sweet, the bright forever, Just be-

yond . . . the Jasper sea; When we cross . . . that
yond the Jasper sea, Just beyond the Jasper sea;
When we cross that golden river,

gold-en riv - - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
When we cross that golden riv - er,

By permission.

No. 32. City Bright and Fair.

ANON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones Most glorious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy pleasant greens My stud-y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as-cend

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when will I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight Have nev-er yet been seen.
Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais-es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

How . . . I long thy glad-ness to share, Home of song and
How I long thy joy and glad-ness to share,

sto - ry, Cit - y full of glo - ry, And . . . the
And the Crown of

Crown un - fad - ing to wear, Cit - y so bright and fair!
fade - less beau - ty to wear,

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No. 33. Joy Among the Angels.

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

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

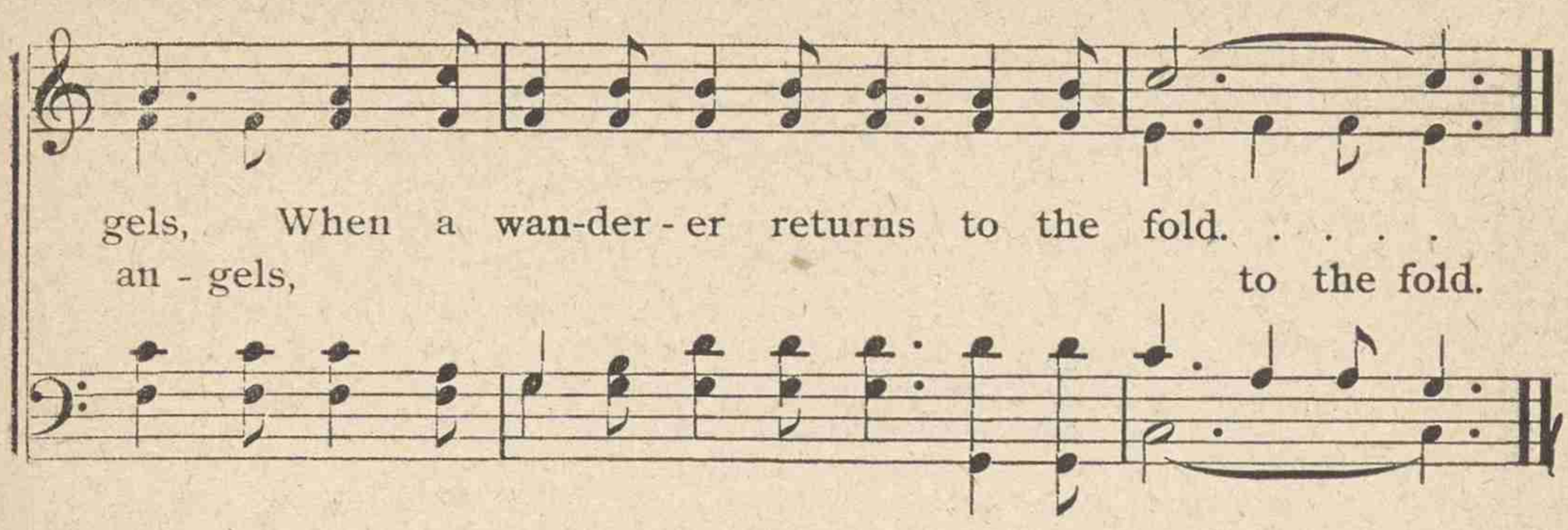
turns to the fold,—When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, Aft-er
thrill with delight, When a soul is giv - en to the Sav-iour—Led to
calls you to - day, Heav'n and earth will join to bid you welcome, Do not

CHORUS.

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

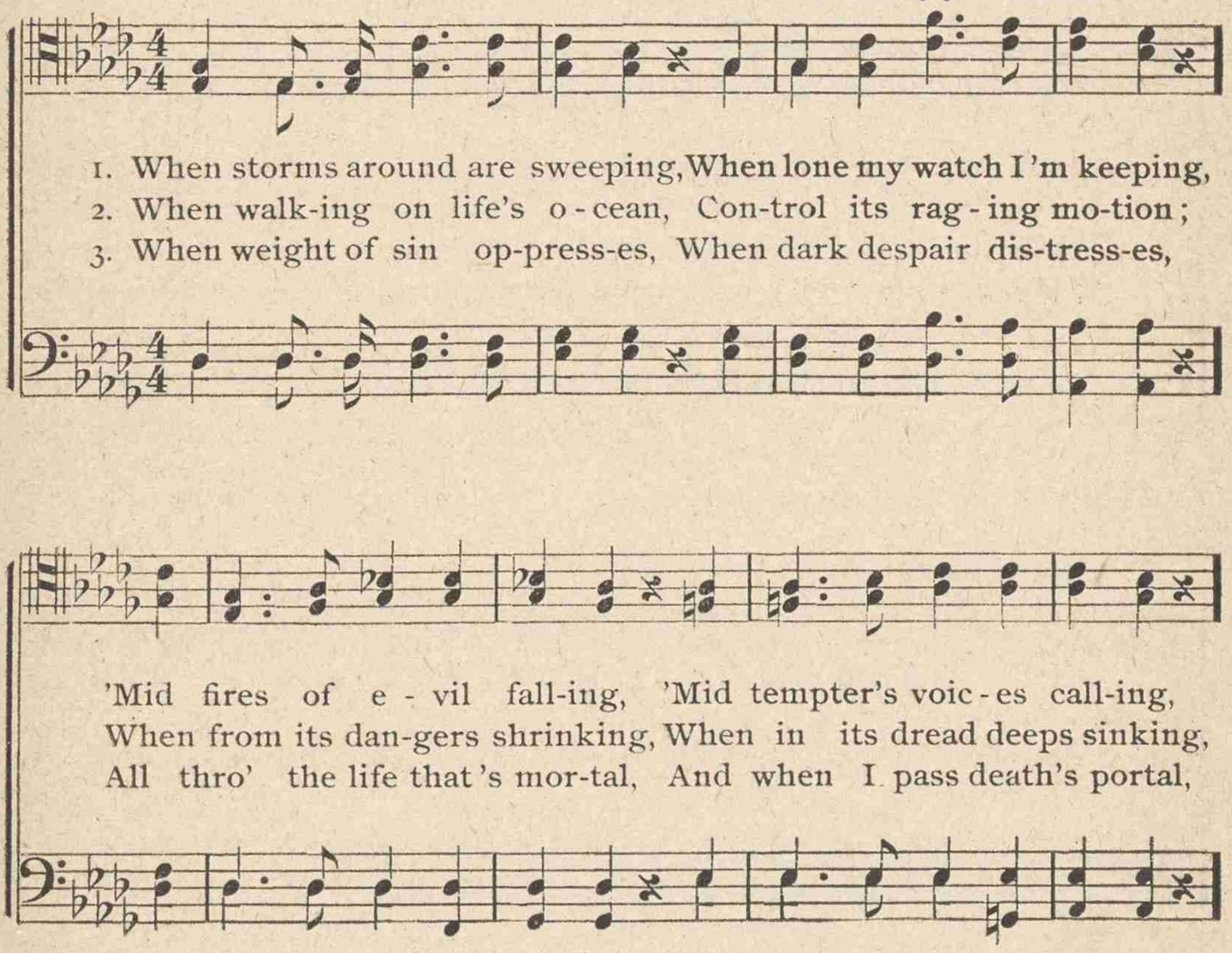
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Joy Among the Angels. Concluded.
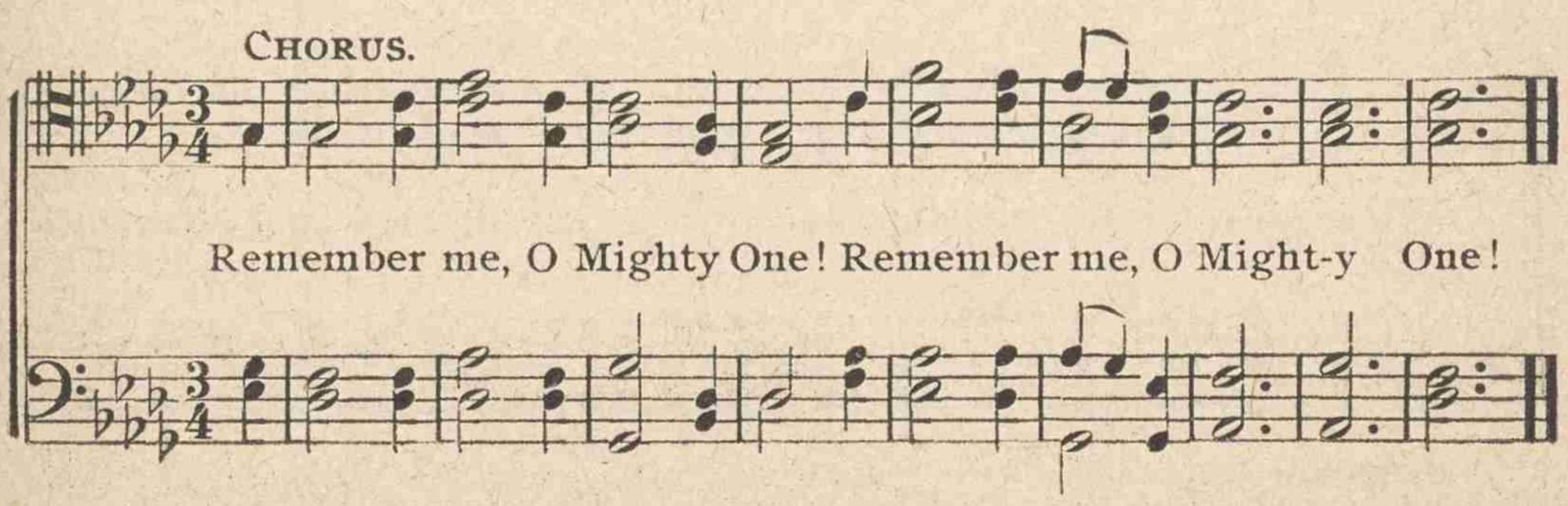


No. 34. Remember Me.

ANON *Male Voices.* Music by JOANNA KINKEL.

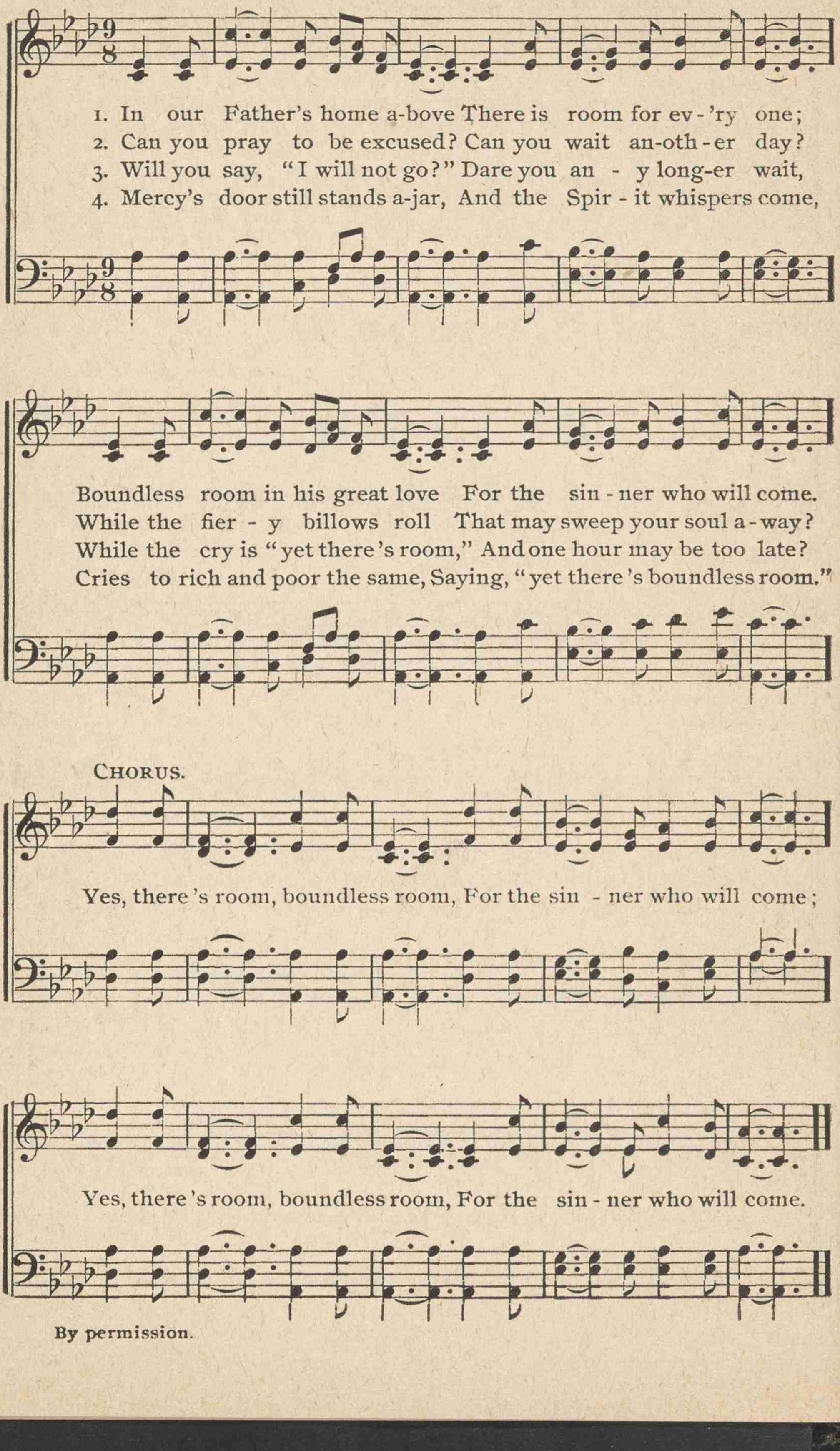


CHORUS.



No. 35. Yet There's Room.
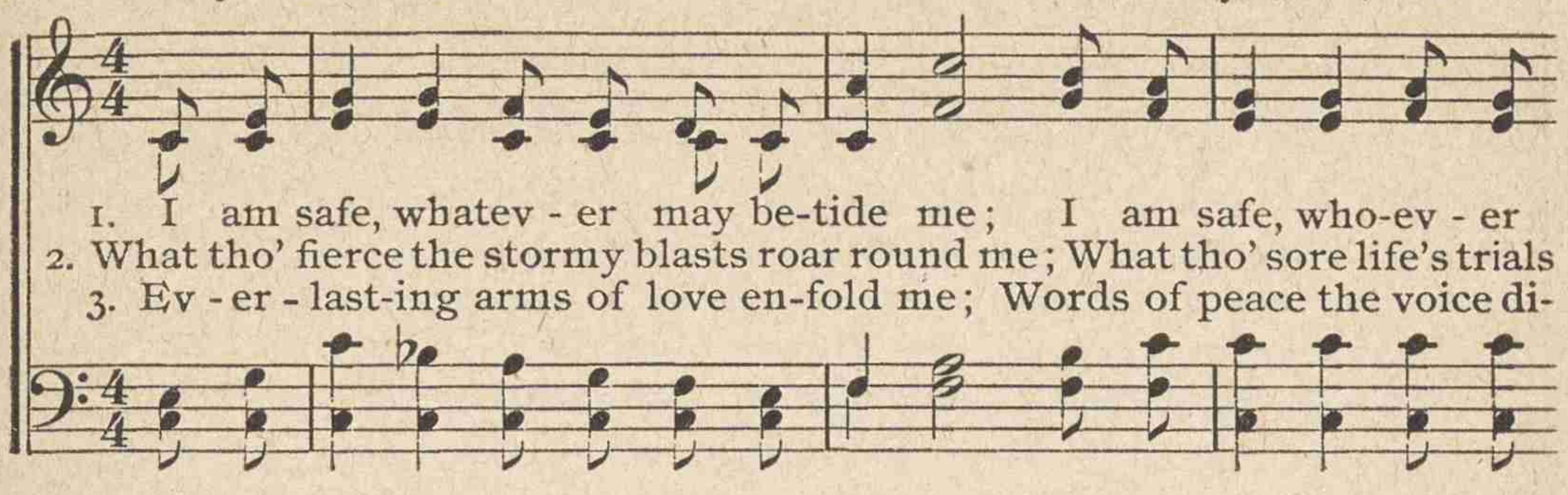
Words by W. E. PENN. Music by A. S. KIEFFER.
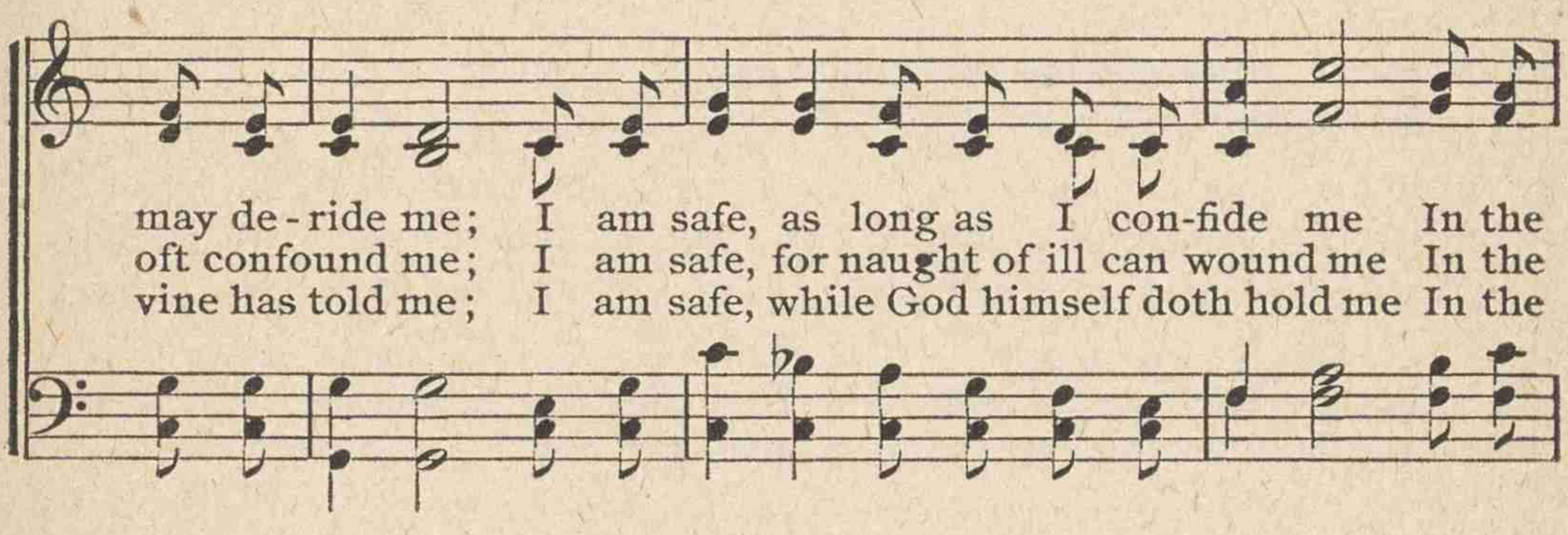


By permission.

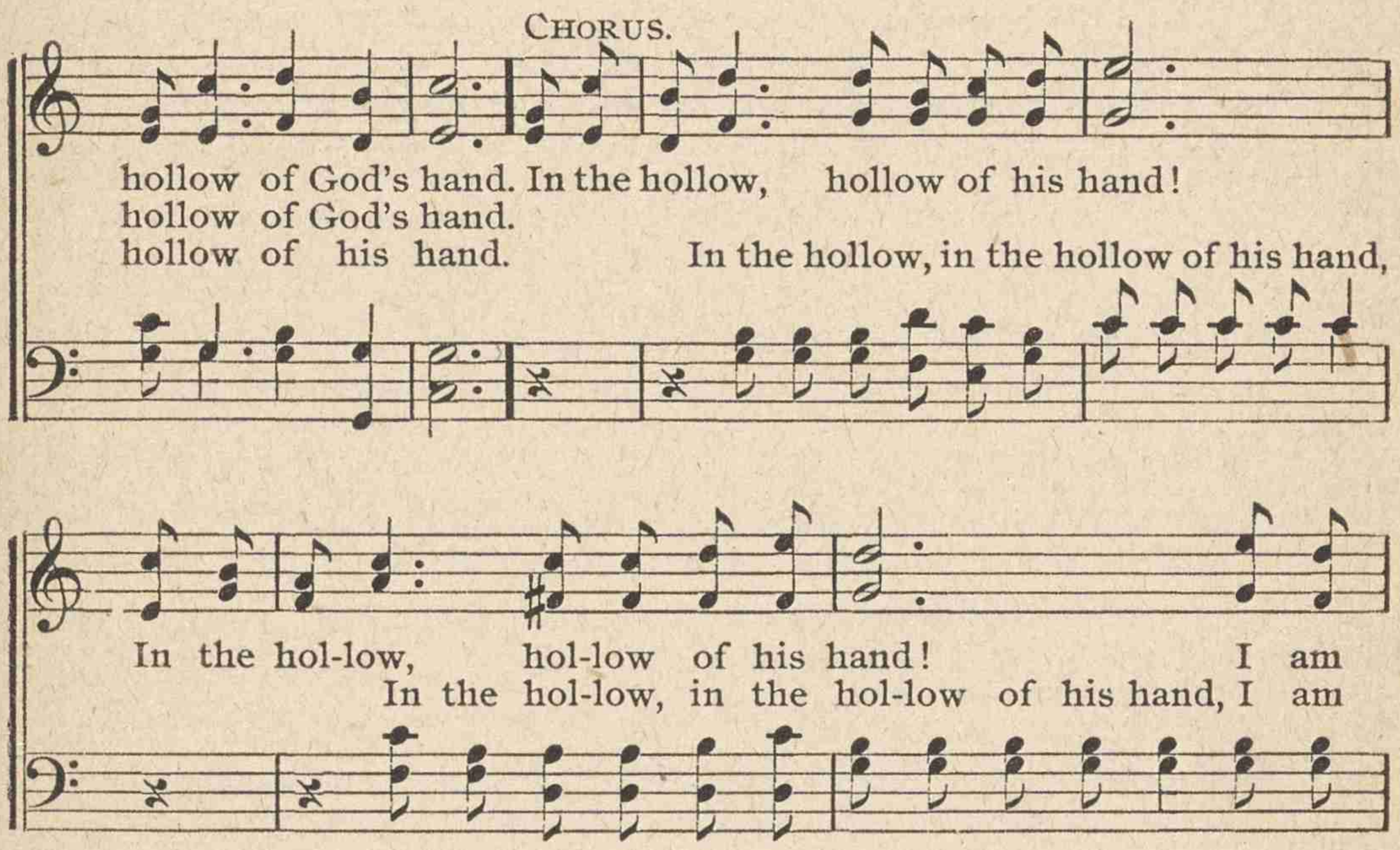
No. 36. The Hollow of God's Hand.
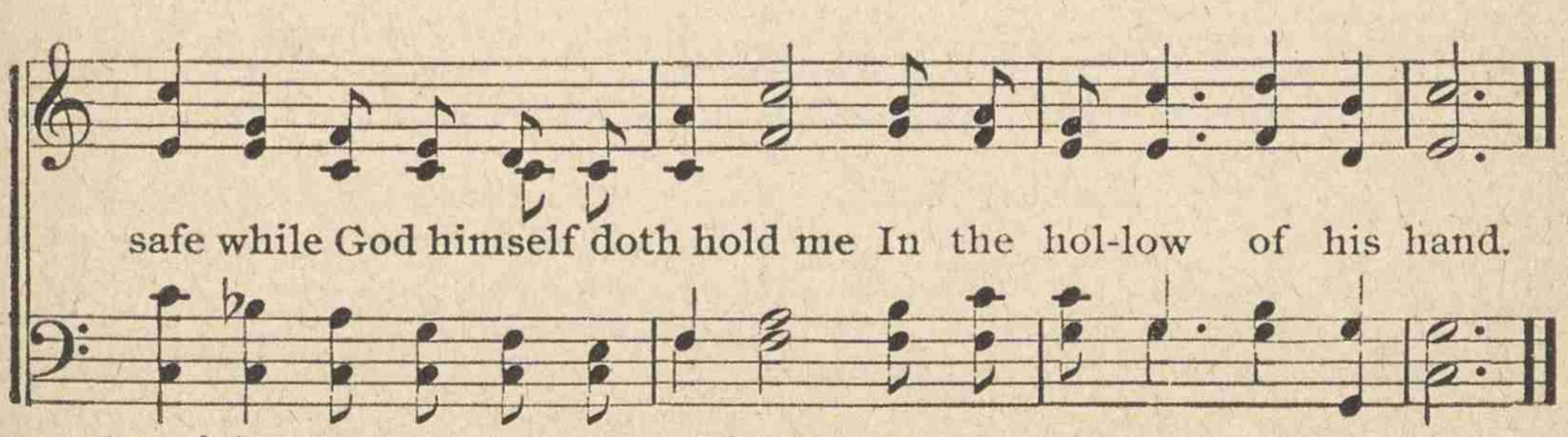
Words by E. D. MUND. Music by E. S. LORENZ.





CHORUS.





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No. 37. Pass Me Not.

Music by W. T. GIFFE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
2. Pass me not, O lov-ing Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to thee;
3. Pass me not, O mighty Sav-iour, Thou canst make the blind to see:

Nev-er leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy light on me.
For I'm long-ing for thy fa-vor, Whilst thou 'rt calling, oh, call me.
Wit-ness-es of thy great mer-it—Speak some word of pow'r to me.

CHORUS.

E-ven me, . . . O bless-ed Sav-iour, Let thy
E-ven me, O bless-ed Saviour, e-ven me,

mer - - - cy light on me, E-ven me, e-ven
Let thy mer-cy light on me, even me, Even me,

me, Let thy mer - - - cy light on me.
e-ven me, Let thy mer-cy light on me, e-ven me.

From "The Helping Hand." By per.

No. 38. He Calls To-day.

Words by J. DOBELL. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
2. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, The Sav - iour calls to - day;
3. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, The gos - pel bids you come;

Now, sin-ners, come, without de - lay, And seek the Saviour's face.
To - mor - row it may be too late; Then why should you de - lay?
And ev - 'ry prom-ise in his word De-clares there yet is room.

CHORUS.

He calls to - day, then why de - lay? Why
He calls to - day, then why de - lay?

should you longer, longer wait? His pleadings hear
longer wait? His pleadings hear

while he is near; To-mor - row it may be too late.
while he is near;

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 39. O, Saviour, Come!

Words and Music by M. CUMMING.

1. The day is dy - ing in the west, The night is drawing on;
2. This life is like a troub-led sea, With rocks and reefs off shore,
3. Within the shadows of this night I'll lean up - on thy breast

While nature seeks her need-ed rest I'll bow be-fore thy throne;
Where passion's fury spreads dismay, And maddened tempests roar;
And sweet-ly sleep till morning light The sleep of peace - ful rest;

O, Sav-iour, as my prayers ascend Up to thy blest a - bode,
And when fierce storms shall rage around And threaten with the tomb,
Shield me from dangers all around, And lead me all the way,
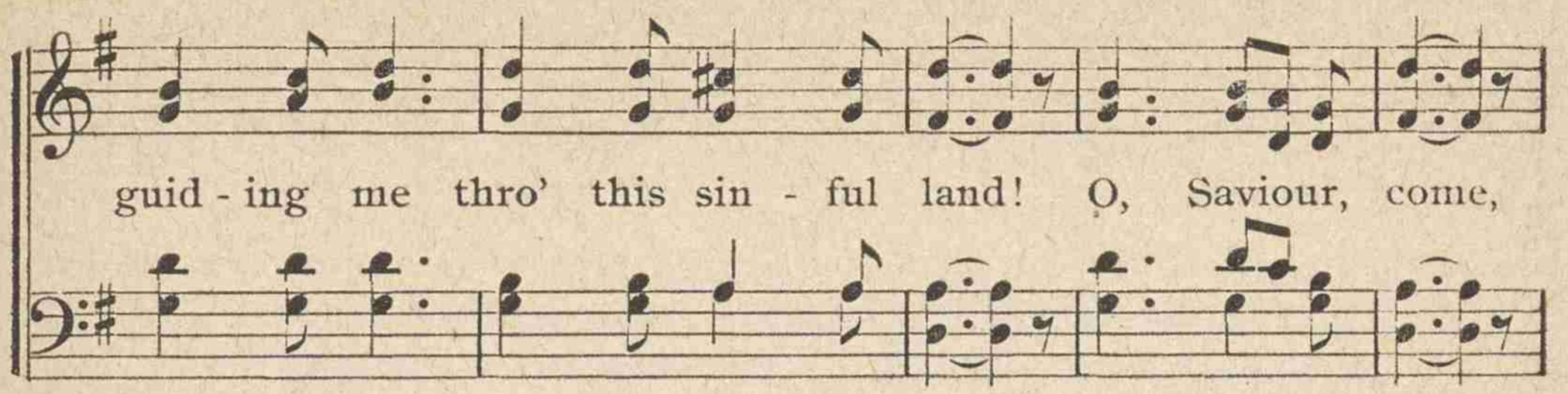
In pit - y help me as I bend Beneath a heav - y load.
O may the bright beams of thy love Break thro' the midnight gloom!
Un - til the final knell shall sound To close life's wear - y day.
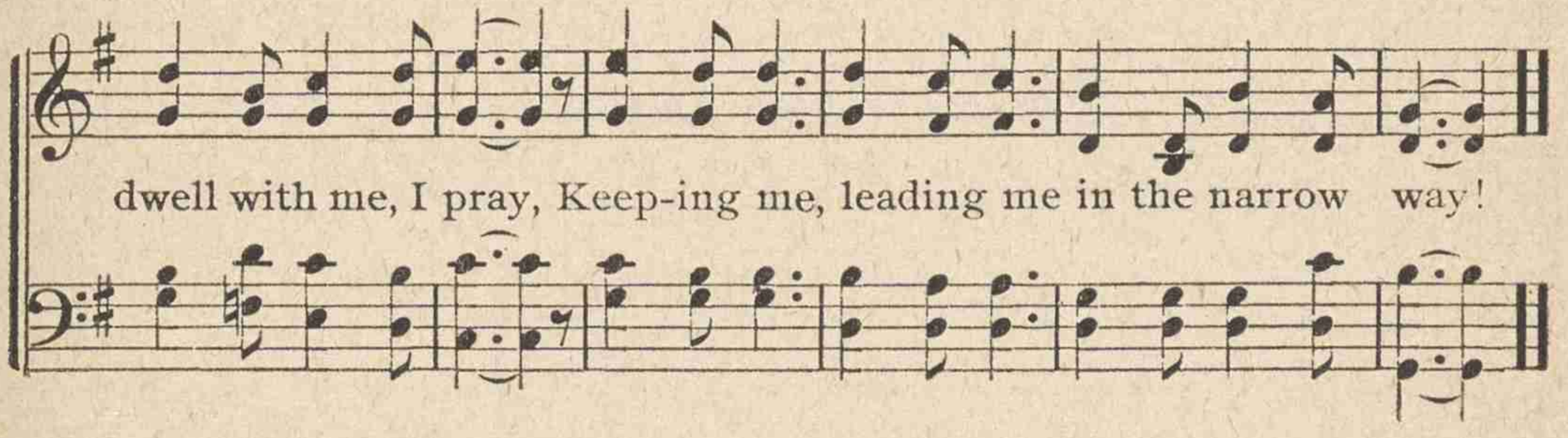
CHORUS.

O, Saviour, come, take my trembling hand, Guard - ing me,

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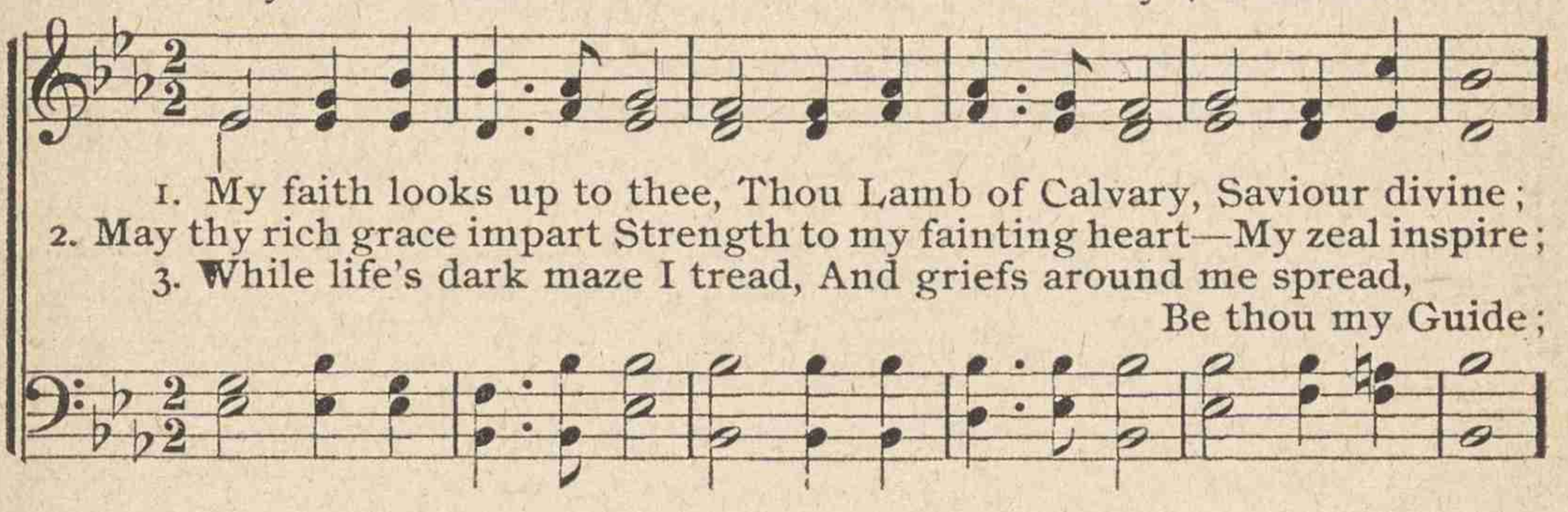
O Saviour, Come! Concluded.

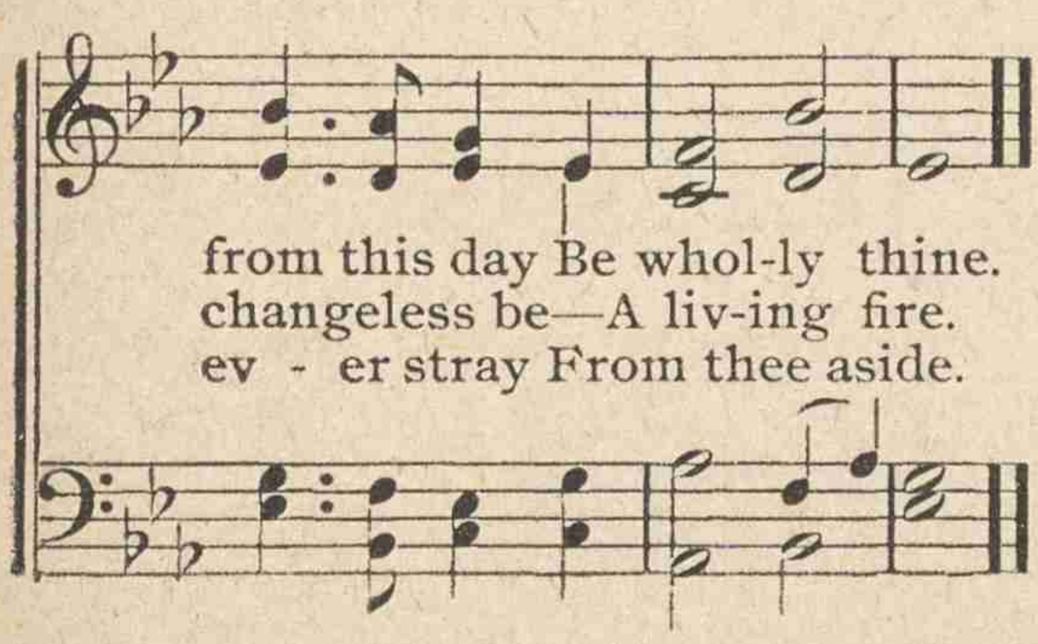




No. 40. My Faith Looks Up.

Words by RAY PALMER. Music by LOWELL MASON.
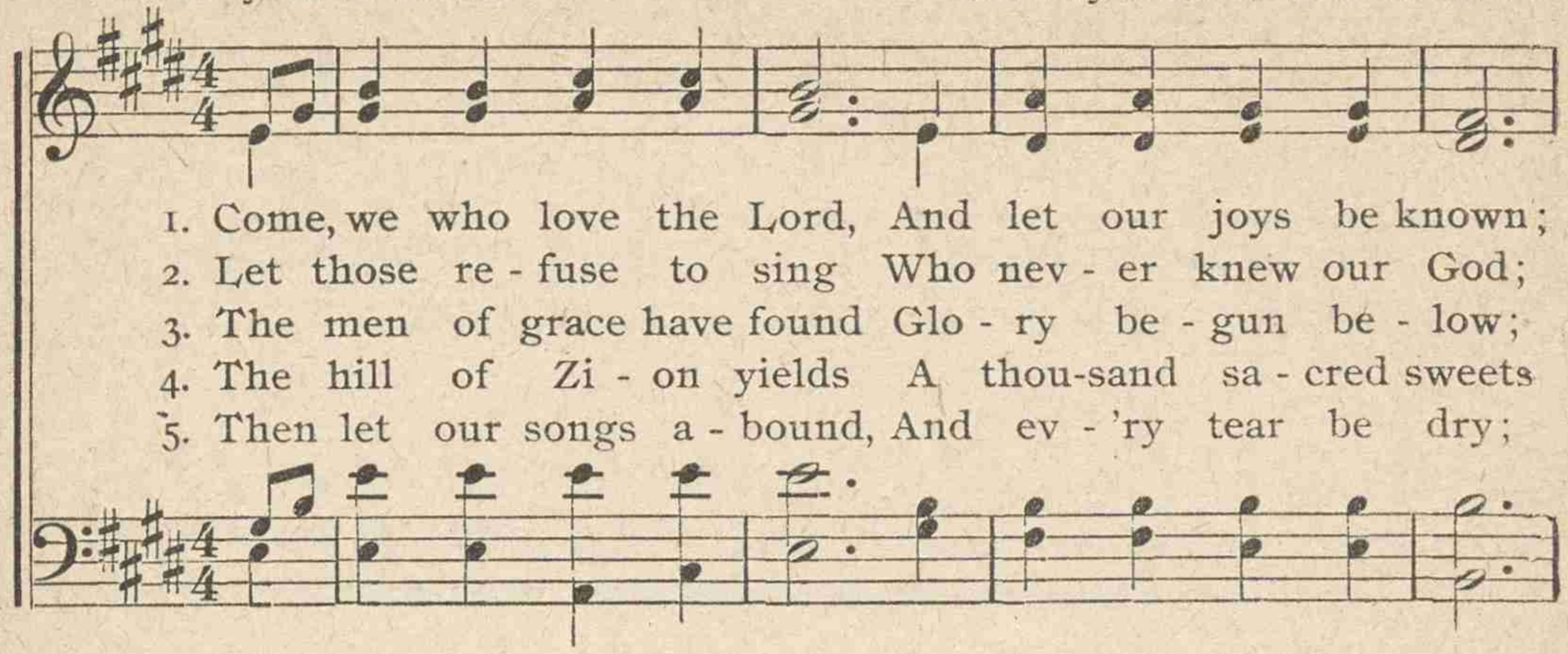


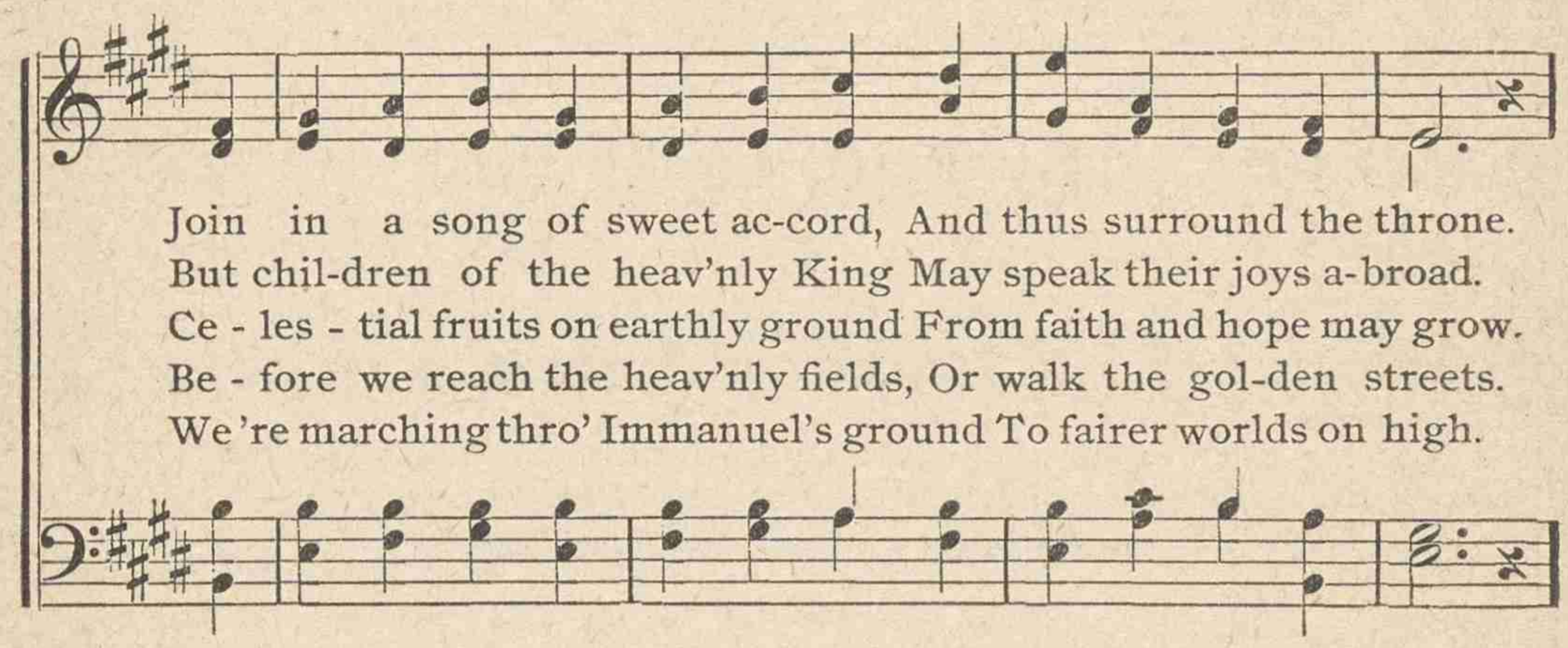


4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!
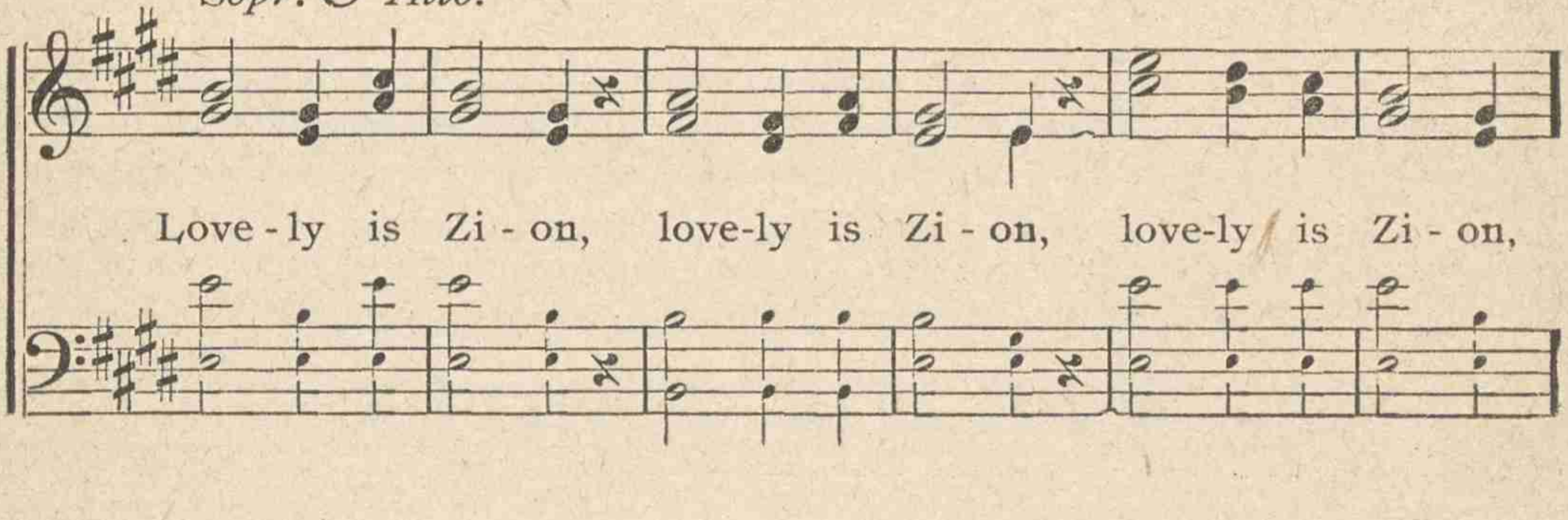
No. 41. Lovely is Zion.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
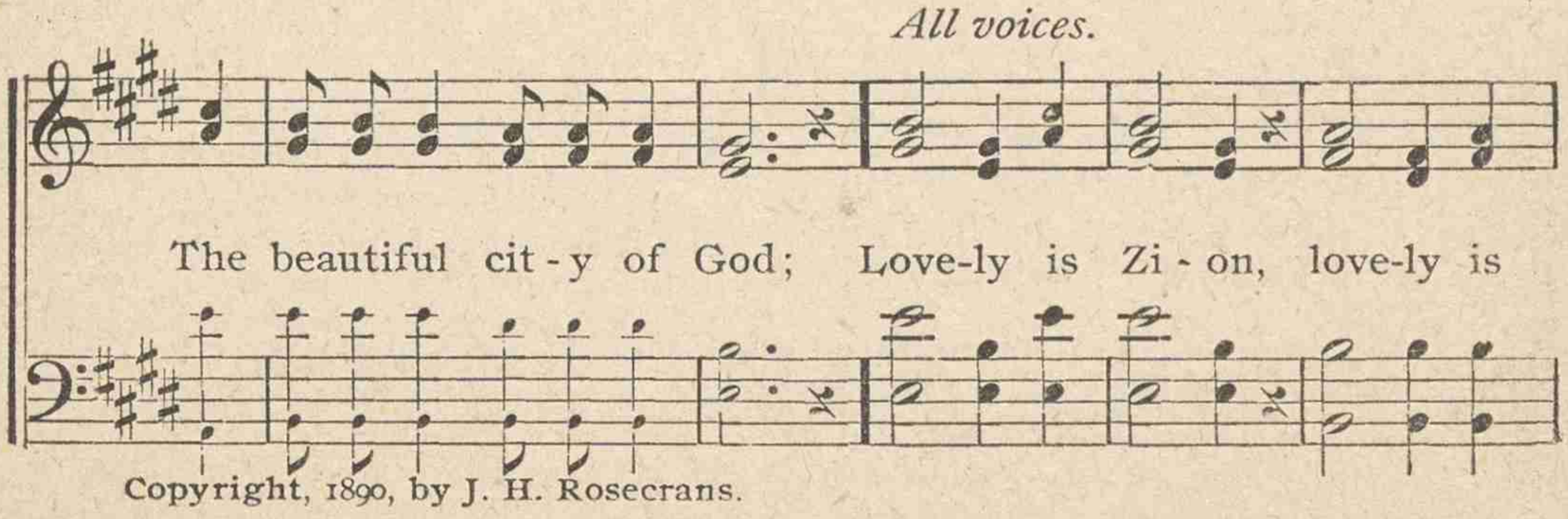




Sopr. & Alto.
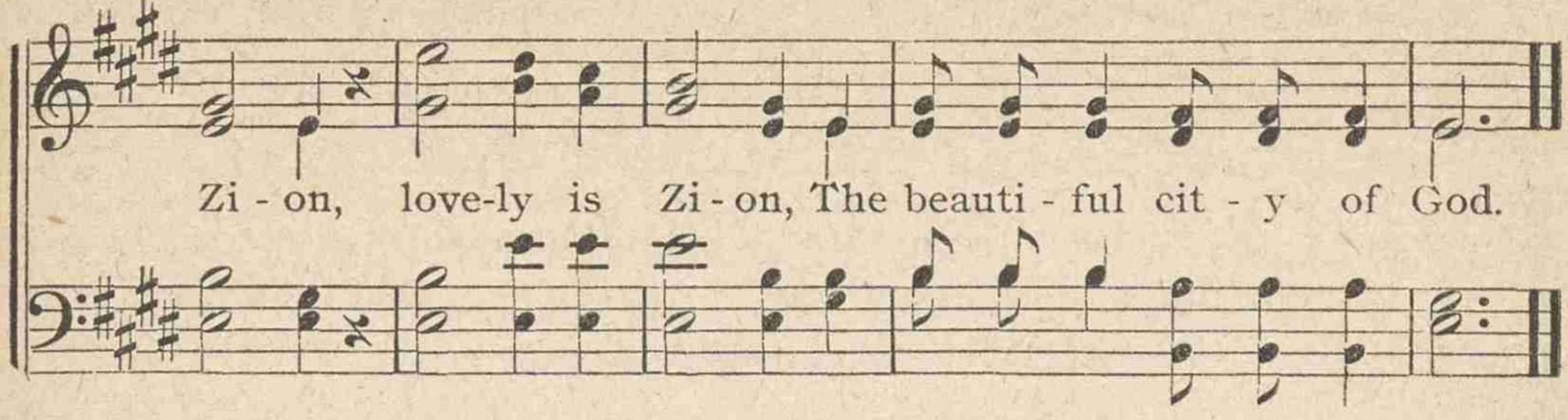


All voices.
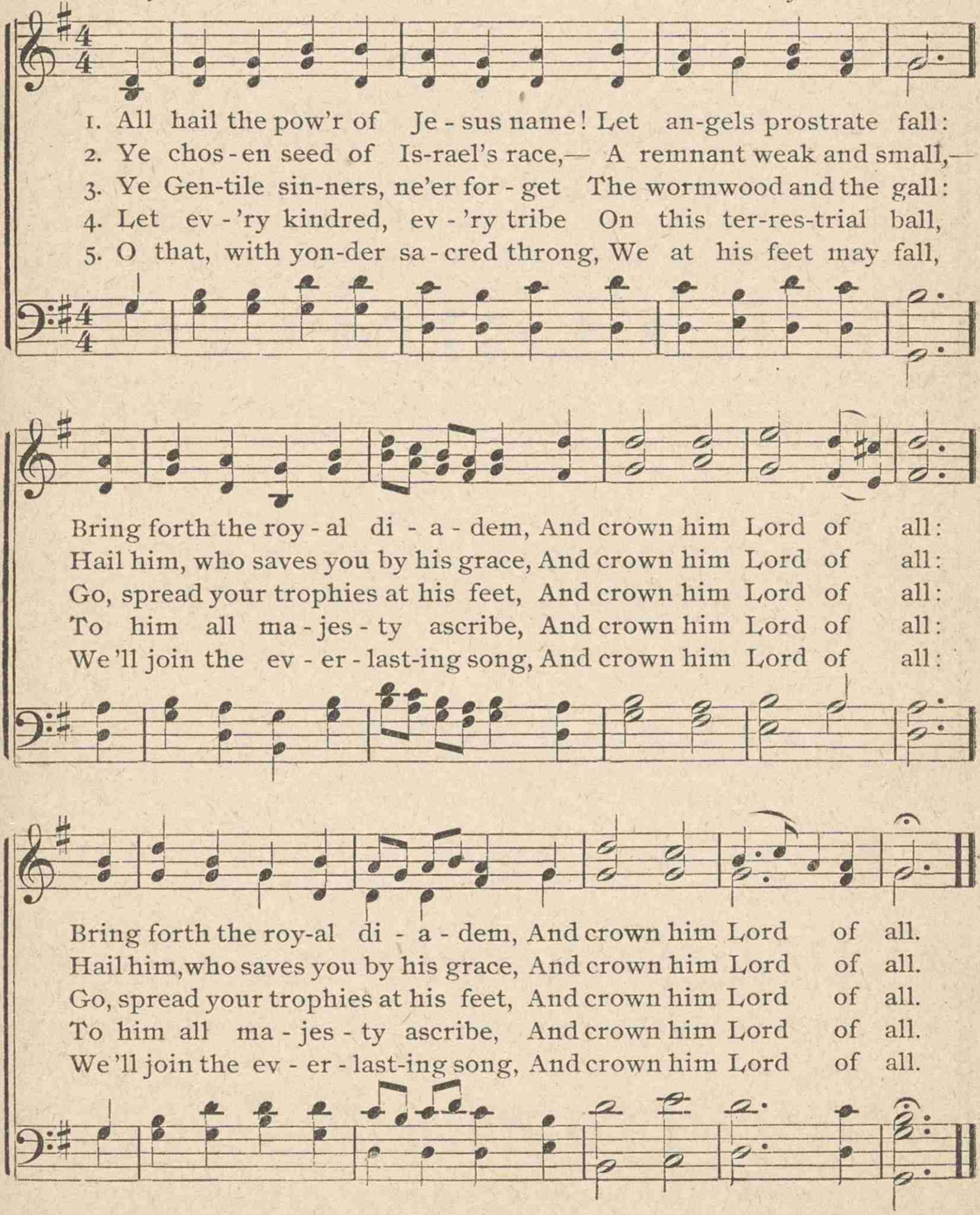


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Lovely is Zion. Concluded.



No. 42. Coronation. C. M.
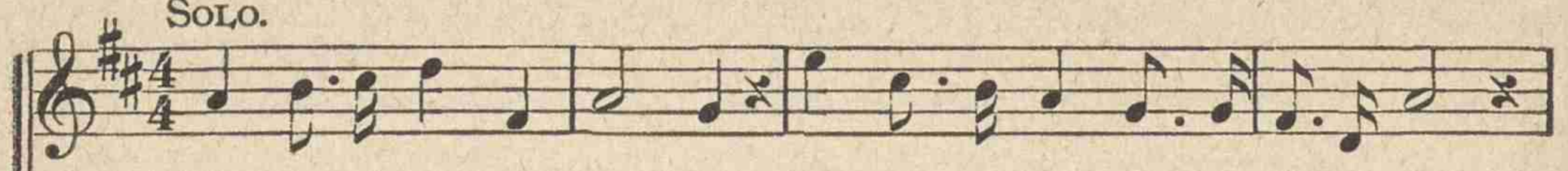
Words by E. PERRONET. Music by O. HOLDEN.



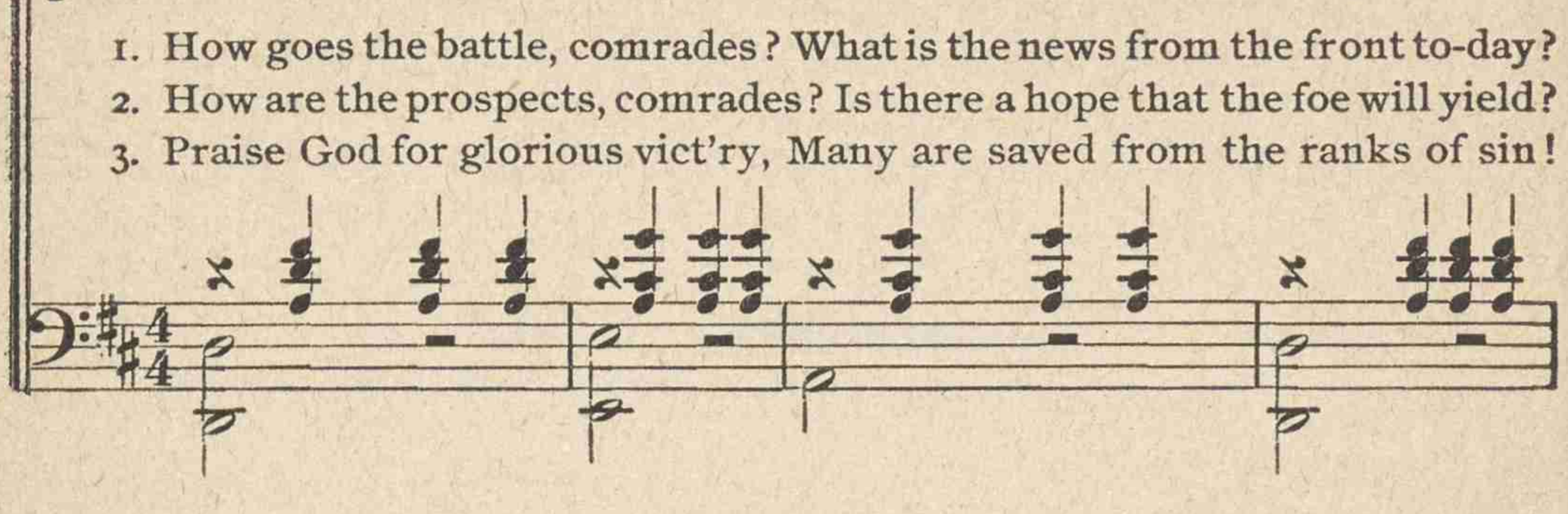
No. 43. Flash the News Along the Line.
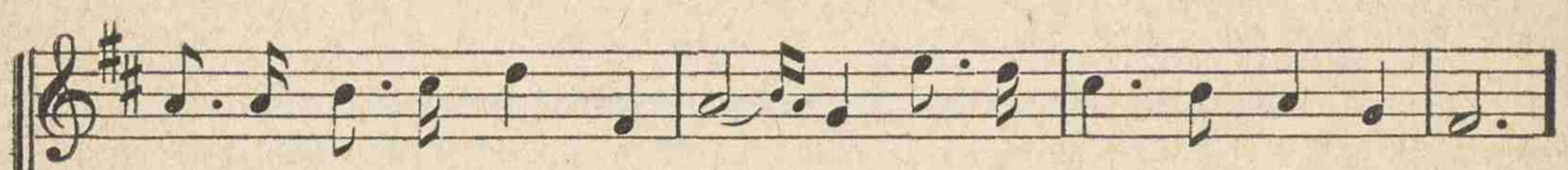
Words by E. A. HOFFMAN. Music by CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

SOLO.
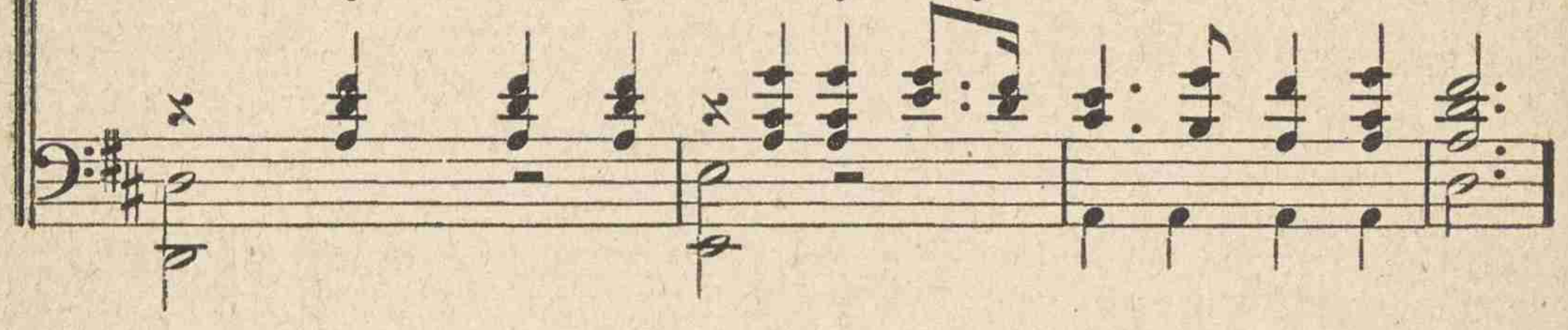


1. How goes the battle, comrades? What is the news from the front to-day?
2. How are the prospects, comrades? Is there a hope that the foe will yield?
3. Praise God for glorious vict'ry, Many are saved from the ranks of sin!

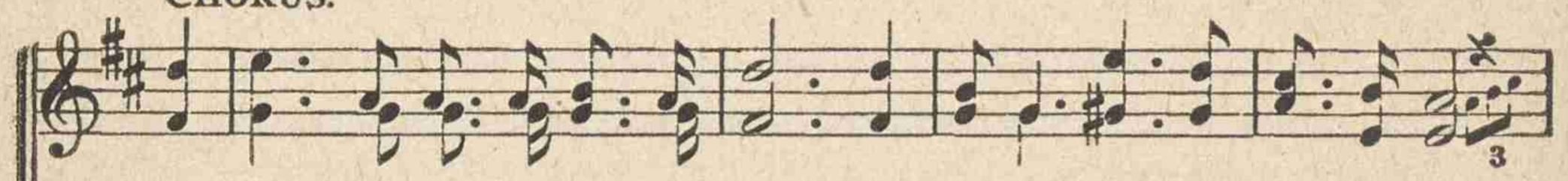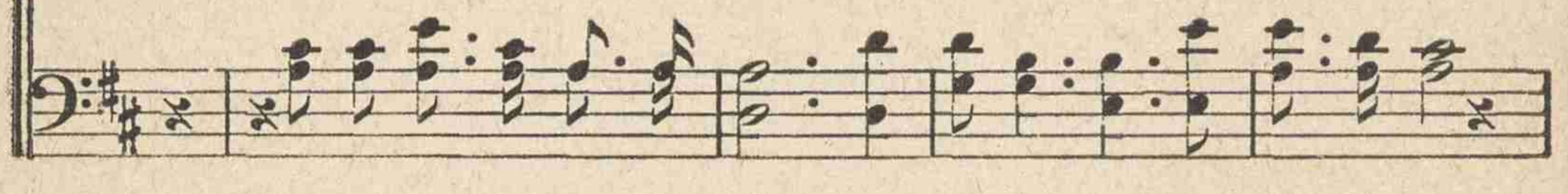




Are you gaining ground for Je - sus? Do the hosts of sin give way?
In the name of Je - sus, for-ward! On, and gain for Christ the field.
Come and join the ho - ly ar - my! Oh, ye friends of Christ fall in!
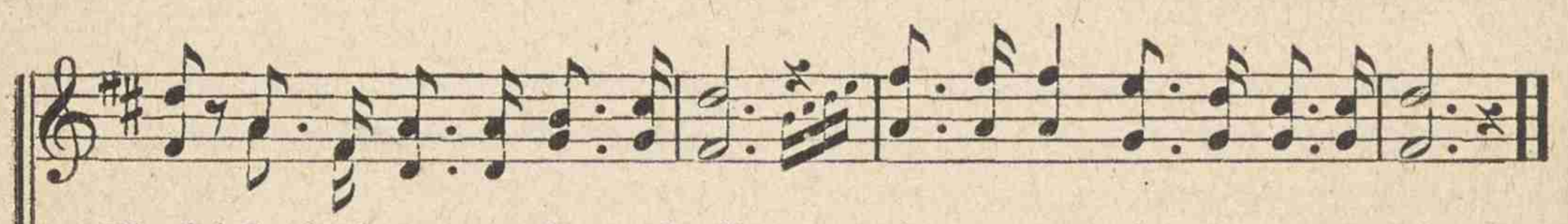


CHORUS.
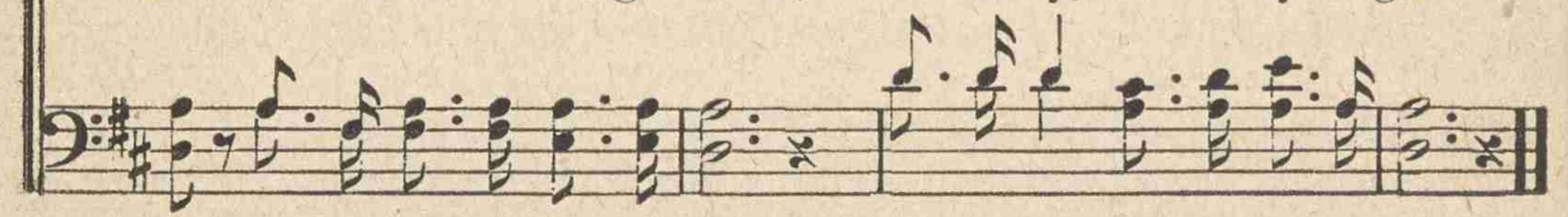


Yes, flash the news along the line, An-oth-er glorious vic - to-ry!
flash the news





Flash! flash the news along the line, Vic - to-ry, vic - to-ry a-gain.



From "The New Fount of Blessing." By per.

No. 44. Come to Me.

Words by ANNA L. BARBOULD. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
2. Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
3. Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain!
4. Hith-er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hith - er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary wand'rer, hith - er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In remorse for guilt, who mourn—
Peace that ev - er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa-cred, sure.

CHORUS.

"Come to me," "Come to me," Calls the Saviour from
"Come to me," "Come to me,"
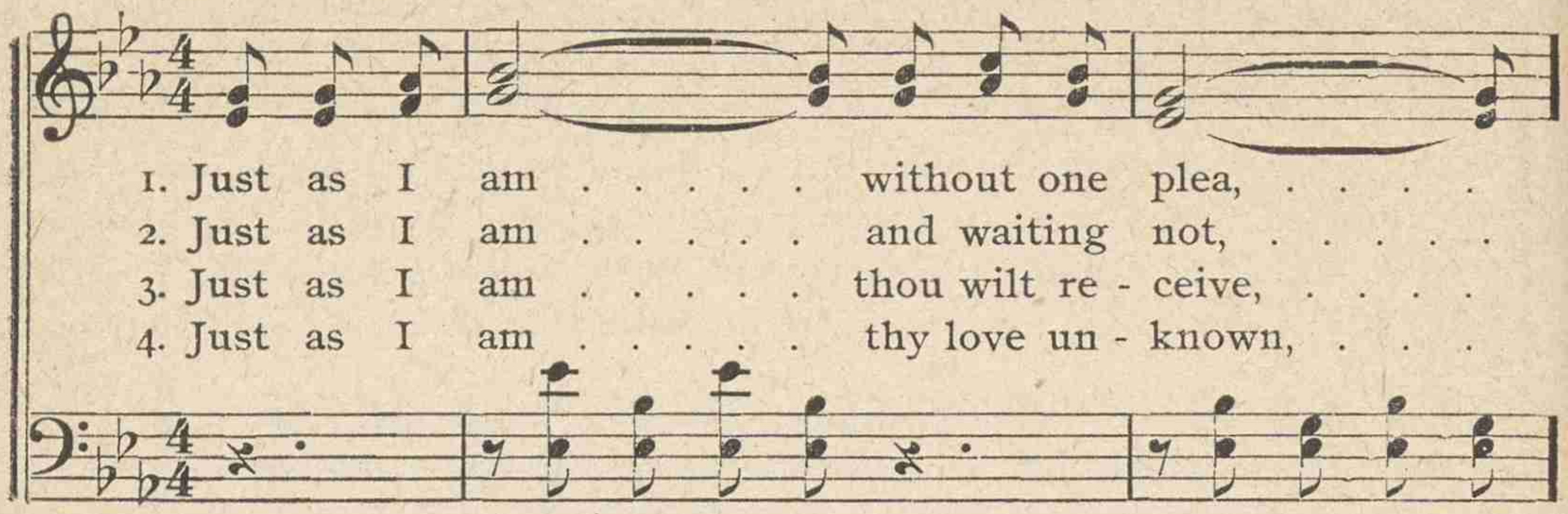
Heav'n a-bove; There's mercy for thee a - bundant and free, On - ly

trust in Je - sus' ten - der love, In his warm and ten - der love.

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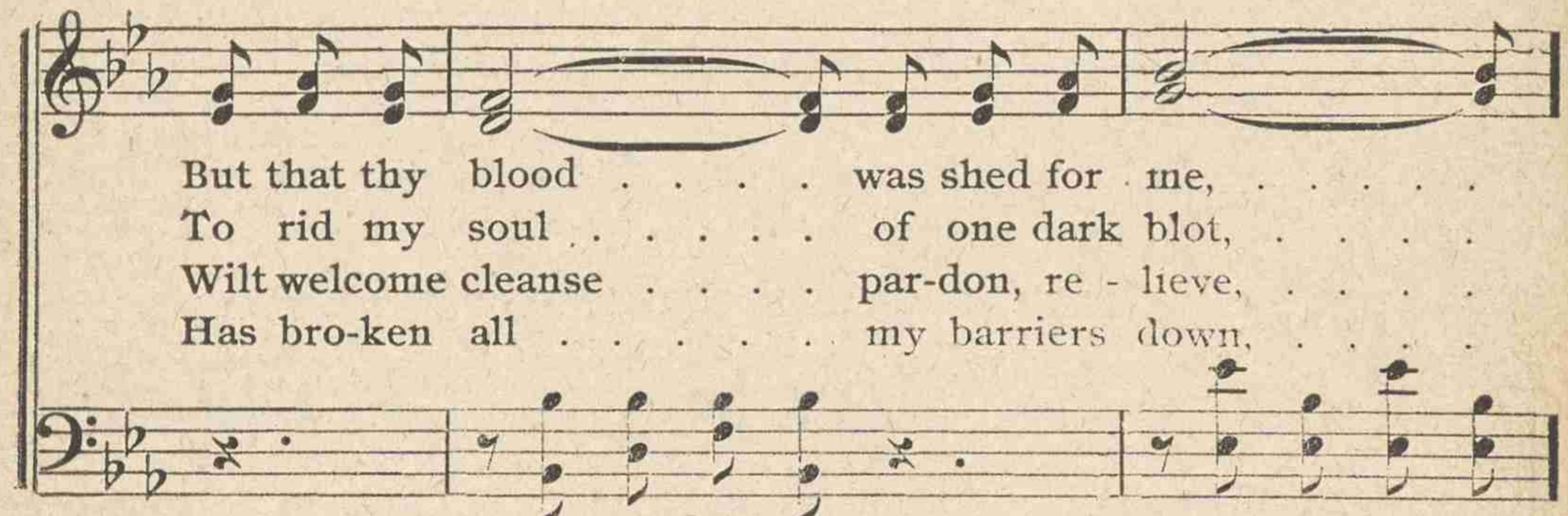
No. 45. Just as I am.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
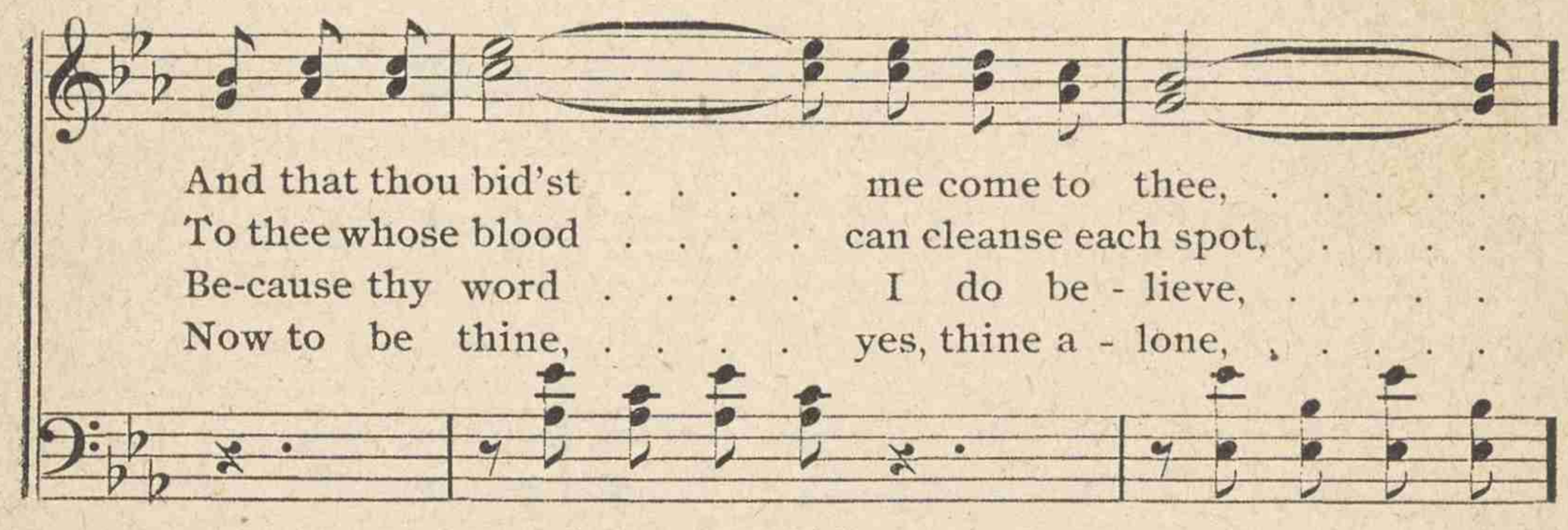


1. Just as I am . . . . . without one plea, ...
2. Just as I am . . . . . and waiting not, ...
3. Just as I am . . . . . thou wilt re - ceive, ...
4. Just as I am . . . . . thy love un - known, ...

Just as I am, without one plea,
Just as I am, and waiting not,
Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Just as I am, thy love unknown,



But that thy blood . . . . was shed for me, ...
To rid my soul . . . . . of one dark blot, ...
Wilt welcome cleanse . . . . par-don, re - lieve, ...
Has bro-ken all . . . . . my barriers down, ...

But that thy blood was shed for me,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
Wilt welcome cleanse par-don, re-lieve,
Has bro-ken all my barriers down,
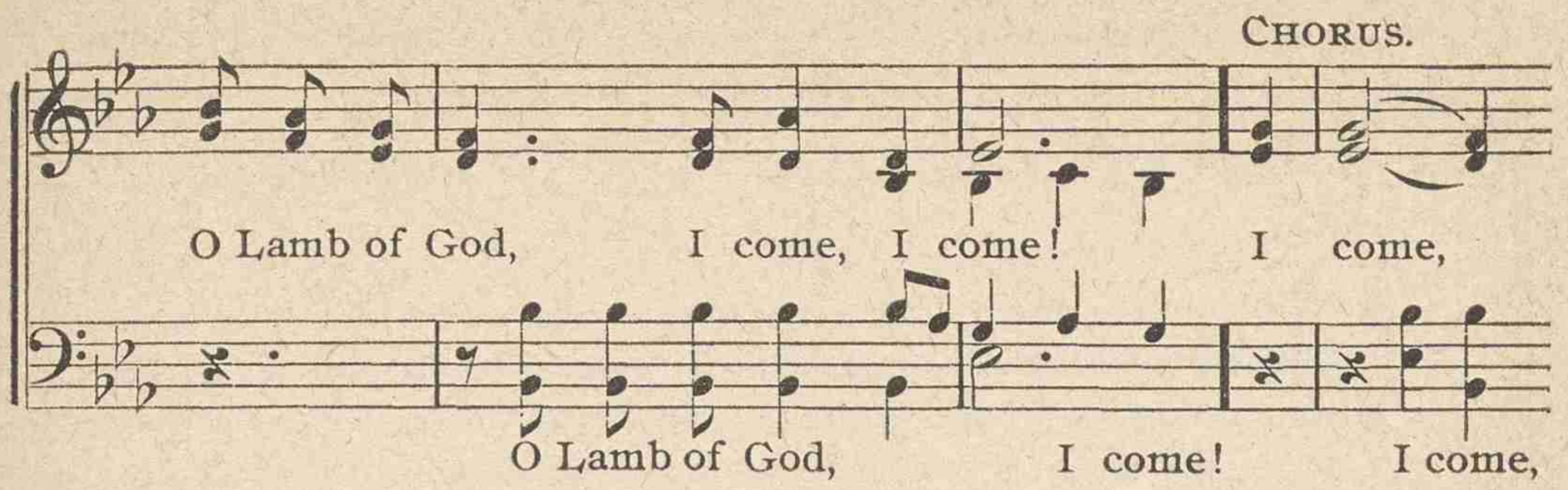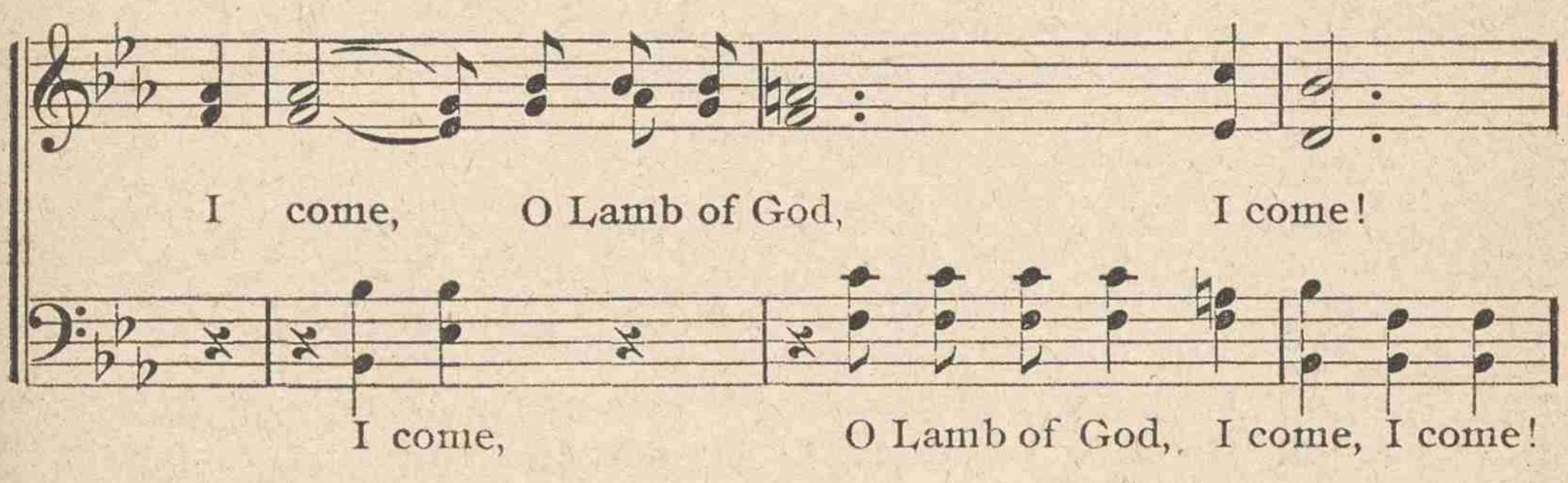


And that thou bid'st . . . . me come to thee, ...
To thee whose blood . . . . can cleanse each spot, ...
Be-cause thy word . . . . I do be - lieve, ...
Now to be thine, ... yes, thine a - lone, ...
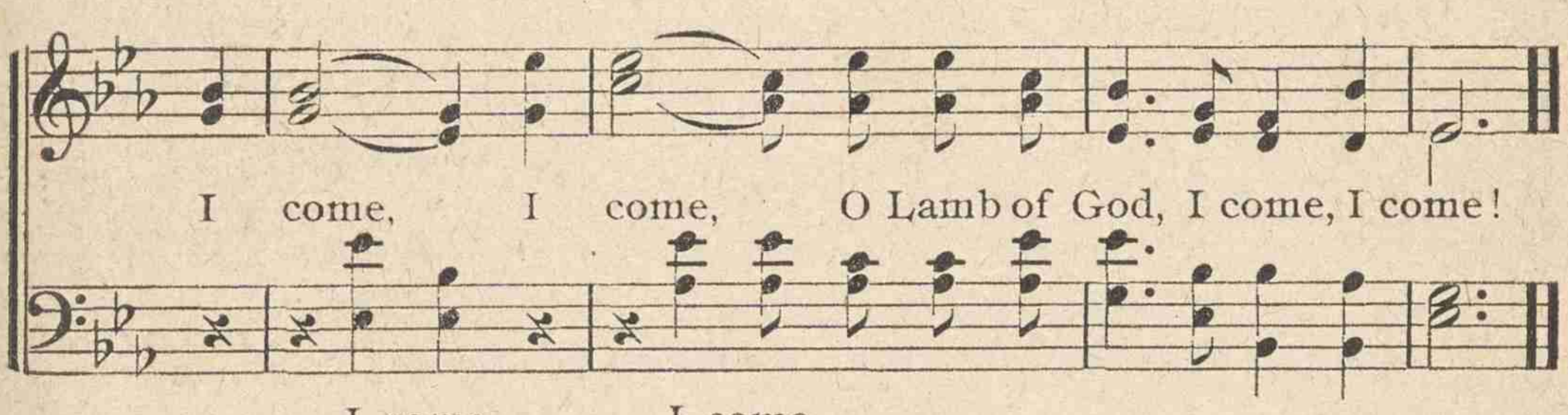
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Be-cause thy word I do believe,
Now to be thine, yes, thine a-lone,

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

Just as I am. Concluded.







No. 46. Martyn.



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

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
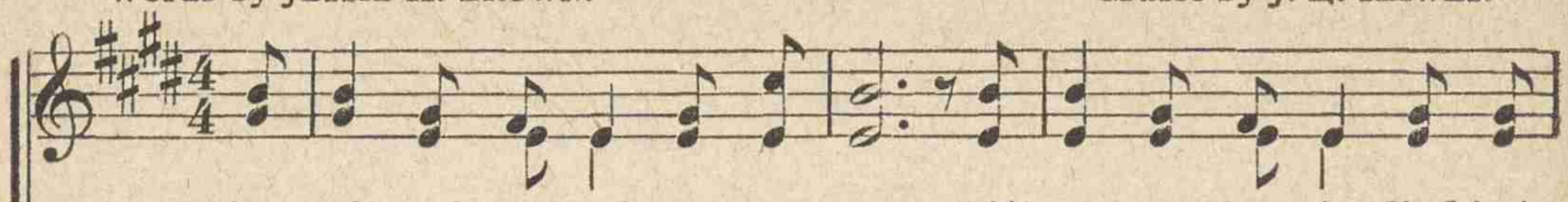
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of peace and righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of love and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon 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.

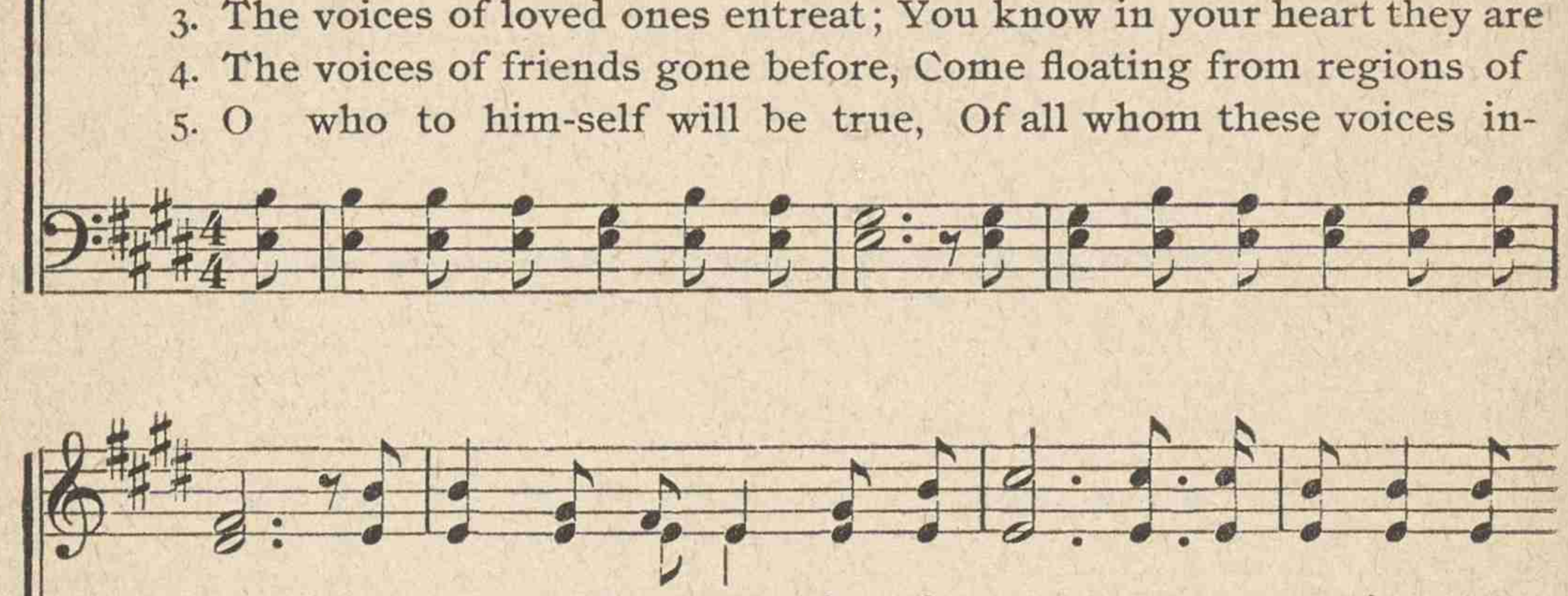
CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 47. Are You Coming to Jesus?

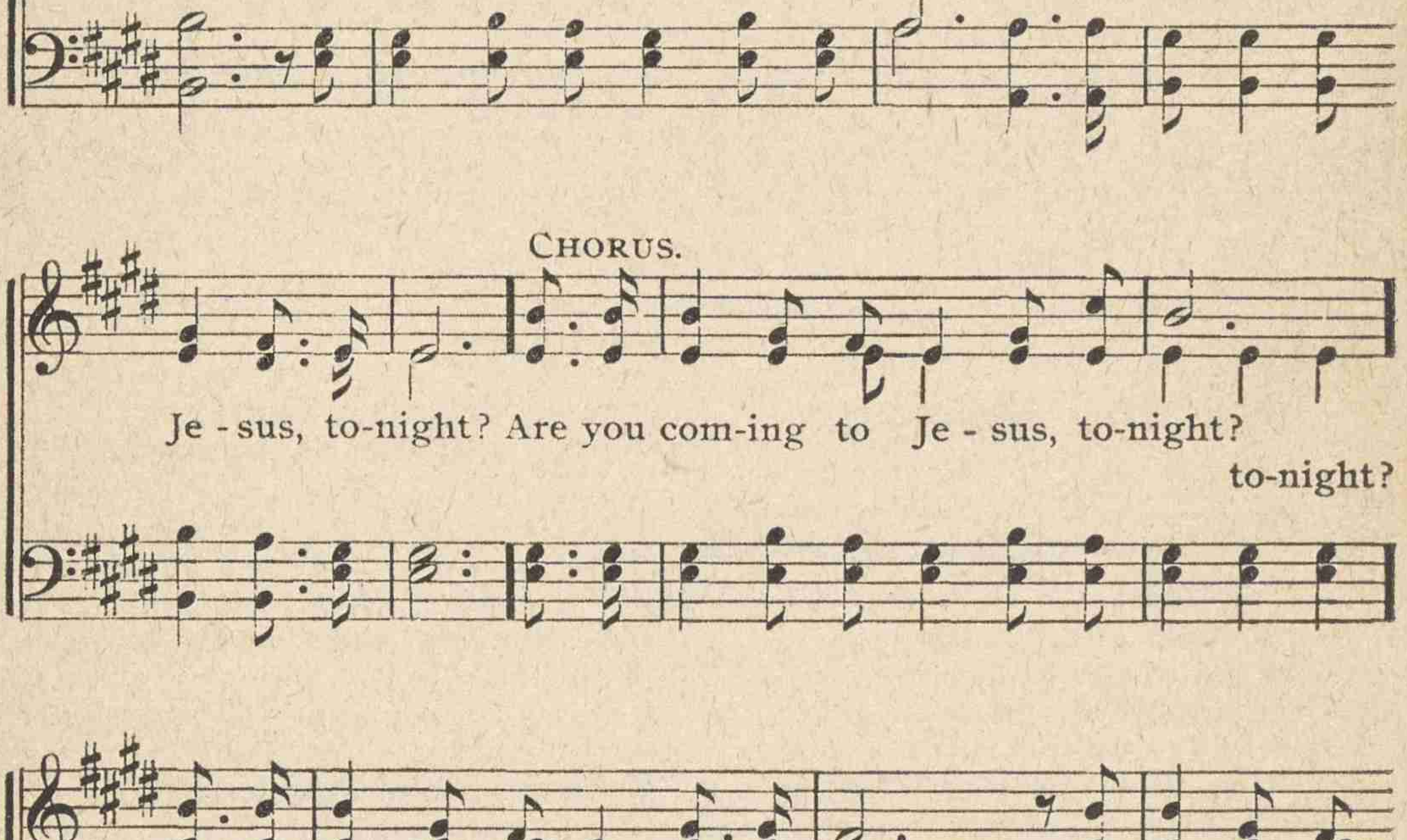
Words by JESSIE H. BROWN. Music by J. E. HAWES.



1. The voice of the Saviour says " come," The cross where he died is in
2. The voice of the Father implores, From mercy's most wonder-ful
3. The voices of loved ones entreat; You know in your heart they are
4. The voices of friends gone before, Come floating from regions of
5. O who to him-self will be true, Of all whom these voices in-

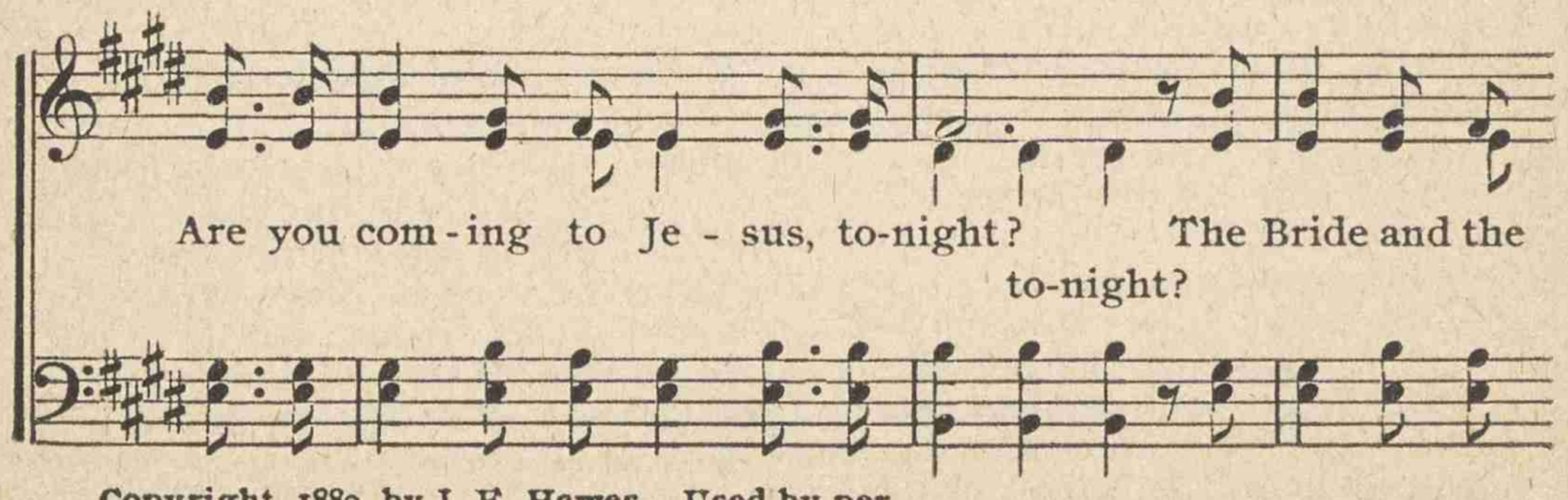


sight, E'en now at that cross there is room, Are you coming to
height; His love in that call he outpours, Are you coming to
right; Then list for the moments are fleet! Are you coming to
light; They ten-der-ly say, o'er and o'er, Are you coming to
vite? Who answers, my broth-er, do you? "I am go-ing to



CHORUS.

Je-sus, to-night? Are you com-ing to Je-sus, to-night?
to-night?



Are you com-ing to Je-sus, to-night? The Bride and the
to-night?
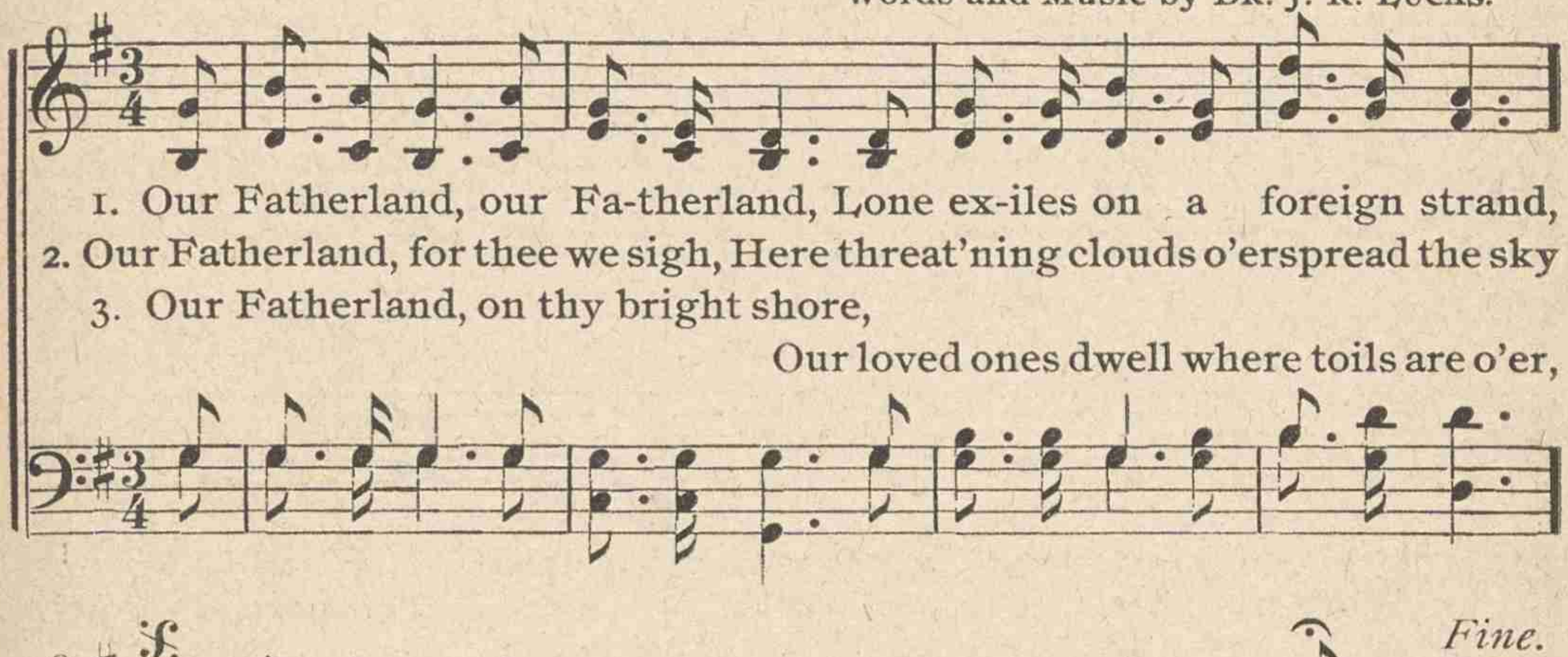
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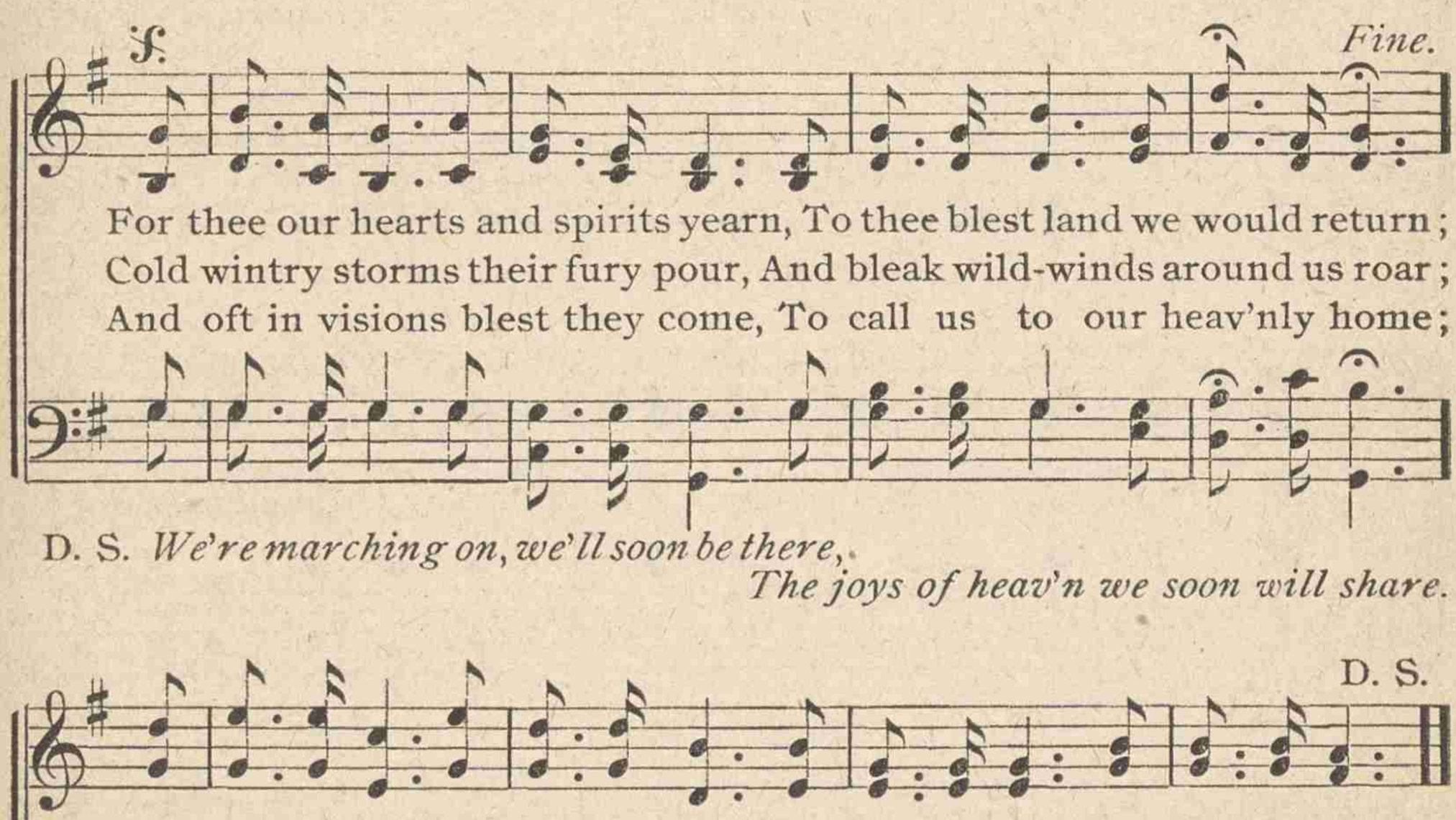
Are You Coming to Jesus? Concluded.



No. 48. Our Fatherland.

Words and Music by DR. J. R. LUCAS.





Copyright, 1890 by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 49. Be Not Afraid.

Words and Music by ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Be not a-fraid to speak for Je-sus; Fear not his message to pro--claim; Be not a-fraid to wit-ness for him
2. Be not a-fraid of scorn or frown-ing; Fear not though earthly friends for-sake; There comes a day of glo-rious crowning,
3. Be not a-fraid to toil for Je-sus, Fear not the cross for him to bear, If you would win a home in heav-en,

CHORUS.

Fear not to own his pre-cious name.
When in his like-ness you a-wake. Be not a-fraid,
And in the joy e-ter-nal share.

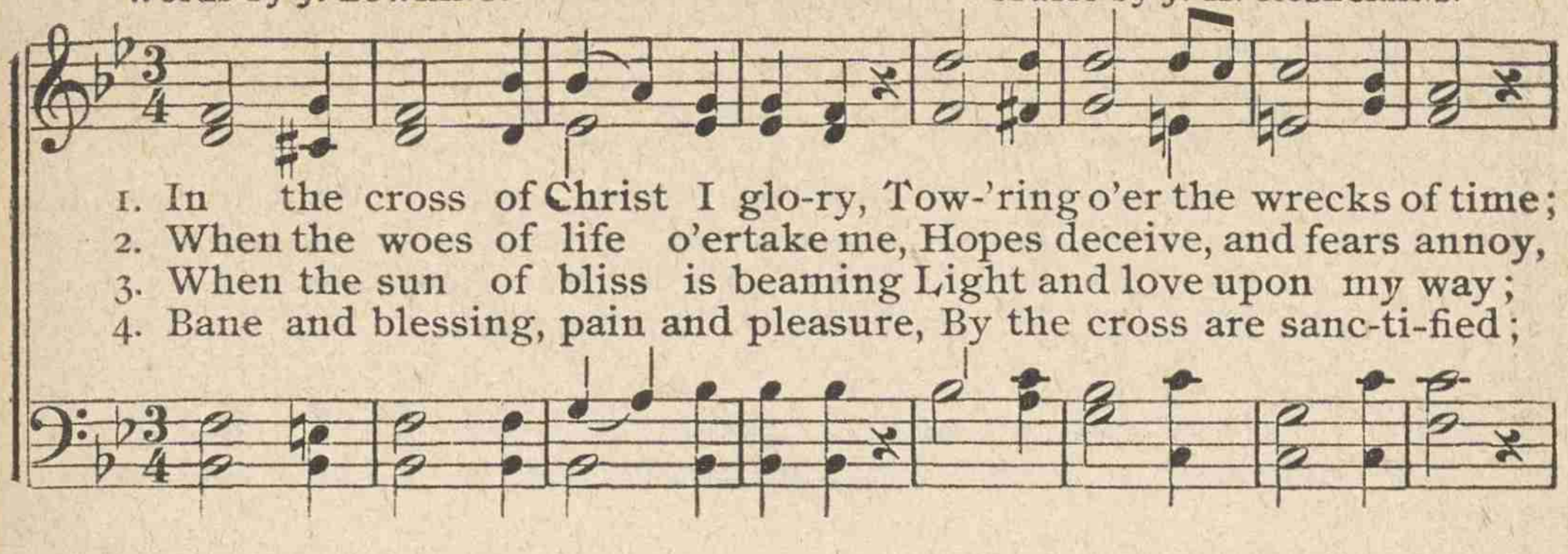
Be not a-fraid, Be not a-fraid though you stand alone;

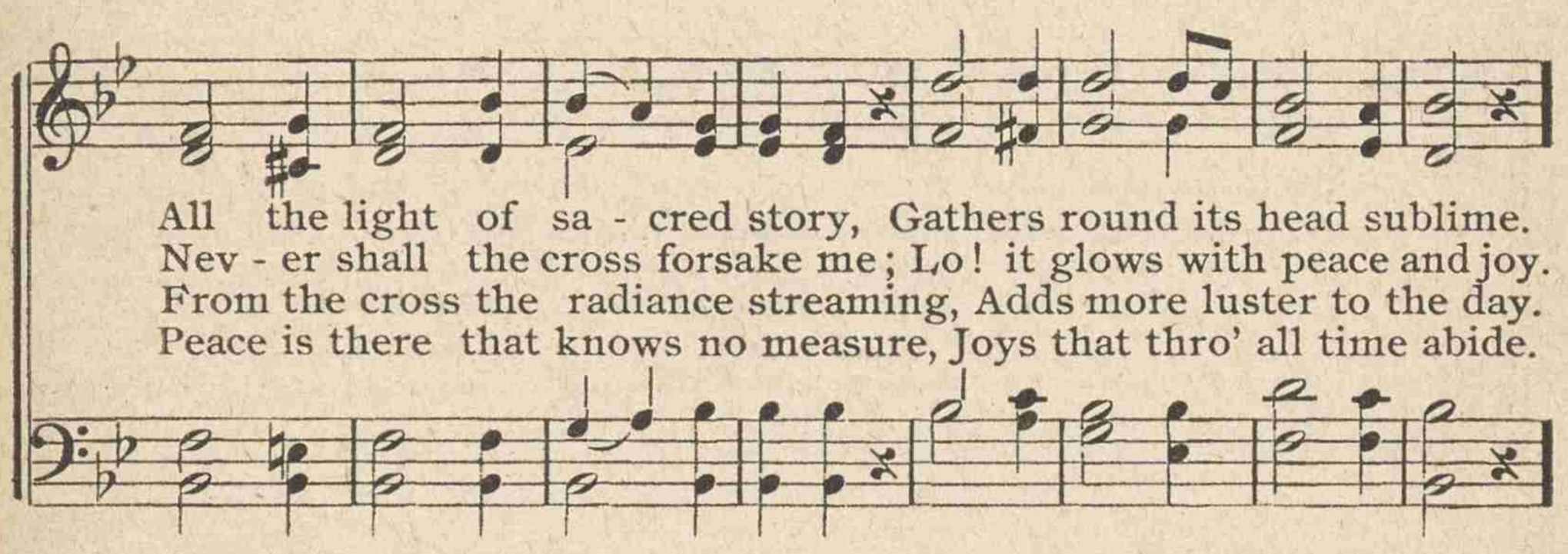
Be not afraid, be not afraid, He is the Lord, and he a-lone.

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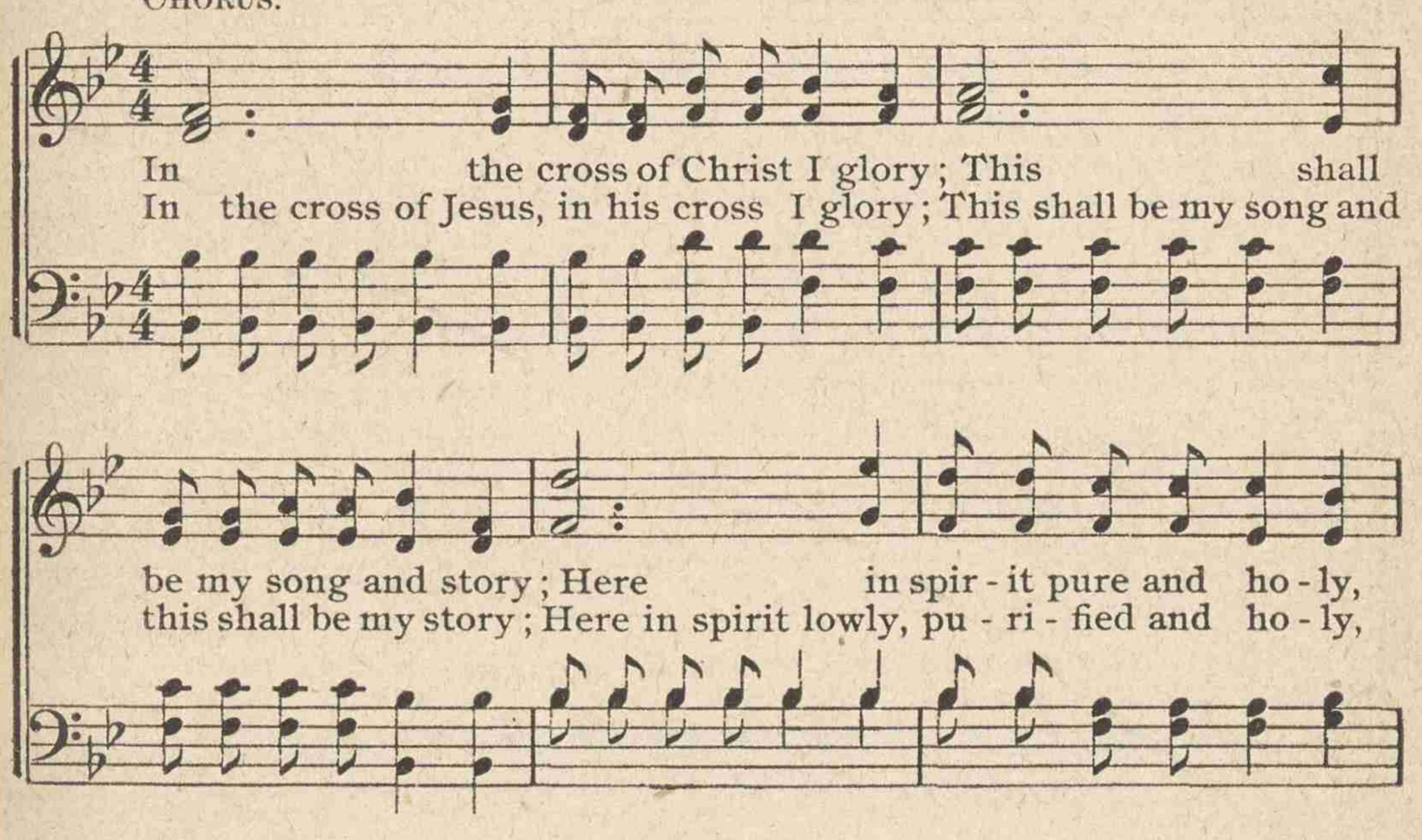
No. 50. The Cross of Christ.
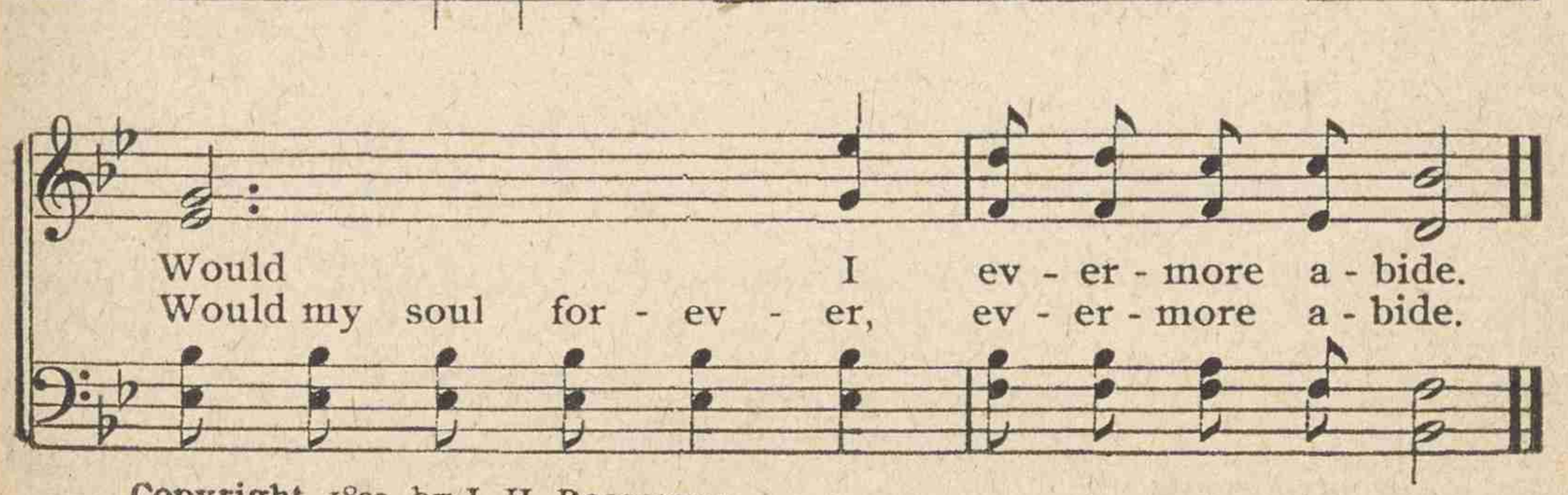
Words by J. BOWRING. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.





CHORUS.

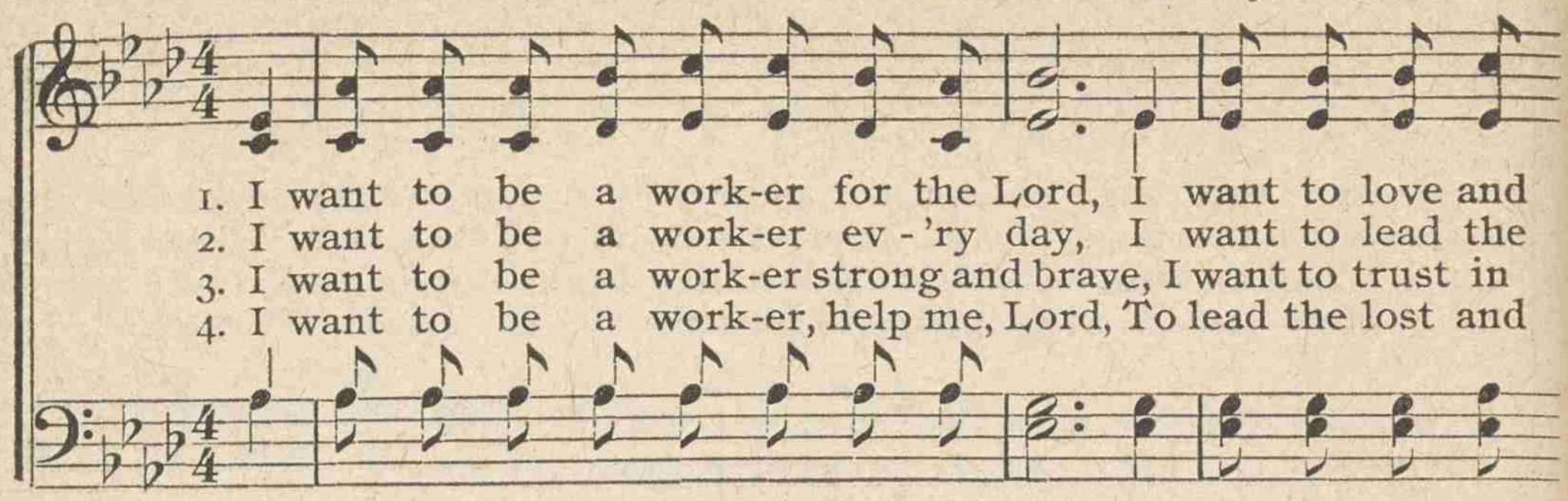


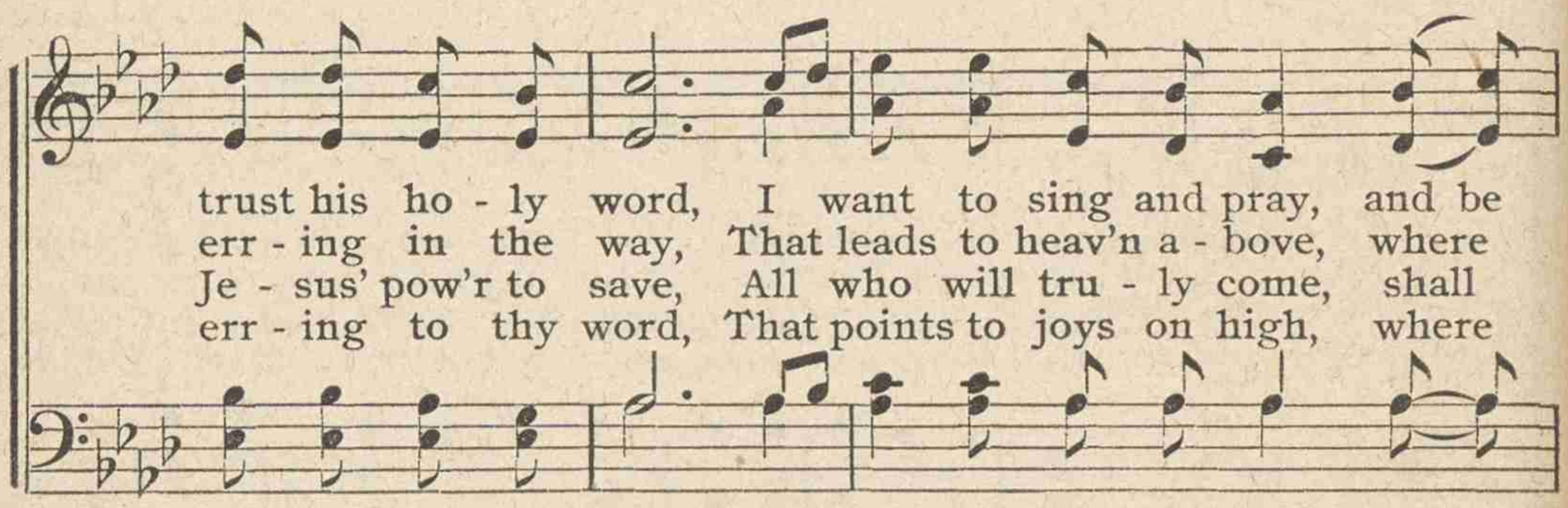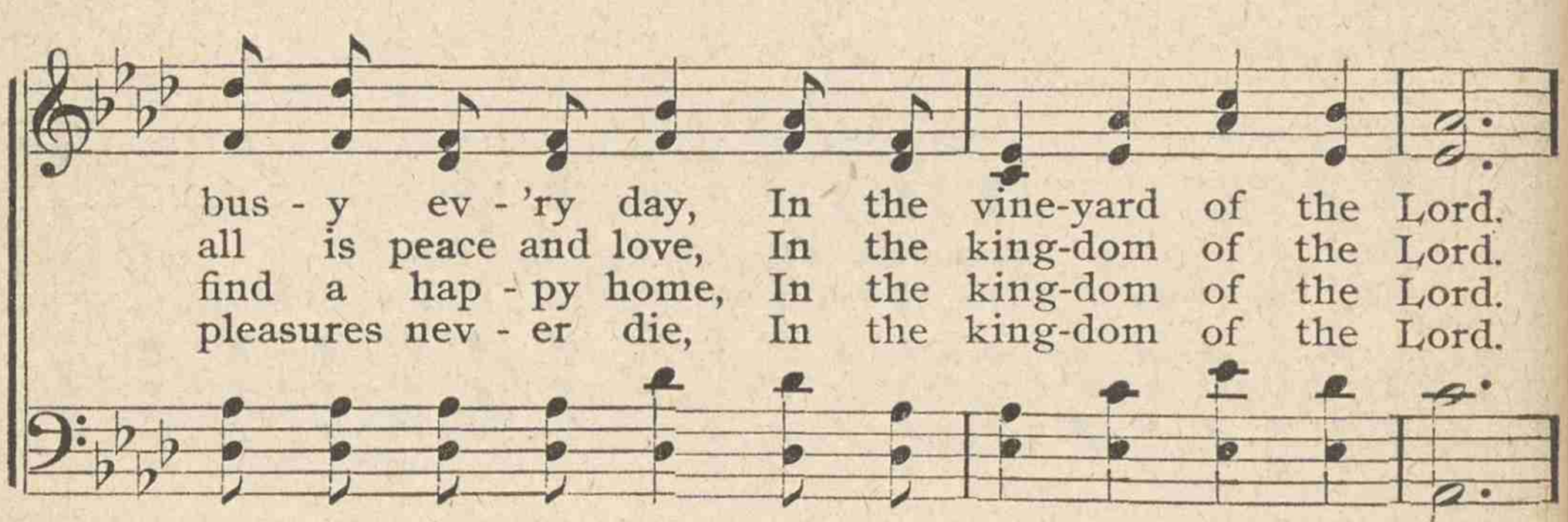


Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 51. I want to be a Worker.

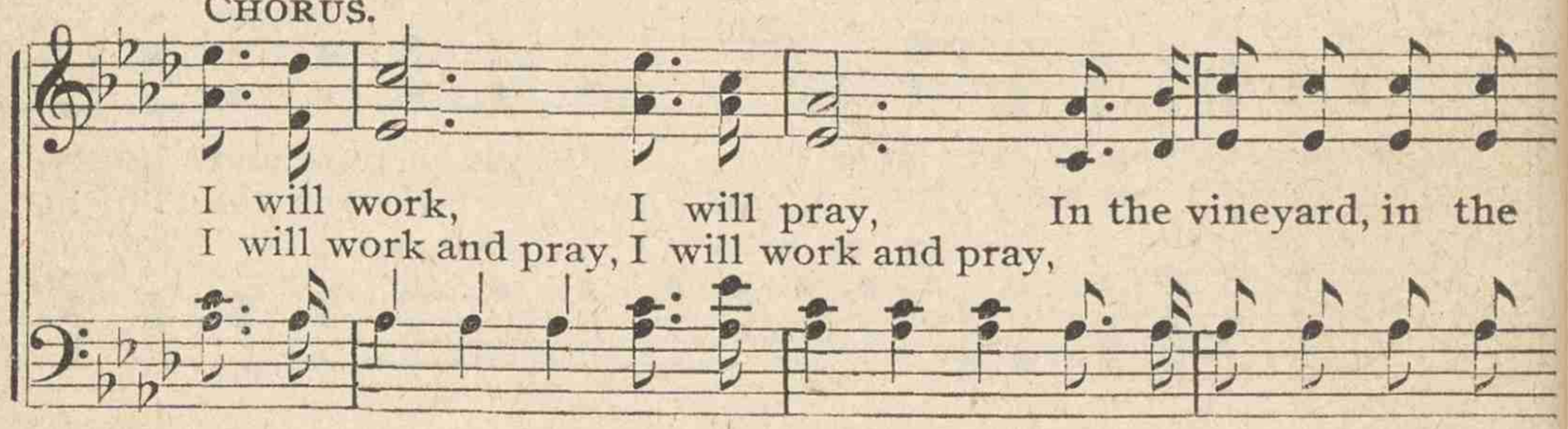
Words and Music by I. BALTZELL.
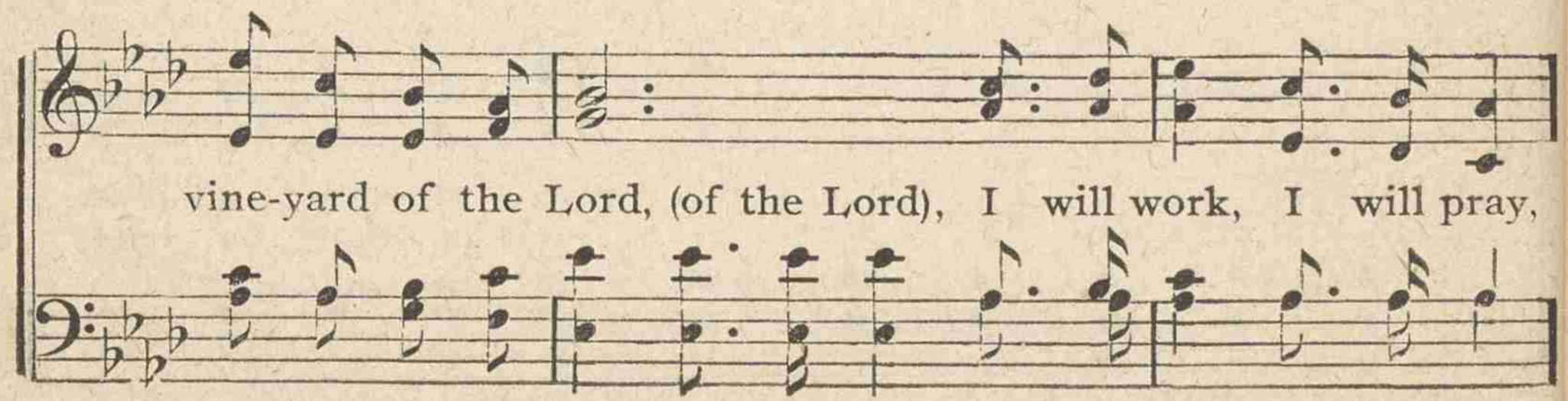






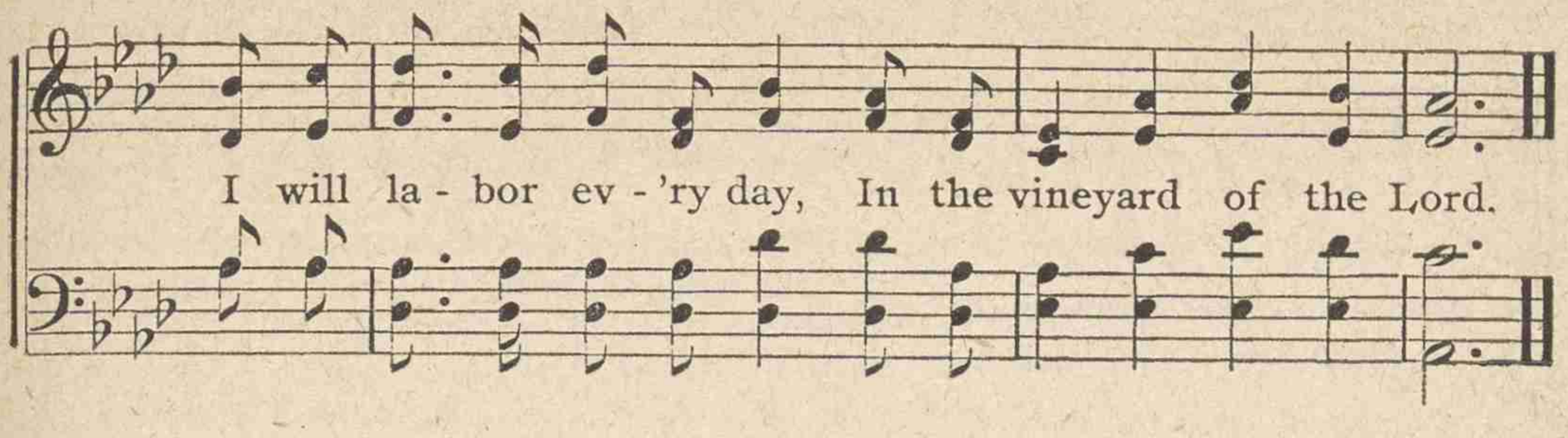
CHORUS.





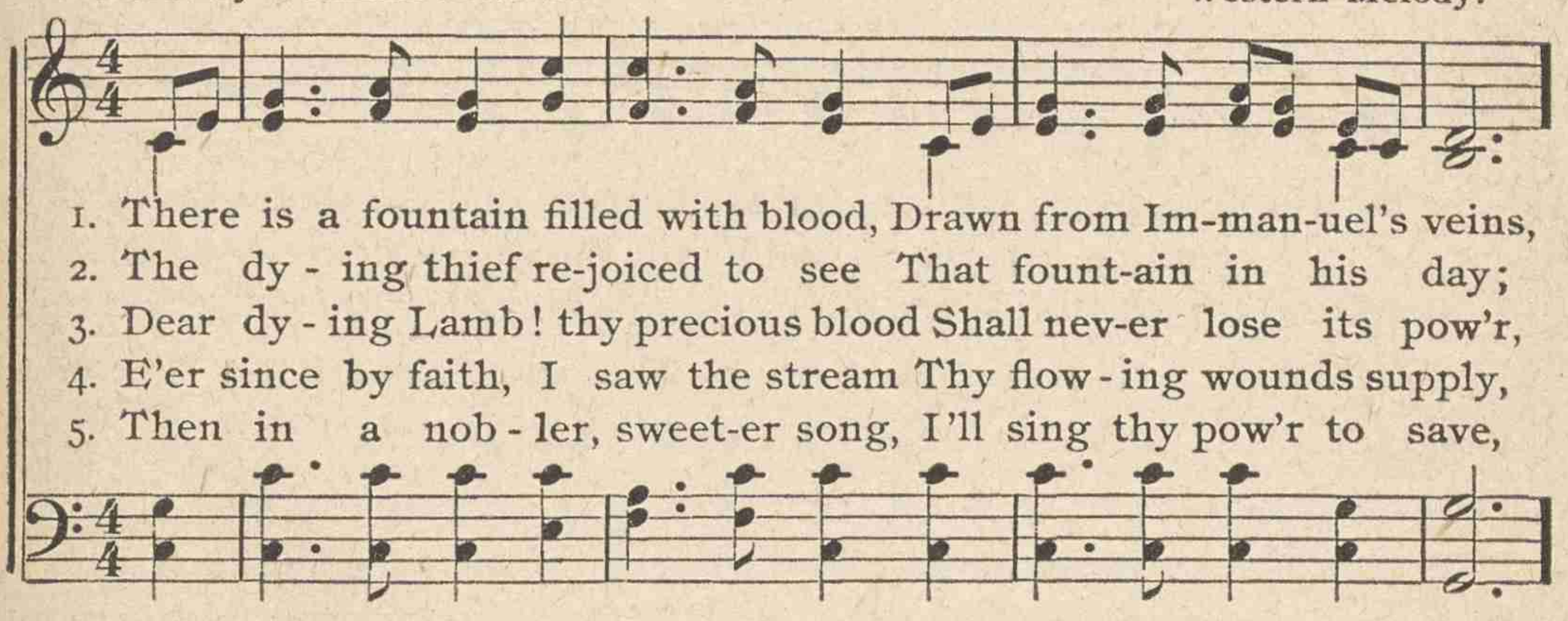
By permission.

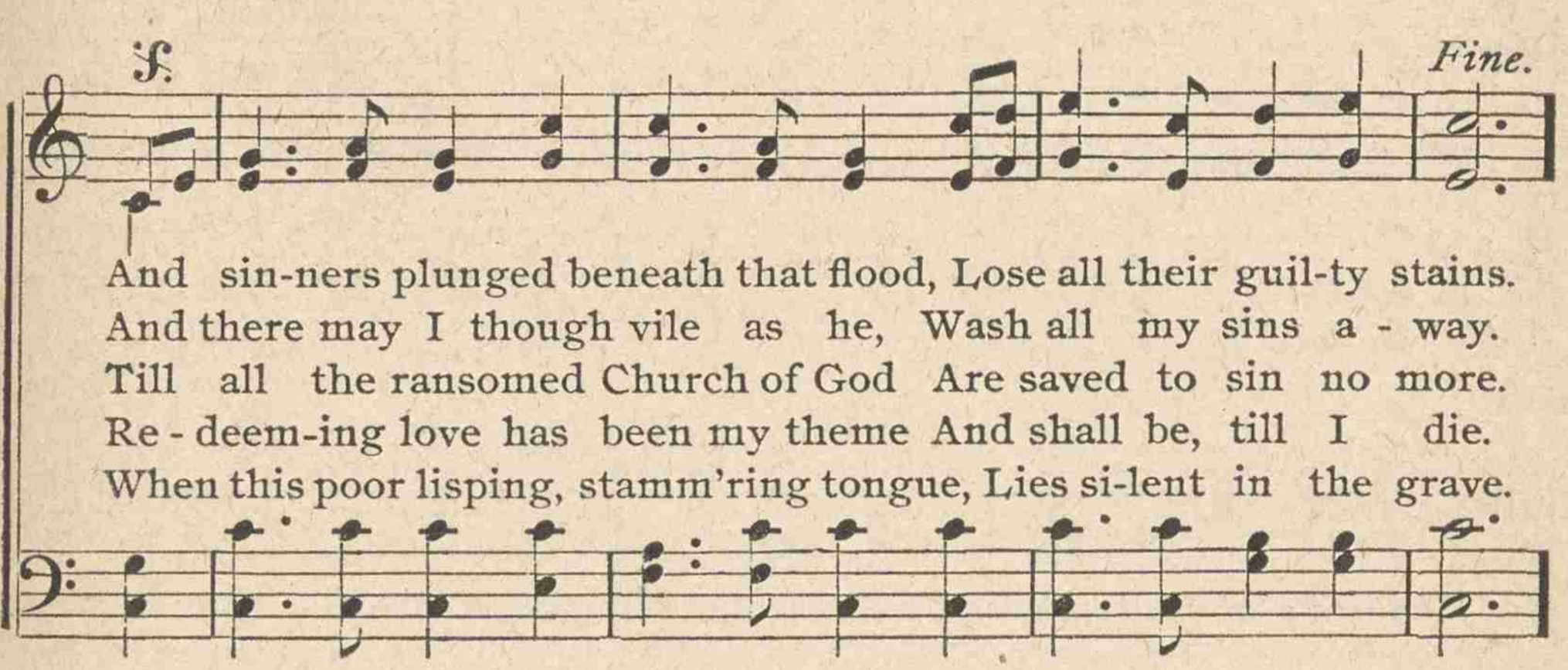
I want to be a Worker. Concluded.

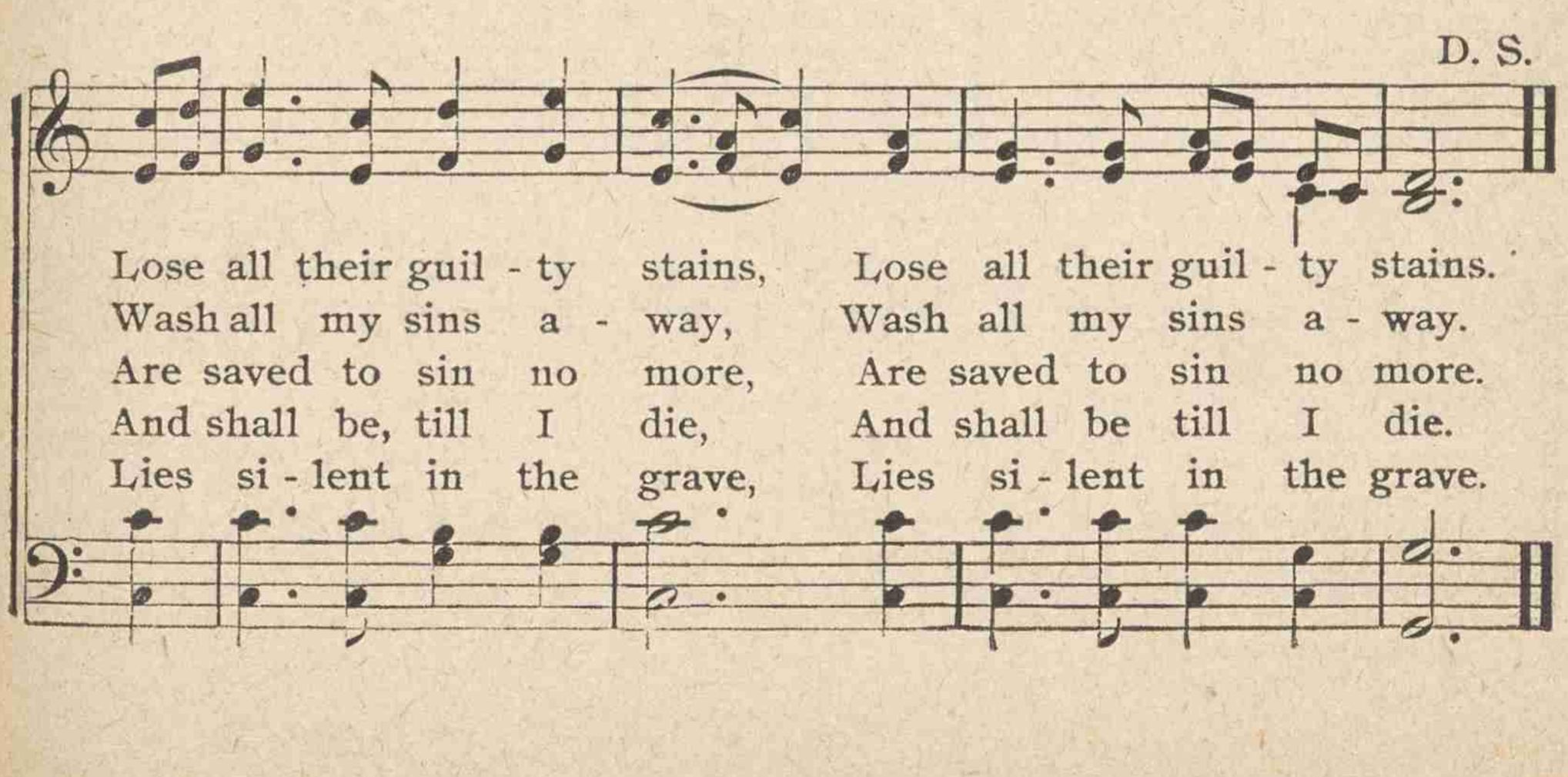


No. 52. Fountain.

Words by WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.







No. 53. Bringing in the Sheaves.

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

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

and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
spirit often grieves; When our weeping 's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

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

No. 54. Seeds of Promise.

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

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . along your way, ... The seeds of prom - - -
Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast, ... That ripened grain . . . from hill and
cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain, ... Be gathered home . . at last. . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last . . .

By permission.

No. 55. Shall it Ever Be?

Words by JOSEPH GRIGG. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-
2. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I 've no guilt to
4. Till then—nor is my boast-ing vain—Till then I 'll boast a

shamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose
heav'n de - pend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That
wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No
Sav - iour slain; And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That
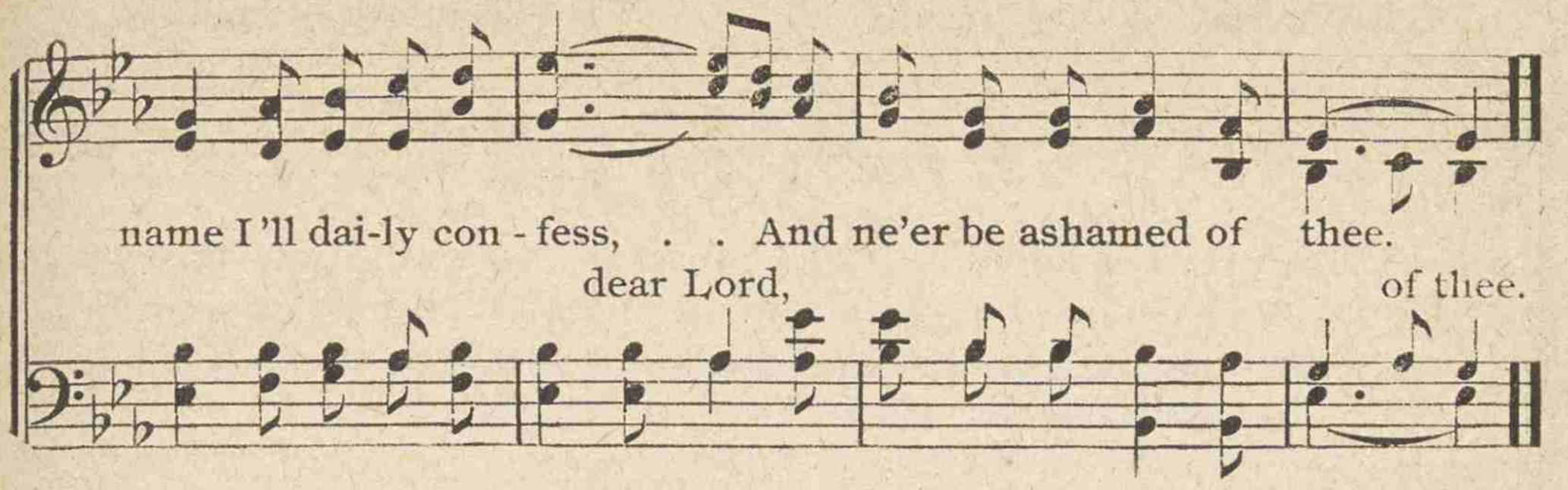
CHORUS.

glo - ry shines thro' end - less days?
I no more re - vere his name. Ashamed I nev - er will
fears to quell, no soul to save. Ashamed I nev - er, no,
Christ is not ashamed of me.

be, ... Ashamed, dear Je - sus, of thee; . . . Thy
nev-er will be, Ashamed, my precious Redeem-er of thee;

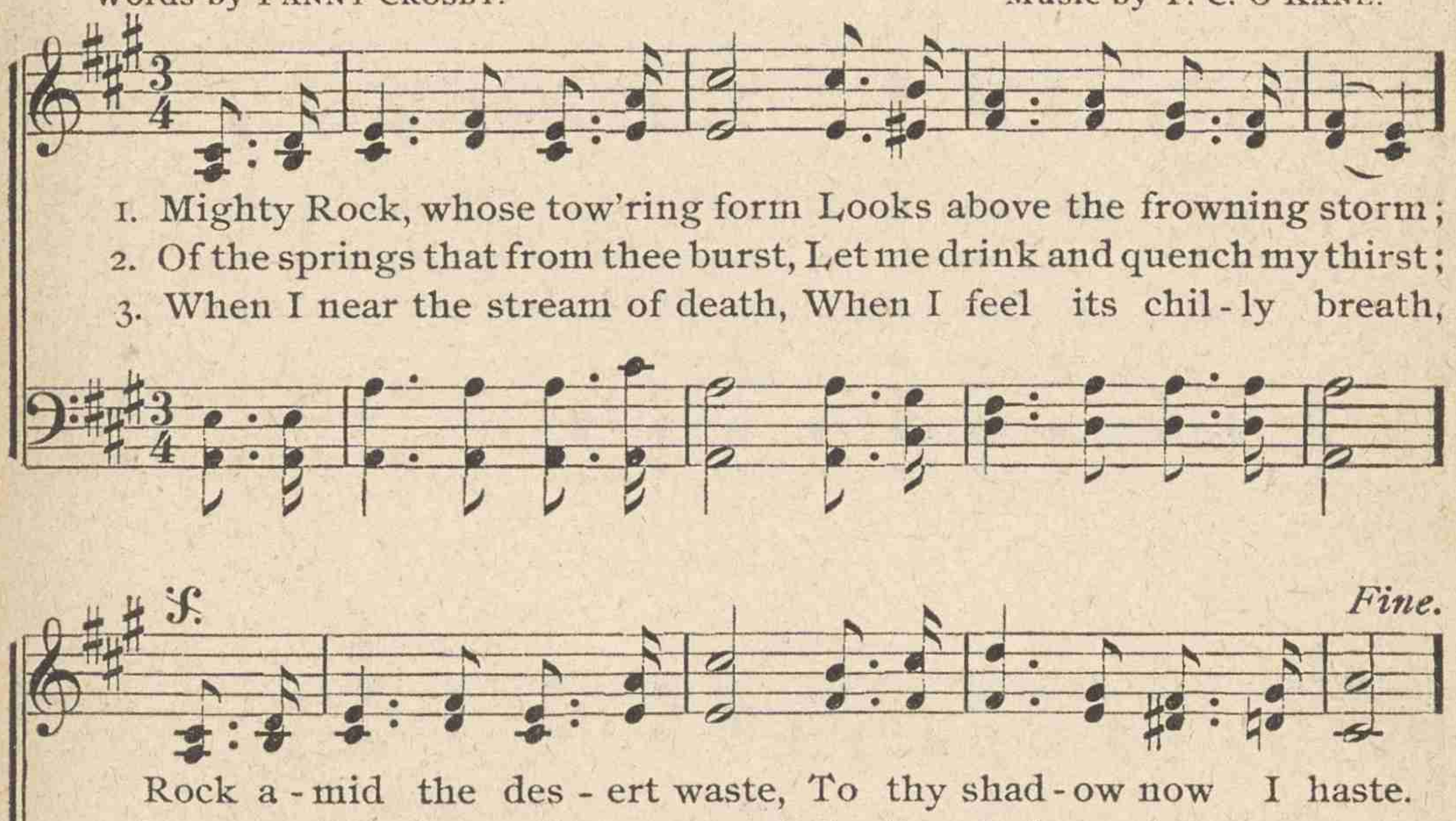
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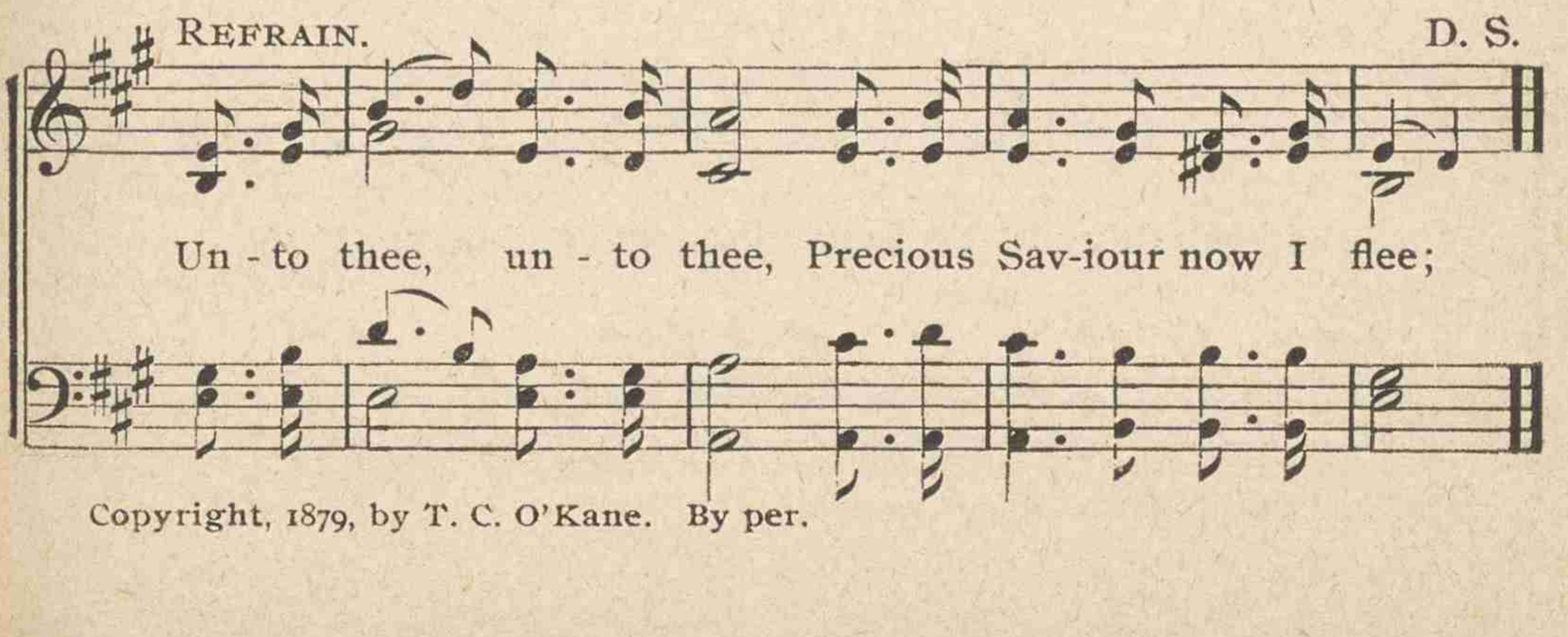
Shall it Ever Be? Concluded.



No. 56. Cleft for Me.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

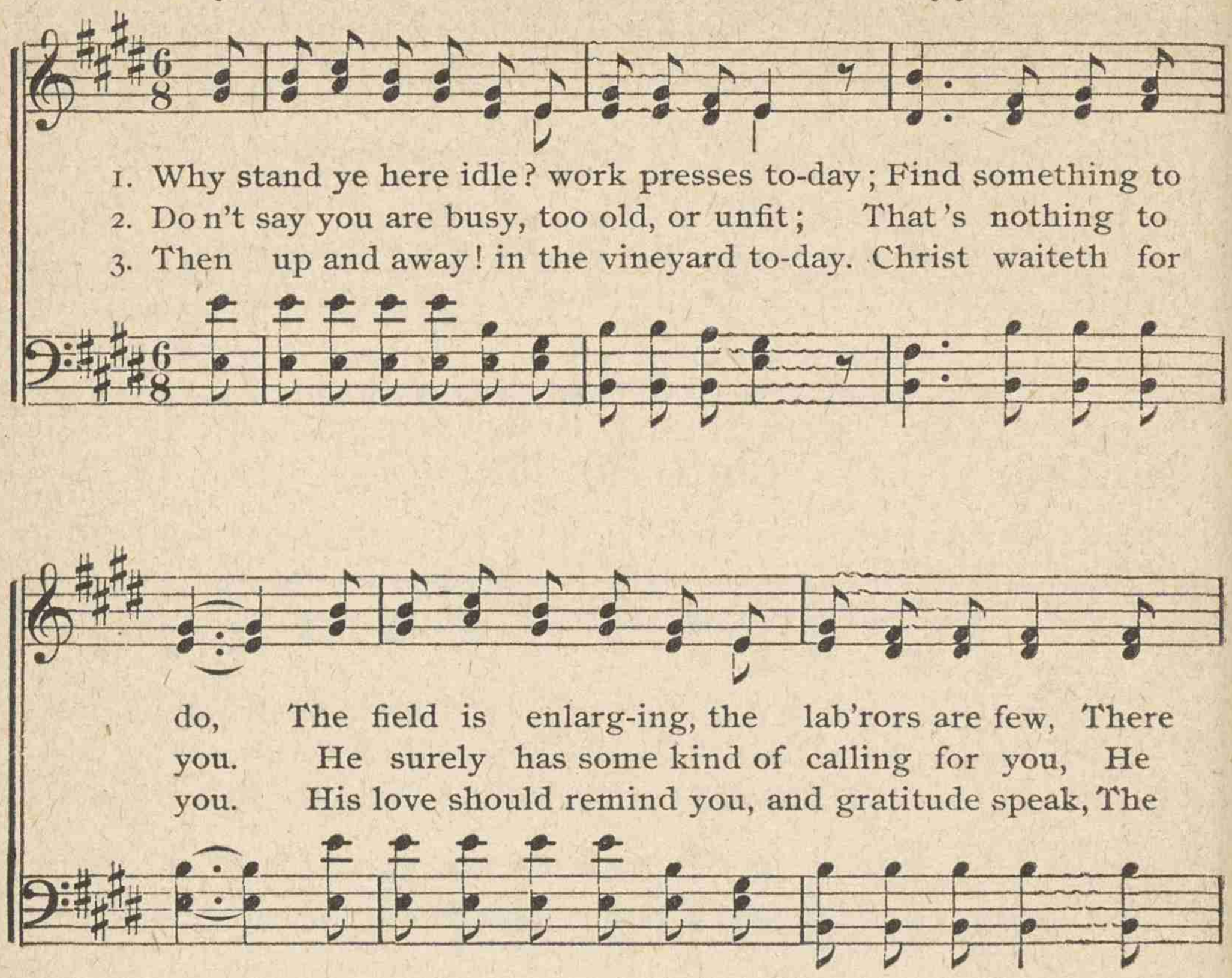


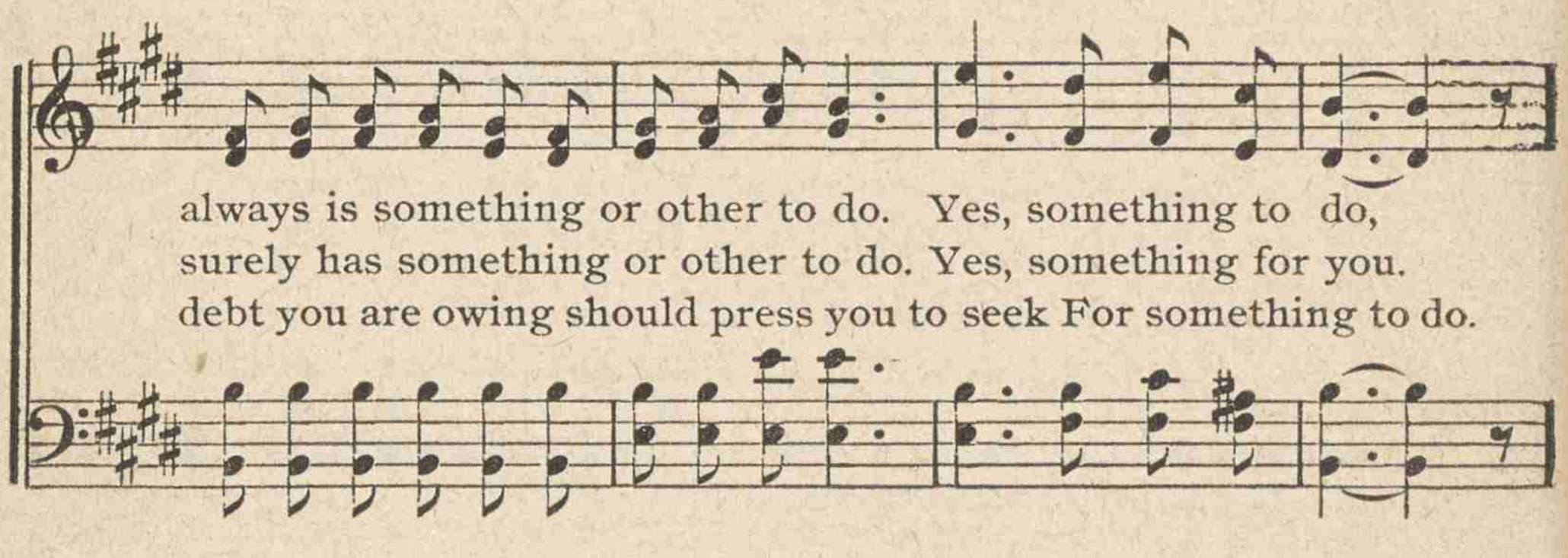


Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'Kane. By per.

No. 57. There's Something to Do.
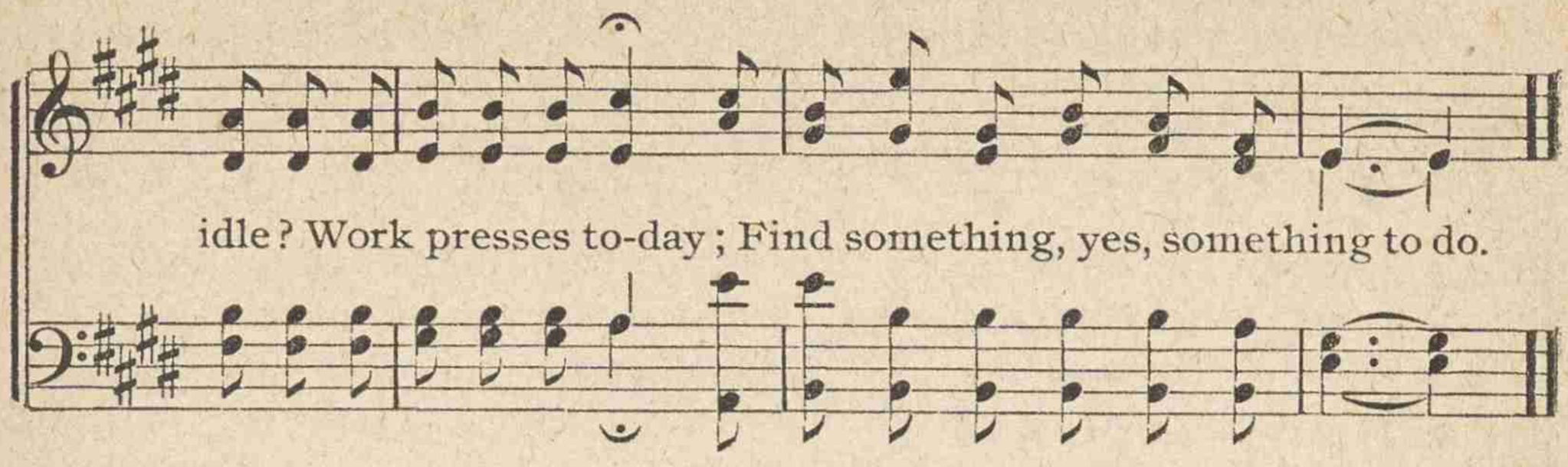
Words by MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. Music by J. H. TENNEY.





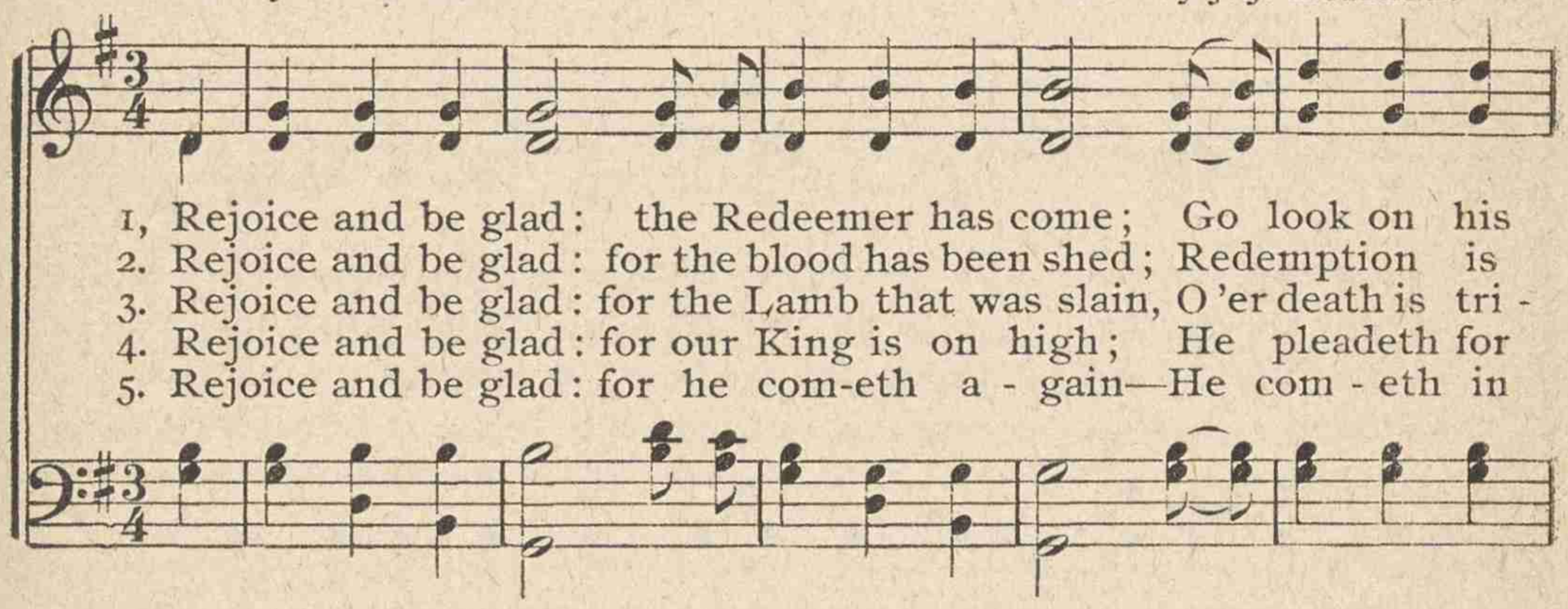
From "The Shining Light," by per.

There's Something to Do. Concluded.
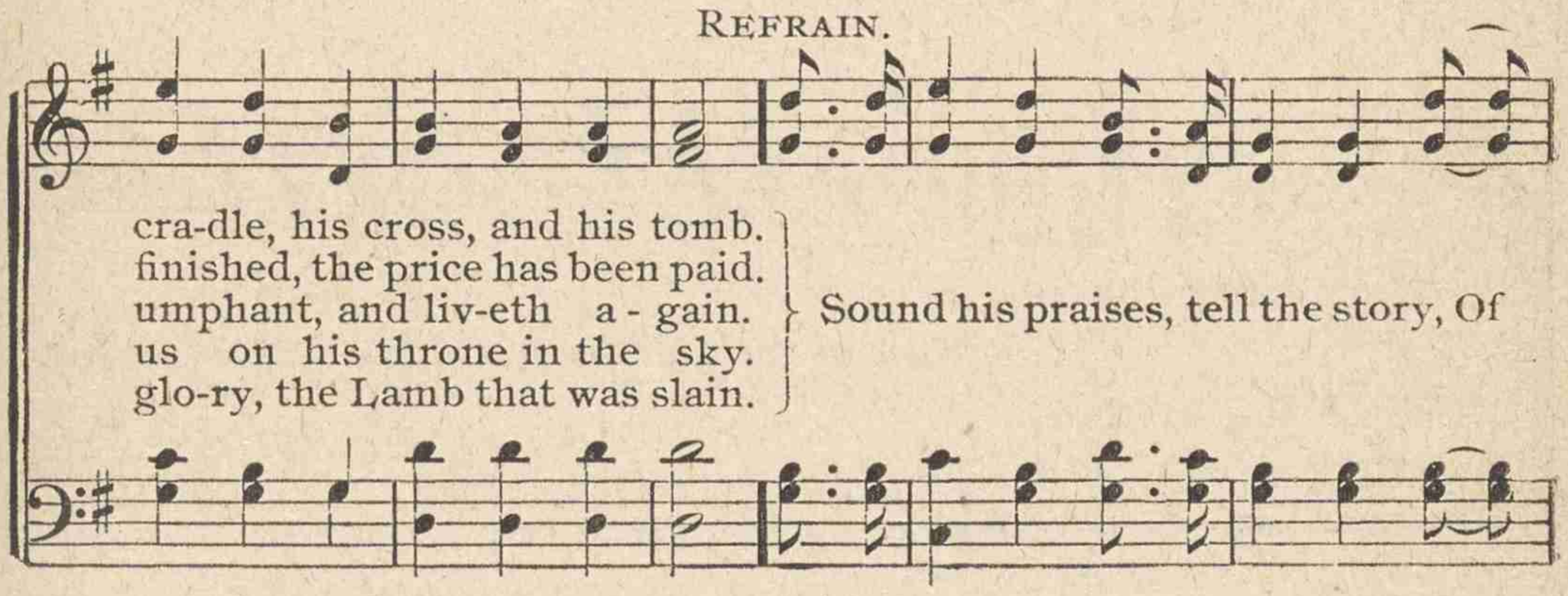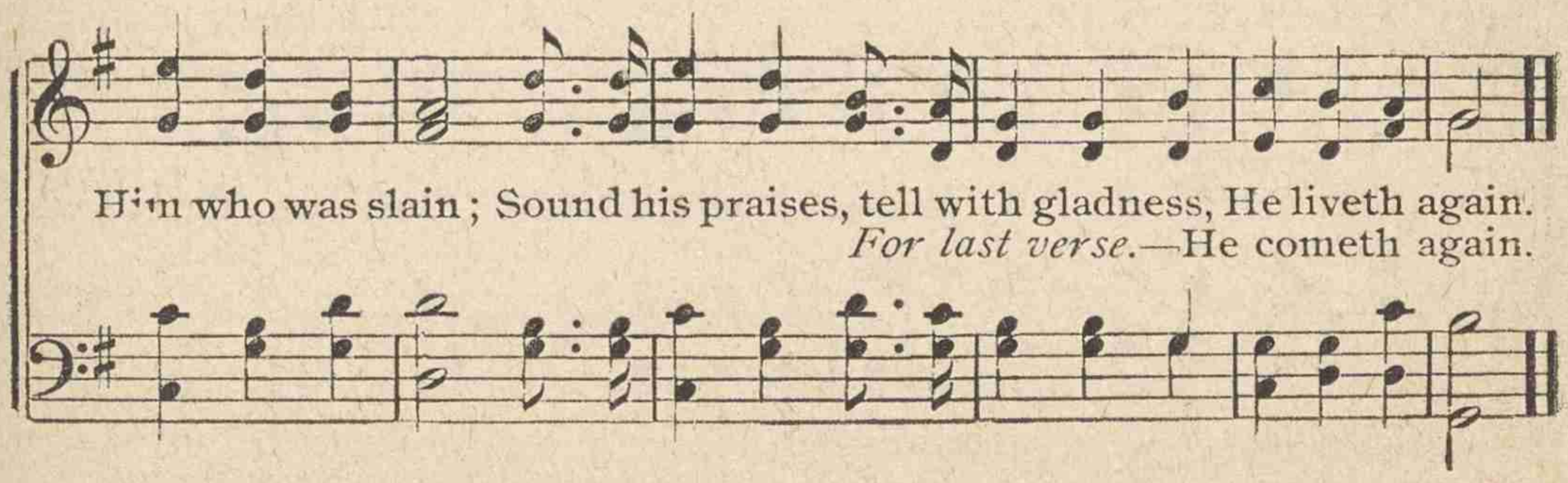


No. 58. Rejoice and be Glad.

Words by H. BONAR. Music by J. J. HUSBAND.



REFRAIN.





No. 59. Come Unto Me.

Words by ANNIE SHARE. Music by E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sweetly the Saviour's voice is ev - er call - ing, Come un - to me!
2. Long have I sought you lost in darkness dreary, Come un - to me!
3. Here is the rest that I alone can give you, Come un - to me!
4. Je - sus, forsak - ing all that would deceive us, Come we to thee!

Come un - to me! Come un - to me! Come un - to me! Come we to thee!

See, shadows dark a - round you now are falling,
I am the ref - uge wait-ing for the wear-y,
Come, for my heart is longing to forgive you,
Safe in thy lov - ing arms, O Lord, receive us,

CHORUS.

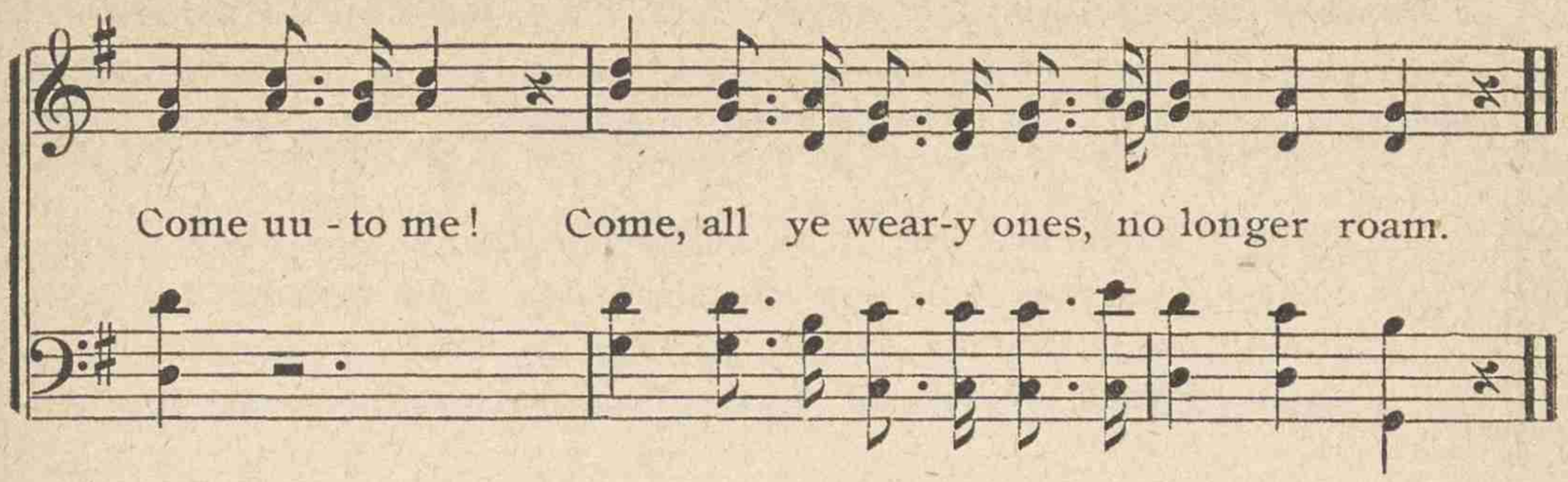
Come un - to me!
Come un - to me!
Come un - to me!
Com - ing to thee!

Je - sus, the Lord of all, Oh, hear his loving call:

Come un - to me, all ye wear-y ones, oh, come! Come un - to me!

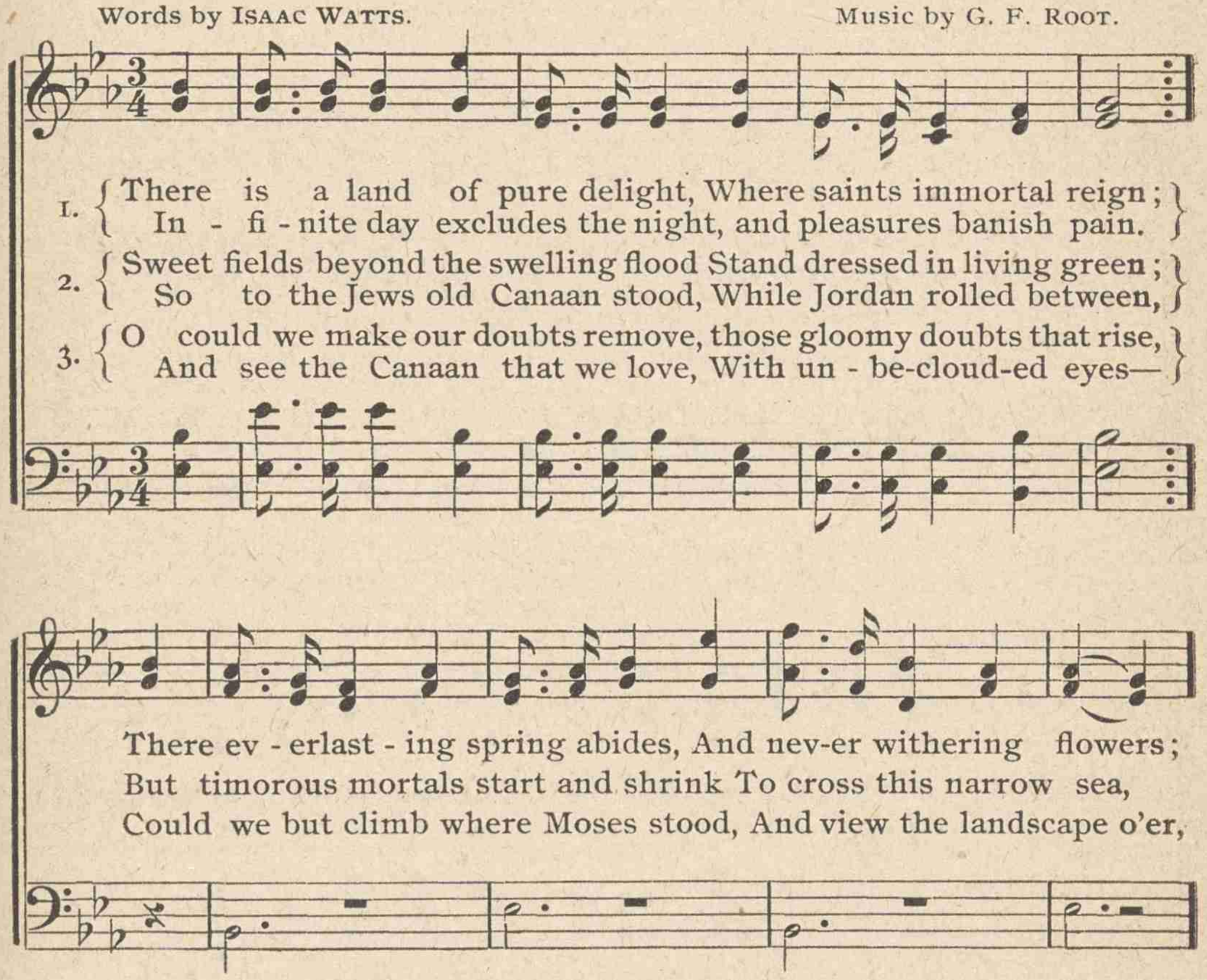
Coypright, 1889, by E. S. Lorenz.

Come Unto Me. Concluded.



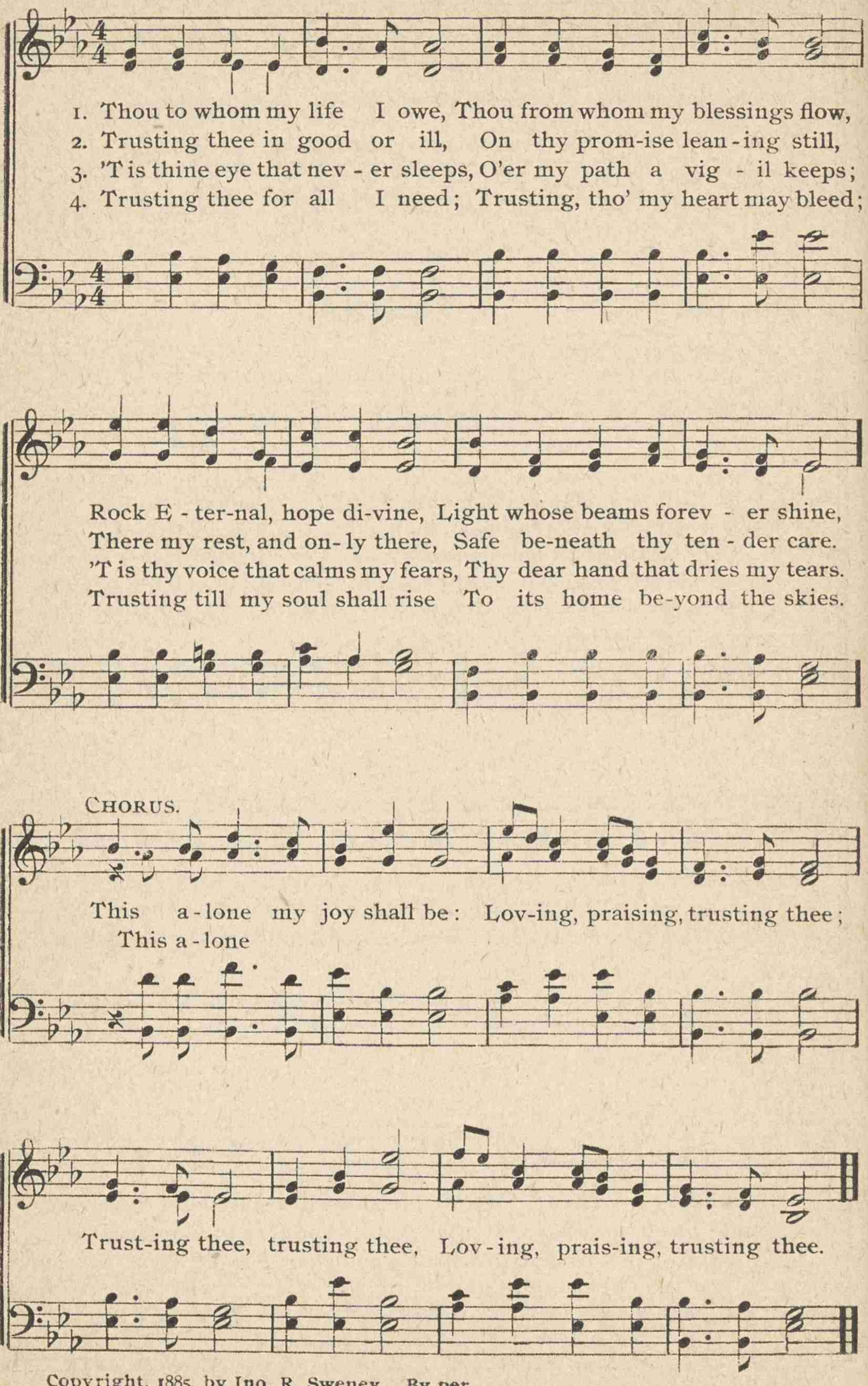
No. 60. VARINA.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by G. F. ROOT.



No. 61. Trusting Thee.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1885, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 62. Draw Me Near Thee.

Words by HARRIET E. JONES. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Draw me near thee, loving Sav-iour As the fleeting years go by;
2. While the days go fast and fast - er, Let me rest in per-fect peace,
3. When the earth is fast re - ced-ing, Draw me near and nearer still;

Hold, oh, hold me, in thy fa-vor When the evening shades are nigh!
Claiming thee, my Lord and Master—Trusting thee without surcease!
Let me fol - low in thy lead - ing Till I reach fair Zi-on's hill!

CHORUS.

Draw me near . . . thee, Friend and Brother— Oh, I
Draw me near thee, draw me near thee, Friend and Brother—

need . . thee ev'ry hour; . . . Oh, sus-tain . . as can no
Oh, I need thee, oh, I need thee ev'ry hour; Oh, sustain us, oh, sus-

oth - er By thy might - y sav-ing pow'r! . . .
tain as can no other By thy mighty, by thy mighty saving pow'r!

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 63. Forward! Be Our Watchword.

Words by E. WIGLESWORTH. Music by FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

1. Forward! be our watchword, Step and voic-es joined, Seek the
2. Forward! when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All thro'
3. Glo-ries up-on glo-ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the

things be-fore us, Not a look be-hind: Burns the fie-ry
youth and man-hood, Not a tho't be-hind: Speed thro' realms of
souls that love him One day to be shared; Eye hath not be-

pil-lar At our arm-y's head, Who shall dream of shrinking,
na-ture, Climb the steps of grace: Faint not, till in glo-ry
held them, Ear hath nev-er heard; Nor of these hath ut-tered

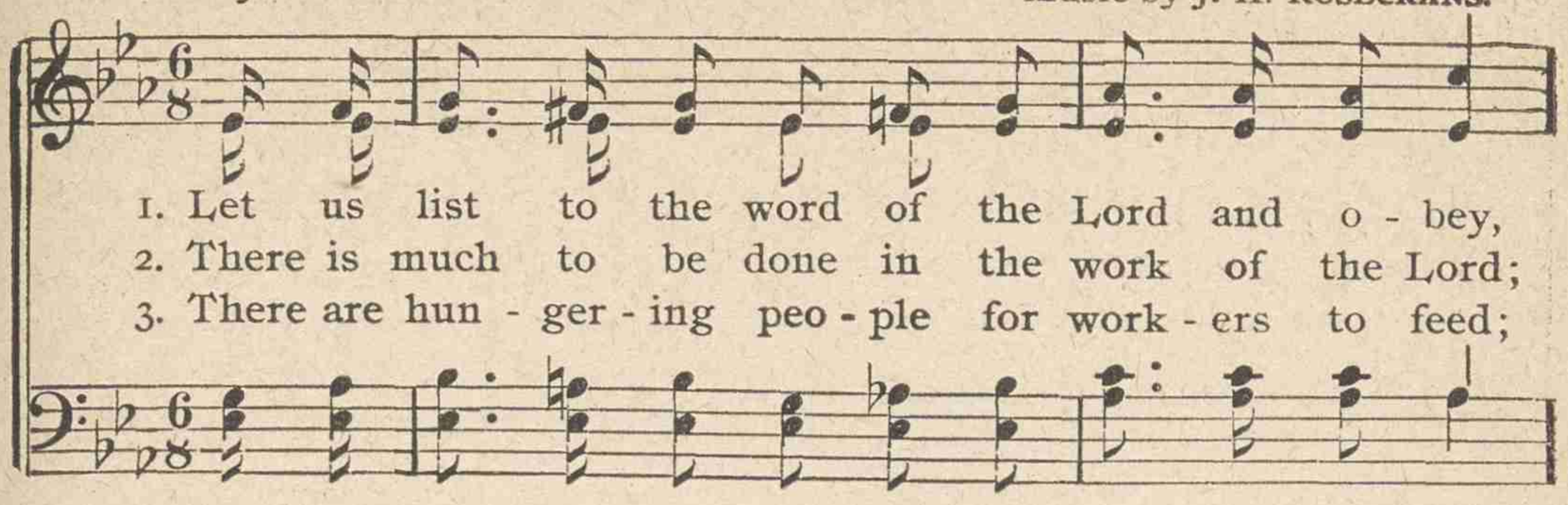
CHORUS.
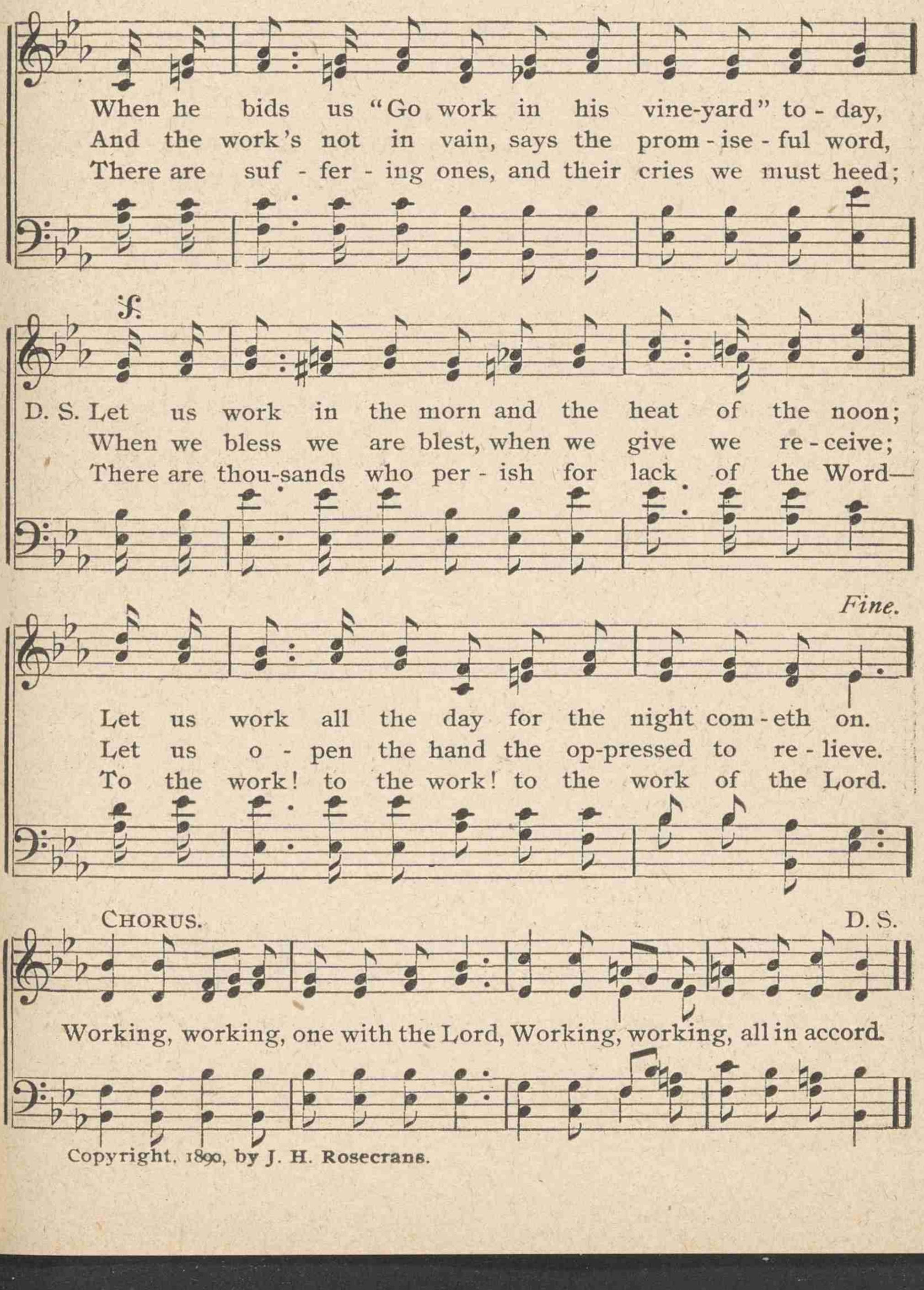
By our Cap-tain led?
Gleams our Father's face. For-ward be our watchword, Step and
Tho't or speech or word.

voic-es joined, Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind.

No. 64. Working, One with the Lord.

Words by R. MOFFETT. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



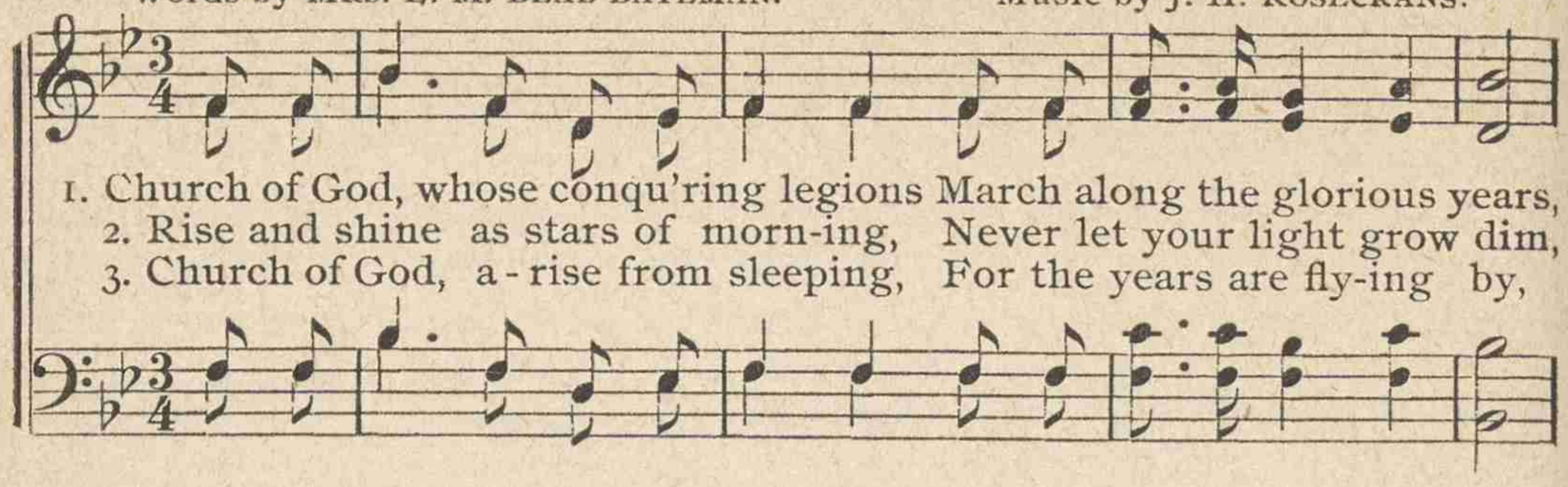


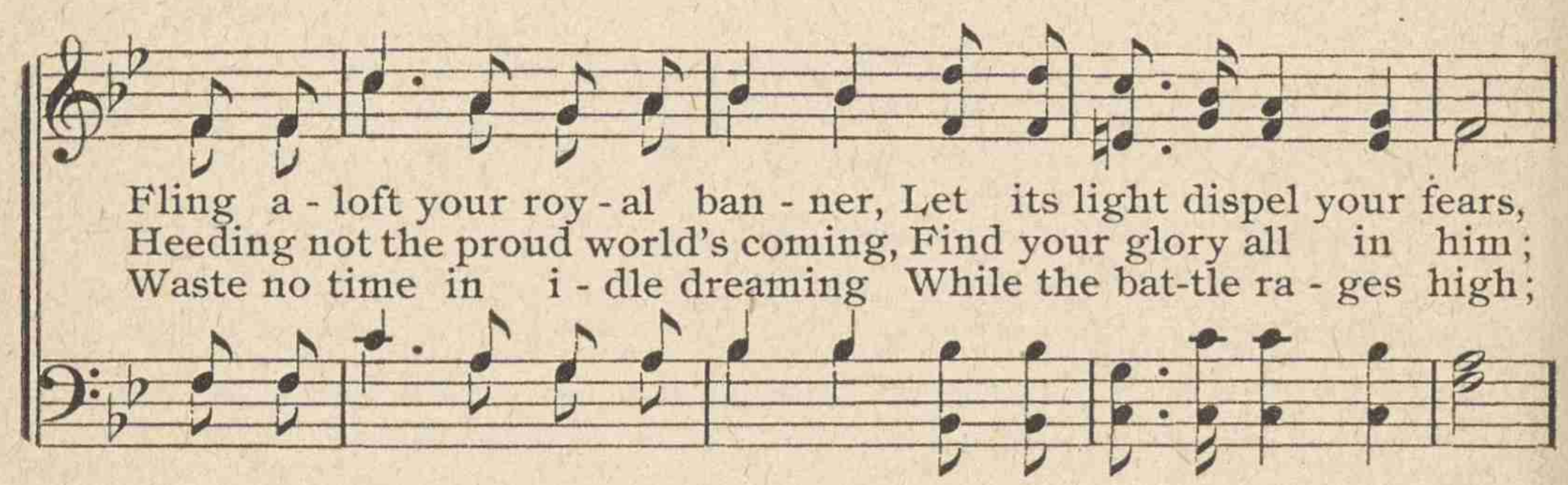
CHORUS. D. S.

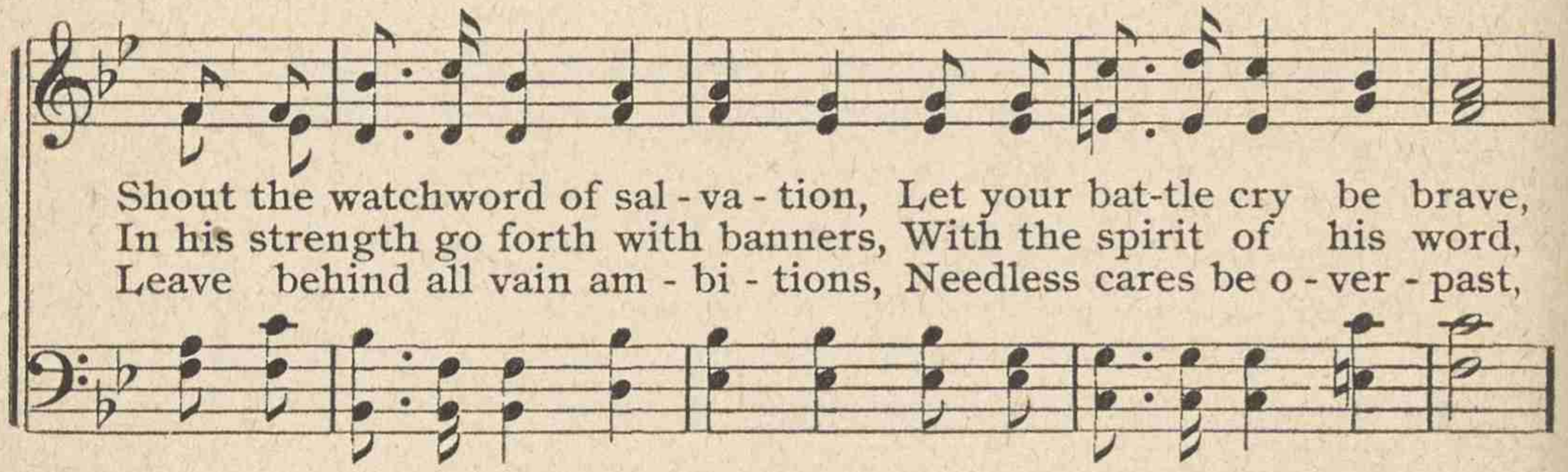
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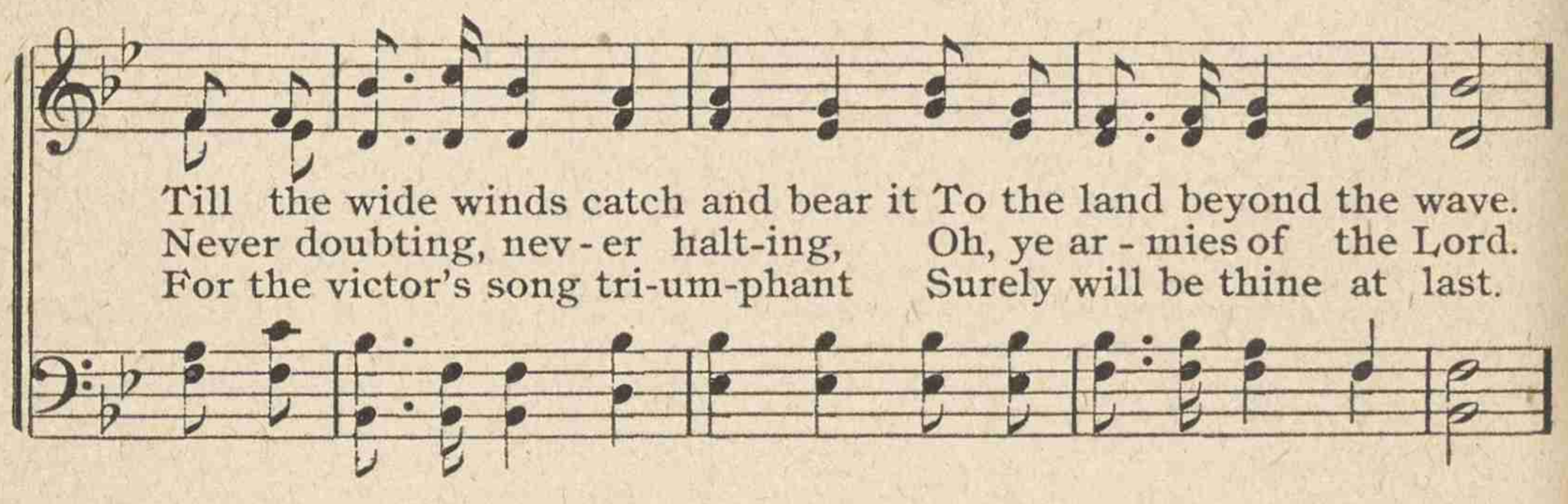
No. 65. On to Victory.

Words by MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.
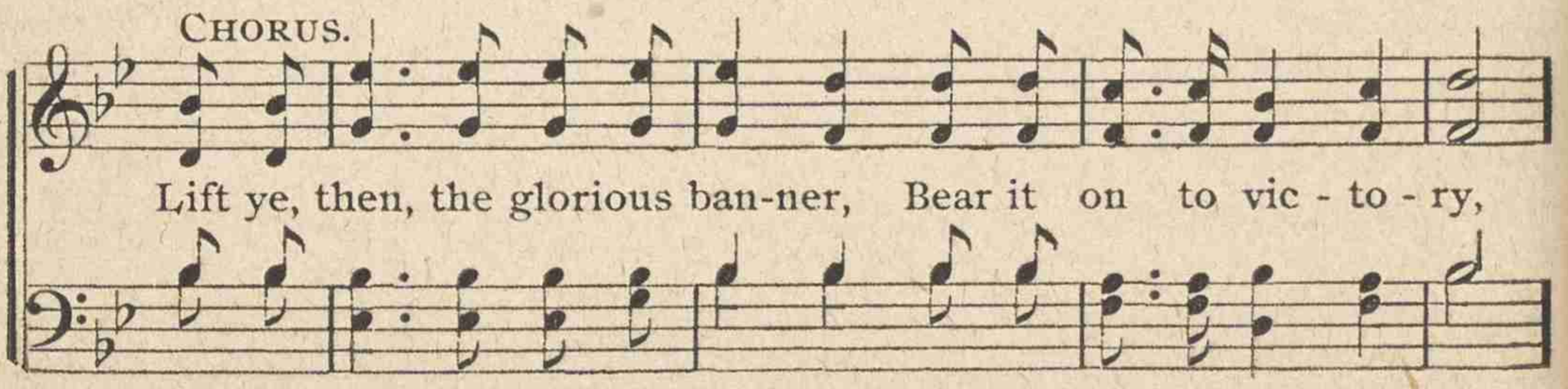






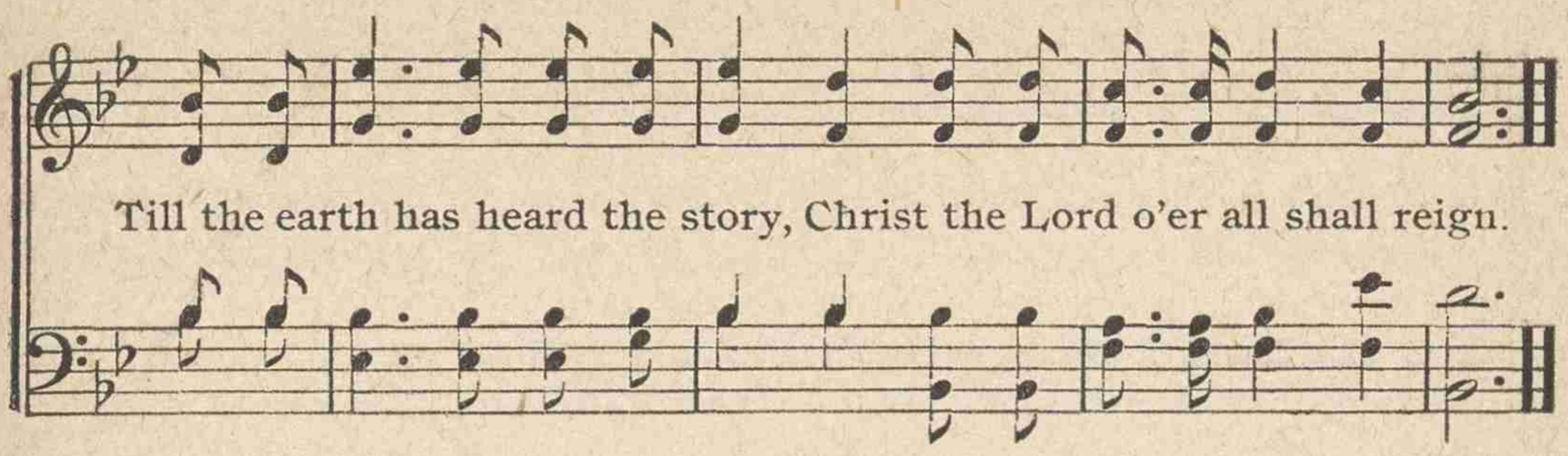


CHORUS.
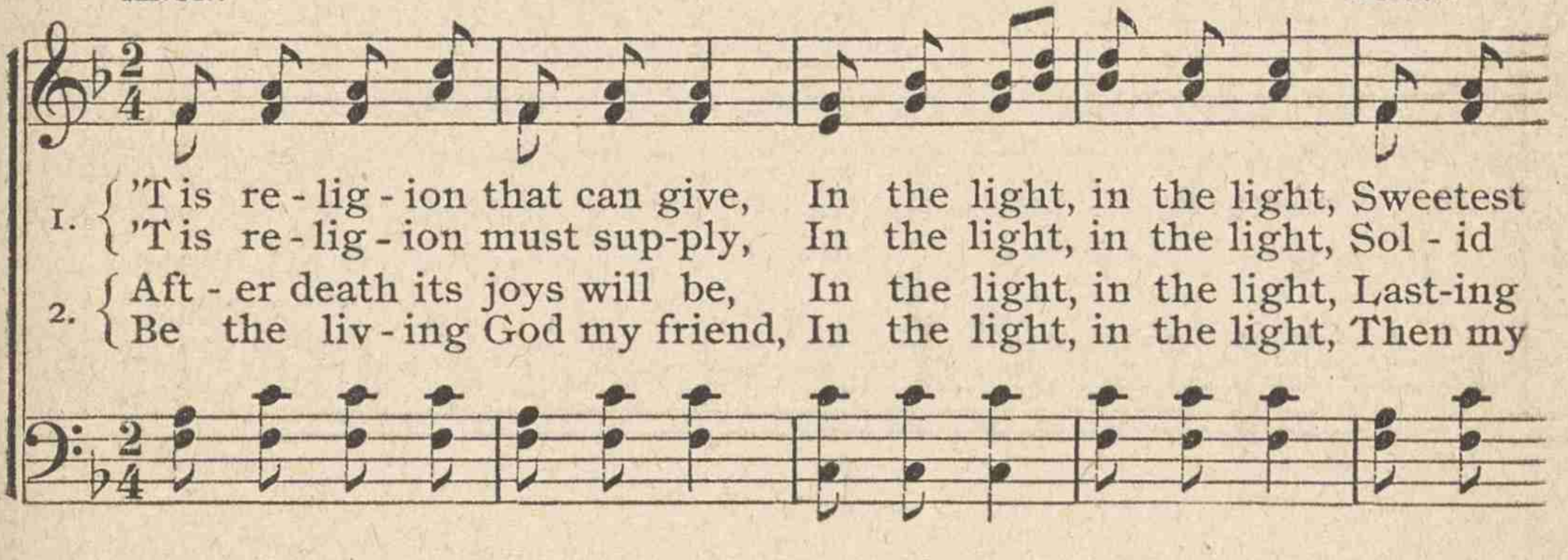


Copyright, 1890, by J. H. ROSECRANS.

On to Victory. Concluded.
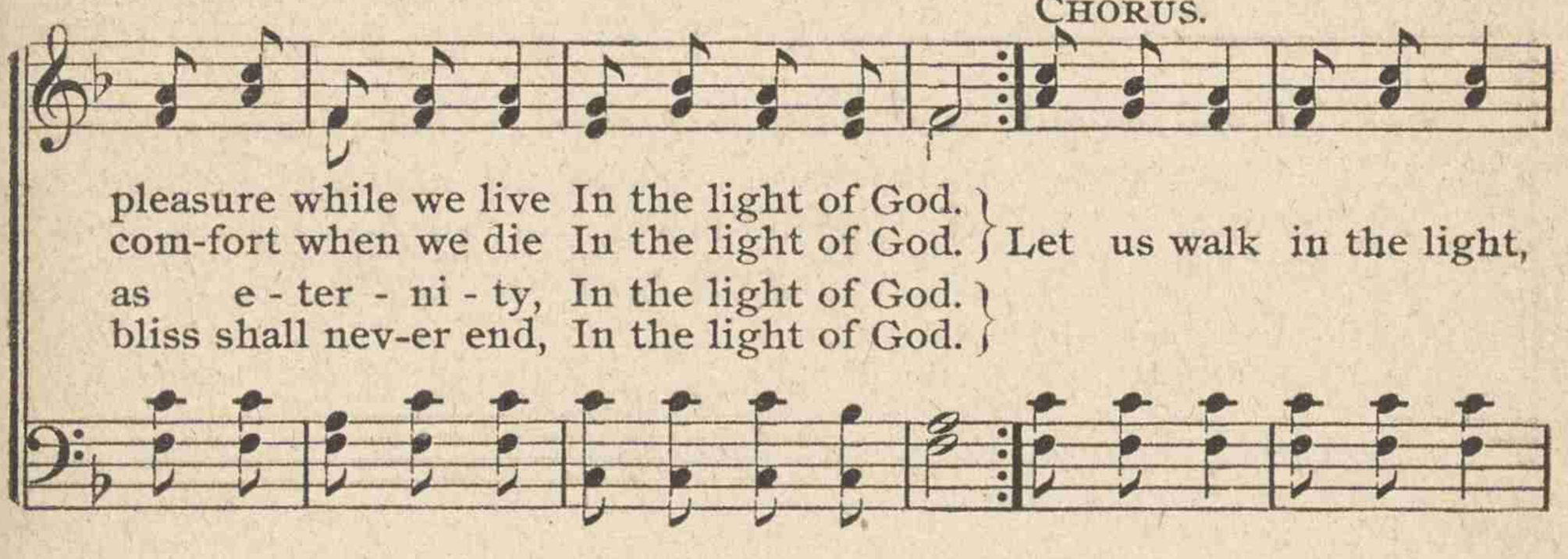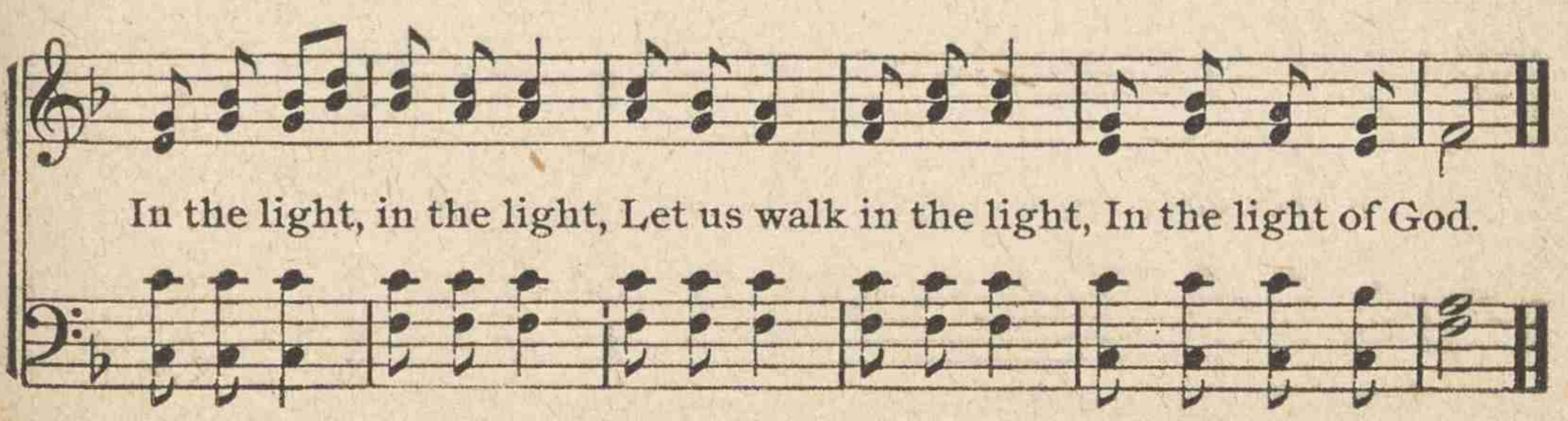


No. 66. Let us Walk in the Light.

ANON. ANON.



CHORUS.





No. 67. Land Bright With Glory.

Words and Music by M. CUMMING.

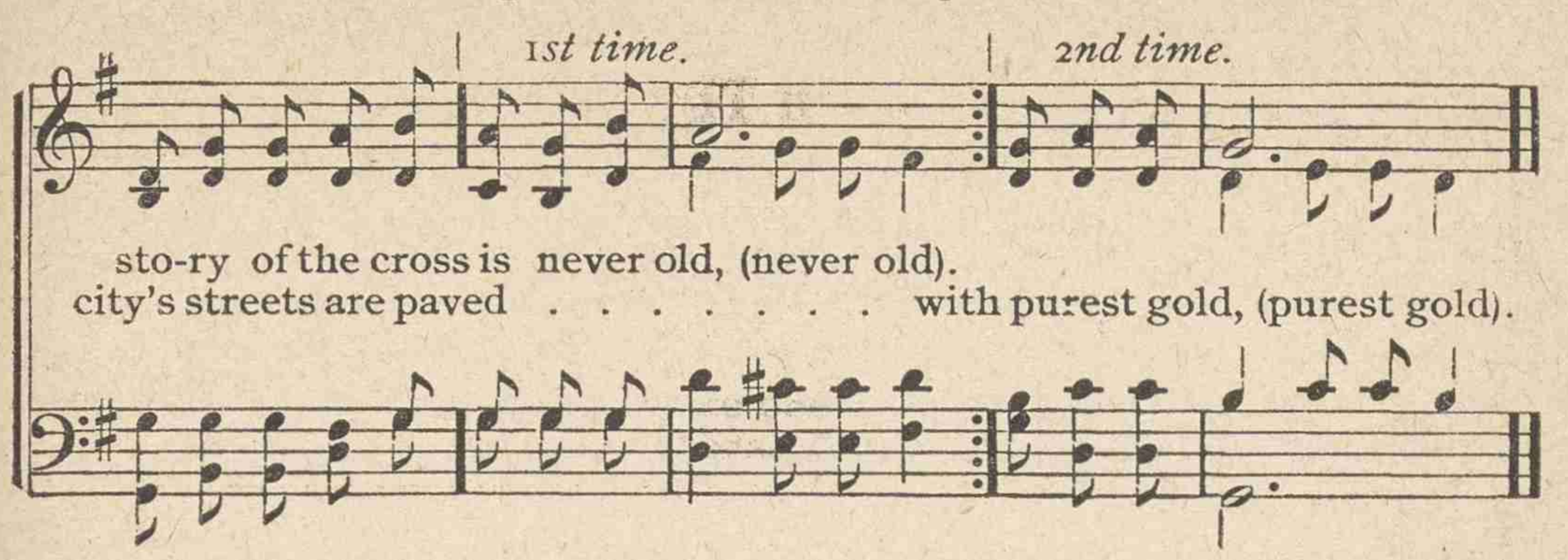
1. There's a song saints are singing, And the angels are ringing Forth the praises of our King, in glad refrain, Of the star and the manger, Of his suff'ring and danger, Even death, that we might live with him again.
2. Here are suff'ring and sadness, There the heart fills with gladness, For the Saviour's love will banish ev'ry fear; Here are heartache and sorrow, There will be no "to-morrow," And the Master's hand will dry each trickling tear.
3. In that cit - y of pleasure We will drink without measure, Of the living waters flowing from the throne, And we'll walk by the riv - er, Ev'ry sigh gone forev - er, At the smil-ing of the ev - er - blessed One.
4. O the thought comes so cheering, That each day we are nearing Certain ending of our wand'rings here below! We will soon cross the river, And there dwell with the Giver Of the bliss the ransomed throng alone will know.

CHORUS.

In a land famed in sto - ry, In a land bright with glory, Where the To that land we are going, Where the tree of life is growing, And the

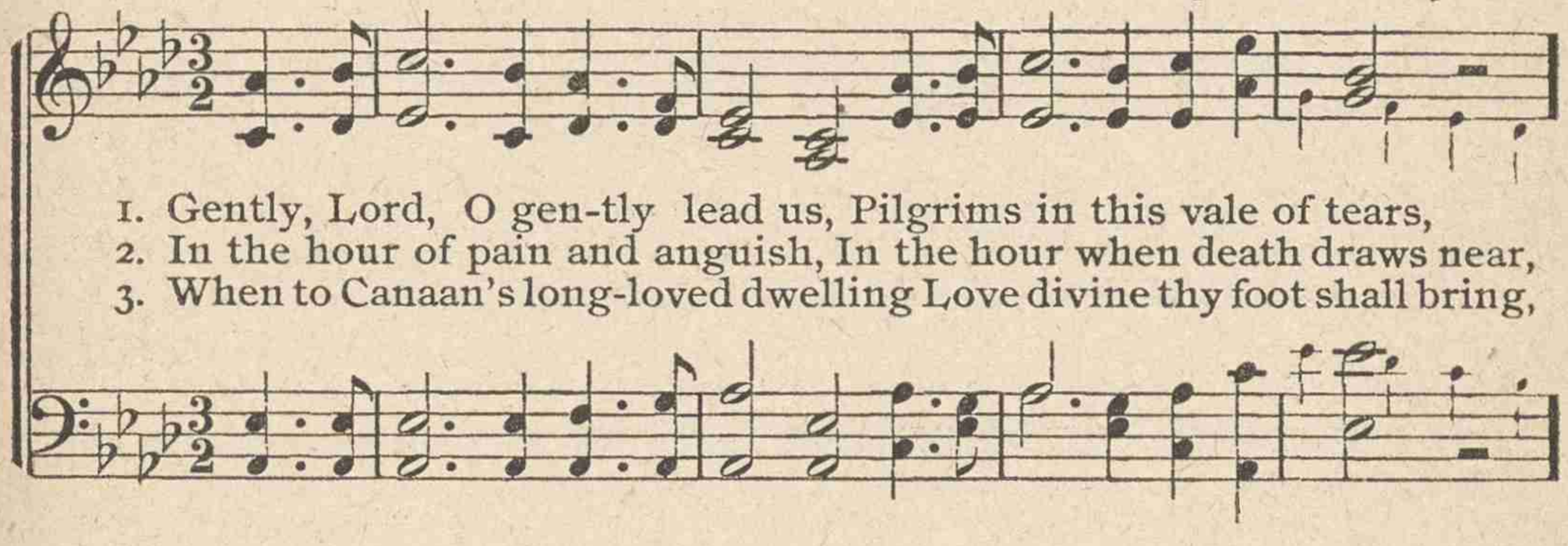
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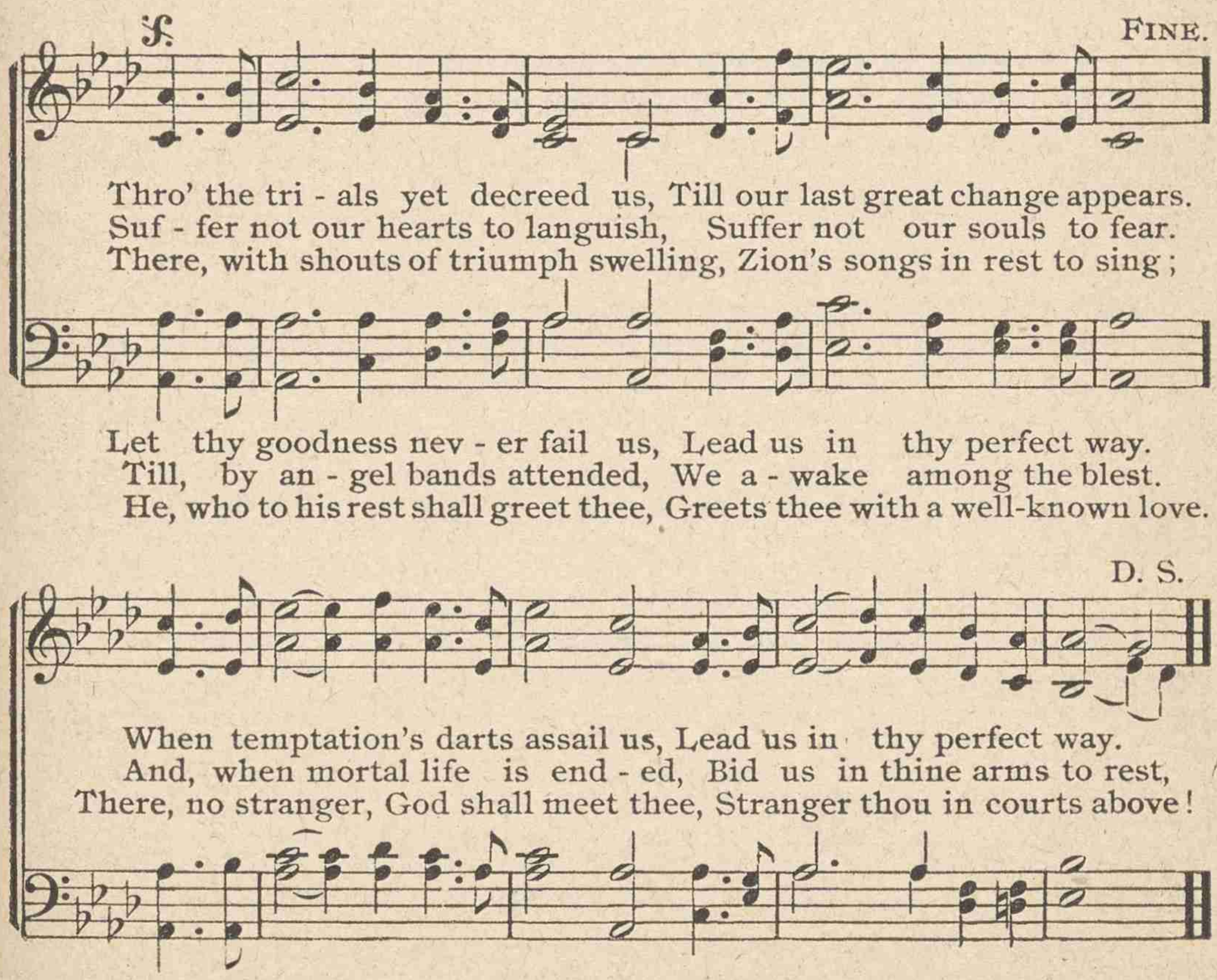
Land Bright With Glory. Concluded.



No. 68. Autumn.

Words by THOMAS HASTINGS. Spanish Melody.





No. 69. Beneath Thy Cross.

Words selected. Music by W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Be - neath the cross I lay me down, And mourn to see thy bloody
2. The rage of Sa - tan and of sin, Of foes without and foes with -
3. Se-cure from harm beneath thy shade, Here death and hell shall ne'er in-
4. Oh, un - mo - lested happy rest! Where inward fears are all sup -

crown; Love drops in blood from ev - 'ry vein; Love
in, Shall ne'er my conquering soul re - move, Or
vade; Nor Si - nai, with its thundering noise, Shall
pressed; Here I shall love and live se - cure, And

CHORUS.

is the spring of all thy pain.
from thy cross, or from thy love.
e'er dis - turb my happier joys.
pa - tiently my cross en - dure.

Beneath thy cross, O Christ, I 'll

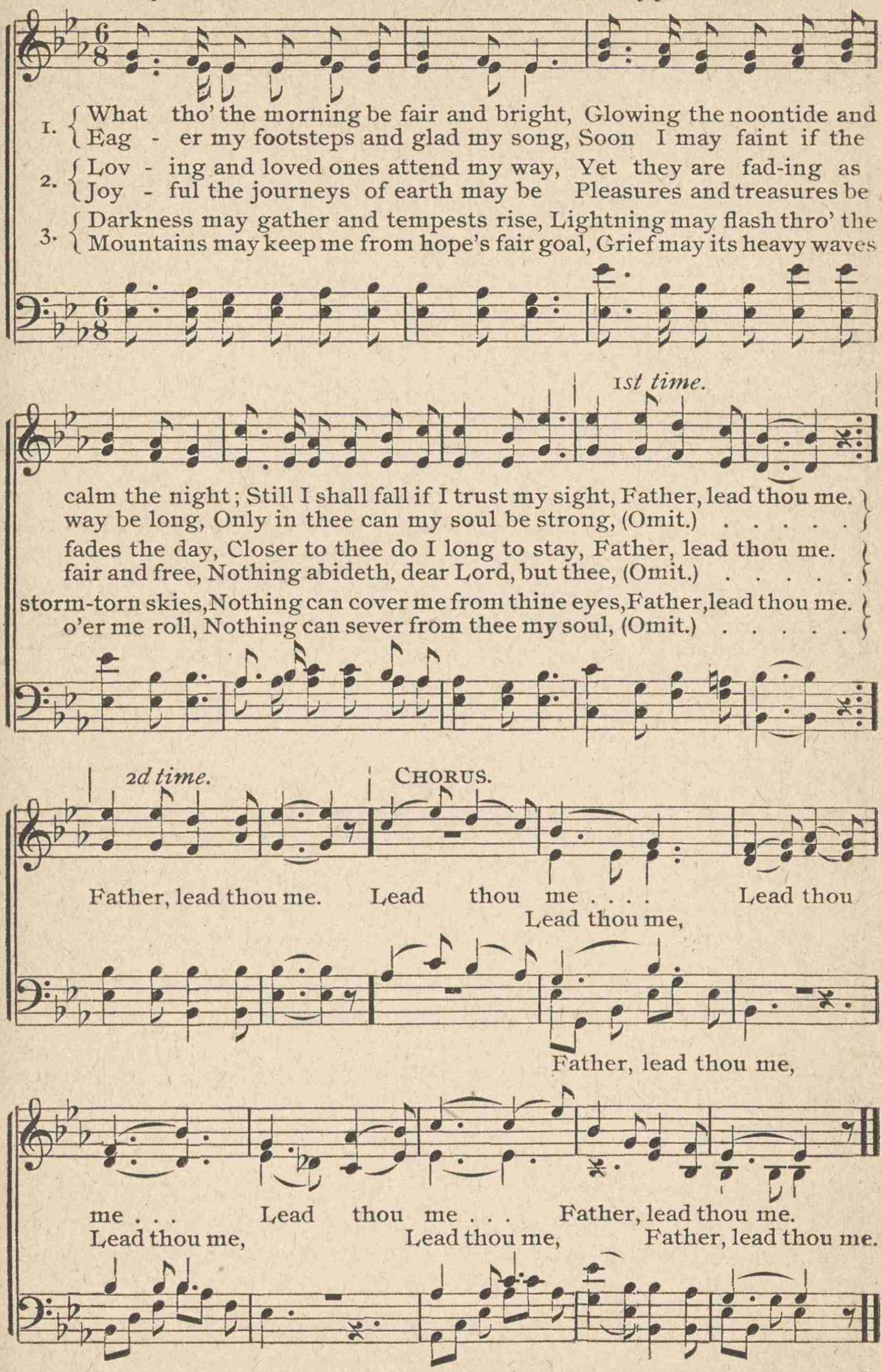
stay, . . And speed my lov-ing hours a - way; I 'll shout and
I 'll stay,

sing, I'm free! I'm free! . . . Since on the cross he died for me.
I'm free!

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No. 70. Father, Lead Thou Me.

Words by MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. What tho' the morning be fair and bright, Glowing the noontide and calm the night; Still I shall fall if I trust my sight, Father, lead thou me.
Eag - er my footsteps and glad my song, Soon I may faint if the way be long, Only in thee can my soul be strong, (Omit.) . . . . .

2. Lov - ing and loved ones attend my way, Yet they are fad-ing as fades the day, Closer to thee do I long to stay, Father, lead thou me.
Joy - ful the journeys of earth may be Pleasures and treasures be fair and free, Nothing abideth, dear Lord, but thee, (Omit.) . . . . .

3. Darkness may gather and tempests rise, Lightning may flash thro' the storm-torn skies, Nothing can cover me from thine eyes, Father, lead thou me.
Mountains may keep me from hope's fair goal, Grief may its heavy waves o'er me roll, Nothing can sever from thee my soul, (Omit.) . . . . .

Father, lead thou me. Lead thou me . . . . Lead thou me, Father, lead thou me,

me . . . Lead thou me . . . Father, lead thou me.
Lead thou me, Lead thou me, Father, lead thou me.

Father, lead thou me, Father, lead thou me, Father, lead thou me.

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 71. O, How Could I Forget Him?

Words tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. Music by DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Oh, how could I for - get him Who ne'er for - get-teth me?
2. Oh, how could I e'er leave him Who is so kind a friend?
3. For - ev - er will I love him Who saw my hopeless plight,

D. C. *Oh, how could I for - get him Who ne'er for - get-teth me?*

Fine.

Or tell the love that let him Come down to set me free?
Or how could ev - er grieve him Who thus to me doth bend?
Who felt my sor-rows move him And brought me life and light:

Or tell the love that let him Come down to set me free?

I lay in dark - est sad - ness, Till he made all things new;
Have I not seen him dy - ing For me on yon - der tree?
Whose arm shall be a - round me When my last hour is come,

D. C.

And still fresh love and glad - ness Flow from that heart so true.
Do I not hear him cry - ing, "A - rise and fol - low me!"
And suf - fer none to wound me, Tho' dark the pas-sage home.

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No. 72. Keep Me, Father.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Keep me, Father, safely keep me, Nev-er let my footsteps stray;
2. Keep me, Father, safely keep me, Till in heav'n I wake a - bove;

Lead me to the fount eternal, There my doubts and fears allay.
Make me pure and good and holy, Spotless make me like the dove.

Keep me, Father, safe - ly keep me, From all dangers on the way,
Keep me, Father, safe - ly keep me, Till the toil of life is o'er,

While I tread the pathway rugged,
Climb the hills to lasting day; While I tread the
Till the angels home shall bear me, Safely to the heav'nly shore; Till the angels

pathway rugged, Climb the hills to lasting day, Climb the hills to lasting day.
home shall bear me Safely to the heav'nly shore, Safely to the heav'nly shore.

Copyright, 1884, by ASA HULL. By permission of Asa Hull

No. 73. Closer to Thee.

Words by J. B. C. Music by I. Baltzell.

1. Draw me, dear Saviour, still clos-er to thee, Clos-er to thee,
2. When I am tempted to wander away, Draw me to thee,
3. When the dark billows of sorrow roll high, Draw me to thee,
4. When to the Jordan of death I am come, Draw me to thee,

clos - er to thee; Near to thy dear bleeding side I would be,
draw me to thee; Nev - er for - sake me by night or by day.
draw me to thee; Let me then know that thy presence is nigh,
draw me to thee; Car - ry me safe to my heav-en - ly home.

CHORUS.

Draw me still clos-er to thee. Clos - er to thee,
Draw me still clos-er to thee.
Draw me still clos-er to thee.
Draw me for - ev - er to thee. Closer to thee, yes, closer to thee,

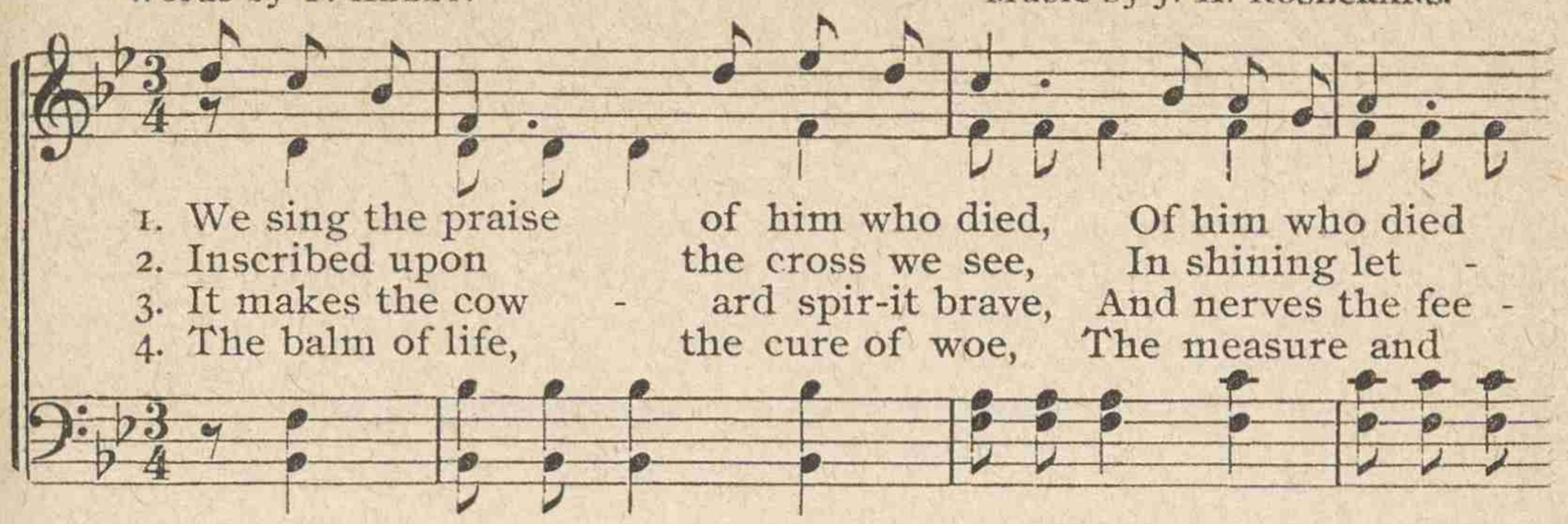
Clos - er to thee . . . Clos - er to
Clos - er to thee, yes, clos - er to thee, Clos-er to thee, yes,
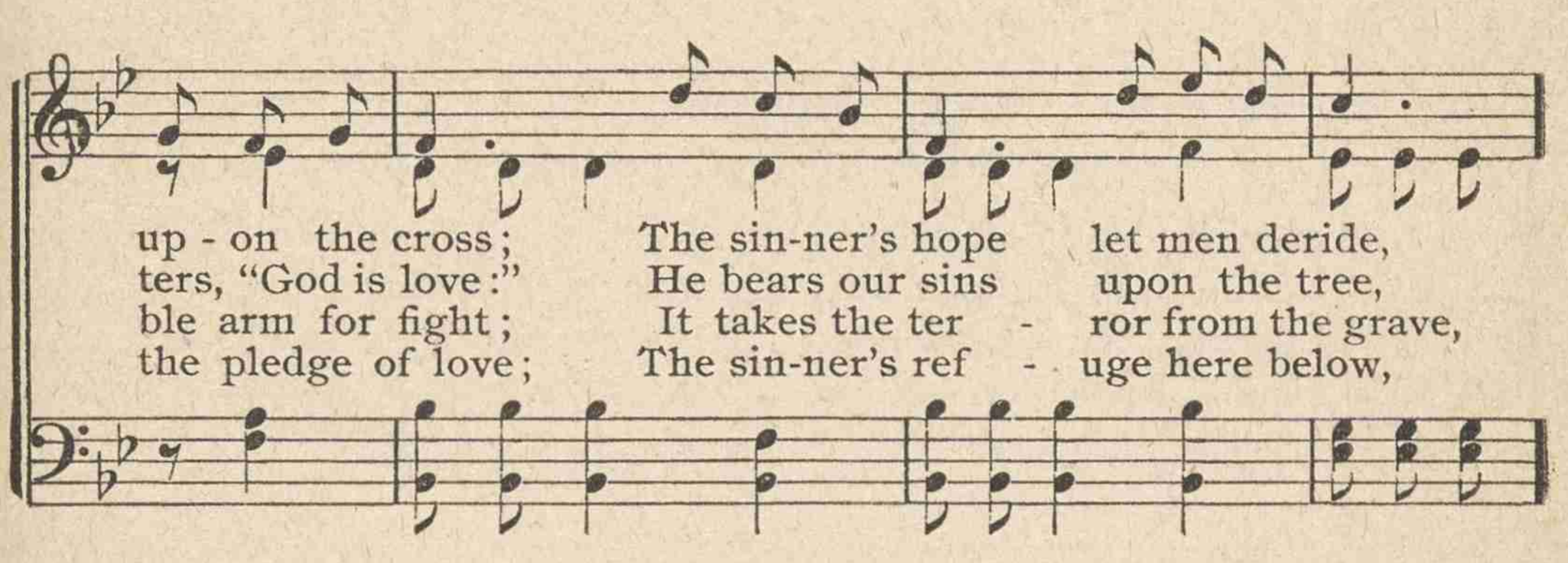
thee . . . . . Draw me still clos - er to thee.
clos - er to thee,

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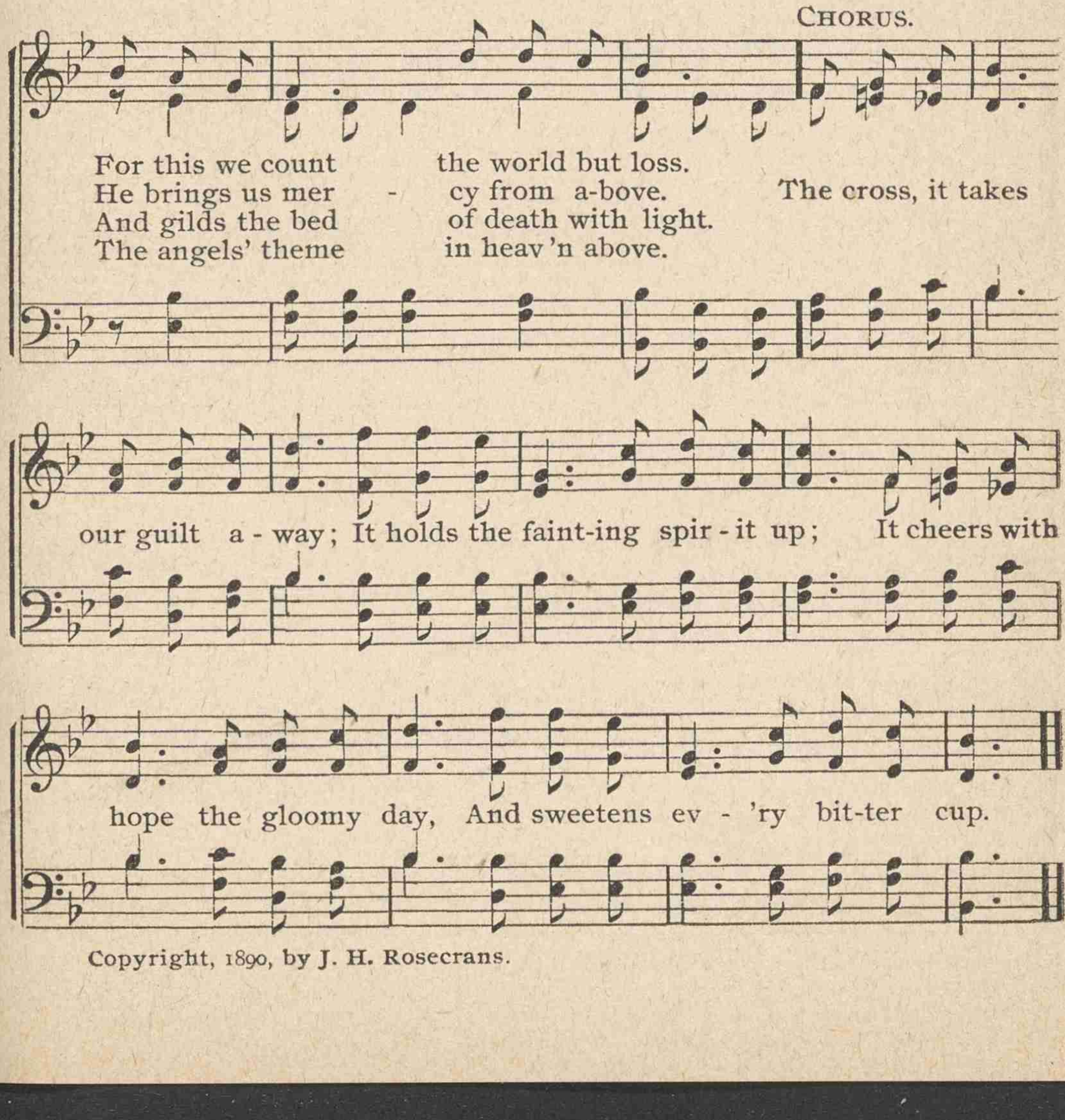
No. 74. Sing the Praise of Jesus.

Words by T. KELLY. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.





CHORUS.



Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 75. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

Words by E. JOHNSON. Music by 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 how oft-en they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

CHORUS.

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

By permission.

No. 76. Follow Me.

Words and Music by MRS. J. V. COOMBS.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion Which the Lord extends to thee?
2. Now the call to you is giv - en, From your sins would you be free?
3. Still the gos-pel call is sounding, Will you heed the earnest plea?

It has sounded down the a - ges, "Leave the world and follow me."
Hear the Saviour gent-ly pleading, "Leave the world and follow me."
Je - sus calls you gent-ly, sweet-ly, "Leave the world and follow me."

CHORUS.

Fol-low me, Fol-low me, I will lead thee
Fol - low me, Fol-low me, I will lead
all the way, We will fol - low,
thee, lead thee all the way, We will fol - low,
We will fol - low, To the realms of end - less day.
We will fol-low,

From "The Gospel Call," by per.

No. 77. More Like Thine.

Words by FANNY DAVISON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Such a lit - tle thing we thought it, Just a word, an idle word,
2. Such a tri - fling lit - tle action, Just a deed, an unkind deed,
3. Words and deeds are oft immortal, And the words and deeds unjust,
4. If we seek to be like Je-sus, Love will guard our words and ways;

But 't was like a poisoned arrow In the heart of one who heard.
But how great the pain and sorrow Springing from that little seed.
Still may speed a - long the a-ges When our lips and hands are dust.
Wis - er then will be our liv-ing, Near-er him through endless days.

CHORUS.

Sa - viour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine,

Sa - viour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine.

Coypright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 78. One By One.

Words by E. RINEHART. Music by ASA HULL.

1. One by one are au - tumn leaves Borne away on win-try breeze;
2. One by one the stars of night Dis - ap - pear with morning light;
3. One by one are voices hushed, Earthly joys and hopes are crushed;
4. One by one our friends pass o'er, To the bright and peaceful shore;

Rit - - - - -

Thus we pass from earth away, This life is fleet - ing as a day.
Thus the fee - ble, earthly ray Is lost in blaze of endless day.
Both the tim - id and the brave Are laid within the si - lent grave.
And they join in glad surprise, The glorious anthem of the skies.

CHORUS.

One by one . . . One by one . . . One by one we pass away,
One by one, One by one,
This life is fleet-ing as a day, This life is fleeting as a day.

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No. 79. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Words by H. F. LYTE. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET. (*Alto and Tenor.*)

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, It has left my Saviour too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, disaster, scorn and pain;

I am poor, despised, for-saken—Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, untrue.
In thy serv-ice, pain is pleasure; With thy fa - vor, loss is gain.

QUARTET.

Per-ish ev - 'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped and known;
Whilst thy graces shall a-dorn me, God of wisdom, love and might,
I have called thee, Ab-ba, Fa-ther; I have set my heart on thee;
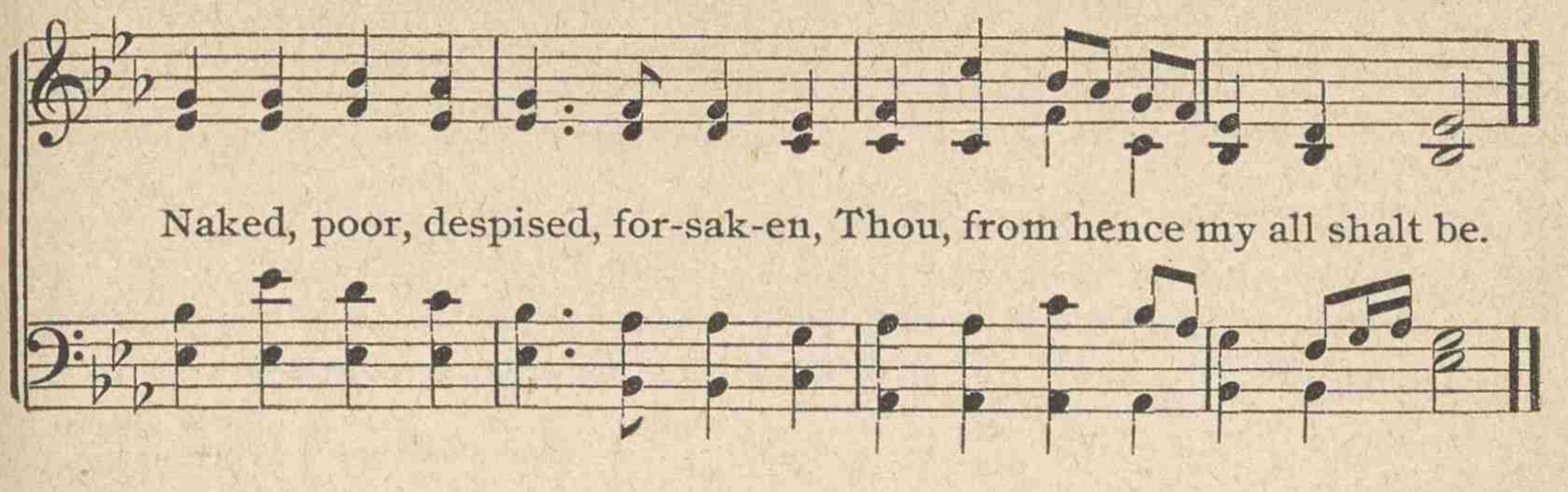
Yet how rich is my con - dition—God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me—Show thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All will work for good to me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol-low thee;

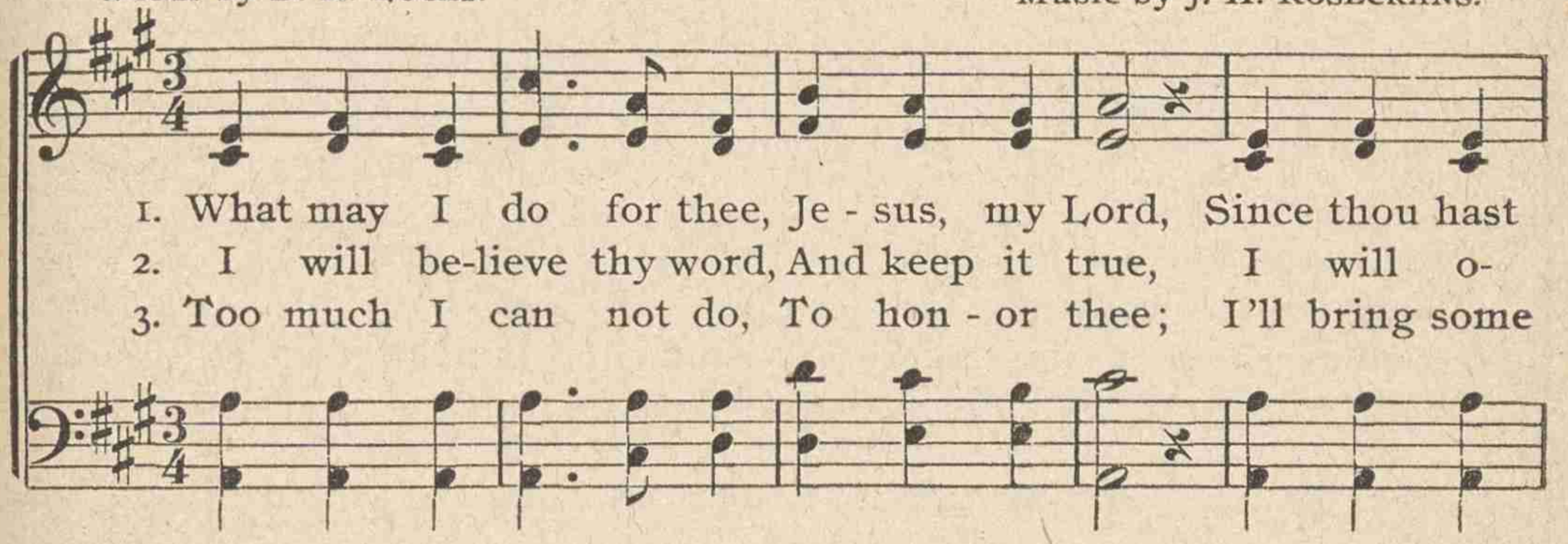
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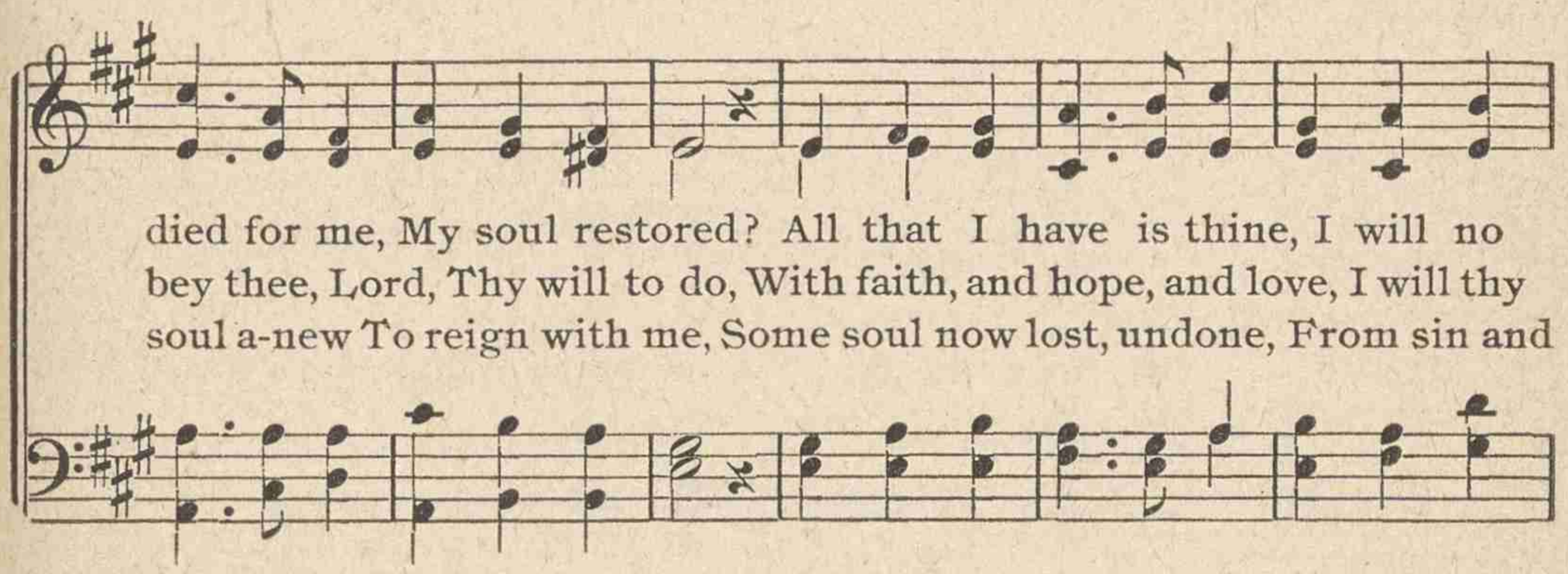
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken. Concluded.
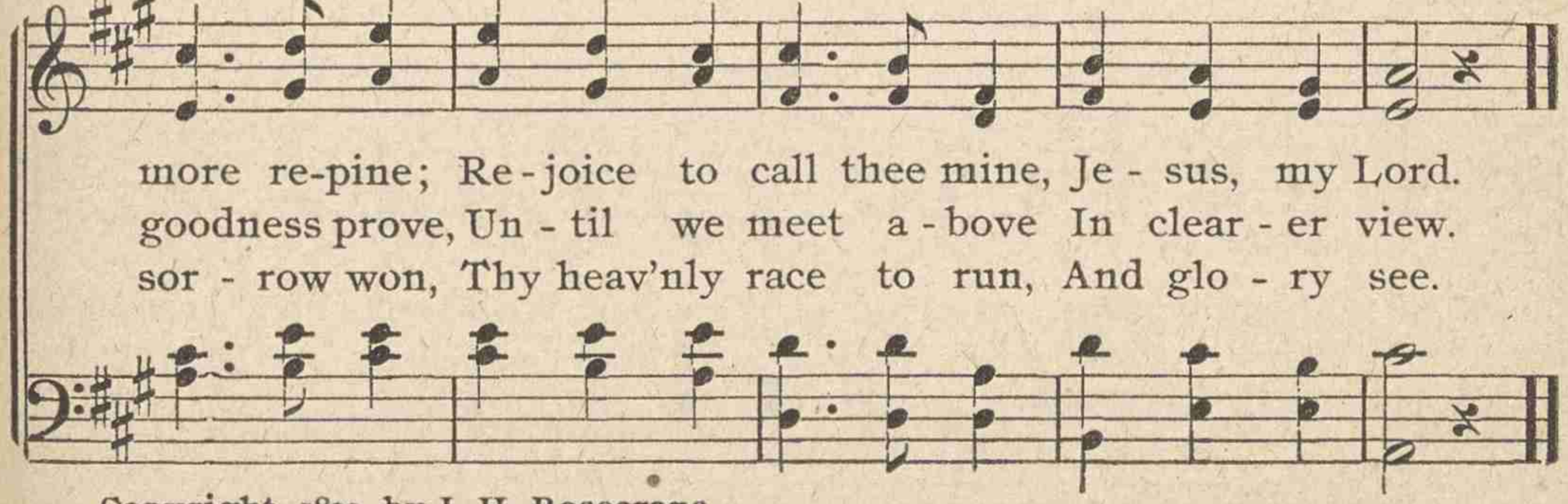


No. 80. What May I Do For Thee?

Words by D. R. LUCAS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.
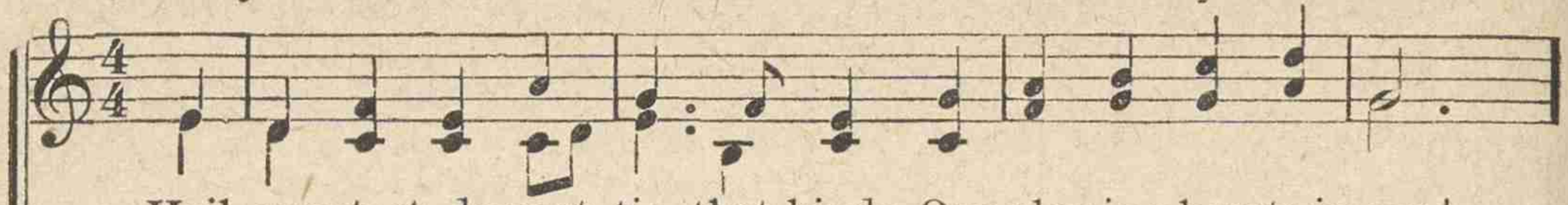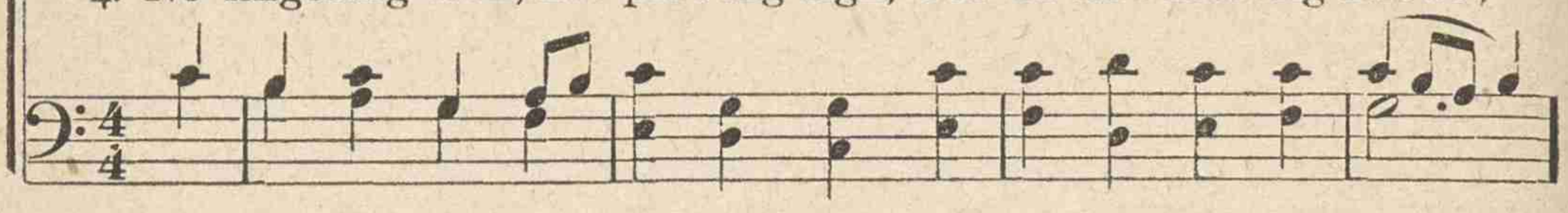






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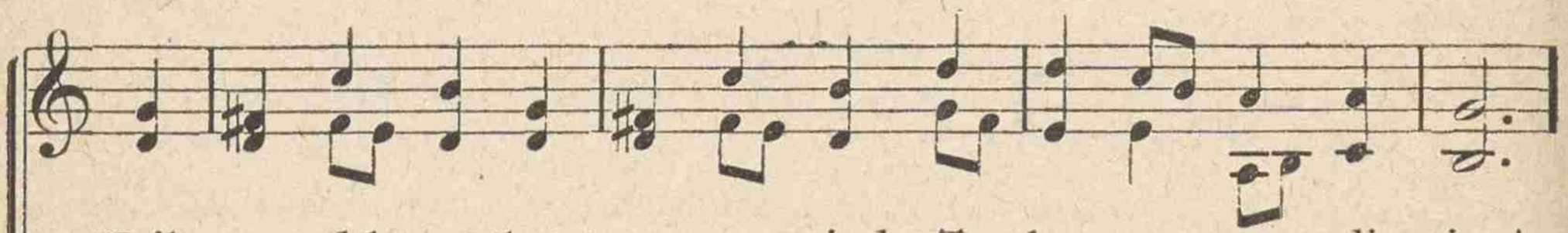
No. 81. The Blissful Hope.

Words by SUTTON. Music by SAMUEL SMITH.
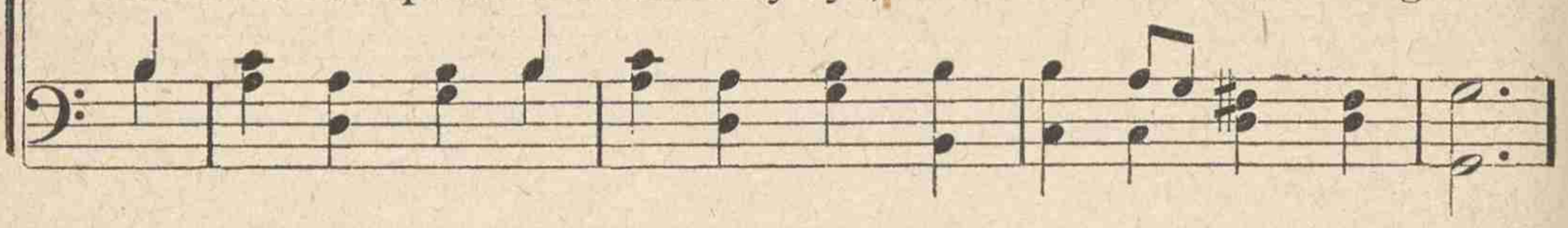


1. Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds Our glowing hearts in one!
2. What tho' the northern win-try blast Shall howl around our cot!
3. From eastern shores, from northern lands, From western hill and plain;
4. No lingering look, nor part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meeting knows;
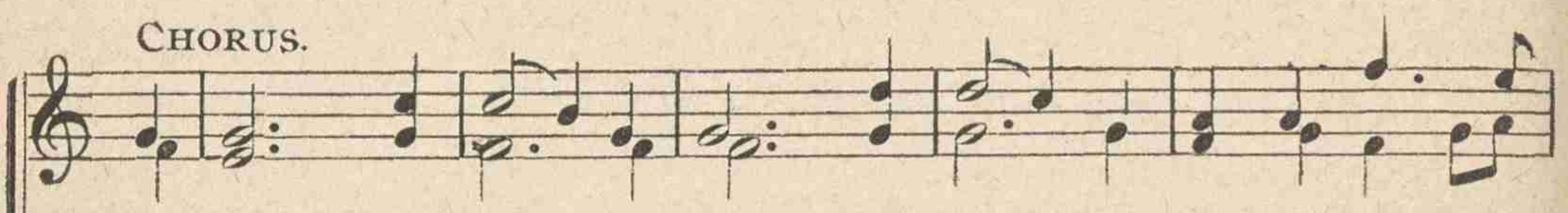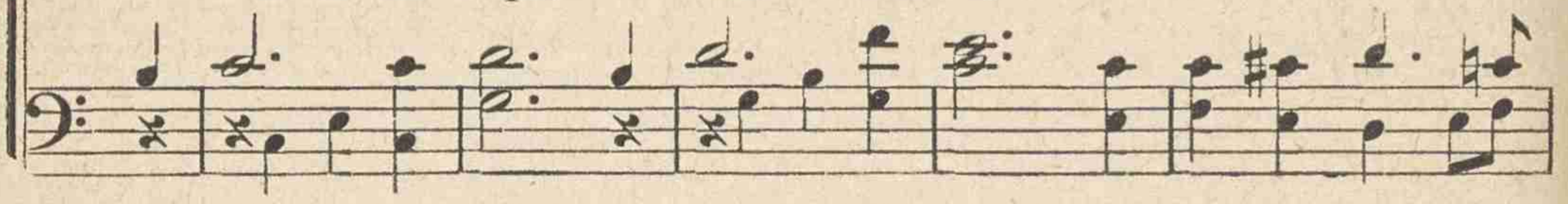




Hail, sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds, To har-mon - y di - vine!
What tho' be-neath an east - ern sun Be cast our dis - tant lot!
From southern climes, the brother-bands May hope to meet a - gain.
There friendship beams from every eye, And love im - mor - tal glows.



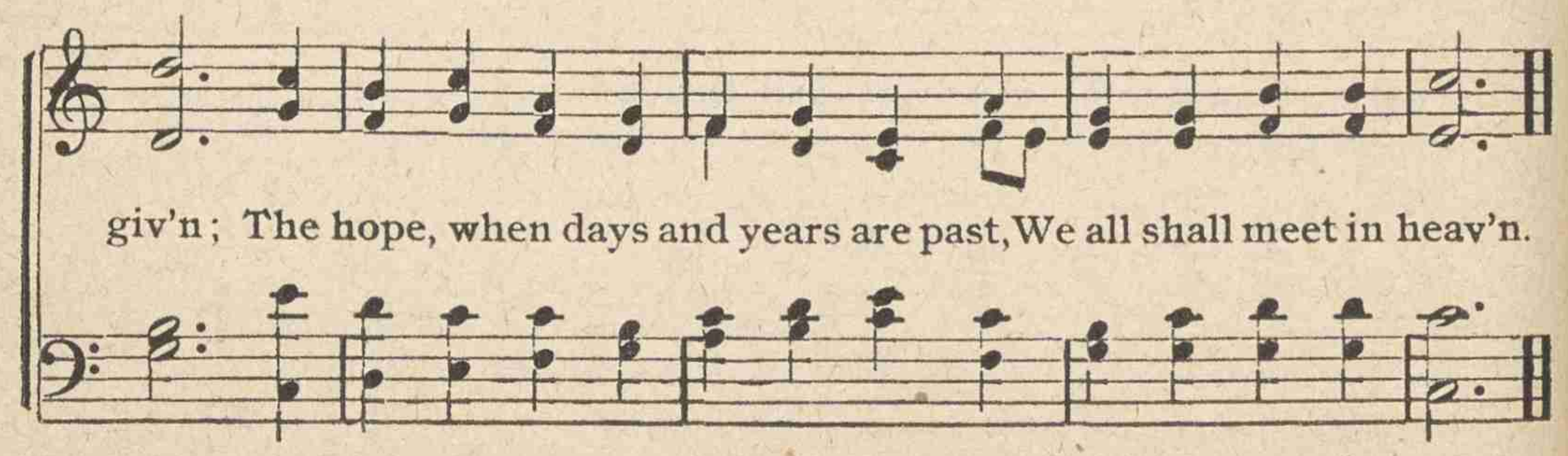
CHORUS.



It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Jesus' grace has
It is the hope, the blissful hope,

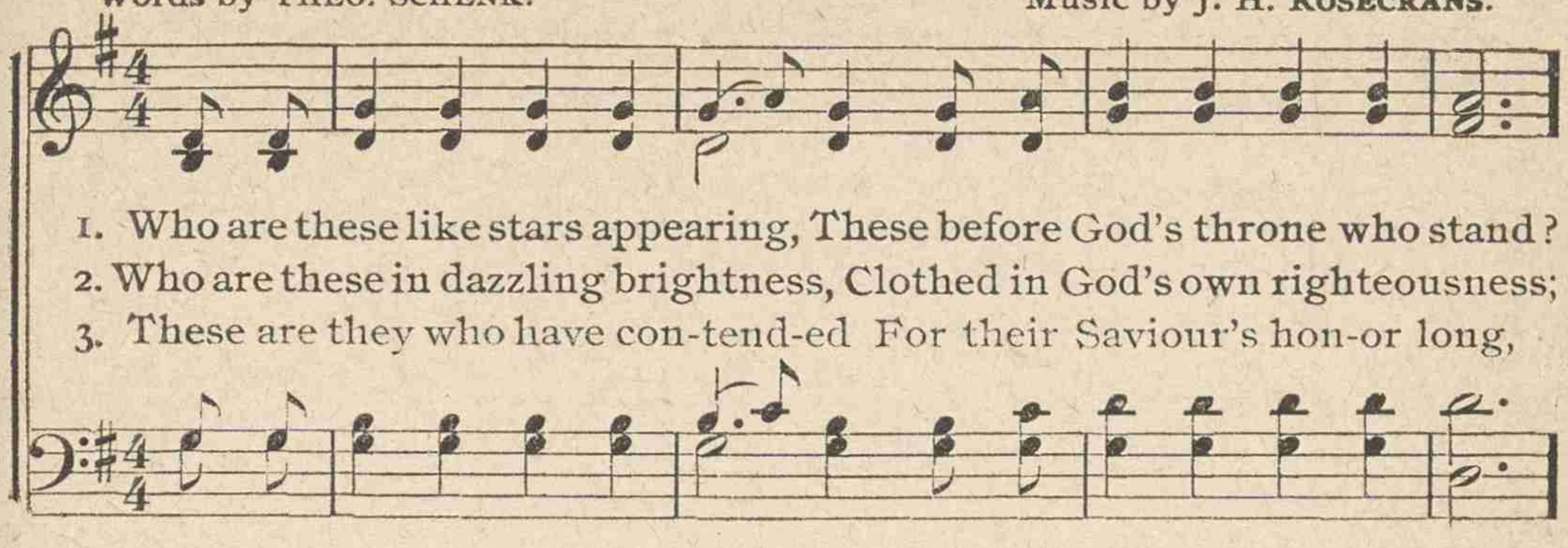


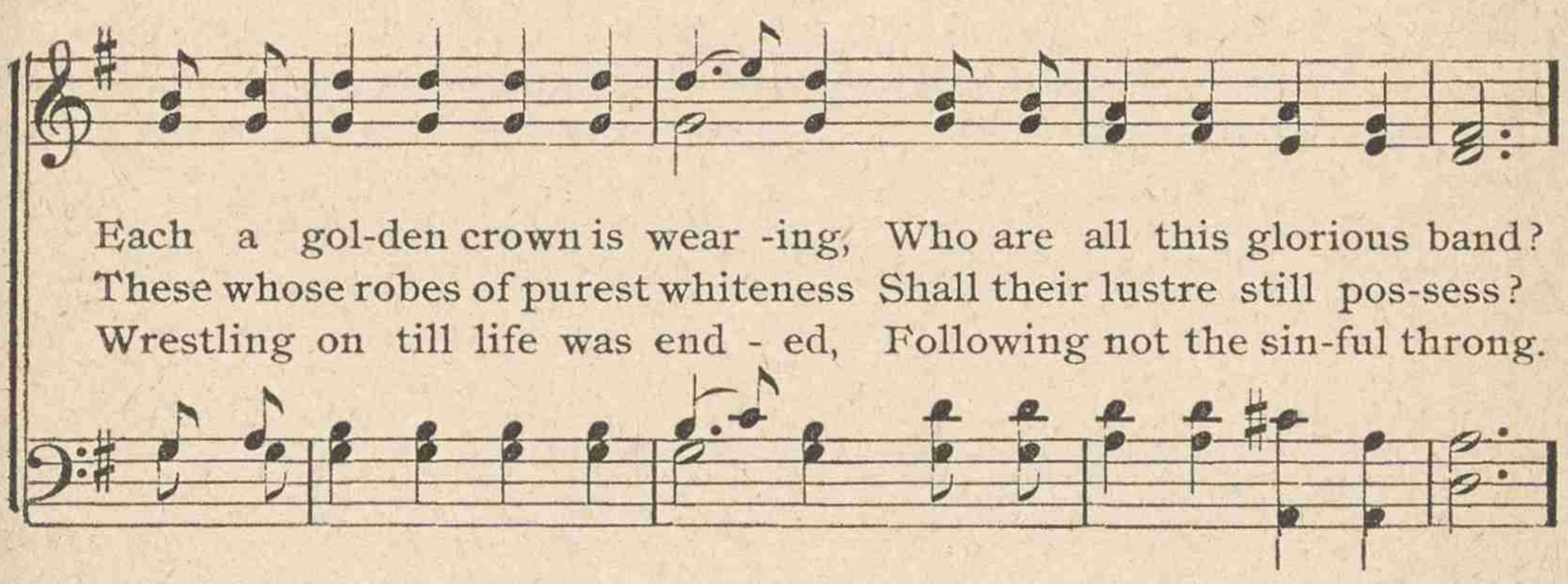
giv'n; The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.
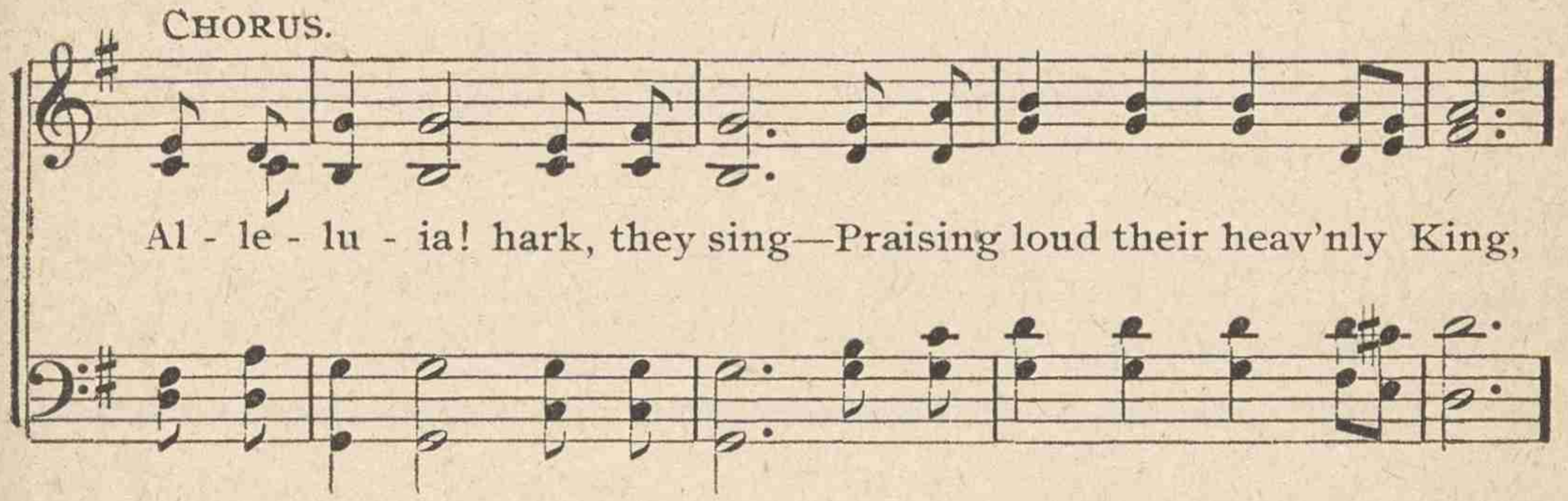


No. 82. Alleluia! Hark, They Sing.

Words by THEO. SCHENK. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



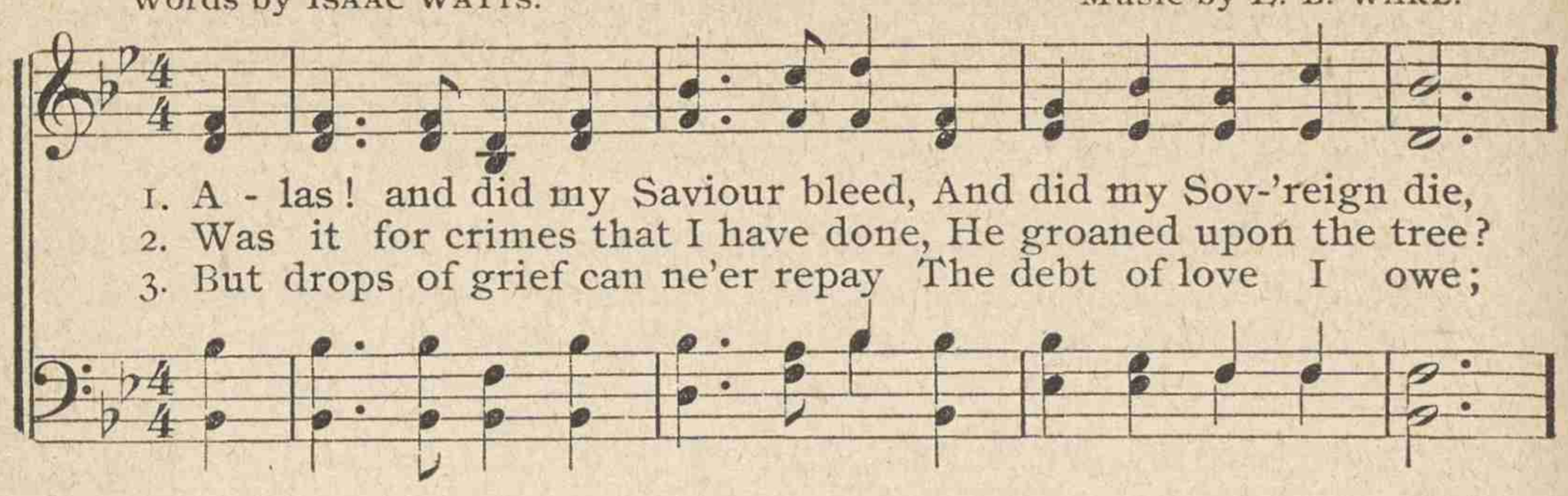


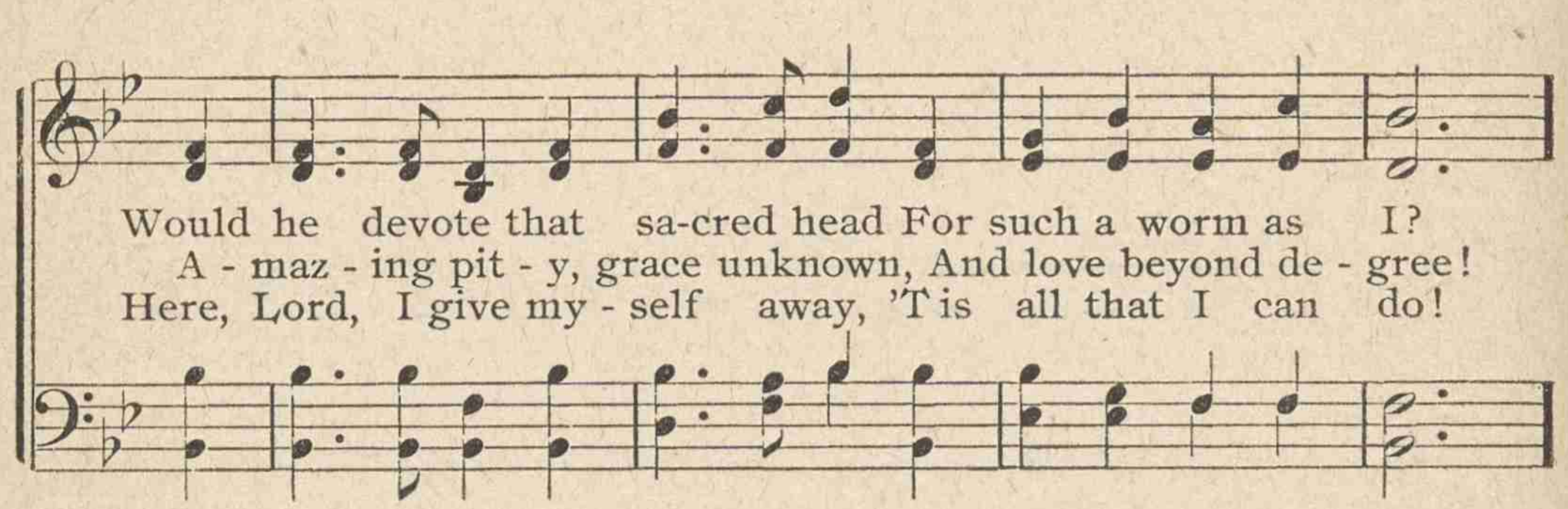


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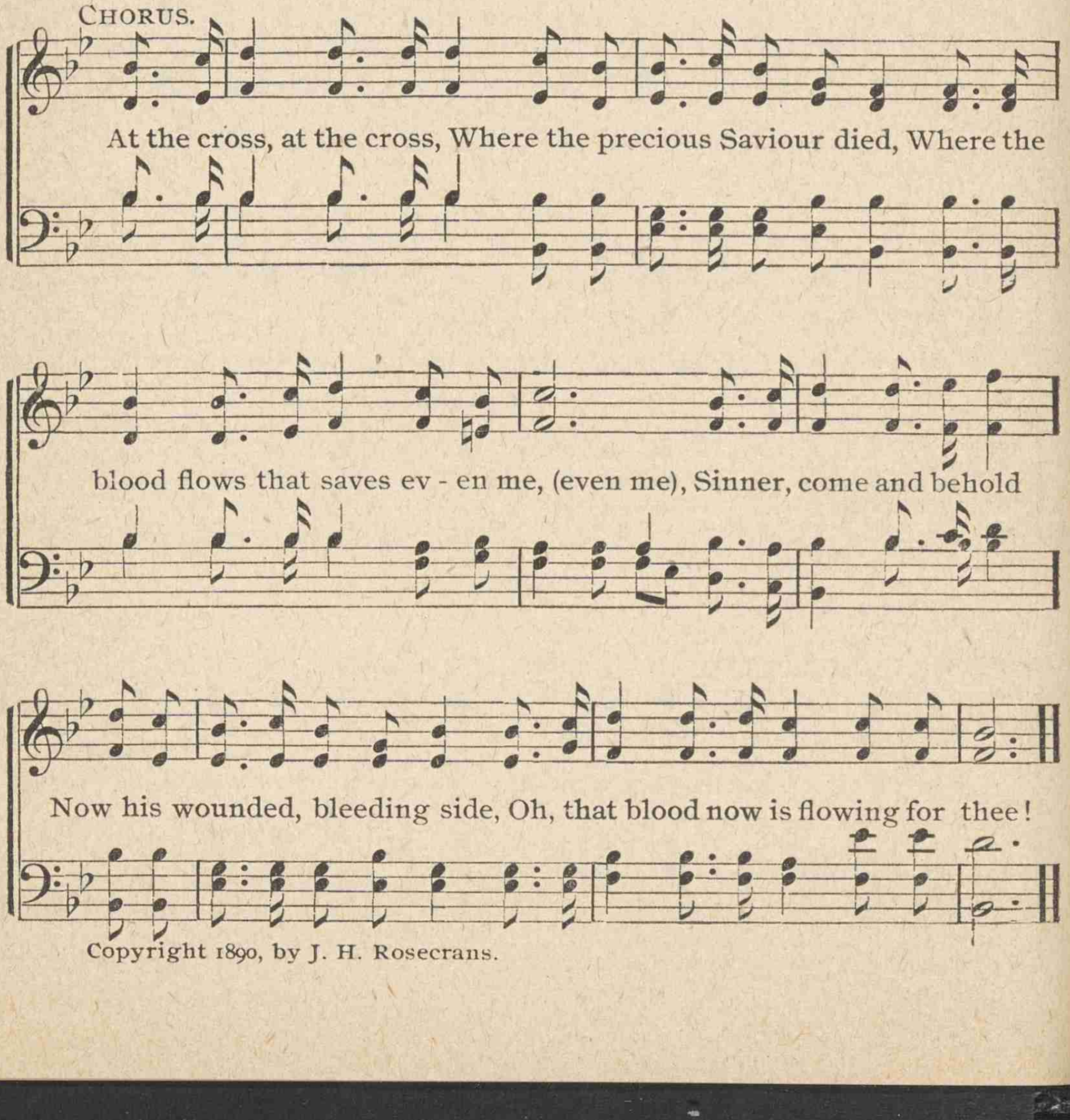
No. 83. At the Cross Where Jesus Died.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by E. B. WARE.





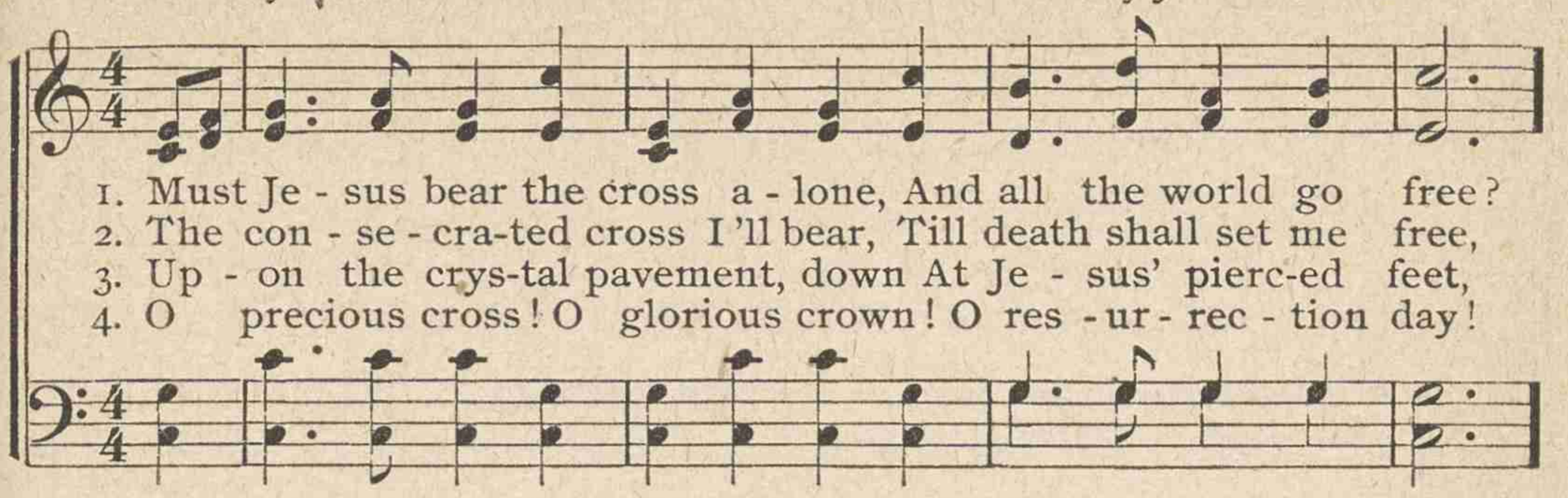
CHORUS.
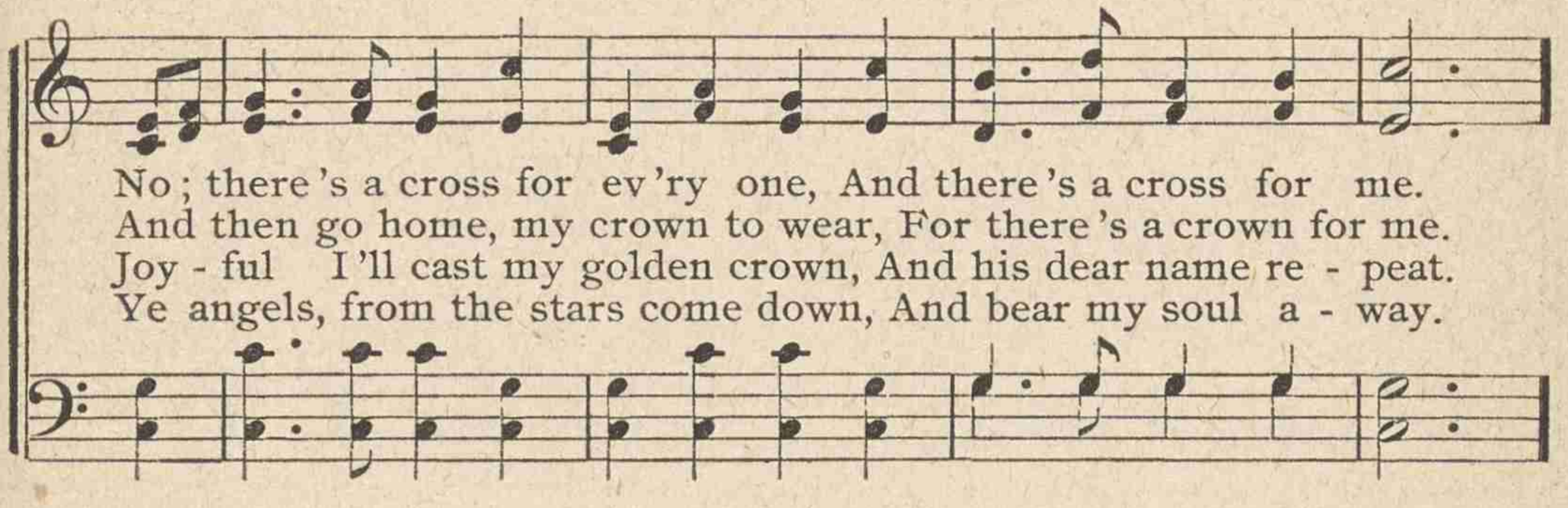


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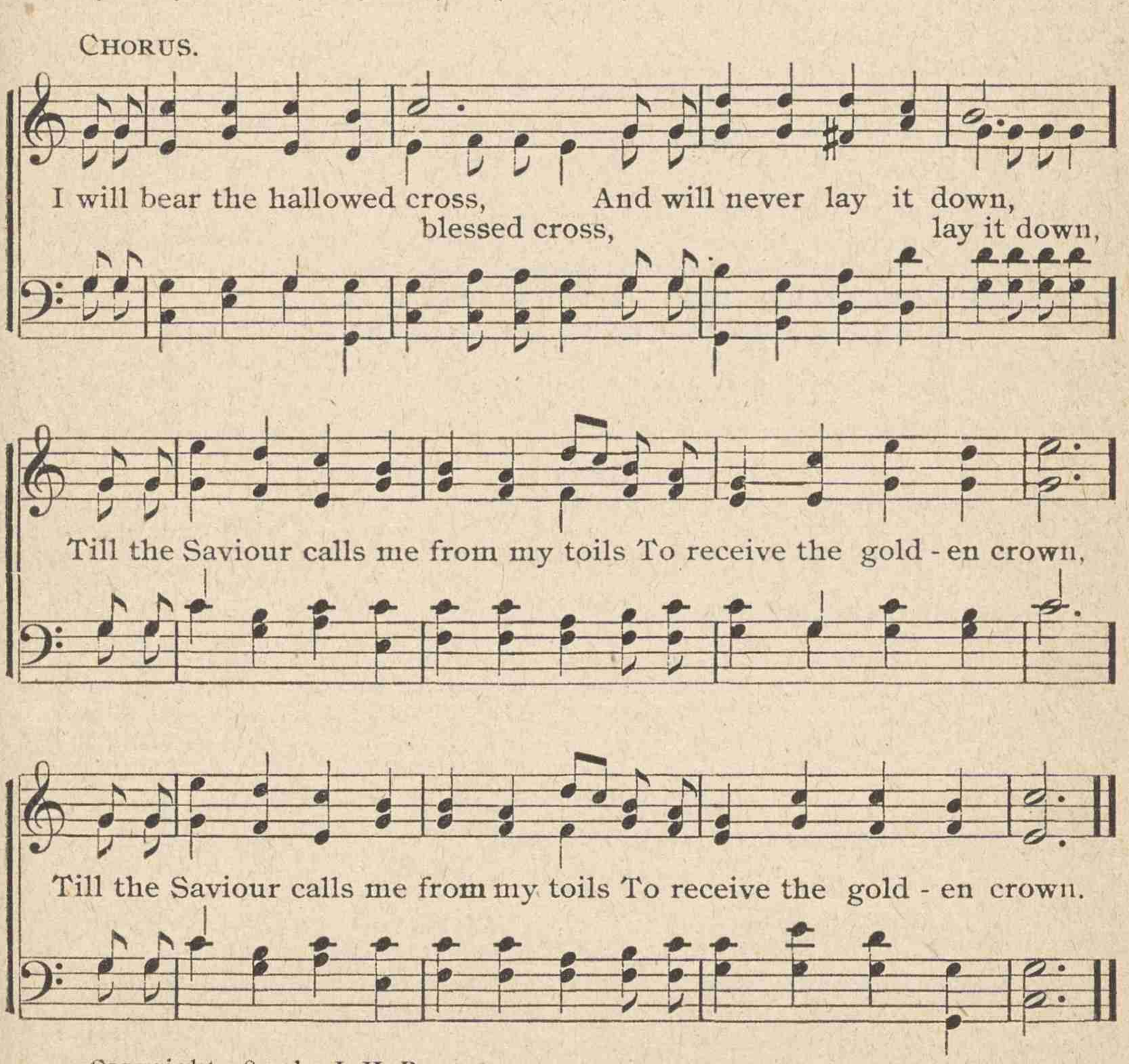
No. 84. I'll Bear the Cross.

Words by T. SHEPHERD. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.





CHORUS.



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No. 85. Work, Brother.

Words by MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Have you worked in the Master's vineyard? Have you led to the
2. Have you worked in the Master's vineyard? Have you sought by your
3. Is the light of your lamp a bea-con That will guide the
4- Have you shel-tered the poor and needy? Have you brightened their

nar - row way A - ny faint - ing and falt - 'ring broth - er,
life to prove That you walk in the nar - row path-way,
wand'rers home? Have you laid up a gold - en har - vest
hearts and homes? Can you of - fer the sheaves of glad - ness

CHORUS.

Who has gone from the fold a - stray?
That you trust in the Sav-iour's love? Work, brother, for the Master
For the life in the world to come?
When the Lord of the har - vest comes?

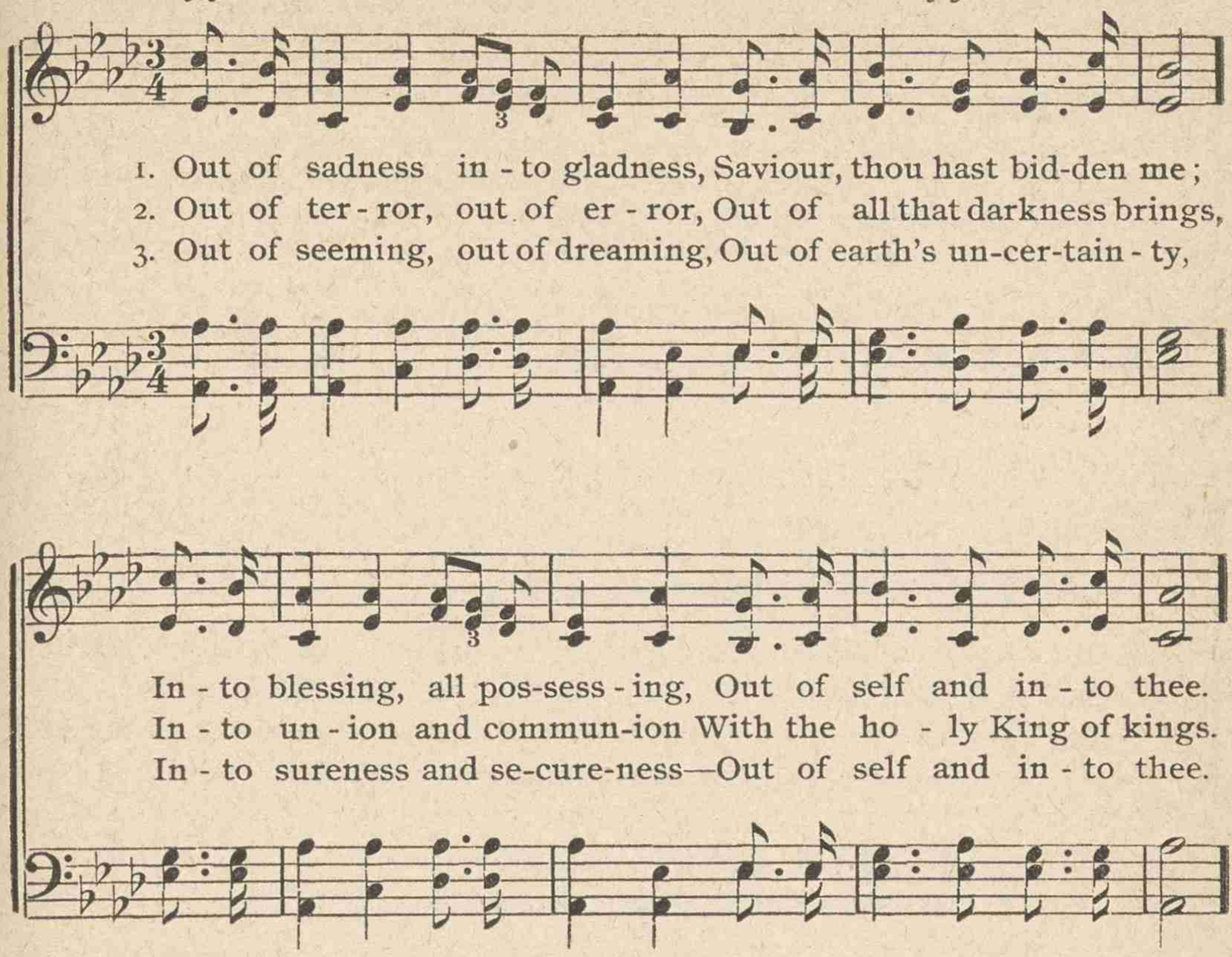
com-eth; Work, broth-er, he will say to thee: "For thee I

left the realms of glo - ry, What hast thou done for me?"

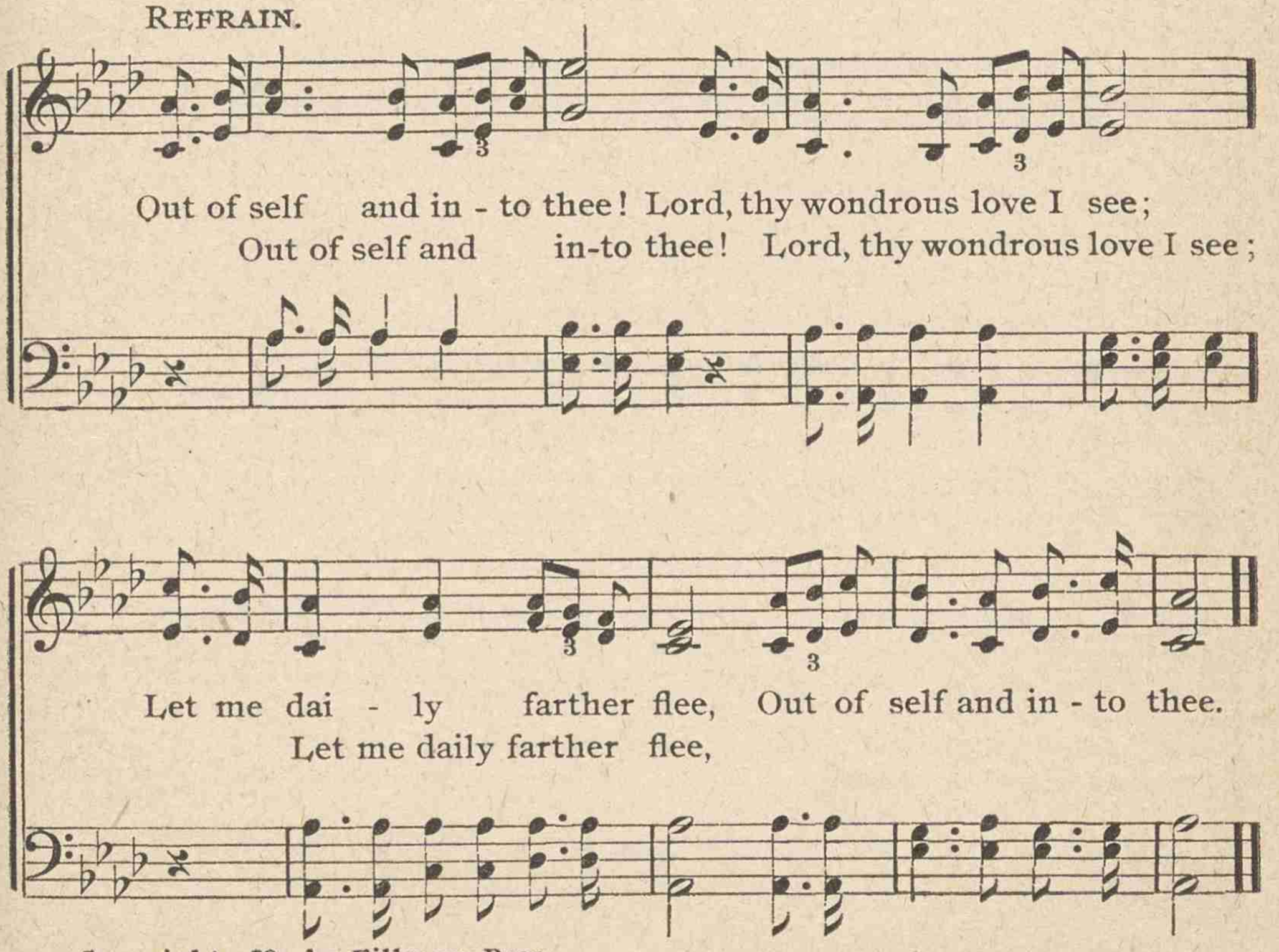
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No. 86. Out of Self and Into Thee.

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



REFRAIN.



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No. 87. Jesus is Coming Again.

Words and Music by J. H. PAINTER.

1. Oh, I wonder when Je-sus is com-ing a-gain, His waiting be-
2. Oh, when will the an-gels their shouting begin, When Jesus our
3. Many loved ones will meet us and cheer our glad souls, Our joys will be
4. Oh sin-ner, de-lay not, the time is too near, It may be e'en

liev-ers to bless; And gath-er to heav-en his faithful ones then,
Sa-viour will come To con-quer for-ev-er the kingdom of sin,
full then I know; Halle-lu-jahs will ring when we enter the goal,
now at your door; Oh, come to the Saviour, there's nothing to fear,

D. S. *Oh, brother re-joice for the promise is sure,*

Fine. CHORUS.

And give them sweet heavenly rest?
And take all his chosen ones home? Oh, Je-sus is com-ing a-
Oh, Christian, be read-y to go! Oh, Je-sus is
While Jesus is walking be-fore!

Yes, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.

D. S.

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

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No. 88. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

Words by JOHN BURTON. Music by VON WEBER.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sa-viour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suff'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom;

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun-ish or re - ward.
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can triumph ov - er death.
Oh, thou Ho - ly Book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Blessed Word of the Lord, To mortals re-
Blessed Word of the Lord,
veal - ing God's won-der-ful love, Book divine, thou art
Book divine,
mine to guide me in safe - ty to heav-en a - bove.
thou art mine

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No. 89. Onward Christian Soldiers.

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

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thorns may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

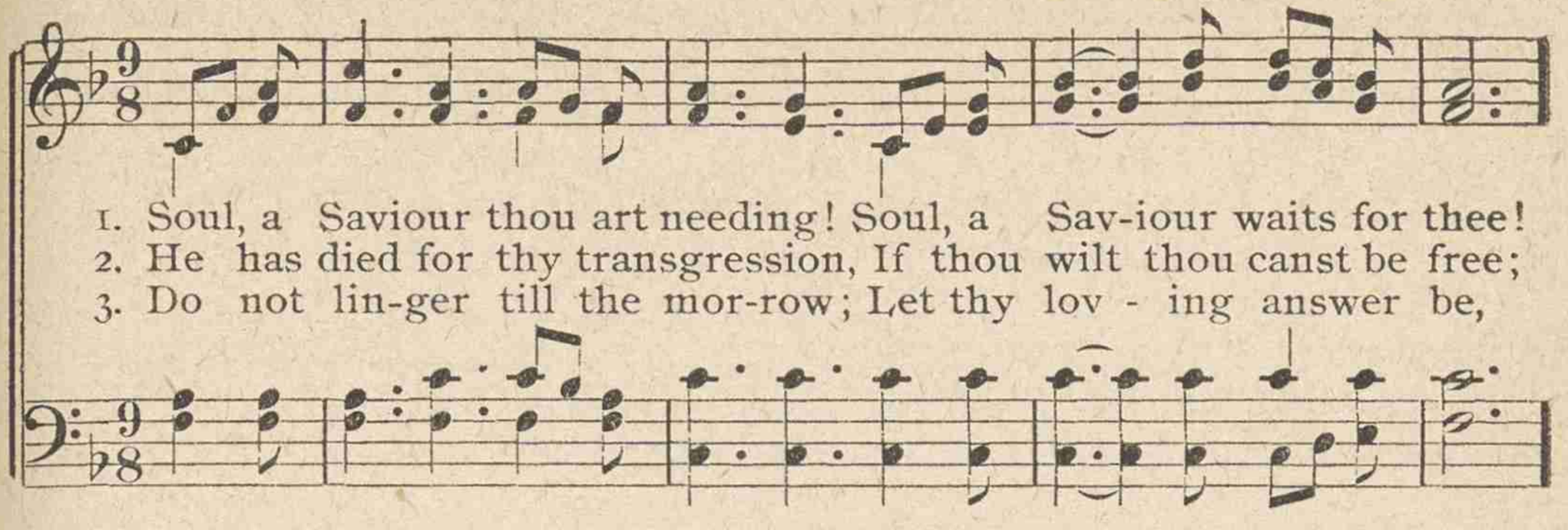
REFRAIN.
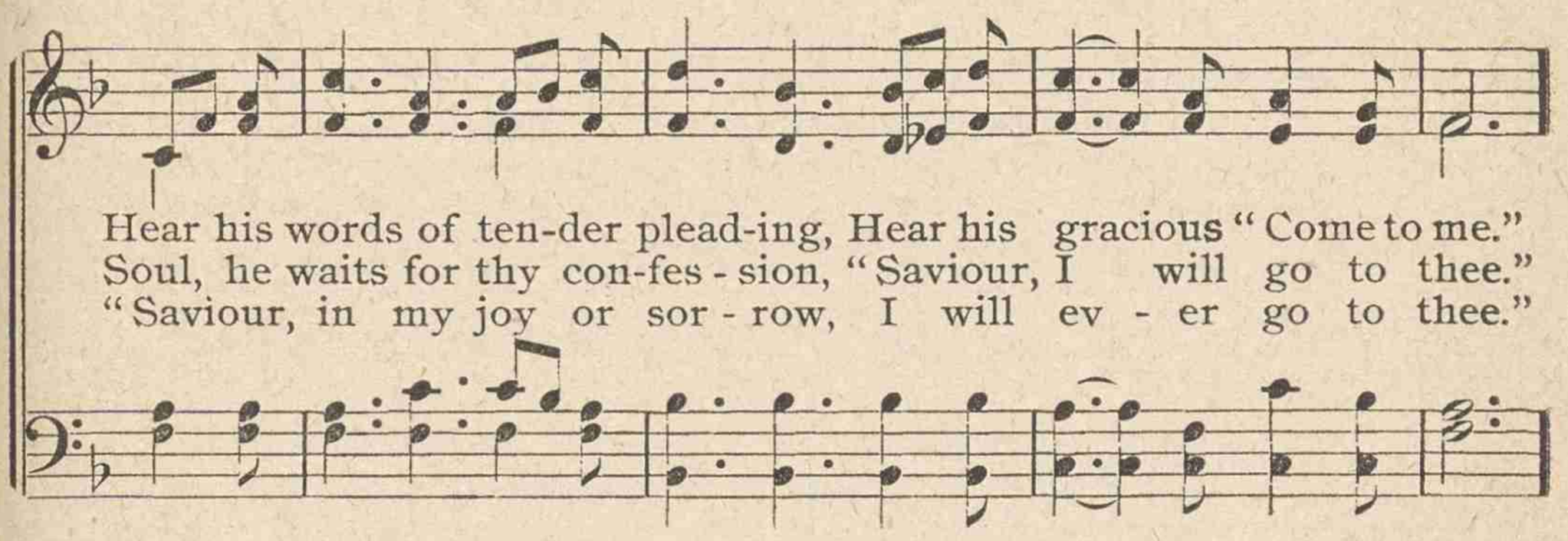
ban - ners go!
char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.
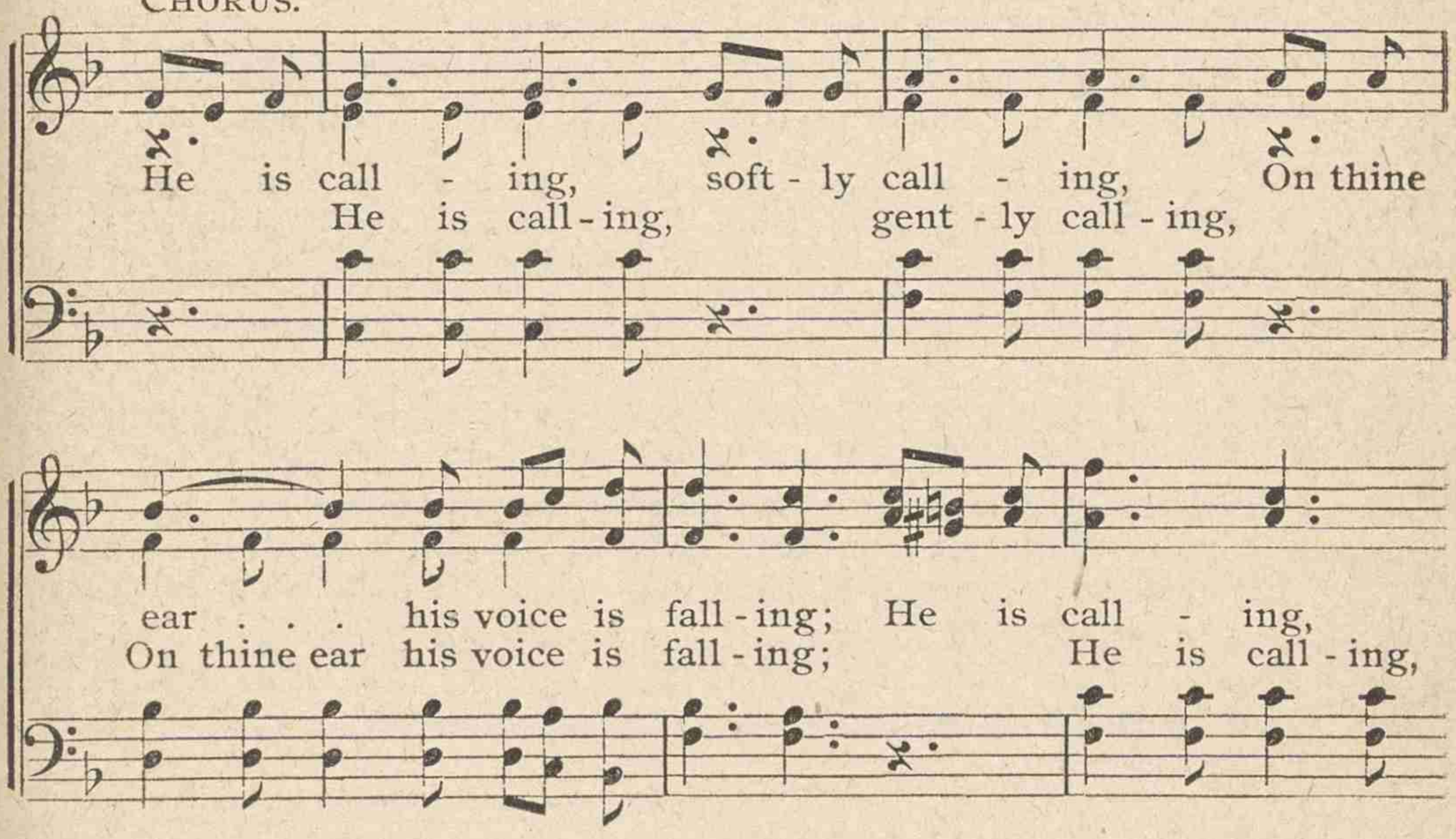
No. 90. He is Calling.
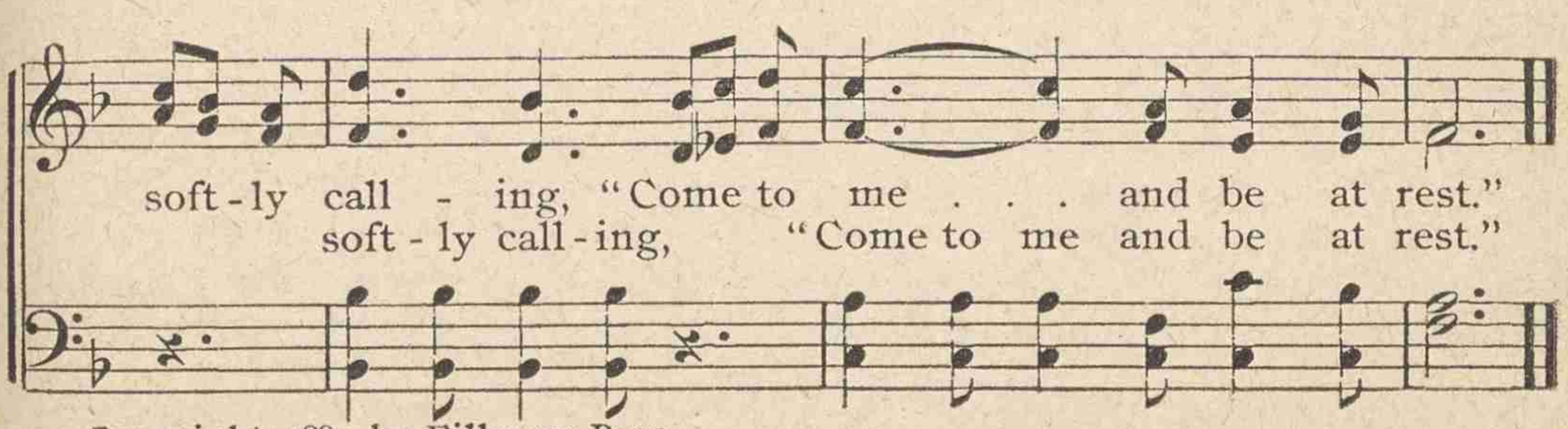
Words by JESSIE H. BROWN. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.





CHORUS.





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No. 91. Is my Name Written There?

Words by M. A. KIDDER. Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

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

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold;
But thy blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com-eth, To de - spoil what is fair,

Fine.

Tell me Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be white as snow.
Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Is my name writ - ten there?

In the book of thy Kingdom, Is my name writ - ten there?

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

By permission.

No. 92. Songs of Jesus.

Words by D. R. LUCAS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How sweet are the songs of Jesus, Of ten - der - est mel - o - dy,
2. No songs like the songs of Jesus, To light-en the wear-y heart,
3. Had we not the songs of Jesus, How sad all the world would be,
4. Then hail to the songs of Jesus! And welcome their joyous strains,

The hope of the heart to wak - en, Oh, sing them, yes, sing for me.
Its bur-dens of pain to less - en, Or bid them far hence to depart.
Our hope would be lost in darkness, And life lose its mel - o - dy.
The songs of that wondrous sto-ry, How Je - sus in triumph reigns!

CHORUS.

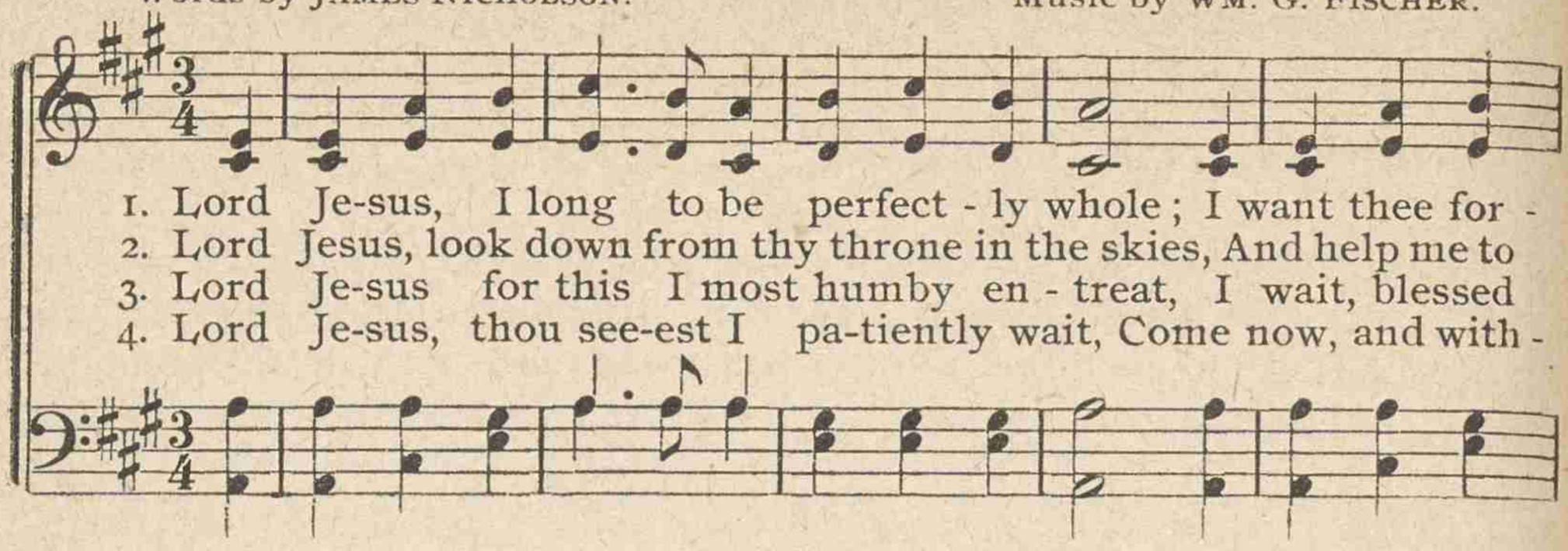
Sweet songs, songs of Jesus, Sweet songs, in mel-o - dy,
Beautiful, beautiful songs of Jesus, Beautiful, beautiful, in mel-o - dy,
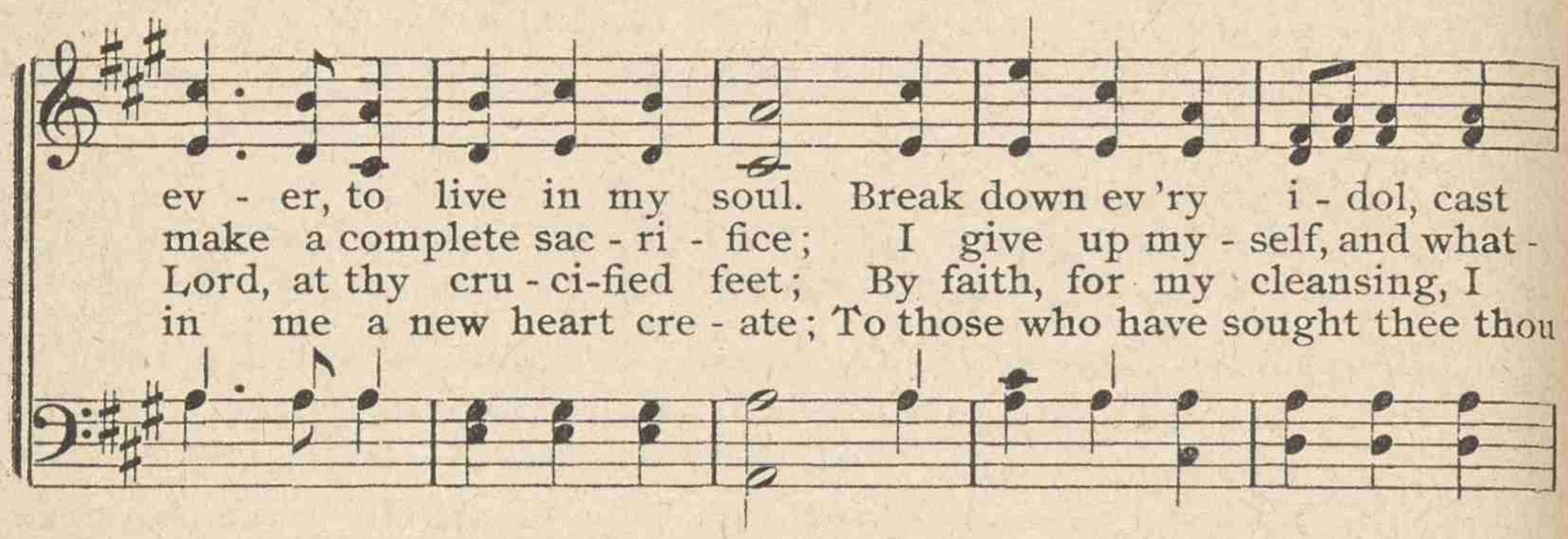
Sing them with the spir-it, Sing them, yes, sing for me.
Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly,

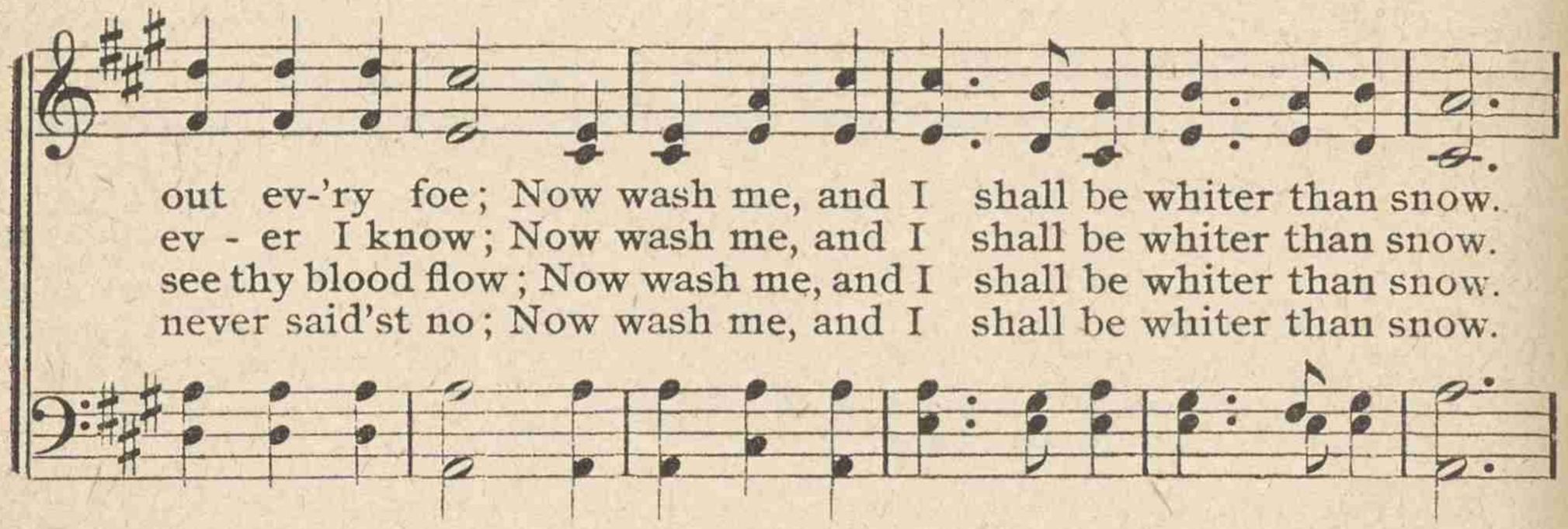
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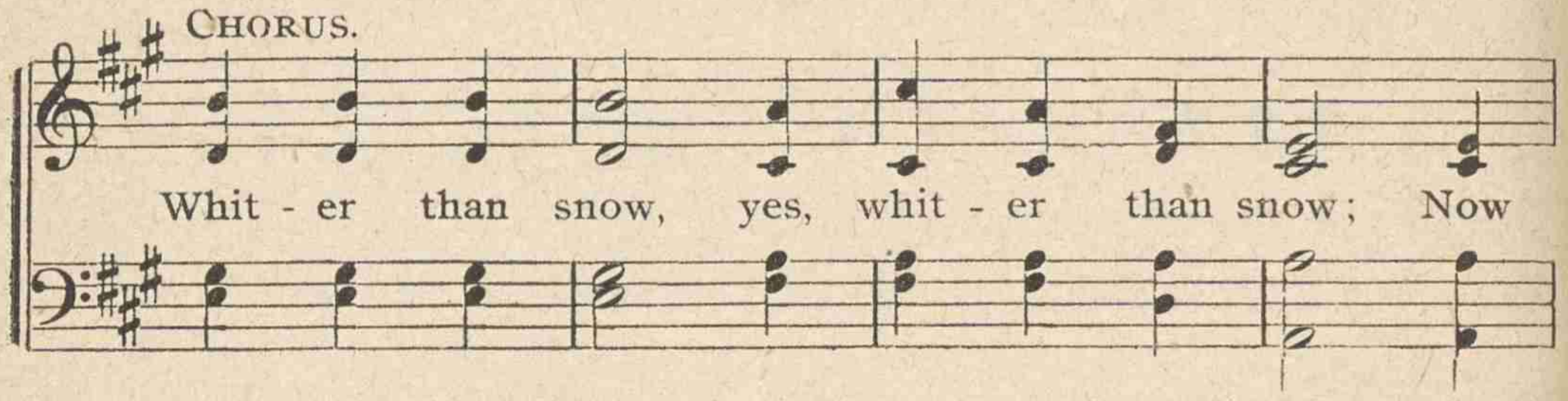
No. 93. Whiter than Snow.
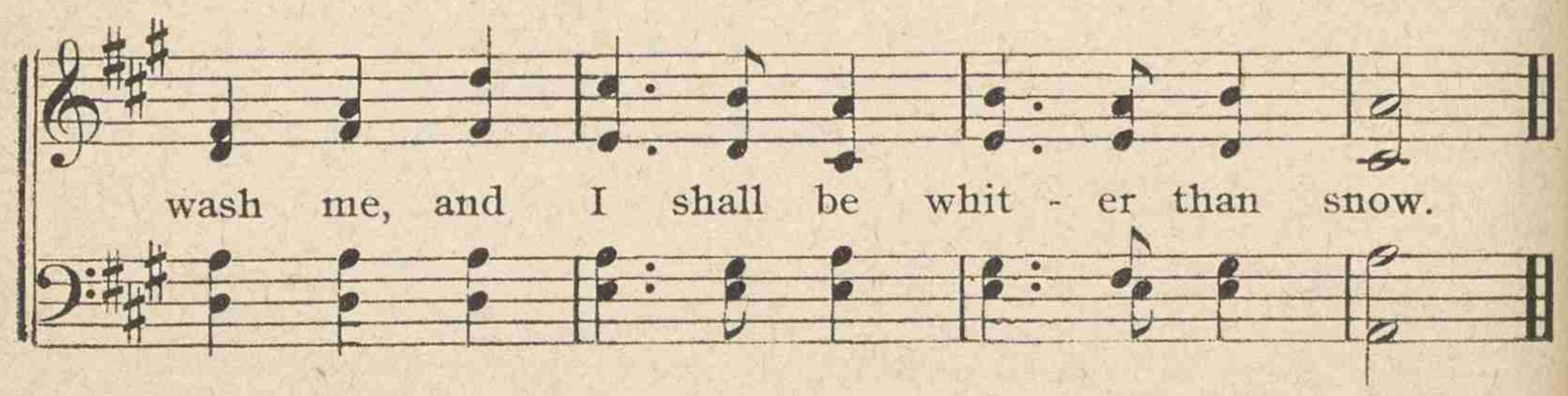
Words by JAMES NICHOLSON. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.











By permission.

No. 94. The Lord My Shepherd Is.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied, Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows, Whose liv - ing waters gen - tly pass, And full sal-vation flows.
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.
4. While he affords his aid, I can not yield to fear, Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd 's with me there.

CHORUS.

O joy di - vine . . . the Lord is mine . . . I own him mine,
O joy divine, the Lord is mine,

my Shepherd and my Friend; He will in - deed . . . his loved one
he will indeed,

feed . . . . . And safe - ly lead and keep me to the end.
his loved one feed,

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No. 95. Scatter Bright Smiles.

Words and Music by G. W. LYON.

1. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the
2. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More precious than
3. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the
4. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

beau - ti-ful rain, That falls on the with - ering flow - ers, And
treas-ures of gold, They lighten the bur - dens of others, They
weak and op - press'd Oh, smile on the poor and the need - y, And
where they may fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing To

CHORUS.

makes them bloom sweetly again.
cheer up the young and the old. Then scatter bright smiles, they will
com - fort the sad and dis-tress'd.
scat - ter bright smiles over all.

never be lost, Remember your mission be- low; Scatter bright smiles,

scat - ter bright smiles Wherev - er, wherev - er you go.

By permission.

No. 96. We'll Be Gathered Home.

Words by ELIZABETH MILLS. Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome,
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my arm-or by And dwell in peace at home?
This world 's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - or on his breast Till he conducts me home.
With him I 'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

We will work till the com - ing of the Sav - iour, We will

work till the com - ing of the Sav - iour, We will

work till the coming of the Sa - viour And then be gathered home.

By permission.

No. 97. Beautiful River of Life.

Words by L. H. JAMESON. Music by E. B. WARE.

1. On the banks of the riv - er of life, In the midst of the
2. There their sorrows and trials are o'er, With the Saviour for -
3. There shall friendship begun here below, That by death hath been

cit - y of God; Far removed from contention and strife, The re -
ever they 're blest: There the wicked annoy them no more, There the
ruthless - ly riv'n; Be renewed, for we surely shall know All our

CHORUS.

deemed have their happy a - bode.
wea - ry e - ter - nal - ly rest. Oh, beau - tiful riv - er of
friends when we meet them in heav'n.

life, There is peace on thy ever-green shore; Oh, beau - tiful

riv-er of life, On thy banks we shall dwell ever - more.

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No. 98. We 'll be There!

Words by HORATIUS BONAR. Music by D. B. TOWNER.

1. Where the earth-faded flowers shall fresh - en, Freshen never, no
2. Where the morning shall waken in gladness, And the noon the pure
3. Where the love-bond is nev-er more sev - ered, Where no parting is

never to fade, Where the shaded sky once more shall brighten, Brighten
joy shall prolong, Where the day-light dissolves in rich fragrance, 'Mid the
evermore known, We shall meet with the ho - ly and ransomed, By the

CHORUS.

ne'er to be darkened by shade. We 'll be there, we 'll be
burst of en-rap - tur - ing song.
beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful throne. we 'll be there,
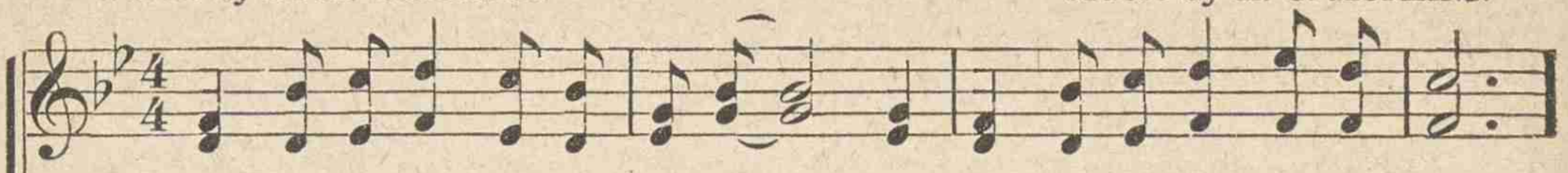
there, Crowns unfading and white robes to wear. . . . We 'll be
we 'll be there, we 'll be there.

there, we 'll be there, In the beauty of his glo-ry to share.
we 'll be there, we 'll be there,

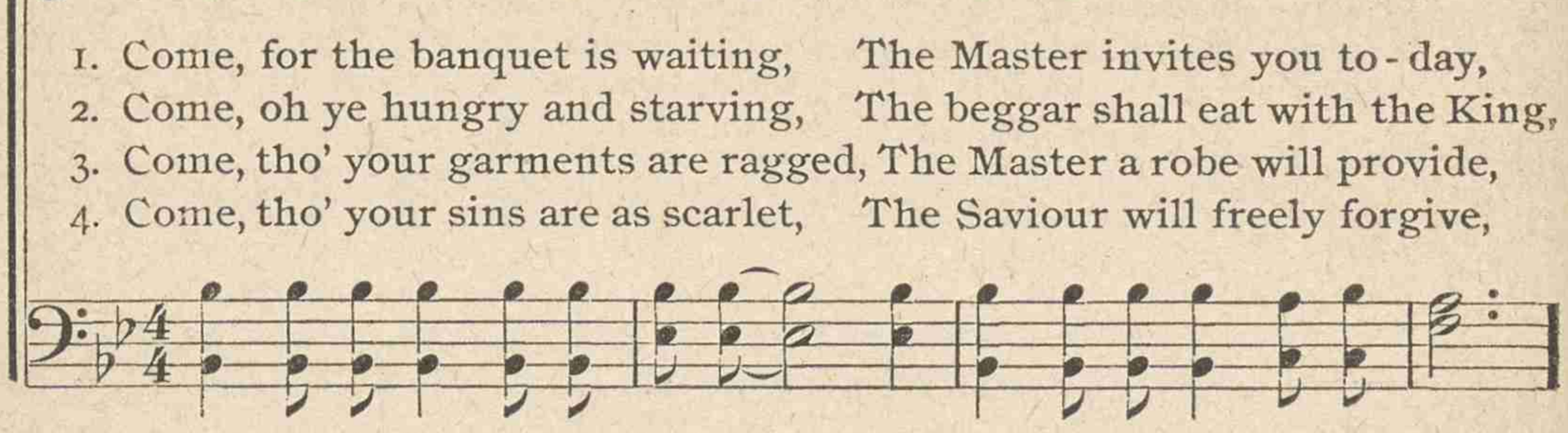
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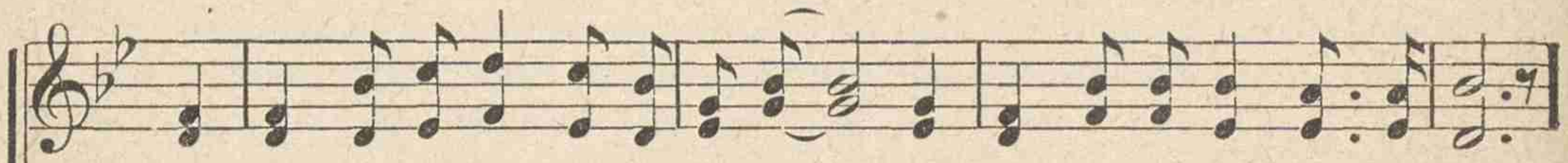
No. 99. Come to the Feast.

Words by H. R. TRICKETT. Music by A. C. HOPKINS.

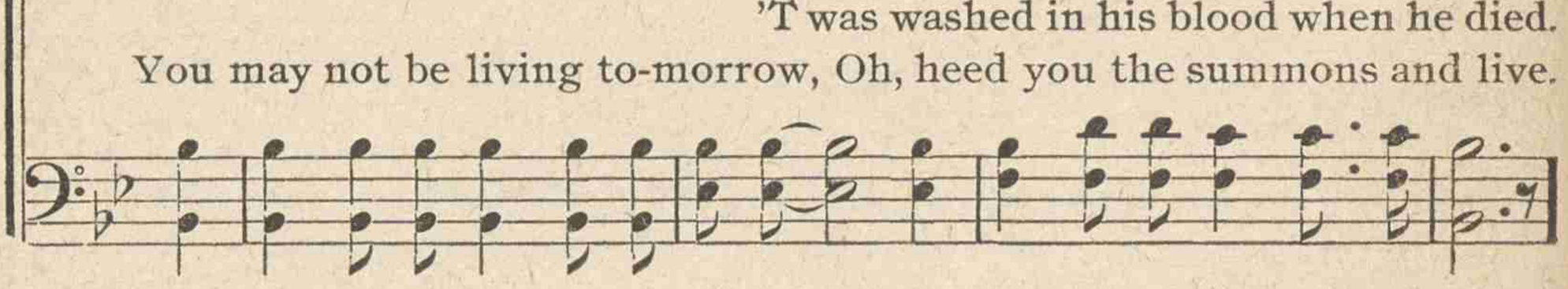


1. Come, for the banquet is waiting, The Master invites you to-day,
2. Come, oh ye hungry and starving, The beggar shall eat with the King,
3. Come, tho' your garments are ragged, The Master a robe will provide,
4. Come, tho' your sins are as scarlet, The Saviour will freely forgive,

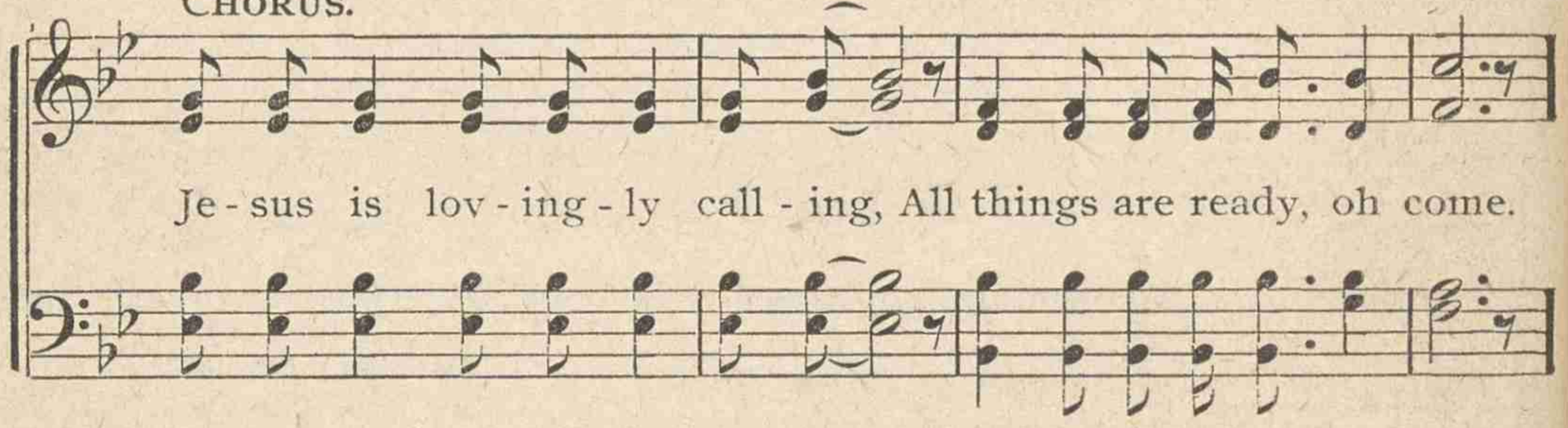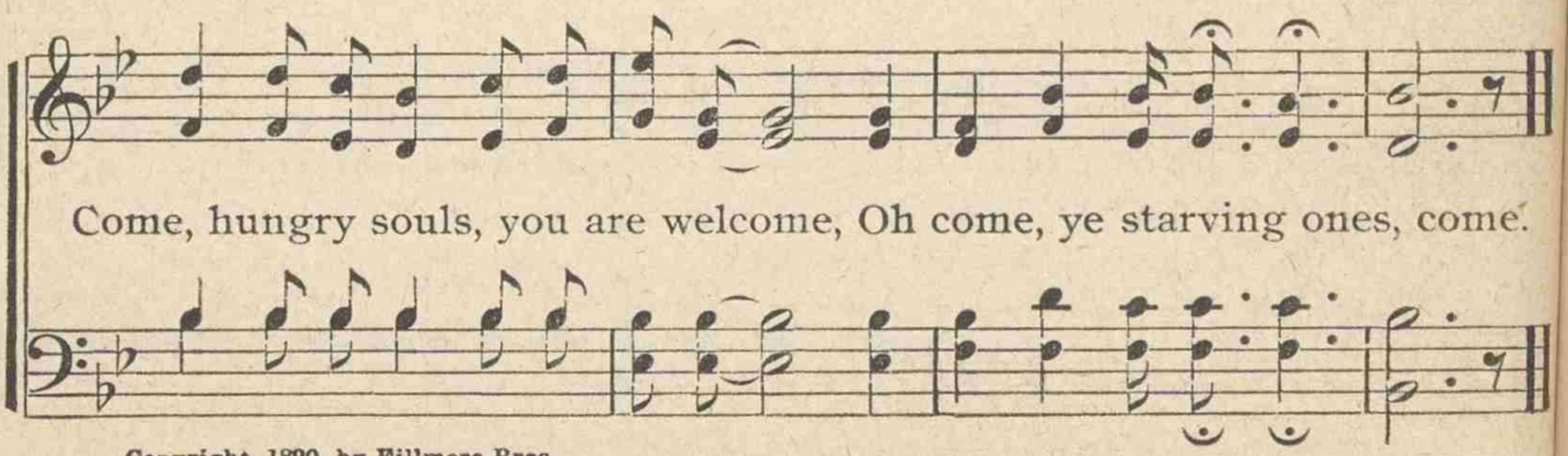




The Sav-iour is call-ing, my brother, And can you make longer delay?
The poor-est shall sit at the ta-ble, No money nor gift need you bring.
'T is whiter than snow, and 't is spotless,
'T was washed in his blood when he died.
You may not be living to-morrow, Oh, heed you the summons and live.



CHORUS.



Je-sus is lov-ing-ly call-ing, All things are ready, oh come.



Come, hungry souls, you are welcome, Oh come, ye starving ones, come.

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No. 100. Jesus is Calling To-day.

Words by D. R. LUCAS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

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

DUET.

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

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 101. Will You be There?

Words furnished by T. C. HORTON. Music by D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be - yond this life of hope and fears, Be - yond this world of grief and tears, There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and
2. Its gold - en gates are closed to sin, Naught that de - files can en - ter in To mar its beau - ty rare; Up-on that bright e - ter - nal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more: Oh, say, will you be there?
3. No droop - ing form, no tear - ful eye, No hoar - y head, no wea - ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care, But joys which mortals may not know, Like rivers ever onward flow: Oh, say, will you be there?
4. Who shall be there? The low - ly here, All those who serve the Lord with fear, So that his love they share; Who, gazing on the crucified, By faith can say, "For me he died:" These, these shall *all* be there?
5. Will you be there? You can, you may, For he who is the truth, the way, Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear his voice sound sweetly "Come, I am the way, I 'll lead you home; With me you shall be there."

CHORUS.

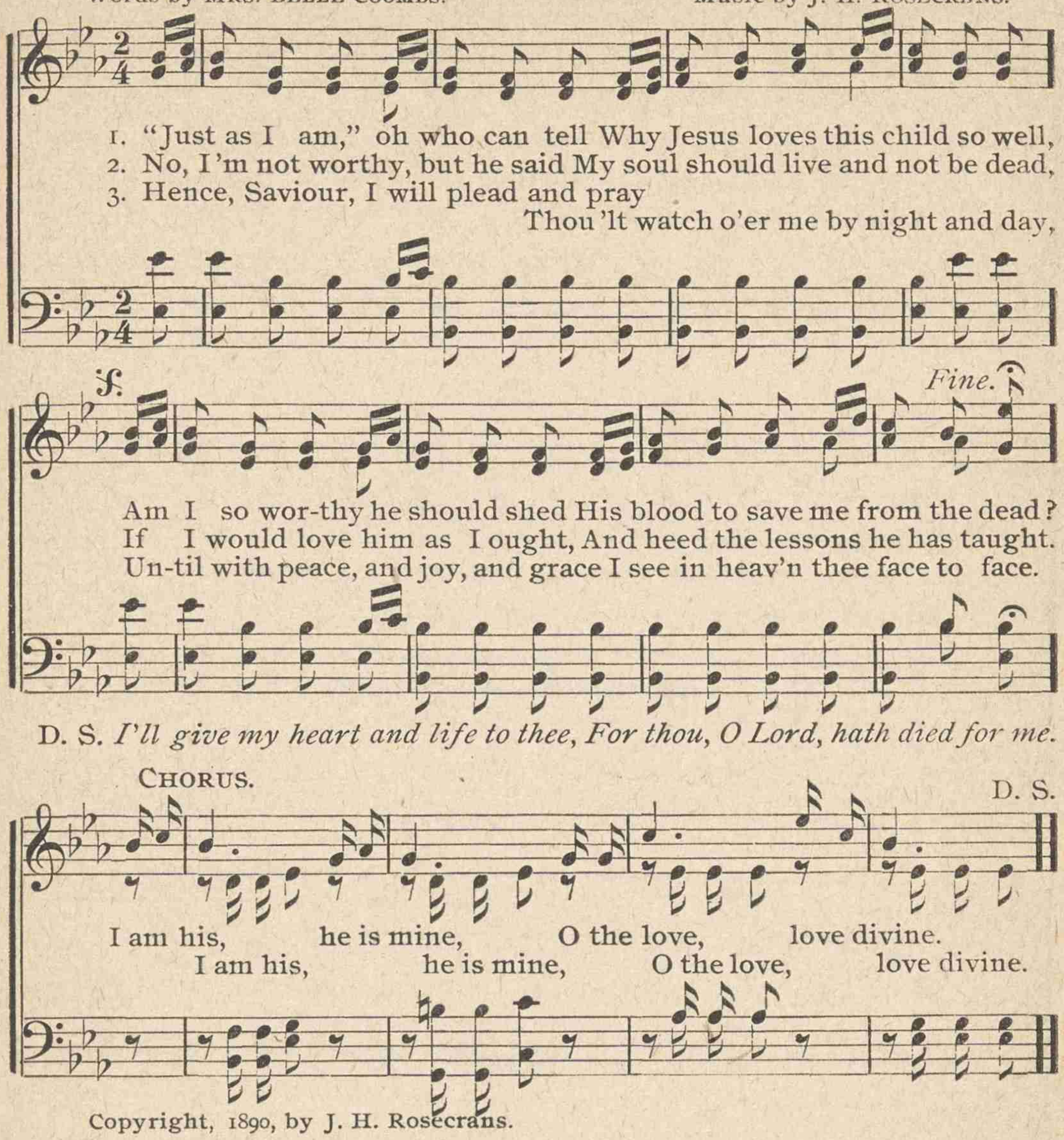
Will you be there, be there, Will you be there, be there, In no decay, No night, but one unending day: Oh, say, will you be there?
will you be there, will you be there?

that e - ter - nal home so fair; Oh, say, will you be there?
will you, will you be there?

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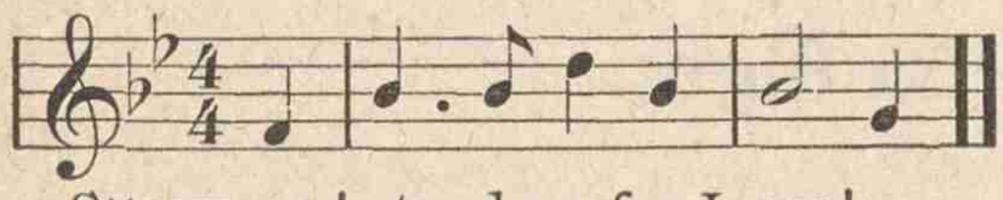
No. 102. O Love Divine.

Words by MRS. BELLE COOMBS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



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No. 103. Webb.



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 be 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.

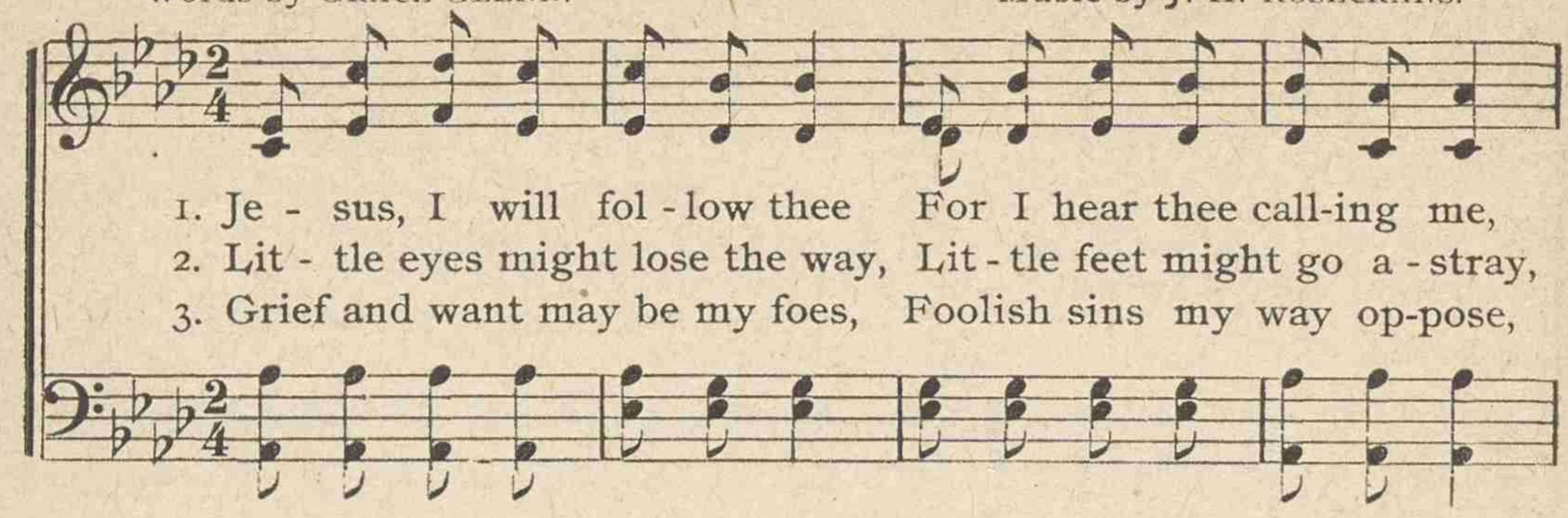
3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

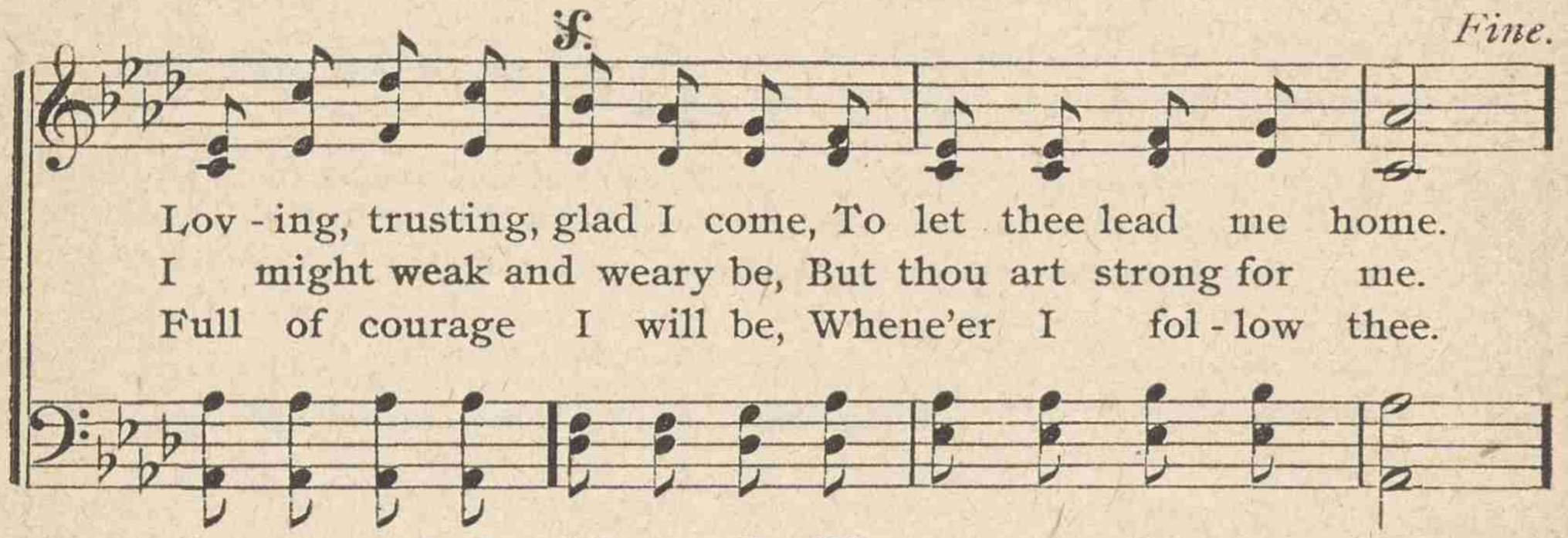
4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be!
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD.

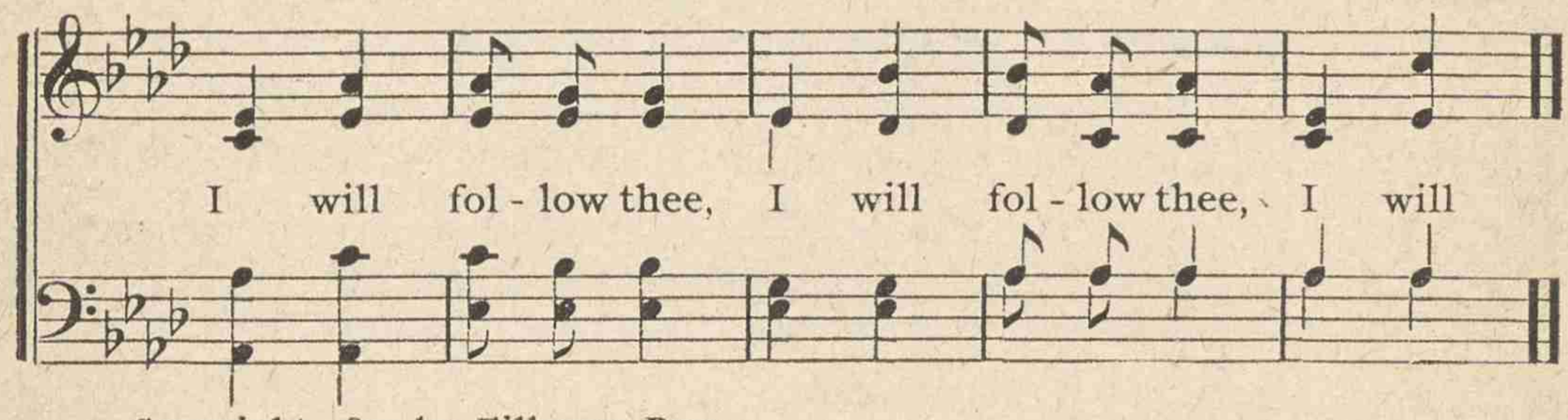
No. 104. I Will Follow Thee.

Words by GRACE GLENN. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.
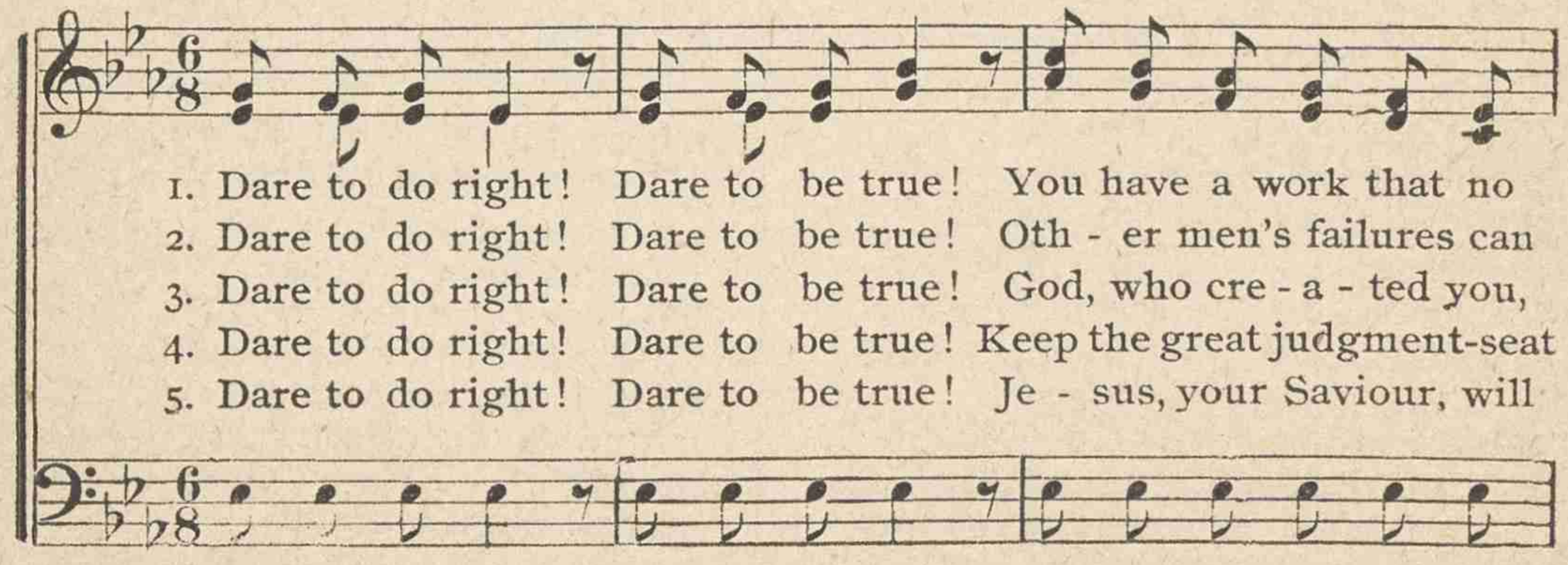




CHORUS. D. S.



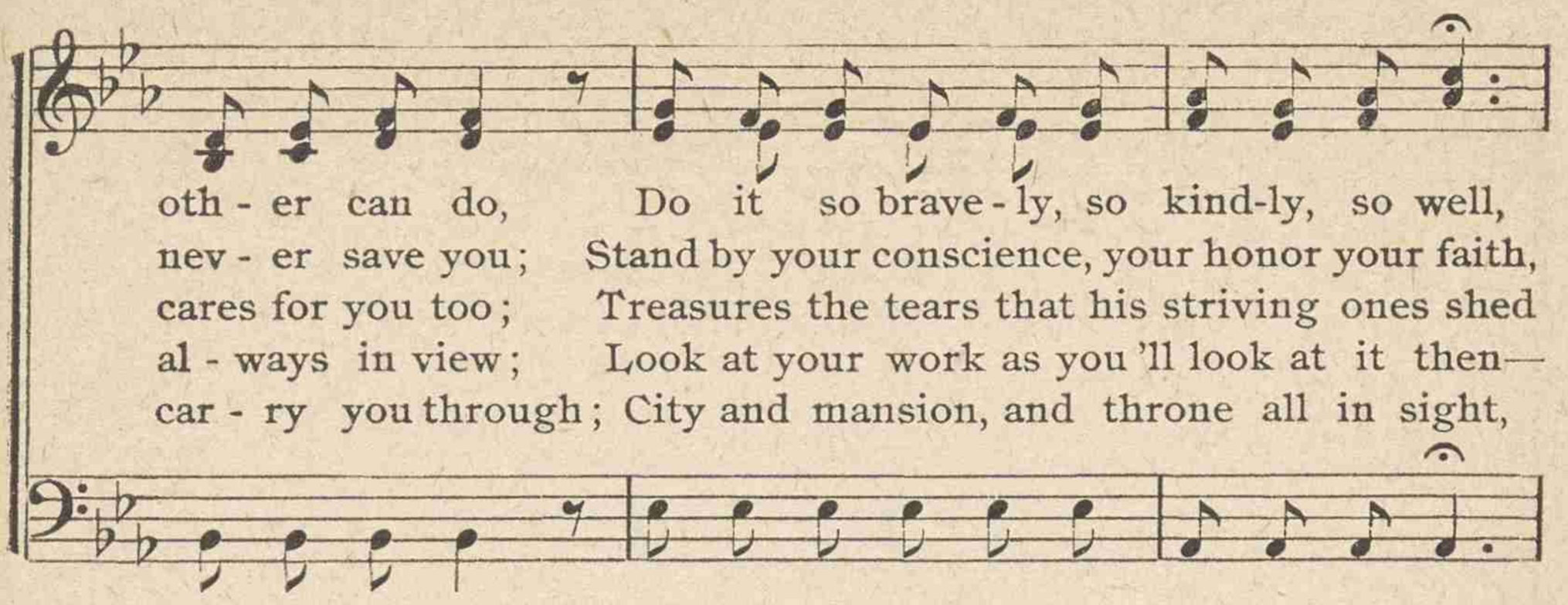
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No. 105. Dare to Do Right.

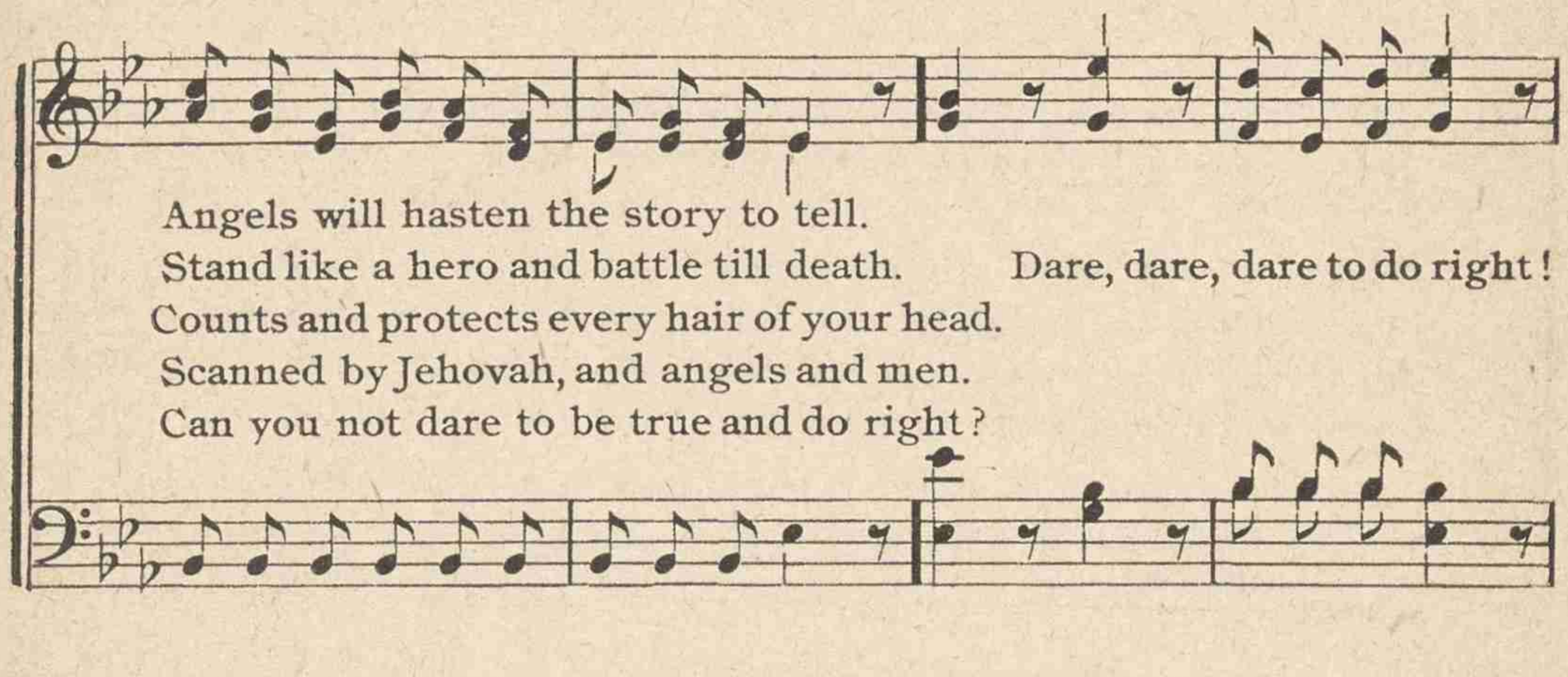
Words by GEO. L. TAYLOR. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

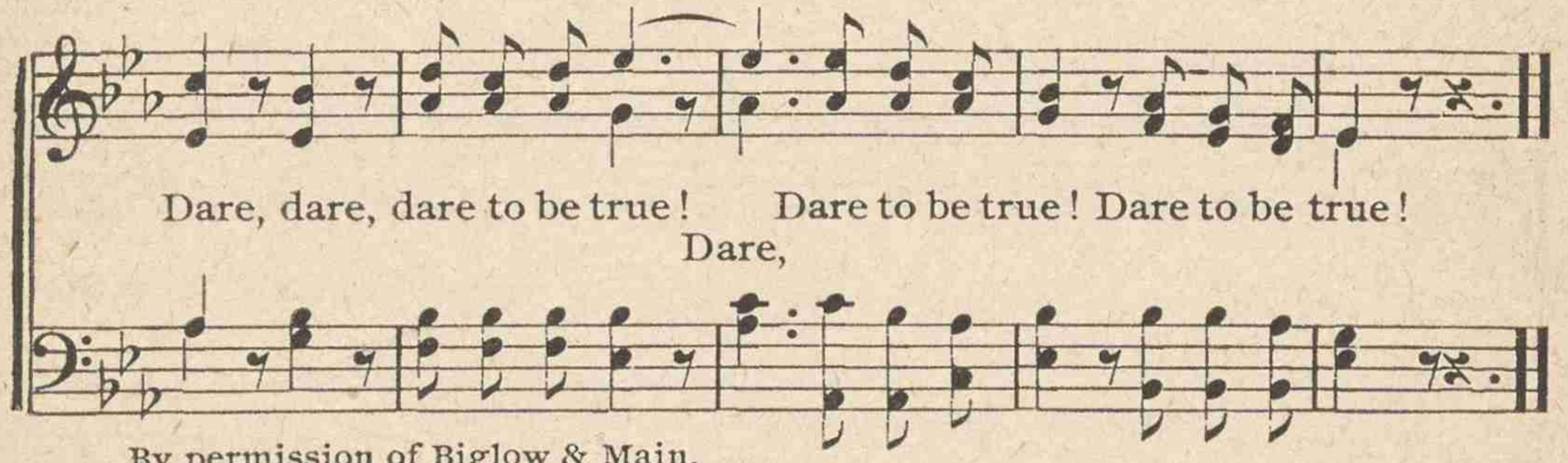


Dare to Do Right. Concluded.



CHORUS.
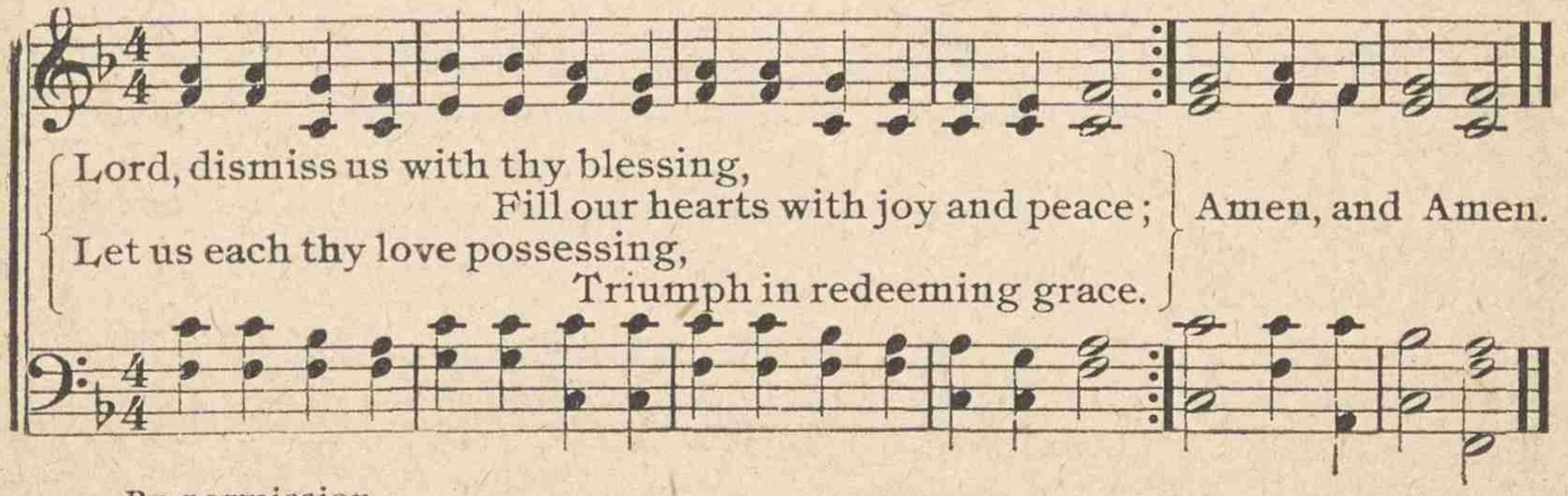




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No. 106. Dismission.

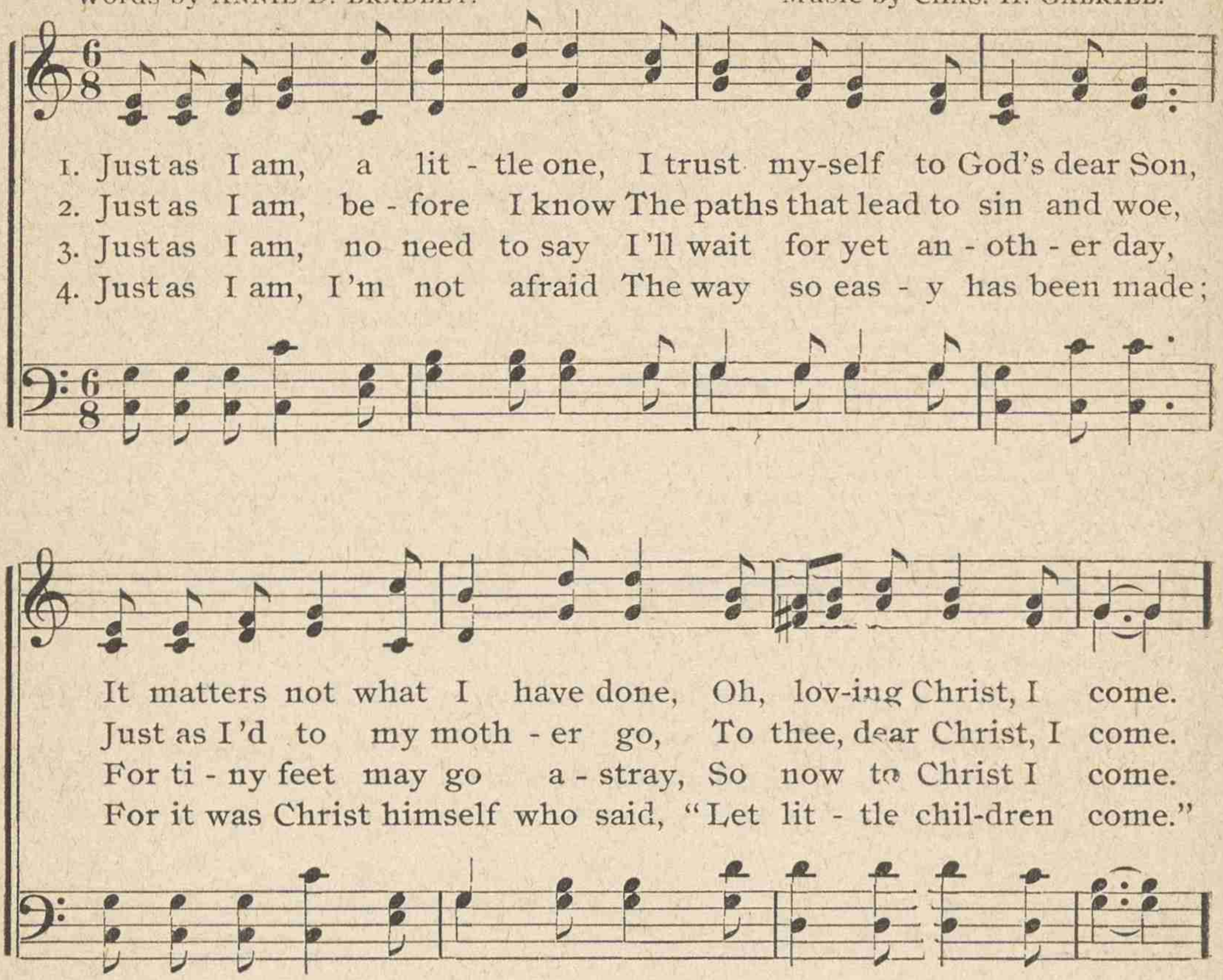
J. H. FILLMORE.
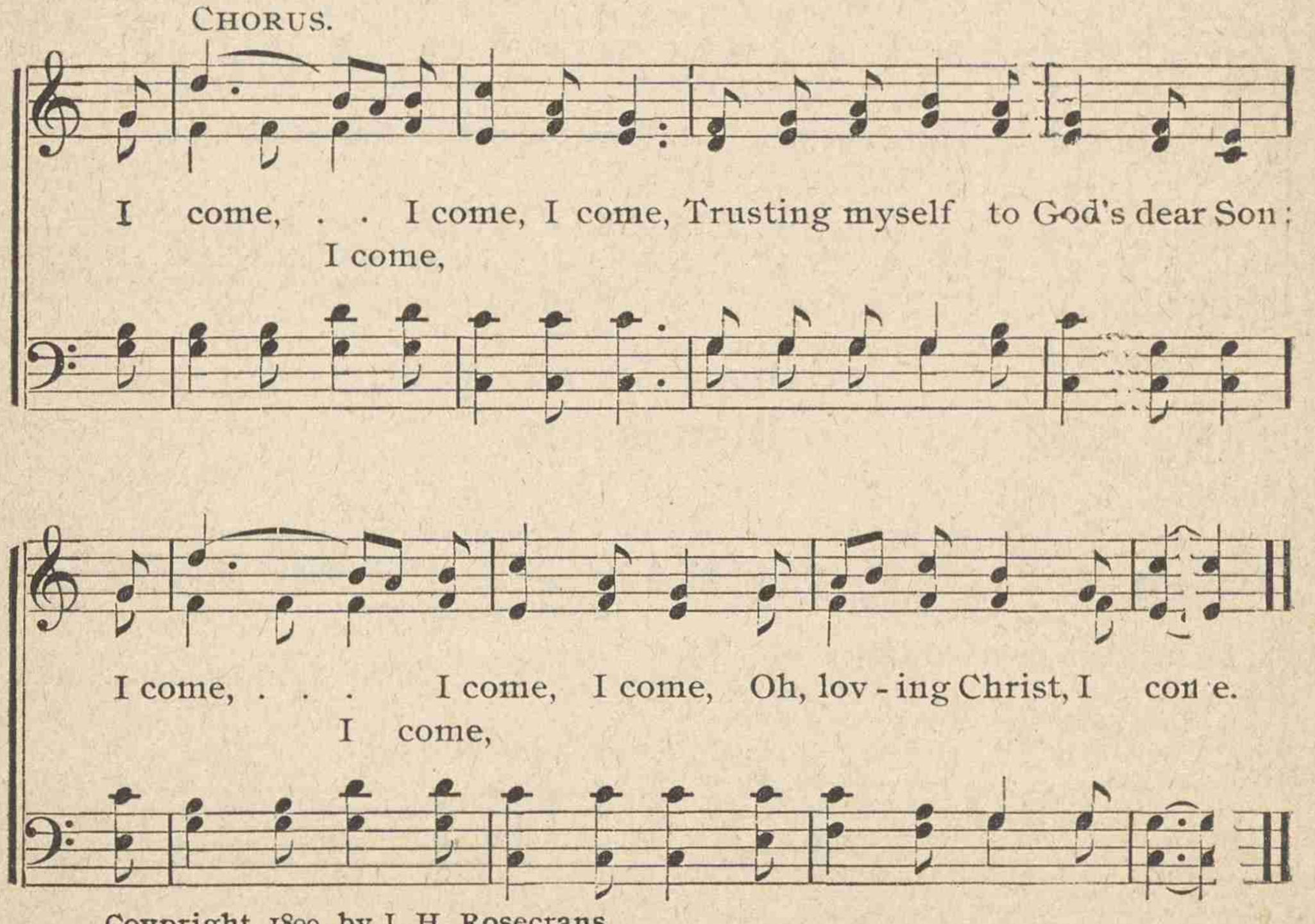


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No. 107. I Come to Thee.

Words by ANNIE D. BRADLEY. Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.



Coypright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 108. Little Feet be Careful.

Words by MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I washed my hands this morning, O, ver - y clean and white,
2. I told my ears to list - en Quite closely all day thro',
3. My eyes are set to watch them About their work or play,

And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for him till night.
For a - ny act of kind - ness Such lit - tle hands can do.
To keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

CHORUS.

Lit-tle feet be care-ful Where you take me too,
A - nything for Je-sus . . . . . On-ly let me do.

1st time. 2d time.
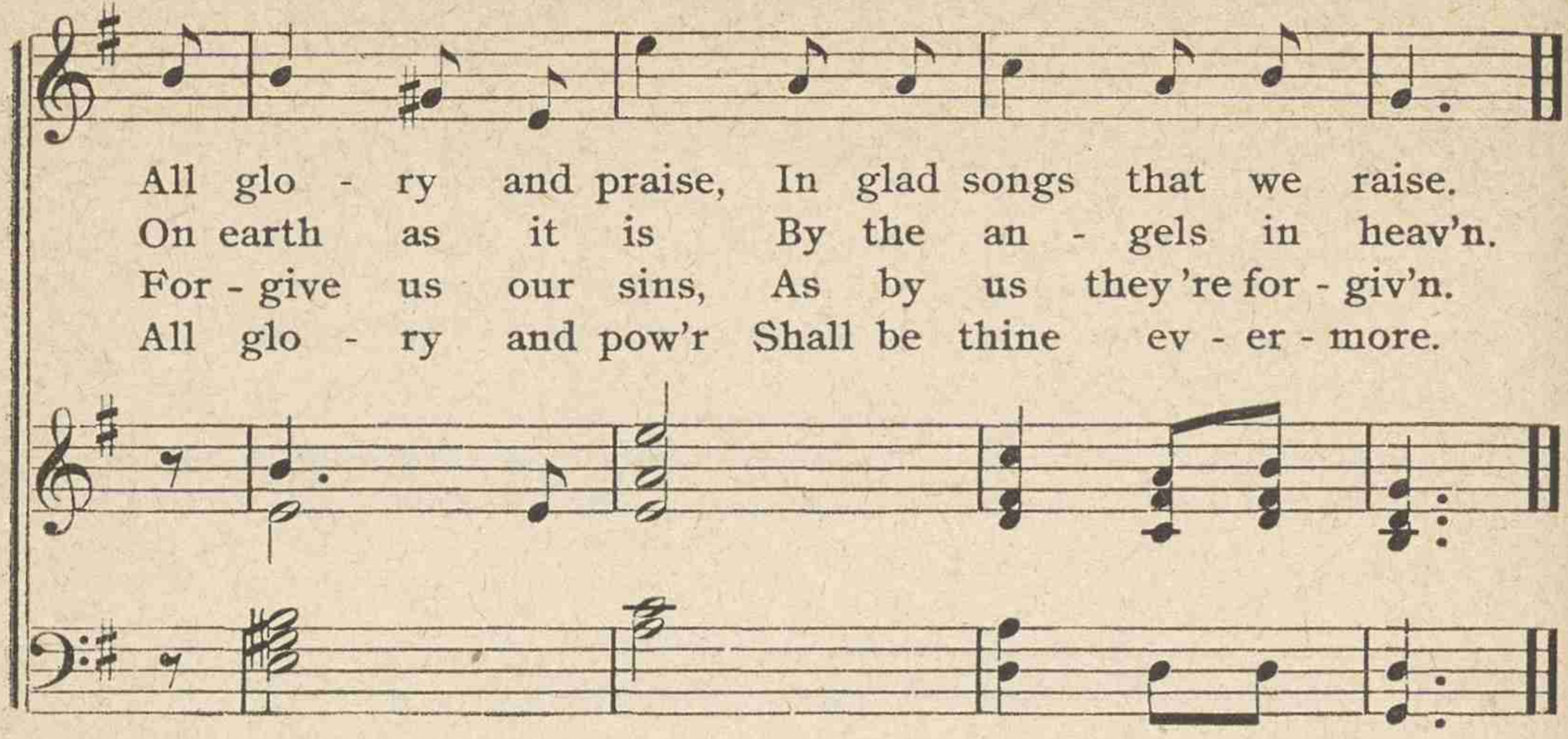
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109. Our Father in Heaven.

SCHUMANN.
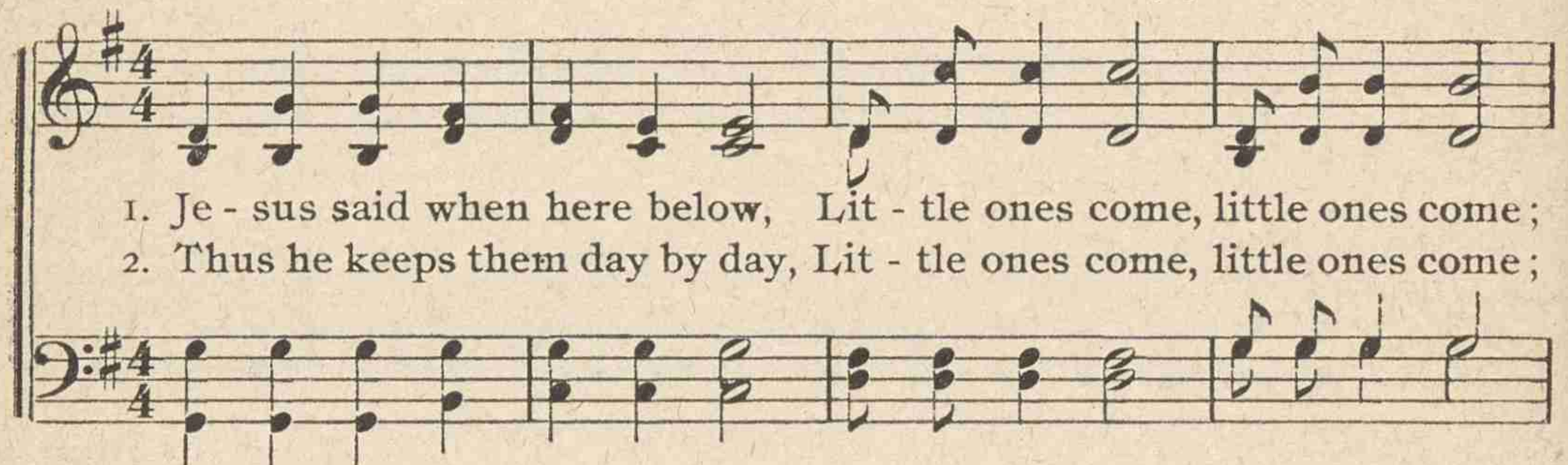
1. Our Fa - ther in heav'n, To thy name be giv'n
2. May thy king-dom come, May thy will be done
3. Oh, give us, we pray, The bread for each day;
4. From ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion Lead us a - far;
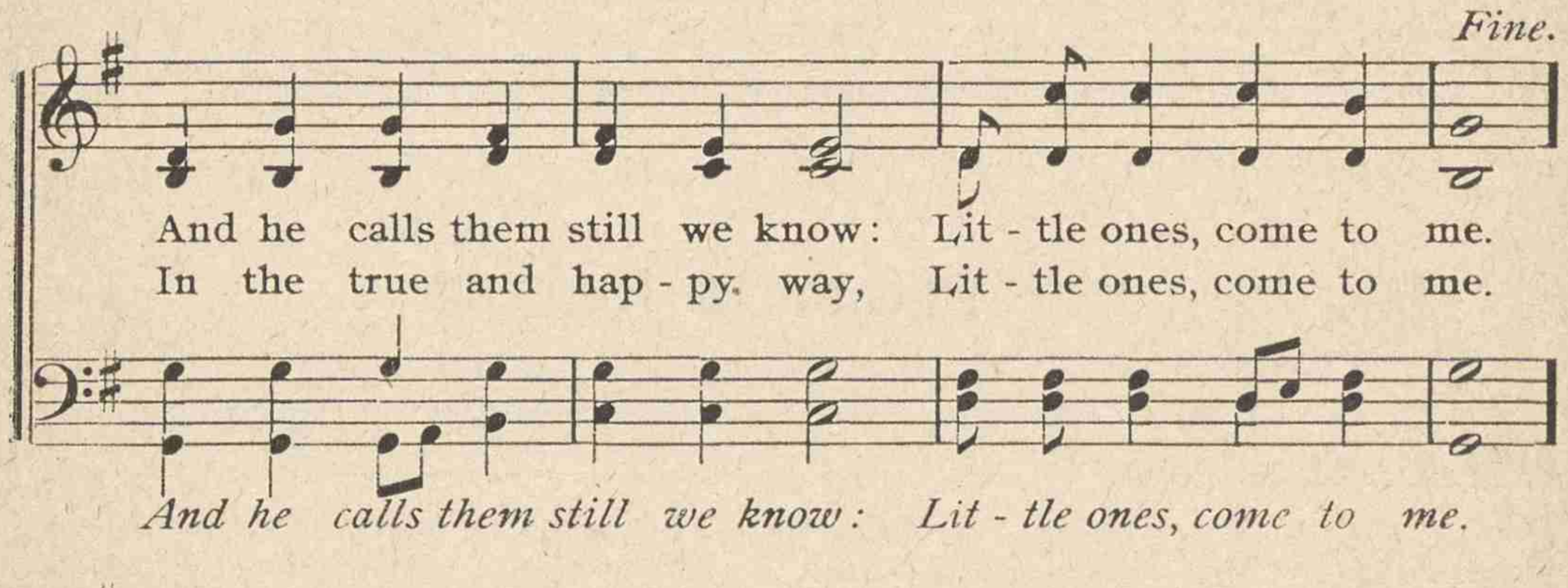
Our Father in Heaven. Concluded.

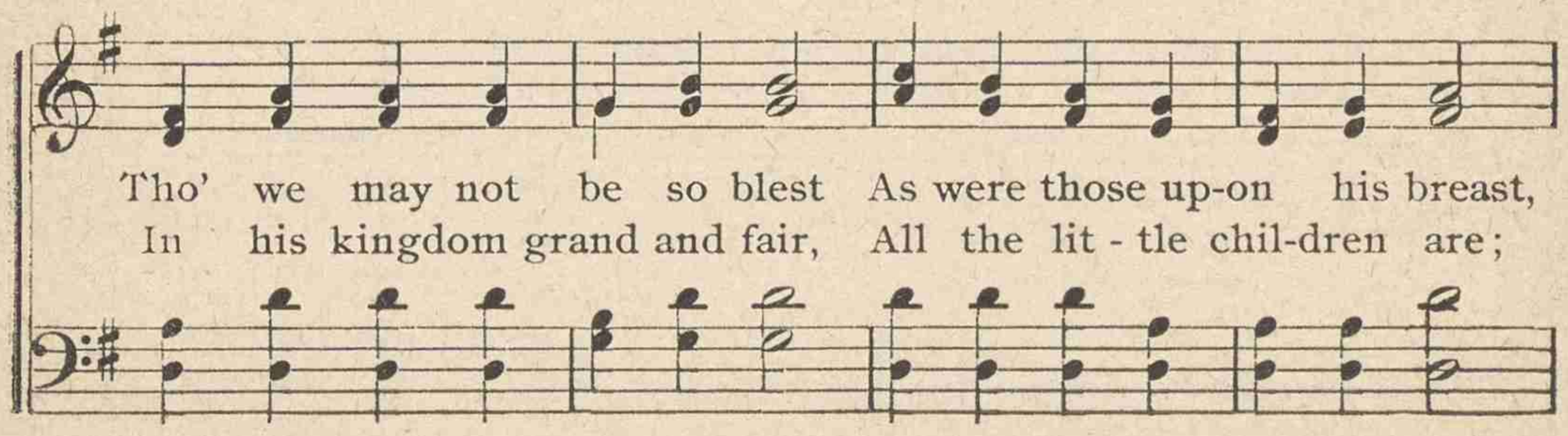


No. 110. Little Ones Come.

Words and Music by J. H. FILLMORE.
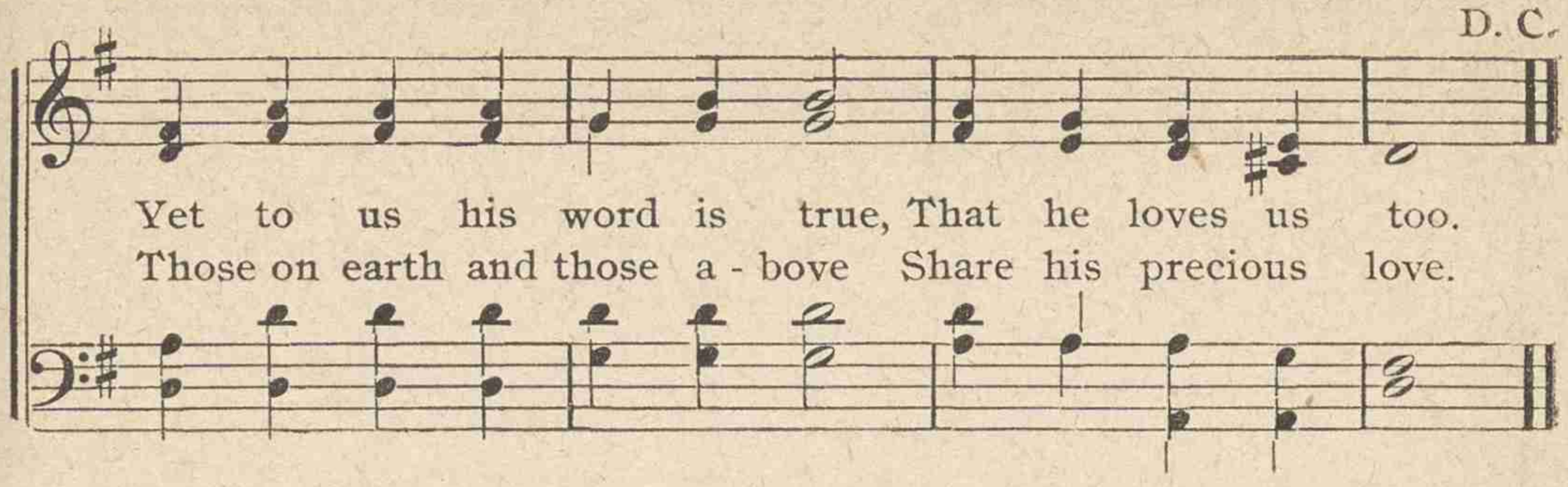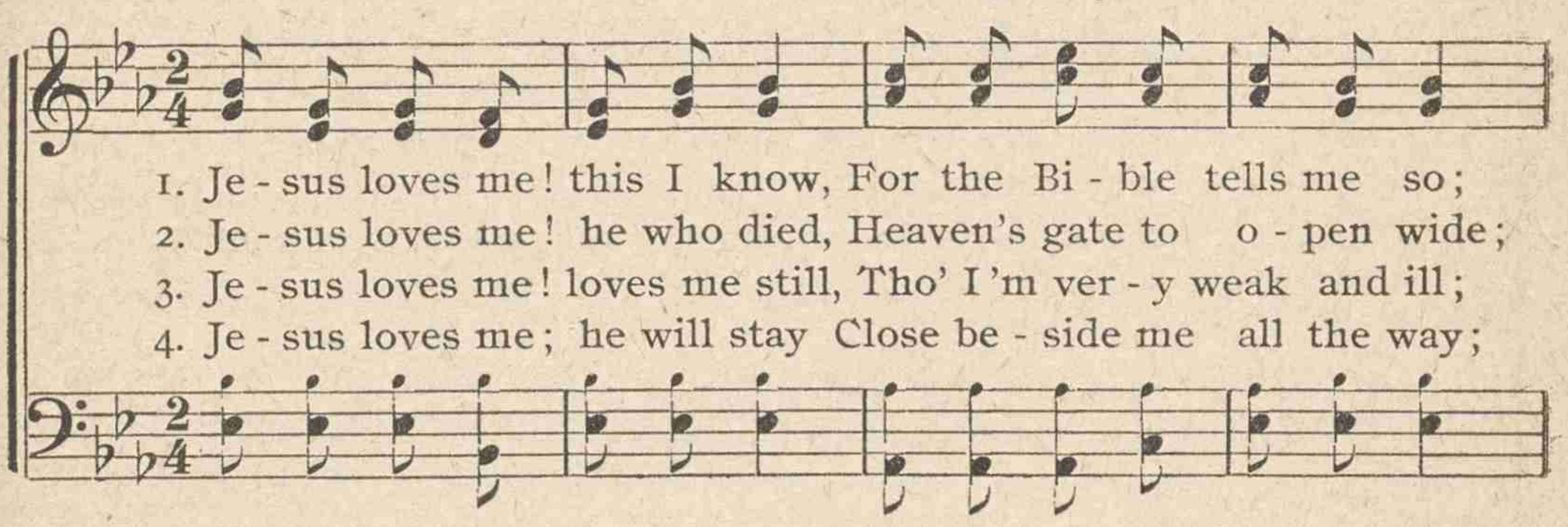






Copyright, 1888, by Fillmore Bros.

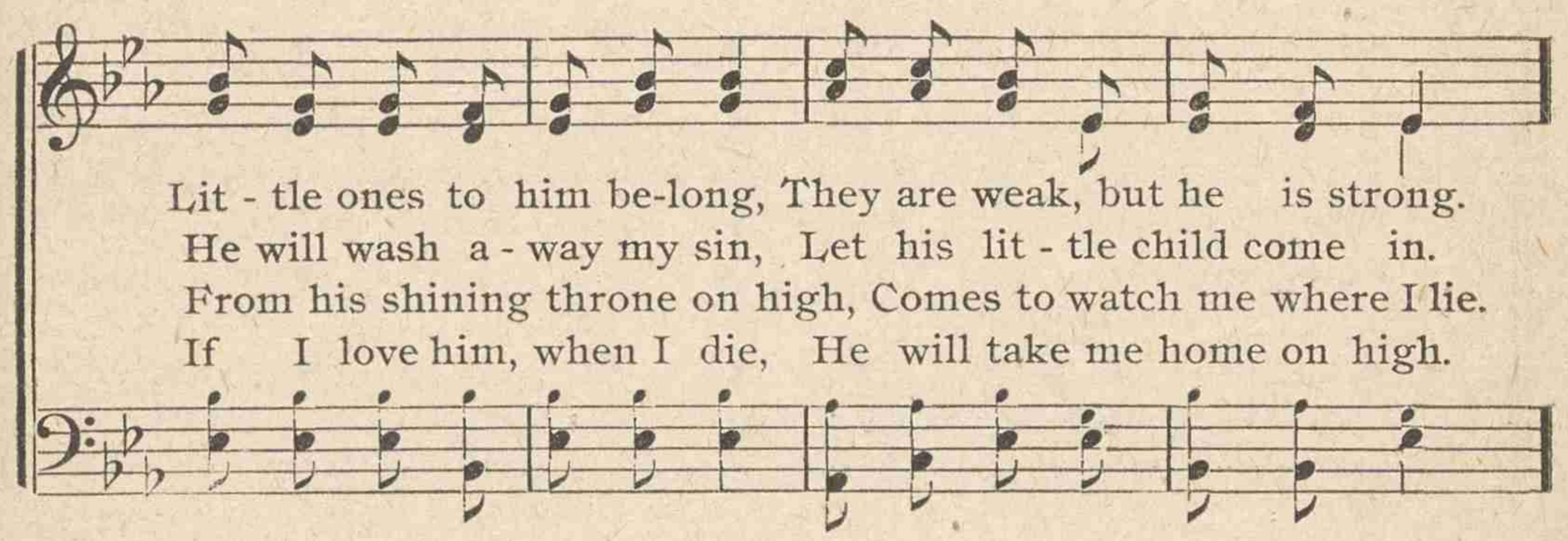
Little Ones Come. Concluded.
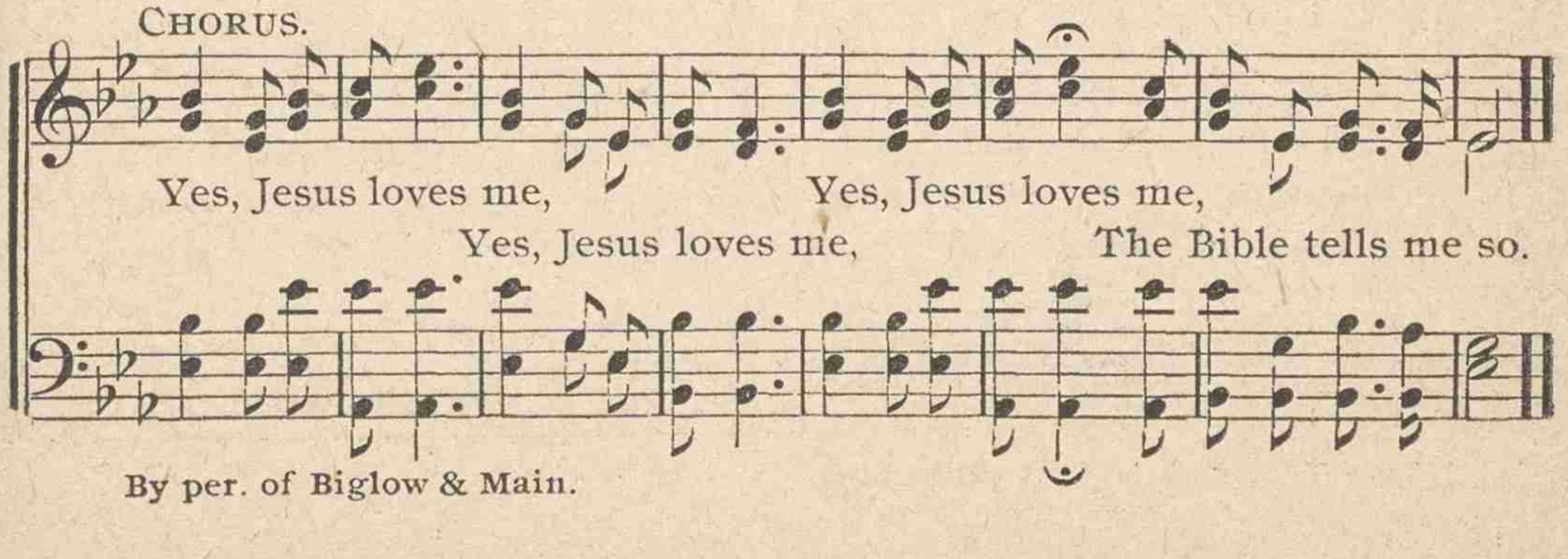


No. 111. Jesus Loves Me.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.







By per. of Biglow & Main.

No. 112. Little Helpers.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. "I will be a lit - tle help - er" Lisps the brook,
2. "I will be a lit - tle help - er" Smiles the flower,
3. "I will be a lit - tle help - er" Sings the bird,
4. You can be a lit - tle help - er Child so fair!

On its silv - 'ry way it goes, Nev-er stop-ping to re - pose,
By the way - side, in the field, All its beau-ty is re-vealed
And it car - ols forth a song, Though the cheerless day be long,
And your kind-ly deeds can make, For the heav'nly Father's sake,

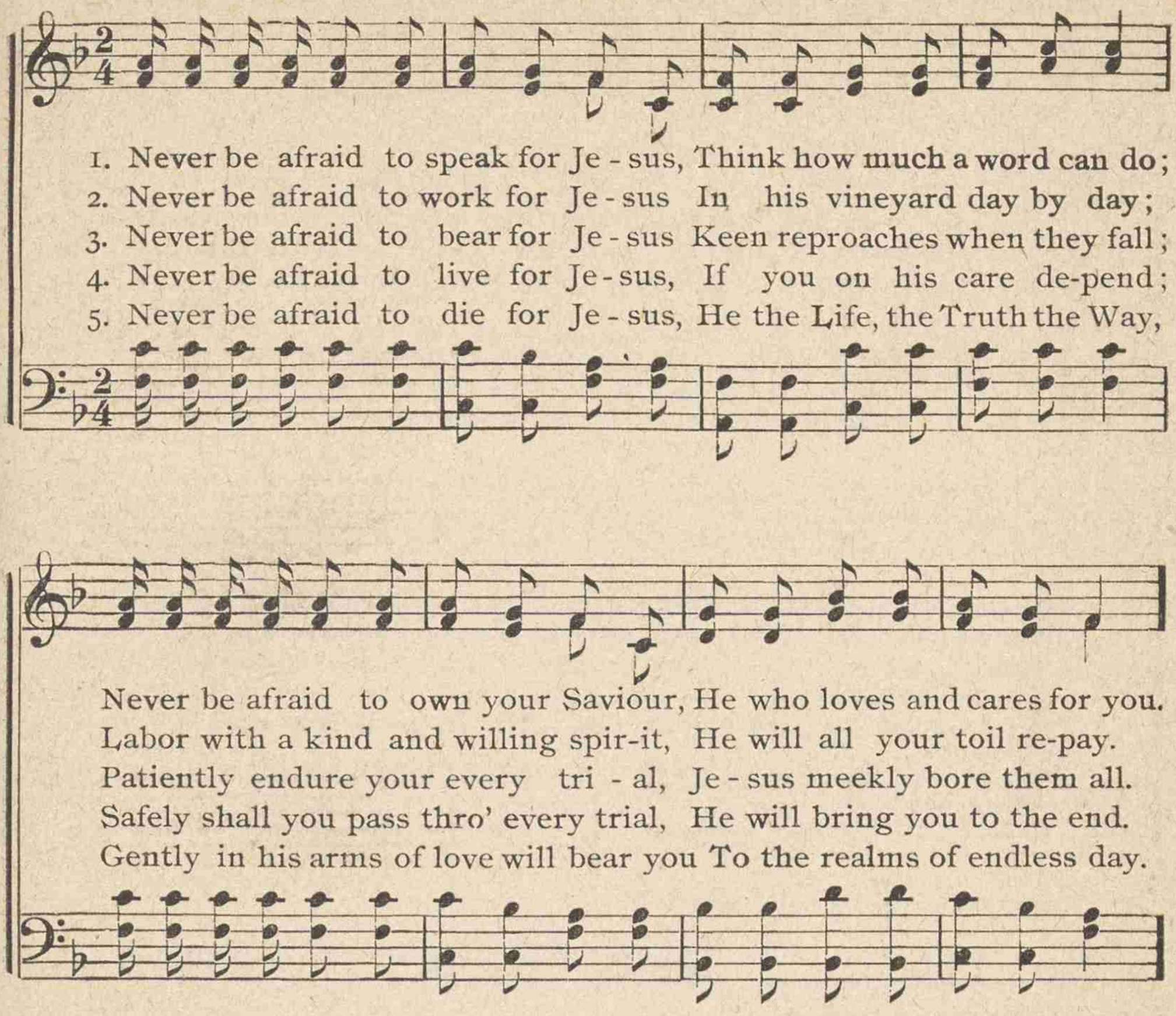
Till it turns the bus - y mill In some nook,
Un - to sad and wear - y hearts, Though skies low'r,
Bringing to some help - less one Some sweet word,
Sunshine, love and hap - pi - ness Ev - ery - where.

Till it turns the bus - y mill In some nook.
Un - to sad and wear - y hearts, Though skies low'r.
Bringing to some help - less one Some sweet word.
Sunshine, love and hap - pi - ness Ev - 'ry - where.

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 113. Never Be Afraid.
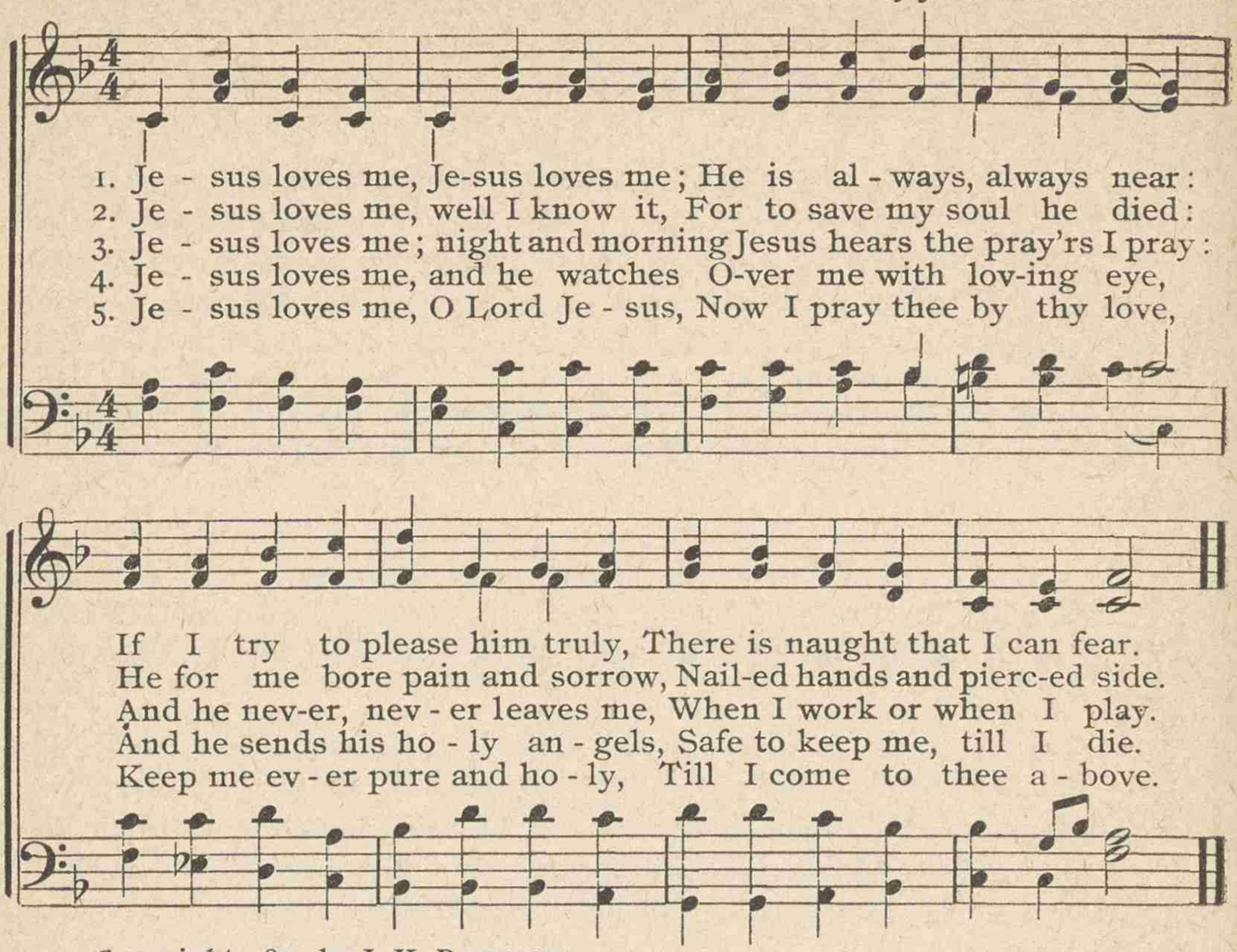
Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission of Biglow & Main.

No. 114. Jesus Loves Me.

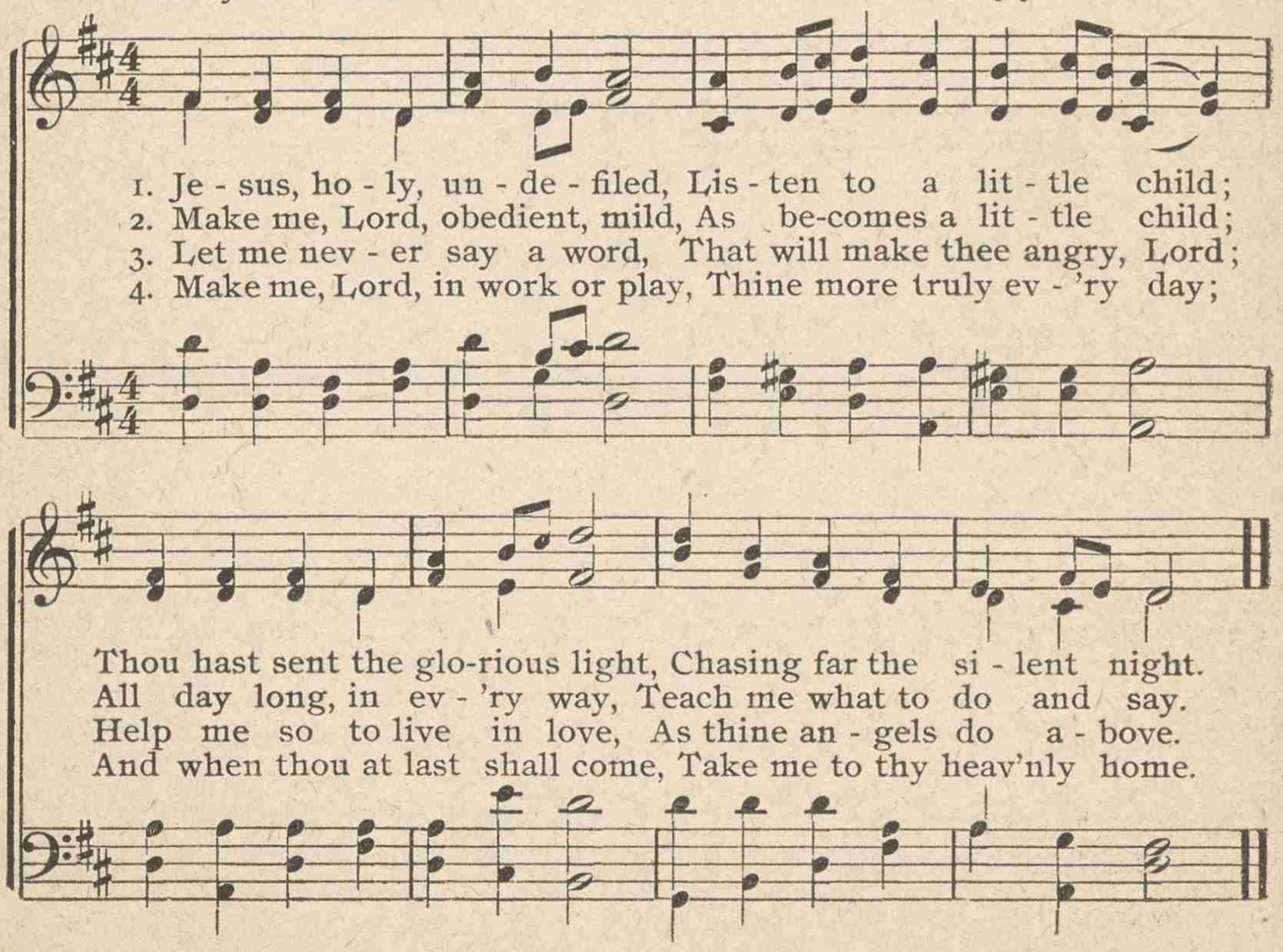
Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

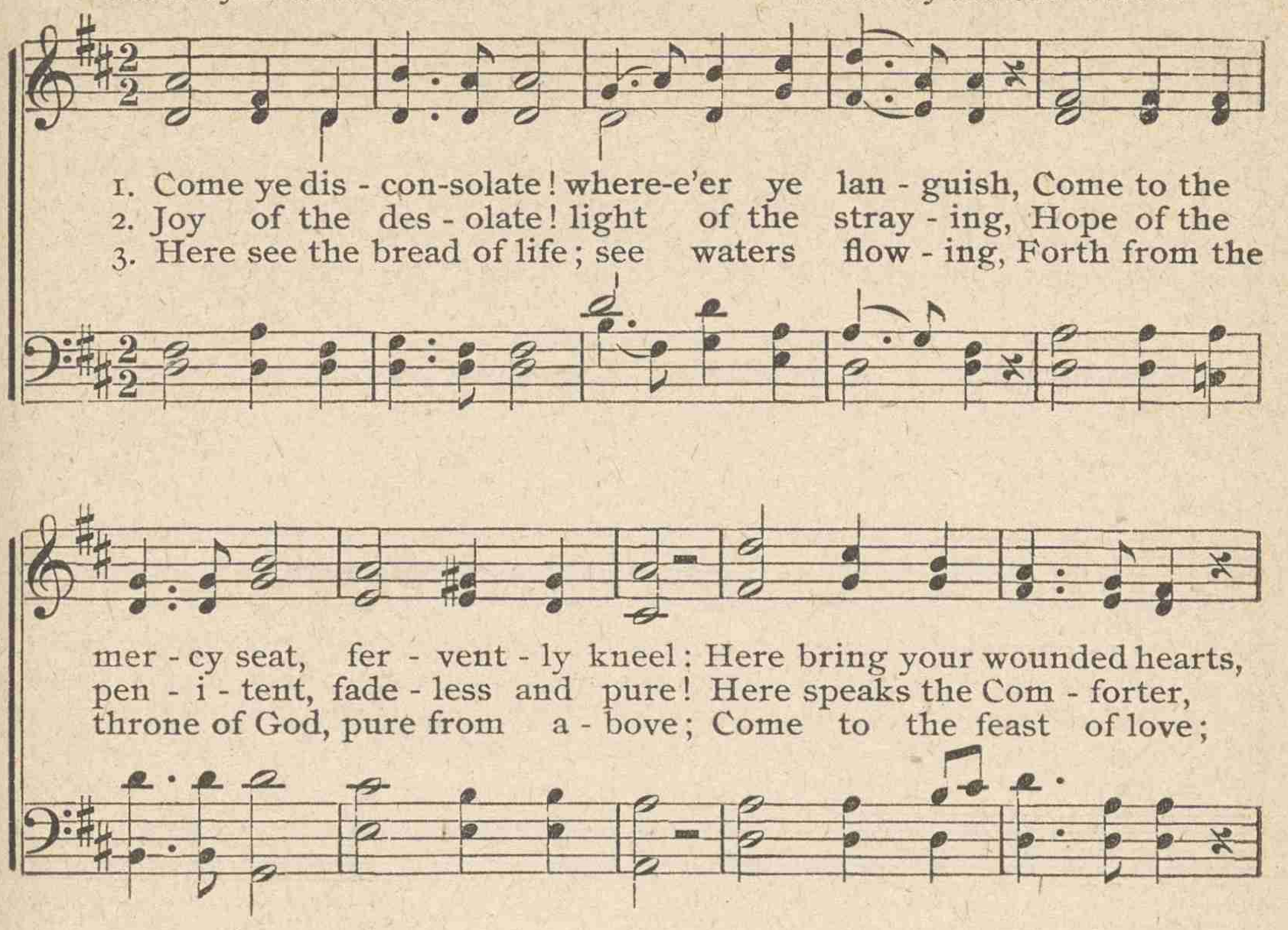
No. 115. Jesus Listen.

Words by C. F. ALEXANDER. Music by J. B. DYKES.



No. 116. Come Ye Disconsolate.

Words by THOS. MOORE. Music by SAMUEL WEBBE.



117 SWEET BY-AND-BY.
Key of G.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

CHORUS.

To be there, (to be there), to be there, (to be there),
But what must it be to be there?
To be there, (to be there), to be there, (to be there),
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and plearures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

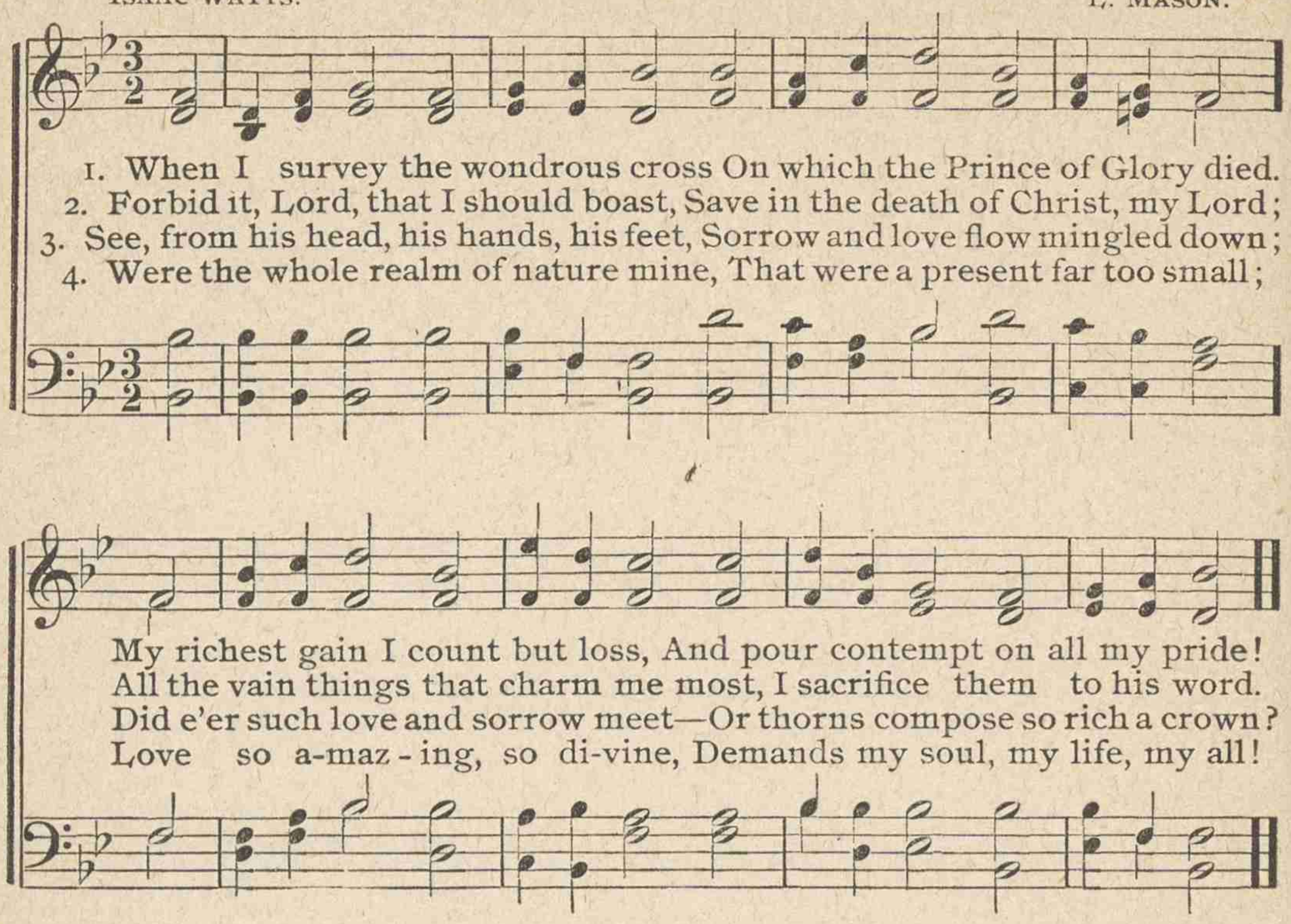
3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above,
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

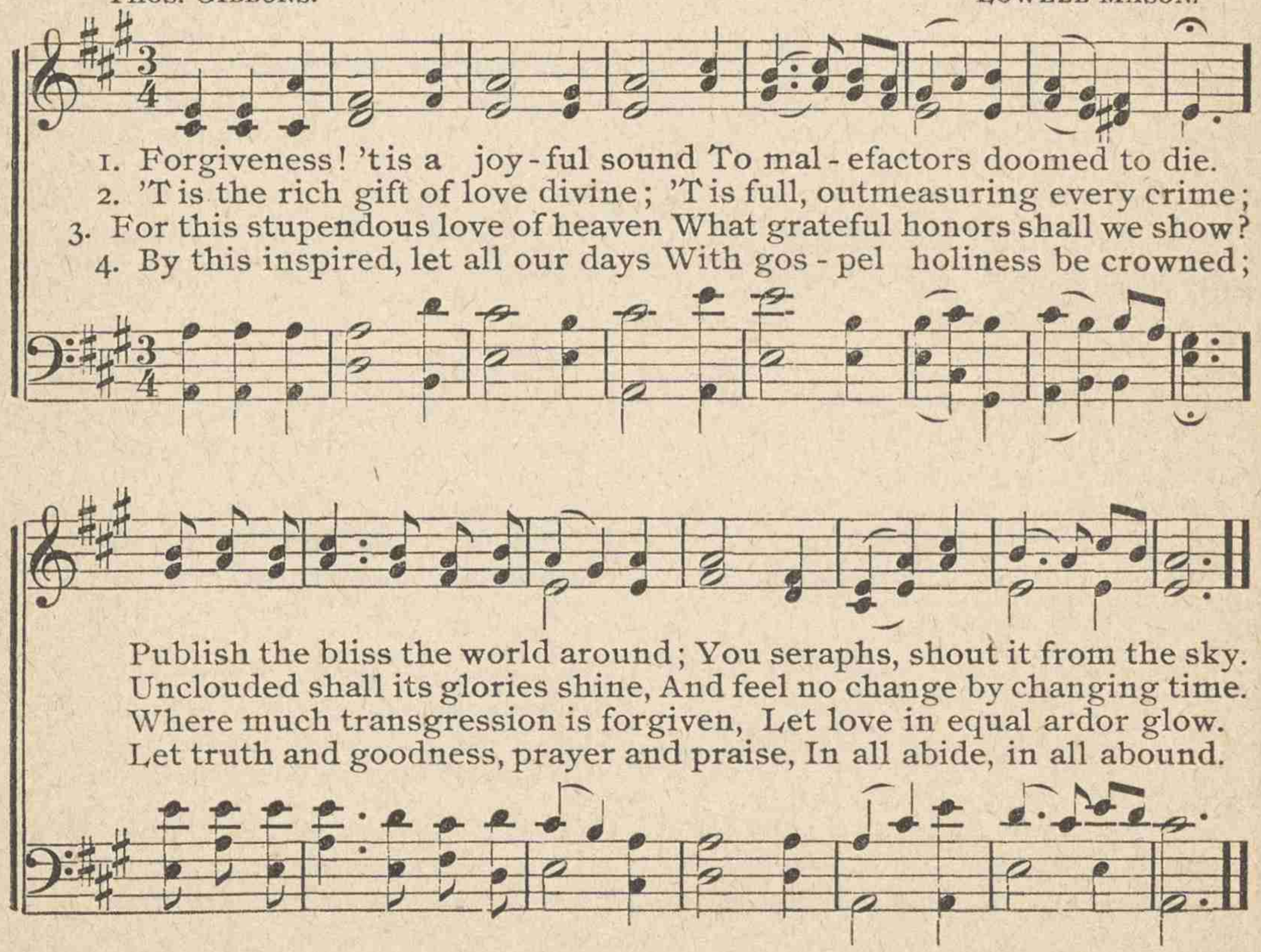
No. 118. Hebron. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.



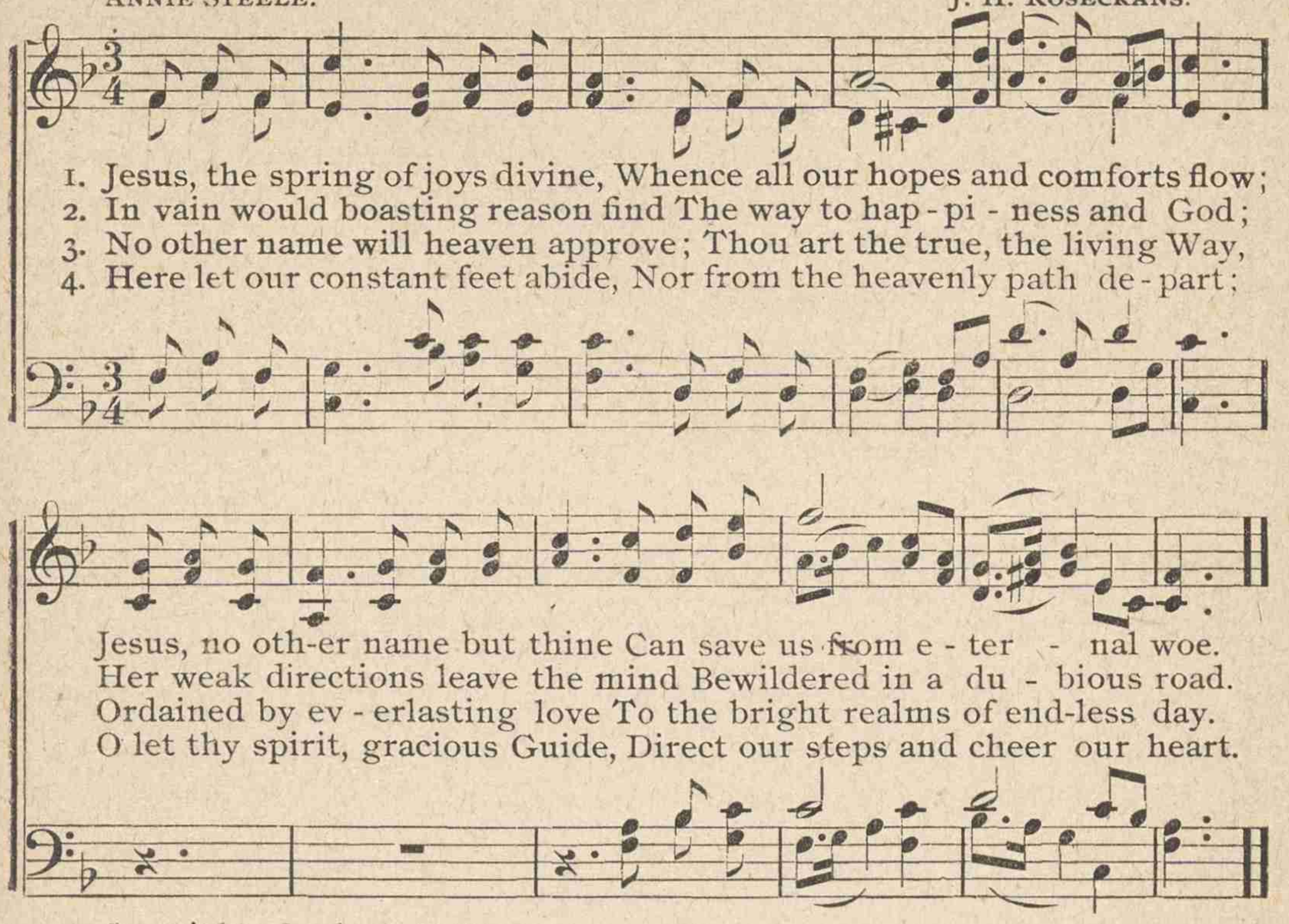
No. 119. Migdol. L. M.

THOS. GIBBONS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 120. Fletcher. L. M.

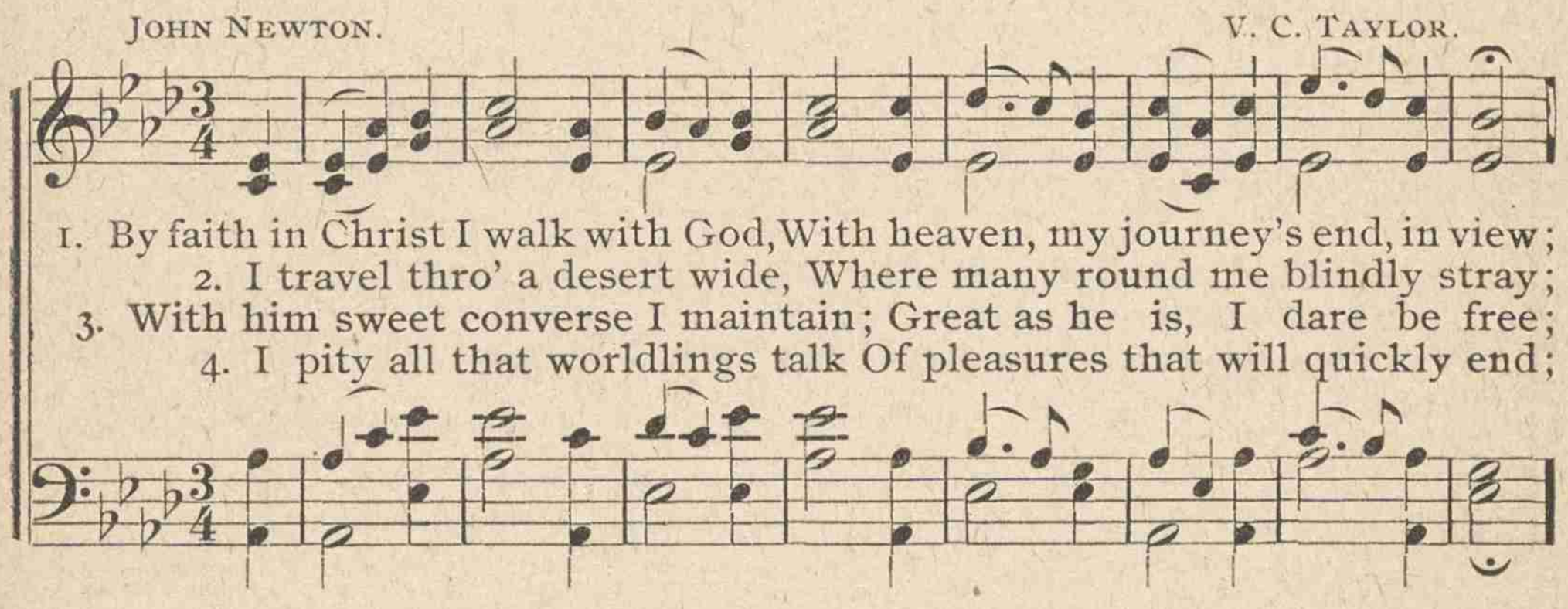
ANNIE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 121. Louvan. L. M.

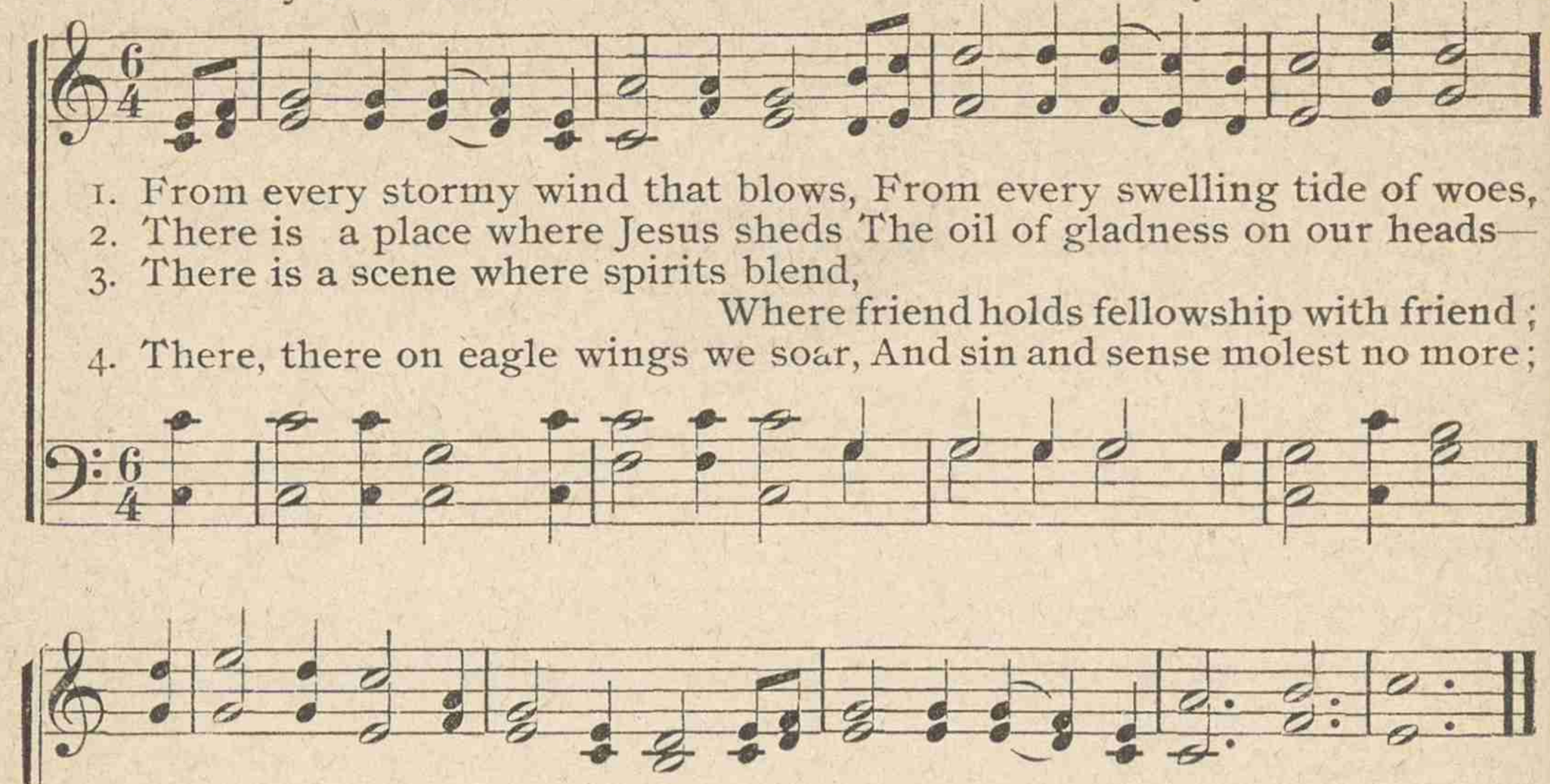
JOHN NEWTON. V. C. TAYLOR.



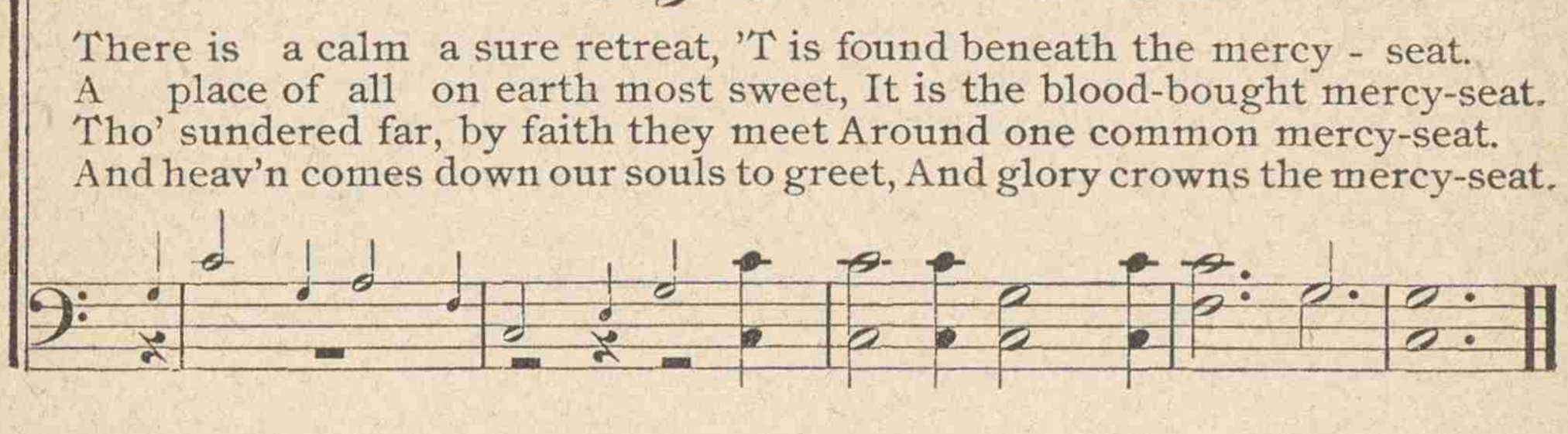
By permission.

No. 122. Retreat. L. M.
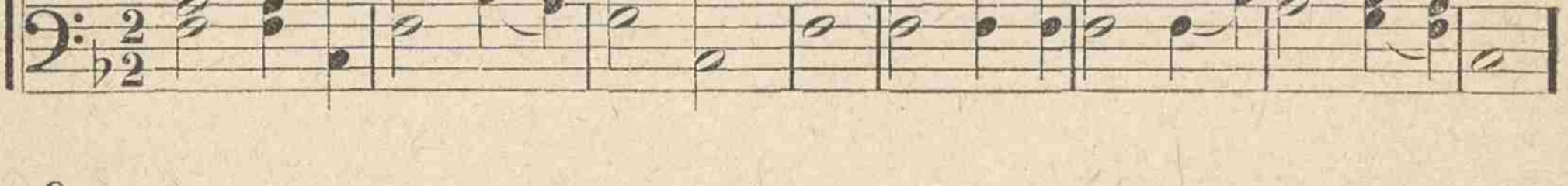
Words by H. STOWELL. Music by T. HASTINGS.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
   Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;

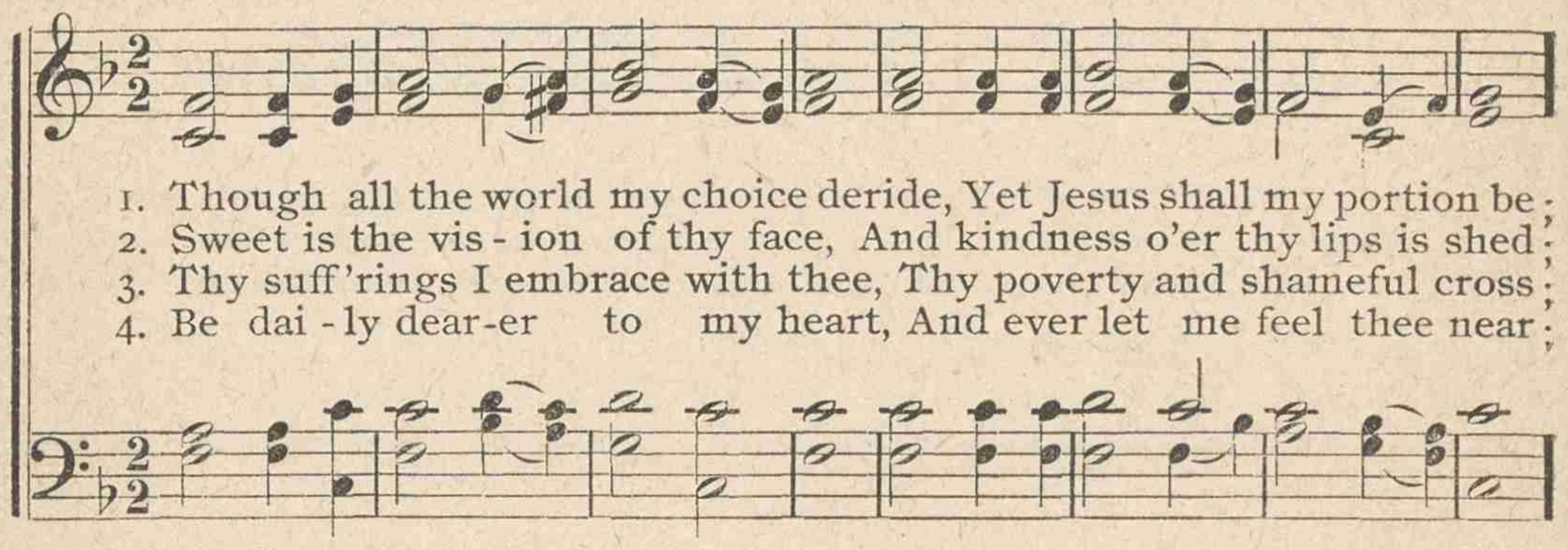


There is a calm a sure retreat, 'T is found beneath the mercy - seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

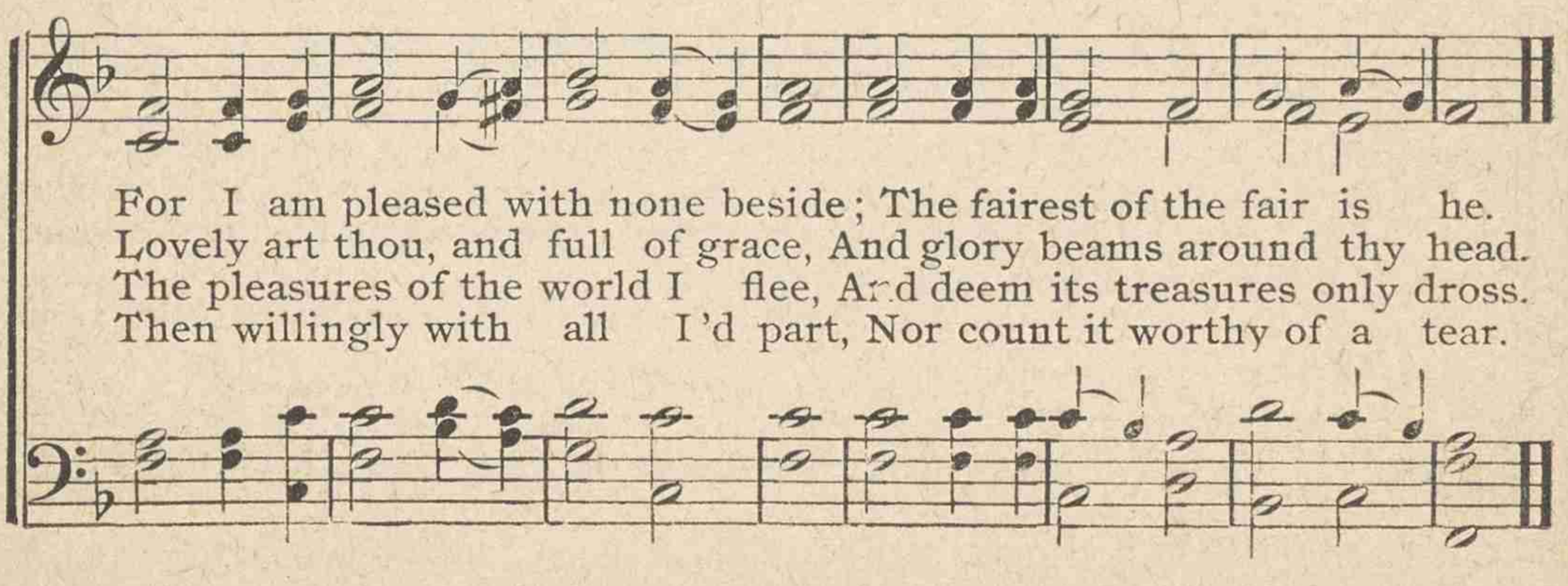


No. 123. Hamburg. L. M.

Words by F. WHITFIELD. Music arr. by LOWELL MASON.
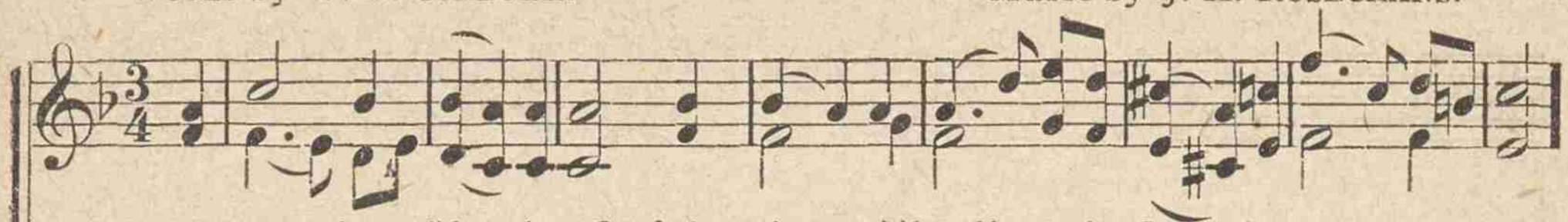


1. Though all the world my choice deride, Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
2. Sweet is the vis - ion of thy face, And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
3. Thy suff'rings I embrace with thee, Thy poverty and shameful cross;
4. Be dai - ly dear-er to my heart, And ever let me feel thee near;
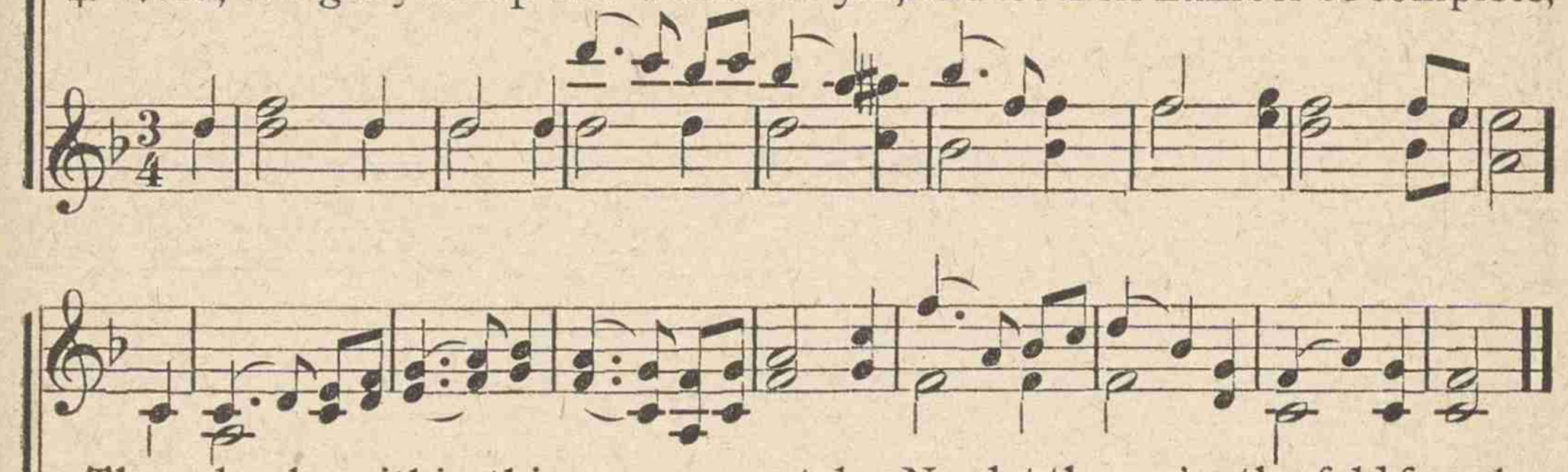


For I am pleased with none beside; The fairest of the fair is he.
Lovely art thou, and full of grace, And glory beams around thy head.
The pleasures of the world I flee, And deem its treasures only dross.
Then willingly with all I'd part, Nor count it worthy of a tear.

No. 124. Johnston. L. M.
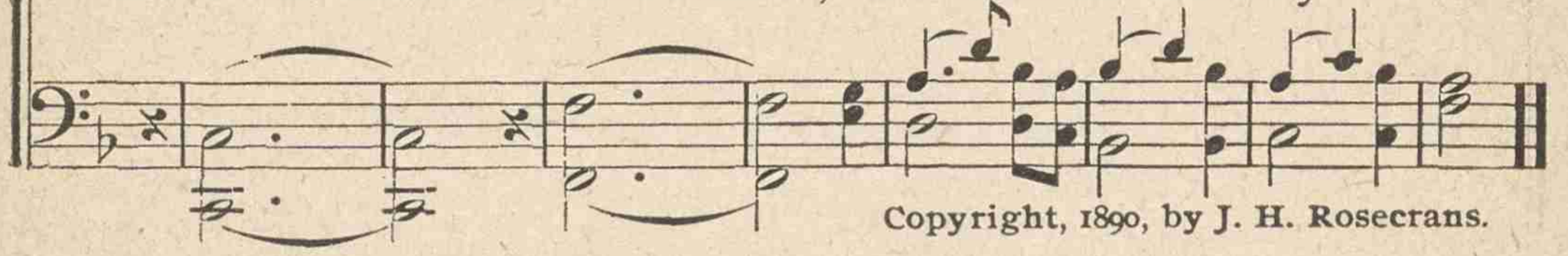
Words by W. B. COLLYER. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Je - sus, thou Shepherd of the sheep Thy lit - tle flock in safe-ty keep;
2. Secure them from the scorching beam, And lead them to the living stream;
3. Oh, teach them to discern thy voice, And in its sacred sound rejoice;
4. Lord, bring thy sheep that wandered yet, And let their number be complete;
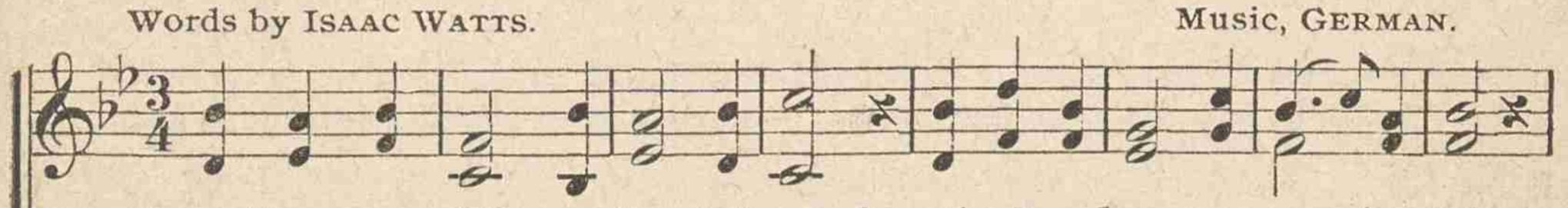


These lambs within thine arms now take, Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.
In verdant pastures let them lie, And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
From strangers may they ev - er flee, And know no other guide but thee.
Then let the flock from earth remove, And reach the heavenly fold above.
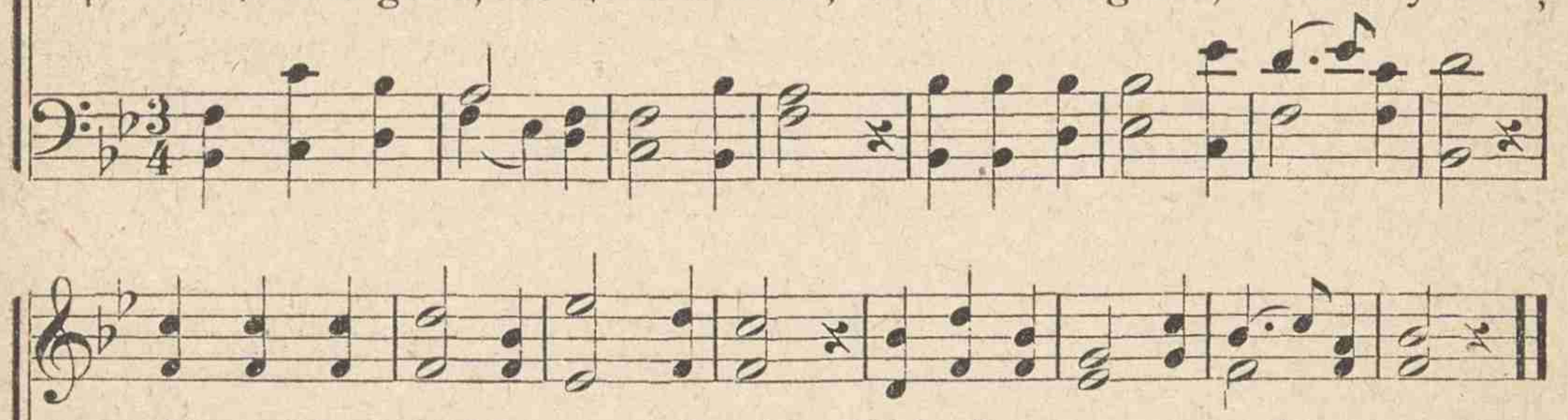


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No. 125. Mendon. L. M.
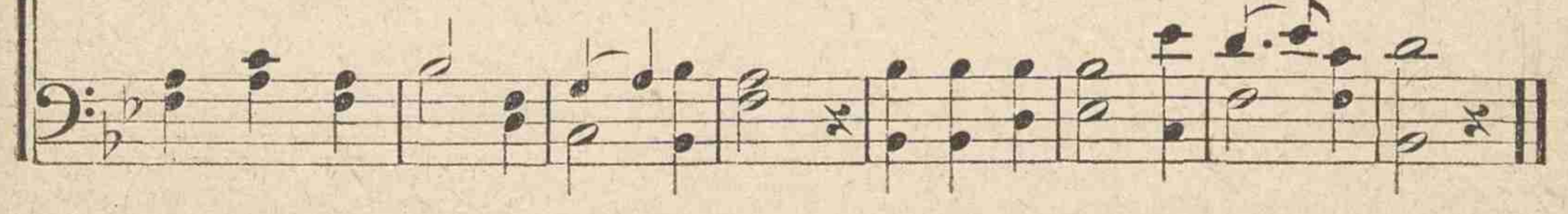
Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music, GERMAN.



1. Ye nations round the earth rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
2. The Lord is God; 't is he alone Doth life, and breath, and being give;
3. En - ter his gates with songs of joy; With praises to his courts repair;
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy sure;

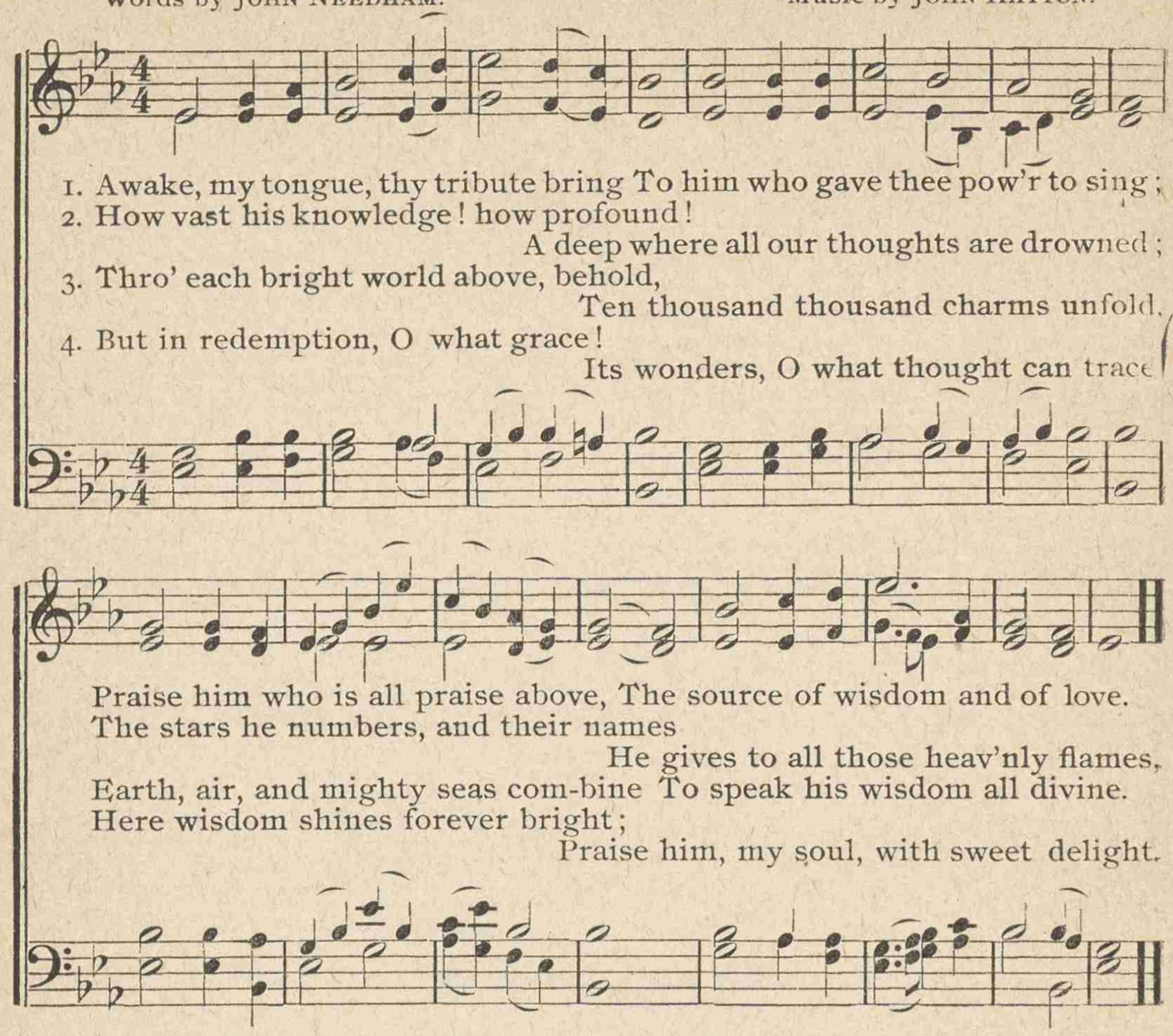


Serve him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues his glory sing.
We are his work, and not our own, The sheep that on his pastures live.
And make it your divine employ To pay your thanks and honors there.
And the whole race of men shall find His truth from age to age endure.



No. 126. Duke Street. L. M.

Words by JOHN NEEDHAM. Music by JOHN HATTON.

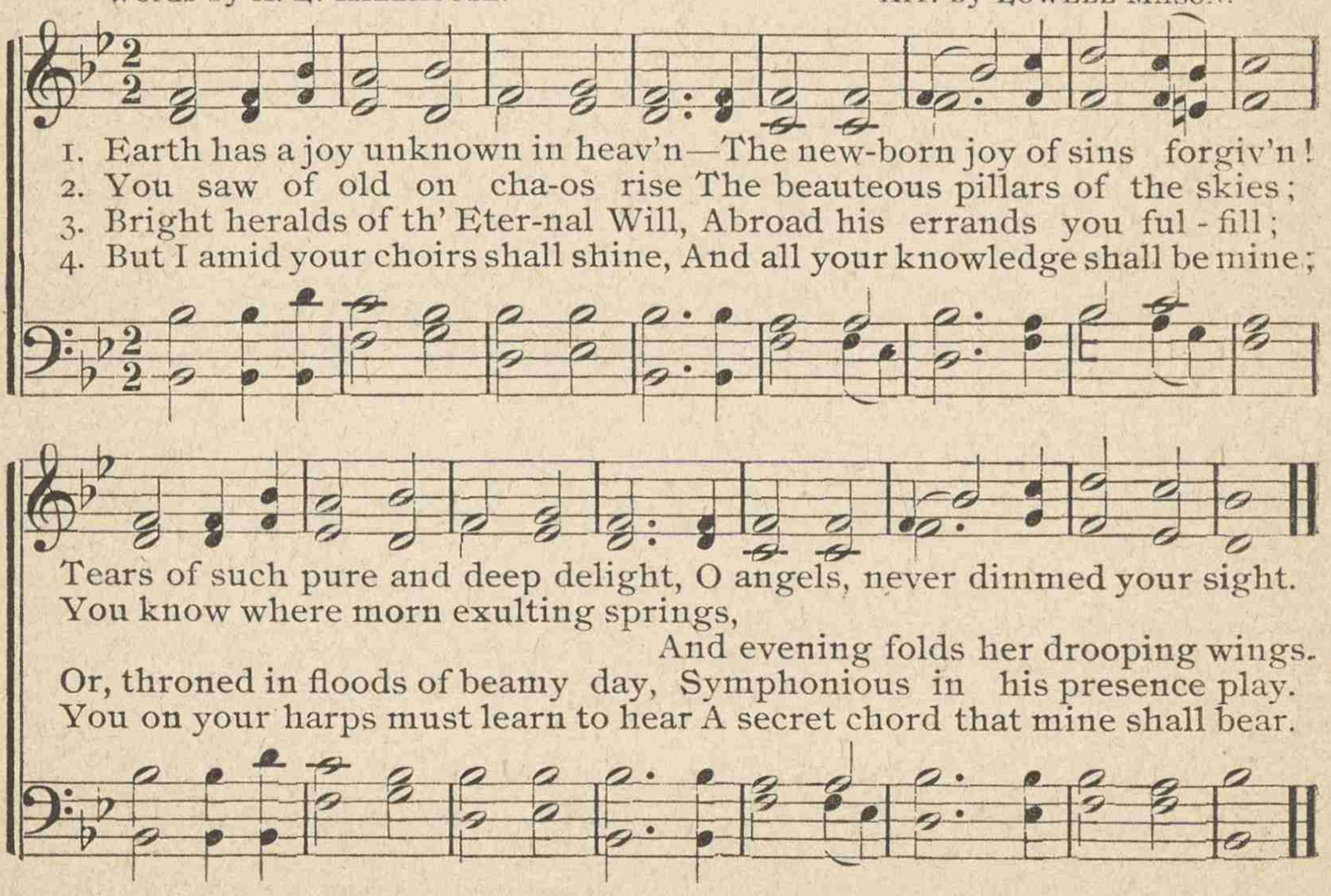


1. Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
2. How vast his knowledge! how profound!
   A deep where all our thoughts are drowned;
3. Thro' each bright world above, behold,
   Ten thousand thousand charms unfold.
4. But in redemption, O what grace!
   Its wonders, O what thought can trace!

Praise him who is all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.
Earth, air, and mighty seas com-bine To speak his wisdom all divine.
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

No. 127. Ward. L. M.

Words by A. L. HILLHOUSE. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.
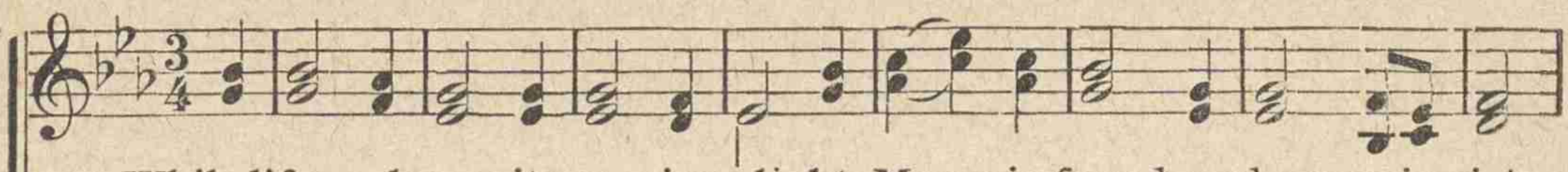


1. Earth has a joy unknown in heav'n—The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n!
2. You saw of old on cha-os rise The beauteous pillars of the skies;
3. Bright heralds of th' Eter-nal Will, Abroad his errands you ful - fill;
4. But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine;

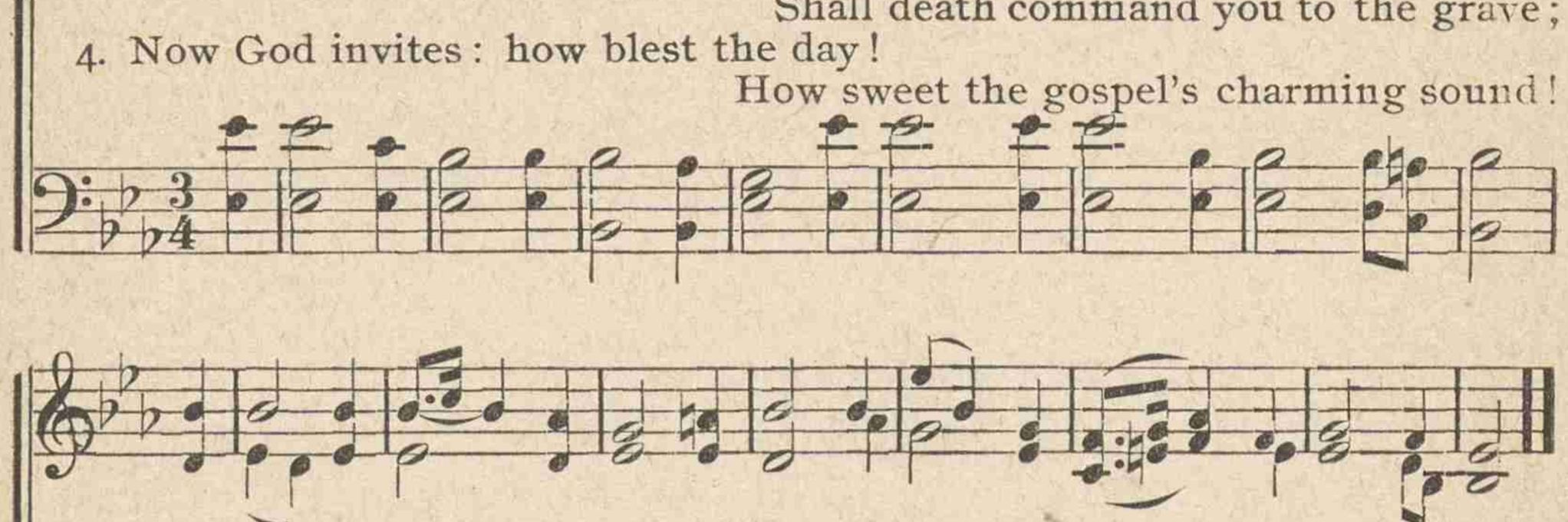
Tears of such pure and deep delight, O angels, never dimmed your sight.
You know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.
Or, throned in floods of beamy day, Symphonious in his presence play.
You on your harps must learn to hear A secret chord that mine shall bear.

No. 128. Patchin. L. M.
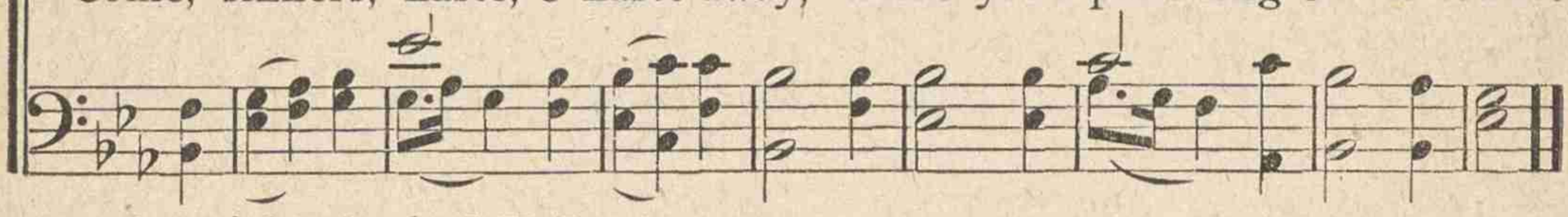
Words by TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n;
2. While God invites, how blest the day!
   How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
   Shall death command you to the grave;
4. Now God invites: how blest the day!
   How sweet the gospel's charming sound!



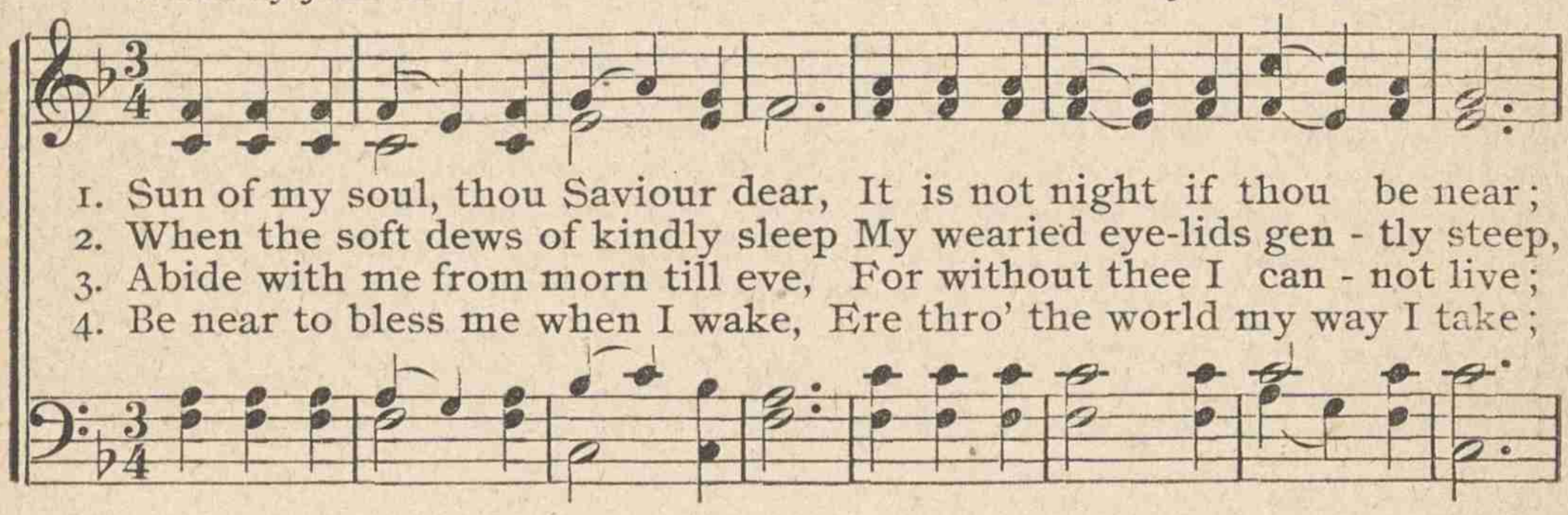
But, soon, ah! soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
Before his bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
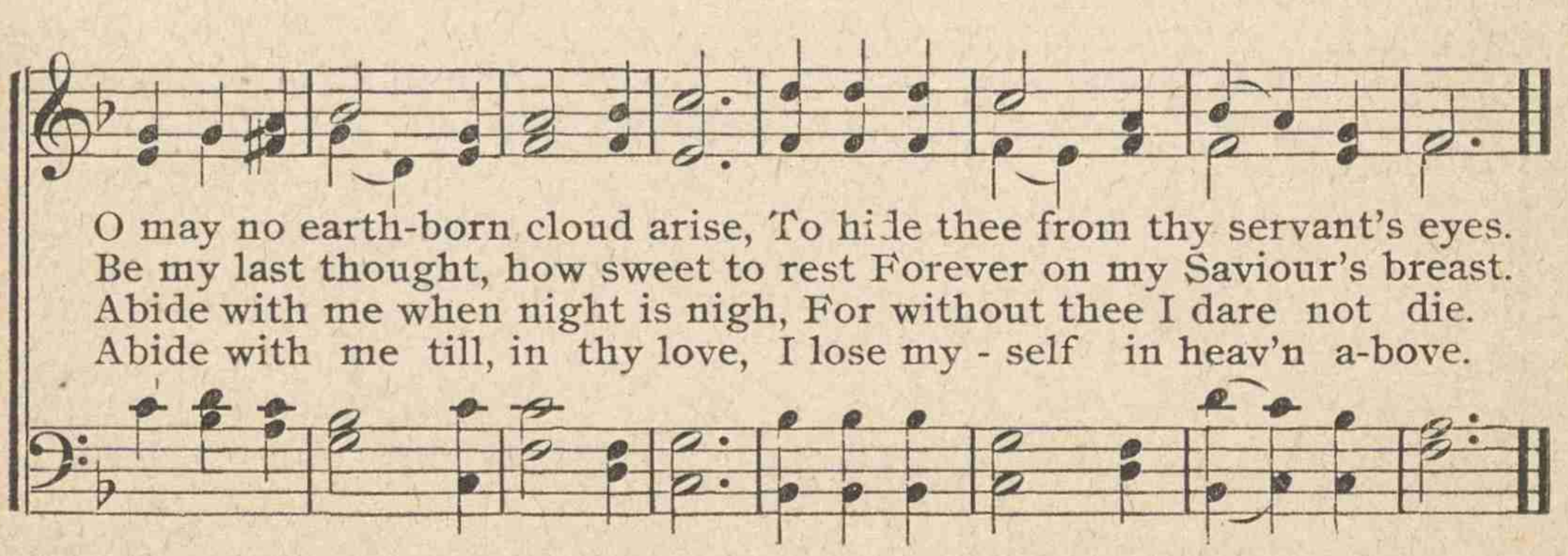


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No. 129. Hursley. L. M.

Words by JOHN KEBLE. Music by PETER RITTER.
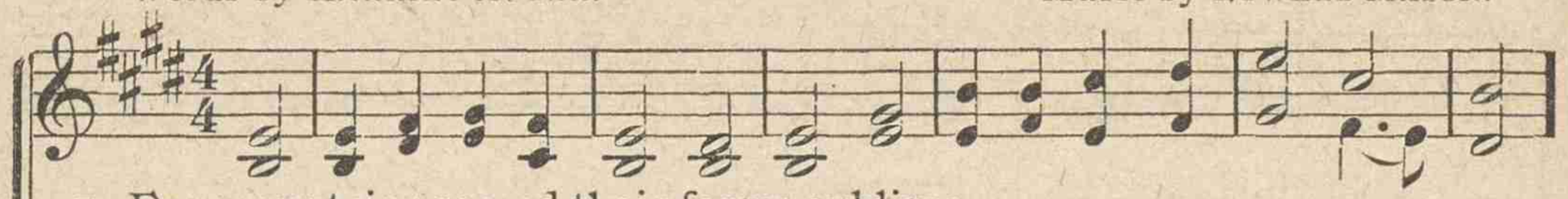


1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



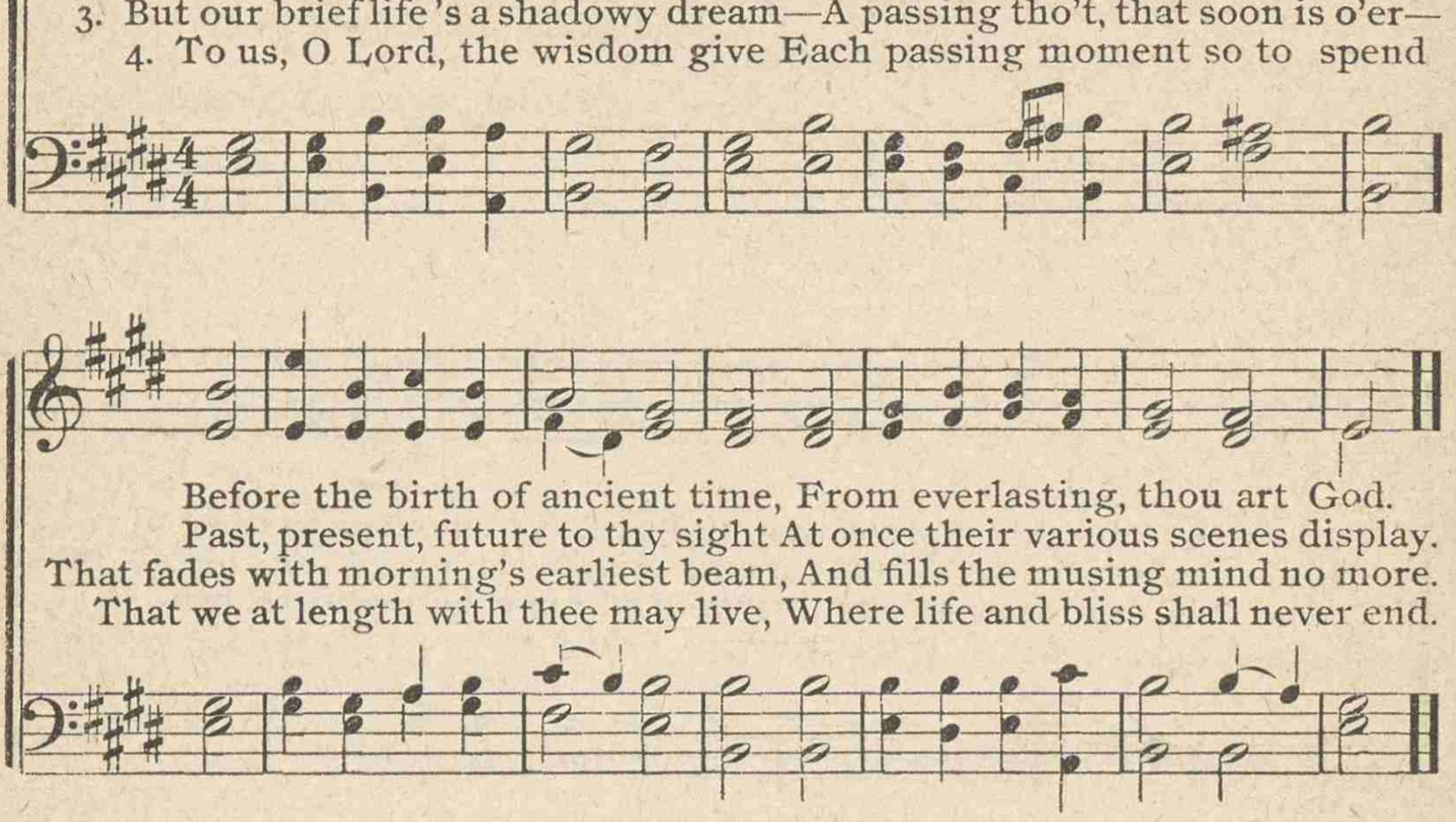
O may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Abide with me till, in thy love, I lose my - self in heav'n a-bove.

No. 130. Uxbridge. L. M.
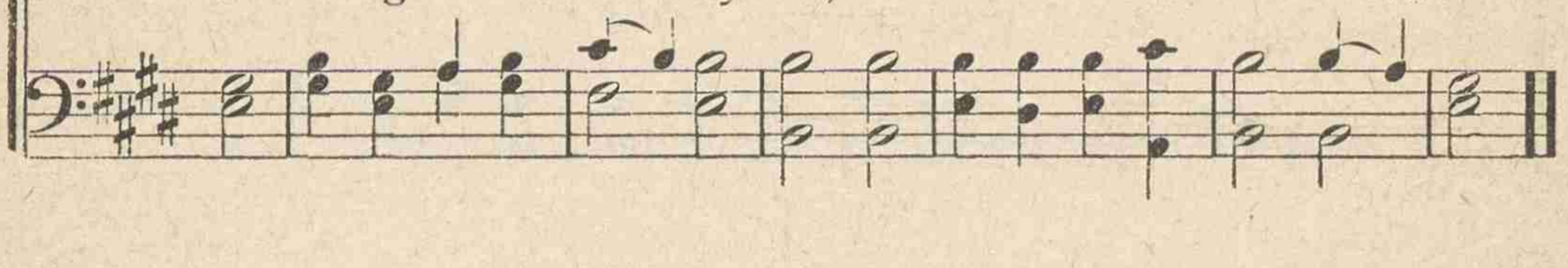
Words by HARRIET AUBER. Music by LOWELL MASON.



1. Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
2. A thousand a-ges in their flight, With thee are as a fleeting day;
3. But our brief life 's a shadowy dream—A passing tho't, that soon is o'er—
4. To us, O Lord, the wisdom give Each passing moment so to spend
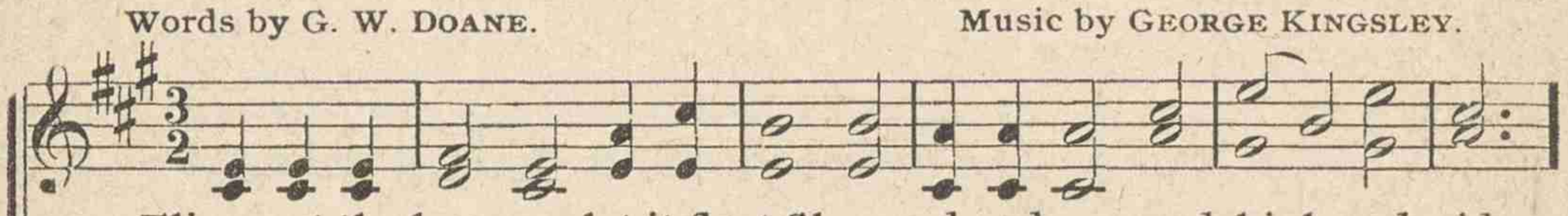


Before the birth of ancient time, From everlasting, thou art God.
Past, present, future to thy sight At once their various scenes display.
That fades with morning's earliest beam, And fills the musing mind no more.
That we at length with thee may live, Where life and bliss shall never end.

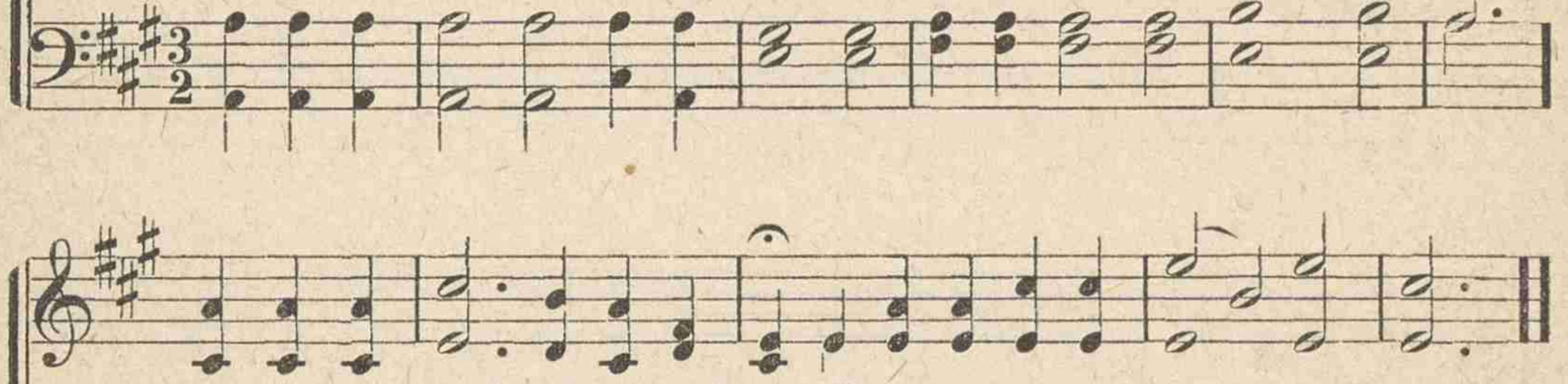


No. 131. Ware. L. M.
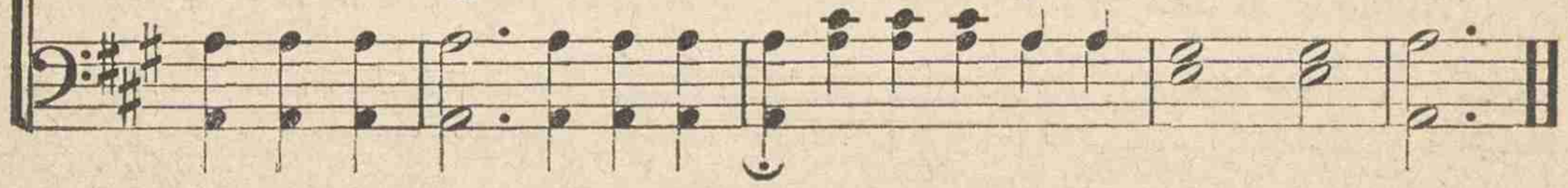
Words by G. W. DOANE. Music by GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Fling out the banner; let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide—
2. Fling out the banner; angels bend, In anxious silence, o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner; let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide—
4. Fling out the banner, wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine;

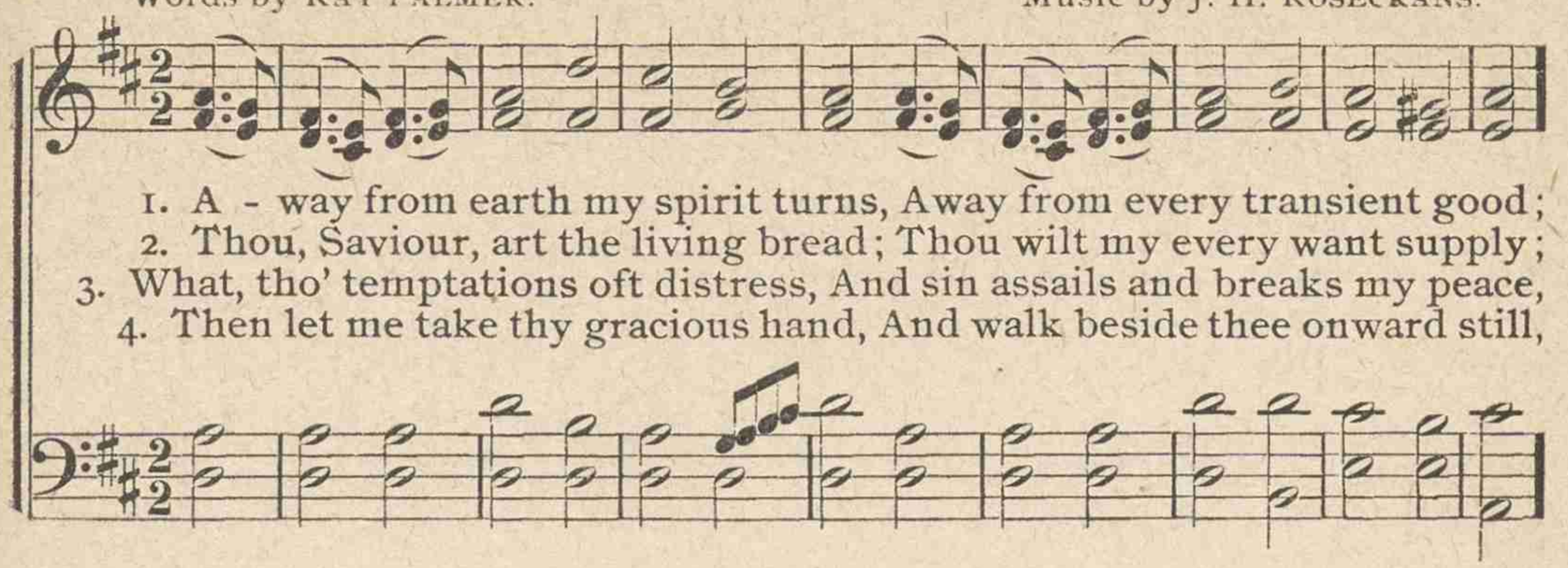


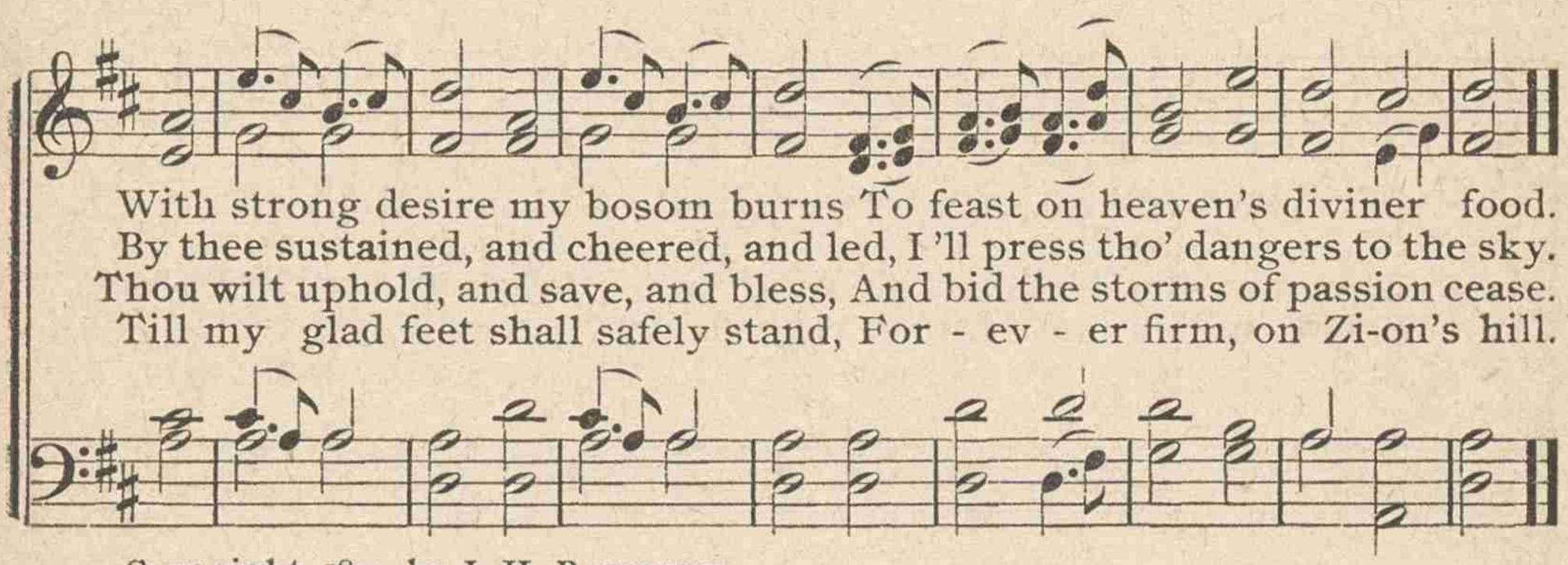
The sun that lights its shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And vainly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love di - vine.
Our glory, on - ly in the cross; Our only hope, the Cruci - fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours; We conquer only in that sign.



No. 132. Carlton. L. M.

Words by RAY PALMER. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

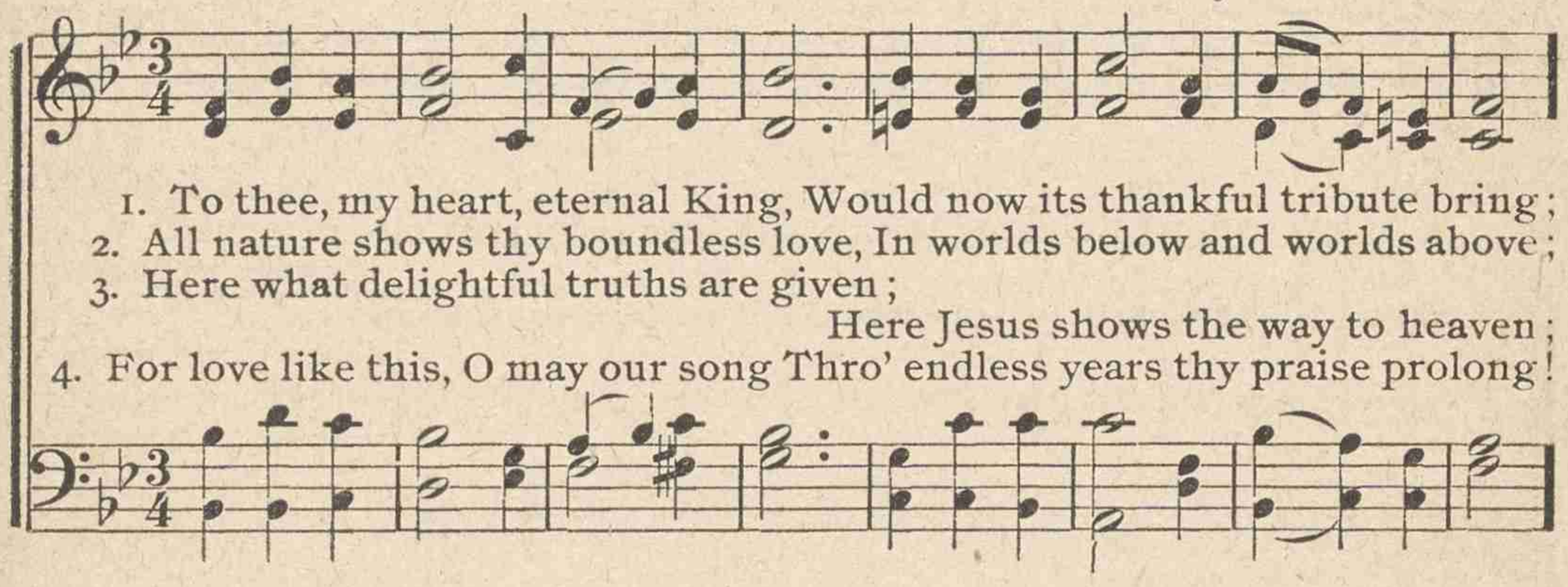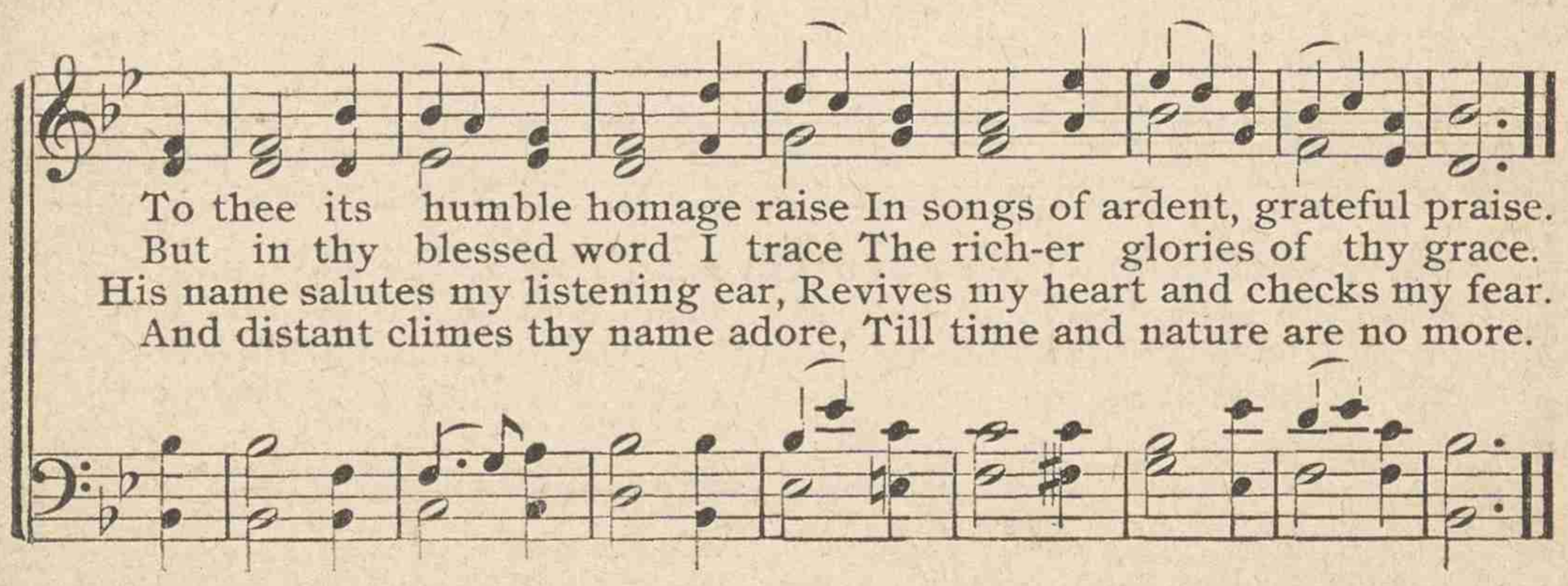




Coypright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 133. Germany. L. M.

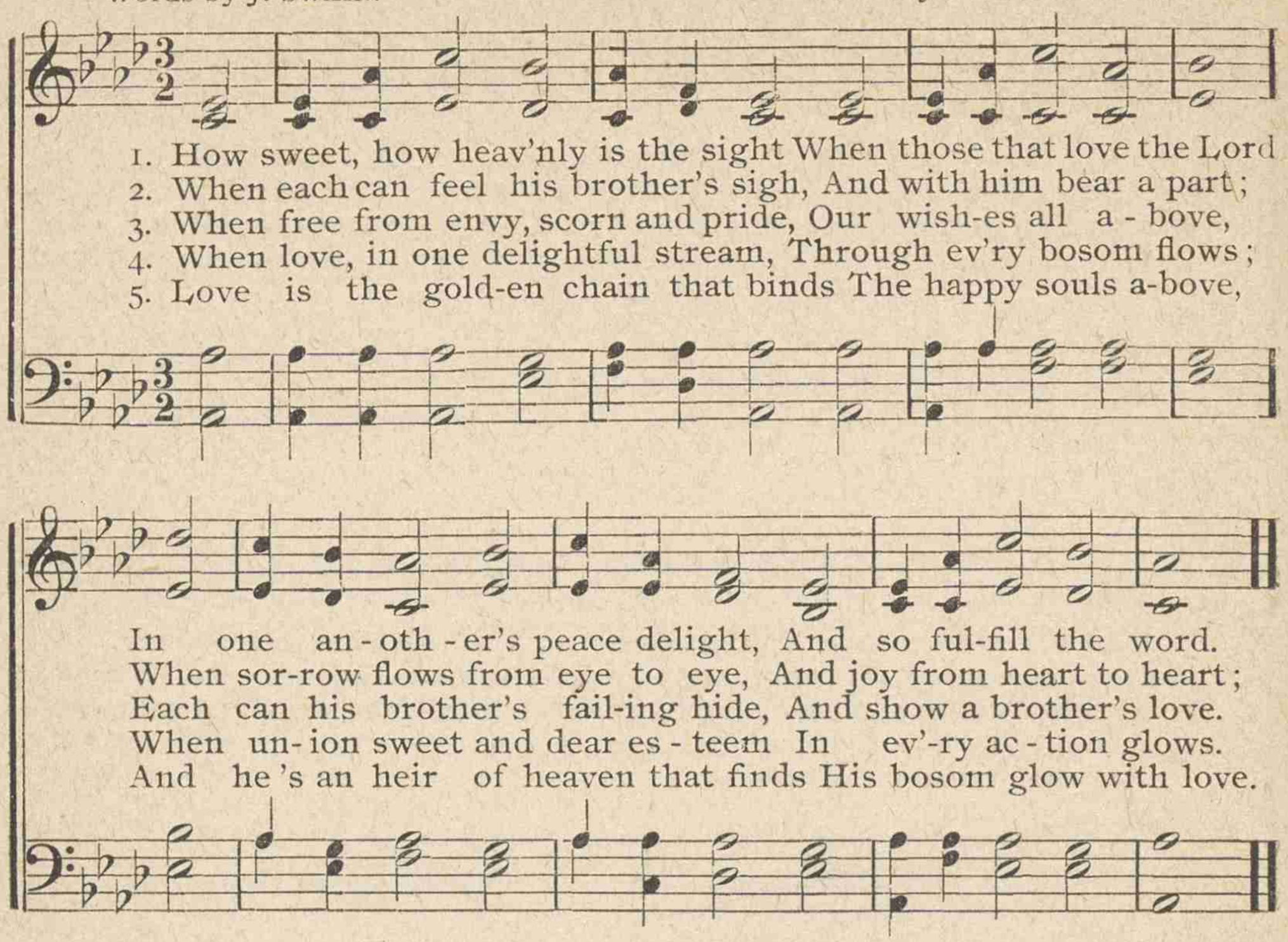
Words from "Exeter Collection." Music by BEETHOVEN.





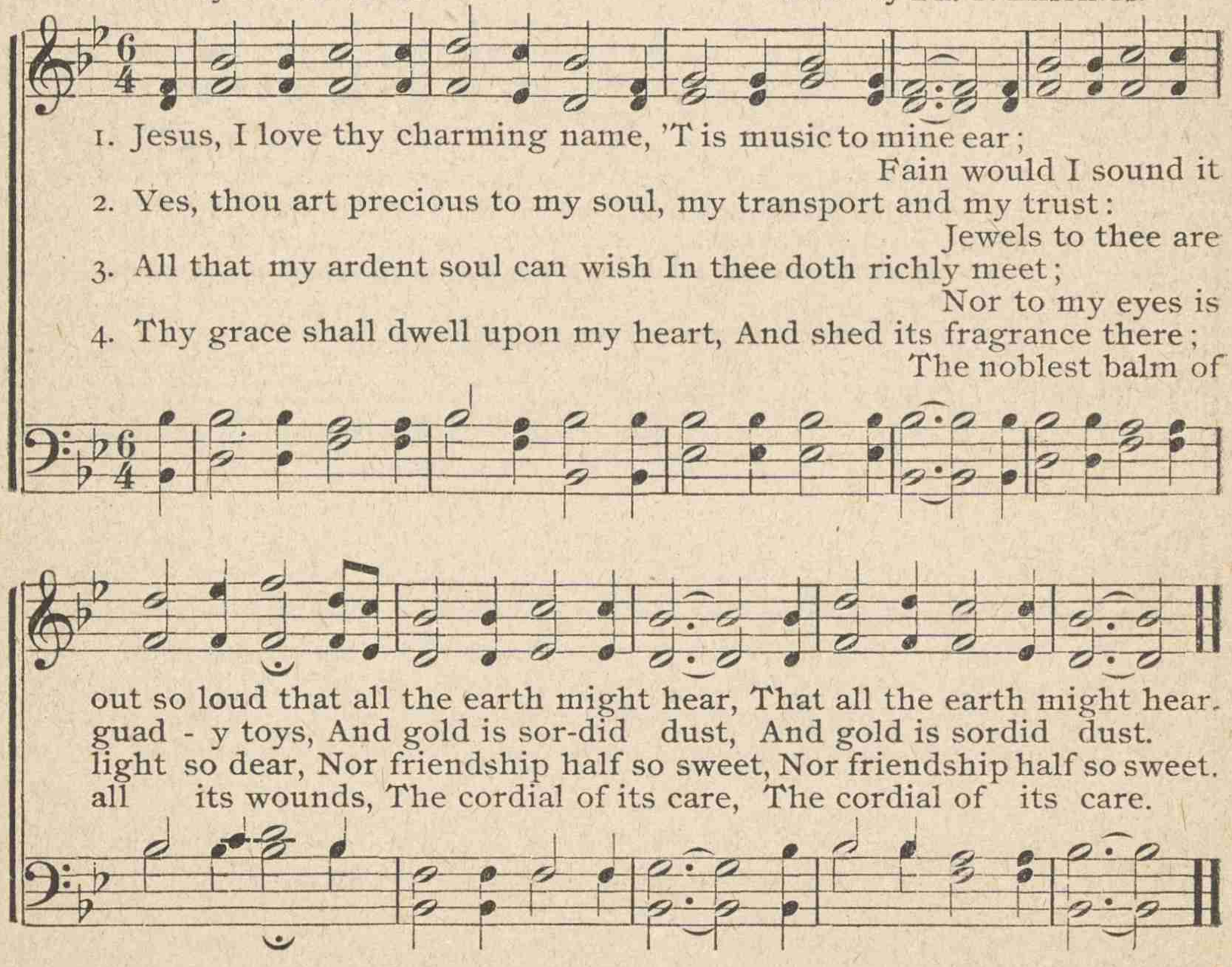
No. 134. Evan. C. M.

Words by J. SWAIN. Music by H. W. HAVERGAL.



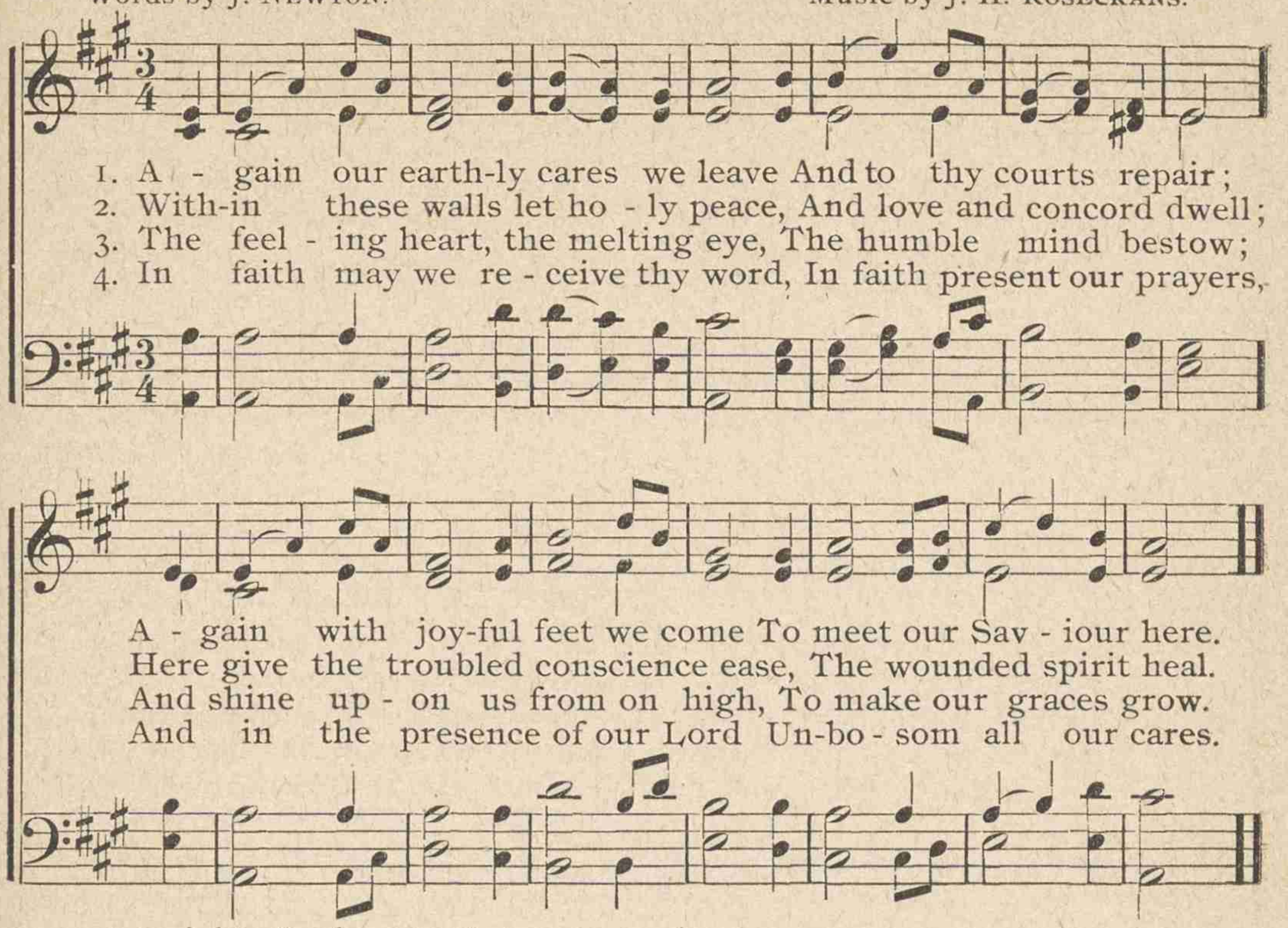
No. 135. Ortonville. C. M.

Words by P. DODDRIDGE. Music by DR. T. HASTINGS.



No. 136. Hilts. C. M.

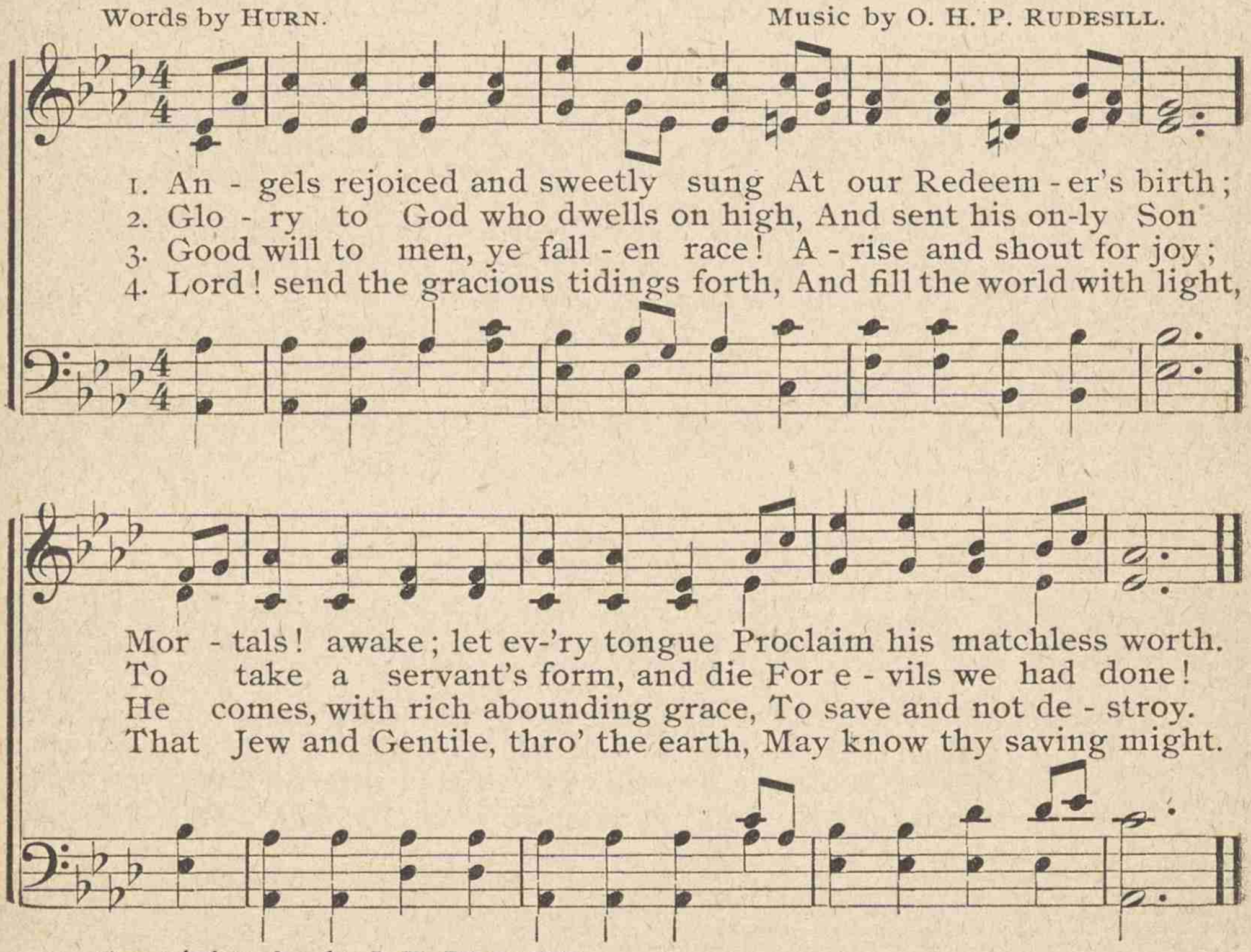
Words by J. NEWTON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 137. Trice. C. M.
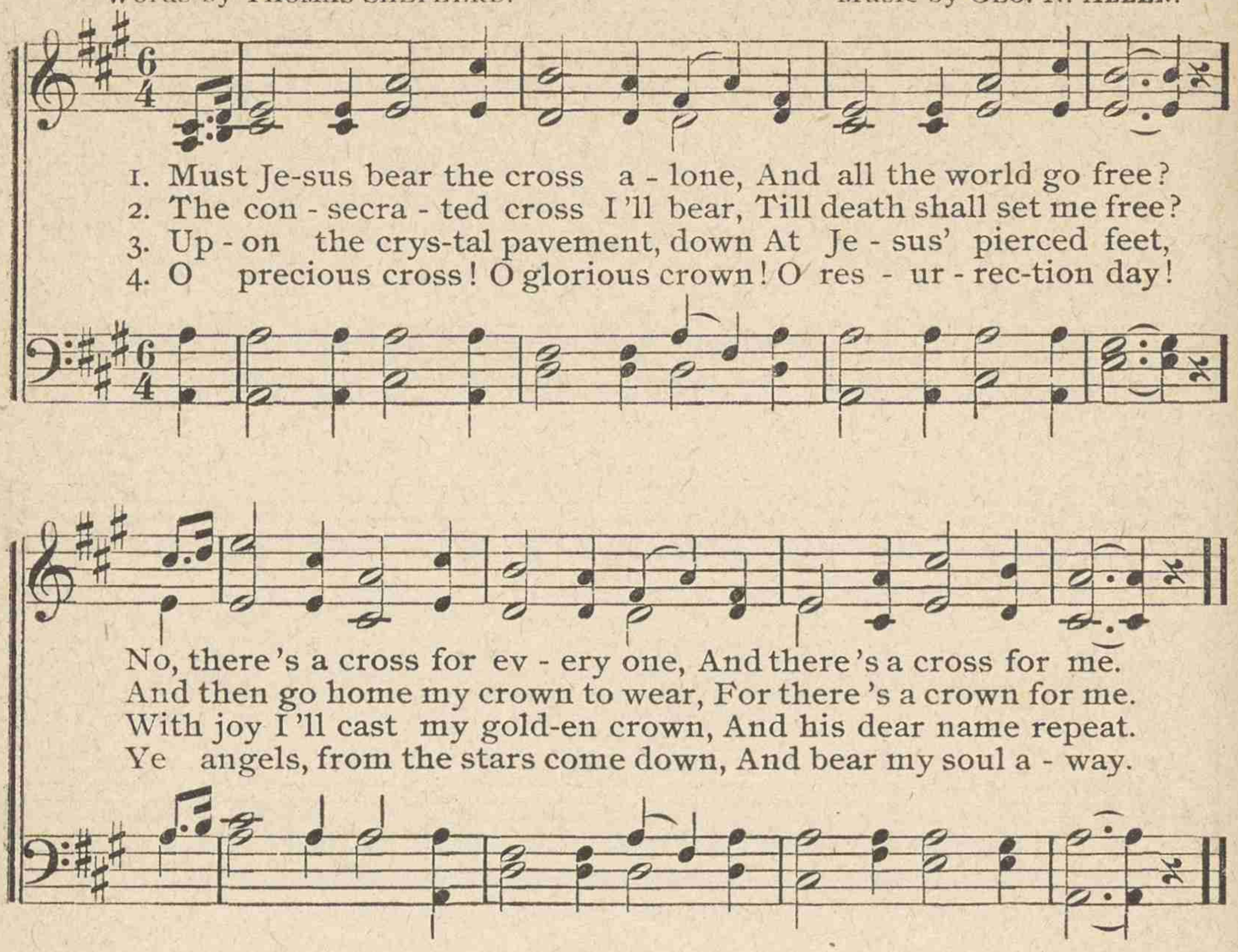
Words by HURN. Music by O. H. P. RUDESILL.



Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

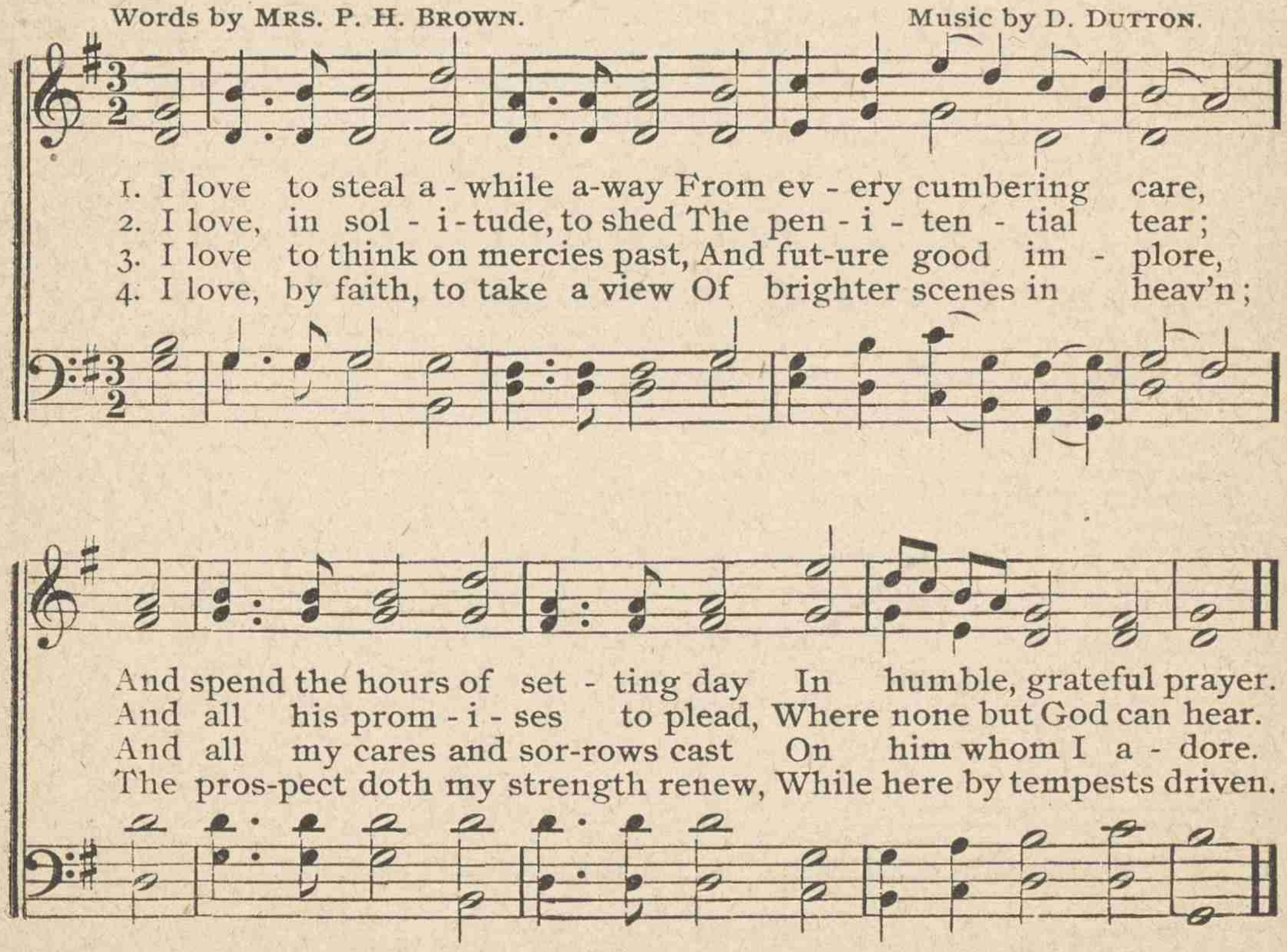
No. 138. Maitland. C. M.

Words by THOMAS SHEPHERD. Music by GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 139. Woodstock. C. M.

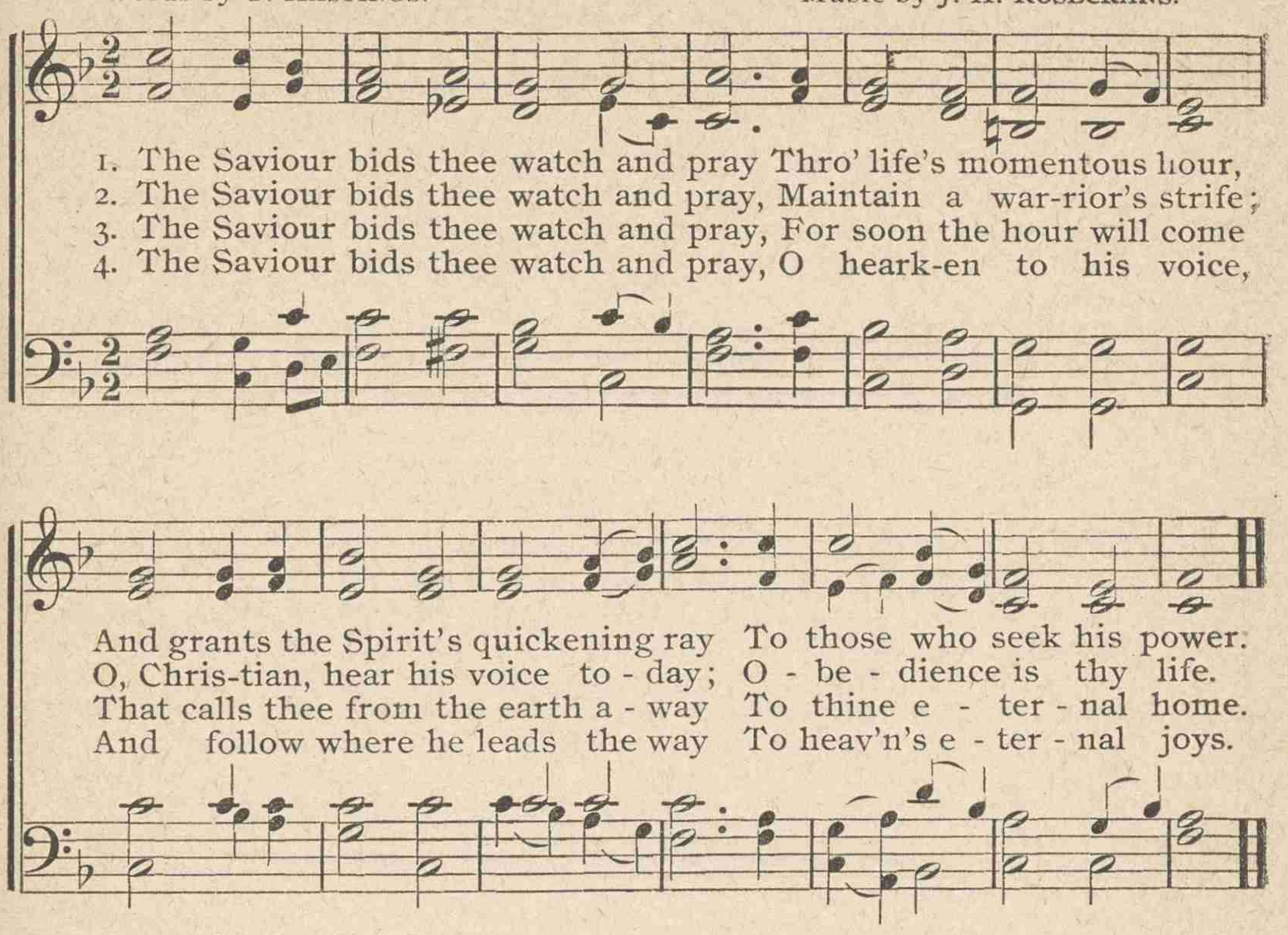
Words by MRS. P. H. BROWN. Music by D. DUTTON.



No. 140. Clark. C. M.

Words by T. HASTINGS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray Thro' life's momentous hour,
2. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray, Maintain a war-rior's strife;
3. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray, For soon the hour will come
4. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray, O heark-en to his voice,



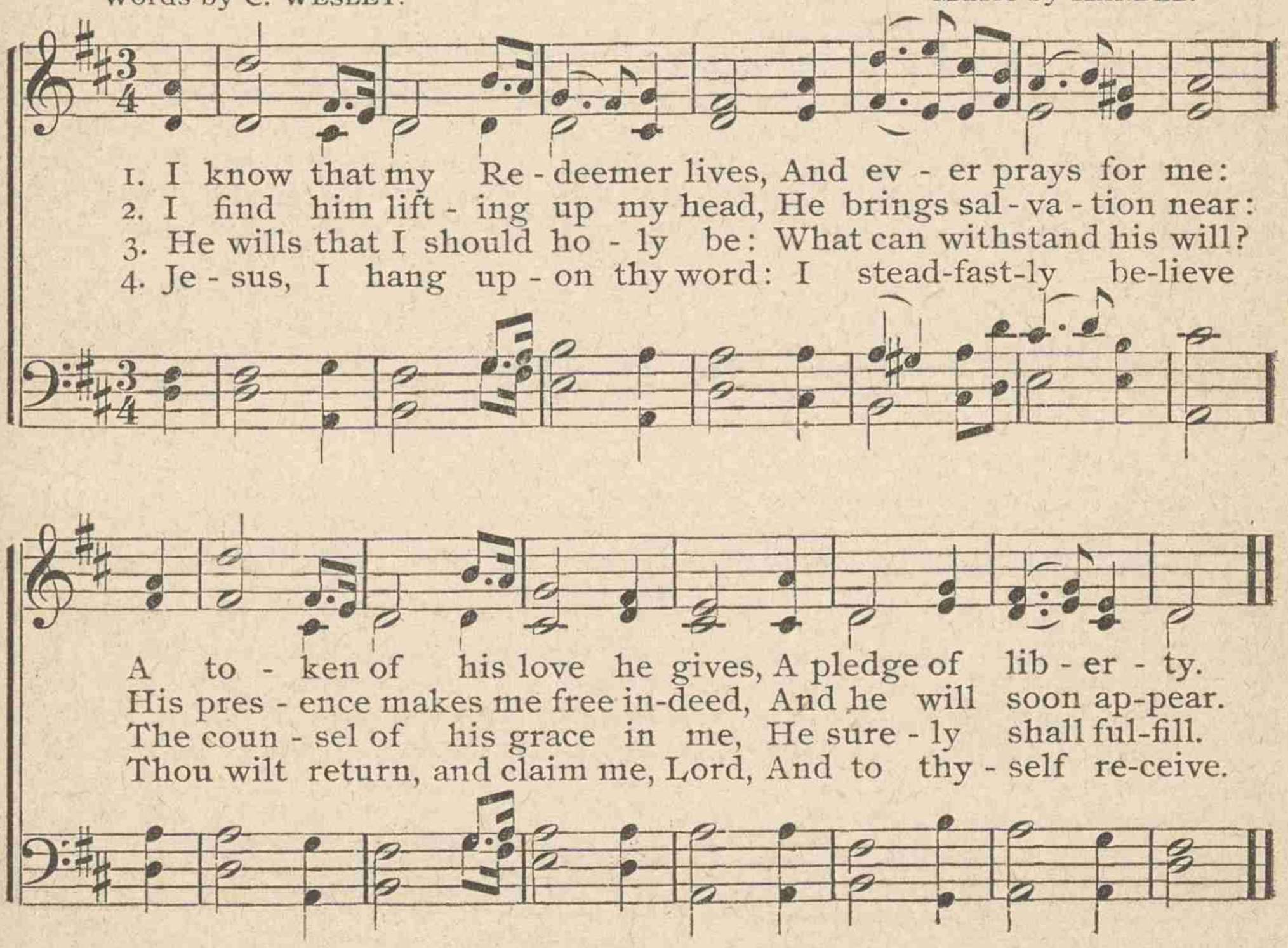
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray To those who seek his power.
O, Chris-tian, hear his voice to - day; O - be - dience is thy life.
That calls thee from the earth a - way To thine e - ter - nal home.
And follow where he leads the way To heav'n's e - ter - nal joys.

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No. 141. Bradford. C. M.

Words by C. WESLEY. Music by HANDEL.

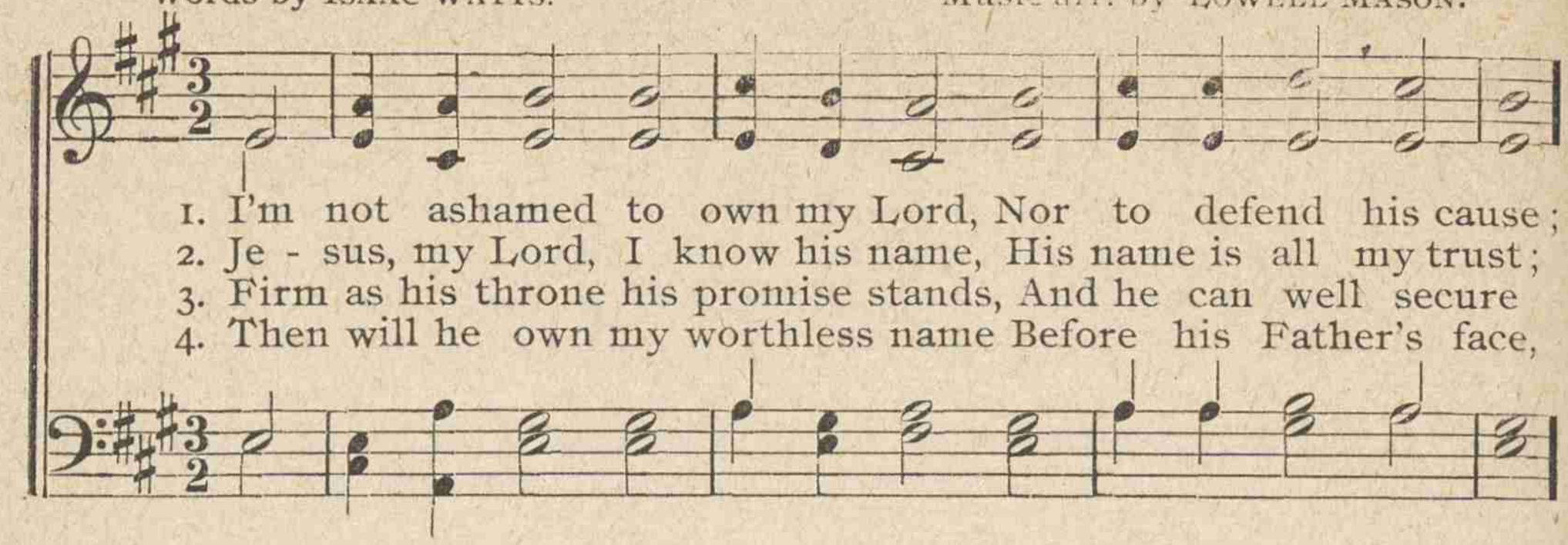
1. I know that my Re - deemer lives, And ev - er prays for me:
2. I find him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near:
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can withstand his will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on thy word: I stead-fast-ly be-lieve

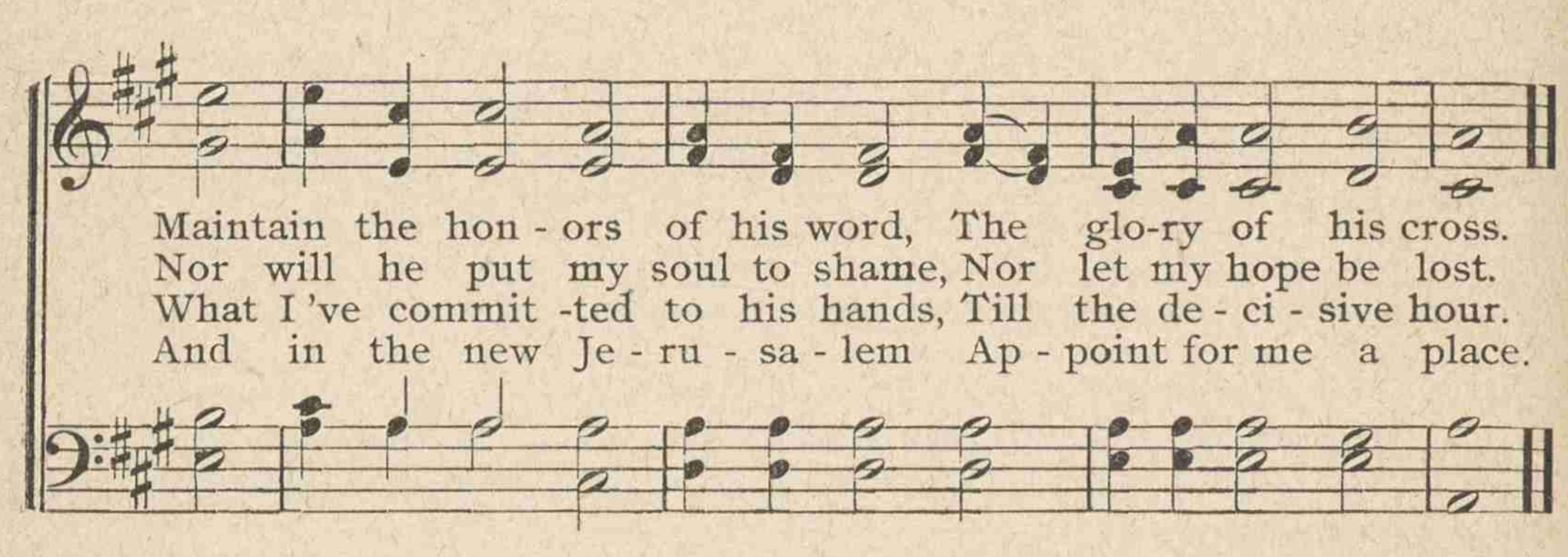


A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in-deed, And he will soon ap-pear.
The coun - sel of his grace in me, He sure - ly shall ful-fill.
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re-ceive.

No. 142. Azmon. C. M.

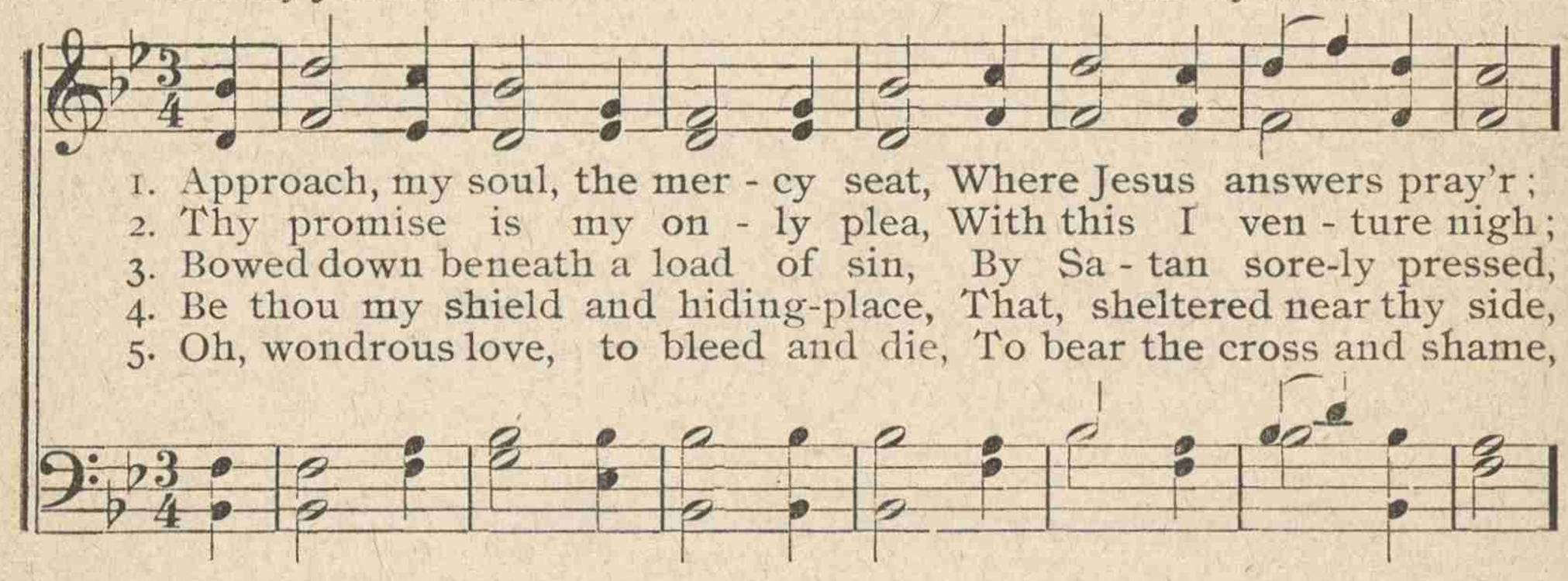
Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music arr. by LOWELL MASON.

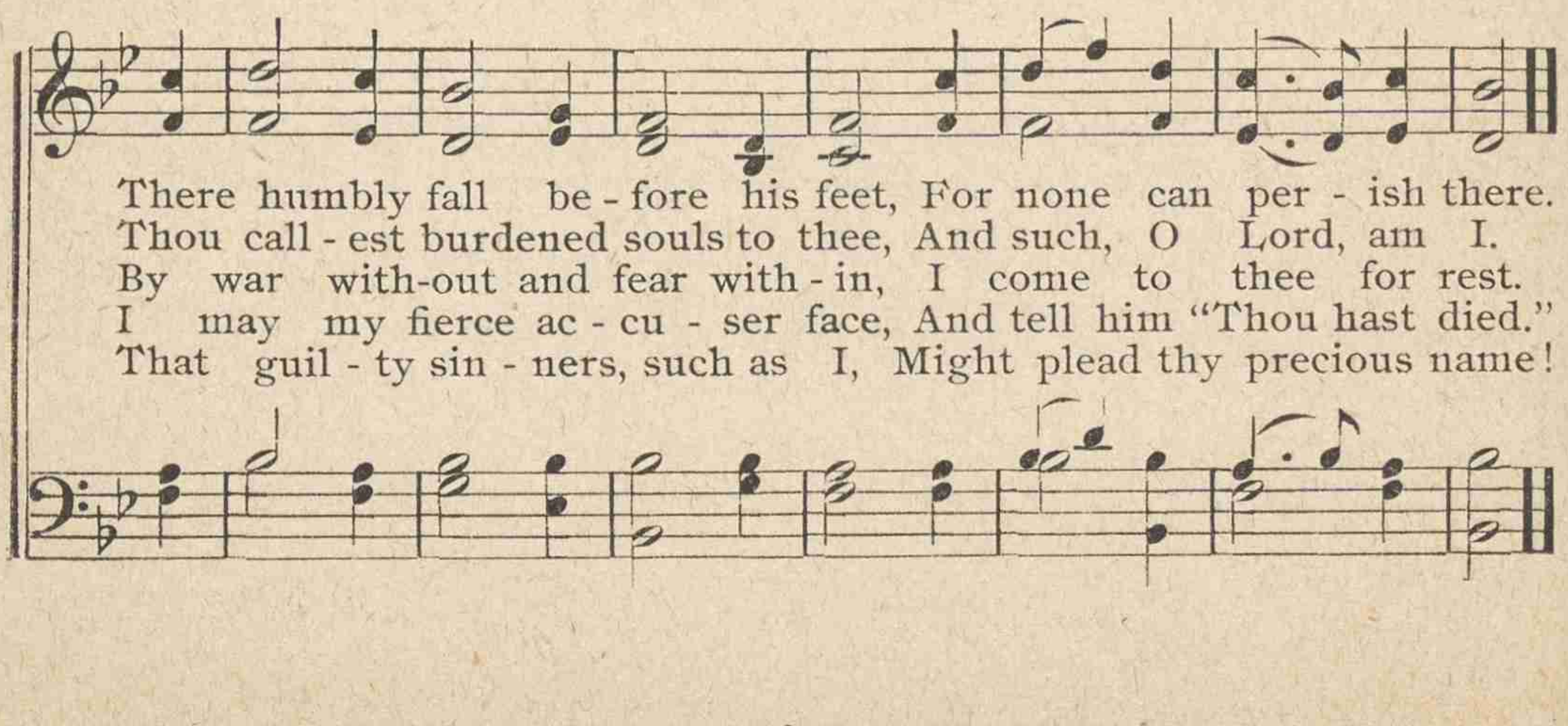




No. 143. Balerma. C. M.

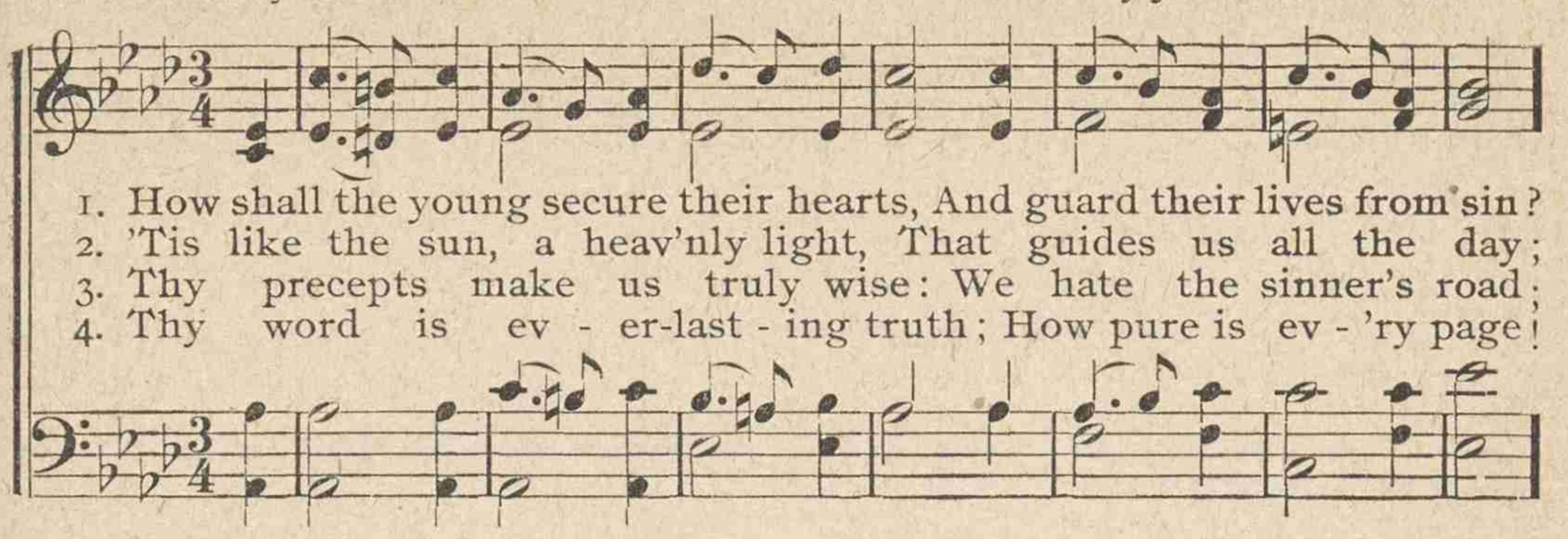
Words by JOHN NEWTON. Music by R. SIMPSON.

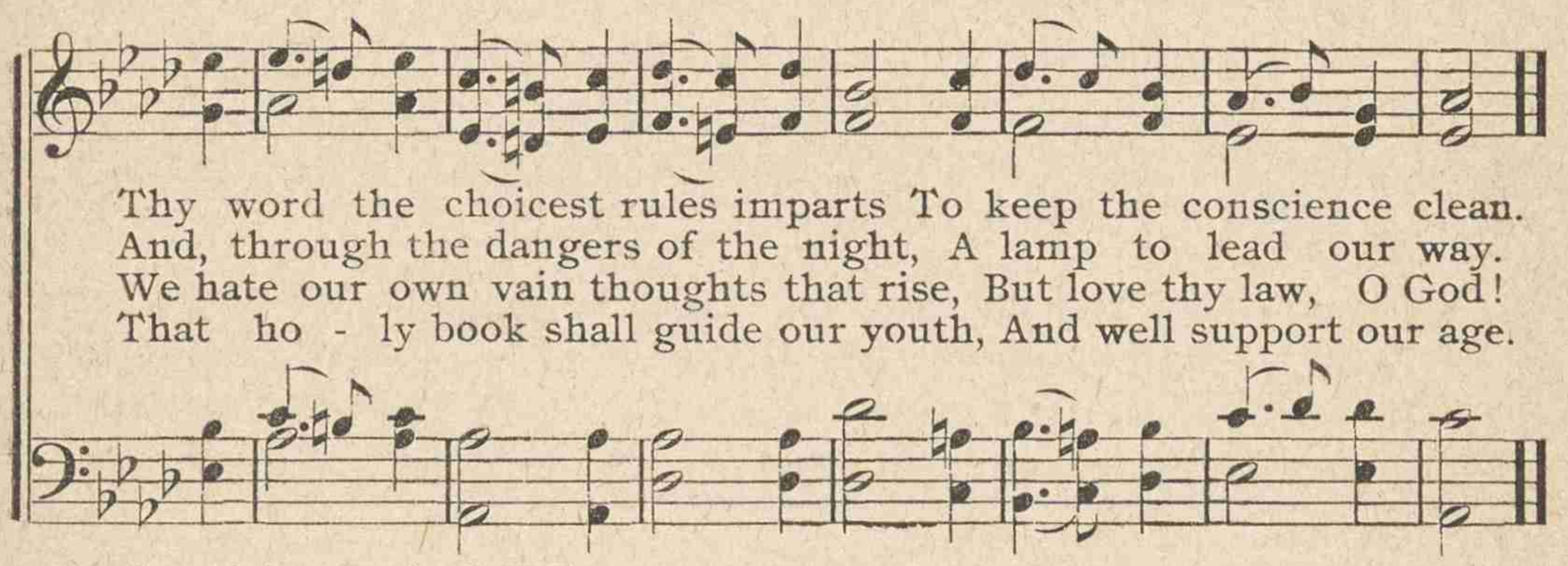




No. 144. Bergh. C. M.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

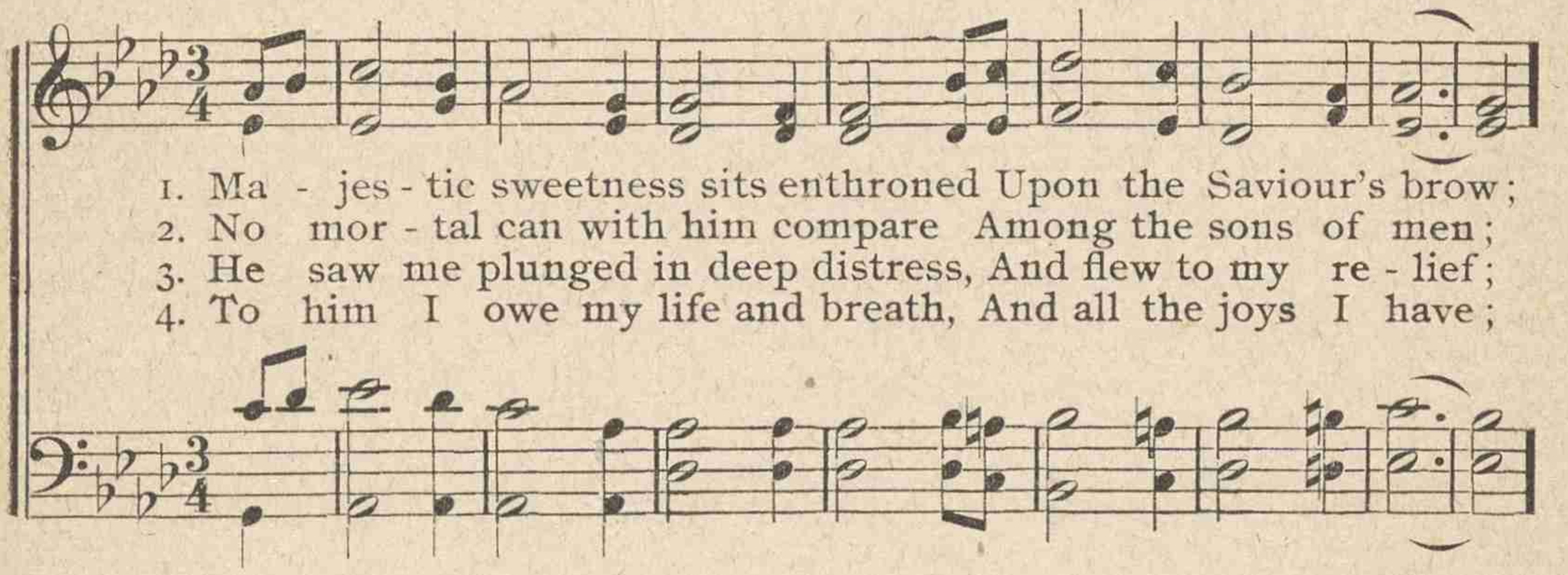


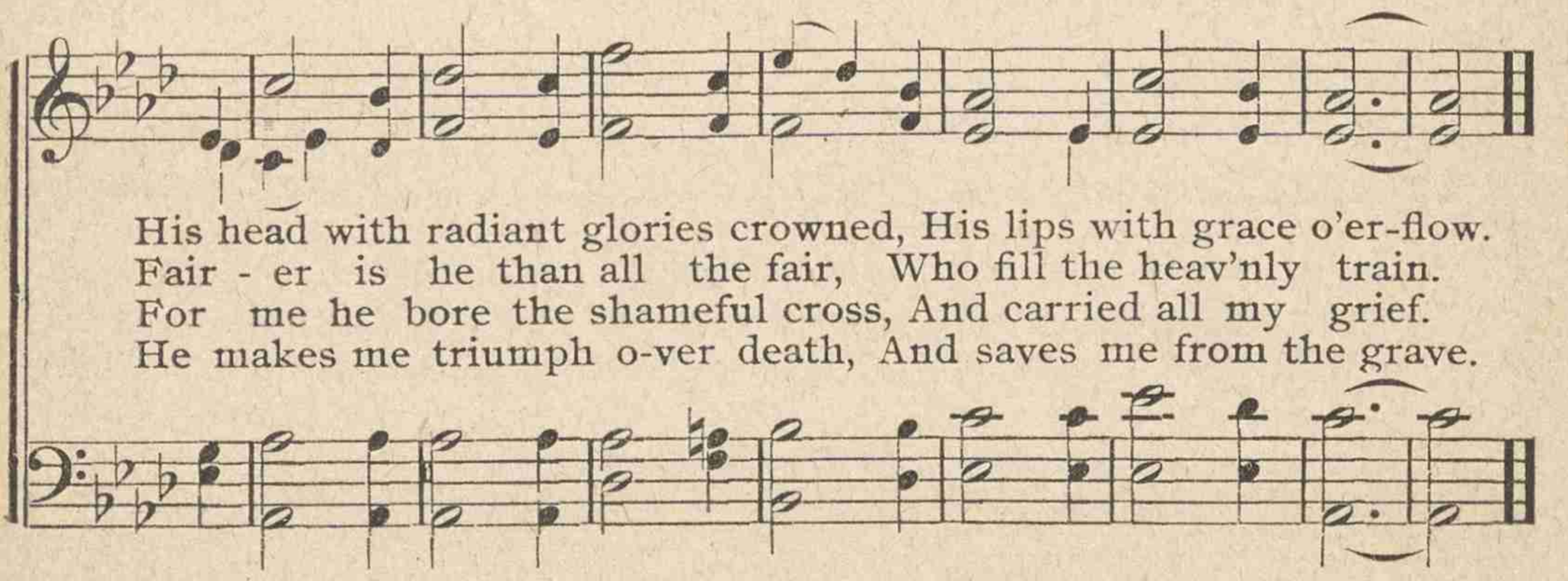


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No. 145. Manoah. C. M.

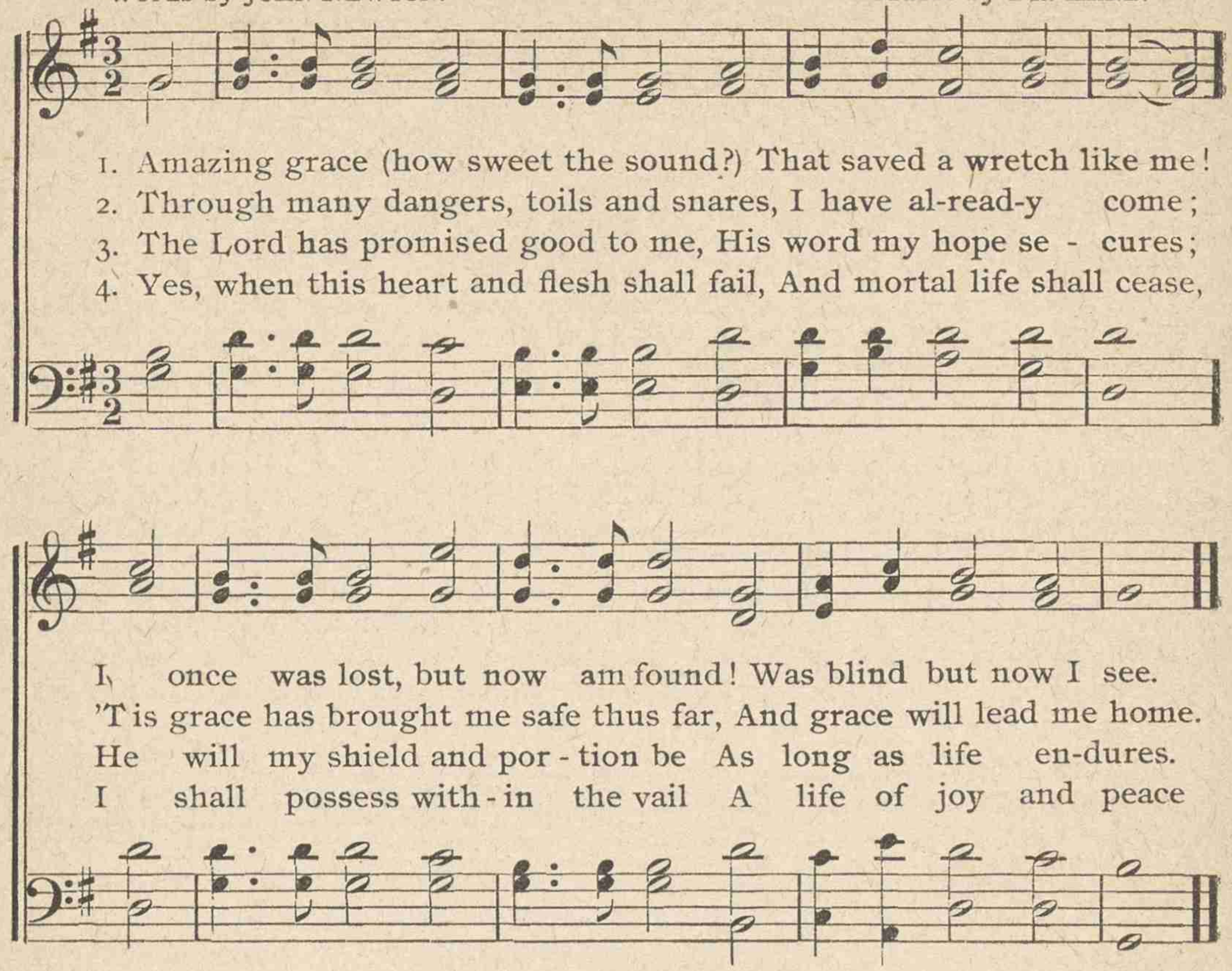
Words by S. STENNETT. Music by GREATOREX.





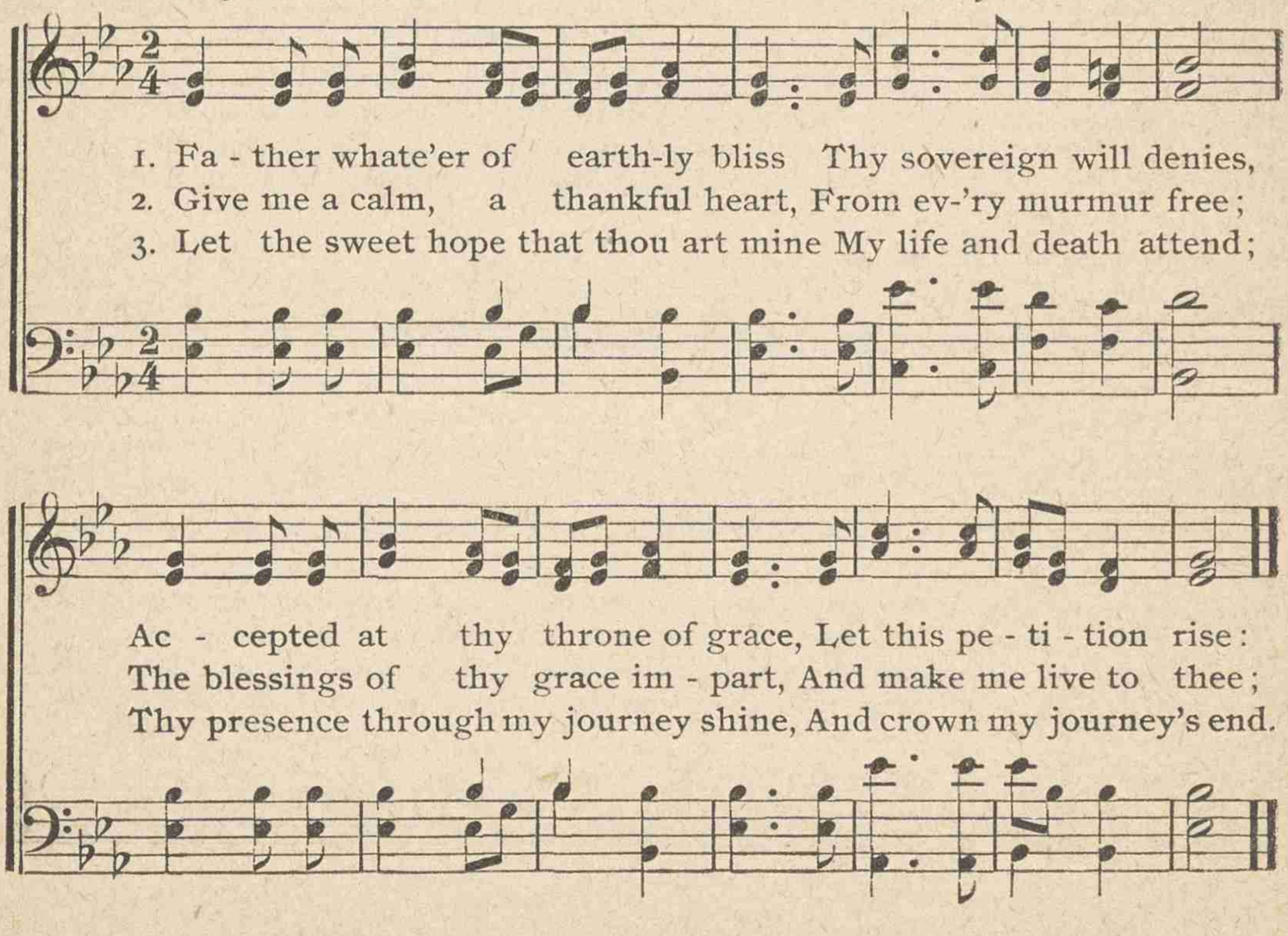
No. 146. Arlington. C. M.

Words by JOHN NEWTON. Music by DR. ARNE.



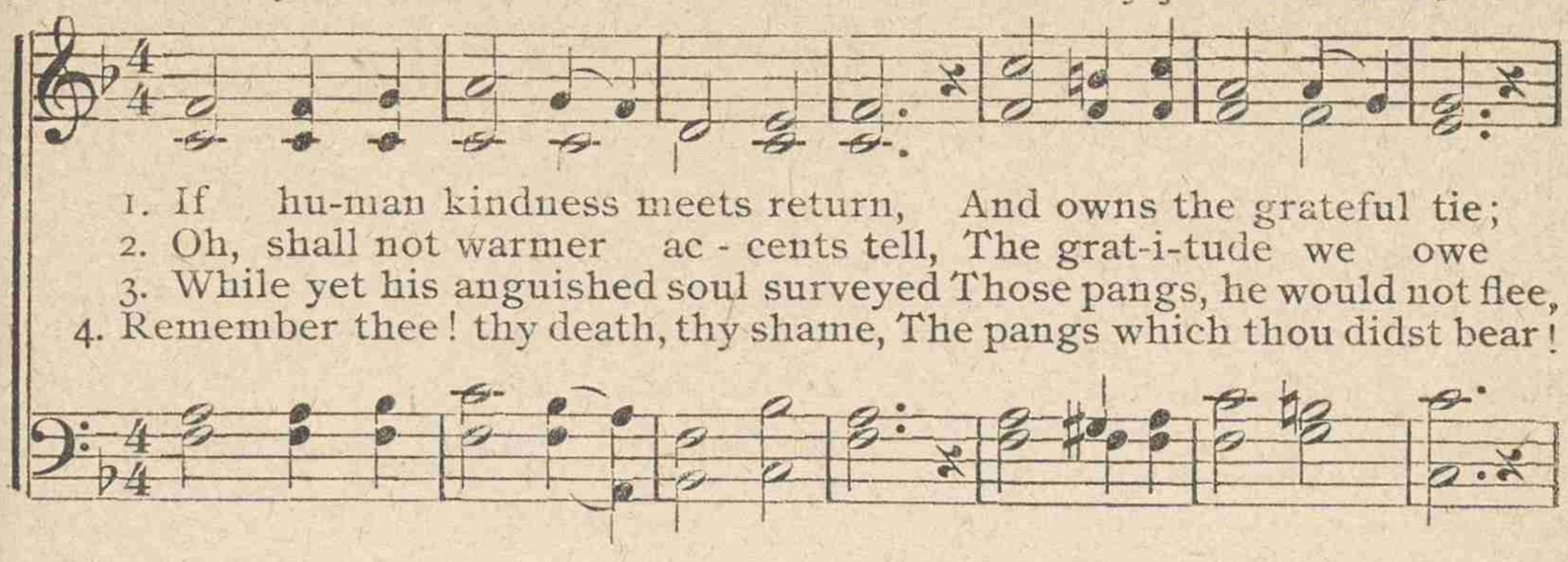
No. 147. Naomi. C. M.

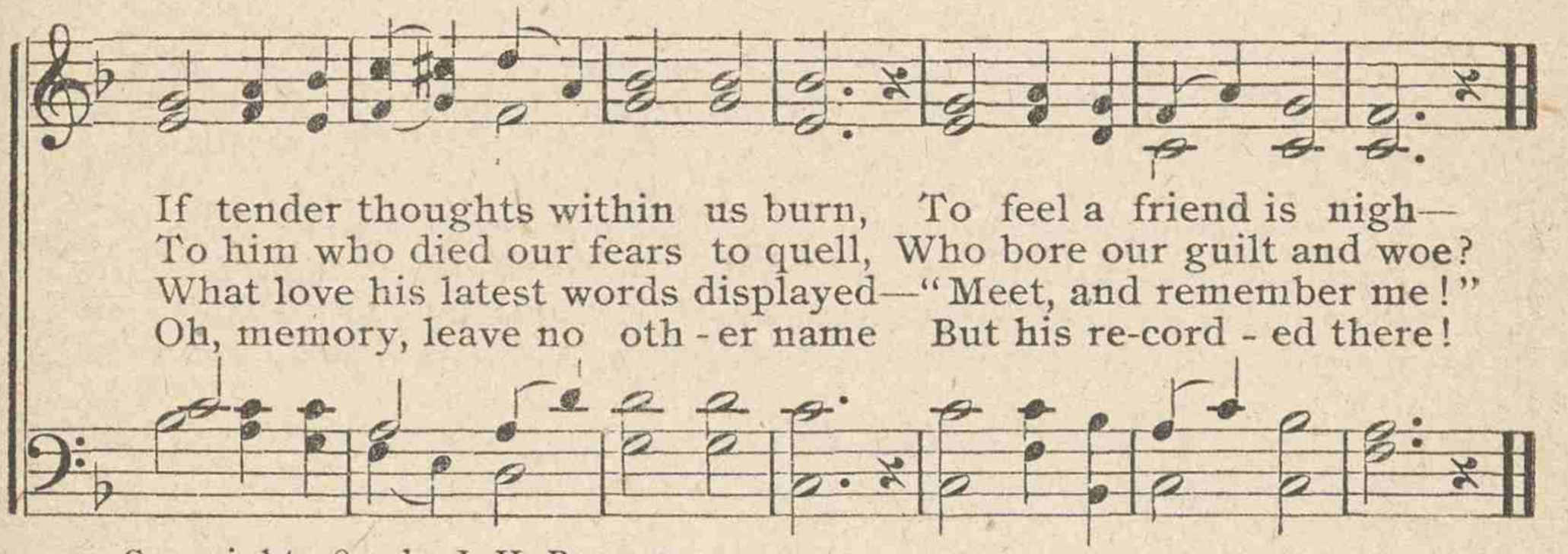
Words by ANNIE STEELE. Music by H. G. NAGELI.



No. 148. Shortridge. C. M.

Words by G. T. NOEL. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

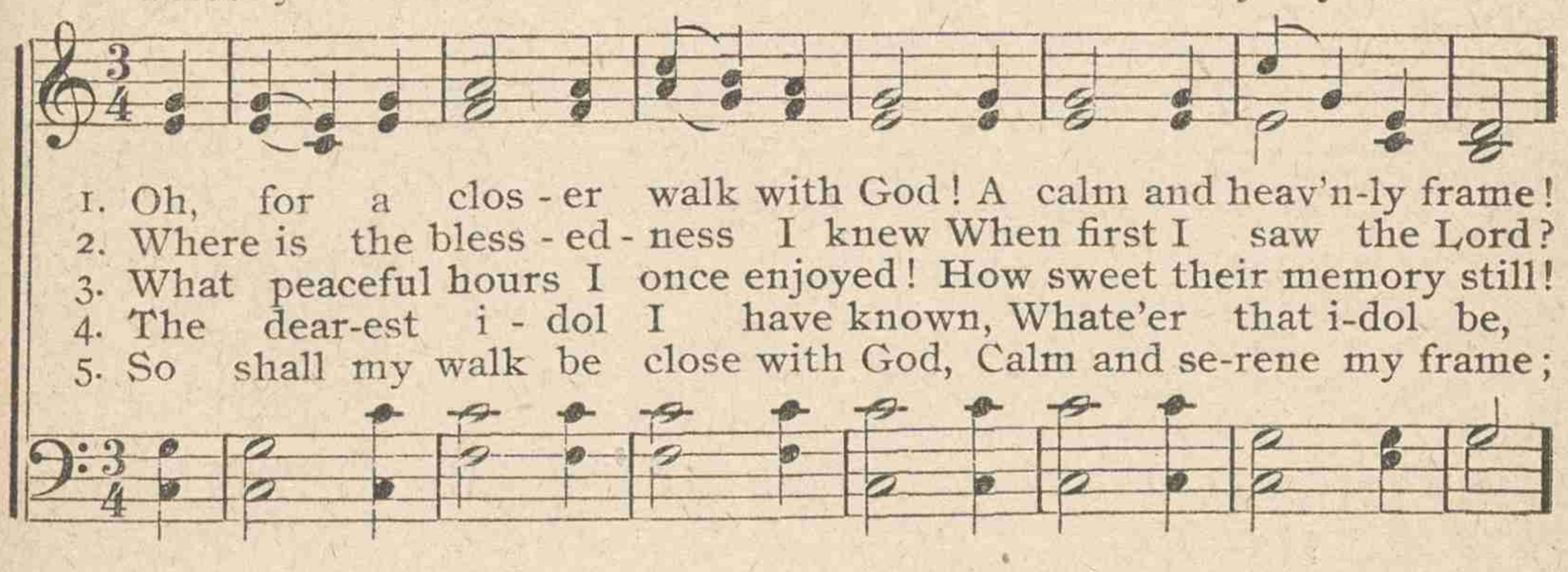


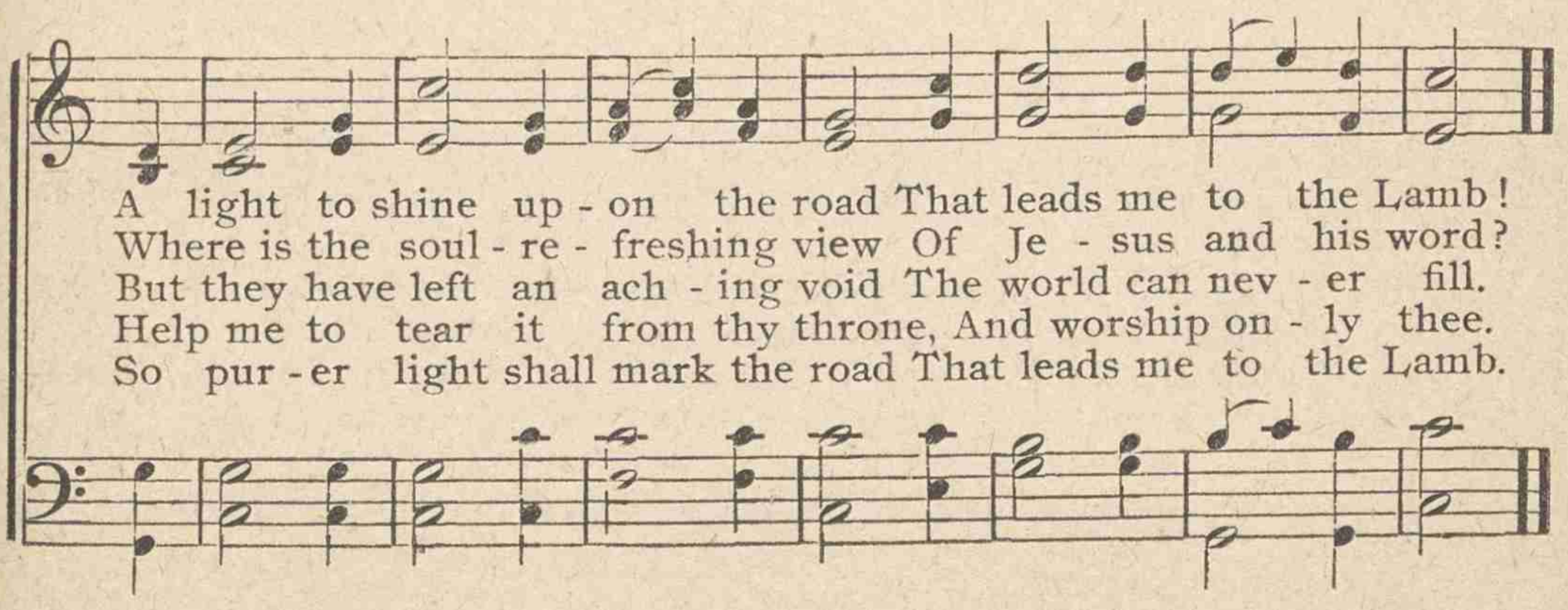


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No. 149. Prayer. C. M.

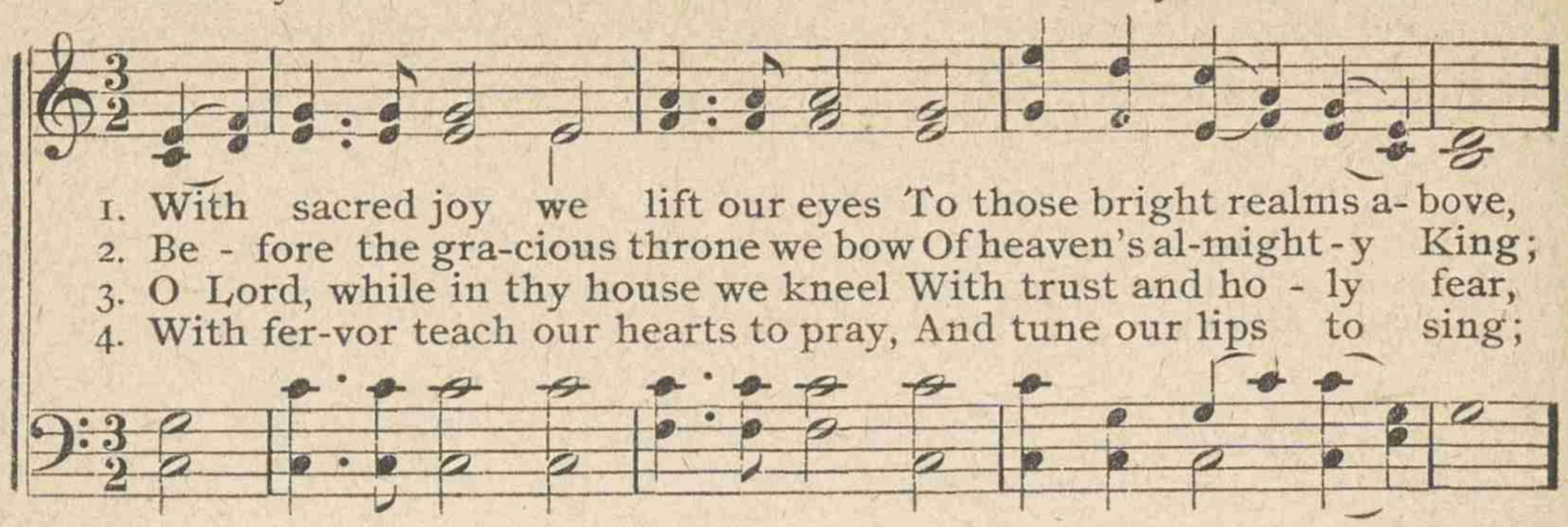
Words by W. COWPER. Music by T. J. COOK.

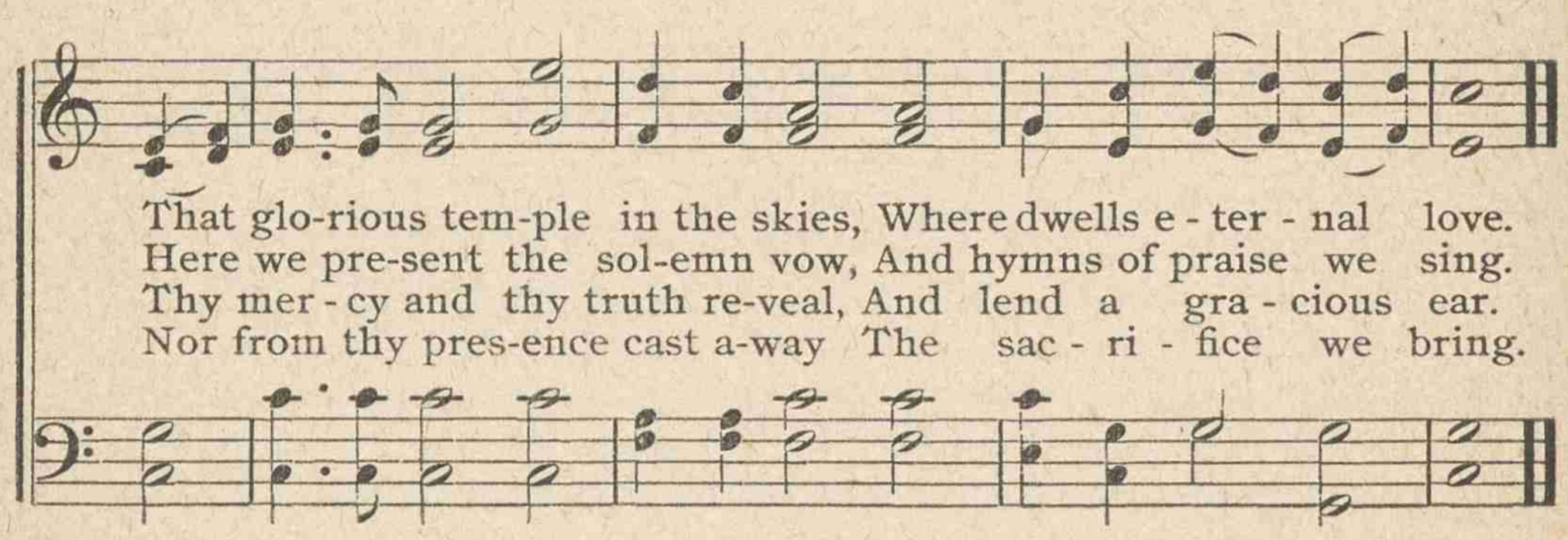




No. 150. Heber. C. M.

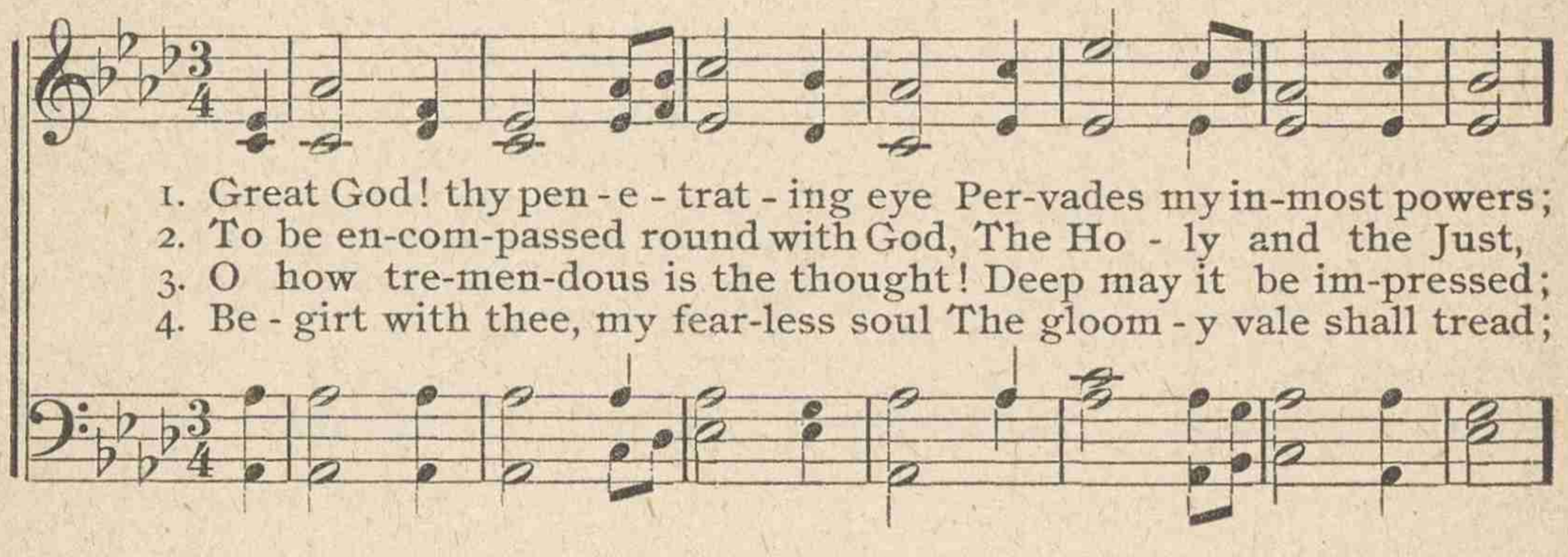
Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by GEO. KINGSLEY.

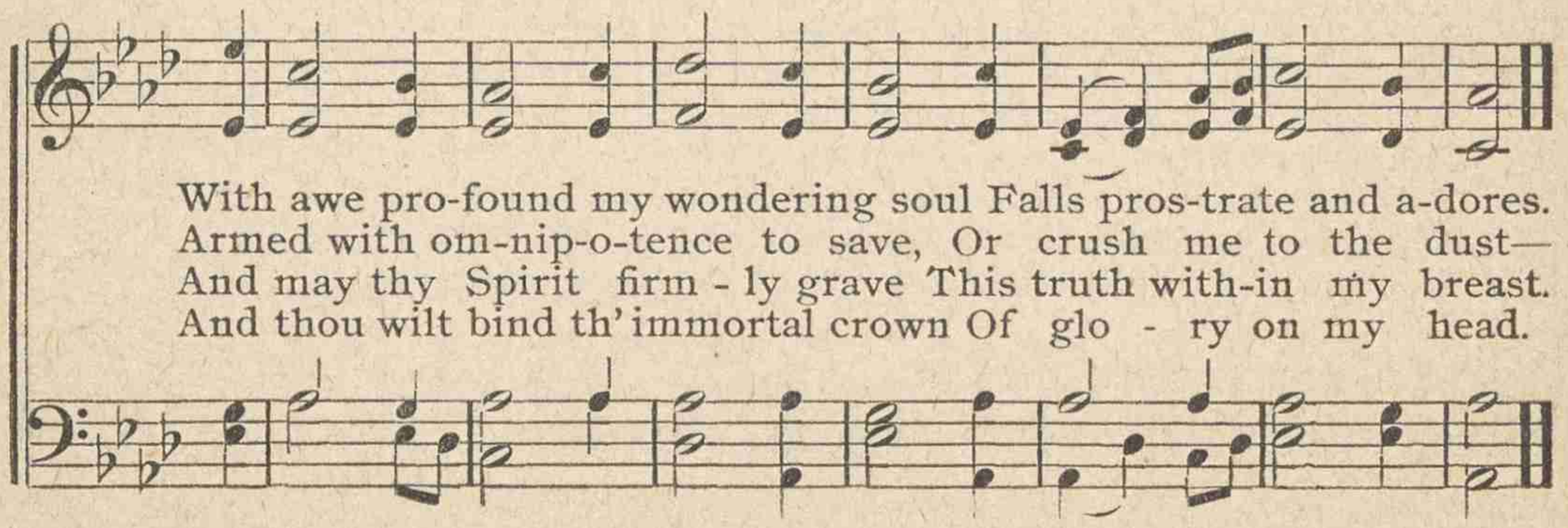




No. 151. Avon. C. M.

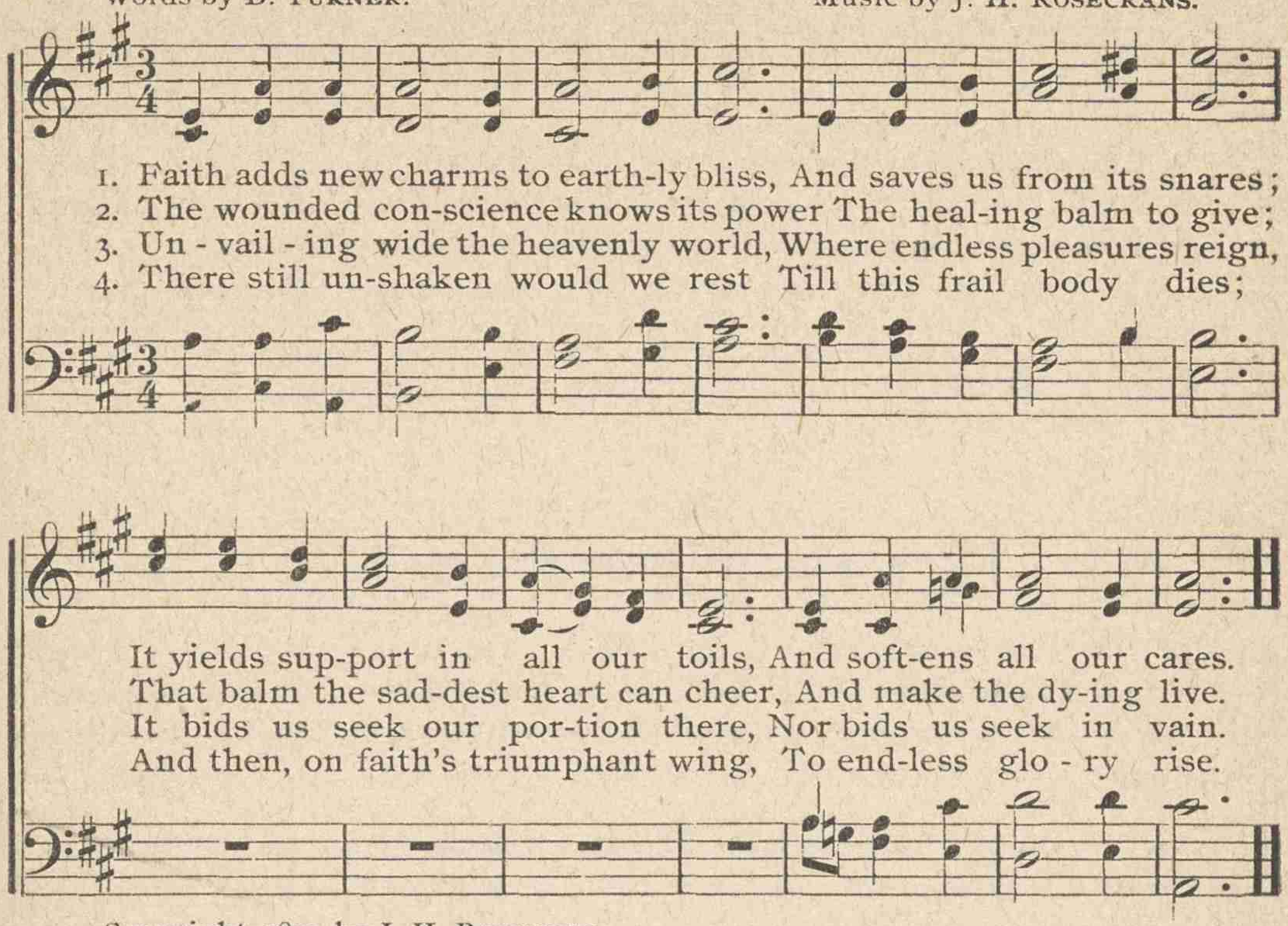
Words by E. SCOTT. Music by HUGH WILSON.





No. 152. Errett. C. M.

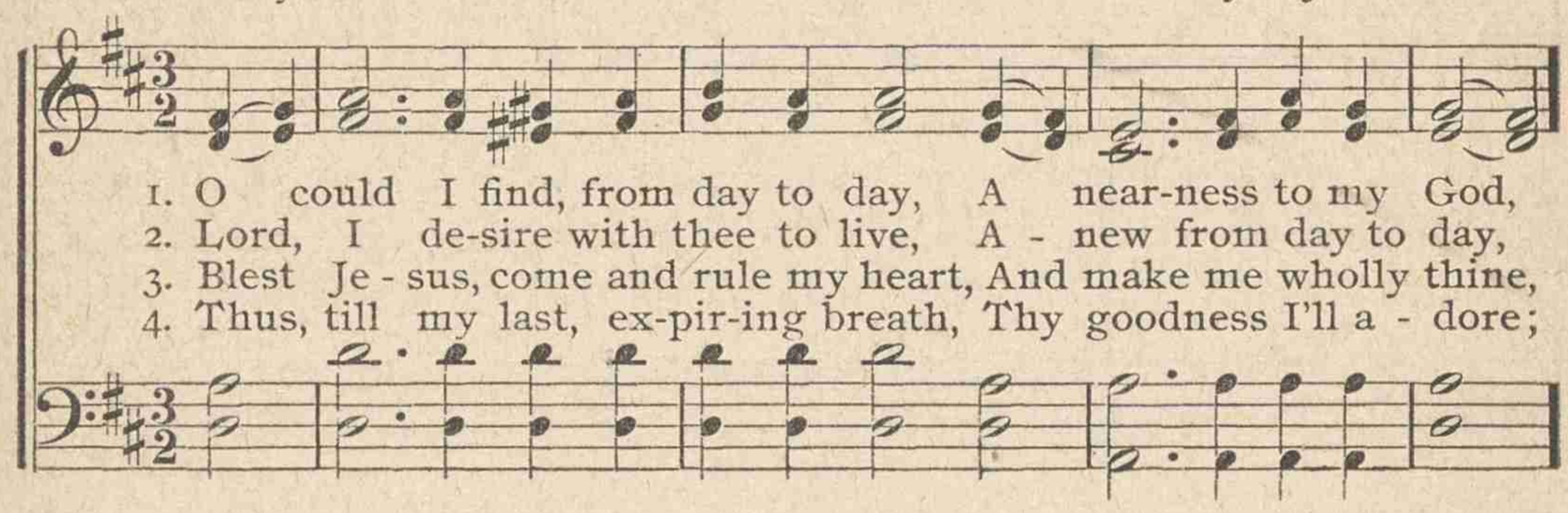
Words by D. TURNER. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



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No. 153. Cooling. C. M.

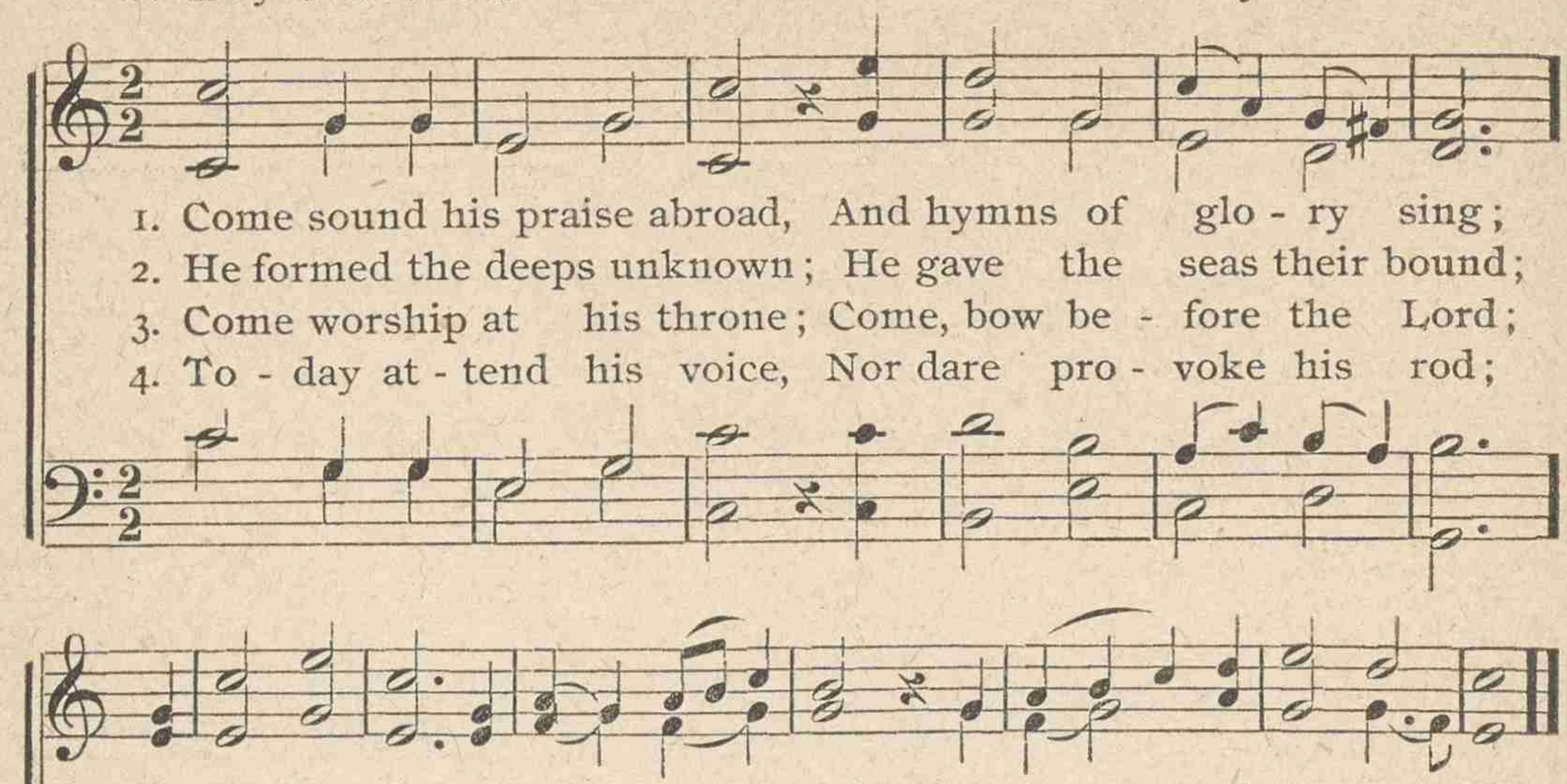
Words by B. CLEVELAND. Music by A. J. ABBEY.



By permission.
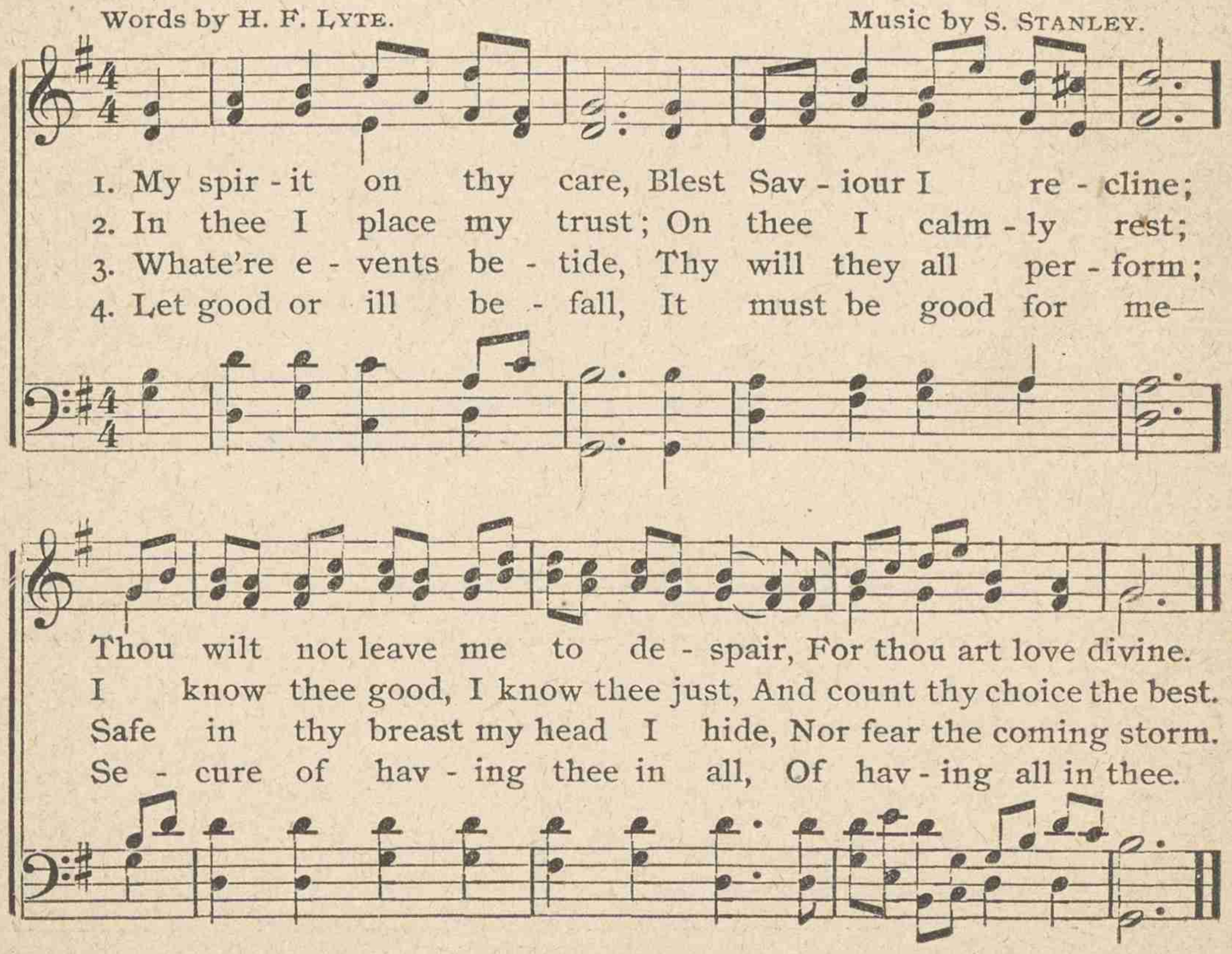
No. 154. Silver Street. S. M.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by ISAAC SMITH.



No. 155. Shirland. S. M.

Words by H. F. LYTE. Music by S. STANLEY.



No. 156. Chilton. S. M.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest That saw the Lord a - rise;
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;
3. One day a - mid the place Where my dear Lord hath been
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these rejoicing eyes!
Here may we sit and see him here, And love, and praise and pray.
Is sweet - er than ten thous - and days Within the tents of sin.
And sit and sing her - self a - way To everlasting bliss.

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No. 157. Ferguson. S. M.

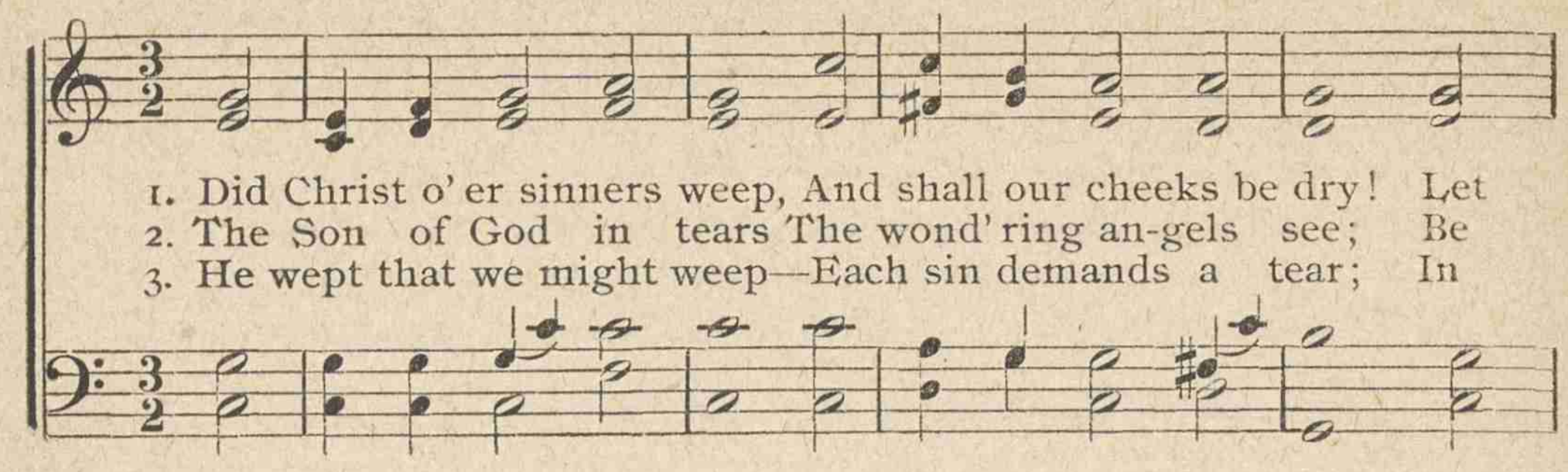
Words by S. STENNETT. Music by GEO. KINGSLEY.

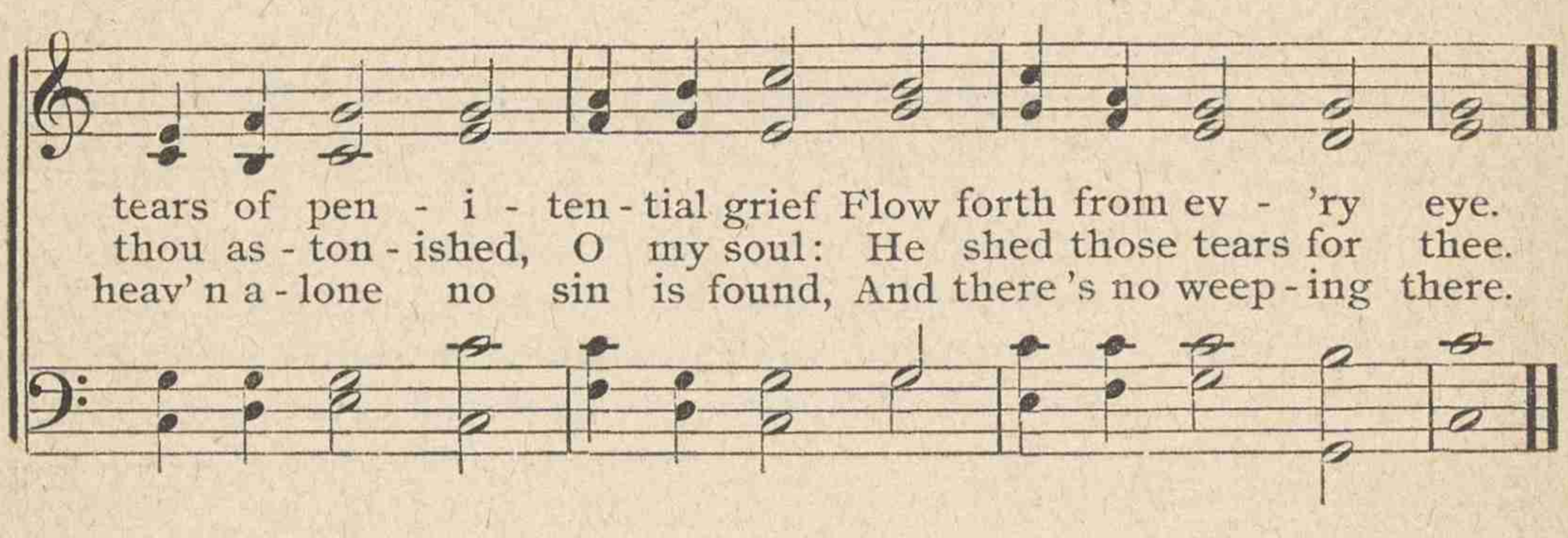
1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Redeemer, God,
2. Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re-sort,
3. Here, on the mer - cy-seat, With radiant glory crowned,
4. To him their prayers and cries Each humble soul presents;

Un - veils the beau - ties of his face, And sheds his love abroad!
Are once to be compared with this, Where Jesus holds his court.
Our joy - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all around.
He list - ens to their bro - ken sighs, And grants them all their wants.

No. 158. Boylston. S. M.
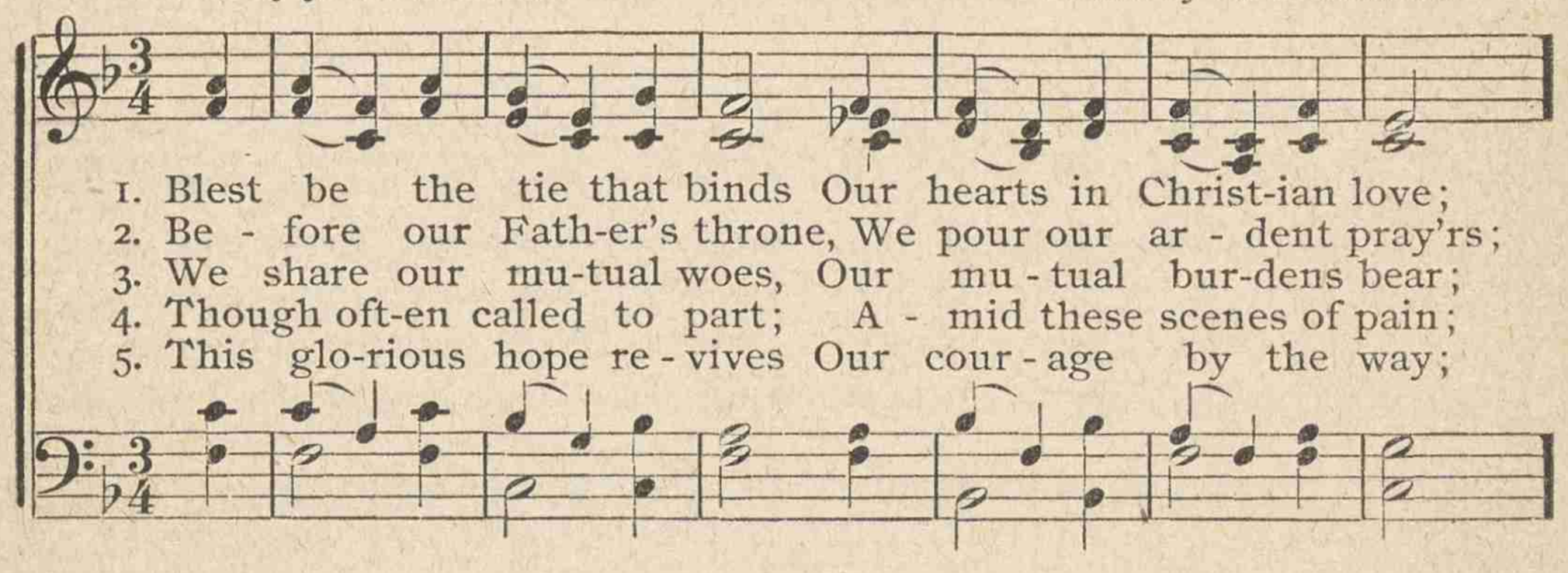
Words by BENJ. BEDDOME. Music by DR. LOWELL MASON.

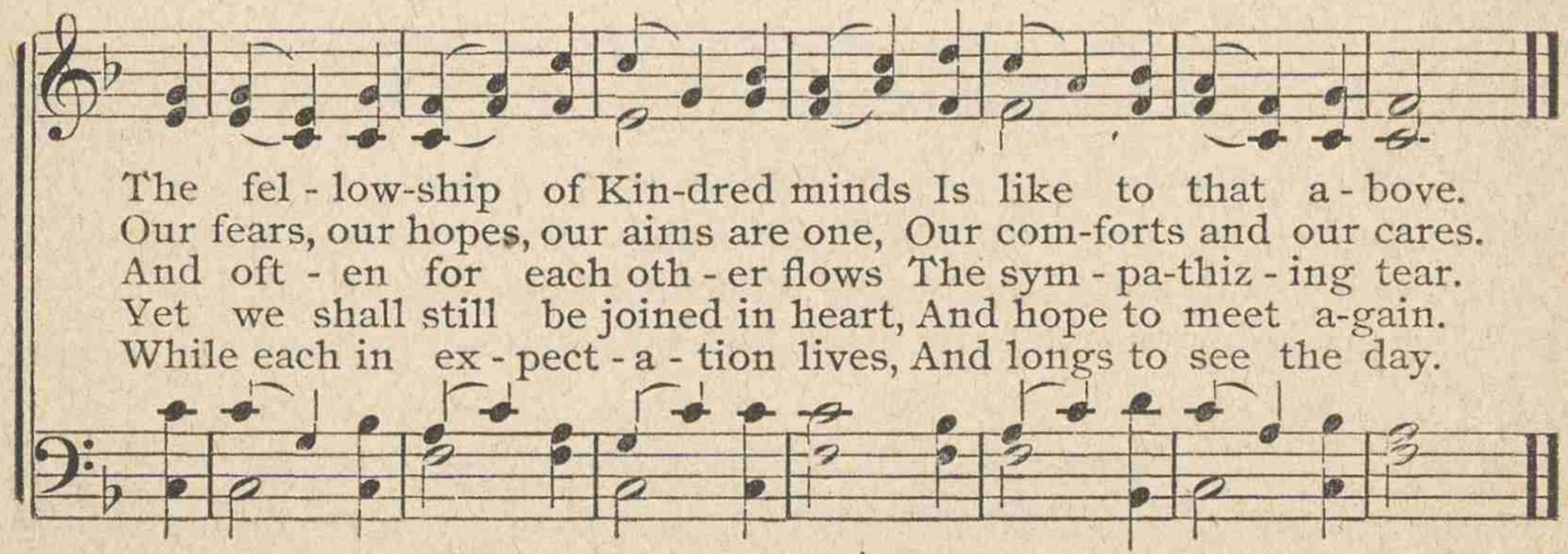




No. 159. Dennis. S. M.

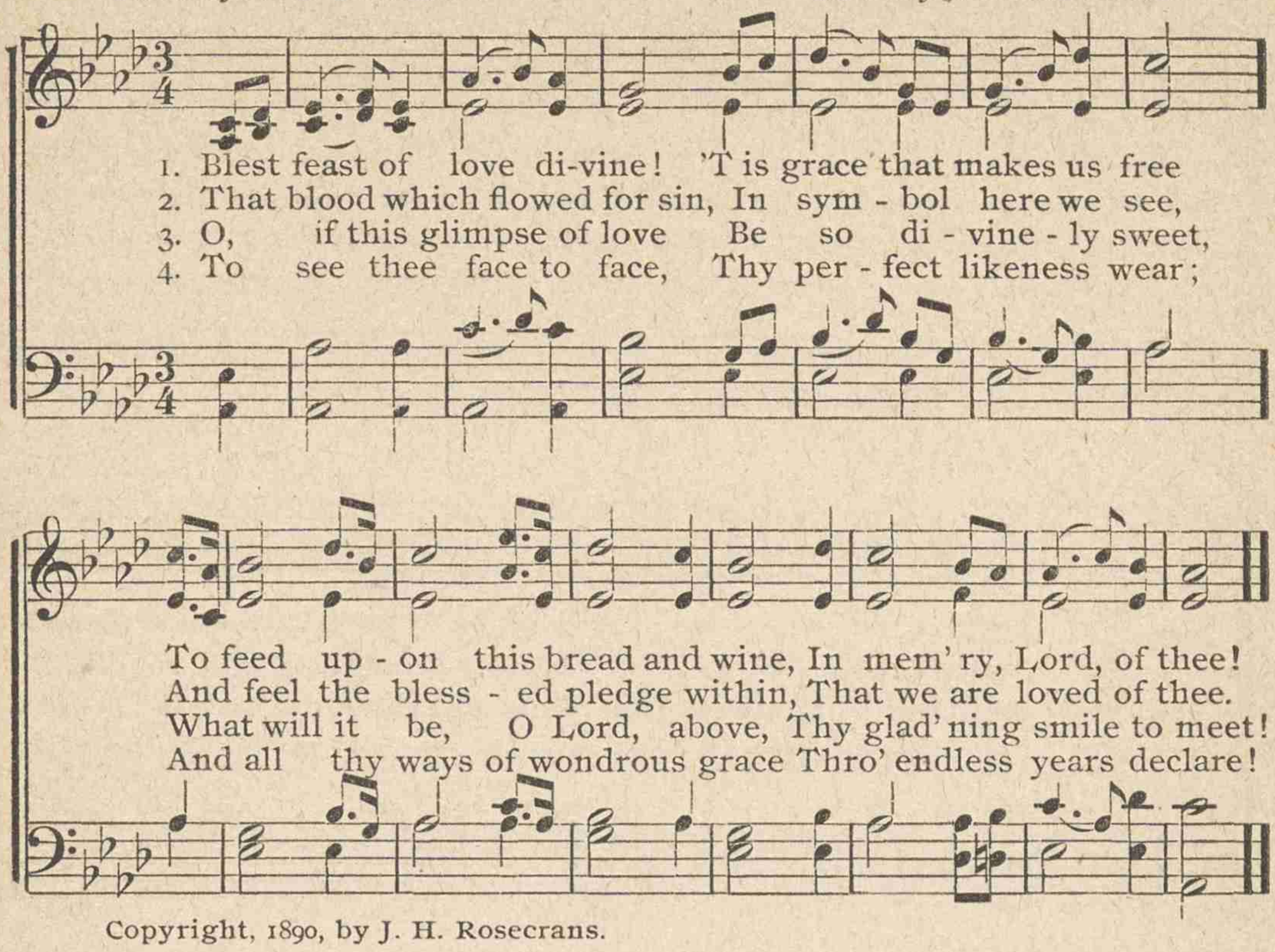
Words by JOHN FAWCETT. Music by H. G. NAGELI.





No. 160. Toof. S. M.

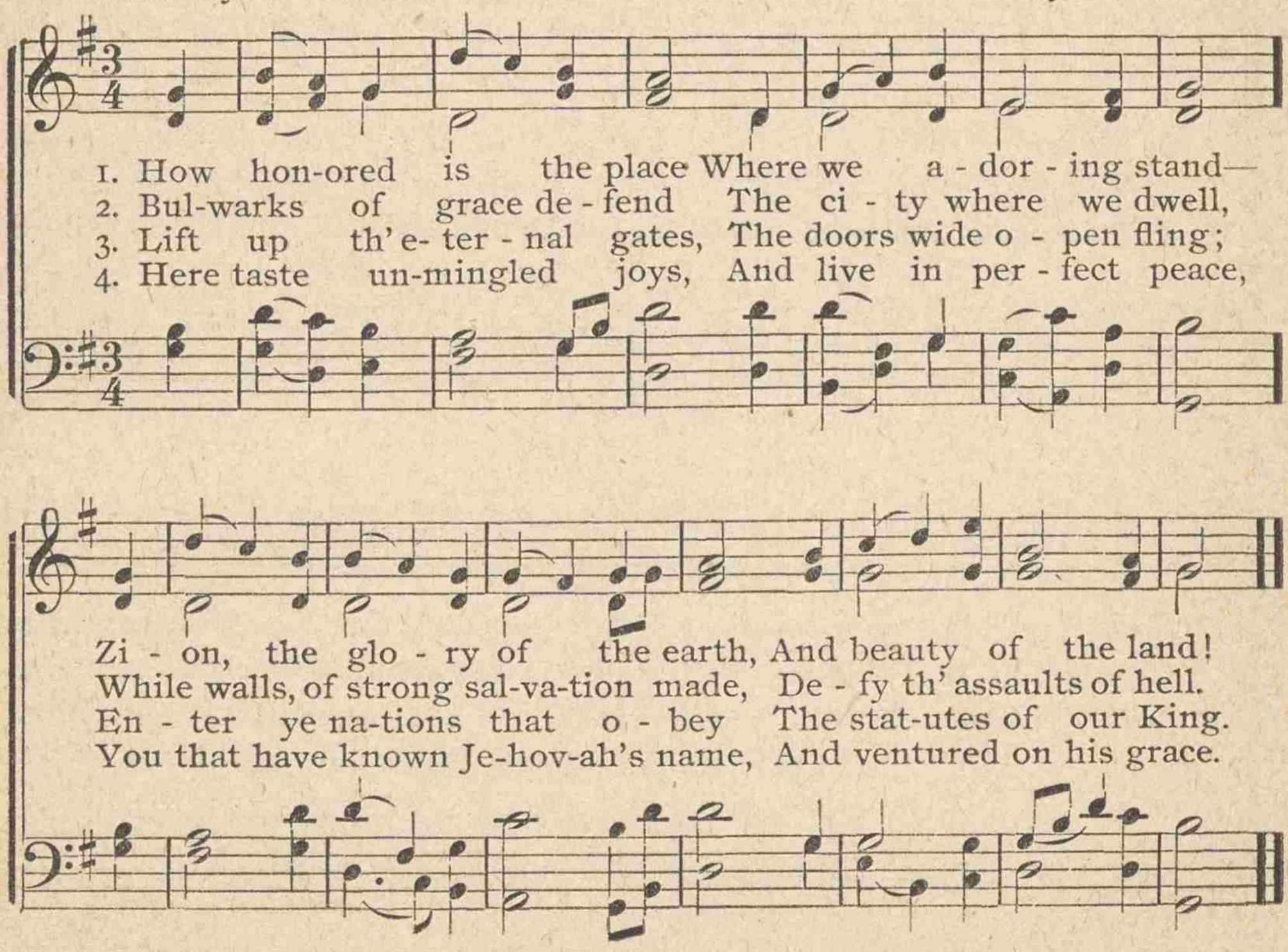
Words by EDWARD DENNY. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



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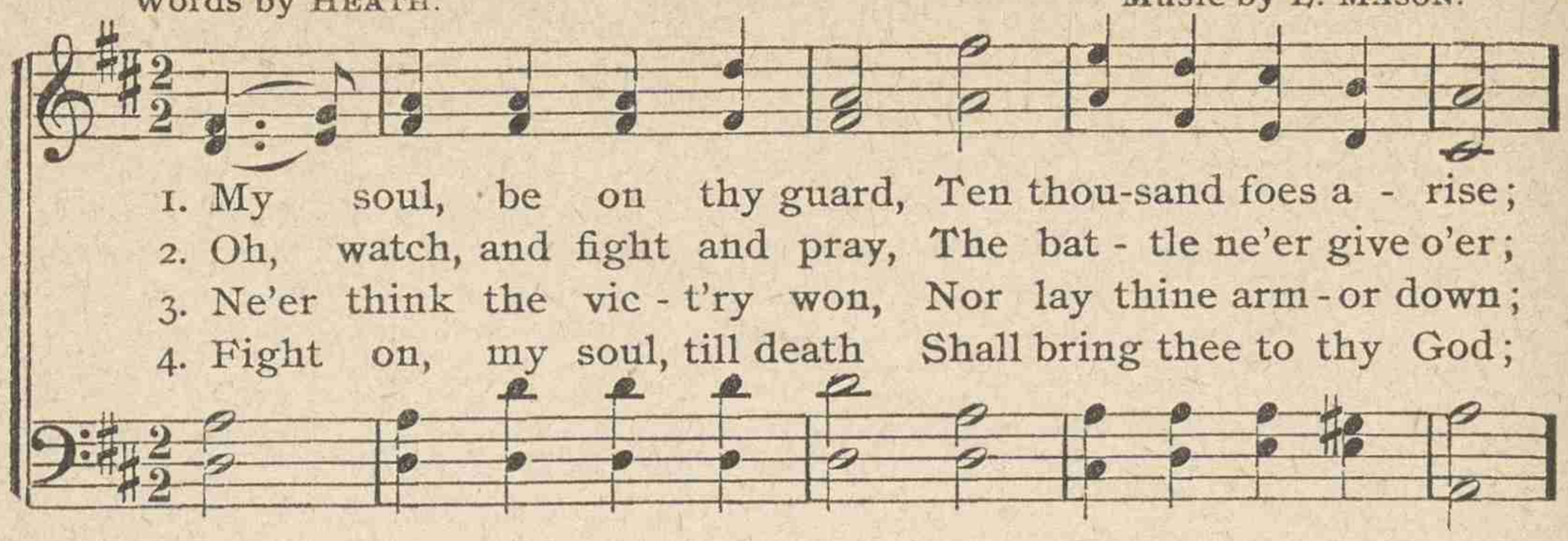
No. 161. Thatcher. S. M.

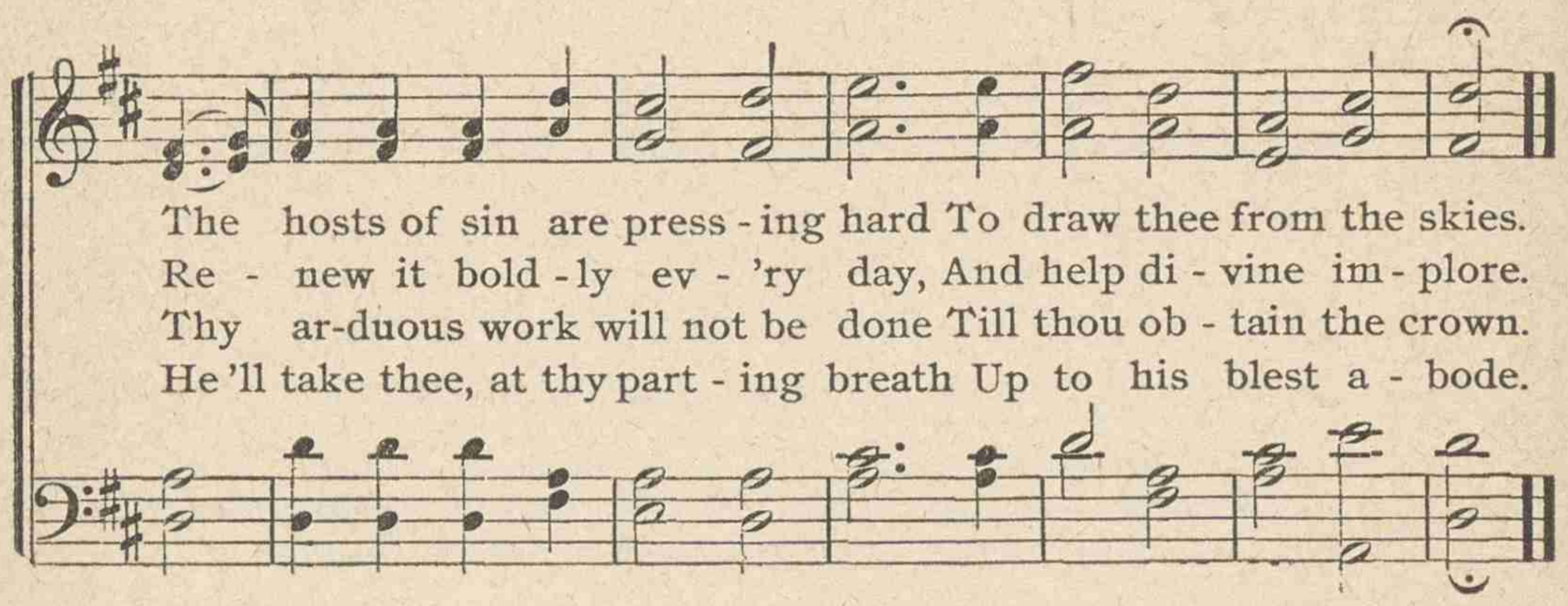
Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by HANDEL.



No. 162. Laban. S. M.
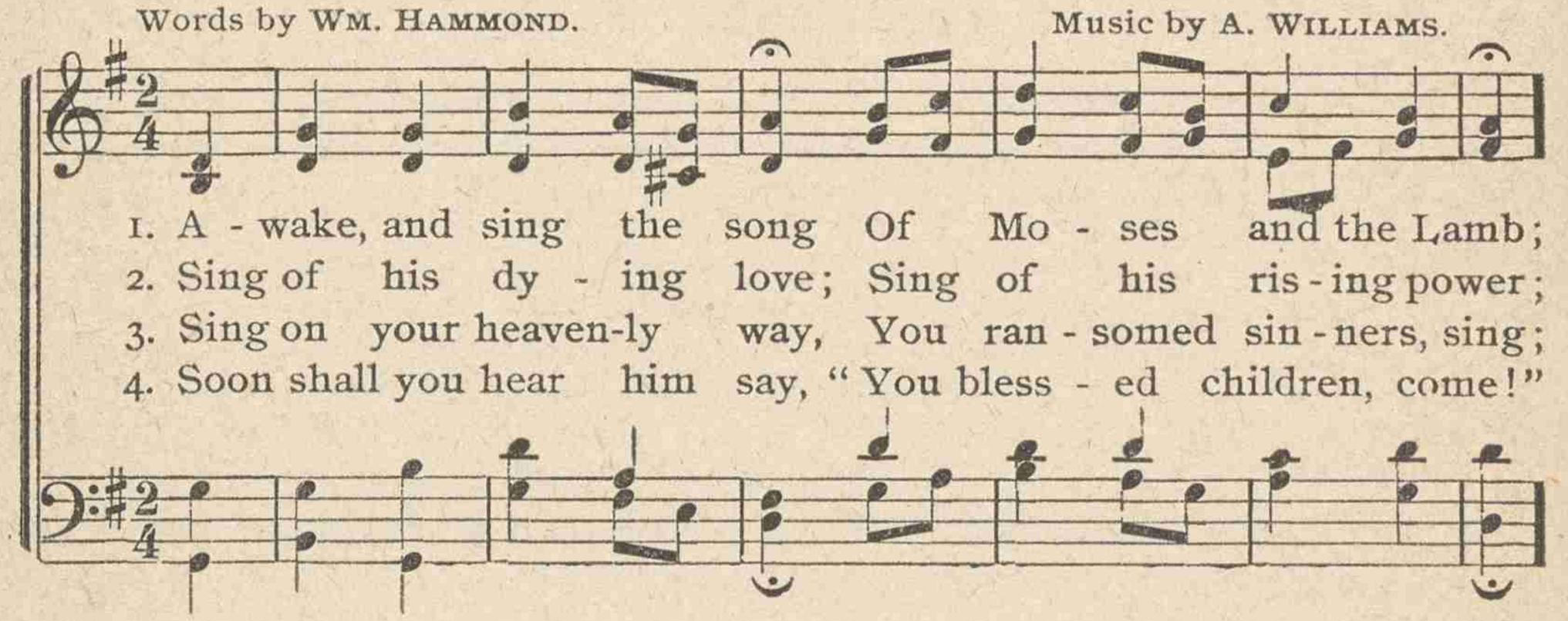
Words by HEATH. Music by L. MASON.
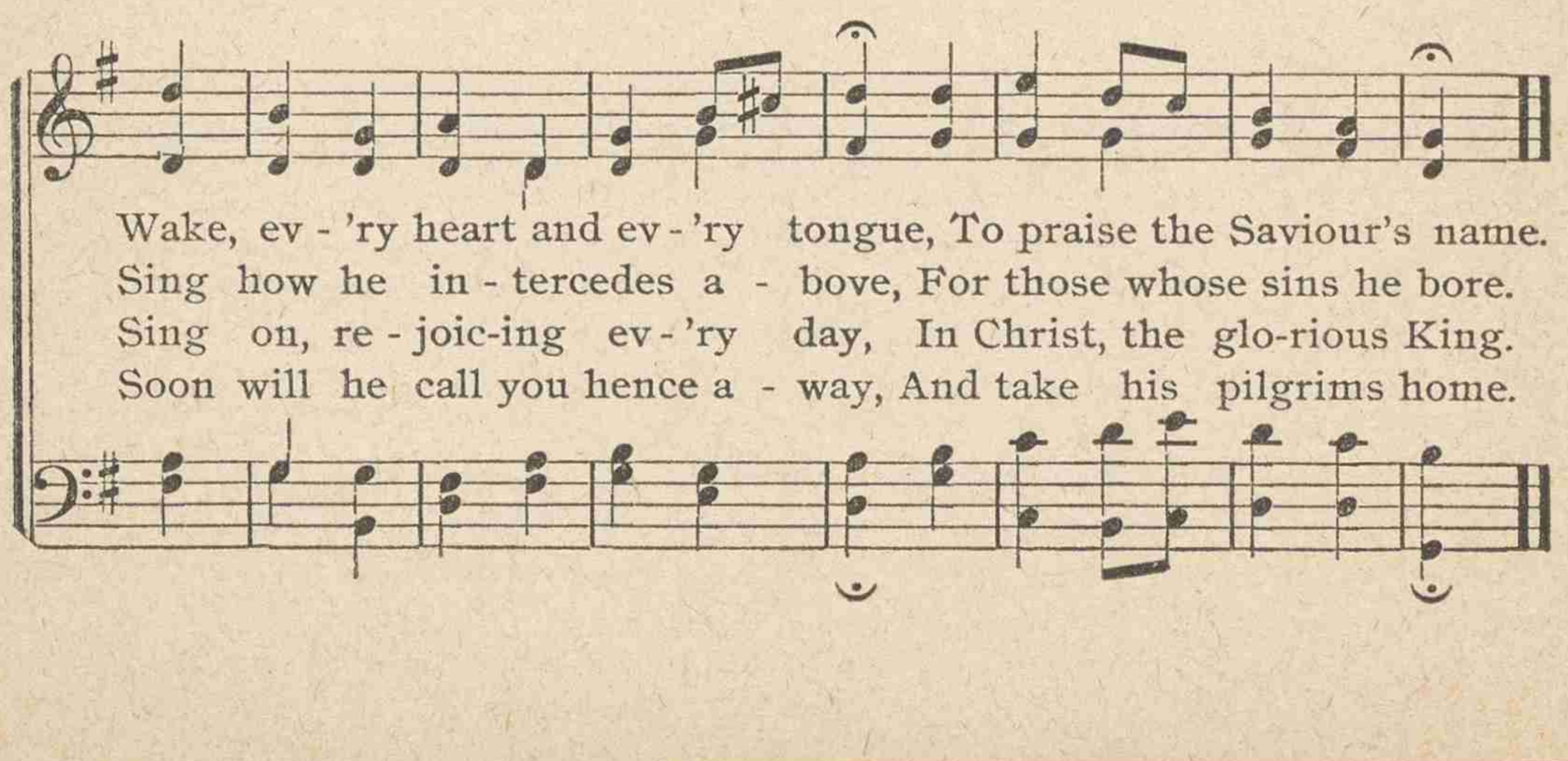




No. 163. St. Thomas. S. M.

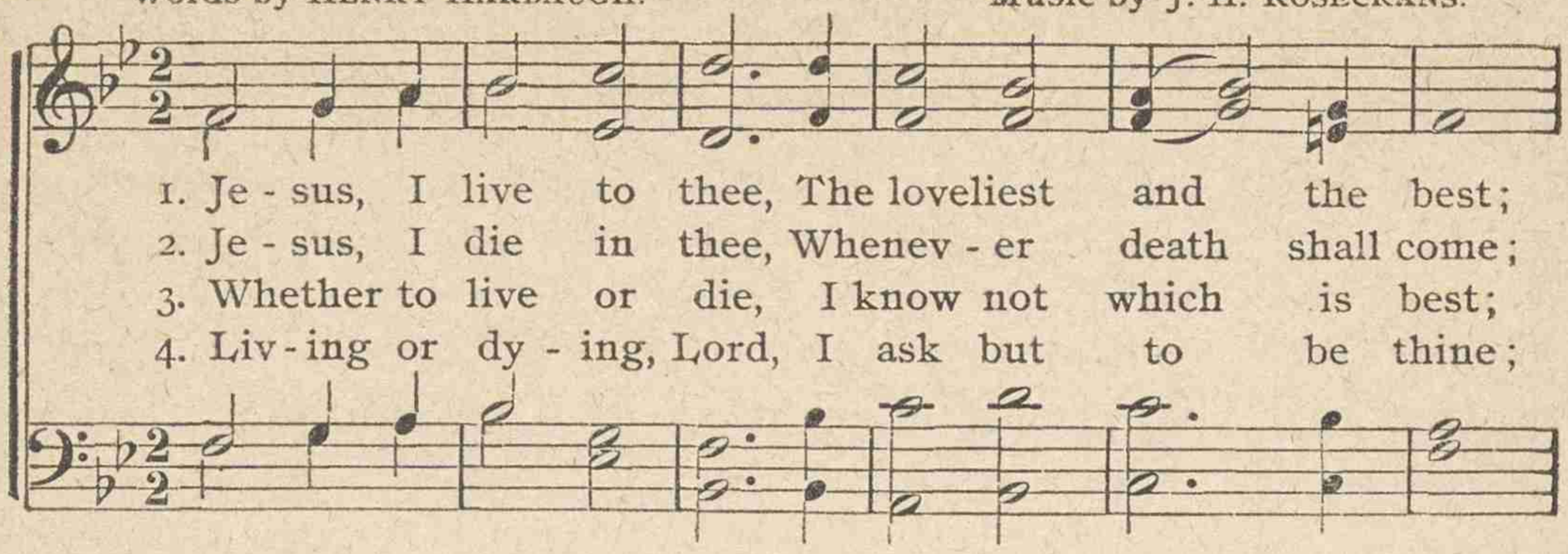
Words by WM. HAMMOND. Music by A. WILLIAMS.

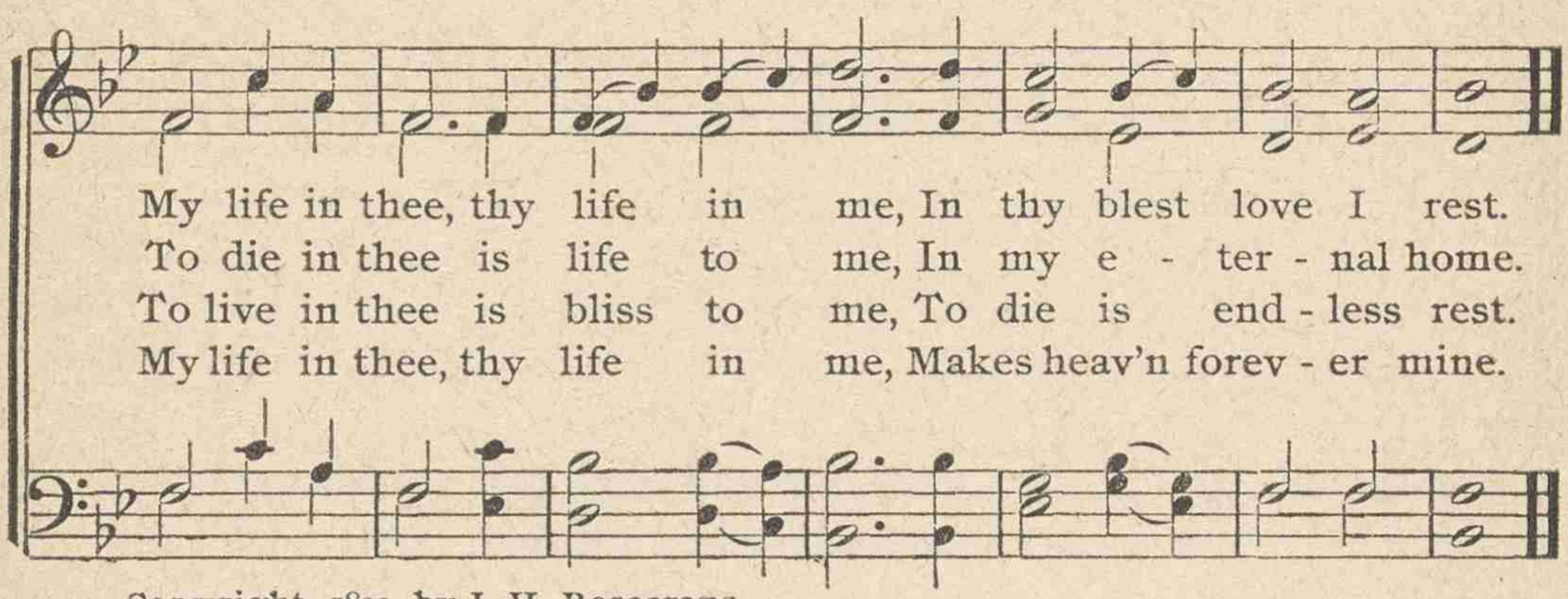




No. 164. Simon. S. M.

Words by HENRY HARBAUGH. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.
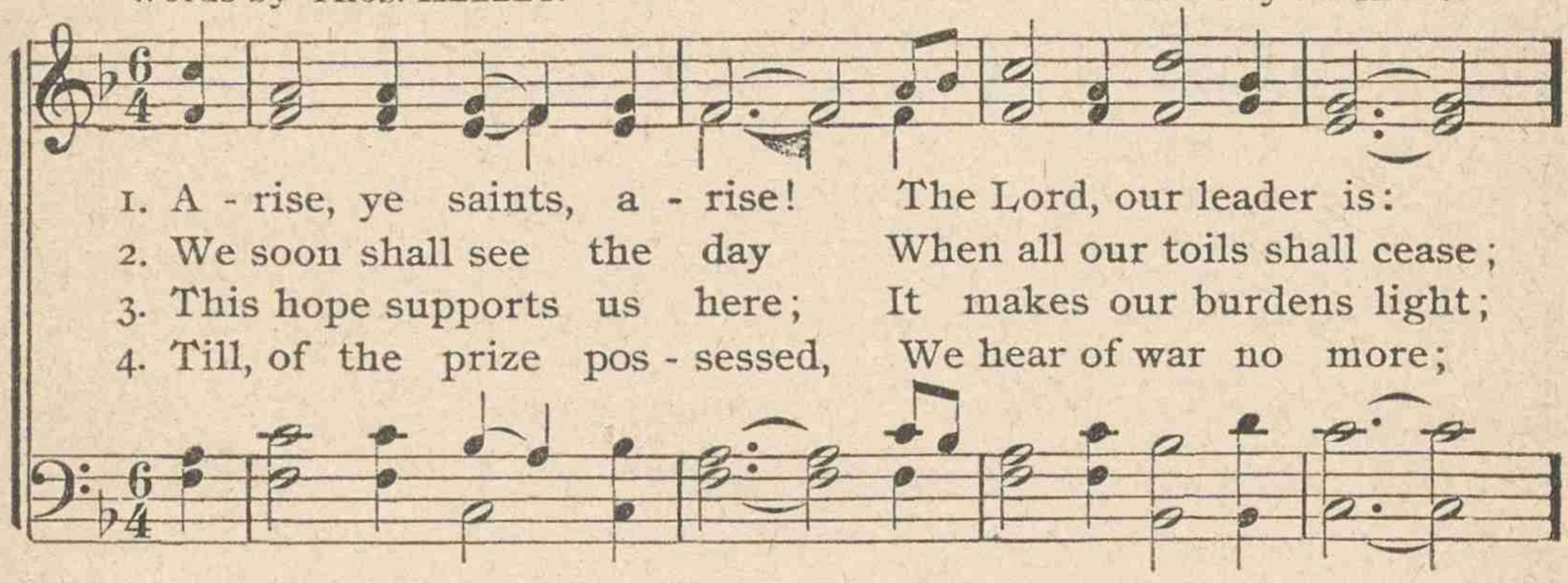


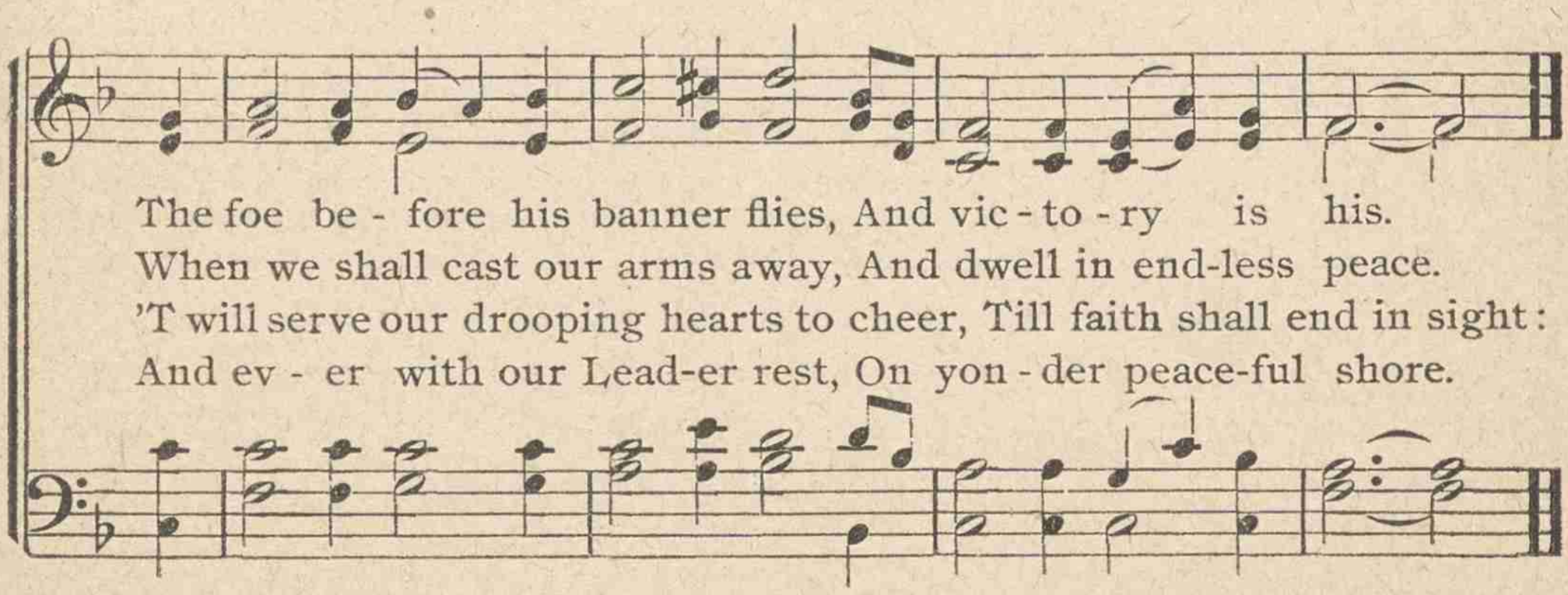


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No. 165. Vigil. S. M.

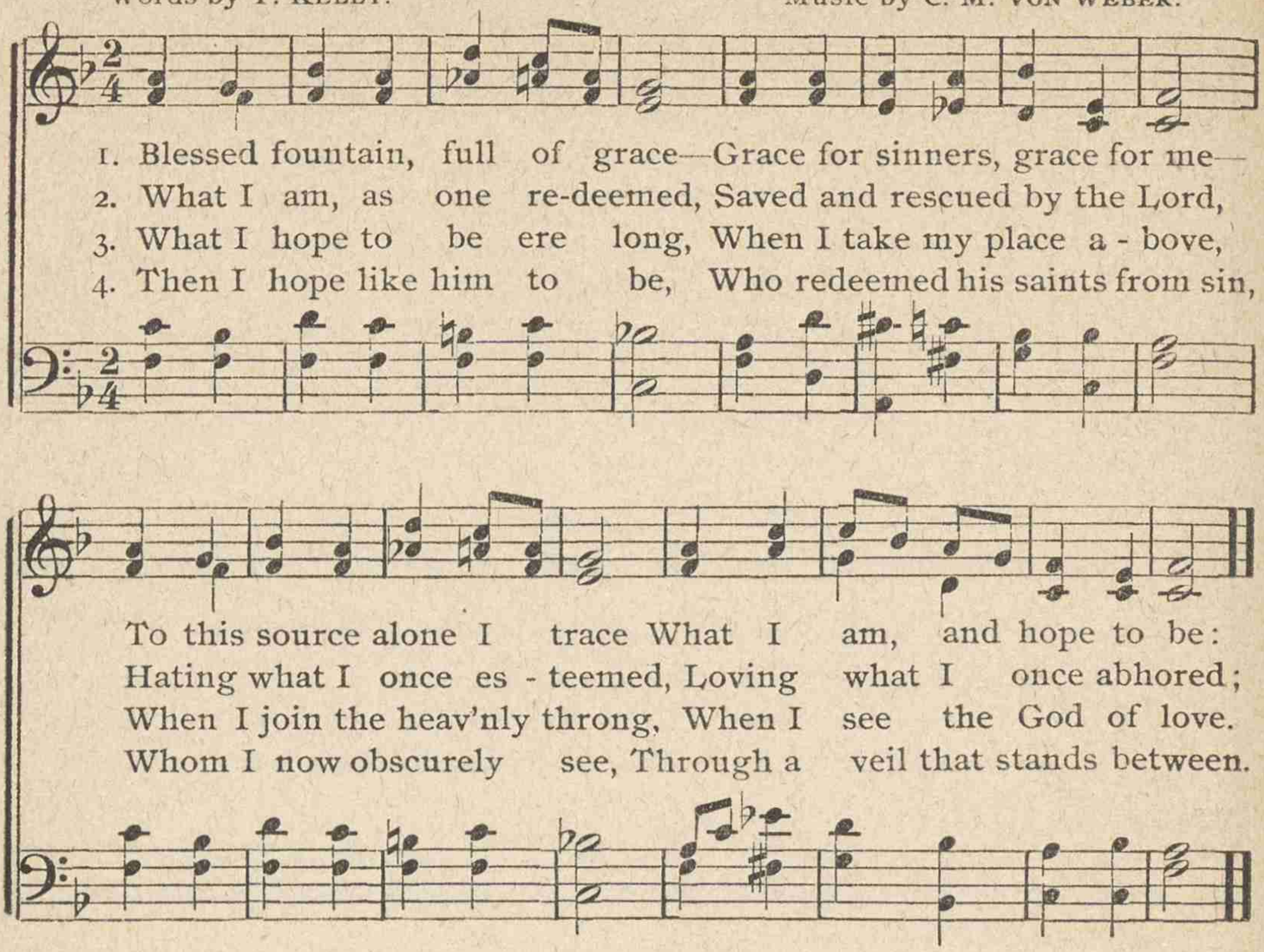
Words by THOS. KELLEY. Music by PEISELLO.





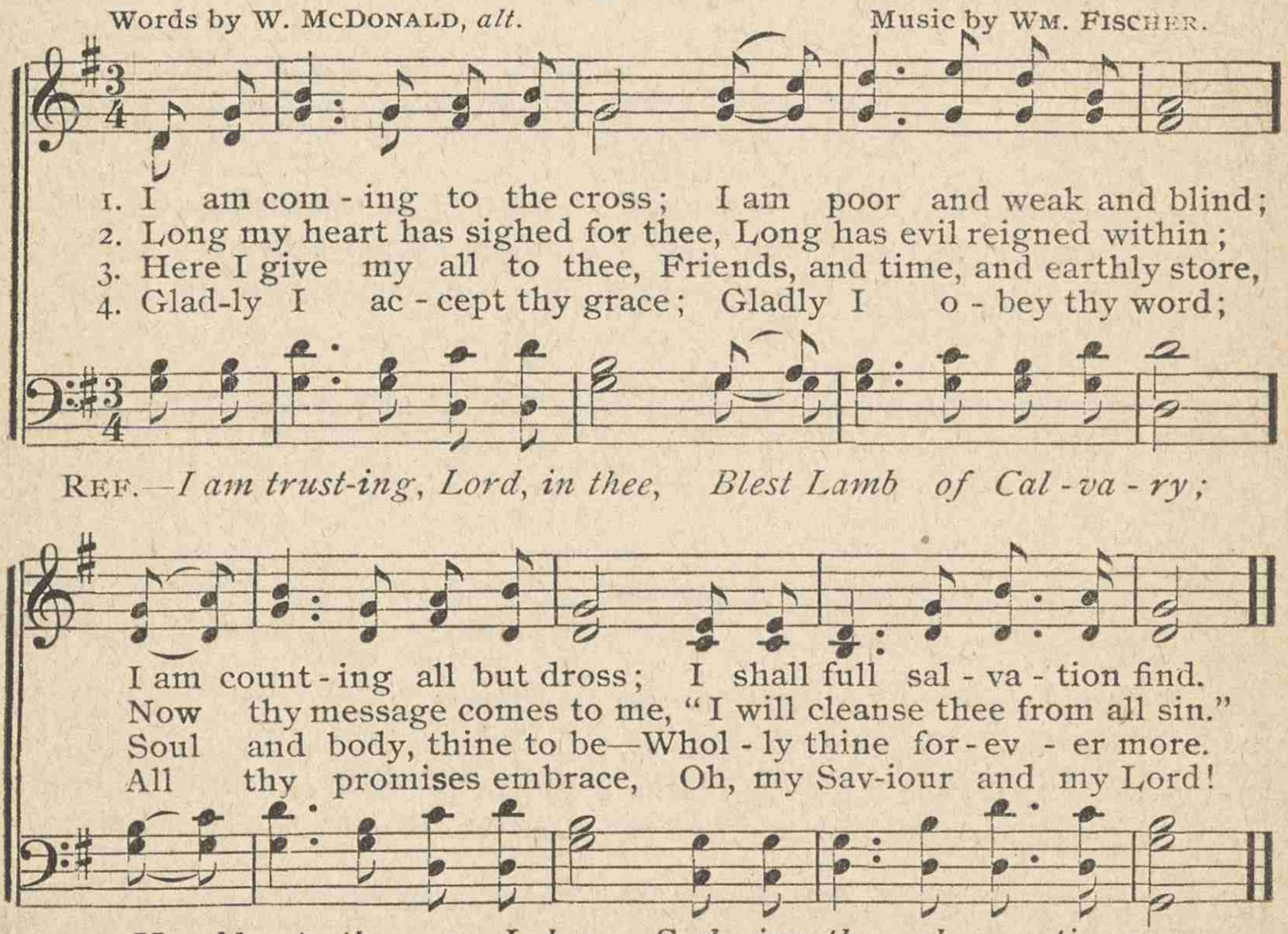
No. 166. Seymour. 7s.

Words by T. KELLY. Music by C. M. VON WEBER.



No. 167. Coming to the Cross.

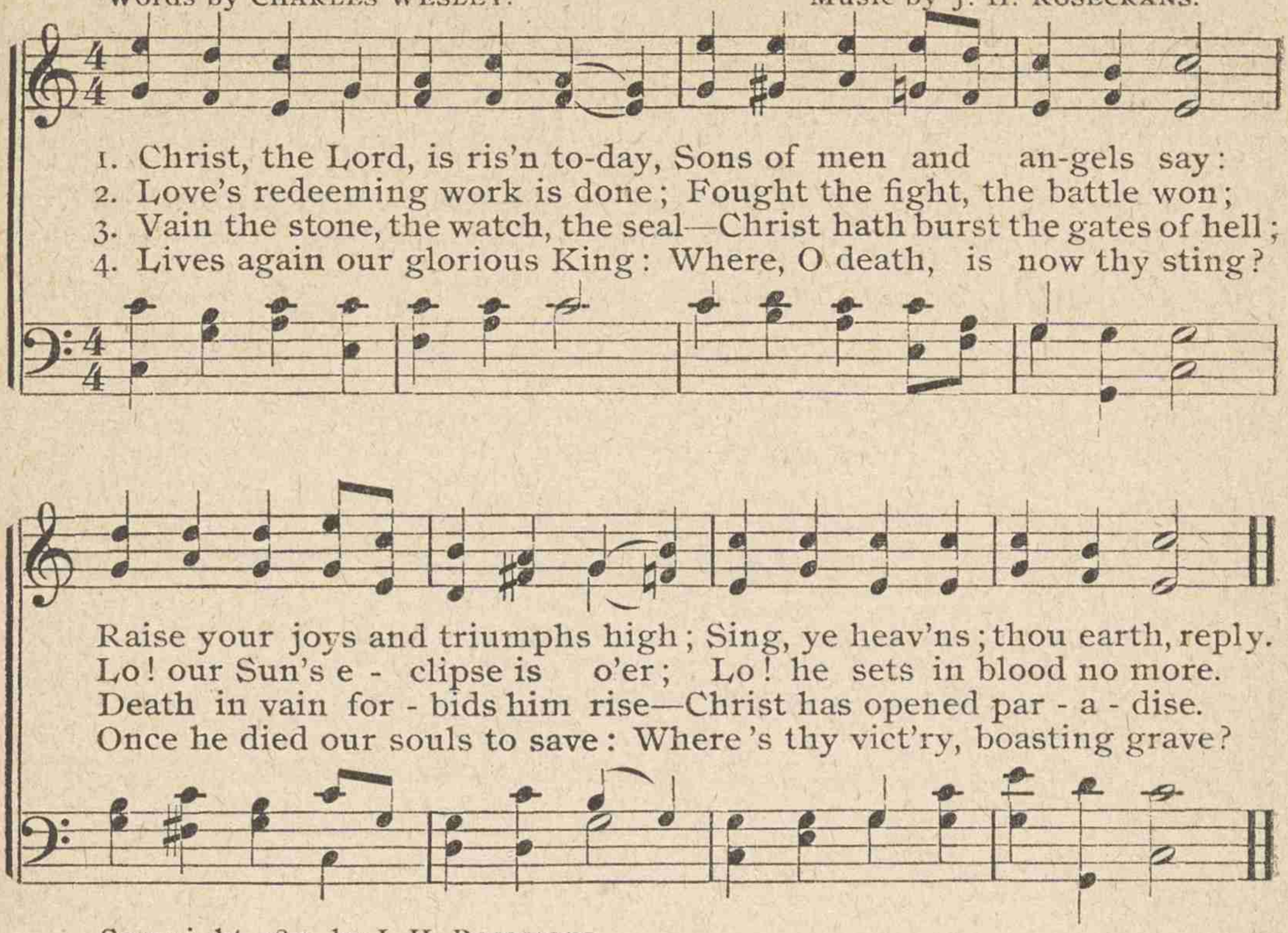
Words by W. MCDONALD, *alt.* Music by WM. FISCHER.



By permission.

No. 168. McLean. 7s.

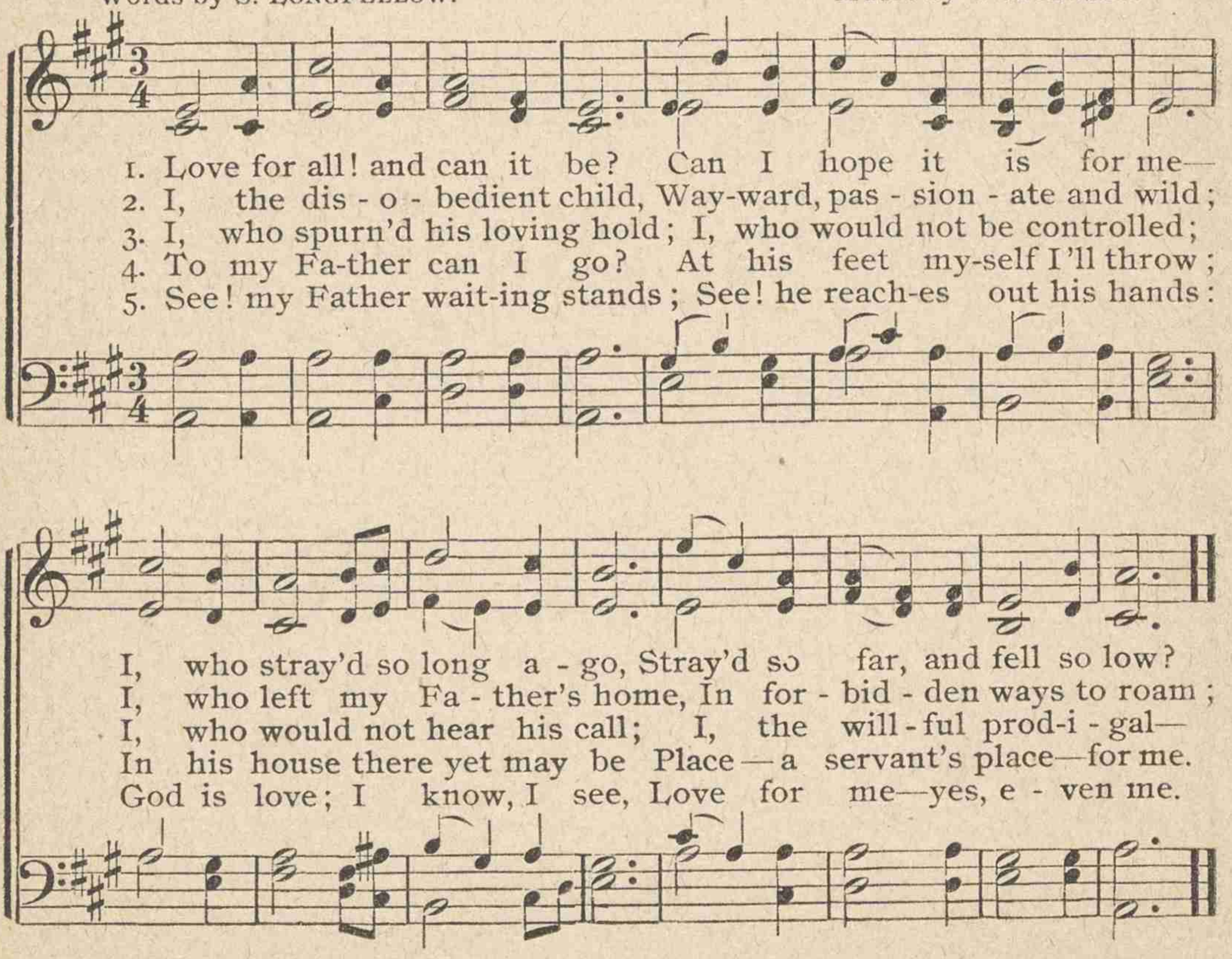
Words by CHARLES WESLEY. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



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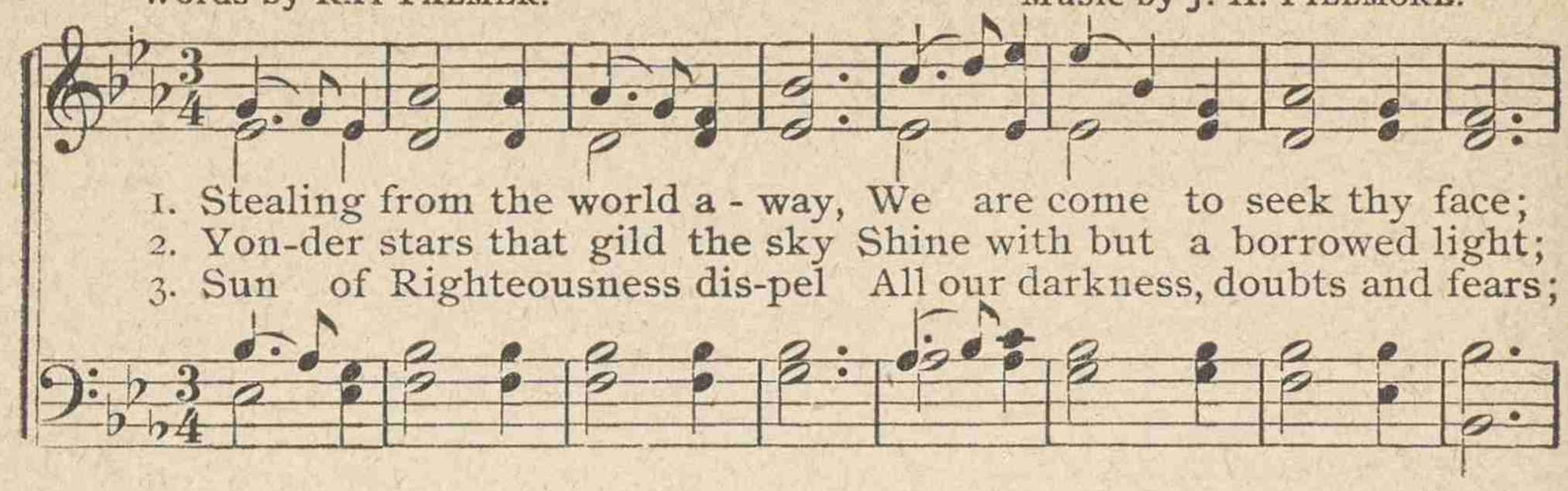
No. 169. Horton. 7s.
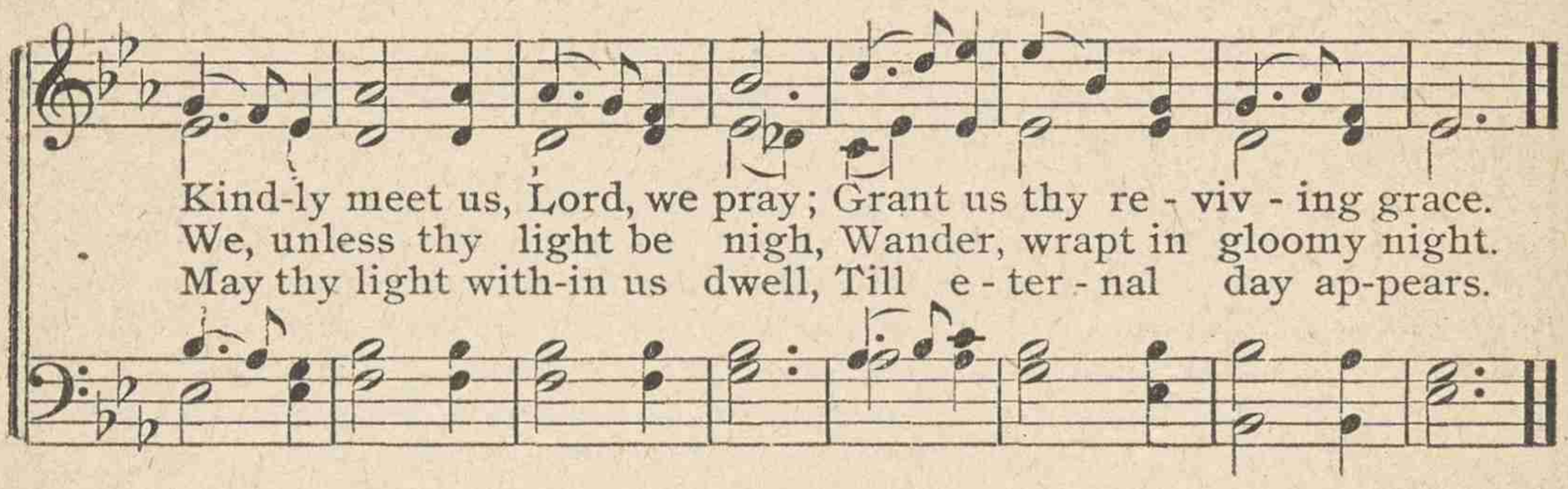
Words by S. LONGFELLOW. Music by WARTENSEE.



No. 170. Flower. 7s.

Words by RAY PALMER. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.
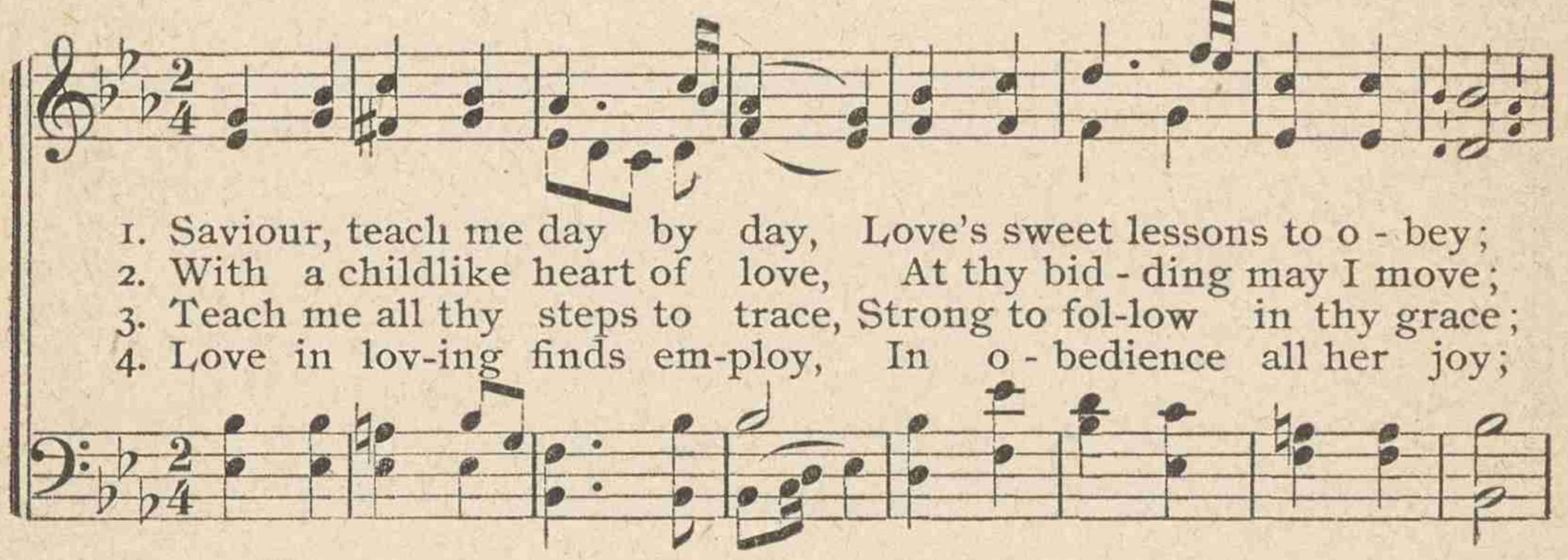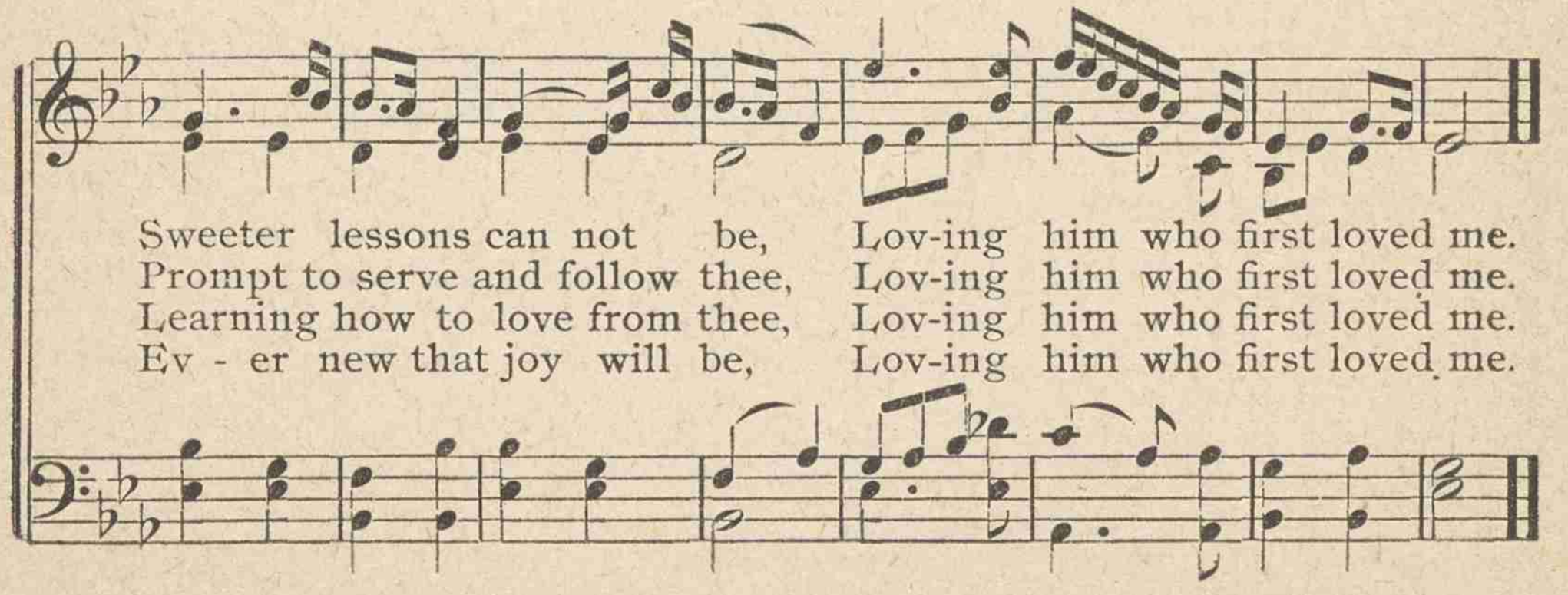




By permission.

No. 171. Weber. 7s.

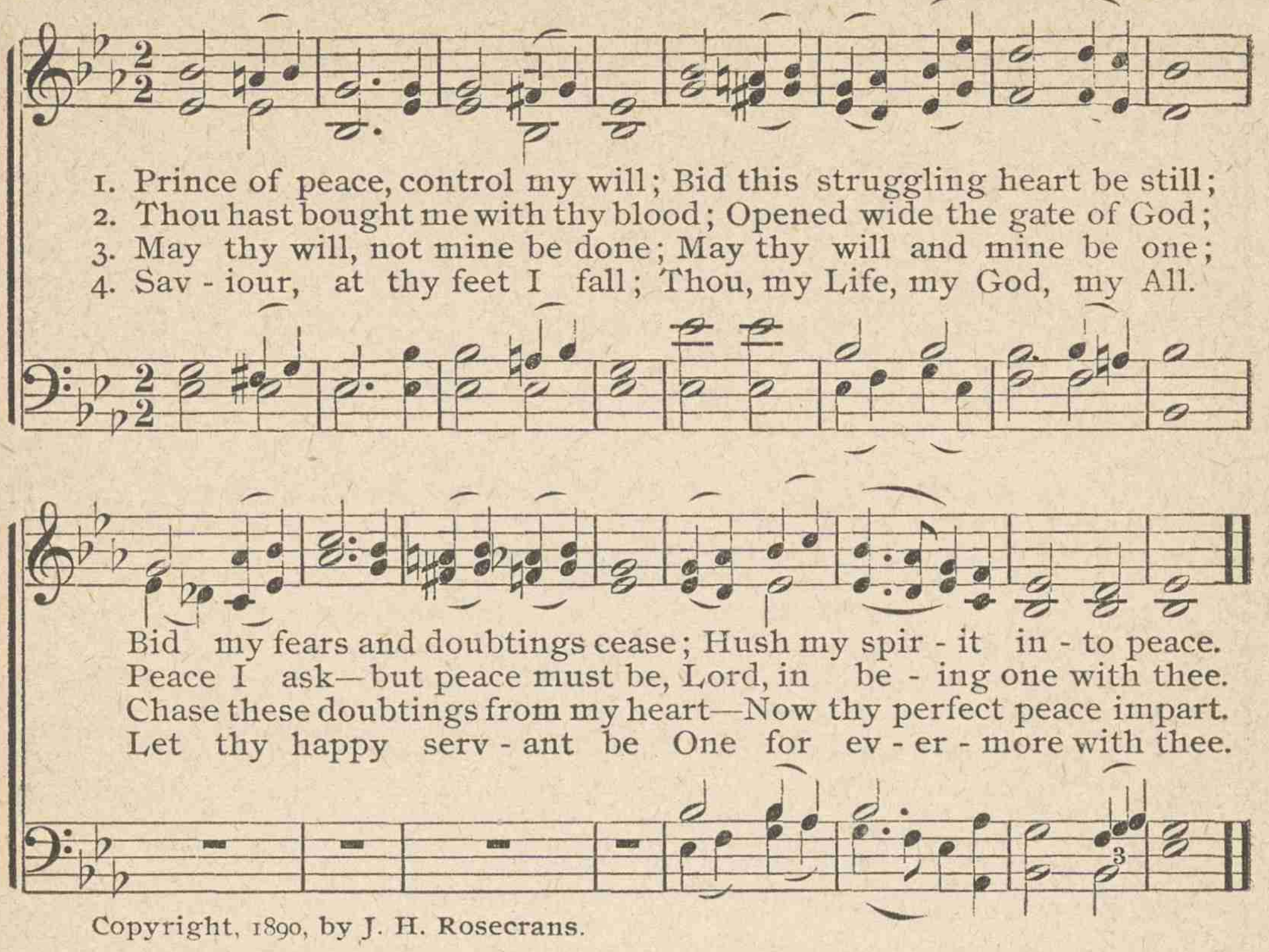
Music by C. M. VON WEBER.





No. 172. Garrison. 7s.
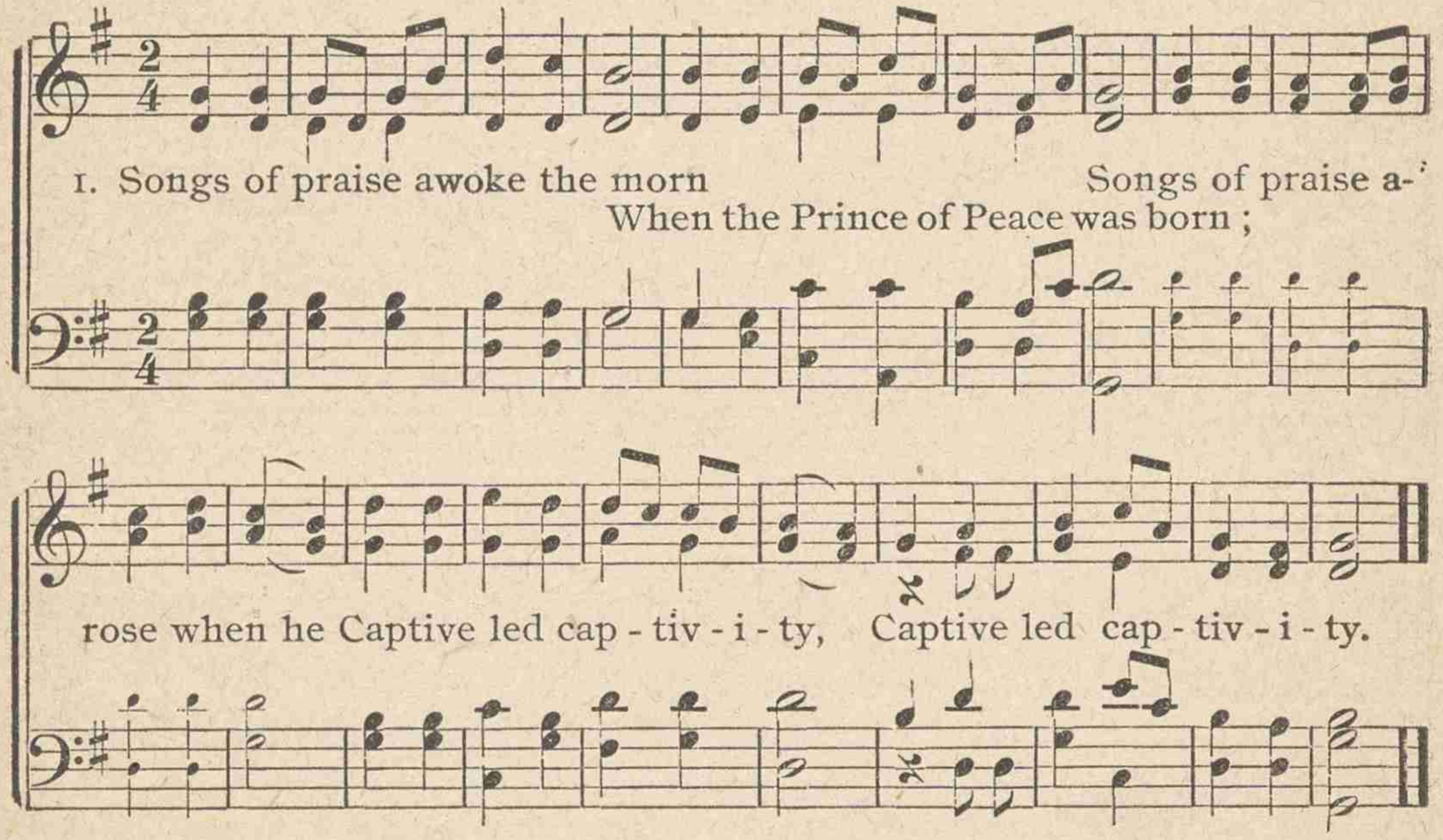
Words by Mary A. S. BARBER. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



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No. 173. Hendon. 7s.

Words by J. MONTGOMERY. Music by MALAN.



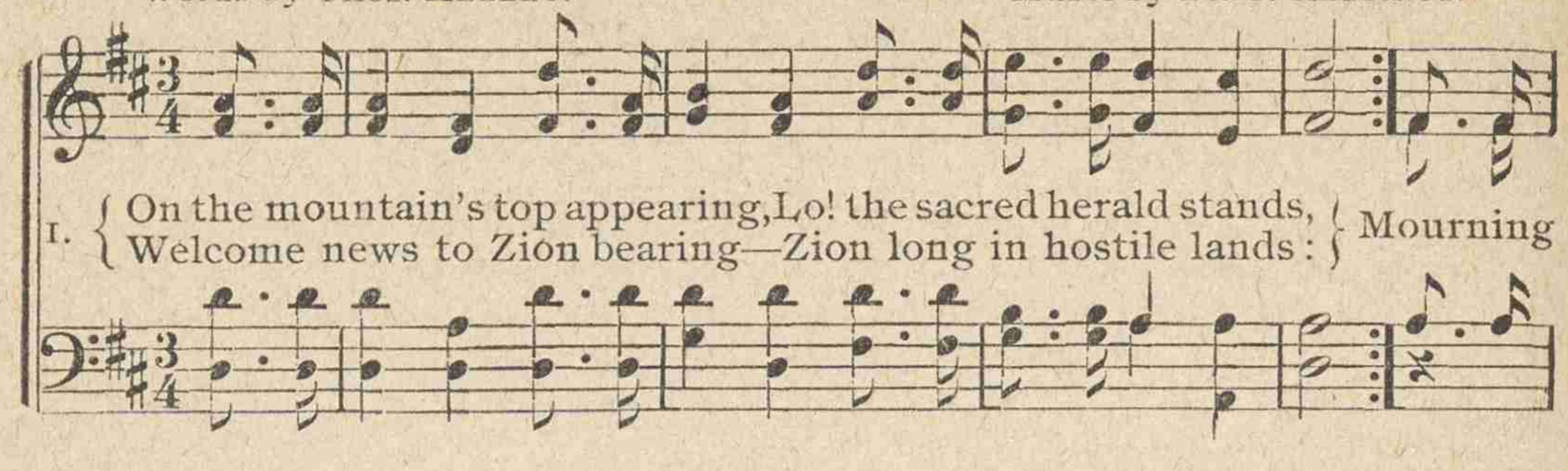
2 Heav'n and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
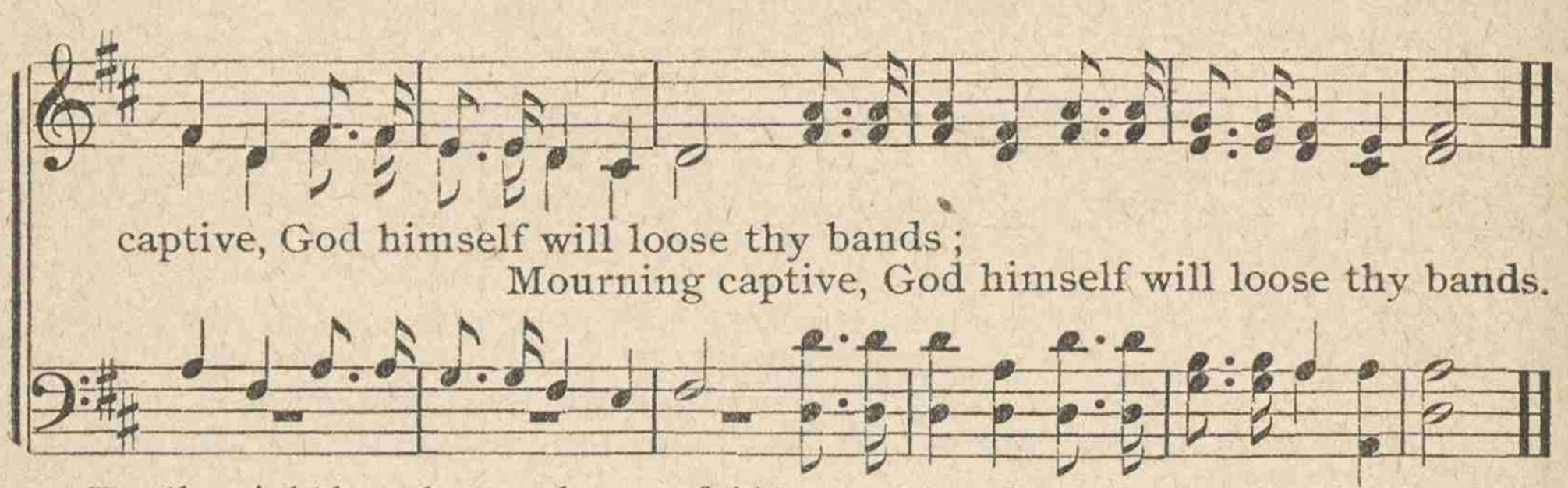
3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

No. 174. Zion. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Words by THOS. KELLEY. Music by DR. T. HASTINGS.





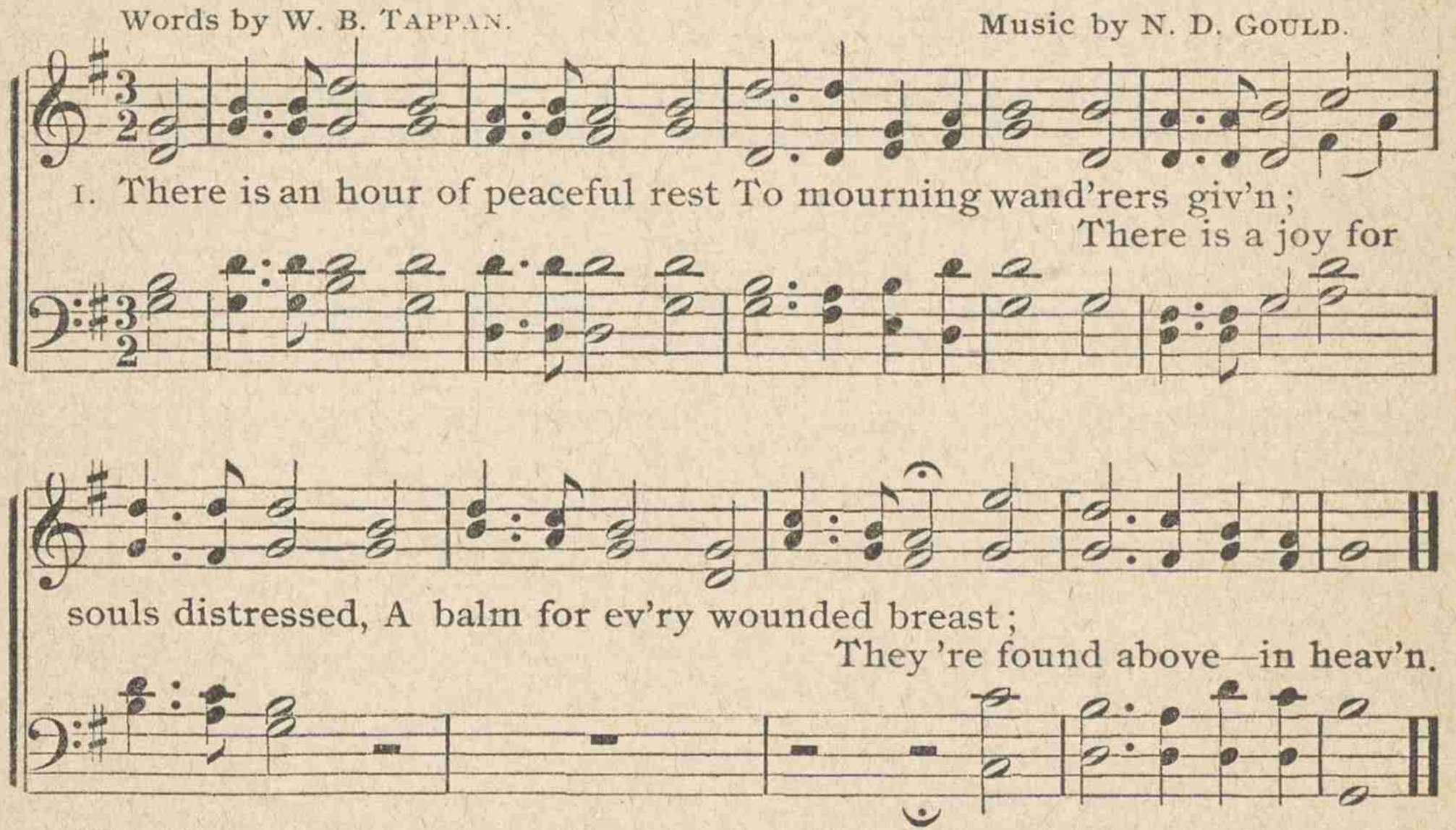
2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy will now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

No. 175. Woodland. P. M.

Words by W. B. TAPPAN. Music by N. D. GOULD.
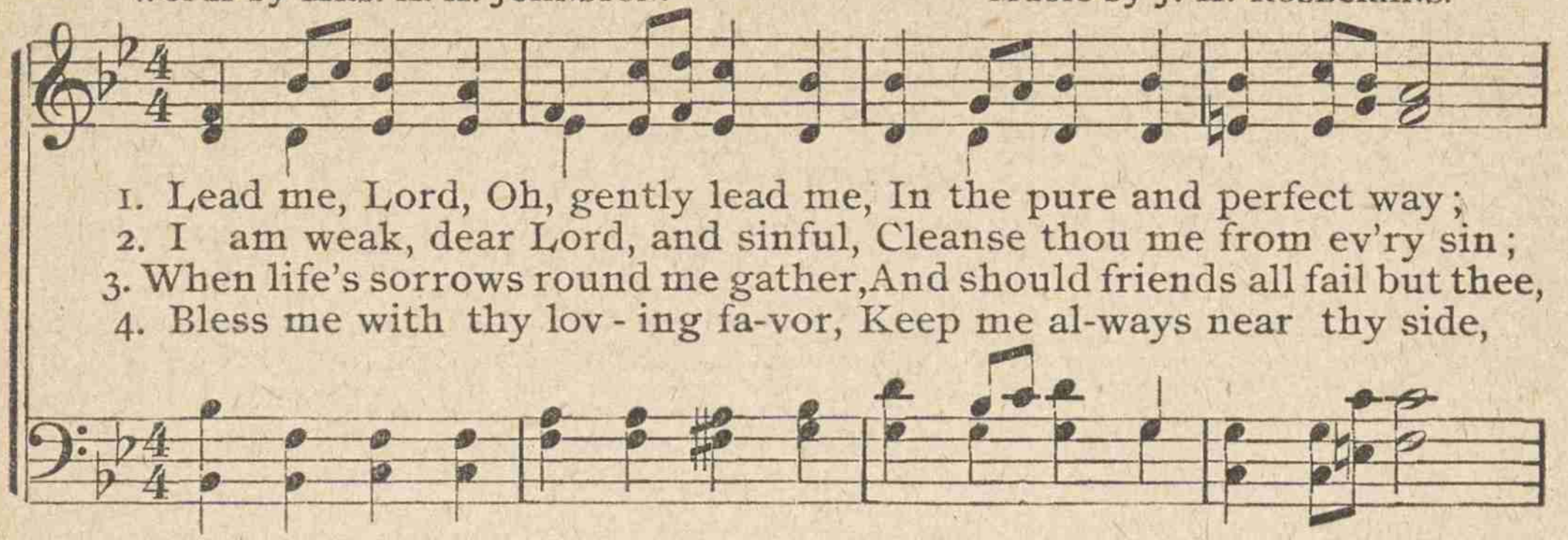


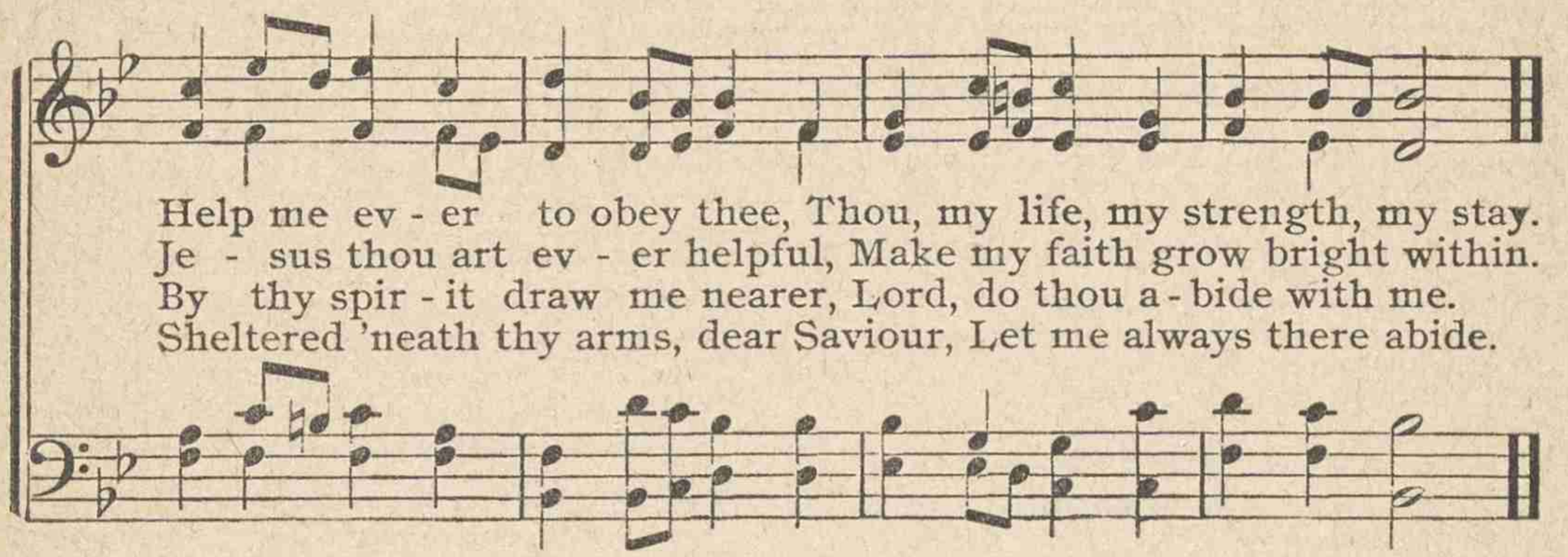
2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3. There fragrant flow'rs forever bloom
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

No. 176. Allen. 8s and 7s.

Words by MRS. A. A. JOHNSTON. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

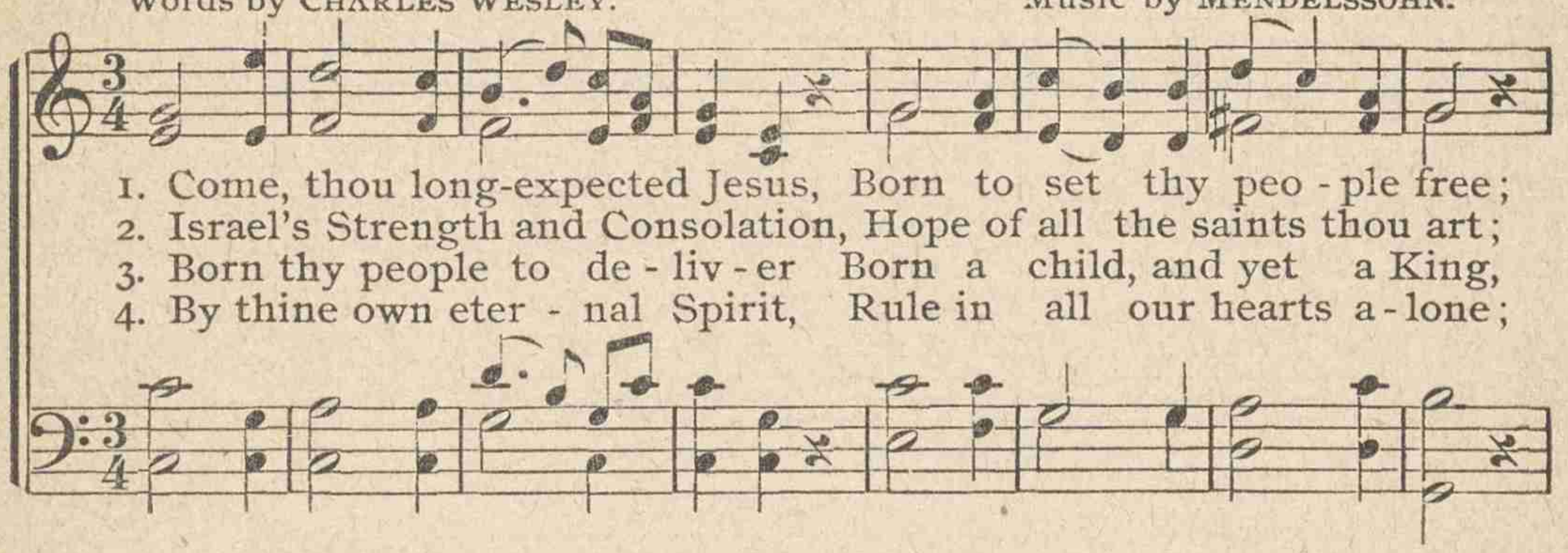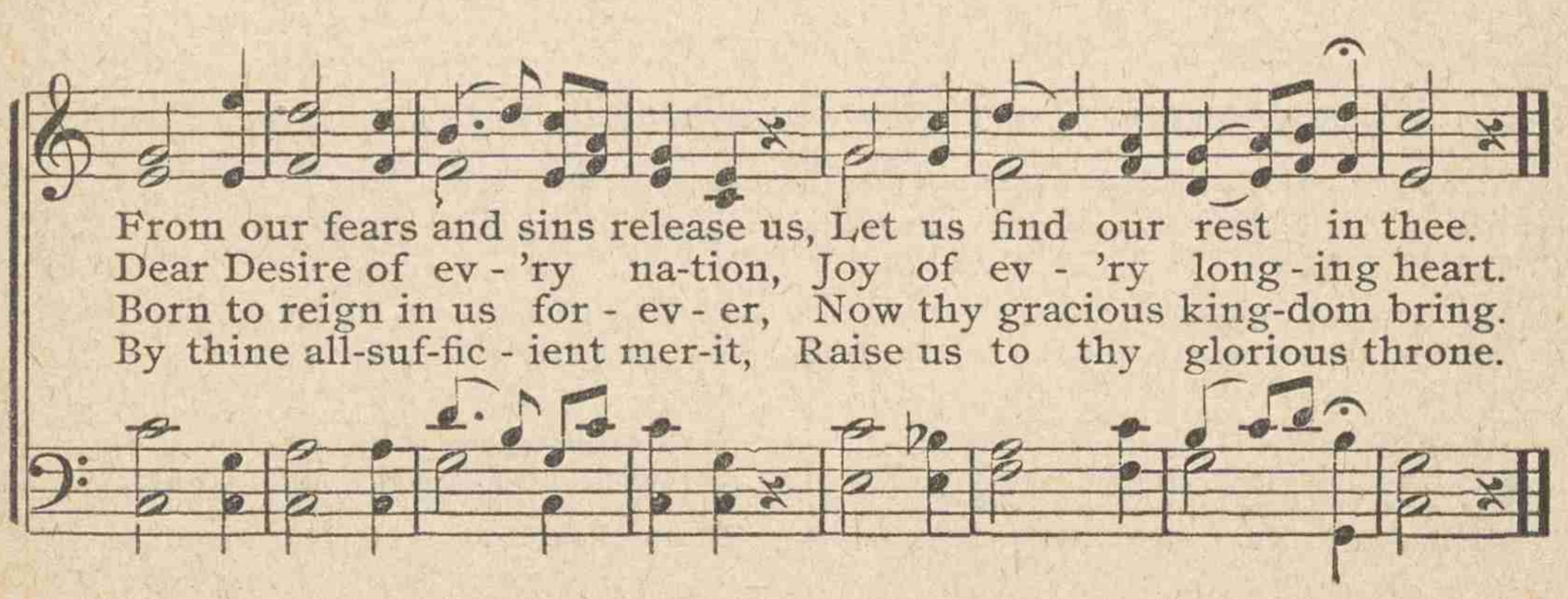




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No. 177. Wilson. 8s and 7s.

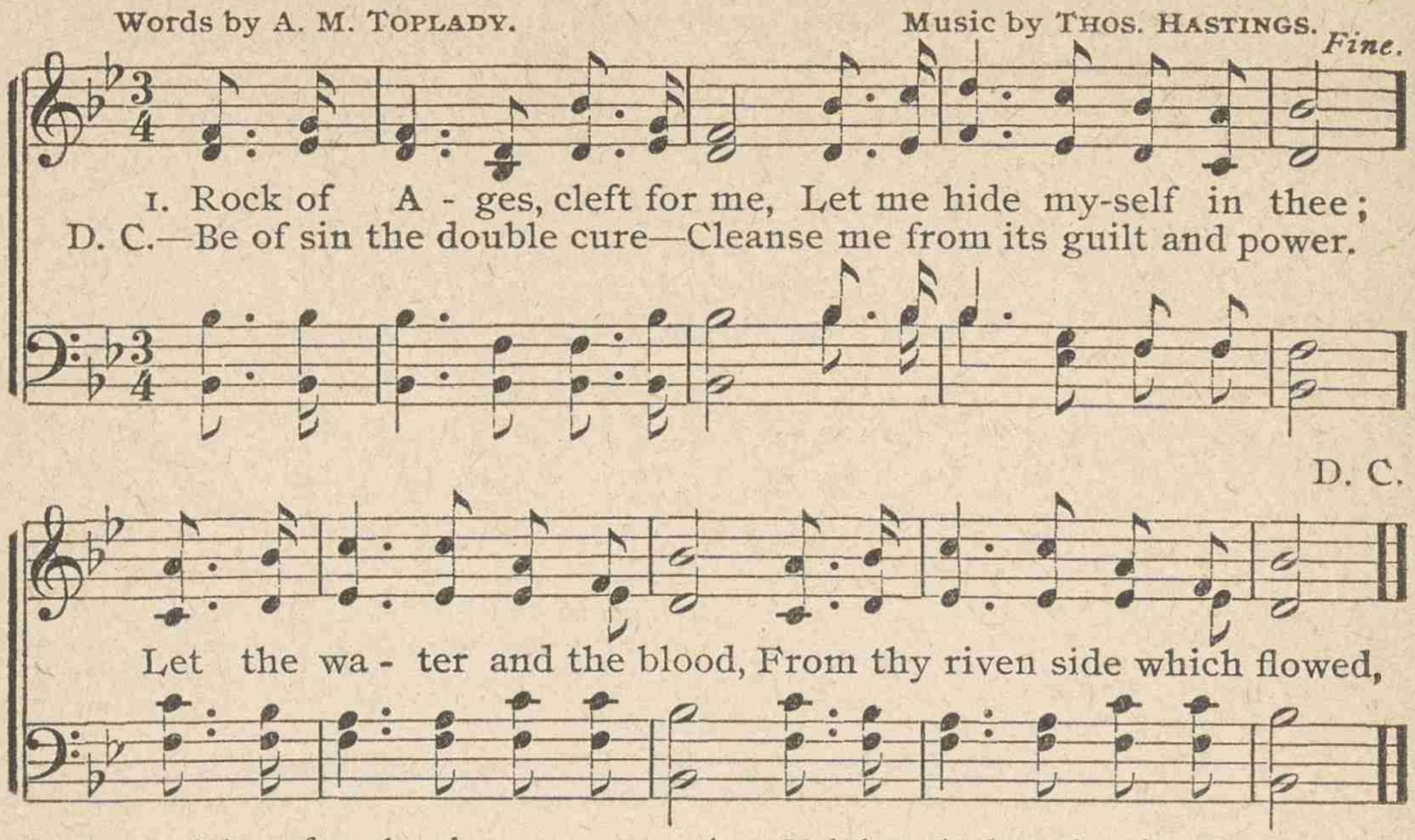
Words by CHARLES WESLEY. Music by MENDELSSOHN.





No. 178. Rock of Ages. 7s, 6l.

Words by A. M. TOPLADY. Music by THOS. HASTINGS.



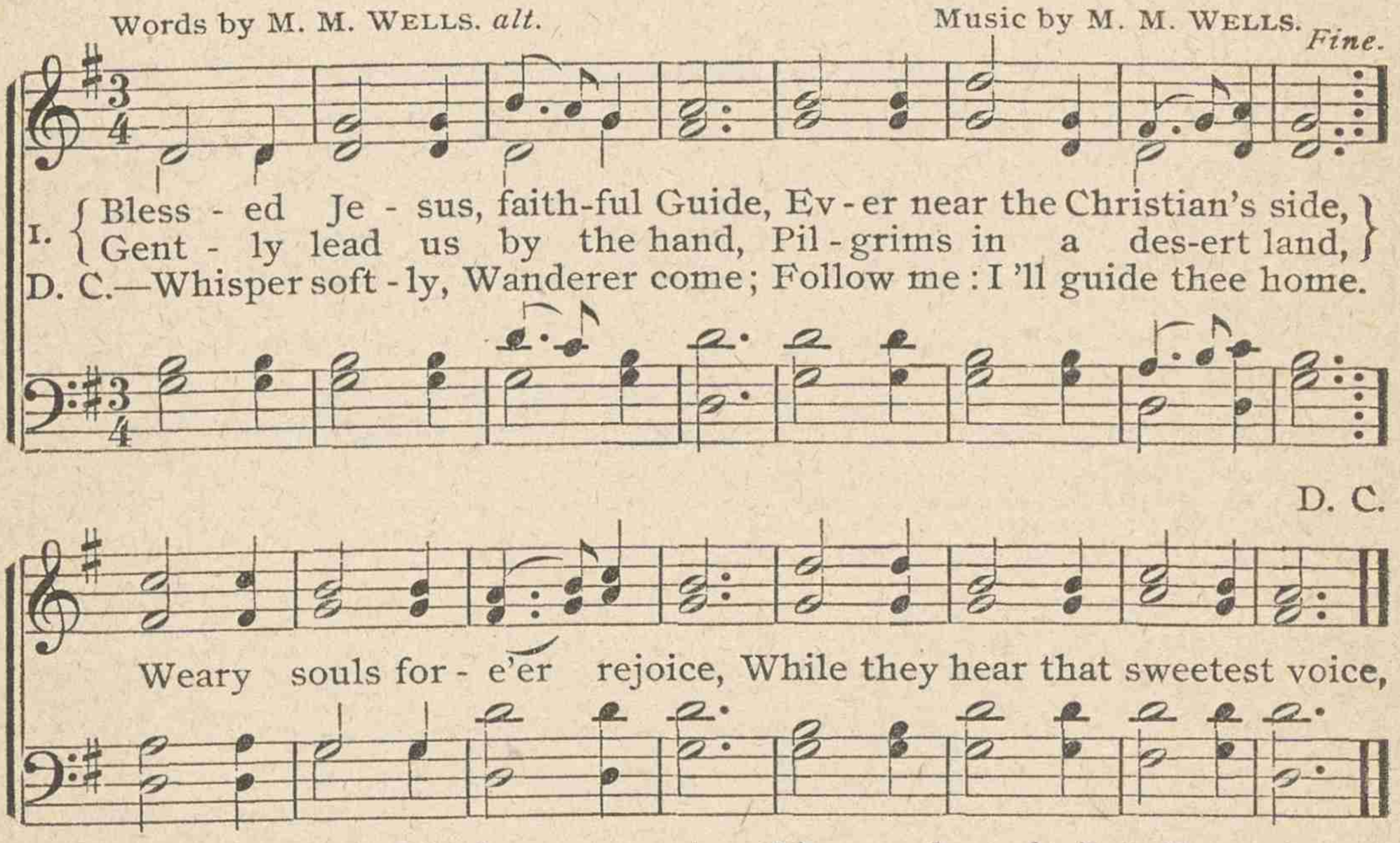
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save and thou alone.

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

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

No. 179. Guide 7s. D.

Words by M. M. WELLS. *alt.* Music by M. M. WELLS.
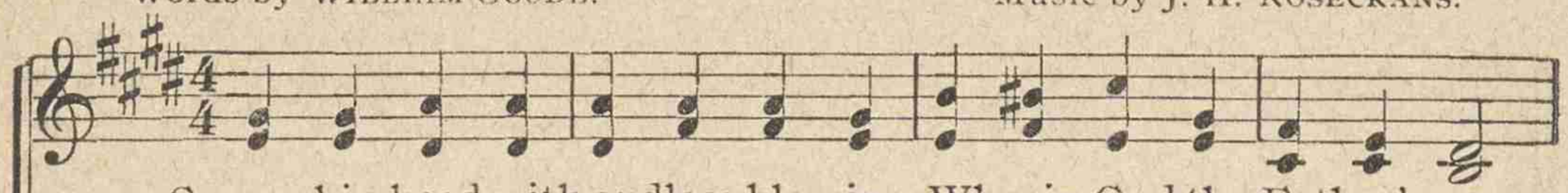


Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Grooping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come;
Follow me: I 'll guide thee home.

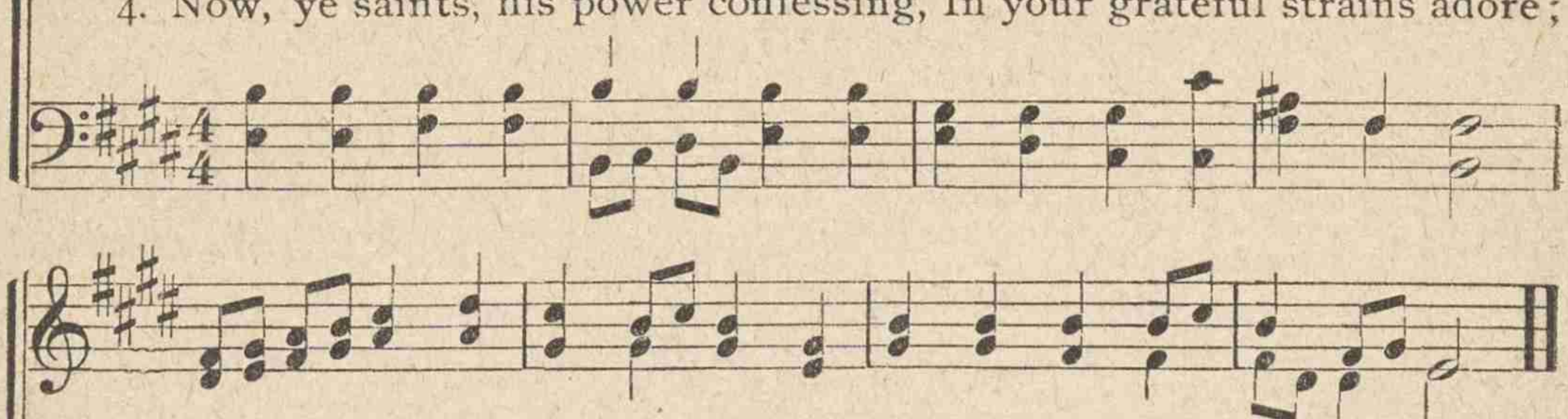
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, Wanderer come;
Follow me: I 'll guide thee home.

No. 180. Hager. 8s and 7s.
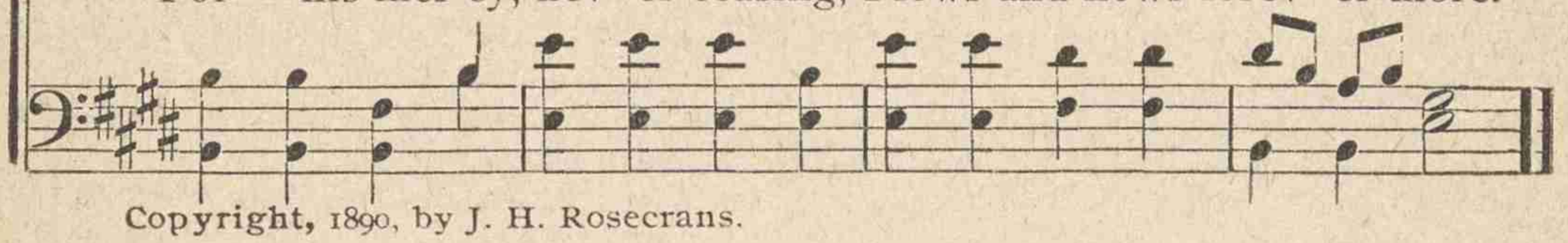
Words by WILLIAM GOODE. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Crown his head with endless blessing, Who, in God the, Father's name,
2. Hail, ye saints, who know his favor, Who within his gates are found—
3. Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing; Thee our God in praise we own;
4. Now, ye saints, his power confessing, In your grateful strains adore;
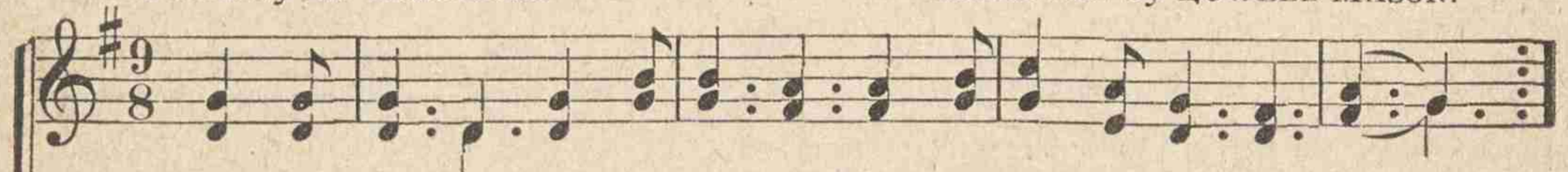


With compas-sion nev - er ceas-ing, Comes, salva-tion to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour, Let his courts with praise abound.
High - est honors, nev - er failing, Rise e - ter - nal round thy throne.
For his mer-cy, nev - er ceasing, Flows and flows forev - er-more.
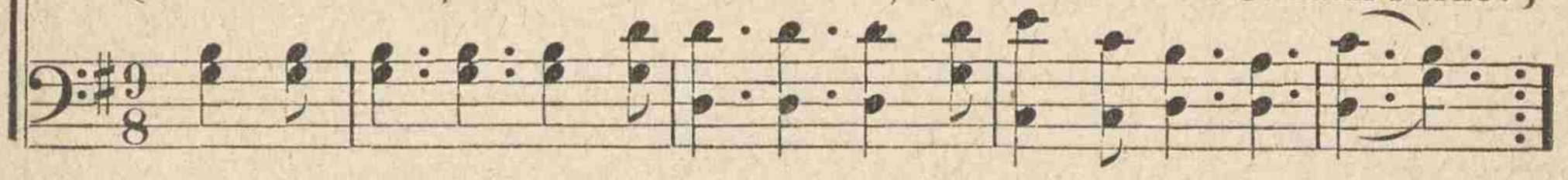


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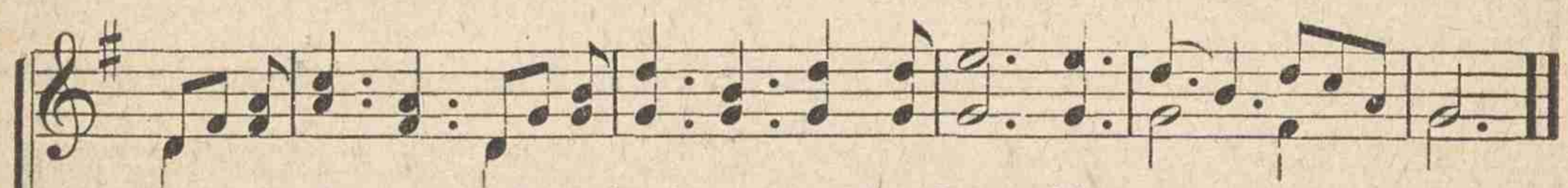
No. 181. Peron. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Words by W. WILLIAMS. Music arr. by LOWELL MASON.
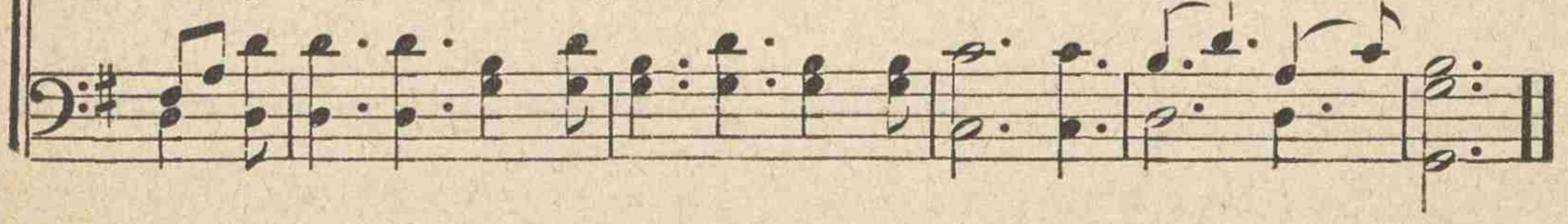


1. { Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
   I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand. }
2. { Open thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
   Let the fire - y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my journey through }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid the swelling stream divide;
   Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side! }
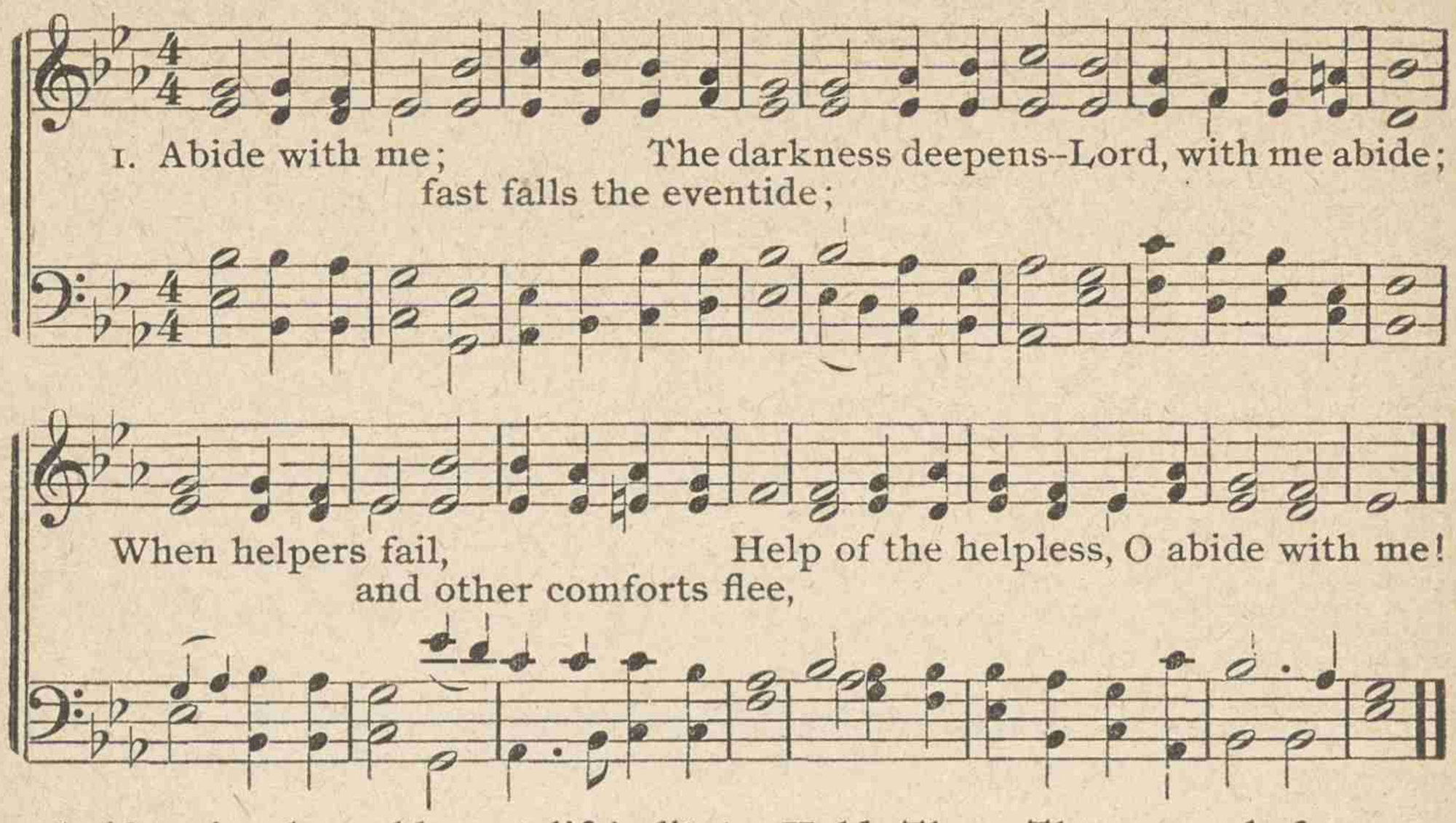




Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to thee.



No. 182. Eventide. 10s.

Words by H. F. LYTE. Music by W. H. MONK.

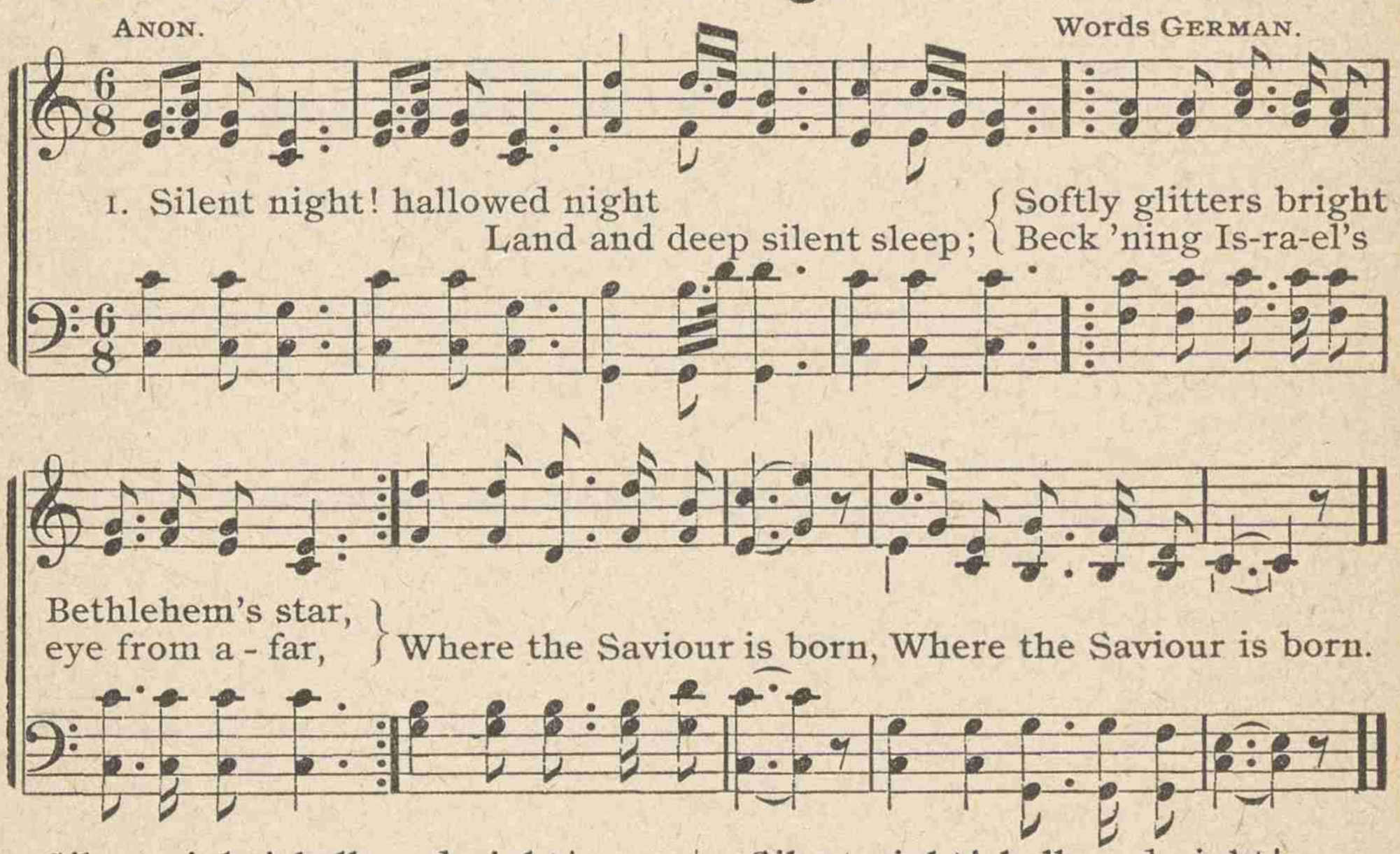


2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 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!

No. 183. Silent Night.

ANON. Words GERMAN.

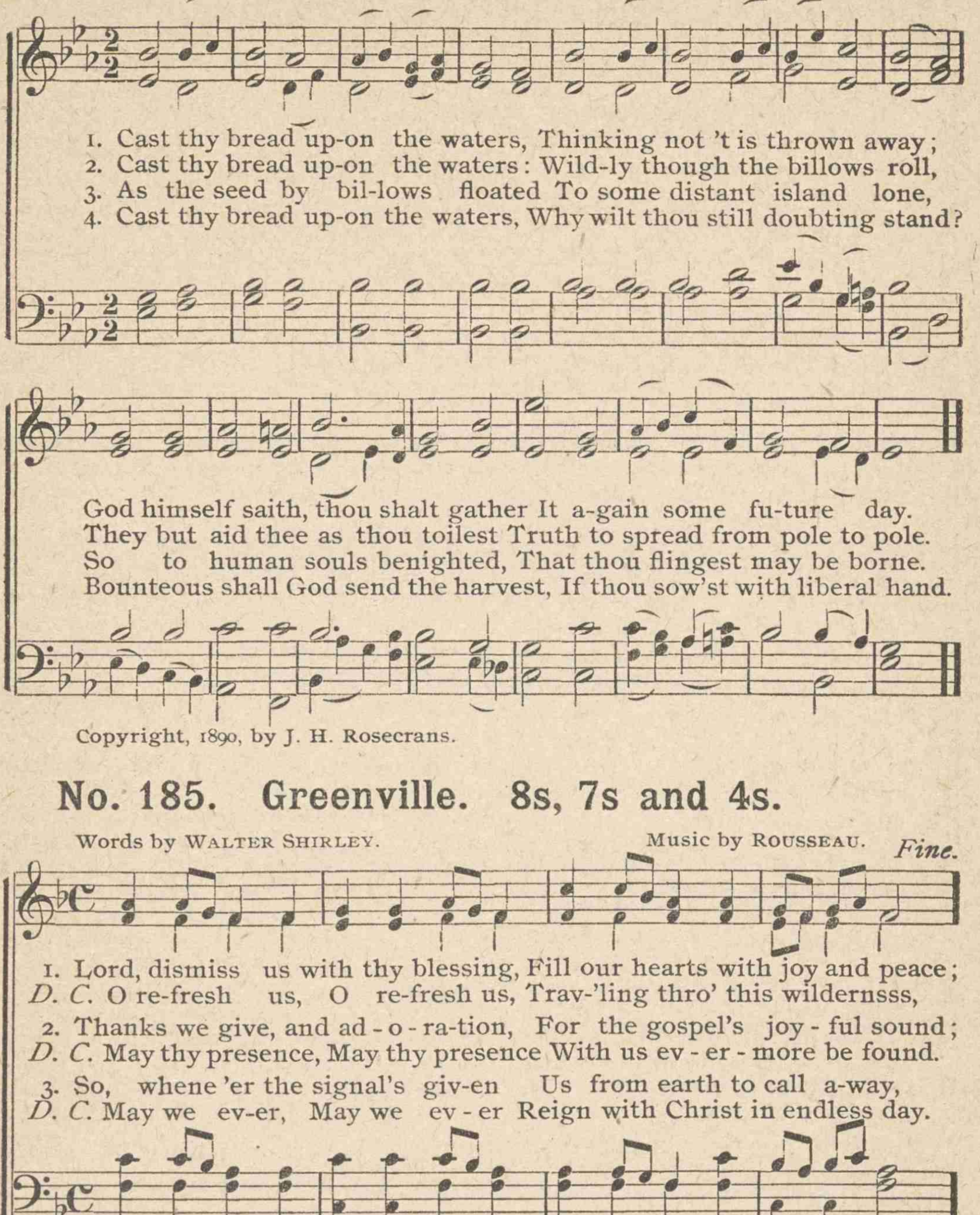


2 Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight:
Christ, the Saviour, has come.

3 Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth awake, silence break,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Heaven and earth in full chorus of praise;
Peace forever shall reign.

No. 184. Everts. 8s and 7s.

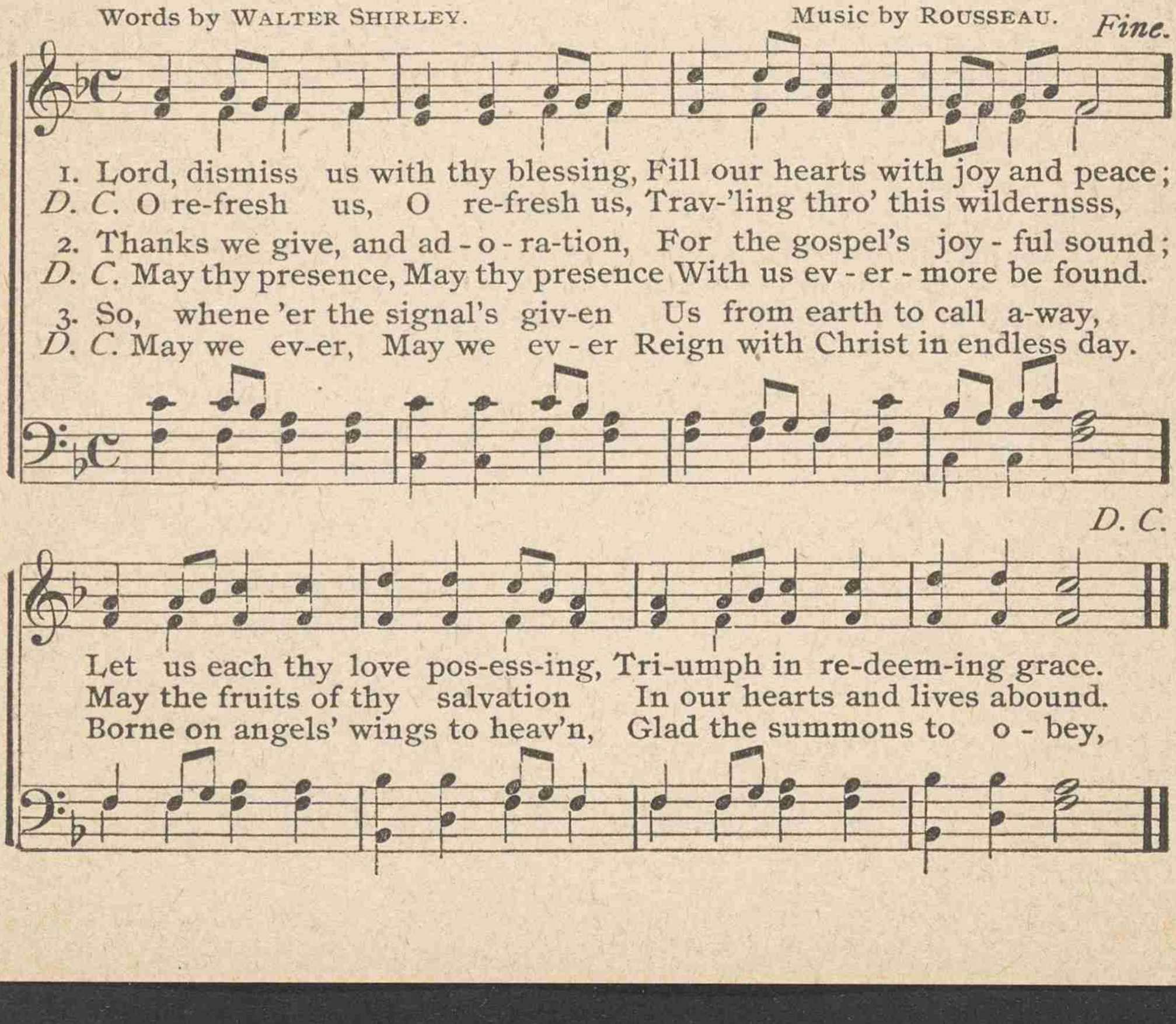
Words by J. H. HANAFORD. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



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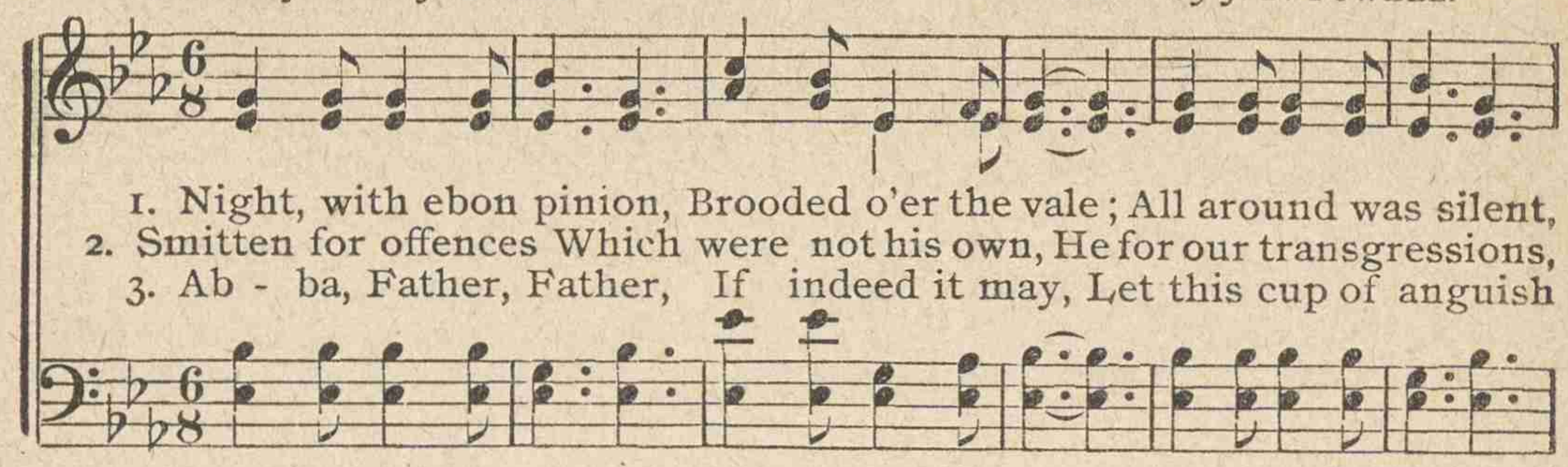
No. 185. Greenville. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Words by WALTER SHIRLEY. Music by ROUSSEAU.



No. 186. Sorrows.

Words by L. H. JAMESON. Music by J. P. POWELL.



By permission.

187. OLIVE'S BROW.

Key of A flat.

'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight; in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and from all removed
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

188. SILOAM.

Key of D.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

189 BEAUTIFUL ZION.
Key of Ab.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above—
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

GEO. GILL.

190 SHALL WE KNOW.
Key of Eb.

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices
And my weary heart grows light;
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 't is kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

191 BEALOTH.
Key of Ab.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

192 MISSIONARY HYMN.
Key of Eb.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

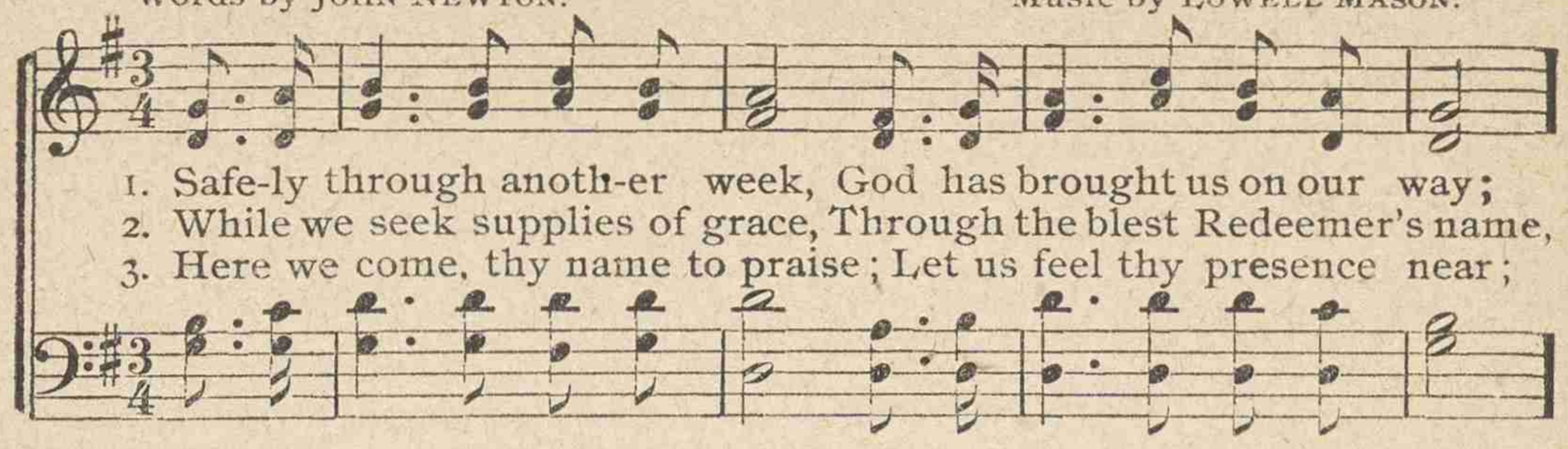
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.
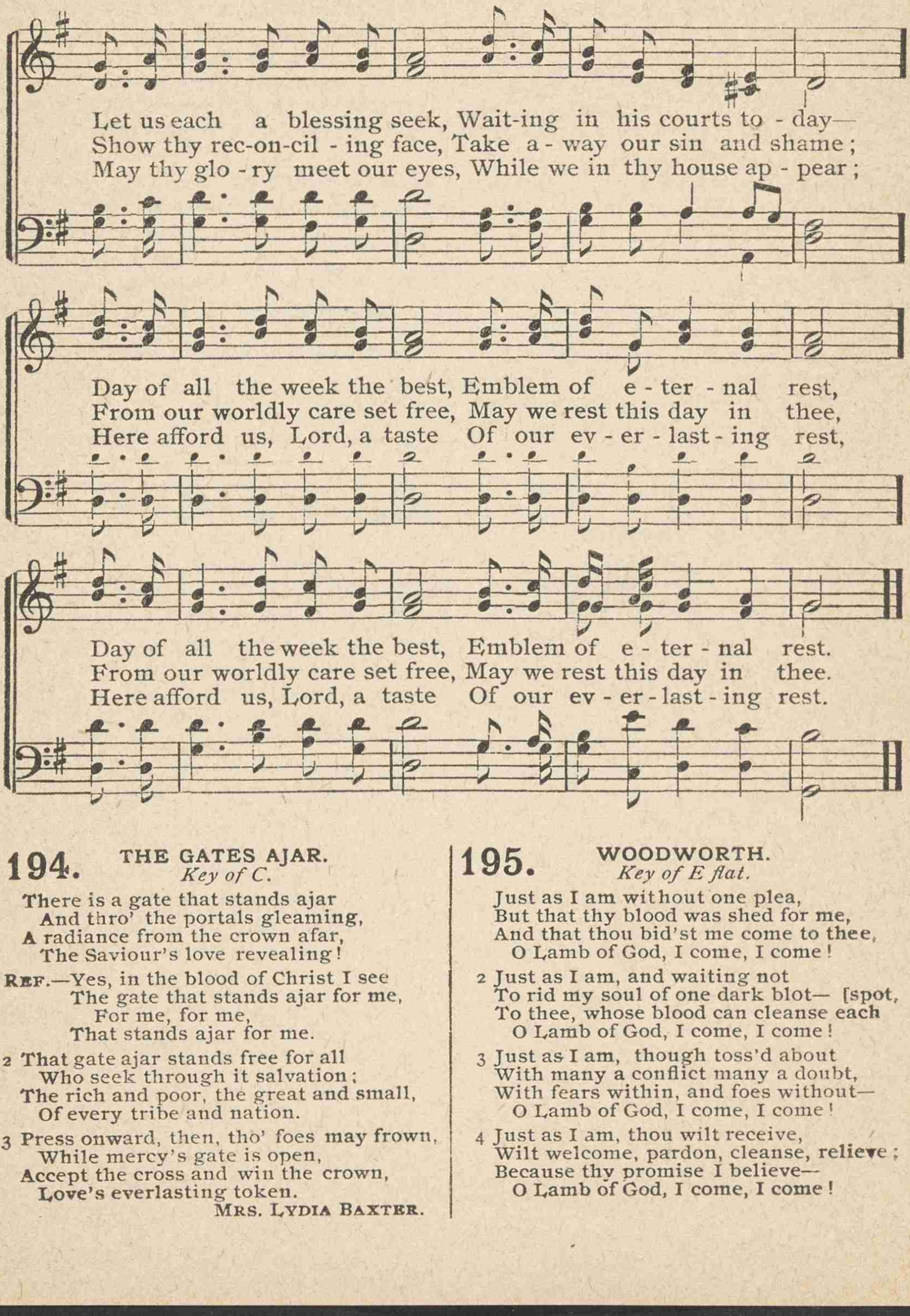
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

R. HEBER.

No. 193. Sabbath.

Words by JOHN NEWTON. Music by LOWELL MASON.





194. THE GATES AJAR.

Key of C.

There is a gate that stands ajar
And thro' the portals gleaming,
A radiance from the crown afar,
The Saviour's love revealing!

REF.—Yes, in the blood of Christ I see
The gate that stands ajar for me,
For me, for me,
That stands ajar for me.

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

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

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

195. WOODWORTH.

Key of E flat.

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

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

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 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!

196 HE LEADETH ME.
Key of D.

HE leadeth me: oh, blessed
thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort
fraught!
What e'er I do, where 'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
bloom,
By waters still, o 'er troubled sea—
Still, 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in
mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

197 DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?
Key of F.

ERE you left your room this
morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor,
As a shield to-day?

CHORUS.

Oh, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

2 When you met with great
temptation,
Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

3 When your heart was filled with
anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

4 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray? [row,
When your soul was bowed in sor-
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

198 PRECIOUS PROMISE.
Key of G.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

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

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

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

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

NATHANIEL NILES.

199 GOING BY.
Key of Ab.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

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

2 There 's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by,
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

GEO. COOPER.

200 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Key of Ab.

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 't is true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story—
'T will 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,
'T will be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

201 THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER

Key of Eb.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod:
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

ROBERT LOWRY.

202 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Key of Eb.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small:
Come to me—I 'll be thy stay;
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus died for me,
All to him I owe—
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
Jesus died my soul to save,
And blessed be his name.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

MRS. E. M. HALL. *alt.*

203 EVERGREEN SHORE.

Key of G.

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

CHORUS.

We will rest in the "fair and happy" land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb,"
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

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

3 All o'er these wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

5 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

SAML. STENNET.

204 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.
Key of Eb.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world
We go to meet our Jesus, [above
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

WM. HUNTER.

205 WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?
Key of C.

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne—
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for me?

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

MISS F. R. HAVERGALL.

206 HERE AND YONDER.
Key of G.

HERE we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn:

CHO.—Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blessed Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here our feet are often weary,
On the hills that throng our way,
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say—

3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know—

4 Here, our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we 'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down.

I. N. CARMAN.

207 WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE.
Key of C.

SOWING their seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing their seed in the noontide glare,
Sowing their seed in the fading light,
Sowing their seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing their seed by the way-side high,
Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing their seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame—
Ah, sure will the harvest be.

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

MRS. E. S. OAKEY.

208 SHOUT THE TIDINGS.
Key of G.

SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken ev'ry heart and tongue.

CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the praries of the West,
Till the gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

UNKNOWN.

209 BETHANY.
Key of G.

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!

S. F. ADAMS.

210 HARWELL.
Key of G.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices.
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms the saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

T. KELLY.

211 ANTIOCH.
Key of D.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

212 OVER THERE.
Key of Ab.

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

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there,
Over there, over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

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

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

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

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

213 WORK SONG.
Key of F.

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

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

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

SIDNEY DYER.

214 NETTLETON.
Key of Eb.

O THOU fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee!
Never let me wander from thee!
Never leave thee whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above,

R. ROBINSON.

215 TARRY WITH ME.
Key of Eb.

TARRY with me, oh, my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

CHORUS.

Tarry with me, blessed Jesus,
Leave me not till morning light,
For I'm lonely here without thee,
Tarry with me thro' the night.

2 Many friends were gathered 'round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Tarry with me, oh, my Saviour,
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

MRS. C. S. SMITH.

216 WE SHALL KNOW.

Key of Eb.

WHEN the mists have roll'd in splendor
From the summit of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have clear'd away.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have clear'd away;
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have clear'd away.

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of love shall cover
All the faults that hide away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

3 When the silv'ry mists have veil'd us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we think their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should love them well and truly,
We should trust them day by day;
Neither hate nor love unduly,
If the mists have cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

217 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Key of Bb.

ONE sweetly solemn tought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I 'm nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home, to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
I 'm nearer the great white throne
Nearer the crystal sea. [to-day,

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
I 'm nearer the time to leave, to-day,
The cross, and wear the crown.

4 Father, perfect my faith,
Complete my trust in thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity.

MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

218 ONE BY ONE.

Key of Ab.

THEY 'RE gathering homeward from every land, One by one, one by one,
Their feet are now passing the shining strand, Yes, one by one,
Their labor-stain'd garments are all laid down, [crown;
Their brows are adorn'd with a living
And cloth'd in white raiment, they rest on the shore
Of the river of life for evermore.

CHO.-Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
Crossing the river one by one;
Gathering home, gathering home,
Yes, one by one.

2 They 're gathering homeward from every shore, One by one, one by one,
To join with the faithful ones gone before; Yes, one by one,
Through great tribulations they made their way [day;
From regions of darkness to endless
And now, in the presence of God and the Lamb, [I AM.
They cease not to worship the great

3 We are hastening homeward to join the band, One by one, one by one,
Who have entered their rest in the better land, Yes, one by one.
With angels we 'll sweep through the pearly gates [ner, waits,
Of the city where Christ, the forerun-
And join with the millions around the white throne,
In hymning the praise of the Holy One.

219 HOME OF THE SOUL.

Key of Eb.

I WILL sing you a song of the beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O the home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright Jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the fair tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!

MRS. E. H. GATES.

220 Blessed Assurance.

Words and Music by MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rapt - ure
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glo - ry di-vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of his
burst on my sight; An-gels descending, bring from above, Echoes of
hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Fill'd with his

REFRAIN.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

By permission.

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