GOSPEL

AND

TEMPERANCE

SONGS.

For Temperance Societies, Gospel Meetings and Sabbath Schools.

BY

R. A. KINZIE and CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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1878

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CHURCH & CO.

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PREFACE.

THE authors send forth "GOSPEL AND TEMPERANCE SONGS" on its mission, with earnest prayers that its songs may help raise the fallen, cheer the weary, and reflect light upon the pathway of the many seeking the "water of life."

In preparing this book, the special aim has been to make it suitable for Gospel and Temperance meetings, and Sabbath Schools; thus facilitating the work of preparation for the various occasions, and embracing within the pages of one book every department of Christian labor.

R. A. KINZIE.
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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Beautiful Isle.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. R. A. KINZIE.

1. We are drift-ing a-long on the riv-er of time,
2. On that far a-way isle grows the green Tree of Life,
3. We will min-gle with those who a-round the white throne
4. We'll have harps in our hands and a rai-ment of white,

Bound for the beau-ti-ful isle; 'Tis a home of the soul in a
Ev-er so gold-en and fair; In some bright day to be when we're
Gath-er to sing in the praise Of the One who in kind-ness still
Joy-ful-ly then we will sing In the praise of our Mas-ter both

CHORUS.

sun-ni-er clime, The land where there dwelleth no guile.
done with earth's strife, We'll eat of its fruit rich and rare. Beautiful isle,
calls them his own, The mighty, the ancient of days.
day and both night, Our Sav-ior, Re-deem-er, and King.

Beau-ti-ful isle, Home of the soul ev-er-more; Down the riv-er of
time in a sun-ni-er clime, There lies its ev-er-green shore.

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The Sweetest Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. There is a song I love to sing, a song so sweet and true,
2. It cheers me in the darkest hour, tho' tired my way-worn feet,
3. This song to Christian ears alone sounds in its sweet-est strain,

A song of sweet pa - thos and love, 'tis ev - er, ev - er new;
My heart rebounds to hear the strains, so soft, so grand, so sweet.
The hardened un - be - liev - er turns a - way his ear a - gain:

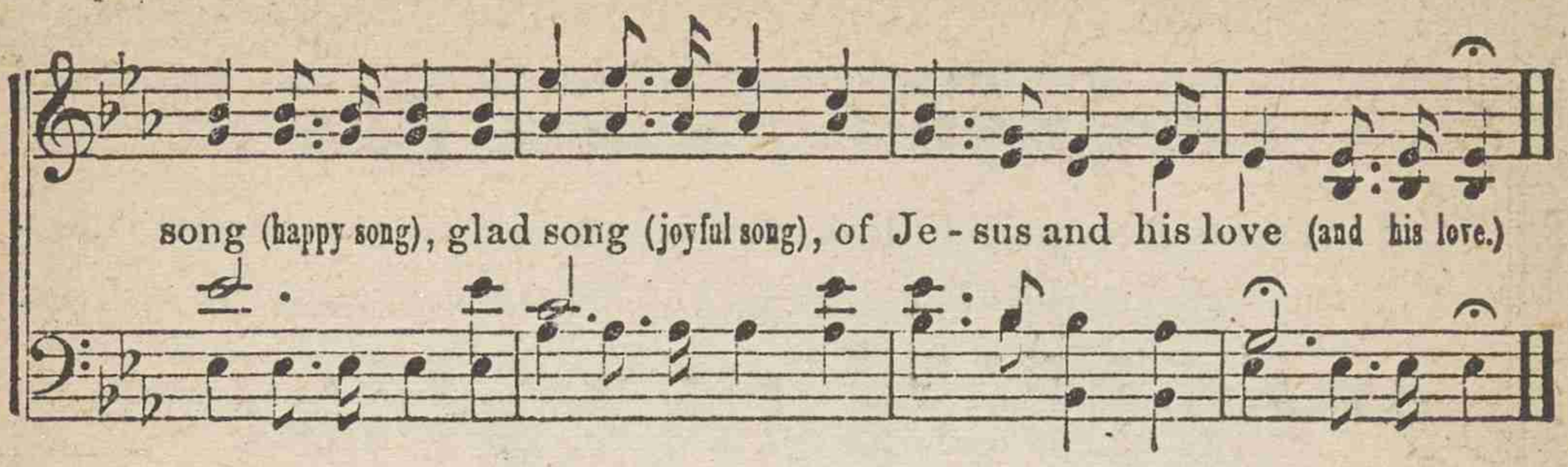
It is a song of Christ and home, so beau - ti - ful, so grand,
No mortal voice could meet the strain, not angels round the throne
This song of Je - sus and his love shall ev - er be my theme,

I'll sing it till, a ransomed soul, in yon-der world I stand.
Can make such harmonies di - vine, as to my heart are known.
Till o'er to glo - ry I shall fly, be-yond death's sullen stream.

CHORUS.

O song (sweet song), blessed song (sweet song), O song of home above, (home above) Sweet

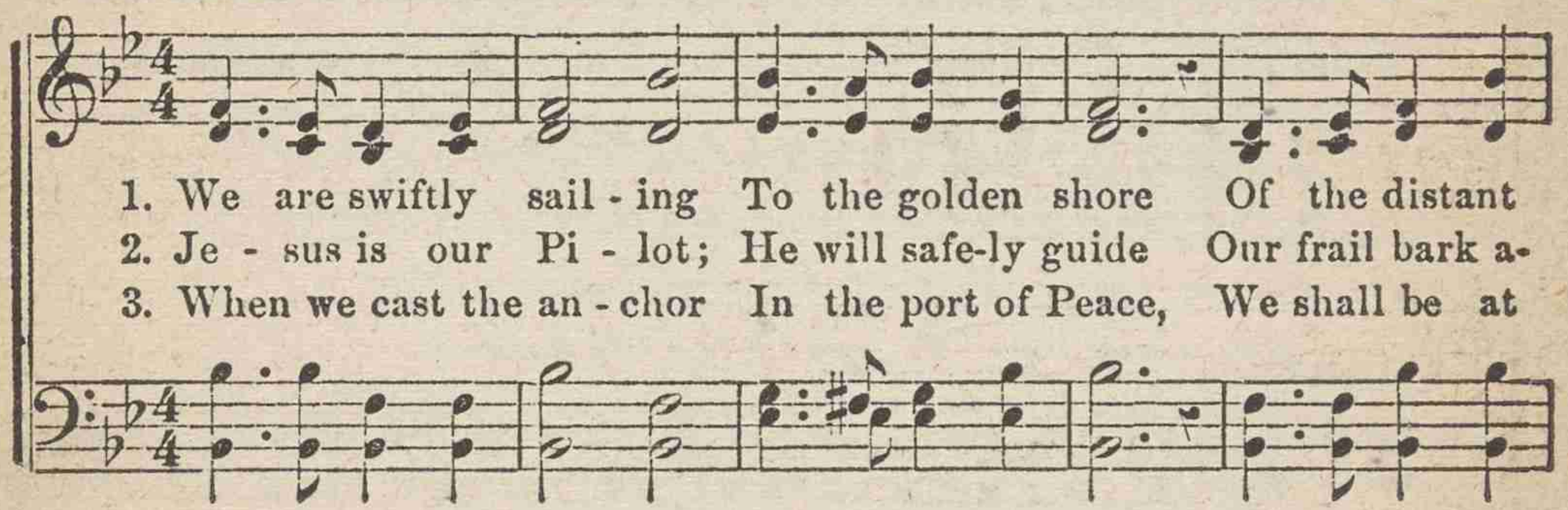
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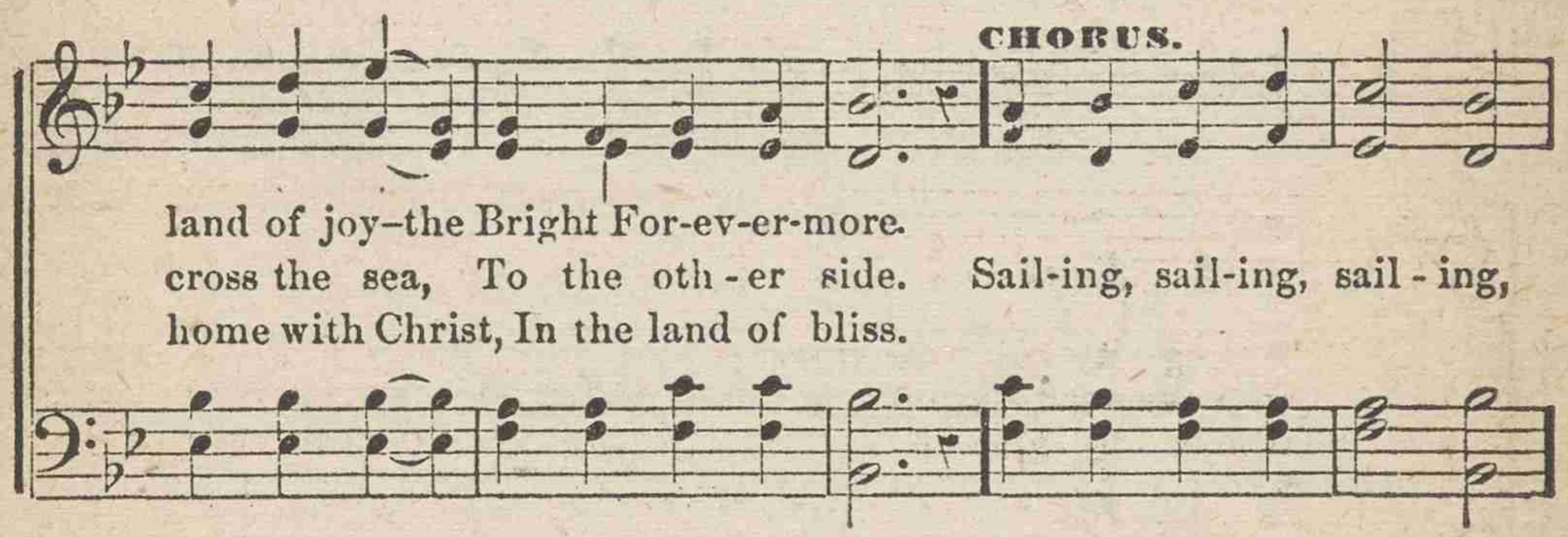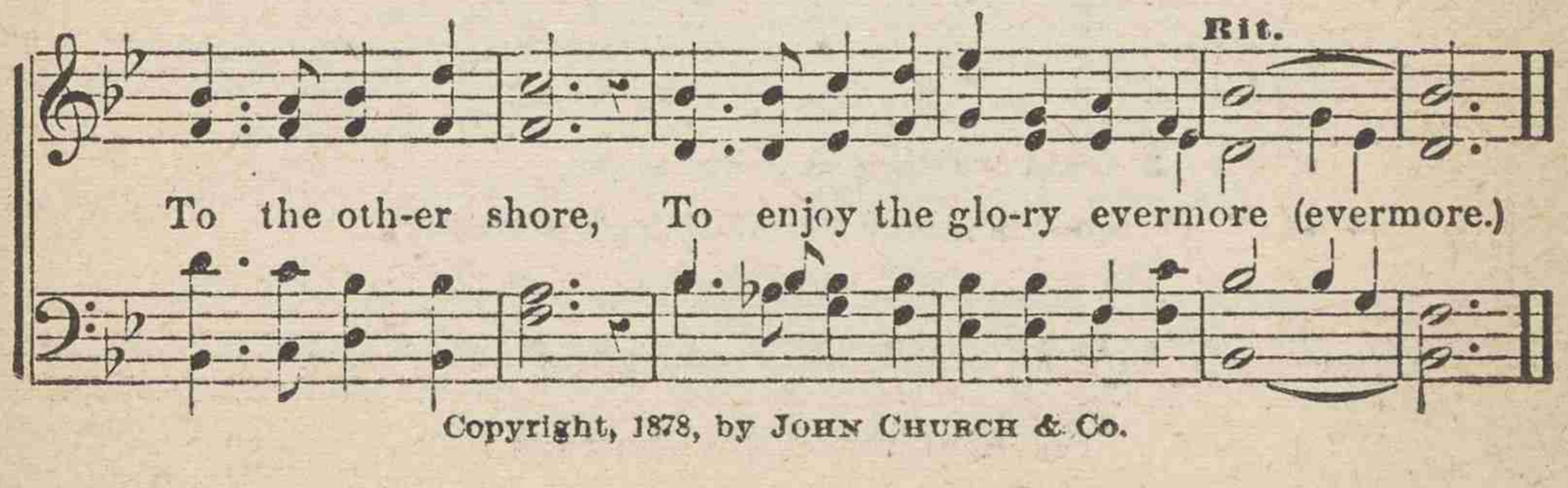


Sailing o'er Life's Ocean.

"Ye shall find rest."—JER. 6 : 16.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. FRANK ALLEN.







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Safe Under the Blood.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am resting in Je-sus a-lone, Whom as Lord and my Master I own;
2. I will linger around his dear cross, And will count all of earth as but dross;

I am resting upon his sure word, And I'm safe while under the blood.
I am safe in the mercy of God, And I'm safe while under the blood.

CHORUS.

Safe, safe, un-der the blood, I lin-ger around his dear cross;

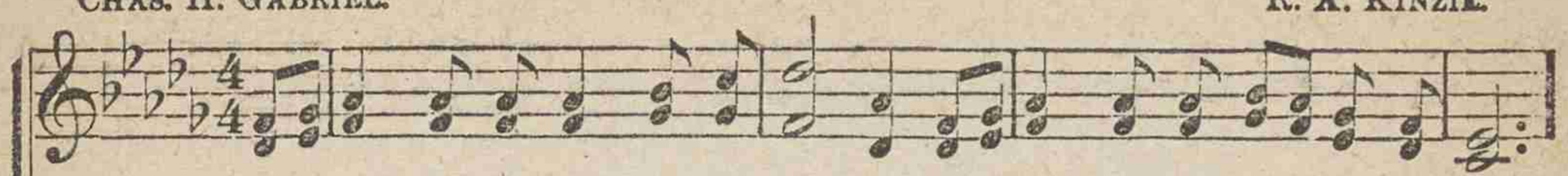
Safe, in the mer-cy of God, I'm safe while un-der the blood.

3 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
On his mercy my all I have thrown;
I accept him and own him as Lord,
And I'm safe while under the blood. *Cho.*
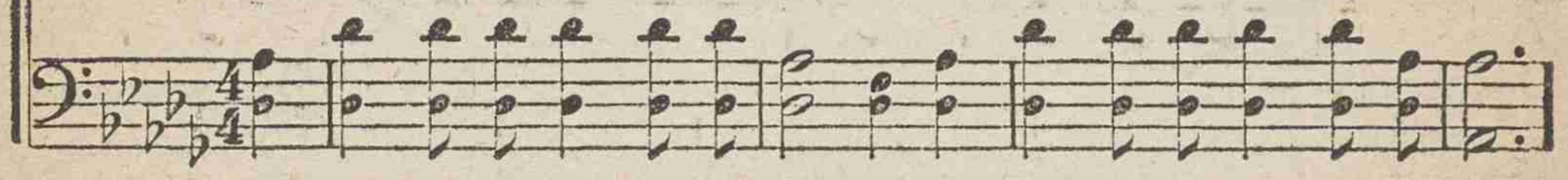
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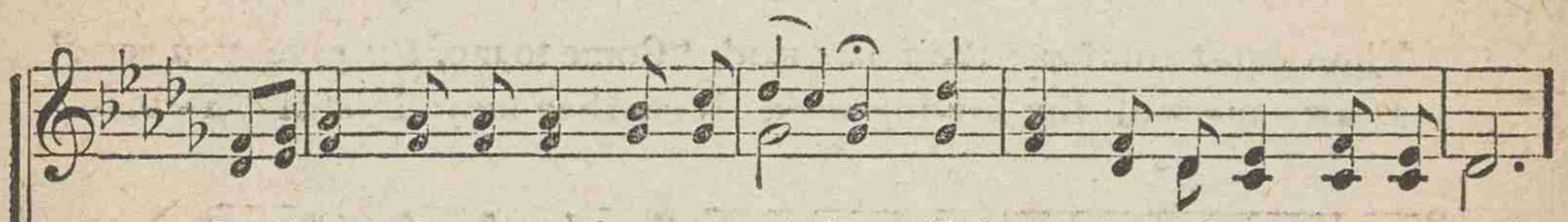
Jesus' Love.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.
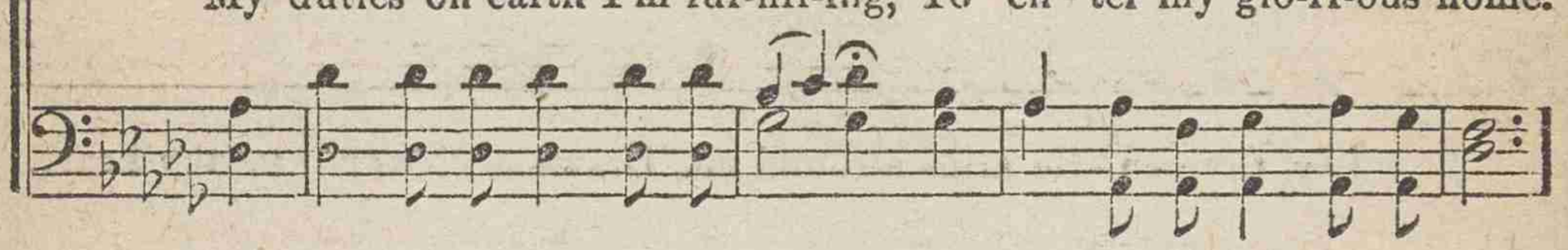


1. I think of the wonderful sto - ry That's often and oft-en re-told,
2. I think of the mercy and kindness, The wonder-ful, wonderful love
3. I think what if he had for-sak-en The world in so low an es-tate,
4. Now, thanks be to God, I am willing To go when my time shall have come.
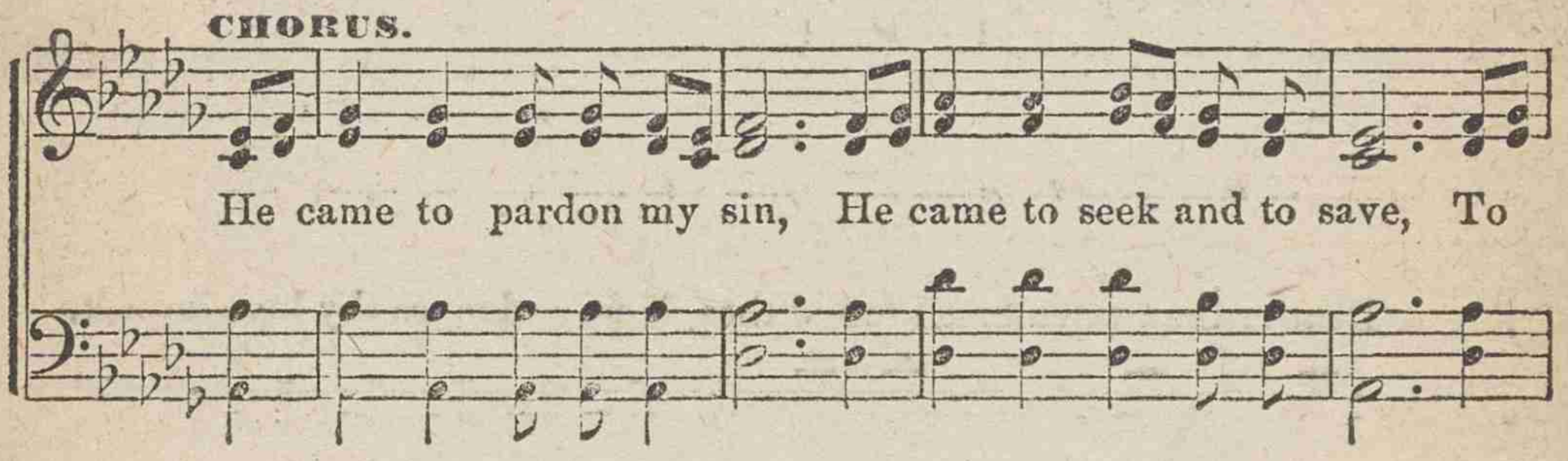




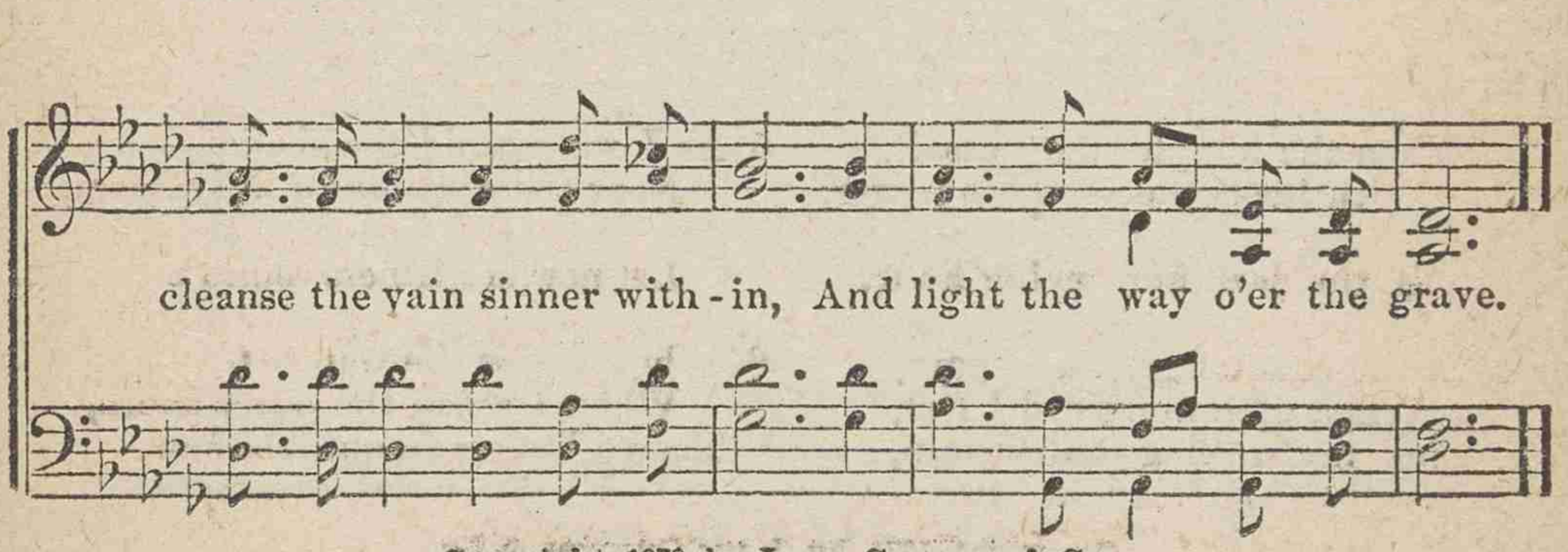
Of Jesus who came down from glory, I know it will never grow old.
Of Je - sus, to lead in my blindness, My soul to such prospects above.
And what if he too had have taken Our lives, and had whispered "too late."
My duties on earth I'm ful-fill-ing, To en - ter my glo-ri-ous home.



CHORUS.



He came to pardon my sin, He came to seek and to save, To
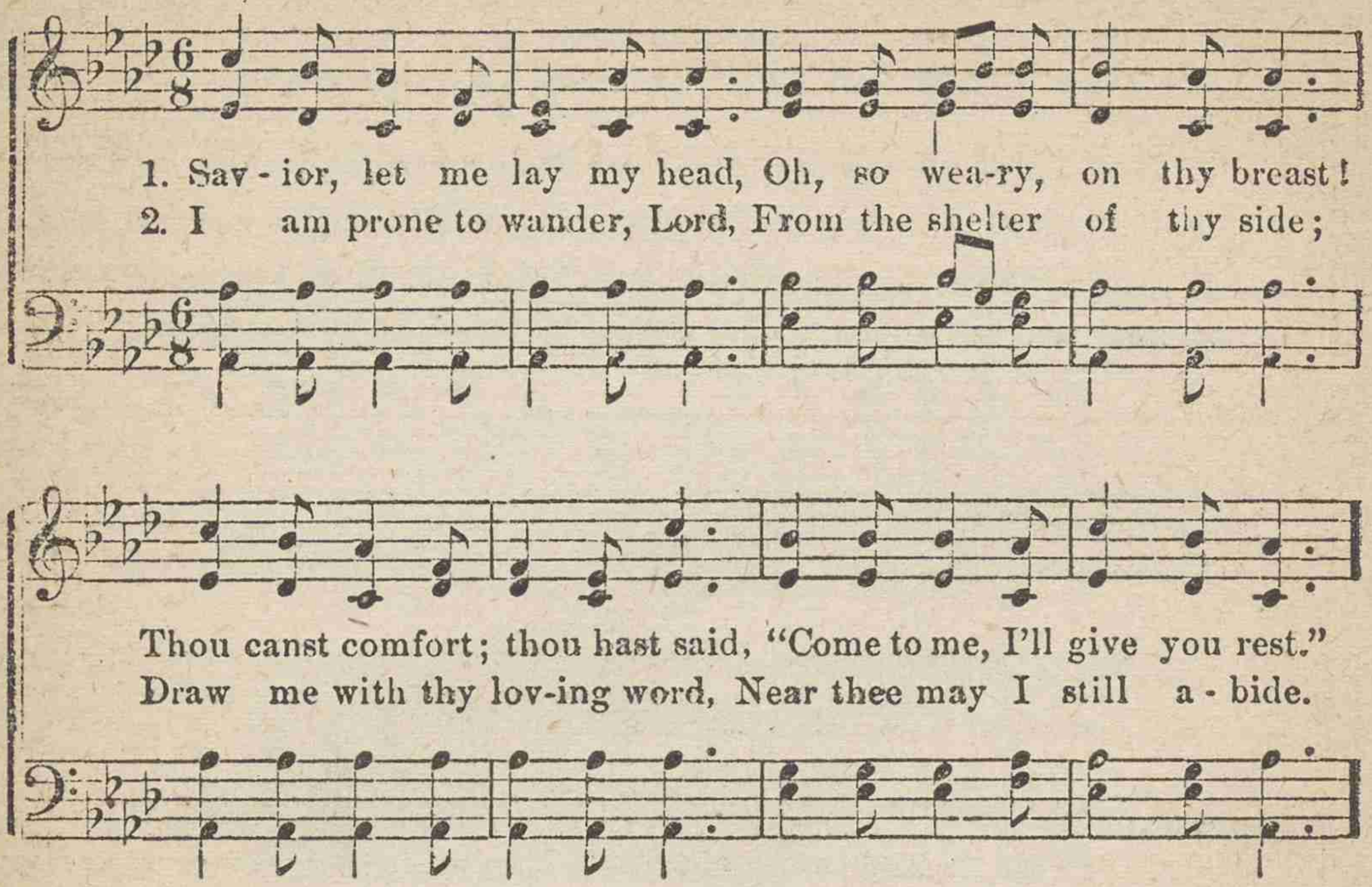


cleanse the vain sinner with - in, And light the way o'er the grave.

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Near Thee.

JOHN SCOTT, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



3 When the tempter doth assail,
With his malice and his power,
Keep me near, lest courage fail,
In the dark and trying hour.

4 In the time of grief and pain,
When affliction's rod I feel,
Then my sinking soul sustain,
Still thy smiling face reveal.

5 As I walk amid the shade,
Near the crossing of the stream,
And the light of earth shall fade,
Let new brightness round me beam.

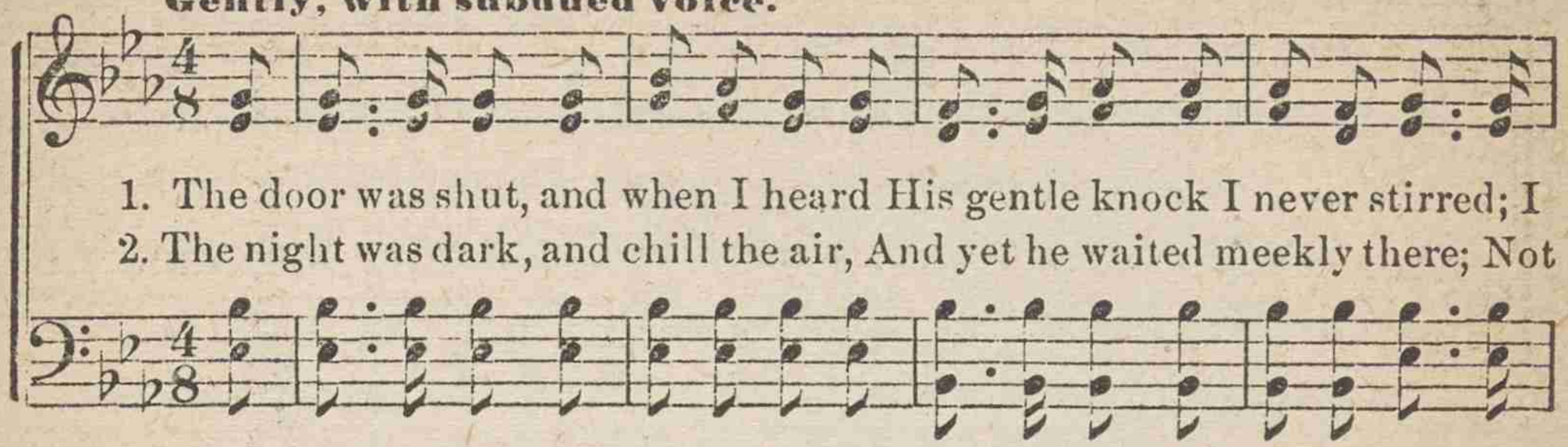
6 When I pass the waters through,
When I reach the other shore,
Then I'll sing an anthem new,
And be near thee evermore.

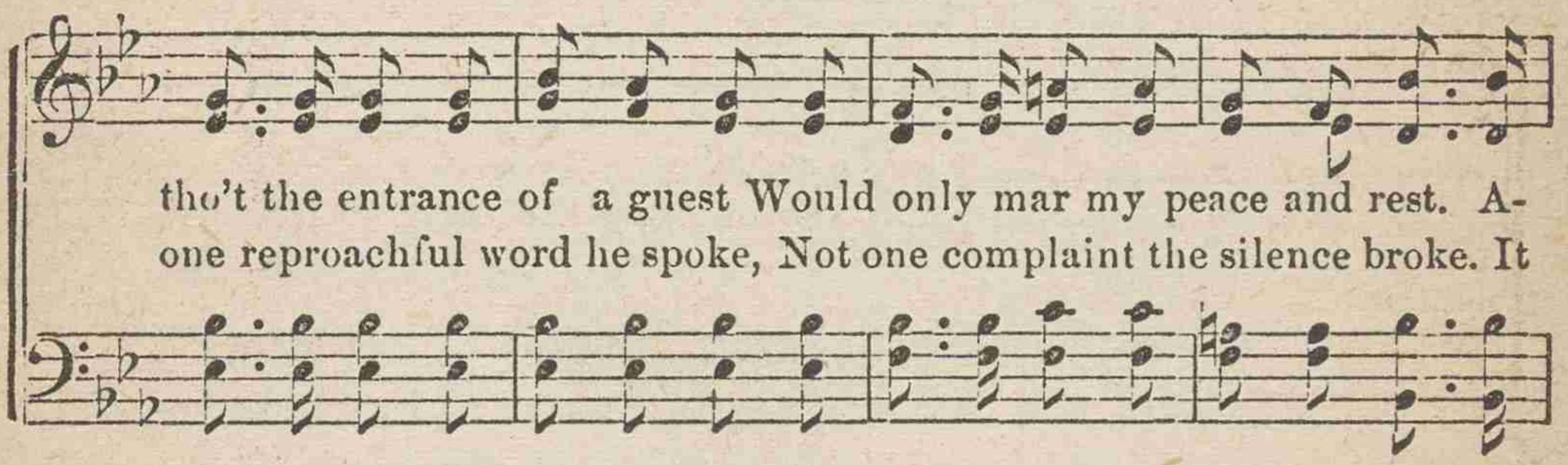
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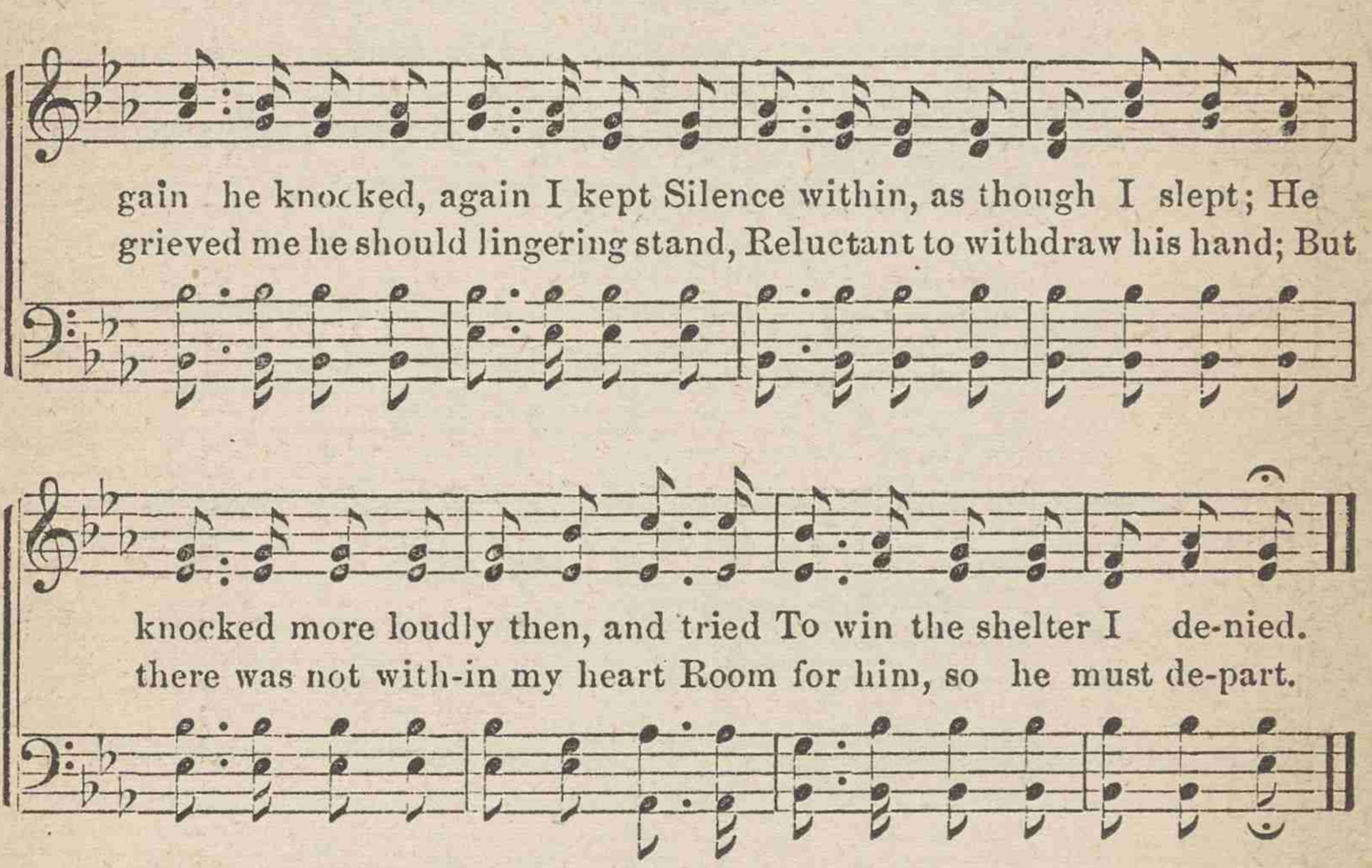
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REV. 3 : 20.

NETTA LEIGH. C. C. CASE.

Gently, with subdued voice.







3 Touched by such tender, winning grace,
And eagerly unclasped the door,
So closely barred to him before.
He entered, and my little room
Was filled with light instead of gloom,
And far transcending all my thought
Was the sweet joy and peace he bro't.

4 We supped together, and it seemed
That heaven itself around me gleamed;
Each doubt was gone, each fear was stilled,
And highest hopes were all fulfilled.
So now my prayer is, "Lord, abide
Forever with me at my side!"
"Fear not," he answers, "I will be
An ever-present Friend to thee!"

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The Father Loves You Still.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. You have wandered long in darkness, With a strong determined will,
2. On the bed of pain and anguish, He your ears with pleas did fill,
3. When you heard him kindly pleading, Your proud heart with shame did thrill,
4. Do not longer now reject him, Oh, to him your du-ty fill,

Sinned against yourself and heav-en, But the Fa-ther loves you still.
But a-gain you him re-ject-ed, Yet the Fa-ther loves you still.
But you turned a-way in an-ger, Yet the Fa-ther loves you still.
He his Son gave for your pardon, And the Fa-ther loves you still.

CHORUS.

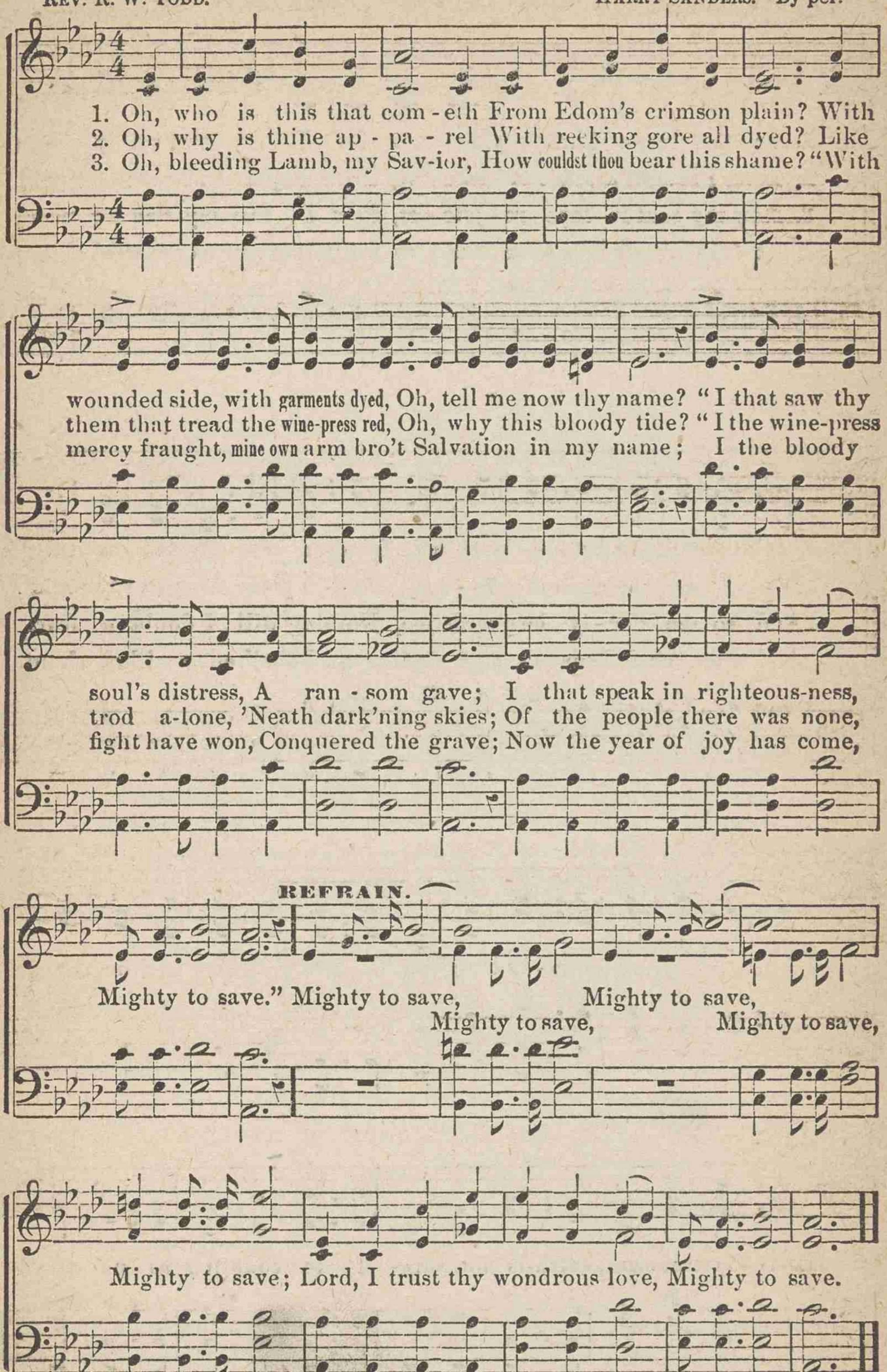
Oh, receive him, oh, receive him, Do no long-er turn a-way;

Hear him pleading, hear him pleading, Oh, receive thy Lord to-day.

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Mighty to Save.
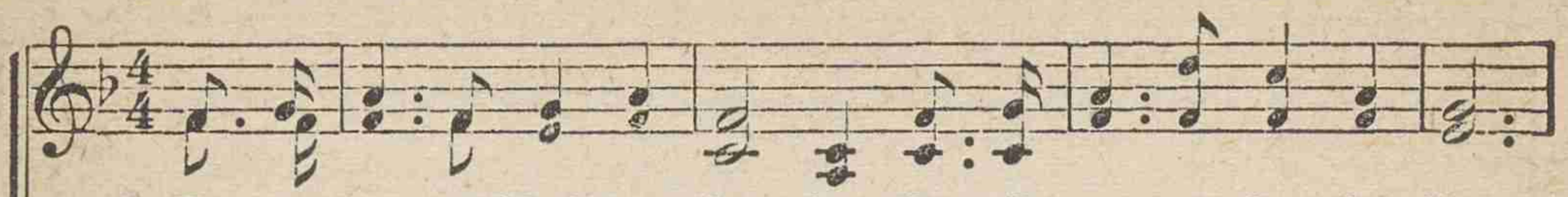
REV. R. W. TODD. HARRY SANDERS. By per.
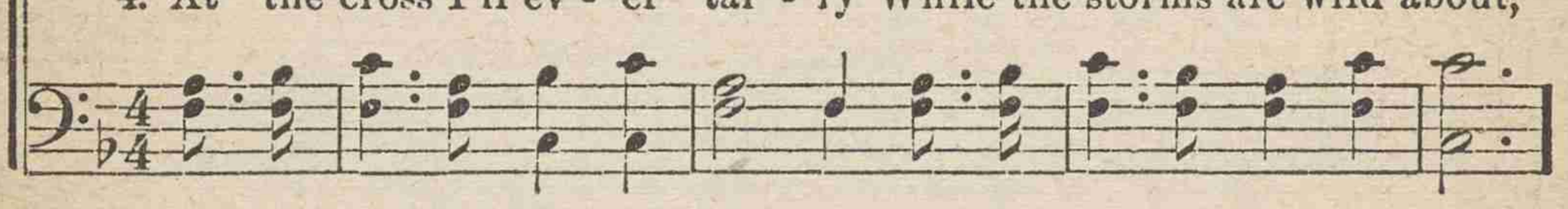


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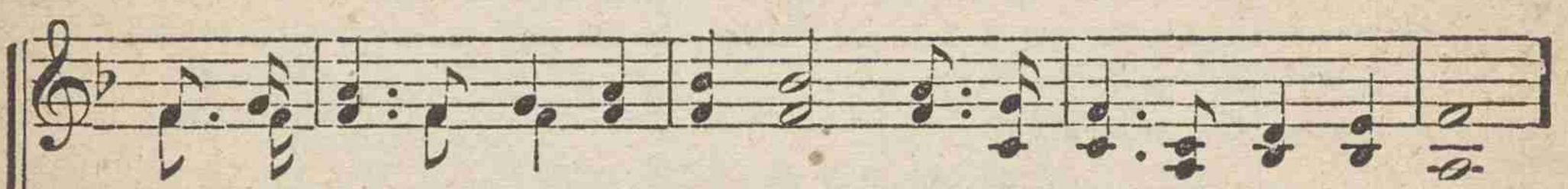
Clinging to the Cross.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.
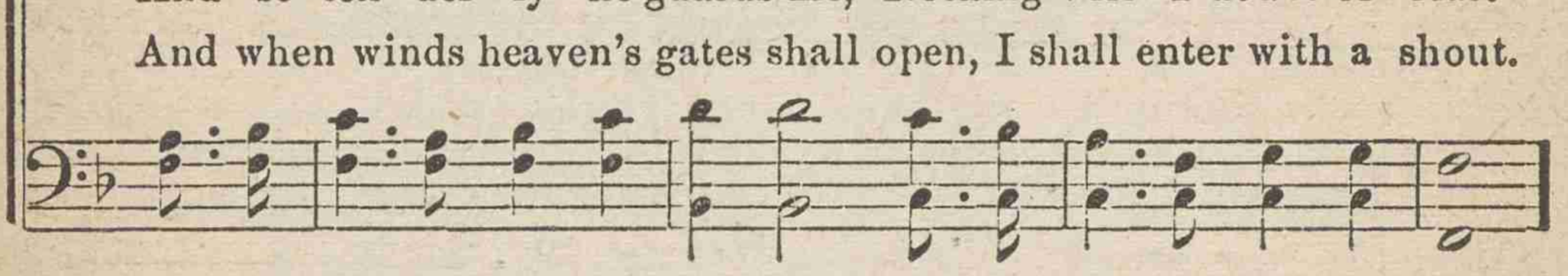


1. To the cross of Christ my Sav - ior, Do I ev - er firm - ly cling;
2. Long I sought a place of safe - ty, Grim despair had set-tled round,
3. Now my soul in love re - joic - es, Now I feel my Sav-ior near;
4. At the cross I'll ev - er tar - ry While the storms are wild about,

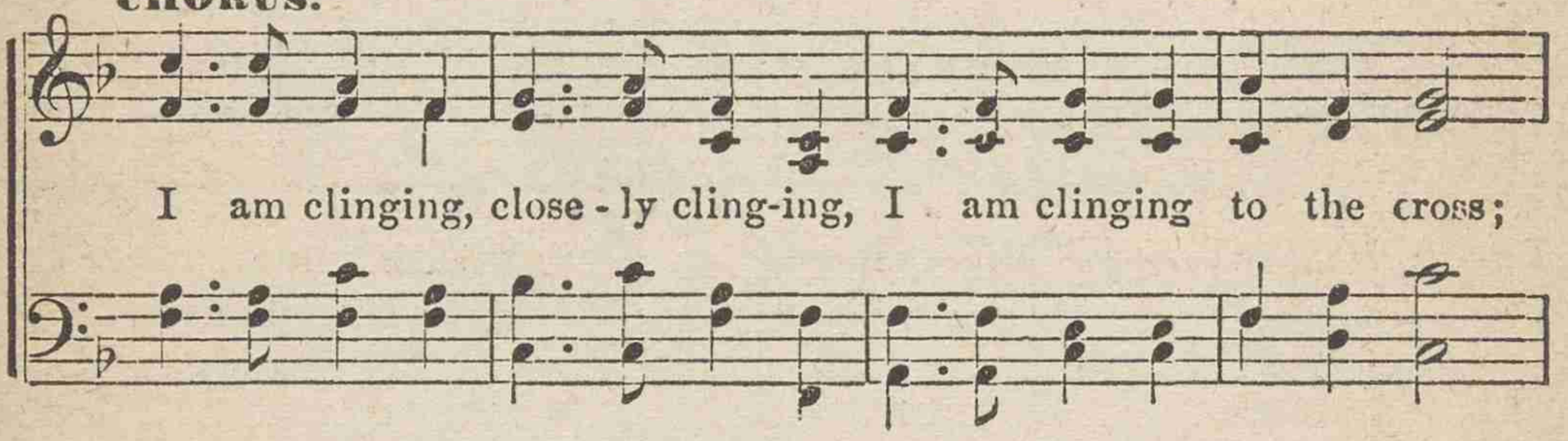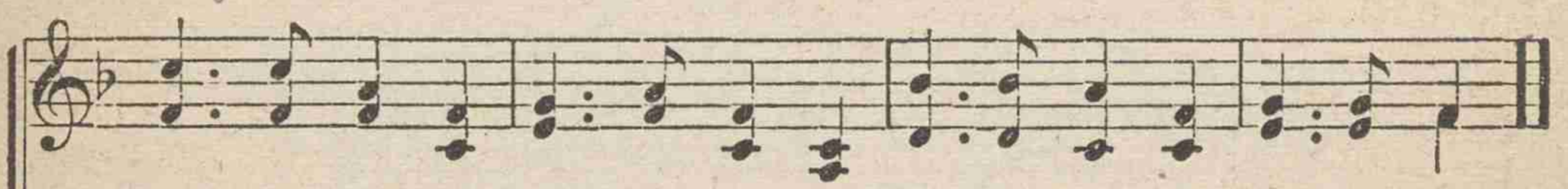




Let the tempest beat a - bout me, Loud-er will my spir - it sing.
When I saw the cross of Je - sus, And a place of safe - ty found.
And so ten - der - ly he guards me, Nothing will I doubt or fear.
And when winds heaven's gates shall open, I shall enter with a shout.
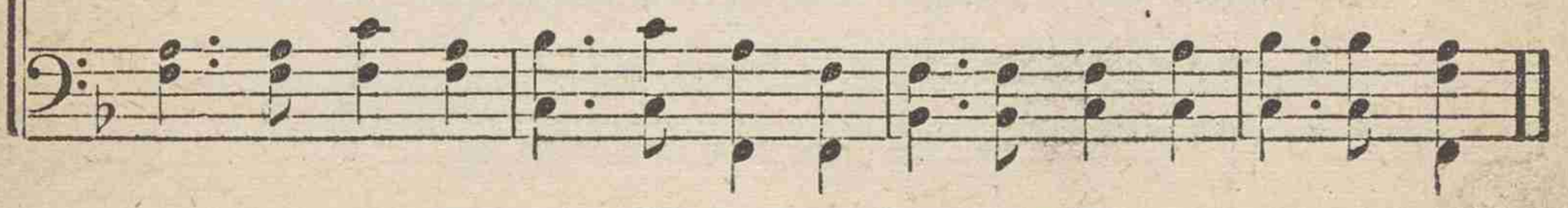


CHORUS.



I am clinging, close - ly cling-ing, I am clinging to the cross;
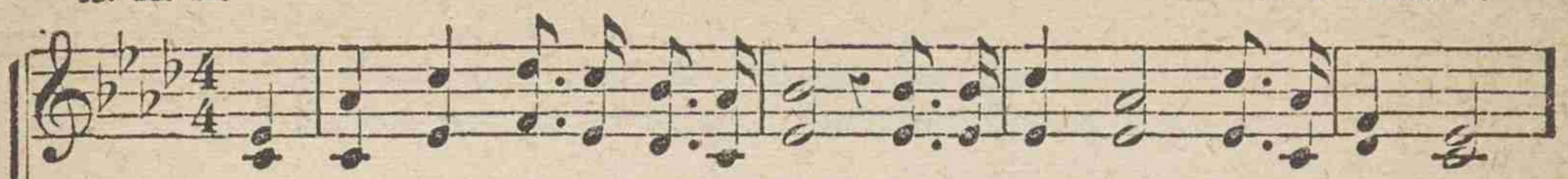


Earth - ly treasures, earth-ly pleasures, I am counting as but dross.

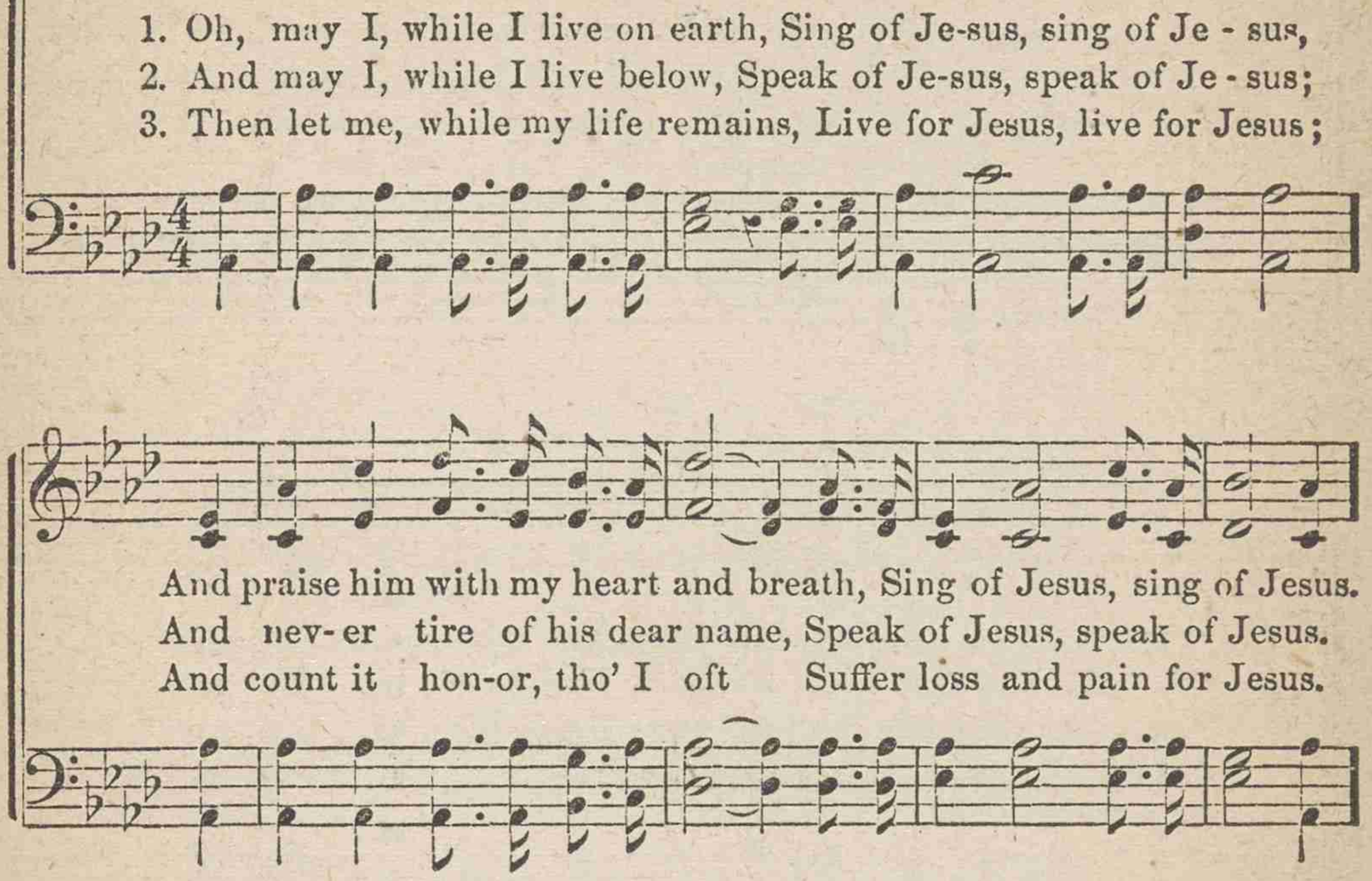


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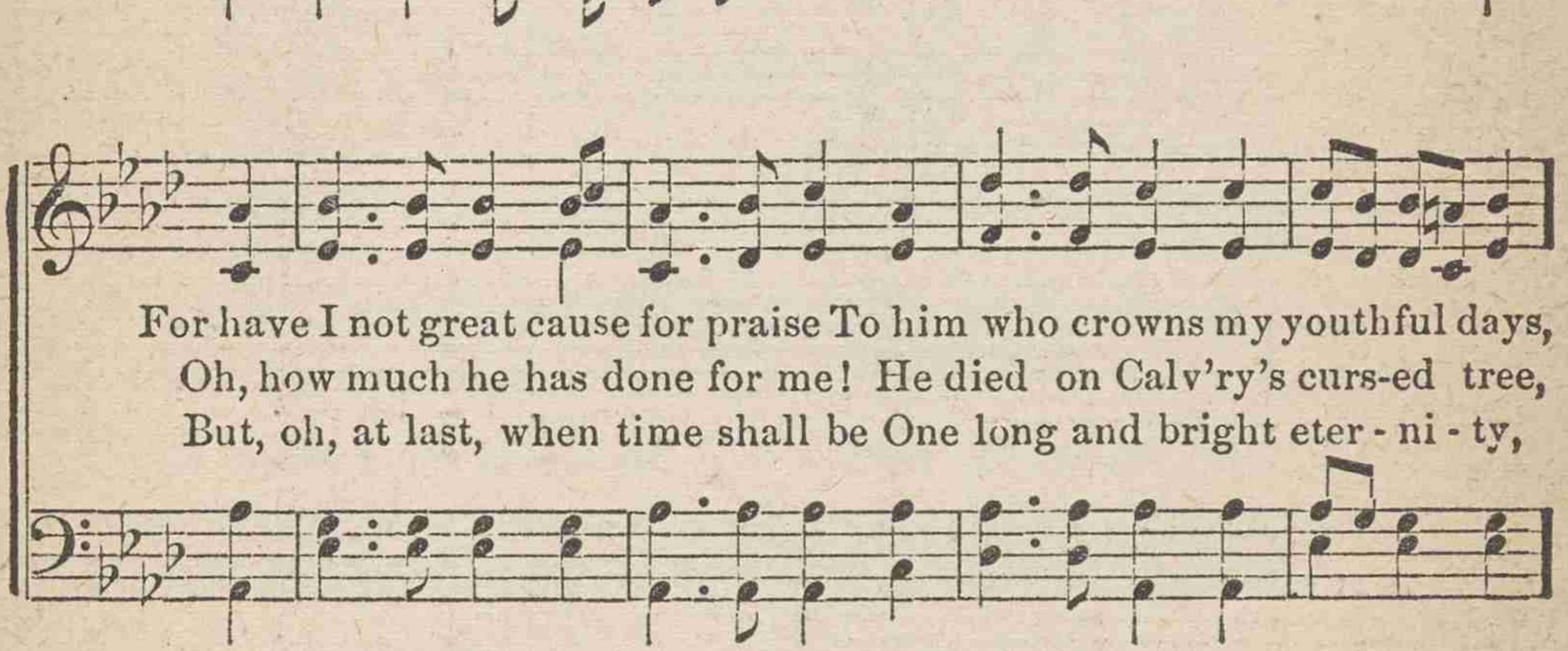
A. H. A. W. F. HEATH.



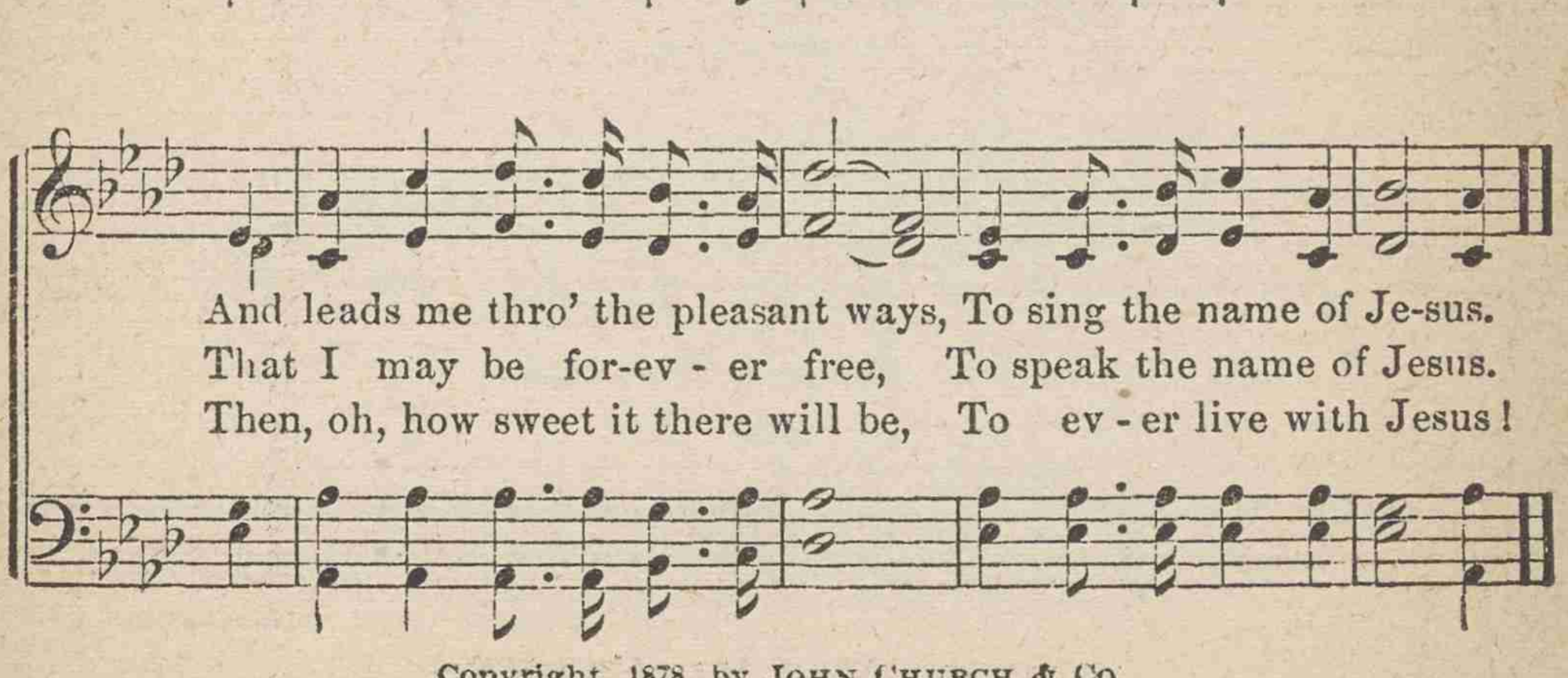
1. Oh, may I, while I live on earth, Sing of Je-sus, sing of Je - sus,
2. And may I, while I live below, Speak of Je-sus, speak of Je - sus;
3. Then let me, while my life remains, Live for Jesus, live for Jesus;



And praise him with my heart and breath, Sing of Jesus, sing of Jesus.
And nev-er tire of his dear name, Speak of Jesus, speak of Jesus.
And count it hon-or, tho' I oft Suffer loss and pain for Jesus.



For have I not great cause for praise To him who crowns my youthful days,
Oh, how much he has done for me! He died on Calv'ry's curs-ed tree,
But, oh, at last, when time shall be One long and bright eter - ni - ty,
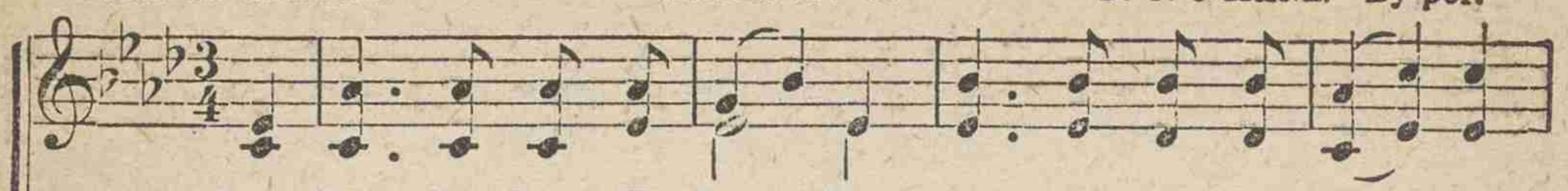


And leads me thro' the pleasant ways, To sing the name of Je-sus.
That I may be for-ev - er free, To speak the name of Jesus.
Then, oh, how sweet it there will be, To ev - er live with Jesus!

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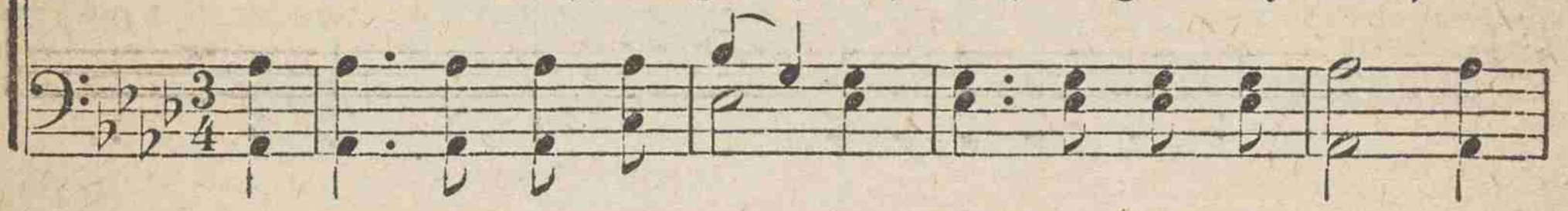
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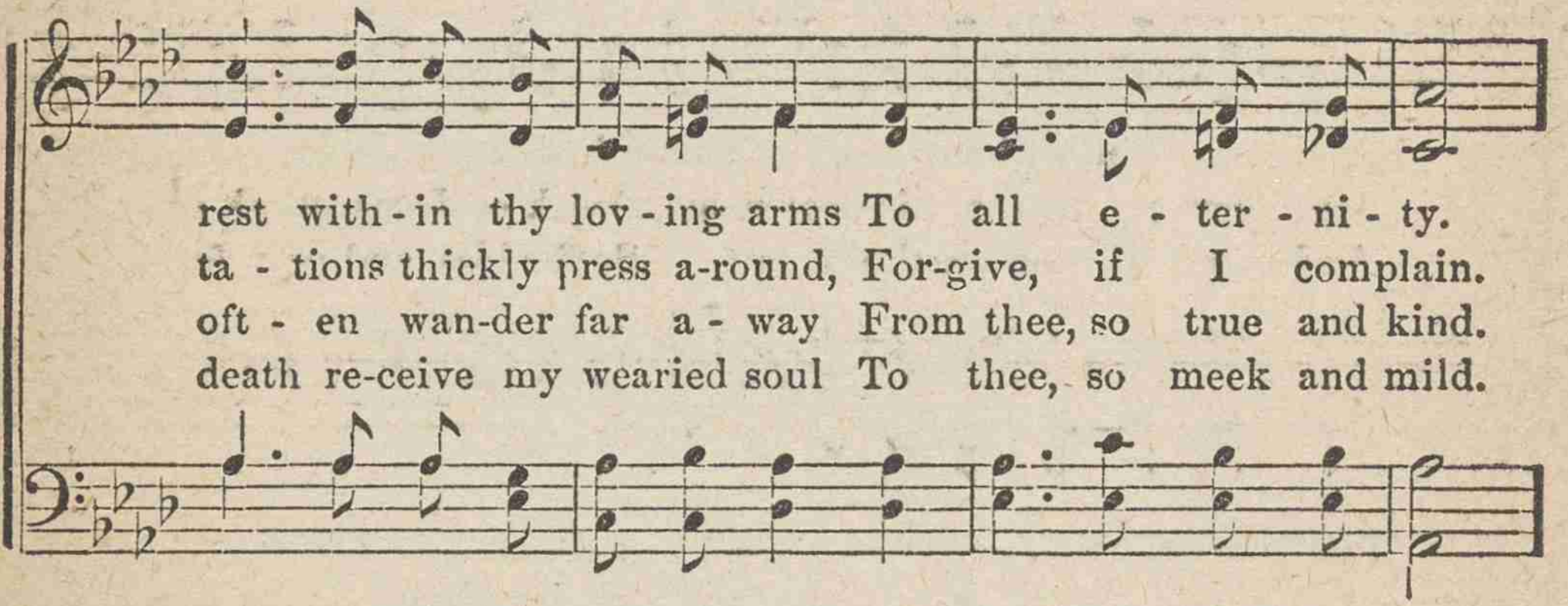
Lord, Direct Me.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Psalms 23 : 34. T. C. O'KANE. By per.

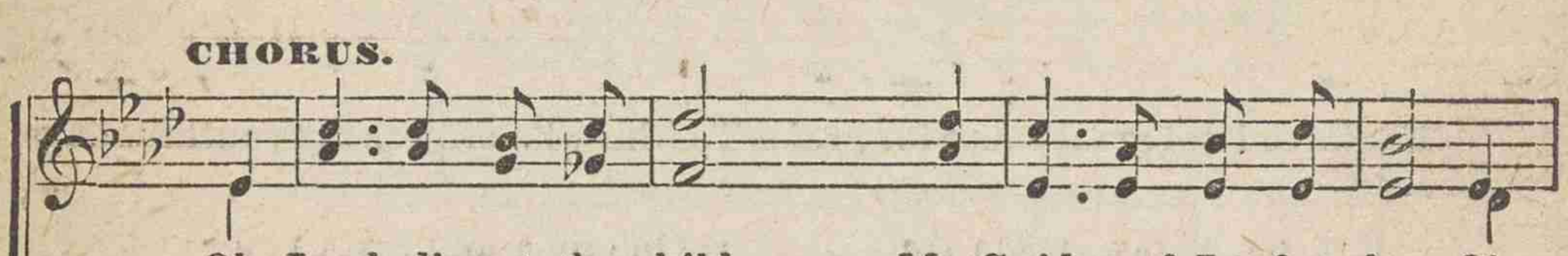


1. My Sav - ior, how I long To be at home with thee, To
2. This earth is full of grief, Of care, and toil, and pain, Temp-
3. I fol - low af - ter thee, But, Lord, I'm weak and blind, I
4. I oft - en weep, complain, But, Lord, for-give thy child, At





rest with - in thy lov - ing arms To all e - ter - ni - ty.
ta - tions thickly press a-round, For-give, if I complain.
oft - en wan-der far a - way From thee, so true and kind.
death re-ceive my wearied soul To thee, so meek and mild.



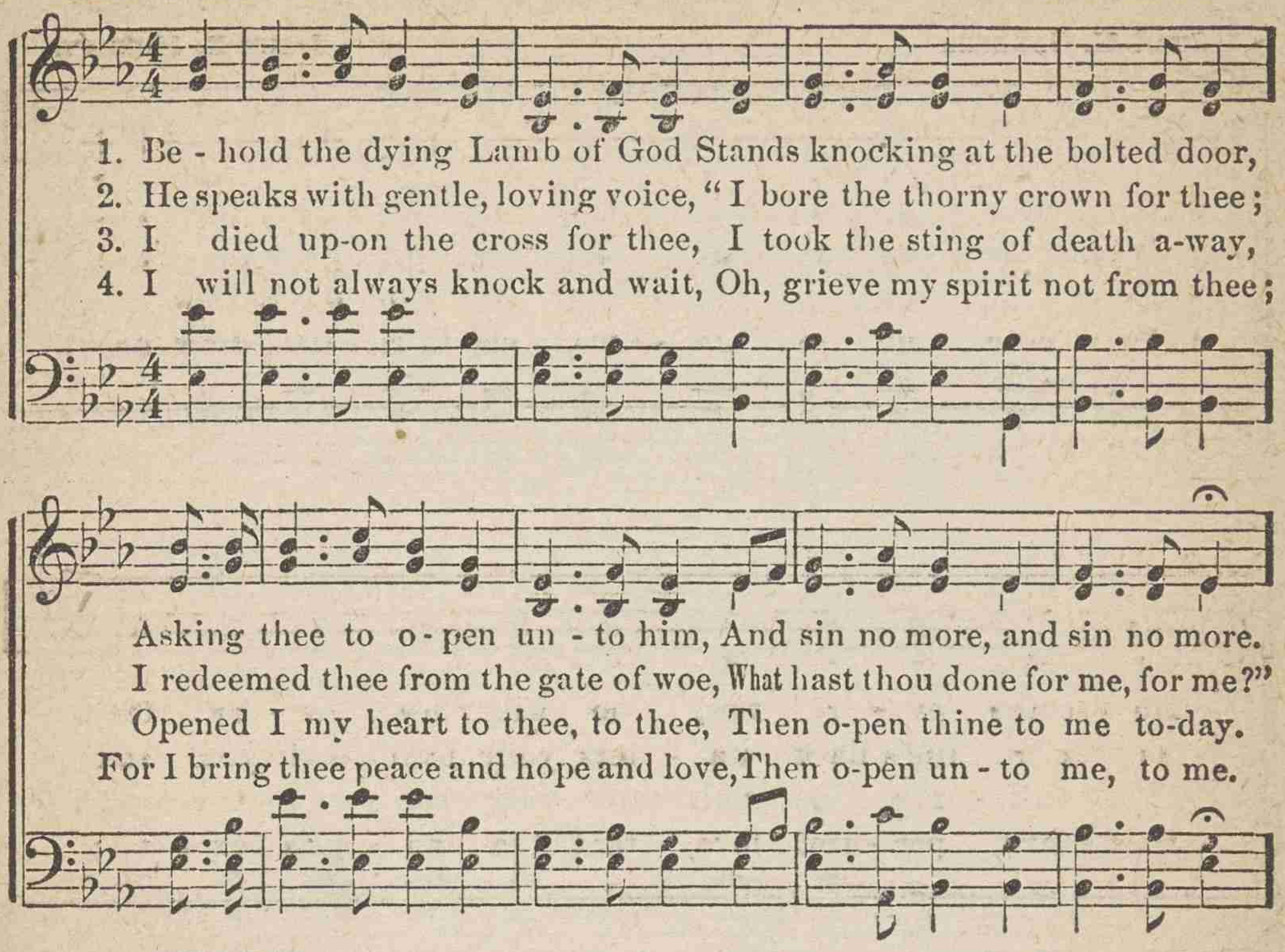
CHORUS.

Oh, Lord, di-rect thy child, My Guide and Leader be; Oh,
di - rect thy child,
keep me, keep me in the path That leads . . to thee.
That leads, O Lord, to thee.

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Behold the Lamb.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.



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Draw Near unto Jesus.

"Peace, peace to him that is near, saith the Lord."—Is. 57 : 19.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES R. MURRAY.
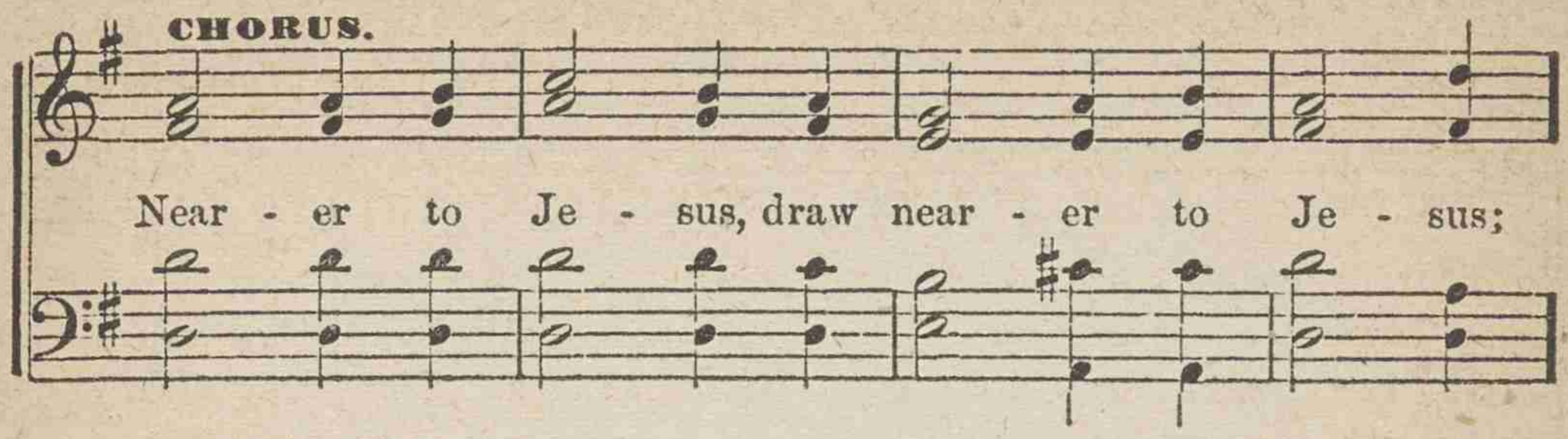
1. Draw near un - to Je - sus, oh, sin - ner, draw near!
2. Draw near un - to Je - sus, oh, pil - grim, draw near!
3. Draw near un - to Je - sus, oh, wan - d'rer, draw near!
4. Draw near un - to Je - sus, oh, Chris - tian, draw near!
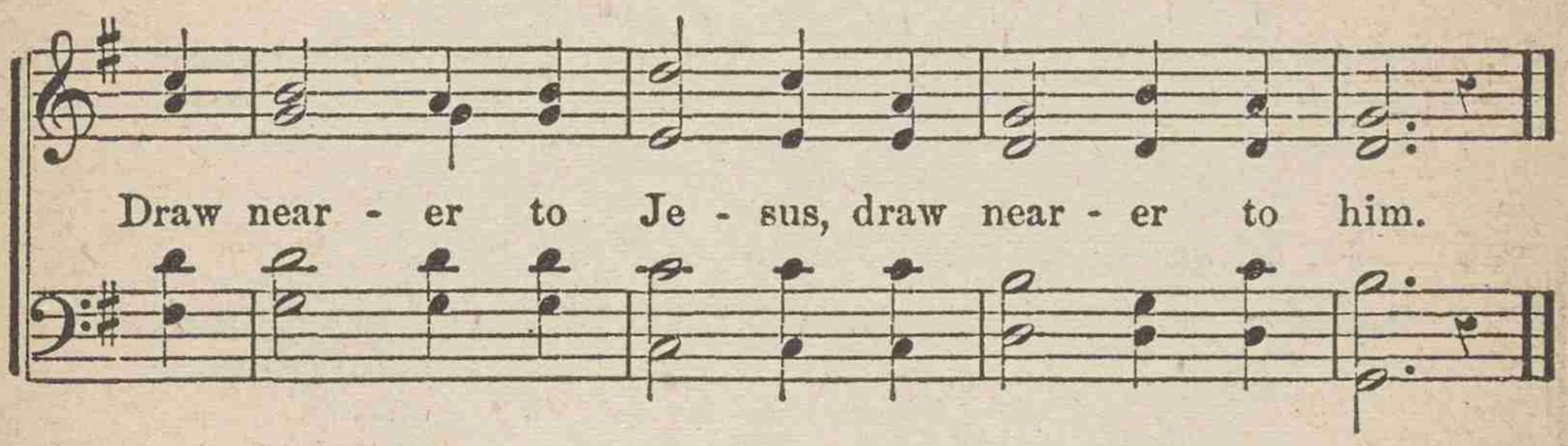
He'll soothe ev - 'ry woe, he will dry ev - 'ry tear;
As o'er life's dark wa - ters your frail bark you steer;
He's wait - ing to wash all your sor - row a - way;
Here's love, per - fect love, that the an - gels ex - tol;

Your bur - den he'll light - en, your path - way will cheer;
He'll com - fort your spir - it, your heart need not fear;
Sweet words of for - give - ness he's wait - ing to say;
Then why not we mor - tals all sor - row - ful fall,

Draw near - er to Je - sus, draw near - er to him.
Draw near - er to Je - sus, draw near - er to him.
Draw near - er to Je - sus, draw near - er to him.
And near - er to Je - sus be com - ing to - day.

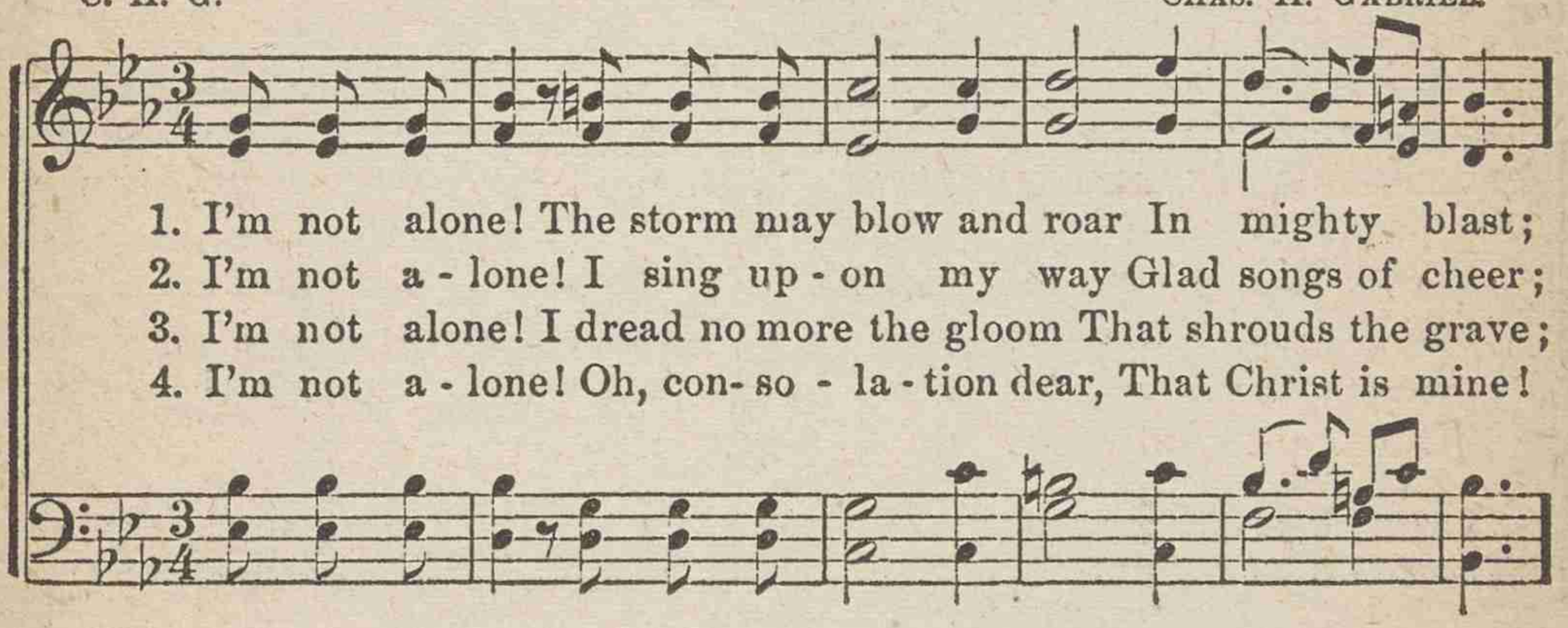
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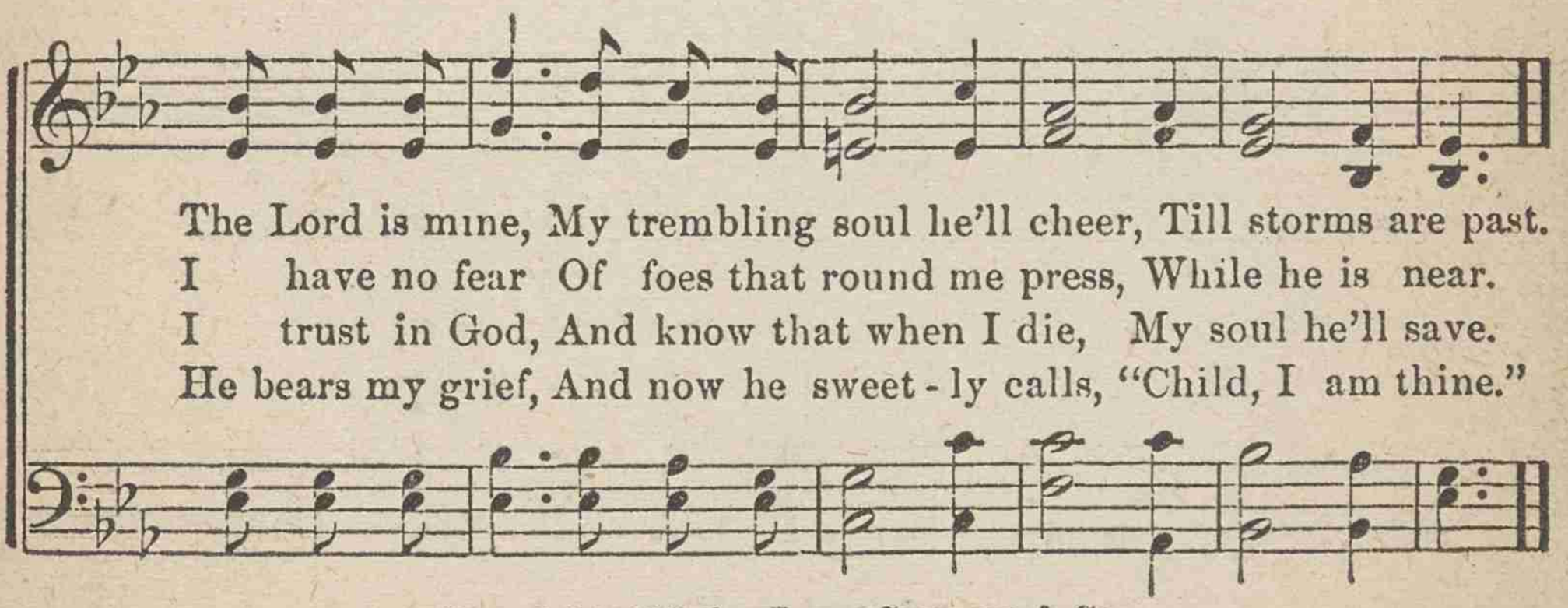




I'm not Alone.

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



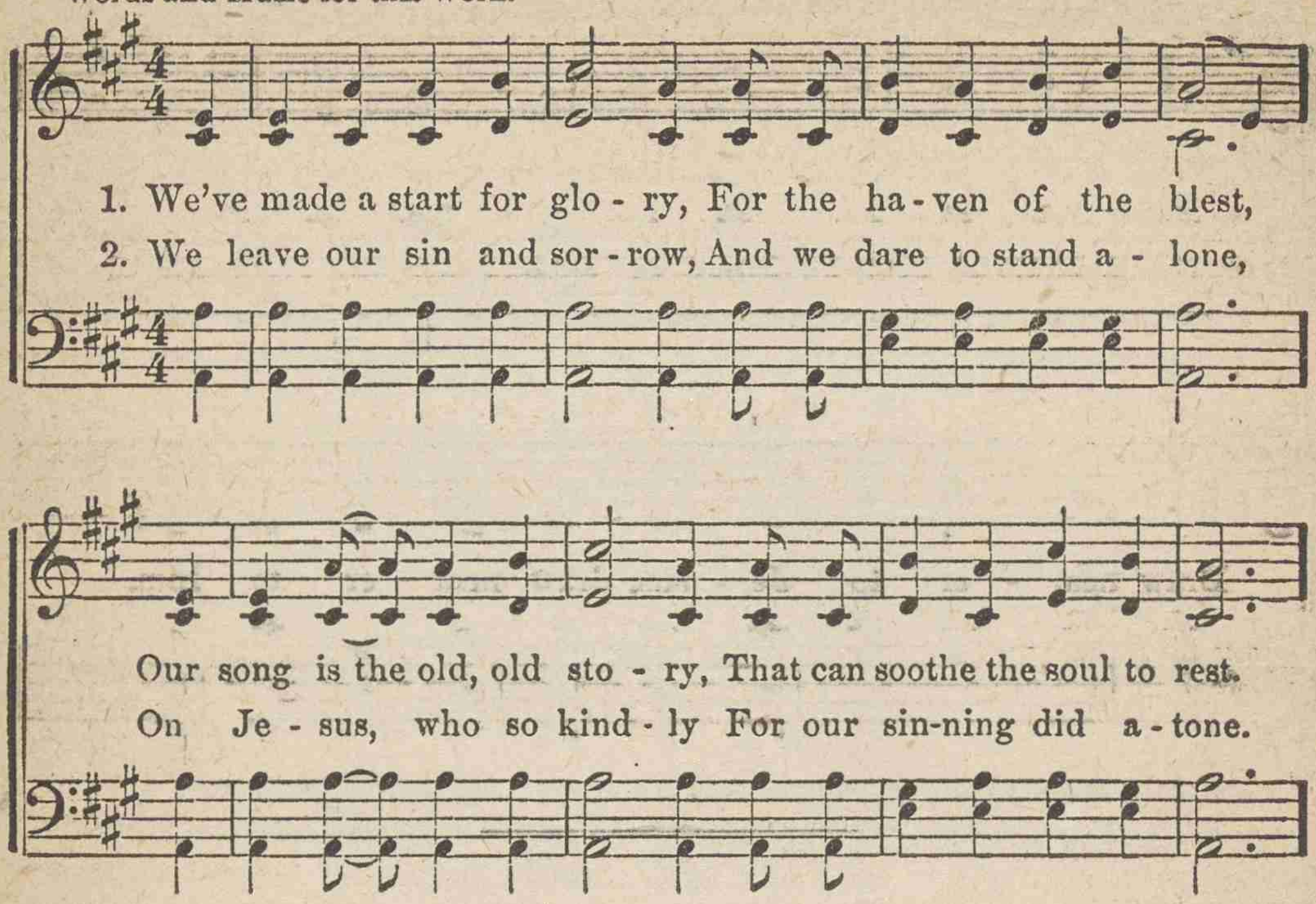


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Convert's Song of Joy.

Words and Music for this Work.

* * *



3 Oh, come and join our army,
Flee the wrath of God, to come,
Come trust in our great Leader,
Who will safely lead us home. *Cho.*

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Jesus Knows.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. All my sor-rows, all my grief, All my sins and un - be-lief,
2. When my earthly friends for-sake, When I sleep and when I wake,
3. When my spir-it is oppressed, When my heart is sore distressed,
4. When the waves of Jor-dan roll, And en - gulf my tim - id soul,

All my pains and all my woes, Je - sus knows, yes, Je - sus knows.
When a-round me press my foes, Je - sus knows, yes, Je - sus knows.
When the rag - ing tem-pest blows, Je - sus knows, yes, Je - sus knows.
As their bil - lows o'er me close, Je - sus knows, yes, Je - sus knows.
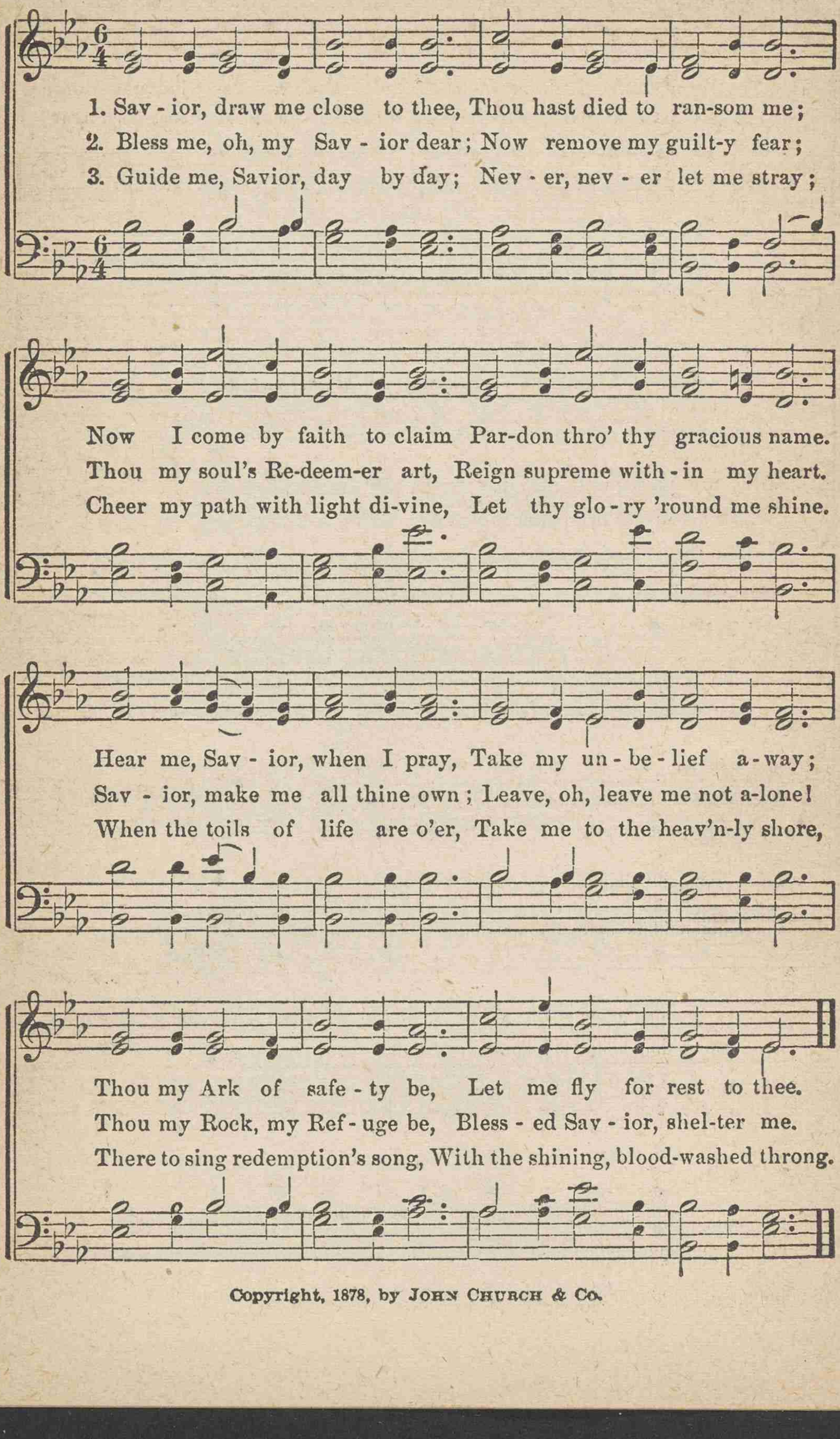
CHORUS.

Je - sus knows, yes, Je - sus knows, In his love I find re - pose,
He be - fore me on - ward goes, Je - sus knows, yes, Je-sus knows.

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Savior, Draw me Close to Thee.

W. F. COSNER. J. H. TENNEY.



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My Debt is Paid.

C. H. G. J. B. LESLIE.

1. My debt is paid, my soul is free, I'm on my journey home;
2. My debt is paid, I'm hap-py now, My time of rest is near;

My Sav-ior shed his blood that I Might safe-ly pass the tomb.
My Lord will meet me at the tomb, I shall not have a fear.

My debt . . is paid, . . My debt . . is paid, . .

CHORUS.

My debt to Christ is paid, is paid, My debt to Christ is paid, is paid,

My Sav-ior passed the grave for me, And paid the debt I owe.

3 My debt is paid, my soul is clean,
Washed in my Savior's blood,
That flows for all on Calvary,
A constant healing flood. *Cho.*

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22

For Me.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Hark! I hear the Sav - ior cry - ing, Cry - ing for me;
2. In the tomb I see him ly - ing, Laid there for me;
3. Now in glo - ry in - ter - ced - ing, Pray - ing for me;

Pain - ful - ly and slow - ly dy - ing, Dy - ing for me.
Sad the notes from heav - en fly - ing, "All this for me."
While his lov - ing heart is bleed - ing, Bleed - ing for me.

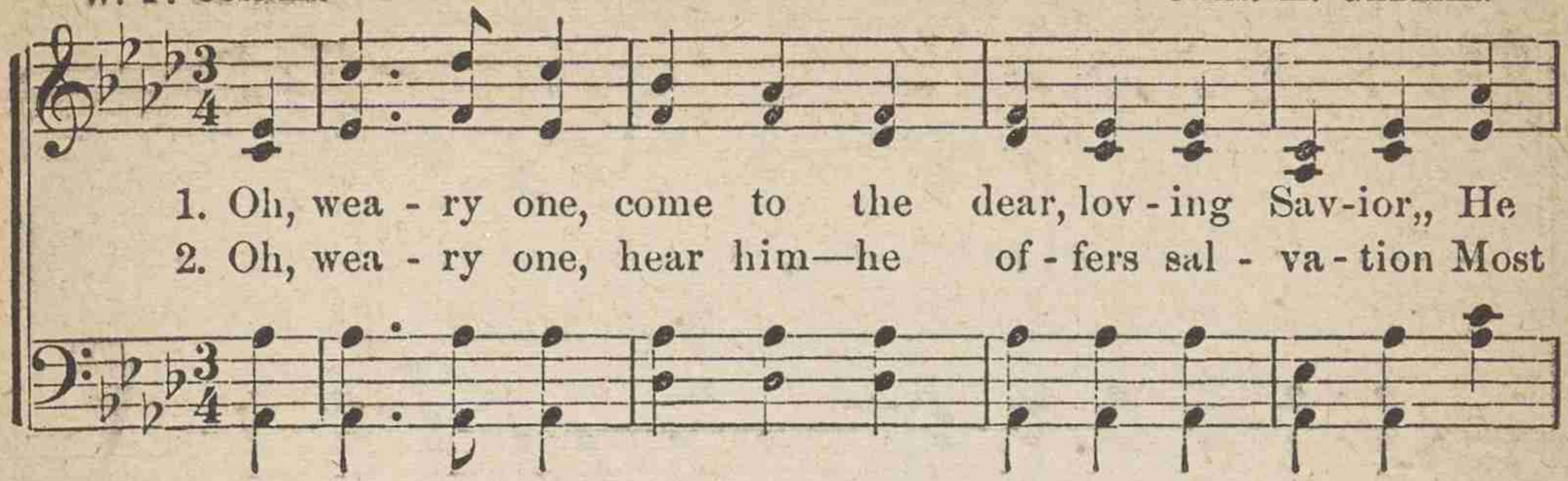
Bear-ing all my sin and sadness, Snatching me from death and madness,
See! the tomb is rent a - sunder, Earth is thrilled with heaven's thunder,
I will love thee, blessed Je-sus, For thy mer-cy sweet-ly frees us,
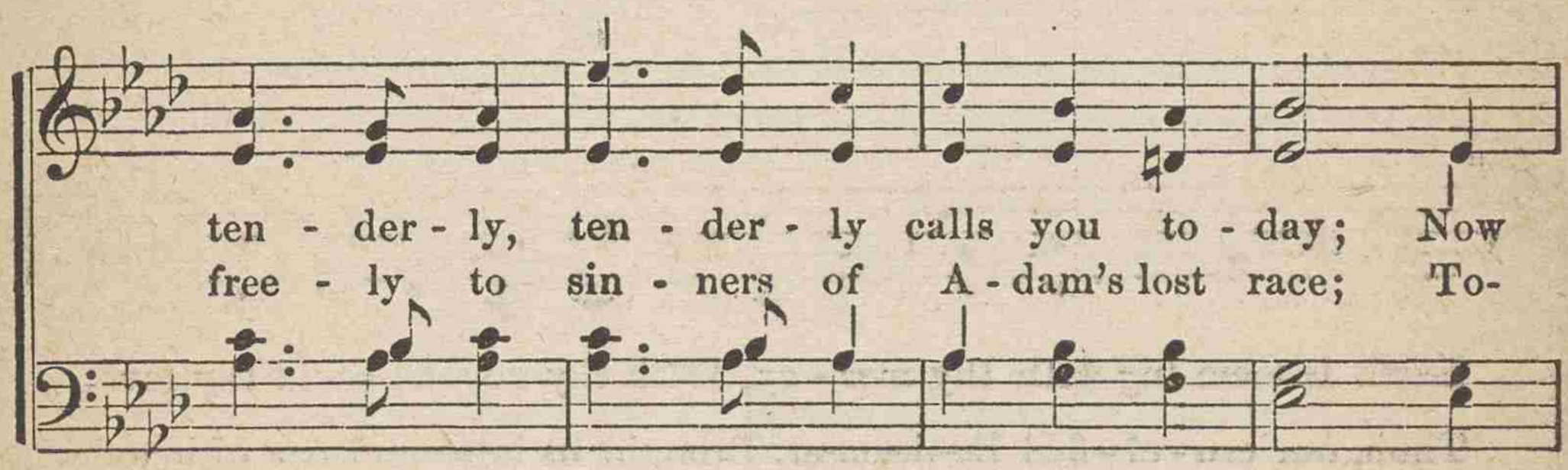
Turn - ing sor - row in - to glad - ness, All this for me!
Oh, my soul, how great the won - der, "All this for me."
Life that mer - cy now de - crees us, Was giv'n for me.
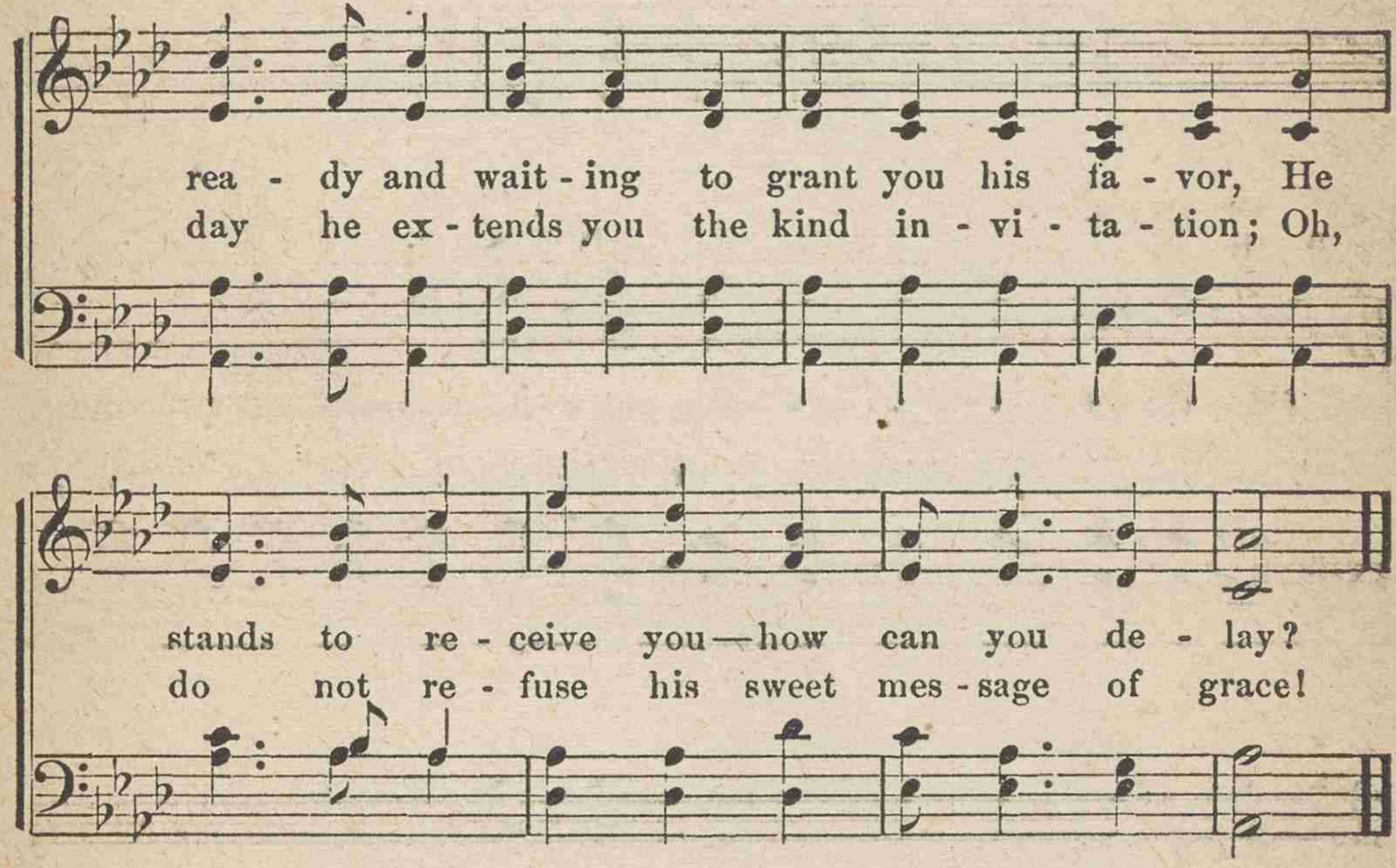
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Oh, Weary One, Come! 23

W. F. COSNER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
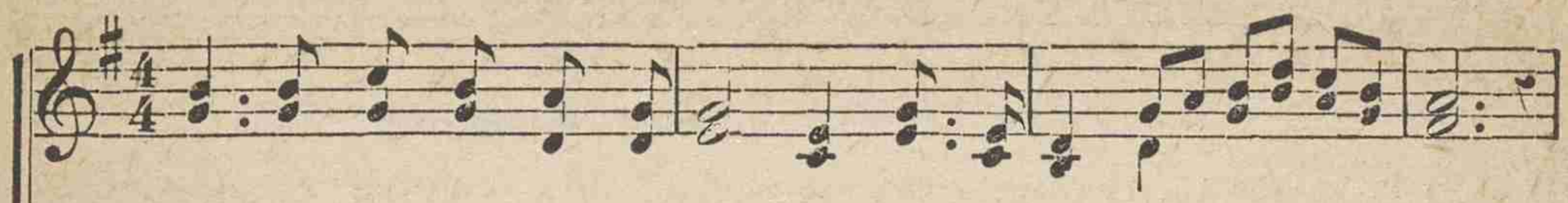






3 Oh, weary one, listen!—the voice of the spirit,
With that of the bride, still invites you to come,
That you, with the children of God, may inherit,
In mansions of glory, a heavenly home.

4 Oh, weary one, fear not, but trust in the Savior!
Your sins he'll forgive, and your soul shall find peace;
Then you, with the Lord, shall rest—soon and forever,
Where all life's dark turmoils forever shall cease.

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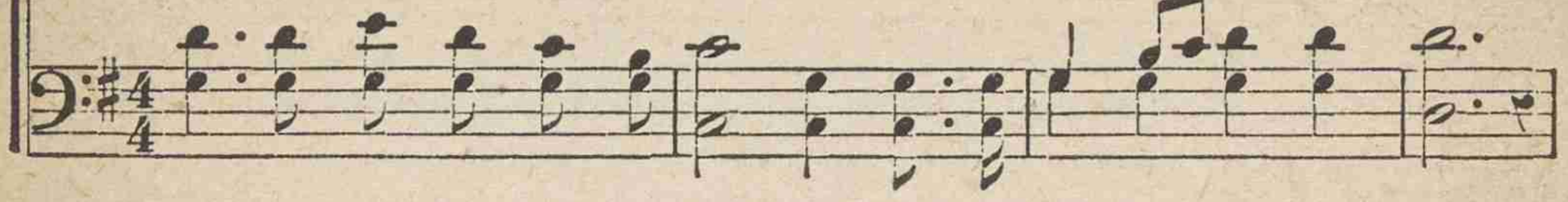
Thine the Greatness.
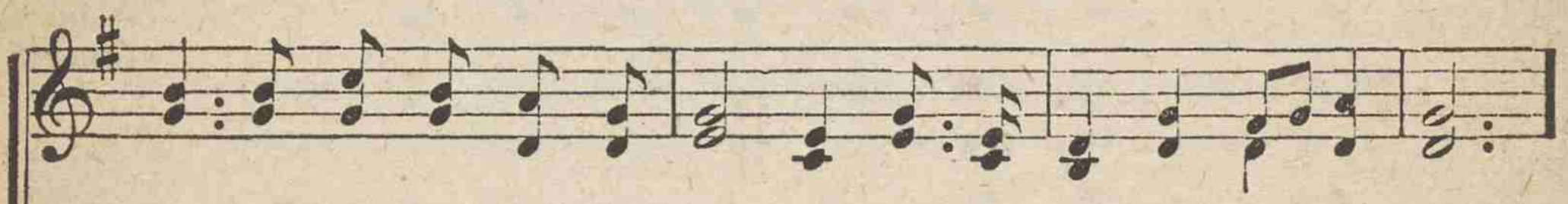
C. H. G. J. H. TENNEY.



1. Thine the greatness, power, and glory, Over earth and heav'n a-bove;
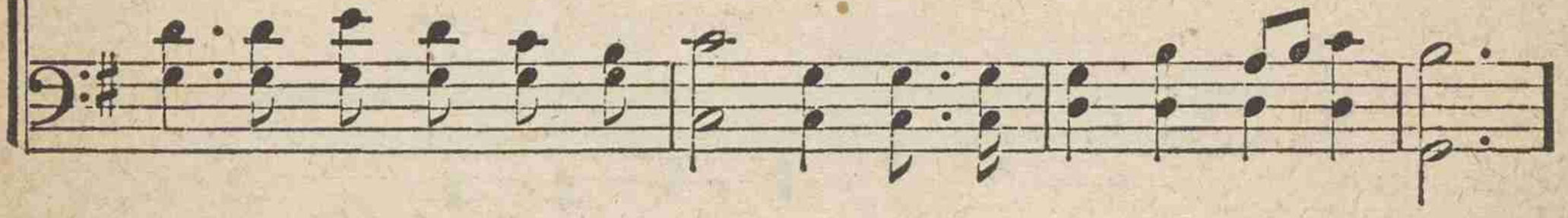
2. Thine was all the care and sor-row, When to earth re - lief was giv'n;
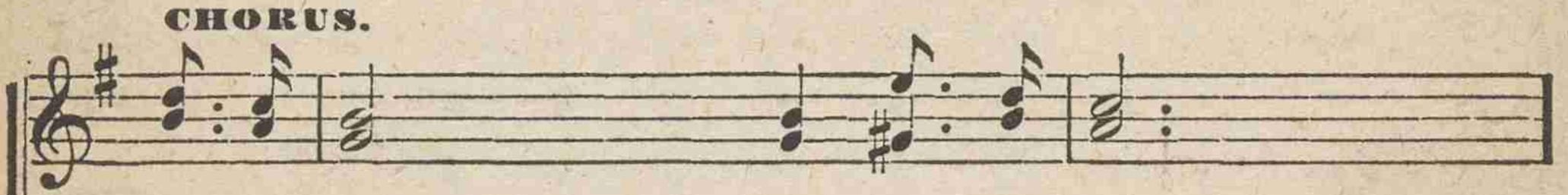




Earth is teem-ing with thy mer - cy, With thy goodness and thy love.

Thou, our cru - ci - fied Re-deem-er, Brought us hope and rest of heav'n.
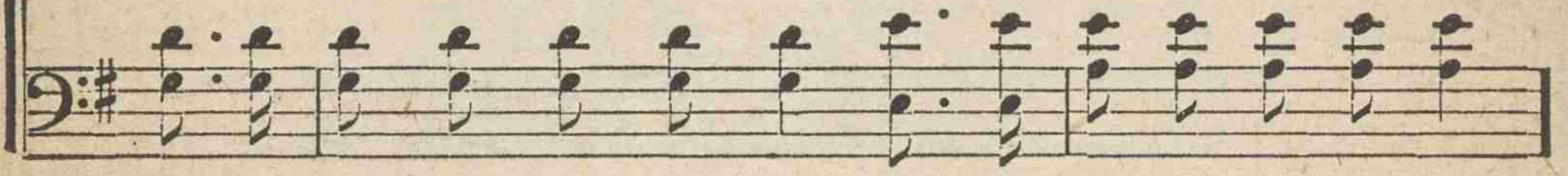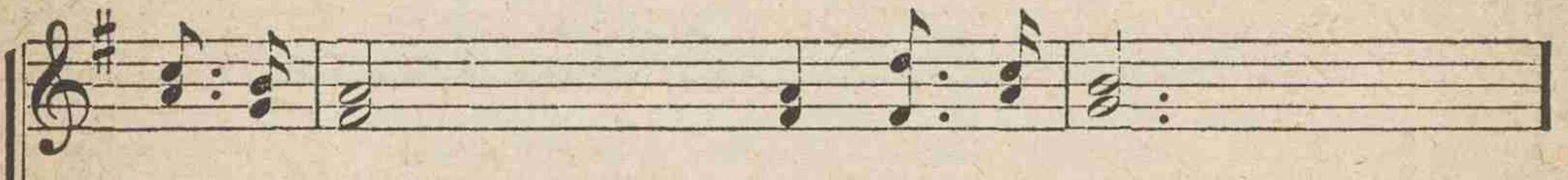


CHORUS.



Thine the great - - - - - ness, thine the power,
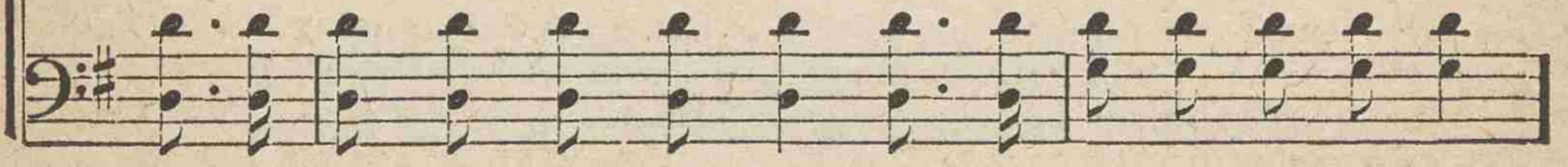
Thine the greatness, thine the pow'r, Thine the glo - ry ev - er-more;



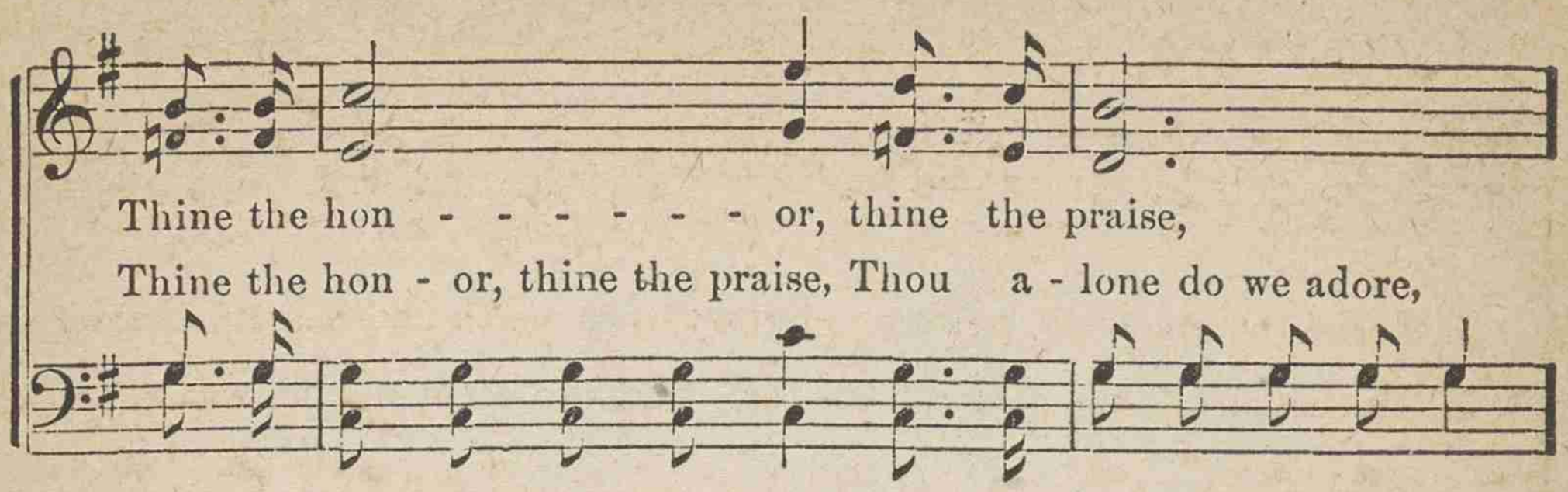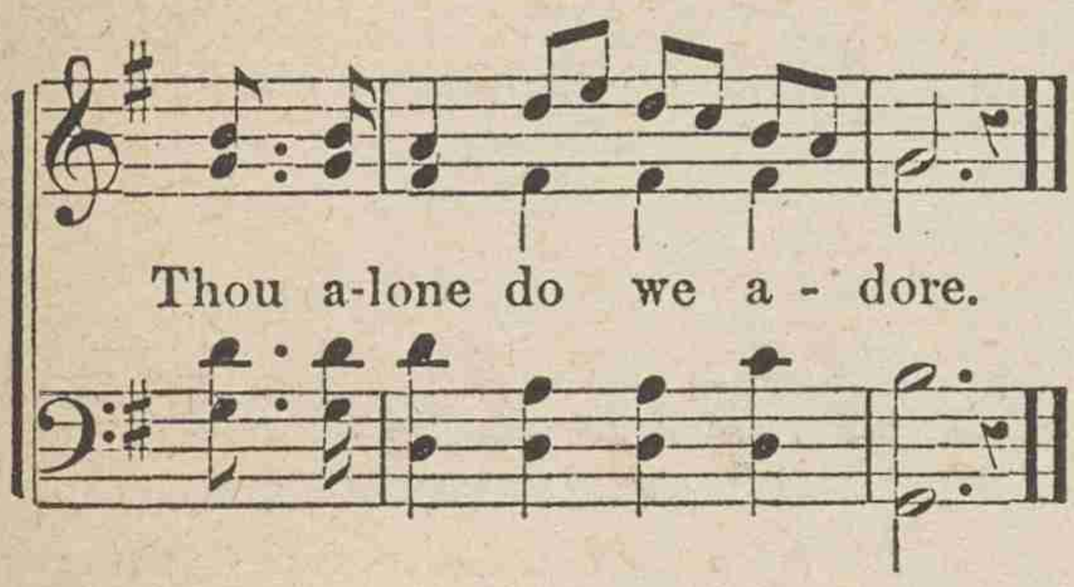


Thine the glo - - - - - - - ry ev - er-more;

Thine the greatness, thine the pow'r, Thine the glo - ry ev - ermore;



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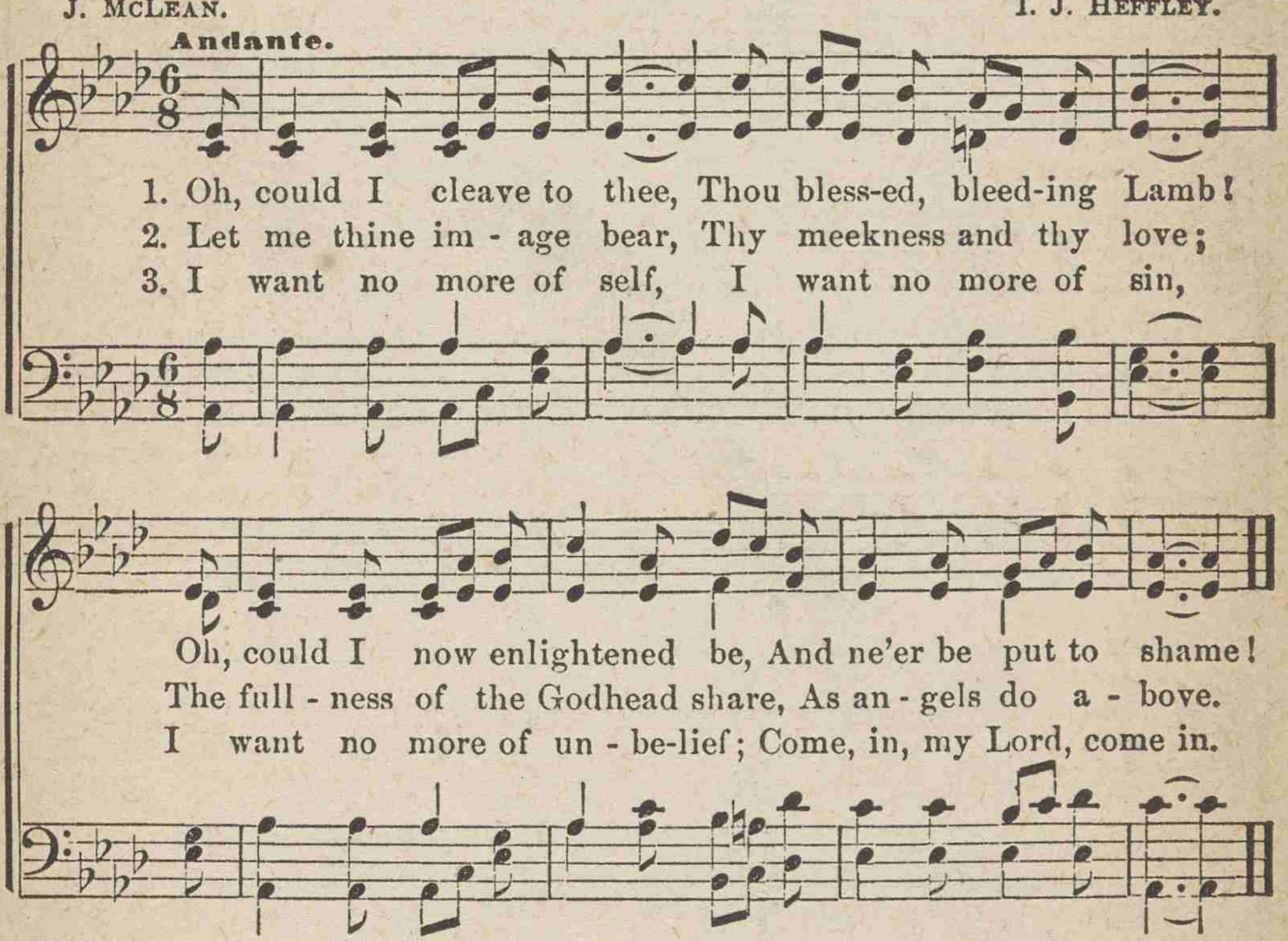




3 God above, both now and ever,
Praise and honor be to thee;
Faith, love, service and submission,
To thy name will ever be.

Oh, Could I Cleave to Thee!

J. McLEAN. I. J. HEFFLEY.



4 Thy temple would I be,
Where thou wilt reign alone
My contrite spirit see,
In me set up thy throne.

5 Let every murmuring thought,
And all vile passions cease;
In me be thy salvation wrought,
And give me perfect peace.

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Tell it all to Jesus.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Tell it all to Je - sus, Noth - ing from him hold,
2. Have you, in a pas - sion, Spo - ken words of blame?
3. Is your life all glad - ness? Are you free from care?
4. Are you lone and wea - ry, Bur - dened and op-pressed,

Though he knows al - read - y All that can be told;
Tell it all to Je - sus, Tell him all your shame;
Tell it all to Je - sus, Thank him in your prayer;
Toil - ing, sad and foot - sore, On toward heav'n and rest?

Yet, con - fide in Je - sus, Tell him all your grief;
Have you sinned a - gainst him? Though the sin be small,
Do the clouds of sad - ness O - ver-spread thy sky?
Tell it all to Je - sus, Tell him ev - 'ry - thing;

Still there's balm in Gil - lead, He will give re - lief.
Tell it all to Je - sus, He'll for - give it all.
Then con - fide in Je - sus, He will hear your cry.
Then your heart will glad - ly On your jour - ney sing.

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CHORUS.

All your sor-rows, all your woes, Tell to him, be-cause he knows;

For he loves a trust-ing heart, And a bless-ing he'll im-part.

My Journey.

M. L. THOMPSON. Read Psalms 18 : 1-7. W. F. HEATH.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I trust in thee, Thou art my strength and stay;
2. Torn are my feet by the piercing storms, Yet would I fol-low thee;
3. Blessed the words that I hear thee speak, Making the journey bright;

Lay-ing my hand in thine will I go, On thro' the thorn-y way,
Wea-ry am I with the heav-y load; Bear it, my Lord, for me!
Lead me at last, when my life is done, Out of the land of night,

Knowing the clouds will pass a-way, Bring-ing the gold-en day.
Help me, my Lord, with lov-ing hand; This is my on-ly plea.
In-to the land that needs no sun, Thou its all-per-fect light.

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Anchored on the Rock.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. I am anchored on the Rock, On the Rock of Christ our Lord;
2. From the waves he snatched my bark, When the storm was on the deep;
3. Let the storms rage as they will, I am sat - is - fied to stay,

I am safe from ev'ry storm that blows, I am rest-ing in his word.
With a gen-tle hand he led me here, Where no wave can o'er me sweep.
Anchored on the Rock of Christ our Lord, Till the storms have passed away.

CHORUS.

An-chored on the Rock, an-chored on the Rock, an-chored

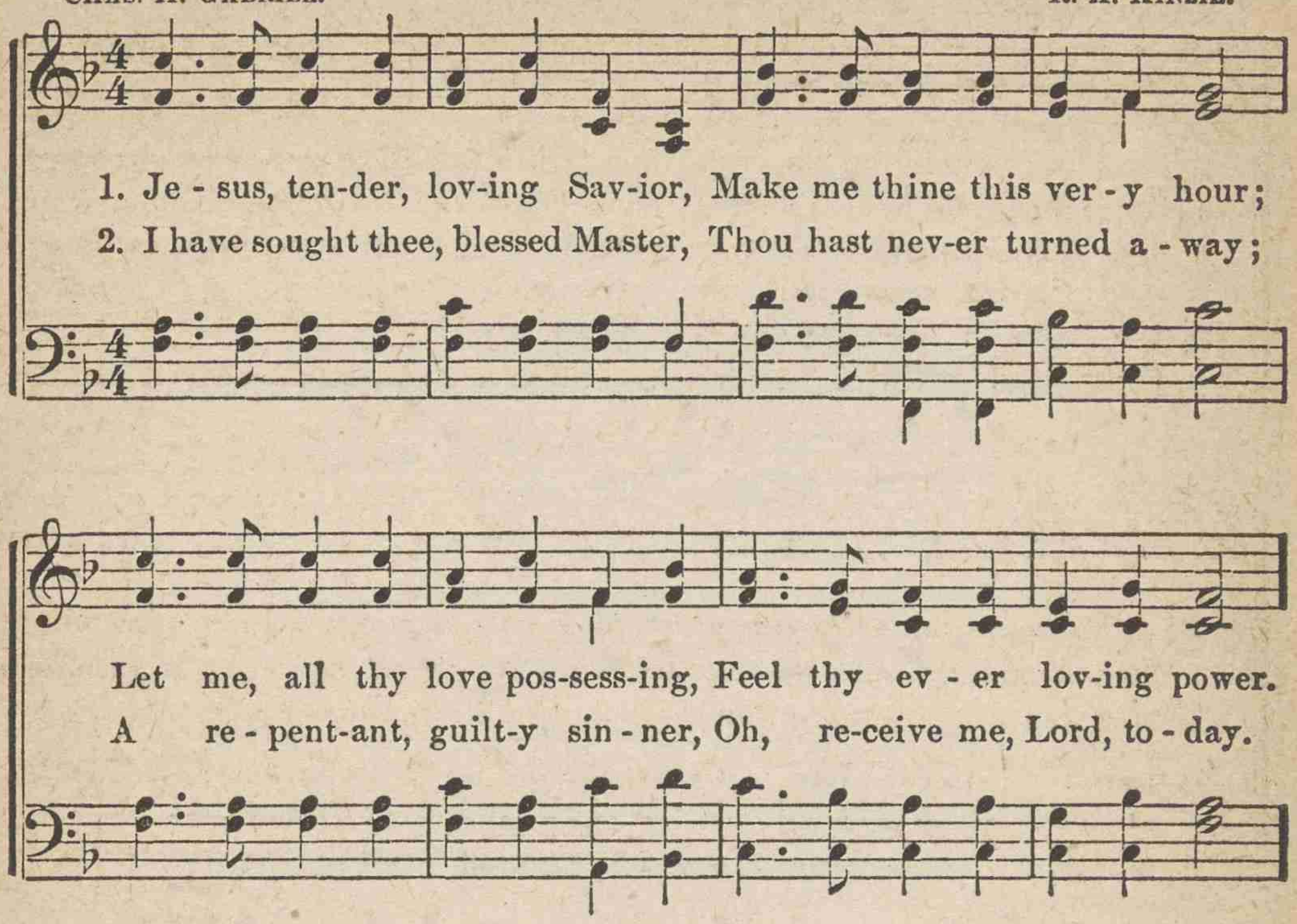
on the Rock of Christ my Sav - ior, An-chored on the Rock,

An-chored on the Rock, On the Rock of Christ our Lord.

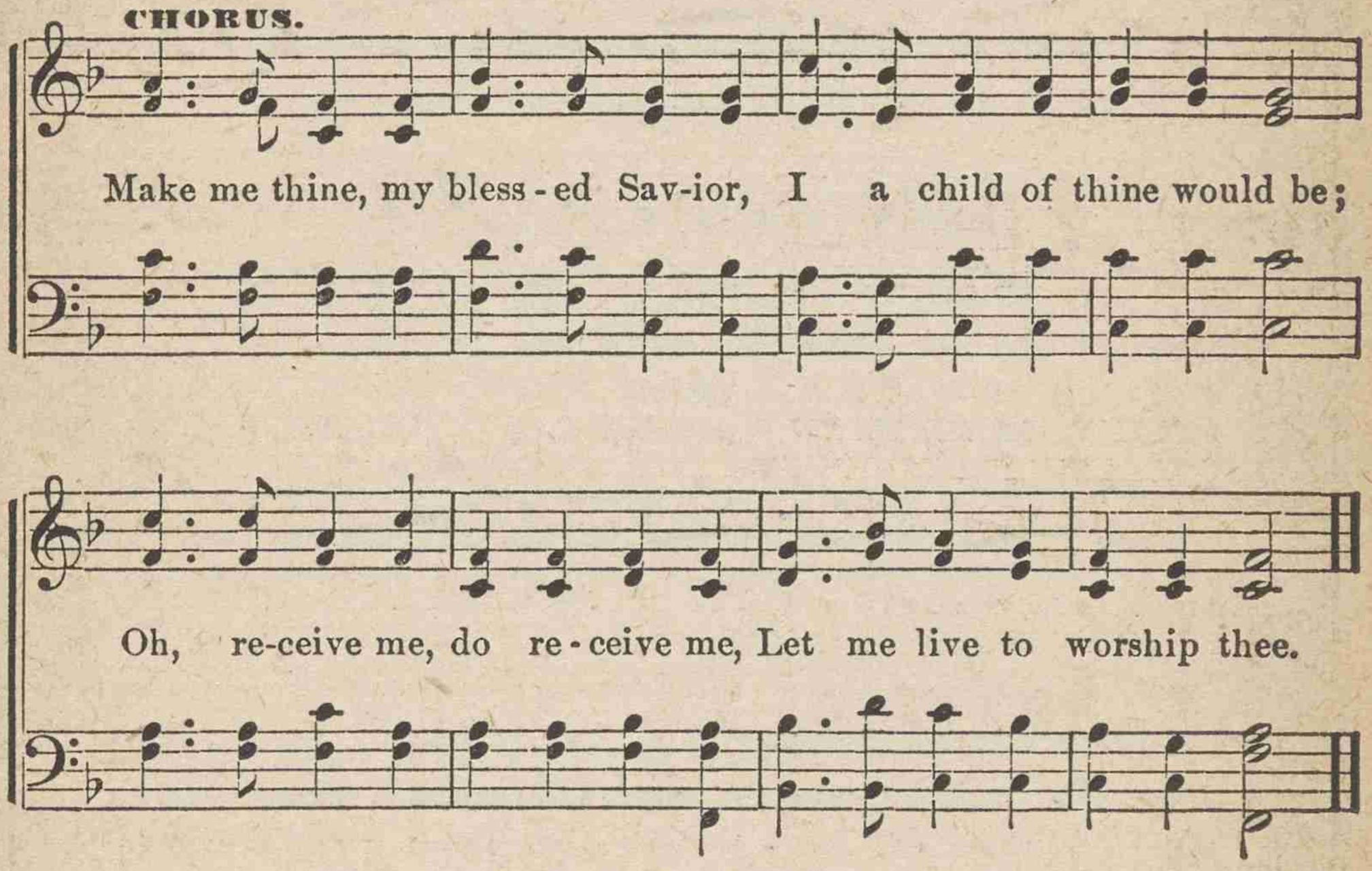
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Make Me Thine.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.



CHORUS.



3 Take me, Lord, and wash me spotless,
Me with zeal, dear Lord, inspire;
Let me live to do thy bidding,
Fill my soul with living fire. *Cho.*

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The Reaper.

"Thrust in thy sickle and reap."—Rev. 14 : 15.

Rev. J. McLean. Irvin J. Heffley.

Tenor or Soprano Solo.

1. The har - vest of sin - ners is ev - 'rywhere ripe; Come,
2. Our hands are quite ten - der, our days are but few, Let's
3. We love the dear Sav - ior, we stud - y his word, Will
4. Come now, lit-tle reap - ers, let's ga - ther the sheaves, They're

Inst.
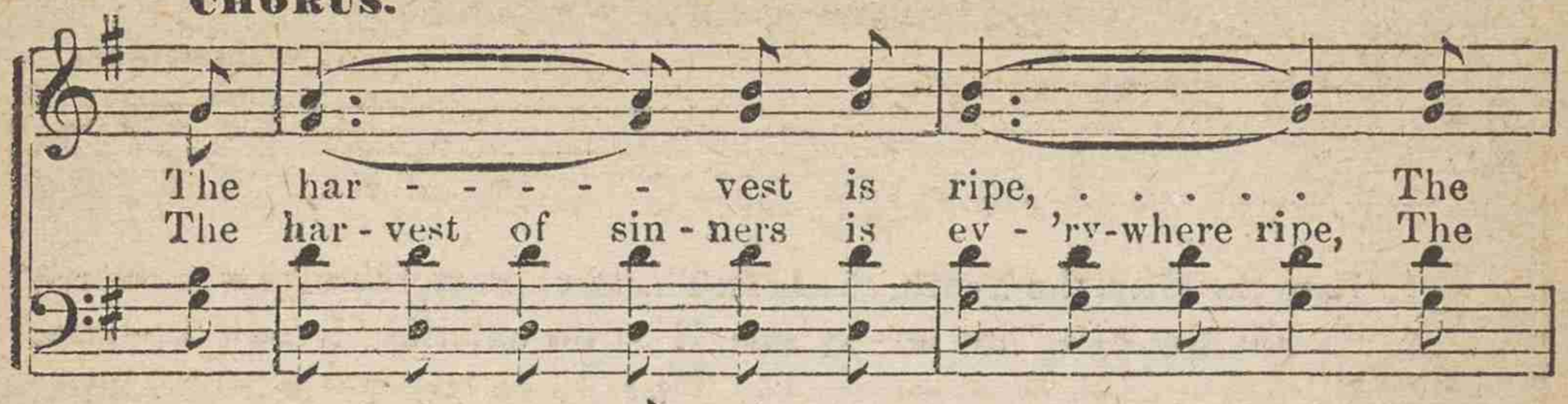
thrust in thy sick - le and reap while 'tis light; Let's
hie to the har - vest, our la - bors pur-sue; We'll
al - - ways en-deav - or to cleave to the Lord; He
found on our play - grounds, a-round all our eyes; We'll
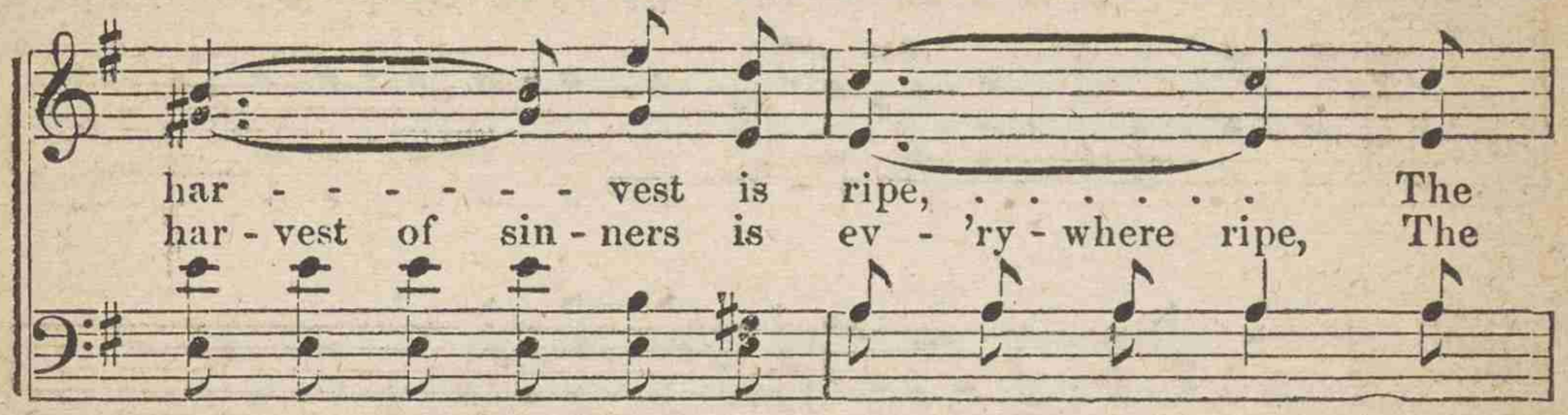
gird on the ar - mor, e - quip for the fight; Tho'
seek for the wand-'ring who're go - ing a - stray, And
keeps us in sick - ness, he keeps us in health, Nor
call for our sis - - ters, and dear brothers, too, And
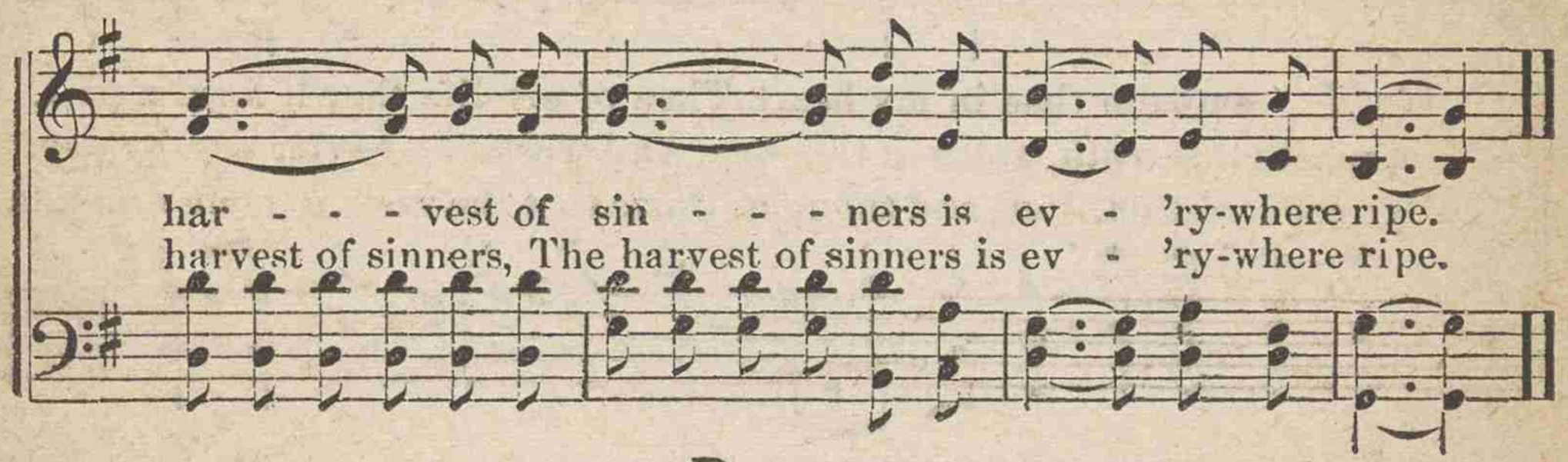
Pha - - ri - sees mur - mur, the saints will de - light.
tell them of Je - - sus, the Truth and the Way.
would we for - sake him for hon - or or wealth.
call up - on Je - - sus to make their hearts new.

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CHORUS.

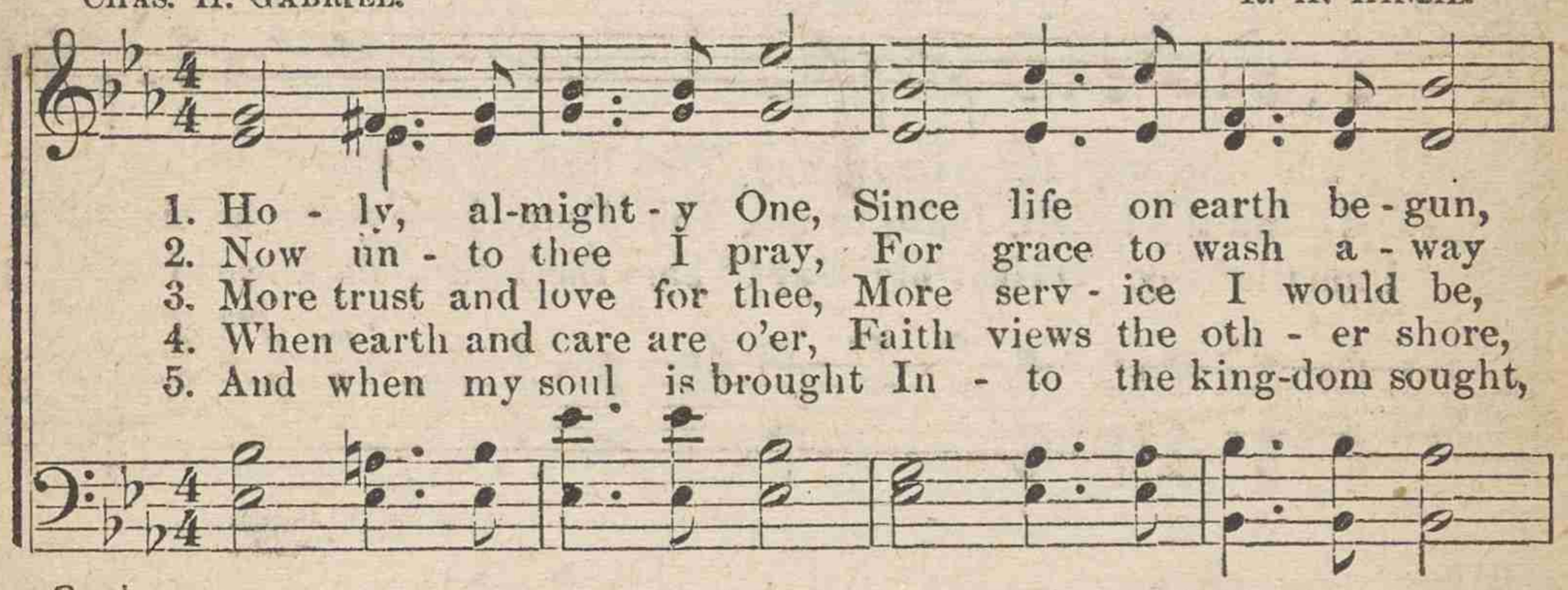


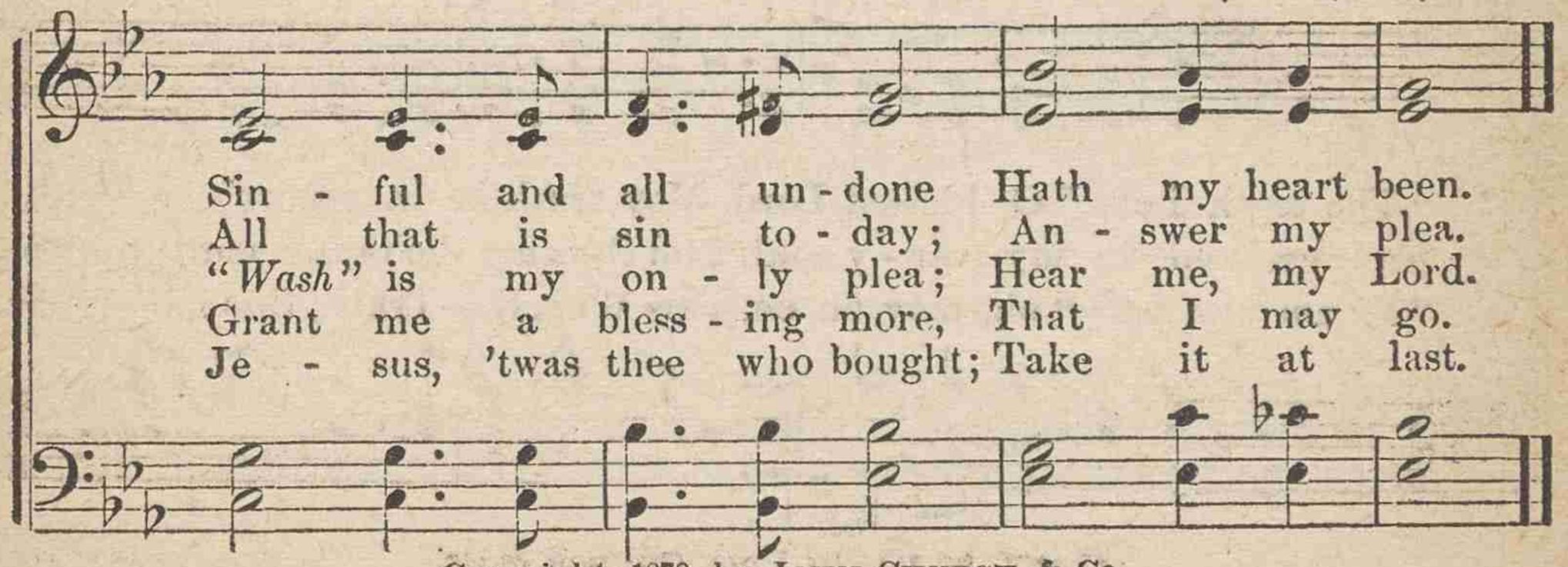




Prayer.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.
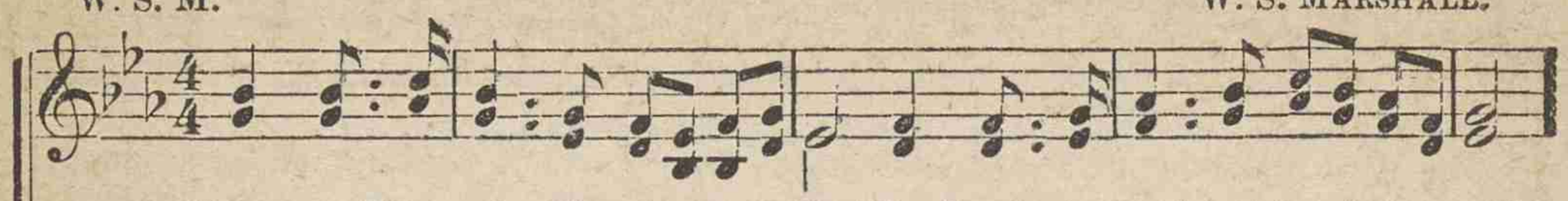




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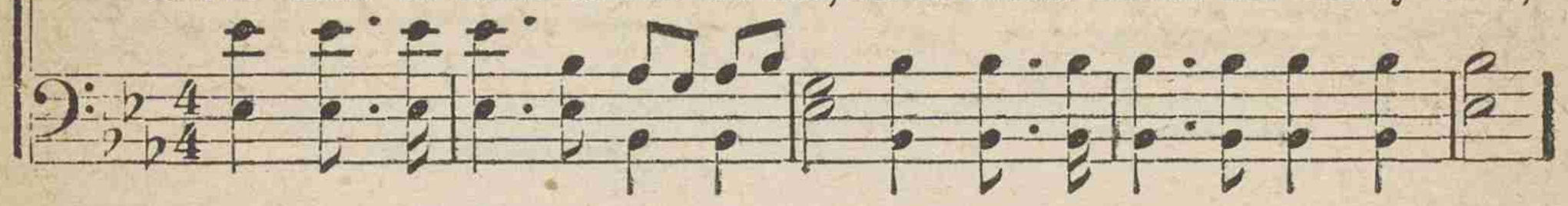
I am the Way.
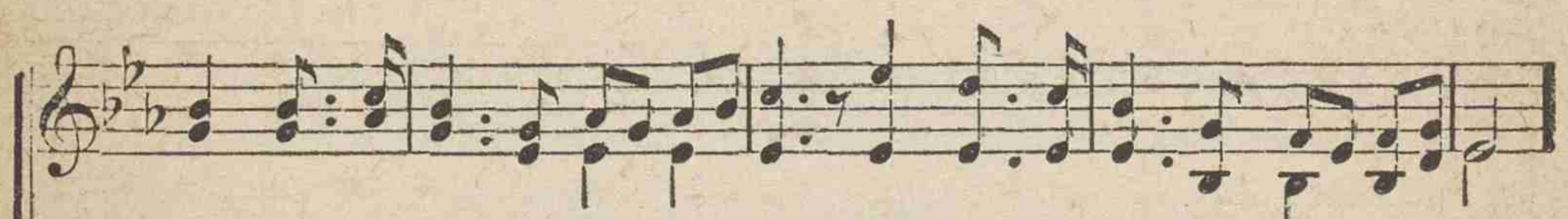
"I am the way, and the truth, and the life."—JOHN 14: 6.

W. S. M. W. S. MARSHALL.
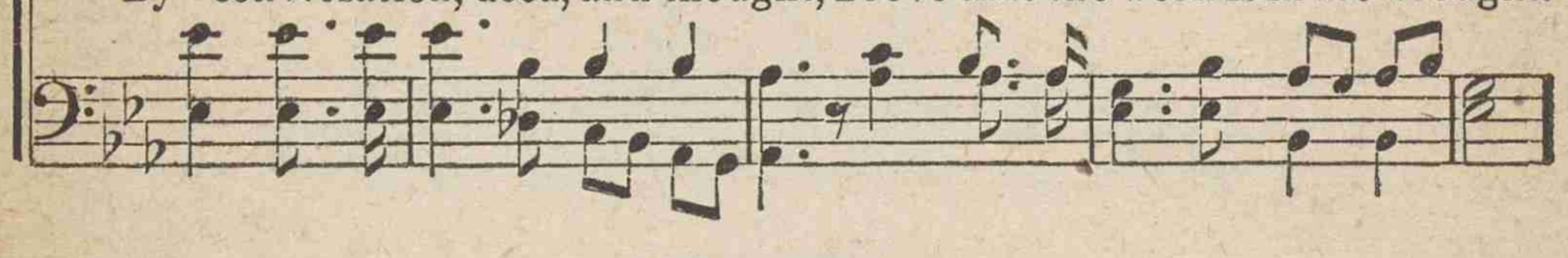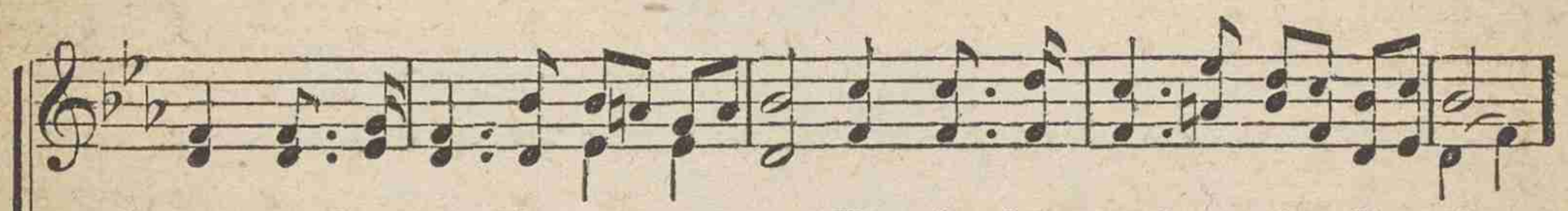


1. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life: The Savior's words with wisdom rife;
2. "I am the Life," in ev-'ry one E - ter-nal life is now be-gun,
3. I'll seek to show to oth-ers too, That Jesus' words are really true;
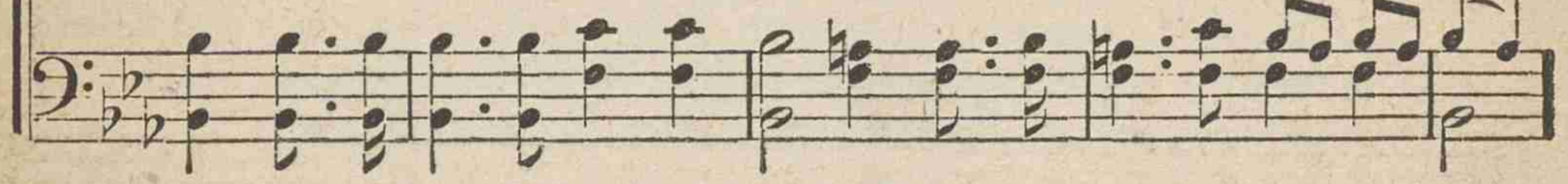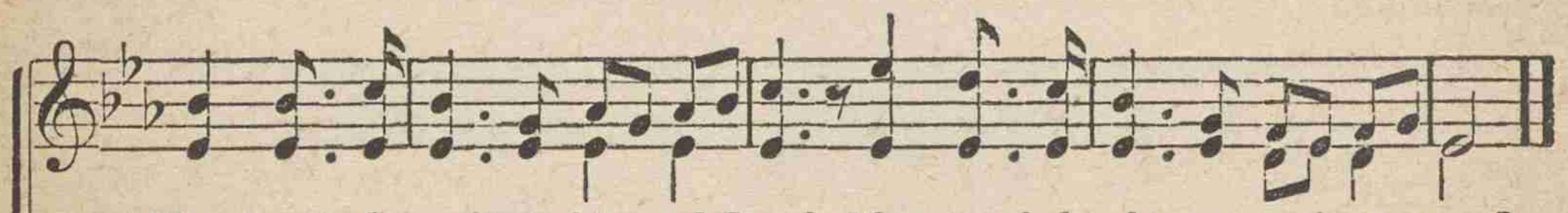




If I embalm thee in my heart, Then of my life they'll form a part.
Who speaks this truth, walks in this way, And trusts the Savior day by day.
By conversation, deed, and thought, Prove that the work is in me wrought.
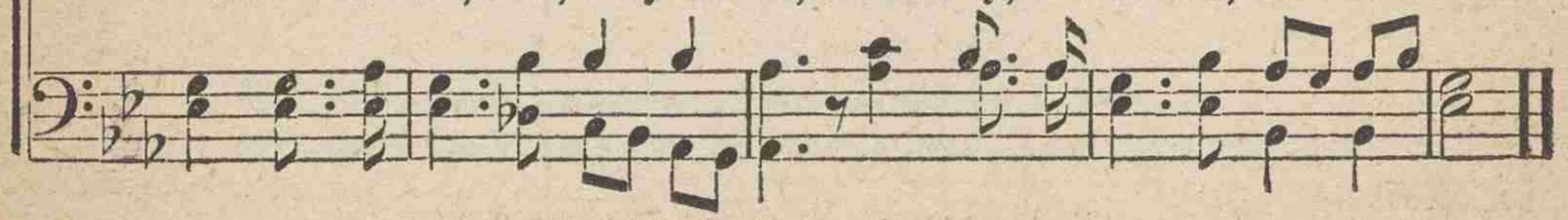




I am the way, the narrow way, That leads to realms of endless day;
Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to me, That I may have these jewels three,
"I am the Way," O Heav'nly Way! "I am the Truth," darkness gives way;





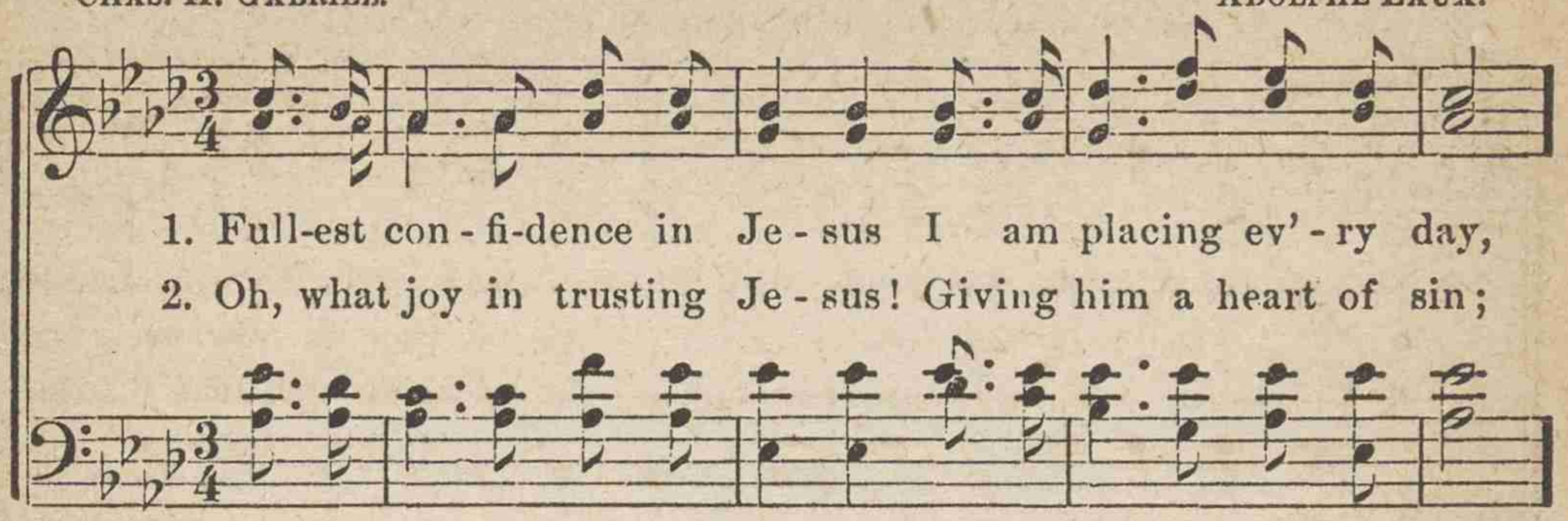
"The truth I am," O blessed Lord, May truth be in my ev'-ry word.
En - graft-ed in my ver - y soul, And thus my tho'ts and words control.
"I am the Life," oh, may he be, This Way, this Truth, this Life to me.
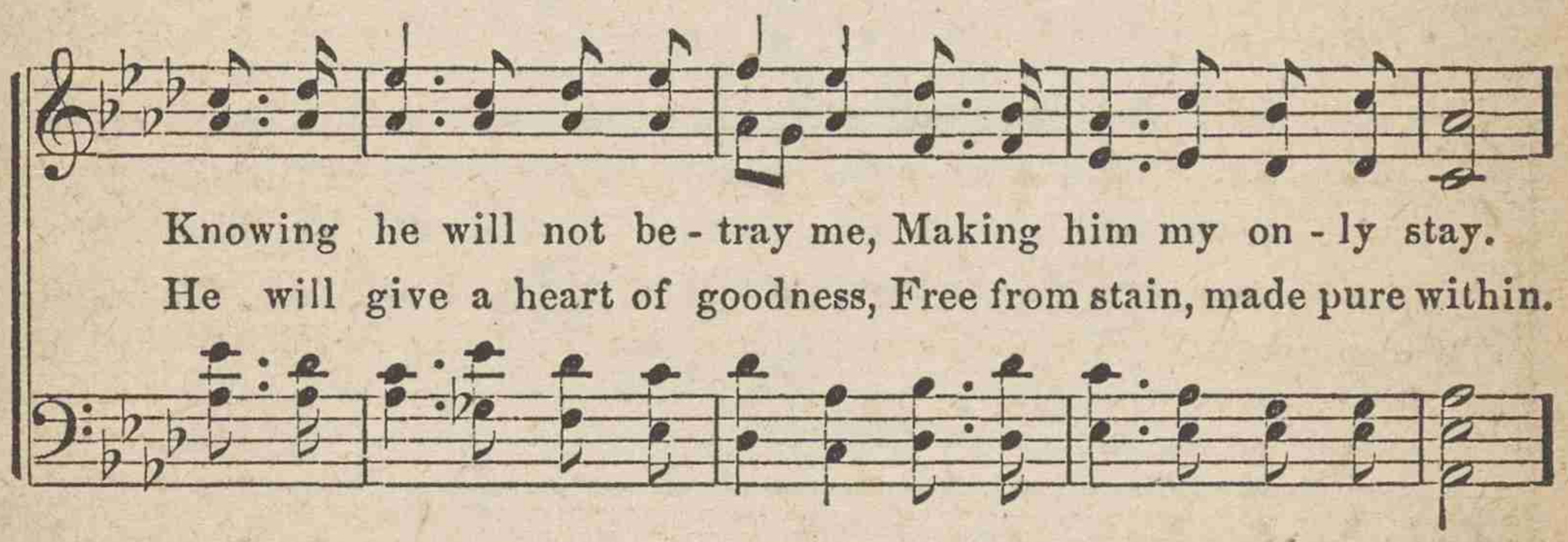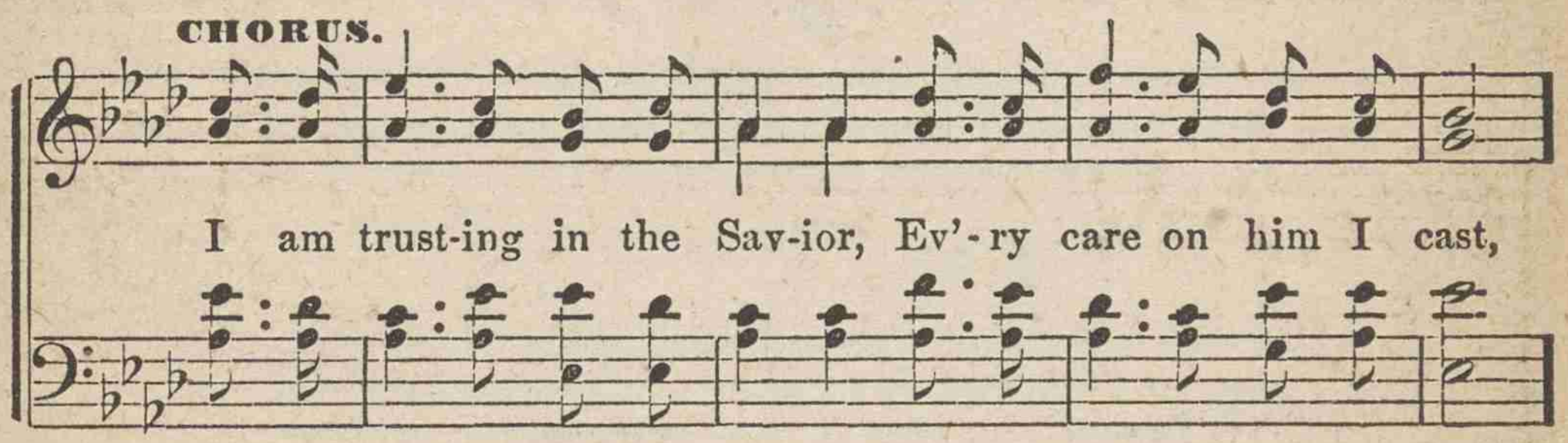


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Trusting to the Last.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. ADOLPHE LAUX.







3 Brother, trust this blessed Savior,
Let him wash you white as snow,
Let him make you pure and holy,
Fully trust him as you go. *Cho.*

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The Beacon Light.

L. H.

LEONARD MARSHALL.

1. Sail-ing o'er an o - cean To a foreign shore, Waves come dashing
2. Tho' the skies be darkened, And the waves dash high, We will trust in
3. He is kind-ly wait ing, Waiting to re - ceive, All who call up-

o'er us, And the breakers roar; As we look a - bove them,
Je - sus, Who is al - ways nigh; He will ev - er guide us,
on him, And in him be - lieve; He will ev - er lead them,

In the dark of night, We behold a gleaming Of the beacon light.
Thro' life's changeful way, To those heav'nly mansions Of eternal day.
In the path of right, To their home in heaven, Blessed beacon light.

CHORUS. *f* Cres. Ritard.

Bless - ed bea - con light, Bless - ed bea - con light,

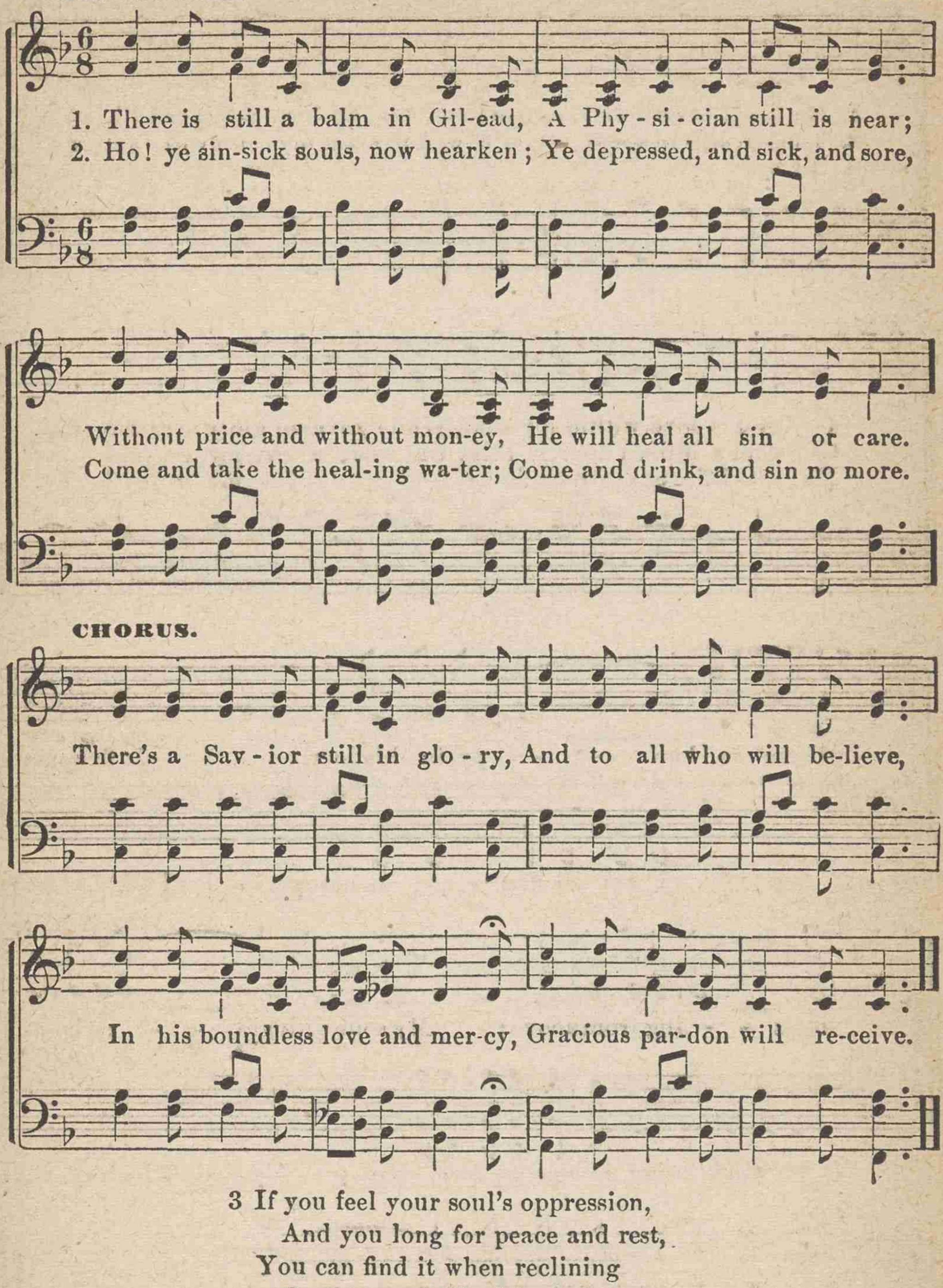
f Cres.

We will trust in Je - sus, The bless-ed bea - con light.

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Pardon We 'll Receive.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.



3 If you feel your soul's oppression,
And you long for peace and rest,
You can find it when reclining
On the great Physician's breast.

4 Come, ye sinners, to the Savior,
He's thy great Physician now;
Come, he'll wash you clean and spotless;
Come and in his presence bow.

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36 I am so Happy in His Love.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. My Lord has safely ransomed me, And bro't me peace and liber - ty;
2. The streams of mercy freely flow, And make my heart with rapture glow;
3. My heart with warmest fervor burns, And from the world to Jesus turns;

I feel his love within my soul, While waves of glory o'er me roll.
Oh, what a blessed hour is this! Oh, what a Sav-ior Je - sus is.
He sat - isfies each strong desire, And pu - ri-fies me as with fire.

CHORUS.

I am so hap - - - py in his love, It flows in

I am so hap - py, so hap-py in his love,

bless - - ing from above; My soul with glo - - - ry is a-

It flows in blessing, in blessing from above; My soul with glory, with

flame, Oh, praise and mag - - - ni - fy his name.

glo - ry is aflame, Oh, praise and magni - fy his name.

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Lead Me to Jesus.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. "Let them lead me."—Ps. 43 : 3. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, oh, show me the way, My heart is so wea - ry, and filled with dis - may; His mer - cy can heal me, his
2. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, he know-eth my grief, He knows all my sor-rows, he'll send me re - lief; My sins he will par-don, my
3. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, oh, show me the way, I long to be with him, his laws to o - bey; He'll give me a man-sion in

presence can cheer, None oth-er I'll need, when my Sav-ior is near.
wand'rings forgive, I'll rest on his bosom, sweet comfort he'll give.
heav - en a - bove, I'll live with him ev - er in glo - ry and love.

CHORUS.

Oh, lead, lead me to Je - sus, so ten - der - ly to Je - sus;
Oh, lead, lead me to Je - sus, oh, lead . . me to him.
Oh, lead me, oh, lead me to him.

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I am Glad that I Love Jesus.

J E HALL. J. E. HALL.

Solo.

1. I am glad that I love Je - sus, For he is so dear to me;
2 I am glad that I love Je - sus, For I'm sure of one true friend;

I have found his love is sweet-er Than all things of earth can be.
Thro' the shadows and the sunshine, He will love me to the end

CHORUS

I am so glad that Je-sus I know; I am so glad, I do love him so;
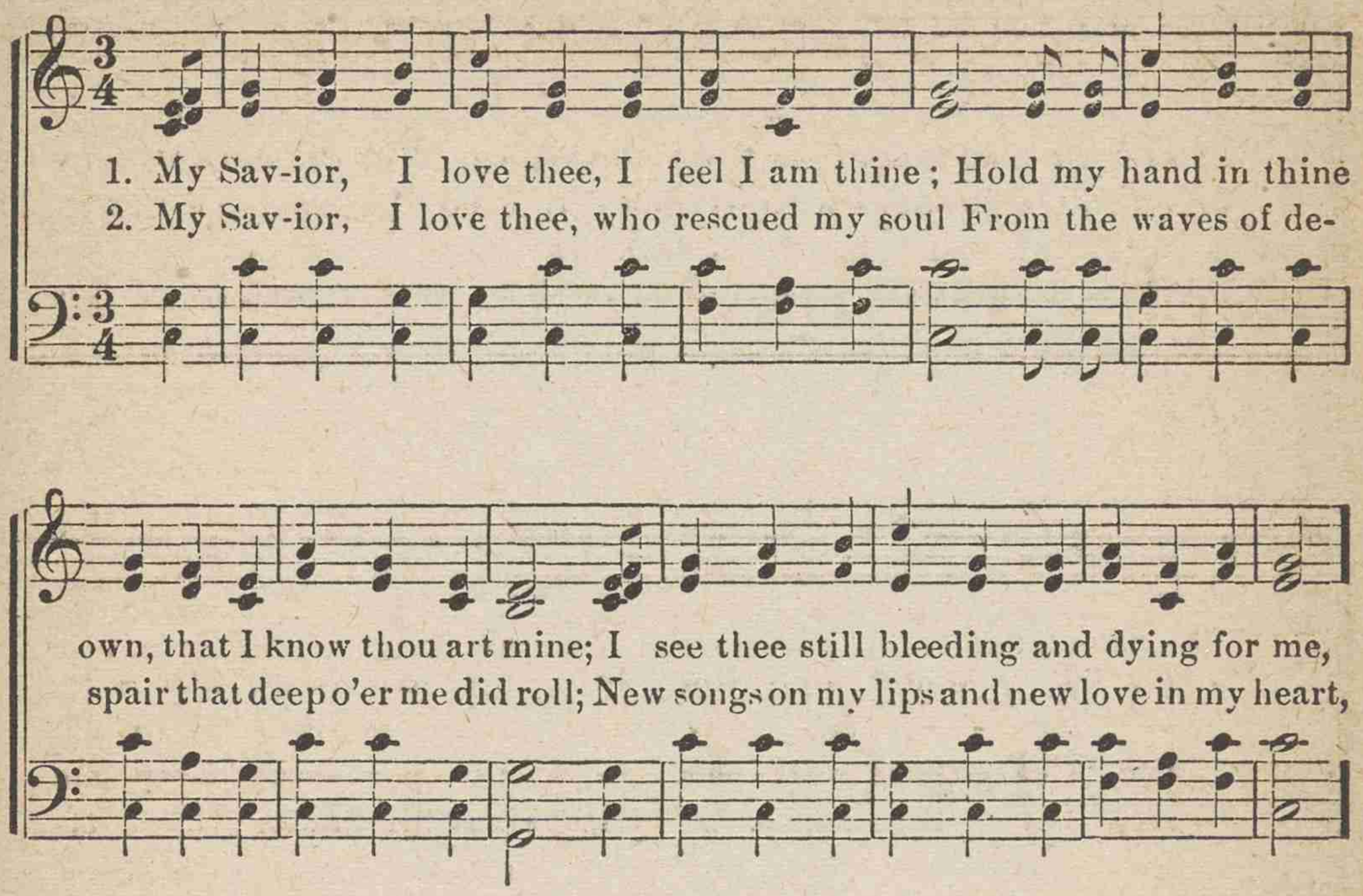
I am so glad that Je-sus I know; I am so glad, I do love him so.

Rit.

3 I am glad that I love Jesus,
For, when comes the time to die,
Softly o'er death's dark cold river,
He will take me home for aye.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.



3 My Savior, I love thee: tongue never expressed
All the comfort received, or the joy, or the rest,
Of souls who accept thee, and rest in thy love,
And are sure of a crown in thy kingdom above.

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More Like Thee.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, great Ex-am - ple, Pat-tern of all pu - ri-
2. Lest I wan - der from thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri-
3. When tempta-tions fierce-ly low - er, And my shinking soul would
4. When a-round me all is dark-ness, And thy beauties none may
5. When death's cold, repulsive fin - ger, Leaves its impress on my
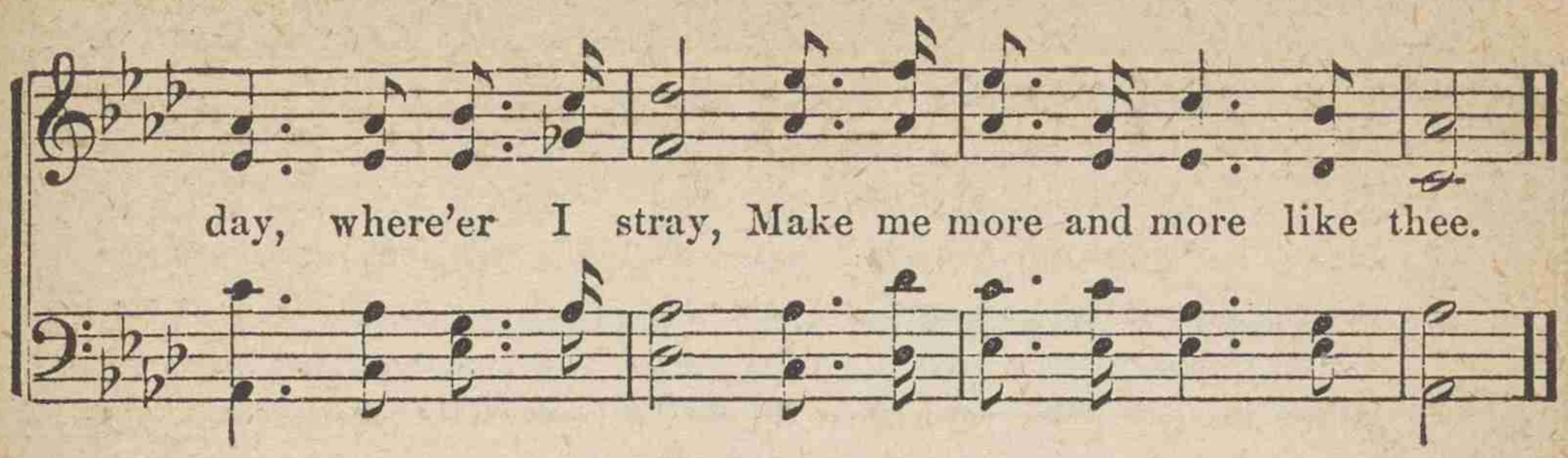
ty, I would fol - low in thy foot - steps, Dai - ly
ly, Sav - ior, take my hand and lead me, Keep me
flee, Change each weak - ness in - to pow - er, Keep me
see, Let thy beams, O Glo - rious Brightness, In ef-
brow, May thy life, with - in me swell - ing, Keep me

CHORUS.

grow - ing more like thee. More like thee, more like
stead-fast—more like thee. More like thee,
spot - less—more like thee.
ful - gence shine through me. More like thee, more like
sing - ing then as now. More like thee,

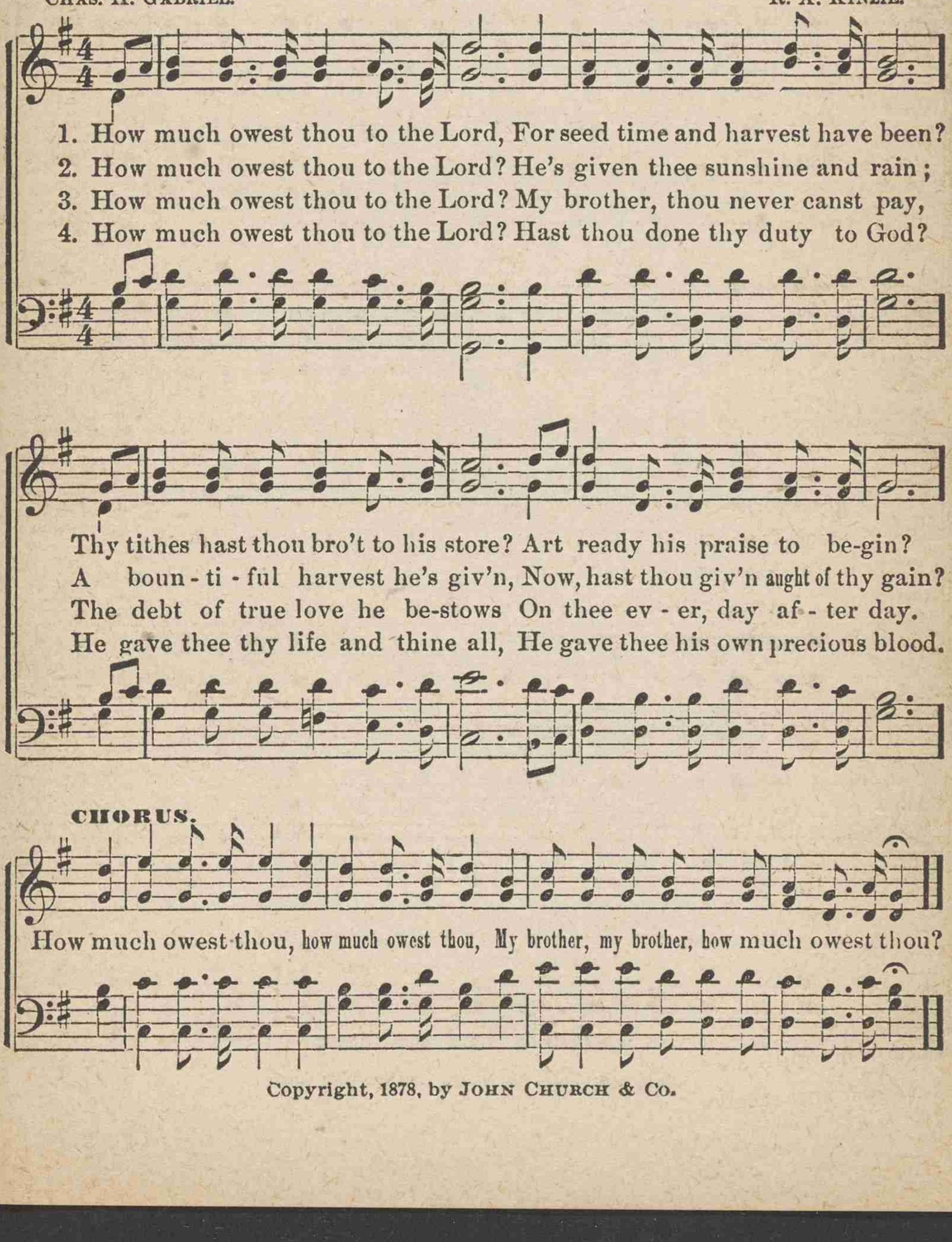
thee,
more like thee, Sav-ior, this my constant pray'r shall be,—Day by

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How Much Owest Thou?
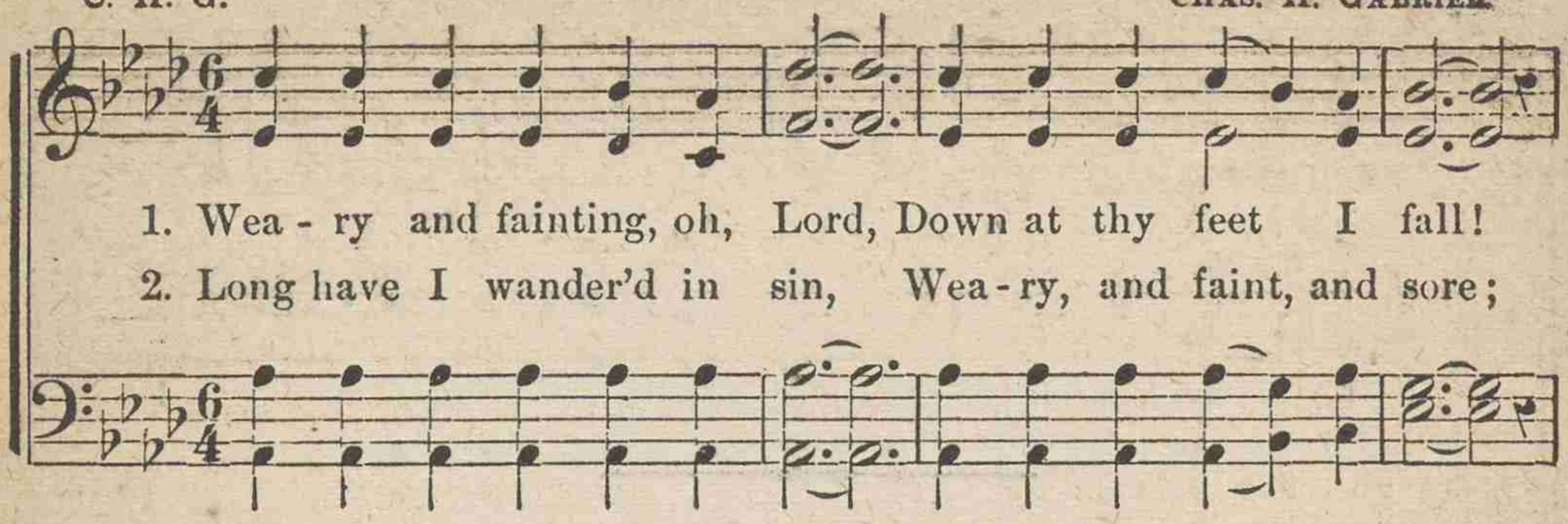
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.
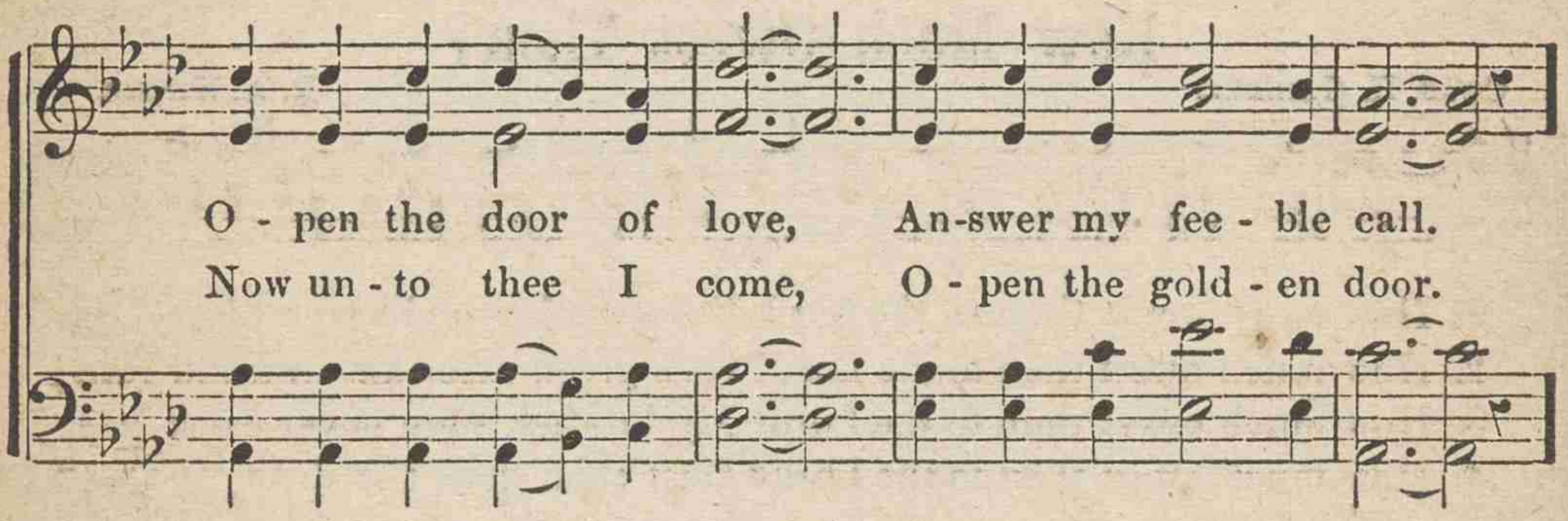


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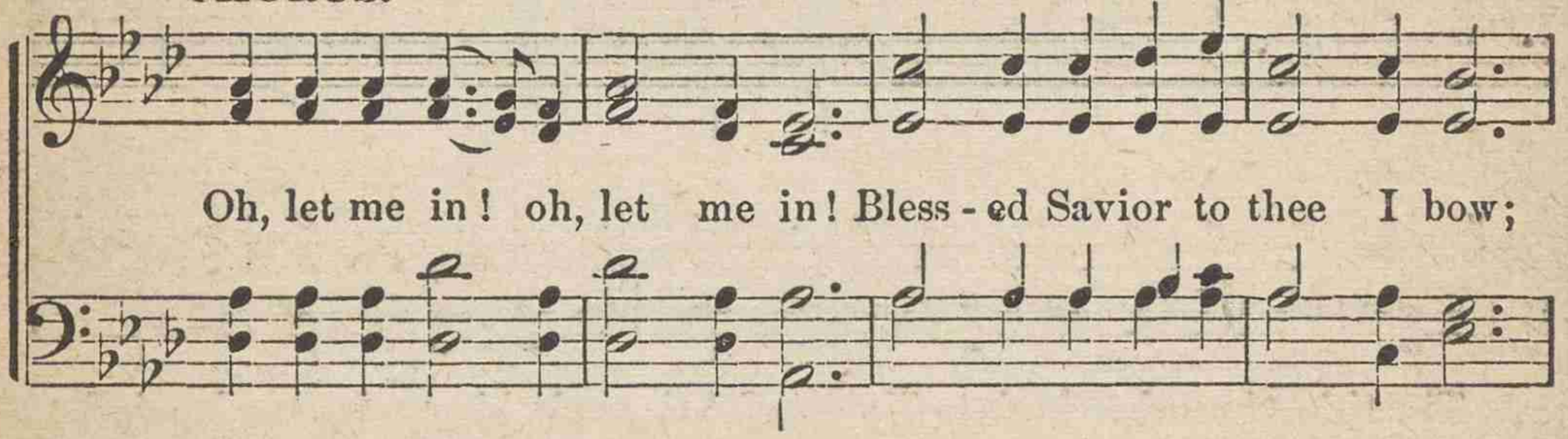
Let me in.
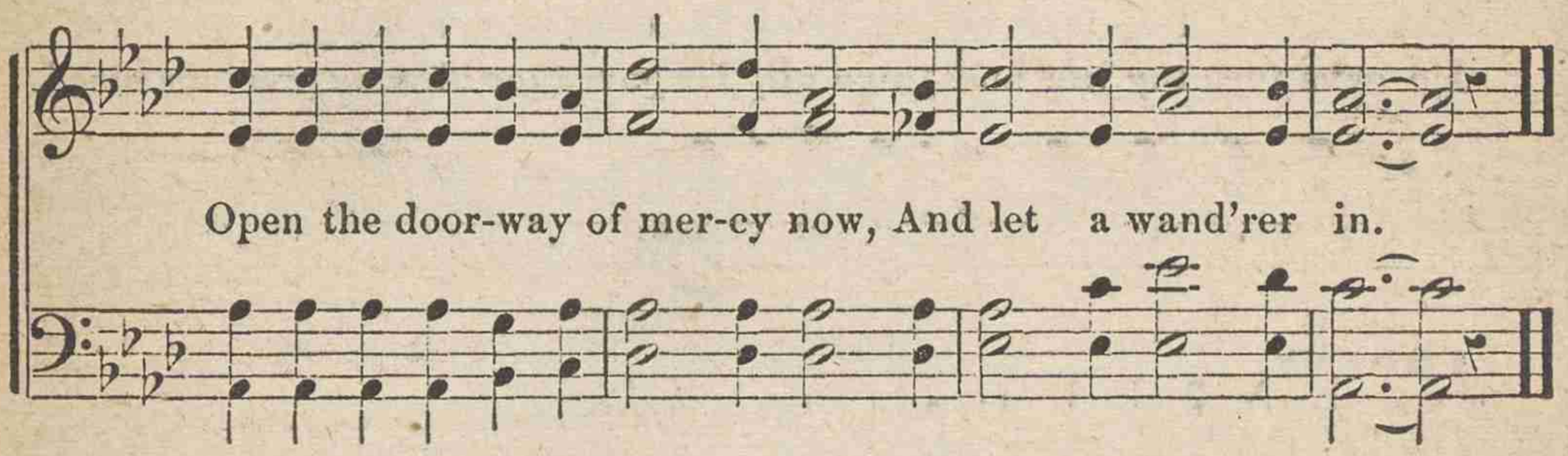
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.





3 Jesus, show mercy, I pray,
Pardon my guilt and shame;
Let me just now receive
Pardon in thy great name.

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Be Faithful.

Read Rev. 2 : 10; Thes. 5 : 17; Matt. 9 : 2; and Ps. 42 : 5.

L. H. J. L. H. JAMESON.

1. Brother, be faith-ful, Stead-fast re-main; Hard tho' thy toils be,
2. Brother, be prayerful, Call on the Lord; Suc-cor in troub-le,
3. Brother, be cheer-ful, Lift up thine eyes; Out of the darkness
4. Brother, be hope-ful, Pa-tient and pure; Nev-er be doubt-ful,

Nev-er com-plain; Think of the Sav-ior who died on the tree,
He will af-ford; Tho' in the fu-ture what wait-eth for thee,
Light shall a-rise; Dark-ness and tem-pest may cov-er thy sky,
Heav-en is sure; Dark clouds may gather and cov-er thy sky,

Think of his toils and his suff'ring for thee; Then be thou faithful,
None but the eye of thy Fa-ther can see; Ev-er re-mem-ber,
Be of good courage, redemption draws nigh; Black tho' the clouds be,
Bright shines thy sun in the regions on high; Dark tho' the shades be,

True to the Lord; He will come quick-ly With his re-ward.
All works for good; Noth-ing can in-jure Those who love God.
Clouds pass a-way; Dark tho' the night be, Quick comes the day.
'Round thine a-bode; Bright shall the day be At home with God.

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With Jesus.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. With Je - sus—what a glorious tho't, What words with so much
2. With Je - sus—bear - ers of the cross, Look up, and see all
3. With Je - sus—what a ho - ly joy! To leave, for-sake each

com - fort fraught? What theme on earth or heav'n a - bove, Is
else is dross; The world is vain and self - ish too, Take
earth - ly toy, And live for him a - lone, and die With

CHORUS.

sweet - er than this tho't of love?
Je - sus, keep him close to you. With Je - sus—bless - ed,
him, and live be - yond the sky.

bless - ed tho't, With Je - sus— he our souls hath bought, With

Je - sus, now and ev - ermore, With Je - sus, on fair heaven's shore.

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The Gate of Mercy will be Closed. 45

A. J. CRIDER. GEO. B. CHASE.

Andantino.

1. The gate is o - pen now for all, Who on the Sav - ior's
2. The gate is standing o - pen still, Oh, en - ter, 'tis the
3. The gate is standing o - pen yet, But oh, how soon it

name will call; The Sav - ior beck - ons at the gate,
Mas - ter's will; He'll bless you as you en - ter there,
may be shut! Oh, en - ter, ere the Sav - ior says,

CHORUS.

Has wait - ed long, will long - er wait.
And keep you with a ten - der care. The gate of mer - cy
Too late, and shuts you from the skies.

will be closed, For me the Sav - ior in - ter-posed; I'll en-ter

while 'tis o - pen free, And it will not be closed on me.

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The Pilgrim almost Home.

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

1. I'm com-ing near the gate - way, My journey's near-ly done;
2. The ones that started with me Have long a - go gained rest;
3. Now, o - pen wide the door-way; Lord, let thy pil-grim in;

My way-worn feet are wea - ry, My rest will soon be won;
They left me lone - ly trav-'ling, To en - ter with the blest;
I'm tired, and worn, and wea-ry; Oh, Je - sus, let me in!

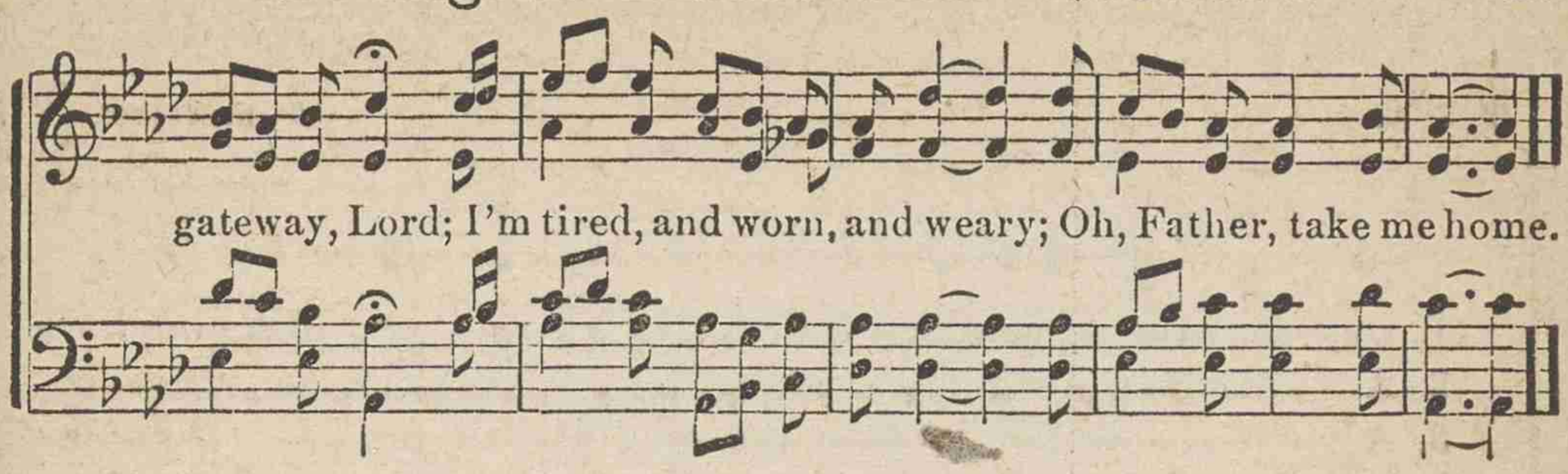
I've borne a heav-y bur - den, And long has been the way;
I've met with ma-ny sor-rows, With tri - als, griefs, and woe,
I hear the an-gels sing - ing On that ce - les - tial shore;

But soon 'twill end in glo - ry And ev - er-last - ing day.
But soon I'll leave for-ev - er My troub-les here be - low.
I, too, shall soon be with them, To dwell for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

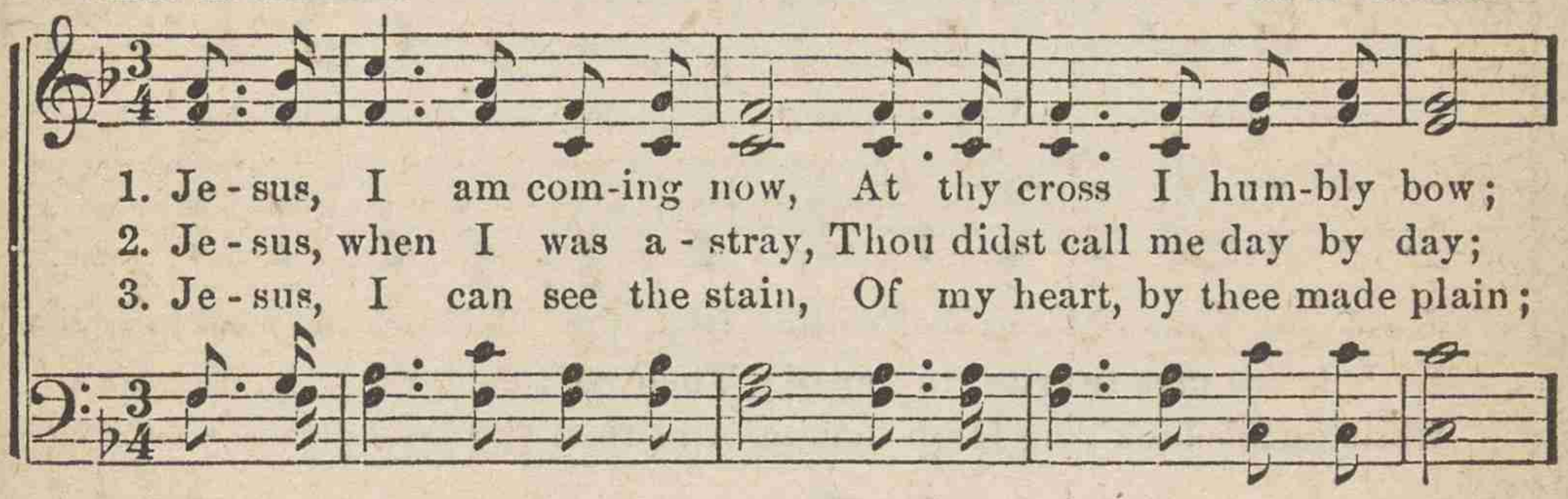
Open wide the gateway, blessed Lord; Open wide the
Open wide Open wide

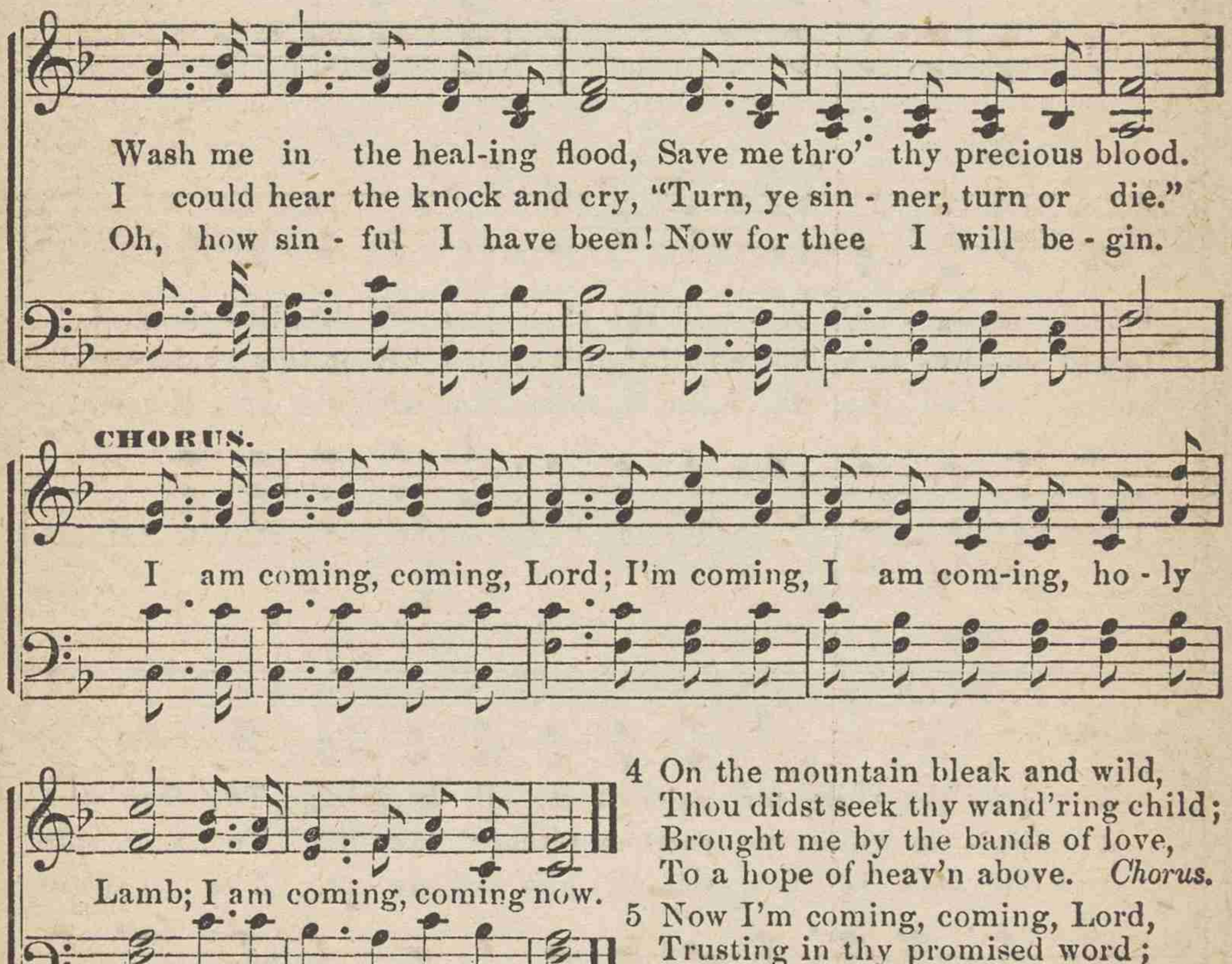
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Jesus, I am Coming.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.





4 On the mountain bleak and wild,
Thou didst seek thy wand'ring child;
Brought me by the bands of love,
To a hope of heav'n above. *Chorus.*

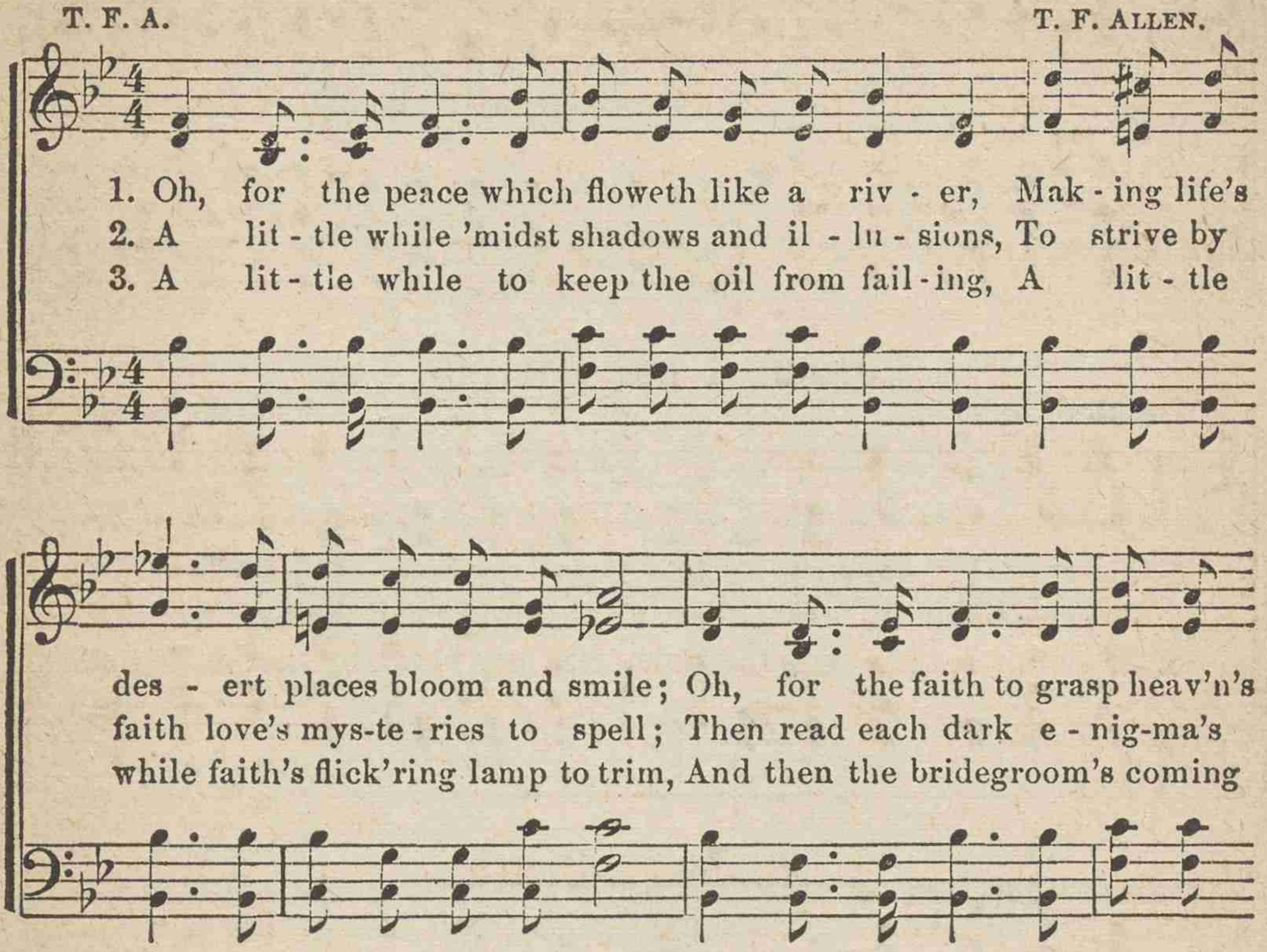
5 Now I'm coming, coming, Lord,
Trusting in thy promised word;
All I have I bring to thee,
Make me thine eternally. *Chorus.*

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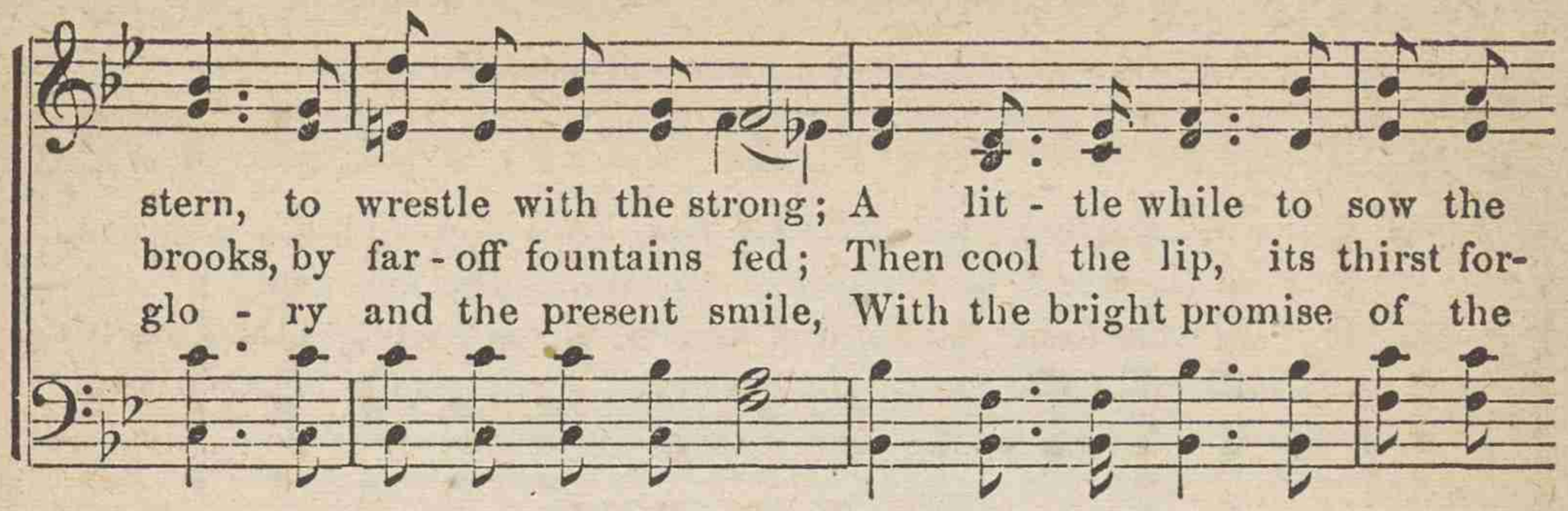
A Little While.
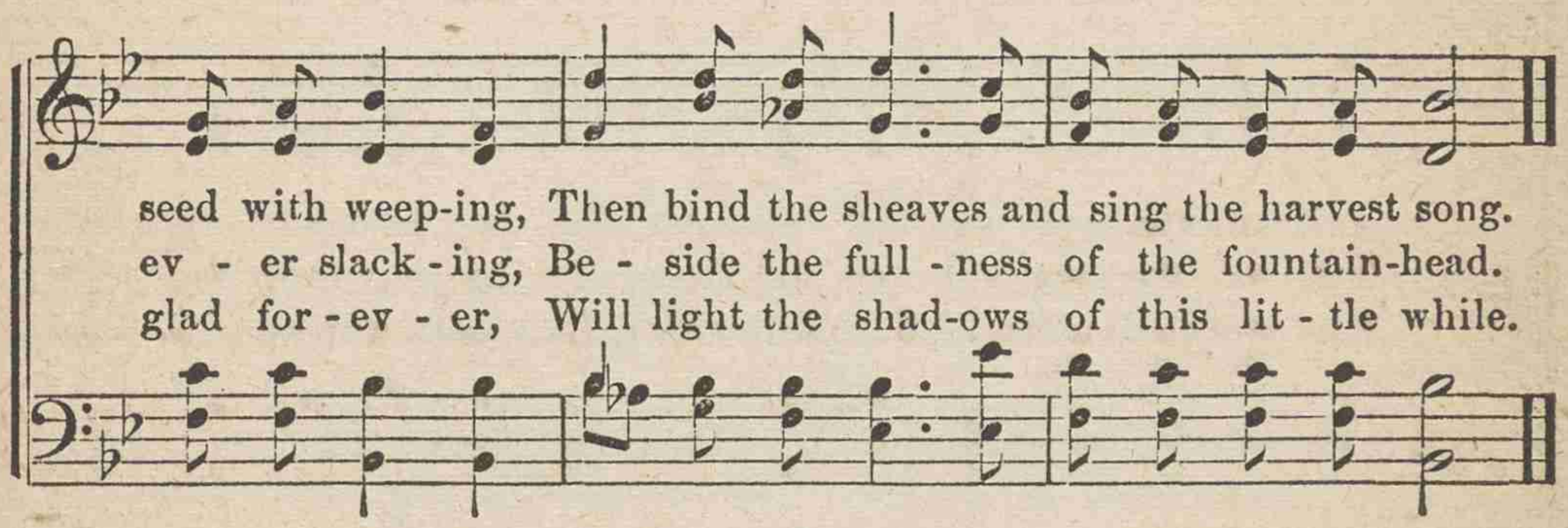
"A little while and he that shall come will come."—JOHN 10: 37.

T. F. A. T. F. ALLEN.



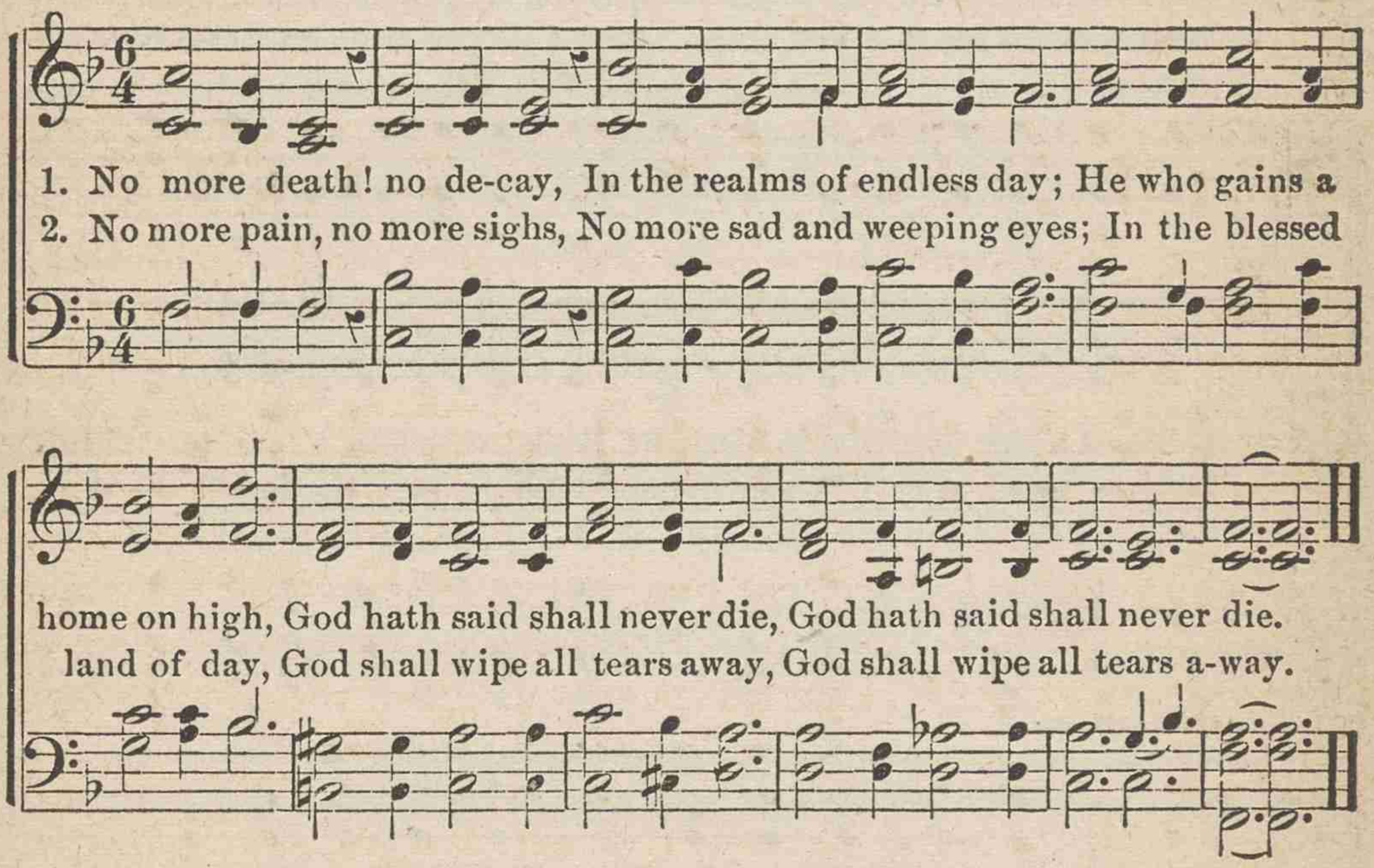
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No More Death.

T. C. N. "And there shall be no more death."—Rev. 21: 4. Rev. T. C. Neal.



3 No more cares, no more fears,
No more weary toilsome years;
In the great eternity,
‖: Never more shall these things be. :‖

4 Summer's heat, winter's chill,
In that home we ne'er shall feel;
Sun and season once for aye,
‖: With the earth have passed away. :‖

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50 Tell what the Lord has done for you.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Tell what the Lord has done for you, Tell how he loves your soul;
2. Tell of the words he whisper'd low, When you first heard his voice;
3. Tell of the hope you have of heav'n, When earthly scenes are o'er,

Tell of the joys you feel to-night, Tell how he made you whole;
Tell of the love you then did know, Making your heart re - joice;
And you shall meet, with rapture sweet, Blest ones who've gone before;
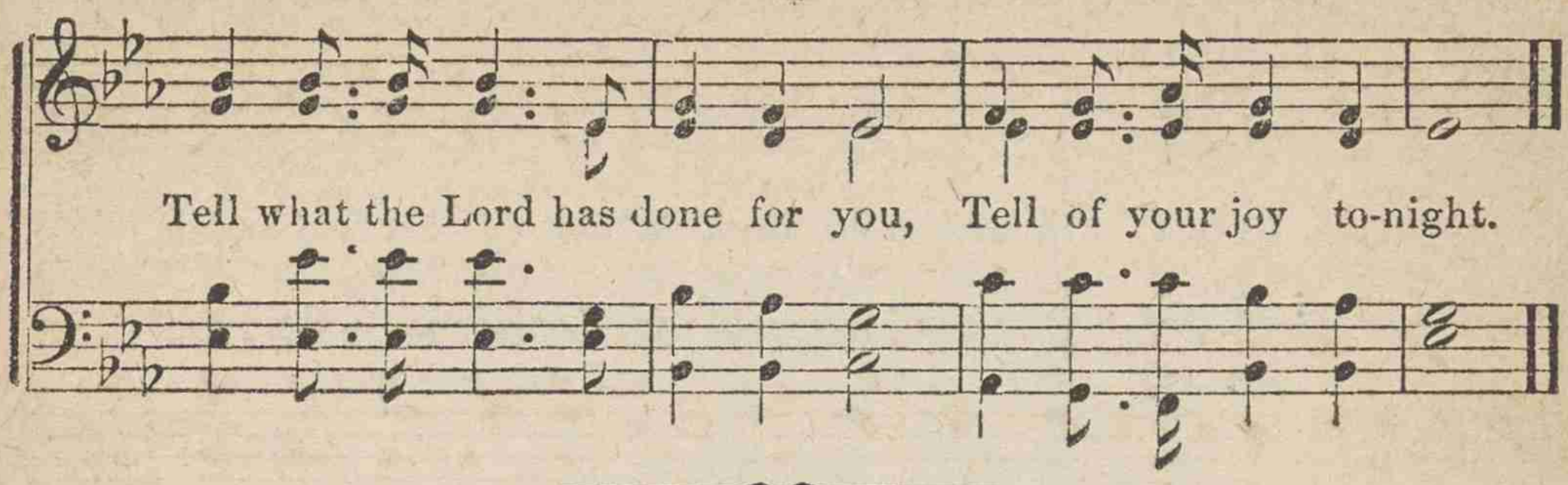
Tell how he sought you in your sin, Wand'ring in deserts bleak and wild;
Tell how he rescued you from death, Led you from darkness into day;
Tell of the joy your full heart knows, Tell of the crown you hope to wear;

Tell how he brought you in his arms, Back to the fold, a ransomed child.
Tell how he whisper'd, "Come to me, I am the Life, the Truth, the Way."
Tell of the robes so spotless white, Jesus shall give you o - ver there.

CHORUS.

Tell what the Lord has done for you, Tell of your soul's de-light;

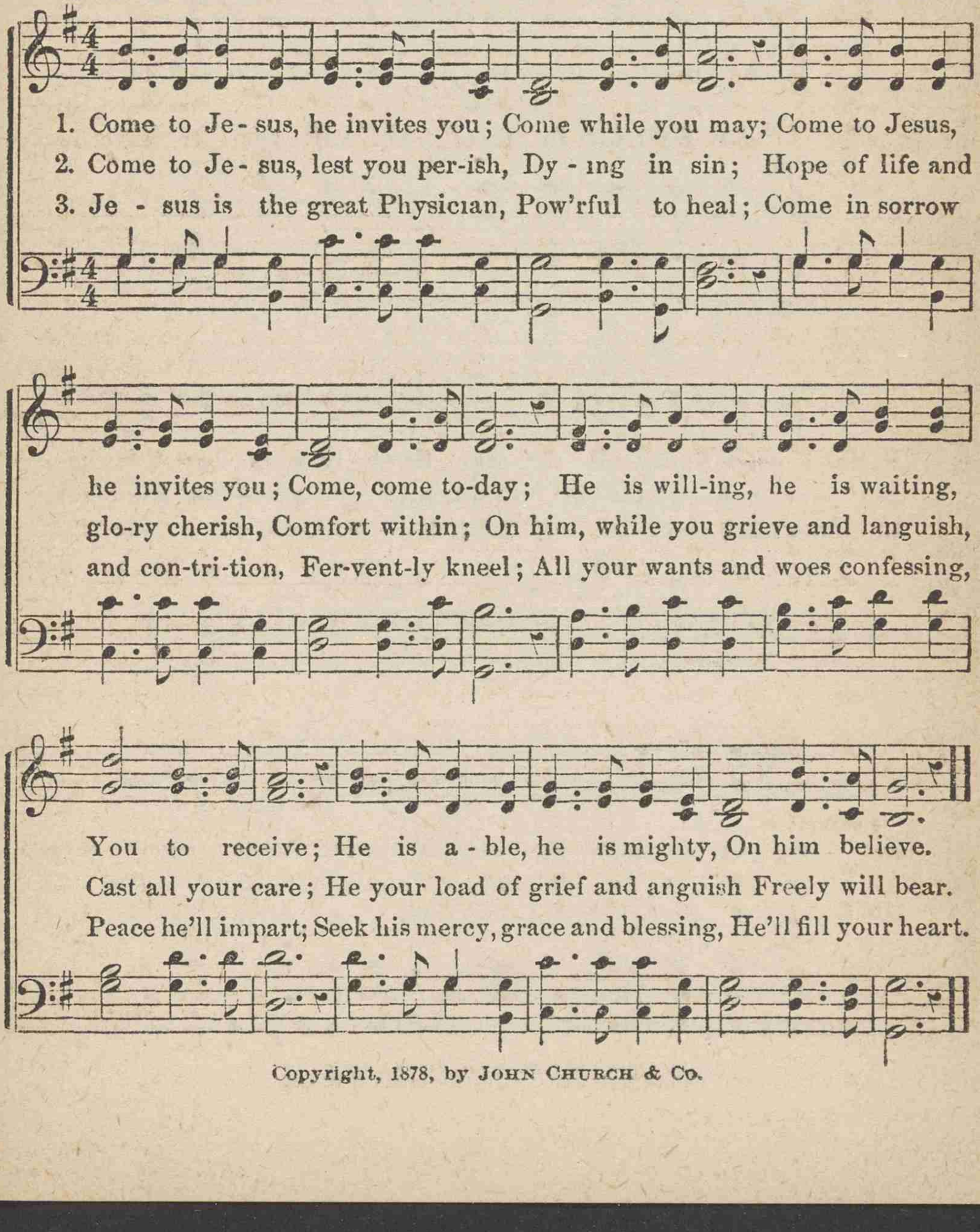
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Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—ISAIAH 55 : 3.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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52

Whom have I but Thee.

EMMA LINN. Psalms 73 : 25. W. T. GIFFE.

1. Whom have I in heav'n but thee, Whom on earth be - side thee?
2. Whom have I in heav'n but thee, Whom on earth be - side thee?
3. Whom have I in heav'n but thee, Whom on earth be - side thee?

On - ly thou canst cheer my way, Love and guard and guide me.
Round thy throne the ser-aph host Cease not to a - dore thee.
If I put my trust in thee, Thou wilt nev - er leave me.

Earth - ly friends may all for - sake, Earth - ly woes be - tide me,
Yet not one of that bright host, Life or par - don gave me,
In the shad - ow of thy wing, I will safe - ly hide me,
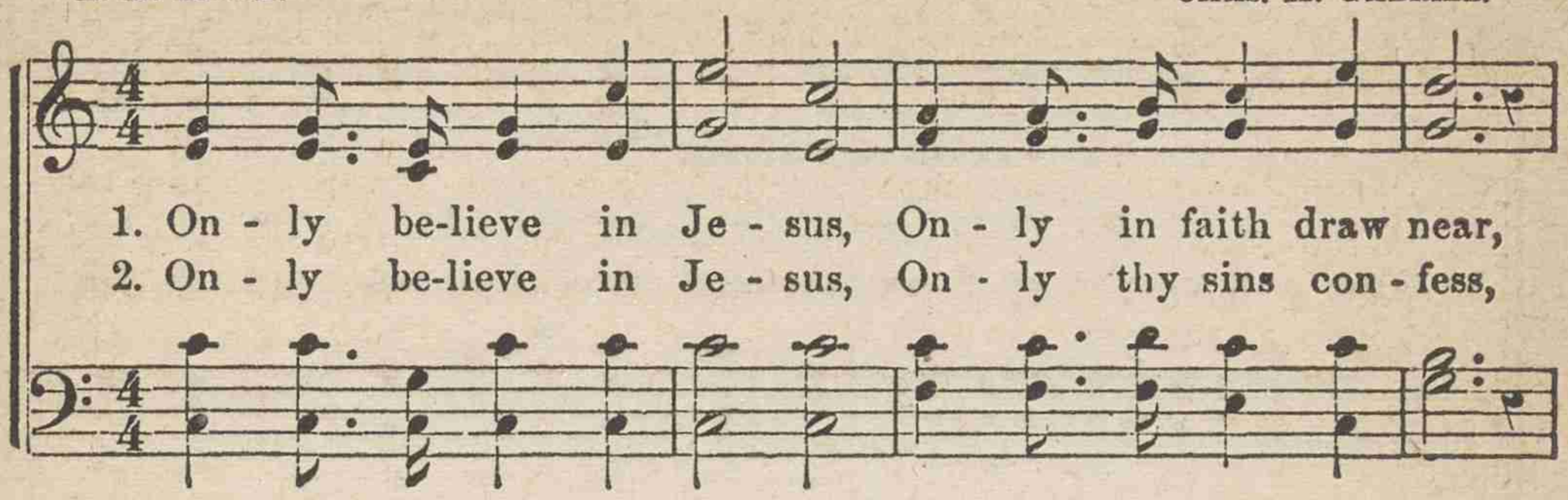
Let me put my hand in thine, Walk-ing close be-side thee.
All the glo - ry be to thee, Thou hast died to save me.
Whom have I in heav'n but thee, Whom on earth be-side thee?
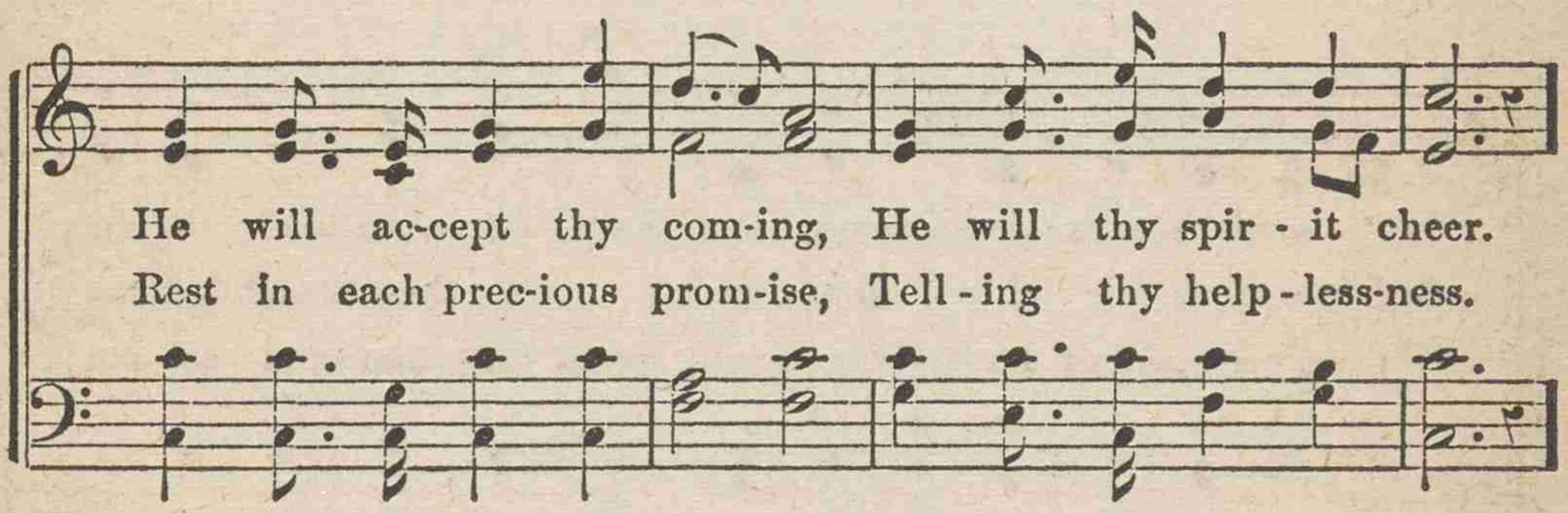
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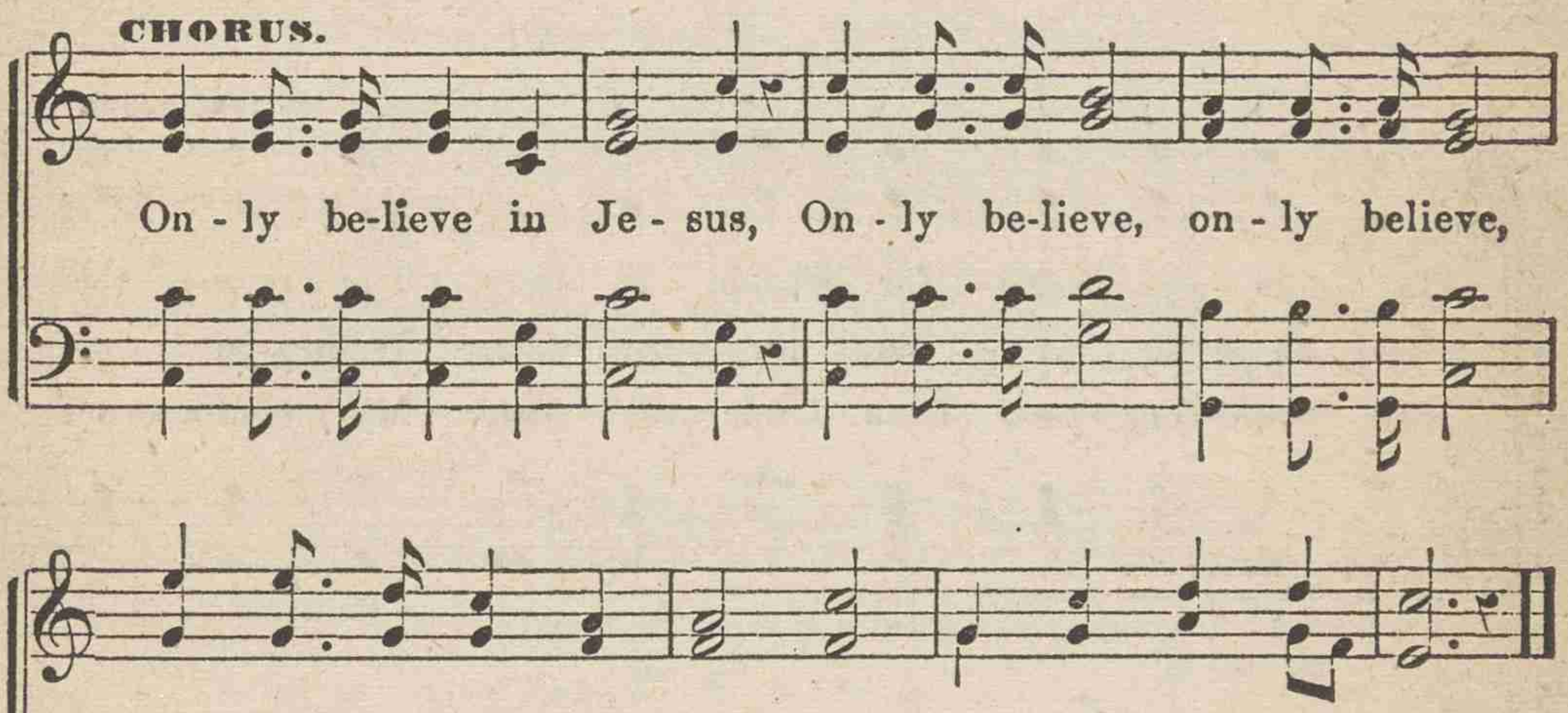
Only Believe.

"Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK 5: 36.

E. R. LATTA. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
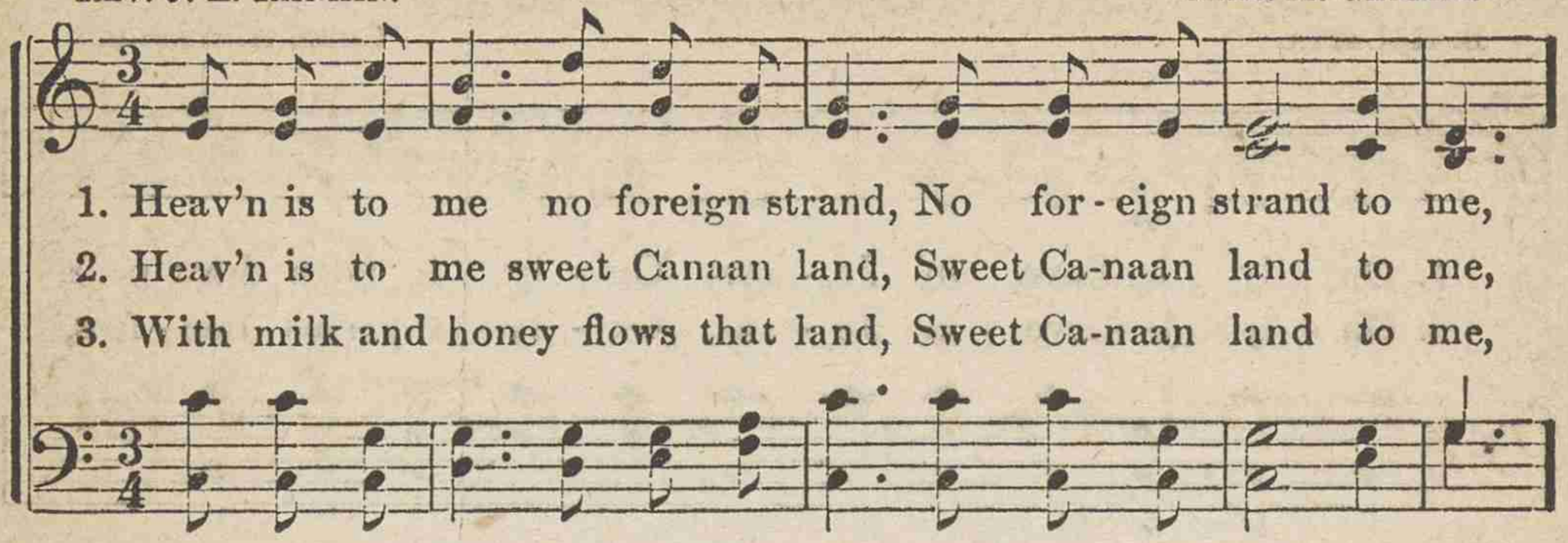






3 Only believe in Jesus,
He will thy Savior be,
Flee to his side for safety,
He is inviting thee. *Cho.*
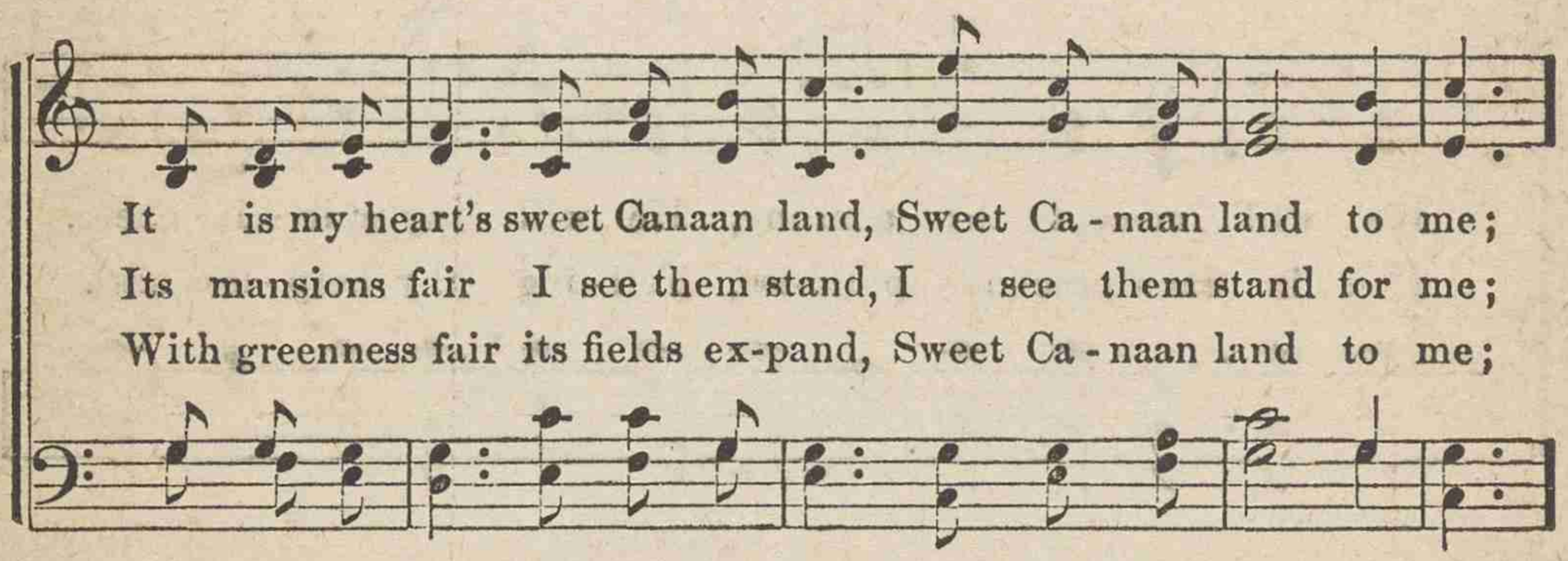
4 Only believe in Jesus,
He never will betray,
Such as will seek him truly,
He will not turn away. *Cho.*
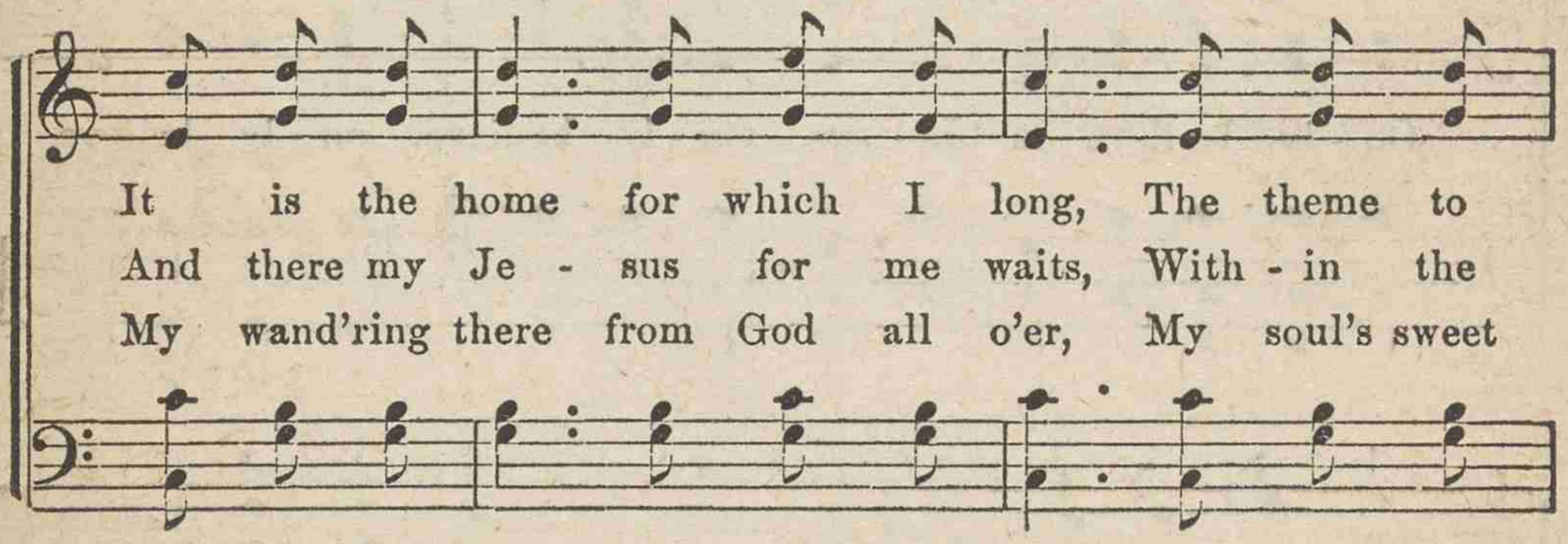
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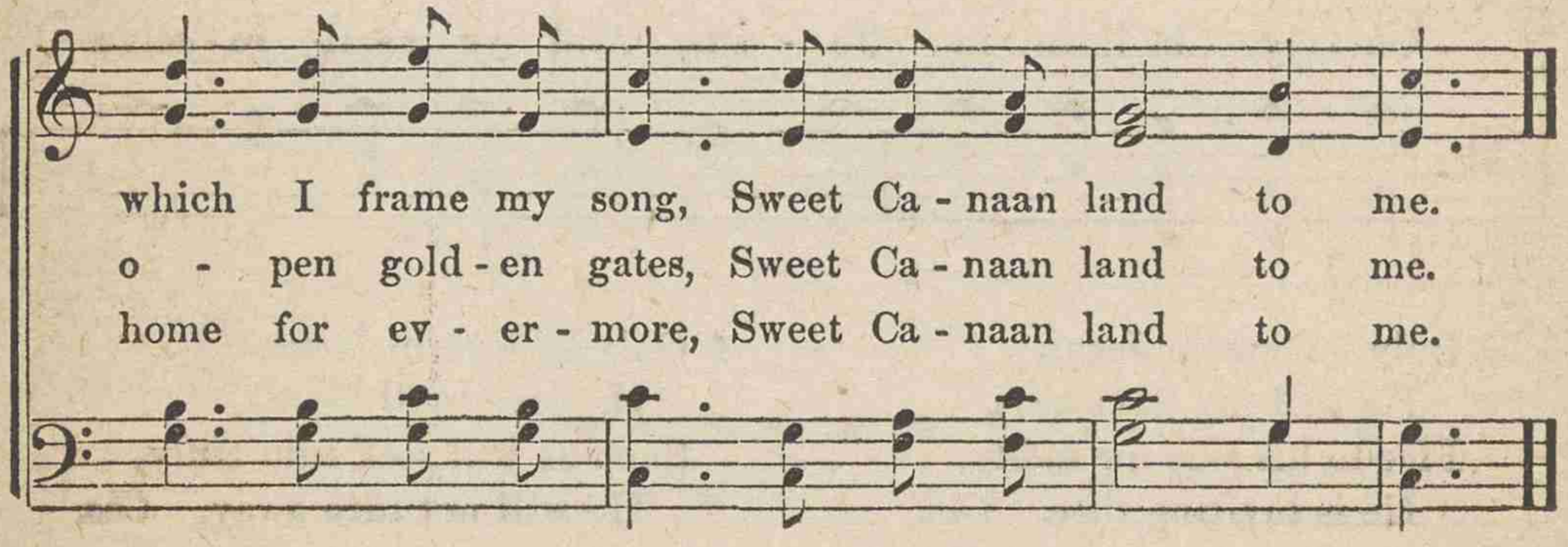
Sweet Canaan Land.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.









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Stand to Your Post.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Be strong, Christian soldier, faint not by the way, The strife won't be long, then take
2. Thy foes press around thee,—deceit-ful-ly try To lure thee from justice to
3. Till death be thou faithful, then vict'ry will crown The valiant of Jesus, with

courage to-day; Thy Savior is leading thee on to the field, Be nev-er dis-
death by and by; Beware, for they're lurking around thee alway, They try to en-
armor laid down; A song of rejoicing shall burst on the ear, And glory for-

CHORUS.

couraged or sin-ful - ly yield.
snare thee—beware then, to-day! Stand at your post, soldier, stand at your post,
ev - er undimmed by a fear.

Follow your Leader or the conflict will be lost; The hosts thou'rt opposing are

many and strong, But Jesus is thy Leader, and the strife will not be long.

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56

If on Jesus we Believe.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Brother, art thou lone and wea - ry in the serv-ice of thy King?
2. Oft-en-times tempta-tions ga - ther on the Christian's path below,
3. Oh, be faith-ful, Christian brother! full-y trust in Je - sus' love;

Is thy spir - it bend-ing low - ly? does thy heart re-fuse to sing?
And the broad highway allures them on-ward to the gulf of woe;
Then his sunshine will a-round you shine in guidance from a - bove;
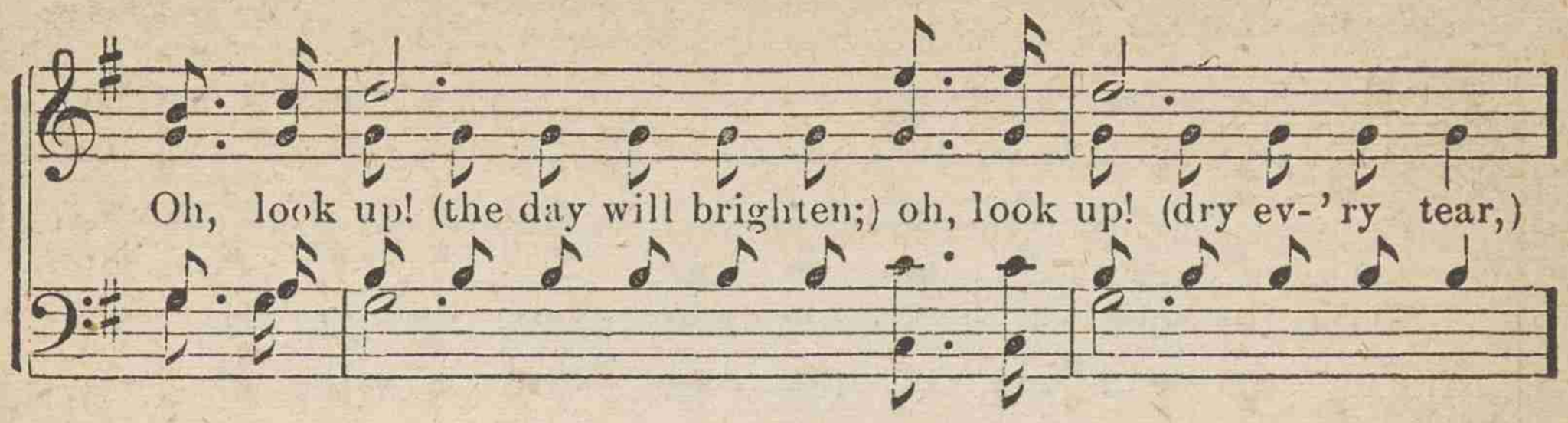
Then look up and heav'n will o-pen, and a bless-ing you'll re-ceive,
But the straight and narrow pathway nev-er, nev - er will de - ceive,
Nev - er will your heart be troubled, nev - er will your spir - it grieve,
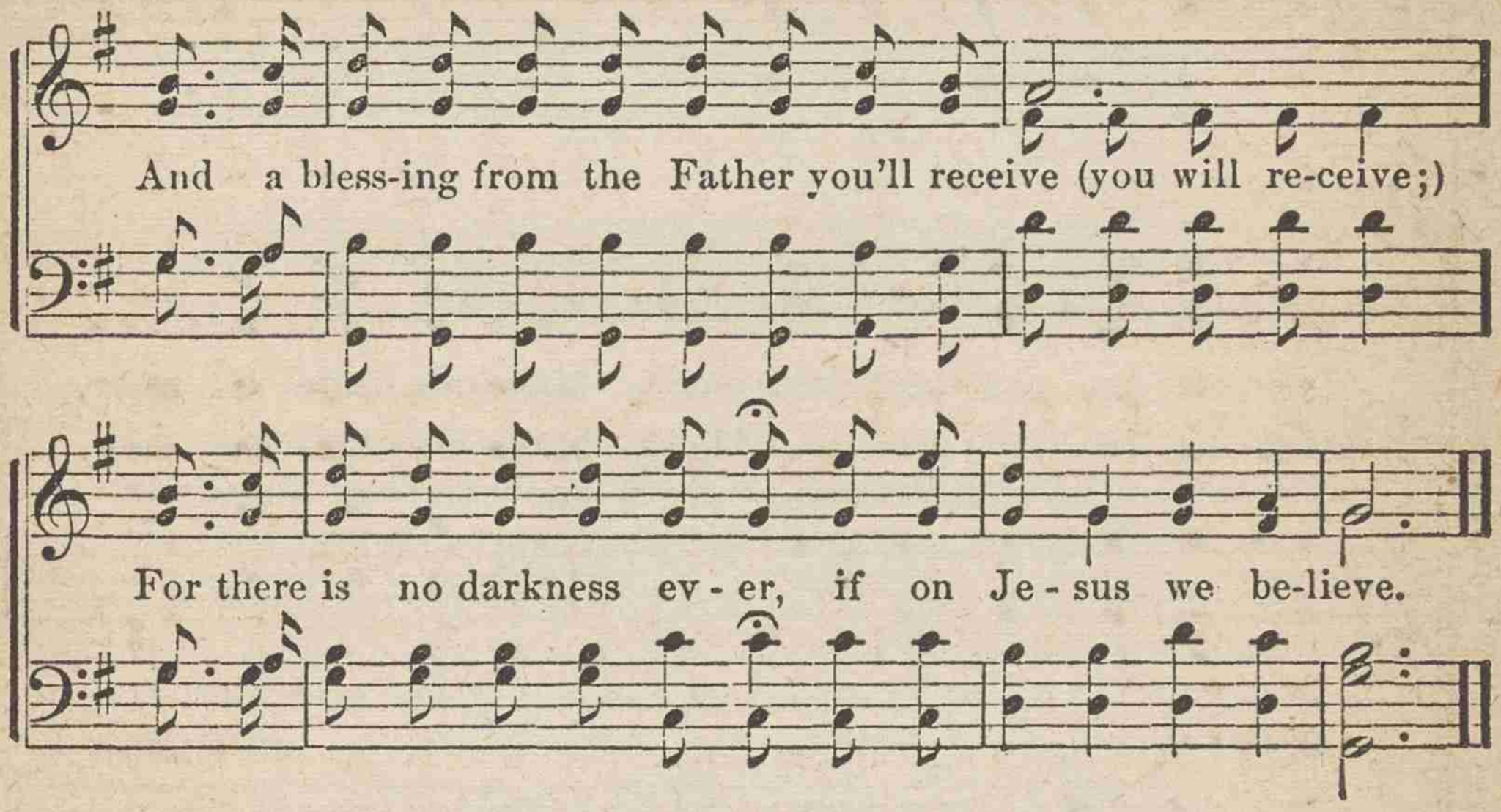
For the path of earth is sun-shine, if on Je - sus we be-lieve.
And no lures will e'er pre-vail us, if on Je - sus we be-lieve.
If your all is placed in heav-en, and on Je - sus you be-lieve.

CHORUS.

Then look up (my wea - ry broth-er) oh, look up! (the Lord is near;)

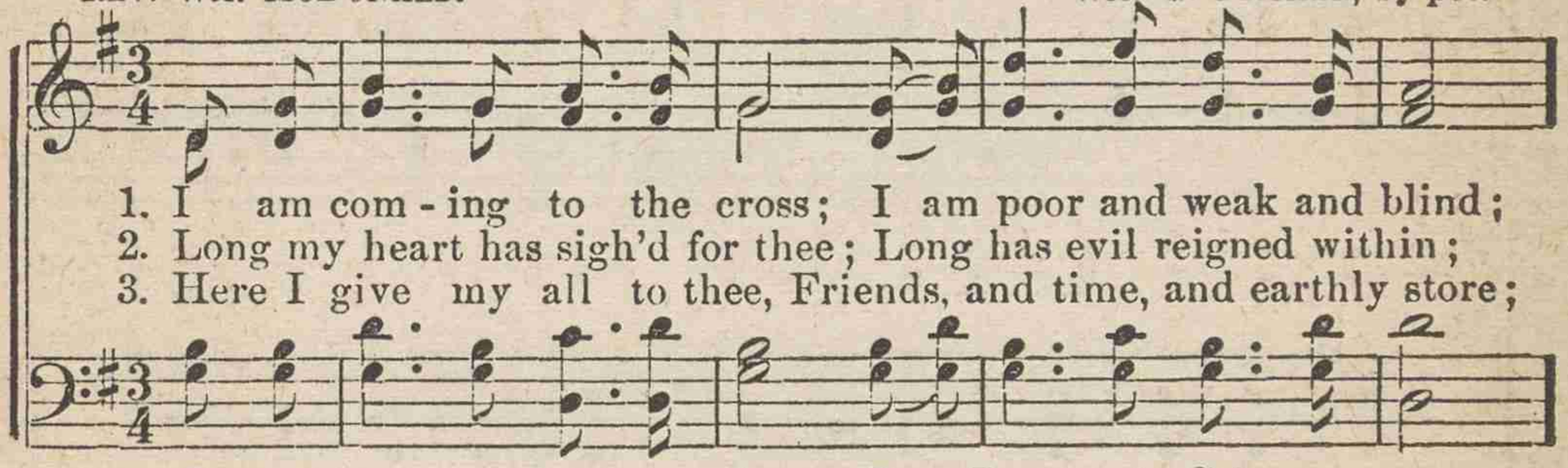
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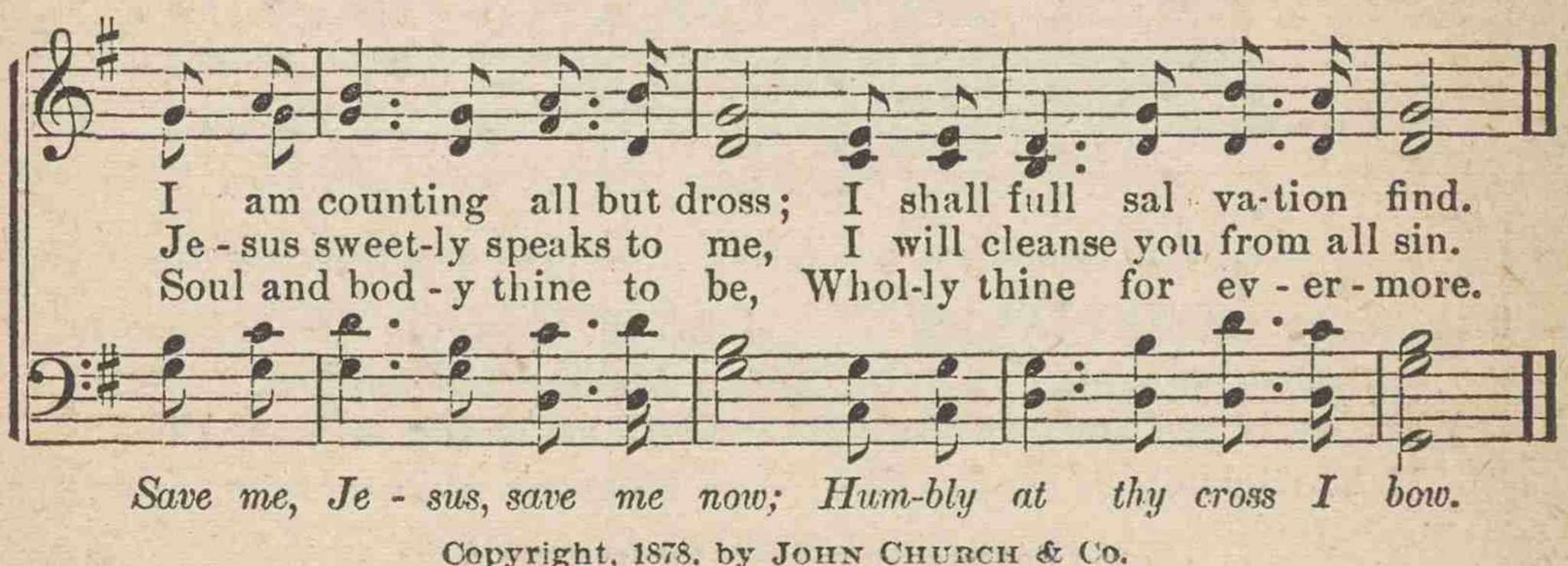




I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

REV. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



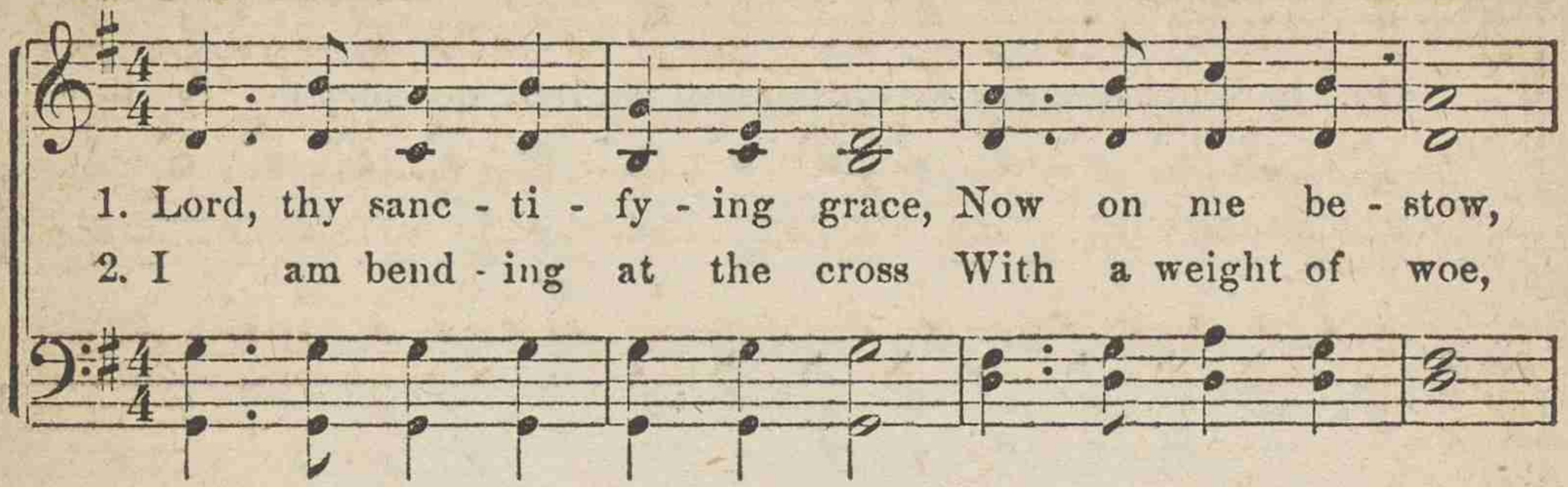


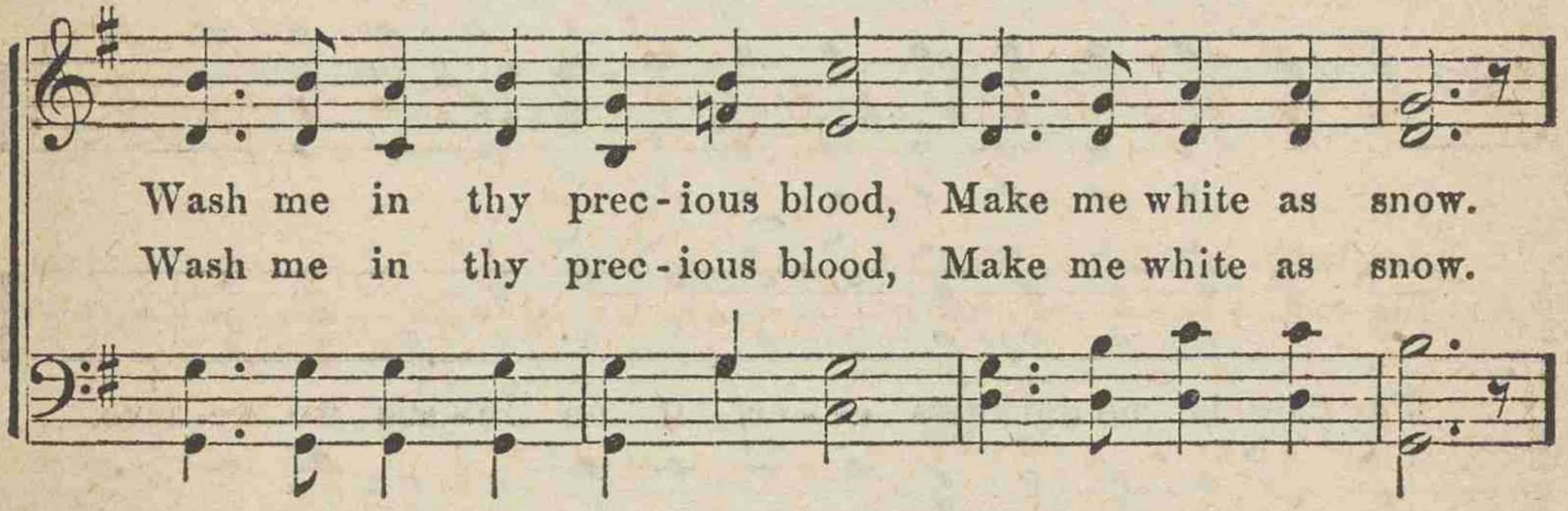
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Wash Me in the Blood.

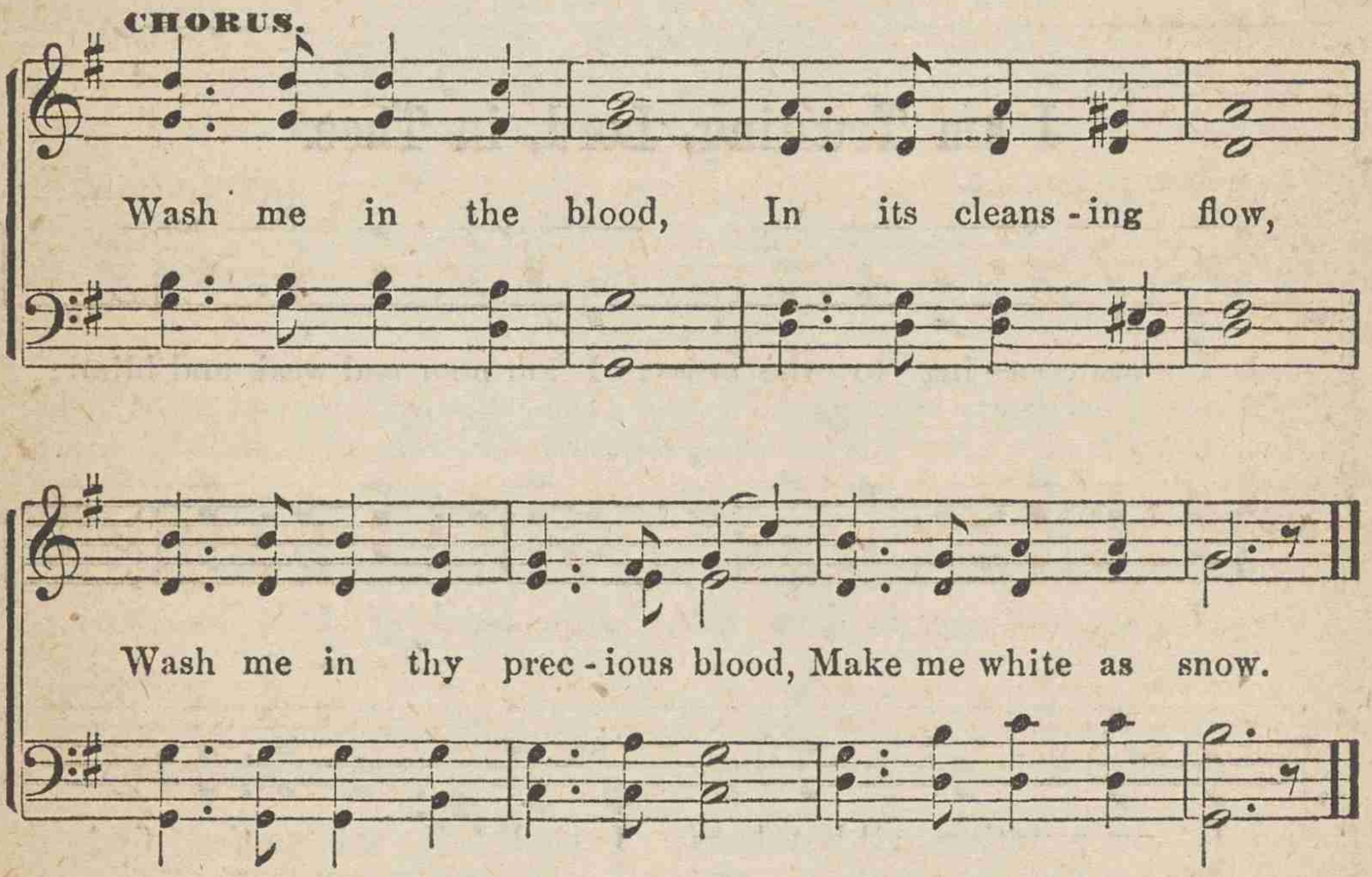
"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.
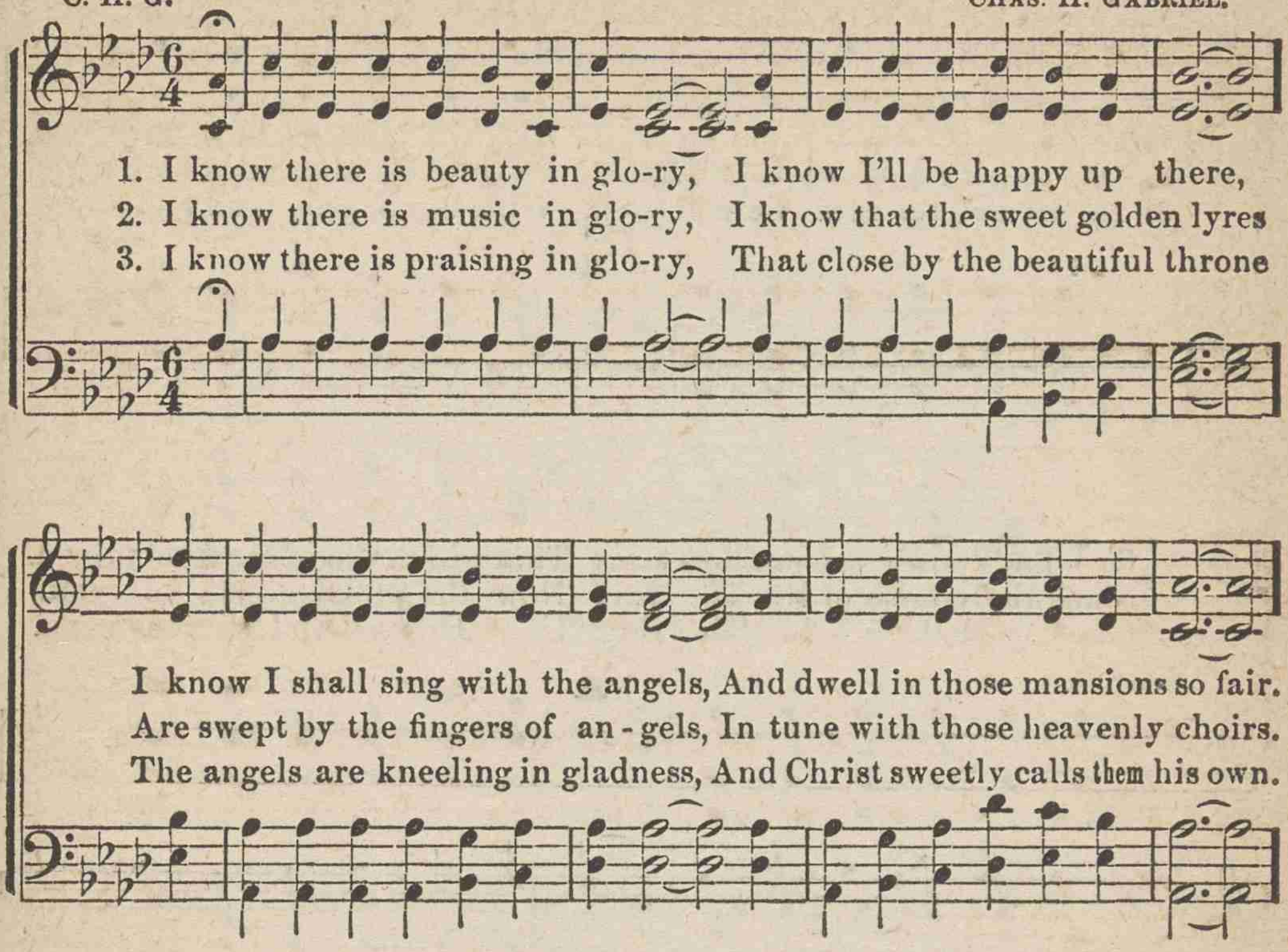


3 Open now the fountain wide,
Let salvation flow,
Wash me in thy precious blood,
Make me white as snow. *Cho.*

4 Let the cleansing stream come in,
And my soul o'erflow,
Wash me in thy precious blood,
Make me white as snow. *Cho.*

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I Know.

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



4 I know there's no dying in glory,
When thousands of years we've been there,
We'll shine just as brightly as ever,
And bliss of immortals we'll share.
Cho.

5 I know there's no parting in glory,
And that when we gather at last,
Forever and ever with Jesus
We'll dwell, when our trials are past.
Cho.

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Come, Ye Blessed.

R. B. M. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Come, ye bless-ed, come en-joy All the bliss ye have at-tained,
2. Oh, to hear those words, "Well done!" Faithful servant, good and true,
3. In God's pres-ence we will sing, With the angels, loud and strong,

Sa-tan's pow'r can not de-stroy That which Christ for us obtained.
Since thy course of life is run, Now the promise is to you.
Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah ring, In the good and glorious song.

Oh, what hap-py, hap-py souls, When our Sav-ior with us stands!
Come, en-joy e-ter-nal life, For the fight of faith is o'er,
Bless-ing, hon-or, glo-ry, power, To the Lamb for sin-ners slain;

f. **Fine.**

He our bliss and all con-trols, Says en-joy as God commands.
Thou wast brave in bat-tle's strife, Joy is thine for ev-er-more.
Bless-ing, hon-or, glo-ry, power, Be for-ev-er and A-men.

D. S. *Come ye bless-ed and en-joy That which Christ for us ob-tained.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Come, (come ye bless-ed,) Come, (come ye blessed,) For that life ye have attained;

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Mercy's Free.

Words arranged. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

With feeling.

1. I see my Sav - ior dy - ing On the tree, on the tree;
2. The might-y God hath spok-en, Peace to me, peace to thee;
3. Je - sus my soul re - fresh-es, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free;
4. In life I'm ev - er cry - ing, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free;

Un - to ev - 'ry soul he's cry - ing, Mer - cy's free, mer-cy's free.
All the chains of vice are brok - en, I am free, we are free.
Ev - 'ry mo-ment Christ is prec-ious Un - to me, un - to me.
This shall be my theme when dy - ing, Mer - cy's free, mer-cy's free.

He bids the guilty now draw near, Re-pent, believe, dismiss your fear,
Soon as I in his love believed, The ho - ly spir - it I received,
None can describe the bliss I prove, While thro' this wilderness I rove,
And when the vale of death is pass'd, And I'm secure from stormy blast,

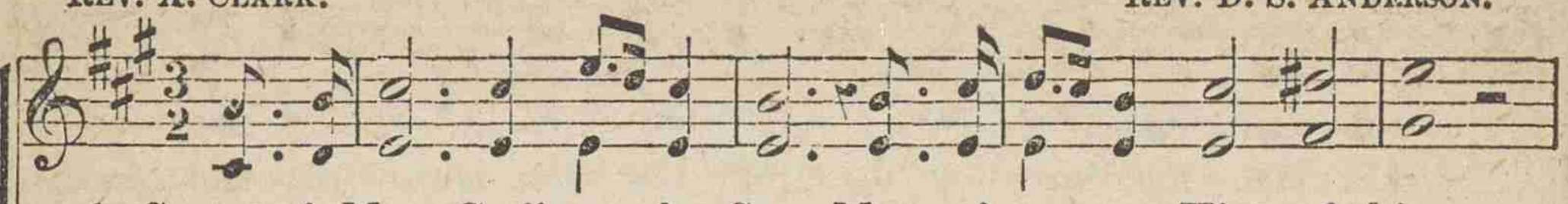
Oh, hark! what precious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.
And Christ from death my soul relieved, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.
And you may share the Sav-ior's love, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.
I'll sing while end - less a - ges last, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.

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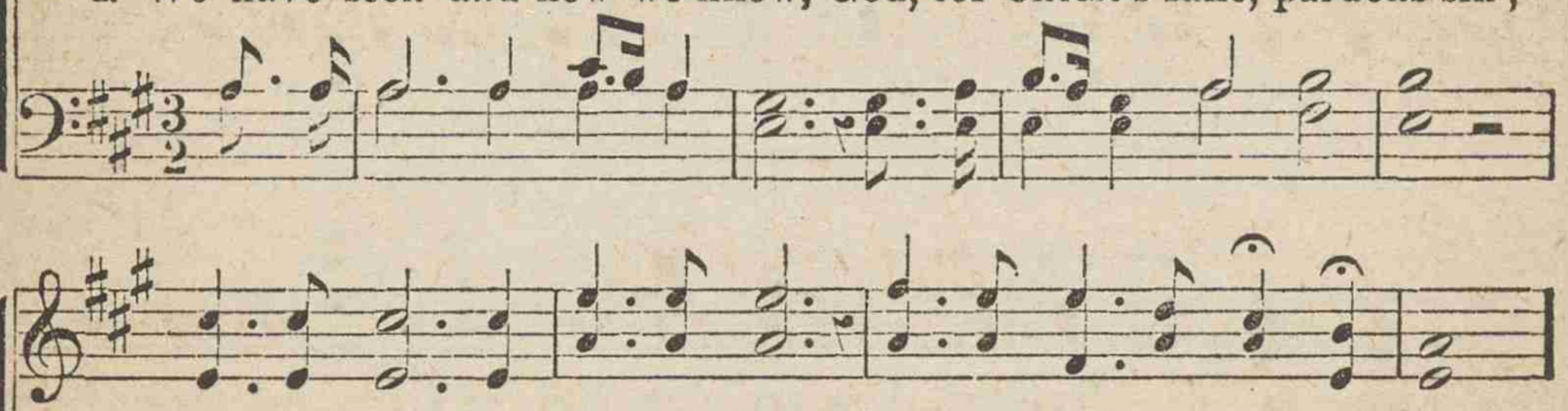
Nazarene.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—ISAIAH 53: 3.

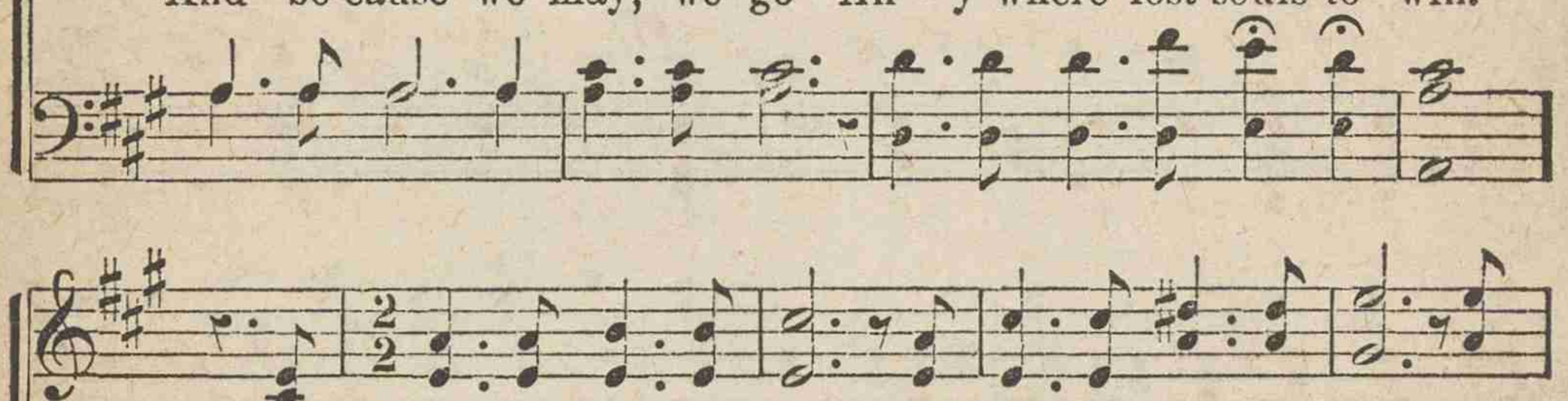
REV. A. CLARK. REV. D. S. ANDERSON.



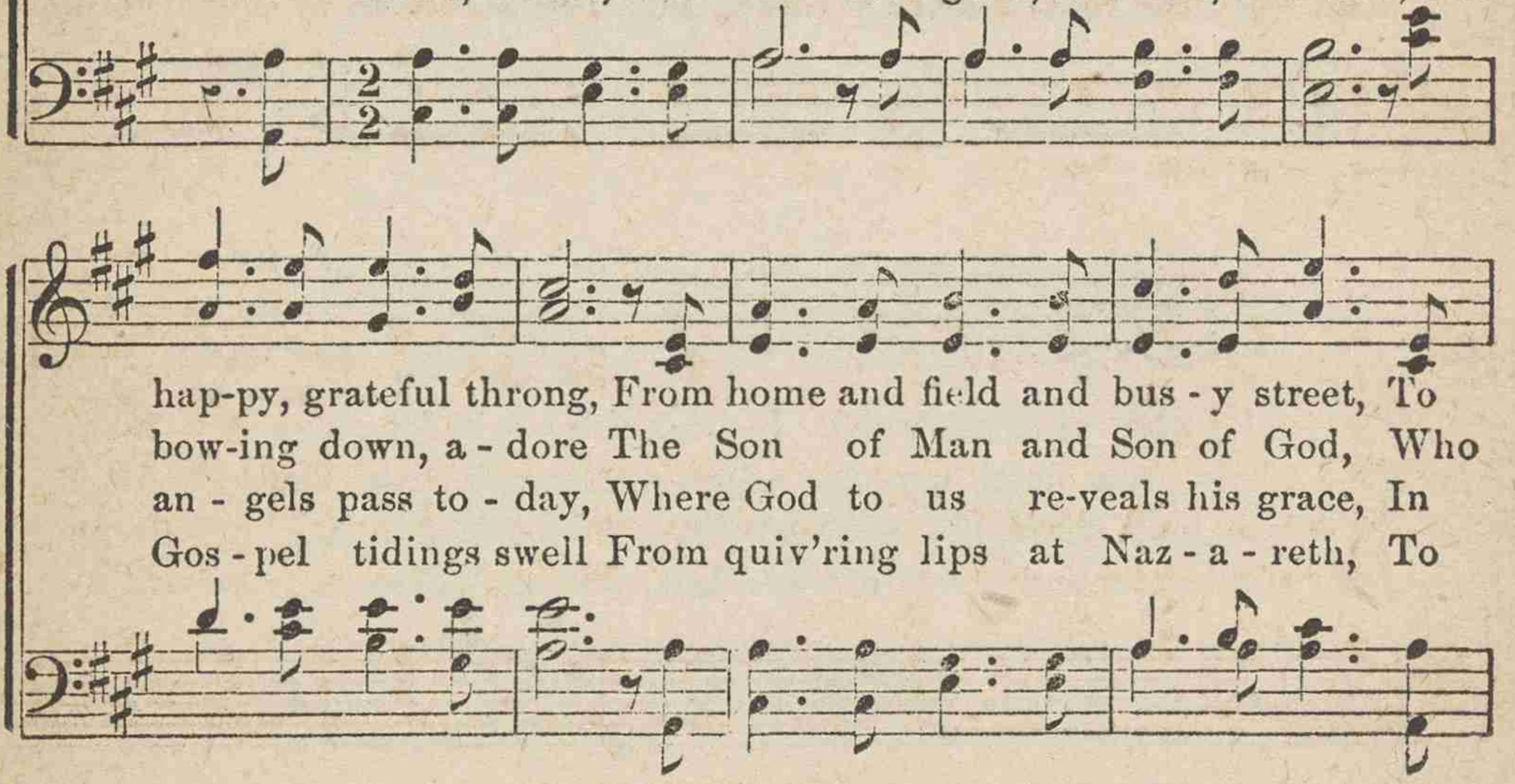
1. Son of Man, God's on - ly Son, Man of sorrows, King of kings;
2. "Come and see," was Philip's word, "Come and see," our Lord's request;
3. Out of Naz'reth, good has come, From the tomb breaks forth a light;
4. We have seen and now we know, God, for Christ's sake, pardons sin;



Naz - a - rene, but Roy - al One, Whom cre-a-tion owns and sings,—
Come we now to see the Lord, Now to be to - geth-er blest.
Israel's questioning tongue is dumb, Morning dawns and ends the night.
And be-cause we may, we go An - y where lost souls to win.

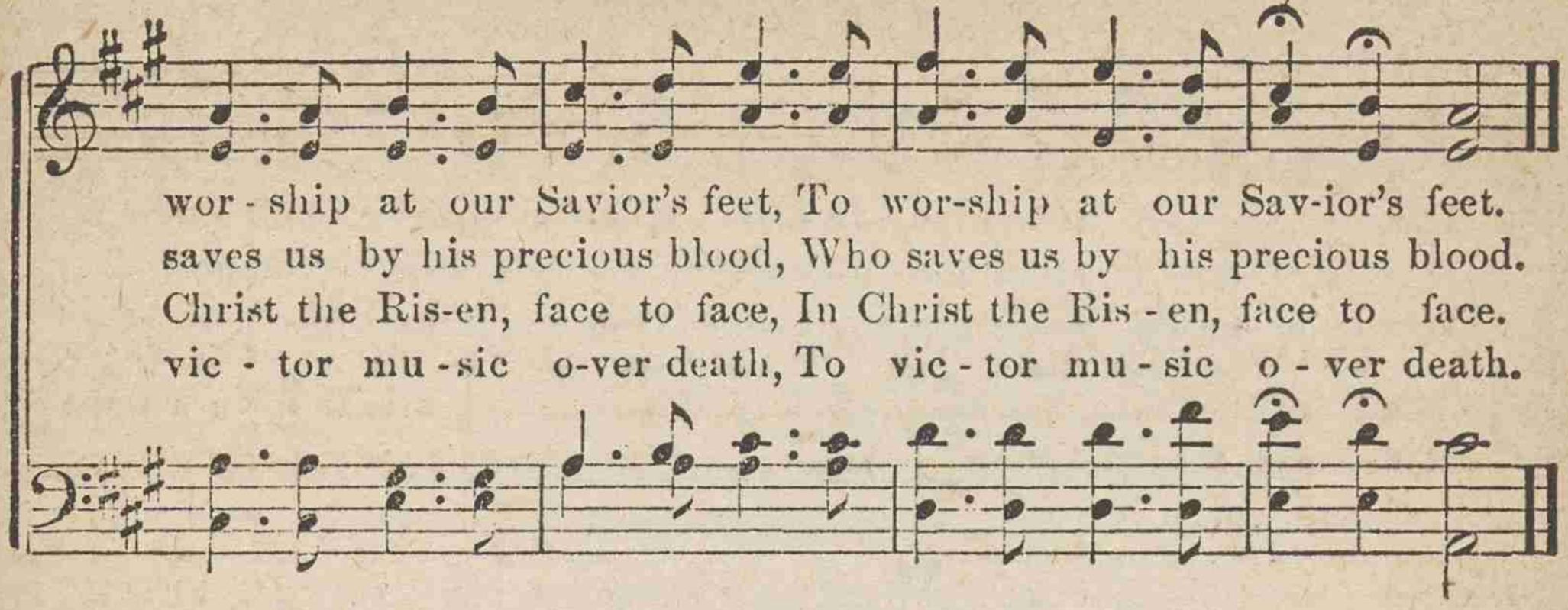


We come to thee with song, We bring our friends along, A
We come to thee once more, As we have come be-fore, And
We come to sing and pray A - long this liv - ing way, Where
We know, we see, we'll tell How good, how full, how well, The
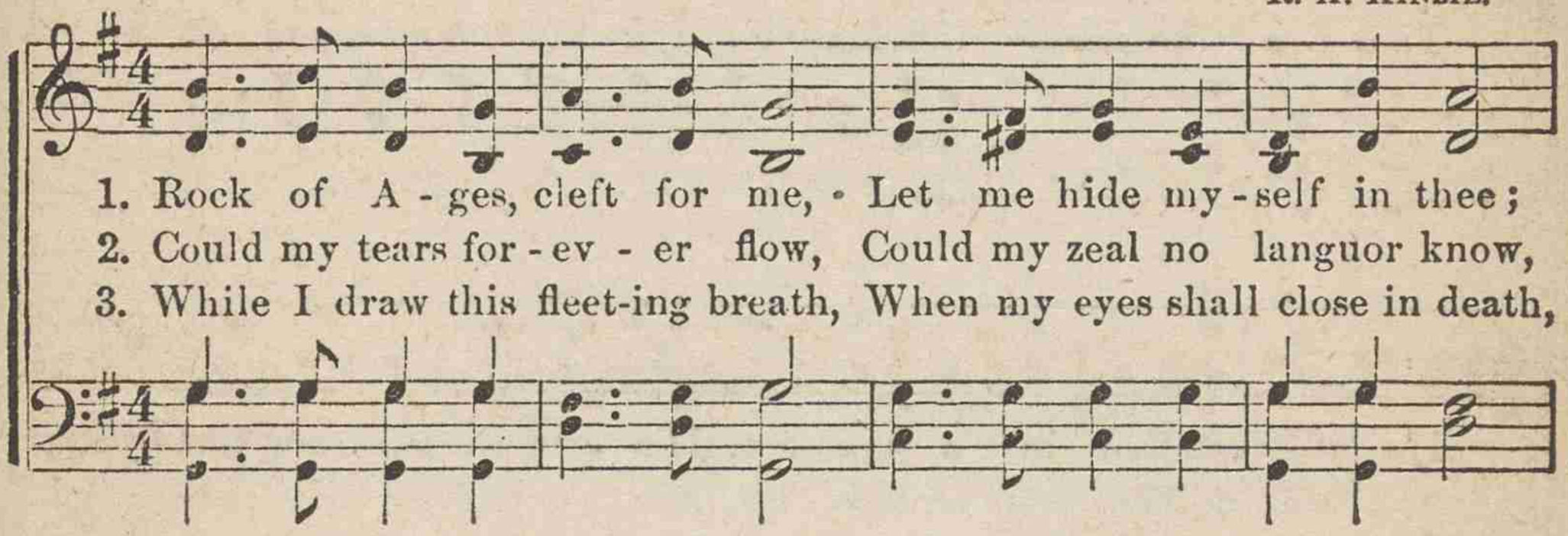


hap-py, grateful throng, From home and field and bus - y street, To
bow-ing down, a - dore The Son of Man and Son of God, Who
an - gels pass to - day, Where God to us re-veals his grace, In
Gos - pel tidings swell From quiv'ring lips at Naz - a - reth, To

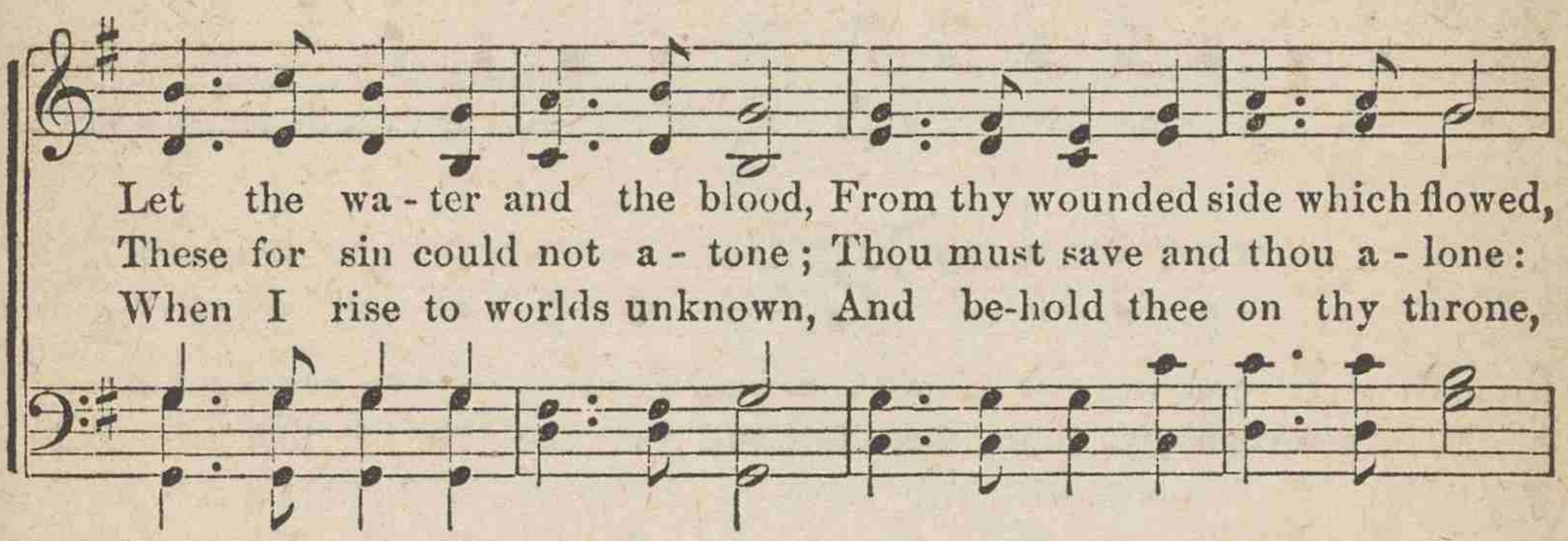
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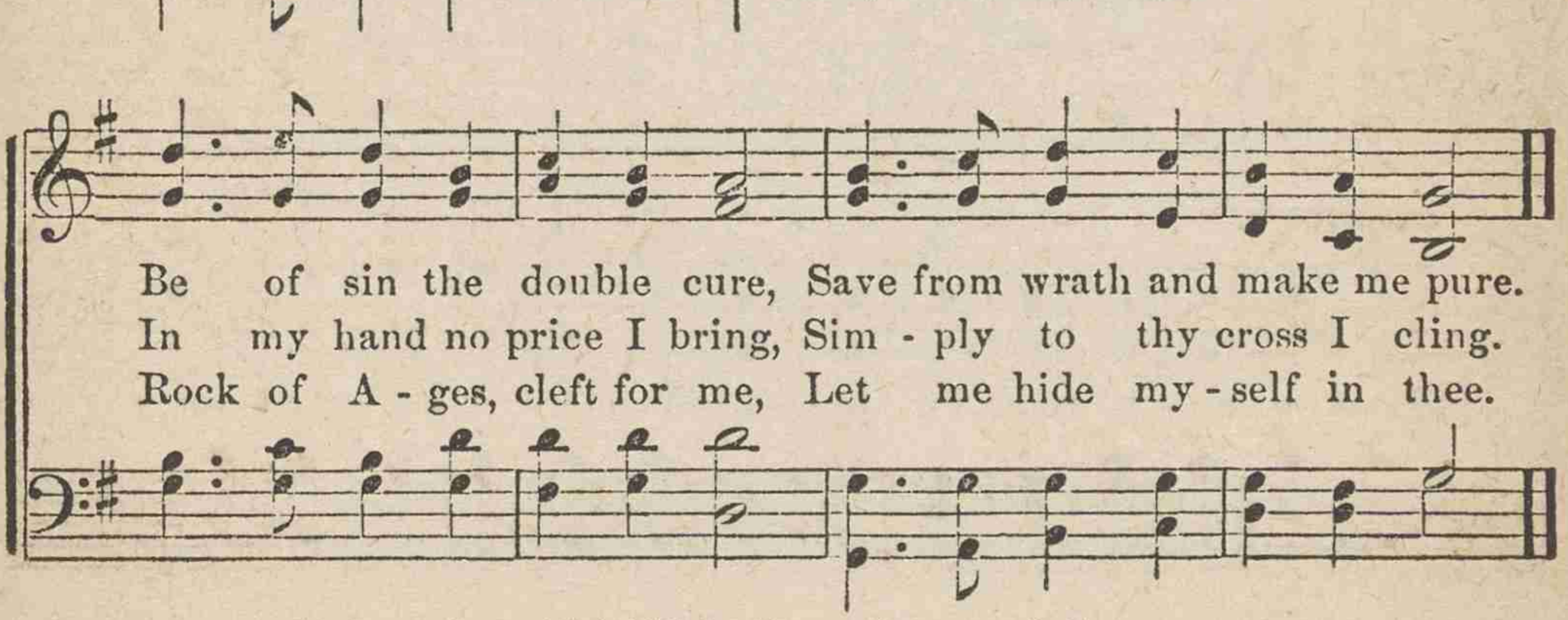


Cleft For Me.

R. A. KINZIE.







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Room for Jesus.

ANON. CHAS H. GABRIEL.

Earnestly.

1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus? When we gath-er, shall we say
2. Have you an - y room for Je - sus? Lit - tle children, you and I,
3. Have you an - y room for Je - sus? When we gath-er, shall we say

That the followers of the Mas - ter Have no time for pray'r to-day?
When a few more days are end - ed, Must have room and time to die.
That the followers of the Mas - ter Are not fol - low-ers to - day?

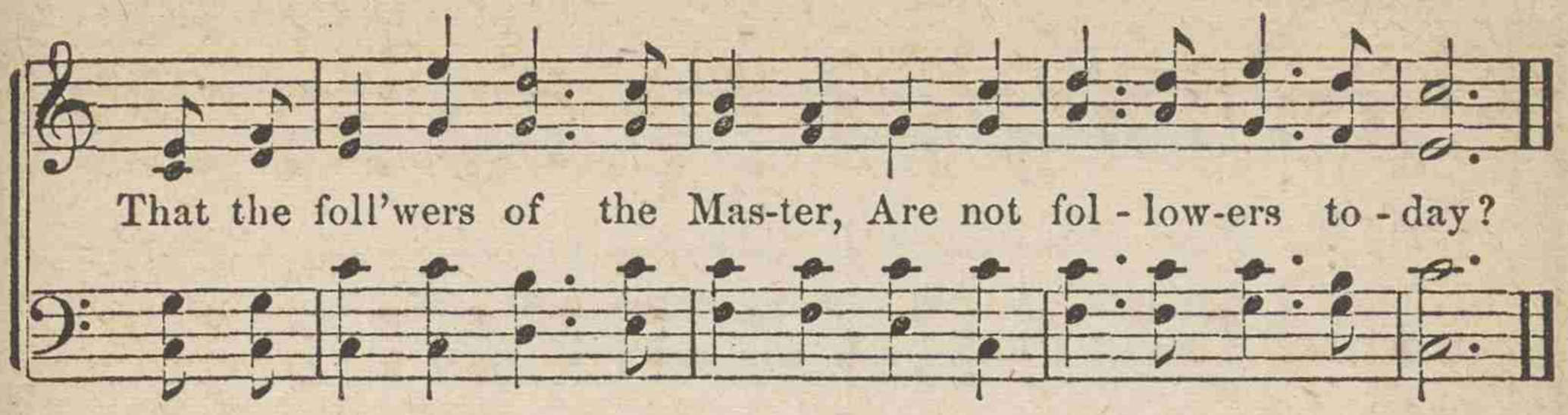
He was cradled in a man-ger, His own an - gels sang the hymn,
Are we no-bler, wis - er, bet - ter, Are we pur - er now than they?
Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Time for him all times o - bey!

Of re - joic-ing at his com-ing, Yet there was no room for him.
Have we an - y room for Je - sus, In the life we live to - day?
He it was who died to save us, Have we lived for him to - day?

CHORUS.

Have we an - y room for Je - sus? When we gather, shall we say

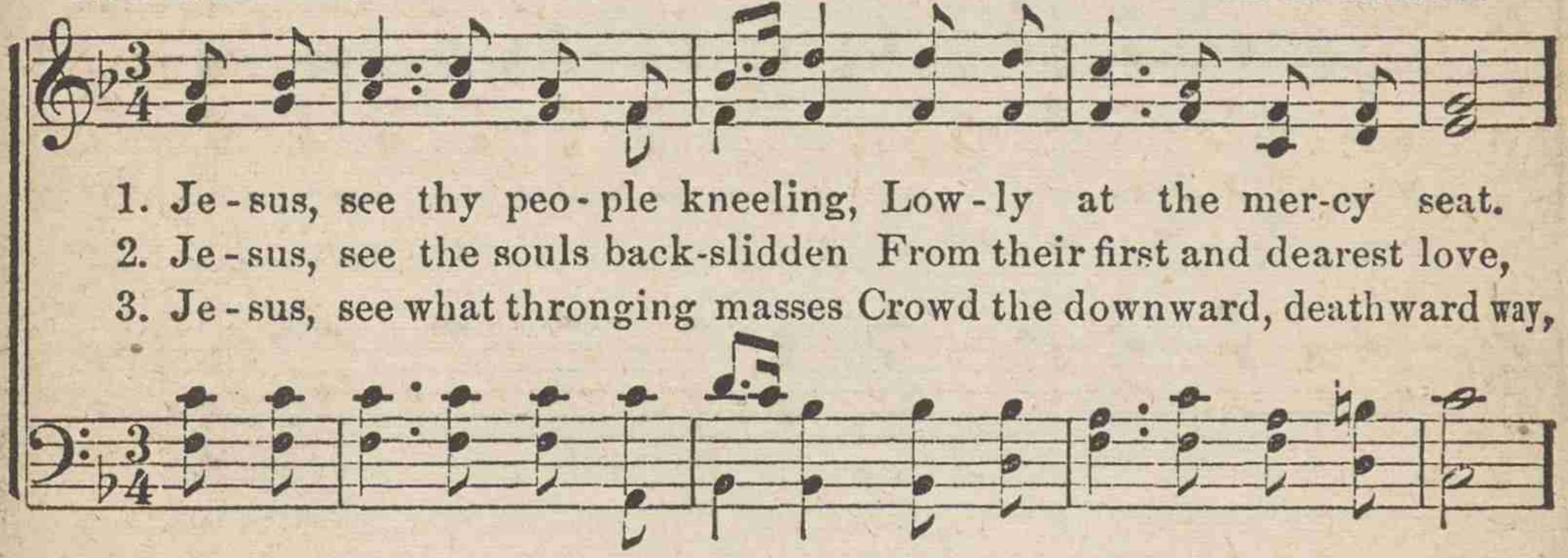
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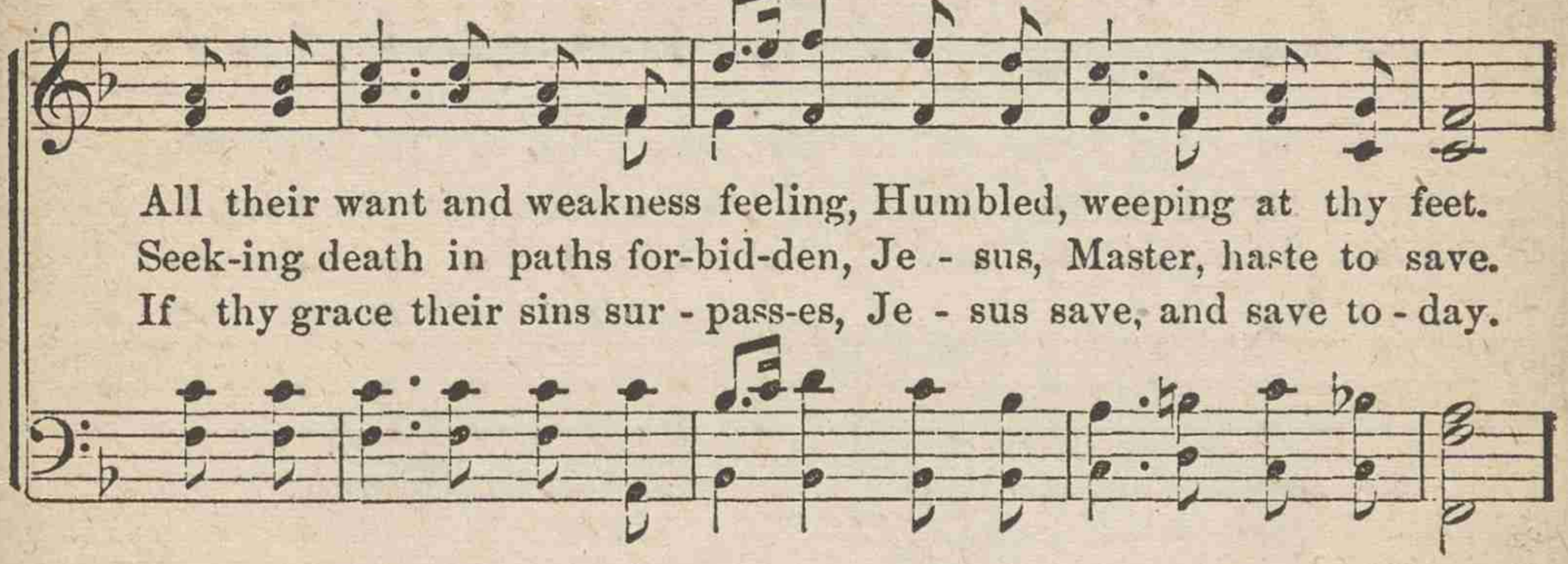


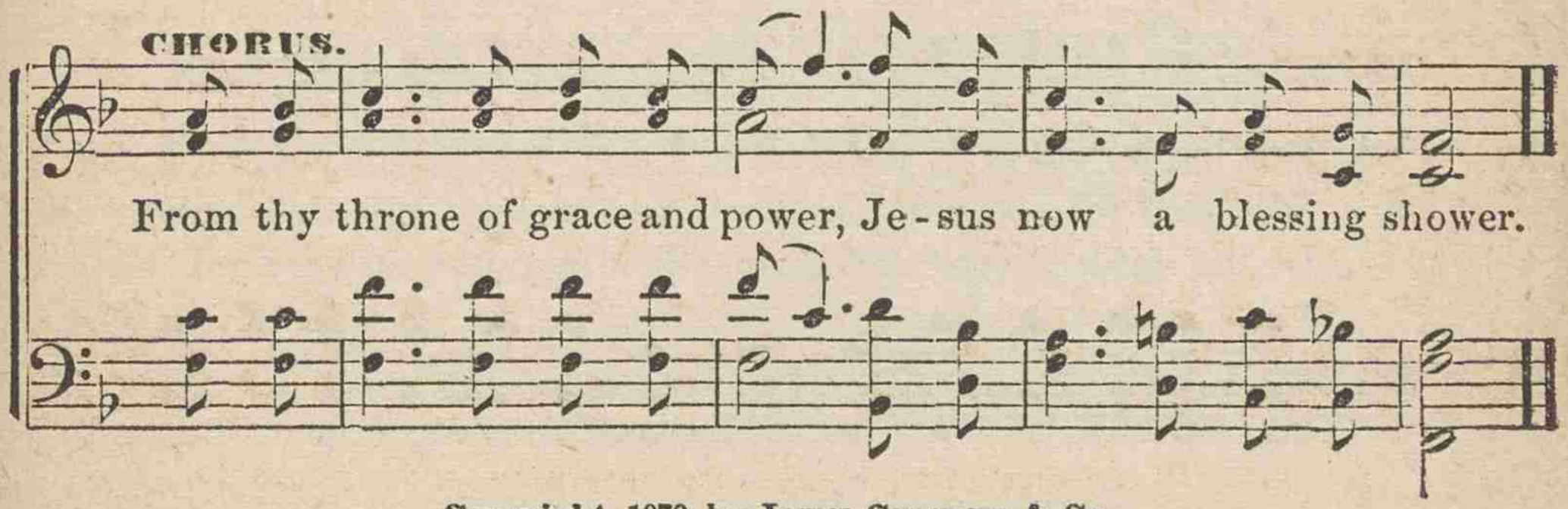
Jesus, See.

"Preserve me, O God, in thee I trust."—Ps. 16: 1.

REV. L. HOOKER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
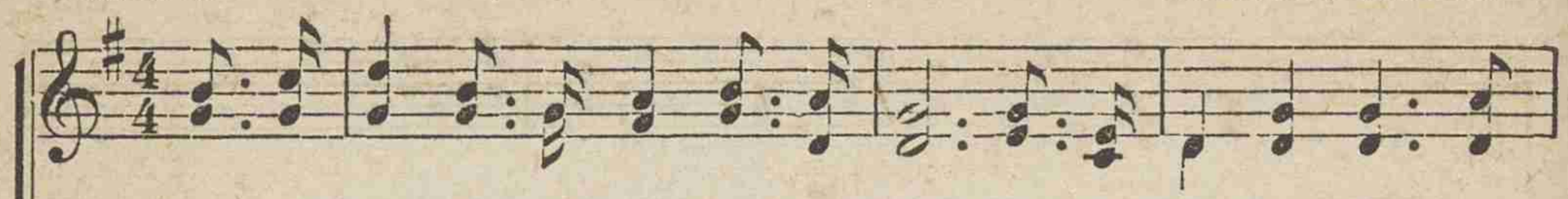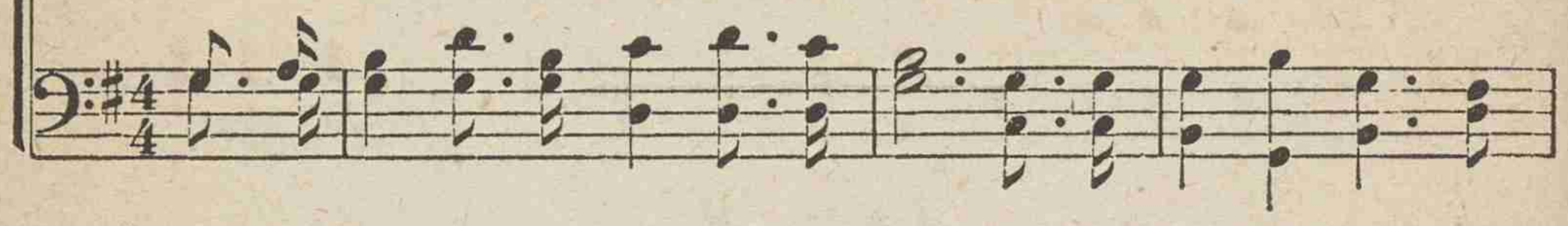






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Blood of the Lamb.
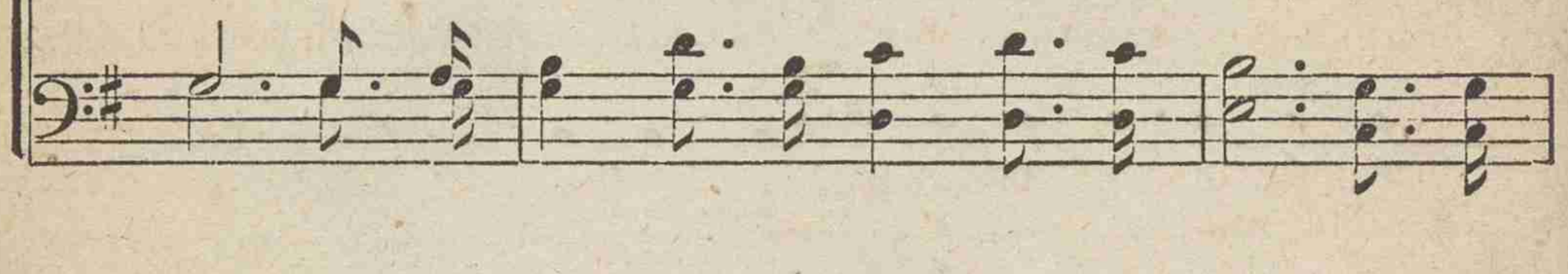
W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.



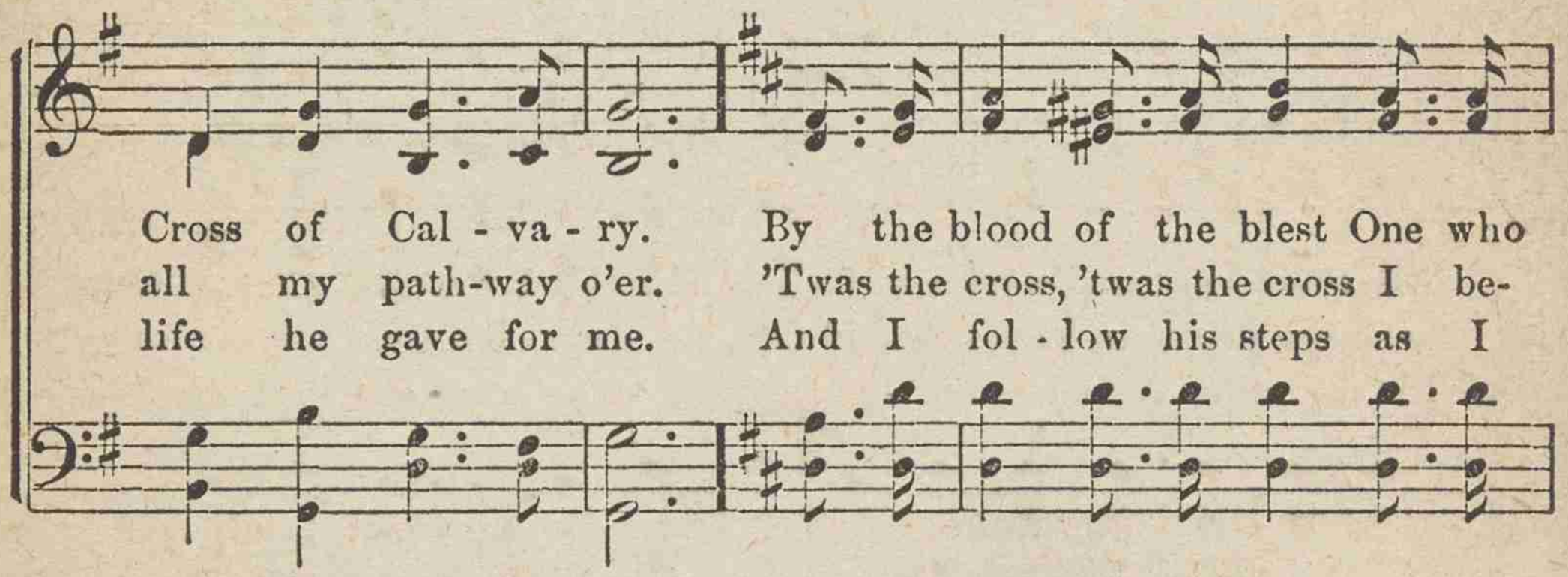
1. By the blood of the Lamb I am saved, From my doubt and fear set
2. Long I wandered a-way in the night, Lost and straying more and
3. Now from sin with its sor-row and pain, I am ev-er-more set



free; By the blood of the Lamb I am saved, And the
more, Till from Cal - va-ry's cross shone the light, Bright'ning
free, By the blood of the Lamb that was slain, By the
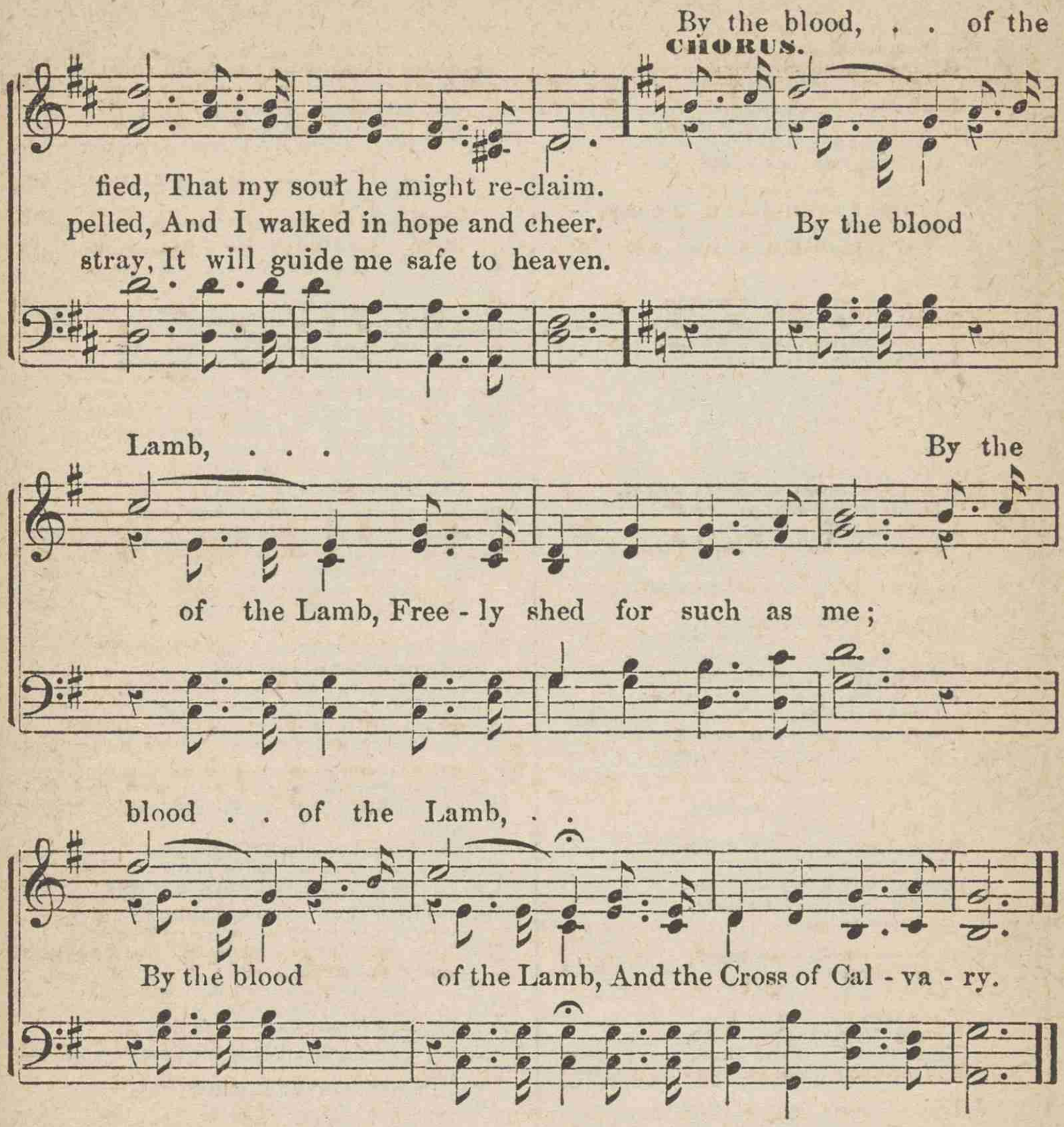


Cross of Cal - va - ry. By the blood of the blest One who
all my path-way o'er. 'Twas the cross, 'twas the cross I be-
life he gave for me. And I fol - low his steps as I



died, Bearing untold grief and shame; Earth beheld him accursed, cruci-
held, 'Mid the darkness shining clear; And ere long were the shadows dis-
may, In the light the cross has given; Tho' a-gain and a-gain I should

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1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

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

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

STOWELL.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DWIGHT.

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

CHO.—I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

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

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet;
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

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

---

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

2 Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

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

ADAMS.

---

1 To-day the Savior calls,
Ye wand'rers co[illegible];
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls;
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour

HASTINGS.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

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

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

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

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

---

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains, wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost,
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
'Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many thorn."

---

1 I have a Savior, he's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Savior, though earth-friends be few;
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh that my Savior were your Savior too.
CHO—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven.
But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

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

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

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

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

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

ELLIOTT.

---

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

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

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

TOPLADY.

---

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
‖: He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.: ‖

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,
‖: Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.: ‖

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!
‖: This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.: ‖

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
‖: Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.: ‖

---

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

CARWOOD.

---

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

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

2 '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.

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

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

DODDRIDGE.

---

1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe; if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

EDMISTON.

---

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

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

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

PALMER.

The Water Song.

PROF. F. S. JEWELL. PROF. THEODORE WOOD.

1. We fill our gob-lets to the brim, And with a three times three,
2. Oh, springing founts, your sparkling tide, It fir-eth not the brain,
3. Then give us cool and shining draughts From flashing fount and spring,

We clink and kiss each crys-tal rim, And wa-ter drink to thee.
It pours no dead-ly poi-son flood Thro' ev-'ry throbbing vein.
Draughts of the morning's dew-y life, Lit with the morning's beam.

Sprung from the green earth's si-lent caves, Or from the mountain snow,
It cools the burn-ing brow of toil, It slakes the parched lip's thirst,
We'll quaff them from the flow-ing brim, And hail the crys-tal tide,

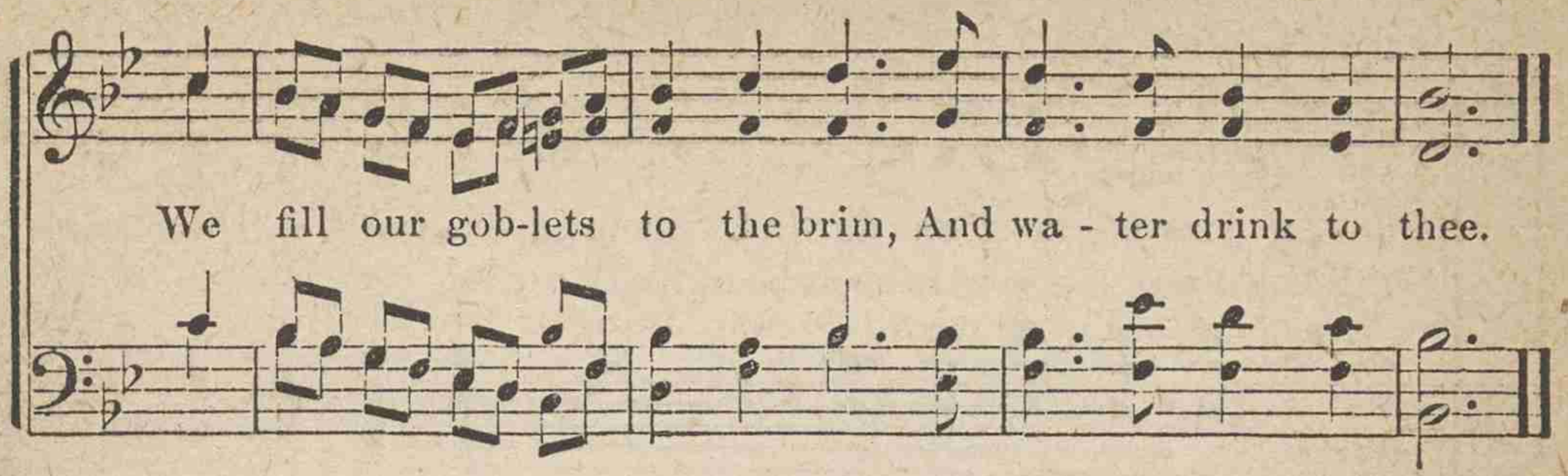
Child of the mist or murk-y cloud, Thou gladdest all be-low.
And bids the faint heart's fountain—froth With life and vig-or burst.
The li-quid dew of par-a-dise, Of man and gods the pride.

CHORUS.

Then with a three times three, . . Hur-rah! we drink to thee;

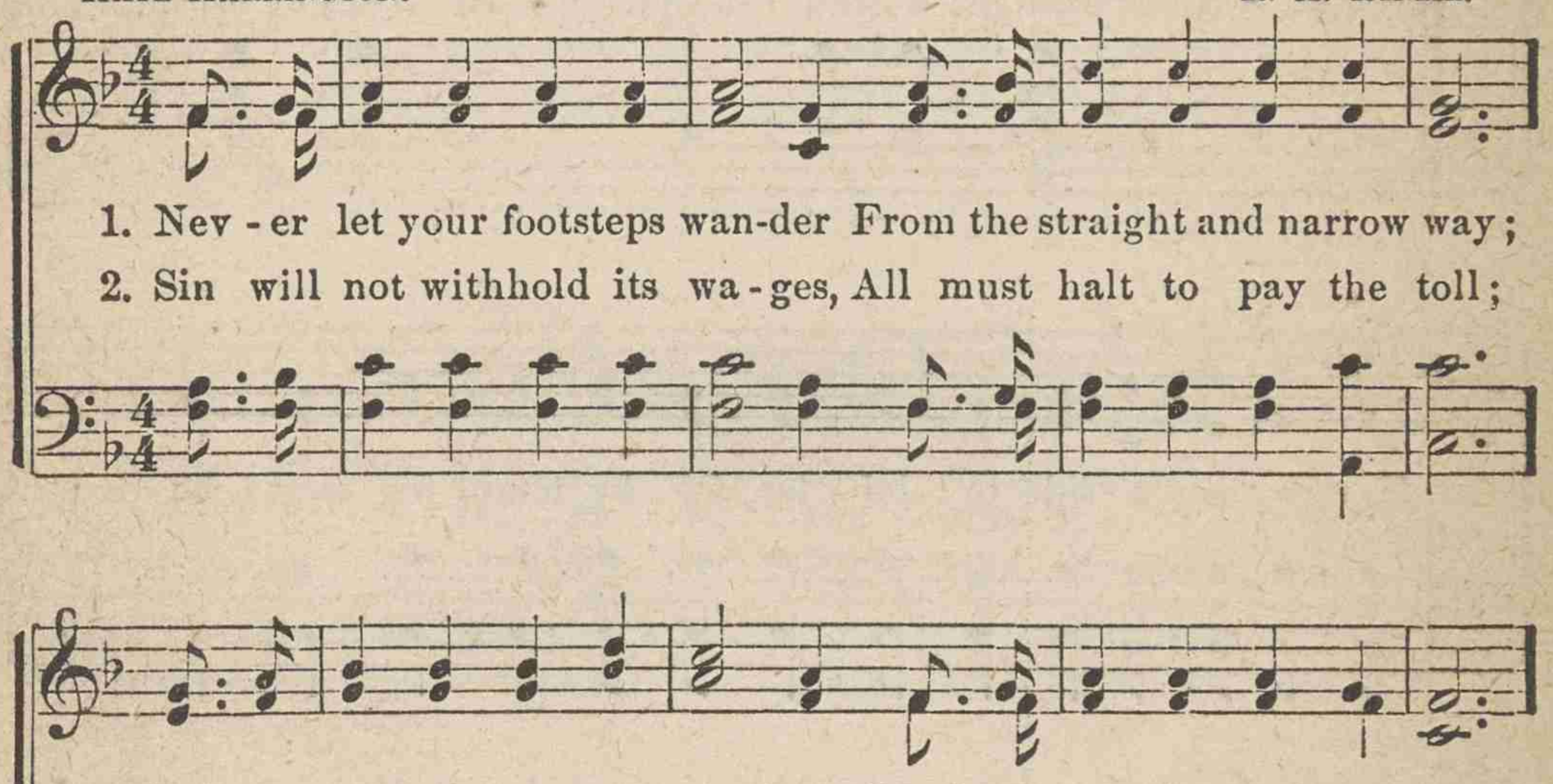
Hip! hip!

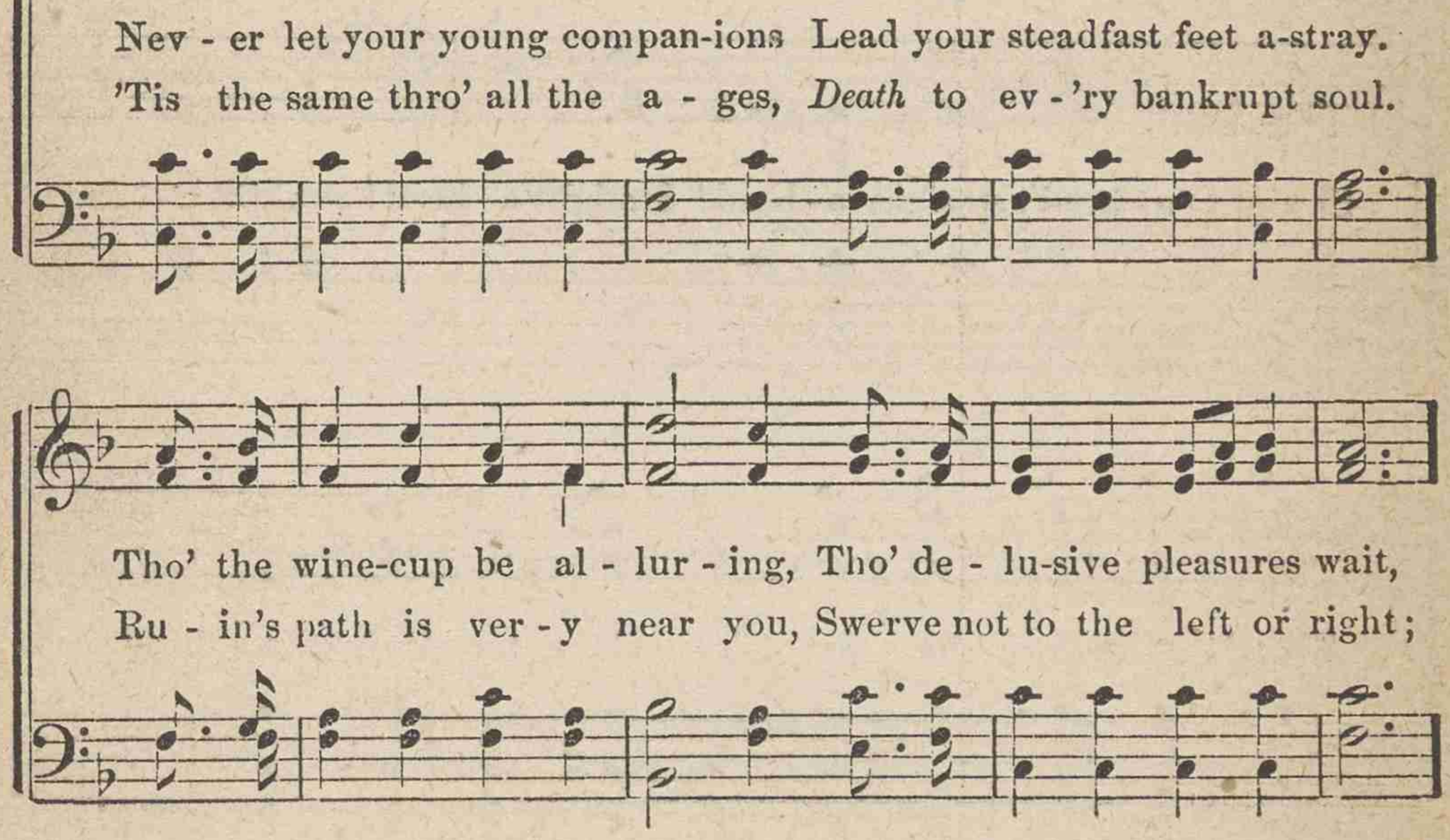
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Straight Ahead.

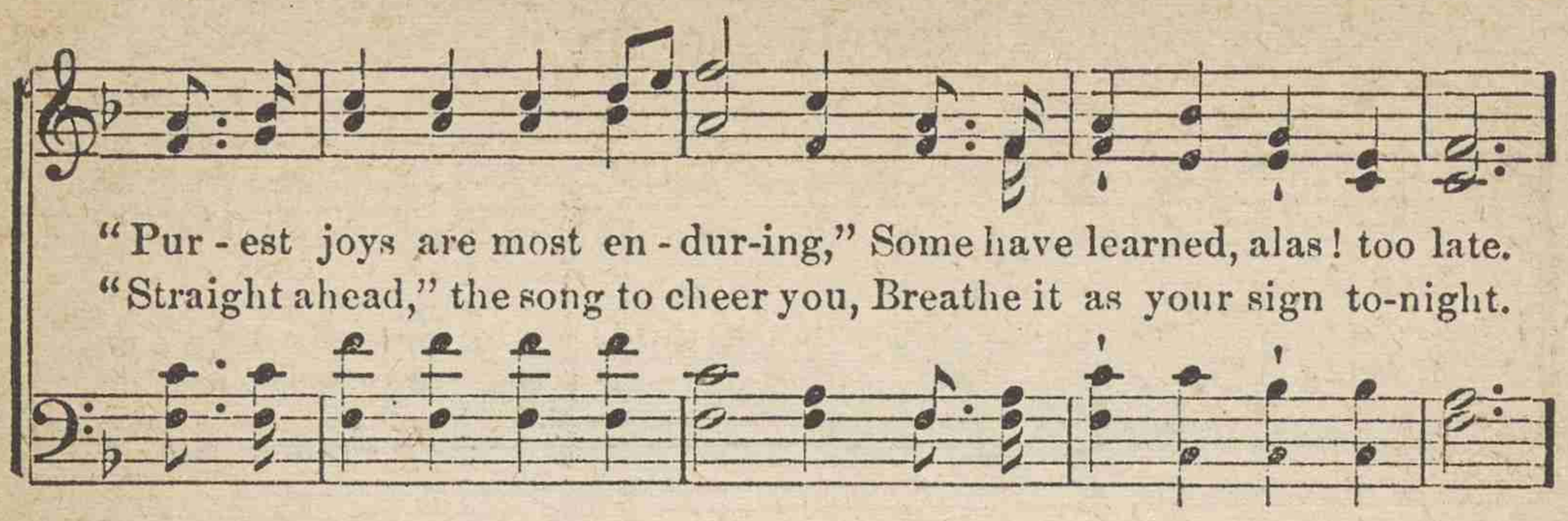
KATE HARRINGTON. R. A. KINZIE.
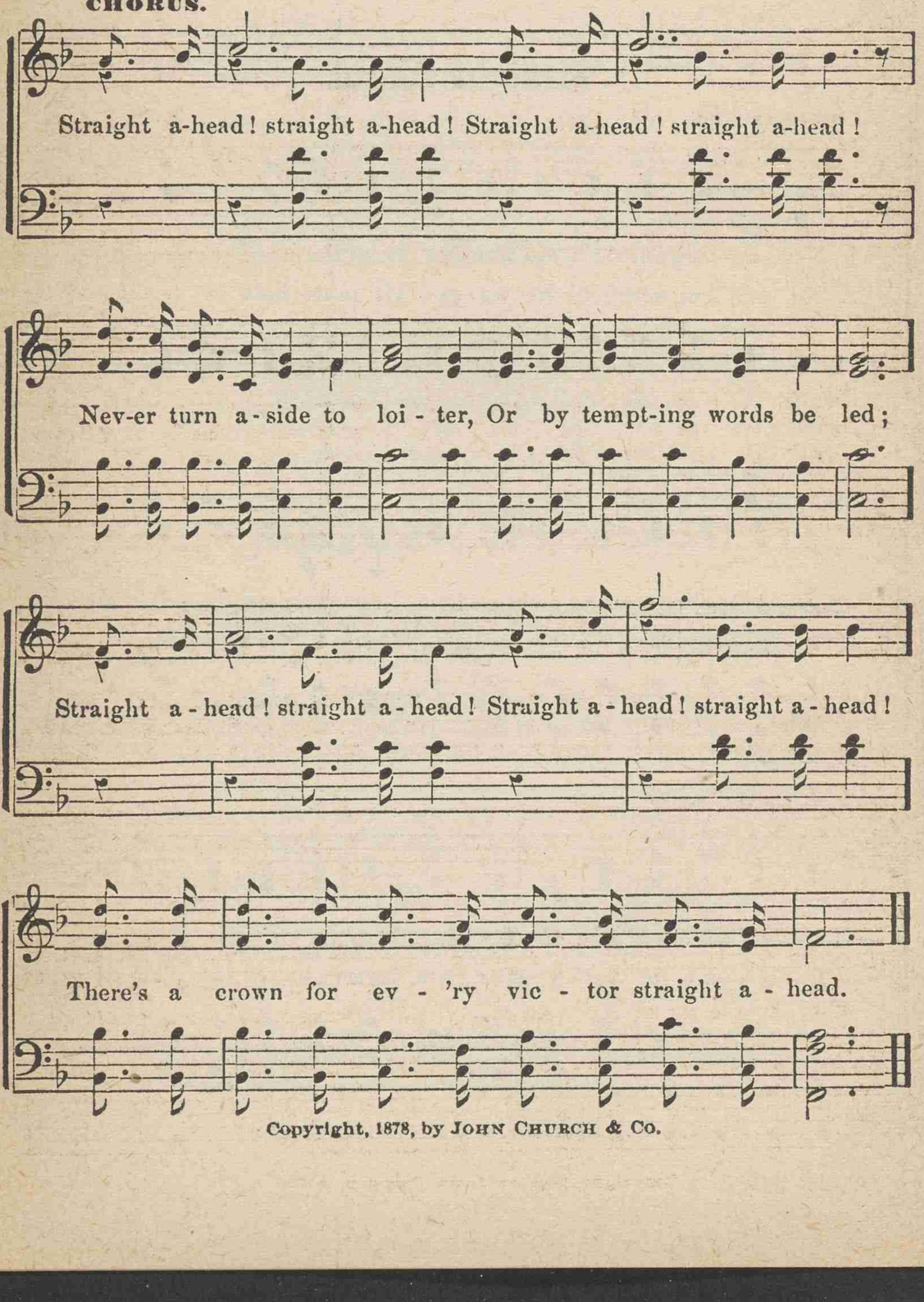




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Straight Ahead. Concluded.



CHORUS.



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Bravely Go On.

C. H. G. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Bravely go forward, ye sol - diers of Right, Brave-ly go on,
2. On to the res-cue, the bat - tle grows warm, Brave-ly go on,
3. King Al - co - hol his ranks has ar-rayed, Brave-ly go on,

brave-ly go on! Press to the bat - tle, be strong in the fight,
brave-ly go on! Loud - ly the trum - pet is sound-ing a - larm,
brave-ly go on! Meet him in bat - tle, and strong-ly up-braid,

Brave - ly go on, go on! Go save the youth from the
Brave - ly go on, go on! Go save the na - tion from
Brave - ly go on, go on! Go save the home of the

de - mon of hell, Those who from Right and ve-rac - i - ty fell,
sin and from shame, Go to their res - cue and save their good name,
fa - ther-less child, Or-phaned by drink so cor-rupt, so de - filed,

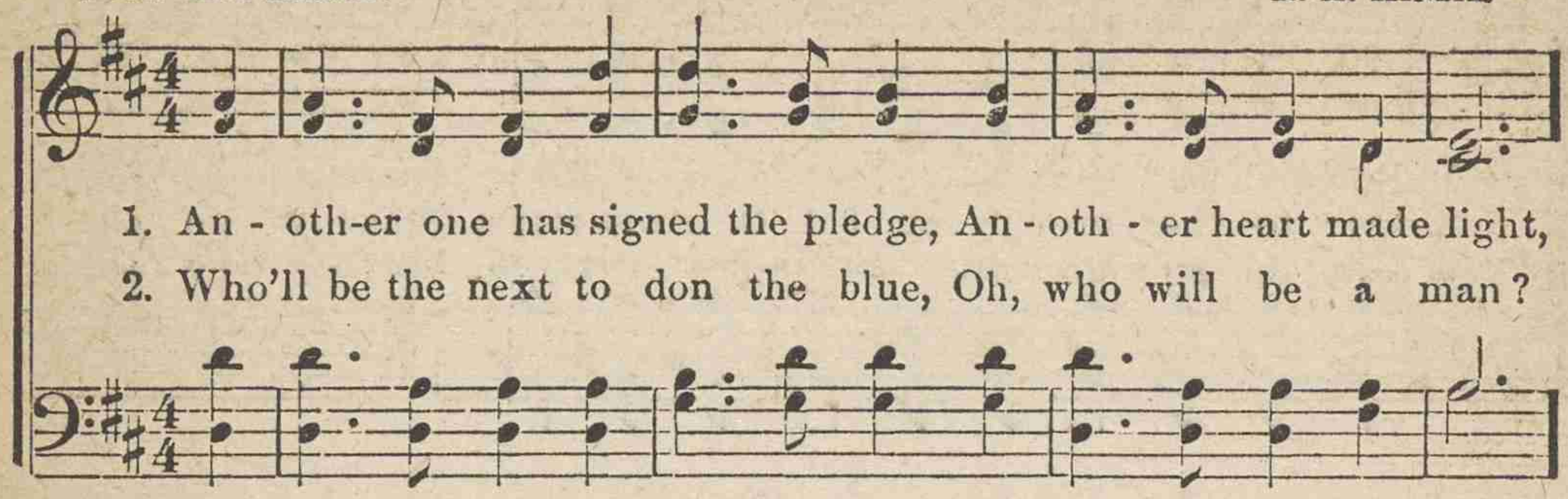
Wid - en the ranks, the great ar-my swell, Bravely go on, go on!
Go save their souls from dark hell and its flame, Bravely go on, go on!
Go! save the mother, so gentle and mild, Bravely go on, go on!

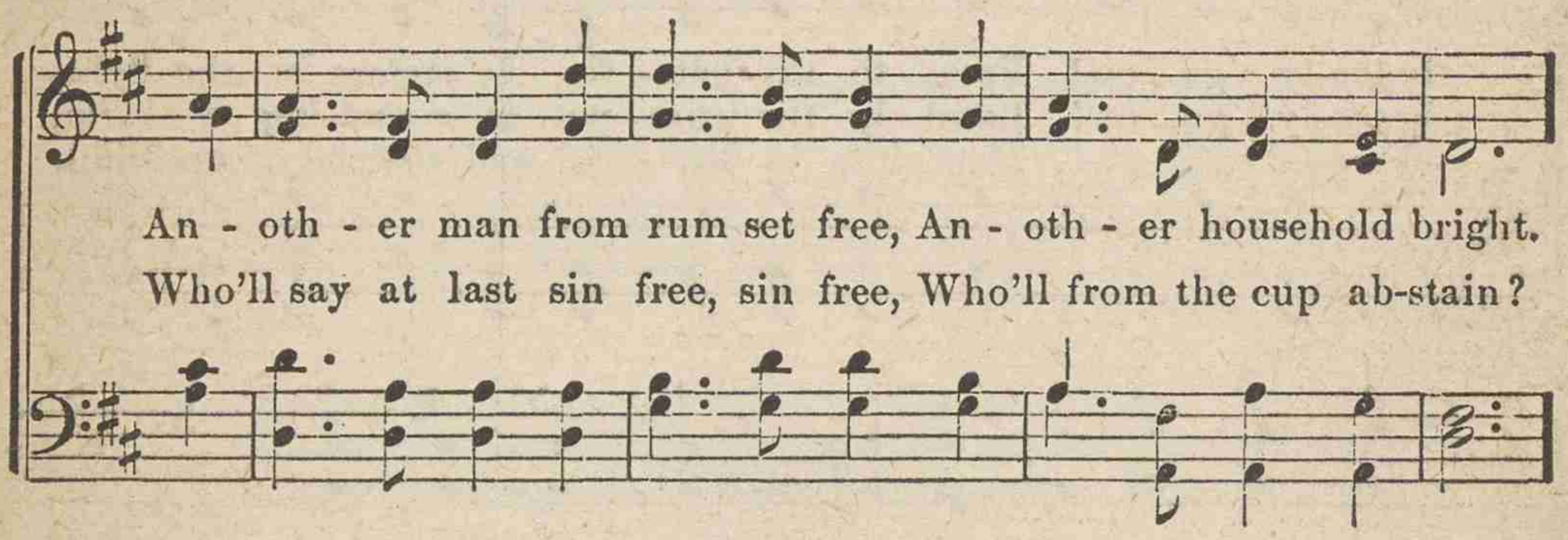
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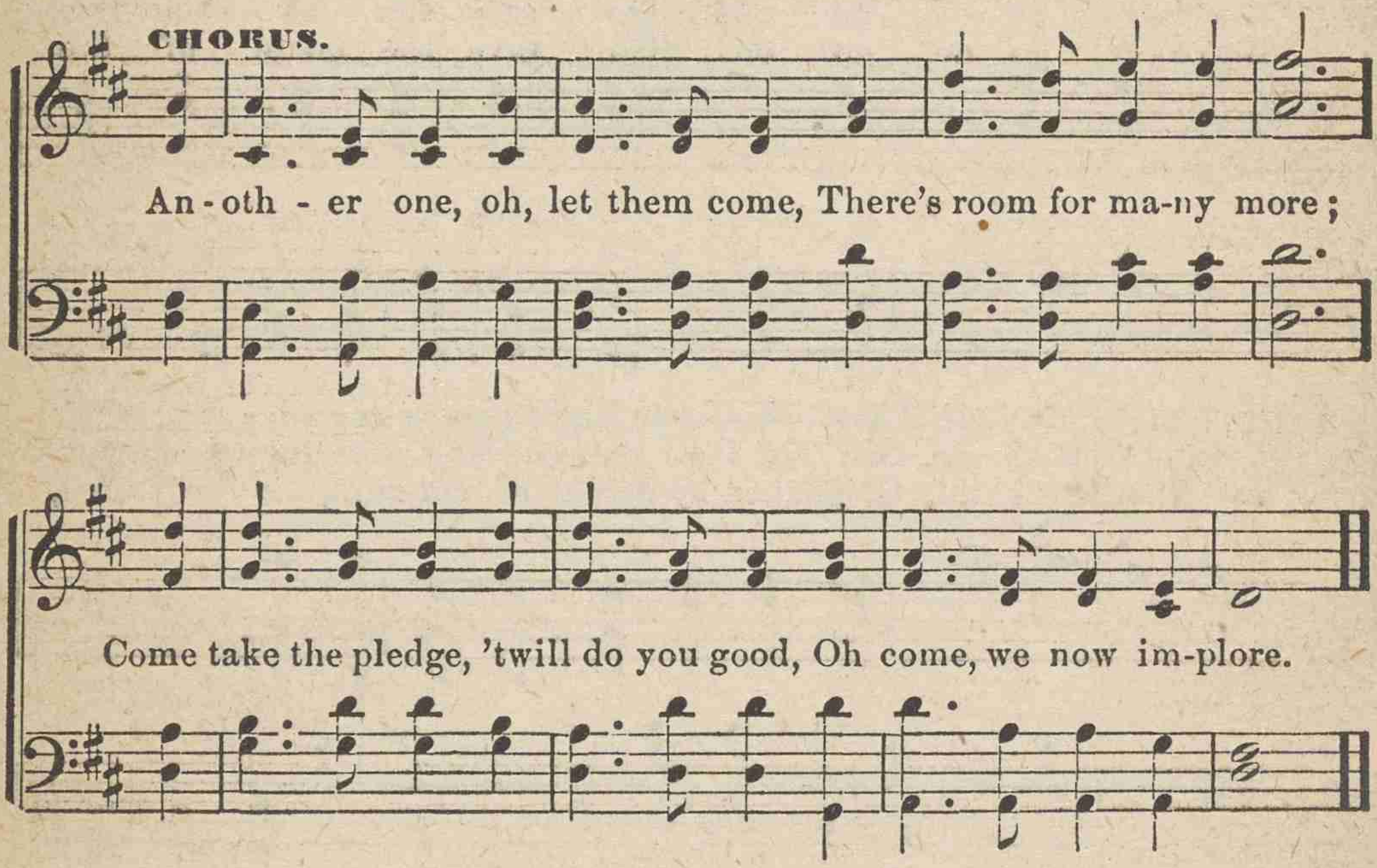
74

Another One.

JOHN MCPHERSON. R. A. KINZIE.







3 Oh, never drink, my friend, again,
The cup that ruins you,
But be a man, from wine abstain,
And don, to-night, the blue. *Cho.*

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Sign the Pledge To-night.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Here's the pledge, my brother dear, Sign it, sign it, sign it, sign it;
2. 'Twill be hon - or so to do, Sign it, sign it, sign it, sign it;
3. You've a no - ble work to do, Sign it, sign it, sign it, sign it;

Bid the temp'rance army cheer, Sign the pledge to-night. Brother, won't you
We are still in - vit-ing you, Sign the pledge to-night. Brother, quit the
Talents God hath giv-en you, Sign the pledge to-night. Join to-night our

join our band, Marching at our King's command? We extend our heart and hand,
bit - ter cup, Swear to-night to give it up, Death by drink no longer sup,
temp'rance throng, We will help you march along, Join the chorus of our song,

CHORUS.

Sign the pledge to-night. Brother, do not turn a - way, Do not stoutly

tell us nay, Sign the pledge, we plead and pray, Sign the pledge to-night.

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76 Heaven Help the Drinking Man.

HUTCHINSON. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. Oh, how sor-row-ful the pic-ture That intemp'rance dai-ly shows,
2. Oh, what gloomy tho'ts en-thrall us, As we see the young and bright,
3. God in heav-en, look in mer-cy On these dark and sin-ful souls,

See the drunk-en fa-ther reel-ing, As he maddened homeward goes!
Go-ing down the road to ru-in, Oh, how sor-row-ful the sight!
Turn, oh, turn them, ere the breakers Drive them on to death's dark shoals!

See the look of grief and anguish That the wife and mother bears,
Fa-thers lead the way before them, Gild-ed halls of sin en-snare,
Ma-ny hearts for them are bleeding, And thine own almight-y plan
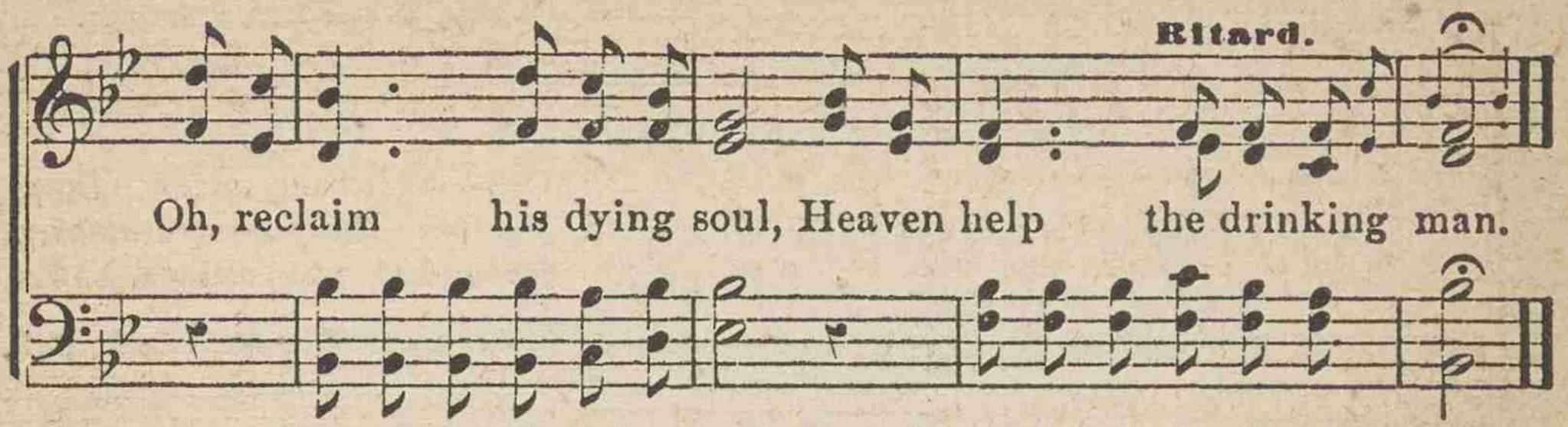
Hear the cry of lit-tle chil-dren, In that home of griefs and cares.
I-dle friends with wiles en-hancing, Lead them down to dark despair.
Can redeem them from their danger,—Heaven help the drink-ing man.

CHORUS.

Heaven help the drinking man To for-sake the mad'ning bowl;

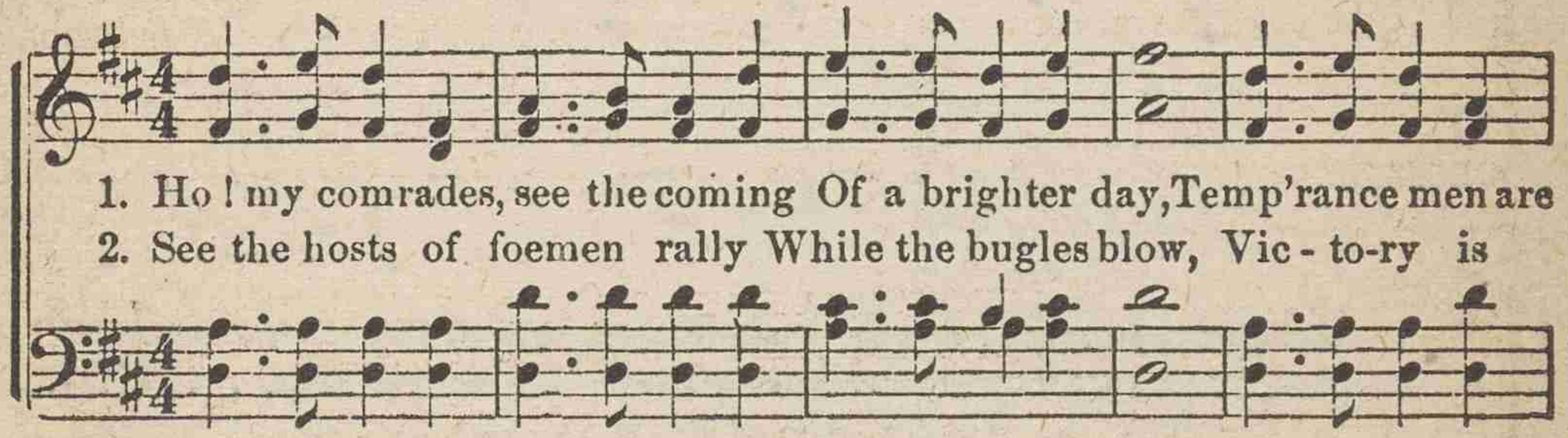
Heaven help the drinking man To forsake the mad'ning bowl;

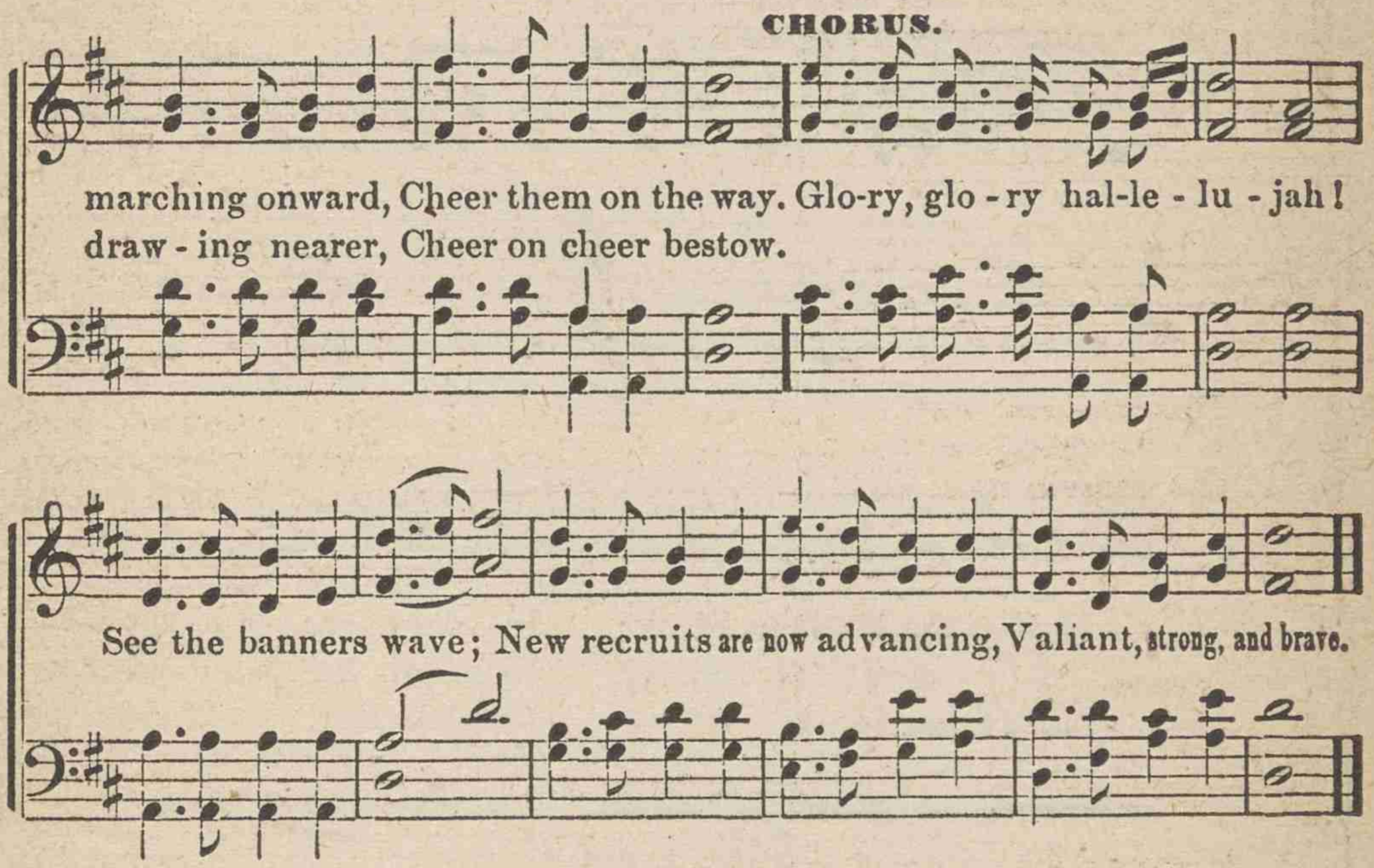
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Temperance War Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.





3 How the mighty conflict rages,
Men are falling round;
But a brighter morrow dawneth,
Loud our songs resound. *Cho.*

4 Backward fall the hosts of Satan,
Onward goes our band;
Victory will crown the valiant,
See, 'tis near at hand. *Cho.*

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78

I Know That He Loved Me.

R. G. STAPLES. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. I'm happy to know that he lov'd me, In days when the rose on my
2. I'm trusting, and hope to reclaim him By love, in return for his
3. Oh, is there no hand that can succor, No arm, strong to rescue and

cheek, Bloomed fresh-ly as fanned by the zephyrs, . . Ere
blows, I nev - er can leave him to per-ish, . . Sur-
save, A mor - tal al-lured by the sy - ren, . . And

winds of deep trouble blew bleak;
round-ed by direst of foes;
rap - id-ly nearing the grave?

In days ere the tempter had
In bright halcyon days of his
Not harsh-ly, but kind-ly, go

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tempt-ed, . . Ere sparkled the glass to the brim, . . . But
man-hood,. . My head on his bos - om re - posed, . . . I
tell him,. . My heart is now breaking with grief, . . . The

Rit.

now like a dream in the night-time, Those pleasures are pictures but dim.
heard his fond vows of affection, . Ne'er dreaming of sorrow or woes.
i-dol of all its affec-tion . . Is cast like a wreck on the reef.

CHORUS.

1st & 2d. Oh yes, I know that he loved me, But drink has beclouded his mind;
3d. But oh, I nev-er can leave him, 'Tis drink has beclouded his mind;

To leave him a-lone in his fol-ly, Would be, on my part, so unkind.
His judgment convinced of his fol-ly, And he will be lov-ing and kind.

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Tarry not Long at the Wine.

MARY E. KAIL. J. H. LESLIE. By per.

1. Grandly our ar-mies are ris - ing, Ris-ing all o - ver the land;
2. Deep in the ter - ri - ble wine-cup, Un-der its ven - om-ous blow,
3. Ye who are tempted and fall - en, Look to the Sav-ior a - bove;

"Welcome" the people are shouting, Welcome the Temperance band.
Mis - e - ry lurks like a demon, Plotting dis - as - ter and woe.
Turn from your sin and find shelter Un - der the ban-ner of love.
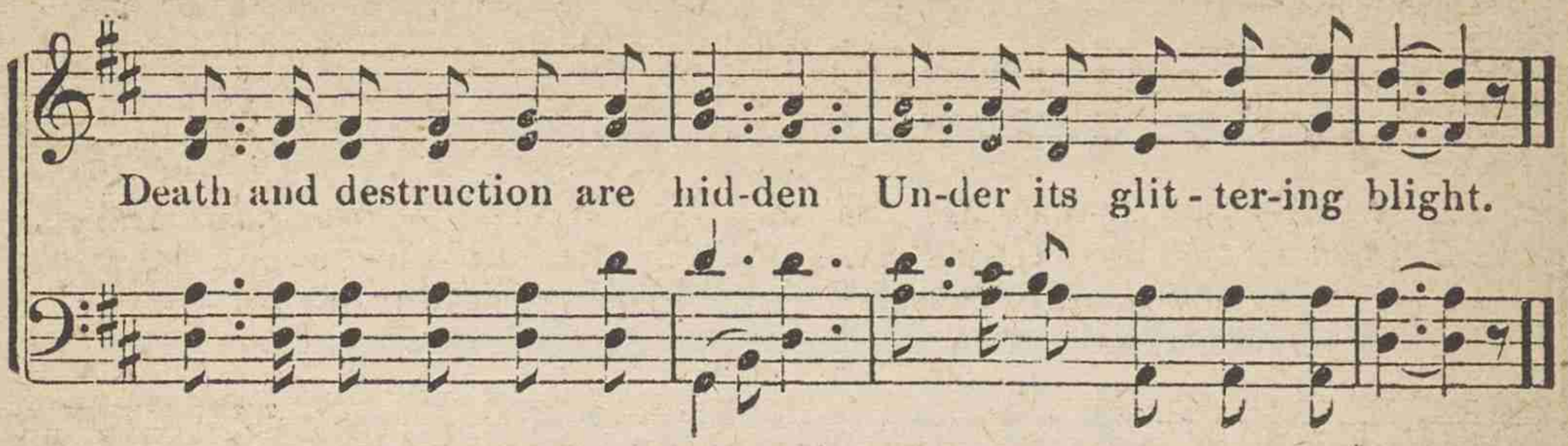
Send the glad news on the breezes, While we go marching a - long,
Women and children are weeping, Weep-ing in sor-row and pain,
Turn from disgrace and the wine-cup, Bid them for - ev - er a - dieu,

Riv-ers and mountains and valleys Ech - o the tem-per-ance song.
Pit - y the voice of their pleading, Let them not suf-fer in vain.
Plac - es of hon-or and prof - it Sure - ly are wait-ing for you.

CHORUS.

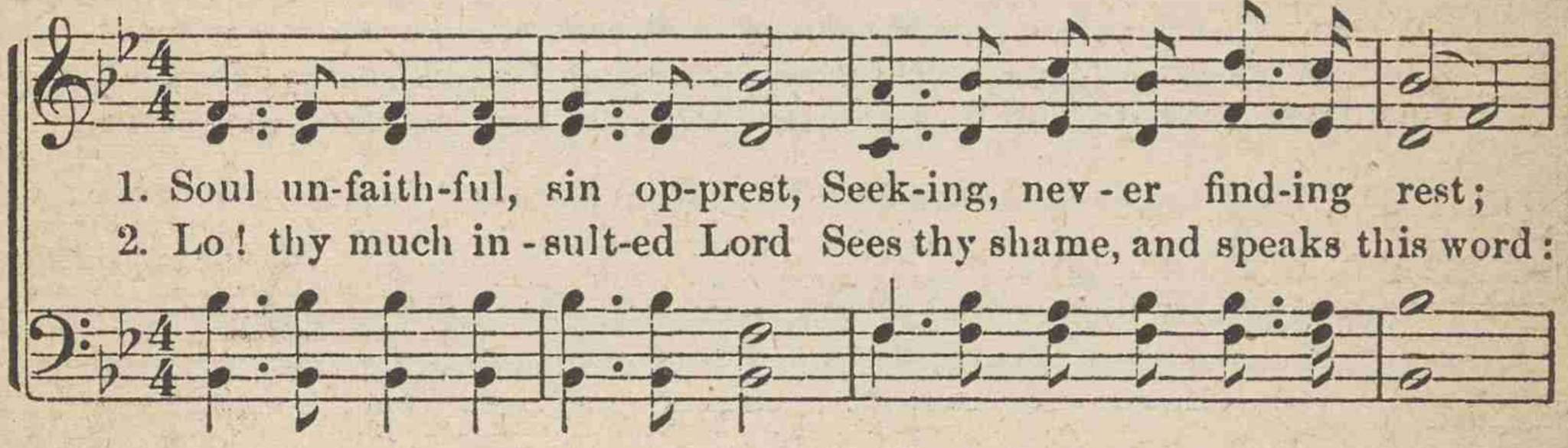
Tar - ry not long at the wine-cup, Tho' it be sparkling and bright,
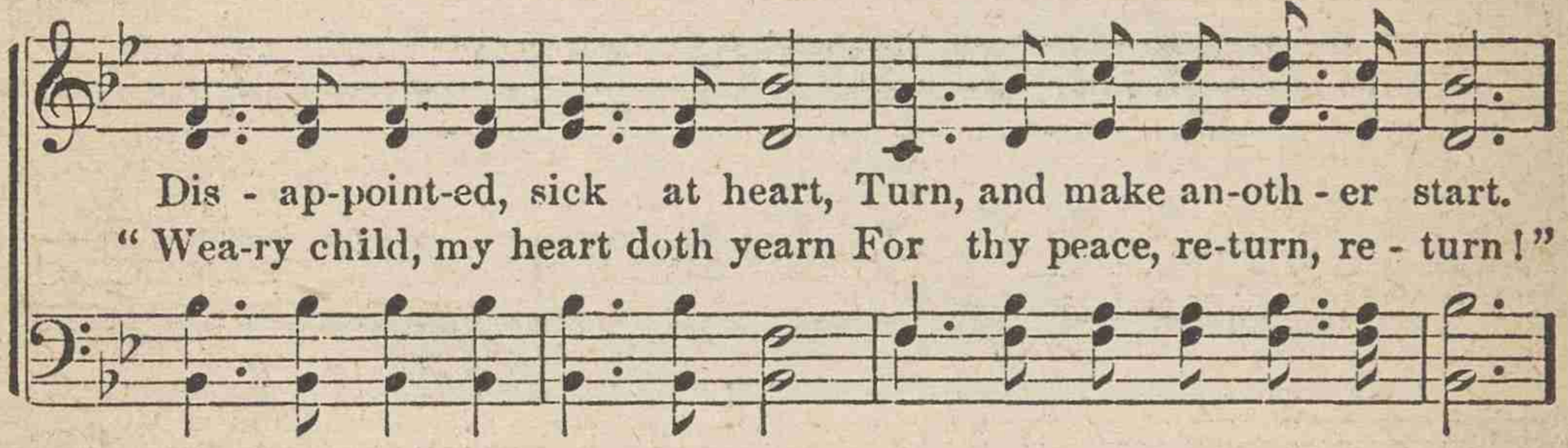
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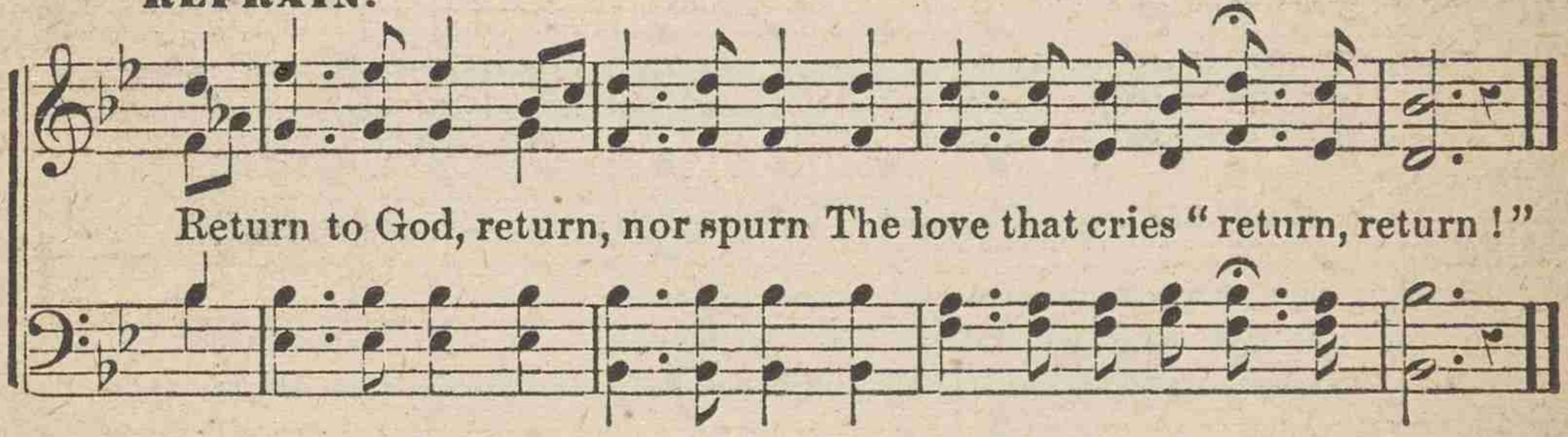


Wanderer, Return.*

VINNIE VERNON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





REFRAIN.



3 Come, no longer turn away,
Come, and seek your God to-day;
Do you hate your hollow pride?
Turn to Christ, in him abide. *Ref.*

4 Here, this very moment, *now*—
Register your new-made vow;
Do not longer hesitate,
Lest, at last, you come too late. *Ref.*

* May be sung as a Duet.

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82 Turn from the Wine-cup.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL R. A. KINZIE.

Earnestly

1. Turn, turn, turn from the wine, Sparkling so brightly, Flowing so lightly,
2. Health, wealth, happiness, peace, These thou decoyest, Gaining, destroyeth,
3. Sor-row, pov-er-ty, death, Giving for gladness, Sorrow and madness,

Turn, or dark-ness is thine; Turn from the wine-cup, dash it a-way,
Nev-er giv-ing re-lease; Turn from the wine-cup, dash it a-way,
Pois'ning, scenting the breath; Turn from the wine-cup, dash it a-way,

CHORUS.

Turn from the wine-cup, dash it a-way. Drink from the clear flowing

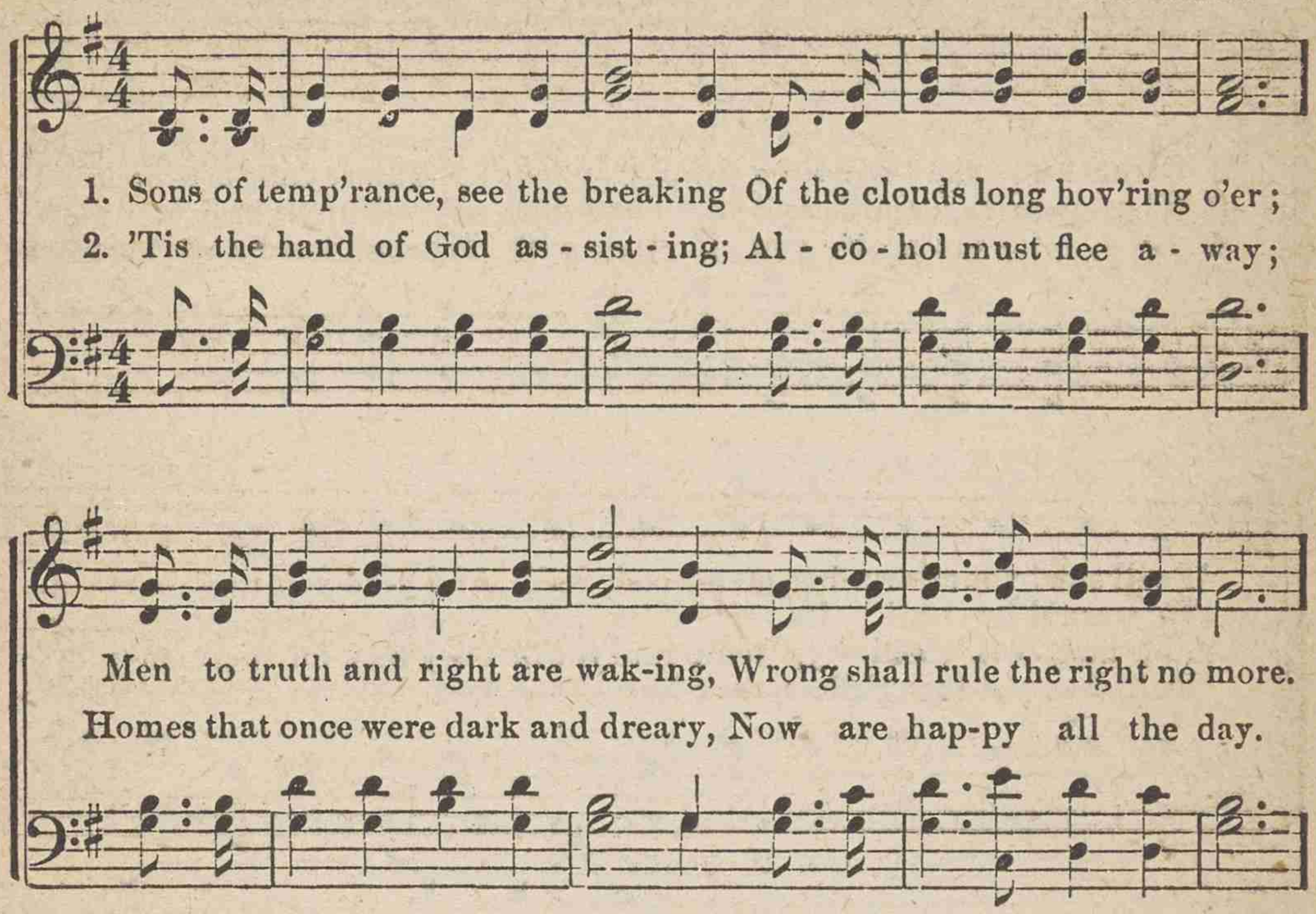
riv-er bright, Drink from the rill, sparkling free and light;

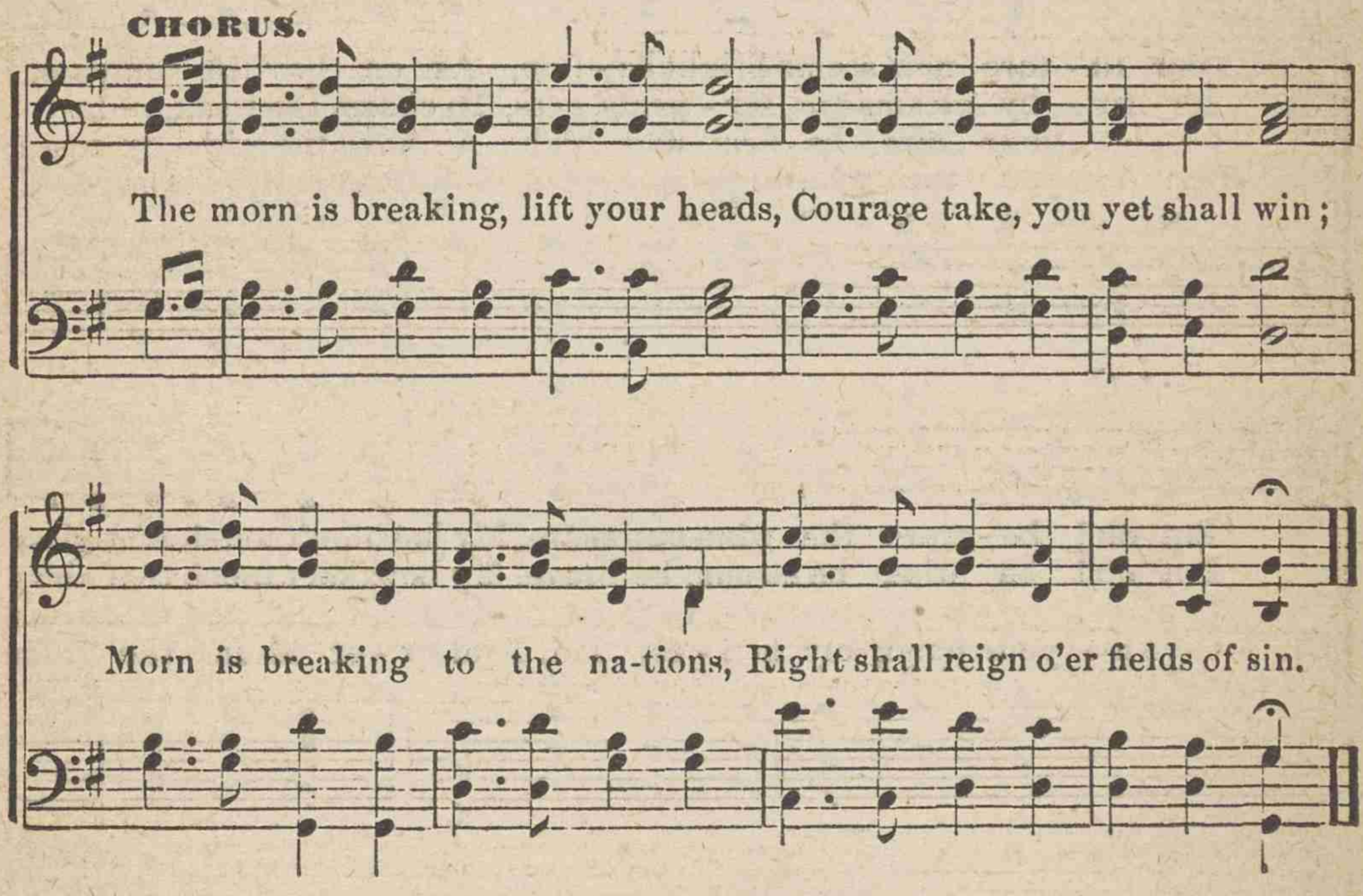
Turn from the wine-cup, your soul it will blight, Turn, oh, turn from the wine.

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Morn is Breaking. 83

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.





3 Now with malice unto no one,
And with charity to all,
Do we pledge our word and honor
To uphold this God-sent call. *Cho.*

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84

Don't touch that Glass.

FRED. CLIFTON. PROF. T. WOOD.

1. Don't touch that glass of wine, my boy, Tho' sparkling clear and red,
2. Don't let the red wine tempt you, lad, A-gainst your bet-ter mind;
3. The men of wealth and high pur-suits Are quick to see, my boy,
4. Let oth - ers scoff you if they will, My lad, heed well this truth:

'Twill steal your dawn-ing man-hood, lad, And give you rags in-stead.
Be warn'd by all its vic - tims, lad, And shun the glass of wine.
And hon - est, stead - y, temp'rate youth They seek for their em- ploy.
'Twill be the thoughtless, reck-less ones, And not the men of worth:

Your fu - ture now seems bright be - fore, As on thro' life you pass,
Its ru - by gleams are ser - pents' eyes, To charm the weak, a - las;
So let your aim be firm and high A - bove the gid - dy mass;
Oh! do you turn with high re - solve, And from tempta-tion pass;

But oh! be - ware the wine-cup snare, My boy, don't touch that glass!
But oh! be wise, be strong, be brave, My boy, don't touch that glass!
But oh! be - ware the first false step, My boy, don't touch that glass!
Give me your hand, my hon - est lad, And ev - er shun the glass!

CHORUS.

Don't touch that glass, my boy, My boy, don't touch that glass;

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'Twill steal your dawn-ing manhood, boy, My boy, don't touch that glass.

The Wine Cup.

D. C. COOK. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. For mor - al he-roes we are calling, Who see the com-ing woe;
2. As in pro-phet-ic old - en sto-ry, With ea - gle eyes of light,
3. So come, O Christ, and save us ev- er, To thee to - day we cry;

A-round us men of worth are falling, Oh, help us save them now.
They saw their quickly falling glory, And fram'd their laws a-right.
Our fa-thers, brothers, sons, de-liv-er, Oh, help us, or they die.

glare . there; .

CHORUS.

The wine-cup's ru-by glare beware, For dan-ger hideth there, yes, there;

Oh, quaff it not, oh, quaff it not, Its sting de - part-eth not.

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86

Take Away the Wine.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Oh, take a - way the ru - by wine, There lurks a demon there, For
2. Let others speak the praise of wine, And boast of all its worth, We'll
3. A band u - nit - ed now we stand, And Temp'rance advo - cate, We

in the cup so sparkling bright, Is death and grim de-spair. Oh,
choose the cool re-freshing draught That flows from moth-er earth. Oh,
seek to drive from out the land, The curse that wines cre - ate. Oh,
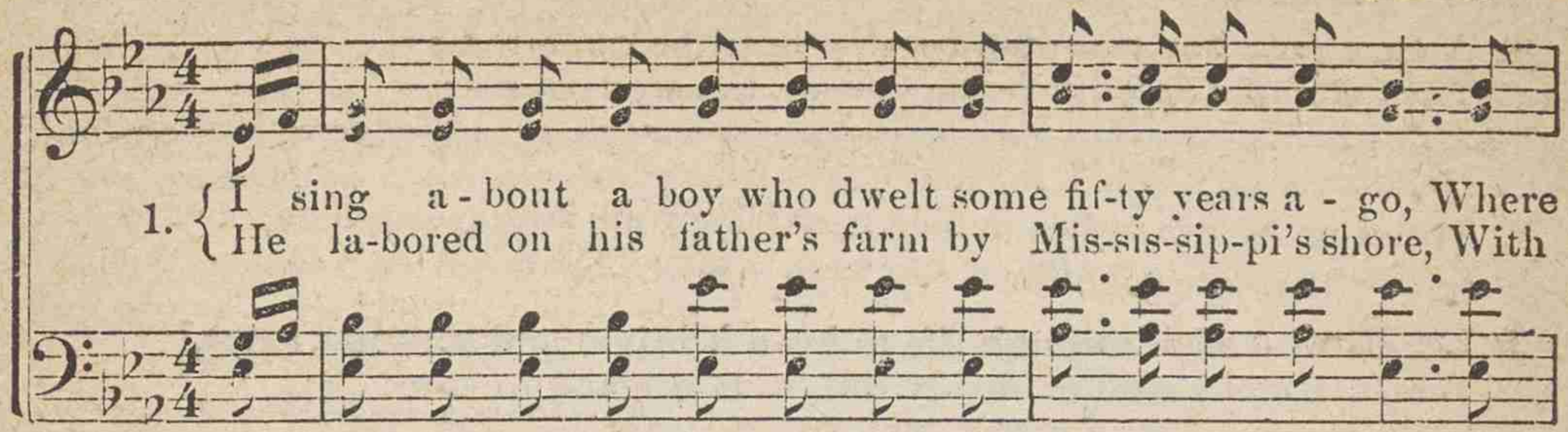
take a - way the ru - by wine, There's poi-son in the bowl; But
take a - way the ru - by wine, It spar-kles to be-guile; But
take a - way the ru - by wine, None such shall pass our lips; For

wa - ter pure and sparkling bright Brings peace to heart and soul.
wa - ter pure and sparkling bright Is proof 'gainst Sa - tan's wile.
bless - ed is the man to - day, Who ne'er the poi - son sips.

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Adam's Ale.

C. E. POLLOCK.



2 For many years this noble boy gave all his strength and might
To help his parents, and to make their heavy burden light.
His food was of the homeliest kind, but it was ever sweet,
For toil and industry give zest to any thing we eat;
And while he ate his humble meal in forest, field, or dale,
He freely took, from stream and brook, a draught of "Adam's Ale."

3 Years passed; this boy from home at last resolved he would depart,
With many blessings, prayers, and tears, his parents saw him start;
But yet they did not sorrow long, nor sorely, for they knew
Heaven's promise unto all who give their parents honor due.
They knew temptation's many wiles not easily prevail
'Gainst him or her whose strongest drink is "Adam's good old Ale."

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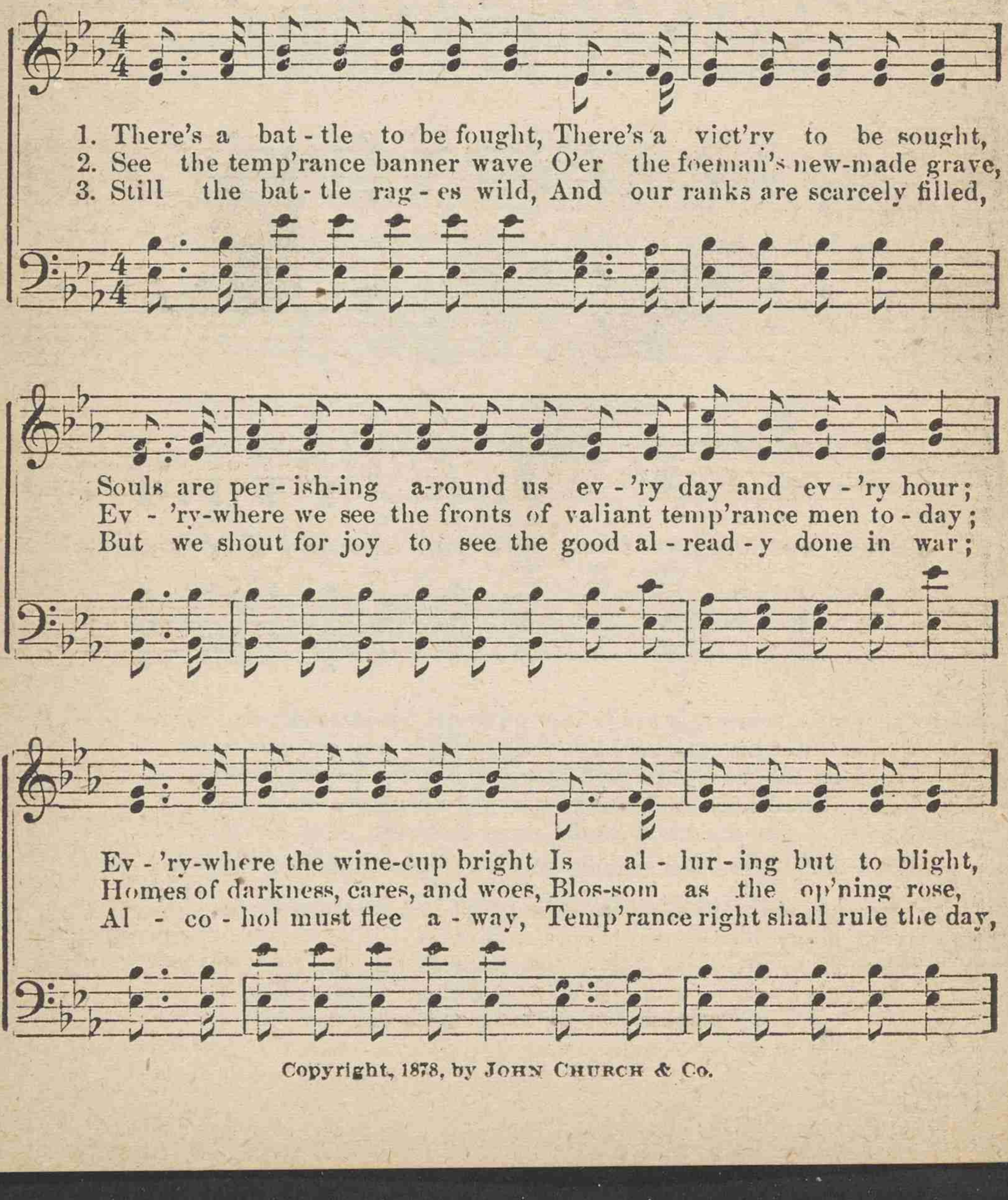
Adam's Ale. Concluded.

4 A once poor boy rose step by step until he came to be
The ruler of a mighty realm beyond the western sea;
And when men said, where feasts were spread, "Come, pledge us in the wine!"
He answered, "Nay! for fifty years it ne'er touched lips of mine;
Water alone has been my drink, and kept me strong and hale,
And I owe half my rise in life to drinking 'Adam's Ale.'"

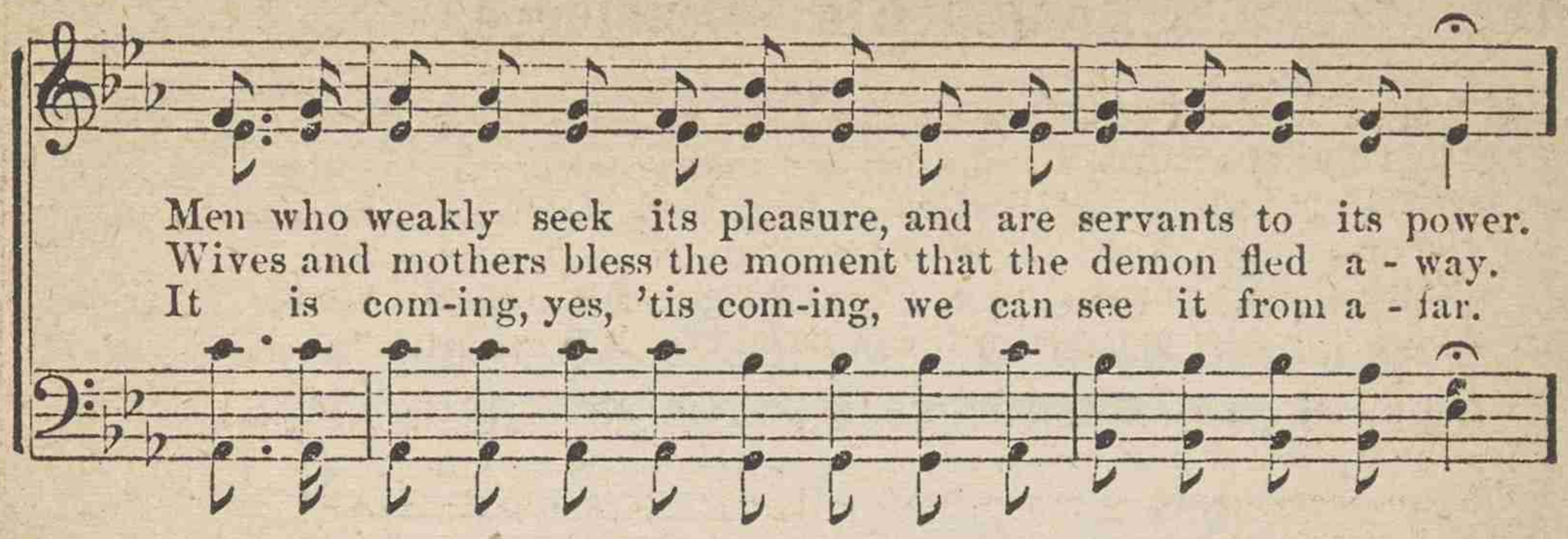
5 Let all who wish through life to keep a bright and stainless name,
Who'd rise, by dint of steady toil, to honor and to fame,
Shun every drink of man's device that steals the brain away,
And drags its victim to the brink of ruin day by day.
Good resolution in the end is certain to prevail,
Then make a firm resolve to drink no drink but "Adam's Ale."
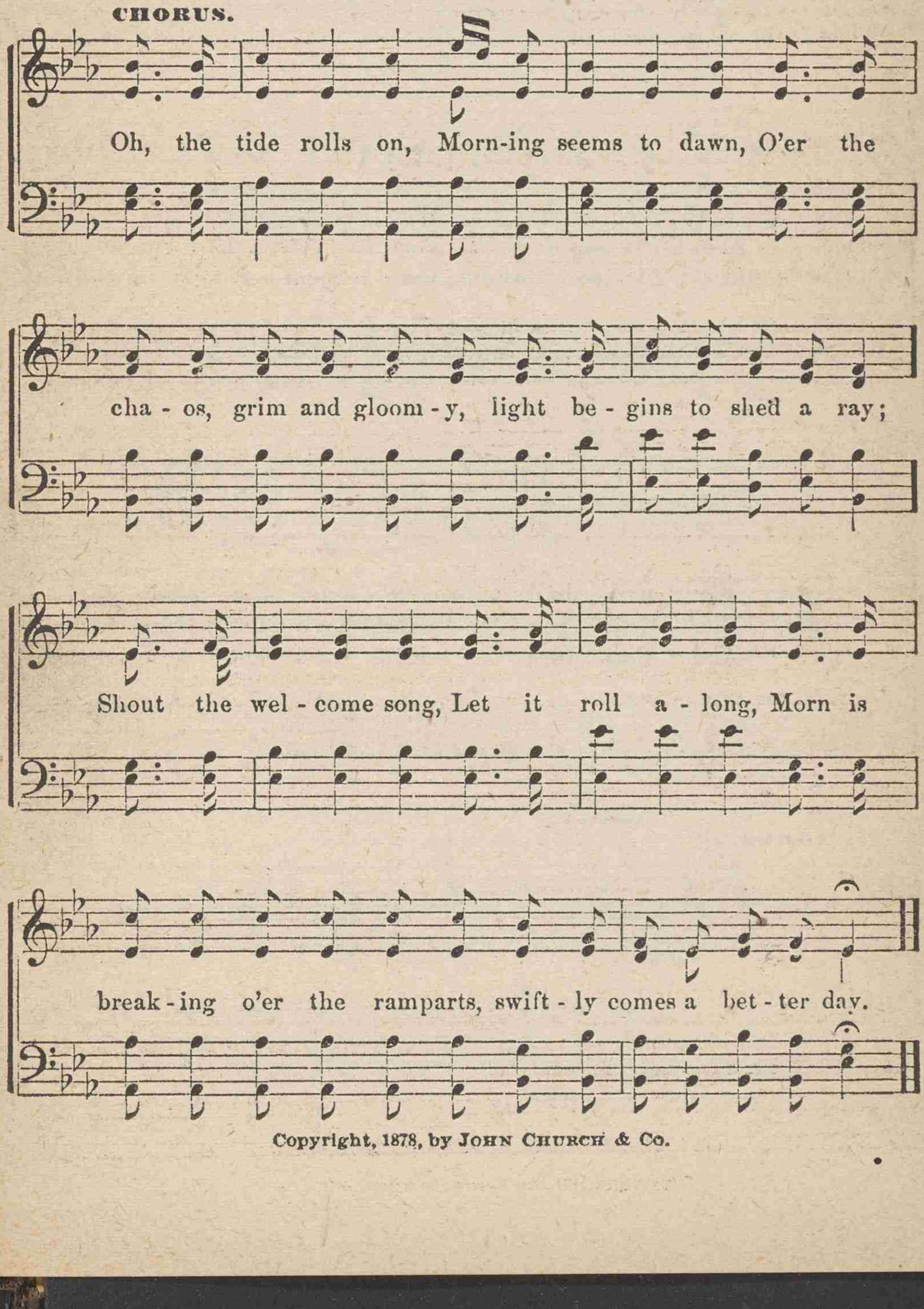
The Tide Rolls On.

HUTCHINSON. R. A. KINZIE.



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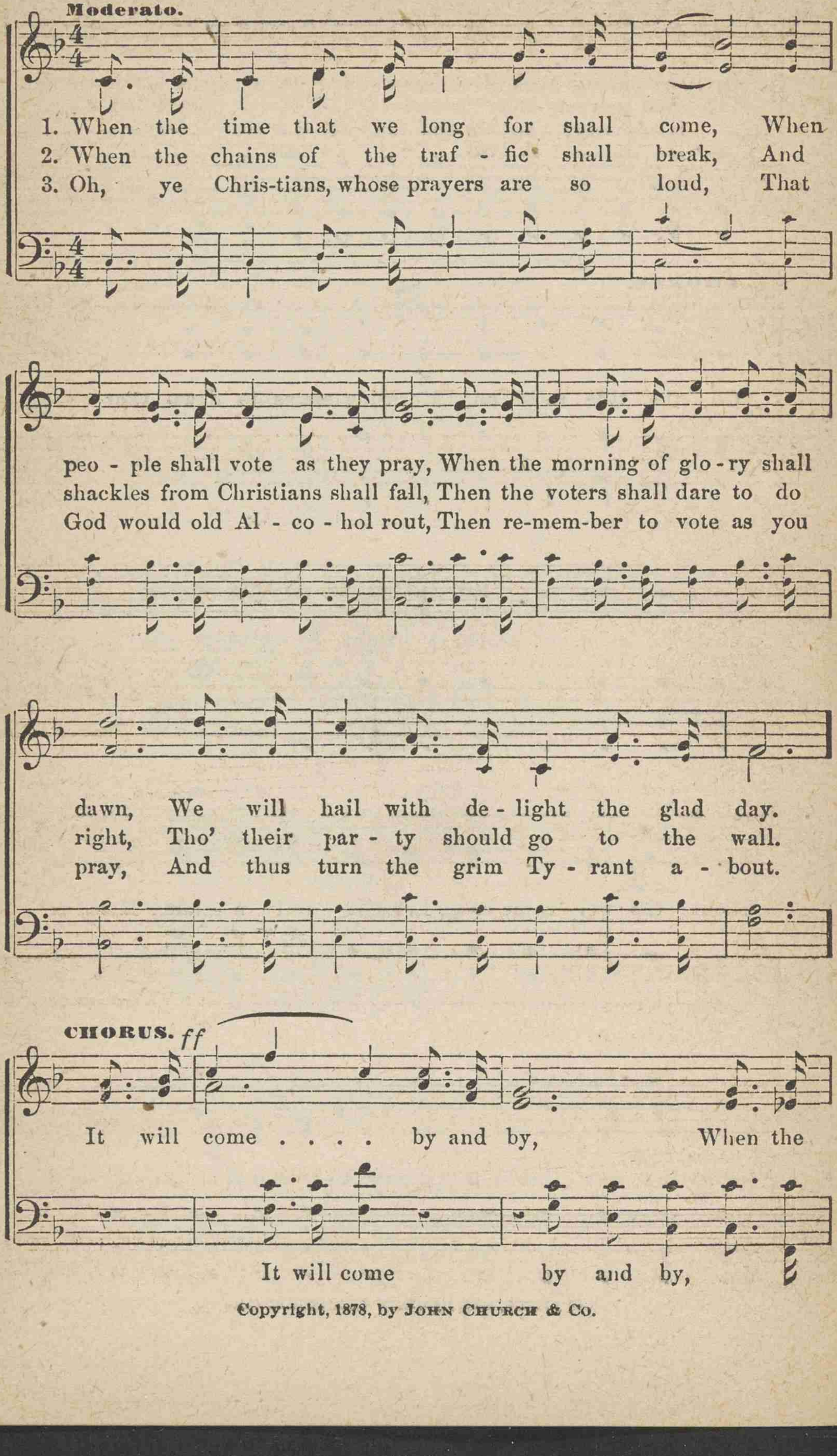




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When the Time Shall Come.

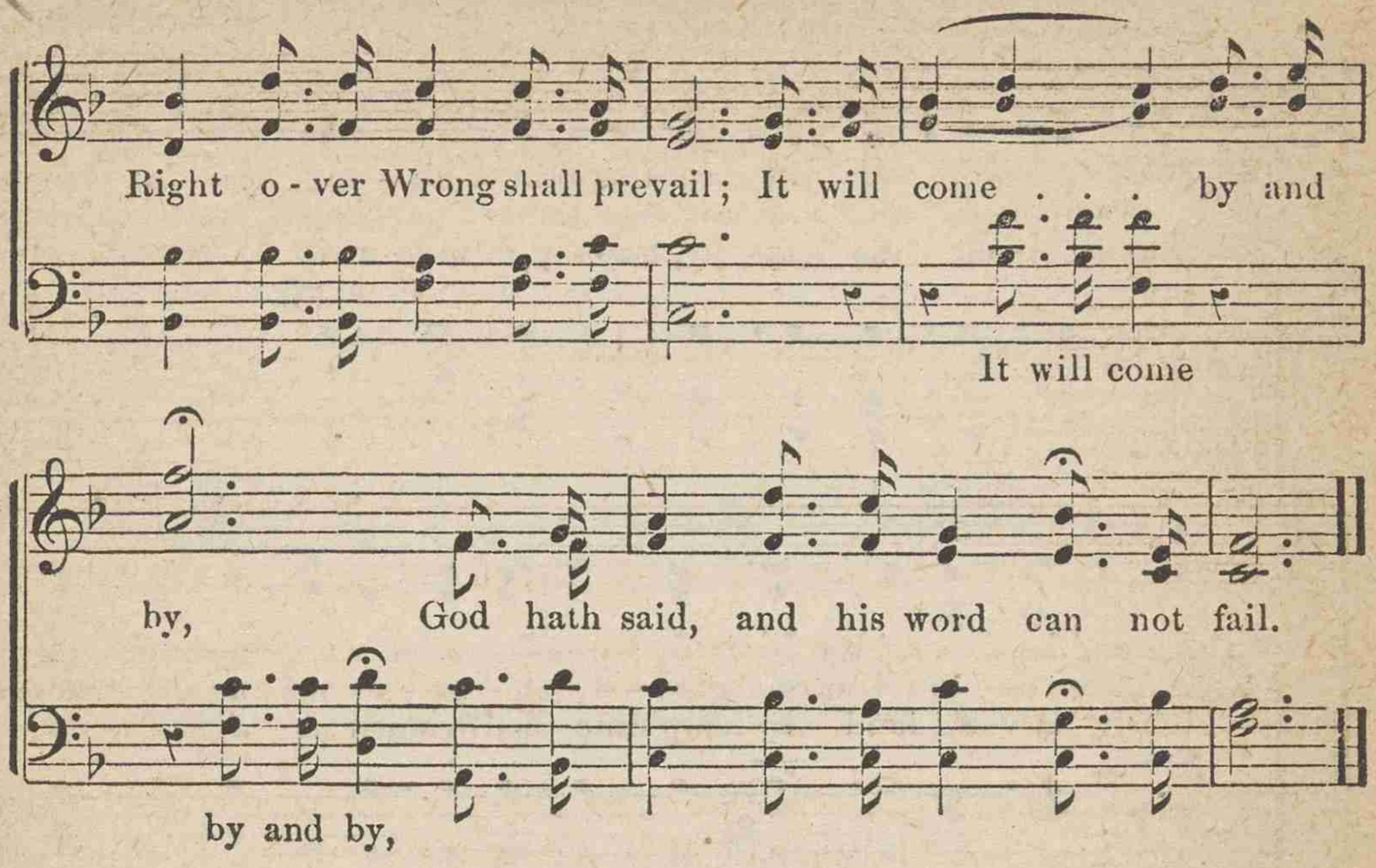
May be sung as a Solo by omitting small notes.

PROF. T. WOOD.

Moderato.

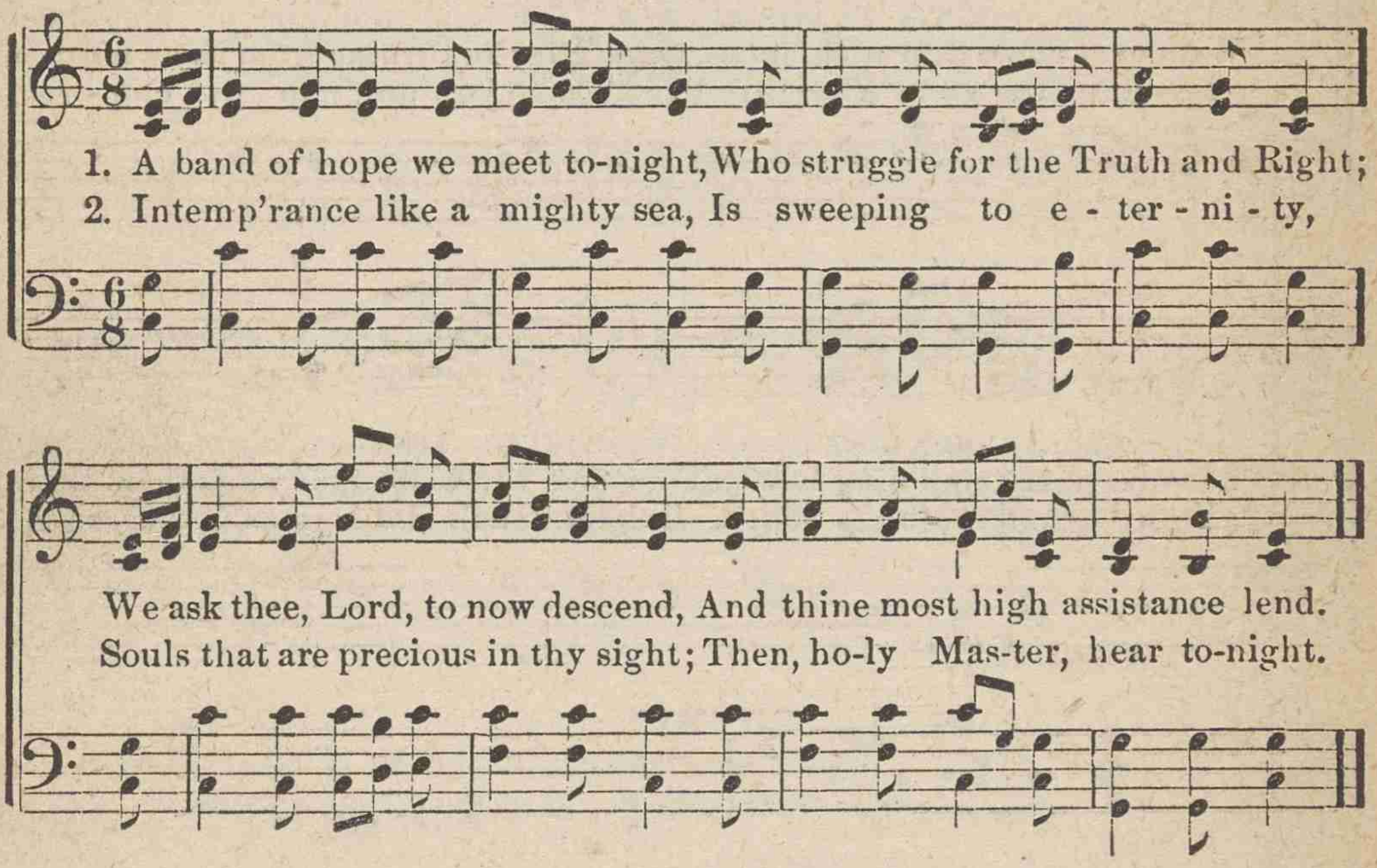


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The Band of Hope.

Words and Music for this work. * * *



3 We labor for these priceless gems,
These, thine immortal diadems;
Assist us to so show their sin,
That we their souls from death may win.

4 Now hear our earnest plea, dear Lord,
Assist us to proclaim the word,
That we may win these souls to-night,
Who wear th'oppressors cursed blight.

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A Song for the Temperance Army.

HUTCHINSON. GOMER THOMAS.

1. A song for the val - iant temp'rance ar - my, An an - them
2. From north and from south we see them com - ing, These temp'rance
3. Oh, hast - en the hap - py, hap - py mo - ment When from our

long and loud we raise; Its ranks spreading widely all a-round us,
temp'rance vol - un-teers; We glad - ly bid ev - 'ry one a wel - come,
high-ly fa-vor'd land In-temp'rance shall vanish as a shad - ow,

REFRAIN.

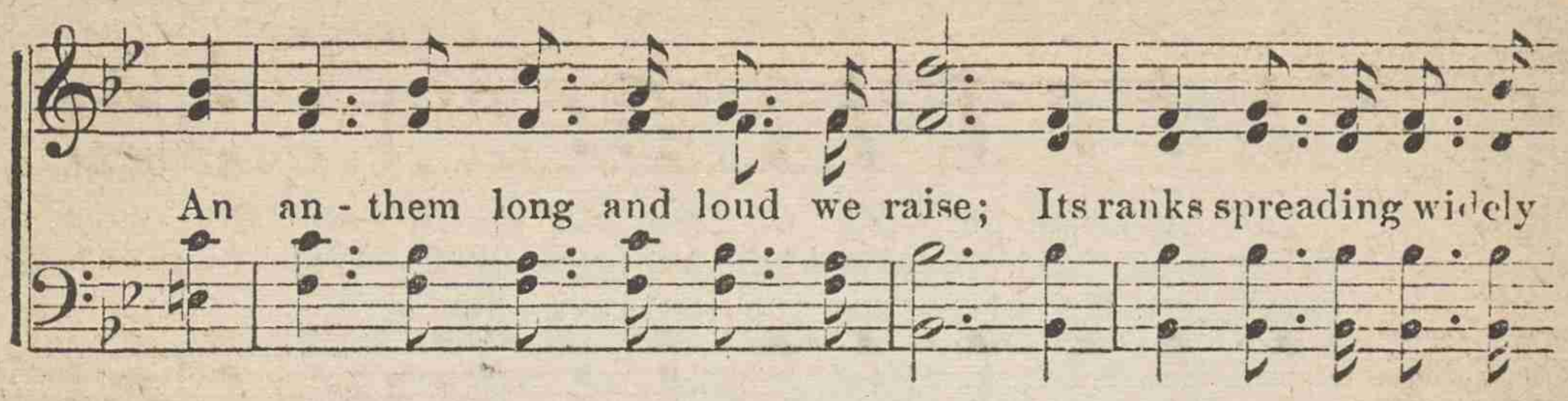
Pro-claim re-form in joy-ful lays. Too long in chains of bond-age
With eyes made dim with happy tears. They're turning from the wine cup,
Be - fore the great Almighty hand. Come, join our hap - py cho - rus,

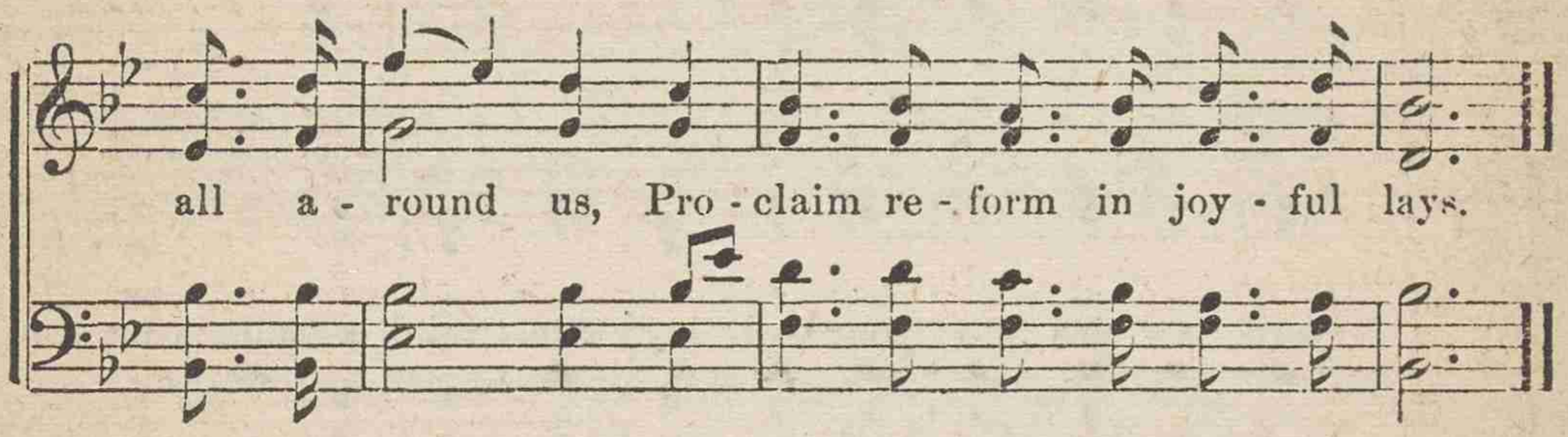
Our coun-try hath been bound; We shout to see them crum-ble now,
They leave the mad'ning bowl; They flee the death that waits them there,
Ye wives and moth-ers sad, Your homes shall blos-som as the rose,

CHORUS.

And Right at last be crowned.
A death to heart and soul. A song for the valiant temp'rance army,
And your sad hearts be glad.

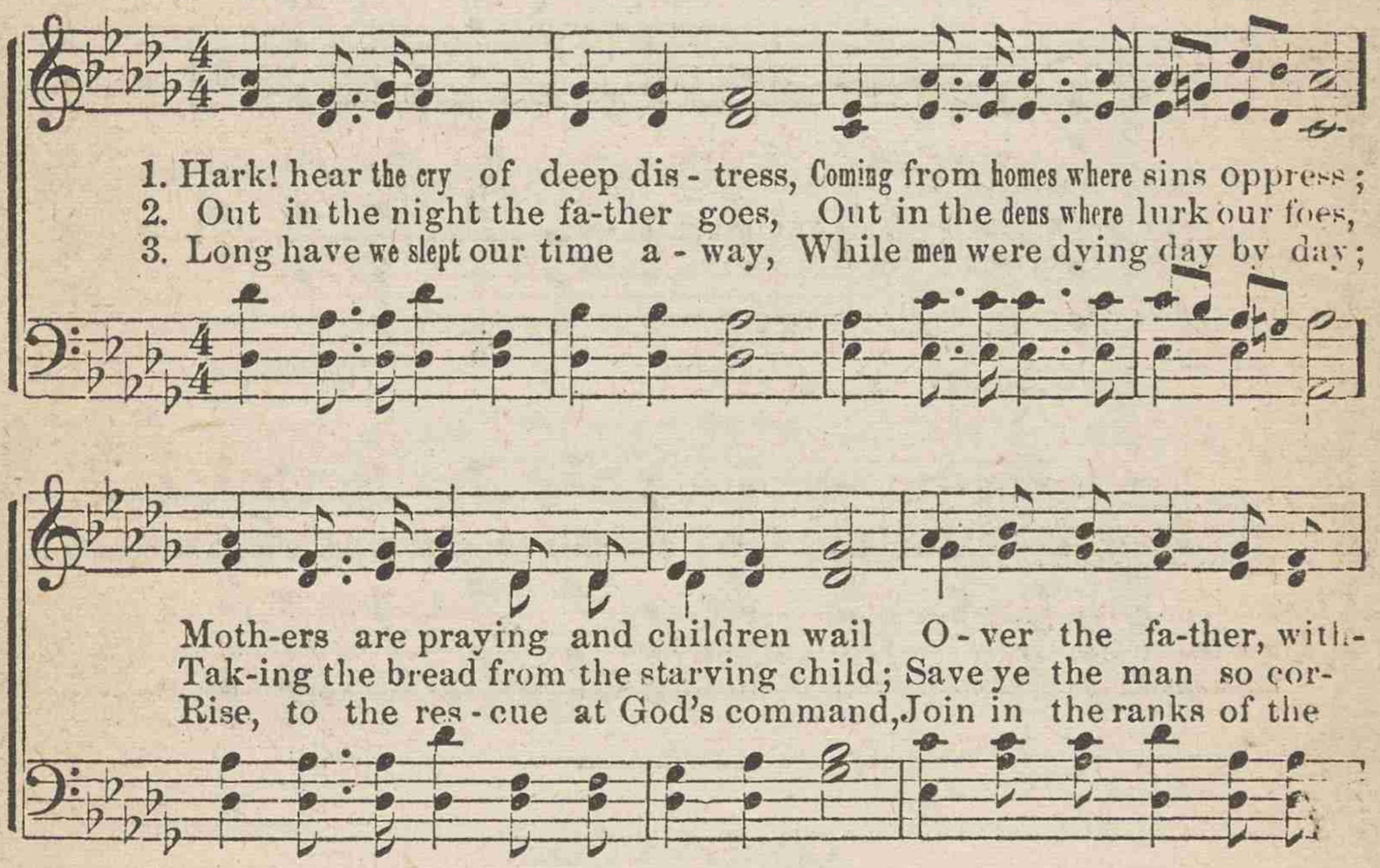
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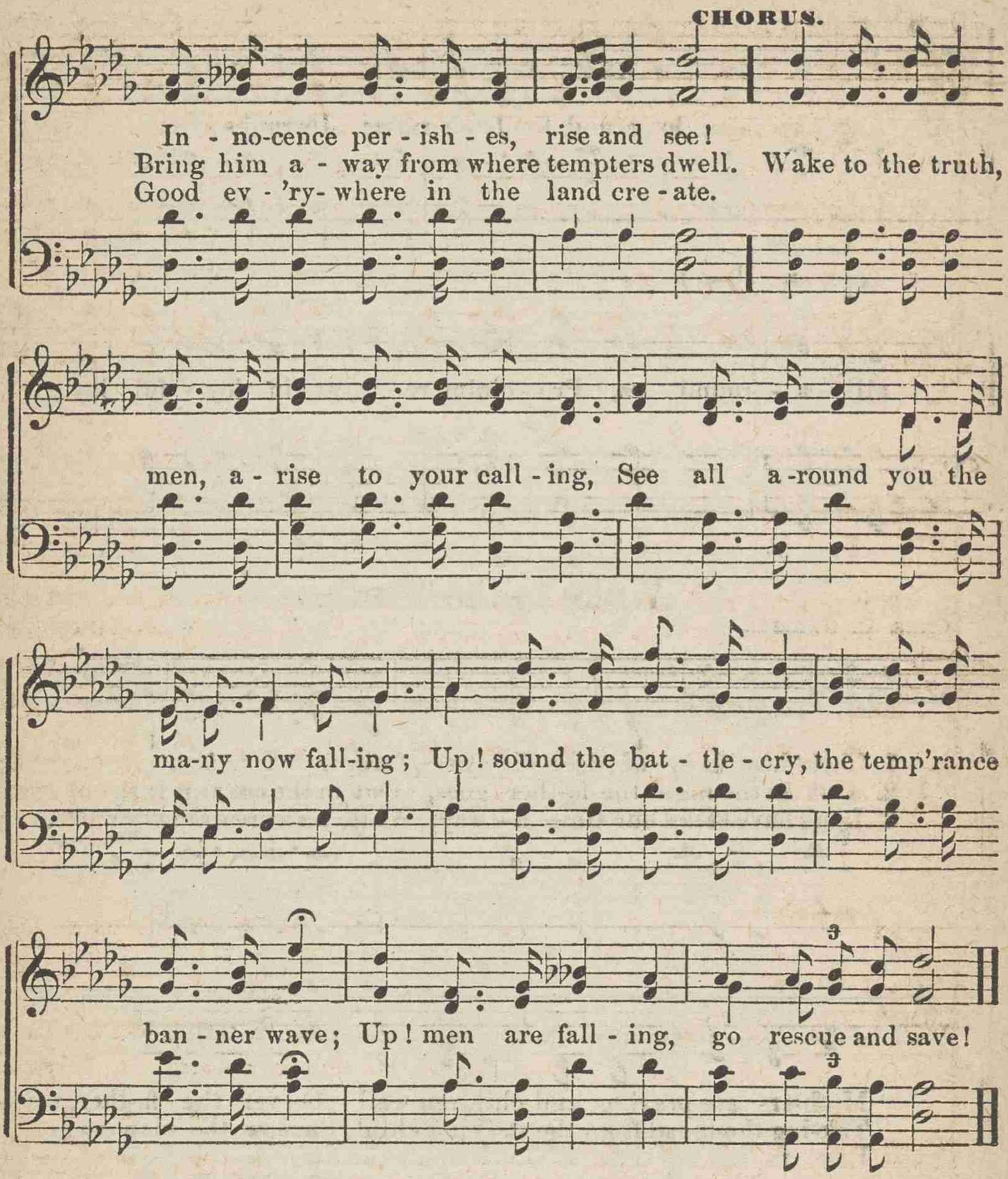




Wake to the Truth.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.



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Wake to the Truth. Concluded.



CORONATION.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
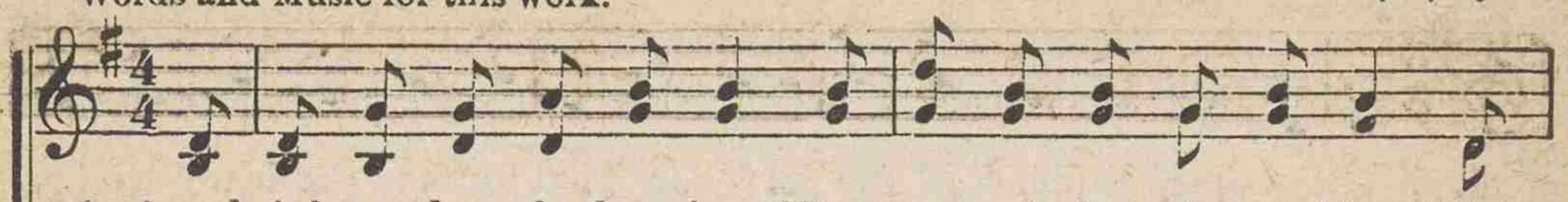
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
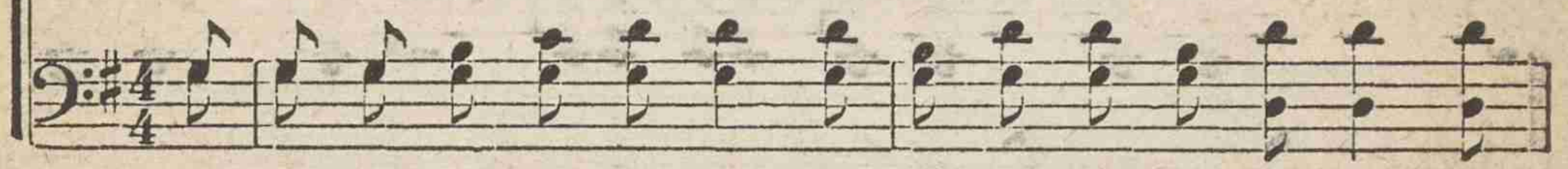
4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.
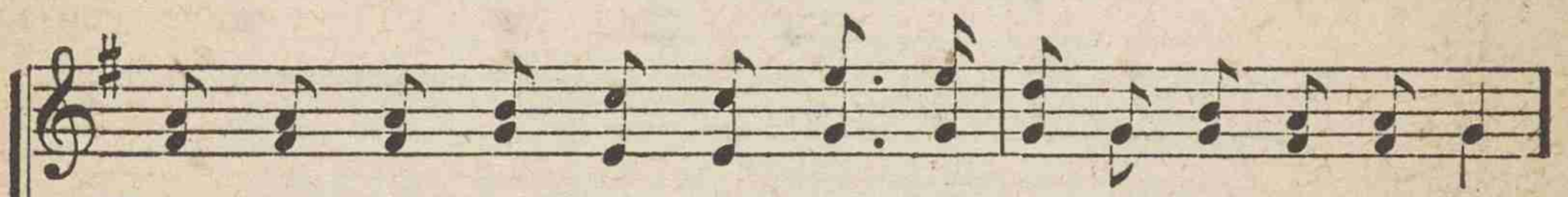
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Words and Music for this work.
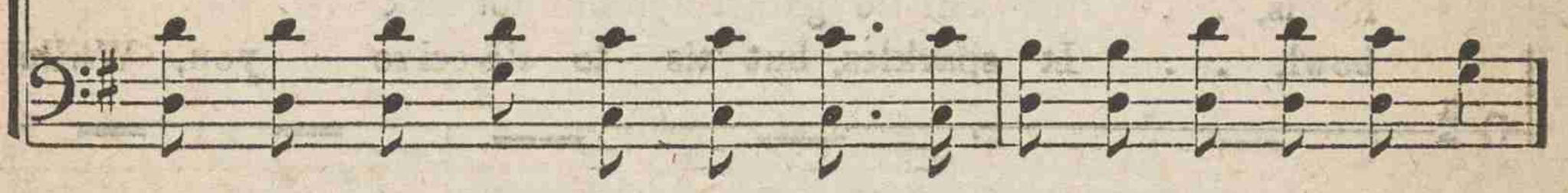


1. A brighter day is dawning, The morrow's dawn is breaking, When
2. Intemp'rance shall be vanquished From out our fa-vored na-tion; The
3. The skies are dark be-fore us, But morn will make them clearer; The
4. Then swell the glorious ar-my, Raise high the glorious ban-ner, For
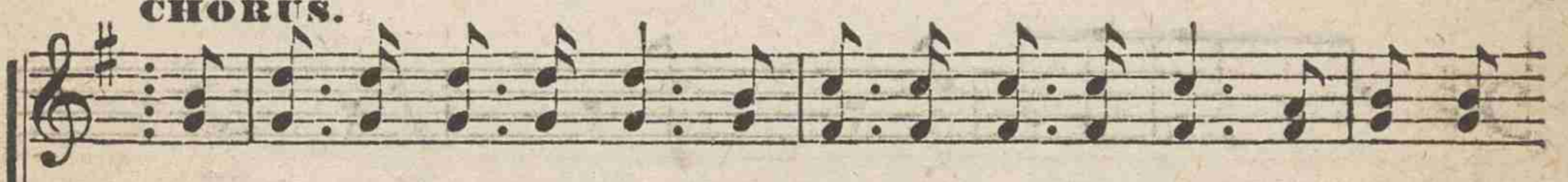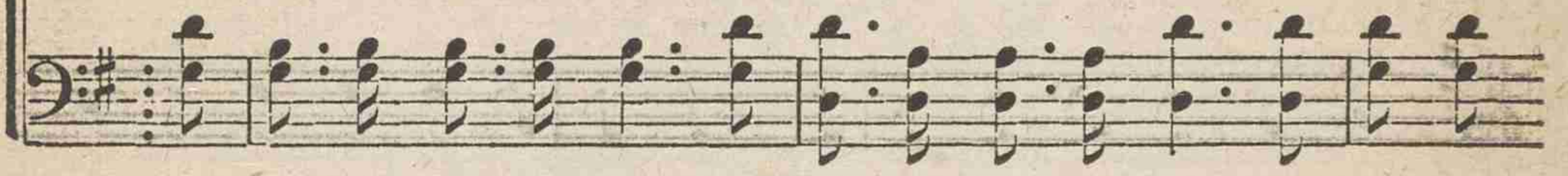




Wrong shall rule the Right no more—For men to truth are waking.
com-ing of the great re-form, Is man-y soul's sal-va-tion.
sun shall shine both bright and full—The day is com-ing near-er.
men are turn-ing from their vice, And shouting loud ho-san-na.
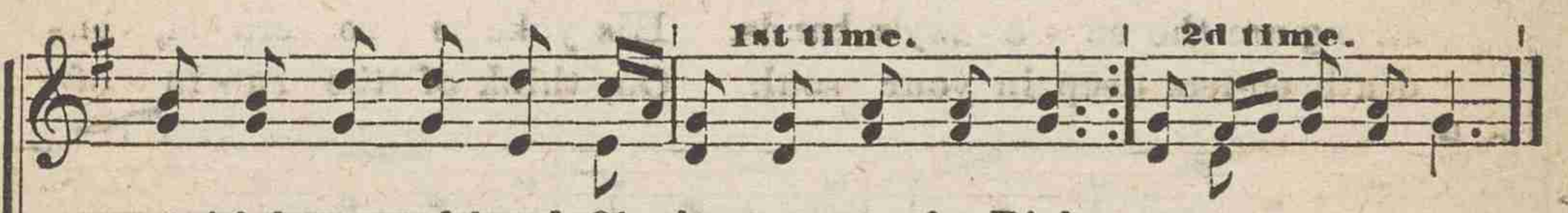


CHORUS.
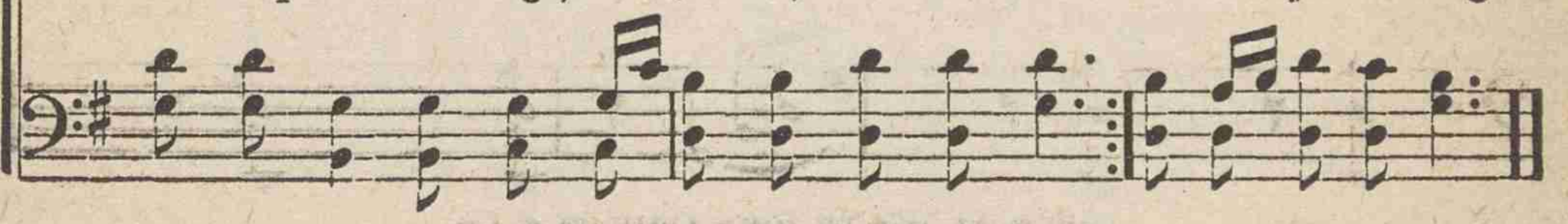


{ Come, join the temp'rance band, For jus-tice take a stand, We'll welcome
{ Oh, come and sign the pledge, Help drive the temp'rance wedge, Oh, drink no





you with heart and hand, Oh, be a man for Right.
more the poisoned dregs, But (OMIT.) . . . . . come and join to-night.



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96

Have Courage, My Friend.

Words partly by W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO. Ad lib.

1. When tempted to drink of the poi - son That lurks in the death-dealing
2. The first step to ru - in once tak - en, How woe-ful - ly weak are our
3. Think not there is pleasure in quaff - ing A draught from the glitter-ing

bowl, . . Oh, think of the dark waves of sor - row, That
hands, . . To bat-tle 'gainst hon-or for-sak - en, But
bowl, . . It sparkles, but 'tis to de-ceive you, While

fear - ful - ly o'er you may roll. To madness it sure-ly will
strong are the en - e - my's bands. His yoke is so cru - el, en-
death en-ters deep in your soul. Oh, think of the ru - in of

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drive you, To deep de-gra-da-tion and woe, Re-
slav - ing, When once 'neath its burden we go, The
thou - sands, You'll find them wherev-er you go, Then

Rall.

sist then the fearful tempta - tion, Have courage, my friend, to say *No!*
'lurements of sin never brav-ing, Too weak in ourselves to say *No!*
shun the broad road to destruction, Have courage, my friend, to say *No!*

CHORUS.

courage, . .

Have courage, my friend, Have courage, my friend, Have courage, my friend, to say No! say no!

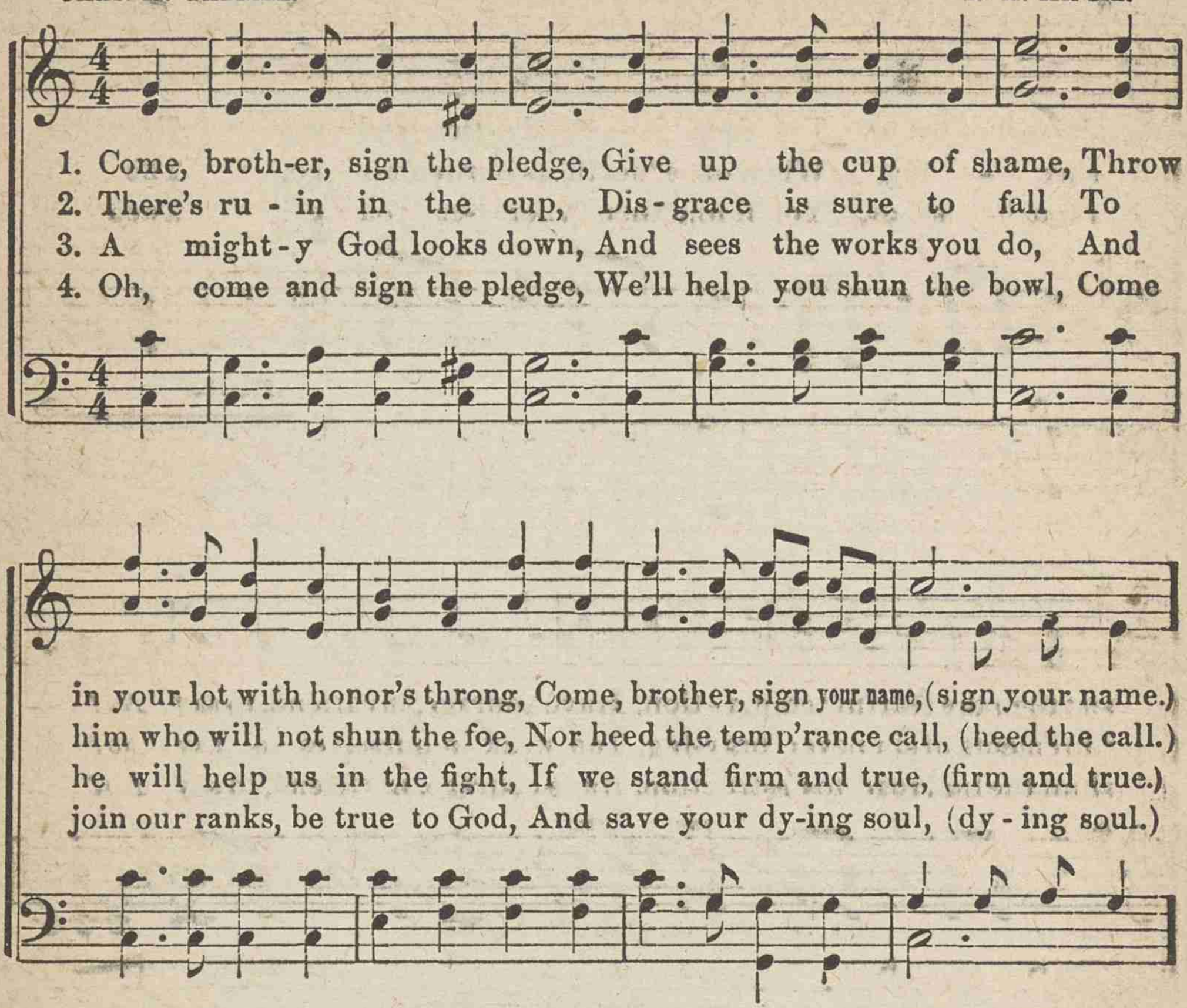
friend to say no! . . .

When tempted to drink of the poison, Have courage, my friend, to say No! say no!

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Come, Sign the Pledge.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.



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Dash Thou The Cup.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

* * *

1. Dash thou the cup, and away with temptation, Quaff not the poison that ru - ins the soul; Look for thy strength to the one great Physi-cian, He all the pas - sions can quickly control.
2. Dash thou the cup, and away with temptation, Par-ley no more with so sub-tle a foe; Raise then the ban-ner, the pledge of sal-va-tion, On to the con - flict, and vic - to - ry know. Up with thy banner!
3. Dash thou the cup, and away with temptation, Help ye should give to your brother in sin; Heed not the voice of the world's condemnation, Look - ing to Je - sus thou sure - ly shalt win.

CHORUS.

Up with thy banner! "Touch not nor taste not," thy mot-to should be; Up with thy banner! up with thy banner! Under this standard thou art free.

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100 Turn from the Cup.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

With feeling.

1. Turn from the cup, brother, flee from your dan - ger, Be not a slave to the tempt-er to-day, For in the wine-cup there lurketh a dan-ger, Strong to destroy you; oh, turn while you may.
2. Turn from the cup, brother, now we en - treat you, Blind - ly you're rush - ing a-way to your doom. Look to thy Sav-ior, he knows all thy weakness; He will as-sist you, oh, come, brother, come! Turn from the
3. Turn from the cup that al-lures to de - struc-tion, For it but spark-les to lead you a-stray; Death stands behind with a ter - ri - ble fu - ture; Brother be warn'd of your danger to-day.

CHORUS.

cup, oh, turn from the cup, Turn from the cup, there is danger there; Turn from the cup, oh, turn from the cup, broth-er, to-day, be - ware.

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F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Un-furl the wide ban - ner, the flag of the free, Temp'rance and
2. From lake to the gulf - land we'll send forth the cry, Temp'rance and
3. Our coun - try is call - ing, come forth, all ye brave, Temp'rance and
4. We'll crush out the Rum-pow'r, till temp'rance shall reign, Temp'rance and

lib - er - ty for - ev - er ; From o - cean to o-cean our watchword shall be,
lib - er - ty for - ev - er ; Till eastward and southward the echo shall fly,
lib - er - ty for - ev - er ; Come, patriots and brothers, the na-tion to serve,
lib - er - ty for - ev - er ; Then shout forth the triumph from ocean to plain,

D. S. *o - cean to o - cean our watchword shall be,*

CHORUS.

Fine.

Temp'rance and lib-er-ty for-ev - er. Then on, friends and brothers, Stand

Temp'rance and lib-er - ty for - ev - er.

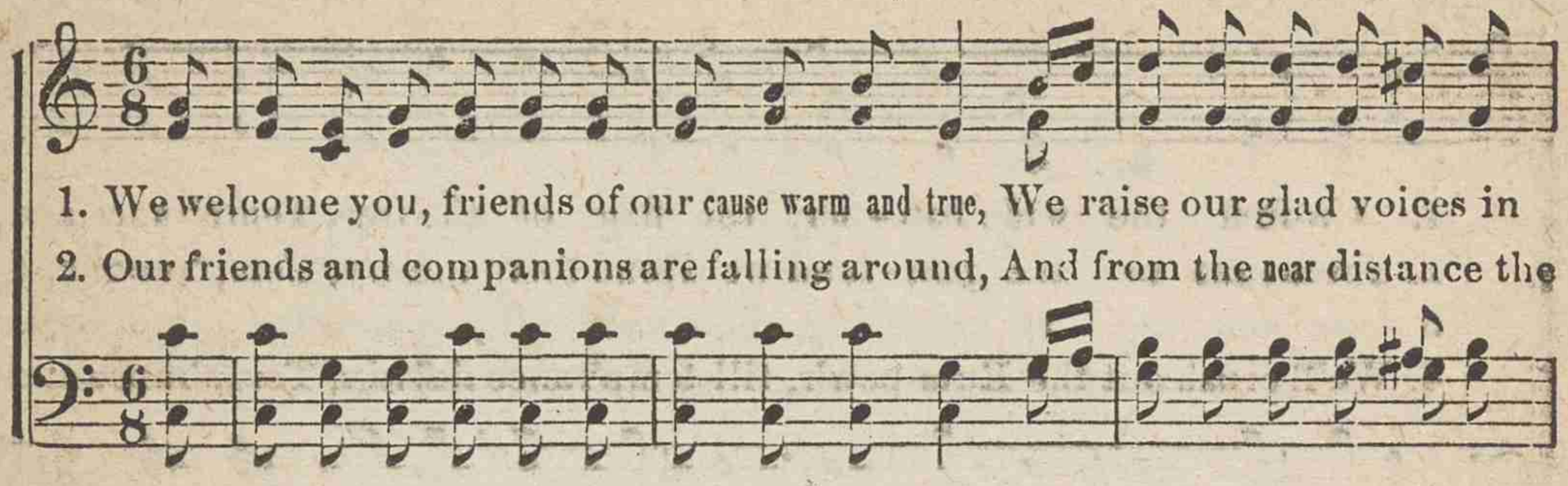
D.S.
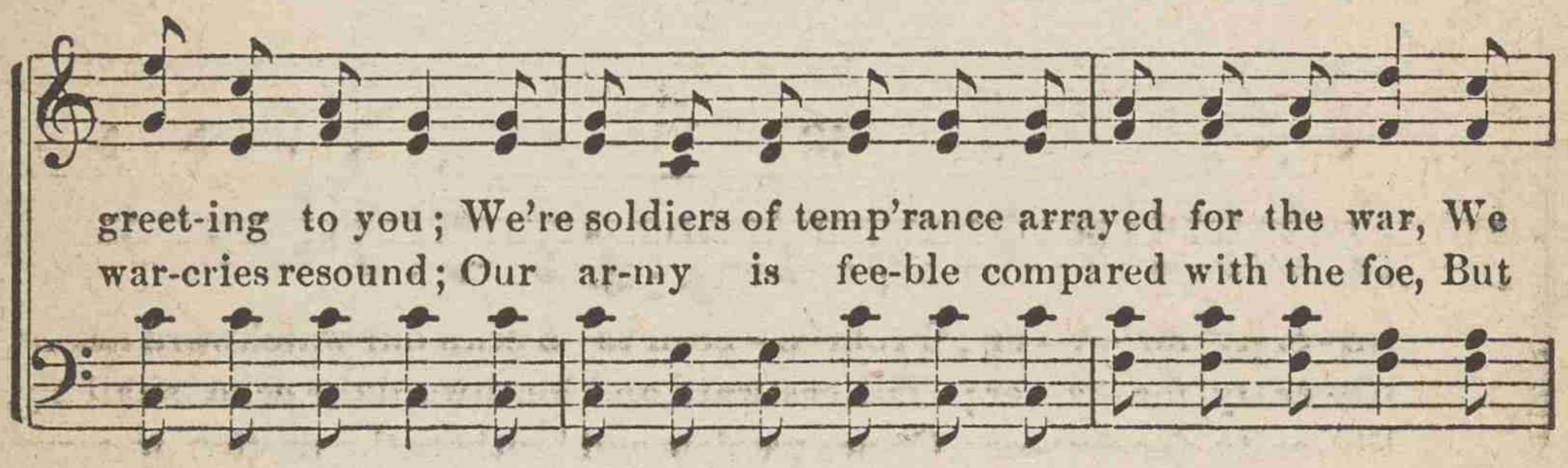
forth in your might, And bat-tle for freedom, and God, and the right; *From*

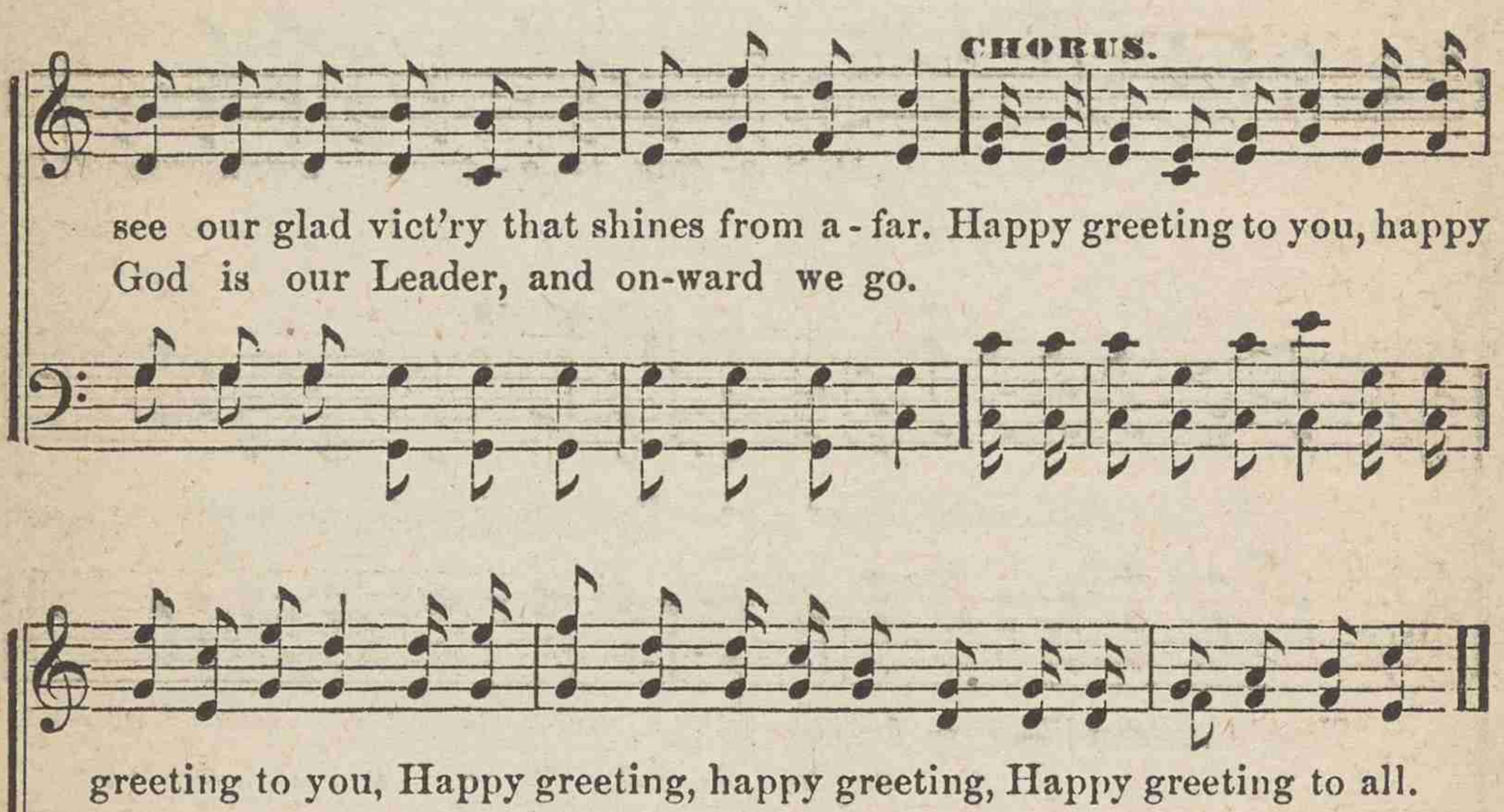
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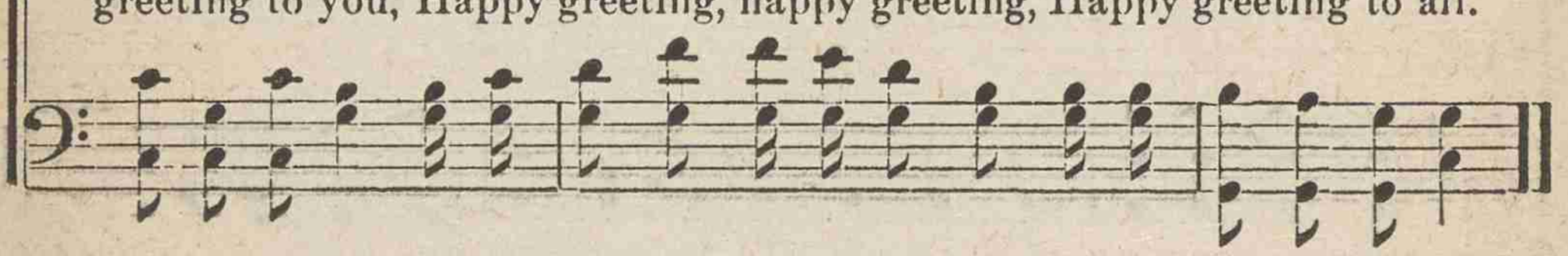
102 Temperance Greeting Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.





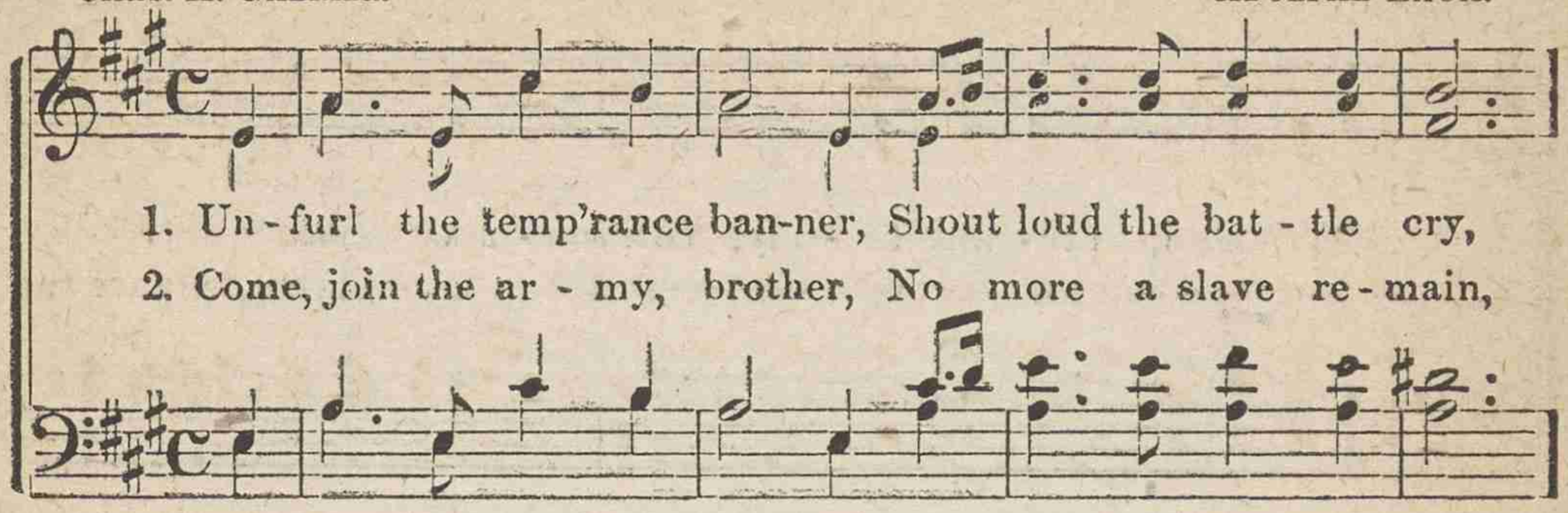


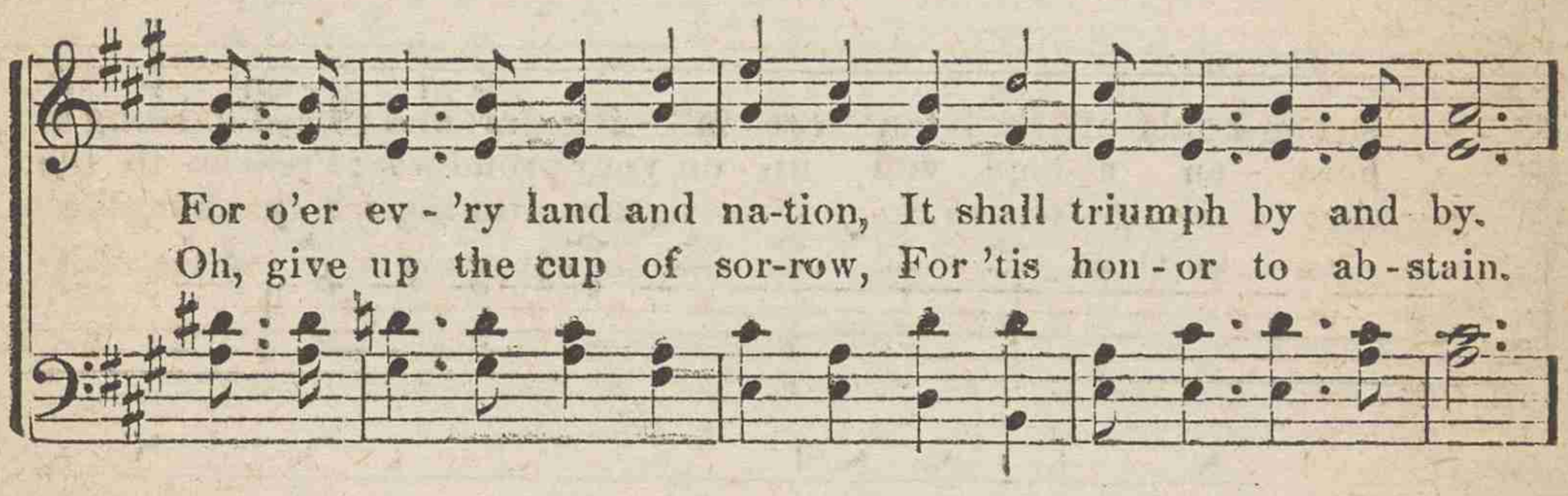


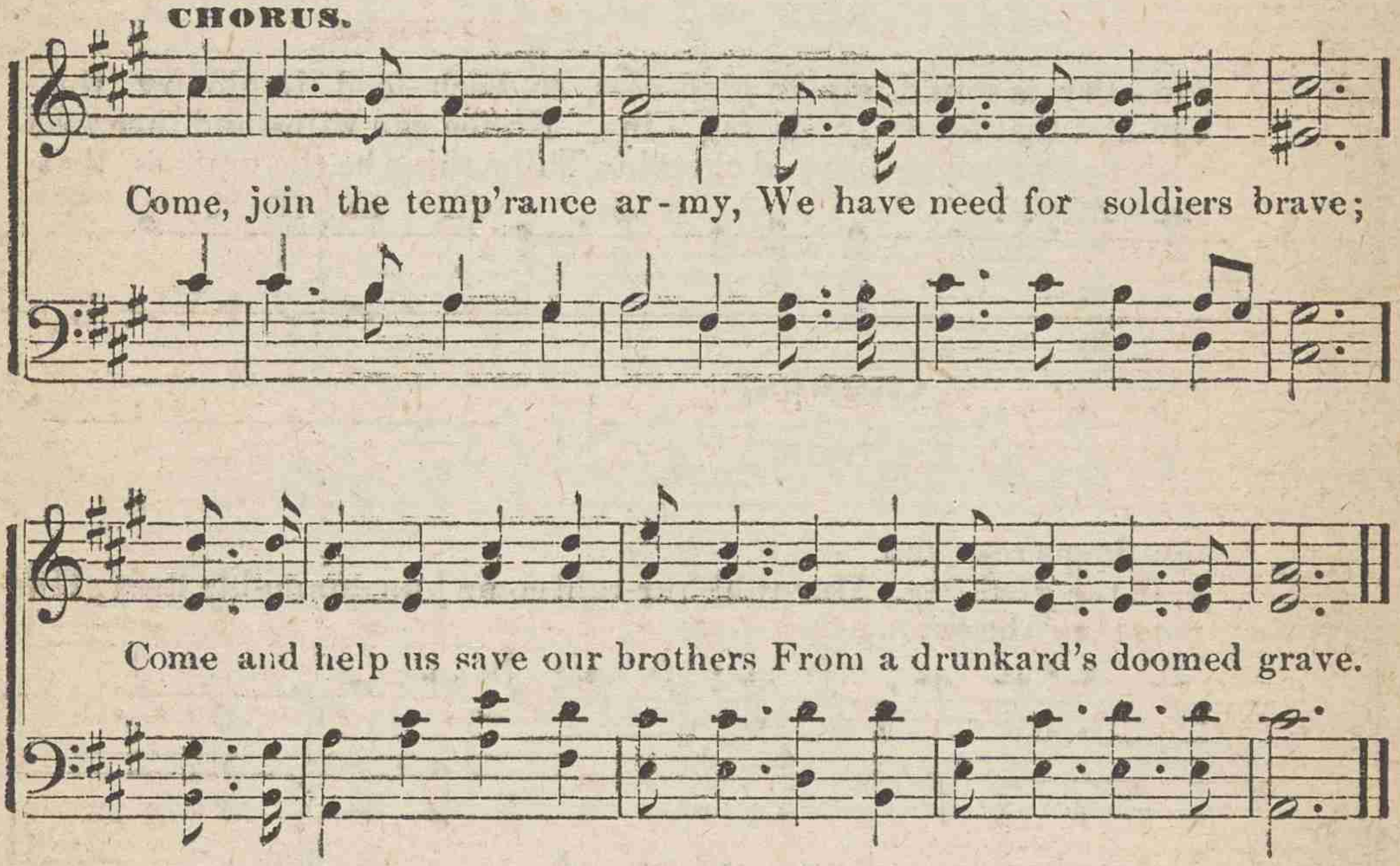
3 Come, join us, and help us to drive from the land,
This curse to humanity—God lend thy hand!
We can not without thee accomplish this end,
O God, we now pray thee, thy helping hand lend. *Cho.*

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL. ADOLPHE LAUX.







3 The mighty temp'rance army,
Its ranks spread far and wide,
Men are turning from destruction,
See them come from every side.
Cho.

4 Come, take the pledge, dear brother,
Stand not at hell's dark brink,
For destruction's sure to follow
Lest you shun the poisoned drink.
Cho.

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The Armies of Temperance.

HUTCHINSON. DR. T. M. HIGGINS.

1. The ar - mies of temp'rance in tri-umph are marching, The strong-holds of Sa - tan are fall - ing around; The loud song of vic - t'ry is sound-ing in glad-ness, And ech - oed in glo - ry the an-thems re-sound.
2. March on, val - iant ar - my, with son - nets of vic - t'ry! May heav - en at-tend you up - on your proud way; Press on to the con-flict that loud - ly is rag - ing, No foe can withstand thee, thou'lt gain the glad day. Hur-rah! hur-rah! come join our no-ble throng; Hur-rah! hur-rah! we're fighting 'gainst the wrong; Hur-rah! hur-rah! we're
3. Loud, then, ring the an - thems of glo - ry and hon - or, To thee be the prais - es, O Lord, thou most high; Thy smile has been with us, ap-prov - ing and cheering, Thine, thine be the prais-es that ring thro' the sky.

CHORUS.

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gath'ring up our band, To fight old Rum, And drive him from our land.

Speak Kindly and Gently.

A. J. CRIDER. J. F. KINSEY.

Andantino.

1. Speak soft - ly and gen - tly in an-swer to wrongs, Keep still with your
2. There may be some hearts that can stand against blows, Yet cost them a
3. A fa-ther's love burns in the drunkard's lone heart, Tho' few be the

an - ger and pain; And when you are answer'd with fol - ly un-wise,
strug-gle and pain; And some may be sav'd from their trouble and woes,
sparks that re-main; A word spok-en kind - ly may save him from drink,

CHORUS.

Re-turn not the fol - ly a - gain.
Then speak not in an - ger a - gain. Speak kindly, speak kind-ly, and
Oh, speak not in an - ger a - gain.

Repeat pp.

gen - tly, and gen-tly, Harsh words the good-will can not gain.

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Work for Temperance.

J. B. L. *Dedicated to J. W. Custer.* J. B. LESLIE.

Allegretto.

1. Go forth, ye temp'rance workers, To save the fall - en one, For
2. Don't fear to show your col - ors, But bat - tle for the cause, To

God will crown your la - bors, And to the res - cue come; For
save our friends and brothers, And plant the temp'rance laws; To

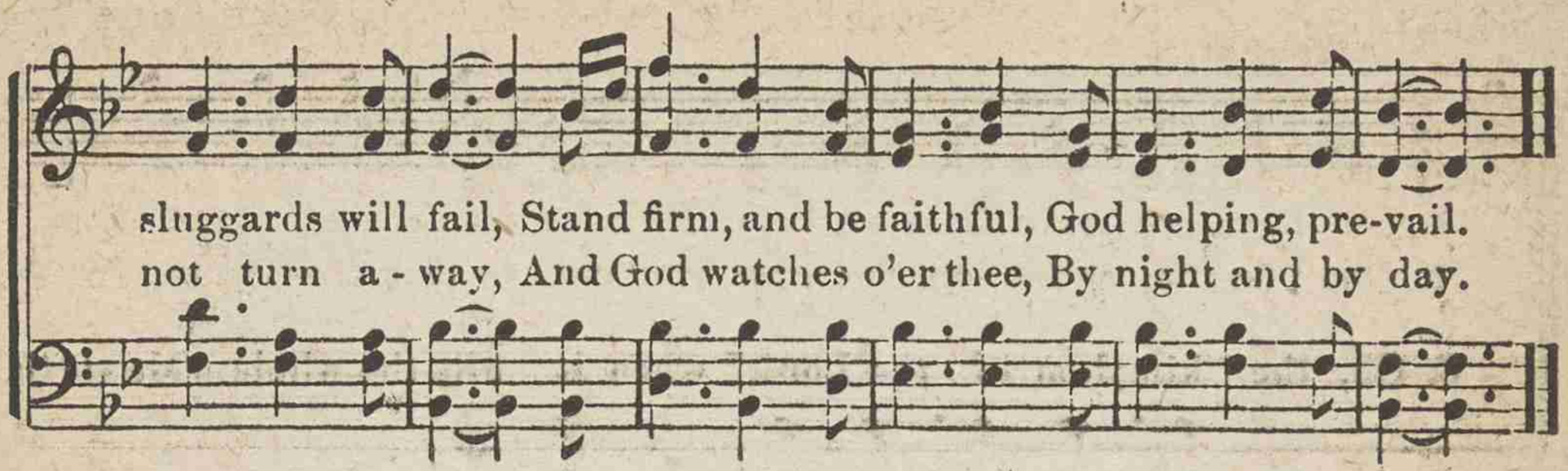
God will crown your la - bors, And to the res - cue come.
save our friends and brothers, And plant the temp'rance laws.

CHORUS.

Be firm and be faithful, De - sert not the right, If brave, then be
If scorn be thy portion, And friendless you stand, Don't cease then to
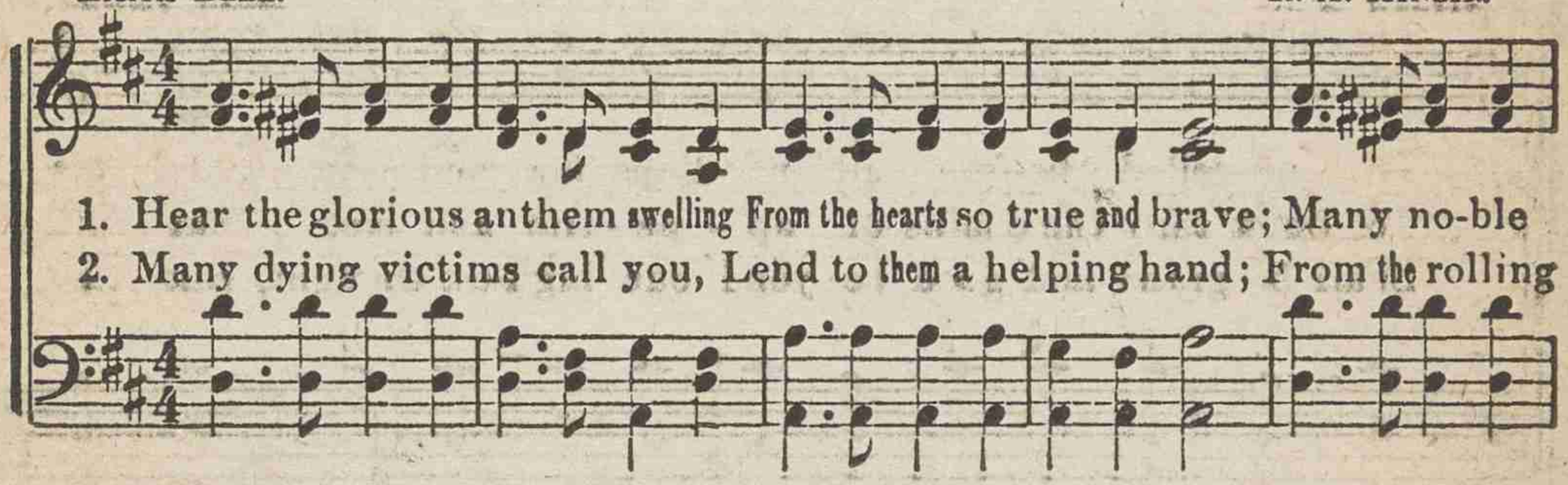
bold - er, The dark - er the night; Then up, and be read - y, For
strug - gle, But give us your hand; Re-mem-ber that true hearts Will

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Lend a Helping Hand.

EMMA BELL. R. A. KINZIE.



3 Fierce and many great temptations
Come to them on every hand;
Blame not those who may have fallen,
Help them firm to stand. *Cho.*

4 Now the ranks of vice are breaking,
They are falling thick and fast;
Persevere a little longer,
Vict'ry's yours at last. *Cho.*

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Victory at Last.

VINNIE VERNON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, the day has come at last, when the might-y God's right hand,
2. Now no more shall men de-pend on the "will om - ni - po-tent,"
3. Oh, the "kingdom of the Lord," when it fills the whole wide earth,
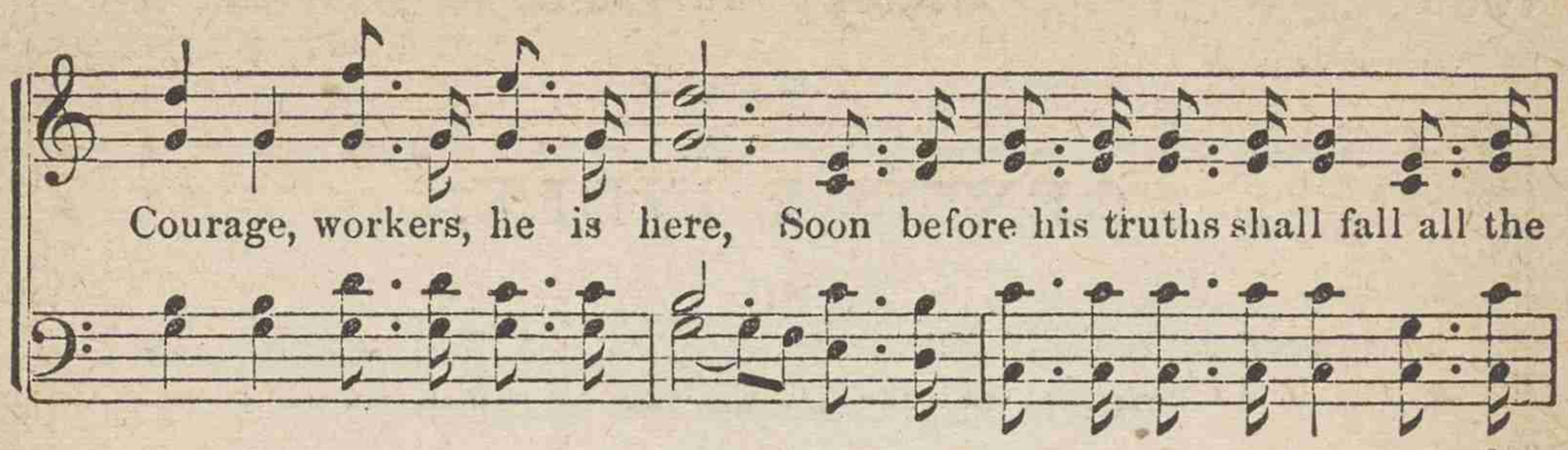
Is un-veiled be-fore all na - tions, far and near, And his
To burst thro' the chains of ap - pe - tite and sin, But with
Shall be grand and good be - yond our high-est thought, But that

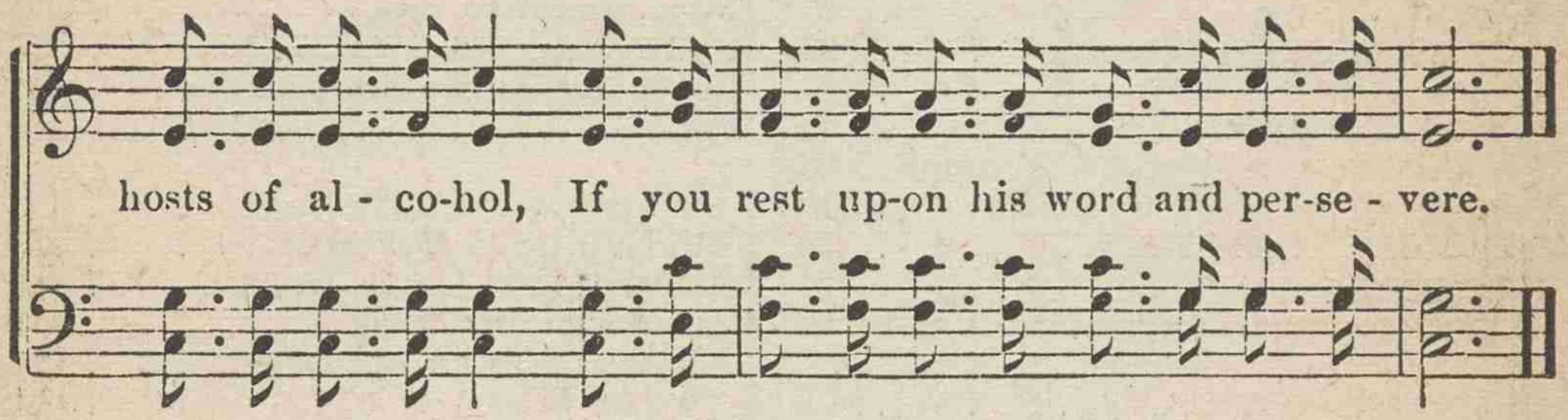
won - ders they be-hold, as in deep a - maze they stand, Tho' the
eye cast up to God, in his name their bonds are rent, In these
king - dom shall be - gin at each hu-man heart and hearth, While men

CHORUS.

wonders are not great as *shall* appear.
humble words, "God helping me," they win. Shout, shout, shout, the Lord deliv-ers,
find, *within*, the Heaven that they sought.
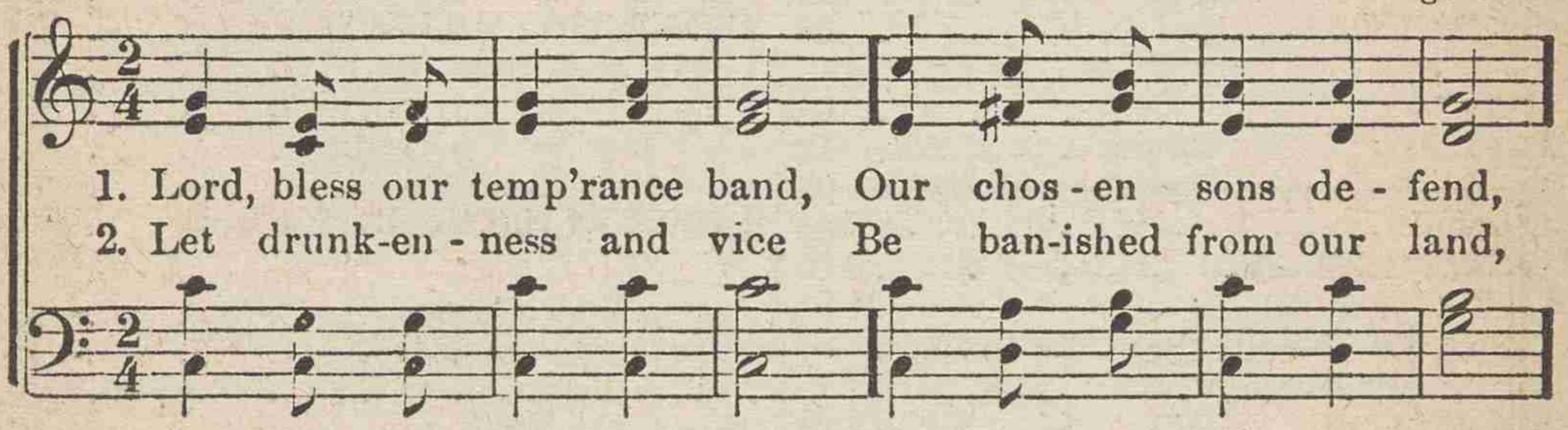
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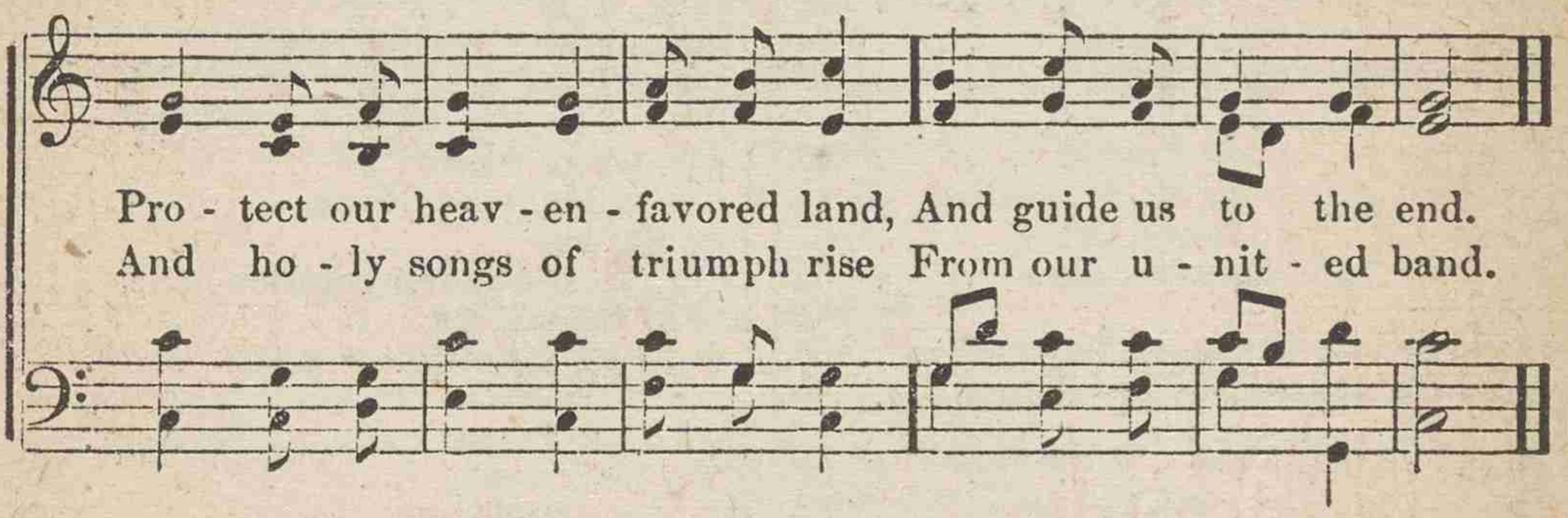




Hymn.

REV. W. T. DALE. Arranged.





3 Let temp'rance swell the breeze,
And spread the earth around,
Till distant lands beyond the seas
Shall echo back the sound.

4 Till every tribe and tongue
Shall temp'rance laws obey,
And all mankind with cheerful song
Regard the glorious day.

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