The Revival



BY

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

REVISED.

Nineteen Thousand Sold the First Year

...y Evangelists J. B Culpepper, M. B. Williams, Thos. H. Leitch,
... Burnett and W. Love Vaughan, Joe J. Jones and Nelson Gilreath,
... Tillman and Son, W. H. Tryon, H. J. Higgins, J. L. Morrill,
Sam W. Small, and many others.

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

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G. H. No. 226. No. 7

STAND up!—st... Ye soldiers ... fe-Line across the dark
Lift high his roya... e should
It must not suff...
From vict'ry unto... will dare
His army shall h... to share?
Till ev'ry foe is va...
And Christ is Lo...

Stand up!—stand ...
The trumpet cal...
Forth to the migh...
In this His glori...
"Ye that are men... d quick
Against unnumb...
Let courage rise w... g?
And strength to...

Stand up!—stand ...
Stand in His str... y, then,
The arm of flesh w...
Ye dare not trus... -fraught
Put on the gospel ...
And, watching u... ver been;
Where duty calls, woe,
Be never wantin... he dark

Stand up!—stand ...
The strife will n... r,
This day, the nois... re,
The next, the vi... r delay,
To him that overc... ve them
A crown of life s...
He with the King ...
Shall reign eter...

G.

SAVIOUR mor...
I am clingin...
Let Thy precious b...
Keep me ever, eve... e blood

Ref.—Every day, e...
Let me feel ...
May Thy ter...
Bind me clo...

Thro' this changi...
Lead me gently, gently, as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never, lose my way.

Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting, life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter, world above.

G. H. No. 133.

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

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

'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.

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

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

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

M. H. No. 860.

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine,
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Ref.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long:

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

FRANK J. METCALF BEQUEST
TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945

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The Revival



BY

CHARLIE·D·TILLMAN

SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

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SEE WHAT IS SAID OF

THE REVIVAL

—— BY THOSE WHO USE IT. ——

REV. J. B. CULPEPPER, Macon, Ga., July 6, 1892.

I have been using THE REVIVAL ever since its first appearance. It fills the place for which it was intended better than any song book I have seen. I like it for its brightness, sound gospel, holiness proclivities, and price (25c). REV. J. B. CULPEPPER.

REV. M. B. WILLIAMS, Atlanta, Ga., June 26, 1892.

I find I have used about 5000 copies of THE REVIVAL during the past eight months in my work, and can say that they have given satisfaction in every case. I have tried nearly all the popular song books in general use, and find this book by far the best for revival services.

REV. M. B. WILLIAMS.

REV. R. H. H. BURNETT and W. LOVE VAUGHAN, Dallas, Tex., July 9, 1892.

In the use of THE REVIVAL in our meetings throughout the State this season, we have found it more effective in bringing souls to Christ than any we have ever used. The best embodying the gospel in song. We pray God's richest blessings to rest upon you in this noble and inspired work, and that you and all of us may finally answer to the call of "Beautiful Beckoning Hands" which alone is worth ten times the price of the book, and which has been instrumental in the hands of God in bringing scores of souls to Christ.

R. H. H. BURNETT.
W. LOVE VAUGHAN.

REV. JOE J. JONES (brother to Sam P. Jones) **and NELSON GILREATH, Cartersville, Ga., July 7, 1892.**

We have used THE REVIVAL in our meetings constantly since October, 1891, and find it to give satisfaction. The songs are spirited, easy, and full of religion.

REV. JOE J. JONES.
NELSON GILREATH.

REV. THOS. H. LEITCH, Charleston, S. C., June 23, 1892.

THE REVIVAL is the best all-round book for special meetings that I have met with. I take it in preference to any other.

REV. THOS. H. LEITCH.

REV. J. L. TILLMAN, Atlanta, Ga., July 24, 1892.

After fifteen years' experience in the evangelistic work, I find THE REVIVAL fills the long-felt want of a 25c. book. The songs wear well, and every body is pleased with them. REV. J. L. TILLMAN.

F. A. MARSHALL, Richburg, S. C., July 21, 1892.

As regards my opinion of THE REVIVAL, can honestly say that for a book its size it is far ahead of any other I have ever examined. It suits all kinds of meetings, either church, revival, or Sunday-school.

F. A. MARSHALL.

O. E. MATTOX, Moberly, Mo., June 25, 1892.

I have been musical director in Sunday-schools and choirs for the past fourteen years, and have never used a book that gave better satisfaction. I consider it part of the "cream" of our best authors. Taking into consideration its size and price, it is *the* book now. O. E. MATTOX.

W. P. B. KINARD, Ninety-six, S. C., July 24, 1892.

THE REVIVAL has no equal as to sweetness of songs, sound gospel, and durability. One of its advantages is its price, 25c. I will use no other in my work.

W. P. B. KINARD.

MUSIC COMMITTEE OF N. GA. HOLINESS ASS'N, Atlanta, Ga., April 16, 1892.

Resolved, That we adopt the use of THE REVIVAL for the next three years at least.

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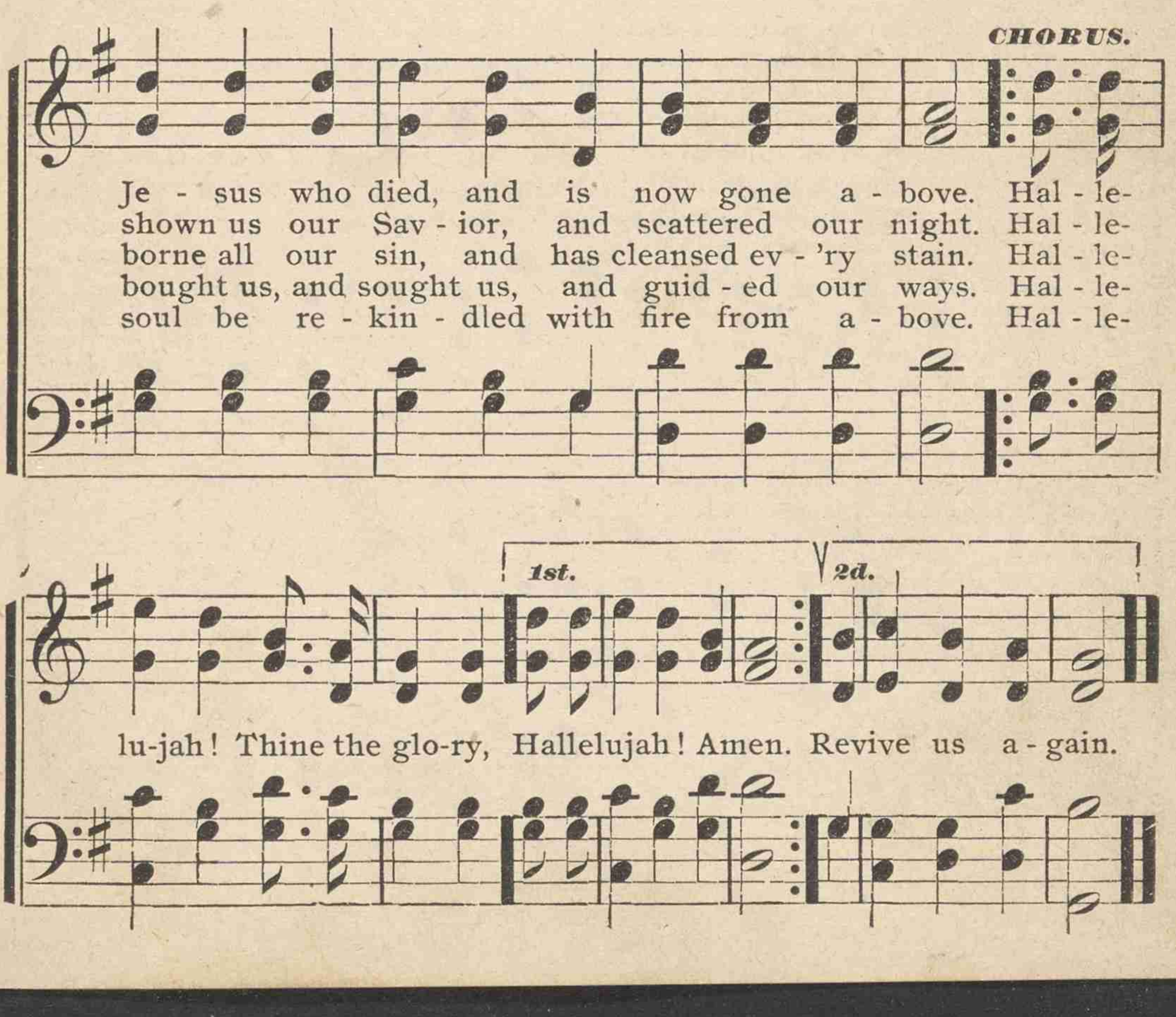
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The Revival.

No. 1. Revive Us Again.

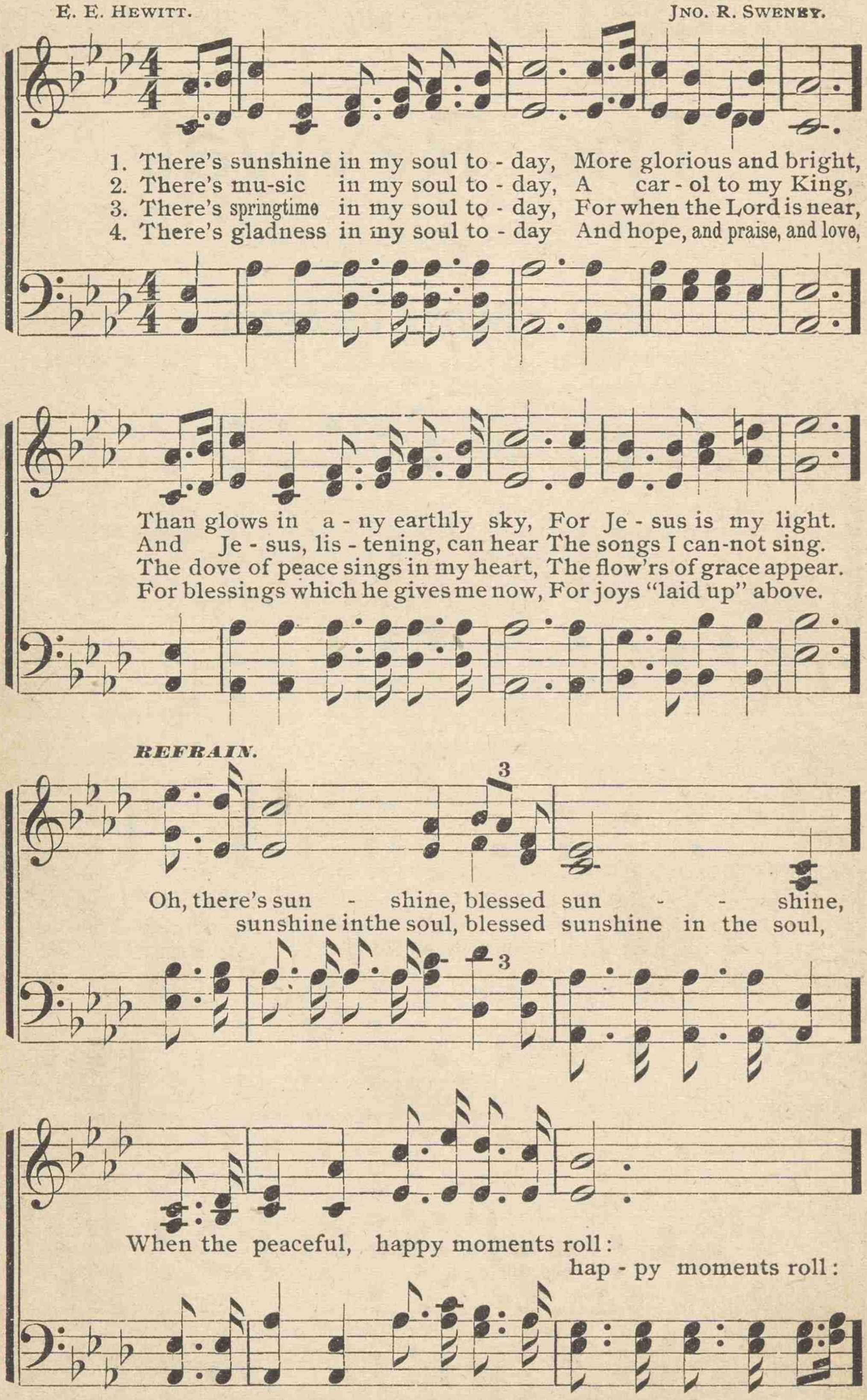
DR. W. P. MACKEY. English Melody.





No. 2. Sunshine in the Soul.

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



Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. From "Glad Hallelujahs."

Sunshine in the Soul. Concluded.

When Je-sus shows his smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.

No. 3. I Do Believe.

Arr. by A. J. S.

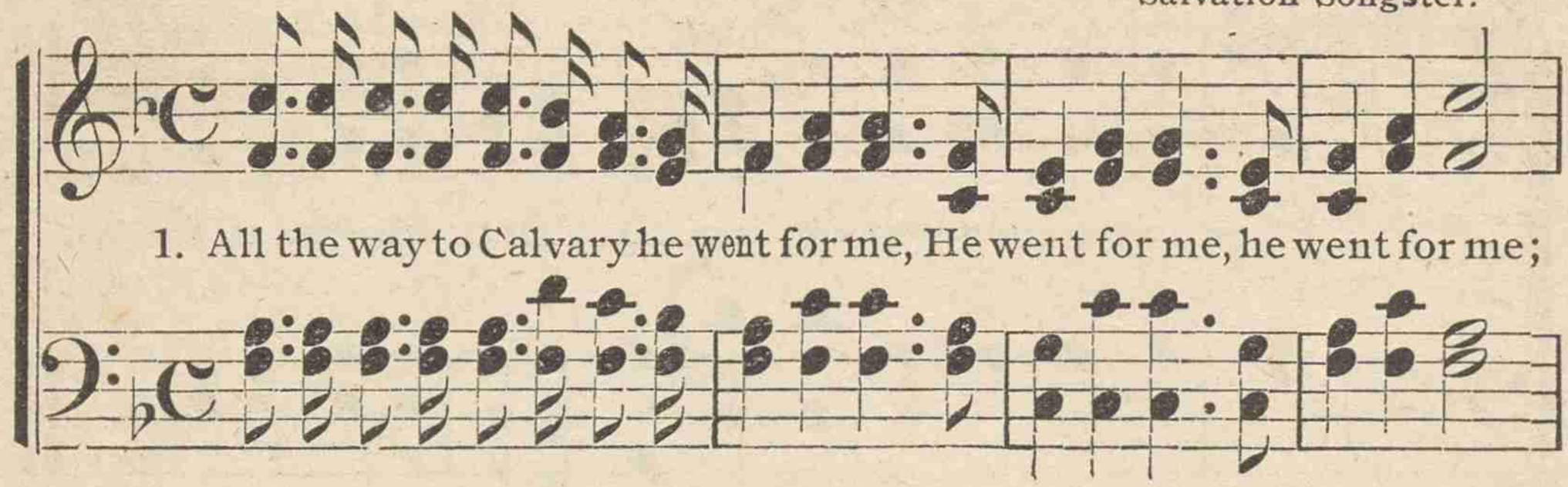
(Use any common metre hymn with either chorus.)

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat,

I can, I will, I do believe, That Je - sus saves me now.
I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, Where Jesus an - swers prayer.

No. 4. All the Way to Calvary.

"Salvation Songster."

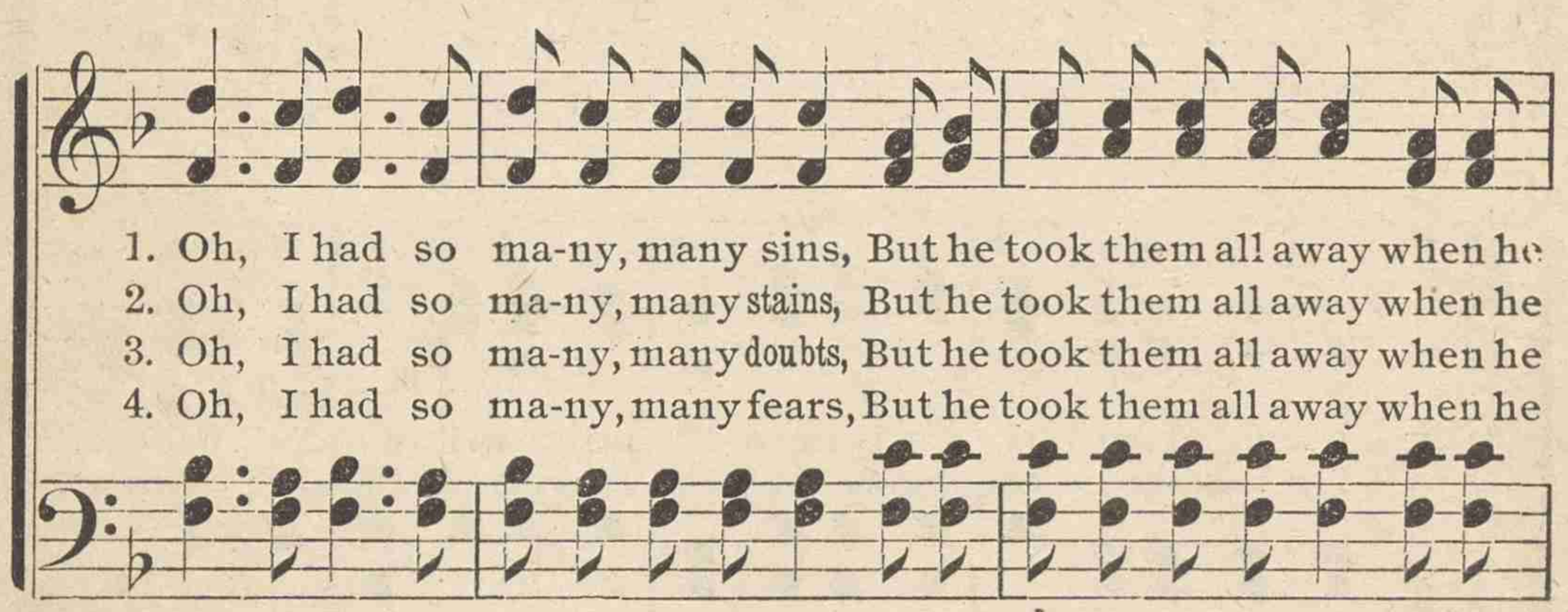


1. All the way to Calvary he went for me, He went for me, he went for me;



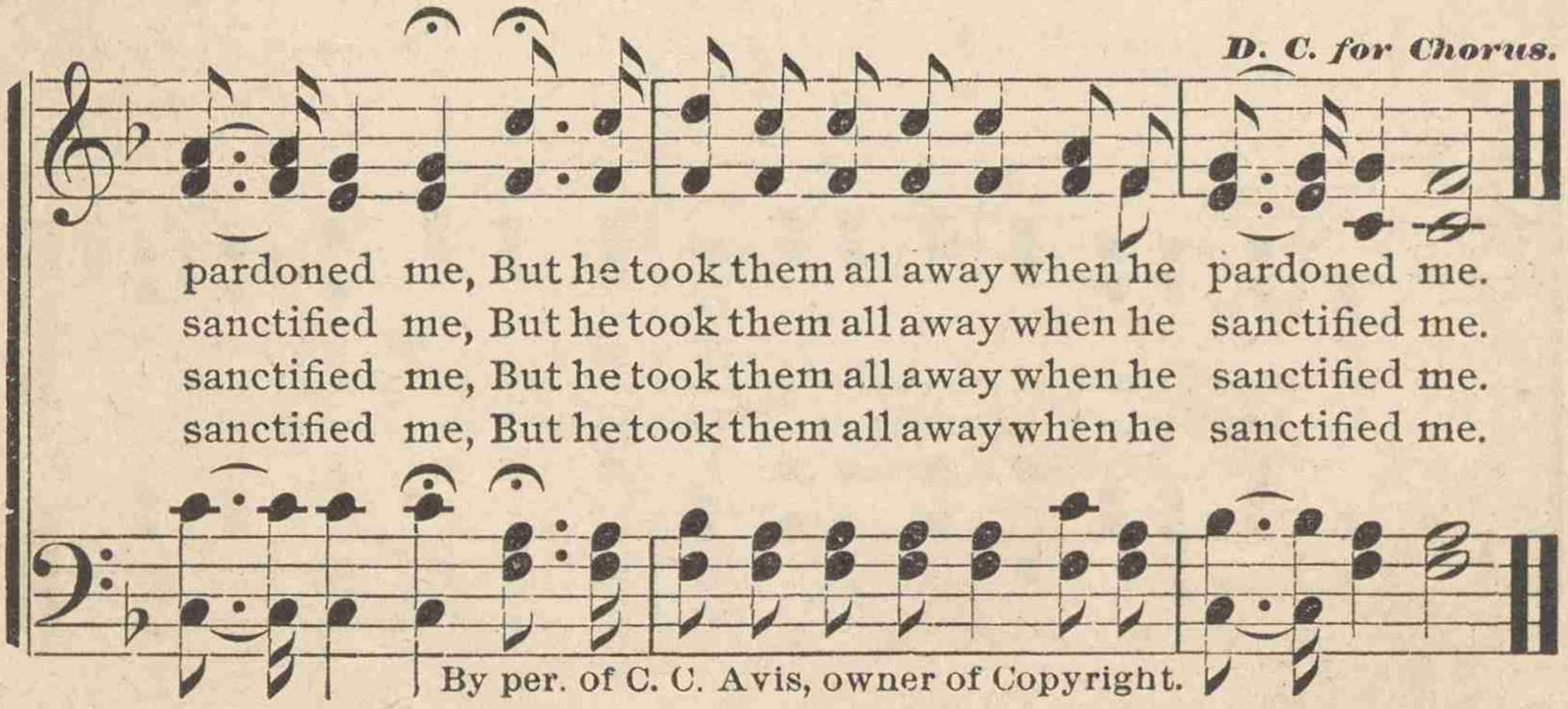
End.

All the way to Cal - va-ry he went for me, And now he sets me free.



1. Oh, I had so ma-ny, many sins, But he took them all away when he
2. Oh, I had so ma-ny, many stains, But he took them all away when he
3. Oh, I had so ma-ny, many doubts, But he took them all away when he
4. Oh, I had so ma-ny, many fears, But he took them all away when he

D. C. for Chorus.



pardoned me, But he took them all away when he pardoned me.
sanctified me, But he took them all away when he sanctified me.
sanctified me, But he took them all away when he sanctified me.
sanctified me, But he took them all away when he sanctified me.

By per. of C. C. Avis, owner of Copyright.

No. 5. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "make me your choice,"
2. I yield-ed myself to his tender embrace, And, faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STORY so blest, Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-ev-er will have
4. How precious the thought that we all may re-cline, Like John, the be- lov-ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no tem-pest can harm,—
5. Oh, come to the Sav-ior, he pa-tiently waits To save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the ha-ven of rest,

D. S. *The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,*

CHORUS.

Fine.

And I entered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha-ven of rest is my Lord.
A home in the ha - ven of rest. I've anchored my soul
Se - cure in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev-er - more.

D. S.

in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood.

No. 6. Come to the Feast.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath spread, Here ev - 'ry soul may be tru - ly fed; Come in the name of your
2. Come to the feast, leave your care and strife, Come, for his word is with blessings rife; Now un - to you is e-
3. Come to the feast, hear the gos - pel word, Come while your heart by its pow'r is stirred; Fly to the ark like the

"Liv - ing Head," Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
ter - nal life, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
wea - ry bird, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

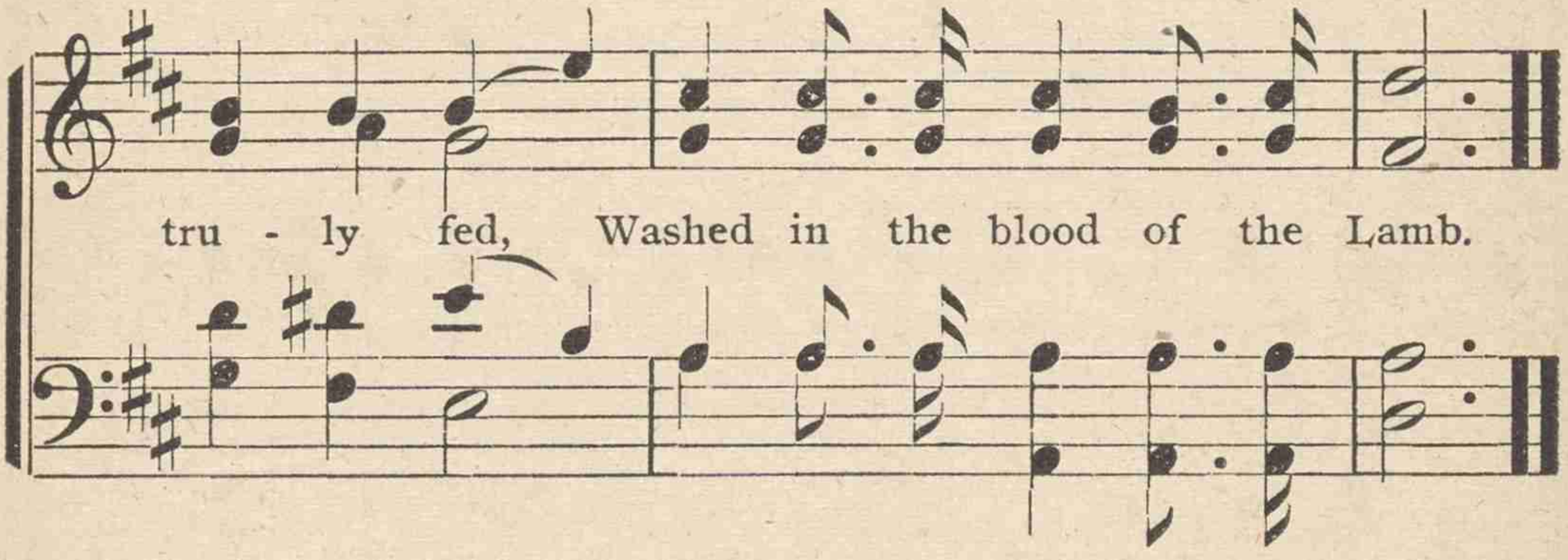
CHORUS.

Washed in the blood of the Lamb (the Lamb), Washed in the

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Come to the Feast. Concluded.





No. 7. Come to Jesus.





2. He will save you, etc.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. He will cleanse you.
12. Jesus loves you.
13. Only trust him.

No. 8. Life's Railway to Heaven.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.

Tempo ad lib.



1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of trial; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will often find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll across the trestle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,





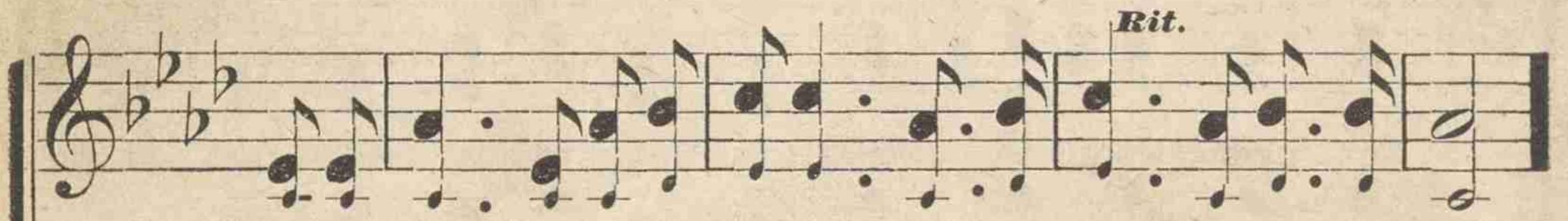
We must make the run successful, From the cradle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be-hold the Union Depot Into which your train will glide;





Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Never falter, never quail;
Always mindful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, never fail;
Put your trust alone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal - ter, never fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendant, God the Father, God the Son,





Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
With the hearty, joyous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home.



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Life's Railway to Heaven. Concluded.

CHORUS.

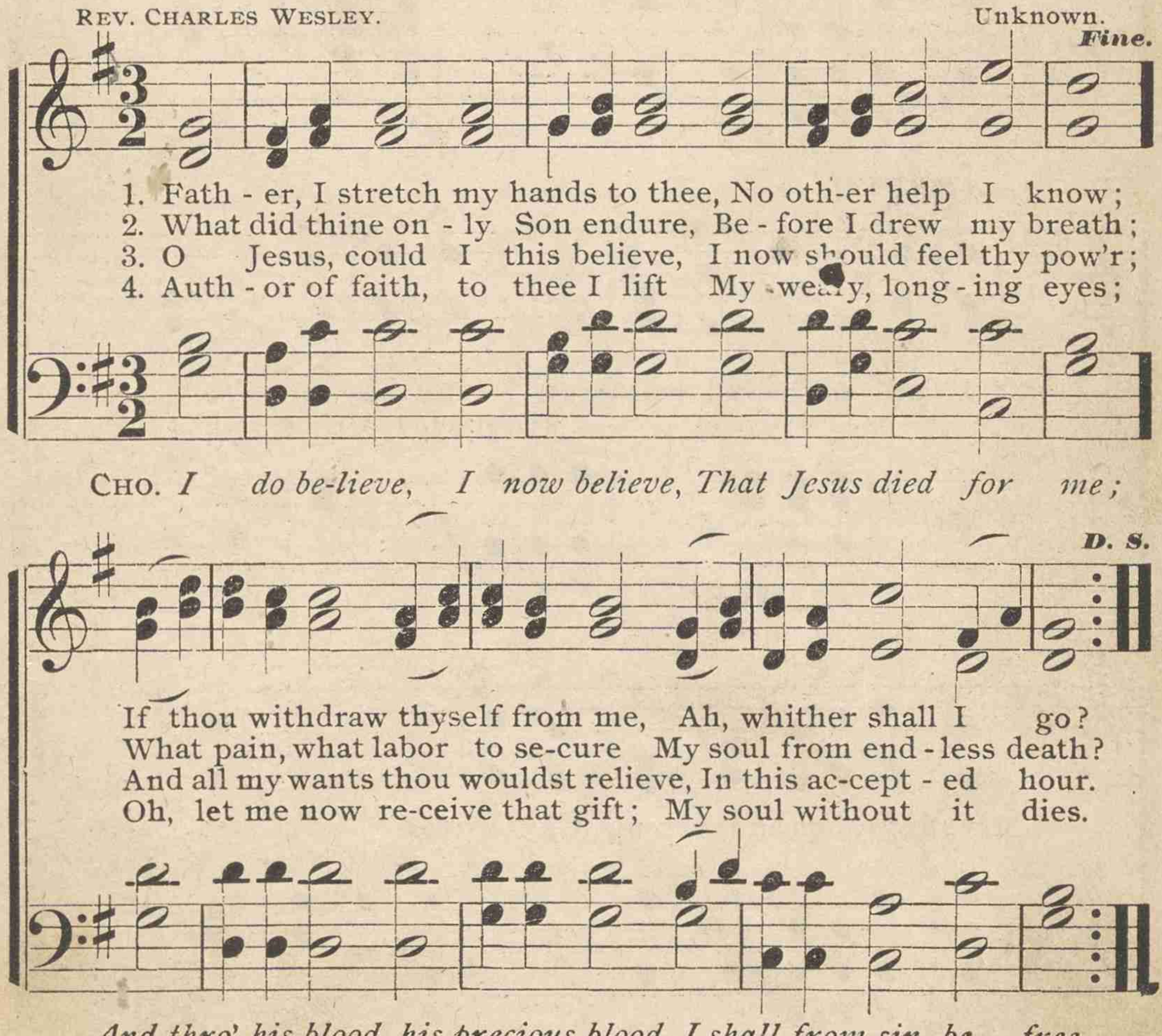




No. 9. I Do Believe. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.

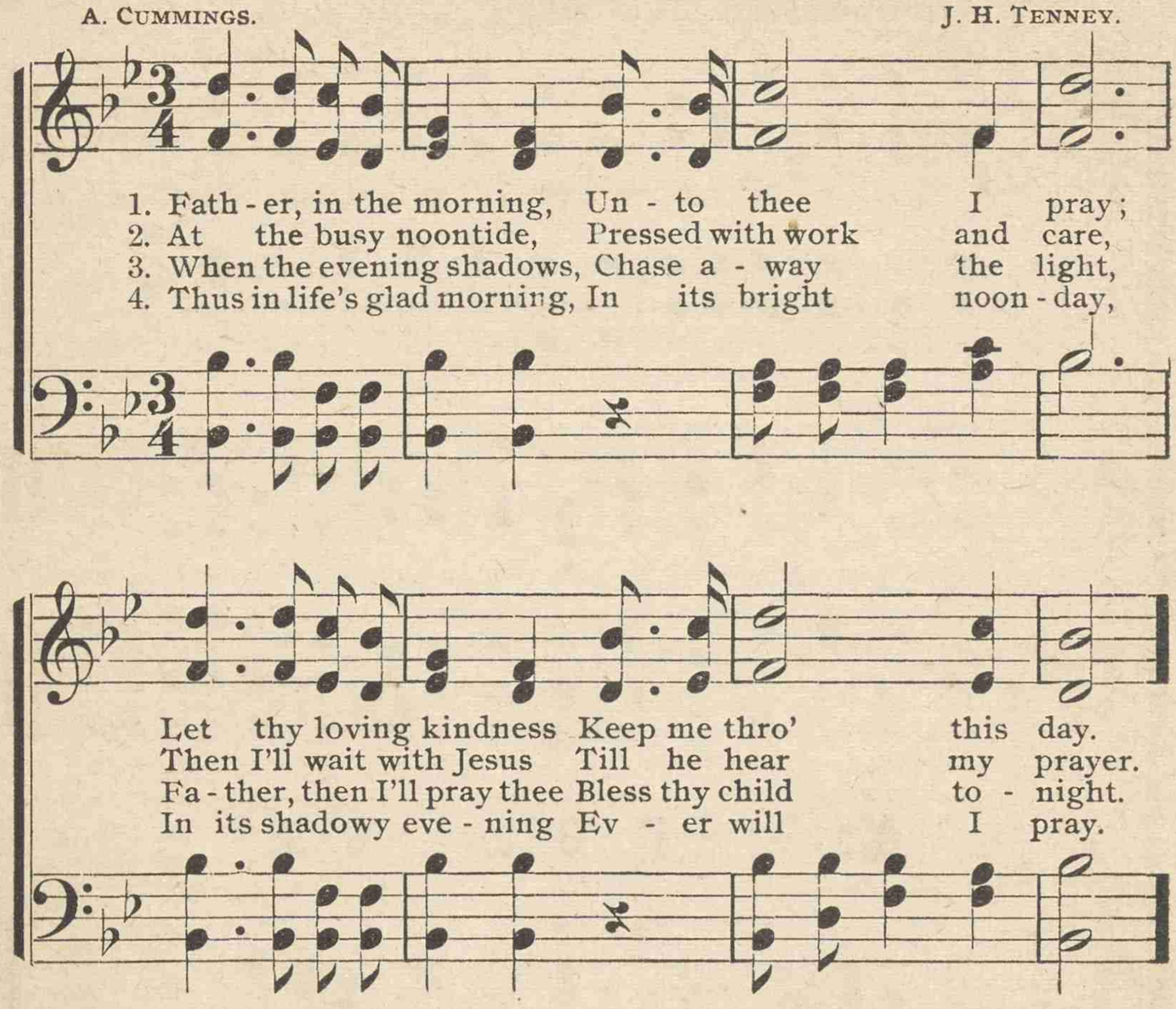
Fine.



D. S.

No. 10. Ever will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.





By permission.

No. 11. When the King Comes in.

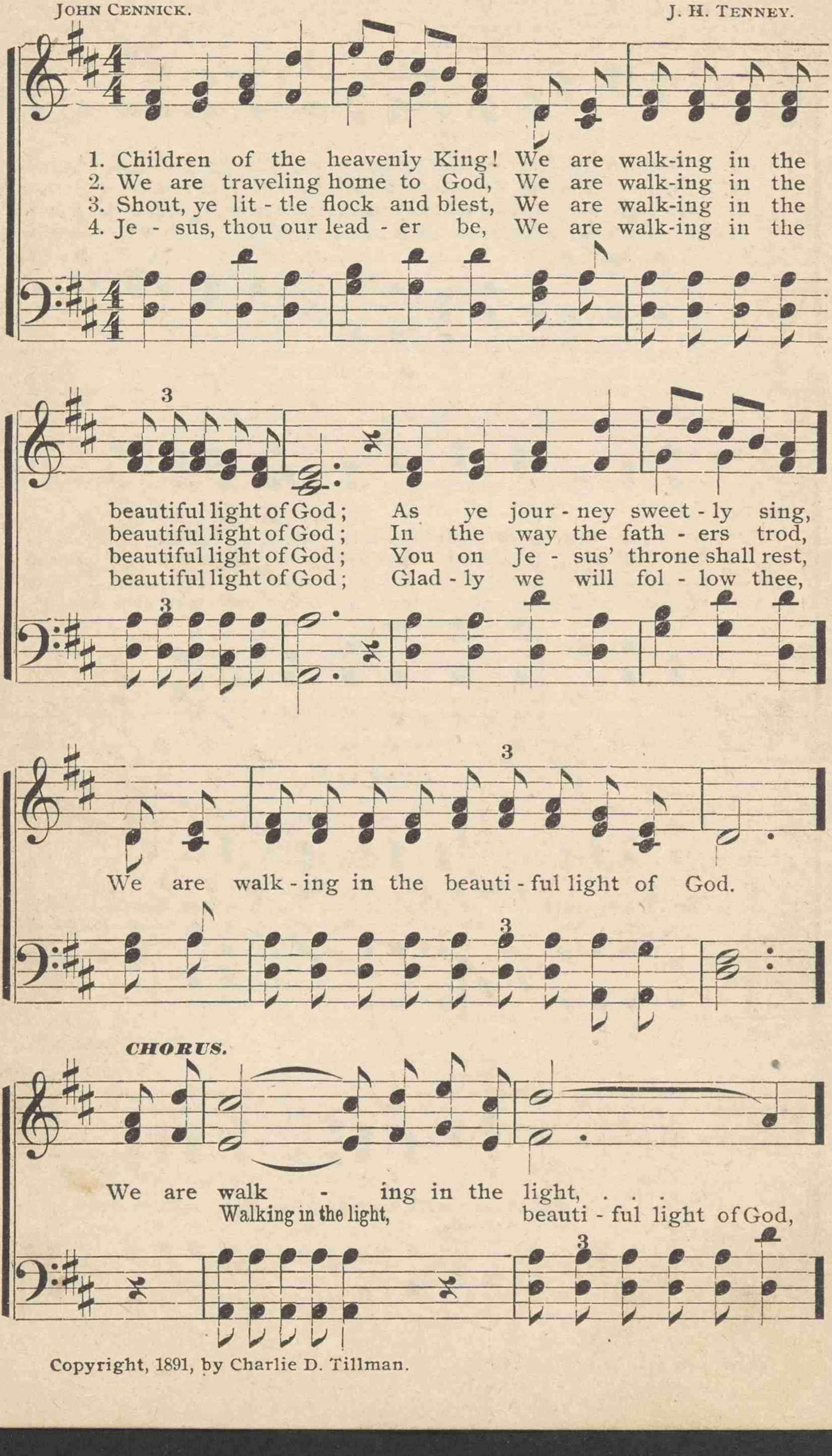
J. E. LANDOR. REV. E. S. LORENZ.



From "Songs of Grace," by per.

No. 12. Walking in the Light.

JOHN CENNICK. J. H. TENNEY.



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Walking in the Light. Concluded.





No. 13.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace:

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 14. A Shout in the Camp.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hallelujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hallelujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hallelujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hallelujah! praise his

name; . . To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
name; . . For the cloud of his glory we now be-hold, Praise, oh,
name; . . while we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
name; . . There is room for the world at the Savior's feet, Praise, oh,
praise his name;

CHORUS.

praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Hallelujah! praise his

name; . . Come to the banquet, great and small, praise, oh, praise his name.
praise his name;

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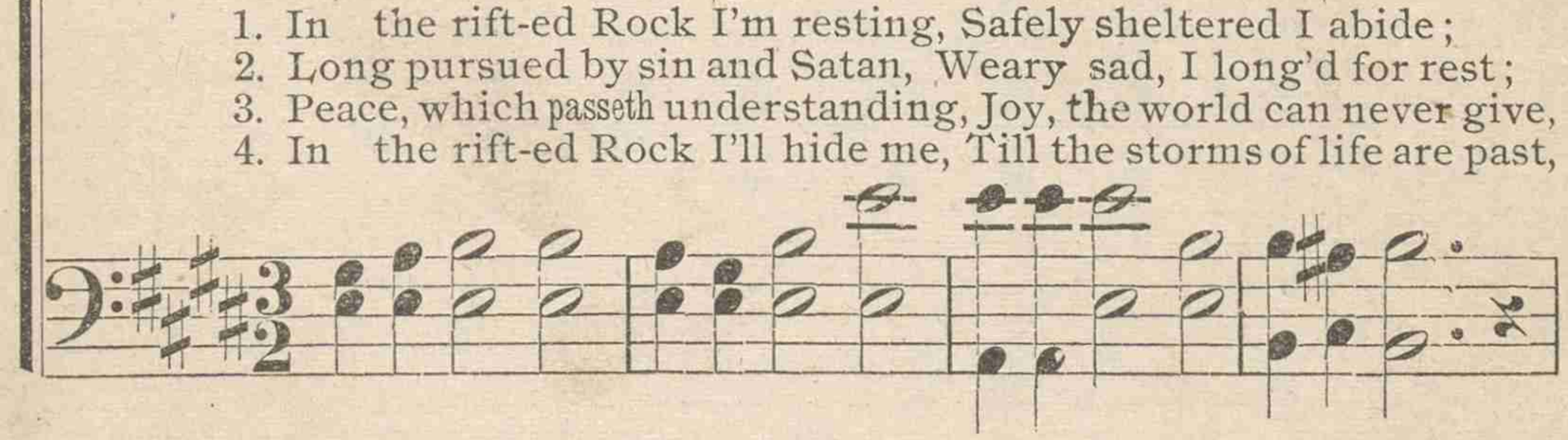
No. 15. Sweetly Resting.

(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.)

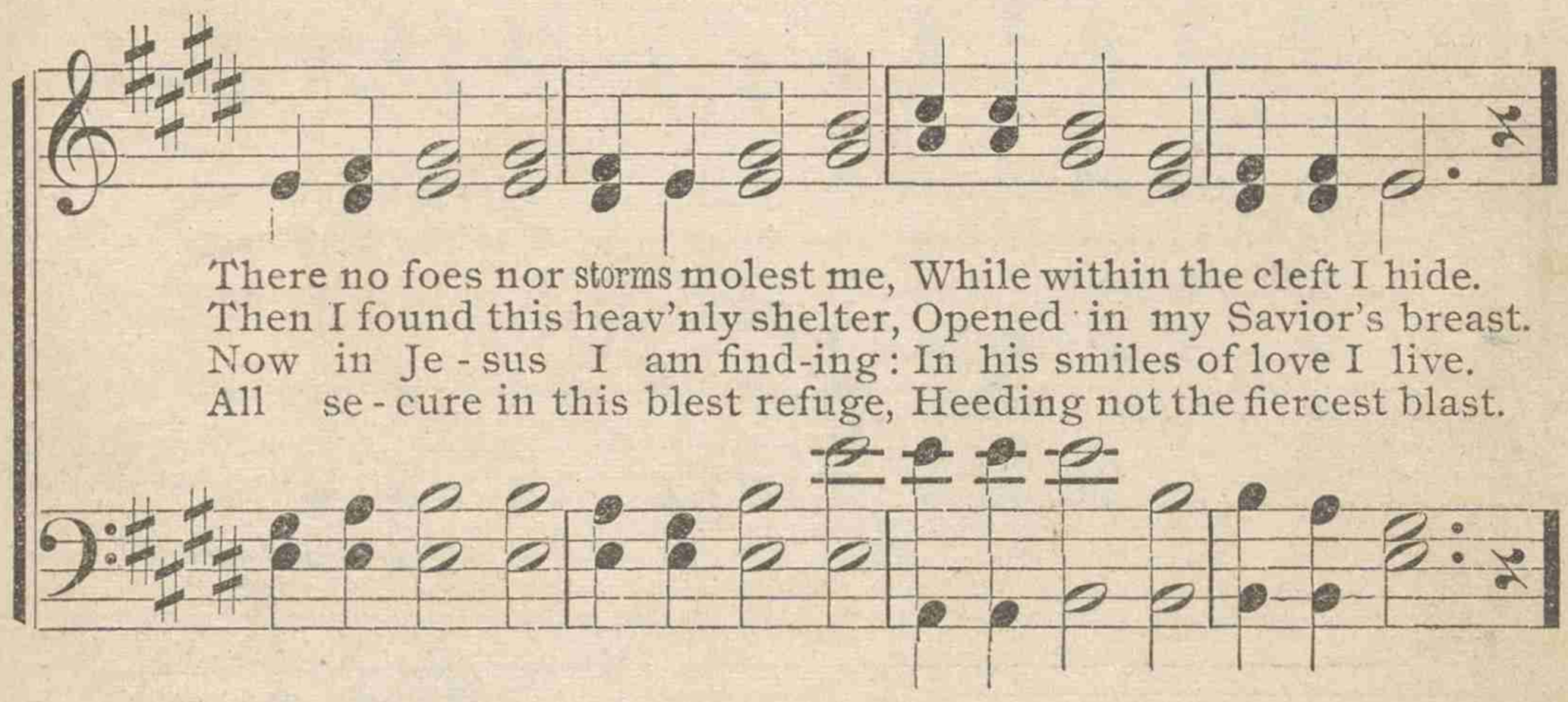
MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.



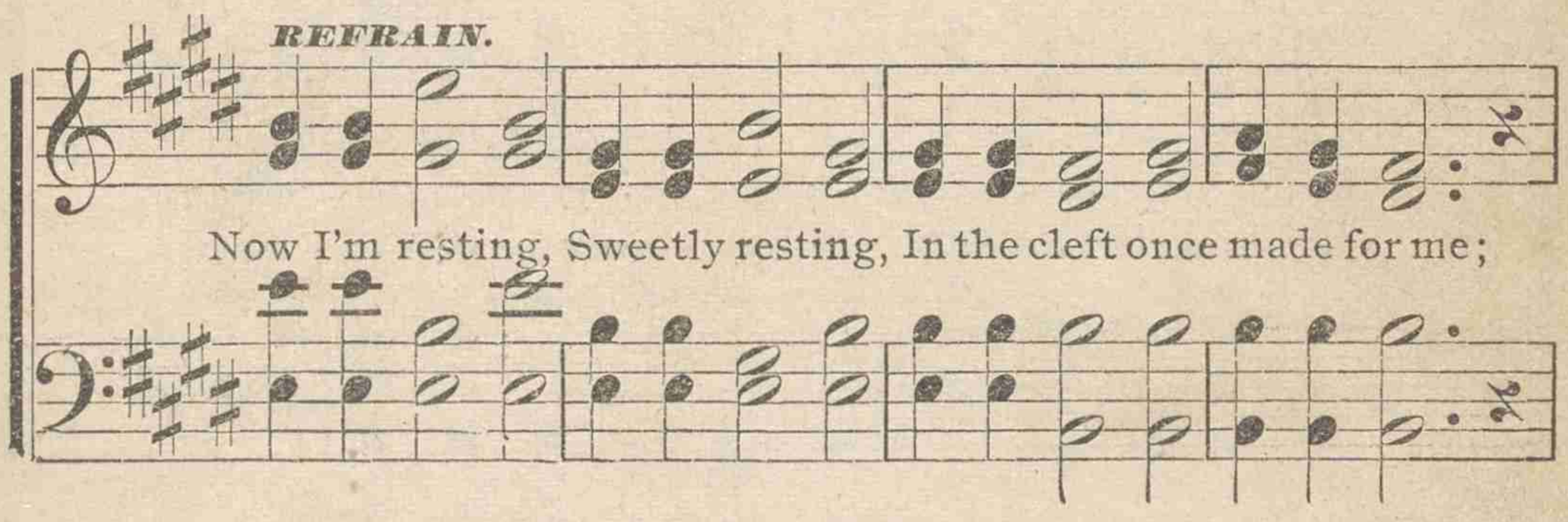
1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Safely sheltered I abide;
2. Long pursued by sin and Satan, Weary sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can never give,
4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,



There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shelter, Opened in my Savior's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find-ing: In his smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest refuge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.



REFRAIN.



Now I'm resting, Sweetly resting, In the cleft once made for me;



Je - sus, blessed Rock of A - ges, I will hide myself in thee

No. 16. Say, are You Ready?

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

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing

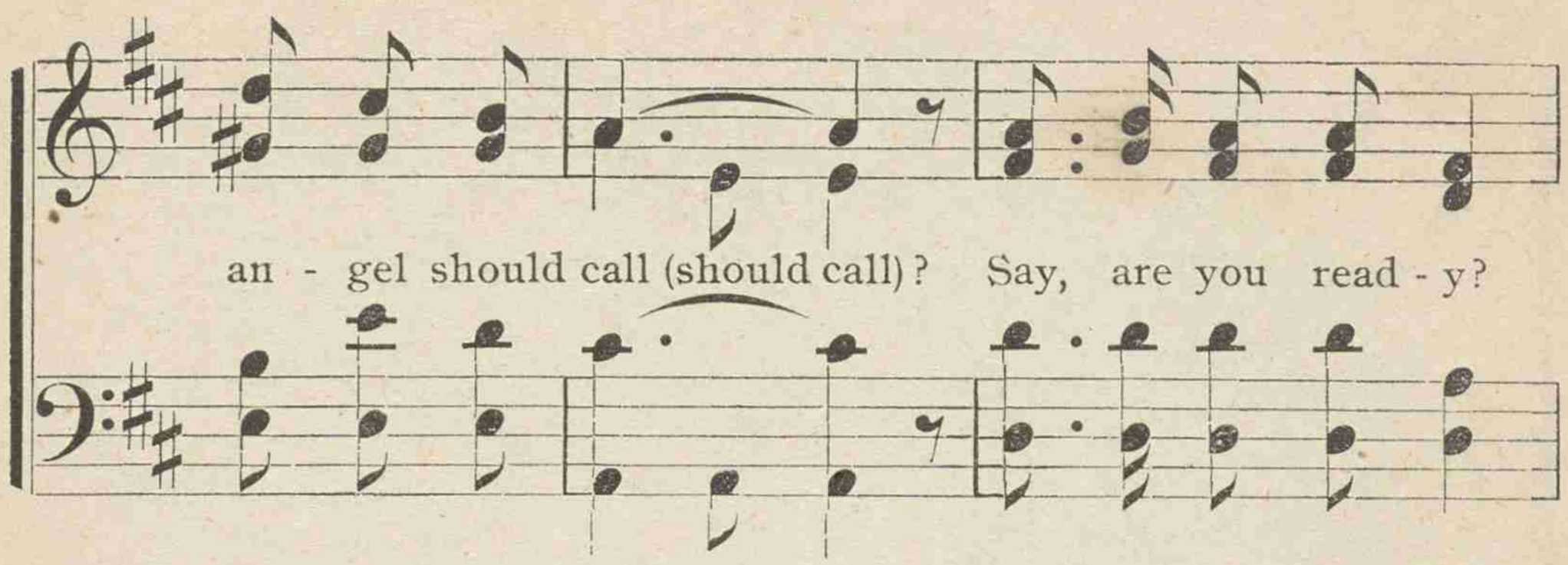
In the still watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it
In - to the world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment
In - to the mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading,

pass in - to torment, Or to the land of de - light?
brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sin-ner, be - ware!
pa - tient - ly pleading, Oh, let him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you read-y? If the Death

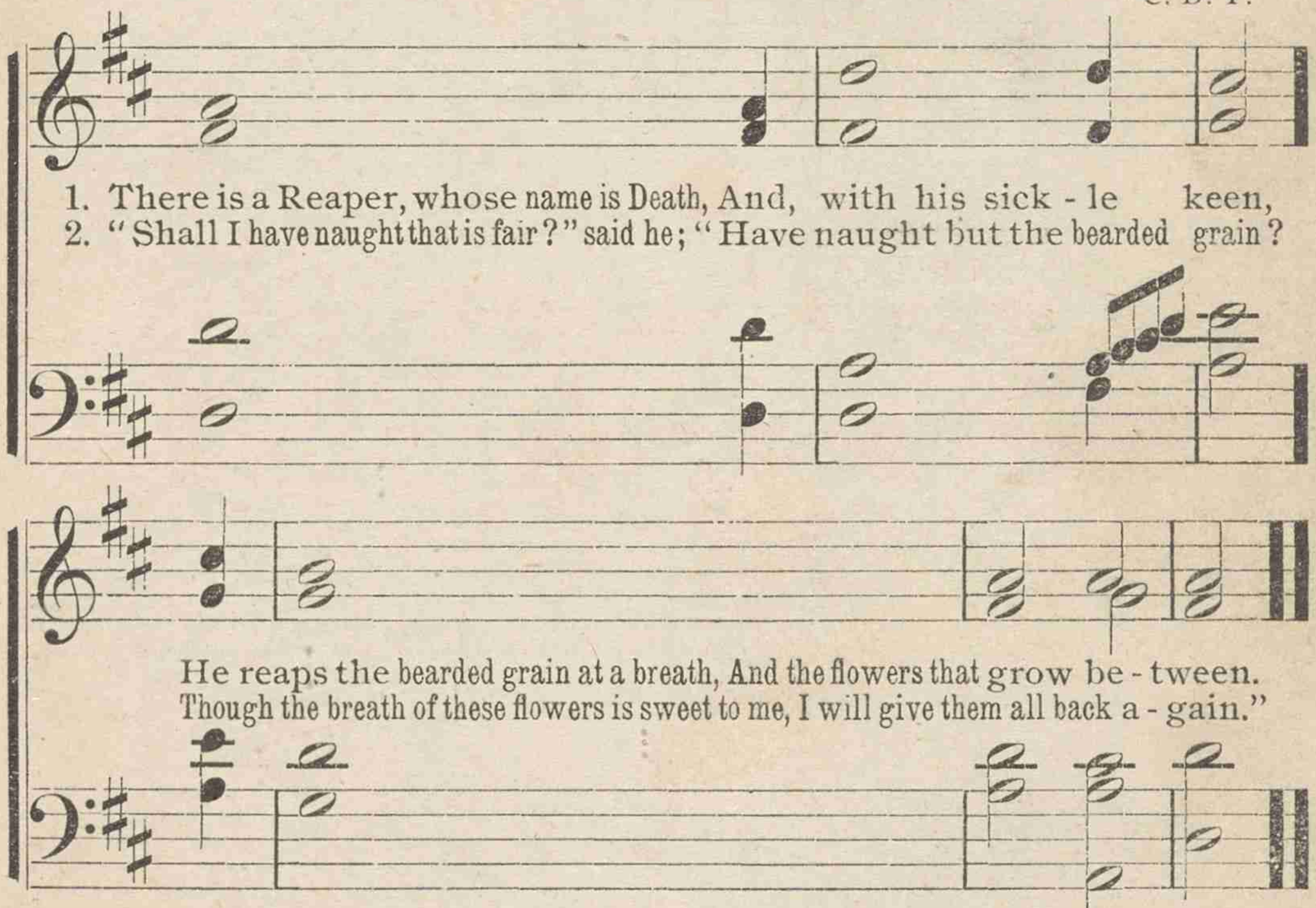
Say, are You Ready? Concluded.





No. 17. The Reaper.

C. D. T.



3 He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He | kissed their drooping | leaves;
It | was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them | in his sheaves.

4 "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay"
The | Reaper said, and | smiled;
"Dear | tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was | once a child.

5 "They shall bloom in the fields of light,
Trans- | planted by my | care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred | blossoms wear."

6 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The | flowers she most did | love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of | light above.

7 Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The | Reaper came that | day;
'Twas an | angel visited the green earth,
And took the | flowers away.

No. 18. Rejoice, Rejoice, the Lost is Found.

F. L. B. (Written expressly for E. O. Excell.) FRANK. L. BRISTOW.

1. Joyfully march along, and shout the song To the earth's re-
2. Wanderer, far away from love to-day, In the sea of
3. Joyfully an - gels bring the Signet ring, Of a Fa - ther's
4. Heavenly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of

motest bound, "Sal - va - tion's come, The wand'rer's home, The
sin so low, A call from home now bids "you come," A-
pard'ning grace, And roy - al fare, they now prepare, Be-
beau-ty rare, With an - gel throng—Join in a song Of

lost one now is found," Rejoice! Rejoice! with heart and voice, Re-
rise and say "I'll go," Your vacant chair is waiting there, And
fore his smiling face, Away with fears! away with tears! Re-
joy beyond compare, "Redeemer!" "King!" forever sing The

CHORUS.
With earnestness and precision.

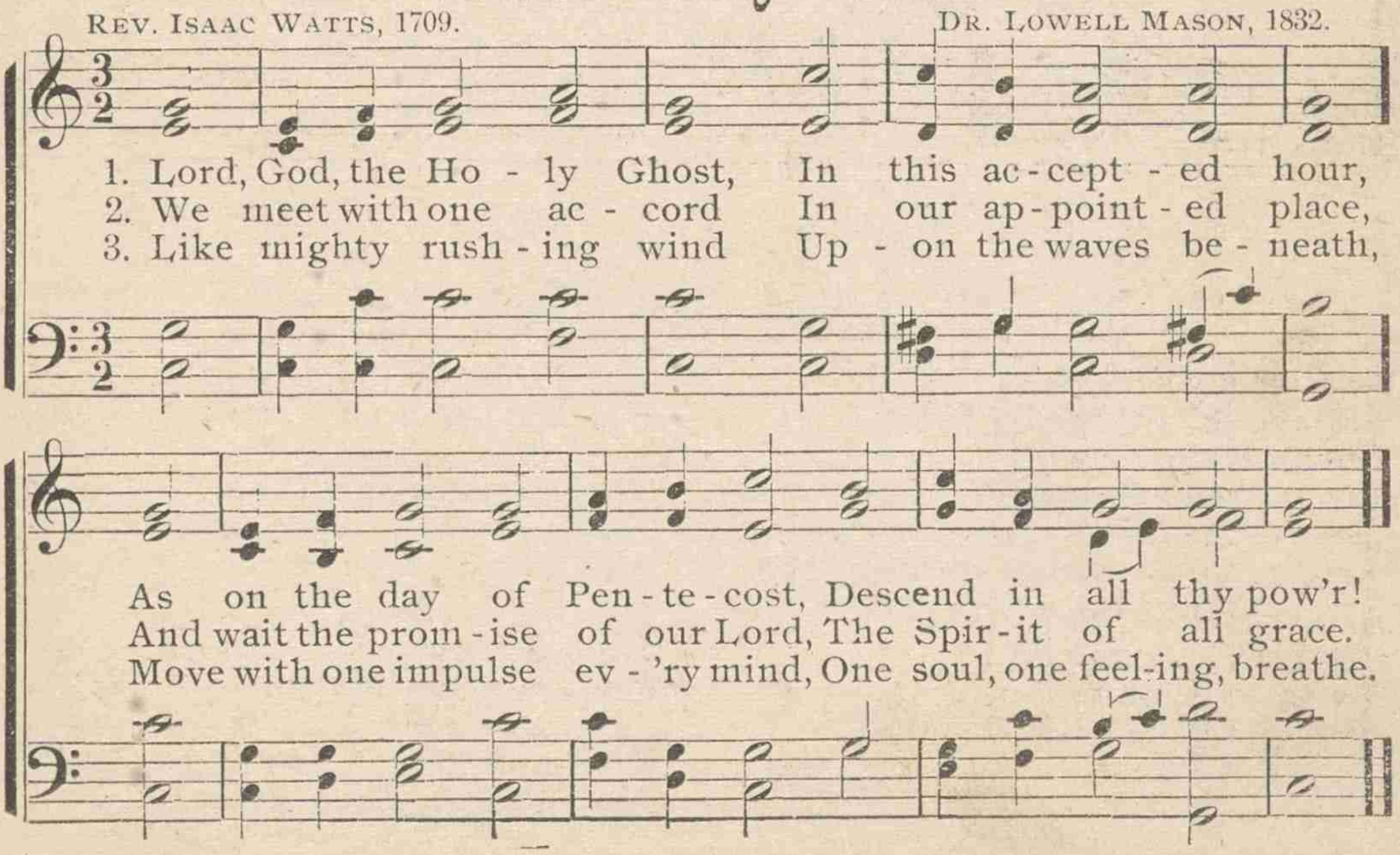
peat the wel - come sound! With songs of joy, Your
rai - ment white as snow!
ceive his fond embrace!
loved ones gath - ered there!

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Rejoice! the Lost is Found. Concluded.



No. 19. Holy Ghost.



No. 20. Blow ye the Trumpet, Blow.

CHARLES WESLEY. LENOX. H. M.



No. 21. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
‖: Before the throne my surety stands, :‖
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race; :‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son;
‖: His spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh, :‖
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 22. Joy to the World.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. C. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



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

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

No. 23. Lord Revive Us.



D. C. *Lord revive us, oh, revive us, All our help must come from thee.*



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer, Lord, to thee.

6 Prone to love thee, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to love thee and adore,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Wholly thine forever more.

No. 24.

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

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

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

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

No. 25. Come Dwell With Me.

Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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[This is sung to Music No. 48.]

No. 26. Sweet Assurance.

1 We are dwelling now in Canaan,
Underneath its fruitful vines,
Eating of the grapes of Eschol,
Drinking of the best of wines.
Here the balmy airs are cheering,
Healing waters gently glide;
Here in peace the soul is resting,
With the Savior by our side.

CHO.—Yes, this is the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 Here is life, yes, life eternal,
Here enjoyment never dies;
All our doubts dissolve before us,
And no slavish fears arise.
Here we sweetly rest in Jesus—
Rest from every anxious care;
And the Comforter is near us,
Ever near to answer prayer.

3 Winds may blow and storms may hover,
Brooding on the distant hills;
But they sweep not through our refuge,
Safe within these peaceful vales.
Here we feel the "love abounding"
Of our Lord from day to day;
Here we triumph o'er the tempter,
For our foe is held at bay.

REV. A. B. RUSSELL.

No. 27. Mighty Rock of Ages.

GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Mighty Rock of A - ges, When the tempest rages, And my bark is
2. Thro' the darkness dreary, Keeping watch a-weary, Oft I gaze a-
3. When the winds are shrieking, And my frail bark creaking, I will bend my

tossed upon the sea (up - on the sea); Far a - bove the o - cean
cross a surging wave (a surging wave) Poised upon the bil - low,
oars to thee for aid (to thee for aid); O'er the wa-ters fear - less,

And its wild commotion, Stands thy form, a beacon light to me (a light for me).
Peaceful is my pil-low, For I see thine arm outstretched to save (outstretched to save).
Safe I glide, and tearless, For I hear, "'Tis I, be not a-fraid," (be not afraid).

CHORUS.

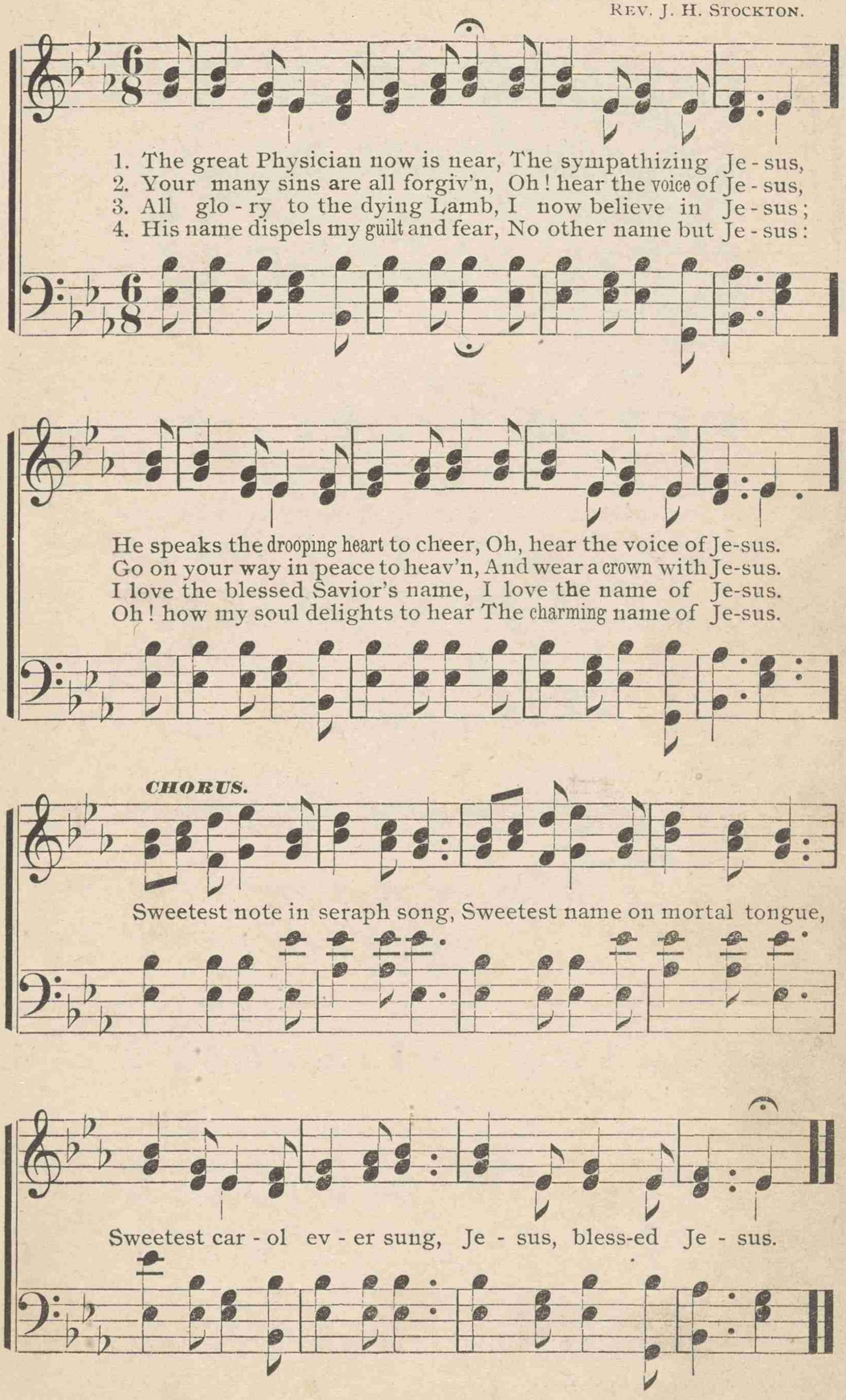
Rock of A - ges, ever be . . My re-treat while on Life's sea;
Rock of Ages, ever be, ever be, My retreat while on life's sea, on life's sea,

When death's bil - lows o'er me roll, . . . Be the ref - uge of my soul. . . .
When death's billows o'er me roll, o'er me roll, Be the refuge of my soul, of my soul.

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No. 28. The Great Physician.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

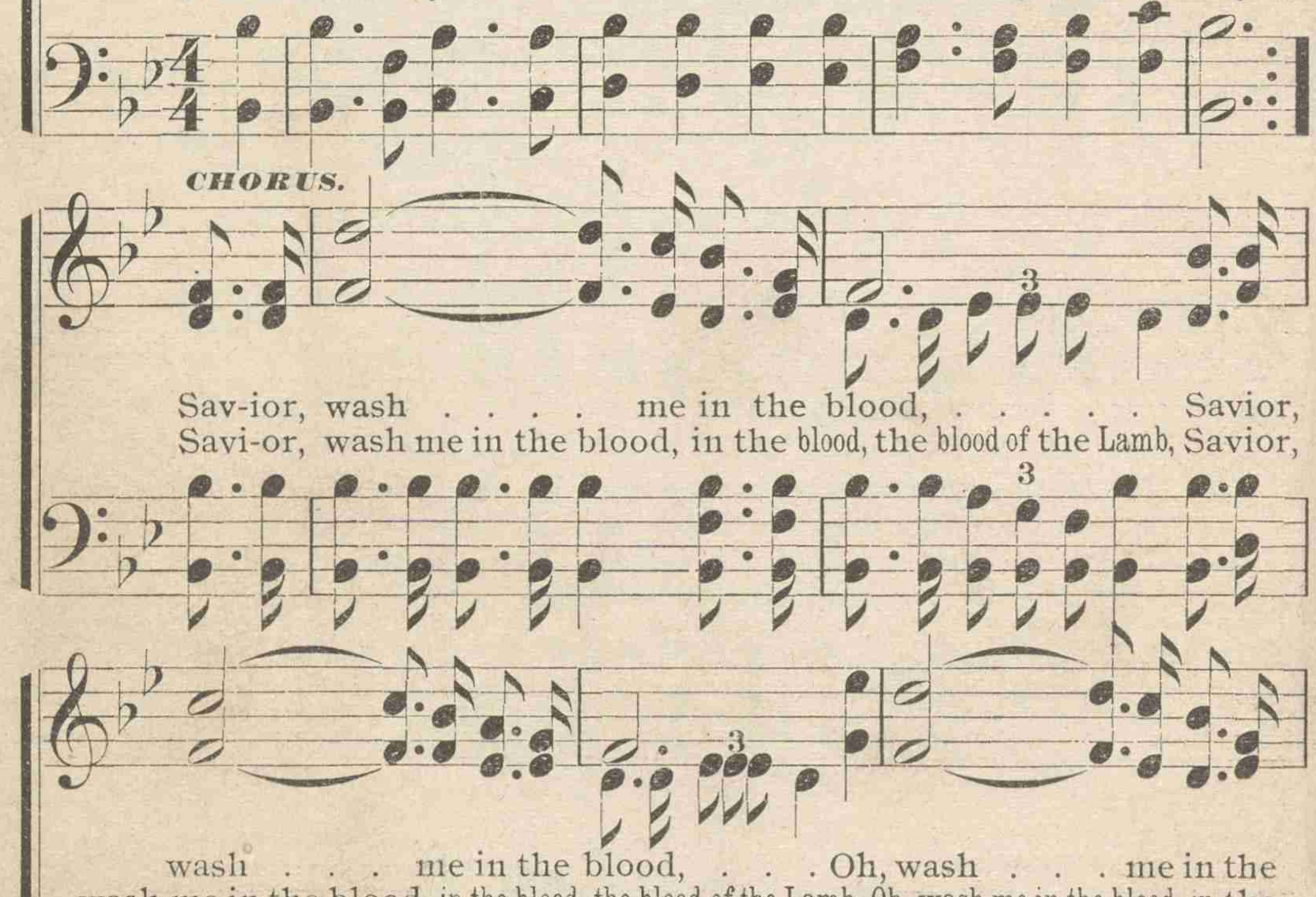


No. 29. Saviour, Wash Me in the Blood.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.

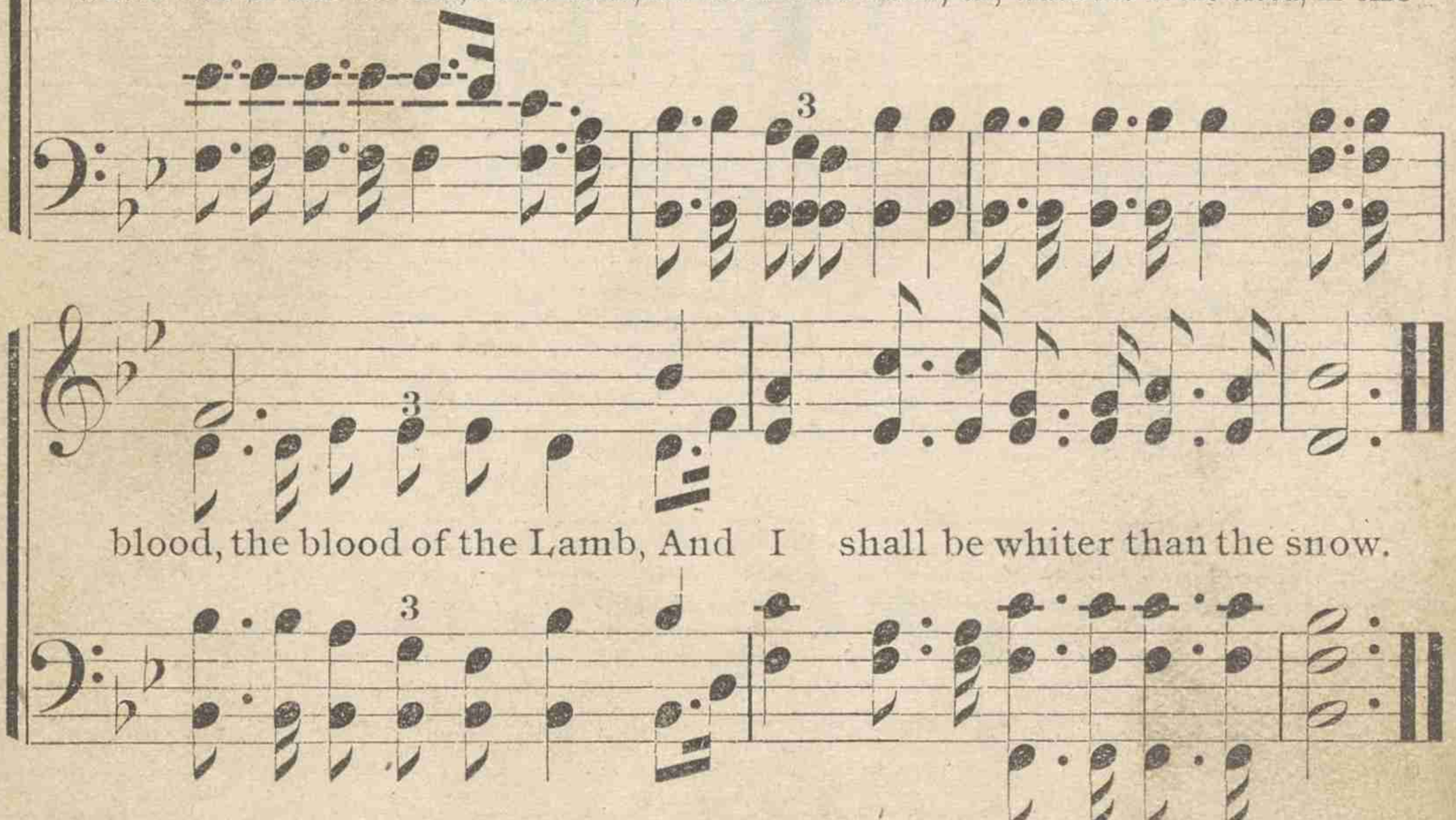


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
   And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.



Sav-ior, wash . . . . me in the blood, ... Savior,
Savi-or, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior,

wash . . . me in the blood, . . . Oh, wash . . . me in the
wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the blood, in the



blood, the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

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

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

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No. 30. Harvest Time.

HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.



No. 31. Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, Oh, what compassion beams in his eye;
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;





Tenderly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, oh, come unto me.
Hear him repeating gently, gently, Come to thy Savior, oh, why wilt thou die?
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?





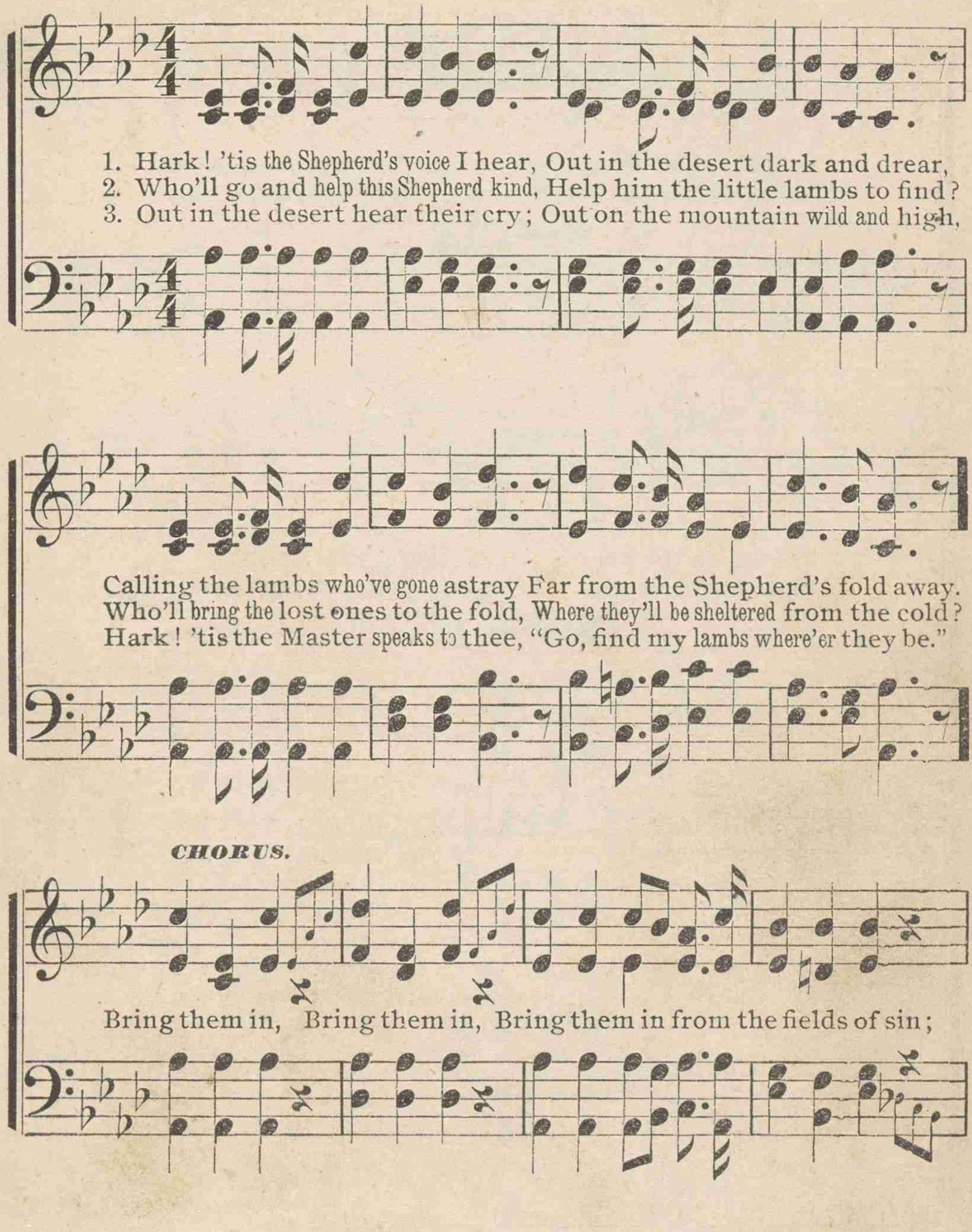
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

No. 32. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



From "Notes of Victory," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

No. 33. Oh, Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When I survey..... the wondrous cross,.....
2. For-bid it, Lord!.....that I should boast.....

On which the Prince.....of glo - ry died.....
Save in the death..... of Christ, my God,.....

My richest gain.....I count but loss.....
All the vain things.....that charm me most.....

And pour contempt.....on all my pride.....
I sac - ri - fice..... them to his blood.....

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Oh, Wondrous Cross. Concluded.

CHORUS.



3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a gift far, far too small;
Love so complete, love so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 34. The Sinless Summerland.

Arr. from J. W. WELSH. J. C. BUSHEY.



1. I am longing for the coming Of the snow-white angel band,
2. I am waiting for the signal That shall speak my full release,
3. I am longing to be going, Yet my Father's kind command





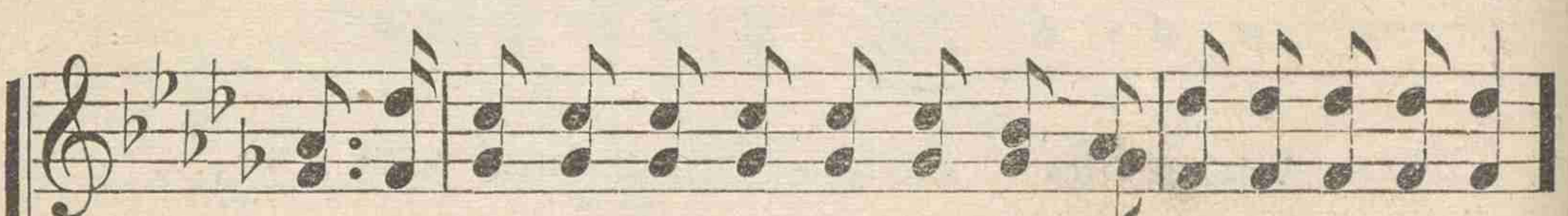
That shall bear my wea-ry spir - it To the sinless summerland;
And present my welcome pass-port To the realms of perfect peace;
Bids me tar - ry 'mid the shadows Of the mist-y low-er land;



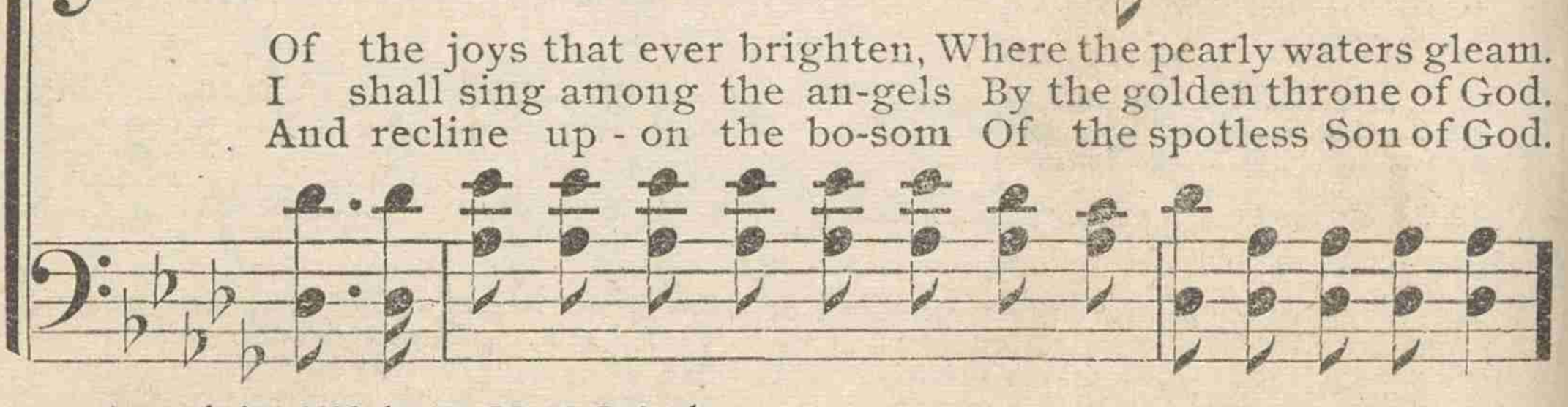


As I tread the narrow pathway Thro' this thorny vale, I dream
Yes, and when the wea-ry sandals All the dusty way have trod,
When my pilgramage is end-ed, I shall stem the turbid flood,





Of the joys that ever brighten, Where the pearly waters gleam.
I shall sing among the an-gels By the golden throne of God.
And recline up - on the bo-som Of the spotless Son of God.



Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh.

The Sinless Summerland. Concluded.



No. 35. When I can Read my Title Clear.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Shou'd earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come;
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

No. 36. Golden Light.

G. A. M. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. There's a bright golden light, That is shin - ing on our way,
2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the darkness of my sin,
3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rugged paths of life,

And it cometh from a - bove; 'Tis the precious light of truth,
To the glorious light of day; 'Tis the light that fills my soul,
Up the wea - ry hills of time; Thro the troubles and the care,

D. S. *And brighten up the way,*

That will lead to endless day; 'Tis the light of a Savior's love.
And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall never stray.
Thro' the conflict and the strife, And this light shall be ev-er mine.

That will lead to endless day; With the light of a Savior's love.

CHORU. D. S.

Golden light, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
shine on, shine on,

No. 37. Once I Wandered.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.







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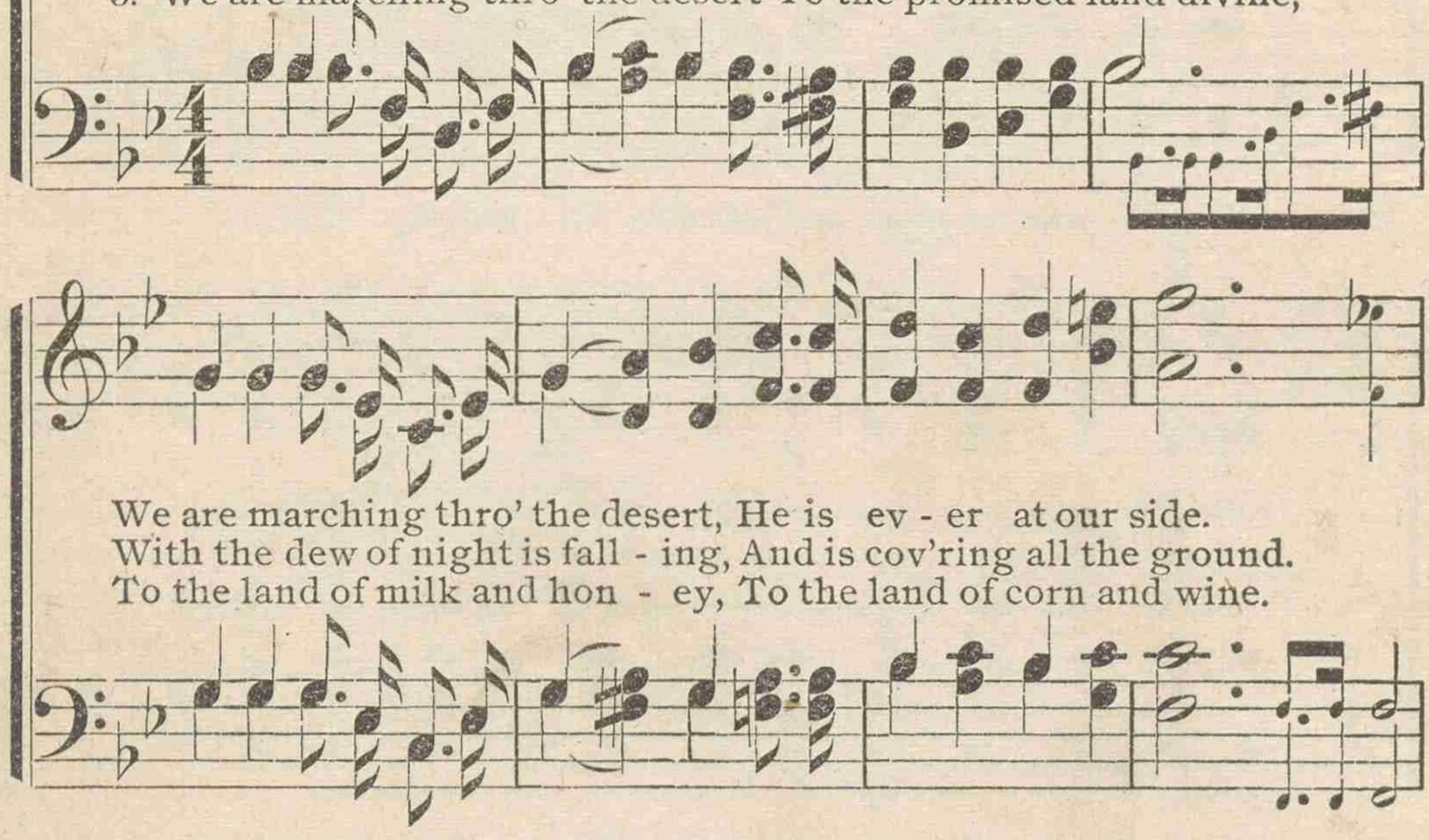
No. 38. Marching on to Canaan.

"They shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. W. A. OGDEN.



1. We are marching on to Canaan, And Jehovah is our guide,
2. We are marching thro' the desert, And the manna all around
3. We are marching thro' the desert To the promised land divine,

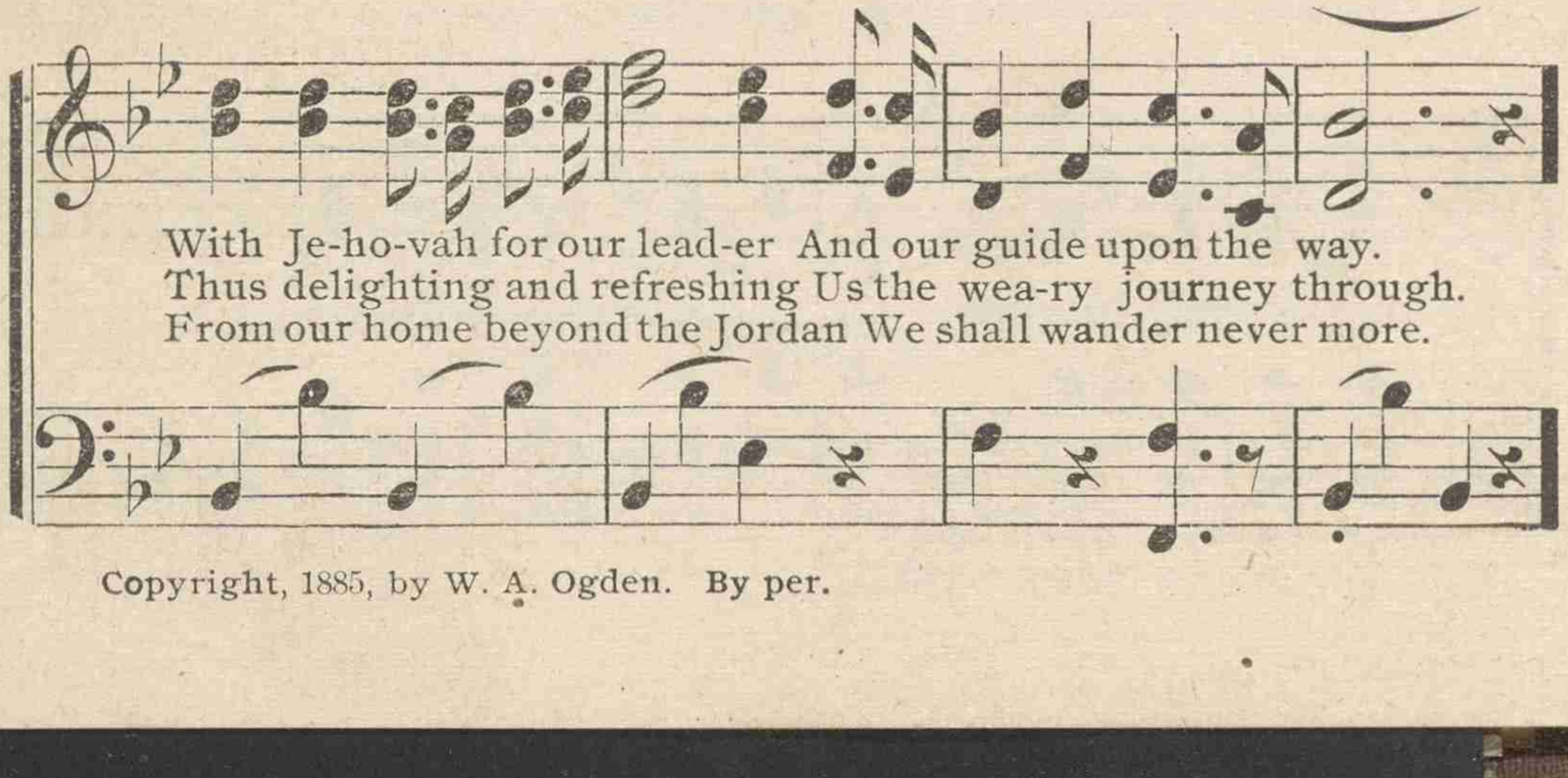


We are marching thro' the desert, He is ev - er at our side.
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov'ring all the ground.
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine.



DUET.

In the darkness or the dan - ger, We can never go astray
From the smitten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling fullness flow,
We are marching thro' the des-ert, We approach the shining shore,



With Je-ho-vah for our lead-er And our guide upon the way.
Thus delighting and refreshing Us the wea-ry journey through.
From our home beyond the Jordan We shall wander never more.

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. By per.

Marching on to Canaan. Concluded.

FULL CHORUS. *f*

On! stead-i-ly on! Stead-ily marching to the happy
Marching on! marching on!

land of Ca - naan; On! stead-i-ly on!
land, we're marching on! Marching on! marching on!

1st.

Ver - i - ly guided by Jehovah's hand are we (guided are we).

2d. *Last stanza repeat Chorus pp.*

Stead-i - ly marching to the hap-py land we go (marching home).

No. 39. Roll on, the Gospel Chariot.

M. E. ABBEY, Atlanta, Ga. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Roll on, the Gospel Chariot. Concluded.



No. 40. What a Gath'ring that will be.

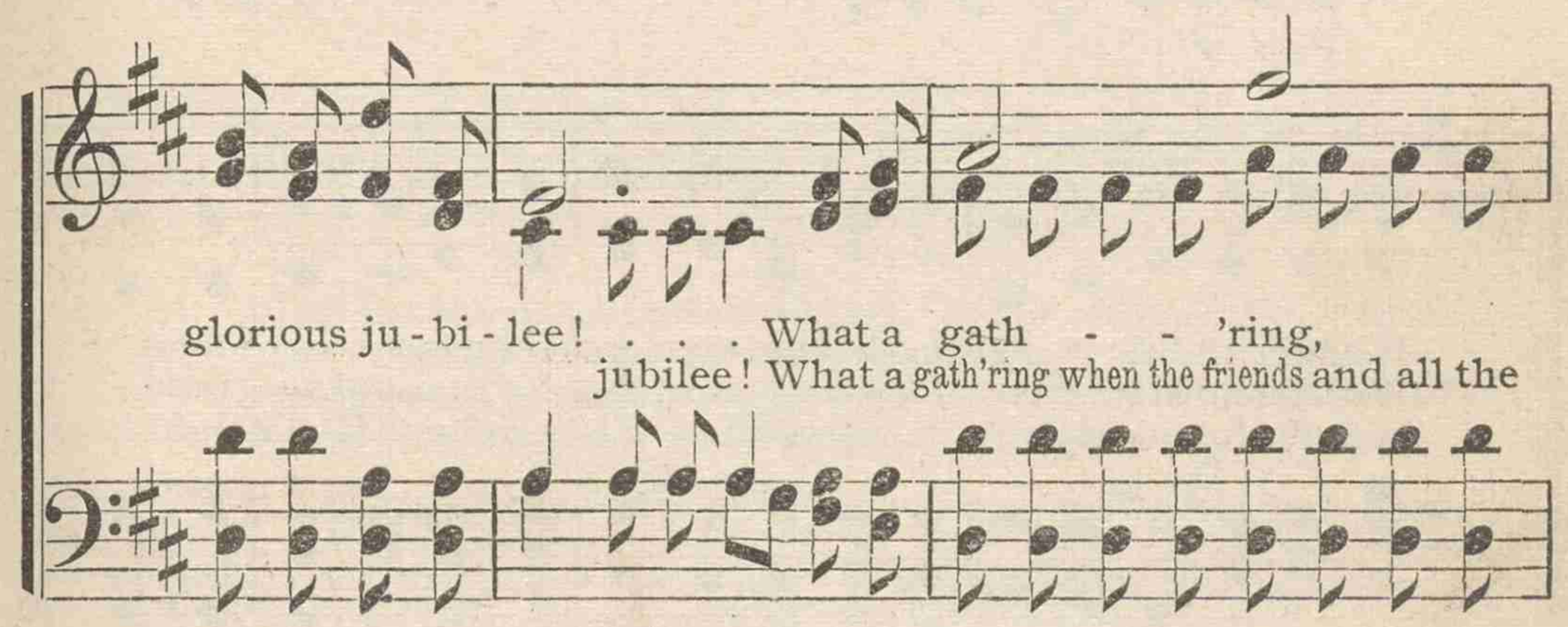
J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

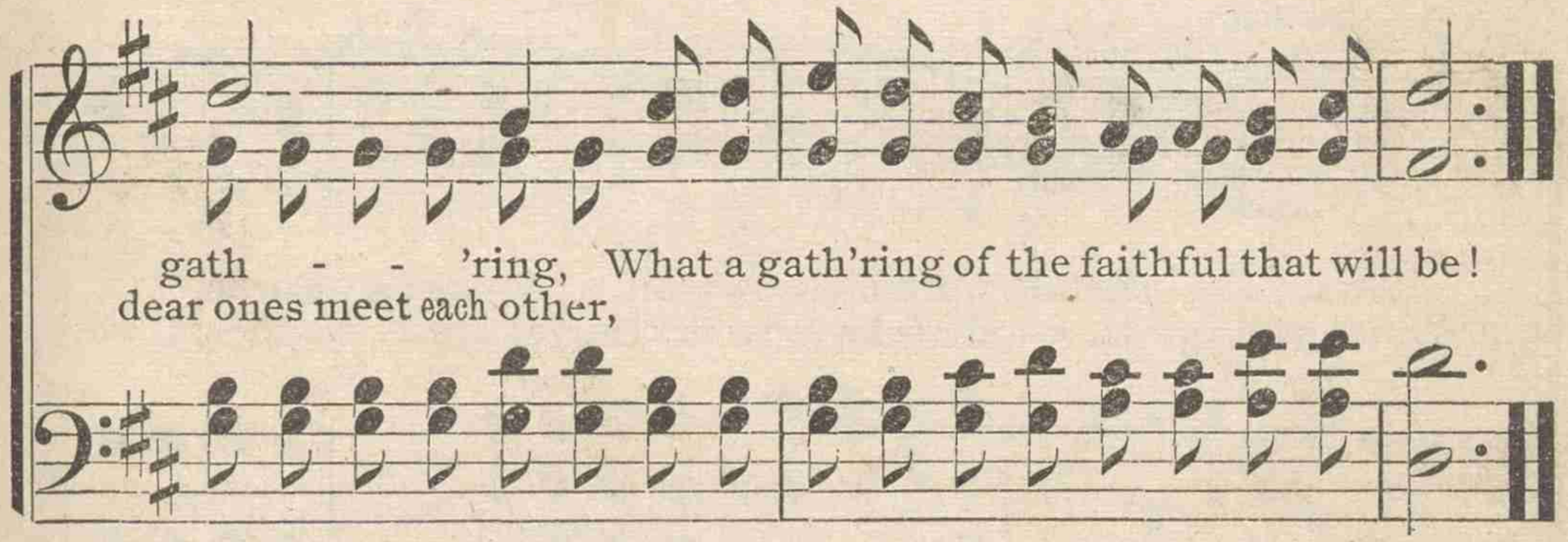


From "Song Treasury." By per.

What a Gath'ring That will be. Concluded.







No. 41. I am Coming to the Cross.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

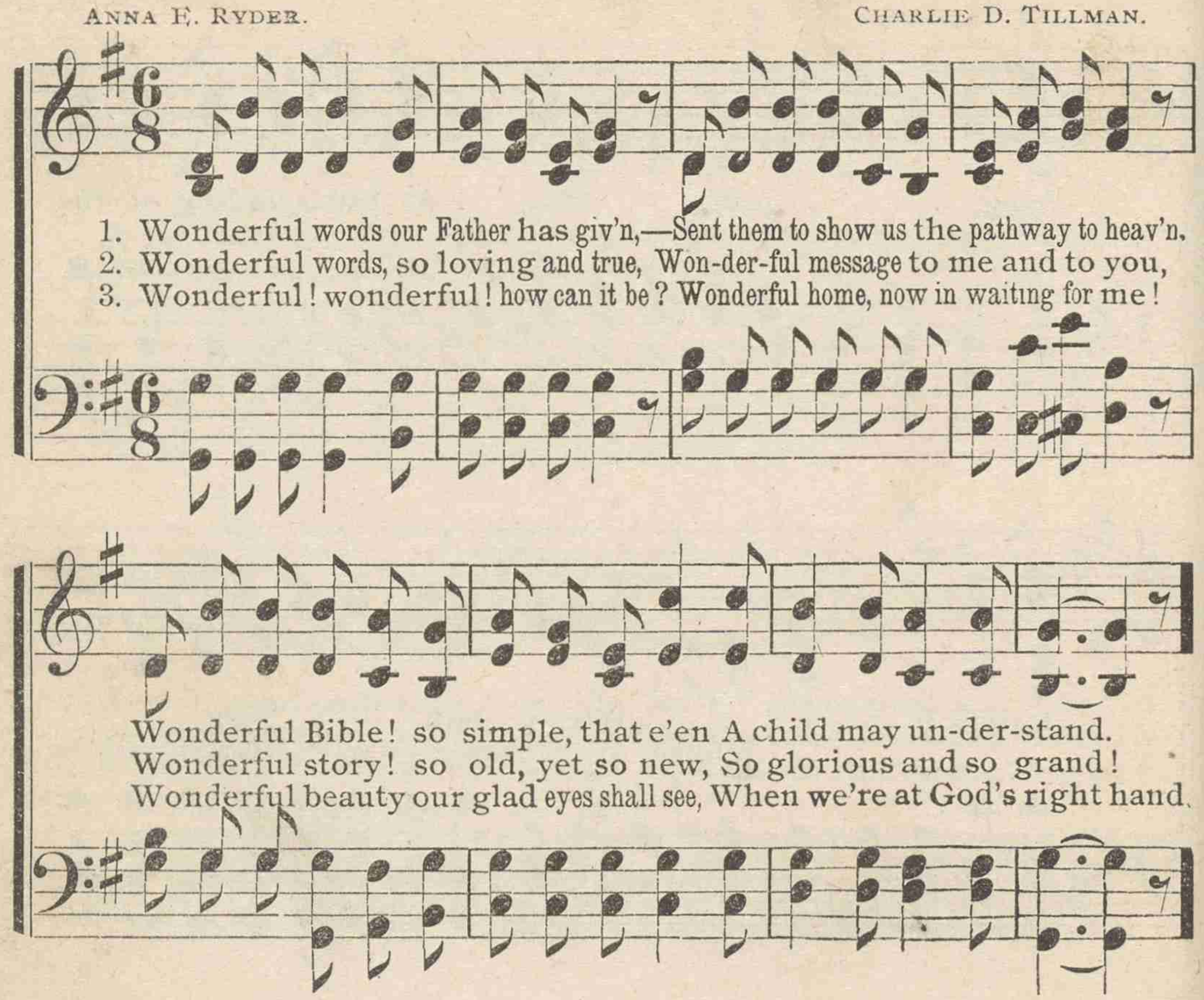
2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 42. Wonderful Words.

ANNA E. RYDER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



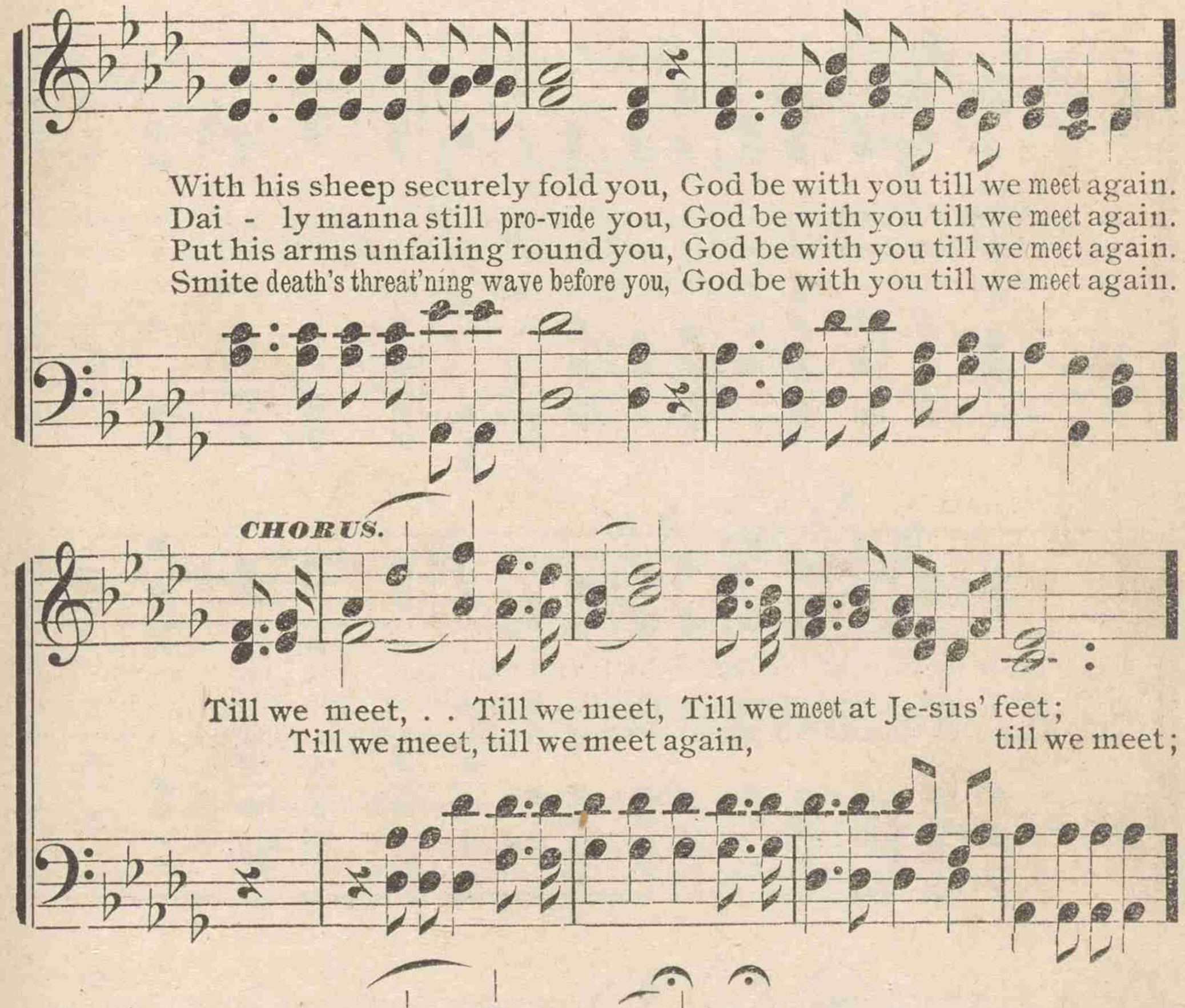
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No. 43. God be with You.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

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



Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be withyoutill we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By permission.

No. 44. Just the Same To-day.

'And Jesus went about....preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.''—Matt. 4 : 23.

MRS. S. Z. KAUFMAN. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

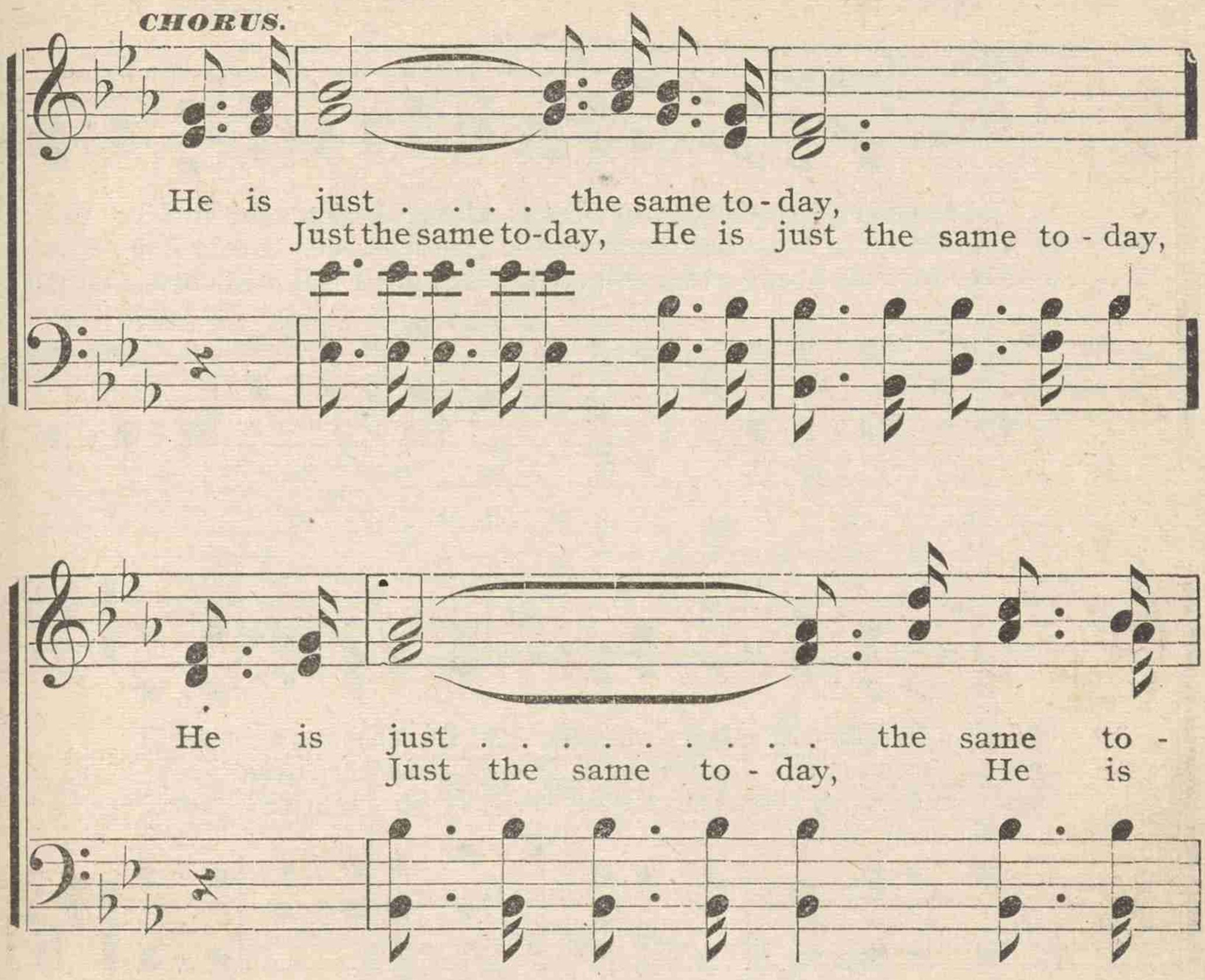
1. Have you ev-er heard the story Of the Babe of Beth-lehem,
2. Have you ev-er heard the story, How he walked upon the sea,
3. Have you ev-er heard of Je-sus, Praying in Gethsem - a - ne,

Who was worshipped by the angels, And the wise and ho - ly men?
To his dear dis-ciples tossing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
And the ev - er-thrilling story How he died up-on a tree,

How he taught the learned doctors In the tem - ple far a - way?
How the waves, in angry motion, Quickly at his will o - bey?
Cru - el thorns his forehead piercing, As his spir - it passed a - way?

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day!
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day!
This he did for you, my brother, And he's just the same to-day!

Just the Same To-day. Concluded.



No. 45. Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

Then day by day . . . . along your way, ...
Then day by day along your way,

The seeds of prom - - - ise cast, ...
The seeds of promise cast, The seeds of promise cast,

Seeds of Promise. Concluded.

That ripened grain . . . . . from hill and plain, ...
That ripened grain from hill and plain,

Be gathered home . . . . . at last. . . . . .
Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.

No. 46. If We Knew.

Christian World. WM. M. WALLER. Harmonized by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. If we knew when walking thoughtless In the nois-y, crowd-ed way,
2. If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we should fling,
3. If we knew when friends around us Close-ly press to say "good-bye,"

That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close be-side our path-way lay,
If we knew what lips were parching For the wa-ter we could bring,
Which a-mong the lips that kissed us, First would 'neath the dais-ies lie,

D. S. Lest our care-less feet should trample Some rare jew-el to the ground.
D. S. Bear-ing cups of cool-ing wa-ter, Plant-ing rows of shad-y palms.
D. S. Ten-der words of love e-ter-nal We would whis-per in their ears.

We would pause, where now we hasten; We would oft-en look a-round,
We would haste with eag-er footsteps, We would work with will-ing hands,
We would clasp our arms a-round them, Look-ing on them thro' our tears,

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No. 47. Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise, forsake me, They have left my Savior, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn and pain!

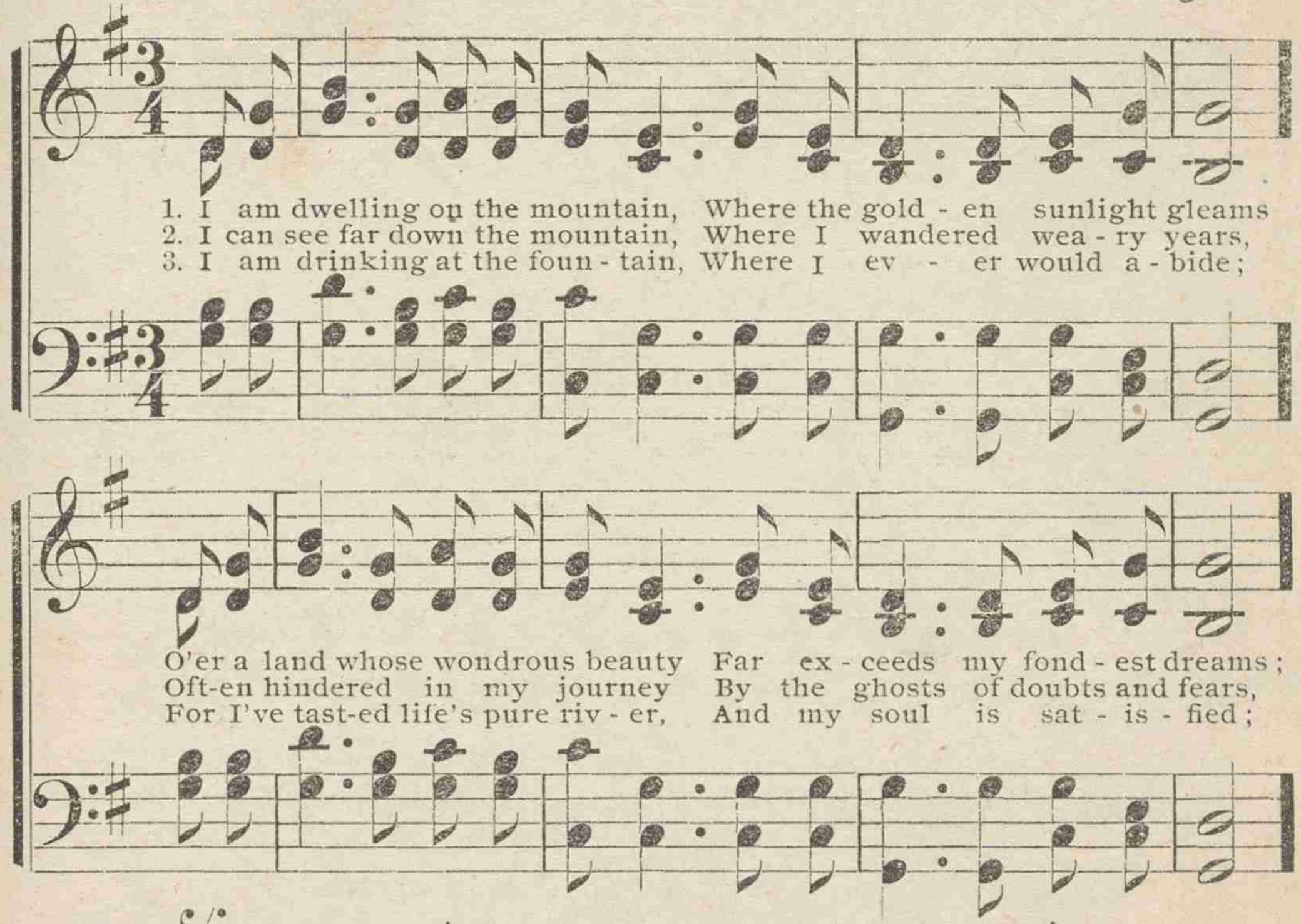
Na-ked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, untrue;
In thy service, pain is pleasure; With thy fa - vor, loss is gain.

Perish ev-'ry fond ambi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
I have called thee, "Abba, Father," I have stayed my heart on thee;

Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

No. 48. Is not this the Land Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.



4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

No. 49. Seeking the Lost.

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

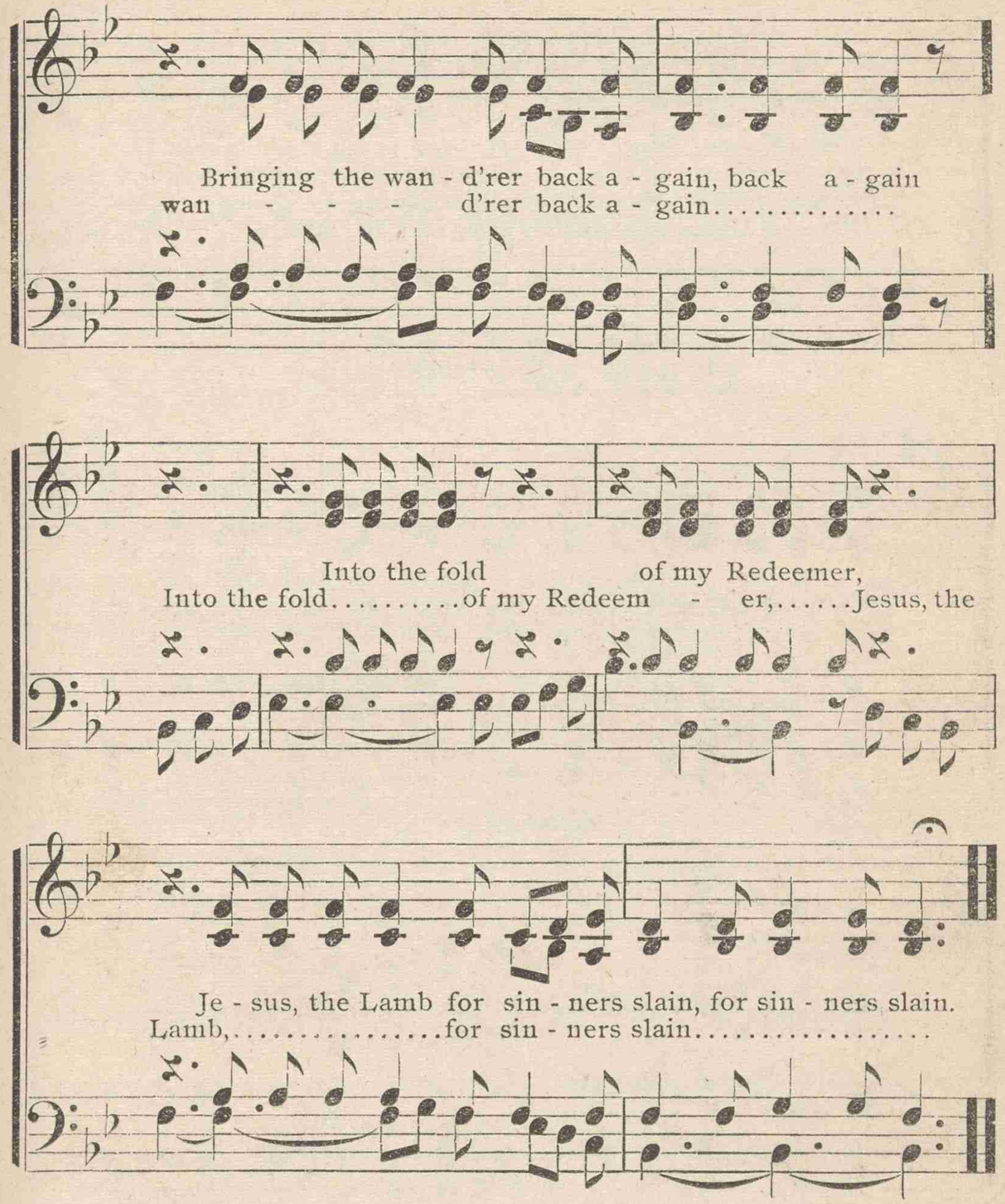
1. Seeking the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat-ing, Wander - ers on the mountain a-stray; "Come un - to me," his message re - peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speaking to - day.
2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on missions of mer - cy, Fol-low - ing Christ from day un-to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS.

Going afar upon the mountain,
Going a-far . . . . . upon the mountain, Bringing the

By permission.

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.



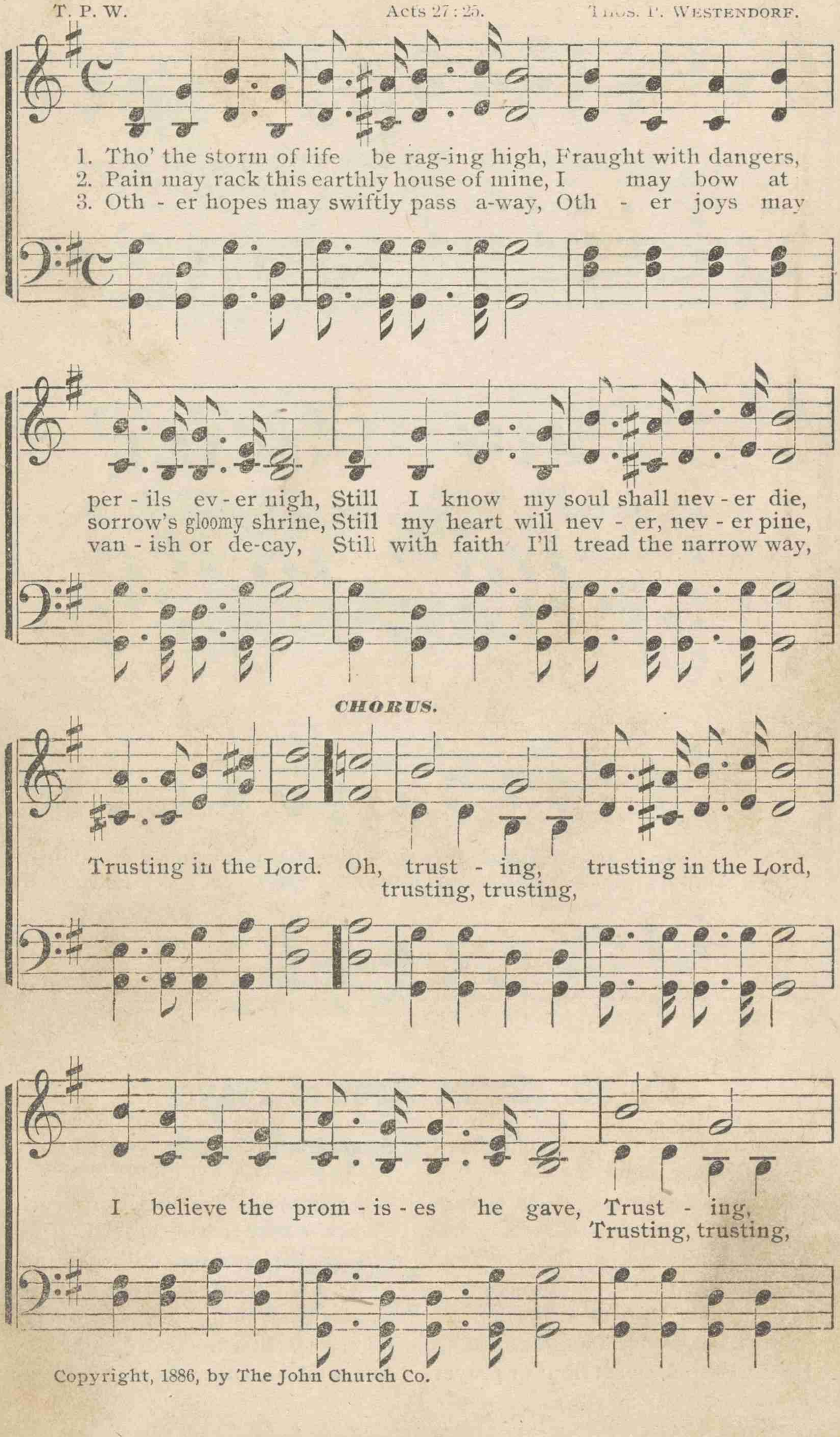
No. 50. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 51. Trusting in the Lord.

T. P. W. Acts 27 : 25. Thos. P. Westendorf.



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Trusting in the Lord. Concluded.



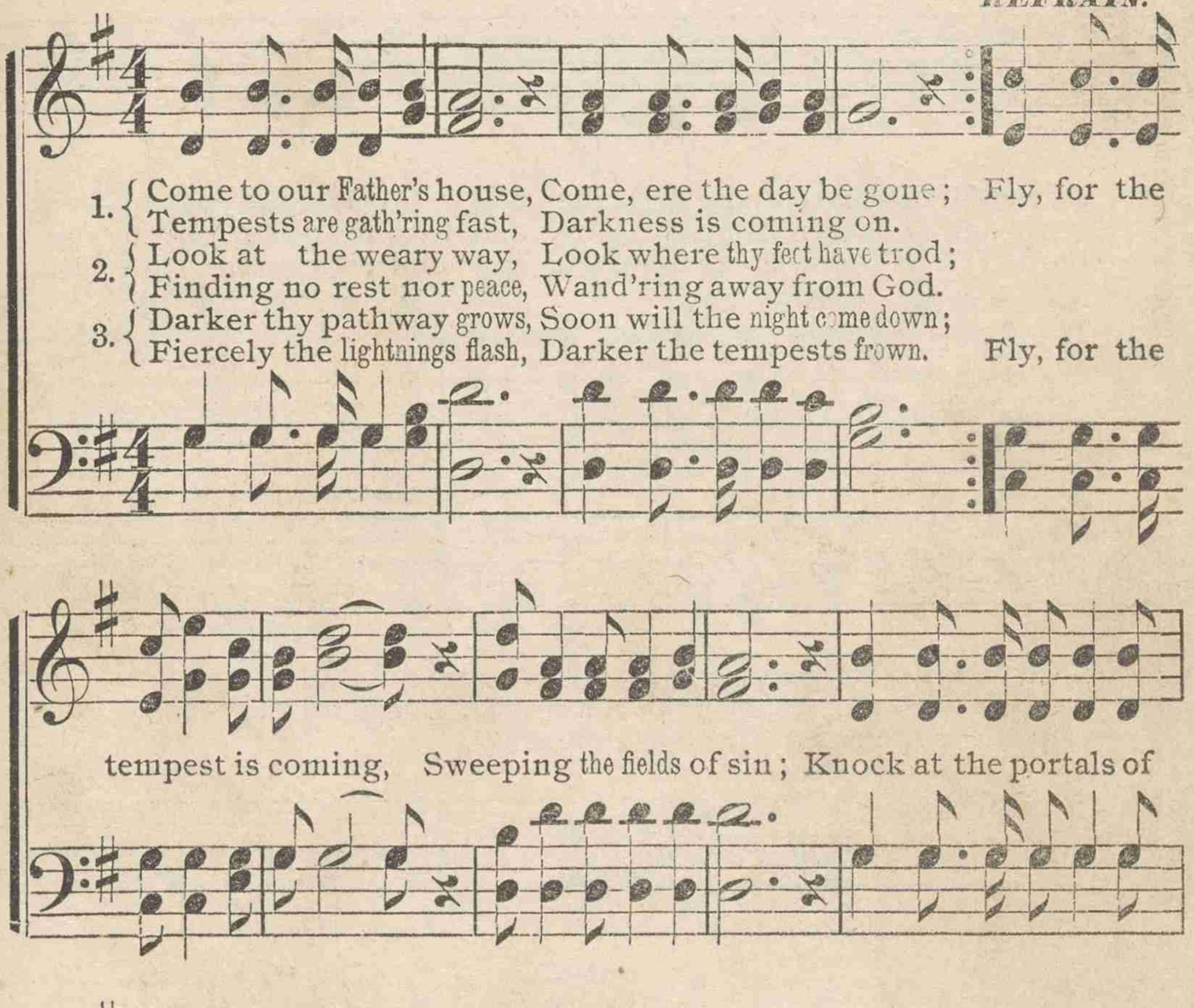
No. 52. Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

REFRAIN.

1. { Come to our Father's house, Come, ere the day be gone; Fly, for the
   { Tempests are gath'ring fast, Darkness is coming on.
2. { Look at the weary way, Look where thy feet have trod;
   { Finding no rest nor peace, Wand'ring away from God.
3. { Darker thy pathway grows, Soon will the night come down;
   { Fiercely the lightnings flash, Darker the tempests frown. Fly, for the





4 Fly from the fields of sin,
  Fly for thy life to-day;
Fly to our Father's house,
  Enter the narrow way.

5 Here will thy soul find rest,
  Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace,—
  Joys that forever last.

No. 53. Come Unto Me.

Read Matt. xi—28th, 29th, 30th verses.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.



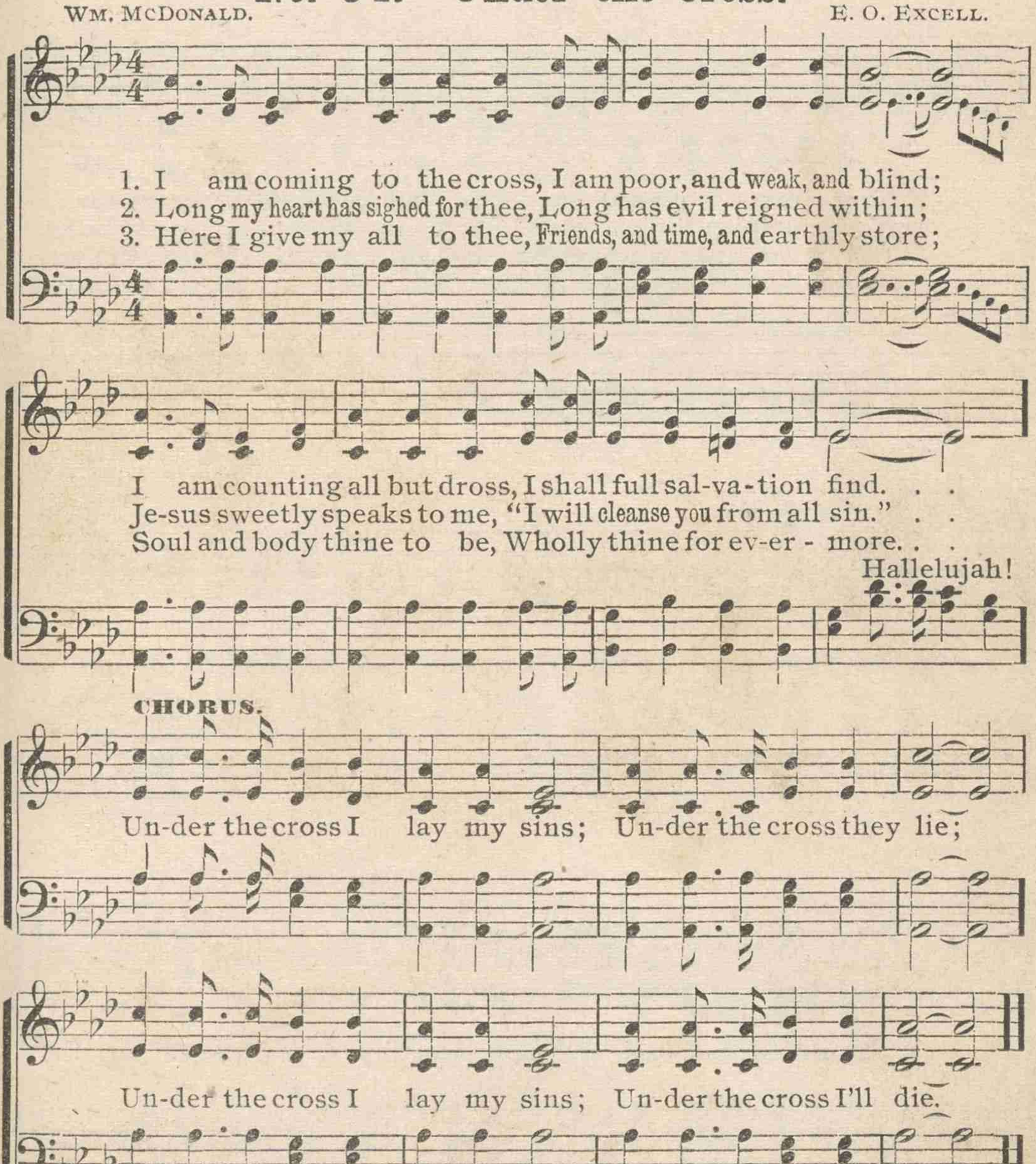
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Come Unto Me. Concluded.



No. 54. Under the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. E. O. EXCELL.



Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 55. Ye Are my Witnesses.

M. L. L. CHARLIE TILLMAN.



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No. 56. He Came to Save Me.

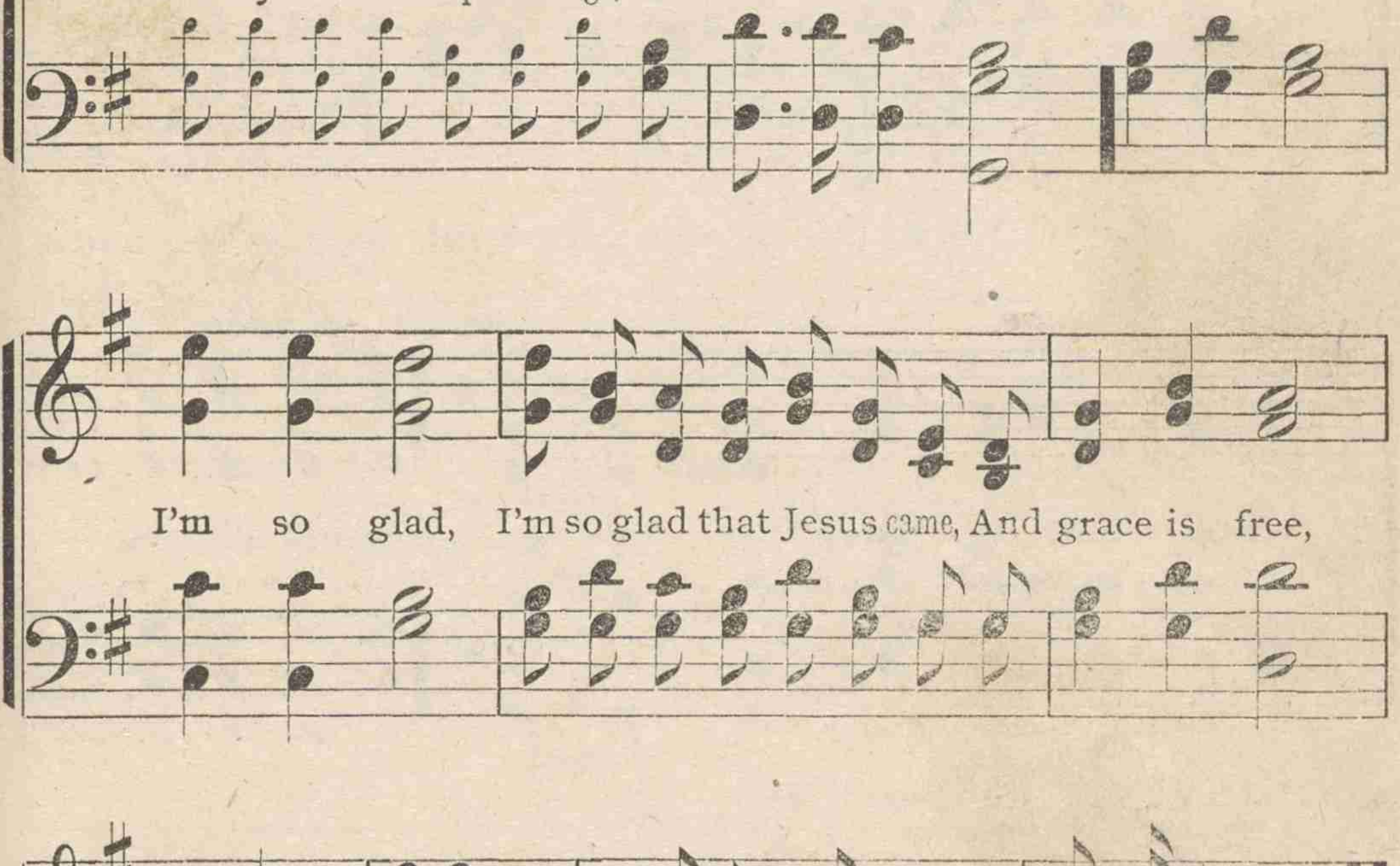
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When Jesus laid his crown a-side, He came to save me; When
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; Oh,
3. With gentle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And
4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To



on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.
praise his name, I know it well. He came to save me. I'm so glad,
trusting him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.



I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,



I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.



Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 57. Passing This Way.

Arr. by D. W. C. D. W. CHRIST. By per



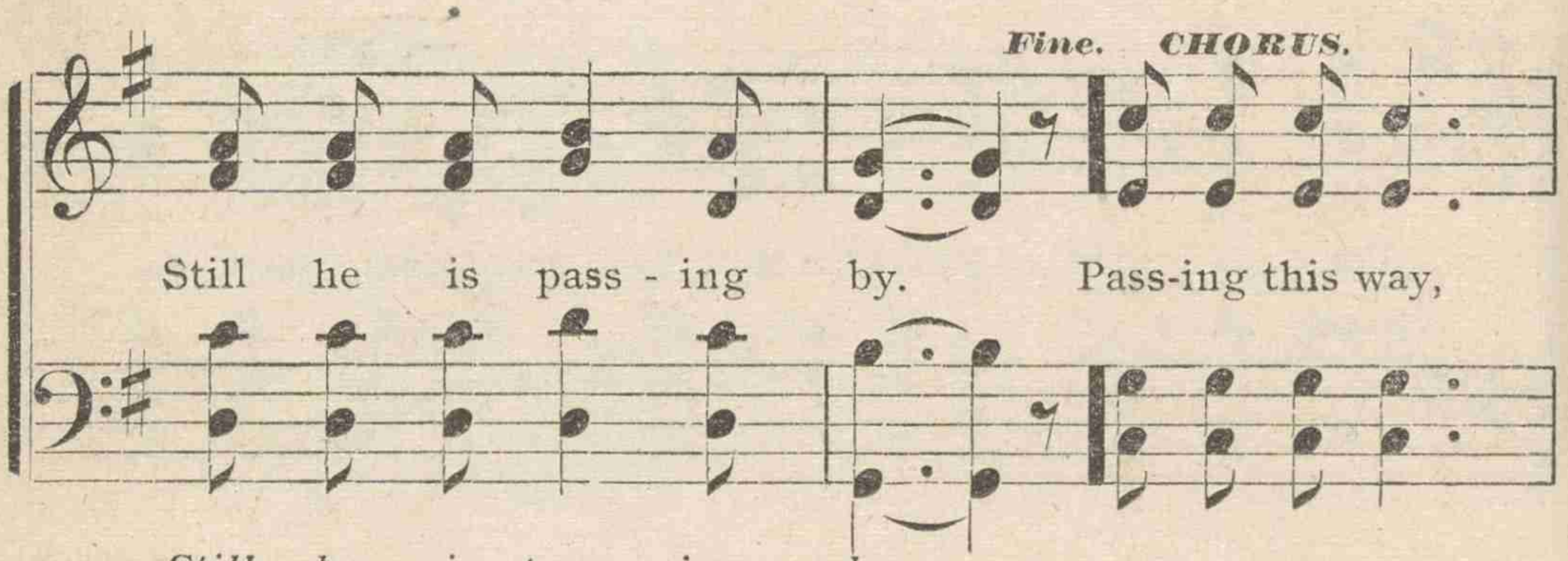
1. Je-sus of Naz'reth, to Beth-lehem came, Healing the blind, the
2. Je-sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a -
3. Je-sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and





sick and the lame; Oh, it was wonder-ful, blest be his name!
way from the fold, Gently and long he hath sought for my soul;
set my soul free; Oh, it was wonder-ful, how could it be?

D. S. *Oh, it was wonder-ful, blest be his name,*



Still he is pass - ing by. Pass-ing this way,

Still he is pass - ing by.



pass - ing this way, Je - sus is passing this way;

From "Gospel Gleanings," by per.

No. 58. Come to Jesus, Come To-day.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Come to Jesus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crimson glow;
2. Come to Jesus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate;
3. Come to Jesus, dying sin - ner! Oth - er Savior there is none;

If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.
Oh, delay not till the mor-row, Lest thy com-ing be too late.
He will share with you his glo - ry, When your pilgrimage is done.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Come to Jesus!
Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

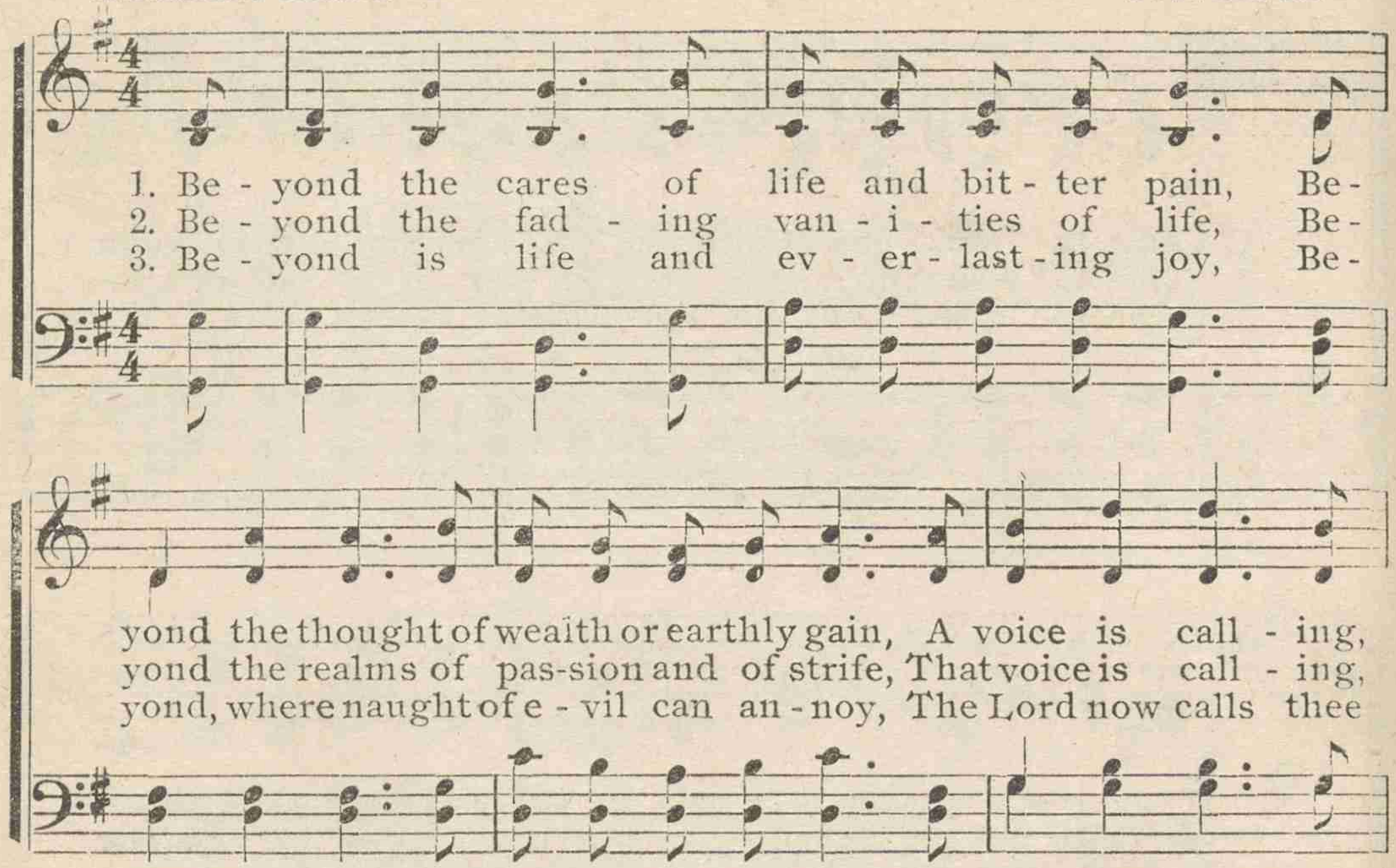
1st.

2d. Repeat pp

come to - day,
come, yes, come, come to-day! } Come to Je-sus! come, come to-day!

No. 59. Calling Thee Away.

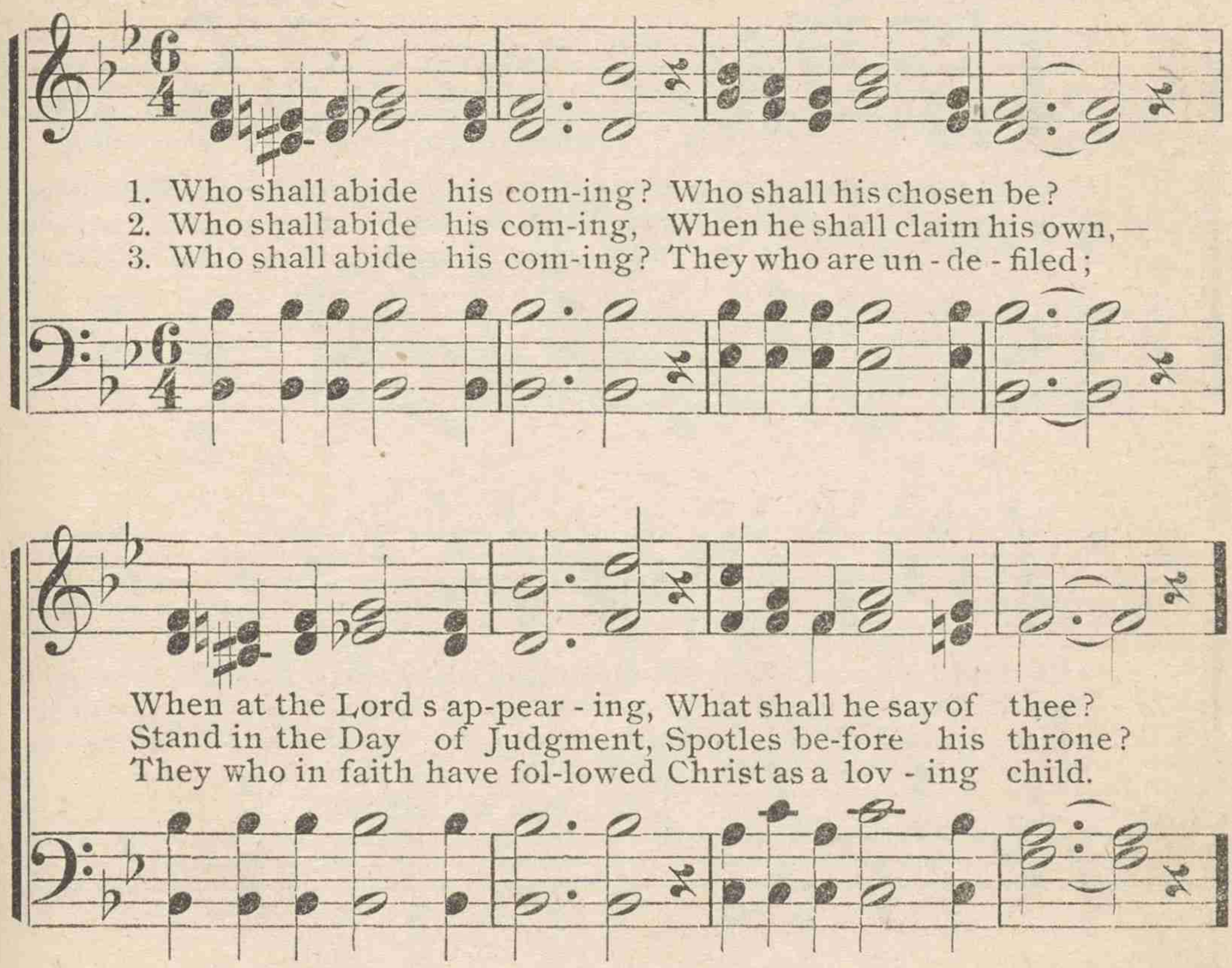
MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.



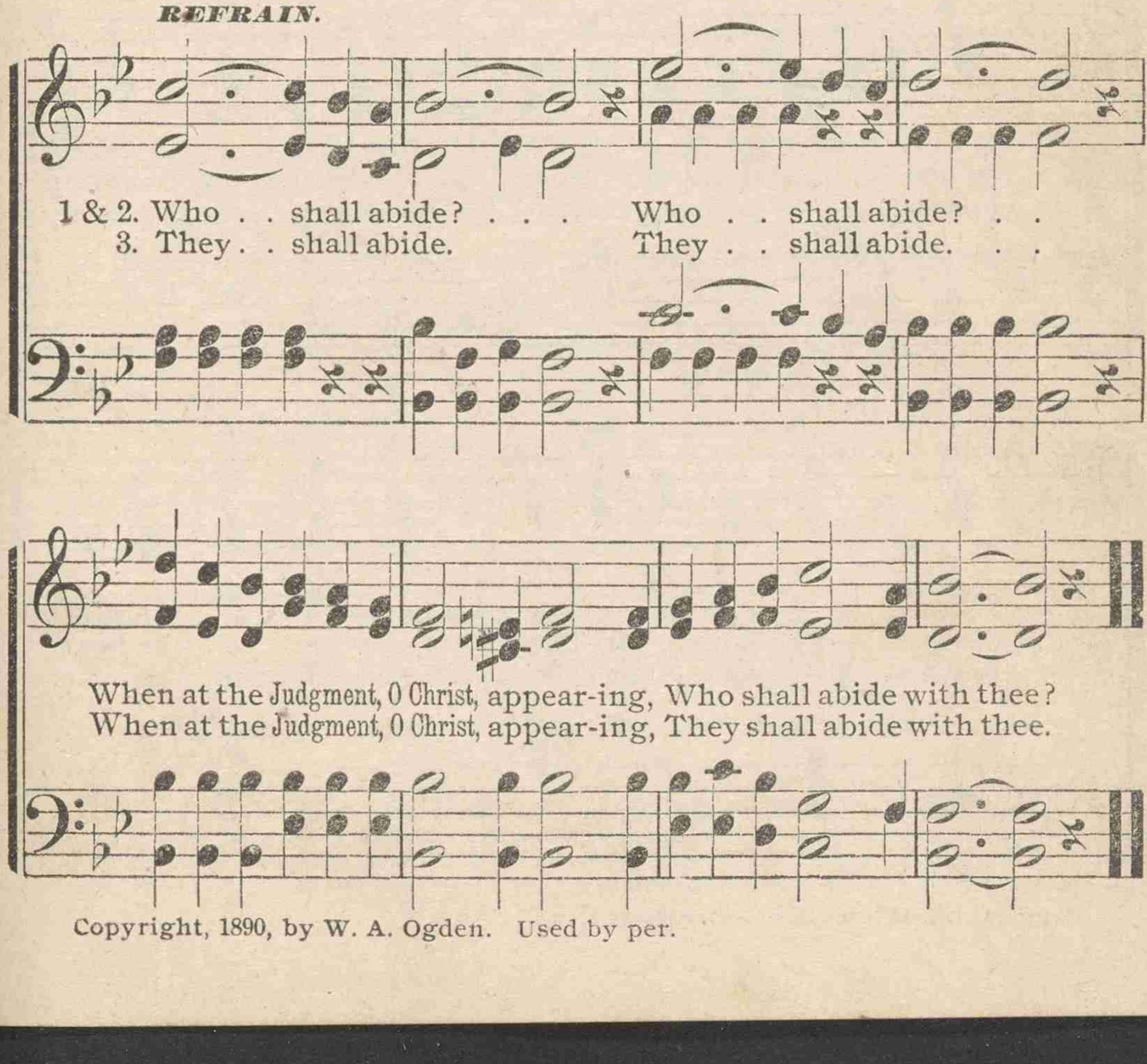
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No. 60. Who Shall Abide?

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.



REFRAIN.



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No. 61. There's a Heaven in the Heart.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Tempo ad lib.

1. Look not far away, my brother, Far away to distant lands, Where, when
2. Are you weary, heavy laden, With the toil of many years? There is
3. Is there lack of love, my brother, Love of neighbor, kindred, friend? Love of

life and toil are ended, We may tread those golden strands, Heaven
joy within the present, Tho' we see it thro' our tears, Darkest
him above all other, Kind, in-dulg-ing to the end? Love and

is not near so distant, If we will but choose the part, Cheer up,
clouds will quickly scat-ter, If we will but choose the part, Cheer up,
mer-cy, oh, how precious! Choose ye, then, poor Ma-ry's part, Cheer up,

brother, sing and labor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
brother, sing and labor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
brother, sing and labor, There's a heav-en in the heart.

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There's a Heaven in the Heart. Concluded.

CHORUS.
A tempo.

No. 62. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is
2. Leave the broad road and the nar - row way choose, Je - sus is
3. Time will not lin - ger! how soon we must go! Je - sus is
4. Je - sus is call - ing, oh, come un - to me! Je - sus is
5. While we are pray - ing, oh, stay not a - way, Je - sus is

waiting to save;
waiting to save;
waiting to save;
waiting to save;
waiting to save;

Have you not friends in the heavenly throng?
An - gels are longing to tell the glad news,
Why turn a-way, and to Je-sus say, no?
Par - don is purchased, salvation is free,
Come to him now, not a moment de - lay,

save you now;

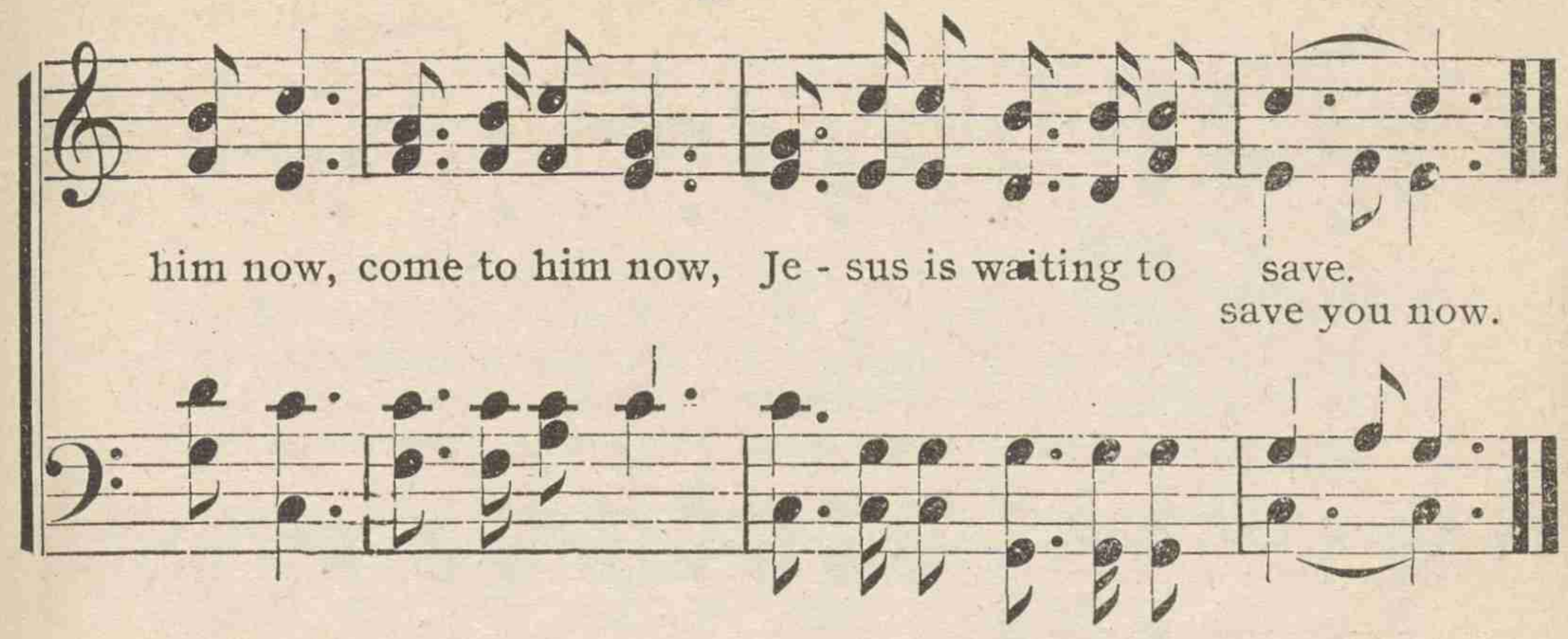
CHORUS.

Je - sus is wait - ing to save; Come to him now,
save you now;

come to him now, Je - sus is waiting to save; Come to
save you now;

By permission.

Jesus is Waiting to Save. Concluded.



No. 63. Beautiful Pool.

(See No. 29 for more verses.)

WILL M. WALLER
Har. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 64. Soldiers' Camp-Fire Song.

Selected. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Beneath the hot mid-summer's sun, The men had marched all day;
2. "I fear I cannot please," he said, "The on - ly songs I know,
3. Then sweetly rose the singer's voice, A-mid unwonted calm, (*sing No.* 65.)
4. The singer sang on sweet and clear, The very stream was stilled,
5. "Sing us one more," the captain begged, The soldier bowed his head;





1. And now beside a rippling stream, Upon the grass they lay;
2. Are those my mother used to sing To me, long years a - go."
4. And hearts that never throbbed with fear, With tender tho'ts were filled;
5. Then glancing 'round with smiling lips, "You'll join with me," he said;





1. Tir - ing of games and i-dle jests, As swept the hours a - long,
2. "Sing one of those," a rough voice cried, "There's none but true men here!"
4. End - ed the song, the singer said, As to his feet he rose,
5. We'll sing that old famil - iar air, Sweet as the bu-gle call,

(*Sing one verse of No.* 66.)





1. They called to one who mused apart, "Come, friend, sing us a song."
2. "To ev - 'ry mother's son of us A mother's songs are dear."
4. "Thanks to you all, kind friends, good night, God grant you sweet re-pose."



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No. 65. Arlington. C. M.

WATTS. DR. ARNE

ALL SING.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried 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, Increase my courage, Lord;



D. C. to 4.



And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-por-ted by thy word.

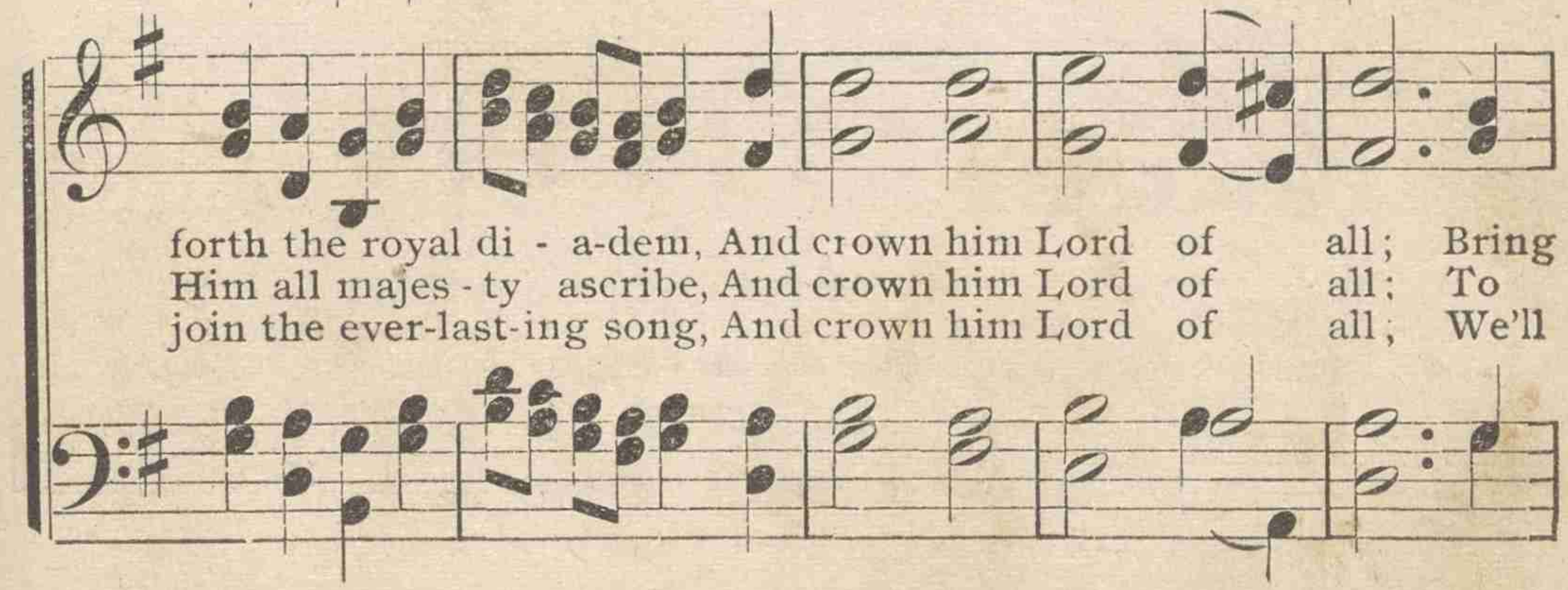


No. 66. Coronation.

ALL SING.

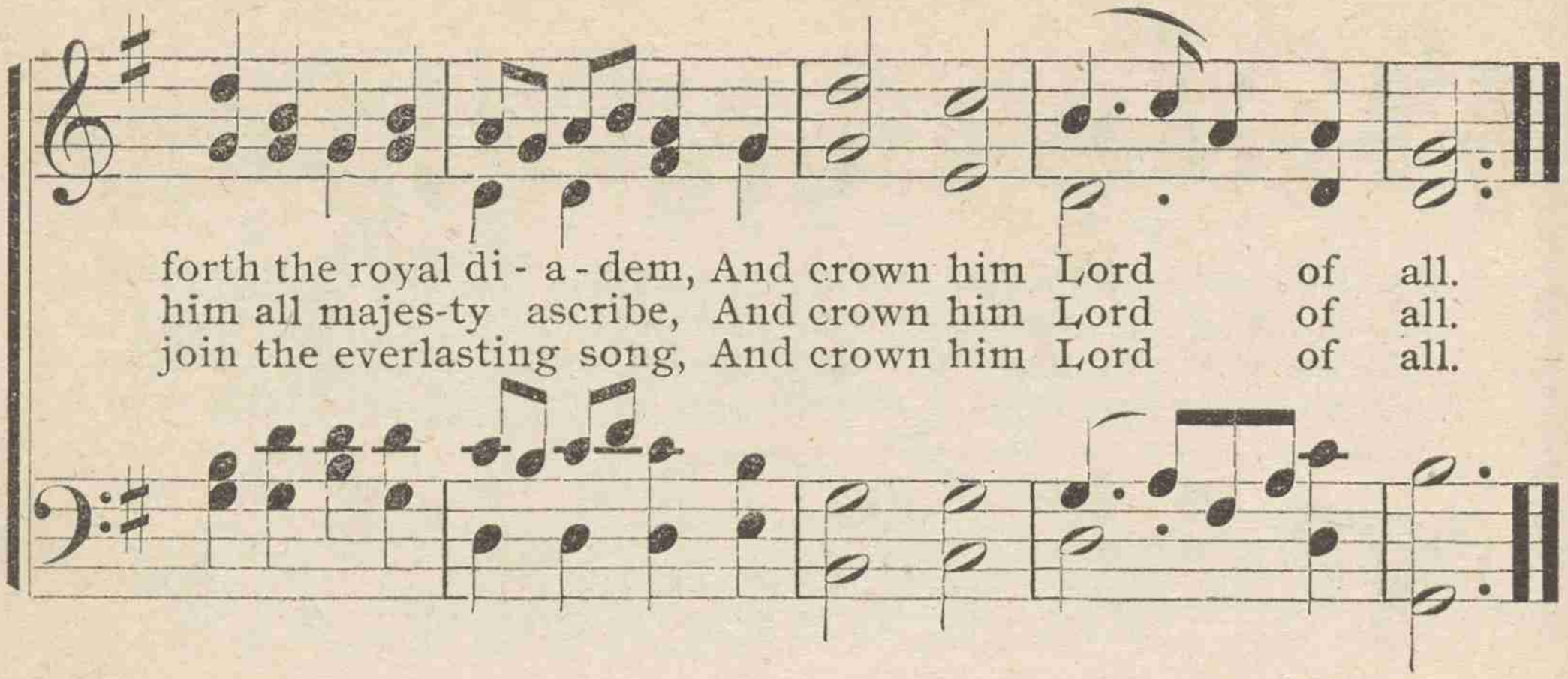


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To
3. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll

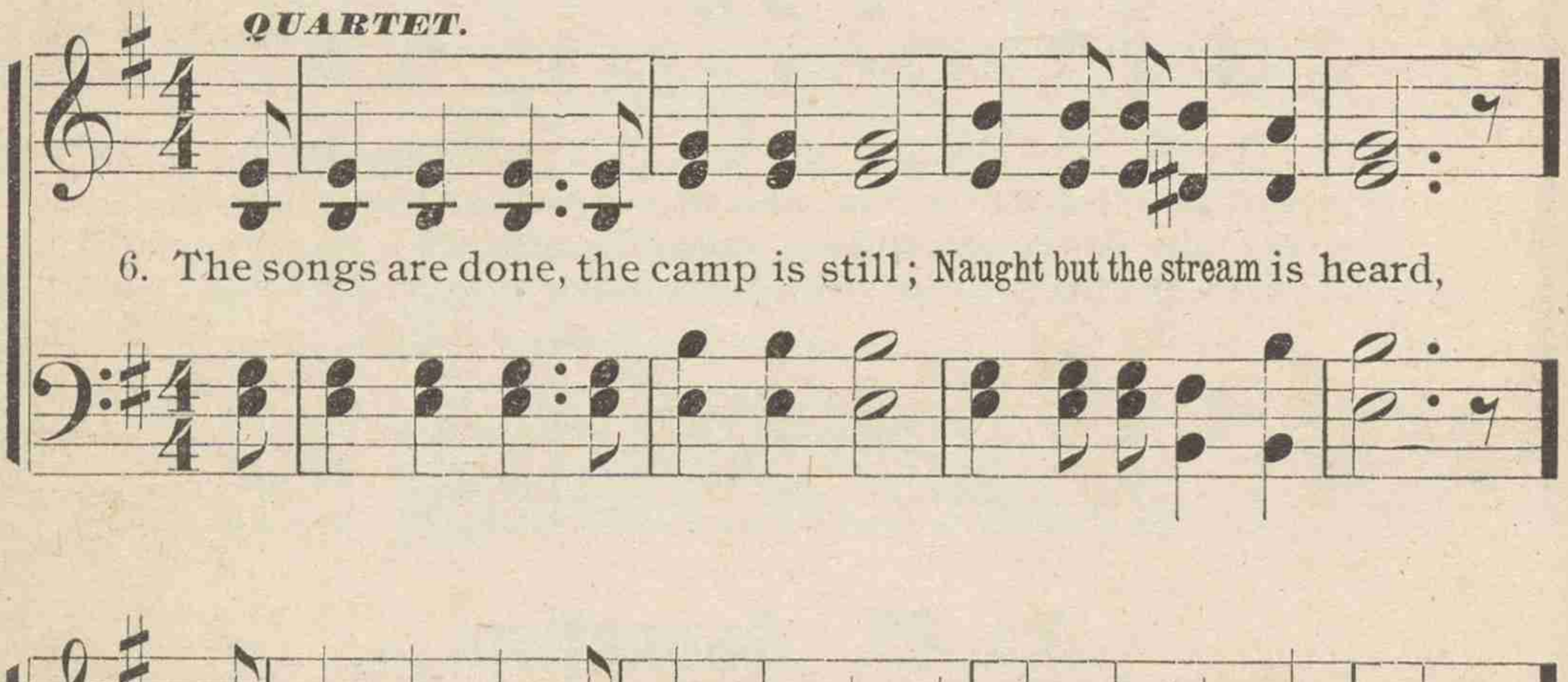


forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring
Him all majes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To
join the ever-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all; We'll

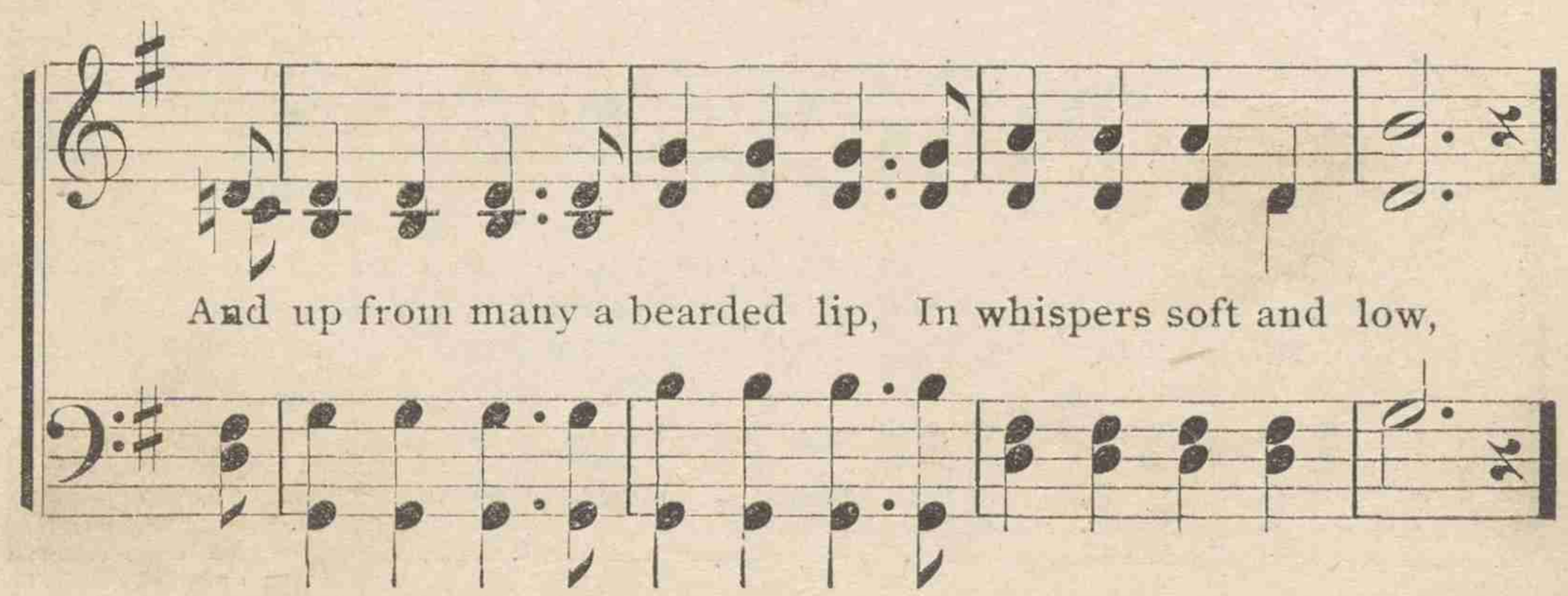
Coronation. Concluded.



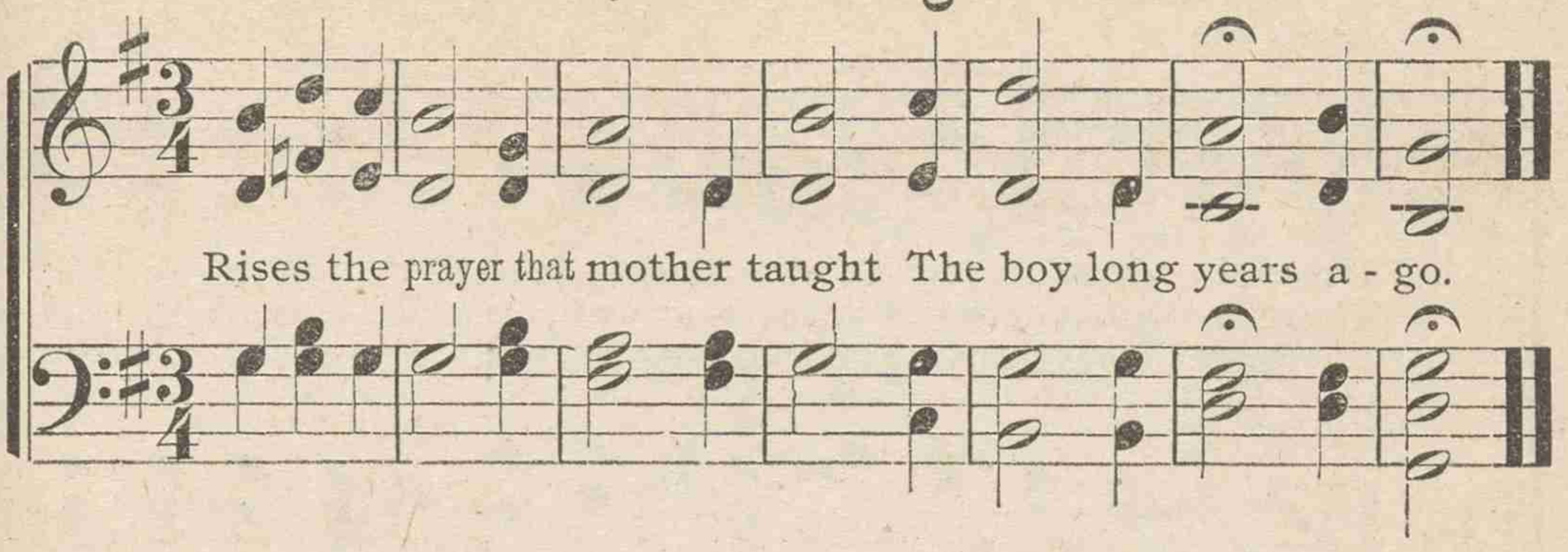
QUARTET.







Soldiers' Camp-Fire Song. Concluded.

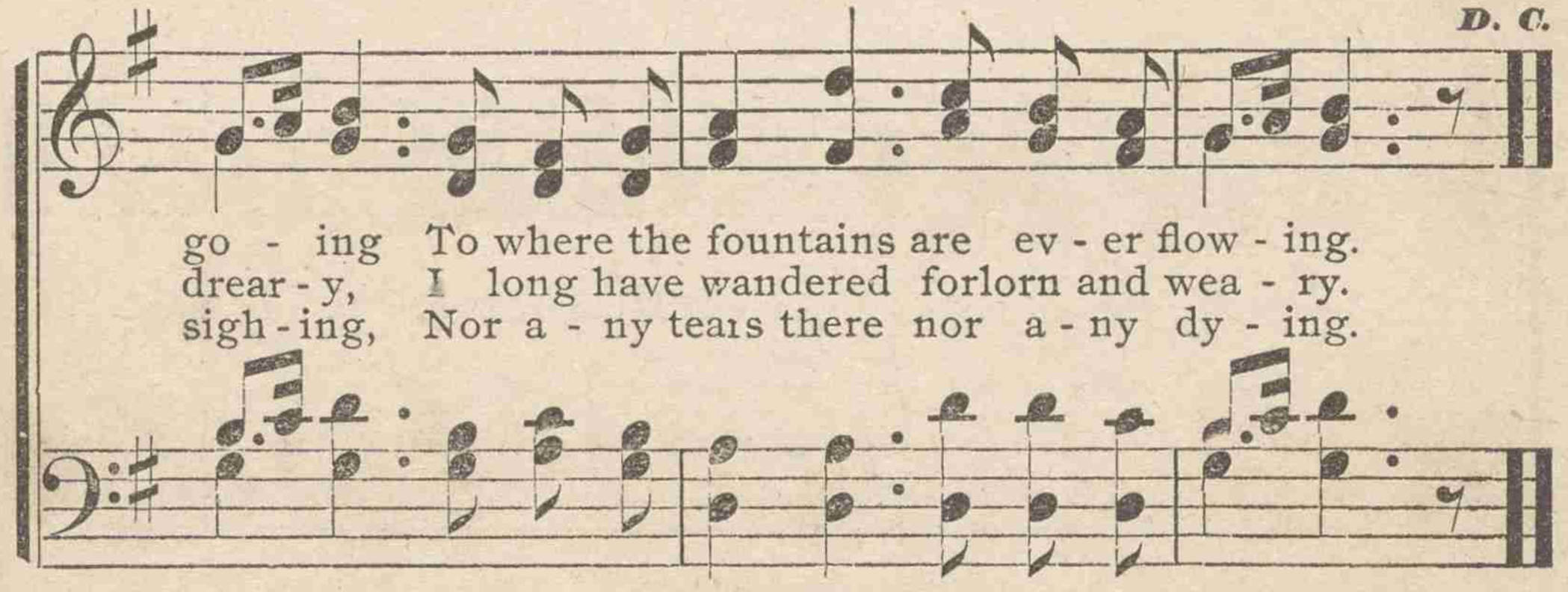


No. 67. I'm a Pilgrim.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

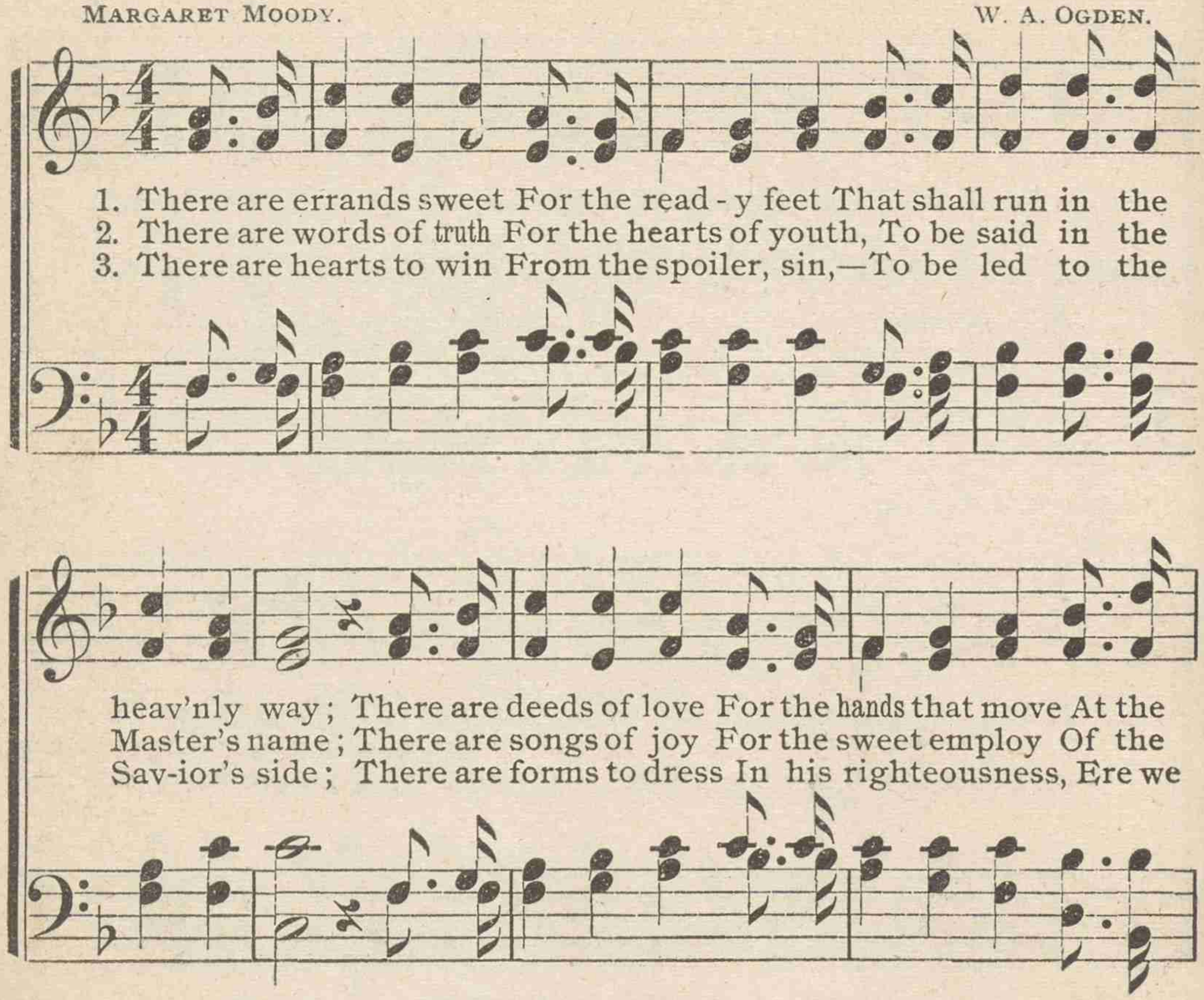






No. 68. Go Forward in His Name.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.



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No. 69. Christ for Sinners Died.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

Copyright, 1891, by W. A. Ogden. Used by per.

No. 70. Will You Come?

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. There's a message from the Lord, Will you come? Hear it
2. He has tarried long for you, Will you come? See, his
3. Will you heed the Savior's call? Will you come? To the

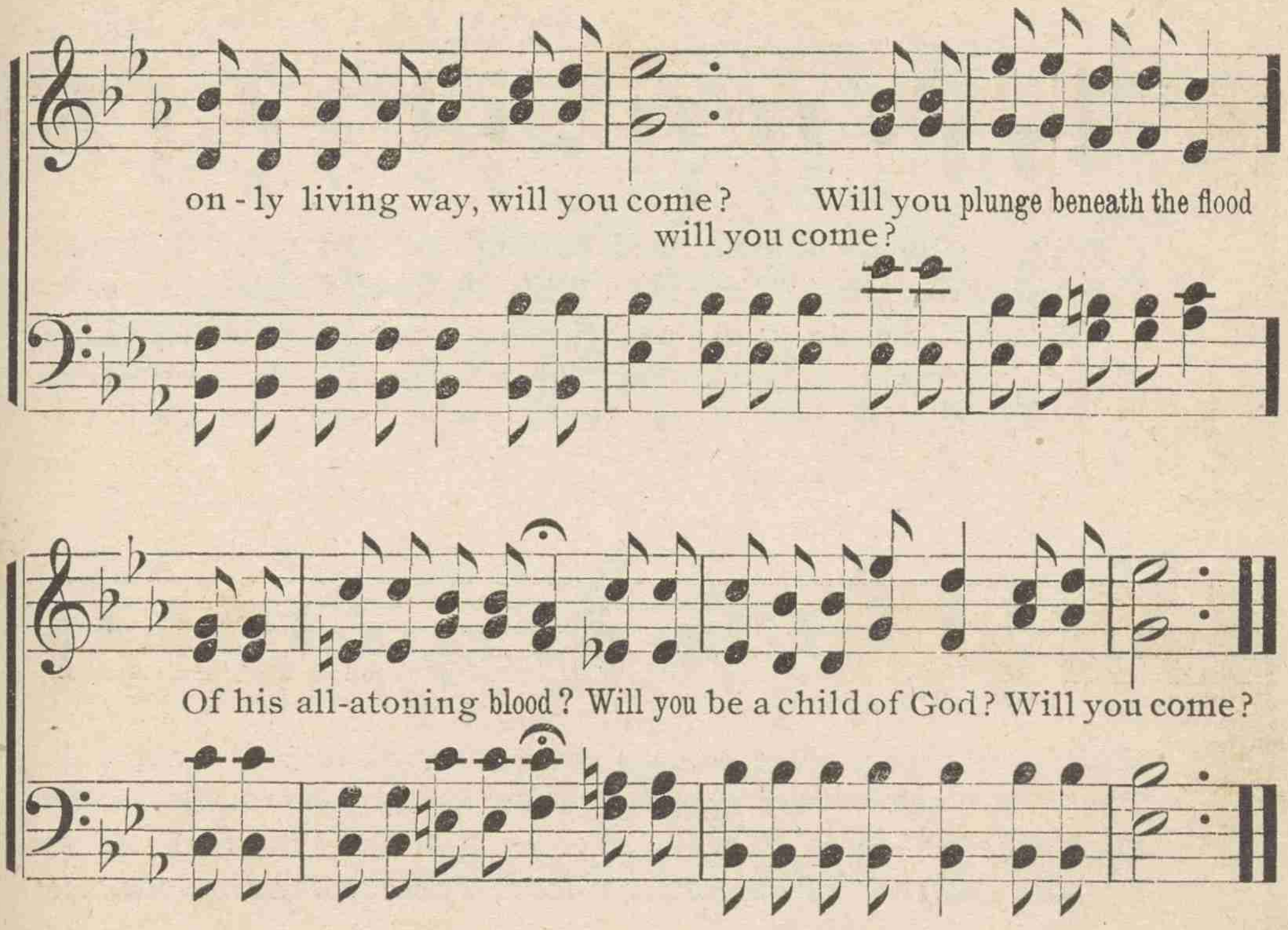
sounding from his word, Will you come? Who-so - ev - er on his
locks are wet with dew, Will you come? He a - lone your ma-ny
feast prepared for all, Will you come? You will find him at the

name will be - lieve, Life e - ter-nal shall from him re-ceive.
sins can for - give, Will you look to him by faith and live?
cross, waiting there, With the garment that your soul must wear.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing you to - day, will you come? . . . To the
will you come?

Will You Come? Concluded.



No. 71. Blessed be the Name.

Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 72. Sailing O'er the Sea.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL. By per.



1. We're a happy pilgrim band, Sailing to the good - ly land;
2. When the mighty billows swell, With the saved it shall be well,
3. Tho' for ma-ny a - ges past She has braved the stormy blast,
4. Ho! ye sinners, hear to-day, There is dan - ger in your way,



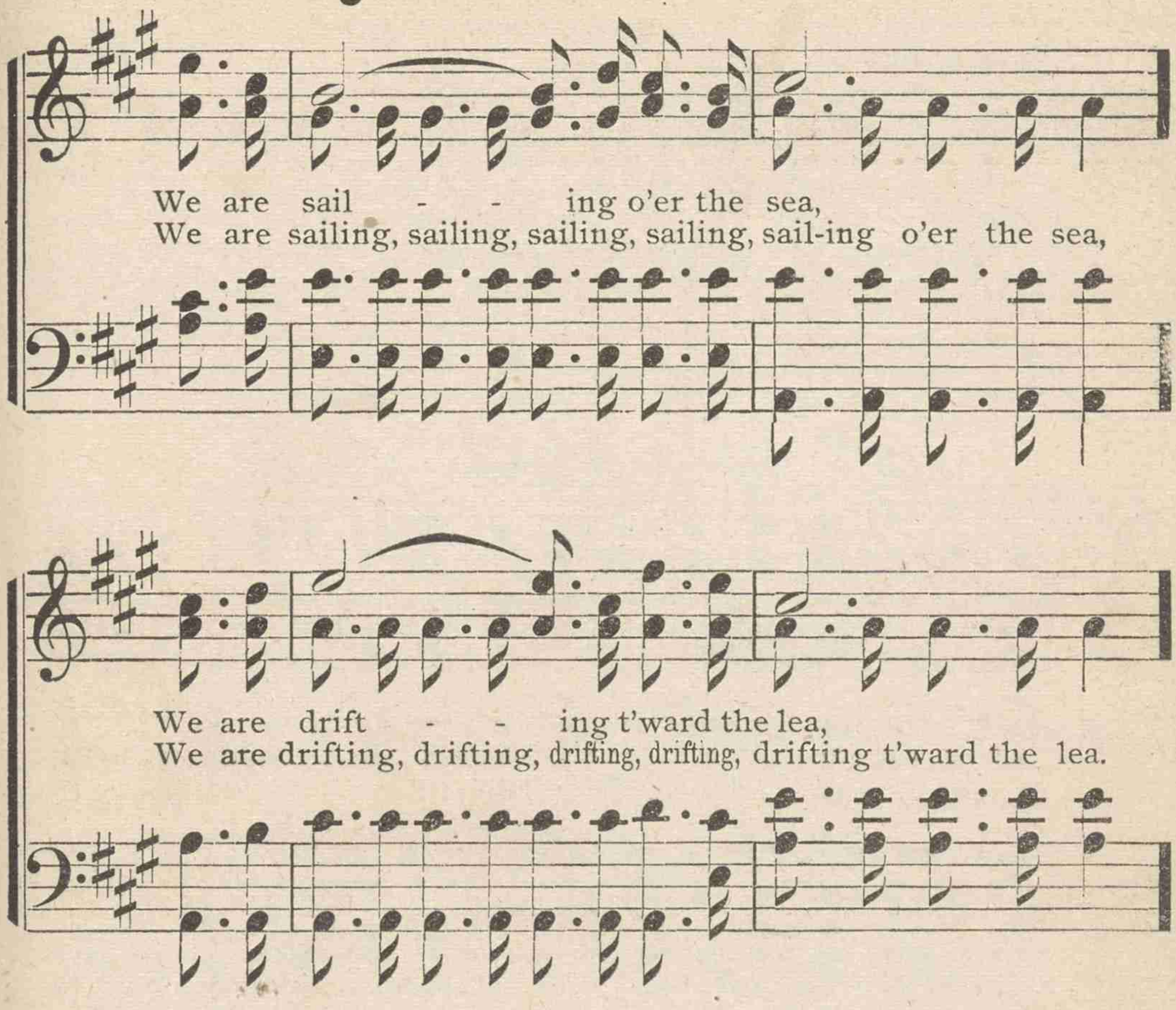
With a swelling sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tempest rages long,
Tho' the breakers roar upon the lea; Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm,
She's the old ship of Zi-on as of yore; Safe amid the rocks and shoals,
By the chart of fol - ly you are led; There is danger underneath,



There is one among the throng Who will guide the sailor o'er the deep.
For we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll guide us safely o'er the sea.
She has landed many souls, Safe at home on Canaan's happy shore.
And above a storm of wrath, And the rocks of destruction just ahead.



Sailing O'er the Sea. Concluded.





No. 73. Take Me as I am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,
Unless thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break;
Yet save me for thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4 I thirst, I long to know thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to thee I can not move,
Oh, take me as I am!

5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

No. 74. Jesus Lives!

(For Y. P. S. C. E. and Epworth Leagues.)

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

1. Mighty ar - my of the young, Lift your voice in cheerful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth and full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O blessed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word along, Je - sus lives! Once he died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the pris-on wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree; Now he lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Jesus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now and
Wait not, Sing,

Wait not, wait not. Sing for

sing for Je - sus ev-'rywhere you go; Lift your joyful voices high,
sing,

Je - sus,

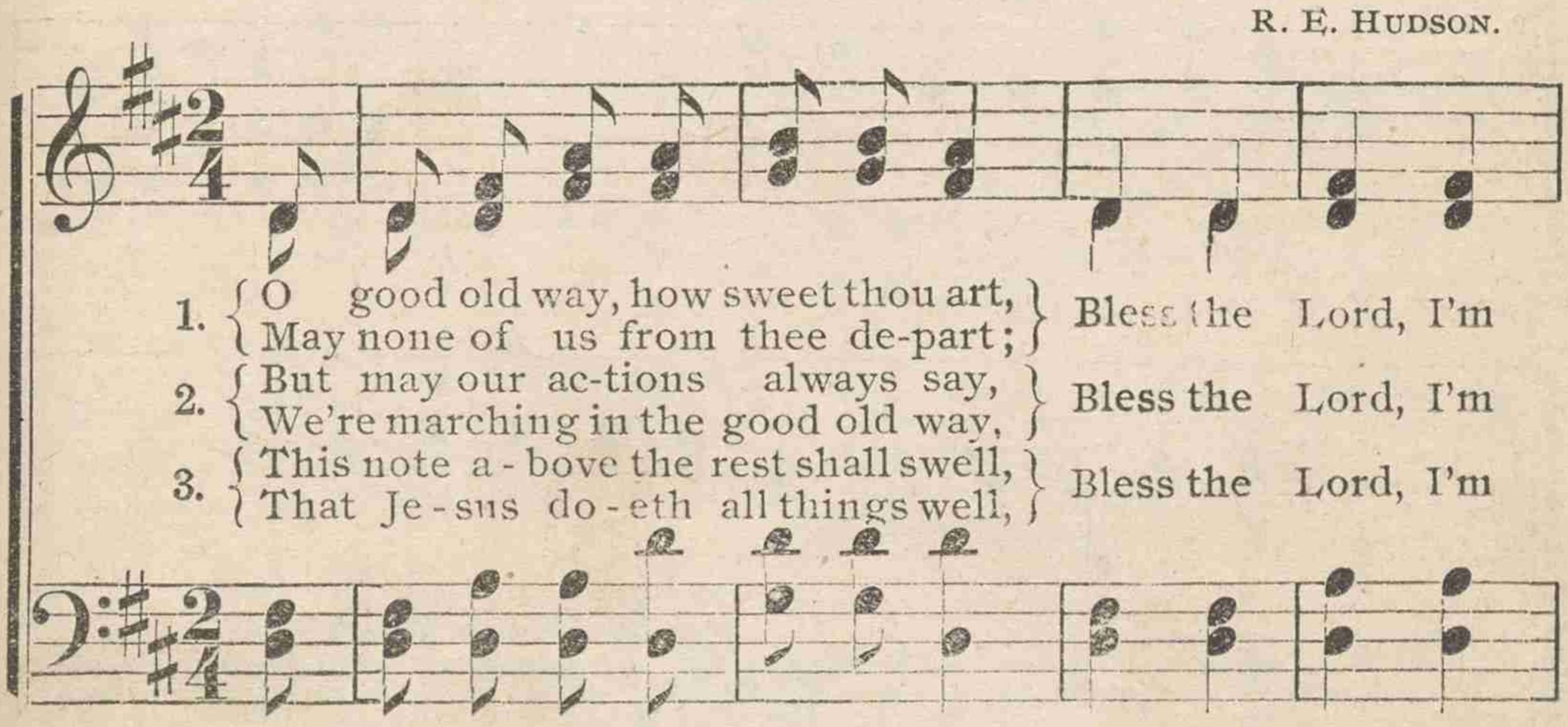
Copyright, 1891, by A. F. Myers, Toledo, O.

Jesus Lives! Concluded.



No. 75. Happy on the Way.

R. E. HUDSON.



Copyright, 1886, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 76. Let the Savior In.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL. By per.



1. There's a Stranger at the door: Let . . . . him
2. O - pen now to him your heart: Let . . . . him
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let . . . . him
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest: Let . . . . him

Let the Savior in!





in! . . . . . He has been there oft be - fore:
in! . . . . . If you wait he will de - part:
in! . . . . . Now, oh, now make him your choice:
in! . . . . . He will make for you a feast:

Let the Sav - ior in!





Let . . . . him in! . . . . Let him in, ere he is
Let . . . . him in! . . . . Let him in: he is your
Let . . . . him in! . . . . He is standing at the
Let . . . . him in! . . . . He will speak your sins for-

Let the Savior in! Let the Savior in!



May be sung as a Solo and Quartet, the latter singing only "Let the Savior in."

Let the Savior In. Concluded.



No. 77. Penitent's Plea and Confession.



1. { Once I wandered far from Je - sus, Weary years of doubt and sin! / Now I look to God for mer - cy; Tho' a stranger, take me in. }
2. { I have cru - ci - fied the Sav - ior, Plaited crowns and pierced his side, / Spurned away his roy-al fav - or, Loved not Christ, who for me died. }
3. { Now I make a full sur-ren-der, And re-lin-quish ev-'ry claim, / Thine to be, and thine for-ev - er, Trusting on - ly in thy name. }

D. C. *Bless-ed Je - sus, do have mer - cy, And my heart shall be thy throne.*



I am kneeling at the al - tar; Lord, I look to thee a - lone;

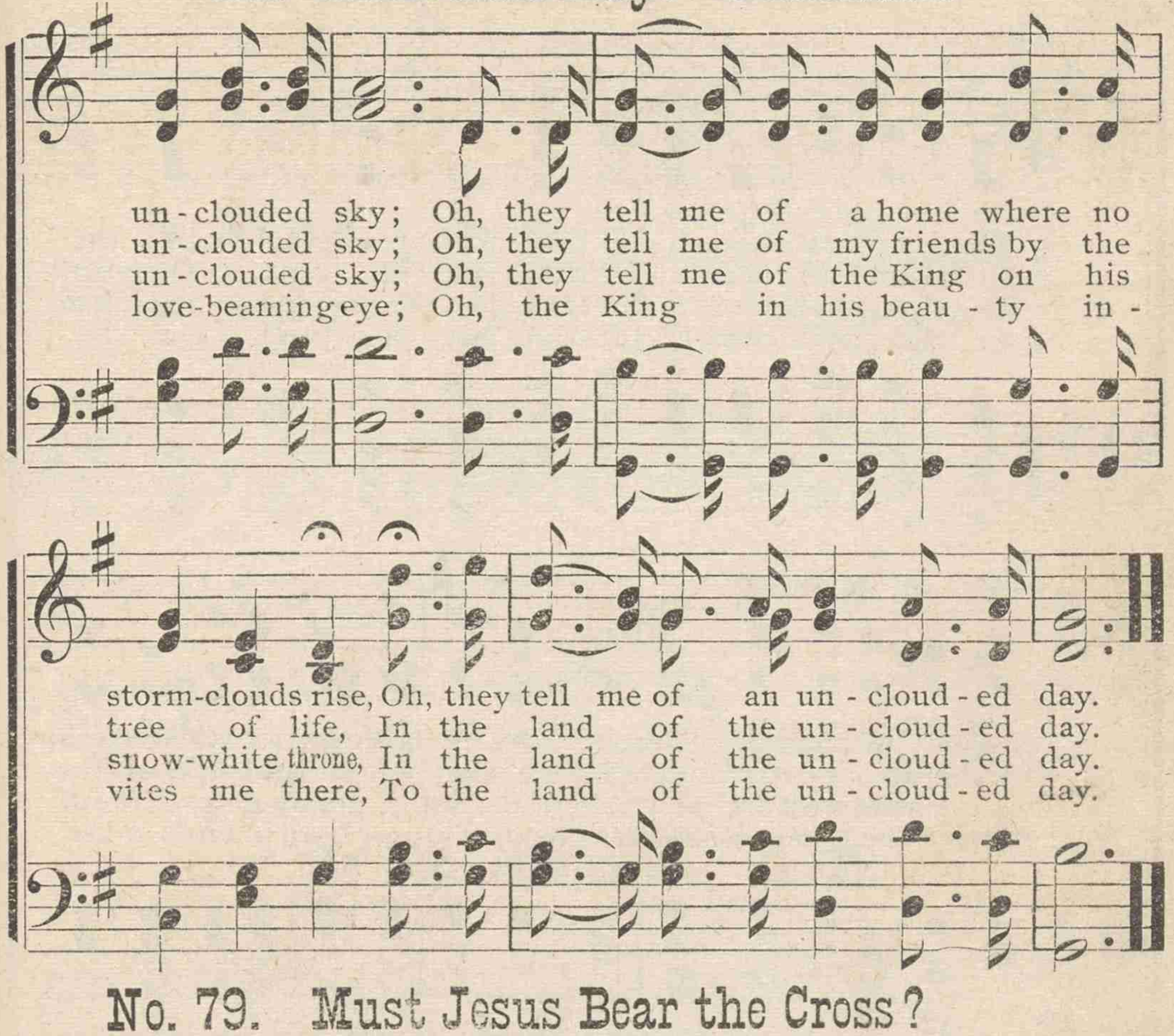
No. 78. The Unclouded Day.

(May be used as a solo.)

Words and Melody by REV. J. K. ALWOOD. Arr. by J. F. K., by per.

From "Living Gems," by per. of J. F. Kinsey.

The Unclouded Day. Concluded.

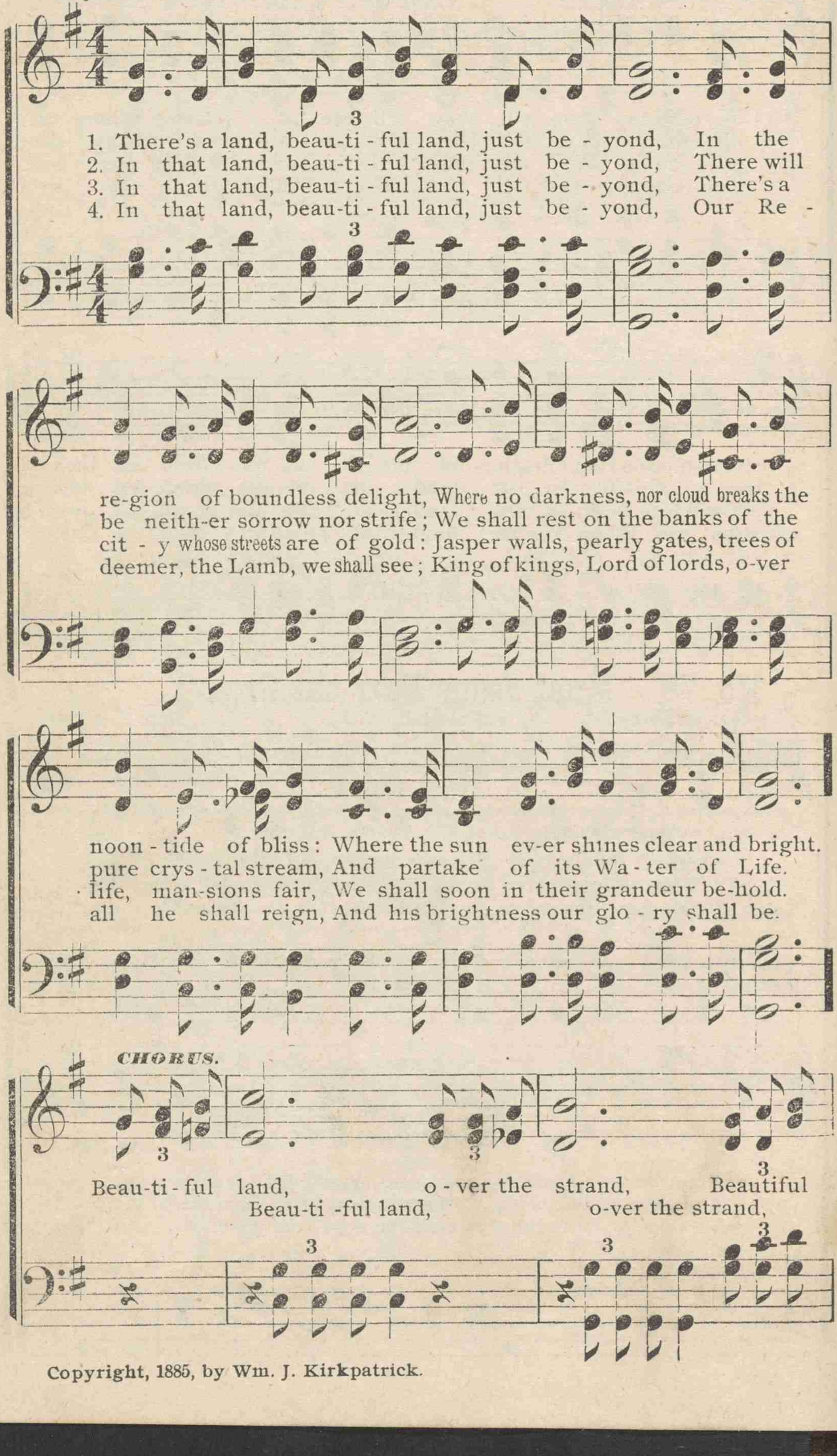


No. 79. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD. MAITLAND. C. M. GEO. N. ALLEN.

No. 80. Beautiful Land.

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



Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Beautiful Land. Concluded.





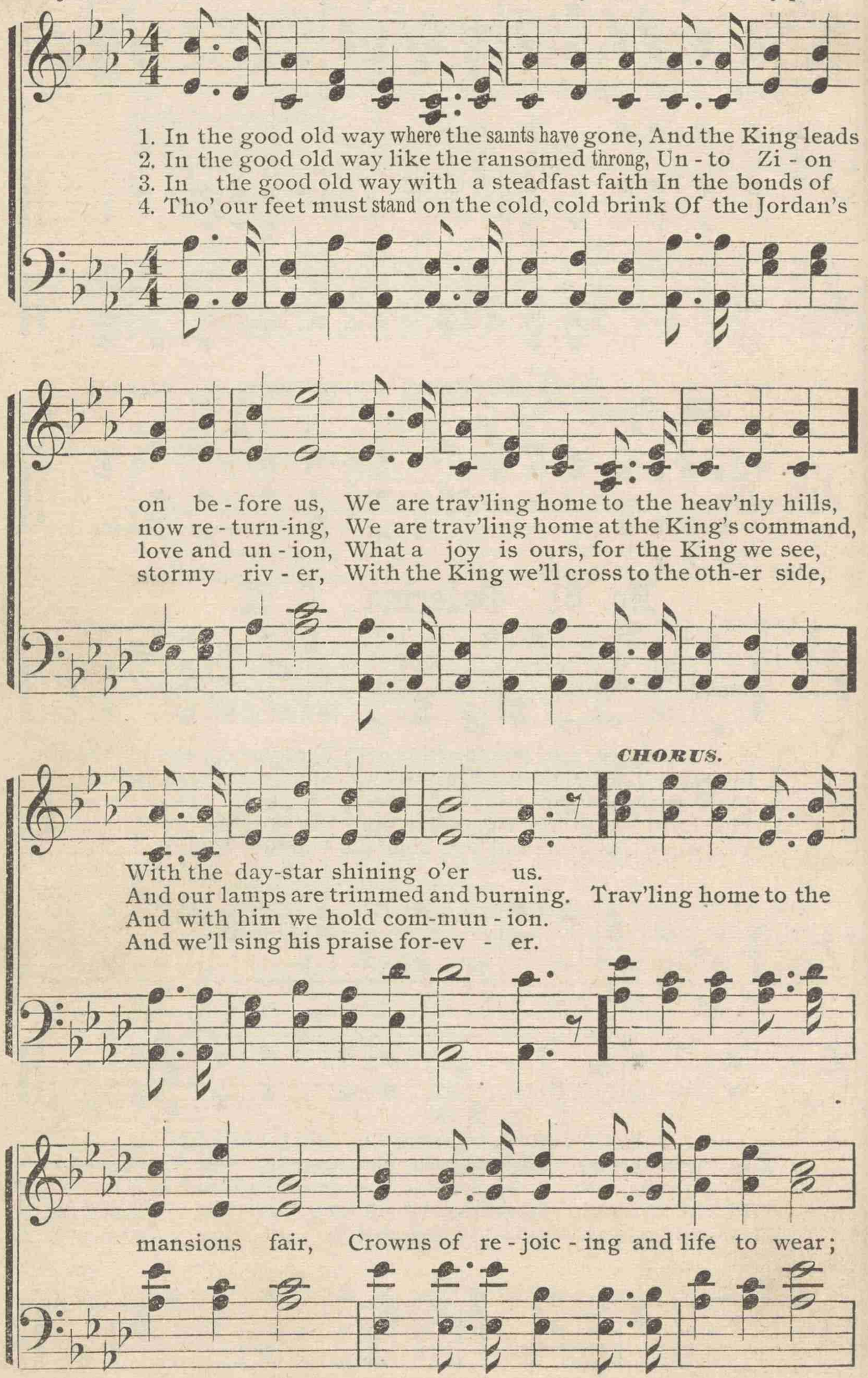
No. 81. Balerma. C. M.

J. NEWTON. R. SIMPSON.



No. 82. Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Safe in the Glory Land. Concluded.

Oh, what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land.

No. 83. Glory to His Name.

E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON, By per.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name!
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with - in, Saves me each mo-ment, and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his
3. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete, Glo - ry to his name!

D. S. *Now to my heart is the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name!*

Fine. CHORUS.

name! Glo - ry to his name!
Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!

D. S.

No. 84. Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

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

1. Je - sus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come
2. Je - sus, the loving Shepherd, Gave his dear life for thee,
3. Lingering is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to - day;

In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room;
Tender-ly now he's call-ing, Wander - er, come to Me:
Seeking the sheep who're straying, Seeking the lambs to slay;

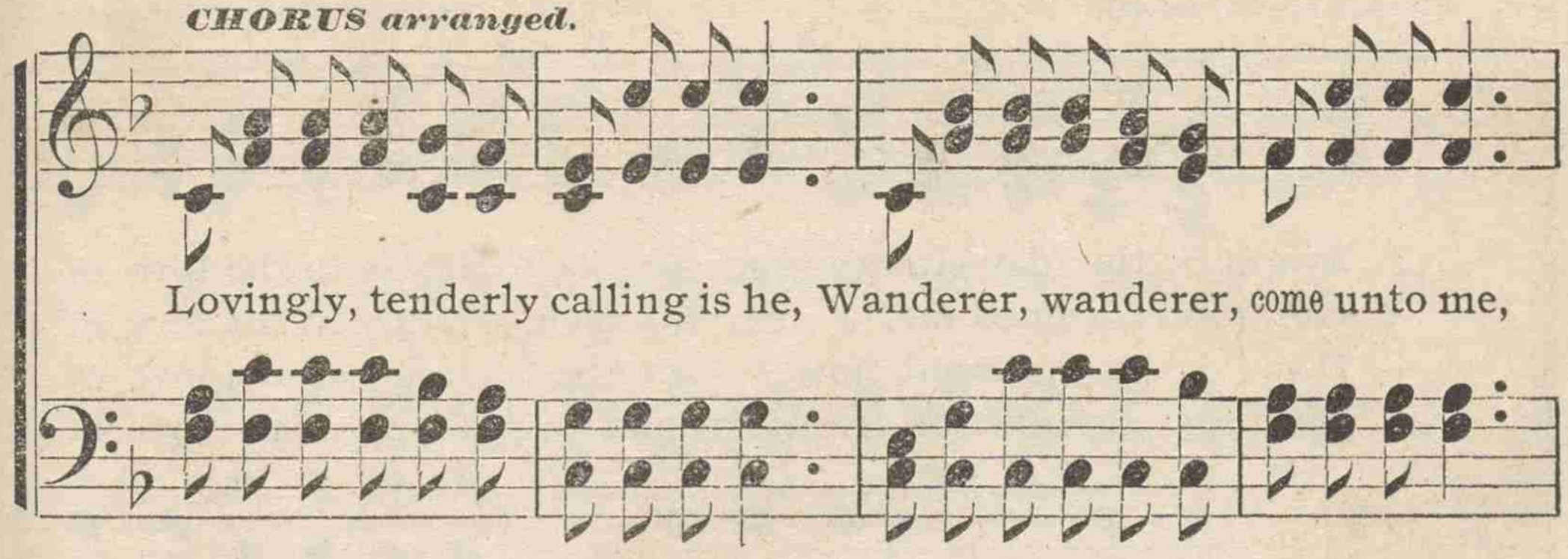
Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
Haste, for without is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
Je - sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come,

Enter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
Enter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest.
Enter the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

Used by per.

Lovingly, Tenderly Calling. Concluded.

CHORUS arranged.



Rit.



No. 85.

1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 86.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

No. 87. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Bright is the day-star shining for me, Happy in the love of
2. He has redeemed me, I am his own, Happy in the love of
3. How I am honored, how I am blest, Happy in the love of
4. Firm is my anchor, steadfast and sure, Happy in the love of

Je - sus; Now from my bond-age grace makes me free,
Je - sus; Drawn by his mer - cy near to his throne,
Je - sus; Un - der his ban - ner sweet - ly I rest,
Je - sus; All things with pa - tience I can en - dure,

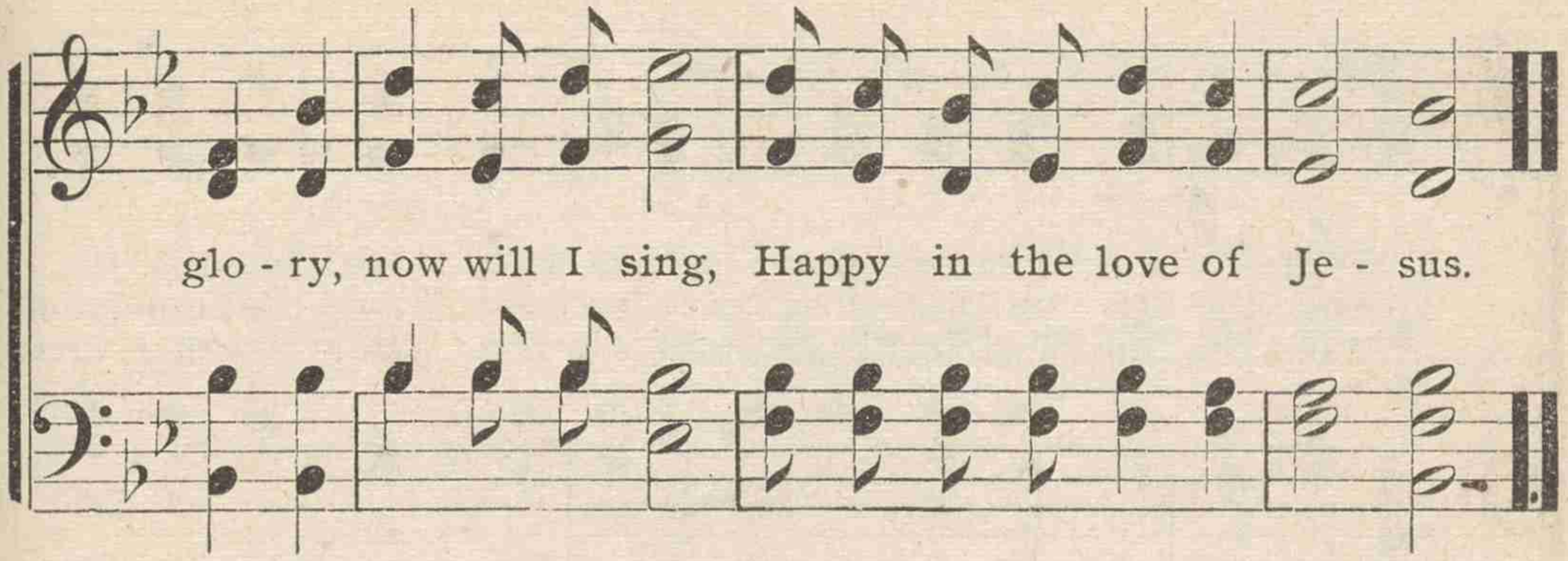
CHORUS.

Happy in the love of Je - sus.
Happy in the love of Je - sus. Praise from my full heart
Happy in the love of Je - sus.
Happy in the love of Je - sus.

loudly shall ring, Born of the Spir-it, child of a King; Heir to his

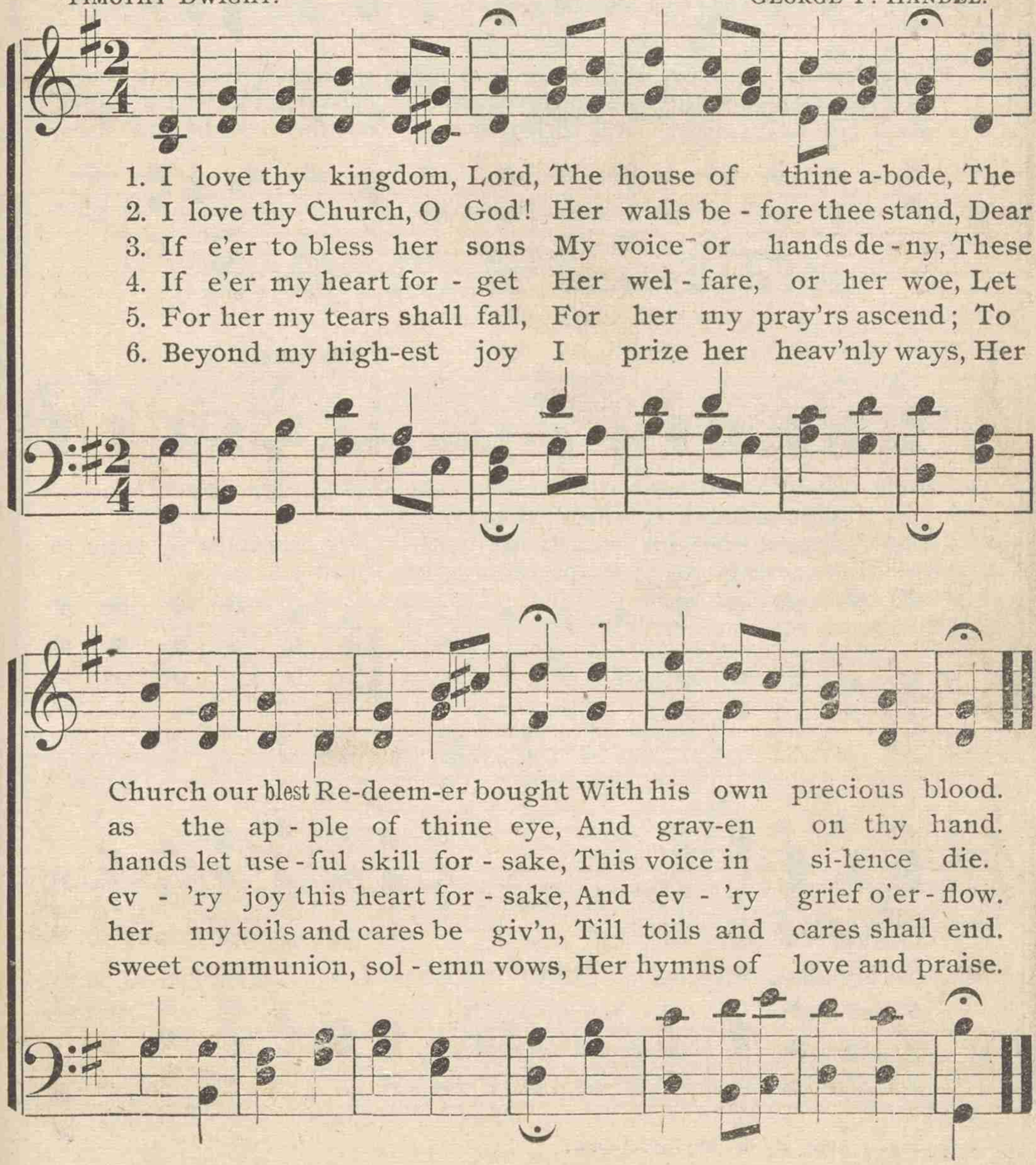
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Happy in the Love of Jesus. Concluded.



No. 88. St. Thomas. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



No. 89. Vote as You Pray.

(FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.) J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh.

Vote as You Pray. Concluded.

way; (it is coming,) Oh, the hap-py time is coming, yes, it's

Repeat Chorus p.

coming (coming, coming), When Christians will vote as they pray.

No. 90. I'll Be There To Vote.

Arr. by R. E. HUDSON.
Re-arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

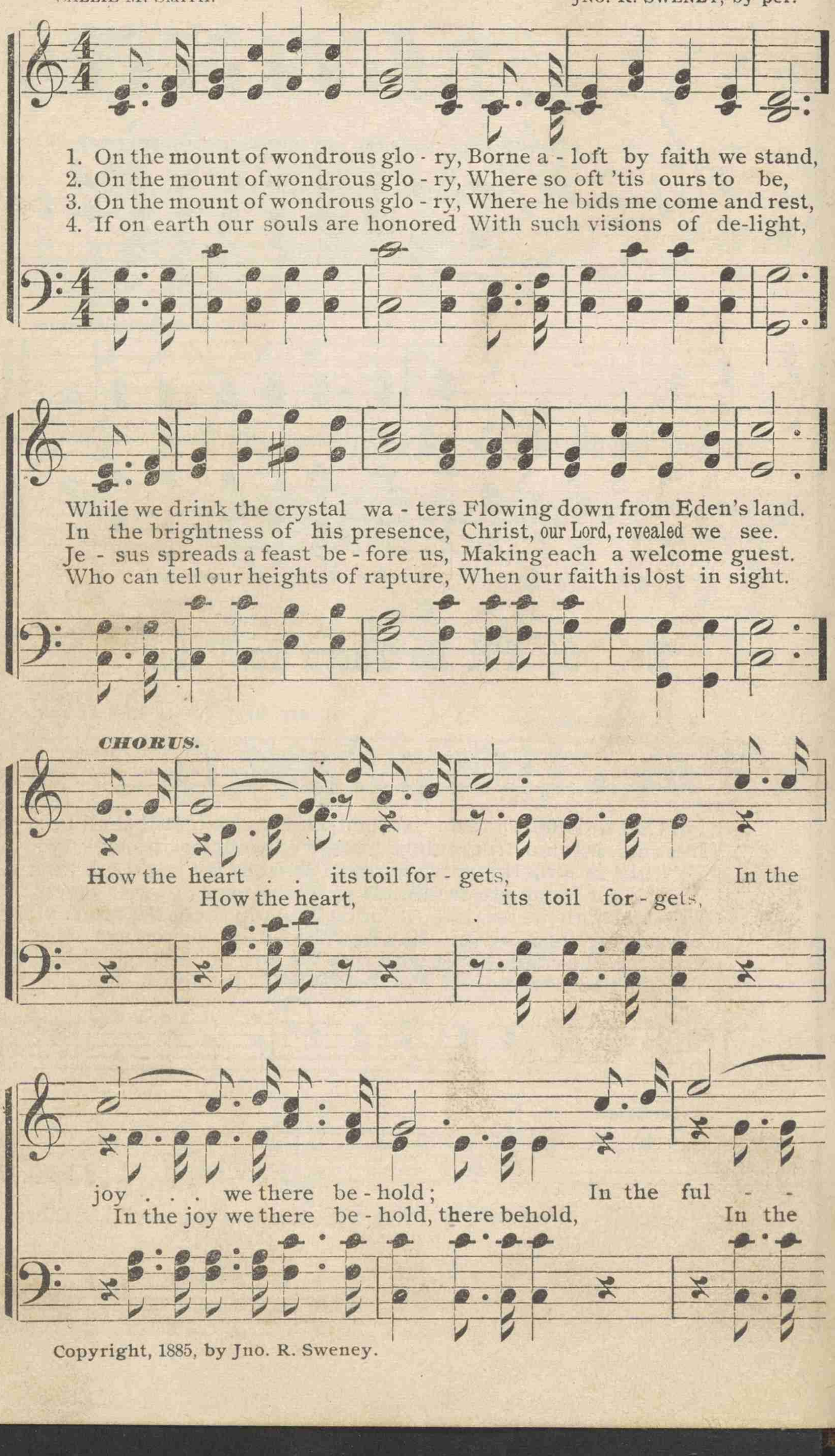
1. For God and home and na-tive land, Our watchword still shall be;
   From rum, foul rum, from ruined homes, We'll vote for lib - er - ty.
2. We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears;
   We ask for home pro-tec-tion laws, They answer us with sneers.
3. We've tried high license, but it failed To stop the curse of rum;
   We ask for Pro - hi - bi - tion now, Pro - tec - tion to our homes.
4. To those who compromise with rum We now must say good-bye;
   To *stop* the traf - fic, *not to tax*, We'll fight un-til we die.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

No. 91. Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



Copyright, 1885, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Wondrous Glory. Concluded.

- ness of his love, That is better felt than told.
fullness of his love, of his love,

No. 92. Oh, Why Not To-Night.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, By per.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to him their souls u - nite;

CHORUS.

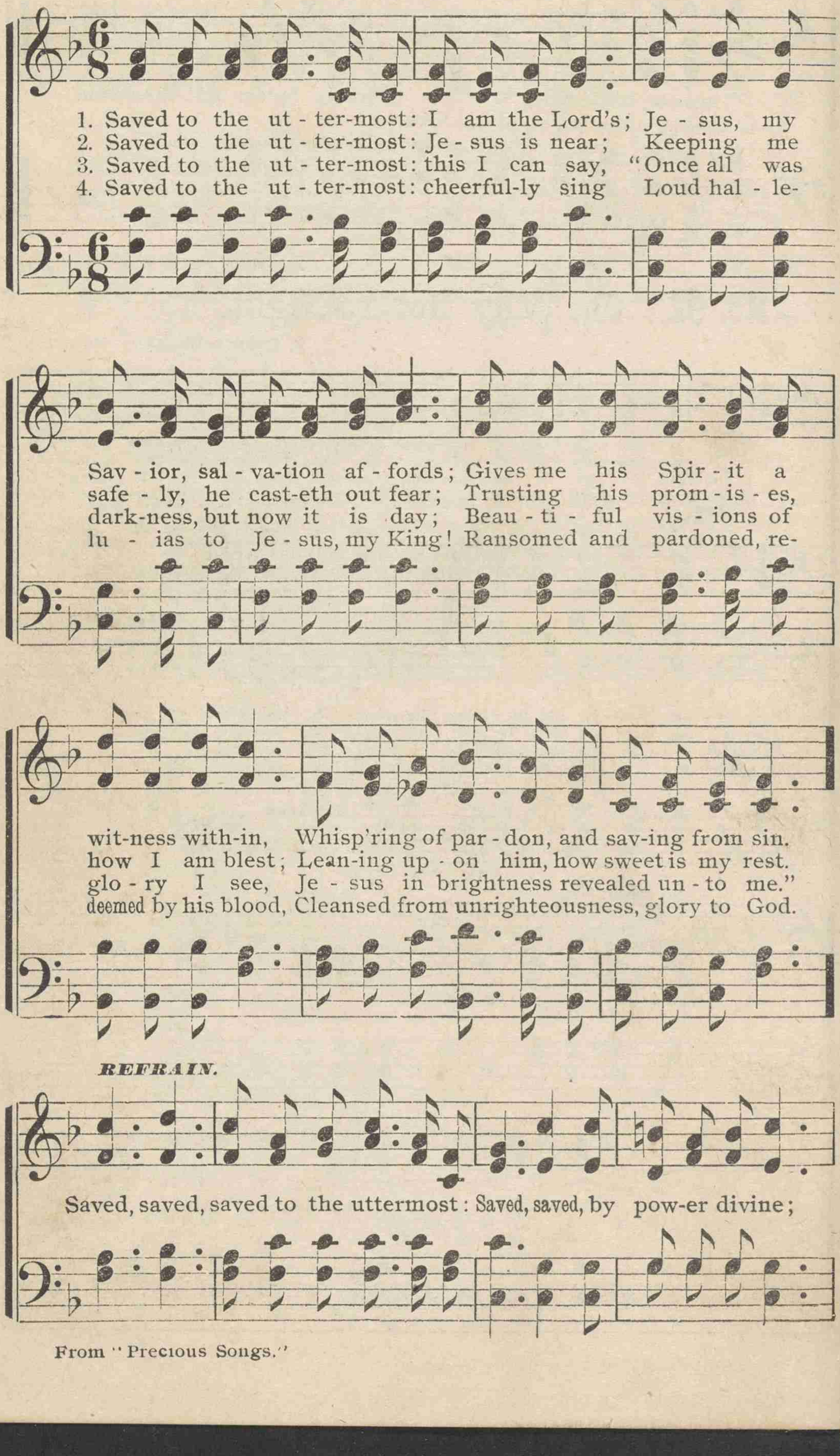
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Renounce at once thy stub-born will. Be saved, oh, to-night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why not to-night?

not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

No. 93. Saved to the Uttermost.

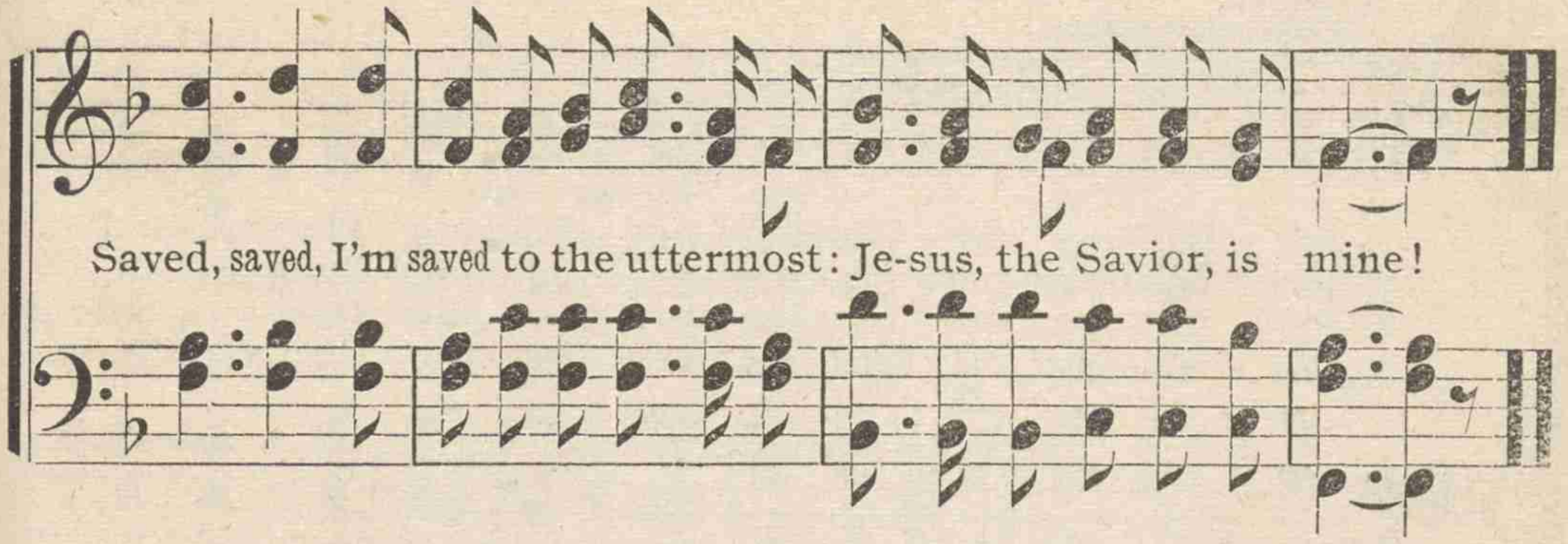
W. J. K. W J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



REFRAIN.

From "Precious Songs."

Saved to the Uttermost. Concluded.



No. 94. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

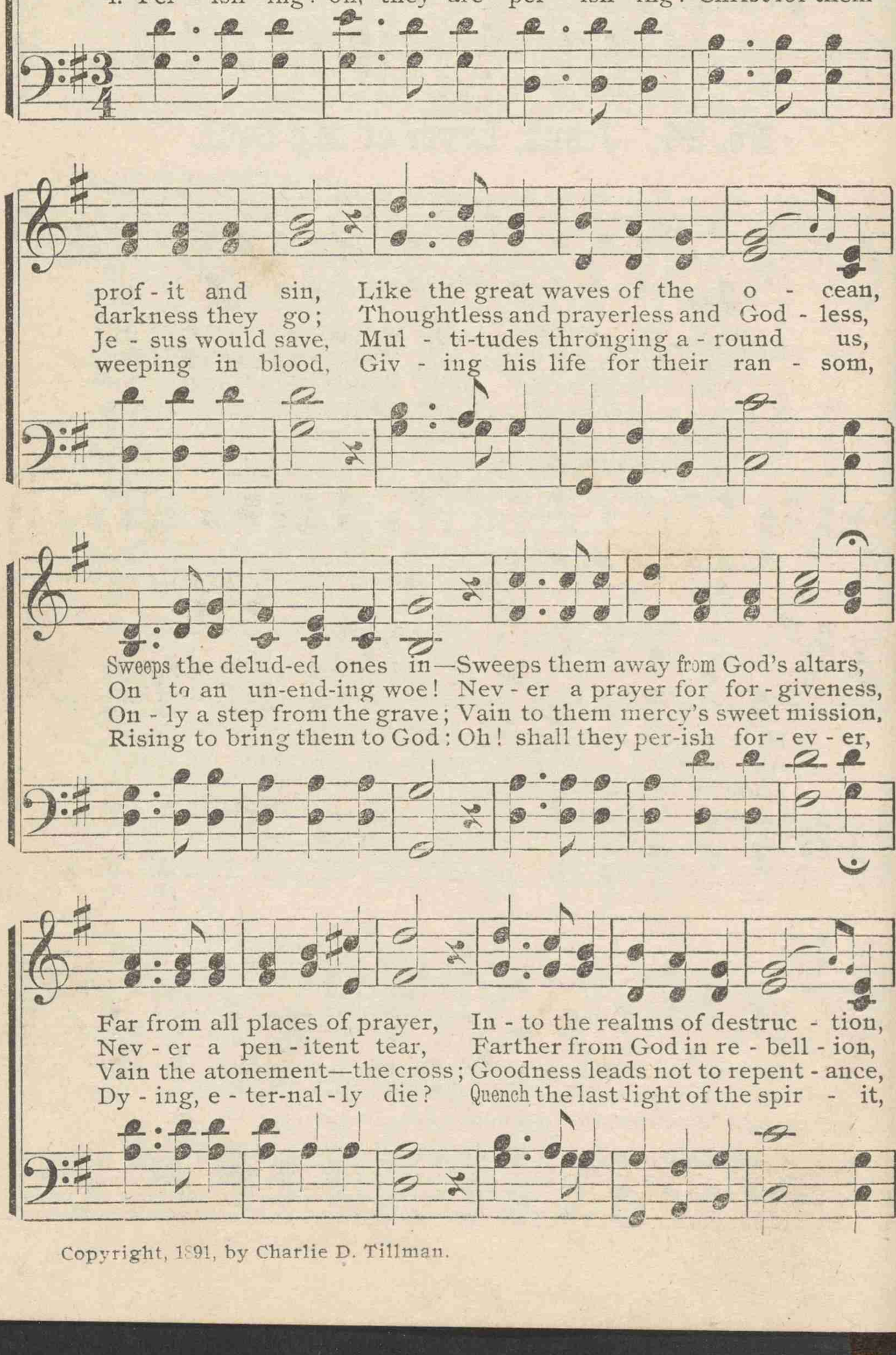
No. 95. Perishing.

REV. H. SHEEL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

With expression.



1. Per - ish - ing! per - ish - ing! per - ish - ing! Pleasure and
2. Per - ish - ing! per - ish - ing! per - ish - ing! Deep-er in
3. Per - ish - ing! per - ish - ing! per - ish - ing! Dear ones whom
4. Per - ish - ing! oh, they are per - ish - ing! Christ for them



prof - it and sin, Like the great waves of the o - cean,
darkness they go; Thoughtless and prayerless and God - less,
Je - sus would save, Mul - ti-tudes thronging a - round us,
weeping in blood, Giv - ing his life for their ran - som,

Sweeps the delud-ed ones in—Sweeps them away from God's altars,
On to an un-end-ing woe! Nev - er a prayer for for - giveness,
On - ly a step from the grave; Vain to them mercy's sweet mission,
Rising to bring them to God: Oh! shall they per-ish for - ev - er,

Far from all places of prayer, In - to the realms of destruc - tion,
Nev - er a pen - itent tear, Farther from God in re - bell - ion,
Vain the atonement—the cross; Goodness leads not to repent - ance,
Dy - ing, e - ter-nal - ly die? Quench the last light of the spir - it,

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2.
3.
4.
5.

Perishing. Concluded.

CHORUS.

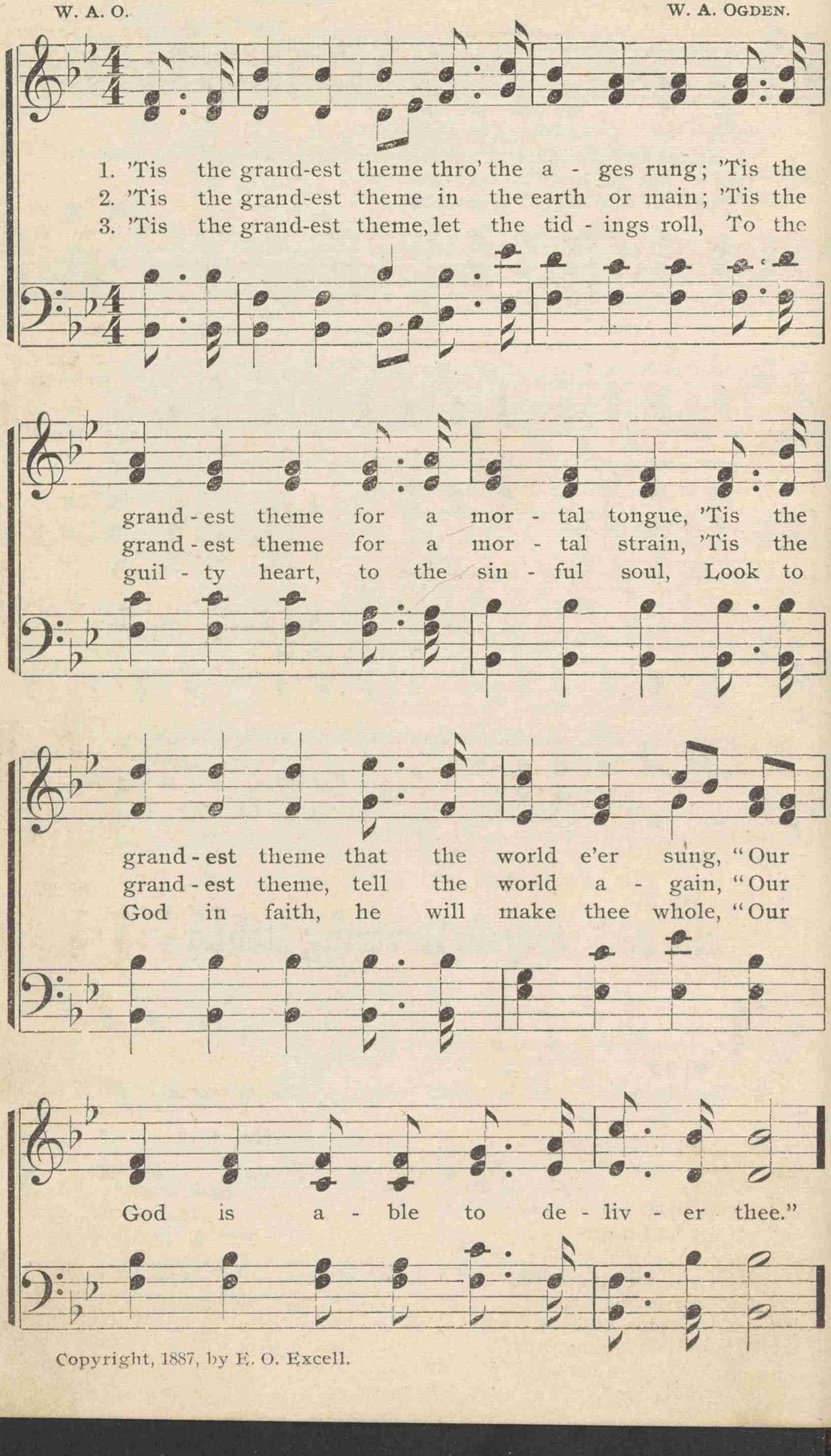


No. 96. Angels Hovering Round.

2. To carry the tidings home.
3. To the New Jerusalem.
4. Poor sinners are coming home.
5. And Jesus bids them come.
6. We are on our journey home.
7. Let him that heareth, come.
8. And he that is thirsty come.
9. Whosoever will may come.

No. 97. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

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



Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



No. 98. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

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

2. Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

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

No. 99. "Come In."

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Once a love - ly stranger Stood be-side my door,
2. Oh, the matchless kindness Which the Sav - ior shows!
3. Rise and touch his garments, Oh, my soul, to - day;

Plead with me for entrance, Oft he'd plead be - fore,
Oh, the pa - tient striving With re - bel - lious foes!
Run the race with patience, In the nar - row way;

Tho' my heart was stub - born, Full, full of sin,
Oh, the ten - der plead - ing Lost souls to win!
Cast a - side thy bur - den— Thy weight of sin,

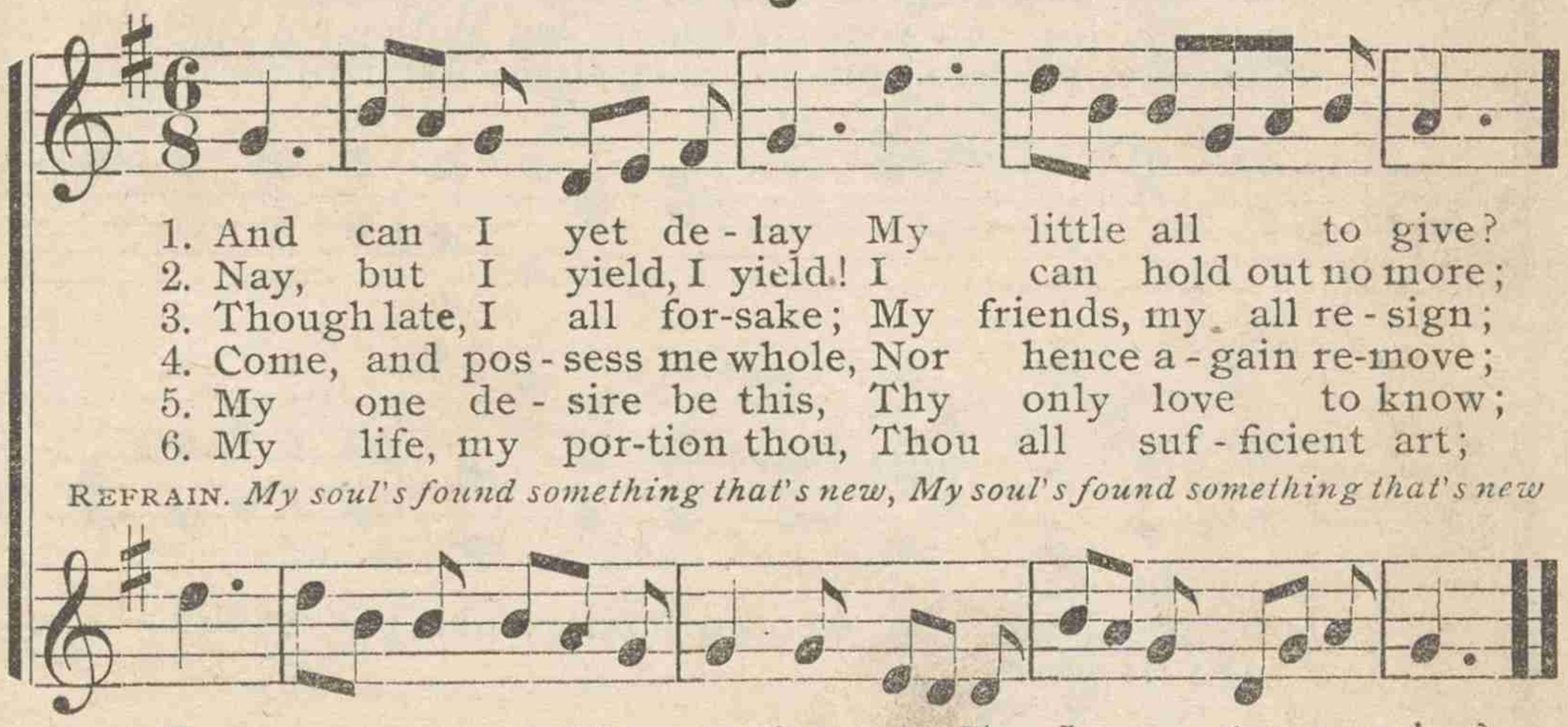
Yet I re - lent-ed, and said, "Come in!" Oh, the blessed
Some have re-lent-ed, and said, "Come in!" Oh, the blessed
And thou shalt hear his "Well done, come in!"

CHORUS.

"Come In." Concluded.



No. 100. Something That's New.



No. 101. Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bless-ed fellow - ship divine! Oh, joy supreme-ly
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can
3. I'm leaning on his loving breast, A - long life's weary
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me

sweet! Companionship with Jesus here Makes life with bliss re -
hear The softest whispers of his love In fel-lowship so
way; My path, illumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by
spread; And tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from

plete: In un - ion with the purest one, I find my heav'n on
dear, And feel his great Almighty hand Protects me in this
day: No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Almigh - ty
dread, My peaceful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert

REFRAIN.

earth be - gun.
hos - tile land. Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've
Friend so near.
of thy wings."

Companionship With Jesus. Concluded.

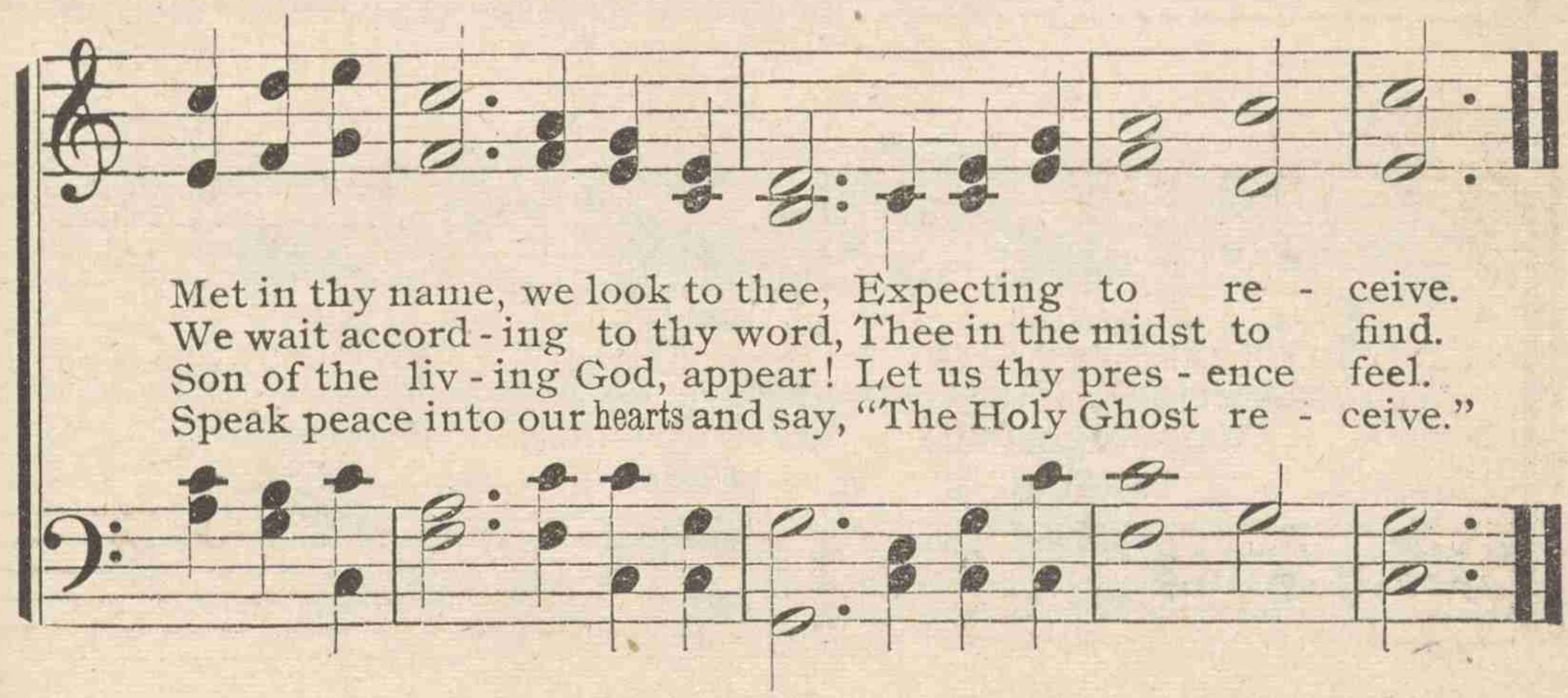




No. 102. Spring. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.





No. 103. Marching On.

CHAS. GABRIEL. E. C. NEWBURY.

1. We are marching on in the ar - my of the Lord, We are
2. He will nev - er leave us, he nev - er will forsake, What tho'
3. Come and join our throng, we will take you by the hand, Let us

true and we are faithful to our Captain's word, With our flag unfurled
legions may oppose, temp-ta-tions ov-er-take, With our trust in him
journey on to - geth-er to the bet-ter land With the saints at last

we are pressing to the fray, Praising Jesus as we march a - way.
we shall nev-er, nev-er fall! Let us ral - ly at the Captain's call.
we will wear the victor's crown, And for-ev - er lay our ar-mor down.

We're marching on - ward to our home, no more to weep, . . no more to
Marching along; heavenly home; never to weep;

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Marching On. Concluded.

roam, . . With songs of joy . . and hearts a-glow, . . . In heav'nly
never to roam; Songs full of joy; hearts all aglow;

love . . . we onward go, . . . Hear his sweet voice
heavenly love; onward we go; His voice is call - ing from a-

calling above; Tenderest tones; tenderest love;
bove, . . In tender tones, . . in tender love, . . He cheers us

Rit.

cheering us on; heavenly way, leading to-day, beautiful day.
on, . . the heav'nly way, That leads to ev - erlasting day.

No. 104. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.



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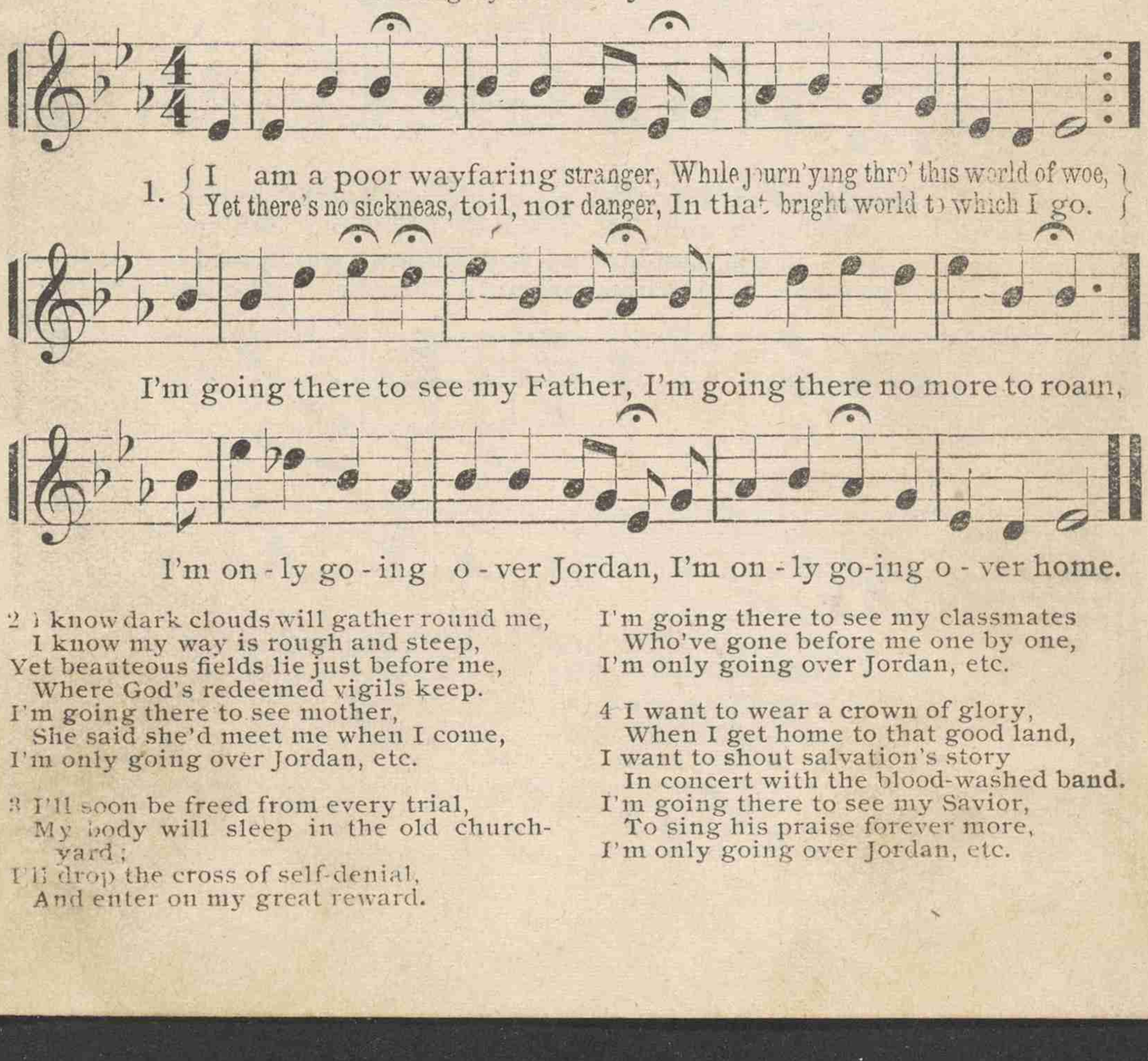
Standing on the Promises. Concluded.





No. 105. A Poor Wayfaring Stranger.

As sung by the REV. J. L. TILLMAN.



2 I know dark clouds will gather round me,
I know my way is rough and steep,
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed vigils keep.
I'm going there to see mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come,
I'm only going over Jordan, etc.

3 I'll soon be freed from every trial,
My body will sleep in the old churchyard;
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to see my classmates
Who've gone before me one by one,
I'm only going over Jordan, etc.

4 I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land,
I want to shout salvation's story
In concert with the blood-washed band.
I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise forever more,
I'm only going over Jordan, etc.

No. 106. Some Mother's Child.

(SOLO OR DUET.) CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

TENOR and ALTO. With expression.

1. At home or a - way, in the al - ley or street, Where-
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose
3. No mat - ter how deep he is sunken in sin, No
4. That head hath been pil - lowed on ten-der-est breast, That

ev - er I chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is
hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold, Be it woman
matter how much he is shunned by his kin, No mat - ter
form hath been wept o'er, those lips bave been pressed, That soul hath

thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My heart echoes softly,
all fall-en, or man all de-filed, A voice whispers sadly,
how low is his standard of joy, Though guilty and loathesome,
been prayed for in tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gently

"It is some mother's child," My heart echoes soft - ly,
"It is some mother's child," A voice whispers sad - ly,
he is some mother's boy, Though guil - ty and loathesome,
with some mother's child, For her sake deal gent - ly

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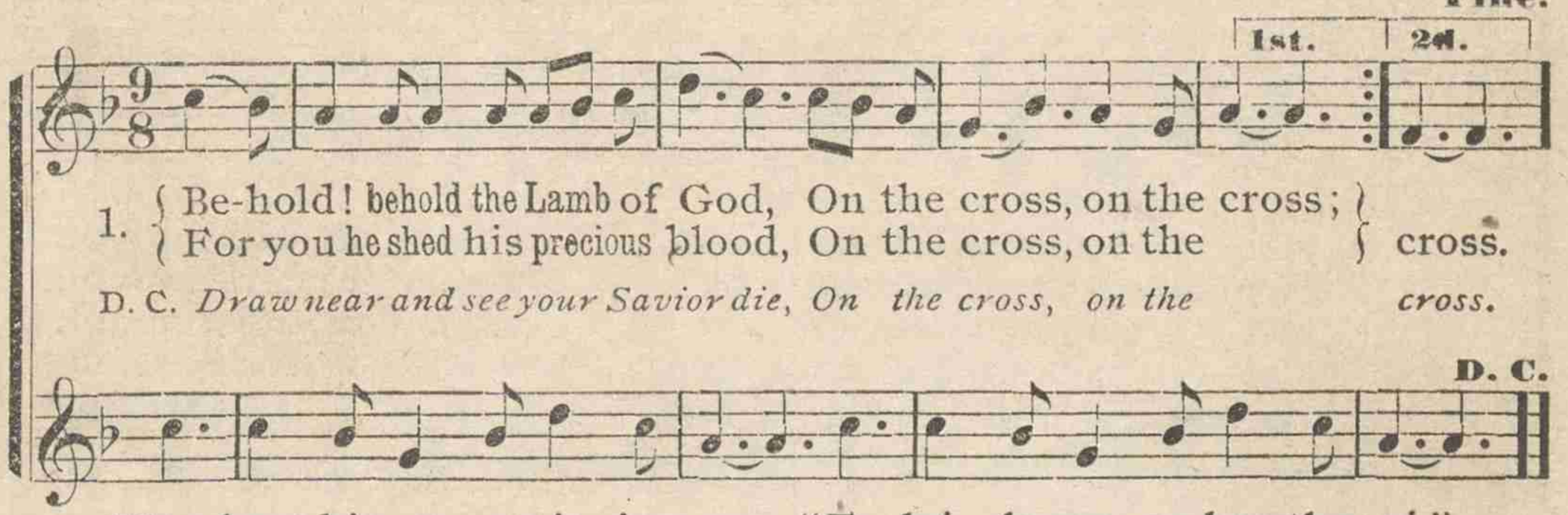
Some Mother's Child. Concluded.



"It is some mother's child."
"It is some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's
he is some mother's boy.
with some mother's child.

child, My heart echoes soft - ly, "It is some mother's child."
child, A voice whispers sad - ly, "It is some mother's child."
boy, Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
child, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

No. 107. Look on the Cross.



1. { Be-hold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross; }
{ For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the } cross.

D. C. *Draw near and see your Savior die, On the cross, on the* *cross.*

Now hear his ag - o-niz - ing cry, "E - loi - la-ma sa-bac-tha-ni."

2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

No. 108. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer - cy is free; Mer-cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer-cy is free,
3. Think of his goodness, his patience and love; Mer-cy is free,
3. Yes, there is par-don for all who be-lieve; Mer-cy is free,

mer-cy is free: Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flowing for thee,
mer-cy is free: Gently the spir-it is call-ing, "Come home,"
mer-cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Father a - bove,
mer-cy is free: Come and this moment a blessing re-ceive,

Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art will-ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, oh,
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come and re - penting, oh,
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh,

him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
hear him pro-claim, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.

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Mercy is Boundless and Free. Concluded.





No. 109.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 110. Rest in the Lord.

IDA L. REED. W. A. OGDEN.



From the "Good Seed," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

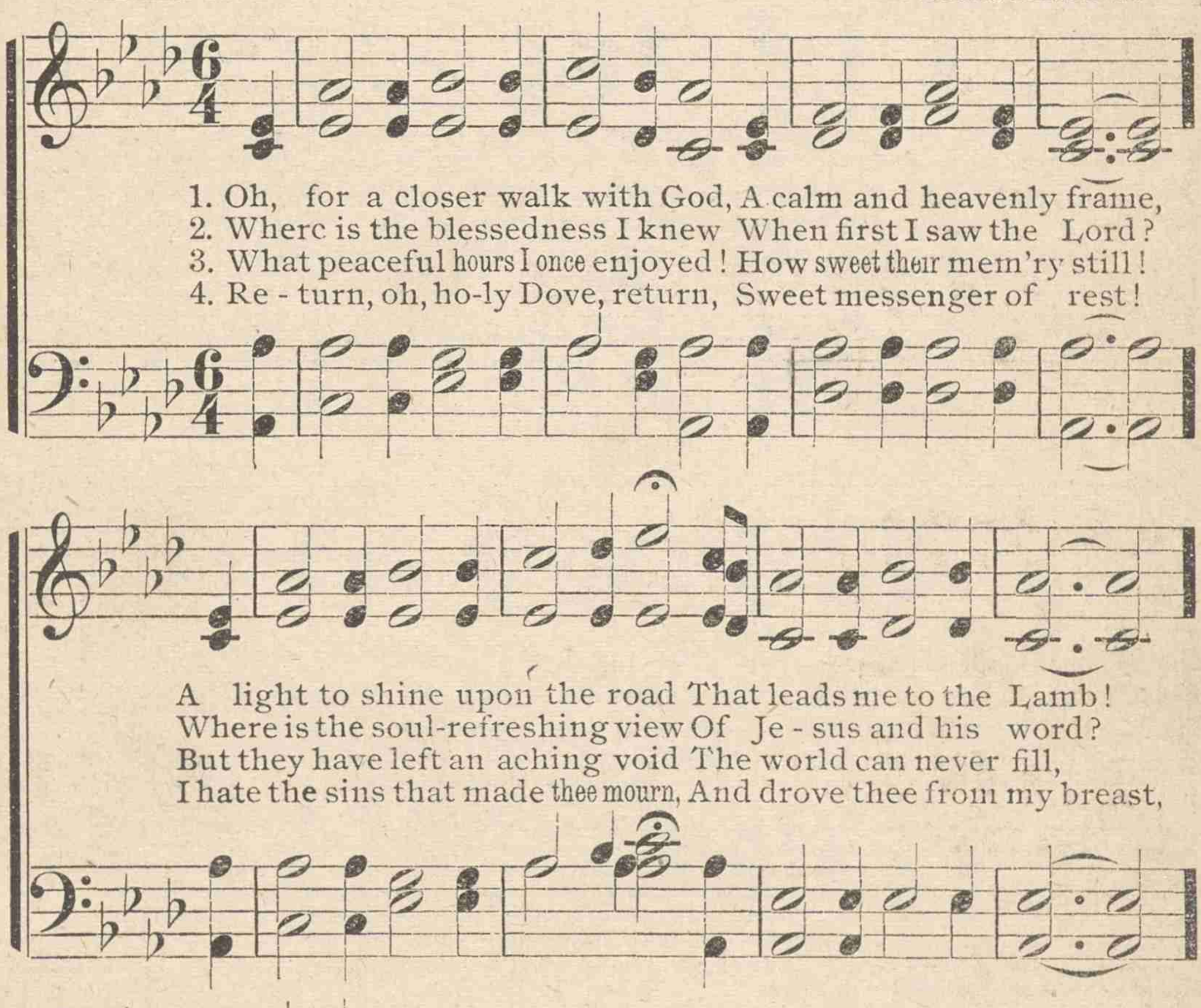
Rest in the Lord. Concluded.



Lord, His mer - - cy is great. . . . .
Rest in the Lord, His mer-cy is great, His mer - cy is great.

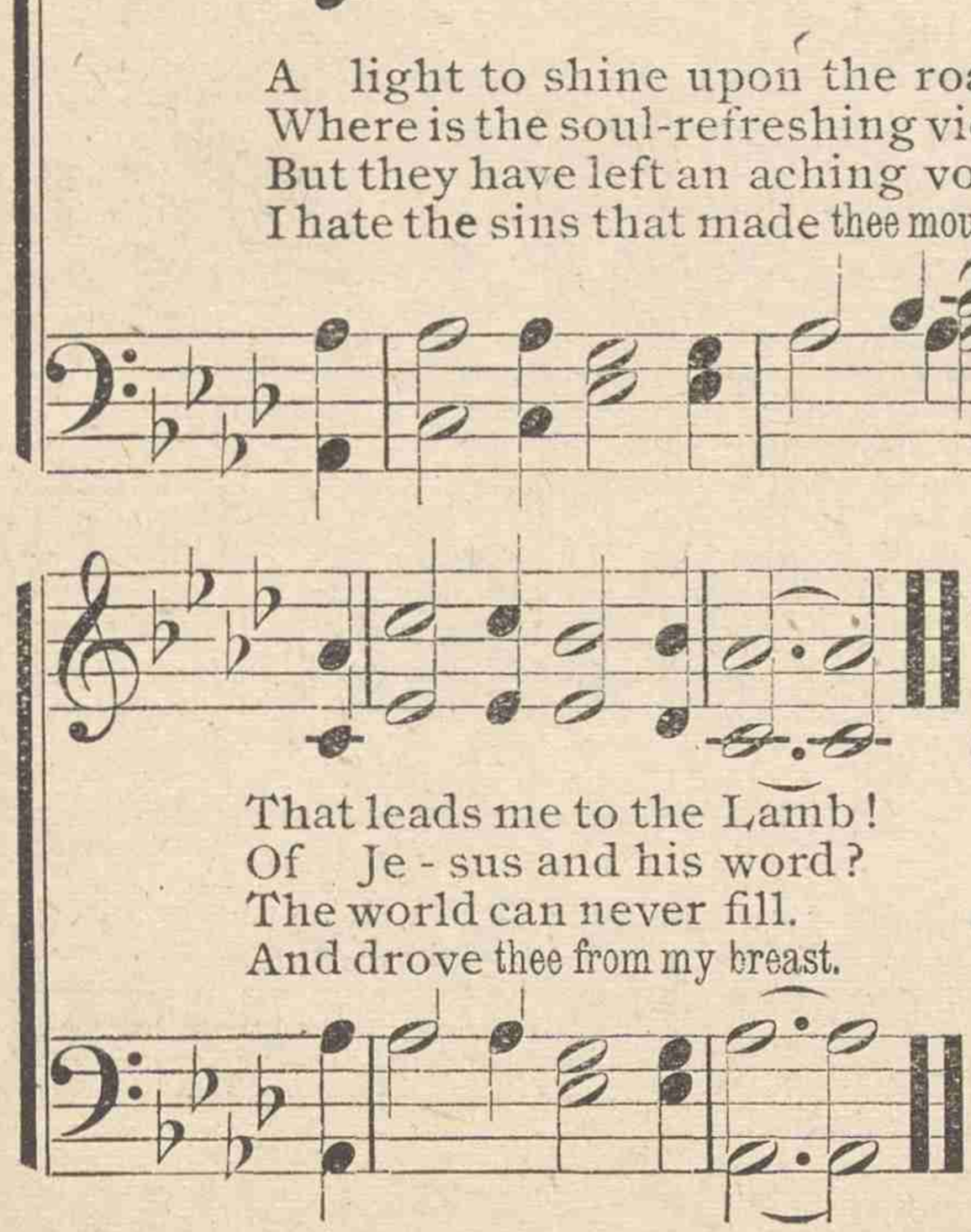
No. 111. Ortonville. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
4. Re - turn, oh, ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest!

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Je - sus and his word?
But they have left an aching void The world can never fill,
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast,



That leads me to the Lamb!
Of Je - sus and his word?
The world can never fill.
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 112. Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



REFRAIN.

From "Joy to the World"

Jesus will give you Rest. Concluded.



No. 113. Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway. E. F. MILLER.



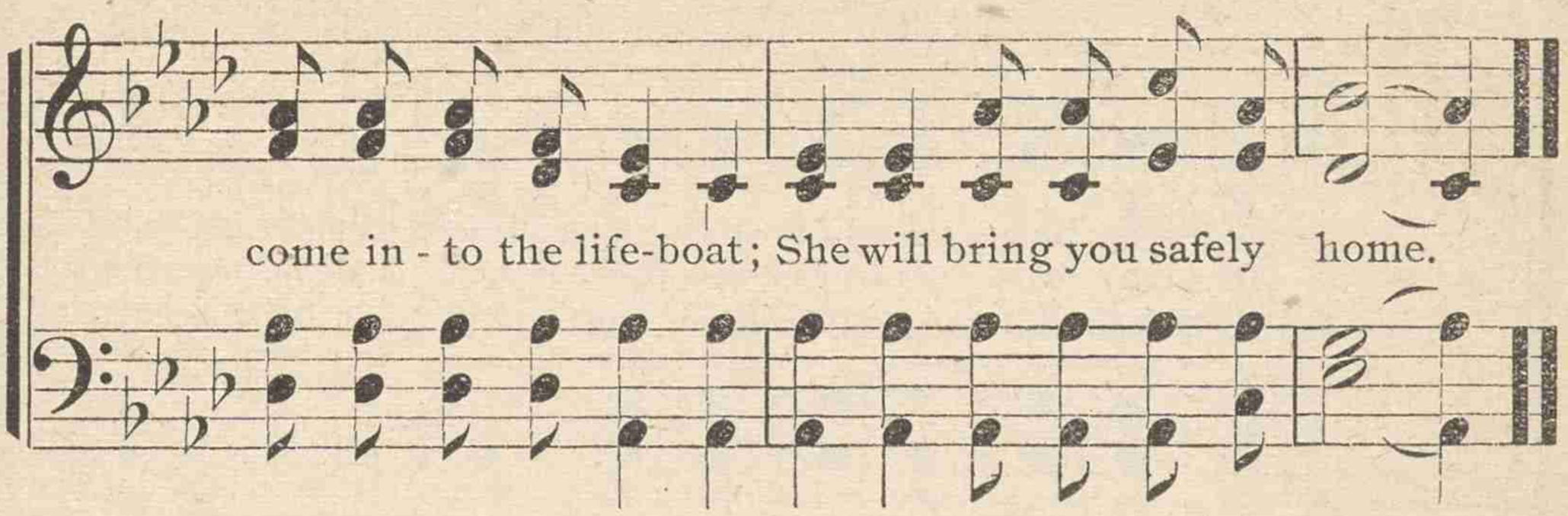
Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

No. 114. The Life-boat.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

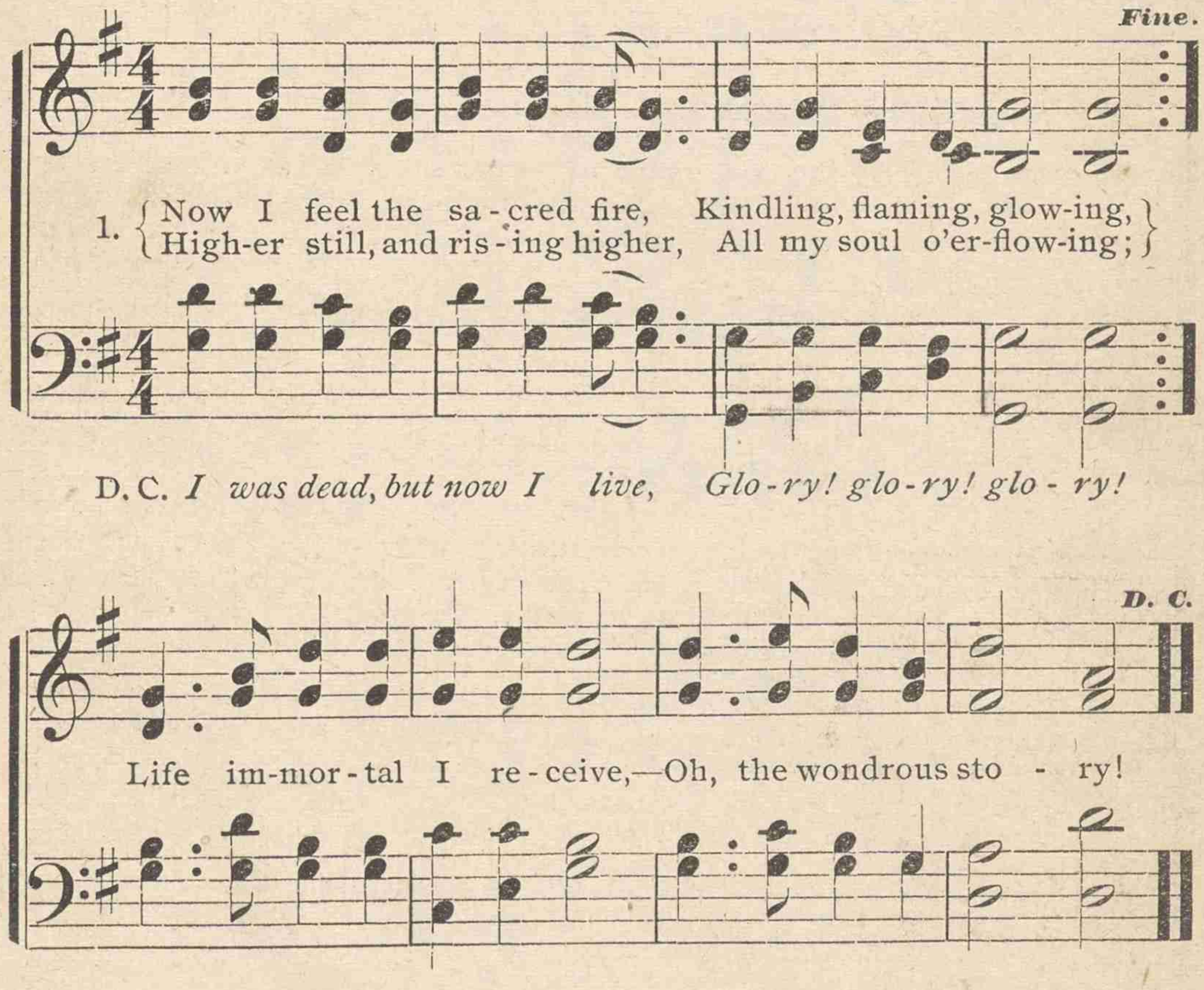


The Life-boat. Concluded.



No. 115. Now I feel the Sacred Fire.

Arranged for this Work.



2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul
This immense salvation,
Now I know its full and free—
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 116. Meet me There.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there,
2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there,
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring And the blest forev - er sing, In the pal - ace of our King, Meet me there,

Where the night dissolves away In - to pure and per - fect day,
By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the cit-y of de - light,
Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend,

D. S. *Storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py, gold - en shore,*

Fine.

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there, (meet me there,)
Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there, (meet me there,)
In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there, (meet me there,)

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

Meet me There. Concluded.



No. 117. Let Me Die.



3. My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, let me die.
But all I leave, and follow thee,
Let me die, let me die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day;
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, let me die.

4. Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die, let me die.
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die, let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Savior's eyes!
Let me die, let me die.

No. 118. In the Shadow of the Rock.

ANON. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. In a wea-ry land I wan-der, And with falt'ring steps I walk;
2. Here my toils are un-a - bat-ing, And rude cares about me mock;
3. In those pastures fair and vernal, With my shepherd's chosen flock,
4. By those waters gent-ly flow - ing, I will fear no tempest shock,
5. So with patient faith I won-der, And with loving trust I walk,

For my rest is o - ver yonder, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
But my rest is yonder waiting, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
I will feast on joys e - ter - nal, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
And no want nor grief be knowing, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
For my rest is o - ver yonder, In the shad-ow of the Rock.

CHORUS.

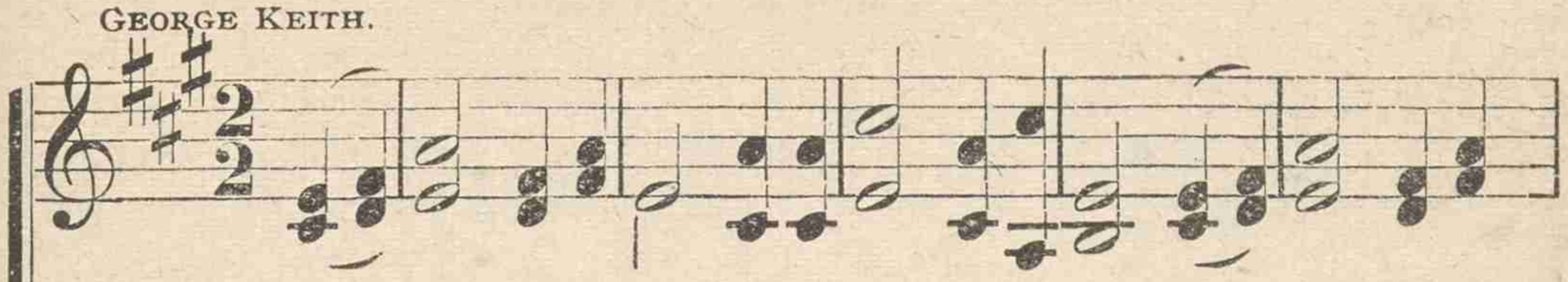
In the shadow of the Rock, In the shadow of the Rock;

I'll soon be resting yonder, In the shadow of the Rock.

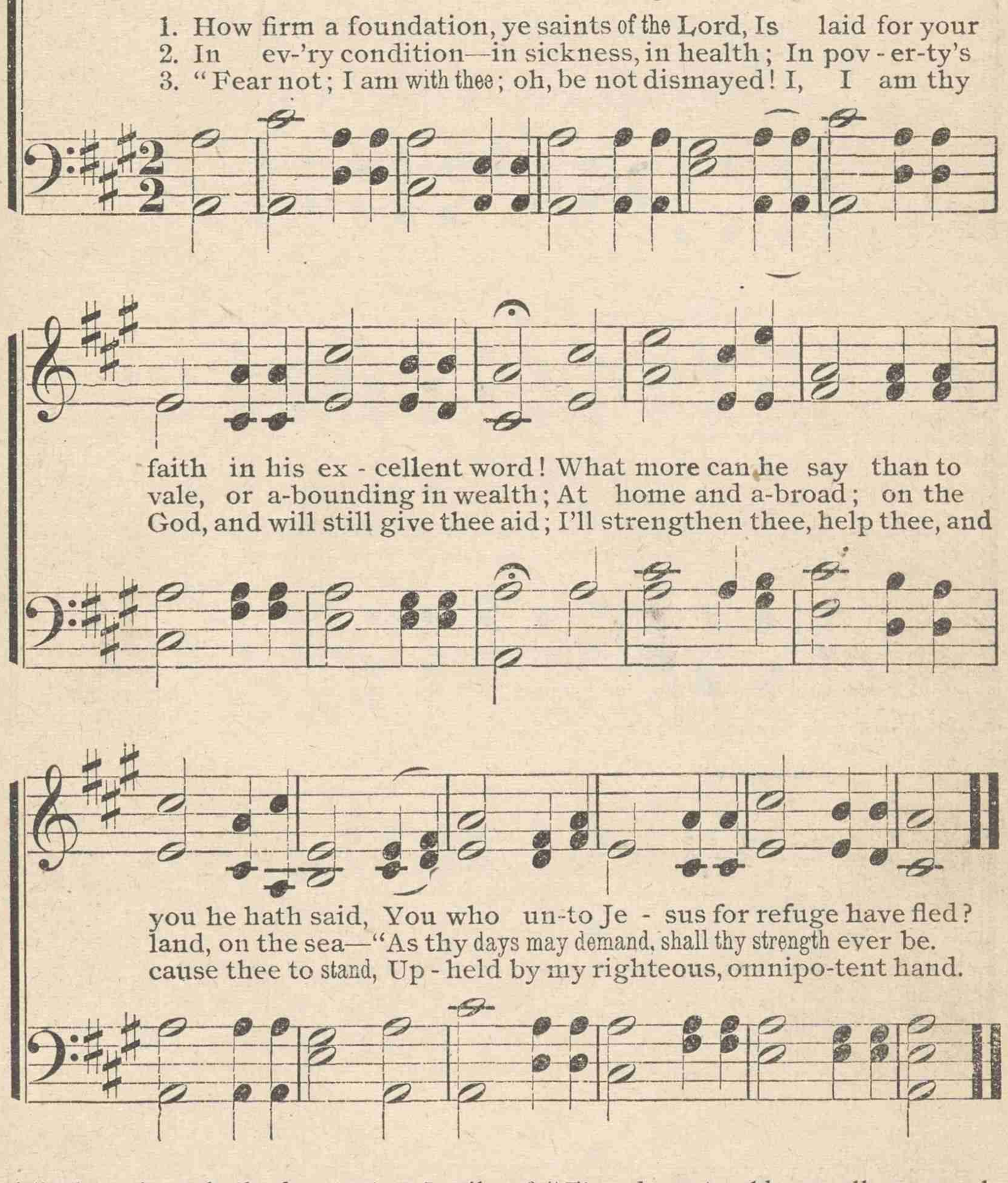
Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 119. How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

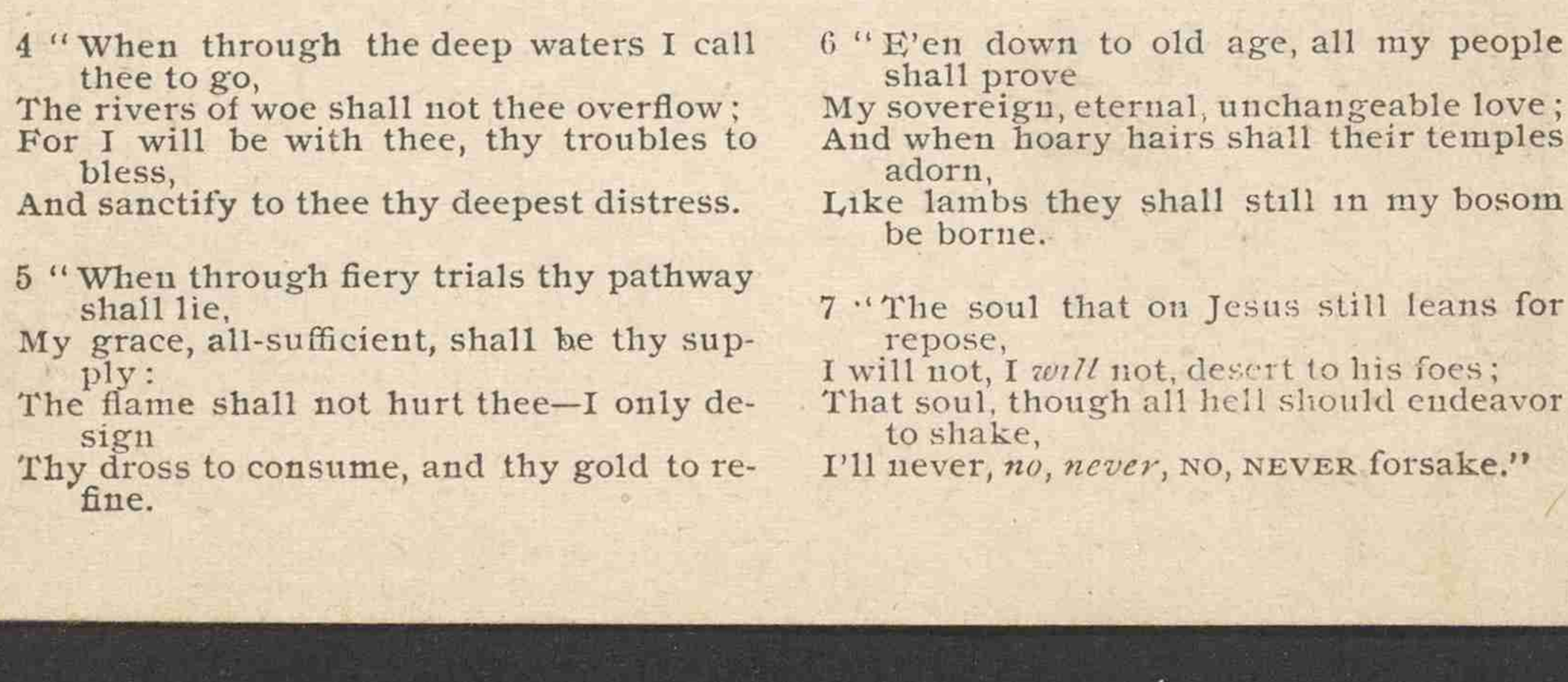
GEORGE KEITH.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-'ry condition—in sickness, in health; In pov-er-ty's
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed! I, I am thy



faith in his ex-cellent word! What more can he say than to
vale, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you he hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled?
land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, omnipo-tent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy 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 still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 120. My Happy Home.

ANON. (To my Choir, Round Lake, N. Y.) E. O. EXCELL.



1. Je - ru - salem, my happy home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to behold;
3. Thy gardens and thy plesant streams My study long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to ascend



When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by human sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where congregations ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

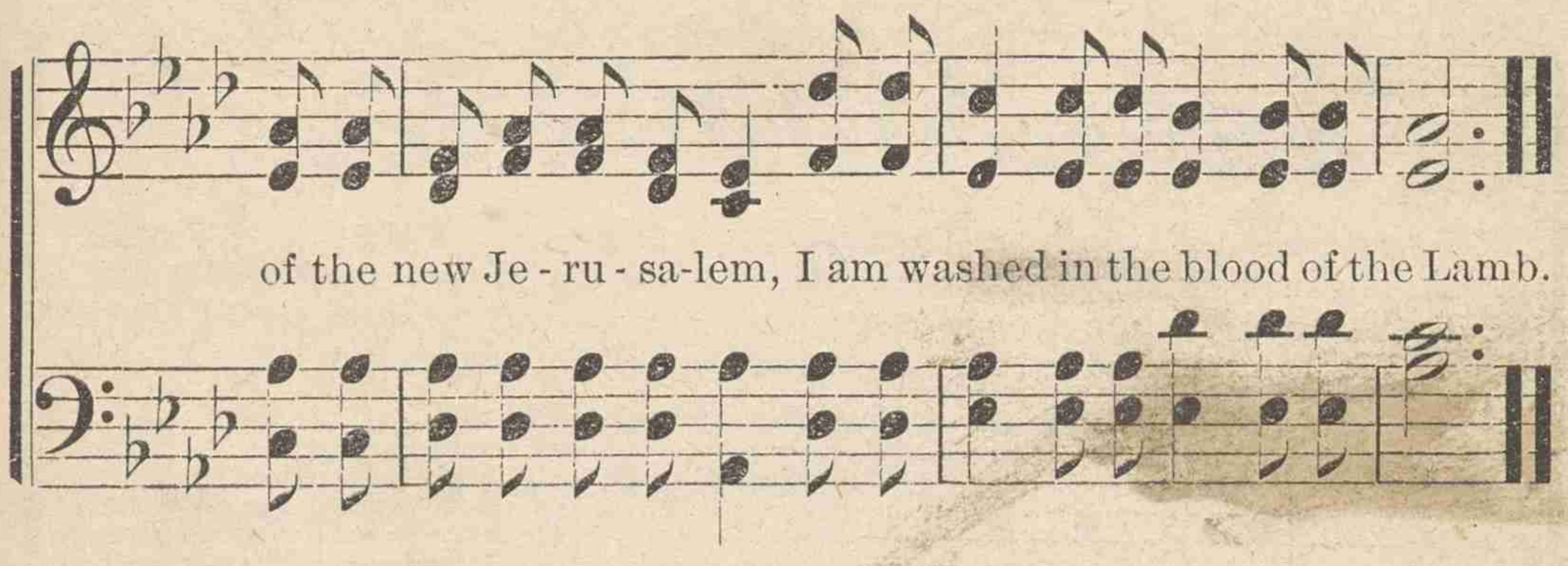
I will meet you in the cit-y of the new Jerusalem, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb, ... I will meet you in the city
washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,



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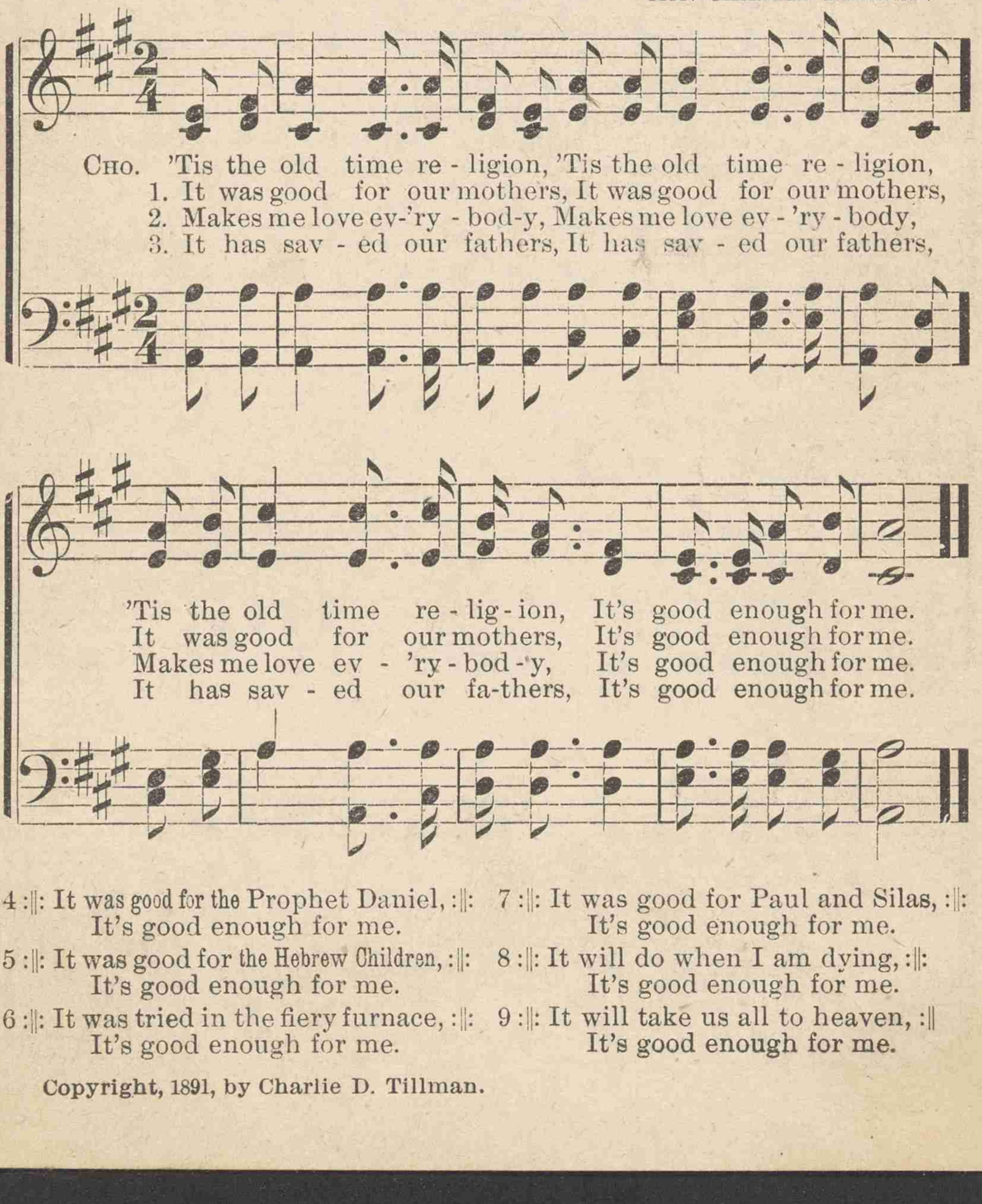
My Happy Home. Concluded.



of the new Je - ru - sa-lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 121. "Old Time Religion."

Arr. Charlie Tillman.



Cho. 'Tis the old time re - ligion, 'Tis the old time re - ligion,
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
2. Makes me love ev-'ry - bod-y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - body,
3. It has sav - ed our fathers, It has sav - ed our fathers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, It's good enough for me.
It was good for our mothers, It's good enough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good enough for me.
It has sav - ed our fa-thers, It's good enough for me.

4 :‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

5 :‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

6 :‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

7 :‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

8 :‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

9 :‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 122. The Bright Forevermore.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 123. Walk in the Light.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



Copyright, 1886, by A. J. Showalter & Co.

No. 124. Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R SWENEY. By per.

1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling mandate Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves-sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye virgins,—sleep no long-er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!

Lo! the heav'nly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appall?
Are your lamps all trimmed and burning Should the Bridegroom now ap-pear?
Are they washed in the cleansing Fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.

CHORUS.

Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

Are you read-y?
Are you read-y?
Are you read-y?
Oh, be read-y!
Are you read-y? Are you read-y?

Are You Ready? Concluded.



No. 125. Consecration.

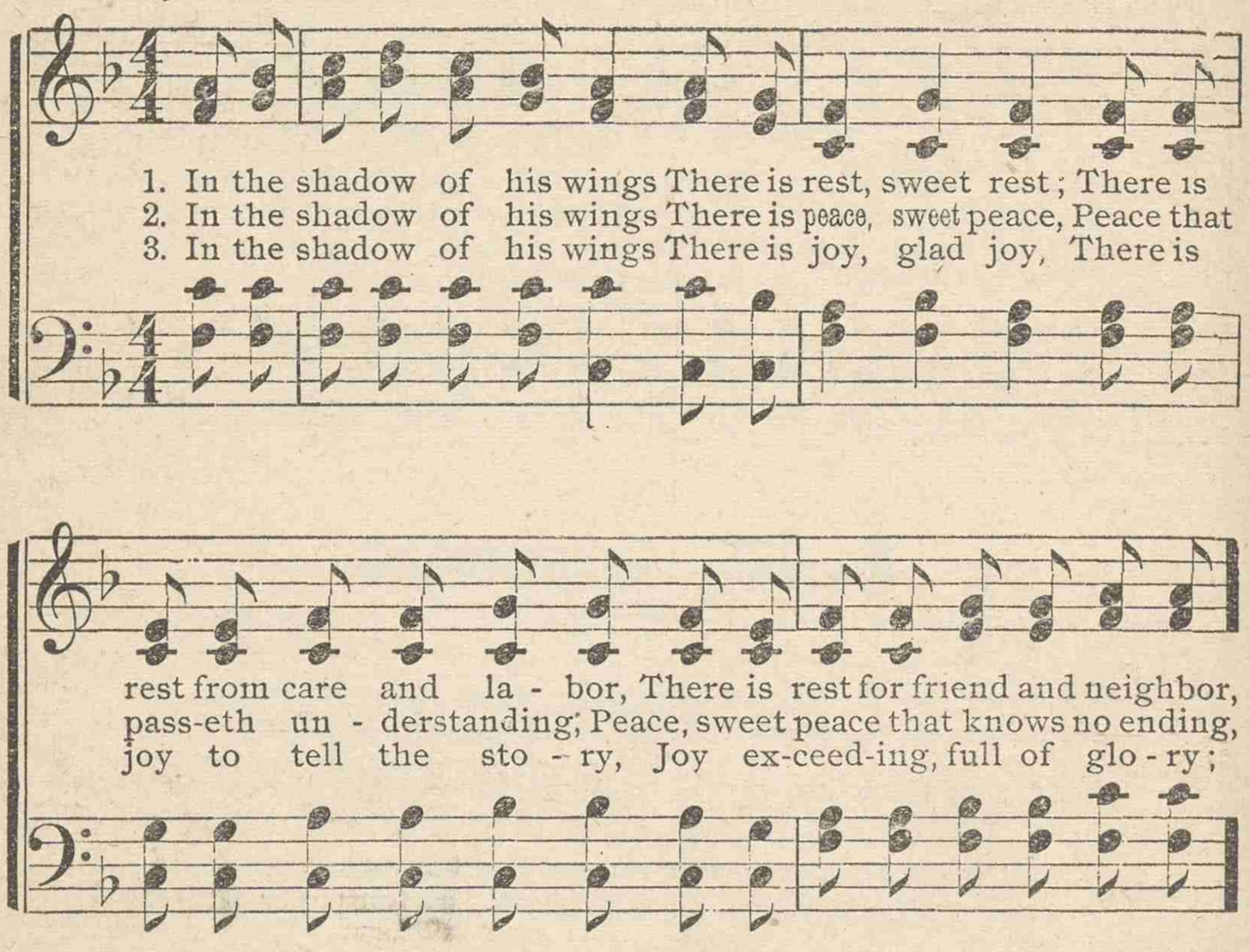
MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



From "Notes of Joy," by per.

No. 126. In the Shadow of His Wings.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.



Copyright, 1882, by E. O. Excell.

In the Shadow of His Wings. Concluded.



No. 127. Martyn. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



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

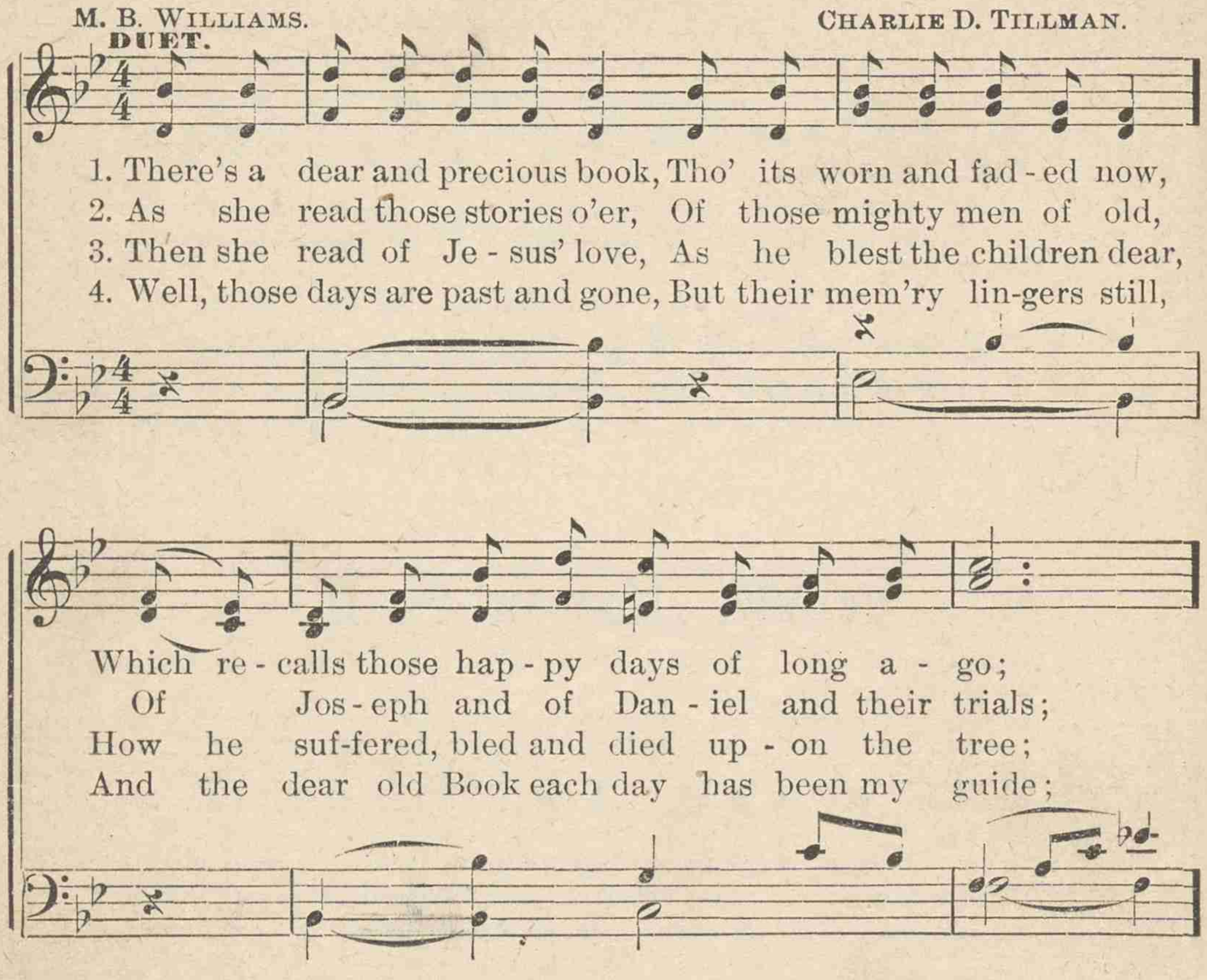
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

No. 128. My Mother's Bible.

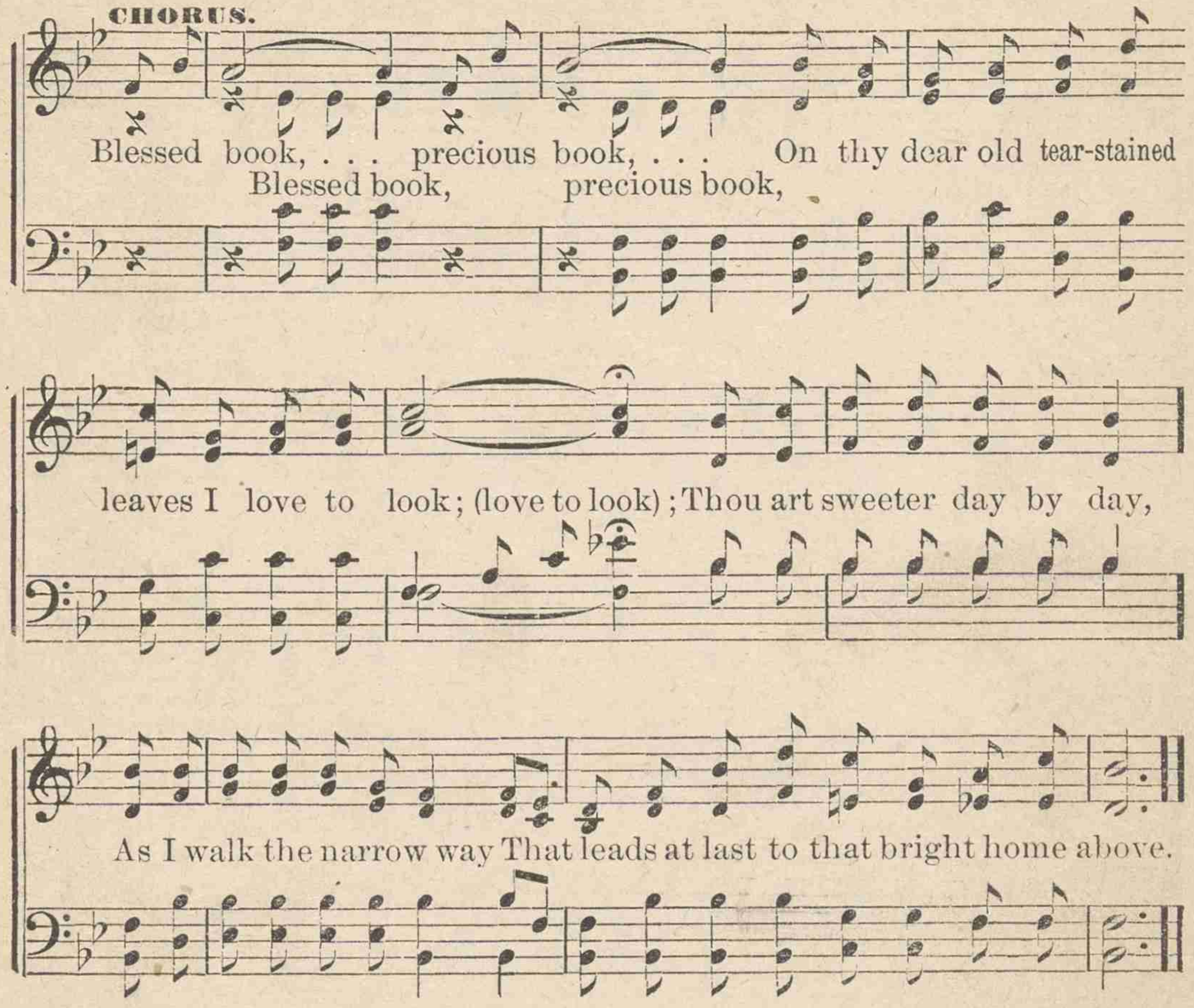
M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.



Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

My Mother's Bible. Concluded.



No. 129. Beautiful Beckoning Hands.

Music of this in sheet form for sale by Charlie D. Tillman. 25c.

1 Beautiful hands at the gateway to-night,
Faces all shining with radiant light,
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly home,
Beautiful hands that are beckoning come.

CHORUS.

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands.
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful beckoning hands.

2 Beckoning hands of a mother, whose love
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove;
Hands of a father to memory dear,
Beckoning up higher the waiting one here.

3 Beautiful hands of a little one,—see,
Baby voice calling, O mother! to thee;
Rosy-cheeked darling, the light of our home,
Taken so early, is beckoning come.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the loved one of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Savior, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

Permission to use these words given by the author, C. C. Luther. They are copyright property.

130. Remembered by What I Have Done.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. W. WARREN BENTLY, by per.

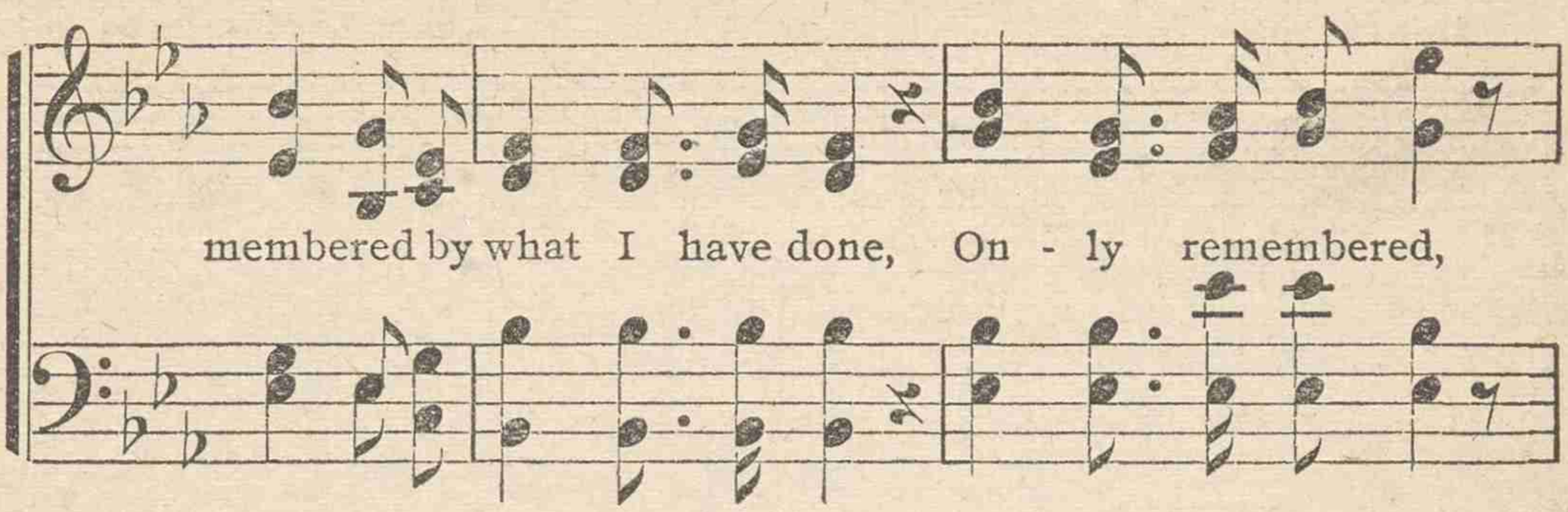
1. Up, and away, like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the
2. Shall I be missed if anoth - er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - er may
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spo-ken, On - ly the seed that on earth I have sown; These shall pass onward when
4. Oh, when the Savior shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoic - ing are won; Then will his faithful and

earth and its toil-ing, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
pass from his la - bors, On - ly remembered by what he has done.
I am forgot - ten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
wea - ry disci - ples, All be remembered for what they have done.

REFRAIN.

On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly re -

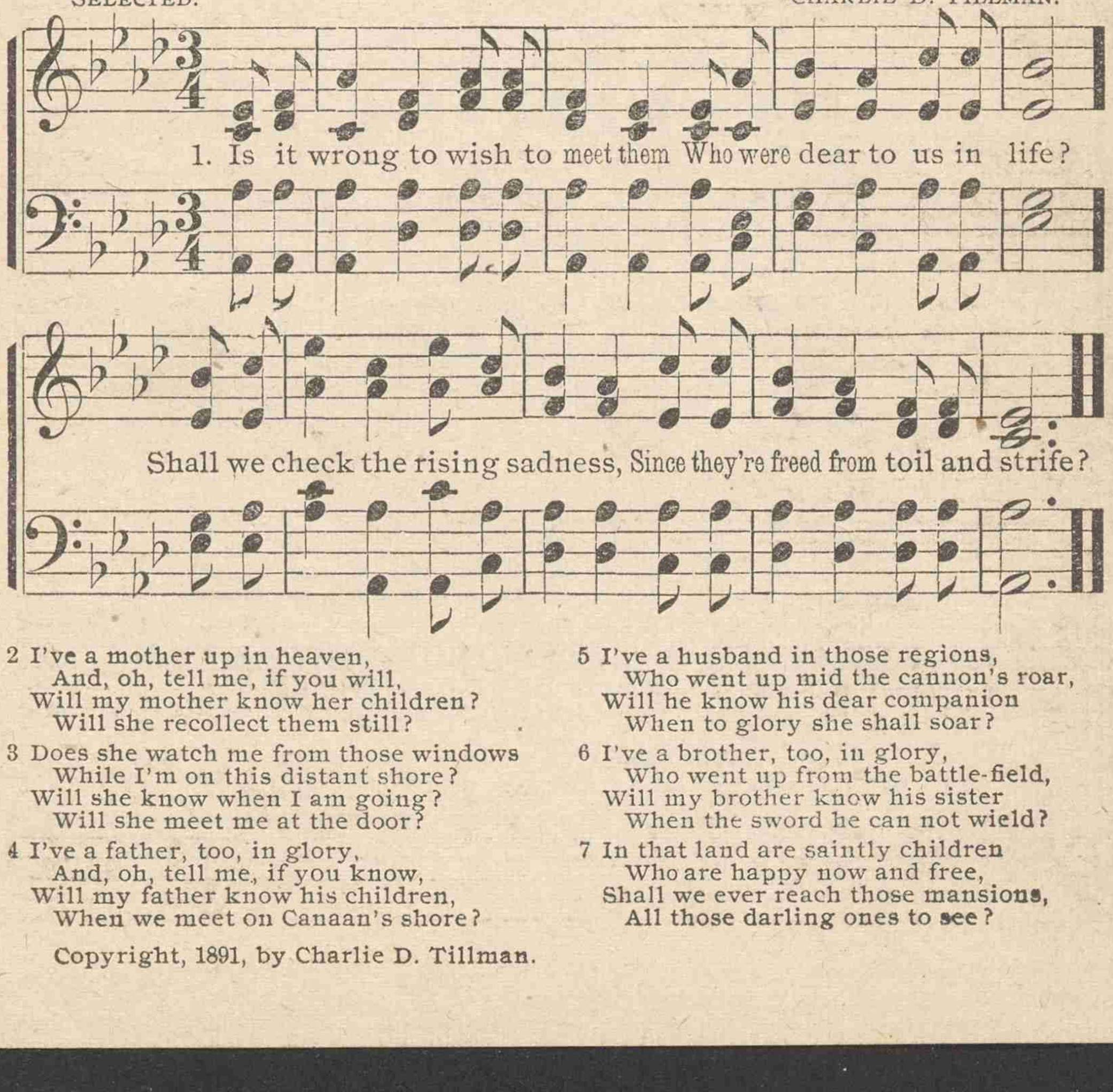
Remembered by What I have done. Concluded.





No. 131. Departed Loved Ones.

SELECTED. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



2 I've a mother up in heaven,
And, oh, tell me, if you will,
Will my mother know her children?
Will she recollect them still?

3 Does she watch me from those windows
While I'm on this distant shore?
Will she know when I am going?
Will she meet me at the door?

4 I've a father, too, in glory,
And, oh, tell me, if you know,
Will my father know his children,
When we meet on Canaan's shore?

5 I've a husband in those regions,
Who went up mid the cannon's roar,
Will he know his dear companion
When to glory she shall soar?

6 I've a brother, too, in glory,
Who went up from the battle-field,
Will my brother know his sister
When the sword he can not wield?

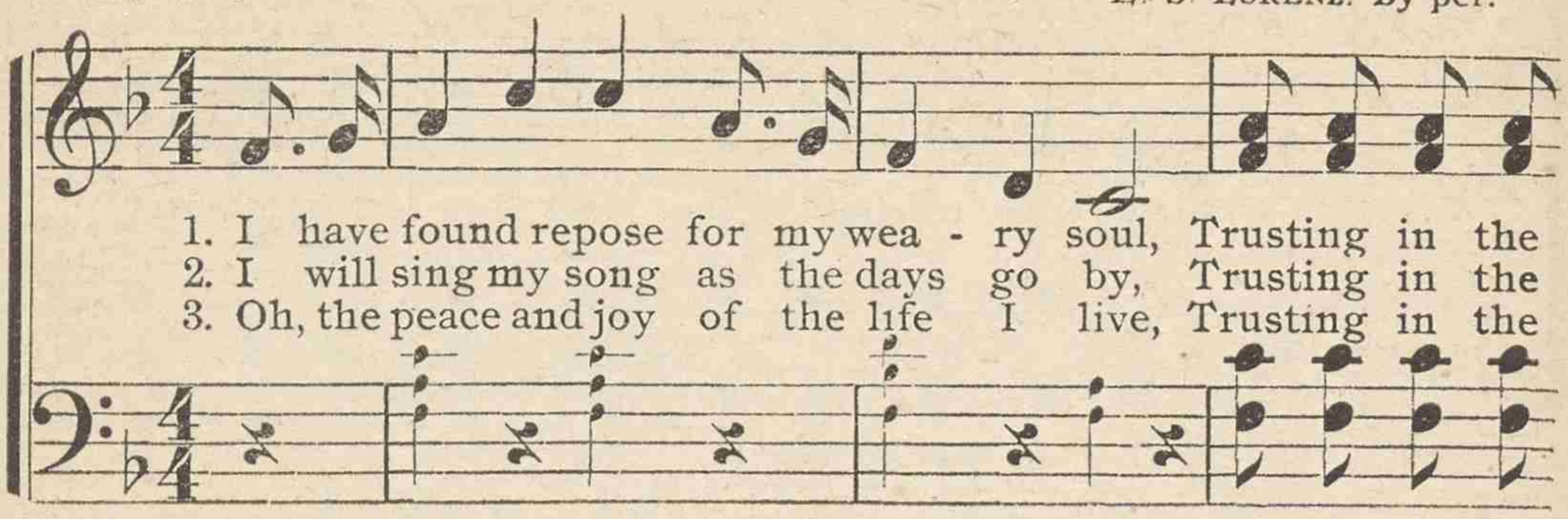
7 In that land are saintly children
Who are happy now and free,
Shall we ever reach those mansions,
All those darling ones to see?

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

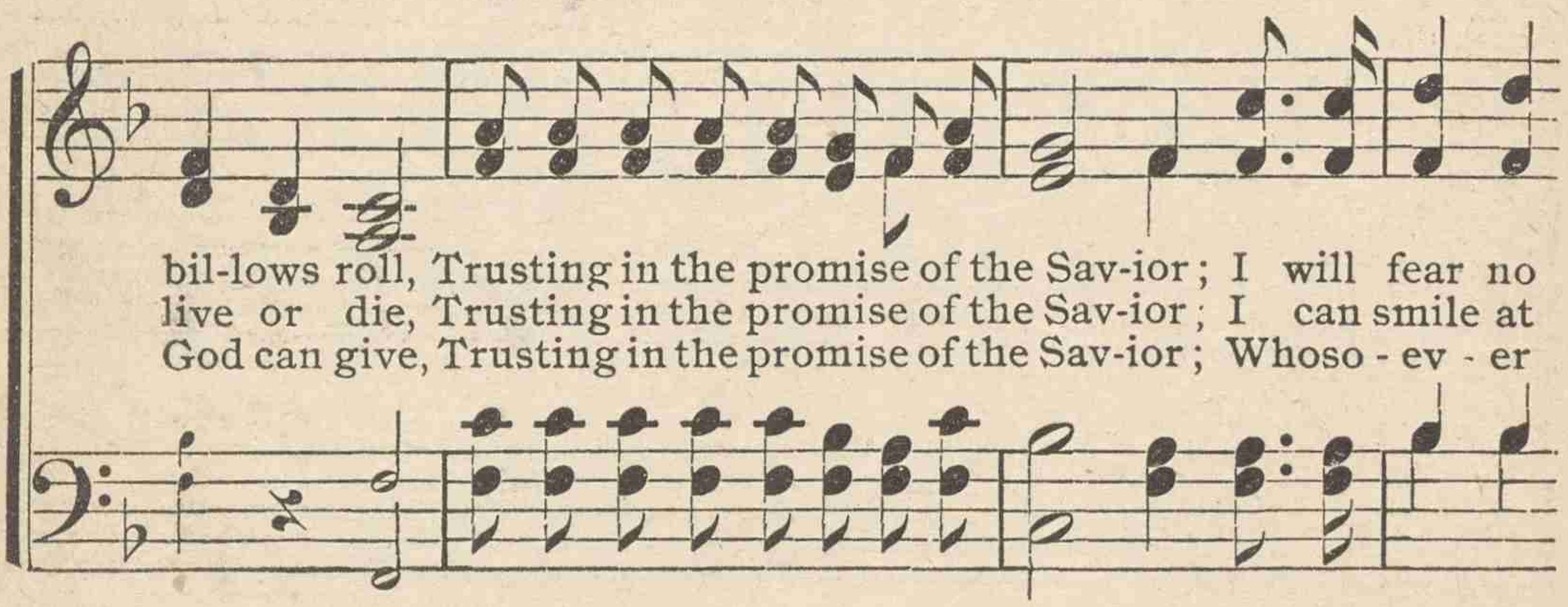
No. 132. Trusting in the Promise.

H. B. H.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.









Trusting in the Promise. Concluded.



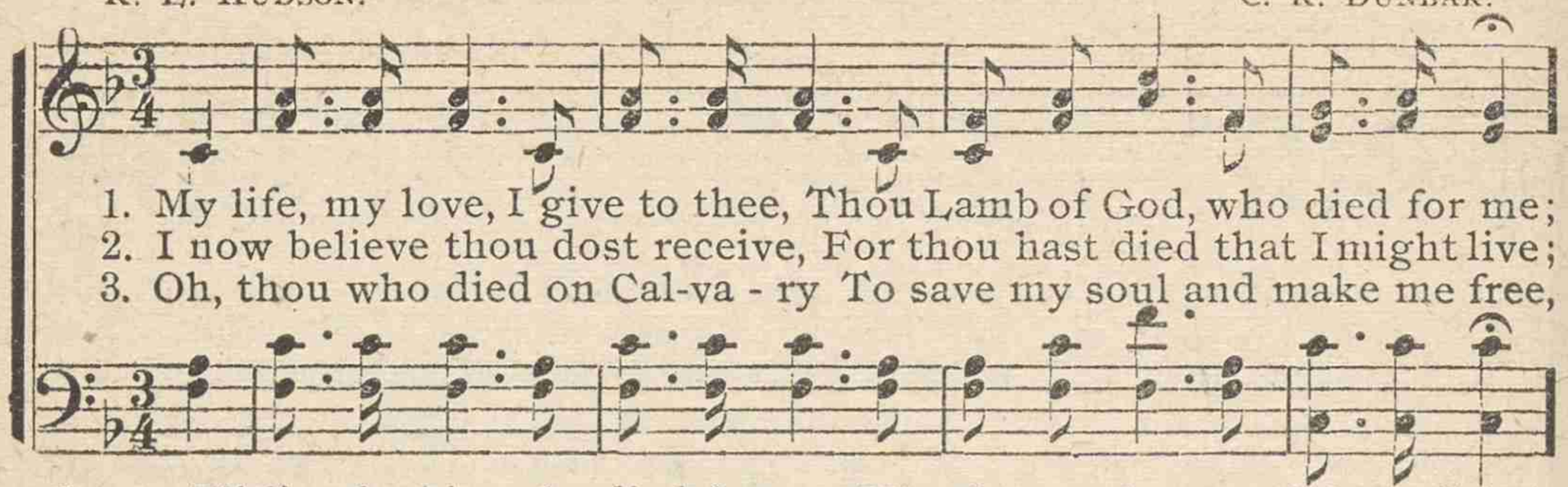






No. 133. I'll Live for Him.

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

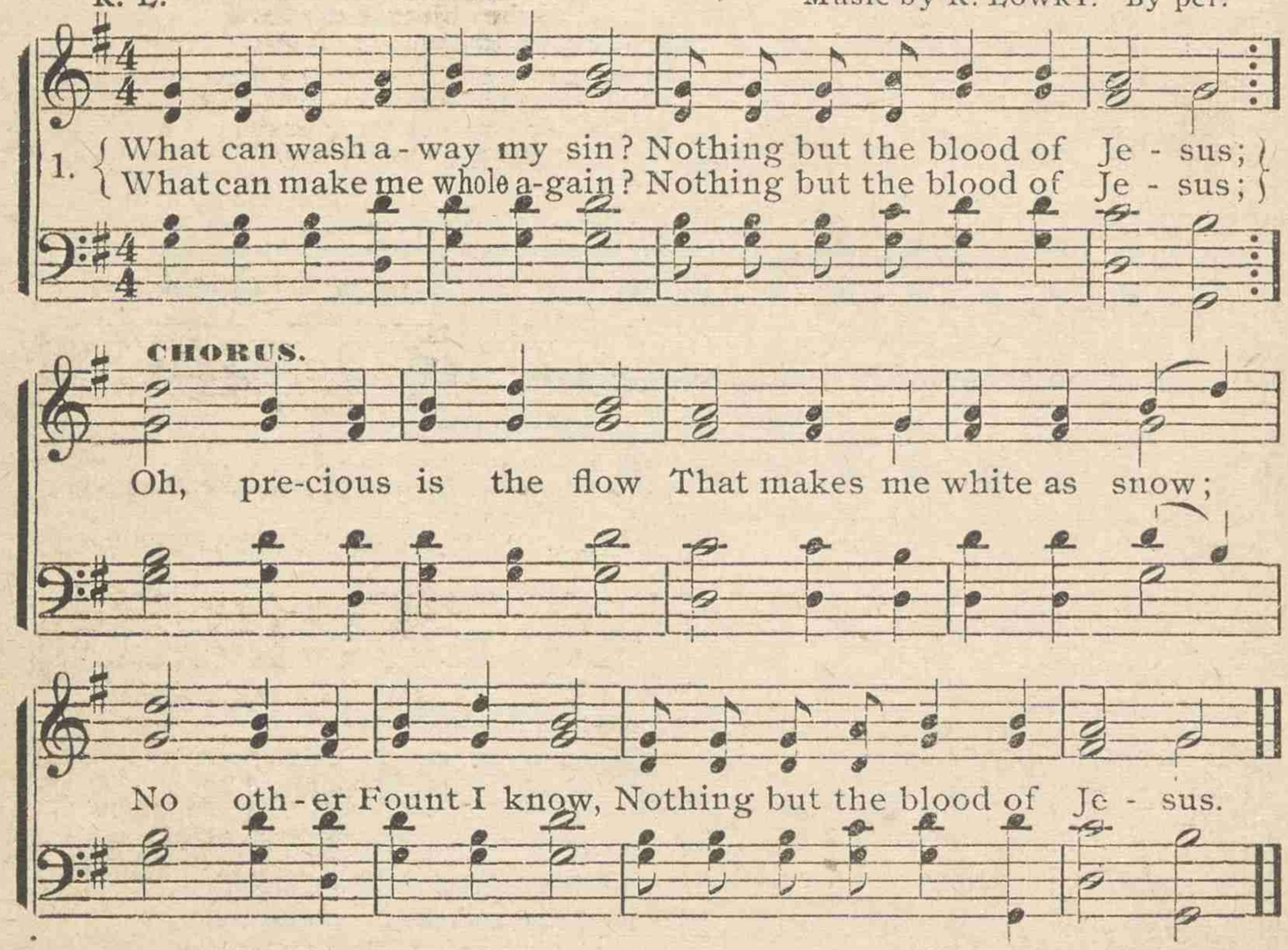




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134. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. Music by R. LOWRY. By per.



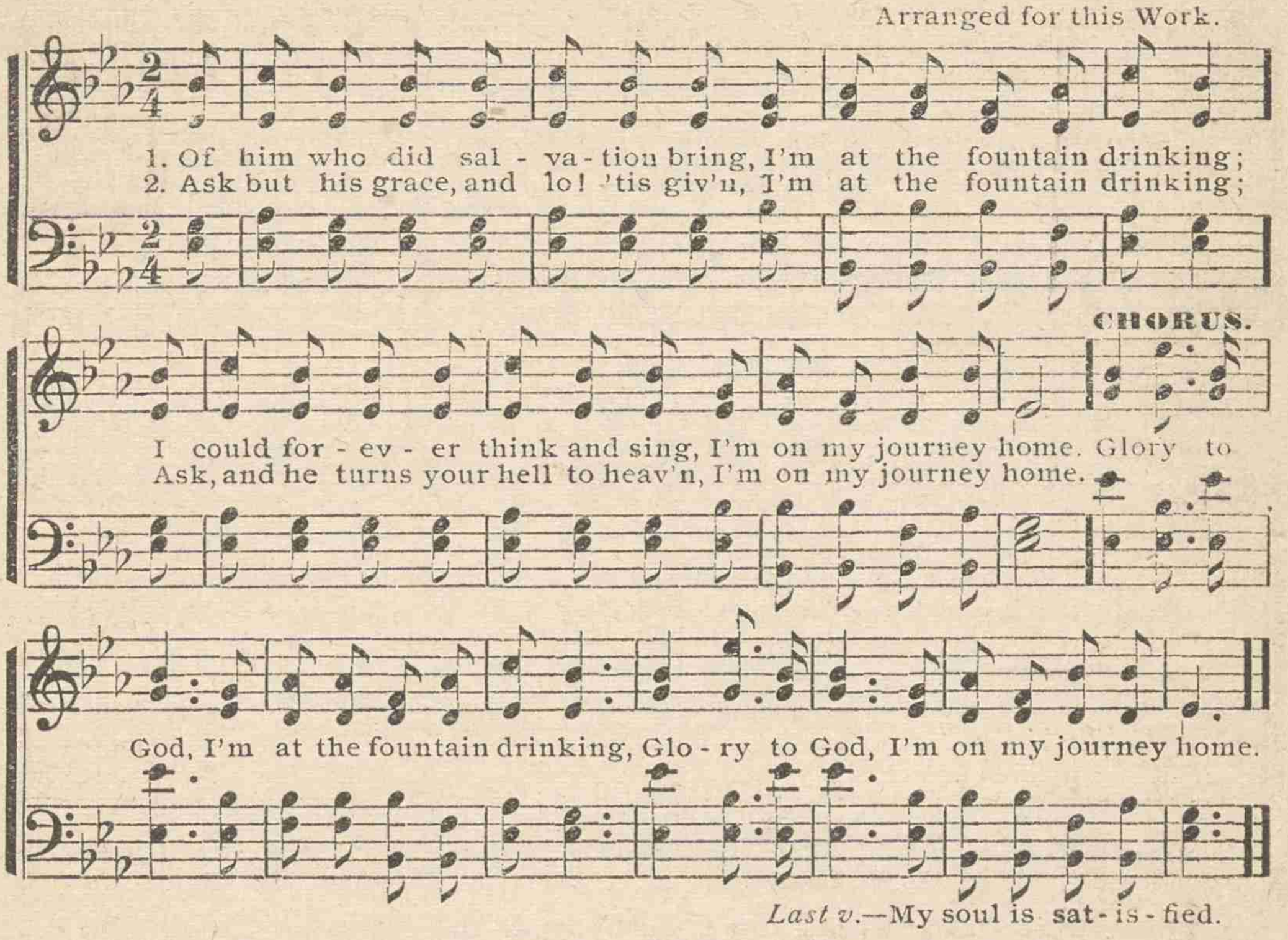
2 For my pardon this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

2 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

No. 135. At the Fountain.

Arranged for this Work.



3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.

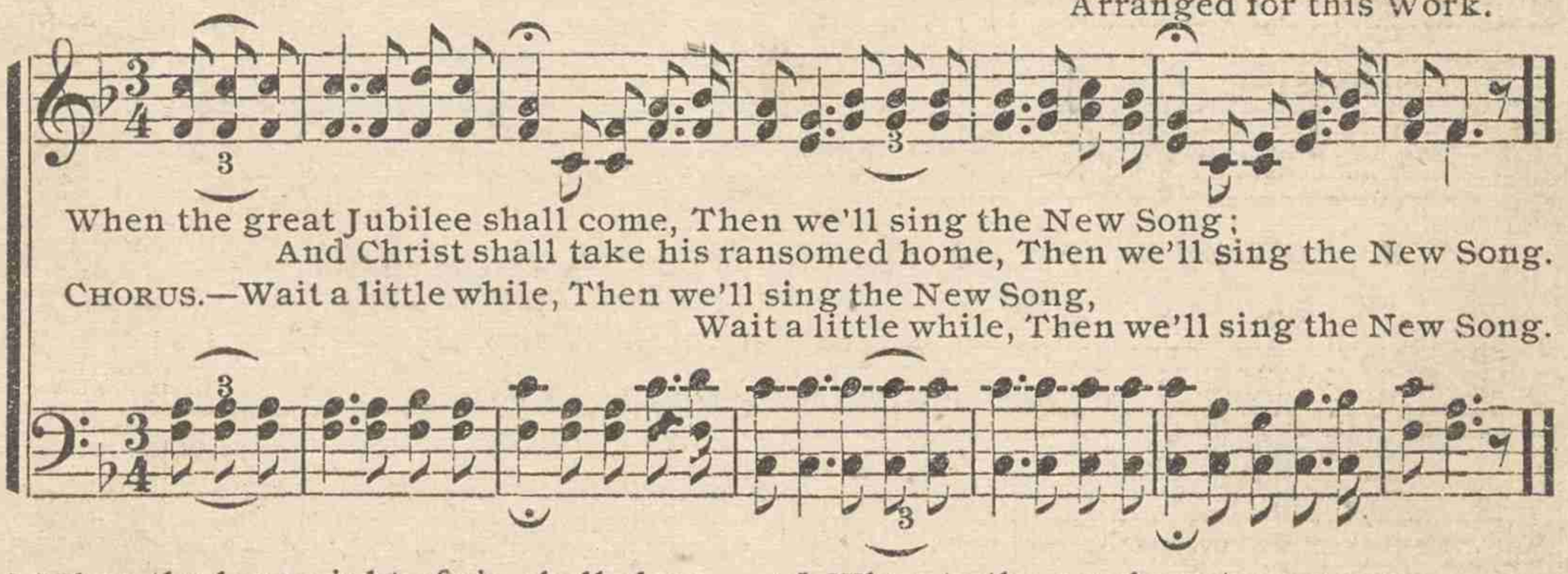
4 Let all the world fall down and know
I'm at the fountain drinking;
That none but God such love can show,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

No. 136. The New Song.

Arranged for this Work.



2 When the long night of sin shall close,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
And life's fair day shall end our woes,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

3 When the glad shout shall rend the sky,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
"O grave, where is thy victory?"
Then we'll sing the New Song.

4 When sorrow, pain and death are o'er,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
And sighs and tears shall be no more,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

5 When to the pearly gates we come,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
When we have reached our blissful home,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

6 When we shall tread Life's river brink,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
And of those crystal waters drink,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

7 Where all will be immortal, fair,
There we'll sing the New Song;
When blood-washed robes are ours to wear,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

Congregation all sing "Then we'll sing the New Song," and Chorus.

No. 137. Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.



From "Gems of Gospel Songs," by per.

No. 138. Our God's the Same To-day.

TUNE.—"The Wearing of the Green."

1 When Moses and his soldiers from Egypt's land did flee,
Their enemies behind them, and in front of them the sea,
God raised the water like a wall and opened up their way,
And the God that lived in Moses' time is just the same to-day.

CHORUS.—He's just the same to day,
He's just the same to-day,
The God that lived, etc.

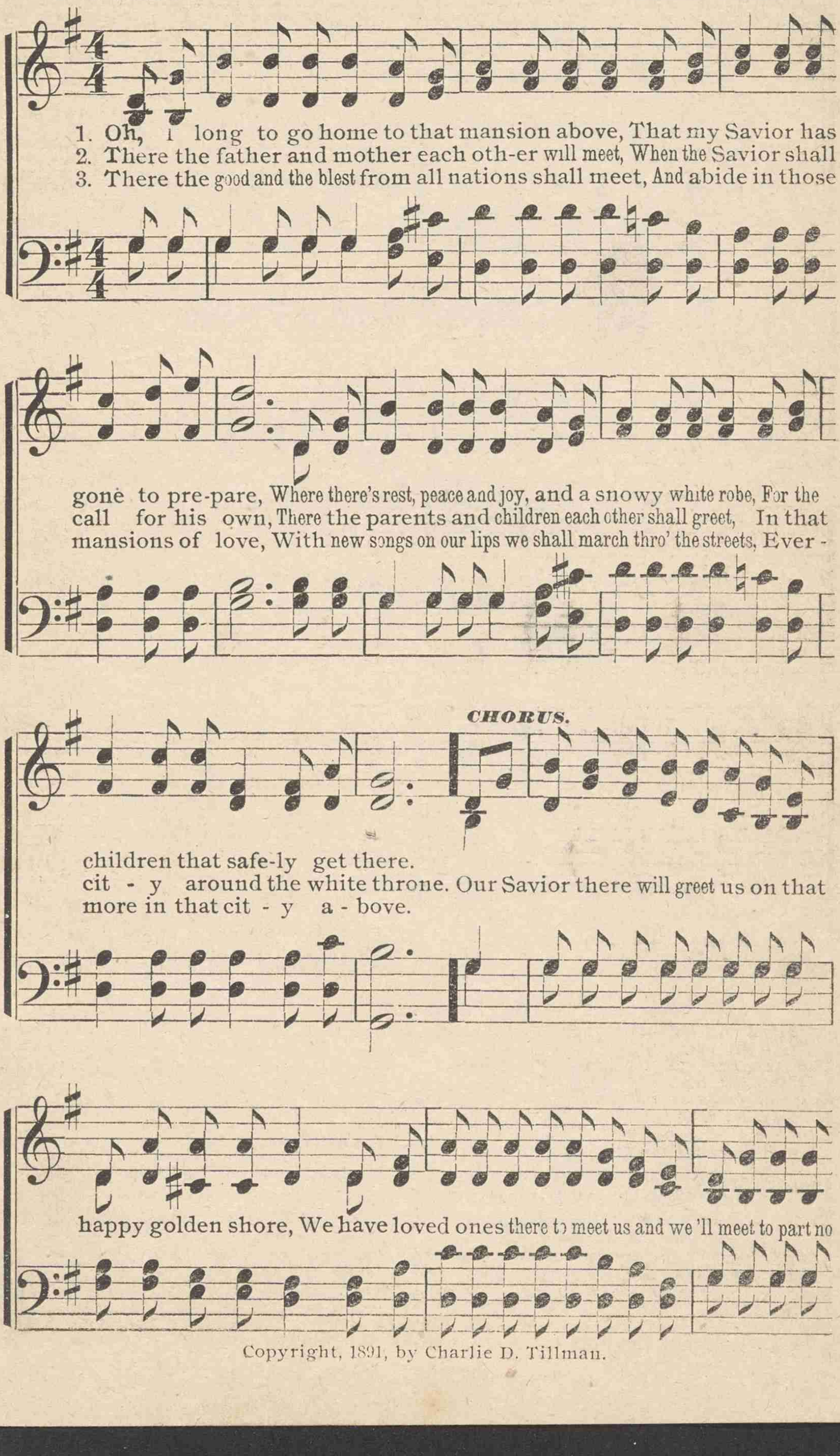
2 When Daniel, faithful to his God, would not bow down to men,
And by God's enemies was hurled into the lions' den,
God shut the lions' mouths, we read, and robbed them of their prey,
And the God that lived in Daniel's time is just the same to-day

3 When David and Goliath met—the wrong against the right—
The giant armed with human power and David with God's might,
God's power with David's sling and stone the giant low did lay,
And the God that lived in David's time is just the same to-day.

4 When Pentecost had fully come, and fire from heaven did fall,
As a mighty wind the Holy Ghost baptized them one and all;
Three thousand got converted and were soldiers right away,
And the God that lived at Pentecost is just the same to-day.

No. 139. Golden Shore.

R. A. GLENN. CHARLIE TILLMAN.



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Golden Shore. Concluded.



No. 140. I Have Found a Friend.

H. J. M. HOPE. W. A. OGDEN.



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No. 141. Salvation's Rolling On.*

REV. D. WILLIAMS.



1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory
we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging
earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the
prophets long foretold.
The Truth is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley
taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which
delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free."
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the
vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our
sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy
harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will
not be long
When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong.
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints
for evermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will
shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the
Conqueror.
Forever marching on.

No. 142. His Church is Marching On.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He has loosed the faithful lightnings
Of his great two-edged sword.
His church is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His church is marching on.

2 He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat,
He's sifting out the hearts of men
Before the judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him,
Be jubilant, my feet.
His church is marching on.

3 From morning's early watches,
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter
In the work we have begun,
Till the forts have all surrendered,
And the victory is won.
His church is marching on.

4 Our trust is in Jehovah,
And our cause is in his care;
With Almighty arms to help us,
We have faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise
That the Lord will answer prayer.
His church is marching on.

5 In an humble place of refuge,
Christ was born across the sea,
With the glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me;
Since he died to make men holy,
Let us strive to holy be.
His church is marching on.

*The Chorus, "Glory, hallelujah," is so familiar that the music need not be repeated.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

T. S. No. 42.

ALL praise to him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme;
Who gave his Son for man to die,
That he might man redeem.

Cho.—Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord; Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.

Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
Once ruin'd by the fall,
Thou hast devis'd salvation's plan,
For thou hast died for all.

His name shall be the Counsellor,
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Of all earth's kingdoms, conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

G. H. No. 54.

JUST as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

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

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

G. H. No. 199.

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

Cho.—Why not? why not? Why not come to
Him now?
Why not? why not? Why not come to
Him no

What do y
To gain l
There's no
There's

Do you no
His Spiri
Oh, why n
And thro

Why do you
The harvest
Your Saviour
There's dang

G. H. No. 17.

WE have heard the joyful sound:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to ev'ry land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Give the winds a mighty voice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves!
This our song of victory,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

G. H. No. 156.

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Ref.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died:
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

G. H. No. 153.

"ALMOST persuaded," Now to believe;
"Almost persuaded," Christ to re-
receive;
Seems now some soul to say, "Go, S
T[illegible] way.
[illegible]nt d[illegible]

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