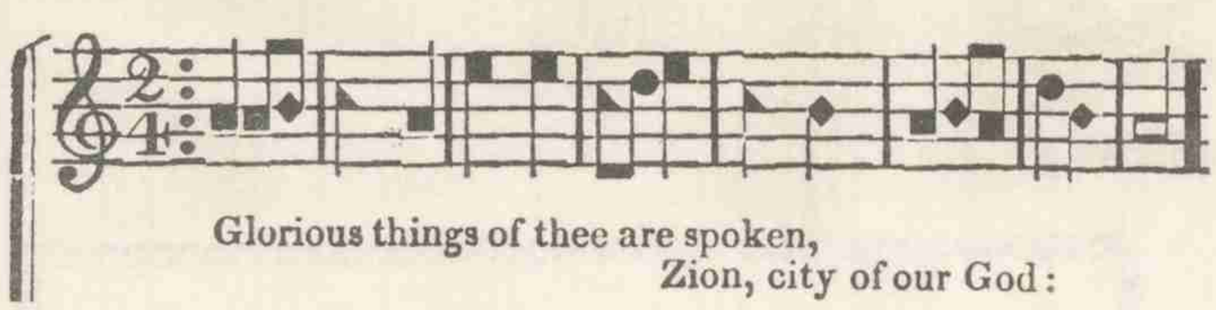
GLORIOUS
PRAISE.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

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Glorious Praise

Specially Prepared for use in

THE PRAYER MEETING
THE CHURCH SERVICE
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
THE EVANGELISTIC
AND OTHER RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS

BY

W. H. DOANE, Mus. Doc.

Assisted by

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Boston New York Chicago St. Louis
Dallas Atlanta

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Hymn
1904
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Glor

Preface.

GLORIOUS PRAISE is a treasury of song containing over *three-hundred* of the best *Christian Hymns* and music extant.

It has been carefully compiled, and includes the old favorites, endeared to Christian hearts wherever praise is sung, as well as the latest and most popular work of the very best composers of *Sacred Song* of to-day.

Every phase of Christian work has been supplied, the *Prayer Meeting*, *Sunday-School*, *Young People's Societies*, *Evangelistic Work*, and the *Church Service* for the smaller churches which may not feel able to procure the larger hymnals.

Glorious Praise, will, it is believed, supply a long felt want in all our churches large and small for a book containing the better class of hymns, and a higher grade of devotional music.

With a sincere prayer that God may bless and use it in kindling the fires of true devotion, and bringing souls into a more loving communion with Him, *Glorious Praise* is sent forth.

HARVEY & BURNETT.

Louisville, Ky.

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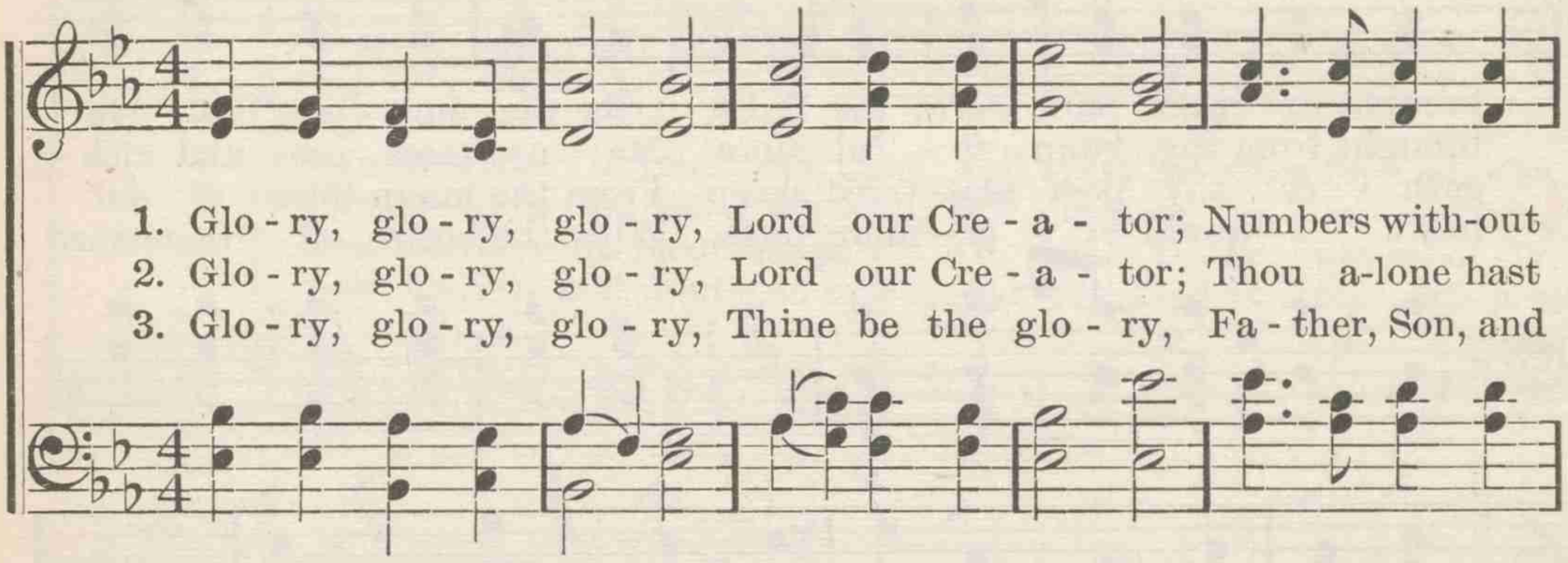
Glorious Praise.

No. 1. Glory, Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 2. Light of My Life.

B. W. BURLEIGH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O thou Light of my soul, bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou hast brought to this dark world the light; Once the dark - ness of sin
2. O thou Friend of the poor, bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou hast brought from thy boun - ti - ful store Ma - ny treas - ures and rich -
3. O thou Shep - herd of men, bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou wouldst gath - er thy poor scat - tered sheep From the moun-tains of sin
4. O thou King of my life, bless - ed Sav - iour, From my heart I would ev - er - more raise, With the hosts of re-deemed

lay up - on me, And I loved noth - ing else but the night.
es and bless - ings, And each day thou art giv - ing us more.
to the pas - ture, Where in safe - ty thy fold thou canst keep.
ones in heav - en, Un - to thee joy - ous an - thems of praise.

CHORUS.

O thou Light, of my life, O thou
O Light, thou Light of my life,
Friend from Gal - i - lee! Like a bright
O Friend, thou Friend from fair Gal - i - lee! Like a bright

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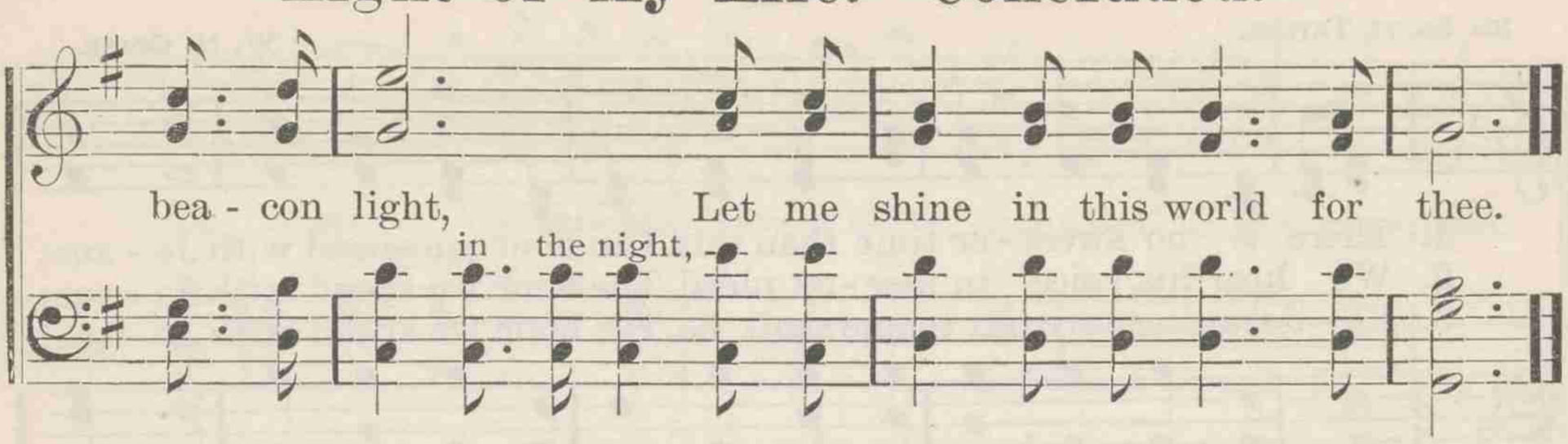
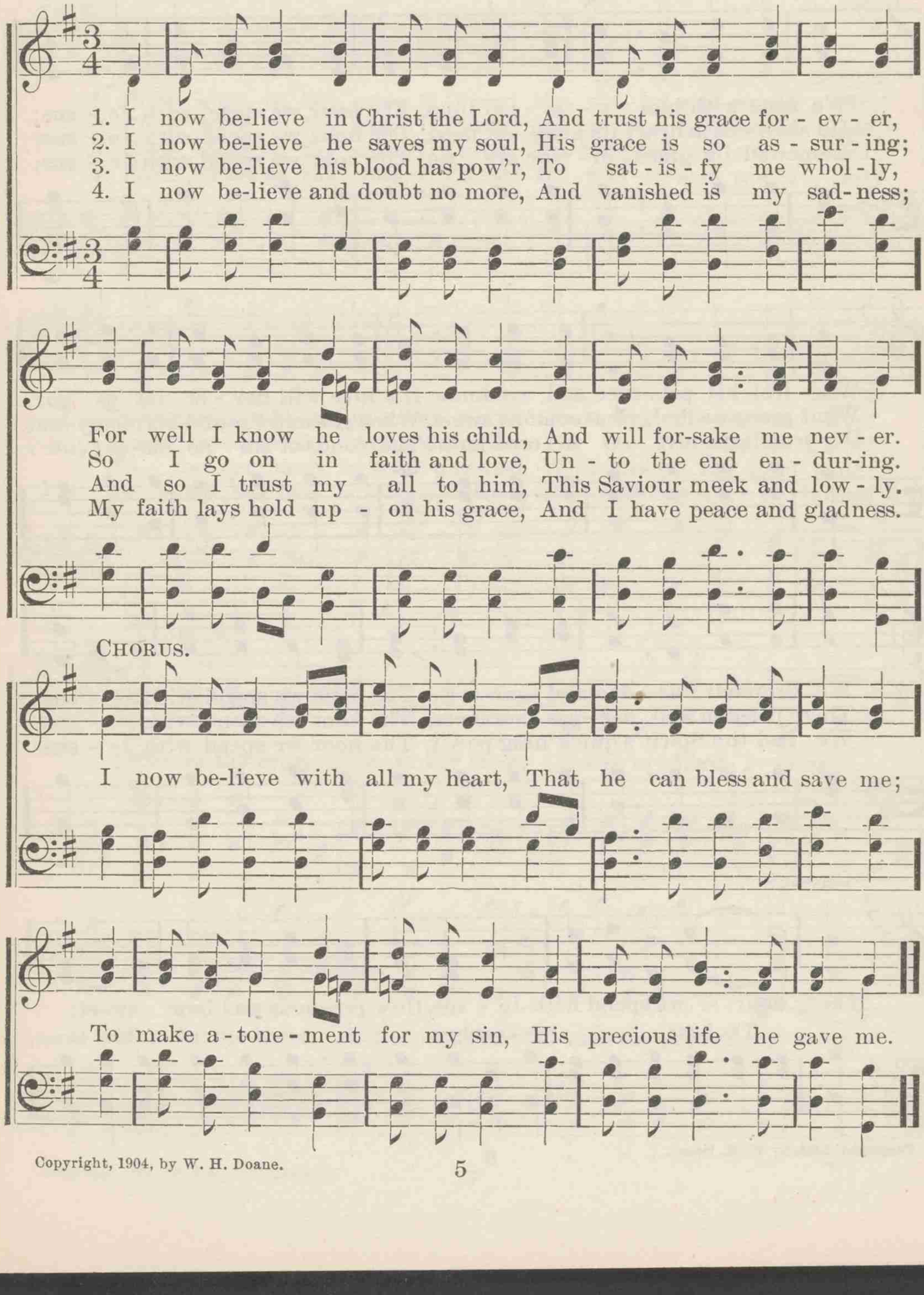
Light of My Life.—Concluded.

No. 3. I Now Believe in Christ the Lord.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 4. The Hour We Spend with Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is no sweet-er time than this, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
2. We hear his voice in mer-cy plead, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
3. Re - deem-ing love our theme shall be, The hour we spend with Je - sus;

We taste with him e - ter - nal bliss, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
He shows each heart its great-est need, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
Re-newed by grace di - vine are we, The hour we spend with Je - sus;

We feel his pres-ence and we know His love will nev - er let us go,
What peace we find, what comfort sweet, When gathered 'round his mercy-seat,
O wondrous love, O sa - cred hour! The clouds of sin no lon-ger low'r;

We drop our bur - den and our woe, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
There par-don and com-pas-sion meet, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
We feel the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r, The hour we spend with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The hour . . . . we spend with Je - sus, How pre-cious and how sweet;
The hour Je - sus here, how sweet.

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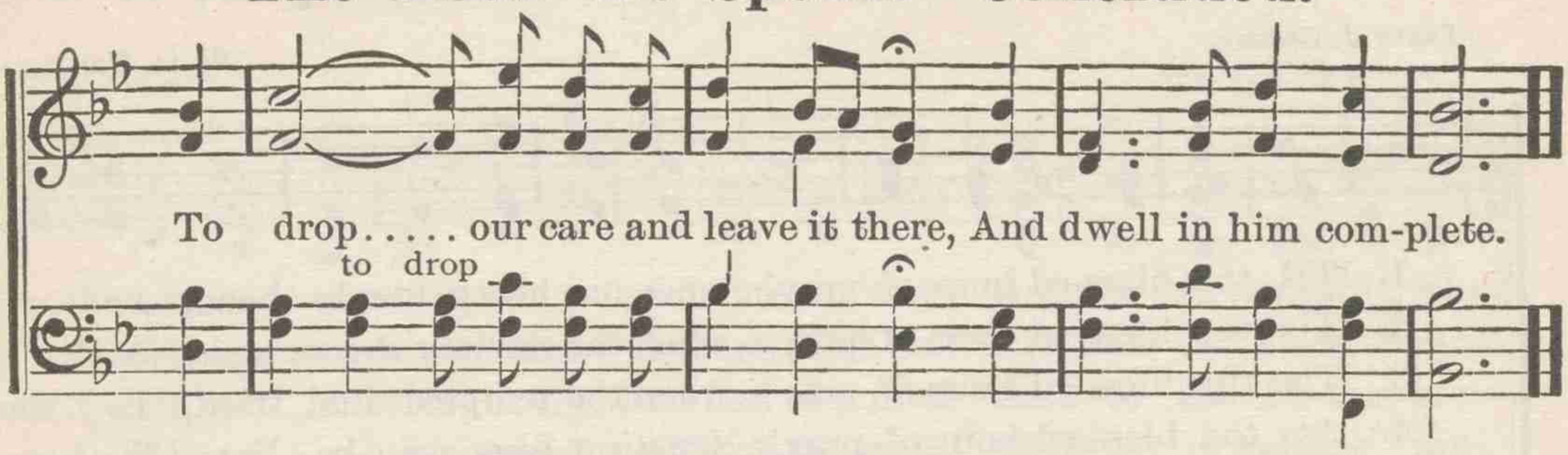
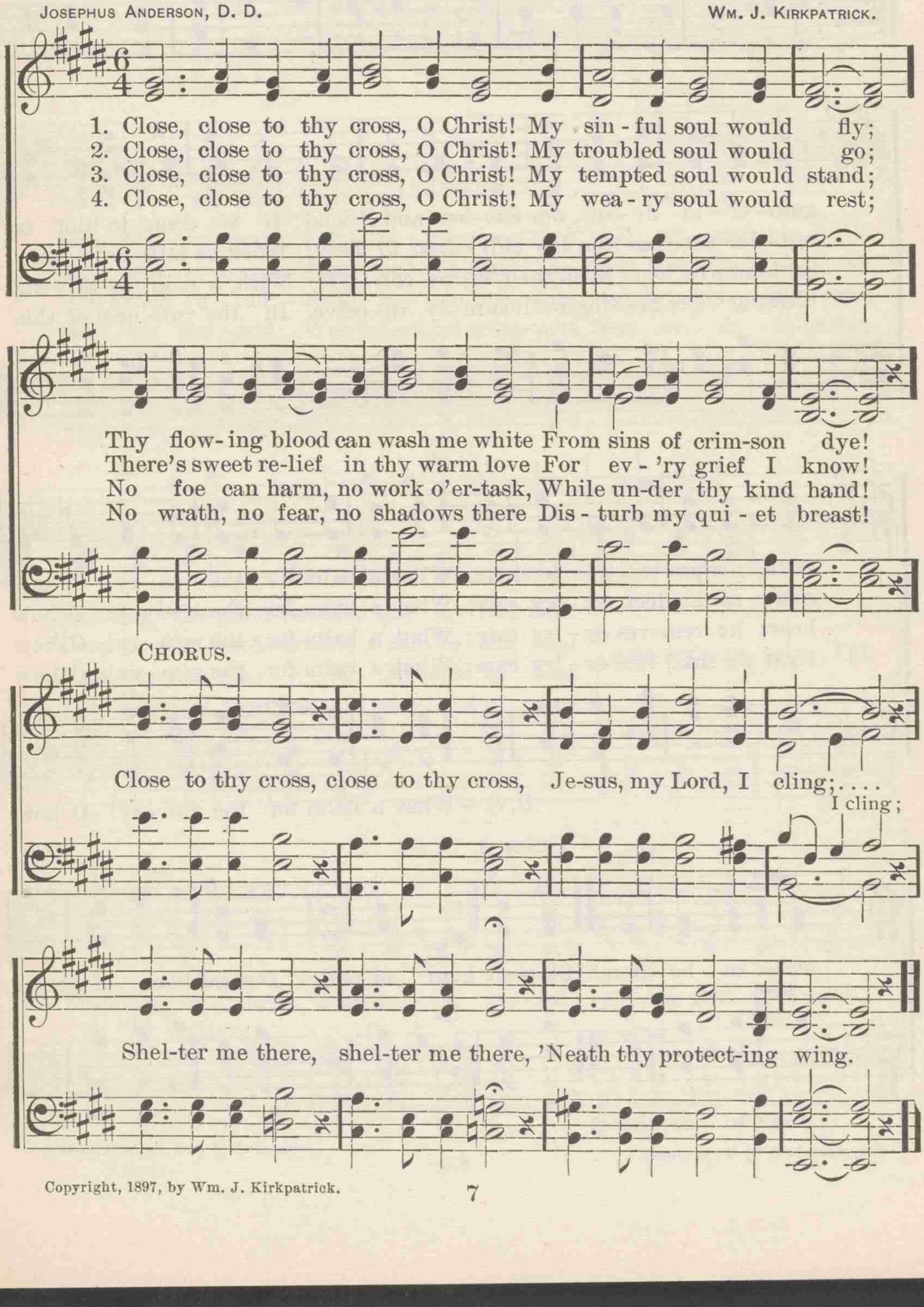
The Hour We Spend.—Concluded.



No. 5. Close to Thy Cross.

JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 6. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

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

CHORUS. *D. S.*

FINE.

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

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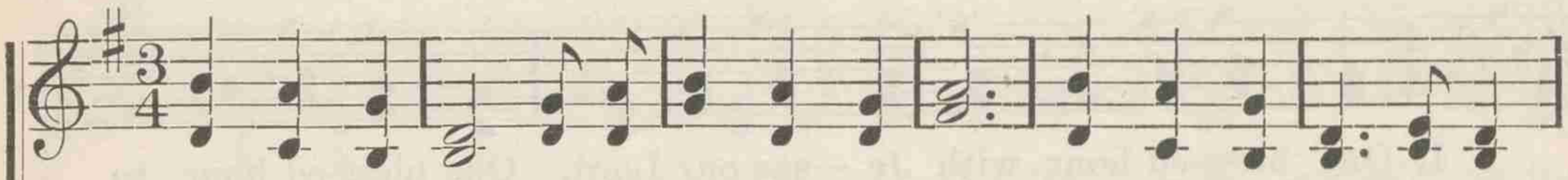
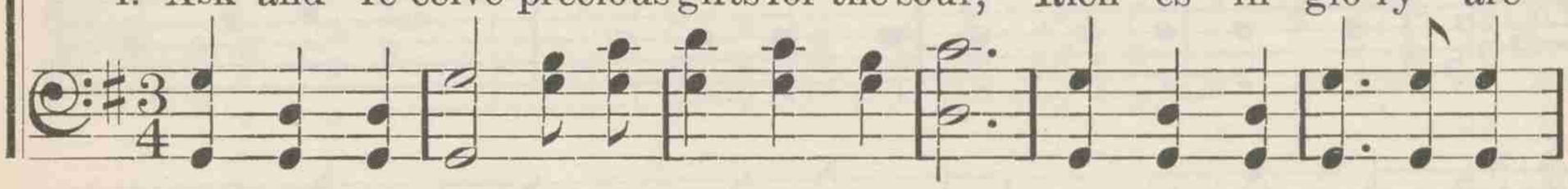
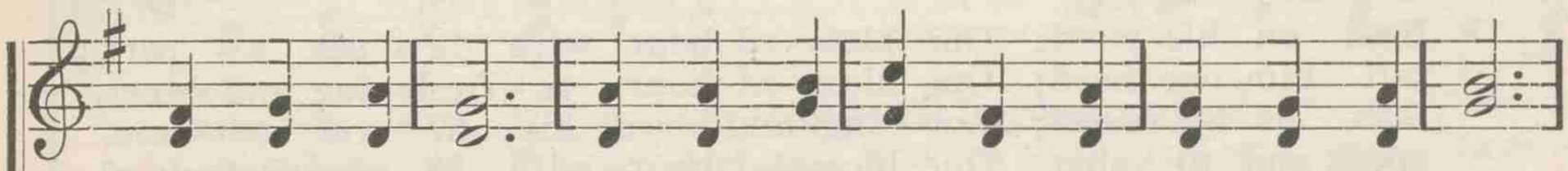
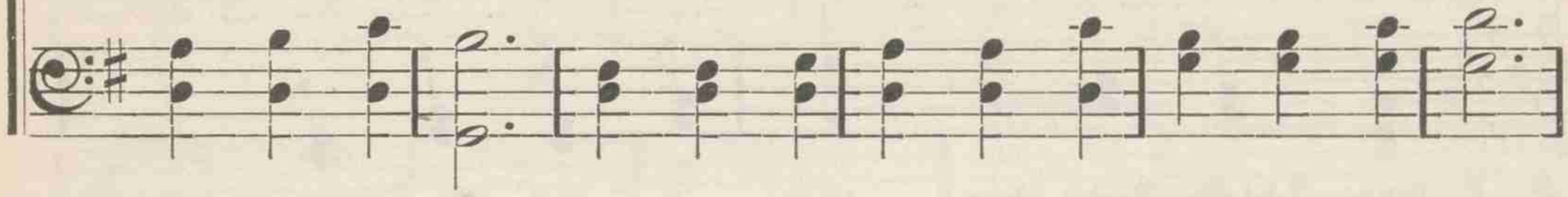
No. 7. Ask and Receive.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ask and re-ceive; it is God's chos-en way; Heav-en draws near us when
2. Ask and re-ceive; yet our Father knows best Just how to an-swer each
3. Ask and re-ceive; ev-'ry bur-den and grief Take to the Fa-ther and
4. Ask and re-ceive precious gifts for the soul; "Rich-es in glo-ry" are

hum-bly we pray; Come in the name that will al-ways pre-vail,
fer-vent re-quest; Just when to send the right bless-ing we need;
find sweet re-lief; Noth-ing too trif-ling to bring to his care;
in his con-trol; Won-der-ful treas-ures that ev-er in-crease;

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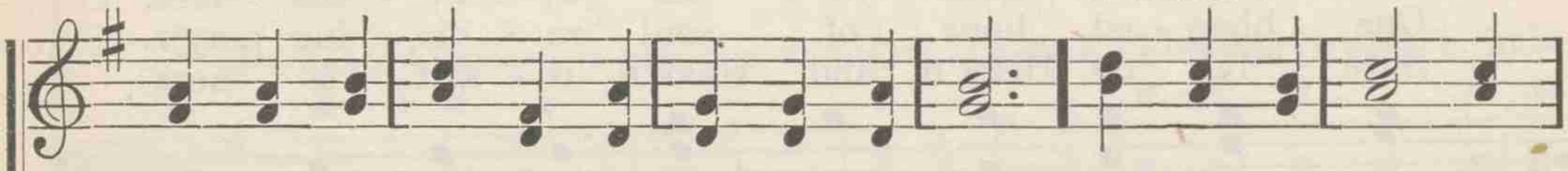
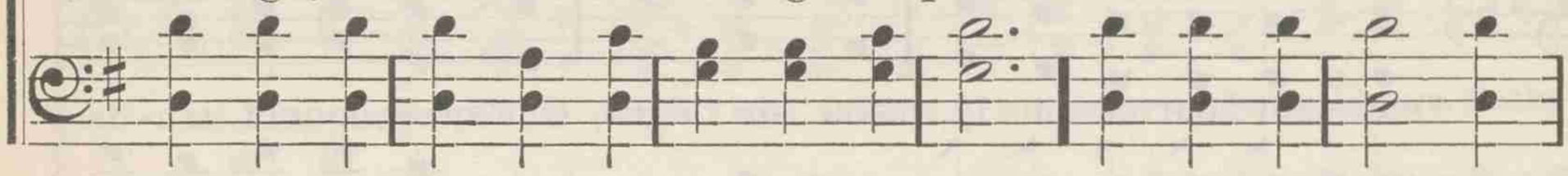
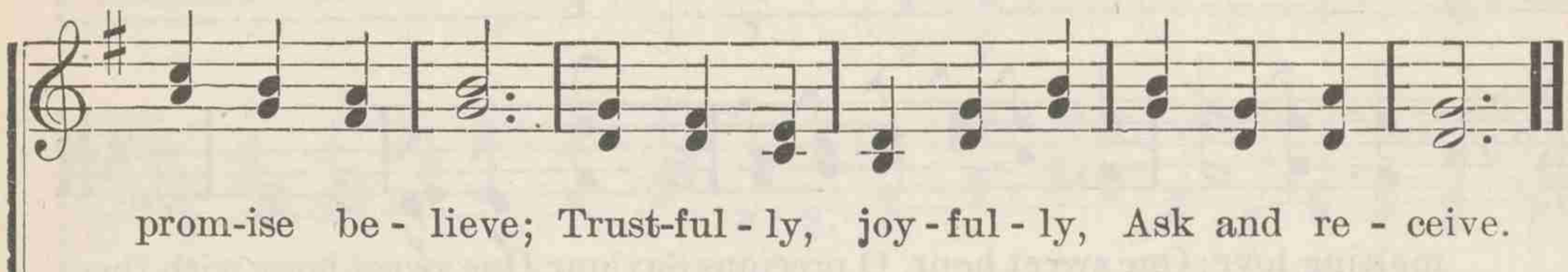
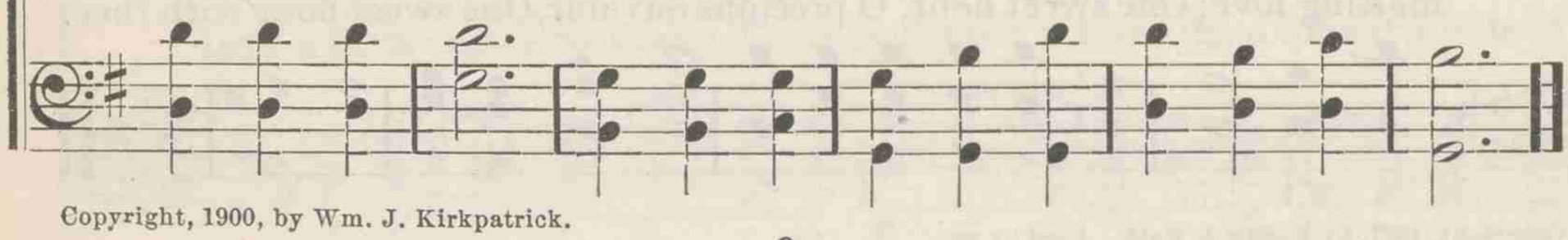

Trusting the prom-ise that nev-er will fail.
Deep-er than words are the wants he can read.
Noth-ing too heav-y for Je-sus to bear.
Love's golden sunshine and star-light of peace.

} Ask and re-ceive; The

prom-ise be-lieve; Trust-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, Ask and re-ceive.

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No. 8. One Blessed Hour With Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. One bless-ed hour with Je - sus our Lord, One bless-ed hour to
2. One bless-ed hour with Je - sus to plead, One bless-ed hour to
3. One bless-ed hour from la - bor to rest, One bless-ed hour to
4. One bless-ed hour with Je - sus our King, One bless-ed hour to

feast on his word; One bless-ed hour with Je - sus a - part,
tell him our need; One bless-ed hour re - fresh - ing and sweet,
lean on his breast; Lov - ing and loved, his fa - vor to share,
speak and to sing; One bless-ed hour with Je - sus, how dear!

One bless - ed hour to calm the troub - led heart.
One bless - ed hour to sit at Je - sus' feet.
One bless - ed hour of soul re - viv - ing pray'r.
Sure - ly 'tis Heav'n, and Heav'n it - self is here.

CHORUS.

One sweet hour of ho - ly, calm de - light, One sweet hour of ten - der,

melting love; One sweet hour, O precious Saviour, One sweet hour with thee.

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No. 9. A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a-bove is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves roll, There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
Friend in-deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the pow-ers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is

CHORUS.

al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be -
lieving prayr', When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear; Then a Father's
love will re - ceive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

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No. 10. A Blest Eternity.

* * *

Duet, Soprano and Tenor. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. After the clouds their flight have sped, After our days and years have fled,
2. Aft - er our seed on earth is sown, Aft-er the time to reap has flown,
3. After these changeful scenes shall end, After our parting, friend with friend,
4. Aft - er the cross we here lay down, Is there for us a robe and crown?

ritando.

Aft-er our care and toil, what then? Say, shall we wake to life a - gain?
Aft-er the sun - set hour is past, Say, shall we wake in Heav'n at last?
Aft-er a night of pain is o'er, Say, shall we meet to weep no more?
Borne on the wings of joy and love, Say, shall we dwell with Christ, above?

CHORUS.

If, on the Rock, ... our faith a - bide, ... If, in its cleft, ...
If, on the Rock, our faith in Christ a - bide, If, in its cleft,

our souls we hide, ... Then, with the Lord, ... we all may
our souls, our souls we hide, Then, with the Lord,

ritardo.

be Safe in a blest E - ter - ni - ty.

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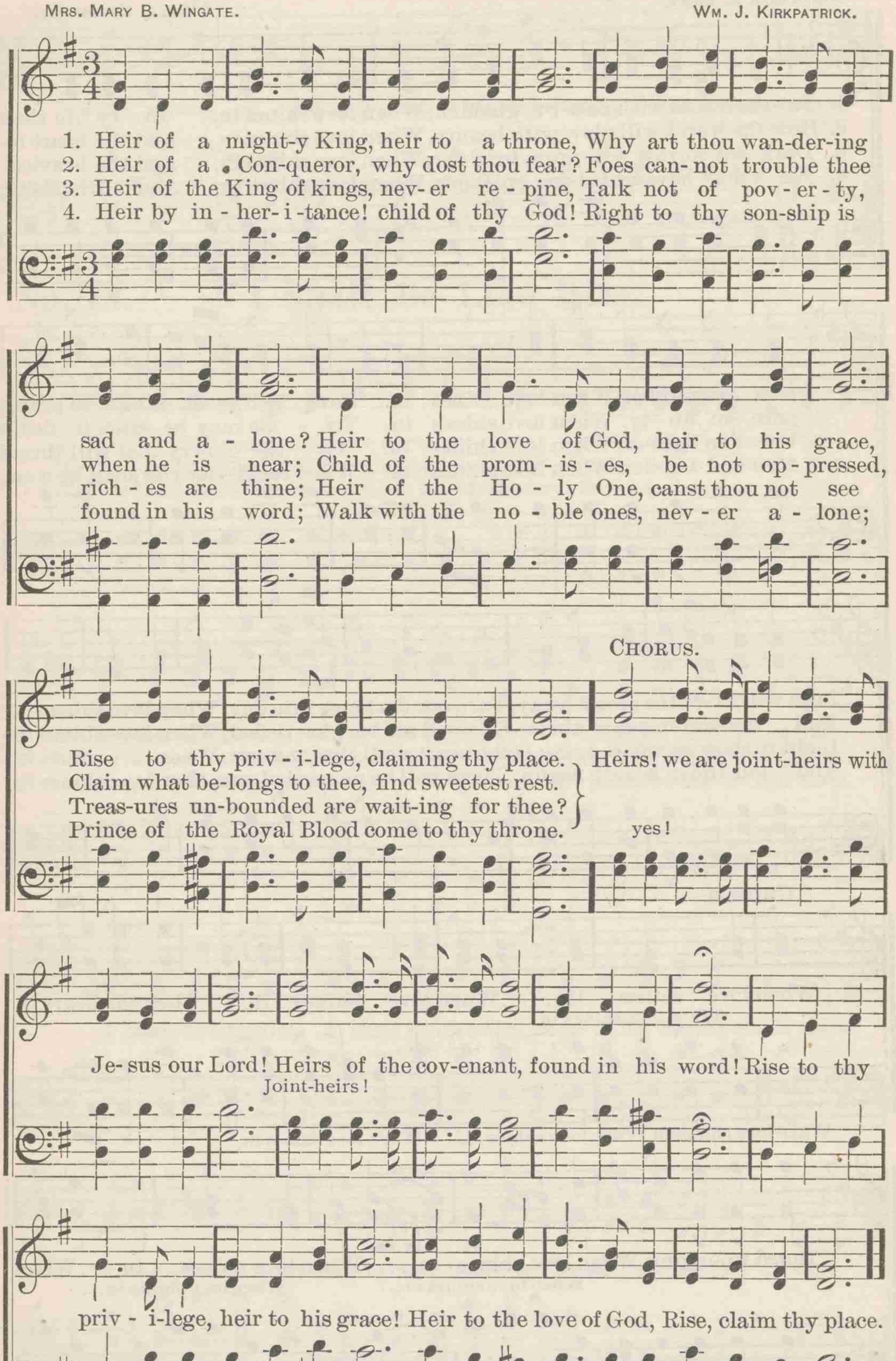
No. 11. Heirs and Joint-Heirs.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No. 12. When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev- 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark -est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . . When love shines in, . . . When
When love shines in; . . When love shines in, . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in.

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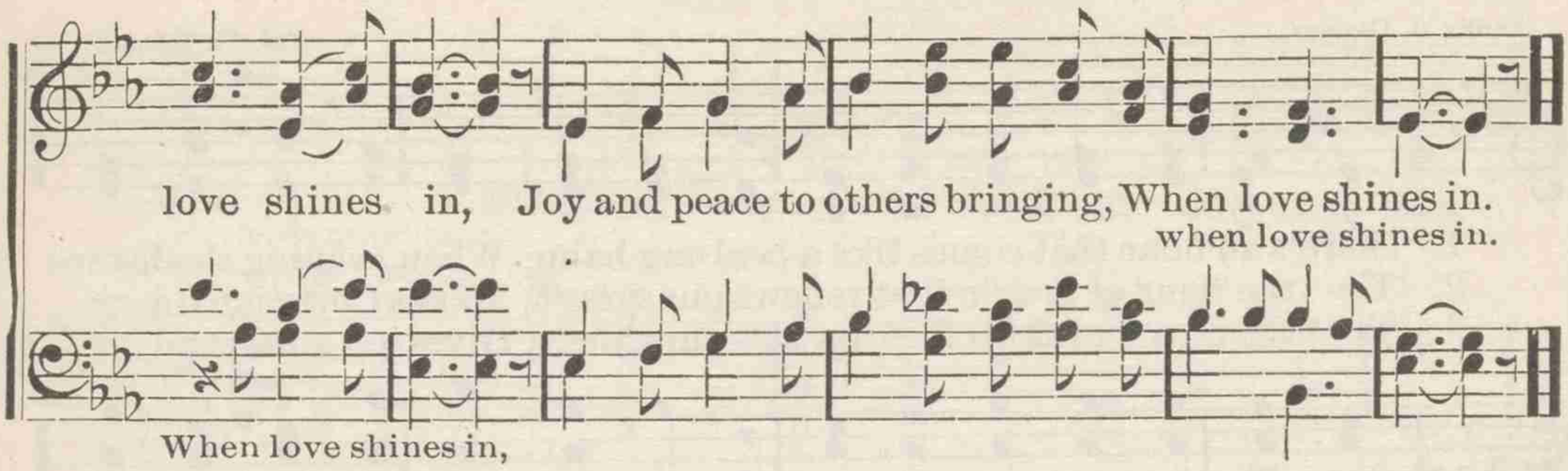
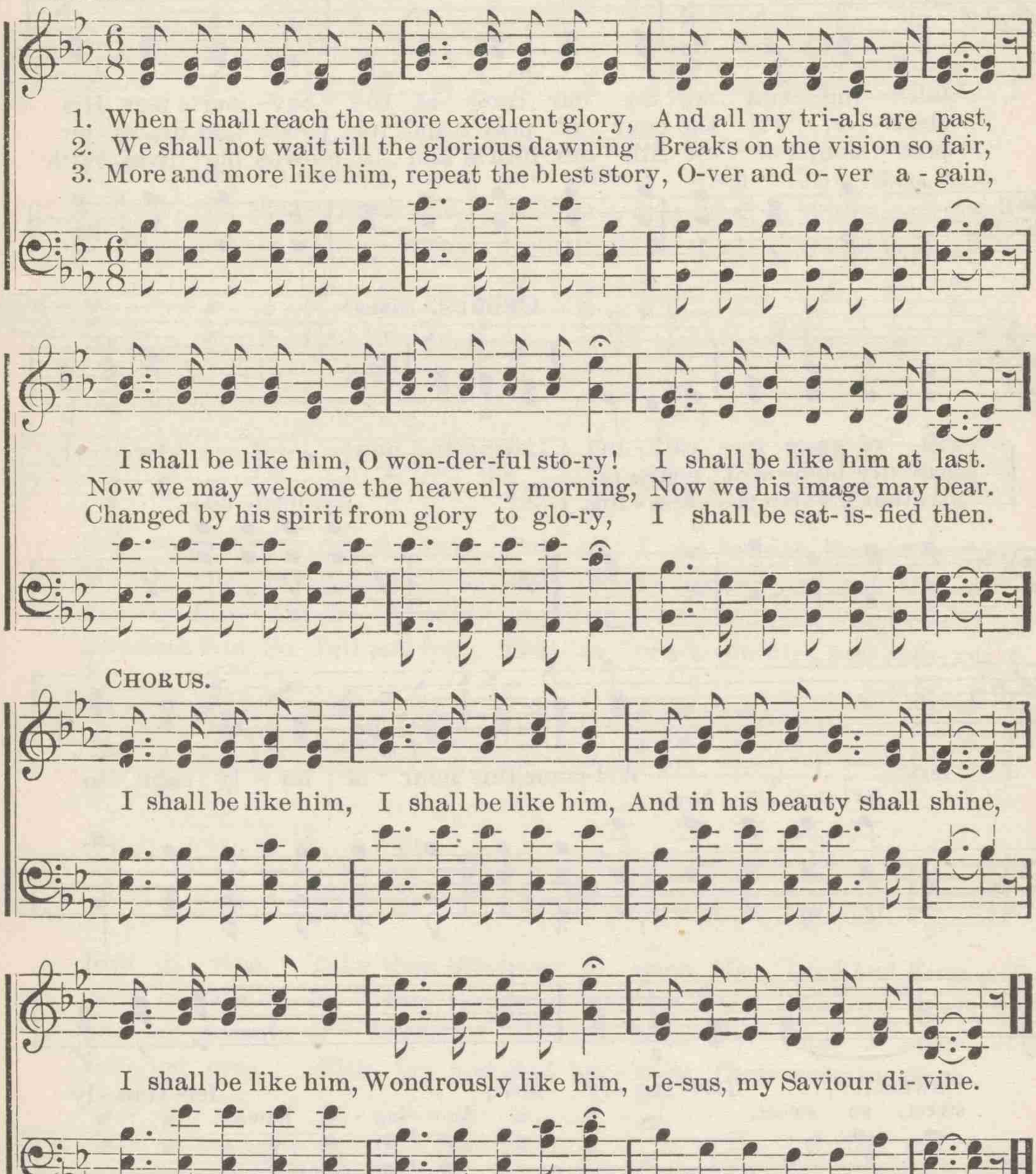
When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



No. 13. I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. REV. A. SPENCER, D. D.

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No. 14. The Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's an hour that comes like a heal-ing balm, When evening shades are fall - ing, And we lay our cares at the Sav - iour's feet, His
2. 'Tis the hour of pray'r that renews our strength, Makes Christian du- ty clear - er, 'Tis the hour of pray'r and its pow'r that draws Our
3. 'Tis the pray'r of faith that dis-pels our clouds, Gives joy be-yond ex - pres - sion, For it fills our hearts and it crowns our lives With

CHORUS. *Slower.*

gift of grace re - call - ing
heav'nly home still near - er.
all that's worth pos - sess - ing.

} Loving-ly now, fervent-ly

Lov-ing-ly now,

bow, Wel-come this hour of ho - ly calm so

fer - vent - ly bow,

sweet;..... Lov- ing - ly now, fer- vent - ly

sweet, so sweet, Lov - ing - ly now,

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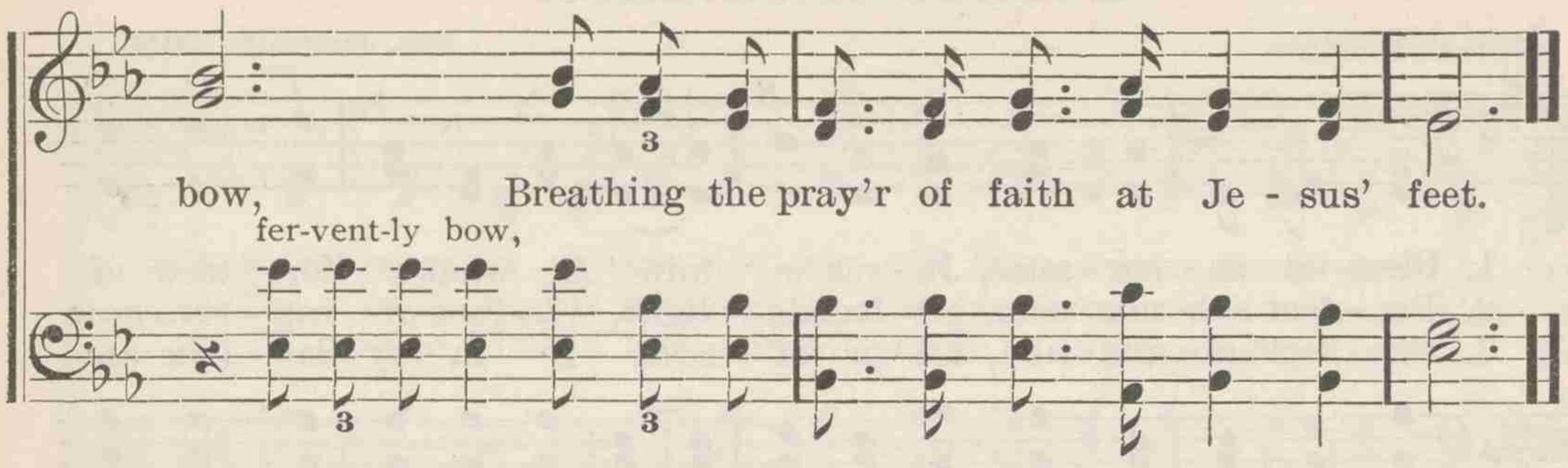
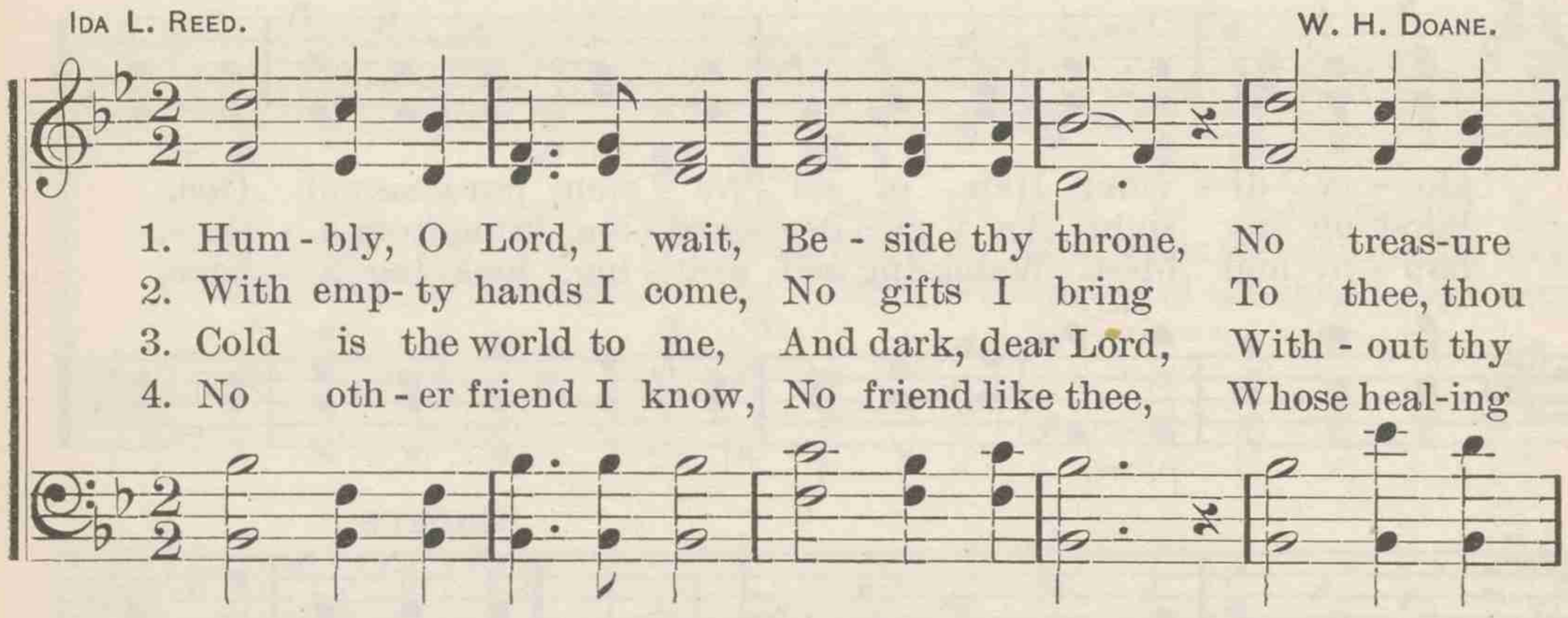
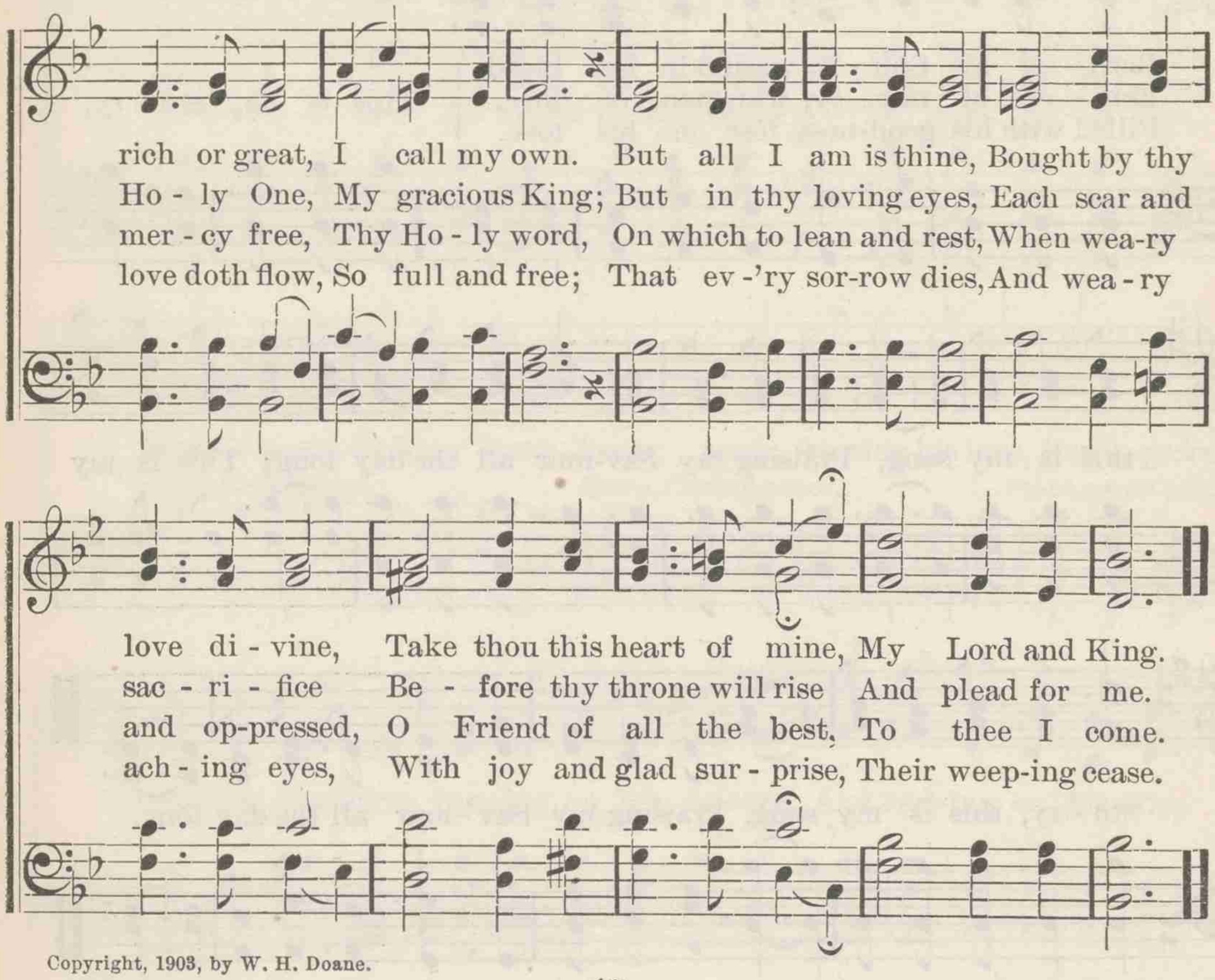
The Hour of Prayer—Concluded.



No. 15. Humbly, O Lord, I Wait.

IDA L. REED. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 16. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove,
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto-ry,

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

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No. 17. Sweet Peace is My Portion.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet peace is my por-tion, my gift from a-bove, Sweet peace in my
2. I'm trust-ing his keeping, on life's checkered road, I praise him for
3. All praise, blessed Sav-iour, all praise to thy grace, My Light in the

Sav-iour, re-ceiv-ing his love; He died to re-deem me, he
bless-ing so free-ly be-stowed; In faith, pure and child-like, still
dark-ness, my Strength in the race; With joy-ful thanksgiv-ing thy

liv-eth on high, And gra-cious-ly saves me, as moments pass by.
may I a-bide, And find, as I jour-ney, sweet peace at his side.
prom-ise I see, "All things work to-geth-er for good" un-to me.

Peace, peace, looking above, Peace, peace, trusting his love, Peace, peace,
Peace, sweet peace, Peace, blessed peace, Peace, sweet peace,

noth-ing can harm, Leaning on his bo-som, And rest-ing on his arm.

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No. 18. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With ten - der com -
2. Some heart may be long-ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plunged in the darkest de-spair, Whose shadows would
4. Come all ye that la - bor, ye wea- ry and worn, Come ye who in

pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear his be-seech-ing, and
Spir - it is quickened and stirred; Now grant, bless-ed Sav-iour, this
melt in the sun- light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav-iour, I
sor - row or sin - ful- ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

earn-est - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless-ing to - day.
serv- ice to me, Of speaking a com - fort-ing mes-sage for thee.
hum-bly im- plore, The sweet con-so - la - tion that soul to re- store,
Je - sus con- vey: O make me a bless- ing, dear Sav-iour, to - day.

CHORUS.

Lord, make.... me a blessing to-day, A blessing to some one, I pray;
Lord, make me a blessing, I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a blessing to - day.

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No. 19. Tell of the Love of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Out in the world where so ma - ny are sad, Tell of the
2. Out in the high- ways of strug - gle and strife, Tell of the
3. Down in the val - leys of grief and de - spair, Tell of the
4. Out in the ev - er dark plac - es of sin, Tell of the

love of Je - sus; Ev - er it com-forts and makes the soul glad;
love of Je - sus; Tell how it sweet-ens and bright-ens your life;
love of Je - sus; Say he is long- ing their sor- rows to share;
love of Je - sus; Help some poor sin - ner sal - va - tion to win;

CHORUS.

Tell of the love of Je - sus. Tell of it, sing of it ev - 'ry hour;

Tell of its sweetness and sing of its pow'r, O what a bless- ing to

oth - ers you'll be, If you'll tell of the love of Je - sus.

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No. 20. Jesus Unerring Pilot.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, life's sea is rough and wide, I need thy constant pres-ence, I need a faith-ful guide; I see the
2. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, sometimes long are the nights, Yet thro' the gathered dark-ness, I see the dis - tant lights; I know where
3. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, to thee is known the way, To thee ap-pear the dan - gers, thou canst all fears al - lay. The rocks may
4. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, no boat how-ev - er tossed, With thee, can in the bil - lows or on the rocks be lost; Be - side the

surg - ing wa - ters thro' which my bark must go, But O my Lord! with
they are burn - ing no tempests ev - er sweep, And that O Lord! with
line the o - cean, washed by its whitened foam, But O my Lord! with
peace-ful hav - en, be-yond the breakers' roar, O mighty Lord! with

CHORUS.

thee on board, I'll safe-ly cross I know.
thee on board, I'll safe-ly cross the deep.
thee on board, I'll safe-ly reach my home.
thee on board, I'll reach the heav'nly shore.
} Jesus un - err - ing Pi - lot, guide thou my help-less bark A - cross life's stormy sea, A -

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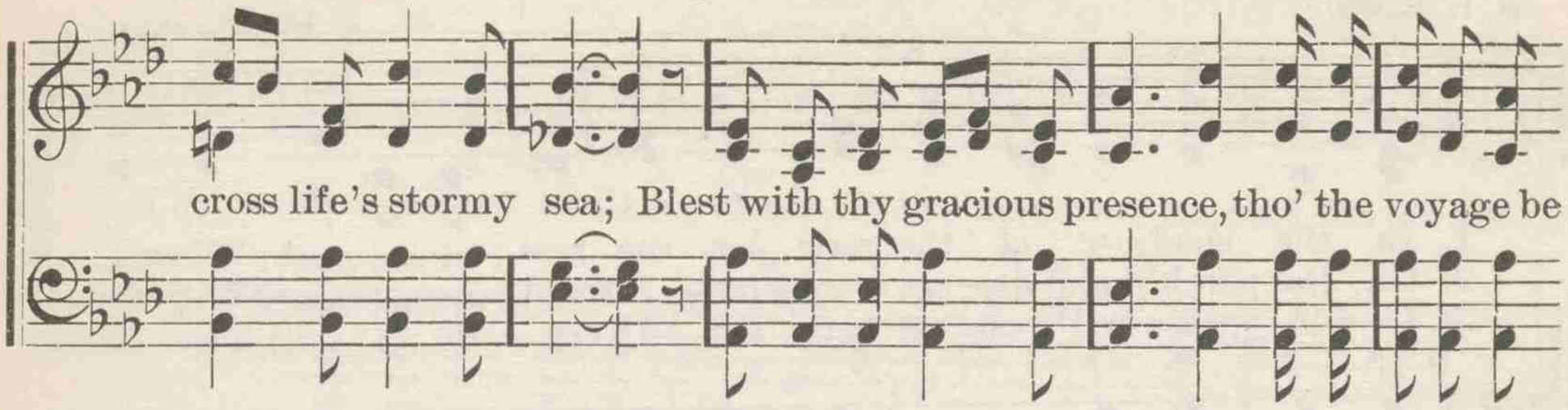
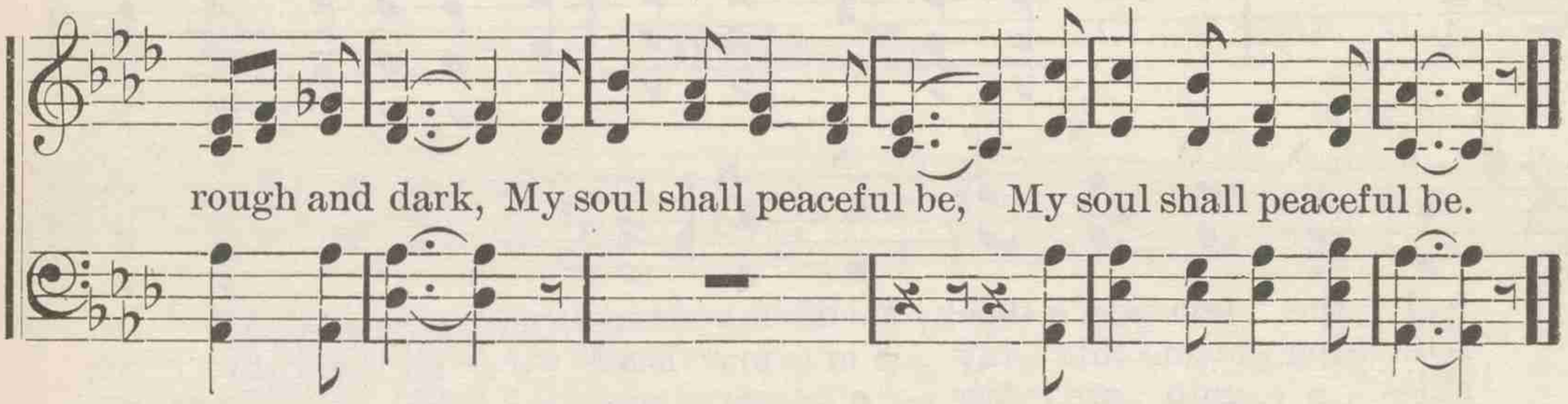
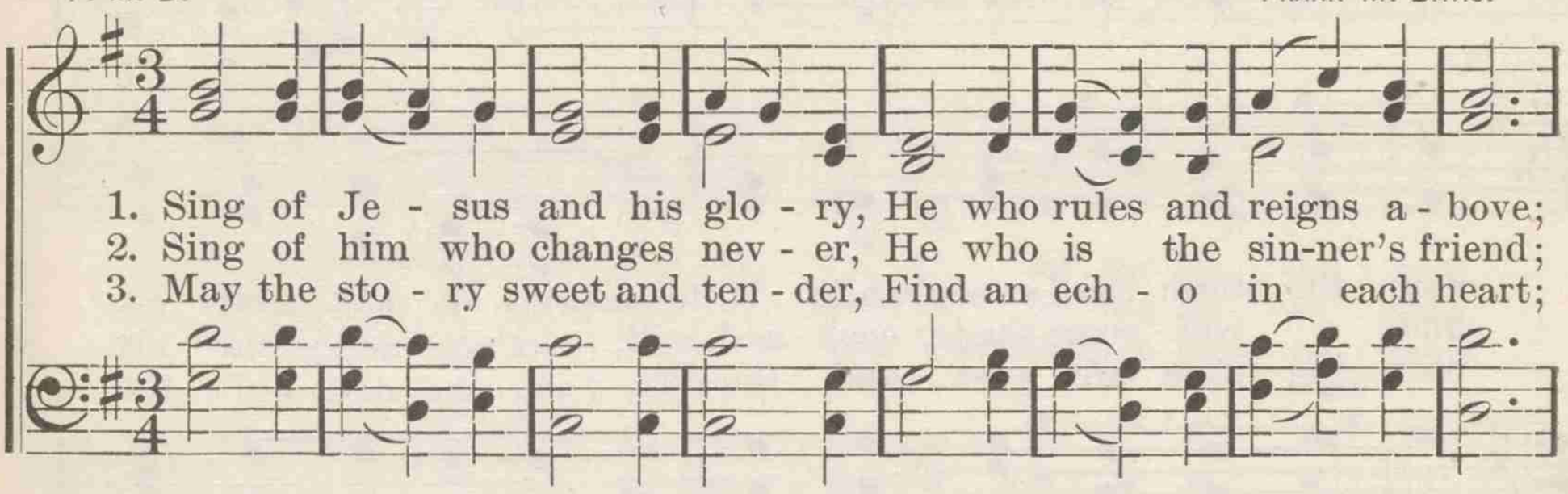
Jesus Unerring Pilot.—Concluded.

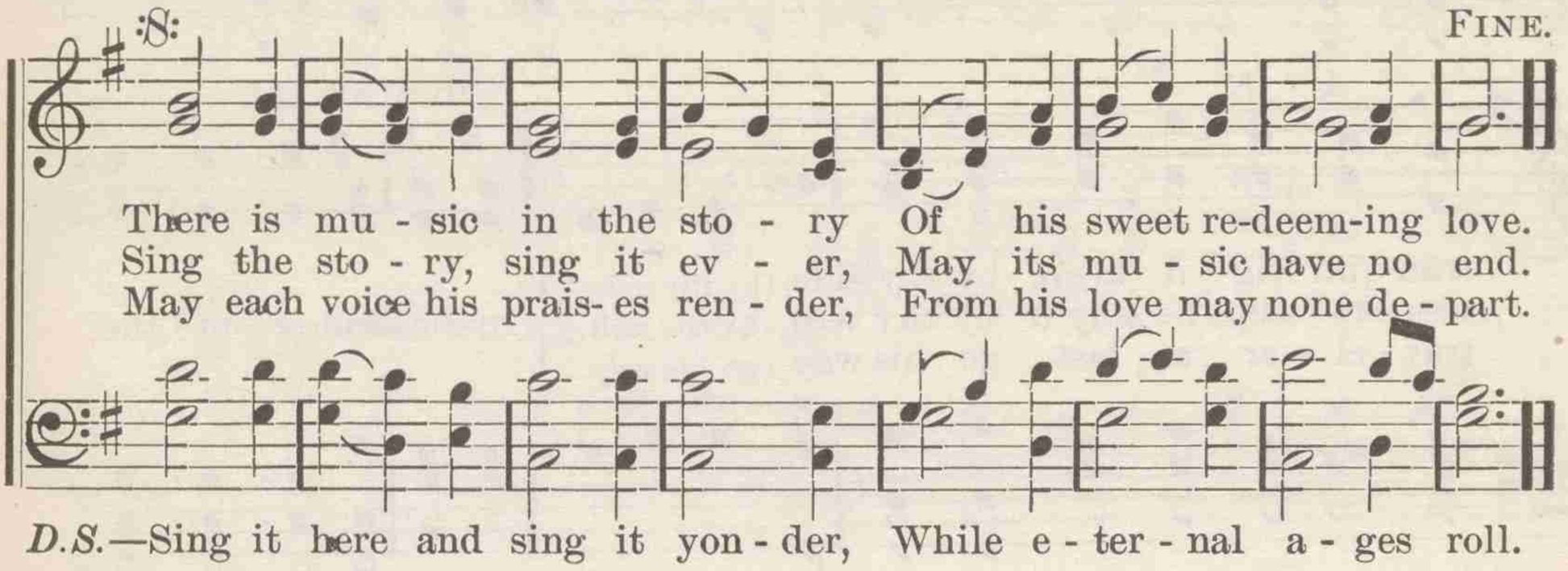


No. 21. The Music of the Story.

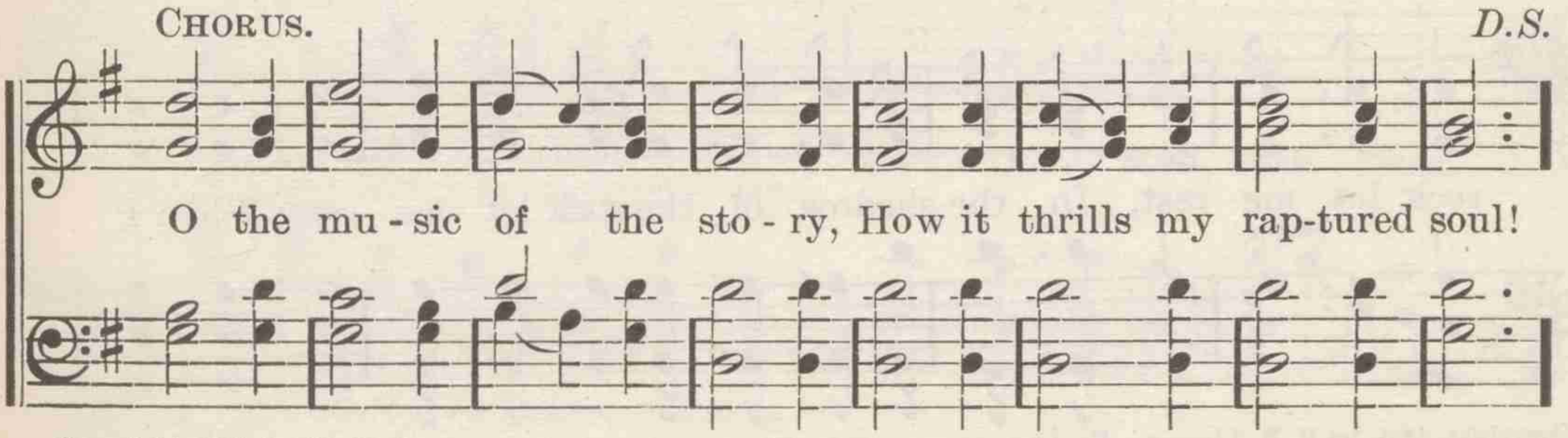
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



FINE.



D.S.—Sing it here and sing it yon - der, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

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No. 22. In the Shadow of the Rock.

DR. H. BONAR. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. In the shad-ow of the rock let me rest, (let me rest,) When I
2. On the parch'd and des- ert way where I tread, (where I tread,) With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, (till I see,) That the

feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast, (thrill my breast,) All in
scorch-ing noon - tide ray o'er my head, (o'er my head,) Let me
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, (o - ver me,) That the

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, (while I hide,) And my
find a wel - come shade, cool and still, (cool and still,) And my
burn - ing heats are past and the day, (and the day,) Bids the

CHORUS.

tran-quil vig - il keep, by thy side. (by thy side.)
wea - ry steps be stay'd by thy will. (by thy will.)
trav - el - er at last go his way. (go his way.)
} In the shadow of the

rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest; When I

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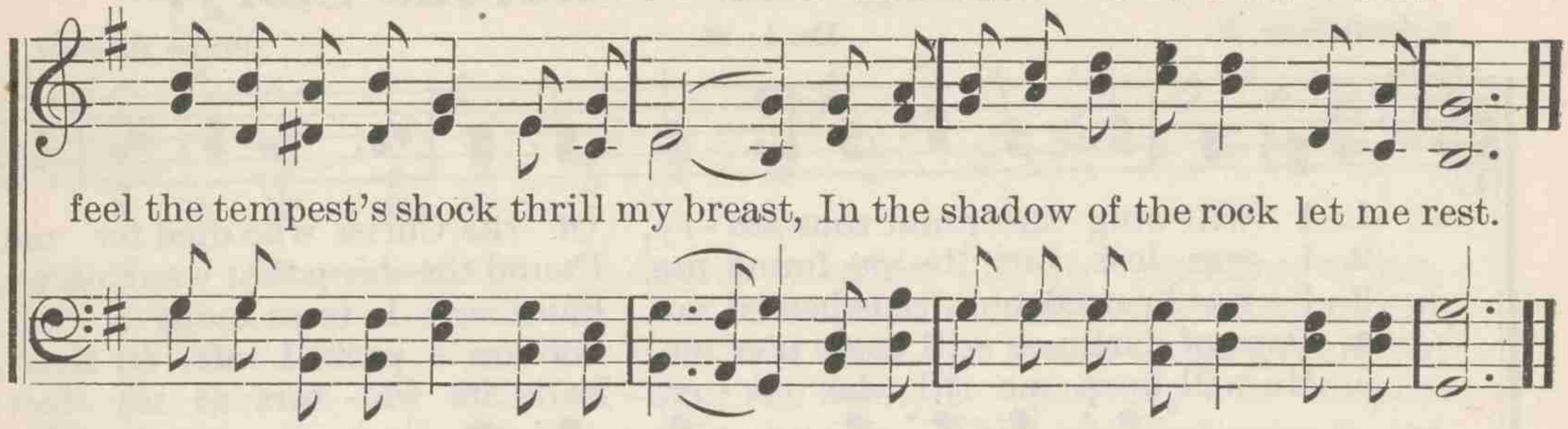
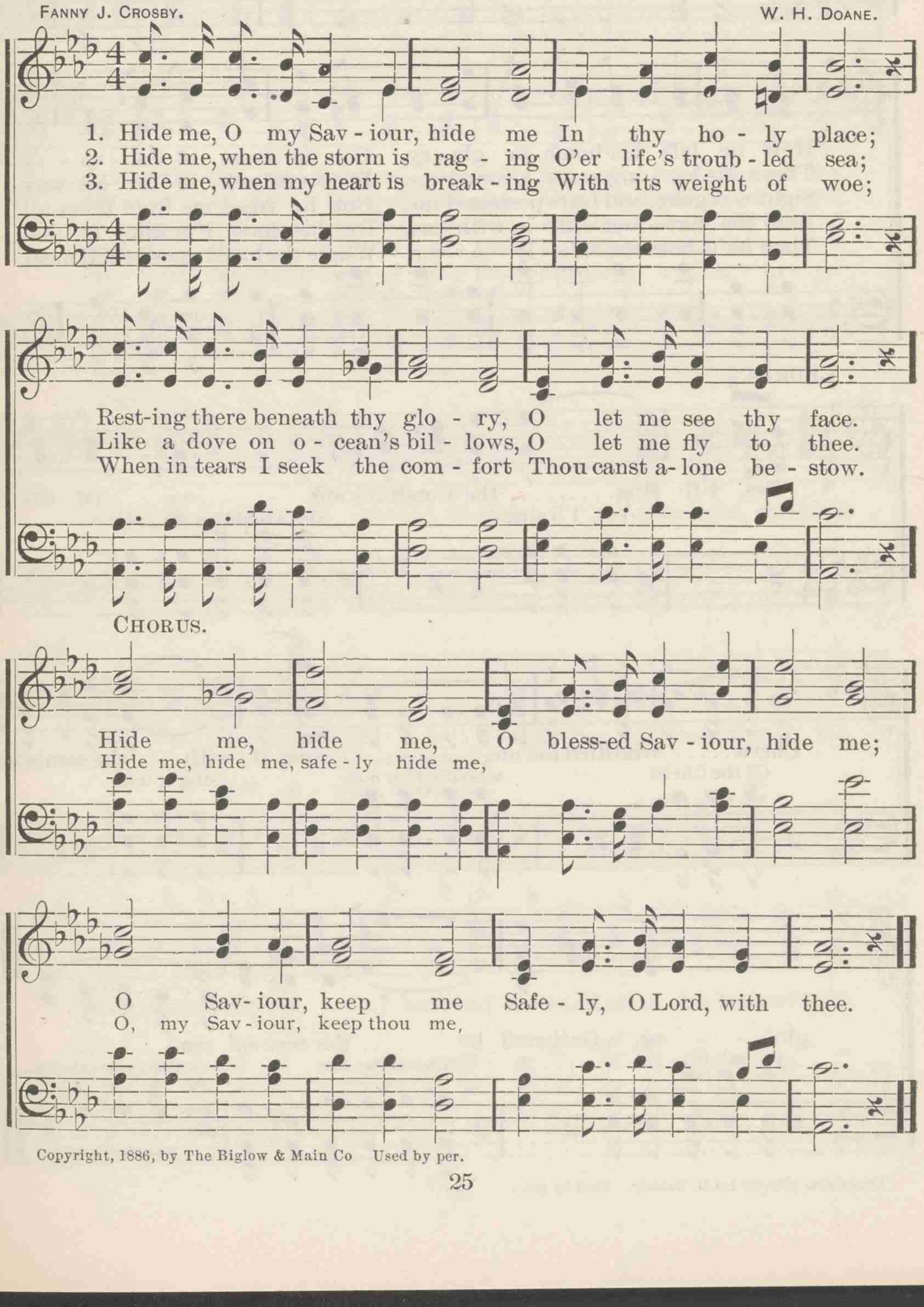
In the Shadow of the Rock.—Concluded.



No. 23. Hide Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 24. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY. Ps. 1: 89. PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je- sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er, Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How he left his home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw his lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to his way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry,
Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with.... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, sing it with
glo - - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.....
the saints in glo - ry, gathered by the the crys- tal sea.

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No. 25. Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet commun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun - light of his love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How-ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun - light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the bright-ness of his face, Thro'out e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light
to-day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way;
took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with-in.
load of sin,

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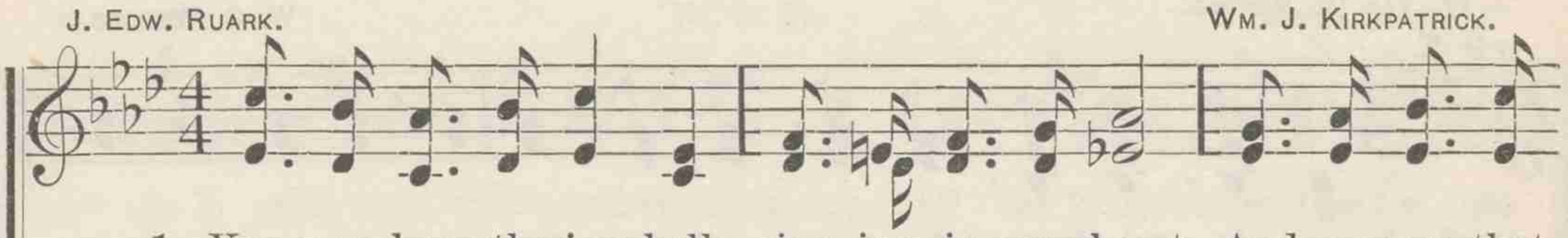
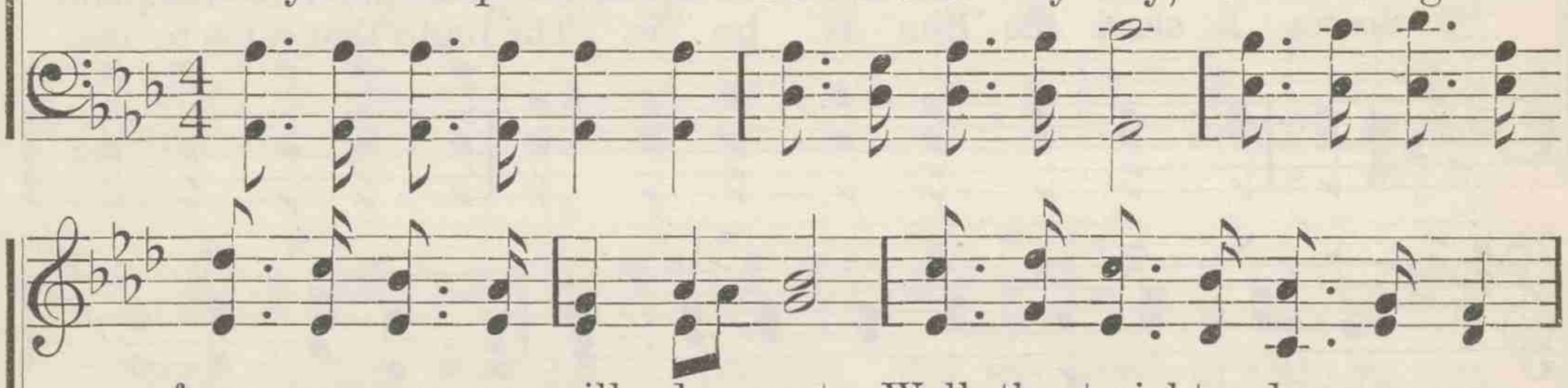
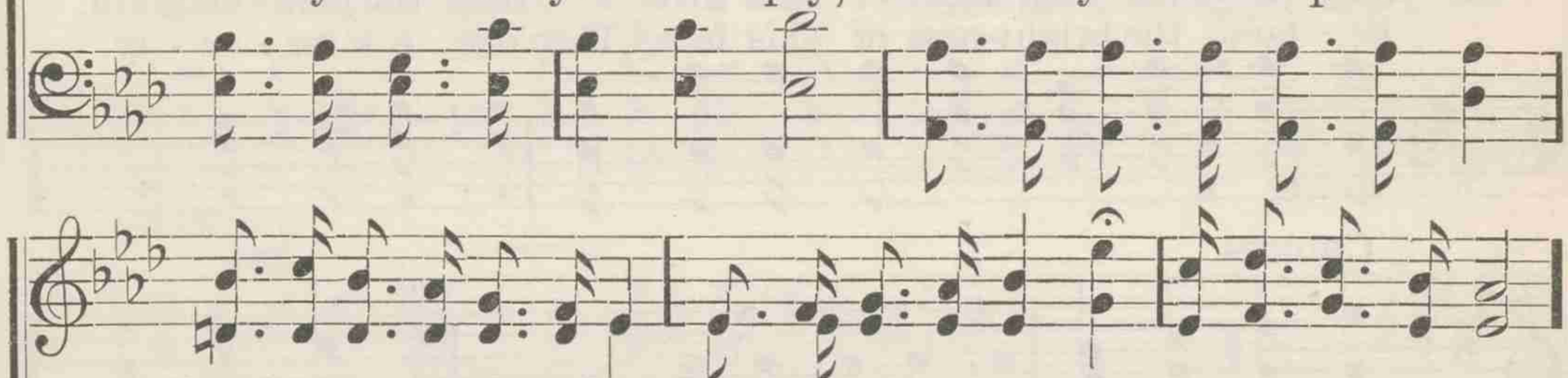
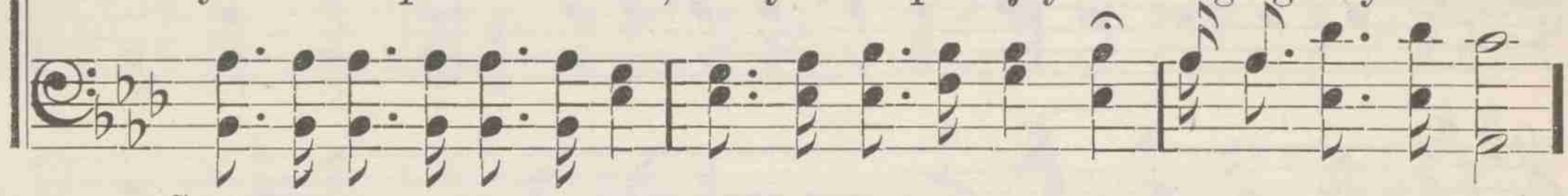
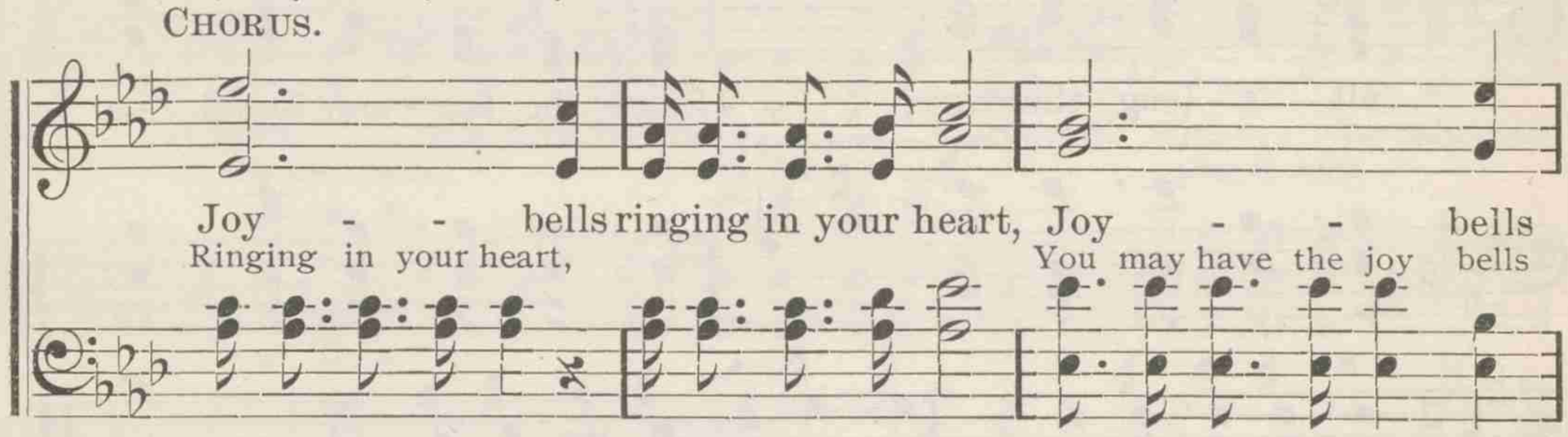
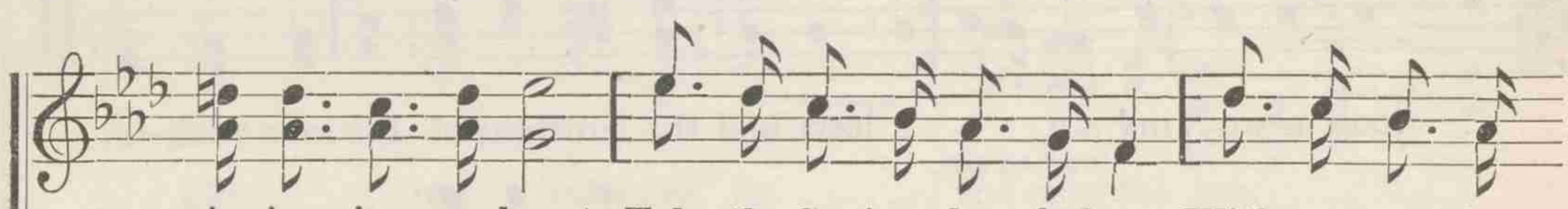
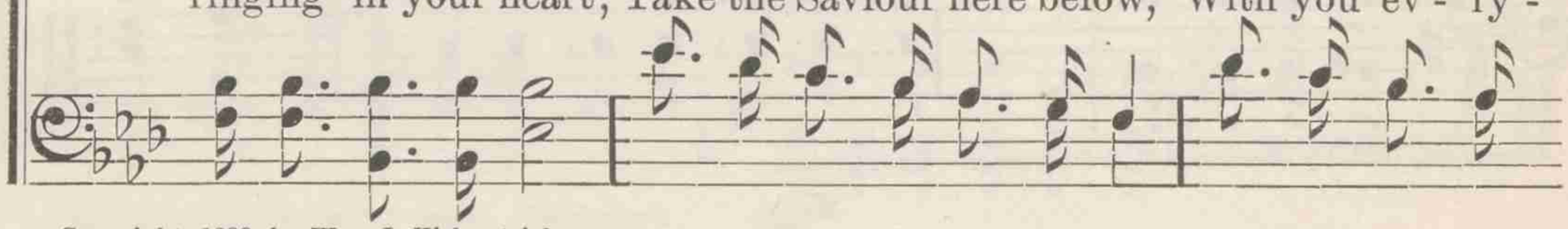
No. 26. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells

ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry-

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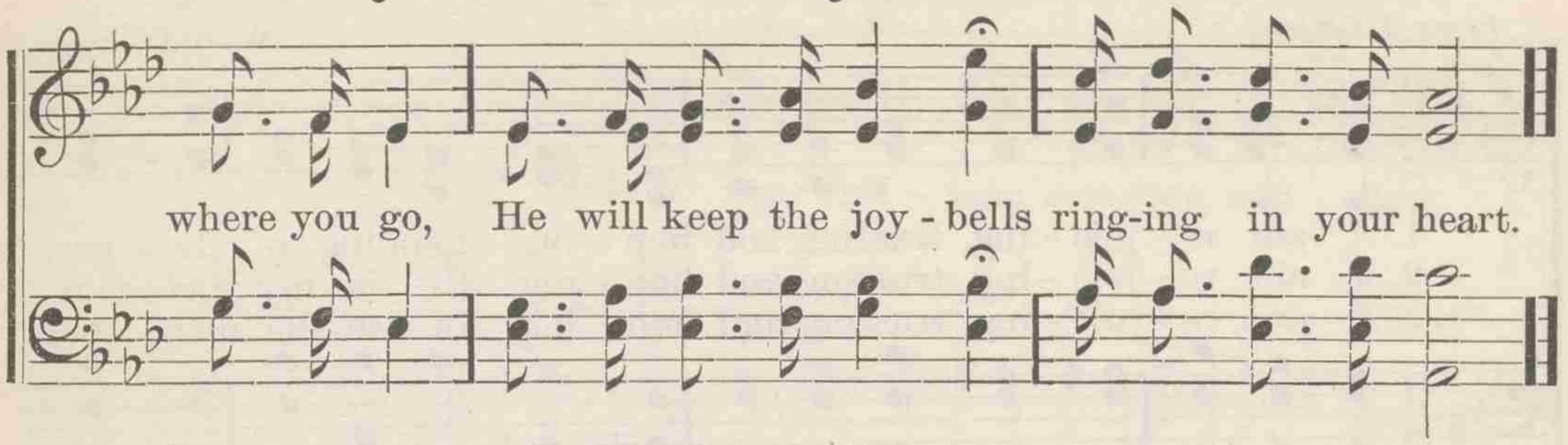
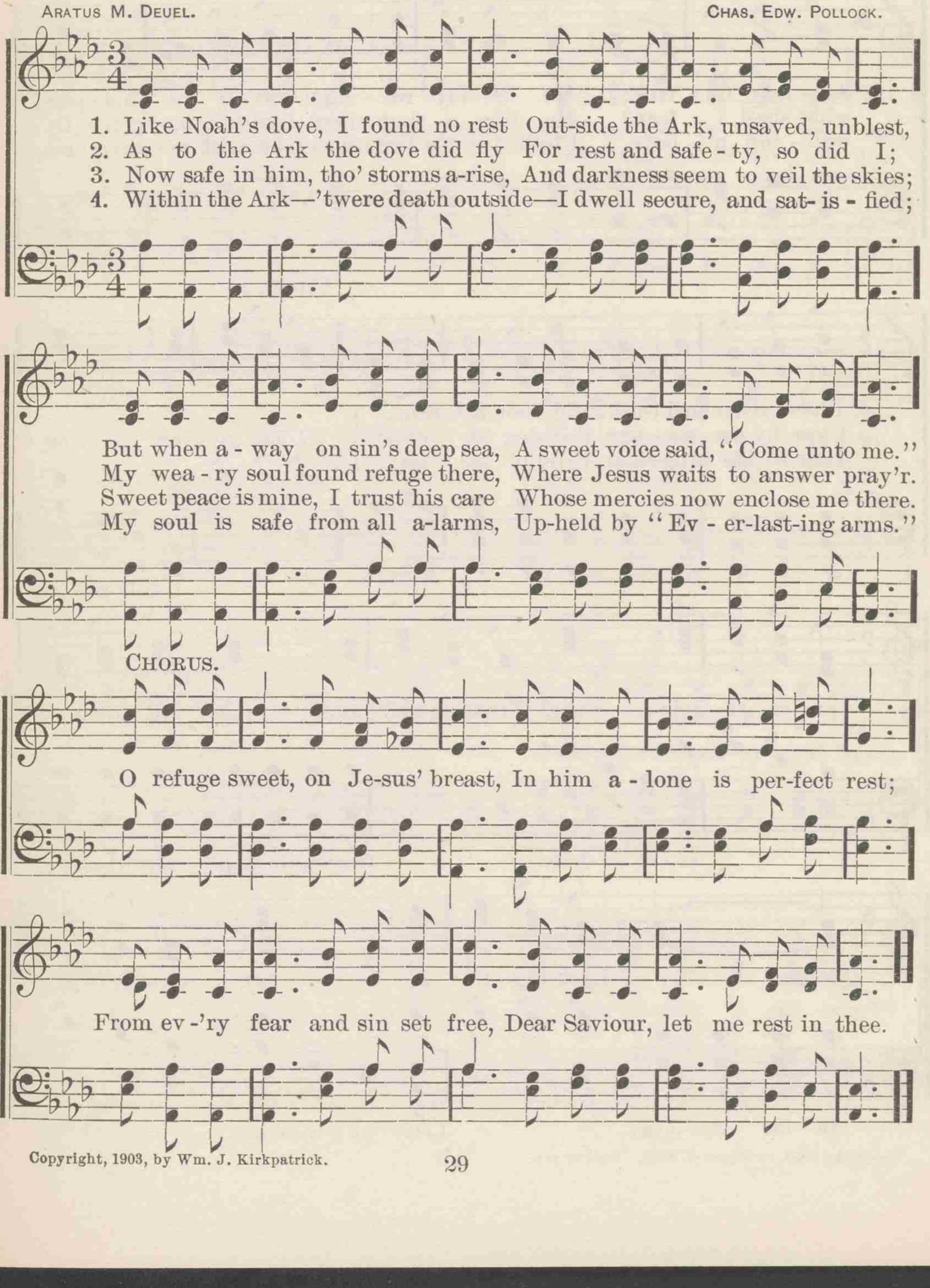
You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

No. 27. O Refuge Sweet.

Psa. 9: 9.

ARATUS M. DEUEL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 28. Trusting and Hoping.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am re - joic - ing, trusting and hop - ing, Looking to Je - sus,
2. I am re - joic - ing, trusting and hop - ing; He is my Sav - iour;
3. I am re - joic - ing, trusting and hop - ing; In - to the man - sions

Sav - iour di - vine; He is my ref - uge; soft - ly he whis - pers,
what shall I fear? He like a shep - herd lead-eth me gen - tly,
wait - ing a - bove, Clothed in his brightness, he will re - ceive me,

CHORUS.

"I have redeemed thee, child, thou art mine."
Close by the wa - ters flow-ing so clear.
Heir to his king-dom, child of his love.

I am re - joic - ing,

I will re-joice,

ev - er re - joic - ing, Trusting and hop - ing all the day

ev - er re - joice, Trusting in hope all the day,

long;..... Look-ing to Je - - sus, on - ly to

all the day long; Look - ing to him,

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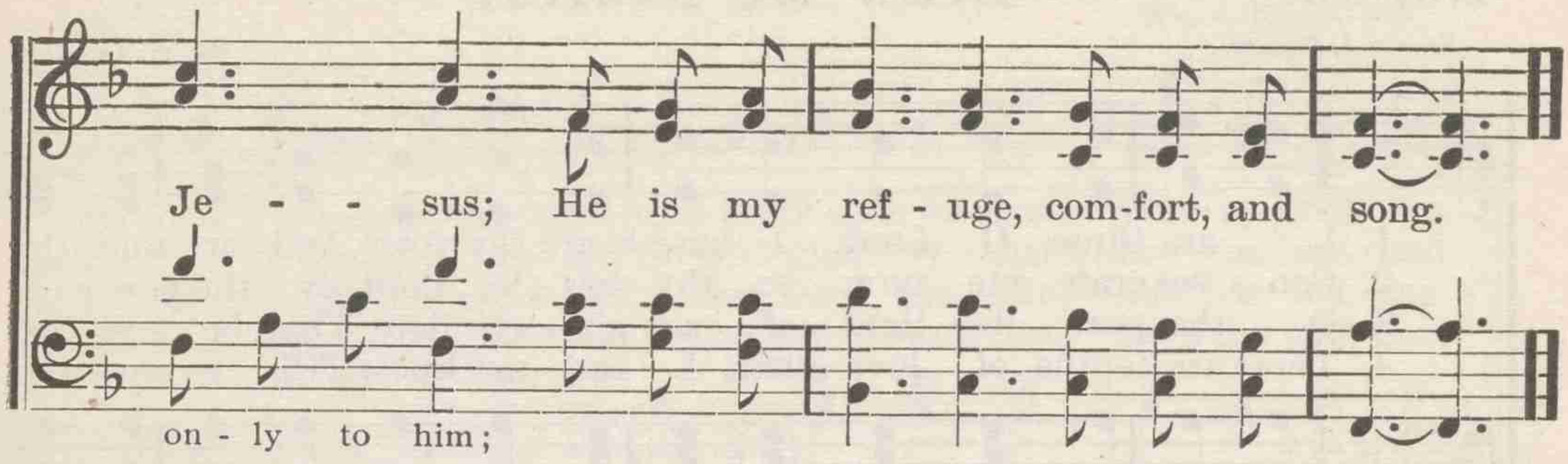
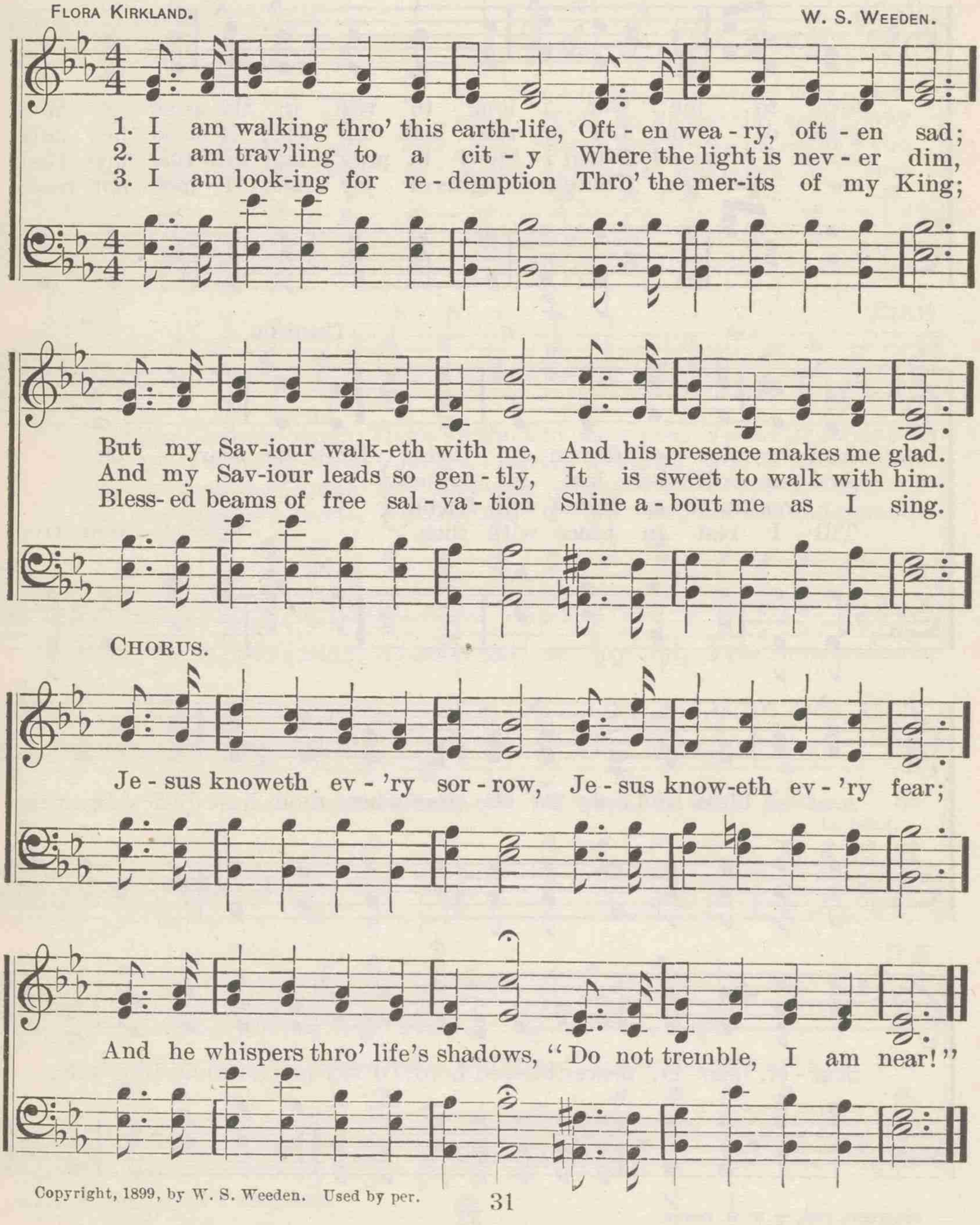
Trusting and Hoping.—Concluded.

No. 29. Jesus All the Way.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.



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No. 30. Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se- crate me now to thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to thee.
And my will be lost in thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with thee.

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er,

near- er, bless- ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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No. 31. Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
2. Ev - 'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you
4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

:S: FINE.

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

O yes, O hear,

D.S.

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No. 32. More Holy Would I Be.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Bless-ed Re-deem-er like thee,
2. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Pa- tient, sub- mis-sive and meek,
3. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Al - ways a-bound-ing in love,

O that mine eyes may be o- pened, More of thy beau- ty to see.
Ten-der, for - giv - ing and watch-ful, On - ly thy glo - ry to seek.
Looking a - way to the man - sion Thou art pre - par - ing a - bove.

O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Dai - ly thine im- age to bear,
Toil - ing but nev - er re - pin - ing, Faith-ful - ly bear-ing my part,
Counting each tri - al a bless- ing, Trust-ing what-ev - er be - fall,

Then from the wiles of the temp - er I shall be safe in thy care.
Je - sus my bless- ed Re- deem - er, This is the pray'r of my heart.
This is my earn- est en - deav - or, Je - sus my Ref- uge, my All.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, more ho - ly, O still.... would I be,.....
Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Holy, more ho - ly, Blessed Redeemer, O still would I be,

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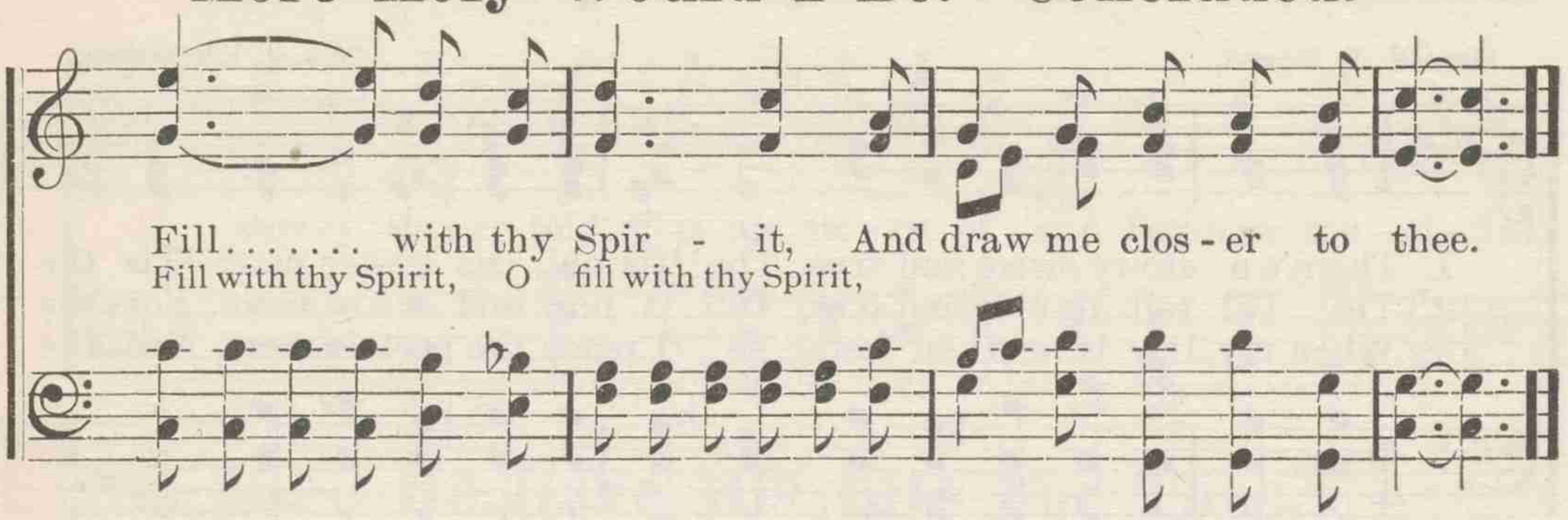
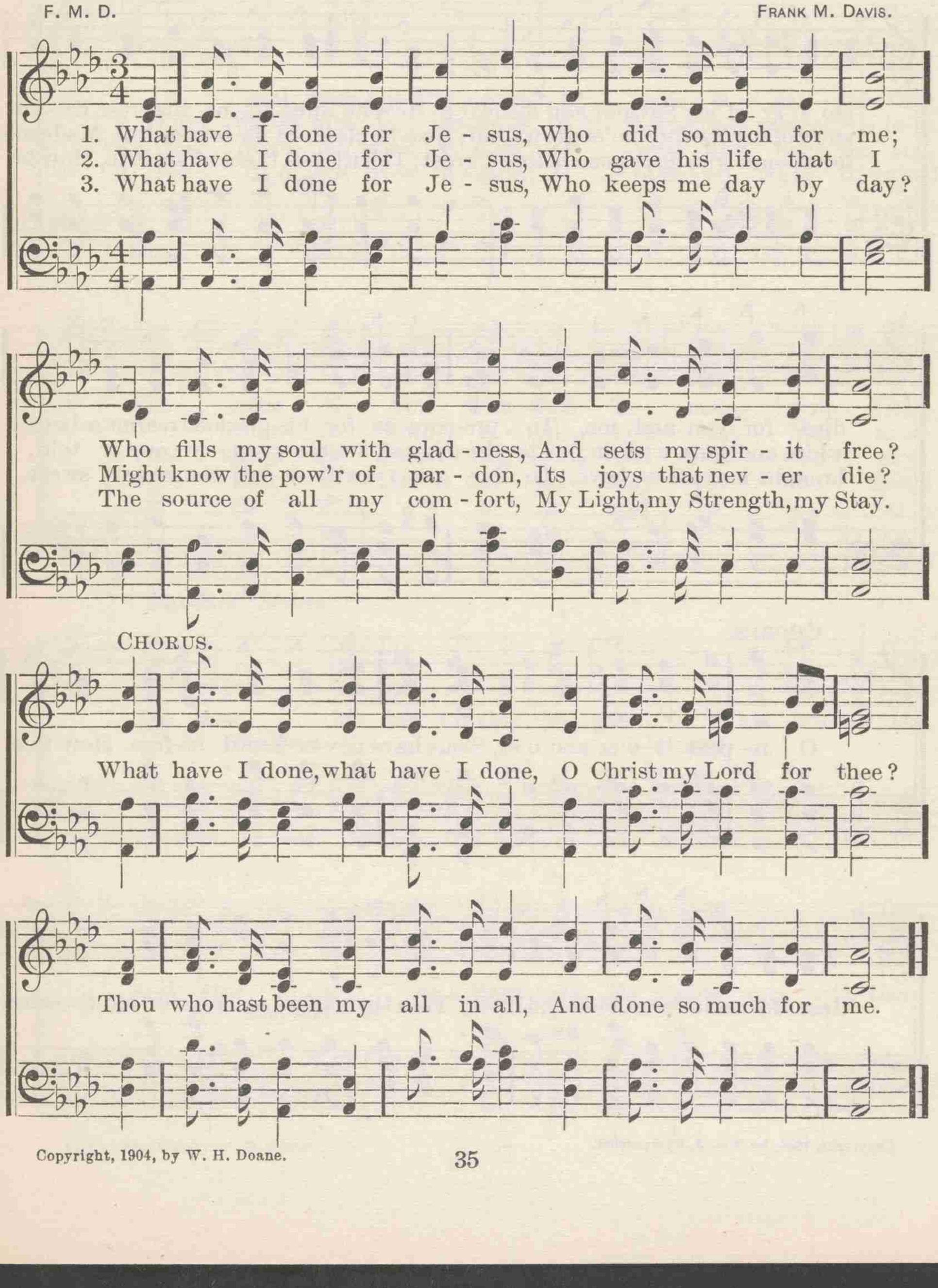
More Holy Would I Be.—Concluded.

No. 33. What Have I Done?

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

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No. 34. There's a Story Sweet and True.

MRS. W. T. MORRIS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a sto-ry sweet and true, Tho' 'tis old, 'tis ev - er new; 'Tis the sto - ry of my Saviour and his love; How he hung up- on the tree, Ev - en
2. Yes, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, Tell it now and ev - er more, For the story of my Saviour ne'er grows old; How he cleansed me from all sin, Made me
3. When my life is end - ed here, As I reach the portals there, And the loved ones who have gone before I greet; I shall tell them of his love, How he

died for you and me, To pre-pare us for his glorious realms a-bove.
white and pure with-in; 'Tis the dearest, sweetest sto - ry ev - er told.
brought me safe a - bove, To his glo - ry will I tell the sto - ry sweet.

CHORUS.

O re- peat it o'er and o'er, Some have nev-er heard be-fore How that Jesus for us suffered, bled and died; 'Tis a theme that ne'er grows old, Sweetest

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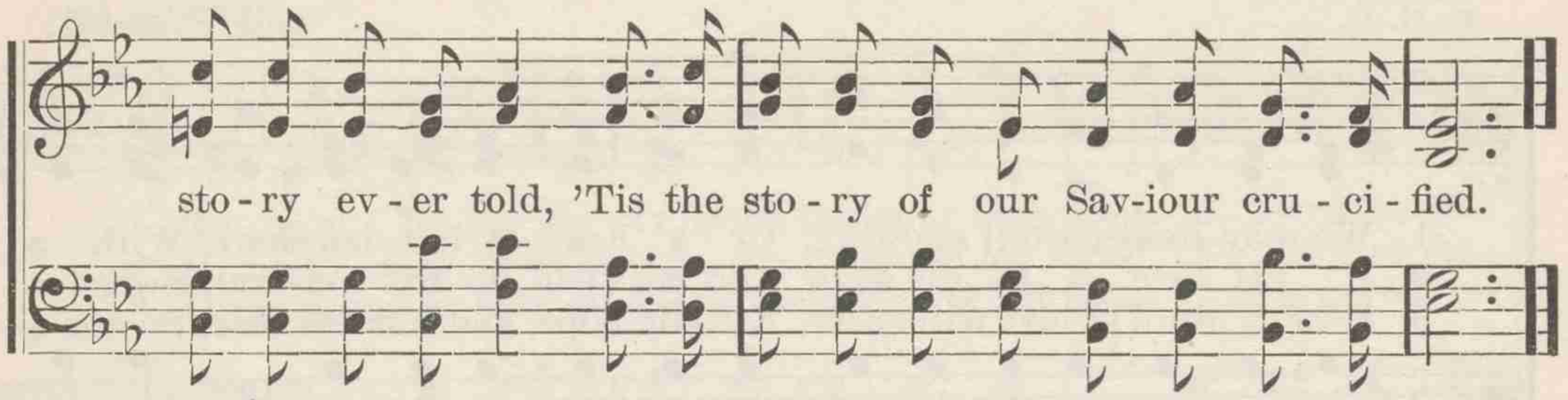
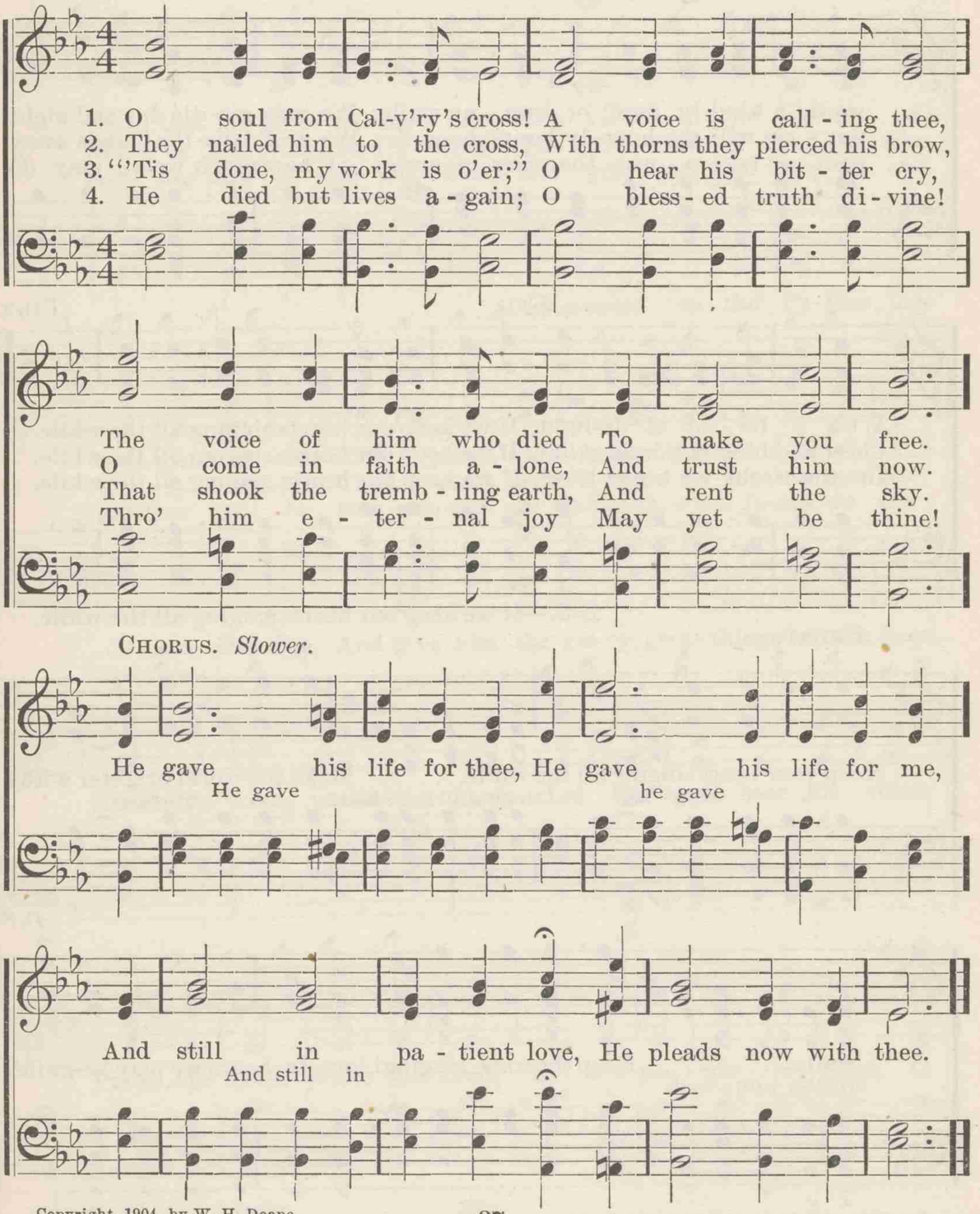
There's a Story Sweet and True.—Concluded.



No. 35. He Gave His Life For Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 36. Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir- dle day and night,
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con- trol, Sweetest mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds away,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,

With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

D.S.—If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while, ... Make the world brighter with a sing - ing, singing all the while; bright-er, smile, ... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile, brighter with a smile,

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No. 37. To God be the Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things he hath done, So loved he the
2. O per - fect re-demption, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be -
3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done, And great our re-

world that he gave us his Son, Who yield - ed his life an a -
liev - er the prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who
joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and

D. S.—come to the Fa - ther, thro'

tone-ment for sin, And o-pened the Life-gate that all may go in.
tru - ly believes, That moment from Je - sus a par-don receives.
great - er will be Our won-der, our transport, when Je-sus we see.

Je - sus the Son, And give him the glo-ry, great things he hath done.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear his voice;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice; O

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No. 38. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won- der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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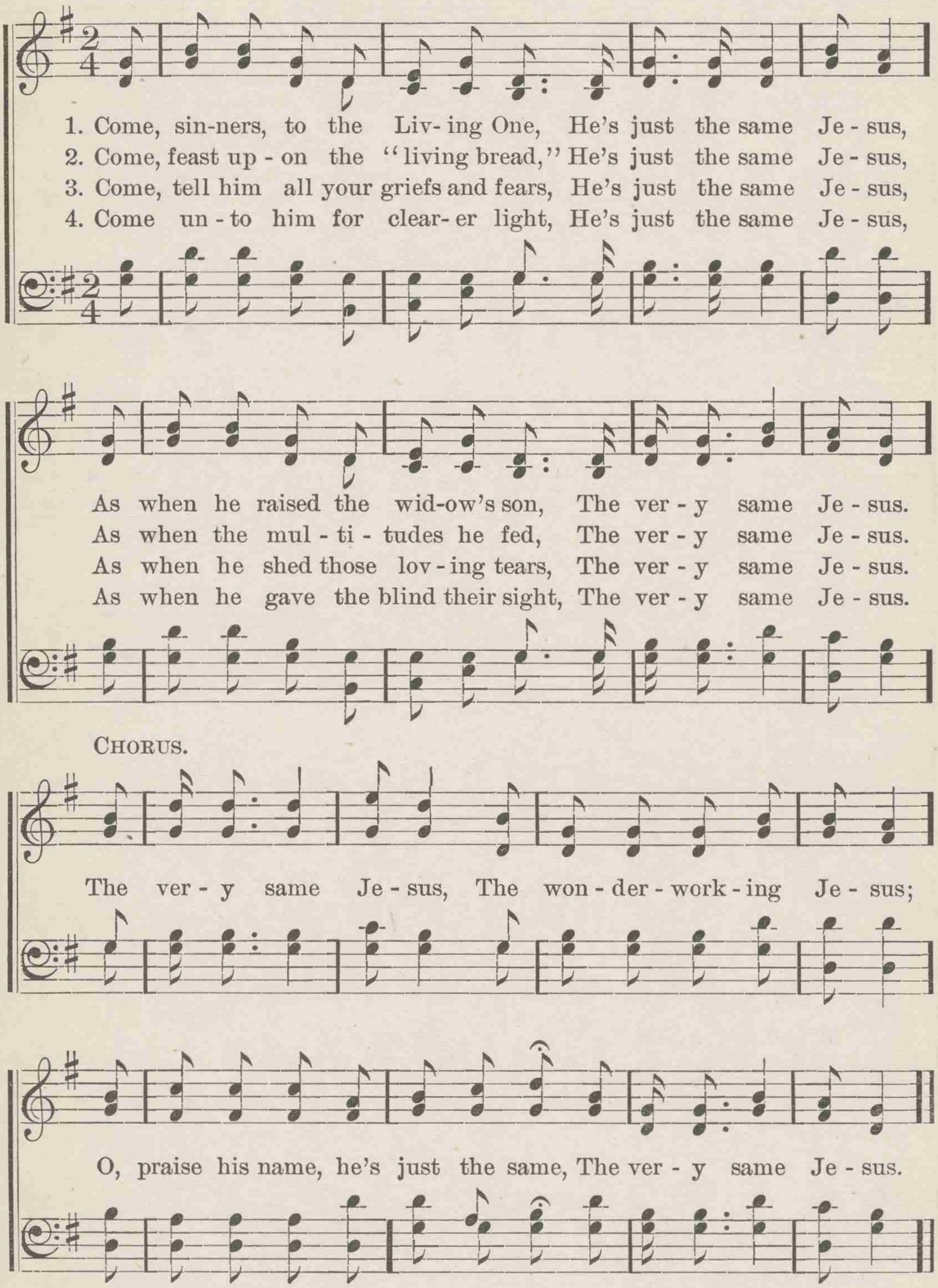
No. 39. The Very Same Jesus.

"This same Jesus."—Acts 1: 2.

H. L. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus,
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
He's just the same Jesus,
O, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

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No. 40. Life through the Crucified One.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. O what joy the be-liev-er may know, In rememb'ring what Je-sus has done; Tho' in sin we abound, With the Lord grace is found;
2. If our days on the earth have been long, Or our jour-ney is scarcely be-gun, With the Lord as our light, We will live it a-right;
3. Then we'll sing of the good-ness of God, From the dawn to the set-ting of sun, Till the whole world below Shall re-joic-ing-ly know;

CHORUS.

There is life thro' the cru-ci-fied One. There is life thro' the cru-ci-fied One, There is life thro' the cru-ci-fied One; If a touch he will give, or a look, we may live, There is life thro' the crucified One.

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No. 41. I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know his promise never fail - eth, The word he speaks, ...
3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is.....

And on the earth

a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter-nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
it can - not die; Tho' cru-el death my flesh assail- eth, Yet I shall
there I may be; O wondrous thought, for me he car-eth, And he at

Again shall stand;

CHORUS.

pow'r..... are in his hand.
see ..... him by and by.
last..... will come for me.

} I know, I know..... that Je-sus

That grace and pow'r

I know, I know,

liv - eth, And on the earth..... a-gain shall stand; I know, I

And on the earth,

know.... that life he giv-eth, That grace and pow'r.. are in his hands.

I know, I know

that grace and pow'r

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No. 42. Sing and Pray, All the Day.

BERTHA C. MASON. W. H. DOANE.

1. Would we make our du - ty light, Sing and pray, all the day;
2. When our la - bor weighs us down, Sing and pray, all the day;
3. Wea - ry not, O wea - ry not, Sing and pray, all the day;
4. Look - ing up to God a - bove, Sing and pray, all the day;

Thus we keep the prom - ise bright, That hap - py rest will come.
Bear the cross and win the crown, That bless - ed rest will come.
Joy will crown each rug - ged spot, That bless - ed rest will come.
Work for him with pa - tient love, That bless - ed rest will come.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing all the day, Trust - ing ev - 'ry day, As we jour-ney

homeward In the nar - row way. Cheer the work with pray'r and song,

Ev'ry day, sing and pray; Labor on, 'twill not be long, Happy rest will come.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Doane.

No. 43. Peace Through the Blood.

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the
2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the
3. Bless - ing free and boundless flow-ing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the

blood of the cross; Take the gift he of-fers, come without de- lay,
blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,
blood of the cross; Ev - er - last-ing mer- cy, ev - er- last - ing love,
blood of the cross; Till the wide world over, ransom'd souls shall know,

CHORUS.

Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace!..... wonder-ful
Peace! wonderful peace!

peace!..... Peace!..... wonder-ful peace!.....
Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!

1 2

Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

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No. 44. He Saves Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav-iour has found me, And shattered the fetters that bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
2. He sought me so long e'er I knew him, But fi - nal - ly winning me to him, I yield-ed my all to pur - sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave him, Grow wea-ry of serv- ice and grieve him, I'll constant- ly trust and be - lieve him, Re - main in his pres- ence di - vine;

The bless- ed Re-deem- er that bought me, In ten - der-ness con-stant- ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion he
Al-though a vile sin - ner be - fore him, Thro' faith I was led to im - plore him, And now I re- joice and a - knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,
A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In taught me, And made my heart per-fect - ly whole.
dore him, Re- stored to his lov- ing em - brace.
know - ing That Je - sus the Sav- iour is mine.

} He saves me, he

CHORUS.

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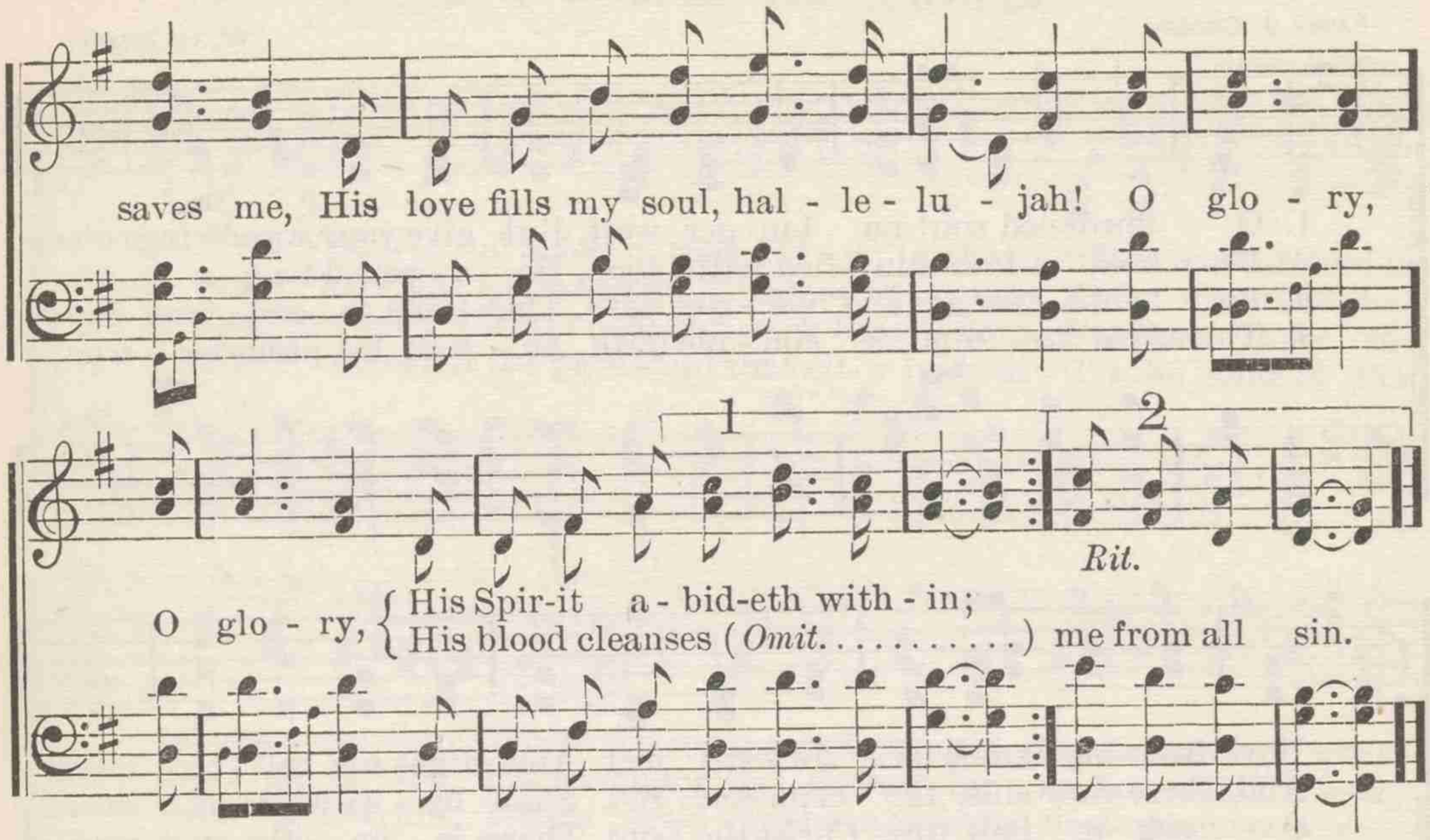
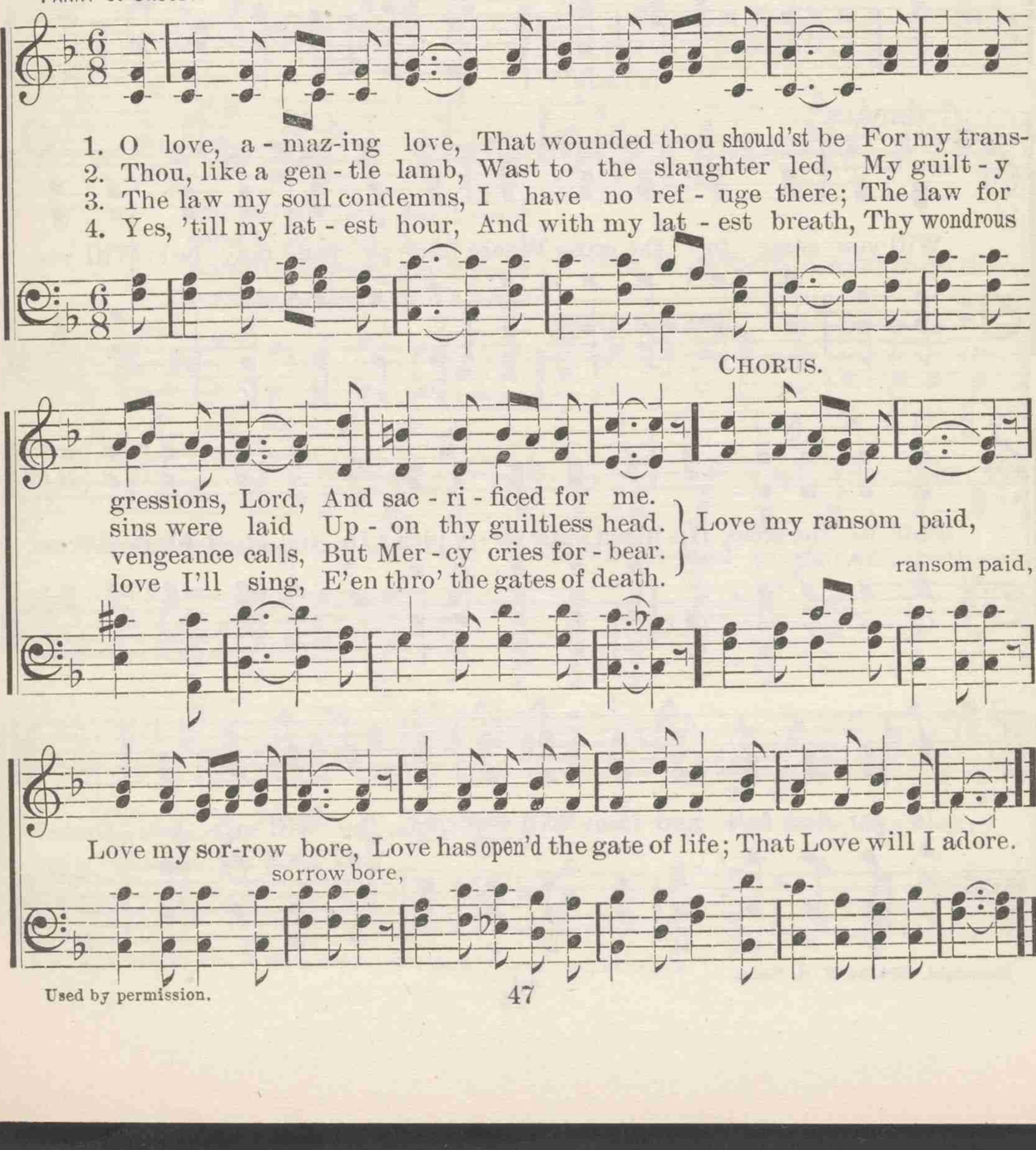
He Saves Me.—Concluded.



No. 45. Love My Ransom Paid.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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No. 46. Will You Come to the Cross?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. O burdened soul no lon- ger wait, But give your wand'rings o'er;
2. Be - hold a fountain filled with blood, He o - pened long a - go;
3. Be - hold a straight and nar - row path, That leads to end - less day;
4. Then turn to him in sim - ple faith, Ac - cept his prom-ise true;

Now hum-bly kneel at Je - sus' feet And slight his call no more.
And there your sins, tho' crim-son red, Shall be as white as snow.
O seek it now thro' Christ the Lord, There is no oth - er way.
And O! be - lieve with all your heart That Je - sus died for you.

CHORUS.

Will you come to the cross Where hap - py you may be? Will you come to the cross, His blood your on -ly plea? In the cross, bless-ed cross, Is par- don full and free; Will you come, he will save you there?

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No. 47. I Want to Go There.

H. L. HARRY LOPER.

1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a - bove, When with life and its
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what he
3. Soon this brief life is ended, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit- y be-hold; 'Tis the home of the

cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;—
gives me to do, For the thought is re-fresh-ing as homeward I look;—
fleet- ing and few, Where lov'd ones have gathered no death ever comes;—
faith-ful and true, Where the Saviour a man-sion for me has prepared;—

CHORUS.

I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I expect to go there, don't you?

} I want to go there, I want to go there,

Where lov'd ones are wait - ing in that home-land so fair, Where there's

nev - er a tri- al, a sor - row or care, I want to go there, don't you?

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No. 48. I Cannot Let Him Go.

MRS. S. A. COLLINS. W. H. DOANE.

1. One is stand-ing at the door, Hear him knock, knock, knock, O my
2. Still he stand-eth at the door, Hear him call, call, call, He has
3. Yes, he stand-eth at the door, See him wait, wait, wait, Will he

heart wilt thou yield or no; Shall I now as oft be-fore,
died for my guilt and sin; I am wea-ry and would rest,
leave and re-turn no more? No, that gen-tle voice so dear,

From my Sav-iour close the door, No, I can-not let him go.
I may find it on his breast, I will quick-ly let him in.
How it calms my ev-'ry fear, I will o-pen now the door.

CHORUS.

He stands and knocks, No, I cannot let him go, Shall I

He stands, and knocks, let him go,

now as oft before, From my Saviour close the door? No, I cannot let him go!

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No. 49. Our Burden Bearer.

Duet.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. J M. BLACK.

1. Cast thy care up-on the Sav-iour, He will all thy burdens bear;
2. He will make thy life to praise him, And thy tongue to sing for joy;
3. He will not per-mit one sor - row More thy com - fort to mo - lest

He has prom-ised to sus- tain thee;—Claim his precious word in pray'r.
He will give thee in af - flic - tion Hap - pi - ness without al - loy.
Than will fit thee for life's du - ties And the sweet, e - ter-nal rest.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is ..... our bur - den bear - er; All the

Je - sus is our bur-den bear-er,

world .....may now go free; Hear his lov - ing in - vi -

All the world may now go free; Hear his lov-ing

ta - tion, "Wea - ry soul, ... come un - to me." .....

in - vi - ta - tion, "Wea - ry soul, come un - to me, come un - to me."

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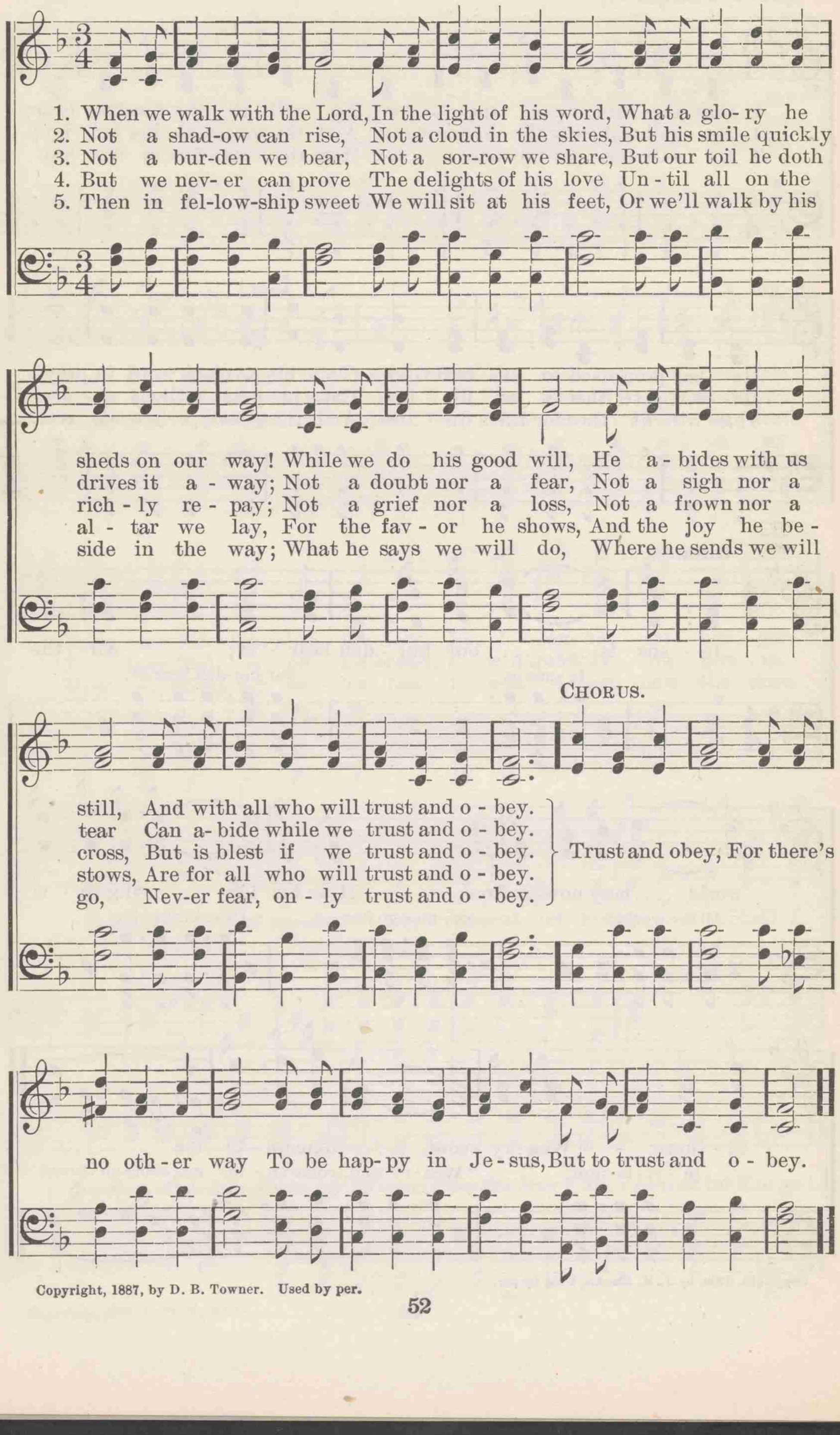
No. 50. Trust and Obey.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

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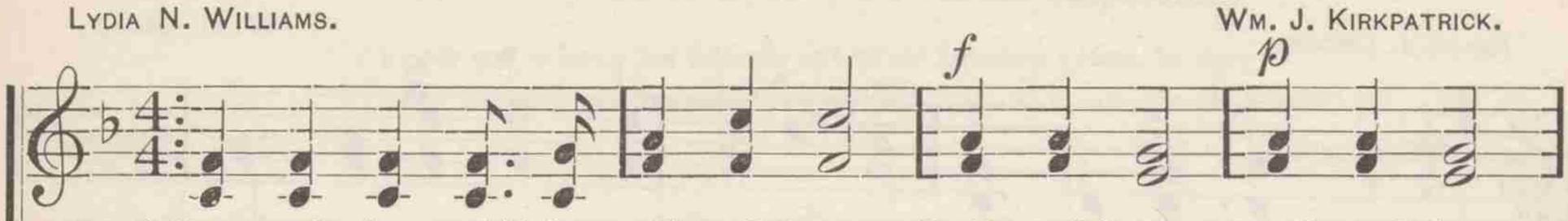
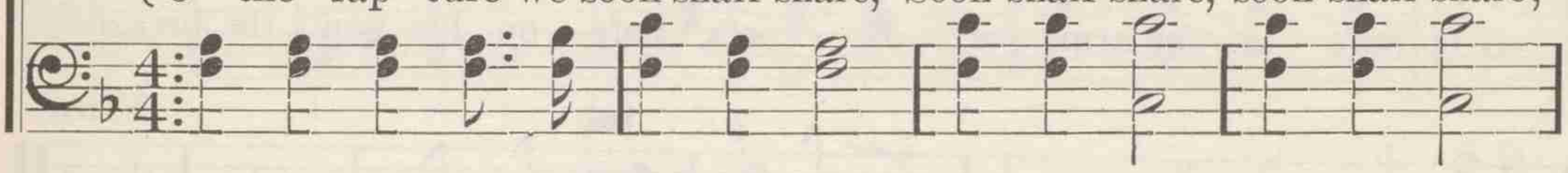
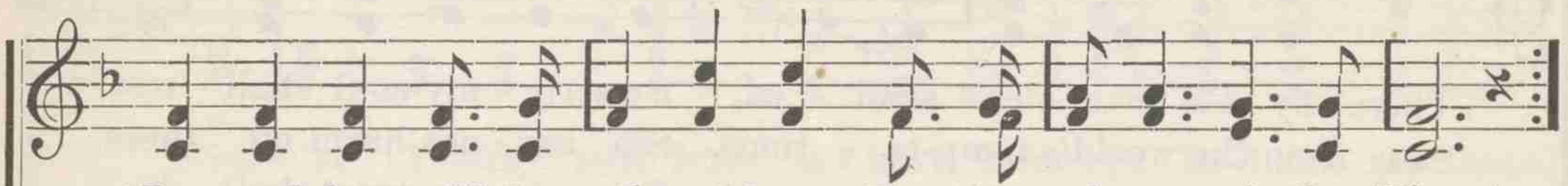
No. 51. All Will Be Glory, By and By.

LYDIA N. WILLIAMS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { By and by we'll be gathered home, Gathered home, gathered home;
   { Sheltered there we shall no more roam, No more roam, no more roam;

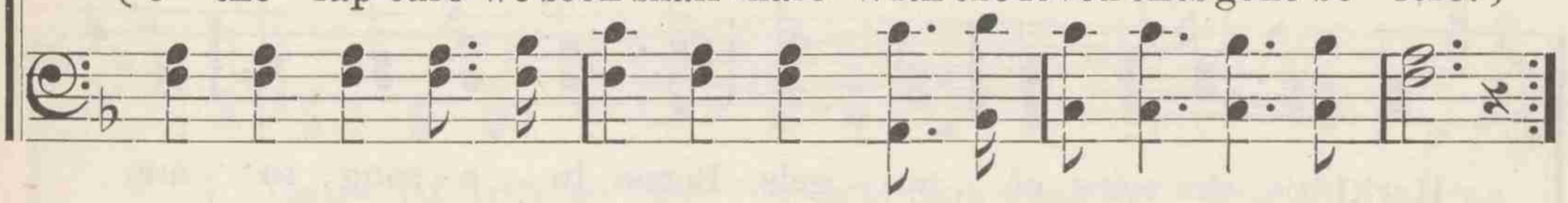
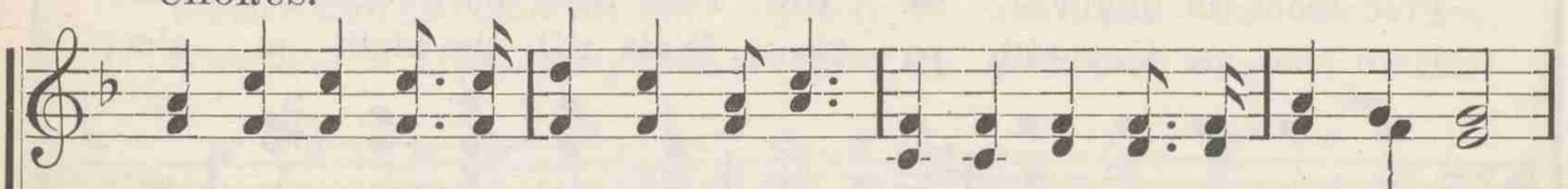
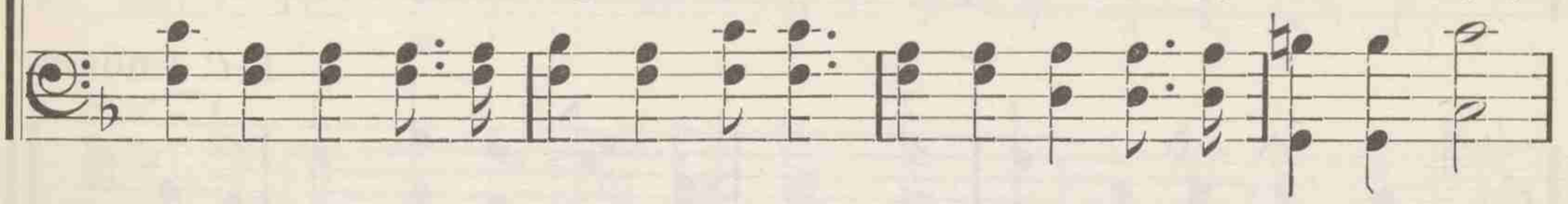
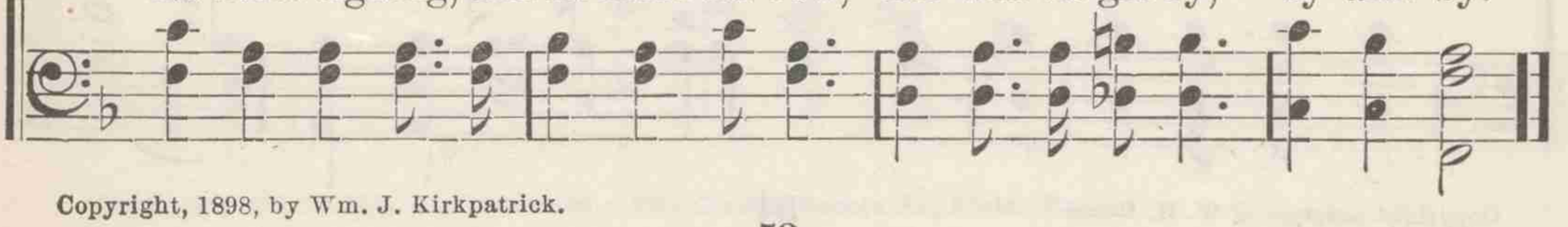
2. { By and by we shall cross the tide, Cross the tide, cross the tide;
   { Thro' his grace we'll be glo - ri - fied, Glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied;

3. { Meet-ing there at the riv-er's brink, Riv - er's brink, riv - er's brink;
   { May there be not a miss - ing link, Miss - ing link, miss - ing link;

4. { O the joy when we meet up there, Meet up there, meet up there;
   { O the rap - ture we soon shall share, Soon shall share, soon shall share;

{ By and by we'll be gathered home To the pal - ace of the King.
{ Sheltered there we shall no more roam, While immor-tal love we sing.

{ By and by we shall cross the tide To the ha - ven of the blest.
{ Thro' his grace we'll be glo - ri - fied In the peace-ful land of rest.

{ Meeting there at the riv-er's brink We shall en - ter joys a - bove.
{ May there be not a miss - ing link In the jeweled chain of love.

{ O the joy when we meet up there On the hap - py Gold - en shore.
{ O the rap-ture we soon shall share With the loved ones gone be - fore!

CHORUS.

We shall meet in the bright to-morrow, God shall wipe ev'ry tear - ful eye;

No more sighing, and no more sor-row, All will be glo-ry, by and by.

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No. 52. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - ro - ding care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

D. C.–Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—

FINE.

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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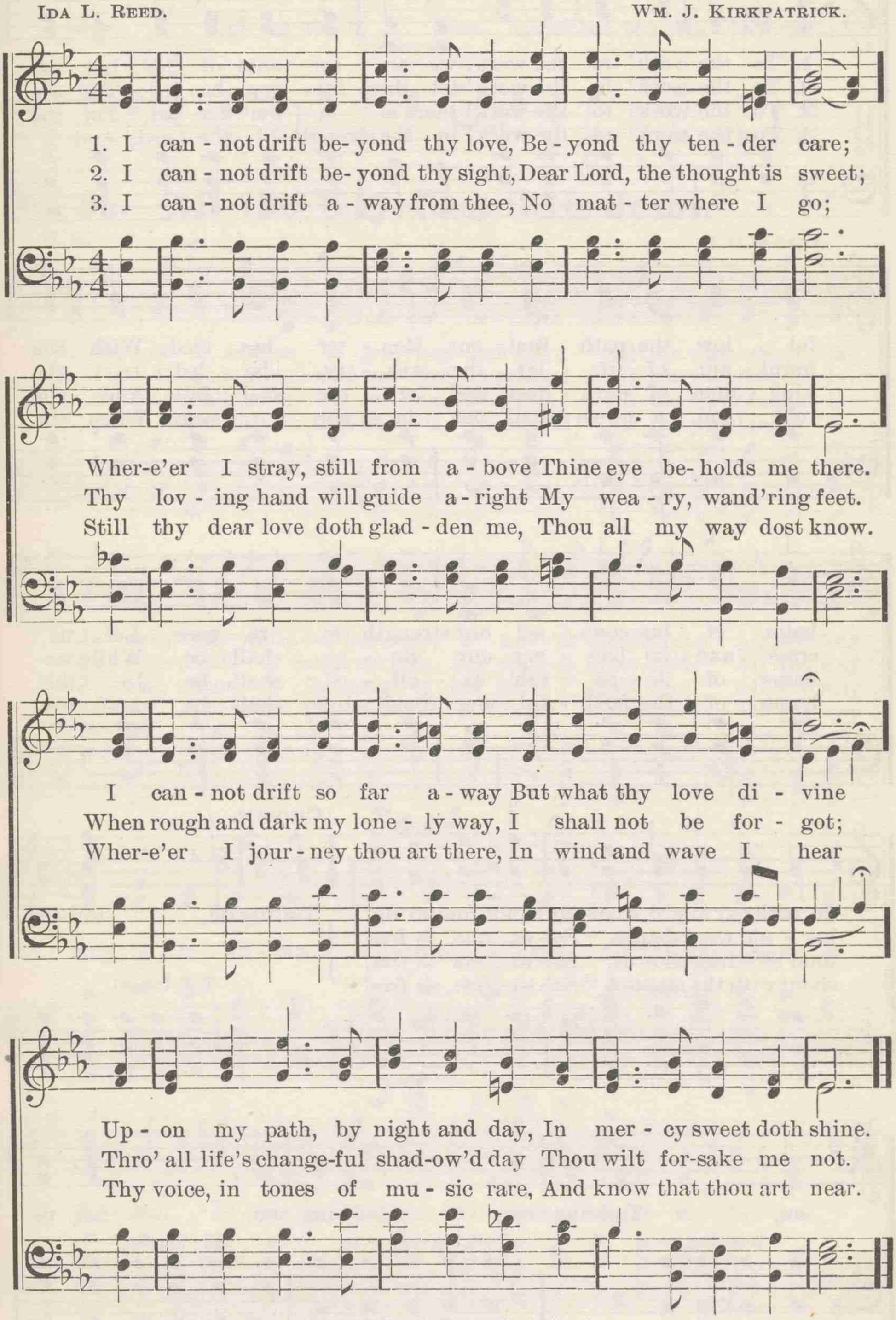
No. 53. I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

"I know not where his islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond his love and care."—*Whittier.*

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No. 54. To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the

balm of his coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we

CHORUS.

do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on, toil-ing on,
her - ald the tid-ings, "*Sal- va - tion is free!*"
loud swelling cho-rus, "*Sal- va - tion is free!*"
shout with the ransom'd, "*Sal- va - tion is free!*"
Toil-ing on.

on, Toil- ing on, toil - ing on, Let us
toil - ing on, Toil- ing on, toil - ing on,

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To the Work.—Concluded.

hope, and trust, Let us watch, and pray, And la-bor till the Mas - ter comes.

No. 55. All the Way Long it is Jesus.

I. H. M. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Joy - ful I sing as I jour- ney each day; All the way long it is
2. Tho' I am tempted and sor - row-op-pressed, All the way long it is
3. Nothing shall sev-er my Sav-iour from me; All the way long it is
4. There I shall sing on that beau- ti - ful strand; All the way long it is

Je - sus; Safe while he leads me, I nev - er shall stray; All the way
Je - sus; Still I can trust him, his spir - it gives rest; All the way
Je - sus; Soon in its beau - ty his face I shall see; All the way
Je - sus; There in the pres-ence of Christ I shall stand; All the way

CHORUS.

long it is Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is

Je - sus; Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus.

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No. 56. When the Saints are Marching In.

KATHERINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin - ing gate Where the an - gels wait, When the
2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold - en street, When the
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex - tol God's grace, When the
4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain," When the

saints..... are marching in; The redeemed shall come,
saints..... are marching in; Spot- less robes shall wear,
saints..... are marching in; And the blood-washed throng,
saints..... are marching in; We shall of - fer praise,

When the saints are marching in;

And be crowned at home, When the saints..... are marching in.
Vic - tor palms shall bear, When the saints..... are marching in.
Shall re - peat the song, When the saints..... are marching in.
Thro' e - ter - nal days, When the saints..... are marching in.

When the saints

CHORUS.

When the saints..... are marching in, When the

When the saints are marching in,

saints are marching in; Joy- ful songs of sal- va - tion

When the saints are marching in;

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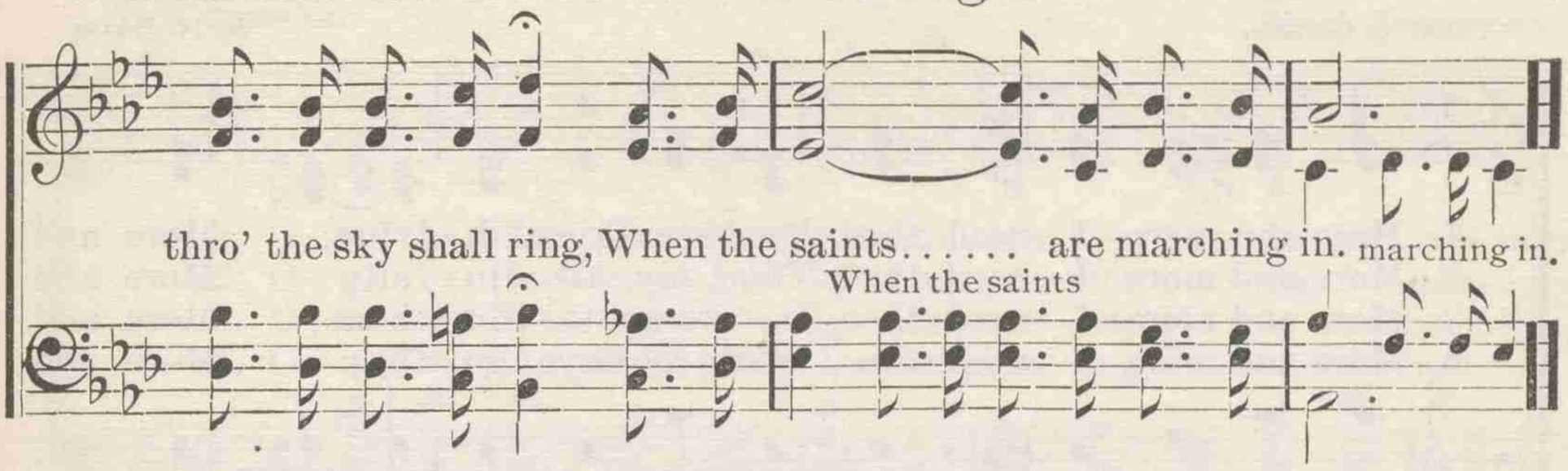
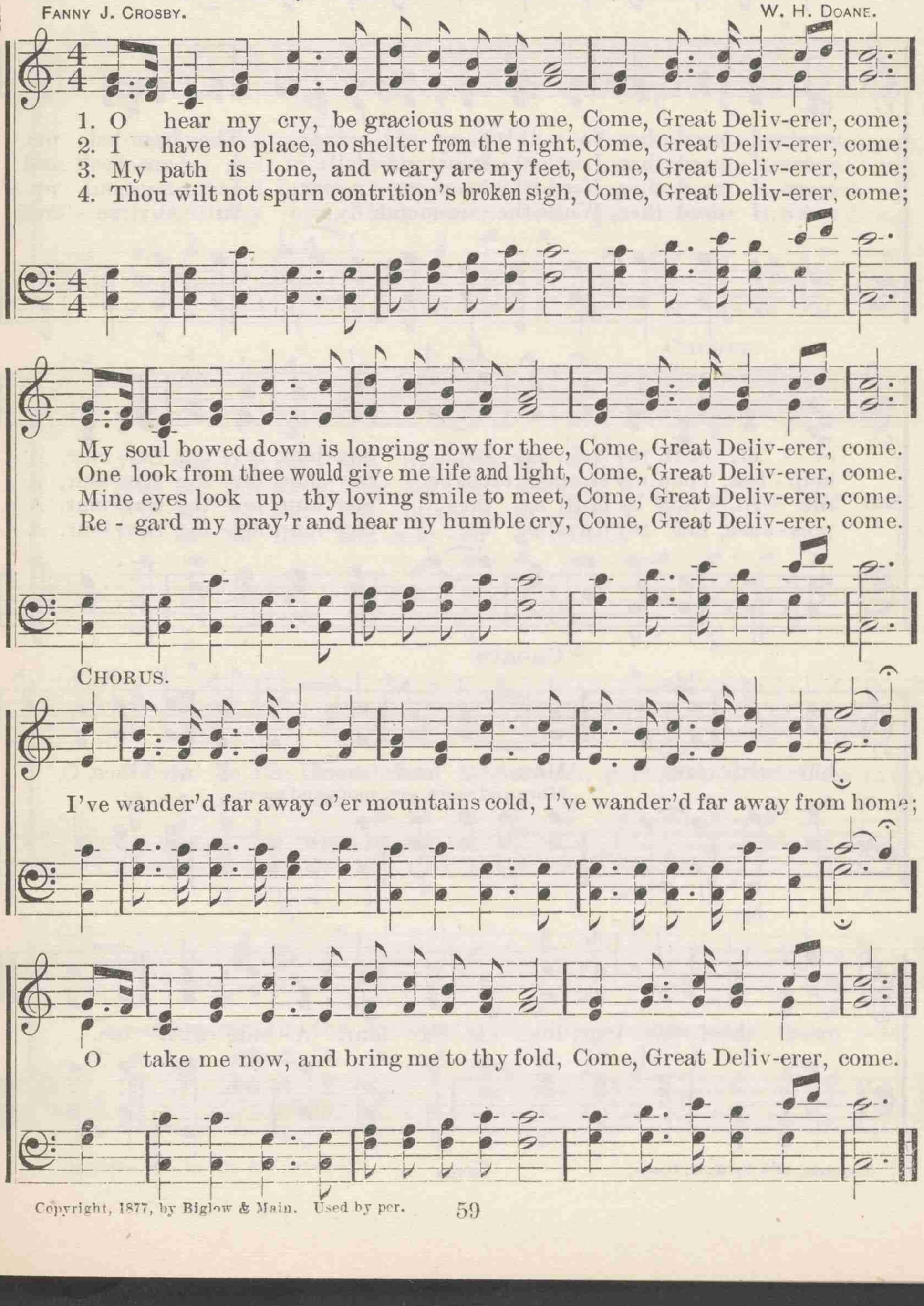
When the Saints are Marching In.—Concluded.



No. 57. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 58. - More and More I Need Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. More and more I need thee, Pre-cious Friend di - vine; More and
2. More and more I need thee, Thou, my all in all; More and
3. More and more I need thee, In temp- ta - tion's hour; More and
4. More and more I need thee, While the days go by; More and

more I need thee, In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me
more I need thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and
more I need thee, Need thy keep- ing power; Let my soul up -
more I need thee, While the mo-ments fly; In thy se - cret

ev - er, Still my ref - uge be; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -
help - less, Thou, my strength must be; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -
lift - ed, Cling by faith to thee; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -
pres - ence, Let my dwelling be; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -

CHORUS.

bide with me. More.... and more.... I need thee, O I
More and more, yes, more and more,

need thee! Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A - bide with me.

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No. 59. O to be Like Thee.

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to be like thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
2. O to be like thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
3. O to be like thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harmless,
4. O to be like thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,
ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wan-d'ring sin-ner to find.
Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.
} O to be like thee!

O to be like thee, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

rit.

sweetness, come in thy ful-ness; Stamp thine own image deep in my heart.

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No. 60. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus-tre of his kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. O the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears shall ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him; I shall know him, As redeemed by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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No. 61. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET.

1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul he
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor- row, And the chil-ly waves of Jordan
4. When at last to our home we gath- er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be-

Organ or Piano.

roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will strength and grace impart;
brings; Lean-ing on his might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais- ing him for- ev - er-more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

O the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way,

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

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No. 62. Keep Very Close.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. Would you in wis-dom and righteousness grow, Seek-ing the joys of the
2. Would you be filled with the spir-it of love, Would you be ho - ly and
3. Would you a- bide in the mansion so fair, Christ your Redeem- er has
4. Keep ver- y close to the Sav-iour each day, Lean on his prom-ise, his

king-dom to know? Fol - low your Mas - ter wher - ev - er you go,
pure as a dove? Would you in - her - it the king-dom a - bove?
gone to pre- pare? Would you the crown of the glo - ri - fied wear?
teachings o - bey, He is the Truth, and the Life, and the Way,

CHORUS.

Keep ver-y close to your Sav - iour. Keep ver-y close, To Jesus your Guide;
ver-y close,
Un-der his wings of mer-cy a - bide, Keep ver - y close, What
ver - y close,
ev - er be - tide, Close to the heart of your Sav - iour.

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No. 63. Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle for-bearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll

Sav - iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless- ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de- fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free- ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty."

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey a- bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
} How beautiful to walk in the

steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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No. 64. There is Peace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus the Lamb, (the Lamb,) Thro' his blood full a - tone-ment is made, (is made,) He has car - ried all our bur - dens of sor - row, And on him our transgressions were laid.
2. Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus the Lamb, (the Lamb,) Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, (was slain,) We are res- cued from our bond - age for - ev - er, And the way of re-demp- tion is plain.
3. Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus the Lamb, (the Lamb,) Un - to all who re-pent and be - lieve, (be - lieve,) What a com - fort in the prom - ise he left us,—Thro' the blood we may par - don re - ceive.
4. As in A - dam we are ruin - ed and lost, (and lost,) So in Christ shall our life be re-stored, (re-stored,) And the Fa - ther in his mer - cy will own us Thro' the blood of our cru - ci - fied Lord.

CHORUS.

There is peace, thro' the blood, Thro' the precious blood he
There is peace, thro' the blood,
of - fers so free; There is peace thro' the
so free; There is peace

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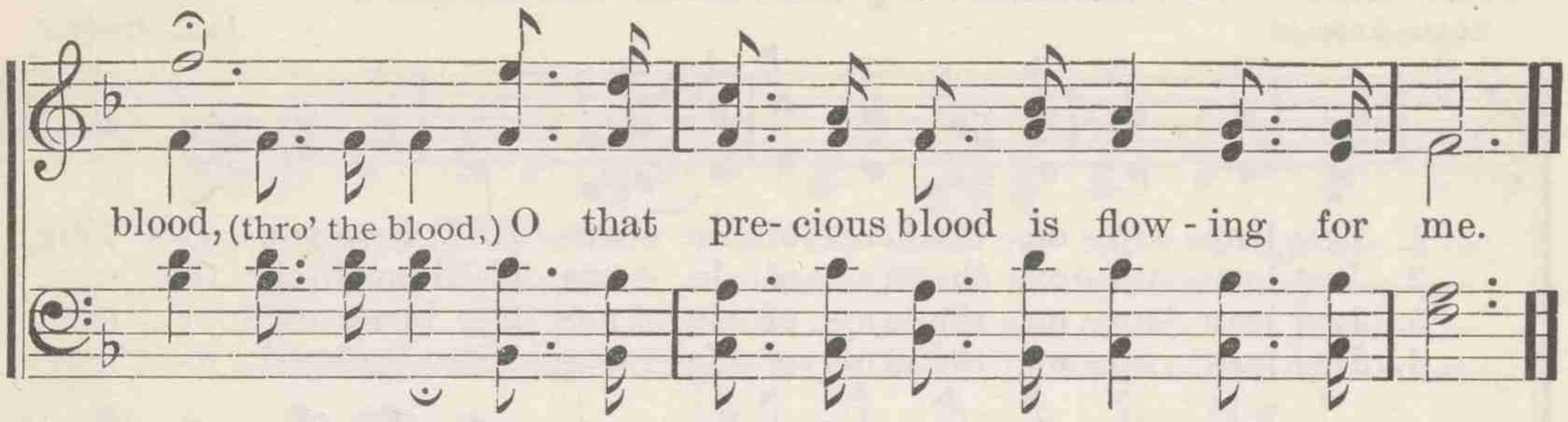
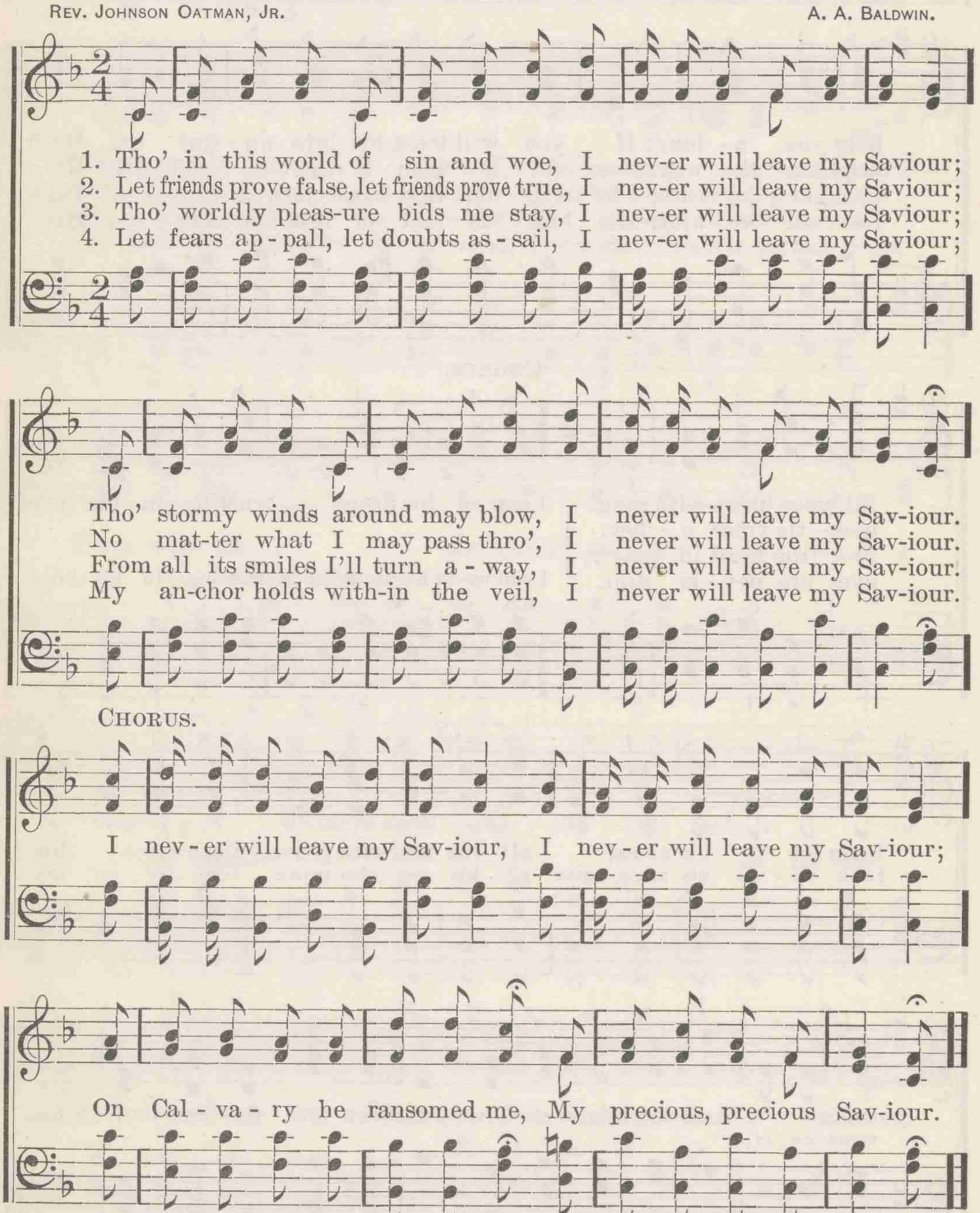
There is Peace.—Concluded.



No. 65. I Never Will Leave My Saviour.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. A. BALDWIN.

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No. 66. Lean Upon His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to him,

help you a - long; If you will trust his love un - fail - ing, He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where he lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim.

Lean on his arms, trusting in his love,

Lean up-on his arms, ful-ly trust-ing in his love.

Lean on his arms, all his mer-cies prove, Lean on his
Lean up - on his arms, and all his mer - cies prove, Lean up - on his

arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms.
arms ev . er,

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No. 67. Our Golden Sheaves.

MARY I EWING. W. H. DOANE.

1. When the cares of life are end - ed, And our har-vest days are o'er;
2. We shall hear the bless- ed wel-come, When be- fore his throne we bow,
3. In that home of fade - less beau - ty, Night and clouds will pass a-way,
4. In that home of peer - less glo - ry, Ev - 'ry throb of pain shall cease;

When the veil of time is lift - ed, And we meet to part no more,—
And re-ceive the crown of prom-ise, That his love is keep-ing now.
And our eyes will see the splen-dor Of a long e - ter - nal day.
Kin- dred souls that here were sev- ered, There shall dwell in perfect peace.

CHORUS.

There with all..... the saints in glo - ry, What a song..... we there shall sing, At the feet..... of our Re - deem - er, When our gold- en sheaves to him we bring.

There with all

What a song

At the feet

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No. 68. Glory All the Way!

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav'd by grace a-lone, God's own Word be-liev-ing: It is glo-ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav-iour car-eth! It is glo-ry
3. Sev-ered from the world his dear name con-fess-ing; It is glo-ry
4. Sin-ner, put your trust in this lov-ing Sav-iour; It is glo-ry
5. Working day by day, mind-ed that he sees us, It is glo-ry

all the way! Walk-ing in the light, dai-ly grace re-ceiv-ing: It is
all the way! Guid-ed by his eye, while with me he far-eth: It is
all the way! Tak-ing up the cross, shar-ing in the blessing: It is
all the way! Free-ly he for-gives all our past be-hav-ior: It is
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, look-ing un-to Je-sus: It is

CHORUS.

glo-ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
Glo-ry all the way, yes, glo-ry all the way!

It is glo-ry all the way!..... Glo - ry!
It is glo - ry, glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry all the way, yes

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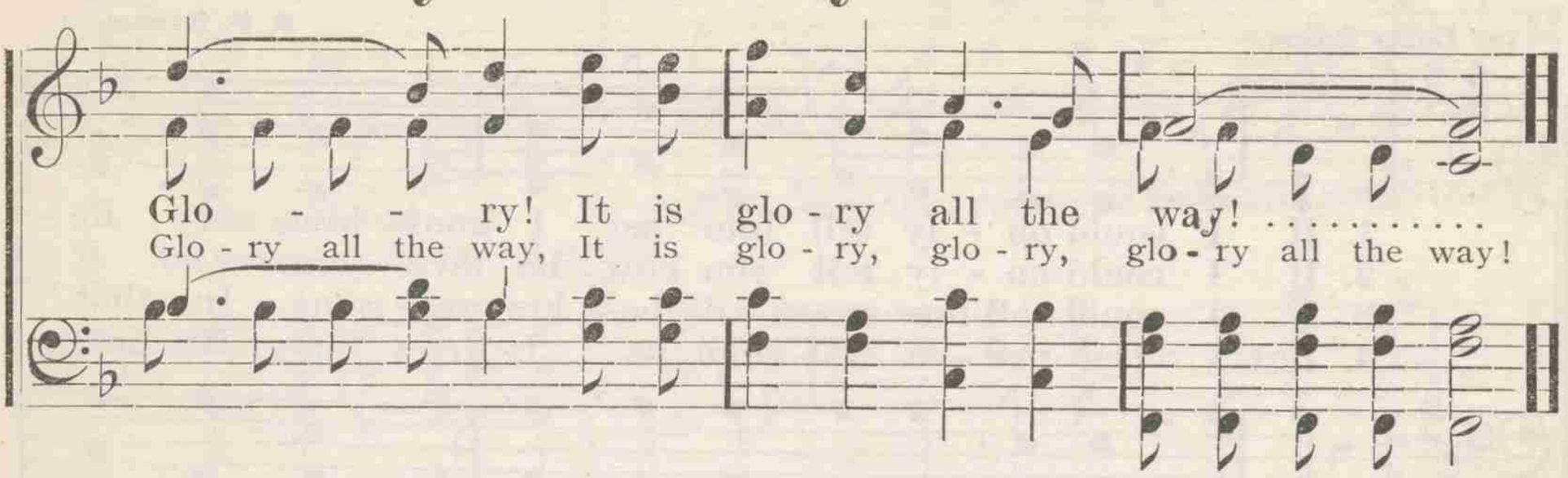
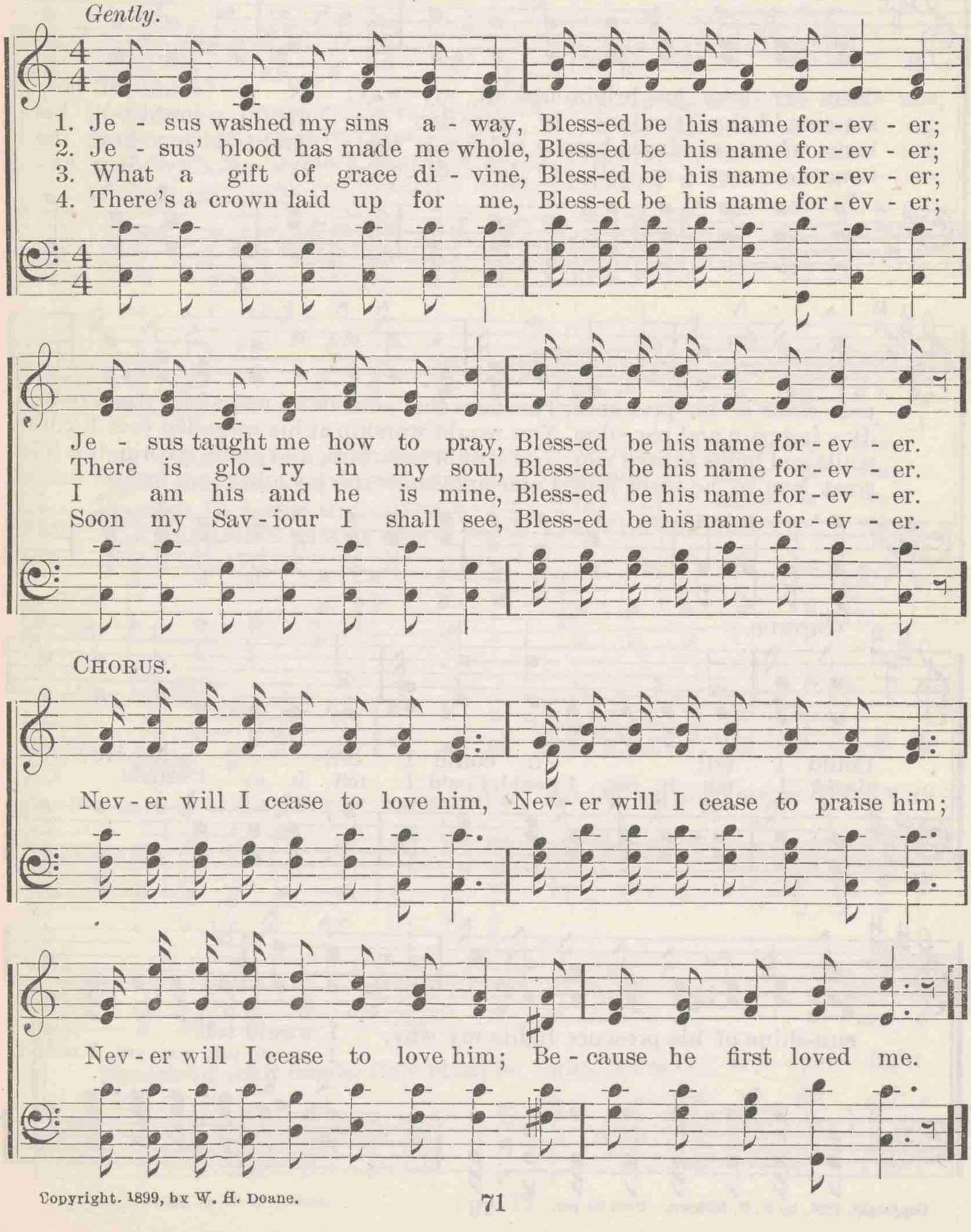
Glory all the Way!—Concluded.

No. 69. Never Will I Cease to Love Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

CHORUS.

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No. 70. Could I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could on - ly tell him as I know him, My Re -
2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if
3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel - come, In that
4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him; Hu - man

deem - er who has brightened all my way; If I could tell how
we could thro' the lone - ly gar - den go; If I could tell his
home whose wondrous beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how he
tongue can nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en -

pre - cious is his pres-ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to-day.
dy - ing pain and par - don, You would worship at his wounded feet I know.
waits and longs to save you, You would seek him, and abide within his fold.
treat you to ac - cept him; Come and know the joy and peace forever mine.

CHORUS.

Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the
Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,
sun-shine of his presence lights my way, I would tell it,
I would tell you, yes, I would,

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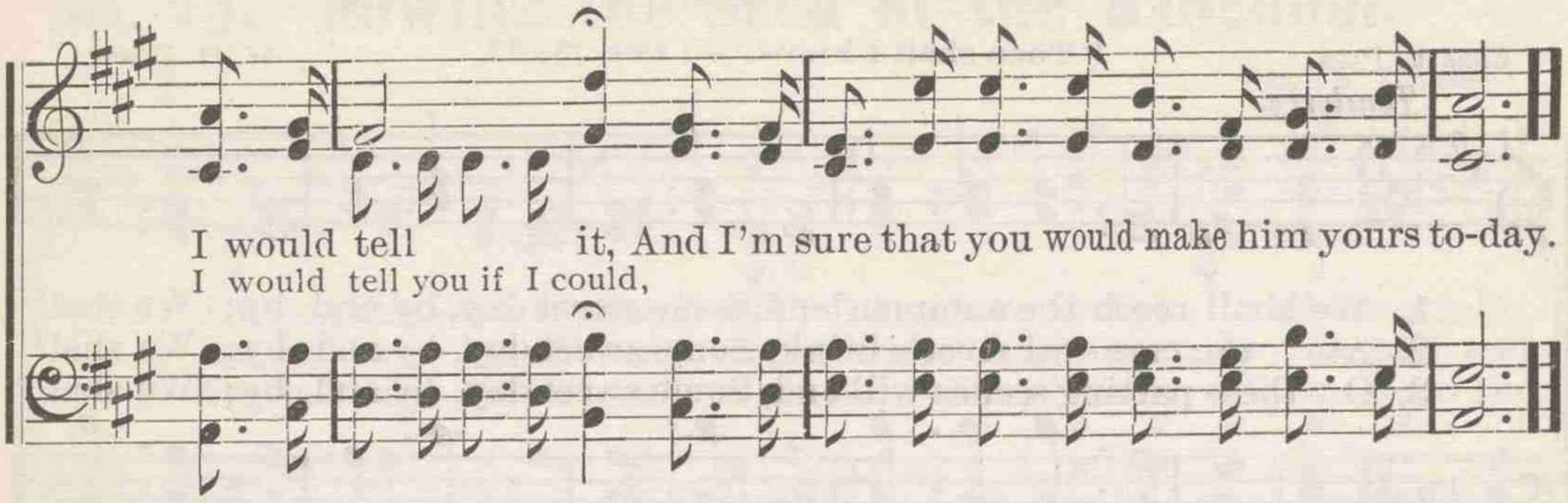
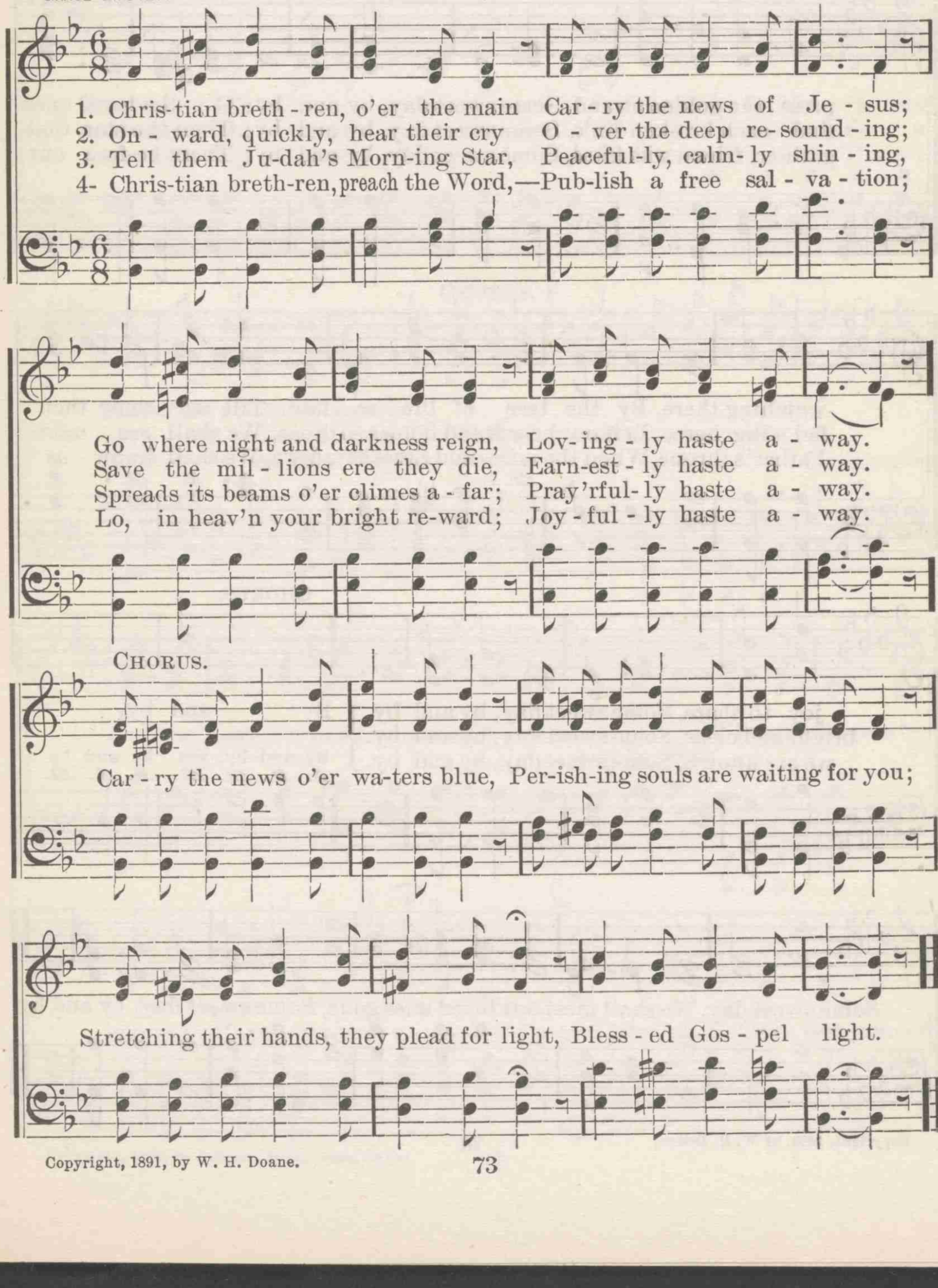
Could I Tell It.—Concluded.



No. 71. Carry the News of Jesus.

GRACE LINDSEY. (Missionary.) W. H. DOANE.

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No. 72. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

EDNA L. PARK. "Then shall I know."—1 Cor. 13: 12. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal river's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. O these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones
find each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star, that
gath-er, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our

watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their
fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more
Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as

CHORUS.

joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by.
bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
we are known, Some sweet day, by and by.

By and by,
By and by, yes, by and by,

Some sweet day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

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No. 73. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, brother, In the morn-ing
2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, brother, In the still and
3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, brother, All a - long the

bright and fair? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the
sol - emn night? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, For a
fer - tile way? Are you getting read-y for the har-vest, brother, That will

CHORUS.

heat of the noon-day's glare?
har - vest pure and white?
come at the last great day?
} For the har-vest time is coming on,

coming on,

And the reap-er's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be

soon be done;

ma-ny? will you gar-ner a - ny, For the gath'ring at the har - vest home?

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No. 74. Jesus Has Promised Me.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus has promised me a home in heav'n, Safe with the lov'd ones
2. Je - sus has promised me a crown of gold, When by and by I
3. Je - sus has promised me a robe of white, Wash'd in the blood that
4. Je - sus has promised me e - ter - nal life, There in the Home-land,

in his man-sion fair; O 'twill be sweet when earthly ties are riv'n,
join the ransom'd throng; Then shall I taste the joys of heav'n un- told,
flow'd on Cal - va - ry; O I shall praise him in that world of light,
on the gold - en shore, I shall be done with all the pain and strife,

CHORUS.

Rest - ing with Je - sus o - ver there. Home..... in my
Then shall I sing the glad New Song.
When to my home he beck - ons me.
Safe with my Lord for - ev - er - more.

Home, dear home,

Father's kingdom fair, Home,..... that my Sav-iour will pre- pare;

Home, dear home,

Home,.. where the blessed angels are, Je-sus has promised me o- ver there.

Home, dear home,

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No. 75. O It is Wonderful.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O it is won-der-ful! when I was drear-i-ly Wan-der-ing far in the gloom of the night, Christ, the Good Shep-herd, came
2. O it is won-der-ful! safe-ly en-fold-ing me With the strong arms of his in-fin-ite grace; "Mo-ment by mo-ment," so
3. O it is won-der-ful! keep-ing and hid-ing me From e-vil foes that my soul would en-snare; All that I need he is
4. O it is won-der-ful! still he is lead-ing me In the green pas-tures of mer-cy and love; By the still wa-ters, a-

call-ing so cheer-i-ly, Bring-ing me in-to his mar-vel-ous light.
kind-ly up-hold-ing me, Shed-ding up-on me the light of his face.
rich-ly pro-vid-ing me, Bid-ding me cast up-on him ev-'ry care.
bund-ant-ly feed-ing me, Lead-ing me on to his glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

O it is won-der-ful, glo-rious and won-der-ful! Love's blessed ban-ner shall o-ver me wave; Je-sus is might-y to save.

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No. 76. We Consecrate Ourselves Anew.

REV. GEO. WHITMAN, D. D. W. D. HOWARD.

1. Here on the al - tar of true love, We give our - selves a - new;
2. In un - ion sweet we love to meet, And feel "the tie that binds,"
3. We con - se - crate our-selves a - new, Our hearts best of-f'rings give,

One faith is ours, one God a - bove, One aim to will or do,
It gives re - lief to wea - ry feet, And balm to fainting minds;
Re- solved to do as he would do, And live as he would live;

And O the flame that bla- zes bright, And nev - er wax - es dim,
And O the com- mon ties of earth Are small compared with his,
And O we know we must suc-ceed, With such a Guide and Friend;

Is heart - y love for God and right, In- spired by love for him.
For ours the bond of prince - ly birth The hope of heav'nly bliss.
Our vows will blos - som in - to deeds And in fru - i - tion end.

CHORUS.

p

We con - se - crate ourselves a - new, Our all to him we give, we give.

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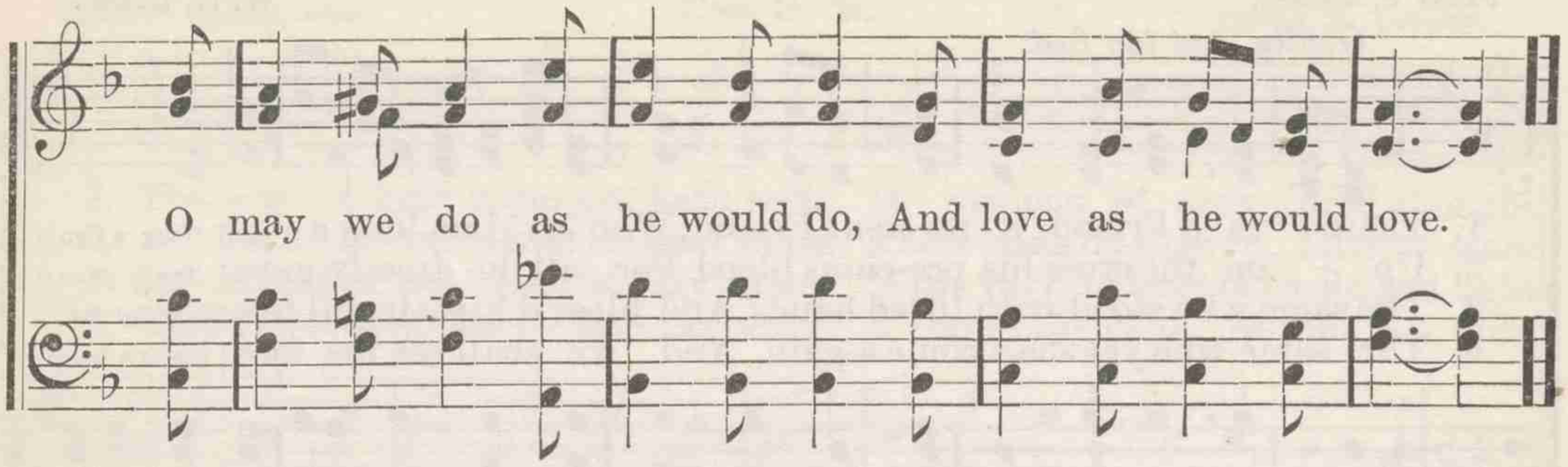
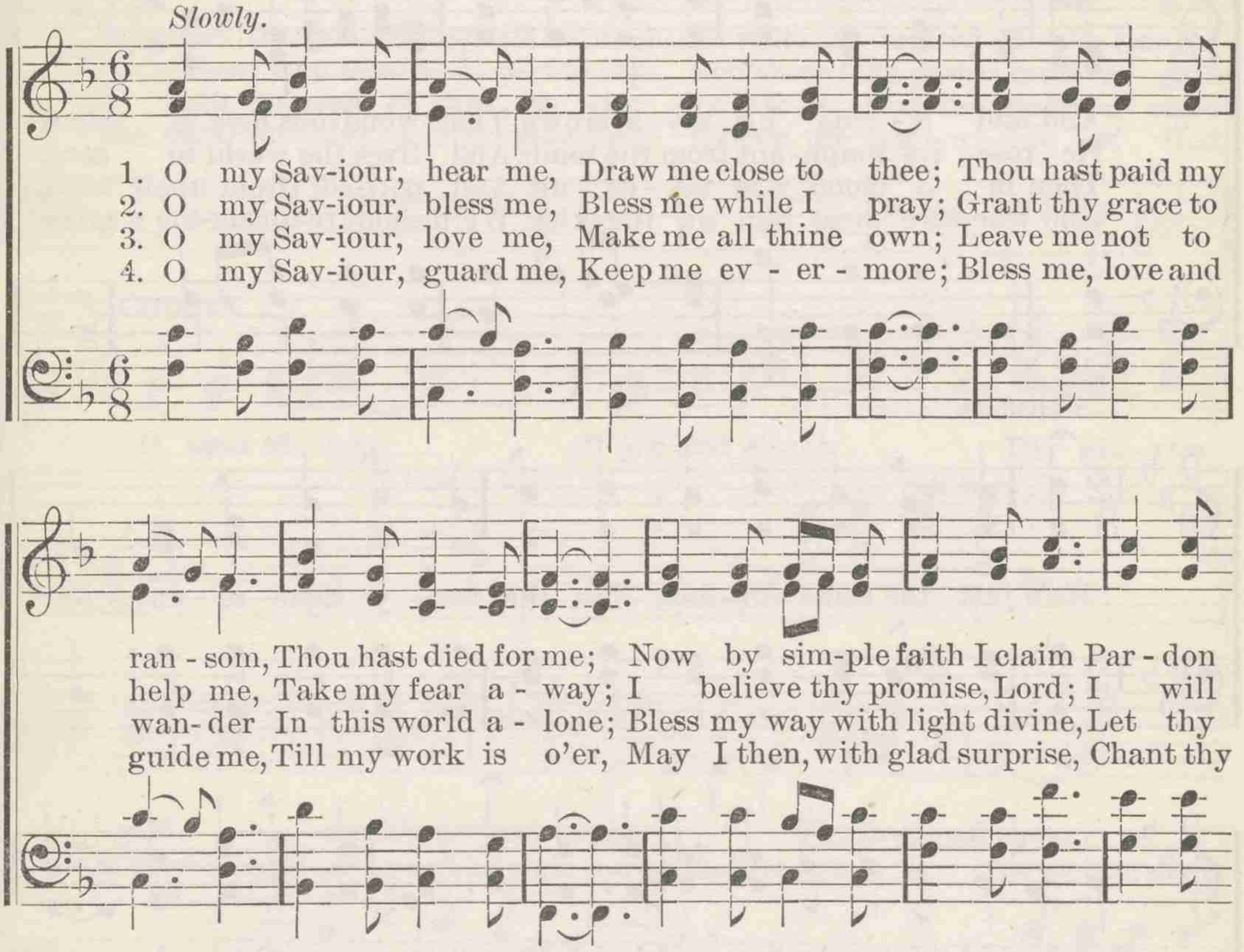
We Consecrate Ourselves Anew.—Concluded.



No. 77. O My Saviour, Hear Me.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.



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No. 78. He's Just the Same To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, not too fast.

1. There is a Friend, a pa-tient Friend, Who lov'd us long a - go; (long a - go ;)
2. Up - on the cross his pre-cious blood For all he free-ly gave; (freely gave ;)
3. The same who stood with lifted hands, And bless'd his faithful few ;(faithful few ;)
4. The same who yet shall come a-gain, And we shall see his face; (see his face ;)

rit.

And laid a - side his roy- al crown, That wondrous love to show.
He rose tri- umph- ant from the tomb, And lives the world to save.
Then in a cloud was tak - en up, And part-ed from their view.
And when we meet him in the skies, We'll shout re- deem-ing grace.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to - day, Yes, the ver - y same to - day, As

when he said "I am the true and living Way;" O come and trust him now,

O trust him while you may, He's just the same to-day, the same to - day.

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No. 79. The Better Land.

GURDON ROBINS, ARR. Heb. 11: 16. DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of enraptured thought,
2. A land up - on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o - lat - ing wind A - cross the calm, se-rene a - bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo-ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find Within the par - a - dise of God.

CHORUS.

O, land of love, ... of joy and light, ... Thy glo - ries
O, land of love, of joy and light,
gild .... earth's darkest night; .. Thy tranqnil shore,
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night (earth's darkest night,) Thy tranquil shore,
we, too, shall see, ... When day shall break .. and shadows flee.
(we, too, shall see,) When day shall break

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No. 80. The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond- ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4 No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The pre-cious name
Who bids all anxious fears depart—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
Its mu- sic dries the fall-ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
O let its prais- es ever swell! O praise the name of Je - sus!
O praise the name

CHORUS.

"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;

"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its wor- thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor-thy praise

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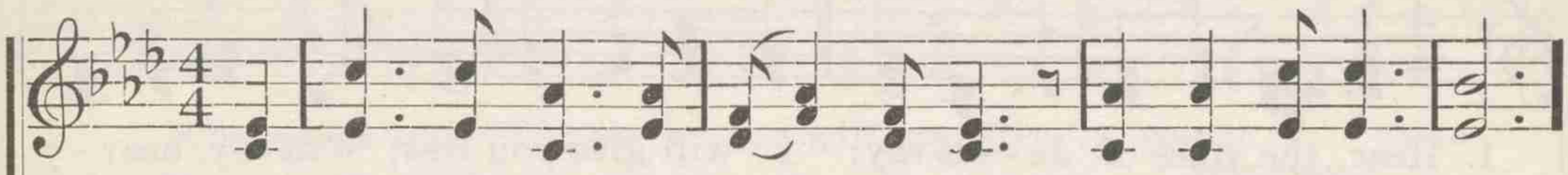
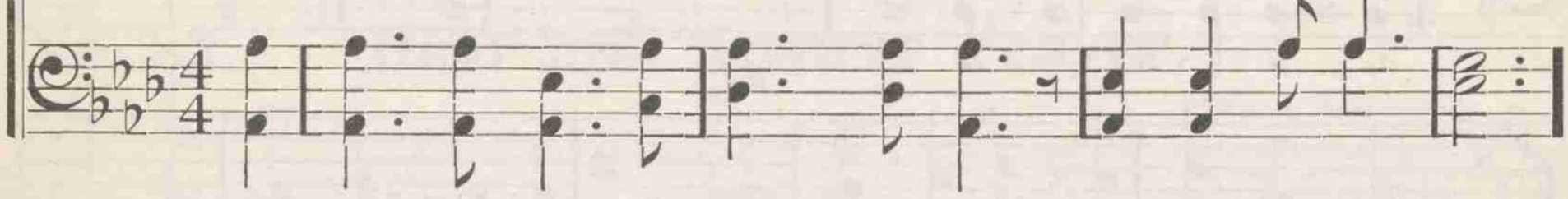
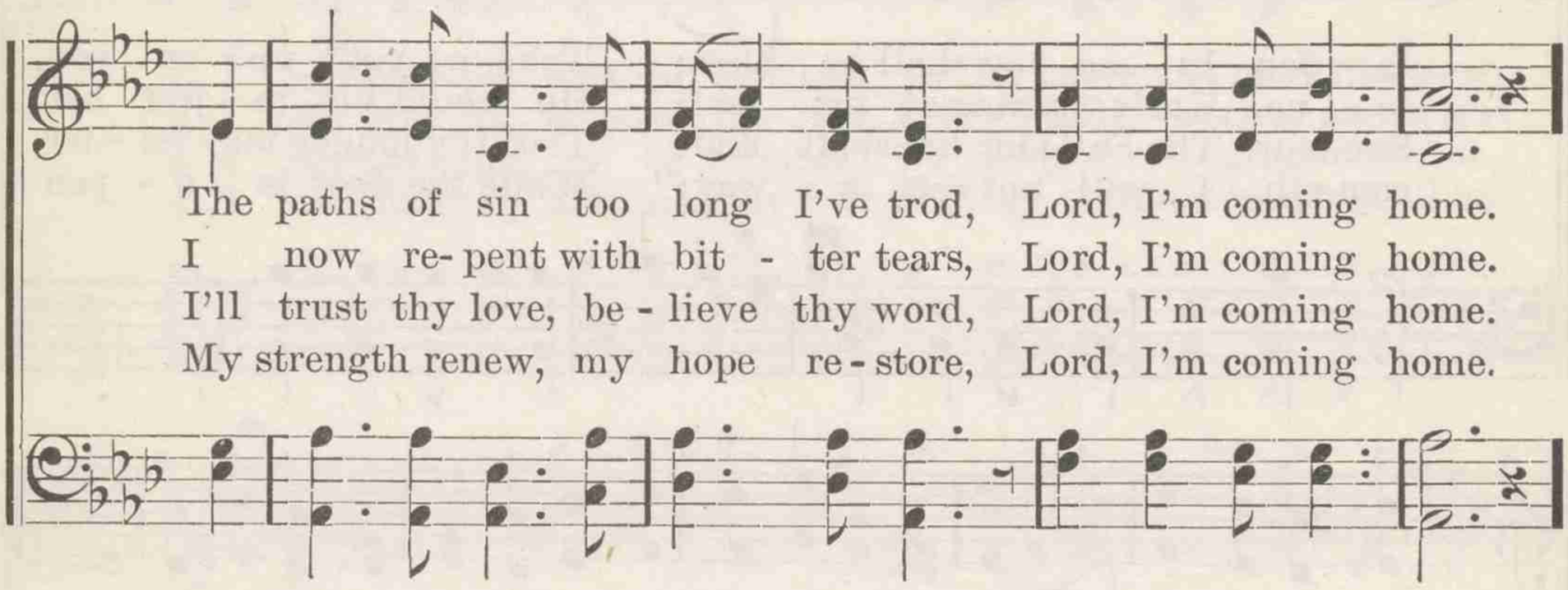
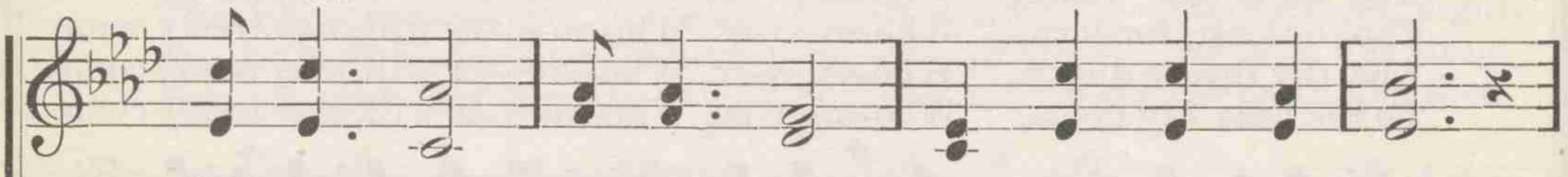
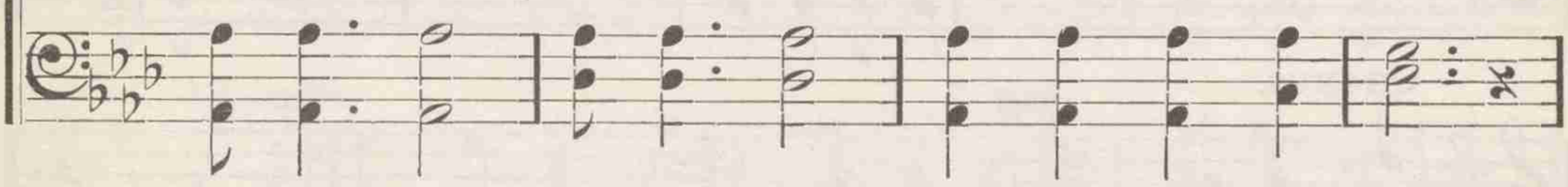
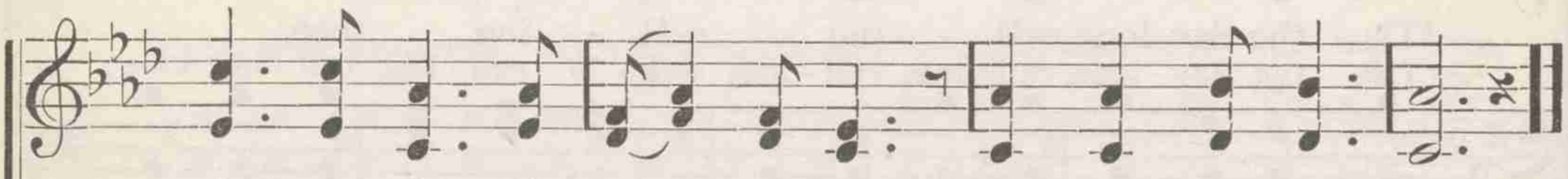
No. 81. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

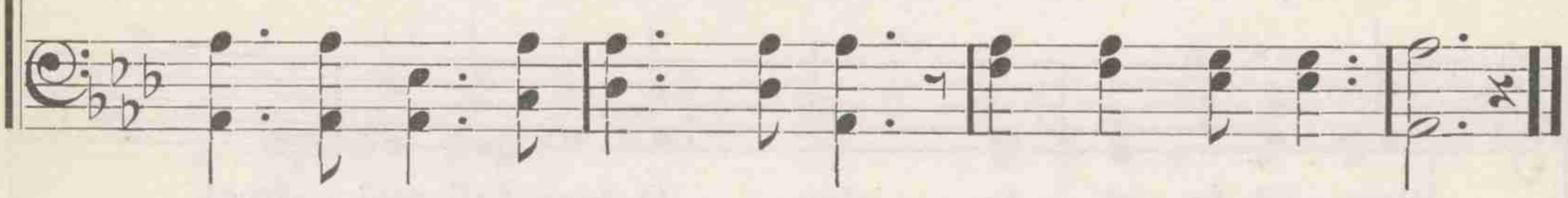
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me.
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 82. Whosoever Will.

REV. S. B. LEMON. Solo or Duet. W. H. DOANE.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus say: "I will give you rest; Wea - ry, heav - y
2. With a righteous Phar-i - see, Je - sus sat at meat; Ma - ry Mag-da -
3. Come then to the Gospel-feast, Lame, and halt, and blind; He who seeks the
4. Who - so -ev-er will, may come; Hear the Sav-iour say: "Who-so - ev - er

rit.

la - den, In me you shall be blest; Take my yoke up - on you,
le - ne Knelt weeping at his feet; He would not re - ject her,
Sav-iour, The Sav-iour he shall find; Tho' thy tongue may fal - ter
com-eth, I will not cast a - way;" While the door is o - pen

And no longer roam; Who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er will, may freely come."
Tho' outcast, for-lorn, " Who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er will, may freely come."
And thy lips be dumb, " Who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er will, may freely come."
To the heav'nly home, " Who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er will, may freely come."

CHORUS.

pp

'Tis the Sav-iour call - ing, call - ing thee;
'Tis the Sav - iour call - ing, call - ing, soft - ly call - ing, call - ing thee;

Bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, O how full and free!
Bless - ed, bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, O how full and free, so free!

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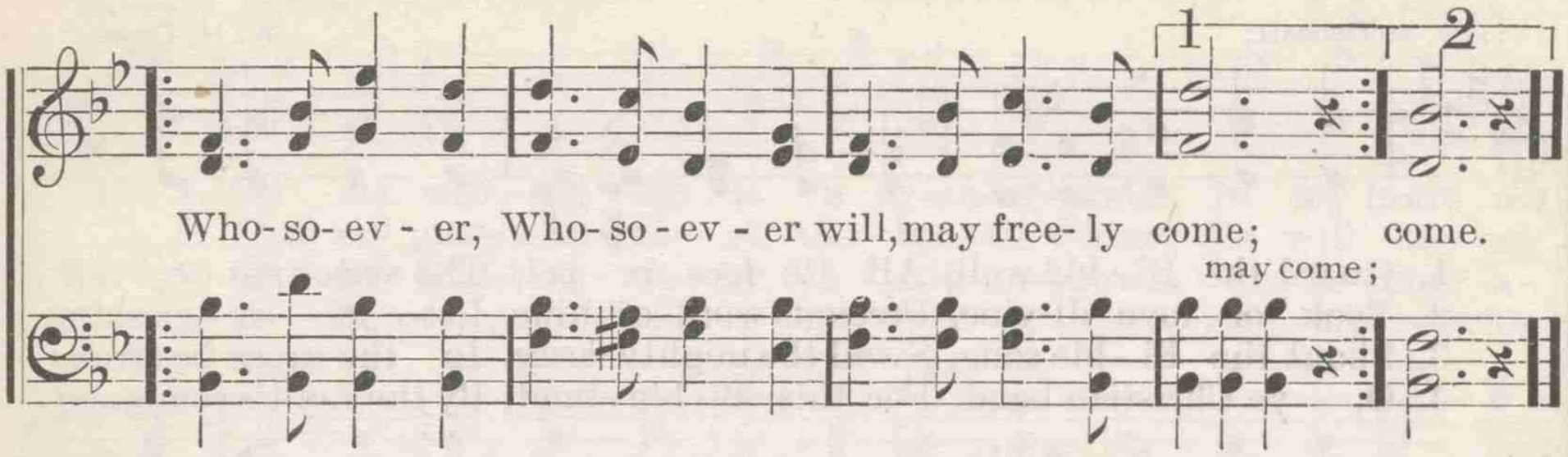
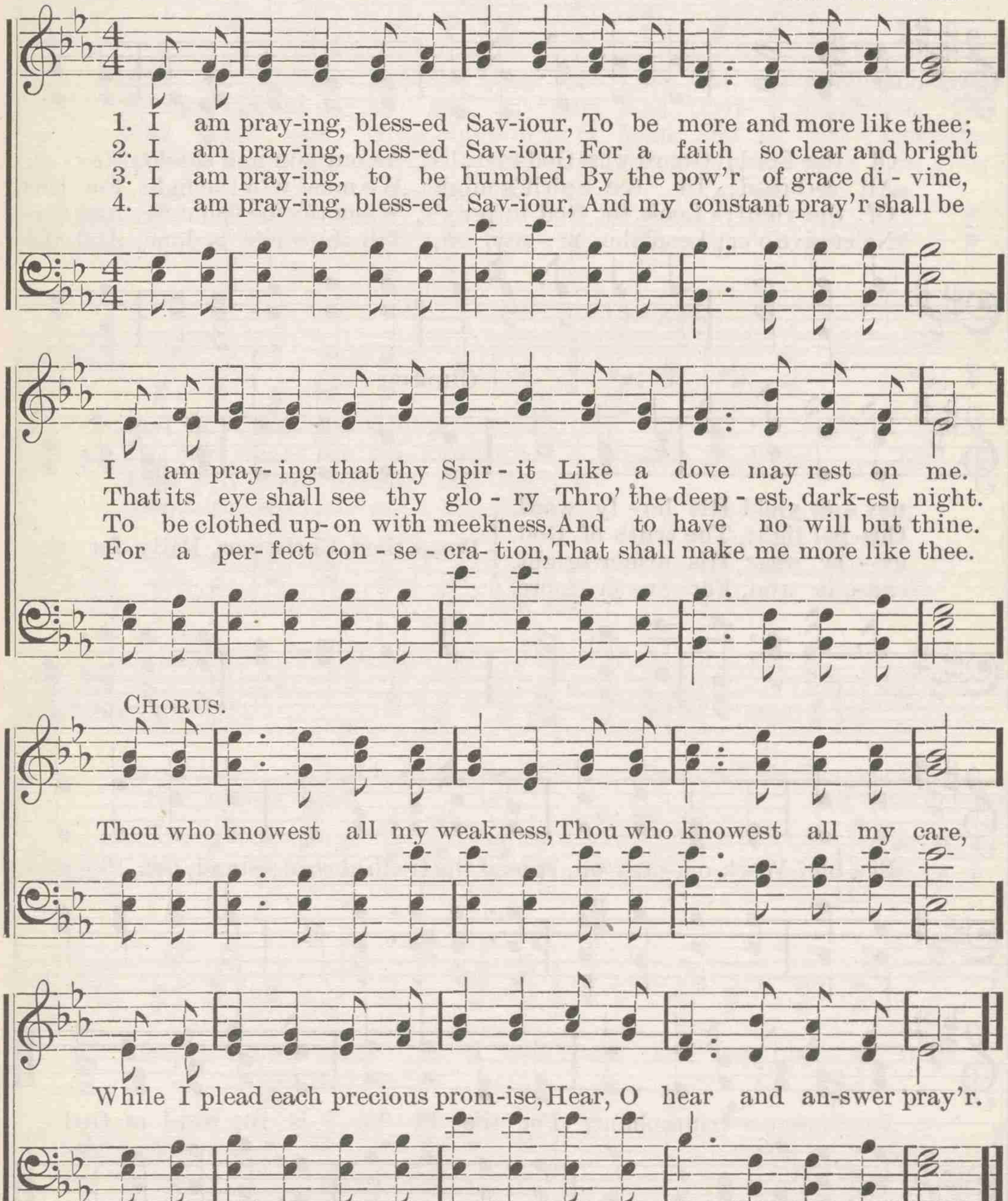
Whosoever Will.—Concluded.



No. 83. Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 84. Guard the Bible Well.

THOS. McDOUGALL. W. H. DOANE.

1. Guard the Bi - ble well, All its foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell
2. Book of love di-vine, Precious word of thine, Let it ev - er shine
3. Shout the Bi - ble song, Swell the mighty throng, In the cause be strong
4. O, ye Christian band, For this Bi- ble stand, By the Lord's command,

Of the Lord; Guard what God revealed, As our sun and shield; Nev - er,
All a- broad; In the Spirit's might, We must win the fight, For this
Of the right; Look to God in pray'r, When the foe you dare, And for-
Ne'er give o'er; Lead the ar - my on, Till the strife is done, And the

CHORUS.

nev - er yield His ho - ly word.
Gos- pel light, The truth of God.
ev - er wear His armor bright.
cause is won, For - ev - er - more.

} Rouse then, Christians, Rally for the

Bi - ble! Work on, pray on, spread the truth abroad; Stand, then, like men,

In the cause triumphant, For the Bi - ble is the word of God.

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No. 85. I Will Trust.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. On my will - ing lips is a hymn of praise, In my heart a
2. Tho' my place may be at the bat - tle's front, He will be my
3. Tho' he lead - eth me by a path un-known, 'Tis be- cause a -
4. By his pow'r up - held, in his love se - cure, From my heart his

glad new song; For the bless - ed Lord is my guide and guard,
strength and shield; In his ar - mor clad there is naught to fear,
long that way Grow the flow'rs of faith and of per - fect trust,
praise I sing; And I safe - ly rest, while the days go by,

CHORUS.

And my ref - uge safe and strong.
To his might the foe must yield.
That will bloom to end - less day.
'Neath the shadow of his wing.

I will trust him, ful - ly

I will trust him,

trust him, In his strength go forth undismayed, For his promise

ful - ly trust him, For his promise

fail - eth nev - er, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.

fail - eth nev - er,

Copyright, 1902, by Daniel B. Towner. Used by per.

No. 86. Doing His Will.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spirit to guide, Just to
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

fol - low where he leads the way.
lean on his bos - om and rest.
faith - ful he'll be to the end.

CHORUS.

Just to say what he wants me to say, And be still when he whispers to me, ... Just to go where he wants me to go, ... Just to be what he wants me to be.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour, Used by per.

No. 87. Lower and Lower.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Low - er and low-er, dear Lord, at thy feet, Seek - ing thy Spir-it, thy
2. Low - er and low-er, dear Sav-iour, we pray, Los - ing the self-life still
3. Low - er and low-er; yet high - er we rise, Lift - ed in Je - sus, led

mer - cy so sweet; Down in our need, bless-ed Mas - ter, we fall,
more ev - 'ry day; Weak and un - worthy, we're look - ing a - bove;
on to the skies; Hum - bly we fol - low the way of the cross,

CHORUS.

Low - er and low - er be thou all in all.
Emp - ty us, Je - sus; then fill us with love.
Then, crowns of glo - ry, and gain for all loss.
} Low-er and low - er,

down at thy cross, All the world's treasure, counting but dross; Down at thy

rit.

feet, bless-ed Saviour, we fall, Low-er still lower, Christ all in all!

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 88. At Jesus' Feet.

D. H. W. W. H. Doane.

1. I love to sit at Je - sus' feet In pen - i - ten - tial pray'r,
2. I love to sit, in sor-row's hour, With -in that blest re - treat,
3. I love to breathe his ho - ly name Where kindred spir - its meet,

To know the bliss of par -don sweet He free - ly gives me there;
And prove the gra - cious heal-ing pow'r Of cleans -ing at his feet;
I love in trust - ing faith to claim, A bless - ing at his feet;

And there I love to plead my case, His ten -der love en - treat,
And there I gain the strength to dare, And all my foes de - feat,
And when my Father's home I see, And all my dear ones greet,

And feel his soul - re - fresh-ing grace Flow o'er me at his feet.
The grace each cru - el wrong to bear, He gives me at his feet.
No place will be so dear to me, As sit - ting at his feet.

CHORUS.

Par - don sweet at his feet ev - er free, Pre-cious
ev - er free,

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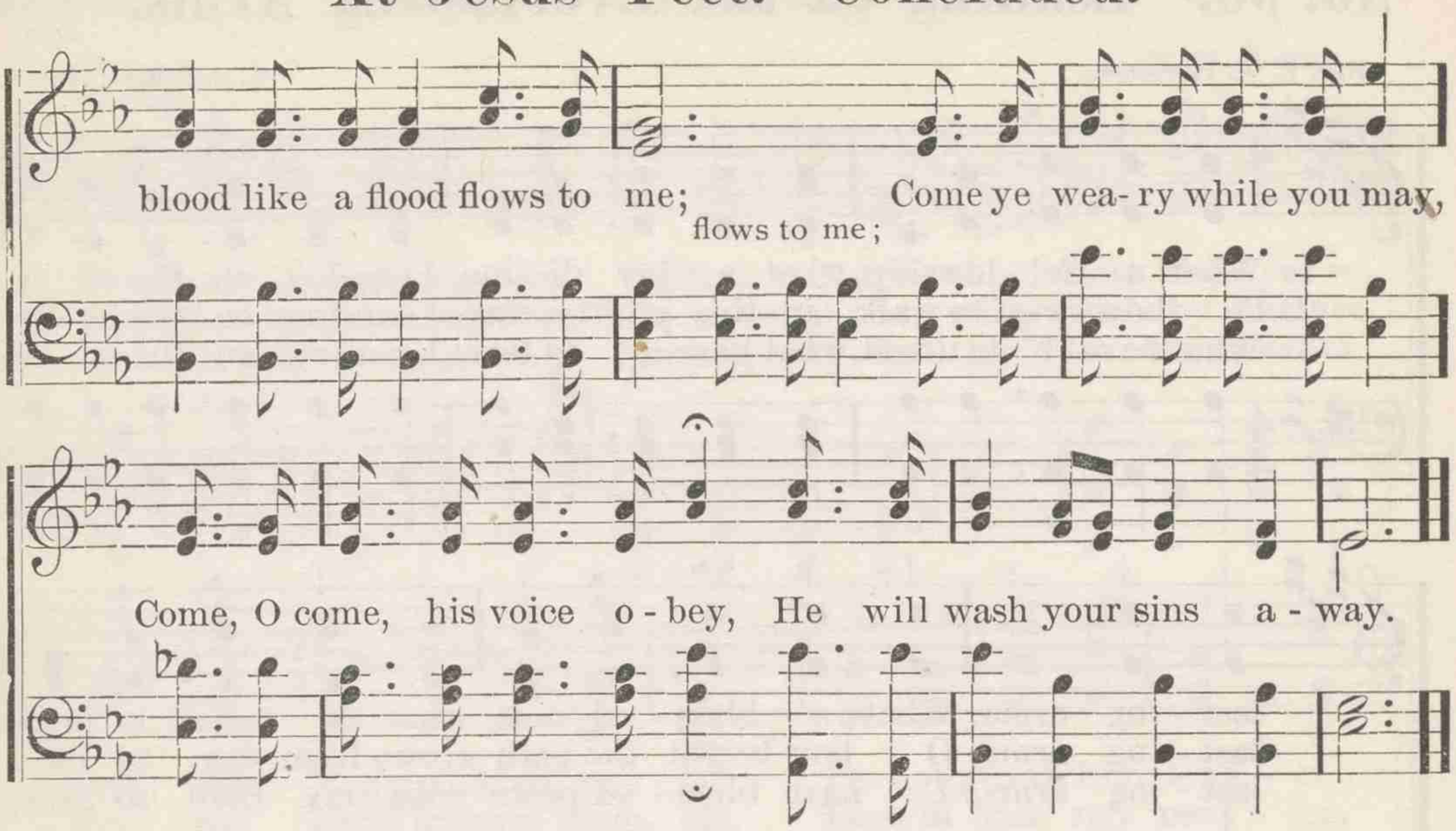
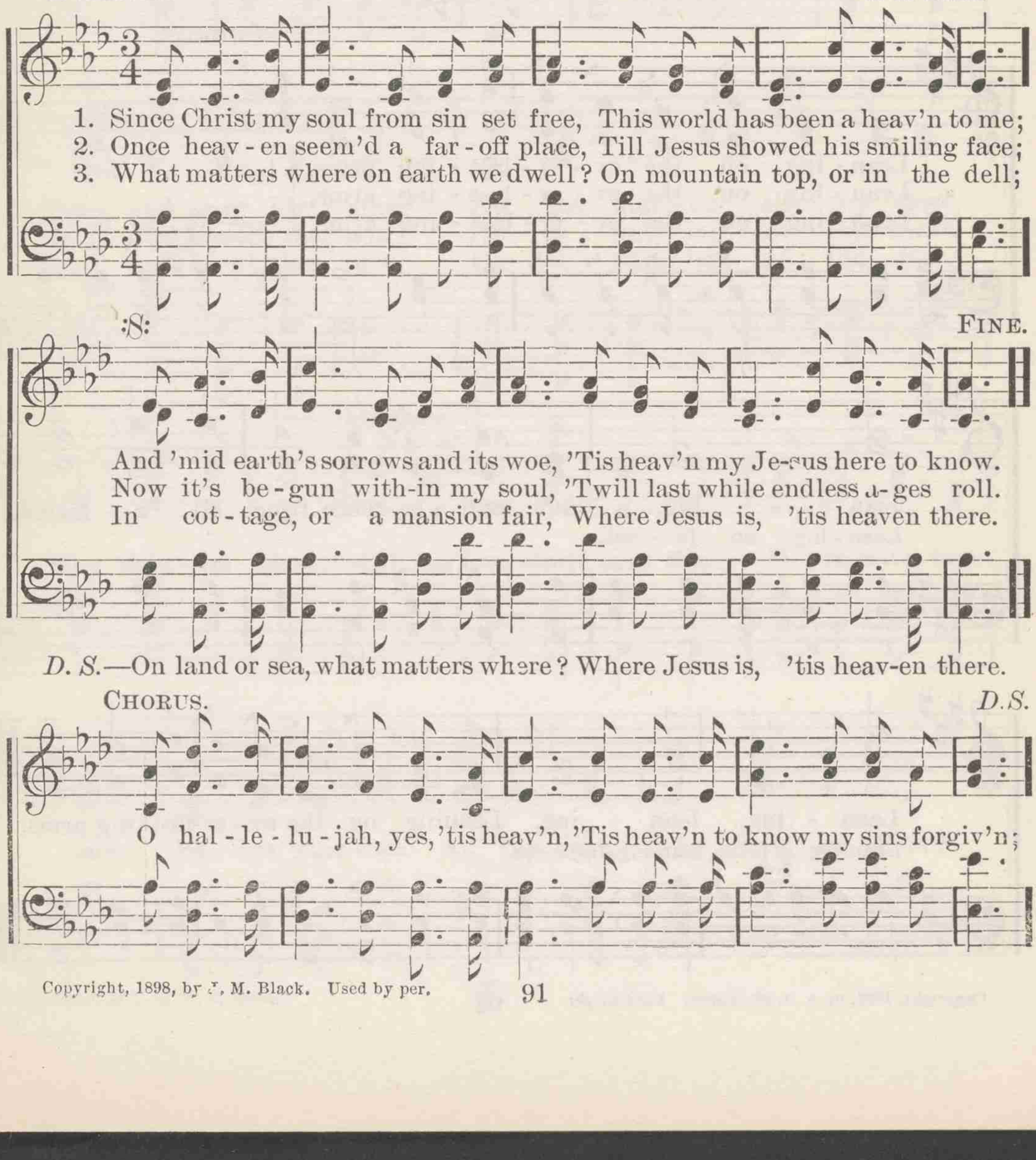
At Jesus' Feet.—Concluded.



No. 89. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.

Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

No. 90. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS:

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

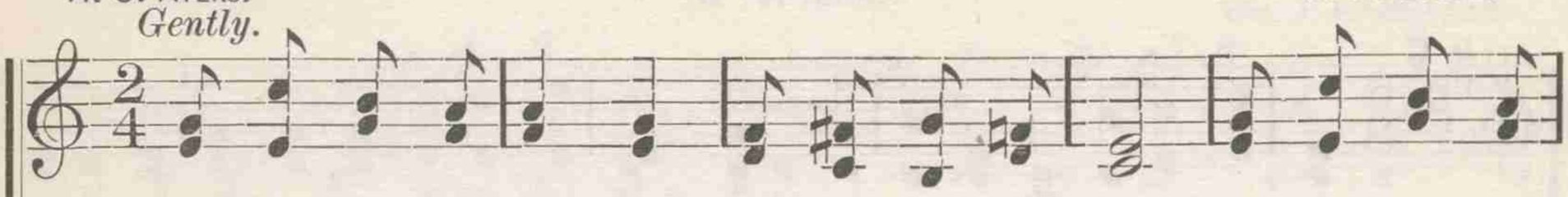
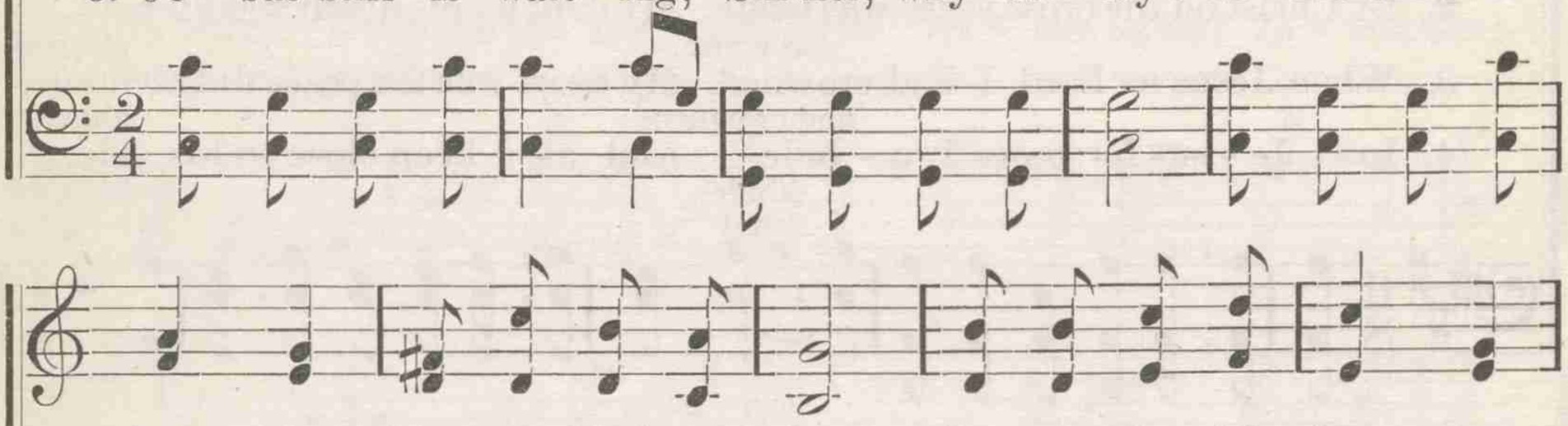
lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

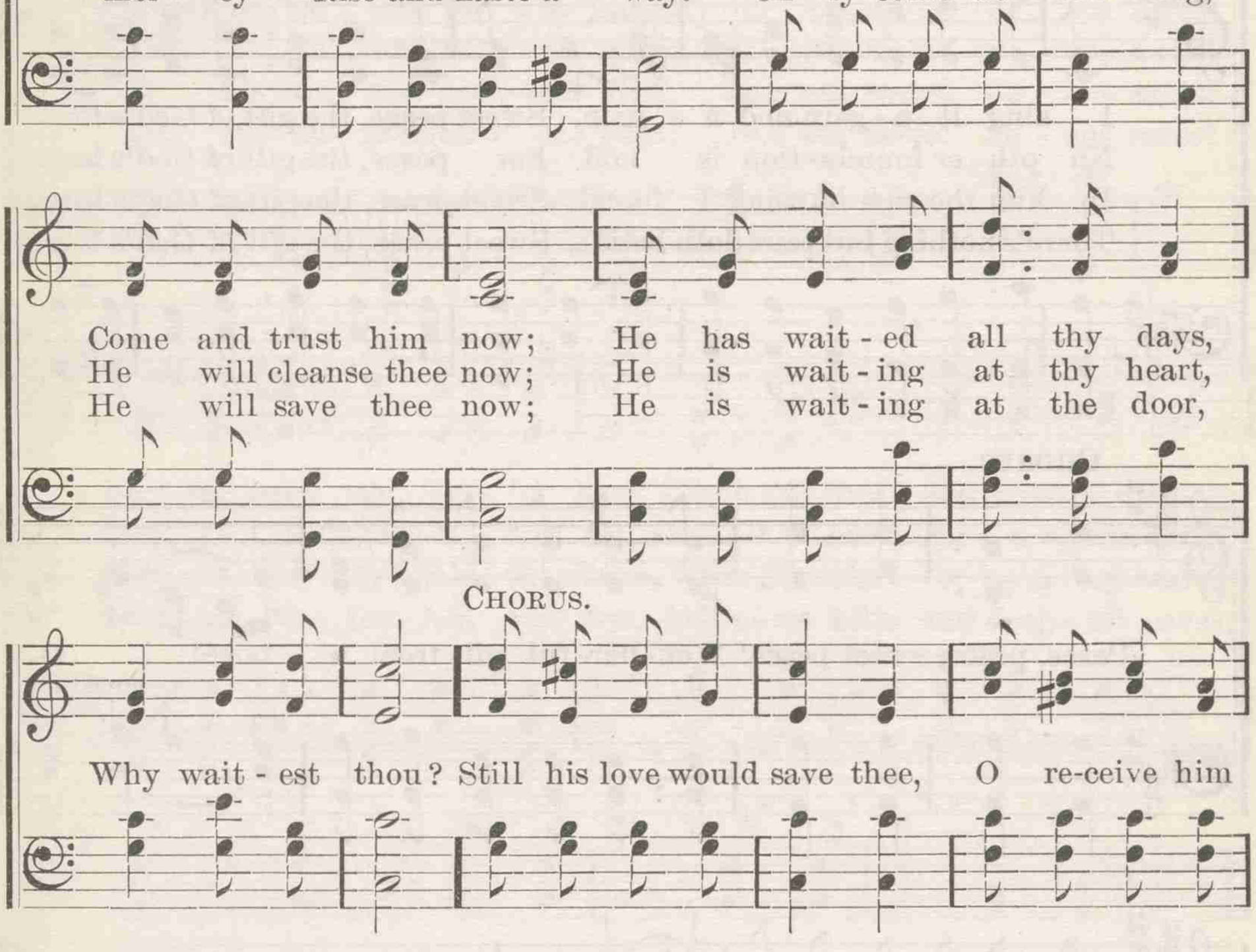
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er-last- ing arms.
Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

No. 91. Why Waitest Thou?

H. C. AYERS. W. H. DOANE.

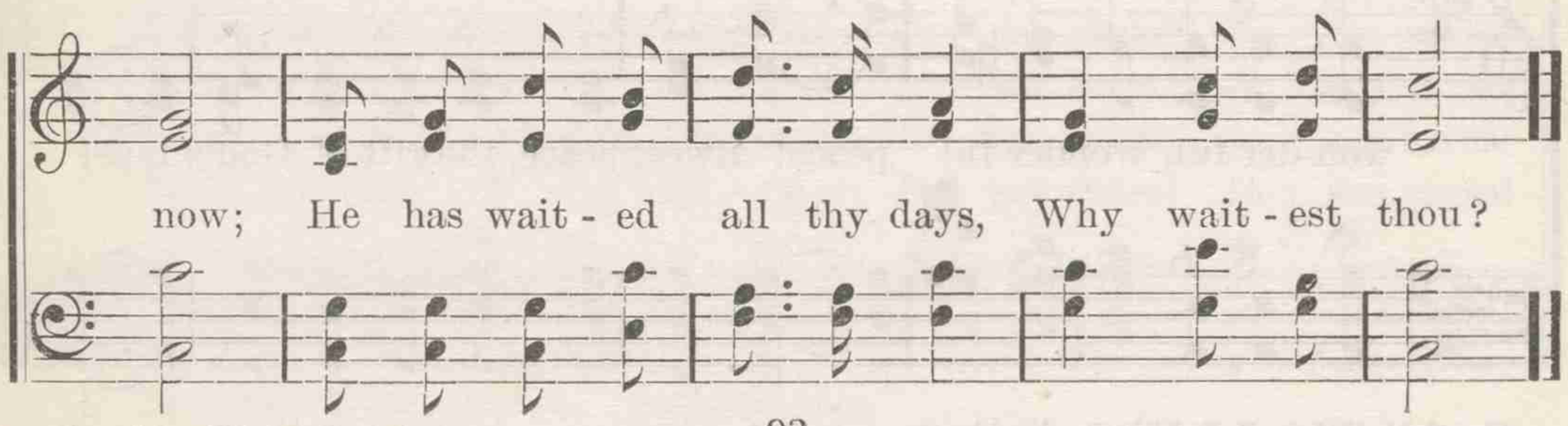
Gently.

1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst thou yet re-
2. Ten - der - ly he wooes thee, Do not slight his call; Tho' thy sins are
3. Je - sus still is wait - ing; Sin-ner, why de - lay? To his arms of

ject him? None so kind as he. Do not grieve him long - er,
ma - ny, He'll for-give them all. Turn to him re - pent - ing,
mer - cy Rise and haste a - way. On - ly come be - liev - ing,



Come and trust him now; He has wait - ed all thy days,
He will cleanse thee now; He is wait - ing at thy heart,
He will save thee now; He is wait - ing at the door,

CHORUS.

Why wait - est thou? Still his love would save thee, O re-ceive him



now; He has wait - ed all thy days, Why wait - est thou?

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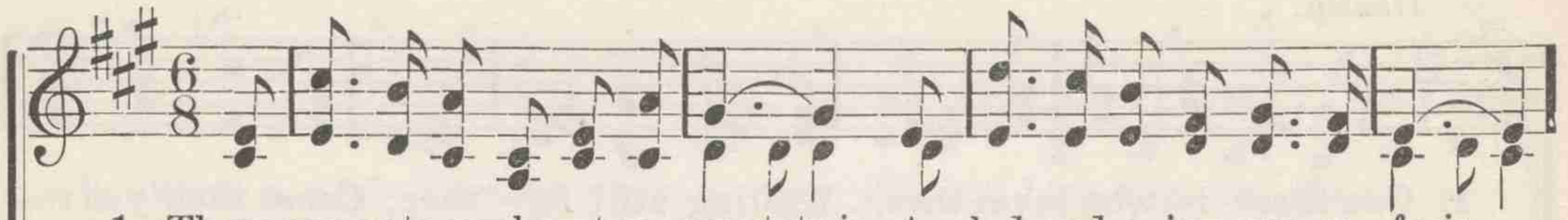
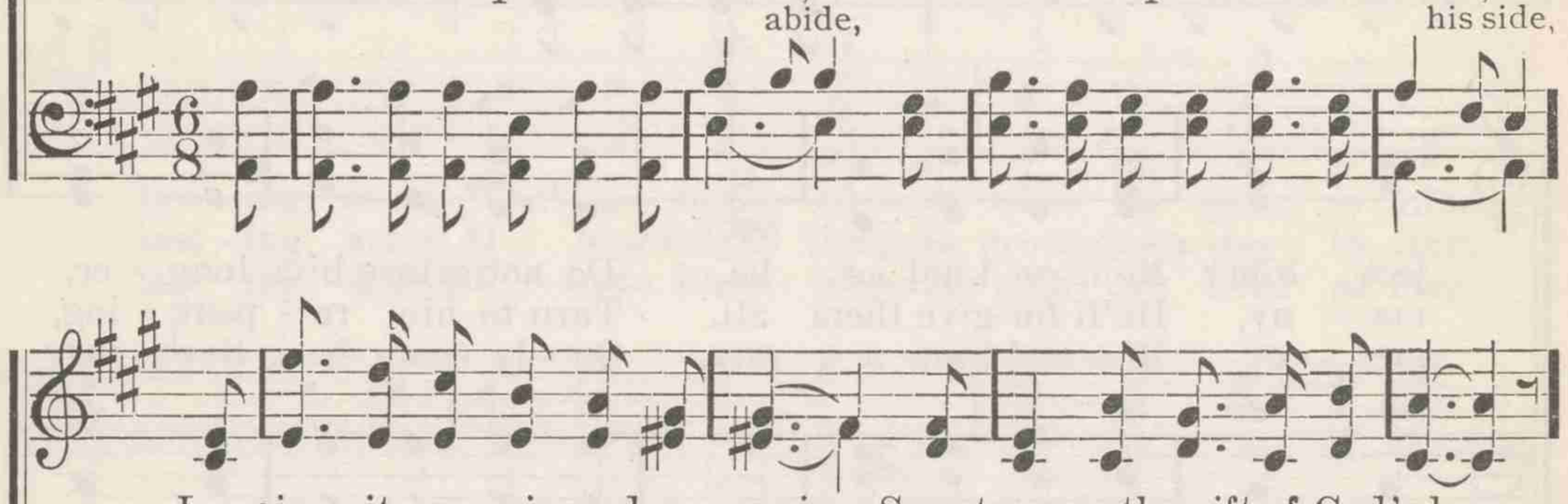
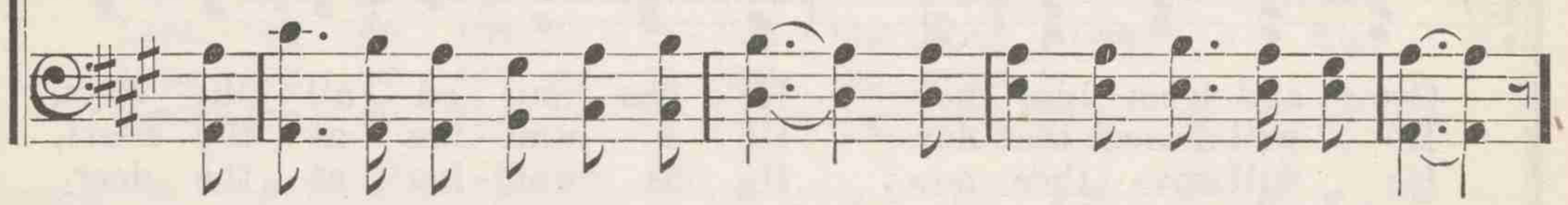
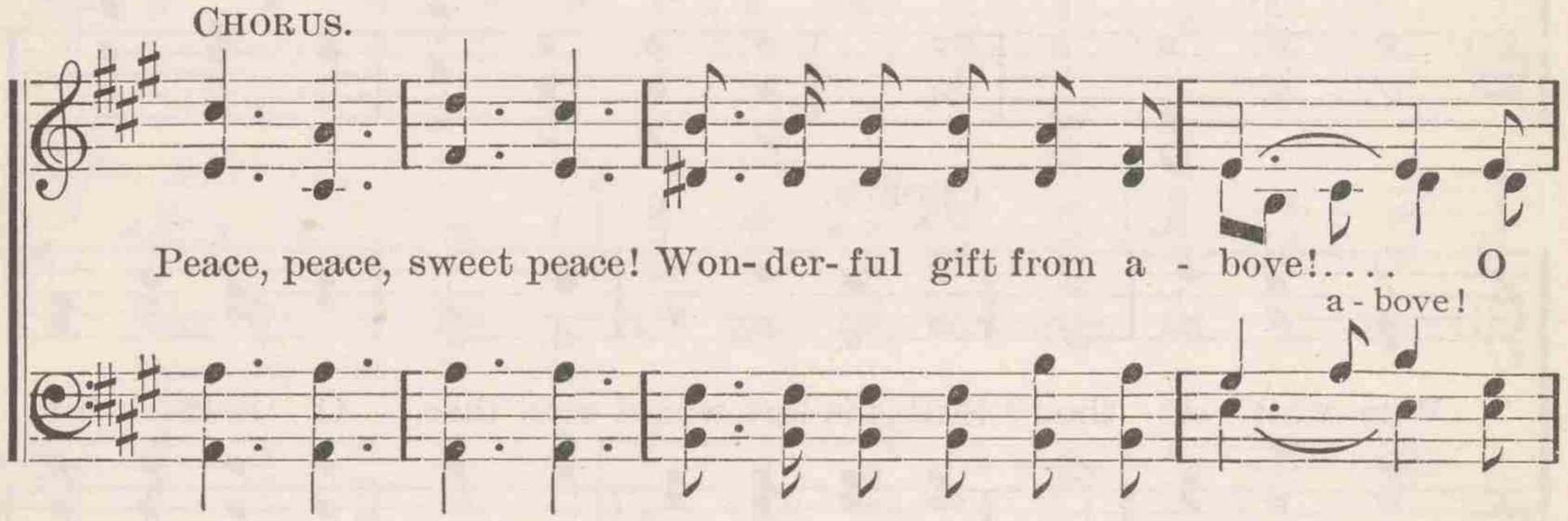
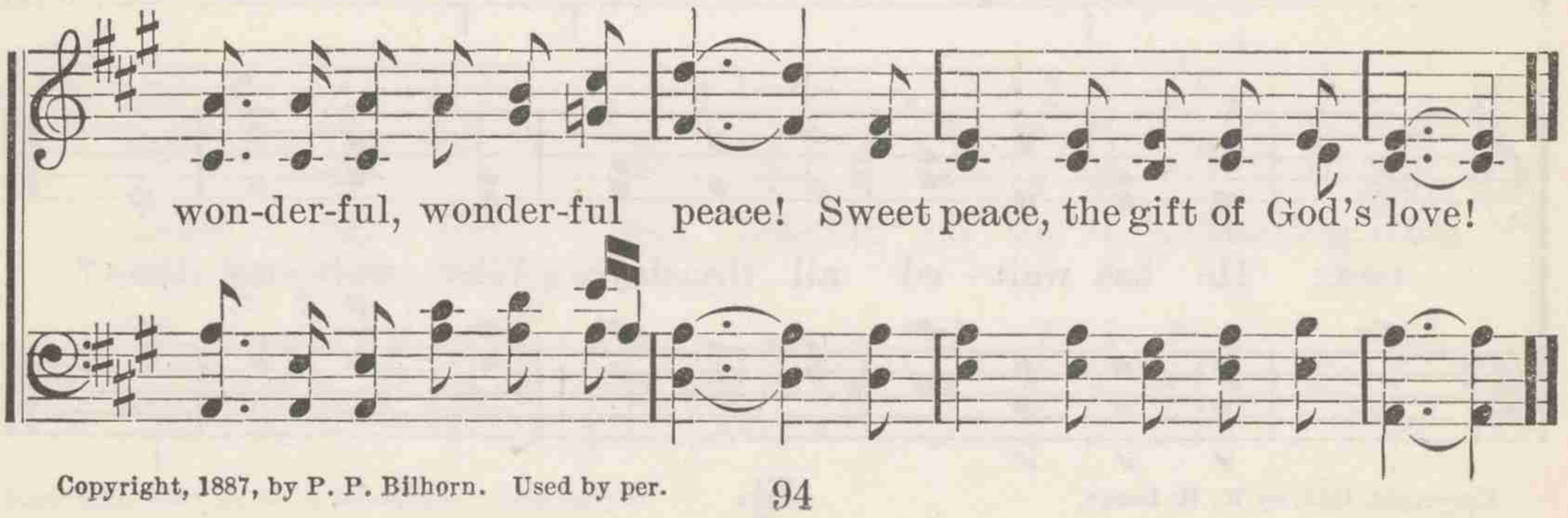
No. 92. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. John 14: 27. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound.
had crowned, abound,
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to his side,
abide, his side,



I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove!.... O
a - bove!

won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

Copyright, 1887, by P. P. Bilhorn. Used by per.

No. 93. Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

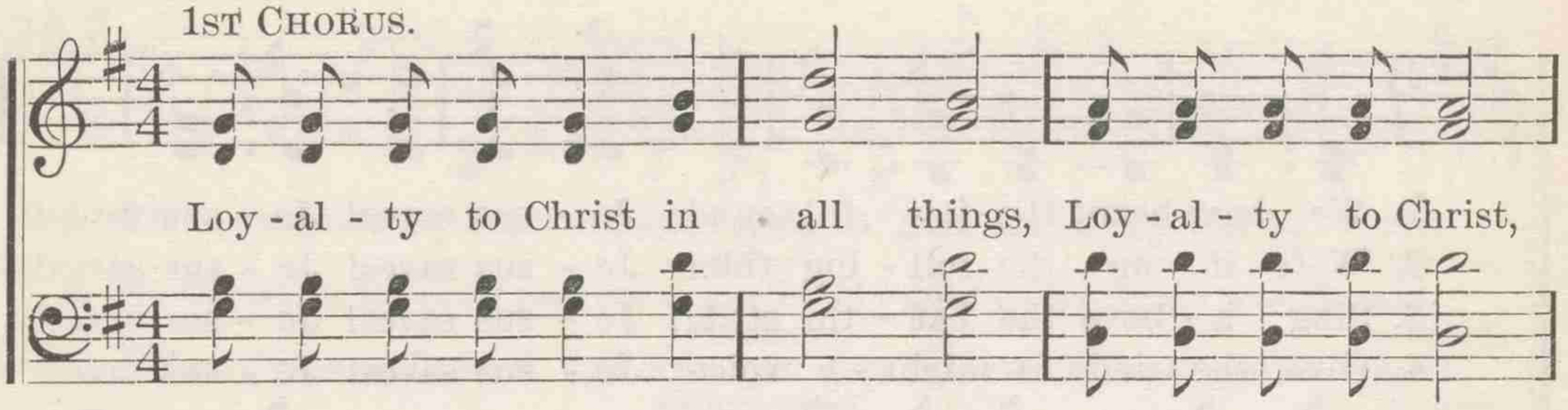
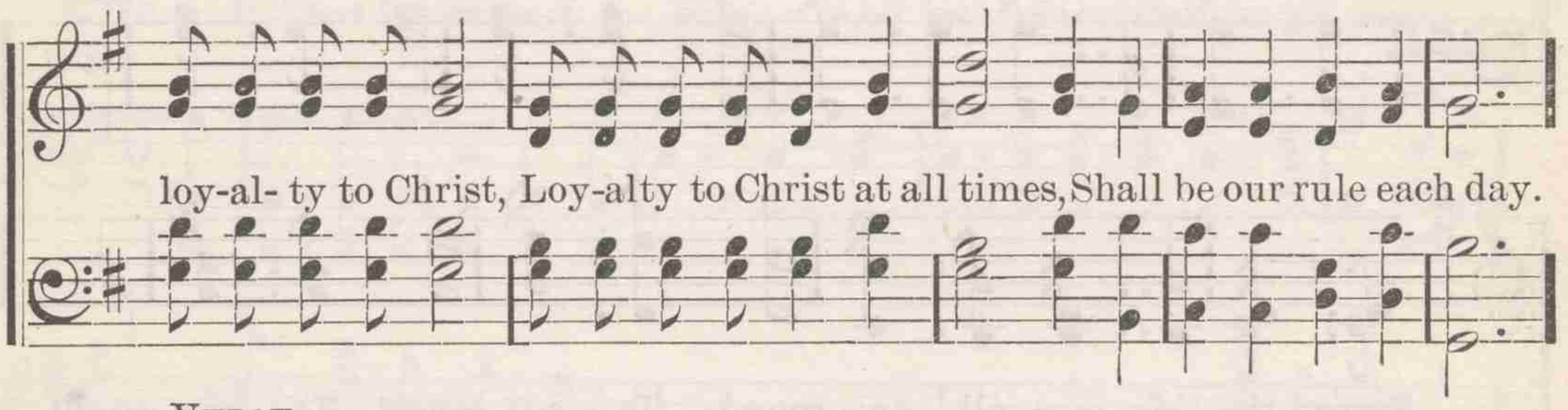
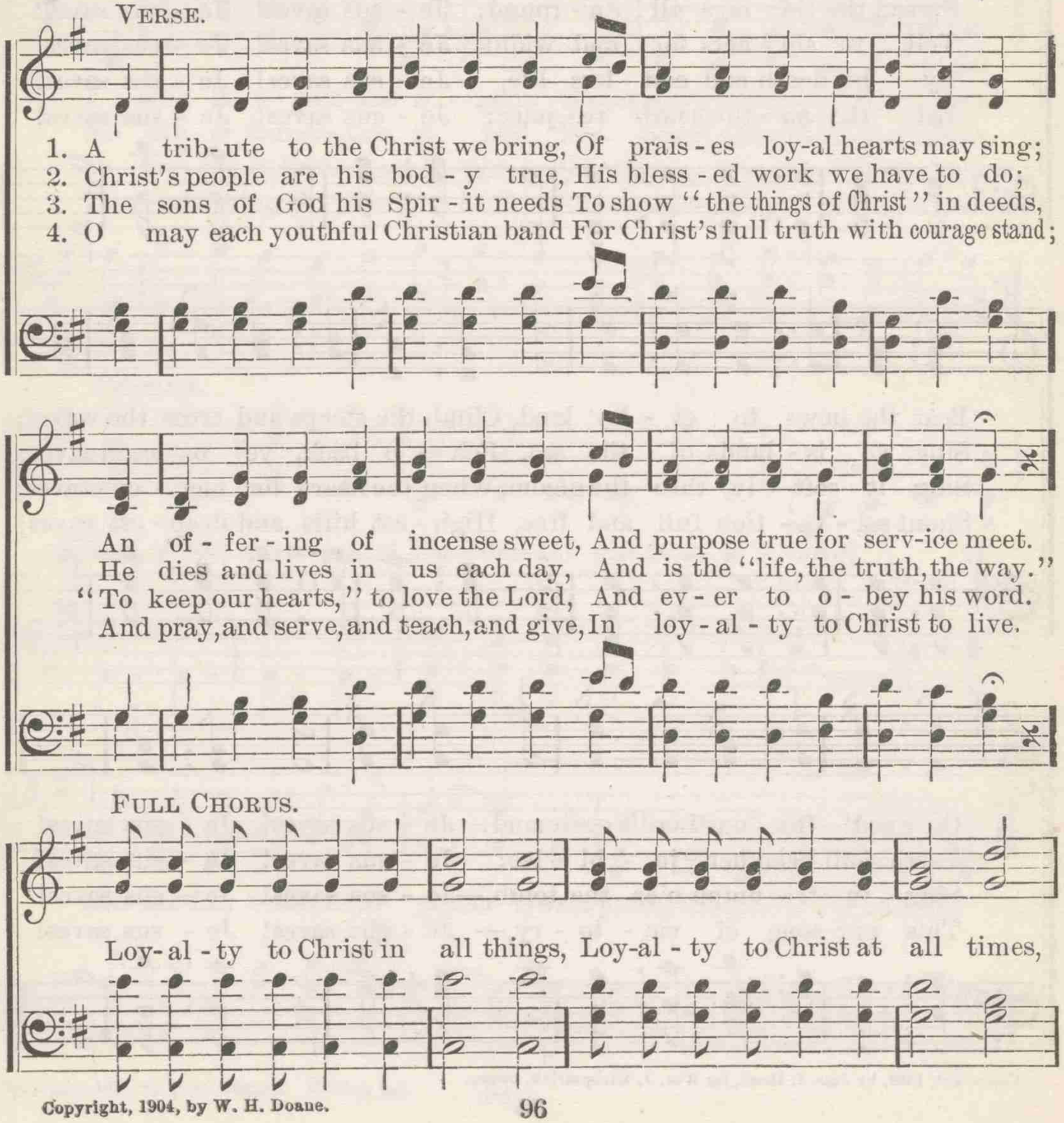
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

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

Copyright, 1882, by Jno, J. Hood, for Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, owner.

No. 94. Loyalty to Christ in All Things.

REV. O. W. VAN OSDELL, D. D. OLD MELODY ARRANGED.

1ST CHORUS.

VERSE.

FULL CHORUS.

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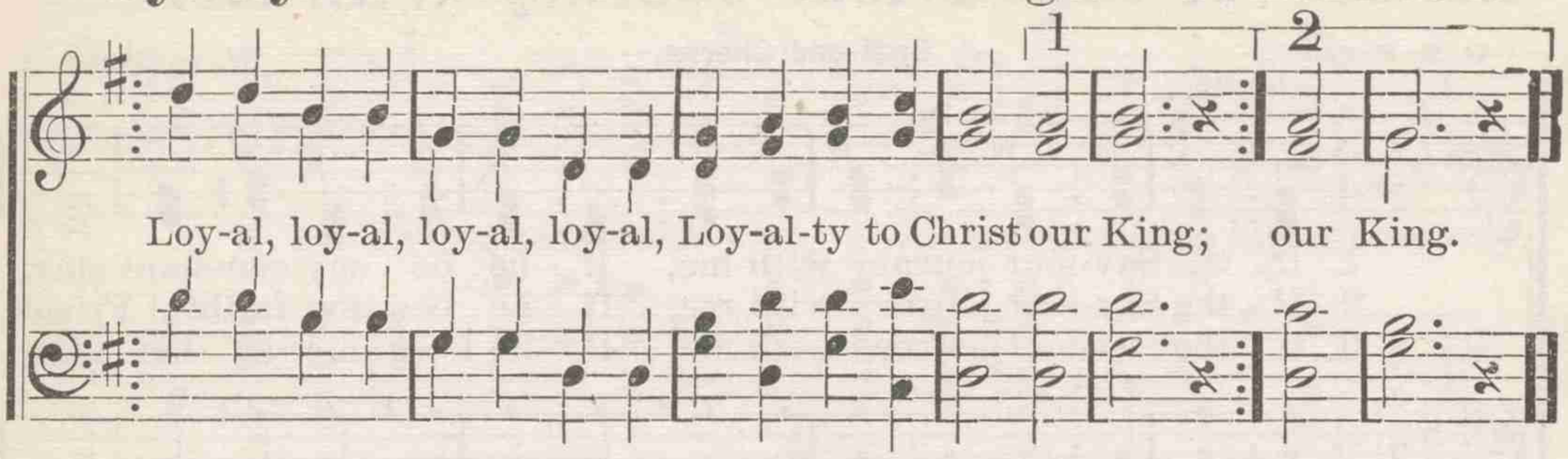
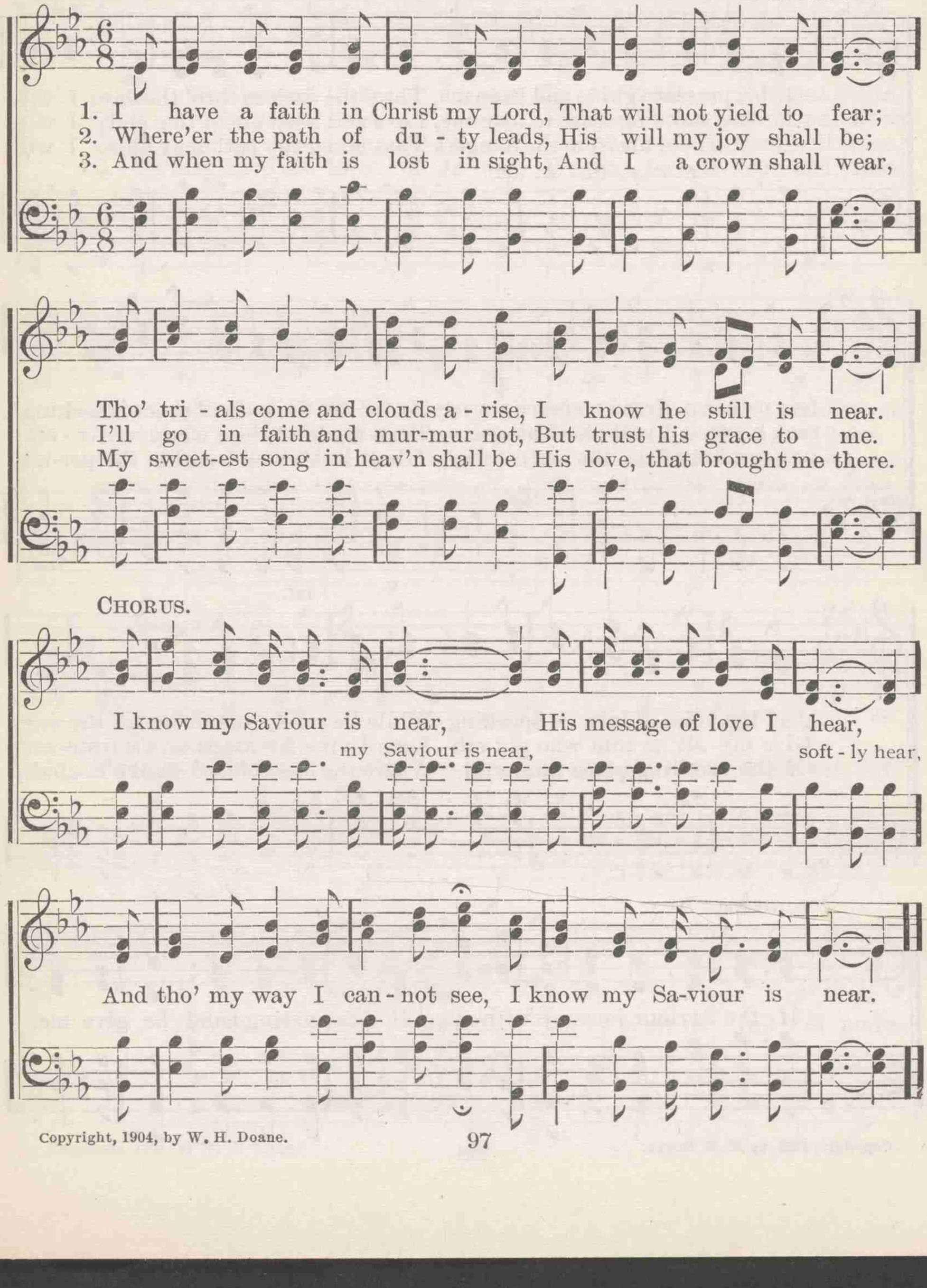
Loyalty to Christ in All Things.—Concluded.

No. 95. I Know My Saviour is Near.

D. W. W. W. H. Doane.

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No. 96. If the Saviour Journey With Me.

D. B. PURINTON. Duet and Chorus. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If he be my con-stant stay,
2. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If he be my faithful Friend,
3. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If he keep me at his side,

If his presence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will
If he nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will
If he shield me from the dangers That along my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seeking,
seek his face, I will plead his grace, Trust my life to him who ever liv - eth,
nev - er stray from the perfect way, Till at last I stand within the por-tal

rit.

And the voice of love is speaking, While he safely guards me all the way.
Give my all to him who giv-eth Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.
Of the dwelling-place immortal, Where the blest of God shall e'er abide.

CHORUS.

If the Saviour journey with me, If his guiding hand he give me,

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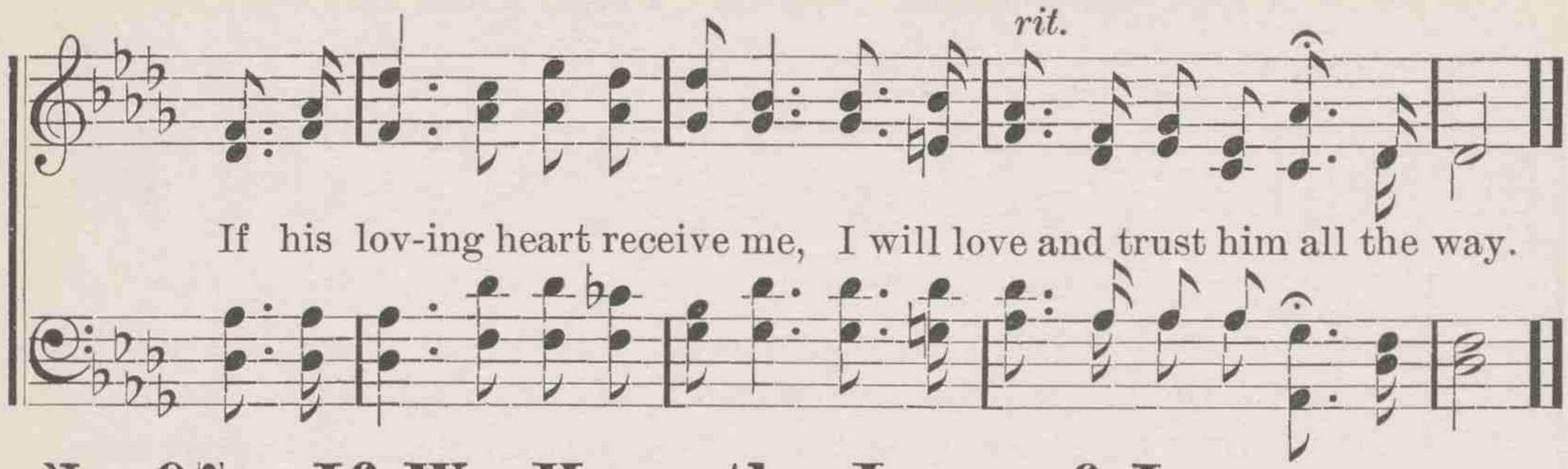
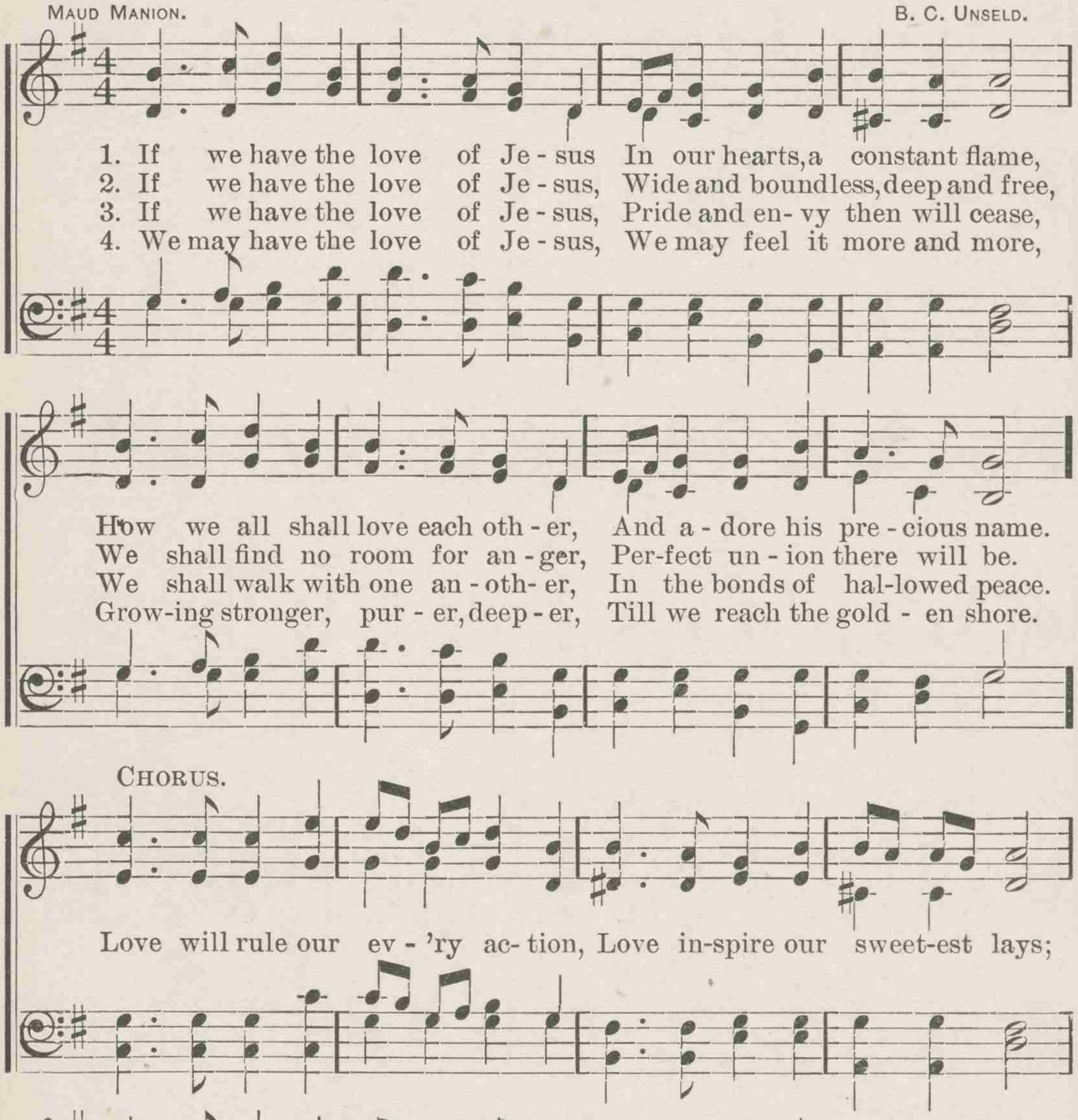
If the Saviour.—Concluded.

No. 97. If We Have the Love of Jesus.

MAUD MANION. B. C. UNSELD.



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No. 98. Is It Well With Thy Soul?

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. D. HOWARD.

1. Tho' joys like the sun-shine il - lum- ine the way, And light-ly thy
2. Say, where is thy ref-uge for years that shall come? And what of thy
3. When storms of af - flic- tion a - round thee may fall, And bil-lows like
4. If Christ, thy Re - deem- er, is pre- cious to thee, And makes thee in

care may dis- pel, ... Is Je - sus thy hope and thy an- chor to - day?
faith canst thou tell?.. O where is thy treasure, thy heart and thy home?
mountains may roll, ... O hast thou a trust that is great- er than all?
safe - ty to dwell, .. What-ev - er thy cares or temp - tations may be,

CHORUS.

Is it well with thy soul, is it well? Is it well, ...
Is it well with thy soul, is it well? *It is well, ...
Is it well with thy soul, is it well? Is it well,
Praise the Lord! with thy soul it is well! *It is well,

rit.

With thy soul, ... Is it well, Is it well with thy soul?
With my soul, ... It is well, It is well with my soul!
With thy soul,
With my soul,

* After 4th Verse.

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Doane.

No. 99. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

ANNA WARNER. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me;
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King!
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been,
4. One more day's work for Je - sus— O yes, a wea - ry day;
5. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je- sus' feet!

But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes - ter- day, to me;
'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing
To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry Where Christ's flock en -ter in!
But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way;
There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet;

His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
And Christ in all— Be - fore his face I fall.
Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

By permission.

No. 100. Jesus is Passing this Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long-ing for par-don to - day?
2. Is there a heart that has wander'd? Come with thy burden to - day;
3. Is there a heart that is bro - ken? Wea - ry and sighing for rest?
4. Come to thy on - ly Re-deem - er, Come to his in - fi - nite love;

rit.

Hear the glad message proclaim - ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Mer - cy is ten-der - ly plead - ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Come to the arms of thy Sav - iour, Pil-low thy head on his breast.
Come to the gate that is lead - ing Homeward to mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way,..... This way,..... to - day;.....
Je - sus is passing, is pass-ing this way, Is passing this way, Is passing to-day;

rit.

Je - sus is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to-day,

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No. 101. Trusting in Thee.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My bless-ed Re-deem-er I'm trusting in thee, For thou art my
2. O why should I fal - ter when thou art so near, To shield from the
3. I read of a cit - y of beau-ty un - told, The light of its

Ref - uge wher-e'er I may be; In glad-ness or weep - ing,
tempt - er, to com-fort and cheer? Thy mer - cy will guide me,
glo - ry I soon shall be - hold: While onward for - ev - er,

:S: FINE

wak-ing or sleep- ing, Still thou art keep- ing a watch o - ver me.
shel - ter and hide me, Thou art be - side me, then why should I fear.
life's gen- tle riv - er Flows thro' that cit-y whose streets are of gold.

D.S.—pa- tient-ly trust- ing, Lov-ing - ly trust- ing my Saviour in thee.

CHORUS.

Thy word is my treas - use, Where joy with-out meas - ure, Clear as the

D. S.

noon - day re - flect - ed I see; While faith-ful - ly trust - ing,

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No. 102. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing,
2. Tho' they are slight - ing him, Still he is wait - ing,
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the temp - ter,
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de- mands it;

Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the
Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them
Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a
Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro- vide: Back to the

err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len, Tell them of Je - sus the
earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they
lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that were bro - ken will
nar- row way Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a

CHORUS.

might - y to save.
on - ly be - lieve.
vi - brate once more.
Sav - iour has died.

} Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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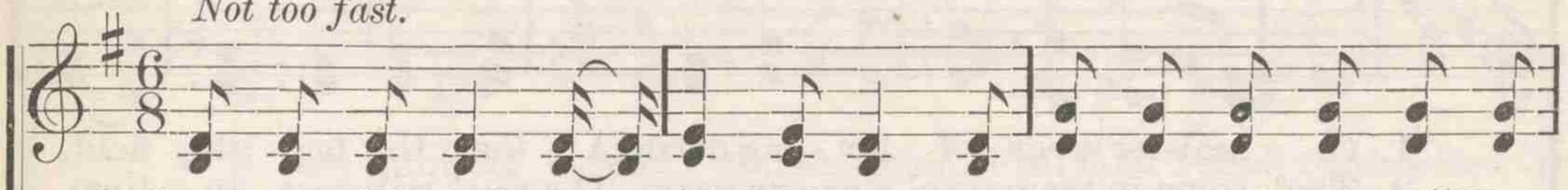
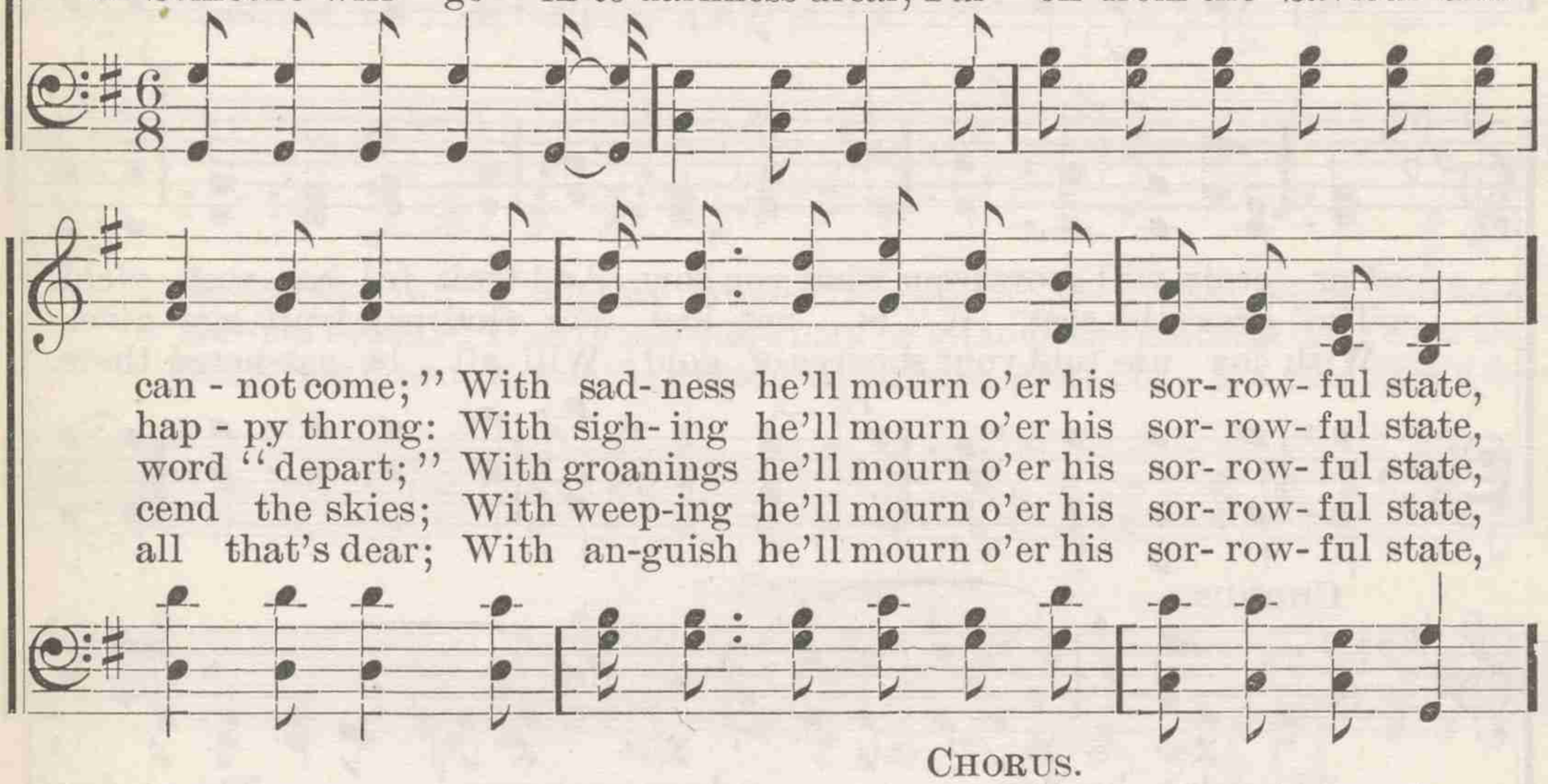
No. 103. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.

1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Someone will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Someone will stand with an ach- ing heart, While Je- sus pronounc- es the
4. Someone will lin- ger with tearful eyes, While Christ and his peo-ple as -
5. Someone will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and



can - not come;" With sad- ness he'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state,
hap - py throng: With sigh- ing he'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state,
word "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state,
cend the skies; With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state,
all that's dear; With an-guish he'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state,

CHORUS.

Turned a-way from the beauti - ful gate. Turned a-way from the beauti - ful

gate, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate; With sad- ness he'll

mourn o'er his sor-row- ful state, Turned a-way from the beau-ti - ful gate.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch. Used by per

No. 104. Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O scat-ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;
3. The har-vest home of God will come, And, af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit- ful har- vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit- age give.
With joy un- told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day..... a-long your way,..... The seeds of
Then day by day along your way,

prom - ise cast,..... That ripened grain..... from hill and
The seeds of promise 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 per. of Fillmore Bros.

No. 105. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau- ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in that cit - y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an- y stars in my crown?
praise like the seabillow rolls.
be an- y stars in my crown.

} Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,

When at evening the sun go- eth down?....When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?....
an - y stars in my crown?

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No. 106. Valley of Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest,
2. Val - ley of E - den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills,
3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,

tran-quil and blest; Anchored forev - er we soon shall be, Gathered with
peace-ful thy rills; Hap-py for - ev - er we soon shall roam O - ver thy
fadeless thy flow'rs: Val-ley of E-den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy

Je - sus to rest; Songs of the ransomed are float- ing in air,
bright blooming hills; Thine are the beau-ties that nev - er de - cay,
beau - ti - ful bow'rs. Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet,

Waft - ed to earth from thy re - gions so fair; An - gels are
Thine is the light of a shad - ow - less day; Voic - es of
Cast - ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet; Still the glad

ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.
loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
voic - es of an - gels re - peat, "Come to the val - ley of flowers."

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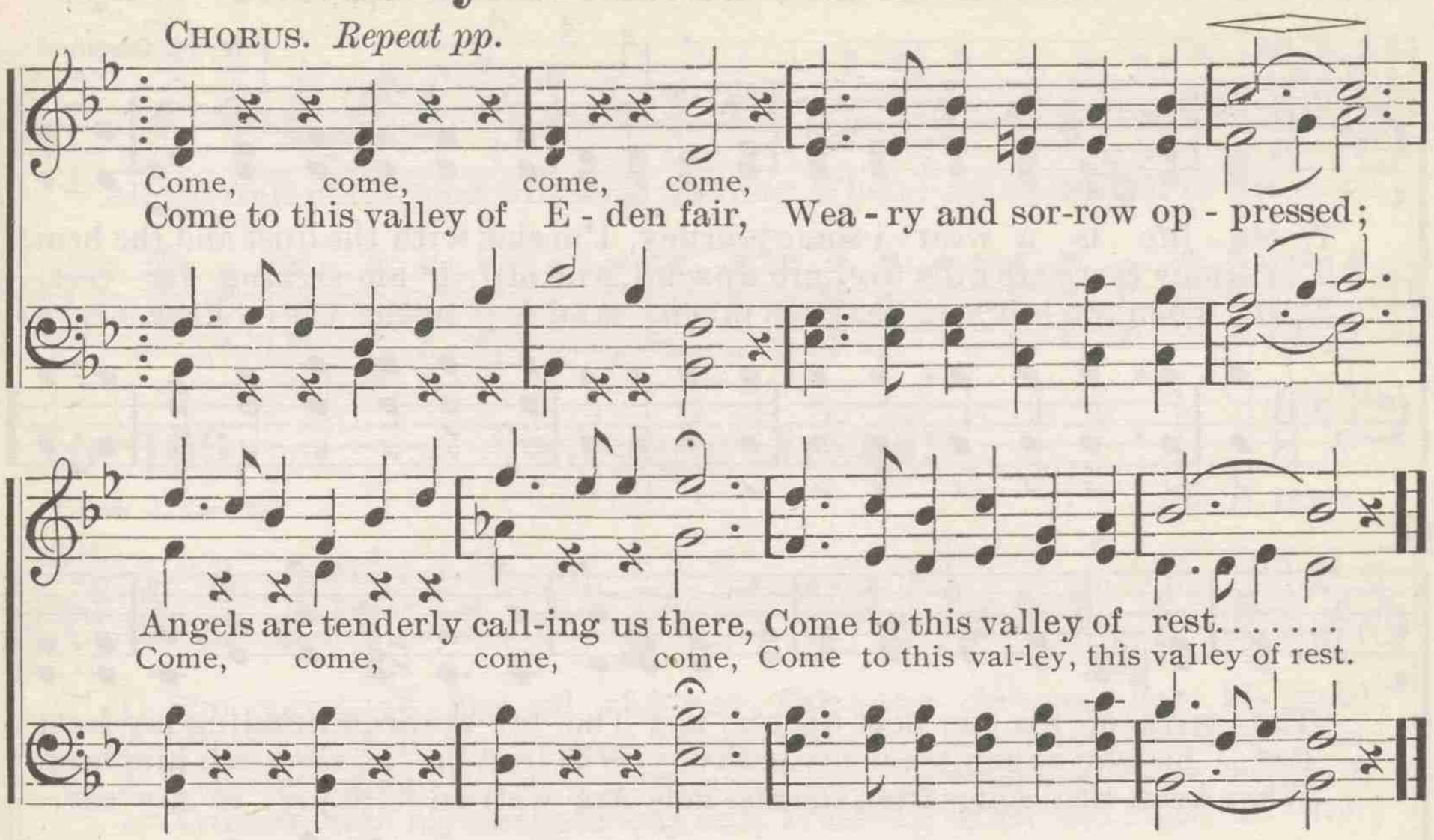
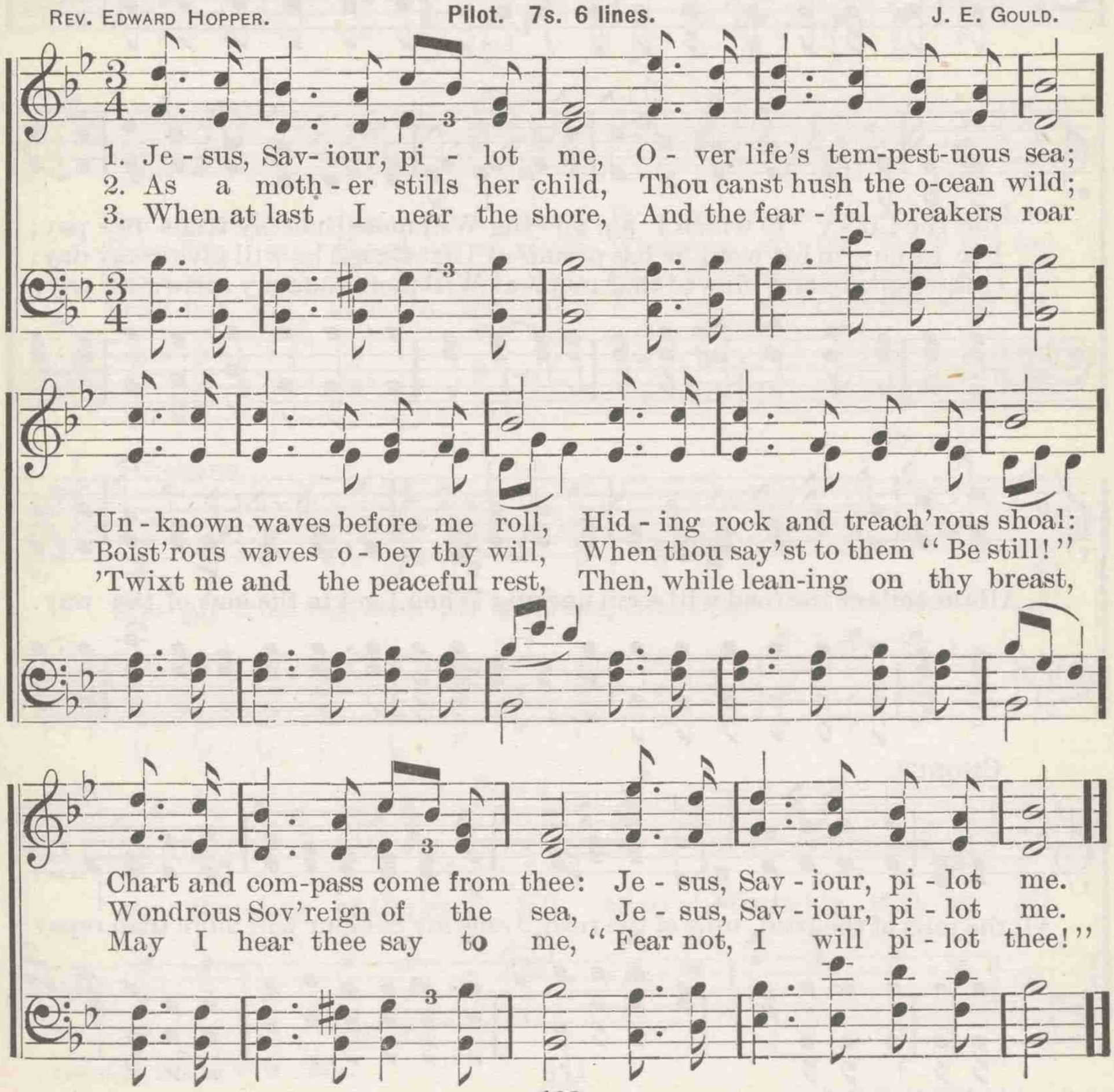
Valley of Rest.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*



No. 107. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. **Pilot. 7s. 6 lines.** J. E. GOULD.

No. 108. When I Get to the End of the Way.

B. P. C. W. H. Doane.

1. My life is a wear - i-some journey, I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
2. I know there are hills to climb upward, And oft I am sighing for rest;
3. O when the last step has been taken, And I to the Cit - y draw near;—

The rays of the sun beat up- on me, The bri- ars are wounding my feet;
But he who appoints me my pathway Will lead me as seem-eth him best;
When beau-tiful songs from the an - gels Are waft-ed with joy to my ear;—

But the Cit - y to which I am go - ing Will more than my trials re - pay;
For I know in his word he has promised That strength he will give as my day;
O the rapture and bliss of that moment Will more than my sorrow re- pay;

All the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

CHORUS.

All the toils of the road, toils of the road, Jesus my Saviour will more than repay;

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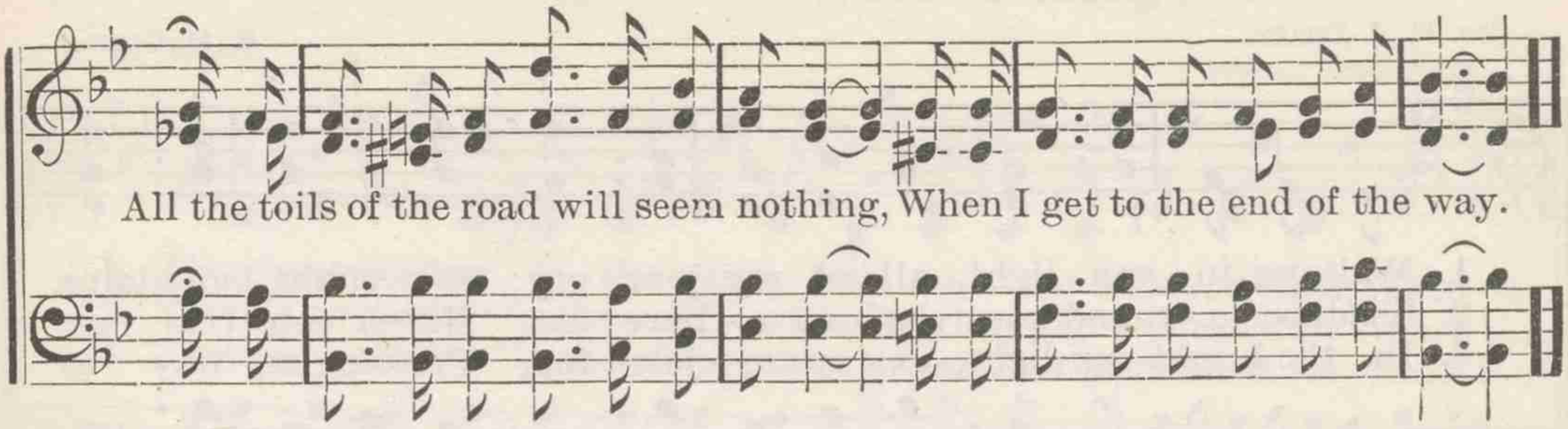
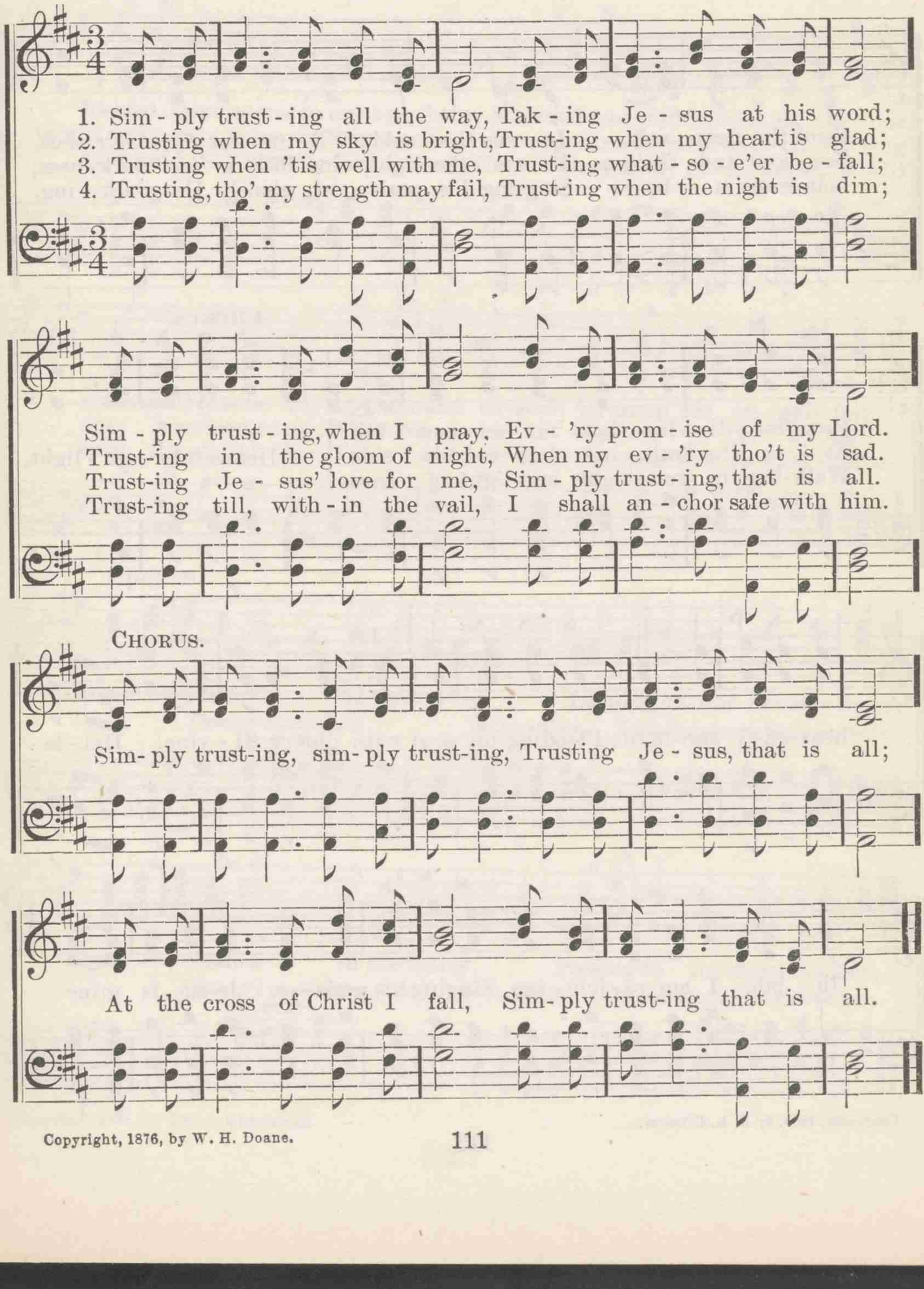
When I Get to the End of the Way.—Concluded.



No. 109. Trusting Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 110. Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a - round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev-er con - ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev - er re - joic- ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark - ness;
man-sions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais - es, glad-ly I'm walk - ing,

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side.
Walk-ing in sun - light, sun-light of love.
} Heav-en-ly sun - light,

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo- ry di - vine: Hal - le -

lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Singing his prais - es, Je-sus ís mine.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour.

No. 111. No Shadow in the Valley.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's no shadow in the val-ley, 'tis no longer lone and chill, When our
2. There's no shadow in the valley when the glory-light shines thro', When the
3. There's no shadow in the valley, since the Saviour passed that way; Still the

blessed Jesus comes to meet us there; If his rod and staff be with us, then our
bright and pearly gates shall open wide, And the golden harps of heav-en will ring
Light of Life is shining for his own; He will chase away the darkness, he will

souls shall fear no ill, And around us shall en-camp his an-gels fair.
out a welcome true, When we en-ter in the cit-y to a-bide.
turn the night to day, Till we stand be-fore the rain-bow-cir-cled throne.

CHORUS.

There's no shadow in the val-ley, Leaning on our Saviour there;
There's no shadow in the valley, Leaning on our Saviour there;

There's no shadow in the val-ley, Passing to the mansions fair.
There's no shadow in the valley, Passing to the mansions fair.

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No. 112. There is Pardon at the Cross.

FANNY. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is par - don at the cross Where my Sav-iour died; I will
2. There is par - don thro' the blood That was shed for all; I will
3. There is mer - cy at the cross, There is joy and peace; I will

go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) To re - claim the sin - ner lost
go, (I will go.) I will go; (I will go;) There's a balm in ev - 'ry drop
go, (I will go.) I will go; (I will go;) There my faith will make me whole,

He was cru - ci - fied; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.
For the wound-ed soul; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.
And my fear will cease; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.

CHORUS.

Par - don sweet, Par - don free, At the
and par - don free, and for me,

cross there for me; In the blessed, blessed cross,
is par-don free there for me;

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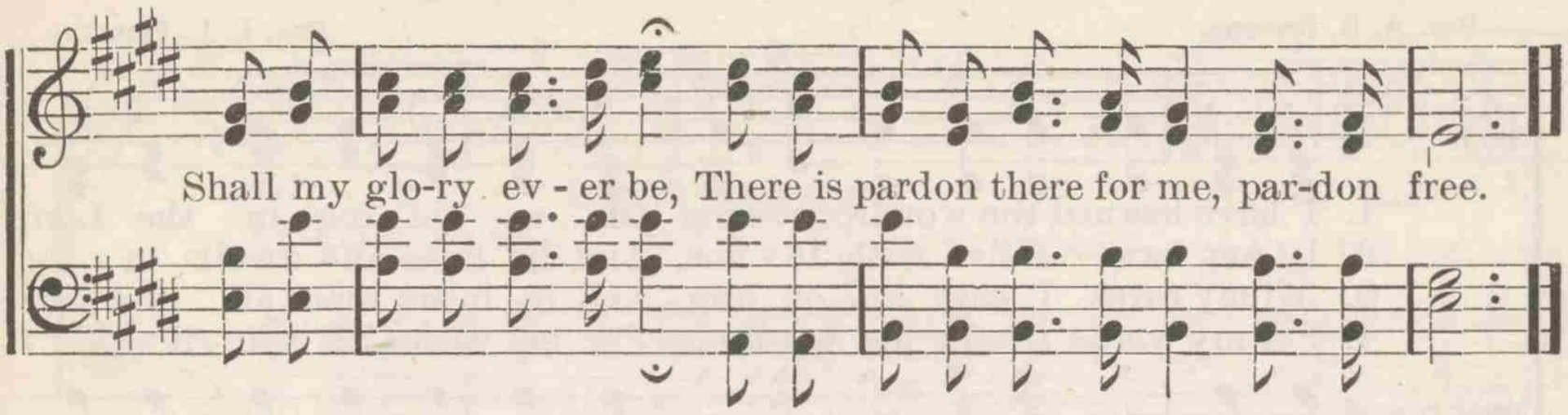
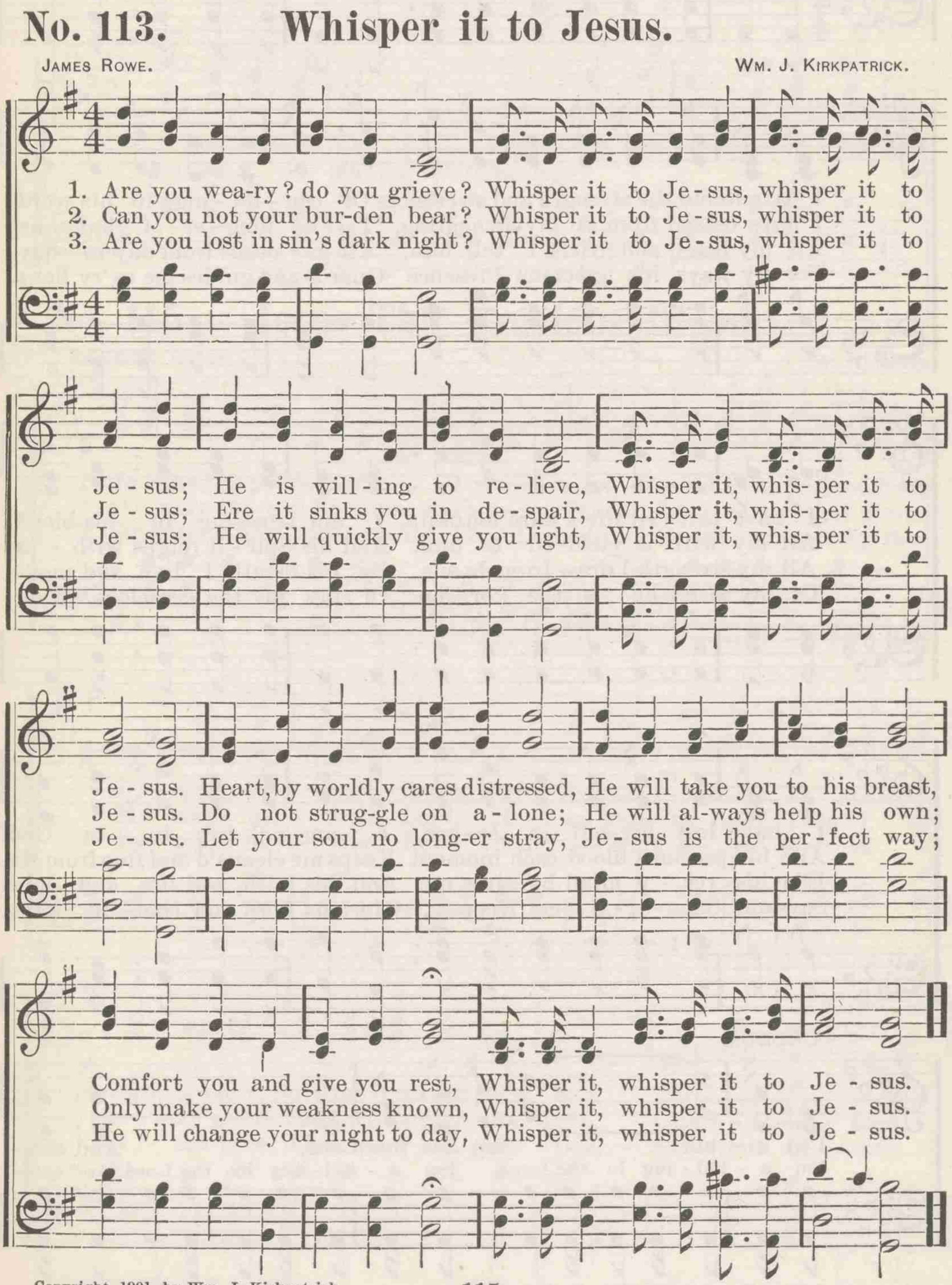
There is Pardon at the Cross.—Concluded.

No. 113. Whisper it to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No. 114. Abiding and Confiding.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci-fied with Je - sus, And he lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up - on him, And he bears them all a - way;
4. For my words I take his wis-dom, For my works his Spir - it's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in his word;
I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but he;
All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways his gracious Presence Guards and guides me ev'ry hour.

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am trust-ing in his blood,
All my will is yield - ed to him, And his Spir - it reigns with - in,
All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By his breath I live and move;
Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;

I have lost my-self in Je - sus, I am sink-ing in - to God.
And his precious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en his ver - y mind he gives me, And his faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep-er, Glorious Lord and com - ing King.

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - - - ing in the Lord, And con -
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -

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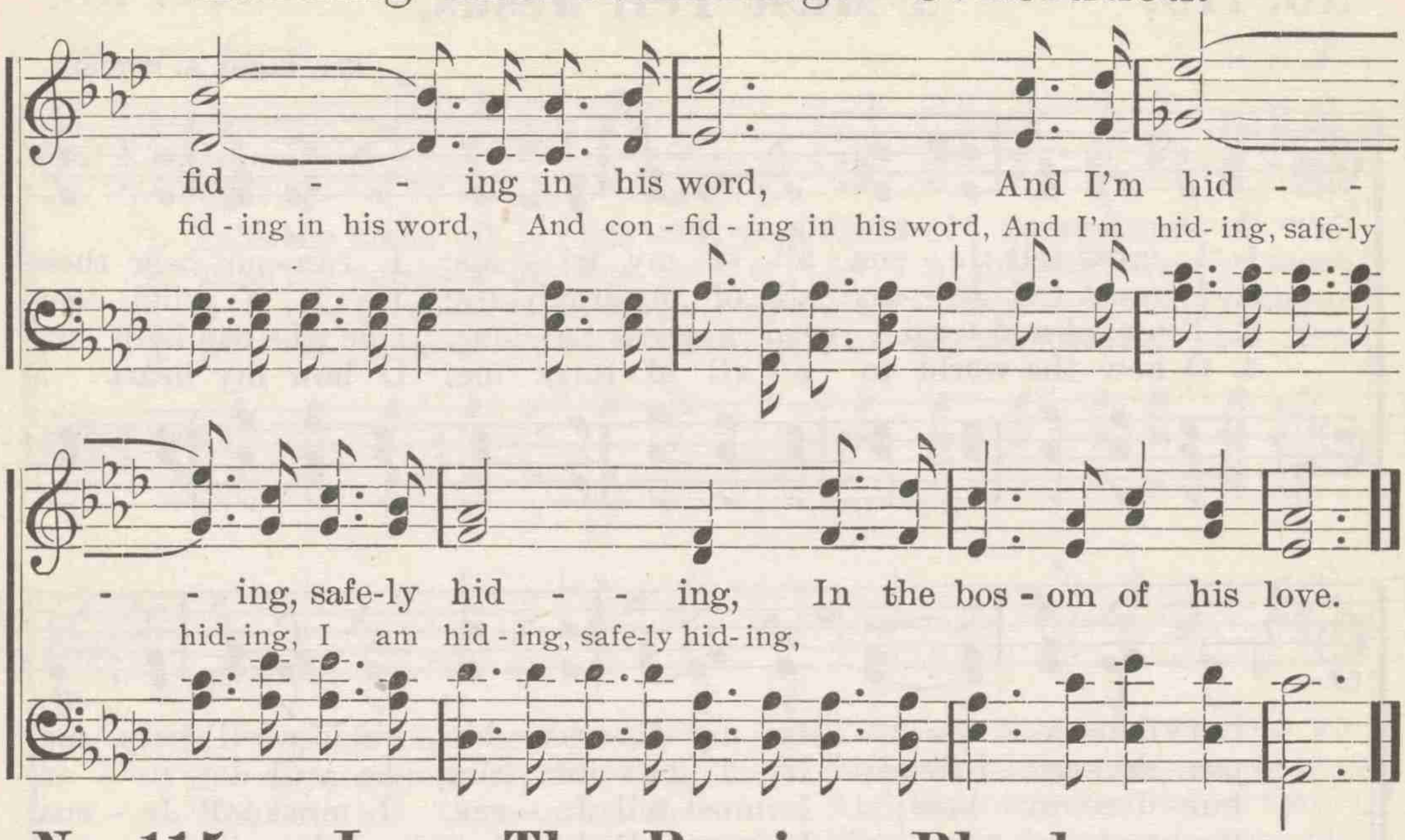
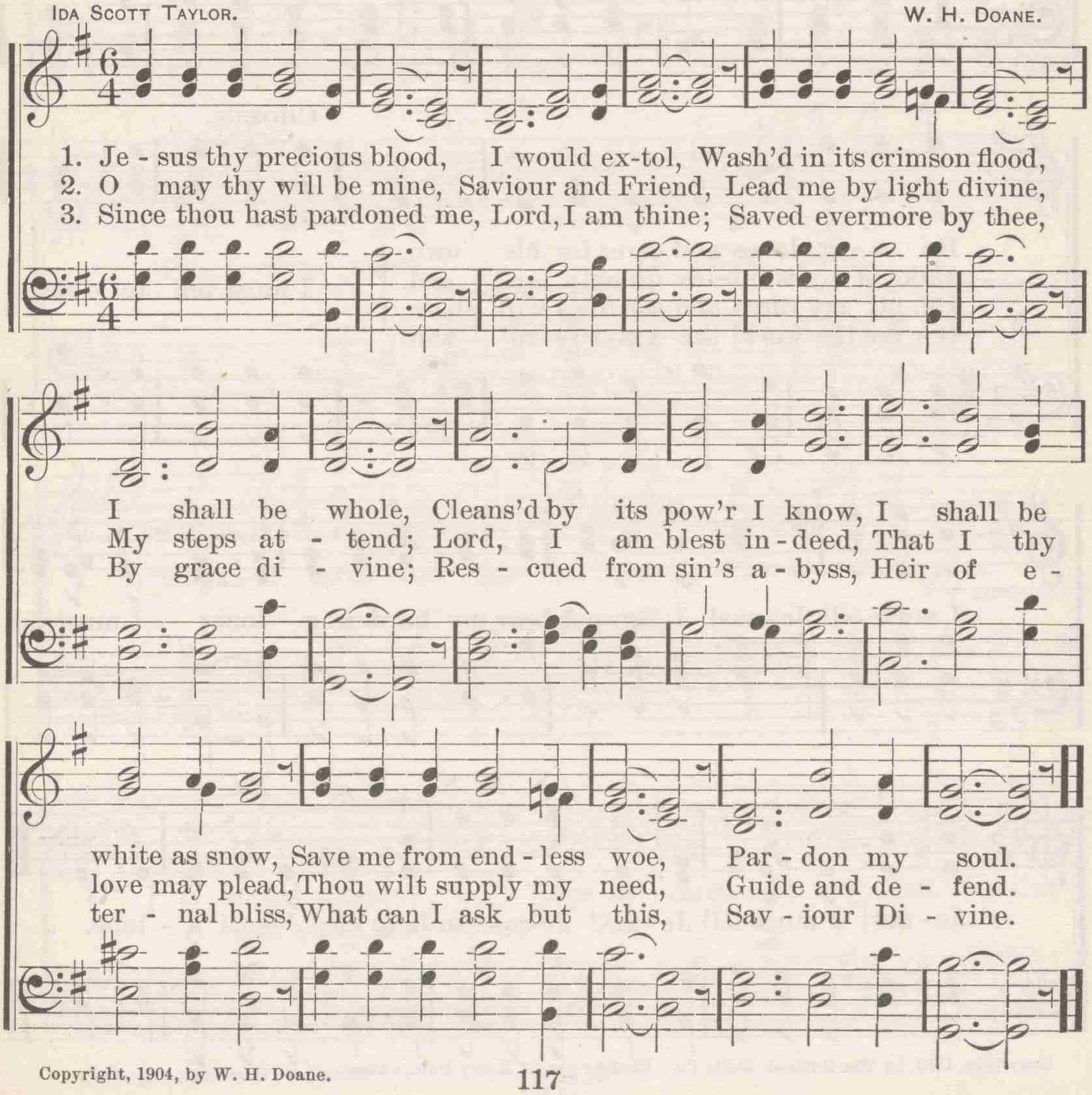
Abiding and Confiding.—Concluded.



No. 115. Jesus Thy Precious Blood.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 116. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur - dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com- pas - sion- ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my bur - dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!

In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me;
If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
Make of my troub-les quickly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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No. 117. Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at his feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp-tations 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When his lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Pre - cious name,
Pre-cious name,
O how sweet! ..... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
O how sweet, how sweet!

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No. 118. Trust In His Promise.

MRS. CLARA M. WILSON. W. H. DOANE.

1. O let us live near - er to Je - sus our Lord, And fol- low more close - ly the light of his word; Be - liev - ing the prom - ise while
2. Live near - er to Je - sus by watching and pray'r, And help-ing each oth - er our bur - dens to bear; In kind- ness un - wea - ried, in
3. To faith add-ing patience, for - give-ness, and love, O live to in - her - it the king- dom a - bove; And then when our jour - ney is here we a - bide, For all that's be - fore us his grace will pro- vide.
tem- per se - rene, Let Christian ex - am - ple be con-stant-ly seen.
end - ed be - low, To Je - sus, our Sav-iour, re - joic - ing we'll go.

We know that his hand was our guide in the past, We know he will lead us safe on to the last.
Our jour- ney thro' life be as clear as the sun; Thro' sor - row and tri - al our crown must be won.
O, yes, on the shore we shall rest ev - er- more, And hail him in glo - ry when sor - row is o'er.

CHORUS.

Then trust in the prom - ise he

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Trust In His Promise.—Concluded.

gives in his word, And dai - ly live near - er to Je - sus our Lord.

No. 119. The Palace Gate of Prayer.

D. B. P. D. B. PURINTON.

1. At the pal - ace gate con- fess- ing All our sor- row, all our care,
2. At the pal - ace gate a - bid- ing, We are free from ev -'ry snare,
3. At the pal - ace gate to - geth- er, We shall find our Sav-iour near,
4. At the pal - ace gate of heav- en, Bless-ed spir- its lin- ger there,

Peace we find, and joy and blessing, At the roy - al pal-ace gate of pray'r.
In the King himself con- fid - ing, At the roy - al pal-ace gate of pray'r.
And re- joice in him for - ev - er, At the roy - al pal-ace gate of pray'r.
Glo - ry crowned and sin forgiv - en, At the roy - al pal-ace gate of pray'r.

CHORUS.

We are wait- ing, humbly wait - ing, At the pal - ace gate of pray'r;

O- pen, Lord, that we may en - ter At the roy-al palace gate of pray'r.

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No. 120. His Way with Thee.

C. S. N. REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good?
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call?
3. Would you in his king-dom find a place of con - stant rest?

Would you walk with him with-in the nar - row road? Would you have him
Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him
Would you prove him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his

bear your burden, car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
save you, so that you need nev - er fall? Let him have his way with thee.
serv-ice la - bor al - ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.

CHORUS.

His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can

cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and

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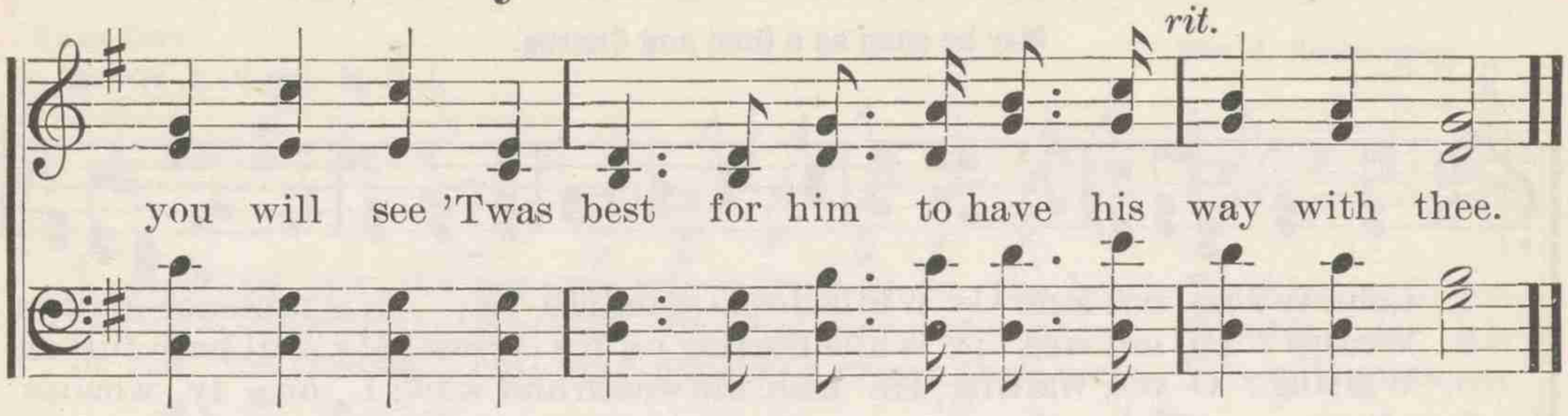
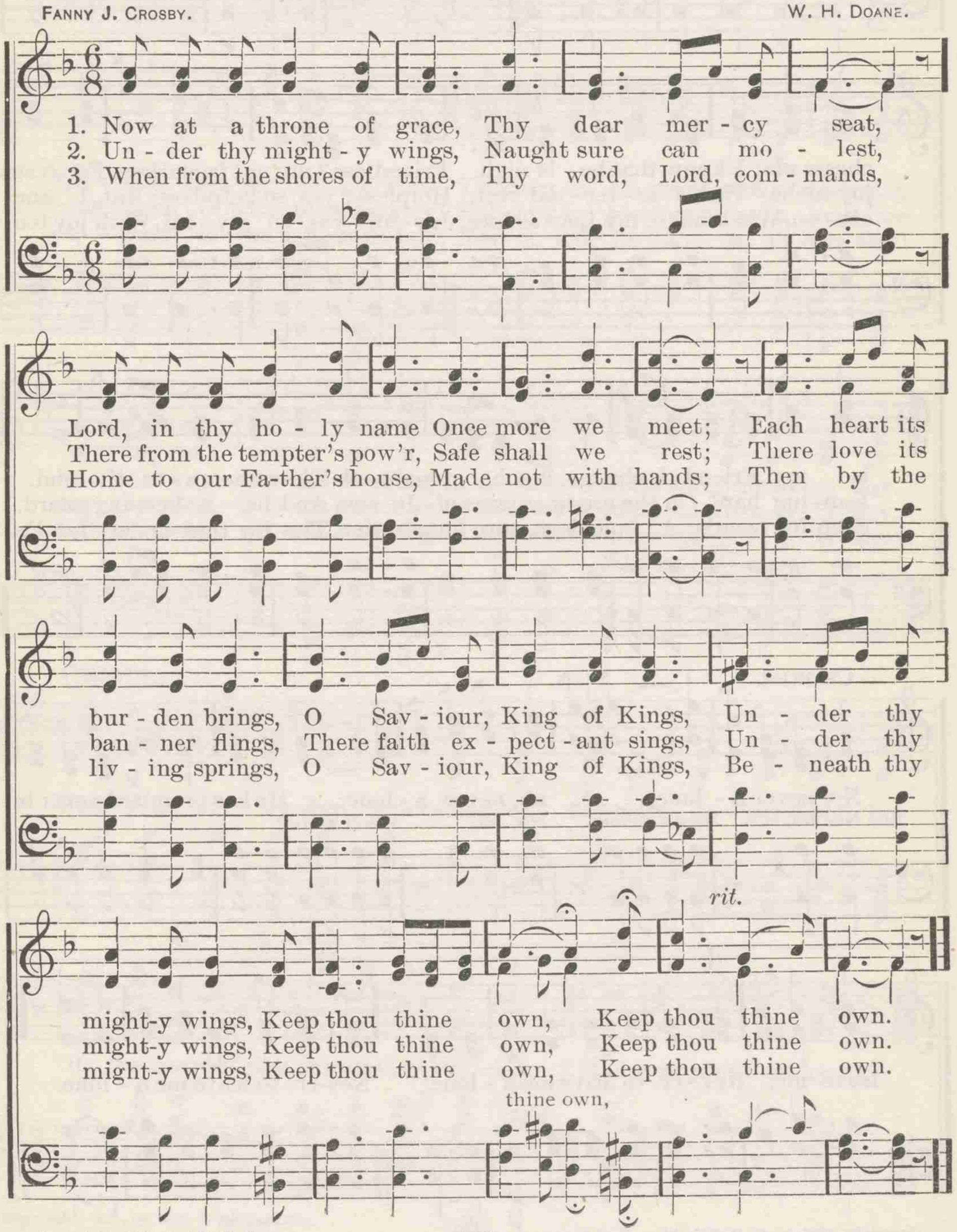
His Way with Thee.—Concluded.



No. 121. Keep Thou Thine Own.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 122. Never Alone.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

C. F. O. J. C. H. AND V. A. WHITE

1. Lone-ly? no, not lone - ly While Jesus standeth by; His presence always
2. Wea-ry? no, not wea - ry While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full en-
3. Waiting? O yes, waiting; He bade me watch and wait; I on - ly wonder

cheers me; I know that he is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Jesus
joy-ment, 'Tis his e - ter - nal rest. Helpless? yes, so help-less; But, I am
oft - en, What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy - ful, With joy too

is my Friend; I change, but he remain-eth The same un - to the end.
lean- ing hard On the might-y arms of Je- sus, And he is keeping guard.
deep for words; A precious, sure founda-tion, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.

No, never a - lone, ... no, never a - lone, ... He has promised never to
No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone;

leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

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No. 123. Sunshine Every Day.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hap - py are the peo - ple whose trust is in the Lord, Walking with the
2. Walking with the Mas - ter we find our sweetest joy, Working for his
3. All his ransom'd chil-dren a victor's crown shall wear, He will guide us

Sav - iour, rest- ing on his word; Trusting in his prom-ise tho' dark may
king - dom, O what blest employ! Fol - low in his foot-steps a - long the
on - ward to the mansions fair; Nev - er will he leave us, his love shall

be the way, Je - sus dwelling in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.
nar - row way,—Je - sus dwelling in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.
light the way, Je - sus dwelling in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine ev - 'ry day, Sun - shine all the way, Je - sus dwell- ing

in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day. :‖ Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.

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No. 124. Not One Forgotten.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12: 6.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all his children, So un-wor-thy of his love,
3. O the wound-ed hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-itude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
Is there an-y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy-al might,
He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
Let me, like the lit-tle sparrow, Trust him where I can-not see,

CHO.—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keeping I am hap-py, safe, and free;

D. S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis pre-cious in his sight.
For my Sav-iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing, "He will care for me."

While his eye is on the spar-row I will not for-got-ten be.

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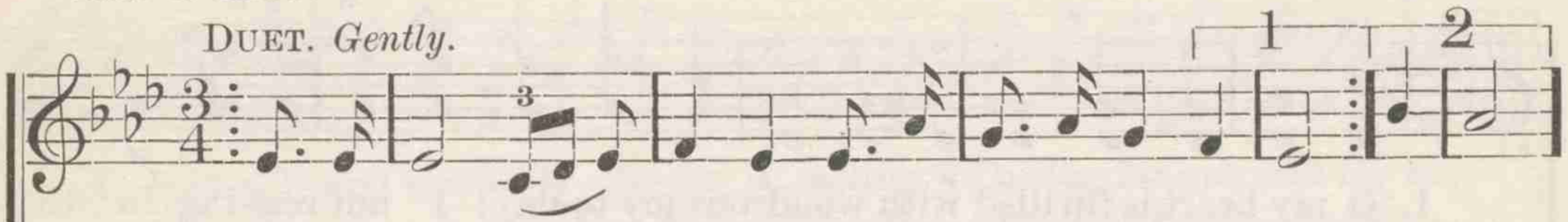
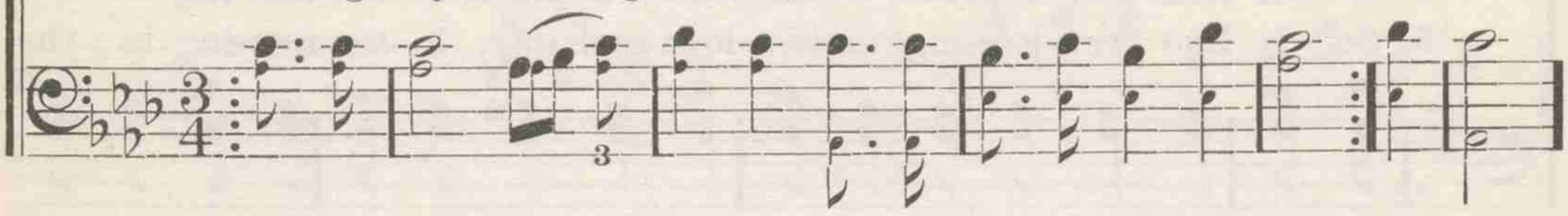
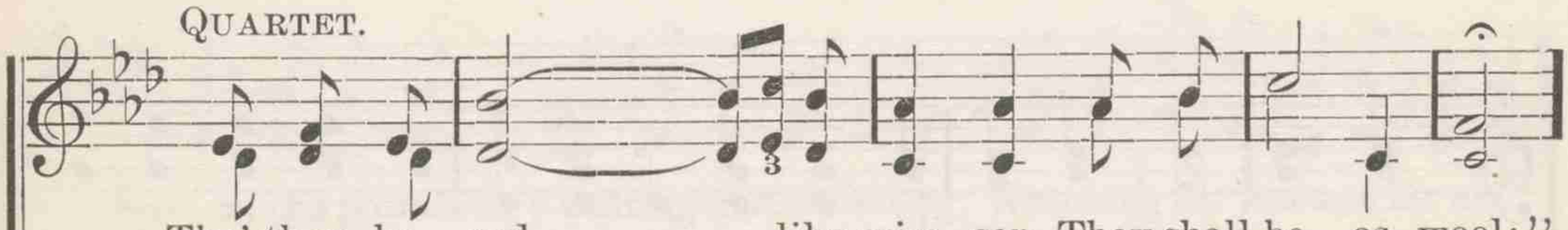
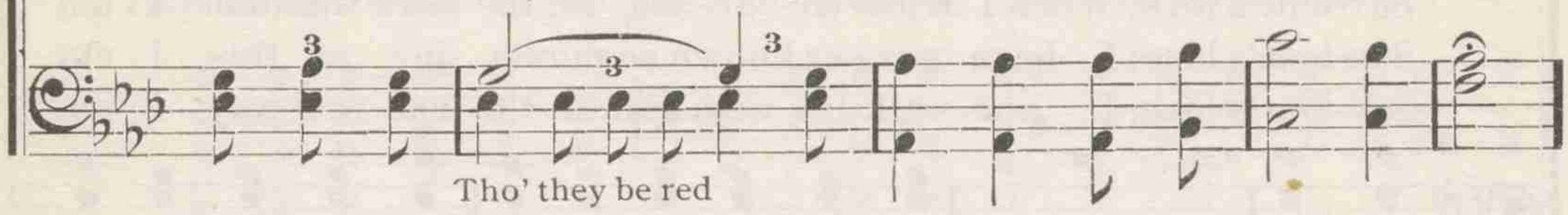
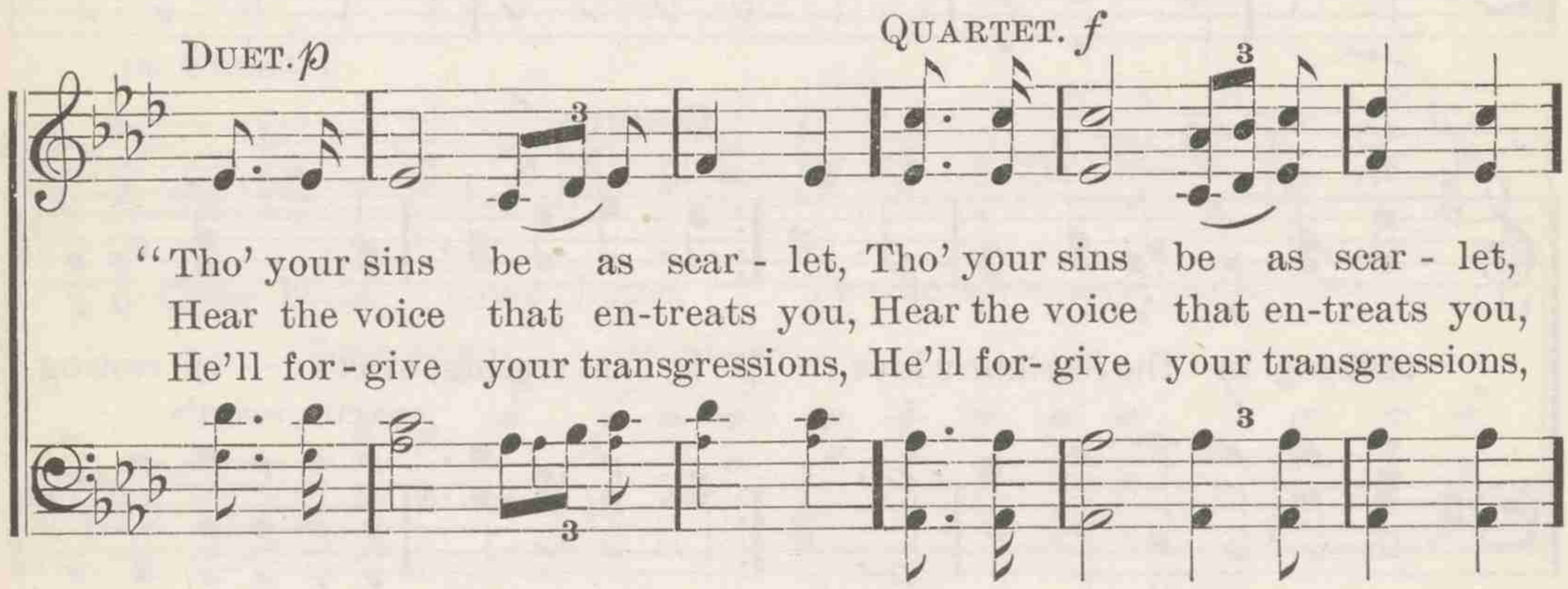
No. 125. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

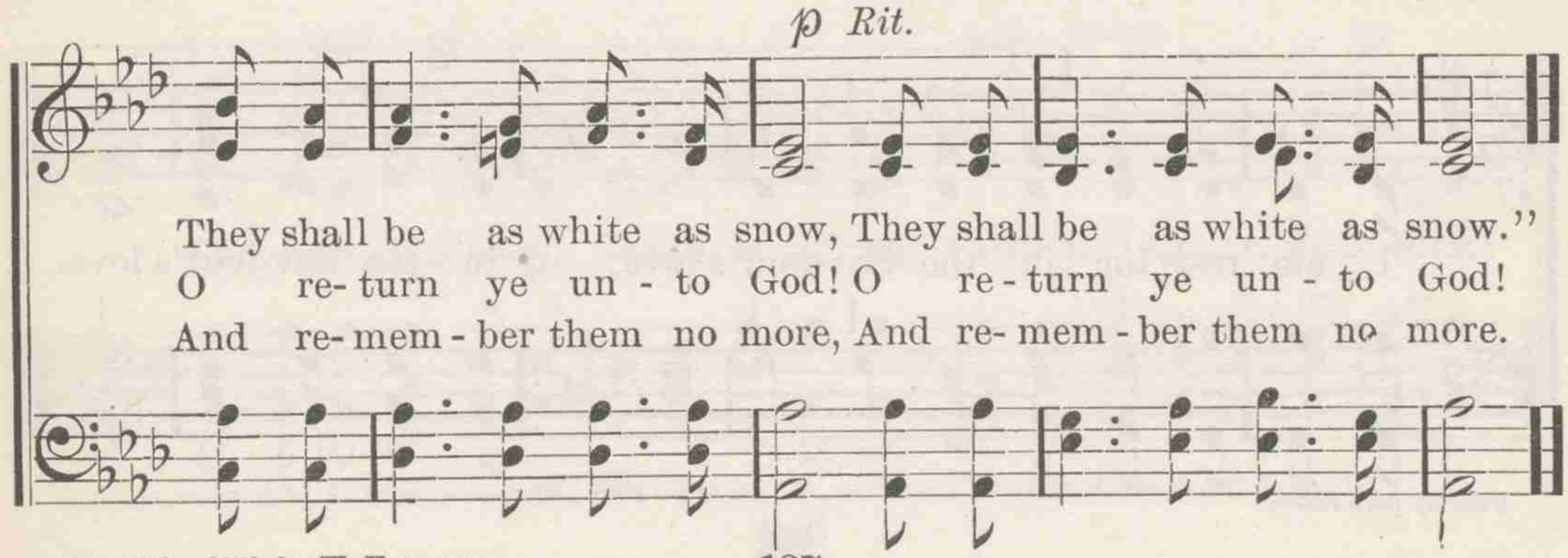
DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red ..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great ..... com- pas- sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to me, ... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*



"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for- give your transgressions,

p Rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re- turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re- mem - ber them no more, And re- mem - ber them no more.

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No. 126. I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4 : 3.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day! I am rest-ing in the
2. At the fount-ain opened for the soul un-clean, I am rest-ing in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the
4. O the bliss and rapture! O the wondrous place! I am rest-ing in the
5. So I live re-joic-ing in his love each day, I am rest-ing in the

Sav-iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am
Sav-iour's love; Trusting in his grace I ventured free-ly in, I am
Sav-iour's love; When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo! the work was done, I am
Sav-iour's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this, I am
Sav-iour's love; I am walk-ing with him in the nar-row way, I am

CHORUS.

rest-ing in the Saviour's love. ‖: I am resting, sweet-ly resting,
sweetly, sweetly

1 2

I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; :‖ in the Sav-iour's love.

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No. 127. For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

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

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....
Come home, come home,

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

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

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 128. All the Way My Saviour Leads.

F. J. C. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me, What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O the ful-ness of his love!

Can I doubt his ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

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No. 129. Hiding in Thee.

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,
3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe,

My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;
In times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r;
I have fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe;

So sin - ful, so wea - ry, thine, thine would I be;
In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea;
How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,

CHORUS.

Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee.
Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee.
Have I hid - den in thee, O thou Rock of my soul.

Hid- ing in thee,

Hid - ing in thee, thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in thee.

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No. 130. I am Anchored Safe.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is joy in my heart all the day, (all the day,) And the song that I sing is ev-er new, (ev-er new,) I have an-chored my hope on the
2. There is peace in my heart all the day, (all the day,) For I know my Re-deemer still is near, (still is near,) O he tells me of rest, that shall
3. There is love in my heart all the day, (all the day,) And the law of the Lord is my de-light, (my delight,) And a man-sion e-ter-nal is

Rift-ed Rock, And its clear flow-ing wa-ter I view. (I view.)
yet be mine, And his voice in my spir-it I hear. (I hear.)
wait-ing me, In the home that with glo-ry is bright. (is bright.)

CHORUS.

I am an-chored, ... and se-cure, And I dread not the
I am anchored, and se-cure.

stormy waves that roll, I am an-chored . . . . . firm and
waves that roll, I am an-chored

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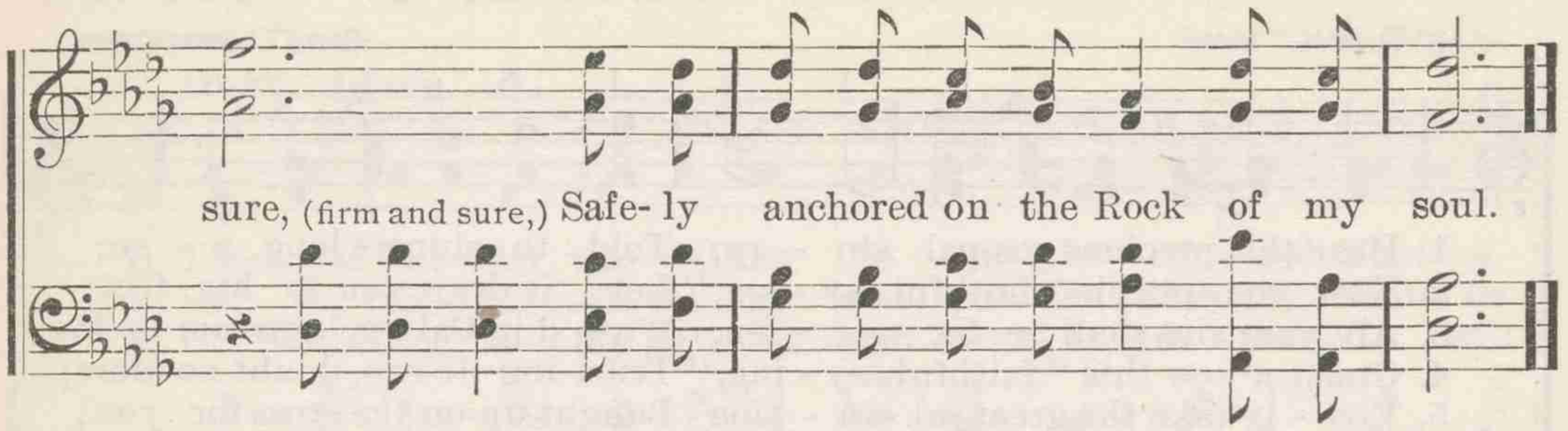
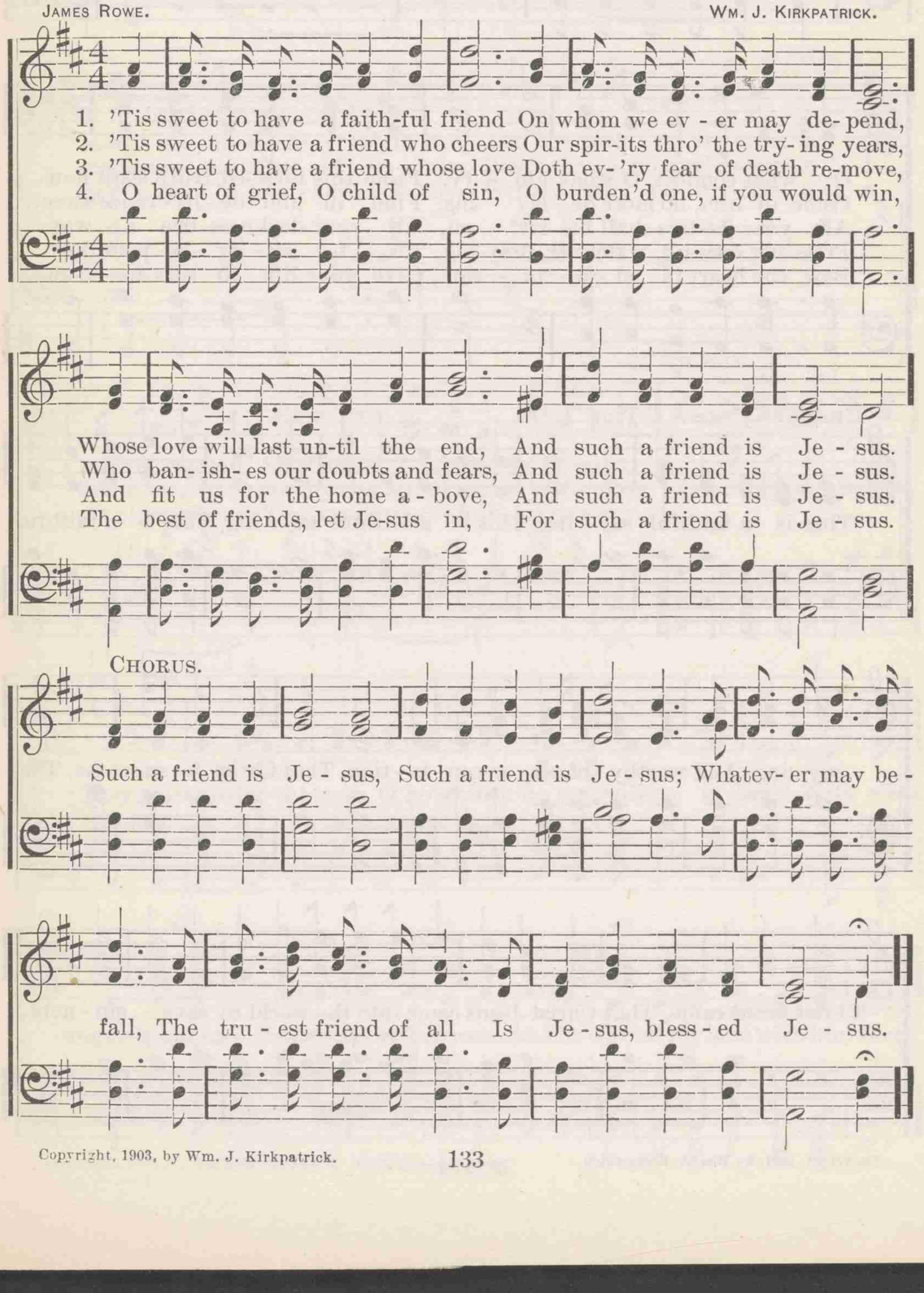
I am Anchored Safe.—Concluded.



No. 131. Such a Friend is Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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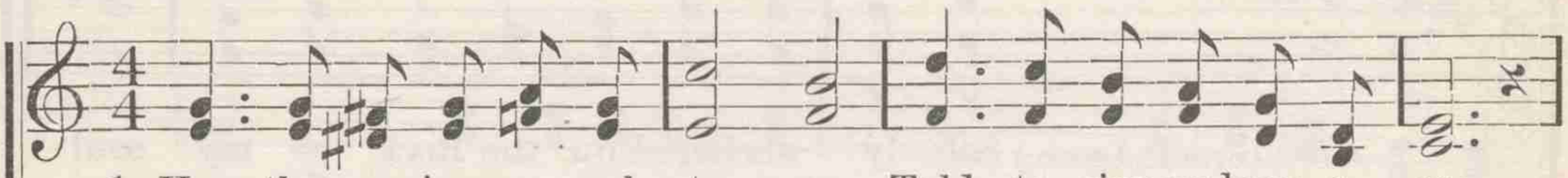
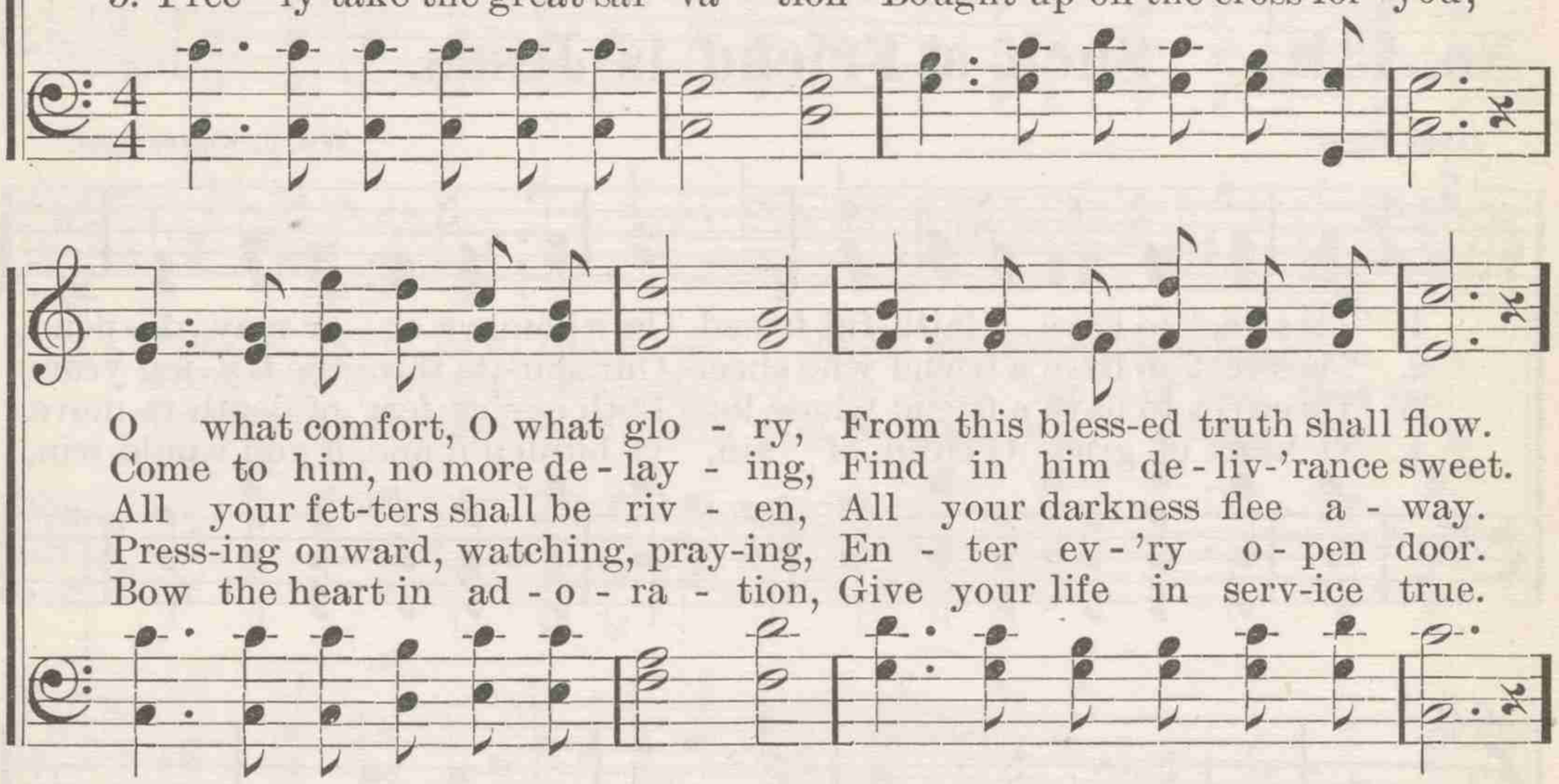
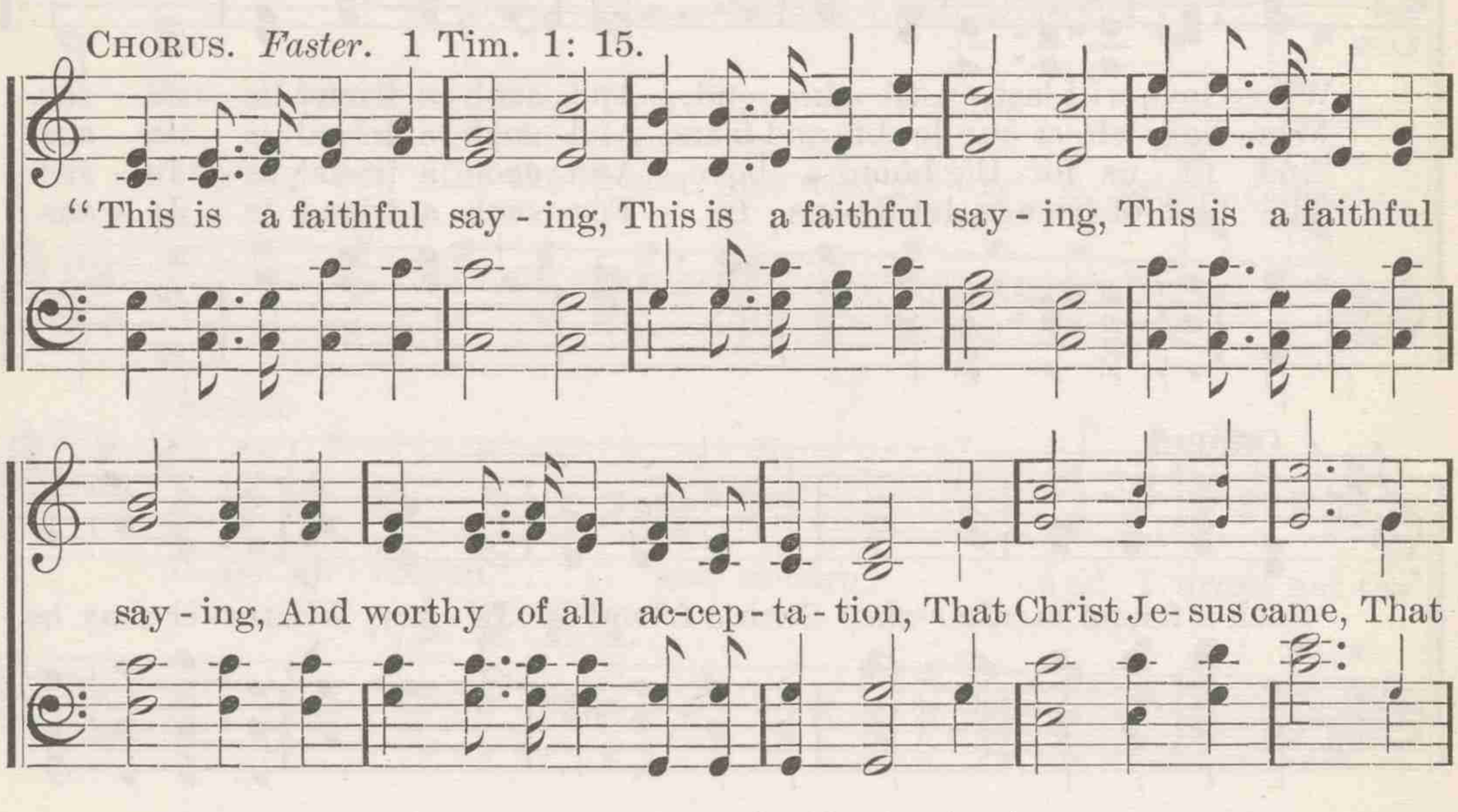
No. 132. This is a Faithful Saying.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the precious gos-pel sto - ry, Told to sinners long a - go;
2. Now ac-cept this "faithful say - ing," Let it draw you to his feet;
3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Wash'd in Calv'ry's stream to-day;
4. Grasp a-new this "faithful say - ing," Trust-ing Je-sus, doubt no more;
5. Free - ly take the great sal - va - tion Bought up-on the cross for you;

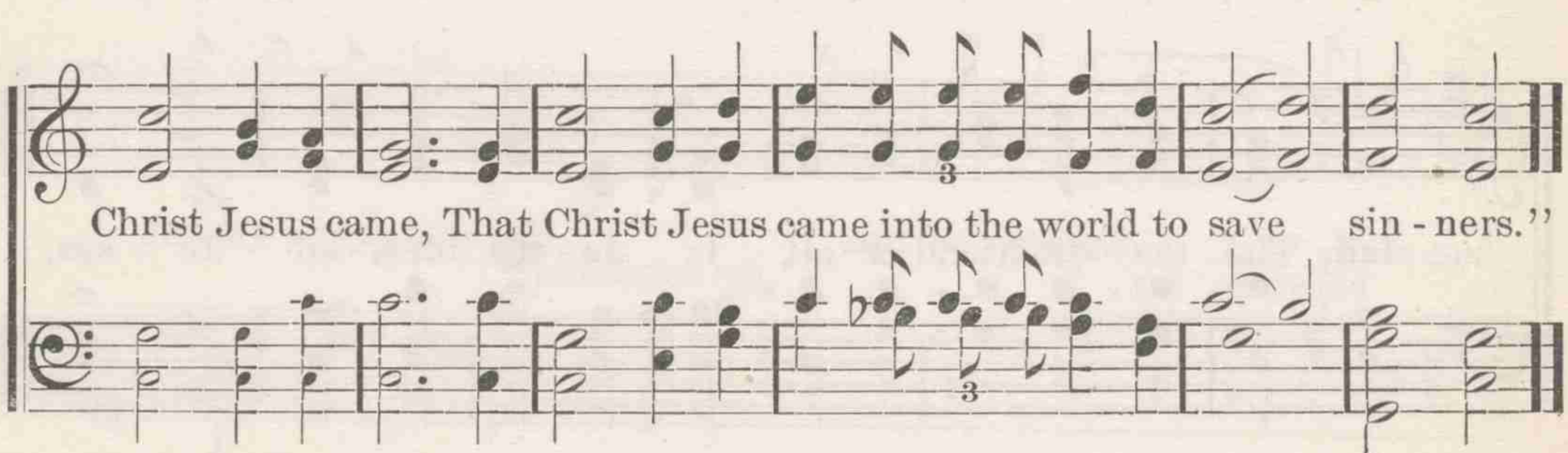


O what comfort, O what glo - ry, From this bless-ed truth shall flow.
Come to him, no more de - lay - ing, Find in him de - liv-'rance sweet.
All your fet-ters shall be riv - en, All your darkness flee a - way.
Press-ing onward, watching, pray-ing, En - ter ev - 'ry o - pen door.
Bow the heart in ad - o - ra - tion, Give your life in serv-ice true.

CHORUS. *Faster.* 1 Tim. 1: 15.



"This is a faithful say - ing, This is a faithful say - ing, This is a faithful



say - ing, And worthy of all ac-cep - ta - tion, That Christ Je- sus came, That

Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sin - ners."

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No. 133. Nailed to the Cross.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead That a
2. He is ten - der and lov- ing and pa - tient with me, While he
3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev - er de - part—I will

soul, so un-worth- y, might live, And the path to the cross he was
cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no condemnation"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

CHORUS.

willing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross.
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.
} They are nailed to the cross,

pp

they are nailed to the cross, O how much he was willing to bear! With what

rit.

anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.

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No. 134. The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin.

Allegro.

1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea; Bless-ed
2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast pre-pared for all; Do not
3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide, Bearing

news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me. "For God so loved the
slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. "I am the bread of
notes of perfect par-don, Thro' a Saviour cru-ci-fied. "Good tidings of great

world That his on-ly Son he gave, Who-so-e'er believ-eth in him Ev-er-
life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul; Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall
joy To all peo-ple I do bring, Un-to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is

CHORUS.

lasting life shall have."
be as white as wool."
Christ, the Lord and King."

} Gospel bells, how they ring, Over land from sea to

Gospel bells, how they ring,

sea; Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

Gospel bells, freely bring

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No. 135. A Few More Marchings Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. A few more marchings weary, Then we'll gather home; A few more
2. A few more nights of weeping, Then we'll gather home; A few more
3. A few more sweet links broken, Then we'll gather home; A few more

storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gather home; A few more days the cross to
watch - es keep-ing, Then we'll gather home; A few more vict'ries o - ver
kind words spoken, Then we'll gather home; A few more partings on the

bear, And then with Christ a crown to wear; A few more marchings weary,
sin, A few more sheaves to gath-er in, A few more marchings weary,
strand, And then a - way to Canaan's land; A few more marchings weary,

CHORUS.

Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rap - id riv - er, Soon we'll
O'er time's rapid, Soon we'll rest, we'll

rest for ev - er; No more marchings weary, When we gath-er home.

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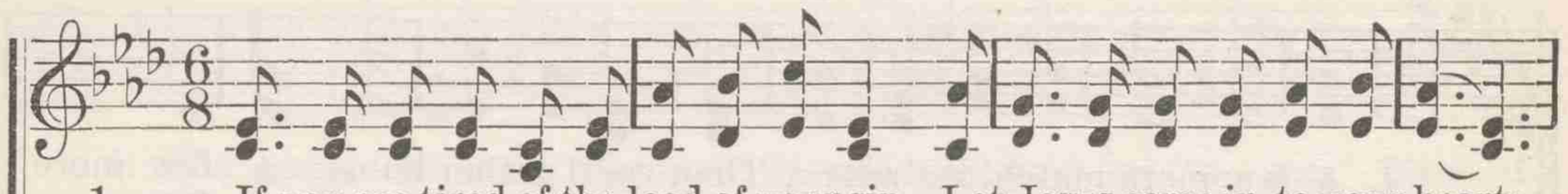
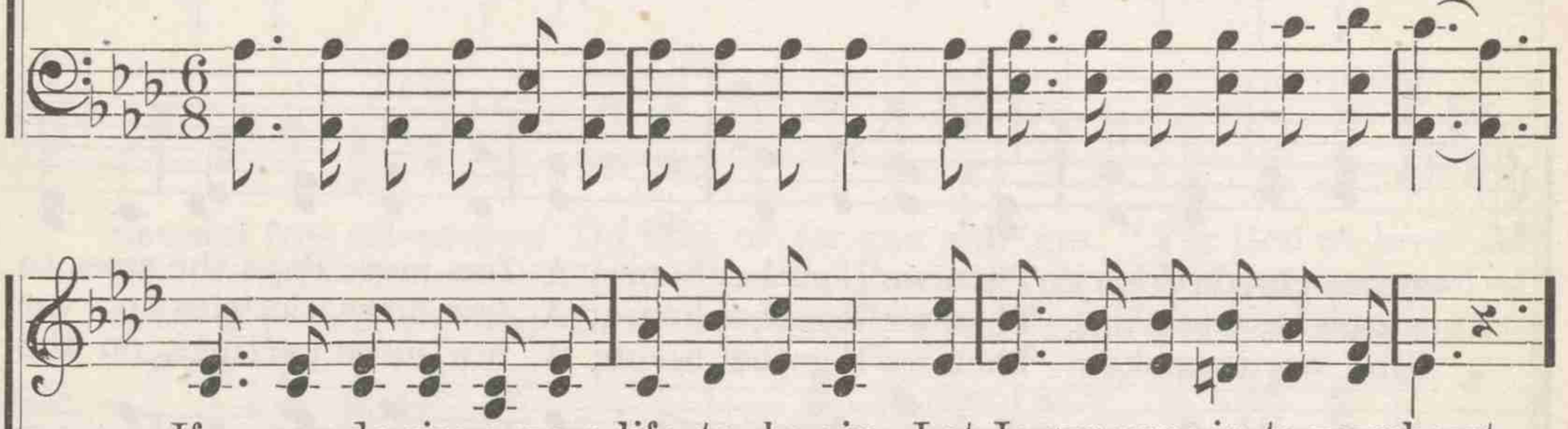
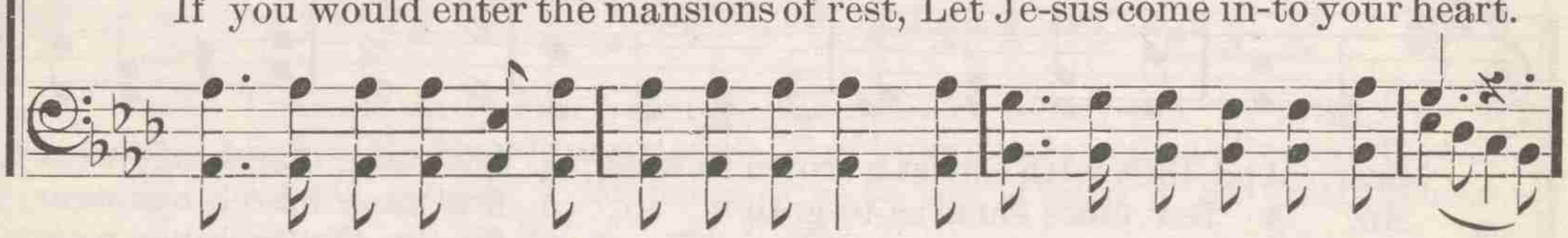
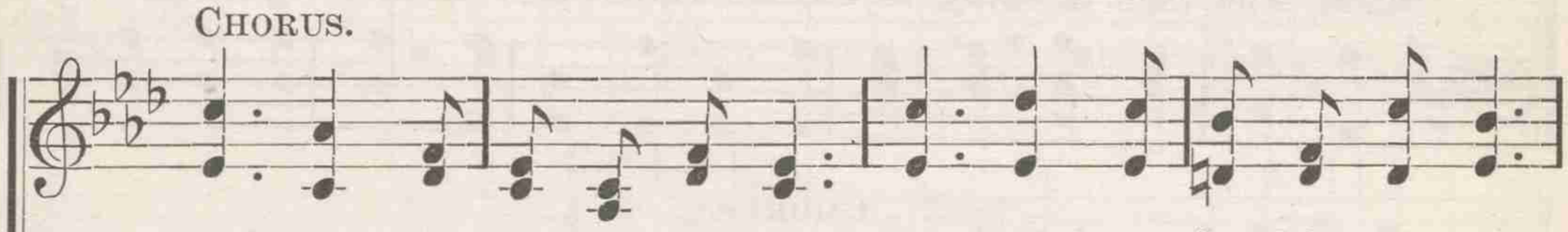
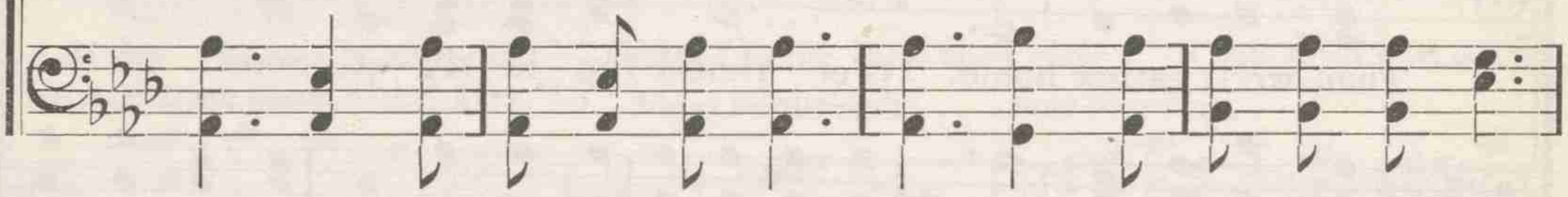
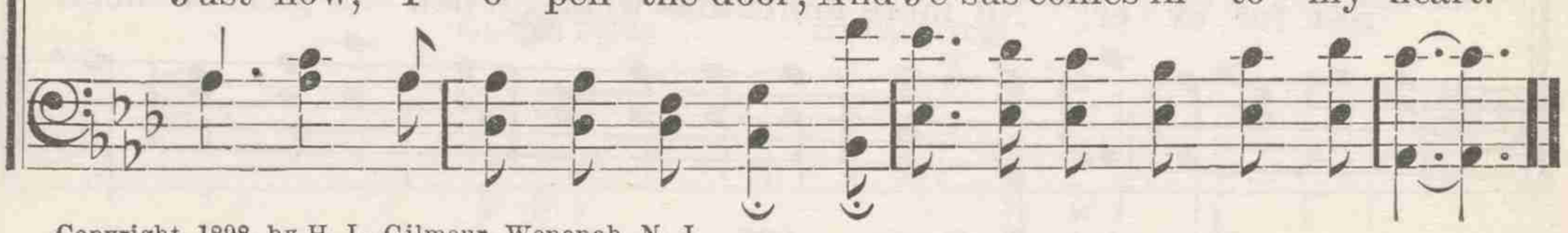
No. 136. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-ity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
5th. v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject- ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je-sus comes in - to my heart.

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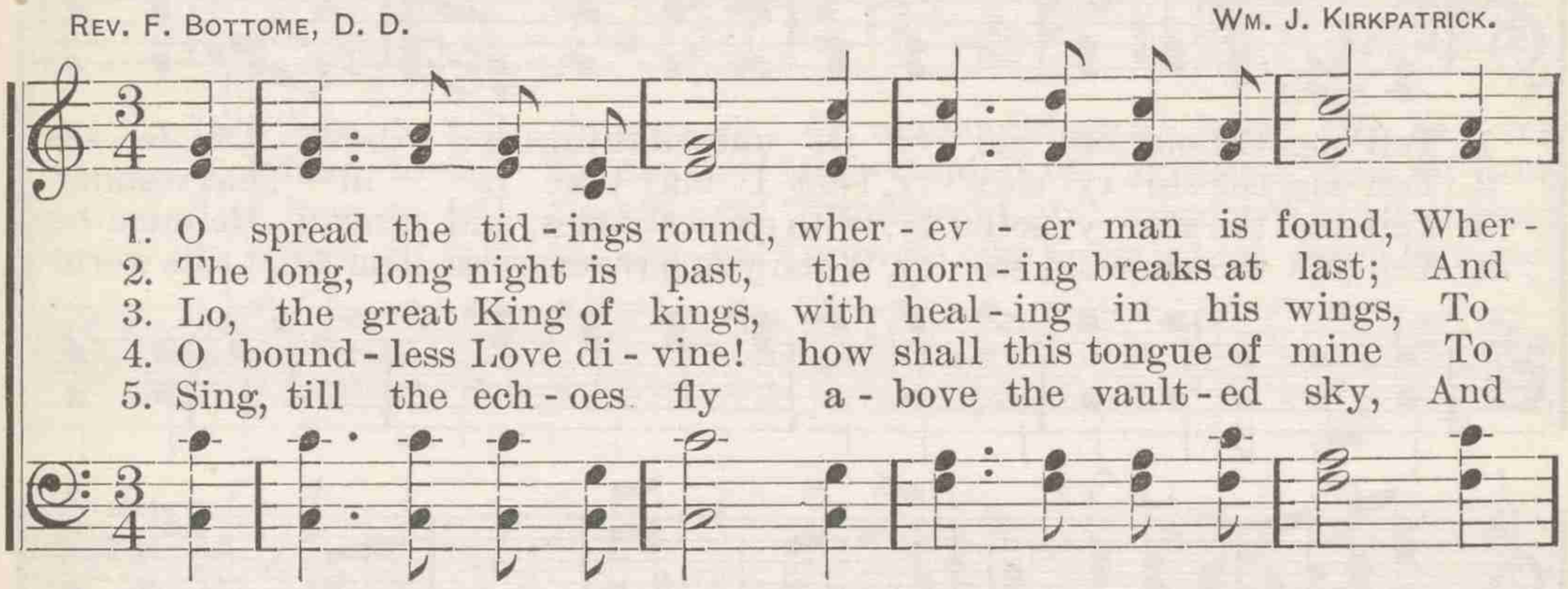
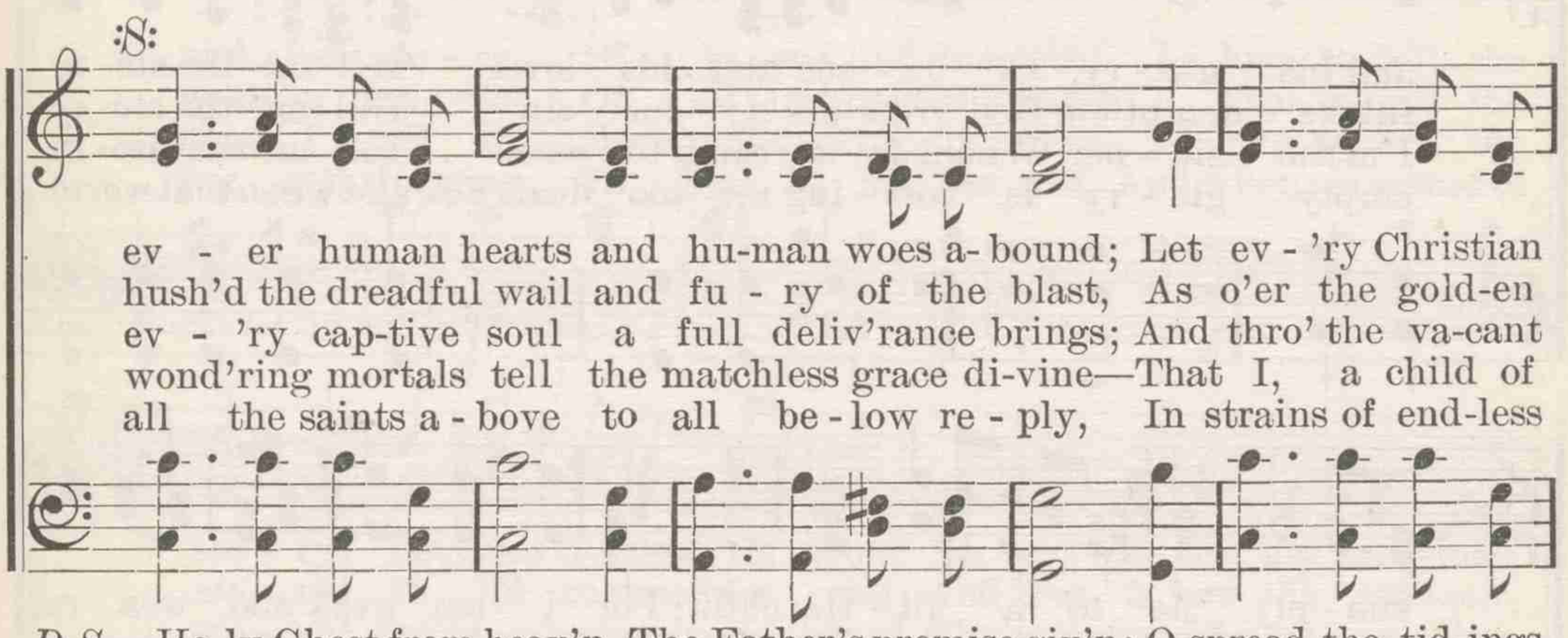
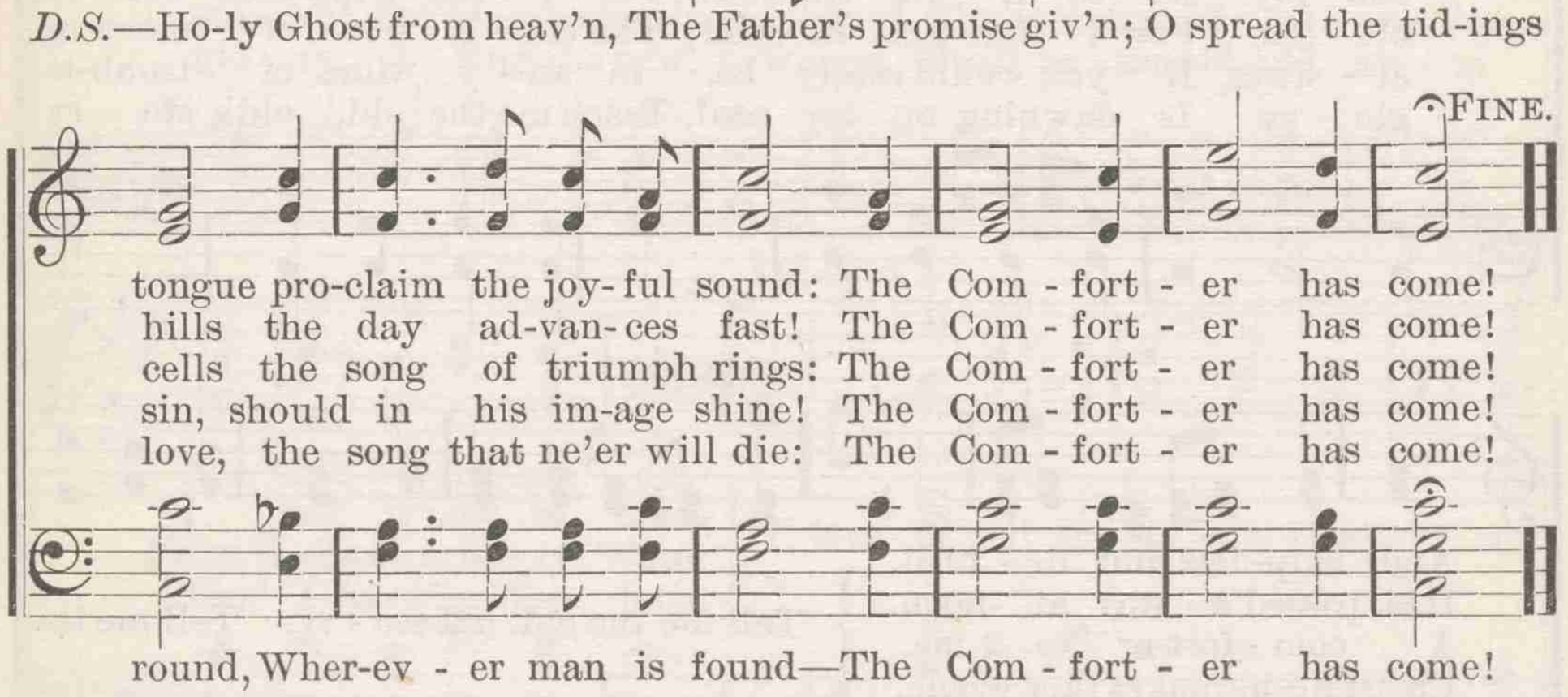
No. 137. The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid - ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

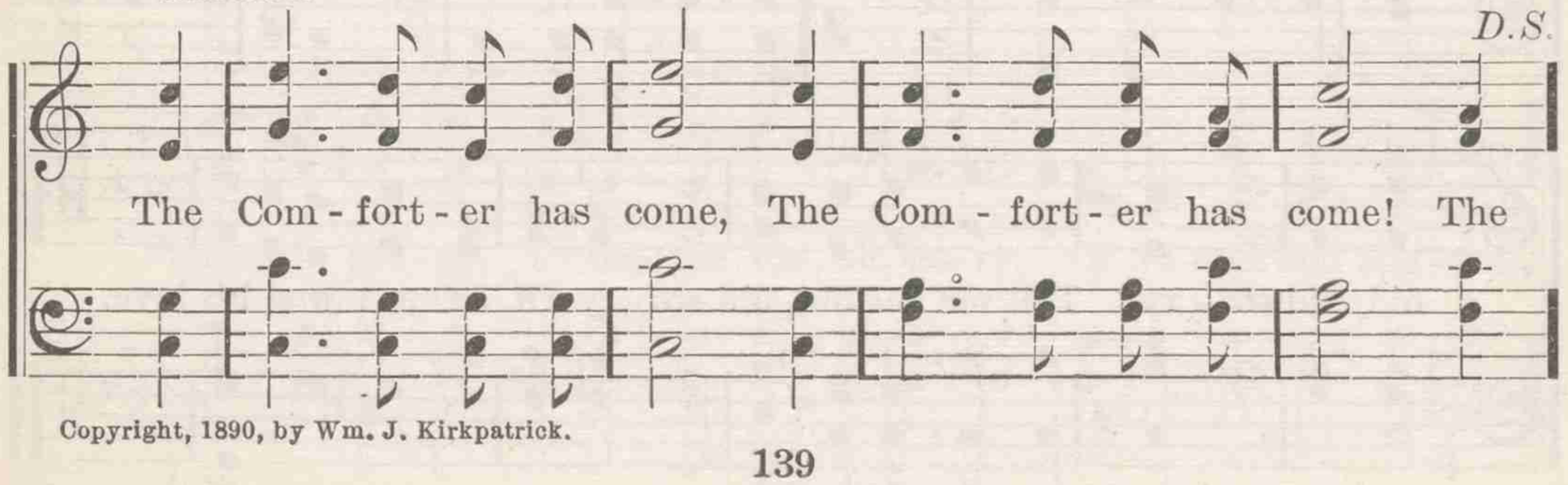


ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a- bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings

tongue pro-claim the joy- ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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No. 138. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. Rom. 3: 24. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto- ry
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That wonder - ful re - demption, God's rem-e - dy for sin Tell me the sto- ry
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re-mem-ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto- ry
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and wea - ry, oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of morning al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of troub-le, glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Teach me the old, old sto - ry,

CHORUS.

And help- less and de - filed.
Has passed a - way at noon.
A com - fort-er to me.
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

} Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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No. 139. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER BY PER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonder- ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger -

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the
gold- en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won-der- ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry! Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is- fies my long-ings,
sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son
sto - ry! For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry

CHORUS.

As noth-ing else can do.
I tell it now to thee.
From God's own ho - ly Word.
That I have lov'd so long.
} I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my

theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto- ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 140. God's Promises.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, glo - rious prom-is - es of God! Each one a price-less gem!
2. No fail - ure in his prom-is - es, But stead-fast, firm and sure;
3. Be - liev - ing them, the Spir-it's pow'r Re - news and pu - ri - fies,

The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compar'd to them.
The word of our un-chang-ing God For ev - er shall en - dure.
Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, pre-cious blood, Our per - fect sac - ri - fice.

Most bless - ed boon to mor-tals giv'n, To cheer life's drear-y way;
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And all we love may die,
O, glo - rious leg - a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free!

:S: FINE.

Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.
God's prom - is - es to us re-main,—On these we may re - ly.
These pre - cious promis - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.

D.S.—these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While end - less a - ges roll.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Sweet prom-is - es! God's prom-is - es! Dear treasures of my soul: With

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No. 141. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a- bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call- ing in mer - cy a -
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis - pers wher- ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep-ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful- ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark

world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

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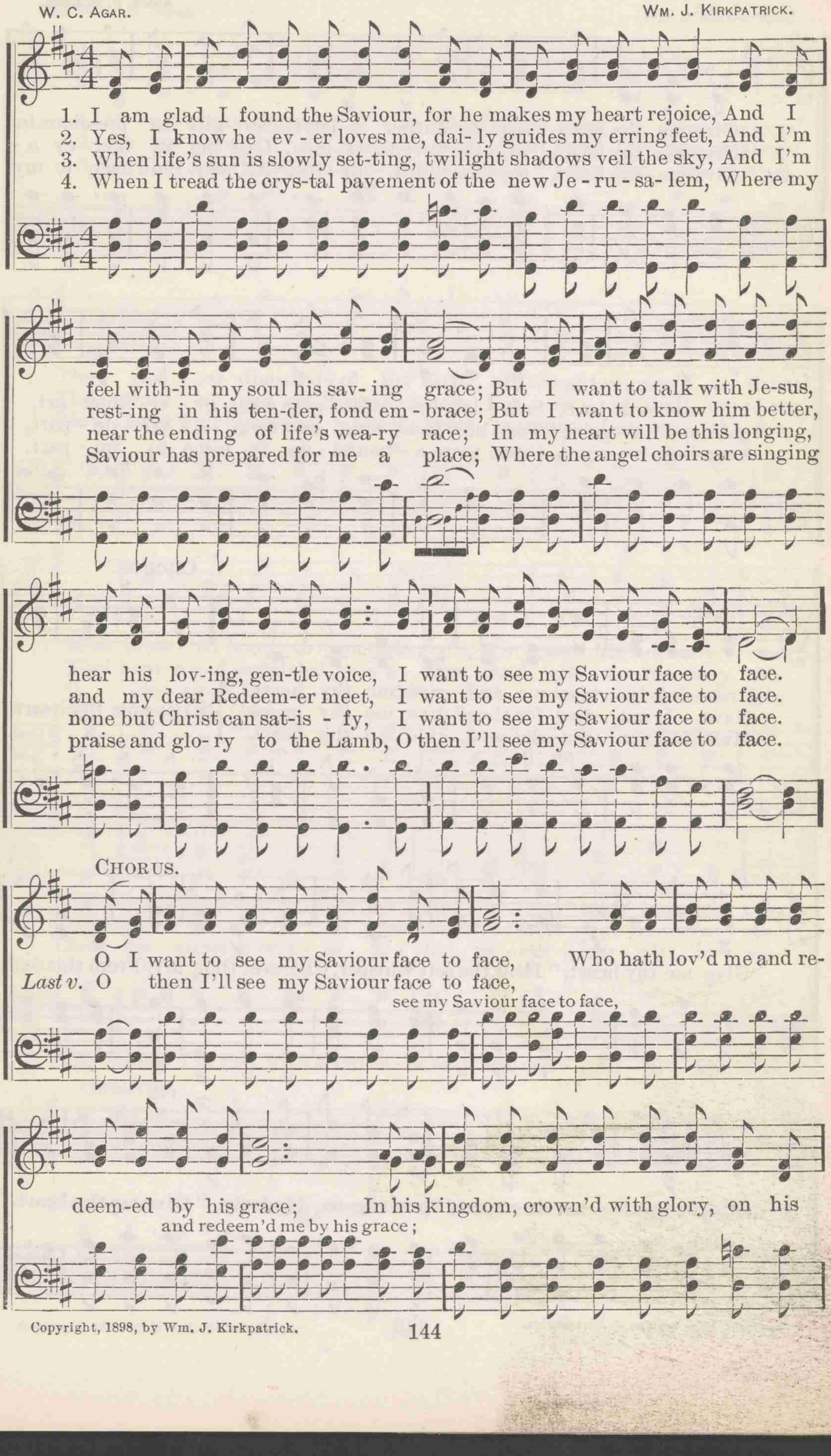
No. 142. My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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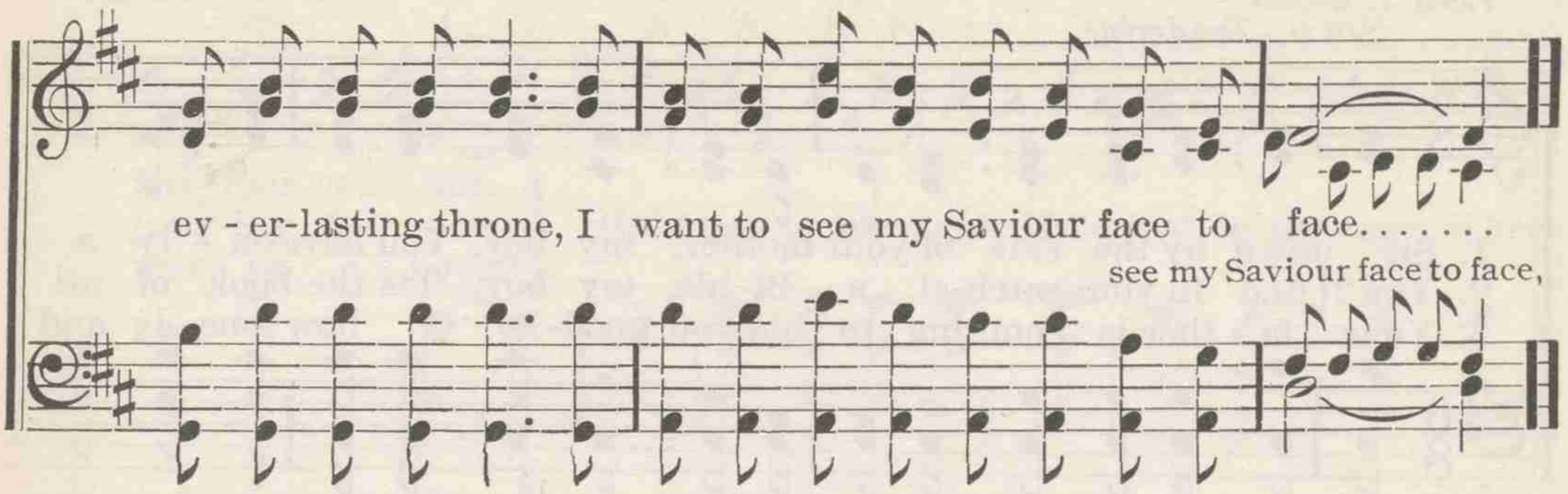
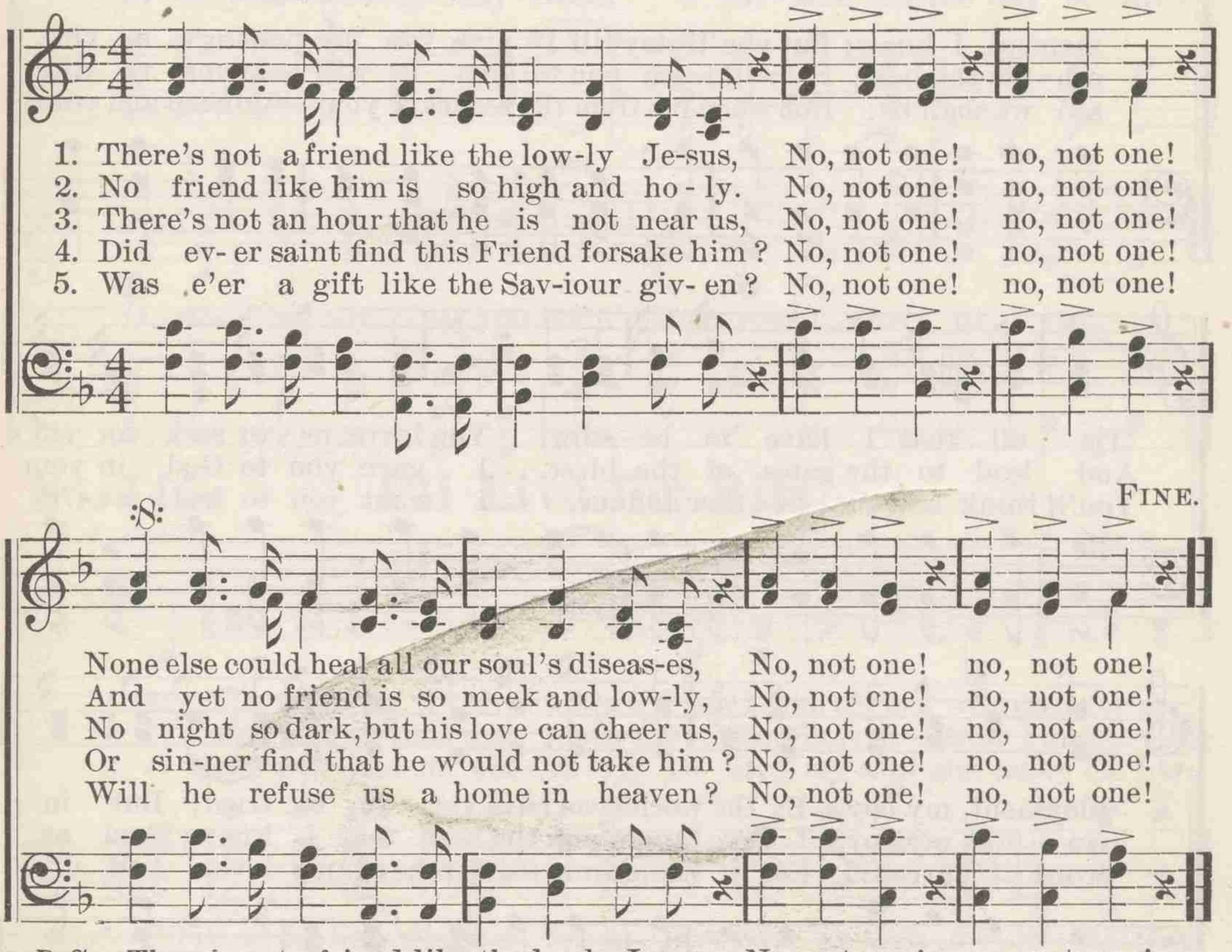
My Saviour Face to Face.—Concluded.

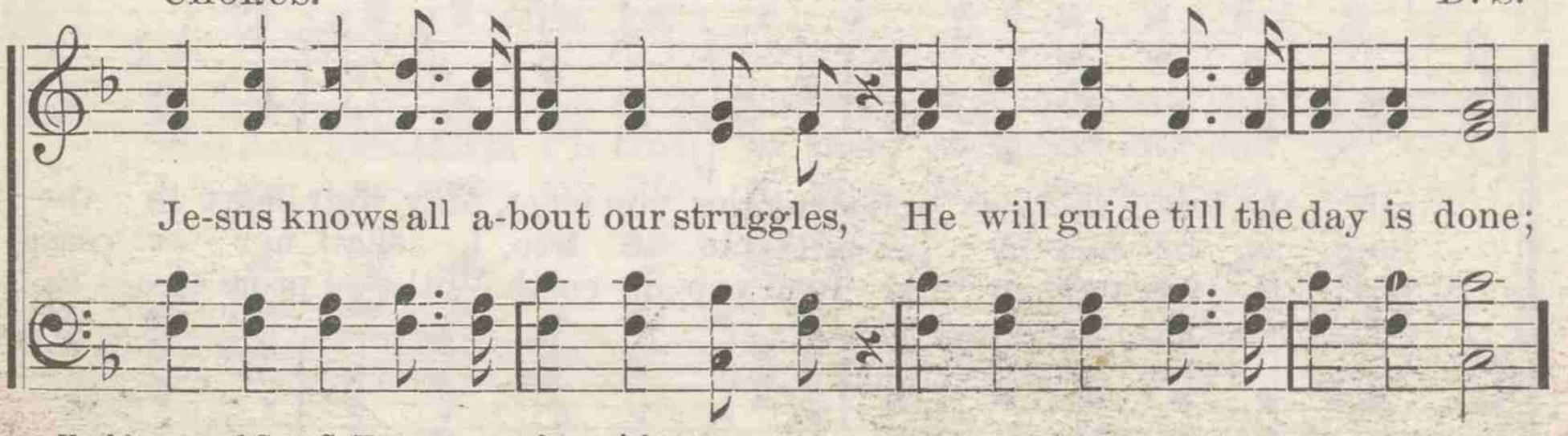


No. 143. No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.



CHORUS. *D. S.*



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No. 144. The Mother's Good-By.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

SOLO. *Tenderly.*

1. Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy, You have on - ly a moment, I know; But you'll stay till I give you my parting ad- vice,
2. You'll find in your satch-el a Bi- ble, my boy, 'Tis the book of all oth - ers the best; It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
3. Your fa - ther is com- ing to bid you good- by, O how lone - ly and sad we shall be; But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,

rit.

'Tis all that I have to be - stow. You leave us to seek for em - ployment, my boy, By the world you have yet to be tried; But in
And lead to the gates of the blest. I gave you to God, in your cra - dle, my boy, I have taught you the best that I knew; And as
You'll think of your fa - ther and me. I want you to feel ev - 'ry word I have said, For it came from the depths of my love; And, my

rit.

all the temp- ta- tions and struggles you meet, May your heart in the
long as his mer- cy per-mits me to live, I shall nev - er cease
boy, if we nev - er be - hold you on earth, Will you prom - ise to

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The Mother's Good-By.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour con-fide.
pray-ing for you.
meet us a-bove?

Hold fast to the right, Hold fast to the right, Wher-

ev-er your foot-steps may roam; O for-sake not the way of sal-

rit.

va-tion, my boy, That you learn'd from your mother at home.

No. 145. I'll Live for Him,

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou, who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be;

D. C. Chorus.

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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No. 146. Hiding From the Storm.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the riv - en Rock there's a ref - uge for my soul, When the light'nings flash and the might-y thun-ders roll; For I heard a voice that so sweet - ly said to me, "In my bleed-ing side there's a hid-ing-place for thee."
2. In the riv - en Rock there is room for ma - ny more; There's a stream to cleanse, there is mer - cy to re - store; Come to Je - sus now, for a shel-ter sure and sweet; He will keep you still when the swelling currents meet.
3. In the riv - en Rock there are bless- ed songs that ring, Songs of peace and joy un - to heav'n's e - ter - nal King; I will praise him, too, I will sing his grace so free, For my Sav-iour's side is a hid-ing - place for me.

CHORUS.

In the riv - en Rock I am hiding from the storm, Hid-ing from the storm, hid-ing from the storm; In the riv - en Rock

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I am hid-ing from the storm, In the Rock that was cleft for me.

No. 147. Tread Softly.

Solo and Quartet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently. *p*

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard,
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place,
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum - bly our pray'r,
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord,

Be si - lent, and list - en, O treas - ure each word!
This al - tar that ech - oes The mes - sage of grace.
A fore - taste of E - den This mo - ment we share.
Be si - lent, be si - lent, And wait on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The Mas - ter is here,
soft - ly here, soft - ly here,

p *p* *rit.*

Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

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No. 148. Labor On.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the
3. In the glean - er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

grain is ripe, and the reap - ers few, And the Master's voice bids the
song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the precious hours, ere the
time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with his
gained by each who has toiled and strove; When the Mas-ter's voice, in his

work - ers true Heed the call that he gives to - day.
shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
chos - en shared, Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.
words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

La-bor on, la-bor on, Keep the bright reward in view, For the
La-bor on, la-bor on,
Mas - ter has said, He will strength renew, Labor on till the close of day.

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No. 149. Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless - ed fel - low-ship di-vine! O joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, A - long life's weary way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And

pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete: In
soft - est whis-pers of his love In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lu-mined by his smile, Grows brighter day by day: No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est One, I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
feel his great Al-might - y hand Pro-tects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might- y Friend so near.
peaceful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

CHORUS.

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je- sus with me all the time!

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No. 150. O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whit- er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, 'neath the
2. O for a heart that is whit- er than snow! Calm in the peace that he
3. O for a heart that is whit- er than snow! With the pure flame of the
4. O for a heart that is whit- er than snow! Then in his grace and his

life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas-sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
loves to be- stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat- tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the foun- tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
Read - y for serv - ice whene'er he shall choose.
Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.

O for a heart whit - er than snow! Sav- iour di- vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.

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No. 151. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward his ser-vants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry they shall share;

Faith-ful to him will he find us watching,
When to the Lord we re - store our tal- ents,
If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

rit.

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright.
Will he an- swer thee—Well done.
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will he find us watch - ing there?

O can we say we are read - y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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No. 152. The Blessed Rock.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
2. Wrecked by sin and tempest tossed, Compass, chart and anchor lost,
3. Rock, that hides my trembling soul From the storms that darkly roll;
4. When be - yond the vale of night, I shall soar to realms of light;

Help-less, weak and sore dis- mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
He whose pow'r a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
While be - neath, the sur-ges dash, Thunders roar, and lightnings flash.
When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.

CHORUS.

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide.. my-self in thee,

"Rock of A - ges, Let me hide

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

Rock of A - ges,

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No. 153. Some Blessed Day.

REV. C. W. RAY, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid fare-well;
2. Some day, with-in those gates so fair, A golden harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And, welcomed to his blest em-brace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll meet the lov'd of long a - go,

For I shall with the an-gels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.
And glist-'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
Shall with his peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
And learn how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.

CHORUS.

Some day,..... Some day,..... I'll be at
Some bless-ed day, Some bless-ed day;

Ritard.....

home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

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No. 154. Say Yes to the Spirit.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. The Spir - it is soft - ly call - ing, His warn- ing now o - bey;
2. The Spir - it is soft - ly plead - ing, The an - gels chide thy stay;
3. Re - mem-ber the world is fleet - ing, Thy life is wan - ing fast,
4. Sur - ren- der thy all to Je - sus, His life for thee he gave;

He pleads with thy heart O sin - ner, Then grieve him not a - way.
There's mer- cy for thee and par - don, Then why not come to - day.
The shad-ows of night draw near - er, This hour may be thy last.
Ac - cept him as thy Re - deem - er, None else thy soul can save.

CHORUS.

O say yes, to the Spir - it, O say yes, to the Spir-it,

He lov- ing- ly still is plead-ing, Then answer while here we bow,

O, say yes, to the Spir - it, O, say yes, to the Spir - it,

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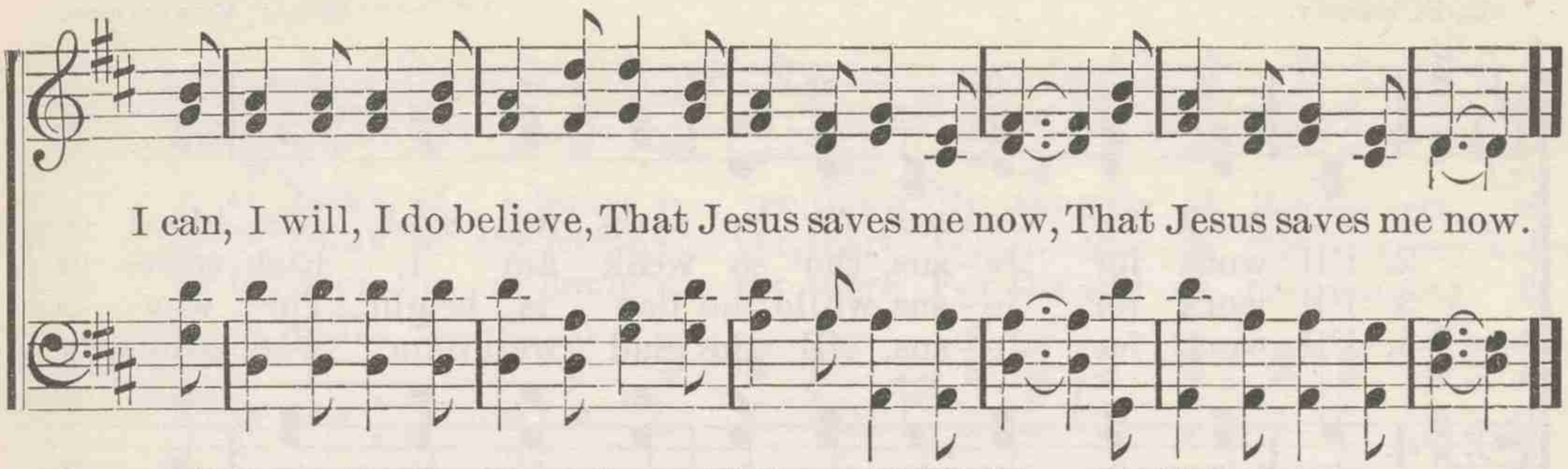
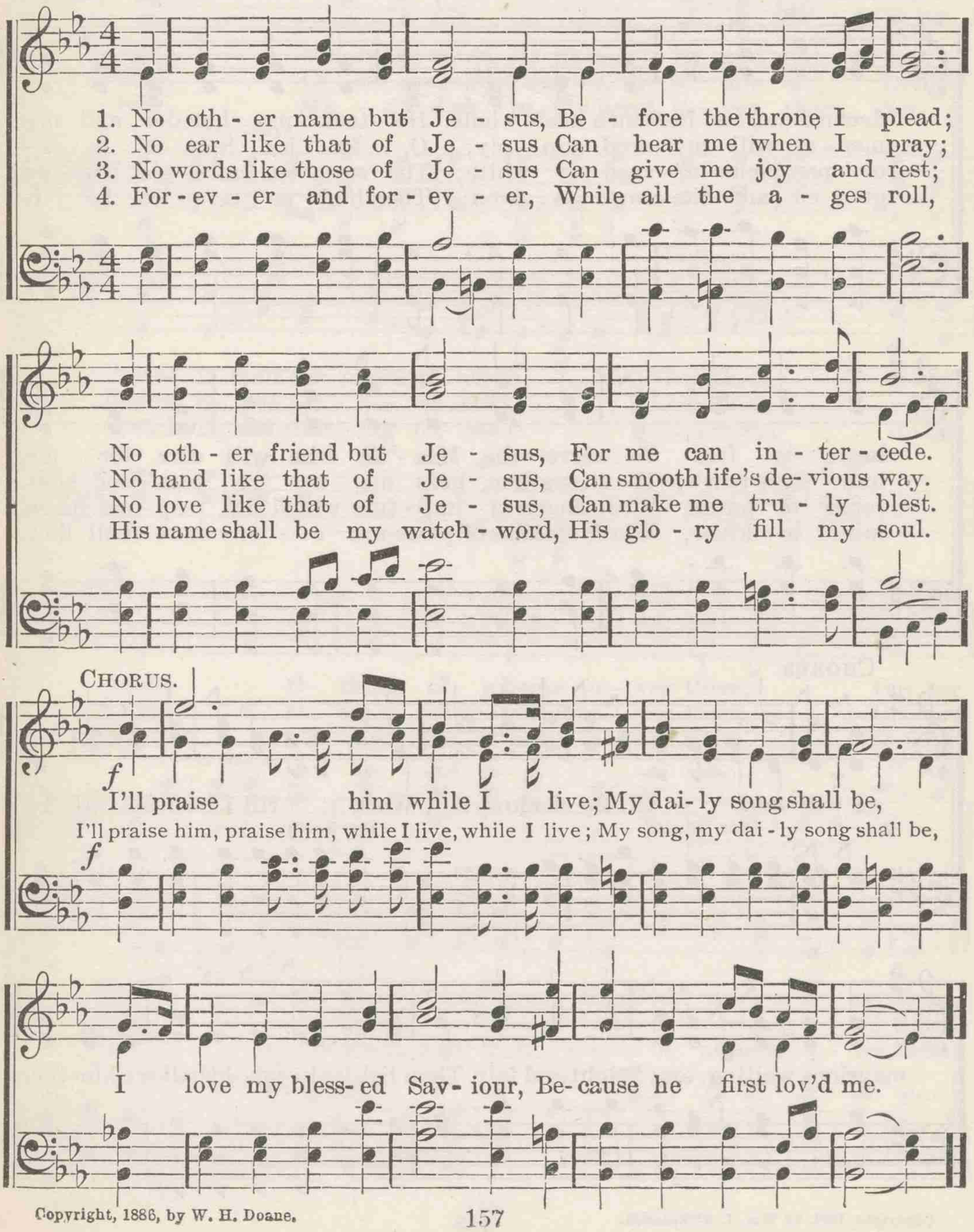
Say Yes to the Spirit.—Concluded.



No. 155. I'll Praise Him While I Live.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. P. DANKS.

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No. 156. I'll Work for Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll work for Je - sus, for he saves my soul, His blood re-
2. I'll work for Je - sus, tho' so weak am I, Rich stores of
3. I'll work for Je - sus, while the day is bright, The way is
4. I'll work for Je - sus, till the glad "well done," When palms are

deemed me, and his touch made whole, He took my bur-den, and my
mer - cy will my need sup - ply; O, for his Spir - it in a -
o - pen, fields al - read - y white; The sow - ers min - gle hap - py
giv - en, and the crown is won; Then high - er serv - ice be it

heart is free To serve the Mas - ter who will care for me.
bun - dant pow'r, To strengthen, help me, ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.
songs of praise, With shouts of rap - ture which the reap - ers raise.
mine to know, Where streams of pleas-ure ev - er - more shall flow.

CHORUS.

I will work till the shadows fall, Work till I hear his call To
for Je-sus for Je-sus

mansions waiting, ever bright and fair, Then hal-le- lu-jah, I shall see him there.

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No. 157. Home Over There.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

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

over there,

CHORUS.

robed in their gar- ments of white. } Over there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. } Over there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait - ing for me. } Over there, o - ver

o-ver there. o -ver there,

there, O think of a home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there, over there.

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

over there,

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No. 158. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in

Sav - iour to me; He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per- fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv- ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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No. 159. To Jesus I Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Ps. 27 : 8. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a-way,) 'Tis a
2. He has promised all my sins to for - give, (to for-give,) If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth,) And be
4. Still the gen- tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a-way,) And its

warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt-ed
ask in sim-ple faith for his love; (for his love;) In his ho - ly word I
faith-ful to its cause till I die; (till I die;) If with cheerful step I
warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt-ed

now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.
learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la - bor for his kingdom a - bove.
walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a star- ry crown by and by.
now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

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No. 160. When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTA, ALT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will our lamps be filled and read - y, When the Bridegroom comes?
2. Shall we hear a wel-come sounding, When the Bridegroom comes?
3. Don't de - lay our prep - a - ra - tion, Till the Bridegroom comes;
4. It may be a time of sor- row, When the Bridegroom comes;
5. O there'll be a glo - rious meet-ing, When the Bridegroom comes;

And our lights be clear and stead - y, When the Bride-groom comes?
And a shout of joy re-sound-ing, When the Bride-groom comes?
Lest there be a sep - a - ra - tion, When the Bride-groom comes.
If our oil we hope to bor- row, When the Bride-groom comes.
And a hal - le - lu - jah greet-ing, When the Bride-groom comes.

In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our
In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our
In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our
In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our
In the night, that joy - ful night, (that joy-ful night,) With our

In the night,

CHORUS.

lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
lamps all burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes.

{ O be ready!
O be ready!

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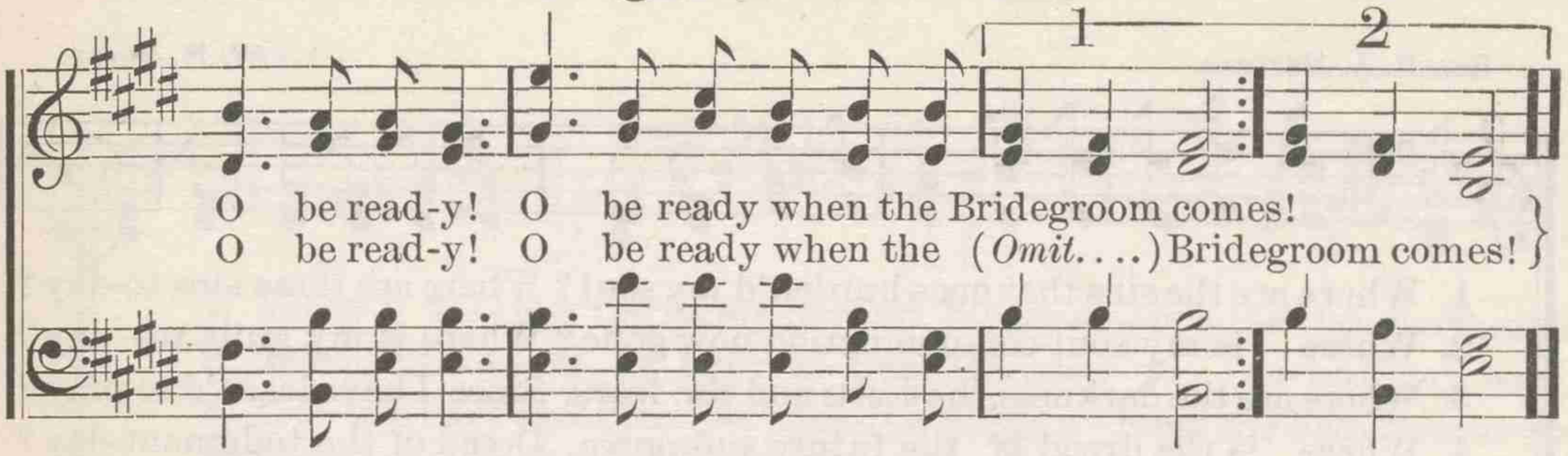
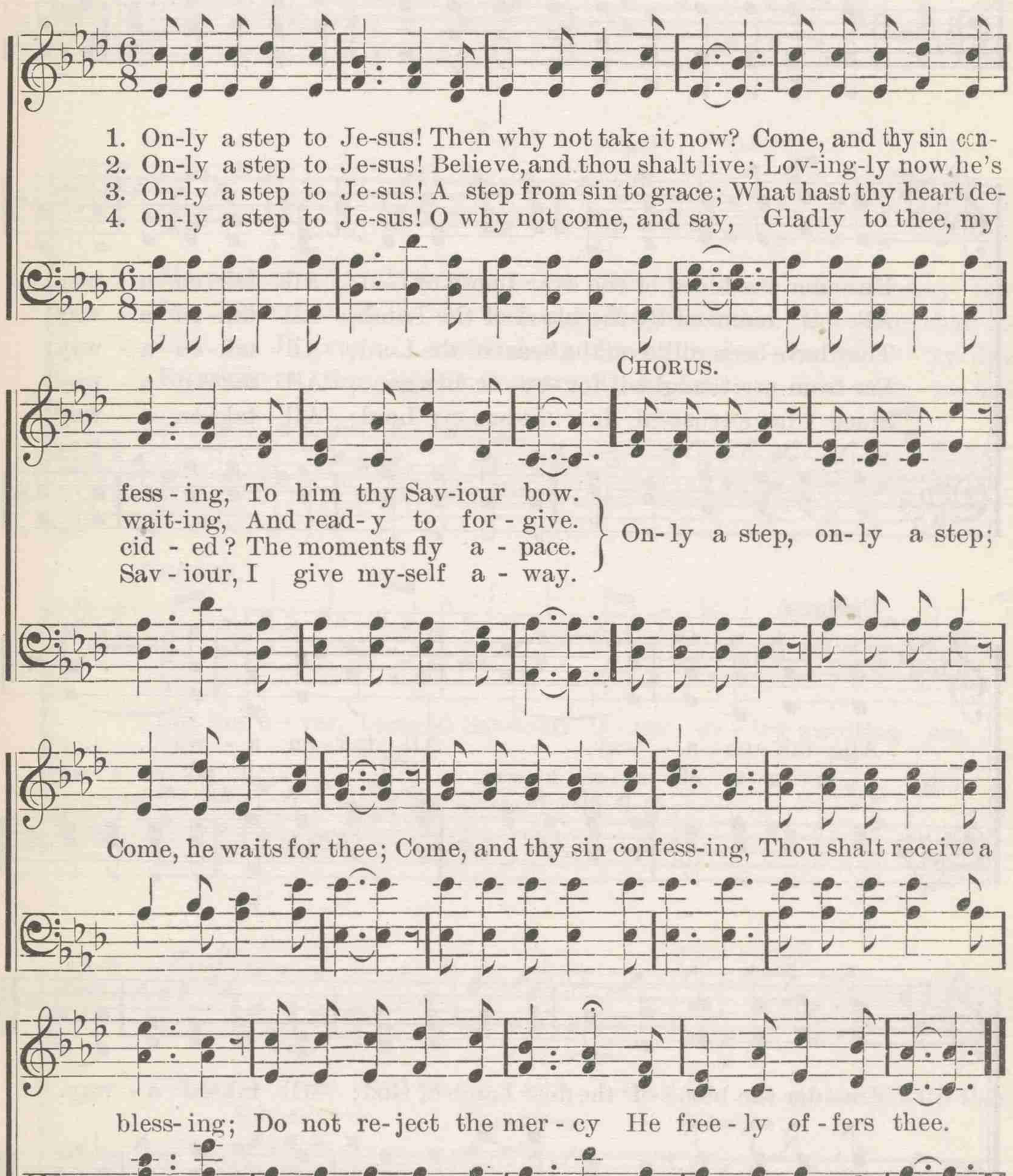
When the Bridegroom Comes.—Concluded.

No. 161. Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 162. All Taken Away.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. DOANE.

1. Where are the sins that once burden'd my soul? Where are these sins to-day?
2. Where is my soul-con-demnation now gone? Where is my guilt to - day?
3. Where are the darkness, the doubts and the fears, Since I have learn'd to pray?
4. Where is the dread of the future unknown, Dread of the judgment-day?
5. Where is the proneness to wander from God, And to for- get to pray?

Un - der the blood of the dear Lamb of God; All tak- en a - way!
All is removed by the blood of the Lamb; All tak- en a - way!
They have been roll'd on the heart of the Lord; All tak- en a - way!
Far from my thought it for - ev - er has gone; All tak- en a - way!
Since I have trust-ed in Je-sus my Lord; All tak- en a - way!

CHORUS.

All tak - en a - way,..... All tak - en a - way,.....
All tak - en a - way, All tak - en a - way.

Un - der the blood of the dear Lamb of God; All tak-en a - way.

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No. 163. Lift Me Over.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When I fol - low Christ my Saviour Where-so - ev - er he may guide,
2. When the wa-ters of temp-ta- tion Threaten to en- gulf my soul,
3. Du - ties hard and cares per-plex-ing Surge a - cross the heav'nward way,
4. Saviour, when this life is end - ed, Lift me o - ver Jor-dan's tide,

He will safe - ly lift me o - ver Ev -'ry dark and stormy tide.
In his arms shall be my ref - uge, Backward then the waves shall roll.
But in Je - sus I am find-ing Sweet de - liv - 'rance ev - 'ry day.
Bring me to the Bet-ter Country, There, for - ev - er sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Lift me o - ver, bless-ed Sav-iour, O - ver ev - 'ry swelling sea,

poco ritard.

Lift me o - ver, till in glo - ry, I shall be..... at home with thee.

Lift me o-ver, till in glo-ry, I shall be

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No. 164. Is it Nothing to Thee?

D. B. PURINTON. W. H. DOANE.

SOLO SOP.

1. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
2. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
3. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That E -

Lord and Redeem-er his love hath revealed? Is it nothing to thee, is it
sin - laden feet from the Saviour hath turned? Is it nothing to thee, is it
ter - ni-ty cometh and death draweth near? Is it nothing to thee, is it

noth-ing to thee, That he died on the cross and thy pardon sealed?
noth-ing to thee, That the voice of his mercy thy heart hath spurned?
noth-ing to thee, Canst thou go when he call - eth, with-out a fear?

2D VOICE TENOR RESPONSE.

1. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, That the
2. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, That he
3. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, When at

voice of his love still is call-ing to - day! O, 't is something to me,
call - eth me back, where-so - ev - er I roam! O, 't is something to me,
last I shall stand on E - ter - ni-ty's shore! O, 't is something to me,

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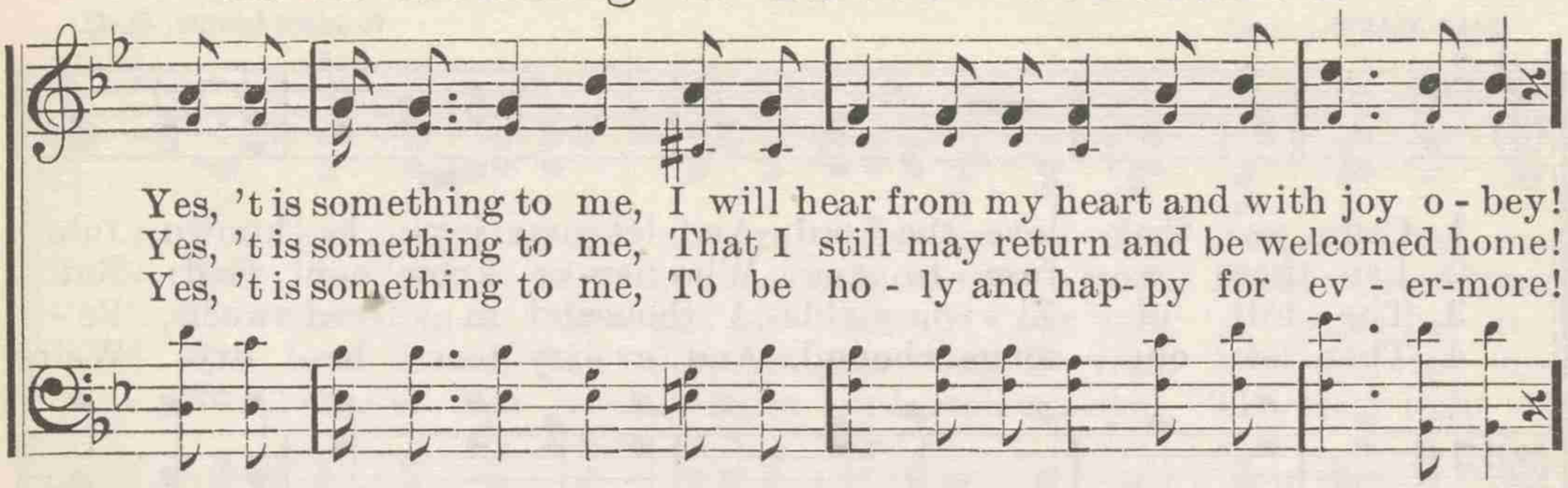
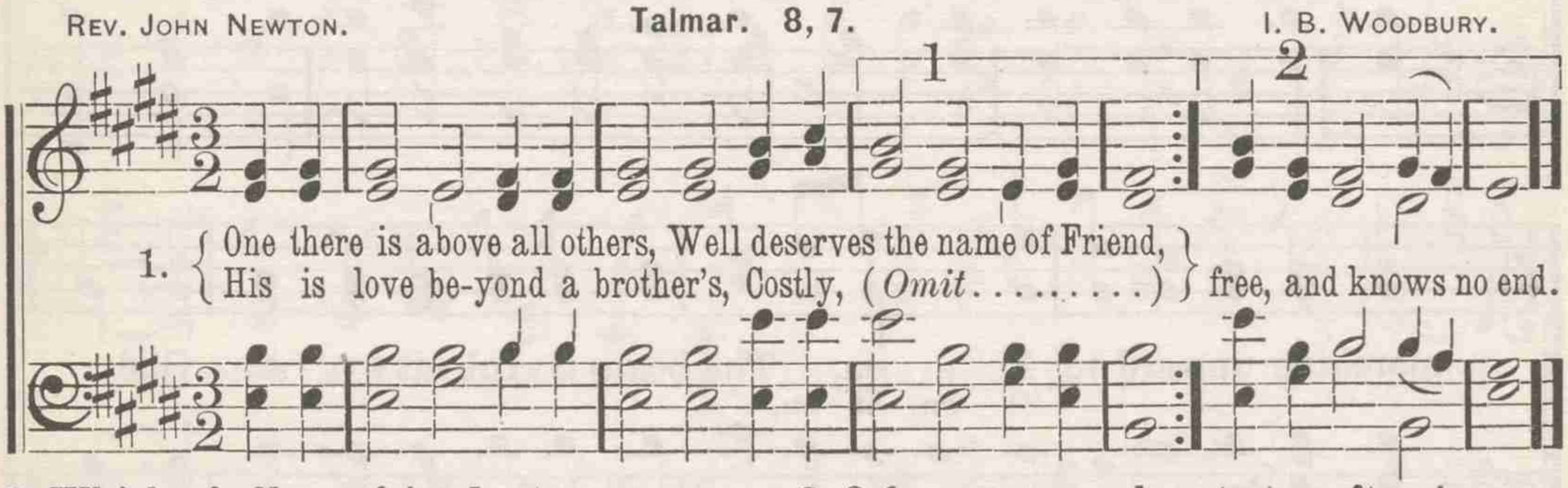
Is it Nothing to Thee?—Concluded.

No. 165. One There is Above All Others.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. **Talmar. 8, 7.** I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

No. 166. We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus surround the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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No. 167. Freedom in Jesus.

EMMA F. BENNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, re - joic - ing to - day; And Je - sus my
2. This free-dom in Je - sus means bless-ed re-lease, From sin and from
3. This free-dom in Je - sus is glo - ri - ous rest, A peace-ful re -
4. His love is so ten - der, his pow'r so di - vine, My all to his
5. No long - er I'm fet - tered the Lord hath con-trol, The clear light of

Sav - iour with me has his way; The Com - fort - er comes in my
sin - ning for - ev - er to cease; And free-dom from self brings such
clin - ing on his lov - ing breast; And when I just trust him my
keep - ing I glad - ly re - sign; A ves - sel of clay for my
heav - en breaks in on my soul; I'll sing while the years of e -

CHORUS.

glad heart to stay; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free! I'm free, free!
in - fi-nite peace; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free!
soul is so blest; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free!
Lord to de - sign; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free!
ter - ni - ty roll, O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free! I'm free, I'm

glorious-ly free! No long-er by sin I am bound; The precious blood

cleanseth and sat - is - fies me, This freedom in Je - sus I've found.

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No. 168. Victory All the Way Along.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have we learn'd the se-cret of the Christian's pow'r? Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
2. By the Word indwell-ing, "watching un-to pray'r," Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
3. Let him do the planning, let him use our days, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
4. On - ly "earthern ves- sels," his the treasure rare, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,

all the way a-long; List'ning and o - bey - ing, trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,
all the way a-long; Rest-ing, while we serve him, in his keep-ing care,
all the way a-long; Yield-ing to his spir - it, his shall be the praise,
all the way a-long; Hum-bly o - ver-com - ing,—then the mansions fair,

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry all along thro' Je - sus. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, all the way along,

Lift Immanuel's banner, marching on with song; Christ shall have the kingdom,

right shall conquer wrong, Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, all the way a -long.

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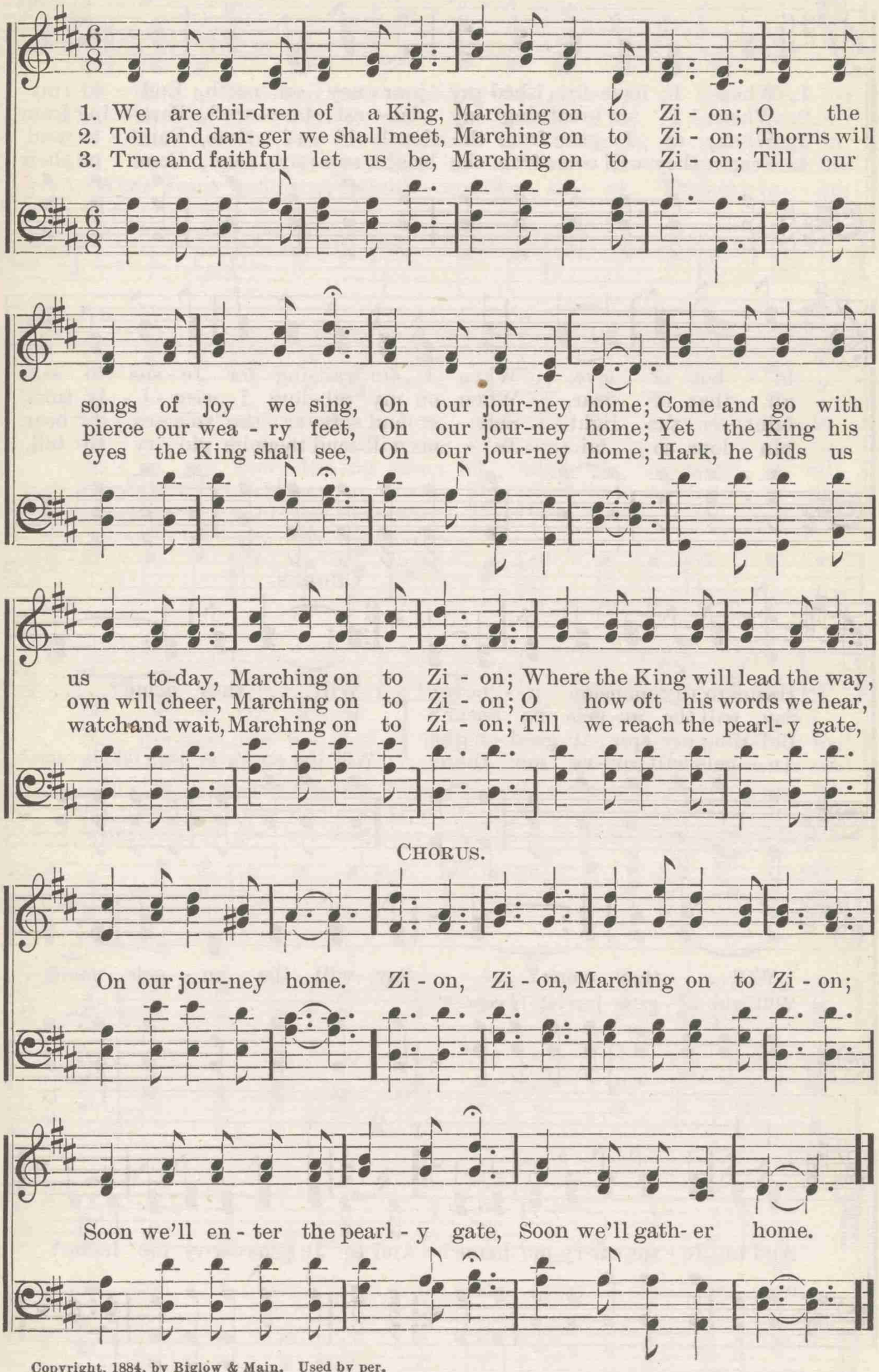
No. 169. On Our Journey Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 170. Will the Angels Come?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When I have fin - ished my jour - ney on earth, End - ed my
2. When I am breathing my lat - est fare - well, Part - ing from
3. When, as I gaze from the thresh-old of time, Faint - er and
4. Yes; they will come from the bright, sun - ny land, Come on their

la - bor of love, When I am wait-ing for Je - sus to say,
all that is dear, When on my pil - low I wear - i - ly turn,
faint - er the light, Soft - er and soft - er the voic - es I hear,
pin - ions so fair; Je - sus will send them its glo - ry to tell,

CHORUS.

"Haste to thy mansion a - bove;" Will.... they come?.....
Say, will the an - gels be near?
Bid - ding my spir - it good - night;
An - gels will car - ry me there.

Will the an - gels joy - ful - ly come?

Will.... they come?.... Say, will the an - gels come,

Will the an - gels joy - ful - ly come?

1 2

And to Je - sus car-ry me home? And to Je - sus car-ry me home?

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No. 171. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALLEY CLOUGH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - iour, he's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing Sav - iour tho' earth-friends be few; And now he is watch - ing in
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon he will call me to
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der- ing view; O when I re - ceive it all
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
5. When Jesus finds you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, But O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
meet him in heav - en, But O that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re - ceiv- ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

f CHORUS. *p*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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No. 172. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

Gently with feeling.

1. Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vig-ils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis - per in my ear;
3. O, when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir - it will its clay for- sake, And find the ha- ven- land of peace.
The sil - ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten-der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel-come me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil - ver cord will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
end - less, end - less, me, for me

Rit.

shall life be done, E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!
be done,

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No. 173. Saviour, I Am Coming.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The liv - ing fount is flow- ing now, Lord, help me en - ter in;
2. Thy kind, in - vit - ing voice I heard, Thy Spir - it drew me near;
3. Sweet Mer-cy meets me at the cross, And breathes of love di - vine;
4. Dear Sav-iour, keep me ev - 'ry hour, When tides of bless- ing pour;

The stream from Calv'ry's sa - cred brow Shall take a - way my sin.
Now may thy re - as - sur - ing word Speak comfort, peace and cheer.
Lord, free my heart from sin - ful dross, And make me whol- ly thine.
And safe be-neath the fountain's pow'r, I'll praise thee more and more.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, I am com-ing to the cleans- ing blood, Com-ing where the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Wash me in the crim - son flood,

And I shall be whit - er than the snow.....
shall be whit - er than the snow.

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No. 174. Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who will fol- low Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his ban- ner
2. Who will fol- low Je - sus In life's bus- y ways, Working for the Mas - ter,
3. Who will fol- low Je - sus When the tempter charms, Fleeing, then, for safety
4. Who will fol- low Je - sus In his work of love? Leading oth- ers to him,

In the thick-est fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,
Giv-ing him the praise? Earn-est in his vineyard, Hon - or - ing his laws,
To the Saviour's arms? Trusting in his mer - cy, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
Lifting pray'rs a-bove? Cour-age, faith-ful serv-ant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will fol- low Je - sus, Serv-ing him to-day?
Faith-ful to his coun-sel, Watchful for his cause?
Seek-ing fresh re-new-als Of his grace each hour?
On our side for- ev - er Will this Sav-iour be.
} Who will follow Je-sus?

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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No. 175. The Beautiful City of God.

MARY A. McKEE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty and rareness, And streets with a
2. Its riv - ers of gladness Will ban- ish all sadness, And sor-row shall
3. But light will be giv - en, All storm-clouds be riv-en, From o - ver that
4. No sor - row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy - ing, Can shad- ow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,— No pros-pect is
van - ish a - way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
cit - y of God; We'll view them in won-der, Thro' all that may
bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, For - ev - er are

CHORUS.

drear-y,—And no one can ev- er grow old.
brighten That cit - y by night or by day.
sun - der, The path that in sorrow we trod.
blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

O, there is a cit - y a beau- ti- ful cit- y, Whose builder and maker is God; A far- a-way cit- y, A won- der - ful cit - y, The beau- ti- ful cit- y of God.

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No. 176. He is Calling Me Now.

MARY JEFFREY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I hear the words of a precious Friend, And one that I would not grieve;
2. I hear the words of a precious Friend, And still he is watching near;
3. I hear the words of a precious Friend, And O what a joy to know;

He bids me come with a loving heart, Now on his name be - lieve.
I'll come to - day for I can - not stay From a Friend like him so dear.
The heart I bring to the Saviour's feet, He will make as white as snow.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing me now, ... He is tenderly calling me now, ...
call-ing ten-der-ly, calling me now, calling me now,

He is call - ing me now, just now, And this shall my answer be,
call-ing, calling me,

I will seek his face, I will trust his grace, And his smile I then shall see.

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No. 177. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Isa. 45 : 22. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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No. 178. The Wonderful Name.

C. W. R. C. W. RAY

1. How won-der-ful, won - der-ful is the dear name, The hope of sal -
2. How won-der-ful, won - der-ful is the dear name, More pre-cious than
3. How won-der-ful, won - der-ful is the dear name, Let earth with the

va-tion, Redeemer and King; Naught ev-er the soul can so sweetly inflame,
sil - ver or jew-els and gold; To ran - som the lost in his mer-cy he came,
an - gels re- joic-ing-ly bend; In wor- ship his in - fin- ite glo-ry proclaim,

CHORUS.

Or cheer to the sor - rowing bring.
As prophets had oft - en fore - told.
As Mak - er, Re-deem - er and Friend.

O won- der-ful, won- der- ful,

won - derful name; More fragrant than spic-es from o - ver the sea; A

Saviour, Almighty, for - ev-er the same; His name is a glo - ry to me!

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No. 179. Nothing but Mercy for Me.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. My blest Re - deem - er left heav - en one day, From
2. My Lord was will - ing to suf - fer and die, To
3. My Lord and Sav - iour now liv - eth a - gain At

sin he made me free; He took my grief and guilt a - way,
bring me lib - er - ty, My sin - ful soul to pur - i - fy;
God's right hand is he, And there he lives for me to plead,

CHORUS.

And so there is mer - cy for me. O won-der-ful, won-der-ful

mer - cy of God, As deep as the boundless sea, His blood was

spilt to cleanse my guilt, And there's nothing but mercy for me.

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No. 180. Send the Gospel Light.

F. E. B — Matt. 4: 16. — F. E. BELDEN.

Moderato.

1. Hear the voic - es call - ing o'er the stormy main; "Send the light;
2. In our own fair country there are homes of night; "Send the light;
3. Bring your shining treasure, lay it at the cross; "Send the light;

"Send the light;

CHO.–Tell the man - ger sto - ry which the an - gels sing; "Send the light;

send the light;" There is life for sinners thro' the Lamb once slain;
send the light;" 'Tis the word of Je - sus gives the blind eyes sight;
send the light;" Find e - ter - nal rich - es for a mo-ment's loss;

send the light;"

send the light;" Preach a ris - en Sav-iour and a com - ing King;

FINE.

"Send the light, send the light." . . . . Send the light across the
"Send the light, send the light." . . . . Send the light to ev-'ry
"Send the light, send the light." . . . . Send the light the jewels

"Send the light, the gospel light." Send the light a -

"Send the light, send the light."

roll - ing tide, Bless-ed word, ... "Sal-va - tion free;" Let the
dark - ened home, Raise the sick . . . . . and cheer the sad; Gath - er
must be found, This shall be . . . . . our glad em-ploy; They shall

cross the roll-ing tide, Bless - ed word "Sal - va-tion free;"

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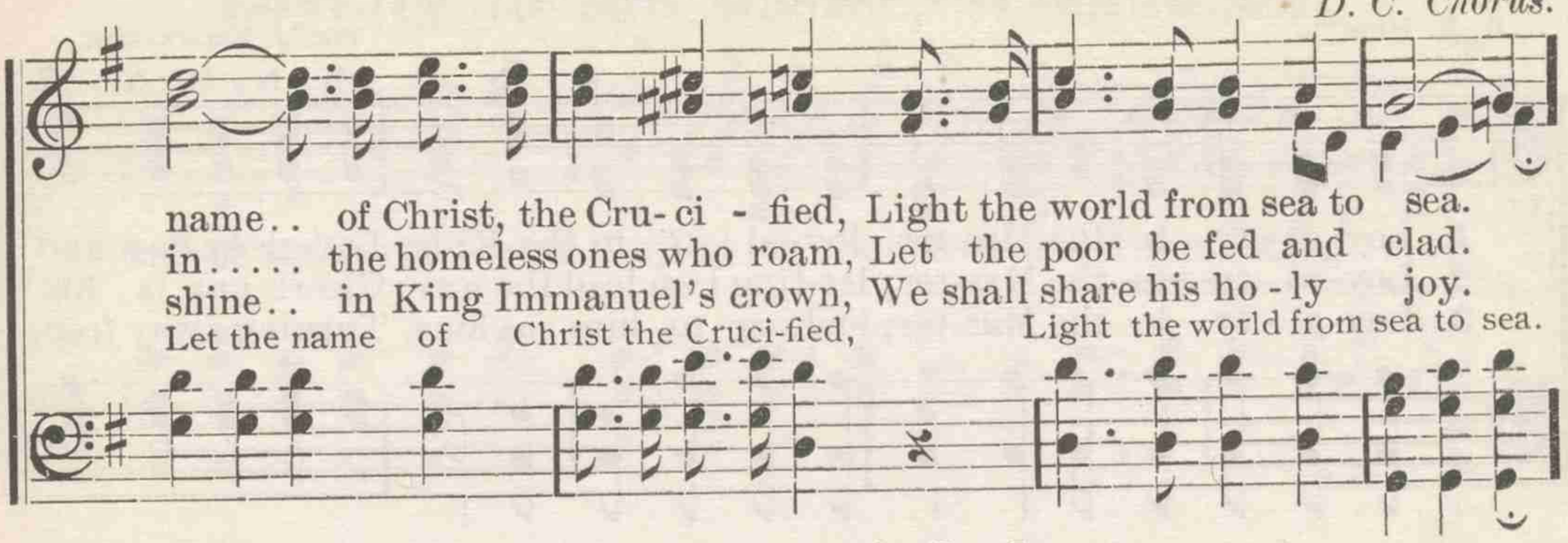
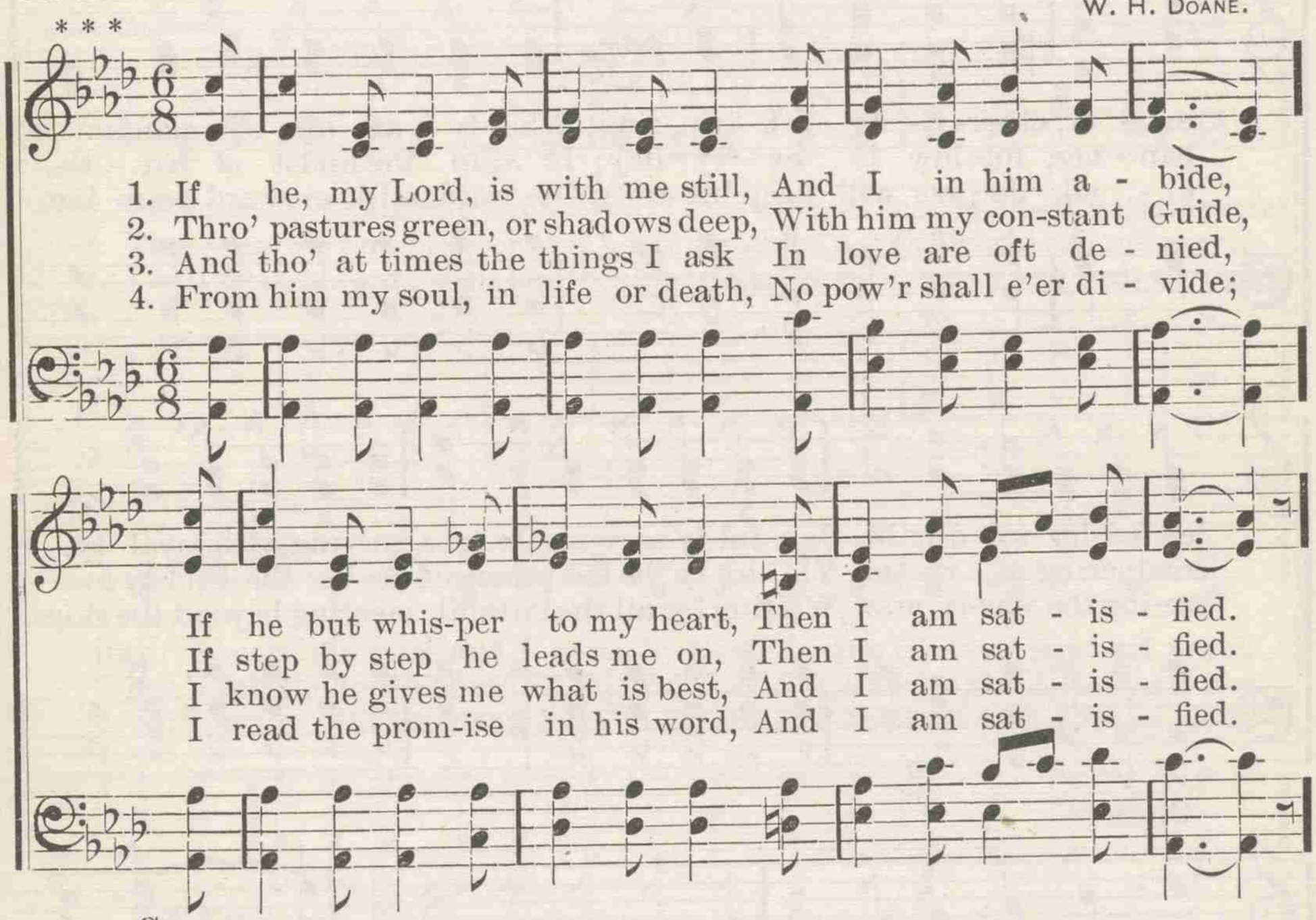
Send the Gospel Light.—Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.

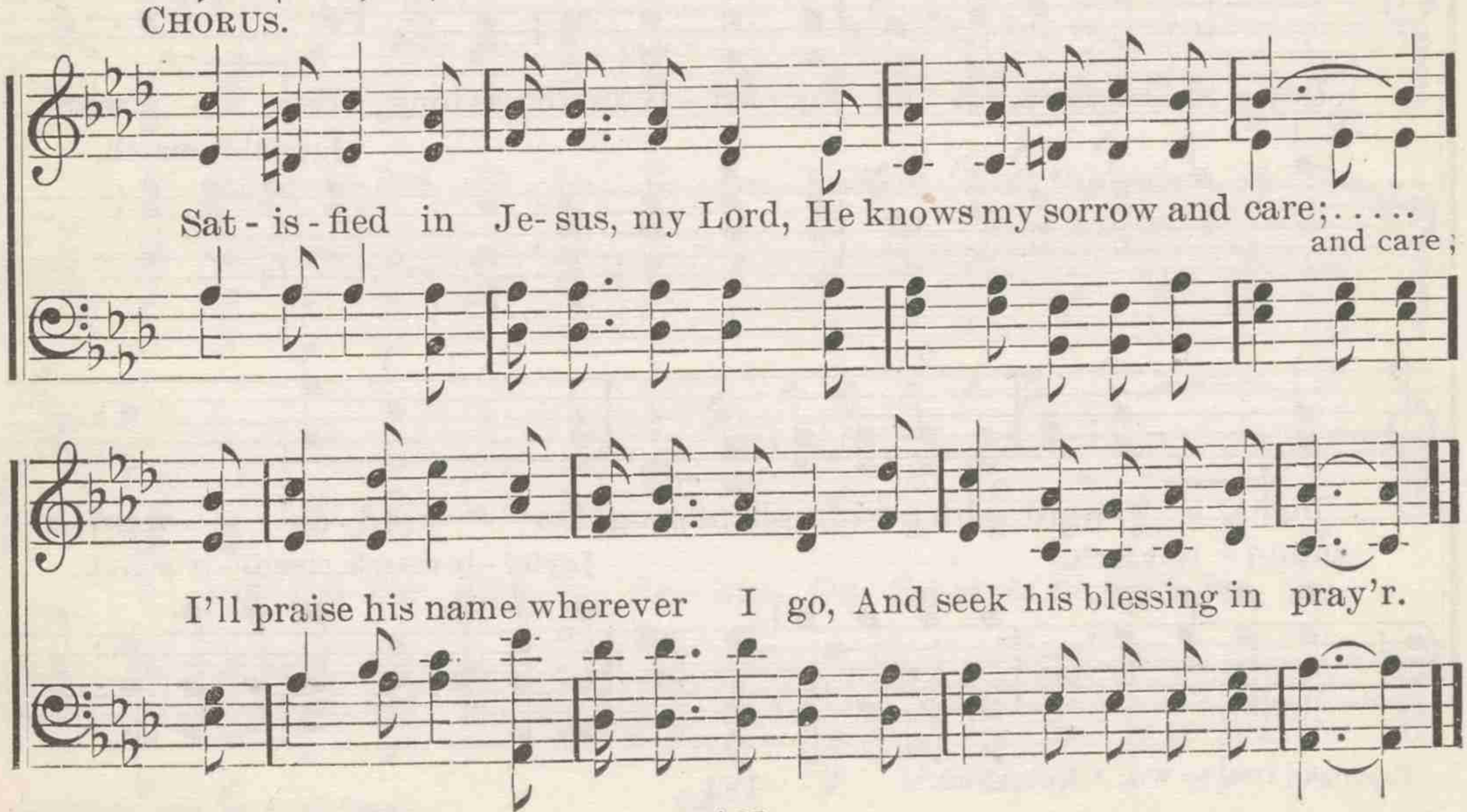


No. 181. I Am Satisfied.

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.



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No. 182. Loyalty to the Master.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and
2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; let-ting him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is his
3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; looking to him a-lone, Turning away from

ev-er, cheer-i-ly let us sing; Whol-ly at his commandment,
ban-ner, fol-low it ev-'ry day; In-to the midst of bat-tle,
e-vil, Je-sus will keep his own; On-ward, still on-ward press-ing,

let ev-'ry sol-dier be Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je-sus, serving with loyal-ty.
conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry he has promised o-ver the dead-ly foe.
see-ing the star-ry prize; Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy-al soldiers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long; For-ward,
Joy-ful-ly march,
for-ward, with a triumphant song; On-ward, on-ward, a
stead-i-ly march,
Joyful-ly march, steadi-ly march,

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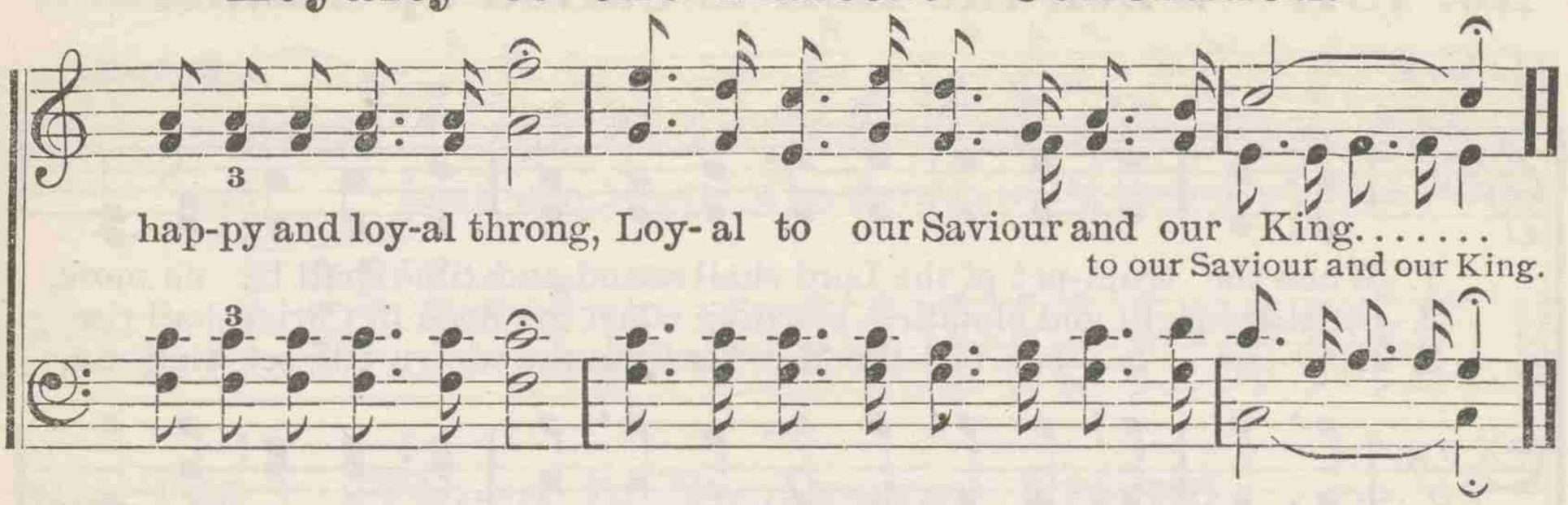
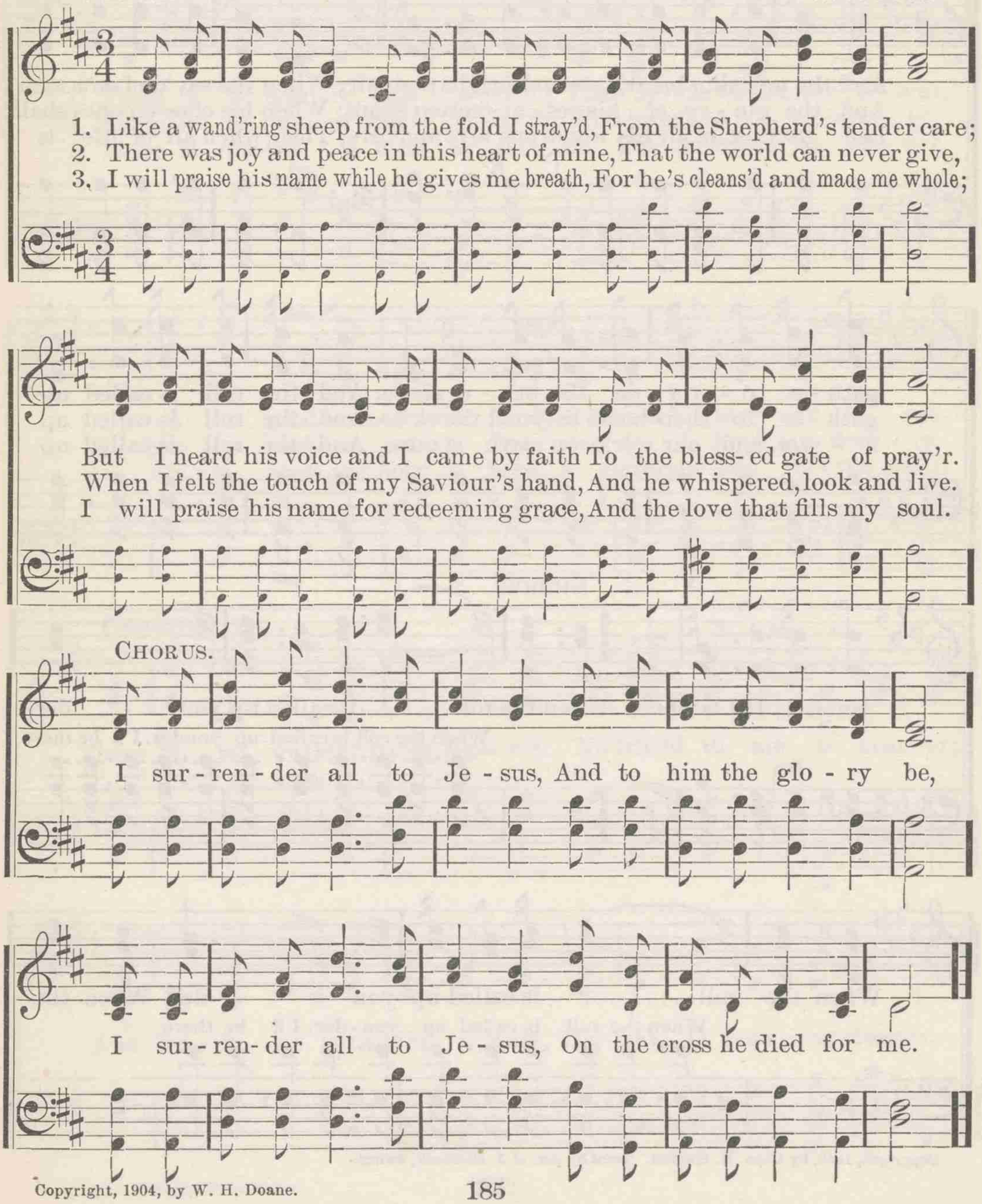
Loyalty to the Master.—Concluded.

No. 183. I Surrender All to Jesus.

MARY DE WITT. W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Doane.

No. 184. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas- ter from the dawn till set- ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur-rection share; When his chos-en ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

Chorus.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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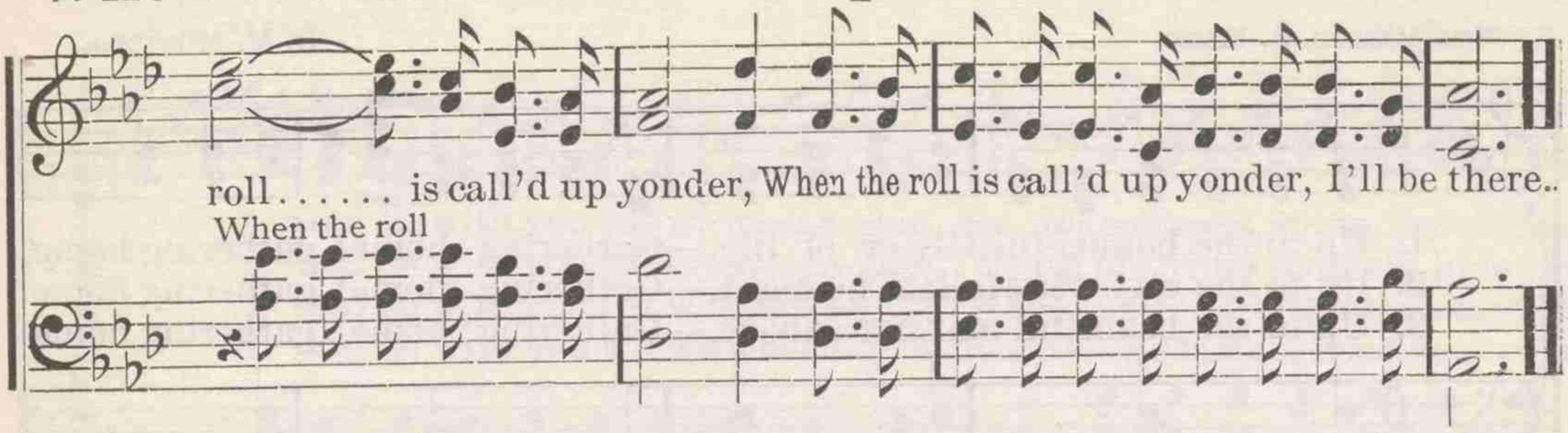
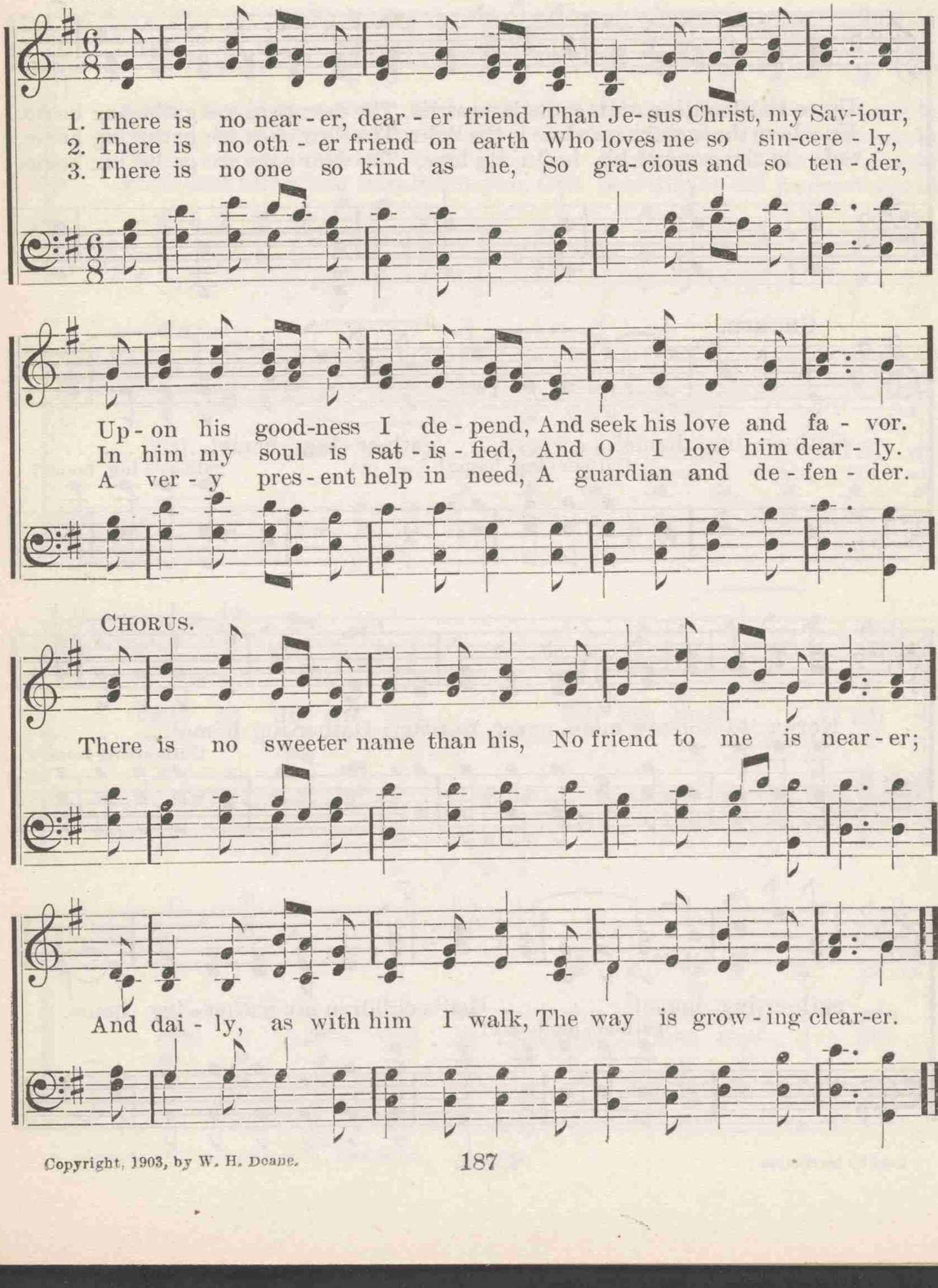
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.



No. 185. There is No Dearer Friend.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. DOANE.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

No. 186. Gathering Home.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE

R. M. M'INTOSH.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Nev-er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gather-ing home!.....
Gath-er-ing home!

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

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No. 187. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels, guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

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

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, ... till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. meet a - gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Copyright, of J. E. Rankin, D. D. Used by per.

No. 188. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci - fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still nearer to thee. Near-er, my Sav-iour, still nearer to thee.

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No. 189. Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

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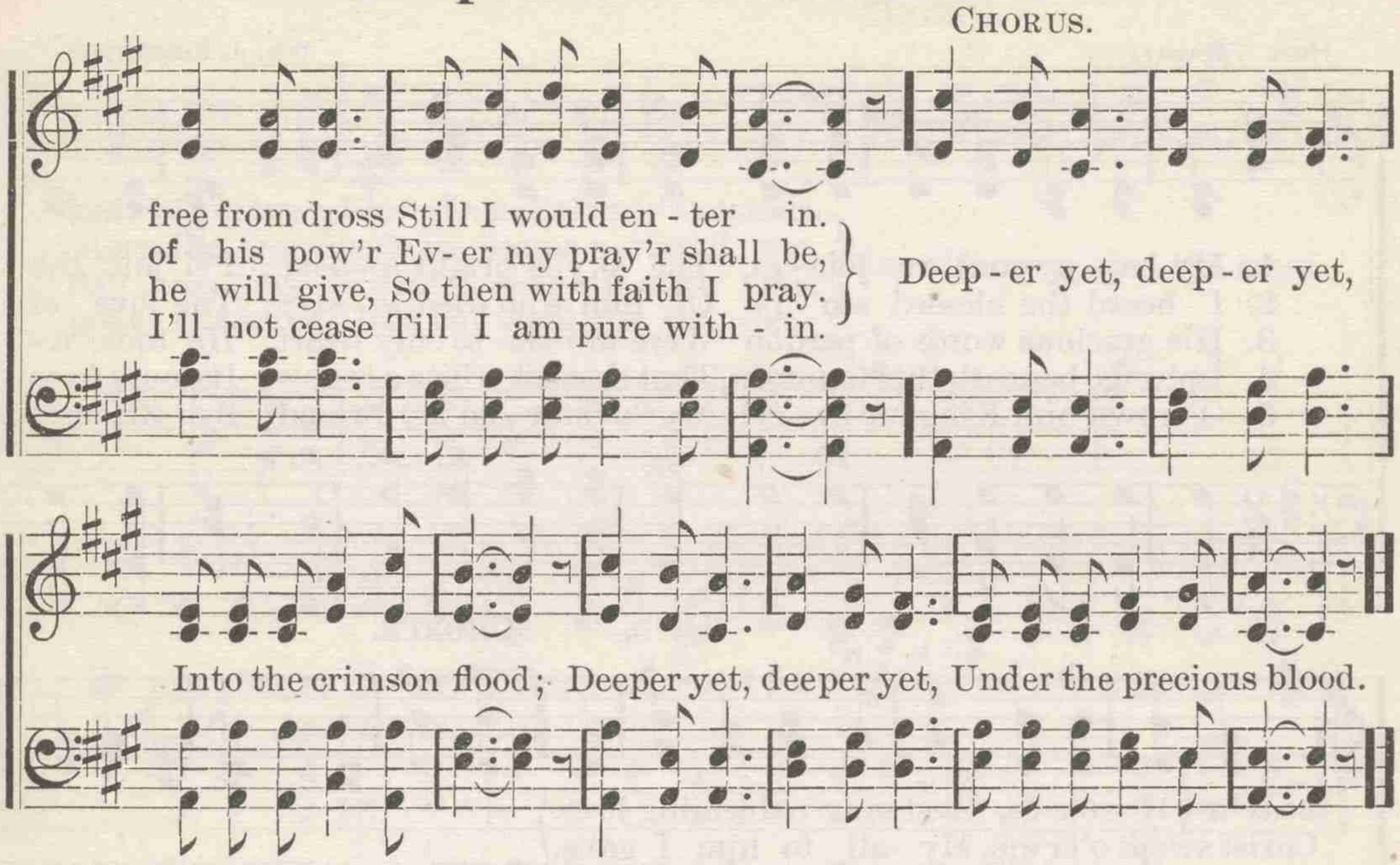
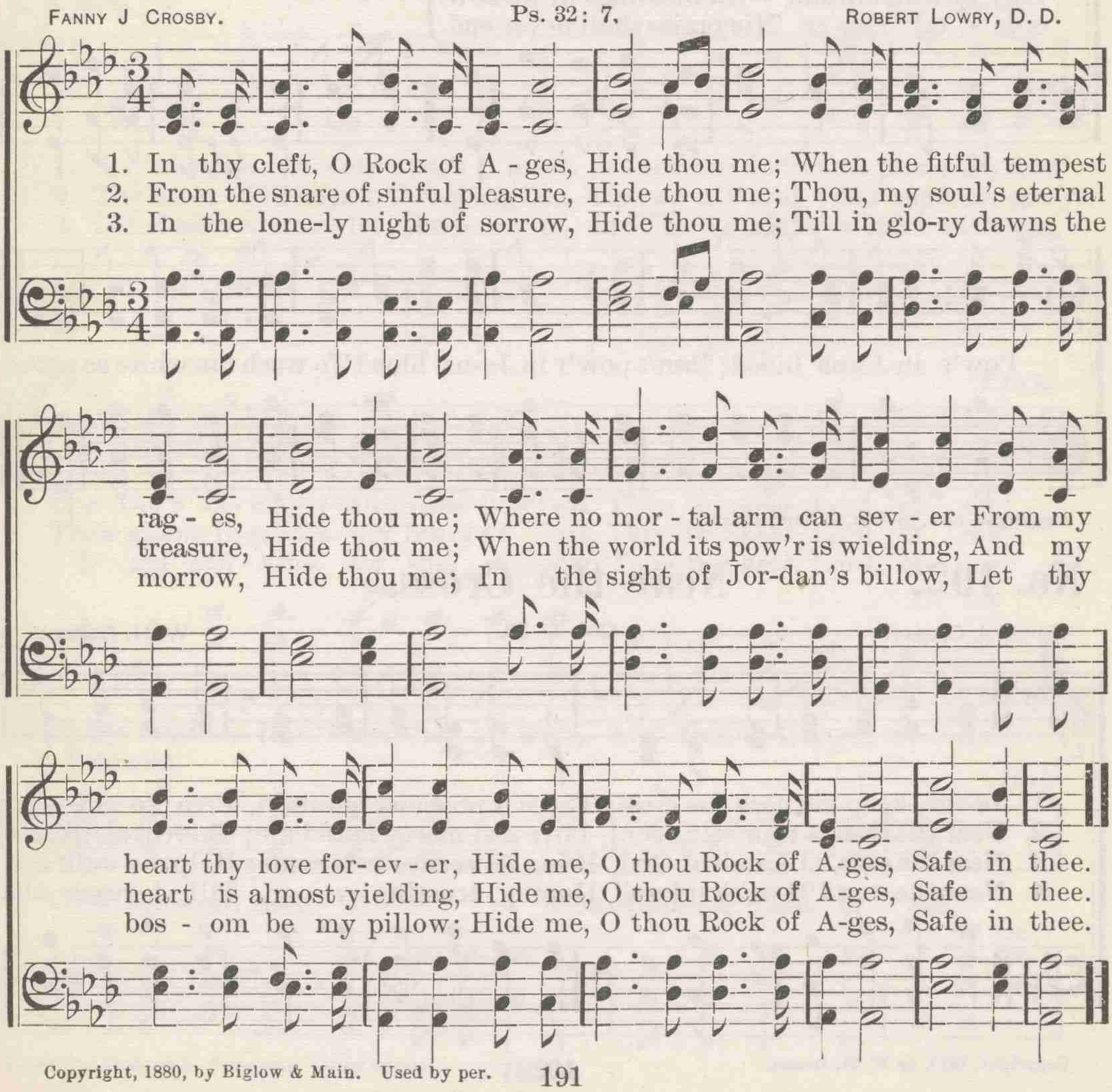
Deeper Yet.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 190. Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J CROSBY. Ps. 32: 7. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

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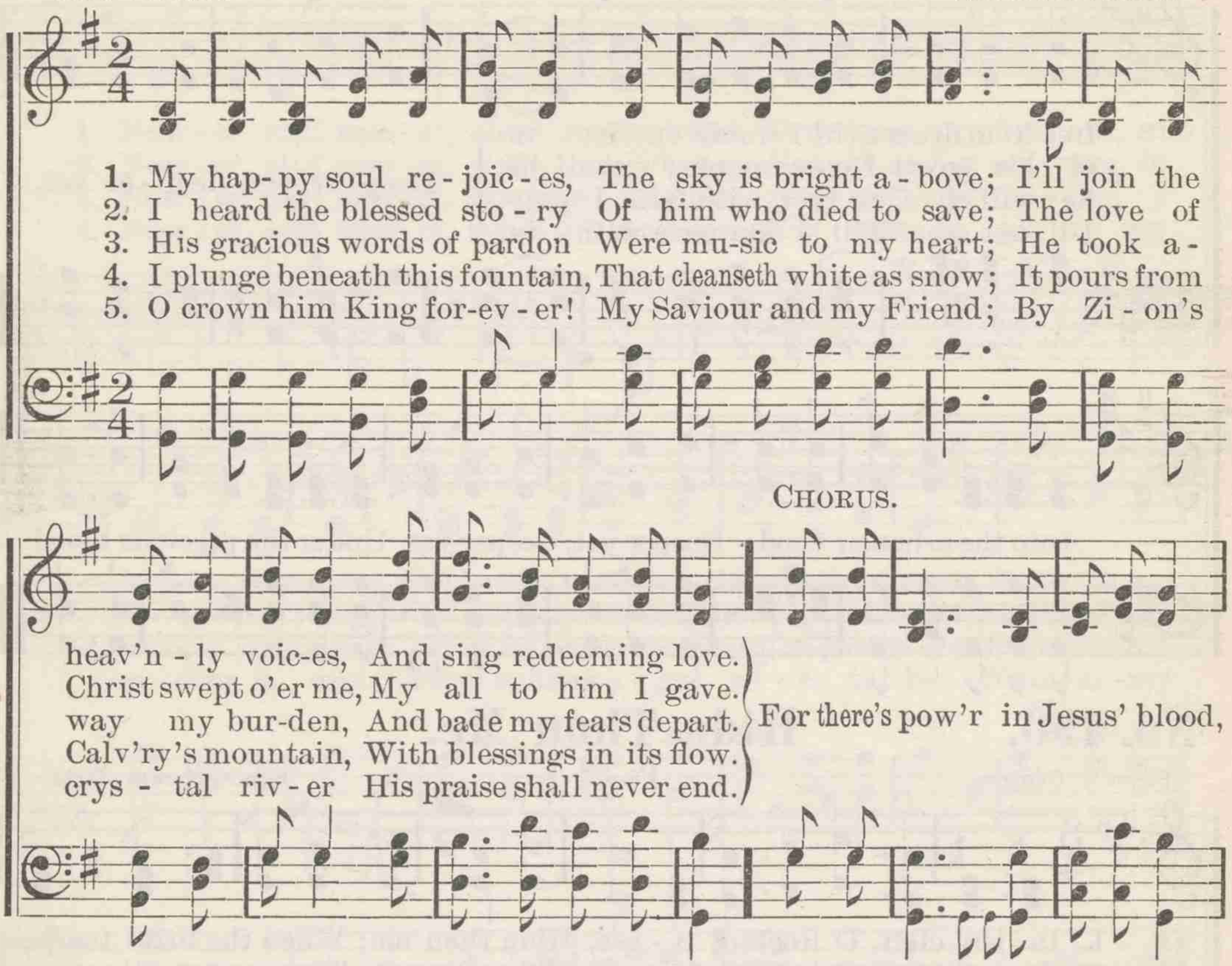
No. 191. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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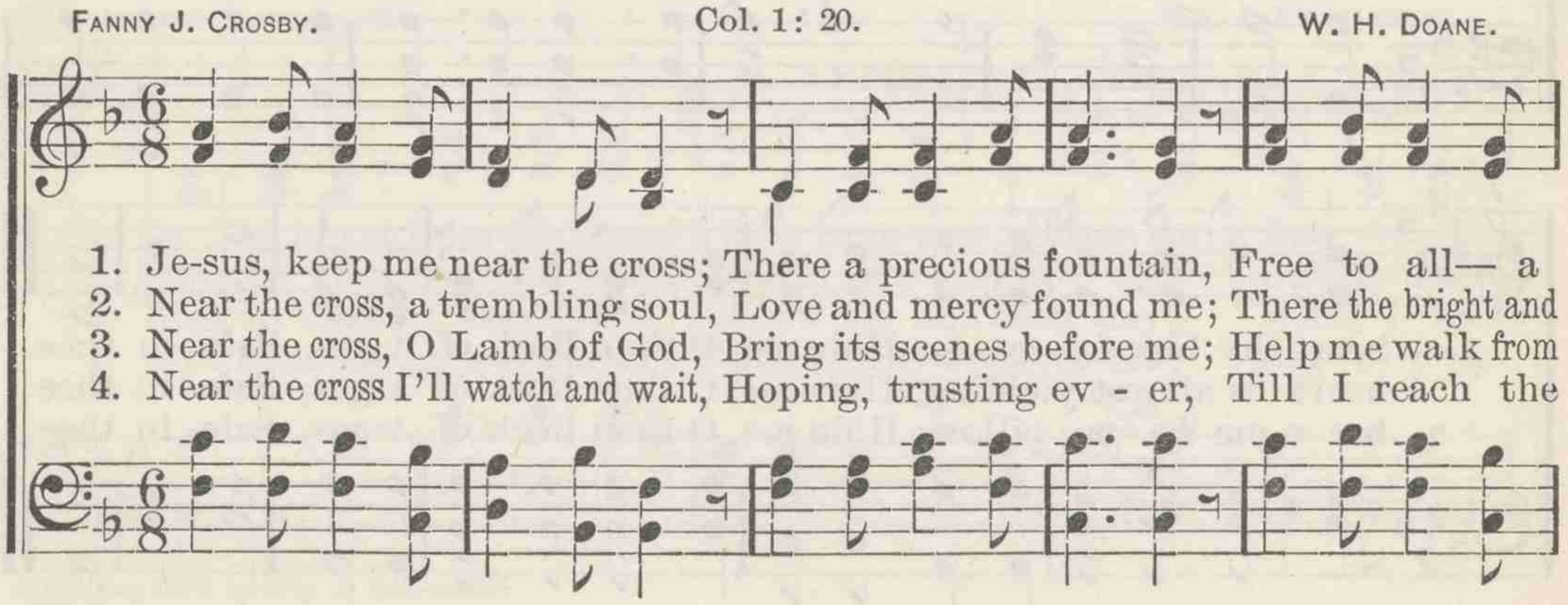
No. 192. Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Col. 1: 20. W. H. DOANE.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

Near the Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

heal-ing stream—Flows from Calvary's mountain.
Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a- round me.
day to day With its shad-ow o'er me.
gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

In the cross, in the cross,

Be my glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv- er.

No. 193. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

FINE.

One tho't re - mains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S.—What need I fear when thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me?

CHORUS.

D.S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me;
of me, of me;

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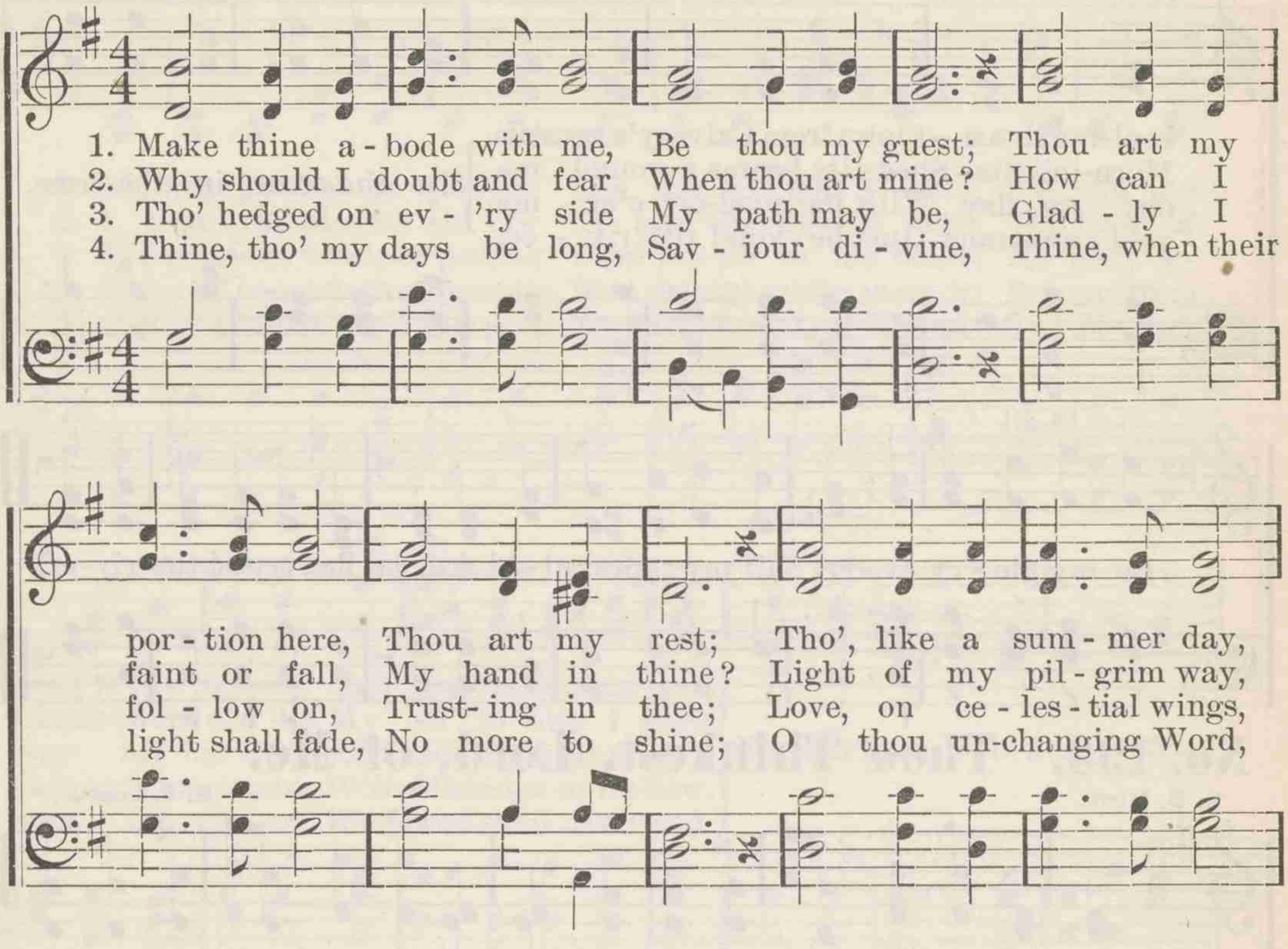
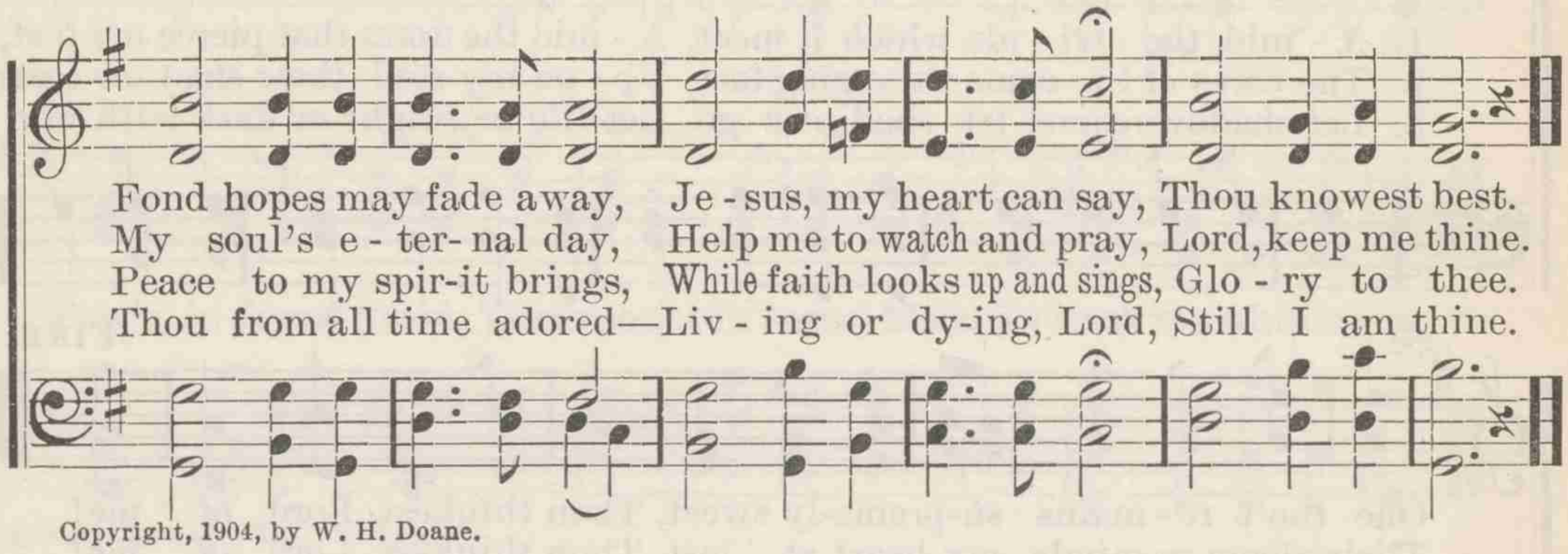
No. 194. Keep Me Thine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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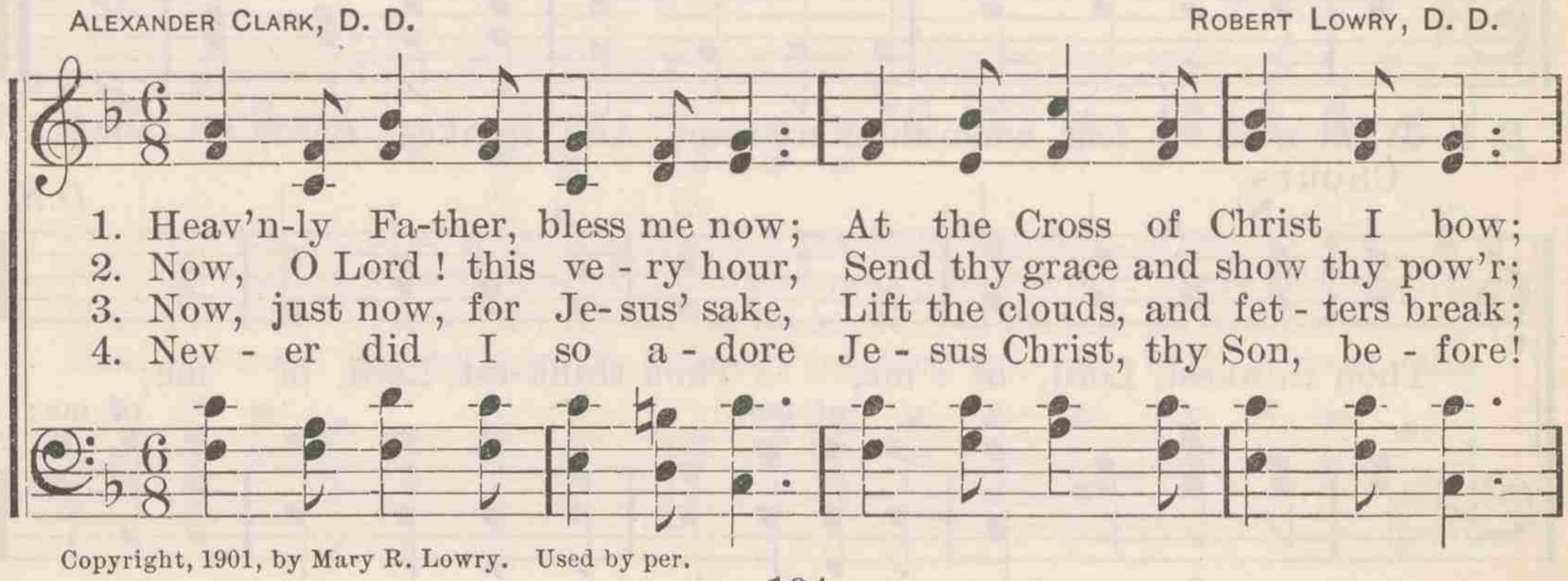
No. 195. Bless Me Now.

ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



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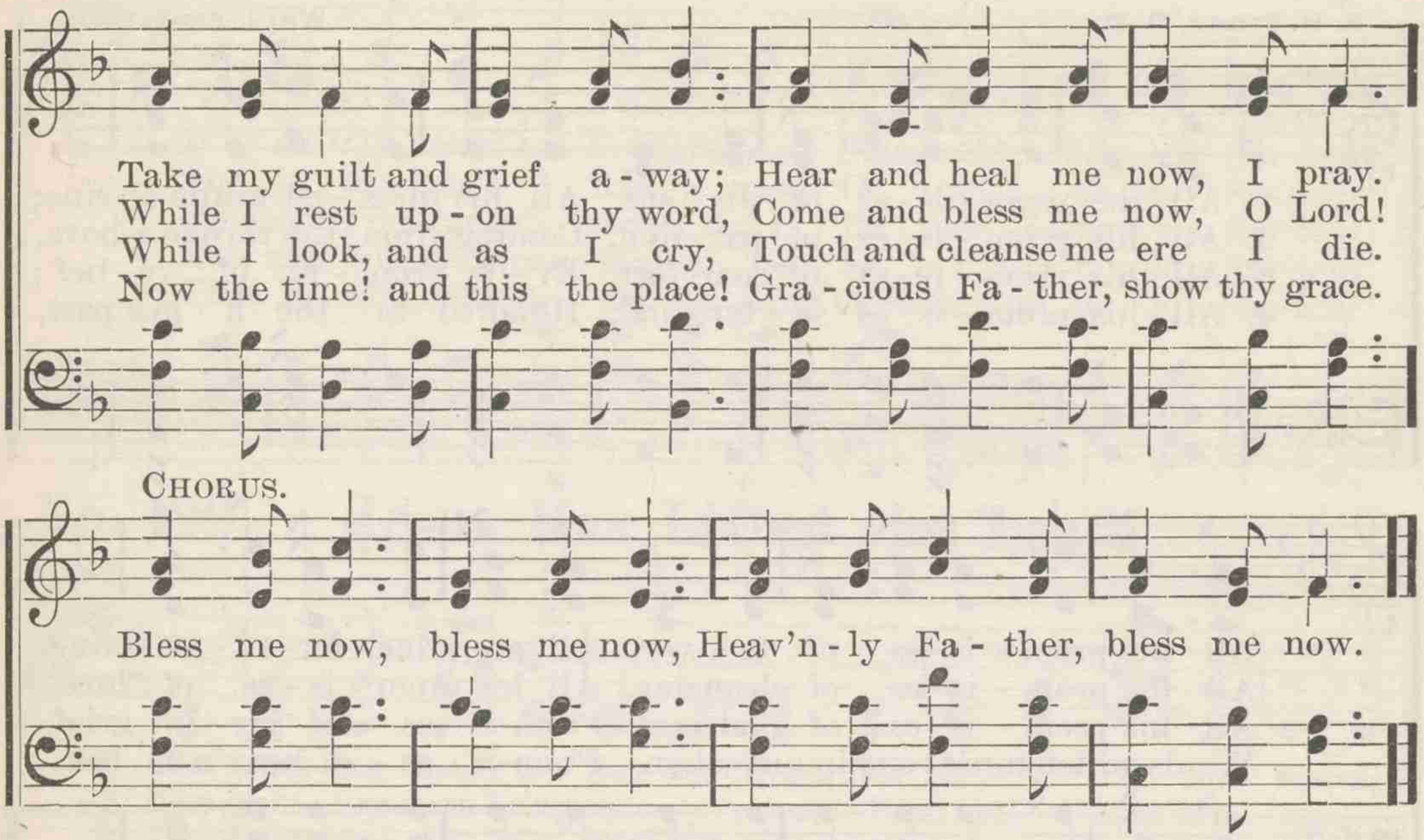
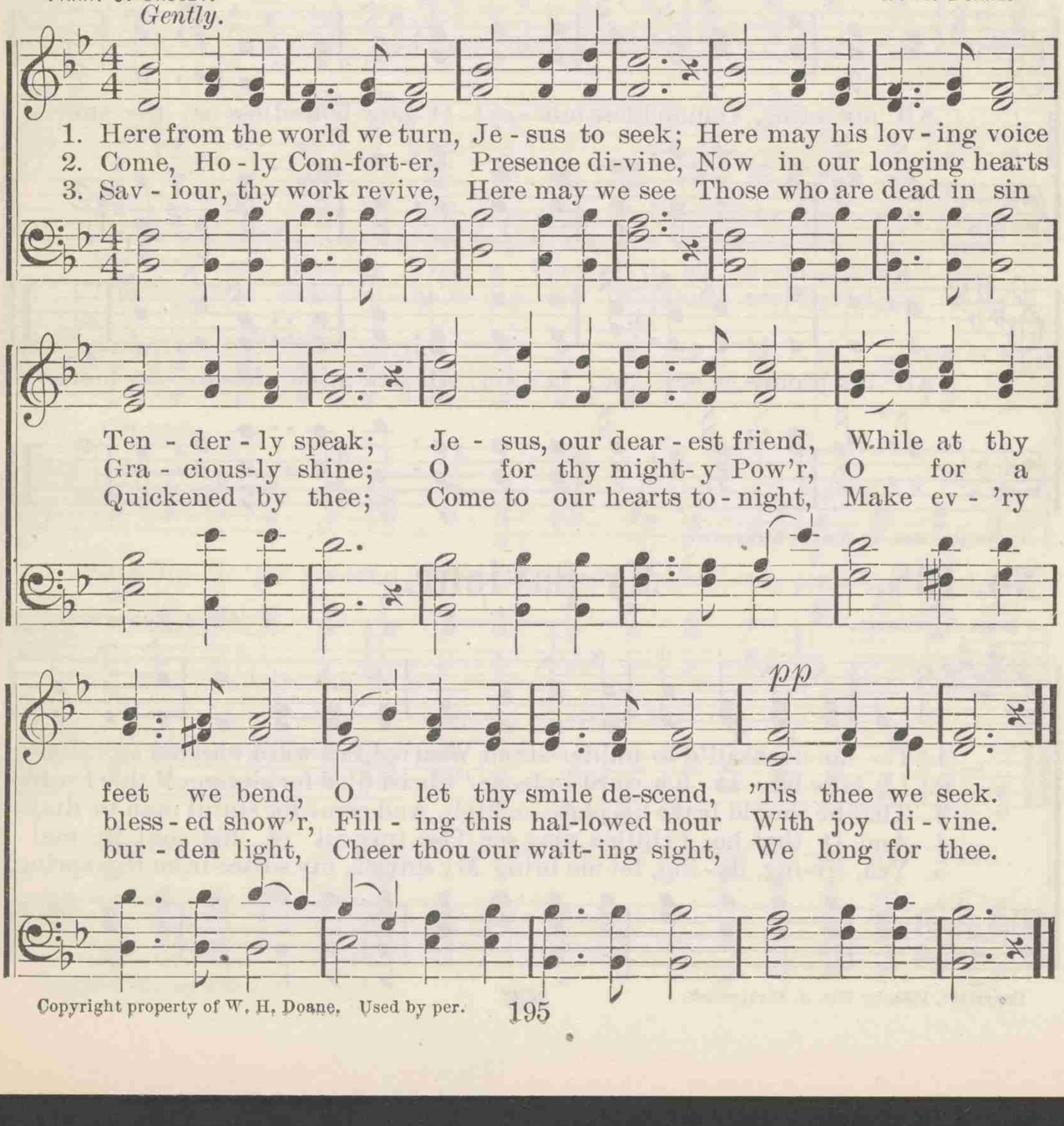
Bless Me Now.—Concluded.



No. 196. Sweet Moments of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

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No. 197. All the Promises are Mine.

E. H. STOKES, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All the prom - is - es of Je - sus, All his bless - ed words di-vine;
2. All his prom - is - es of par - don, Coming from the throne a-bove,
3. All his prom - is - es of com- fort, Ev -'ry prom - ise of re - lief;
4. All his prom - is - es e - ter - nal, Honored in the a - ges past,

All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine, for- ev - er mine.
All his prom - is - es of cleansing, All his prom - is - es of love.
All his prom - is - es of glad-ness, Prom-is - es of joy in grief.
Words which must remain unbroken, Prom-is - es of heav'n at last.

CHORUS.

All are mine, O matchless mer - cy! O how boundless is the store!

All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine for- ev - er more.

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No. 198. My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to un-der-stand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sinful man to die,
4. And O that he fulfilled may see The trav-ail of his soul in me!
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy- ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,

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My Saviour.—Concluded.

I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!
And with his work con - tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

No. 199. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust- ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,
2. The pass - ing days bring man - y cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,
3. He tells me of my Father's love, And nev - er-slumb'ring eye;
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom-ise true,

But at the cross of Cal-v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift - ed loads.
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The bur- dens slip a - way.
My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.
The might- y arms up - hold- ing me Will bear my bur- dens too.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, prais-ing the Lord,

rit ad lib.

Sing-ing I go a - long life's road, For Je - sus has lift - ed my load.

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No. 200. Deeper Love.

W. H. D. W. H. Doane.

1. Pre - cious Sav-iour, dear - est Friend, While we bend the knee,
2. Come and con - se - crate us now, Seal us ev - er thine;
3. Trust-ing as a lit - tle child Help us, Lord, to be,
4. Deep - er love, yes, deep - er love, This our con - stant plea;

Come and give our long - ing hearts Deep - er love to thee.
May we to thy ho - ly will Ev - 'ry pow'r re - sign.
While we ask in sim - ple faith Deep - er love to thee.
Deep - er love, yes, deep - er love, Till we're lost in thee.

Chorus.

Sav - iour, lov- ing Redeem - er, Sav- iour, precious to me, Grant me, I

pray thee, More of thy Spir - it, Drawing me clos - er, Clos- er to thee.

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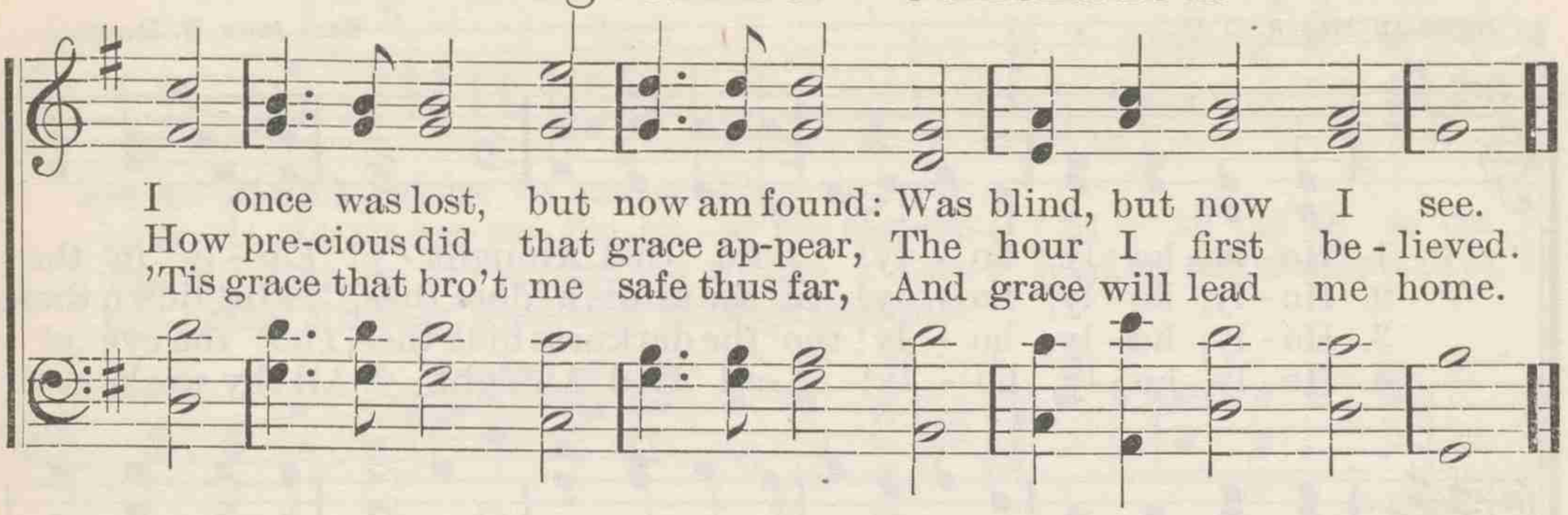
No. 201. Amazing Grace.

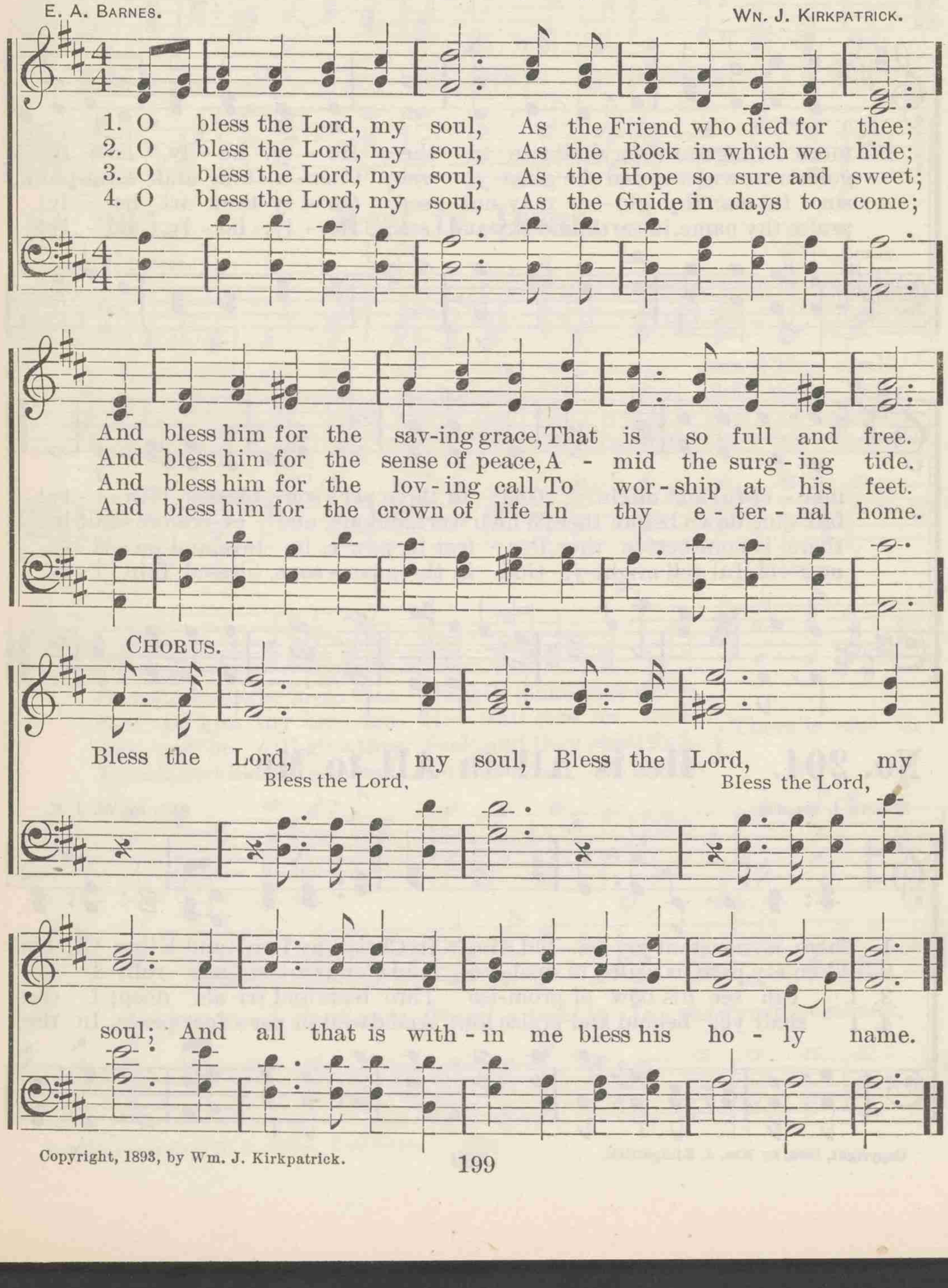
Charles Wesley. Arlington. C. M. Thomas A. Arne.

1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;

Amazing Grace.—Concluded.



No. 202. Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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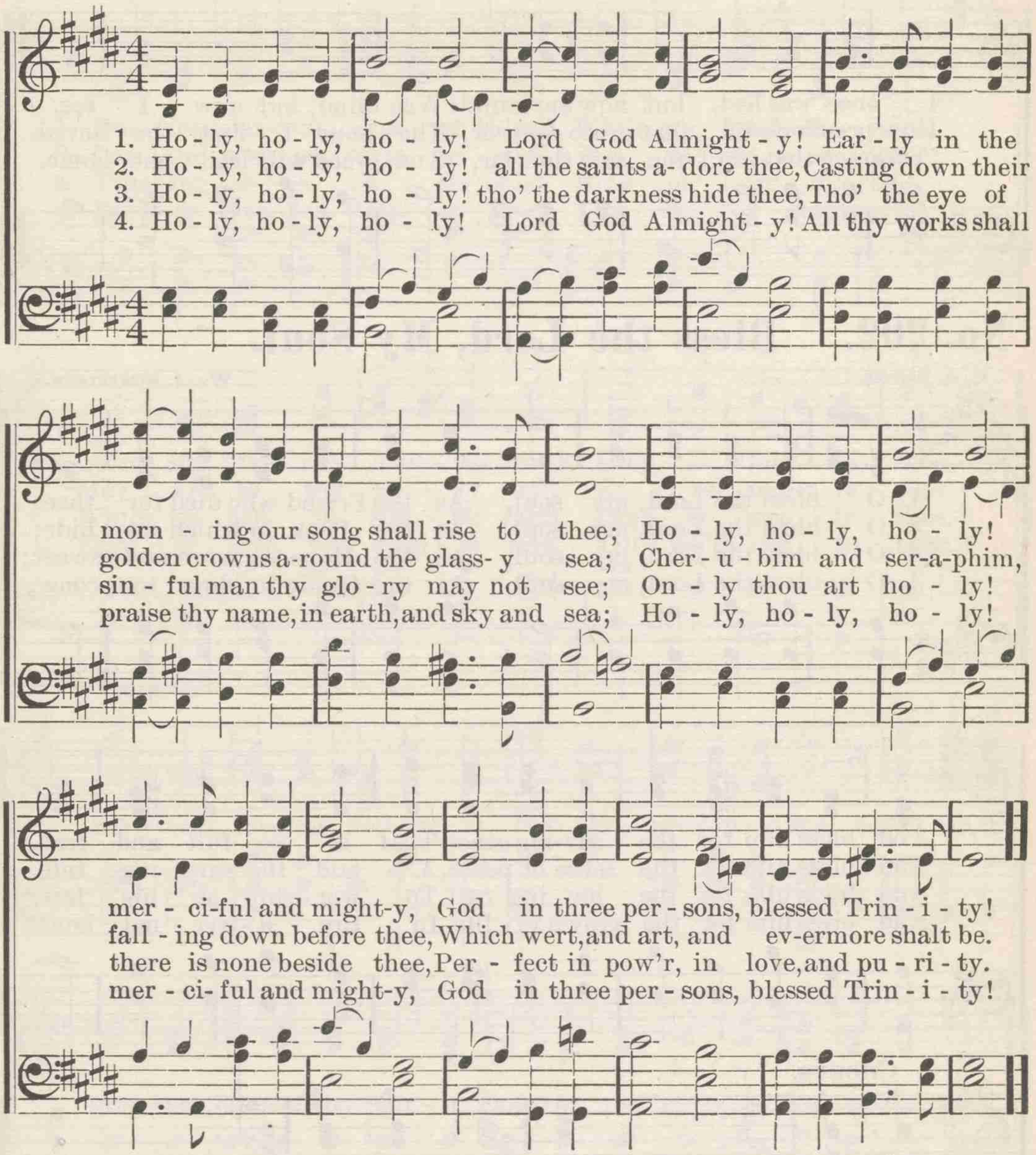
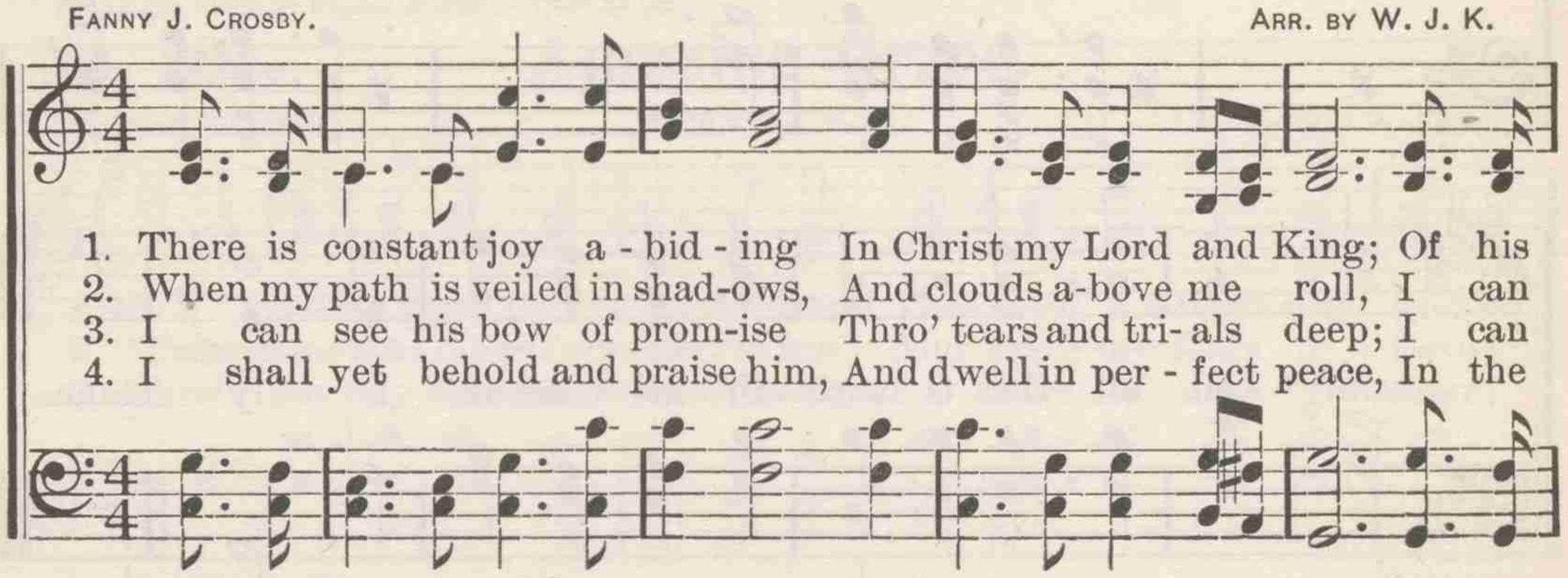
No. 203. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 204. He is All in All to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ARR. BY W. J. K.



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He is All in All to Me.—Concluded

CHORUS.

love that passeth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing.
smile a - mid the tem - pest, His glo - ry fills my soul.
hear his voice like mu - sic, that lulls my care to sleep.
gold - en land of beau - ty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.

He is all in all to me,
And my song of songs shall be,

Hal - le - lu - jah, O my Sav - iour! I am trust-ing on - ly thee.

No. 205. Rest in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come with all thy sor - row, Wea - ry, wan-d'ring soul!
2. He, thy strength in weak - ness, Will thy ref - uge be;
3. Come in faith, be - liev - ing, To his will re - signed;
4. See the door of mer - cy! Wouldst thou en - ter there?

CHORUS.

Come to him who loves thee—He will make thee whole.
Cast on him thy bur - den—He will care for thee.
Ask, and he will give thee; Seek, and thou shalt find.
Knock, and he will o - pen; Lo! the key is pray'r.

There is rest in

p *rit.*

Je - sus, sweet, sweet rest: There is rest in Je - sus, sweet, sweet rest.

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No. 206. O Hearts That are Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O hearts that are wea - ry of toil - ing and tears, Come clos - er to
2. O, why are ye troub-led, when Je - sus the Lord Has left for your
3. Come clos - er to Je - sus, and lean on his breast, Come clos - er to
4. Tho' oft on life's o - cean your ves - sel is tossed, With Je - sus our

CHO.–O hearts that are wea - ry of toil - ing and tears, Come clos- er to

FINE.

Je - sus, and ban - ish your fears; Tho' ma - ny your tri - als, your
com-fort the light of his word? He tells you to trust him, what -
Je - sus, your ref - uge and rest; O, heed not the bil- lows that
pi - lot you can - not be lost; Your sails may be shattered and

Je - sus, and ban - ish your fears.

D. C. Chorus.

cross - es and cares, Re- mem- ber his prom-ise to an-swer your pray'rs.
ev - er be - tide, And gives the as - sur-ance that he will pro-vide.
dark - ly may roll, His smile is the sunshine of peace to the soul.
torn by the blast, But in - to the har - bor he'll bring you at last.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 207. Is There Room for Me?

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Gently.

1. Sav - iour, in whose name I pray, Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way;
2. At the sprinkled mer - cy- seat Let me find ac - cept-ance sweet;
3. Ma - ny, in the life be - low, Sought thee, press'd by want and woe;
4. In that cit - y built on high, Far be - yond this changeful sky,

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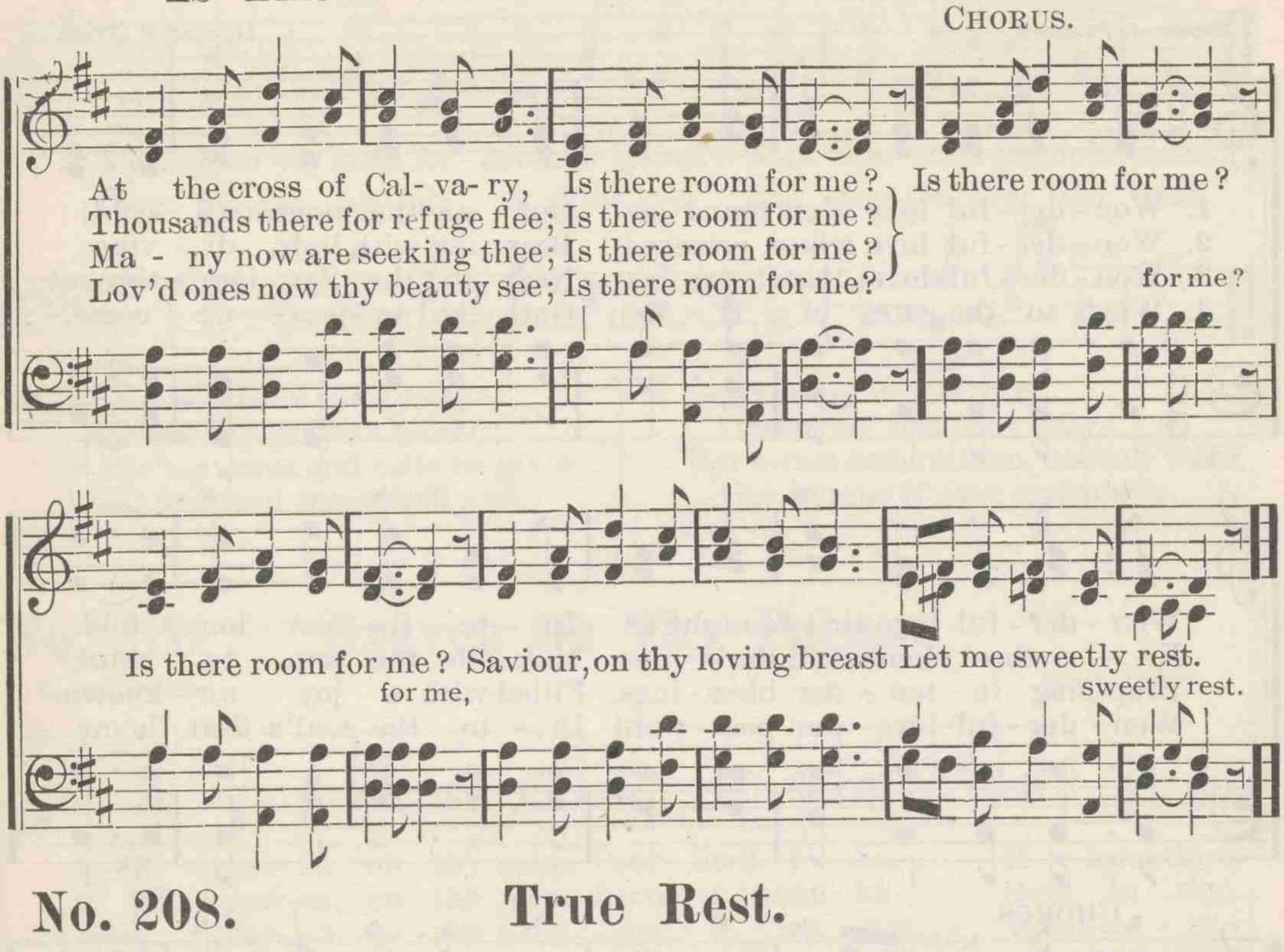
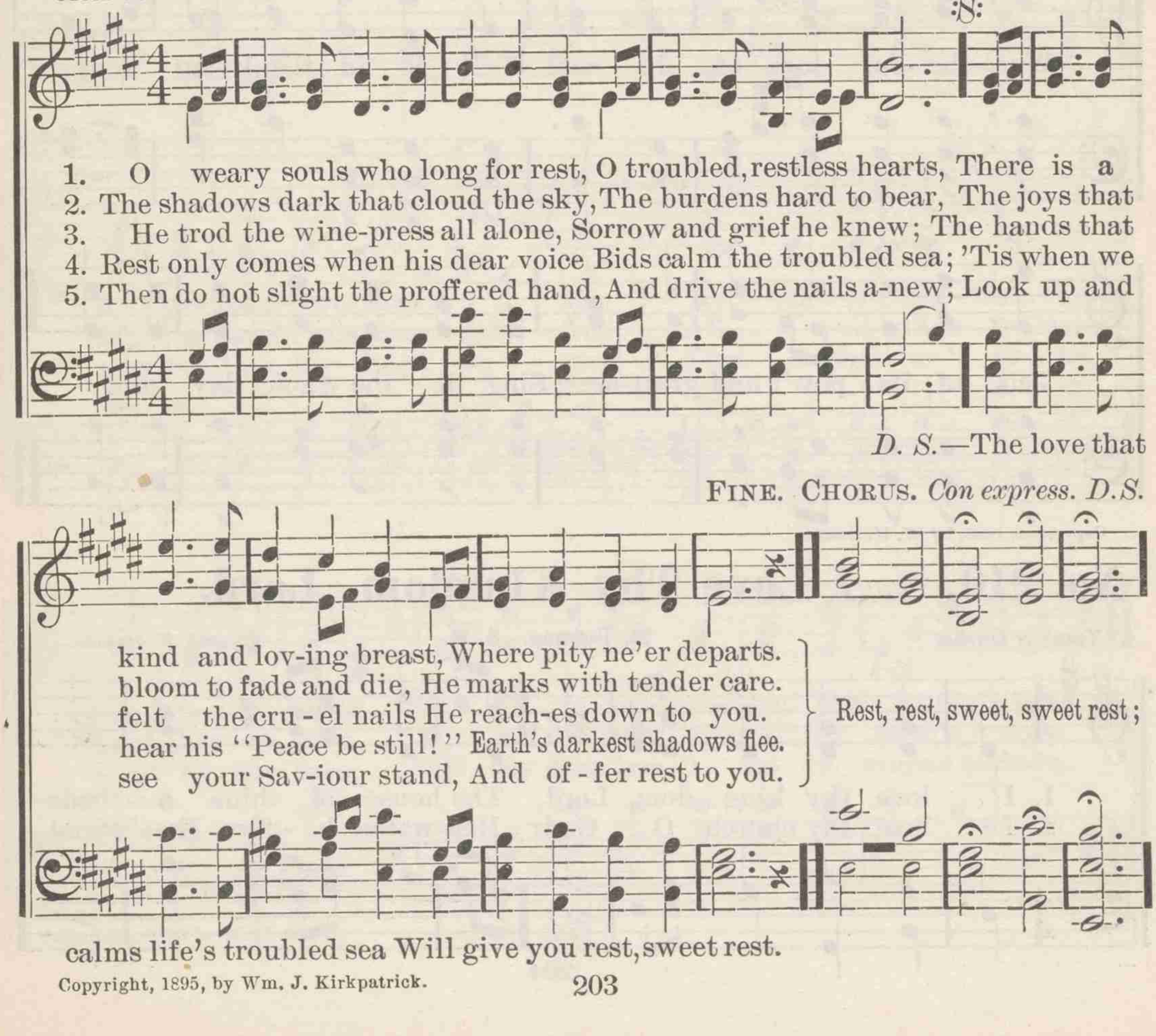
Is There Room for Me?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 208. True Rest.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. JOHN R. THOMAS.



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No. 209. Wonderful Love.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Won - der - ful love that found us Out on the moun-tain cold!
2. Won - der - ful love whose presence, Beam-ing with light di - vine,
3. Won - der - ful love that keeps us Near to the Sav - iour's throne!
4. When to the gate of E - den Gath -ered in peace we come,

Won - der - ful love that brought us In - to the Sav - iour's fold.
Ev - er thro' clouds and dark - ness Mak -eth the sun to shine.
Drop-ping in ten - der bless - ings, Filled with a joy un - known.
Won - der - ful love our pass - word In - to the soul's dear home.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Tell it in thank - ful song;
Tell of its pow'r and great-ness; Sing it the whole day long.

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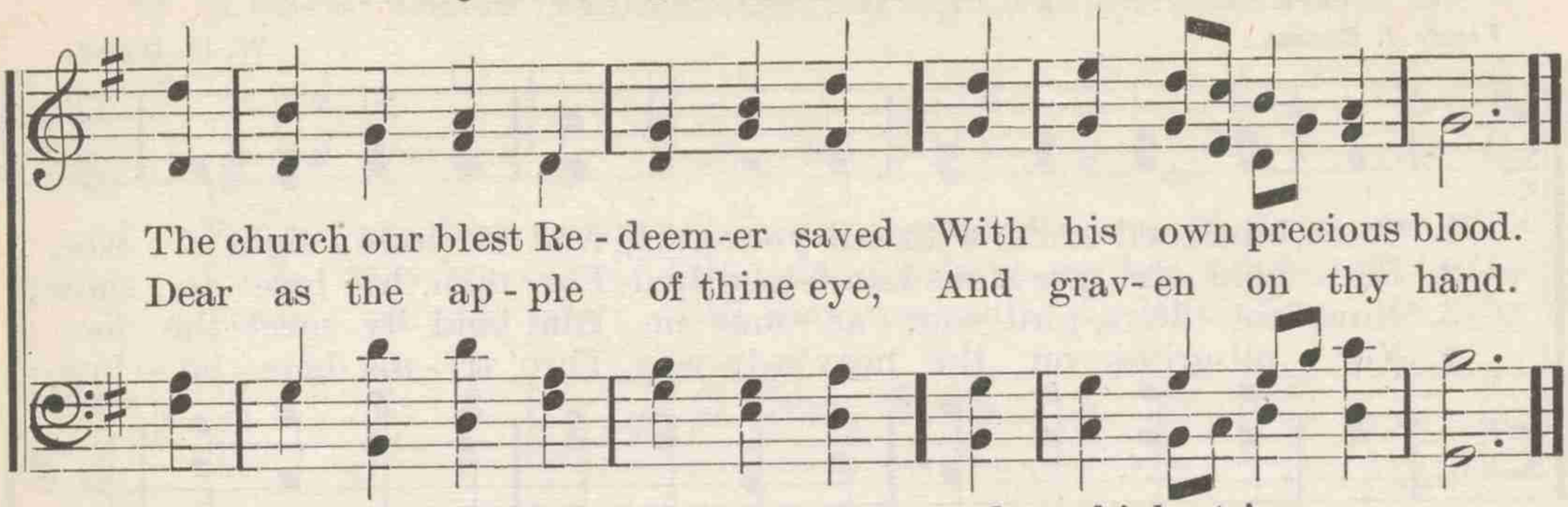
No. 210. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. St. Thomas. S. M. CEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode—
2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand,

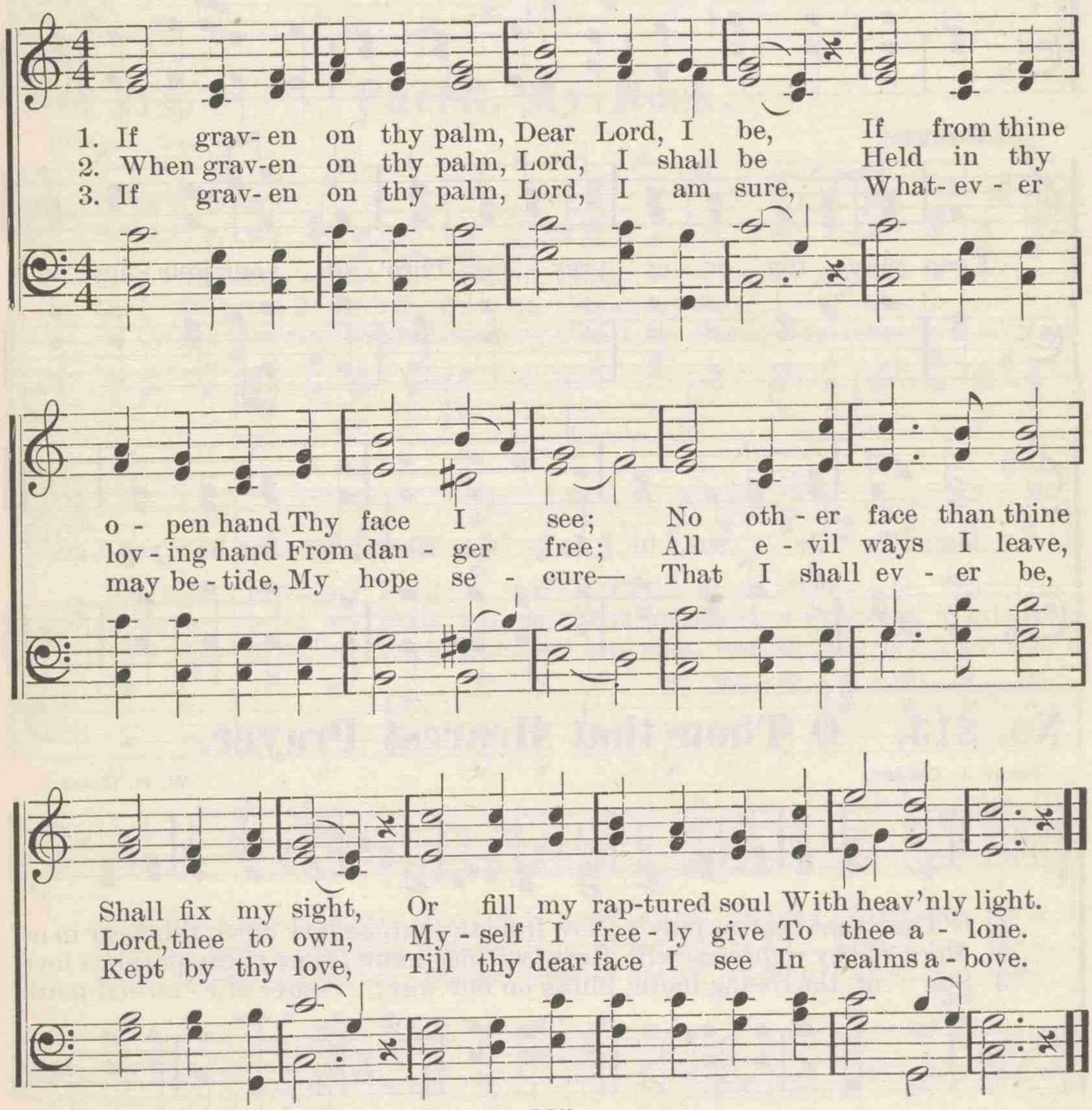
I Love Thy Kingdom. Lord.—Concluded.



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

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 211. Graven On Thy Palms.

D. B. PURINTON W. H. DOANE.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Doane.

No. 212. Keep Praying as You Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, burdened souls, with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe,
2. Be - hold the pre-cious Lamb who died For man, his love to show;
3. Now, sol - diers, gird your ar - mor on, And bold - ly meet the foe;
4. Ye pil-grims on the heav'n-ly way, Thro' tri - als here be - low,

There's mer - cy at a throne of grace; Keep pray-ing as you go.
And while you seek the blood-stained cross, Keep pray-ing as you go.
Let faith di - rect, and hope in - spire; Keep pray-ing as you go.
O, nev - er doubt a Sav - iour's love; Keep pray-ing as you go.

CHORUS.

Keep pray - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all your jour - ney be -
low; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, Keep pray - ing as you go.

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No. 213. O Thou that Hearest Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. O Thou that hearest pray'r, Now from thy throne Bow down thine ear to us,
2. More of thy righteous will Grant we may know; More of thy precious love,
3. Star of the ris-ing morn, Shine on our way; Source of e - ter-nal truth,

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O Thou that Hearest Prayer.—Concluded.

We are thine own; While in thy name we plead Grace for this
Lord, may we show; Lift up the faint-ing heart, Strength to the
Teach us to pray; Still may our souls a-bide Close to thy

hour of need, O Sav-iour, in-ter-cede; Help, Lord, thine own.
weak im-part; Thou our de-liv-'rer art; Help, Lord, thine own.
bleeding side; O Sav-iour, be our guide; Help, Lord, thine own.

No. 214. Christ, My Rock.

BERTHA J. MASON. W. H. DOANE.

1. I will sing of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock; On the on-ly sure foun-
2. I will praise the pow'r that holds me, Christ, my Rock; I will sing the love that
3. On the tow'ring heights reposing, Christ, my Rock; When these eyes on earth are

da-tion, Christ, my Rock; I have built my house for-ev-er, Where the
folds me, Christ, my Rock; Sol-id Rock unmoved, a-bid-ing, While e-
clos-ing, Christ, my Rock; Then my soul shall waft the sto-ry, Thro' the

flood can reach me never, Blessed Hope of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock.
ter-nal years are gliding, Blessed Hope of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock.
gates of endless glo-ry, Blessed Hope of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock.

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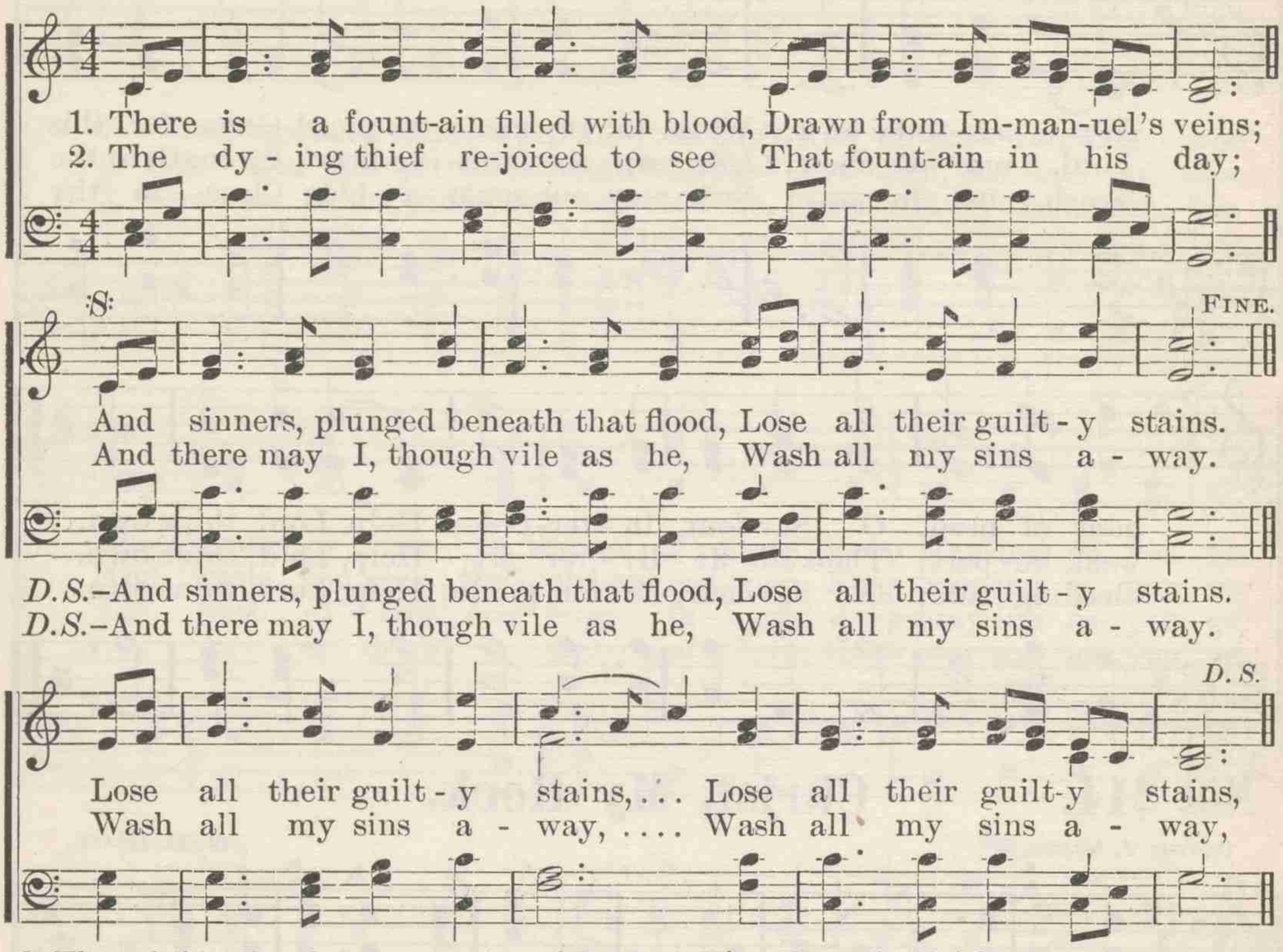
No. 215. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

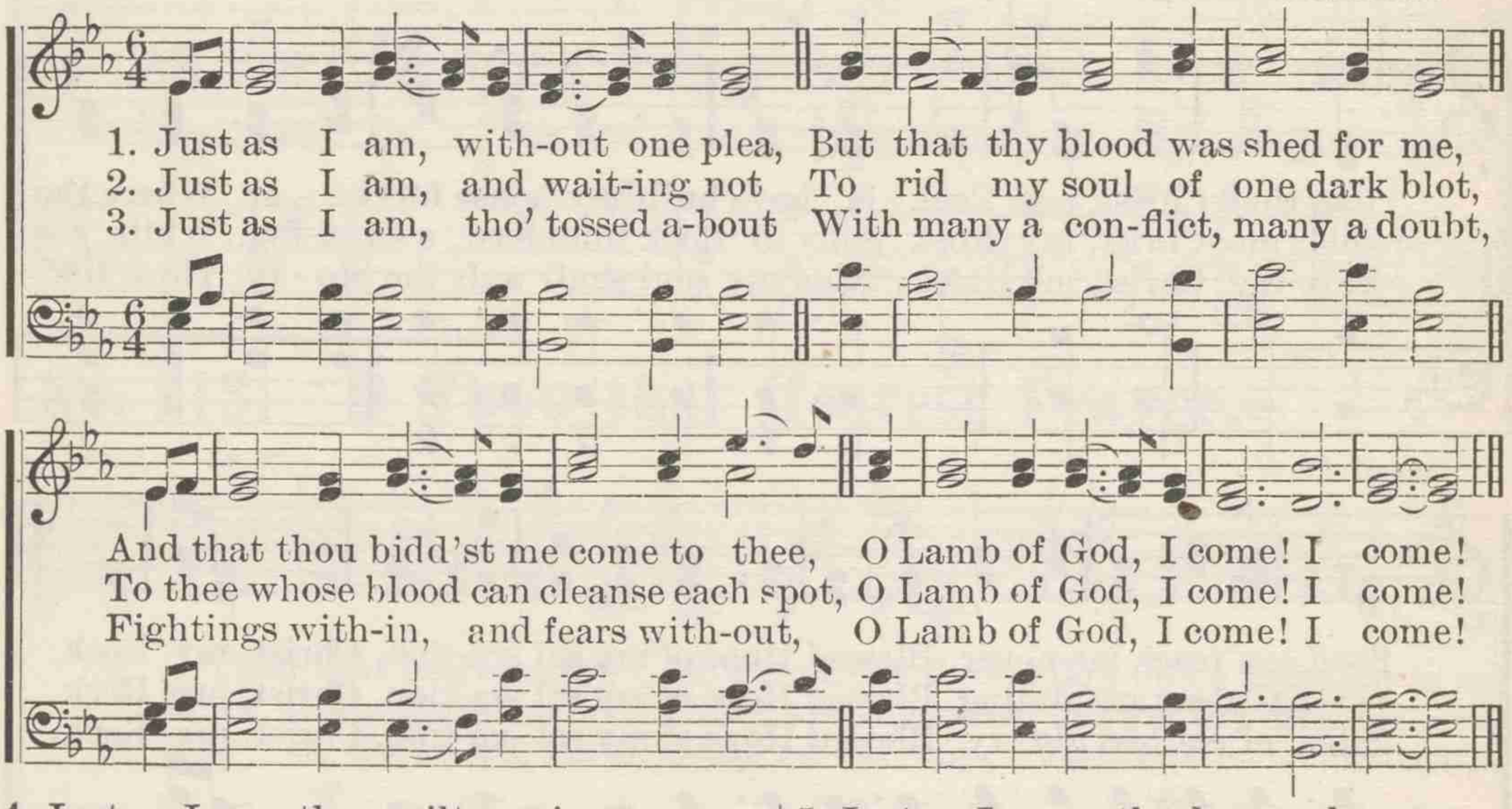


3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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.

No. 216. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

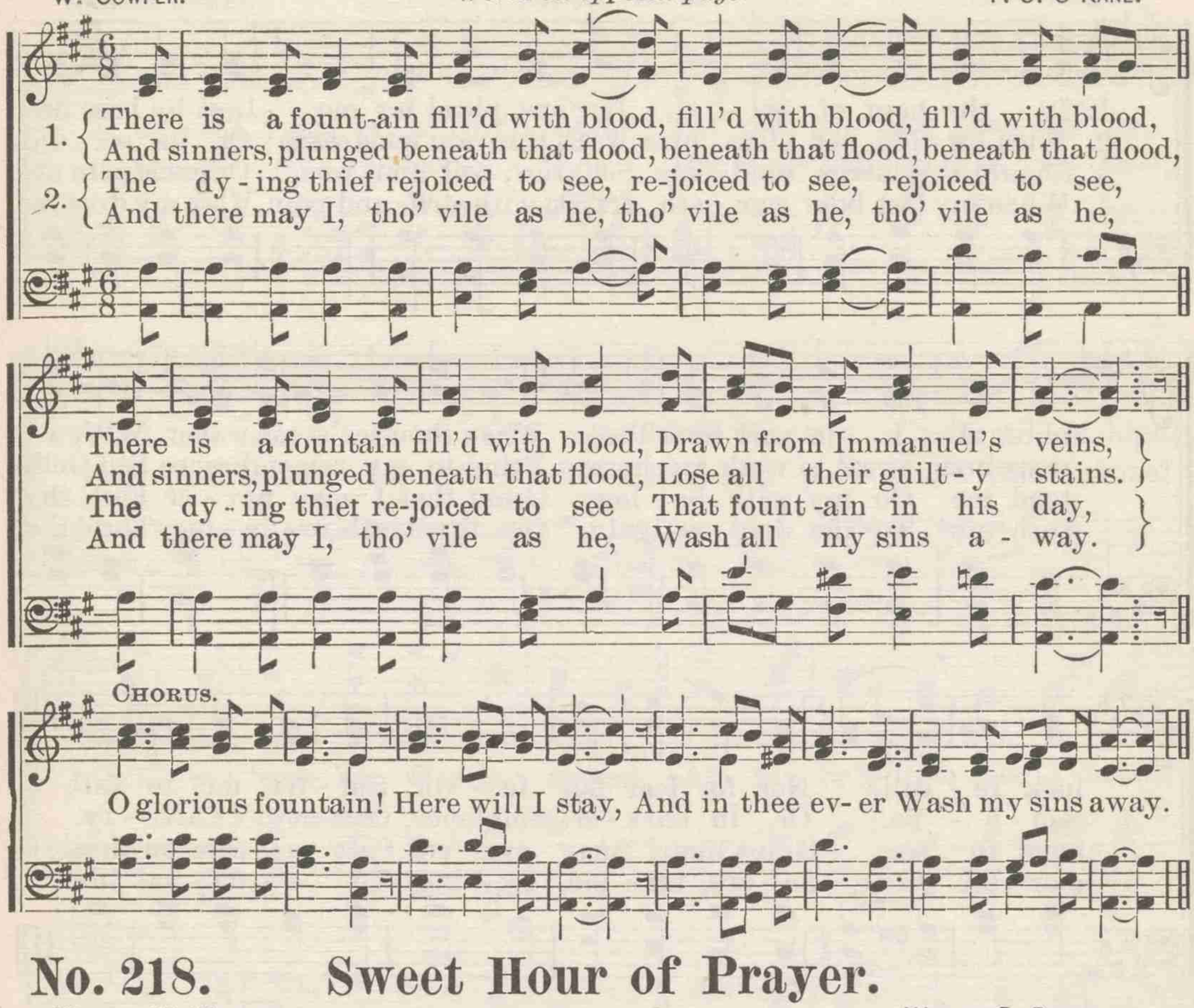


4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

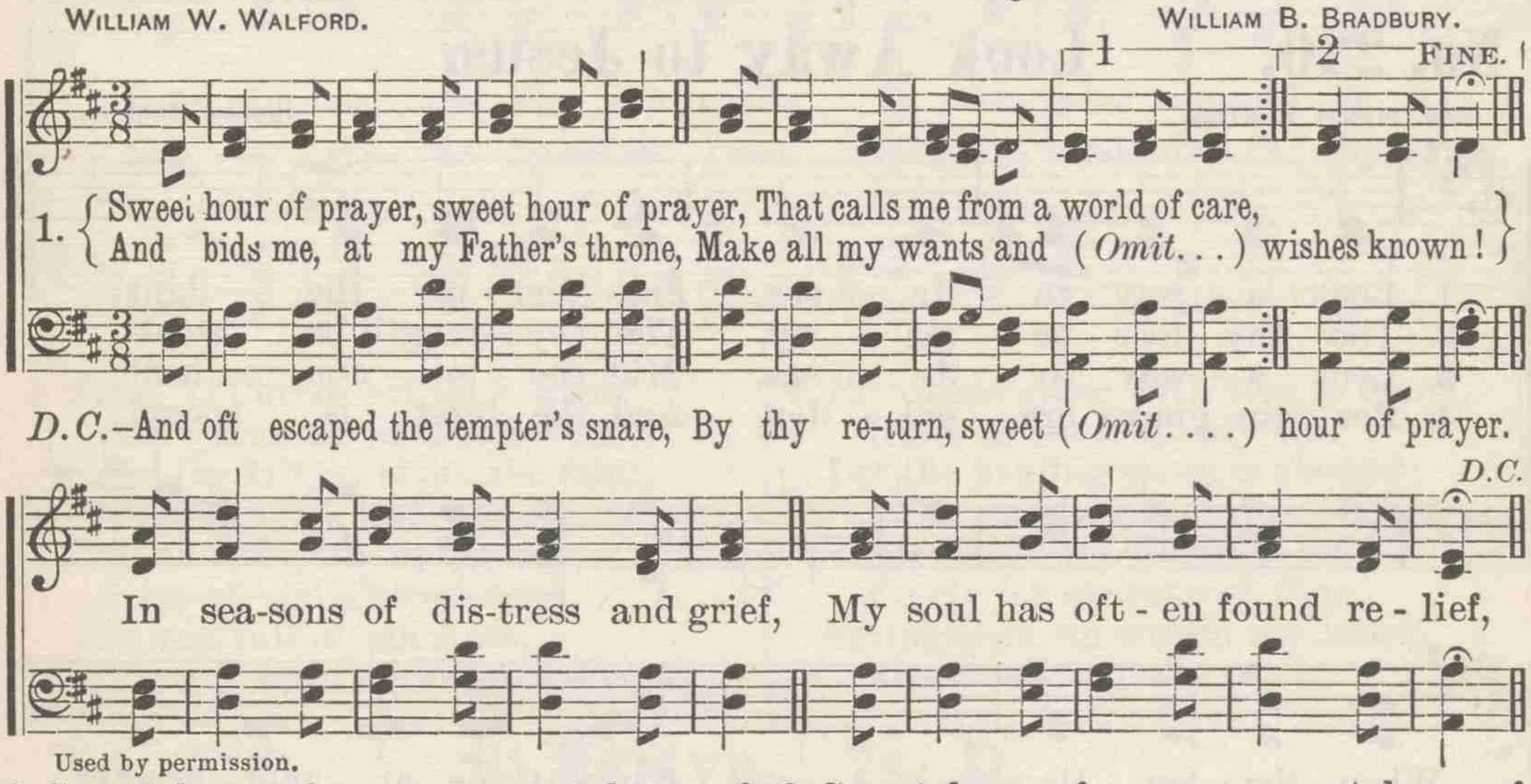
5 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 217. O Glorious Fountain!

W. COWPER. *Words on opposite page* T. C. O'KANE.



No. 218. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

Used by permission.

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

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

No. 219. In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Penitence. 6s, 5s. D. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de-
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-

ni - al I de- part from thee, When thou see'st me waver, With a
treas-ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-
tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross-crown'd Calva - ry.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 220. Look Away to Jesus.

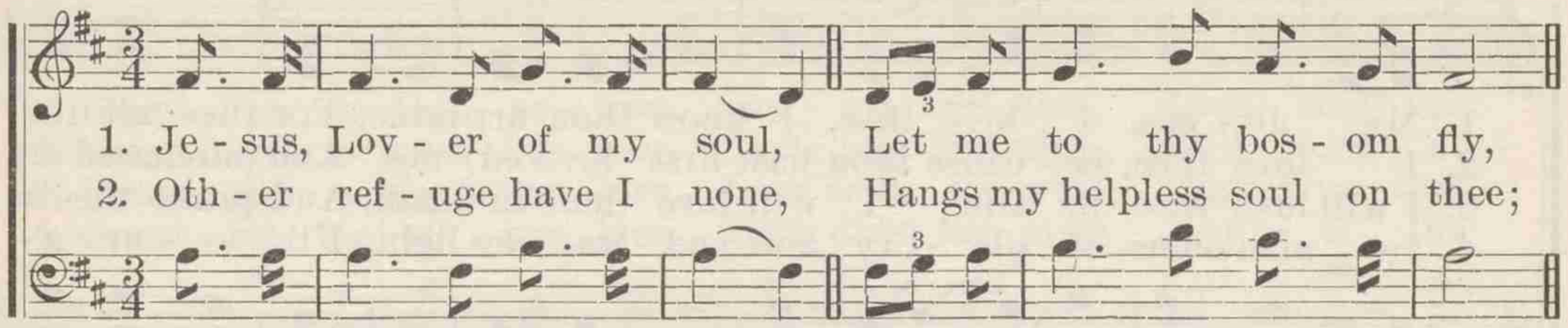
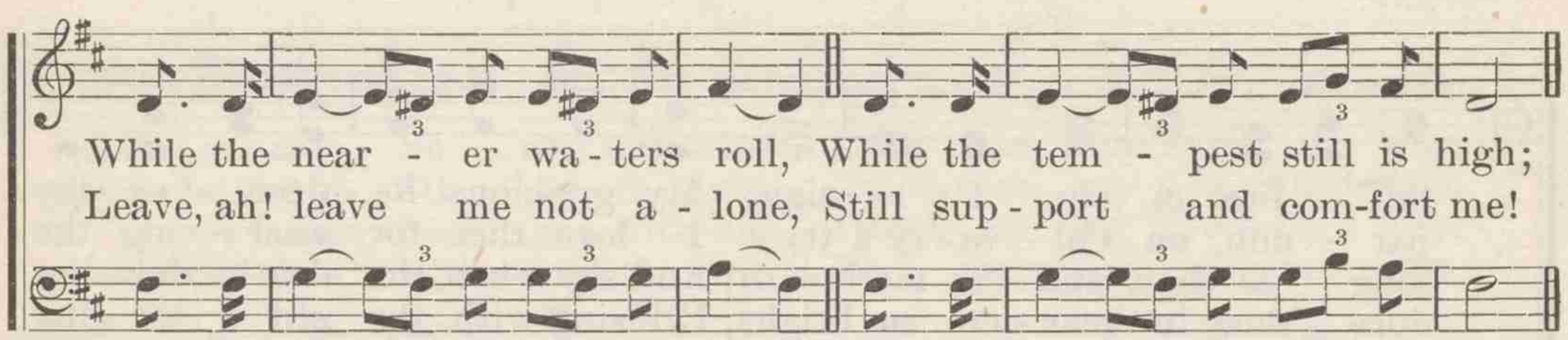
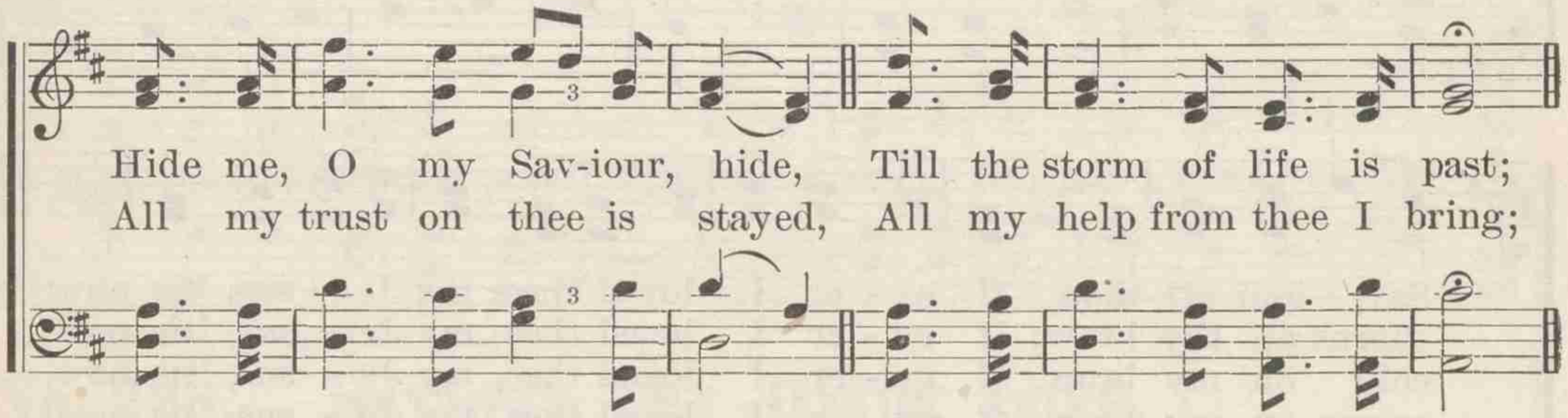
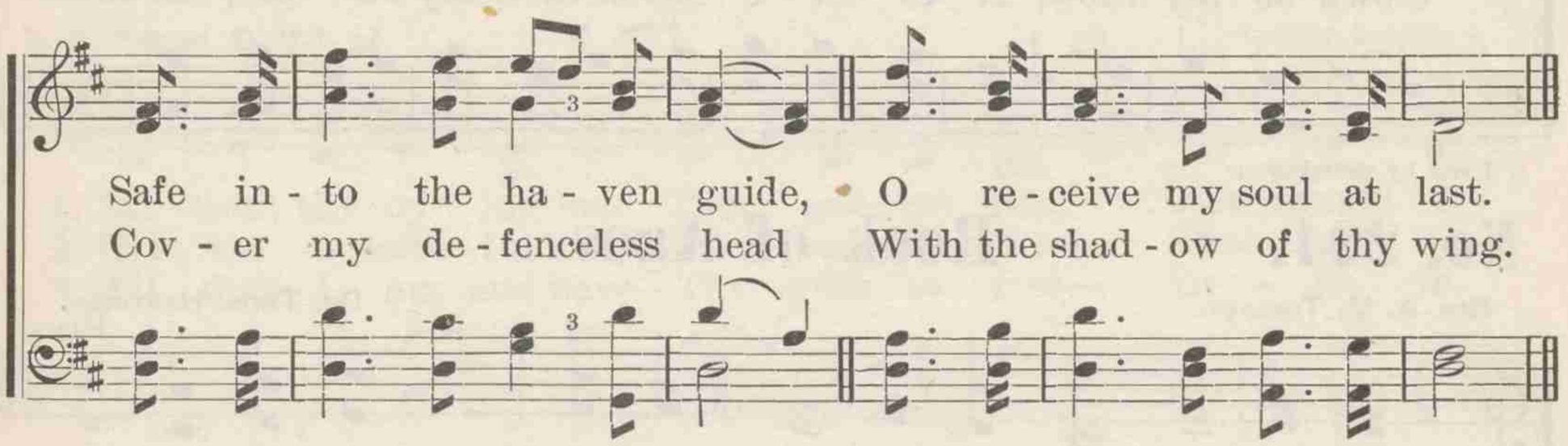
REV. HENRY BURTON. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Look a - way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight;
2. Tho' thy foes be ma - ny, Tho' thy strength be small,
3. Look a - way to Je - sus, 'Mid the toil and heat;
4. For the guests are bid - den, And the feast is spread;

When the bat - tle thick - ens Keep thine ar - mor bright.
Look a - way to Je - sus; He shall con - quer all.
Soon will come the rest - ing At the Mas - ter's feet.
Look a - way to Je - sus, In his foot - steps tread.

Keep thine ar - - - - mor bright.

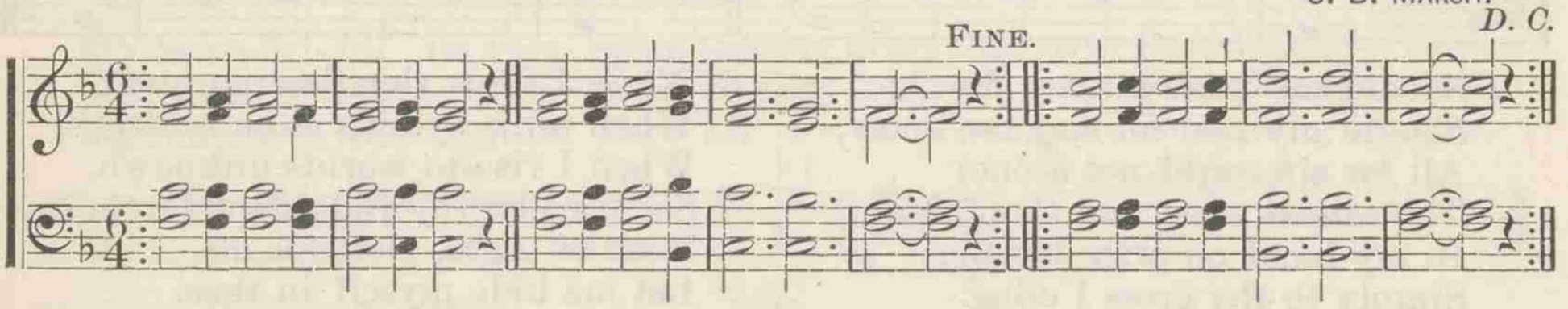
No. 221. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. **Refuge. 7s. D.** J. P. HOLBROOK.



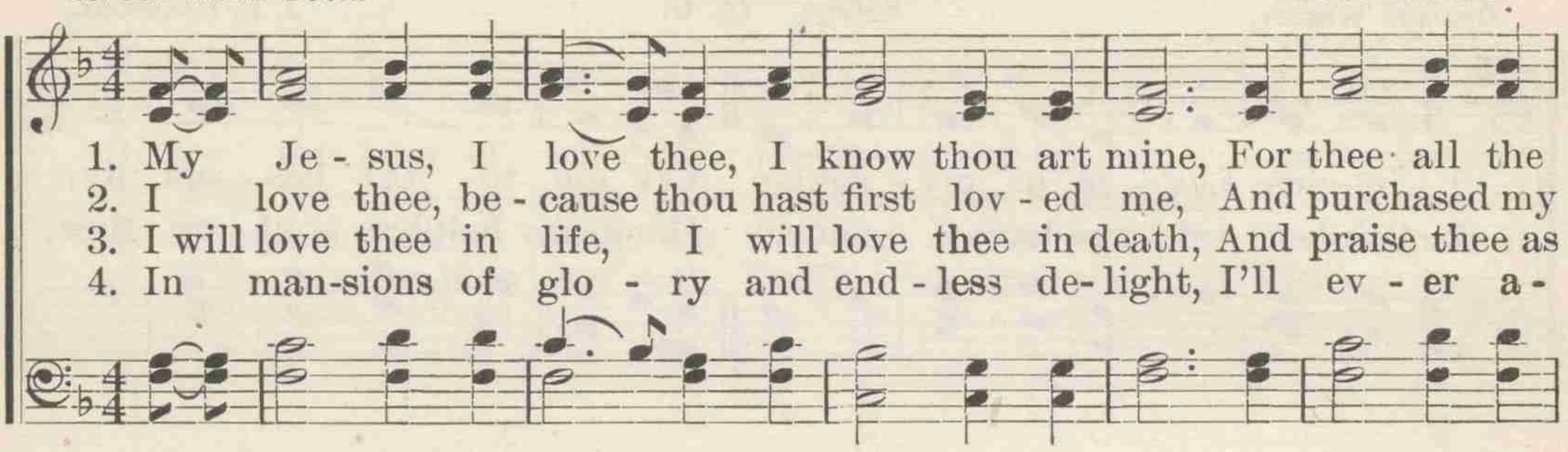
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make 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.

No. 222. Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

No. 223. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.



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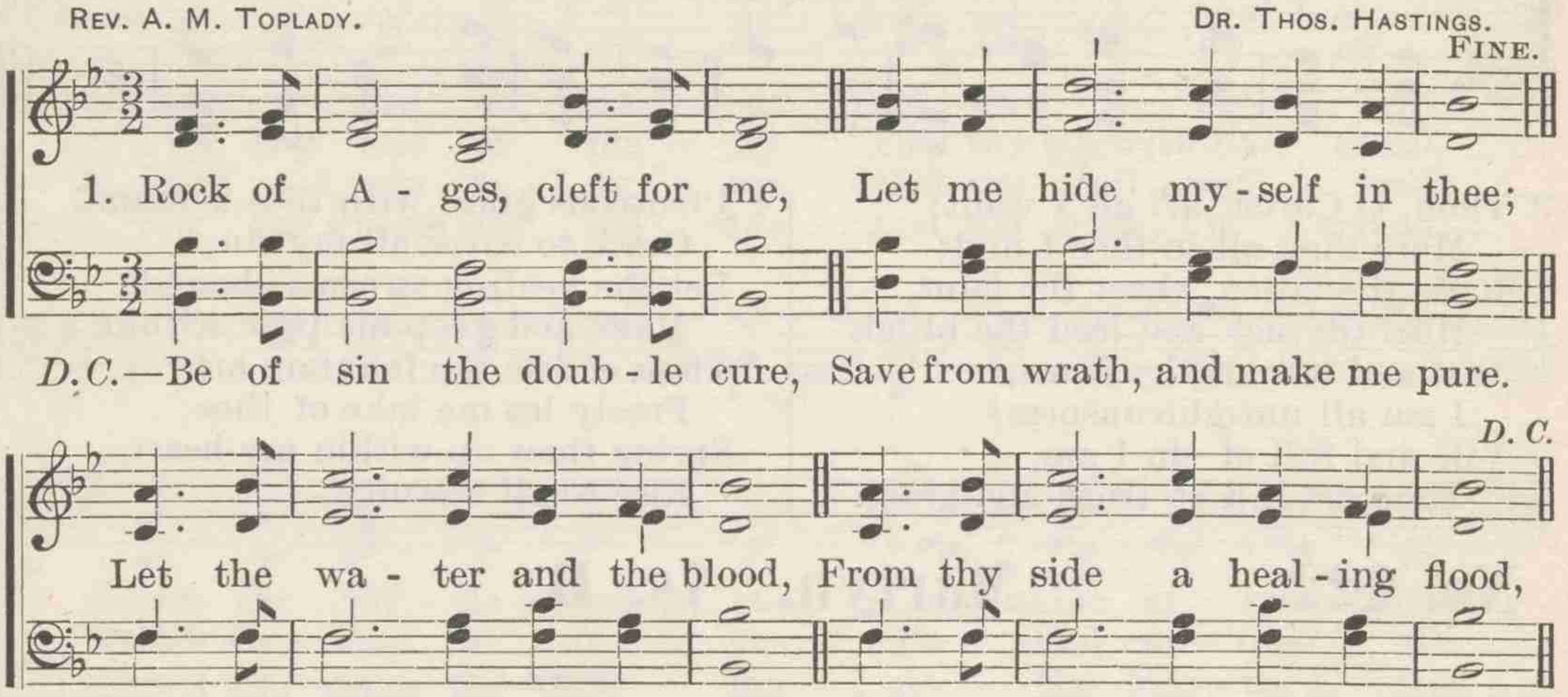
No. 224. Rock of Ages

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.



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

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 225. More, More Like Thee.

MRS. EDNA L. PARK. W. H. DOANE.

1. Grant me a deep - er love, Sav - iour di - vine, Love that has
2. Grant me a trust - ing love, Guile-less and pure; Still with a
3. Grant me a plead- ing love, Lost souls to win; Cleanse me from
4. Grant me for - giv - ing love, Thou didst for - give; Near - er the

learned to say, No will but thine; Draw me from earth a - way,
cheer - ful heart All to en - dure; Guide thou my on- ward way,
se - cret faults, Dwell thou with-in; Purge all my dross a - way,
cross with thee Still would I live; Be thou thro' life my stay,

Help me to watch and pray; O make me ev-'ry day More, more like thee.

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No. 226. Saviour Thy Dying Love.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to thee— That each de -
3. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— Ev - er, in

aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee; In love my soul would bow,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
joy or grief, My Lord, for thee! And when thy face I see,

My heart ful- fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Something for thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for thee.

Copyright. 1898, by Mary R. Lowry.

No. 227. He Leadeth Me.

REV. J. H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re- pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that lead- eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead- eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead- eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me! he lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me;
His faith ful fol-low'r I would be, For by his hand he lead- eth me.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

No. 228. From Every Stormy Wind.

REV. HUGH STOWELL. **Retreat. L. M.** DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev -'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je- sus 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 eagles wings we soar, And sin and sense mo- lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy- seat.
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy- seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy- seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer - cy- seat.

No. 229. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD WODEHOUSE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learnd to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

p

Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

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No. 230. Sun of My Soul.

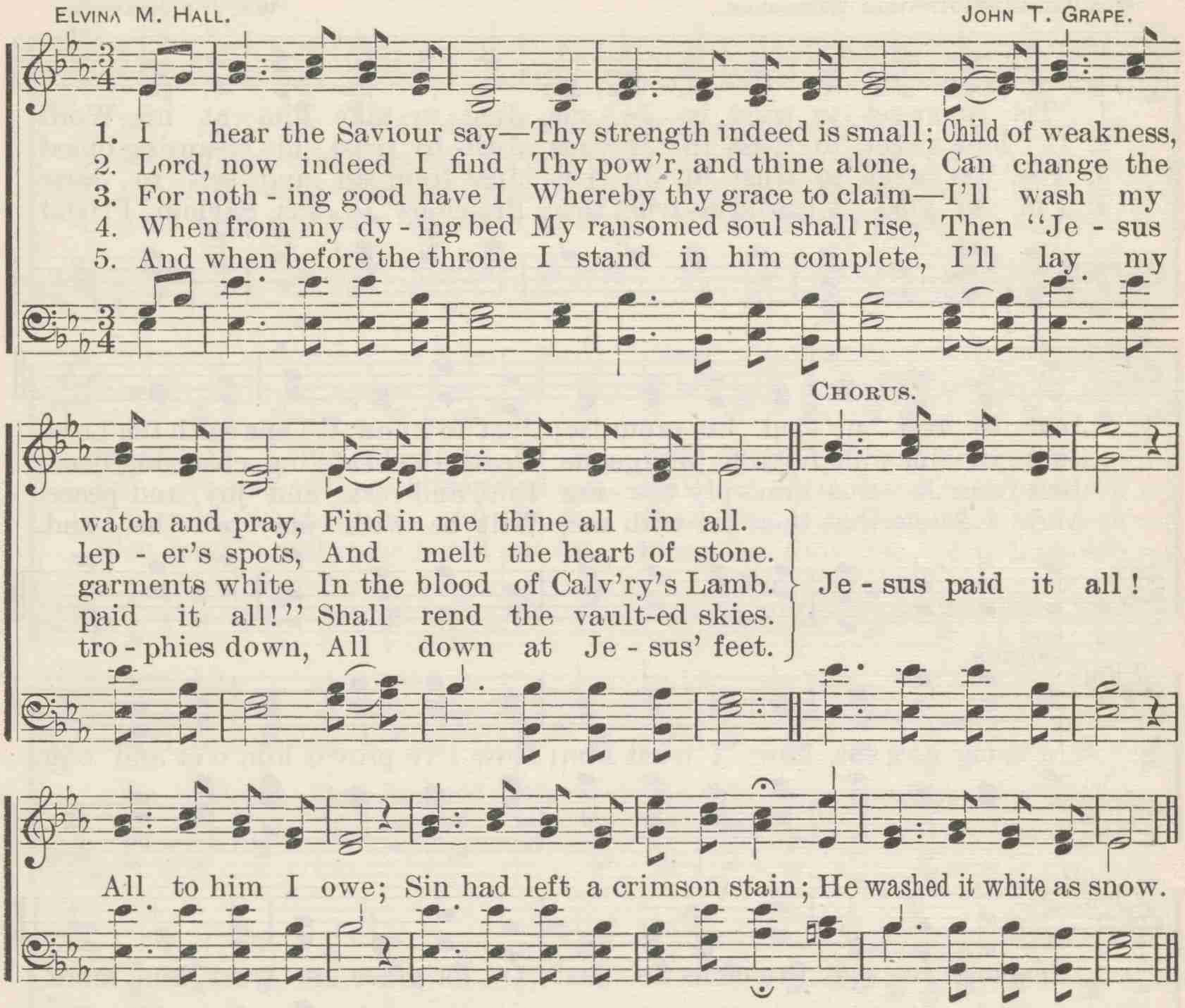
JOHN KEBLE. **Hursley. L. M.** PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent-ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

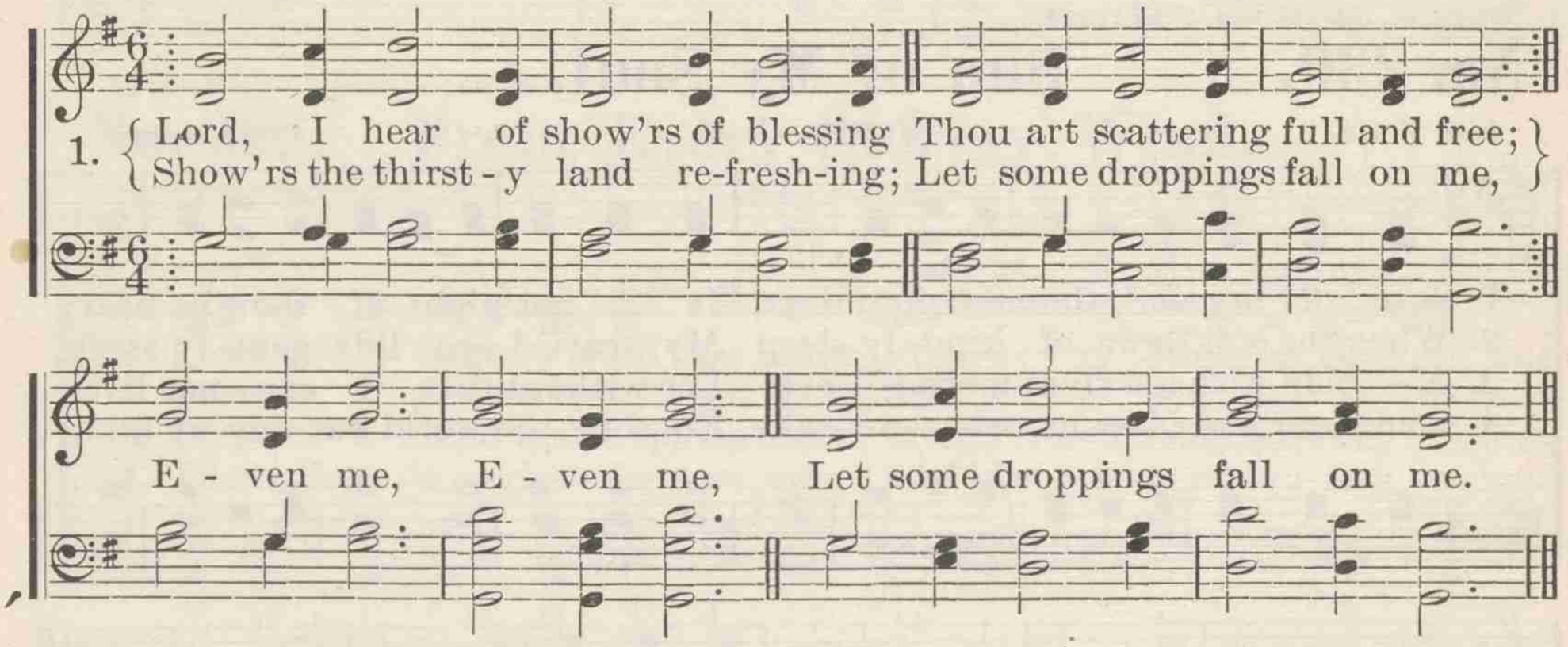
O may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of thy love, We loose ourselves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 231. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.



No. 232. Lord, I Hear of Showers.

MRS. E. CODNER. Even Me. 8, 7, 3. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

2 Pass me not, O God our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

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

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No. 233. I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.
rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me.
blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.
feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

Can it be, O can it be There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

rit.

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No. 234. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

REV WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e-vil dwelt with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee,— Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;

D.C. Chorus.

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod-y thine to be— Wholly thine,—for-ev-er more.

Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

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

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

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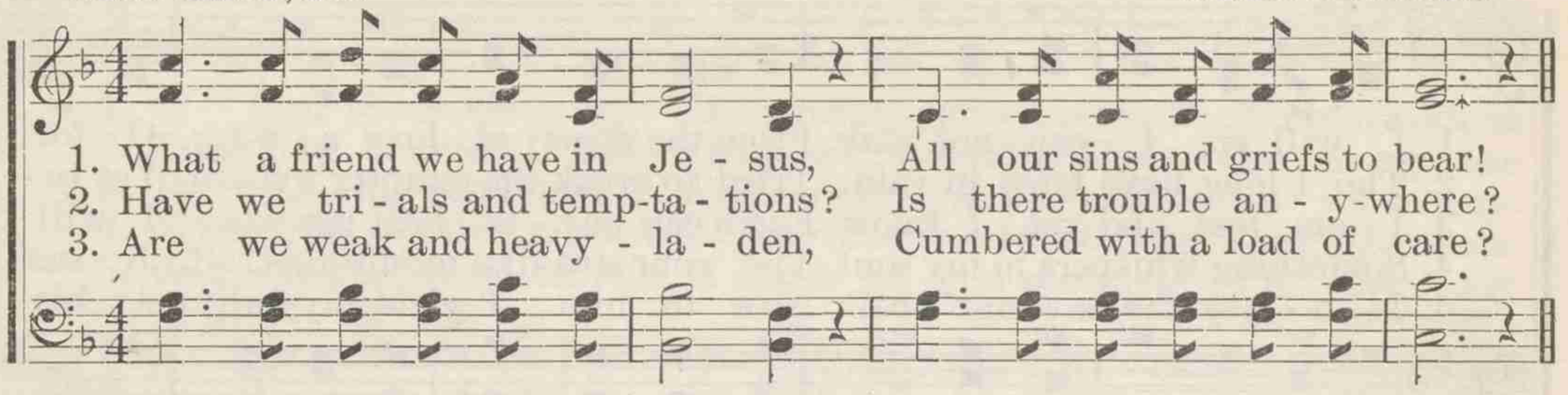
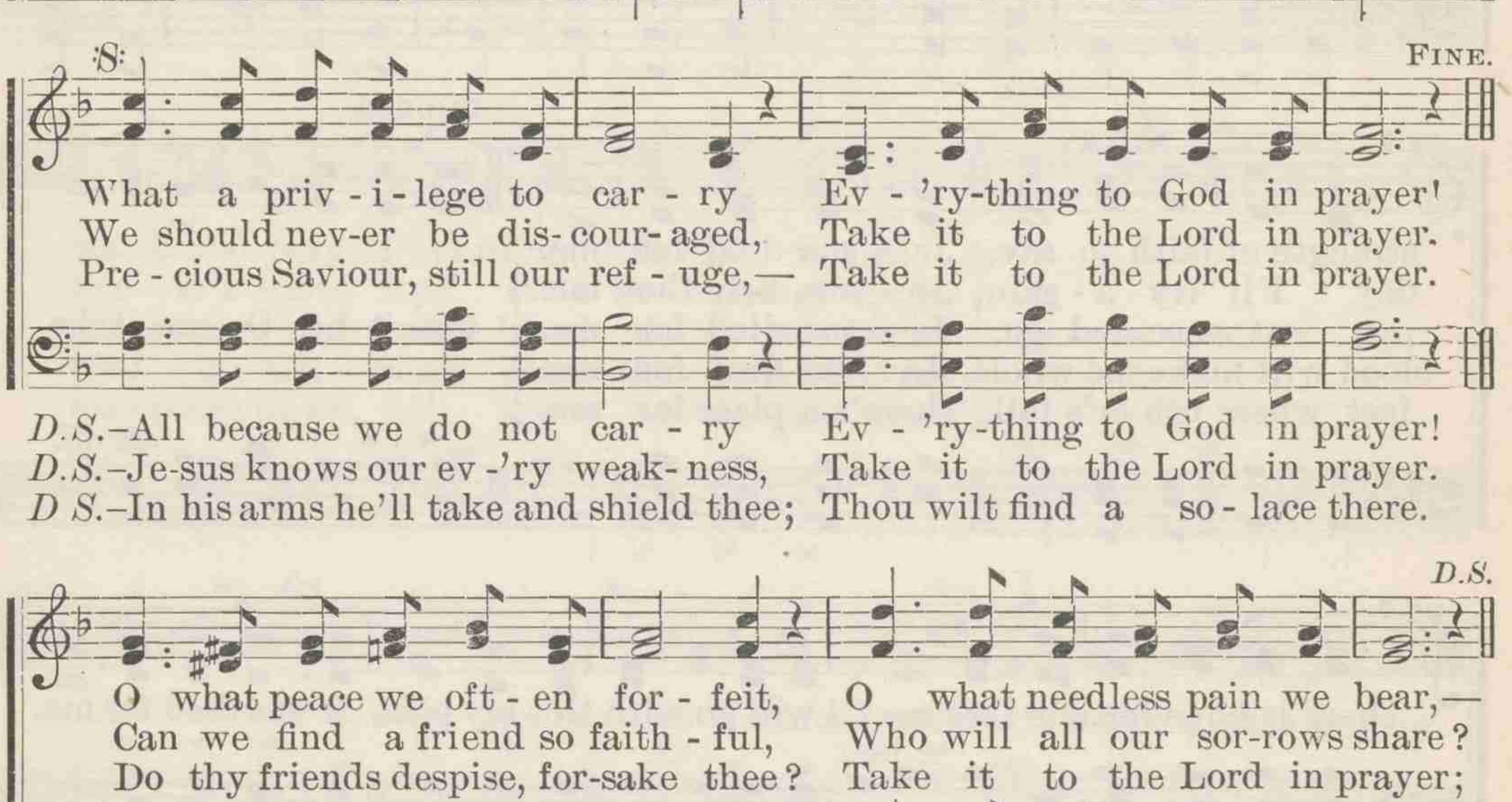
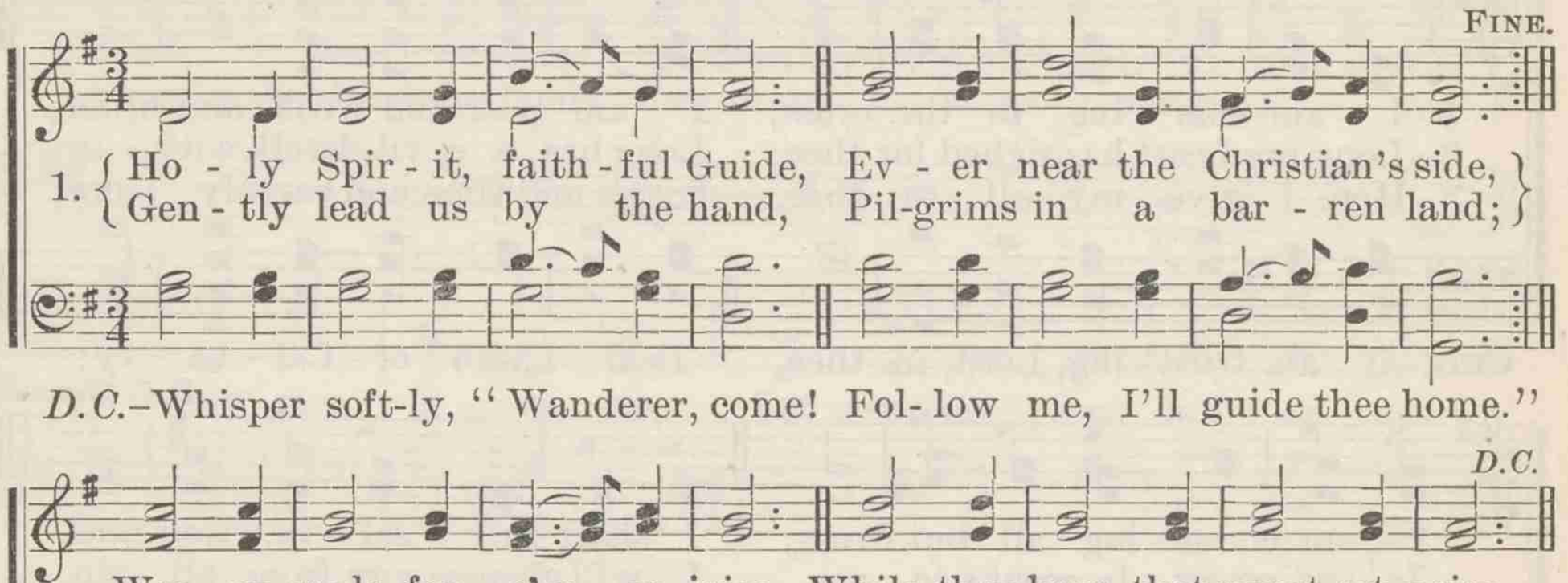
No. 235. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, ALT. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



No. 236. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W Guide. 7s. D. M. M WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er:

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,—

No. 237. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

REV H. F. LYTE. Disciple. 8, 7. D. MOZART, ARR.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too;
3. Man may trou-ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

Na - ked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un- true:
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest:

D.S.–Yet, how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.–Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
D.S.–O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while thou shalt smile up- on me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

No. 238. The Sweetest Name.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav- en
   The name, before his wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour (*Omit.*) giv - en.
2. And when he hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name above him
   That all might see the rea-son we For - ev-er-more must (*Omit.*) love him.

D.C.–For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (*Omit.*) "Je - sus!"

CHORUS.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail him bless - ed Je - sus!

3 So now, upon his Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—he ever reigns,
The prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never,
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever!

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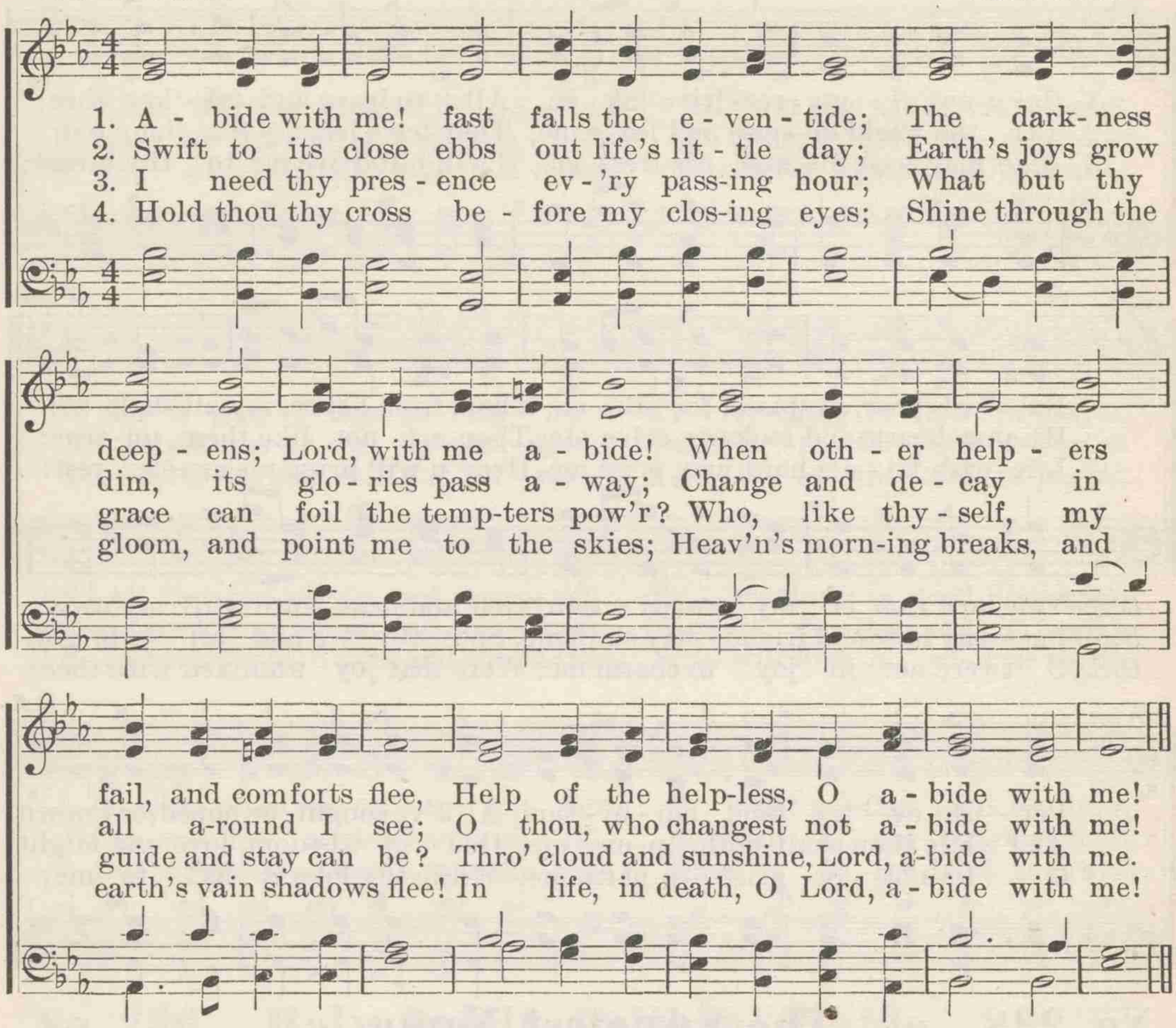
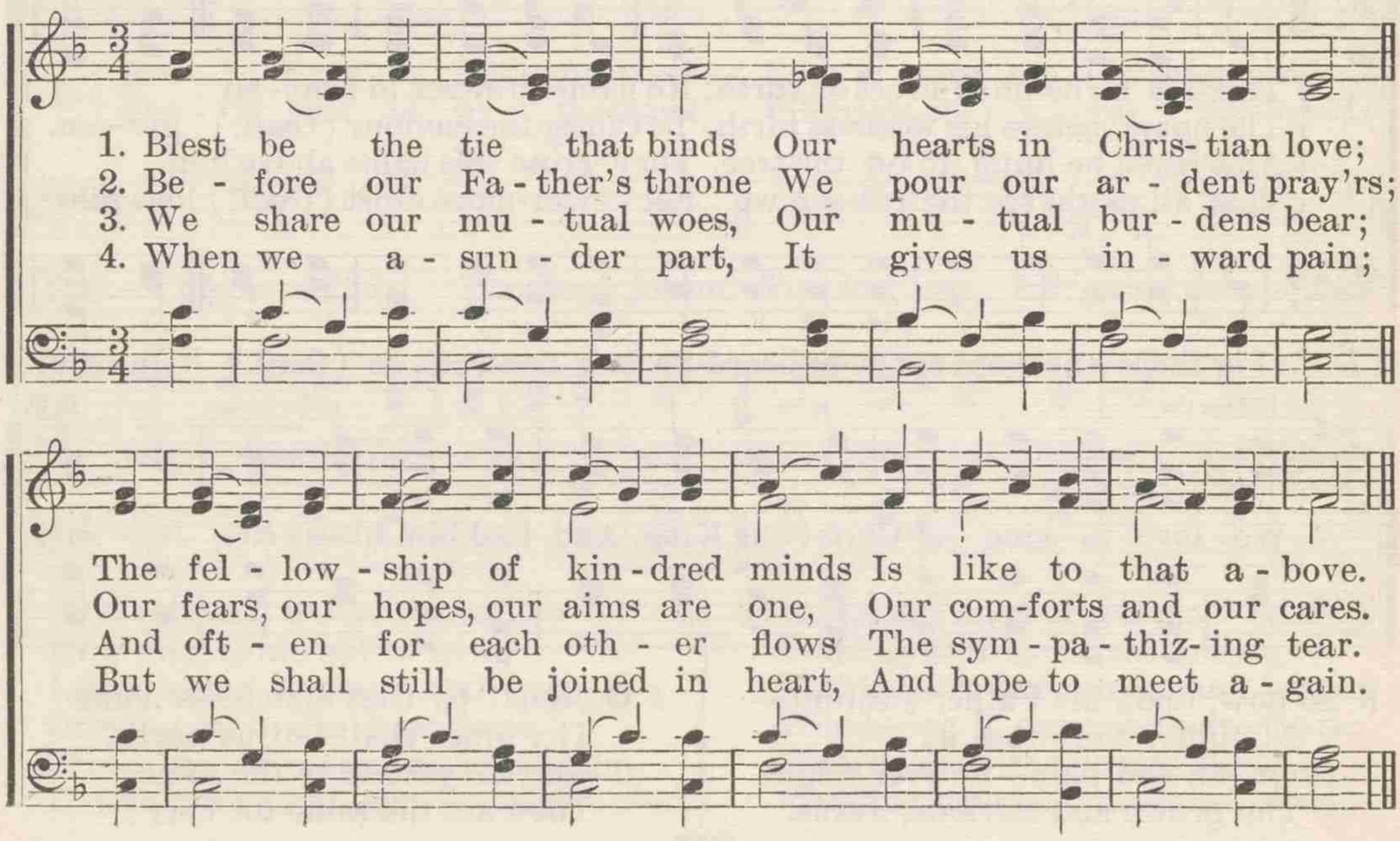
No. 239. Abïde With Me.

REV. H. F. LYTE. **Eventide. 10s.** WM. H. MONK.



No. 240. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT. **Dennis. S. M.** H. G. NAGELI.

No. 241. Loving Kindness.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY. WM. CALDWELL.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet lov'd me, not-withstanding all;
3. I oft - en feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Saviour to de - part;
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kindness, O, how great!
But though I oft have him for - got, His lov - ing kindness chang-es not.
O, may my last ex - pir-ing breath, His lov - ing kindness sing in death.

REFRAIN.

His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!

No. 242. We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER. Serenity. C. M. W. V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
3. Thro' him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of childhood frame;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whispers of our dead Are bur-dened with his name.
We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

No. 243. More Like Jesus.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with feeling.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - iour dwell in me,
2. If he hears the ra - ven's cry, If his ev - er - watch- ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

:S: FINE.

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove.
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure - ly he will hear my call.
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil wa - ters glide.

D.S.–Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
D.S.–Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
D.S.–Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.

D. S.

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful thoughts forgive;
Born of him thro' grace re-newed, By his love my will subdued,

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No. 244. Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. **Hebron. L. M.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live;
2. My crimes, tho' great, can not surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace:
3. O wash my soul from ev -'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,

Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?
Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.
Here, on my heart, the bur-den lies, And past of- fens - es pain mine eyes.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a - gainst de-spair.

No. 245. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel ing
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

} Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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No. 246. I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten - der voice like thine
2. I need thee ev'ry hour, Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
3. I need thee ev'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis - es
4. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine indeed,

CHORUS.

Can peace af - ford.
When thou art nigh.
In me ful - fill.
Thou bless - ed Son.

} I need thee, O, I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I

need thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to thee.

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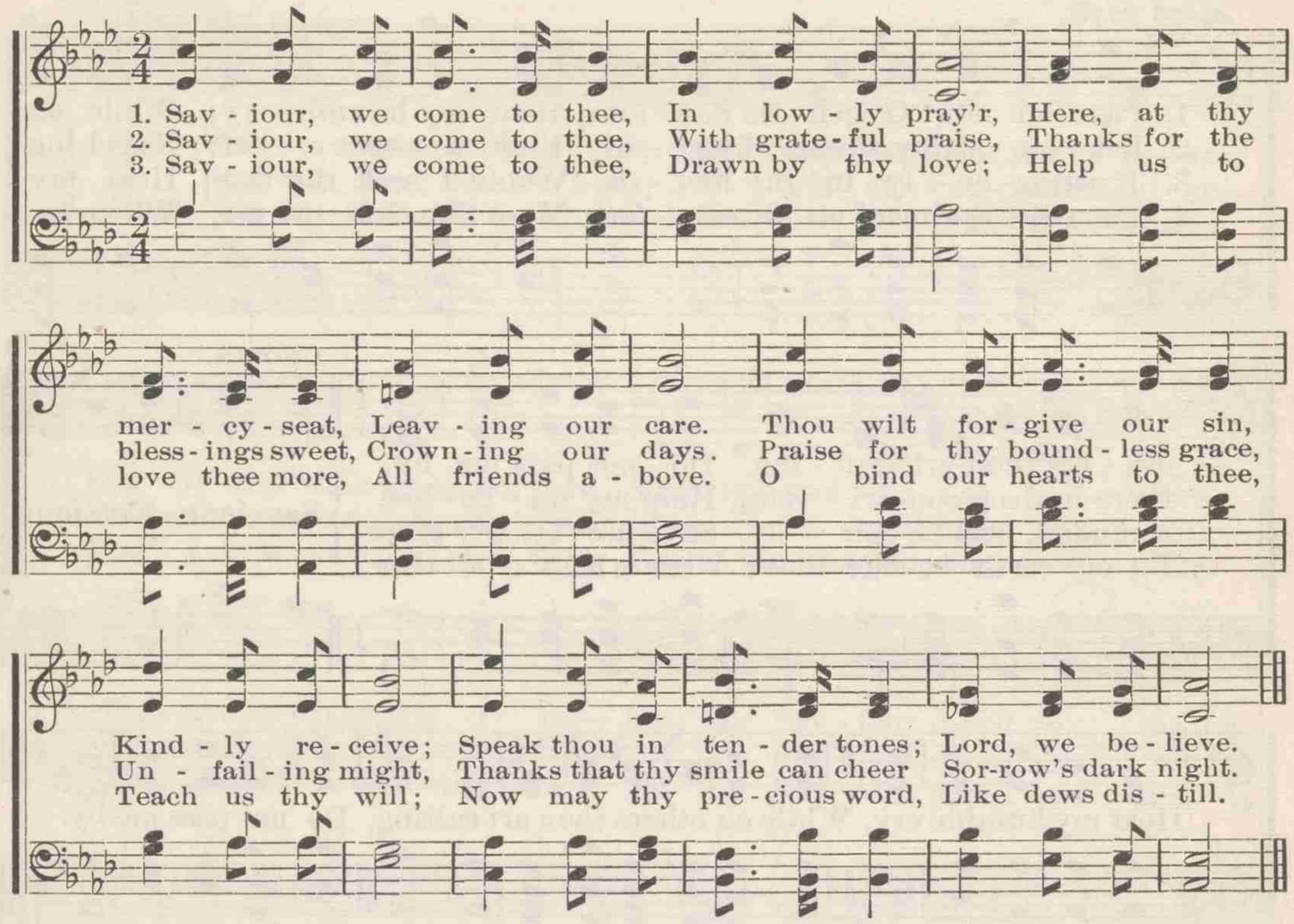
No. 247. Saviour, We Come to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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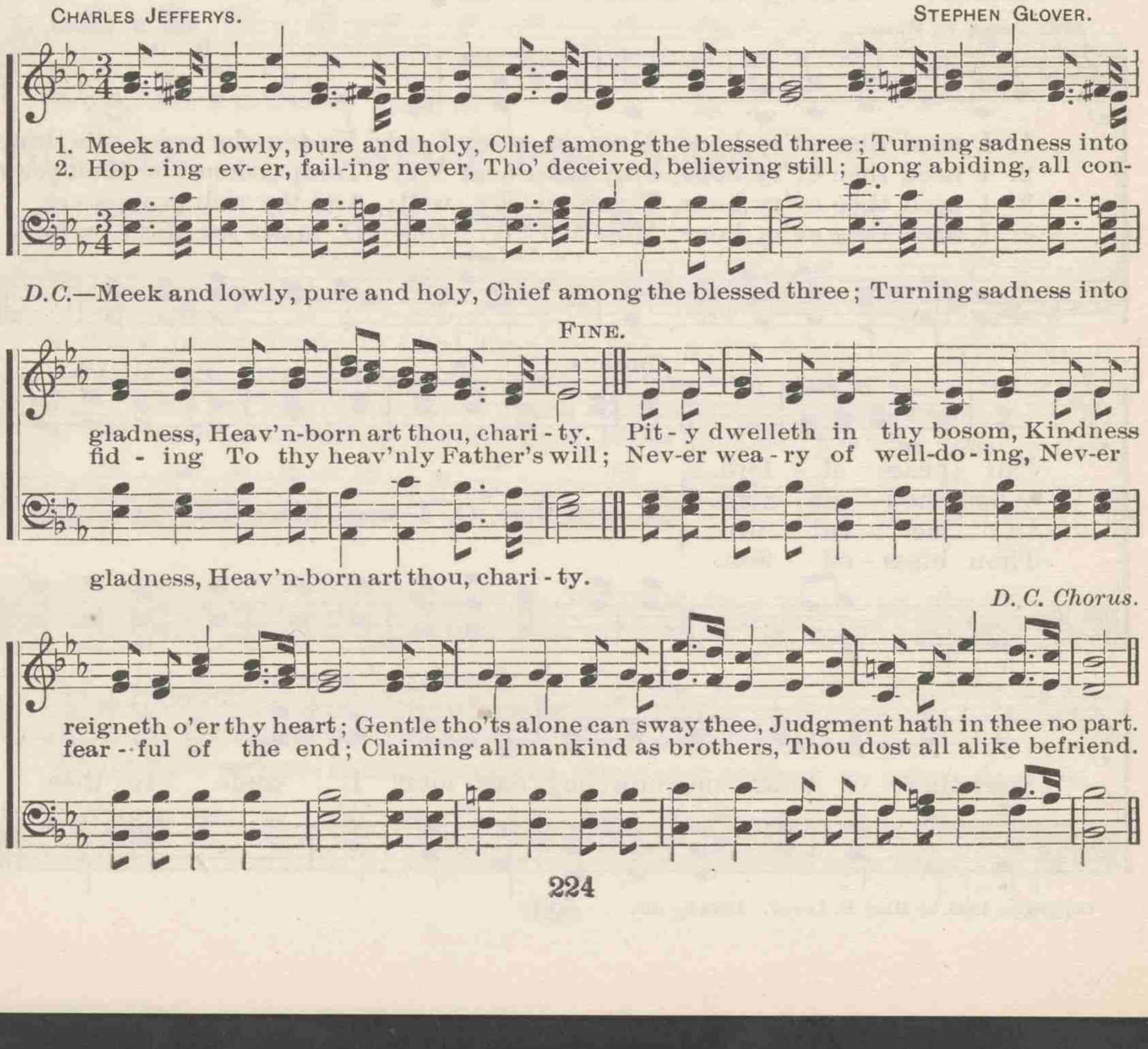
No. 248. Meek and Lowly.

CHARLES JEFFERYS. STEPHEN GLOVER.



No. 249. O how He Loves!

MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how he loves! His is love be -
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know him, O how he loves! Think, O think how
3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, O how he loves! Backward shall your

yond a brother's, O how he loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day
much we owe him, O how he loves! With his precious blood he bought us, In the
foes be driv-en, O how he loves! Best of blessing he'll provide you, Nought but

soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, O how he loves!
wil - der - ness he sought us, To his fold he safe-ly brought us, O how he loves!
good shall e'er be-tide you, Safe to glo - ry he will guide you, O how he loves!

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No. 250. Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ANON.

rit.

1. Lord, at thy mer - cy - seat Hum - bly I fall; Plead - ing thy
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help thou my
3. Still at thy mer - cy - seat, Sav - iour, I fall; Trust - ing thy

rit.

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let thy work be - gin,
un - be - lief, Hear thou my call; O how I pine for thee!
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to thee!

rit.

O make me pure with-in, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

By per. Theo. E. Perkins.

No. 251. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet - ing life is o'er;

Let thy pre-cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.
Trust-ing thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.

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No. 252. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in him with-
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce -

D. S.—He will save you,

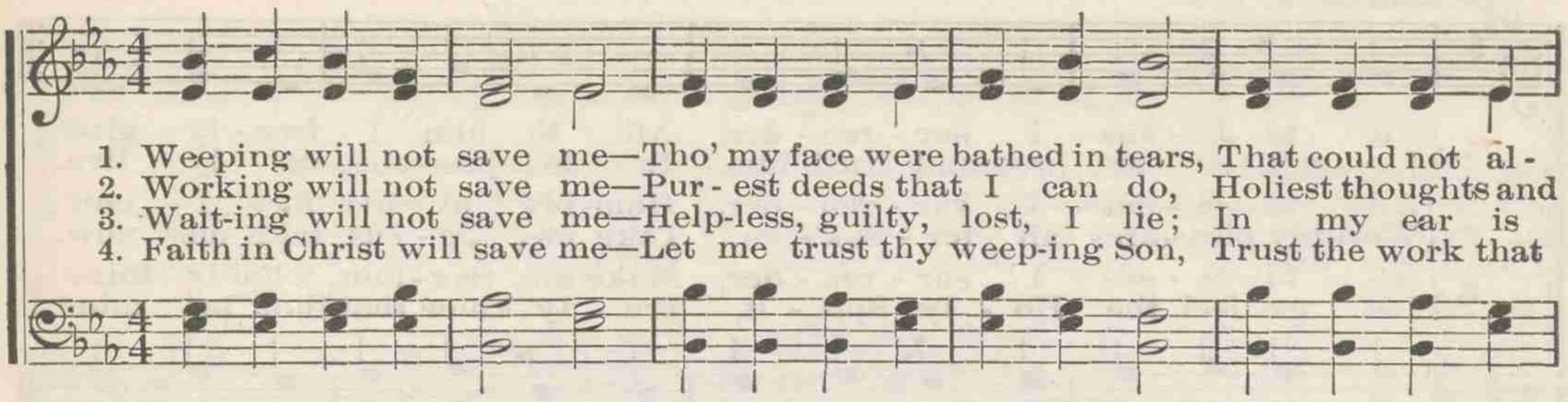
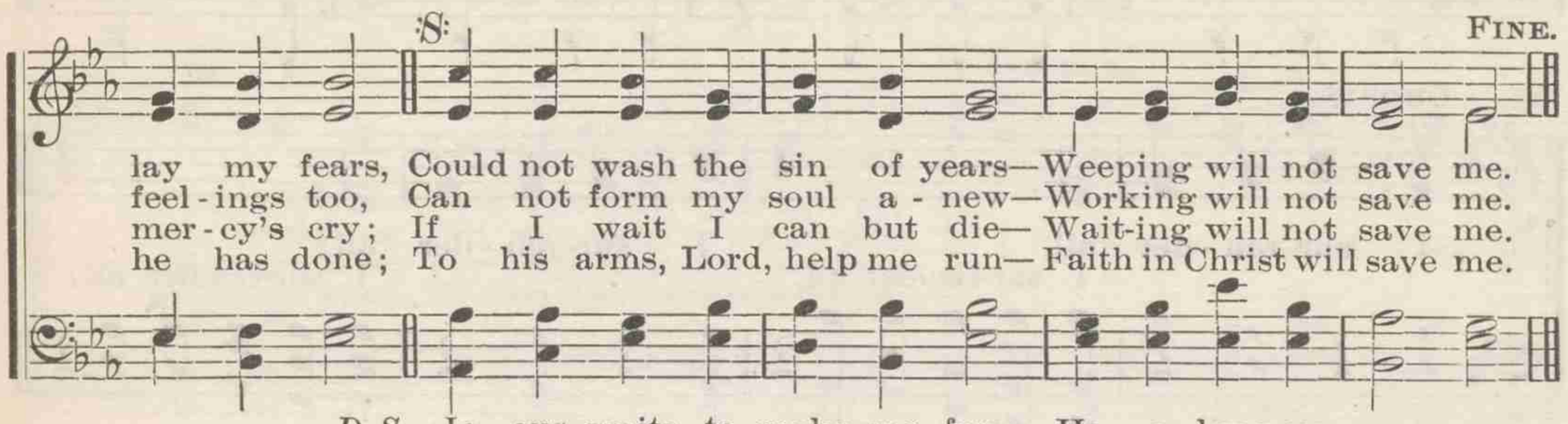
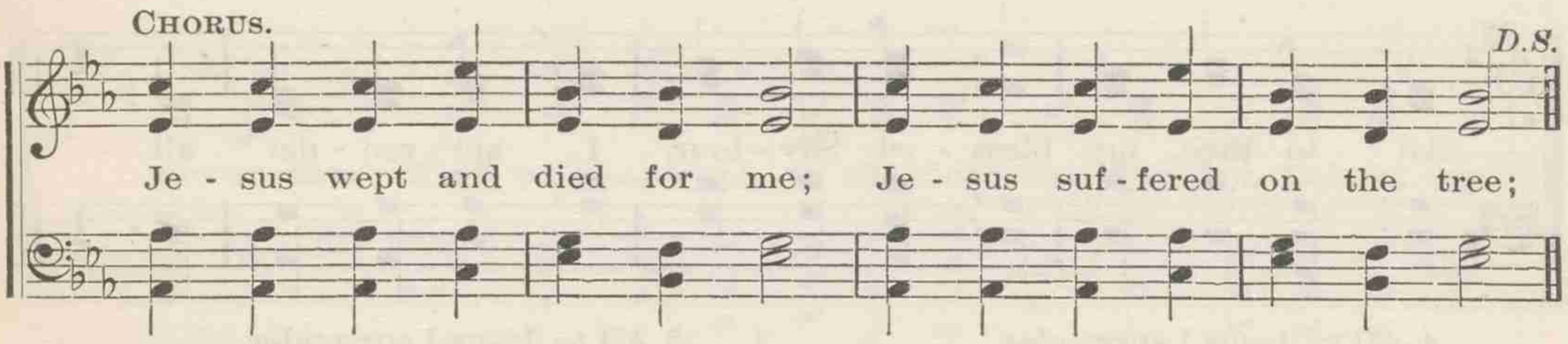
FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

give you rest, By trusting in his word.
crimson flood That washes white as snow.
out de - lay, And you are fully blest.
les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now;

He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 253. Weeping will not Save Me.

R. L. REV. R. LOWRY.



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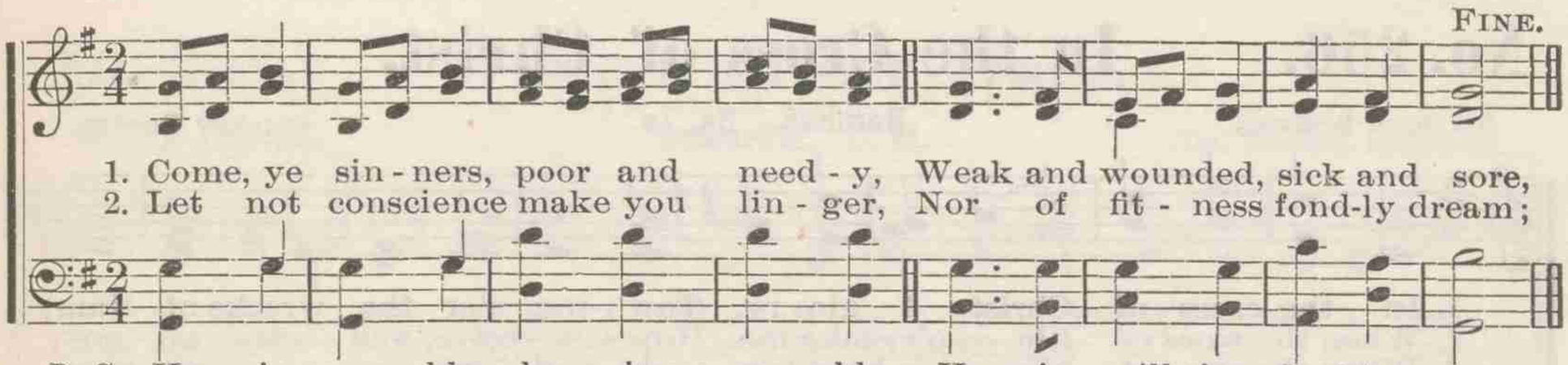
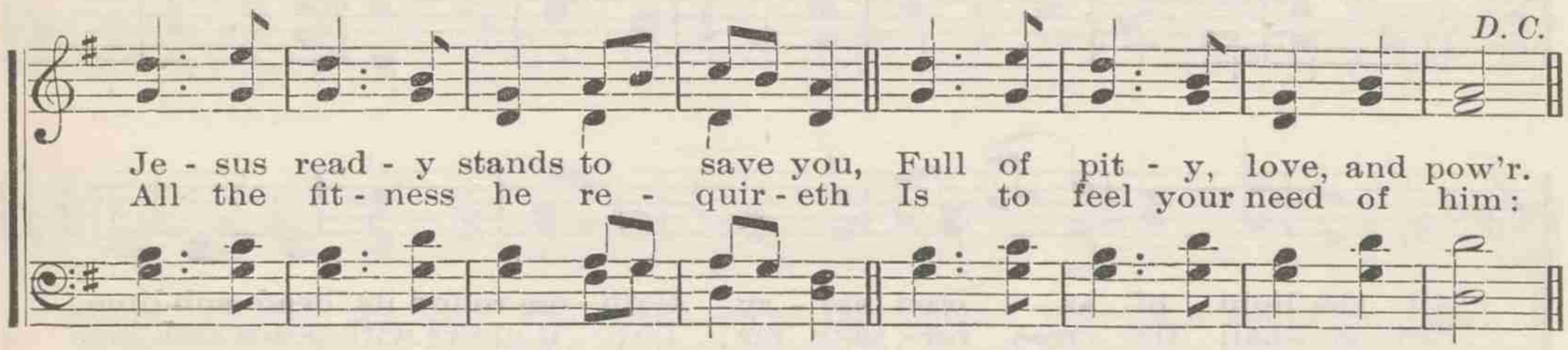
No. 254. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. Invitation. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. INGALLS.



3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

No. 255. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
   World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame!
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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No. 256. In the Cross of Christ.

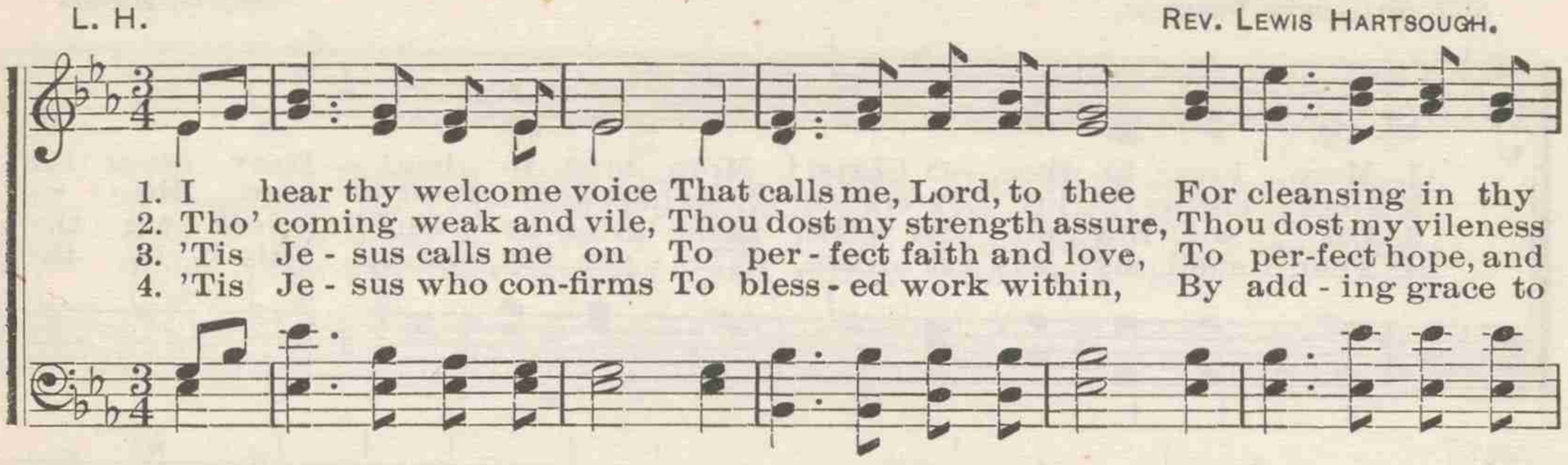
SIR JOHN BOWRING. **Rathbun. 8s, 7s.** ITHAMER CONKEY.

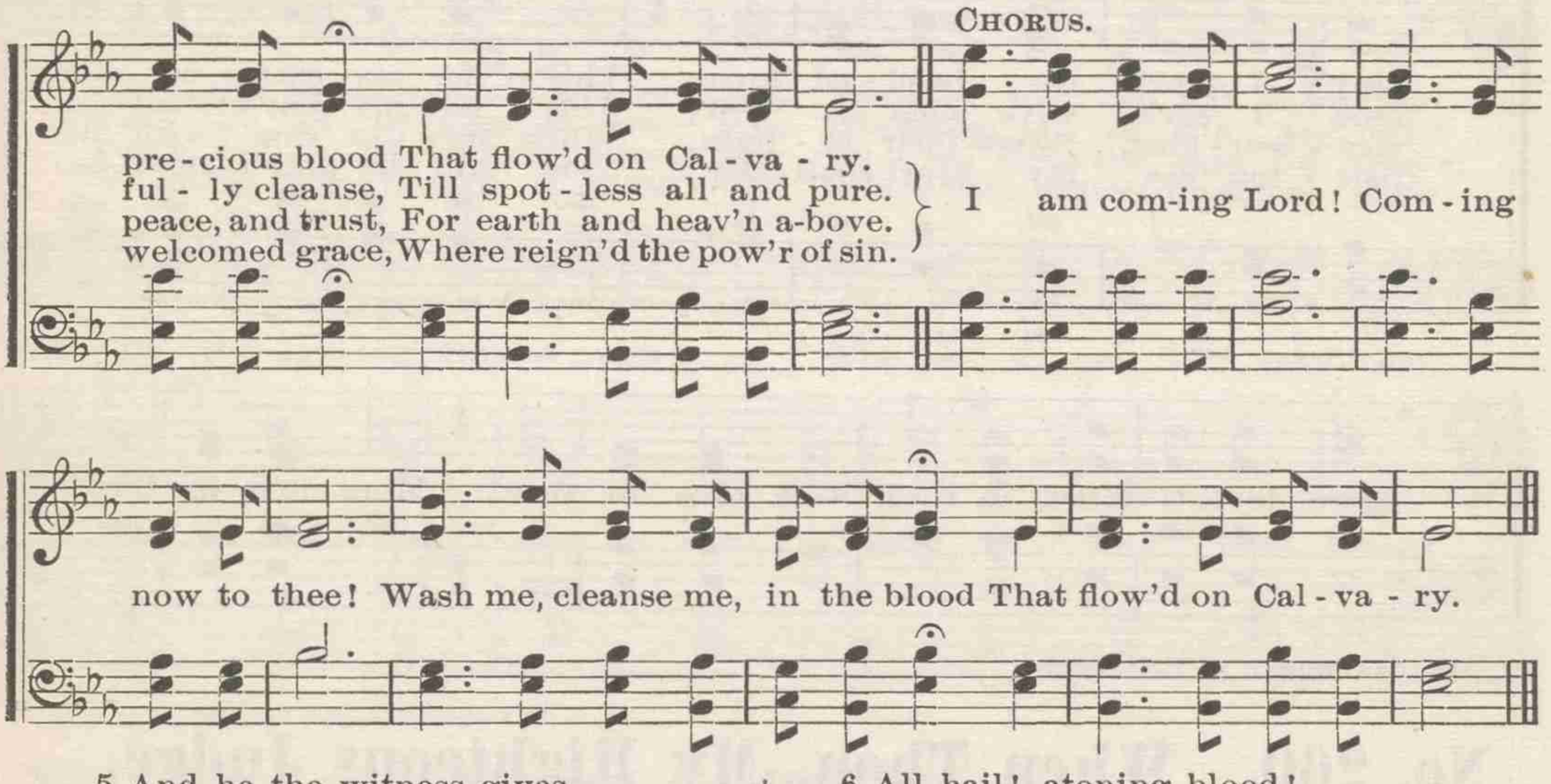
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bain and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 257. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.





5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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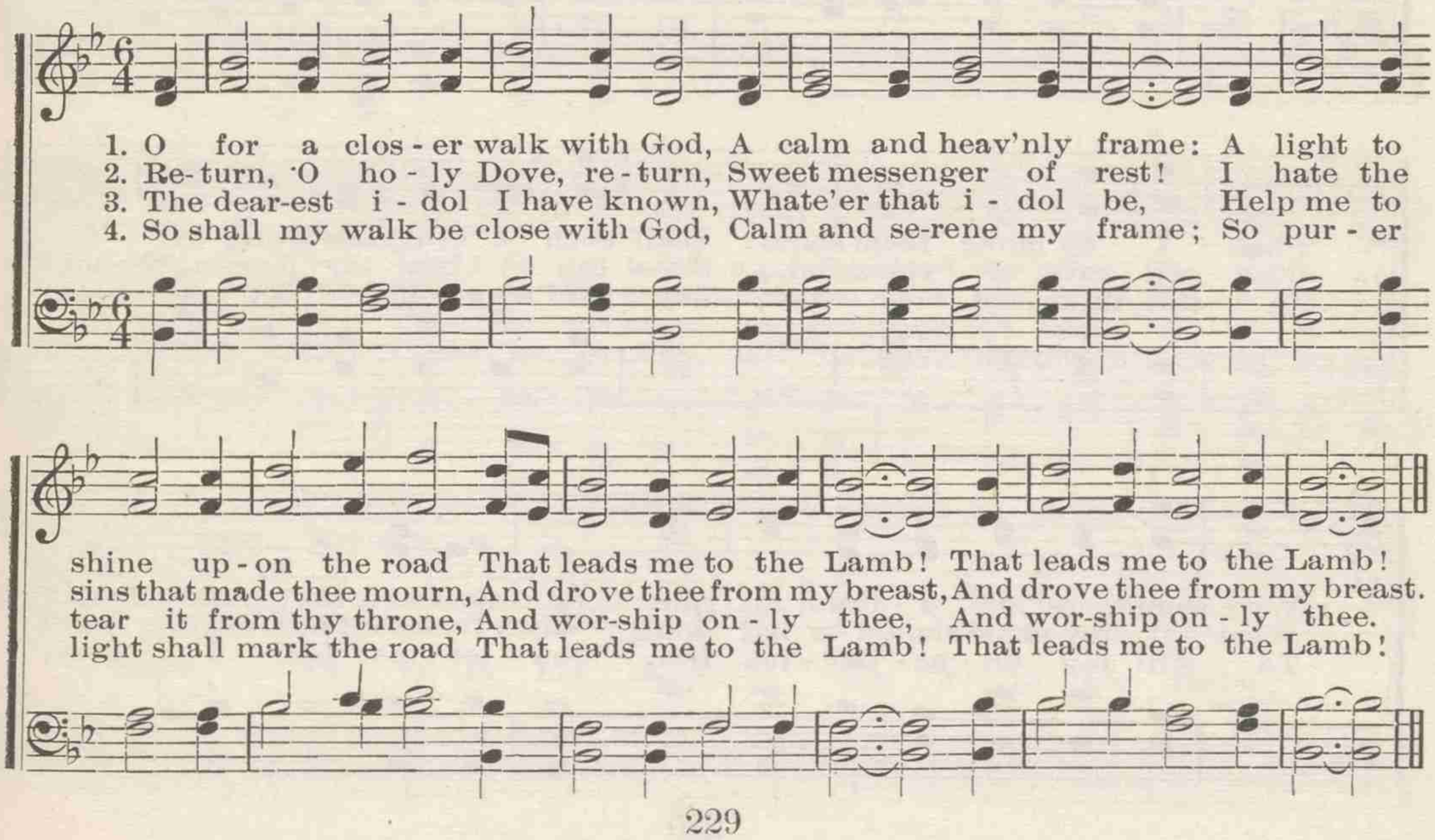
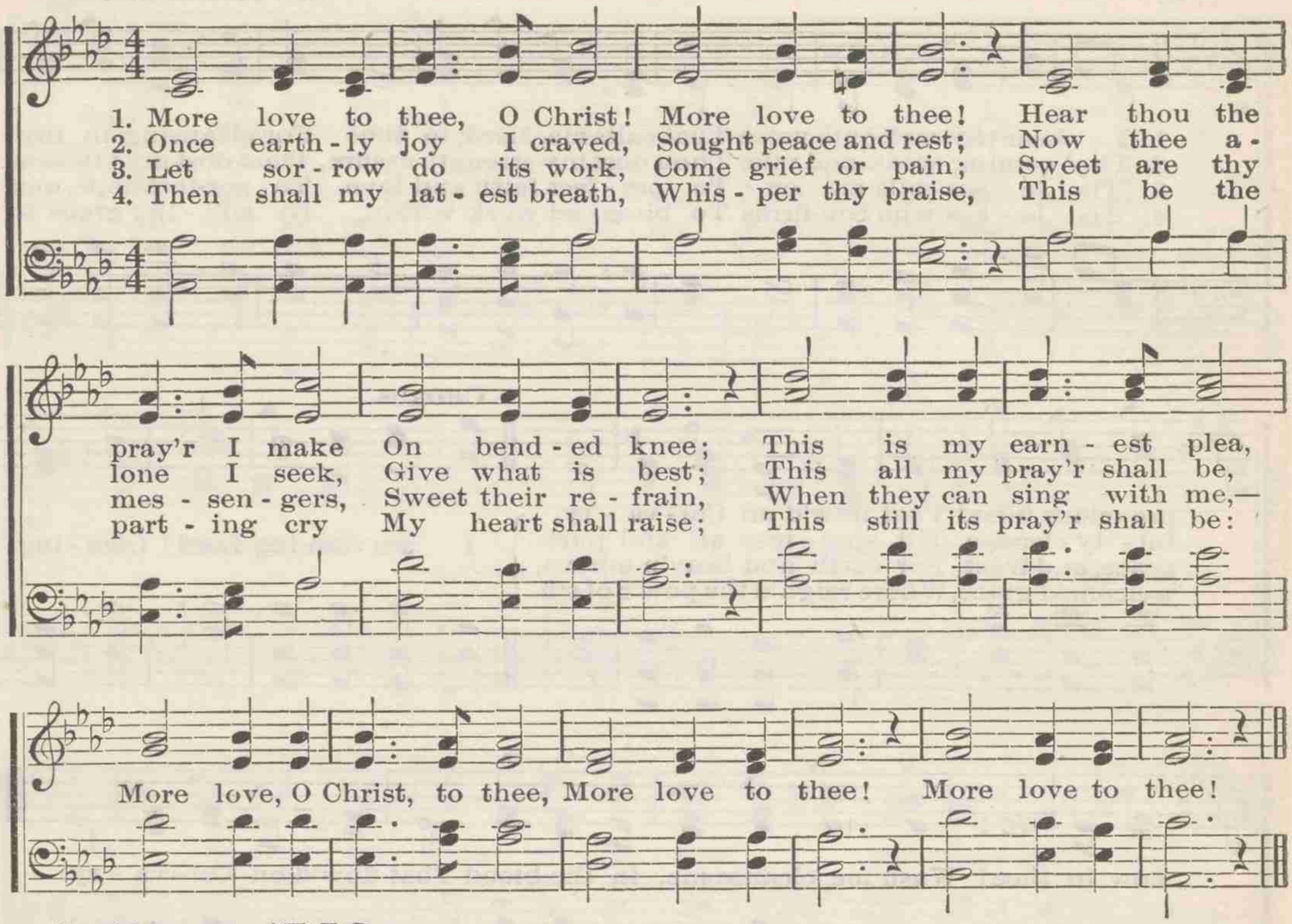
No. 258. O for a Closer Walk.

WILLIAM COWPER. Ortonville. C. M. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 259. More Love to Thee.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.



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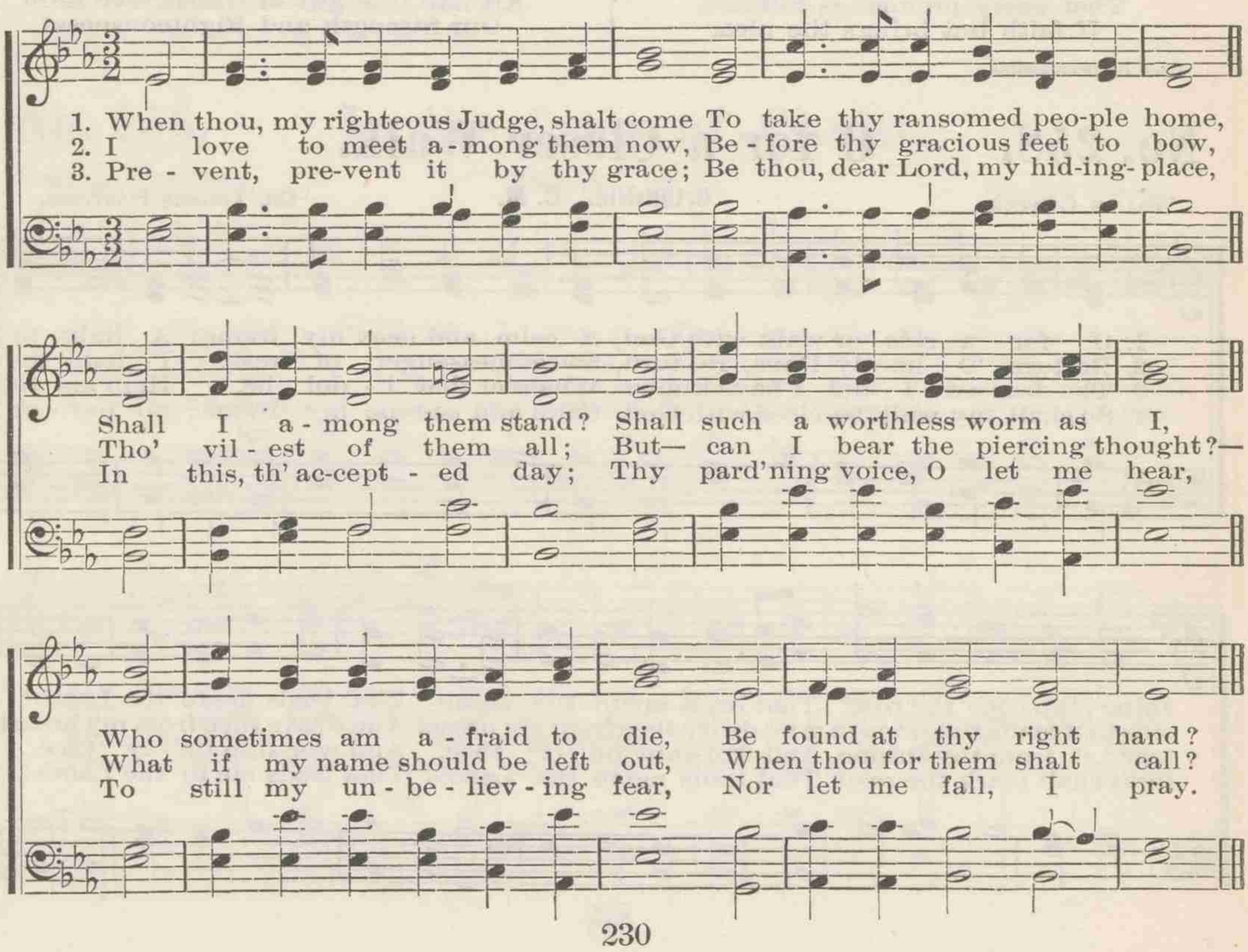
No. 260. When Thou, My Righteous Judge.

S. SHIRLEY. **Meribah. C. P. M.** DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 261. Why Will Ye Wander?

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. O ye thirst - y ones that lan - guish On life's drift - ing sand!
2. From the riv - er gen - tly flow - ing Drink a full sup - ply;
3. O, the bliss of life e - ter - nal You may al - so share!
4. Lo, the sum - mer days are end - ing, They will soon be o'er;

'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil - worn hand.
Free to all its bless - ed wa - ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?
Come to Je - sus, and be - liev - ing, En - ter thro' the gate of pray'r.
While the Spir - it still is plead - ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

D.S.—To the lov - ing arms of mer - cy Who - so - ev - er will may come.

CHORUS.

Why will ye wan - der, Far a - way from home?

FINE. *D. S.*

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No. 262. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. O precious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to his

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

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

name! Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!

No. 263. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. **Beecher. 8s, 7s. D.** JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find thy prom-ised rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more thy tem-ple leave:
Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in thee:

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love thou art;
Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray, and praise thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

No. 264. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

THOS. SHEPHERD. **Maitland. C. M.** GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here;
3. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,

No; there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 265. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. **Portuguese Hymn. 11s.** J. READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -

you he hath said,..... To you, who for ref - uge to
cause thee to stand,..... Up - held by my gra - cious, om -
tri - als to bless,..... And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
deav - or to shake,.... I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no

Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er forsake!"

No. 266. Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

ANNE STEELE. **Naomi. C. M.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.
Thy pres- ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

No. 267. Entire Consecration.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (CHORUS BY W. J. K.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

{Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, (the precious blood,)
{Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; (the heal-ing flood;) Lord, I give to

thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.

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5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord. I pour
At thy feet its treasure store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

No. 268. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. **Hendon. 7s.** C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do not our
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In com-pas-sion now descend; Fill our hearts with
3. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spir - it

suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart; Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

No. 269. Who'll Be the Next?

ANNA S. HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus— Fol - low his wea - ry, bleed-ing feet?
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jordan's roll - ing tide?

Some one is read - y, some one is wait-ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den Down at the Father's mer-cy - seat?
Who'll swell the cho-rus of free re-demption—Sing, hal - le-lu-jah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side.

CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now.

Copyright, 1899, by Mrs. Mary R. Lowry. Used by per.

No. 270. Come, Says Jesus' Sacred Voice.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. **Horton. 7s,** XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, says Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
2. Thou who, home-less and for - lorn, 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; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure; Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

No. 271. Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. ARR. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The mighty Prince of Peace,
4. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Of all earth's kingdoms con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 272. I Do Believe.

CHAS. WESLEY. UNKNOWN.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. Au - thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
4. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see thy face!

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

D. C. Chorus.

If thou with-draw thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
O may I now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice, And taste thy par - d'ning grace.

And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 273. Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: Now
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Copyright, 1871, by Wm. G. Fischer. Used by per.

No. 274. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

REV. ANDREW REED.

Last Hope. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 275. Thy Will is Mine!

ELTA M. LEWIS. "Whate'er It Be." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I take my por - tion from thy hand, And do not seek to un - der-stand;
2. When darkness doth thy face ob - scure, And ma - ny sor - rows I en - dure,
3. When ten-der joys to me are known, I ren - der thanks to thee a - lone;
4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Ac - cept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, what-e'er it be;

D. C. Chorus.

For I am blind, while thou dost see; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
I think of Christ's Geth-sem - a - ne; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.

Thy love di - vine sus - tain - eth me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 276. God is Faithful.

E. E HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful; He will sure - ly keep his word;
2. God is faith - ful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust,
3. God is faith - ful; this my ref - uge When the storms of tri - al rise;
4. God is faith - ful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

S:

FINE.

To the ut - ter - most ful - fill - ing Ev - 'ry prom - ise I have heard.
But his Spir - it dwell - ing in me, Wise and ho - ly, kind and just.
Help is com - ing, swift - ly com - ing From the hills be - yond the skies.
Yielding whol - ly to his guid-ance, This is bless - ing, this is life!

D. S.—God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful; He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful; I will trust him all the way;

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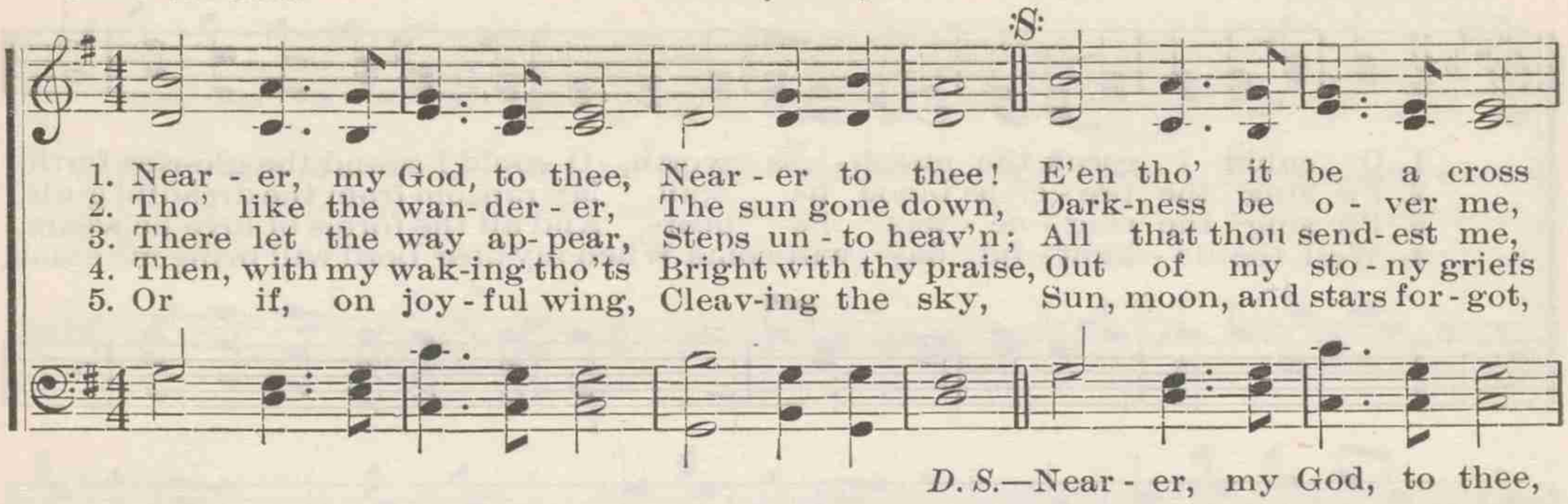
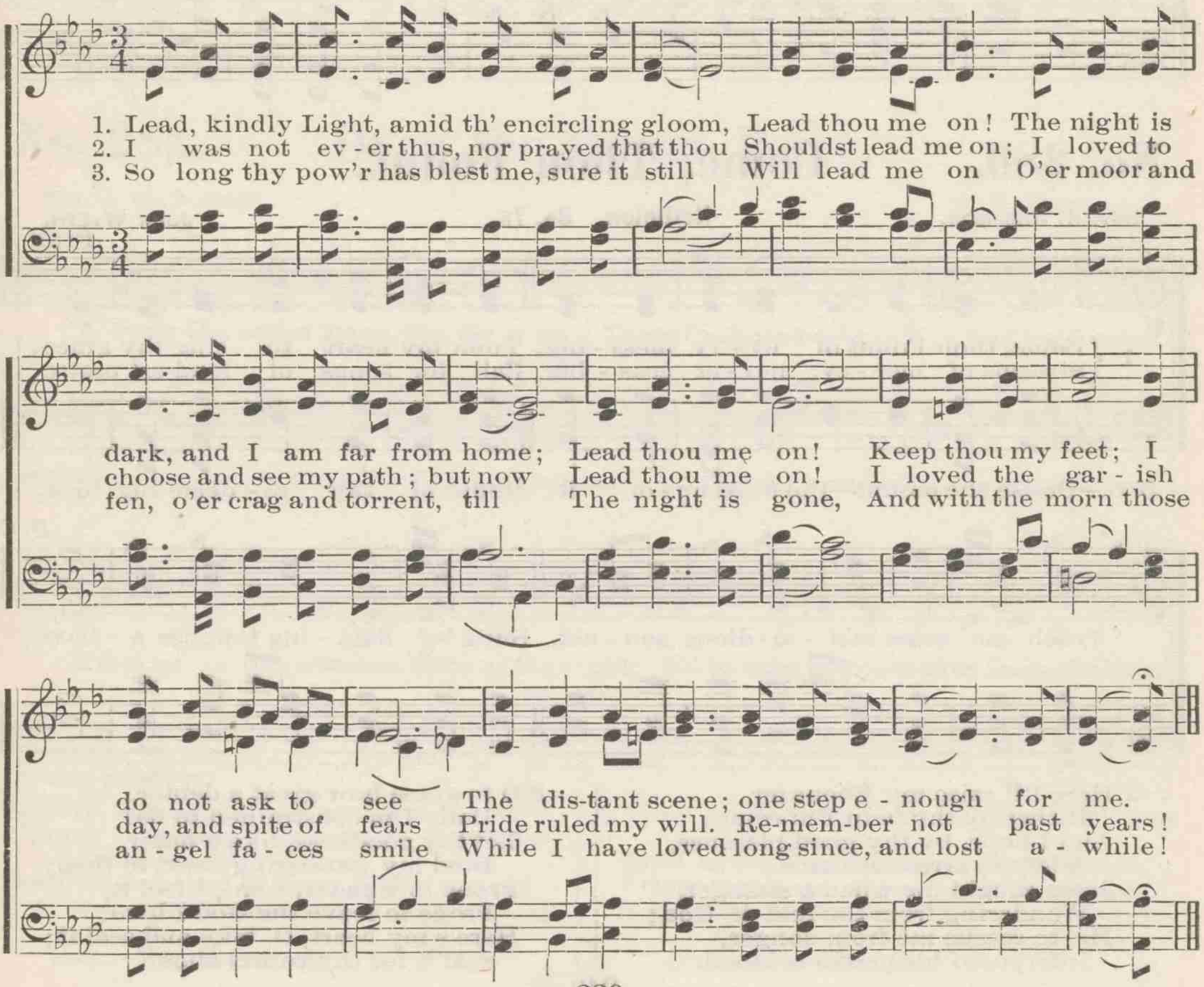
No. 277. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

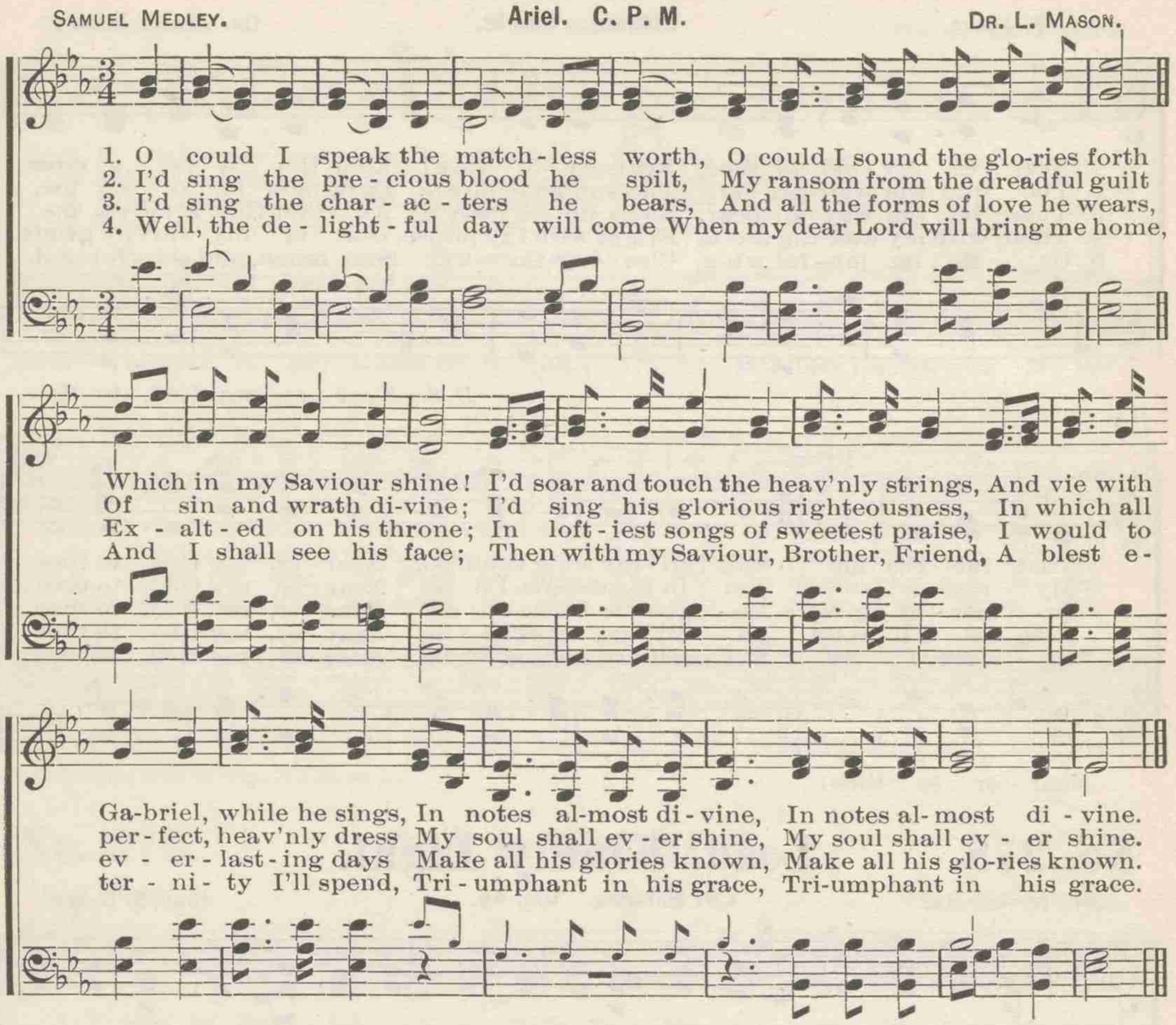
SARAH F. ADAMS. **Bethany. 6s, 4s.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

No. 278. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. **Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s.** JOHN B. DYKES.



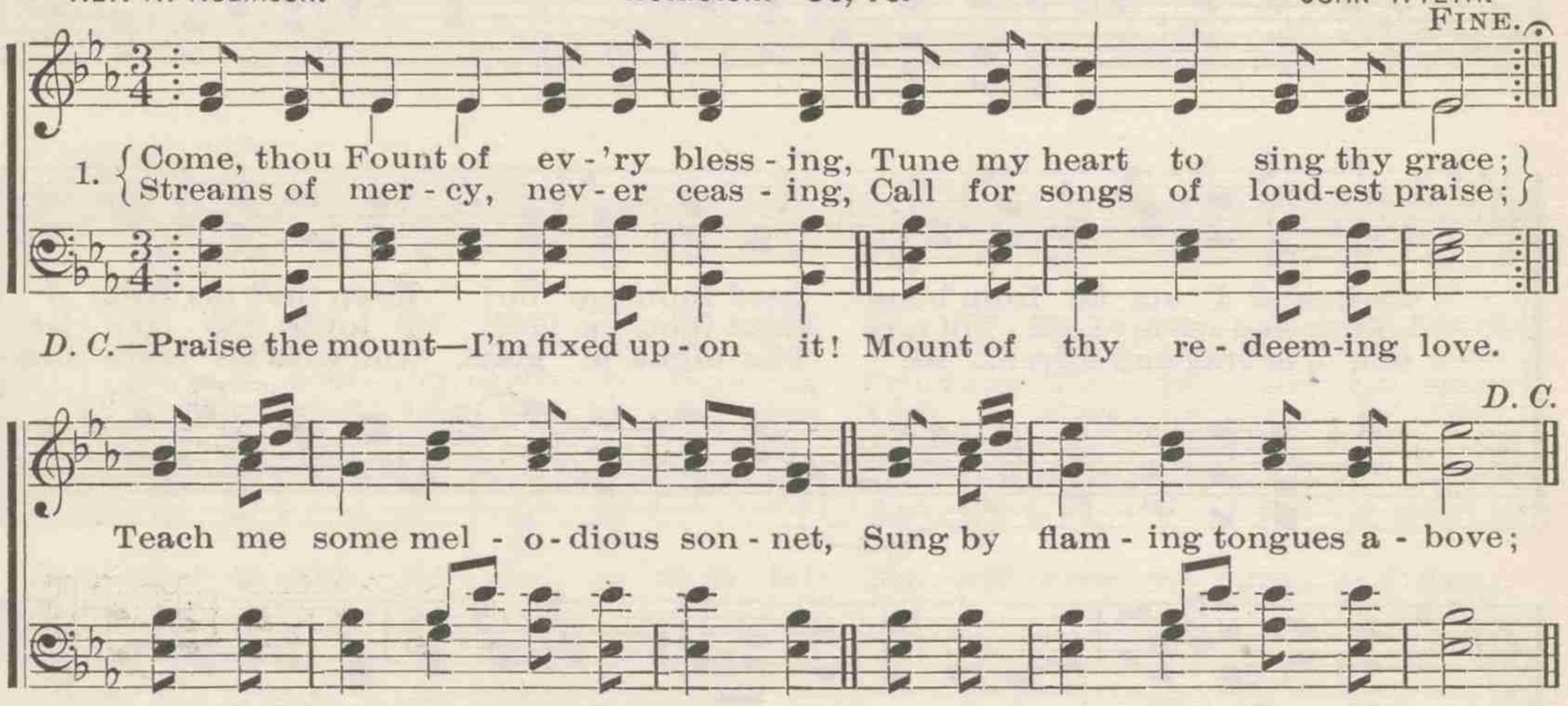
No. 279. O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. **Ariel. C. P. M.** DR. L. MASON.



No. 280. Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON. **Nettleton. 8s, 7s.** JOHN WYETH.

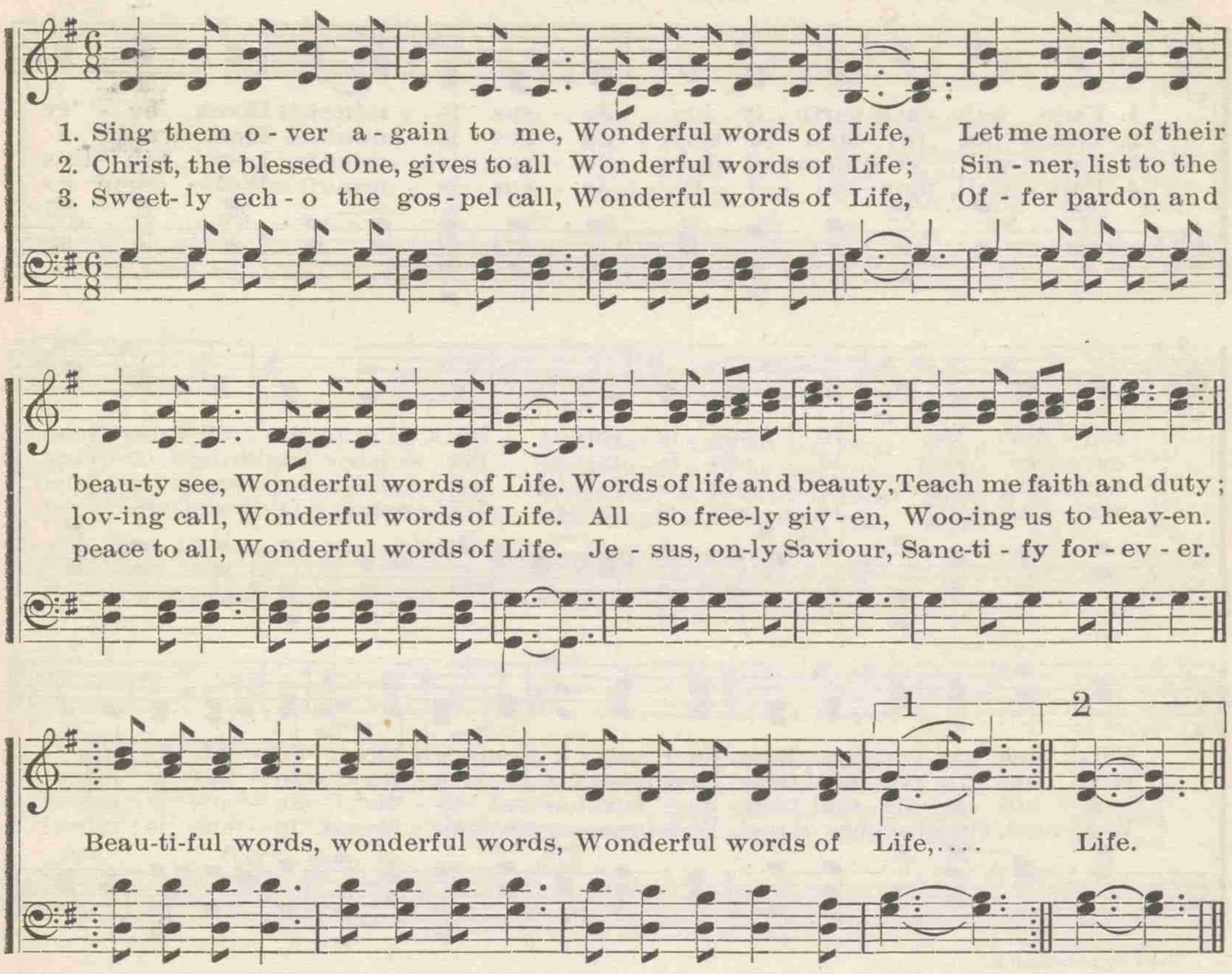


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

No. 281. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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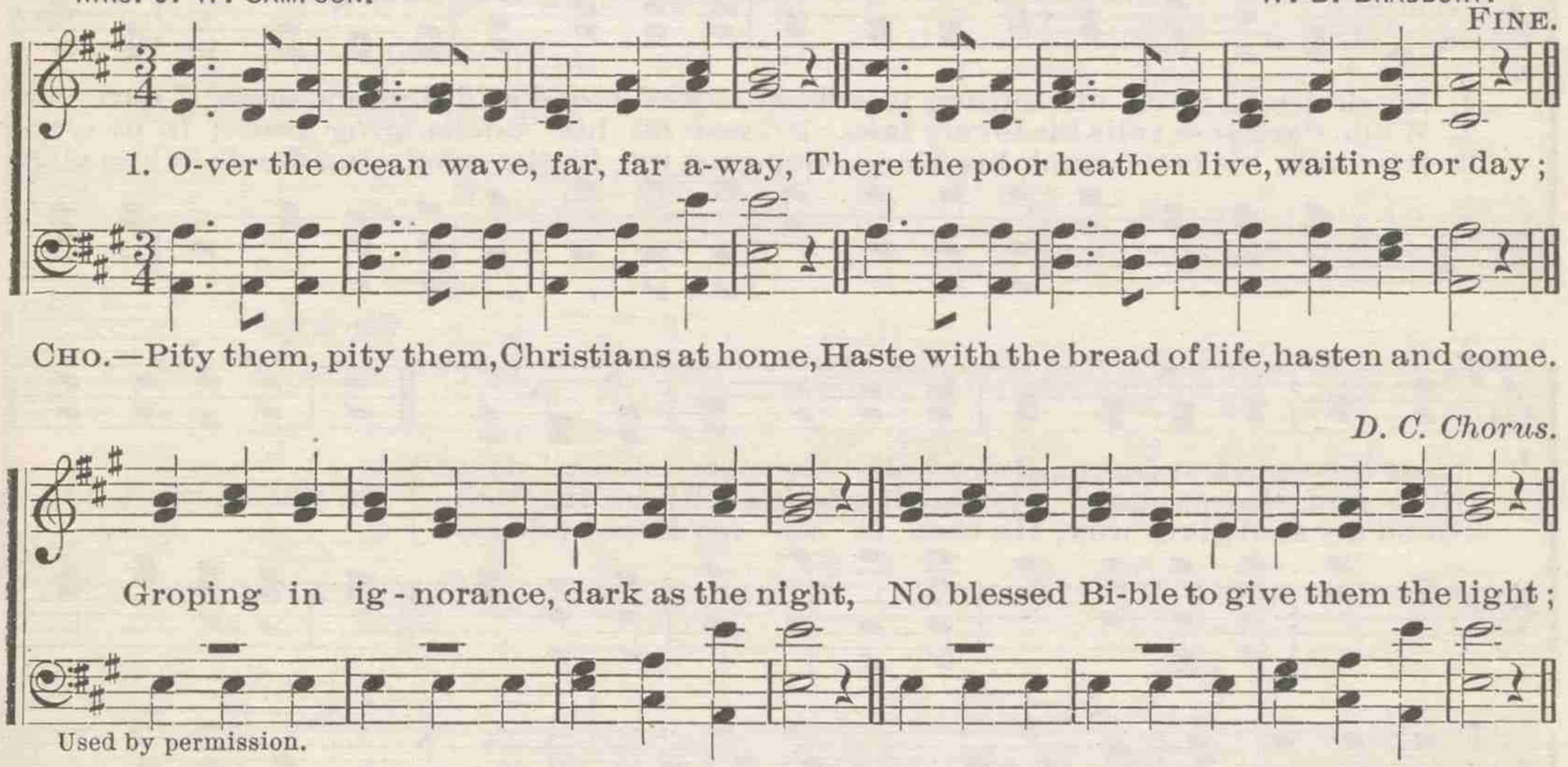
No. 282. Over the Ocean Wave.

Mrs. J. W. Sampson. W. B. Bradbury.



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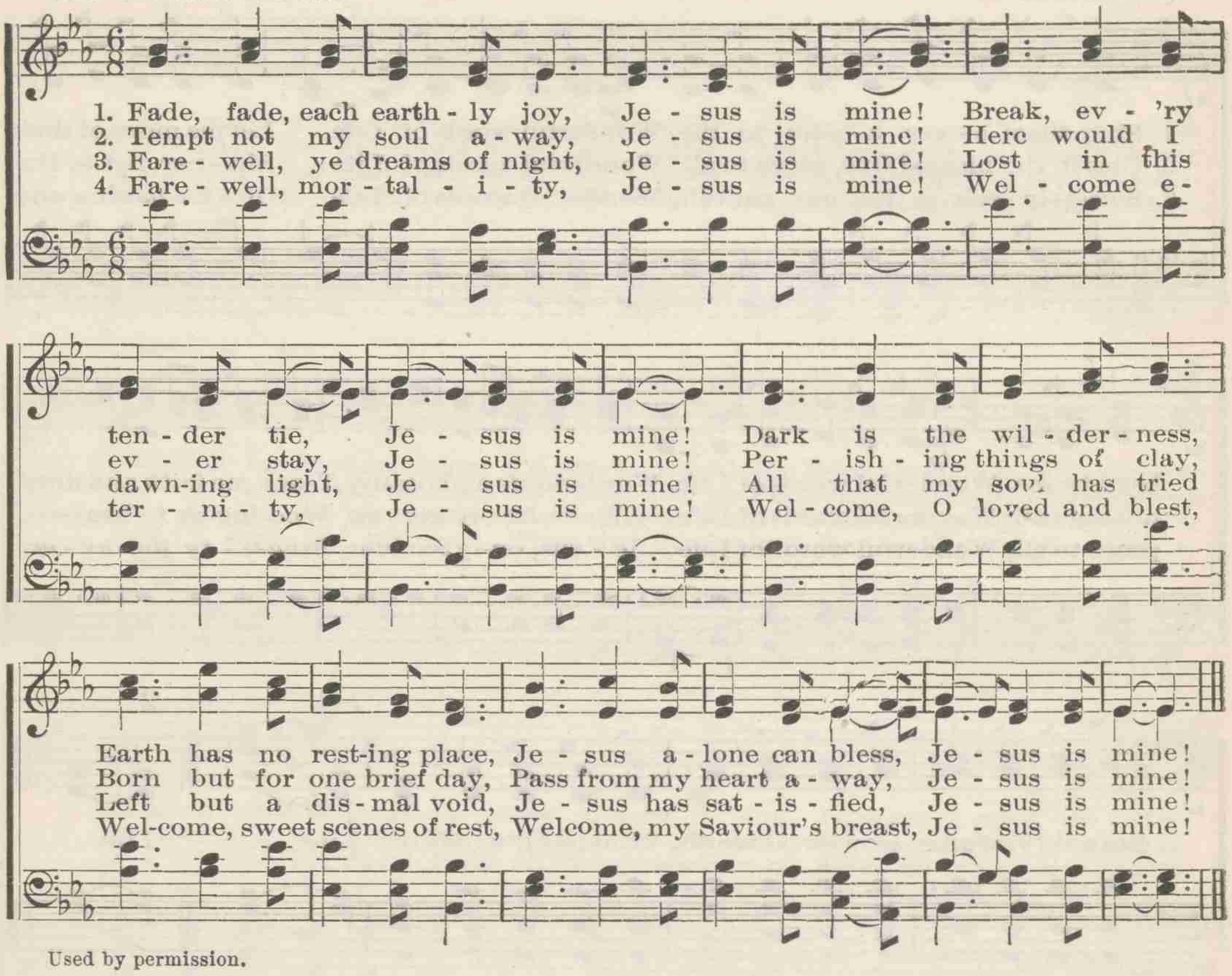
2 Here in this happy land we have the light,
Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
Cho.—Pity them, &c.

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."
Cho.—Pity them, &c.

No. 283. Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

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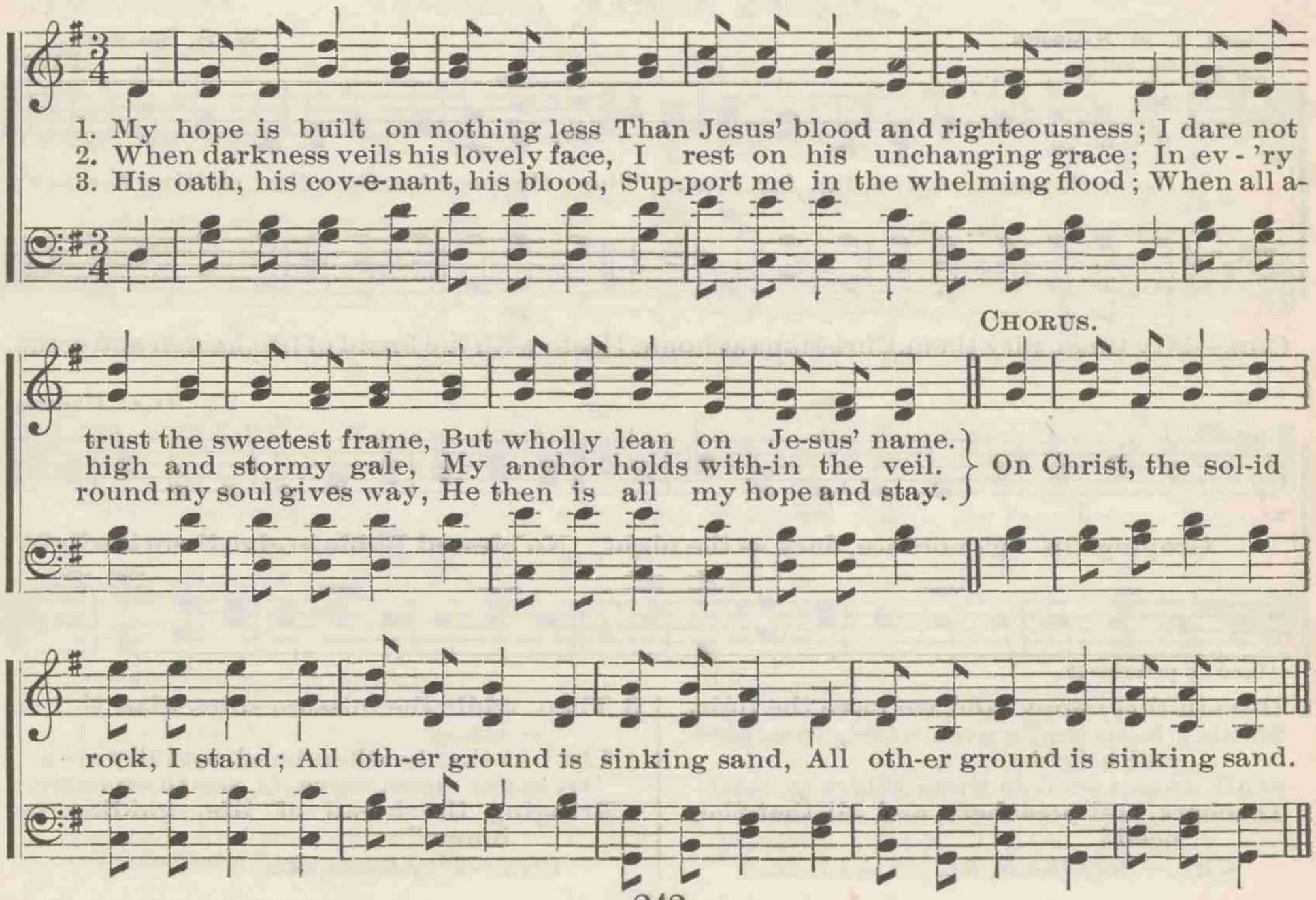
No. 284. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

No. 285. All Hail the Power.

REV. E. PERRONET — Coronation. C. M. — OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of.... all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of.... all;
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of.... all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of.... all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord.... of all.
Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord... of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord... of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord.... of all.

No. 286. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. — Lyons. 10, 11. — F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
3. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 287. We Shall Meet, By and By.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re -
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest

shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by; With the toilsome journey done, And the
demption's story, By and by, by and by; And the strains forever-more Shall re -
life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an-gels who ful - fil All the
rapture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone To the

glo-rious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
sound in sweetness o'er Yonder ev - er - lasting shore, By and by, by and by.
mandates of his will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
land of life and song, We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by, by and by.

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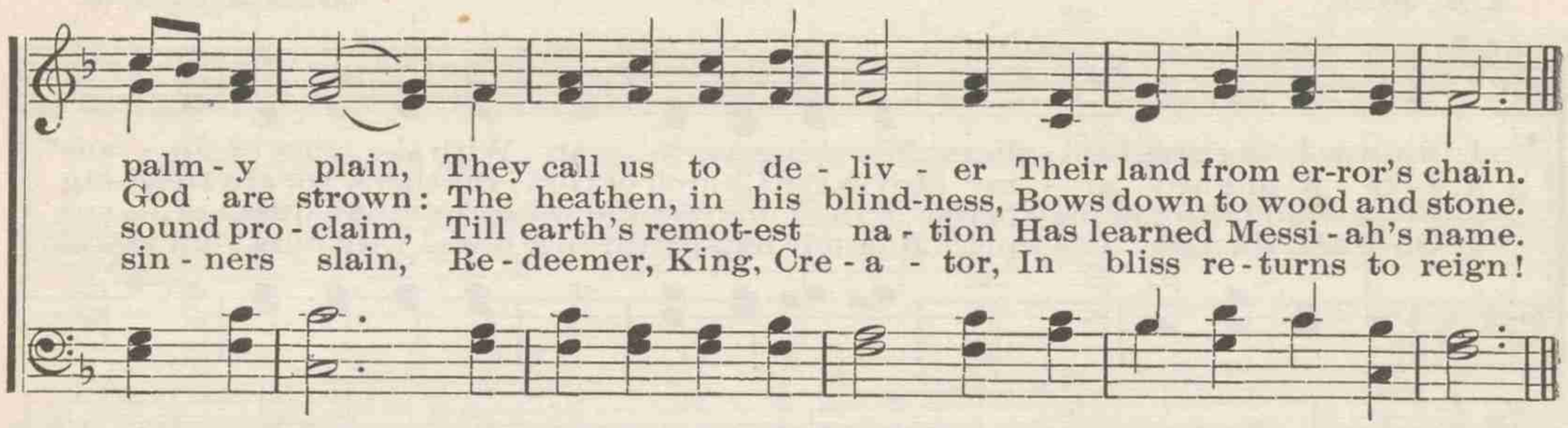
No. 288. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

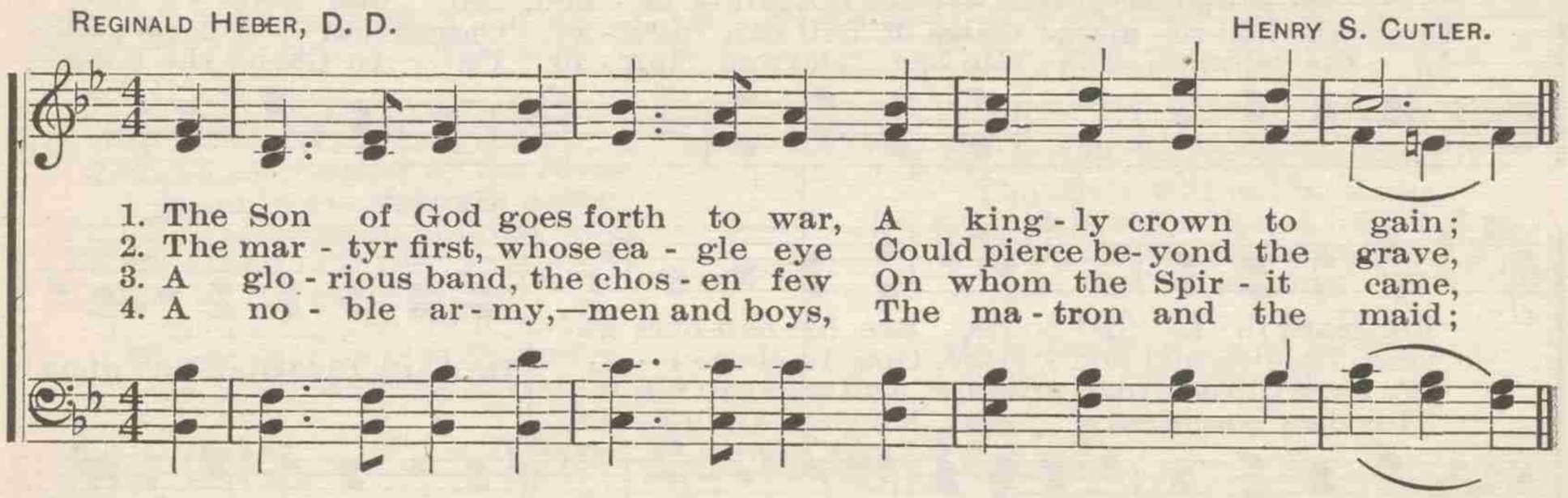
REGINALD HEBER, D. D. **Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. D.** LOWELL MASON.

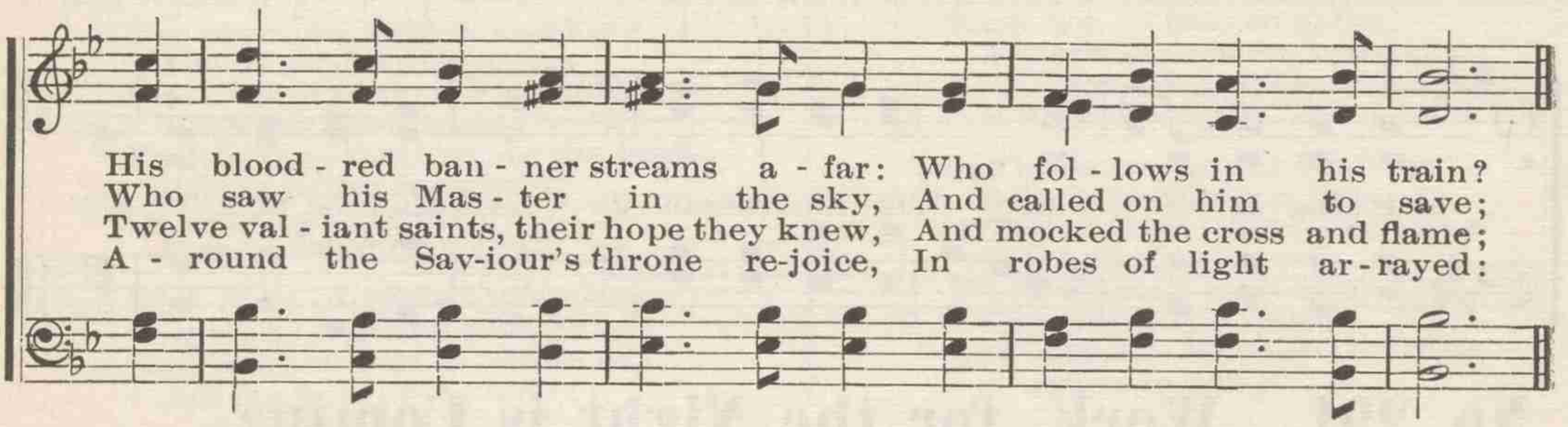
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev - 'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be -
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

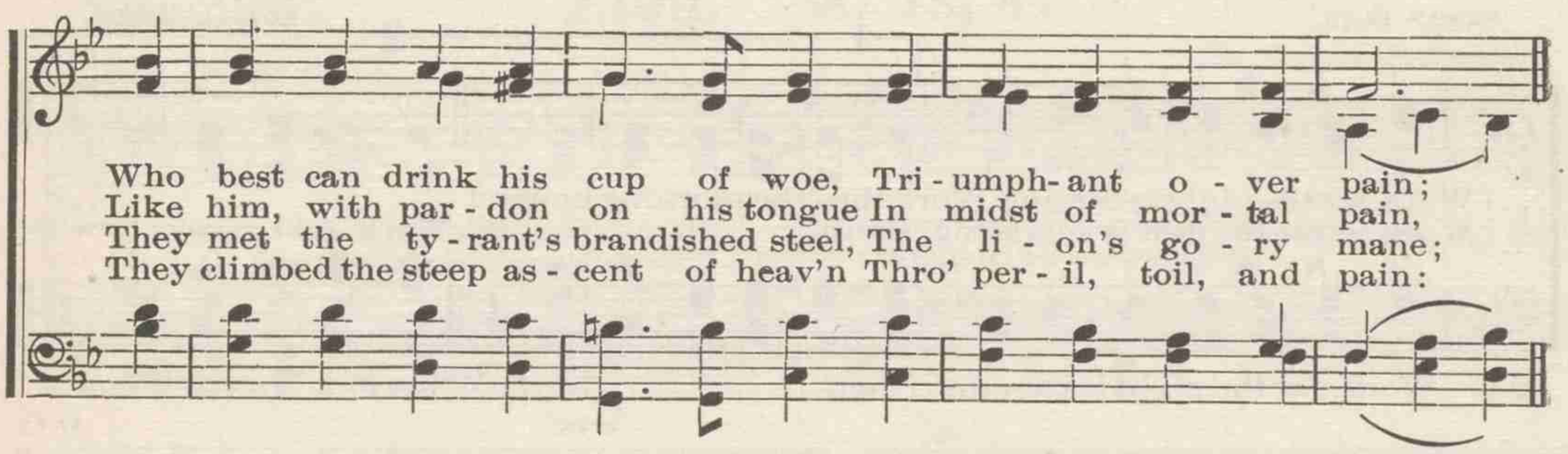
fount-ains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From many a
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of
night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va- tion! The joy - ful
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture, The Lamb, for

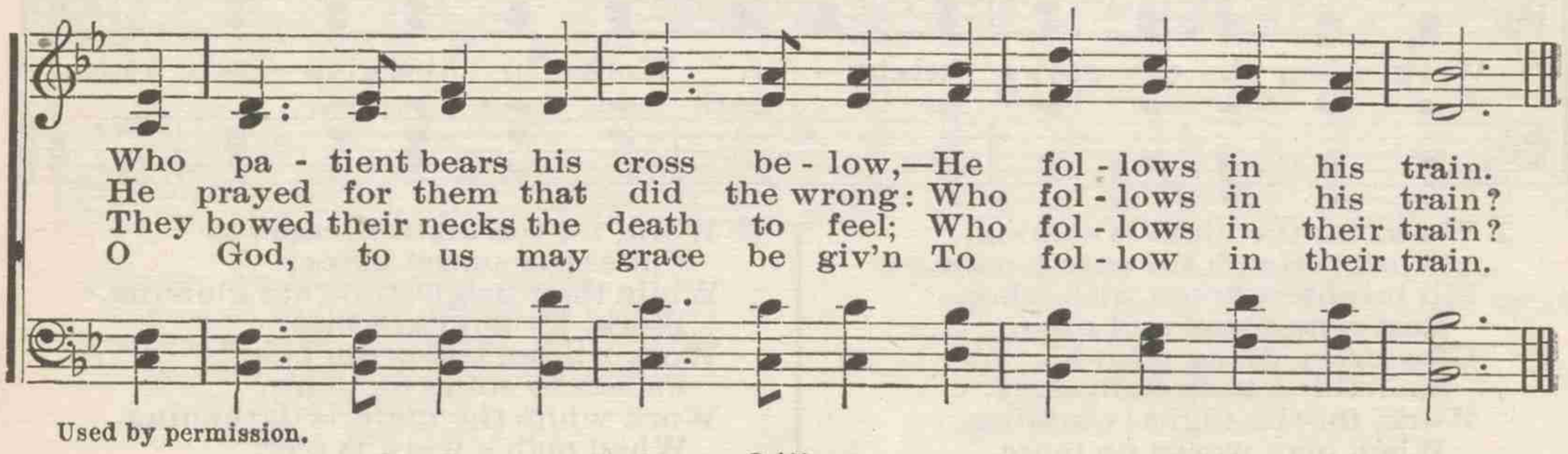
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.—Concluded.

No. 289. The Son of God Goes Forth.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. HENRY S. CUTLER.









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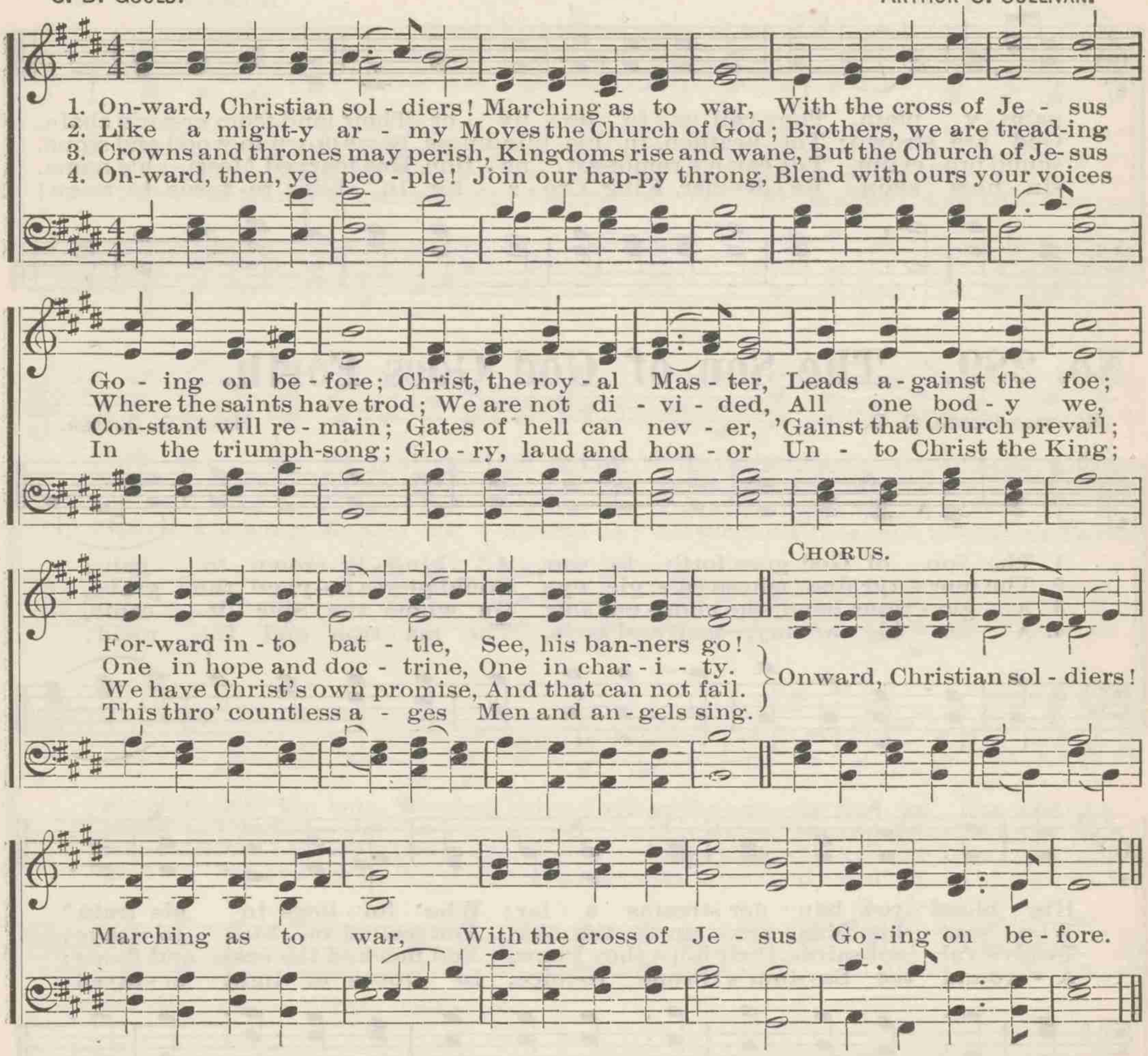
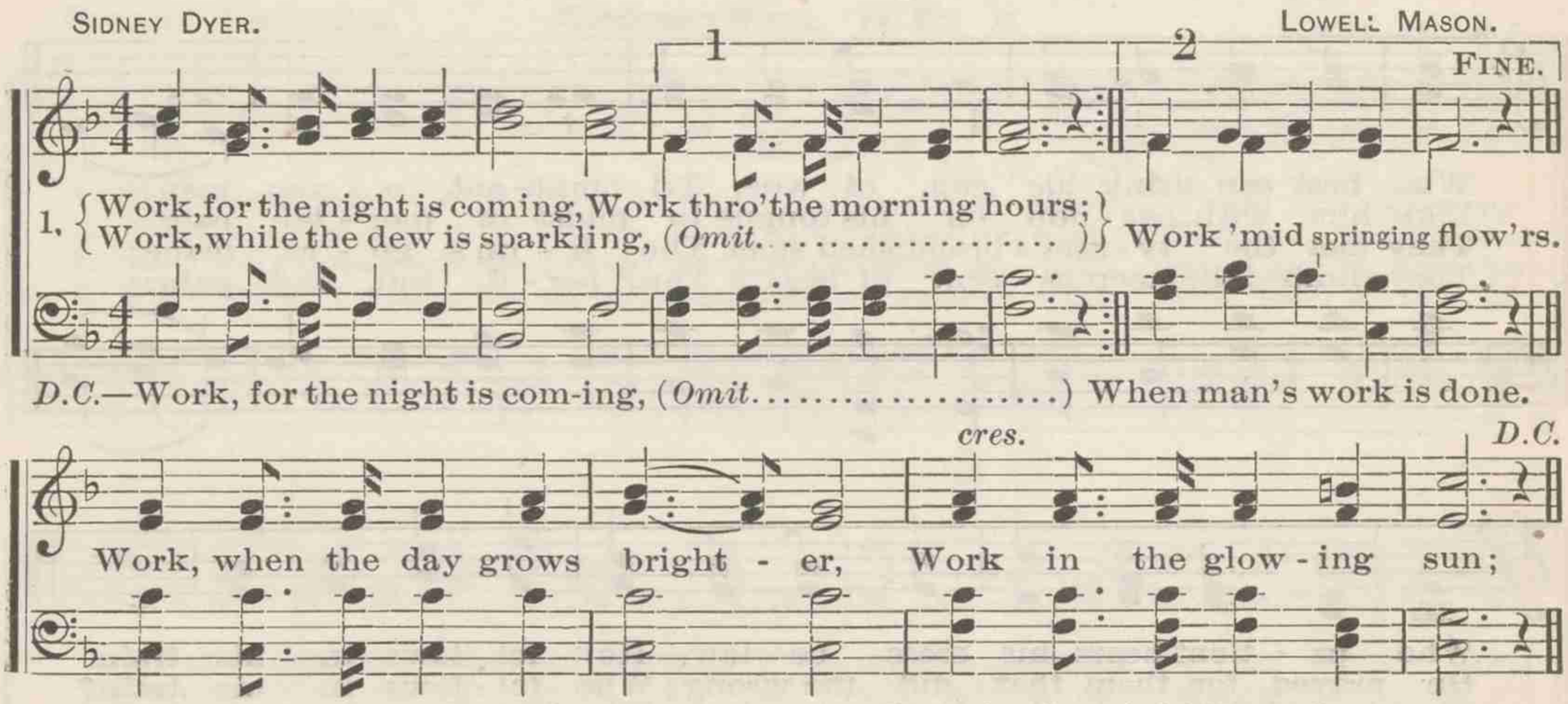
No. 290. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

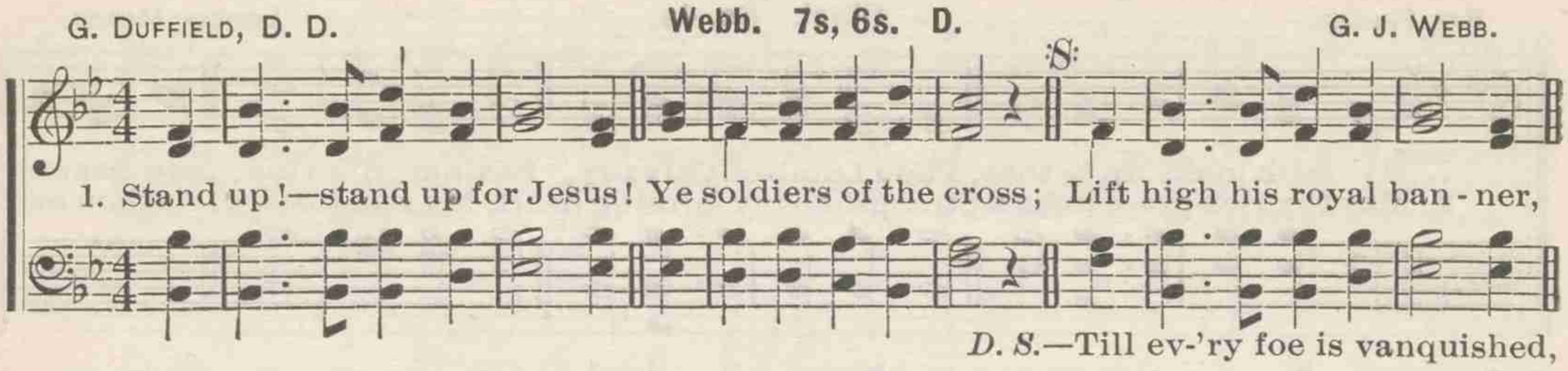
S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

No. 291. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

No. 292. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D. **Webb. 7s, 6s. D.** G. J. WEBB.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where dnty 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.

No. 293. The Morning Light.

S. F. SMITH. TUNE,—WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

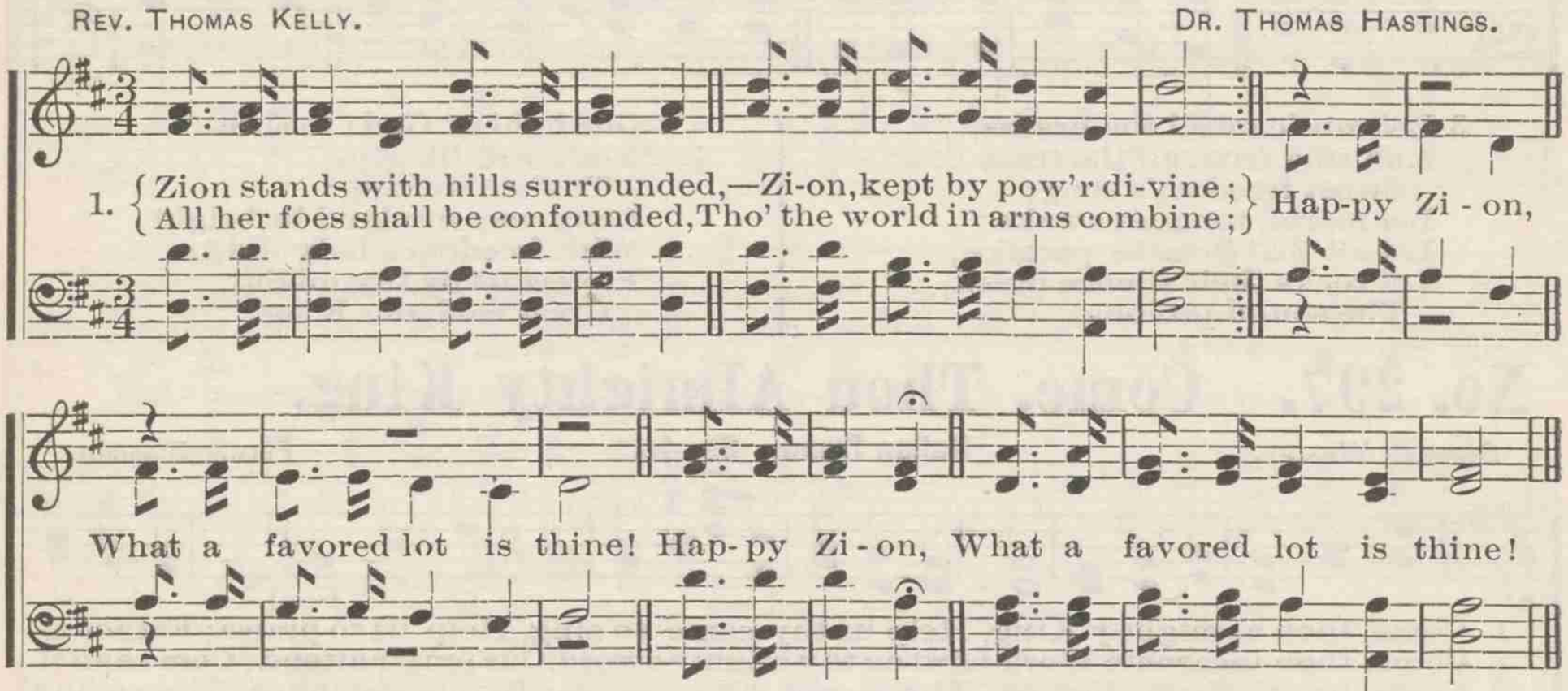
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tiding from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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

No. 294. Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

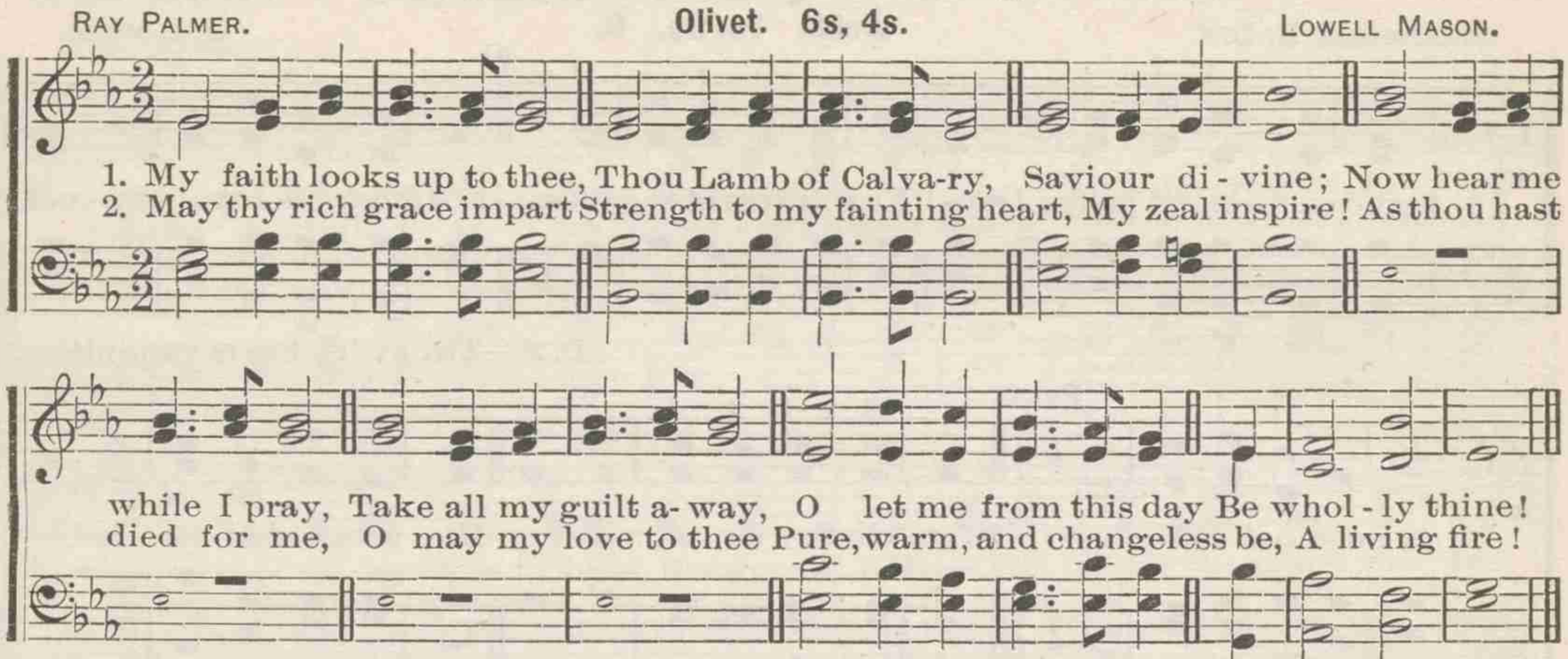
REV. THOMAS KELLY. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

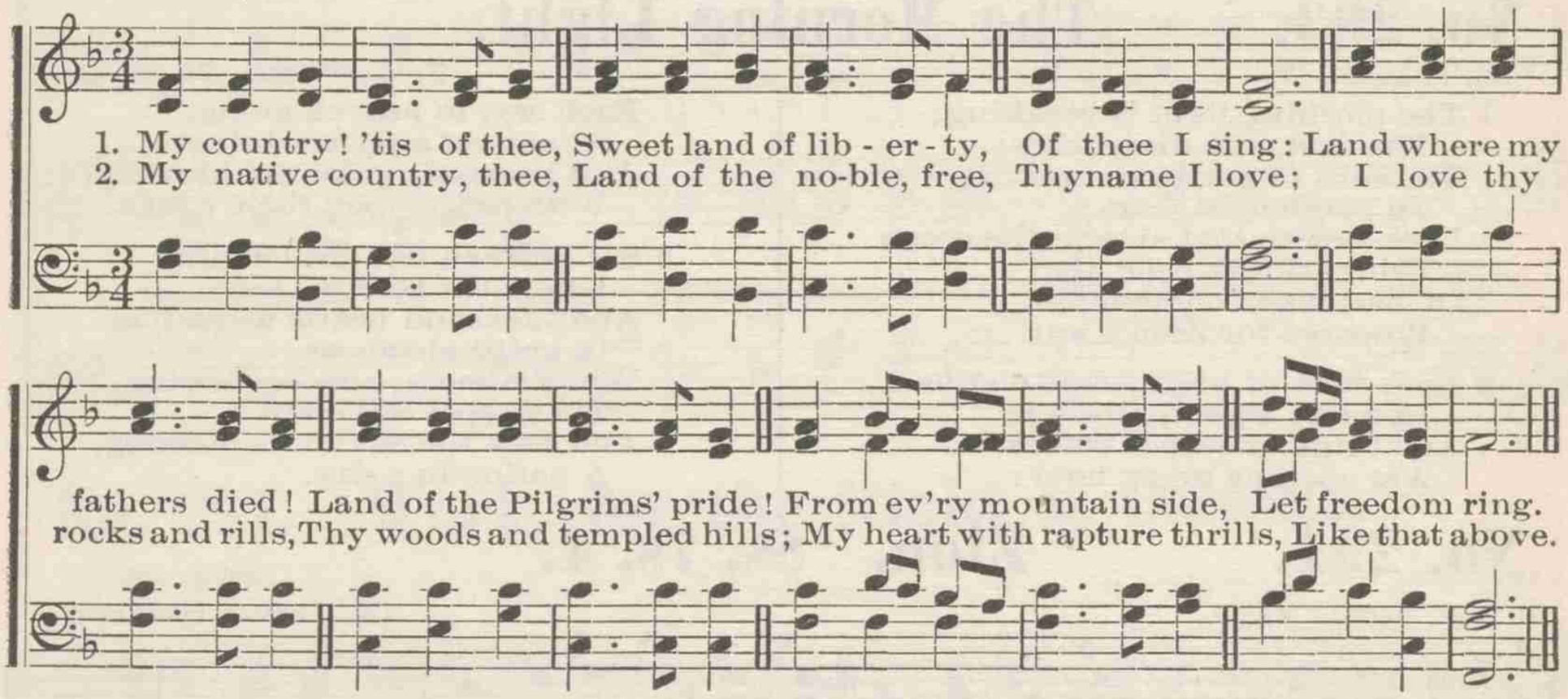
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

No. 295. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. **Olivet. 6s, 4s.** LOWELL MASON.

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

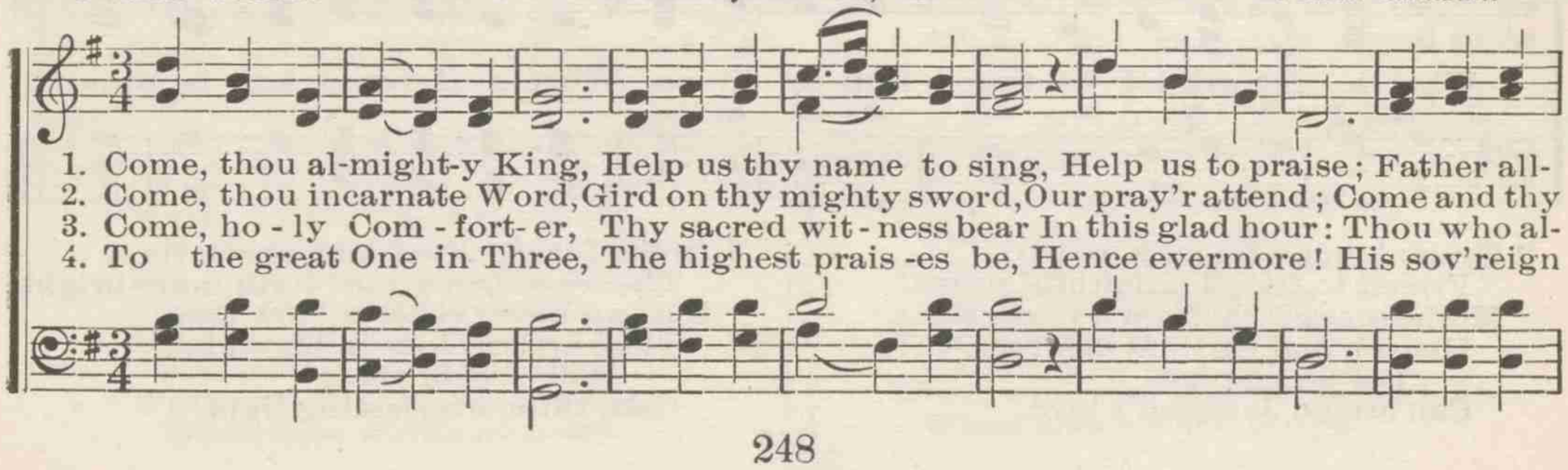
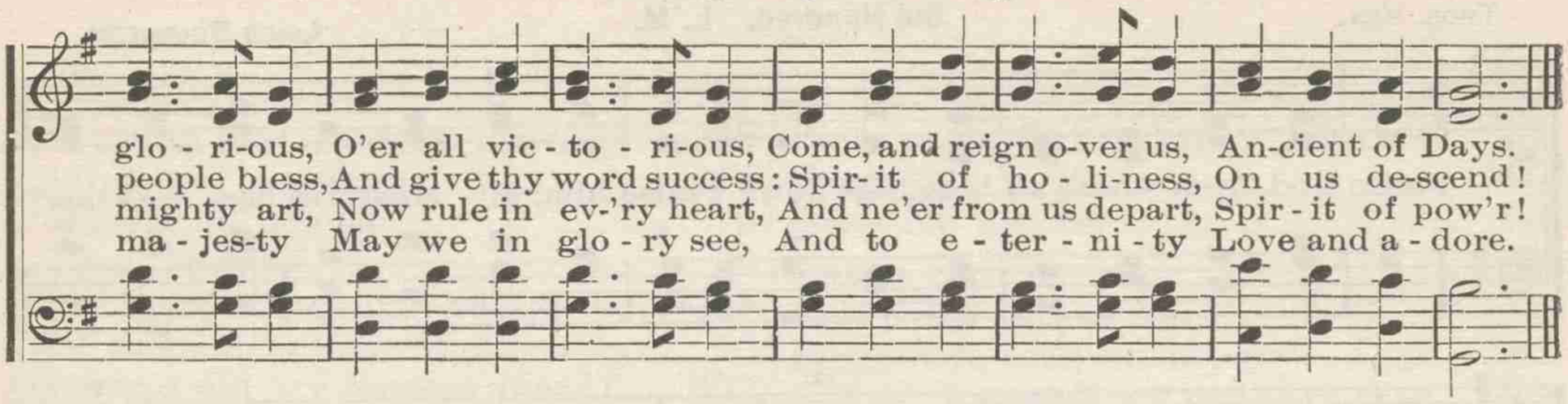
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

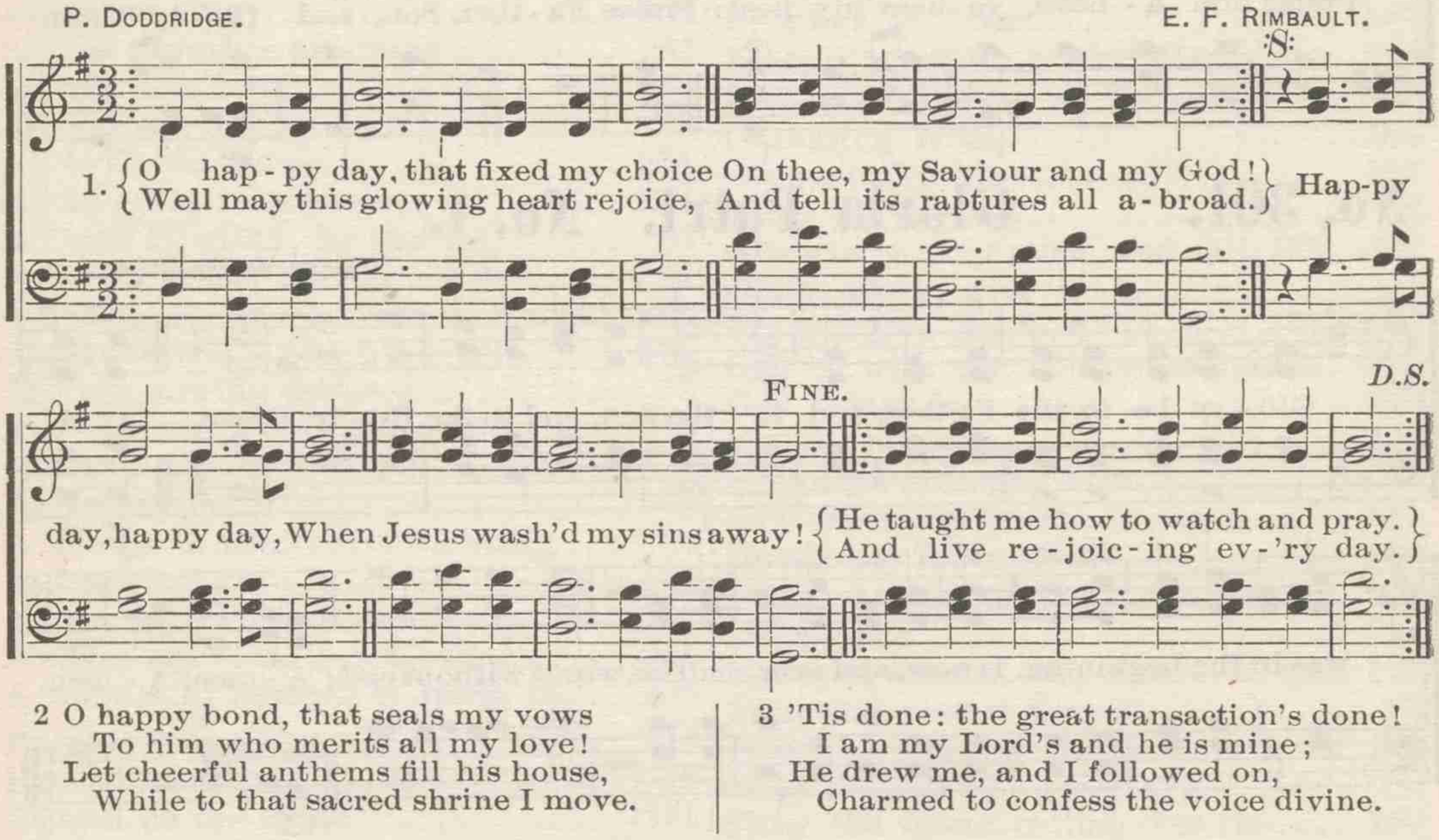
No. 296. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. **America. 6s, 4s.** AD. HENRY CAREY.

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

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

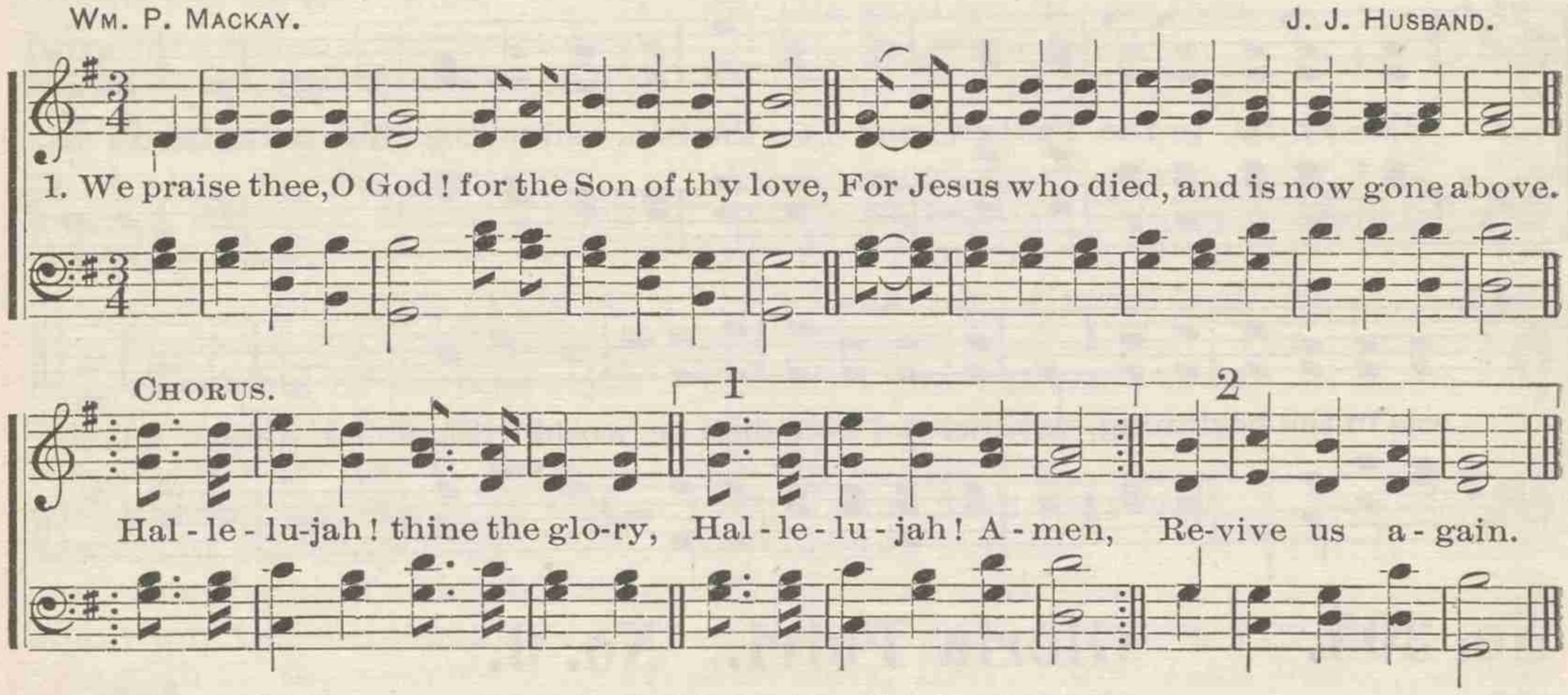
No. 297. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. **Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.** FELICE GIARDINI.

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

No. 298. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

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

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

No. 299. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

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

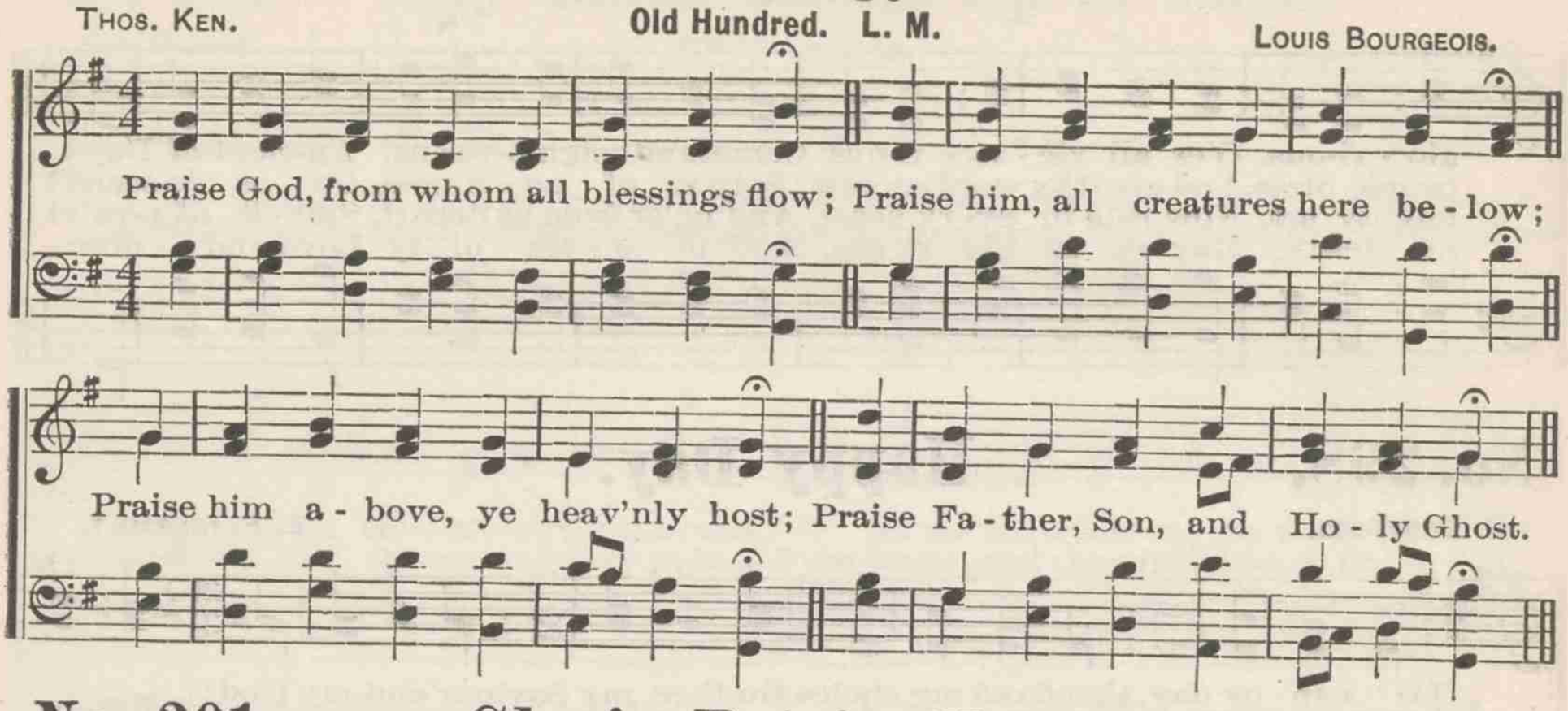
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

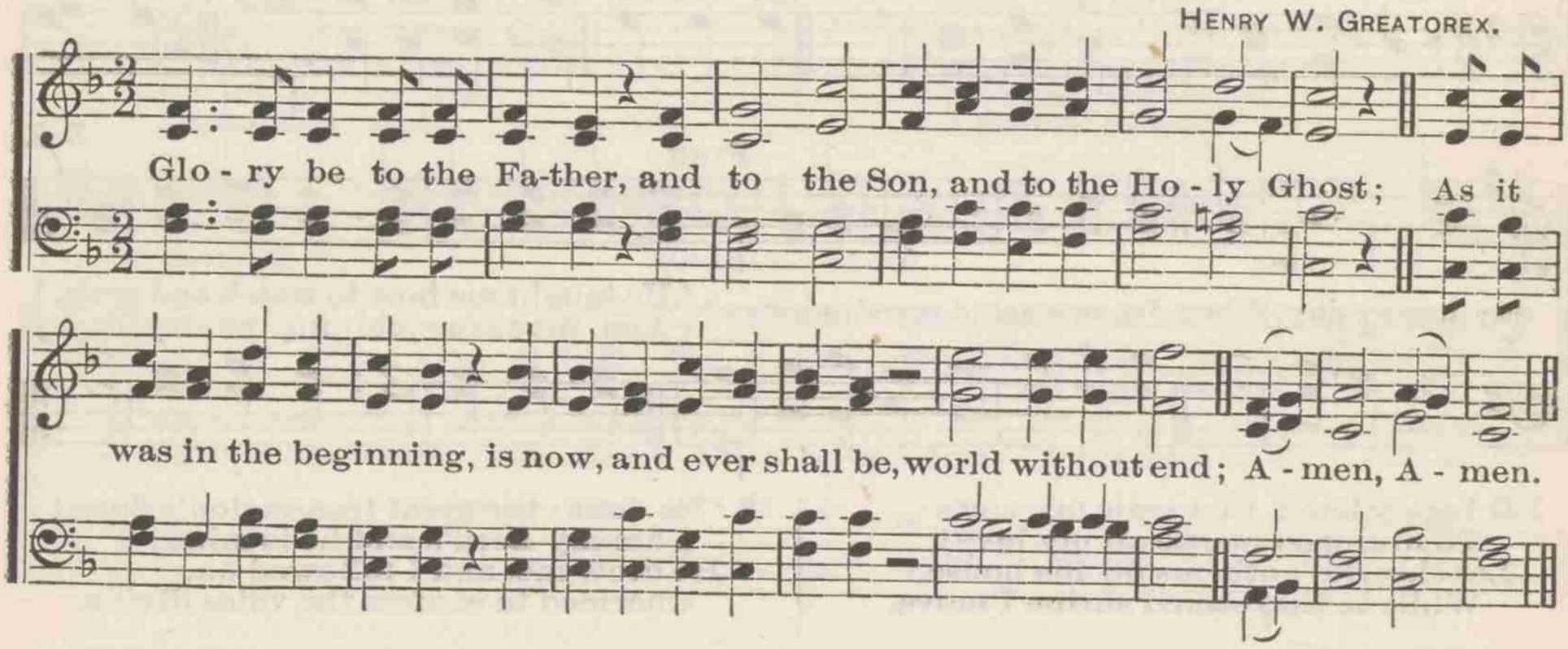
No. 300. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. — Old Hundred. L. M. — LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



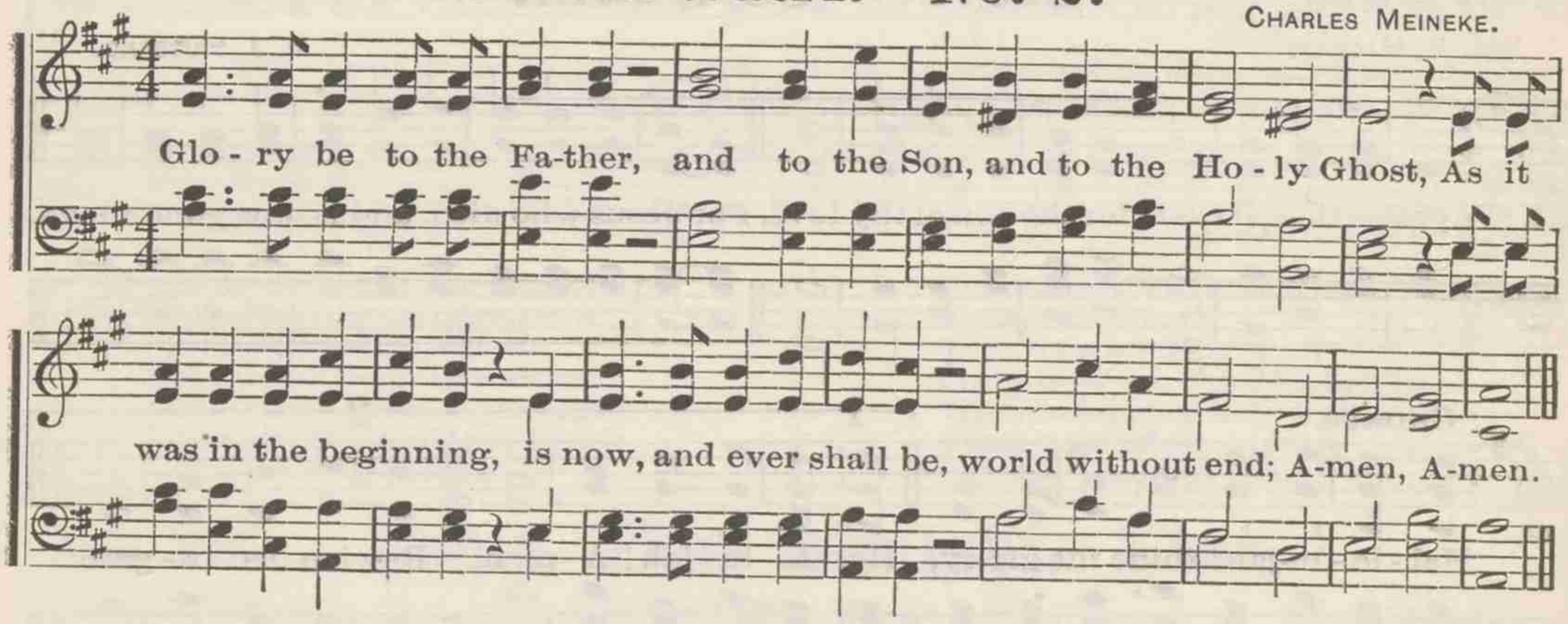
No. 301. Gloria Patri. No. 1.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



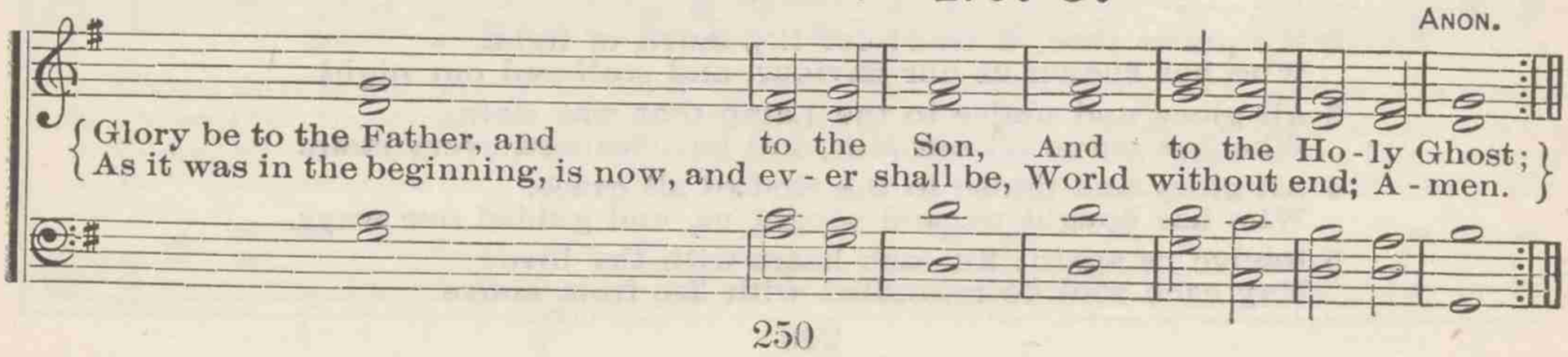
No. 302. Gloria Patri. No. 2.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



No. 303. Gloria Patri. No. 3.

ANON.



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