Favorite Hymns:

- A COLLECTION OF -

Church and Sunday-School Songs

— FOR —

RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONS, INSTITUTES, AND PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

BY ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

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OPENING SERVICE.

ARRANGED BY MARY B. HOPKINS.

LEADER.—And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii, 10, 11.

SCHOOL.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—JOHN iii, 16.

LEADER.—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—I JOHN iv, 11.

Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS: ‖: O, how I love Jesus! :‖
Because he first loved me.

LEADER.—He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.—1 JOHN iv, 8.

SCHOOL.—In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—1 JOHN iv, 9.

LEADER.—We love him, because he first loved us.—1 JOHN iv, 19.

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

CHORUS: ‖: O, how I love Jesus! :‖
Because he first loved me.

LEADER.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.—REV. iv, 11.

SCHOOL.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.—REV. v, 12.

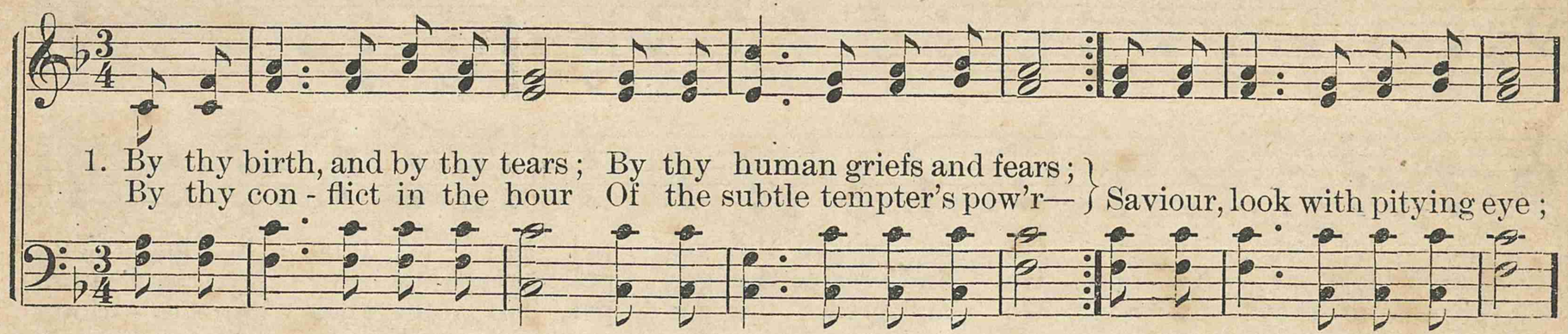
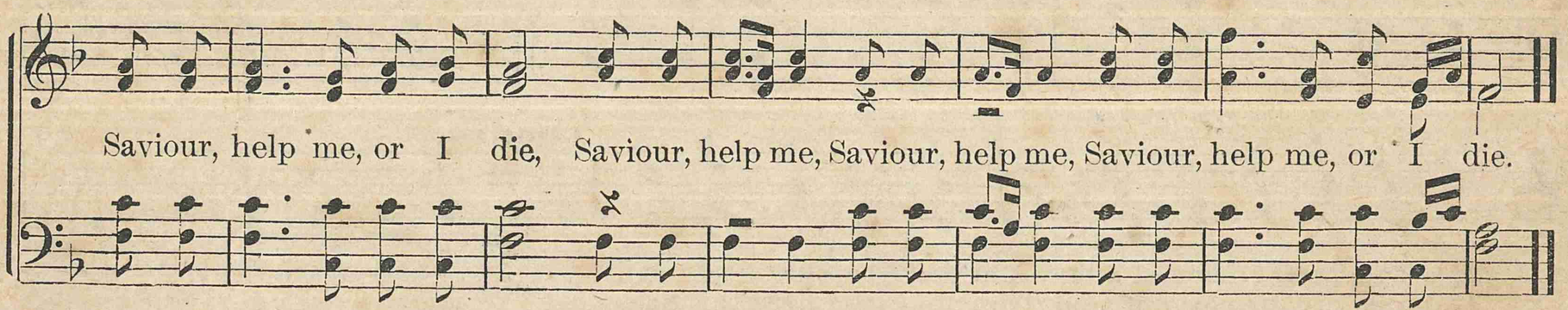
LEADER.—Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—REV. xxii, 14.

SCHOOL.—And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—REV. xxii, 17.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man the creature's sin.

CHORUS: ‖: O, how I love Jesus! :‖
Because he first loved me.

FAVORITE HYMNS.

SAVIOUR, HELP ME.

2 By the tenderness that wept,
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

GO AND PREACH THE GOSPEL.

DEDICATED TO PRES. C. L. LOOS.

Words and Music by ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Go and preach the gos - pel Of the dear Re-deem - er, Tell - ing of the Lamb of God Who
2. Go and preach the gos - pel To the poor and need - y, Tell - ing of the home of God, Pre-
3. Go and preach the gos - pel To the heath - en na-tions, Tell - ing of the love of God, Who

died for ev - 'ry one. Go and preach the gos - pel, Roy - al proc - la - ma - tion,
pared for ev - 'ry one. Go and preach the gos - pel, Preach to ev - 'ry creat - ure,
gave to them his Son. Go and preach the gos - pel, Till the whole cre - a - tion,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the King of kings, And God's be - lov - ed Son. Go . . and preach the gos - pel,
Tell- ing of the pow'r of God, Thro' Je - sus Christ, his Son.
Laud and mag-ni - fy his name, And all the world is won. Go and preach the gos - pel,

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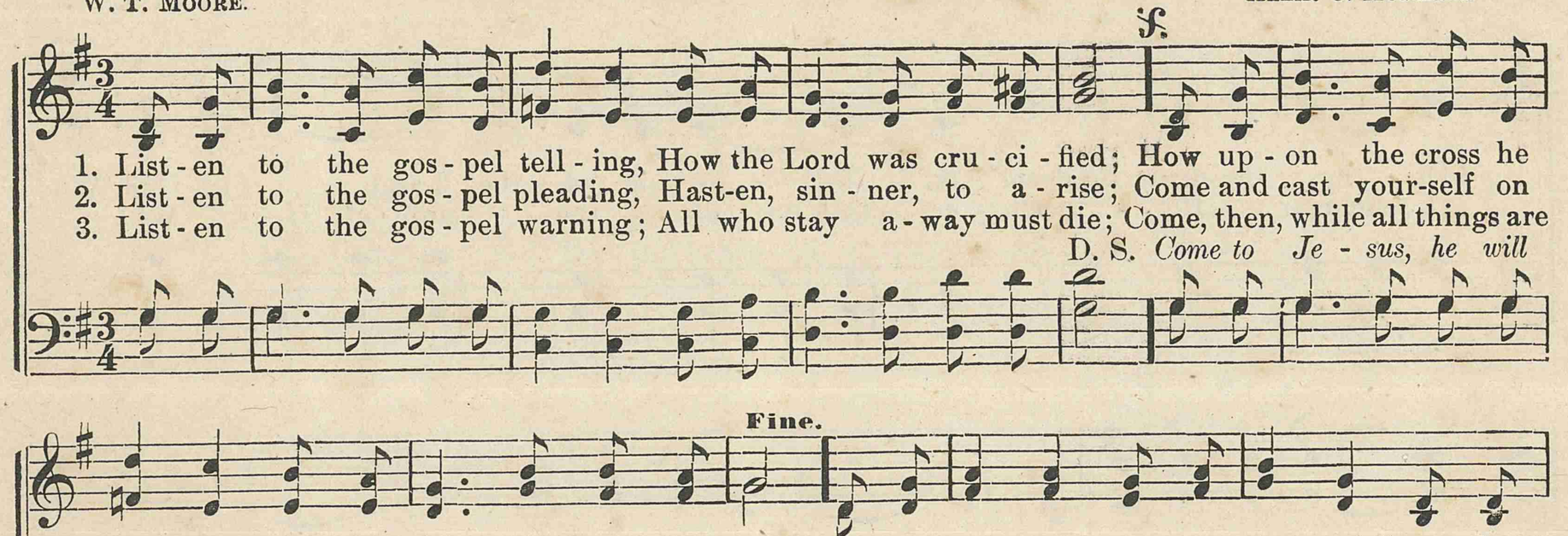
Of . . the dear Re-deem - er, Tell - - ing of the Lamb . . of God, Who
Of the dear Re - deem - er, Tell-ing of the Lamb of God, Who

tak - eth sin a - way. Go . . and preach the gos - pel, To . . the whole cre-
tak-eth sin a - way. Go and preach the gos - pel, To the whole cre-

a - tion, Je - sus is the Lamb . . of God, The Truth, the Life, the Way.
a - tion, Je - sus is the Lamb of God, The Truth, the Life, the Way.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

W. T. MOORE. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.



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GOOD-NIGHT.

ELLA LANDER. D. B. TOWNER.

DUET AND CHORUS.

1. Loving word that's night-ly whisper'd O'er each ti-ny trun- dle-bed, While a mother's ben - e -
2. When the toils of day are o - ver, Friend to friend bids soft good-night, Praying that the coming
3. Gen- tly whisper'd by the dy - ing, At the fad- ing of the day: Ent'ring in up - on the
4. Some good-night will be the last one, When our days of earth are o'er, When we reach the shin- ing

CHORUS.

dic - tion Falls up-on the sleep-er's head.
mor - row Be with heaven's bless-ing bright.
shin - ing Of the heav'nly light for aye.
por - tal And earth's twilights are no more.

} Loving good-night, tender good-night, Sweet word of parting

pp

good - night. Parting is on - ly, on-ly for night, Meeting will come with the light, (good night.)

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FOR SWEET CHILDHOOD'S SAKE.

Dedicated to MRS. O. E. HAGERMAN, *Superintendent of Children's Work.*

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Up to me sweet childhood looketh, Heart, and mind, and soul awake, Teach me of thy ways, O Father,
2. Give to me a cheerful spir - it That my lit-tle flock may see It is good and pleasant service—
3. Let thy ho - ly coun-sel lead me: Let thy light before me shine, That they may not stumble over

Teach me for sweet childhood's sake; In their young hearts, soft and tender, Guide my hands good seed to sow,
To be taught, O Lord of thee; Fath-er, or - der all my footsteps, So direct my daily way,
Word or deed, or thought of mine; Draw us hand in hand to Je-sus For his word's sake—unforgot,

CHORUS.

That its blos - som-ing may praise thee Wheresoev - er they may go.
That in following me, the children May not ev - er go a-stray. Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
"Let the lit - tle ones come to me And for - bid, for-bid them not."

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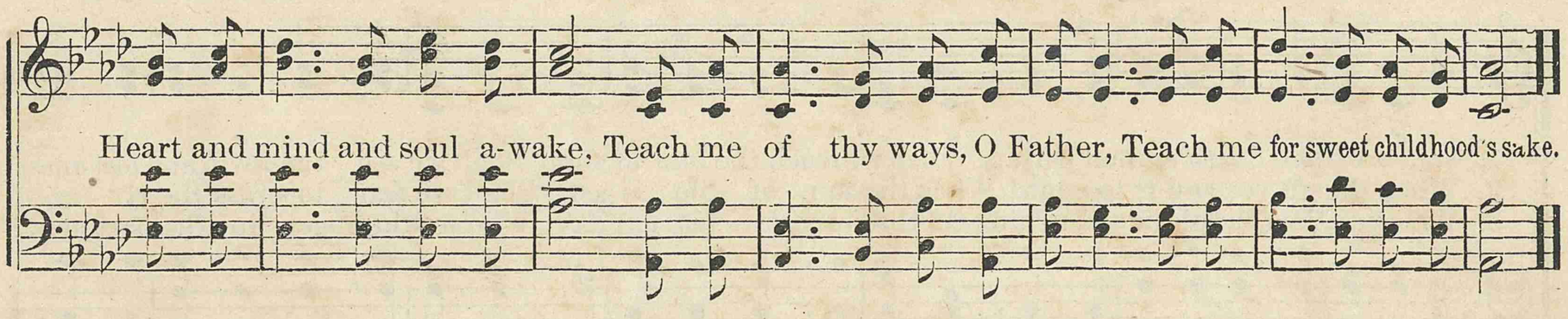
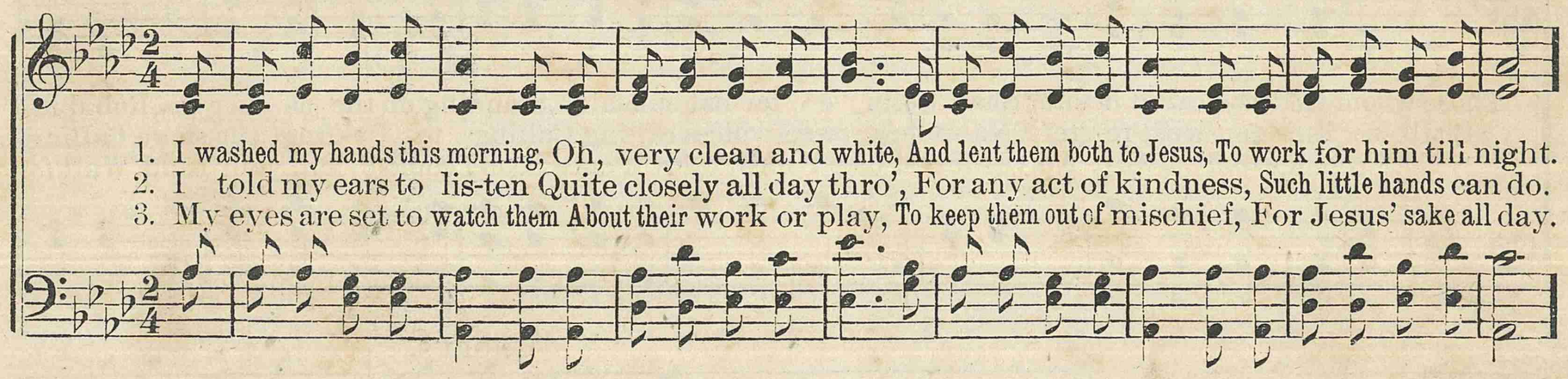
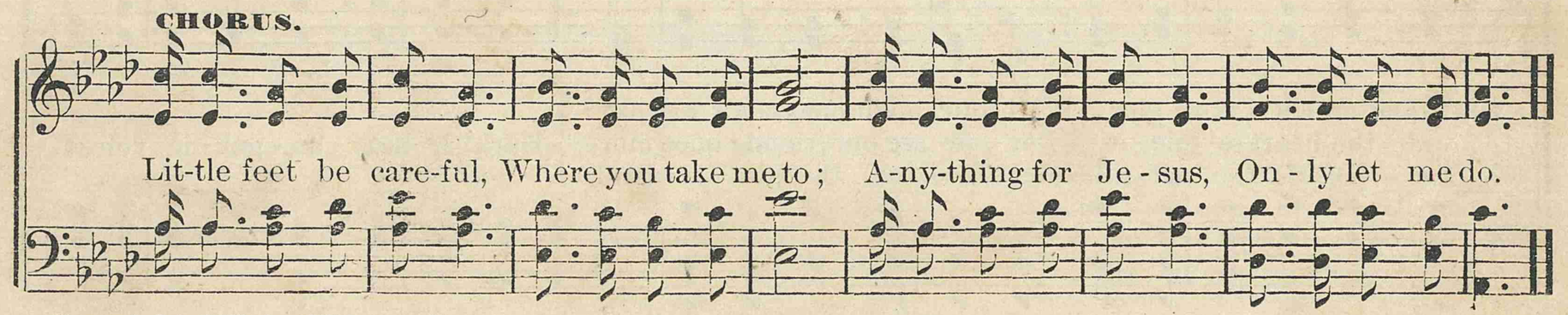

LITTLE FEET BE CAREFUL.

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



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WE SHALL SEE AND KNOW.

H. R. TRICKETT. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. When we pass death's silent portals, When we reach the oth- er shore, Shall we see the lov'd and lost ones,
2. When the sil- ver cord is loosened, When the sun of life is set, Shall we fear to cross the riv - er,
3. Welcome, then, the glorious dawning Of that bright e - ter- nal day; Who would linger in the darkness?

Those whom God has call'd before? Shall we, in e - ter-nal sunshine, Standing on the jas - per sea, Rob'd in
Shall we lin - ger with re-gret? No, we hear sweet voices calling, Calling to us from the shore, Calling,
Oh, for wings to fly a-way! No, ye blessed blood-wash'd lov'd ones, Soon I come to join your band, Wait for

white and crown'd with glory, All our lov'd ones shall we see?
and the heart re- joic - es, For we see our friends once more.
me be-side the por- tal, Meet me in the glo - ry land.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear an - gel - ic voices

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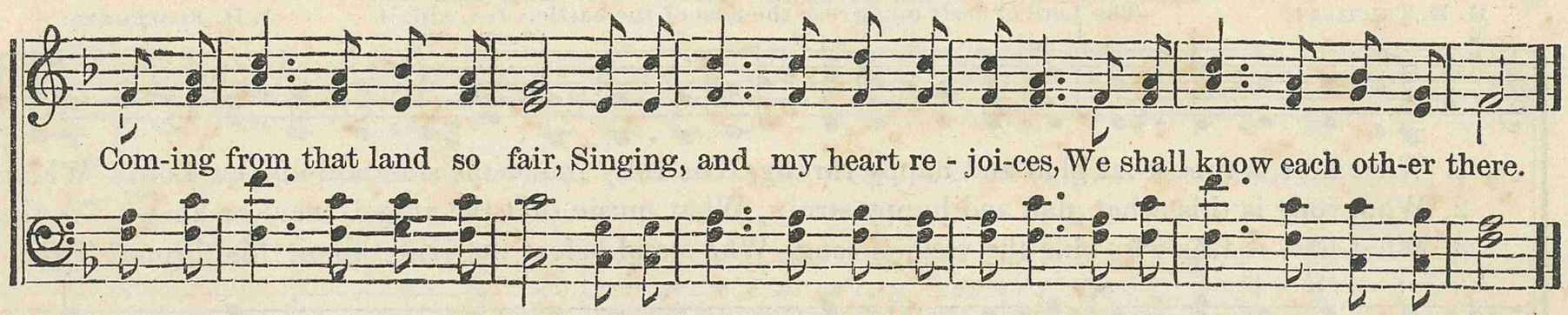
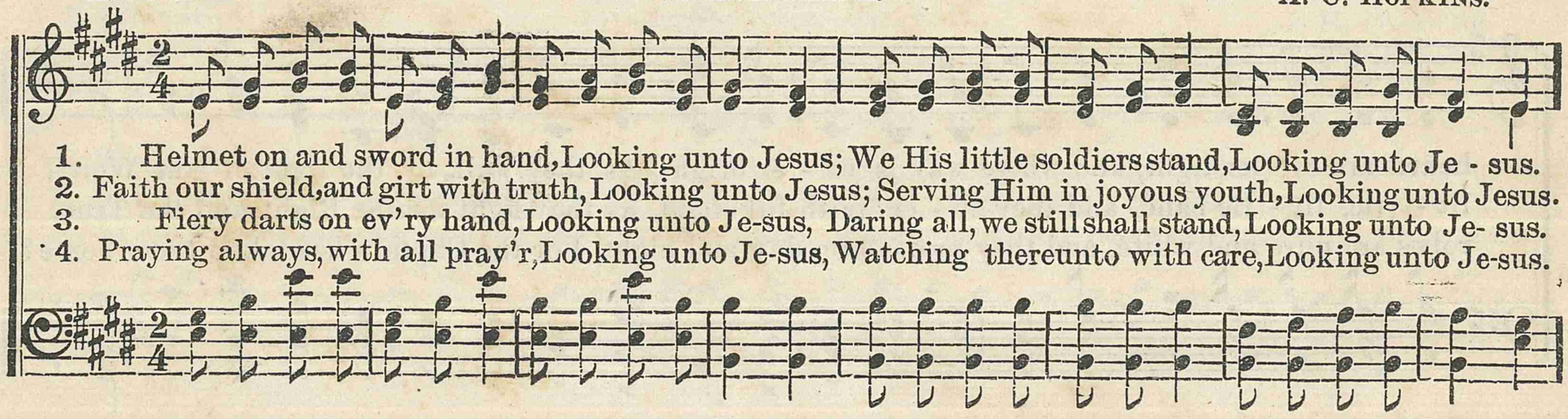
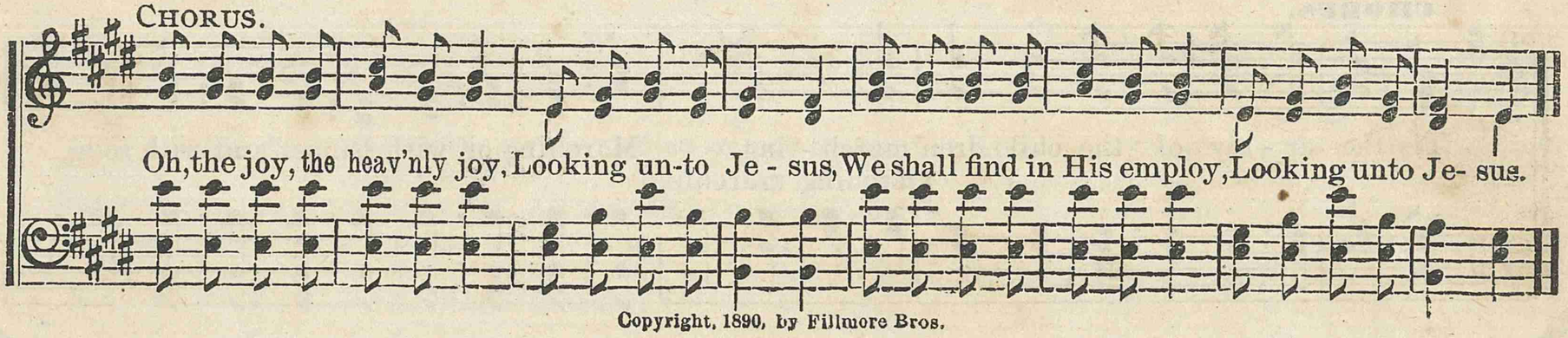

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

A. P. COBB. For Little Children. A. C. HOPKINS.



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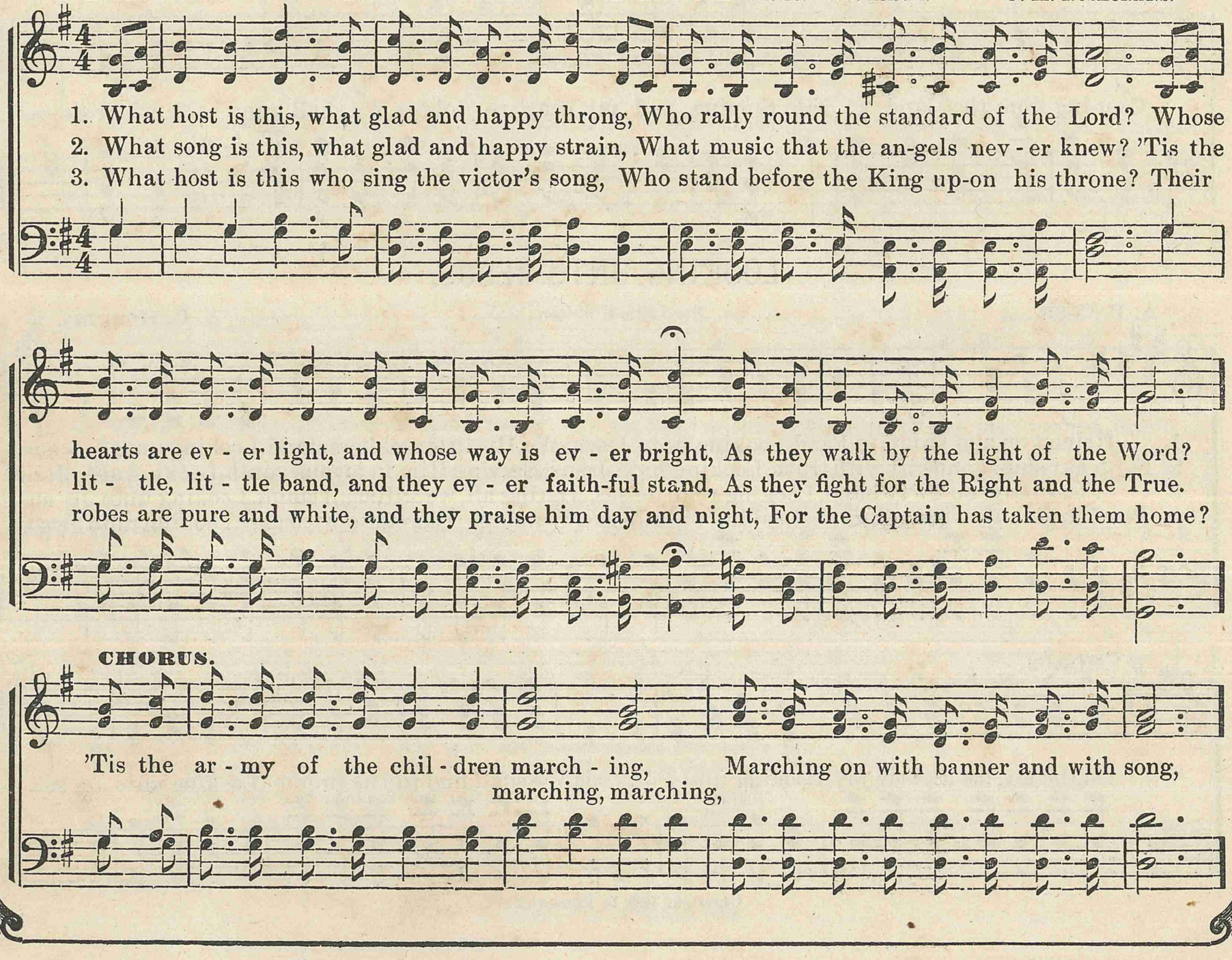
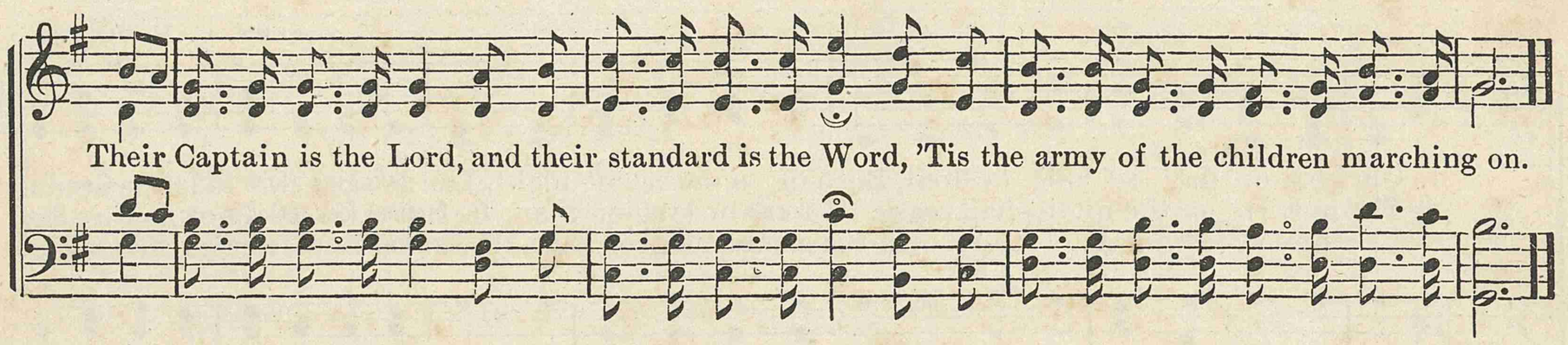
THE ARMY OF THE CHILDREN.

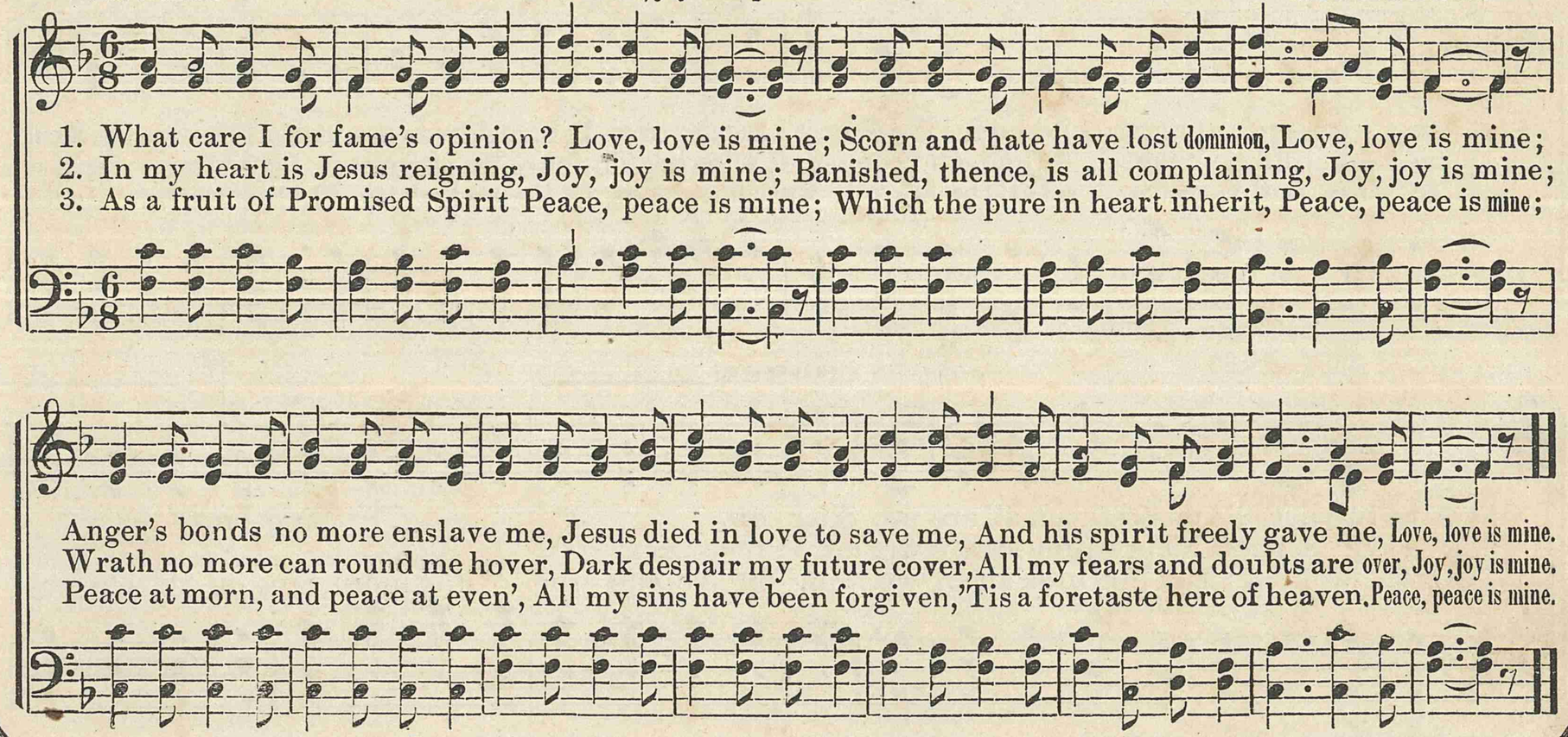
H. R. TRICKETT. The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle.—ISA. xiii: 4. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Their Captain is the Lord, and their standard is the Word, 'Tis the army of the children marching on.

LOVE, JOY AND PEACE.

D. R. LUCAS. Love, joy and peace.—GAL. v: 22. J. H. FILLMORE.



1. What care I for fame's opinion? Love, love is mine; Scorn and hate have lost dominion, Love, love is mine;
2. In my heart is Jesus reigning, Joy, joy is mine; Banished, thence, is all complaining, Joy, joy is mine;
3. As a fruit of Promised Spirit Peace, peace is mine; Which the pure in heart inherit, Peace, peace is mine;

Anger's bonds no more enslave me, Jesus died in love to save me, And his spirit freely gave me, Love, love is mine.
Wrath no more can round me hover, Dark despair my future cover, All my fears and doubts are over, Joy, joy is mine.
Peace at morn, and peace at even', All my sins have been forgiven, 'Tis a foretaste here of heaven. Peace, peace is mine.

A GOLDEN DAY.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Oh, gold-en day so long desired, Born of a darksome night, The swinging globe at last is fired By
2. The nois-es of the night shall cease, The storms no long-er roar; The factious foes of God's own peace Shall
3. Sing on, ye cho-rus of the morn, Your grand endeavor strain, Till Christian hearts, estranged and torn, Blend

thy resplendent light; And hark! like Memnon's morning chord, Is heard from sea to sea This song: One Master,
vex his church no more; A thousand thousand voices sing The surging harmony: One Master, Christ, one
in the glad re-frain; And all the church, with all its powers, In loving loyalty, Shall sing, One Master,

CHORUS.

Christ the Lord; And brethren all are we. Sing on, Sing on,
Sav - iour, King; And brethren all are we.
Christ, our Lord; And brethren all are we. Sing on ye cho - rus of the morn, Sing on ye cho-rus

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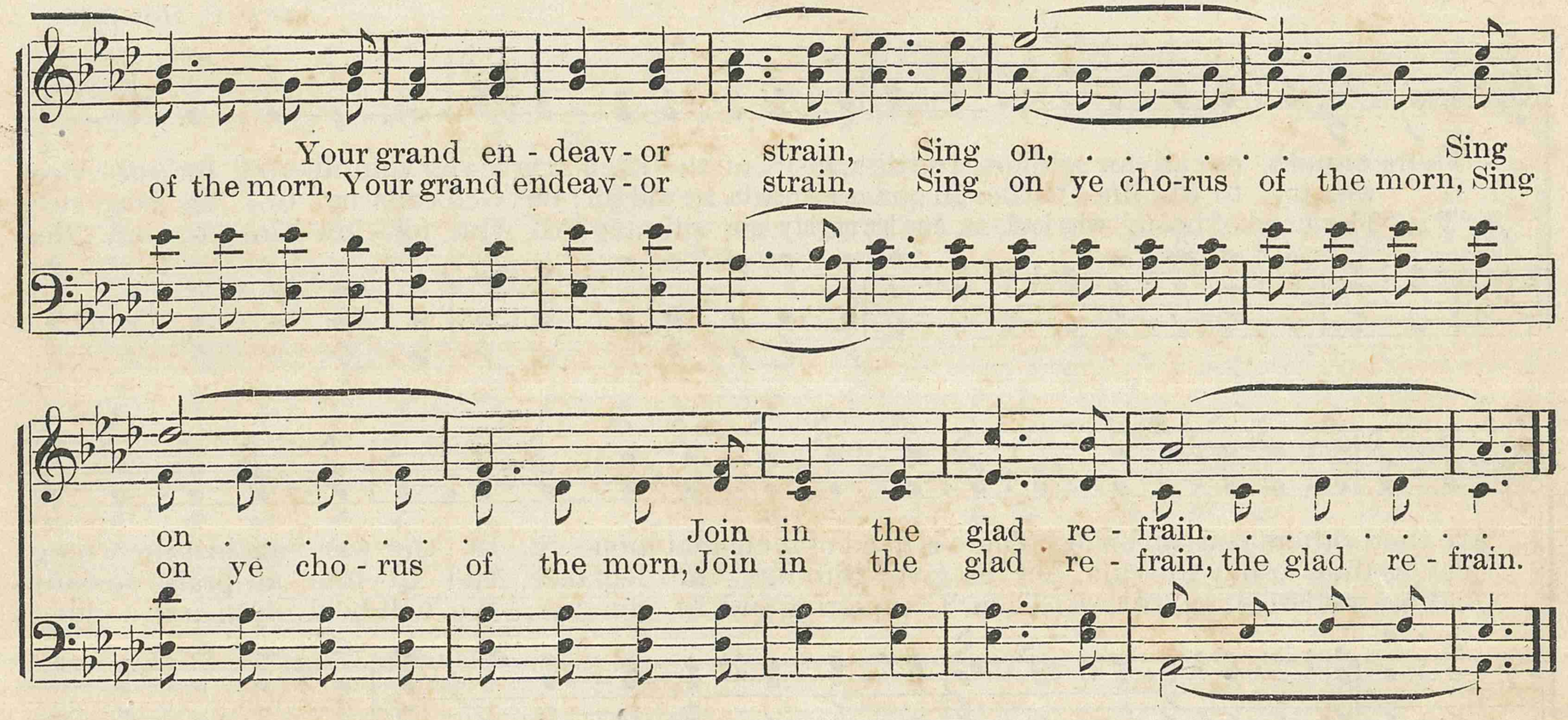

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
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.

A. M. TOPLADY.

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 my 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 Oh, 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.

ANOTHER CALL.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. There's anoth - er call for soldiers, In the arm-y of the King; Have you volunteered for ser - vice?
2. If we try to win life's battles In our own strength, we will fall; But God calls us to his ser - vice,
3. 'T is "The Lord of hosts" who leads us, And his mighty arm will save All who fol - low him to bat - tle,

Are there others you can bring? There is need of men and mon - ey, In the war against the wrong;
Let us then o-bey the call; Let us give him our al - legiance, And to him all praise ac-cord,
And are watchful, strong and brave; Then "Conquering and to conquer," We will bold - ly march a - long;

CHORUS.

But the right will surely triumph, Though the conflict may be long.
For "'T is not by might nor power, But my Spir - it," saith the Lord. There 's anoth - er call for
And "From victory to vic - to - ry" Will be our tri - umph song.

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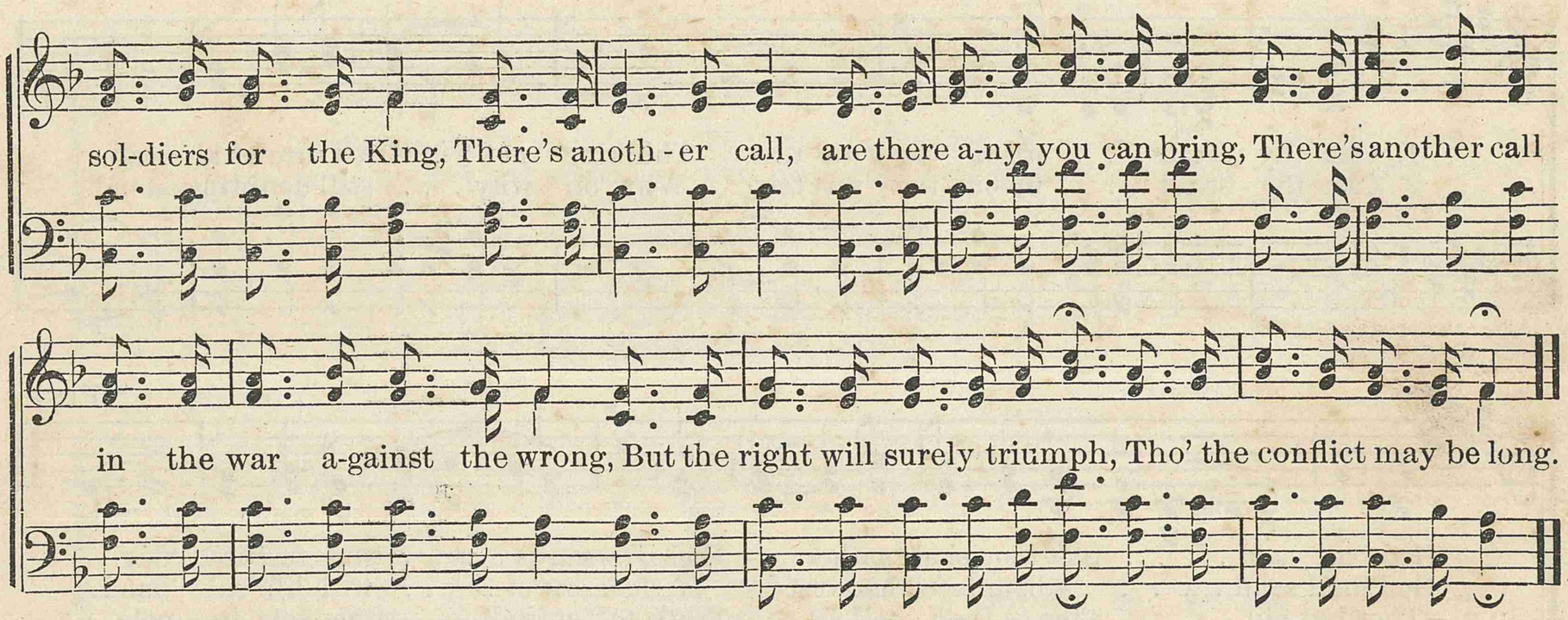

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I 'll sing thy power to save.

WM. COWPER.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HANAFORD.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa- ters, Thinking not . . . 'tis thrown a - way;
2. Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa- ters, Why, oh why . . . still doubting stand;

FINE.

God has said . . . . that thou shalt gather Rich re-wards . . . . some fu-ture day.
God shall send . . . . a bounteous har-vest If thou sow'st . . . . with lib-'ral hand.
D.S.—They but aid . . . . thee as thou toil-est, Truth to spread . . . from pole to pole.
D.S.—Cast thy bread . . and toil with pa-tience, Thou shalt la - - bor not in vain.

D.S.

Cast thy bread . . . . up-on the wa- ters, Wildly tho' . . . . the bil-lows roll;
Give then free - - ly of thy sub-stance, O'er this cause . . . . the Lord doth reign;

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COME TO THE FEAST.

H. R. TRICKETT. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. Come, for the banquet is wait-ing, The Mas- ter invites you to- day, The Sav- iour is call- ing my
2. Come, oh ye hungry and starving, The beggar shall eat with the king, The poor- est shall sit at the
3. Come, though your garments are ragged, The Master a robe will provide, 'Tis whit- er than snow and 'tis
4. Come, though your sins are as scarlet, The Saviour will free-ly for-give, You may not be liv - ing to-

CHORUS.

broth- er, And can you make long- er de- lay?
ta - ble, No mon - ey nor gift need you bring.
spot - less, 'Twas washed in His blood when He died.
- mor- row, Oh heed you the sum-mons and live.

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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He Came For Me.

UNKNOWN. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, in Beth-le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor-row and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul he set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a - far from the fold;
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as wea - ry years fly;

f. **Fine.**

O, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me.
O, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me.
Gently and long he has plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me.
O, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, Com-ing for me.

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Seek - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Call - ing for me, Com - ing for me;

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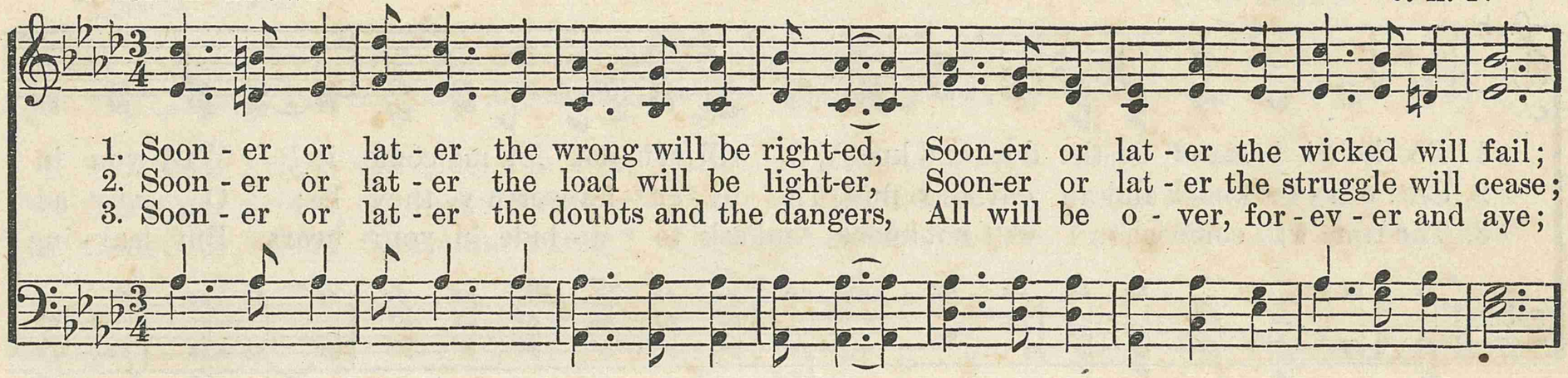
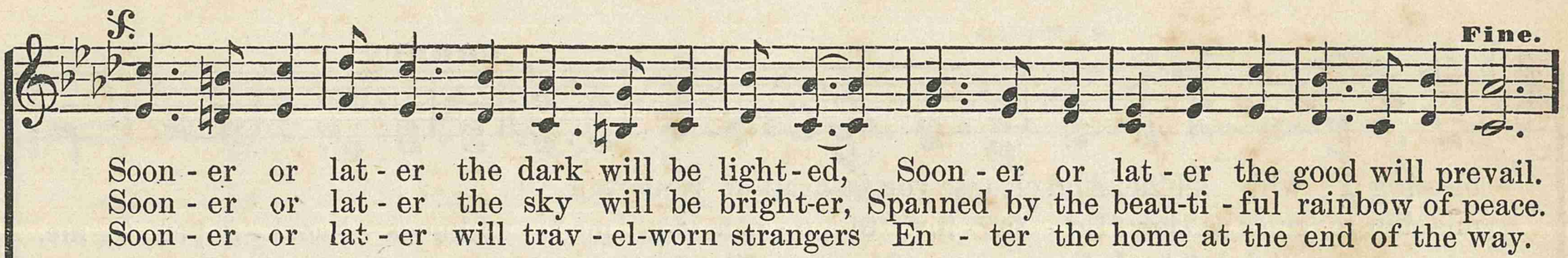
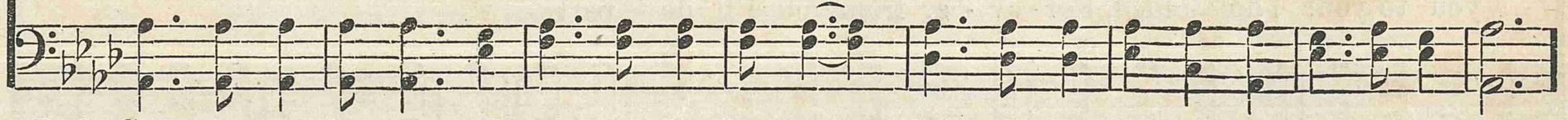
Sooner or Later.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.



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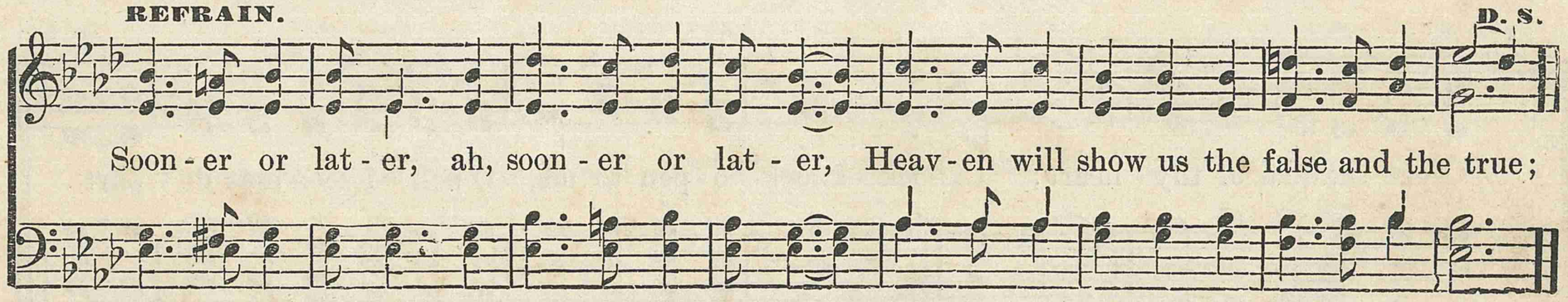
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Behold! I Stand and Knock.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. R.

1. Be - hold! I stand at the door and knock, O will you not let me come in? With you in
2. See! oth - ers knock and an entrance find, Tho' oft - en un-worth-y they be; O why ad-
3. The time will come when I will not knock, And ask to a - bide in your heart, But leav - ing

CHORUS.

blessing I will a-bide, And cleanse you from all of your sin.
mis-sion to such al-low, Re - fus - ing to o - pen to me? I knock—knock—o-pen to me,
you to your i-dols joined, For - ev - er from you I'll de - part.

O-pen the door of thy heart; I knock—knock—o - pen to me, O-pen—I soon may de - part.

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Christ Our Friend.

ALICE M. SCHOFF. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Christ our Friend and Elder Broth-er, What a gracious word is this! Near-er us than a - ny
2. Christ our Friend, O, what a bless-ing! Thus to feel him ev - er near; O, what good to us pos-
3. Christ our Friend, O, wondrous story! Lov - ing us un - to the end; Who can know a greater

CHORUS.

oth - er, Feel - ing all our woe or bliss.
sess - ing Sav - iour-friend, so kind and dear! Yes, he knoweth of our sad - ness,
glo - ry Than this Christ to have as Friend.

Ev-'ry pain and grief we bear; And rejoiceth in our glad - ness, Ev-'ry bliss and joy to share.

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We Wait His Coming.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS

1. We wait the com - ing of the Lord, The Sav-iour reign-ing now a - bove; The prom - ise
2. We wait the com - ing of our Friend, Who loves us with im - mor - tal love, And shall him-
3. We wait the com - ing of the King, Who holds the key of ev - 'ry grave, Who will the

CHORUS.

of his ho - ly word, He shall con - firm in truth and love. O wait, . . .
self from heav'n descend, And bring us to our home a - bove. O wait, calmly wait, calmly
palms of vict'ry bring, And all his loy - al peo - ple save.

O wait, . . . O wait, . . .
wait, for he will come, O wait, calmly wait, he will come and bring us home; O wait, calmly wait,

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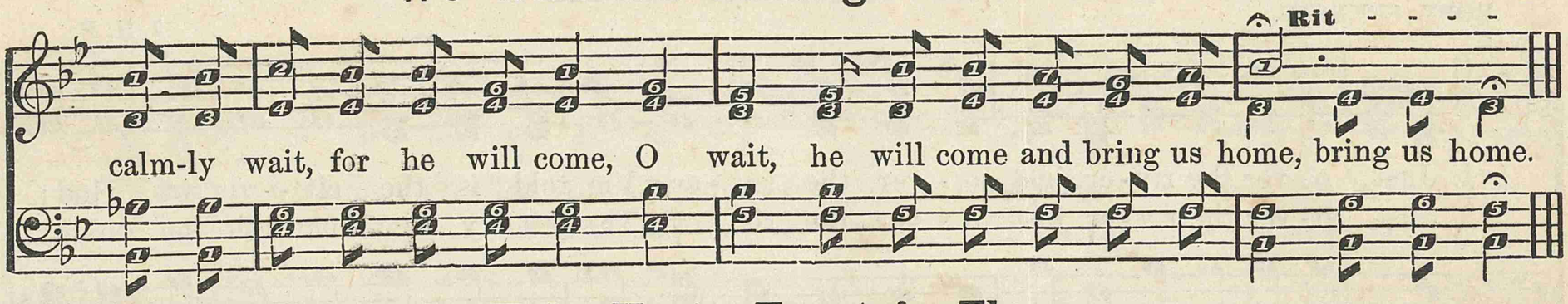
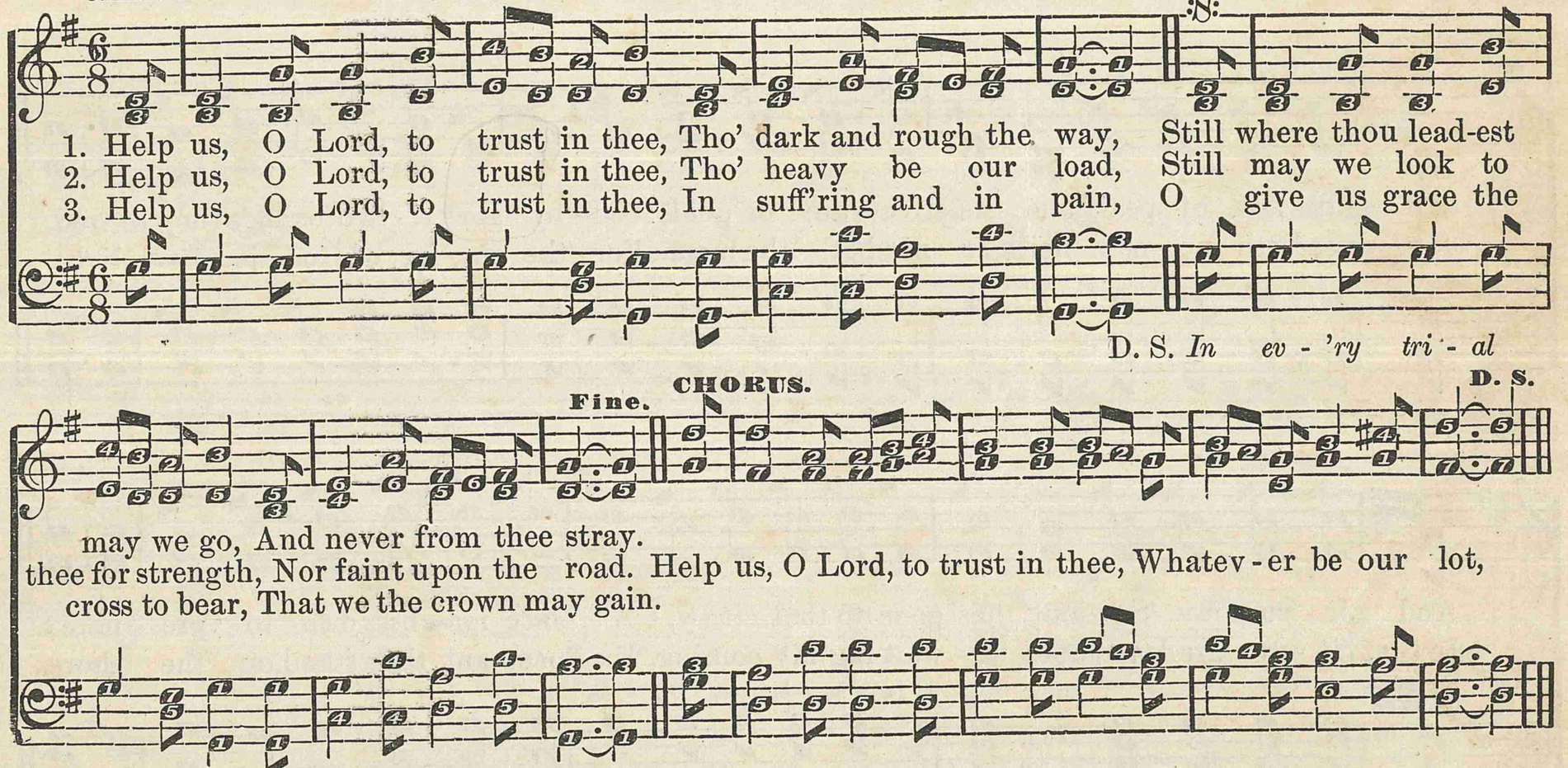

Help Us to Trust in Thee.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. R.



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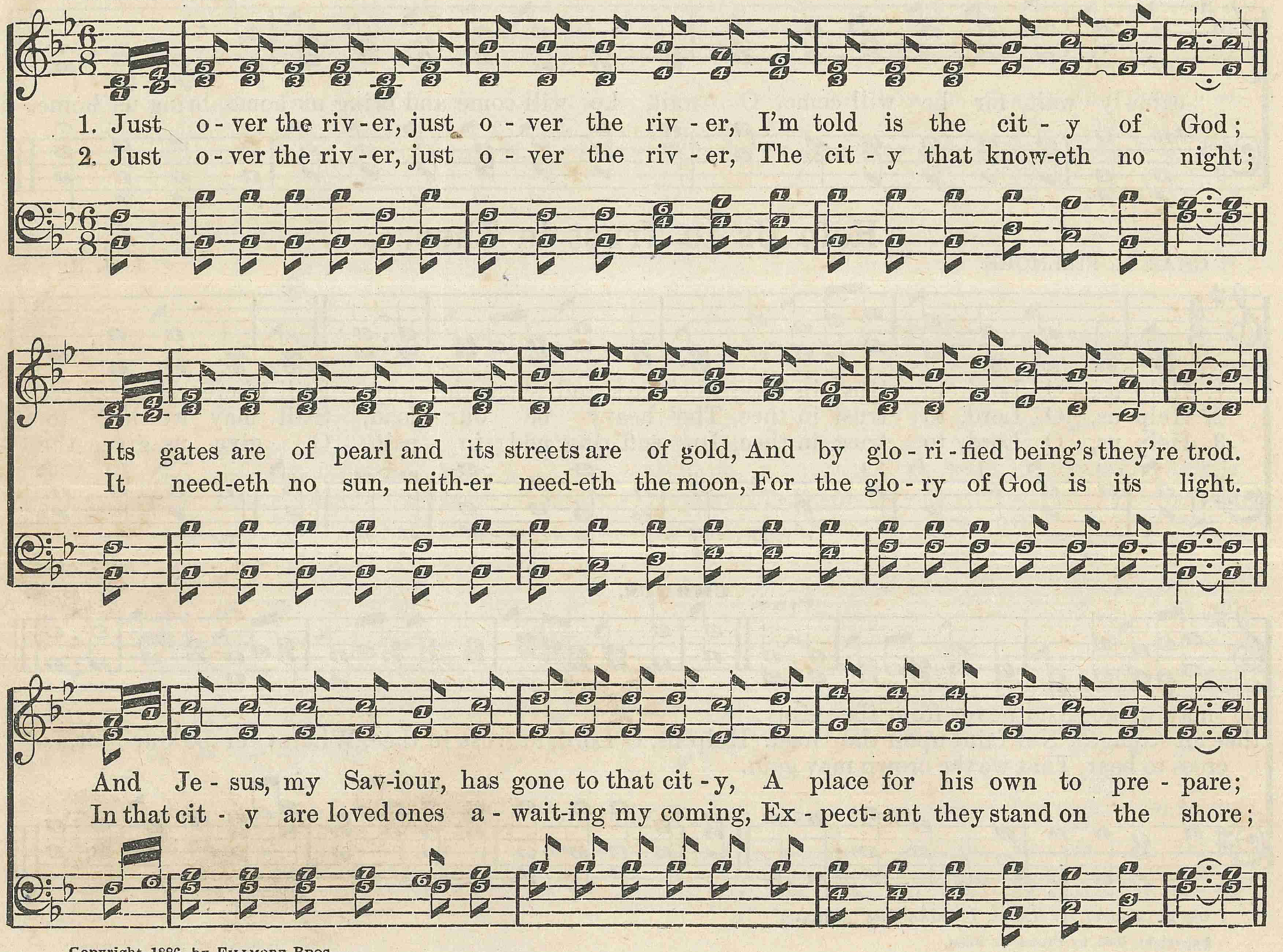
Just Over the River.

ROBT. SPURGIN. J. H. F.



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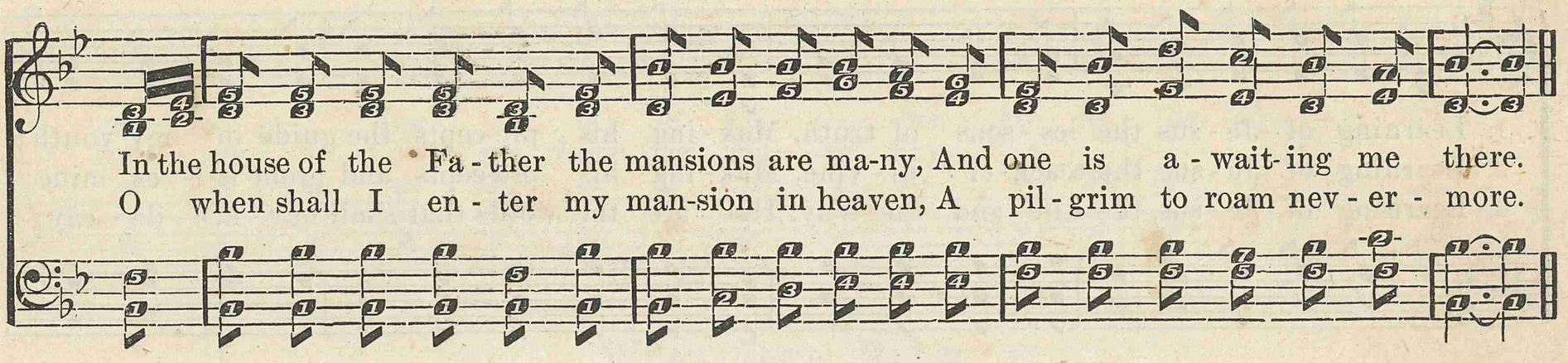
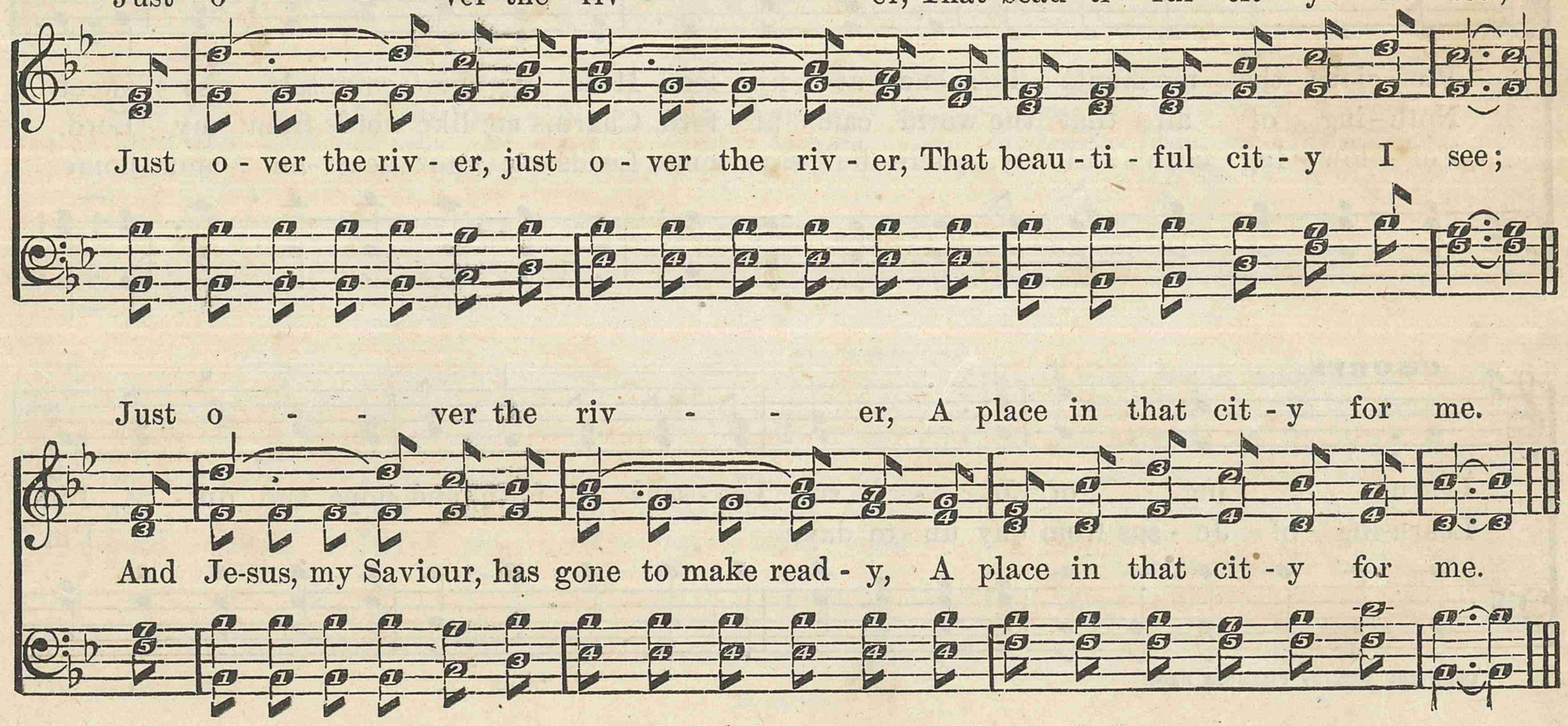

In the house of the Fa - ther the mansions are ma-ny, And one is a - wait-ing me there.
O when shall I en - ter my man-sion in heaven, A pil - grim to roam nev - er - more.

CHORUS.


Just o - - - ver the riv - - - er, That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see;
Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see;
Just o - - - ver the riv - - - er, A place in that cit - y for me.
And Je-sus, my Saviour, has gone to make read - y, A place in that cit - y for me.

Learning of Jesus.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

1. Learning of Je - sus the les - sons of truth, Mak - ing his pre-cepts the guide of my youth;
2. Learning of Je - sus, the teach - er di - vine, Mak - ing his pre-cepts and prom-is - es mine;
3. Learning of Je - sus, the Life and the Way, His are the words that shall nev - er de - cay;

Pre - cious the mo-ments I spend at his feet, Heed - ing his coun-sels so sweet.
Noth - ing of all that the world can af - ford, Charms me like words from my Lord.
Fol - low - ing faith - ful - ly, where he says come, Leads me to heav - en and home.

CHORUS.

Learn - ing of Je - sus, Les - sons of faith, and hope, and du - ty, I'm
Learn-ing of Je - sus from day un - to day, I'm

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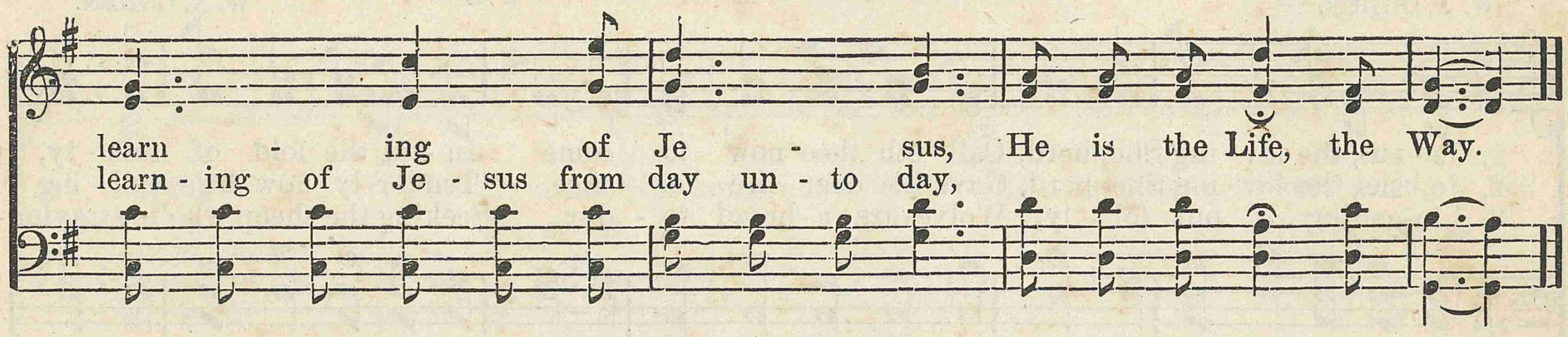
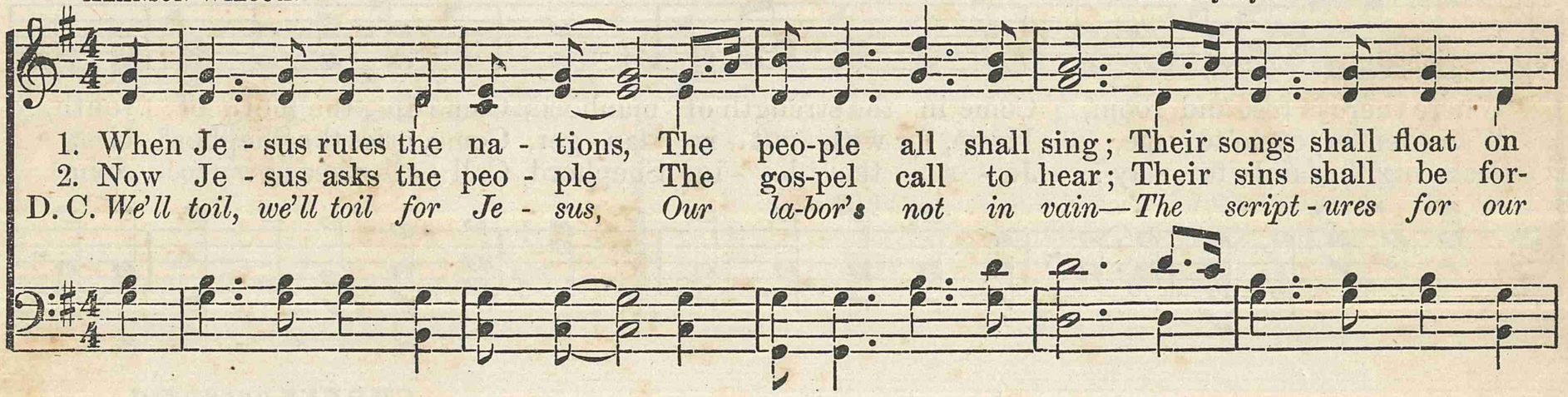
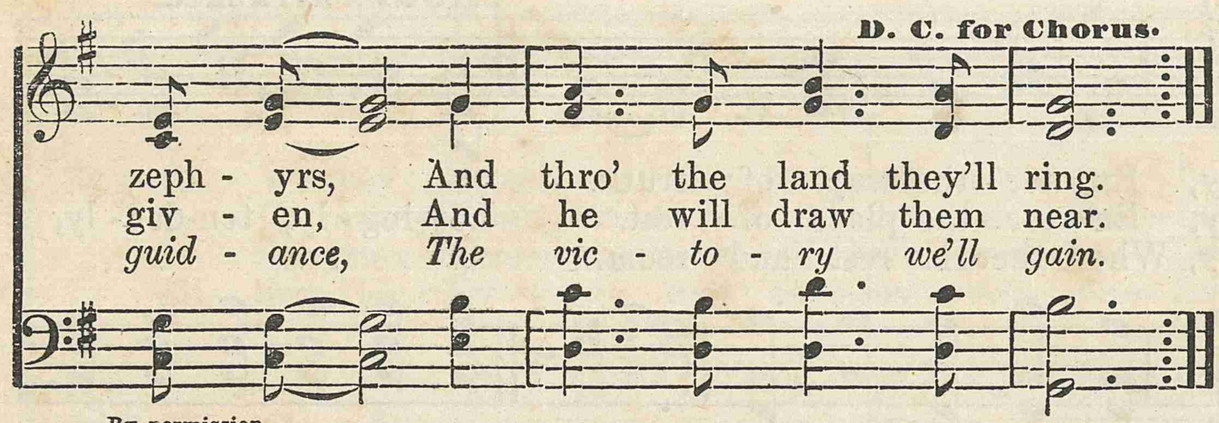

When Jesus Rules.

ALANSON WILCOX. Melody by ALANSON WILCOX.

By permission.

3 Our Jesus leads us forward,
The nations all to reach;
He asks us all to labor
And there his gospel preach.

4 When Jesus comes in glory,
His saints shall all be there
Their suff'rings then all ended,
The victor's crown they'll wear.

Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call - eth thee now to come In - to the fold of safe - ty,
2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Gave his dear life for thee, Tender - ly now he's call - ing,
3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a - broad to - day, Seeking the sheep who're straying

Where there is rest and room, Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
Wan - der - er, come to me, Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
Seek - ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call - eth thee now to come

CHORUS arranged.

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest. Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly,
In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

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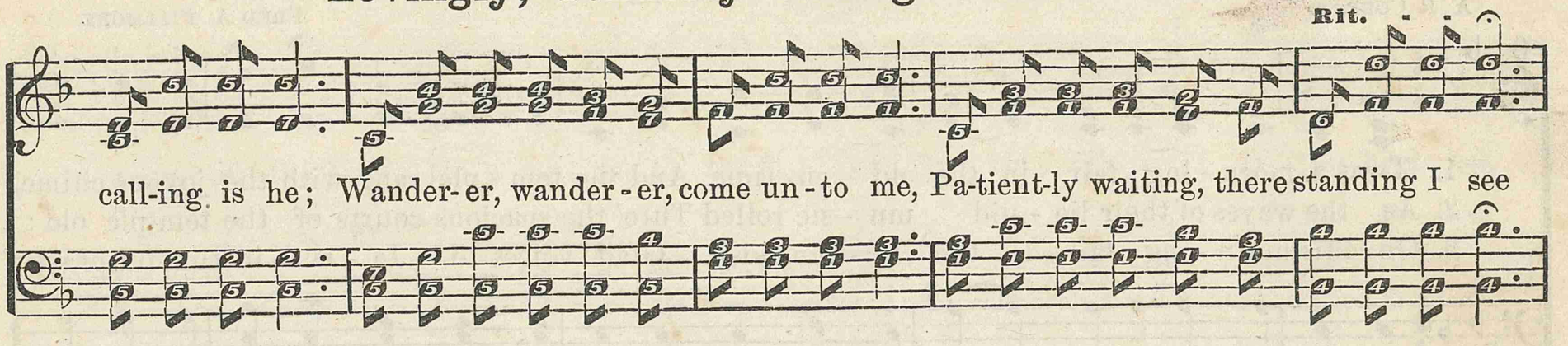
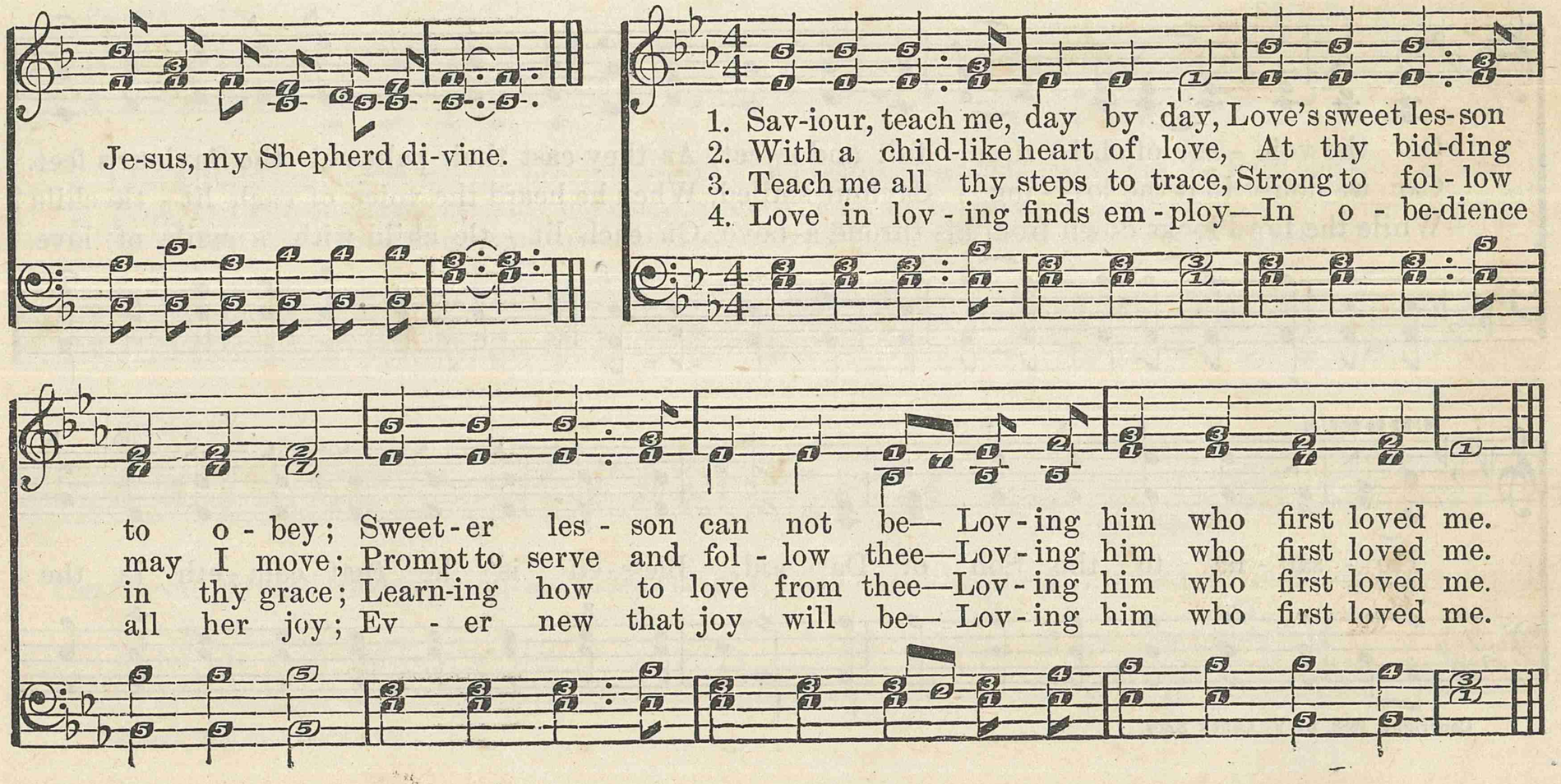

Love's Sweet Lesson.

Adapted by J. H. F.



Hosanna in the Highest.

A. P. COBB. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. 'Twas a morn - ing fair in the old - en time, And the tem - ple rang with the joyous chime,
2. As the waves of their liq - uid mu - sic rolled Thro' the spacious courts of the tem-ple old;
3. On this morn - ing fair, let the chil-dren raise, Glad voices to Je - sus in tuneful praise;

Of the voic - es of chil - dren, full and sweet, As they cast their palms at the Saviour's feet.
Can we doubt that the lov - ing Saviour smiled, When he heard the voice of each lit - tle child?
While the Lord looks down from his throne a-bove, On each lit - tle child with a smile of love.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid, Bless-ed is he that com-eth in the

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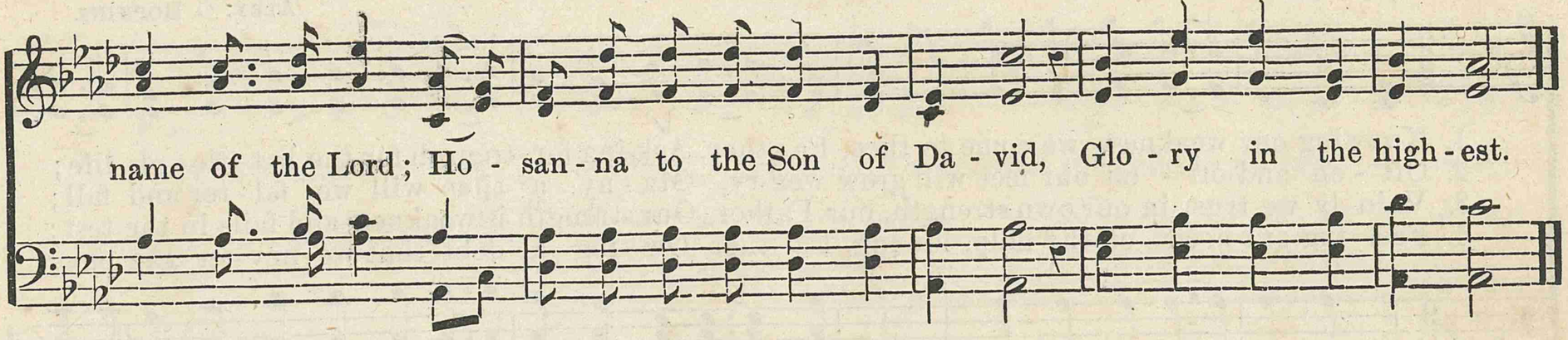
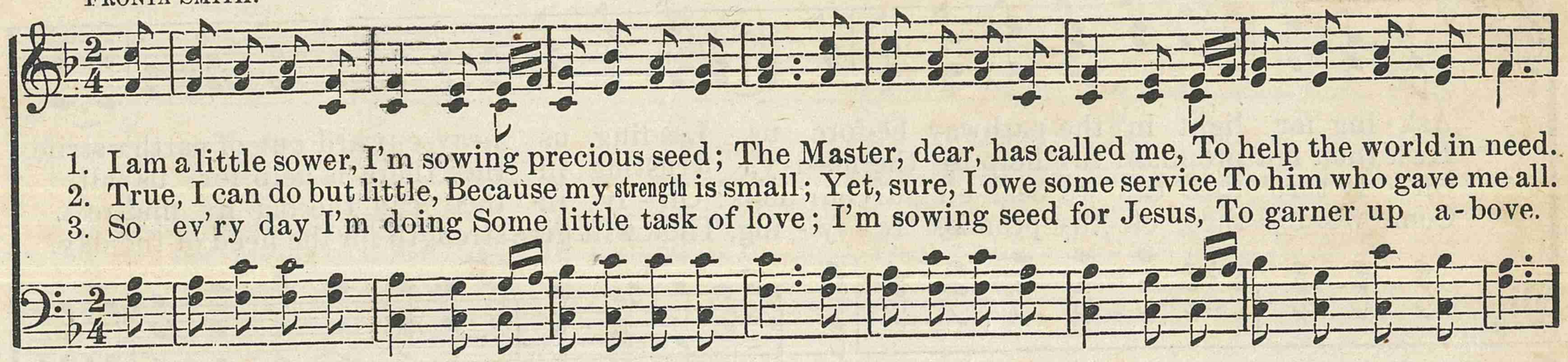
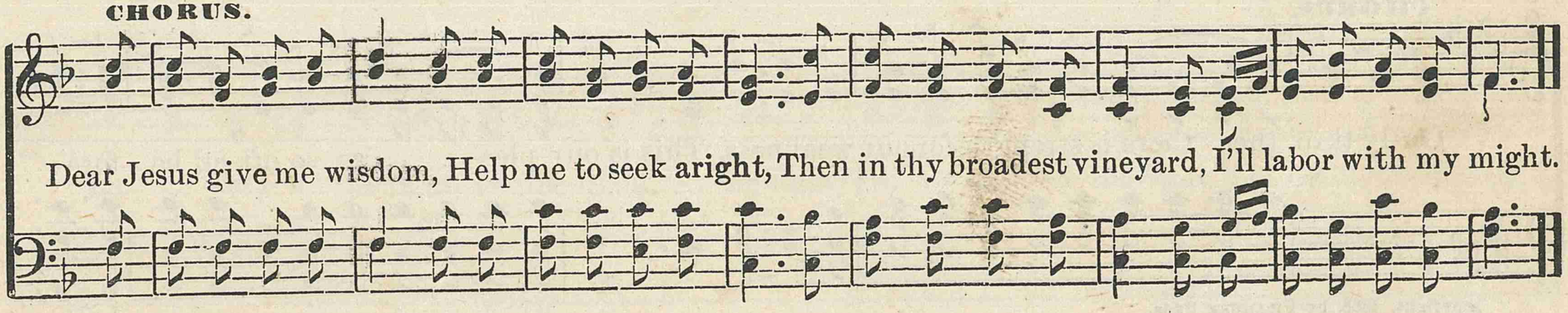
Hosanna in the Highest. Concluded.

The Little Sower.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.

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Only Through Thee.

E. E. REXFORD. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Knowing our weakness we come to thee, Fa - ther, Ask-ing for strength for the bat - tle of life;
2. Oft - en and oft - en our feet will grow wea-ry, Ma - ny a time will we fal - ter and fall;
3. Vain - ly we trust in our own strength, our Father, Our strength is weakness and fails in the test;
4. Feel - ing our need of thy help, lov-ing, Fa - ther, Ow - ing a debt that we nev - er can pay;

Ask - ing for light in the pathway be-fore us, Leading us heav-enward out of earth's strife.
Hast thou not promised thy help to the need - y, Trusting in thee there is help for us all.
On - ly thro' thee can we bear on our bur-dens: On - ly in thee can the ma - ny find rest.
Come we to thee, on thy promise re - ly - ing, Thou wilt give strength for the need of the day.

CHORUS.

On-ly thro' thee there is strength for our weakness, This is our plea . . as so oft-en be - fore;

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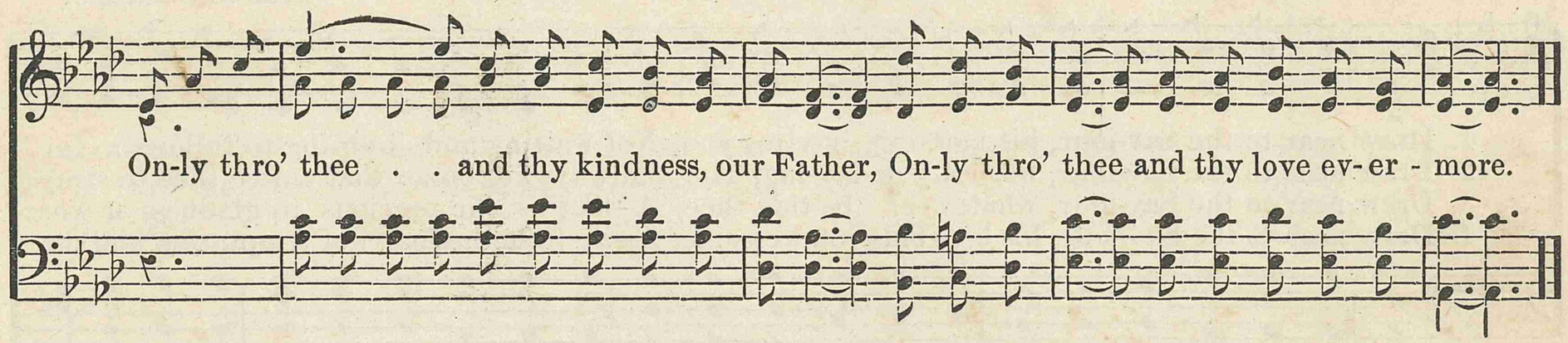
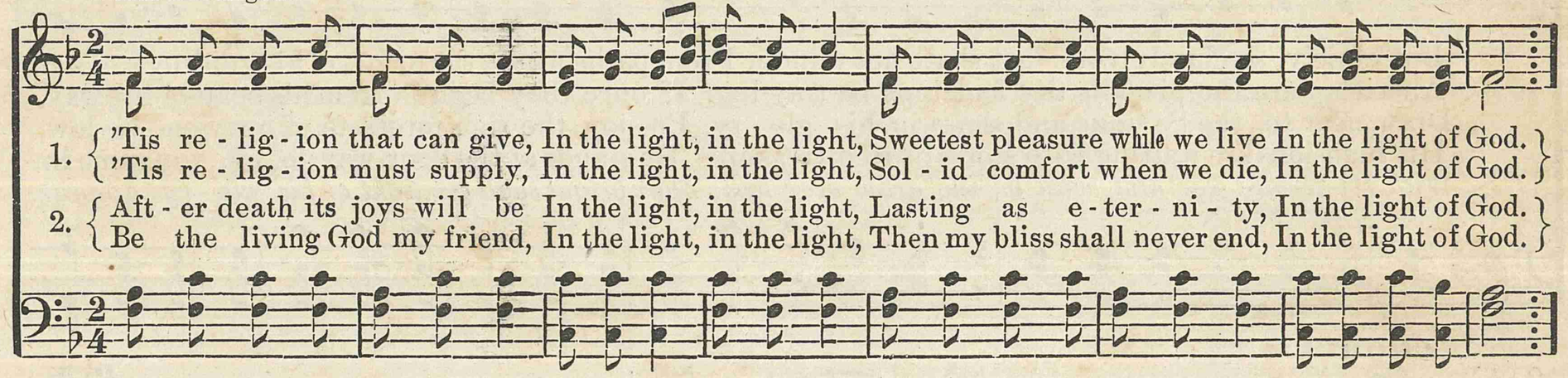
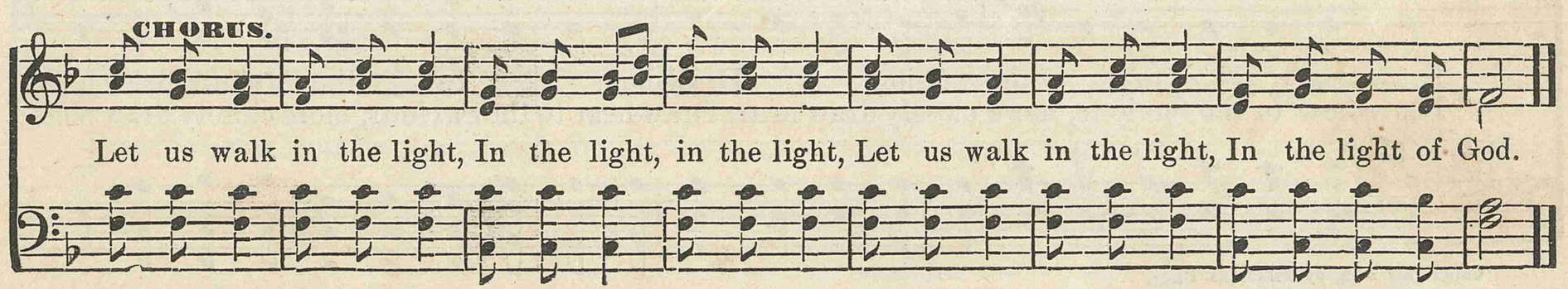


Let Us Walk in the Light.

Words Arranged. ANON.

Draw Near to the Saviour.

GRACE GLENN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Draw near to the Sav-iour, his mer-cy in-vites you, Not waiting and doubting to follow a-far,
2. Draw near to the Sav-iour, not i-dly de-lay-ing, The highways are broad that entice thee to stray;
3. Draw near to the Sav-iour, whatev-er be-tide thee, A-like is he precious in gladness or woe;
4. Draw near to the Sav-iour, his love bids you welcome, Away from the snares of temptation and sin;

But closely, so closely your feet shall not wander From paths where the prints of his guiding steps are.
And deep are the pit-falls thy footsteps be-tray-ing, If once they beguile from his beau-ti-ful way.
Draw near to the Saviour and share in his glo-ry, En-joy the rich foretaste of heav-en be-low.
His mansions are waiting with stores of rich treasures, He stands at the door-way to bid you come in.

D. S. *With rev-er-ence fear him, with lov-ing draw near him, More bright shall the light of his glo-ry ap-pear.*

CHORUS.

Draw near to the Sav-iour, Draw near to the Saviour, draw near.
Draw near to the Saviour, more closely draw near, Draw near to the Saviour, more closely draw near.

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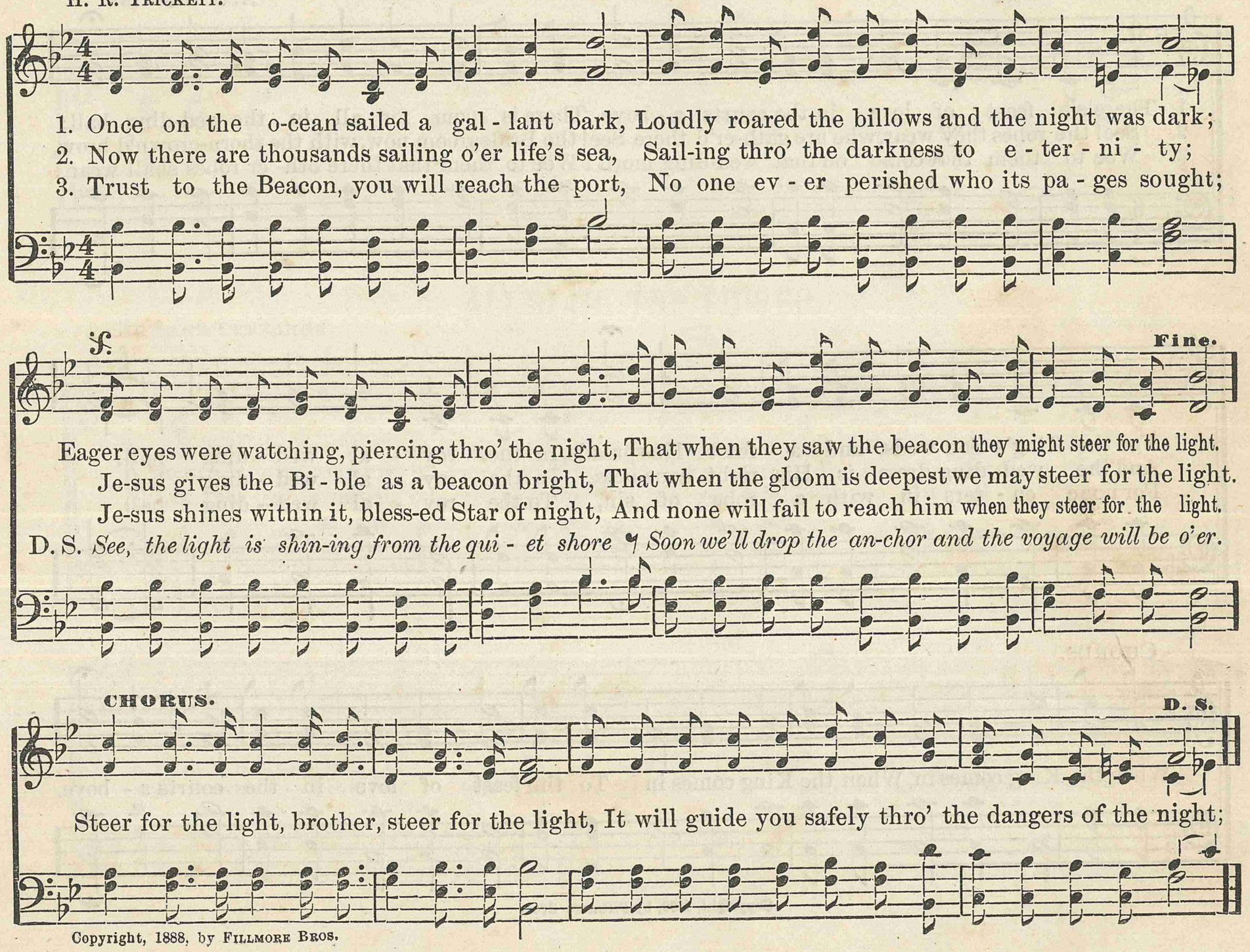
Steer for the Light.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

A. P. COBB. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. There's a feast of love in the courts a - bove, There is room for all in the wed-ding hall;
2. See! the robes they wear, who are gath-er'd there See! the Bridegroom now, with the thorn-crown'd brow,
3. Woe to them that come on that wed-ding morn! Woe to them that there oth- er robes shall wear!

For the King's Son weds, and a feast He spreads, In the roy - al wed - ding hall.
And the wed- ding dress is His right- eous-ness, In the roy - al wed - ding hall.
For none en - ters in with a robe of sin, To the roy - al wed - ding hall.

CHORUS.

When the King comes in, When the King comes in To the feast of love in the courts a - bove.

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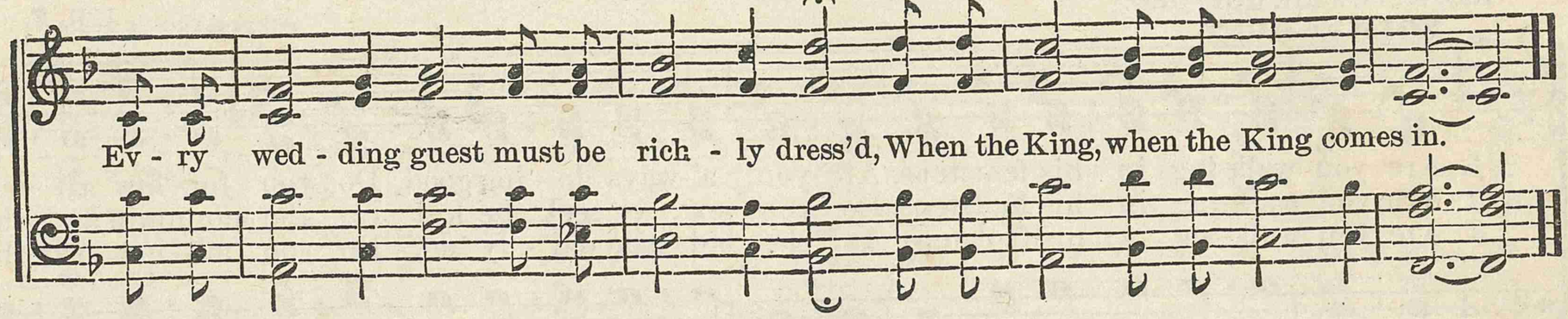
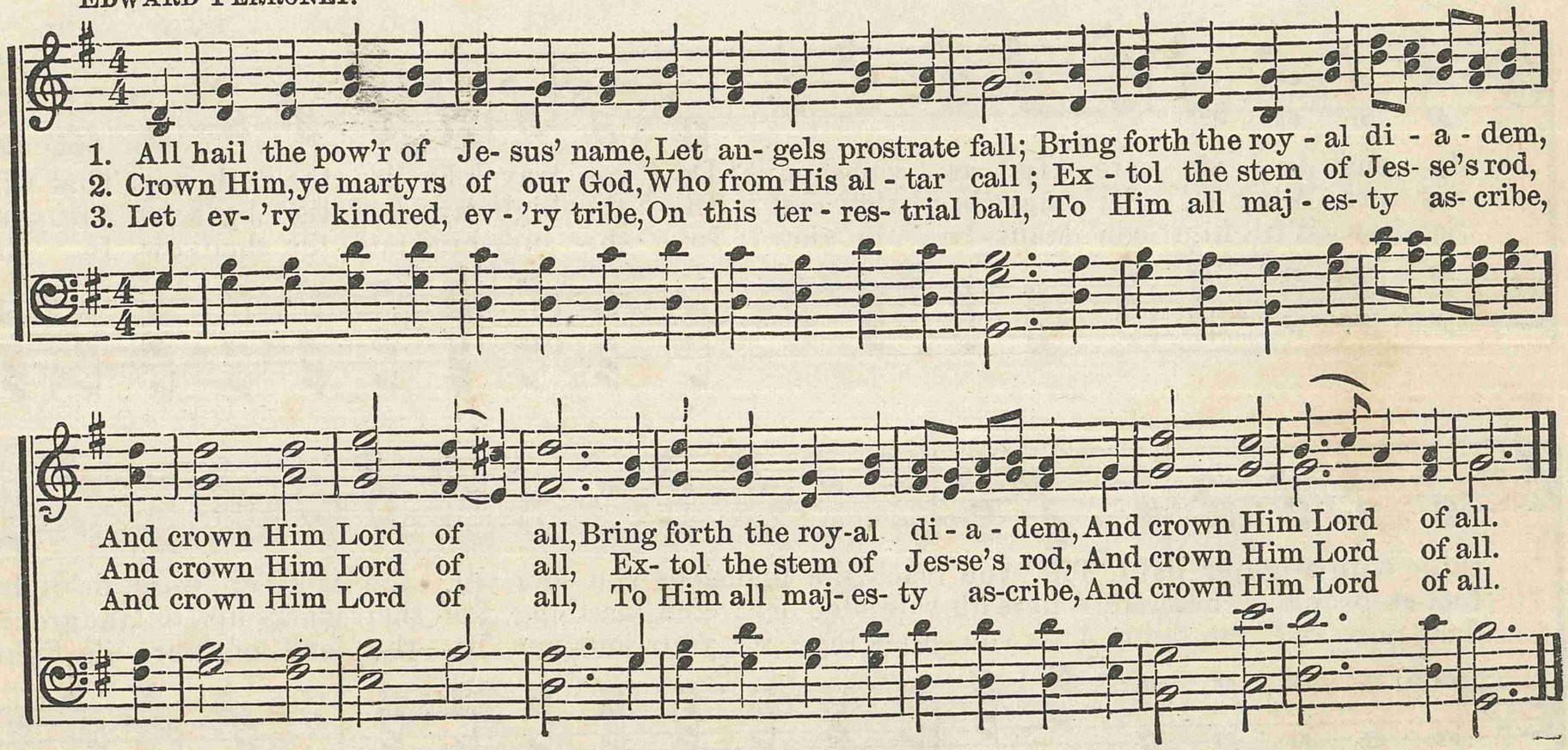


ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



Are you Walking in His Footsteps?

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

J. H. F.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, Are you al-ways do - ing good, Do you fol - low aft - er
2. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, Do you ev - er seek the lost In the mountain and the
3. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, As he bids you dai - ly do, Do you fol - low near the

Je - sus As sin - cere - ly as you should? Do you trav - el in the path-way That will
des - ert, What-so - e'er may be the cost? In the highways and the by-ways, Are your
Sav-iour, With him con - stant-ly in view? In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, In the

shine with brighter light, Till you reach the mansions yon - der, In the land of pure de-light?
foot-steps ev - er found, Where his wounded feet and bleed-ing, Left their marks up - on the ground?
dark-ness and the light, Are you press-ing in your jour-ney To the land of pure de-light?

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FULL CHORUS.

Are you walk - - ing in his foot - - steps? Are you

Are you walk-ing in his foot-steps? Are you walk-ing in his foot-steps? Are you

al - ways do - ing good? Do you fol - - low aft - er

al-ways do-ing good? Are you al-ways do-ing good? Do you fol-low aft - er Je-sus? Do you

Je - - sus As sin-cere - ly as you should?

Rit. - - Rit. - -

fol-low aft - er Je - sus As sin-cere-ly as you should, As sin-cere-ly as you should?

As sin-cere - ly as you should?

I Will Early Seek The Saviour.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I will ear-ly seek the Sav-iour, I will learn of him each day; I will fol-low in his foot-steps, I will seek the nar-row way.
2. I will hasten where he bids me, I am not too young to go In the pathway where he lead-eth, Not to young his will to know. For he loves me, yes, he loves me, Je-sus
3. He is standing at the door-way Of es-cape from ev-'ry sin; I will knock for he has prom-ised He will hear and let me in.

CHORUS.

loves me, this I know; Je-sus loves me, died to save me, This is why I love him so.

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Calling Now for Thee.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Wan - der - er from Je - sus, wea - ry, sad and lone, Hear him gently call-ing now for thee;
2. Have earth's pleasures lured you, have temptations led, Oft in paths of sin and shame to stray;
3. Day - light fad - eth quick-ly, night is com-ing on, Dark will be thy path without a star;

Hear his precious promise to the err - ing one, I will love you free - ly—come to me.
Hear the voice of Je - sus peace and blessing shed, "Come to me I am the Truth, the Way."
On - ly trust him whol - ly, he will guide thee home, O'er thy way he shin - eth from a - far.

D. S. *Hear his pre-cious prom-ise to the err - ing one, I will love you free - ly—come to me.*

CHORUS.

Call - ing, he is call - ing, Hear him call-ing now for thee.
Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Hear him calling, call-ing now for thee, now for thee.

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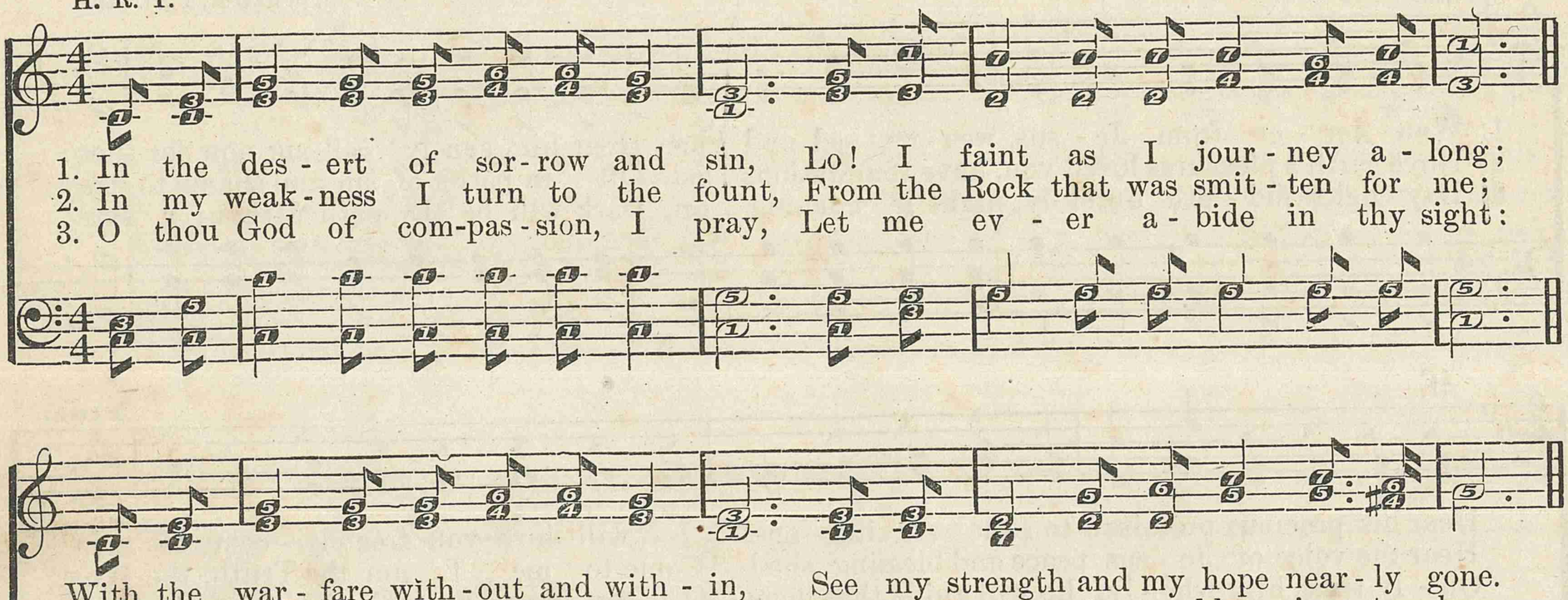
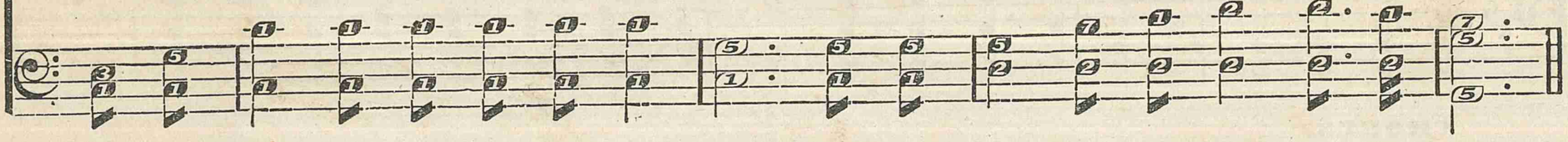
Let me Drink of the Water of Life.

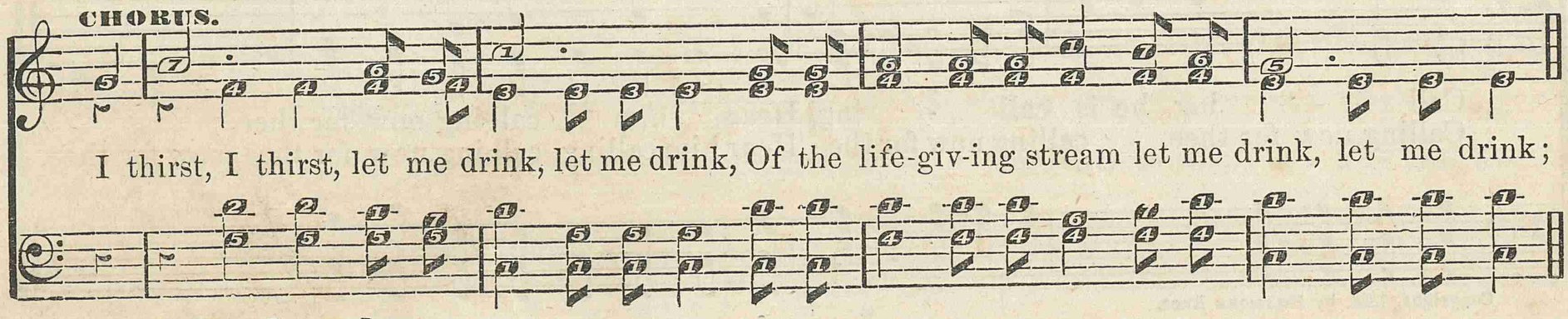
H. R. T.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. In the des - ert of sor - row and sin, Lo! I faint as I jour - ney a - long;
2. In my weak - ness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was smit - ten for me;
3. O thou God of com-pas - sion, I pray, Let me ev - er a - bide in thy sight:

With the war - fare with - out and with - in, See my strength and my hope near - ly gone.
And I drink and I joy - ful - ly count All my tri - als a bless - ing to be.
Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I join thee in man - sions of light.

CHORUS.



I thirst, I thirst, let me drink, let me drink, Of the life-giv-ing stream let me drink, let me drink;

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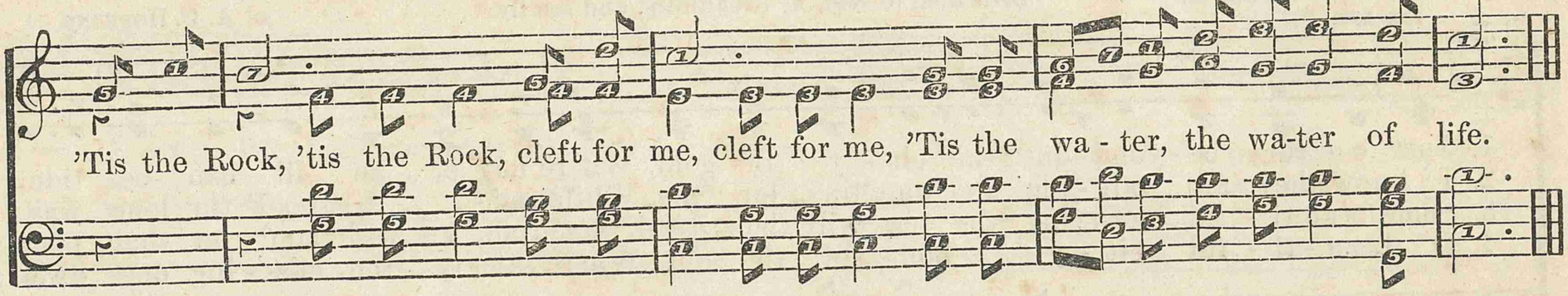
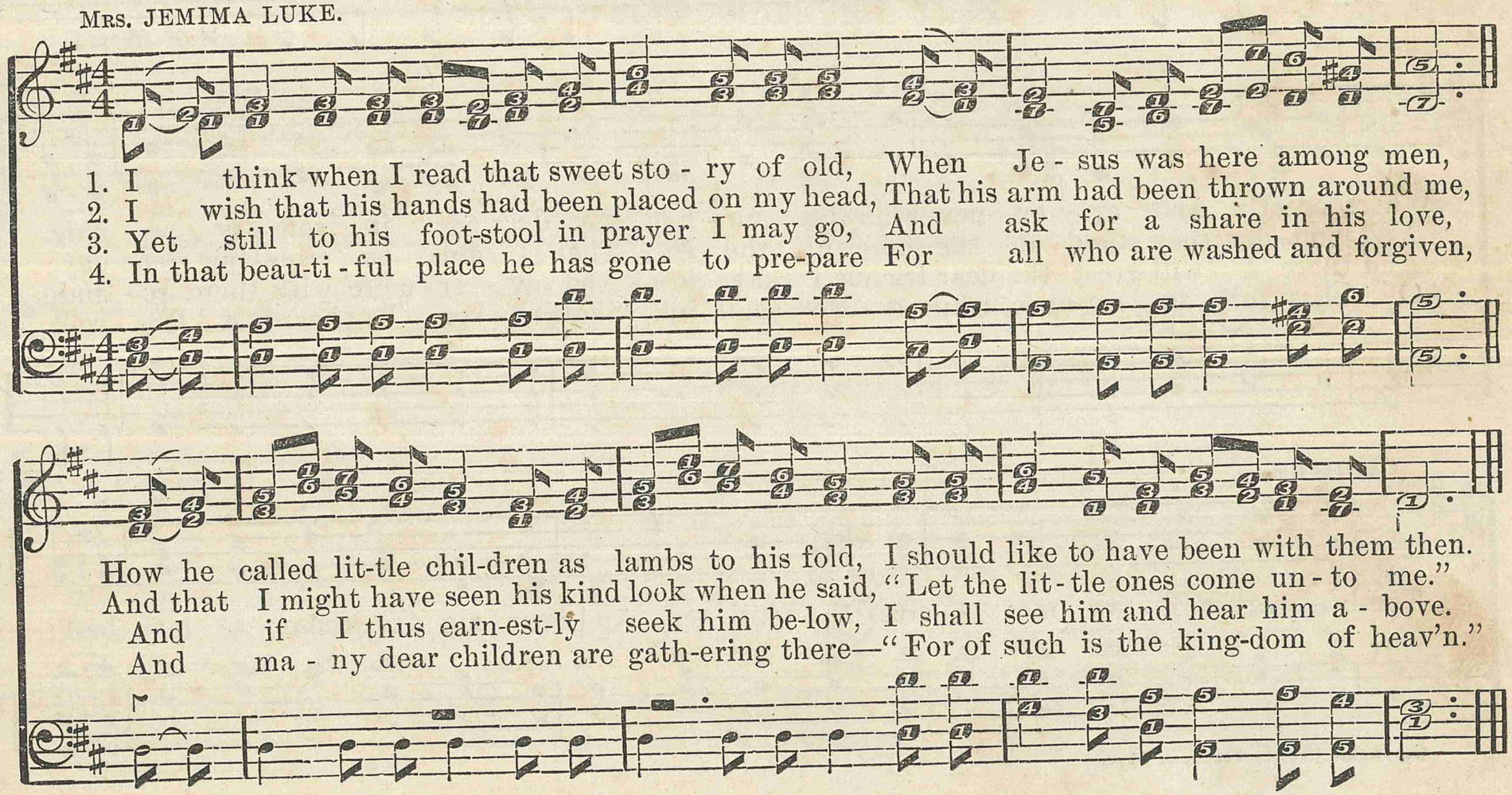
Let me Drink of the Water of Life. Concluded.

The Sweet Story of Old.

ENGLISH.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.



Beyond the Sea.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. Dedicated to Wm. A. Broadhurst and family. A. C. HOPKINS.

DUET.

1. Just o - ver be - yond in the cit - y of gold, Where nev er an ill can be - tide;
2. I know they are wait - ing and watching for me, While sad - ly I tread the lone way;
3. Some beau-ti - ful morn - ing the sea will be crossed, Sometime I will land on that plain;
4. O beau - ti - ful cit - y! O home of the soul! Where safe - ly the miss - ing ones dwell;

Where sweetly, and ev - er, new beau-ties un - fold, My dear ones in safe - ty a - bide.
Yes, yon - der they stand on the shore of the sea, That I must be cross - ing some day.
And there I will greet the dear friends I have lost, And ev - er - more with them re - main.
O bliss - ful as - sur-ance, while a - ges shall roll, Shall nev - er be heard a fare - well.

Rit.

CHORUS.

The boat-man will row me a - cross the still sea, And bear me to those I love best;

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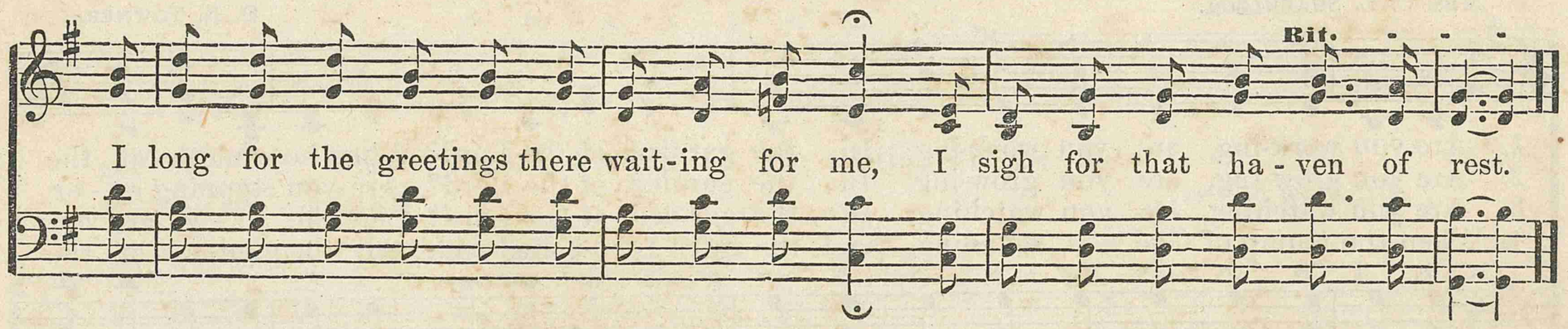
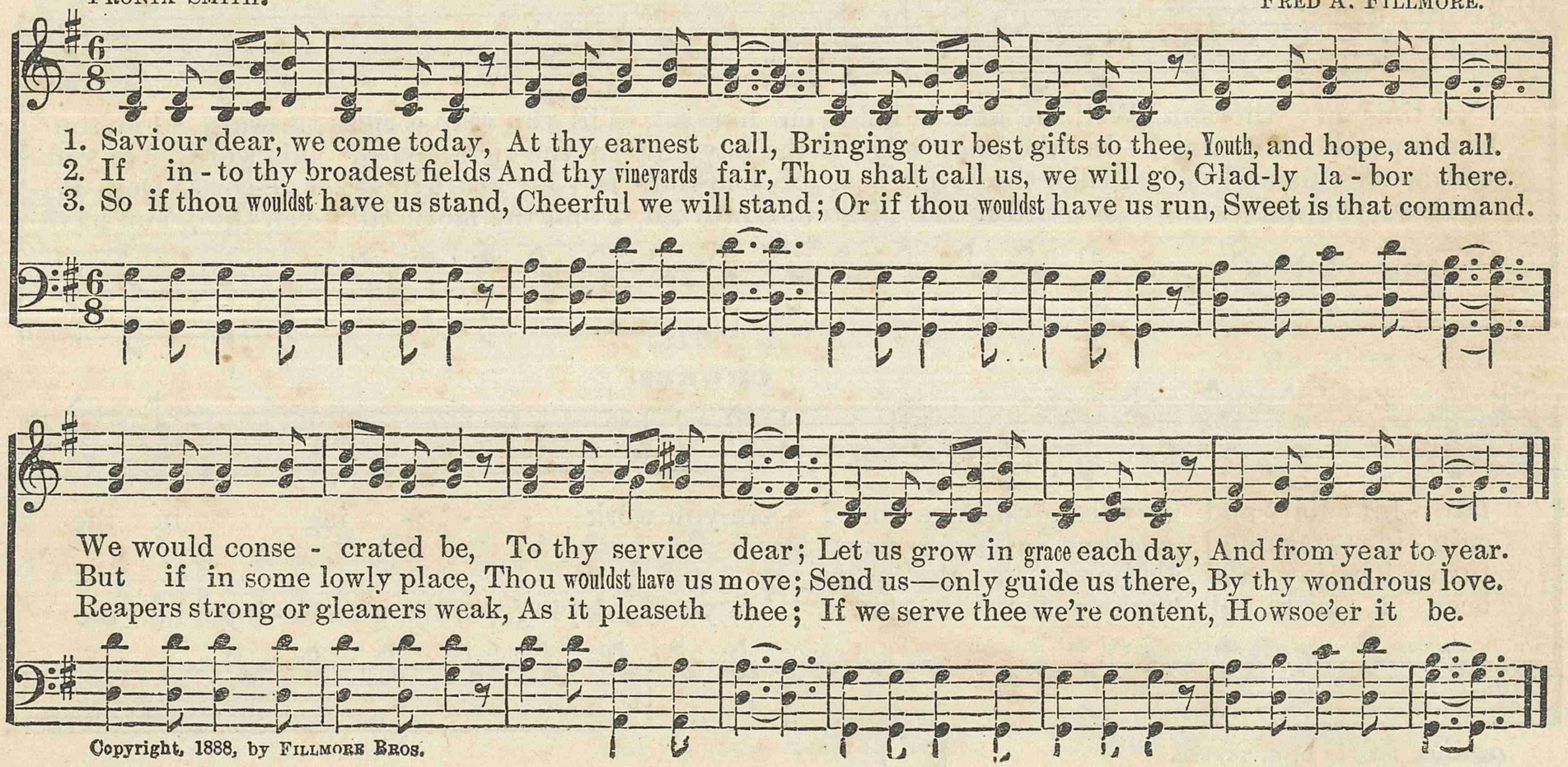

We Would Work for Thee.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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The Garden of the Lord.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you work-ing, are you work-ing In the gar-den of the Lord? When he cometh at the
2. Are you grow-ing, are you grow-ing In the gar-den of the Lord? Are you stepping ev - er
3. Are you watching, are you watching In the gar-den of the Lord? Like the lil - y, are your
4. When the trump of God is sounding, And the gates are o-pened wide, All the gladness of the

set-ting of the sun, Will he find a gold - en harvest, Will you reap a rich re-ward, For the
heav'nward on the way? In the knowledge of the Saviour, In the rich-ness of his word, Are you
garments pure and white, Like the lovely rose of Sha-ron, Is your heart in sweet ac-cord? Does it
bless-ed you shall know, If with-in the Master's vineyard, From the morn till e-ven-tide, You have

CHORUS.

faith - ful toil and serv-ice you have done? Are you work - - - ing in the
gain - ing grace and wis-dom ev - ery day?
turn with joy and glad-ness to the light?
been a faith - ful work-er here be - low. Are you work - ing, are you work - ing in the

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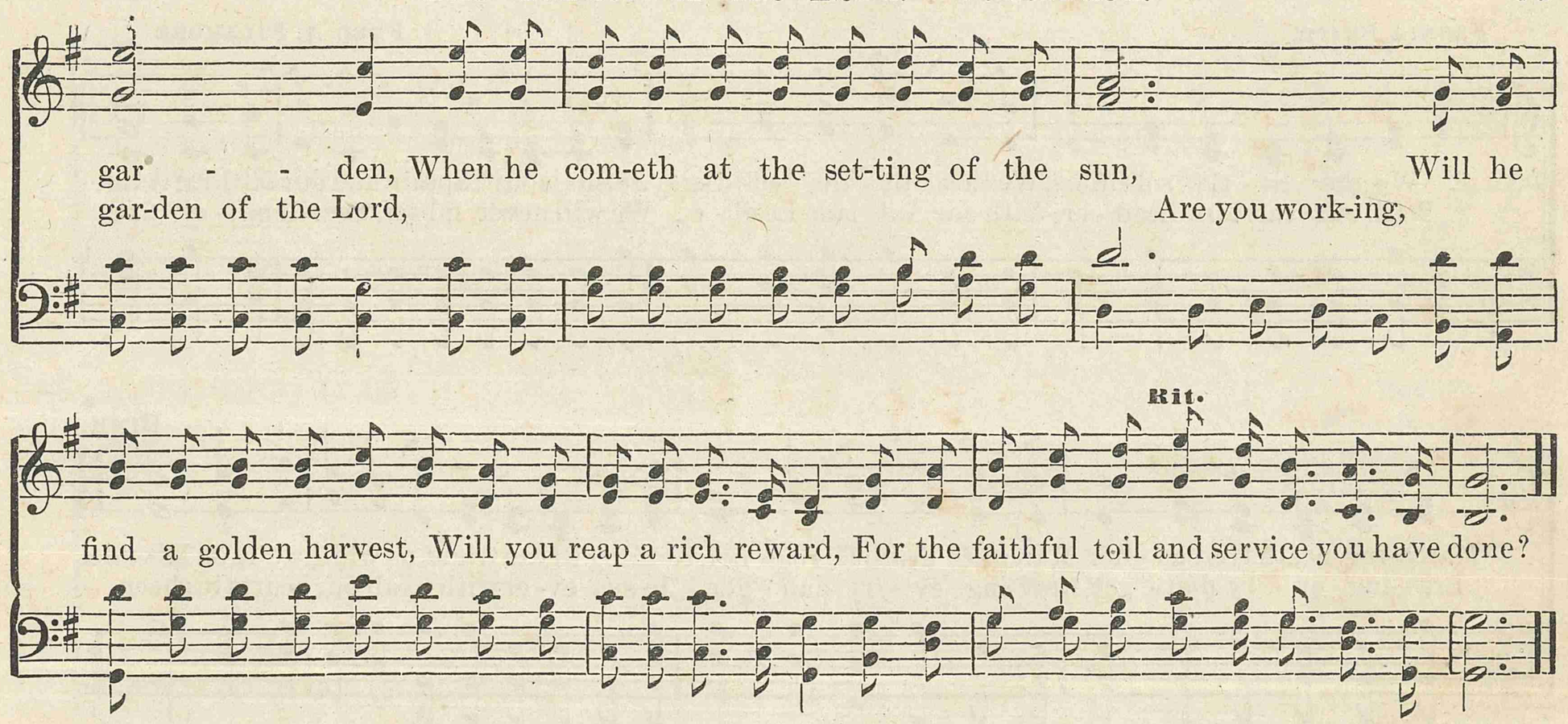
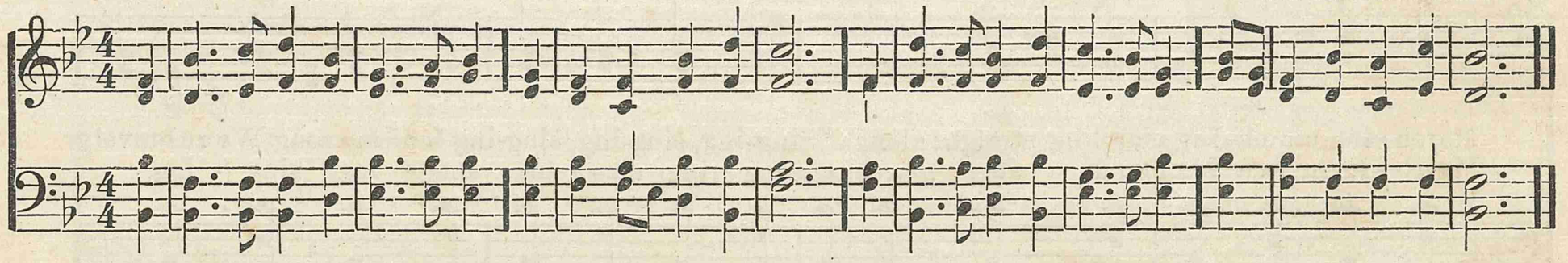


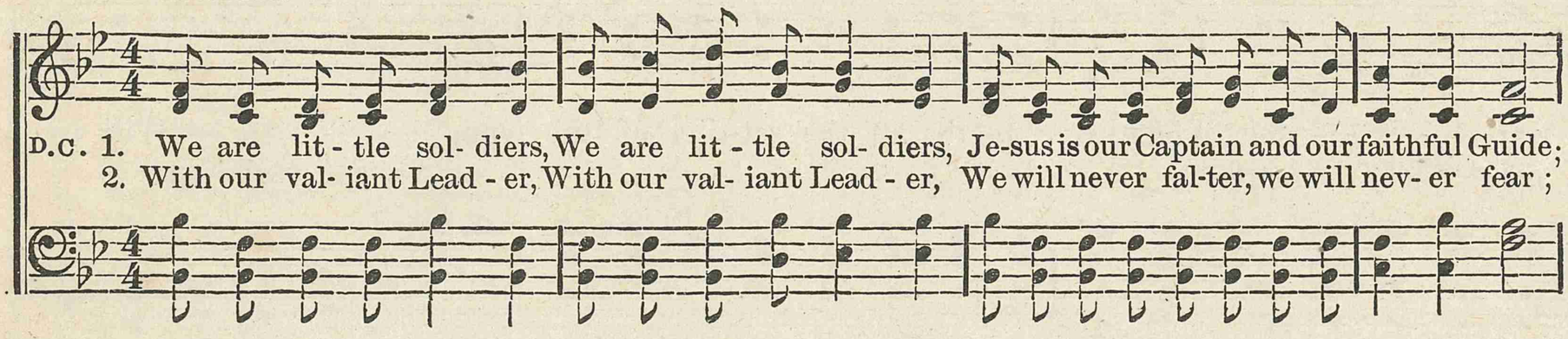
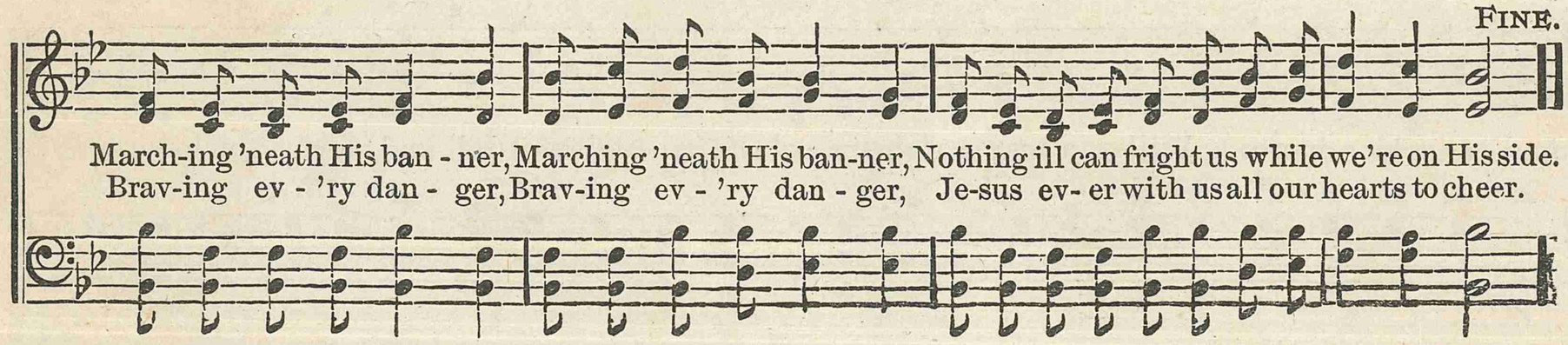
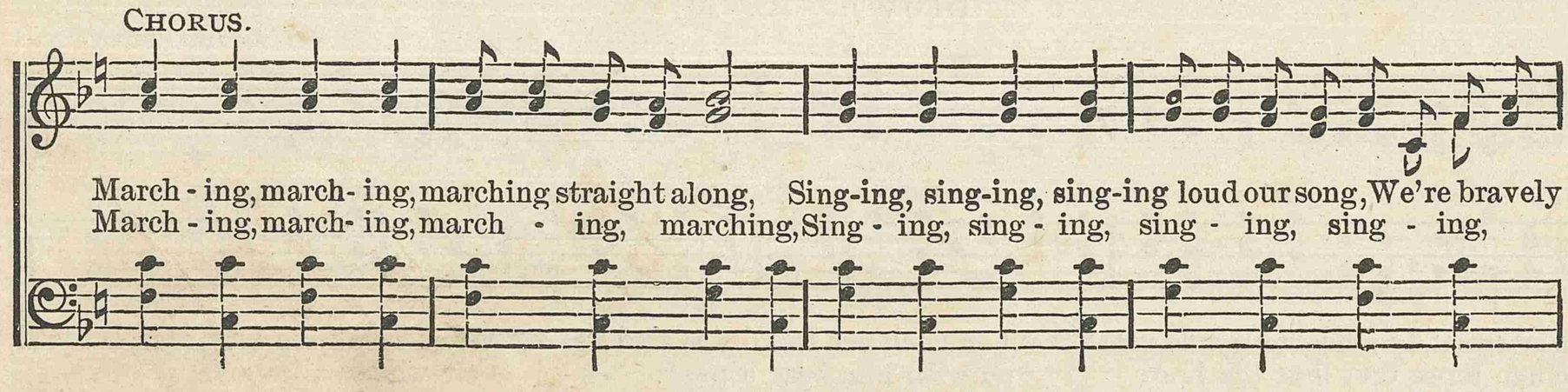
Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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D.C.

March-ing, march- ing, march-ing on our way, Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing- ing all the day.
March-ing, march- ing, march - ing, march- ing, Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE. English.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love,
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and forgiven,

How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me."
And if I thus earn - est - ly seek Him be- low, I shall see Him and hear Him above.
And ma- ny dear chil- dren are gath- er- ing there—"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

UNDER THE BLUE.

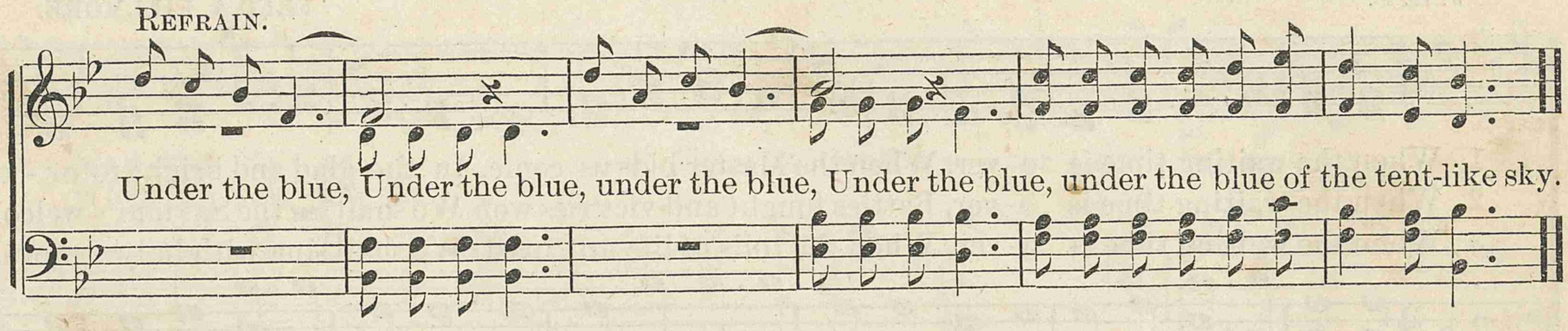
HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. W. F. HEATH. By per.

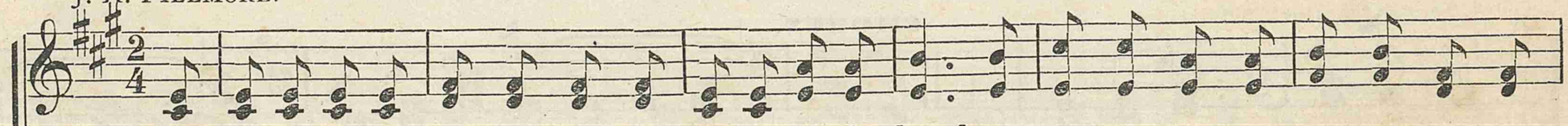
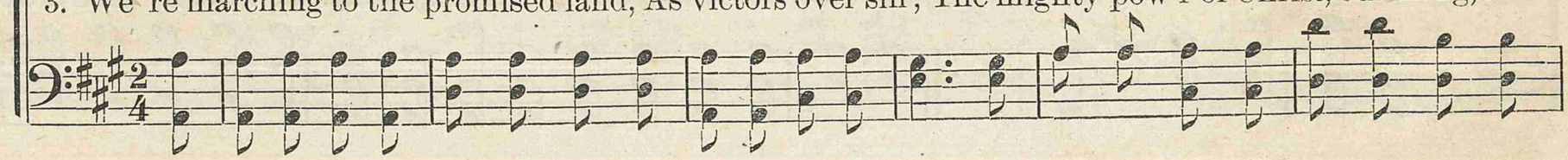
1. Fair are the clouds in the sum - mer sky, La - zi - ly, la - zi - ly pass-ing me by;
2. Sweet are the cens - ers of sum - mer air, Hid in the the fra-grant grass - es there;
3. None are so i - dle be - neath the sun, No - bod - y dreams of the rest I have won,
4. Peace it is per - fect in my do-main; Winds breathe forev - er a lul - la - by strain;

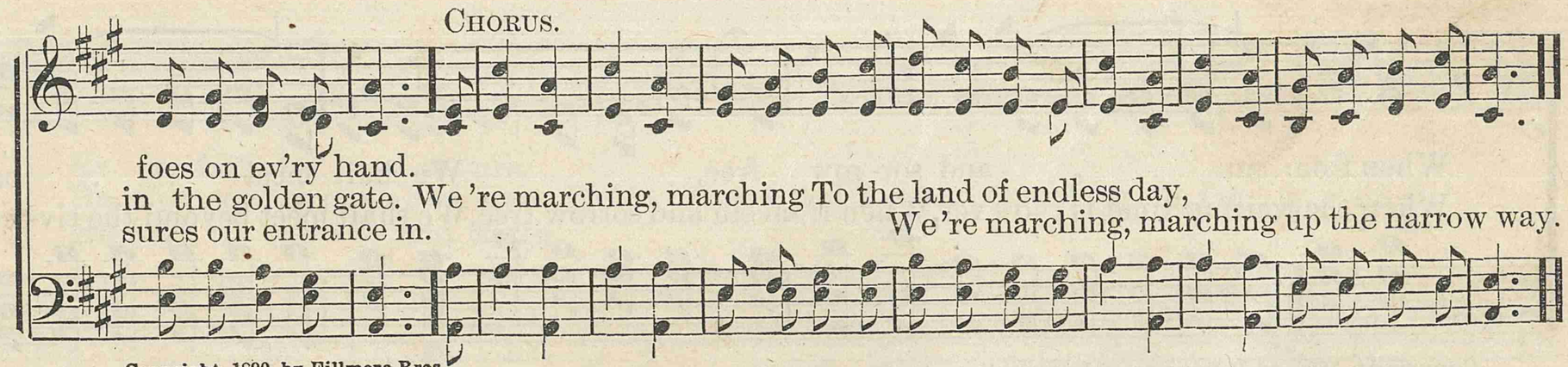
Barge - like sail-ing yon wave - less deep, That o - cean ly - ing in sum - mer sleep;
Ro - ses and myrrh, and frank - in cense, And breath of pines, both sub-tle and dense;
No-bod - y en-vies me ly-ing so still, Know-ing no care and fearing no ill;
Sweet the ne-pen-the that comes with a sod, Nat - ure at last is at one with her God.

ad lib.

While just as si - lent-ly here I lie, Thinking of naught that meets my eye.
I - dle the winds—as i - dle as I, Rest - ful, joy - ful, feasting the eye.
No - bod-y blames me, as i - dly I lie, Gazing at clouds that for-ev - er go by.
A - ges on a - ges may now pass me by, I shall not murmur, so calm-ly I lie.

REFRAIN.

MARCHING TO THE PROMISED LAND.

J. H. FILLMORE. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. We 're marching to the promised land, A happy pilgrim band;
Thro' clouds and storms we press our way, With
2. We 're marching to the promised land, Where crowns and glories wait;
The faithful soldier soon shall pass, With-
3. We 're marching to the promised land, As victors over sin; The mighty pow'r of Christ, our King, En-

CHORUS.



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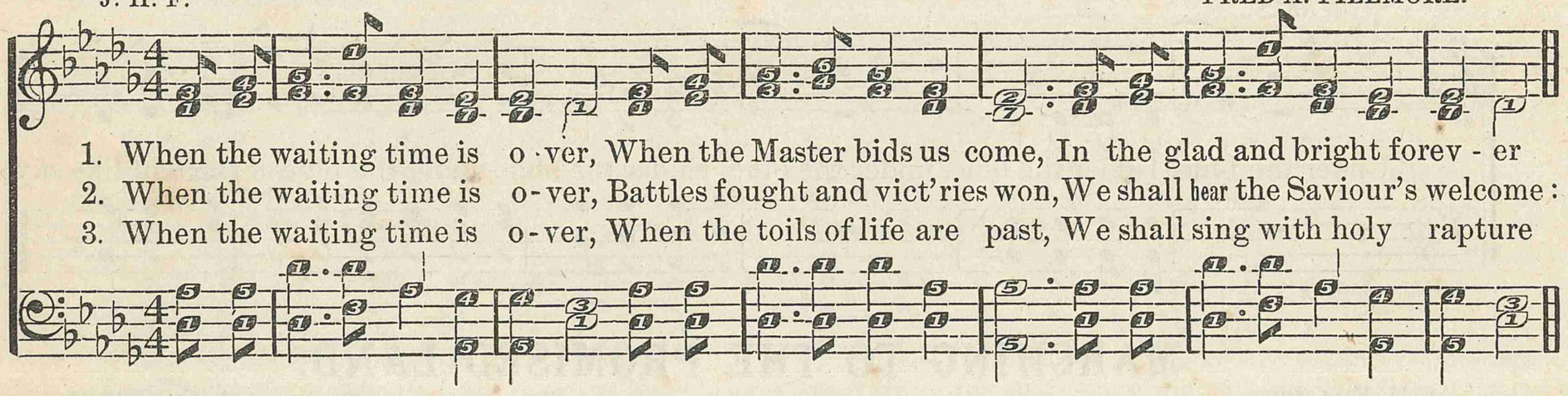
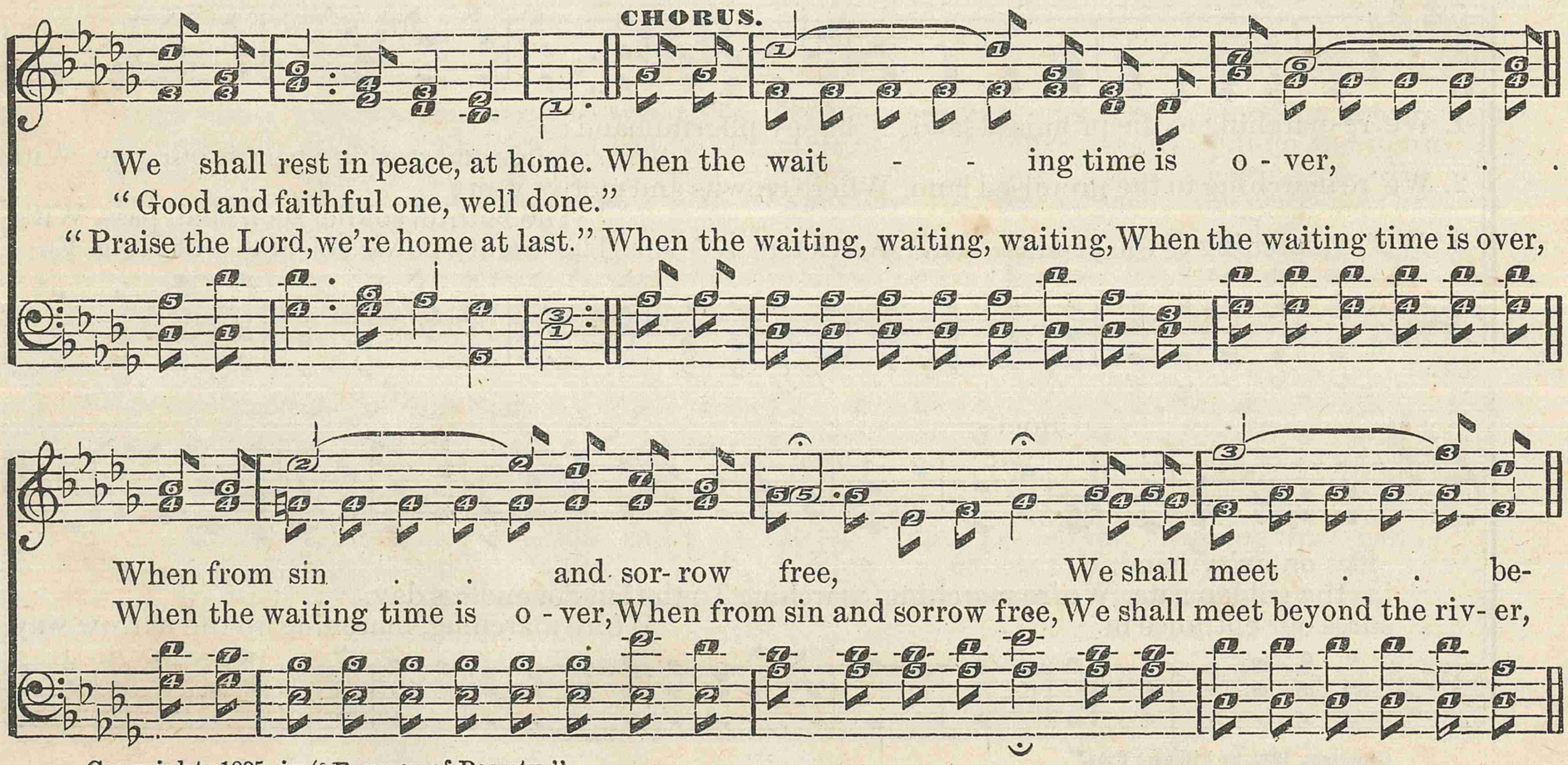
When the Waiting Time is Over.

J. H. F. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. When the waiting time is o - ver, When the Master bids us come, In the glad and bright forev - er
2. When the waiting time is o - ver, Battles fought and vict'ries won, We shall hear the Saviour's welcome:
3. When the waiting time is o - ver, When the toils of life are past, We shall sing with holy rapture

CHORUS.



We shall rest in peace, at home. When the wait - - ing time is o - ver, . .
"Good and faithful one, well done."
"Praise the Lord, we're home at last." When the waiting, waiting, waiting, When the waiting time is over,

When from sin . . and sor- row free, We shall meet . . be-
When the waiting time is o - ver, When from sin and sorrow free, We shall meet beyond the riv- er,

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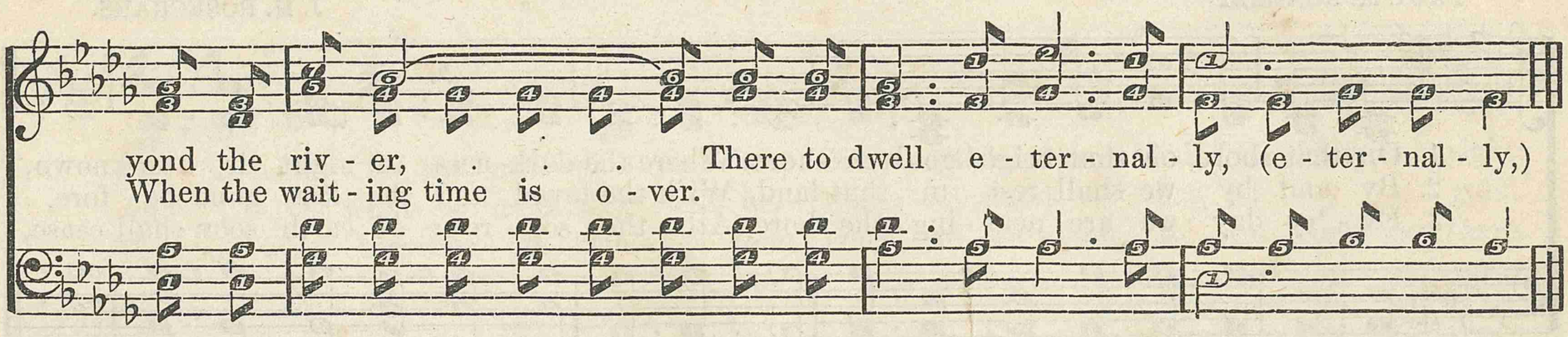
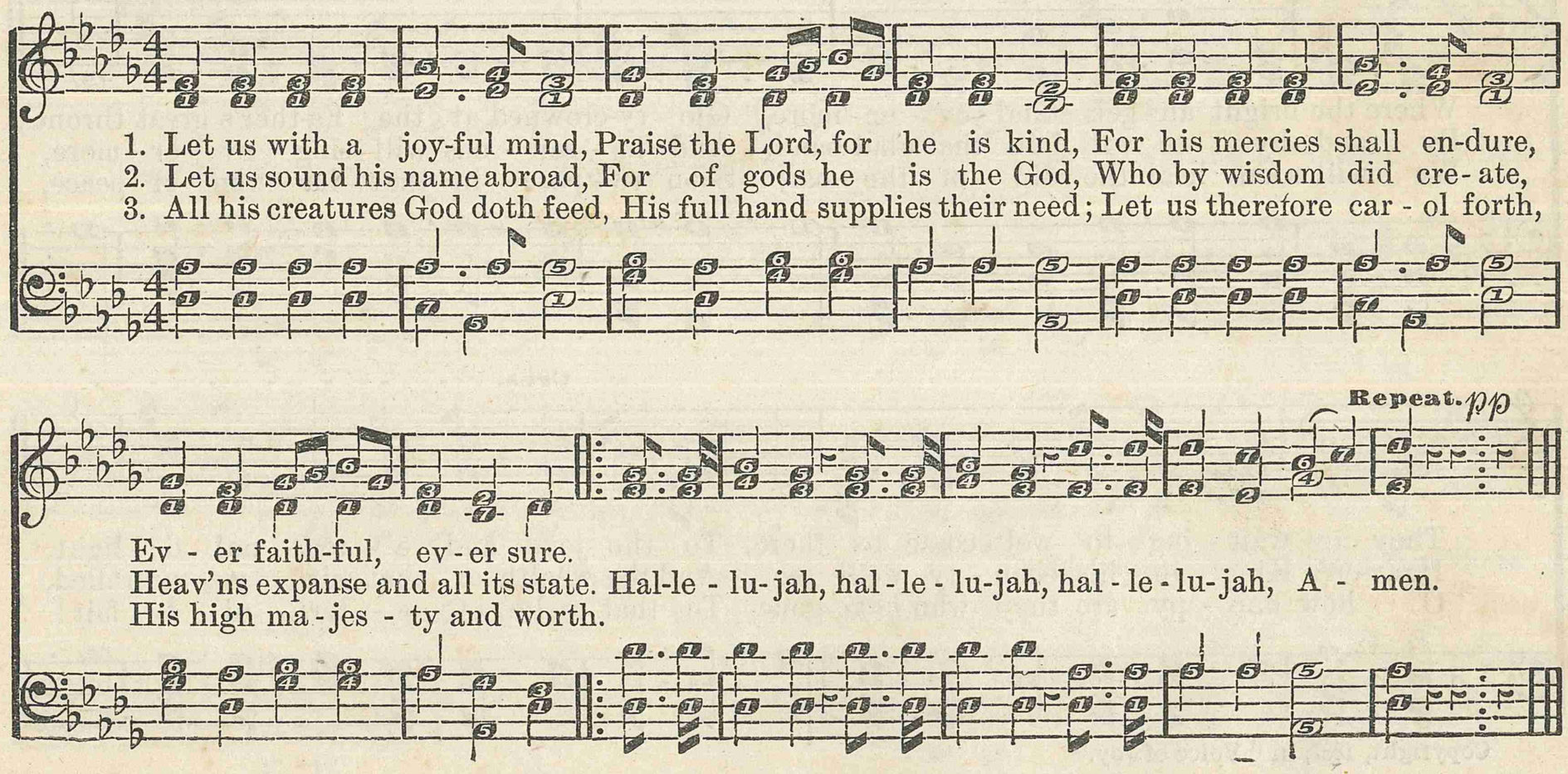

Let Us With a Joyful Mind.

MILTON. Arr. from MOZART.



Waiting to Welcome Us There.

PAUL M. RUSSELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On that shore, on that bright gold-en shore, Where the dark-ness of night is un-known,
2. By and by we shall rest in that land, With the loved and the lost gone be-fore,
3. Ev-'ry day we are near-ing the shore, All the sor-rows of earth soon shall cease,

Where the bright an-gels stand ev-er-more, Glo-ry-crowned at the Fa-ther's great throne;
By and by we will join that glad band, And ho-san-nas will sing ev-er-more,
We will soon hear the dip of the oar, Soon re-pose in that ha-ven of peace,

Cres.

They are wait-ing to wel-come us there, To the joys and e-ter-nal de-light,
Heav-en's King in his beau-ty we'll see, And the wealth of that cit-y un-rolled,
O how hap-py are they who have gone, To that realm of e-ter-ni-ty fair!

Copyright, 1882, in "Voice of Joy."

Of a home in that man - sion so fair, When earth's sor - row shall fade from our sight.
And O what a glad day 'twill be, When we stand in that cit - y of gold.
They are wait - ing, our pil - grim - age done, They are wait - ing to wel - come us there.

CHORUS.

They are waiting, . . . They are waiting . . . They are waiting to welcome us there.
waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting,

They are waiting, . . . They are waiting, . . . They are waiting to welcome us there.
waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting,

Angel Voices.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er Is a house not made with hands,
2. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er There's a harp of shin - ing gold,
3. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er, In the un - dis - cov - ered land,

And the peace which God hath spo - ken Soft - ly rests o'er all its lands;
Wait - ing till my ran - somed spir - it Shall its mel - o - dy un - fold;
There are liv - ing wa - ters flow - ing Soft - ly o'er the gold - en sand;

And I hear sweet an - gel voic - es Chim - ing o'er the crys - tal sea, . . .
Still I hear the an - gel voic - es Chim - ing o'er the crys - tal sea, . . .
And I hear the an - gel voic - es Ring - ing o'er the crys - tal sea, . . .

Copyright, 1881, in "Songs of Glory, No. 2."

"In that land of light and beau - ty, There's a man - sion bright, for thee."
"In those pearl - y man - sions yon - der, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of won-drous white - ness, In those man - sions bright, for thee."

REFRAIN.

Chim - ing, chim - ing, Far a - cross the crys - tal sea, . . .
Soft - ly chim - ing, sweet - ly chim - ing, Come those voic - es yet to me, . . .
Still those voic - es come to me, . . .

"In that land of light and beau - ty, There's a man - sion bright, for thee."
"In those pearl - y man - sions yon - der, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of won-drous white - ness, In those man - sions bright, for thee."

Tell it Today.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If his care has been con-stant and
2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its reward, If a strength you have found in the
3. If the souls all around you are liv-ing in sin, If the Mas-ter has told you to

tender and true, If the light of his presence has brightened your way, O, will you not tell of your
strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in his pal-ace is sweet, O, will you not, brother, the
bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-ta-tion they never have heard, O, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

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

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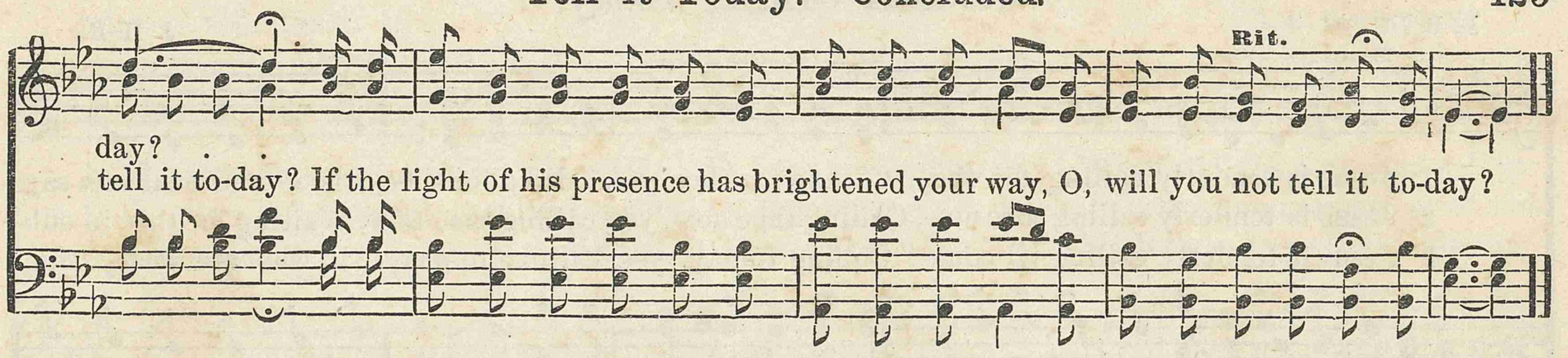
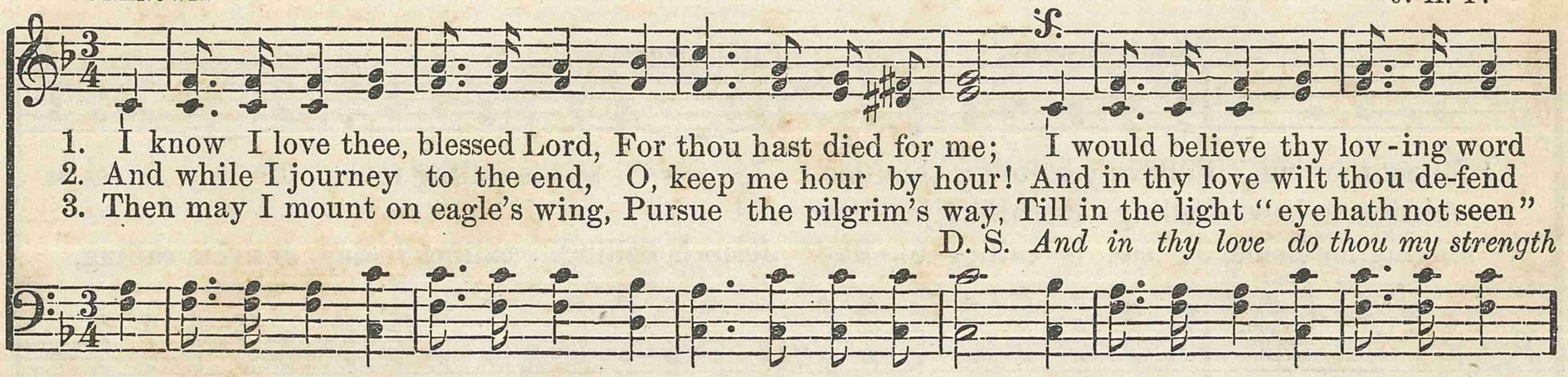
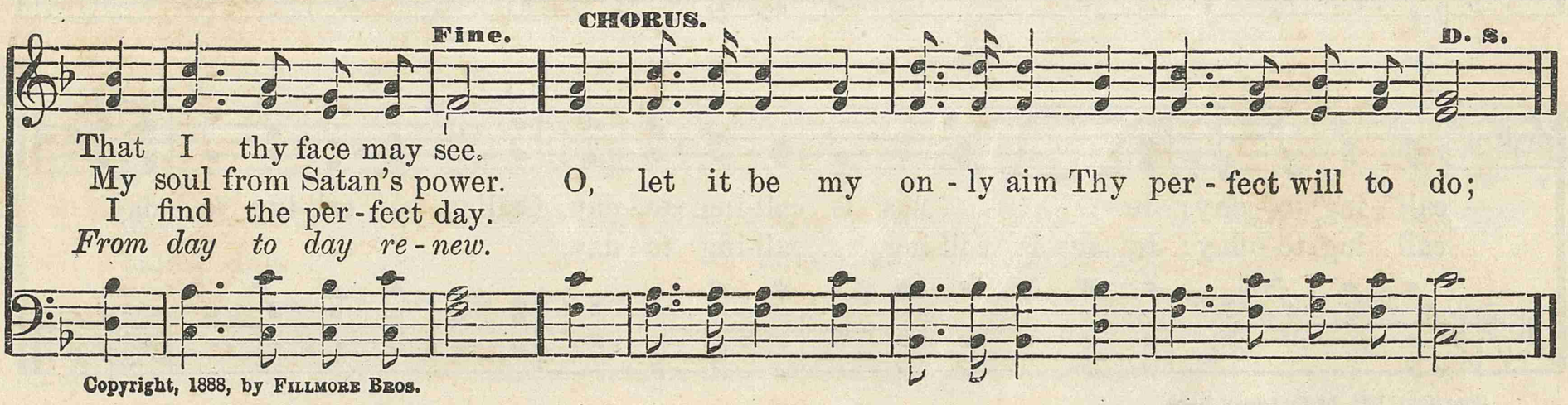


I Know I Love Thee.

UNKNOWN. J. H. F.



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Jesus is Calling Today.

D. R. LUCAS

J. H. R.

Duet. Semi-Chorus. Duet.

1. Jesus is tenderly calling for thee, Calling for thee, yes, calling for thee, Listen and hear him say,
2. Jesus is tenderly calling thee now, Calling thee now, yes, calling thee now, Waiting for thee in sub-
3. Jesus is tenderly calling, O come! Calling to-day, yes, calling to-day, All who are weary and

Semi-Chorus. Full Chorus.

"follow thou me," Follow, yes, follow thou me. Je - sus is calling to-day, Je - sus is
mission to bow, Calling, yes, calling just now.
longing for home, Je - sus is calling to - day. Jesus is calling, calling to-day, Jesus is calling,

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

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The Happy, Coming Day.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The time ordained of God will come, O, happy, com-ing day! When all the ransomed will go home, O'er sin-cursed earth no more to roam, O, happy, coming day! Hap-py day, happy
2. O, glor - ious thought, that land to gain! O, happy, coming day! Be free from sorrow, grief and pain, Wash'd clean from ev'ry guilty stain, O, happy, coming day!
3. There all our loved ones we shall greet, O, happy, com-ing day! With them to walk the gol-den street, In ho - ly con-ver - sa-tion sweet, O, happy, coming day! happy day,

CHORUS.

day, O, happy, com-ing day! Happy day, happy day, O, happy, com-ing day!
happy day, happy day, happy day,

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Home of a Spirit.

Dedicated to Miss MARY L. BROADHURST, 1868.

MAY MITCHELL. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Oh, say is your home . . in a south-ern clime . . Where the palm trees wave and the rose-vines twine There wealth of
2. Its murmuring mu - - sic sil - v'ry sweet . . Seems a type of that . . in the "Up - per Deep," Where the spotless
3. Or where the trop - - ic's blaz - ing sun, . . So scorches and burns . . . the sons of men, . . Or the dread si-

ver - dure and frag-rant flow'rs, A - round the trees . . 'mid na - tive bow'rs; And the soft winds breathe a re-quiem
an - - gels soft - ly chant, And ech-oes re - sound our earth to haunt? Or is it up . . in the i - cy
moon with his with'ring breath, Smites man and beast with an aw - ful death? No; none of these do I call my

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slow, On harp-strings weird, so sad and low? It sounds like the mu - sic of oth - er spheres Entrancing and
North, Where fierce, keen winds oft wan - der forth, Con-geal-ing the wa - ters with steel-like bands, U - nit-ing them
home— 'Tis where there's music in ev - 'ry tone, And words of love . . and songs of praise, Ex-tend-ing un-

Ad lib.

sooth - ing our hu - man cares, It sounds like the mu-sic of oth - er spheres, Entrancing and soothing our hu - man cares.
firm - er than mor - tal hands, Congealing the wa - ters with steel-like bands, U-niting them firmer than mor - tal hands?
to . . the end of days, And words of love . . and songs of praise, Extending un - to the end . . of days.

ON THE HILLS BEYOND THE RIVER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Alto and Tenor prominent.

1. There are hills be-yond the val - ley where the riv - er glideth by, Where the E- den flow'rs are blooming un - der- neath a cloud-less sky; There the state - ly palms are sway - ing in the soft and balm - y breeze; Birds of par - a - dise are sing - ing from the ev - er - ver - dant trees.
2. On those hills be-yond the riv - er is our heavenly Father's throne, And the brightness of that cit - y mor - tal eye hath nev - er known; Oh, its gates are shin - ing bright- ly in the nev - er - fad - ing day, For the sun- shine is e - ter - nal, and can nev - er pass a - way.
3. While we walk a - long the val - ley we may sometimes gain a view Of the hills beyond the riv - er un - der - neath the arch- ing blue; If our foot - steps nev - er fal - ter, in the path that should be trod, We may one day claim a dwell- ing in the cit - y of our God.

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CHORUS.

Oh, the hills be - yond the riv - - - - er, State - ly
Oh, the hills be - yond the riv - er, oh, the hills,

hills, ma- jes - tic hills; We shall rest in peace for
State - ly hills, ma- jes - tic hills, ma- jes - tic hills, We shall rest in peace for

ev - - - er, On those hills, en- dur - ing hills.
ev - er, on those hills, On those hills en- dur - ing hills, en-dur - ing hills.

Nearer to Thee.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

SOLO.

1. Back from the Long A - go, Dis-tant and dim, Breathing a warn-ing low, Comes a sweet hymn;
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re-frain, Bid-ding me find in this, Heav - en - ly gain;
3. Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne, Near-er the last-ing prize Kept for thine own;

Slower.

Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me; Sa - cred and tender seems, "Near - er to thee;"
E'en in my griefs I say: Fa - ther, I flee Out of this clouded way, Near - er to thee;
E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be An - gels to lead me home, Near - er to thee;

CHORUS. Tempo.

"Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."
"So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."
"An - gels to bec-kon me, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

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The Song He Used to Know.

JESSIE H. BROWN. ROCK OF AGES. Arranged and Composed by J. H. F.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

1. As the day draws near its close, Down the street a pilgrim goes, Full of grief his life has been, And his heart is full of sin. List, what mu-sic sweet and low! 'Tis a song he used to know—"Rock of
2. In the church an earnest throng Sing with joy the dear old song, While the pilgrim stands and waits, As he might at heaven's gates; And his heart-throbs firmer grow At the song he used to know—"Rock of
3. "In the Rock for sinners cleft, Is there still a ref-uge left?" So the pilgrim, full of doubt, Stands and ques-tions just without, While the sing-ers ear-nest grow In the song he used to know—"Rock of
4. "Rock of A-ges, un-to thee From the wilds of earth I flee!" So the pilgrim, worn with sin, At the church-door en-ters in, And with quiv'ring voice, and low, Sings the song he used to know—"Rock of

CHORUS.

p

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

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No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no chill-ing frost can fall
2. There the good again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers, mothers, children dear
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev-er sor-row more, Where no sick-ness e'er can come

On flow'rs that sweetly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
A-round the throne shall stand; There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise,
Where death has lost his power, Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes;

CHORUS.

There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, . . . No more good-
And in that e - ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes. No more good-byes,

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byes, . . . O bless-ed thought! . . . No more good-byes. 'Midst the glo-ry of the Lord,
No more good-byes, O bless-ed thought!

In that home be-yond the skies, Where the end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

From all that Dwell Below the Skies.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Let the Creator's praise arise; Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Eternal truth attends thy word; Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Waiting by the River.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, Strong and weak, and young and old, Till the boat-man comes to
2. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, And we may not know how near Are our foot-steps, glad or
3. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, And at most 'twill not be long Till we cross the si - lent

CHORUS.

bear us To the far - off streets of gold.
wea - ry, To its wa - ters still and clear. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are
wa - ters, Till we hear the an - gels' song.

wait-ing, you and I (you and I), One by one our friends are crossing, We shall join them by and by.

From "Joy and Gladness," by permission.

Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. *The hour is coming.*—John 5: 28. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be-
2. We shall pass in-side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry
3. We shall meet our lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and

fore our eyes un - fold Heav-en's splen-dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
to the Lamb that's slain; Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
rapt - ure ev - ery-where; O the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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Workers at Home.

DANIEL MARCH. ALEXANDER C. HOPKINS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing—"Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the har-vest wait-ing—Who will bear the sheaves a - way?" Loud and long the Mas - ter
2. If you can not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore, You can find the hea-then near-er, You can help them at your door; If you can not speak like
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you, Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth - ing I can do." Glad - ly take the task he

call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free: Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am
an - gels, If you can not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can
gives you, Let his work your pleas-ure be; An - swer quick-ly when he call - eth, "Here am

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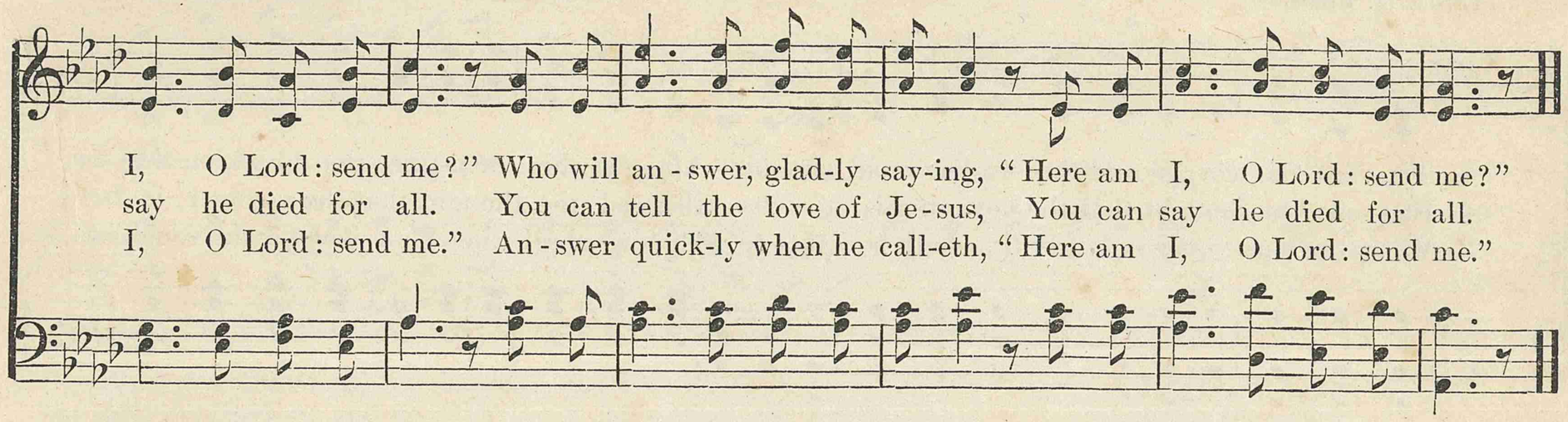
1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'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 tossed 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, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

1 SHOUT the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young·
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

CHO.—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 prairies of the West,
Till each gathering congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.—CHO.

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.—CHO.

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

In the Harbor.

JESSIE H. BROWN. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Aft - er the voyage and the wa-ters' mad ri - ot, Aft - er the tem-pests that break on the sea,
2. Bless-ed the thought that the voyaging is o - ver, Bless-ed the thought that the voyager is free;
3. When the long voyage of this life shall be end - ed, Thus we shall an - chor beyond the rough sea,

Bless - ed the port where we an-chor in qui - et, Bless - ed the rest in the har-bor for me.
Home is a - wait - ing the trav-el-worn rov - er, Lights in that har - bor are shin-ing for me.
Lights which the an - gels of heav-en have tend - ed Shine from the har - bor for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed the rest in the har - bor for me, Bless - ed the rest in the har - bor for me,

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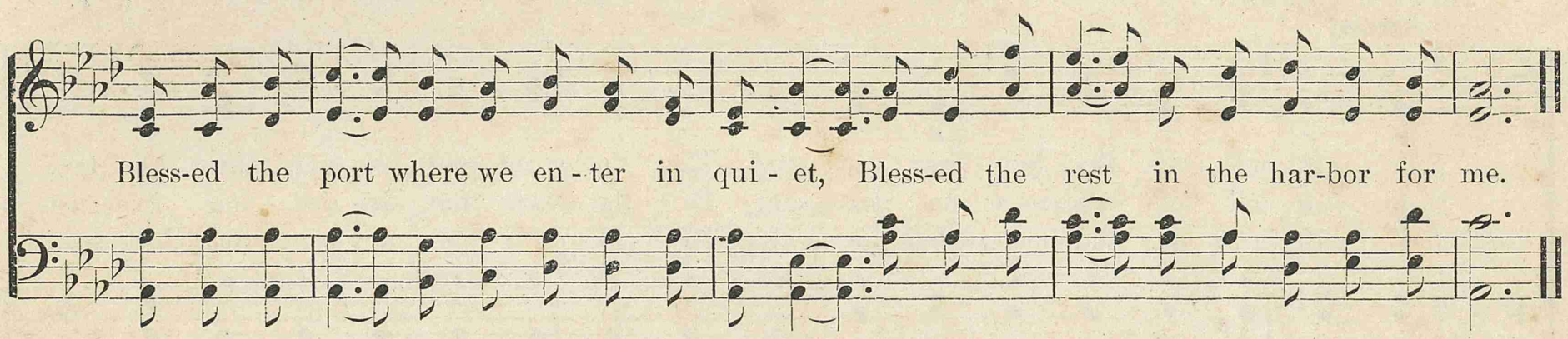
1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

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

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 divine.—CHO.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.—CHO.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With Faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

1 PURER in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to thee.
Watch thou my wayward feet,
Guide me with counsel sweet;
Purer in heart,
Help me to be.

2 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
Teach me to do thy will
Most lovingly.
Be thou my Friend and Guide,
Let me with thee abide;
Purer in heart,
Help me to be.

3 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I thy holy face
One day may see.
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign thou my soul within;
Purer in heart,
Help me to me.

I Will Tell of the Saviour.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. F.

SOLO.

1. I will tell of the Sav - iour who died That the world might be saved thro' his love,
2. I will tell of the peace he has sent To the hearts that are rest - ing in trust,
3. I will tell of the home where he waits To re - ceive me, be - yond the dark sea,

For may be I can win to his side Some dear soul for his king dom a - bove.
For who knows but that per - fect con - tent May up - lift some poor life from the dust?
For per-chance I may lead thro' its gates One who learned of its glo - ries from me.

CHORUS.

Day by day, day by day, All my way, all my way, I will tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain, and a-gain;

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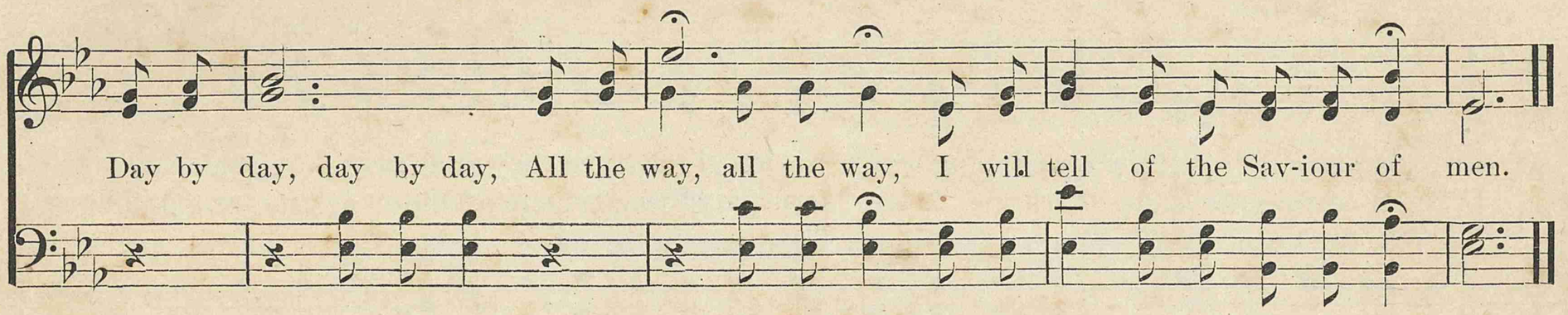
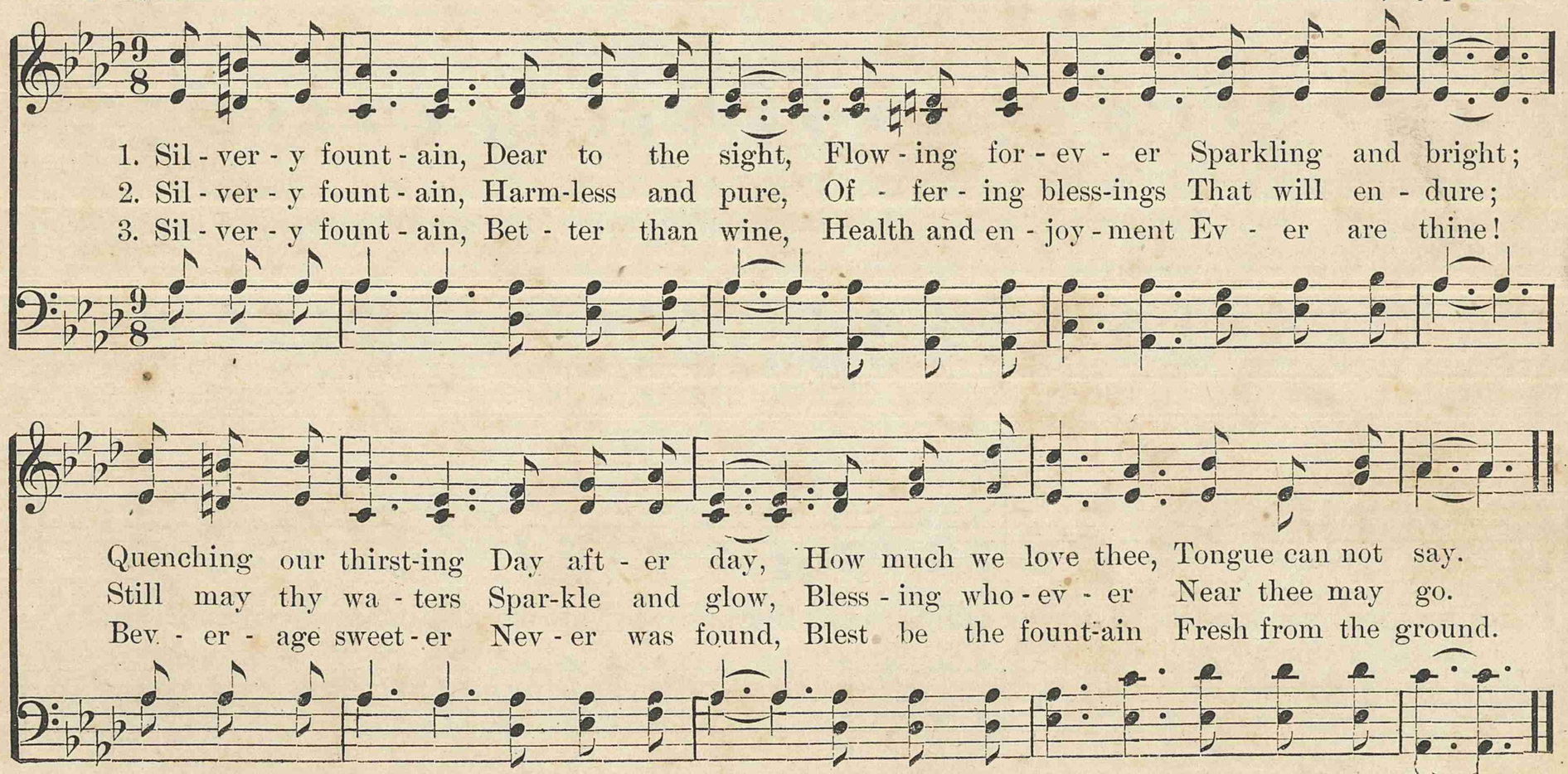
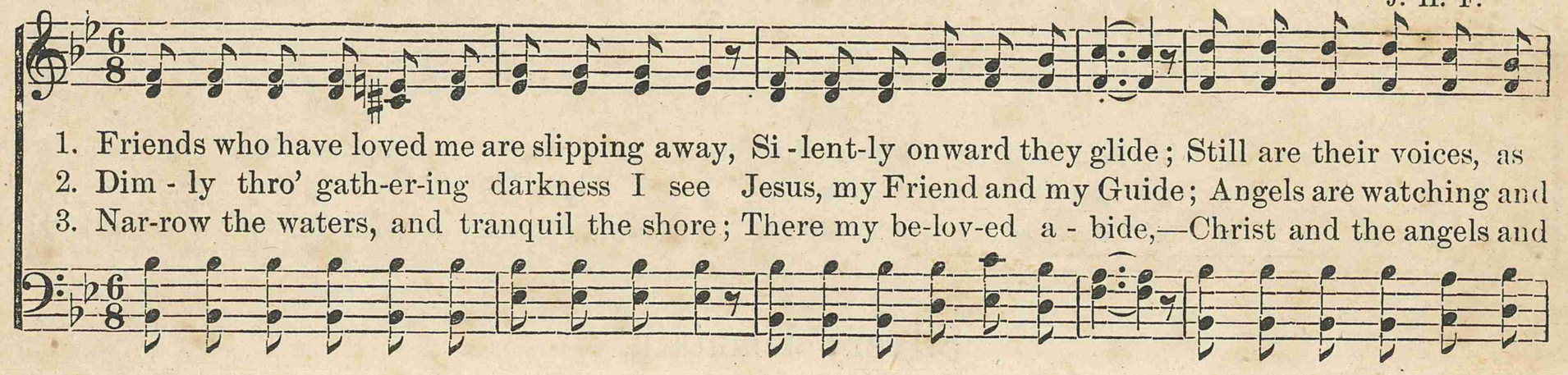

Silvery Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F., by per.



Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

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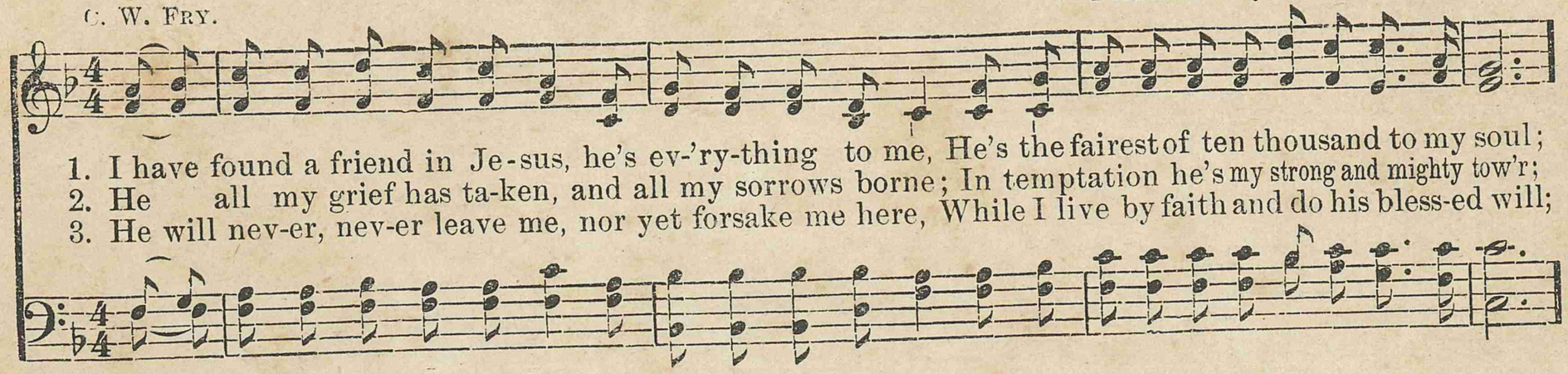
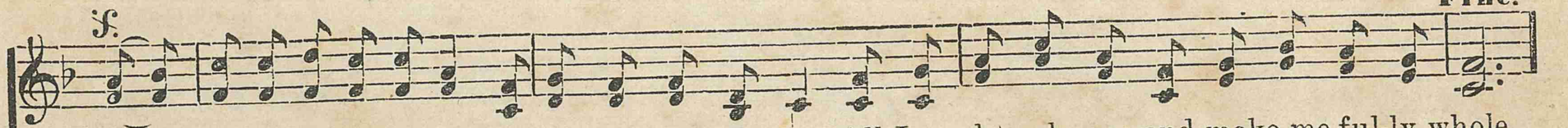
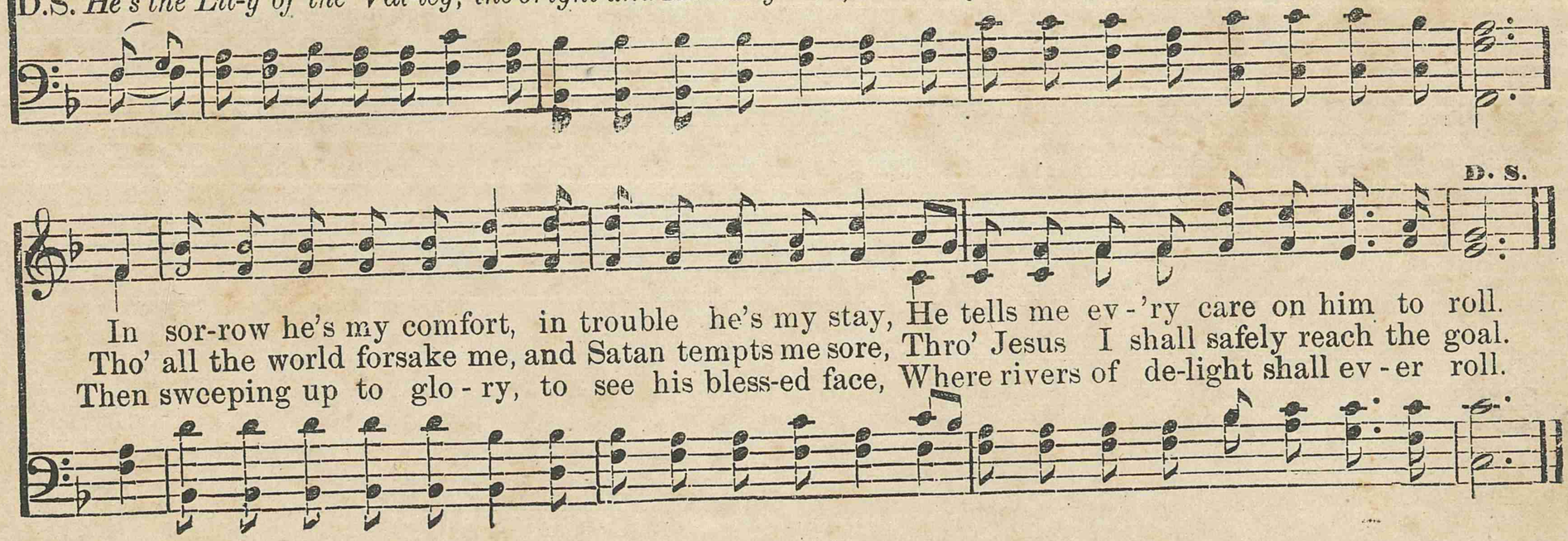
The Lily of the Valley.

C. W. FRY.

From a melody by J. R. MURRAY.



God be with You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you, With his sheep se-curely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you; Dai-ly manna still di-vide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms unfailing round you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

feet; Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again..

Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

By per. J. E. RANKIN, Orange Valley, N. J.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

ELIZA SHERMAN. Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious.—1 PETER ii: 7. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, the precious love of Je - sus, Grow-ing sweeter day by day, Tun - ing all my heart so
2. But we can not know the fullness Of the Sav-ior's wondrous love, Till we see and know his
3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At his feet thy bur-dens lay; Trust him with thy grief and

CHORUS.

joy - ous To a heav'n-ly mel - o - dy.
glo - ry, In the heav'nly home a - bove. Christ is pre-cious, Christ is pre - cious,
sor - row, Bear this joy-ful song a - way.

In life's journey he will lead thee; Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

From "Joy and Gladness," by permission.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

I. OPENING SERVICE (20 M.)

	Minutes.
1. Silence at tap of bell.	
2. Opening Song. (Familiar), .	3
3. Roll-call of Officers and Teachers, ...	2
4. Responsive Reading of the Lesson, ...	5
5. Singing. (A Devotional Song),	3
6. Prayer. (Stand at tap of bell),	4
7. Familiar song by all, ...	3
	20

II. LESSON SERVICE (50 M.)

1. Classes recite the lesson, . .	30
2. Song suited to the lesson, . .	3
3. Blackboard or Picture Review,	7
4. Songs, old and new. (Two or three), ...	10
	50

III. CLOSING SERVICE (10 M.)

1. Reports of Secretary, Treasurer, etc., ...	2
2. Announce the Church Services, ...	2
3. Distribution of books, papers, etc., ...	2
4. Sympathetic Song. Benediction, ...	4
	10

Time, 1 hour 20 minutes.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

I. THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I. THE LAW.

Order.	Book.	No. of Ch.
1.	Genesis	50
2.	Exodus	40
3.	Leviticus	27
4.	Numbers	36
5.	Deuteronomy	34

II. HISTORICAL.

6.	Joshua	24
7.	Judges	21
8.	Ruth	4
9.	I Samuel	31
10.	II Samuel	24
11.	I Kings	22
12.	II Kings	25
13.	I Chronicles	29
14.	II Chronicles	36
15.	Ezra	10
16.	Nehemiah	13
17.	Esther	10

III. POETICAL.

18.	Job	42
19.	Psalms	150
20.	Proverbs	31
21.	Ecclesiastes	12
22.	Song of Solomon	8

IV. PROPHETICAL.

23.	Isaiah	66
24.	Jeremiah	52
25.	Lamentations	5
26.	Ezekiel	48
27.	Daniel	12
28.	Hosea	14
29.	Joel	3
30.	Amos	9
31.	Obadiah	1
32.	Jonah	4
33.	Micah	7
34.	Nahum	3
35.	Habakkuk	3
36.	Zephaniah	3
37.	Haggai	2
38.	Zechariah	14
39.	Malachi	4

II. THE NEW TESTAMENT.

I. BIOGRAPHICAL.

Order.	Book.	No. of Ch.
1.	Matthew	28
2.	Mark	16
3.	Luke	24
4.	John	21

II. HISTORICAL.

5.	Acts of the Apostles	28

III. DIDACTICAL.

6.	Romans	16
7.	I Corinthians	16
8.	II Corinthians	13
9.	Galatians	6
10.	Ephesians	6
11.	Philippians	4
12.	Colossians	4
13.	I Thessalonians	5
14.	II Thessalonians	3
15.	I Timothy	6
16.	II Timothy	4
17.	Titus	3
18.	Philemon	1
19.	Hebrews	13
20.	James	5
21.	I Peter	5
22.	II Peter	3
23.	I John	5
24.	II John	1
25.	III John	1
26.	Jude	1

IV. PROPHETICAL.

27.	Revelation	22