Popular Hymns No. 2

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POPULAR HYMNS

Number 2

FOR THE

WORK AND WORSHIP

OF THE

CHURCH

IN

PUBLIC WORSHIP, PRAYER-MEETINGS, REVIVALS, CONVENTIONS, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS, ETC., ETC.

By C. C. CLINE

AUTHOR OF

Popular Hymns, The Standard Church Hymnal, The Standard Sunday-School Hymnal, Rudiments of Music., Etc.

Christian Board of Publication
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Hackleman Music Company
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

POPU
1901

PREFACE TO POPULAR HYMNS NO. 2.

THE Compiler has found it a difficult task to give Popular Hymns a successor of equal merit. For TWENTY-THREE YEARS it has held its own among many competitors and has reached the phenomenal sale of over TWO MILLION COPIES. The author's single design in Popular Hymns was to furnish the matter needed for the promotion of congregational singing. In POPULAR HYMNS NO. 2 he has not only met this demand, but has richly supplied Singing Evangelists and other Leaders of Song with a large supply of solos, duets and quartettes, specially suited to protracted meetings, and Conventions of Missionary, Christian Endeavor and other Christian workers. Busy Choirs will find just what they need to give pleasing variety to any service where they are expected to direct the music. In fact, POPULAR HYMNS NO. 2 will be found to meet every demand for an all-around book adapted to every service of every wide-awake church, from the stately solemn morning service of the wealthiest church to the humblest prayer-meeting or Sunday-school of the weakest. To supply this varied want he has not hesitated to pay the prices fixed for permission to use the most valuable pieces from the pens of our most able composers, living and dead. He can therefore safely predict for POPULAR HYMNS NO. 2 a much wider field of usefulness than its predecessor has enjoyed.

It is a BOOK and not a BUNDLE of music. Its analytical arrangement of thought into departments will be appreciated by both preacher and leader. Believing its use will be richly blessed by our merciful Father, whose we are and whom we delight to serve and praise, we remain as ever,

Yours,

THE COMPILER.

POPULAR HYMNS No. II.

OPENING HYMNS.

"I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also." 1 Cor. 14: 15
"Let all the people praise Thee." Ps. 67: 3.

No. 1. Perez.

J. KEMPTHORNE. Anon

No. 2. Holy, Holy, Holy.

HEBER. Alt. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee! Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the crys-tal sea; Cher-u-bim and seraph-im
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry can-not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly,
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! All Thy works shall praise Thee, From the heights of heav-en to depths of deep-est sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y, God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wast and art, and ev-er more shall be.
there is none be-side Thee; Fear-ful in prais-es, working wondrously.
Lord God Al-might-y! Thou art the Fa-ther of E-ter-ni-ty.

No. 3. The Lord is Nigh.

INVOCATION.

Moderato.

The Lord is nigh un-to all them that call up-on Him, To all that call up-

Fine. *Cres.*

on Him in truth, to all that call up-on Him in truth. He will ful-fill the de-

No. 4. Lischer.

THOMAS HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
   I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest.
2. To spend one sa - cred day Where God and saints a - bide,
   Af - fords di - vin - er joy Than thou - sand days be - side,
3. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace;
   The scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face;

From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,
I love it more, where God re-sorts, To keep the door, than shine in courts,
Let sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord;

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
To keep the door, than shine in courts.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

I soar to reach

The Lord is Nigh.

Dim. *Cres.*

sire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry, and will save them, He will ful-

Dim. *D. C.*

fill the de-sire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry, and will save them.

No. 5. O Praise the Lord.

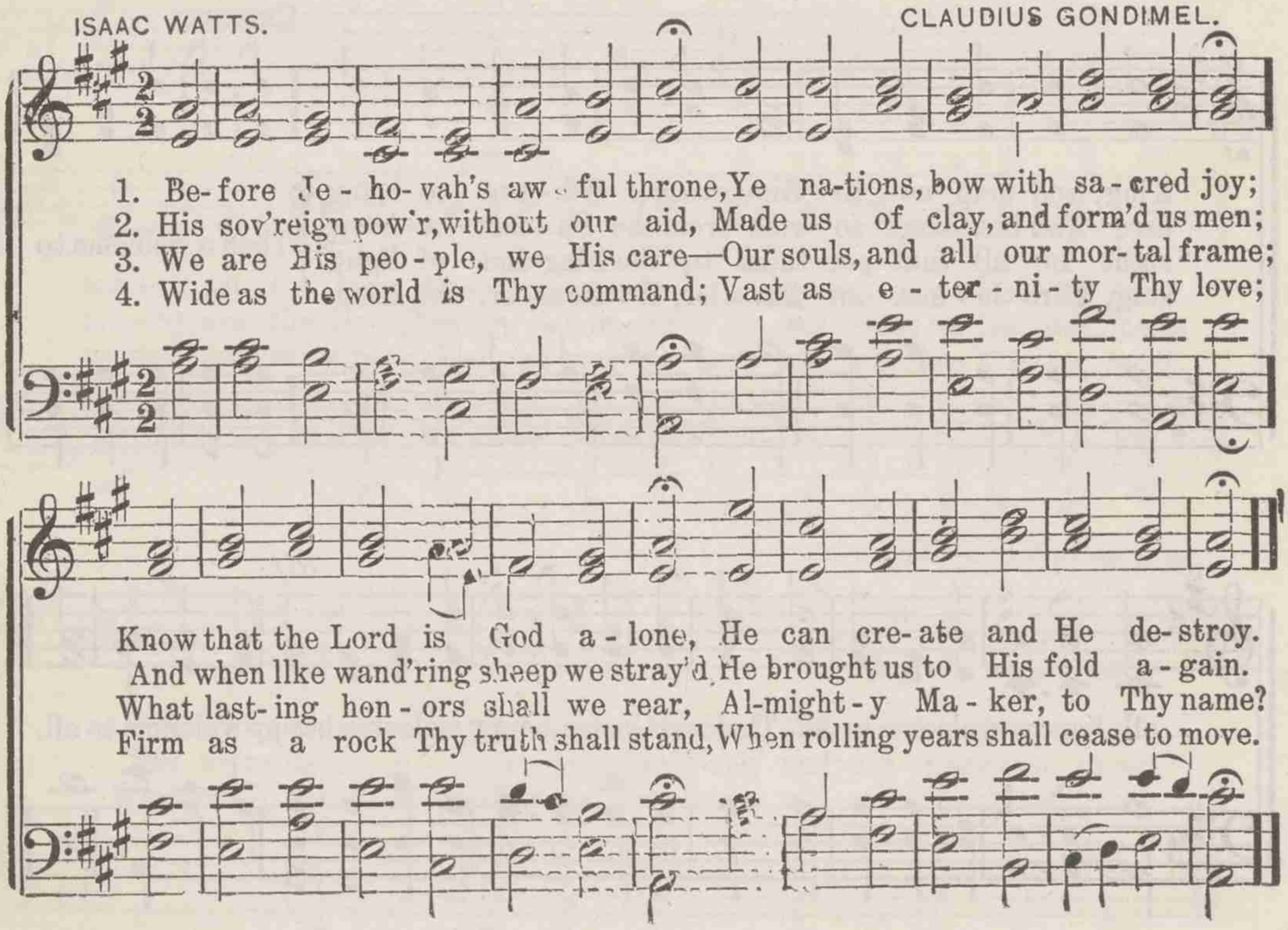
INVOCATION. WILL HILL.

No. 6. Hear Our Prayer.

INVOCATION.

Hear Our Prayer.

No. 7. Old Hundred.

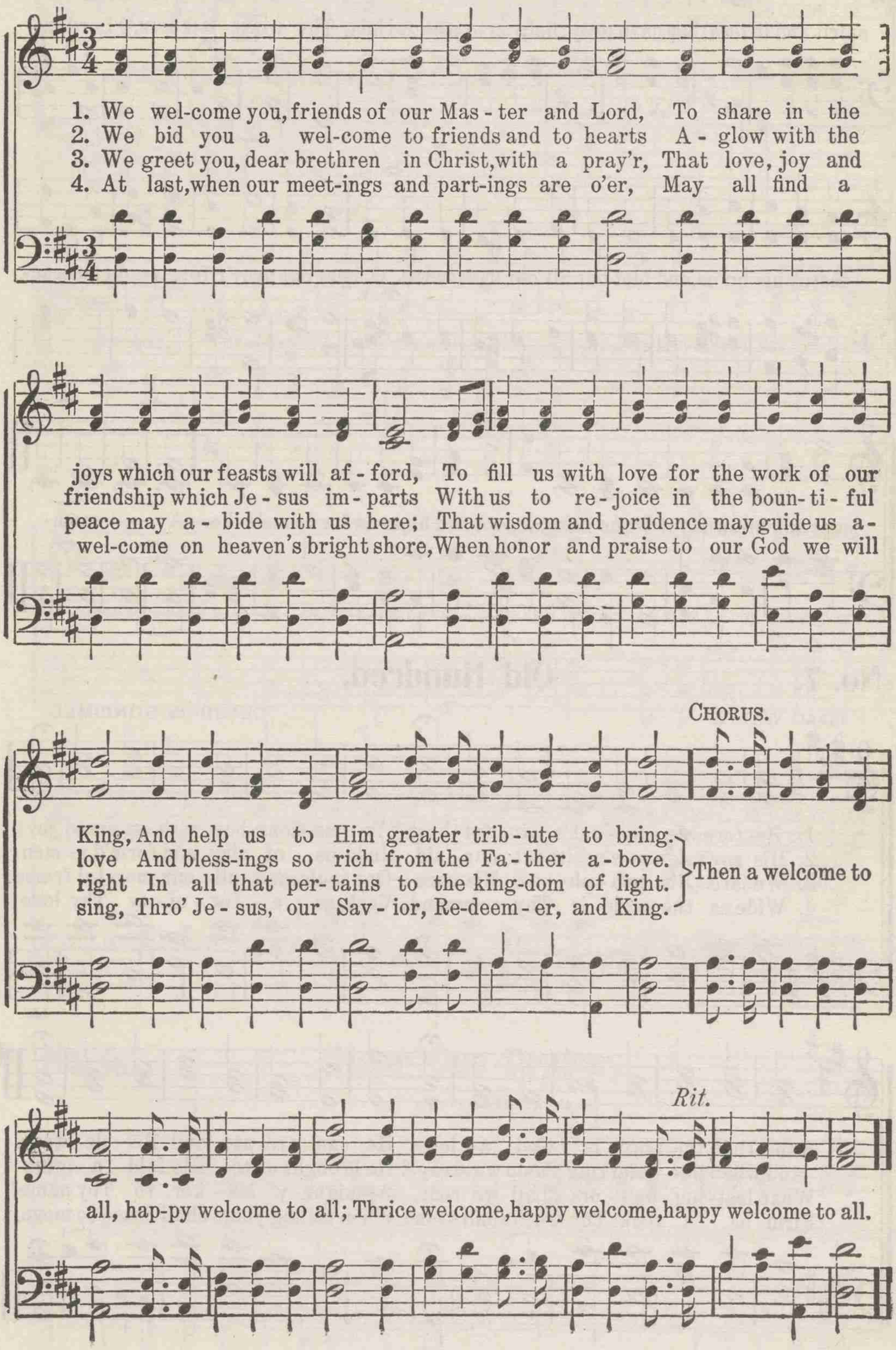


No. 8. Welcome to All.

By per. of C. C. Cline, Owner of Coppright.

FOR CONVENTIONS.

C. C. C. C. C. CLINE.



No. 9. Welcome.

By per. of C. C. Cline. Owner of Copyright.

FOR CONVENTIONS.

C. C. C.

Har. by C. C. CLINE.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, wel - come, We welcome you, dear friends, In this, our opening

lay; Welceme, welcome, wel - come, Welcome here this fes - tal day.

Fine.

DUET.

1. Ma- ny are the sor-rows, ma- ny are the tears, Ma- ny are the joys, and
2. Ma- ny are the con-fiicts, ma- ny are the snares, Ma- ny are the trials, and
3. Ma- ny are the pleasures that we here shall share, Ma- ny are the treasures

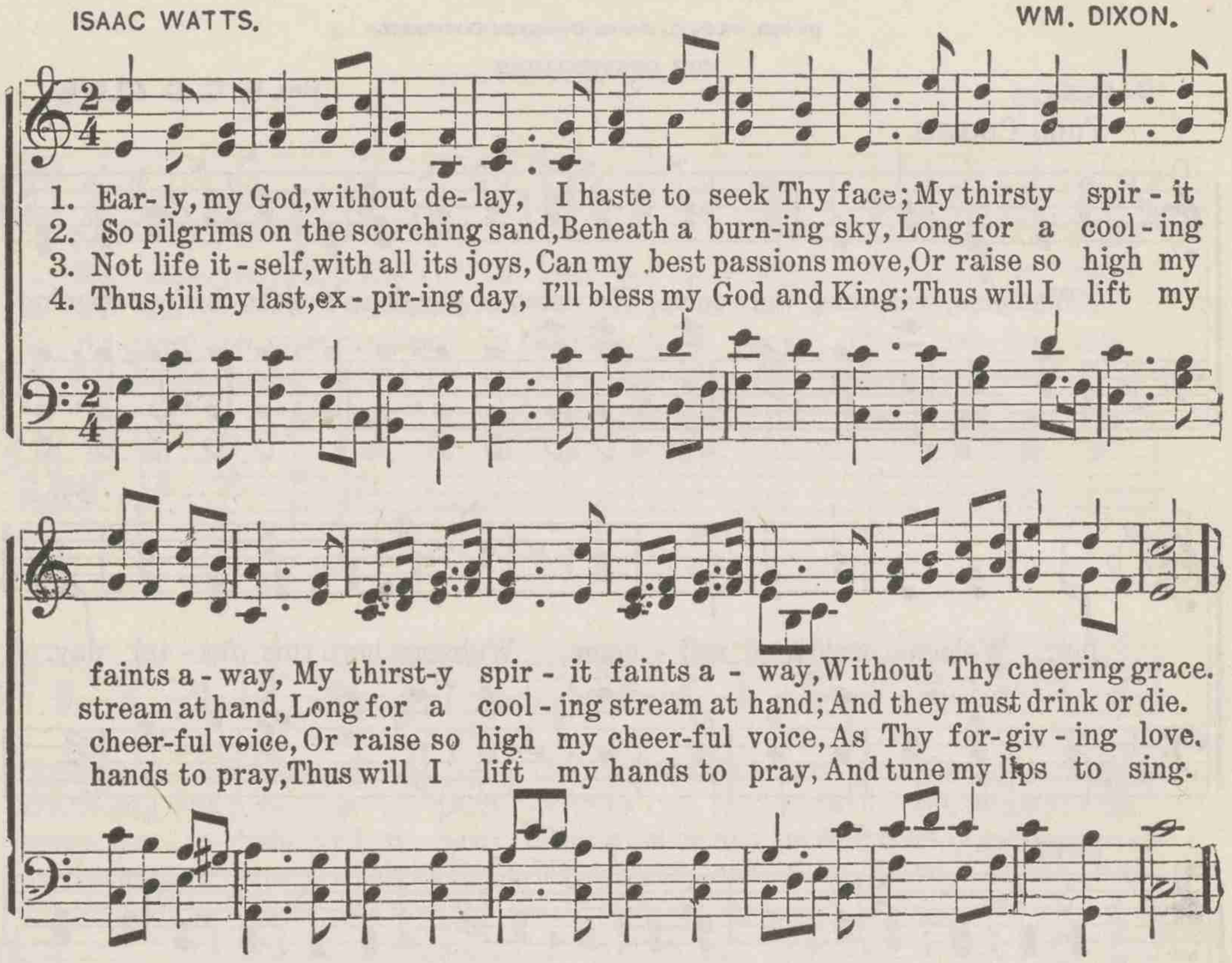
ma - ny are the fears, That have cross'd our pathway since we last did meet,
ma - ny are the cares, That we've borne thro' Je - sus since we last did meet,
we must homeward bear, That we may be true till we the Mas- ter meet.

D. C. to last stanza.

But we've come a - gain, our kin-dred and our friends to greet.
But we're here a - gain, our breth-ren and our friends to greet.
When we'll come a - gain, our loved ones and our friends to greet.

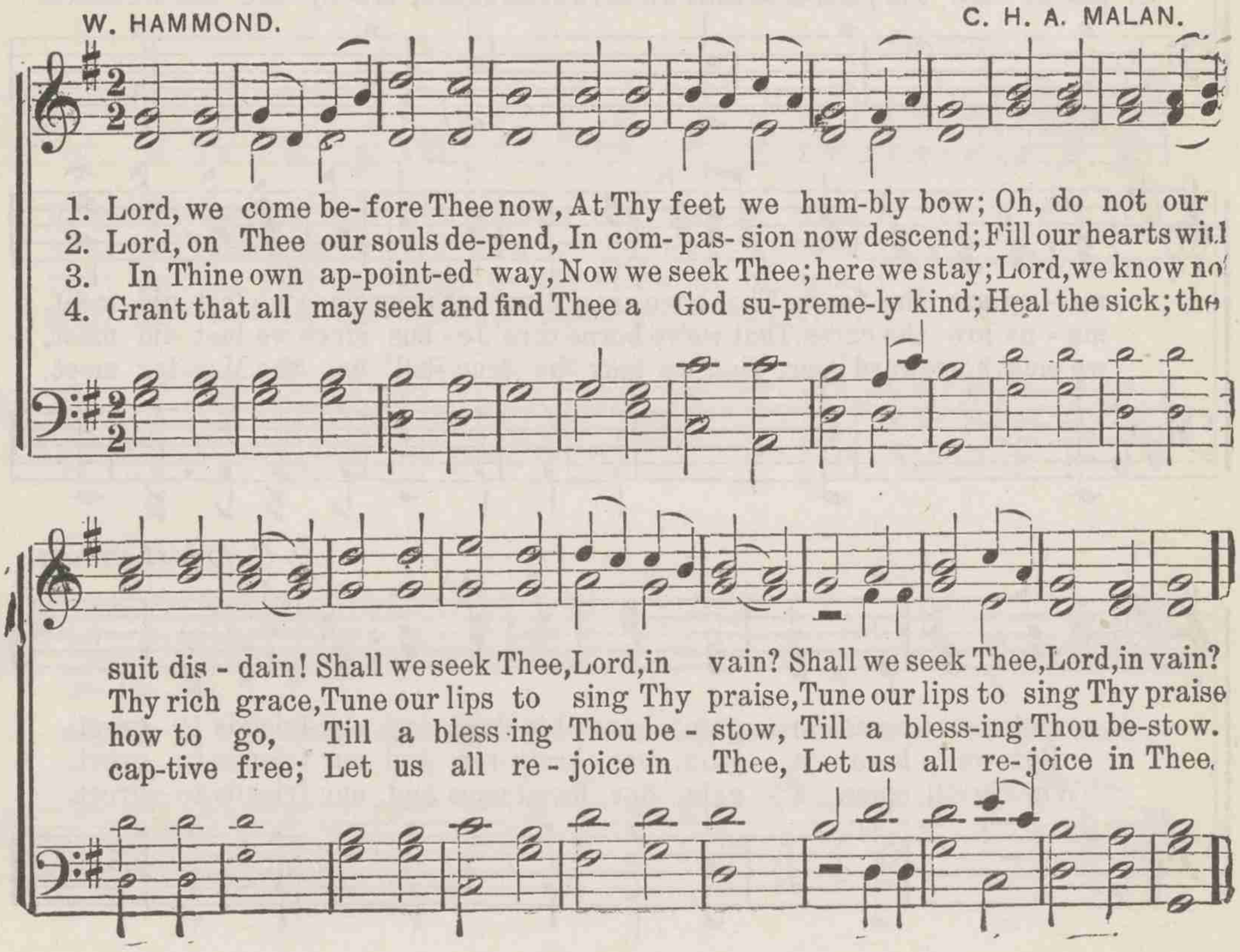
No. 10. Lanesboro.

ISAAC WATTS. WM. DIXON.



No. 11. Hendon.

W. HAMMOND. C. H. A. MALAN.



PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High." Ps. 92: 1.

No. 12. The Hour of Prayer.

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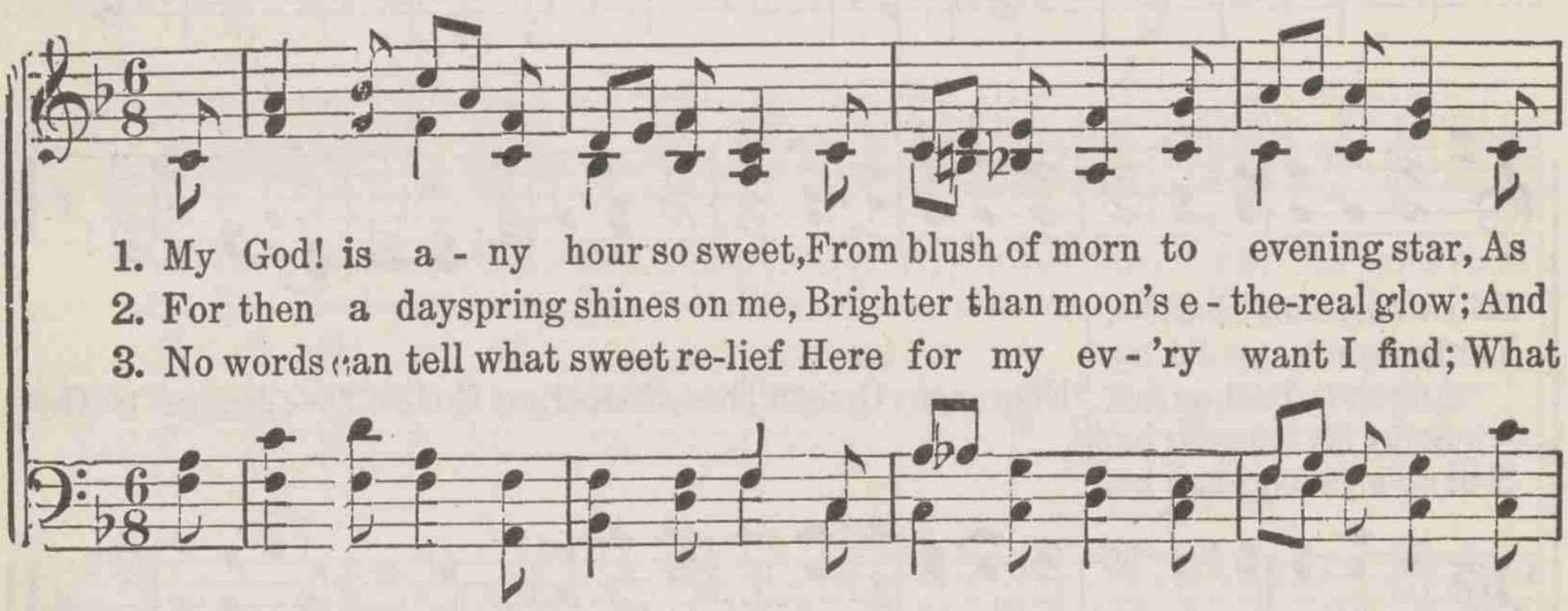
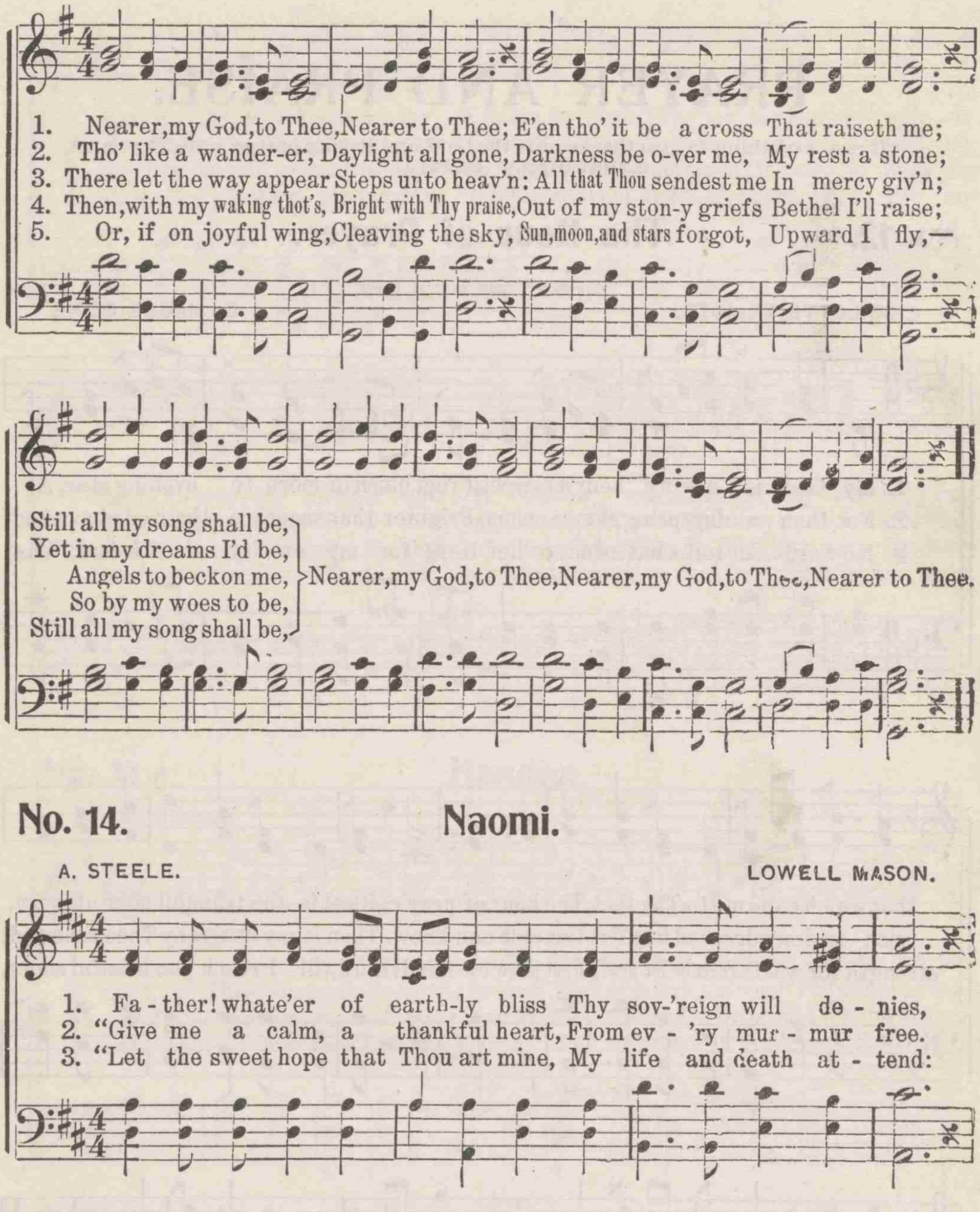
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. E. MAUDE CLINE



No. 13. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. L. MASON.



No. 14. Naomi.

A. STEELE. LOWELL MASON.

No. 15. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. W. L. THOMPSOM & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.,
AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO, DUET or QUARTET, *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,

When life's toils are end - ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more shall
In life's dark-est hours, Fa - ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from

tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther,
wand'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I'll fall up - on the wayside,

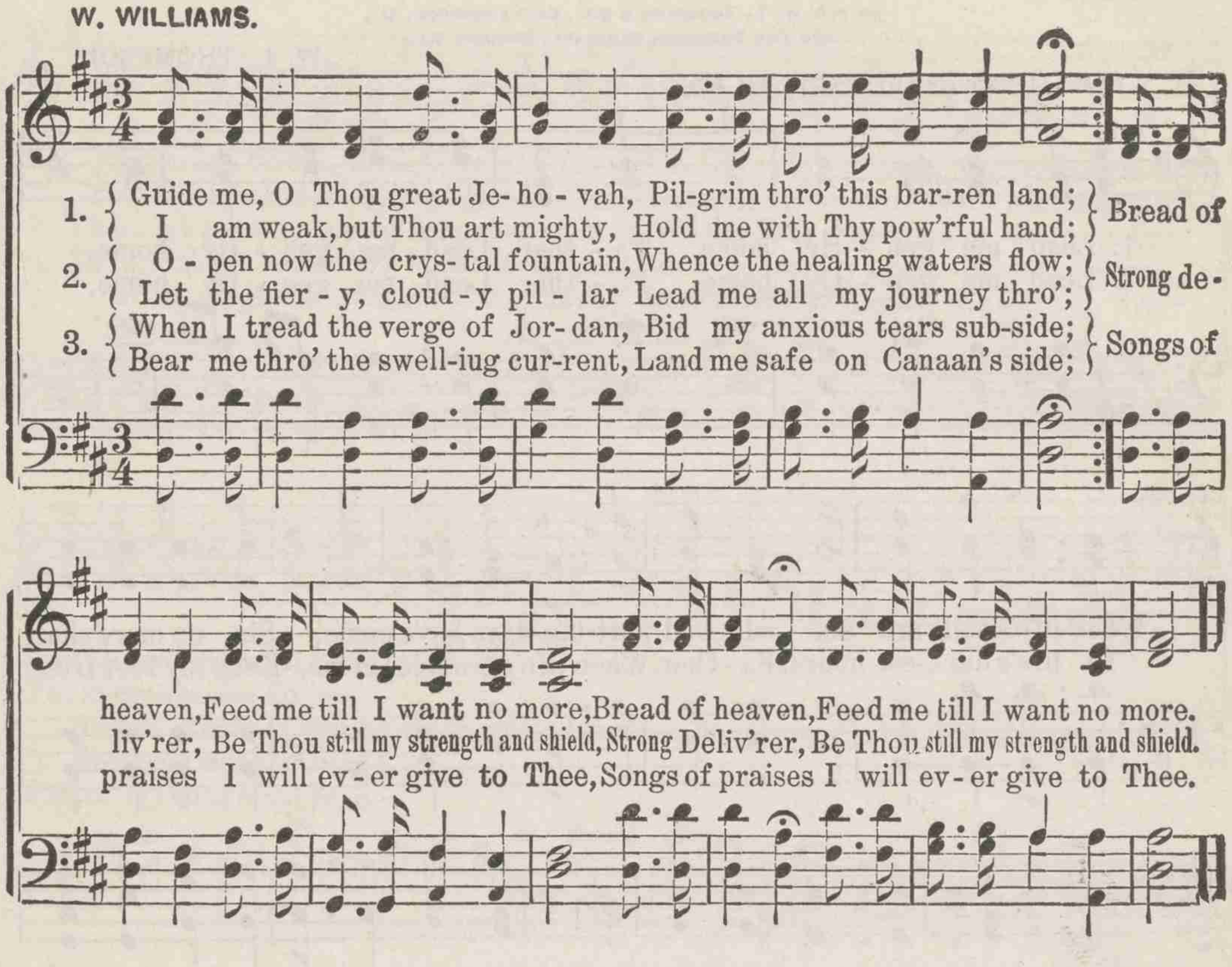
REFRAIN.

Lead me gen-tly home. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen-tly

lead me gen- tly, gently home.
home, Father, Lest I fall up- on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

No. 16. Guide Me.

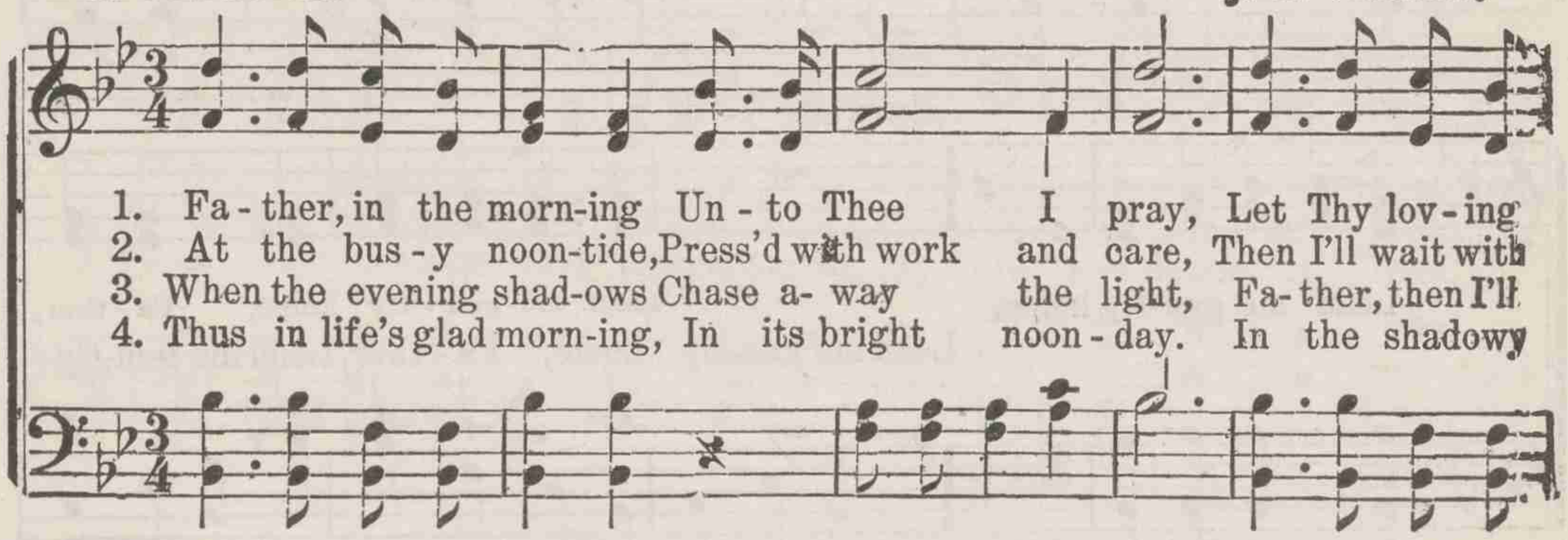
W. WILLIAMS.



No. 17. Ever Will I Pray.

BY PERMISSION.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.



Ever Will I Pray.

Ev-er will I pray; Morn-ing, noon and ev-'ning Un-to Thee I'll pray.
Ev-er will I pray, Unto Thee I'll pray.

No. 18. Lead Me, Savior.

F. M D

By Permission of J. J. Hood, Owner of Copyright.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray:
lest I stray.

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time. all the way.

No. 19. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Martyn. (Second Tune.)

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D. C.

No. 20. Jesus, My Savior.

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Words and Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, I now hear Thy gentle voice, Help me to love Thee,
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Let Thy words dwell in my heart, Words of sweet comfort
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, When death's shadows fall on me, In that dread darknsss

Make my heart re-joice. Once I strayed far from Thee, Now my soul would near Thee be,
That can ne'er de-part; When the way was dreary, And my heart was sore distressed,
Of Geth-sem-a - ne; Then in peace re-clin-ing, On Thy gen-tle, lov-ing breast,

Rit.

CHORUS. 3

Near - er to Thee, Sav-ior, Near-er, Lord to Thee.
'Twas Thy voice that gave me Calm and peaceful rest.
May my soul de-part - ing En - ter per-fect rest.
} Near-er, my dear Sav-ior,

Let me in Thy love a-bide; Near-er, ev - er near-er, To thy wounded side.

No. 21. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - eth me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 22. Thou Art My Shepherd.

M. E. THALHEIMER. J. CRAMER.

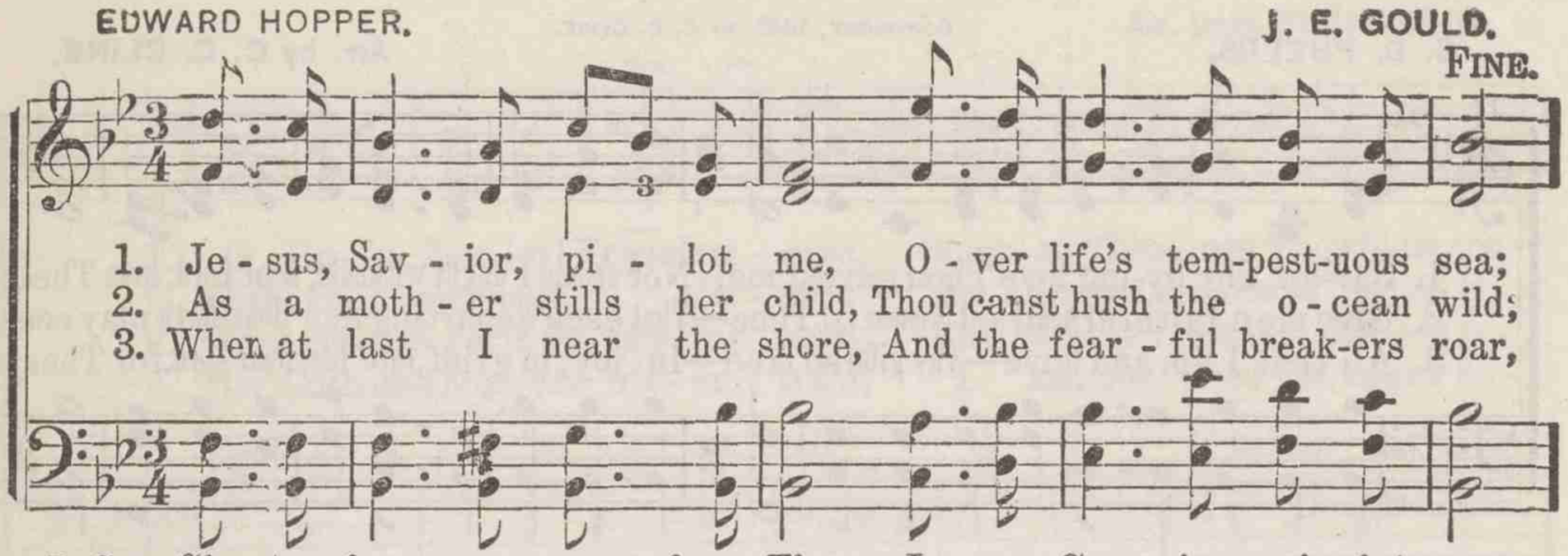
1. Thou art my Shepherd, Caring for all my need, Thy little lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still.
2. If Thou wilt guide me, Gladly I'll go with Thee: No harm can come to me, Holding Thy hand.

In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fearing no ill.
And soon my weary feet, Safe in the golden street, Where all who love Thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.

No. 23. Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.



D. C.—*Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
D. C.—*Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
D. C.—*May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."*

D. C.

No. 24. Jesus, I Love Thee.

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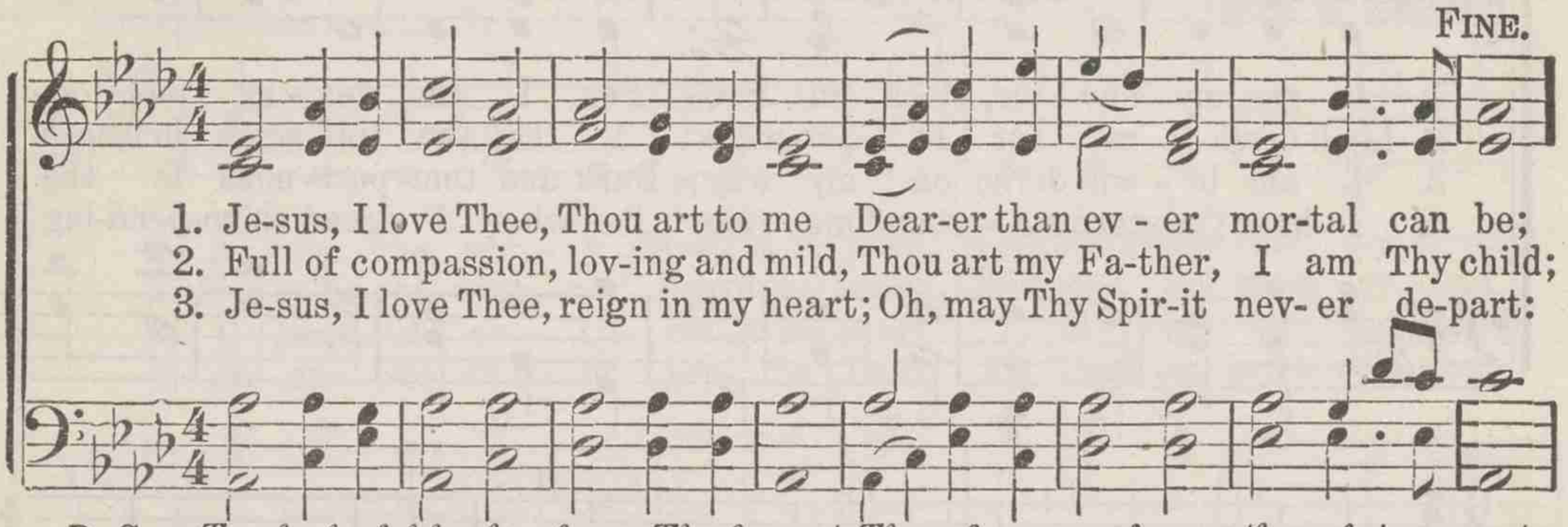
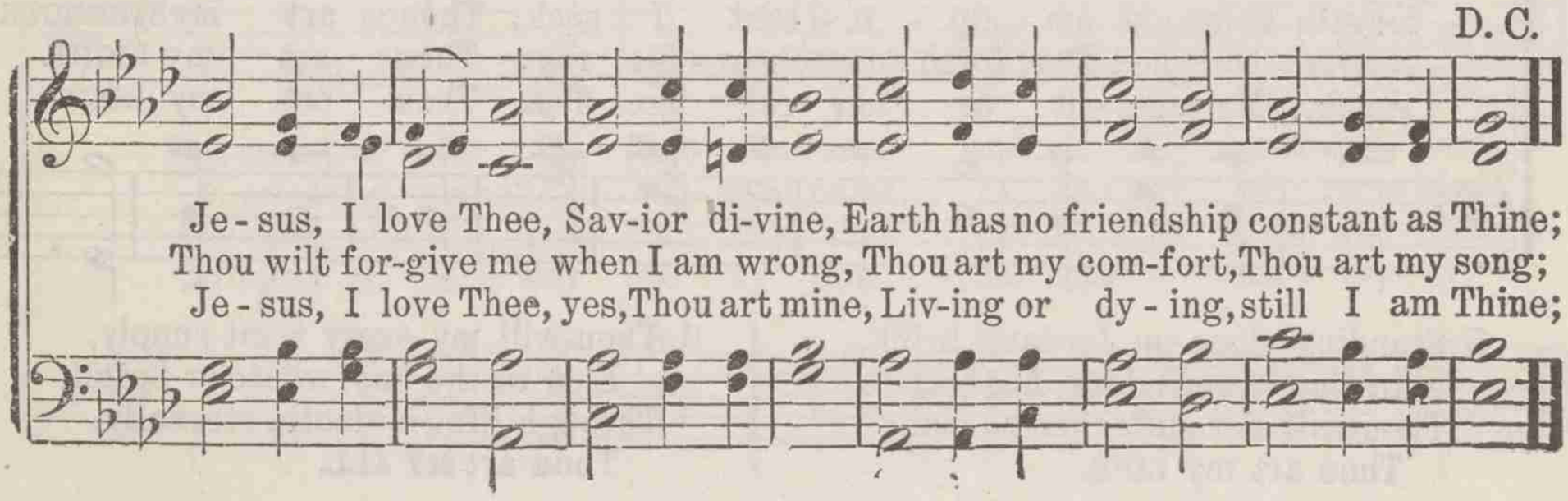
ELLA DALE. E. MAUDE CLINE.

FINE.



D. C.—*Tenderly fold-ed safe on Thy breast, There be my ref-uge, there let me rest.*
D. C.—*Blessed Redeemer, pre-cious to me, Draw me still clos-er, clos-er to Thee.*
D. C.—*Je-sus, I love Thee, Thou art to me Dear-er than mor-tal ev - er can be.*

D. C.



No. 25. Something for Thee,

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S. D. PHELPS. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

No. 26. Christ, Our All.

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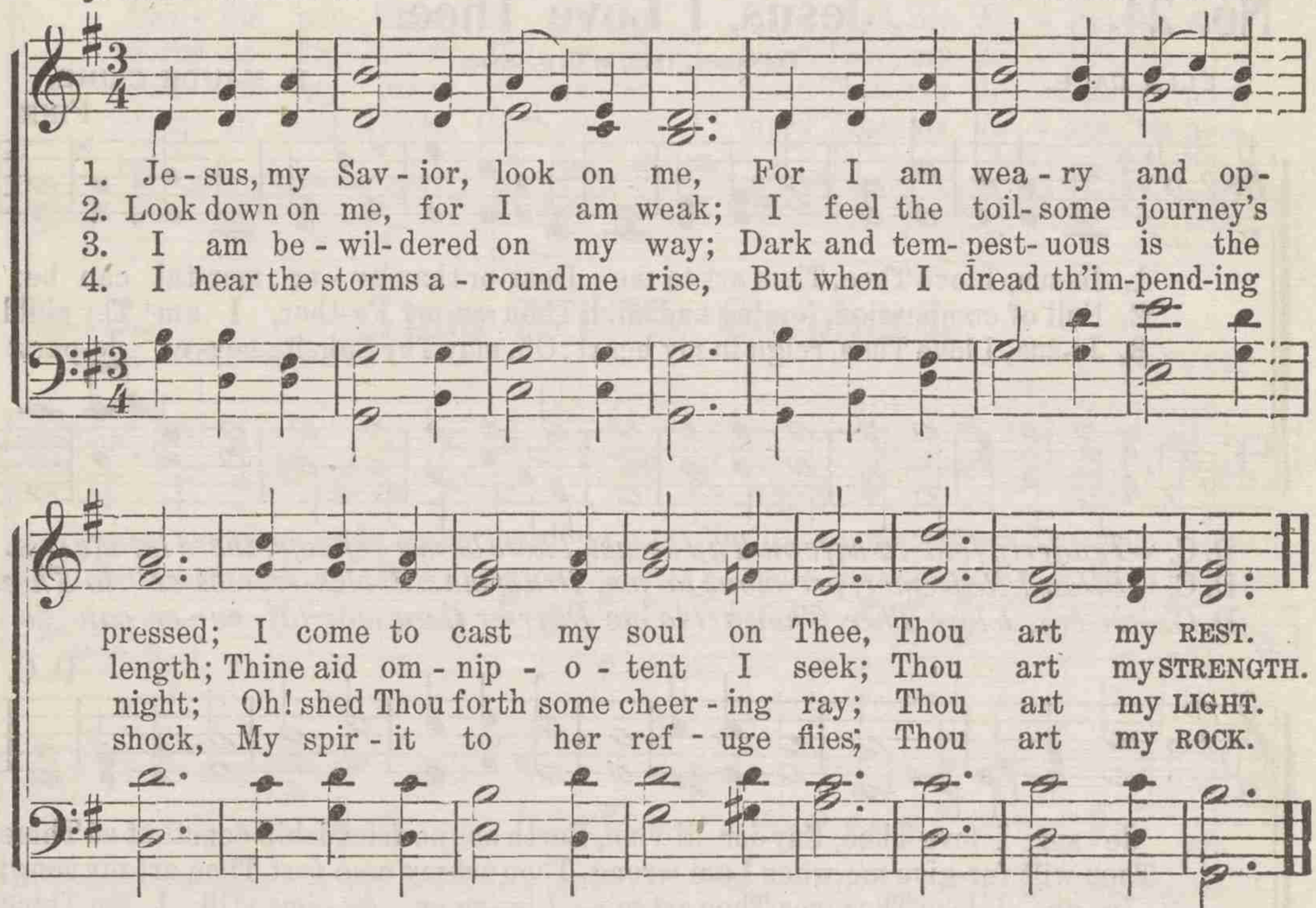
J. ROSS MACDUFF. E. MAUDE CLINE.



5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, final strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my LIFE.

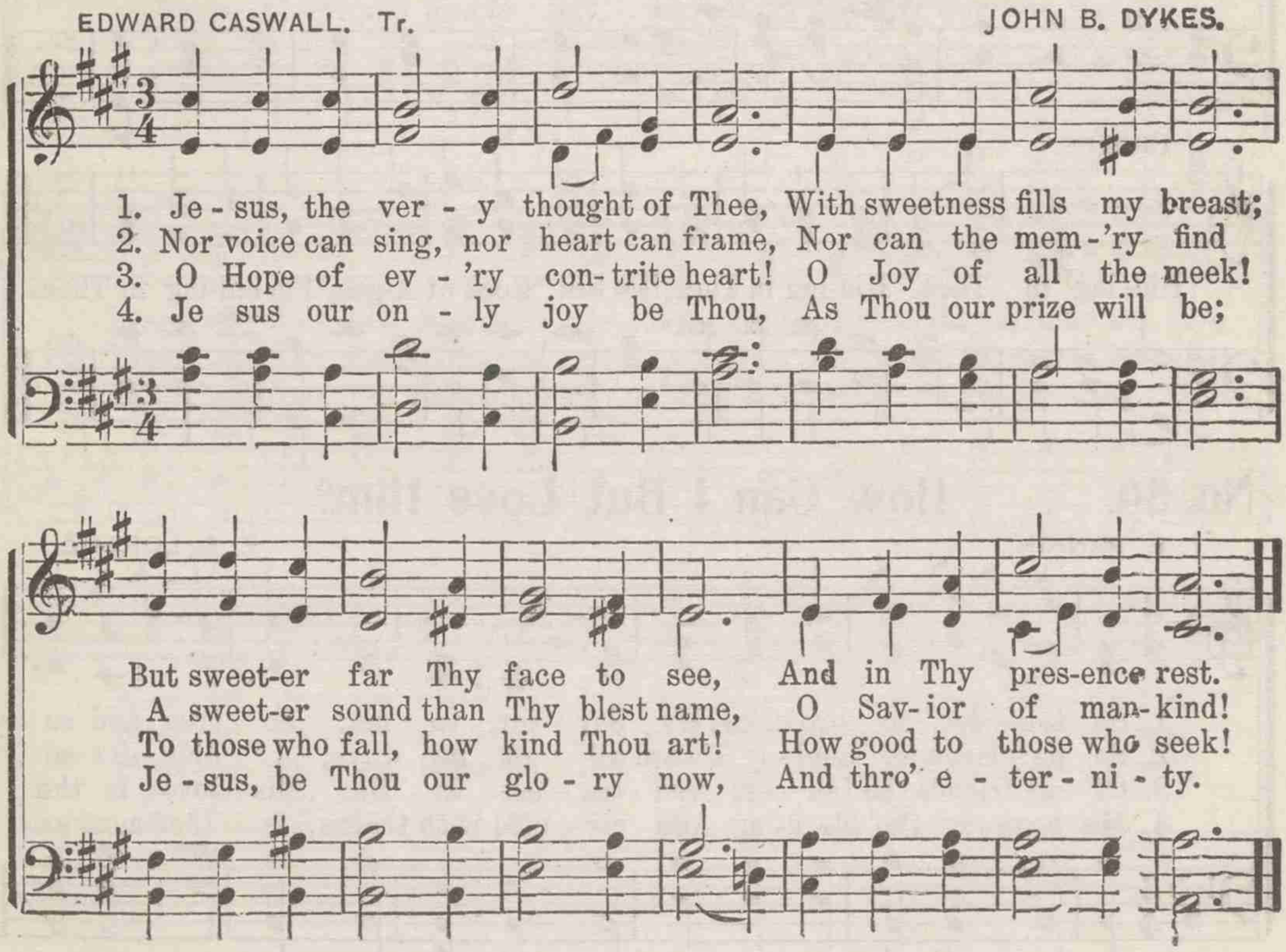
6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art MY ALL.

No. 27. O Holy Savior.

Arr. from FLEMMING.

No. 28. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL. Tr. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 29. Hiding in Thee.

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W. O. CUSHING. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. Oh, safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul, in its con - flicts and sor - rows, would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp- ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
3. How oft, in the con-flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe! How oft - en when tri - als, like

Thine would I be, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
wide, heav-ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!

CHORUS.

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

No. 30. How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. So ten - der, so pre-cious, My Sav - ior, to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly T'ward all of my ways; I blun - der so
3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He; His love is the
4. His beau - ty, tho' bleed-ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex -

How Can I But Love Him?

REFRAIN.

gra - cious I've found Him to be.
blind - ly—He love still re - pays.
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief Him a - dorns.

How can I but love Him? But

love Him, but love Him? There's no friend a - bove Him, Poor sin - ner, for thee.

No. 31. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

(Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;)

1. Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
   In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
   Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still,

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 32. Consecration.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. M. LINDSAY

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee;
3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er mine;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my heart, it is Thine own: It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

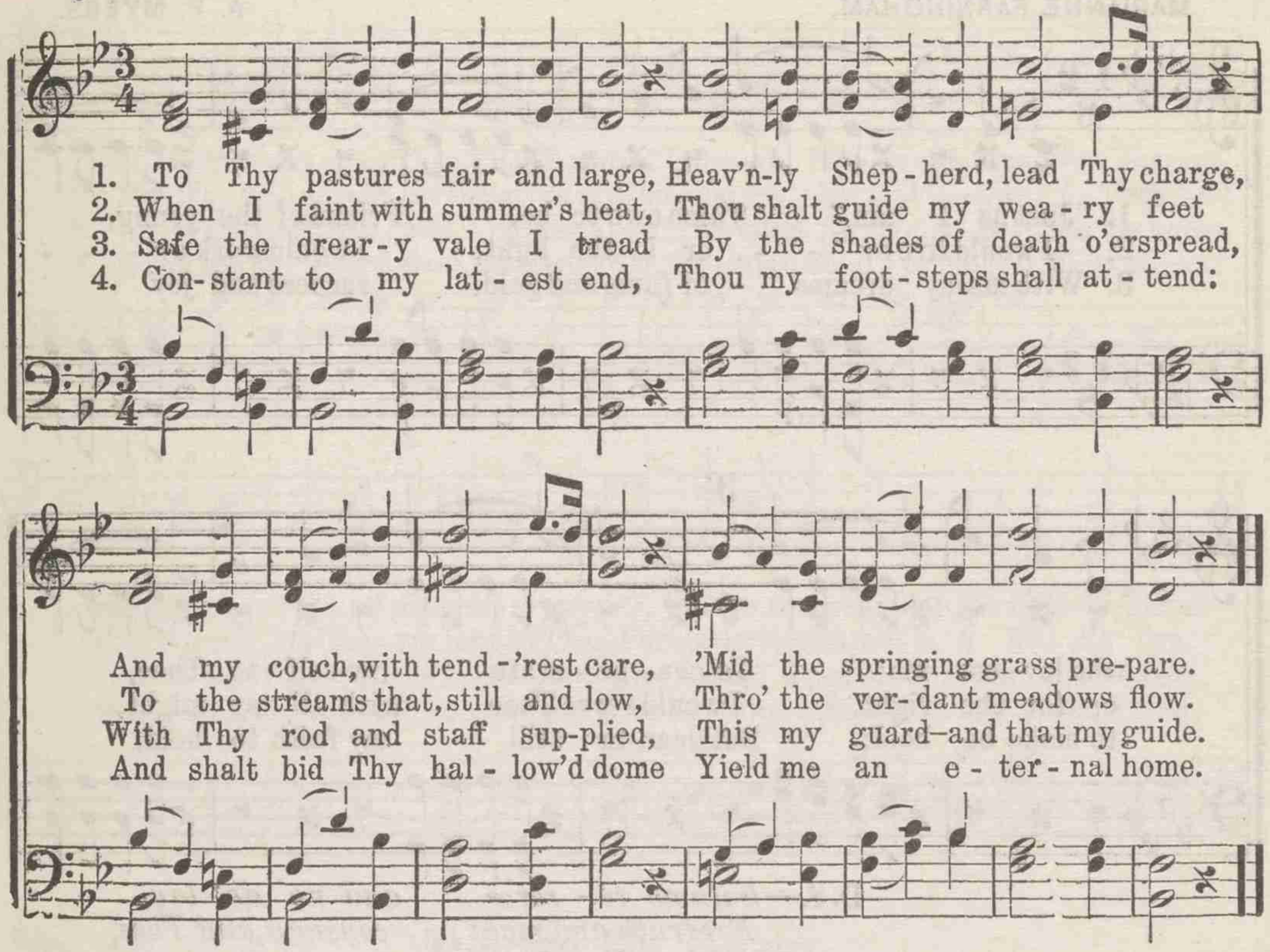
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
Take my love, my God; I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;

Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose,
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee,

Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 33. Last Hope.

J. MERRICK. Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



No. 34. Repose.

RAY PALMER. F. KUECKEN.

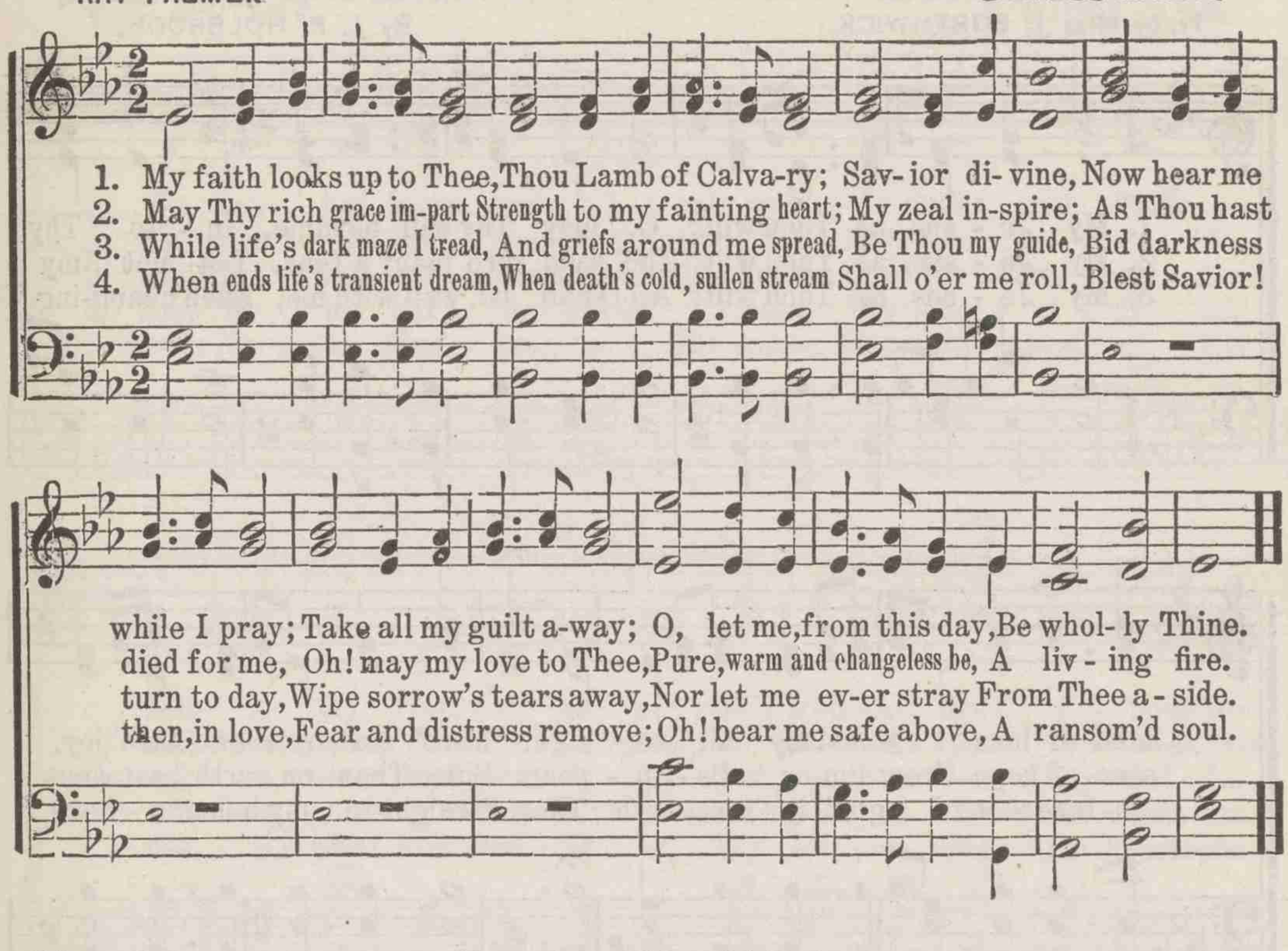
No. 35. Consecration Prayer.

By per. of A. F. Myers, Toledo, O.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. A. F. MYERS.

No. 36. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 37. Revive Us Again.

WM. PATON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

No. 38. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

Arr. from CARL MARIA WEBER,
By J. P. HOLBROOK.

No. 39. The Bread of Life.

M. A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

No. 40. Thy Will Be Done.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

J. G. WHITTIER. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. We see not, know not, all our way,— Is night, with Thee a-
2. The flesh may fail, the heart may faint, But who are we to
3. We take with sol - emn thank - ful - ness Our bur - den up, nor
4. And if, in our un - worth - i - ness, Thy sac - ri - fic - ial
5. Strike, Thou the Mas - ter, we Thy keys, The an - them of the

lone is day; From out the tor - rent's troub-led drift, A - bove the
make com-plaint, Or dare to plead, in times like these, The weakness
ask it less; And count it joy that ev - en we May suf - fer,
wine we press; If from Thy or - deal's heat - ed bars Our feet are
des - ti - nies! The min - or of Thy loft - ier strain Our hearts shall

p *pp*

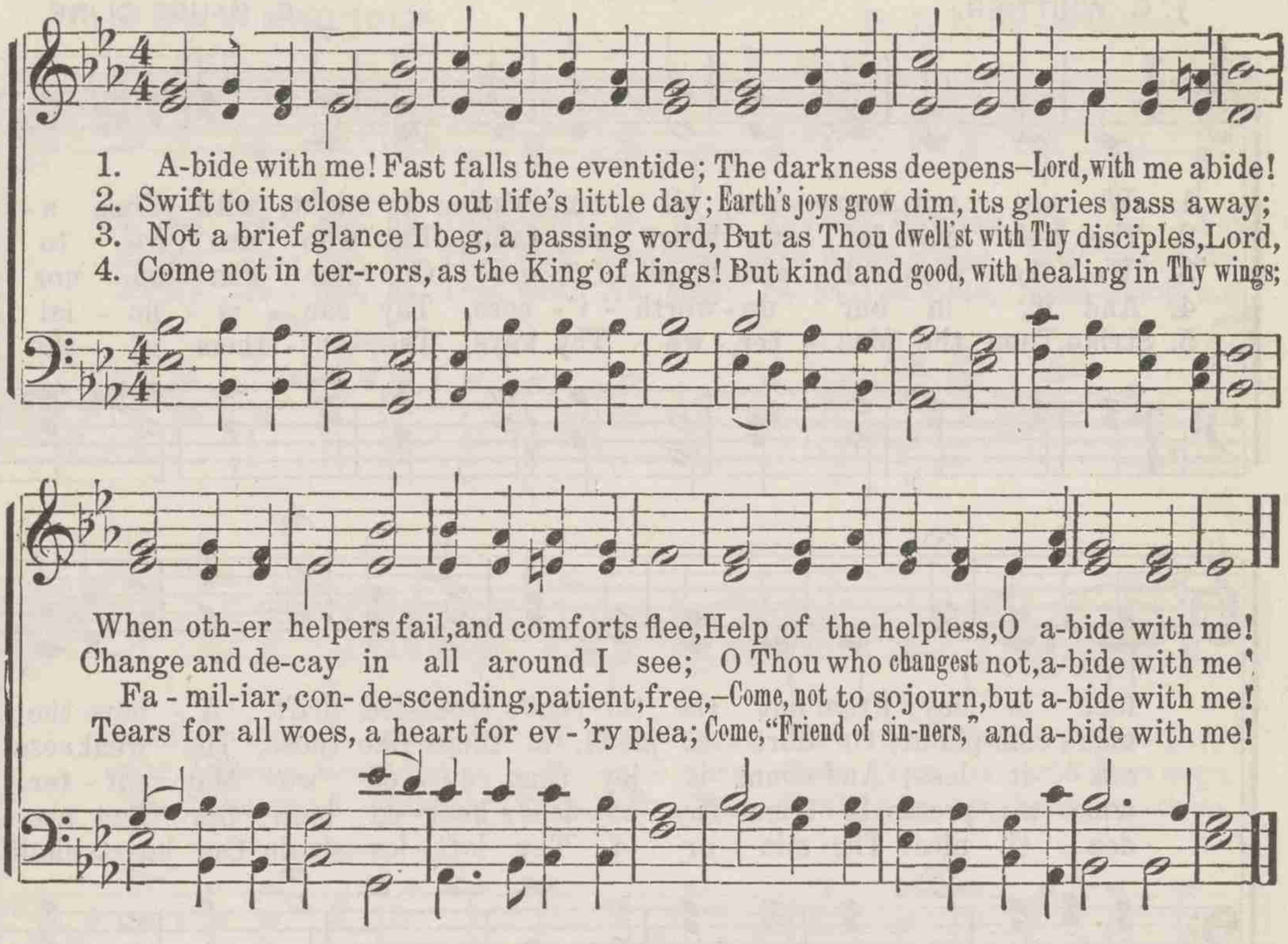
storm our pray'rs we lift. Thy will be done, Thy will be done!
of our love of ease? Thy will be done, Thy will be done!
serve, or wait for Thee, Whose will be done, Whose will be done!
seam'd with crim - son scars, Thy will be done, Thy will be done!
breathe the old re - frain, Thy will be done, Thy will be done!

The Bread of Life.

Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall; And I shall find my peace, My all-in - all!

No. 41. Eventide.

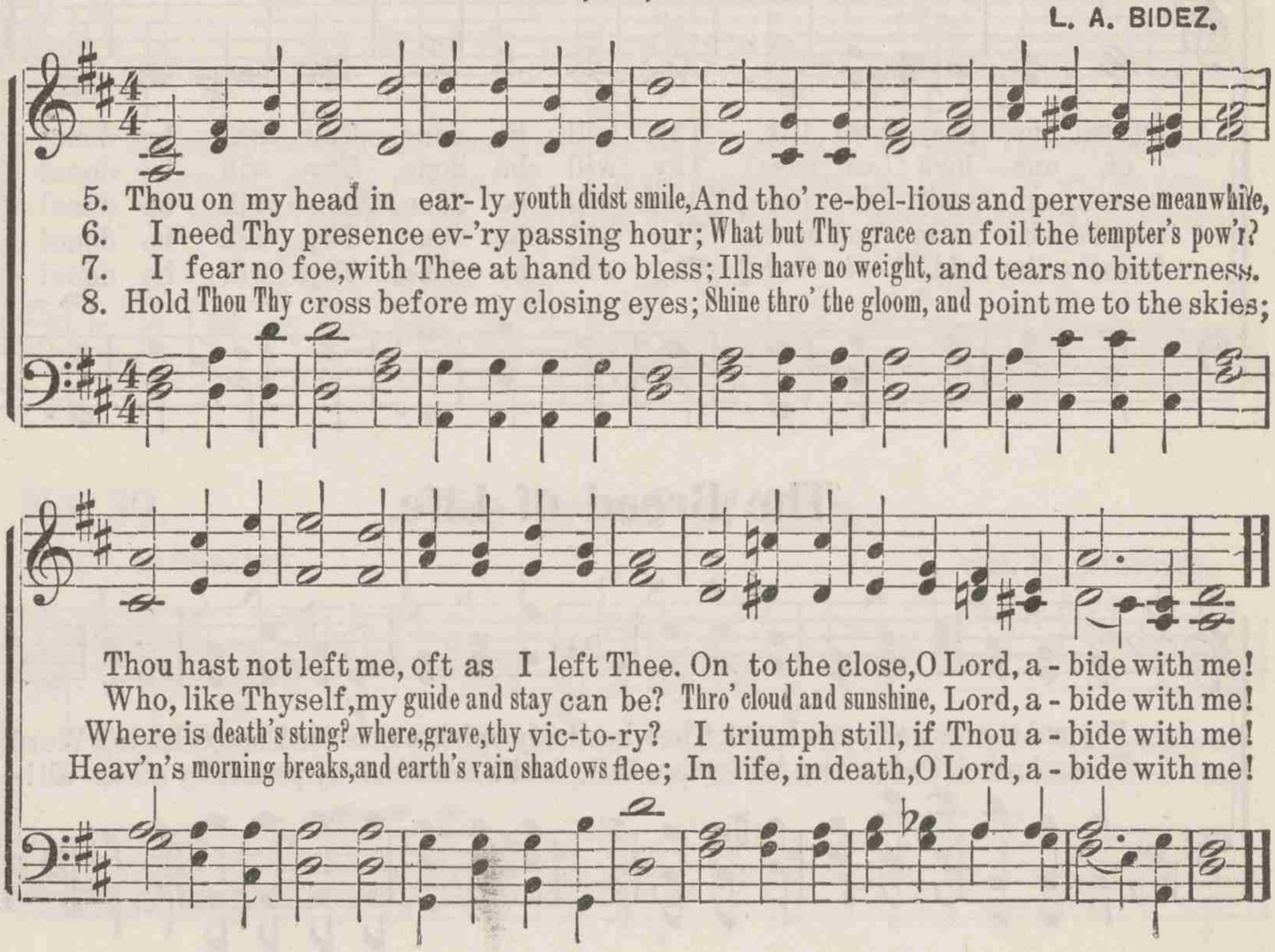
H. F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



No. 42. Abide With Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

L. A. BIDEZ.



No. 43. Morning, Noon and Night.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE.

Words and Melody by
FRANK L. CRAFFT.

Har. by C. C. CLINE.

1. When the sun at morn is ris - ing, Spreading gleams of golden light, Then in pray'r I rise and thank Thee For Thy watchcare thro' the night. Calm and peaceful
2. When the noon-day sun is beaming, While we rest ourselves a-while, We are con-scious and still joy-ful That we bask beneath Thy smile. As our jour - ney
3. When the day of toil is end-ed, And the eve has come at last, Our de- vo - tion we still give Thee, For Thy guid - ance in the past. As we gen - tly

was my slumber, In Thy care my soul was stay'd; Thou hast granted without number Tranquil hours for which I pray'd,
we con-tin-ue, May we faint not by the way, But with pa-tience tread the pathway T'ward the gates of endless day.
press the pil-low, Grant Thy presence thro' the night; Then a-gain at morn we'll thank Thee For the dawn of morning light.

CHORUS.

Day by day help me to be, Trusting all a- lone to Thee. When I lean upon Thine arm, Who is there to do me harm?

Day by day help me to be, Trusting all a - lone to Thee. Who is there to do me harm?

No. 44. What Wondrous Love.

Arranged.

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul? What won-drous love is this
2. When I was sink - ing down, Sink - ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing down
3. Ye wing - ed ser - aphs, fly! Bear the news, bear the news! Ye wing - ed ser-aphs, fly
4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To God and to the Lamb, I will sing;

5. That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul, for my soul? To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul?
   Be - neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown For my soul.
   Like com - ets thro' the sky, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty With the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty With the news!
   Un - to the great I Am, While mill-ions join the theme I will sing, I will sing, While mill-ions join the theme I will sing!

6. Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise,
   Come friends of Zion's King,
   With hearts and voices sing,
   And strike each tuneful string in His praise!

6. Thus while from death we're free we'll sing on!
   Thus while from death we're free,
   We'll sing and joyful be
   And in eternity we'll sing on!

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. 3: 16.

No. 45. All Praise to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

MARTIN LUTHER. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. All praise to Je - sus' hal - low'd name, Who of vir - gin pure be-came
2. The ev - er - last- ing Fa - ther's Son For a man-ger leaves His throne;
3. The Fa-ther's Son, God ev - er blest, In the world be - came a guest;
4. All this He did to show His grace To our poor and sin - ful race;

Im - man - u - el! The an - gels sing, As the glad news to earth they bring.
The might-y God, th'e - ter - nal Word, Hath cloth'd Himself in flesh and blood.
He leads us from this vale of tears, And makes us in His king - dom heirs.
For this let Chris-ten-dom a - dore, And praise His name for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! All prais-es to the King of kings,
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

Rit.

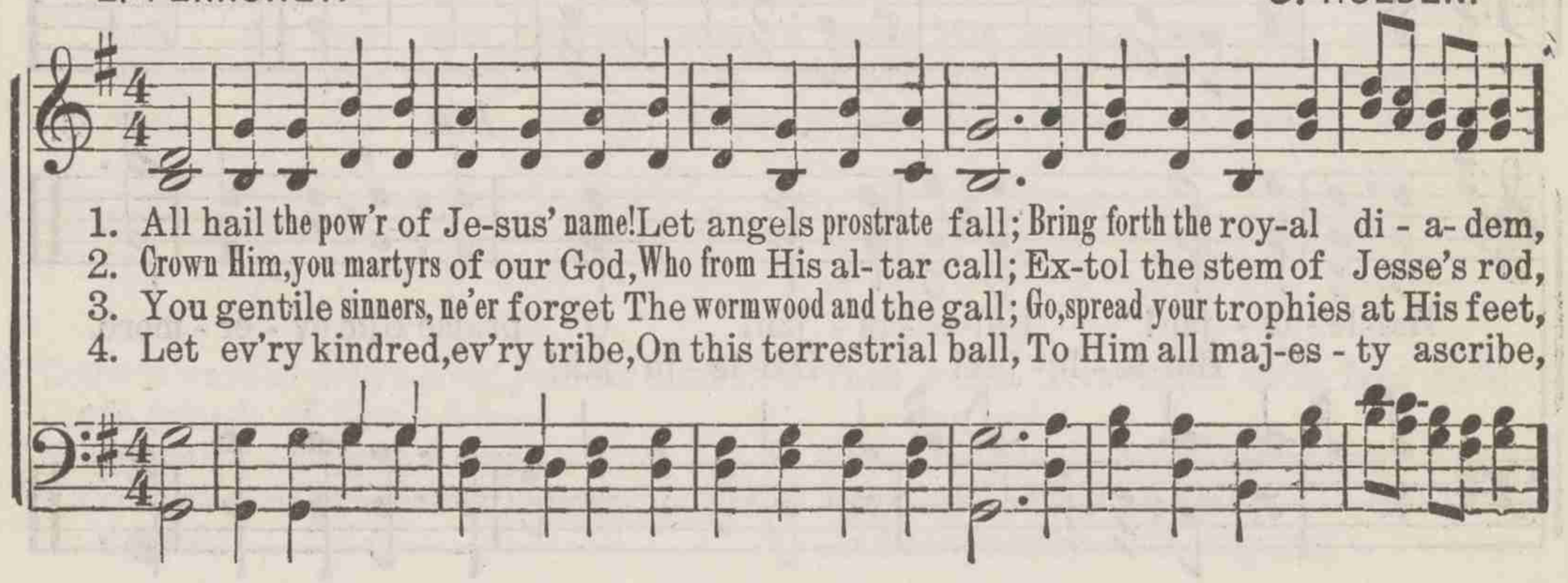
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! O praise Him ev - er - more.
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

No. 46. Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

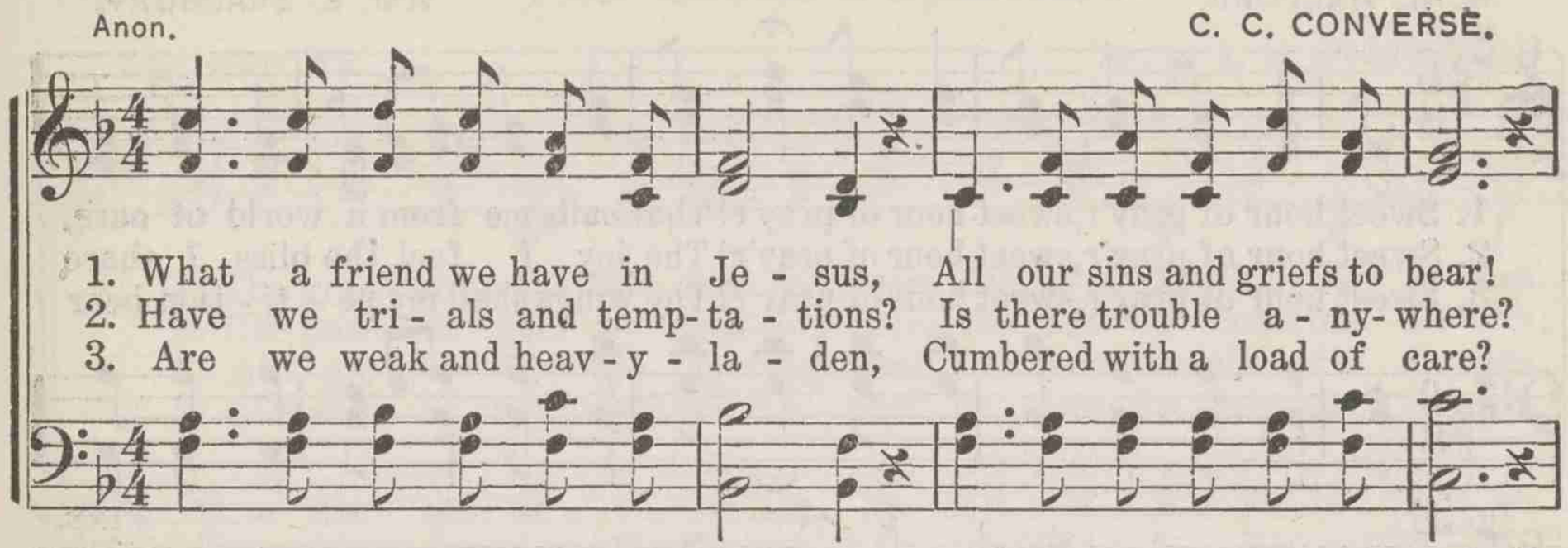
No. 47. Coronation.

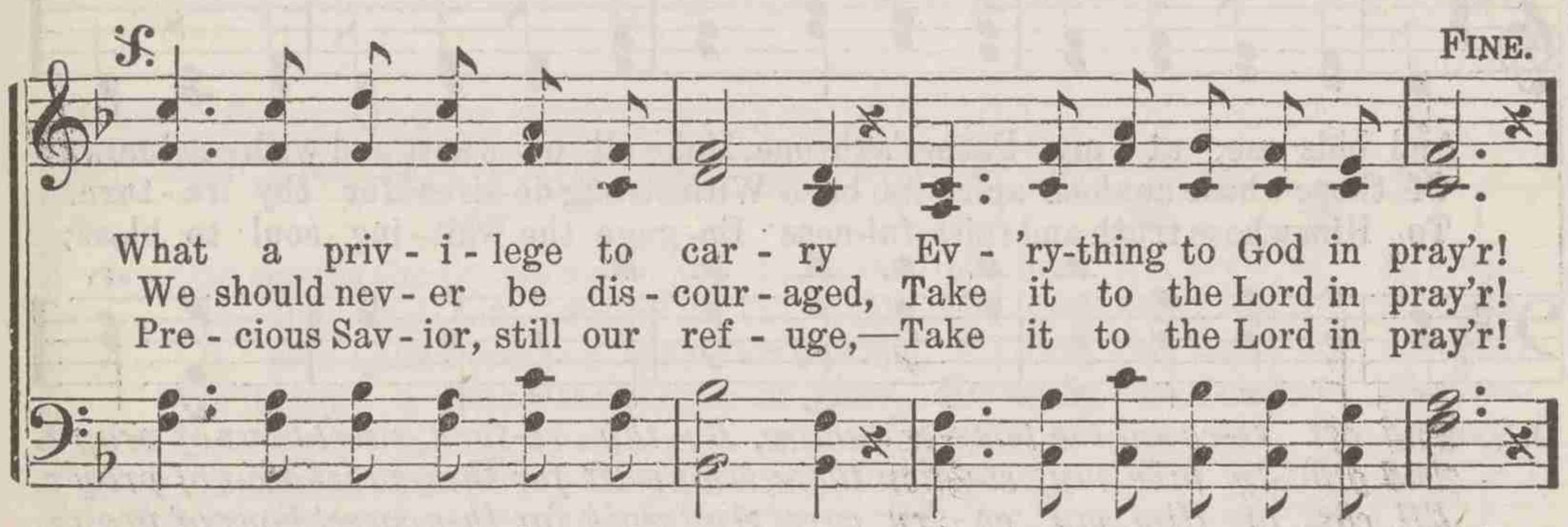
E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

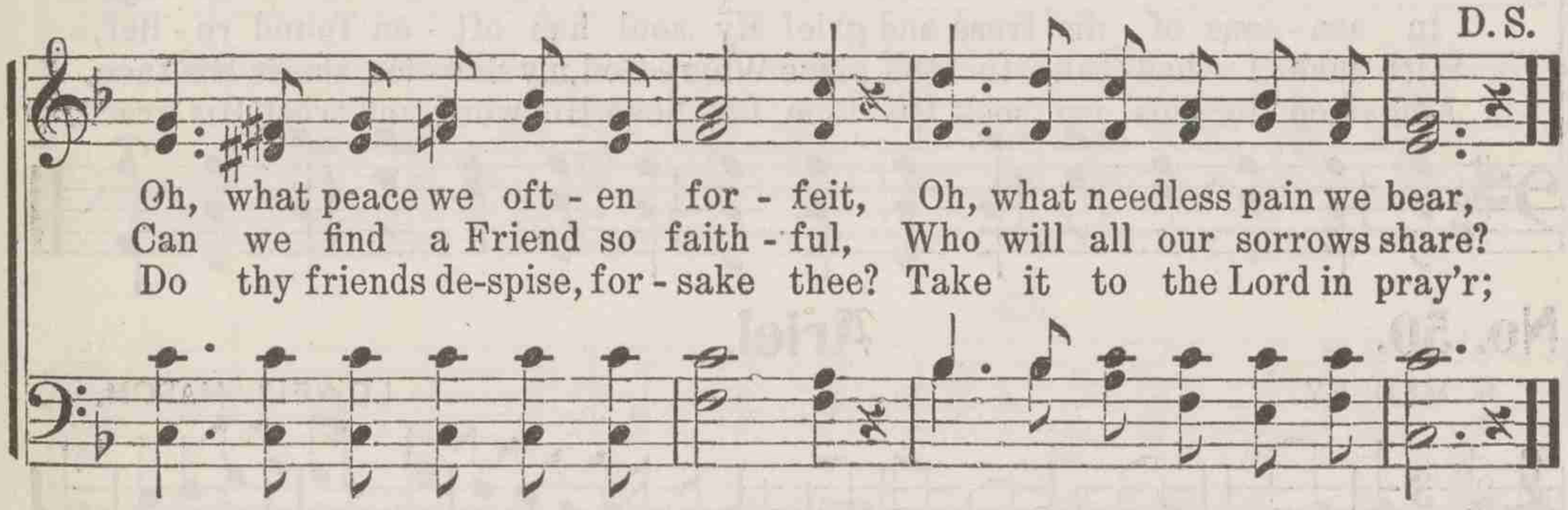


No. 48. What a Friend.

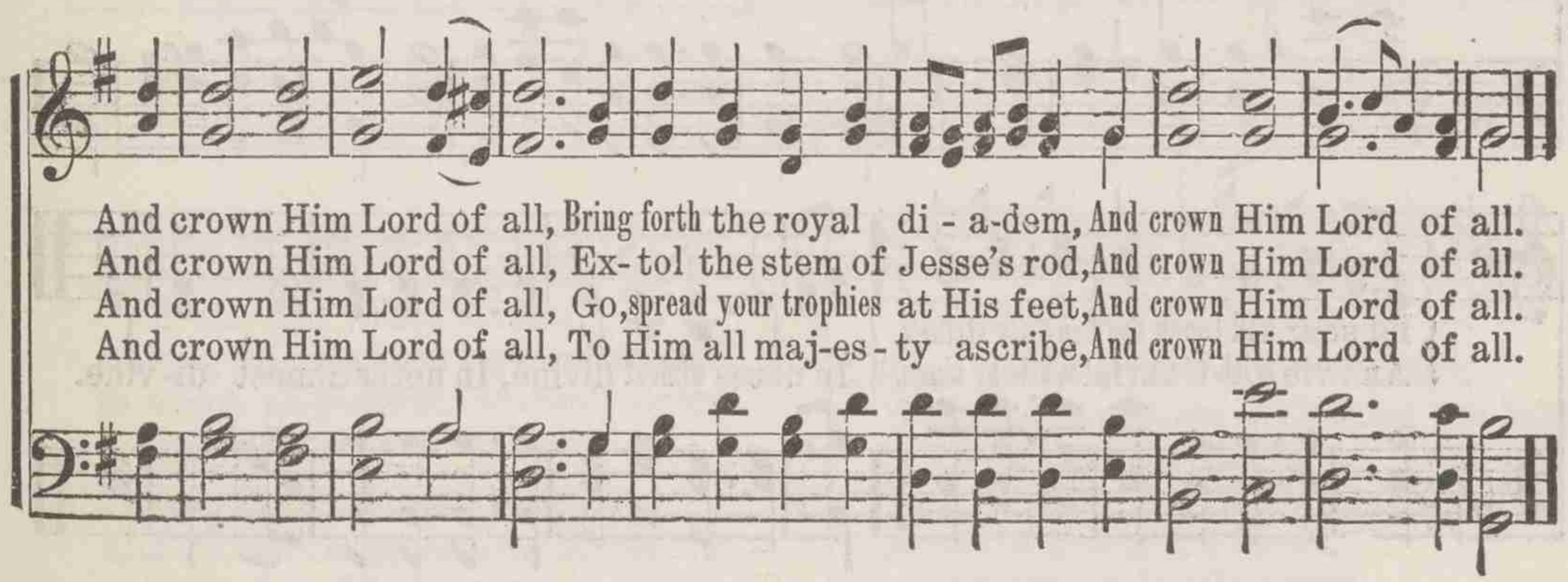
Anon. C. C. CONVERSE.







Coronation.



No. 49. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

D. S.—*And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.*
And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea - sons of dis- tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Sav - ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

No. 50. Ariel.

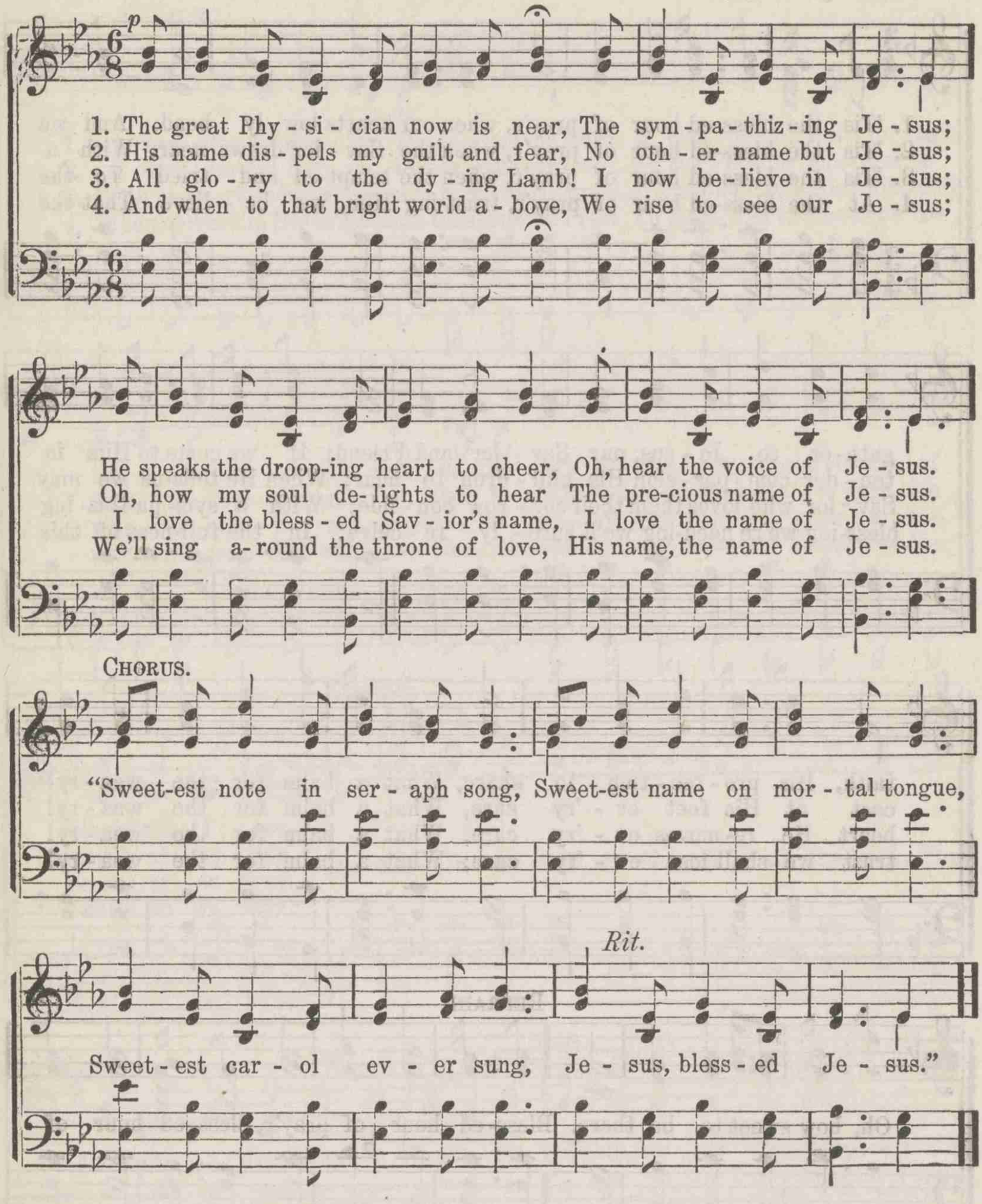
S. MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior shine!

{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, } { In notes almost divine, In notes almost di- vine.
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings, }

No. 51. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.



Ariel.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 52. Blessed Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. E. MAUDE CLINE.

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

REFRAIN.

Oh, how sweet to be there. Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Bless-ed hour of pray'r; What a balm for the wea - ry! Oh, how sweet to be there.

No. 53, He Hideth My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful Sav - ior to
2. A won - der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His fullness di-
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise, To meet Him in clouds of the

me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock, Where riv-ers of
way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me
vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo - ry to God For such a Re-
sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won-der - ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleas - ure I see.
strength as my day.
deem - er as mine.
mill-ions on high.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock, That

shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land: He hid - eth my life in the depths of His

love, And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

No. 54. Sweeter Than All.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
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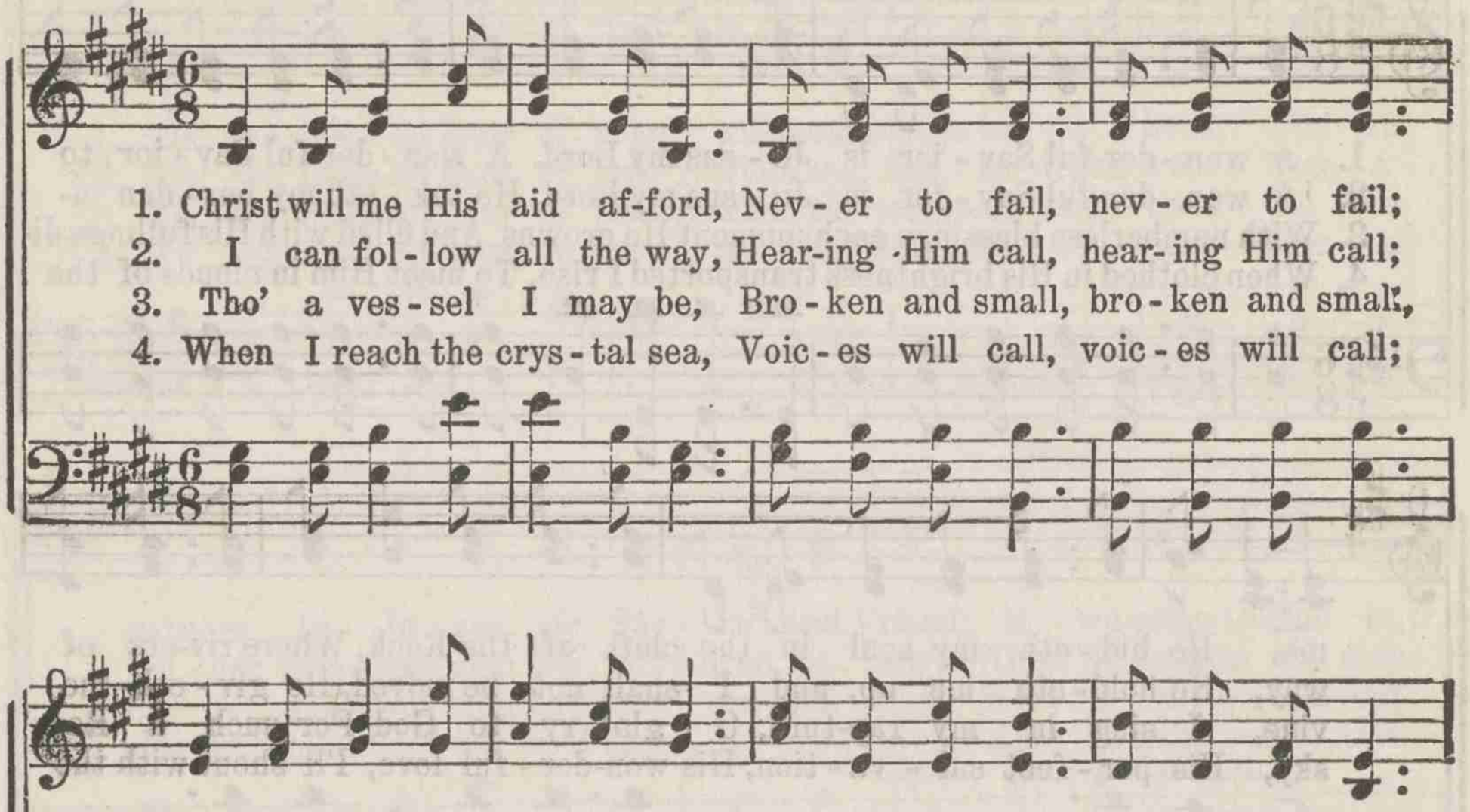
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



No. 55. O Wondrous Love.

W. F. McCAULEY. BY PER. OF A. F. MYERS, TOLEDO, O. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. O wondrous love, O love di - vine, For I am His, and He is
2. The load of guilt no one could bear, But Christ the Lord, the one most
3. O, let us love and praise Him more, The sto-ry old tell o'er and

mine; . . O wondrous love, . . so rich and free, . . That full- est
fair; . . He suf-fered death, . . with all its pains, . . And end-less
o'er; . . He will new joys, . . new transports send, . . His wondrous

REFRAIN.

par - don brings to me, (now brings to me).
life for us remains, (for us remains).
love will have no end, (will have no end).
} O wondrous love, . . the Fa-ther

O wondrous love,

that full-est par-don brings, now brings to me.
and life for us re-mains, for us re-mains.
His love will have no end, will have no end.

shows, . . . Redeeming us . . . . . from all our woes! . . . . O love di-

the Father shows, Redeeming us from all our woes!

vine, ... so full and free, . . . That saves the vil - est, ev-en me. . . . . .

O, love divine, so full and free, The vil-est, ev-en me, yes, ev-en me.

No. 56. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er;

p

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! Oh, for grace to trust Him more.

No. 57. Trusting in Jesus.

H. R. P. BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Je - sus will nev - er, nev - er for-sake thee, When thou are tempted, O turn un-to Him; Sin-ful allurements shall conquer thee nev - er, If from the
2. Down from on high He came to re-deem thee; Left His bright kingdom to suf-fer and die; Now in thy weak-ness He ev - er is near thee, Smile in af-
3. What tho' the dark-est gloom doth en-shroud thee; Blighting thy hopes in the morn-ing of life! Je-sus, thy Day-Star is ris-ing to cheer thee, He will dis-

Sav - ior a smile thou dost win; He with His blood has wil - ling - ly
flic - tion for Je - sus is nigh; He by His pow'r for - ev - er will
perse all the shad-ows of night. He by His love doth ten - der - ly

brought thee, Ev - er His strength to thy weak-ness will lend: Je-sus will
shield thee, And with thy sor - row sweet comfort will blend: Je-sus will
draw thee, Mer - cy and grace He will sure-ly ex - tend: Je-sus will

nev - er, nev - er for-sake thee, Trust in Him al - way, He's ev - er thy Friend.

No. 58. I'm Satisfied with Jesus.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. E. CATLIN.
Chorus by B. BOOTH.

Melody by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price, More precious far than gold;
2. He is so precious now to me, The fair - est of the fair;
3. The sun can nev - er shine so fair, He's brighter than the day,

CHO.— *I'm sat - is - fied with Je-sus here, He's ev -'ry-thing to me;*
with Je-sus here, He's ev'rything to me;

FINE.

No jew - el has been found so bright, His wealth can ne'er be told;
There's not a thing in heav'n or earth That can with Him compare;
His presence fills my heart with joy, And drives all care a - way.

His dy-ing love has won my heart, And now He sets me free.
has won my heart, He sets me free.

The rose of Shar - on bright and pure, The fair - est from a - bove,
He's pow - er, glo - ry, and has wealth, He did re - demp-tion bring;
To know He is my dear - est friend, My pres - ent help in need,

D. C. Chorus.

No earth - ly jew - el is so fair, He's God's own gift of love.
My Friend, my Com-fort - er, my Guide, My Sav - ior and my King.
Is all my heart could wish for here, 'Tis hap - pi - ness in - deed.

No. 59. I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.

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JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth a-gain shall
2. I know His promise nev-er fail-eth, The word He speaks, it can not
3. I know my mansion He pre- par-eth, That where He is there I may

And on the earth

stand; I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and
die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
be; O wondrous tho't, for me He car - eth, And He at

a-gain shall stand;

CHORUS.

pow'r are in His hand.
see Him by and by.
last will come for me.

I know, I know that Je-sus

I know, I know,

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

And on the earth,

know that life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

I know, I know

that grace and pow'r

No. 60. Laud Him and Praise Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY A. F. MYERS, TOLEDO, O.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

With spirit.

1. Soul, have you heard Him, bless-ed Re-deem - er, Tell - ing His mes-sage,
2. Glad - ly He wel-comes ev - 'ry one burdened; Come with your tri - als,
3. See how the bil - lows cease an - gry roll - ing! Lo, how the tempests

Rit.

sto - ry of love, Won-der-ful jour-ney here to re-deem us, won-der-ful
come with your care; Lay down your sorrows—Je-sus will help you, won-der-ful
haste to o - bey; Thus may His pow - er res-cue the fall - en, won der-ful

CHORUS.

home in heav - en a - bove?
Sav - ior, all bur-dens to bear;
Sav - ior, to save you to - day;
} Won-der - ful is the bless - ed Re-

deem - er; Won-der-ful is the Sav - ior and Lord! Blessed Re-deem - er!

f *ff*

Laud Him and praise Him! Won-der - ful mer - cy! Won-der - ful word!

No. 61. Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

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BY PERMISSION OF MAC CALLA AND CO., INC.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Joyfully.

1. Hark, we hear the tid - ings ring! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Sons of
2. Thro' the courts of Heav'n on high, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Rings the
3. Vain were all the pow'rs of death, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Nought a-
4. As a man He laid Him down, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! But as

FEMALE VOICES. *Not too fast.*

earth, a - rise and sing! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord! Lo! what means the
an-them of the sky, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord! Let its glo - rious
vailed to stay His breath, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord! Like a mor - tal
God He claimed His crown, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord! Sons of men, a-

glo-rious strain, Ringing clear its loud re - frain? Sons of earth, a-wake, a - wake!
echoes sound, Thro' the whole glad earth around, For the Lord whose praise we sing
man He lay, In the tomb at close of day, But He burst at last the chain
wake and sing! Glo - ry to the conq'ring King! Ev - er-last-ing praise be giv'n

FULL CHORUS. *A tempo.*

An-gel hosts the tidings break!
Is our own e - ter - nal King!
And came forth to life a - gain!
To the Lord of earth and Heav'n.

Glo-ry be to Christ the King! Al - le - lu - ia!

Poco a poco rit. *Cres.* *A tempo.*

Al - le - lu - ia! He hath ris'n, a - wake and sing! Al - le-lu-ia! Praise the Lord!

No. 62. I'm Glad I Bear His Name.

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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. To pay the debt for A-dam's race The bless-ed Sav-ior came;
2. Al-tho' up-on the rug-ged tree, He bore a death of shame,
3. To try to hon-or Christ my Lord Is now my great-est aim;
4. His life, His death, His tears, His cross, I em-u-late and claim;
5. And when I sing the new, new song, I know 'twill be the same;

And since I've tast-ed of His grace, I'm glad I bear His name.
Yet since He died to ran-som me, I'm glad I bear His name.
For since His mer-cy I im-plored, I'm glad I bear His name.
Thro' good or ill, thro' gain or loss, I'm glad I bear His name.
For I shall tell that heav'n-ly throng How once I bore His name.

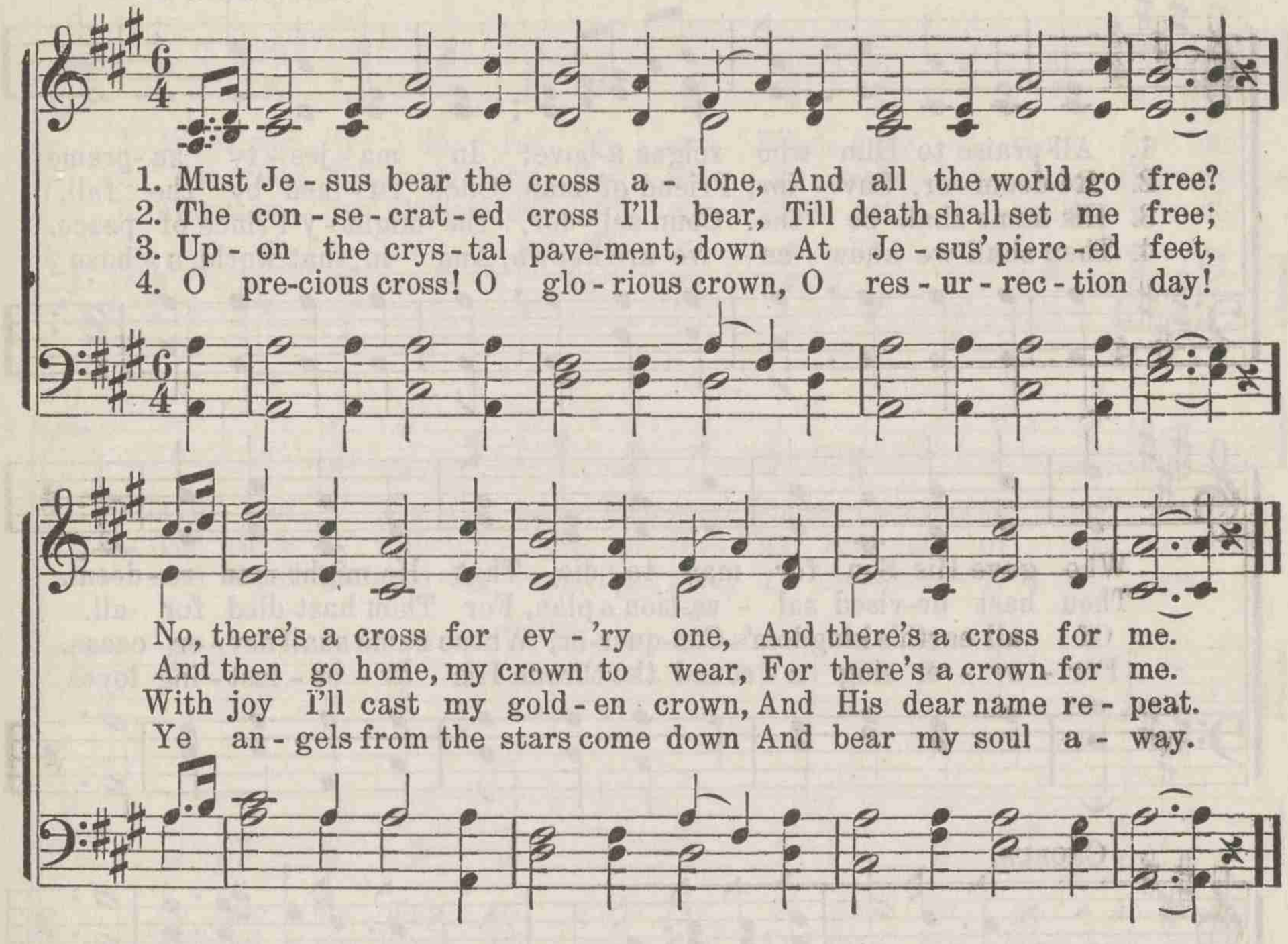
CHORUS.

I'm glad . . . I'm call'd a Christian, My soul is all a-flame; For
I'm glad all a-flame;

since . . . . I found my Sav-ior, I'm glad I bear His name.
for since His name.

No. 63. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD.



No. 64. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 65. Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove; In ma-jes-ty su-preme;
2. Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Friend of man, Once ru-ined by the fall,
3. His name shall be the Coun-sel-lor, The might-y Prince of peace.
4. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a-bove

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom's Con-quer-or, Whose name shall nev-er cease.
For-ev-er sing a-round the throne His ev-er-last-ing love.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

No. 66. The Lord is My Shepherd,

ISAAC WATTS. Unknown.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since
2. He leads me to the place Where heav-'nly pasture grows, Where
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim, And
4. While He af-fords His aid, I can-not yield to fear; Tho'

No. 67. What Can I Do for Jesus?

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M. B. P. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. What can I do for Je - sus, Who's done so much for me?
How can I tru - ly serve Him now, Whose grace has set me free?
So fee - ble and so sin - ful, So apt to go a - stray;
What can I do but fol - low Him, His meek and low - ly way!

2. 'Tis thus I'll serve my Sav - ior By walk - ing in His ways,—
And now I will de - vote to Him The rem-nant of my days;
With all my heart I'll love Him, And read His bless - ed Word,
And fol - low Him in faith and truth, And thus I'll serve the Lord.

3. What-ev - er Christ doth bid me, That glad - ly will I do;
And where His guid - ing hand doth lead, I cheer-ful - ly will go;
And this I'll do for Je - sus— I can do noth - ing more—
Oh, will He thus ac - cept me when I reach the heav'n- ly shore?

The Lord is My Shepherd.

He is mine, and I am His, What can I want be - side? What can I want be-side?
liv-ing waters gen-tly pass, And full salvation flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.
guides me in His own right way, For His most ho-ly name, For His most ho-ly name.
I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there, My Shepherd's with me there.

No. 68. Count Your Blessings.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
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Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up-on life's billows you are tem-pest toss'd, When you are discourag'd, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
2. Are you ev-er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy you are call'd to bear? Count your many blessings, ev-'ry doubt will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by.
3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promis'd you His wealth un-told, Count your many blessings, money can-not buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
4. So, a-mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discourag'd, God is o-ver all, Count your many blessings, angels will at-tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, Name them one by one, Count your blessings, See what God hath done, Count your many bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

Count Your Blessings.

Rit.

blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 69. The Shepherd's Care.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His
2. When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To
3. Tho' in a bare and rugged way, Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray, His
4. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors o - ver - spread, My

The Lord my pas - ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His

presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-
fer-tile vales and dewy meads My weary, wand'ring steps He leads; Where peace-
bounty shall my pains be-guile; The bar-ren wil-der-ness shall smile, With live-
steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord! art with me still, Thy friend-

presence shall my wants supply,

My noonday walks

day walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
ful riv - ers, soft and slow, Amid the ver - dant land-scape flow.
ly green and herb - age crowned, And streams shall murmur all a - round.
ly crook shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the dis - mal shade.

He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend,

And all my midnight hours de-fend.

No. 70. More Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

Unknown. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. More like Je-sus would I be; Let my Sav - ior dwell with me, Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen-tle as a dove. More like Je-sus while I go, Pil-grim
2. If He hears the raven's cry, If His ev - er watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly He will hear my call. He will teach me how to live, All my
3. More like Je-sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day, May I rest me by His side, Where the tranquil waters glide. Born again, thro' grace renewed, By His

in this world be-low; Poor in spir-it would I be, Let my Savior dwell in me.
sin-ful tho'ts forgive, Pure in heart I still would be—Let my Savior dwell in me.
love my will subdued. Rich in faith I still would be—Let my Savior dwell in me.

Rit.

No. 71. Purer Yet and Purer.

Unknown. S. J. VAIL.

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er I would be in mind; Dearer yet and dearer Ev'ry du-ty find;
2. Calmer yet and calmer Trial bear and pain; Surer yet and sur-er Peace at last to gain;
3. Higher yet and higher, Out of clouds and night; Nearer yet and nearer Rising to the light.

No. 72. More About Jesus.

By Per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

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

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love Who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease, More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—*More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

Purer Yet and Purer.

Hoping still, and trusting God without a fear, Patiently beleiving He will make all clear.
Suff'ring still, and do-ing, To His will resigned, And to God subduing Heart, and will, and mind
Oft these earnest longings Swell within my breast; Yet their inner meaning Ne'er can be expressed.

No. 73. Jesus' Arm Sustains Thee.

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Anon. Arr. by W. H. LEIB.

1. Je-sus' arm sus-tains thee, Peaceful be, peaceful be, When a hand restrains thee
2. Hum-bly, un-com-plain-ing, In His hand, in His hand, Leave what ever things thou
3. What-so-e'er be - tid - eth, Night or day, night or day, Know His love provideth

Sure - ly it is He; Tho' the world sub - mis-sion spurns And from faith
Canst not un - der - stand, Ev - er let His wis-dom guide, E'er in His
Ben - e - fits al - way; Ev - 'ry cross He bids thee take, Bravely bear

ful - ly turns, In His love if thou a - bide, He will be thy guide.
love con - fide, Faith-ful hath He been for years, Sham-ing all thy fears.
for His sake, Hum-bly bend - ing to His will, Trust and love Him still.

No. 74. Mt. Pisgah.

ISAAC WATTS. American Melody.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour- age, Lord!
5. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall con-quer, tho' they die;
6. When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine,

No. 75. Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

MARGARETTE W. SNODGRASS. E. L. M.

1. Bear ye one an-oth-er's burdens, So the law of Christ fulfill; Burdens weighing
2. Bless your comrade on life's journey, With a helping word or smile; It will brighten
3. Bear ye one an-oth-er's burdens, Whatsoe'er those burdens be: Burdens sin has

down with sorrow, Crushing 'neath their load of ill: Oh, the sad and wea-ry-heart-ed! Thou wilt
drear-y plac-es, It will shorten many a mile: If you meet the weak and fainting, Out of
brought to others, Which could never come to thee; Bear them patiently and bravely; Thou shalt

meet them ev'ry day; Lift the burdens that oppress them, Carry them a lit-tle way.
your abundance give; Feed the famishing around you, If yourself would richly live.
not lose thy reward, As in beau-ty thou ful-fill-est The commandment of thy Lord.

Mt. Pisgah.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
They see the tri - umph from a - far, With Hope's ex - ult - ing eye.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

No. 76. Mear.

W. H. BALHURST. AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
2. That will not mur - mur or com- plain Be - neath the chast'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem- pests rage with - out;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this; And then, what- e'er may come,

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of a - ny earth - ly woe.
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That, when in dan - ger, knows no fear, In dark-ness, feels no doubt!
We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - low'd bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

No. 77. I Love Thy Kingdom.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Anon.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord—The house of Thine a - bode, The church our blest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my cares and
3. Je-sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Sav-ior and our King! Thy hand from ev-'ry

deem-er sav'd With His own precious blood. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be-
toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my high- est joy I prize her
snare and foe Shall great de-liv'rance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on

fore Thee stand Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

No. 78. Sweet it is to Know.

C. R. R. C. R. REED.

1. Sweet it is to know that Je - sus loves us still, If we but o - bey and
2. Now the Sav - ior calls us, hear His voice to- day, Lis - ten to His teach-ing,
3. Je - sus died to save us, now He reigns a-bove, Ev - er in - ter-ced - ing

do His ho - ly will, He will safe - ly guide us to that hap - py land,
lis - ten and o - bey. Life for you and me has Je - sus promised free,
with un-bound-ed love. Bold - ly then press for-ward, ev - er faith-ful be,

CHORUS.

Where we'll dwell for-ev - er, with the an - gel band.
Come to Him, dear chil-dren, ev - er hap - py be.
Seek a home in heav-en, life e - ter - nal - ly.

Sweet it is to
Sweet it is, yes,

know, ... That Je - sus loves us still, ... That
Sweet it is to know, That Je - sus loves, yes, Je - sus loves us still, That

sure - ly He will guide us, Safe from ev - 'ry ill.
He will guide, yes, Sure - ly He will guide us,

No. 79. Move Forward.

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G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Move forward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have pray'd and la-bor'd long;
2. Move forward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold - en har-vest is be-gun;
3. Move forward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watching from a - bove!
4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quick - ly ev-'ning fol-lows noon;

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sick-le's glitt'ring blade.
A - round are wit-ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray—Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

CHORUS.

Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, ... Move
Move forward, move forward, All a - long the line, move forward,

for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.
move for - ward, move for - ward,

No. 80. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe:
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

} On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.

war, With the cross of Je - sus

No. 81. Ever Move Forward.

By Per. of A. F. Myers, Toledo, O.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

1. Go ear - nest - ly for - ward, out in - to the high - ways, Per -
2. Search on till you find them, far o - ver the moun - tain, Search
3. Be loy - al and faith - ful, be ear - nest and pray'r - ful; Gird

suad - ing the lost to come in; While Je - uss is call - ing, the
wide - ly the lands far a - way; Haste, bring them to Je - sus, He
on both the ar - mor and sword; Re - mem - ber His prom - ise, "My

spir - it is plead - ing, "Go gath - er from path - ways of sin."
glad - ly will wel - come; Haste, bring in the lost ones to - day.
grace is suf - fi - cient," And trust in His pres - ence and word.

CHORUS.

Ev - er move onward and for - ward, Bear - ing the news of sal - va - tion,

Res - cu - ing souls for the Mas - ter, Out of each kin - dred and na - tion.

No. 82. Let us Arise.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian sol - dier, While the foe is spreading
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian sol - dier? Are not heav'ns turn'd to
3. Can you lin - ger in your tent, Christian sol - dier? Sa-tan's smiling o'er your
4. Let us rise in ho - ly wrath, Christian sol - dier, Crush the e - vil 'neath the

woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris - ing pow'r, Growing bold - er ev - 'ry
hells by his pow'r? Mark you not the mother's sigh? Hear you not the chil-dren's
i - dle de - lay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you counsel and de-
heel of our might! Counting cost, no long - er wait; Forward, manhood of the

D.S.—*Tho' our numbers may be few, God will lead us grandly*

FINE. CHORUS.

hour? Will he not our land devour while you stand?
cry? See you not their lov'd ones die ev - 'ry hour?
bate; Heed you not their aw - ful fate as they stray?
state! For in God your strength is great for the right.

} Let us a-rise! all u-nite!

thro', And ovr arms with strength endue by His might.

D.S.

Let us a - rise in our might! Let us a-rise! speak for God and the right,

No. 83. Loyalty to Christ.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
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Dr. E. T. CASSEL. FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. Up - on the west-ern plain There comes the sig - nal strain, 'Tis loy - al - ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the world a - round, 'Tis loy - al - ty,
3. Come, join our loy - al throng, We'll rout the gi - ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al - ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al - ty,

loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's ban-ners float, We'll send the
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim, Thro'out the

D. S.—*move at His command, We'll soon pos-*

FINE. CHORUS.

up the song, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
watch-word true, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
bu-gle note, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
world's do-main, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

"On to vic-to-ry!

sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

D. S.

On to vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Com-mand-er: "On!" . . . . . We'll

great Commander; "On!"

No. 84. In His Name.

F. M. D. F. M. DAVIS.

1. In His name go we forth wag-ing war with sin; In His name, In His
2. In His name go we forth in the path He trod; In His name; In His
3. In His name go we forth tho' by foes oppressed; In His name, In His

In His name,

name; Tho' the bat - tle be long, we shall sure-ly win, In His name,
name; He is lead-ing the gath-er-ing hosts of God, In His name,
name; When the warfare is o'er, then will come sweet rest, In His name,

In His name; In His name,

In His name; Je-sus is . . . our Lead-er strong; And with
In His name; We're an ar - my strong and grand; For the
In His name; We will let . . . His standard wave; While we

In His name;

Him . . . we march a - long, In His name, . . His bless-ed
right . . we take our stand,
tell . . . His pow'r to save,

In His name,

name, Striving ever 'gainst the wrong, In His name.
And we mean to take the land, In His name.
His blessed name, Shout His vict'ry o'er the grave, In His name.

In His name.

No. 85. Loyalty to the Master.

USED BY PER. OF WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty
2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; let-ting Him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous
3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; look-ing to Him a-lone, Turn-ing a-

now and ev-er, cheer-i-ly let us sing; Whol-ly at His commandment,
is His ban-ner, fol-low it ev-'ry day; In-to the midst of bat-tle,
way from e-vil, Je-sus will keep His own; On-ward, still on-ward pressing,

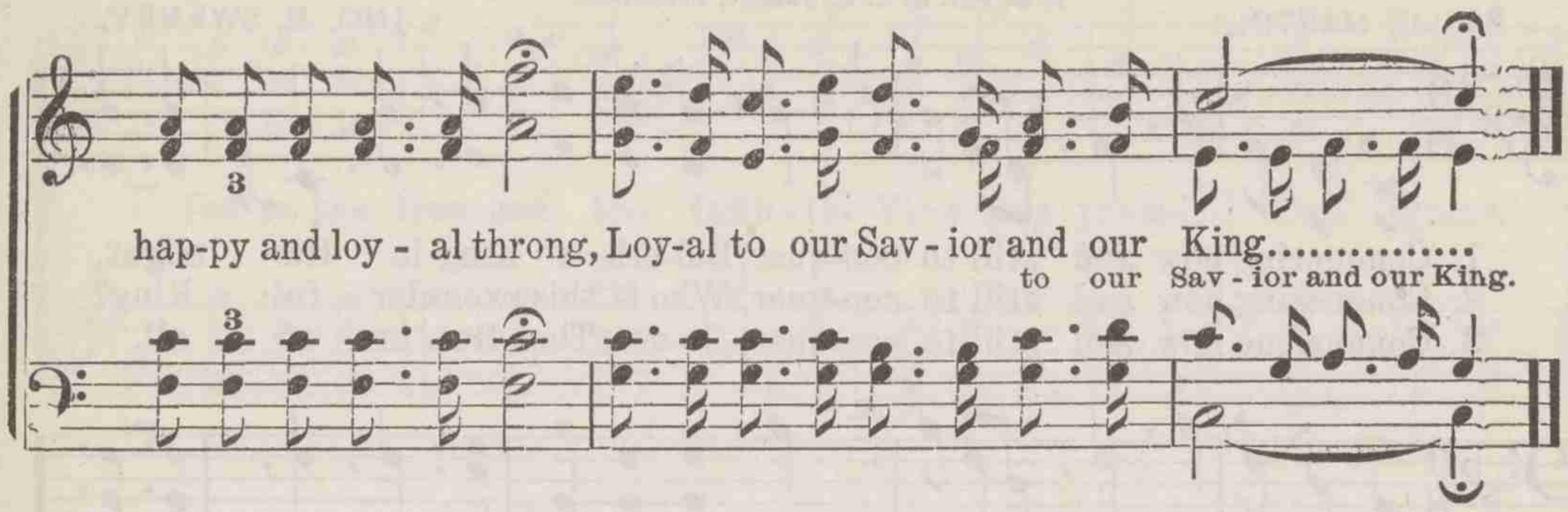
let ev-'ry sol-dier be, Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je-sus, serving with loy-al-ty.
conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry He has promised o-ver the dead-ly foe.
see-ing the star-ry prize Waiting for all the faith-ful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy-al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - - ward,
Joy-ful-ly march,

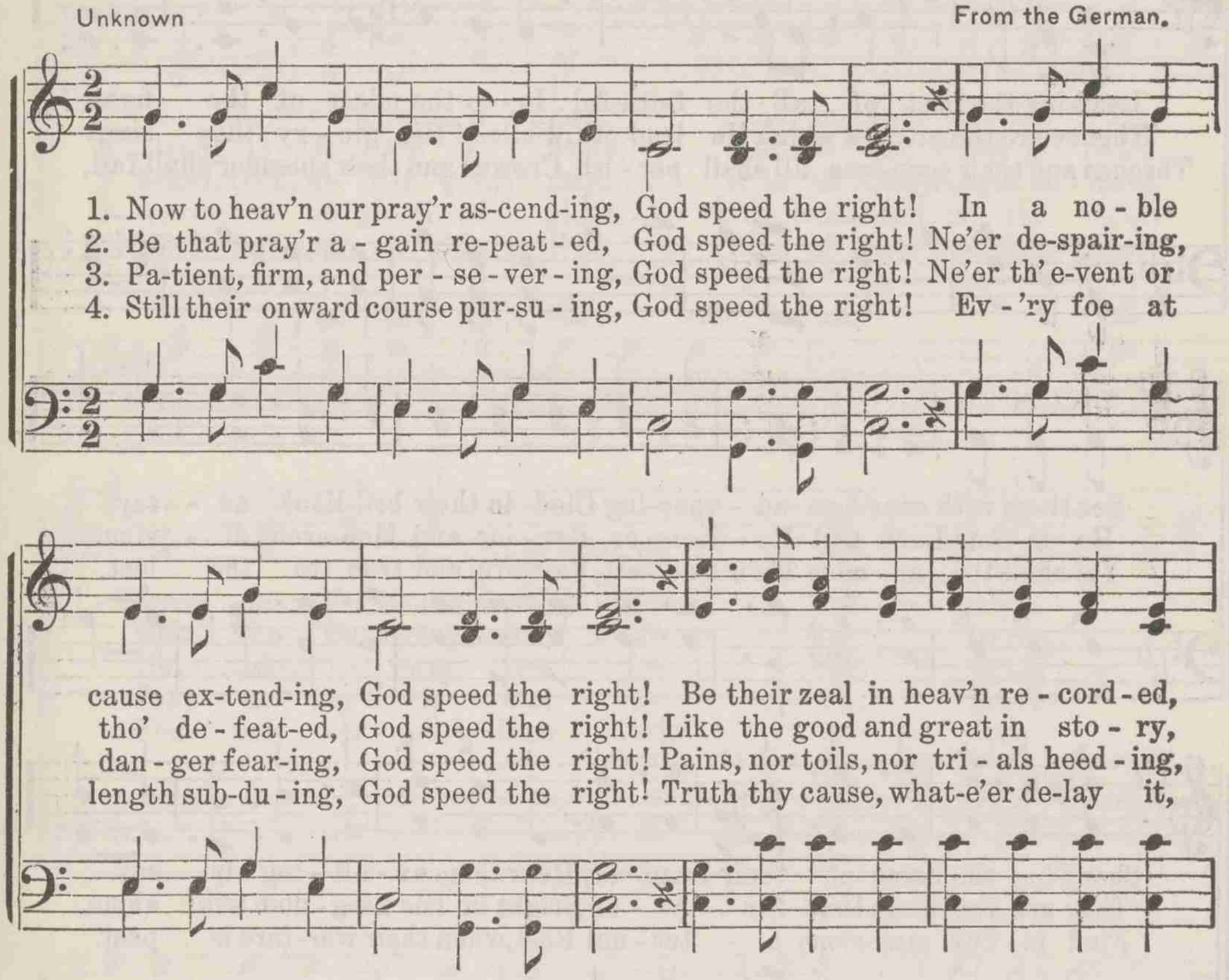
for - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - - ward, on - - ward, a
stead-i-ly march, Joy-ful-ly march, stead-i-ly march,

Loyalty to the Master.



No. 86. God Speed the Right.

Unknown — From the German.



No. 87. Victory Through Grace.

By per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Rul - er of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead eth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their scep-tres all shall per - ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with cour-age ad - vanc-ing Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem-er, Sav - ior and Mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

Shout-ing the name of their Lead - er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His king - dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e - ter - nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.

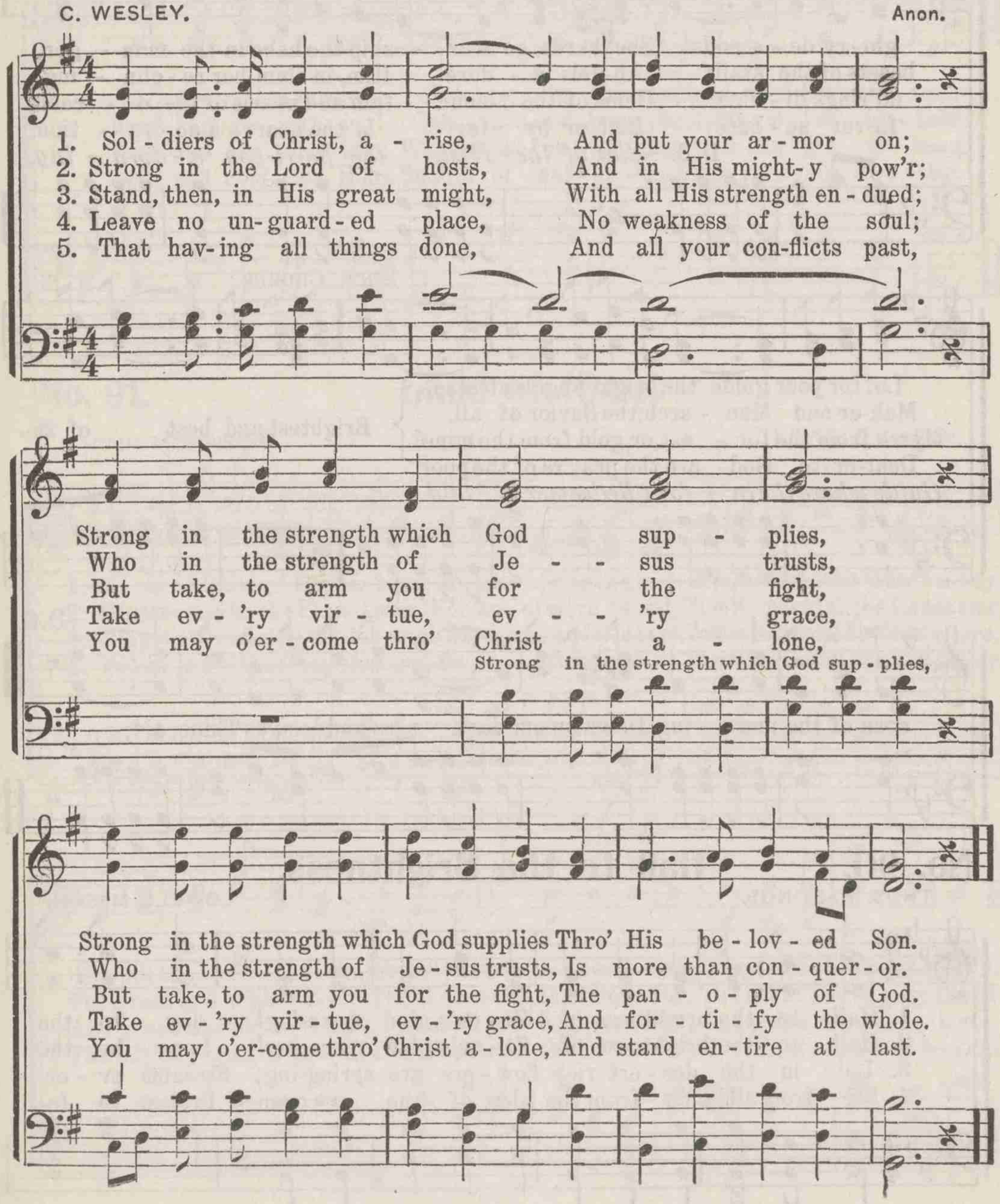
CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Victory Through Grace.

No. 88. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

C. WESLEY. Anon.



No. 89. Hail the Blest Morn.

R. HEBER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hail the blest morn! when the great Me-di-a - tor, Down from the re - gions of
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dewdrops are shin - ing, Low lies His head with the
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de - vo - tion, O-dors of E - den and
4. Vain-ly we of - fer each ample ob - la - tion, Vain-ly with gold we His

glo - ry de - scends! Shepherds, go wor - ship the babe in the man - ger,
beasts of the stall; An-gels a - dore Him, in slum-ber re - clin - ing,
off'rings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the o - cean,
fa-vor se - cure; Rich-er by far is the heart's a-do - ra - tion,

D. S.—*Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a - dorn - ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Lo! for your guide the bright angels at-tend.
Mak-er ond Mon - arch, the Savior of all.
Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
Guide where the in - fant Redeemer is laid.

Brightest and best of the

D. S.

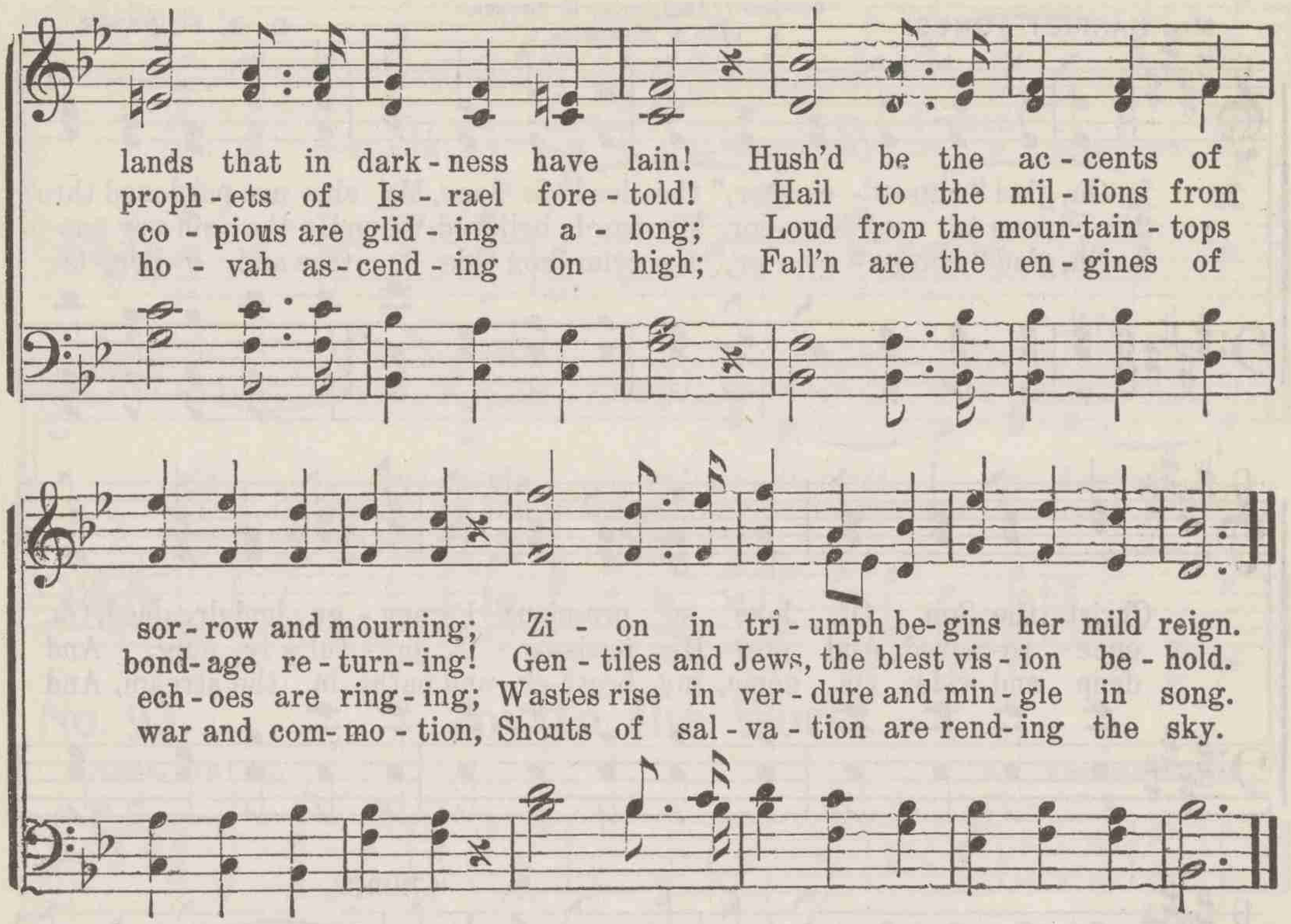
sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid;

No. 90. Hail to the Brightness.

THOS. HASTINGS. LOWELL MASON.

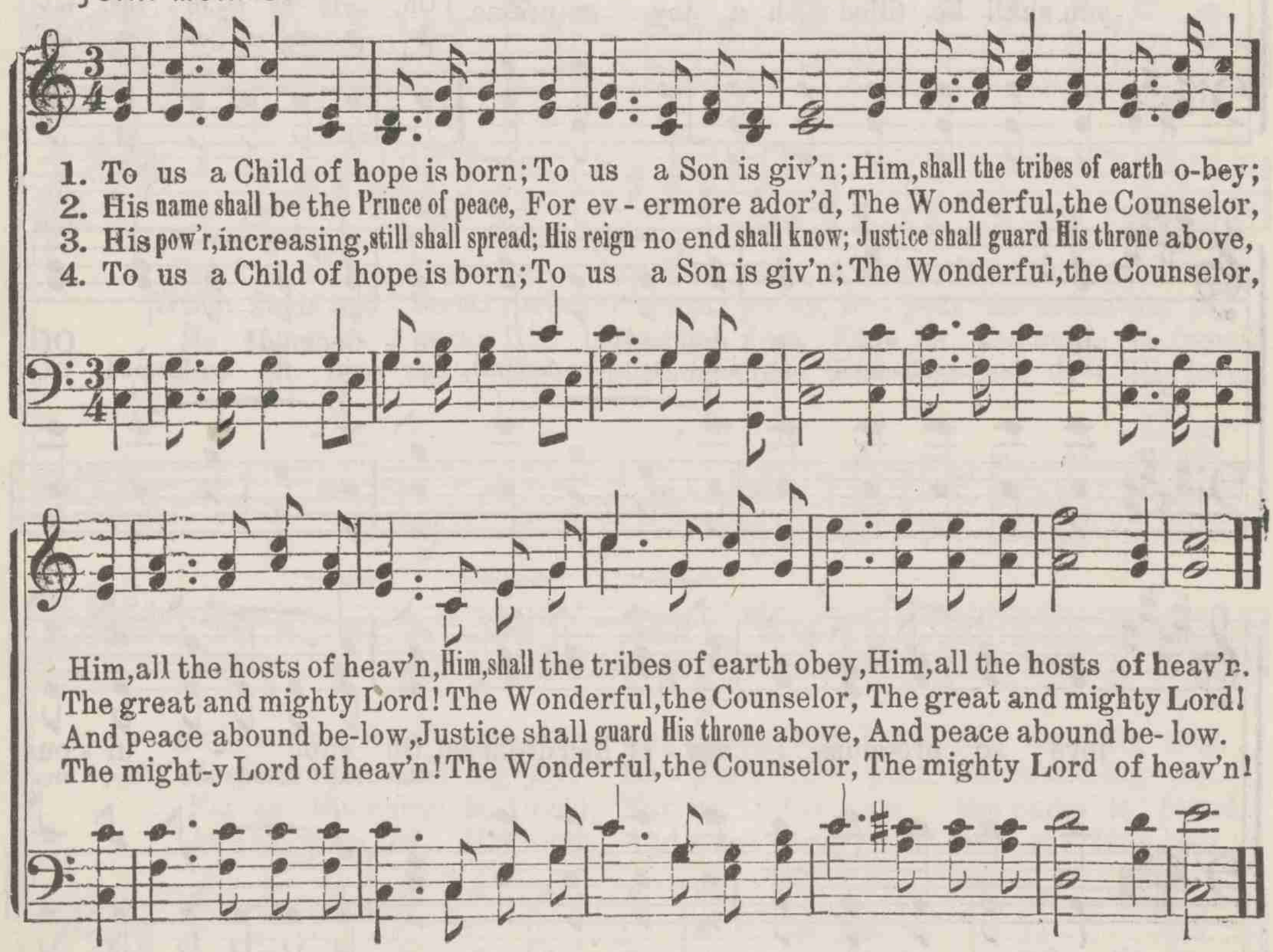
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing; Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean— Praise to Je-

Hail to the Brightness.



No. 91. Child of Hope.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.



No. 92. Redeemed.

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Mrs. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro'
2. I came to my Sav - ior, His word believed, When He the sin-ner at
3. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim - son tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son. Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh,
once re-ceived, And now His prais-es I joy - ful - ly sing, And
deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And

CHORUS.

sweet is the peace of the soul re-deemed. } Oh, glo - ry to
dwell in the love of my Lord and King. }
you shall be filled with a joy su-preme. } Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, my

Je - sus, re - deemed! . . . re - deemed! . . . Of
soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed! Of

love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh rapt - ur - ous
Oh, rapt-ur-ous sto - ry, my

Redeemed.

sto - - ry, re - deemed! . . . . re - deemed! . . . . Oh,
soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed! Oh,

Rall.

glo - - ry! oh, glo - ry! re - deemed! . . . re - deemed! . .
glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed.

No. 93. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy:
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace; And makes the na- tions prove

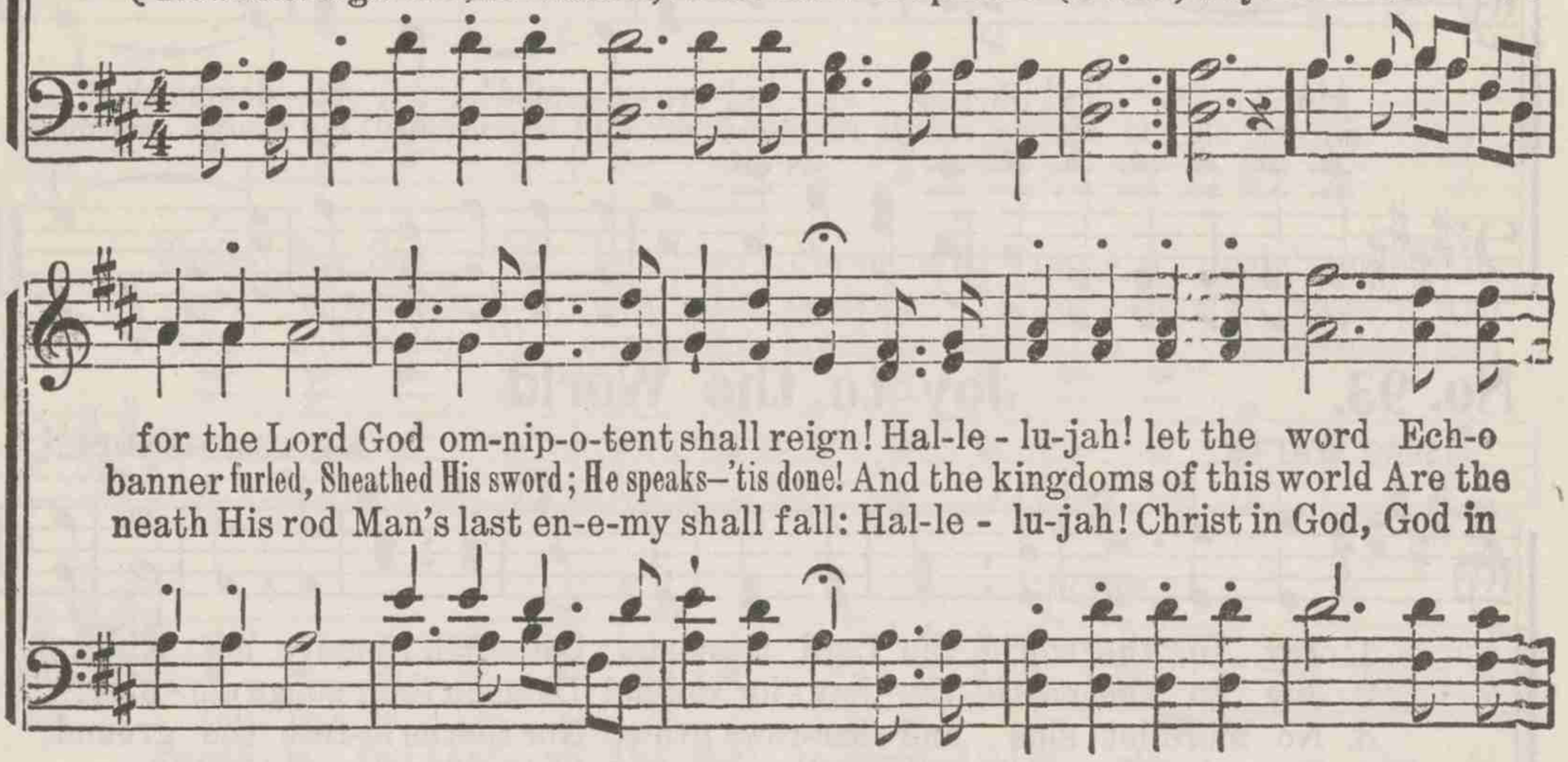
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy,
He comes to make His bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of His right-eous- ness, And won-ders of His love,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
Re-peat the sound- ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

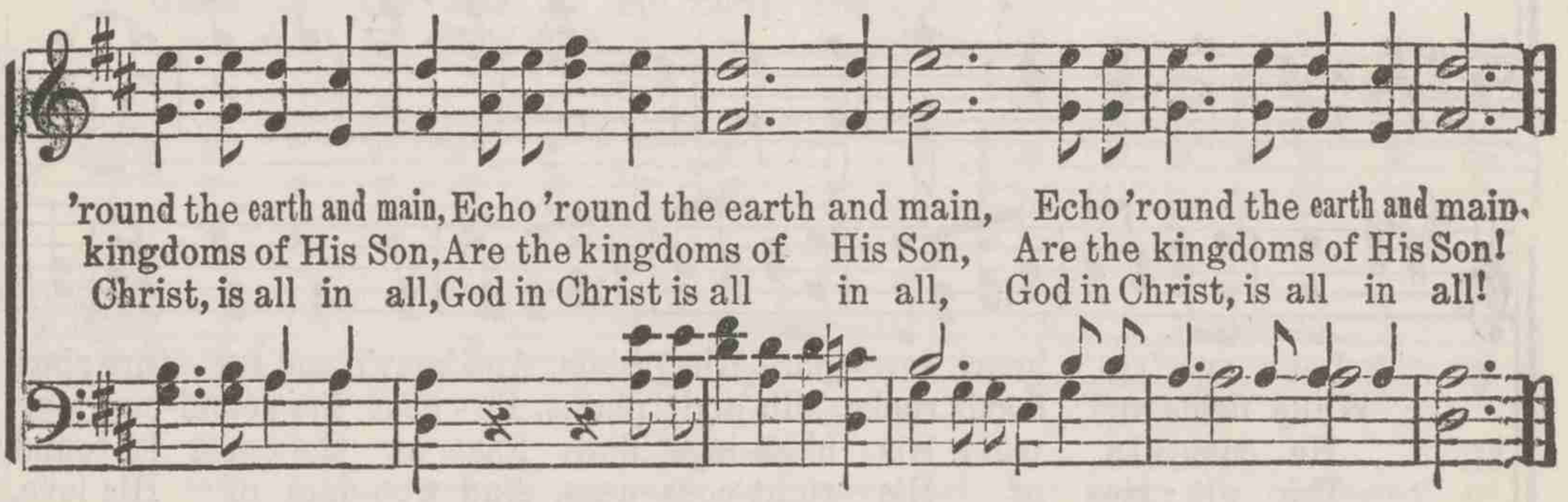
No. 94. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Anon.

1. Hark! the song of ju-bi- lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar,
   Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the (*Omit*) shore! Hal-le-lu-jah!
2. Hal-le-lu-jah! hark, the sound, From the depths unto the skies,
   Wakes above, beneath, around, All creation's har-mo-(*Omit.*) nies! See Je-ho-vah's
3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme unbounded sway;
   He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed a-(*Omit.*) way. Then the end: be-



for the Lord God om-nip-o-tent shall reign! Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o
banner furled, Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done! And the kingdoms of this world Are the
neath His rod Man's last en-e-my shall fall: Hal-le- lu-jah! Christ in God, God in



'round the earth and main, Echo 'round the earth and main, Echo 'round the earth and main.
kingdoms of His Son, Are the kingdoms of His Son, Are the kingdoms of His Son!
Christ, is all in all, God in Christ is all in all, God in Christ, is all in all!

No. 95. The Father's Care.

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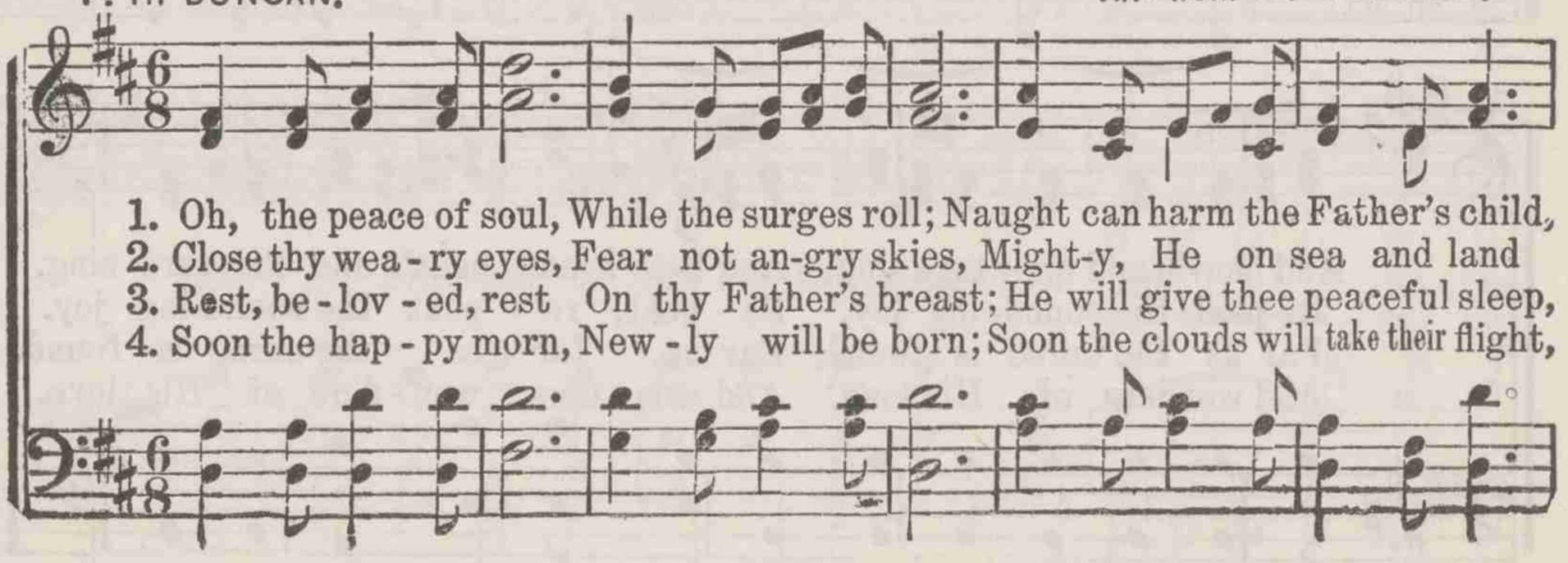
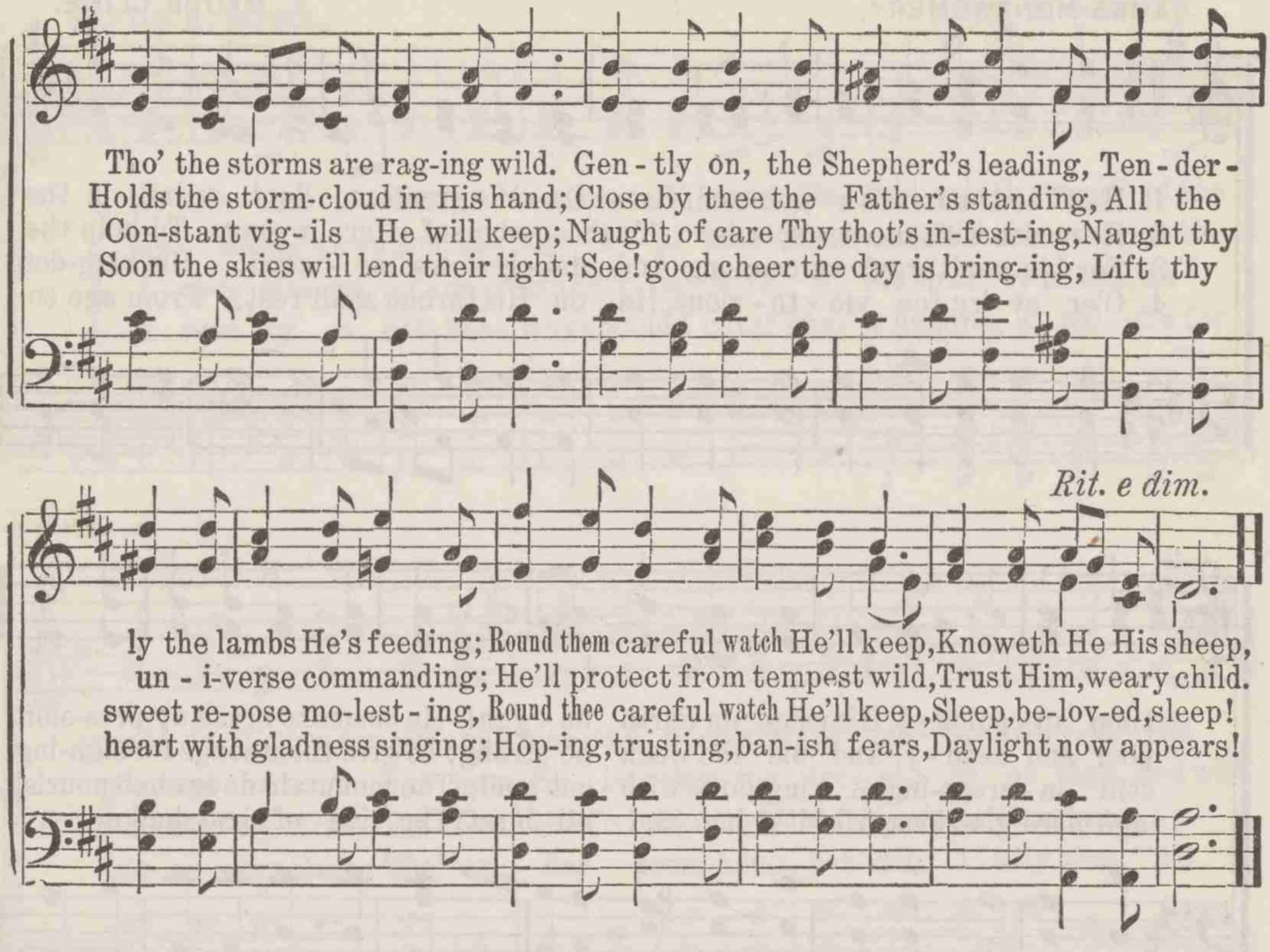
P. H. DUNCAN. Arr. from W. TAUBERT.



1. Oh, the peace of soul, While the surges roll; Naught can harm the Father's child,
2. Close thy wea-ry eyes, Fear not an-gry skies, Might-y, He on sea and land
3. Rest, be-lov-ed, rest On thy Father's breast; He will give thee peaceful sleep,
4. Soon the hap-py morn, New-ly will be born; Soon the clouds will take their flight,

The Father's Care.



No. 96. Jesus is Mine.

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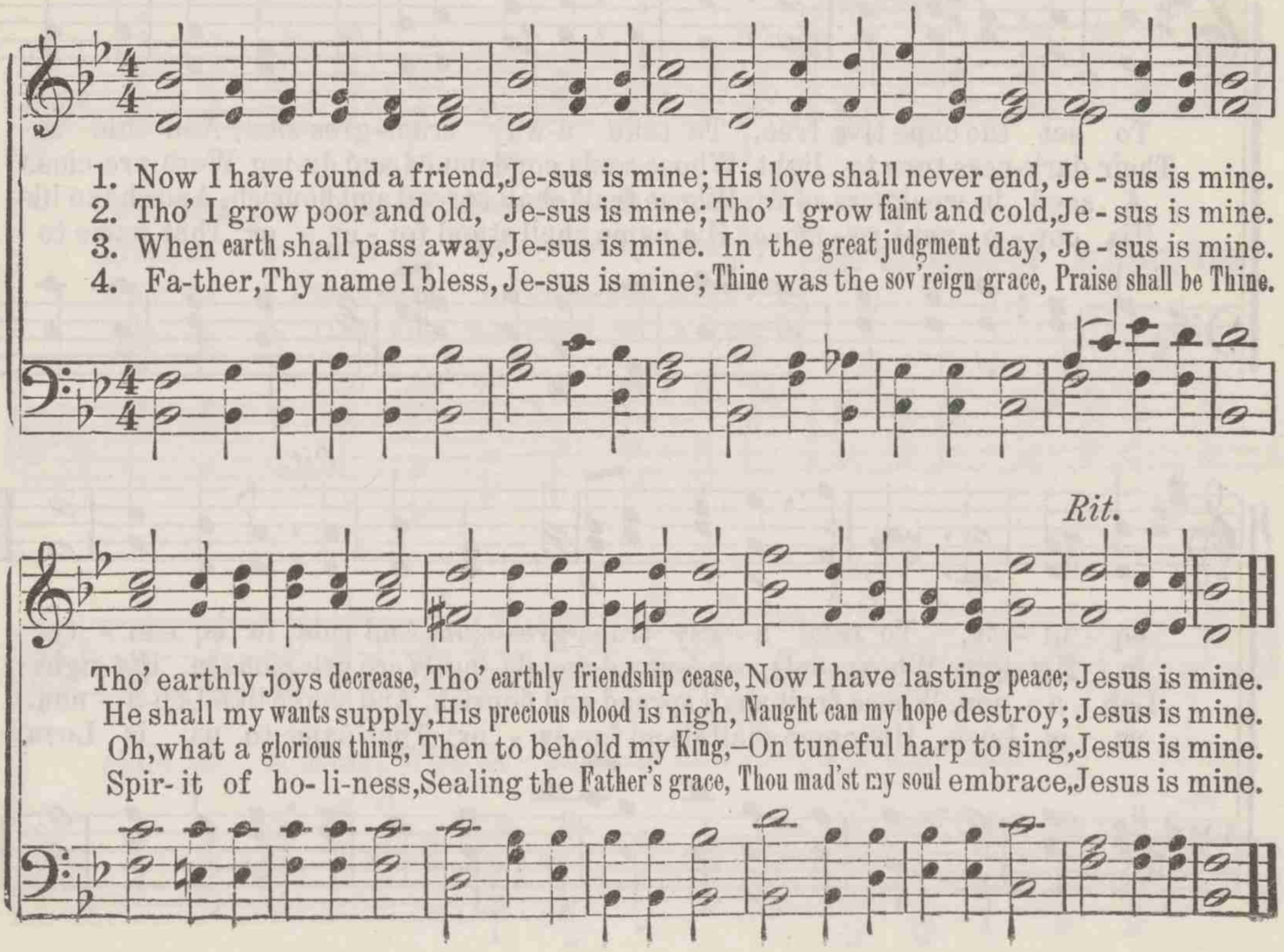
HENRY HOPE. E. MAUDE CLINE.



No. 97. The Reign of Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint-ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son! Hail, in the time ap - point-ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion,
2. He comes with suc-cor speed-y To those who suf - fer wrong; To help the poor and need - y, And bid the week be strong; To give them songs for sigh-ing,
3. For him shall pray'r un-ceas-ing And dai - ly vows as - cend: His king-dom still in - creas-ing, A king-dom with - out end; The mountain dews shall nourish,
4. O'er ev -'ry foe vic - to - rious, He on His throne shall rest; From age to age more glo-rious, All-bless-ing and all blest; The tide of time shall nev-er

To set the cap - tive free, To take a-way trans-gres-sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Their dark-ness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dy-ing Were pre-cious in His sight.
A seed in weakness sown, Whose fruit shall spread and flourish, And shake like Leb - a - non.
His cov - e - nant re - move; His name shall stand for - ev - er; That name to us is Love.

Rit.

No. 98. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER.

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

world in His hands; Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will
"a-lien" by birth; But I've been "a-dopt-ed," my name's written down An
me o-ver there; Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing, "All

CHORUS.

cof-fers are full, He has rich-es un-told.
gives us a home in the sweet by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King."

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King.

No. 99. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re - joic - ing on the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
dark-ness dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen

wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine

CHORUS.

in, . . Let a lit - tle sun - shine in; . . Clear the darkened
sun-shine in; the sun-shine in;

win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

No. 100. Just a Little Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver dark-en'd path-ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
2. Like the bless-ed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com-fort oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out-reach - ing,
3. Just a lit tle sun-shine makes the ros - es grow, In the bar - ren plac - es, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

from a lov - ing heart Help the world to bright-en; let us do our part.
strength-en-ing the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so - la - tion speak.
cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im - mor - tal bloom.

D. S.—*Tell-ing love's sweet sto-ry, ev-'ry-where we go.*

CHORUS.

Sun-shine, sun-shine, just a lit - tle sun-shine, Bear-ing heav'nly glad-ness thro' this world be - low; Sun-shine, sun-shine, just a lit - tle sun-shine,

No. 101. Golden Sunbeams.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
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THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D. ALBERT H. GROVE

Con spirito.

1. We may gath - er gold - en sun-beams As they fall a-round our way,
2. If we lose the pre-cious sun-shine In these hours of life so lone,
3. We must keep life's gar- den bloom-ing With no thorn to mar its worth,
4. There is toil in ev - 'ry sta - tion We are called on earth to fill;
5. All our deeds will live for - ev - er, Should our hearts be false or true;

We may pluck the fair - est blos-soms, Ere their fragrant sweets de - cay;
We shall miss the fad - ing blos-som When the Sum-mer days have flown,
While we hear the low, soft mu - sic Of our dear ones here on earth -
Would we reap a fruit-ful har - vest? We must work with mind and will;
They will make or mar our pleas-ure At the last great life re - view.

We may reap the choic - est har - vest, If we sow the seed with care,
And the birds that sing so sweet-ly—We shall prize a - las! too late,
Till we glean in fields of pleas-ure, Where the soil doth fer - tile lie;
And in all these hours of wait - ing It will be our wis - est plan
While the pass - ing hours re-mind us That the har - vest time is nigh,

Cast - ing out the thorns and this - tles From the fruit-ful vine-yard fair.
They have gone like fra-grant beau-ty, While in i - dle dreams we wait.
As we scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For the long, sweet by - and-by.
To be found a - mong the glean-ers, Do - ing all the good we can.
We should sow the seed of good-ness, For the reap-ing by - and-by.

Golden Sunbeams.

CHORUS.

We may gath - - - - - er gold - en sun - beams, As they
We may gath - er

fall..... a - round our way;..... We can
As they fall a - round our way;

reap..... the gold - en har - vest—If we la - bor while 'tis day.
We can reap

No. 102. Harwell.

THOMAS KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es, Sound the note of praise a - bove;
   { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
2. { King of glo - ry! reign for ev - er—Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
   { Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
3. { Sav - ior! hast - en Thine ap - pear-ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo-rious day,
   { When, the aw - ful sum - mons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

D. C.—*Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.*

D. C.

See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob-jects of Thy grace, De-stined to be-hold Thy face.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing,— "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"
See, He sits Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

No. 103. Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R SWENEY.
BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

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

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's Springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and pralse, and love,

Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine.
sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

GOSPEL PROCLAMATION.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature."—Mark 16:15.

No. 104. Give Me the Bible.

P. J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wan-d'rer
2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light - en, Teach me the dan - ger
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splen-dor

lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beam-ing,
filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spok - en,
of these realms below; That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
by the o - pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shin-ing por - tal,

D. S.—*Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin - ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav - ior near.
That light a - lone, the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo - ry glid-ing Jordan's wave.

Give me the Bi - ble!

Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

D. S.

Ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way;

No. 105. An Open Bible for the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

HENRY M. KING. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glo-rious mot - to be!
2. Wher-e'er it goes its gold - en light, Streaming as from an un-veiled sun,
3. It shows to men the Fa-ther's face, All ra-diant with for - giv - ing love;
4. It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro-cured for dy - ing men;
5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts, It com-forts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un-furled Shall scat-ter bless-ings rich and free.
Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
And to the lost of A - dam's race Proclaims sweet mercy from a - bove.
And to each soul of hum - ble faith, It son-ship gives with God a - gain.
To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th'e-ter-nal years.

CHORUS.

Blest word of God! . . . . . send forth thy light . . . . . .
Blest word of God! send forth thy light

O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea, ... Till all who
and ev - 'ry sea,

wan - der in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

No. 106. The Blessed Book.

TOM C. NEAL.

1. There's a book which surpasses the sag - es, A vol - ume of wis-dom di-vine;
2. 'Tis the light which will guide us to glo - ry, The sword of the spir - it of might;
3. It re-veals where a fountain is flow - ing, Which washes the soul from its stain;

And the glo-ry that gleams from its pag - es, No splen-dor of earth can out-shine.
And to dwell on its beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Is of heav'n the sweetest de-light.
Age and sor - row are com-fort-ed, knowing With earth they shall part with all pain.

CHORUS.

'Tis the Bi - - ble! the Bi - - ble! Our
'Tis the bless-ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! the bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! Our

guid-ing star that leads from earth to heav'n! The Bi - - ble! the
The bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! the

Bi - - ble! We love the precious Book of Truth which God has giv'n.
bless - ed, bless-ed Bi - ble, We

Repeat p.

No. 107. Father of Mercies.

A. STEELE. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther of mer-cies! in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines! What endless glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored . . . . . For these ce-les-tial lines, For-ev - er be Thy name adored For these ce-les-tial lines.
2. Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free re - past; And yields a free re - past; Sub-lim - er sweets than nature knows . . . . . In-vite the longing taste, Sublimer sweets than nature knows, Invite the longing taste.
3. Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heav'nly peace around; Spreads heav'nly peace a-round; And life and ev - er - last-ing joys . . . . . At-tend the blissful sound, And life and ev-er-last-ing joys At - tend the blissful sound.
4. Oh, may these heav'nly pag-es be My ev - er dear de - light; My ev - er dear de - light; And still new beauties may I see, ... And still increasing light, And still new beauties may I see, And still in-creas-ing light.
5. Di - vine In-struc-tor, gracious Lord! Be Thou for - ev - er near; Be Thou for - ev - er near; Teach me to love Thy sa-cred word, ... And view my Savior there, Teach me to love Thy sacred word, And view my Sav-ior there.

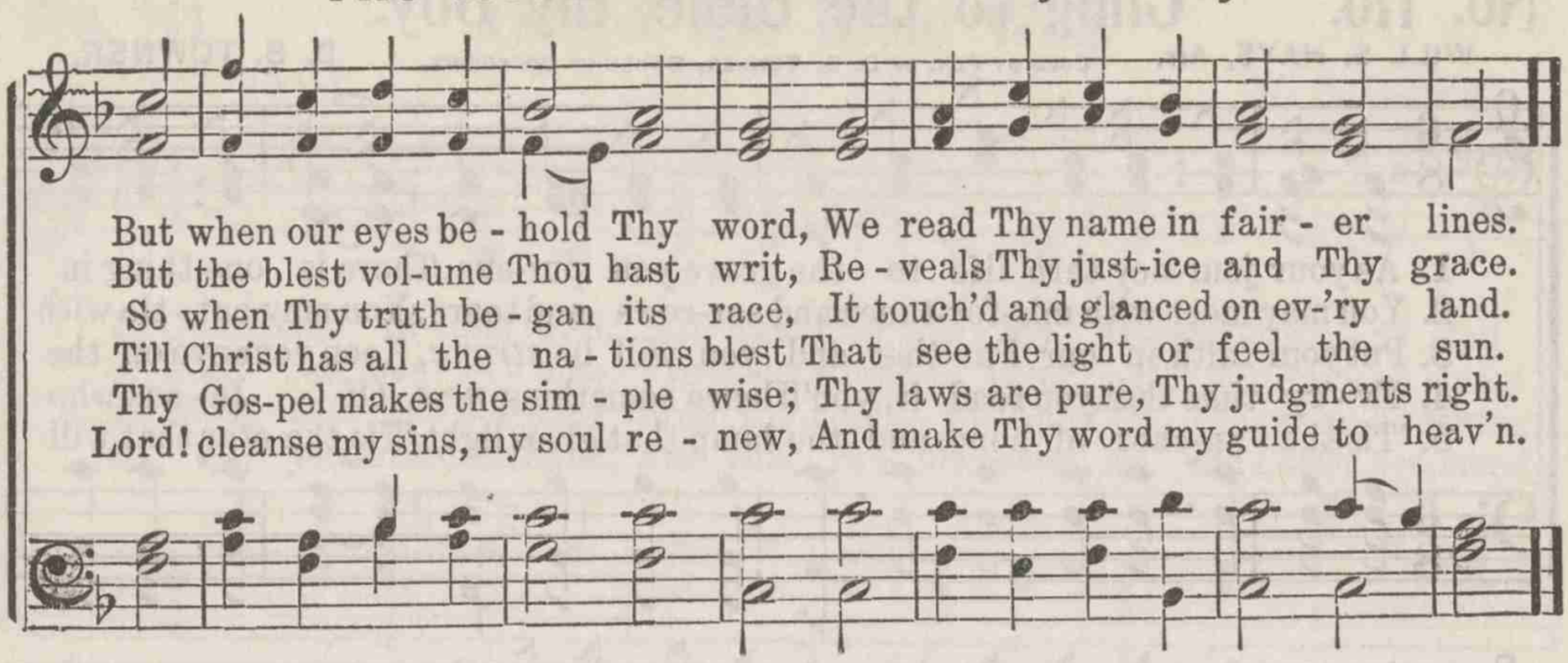
For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored

No. 108. The Heavens Declare Thy Glory.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.

1. The heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines;
2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r con - fess;
3. Sun, moon and stars, convey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev-er stand;
4. Nor shall Thy spreading gos - pel rest Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
5. Great Sun of righteousness! a - rise; Bless the dark world with heav'nly light
6. Thy no-blest wonders here we view In souls re-newed and sins for - giv'n

The Heavens Declare Thy Glory.



No. 109. The Bible for the Young.

ISAAC WATTS. BEETHOVEN.

No. 110. Cling to the Bible, my Boy.

WILL S. HAYS, Arr. USED BY PER. OF D. B. TOWNER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. As your jour-ney thro' life to the grave you pur-sue, There is one thing in
2. You may meet with mis-for-tunes and sor-rows and tears, You may bat-tle with
3. Put your faith in our Fa-ther and you will be *strong*, Keep your eye on the
4. Ev-'ry time that you read it, you'll learn something *new*, Of Je-sus who
5. 'Tis the an-chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the star that will

ear-nest I wish you to do, Oh! lis-ten, my boy, while I say this to
sin and with Sa-tan for years, Be a Christian! press on! do not have a-ny
cross and you'll nev-er go wrong, Sing the sweet songs of praise as you journey a-
died on the cross to save *you*, To the Lord, to yourself, and to heav-en be
shine thro' your life's darkest night, If you fol-low its guidance you'll al-ways be

CHORUS.

you— Oh! cling to the Bi-ble, my boy.
fears, But cling to the Bi-ble, my boy.
long,—And cling to the Bi-ble, my boy.
true, And cling to the Bi-ble, my boy.
right, Oh! cling to the Bi-ble, my boy.

Then cling to the Bi-ble, my

boy, ... Oh! cling to the Bi-ble, my boy, ... While

Bi-ble, my boy, the Bi-ble, my boy,

liv-ing or dy-ing, all else let-ting go, Oh, cling to the Bi-ble, my boy.

No. 111. Guard the Bible Well.

T. McDOUGALL. W. H. DOANE.

1. Guard the Bi - ble well, All the foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell
2. Book of love di - vine, Pre-cious word of Thine, Let it ev - er shine
3. Shout the Bi - ble song, Swell the might - y throng, In the cause be strong,
4. Oh, ye Chris-tian band, For this Bi - ble stand, By the Lord's command,

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

CHORUS.

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

Rouse then, Christians, Rally for the Bi-ble!

Work on, pray on, Spread the truth a - broad; Stand, then, like men,
In the cause tri-umph-ant, For the Bi - ble is the word of God.

No. 112. "Quit You Like Men."

In memory of A. M. Atkinson.

C. C. C.

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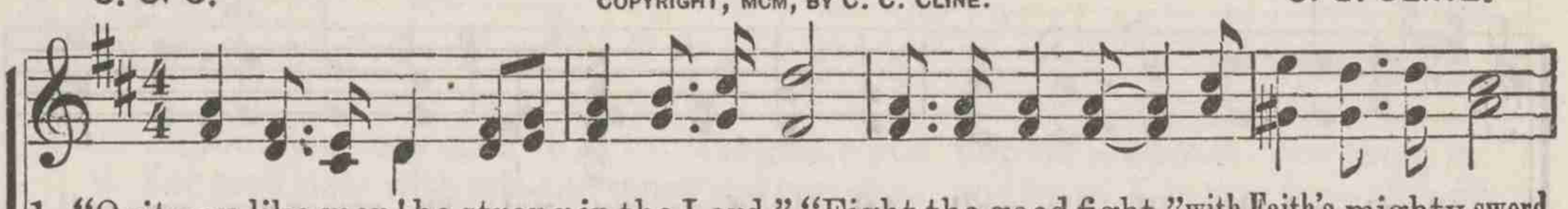
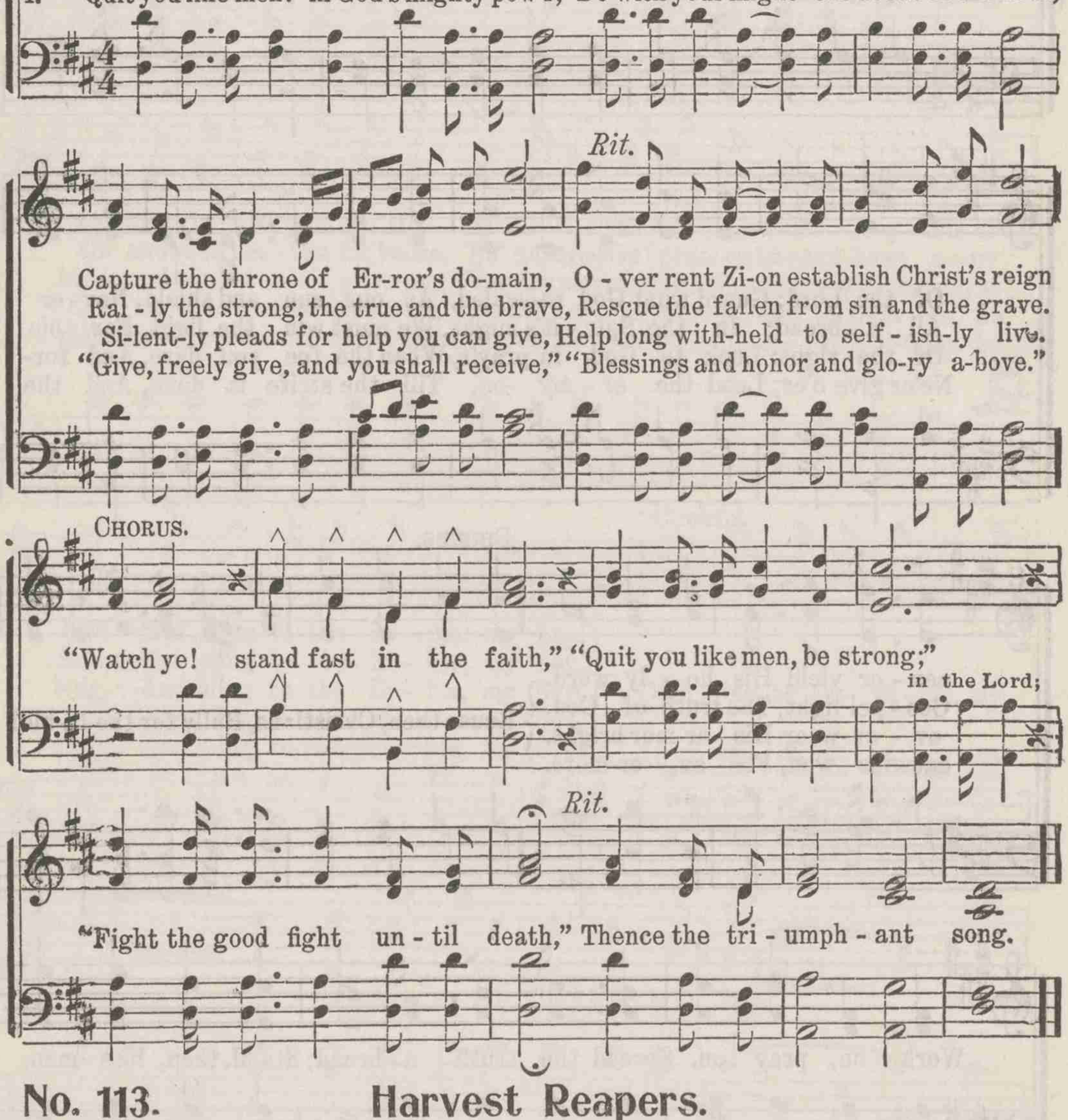
C. C. CLINE.



1. "Quit you like men! be strong in the Lord," "Fight the good fight," with Faith's mighty sword,
2. "Quit you like men!" for God and the right, O-pen the world to Christ's blessed light;
3. "Quit you like men!" with sanctified gold, Bless the old Soldier whose suff'rings untold,
4. "Quit you like men!" in God's mighty pow'r, "Do with your might" the deeds of the hour,



Capture the throne of Er-ror's do-main, O - ver rent Zi-on establish Christ's reign
Ral - ly the strong, the true and the brave, Rescue the fallen from sin and the grave.
Si-lent-ly pleads for help you can give, Help long with-held to self - ish-ly live.
"Give, freely give, and you shall receive," "Blessings and honor and glo-ry a-bove."

CHORUS.

"Watch ye! stand fast in the faith," "Quit you like men, be strong;"
in the Lord;

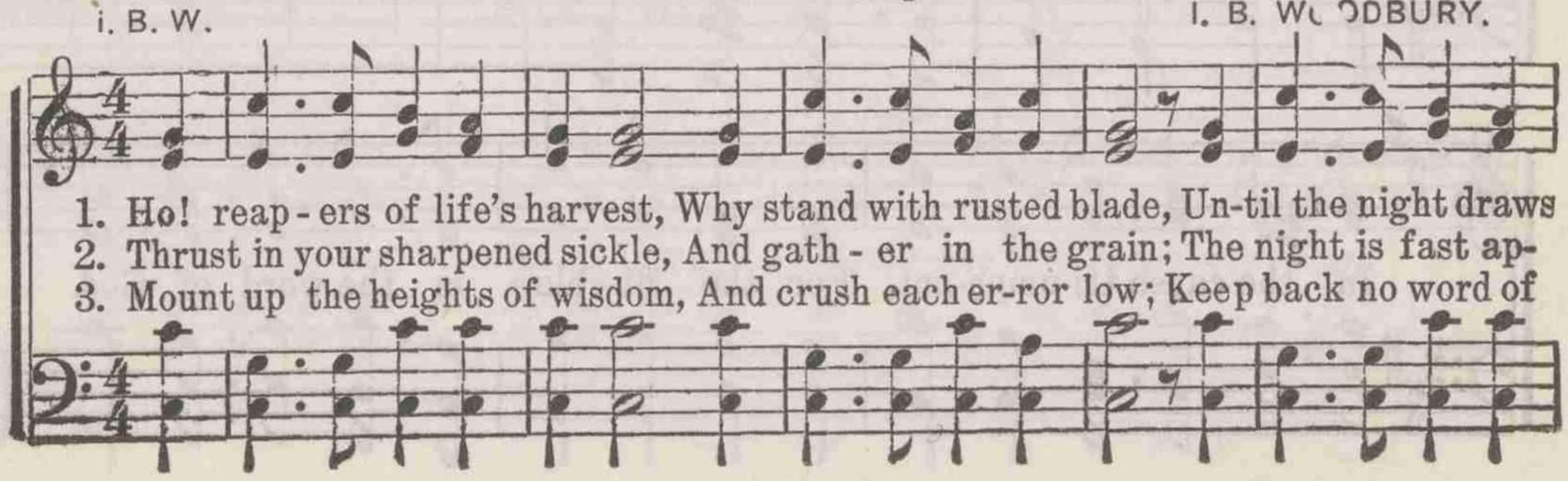
Rit.

"Fight the good fight un - til death," Thence the tri - umph - ant song.

No. 113. Harvest Reapers.

I. B. W.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Ho! reap - ers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Un-til the night draws
2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath - er in the grain; The night is fast ap-
3. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each er-ror low; Keep back no word of

Harvest Reapers.

round thee, And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing For
proaching, And soon will come a-gain. The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And
knowledge That hu-man hearts should know, Be faithful to thy mis-sion, In

reap-ers more to come? The gold-en morn is pass-ing; Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
serv-ice of the Lord, And then a gold-en chap-let Shall be thy just re-ward.

No. 114. "Doers of the Word."

EL. NATHAN. COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. Once more we come God's word to hear, The word so pure and holy; Now grant us, Lord, a
2. The life of God is in His word, And who-so-e'er be-liev-eth The record there of
3. The word of God by faith received Begins a new cre-a-tion, And he who hath in
4. So let us not for-get-ful be, But ev-er, al-ways heed-ing, That others in our

list'ning ear, A spir-it meek and low-ly, For if we hear and HEED it not, We
Christ the Lord E-ter-nal life re-ceiv-eth; But if we hear, BE-LIEV-ING not, We
Christ believed Hath hope of full sal-va-tion; But if we hear and DO it not, We
lives may see Our Father's gracious pleading, For if we hear and LIVE it not We

hear for condemnation, For, "doers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

No. 115. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger- ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry

CHORUS.

As noth - ing else can do.
I tell it now to thee.
From God's own ho - ly word.
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and His love.

No. 116. The Wondrous Story.

Rev. R. H. McDANIEL. R. S. HANNA.

1. I will sing to you of Je - sus, Of His love for sin - ful men;
2. On the cru - el cross be - hold Him, Suff'ring ag - o - ny un - told;
3. Hear Him say - ing, "It is fin-ished," See, He bows His head and dies;
4. Yon - der in the tomb be - hold Him, Pale and cold in death He lies;

How He died on Cal-vary's mountain, To re-deem them from all sin.
While the sun is veiled in dark - ness, The sad scene will not be - hold.
While all na - ture seems to sor - row, Earth is quak - ing, dark the skies.
Till the morn when He tri-umph - ant O - ver ev - 'ry foe shall rise.

CHORUS.

Sin-ner, list - - en to the sto - - ry, 'Tis so won - - d'rous and so true; Hear it now, and oh, be- lieve it, Je - sus bled and died for you.

Sin - ner, list - en to the sto - ry ev - er new, 'Tis so wond'rous and so true, Yes, 'tis true, Hear it now, and oh, be- lieve it, oh, be - lieve it, Je - sus bled and died for you.

No. 117. Tell it Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

1. Tell it out among the nations, that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it
2. Tell it out among the nations that the Sav-ior reigns;
3. Tell it out among the people, Je-sus reigns a - bove;

Tell it out! . . .

Tell it out, ...

out! Tell it out a-mong the heath-en, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out a-mong the heathen, bid them break their chains;
. . . . . Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that His reign is love;

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion, that He
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell is out a-mong the high-ways and the

shall increase, That the mighty King of glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
Je-sus lives, Tell it out a-mong the weary ones what rest He gives, Tell it
lanes at home, Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the ocean's foam, That the

out with ju - bi-la-tion, let the song ne'er cease, Tell it out! Tell it out!
out among the sinners that He came to save, Tell it out! Tell it out!
wea - ry, heav-y-lad-en, need no long - er roam; Tell it out! Tell it out!

No. 118. Seeking the Lost.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountain a - stray;
2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Jesus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore;
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from day unto day;

"Come un - to me," His message re-peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to - day.
Leading them forth in ways of sal-va - tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
Cheering the faint, and raising the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,
Go - ing a - far . . . . up - on the moun - tain, Bringing the
Bringing the wand'rer back a-gain, back a - gain, In-to the fold
wan - - - d'rer back a - gain..... In-to the fold..... of my Re-
of my Re-deem-er, Je - sus the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sinners slain.
deem - er,..... Je-sus the Lamb..... for sin-ners slain.....

No. 119. He Was Not Willing.

BY PERMISSION OF LUCY RIDER MEYER,
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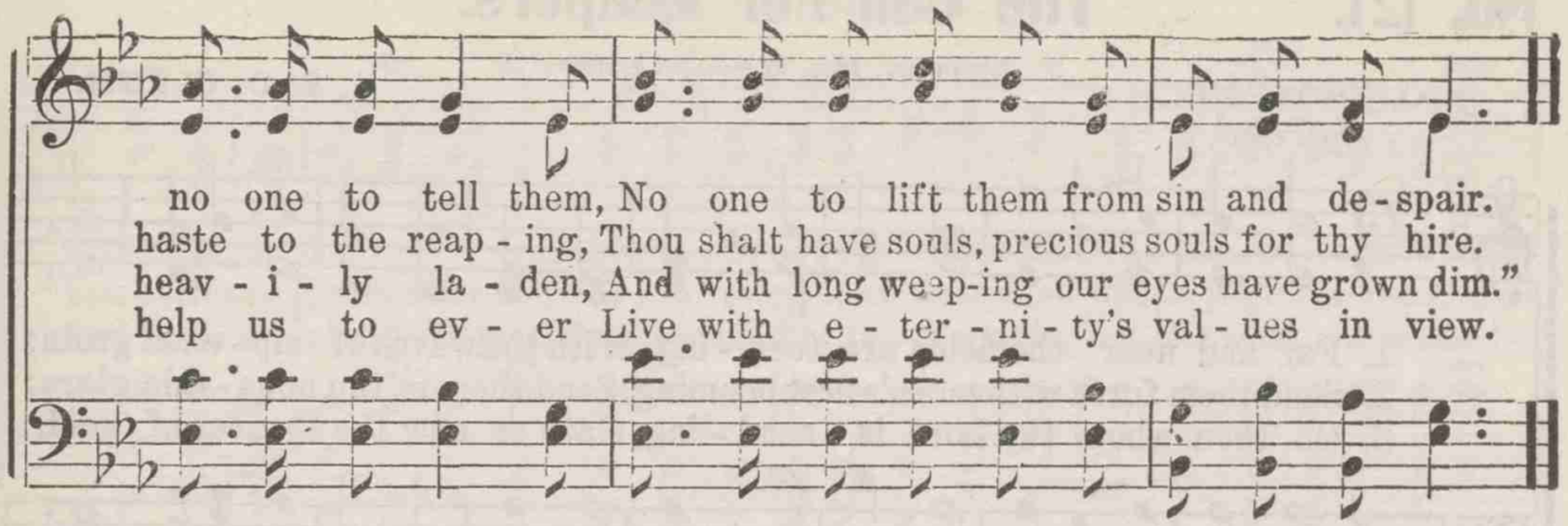
L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. "He was not will - ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Je-sus enthroned in the glo-ry a-bove, Saw our poor fall-en world, pit - ied our sorrows, Poured out His life for us—wonderful love! Per-ish-ing, per - ish-ing! Thronging our pathway,
2. "He was not will - ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain, Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner, Heal the heart, bro-ken by sorrow and shame. Per-ish-ing, per - ish-ing! Har-vest is pass-ing,
3. Plen - ty of pleas-ure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its troubles and toys, No time for Je-sus' work, feed-ing and hun - gry, Lift-ing lost souls to e - ter-ni-ty's joys. Per-ish-ing, per - ish-ing! Hark, how they call us:
4. "He was not will - ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Am I His fol-low - er, and can I live Long-er at ease with a soul go-ing downward, Lost for the lack of the help I might give? Per-ish-ing, per - ish-ing! Thou wast not will-ing:

Hearts break with burdens too heav-y to bear, Je-sus would save, but there's
Reap-ers are few and the night draweth near; Je - sus is call - ing thee,
"Bring us your Sav - ior, oh, tell us of Him! We are so wea - ry, so
Mas - ter, for-give, and in - spire us a - new; Ban - ish our world-li - ness,

He Was Not Willing.



No. 120. Do Something For Jesus.

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A. F MYERS. C. L. EBY.

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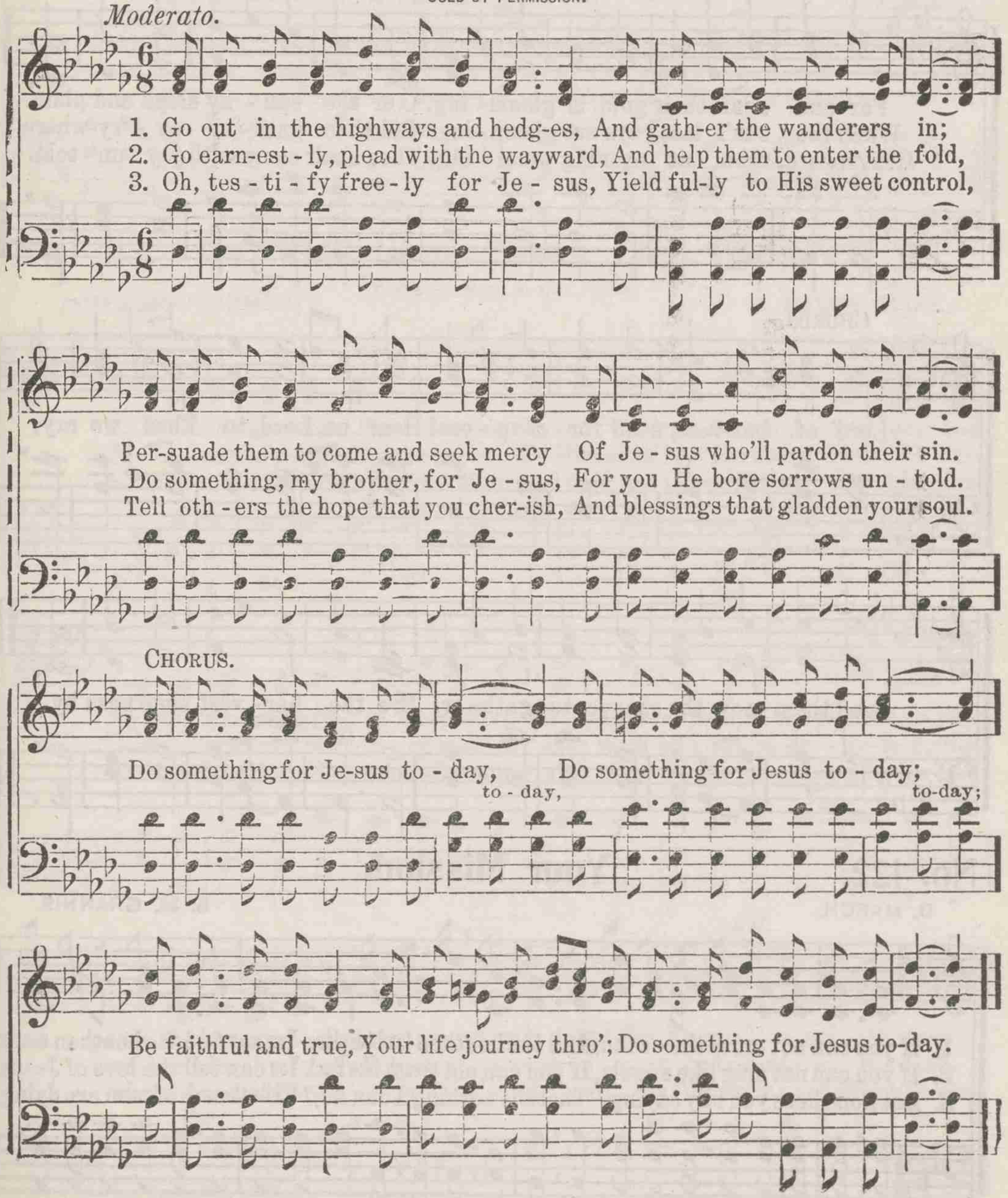


No. 121. The Call For Reapers.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noon - tide glare;
3. Oh, thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold,

Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, C'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward, then, at evening wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

CHORUS.

Lord of har-vest, send for reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

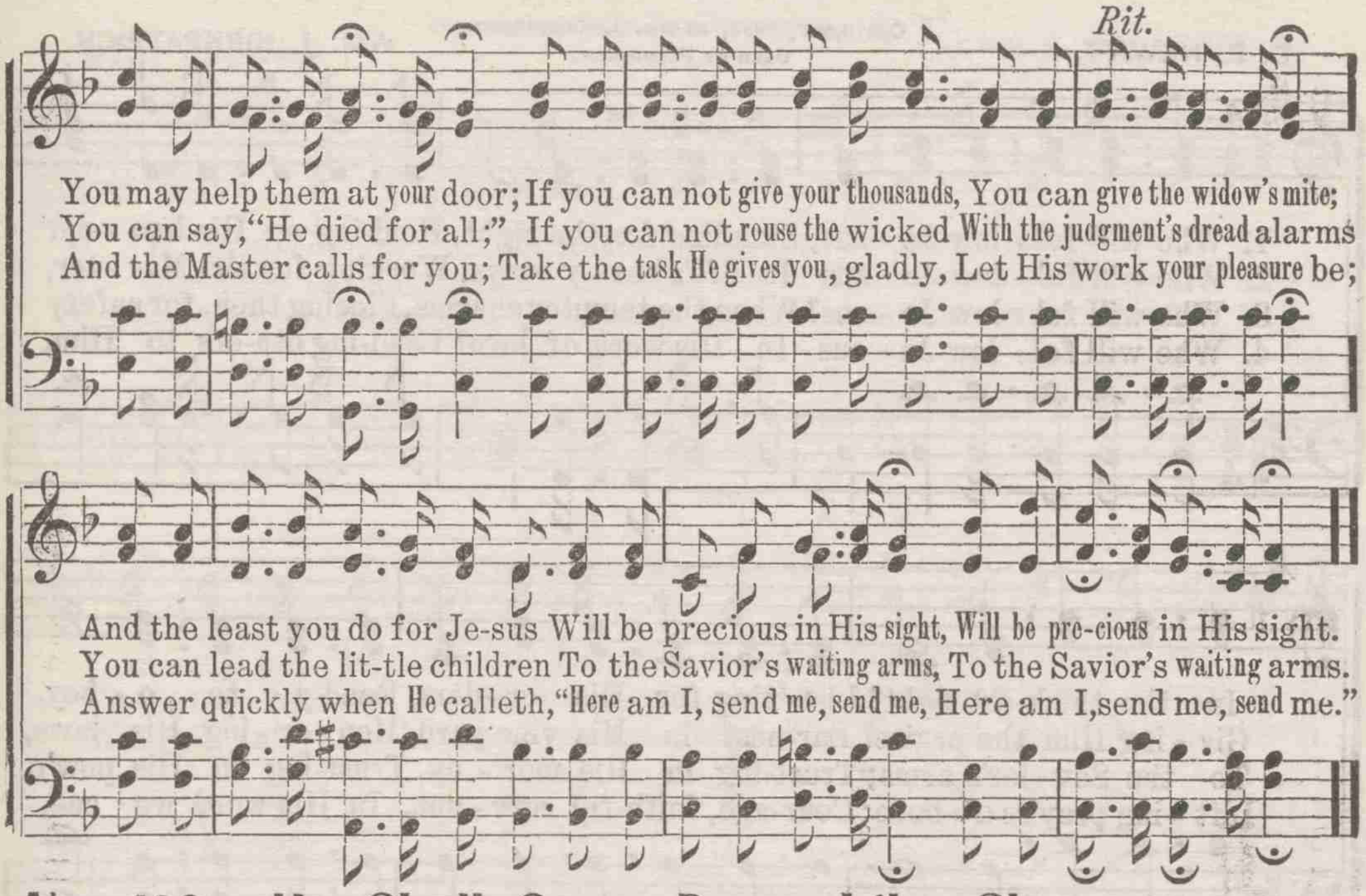
Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

No. 122. Your Mission.

D. MARCH. S. M. GRANNIS.

1. If you can not cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore, You may find the heathen nearer,
2. If you can not sing like angels, If you can not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus,
3. Let none here you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do," While the souls of men are dying,

Your Mission.



No. 123. He Shall Come Down Like Showers.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY. E. MAUDE CLINE.

No. 124. Who Will Follow Jesus?

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

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

In the thick-est fight? List-'ning for His or - ders, Read-y to o - bey,
Giv - ing Him the praise? Ear-nest in His vine-yard, Hon - or - ing His laws,
To the Sav - ior's arms; Trust-ing in His mer - cy, Trust-ing in His pow'r,
Lift - ing pray'rs a - bove; Cour-age, faith-ful serv - ant, In His word we see,

CHORUS.

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

Who will fol - low Je-sus?

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

Je - sus? Who will make re-ply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

No. 125. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak,
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied;

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver moun-tain, or plain, or sea;

No. 126. Anywhere With Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY D. B. TOWNER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, A - ny-
2. A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er
3. A - ny-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the

where He leads me in this world be - low; A - ny-where with-
friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may
dark -'ning shad - ows round a - bout me creep; Know - ing I shall

out Him, dear - est joys would fade; A - ny-where with Je - sus
lead me o - ver drear - est ways, A - ny-where with Je - sus
wak - en nev - er more to roam, A - ny-where with Je - sus

CHORUS.

I am not a - fraid.
is a house of praise.
will be home, sweet home.

A - ny-where! a - ny-where! Fear I can not

know, A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

No. 127. Follow all the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing;
2. Tho' the way be dark and drear-y, Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry,
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shin-ing heaven's sun-light o'er me,
4. Thro' the val - ley safe - ly lead me, Heav'n-ly man - na dai - ly feed me;
5. In Thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In Thy arms of love en-fold me,

On my ears these words are fall-ing, "Take thy cross, and dai - ly fol - low me."
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And when weak, by grace re-store me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And with Thine own grace uphold me, As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.

CHORUS.

I will take my cross and fol-low, My dear Sav - ior I will fol-low,
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 I will never leave Thee, never;
Faithful I will be forever;
Help me in my weak endeavor
Thee to follow, follow all the way.

7 Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal,
Leaving there this body mortal,
Into yonder home eternal
I will follow, follow all the way.

No. 128. It Must Be Told.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY ROBT. C. MARQUIS.
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ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Fa - ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry, That has warm'd the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a - vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak,

Look'd down on His err - ing chil-dren With the pity - ing eyes of love.
Thro' the cent-'ries that have van-ish'd, But its charms can ne'er de - part;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir - it's unc - tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.

How He sent His well - be - lov - ed For - give - ness to un - fold.
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold.
Go forth to do His bid - ding; The truth shall make you bold;

That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
To these, O fal - t'ring Chris - tian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.

CHORUS.

It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, It must be told,

It Must be Told.

No. 129. Missionary Hymn.

R. HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

No. 130. Shout the Tidings.

Unknown. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young;
2. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion O'er the prair - ies of the West,
3. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Ming-ling with the o - cean's roar,
4. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion O'er the is - lands of the sea,

Till the pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion Wak - en ev - 'ry heart and tongue.
Till each gath-'ring con-gre - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev - 'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum - ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth around, From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun;

Till each gath'ring crowd Shall proclaim a - loud The glo-rious work is done.

No. 131. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of

Stand Up for Jesus.

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
ar-my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

con - flict, In this His glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And,
watching un-to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev-er wanting there.

bat - tle; The next, the vic-tor's song. To him that o - ver - com - eth, A
crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal - ly!

No. 132. Latter Day.

C. C. COXE. J. ZUNDEL.

1. We are liv-ing, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on
2. Will ye play, then, will ye dal-ly, With your music and your wine? Up! it is Je-
3. Worlds are charging—heav'n beholding, Thou hast but an hour to fight; Now the blazoned

a-ges tell-ing, To be liv - ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and
hovah's ral-ly! God's own arm hath need of thime. Hark! the onset! will you fold your Faith-clad
cross unfolding, On—right onward, for the right! On! let all the soul within you For the

Magog to the fray. Hark! what soundeth? Is cre - a-tion Groaning for its lat-ter day?
arms in lazy lock? Up, oh, up, thou drowsy sol-dier! Worlds are charging to the shock!
truth's sake go abroad! Strike! let ev-'ry nerve and sin-ew Tell on ages—tell for God!

No. 133. Say, Are You Ready.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de-part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as-cend-ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief mo-ment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sin-ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead-ing high up in glo - ry, Seek-ing to save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read - y? If the Death an-gel should call;

Say, are you read-y? Oh! are you read - y? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

No. 134. Too Late.

1. Late! late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but we can enter still;
2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light;
3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? Oh, let us in, that we may kiss His feet!

No. 135. The Suffering Savior.

ISAAC WATTS. S. J. VAIL.

Too Late.

No. 136. For You I am Praying.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE. E. MAUDE CLINE.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov- ing
2. I have a Fa - ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. I have a peace—it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the

Sav - ior, tho' earth's friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it, all shin-ing in
friends of this world nev-er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its Au-thor and

CHORUS.

o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too.
heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too!
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!

For you I am pray-ing, Pray-ing for you; Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He's pleading with you.

Rit.

No. 137. Why Keep Jesus Waiting?

C. C. C. USED BY PERMISSION. C. C. CLINE.

1. Why keep Je-sus wait-ing, Wait-ing in the cold? He will bear you gen-tly,
2. Why keep Je-sus wait-ing, Wait-ing at the door? Oft He knocketh soft-ly,
3. Why keep Je-sus pleading, Plead-ing at the door? He would be your Savior,
4. Why keep Je-sus wait-ing—Knocking at the door? Soon He'll cease His pleading,

No. 138. The Wages of Sin.

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W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have labored for thee, O sin, With en - er-gy, night and day,
2. But I've giv-en my youth and strength, My tal-ents and time to thee,
3. I have slighted the voice of God, And sti-fled my concience, too;
4. I have severed the ties of earth, And ru-ined my hopes of heav'n,

Now what shall I have for my re-ward, And what is my ut - most pay?
I have bartered a-way my words of truth, And nothing remains to me.
I have done despite to the Spirit's pow'r, In striving thy work to do.
And on-ly for thee I've lived and toiled, And now, what reward is giv'n?

CHORUS.

"The wa-ges of sin is death," All that is promised, you know,—

p Ad lib. *pp Rit.*

Noth-ing but death, e - ter - nal death, Bit-ter re-morse and woe.

Why Keep Jesus Waiting?

I *Rit.* im - plore.

Gen - tly to His fold; See Him, soul, and o - pen, O-pen, I im - plore.
Soft - ly, o'er and o'er; Hear Him, soul, and o - pen, O-pen, I im - plore.
Ev - er, ev - er - more; Love Him, soul, and o - pen, O-pen, I im - plore.
Yes, for ev - er - more: Come, poor soul, o - bey Him, O-pen, I im - plore.

No. 139. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

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

QUARTET.

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

Tho' they be red

p DUET. QUARTET. *f*

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

Ritard. *p*

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

No. 140. At the Door.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

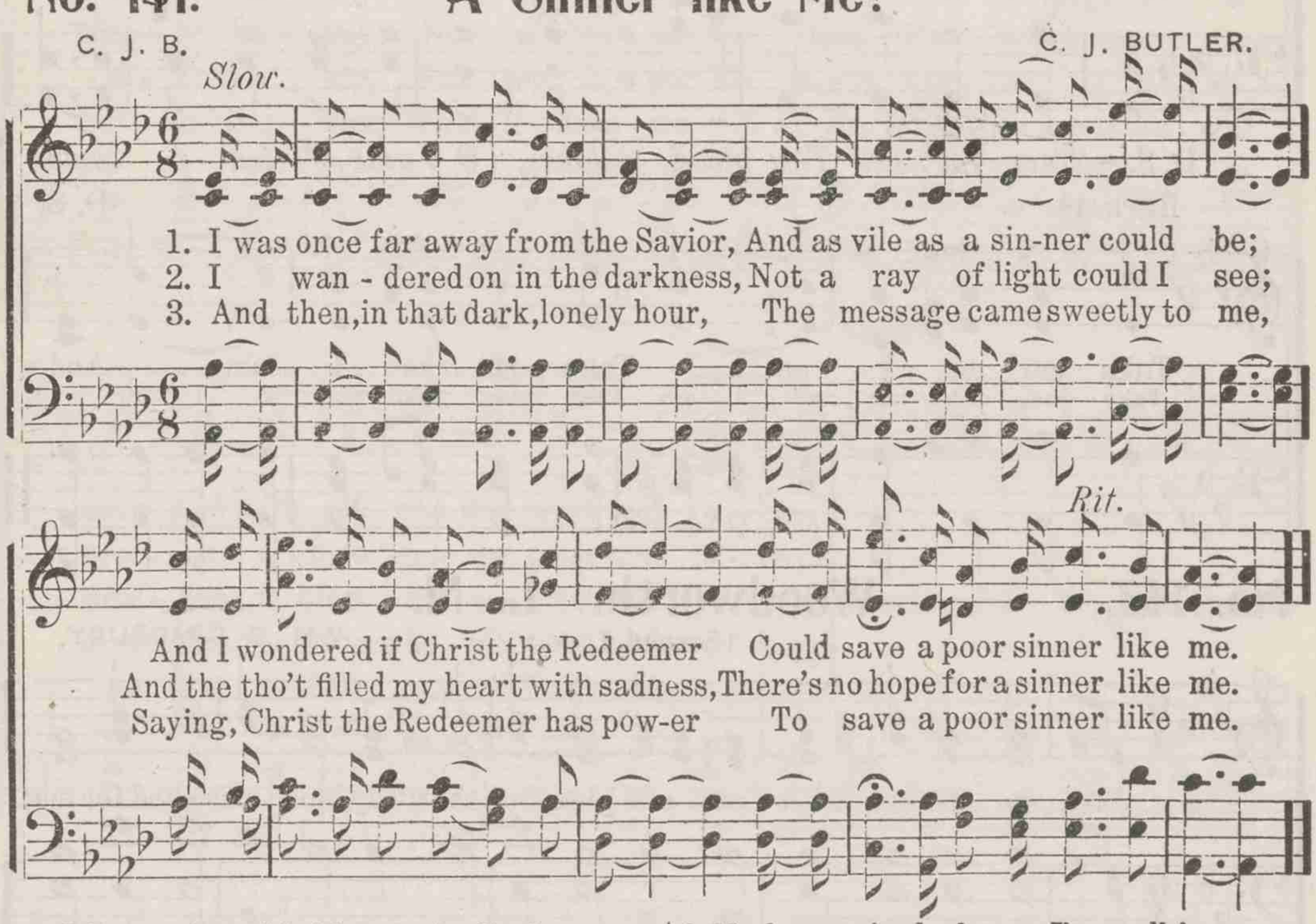
1. Who at thy door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly drawing near, Entrance within de-
2. Lone-ly without He's stay-ing: Lone-ly with-in am I; While I am still de-
3. All thro' the dark hours dreary, Knocking a-gain is He; Je-sus, art Thou not
4. Door of my heart, I has-ten! Thee will I o - pen wide; Tho' He re-buke and

At the Door.

REFRAIN.

No. 141. A Sinner like Me!

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.



4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then obeyed my dear Savior,
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

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

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

No. 142. Take Me as I Am.

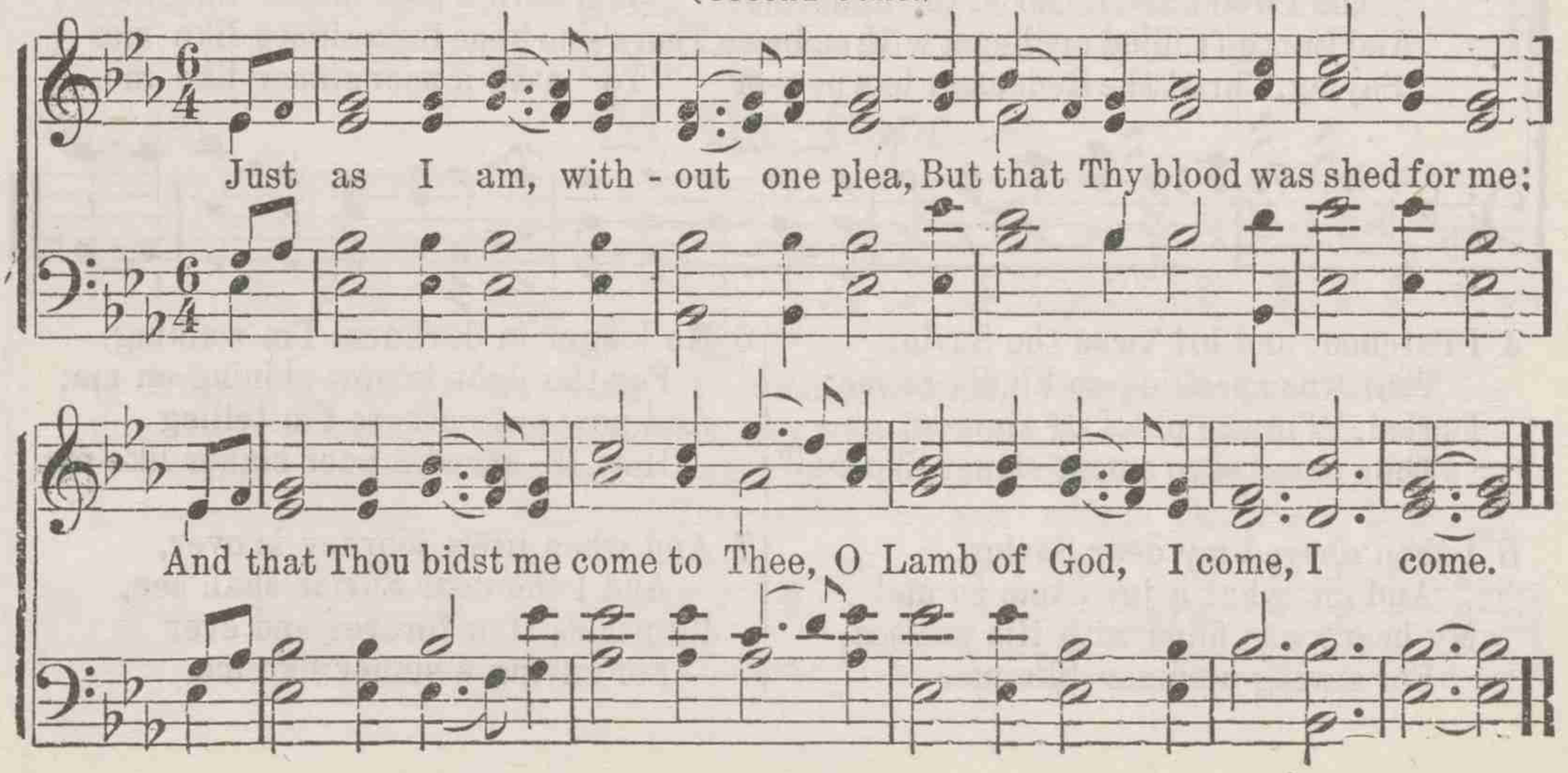
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Melody by J. H STOCKTON.
Har. by W. J. K.

No. 143. Woodworth. L. M.

(Second Tune.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 144. Trust and Obey.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY D. B. TOWNER. BY PER.

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

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides by us
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be- side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love, Un - til all on the still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His tear. Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey. go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.

Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

No. 145. Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been dark, And so lone - ly and wild; O, prod - i - gal child! Come
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the gate, While the shad - ows are piled; O, prod - i - gal child! Come
3. Come home! come home! From the sor-row and blame, From the sin and the shame, And the tempt - er that smiled, O, prod - i - gal child! Come
4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm wel-come there; Then, to friends rec - on - ciled, O, prod - i - gal child! Come

home! oh, come home! Come home, come home, Come, oh, come home.
Come home, come home, come home.

No. 146. While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER. BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
   While we are pray - ing for you, [*Omit.* . . . .] Come, sin-ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come!
   Je - sus will bear your bur-den, [*Omit.* . . . .] Come, sin-ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come!
   Come, and re-ceive the bless-ing, [*Omit.* . . . .] Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 147. Fountain.

WM. COWPER. American melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged be-
2. O Lamb of God! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed
3. Ere since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has
4. And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave, Then, in a no-bler,

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose
church of God Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more, Are
been my theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And
sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll

all their guilt-y stains; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
saved, to sin no more; Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
shall be till I die; Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
sing Thy pow'r to save; Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

While Jesus Whispers to You.

1 2

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Now is the time to know Him, [*Omit.* . . . .] Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Je-sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Je-sus can now re-deem you, [*Omit.* . . . .] Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While we are pray-ing for you, [*Omit.* . . . .] Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 148. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

watch and pray, Find in me Thine all in all."
lep - er's spot, And melt the heart of stone.
gar-ments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe, Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 149. Trusting.

WM. McDONALD. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied;

CHO.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

No. 150. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow; Plunge now in-
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be-lieve in
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in

CHORUS.

sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

Trusting.

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine—for ev - er - more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; Lord, with Thee let me a - bide.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 151. In the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE.

J. E. T. J. E. TAYLOR.

1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am count-ing all but dross, All in which I've put my trust, I have trampled in the dust.
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Thou canst make and keep me free, Here I now be-fore Thee stand, I will bow at Thy command.
3. I am trusting in Thy blood, In the pure and crimson flood, Flowing now both full and free, Shed for me, yes, e-ven me.

REFRAIN.

Coming now, com-ing now, At the blest command I bow; I am counting all but dross, Je-sus, save me in Thy cross.

Rit.

No. 152. The Cleansing Blood.

COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE.

J. E. T. J. E. TAYLOR.

1. The blood, the blood, the pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry, For sin a-tones—a crim-son flood, Can save a wretch like me.
2. Not all the beasts at al - tars slain Could wash a - way my guilt, But Je - sus' blood can cleanse its stain, For it for sin was spilt.
3. At Je - sus feet pros - trate I'll fall, For me He did a - tone; He is my God and Lord of all, I'll trust in Him a - lone.

GOSPEL INVITATION.

The Cleansing Blood.

REFRAIN.

The blood, the blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry,
The blood, the blood,

Can cleanse my soul, And wash my sins a - way.
Can cleanse my soul,

No. 153. Almost Persuaded.

BY PERMISSION OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wan - drer, come!"
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail,—"Al - most, *but lost!*"

No. 154. The Ninety and Nine.

(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY BIGLOW & MAIN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care, Shep - herd's care.

2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer; "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al- though the road be rough and steep I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."

3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost; Far out in the des - ert He heard its cry— So fee - ble and help-less, and read - y to die, So fee - ble and help-less, and read - y to die.

4. But all thro' the moun-tains, thun - der - riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne, "Re-joice! for the Lord brings back His own!" "Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

Rit.

No. 155. Seeking for Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man - ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-
4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as

sor-row and shame; Oh, it is wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it is wonderful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for

REFRAIN. For me! . . . For me! . . .

me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me!
me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!
me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me!

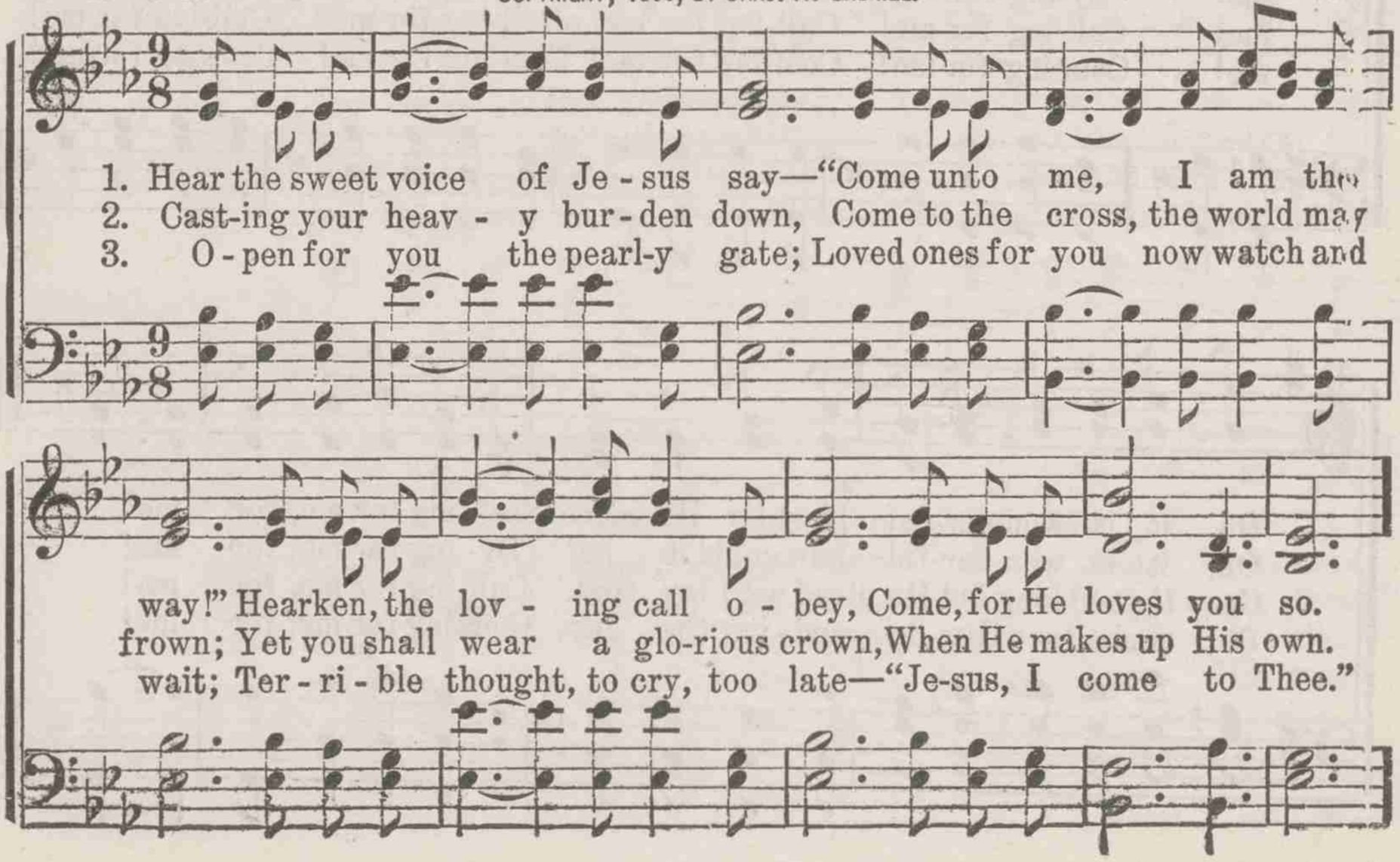
Oh, it is won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it is won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy- ing for me, for me!
Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend - ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

No. 156. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. BY PER. OF P. BILHORN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. J. H. TENNEY.

No. 157. Only a Step.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Only a Step.

CHORUS.

On-ly a step, on-ly a step, Come, for He bled for you and
died; He's the same lov-ing Sav-ior yet, Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied.

No. 158. Come to the Cross.

C. C. CLINE. Arr by C. C. CLINE.

1. Come to the cross where my Savior died, Come there by faith in His blood applied,
2. Je-sus so ten-der-ly knocks within, Je-sus so sweetly would en-ter in,
3. Come, then, to Je-sus with all your sin, Come, let the dear Master en-ter in,
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, Come, trembling soul to the Savior's feet,

CHORUS.

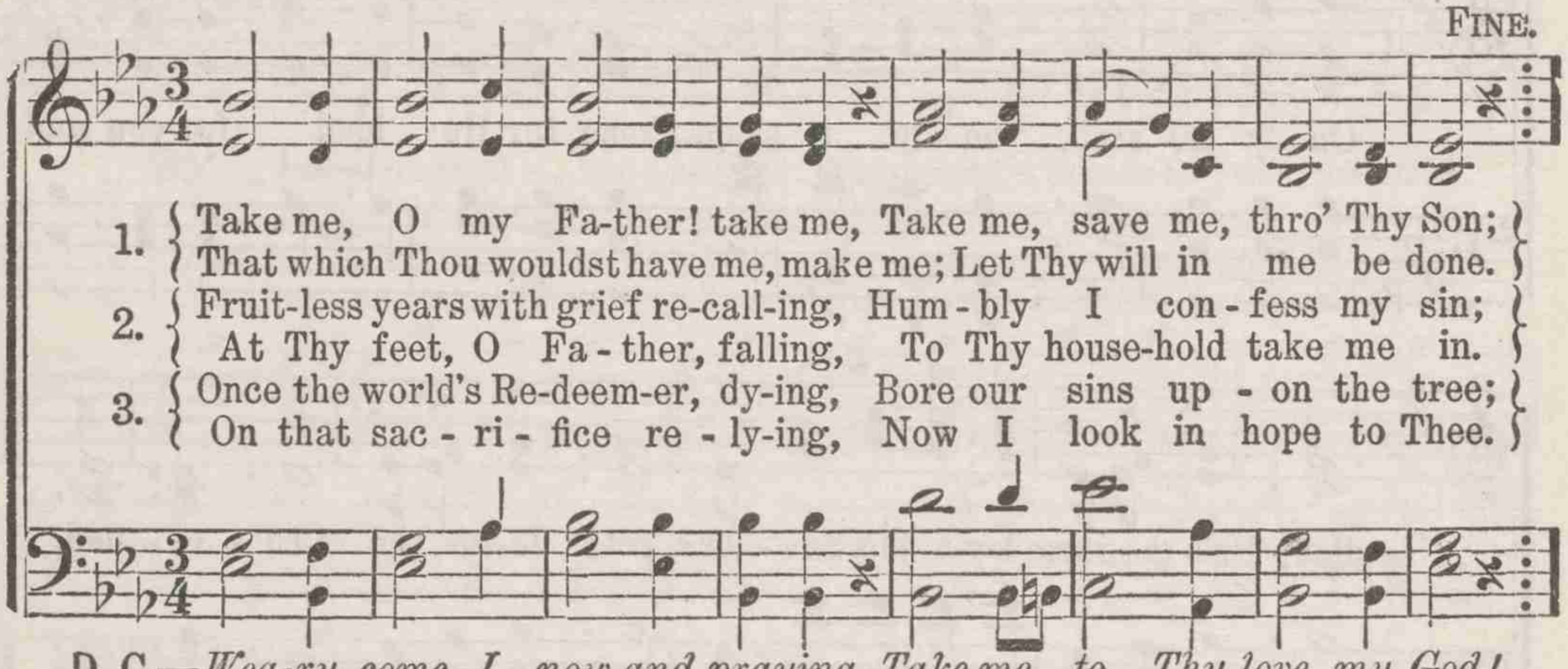
Come with your heart fully sanctified, And praise His glorious name. Praise His glor-ious name,
Jesus so wondrously saves from sin, Give glo-ry to His name. Glory to His name,
Wash in the fountain and be made clean, And glo-ry in His name. Glory in His name,
En-ter His fold, there is joy complete, And wear His glorious name. Wear His glo-rious name,

Praise His glorious name; Come with your heart ful-ly sanc-ti-fied And praise His glorious name.
Glo-ry to His name; Jesus so wondrously saves from sin, Give glory to His name.
Glo-ry in His name; Wash in the fountain and be made clean, And glo-ry in His name.
Wear His glo-rious name; Enter His fold, there is joy com-plete, And wear His glorious name.

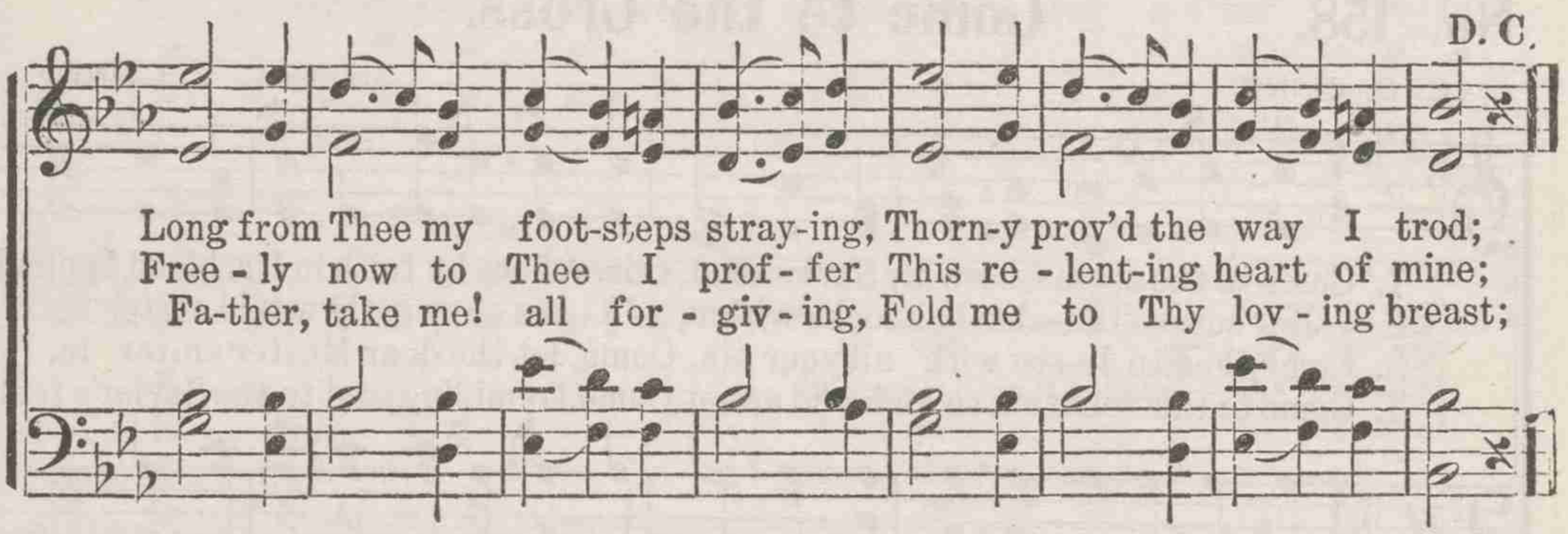
No. 159. Take Me, O My Father!

RAY PALMER. THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.



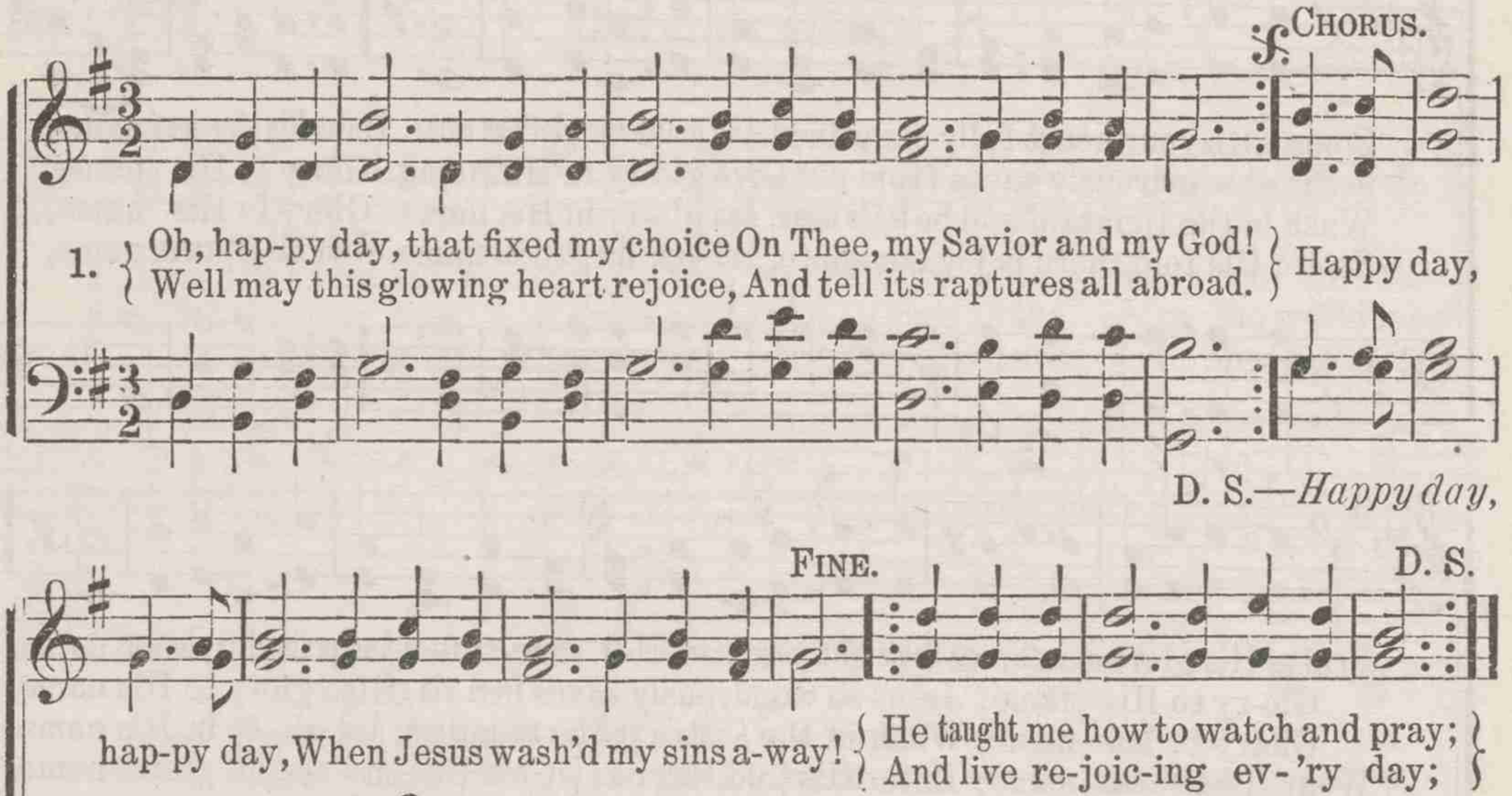
D. C.



No. 160. Oh, Happy Day.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

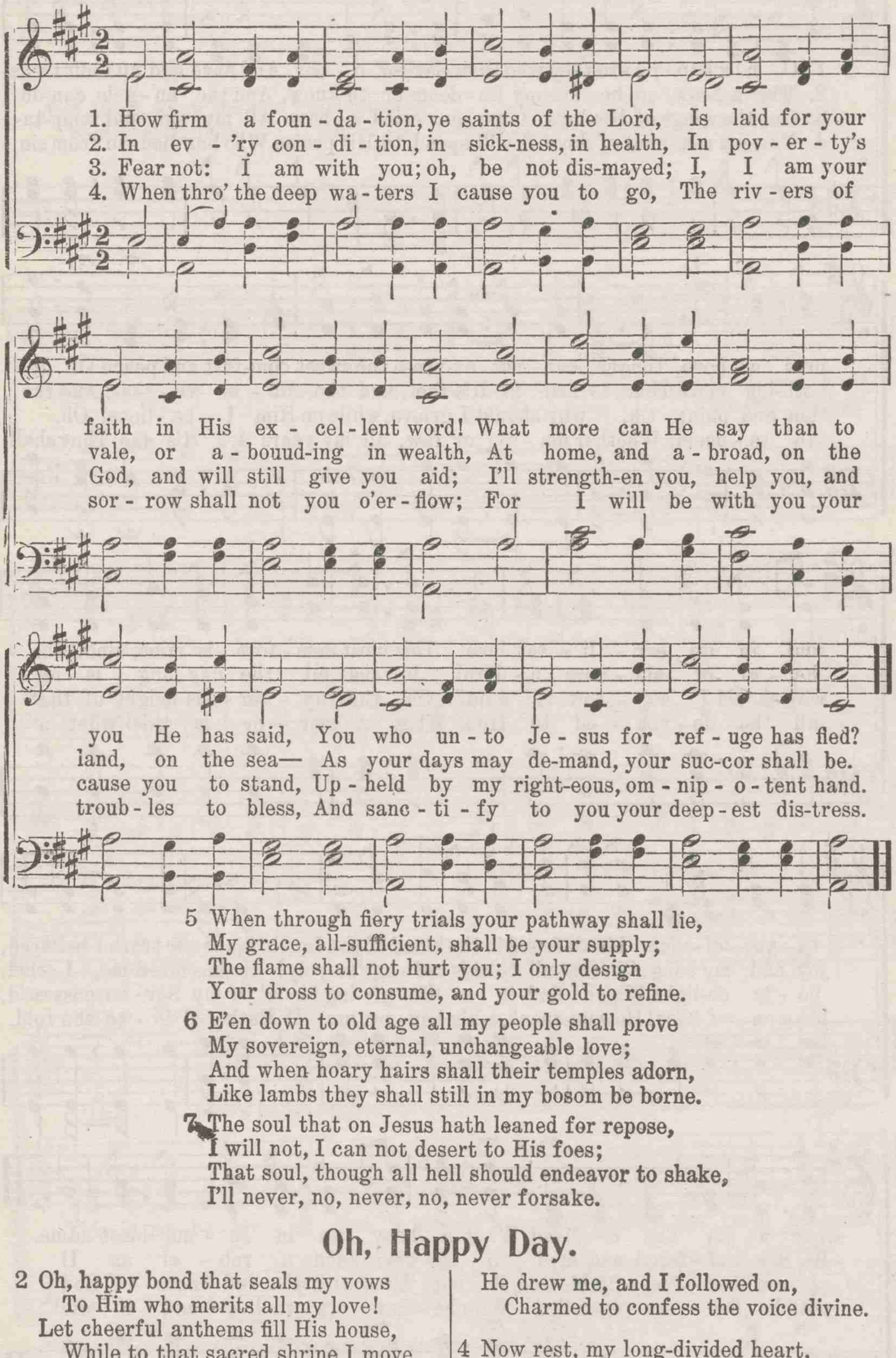
CHORUS.



FINE. D. S.

No. 161. Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Unknown.



5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

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

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

Oh, Happy Day.

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

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

No. 162. Unspeakable Joy.

CHARLES WESLEY. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE. Arr. by M. C. RAMSEY.

1. O how hap - py are they who their Sav-ior o - bey, And have laid up their treas-
2. 'Tis a heav - en be - low my Re - deem-er to know, And the an - gels can do
3. On the wings of His love I am car - ried a - bove All my sin, and temp-ta-
4. Now my rem-nant of days I will spend to His praise Who has died me from sin

ures a - bove, Tongue can - not ex-press the sweet com-fort and peace Of a
noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet, and the sto - ry re - peat, And the
tion and pain; Oh, why should I grieve, while on Him I be - lieve? Oh,
to re - deem; Whether ma - ny or few, all my years are His due; They shall

soul in its ear - li - est love. This blest com - fort is mine, since the
lov - er of sin - ners a - dore! Je - sus all the day long is my
why should I sor - row a - gain? Oh, the rap - tur - ous height of that
all be de - vot - ed to Him. What a mer - cy is this! what a

fa - vor di - vine I have found in the blood of the Lamb! Since the truth I believed,
joy and my song; Oh, that all to this ref - uge may fly! He has loved me, I cried,
ho - ly de-light, Which I find in a life - giv-ing blood! Of my Sav - ior possess'd,
heav-en of bliss! How un-speak-a-bly hap - py am I! Gathered in - to the fold,

what a joy I've re-ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' blest name.
He has suf - fered and died To re - deem such a reb - el as I!
I am per - fect - ly blessed, Be - ing filled with the full - ness of God!
with be - liev - ers en-rolled—With be - liev - ers to live and to die!

No. 163. Baptismal Service.*

Part I. The Baptism of Jesus.†

By Per. of the W. W. Whitney Co., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

Matt. 3; 16, 17.

W. A. OGDEN.

† To be sung just before the prayer preceding the baptism.

* Each part of this service may be sung as a separate Number.

Baptismal Service.

No. 164. Part II.

Our Burial with Christ.†

COPYRIGHT, MCMi, BY C. C. CLINE.

Rom. 6: 3, 4.

C. C. CLINE.

†To be sung during the baptisms. Pause only at the * to permit the baptismal ceremony.

Baptismal Service.

p Rit.

new-ness of life, We are ris - en with Him, We are ris - en with Him.

Col. 2: 12.

"Buried with Him in baptism, with Him in baptism, Wherein ye al - so are ris - en,

BASS SOLO.

p Rit.

* Col. 3: 1.

ris - en with Him, Ye are ris-en with Him, Ye are ris-en with Him. If ye then be

Repeat pp

risen with Christ, If ye then be risen with Christ, Seek those things which are above, Where Christ

Rit.

sitteth, Where Christ sitteth, on the right hand of God, on the right hand of God. A-men.

No. 165. Baptismal Service.

Part III. The Father's Love.*

I Jno. 3: 1-3.

Arr. from W. B. BRADBURY.

mp *Cres.*

Be - hold, what manner of love, Be - hold, what manner of love the

m *Cres.*

Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Be - hold, what man - ner of love the Father hath bestowed up -

Be - hold, what manner of love the

on us,

Fa-ther hath be-stowed up - on us, That we.....

we should be call - ed the

mf

should be call - ed the sons..... of God.

sons of God, that we should be call - ed the sons of God.

*To follow the baptism.

Baptismal Service.

Rit.

There-fore the world knoweth us not, be - cause it knew Him not, it

INST. *Con espressione.*

mp *Cres.*

knew Him not, it knew Him not. Be - lov-ed, now are we the

Cres. *Dim.*

sons of God, the sons of God, And it doth not yet ap - pear, what we

mp *Cres.*

shall be, But we know, that when He shall ap-pear, we know, that when

Slower.

He shall ap-pear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

No. 166. Memories Of Gethsemane.

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ROBT. MORRIS. L. L. D. E. MAUDE CLINE,

1. When the south-wind, softly blow - ing, Gent-ly sweeps the qui - et sea,
2. Here be-fel the trag-ic sto - ry, Fan-cy, paint the scene to me,
3. It is done! a con - so - la - tion Gen-tle south - wind sends to me,

1. When the south-wind, soft-ly blow - ing, Gent-ly sweeps the qui-et sea,

Then I leave my tent - ed dwell - ing, Go - ing to Geth-sem - a - ne.
Faith light up the cen-tral glo - ry, Je - sus in Geth-sem - a - ne.
Such as an - gels brought the sorrowing Je - sus in Geth-sem - a - ne.

Then I leave my tent-ed dwell-ing Go-ing to Geth - sem - a - ne.

There I bow in med - i - ta - tion, 'Neath the shade where olives grow,
In the dust Thy blood-drops moistened, 'Neath the trees that saw Thy woe,
Now I seek my tent-ed dwell - ing, Where Si - lo - am's wa-ters flow;

There I bow in med - i - ta - tion, 'Neath the shade where ol-ives grow.

Rit.

Think-ing of the "Man of Sor-rows," Kneeling here so long a - go.
Let me meet Thee, "Man of Sor-rows," Thou who knelt here long a - go.
Stay with me, O "Man of Sor-rows," Thou who prayed here long a - go.

so long a - go.

Memories Of Gethsemane.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

No. 167. Our Gethsemane.

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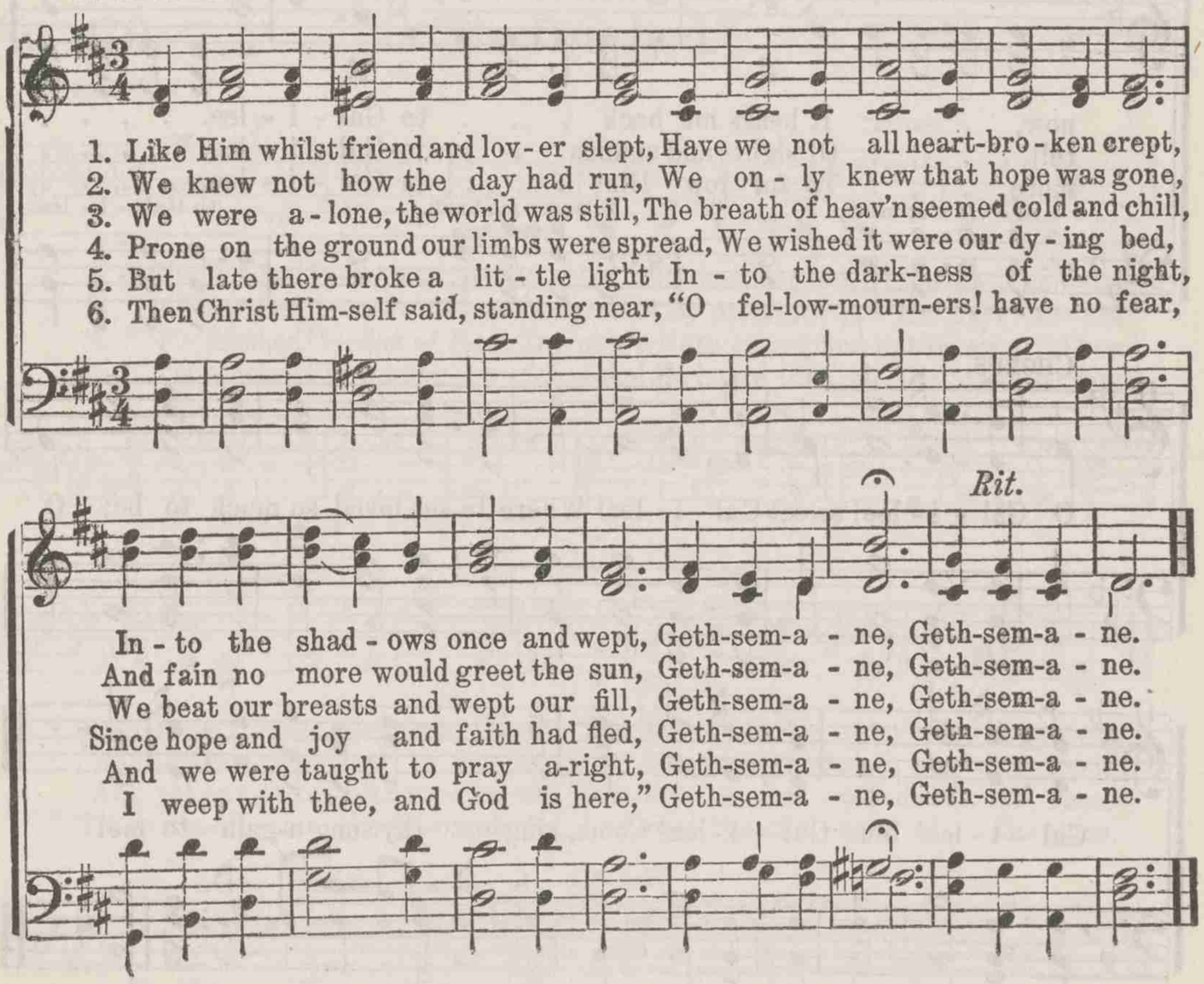
M. BETHEM EDWARDS. E. MAUDE CLINE.



No. 168. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT D. MORRIS, LL. D.

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H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . That makes the
2. Each flow-'ry glen . . . and moss-y dell, ... Where hap-py
3. And when I read . . . the thrill-ing lore, ... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough

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

That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far

now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal-i-lee. . . . .
tell . . . . Of sights aud sounds . . . in Gal-i-lee. . . . .
more . . . To fol-low Him . . . in Gal-i-lee. . . . .

di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 169. 'Tis Midnight.

W. B. TAPPAN. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - er's guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth - er - plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis-ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 170. "'Tis Finished."

S. STENNETT.

1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Sav-ior cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:
2. "'Tis finished!"—all that heav'n foretold By prophets in the days of old;
3. "'Tis finished!"—Son of God, Thy pow'r Hath triumphed in this aw - ful hour;
4. "'Tis finished!"—let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na-tions round:

"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won.
And truths are opened to our view That kings and prophets nev - er knew.
And yet our eyes with sor-row see That life to us was death to Thee.
"'Tis finished!"—let the tri-umph rise, And swell the cho - rus of the skies.

No. 171. O Wondrous Cross.

By Per. of A. F. Myers. Toledo, Ohio.

C. L. EBY. A. F. MYERS.

1. Up - on the cross . . . my Sav - ior died, . . . And for my
2. I sought at length . . . His par - don free, . . . I gained at
3. Up - on the cross . . . of Cal - va - ry . . . . His blood was
4. I'll sing His pow'r . . . while I have breath, . . I'll sing in

Rit.

sins . . . was cru - ci - fied; . . . His love so great, . . how can it
once . . . sweet lib - er - ty; . . . E'en now by faith . . I claim Him
shed, . . was shed for me; . . . Oh, pre-cious fount, . . Thy cleansing
glo - ry af - ter death; . . Redeemed, redeemed, . . I know I'm

be, . . . My Sav - ior died, . . . yes, died for me. . . . .
mine, . . I am re - deemed . . by grace di - vine. . . . .
pow'r, . . I need Thy heal - ing ev - 'ry hour. . . . .
free, . . I've peace with God . . . and lib - er - ty. . . . .

CHORUS.

O won-drous cross, . . . O Cal - va - ry, ... My long-ing

eyes, . . look up to Thee, . . O wondrous cross, . . where Je - sus

O Wondrous Cross.

No. 172. The Agony.

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VERNON—CLINE. Adapted by C. C. CLINE.

No. 173. Galvary.

COPYRIGHT 1886, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died,..... 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav - ior
3. Oh, Je - sus, Lord,..... how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav - ior died,

Lord..... was cru-ci - fied;..... 'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
bows..... His head and dies;..... The op'ning veil..... re-veals the
give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross..... and ag - o-

'Twas there my Lord was cru - ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross

me,..... And purchased there..... my par - don free.
way..... To heav-en's joys..... and end-less day.
ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry!

He bled for me, And purchased there

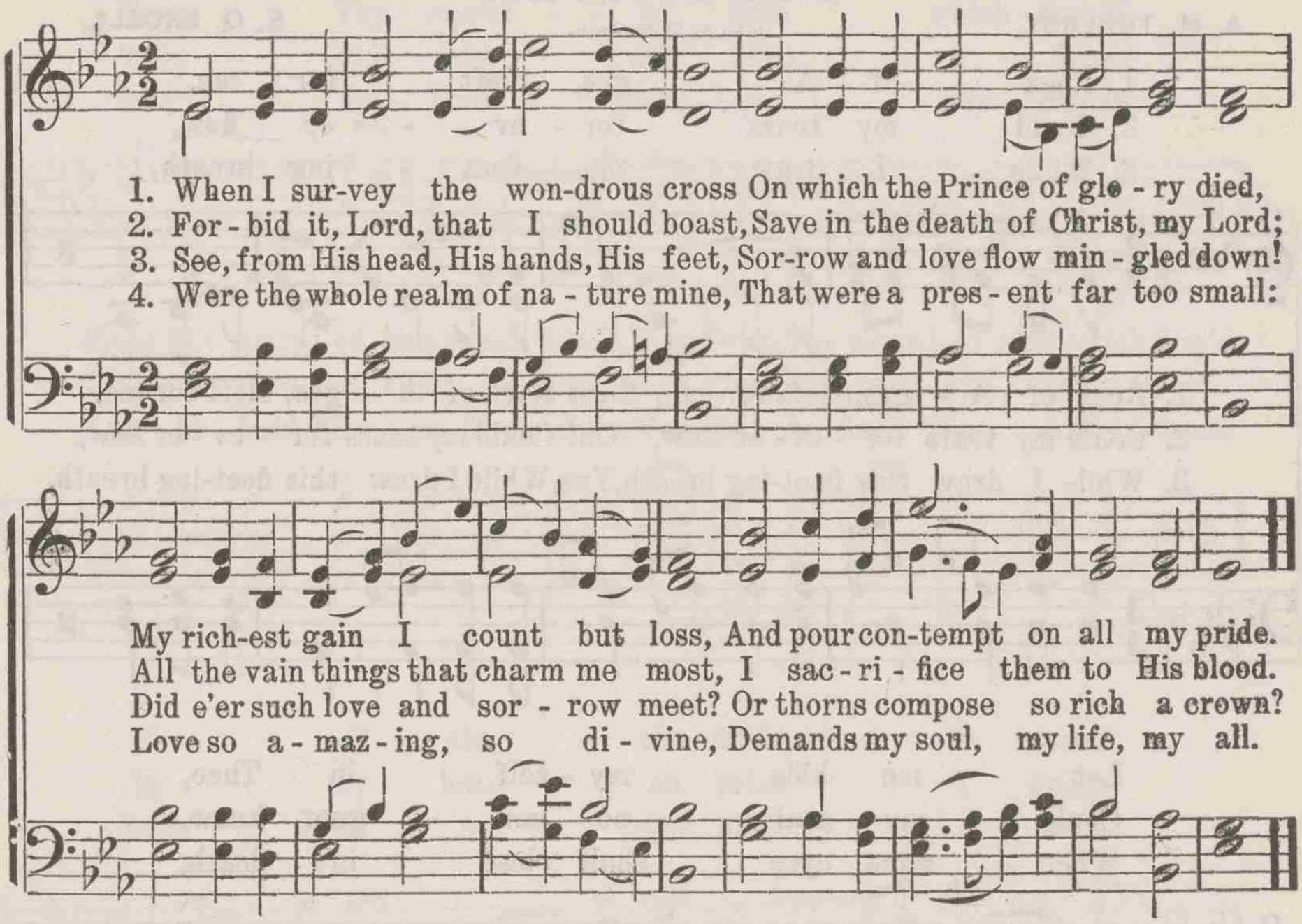
mf REFRAIN.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Je-sus shed His blood for me, for me,

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sav - ior died for me.

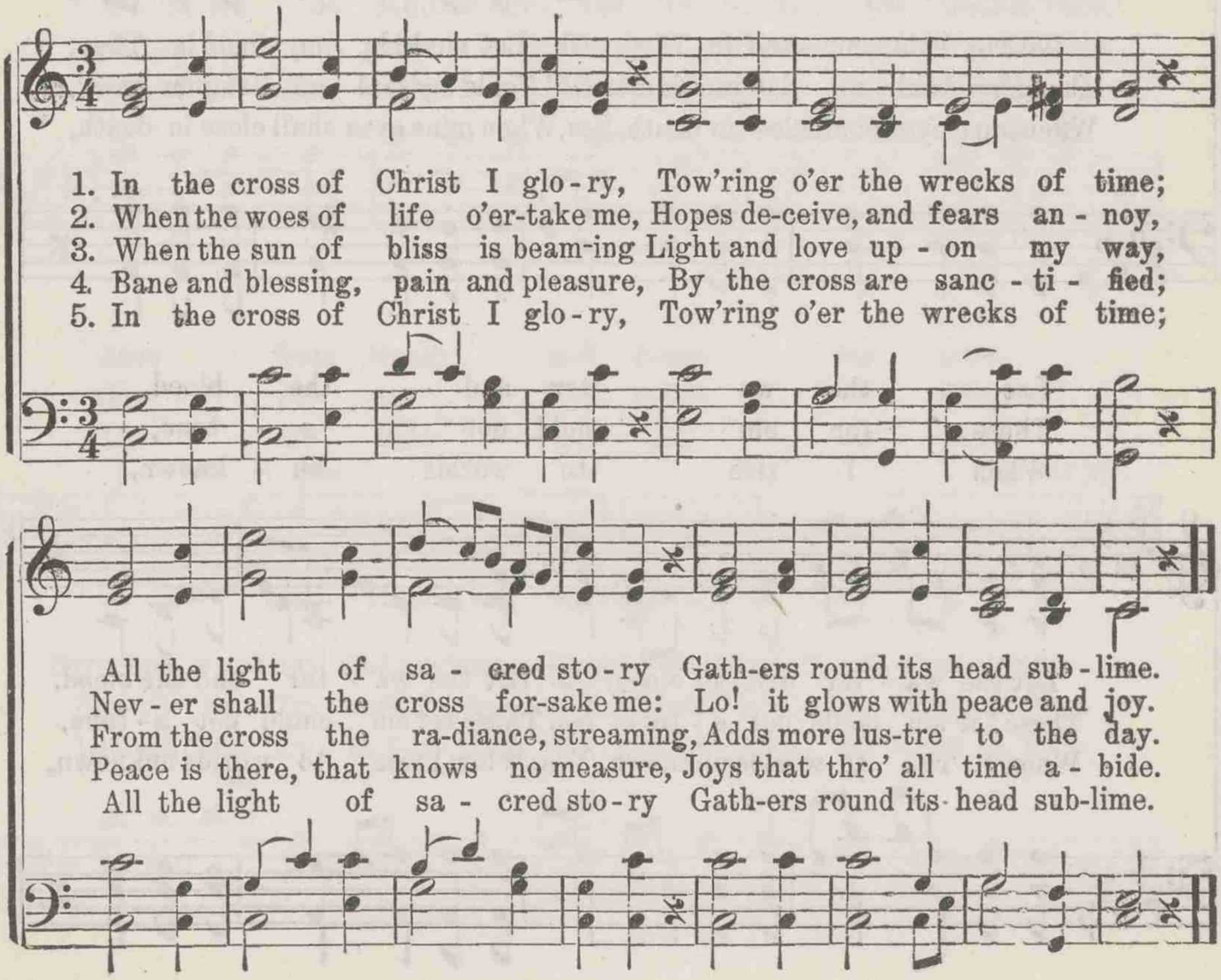
No. 174. The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



No. 175. The Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING. I. CONKEY.



No. 176. Rock of Ages.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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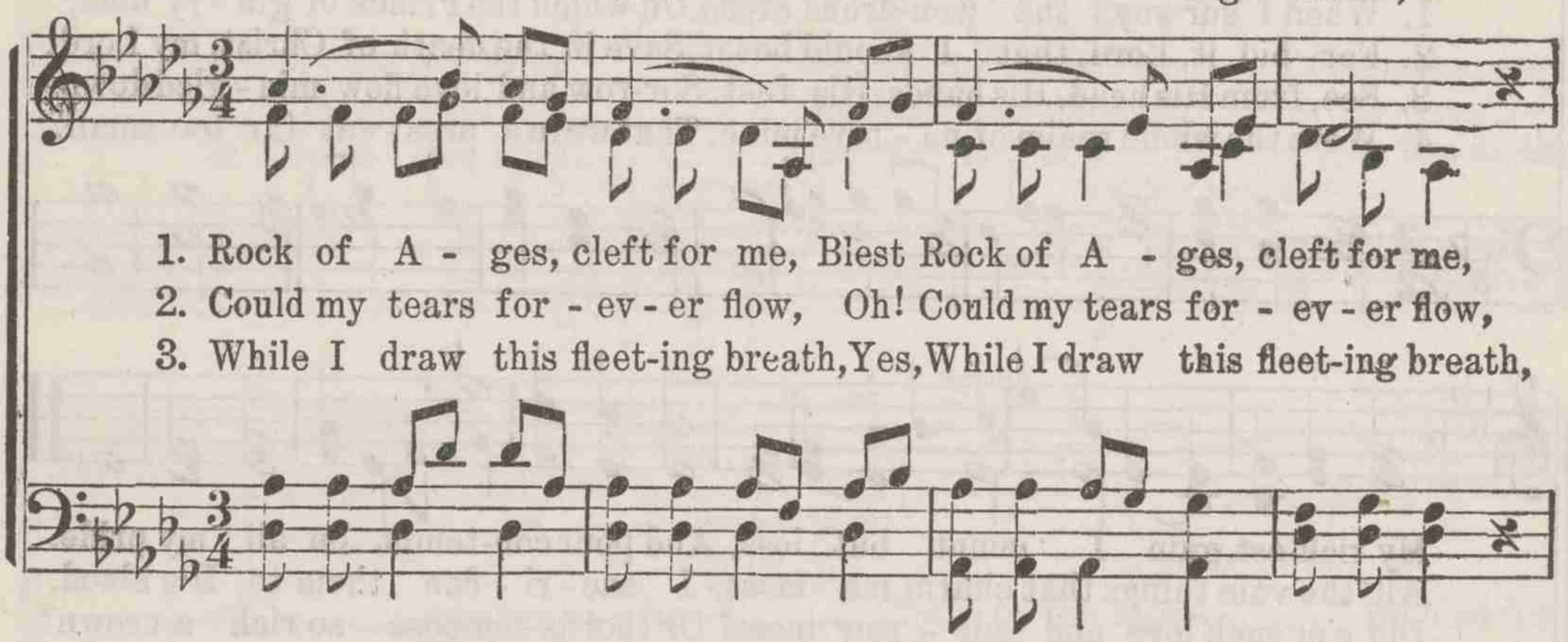
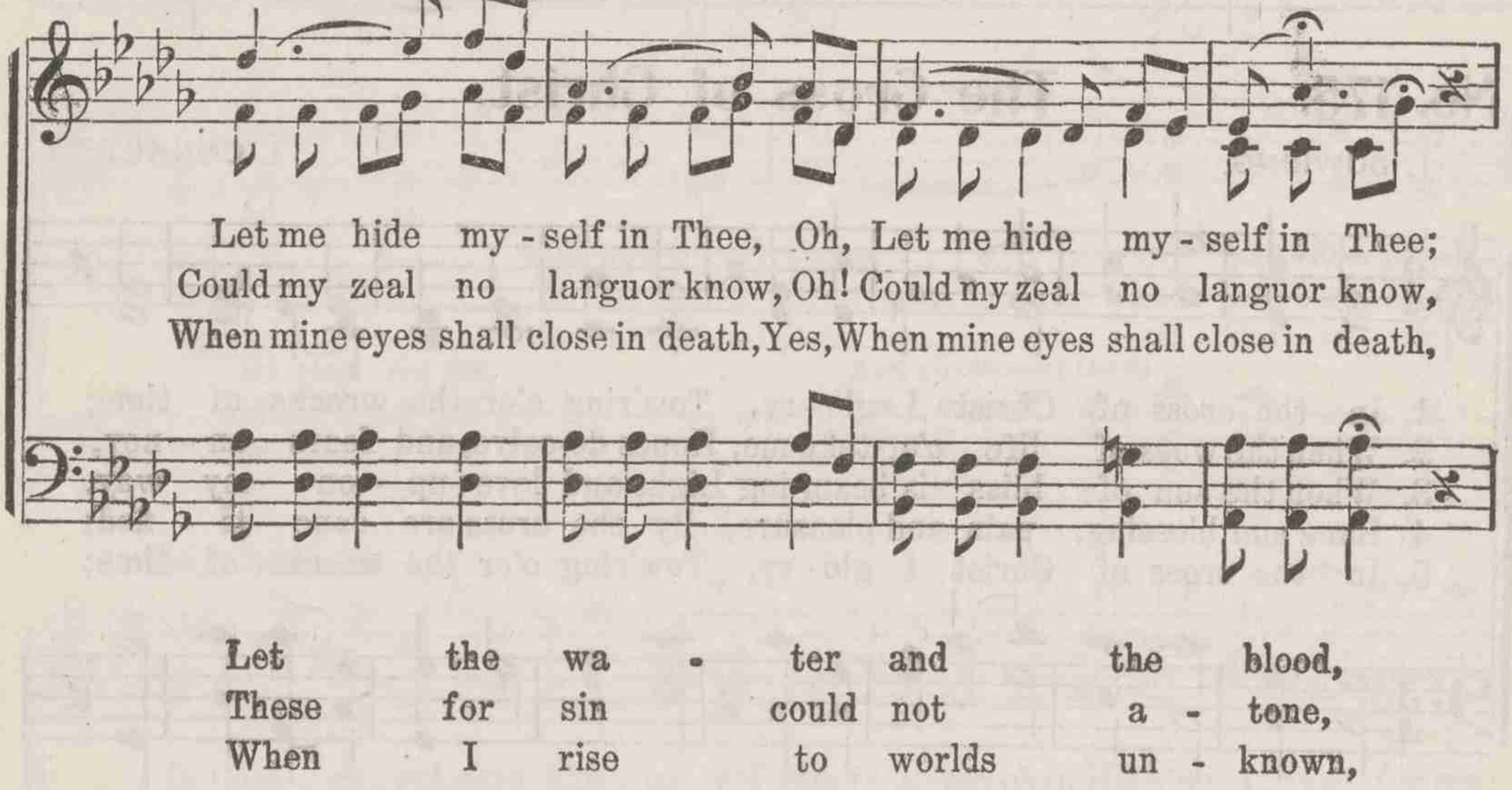
A. M. TOPLADY. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Let me hide my - self in Thee,
Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,



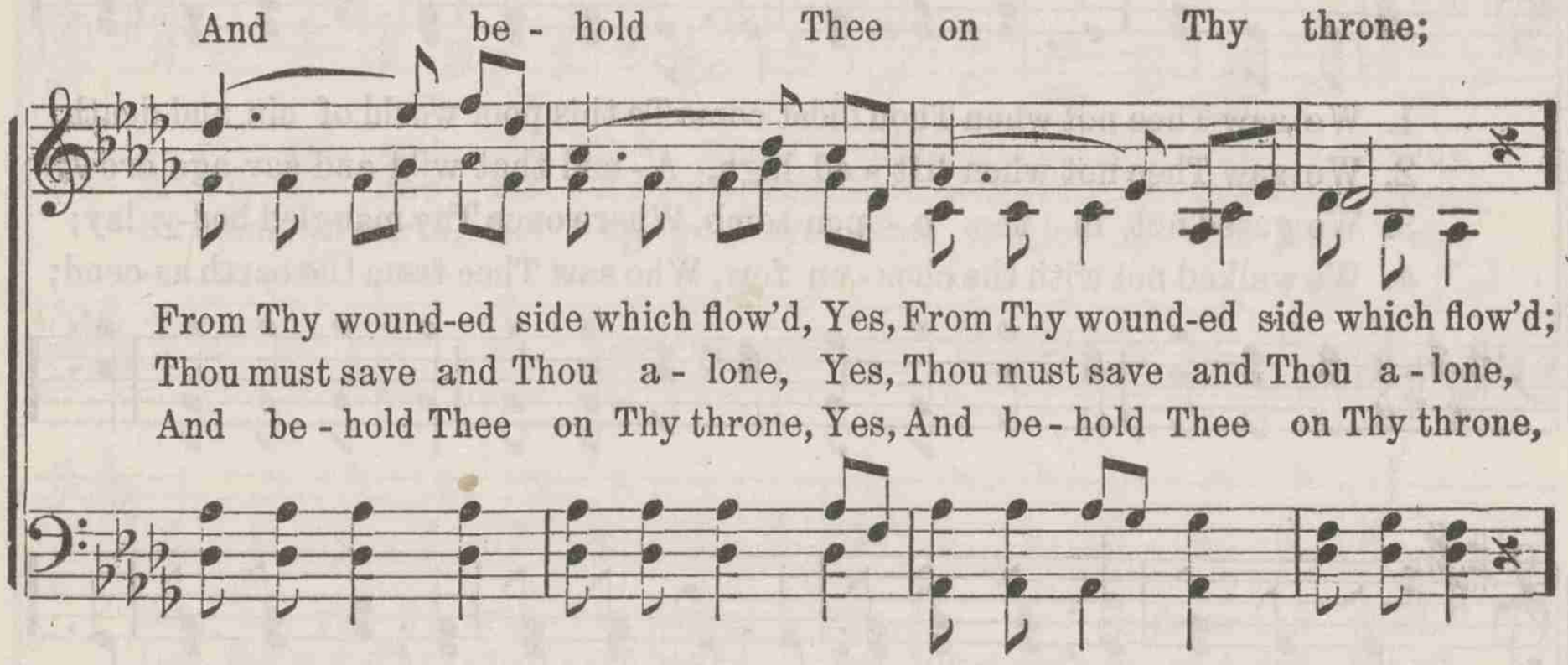
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds unknown, Yes, When I rise to worlds unknown,

Rock of Ages.

From Thy wound - - ed side which flowed,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne;



From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd, Yes, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd;
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - - - le cure,
In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,

Rit.

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Repeat pp.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim-ply to the cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 177. We Believe.

A Favorite in England. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
2. We saw Thee not when lift - ed high, A - mid that wild and sav-age crew;
3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb, Where once Thy mangled bod-y lay;
4. We walked not with the chos - en few, Who saw Thee from the earth as-cend;

Nor yet be - held Thy cot-tage home, In that de - spis - ed Naz - a - reth;
Nor heard we that im - plor-ing cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Nor saw Thee in that "up - per room," Nor met Thee on the o - pen way;
Who raised to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all pros-trate bend;

CHORUS.

But we be-lleve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God;
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
But we be-lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour-ney to the skies;

Rit.

But we be-lieve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
But we be-lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour-ney to the skies.

No. 178. The Stone Rolled Away.

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T. SCOTT. C. C. CLINE.

Maestoso.

1. An - gel, roll the rock a-way! Death, yield up thy might - y prey,
2. 'Tis the Sav - ior! An - gel, raise Shouts of ev - er - last - ing praise;
3. Saints on earth, lift up your eyes, Now to glo - ry see Him rise

See, He ris - es from the tomb, See, He ris - es from the tomb,
Let the world's re - mot - est bound, Let the world's re - mot - est bound,
In long tri-umph thro' the sky, In long tri-umph thro' the sky,

See, He ris - es from the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
Let the world's re - mot - est bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.
In long tri-umph thro' the sky, Up to wait - ing worlds on high.

CHORUS.

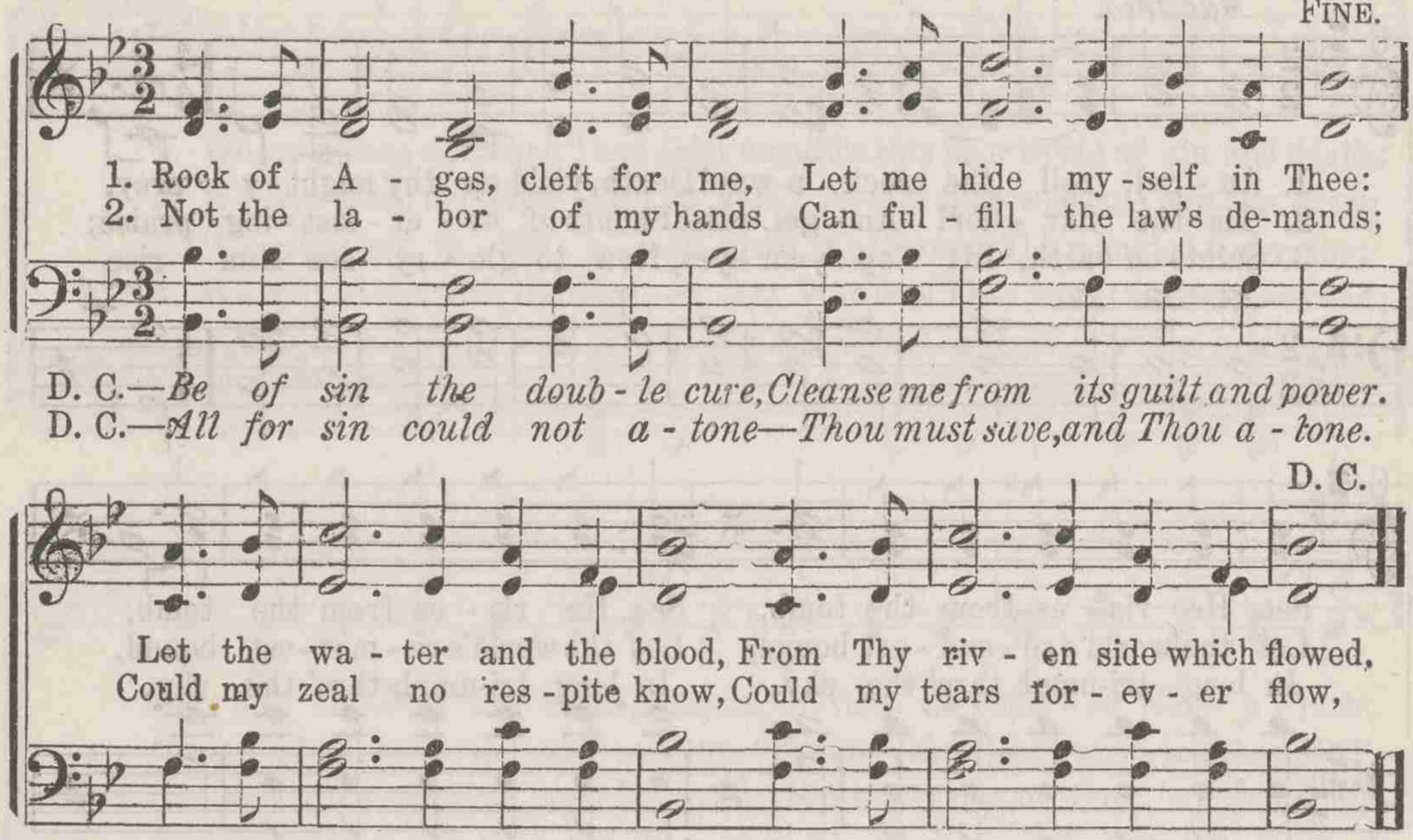
Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ, the Lord is ris'n to-day.

Rit.

Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day.

No. 179. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

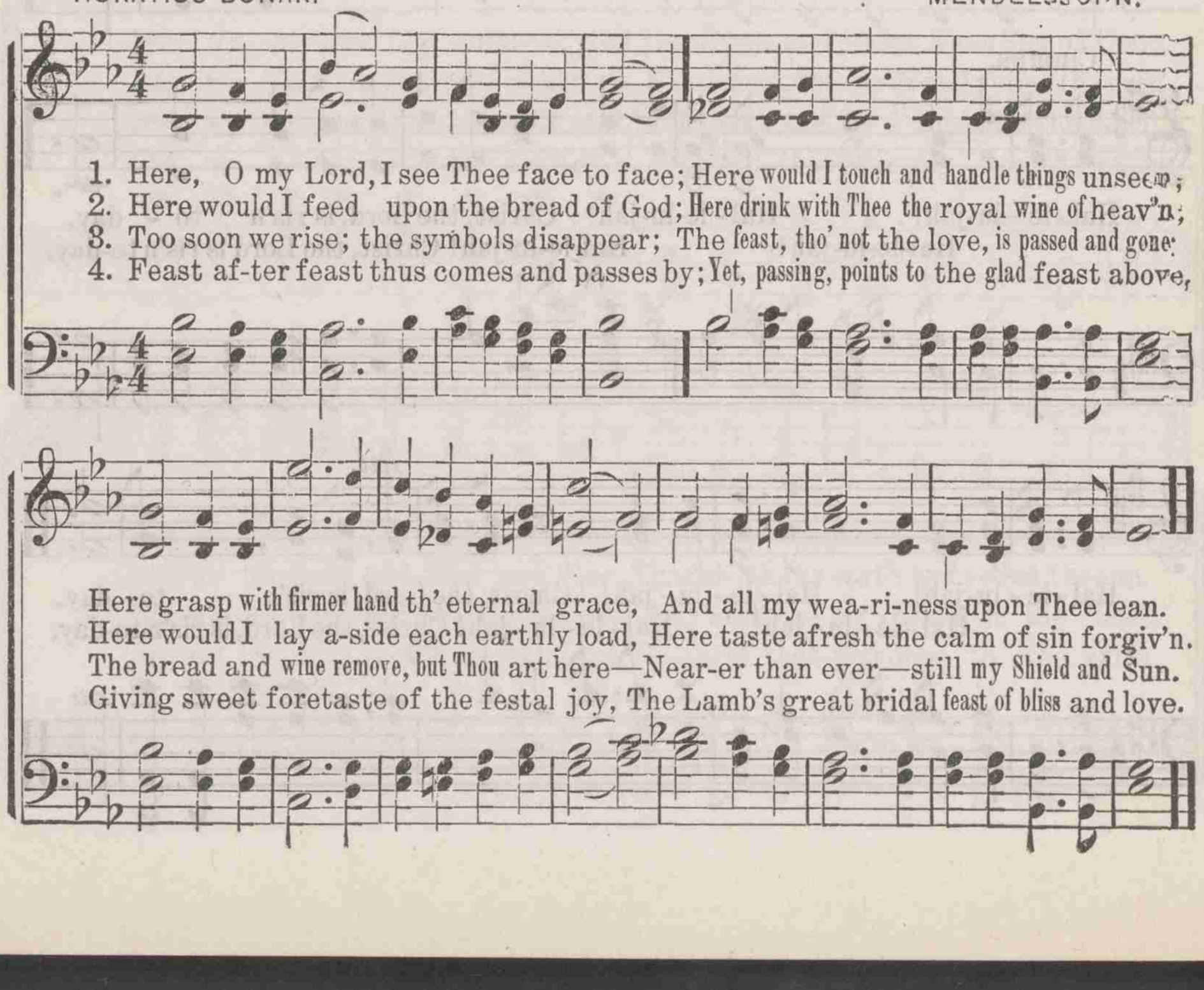


3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, come to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

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

No. 180. Raynolds.

HORATIUS BONAR. MENDELSSOHN.



COMFORT AND CONSOLATION.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." 1 THESS. 4: 18.
"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." MATT. 5: 4.

No. 181. Go, Tell It to Jesus.

From the German.

No. 182. Never Alone.

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Unknown. W. A. HEMPHILL.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll, I've felt sin's breakers dash - ing, Try-ing to conquer my soul; I've heard the voice of Je - sus, En-treat-ing me still to fight on, He promised nev-er to leave me,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-ta-tions are sharp and keen; I feel a peace in know-ing My Sav-ior stands between; He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone, He promised nev-er to leave me,
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread-ing the road of care, My Sav-ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear, My feet entangled with bri - ars, So read-y to cast me down, My Sav-ior whispered His promise,
4. He died for me on the moun-tain, For me they pierced His side, For me He opened that fountain, The crimson, cleansing tide; For me He waiteth in glo - ry, Now seat-ed up - on His throne, He promised nev-er to leave me,

REFRAIN.

Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone,

Never Alone.

No. 183. Christ the Comforter.

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META HEUSSER SCHWEIZER. E. MAUDE CLINE.

No. 184. There Is No Death.

C. C. C. QUARTET.

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C. C. CLINE.

1. There is no Death, What seems so is tran - si - tion, This life of mor - tal breath, This life of mortal breath, Is but the gloaming, is but the gloam - ing of the life e - lys - ian, Whose shadow we call Death.
2. One less at home, The charm - ed cir - cle bro - ken, A dear one gone for aye, En-tered e-ter - nal day, Cleansed and sav - ed, cleansed and sav - ed by the Sav - ior's pow - er One more re-deemed in Heav'n.
3. One less on earth To share its toil and sor - row One less its stain to wear; One less its cross to bear, One more in heav - en, free from all sigh - ing and the dread to - mor - row, One more, one more in Heav'n.

No. 185. Come And Rest.

P. H. DUNCAN.

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C. C. CLINE.

1. "Come and rest, come and rest," Jesus now calls to thee, "Rest, rest, on my breast."
2. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Comes His dear voice to Thee, Now, now, hear Him now,
3. Come to - day, come to-day, Rest in the Savior's love, Al-ways with Him stay—

Calleth He ten-der - ly, "Come, take my yoke, 'tis bondage blest, Come, heavy ladened,
Calling so lov-ing - ly. Fear not the storms of life that blow, Nor the wild waves that
Dwelling with Him in love. Wea-ry ones come without delay, Nev-er a-gain from

No. 186. I Am Only Waiting Here.

Arr. by C. C. C.

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Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, That He's pre-pared a place for me,
2. I'm trust-ing Je - sus, Lord of all, I know His blood has ransomed me;
3. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He can-not tar - ry long,

With crowns of vic - to - ry He gives, To those who would His serv-ants be.
I'm wait - ing now to hear Him call "Come home, my child, come un - to me."
To bring His ransomed chil-dren home To join the ev - er - last - ing song.

CHORUS.

Then ask me not to min - gle on A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng;
For I am on - ly wait - ing here, To hear the summons, "Child, come home."

Come And Rest.

and distressed, And I will make you free; Come, ye weary ones, Come, ye burdened ones, rest"
break and flow, Into His arms now flee, He, His loving ones, He, His trusting ones, keep.
him to stray, And His great mercy prove, Here so peacefully, here so sweetly, to rest.

No. 187. Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. G. W. MACKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev\- er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest:
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref-uge be,

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death has lost its ven-omed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.
Se-cure- ly shall my ash -es lie, And wait the sum-mons from on high.

No. 188. Holyrood.

DEAN MILLMAN. R. REDHEAD.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
2. Thou our throb-bing flesh hast worn, Thou our mor - tal grief hast borne,
3. Thou hast bowed the dy - ing head, Thou the blood of life hast shed,
4. When the heart is sad with - in With the thought of all its sin,
5. Thou the shame, the grief, hast known, Tho' the sins were not Thine own;

When we mourn the lost, and dear; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear.
Thou hast shed the hu - man tear; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear.
Thou hast filled a mor - tal bier; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear.
When the spir - it shrinks with fear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear.
Thou hast deigned their load to bear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

No. 189. The Soul's Longing.

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Miss IDA M. GRANT. C. C. CLINE.

No. 190. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWEENEY. USED BY PER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt - ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus - tre of His kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And the part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of A - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pares for me a man - sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 191. We Shall be Satisfied.

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F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When in His like-ness we ap - pear,
2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When we shall meet Him face to face,
3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When all our bur-dens are laid down,

1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When in His like-ness we ap - pear, Shall know each oth - er as we're known,
2. And sing with an - gels round the throne,
3. When we shall stand be - fore the King,

When all that's dark shall be made clear.
We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.
And there re-ceive the prom-ised crown.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied, we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is - fied; When in His likeness we ap-pear, We shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 192. Somewhere, Sometime.

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Mrs. IDA. M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sometime, I can not tell how soon, My Lord to me will say:
2. Somewhere, to me it is not known, Where that blest place may be;
3. Somewhere, sometime, the cares and woes That rise like phantoms grim,

"It is e-nough, thy task is done, Come thou from earth a-way." Some-
I shall be-hold Him on His throne, And all His beau - ty see. Some-
Shall vanish in the light that glows Be-yond earth's shadows dim. Then

time, I know not when 'twill be, But this, O Lord, I ask of Thee, May
where, but where I can not tell; Yet He who do-eth all things well, To
let no doubt or fear mo-lest, My Fa - ther knoweth what is best; E-

I, when Thou shalt call for me, Be read - y in . . . that day. . .
that fair hav'n where He doth dwell, My faithful guide . . will be. . .
nough for me that I shall rest, Somewhere, sometime . . with Him. . .

Somewhere, Sometime.

CHORUS.

Some-where, some-time, Tho' where or when I can not
Somewhere, I know not where, Sometime, some hap-py time,

tell, ... I shall in peace for-ev-er dwell,
I can not tell, for-ev-er

With Him, some-where, ... some-time. . . . .
dwell I know not where, some hap-py time.

No. 193. Riverbank.

Unknown. Unknown.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem, my hap-py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glo-rious to be-hold!
3. Thy gar-dens and thy pleasant greens My stud-y long have been;
4. If heav-en be thus glo-rious, Lord, Why should I stay from thence?
5. Reach down, reach down Thine arms of grace, And cause me to as-cend

When all my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such spark-ling gems by hu-man sight Have nev-er yet been seen.
What fol-ly 'tis that I should dread To die and go from hence!
Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths nev-er end.

No. 194. This, Too, Will Pass Away.

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L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

1. When some great sor-row, like a might-y riv - er, Flows thro' your life with peace-de-stroy-ing pow'r, And dear-est things are swept from sight for-ev - er,
2. When ceaseless toil has hushed your song of glad - ness, And you have grown al- most too tired to pray, Let this truth ban - ish from your heart its sad - ness,
3. When for-tune smiles, and full of mirth and pleas - ure The days are flit - ting by with-out a care, Lest you should rest with on - ly earth-ly treas - ure,
4. When ear-nest la - bor brings you fame and glo - ry, And all earth's no-blest ones up - on you smile, Re-mem-ber that life's long-est, grandest sto - ry

Say to your ach-ing heart each try-ing hour: This, too, this, too, will pass a - way.
And ease the bur-dens of each try-ing day: This, too, this, too, will
Let these few words their full-est im-port bear: This, too, this, too, will
Fills but a mo-ment in earth's lit-tle while: This, too, this, too, will

CHORUS.

Thank God that earth-ly things are not for - ev - er, Thank God, e - ter-nal life is free from care; That joy and peace, and gladness reigning

This, Too, Will Pass Away.

No. 195. Beautiful City

GEORGE GILL. THOS. J. COOK.

No. 196. Some Day.

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EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS.

DUET.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re-peat;
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heaven won;
3. Some day I say, content to wait The op'ning of the jas-per gate;
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,

Cres.

Its mel-o - dy and feel-ing say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
And when the long rough way is trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
Come soon or late, that day will be The dawn of end - less rest for me.
But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home some day.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o-
Some hap-py day, a day to be, My voice will learn its
dy, And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n, at Jesus' feet.
mel - o - dy,

Cres. *Ritard.*

No. 197. Sweet By and By.

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S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER.
Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

Andante.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di-ous songs of the
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib-ute of

pp

far, it a-far, For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
blest, of the blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more—Not a sigh for the
praise, grateful praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

f *p*

dwell-ing place there.
bless-ing of rest.
hal-low our days!

In the sweet by and by, by and by, by and by,

mf *f* *mf*

We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and by, by and by,

pp *p*

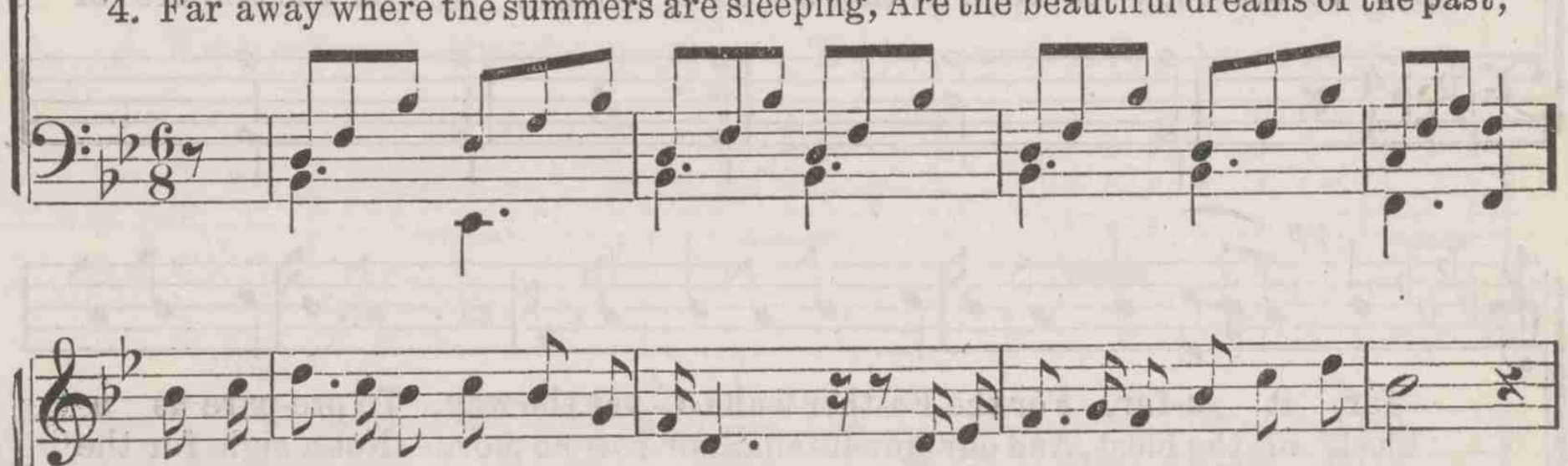
by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore.

No. 198. Flitting Away.

A. A. HOPKINS.

SOLO. *Andante con expression.*

1. I am longing, so sadly I'm longing, For the flow'rs that have blossomed and fled;
2. There are eyes that with brightness were brimming, There are lips that our own often met;
3. 'Tis the joys the most priz'd that are fleetest, And that quickest creep out from the heart;
4. Far away where the summers are sleeping, Are the beautiful dreams of the past;



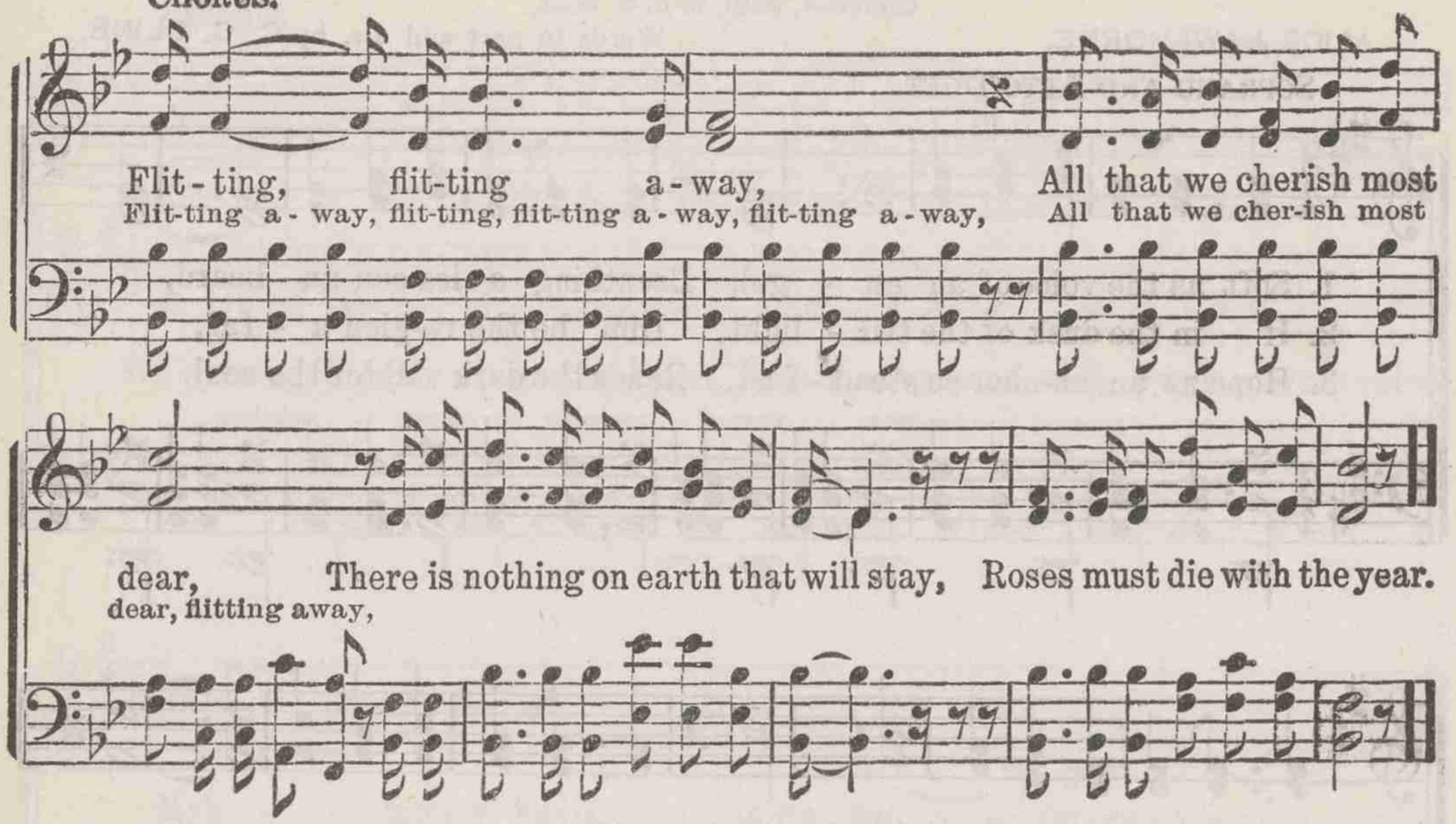
For the hopes that about me were thronging, That alas! are all wither'd and dead;
That the mold of the grave is now dimming, That in silence unbroken are set;
As perfumes that are richest and sweetest, Are the ear-li-est ones to de-part;
And our eyes are grown weary with weeping, For the pleasures we fancied might last;

Beau - ties I tho't ne'er would perish, One by one van-ished a - way,
Sad - ly we long for their greetings, Ten-der and true they had proved,
Tints that of all are the rar - est, Fade, as up - on them we gaze,
Lov - ing - ly, long-ing - ly sigh-ing, O - ver their ash - es we sit,

There is nothing on earth that we cherish, That is lovely and true that will stay.
Oh, the hearts soonest hush'd in their beatings, Are the ones most earnestly loved.
And the hours that are brightest and fairest, Soon are hid with the lost yesterdays.
While the ros-es a-round us are dy-ing, And the moments so speedily flit.

Flitting Away.

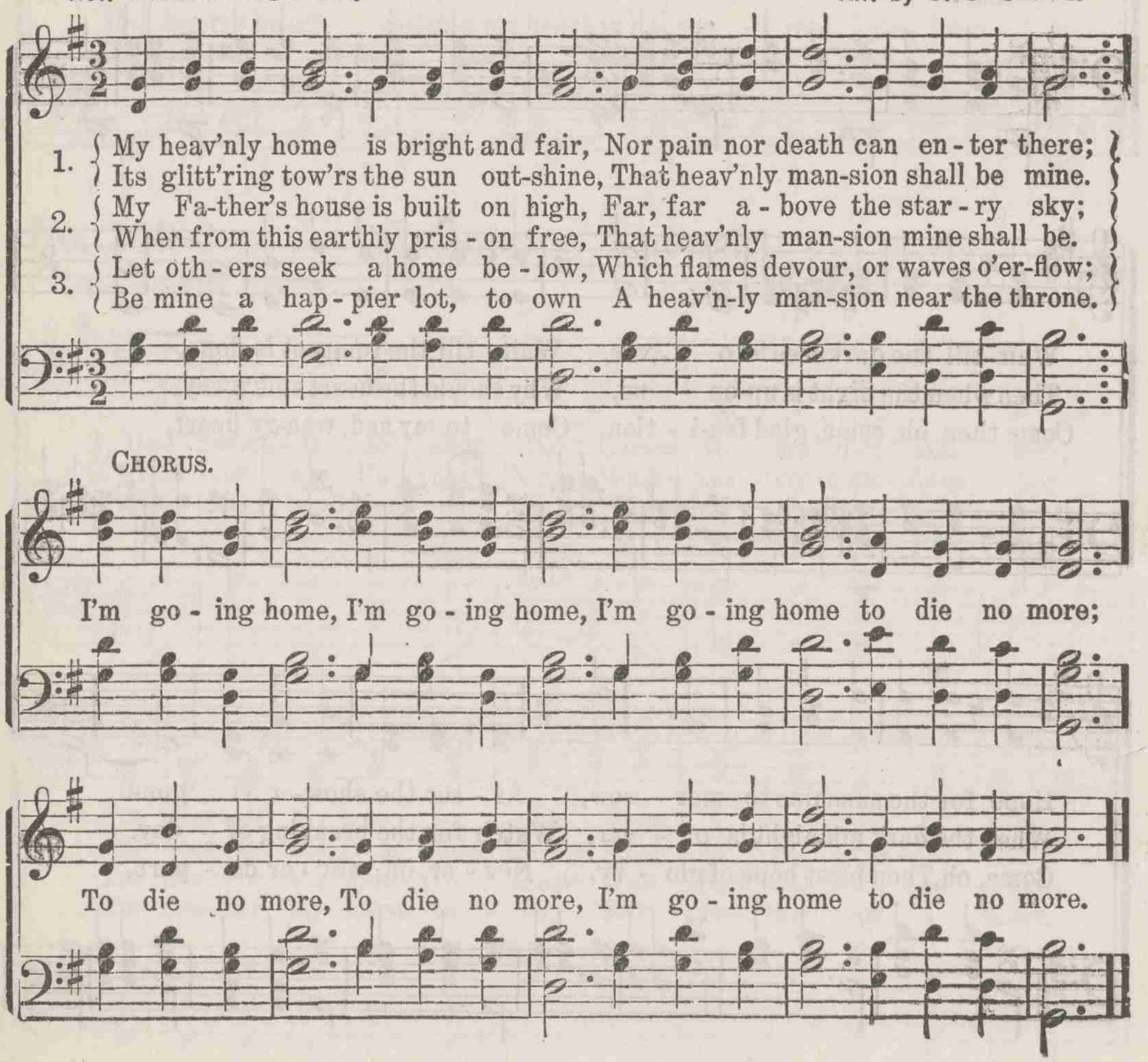
CHORUS.



No. 199. Going Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CLINE.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.



No. 200. Whispering Hope.

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ALICE HAWTHORNE. Words in part and arr. by C. C. CLINE.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.

1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breathing a les-son un - heard,
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light, Dim be the re-gion a - far,
3. Hope as an an-chor so stead - fast, Rends the dark vail for the soul,

Hope with a gen-tle per - sua - sion, Whis-pers her comforting word.
Will not the deep-en-ing dark - ness Bright-en the glimmering star?
Whith-er the Mas-ter has en - tered Rob-bing the grave of its goal.

Wait till the darkness is o - ver, Wait till the tempest is done,
Then when the night is up-on us, Why should the heart sink away,
Come then, oh, come, glad fru-i - tion, Come to my sad, wea-ry heart,

Hope for the sunshine to - mor - row, Af - ter the show-er is gone.
When the dark midnight is o - ver, Watch for the breaking of day.
Come, oh, Thou blest hope of glo - ry, Nev - er, oh, nev - er de - part.

Whispering Hope.

CHORUS.

Whis - - per-ing Hope..... Oh, how wel - come thy voice,.....

Whispering Hope, whispering Hope, Welcome thy voice, oh, how welcome thy voice,

Mak - - ing my heart..... in its sor - - row re - joice.....

Mak-ing my heart, making my heart in its sor - row re - joice.....

No. 201. A Solemn Thought.

Miss PHŒBE CARY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down;
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink;

I'm near - er my home to - day Than I have been be - fore.
I'm near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
I'm near - er the time to leave The cross, and wear the crown.
For near - er my home to - day, Per - haps than now I think.

No. 202. God Only Knows Where.

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NIXON WATERMAN. WORDS AND MUSIC. Arr by C. C. CLNIE.

1. Whith-er are go - ing with has-ten - ing feet, Forms that are pass-ing to-
2. Hands that have ear-nest-ly striv-en for bread, Hands that are soiled with dis-
3. Some to the feast where the rich-est red wine, Where rar-est jew-els will

night on the street? Fac-es all sun-ny and fac-es all sad, Hearts that are
hon-or in-stead; Hearts that are tuned to a pur-pose sub - lime, Hearts all dis-
spark-le and shine; Some in their hunger will wander a - lone, Some will not

wea-ry and hearts that are glad. Eyes that are heav-y with sor-row and
cor-dent and jan - gled with crime. Souls that are pure and as white as the
wak-en when morning shall come. Jew-eled and rag-ged, the foe and the

strife, Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and life; Pictures of pleasure and
snow, Souls that are black as the midnight of woe; Gay in their gladness or
friend, All of them has-ten-ing on to the end, Near-ing the grave with a

cross - es of care, Go-ing—all go-ing—God on - ly knows where!
drunk in dis - pair, Go-ing—all go-ing—God on - ly knows where!
curse or a pray'r, Go-ing—all go-ing—God on - ly knows where!

God Only Knows Where

CHORUS.

Some to that beau-ti-ful world of de-light, And some to the land of despair;

Rit.

Go-ing, yes sad-ly a-way from our sight, All go-ing, God on-ly knows where.

No. 203. Looking Home.

German.

1. Ah, this heart is void and chill,'Mid earth's noisy thronging; For my Fa-ther's
2. Soon the glo-rious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleasures bringing; Night will be ex-
3. With this load of sin and care, Then no long-er bend-ing, But with wait-ing

REFRAIN.

mansions still Ear-nest-ly is long-ing; Looking home! looking home! Toward the
changed for morn, Sighs give place to singing. Looking home! looking home! Toward the
an-gels there On our soul at-tend-ing: Bless-ed home! blessed home! All for

heav'nly man-sions Je-sus hath pre-pared for me In His Fa-ther's kingdom!
heav'nly man-sions Je-sus hath pre-pared for me In His Fa-ther's kingdom!
which we're sigh-ing; Soon our Lord will bid us come To our Fa-ther's kingdom!

No. 204. My Ain Countree.

Mrs MARY LEE DEMAREST. Scotch Song.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in our ain countree.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
His bluid has made me white,—His hand shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to mine ain countree.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed bonnie place,
I ainly ken its hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence in our ain countree.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Savior's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them himsel', to His ain countree.

4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again.
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bidsme still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate;
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

No. 205. Langing for Hame.

ADDA C. BORTREE. Rev. J. B. SUMNER.

1. Frae a life o - ver-shad - owed wi tri - als, That has coom frae my guid Fa-ther's hand. My sad heart is now turn - ing wi lang - ing
2. But He kens a' the sins that hae gath-ered Round my heart an my life day by day, And its on - ly His ain bound-less mer - cy
3. I'll nae grieve tho' He still keeps me bid - ing, Tho' my e' din - na see a' the way, And His wis - dom sae great He is hid - ing,

To a hame in that bright bon - nie land. Yet my life seems sae bar-
That can cleanse me an wash them a - way O He kens a' the doubts
Still I'm near - ing my hame day by day; An I mind me His love

ren and drear-'y, When I think o' the one I shall gain. An I
o' His barn - ie, Yet He bids me to trust in His name, Still I
is sae boundless, He will guide wi His hand a' His ain, An wi

Rall.

am ver - y wea - ry, sae wea - ry, That I lang to be gang - ing hame.
am ver - y wea - ry, sae wea - ry, That I lang to be gang - ing hame.
joy I may soon hear Him say - ing, Wea-ry bairn, welcome, we-lcome hame.

No. 206. Gliding Away.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are glid - ing a - way from the vale of time, We are glid - ing a - way o'er the sea, To the beau - ti - ful shore in a
2. We are glid - ing a - way to the Sum - mer land, Where our loved ones have gone on be - fore; Soon our barks will be moored on the
3. We are glid - ing a - way from the dark and cold, To the por - tals of glad-ness and light; In the home of the soul we shall

fair - er clime, Where the dwell - ers from sor - row are free.
shin - ing strand Of the beau - ti - ful ev - er - green shore.
soon be - hold Joy- ful scenes of sur - prise and de - light.

CHORUS.

Glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way, Gliding away o'er the sea, . . sea.

Glid - ing a - way, o'er the sea,

CODA after last verse. *Rit. e dim.*

Glid-ing a - way, . . . glid-ing a - way. . . .

Glid-ing a - way, glid-ing a - way, a - way, a - way

No. 207. Flitting Shadows.

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W. C. BRYANT. C. C. CLINE.

1. As shad-ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum - mer grass,
2. And while the years, an end - less host, Come press - ing swift - ly on,
3. Yet doth the star of Beth-l'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;
4. O Fa-ther! may that ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright,

Rit.

So, in Thy sight, Al-might - y One, Earth's gen - er - a - tions pass.
The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glist - en, and are gone.
And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.
And send its glo-rious beams a - far, To fill the world with light.

CHORUS.

1–2. Flit - ting, flit - ting, Flit - ing like shad-ows a - way;
3–4. Bright-er, bright - er, Bright-er the ho - ly star shines;

1–2. Flit - ting a - way, flit - ting a - way,
3–4. Bright-er it shines, bright - er it shines,

Rit.

Flit - ting, flit - ing a - way, Flit - ting like shad-ows a - way.
Bright-er, bright - er it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

Flit - ing a - way,
Bright-er it shines,

No. 208. In the Presence of the King.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. English.

Moderato.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn-ing heart grows fond - er
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las I sigh and won - der,
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing,

Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle, and the an - gel harp-ers ring;
Of look - ing to the east, to see the bless - ed day-star bring
Why clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart to a - ny earth - ly thing;
In tri-umph-ant hal - le - lu - jahs, make the vault - ed heav-ens ring?

p *Cres.*

To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anx-ious, dread to - mor - row,
Some tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloud-less, pure day break-ing;
Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for ev - er;
Where the pearl - y gates are gleam-ing, And the morn-ing star is beam - ing?

f *Rit.* *A tempo.*

To rest in light and sun-shine in the pres-ence of the King.
My heart is yearn-ing, yearn-ing for the com-ing of the King.
But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion in the pres-ence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der in the pres-ence of the King?

No. 209. Our Home Over There.

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J. E. T. J. E. TAYLOR.

1. When the Lord shall come down to His peo - ple be-low, And to heav-en shall call them to rise, He will give them a crown that will daz - zle and
2. Those who toil for the Lord 'till the set of the sun, Will re - joice in the ev - en - ing tide, For they'll rest from their toil when the day's work is
3. They will meet their dear friends who have gone on before, For their dear Lord has gone to pre- pare, A home for the soul on that bright gold - en

REFRAIN.

glow, When they go to their home in the skies.
done, And will sit by His dear bless-ed side.
shore In that cit - y so bright and so fair.

} Then re - joice, then re-joice, then re-joice, To our home o - ver there we shall go, And we'll praise our dear Lord in our home o - ver there, When our jour-ney is end - ed be - low.

No. 210. There's A Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

By per, Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.,
and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a sad day

com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
com - ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-

part - ed right and left; Are you read - y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read - y for that day to come?

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*

Are you read - y, are you read - y, Are you read-y for the

judg-ment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y For the judgment day?

No. 211. A Thousand Years.

L. H. JAMESON. HENRY C. WORK.

1. Be of good cheer, you friends of Je-sus, Never give way to doubts and fears,
2. Be of good cheer, earth's night of sorrow Shortly will close, with all its fears,
3. Be of good cheer; time's painful conflicts All will be done when Christ appears;
4. Be of good cheer; ten thousand a - ges, Perfect in bliss, and free from tears,

Cher-ish the great and pre-cious prom-ise, To reign with Christ a thousand years.
Then shall a - rise the glo-rious mor-row, The reign with Christ a thousand years!
Then will be - gin the glo-rious e - ra, The reign with Christ a thousand years!
Soon will be - gin their glo-rious cy - cle, Reign-ing with Christ a thousand years!

To reign a thou-sand years with Je - sus, Free from all tri - als, toils and tears;
To reign a thou-sand years with Je - sus, More than requites for all ours tears;
To reign a thou-sand years with Je - sus, Far from the tempter's lures and snares;
Ten thousand times ten thousand a - ges, Freedom from sin, and death, and tears;

This is the Fa-ther's pre-cious promise, To reign with Christ a thousand years!
This is the sure and gra-cious promise, To reign with Christ a thousand years!
With the redeemed of ev - 'ry na - tion, To reign with Christ a thousand years!
What an e - ter - nal weight of glo-ry Comes with that reign of a thousand years!

No. 212. We Shall See Him.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE.

1. When the march of life is o-ver, With its battles fought and won; When in vic-to-
2. When the work of life is o-ver, With its weary care and pain, We shall leave it
3. When the joys of life are o-ver, Which so quick-ly pass a-way; When the mingled

ry re-joic-ing To the Cit-y we shall come, When to us the por-tals o-pen To the
all behind us, Nev-er more to feel again; When the pearly gates we enter, In - to
cloud and sunshine Break into the perfect day; When the resurrection morning Brings us

realms of endless bliss, Then we'll hail our glorious Captain, "We shall see Him as He is."
per-fect rest and peace, Then we'll hail our Friend and Help-er, "We shall see Him as He is."
ev-er-last-ing bliss, Then we'll hail our dear Re-deem-er, "We shall see Him as He is."

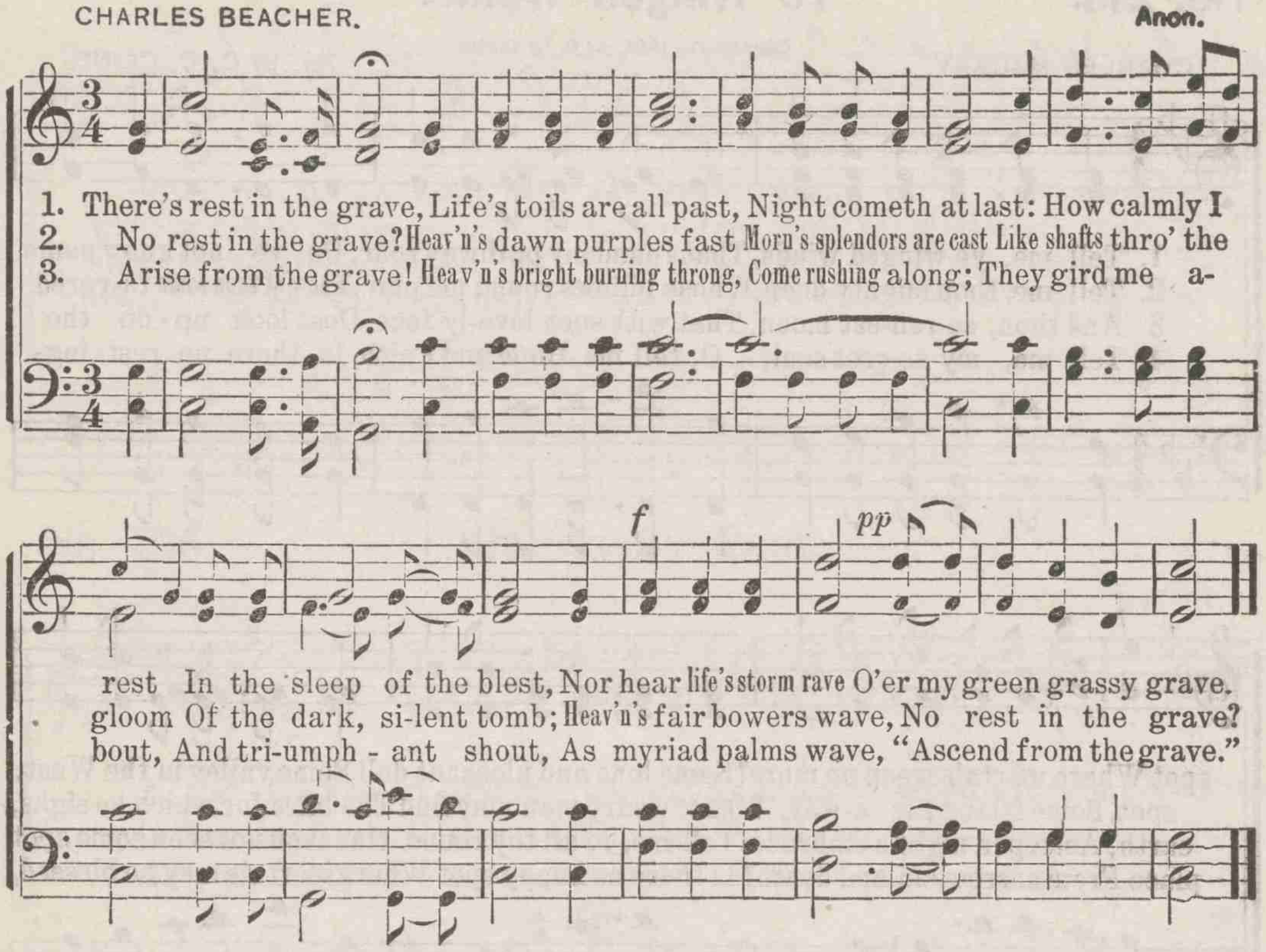
CHORUS.

We shall know our Savior there, In the realms of end-less bliss;
We shall know our Savior there, In the realms of endless bliss;

Like Him we shall ever be, "For we'll see Him as He is."
Like Him we shall ev-er be, For we'll see

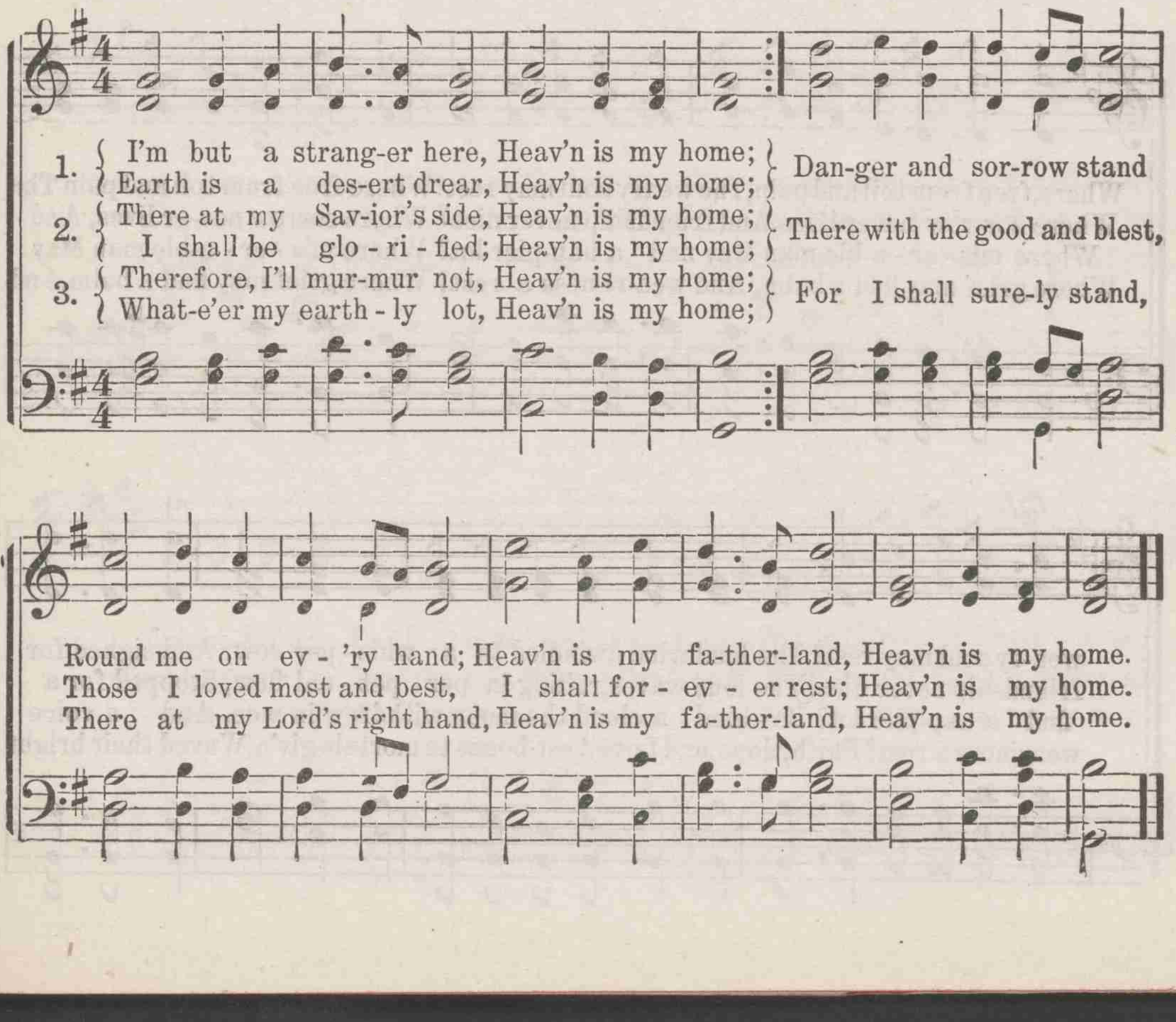
No. 213. Rest in the Grave.

CHARLES BEACHER. Anon.



No. 214. Heaven.

T. R. TAYLOR. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 215. Ye Winged Winds.

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CHARLES MACKAY. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

1. Tell me, ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do ye not know some
2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, Whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some fa-vored
3. And thou, se-ren-est moon, That with such love-ly face, Dost look up-on the
4. Tell me, my se-cret soul, O, tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no rest-ing-

spot Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the West,
spot, Some Island far a-way, Where weary man may find The bliss for which he sighs,
earth, Asleep in night's embrace; Tell me, in all thy round Has thou not seen some spot
place From sorrow, sin, and death? Is there no happy spot Where mortals may be blessed,

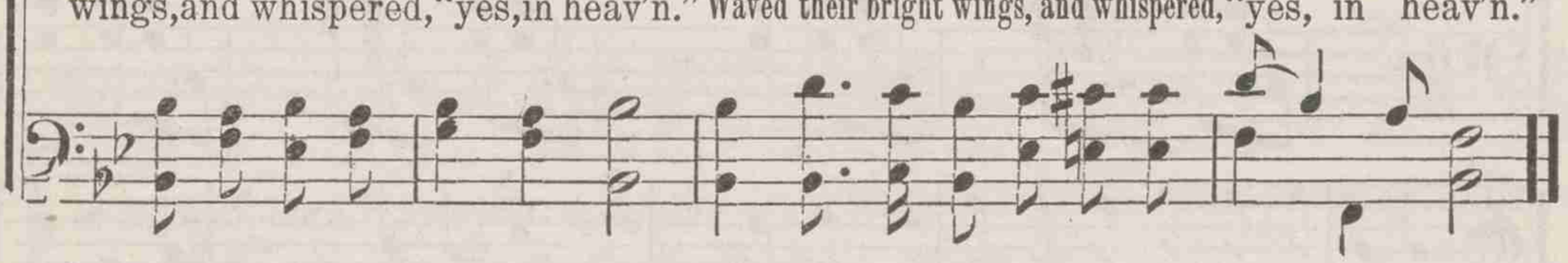
Where, free from toil and pain, The weary soul may rest? Where free from toil and pain The
Where sor-row never lives, And friendship never dies? Where sorrow nev-er lives, And
Where mis-er-a-ble man May find a hap-pier lot? Where mis-er-a-ble man May
Where grief may find a balm, And wea-ri-ness a rest? Where grief may find a balm, And

Rit.

wea-ry soul may rest? The loud wind dwindled to a whis-per low, And sighed for
friendship never dies? The loud waves, rolling in per-pet-ual flow, Stopped for a
find a hap-pier lot? Be-hind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe, And a voice
weariness a rest? Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals giv'n, Waved their bright

Ye Winged Winds.

pit - y as it answered,"No!" And sighed for pit-y as it an-swered,"No!"
while,and sighed to an - swer,"No." Stopped for a while, and sighed to an - swer, "No."
sweet but sad, re-spond - ed, "No." And a voice,sweet but sad, re - spond-ed, "No."
wings,and whispered,"yes,in heav'n." Waved their bright wings, and whispered,"yes, in heav'n."



No. 216. Heavenly Rest.

Unknown. J. M. PELTON.

1. Mor - tal, wea - ry with thy toil -ing, As thro' earth's gay scenes we rove; List! those
2. Loved ones,long lost,gone before thee To the reg-ions of the blest, Smil-ing
3. Loved ones,yes we hope to meet you Af-ter life's last work is o'er; Hope in

voic - es, gen-tly call - ing To the rest that waits a-bove; Gen-tly call - ing
now, are whisp'ring o'er thee; Soon thou'lt find thy looked-for rest: Whisp'ring o'er thee,
peace and joy to greet you,Where peace reigns for evermore; Hope to greet you,

Rit.

To the toil-ing, Faithful now,thou'lt rest above, Faithful now,thou'lt rest a-bove.
Gone be-fore thee! Bravely toil, in heav'n thou'lt rest, Bravely toil, in heav'n thou'lt rest.
Joy-ful meet you, And in heav'n, rest ev-er-more, And in heav'n. rest ev-er-more.

No. 217. I Hear Thee Speak of the Better Land.

Arr. by C. C. CLINE. COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE. C. C. CLINE.

1. I hear thee speak of the bet - ter land, Thou call'st its chil-dren a hap - py band;
2. Is it where the feath-er-y palmtrees rise, And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
3. Is it far a-way in some re-gion old? Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
4. No eye hath seen it, my gen - tle boy, No ear hath heard its sweet song of joy,

Dear moth-er, O where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Or midst the green i lands of glitt'ring seas, Where the bright forests perfume the breeze;
And the burning red rays of the rubies shine, Where the bright diamond lights up the mine;
Our dreams cannot picture a world so fair, Sor - row and death cannot enter there;

Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
And the strange bright birds on their starry wings, Bearing brilliant hues of all glorious things;
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand, Is it there, dear mother, that better land?
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom, Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb;

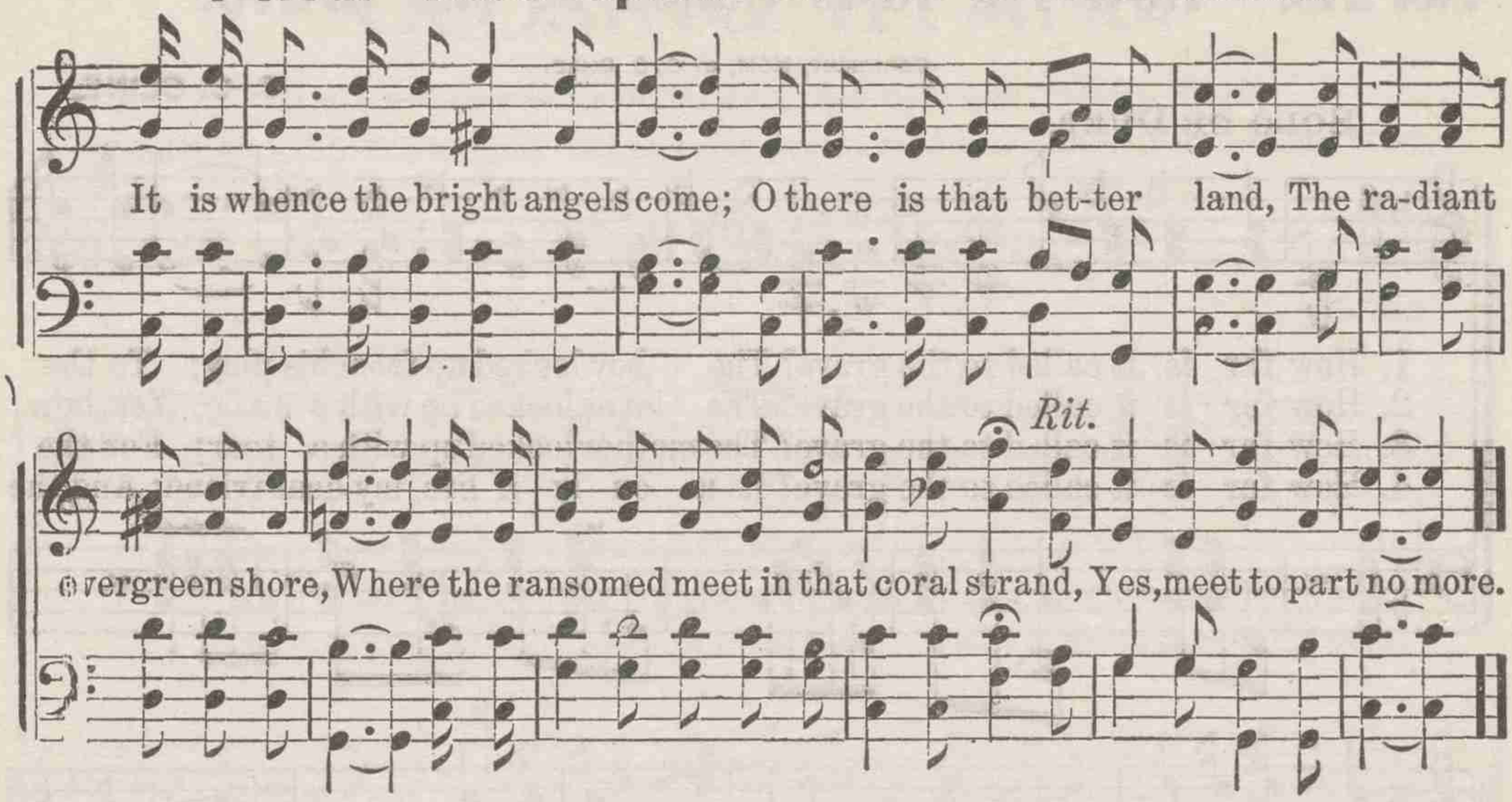
Rit. *Ans. for 1, 2 and 3 v.*

Is it there, is it there, dear mother, Is it there, is it there? Not there, not there, my child.
Is it there, is it there, dear mother, Is it there, is it there? Not there, not there, my child.
Is it there, is it there, dear mother, Is it there, is it there? Not there, not there, my child.
It is there, it is there, my dear child; It is there, it is there.

CHORUS. *Response to 3rd and 4th verse.*

It is where the Father abides, It is where the dear ones are gone, It is where the Savior resides.

I Hear Thee Speak of the Better Land.



No. 218. Home, Sweet Home.

H. R. BISHOP.

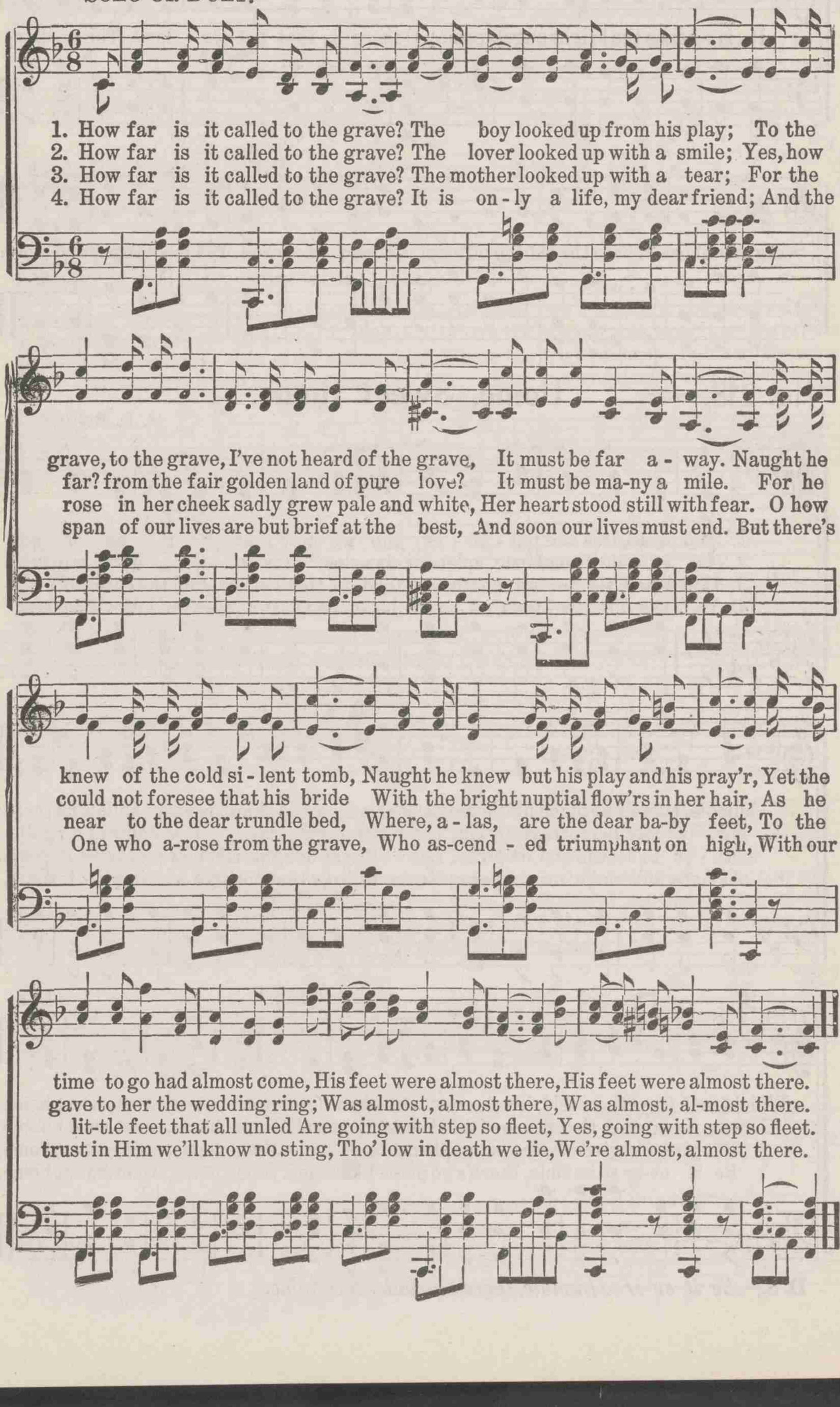
D. S.—*Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.*

No. 219. How Far is it Called to the Grave?

COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE.

C. C. CLINE.

SOLO OR DUET.



1. How far is it called to the grave? The boy looked up from his play; To the grave, to the grave, I've not heard of the grave, It must be far a - way. Naught he knew of the cold si - lent tomb, Naught he knew but his play and his pray'r, Yet the time to go had almost come, His feet were almost there, His feet were almost there.
2. How far is it called to the grave? The lover looked up with a smile; Yes, how far? from the fair golden land of pure love? It must be ma-ny a mile. For he could not foresee that his bride With the bright nuptial flow'rs in her hair, As he gave to her the wedding ring; Was almost, almost there, Was almost, al-most there.
3. How far is it called to the grave? The mother looked up with a tear; For the rose in her cheek sadly grew pale and white, Her heart stood still with fear. O how near to the dear trundle bed, Where, a - las, are the dear ba-by feet, To the lit-tle feet that all unled Are going with step so fleet, Yes, going with step so fleet.
4. How far is it called to the grave? It is on - ly a life, my dear friend; And the span of our lives are but brief at the best, And soon our lives must end. But there's One who a-rose from the grave, Who as-cend - ed triumphant on high, With our trust in Him we'll know no sting, Tho' low in death we lie, We're almost, almost there.

CLOSING HYMNS.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out."—Matt. 26: 30.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 14.

No, 220. We'll Meet Again.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

1. "We'll meet a-gain"—how sweet the word! How sooth-ing is its sound!
2. "We'll meet a-gain," the true heart speaks, When dearest ones de - part;
3. In heav'n's se-rene and end-less rest, Se-cure from care and pain,

Like strains of far - off mu-sic heard On some en-chant-ed ground.
And in the pleas-ing prospect seeks Balm for the bleeding heart.
There, in the man-sions of the blest, We'll sure - ly meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

We'll meet a - gain, We'll meet on "the ev - er - green
We'll meet a - gain, we'll meet a - gain.

shore," We'll meet a - gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
we'll meet, We'll meet a - gain,

No. 221. Shall We Meet.

By Permission.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN

1. Shall we meet in the land of the blest? Shall we dwell with the Fa-
2. Shall we join in the song of the Lamb, When we meet on that beau-
3. Shall we meet with the friends gone be - fore, Who have fol-lowed their Sav-

ther on high? Shall we meet with the ran-somed of earth now at rest,
ti - ful shore? Shall our hearts touch the chord, and our hands wave the palm,
ior be - low? In the man-sions of rest shall we dwell ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

Now at rest in the sweet by and by?
To the praise of the Lord ev - er-more?
When from earth and its cares we shall go?

Shall we meet by and by?

Shall we meet
by and by?

Shall we meet by and by? Shall we dwell with the Fa-

by and by?
Shall we meet by and by, by and by?

ther on high? Shall we meet by and by?

by and by?
Shall we meet by and by, by and by?

No. 222. God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we
hide you; Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we
found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we
o'er you; Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

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

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . .
till we meet; Till we meet,

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet a - gain,

No. 223. Father in Heaven.

S. J. HALE. MARCOS PORTUGAL.

1. Our Fa-ther in heav-en, we hal-low Thy name! May Thy king-dom ho - ly on
2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know That hum-ble com-pas-sion that

earth be the same! Oh, give to us dai - ly our portion of bread; It is from Thy
pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin, And Thine be the

boun - ty that all must be fed, It is from Thy boun-ty that all must be fed.
glo - ry for-ev - er, A - men, And Thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er, A-men.

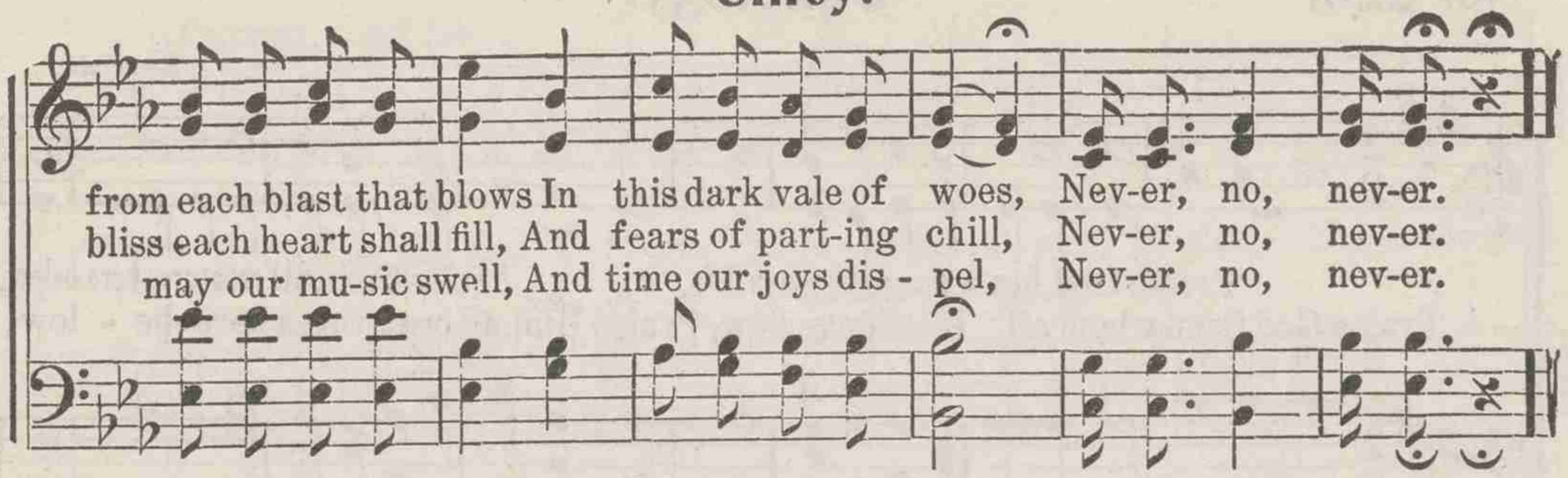
No. 224. Unity.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When shall peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav - ior; May we all

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe
friend-ship glow, Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er; Where kin-dred spir - its dwell, There

Unity.

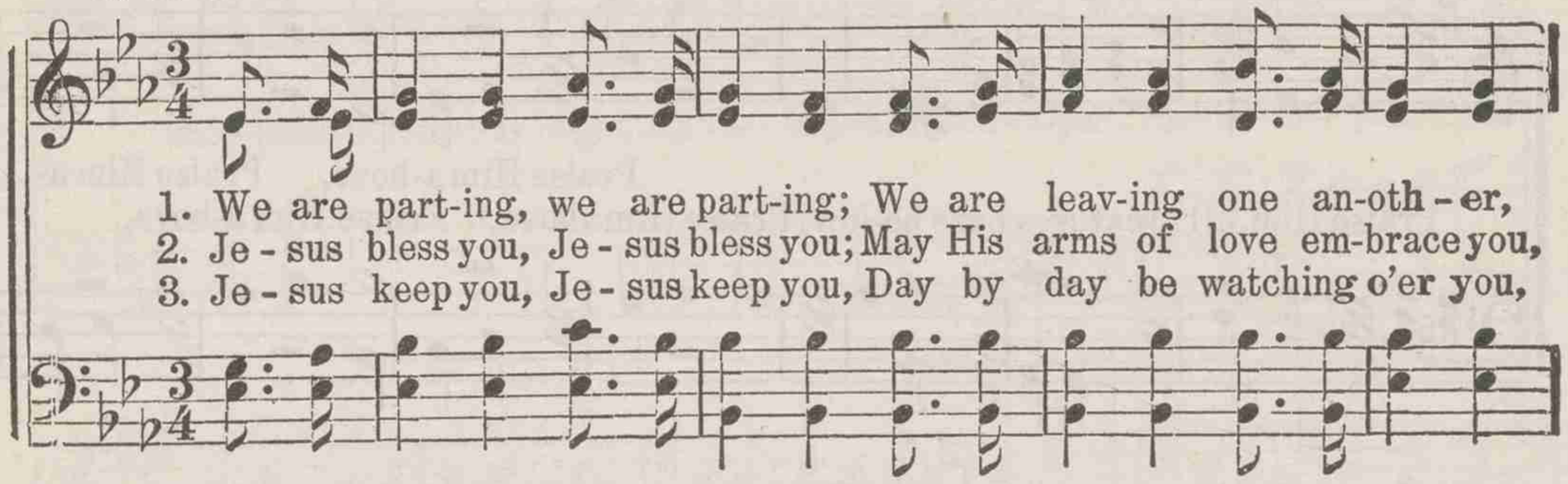


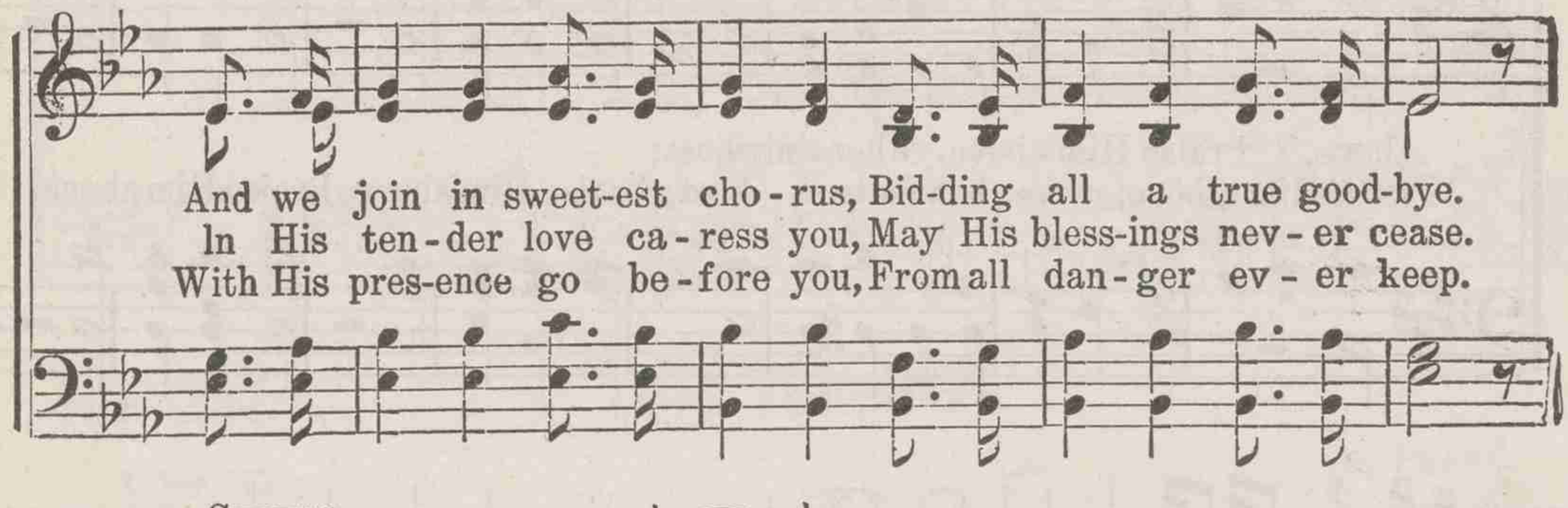
No. 225. Closing Hymn for Sunday School.

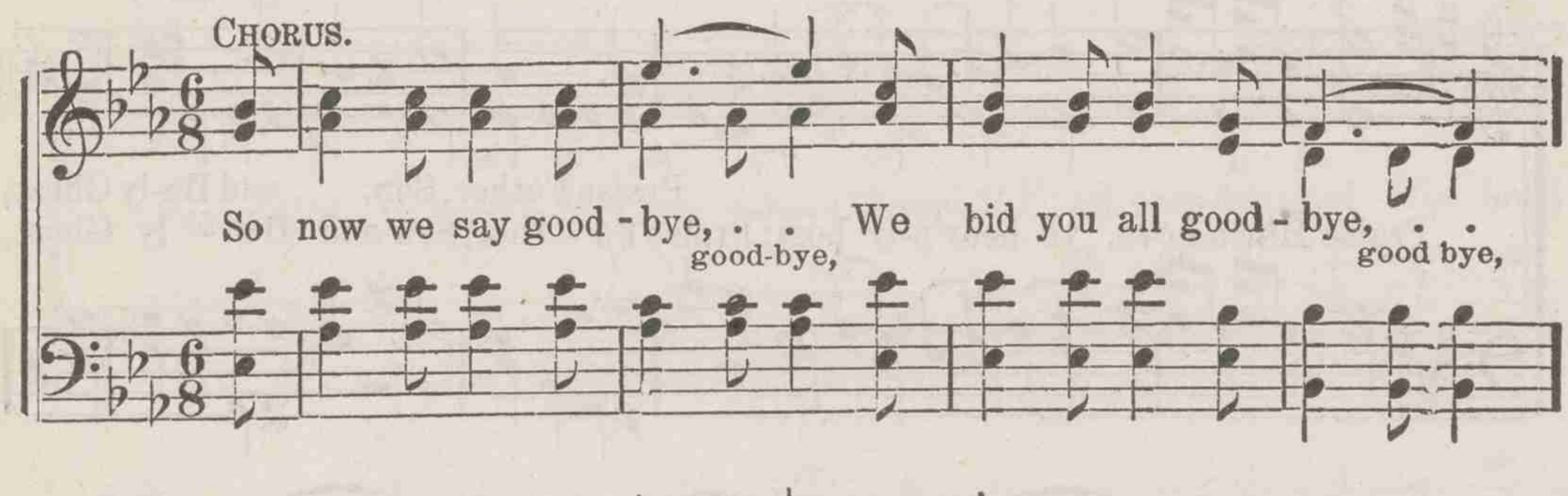
COPYRIGHT. 1894, BY DAVID C. COOK.

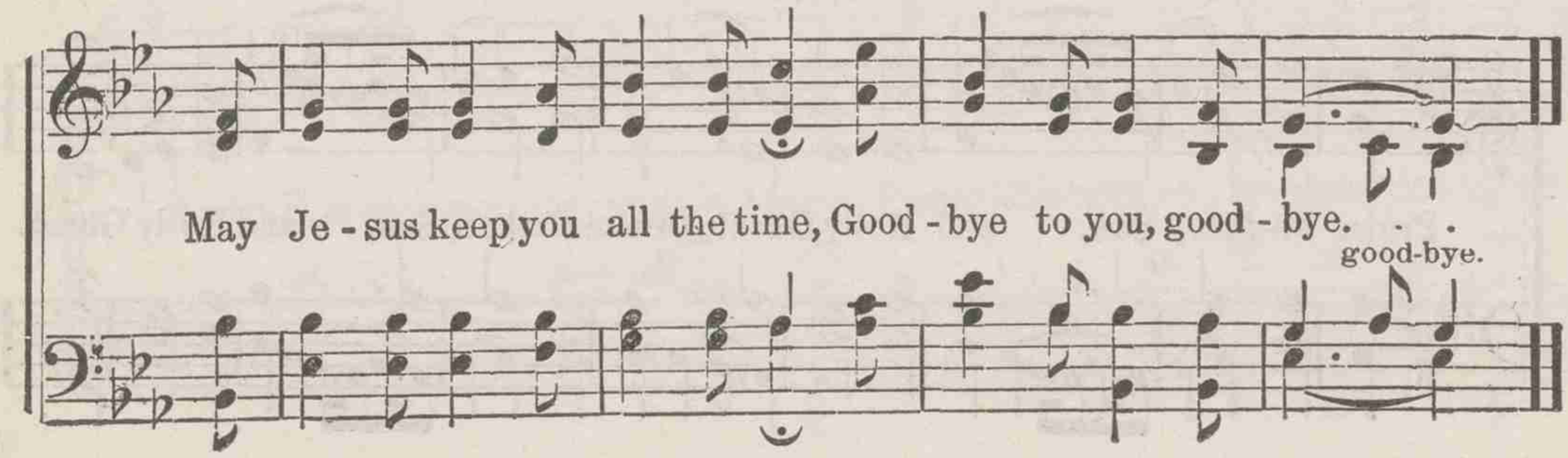
DAVID C. COOK.
Harmony by T. M. T.

D. C. C.









No. 226. Doxology.

English.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a-bove, Praise Him a-
Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise Him above, Praise Him a-bove,

bove, Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Him above, Praise Him above,

Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost,

Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Doxology.

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A-men, A-men,—Hal-le - lu-jah,

Hal-le - lu-jah,

DUET.

TUTTI.

Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,Hal-le - lu-jah,Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le-

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah,A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah,A-men.

No. 227. Old Hundred.

I. WATTS.

G. FRANC.

Praise God, ye heav'n-ly hosts a-bove! Praise Him, all crea-tures of His love!

Praise Him each morning, noon and night, Praise Him with ho - ly, sweet de - light!

No. 228. God Bless You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY D. B. TOWNER.
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EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. God bless you till me meet a - gain, And gent - ly hide you
2. 'Tis sweet to min - gle here be - low, In pray'r and praise with
3. There is a bright - er, rich - er tho't, That tin - ges life with

'neath His wing, Then may your hours be filled with song, While in your
grate - ful song, 'Tis sweet our fel - low - ship to know, And to God's
pur - est gold, Some day we'll meet to part no more; Some day we'll

CHORUS.

hearts His prais - es sing.
peo - ple here be - long.
join the heav'n-ly fold.

God bless you, God bless you, Bless and
God keep and bless you, God keep and bless you,

keep you till we meet a - gain. God
Keep you till we meet a - gain. Keep and

bless you, God bless you, Bless and keep you till we meet a - gain.
bless you, God keep and bless you,

SPECIAL SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

No. 229. Our Country.

FANNY CROSBY. PHILIP PHILIPS.

1. Our country un-ri-valed in beau-ty And splendor that cannot be told, How lovely thy hills and thy woodlands, Arrayed in a sun-light of gold. The eagle, proud king of the mountain, Is soaring, ma-jes-tic and free; Thy rivers and lakes in their
2. Our country, the birth-place of freedom, The land where our forefathers trod, And sang in the isles of the forest Their hymn of thanksgiving to God; Their bark they had moored in the har-bor, No more on the o-cean to roam; And there in the wilds of New
3. Our country, the past, and its glo - ry, Still hon-or the names of the dead; The statesman that crowned thee with laurel, The heroes and veterans that bled. Mount Vernon, where Washington slumbers, The soul of thy freedom for years, A willow droops tenderly
4. Our country with ardent de - vo - tion, In God may thy children a - bide; In Him be the strength of our nation, His laws and its counsel its guide. Our banner, that time-honored banner, That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam, God keep them unsullied for-

grandeur, Roll on to the arms of the sea; Roll on to the arms of the sea.
England, They founded a country and home; They founded a country and home.
o'er him, Go hallow his grave with thy tears; Go hallow his grave with thy tears.
ev - er, Our standard, our union, our home; Our standard, our union, our home.

No. 230. Angel of Peace.

D/. O W. HOLMES. M. KELLER.

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy white wings to the
2. Brothers we meet on this al - tar of thine, Ming-ling the gifts we have
3. An - gels of Beth - le-hem, an-swer the strain! Hark! a new birth-song is

mf *Cres.*

sun-shine of love, Come, while our voic - es are blend - ed in song, Fly to our
gathered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine, Breeze of the
fill - ing the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main, Bid the full

ark, like the storm-beat-en dove! Fly to our ark on the wings of the
prair-ie and breath of the sea; Mead - ow and moun-tain and for - est and
cho - rus of earth make re - ply; Let the loud temp - est of voic - es re-

Cres. *f*

dove, Speed o'er the far-sound-ing bil-lows of song, Crowned with thine o-live-leaf
sea! Sweet is the fra-grance of myr-tle and pine, Sweet-er the in-cense we
ply, Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main! Swell the vast song till it

gar - land of love, An - gel of Peace, thou hast wait - ed too long!
of - fer to thee, Broth-ers once more round this al - tar of thine!
mounts to the sky! An - gels of Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain!

No. 231. Prayer for Peace.

HENRY F. CHORLEY. ALEXIS. L. LWOFF.

No. 232. Keller's American Hymn.

Tune: Angel of Peace.

1 Speed our republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
‖:Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue—the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:‖

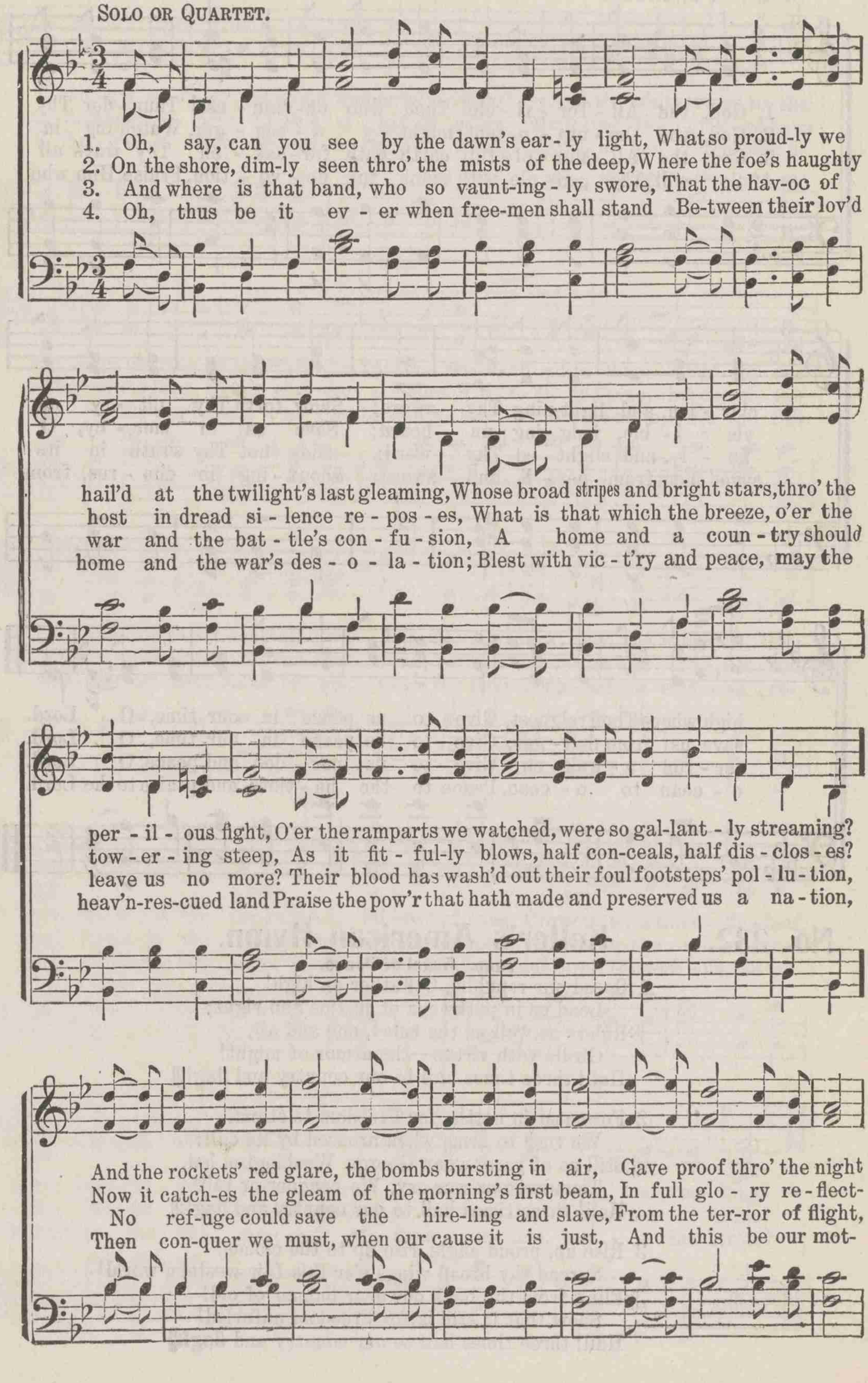
2 Foremost in battle, for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
‖:Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:‖

3 Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
‖:Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old!
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:‖

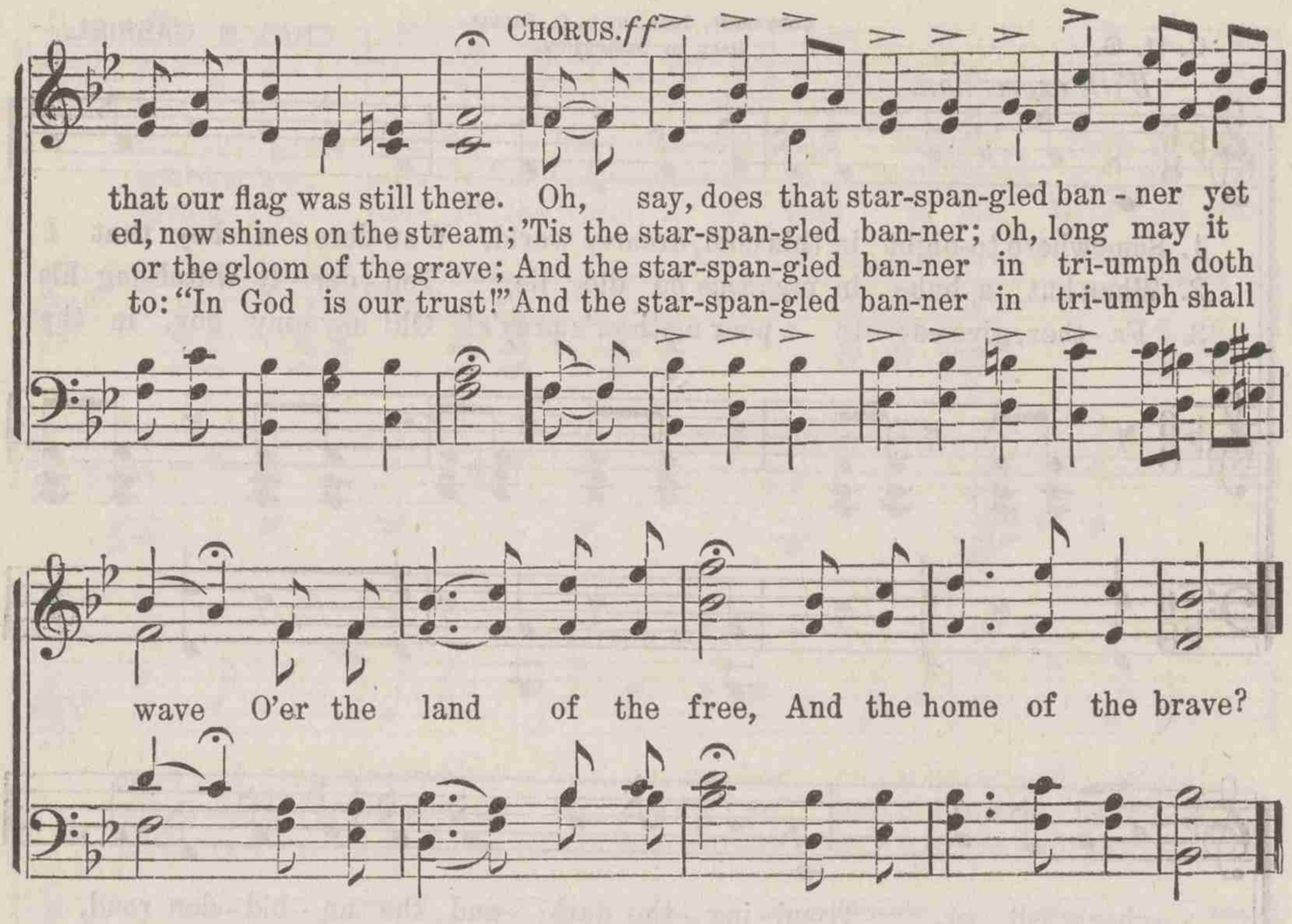
No. 233. The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

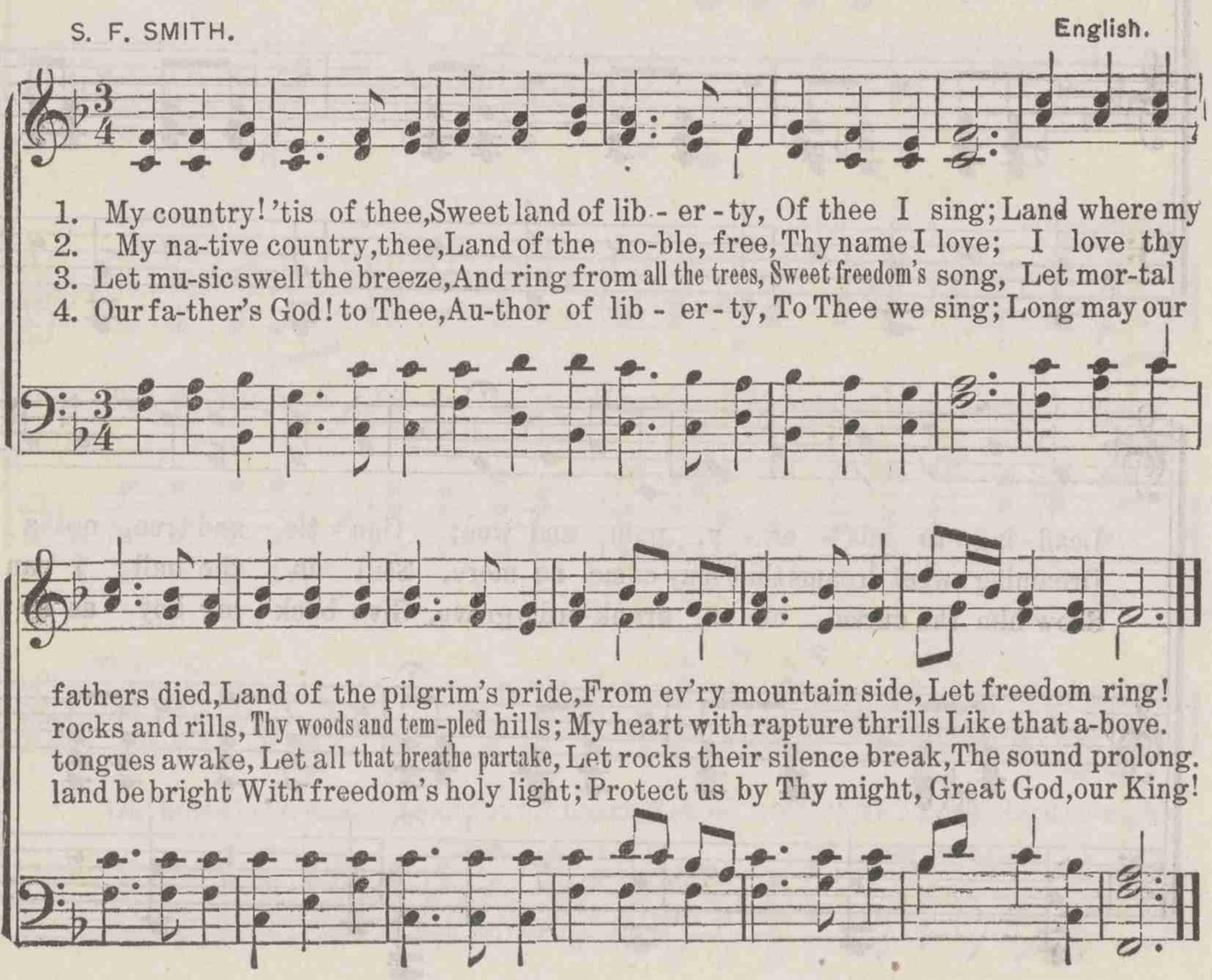
SOLO OR QUARTET.



Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 234. America.



No. 235. He's a Drunkard To-night.

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C. H. G. CHAS. H GABRIEL.

With expression.

1. Somewhere to-night in this cold, drear-y world, Wan-ders a boy that I cher - ish so, Tread - ing the dark and the un - bid - den road,
2. When but a babe in my arms he did lie, Ten - der - ly watch-ing his slum - bers o'er, Oh, how my heart with e - mo-tions would fill,
3. Fa - ther, give ear to a poor moth-er's pray'r! Oh! save my boy, in thy mer - cy, save! Show him the ter - ror, the woe and de - spair,

Lead - ing to mis - er - y, pain and woe; Gen - tle and true, not a Dreaming sweet dreams that may come no more, Still in the hall I can Show him the curse of a drunk-ard's grave, Give back my boy as he

He's a Drunkard To-night.

sin to blight, When but a babe he was my de-light, Pure as the
hear his feet, Soft-ly his voice comes in ac-cents sweet, As he, of
used to be,— Take all the world, it is vain to me, Give back the

Tempo ad lib.

snow and as spotless white, Yet, oh, my God, he's a drunk-ard to-night!
old, would his pray'r repeat, Oh, can it be, he's a drunk-ard to-night?
child to his mother's knee, That none can say, "he's a drunk-ard to-night!"

CHORUS.

p *Cres.* *Rit. e dim.*

Pit-y the boy! Pit-y the boy! Angels might weep at be-hold-ing the sight;

m *Rit.*

Oh! how I lov'd him, the child of my heart, Yet, oh, my God, he's a drunkard to-night!

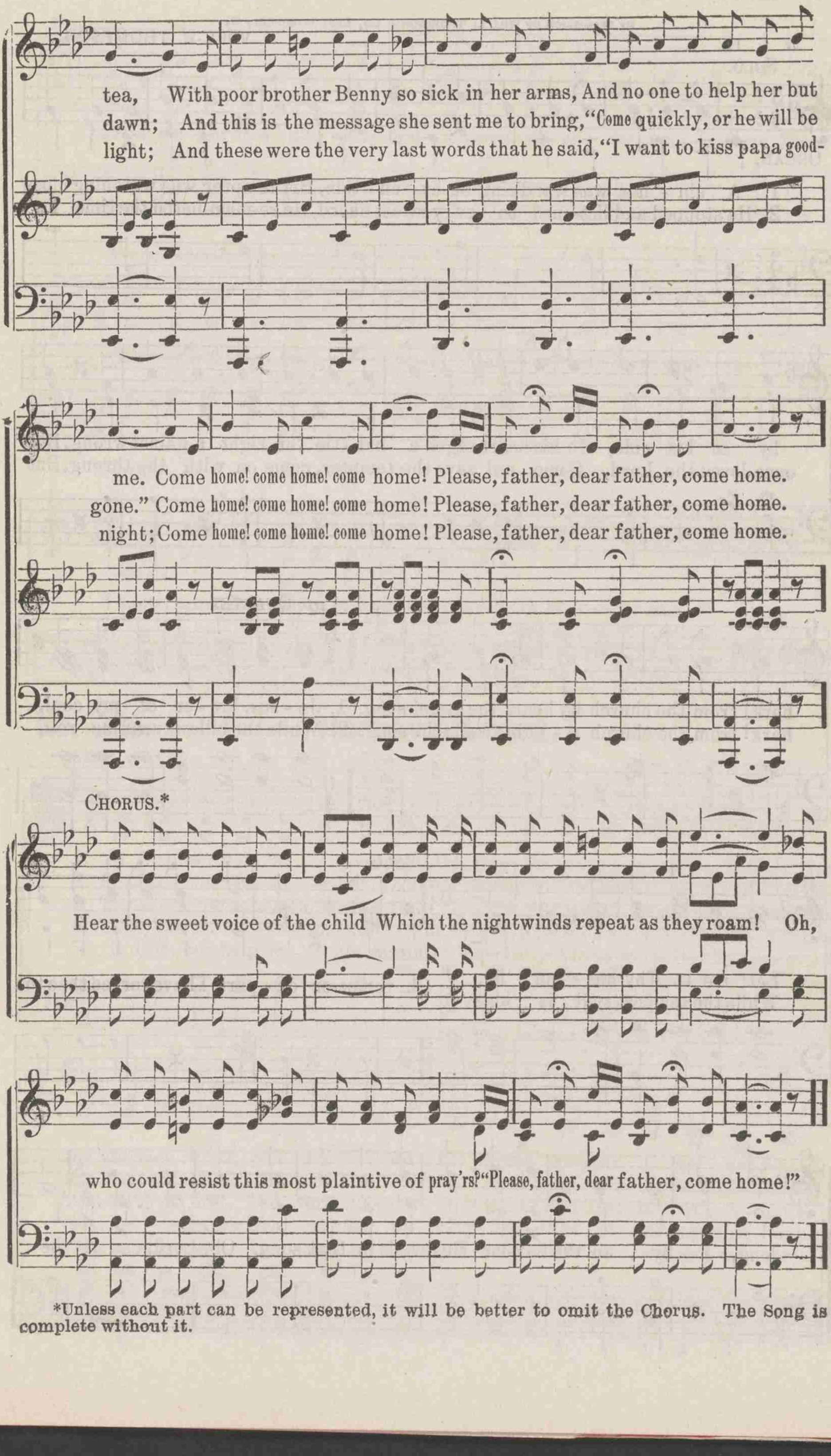
No. 236. Come Home, Father!

H. C. W. HENRY C. WORK.

1. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the stee-ple strikes one; You said you were coming right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark, And mother's been watch-ing since you.
2. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the stee-ple strikes two; The night has grown colder, and Ben-ny is worse, But he has been calling for me. In-deed he is worse, Ma says he will die, Perhaps before morning shall
3. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the stee-ple strikes three; The house is so lone-ly, the hours are so long For poor weeping mother and me. Yes, we are a-lone, poor Ben-ny is dead, And gone with the angels of

Come Home, Father!

tea, With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but
dawn; And this is the message she sent me to bring, "Come quickly, or he will be
light; And these were the very last words that he said, "I want to kiss papa good-



me. Come home! come home! come home! Please, father, dear father, come home.
gone." Come home! come home! come home! Please, father, dear father, come home.
night; Come home! come home! come home! Please, father, dear father, come home.

CHORUS.*

Hear the sweet voice of the child Which the nightwinds repeat as they roam! Oh,

who could resist this most plaintive of pray'rs? "Please, father, dear father, come home!"

*Unless each part can be represented, it will be better to omit the Chorus. The Song is complete without it.

No. 237. The Sinner and the Song.

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co, East Liverpool, O.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin - ner was wand'ring at ev - en - tide, His tempter was watching close
2. He stopped and list-ened to ev'ry sweet chord, He re-mem-bered the time he

by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for right a-gainst wrong, But
once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempter, come on with the throng, But

pp Quartet.

hark! from the church he hears the sweet song. 1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul,
hark! from the church a - gain swells the song. 2. While the billows near me roll,

Solo.

Organ.

Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the tempest still is high,
} Oh, tempt-er de - part, I have served thee too

long, I fly to the Sav-ior He dwells in that song, Oh, Lord, can it be

The Sinner and the Song.

that a sin-ner like me, May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

pp QUARTET.

Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee.

SOLO. *pp* QUARTET.

ORGAN.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.

No. 238. Harvey's Chant.

ISAAC WATTS. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home! And our e-ter-nal home!
2. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlast-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same; To end-less years the same.
3. Thy word commands our flesh to dust: "Return, ye sons of men;" All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a-gain; And turn to earth a-gain.
4. Time, like an ev-er-roll-ing stream, Bears all its sons a-way; They fly, for-got-ten, as a dream Dies at the op-'ning day; Dies at the op-'ning day.
5. O God, our help in a-ges past; Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while troubles last, And our e-ter-nal home! And our e-ter-nal home!

No. 239. The Bird with a Broken Wing.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY HENRY DATE.
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HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

mp *Effective as a Solo.*

1. I walked in the wood-land mead-ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life bro - ken, By sin's se - duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion, Kept an-oth - er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss-es, A bird with a bro-ken wing.
And touched with a Christ-like pit - y, I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had strick-en, Raised an-oth - er from de - spair,

I healed its wing, and each morn - ing, It sang its old sweet strain.
He lived with a no - bler pur - pose, And strug-gled not in vain,
Each loss has its own com-pen - sa - tion, There's healing for each pain,

But the bird with the bro-ken pin - ion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain;
But the life that sin had strick-en, Nev-er soared as high a - gain;
But the bird with the bro-ken pin - ion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain;

f

m *pp*

But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en, Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain.

No. 240. Drifting Away from God.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY P. P BILHORN.
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Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Drift-ing a - way from Christ in thy youth, Drift-ing a - way from
2. Drift-ing a - way from moth - er and home, Drift-ing a - way in
3. Drift-ing a - way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drift-ing where death and
4. Drift-ing a - way from hope's bless - ed shore, Drift-ing a - way where
5. Why will you drift on bil - lows of shame, Spurn-ing His grace a-

mer - cy and truth, Drift-ing to sin in ten - der - est youth,
sor - row to roam, Drift-ing where peace and rest can - not come,
dark-ness a - bide, Drift-ing from heav'n a - way in your pride,
wild break-ers roar; Drift-ed and strand - ed, wrecked ev - er - more,
gain and a - gain? Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re - main,

ff

CHORUS.

Drift - ing a - way from God.
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Far from the light of God.
Ev - er a - way from God.

Broth-er, the Sav - ior has called you be - fore; See! you are near - ing e - ter - ni - ty's shore!

f *Rit.*

Soon you may per - ish, be lost ev - er - more, Je - sus now calls for you.

No. 241. The Penitent's Plea.

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H. H. B.

COMMANDANT BOOTH.

DUET.

1. Sav - ior, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec - ord of my sins re-peat, Stained with guilt, myself ab - hor - ing, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour - ing, Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir - it free? Raise my sinking heart and bid me be Thy child once more. (once more!)

2. Back with all the guilt my spir - it bears, Past the haunting mem-o- ries of years, Self and shame and fear de - spis - ing, Foes and taunting fiends sur pris - ing, Sav - ior, to Thy cross I press my way, And a broken heart be- fore it lay; Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say, "It shall be thine!" (be thine!)

3. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de - nied? To that heart its sins con - fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing? By the love of pit - y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone, Bold - ly I will kneel before Thy throne, A plead-ing soul. pleading soul.

4. All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev - 'ry prom-ise write my name: As I am I come be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re- ceiv - ing, Bid me rise a freed and pardon'd slave; Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave, Charging me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin-bound souls. sin-bound souls

The Penitent's Plea.

CHORUS.

Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry
sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me.

No. 242. The Man of Galilee.

Arranged.

1. I am on a shining path-way, A-down life's short'ning years, And my heart hath known its sorrows, Mine eyes have seen their tears; But I saw those shadows flee, And the shining light I see, While I'm trusting in the merit Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
2. My soul hath had its conflicts, With mighty hosts of sin, With dead - ly foes with-out me, And darker foes with-in. But I saw those le-gions flee, And my soul found vic-to-ry, When I trusted in the merit Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
3. I am coming near the cit - y, My Savior's hands have piled, And I know my Father's waiting To welcome home His child. For unworthy tho' I be, He will find a place for me, For He is the King of Glory, The Man of Gal - i - lee.

No. 243. No Room in the Inn.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER. USED BY PERMISSION.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. L. SKILTON. E. GRACE UPDECRAFF.

Slow.

1. No beau - ti - ful cham - ber, No soft cra - dle bed, No place but a man - ger, No - where for His head; No prais - es of glad - ness,
2. No sweet con - se - cra - tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu - mil - i - a - tion, No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav - ior,
3. No one to re - ceive Him, No wel-come while here, No balm to re - lieve him, No staff but a spear; No seek - ing His treas - ure,

Rit.

No tho't of their sin, No glo - ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No sor-row for sin, No pray'r for His fa - vor, No room in the inn.
No weep-ing for sin, No do - ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

CHORUS.

No room, no room for Je - sus, Oh, give Him wel - come free, Lest

Rit.

you should hear at heav - en's gate, "There is no room for thee."

No. 244. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY REV. J. H. WEBER.
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J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. Can a boy for-get his mother's pray'r, When he has wander'd, God knows where?
2. Can a boy for-get his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and fill'd with grace?
3. Can a boy for-get his mother's door, From which he wander'd years be-fore?
4. Can a boy for-get that she is dead, Tho' ma-ny years have pass'd and fled?

It's down the path of death and shame, But mother's pray'rs are heard the same!
Her lov-ing voice it ech-oes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye; Meet me, my boy, be-yond the sky!"
Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Good-bye;" She waits to welcome thee on high!

CHORUS.

Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy moth-er's way!

Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.

No. 245. Tell Mother I'll be There.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - co - lect, How I would grieve my moth-er with my fol - ly and neg - lect, And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O
2. Tho' I was oft - en way-ward, she was al-ways kind and good, So pa-tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude, My child-hood griefs and tri - als, she would glad - ly with me share, O
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree, She al-most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing aft - er me, And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care, O
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come, If I would see my moth-er, ere the Sav - ior took her home; I prom-ised her, be - fore she died, for heav-en to pre-pare, O

CHORUS.

an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there. Tell moth-er I'll be

Tell Mother I'll be there.

there in an-swer to her pray'r, This mes - sage, guard-ian

an - gels, to her bear, Tell moth - er I'll be there, heav'n's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar-ling moth-er I'll be there.

No. 246. Oh, Bow Thine Ear, Eternal One.

For Dedication.

JOHN PIERPONT. **Uxbridge.** LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, bow Thine ear, E - ter - nal One! On Thee our heart a - dor - ing calls;
2. Here let Thy ho - ly days be kept; And be this place of wor - ship giv'n,
3. Here may Thine honor dwell; and here, As incense, let Thy chil-dren's pray'r,
4. Here be Thy praise de-vout-ly sung; Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
5. And when the lips, that with Thy name Are vo-cal now, to dust shall turn,

To Thee the foll'wers of Thy Son Have raised, and now de-vote these walls.
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept, The house of God, the gate of heav'n.
From contrite hearts and lips sin - cere, Rise on the still and ho - ly air.
As when, of old, Thy Spir - it hung, On wings of light, o'er Jor-dan's wave.
On oth-ers may de - vo-tion's flame Be kindled here, and pure - ly burn!

No. 247. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

P. S.

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H. R. PALMER.

SOLO.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A - long the grand highway of life;
2. In cour-age a - lone lies your safe - ty, When you the long journey be - gin;
3. Be care-ful in choos-ing com - pan-ions, Seek on - ly the brave and the true;

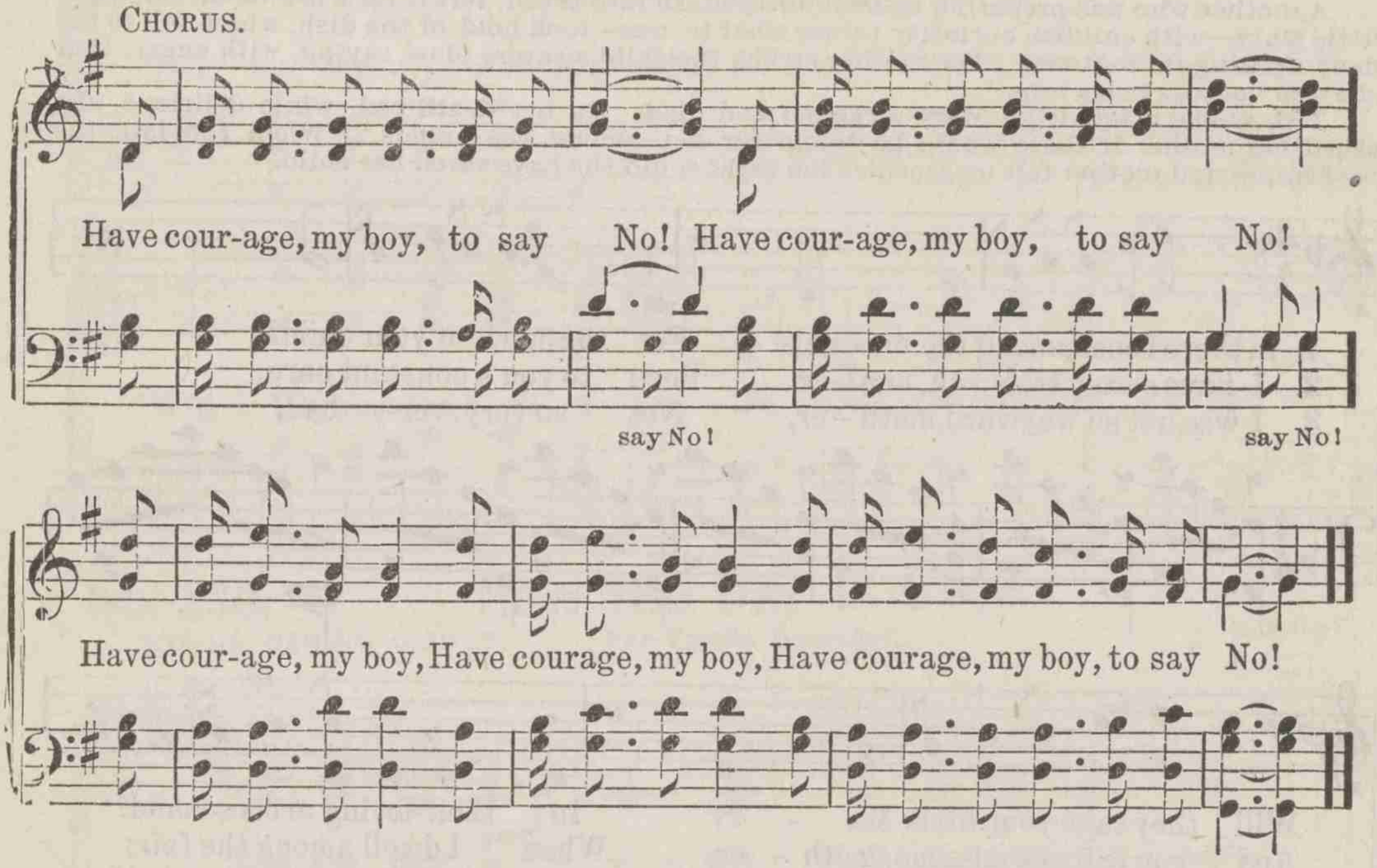
You'll meet with a thou-sand temp-ta-tions—Each cit-y with e - vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un - spot-ted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;

This world is a stage of ex - cite-ment, There's danger wher-ev-er you go;
Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas - ing, As streams from a riv - u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the wine-cup to know,

But if you are tempt-ed in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

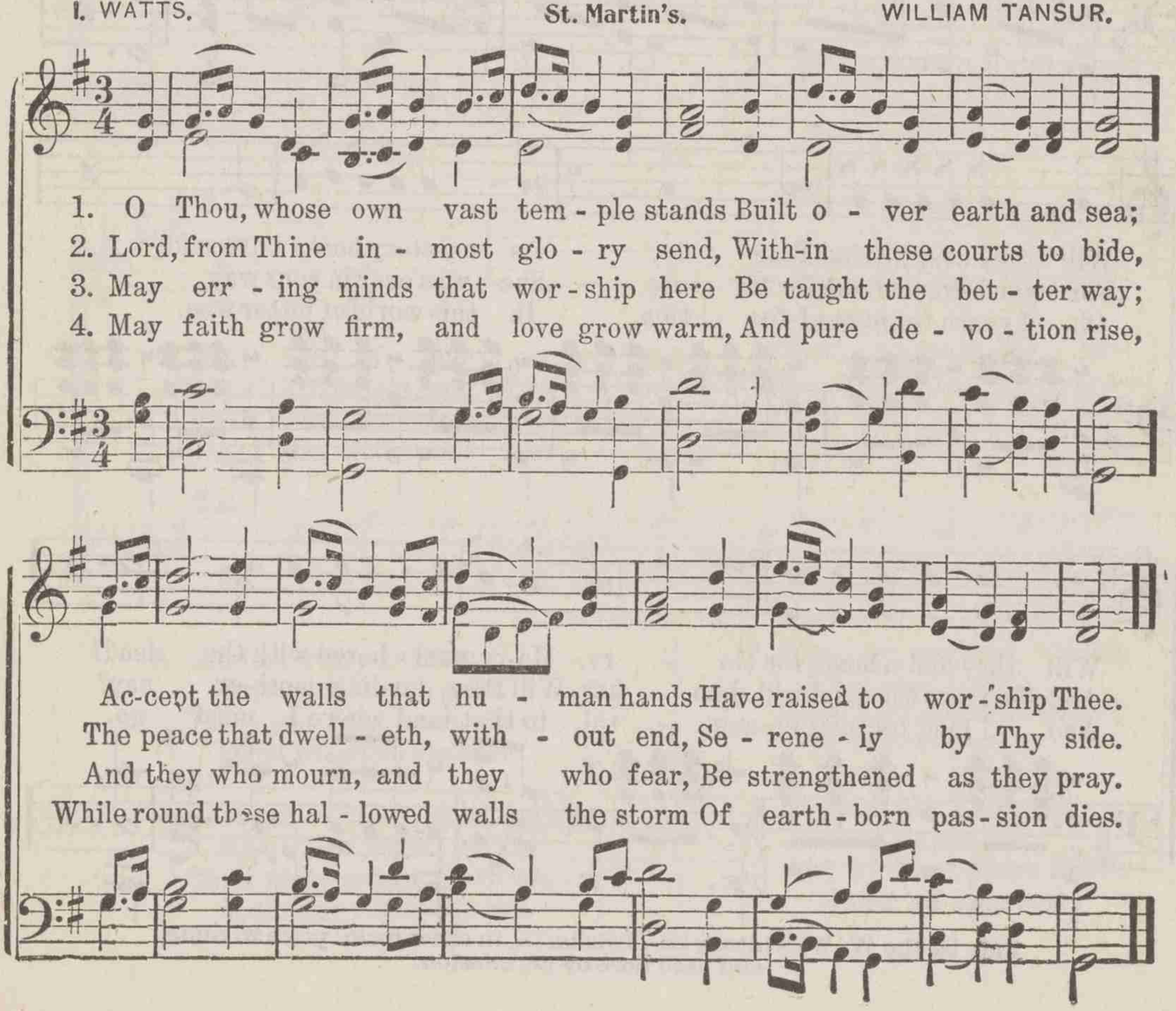
CHORUS.



No. 248. O Thou, Whose Own Vast Temple Stands.

For Dedication.

I. WATTS. St. Martin's. WILLIAM TANSUR.



No. 249. Room Among the Angels.

W. A. OGDEN.

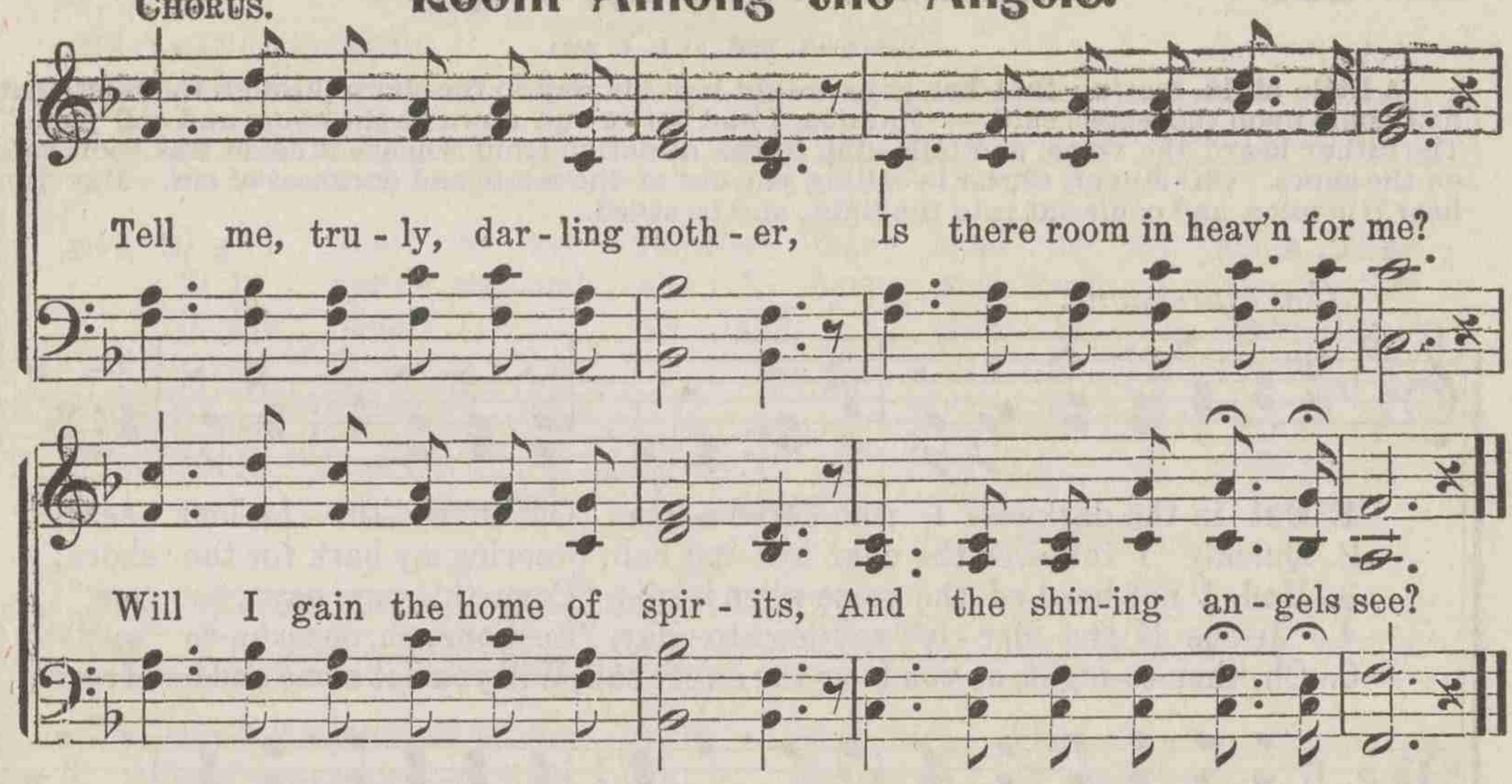
A mother, who was preparing some flour to make into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling its contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was "*always in the way.*"

Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be "room for her among the angels." When too late, the broken-hearted mother felt no sacrifice too great could she have saved her child.

Pub. by the W. W. Whitney Co., Toledo, O., in sheet form, price 25 cents, and used here by permission.

Room Among the Angels.

CHORUS.



No. 250. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. **For Family Devotion.** J. BARNBY.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

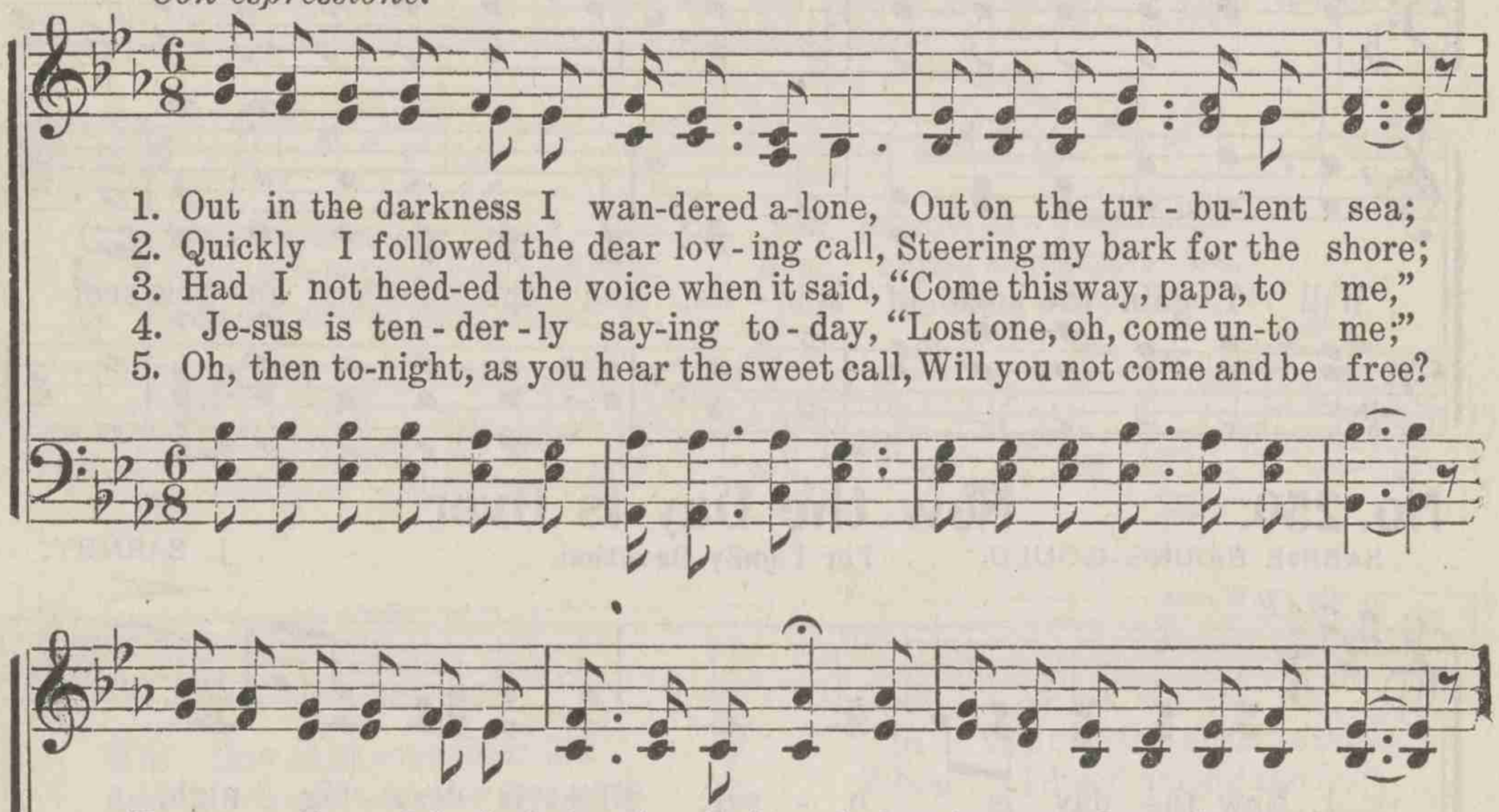
No. 251. "Come This Way, Papa."

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. C. AVIS.

A little child, fearing that her papa might lose his way to the shore through the mist that had come upon the water, said:—"Mamma, I had better run down to the shore and call papa." The father heard the voice, and following in the direction from whence it came was soon safe on the shore. Oh! sinner, Christ is calling you out of the mists and darkness of sin. May you hear His voice, and come out into the light, and be saved.

E. C. A. E. C. AVIS.

Con espressione.



1. Out in the darkness I wan-dered a-lone, Out on the tur - bu-lent sea;
2. Quickly I followed the dear lov - ing call, Steering my bark for the shore;
3. Had I not heed-ed the voice when it said, "Come this way, papa, to me,"
4. Je-sus is ten - der - ly say-ing to - day, "Lost one, oh, come un-to me;"
5. Oh, then to-night, as you hear the sweet call, Will you not come and be free?

Here must I per-ish, I tho't, when I heard A voice sweetly saying to me—
Soon was I safe in the har - bor, and heard A voice sweetly saying once more—
I might have drifted a-way from the shore, And perished at last on the sea.
Loved ones have anchored with Him on the strand, Yes, sweetly they're calling for thee.
Je-sus, the Sav-ior, will an-chor thy bark, Where loved ones are waiting for thee.

CHORUS.

Hark! oh, hark! 'tis the voice, 'tis the voice of my child, Tenderly saying to me—

Repeat pp, after last verse.

"Come this way, papa, come this way, pa-pa, Come, I am wait-ing for thee."

No. 252. My Mother is Praying for Me.

COPYRIGHT, MCMI, BY C. C. CLINE.

MAY AGNES OSGOOD. C. C. CLINE.

1. I knelt by my moth-er, her hand on my head, And uttered my pray'r at her knee; Now far, far a - way from her side I have strayed, But my moth-er is pray - ing for me.
2. In dark - ness and sin I have wan-dered a - way, Nor tried from temp-ta-tion to flee; But down in my heart I could nev - er for - get That my moth-er was pray - ing for me
3. I'm wea - ry of sin - ning; I turn to the cross, And its light shin-ing o'er me I see; I'll go to my Sav - ior, and thank Him a - gain That a moth-er was pray - ing for me.

CHORUS.

My moth-er is pray-ing for me, My moth-er is pray-ing for me, For sure - ly I know that wher-ev-er I go, My mother is pray-ing for me.

No. 253. The Two Lives.

COPYRIGHT, MCM, BY C. C. CLINE.

MARTHA MAY CLINE.

1. Two babes were born in the self-same town, On the ver - y same bright day,
2. Two chil-dren played in the self-same town, And the chil-dren both were fair,
3. Two maidens wrought in the self-same town, And one was wedded and loved,
4. Two wo-men lay dead in the self-same town, And one had ten - der care,
5. If Jesus, who died for rich and poor, In won - drous ho - ly love,

They laughed and cried in their moth - er's arms, In the ver - y self - same
But one had curls brushed smoothe and round, The oth - er had tang - led
The oth - er saw thro' the cur - tains part The world where her sis - ter
The oth-er was left to die a - lone, On her pal - let so thin and
Took both the sis - ters in His arms, And car - ried them a -

way, And both seemed pure and in-no - cent As fall-ing flakes of snow;
hair, The chil-dren both grew up a - pace, As oth - er chil - dren grow;
moved, And one was smiling a hap - py bride, The other knew care and woe;
bare, The one had many to mourn her loss, For the other few tears would flow;
bove, Then all the dlff-'rence vanished quite, For in heaven none would know

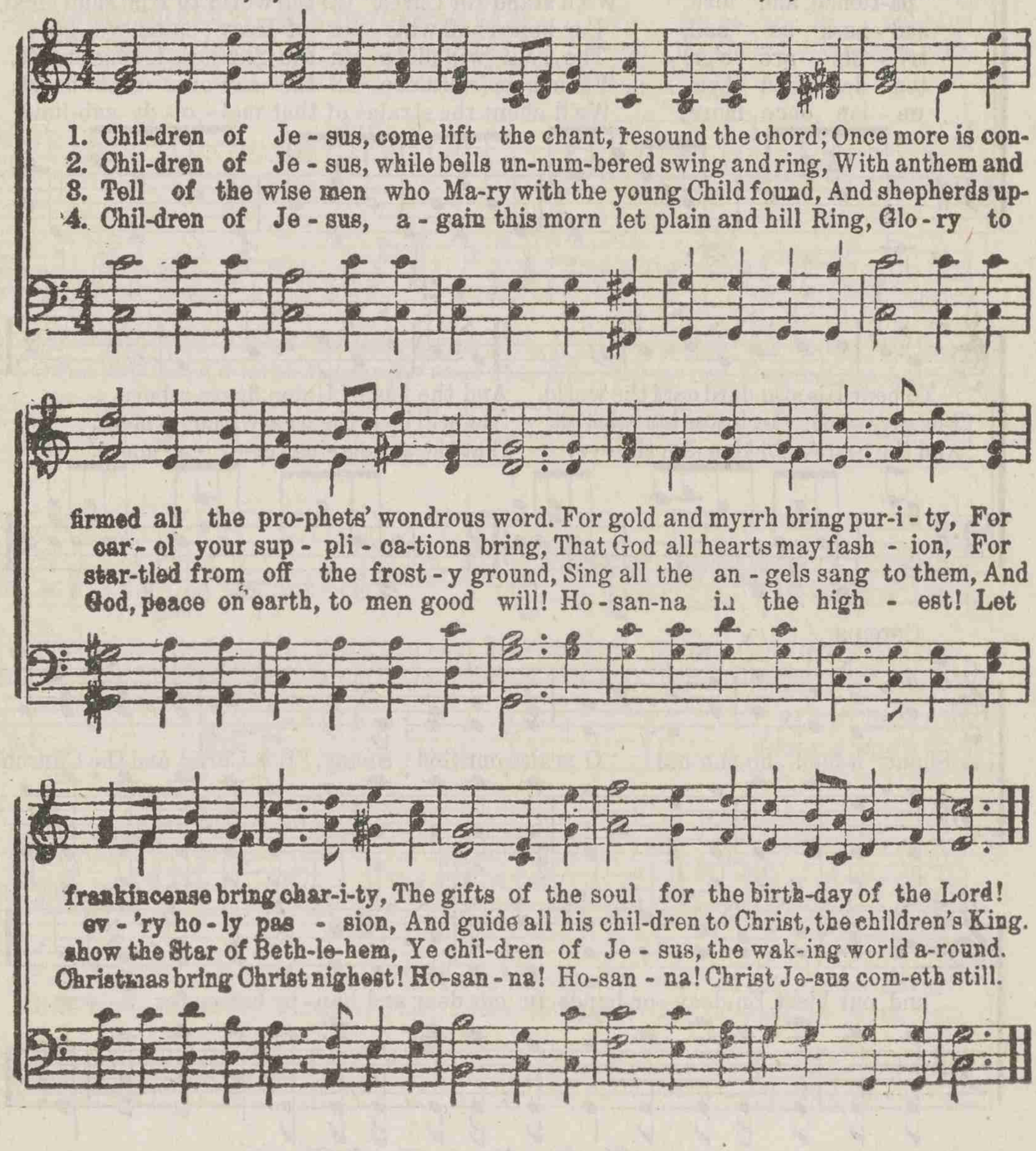
But one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low;
But one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low;
For one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low;
For one had lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low;
Which one of them lived in a terraced house, And which in the street be - low;

The Two Lives.

But one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
But one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
For one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
For one had lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
Which one of them lived in a terraced house, And which in the street be - low.

No. 254. A Christmas Carol.

Words and melody by G. W. CABLE. Harmony by H. R. SHELLEY.



1. Chil-dren of Je - sus, come lift the chant, resound the chord; Once more is con-firmed all the pro-phets' wondrous word. For gold and myrrh bring pur-i - ty, For
2. Chil-dren of Je - sus, while bells un-num-bered swing and ring, With anthem and car - ol your sup - pli - ca-tions bring, That God all hearts may fash - ion, For
3. Tell of the wise men who Ma-ry with the young Child found, And shepherds up-star-tled from off the frost - y ground, Sing all the an - gels sang to them, And
4. Chil-dren of Je - sus, a - gain this morn let plain and hill Ring, Glo - ry to God, peace on earth, to men good will! Ho - san-na in the high - est! Let

frankincense bring char-i-ty, The gifts of the soul for the birth-day of the Lord!
ev - 'ry ho - ly pas - sion, And guide all his chil-dren to Christ, the children's King.
show the Star of Beth-le-hem, Ye chil-dren of Je - sus, the wak-ing world a-round.
Christmas bring Christ nighest! Ho-san - na! Ho-san - na! Christ Je-sus com-eth still.

No. 255. C. E. Convention Song.

BESSIE DeMOSS ELLIS. Adapted from FOSTER.

1. The val-iant hosts of our great En-deav-or Band, With ban-ners tri-umph-ant un-furled,
With faith in God as our ev-er shin-ing shield, With firm-ness, with pa-tience, and love,

2. Be-girt with truth we shall nev-er wea-ry grow, Tho' sor-row and sad-ness as-sail,
The night will come with its ho-ly hours of rest, When life with its tri-als are o'er,

3. When home ties call and the time has come to part, When lips breathe the ten-der good-bye,
We still shall sing of an oth-er hap-py time, When min-gled in un-ion once more,

Are gath-'ring now at our might-y King's command,
We'll stand for Christ 'till the world to Him shall yield,
For hope shall whis-per of Heav-en as we go,
The soul will sleep on the Sav-ior's loving breast,
When mem-'ries deep fill the cav-erns of the heart,
We'll chant the strains of that mel-o-dy sub-lime,

To bear His standard round the world. And the flag of Union floats a-bove.
And give cheer when fainting hearts shall fail, And will bear the weary load no more.
And the tears unbidden dim the eye, That the angels sing for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Shout a-loud ho-san-na! O praise our God to-day, "For Christ and the Church"
and our blest En-deav-or bands, In our dear and hap-py homes far a-way.

No. 256. Longing For Rest.

E. L. WHITE.

TRIO. *Andante.*

1. Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove,
2. Hear my pray'r, O Lord, Hear my pray'r, O Lord, Hear my pray'r, O Lord, Give ear to my cry,

1. Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings,.....
2. Hear my pray'r, O Lord, Hear my pray'r, O Lord,.....

How swiftly then I'd fly, How swiftly then I'd fly, To my pal-ace in the sky;
De-liv-er me, O Lord, De - liv-er me, O Lord, From my sin and from the world;

How swiftly then I'd fly, How swiftly then I'd fly, To my
De - liv-er me, O Lord, De - liv-er me, O Lord, From my

Far a-way! far a-way! To the regions of the blest, Far a-way! far a-way! To the
Lord, I cry! Lord, I cry! Let my pray'r come unto Thee, Hear my cry, Hear my cry, Let my

regions of the blest. Oh! oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove, Oh! that I had wings,
pray'r come unto Thee. Oh! hear my pray'r, O Lord, Give ear to my cry, Hear my pray'r, O Lord,

Dim. *p* *pp*

Had wings like a dove, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.
Give ear to my cry, I come to Thee, I come to Thee, To be at rest, To be at rest.

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