Sacred Hymnal

A Book of Gospel Songs and
Standard Hymns

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Dayton, Virginia

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THE

SACRED HYMNAL

FOR THE

Church, Prayer Meetings, Young People's Meetings

Sunday Schools, Revivals,

AND

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS OF ALL KINDS

BY

J. H. HALL, J. H. RUEBUSH,
AND W. H. RUEBUSH

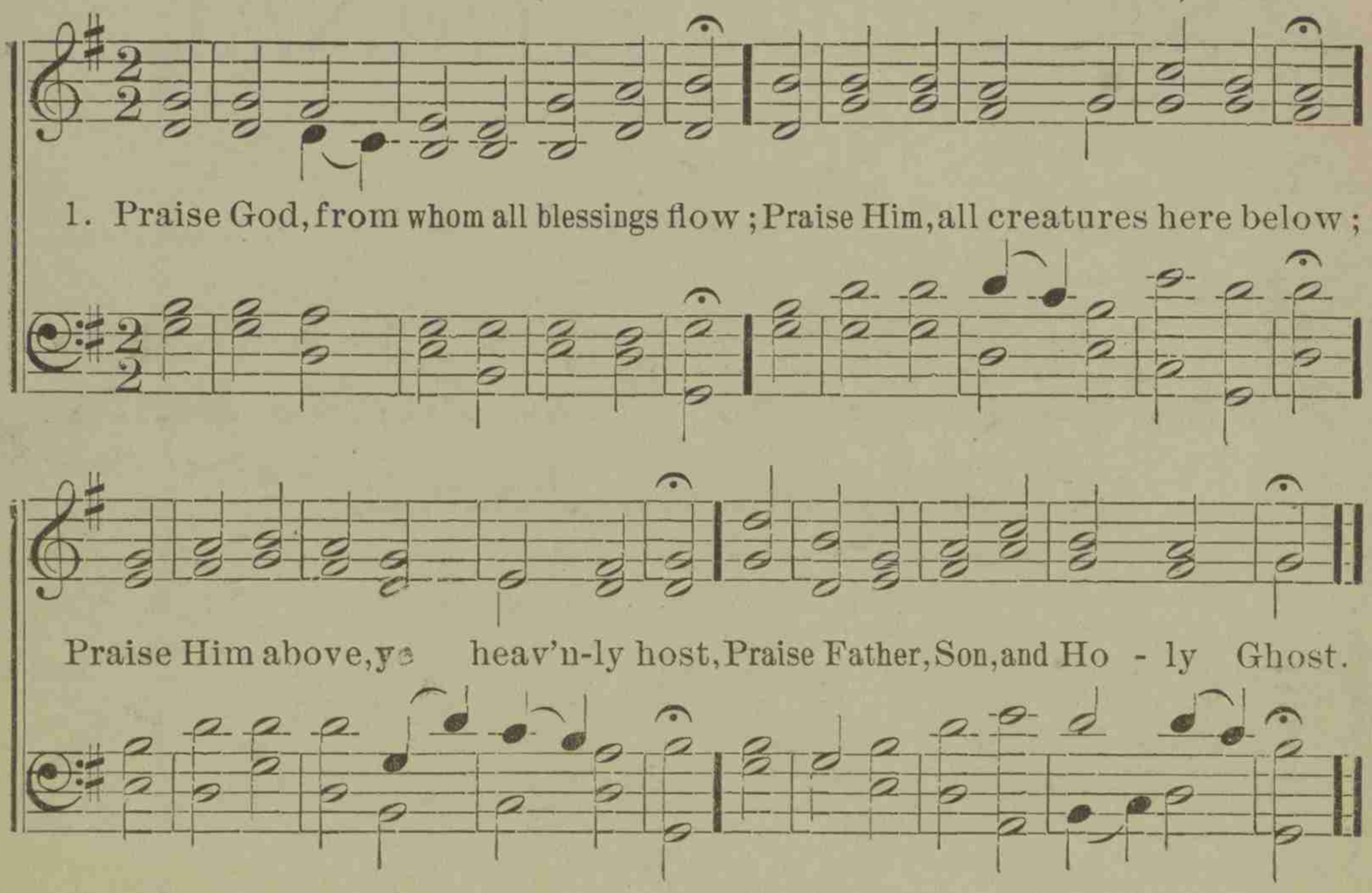
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Preface.

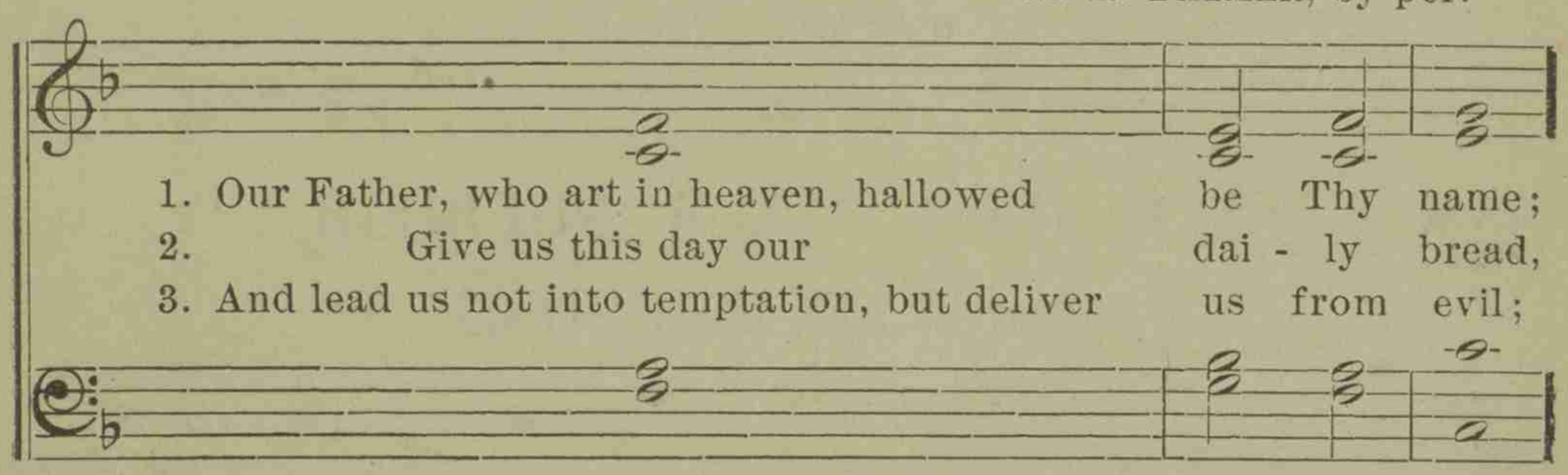
Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc, 1545.



The Lord's Prayer.

H. R. Palmer, by per.



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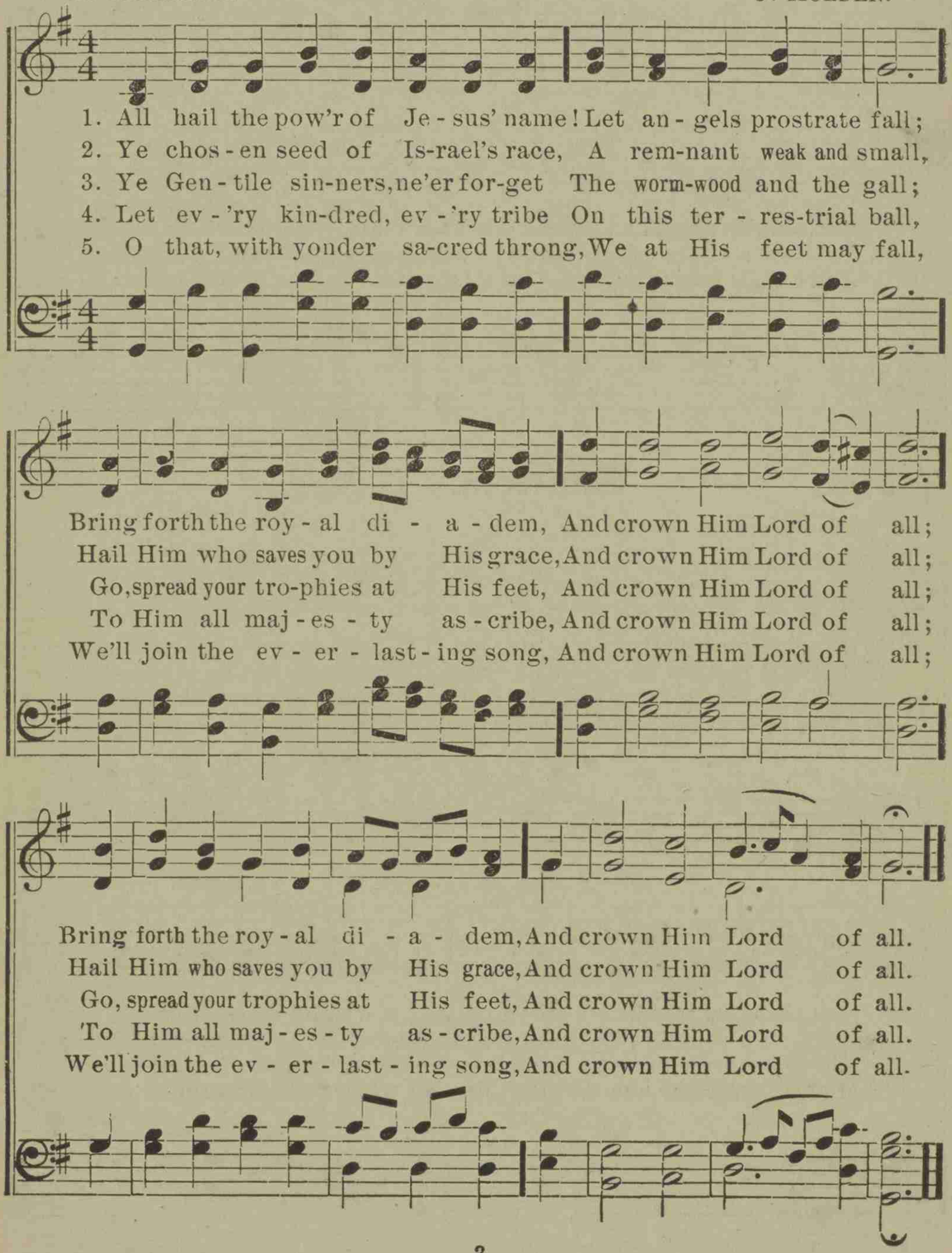
THE
SACRED HYMNAL.

WORSHIP.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation." Ps. 95: 1.

No. 1. Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



No. 2. Duke St. L. M.

J. L. Hatton.

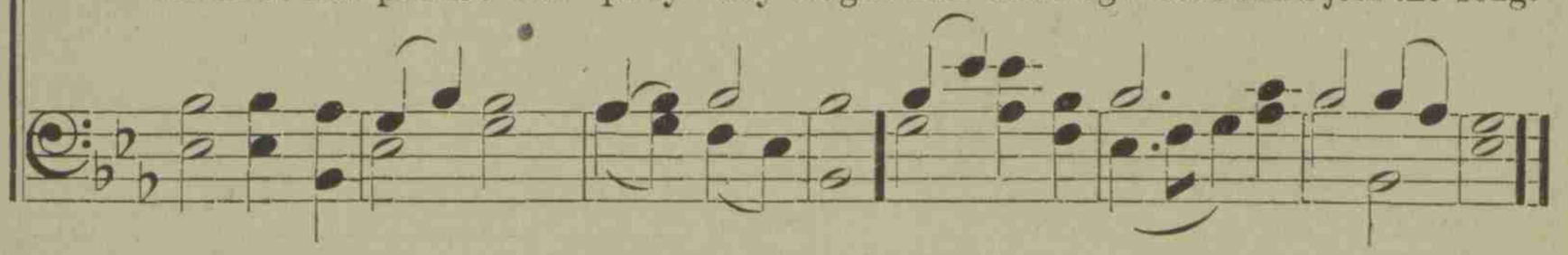


1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre-a - tor's praise;
2. Enthroned a- mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo-ry like a garment wears;
3. Raised on de - vo-tion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing;





But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft-y theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.



No. 3. Nauweta. L. M.

Isaac Watts. R. M. McIntosh.



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a-broad;
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim the high-est praise.
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done!
4. Let ev-'ry land His pow'r confess; Let all the earth a - dore His grace.



Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.
Let not the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for - got.
He owns the ransom, and for-gives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.
My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.



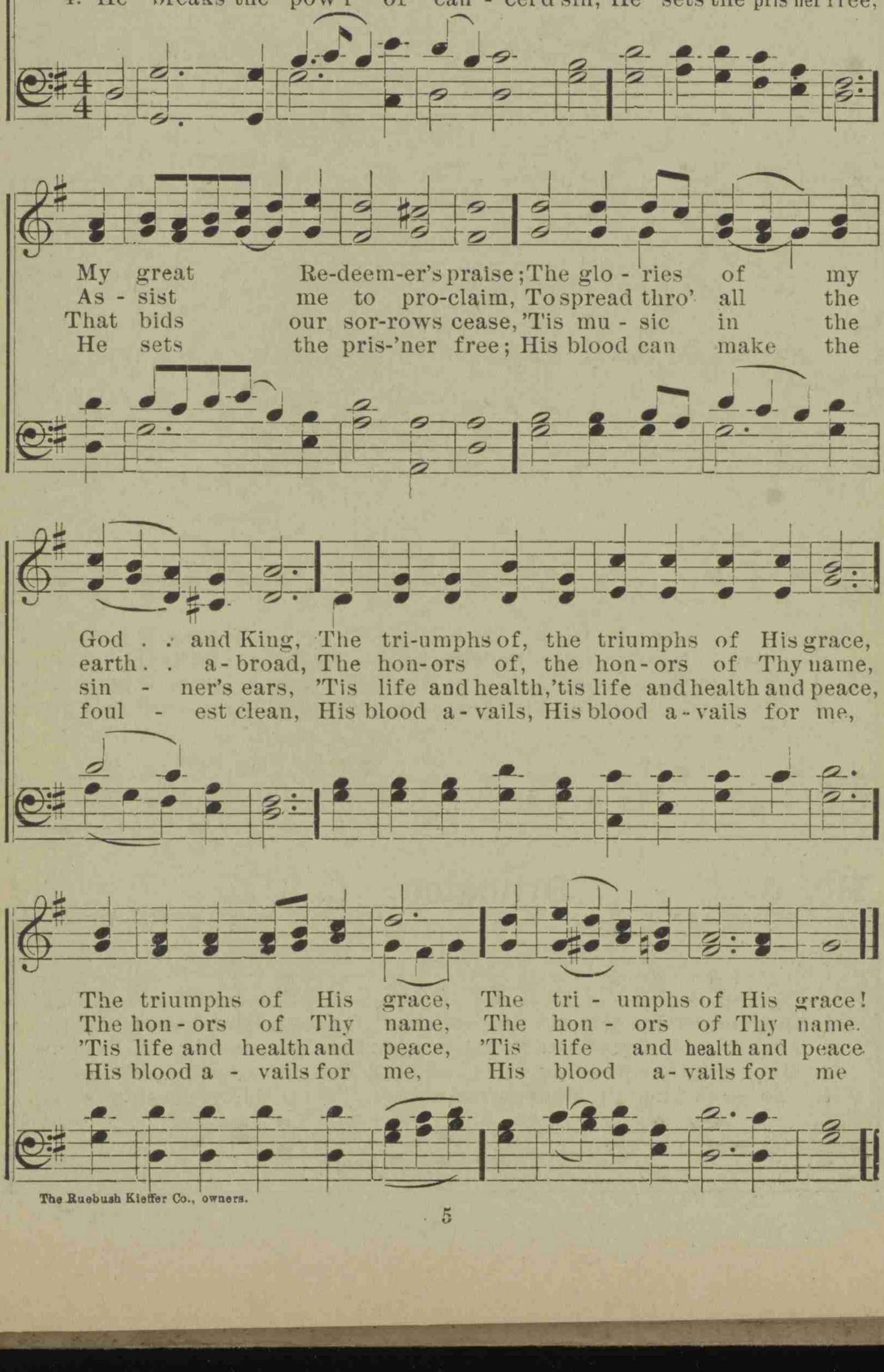
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No. 4. Lingham. C. M.

JOSEPH FUNK. Arr. by J. H. R.



1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to proclaim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - cel'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free,



My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo - ries of my
As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the
That bids our sor-rows cease, 'Tis mu - sic in the
He sets the pris-'ner free; His blood can make the

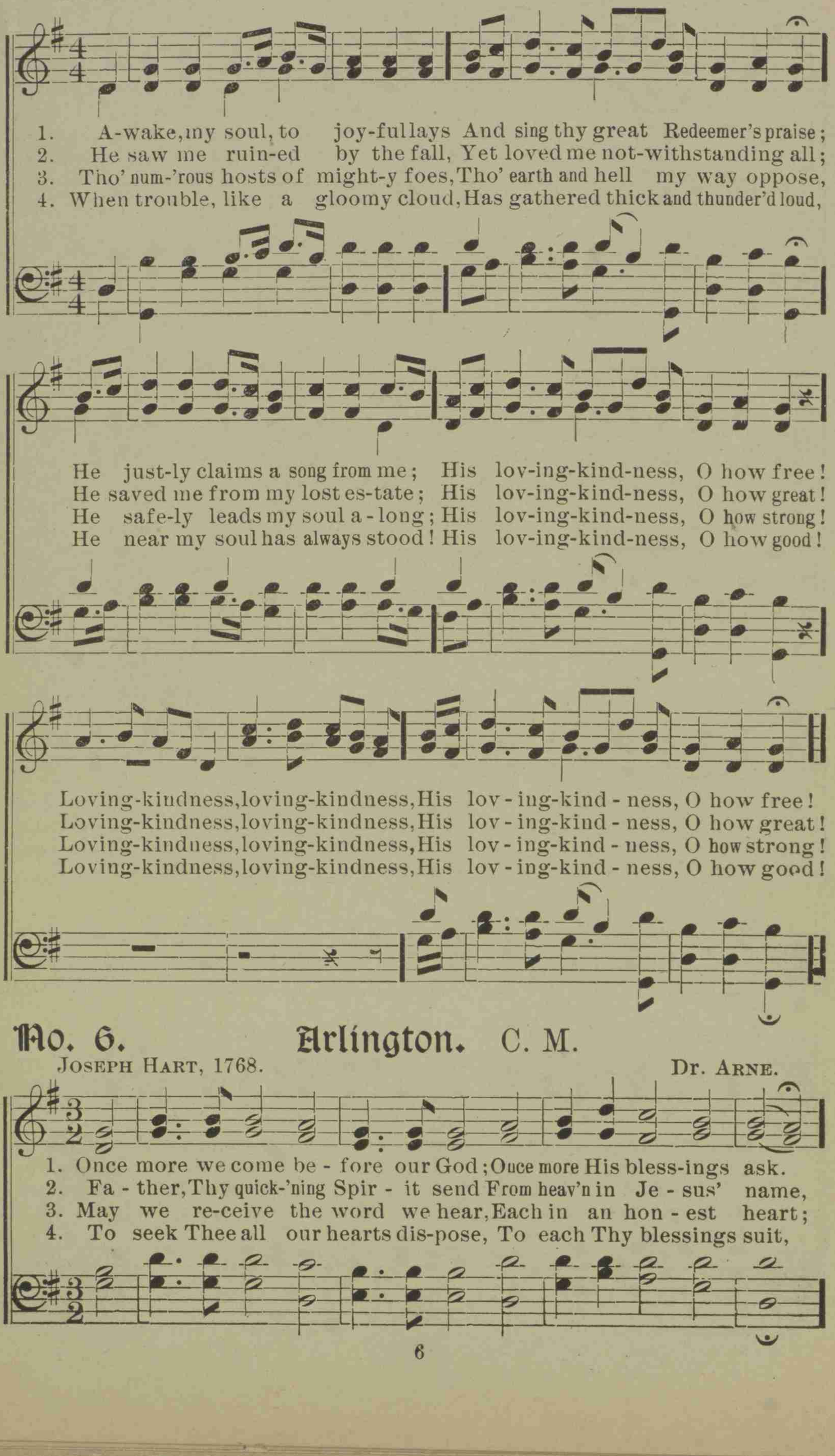
God . . and King, The tri-umphs of, the triumphs of His grace,
earth . . a - broad, The hon - ors of, the hon - ors of Thy name,
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'tis life and health and peace,
foul - est clean, His blood a - vails, His blood a - vails for me,

The triumphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
The hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace
His blood a - vails for me, His blood a - vails for me

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No. 5. Loving-Kindness. L. M.

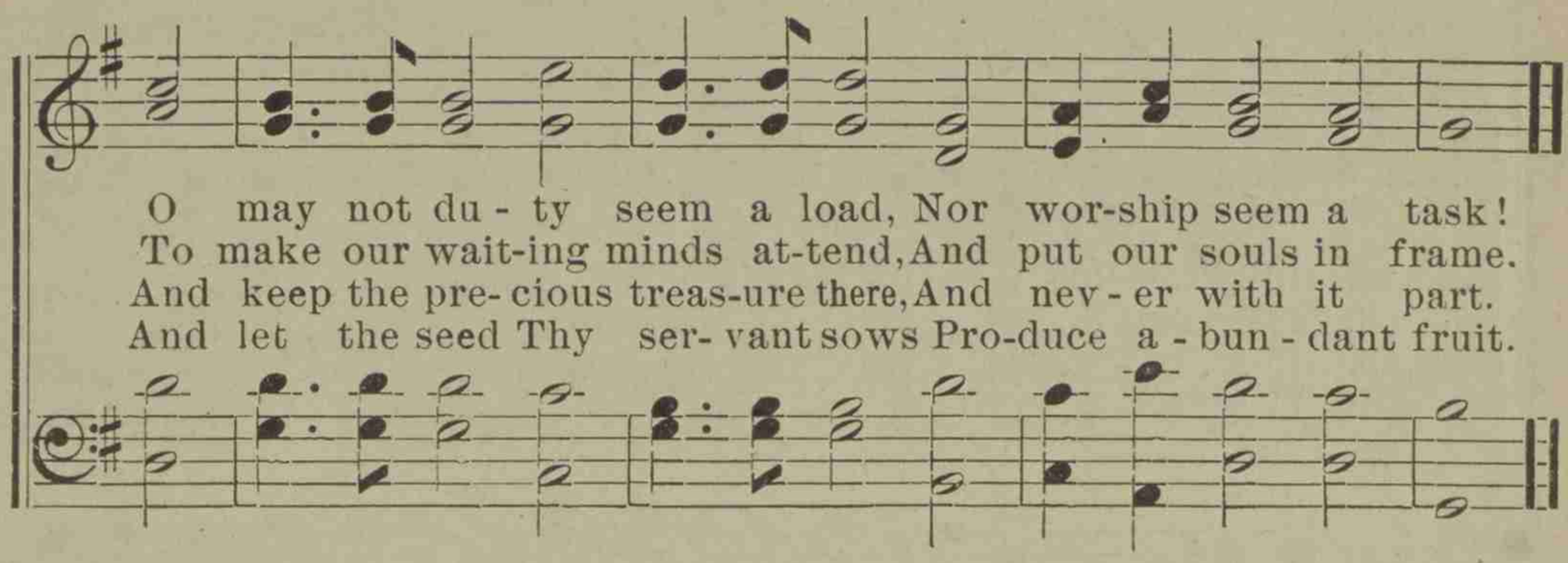
SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Tune.



No. 6. Arlington. C. M.

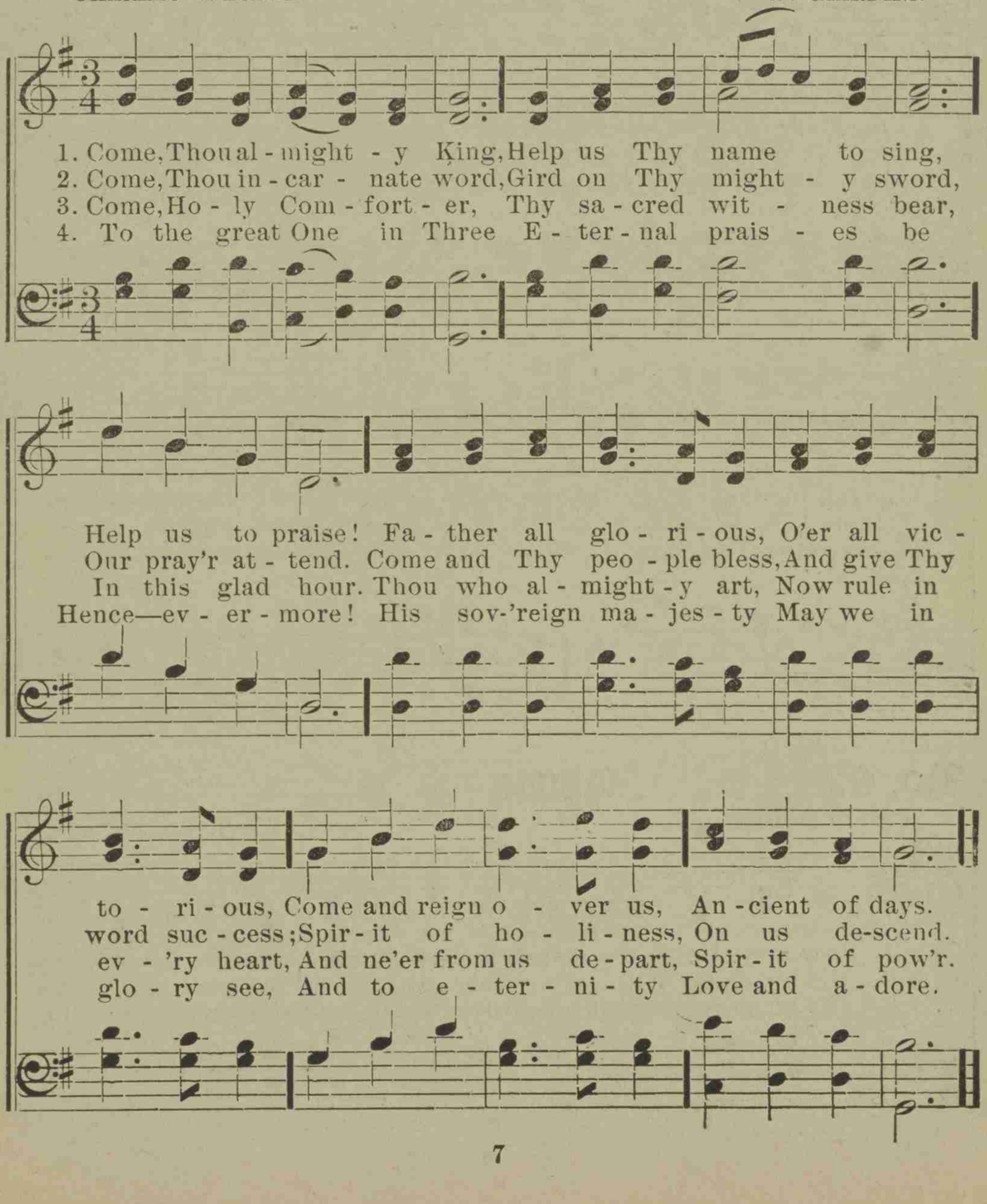
JOSEPH HART, 1768. DR. ARNE.

Arlington. (Concluded.)



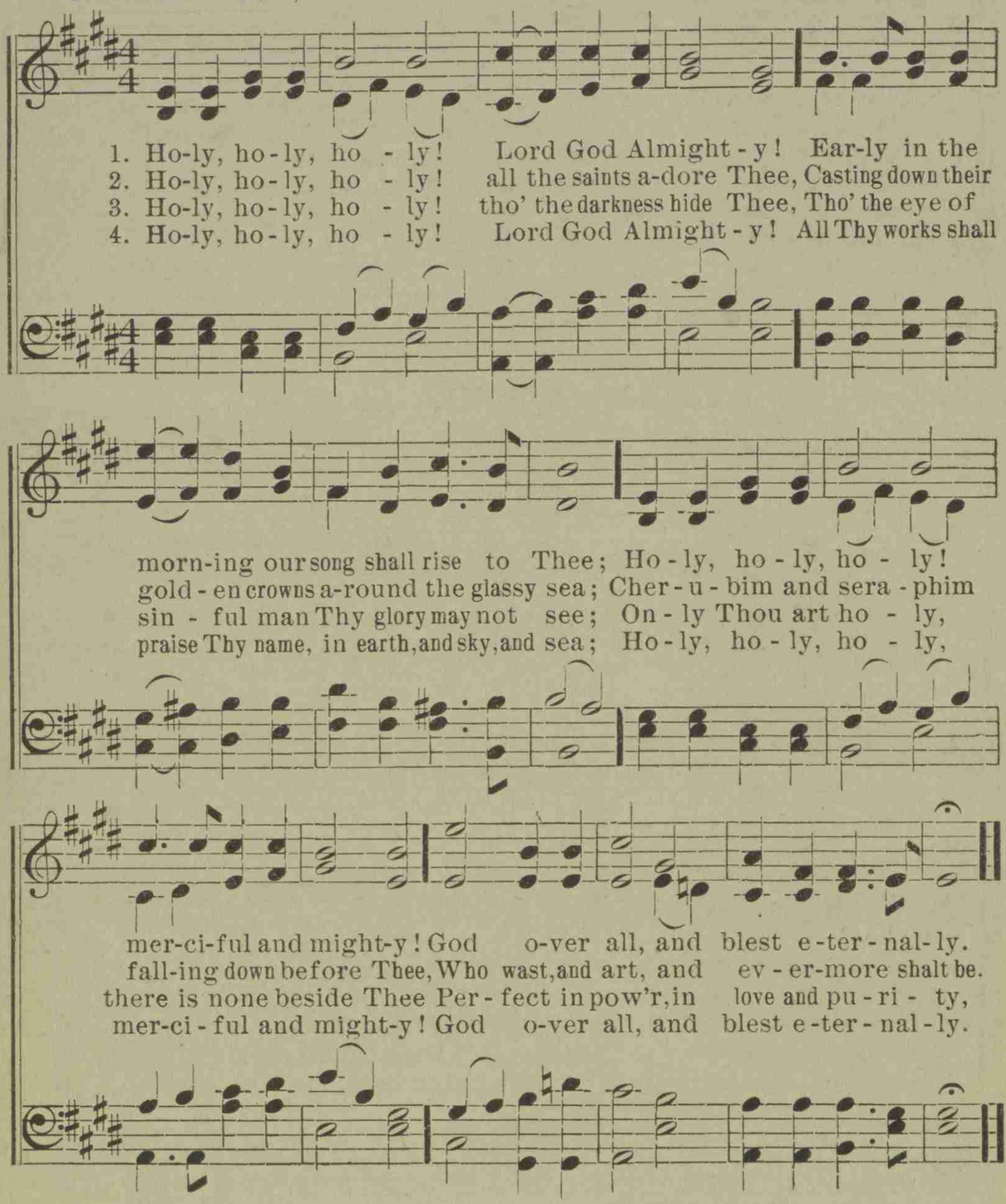
No. 7. Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.



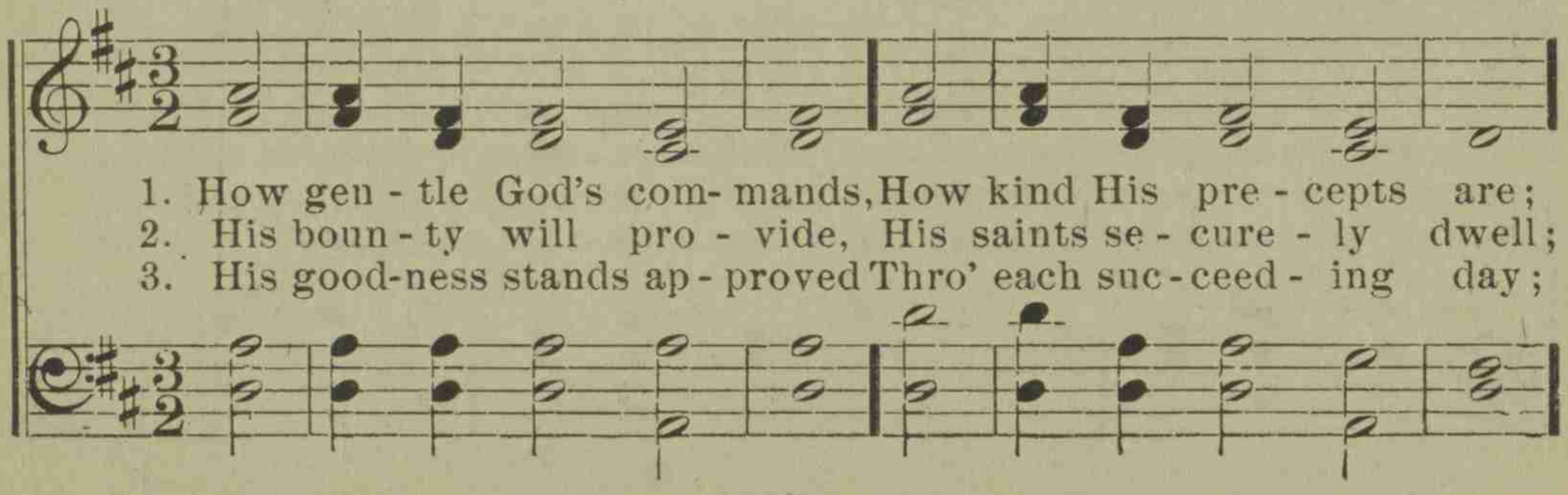
No. 8. Nicæa. 11s, 12s, & 10s.

REGINALD HEBER, alt. JOHN B. DYKES.

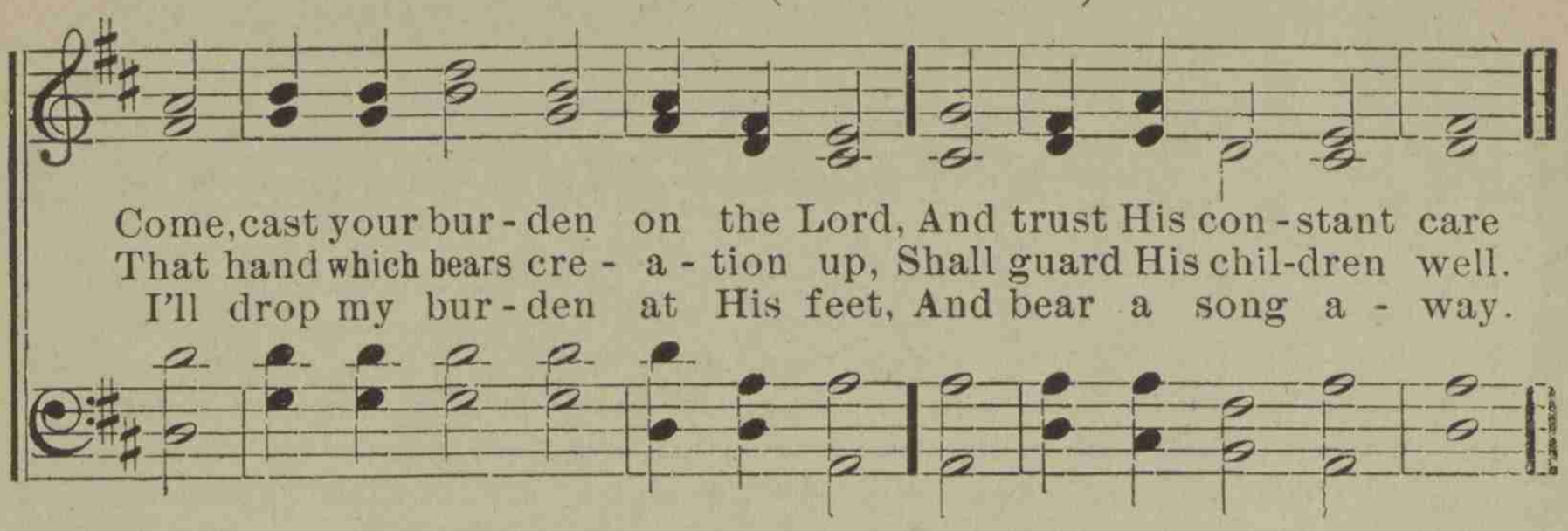


No. 9. Lottie. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. W. B. BRADBURY.

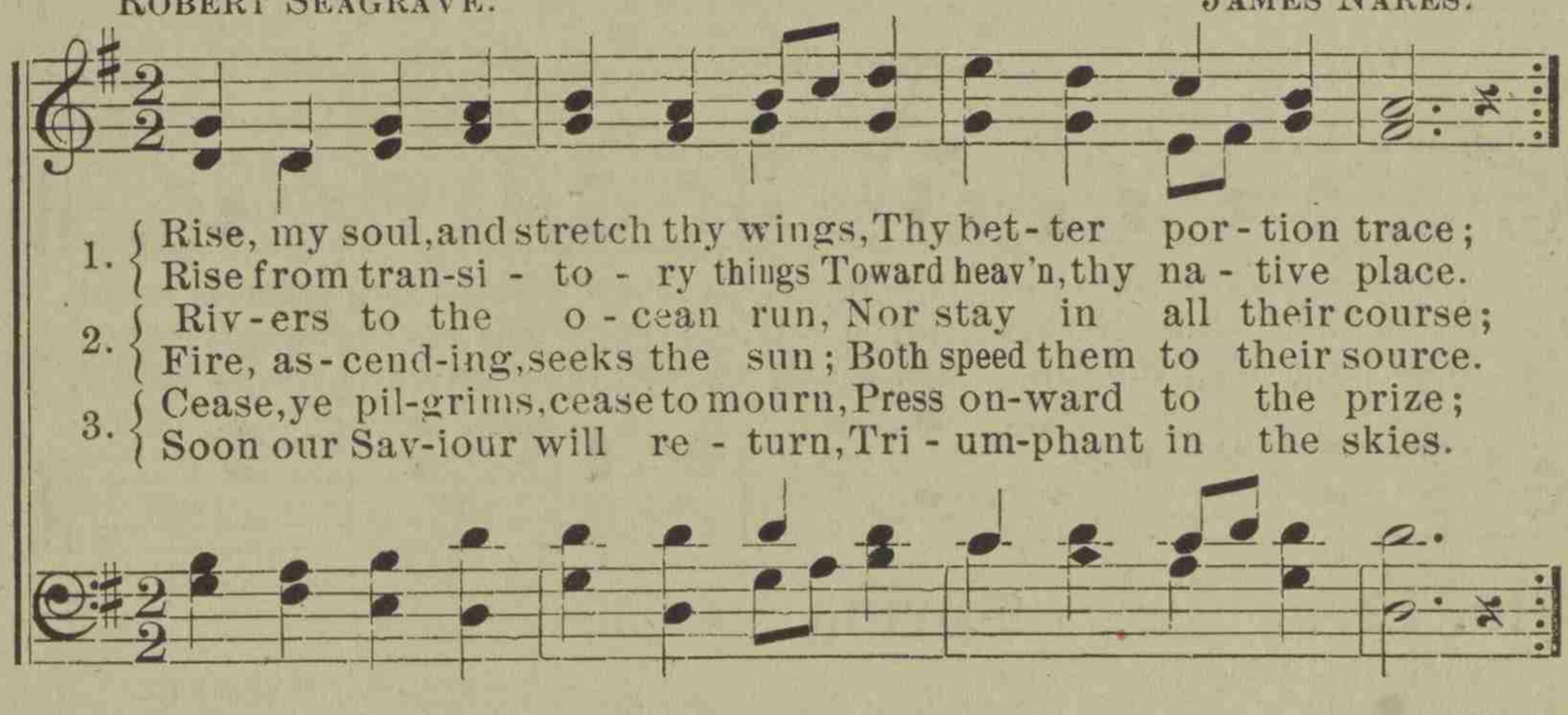


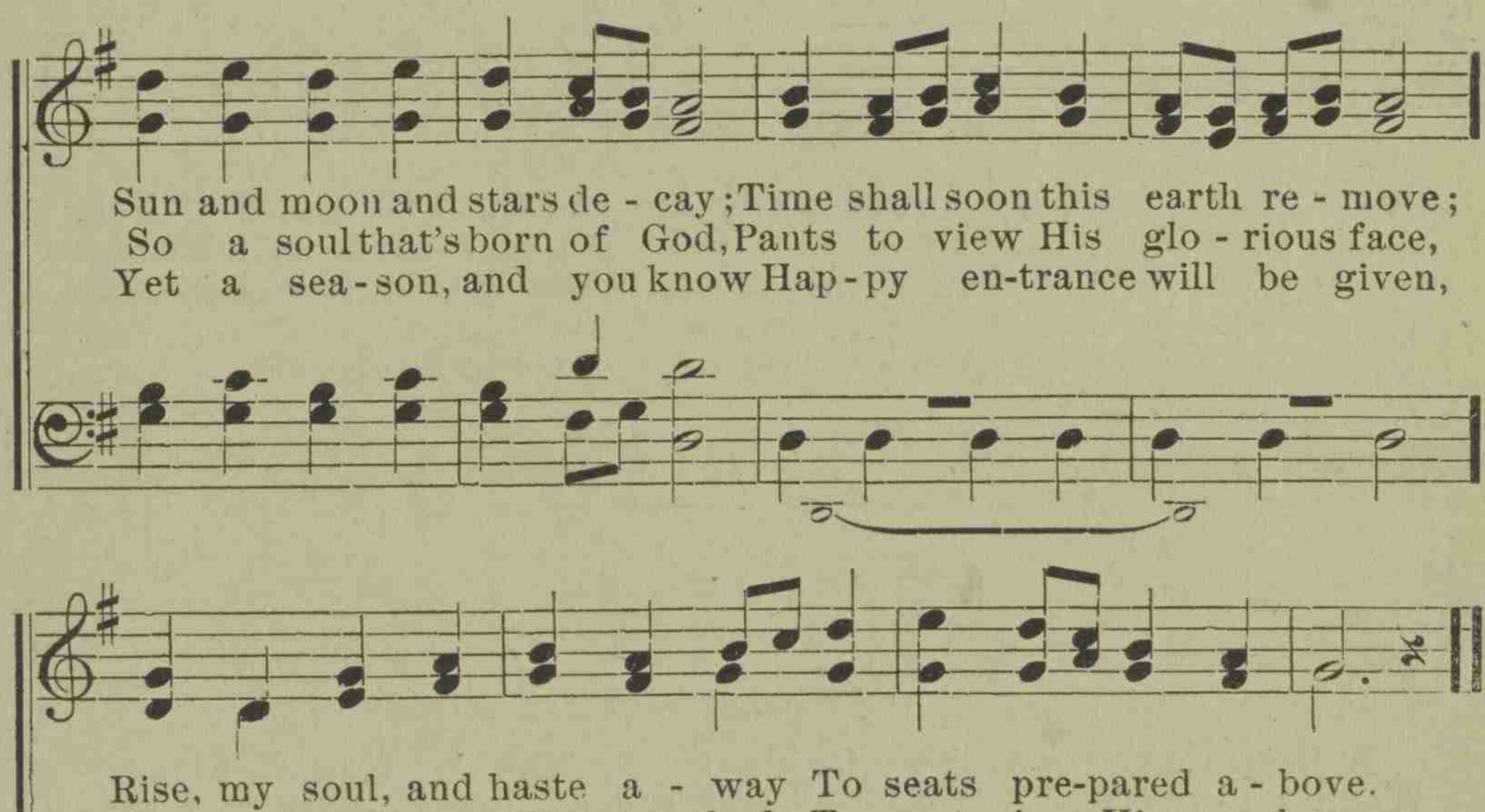
Lottie. (Concluded.)



No. 10. Amsterdam. 7s, 6s.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. JAMES NARES.





No. 11. Guide. 7s. D.

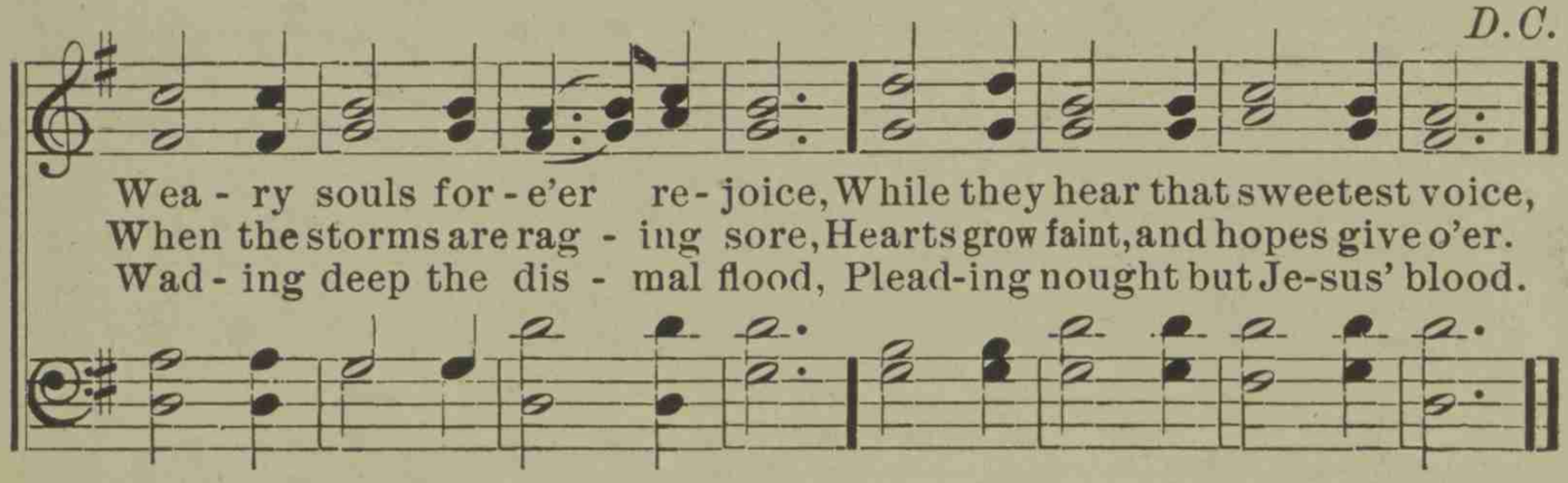
M. M. WELLS. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
   Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land.
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark-ness drear.
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease,
   Noth- ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there,



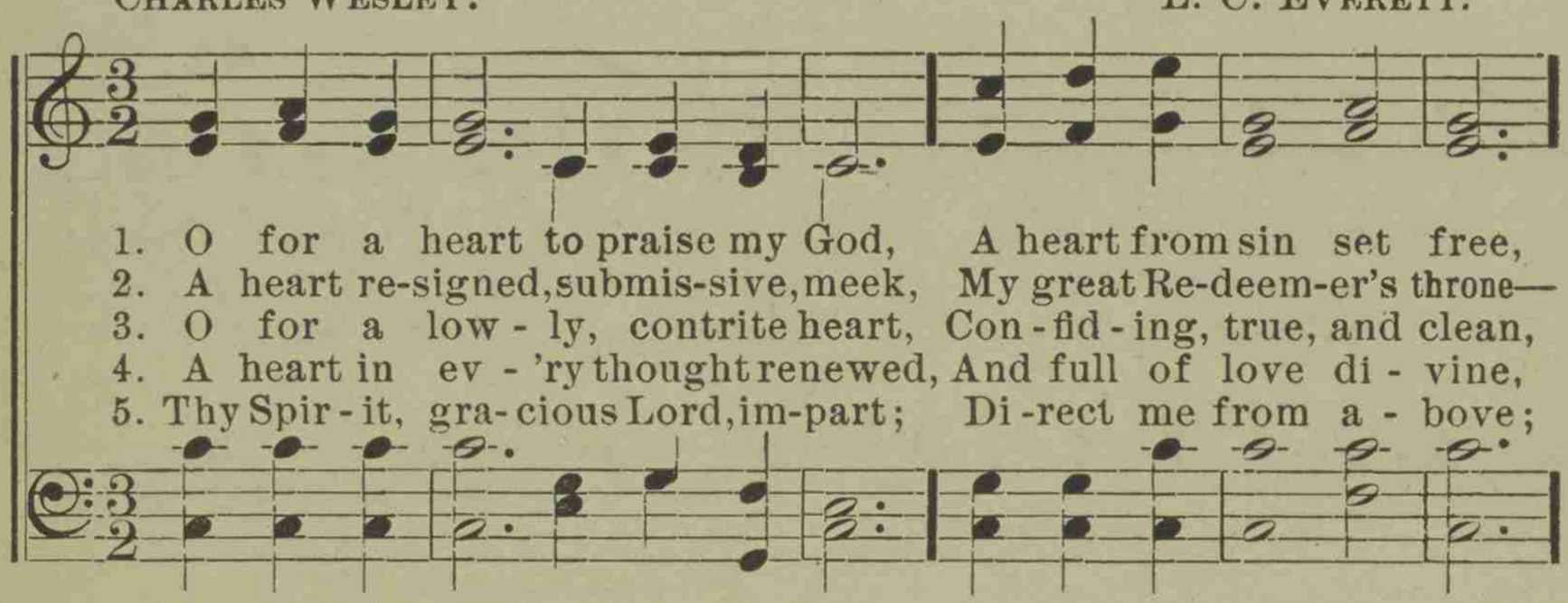
D.C. *Whis-per soft - ly, wan-d'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home.*



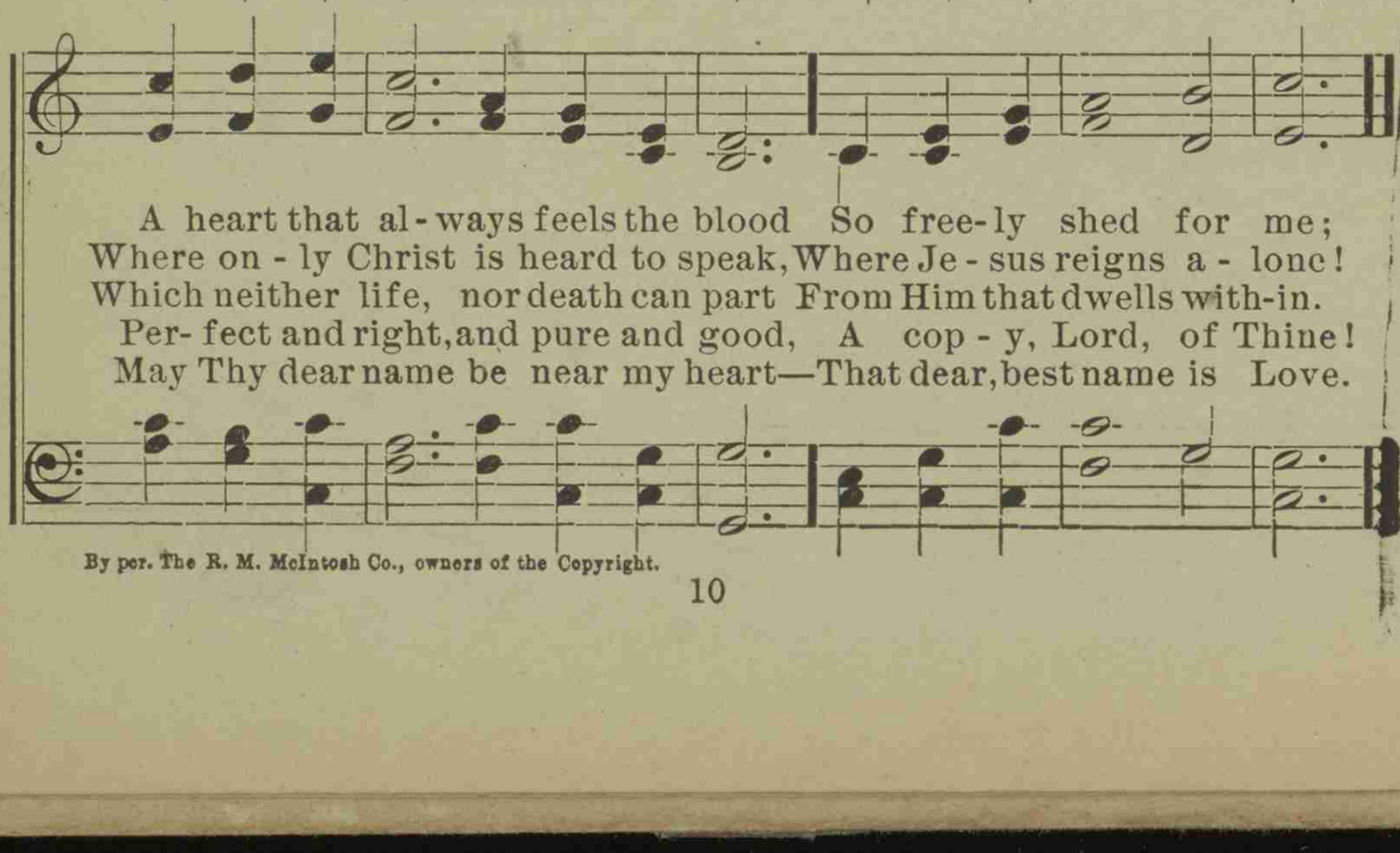
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er.
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood.

No. 12. Spring. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, submis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne—
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy Spir - it, gra - cious Lord, im-part; Di - rect me from a - bove;

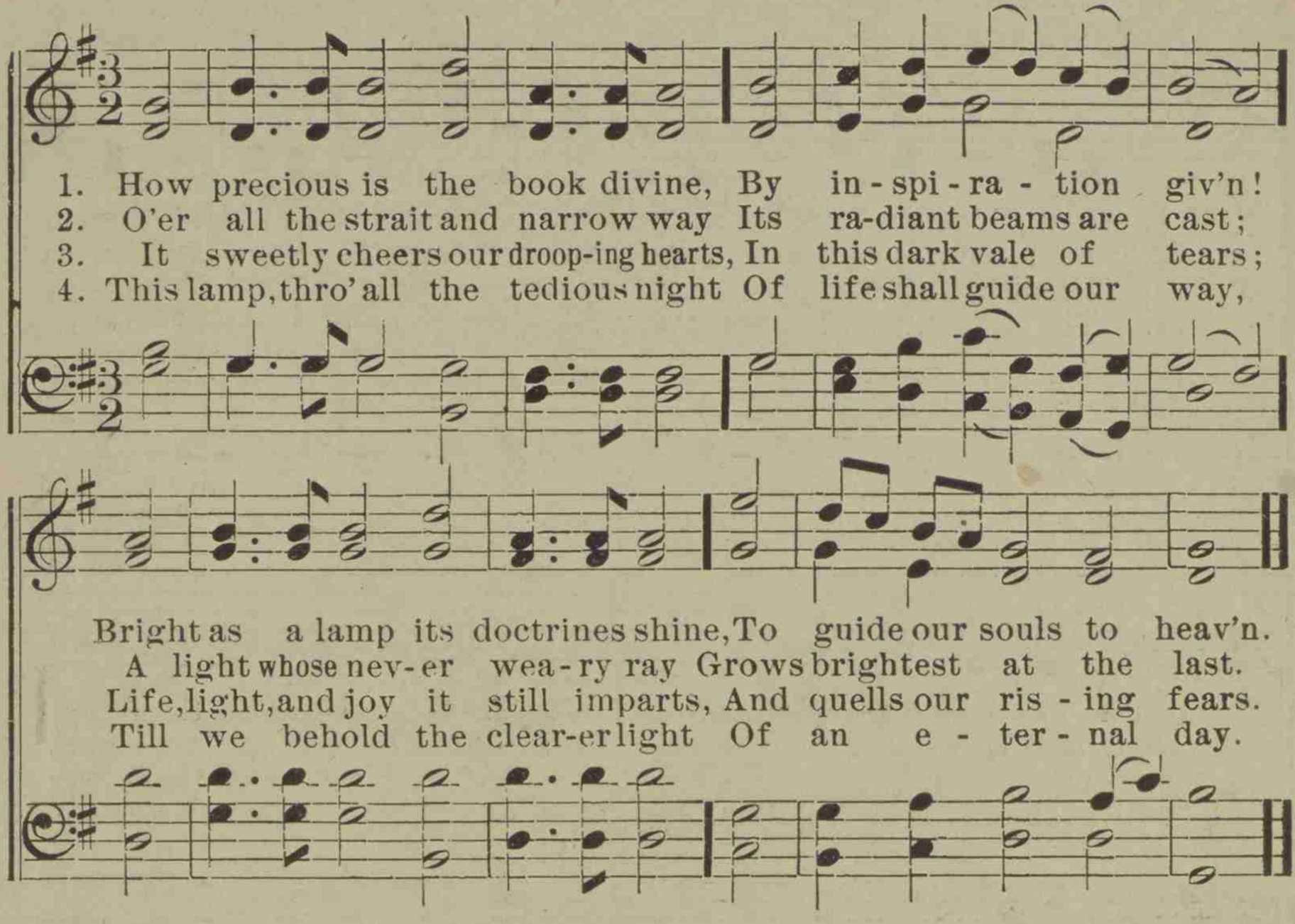


A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me;
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
Which neither life, nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
Per- fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!
May Thy dear name be near my heart—That dear, best name is Love.

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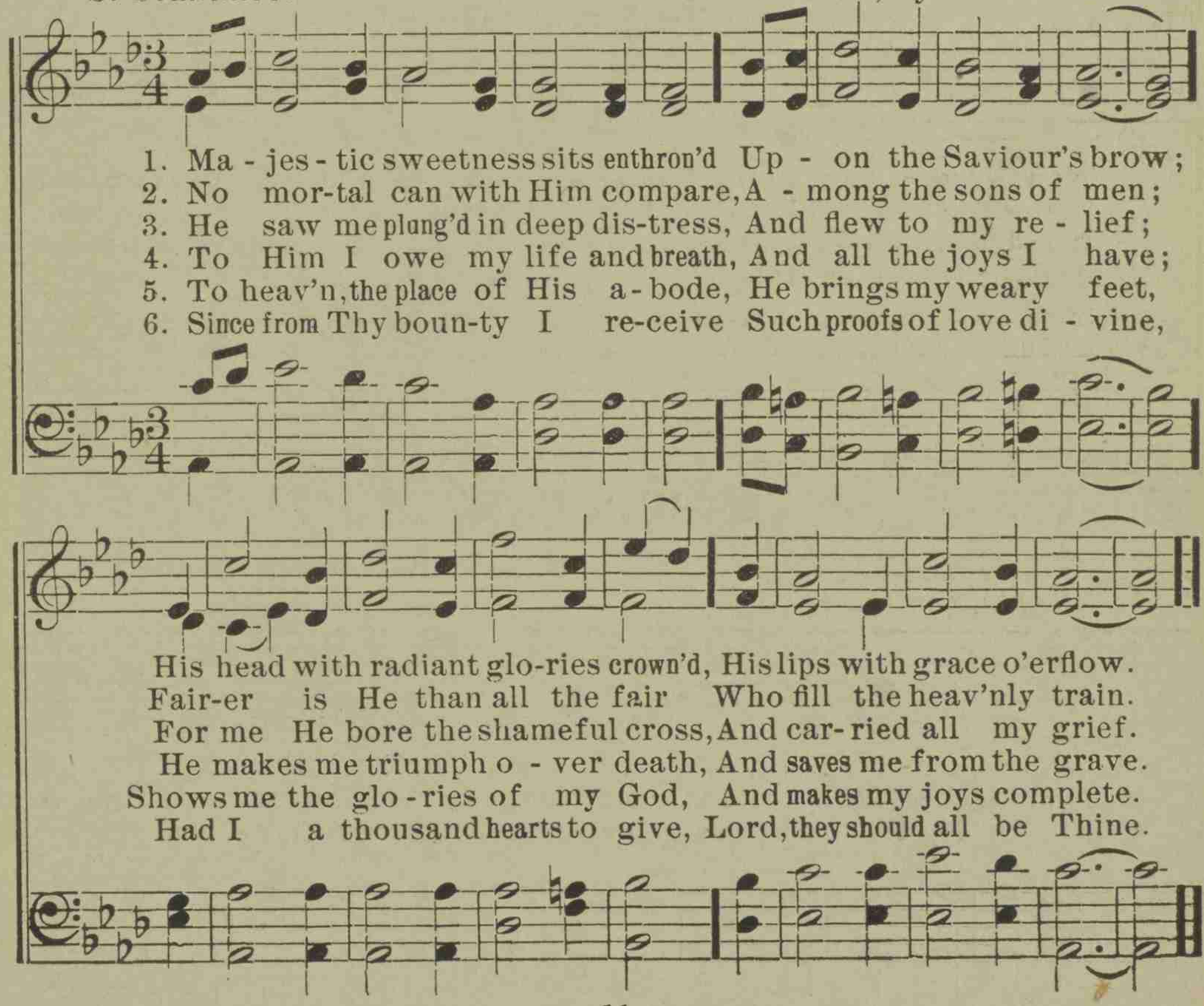
No. 13. Woodstock. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. DUTTON, 1829.



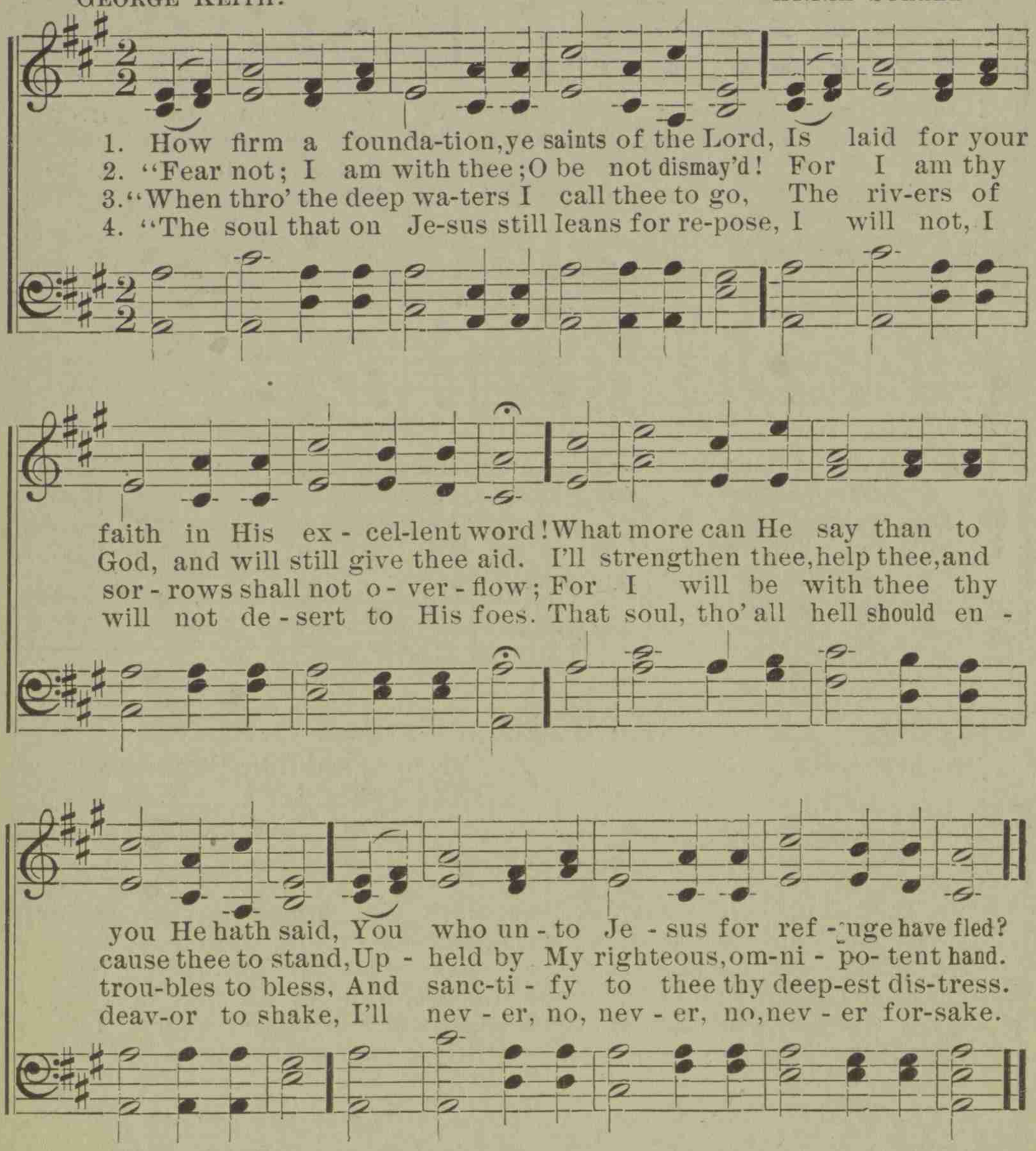
No. 14. Manoah. C. M.

S. STENNETT. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



No. 15. How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

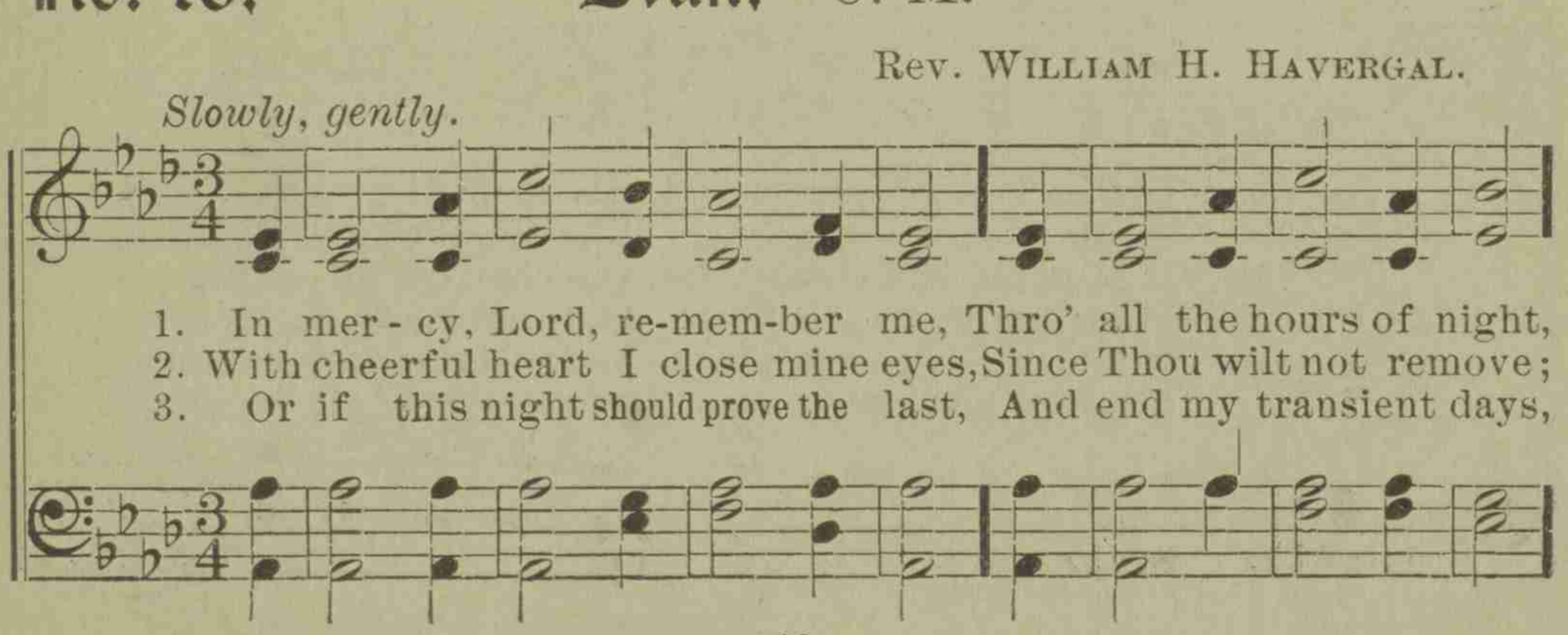
GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



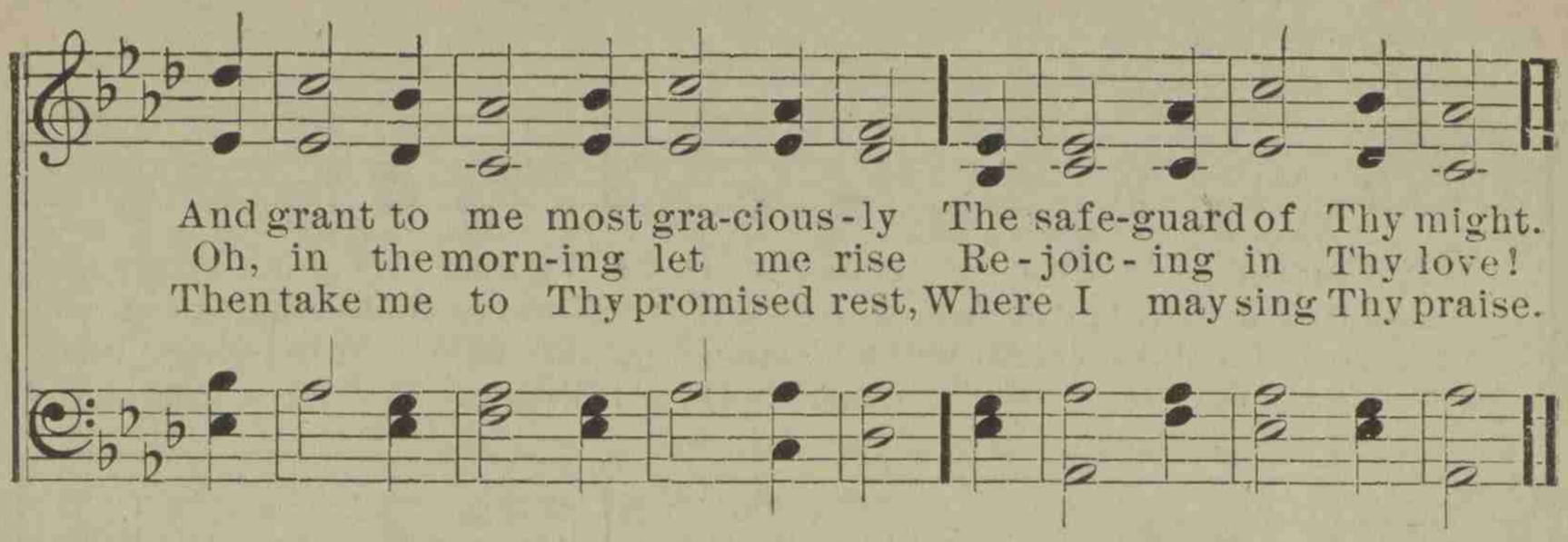
No. 16. Evan. C. M.

Rev. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

Slowly, gently.

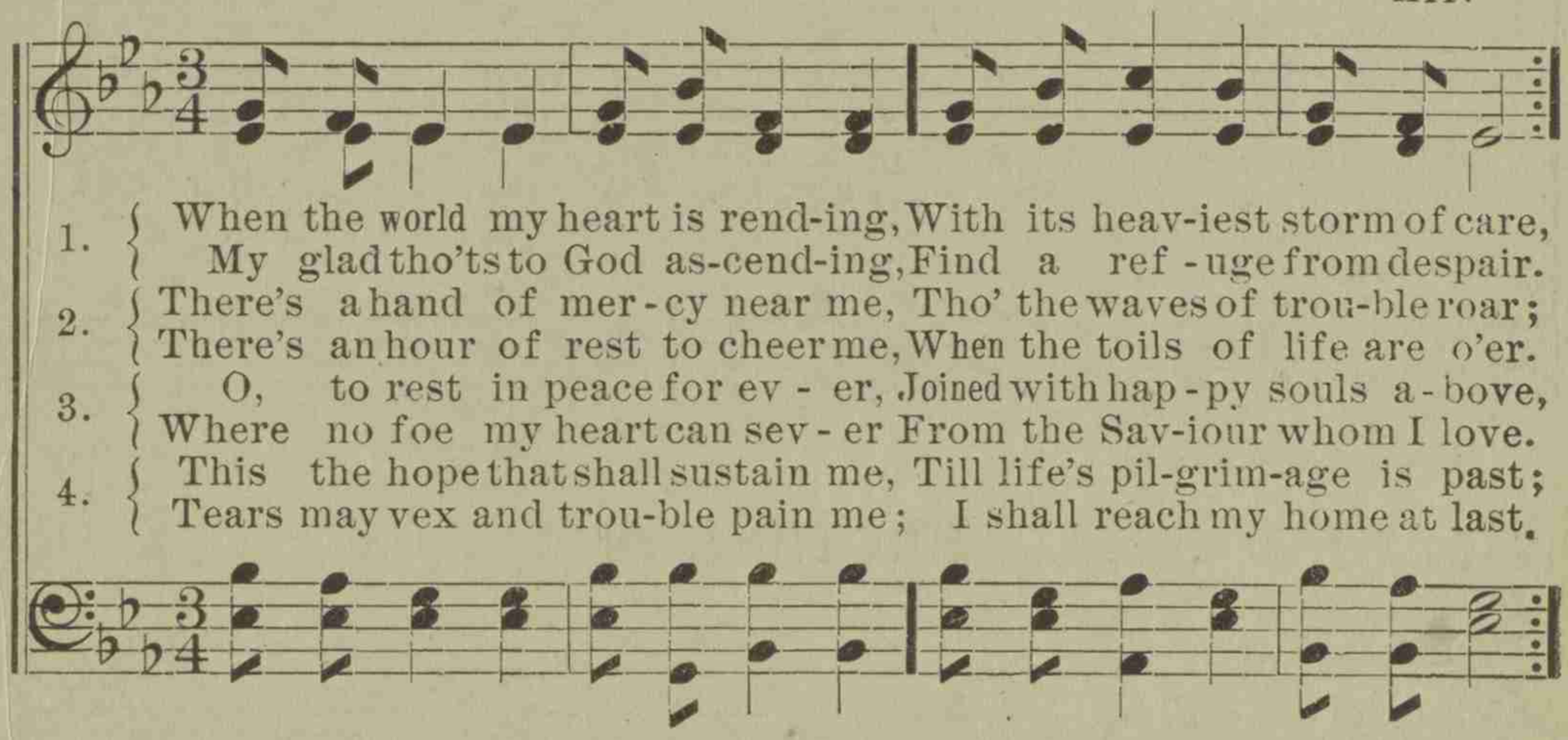


Evan. (Concluded.)



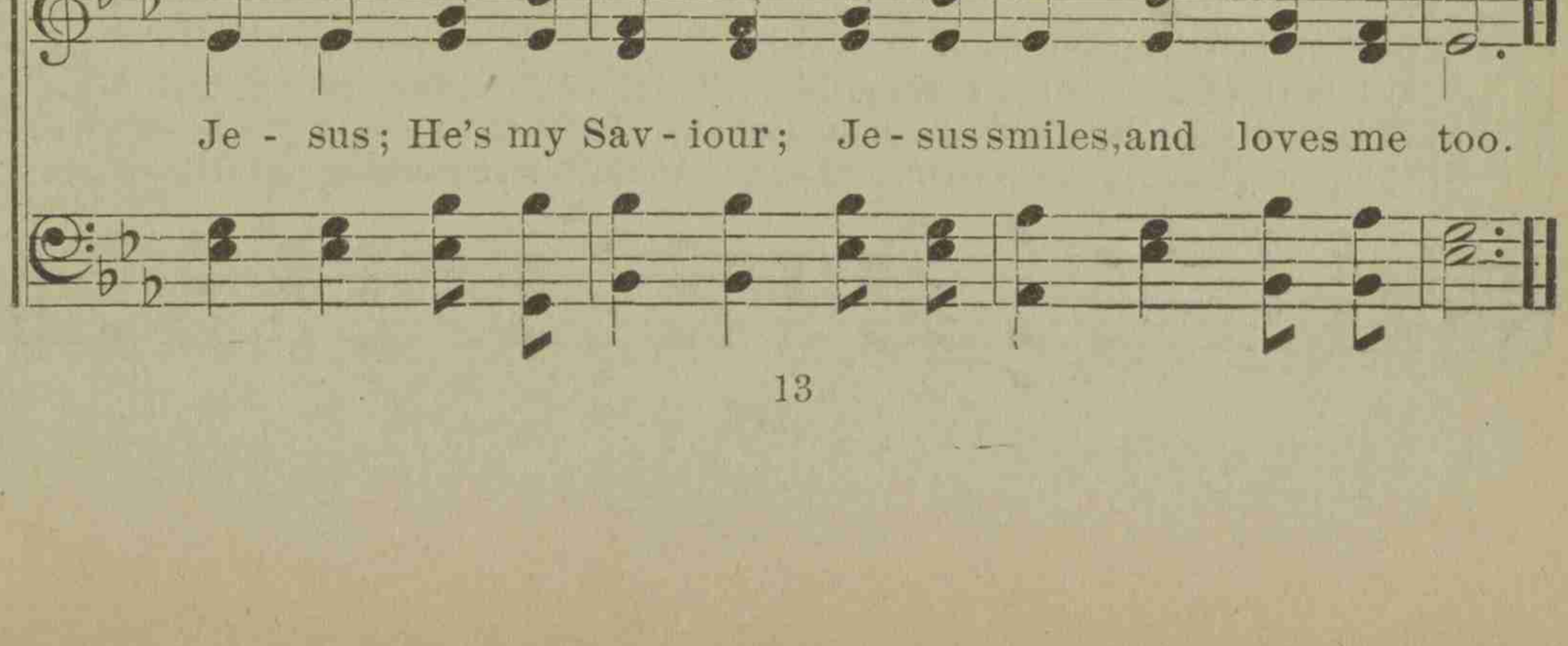
No. 17. I Love Jesus. 8s & 7s.

Arr.



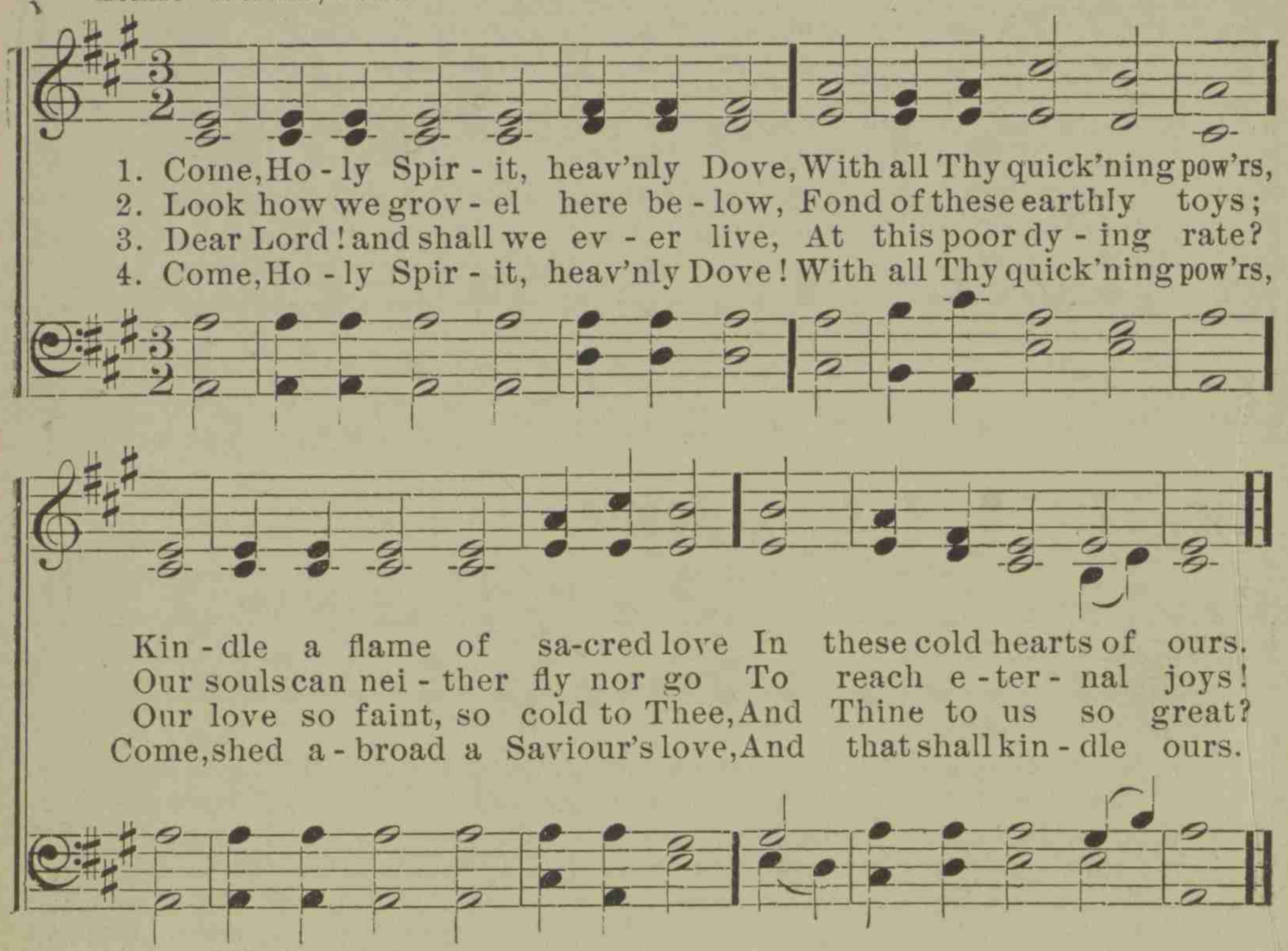


CHORUS.



No. 18. Urbana. C. M.

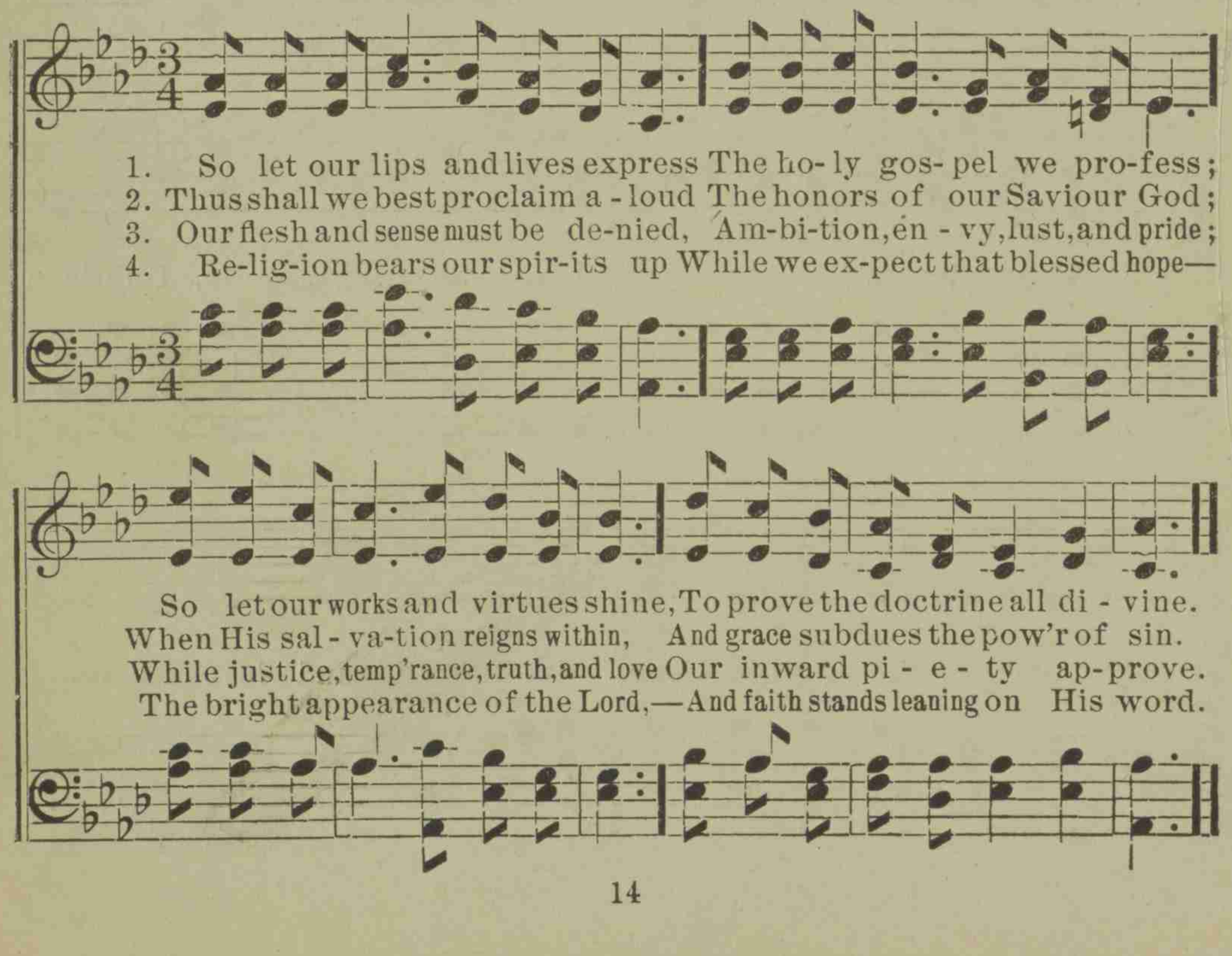
ISAAC WATTS, 1707. J. H. HALL.



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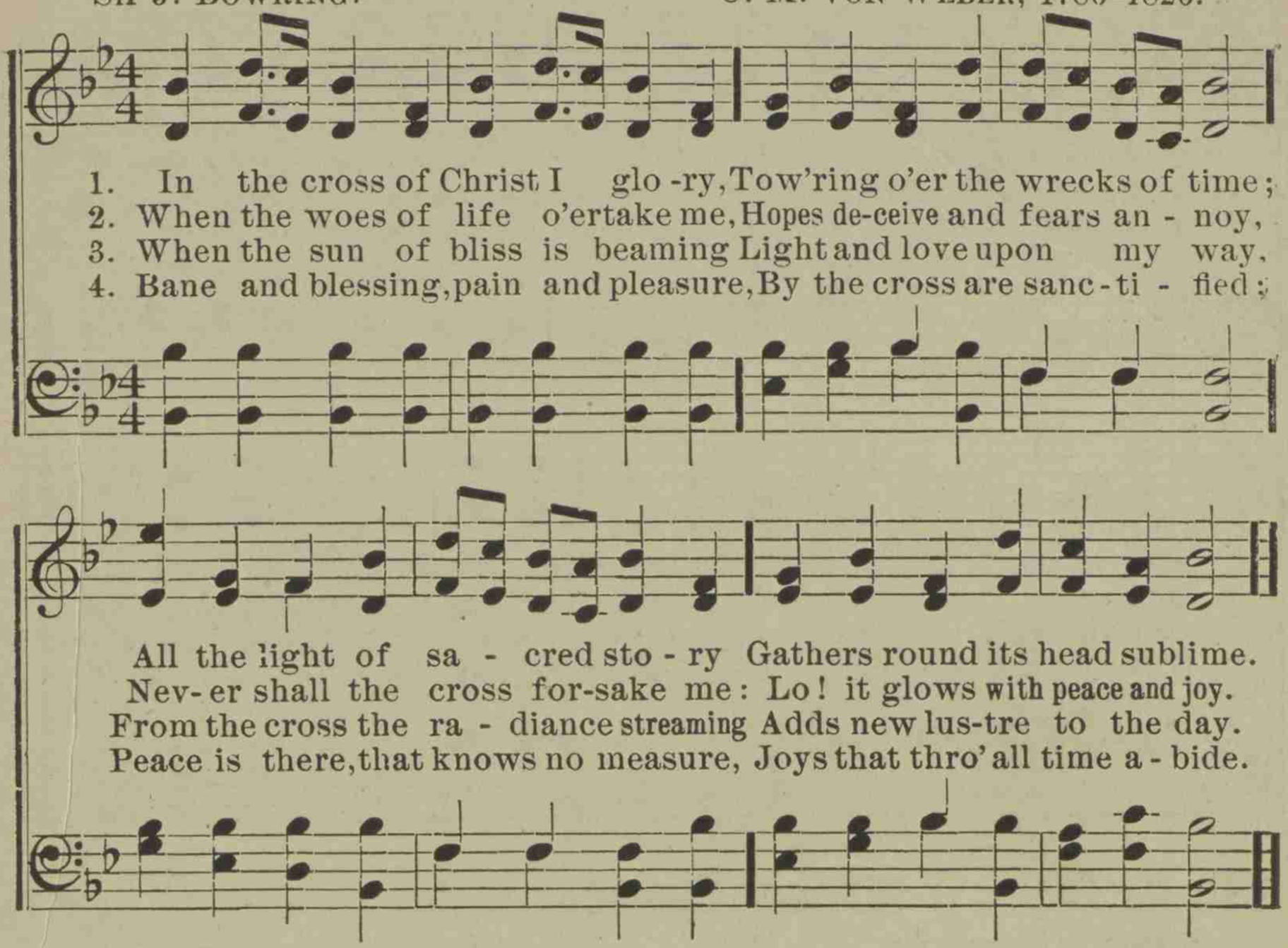
No. 19. Ancil. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. G. J. WEBB.



No. 20. Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

Sir J. Bowring. C. M. von Weber, 1786–1826.



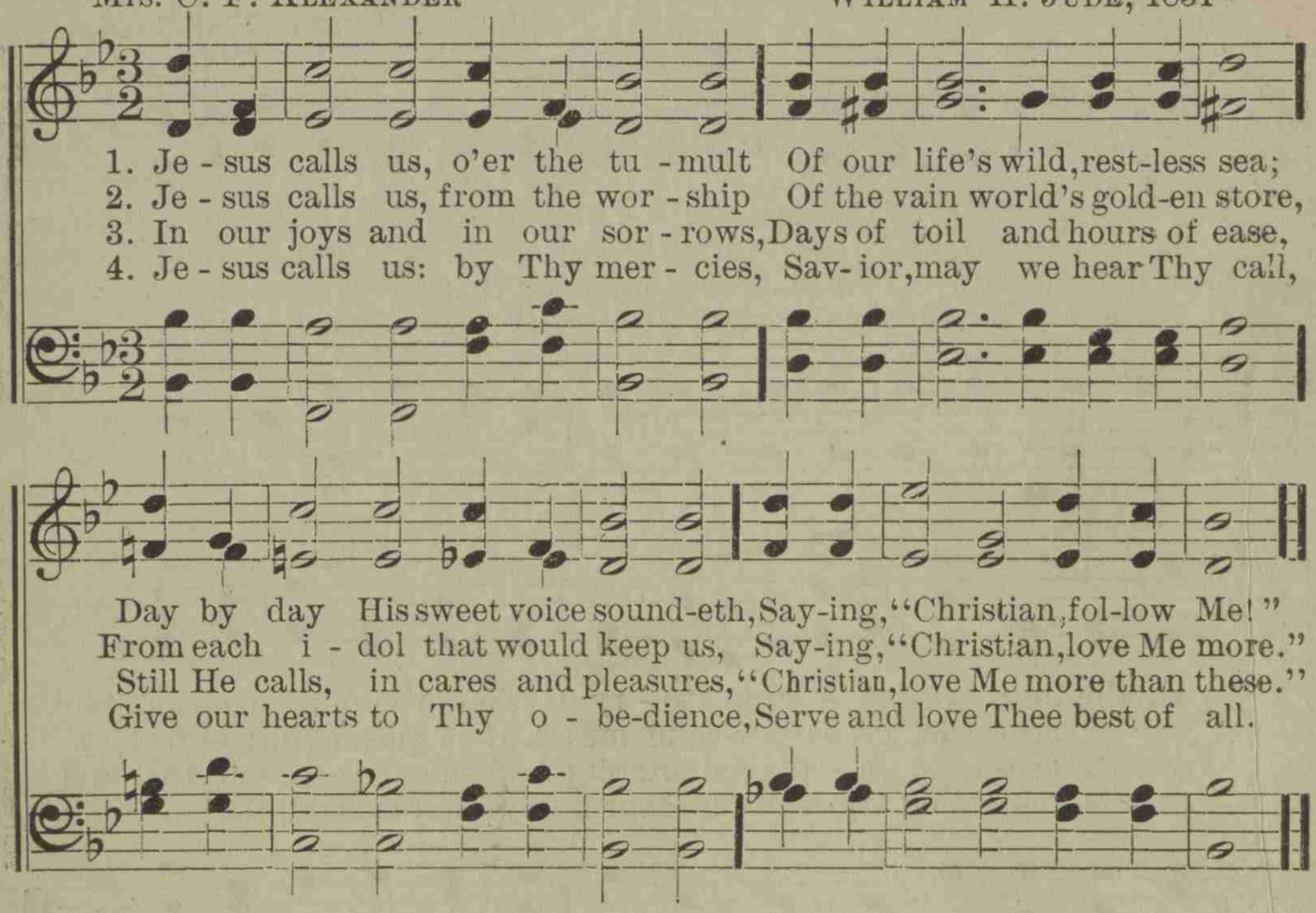
No. 21. Seymour. 7s.

C. M. von Weber.



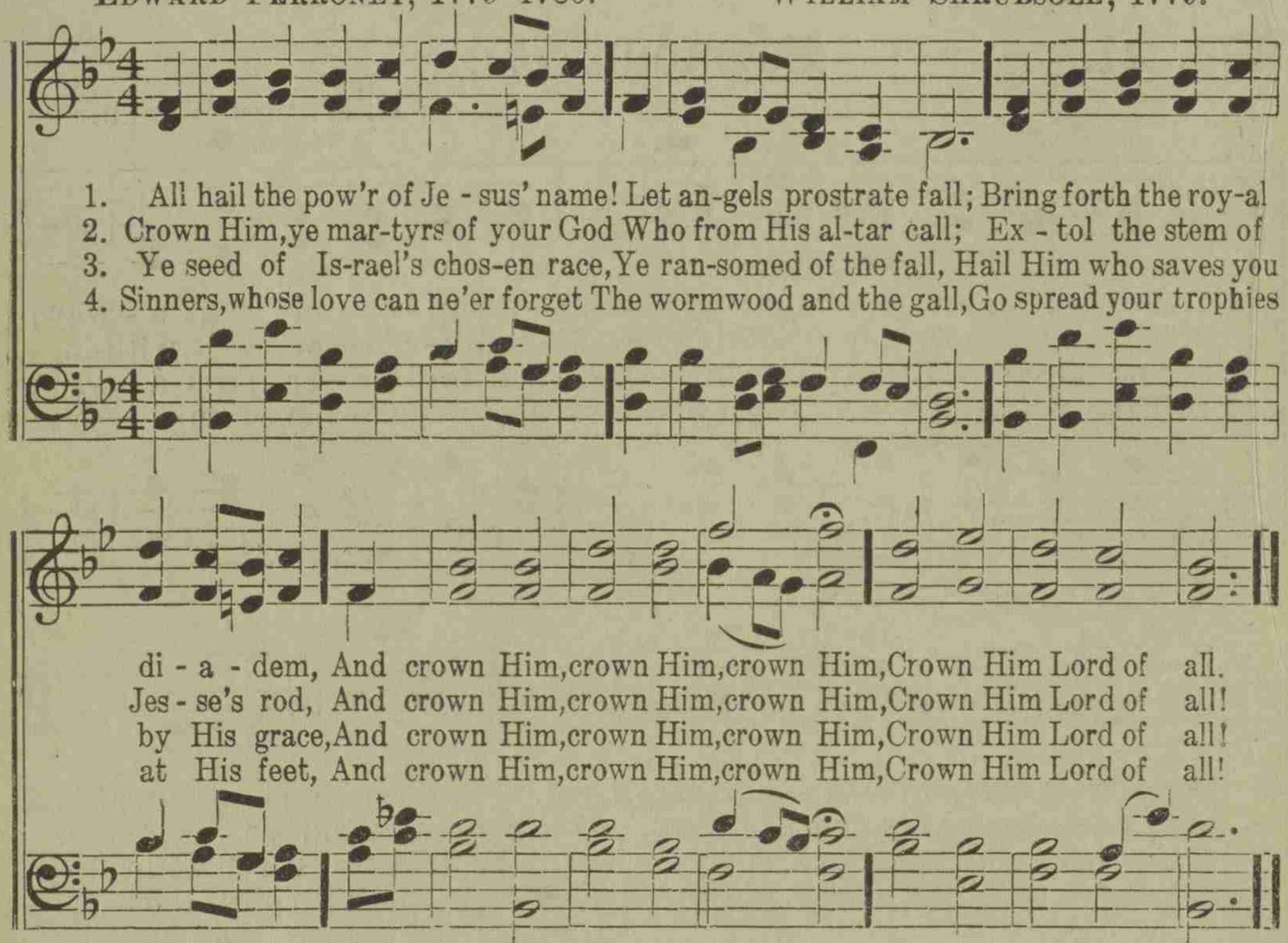
No. 22. Galilee. 8s, 7s.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander — William H. Jude, 1851–



No. 23. Miles' Lane. C. M.

Edward Perronet, 1779–1780. — William Shrubsole, 1779.



5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

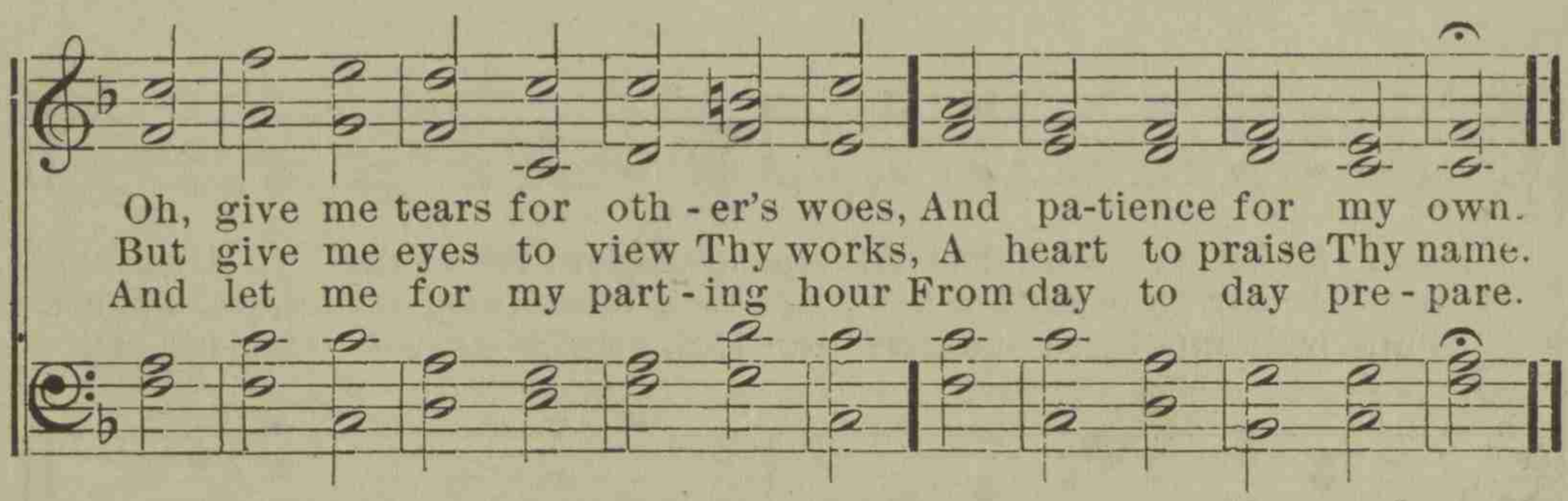
6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 24. Dundee. C. M.

GUIL. FRANC, 1545.

Slowly.

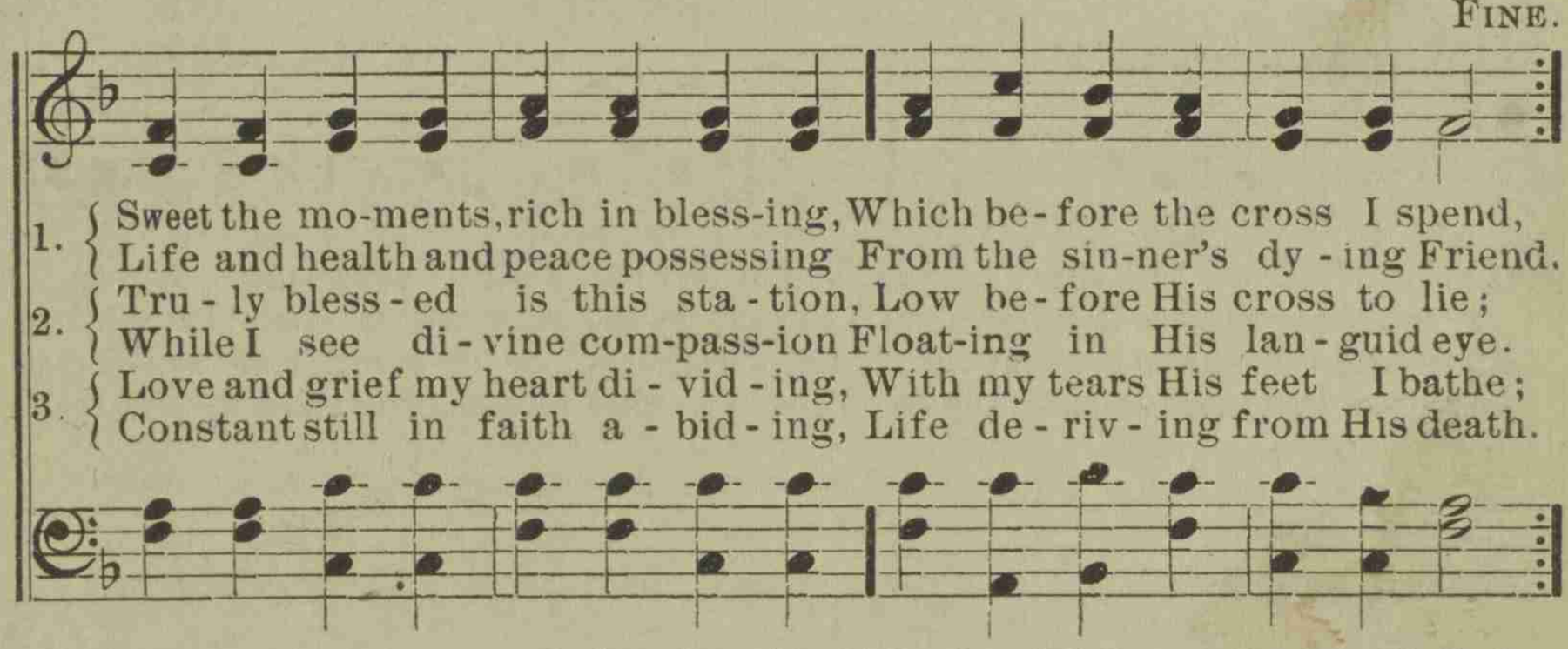




No. 25. Divine Compassion. 8s & 7s.

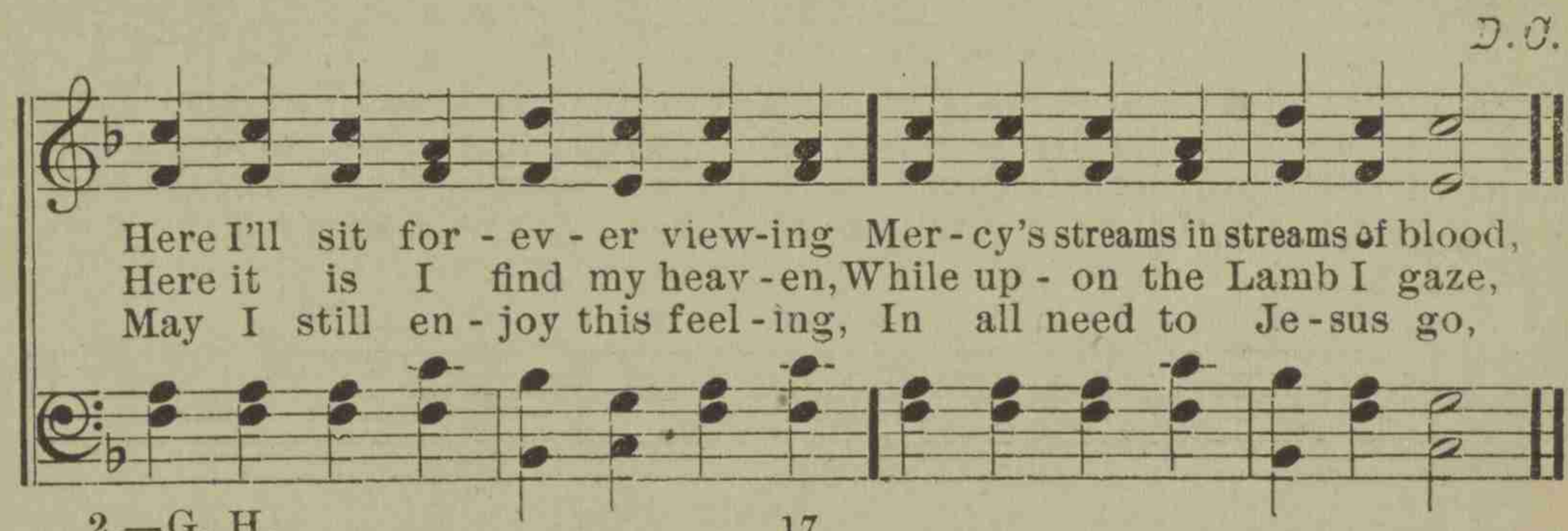
JAMES ALLEN.

FINE.



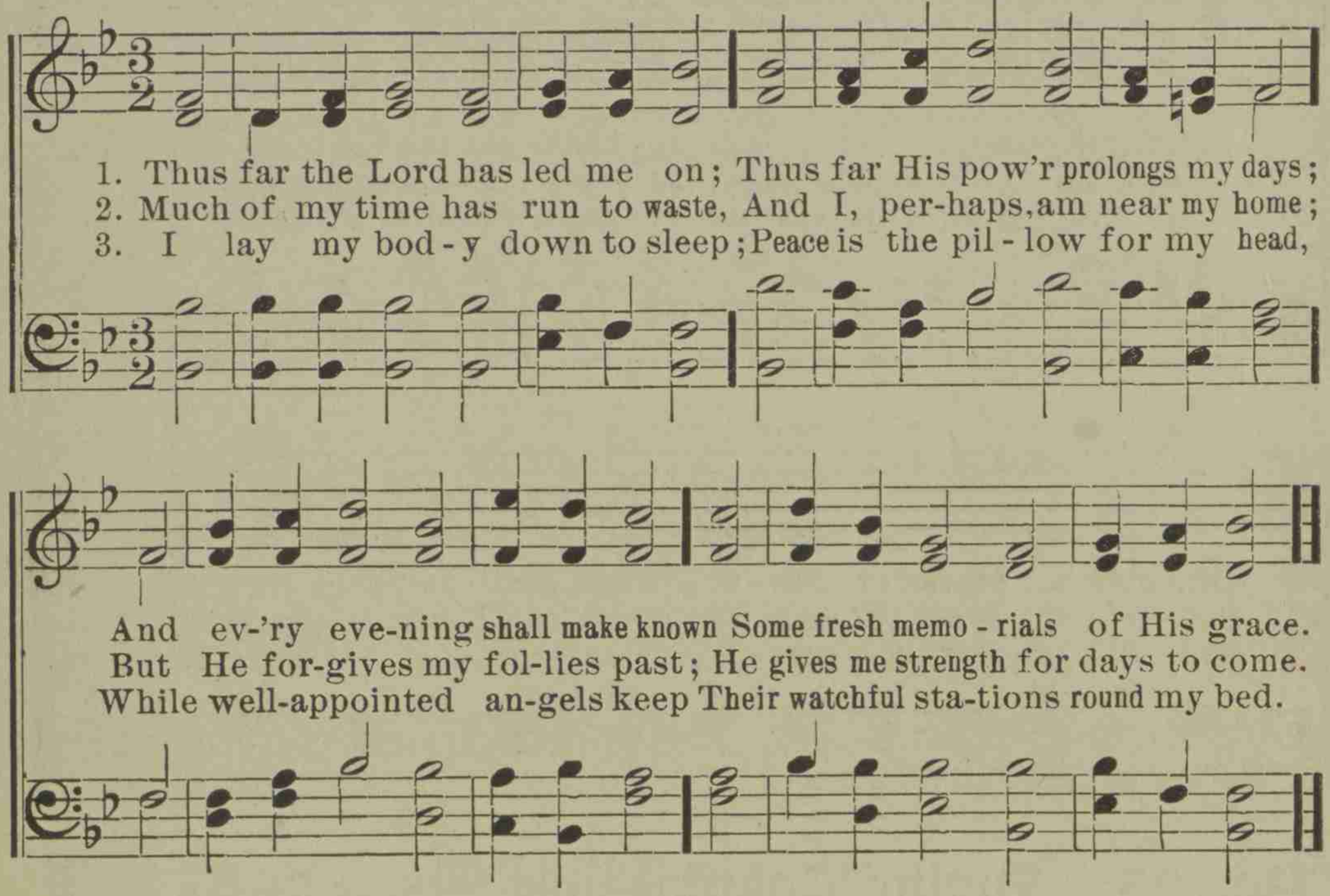
D.C. *Precious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.*
Love I much—I've much for-giv-en; I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
Prove His wounds each day more healing, And Him-self more deep-ly known.

D.C.



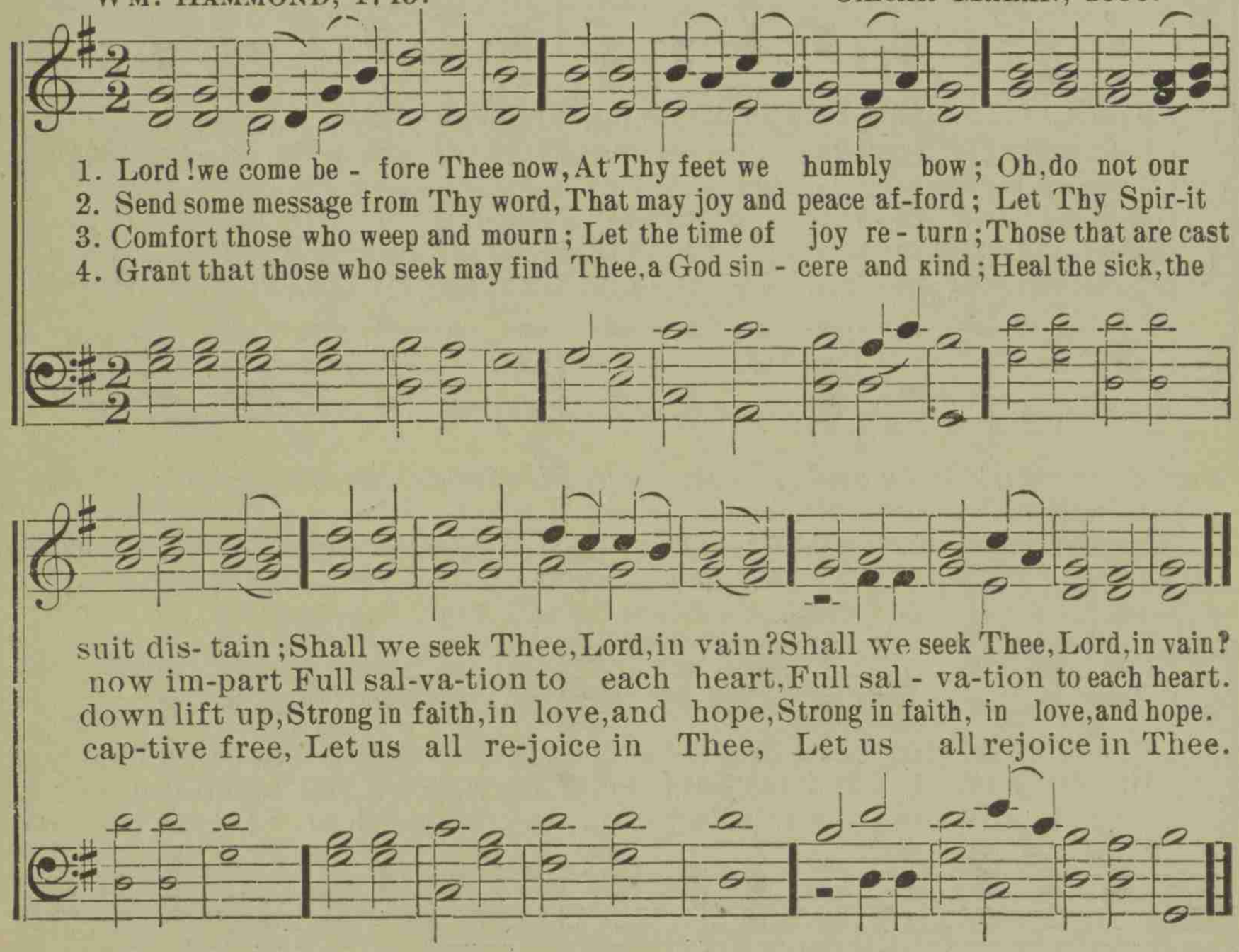
No. 26. Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



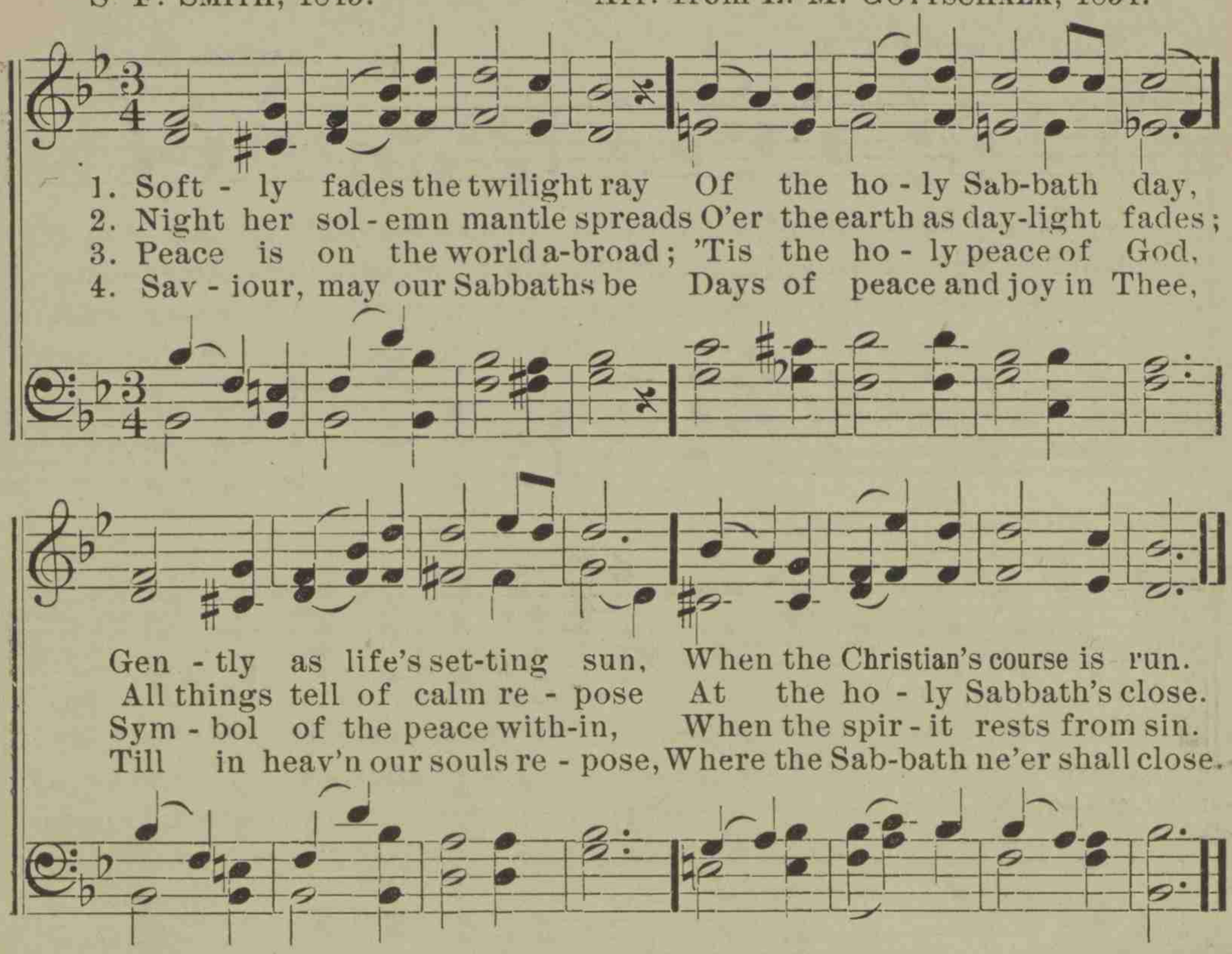
No. 27. Hendon. 7s.

Wm. Hammond, 1745. Cæsar Malan, 1830.



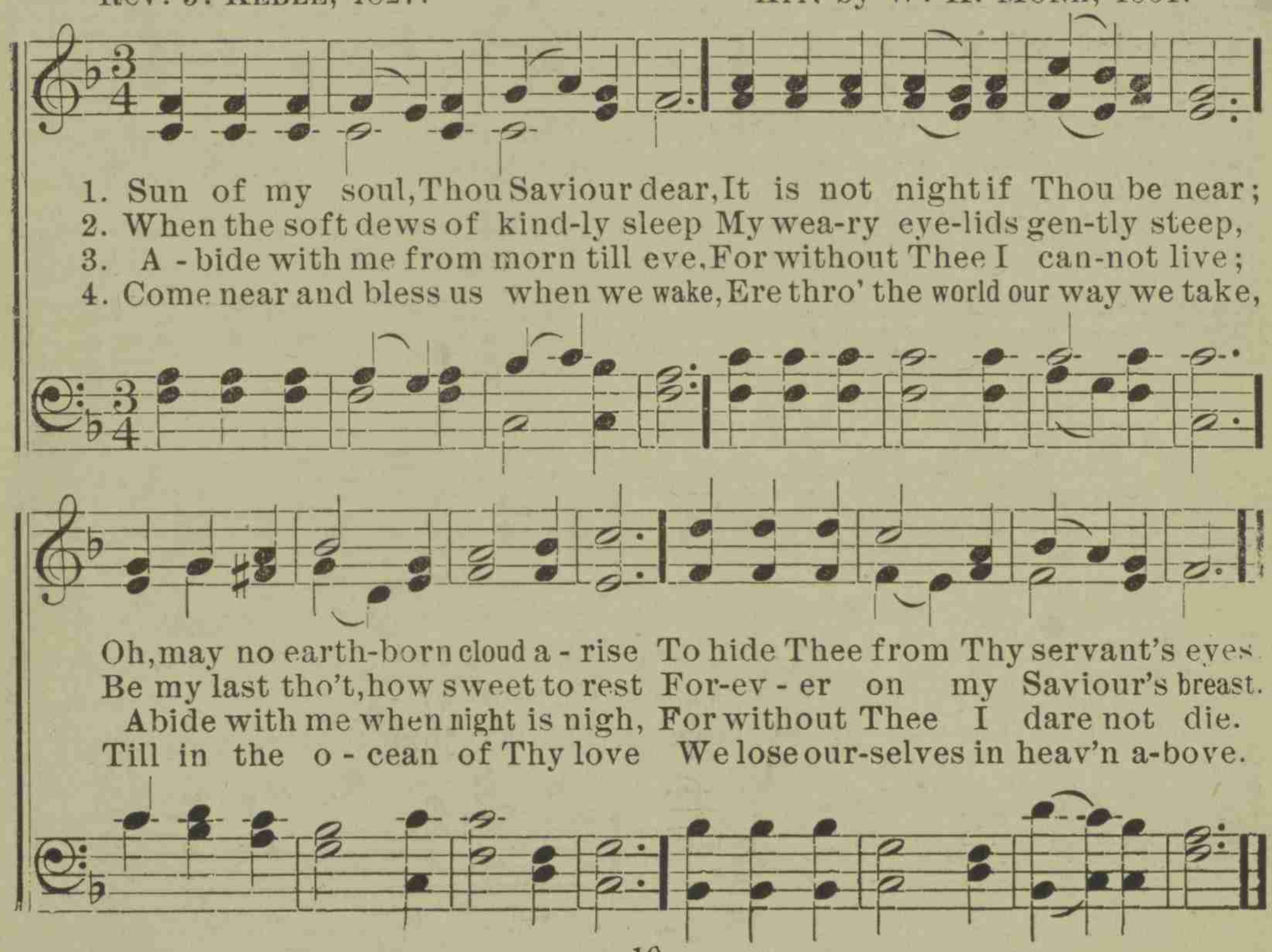
No. 28. Last Hope. 7s.

S. F. Smith, 1843. Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk, 1854.



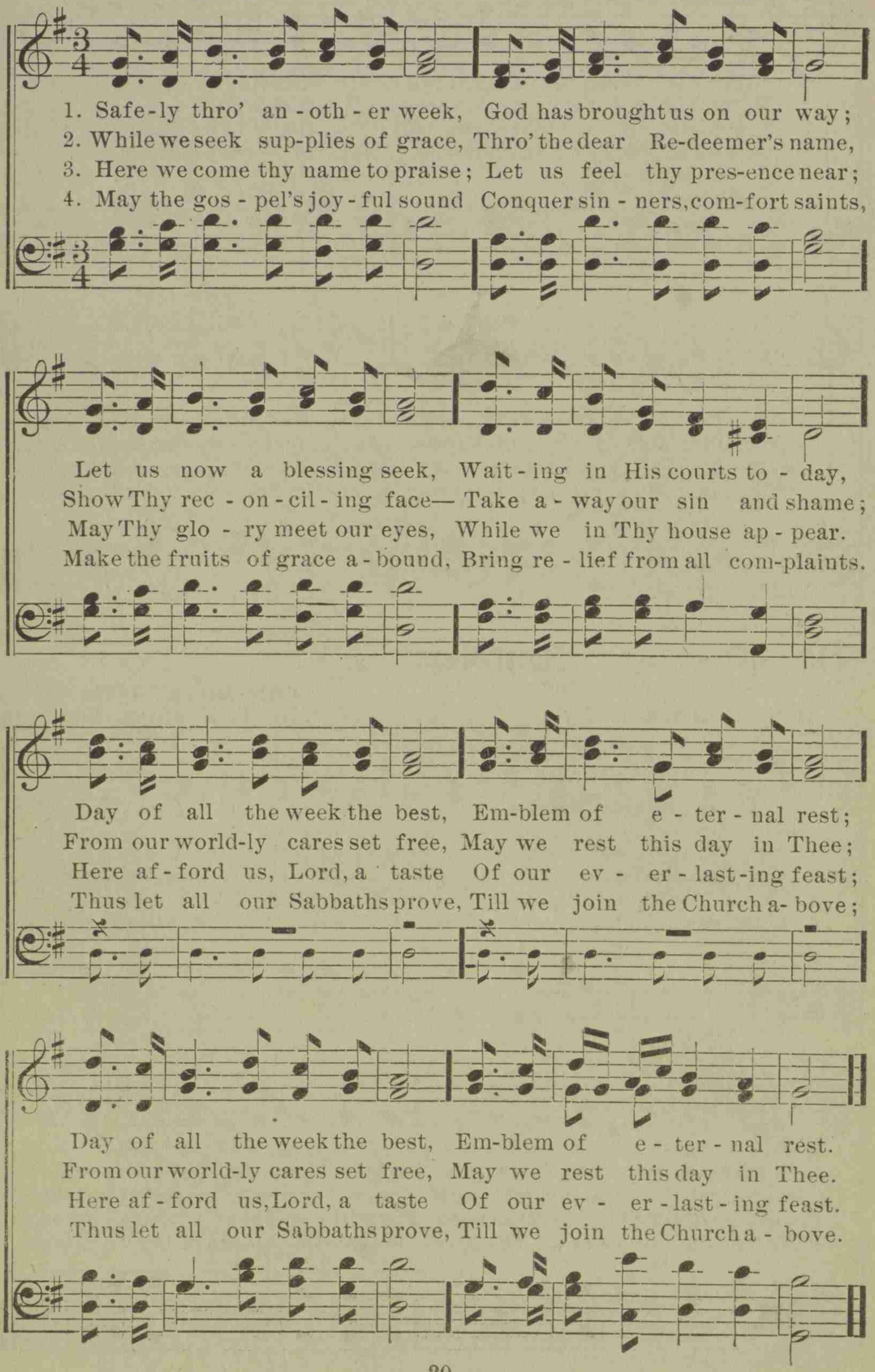
No. 29. Bursley. L. M.

Rev. J. Keble, 1827. Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861.



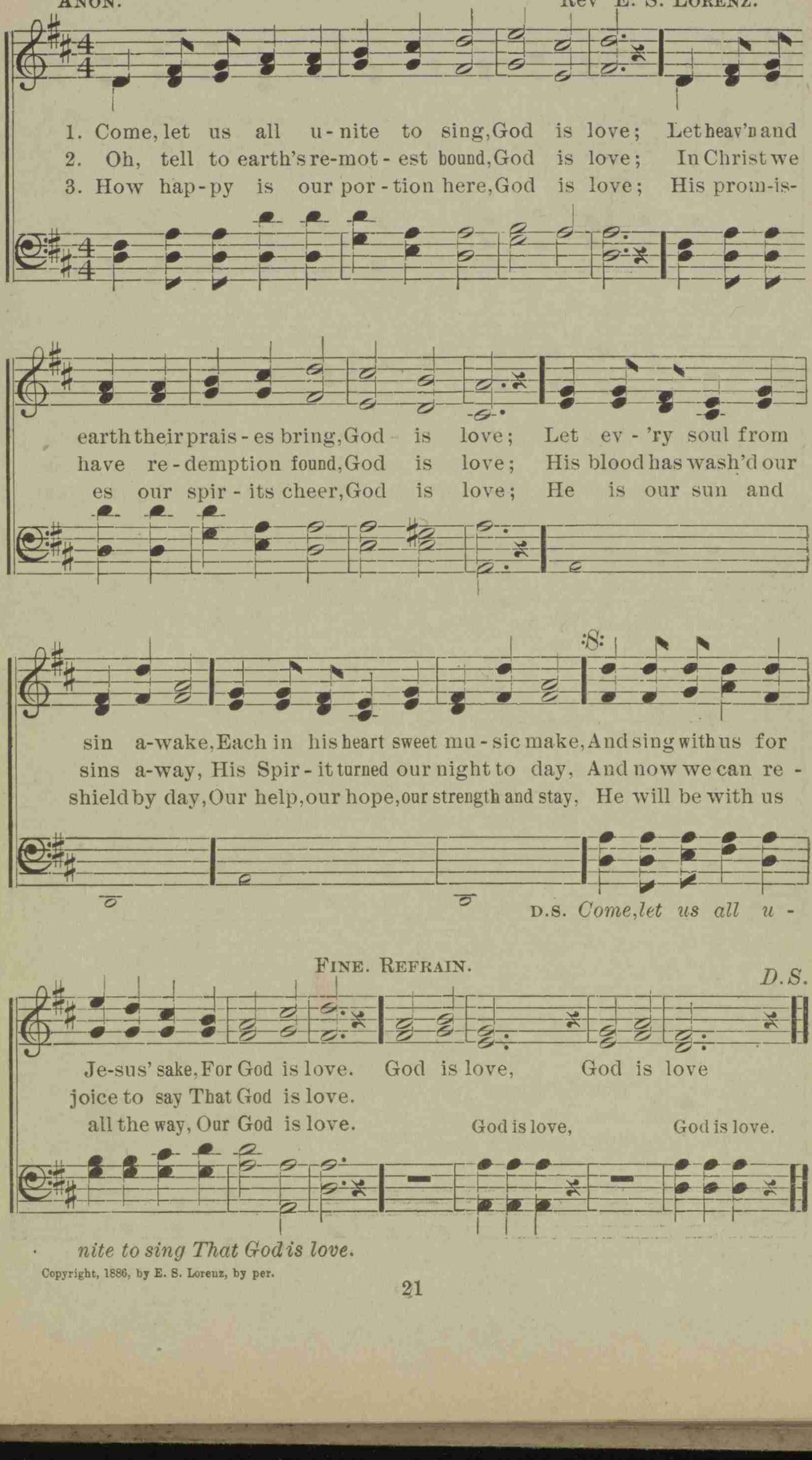
No. 30. Sabbath. 7s.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. LOWELL MASON.



No. 31. God is Love. P. M.

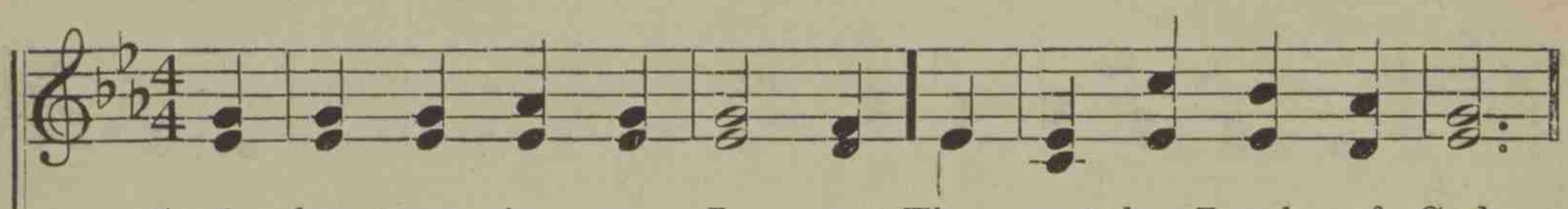
ANON. Rev E. S. LORENZ.



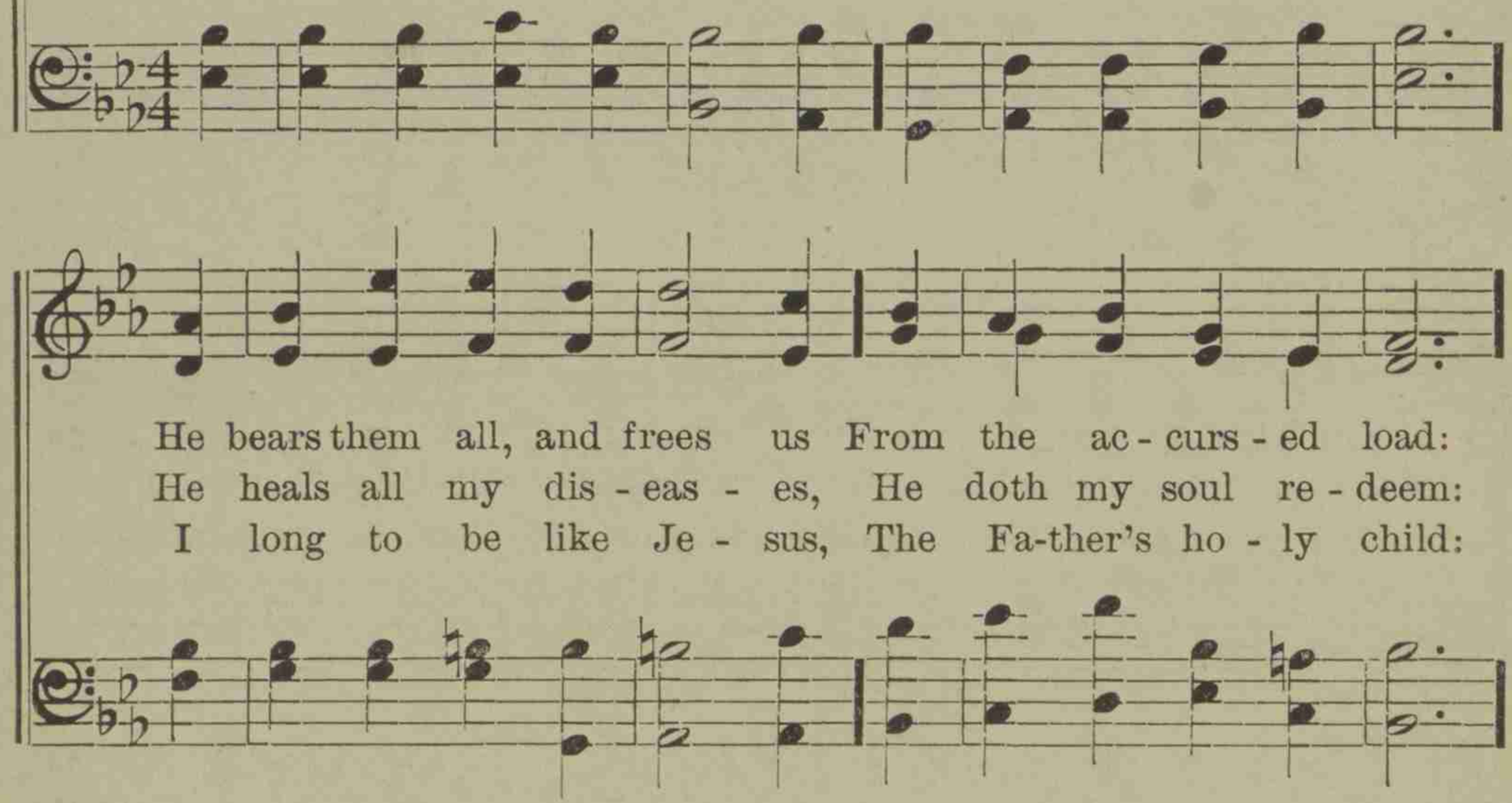
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No. 32. Aurelia. 7s, 6s, 8l.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843. S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



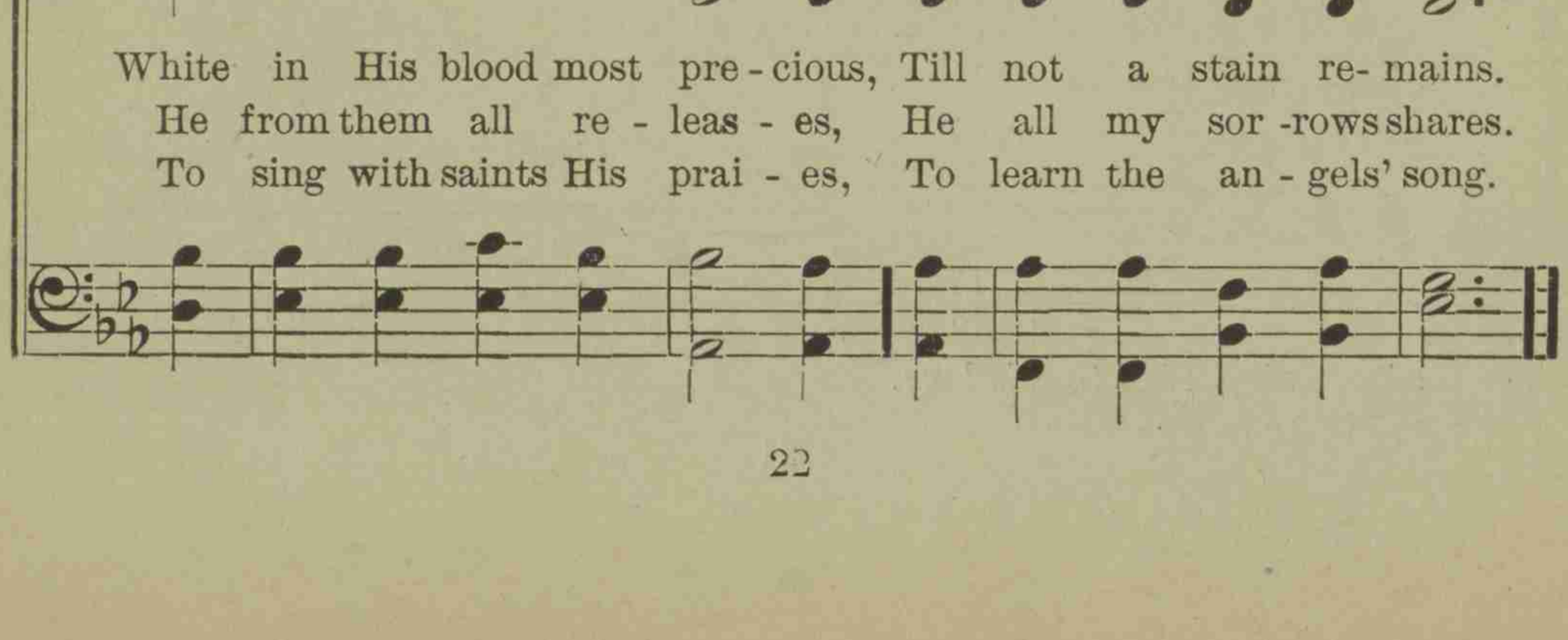
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God,
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full-ness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa-ther's ho - ly child:



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur-dens and my cares;
I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heaven-ly throng,



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re- mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor -rows shares.
To sing with saints His prai - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

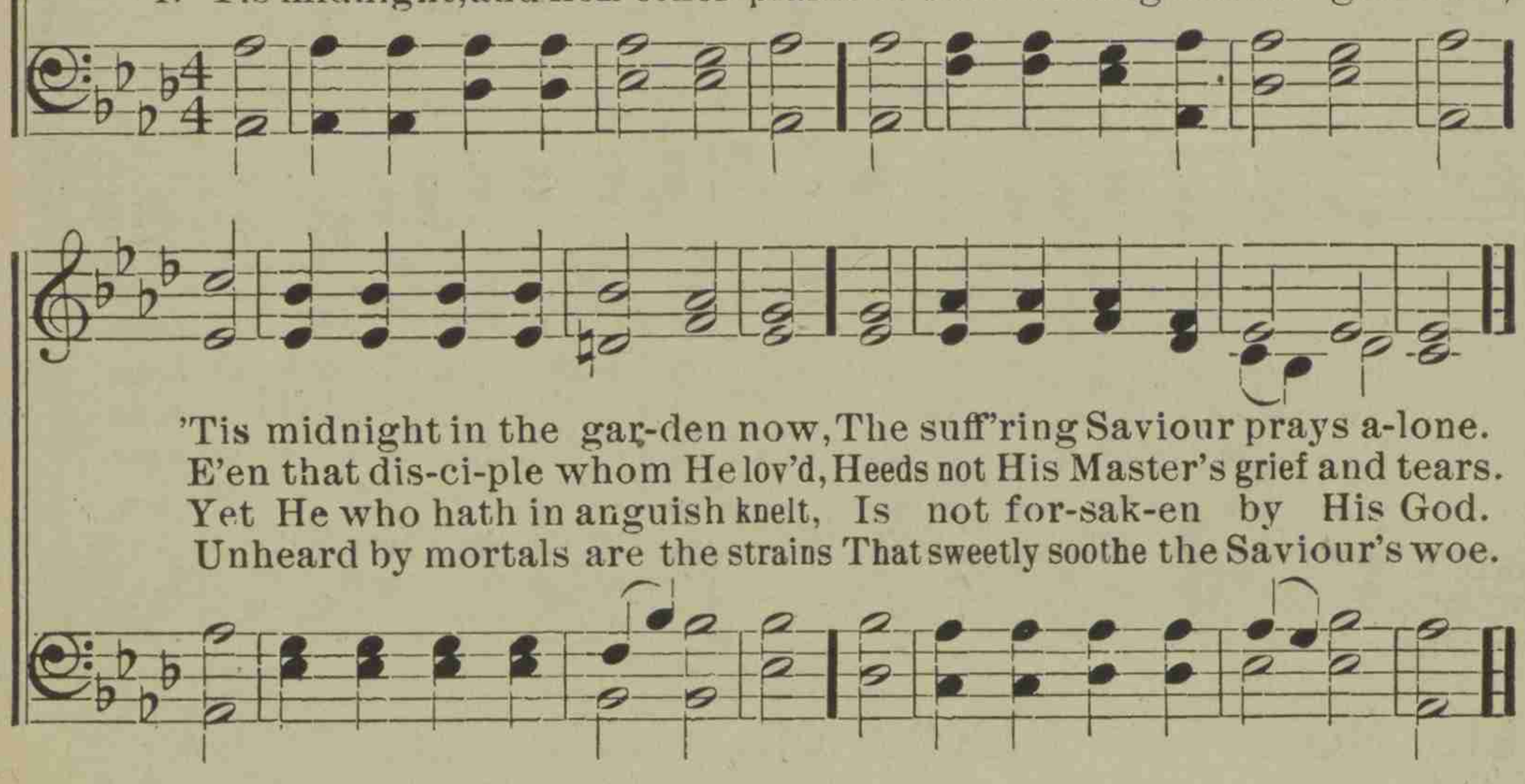
"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor. 15: 22.

No. 33. Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all remov'd The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



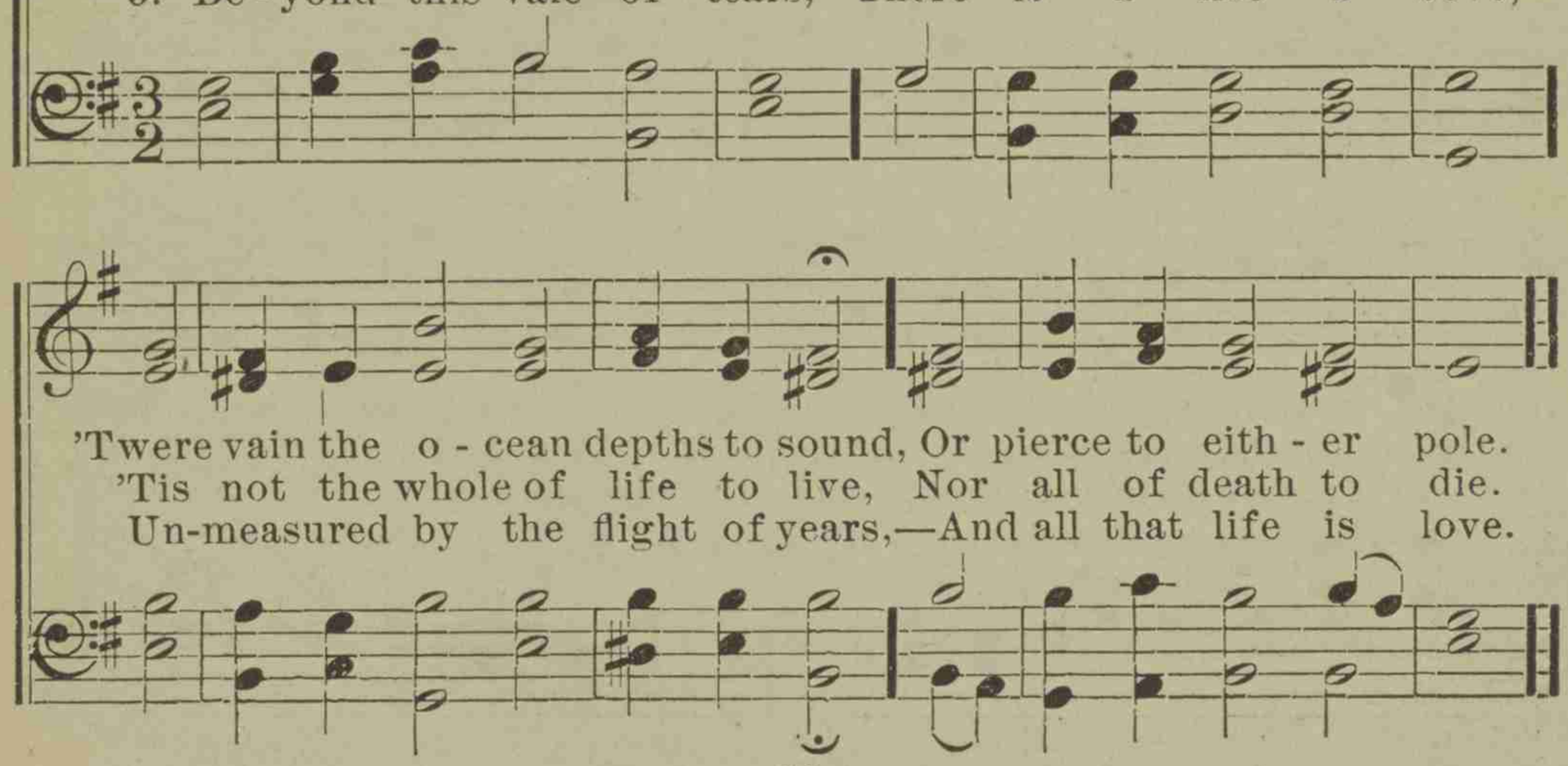
'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He lov'd, Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 34. Aylesbury. S. M.

James Green, 1710.



1. Oh! where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove,



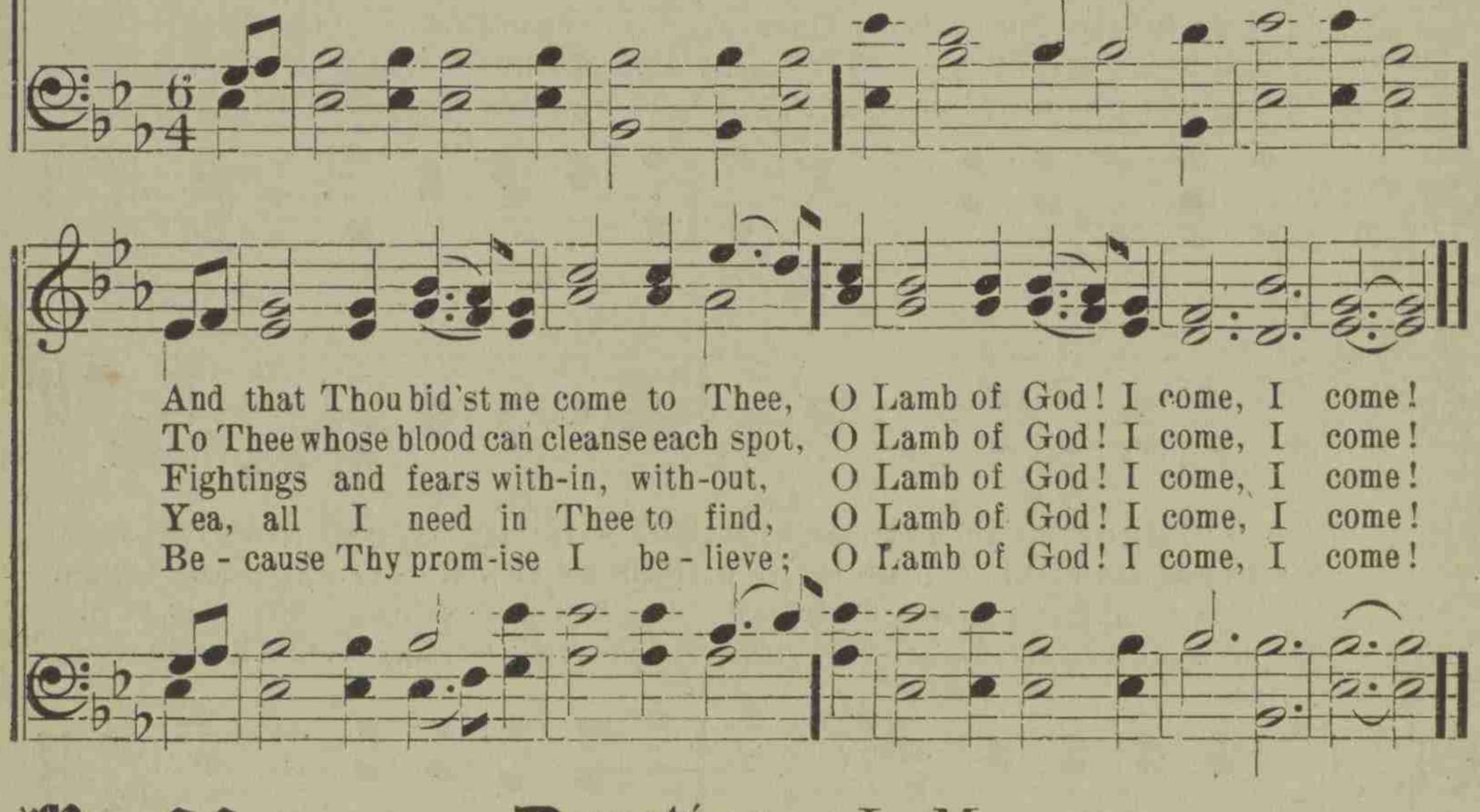
'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un-measured by the flight of years,—And all that life is love.

No. 35. Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



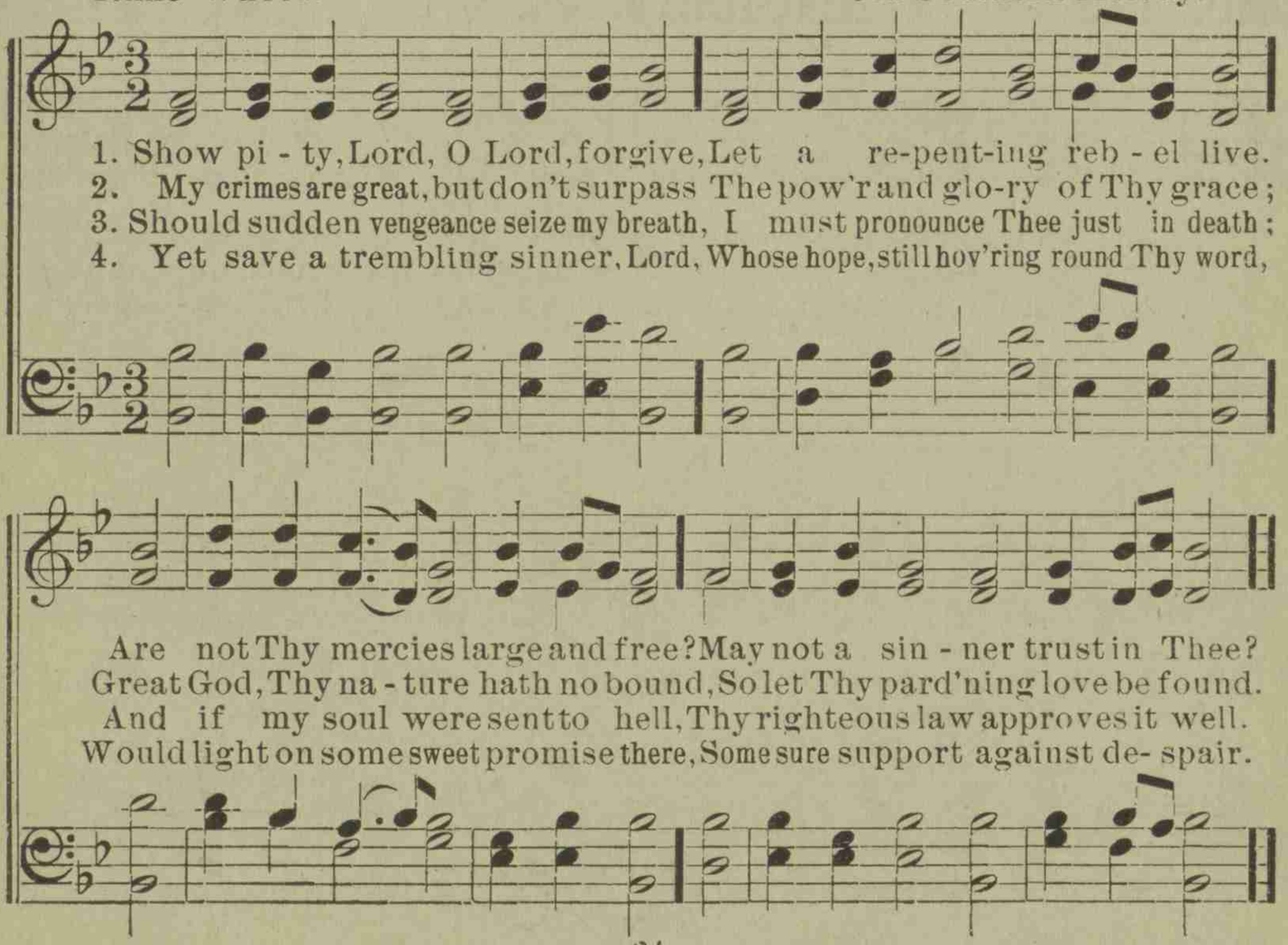
1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout, With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve,



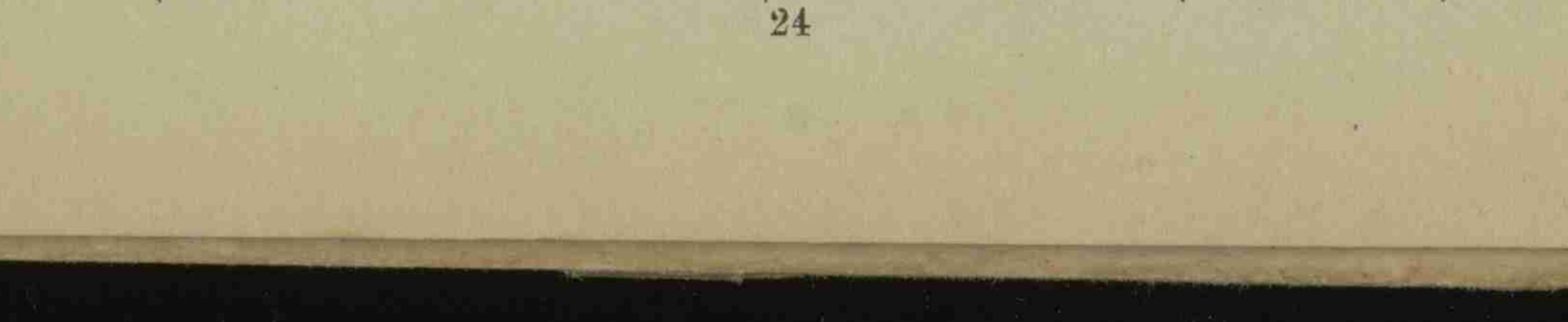
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 36. Devotion. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.



1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live.
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,



Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against de-spair.

No. 37. Toplady. 7s.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C. *Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.*
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy laws' demands;
D.C. *All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.*
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
D.C. *Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.*
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. *Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.*

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

No. 38. Trusting. 7s.

Wm. McDonald. W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect - ed in love I am!

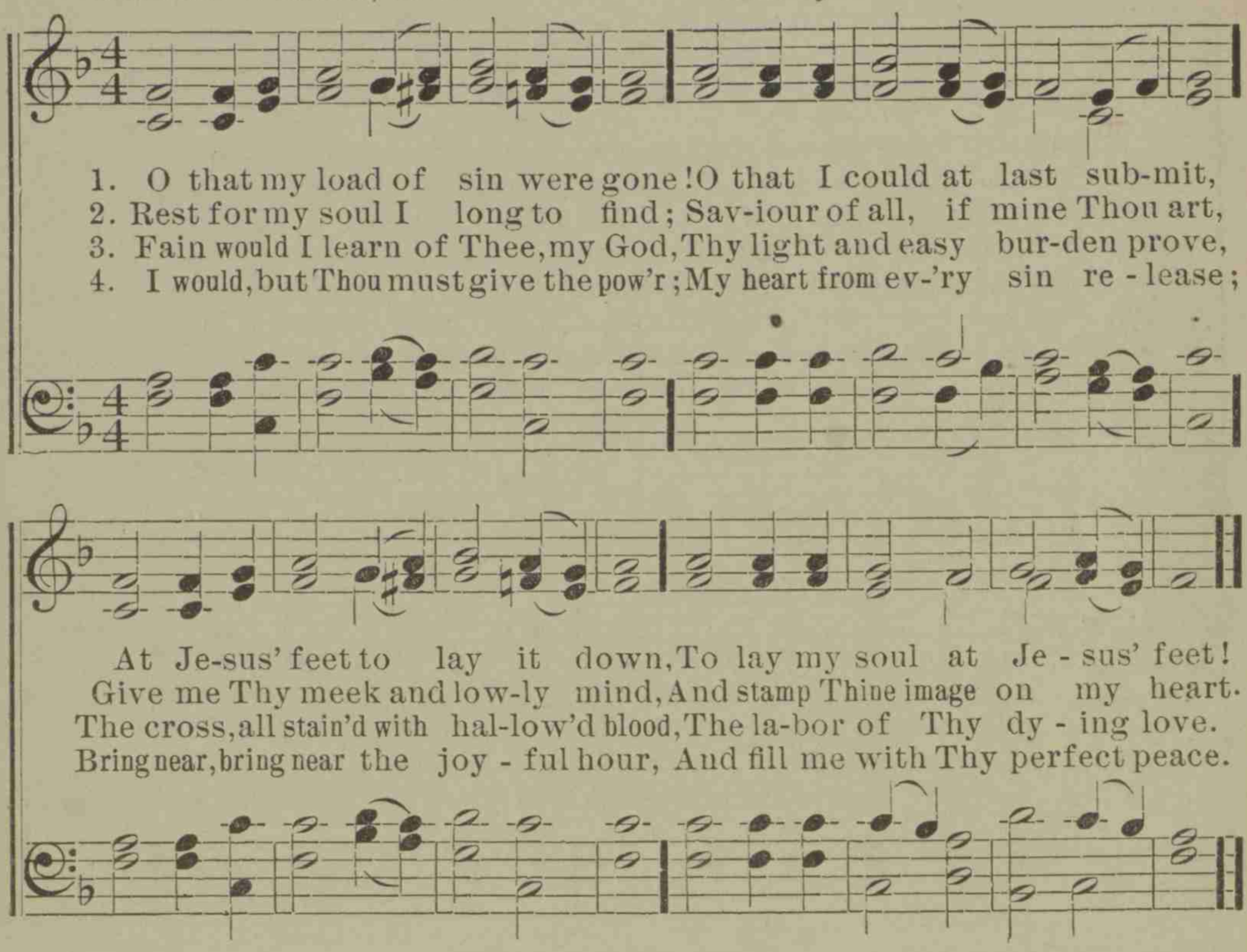
Cho. *I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— I will cleanse you from all sin
Soul and bod - y Thine to be—Whol - ly Thine—for - ev - er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!

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

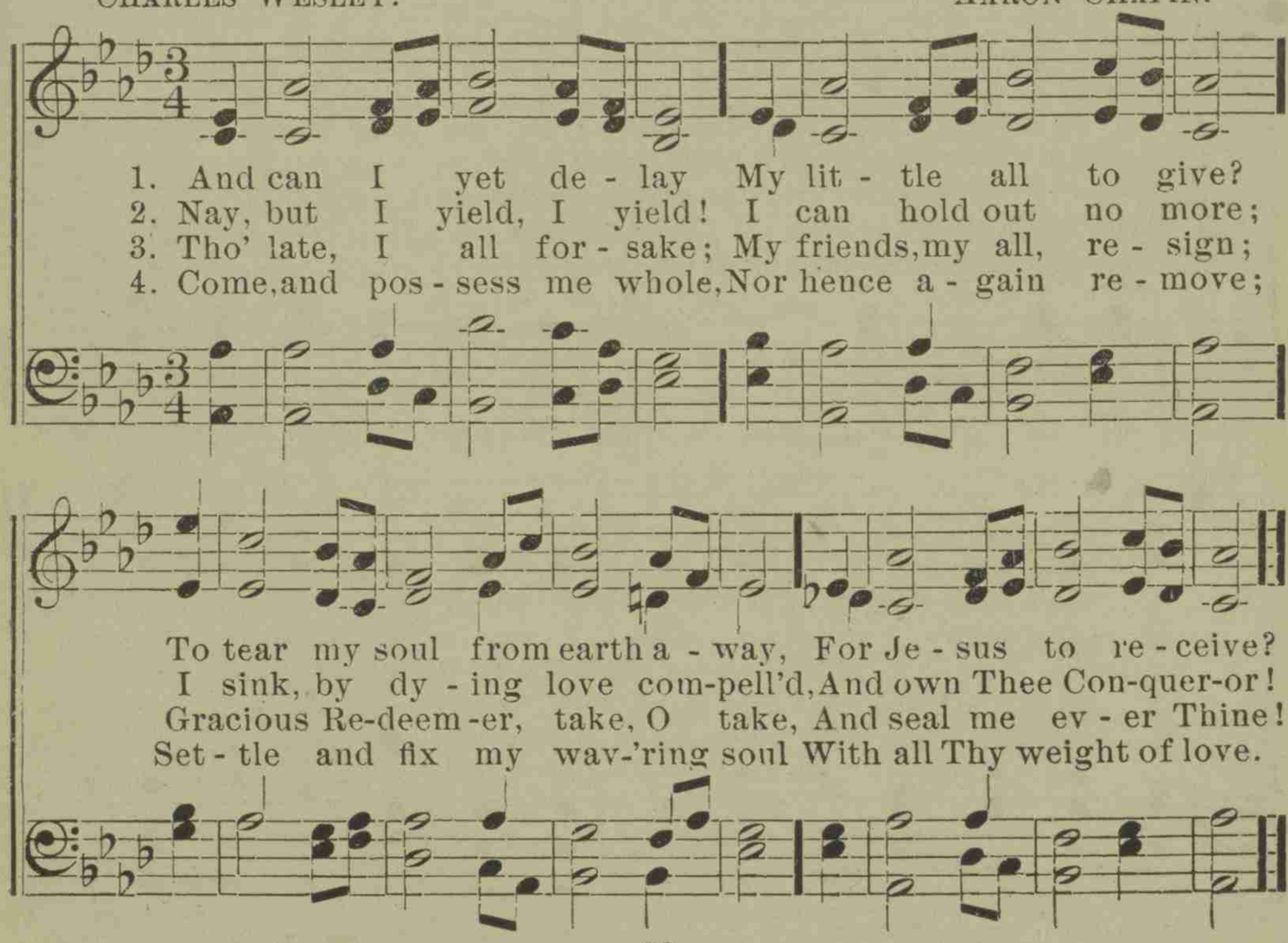
No. 39. Hamburg. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



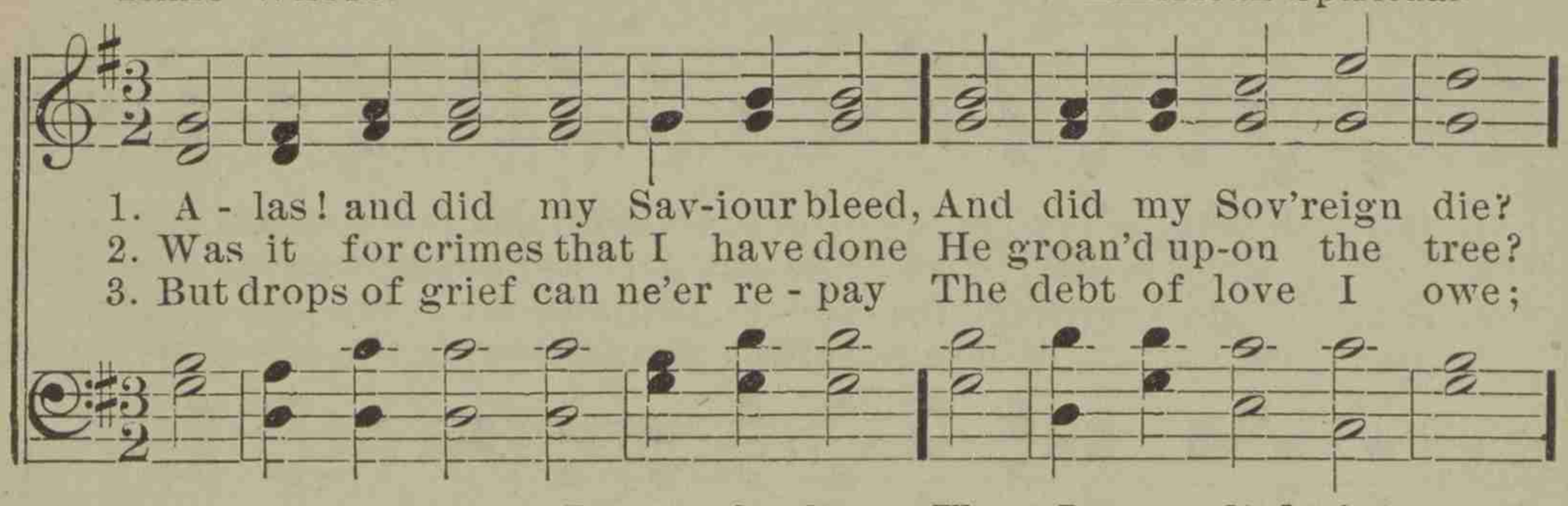
No. 40. Gavin. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. AARON CHAPIN.

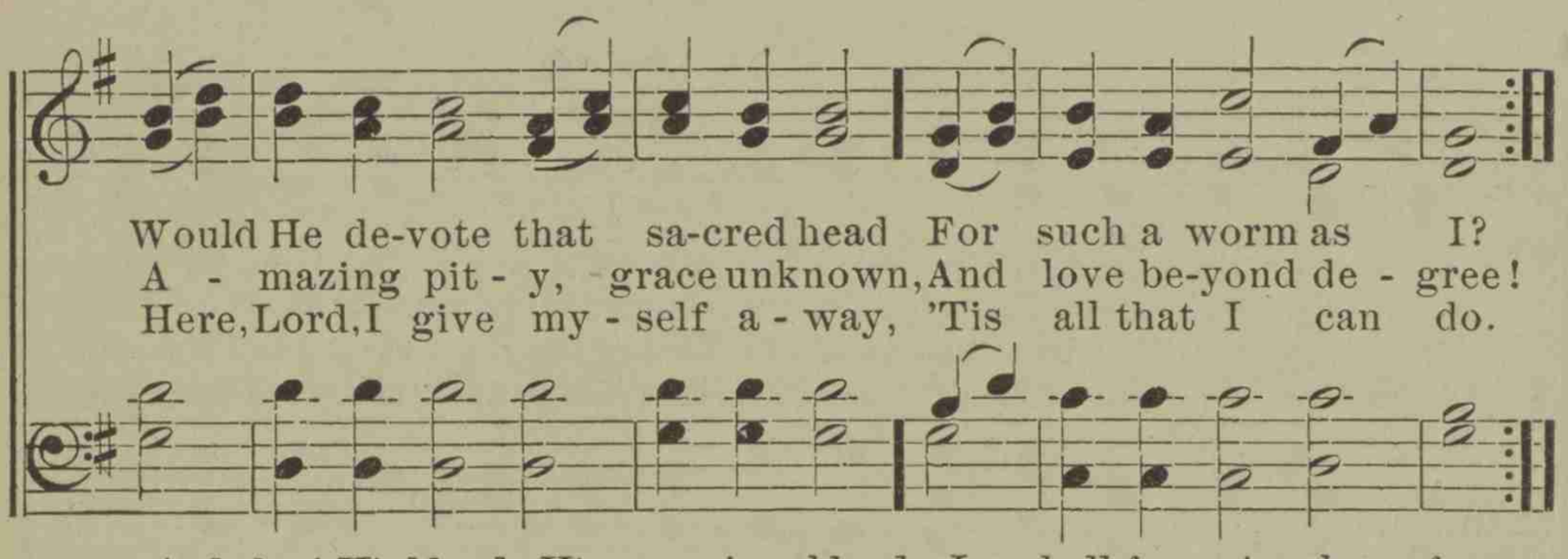


No. 41. I Do Believe. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. American Spiritual.



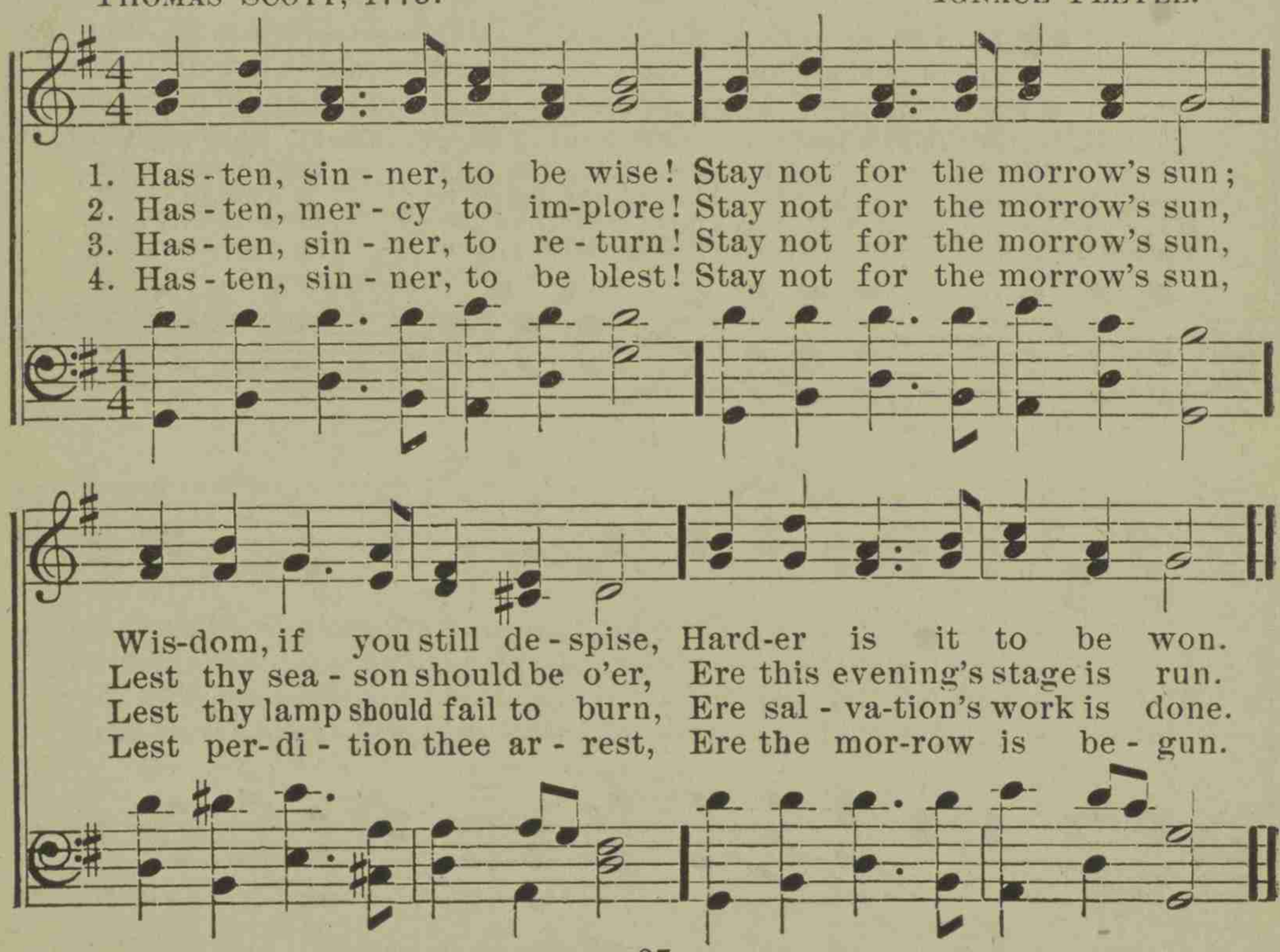
CHO. *I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;*



And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 42. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL.



No. 43. Harwell. 8s & 7s.

THOS. KELLY, 1806. LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
4. Sav - iour, hast-en Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,





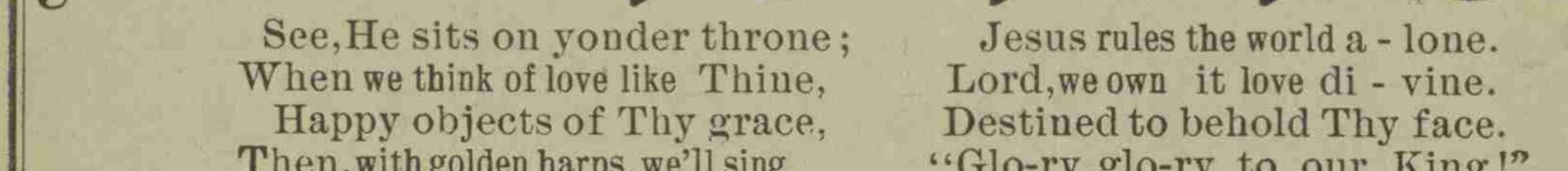
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es—Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, the smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth.
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
When, the aw - ful summons hearing, Heav-en and earth shall pass away.

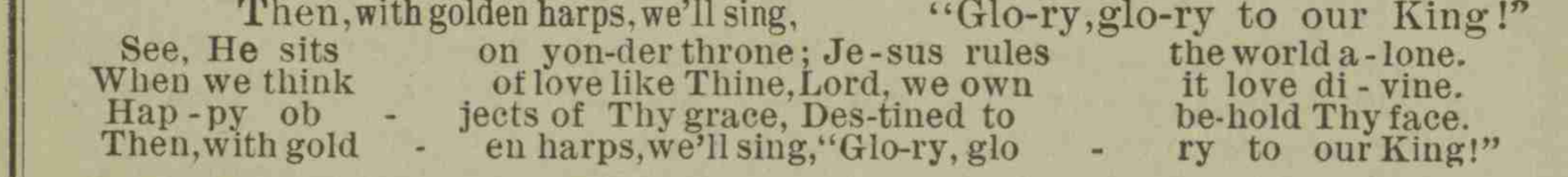




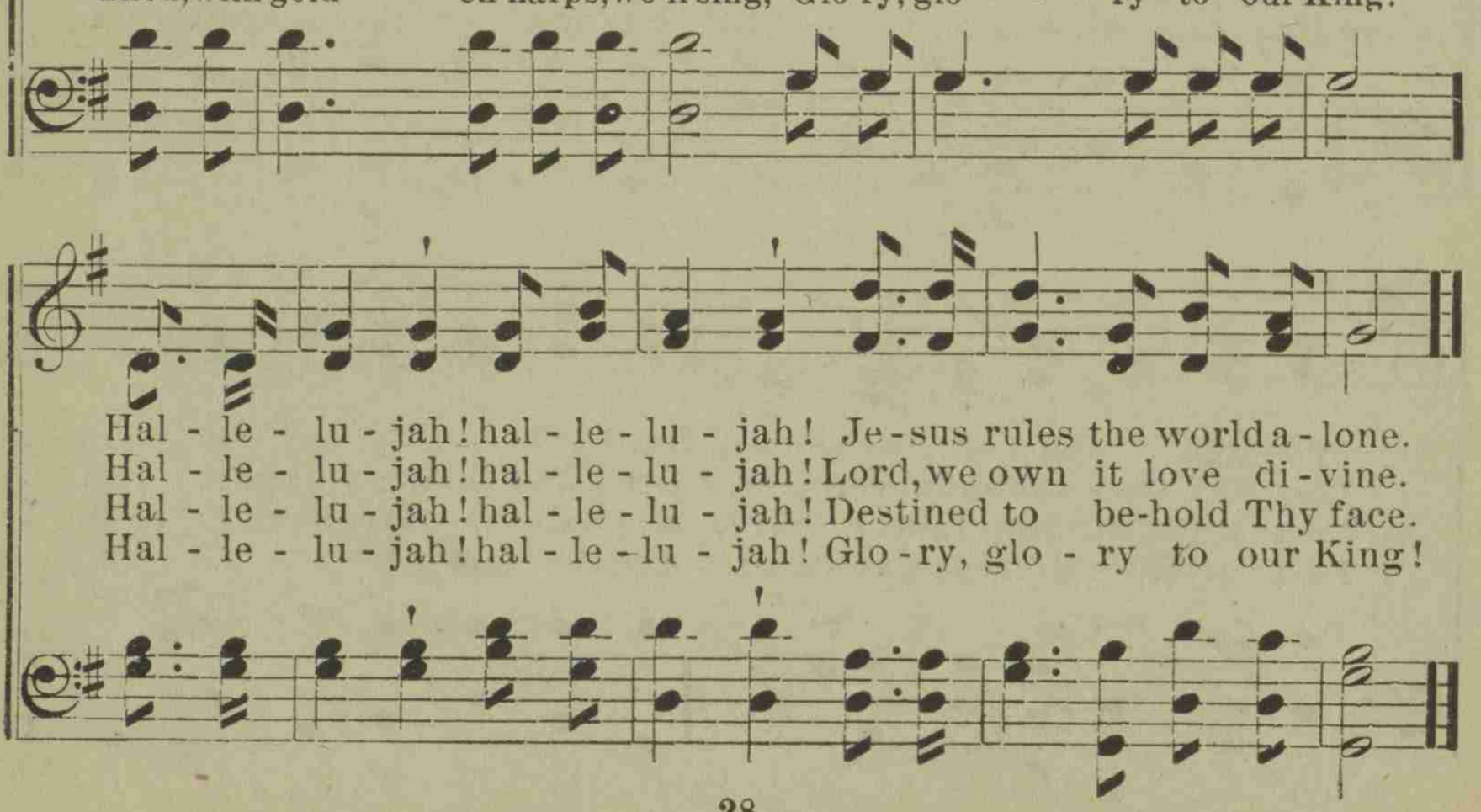
See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King!"

See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo - ry to our King!"



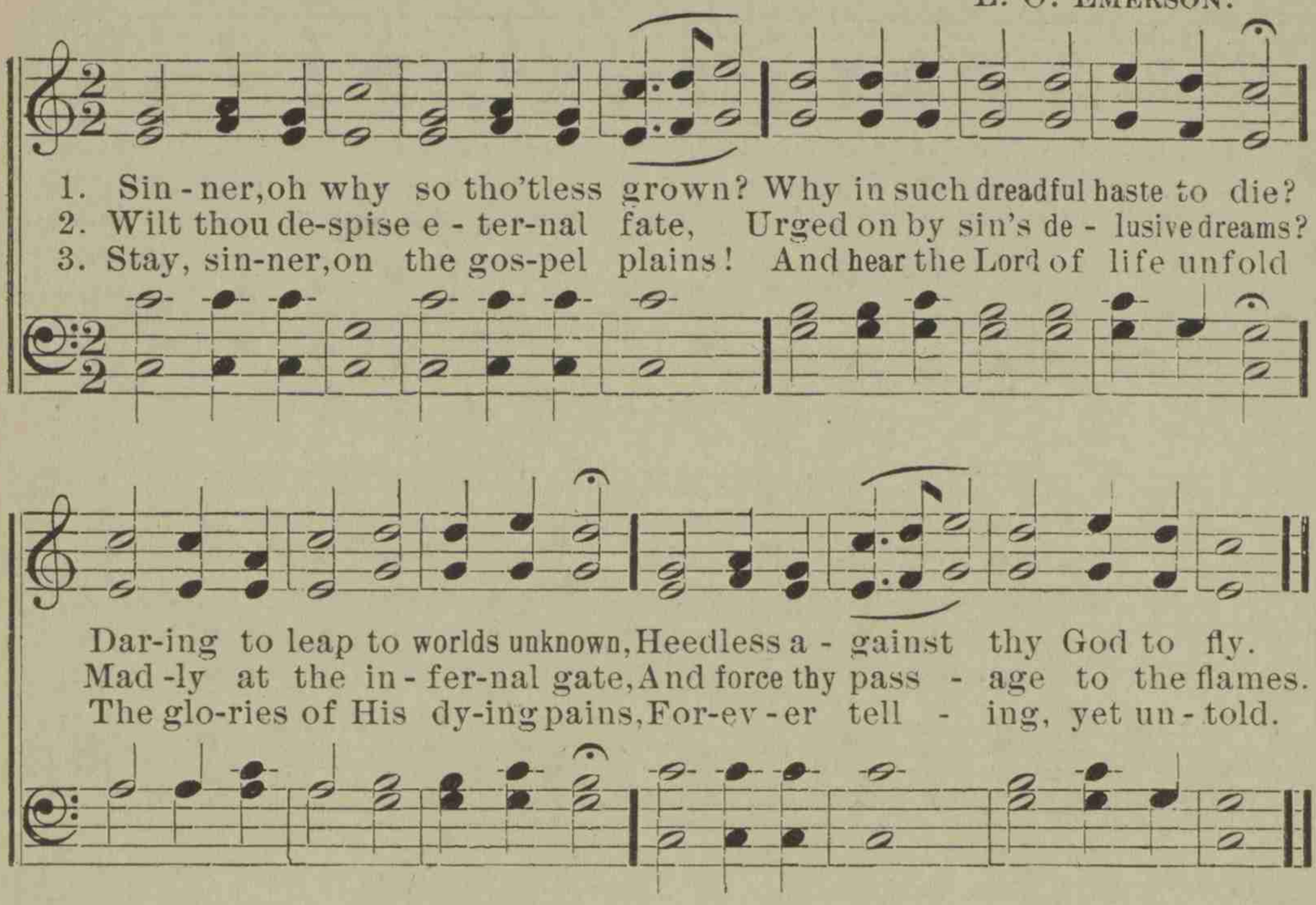


Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di-vine.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destined to be-hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!



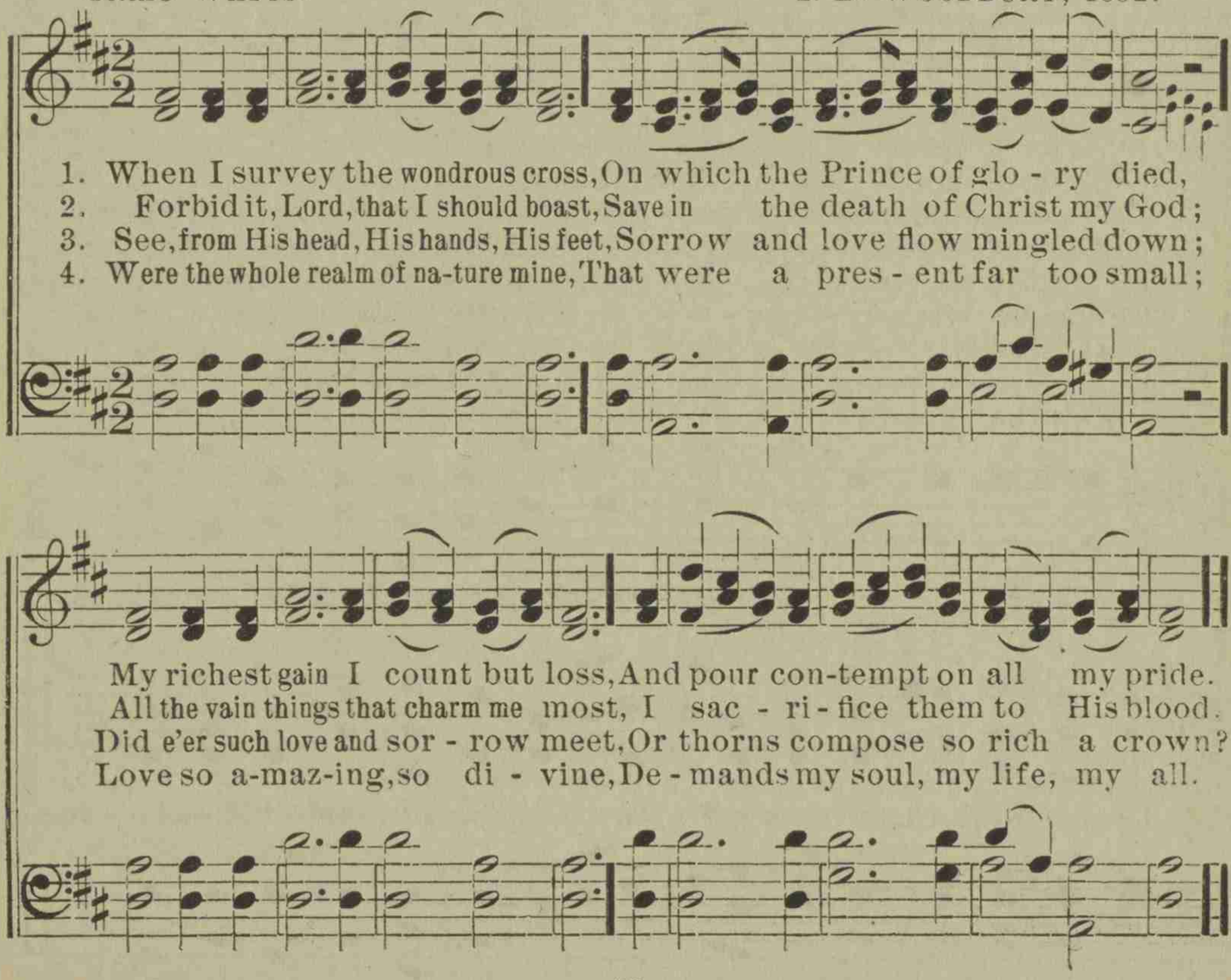
No. 44. Sessions. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.



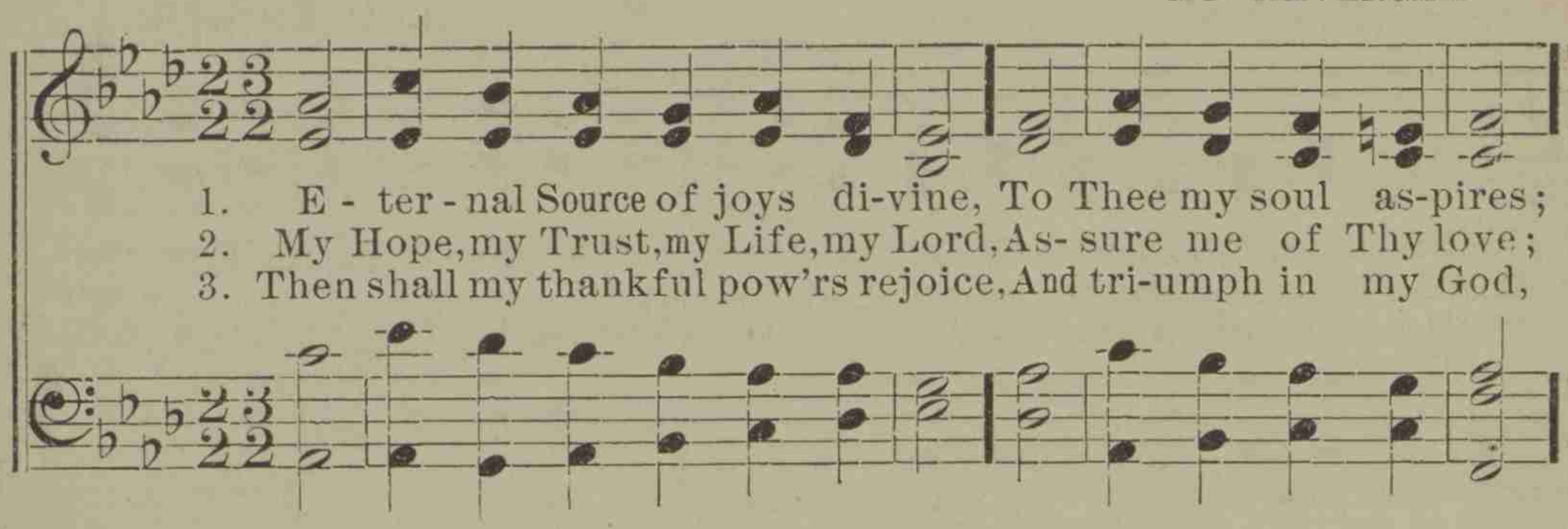
No. 45. Olivet. L. M.

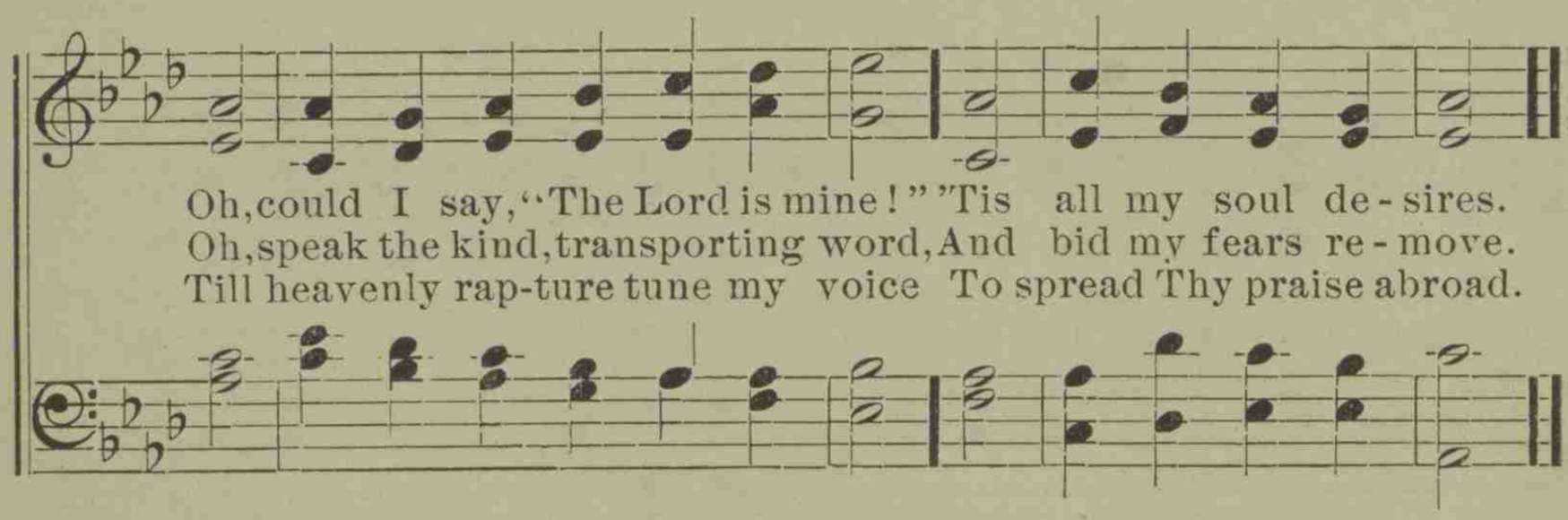
Isaac Watts. I. B. Woodbury, 1852.



No. 46. St. Nicholas. C. M.

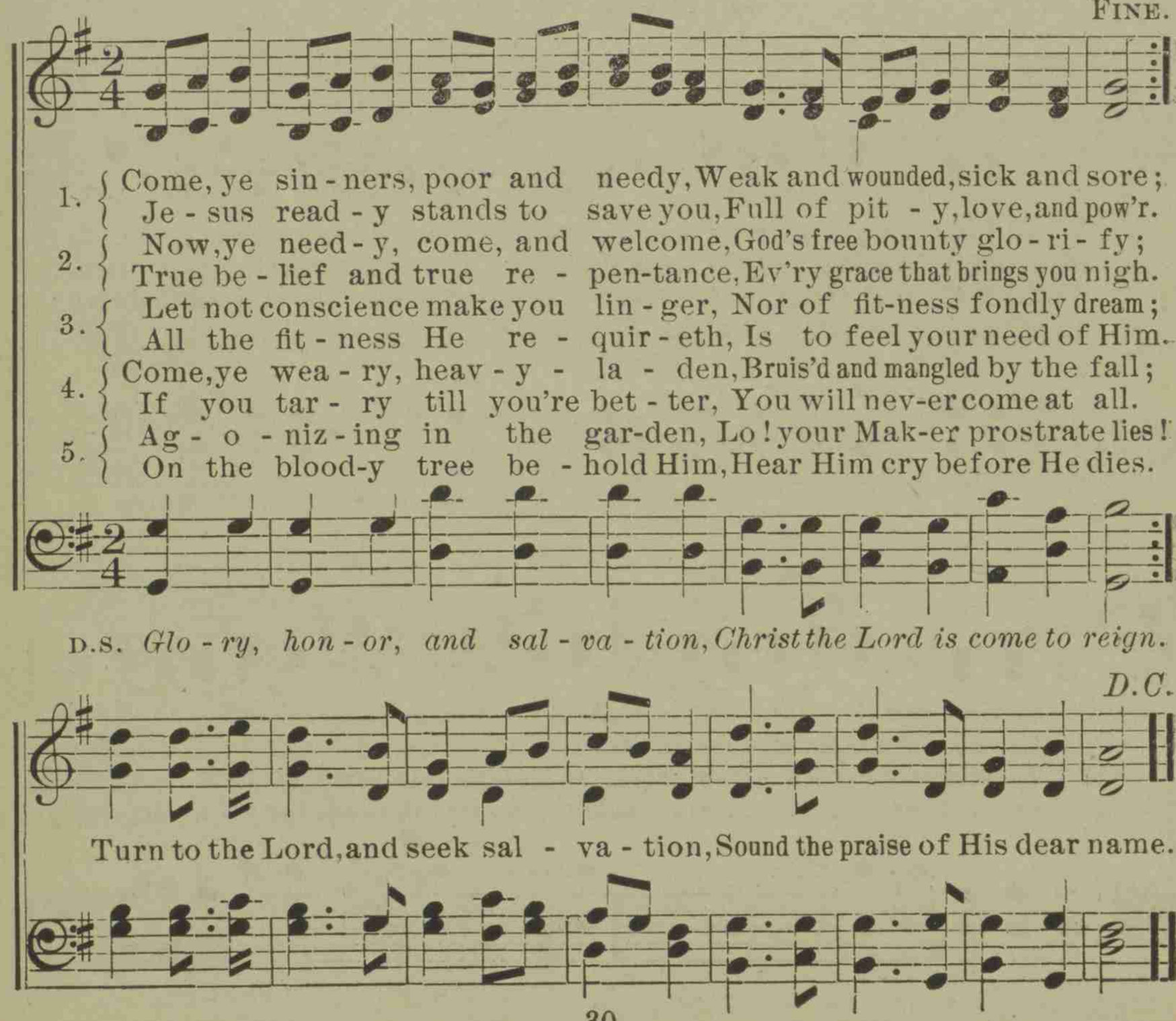
Dr. Havergal.





No. 47. Come, ye Sinners. 8s & 7s.

Fine.

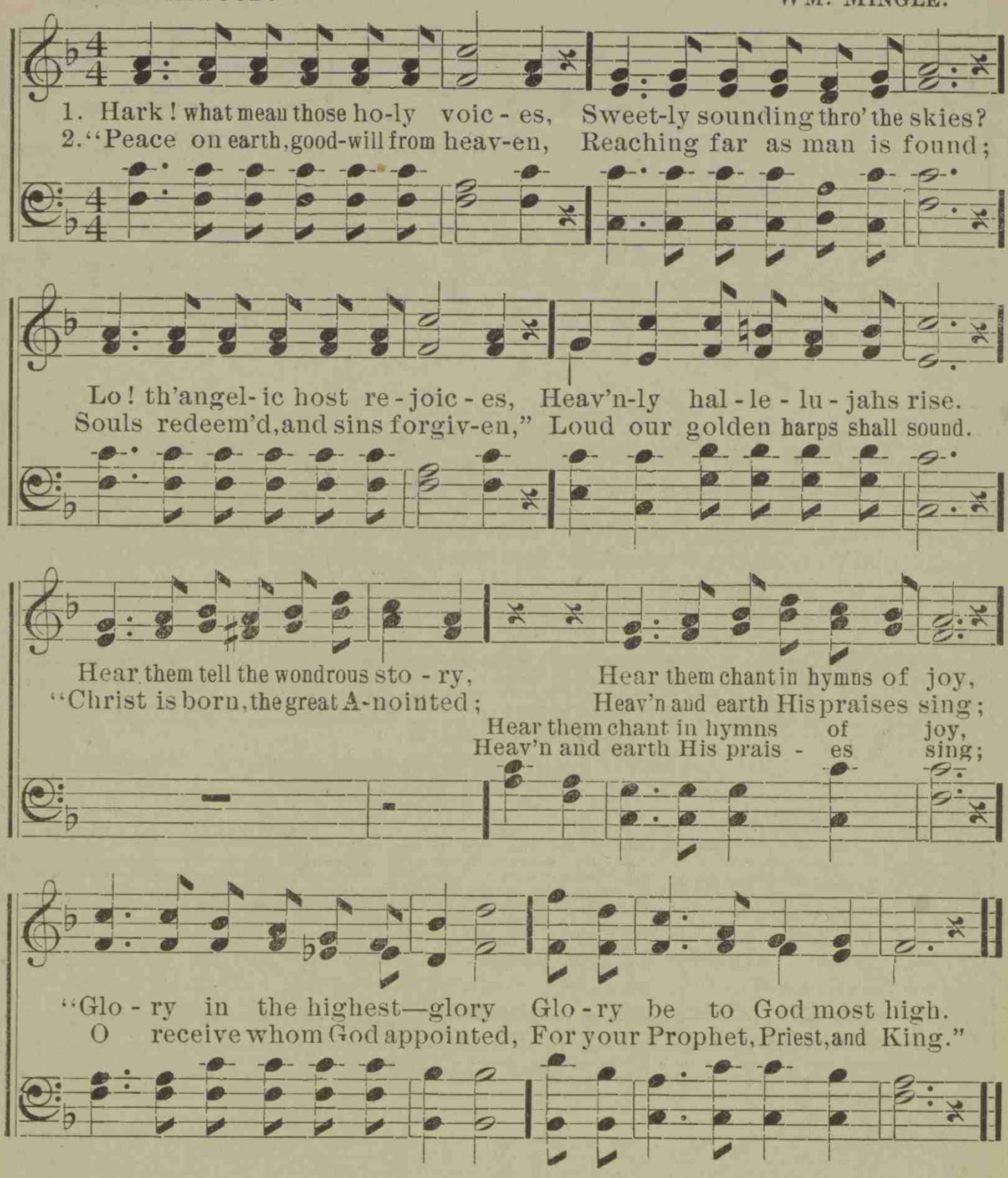


D.S. *Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

D.C.

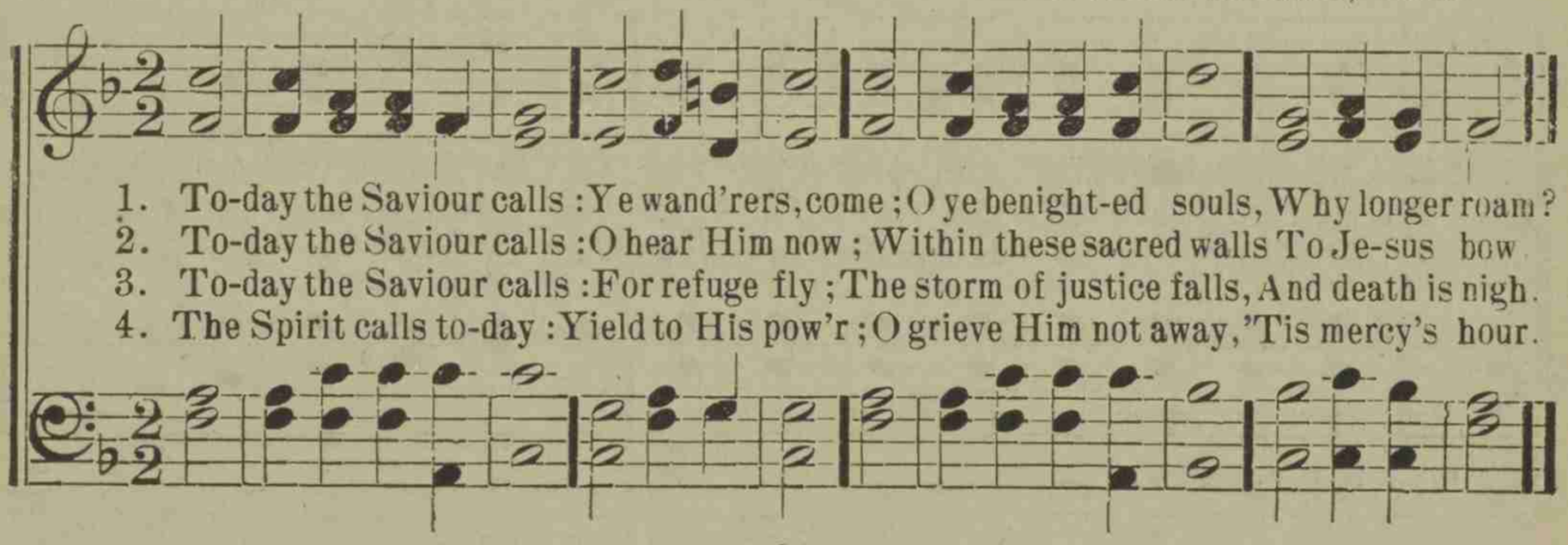
No. 48. Church Hill. 8s & 7s.

JOHN CAWOOD. WM. MINGLE.



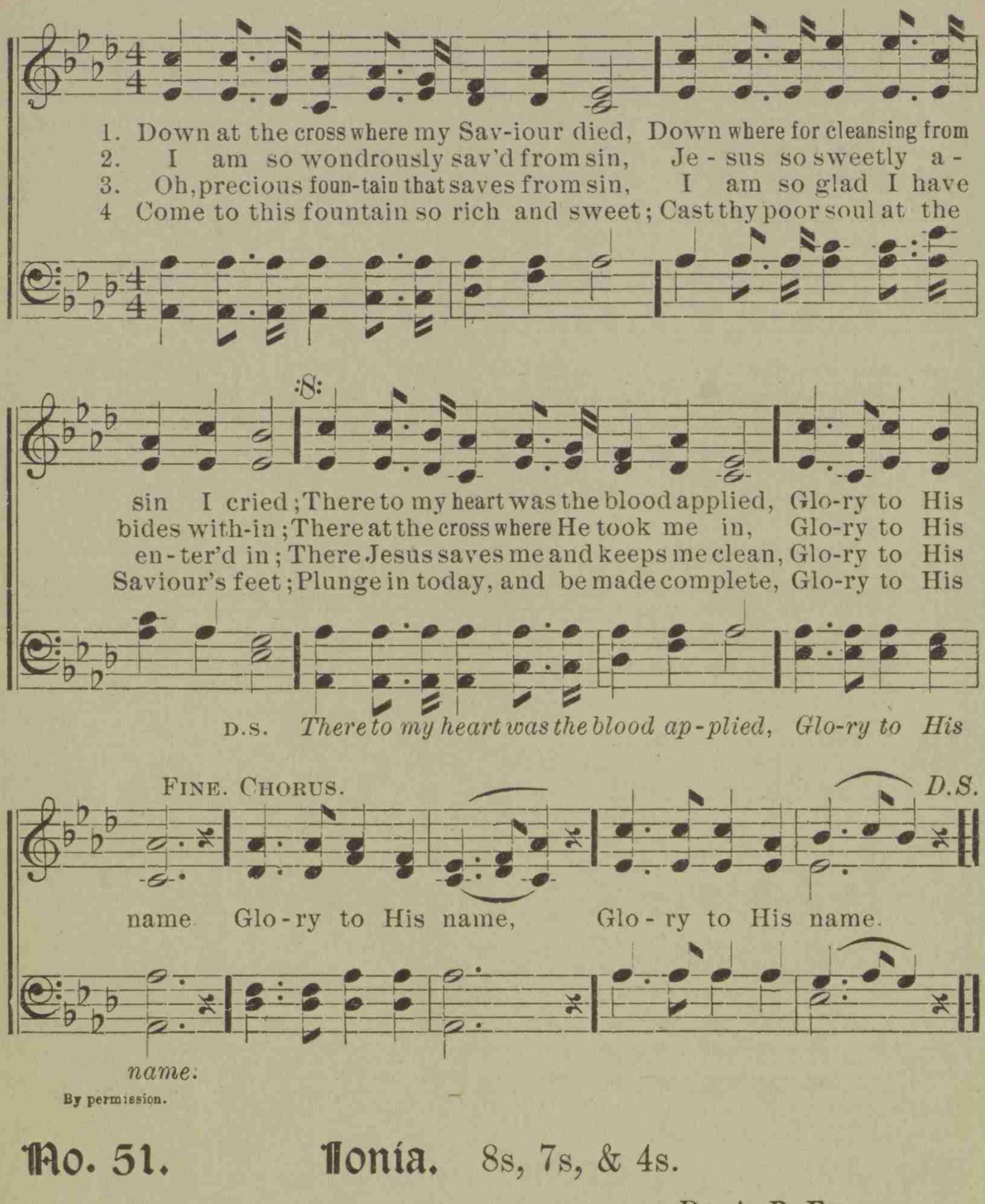
No. 49. Today. 6s & 4s.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. LOWELL MASON, 1831.



No. 50. Glory to His Name.

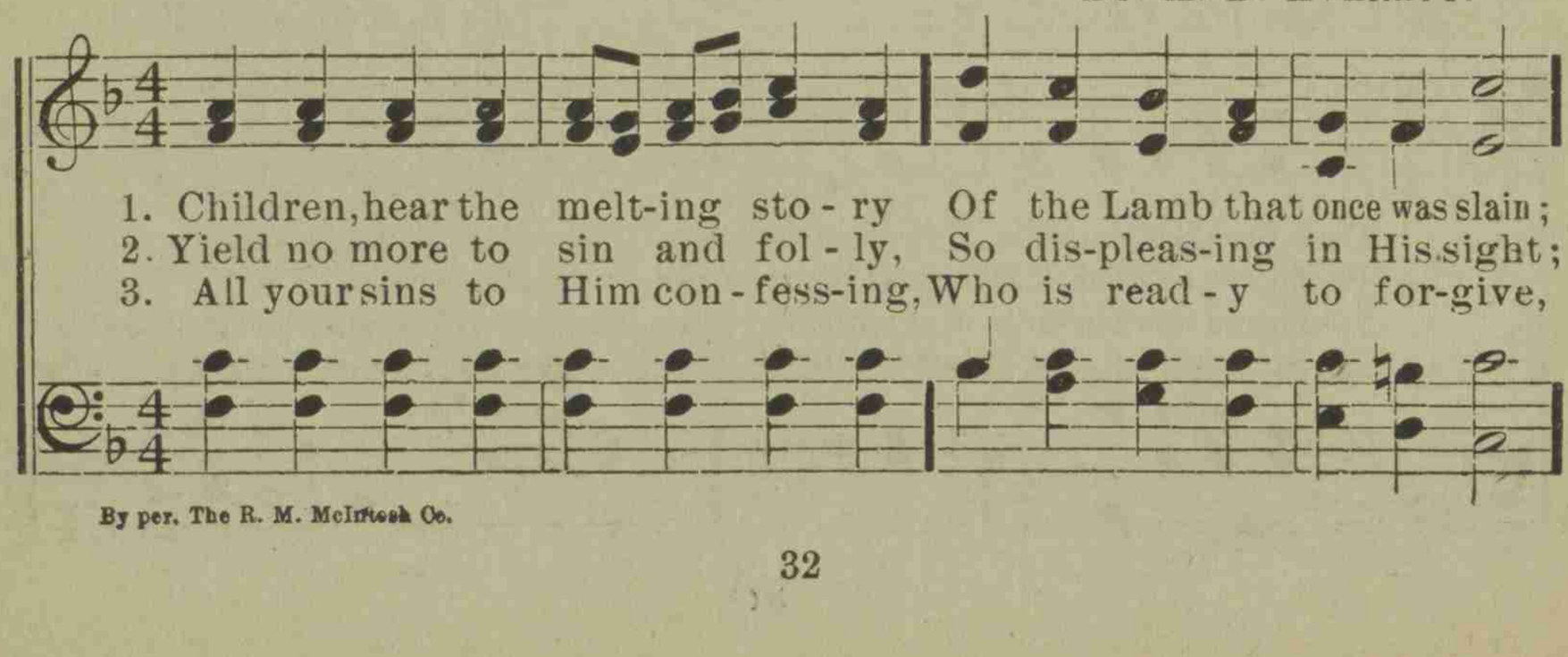
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



By permission.

No. 51. Ionia. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

Ionia. (Concluded.)



No. 52. Harmony Grove. C. M.

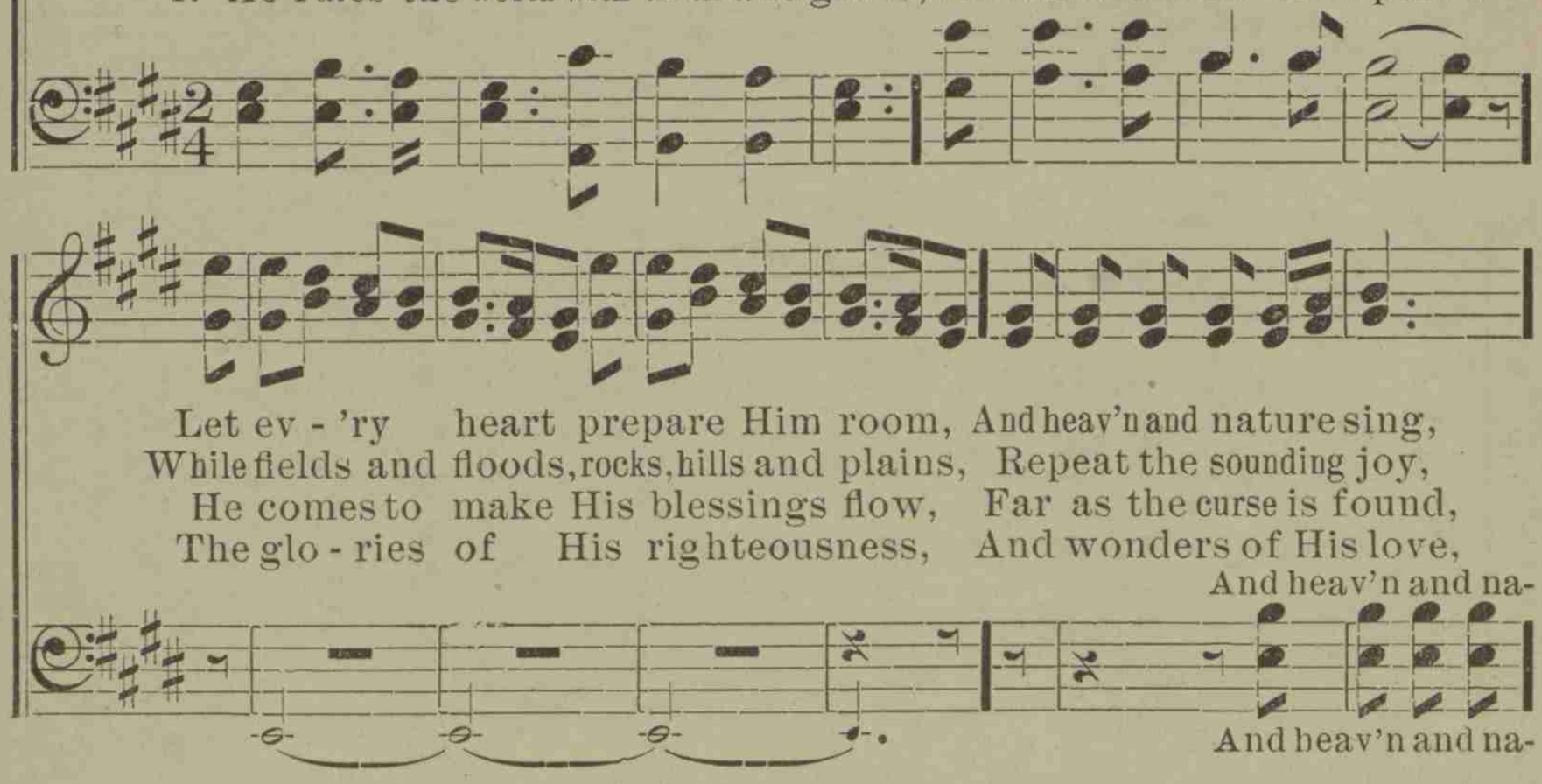
Charles Wesley. Southern Melody.

No. 53. Antioch. C. M.

G. F. Handel.



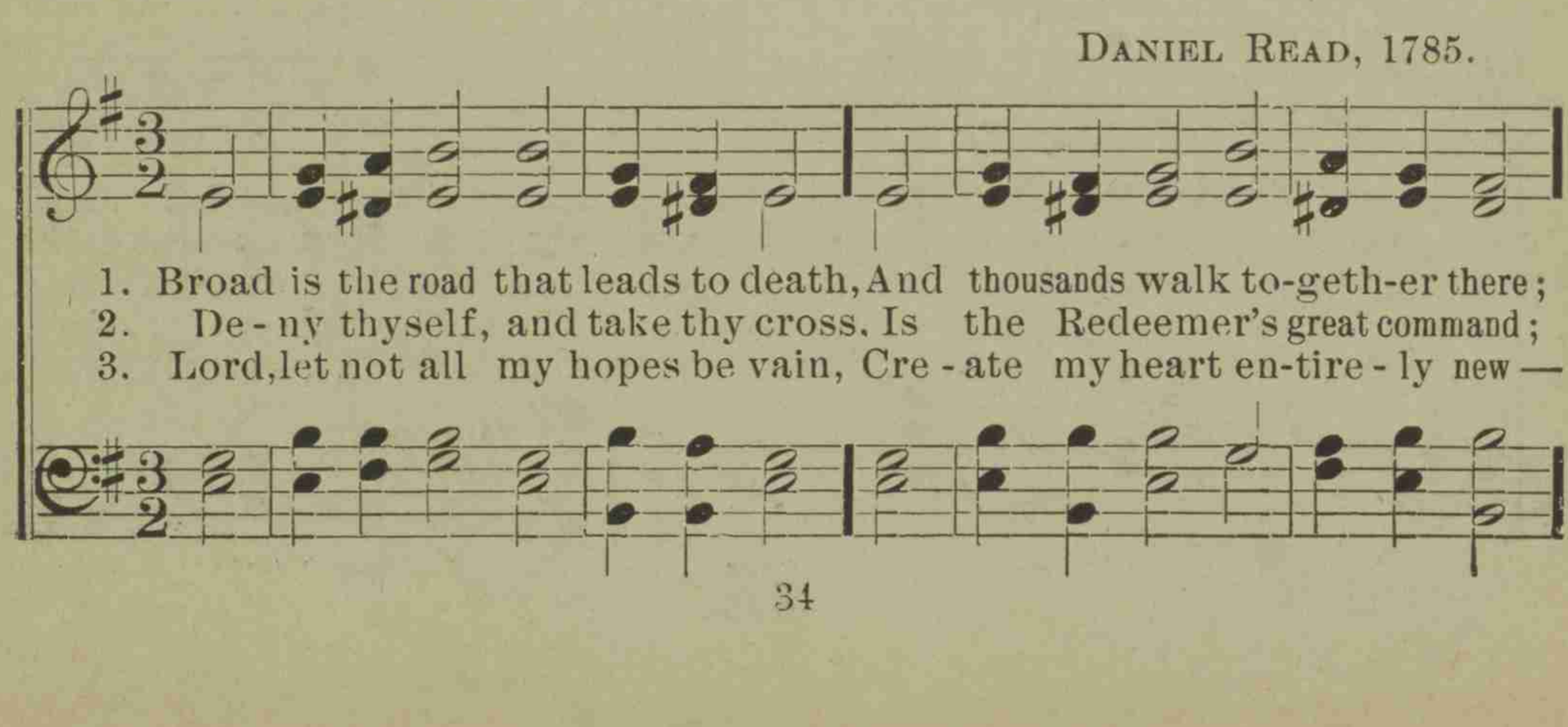
1. Joy to the world — the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth — the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love,
And heav'n and na-



And heav'n and nature sing,
Re - peat the sounding joy,
Far as the curse is found,
And wonders of His love,
And heav'n and nature sing,
Re - peat the sounding joy,
Far as the curse is found,
And wonders of His love



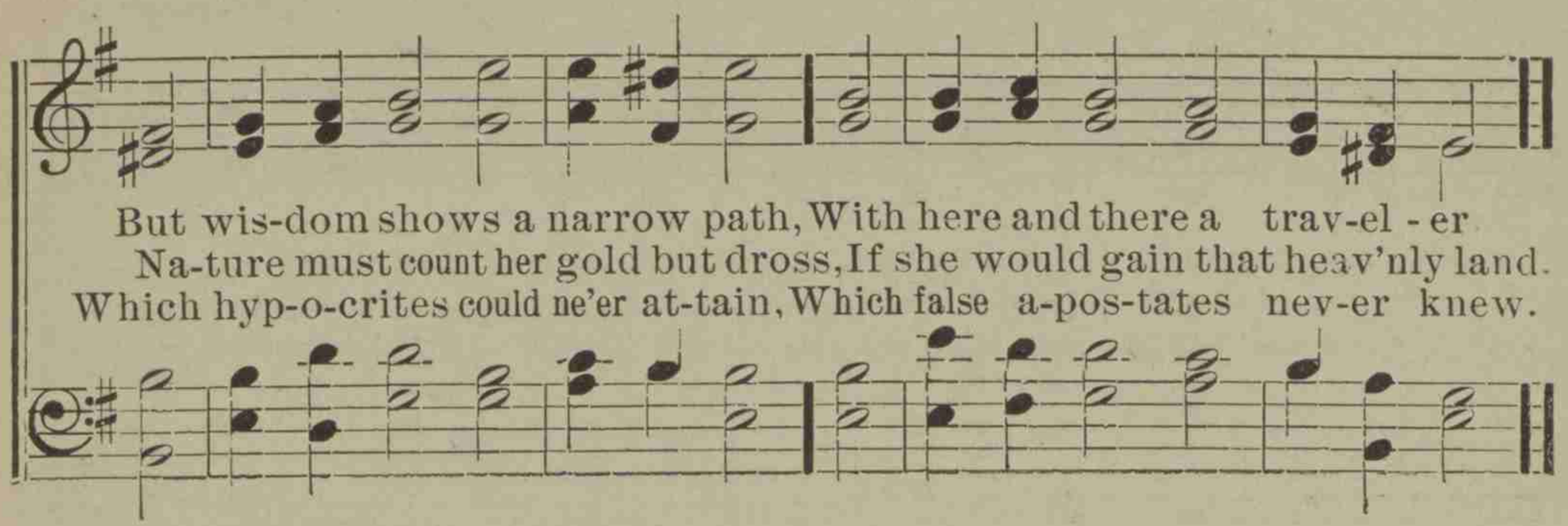
ture sing, ...
ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

No. 54. Windham. L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785.

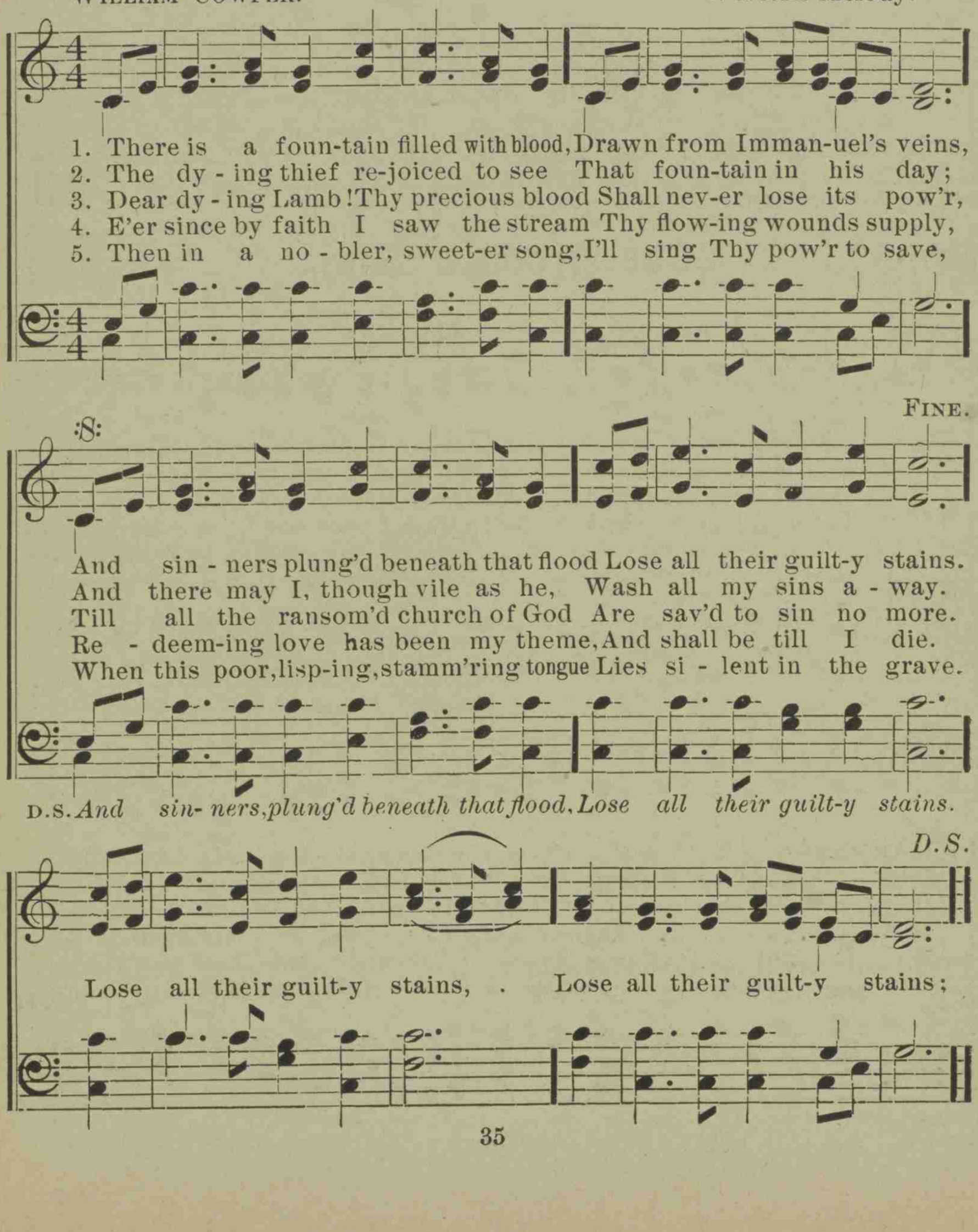
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. De - ny thyself, and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en-tire - ly new —

Windham. (Concluded.)



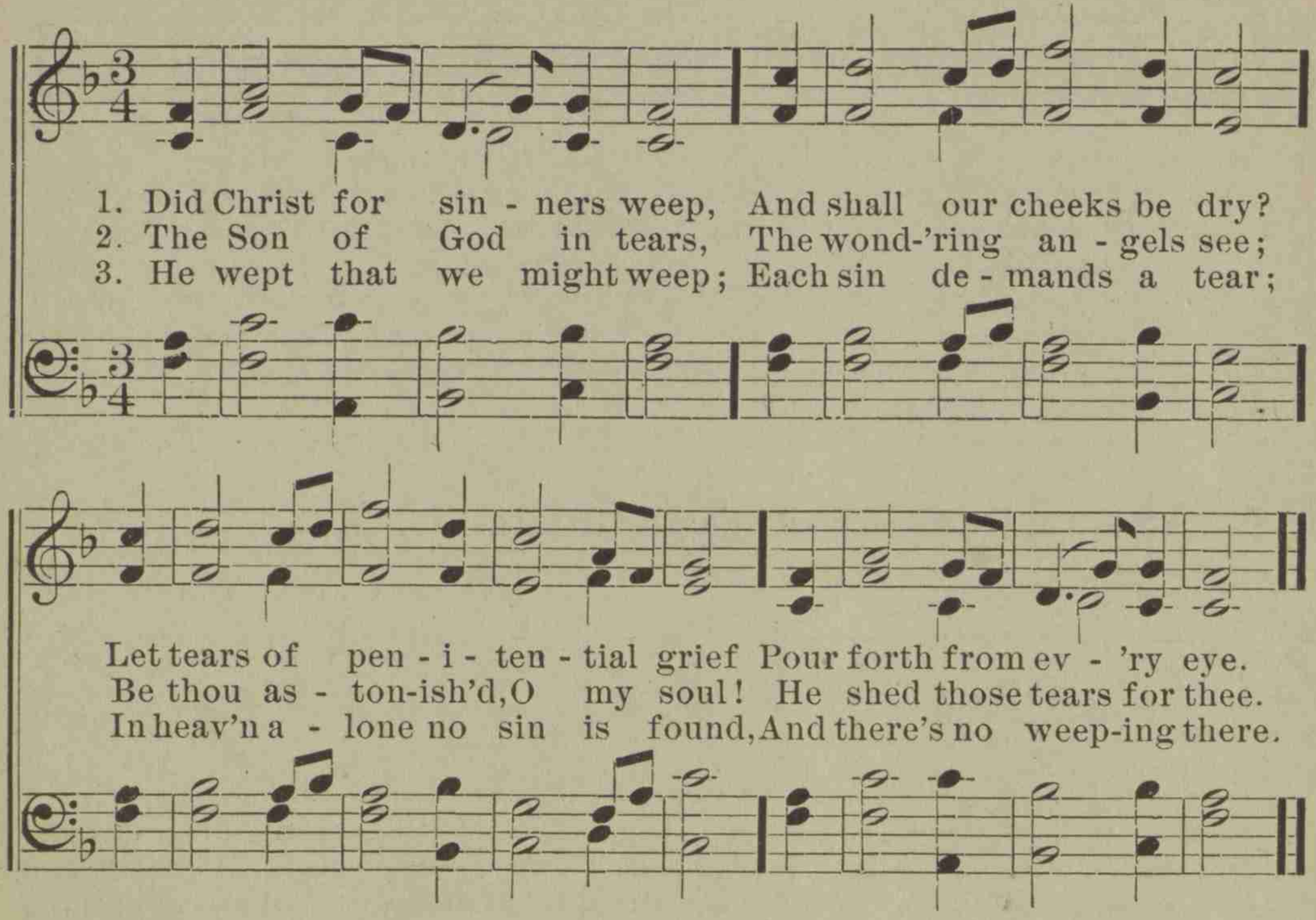
No. 55. There is a Fountain. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



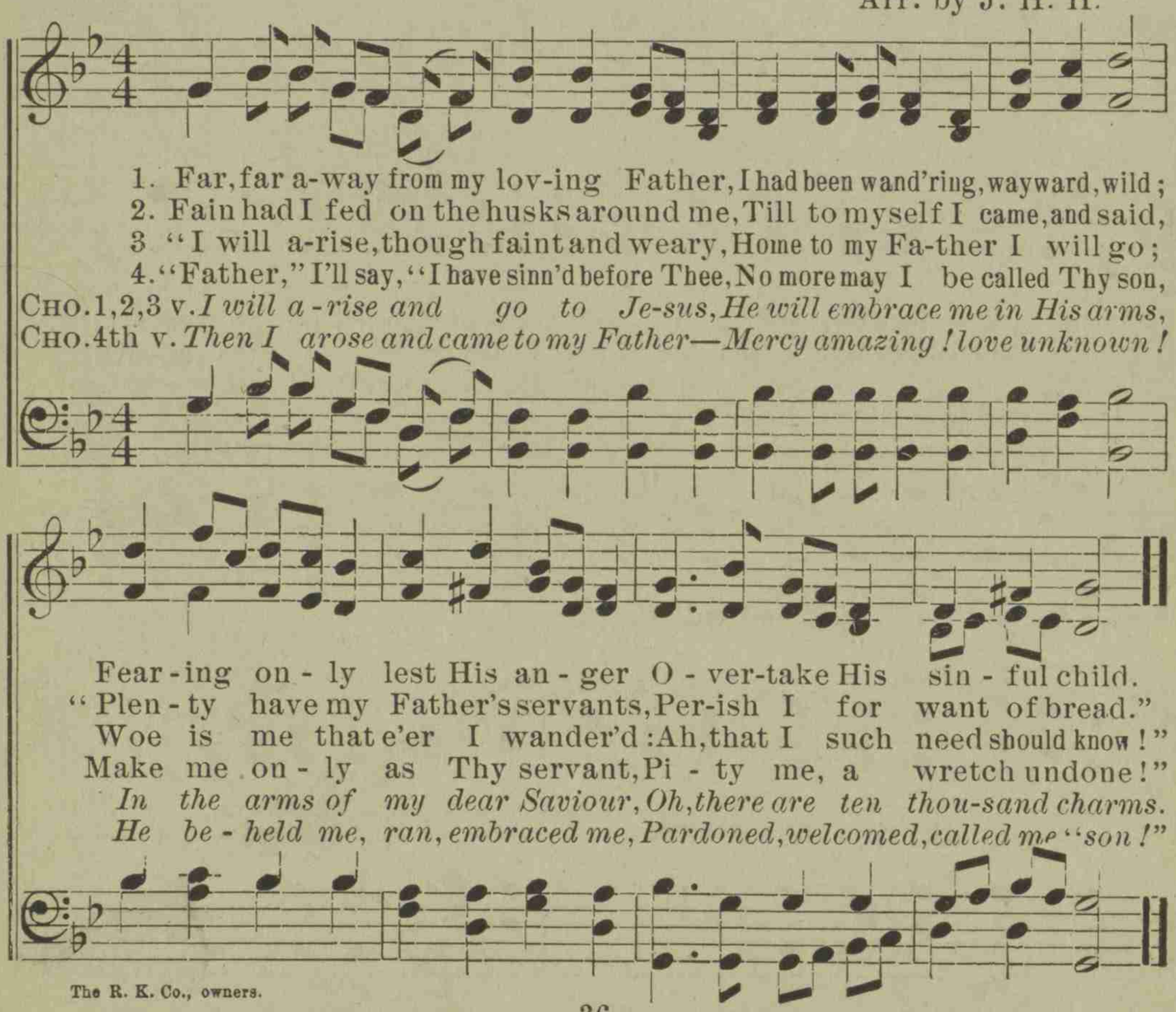
No. 56. Golden Hill. S. M.

A. Davisson.



No. 57. The Prodigal Son.

Arr. by J. H. H.



The R. K. Co., owners.

No. 58. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
   { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.
2. { Your man-y sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus,
   { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
3. { All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
   { I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
4. { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;
   { Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je-sus.



D. S. { *Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung,* { *Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.*

Chorus.



Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

No. 59. Depth of Mercy.

Charles Wesley. J. Stevenson.



1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
   { Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
2. { I have long with-stood His grace; Long provok'd Him to His face;
   { Would not hearken to His calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
3. { Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
   { Now my foul re-volt de-plore; Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.



Refrain.



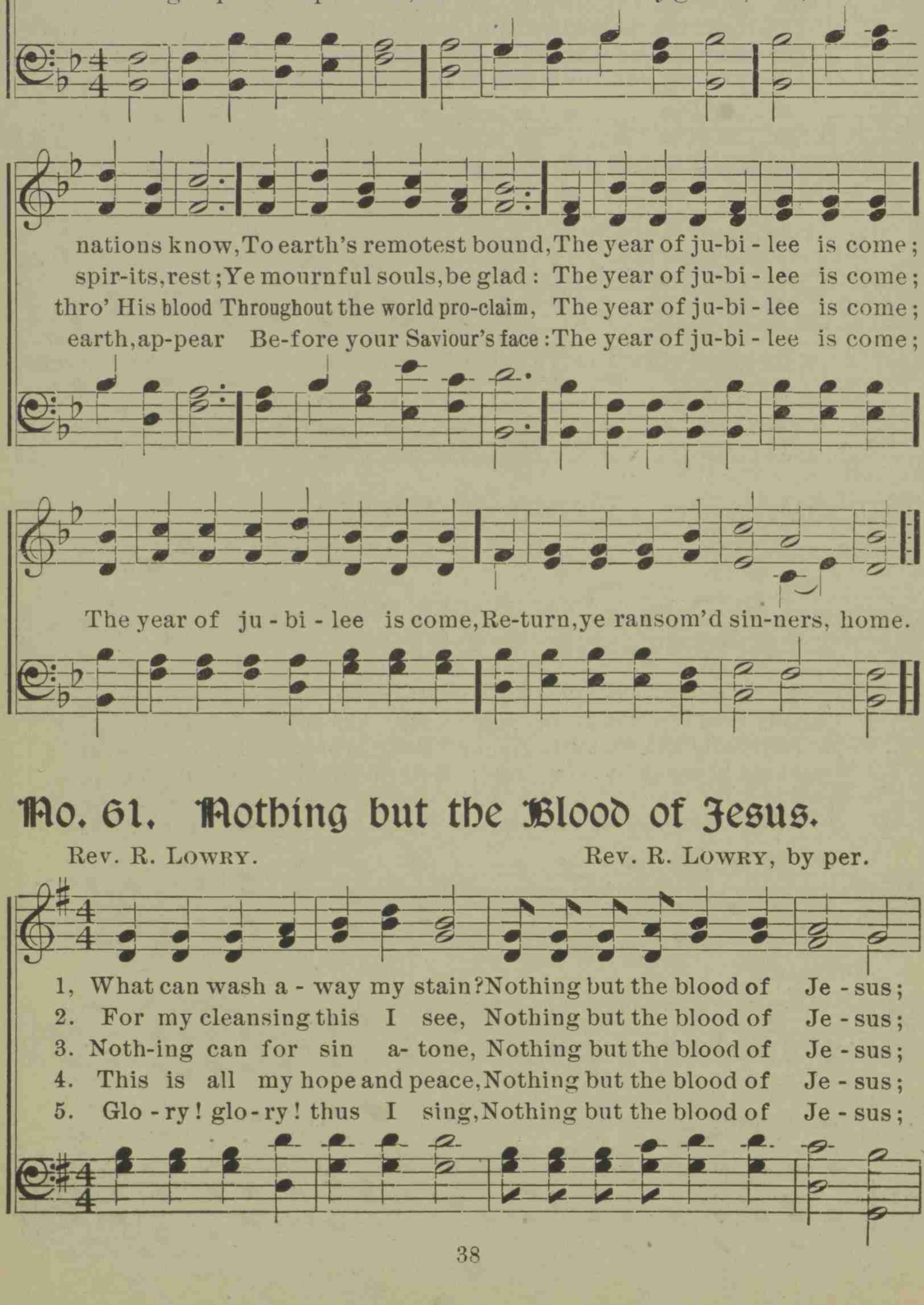
{ God is love, I know, I feel; { Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.
{ Jesus weeps and loves me still;

No. 60. Lenox. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton- ing Lamb; Redemption
4. The gos-pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, sav'd from



nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju-bi - lee is come;
spir-its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi - lee is come;
thro' His blood Throughout the world pro-claim, The year of ju-bi - lee is come;
earth, ap-pear Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju-bi - lee is come;

The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

No. 61. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1, What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a- tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. (Concluded.)

:S: FINE.

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN. D.S.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No oth-er fount I know,

No. 62. I will Follow Jesus.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Saviour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C. *Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

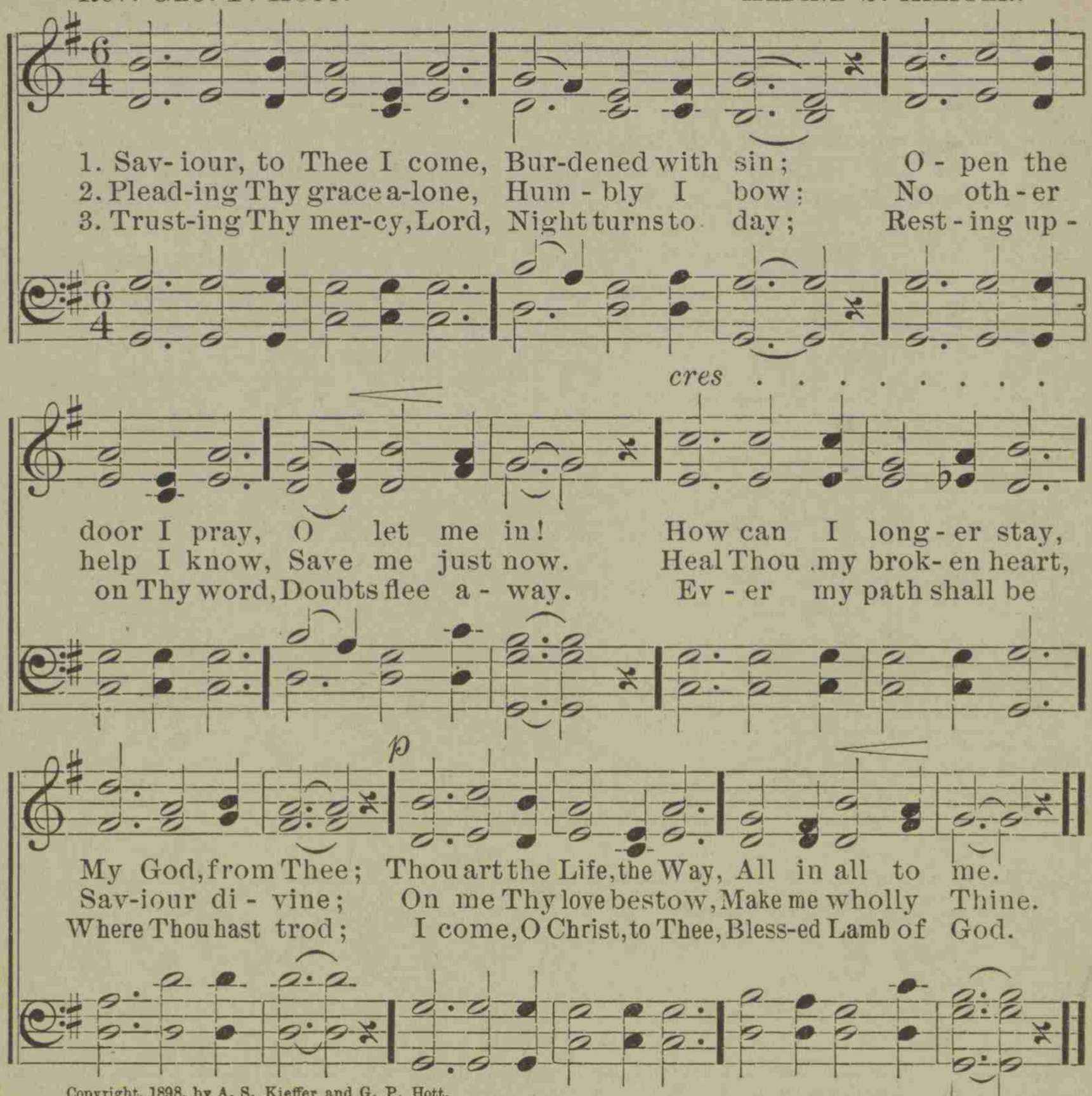
ad lib. D.C.

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 63. Coming now, O Lord, to Thee!

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



Copyright, 1898, by A. S. Kieffer and G. P. Hott.

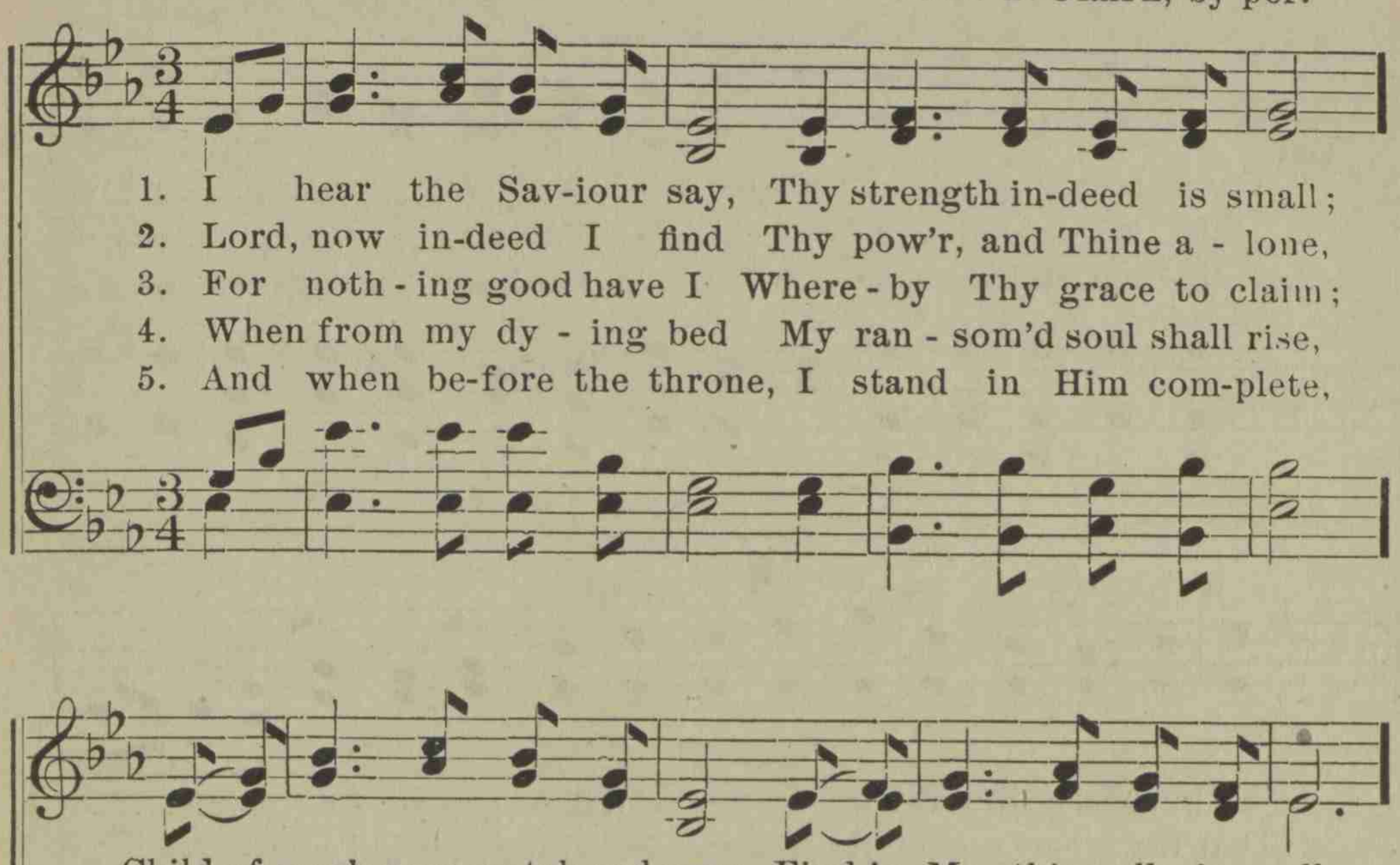
No. 64. Come to Jesus.



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 Don't reject Him.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Only trust Him.

No. 65. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape, by per.



No. 66. Christ's Sacrifice.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1 Christ laid a gold - en scep-ter down, And left a vast do - main,
2. He laid a-side a roy - al robe, Put on a beg-gar's dress,
3. He own'd the flocks on yon-der hills, Yet knew the sor - est need,

To purchase sinners such as we, And give to us a name. . .
That we for-ev - er might be cloth'd In His own right-eous-ness. .
That we, the sheep who hear His voice, In pastures green might feed. . .

Chorus.

Oh, why for sin - ners did He this? Oh, why this sac - ri - fice?

'Twas love, yes, love for you and me, Such love as nev - er dies.

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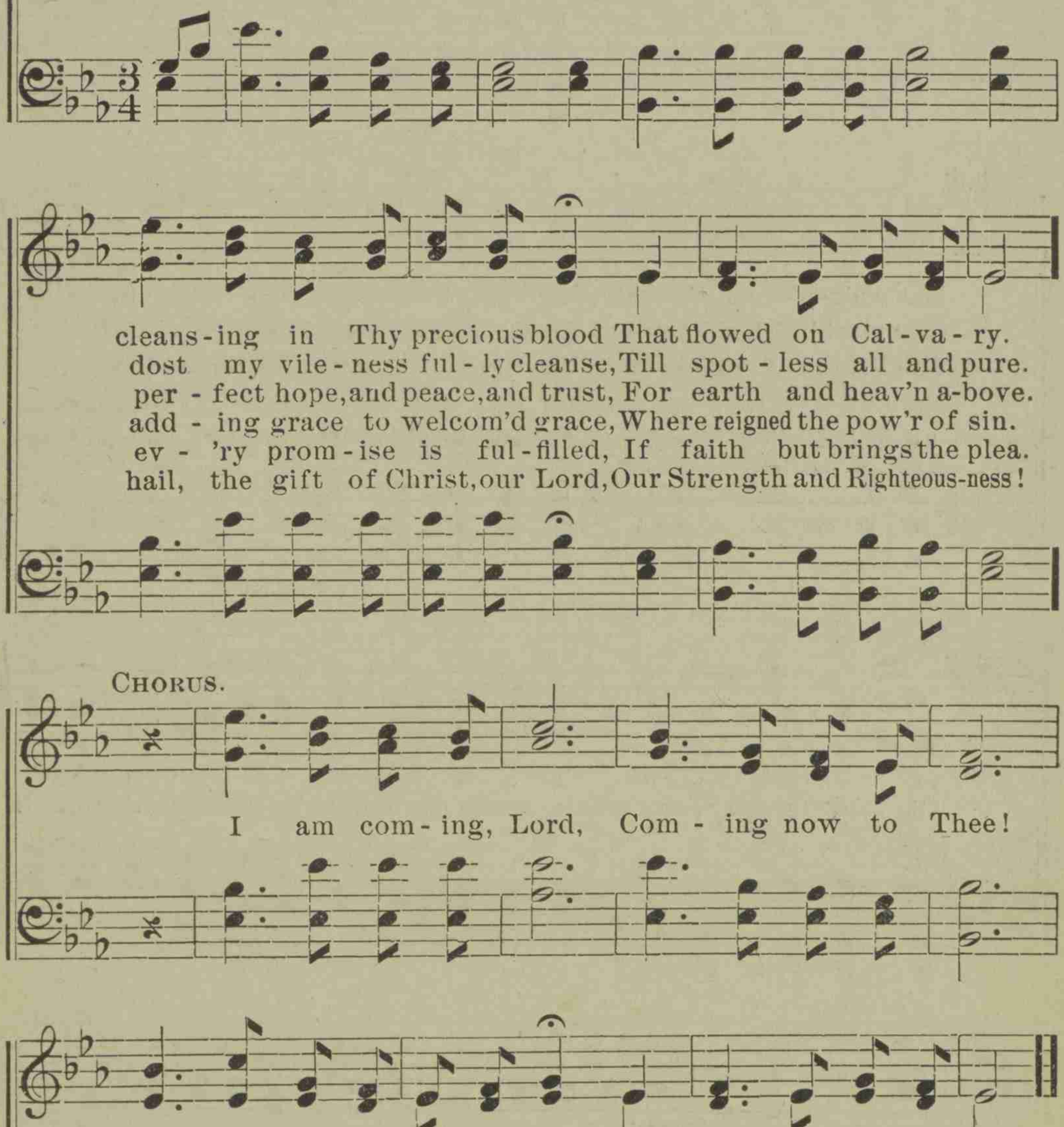
No. 67. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."
Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to welcom'd grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy-al hearts and free, That ev-'ry prom-ise is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
6. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteous-ness!



CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

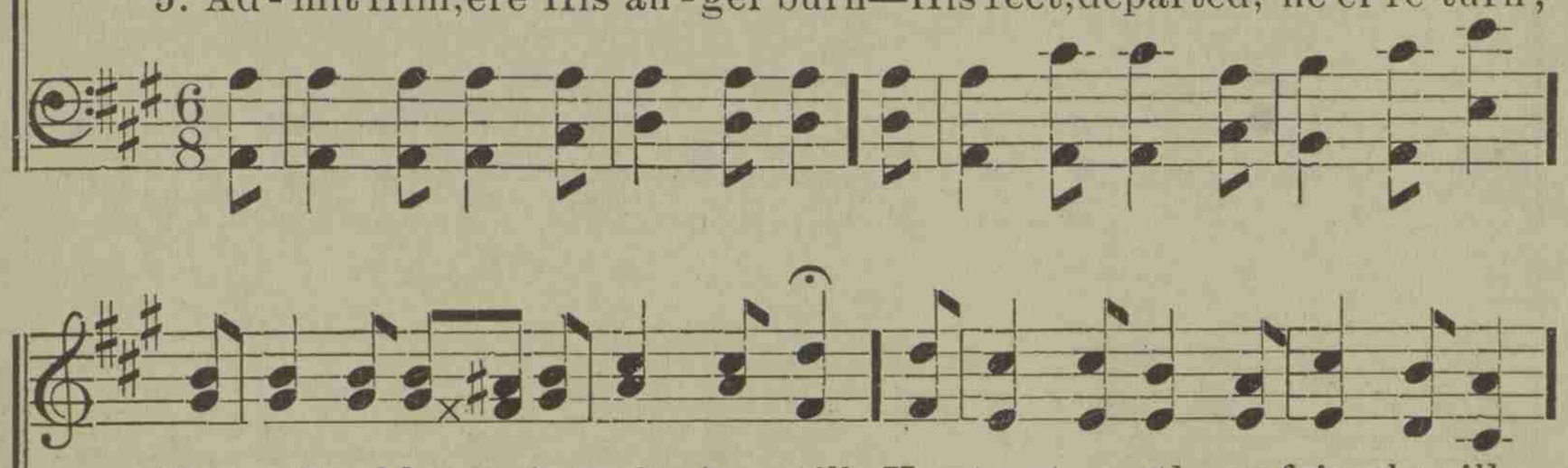
By permission.

No. 68. The Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765. T. C. O'KANE.



1. Be-hold a stranger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before,
2. Oh, love-ly at - titude—He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver-y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, departed, ne'er re-turn;



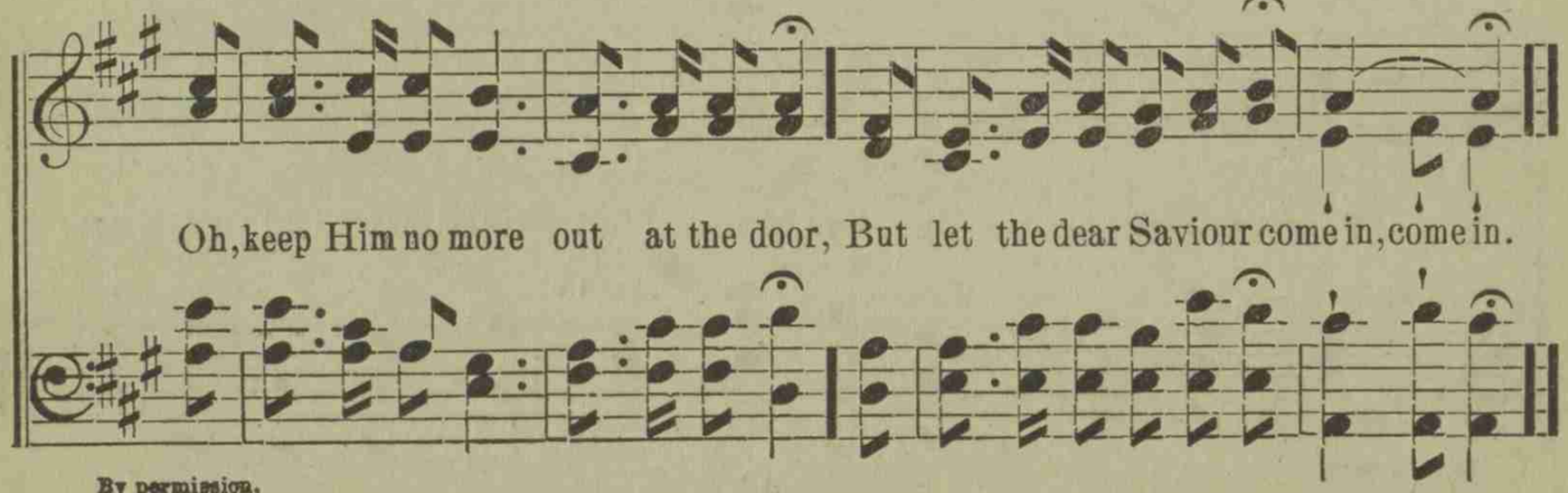
Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy - ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.



CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, come in; He'll cleanse the heart from sin, from sin.



Oh, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in, come in.



By permission.

"I live by the faith of the Son of God." Gal. 2: 20.

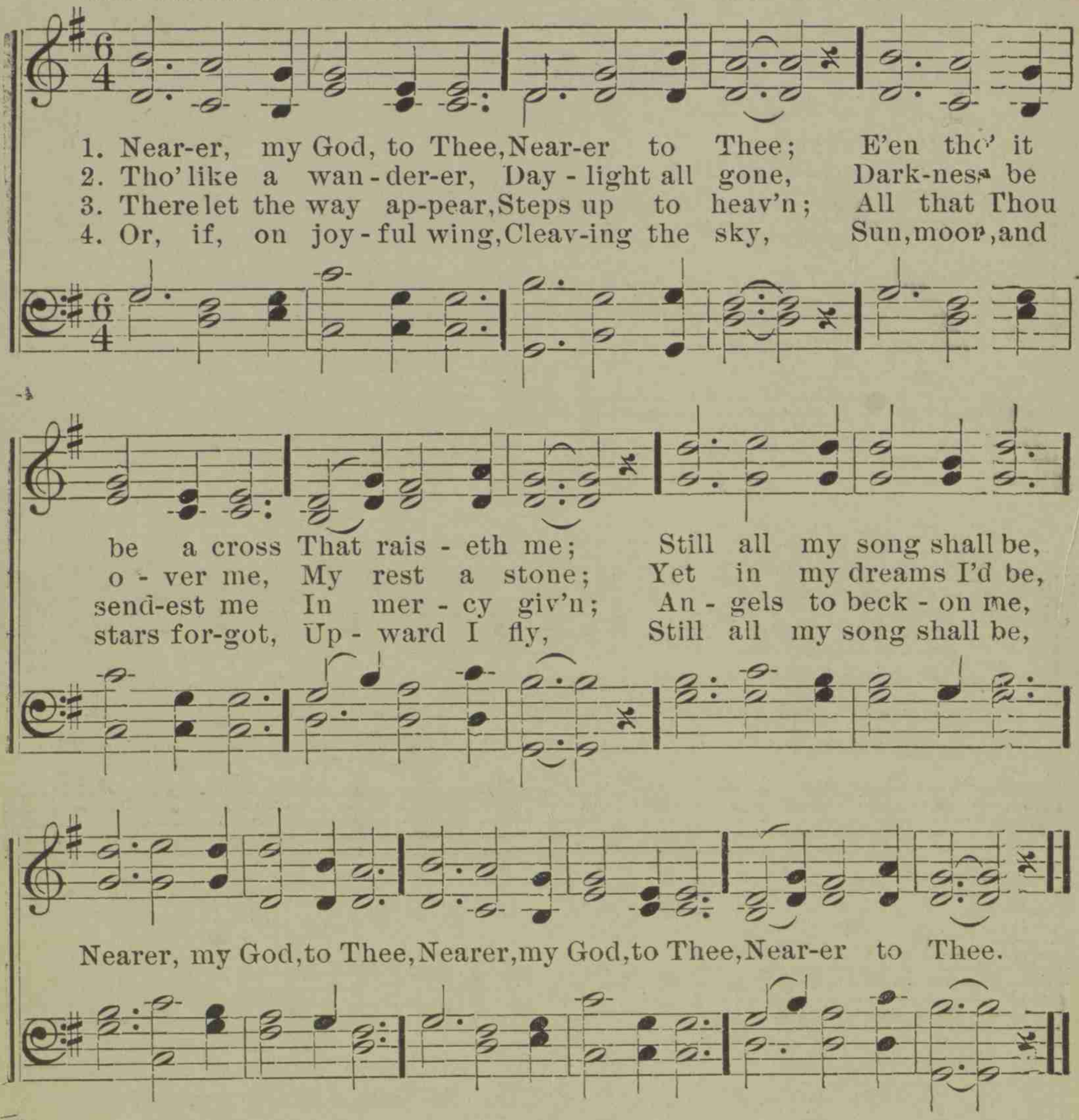
No. 69. Webb. 7s & 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.



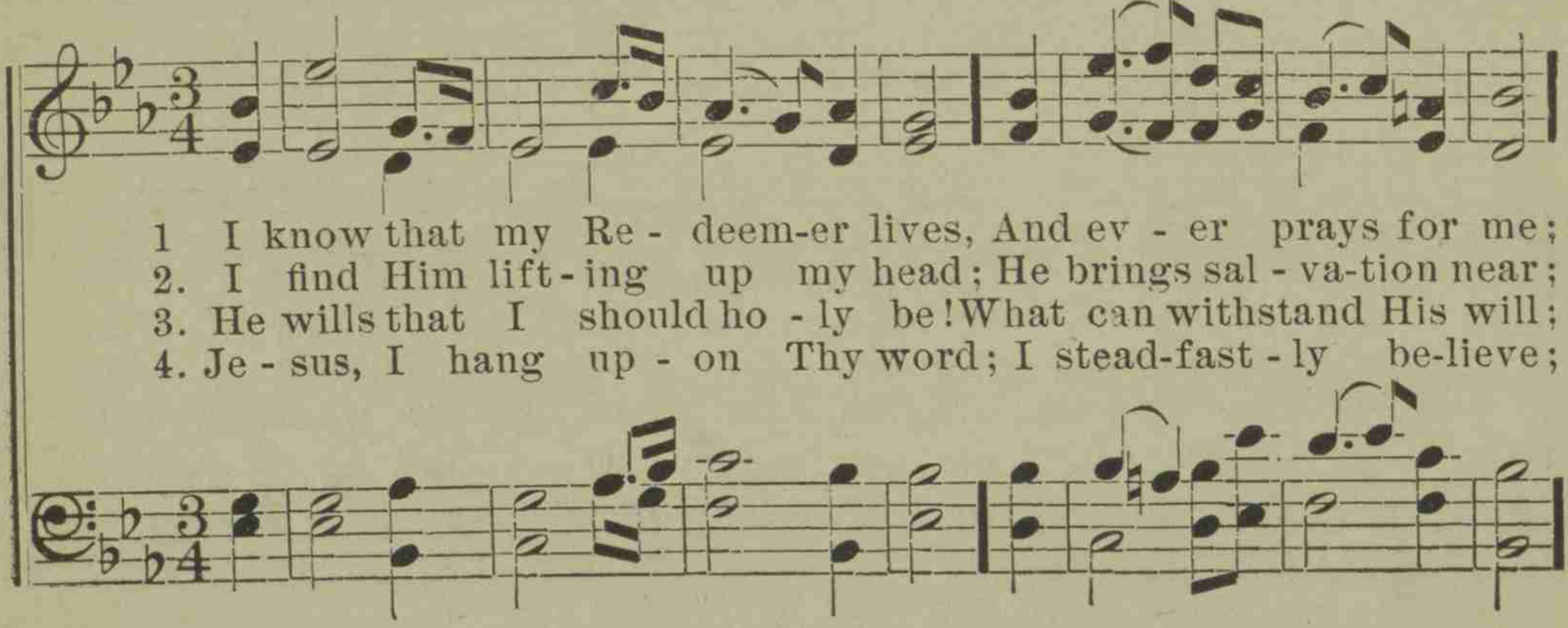
No. 70. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 71. Bradford. C. M.

Charles Wesley. George Frederick Handel.

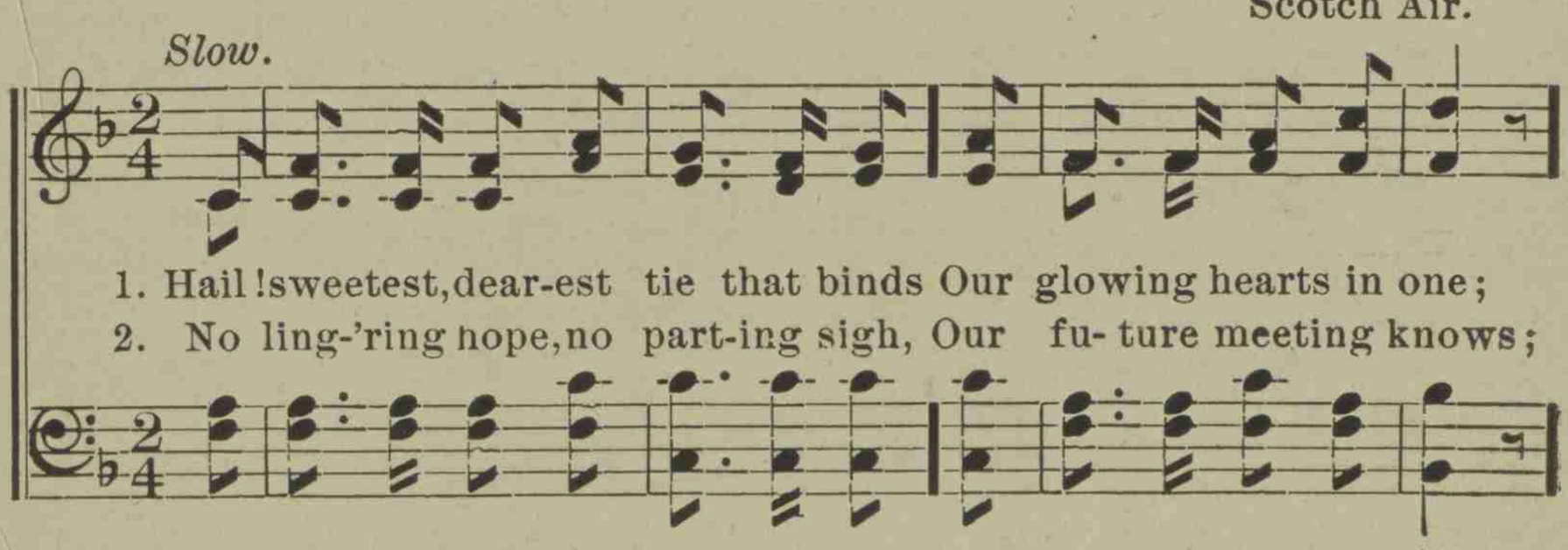


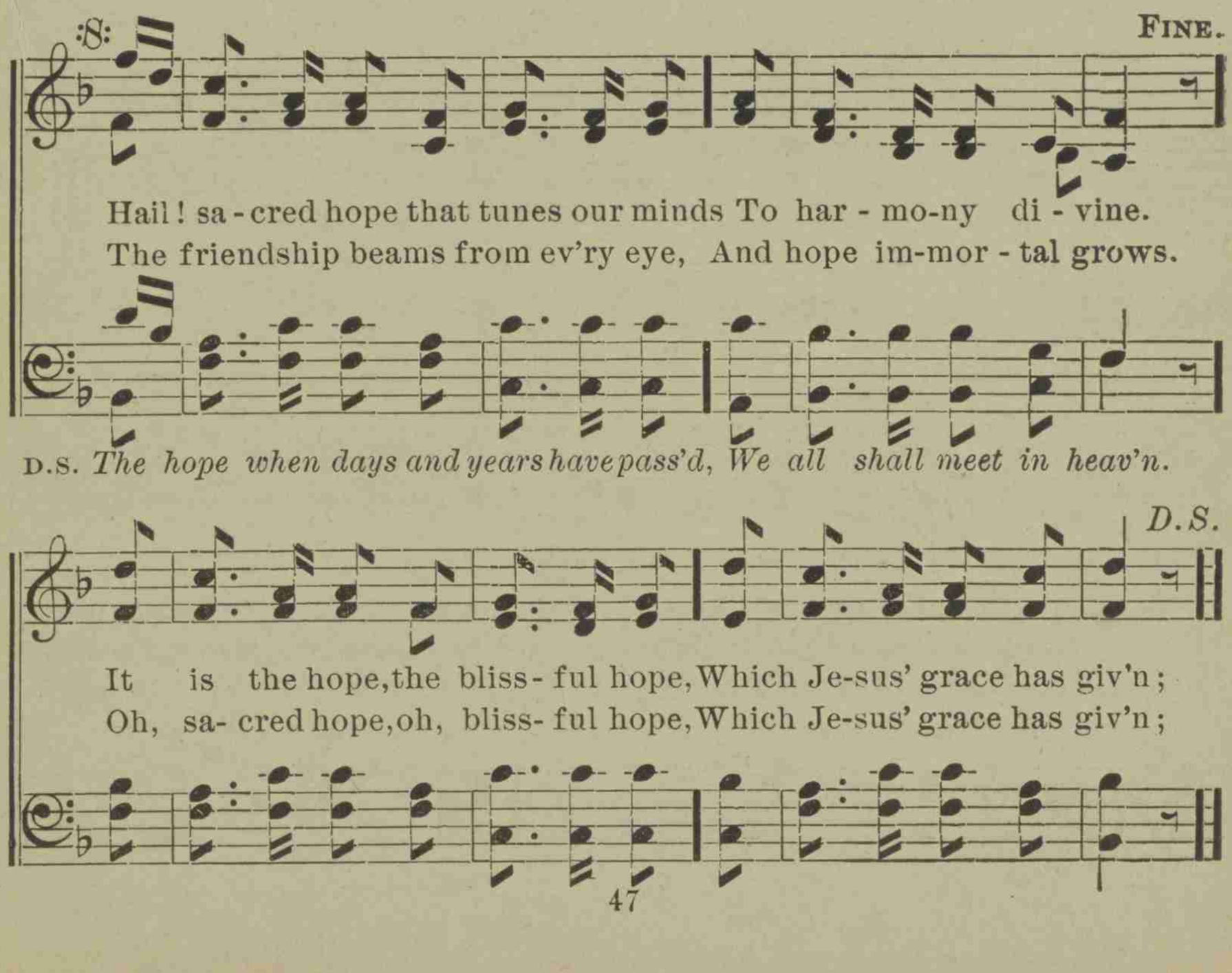
Bradford. (Concluded.)



No. 72. Fair Haven. C. M.

Scotch Air.





No. 73. My Faith Looks up to Thee. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

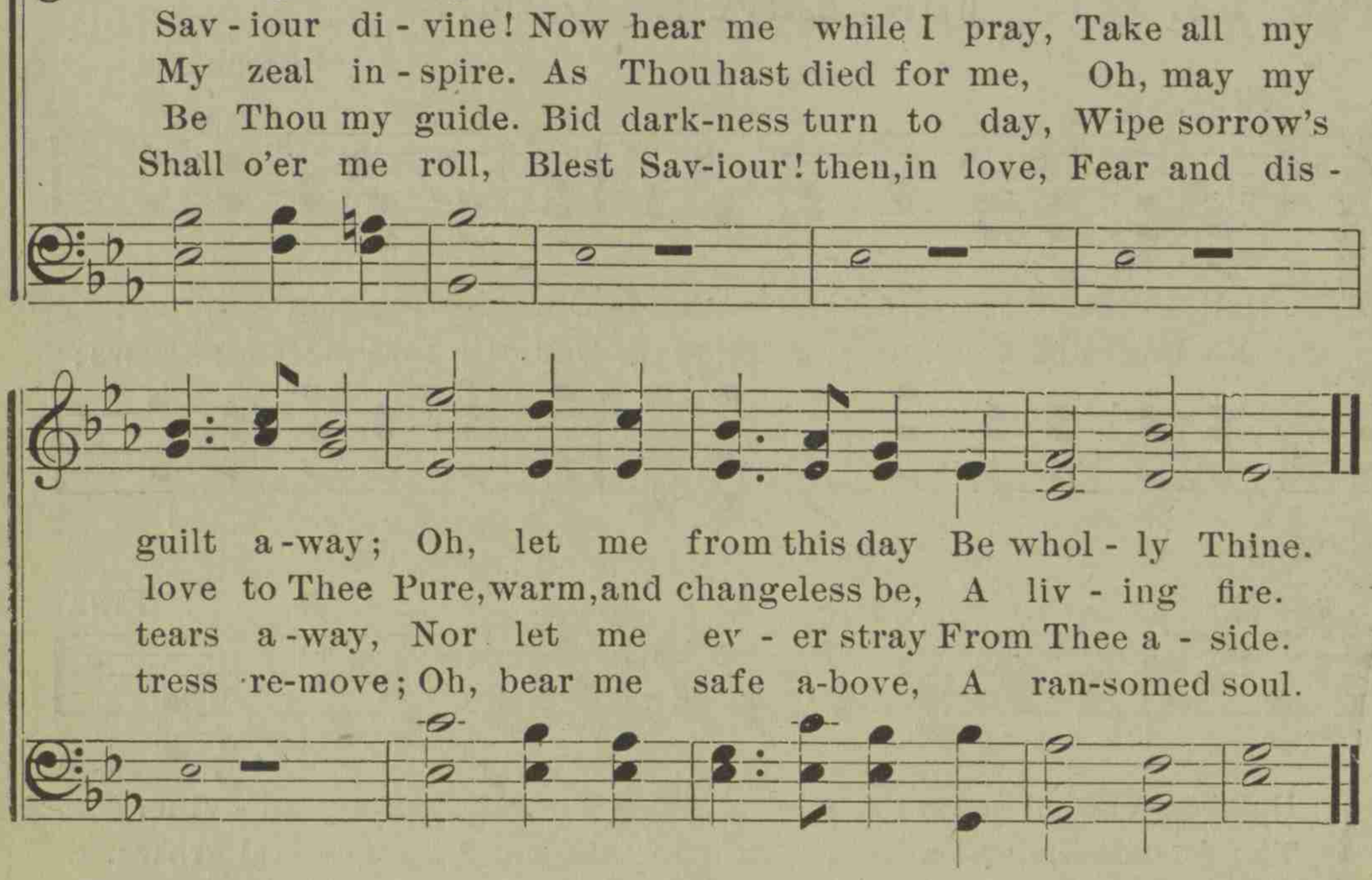


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream





Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
Be Thou my guide. Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then, in love, Fear and dis - tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul.

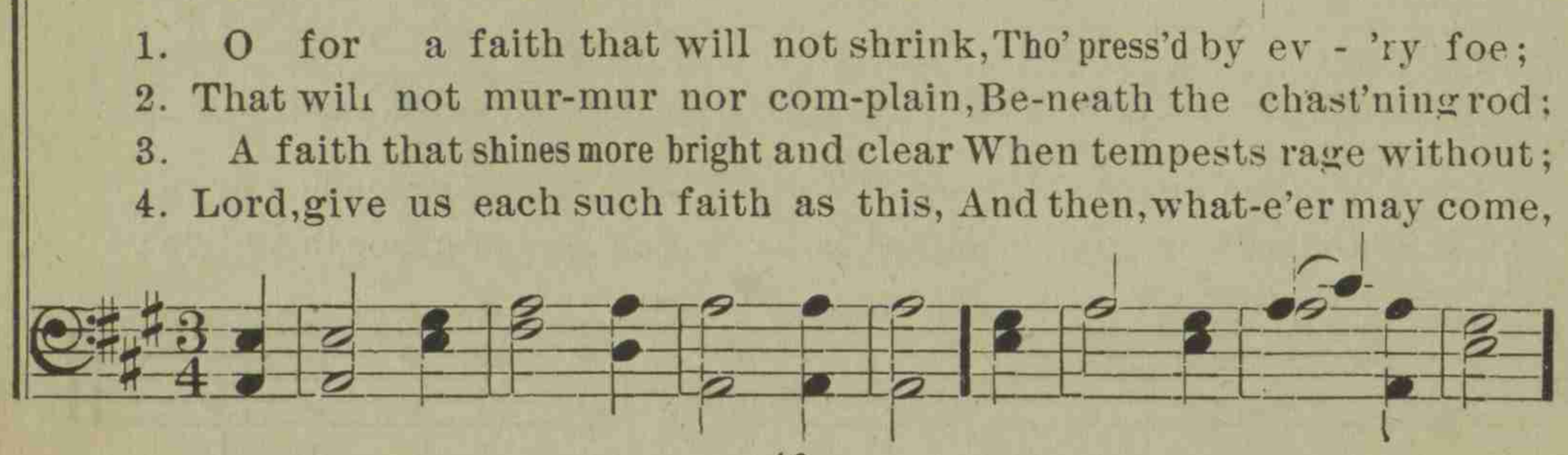


No. 74. Balerma. C. M.

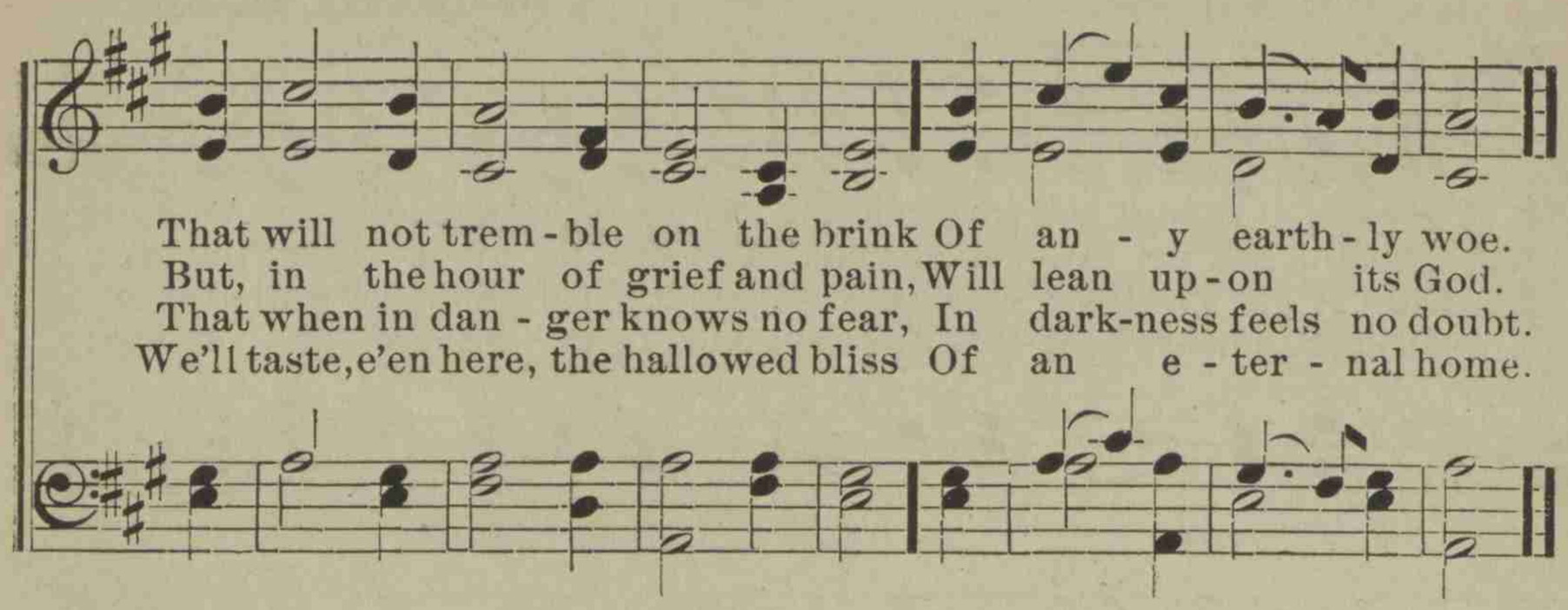
W. H. BATHURST, 1831. R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain, Be-neath the chast'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,



Balerma. (Concluded.)

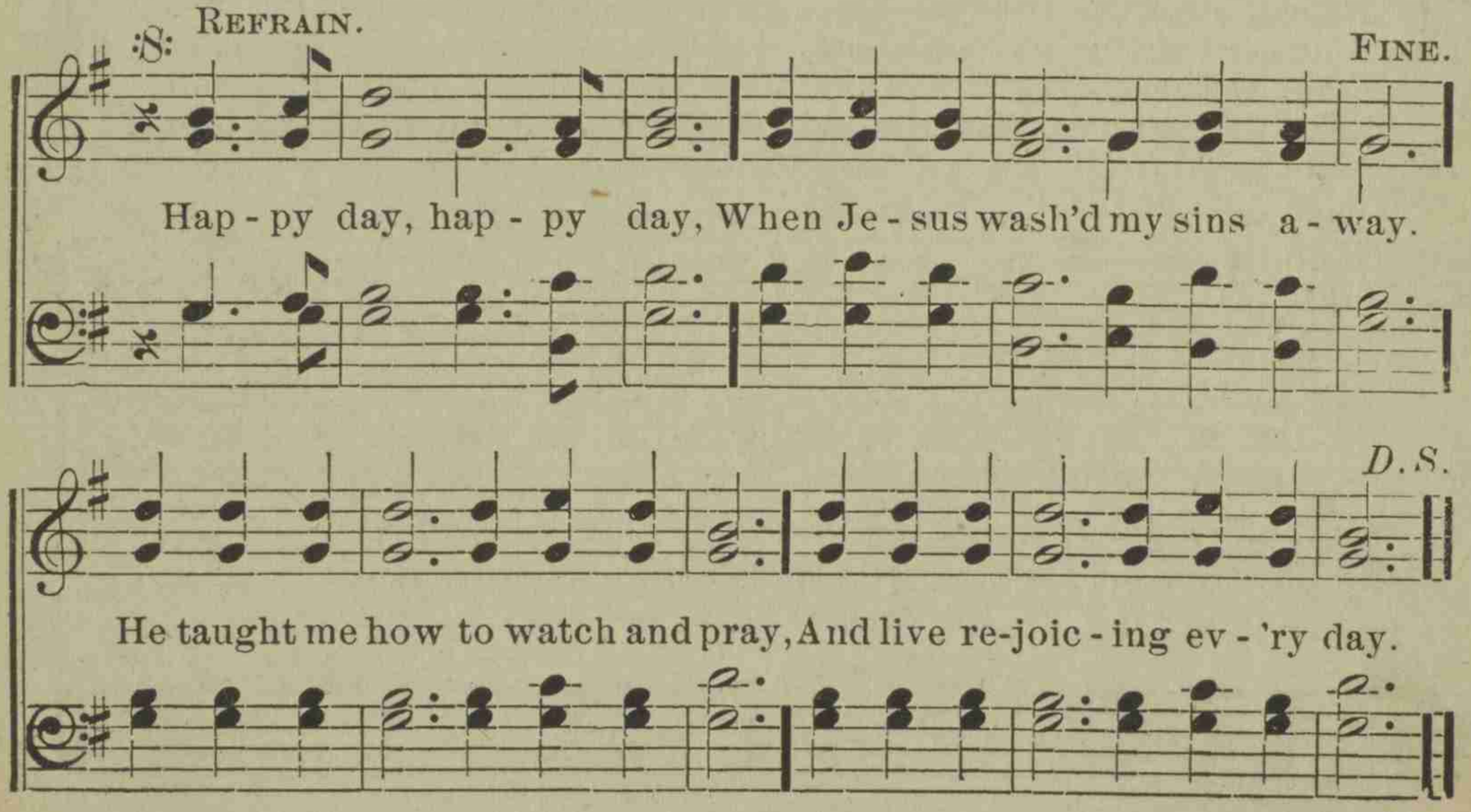


No. 75. The Happy Day. L. M.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. Edward F. Rimbault.

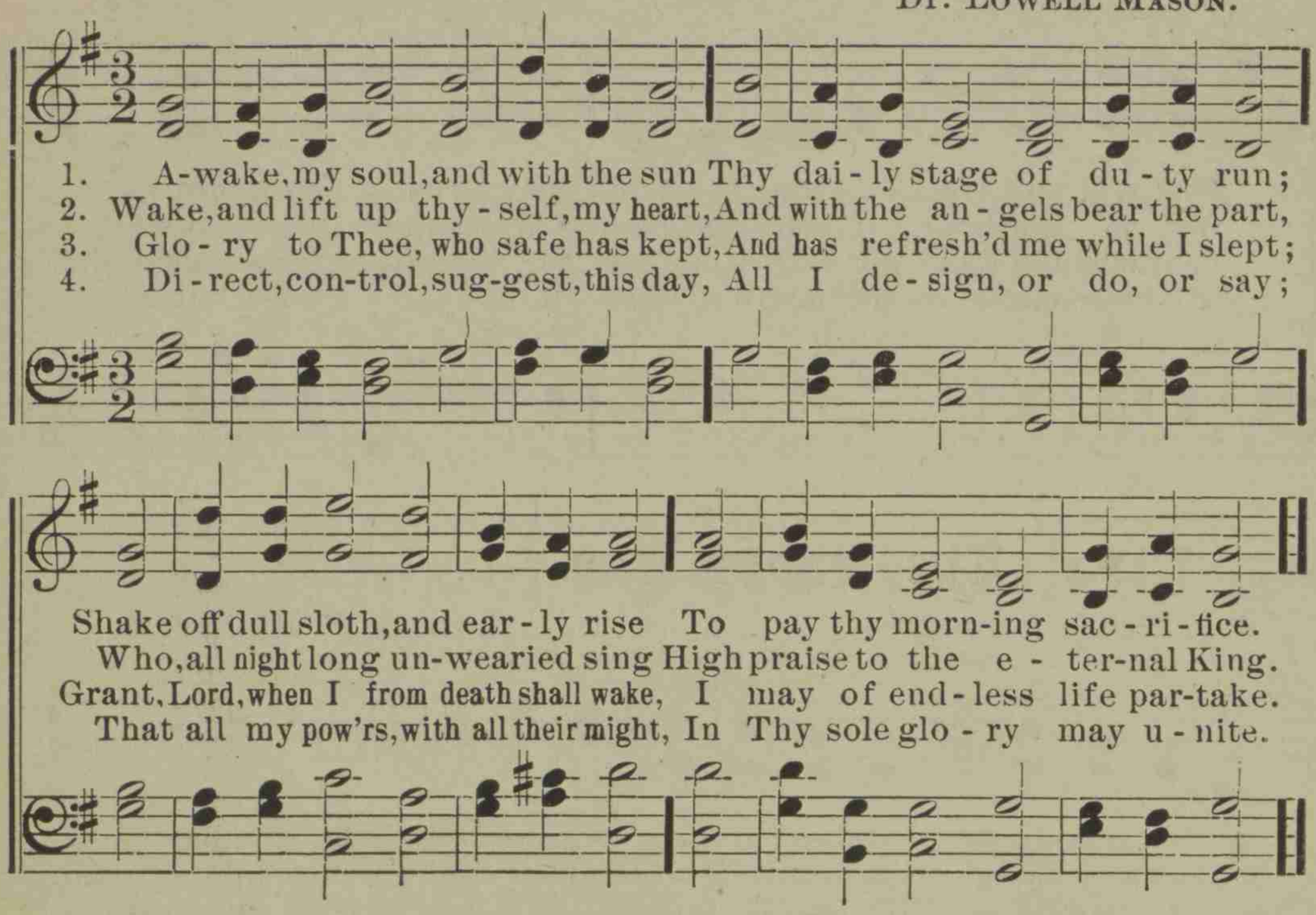






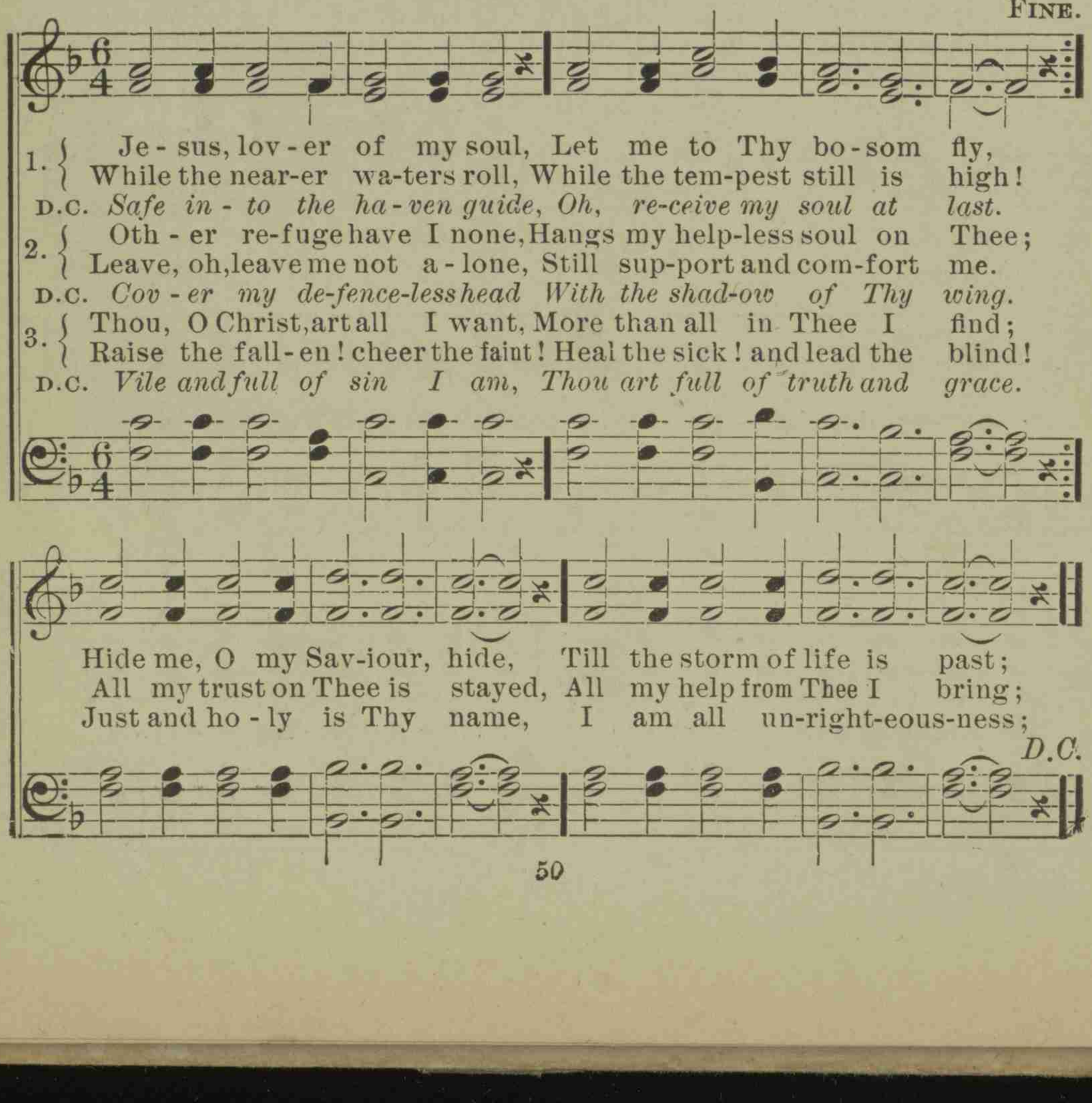
No. 76. Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



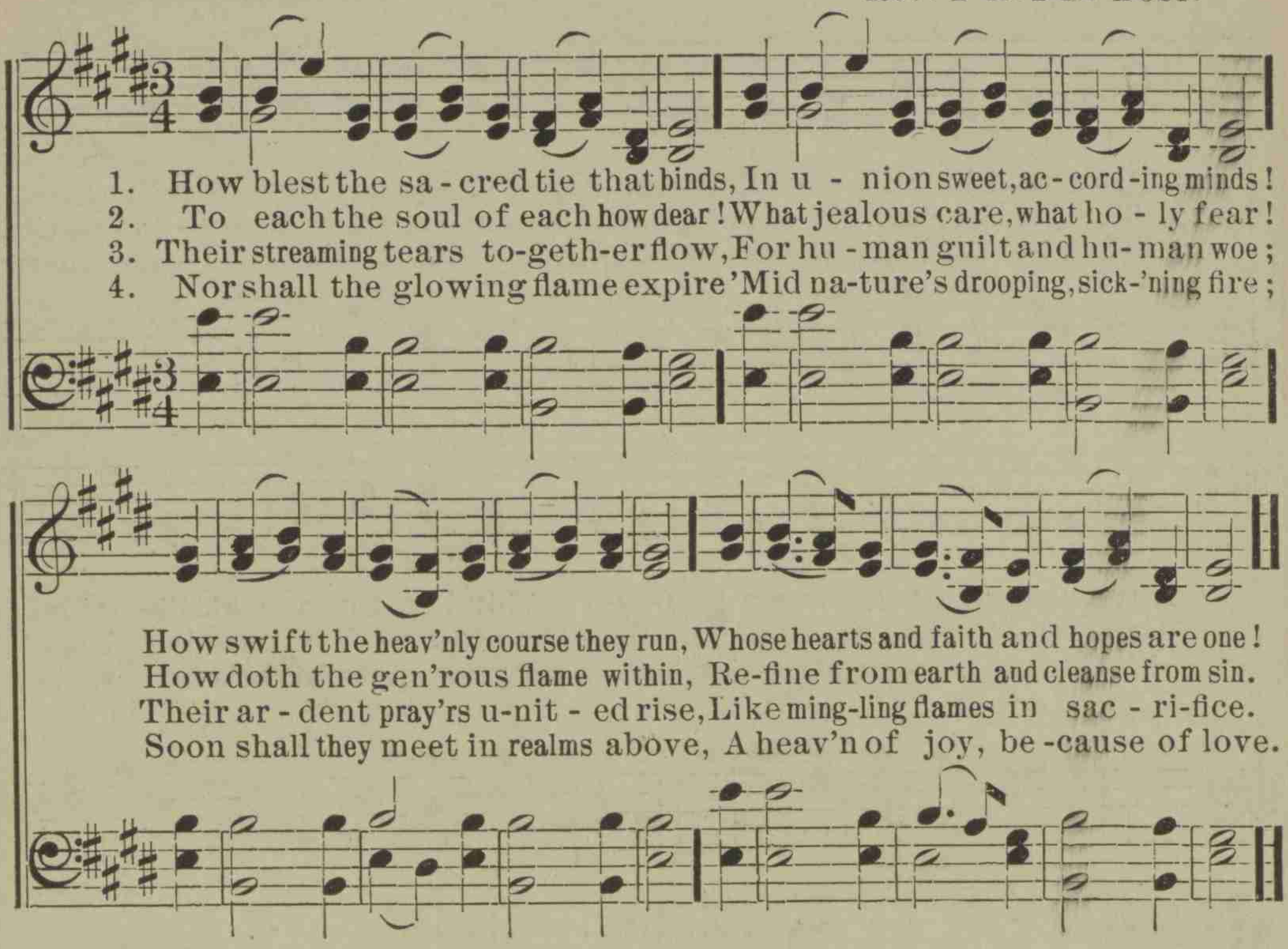
No. 77. Martyn. 7s, D.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.



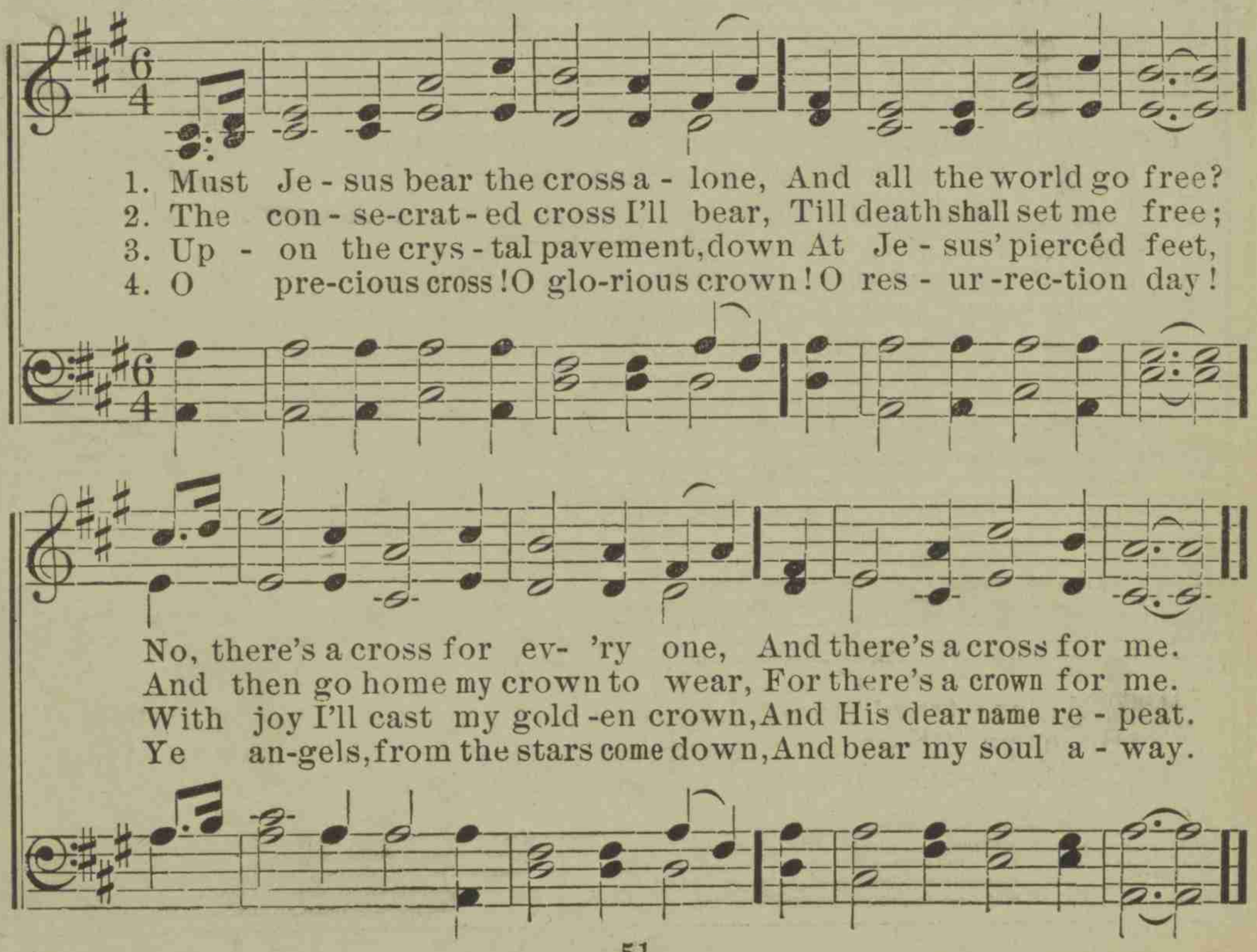
No. 78. Gratitude. L. M.

Rev. P-A. I-D. Bost.



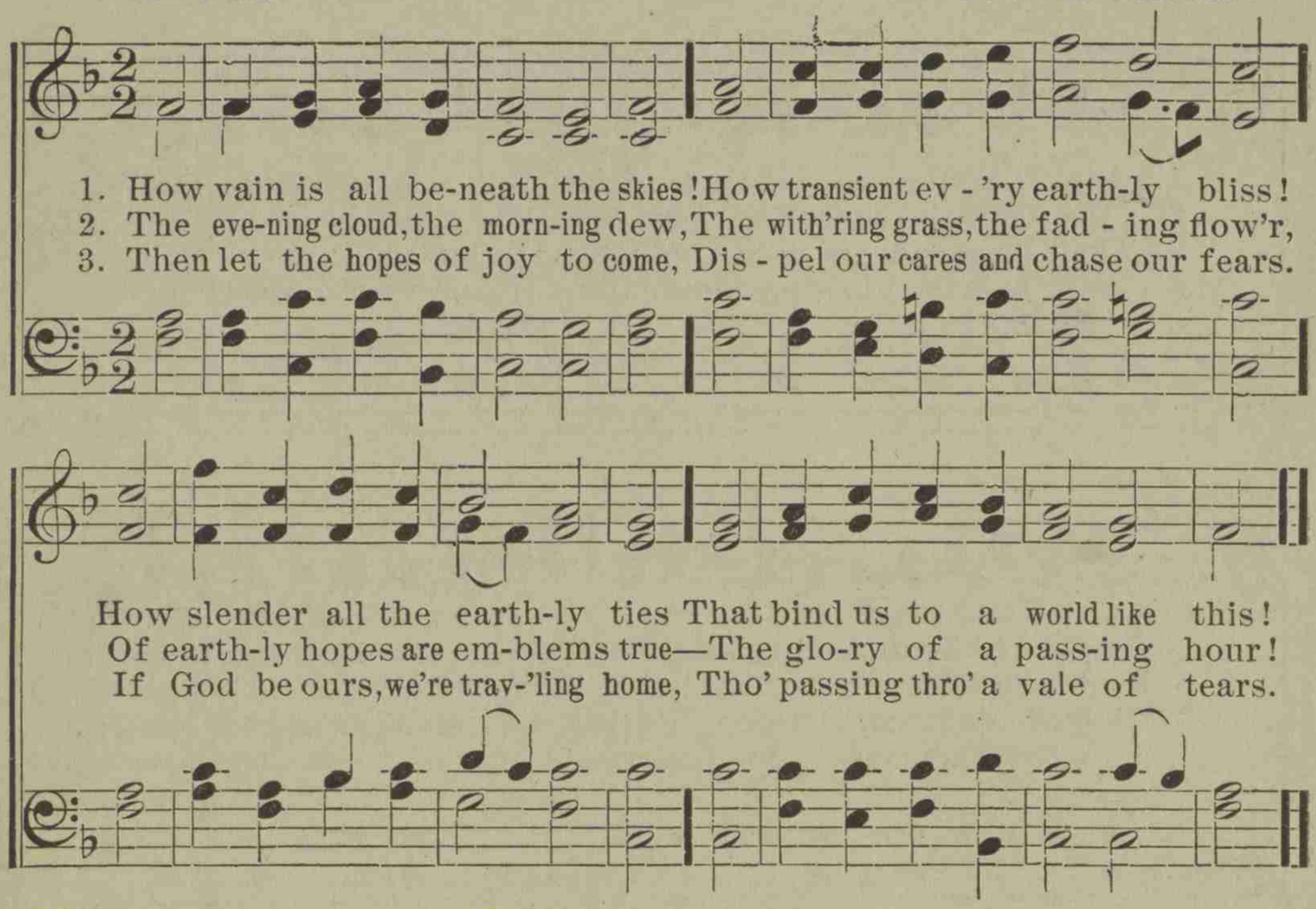
No. 79. Cross and Crown. C. M.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



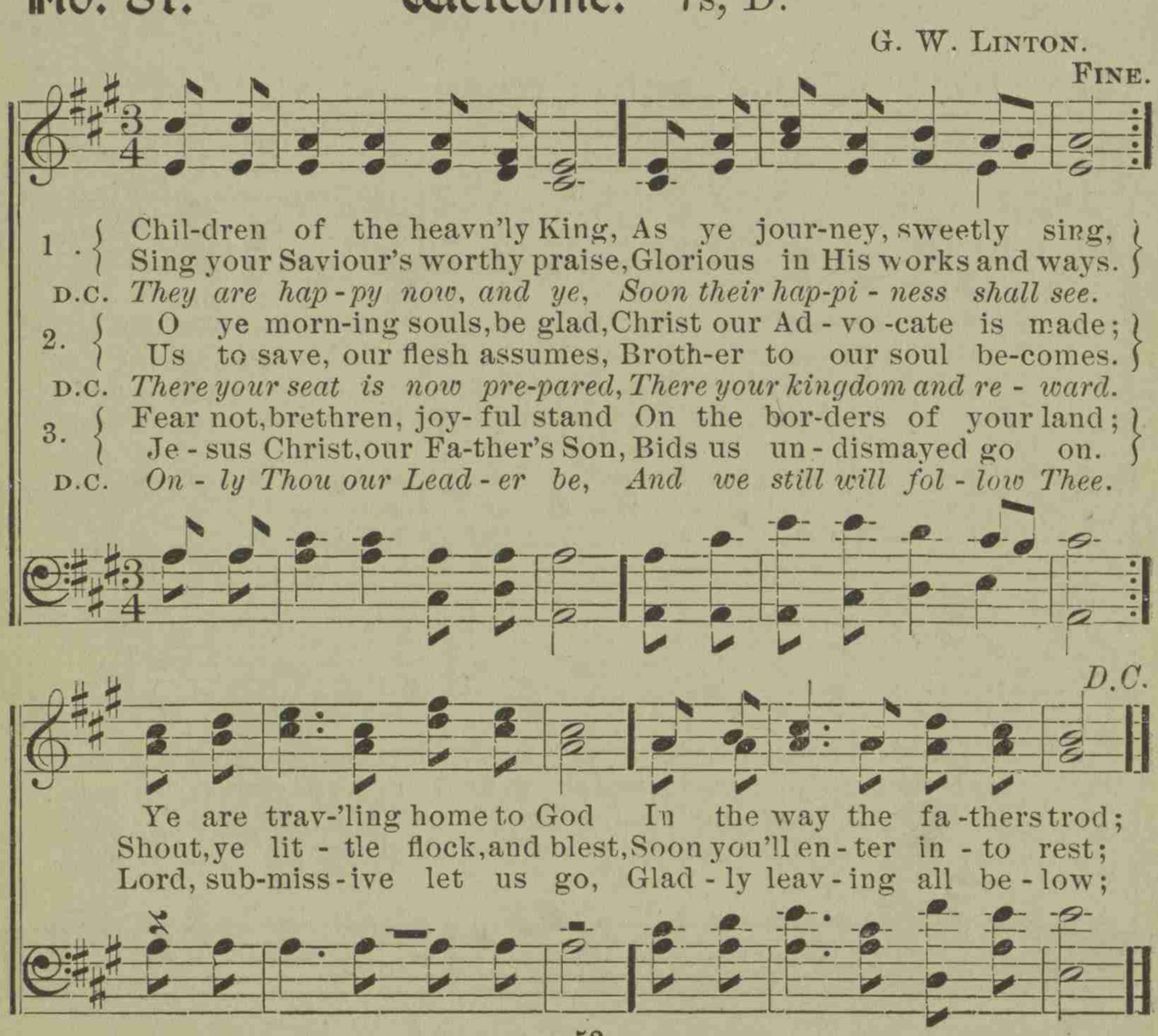
No. 80. Urbridge. L. M.

D. E. FORD. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



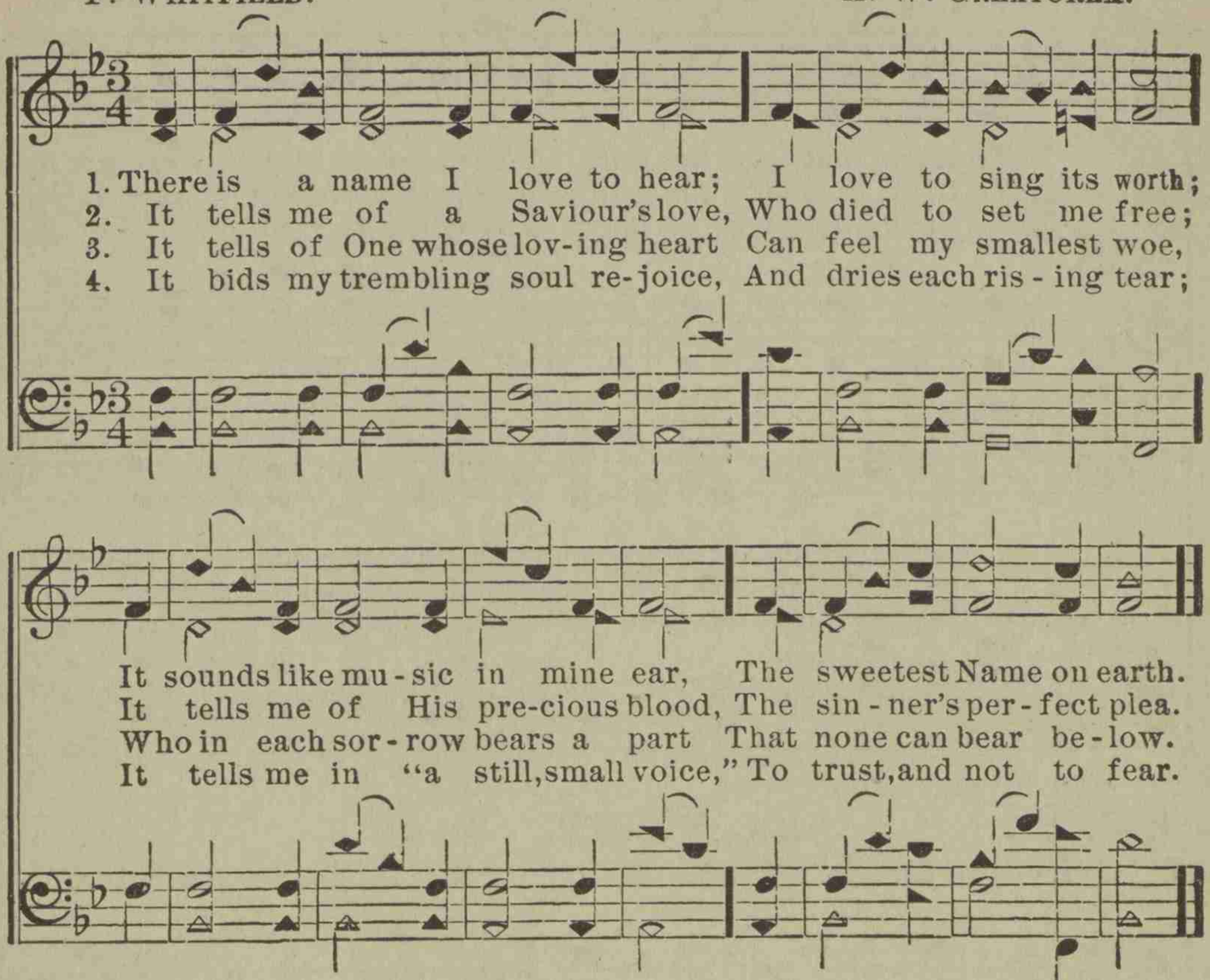
No. 81. Welcome. 7s, D.

G. W. LINTON.



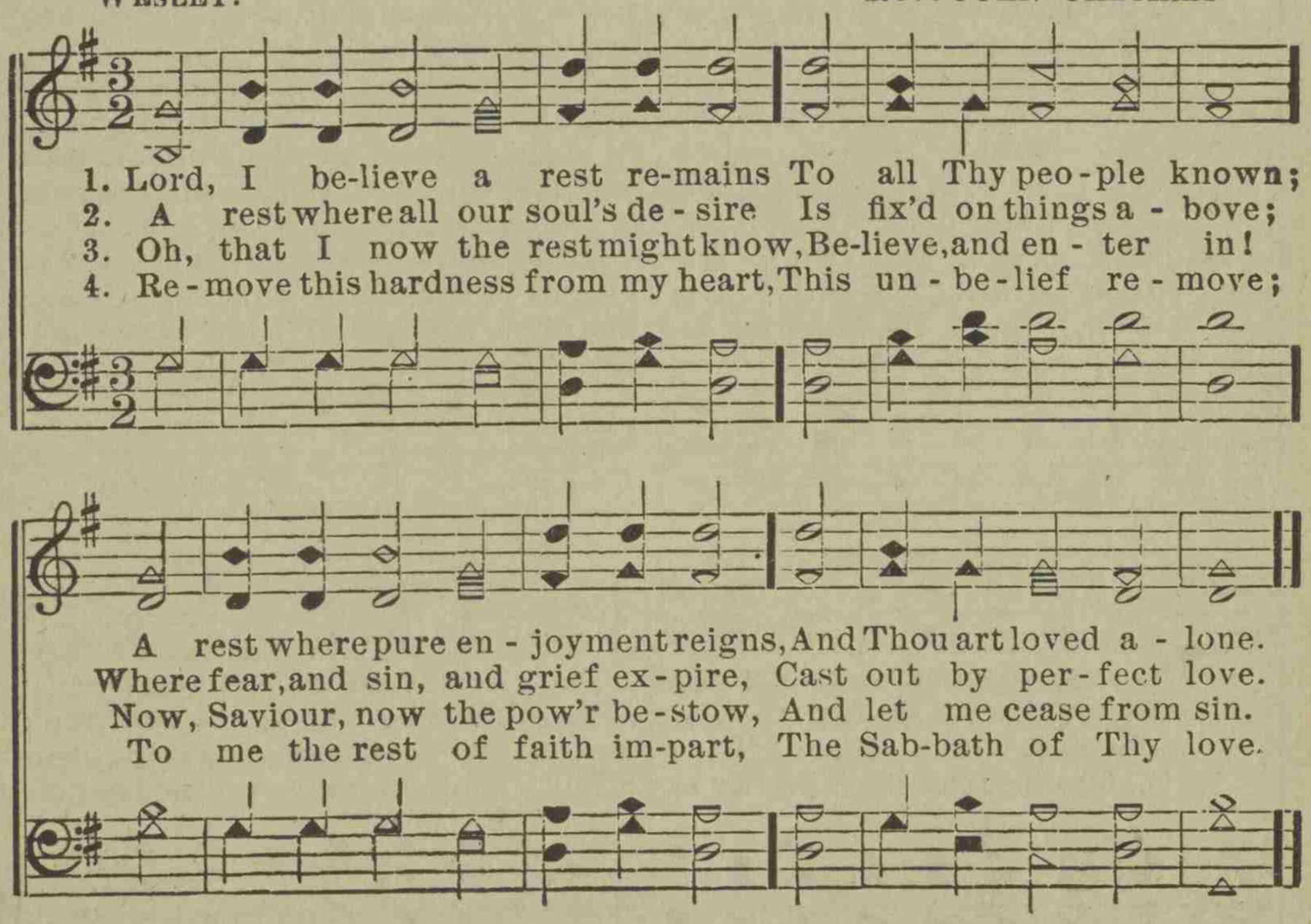
No. 82. Geer. C. M.

F. WHITFIELD. H. W. GREATOREX.



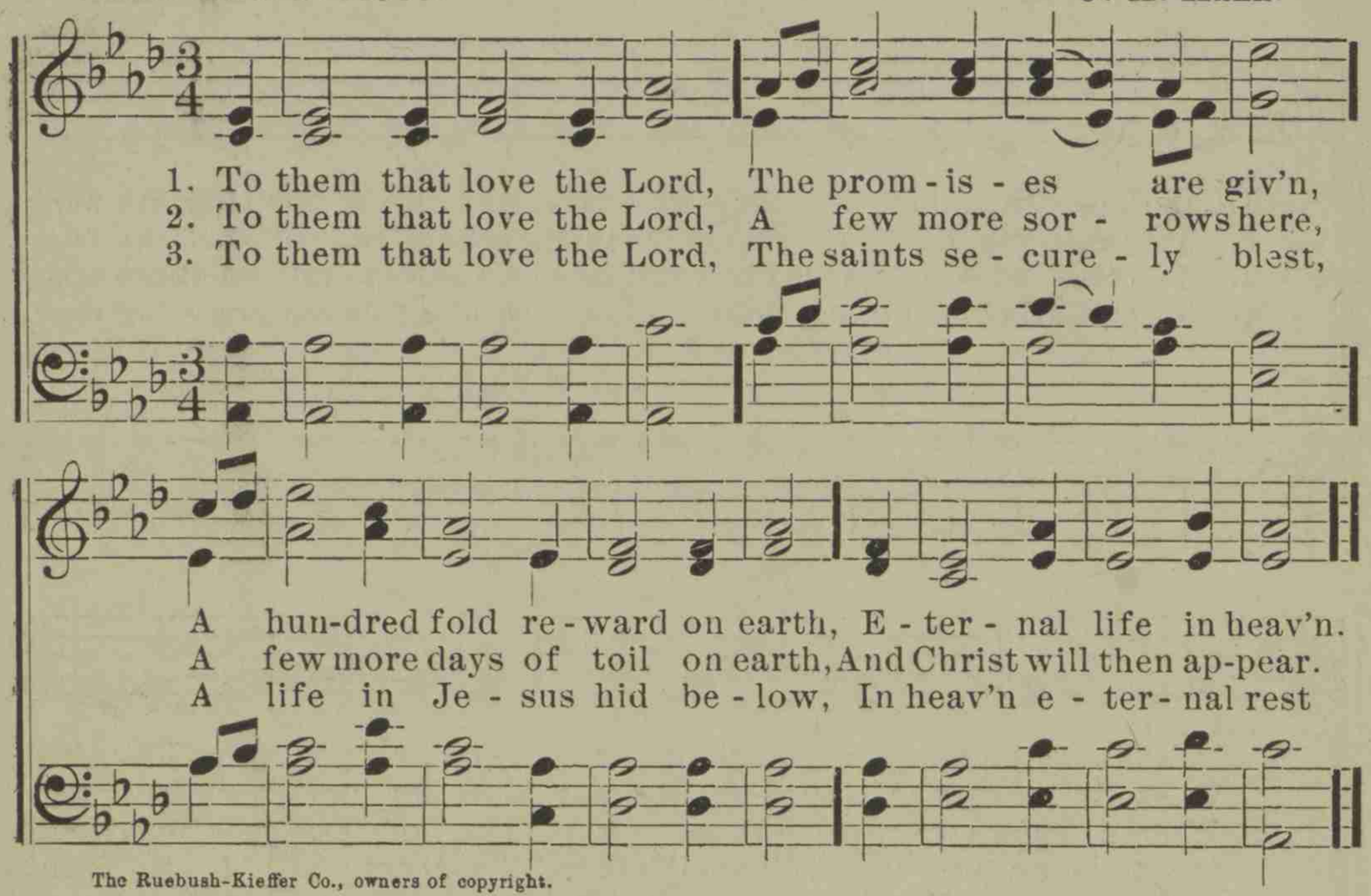
No. 83. Marlow. C. M.

WESLEY. Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



No. 84. Dayton. S. M.

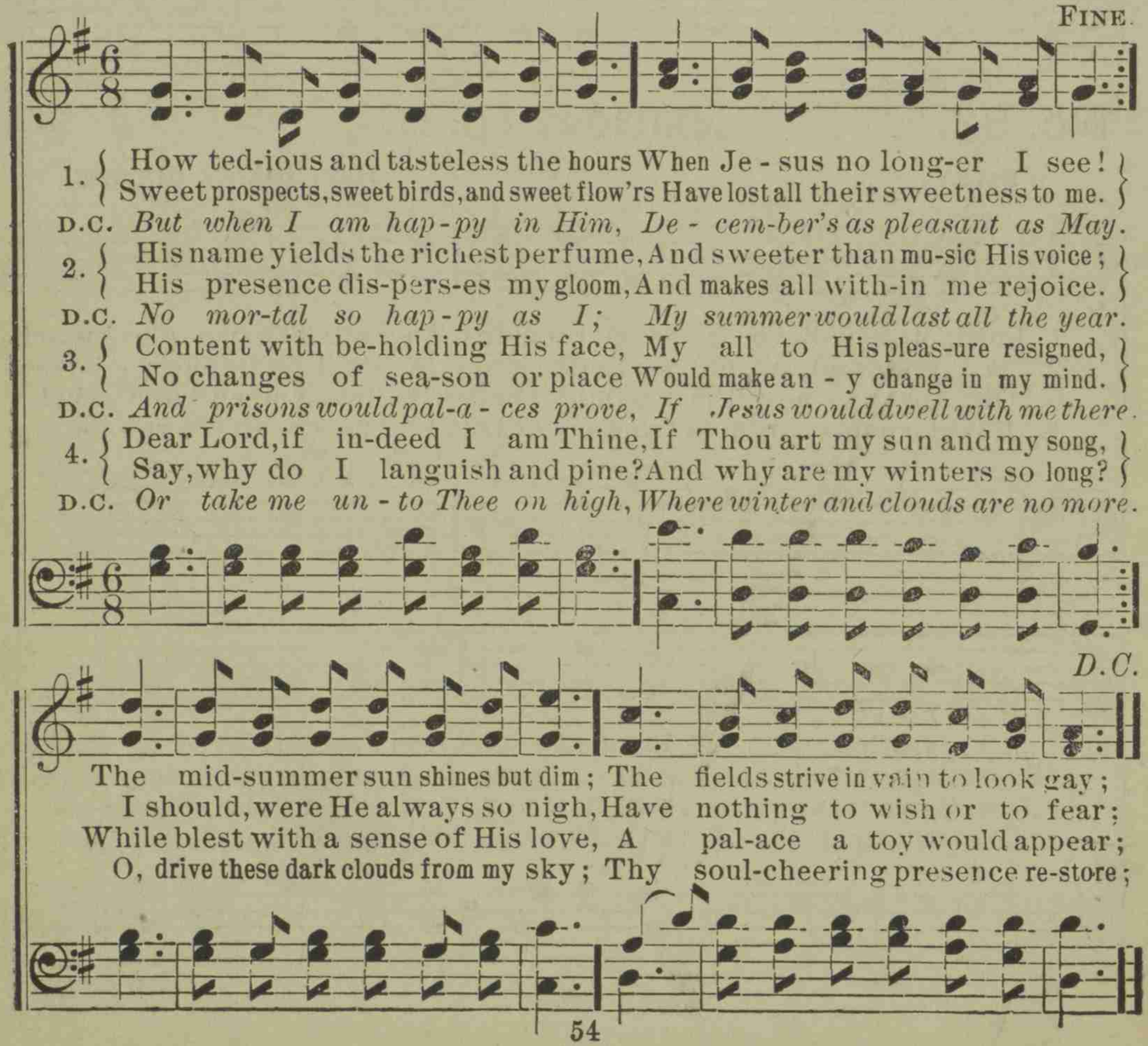
Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.



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No. 85. De Fleury. 8s, D.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.

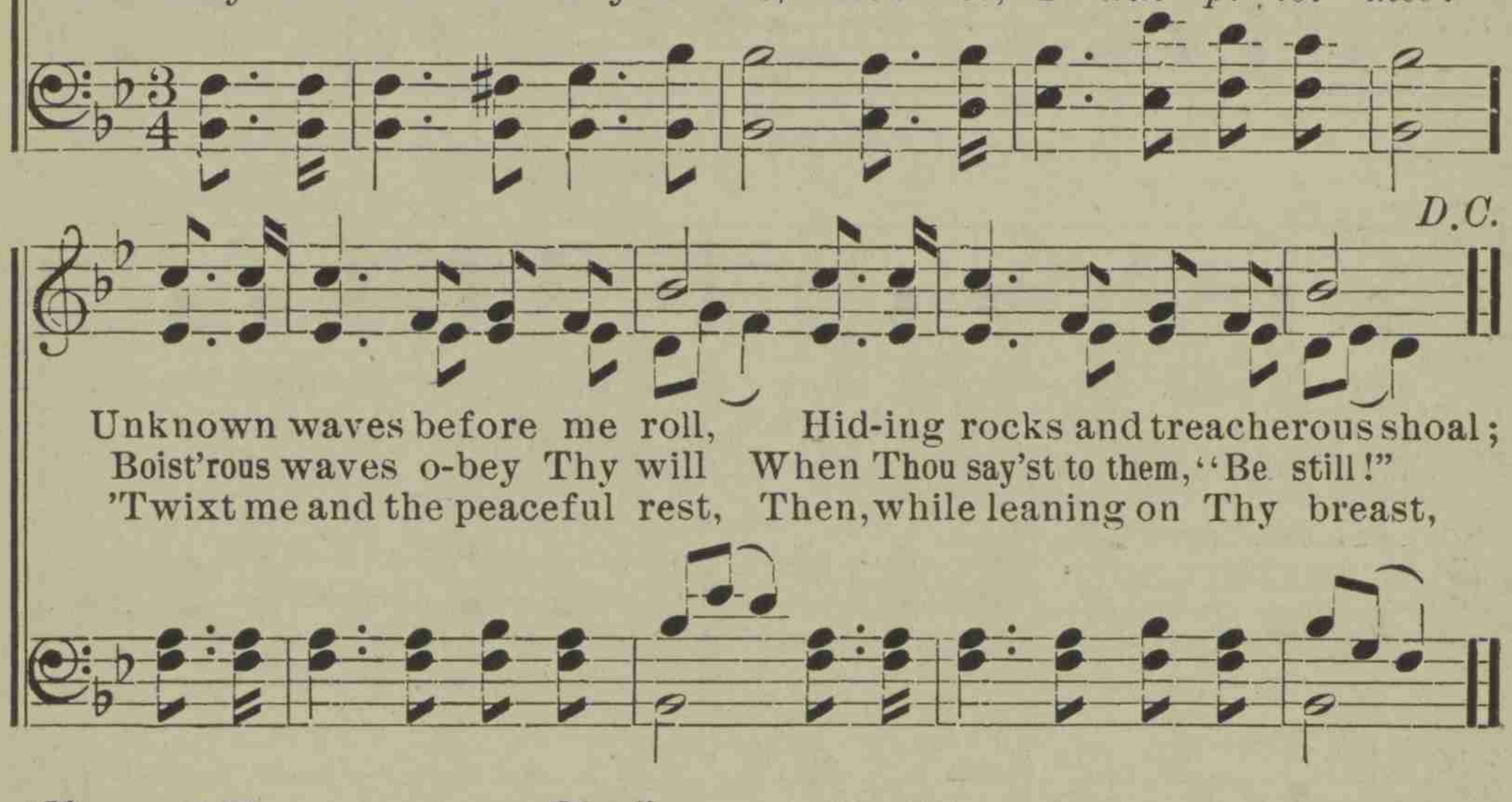


No. 86. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s.

J. E. Gould.



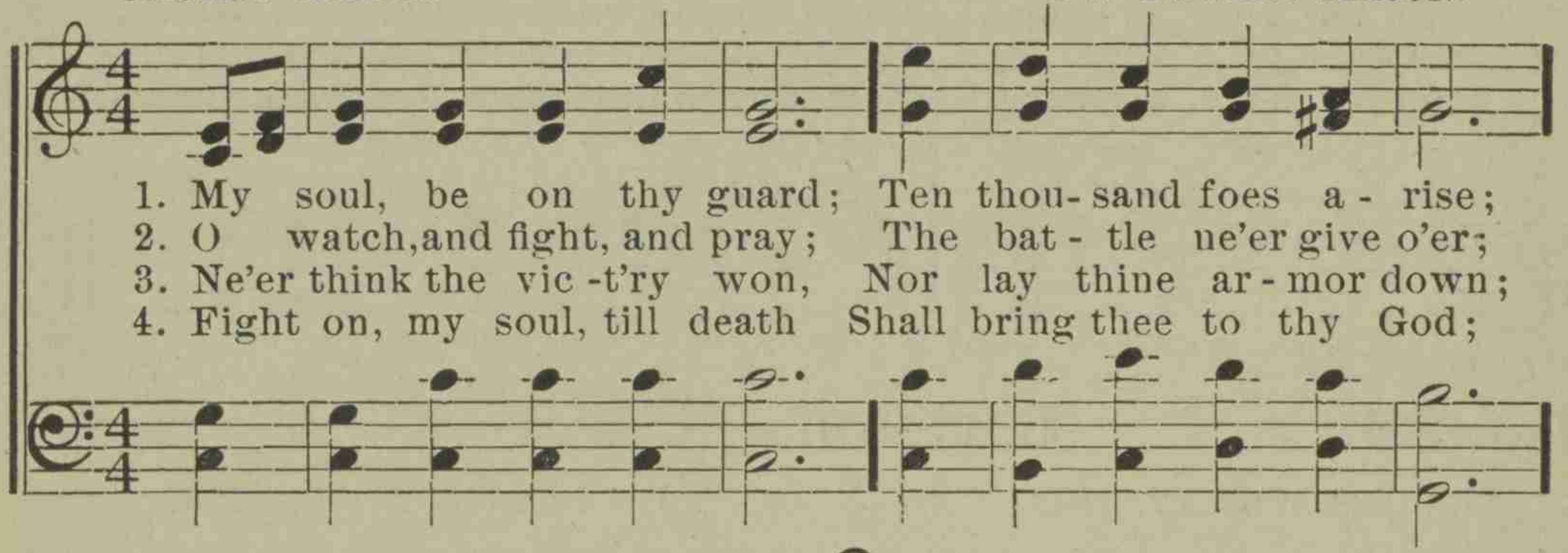
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C. *Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D.C. *Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar,
D.C. *May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*



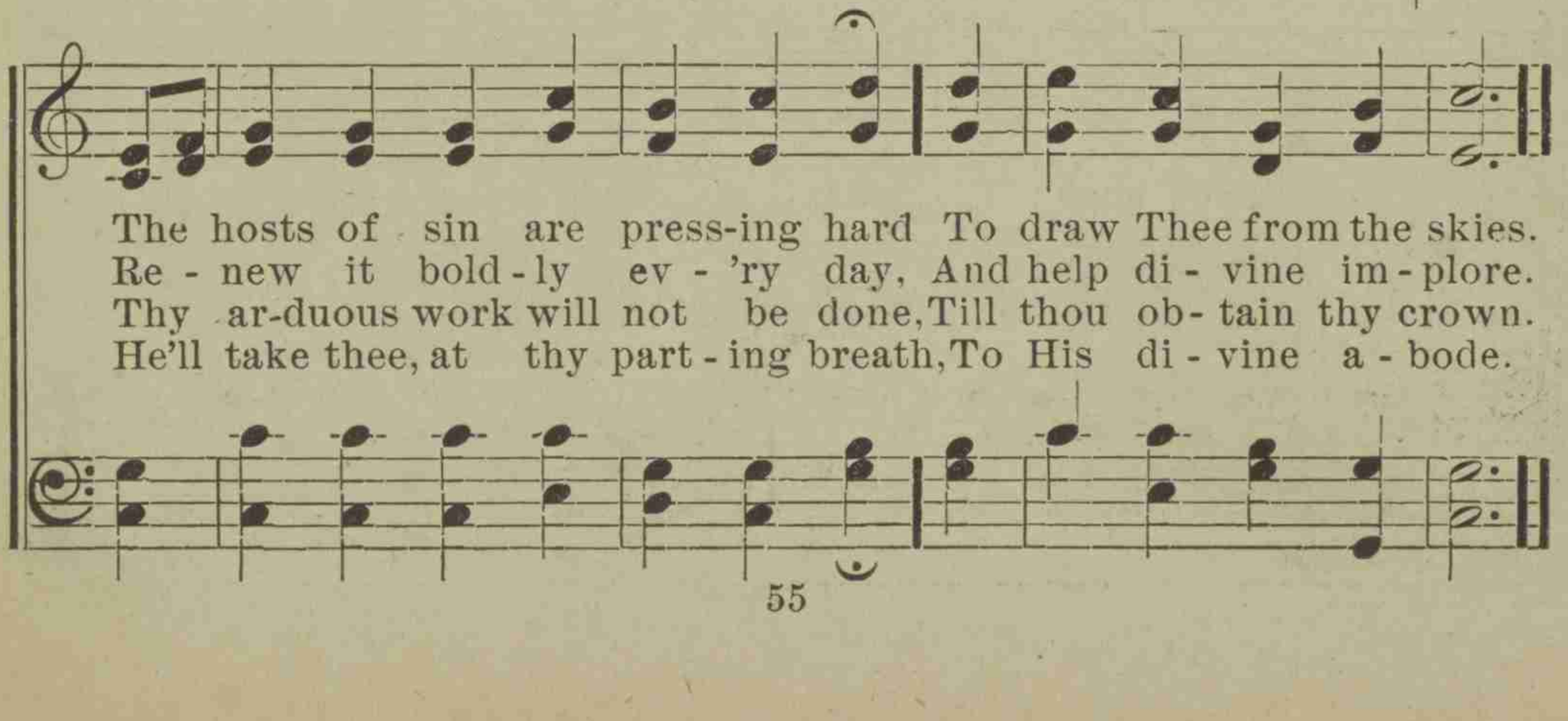
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

No. 87. Laban. S. M.

George Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

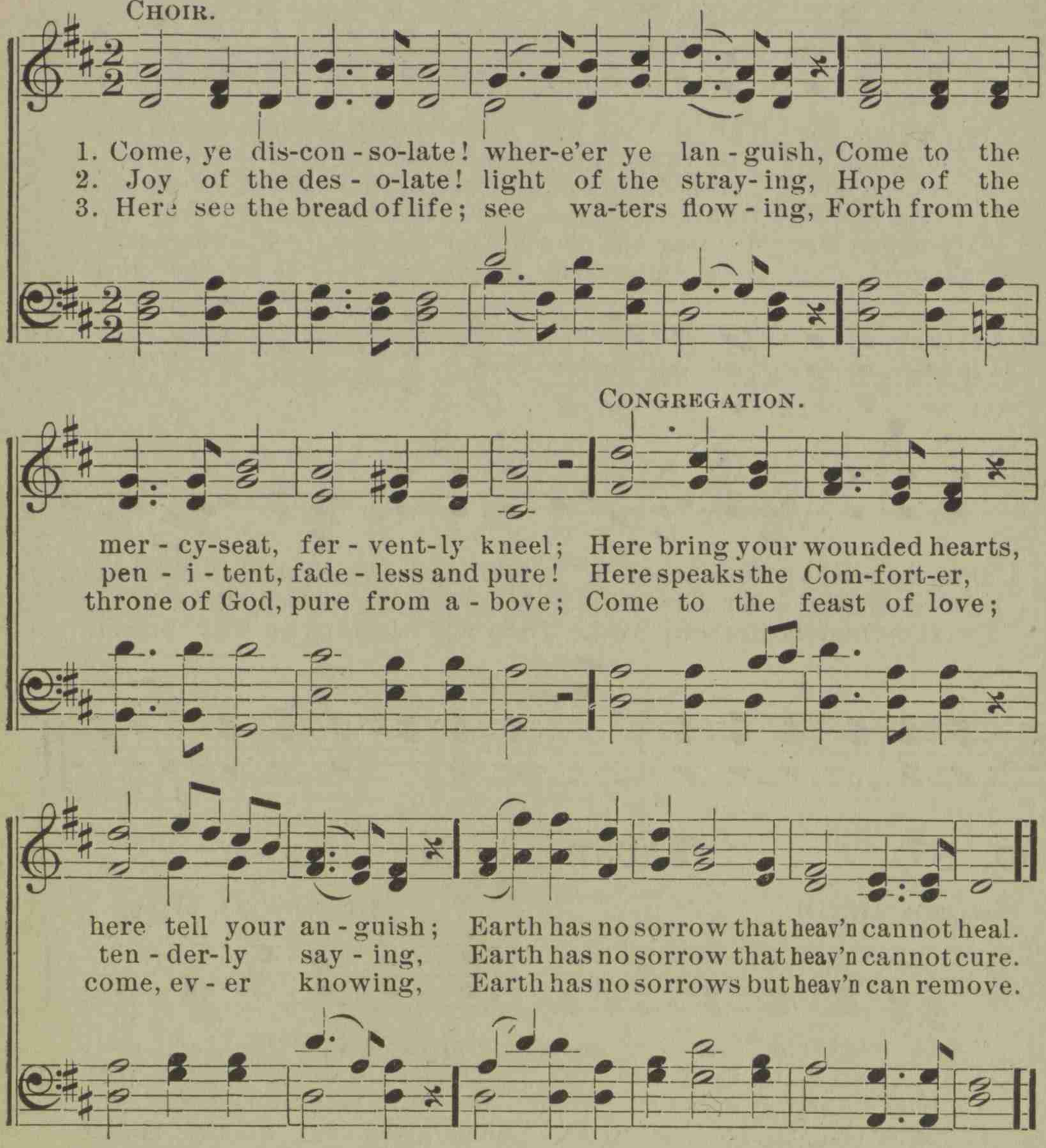


The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 88. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s.

THOS. MOORE, 1816. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

CHOIR.



No. 89. Boylston. S. M.

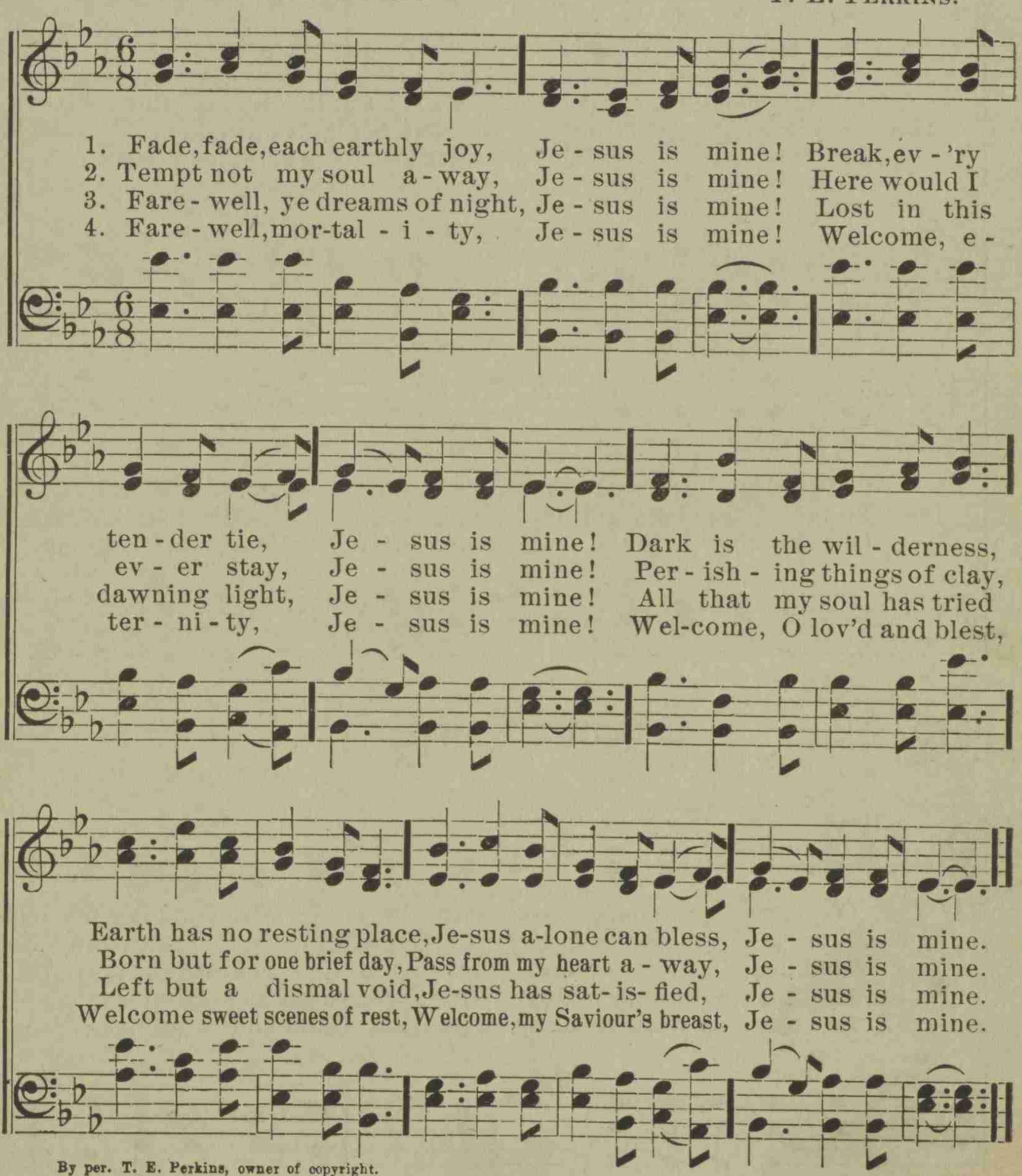
CHARLES WESLEY, 1762. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

Boylston. (Concluded.)



No. 90. Jesus is Mine.

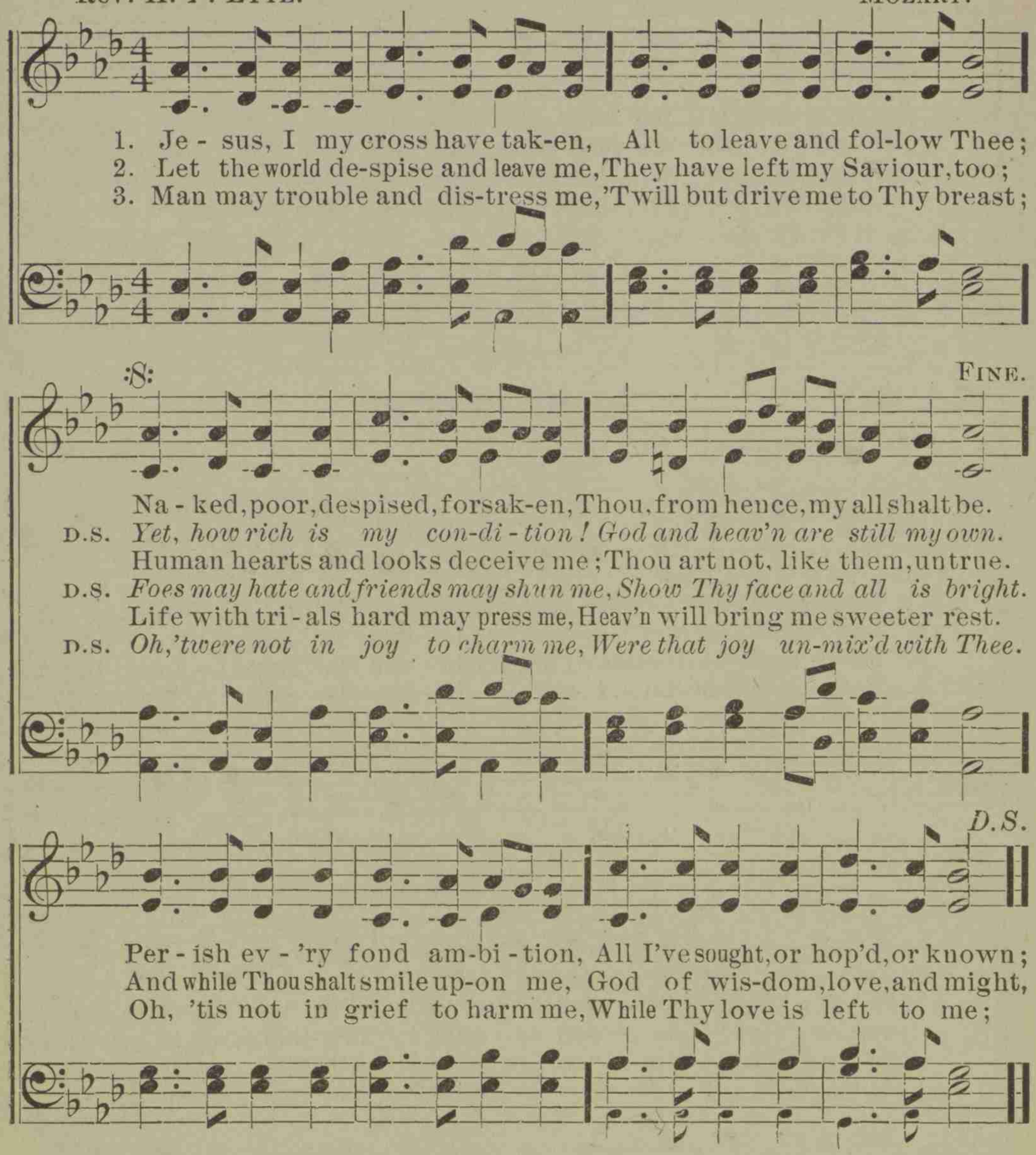
Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



By per. T. E. Perkins, owner of copyright.

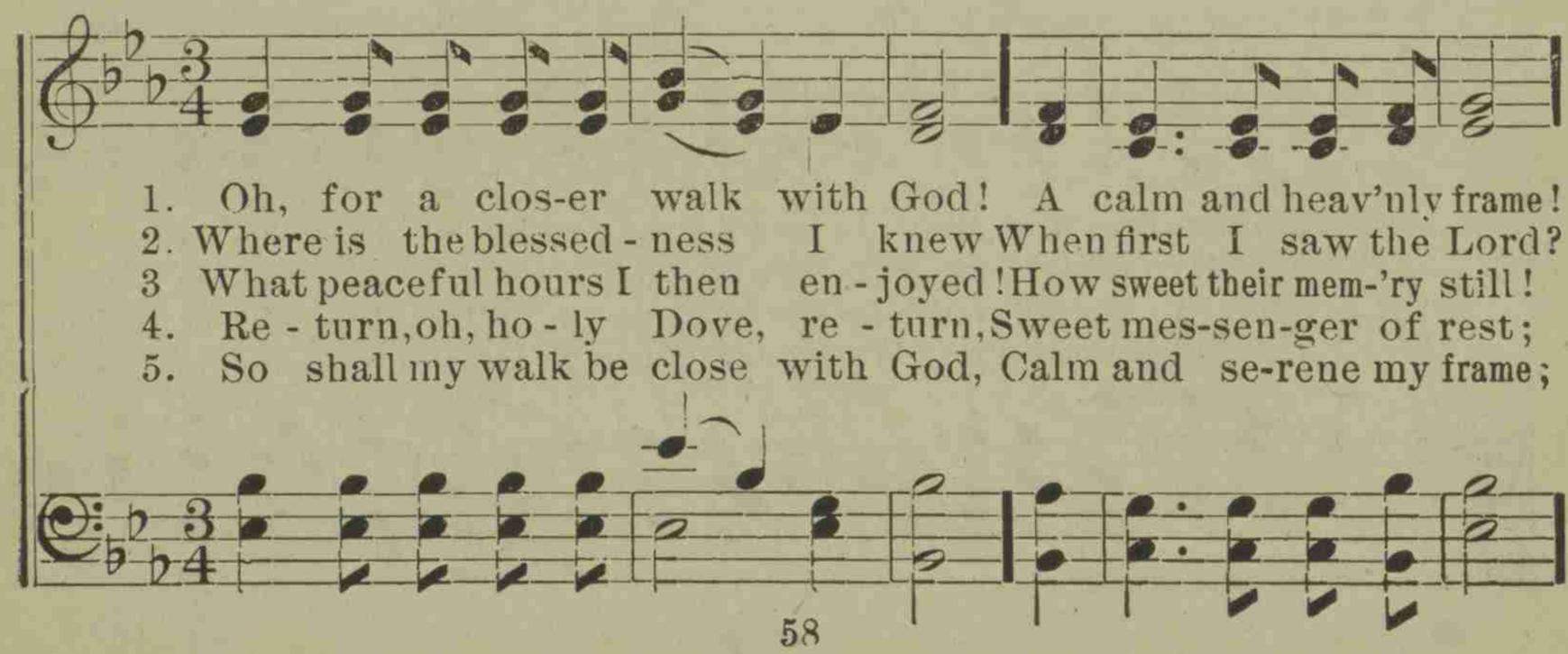
No. 91. Disciple. 8s & 7s.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Mozart.

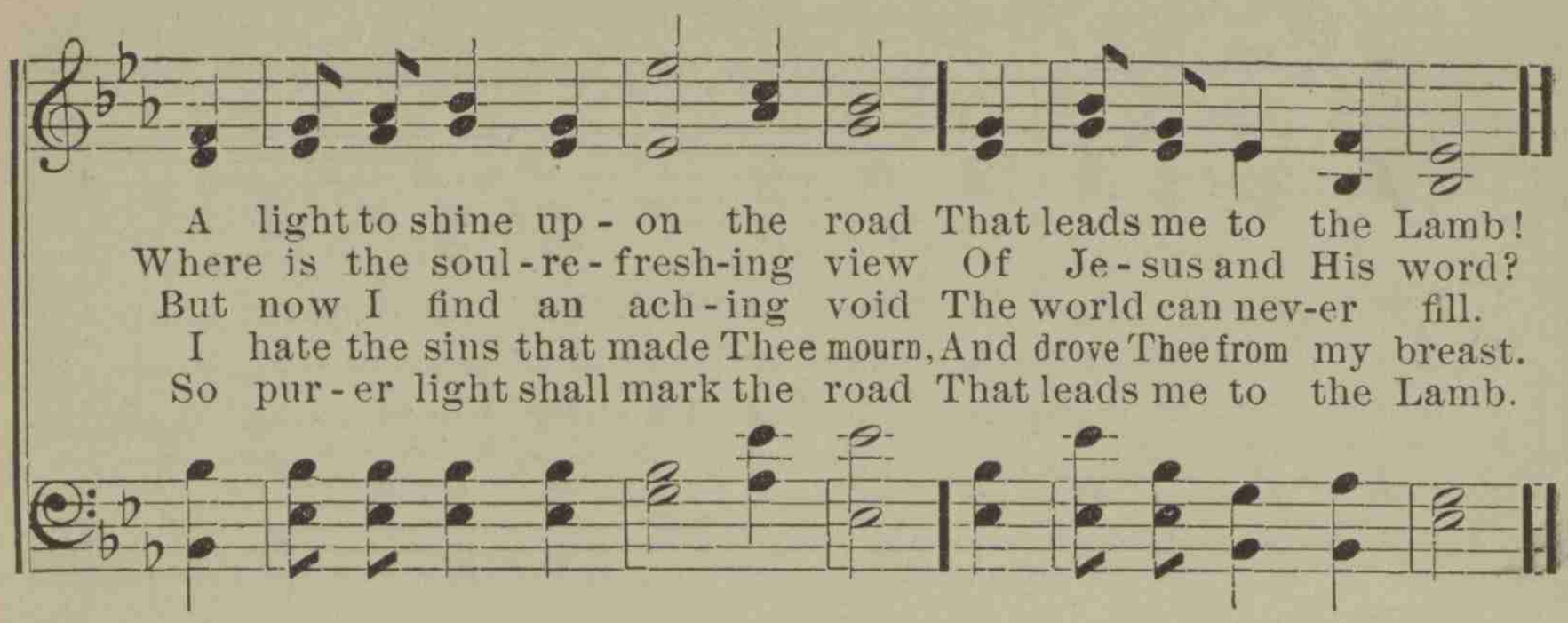


No. 92. Elizabethtown. C. M.

W. Cowper, 1772. George Kingsley.

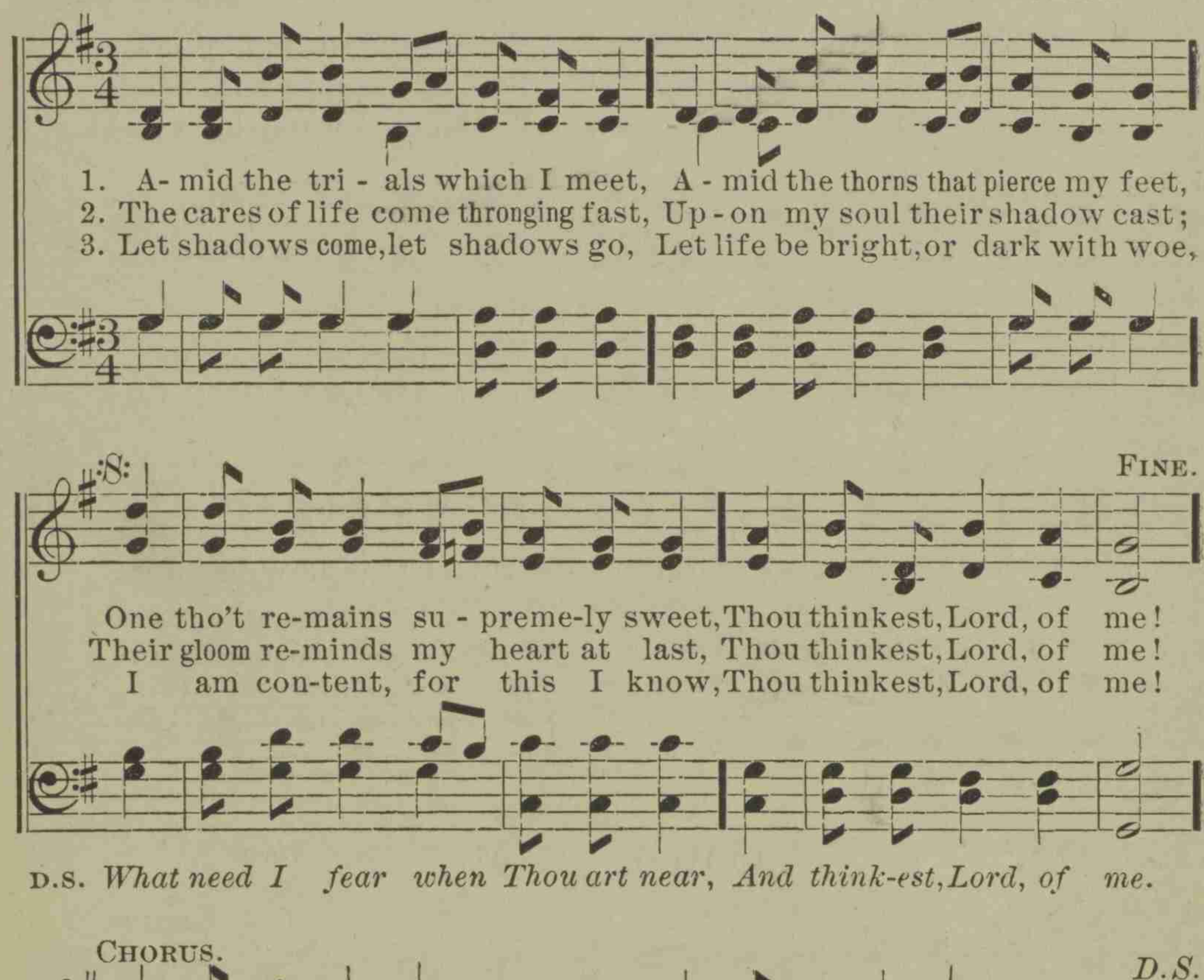


Elizabethtown. (Concluded.)



No. 93. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of me. 8s & 6s.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.



Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz, by per.

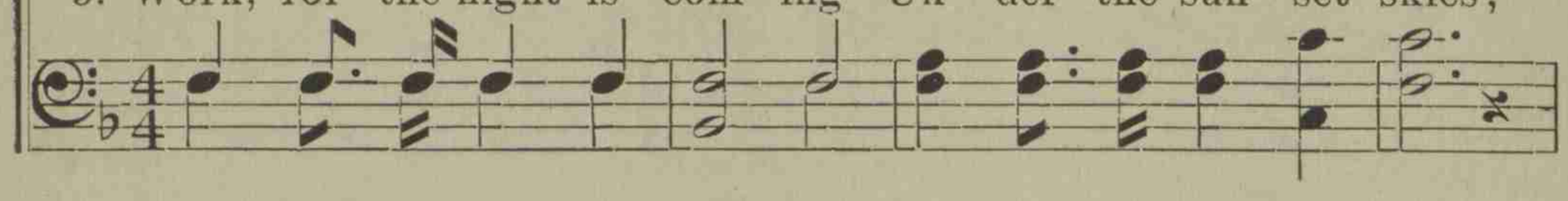
No. 94. Work, for the Night.

"The night cometh." John 9: 4.

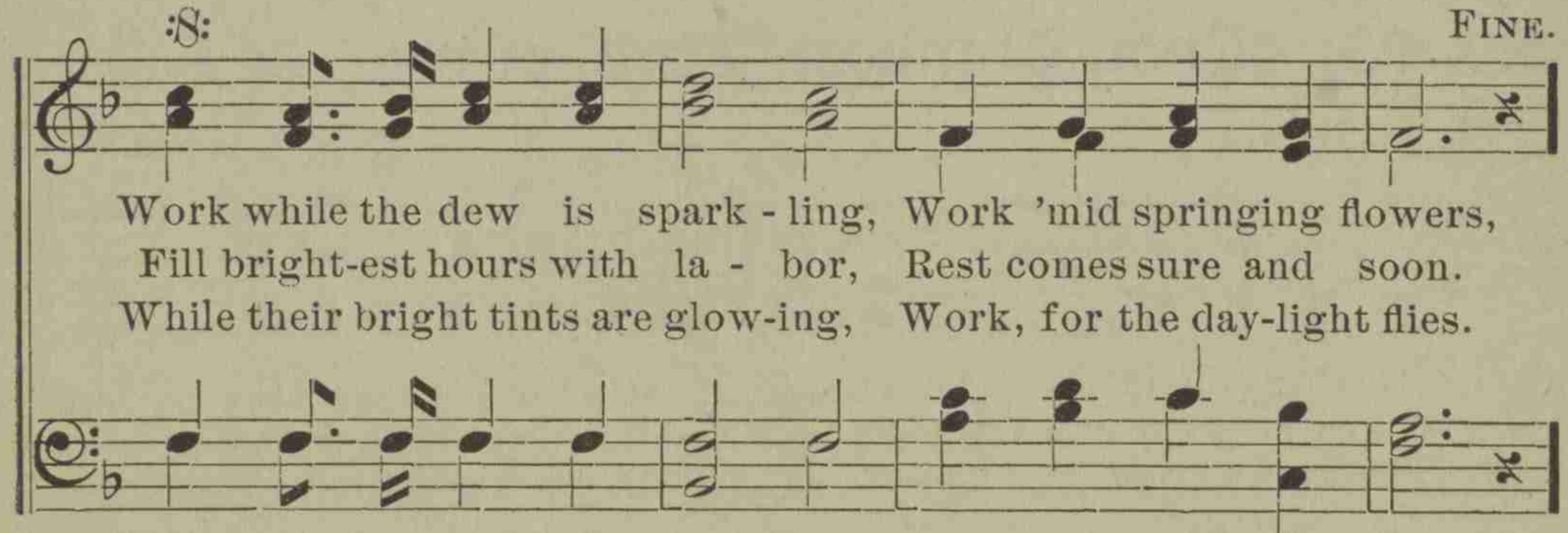
ANNA L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON, by per.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon,
3. Work, for the night is com - ing Un - der the sun - set skies;



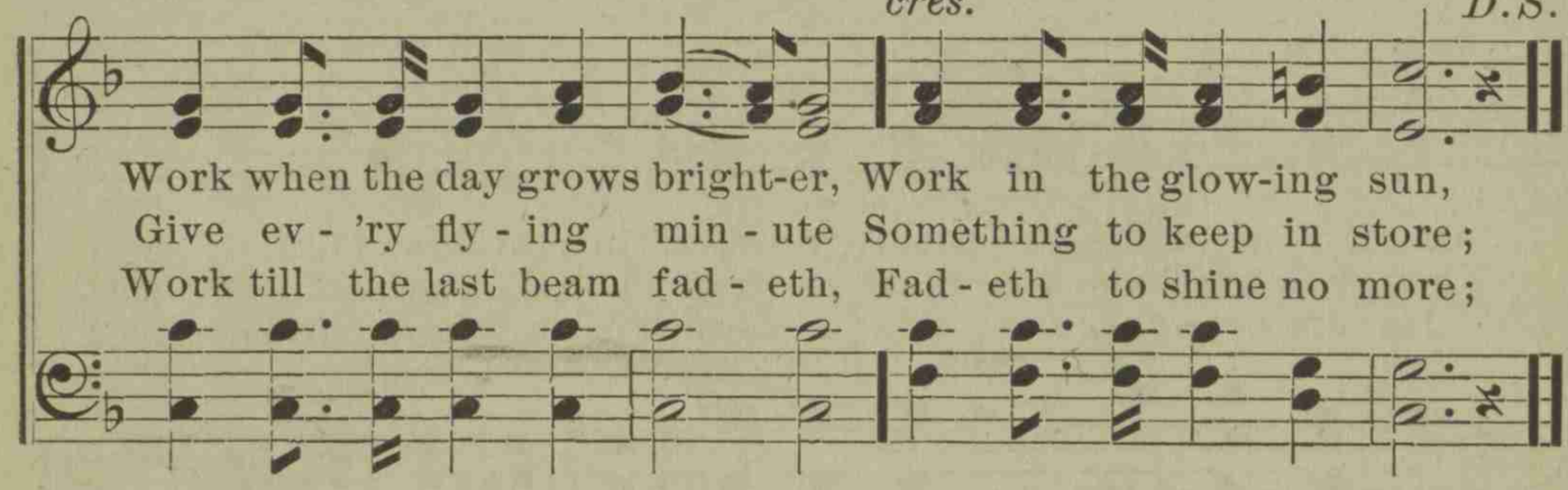
:S: FINE.



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flowers,
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for the day-light flies.

D.S. *Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.*
D.S. *Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.*
D.S. *Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.*

cres. *D.S.*



Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun,
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

No. 95. Gates. C. M.

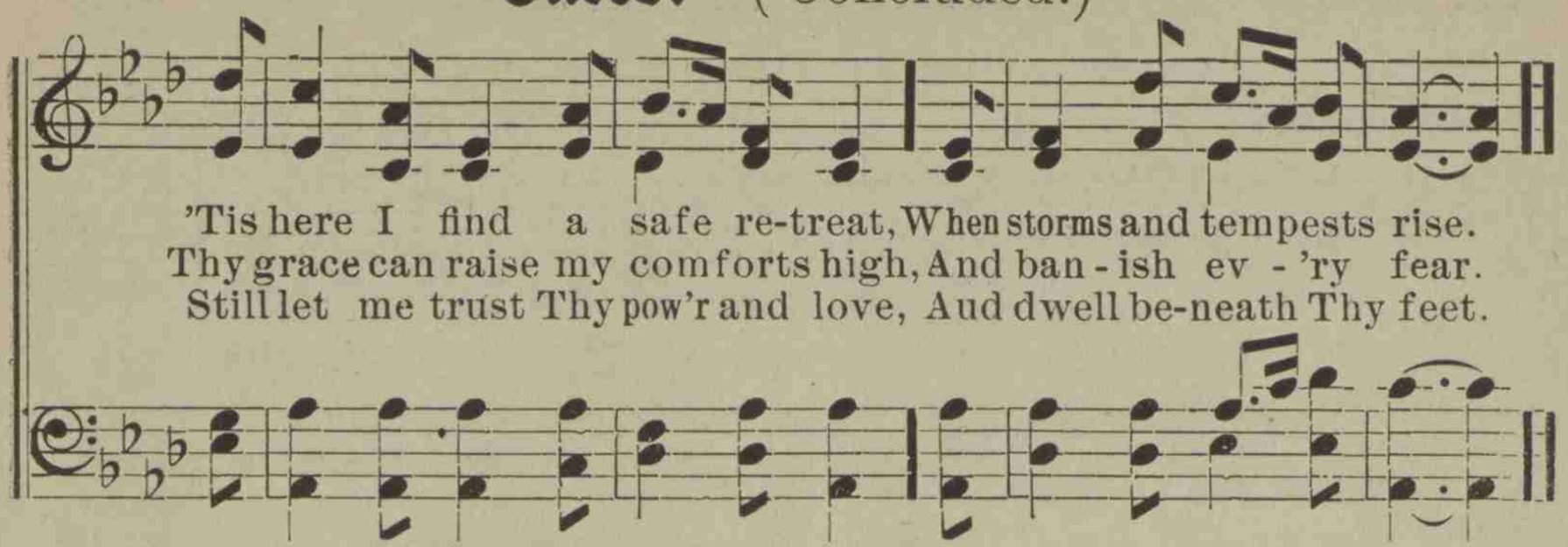
T. J. GRIGGS.

Moderato.



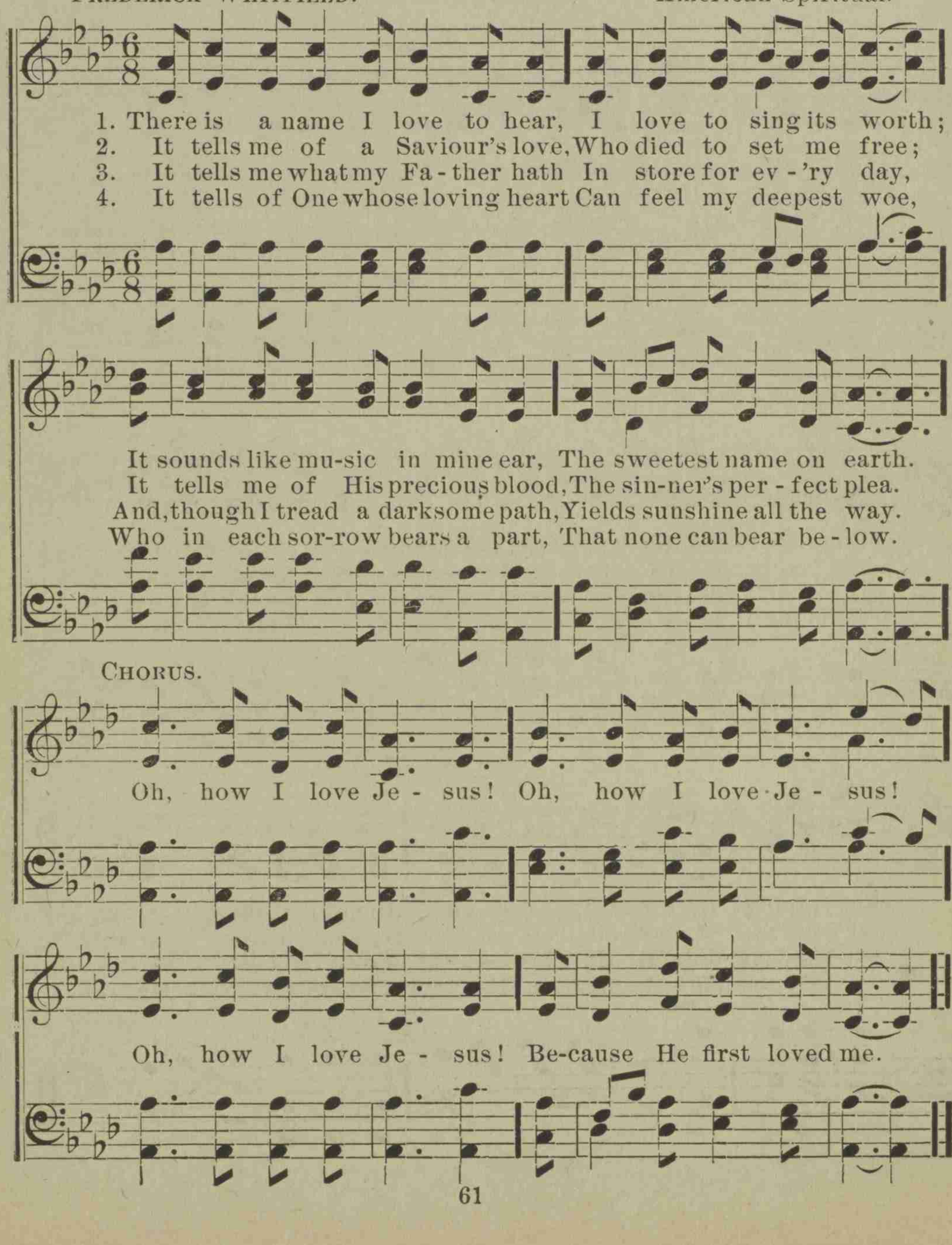
1. Dear Fa-ther! to Thy mer - cy seat, My soul for shel - ter flies;
2. My cheerful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
3. Oh! nev-er let my soul re-move From this di-vine re - treat;

Gates. (Concluded.)



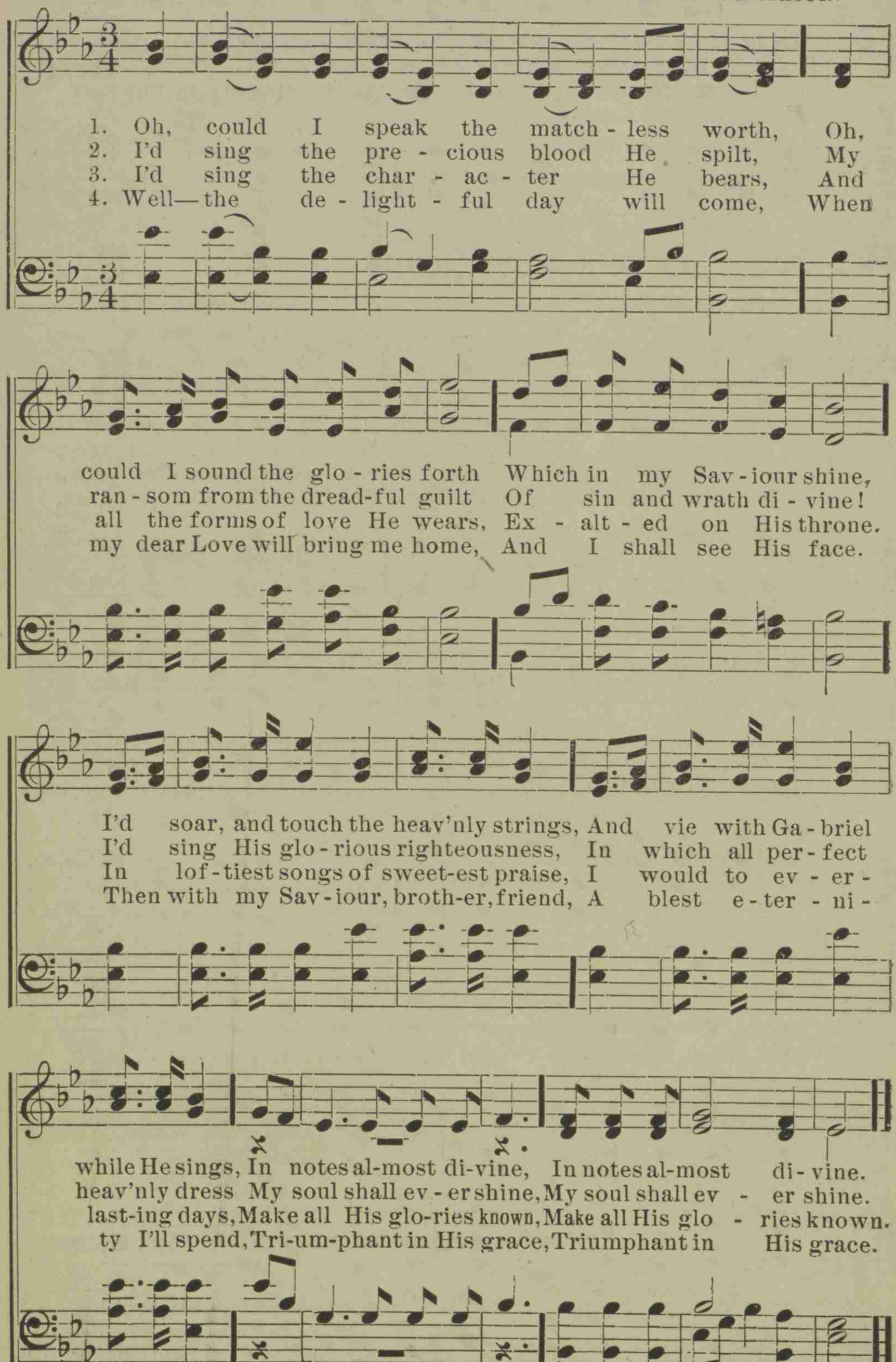
No. 96. How I Love Jesus. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. American Spiritual.



No. 97. Ariel. C. P. M.

S. Medley. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 98. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

Rev. W. W. Walford. J. H. Hall.

With expression.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so-la-tion share,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.

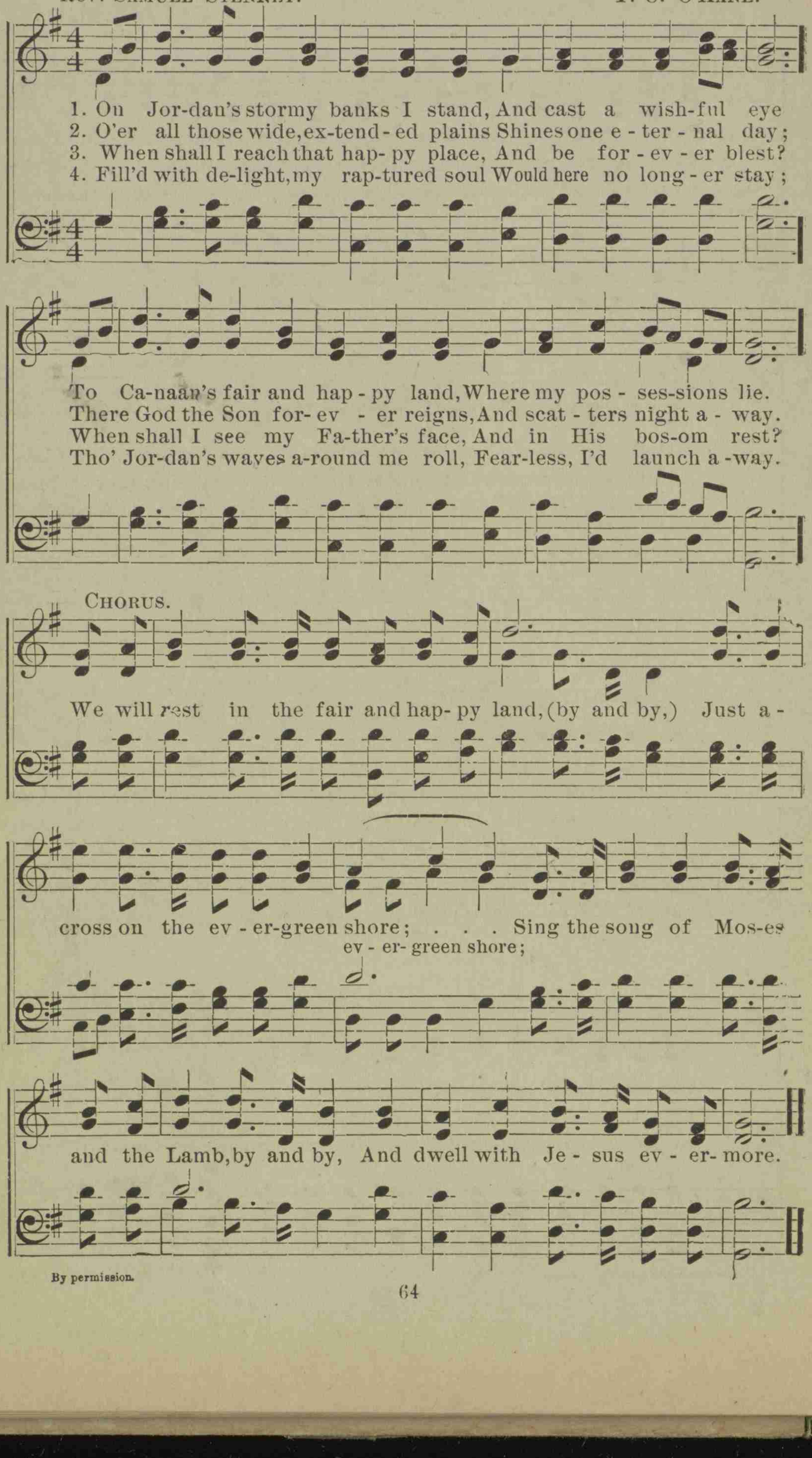
In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re-lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er-last-ing prize,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev -'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 99. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennet. T. C. O'Kane.



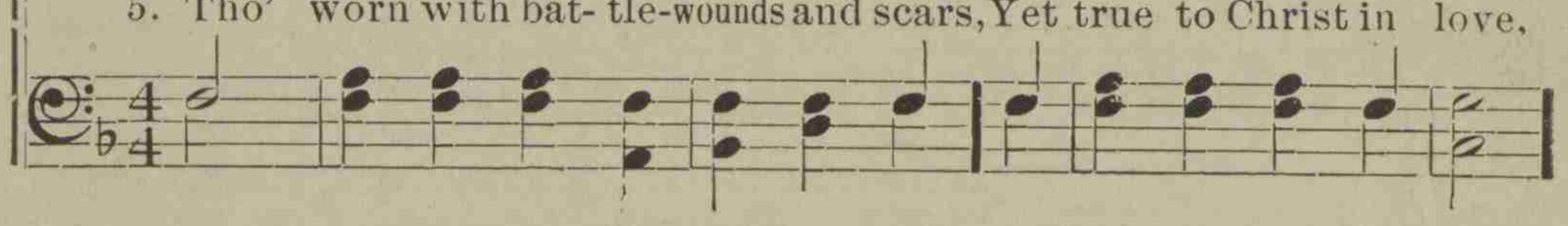
By permission.

No. 100. The Righteous Marching Home.

Rev. W. P. Rivers. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



1. As Zi - on's pil-grims, in ac - cord, The sol-diers of our King,
2. In fel - low-ship of joys and woes, We'll bear the common strife,
3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear or fly;
4. Then while the Spir - it leads us on, Our march we'll still pursue,
5. Tho' worn with bat- tle-wounds and scars, Yet true to Christ in love,

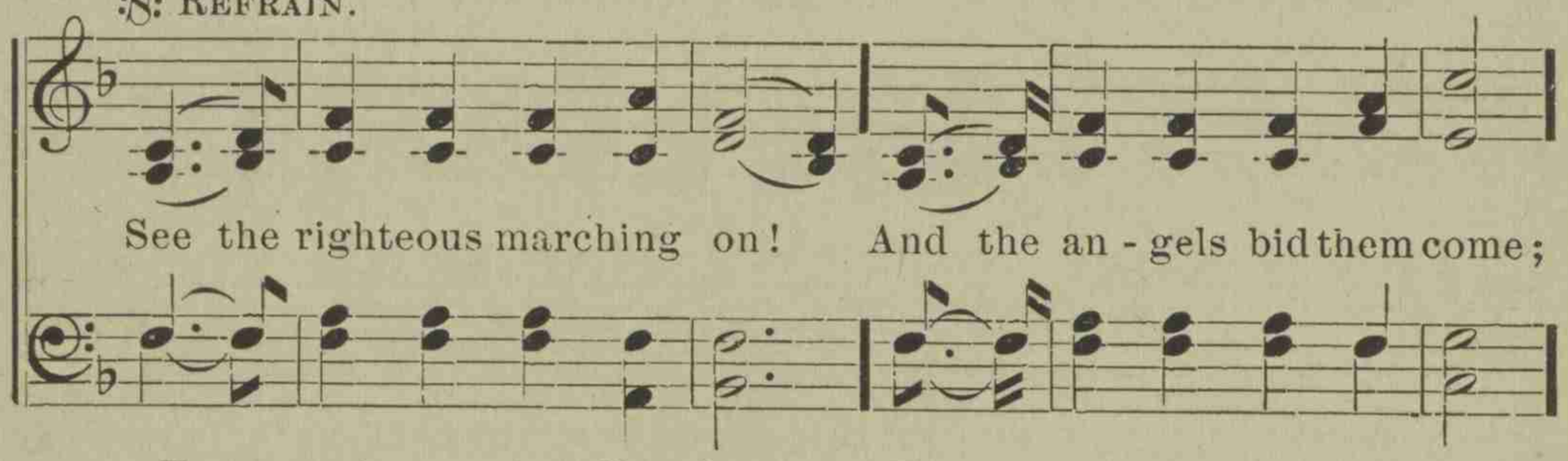




In cov'nant bands we'll serve the Lord, And all His prais-es sing.
And onward press, thro' all our foes, And win e - ter - nal life.
For vic - t'ry waits us on the way, And crowns a - bove the sky.
Un - til the heav'n-ly goal is won, And we our King shall view.
We'll dwell with God be - yond the stars At Home, in Heav'n a - bove.



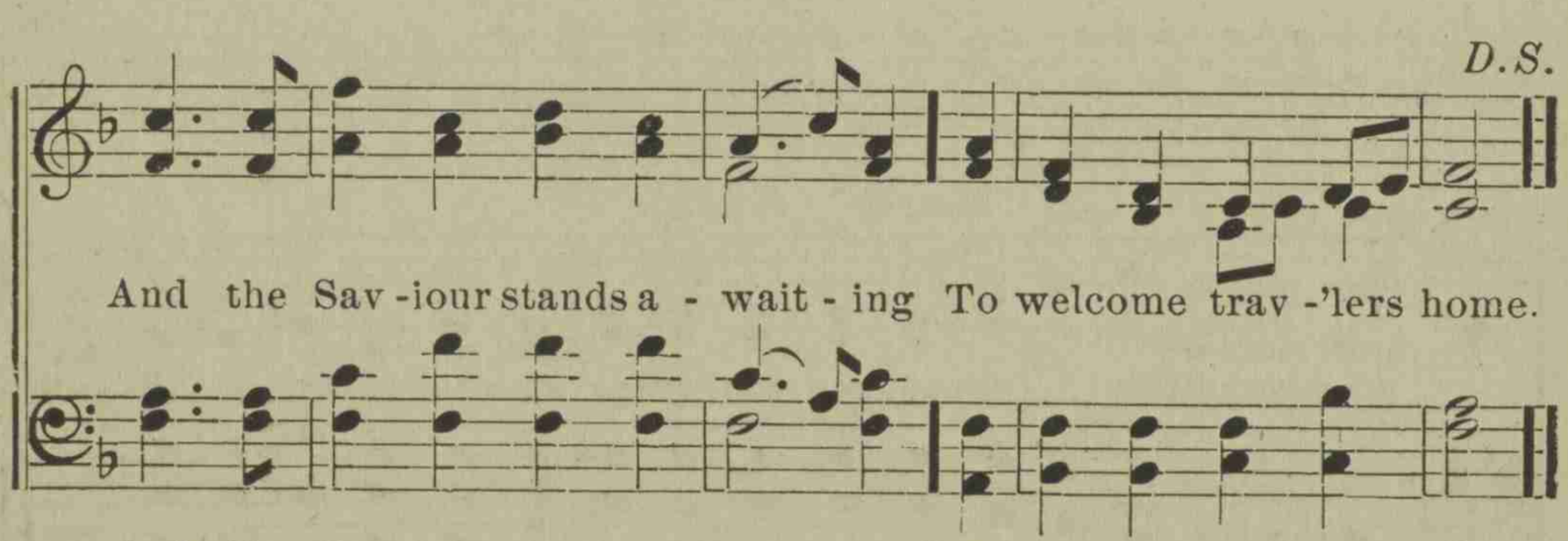
:S: Refrain.



See the righteous marching on! And the an - gels bid them come;

D.S. *To wel - come trav-'lers home, To wel-come trav'lers home,*

D.S.



And the Sav - iour stands a - wait - ing To welcome trav -'lers home.

And the Sav - iour stands a - wait - ing To wel-come trav-'lers home.

No. 101. Are you Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
4. Lay a-side the gar-ments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb. There's a foun-tain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

Chorus.

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your gar-ments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you wash'd in the blood, of the Lamb?

By permission of the author.

No. 102. Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."
Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,





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



CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

Used by per. of John J. Hood, owner.

No. 103. Battle Hymn.

Rev. I. Watts, D.D. Arr. by Wm. B. Blake.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

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

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

Chorus.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

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Unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end, Amen." Eph. 3: 21.

No. 104. Bealoth. S. M. D.



1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. If e'er to bless her sons, My voice or hands de - ny,
3. Be-yond the high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,





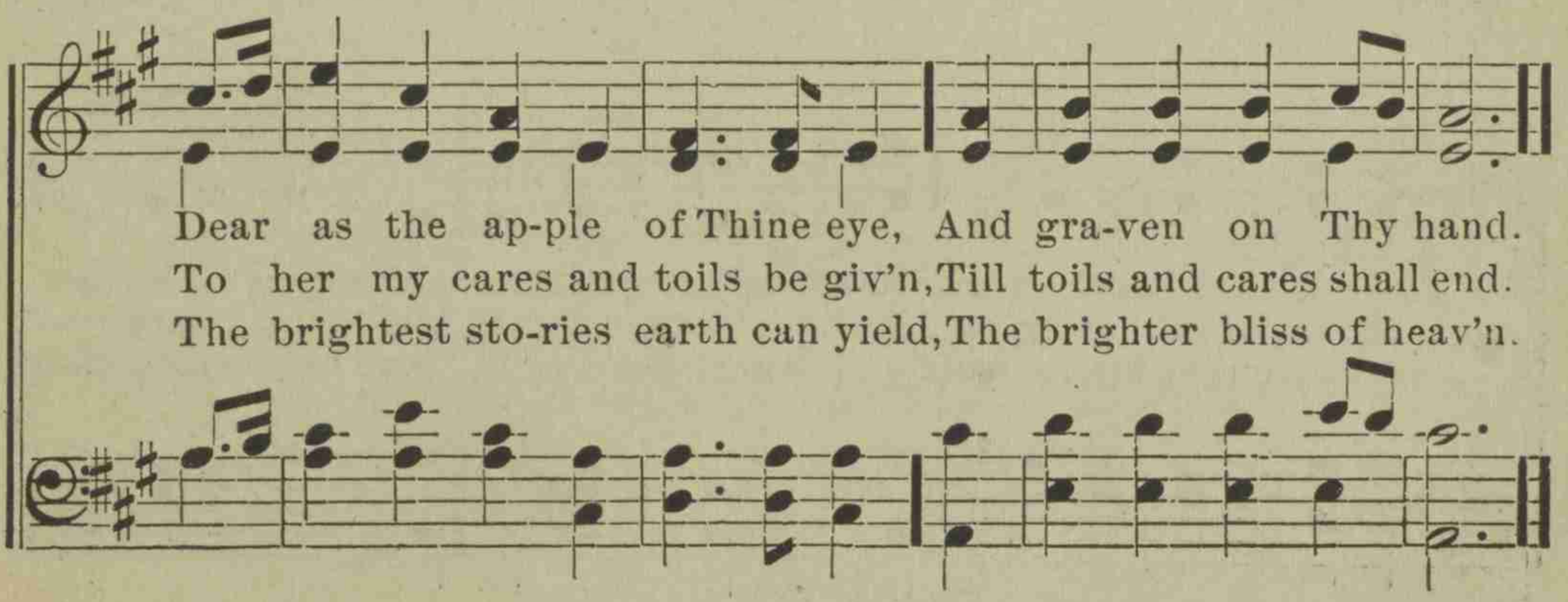
The Church our blest Re-deem-er bought With His own pre - cious blood.
These hands let use - ful skill for-sake, This voice in si - lence die.
Her sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.





I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

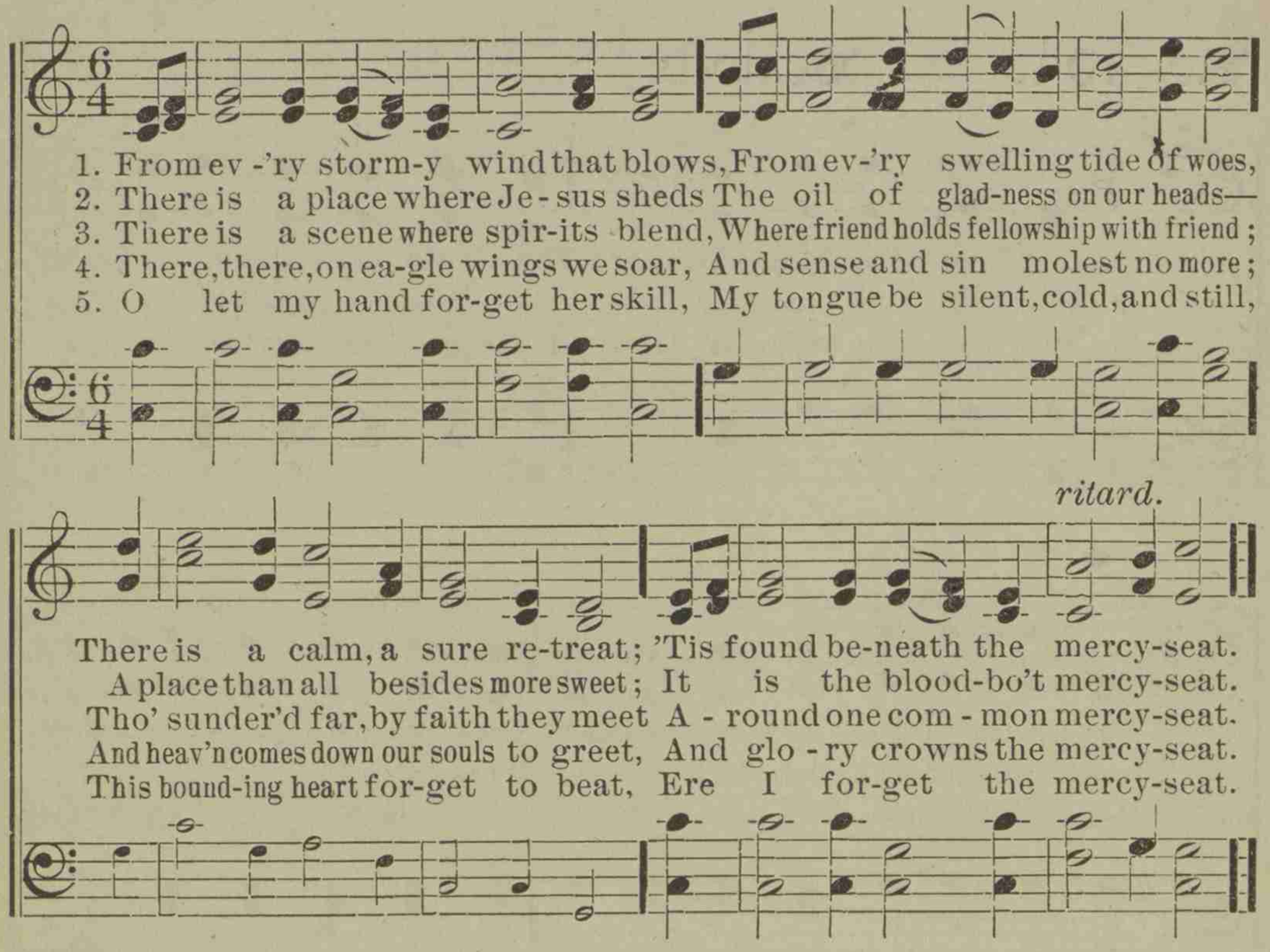




Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
The brightest sto-ries earth can yield, The brighter bliss of heav'n.

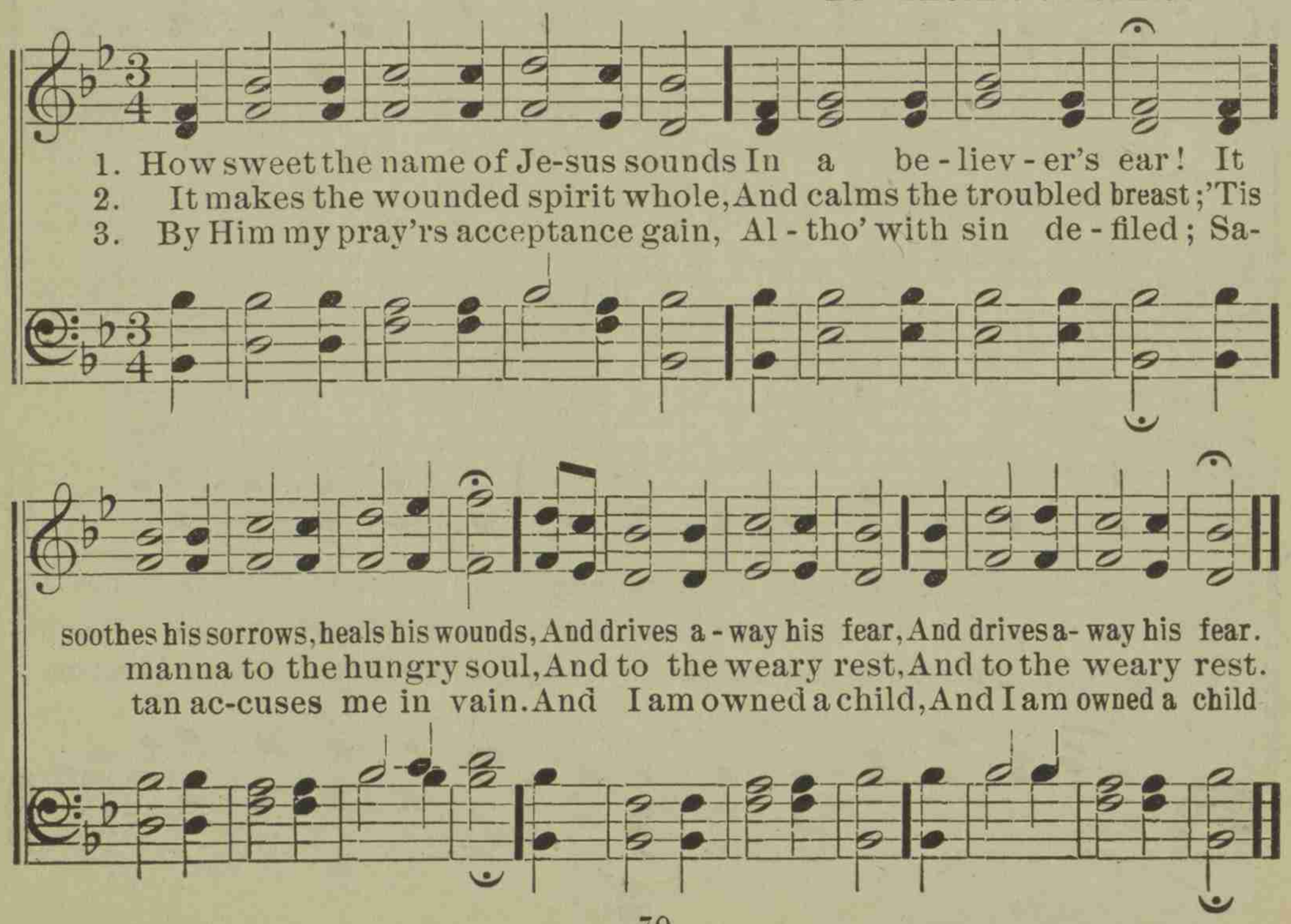
No. 105. Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.



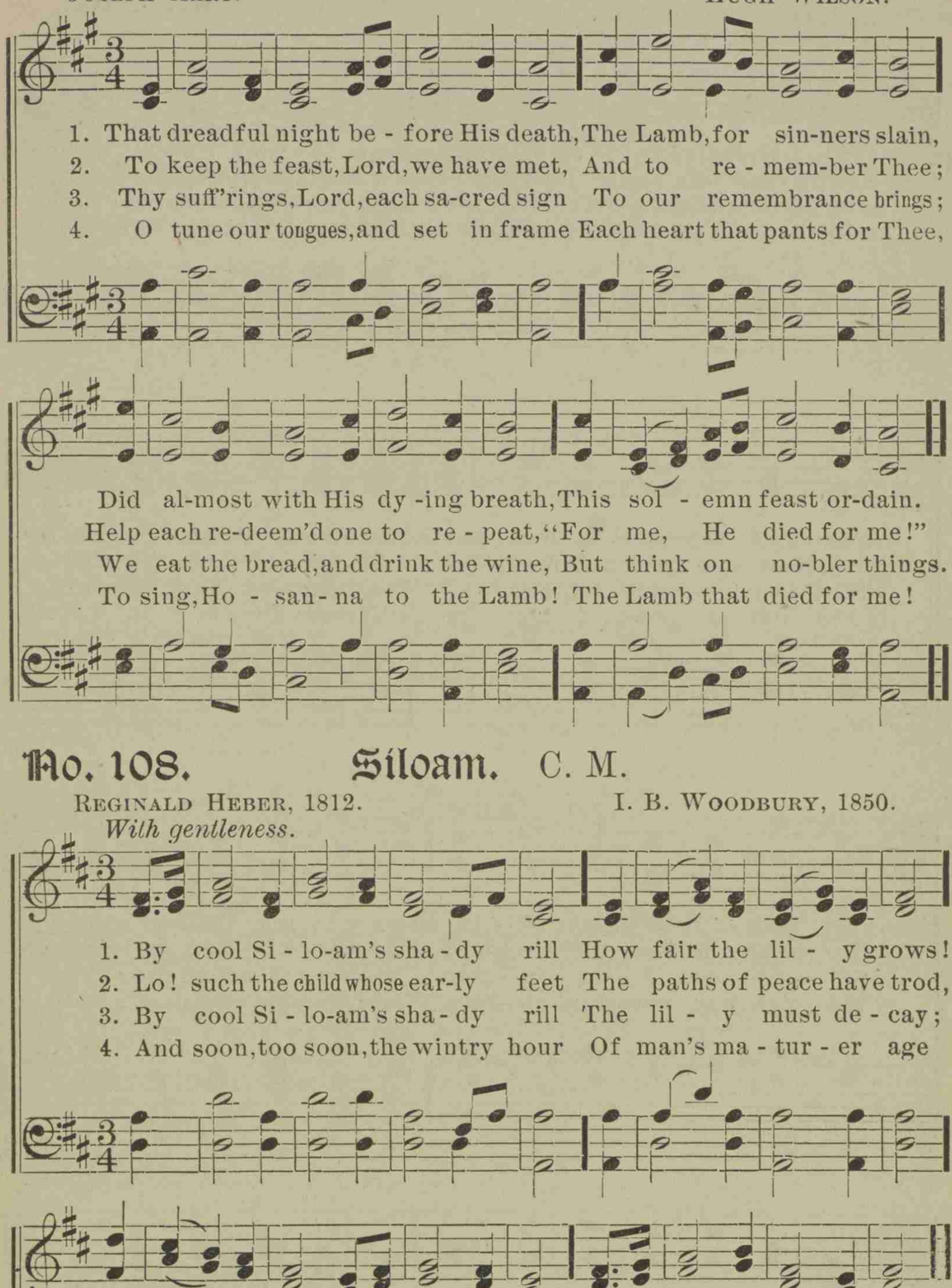
No. 106. Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 107. Avon. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. HUGH WILSON.



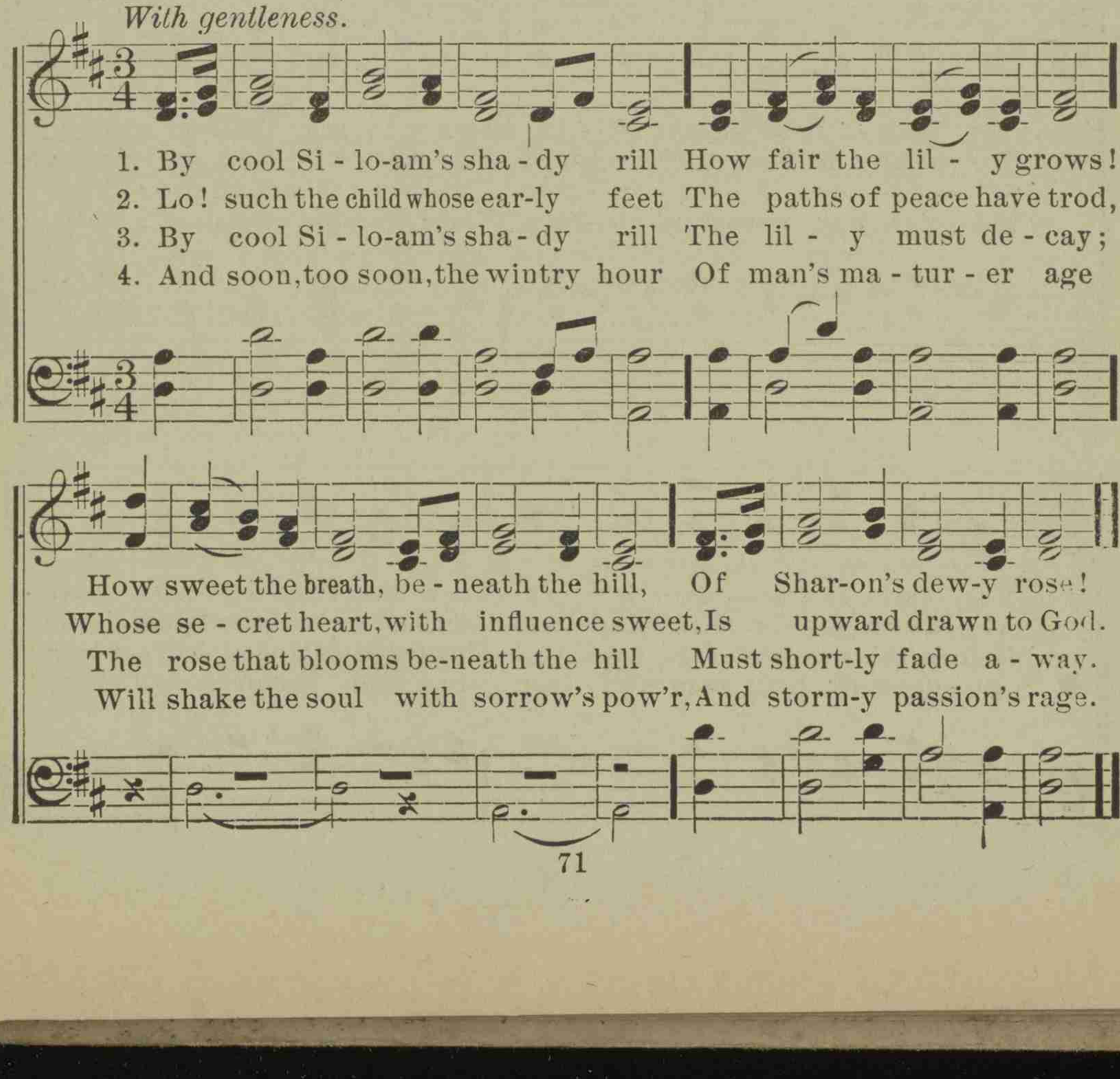
1. That dreadful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin-ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem-ber Thee;
3. Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sa-cred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,

Did al-most with His dy -ing breath, This sol - emn feast or-dain.
Help each re-deem'd one to re - peat, "For me, He died for me!"
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no-bler things.
To sing, Ho - san - na to the Lamb! The Lamb that died for me!

No. 108. Siloam. C. M.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812. I. B. WOODBURY, 1850.

With gentleness.



1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's ma - tur - er age

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be-neath the hill Must short-ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r, And storm-y passion's rage.

No. 109. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What, tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

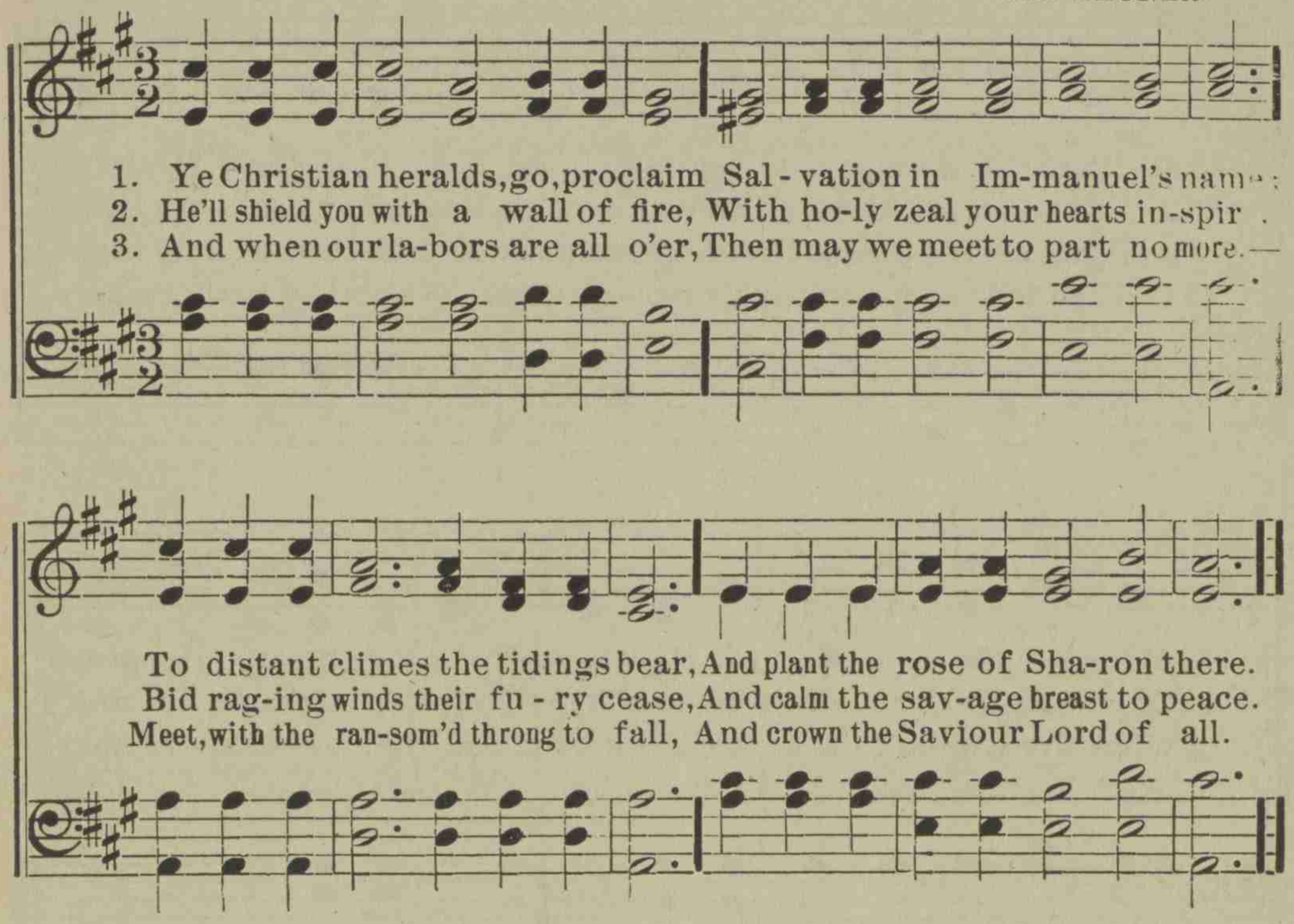
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm-y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin-ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

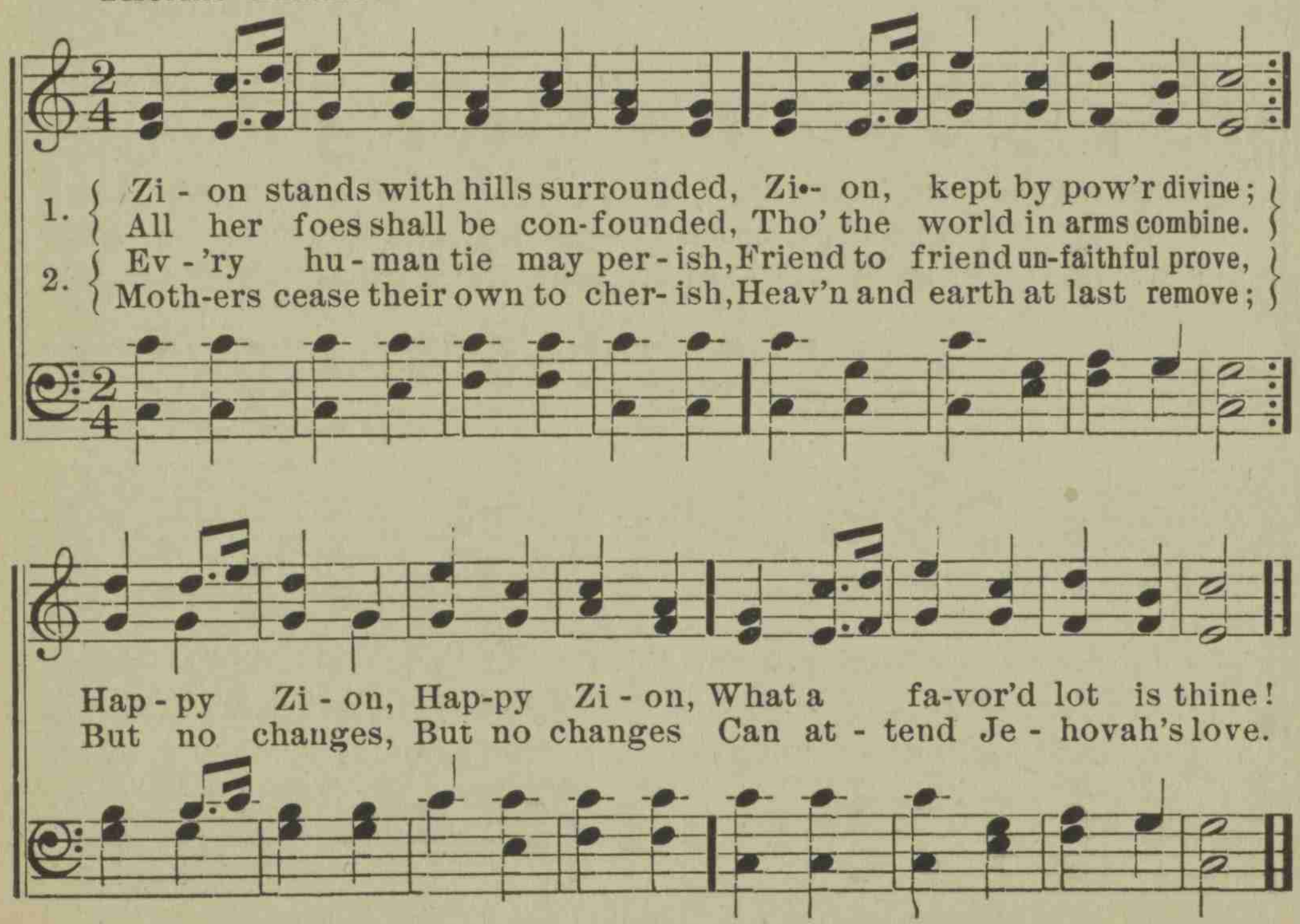
No. 110. Missionary Chant. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.



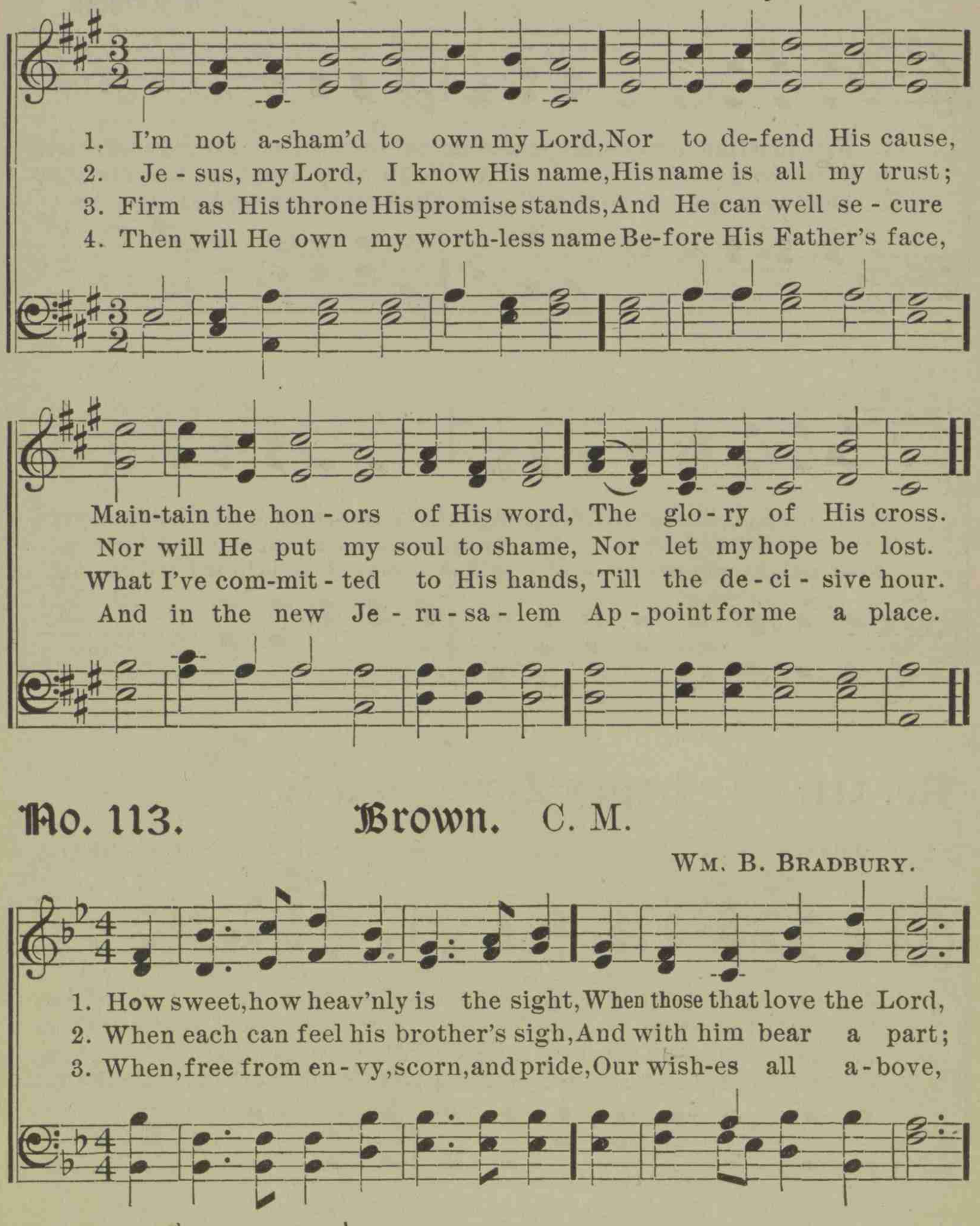
No. 111. Happy Zion. 8s & 7s.

THOMAS KELLEY. I. B. WOODBURY.



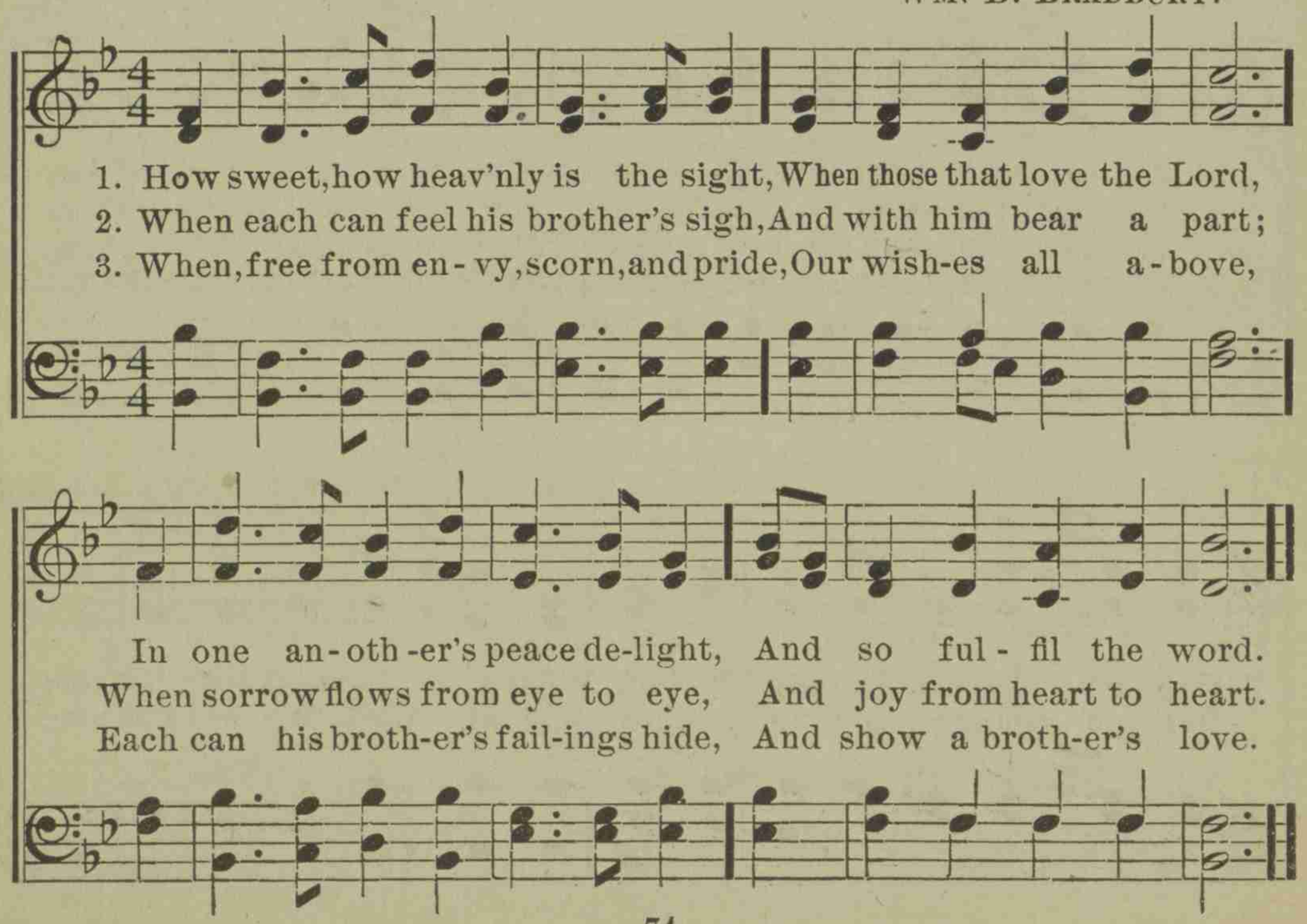
No. 112. Azmon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by L. MASON.



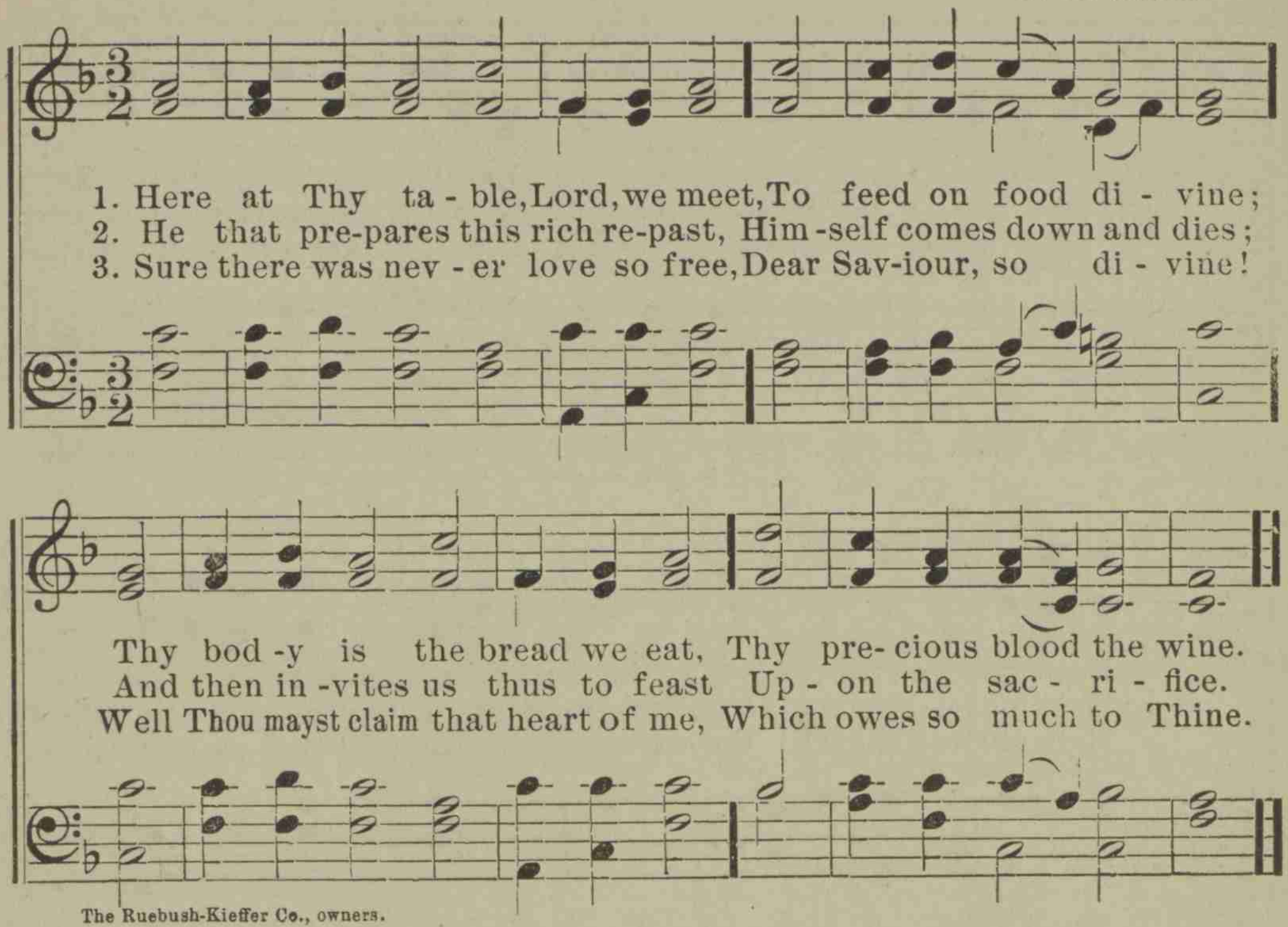
No. 113. Brown. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 114. Communion. C. M.

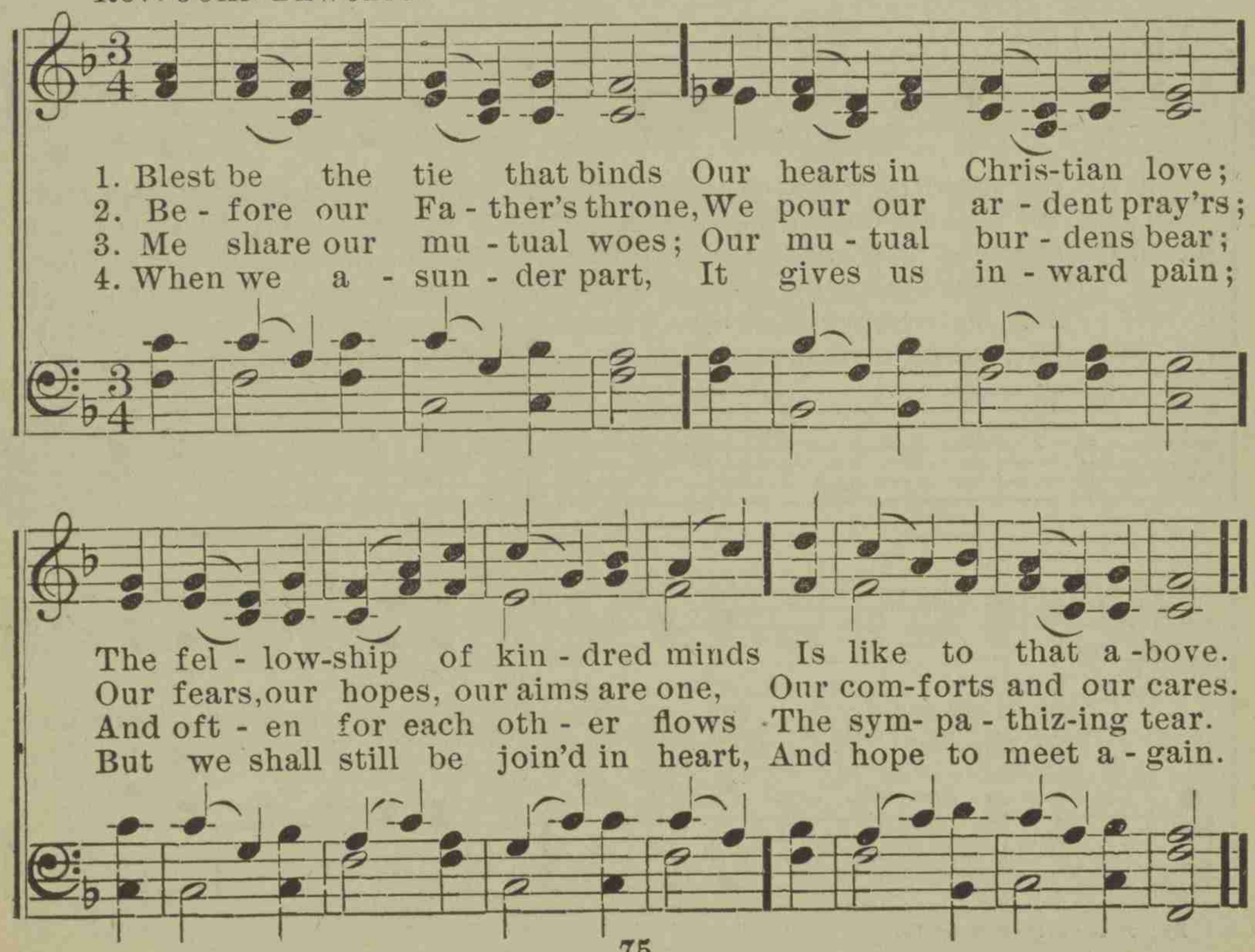
J. H. Hall.



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No. 115. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.



No. 116. Bland. 8s & 7s.

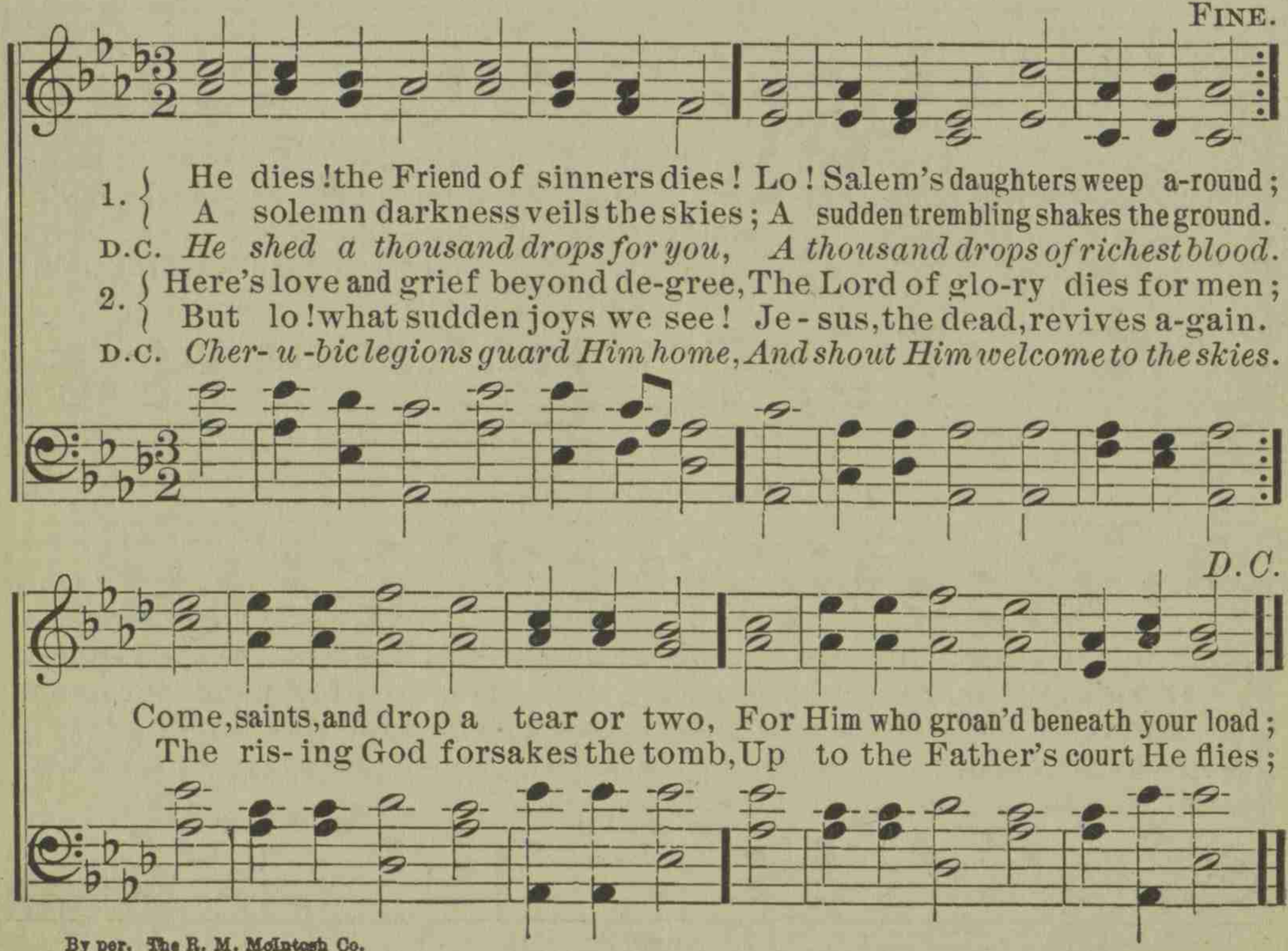
R. F. PAYNE. J. H. RUEBUSH.



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No. 117. Beaufort. L. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. L. C. EVERETT.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

No. 118. Ennius. 7s, D.



1. { Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round, }
   { Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found. }

D.C. *Brethren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.*

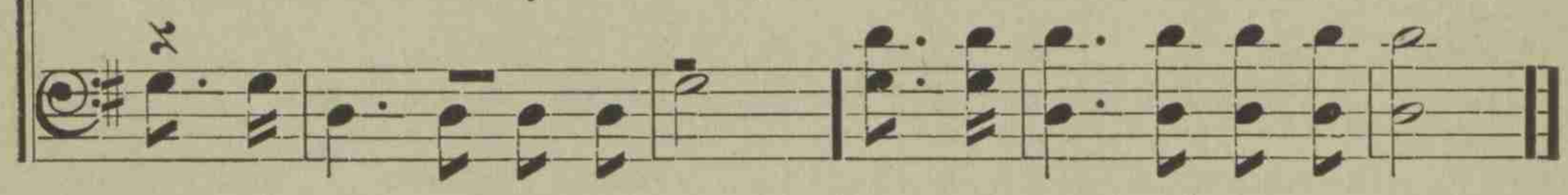
2. { Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; }
   { Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; }

D.C. *Earth can fill my soul no more,—Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.*





Now to you my spir-it turns— Turns a fu - gi-tive un - blest;
Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re-deem-er shall be mine;



No. 119. Gerar. S. M.

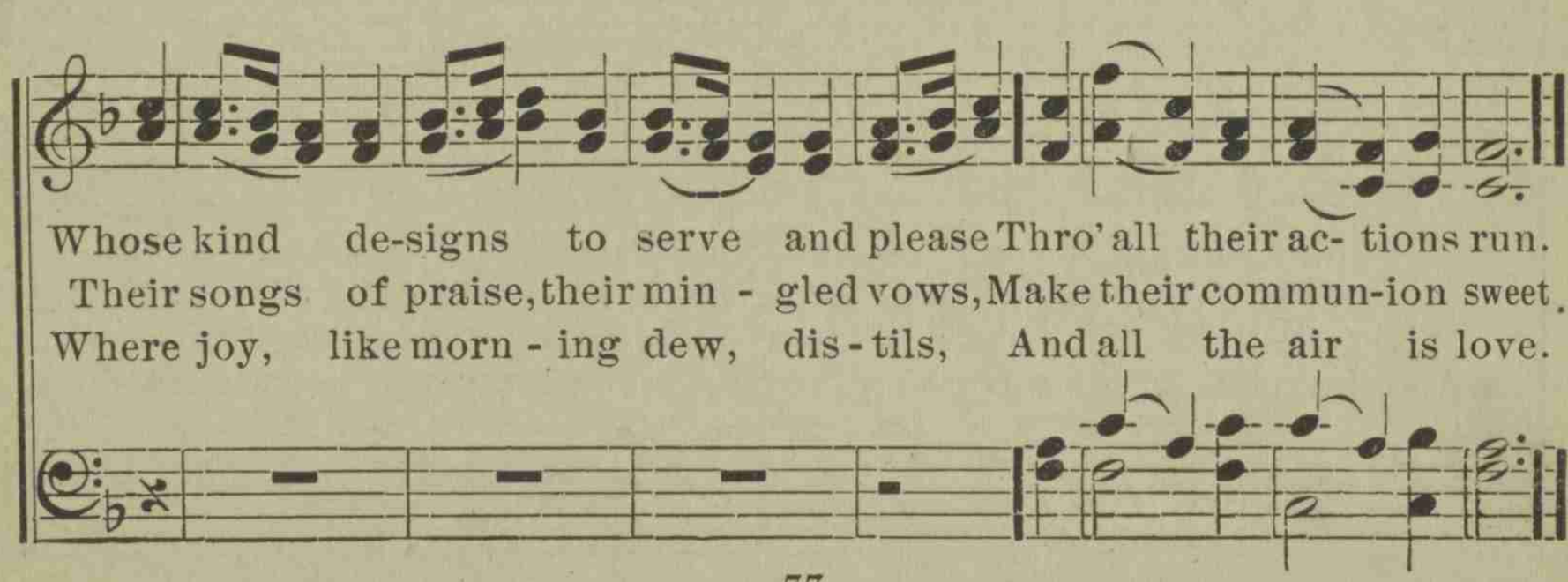
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;
2. Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet;
3. Thus, on the heav'n-ly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove,

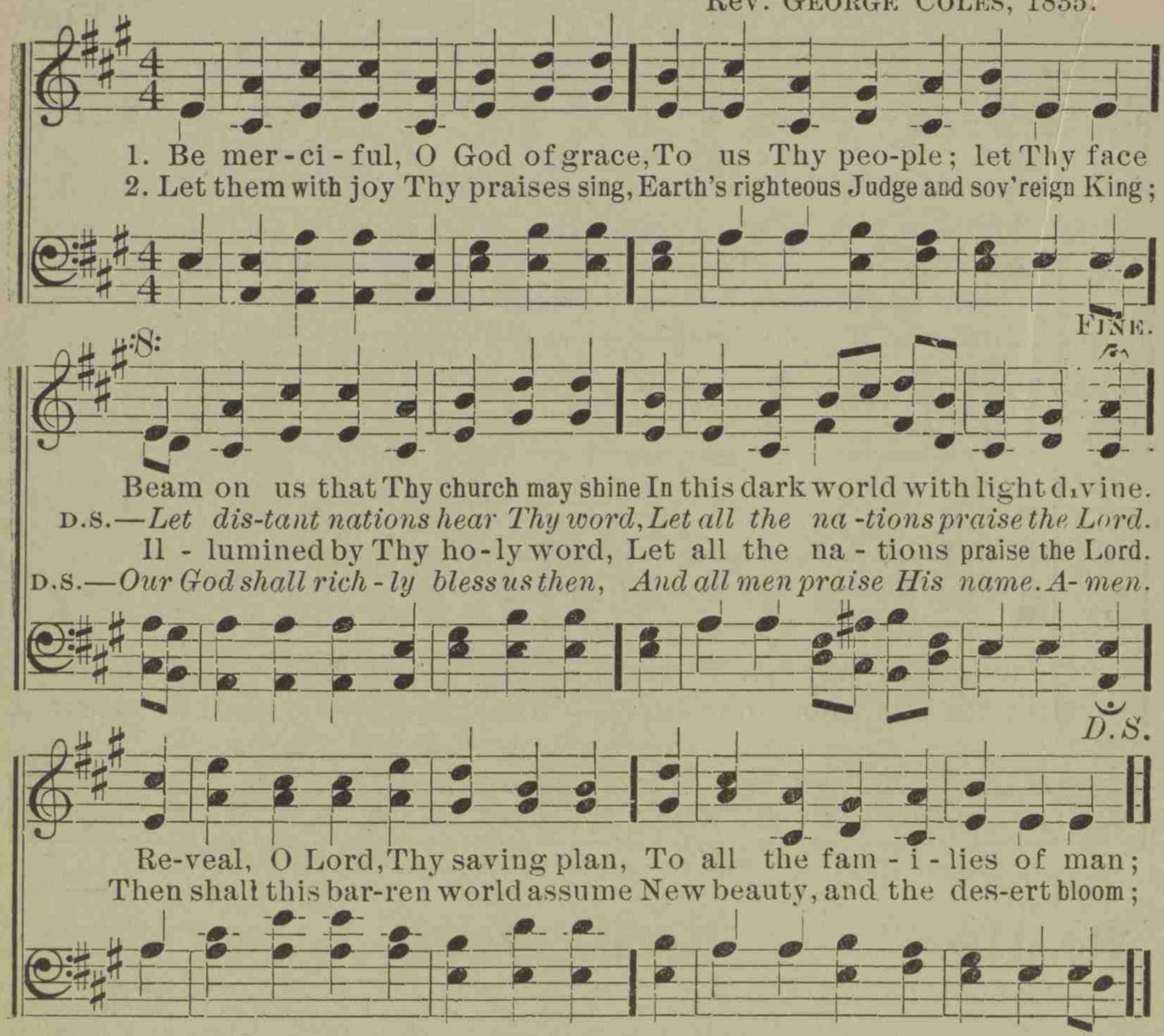


Whose kind de-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac- tions run.
Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their commun-ion sweet.
Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.



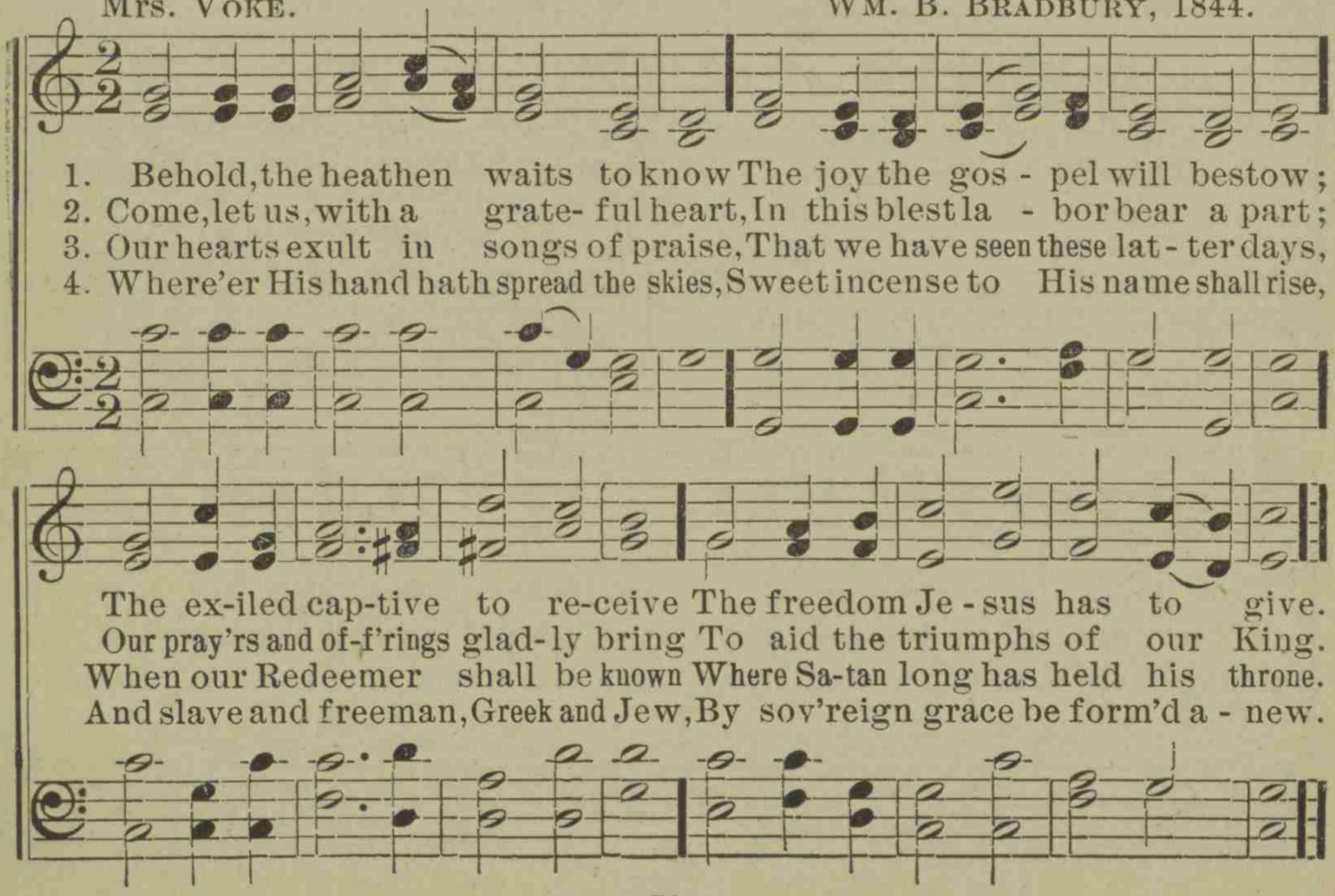
No. 120. Duane Street. L. M. D.

Rev. George Coles, 1835.



No. 121. Zephyr. L. M.

Mrs. Voke. Wm. B. Bradbury, 1844.



No. 122. State Street. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1861. J. C. WOODMAN, 1844.



No. 123. Copp. C. M.

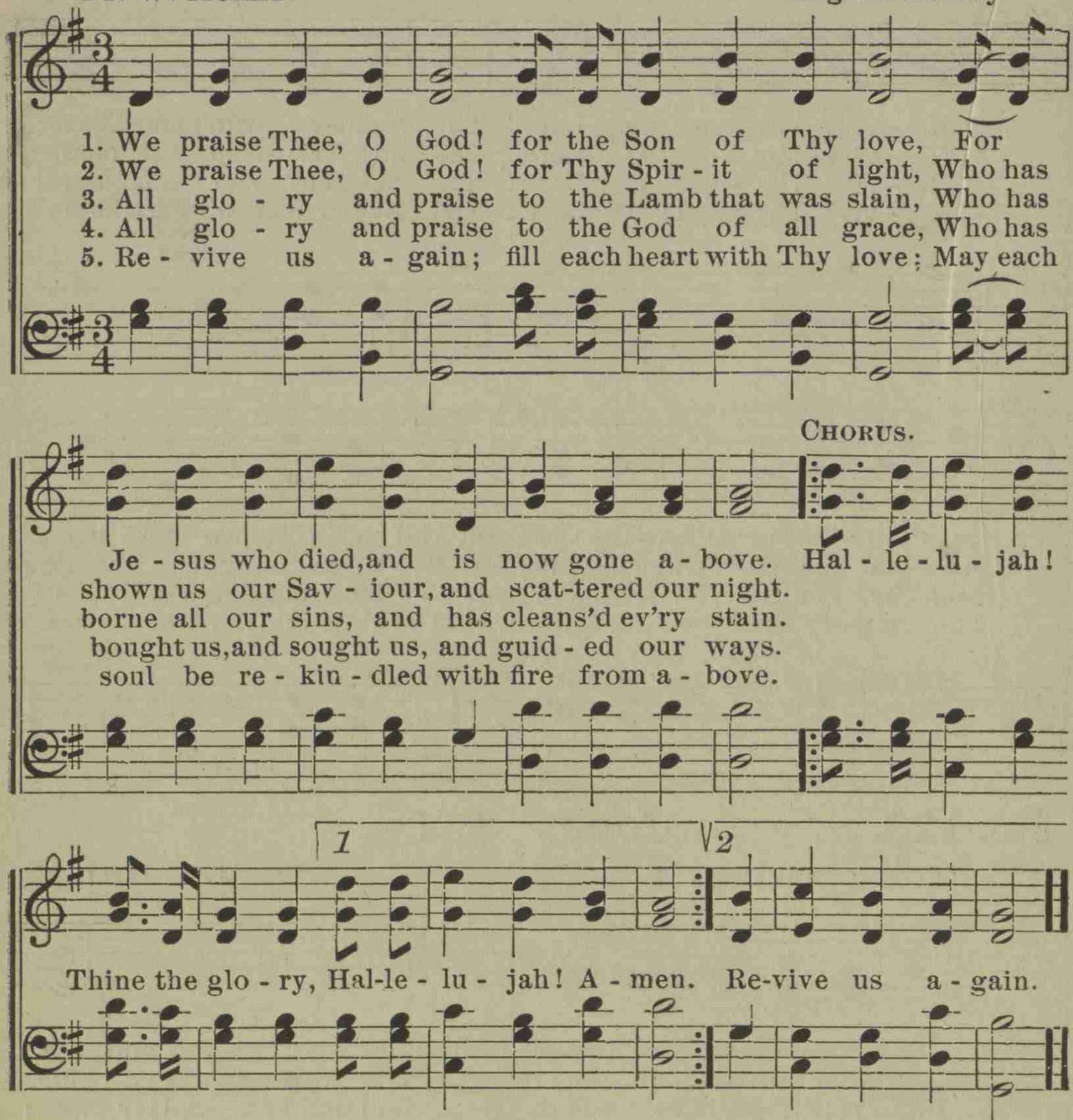
WILLIAM C. BRYANT, 1835. J. H. HALL.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

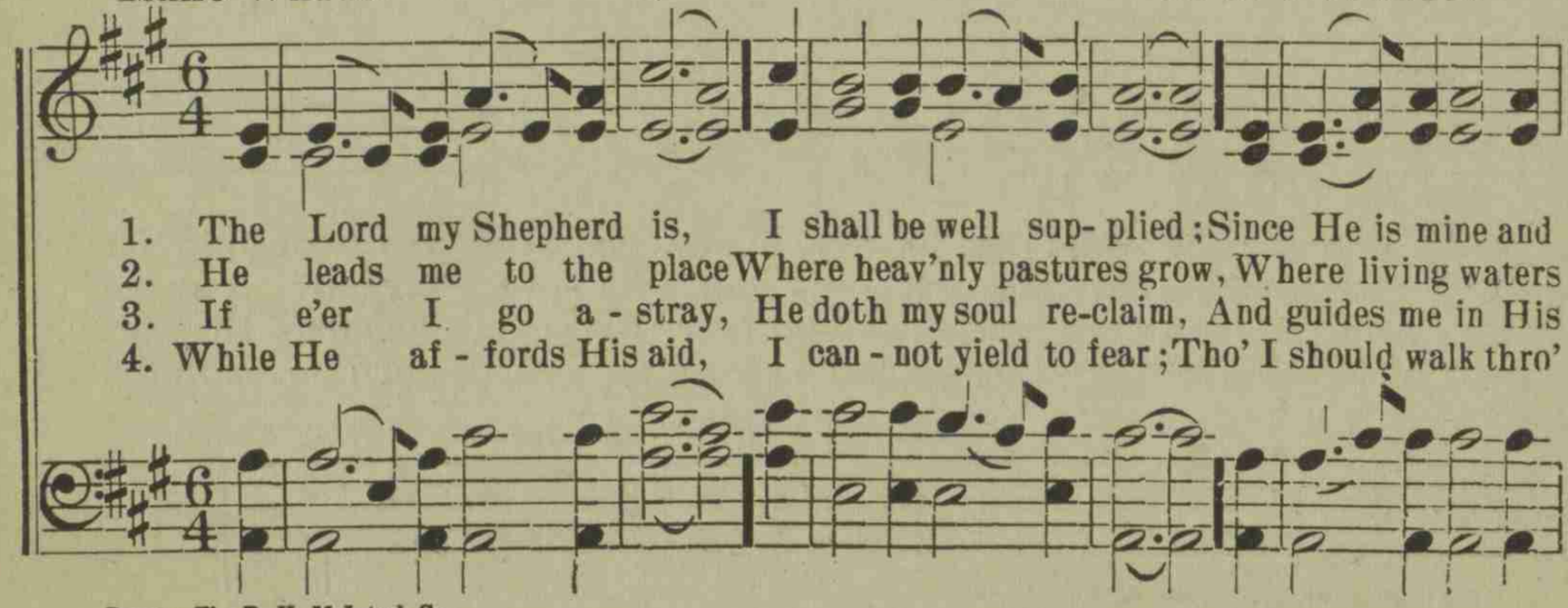
No. 124. Revive us Again.

Dr. W. McKay. English Melody.



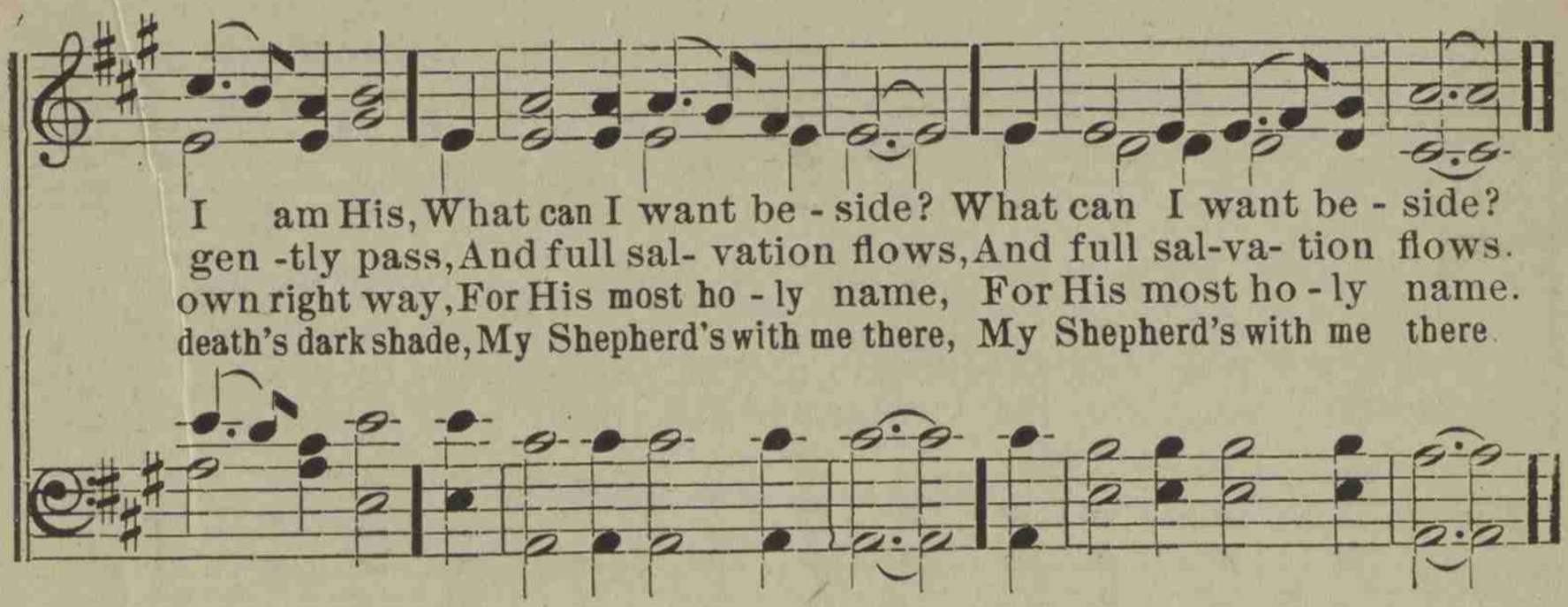
No. 125. Schumann. S. M.

Isaac Watts. L. C. Everett.



By per. The R. H. McIntosh Co.

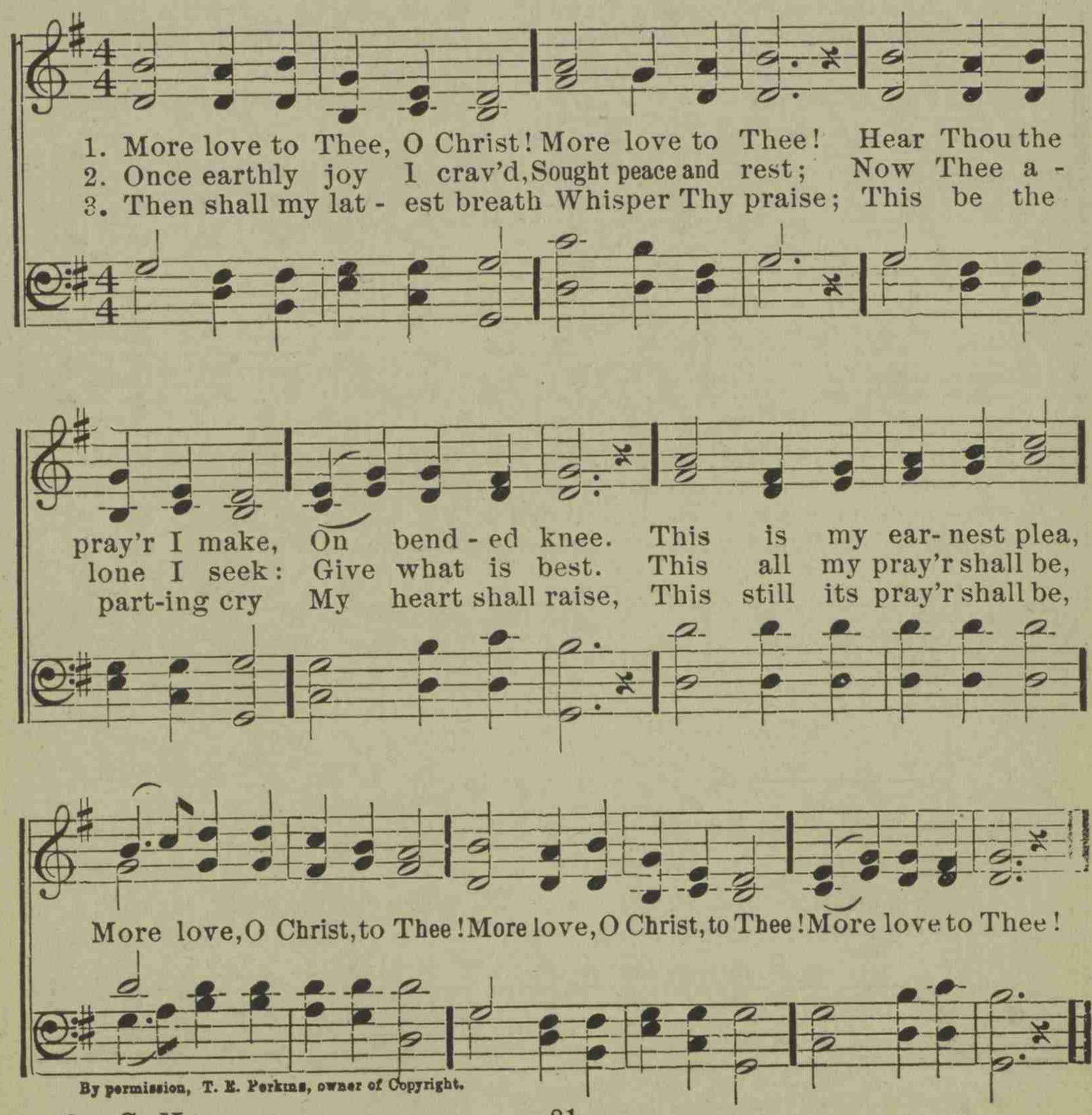
Schumann. (Concluded.)



No. 126. More Love to Thee.

"Lovest thou me?" John 21 : 16.

E. P. Prentiss. T. E. Perkins.



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No. 127. Go, Wash in the Stream.

"A fountain is opened for sin." Zech. 16: 1.

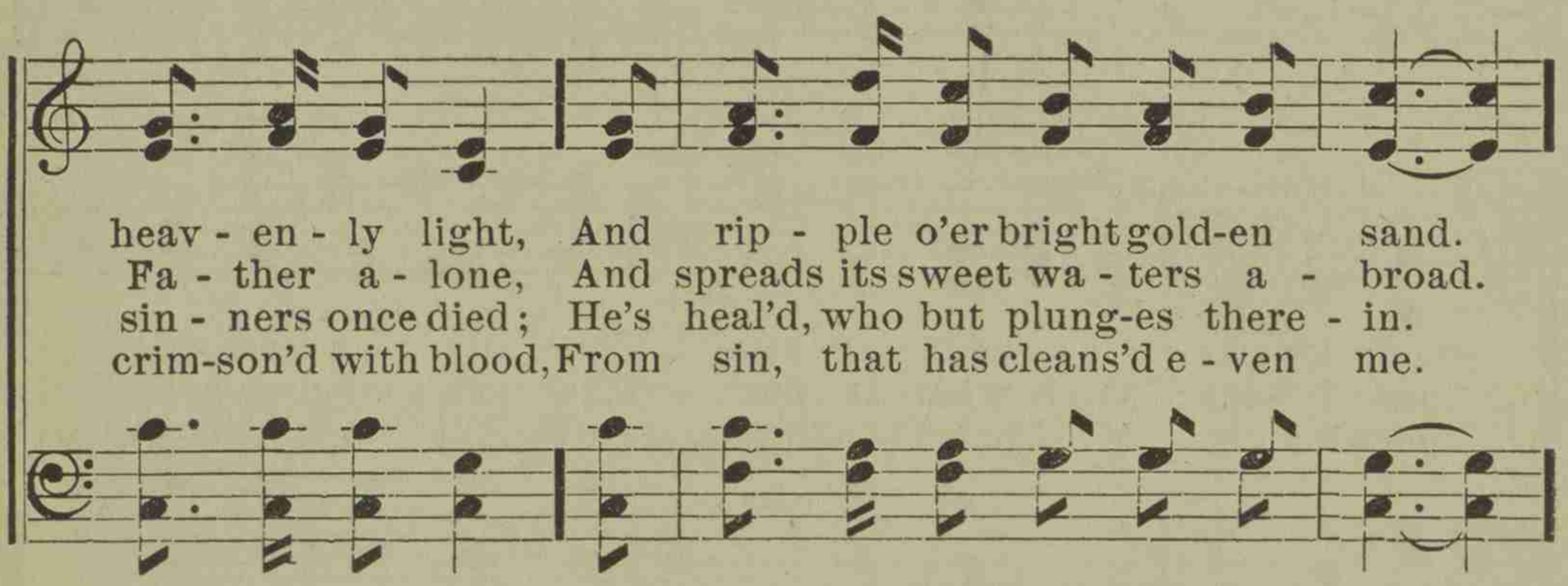
R. TORREY, Jr. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.



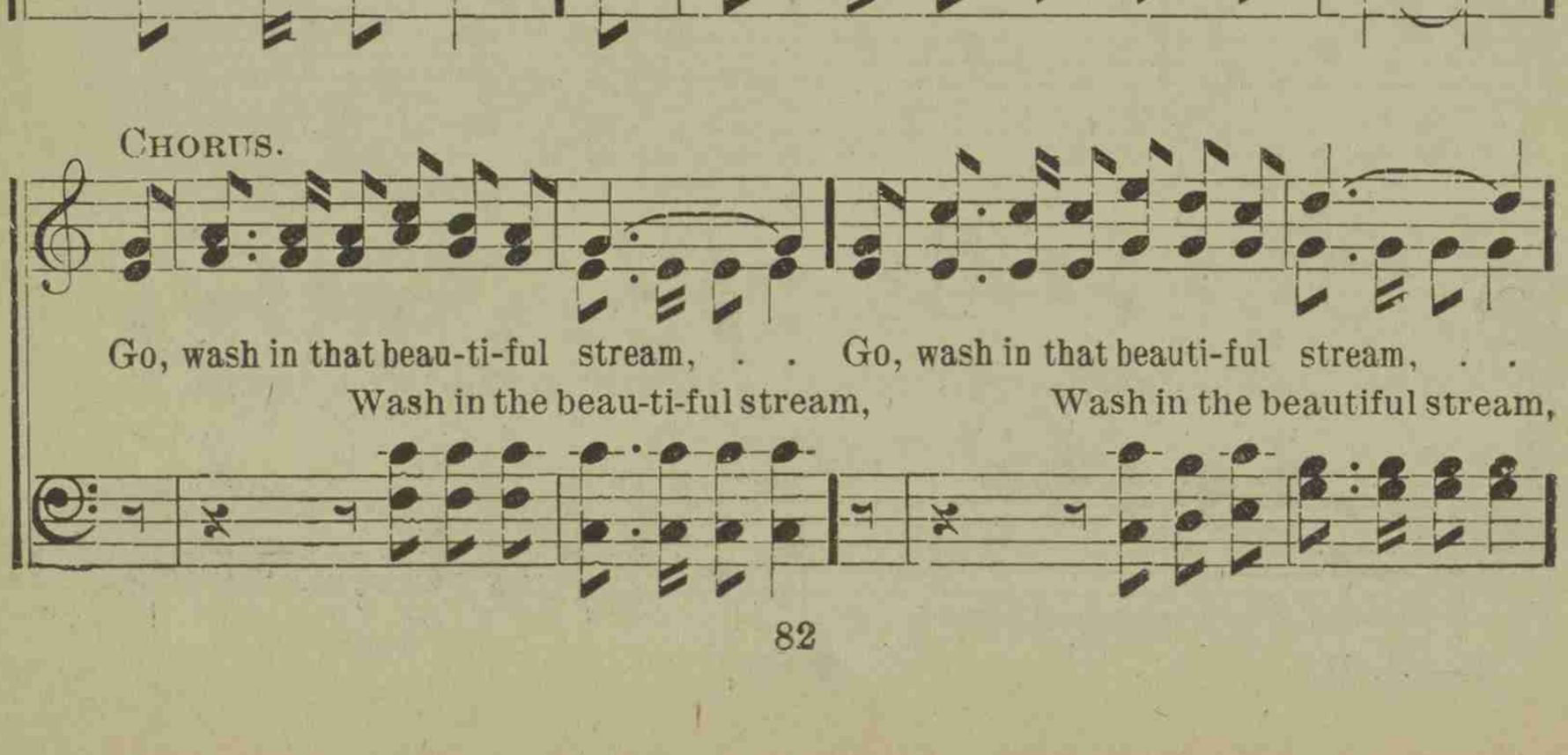
1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That



flows thro' the sweet Ca-naan Land; Its wa-ters gleam bright in their
glad-dens the cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
fount God has o - pen'd for sin; That stream from His side who for
fount that is flow - ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is



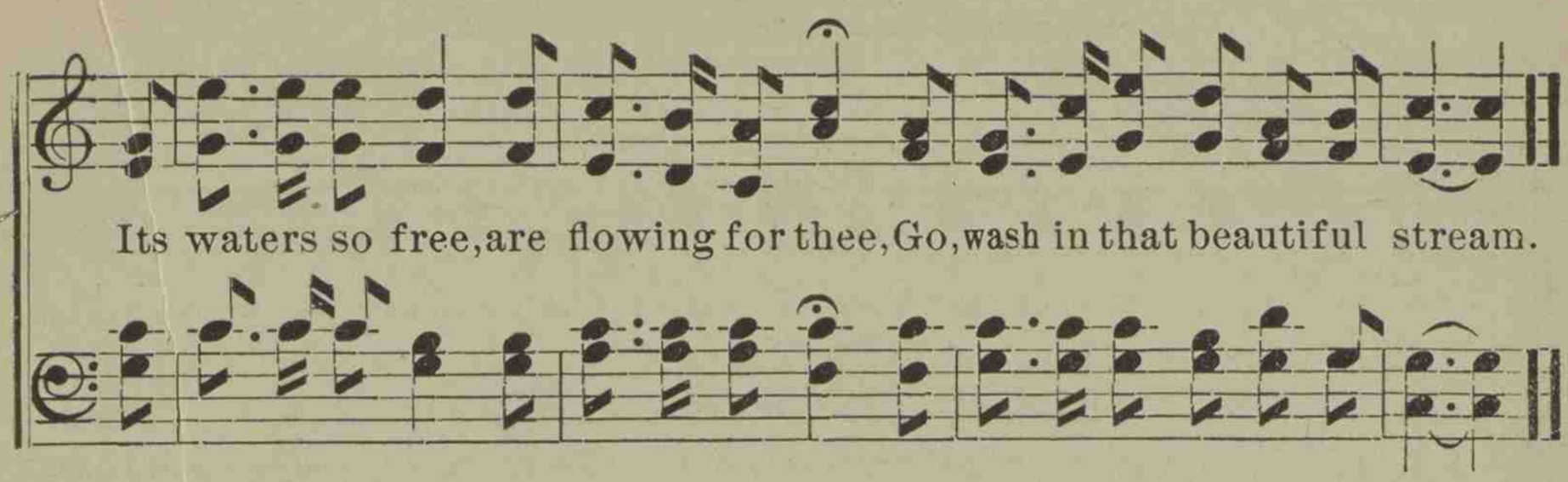
heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er bright gold-en sand.
Fa - ther a - lone, And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
sin - ners once died; He's heal'd, who but plung-es there - in.
crim-son'd with blood, From sin, that has cleans'd e - ven me.



CHORUS.

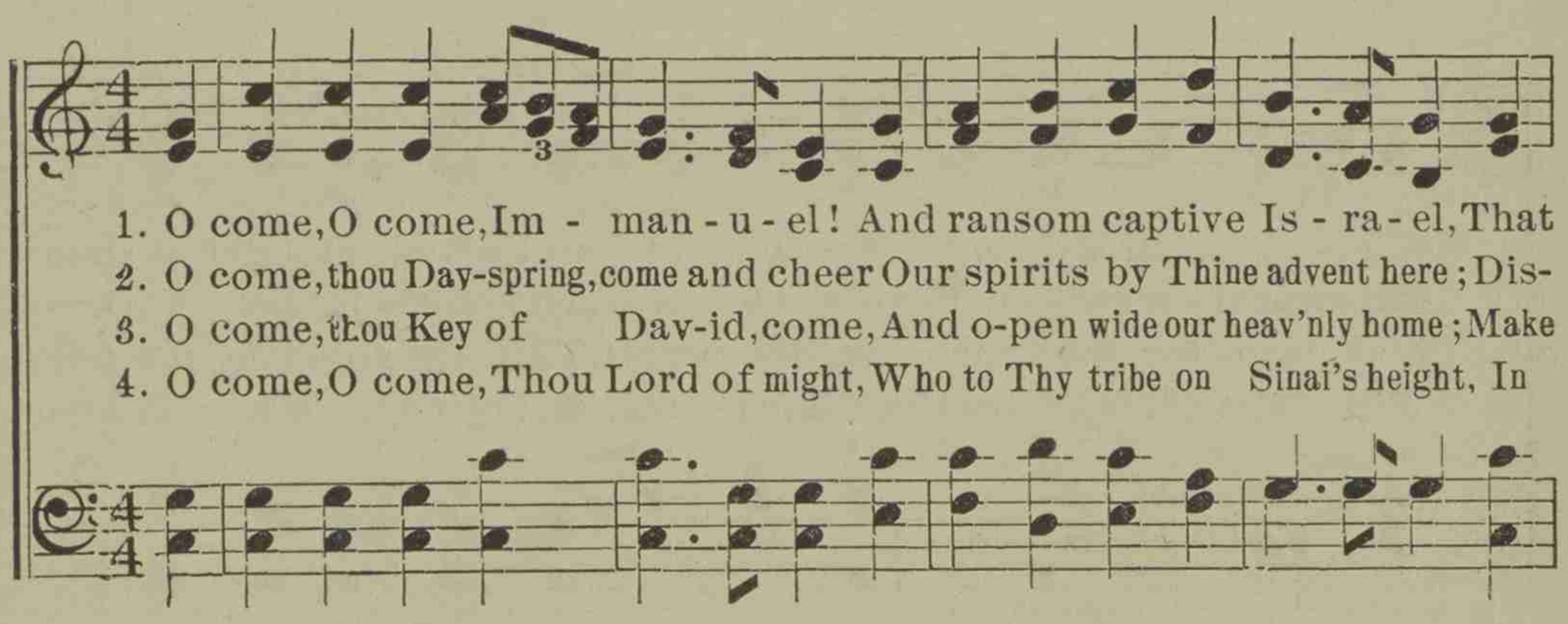
Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . Go, wash in that beauti-ful stream, . .
Wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, Wash in the beautiful stream,

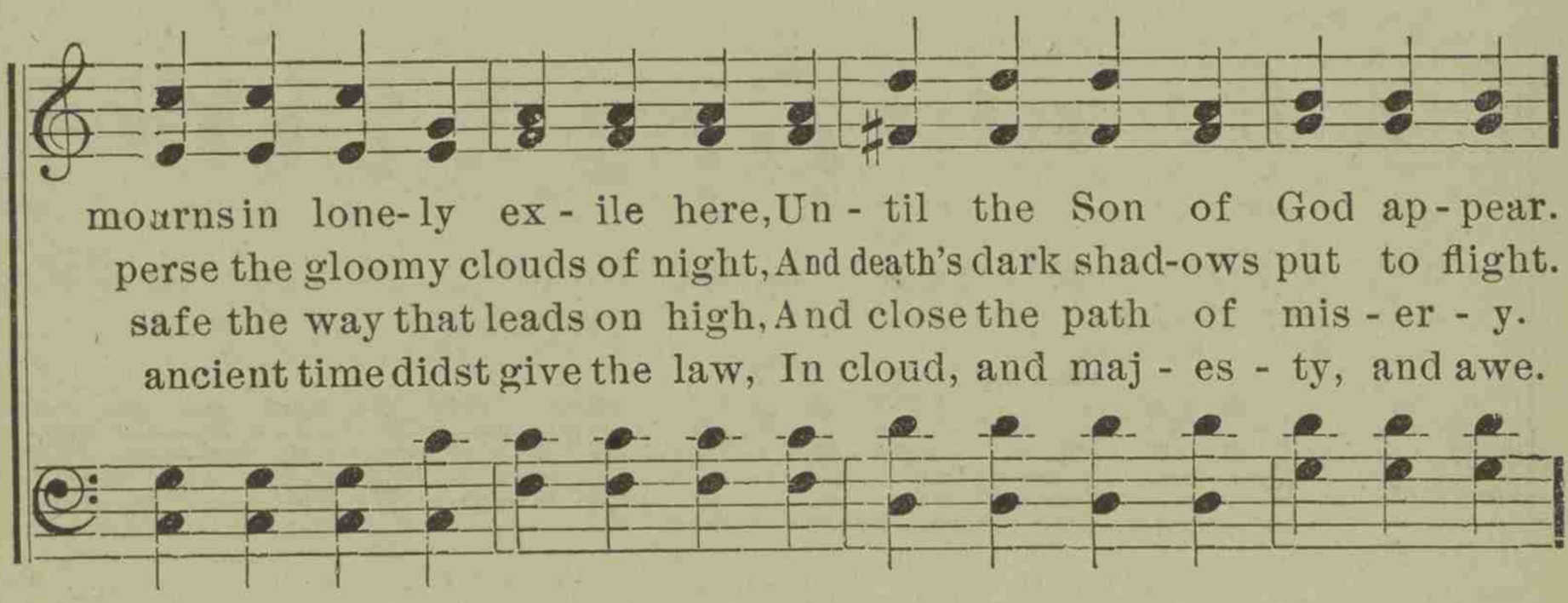
Go, Wash in the Stream. (Concluded.)



No. 128. O Come, Immanuel.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.





CHORUS.



No. 129. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. 31 : 17.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

Chorus.

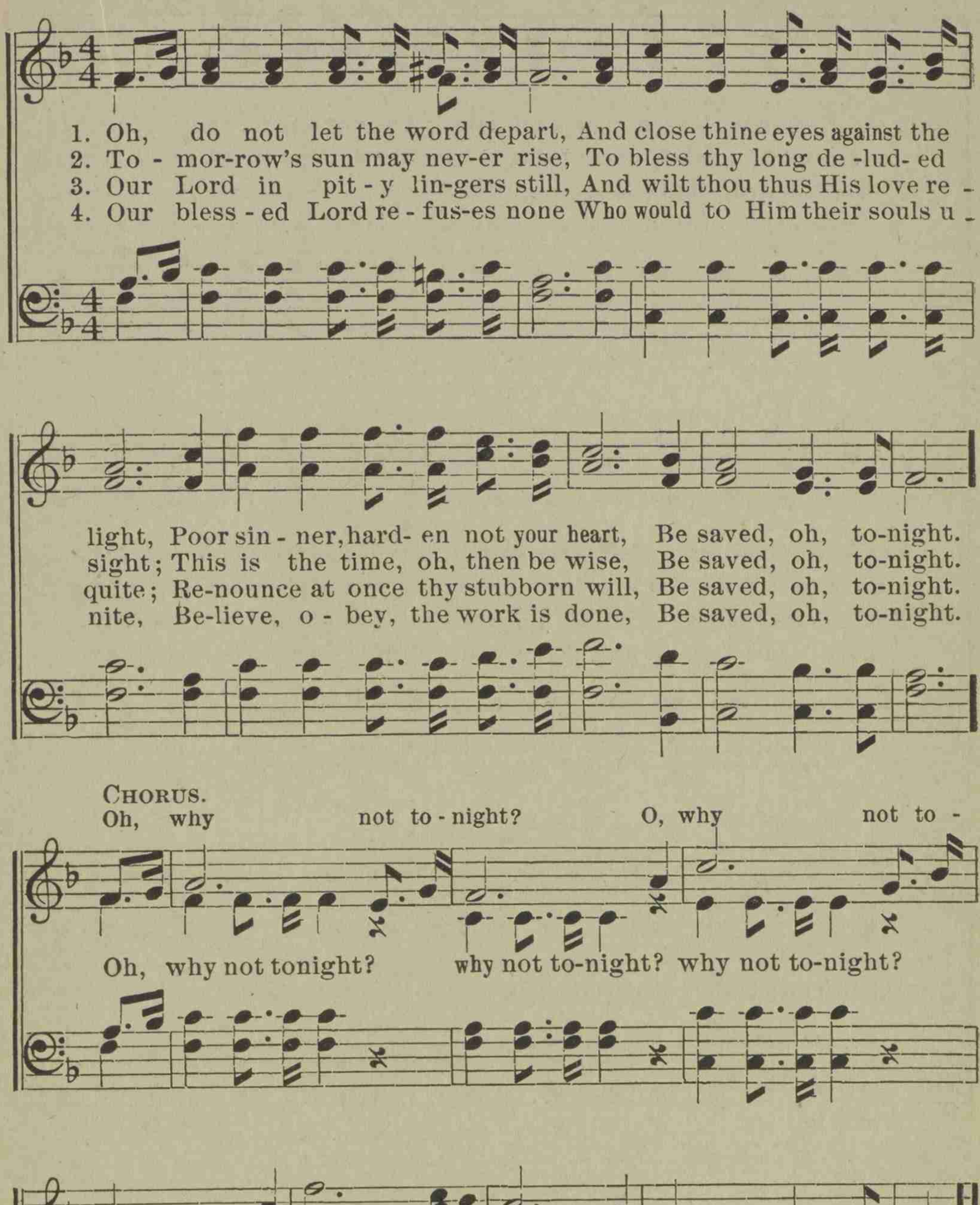
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
We'll work We'll work

work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

No. 130. Oh, Why not Tonight?

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. J. Calvin Bushey.



Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

No. 131. Carry the News to Jesus.

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

GRACE LINDSEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Christian breth-ren, o'er the main Car - ry the news of Je - sus;
2. On-ward, quick-ly, hear their cry O - ver the deep re-sound-ing;
3. Tell them Ju-dah's Morn-ing Star, Peace-ful-ly, calm - ly shin-ing,
4. Christian brethren, preach the word, Pub-lish a free sal - va - tion;

Go where night and darkness reign, Lov-ing - ly haste a - way.
Save the mil-lions ere they die, Ear-nest-ly haste a - way.
Spreads its beams o'er climes a - far, Pray'r-ful - ly haste a - way.
Lo, in heav'n your bright re-ward, Joy-ful - ly haste a - way.

REFRAIN.

Car - ry the news o'er wa-ters blue, Per-ish-ing souls are waiting for you;

Stretching their hands, they plead for light, Bless - ed Gos - pel light.

Copyright, 1891, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

No. 132. God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Romans 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings secure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai-ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put His arms un-failing 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.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet;

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

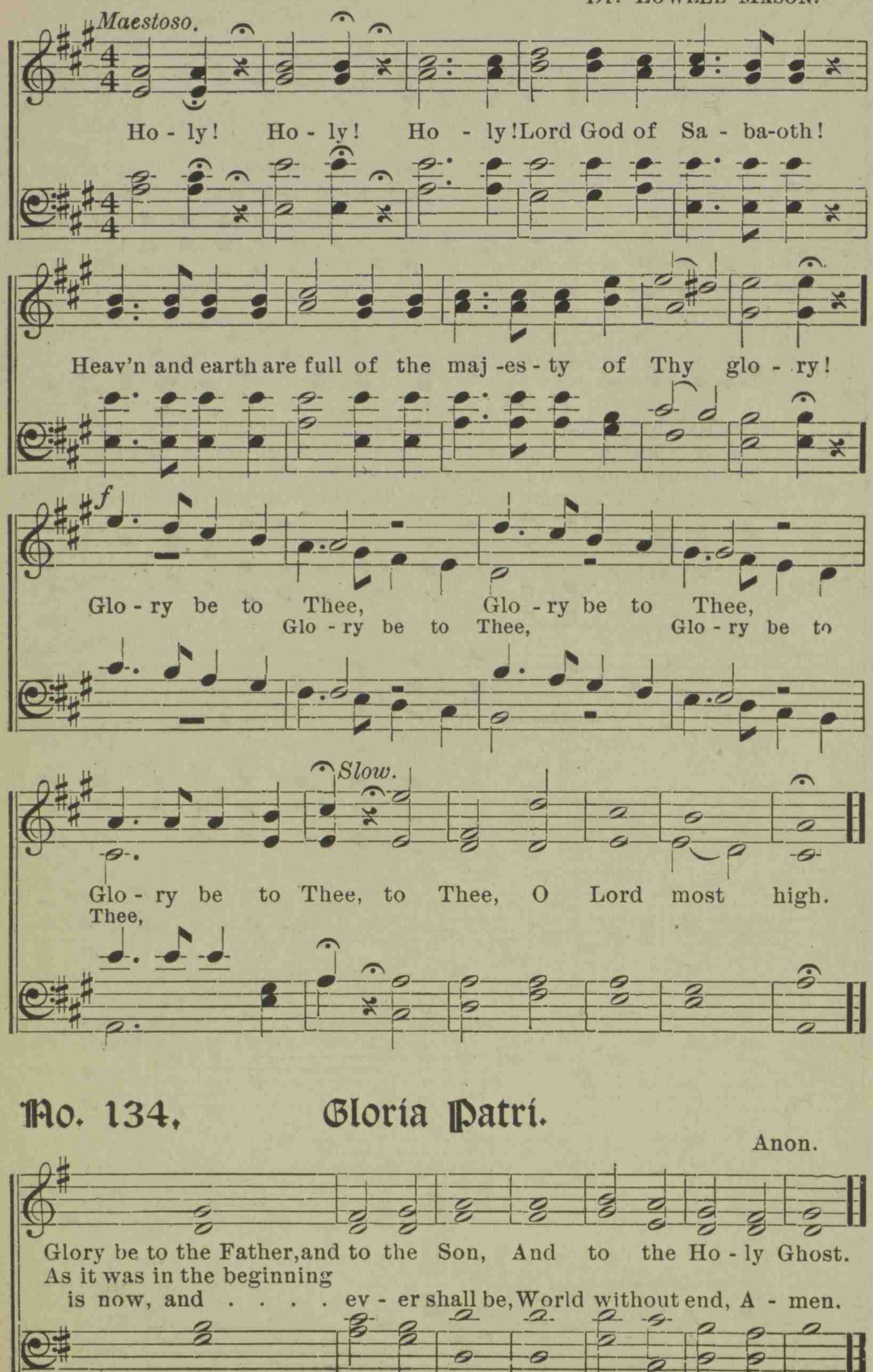
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

till we meet,

Copyright, by J. E. Rankin, D. D., Washington, D. C.

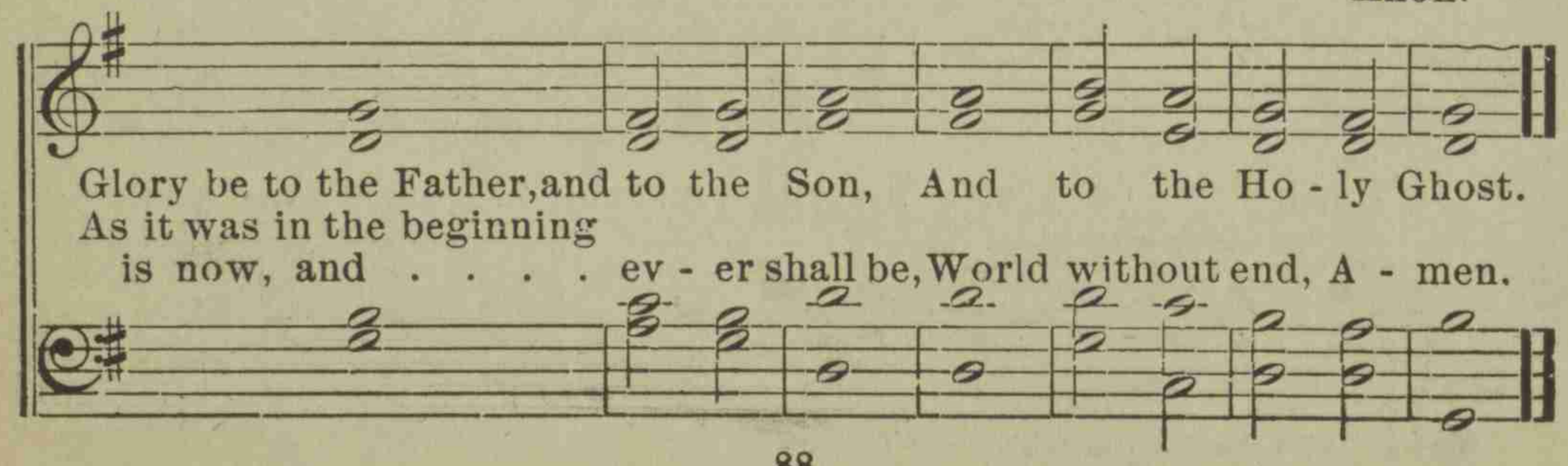
No. 133. Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 134. Gloria Patri.

Anon.



"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Luke 2: 52.

No. 135. More about Jesus.

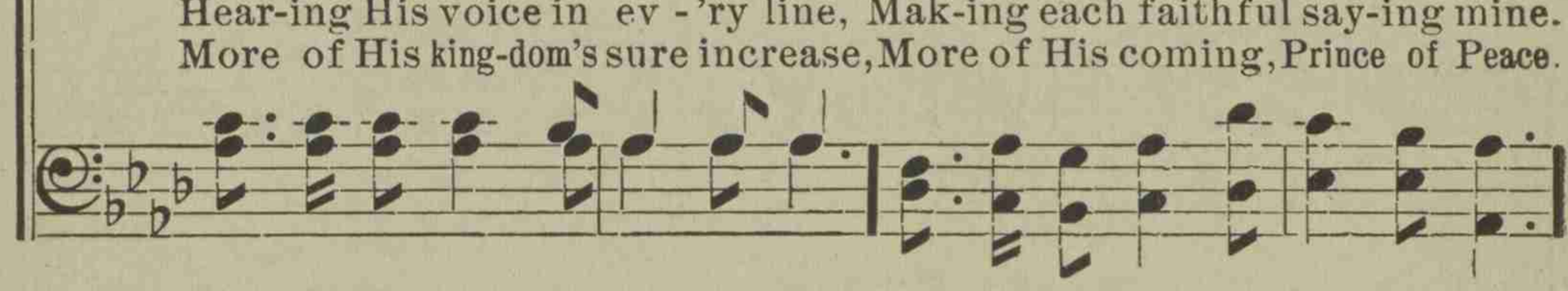
E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



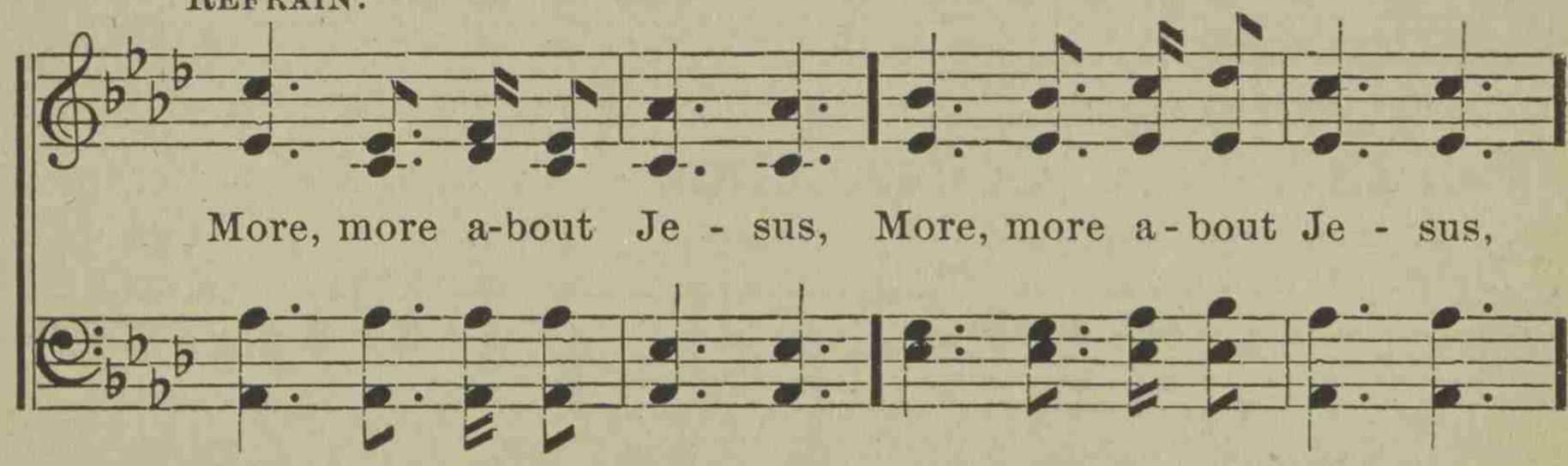
1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show,
2. More about Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More about Je - sus; in His word, Holding commun-ion with my Lord,
4. More about Je - sus; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own;



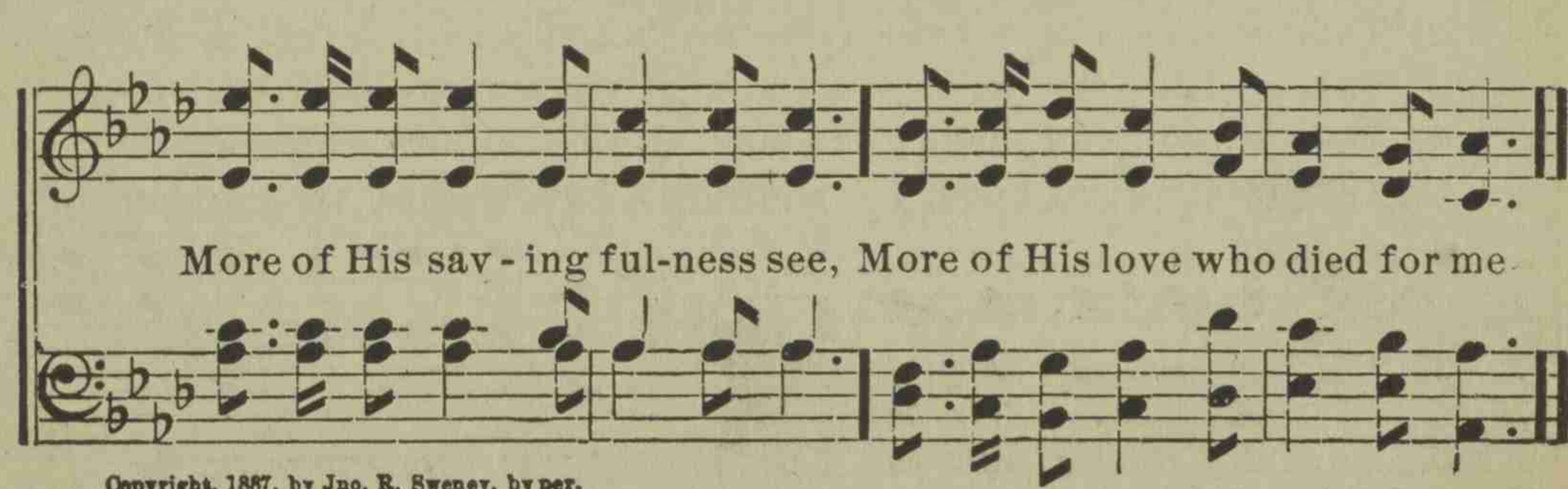
More of His sav - ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His king-dom's sure increase, More of His coming, Prince of Peace.



REFRAIN.



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



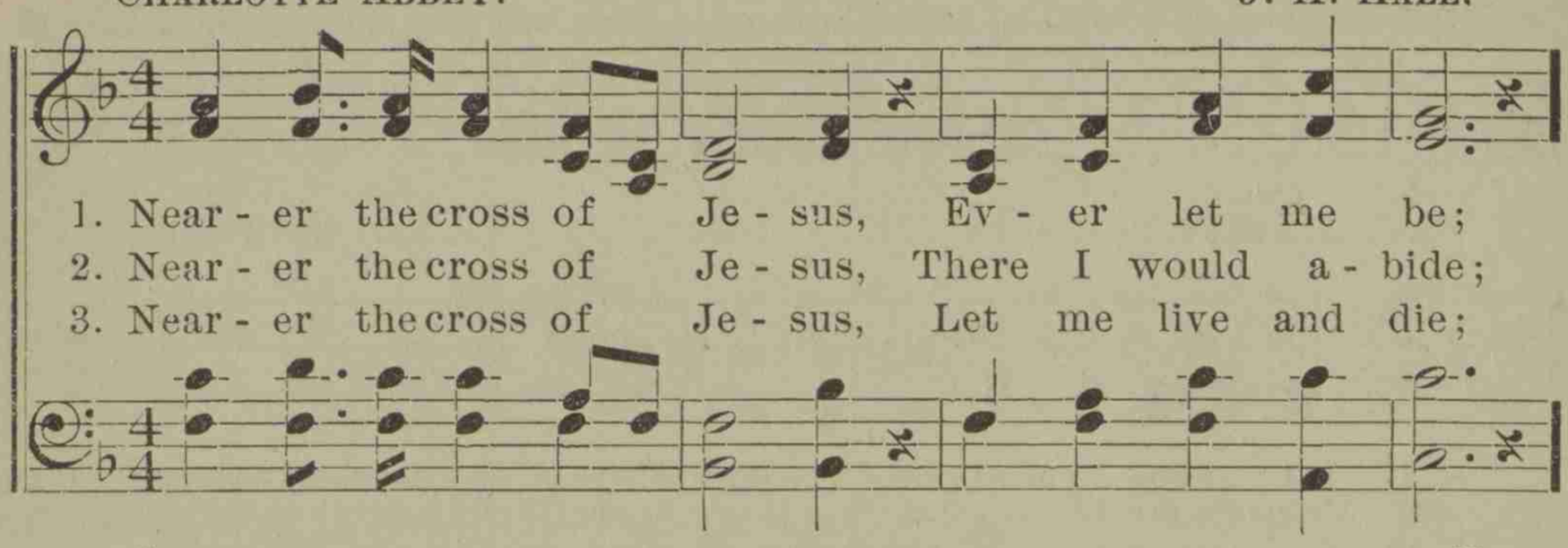
More of His sav - ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me

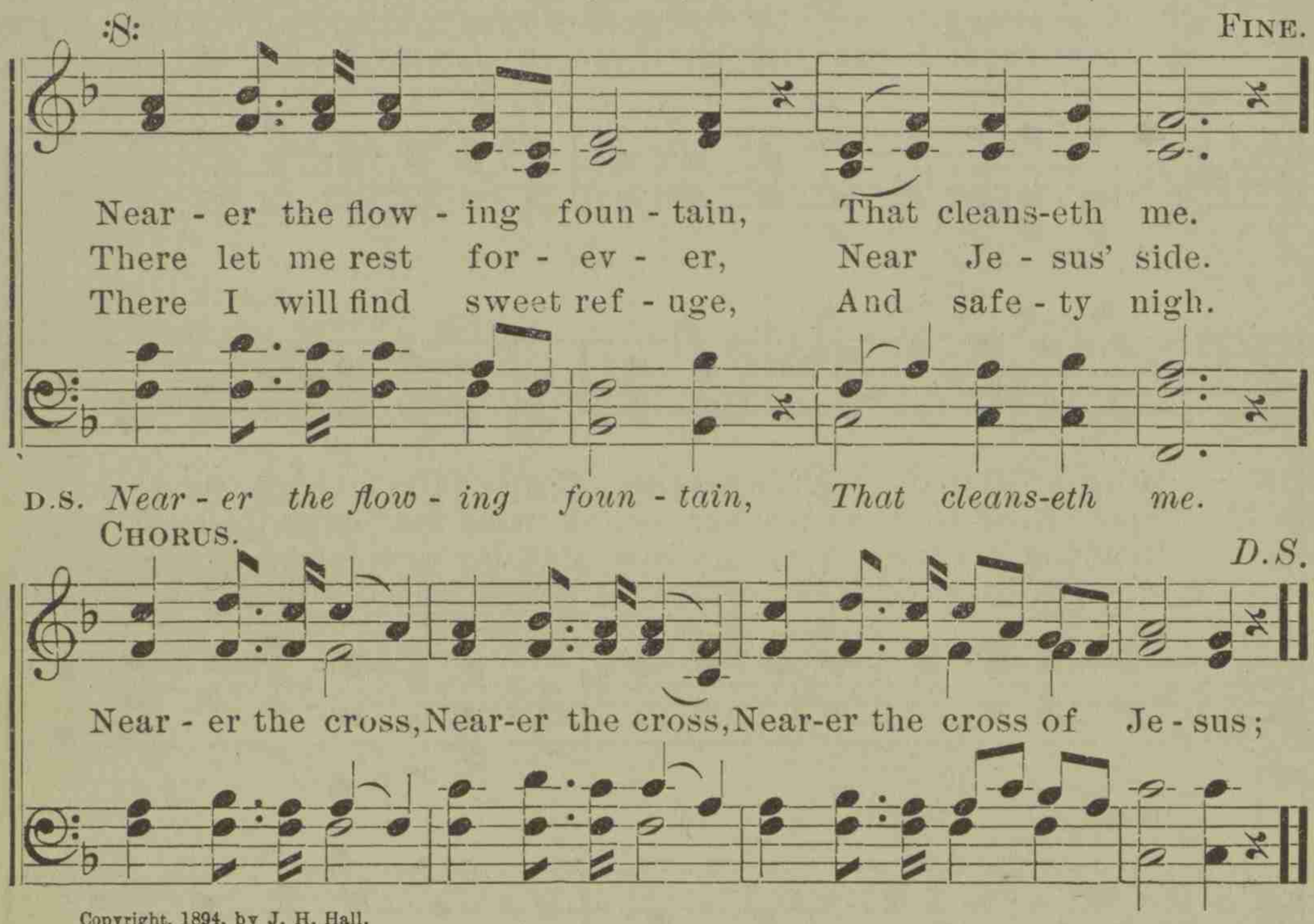
Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

No. 136. Nearer the Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6 : 14.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY. J. H. HALL.





Copyright, 1894, by J. H. Hall.

No. 137. Consecration. 7s.

FRANCES E. HAVERGAL. Arr.



Consecration. (Concluded.)



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

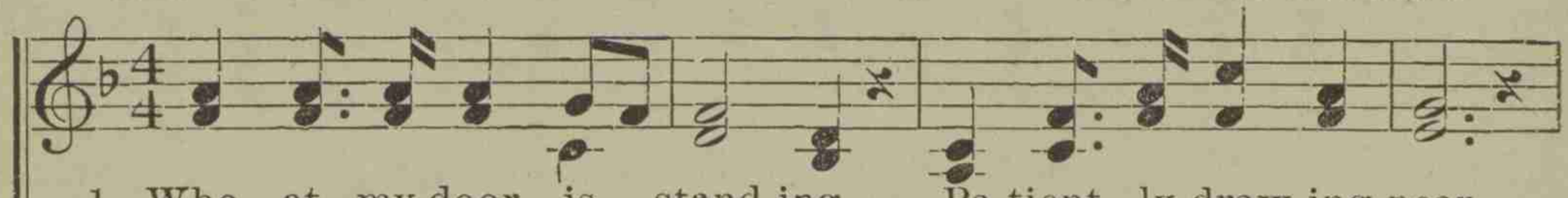


Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er - more to be.

No. 138. Knocking at the Door.

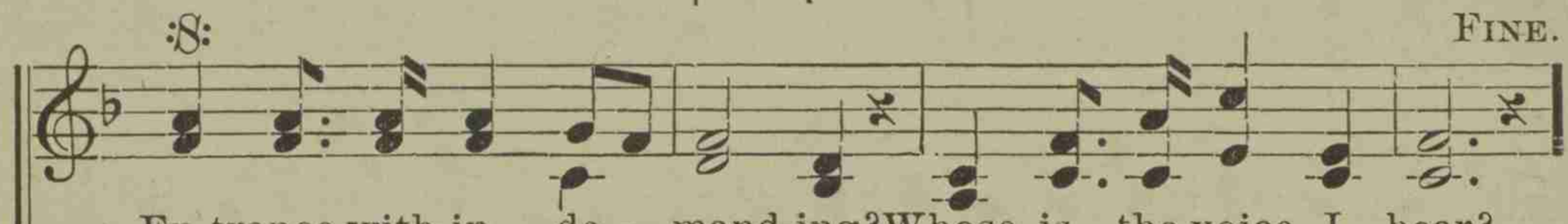
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.

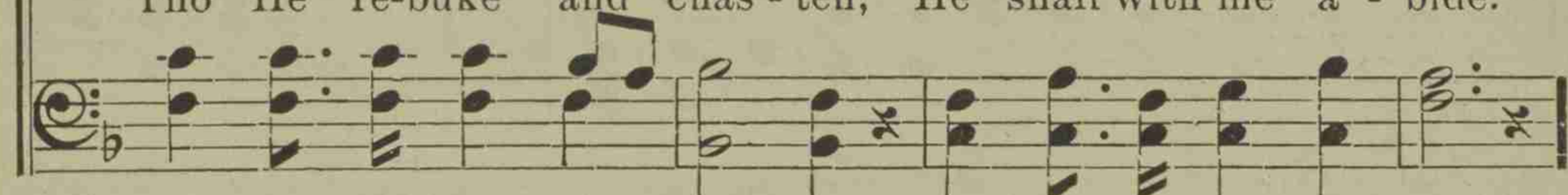


1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient - ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly with-out He's stay-ing, Lone - ly with-in am I;
3. All thro' the dark hours drear-y Knock-ing a - gain is He;
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;





En-trance with-in de - mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
Tho' He re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.



D.S. *If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."*

Refrain.



Sweet-ly the tones are fall - ing, "O - pen the door for Me!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

No. 139. Glory Over There.

Words arranged by I. N. McHose. Music by C. L. Moore.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where we shall be gathered by and
2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and
3. There rests no shadow, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and
4. O - ver in that se-rene a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and

by; In - fin - ite day excludes the night, Where we shall be gathered
by; It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gathered
by; And those long part - ed meet a gain, Where we shall be gathered
by; There we will meet and live with God, Where we shall be gathered

Chorus.

by and by, O - ver there, O - ver there,
o - ver there. by and by, by and by,

O won't that be glo - ry by and by; O - ver there,
O - ver there; by and by,

O - ver there, O won't that be glo-ry by and by.
by and by, o - ver there.

Copyright, 1893, by Moore & Robinson, by per.

No. 140. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow-ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow-ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the
Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves, When our weeping's

har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re-joic - ing,
har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re-joic - ing,
o - ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall come, re-joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come, re-joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re-joic - (*Omit*. . . . .) ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

By per. of Geo. A. Minor, owner of copyright.

No. 141. Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole, I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
self, and what-ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be
cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be

CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Used by per. of W. G. Fischer, owner of copyright.

No. 142. Is my Name Written There?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
But Thy blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white;

In the book of Thy king-dom, With its page white and fair,
For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de-spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

FINE.

D.S. *In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?*
D.S. *In the book of Thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
2 & 3. Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair.

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No. 143. Glory to Jesus!

A. F. M. Arr. A. F. Myers.

1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and sigh-ing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree; Je-sus can
2. Liv-ing be-neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of earth all as dross, Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side, Je-sus can
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want pu-ri - ty, walk in the light; If you want lib-er- ty, shout and be free; Je-sus can
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole. Wash'd in the blood of the One, cru-ci - fied, Je-sus can

Chorus.

save you, for He saved me. Glo - ry to Je - sus, He sat - is - fies me!
save you, for you He died.
cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.
cleanse you, for you He died.

Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm free, I am free! Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll shout it, I will! Glo - ry to Je - sus, I can-not keep still.

By per. A. F. Myers, owner of copyright.

No. 144. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss Kate Hankey. W. G. Fisher, by per.



Chorus.

tell it now to thee.
God's own ho-ly word.
I have loved so long.

No. 145. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all." 1 John 1: 5.

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

Not too fast.



1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the blessed sun-light in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened beart, Let the blessed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sun-light in;



Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength im-part, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.



CHORUS.



Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in;
sun-light in, sun-light in;

Repeat chorus softly.



Would you nev-er weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in.
sunlight in.



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No. 146. Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp. Used by per.

No. 147. We're Marching to Zion.

I. WATTS. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

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

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Imman-uel's ground,

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

And thus surround the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

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

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

By per. Rev. R. Lowry, owner of copyright.

No. 148. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Prov. 18 : 24.

Rev. H. Bonar. Charles C. Converse, by per.



No. 149. I Know My Name is There.

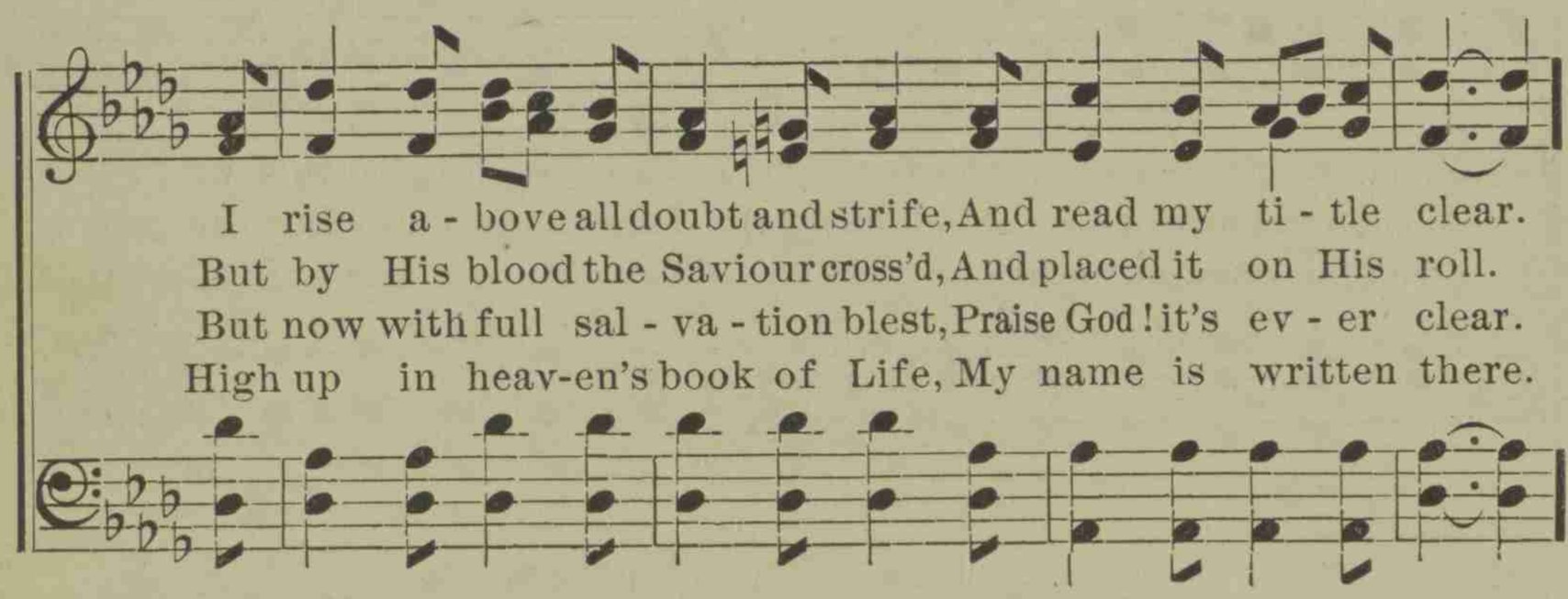
Luke 10: 20.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN



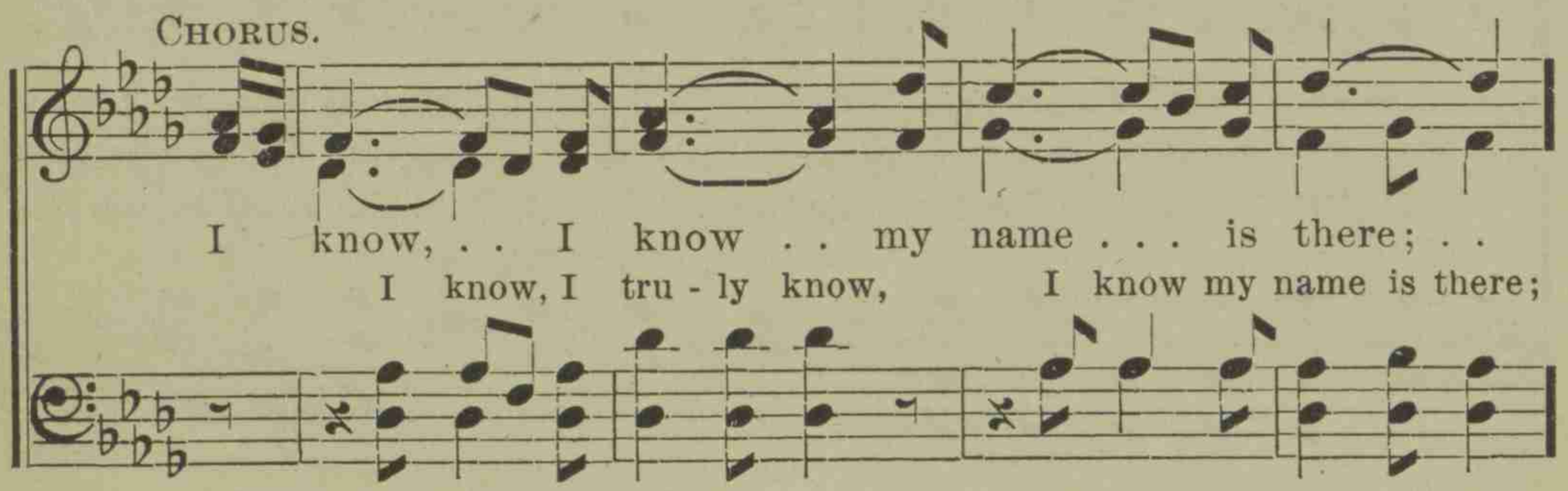
1. My name is in the book of Life, Oh, bless the name of Je-sus!
2. My name once stood with sinners, lost, And bore a painful rec-ord;
3. Yet in-ward trou-ble oft-en cast A shad-ow o'er my ti-tle;
4. While oth-ers climb thro' worldly strife, To carve a name of hon-or,



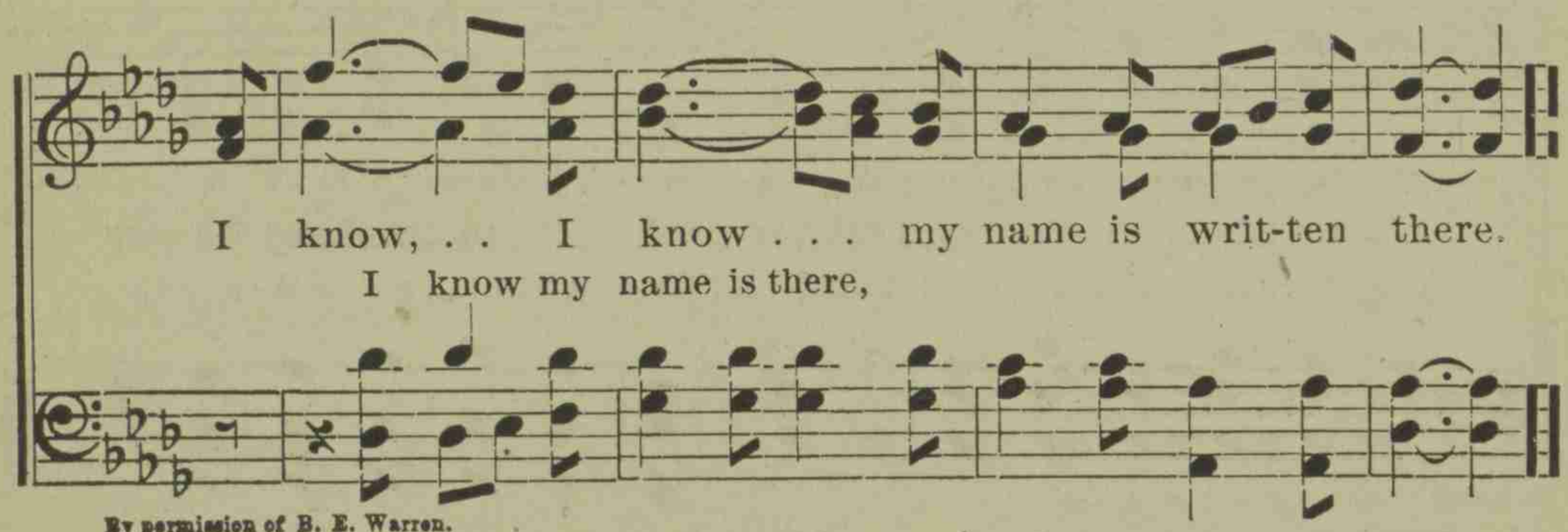


I rise a-bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti-tle clear.
But by His blood the Saviour cross'd, And placed it on His roll.
But now with full sal-va-tion blest, Praise God! it's ev-er clear.
High up in heav-en's book of Life, My name is written there.

CHORUS.



I know, . . I know . . my name . . . is there; . .
I know, I tru-ly know, I know my name is there;



I know, . . I know . . . my name is writ-ten there.
I know my name is there,

By permission of B. E. Warren.

No. 150. It's Happier Every Day.

The testimony of a good old Christian "thirty odd years on the way."

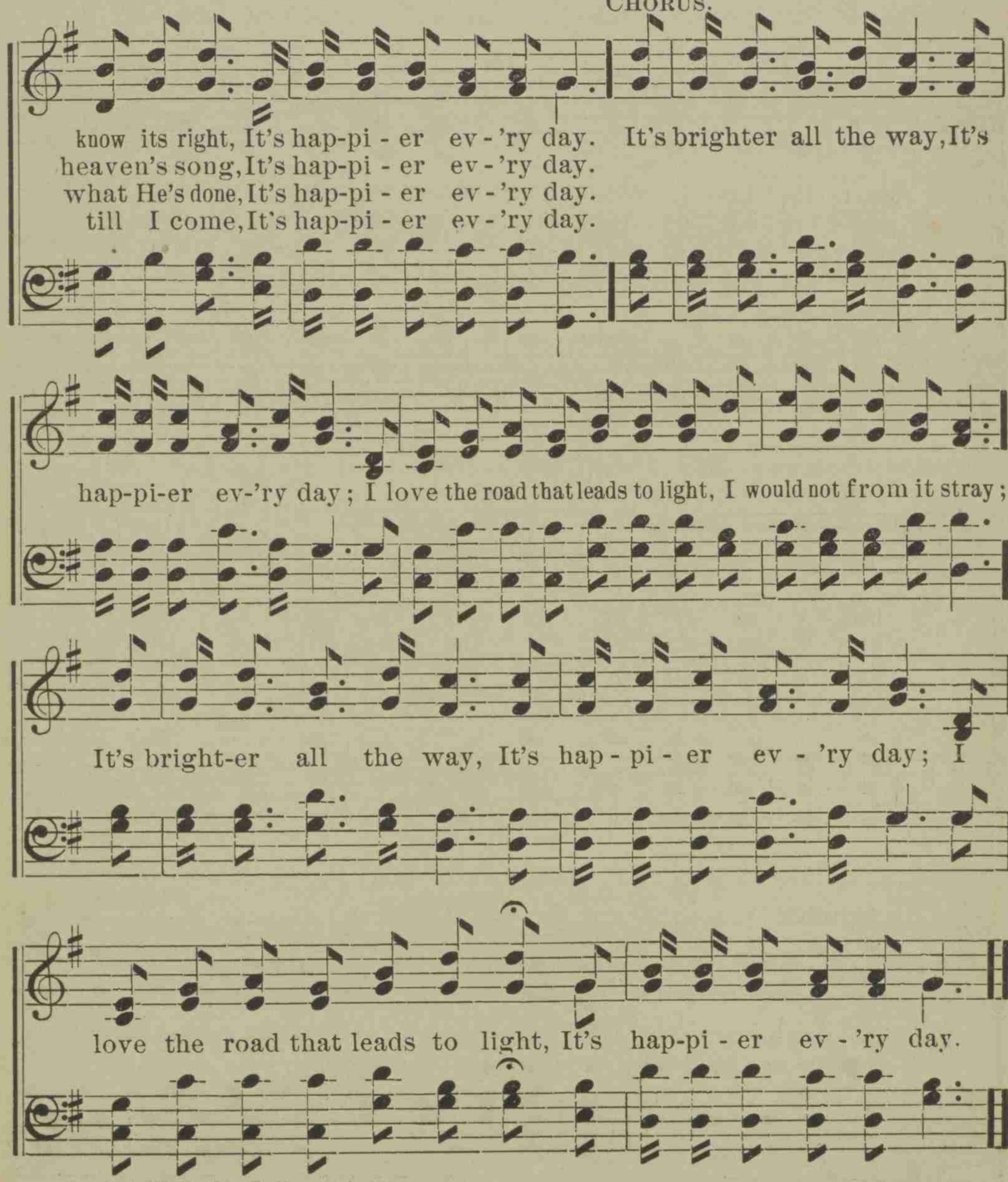
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.



1. I love the road that leads to light, I would not from it stray, I walk it for I
2. I love it for you saint-ly throng Have gone this very way, They now are sing-ing
3. I love it when I think of One Who died, my debt to pay, And ope'd the road by
4. I love this road, 'twill lead me home, To where my lov'd ones stay; They're watching, longing.



CHORUS.



know its right, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day. It's brighter all the way, It's
heaven's song, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.
what He's done, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.
till I come, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.

hap-pi-er ev-'ry day; I love the road that leads to light, I would not from it stray;

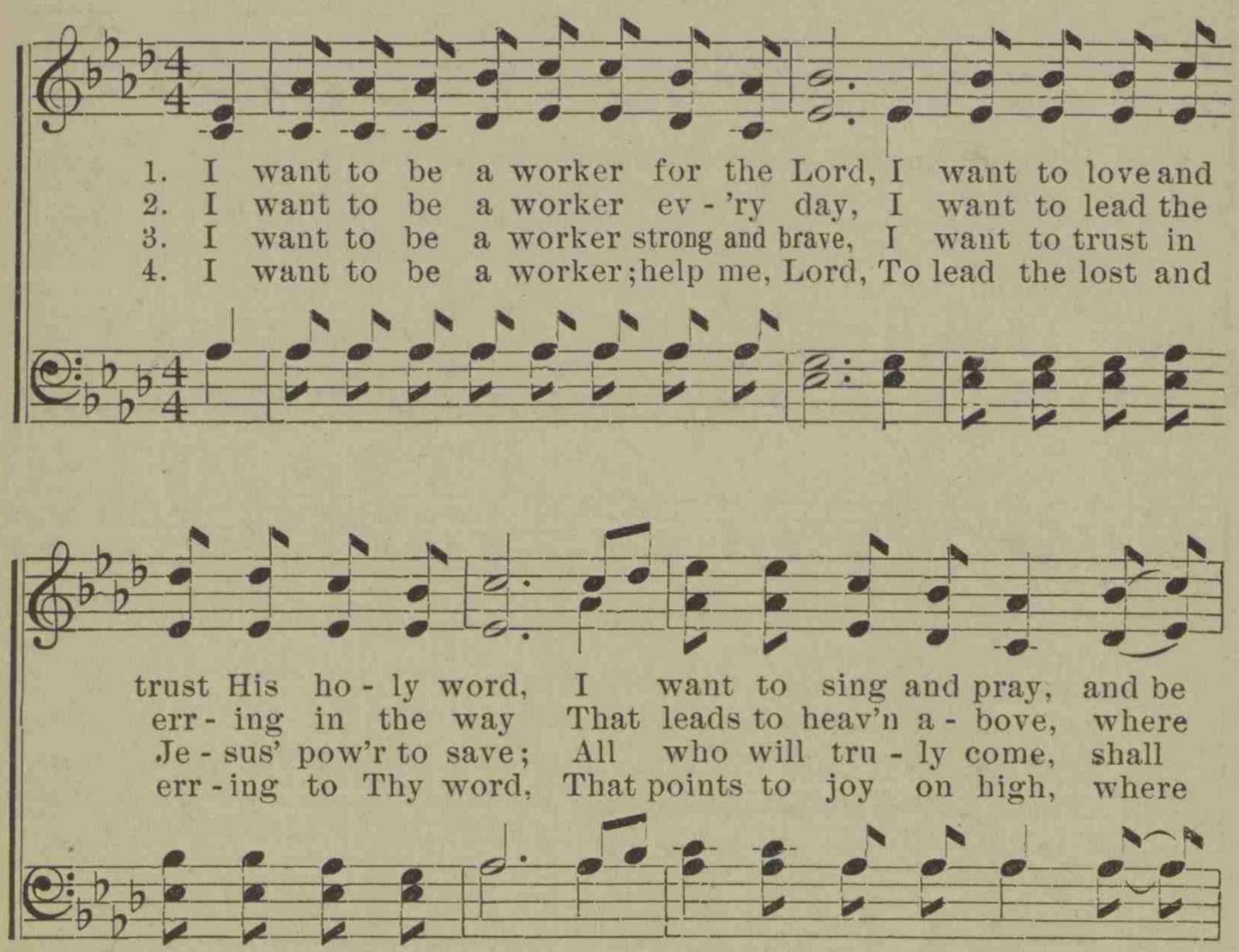
It's bright-er all the way, It's hap - pi - er ev - 'ry day; I

love the road that leads to light, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.

Copyright, 1896, by John R. Clements, by per.

No. 151. I Want to be a Worker.

I. Baltzell, by per.



I Want to be a Worker. (Concluded.)

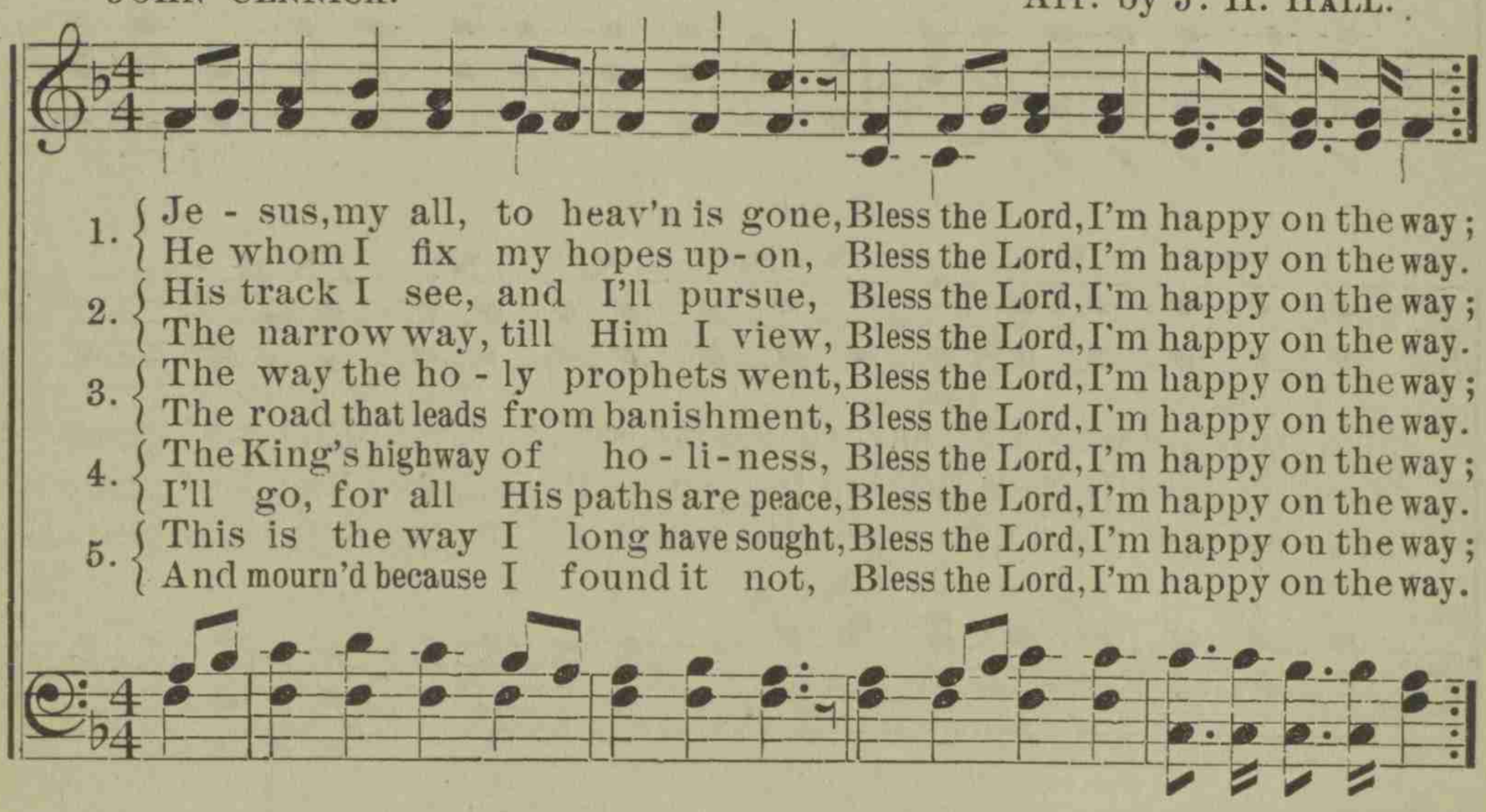




No. 152. I'm happy on the Way.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. Z. H. Copp.

JOHN CENNICK. Arr. by J. H. HALL.



CHORUS.

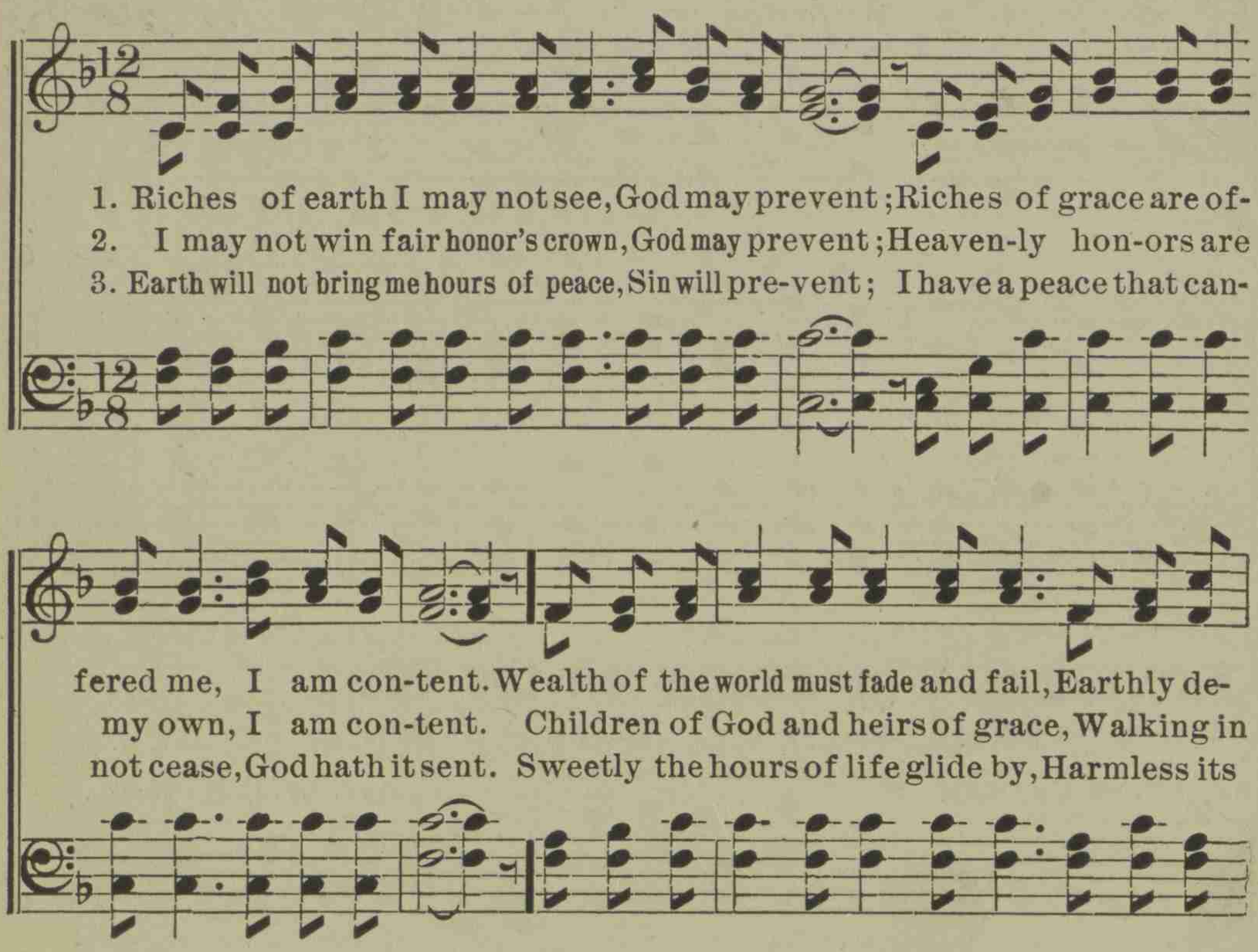


Copyright, 1898, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

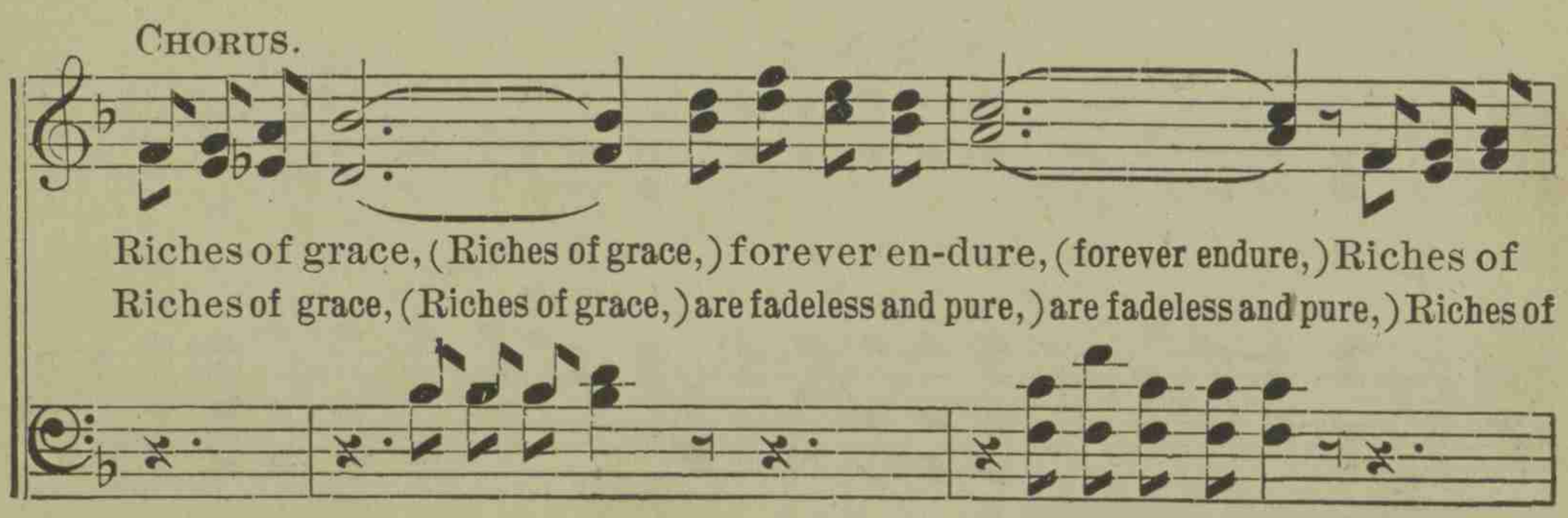
No. 153. Riches of Grace.

"The exceeding riches of his grace." Eph. 2: 7.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

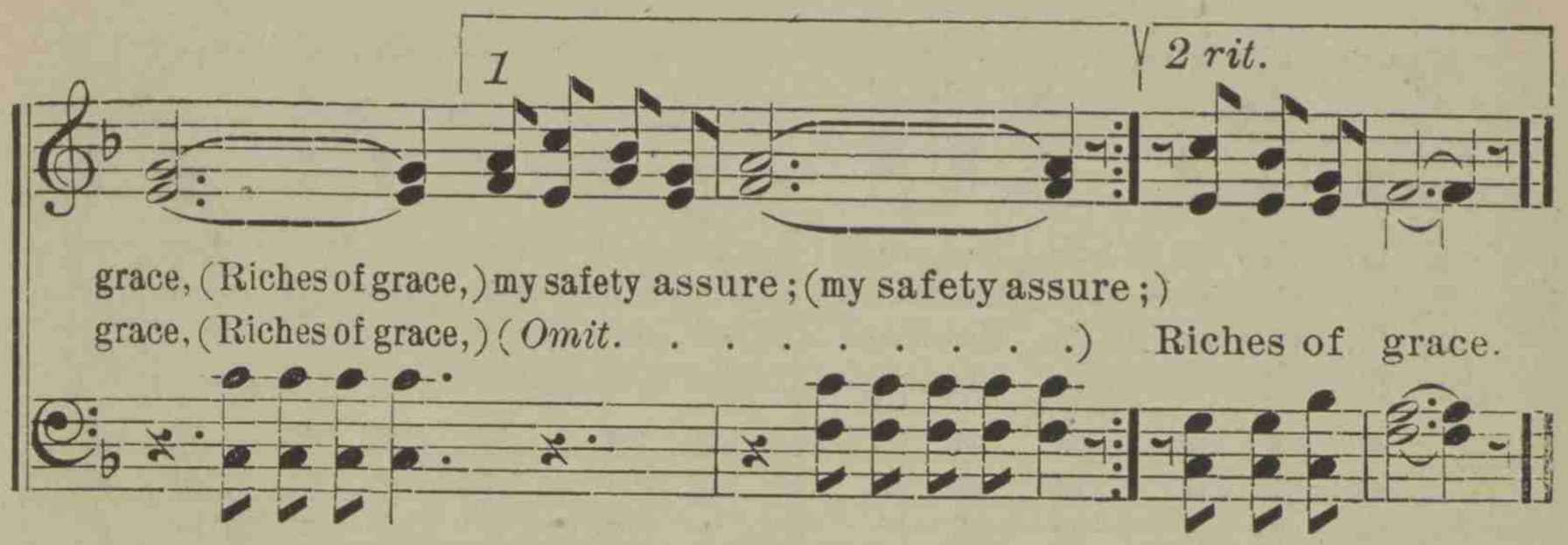


CHORUS.



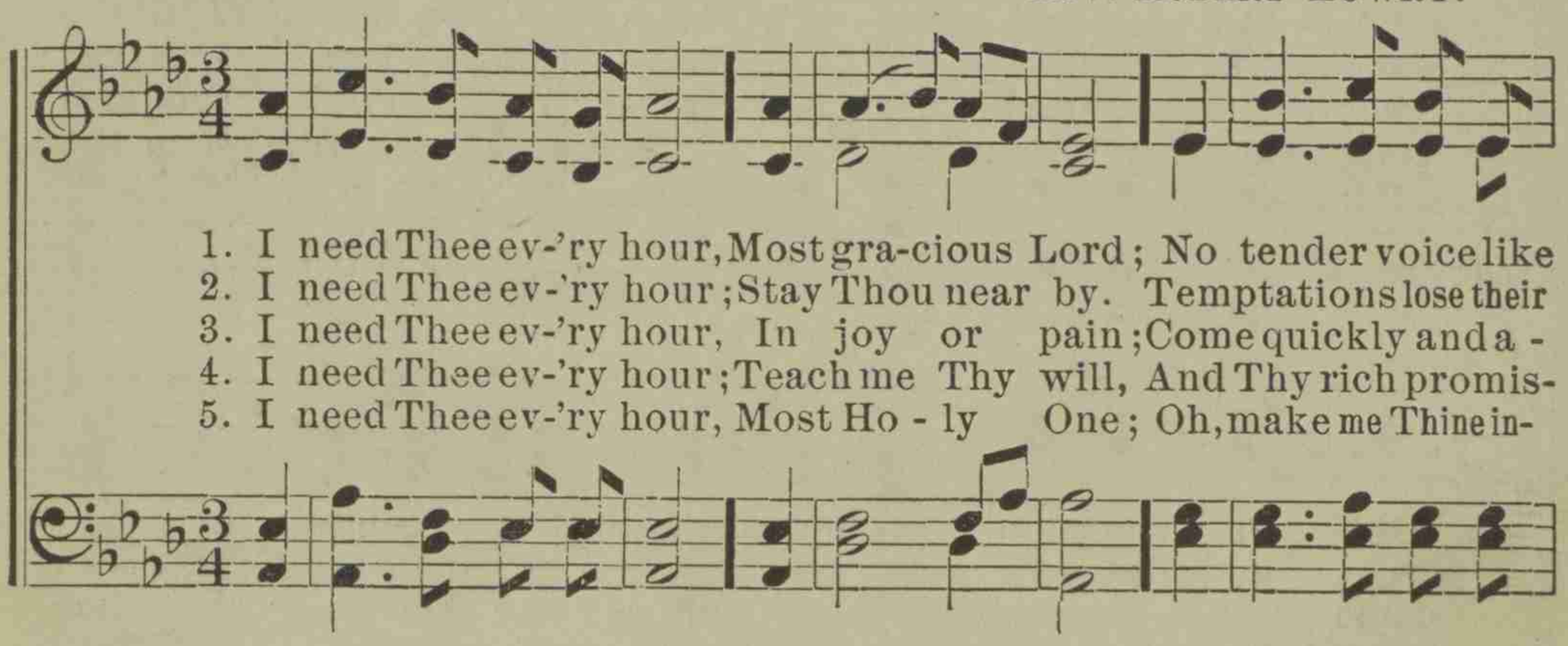
Copyright, 1886, by E. S. Lorenz

Riches of Grace. (Concluded.)



No. 154. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



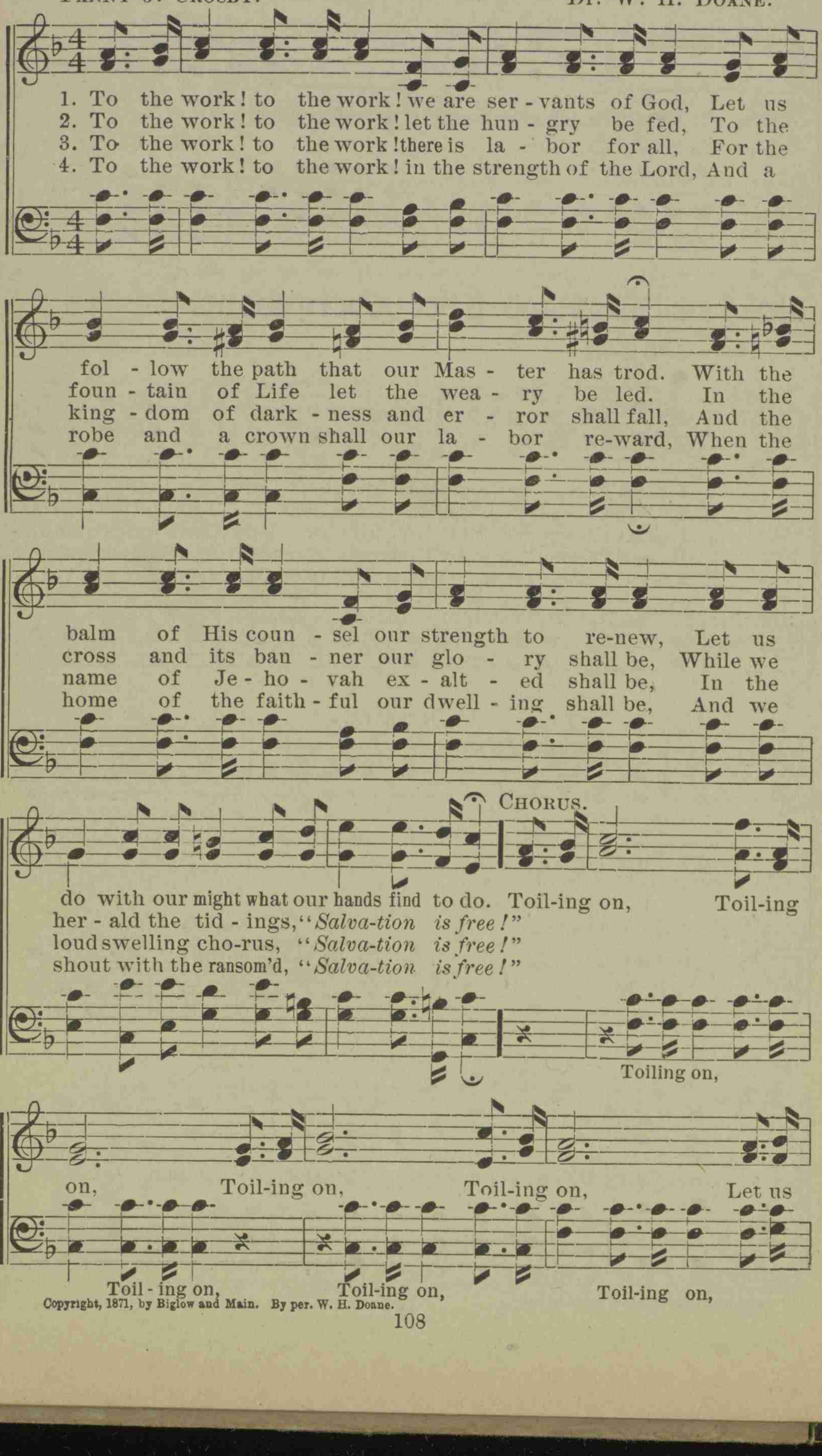
REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry, by per.

No. 155. To the Work.

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



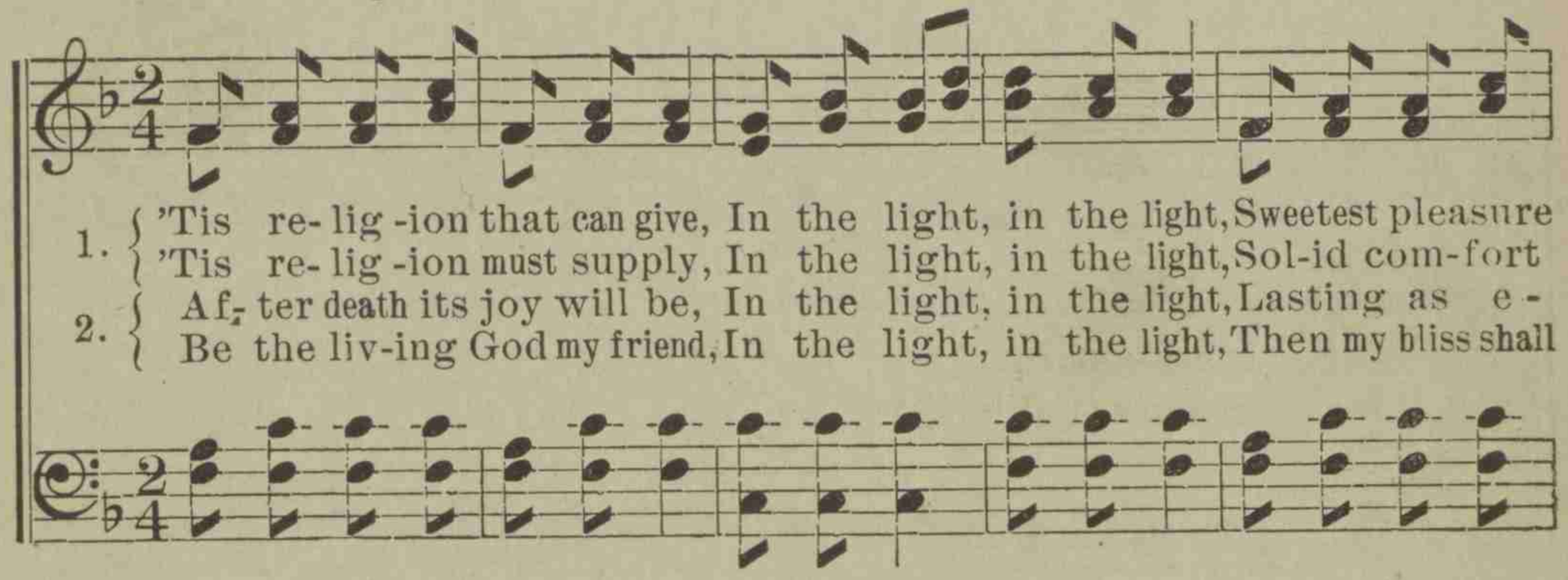
Copyright, 1871, by Biglow and Main. By per. W. H. Doane.

To the Work. (Concluded.)



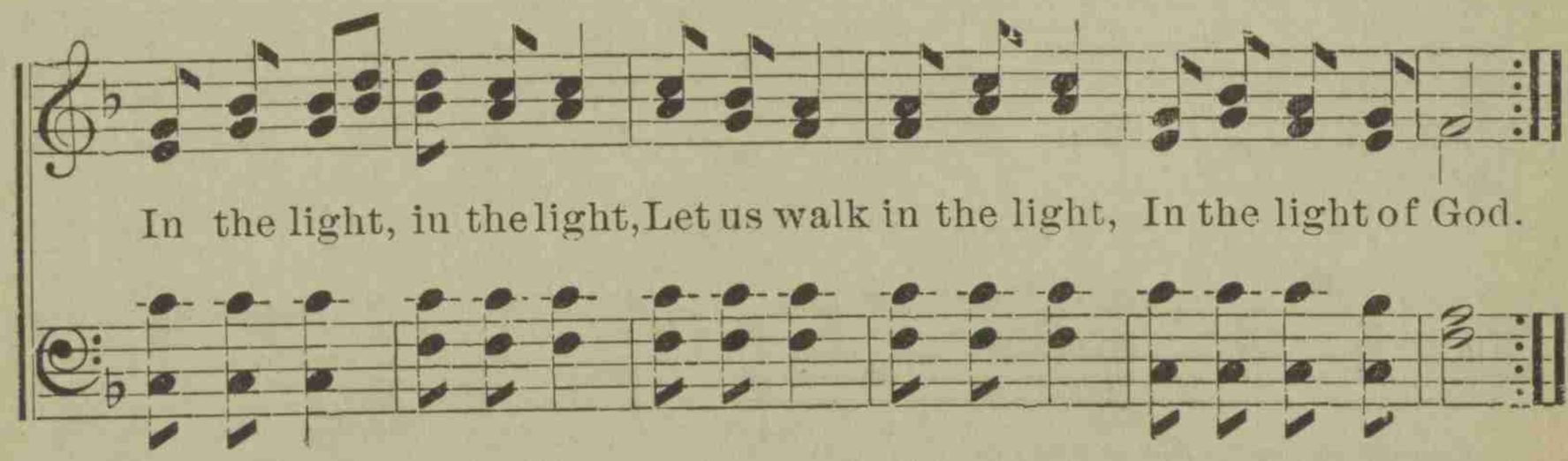
No. 156. Let us Walk in the Light.

Words arranged. Anon.



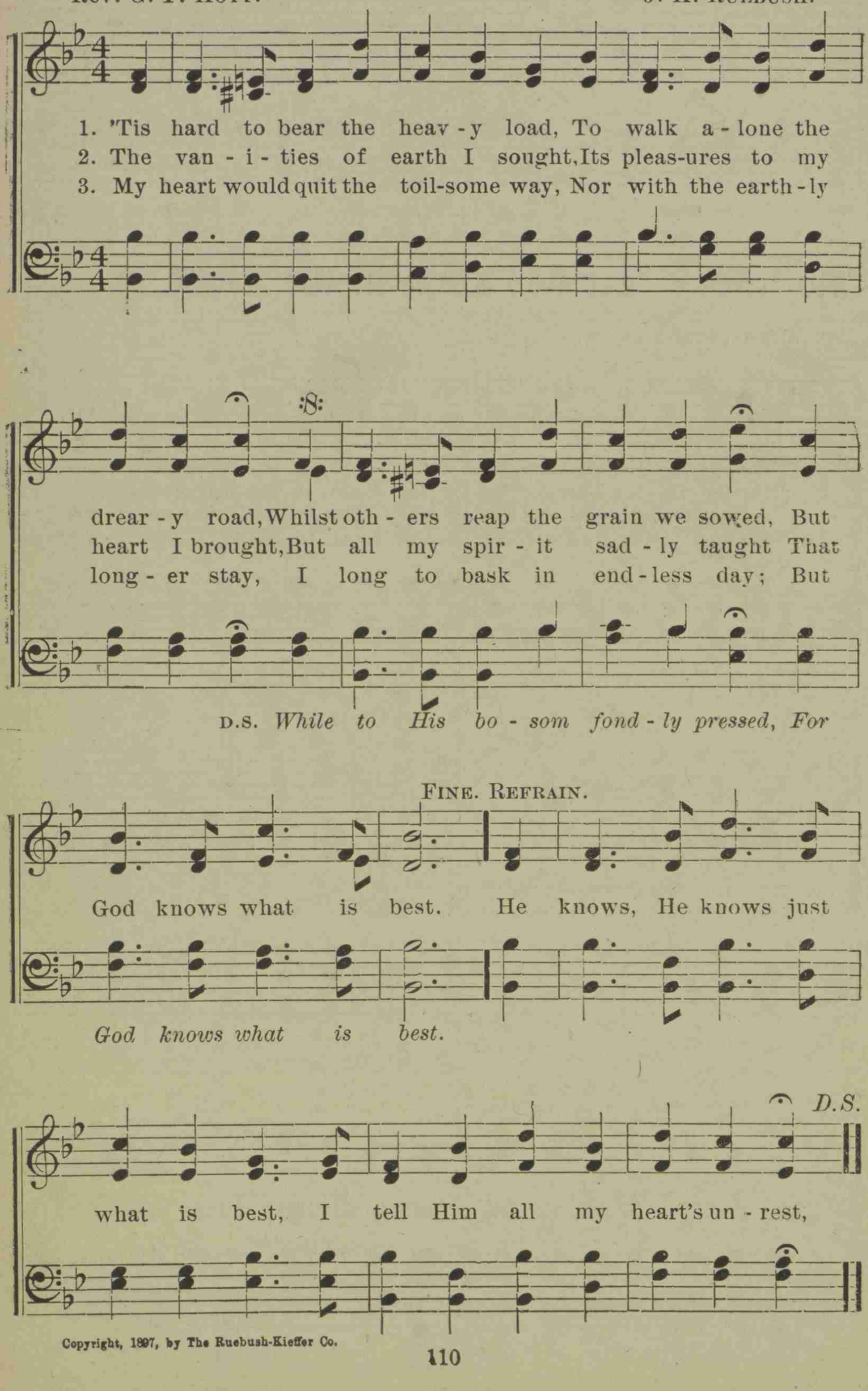
CHORUS.





No. 157. God Knows What is Best.

Rev. G. P. Hott. J. H. Ruebush.



Copyright, 1897, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 158. Glory Gates.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hoyt.

1. I am look-ing for the cit-y built of God, Where the
   I am walk-ing now the path that Je-sus trod, And His
2. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow I may go, But His
   Tho' the path be dark and dan-ger-ous, I know He will
3. 'Tis the glo-ry now that fills and thrills my soul, As I
   I am look-ing for the heav'n-ly light to dawn, That shall

CHORUS.

man-y man-sions be; } Oh, the glo-ry gates are
face I soon shall see. }
grace shall be my stay; }
guide me all the way. }
walk the nar-row way; }
rise in end-less day. }

ev-er o-pen wide, In-vit-ing the world to come! Oh the

glo-ry gates are ev-er o-pen wide, To welcome the wea-ry home!

Copyright, 1899, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 159. March On.

"Sorrow is turned into joy." Job 41 : 22.

J. H. Hall.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord, Your great De-liv -'rer sing; . .
2. His hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road, . .
3. Bright garlands of im -mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev - 'ry head, . .

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in the Lord.
Till to the sa-cred Mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
While sor-row, sigh-ing, and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled.

Refrain.

March on, . . march on, . . Your great De - liv -'rer sing;
March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.

Copyright, 1894, by J. H. Hall.

No. 160. I Must Tell Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear those bur-dens a - lone. In my distress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com- passionate Friend. If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my bur-dens to bear. I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my tempted to sin! I must tell Je-sus, and He will help me O - ver the
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al - lures me! Oh, how my heart is

Chorus.

loves and cares for His own. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
trou - bles quickly an end.
cares and sorrows will share.
world the vic - 'try to win.

Je - sus, I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

rit.

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No. 161. There's a Promise from the Lord.

"And this is the promise . . . eternal life." 1 John 2 : 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a prom-ise from the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis re - cord-ed
2. Oh, my heart is full of song, Hal-le - lu - jah! I am sing-ing
3. Oh, His wondrous grace to me, Hal-le - lu - jah! Shall my theme for-
4. To the pal-ace gates on high, Hal-le - lu - jah! He will guide me

in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! That the faith - ful He'll re-ward,
all day long, Hal - le - lu - jah! In my weak-ness I am strong,
ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah! With His blood He made me free,
with His eye, Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see Him by and by,

Hal - le - lu - jah! And that prom-ise I be-lieve, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah! For my strength is in the Lord, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I am hap - pỳ in His love, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah! And in glo - ry at His feet, Praise His name.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am trusting in the Lord, Halle-lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am trusting in the Lord, Praise His name.

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Doane, by per.

No. 162. Yield Not to Temptation.

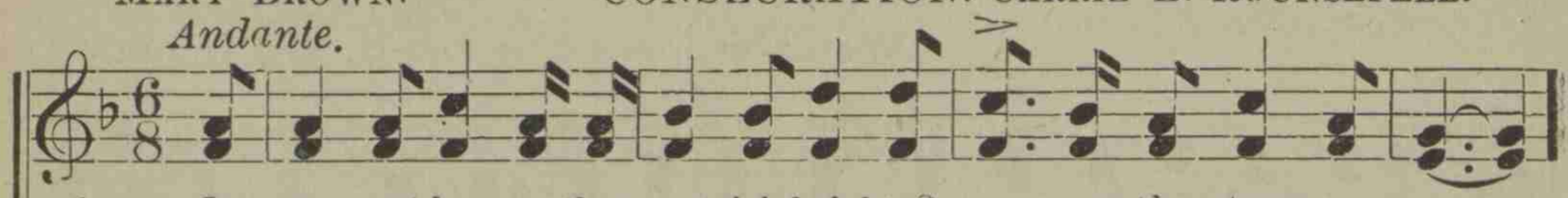
Words and music by Dr. H. R. PALMER.

Used by permission of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

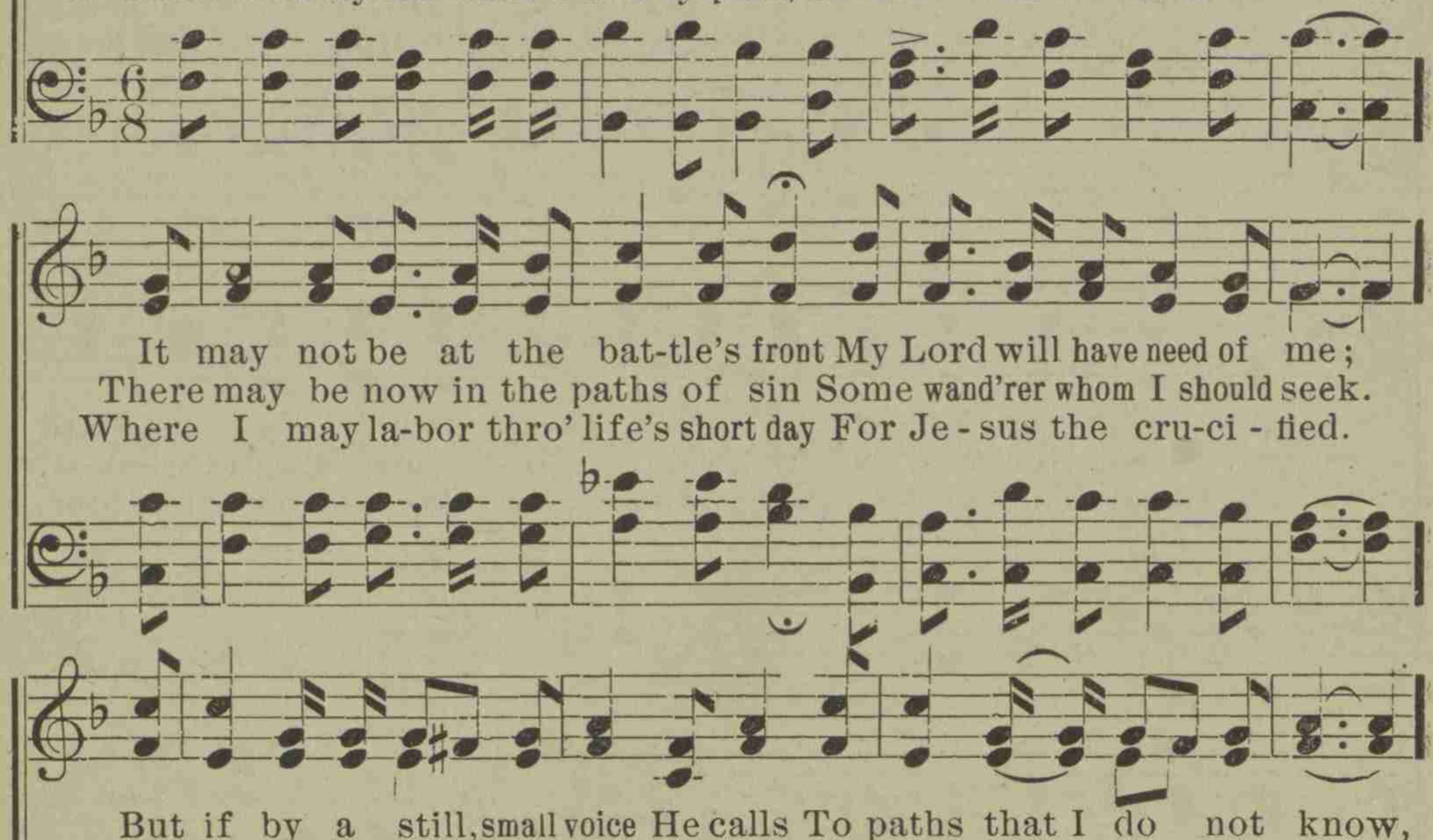
No. 163. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CONSECRATION. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

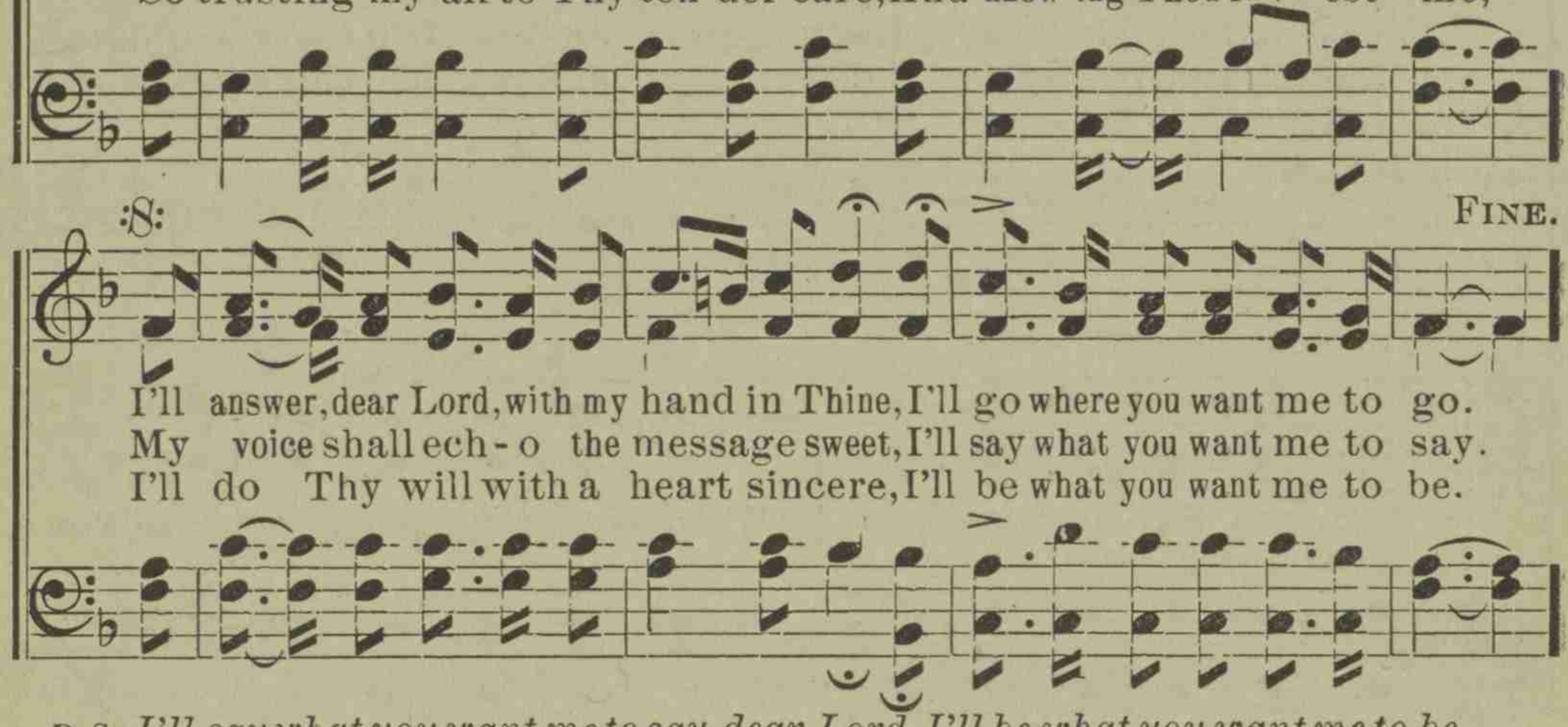


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



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

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



FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN.

D.S.



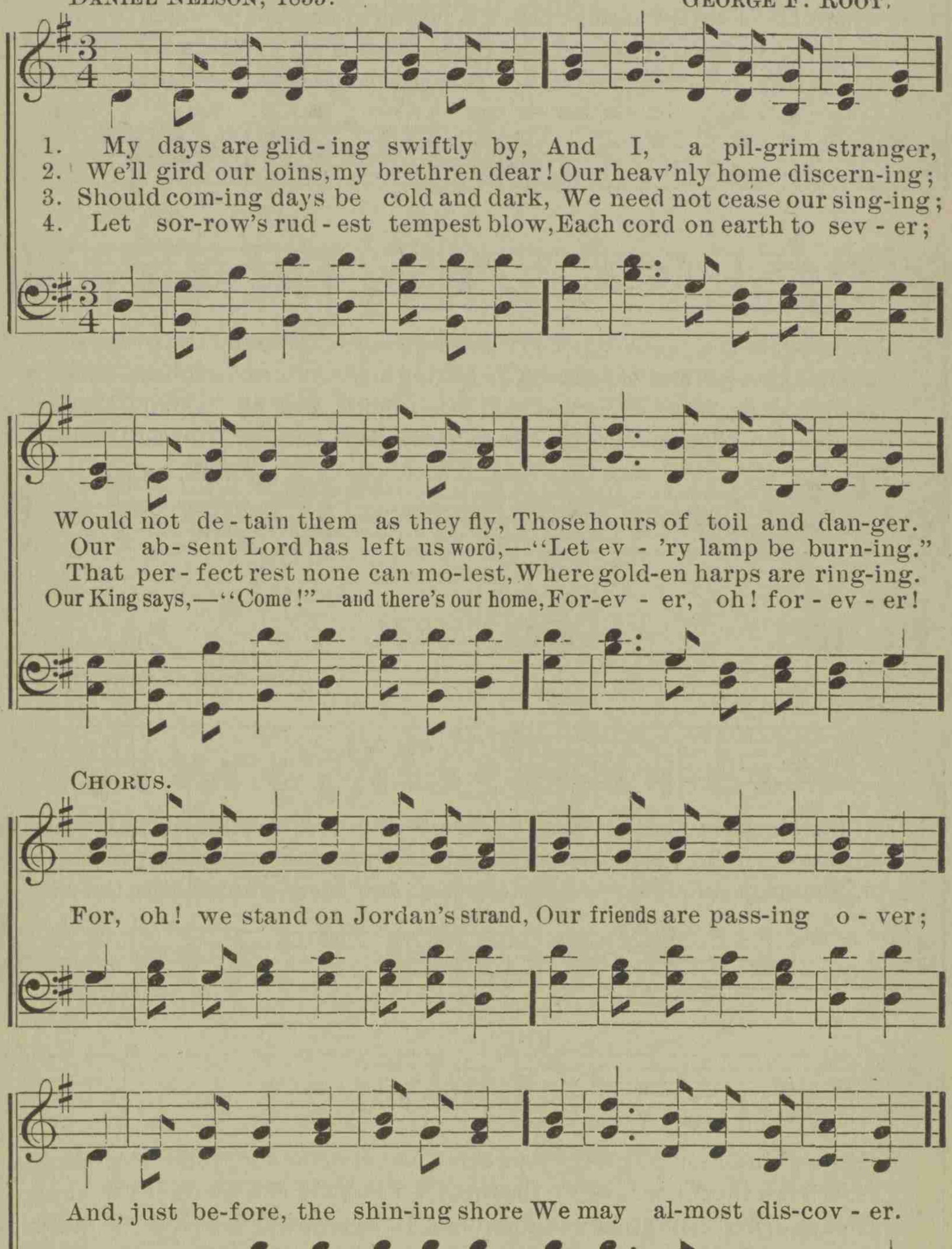
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell, by per.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isa. 35 : 10.

No. 164. Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

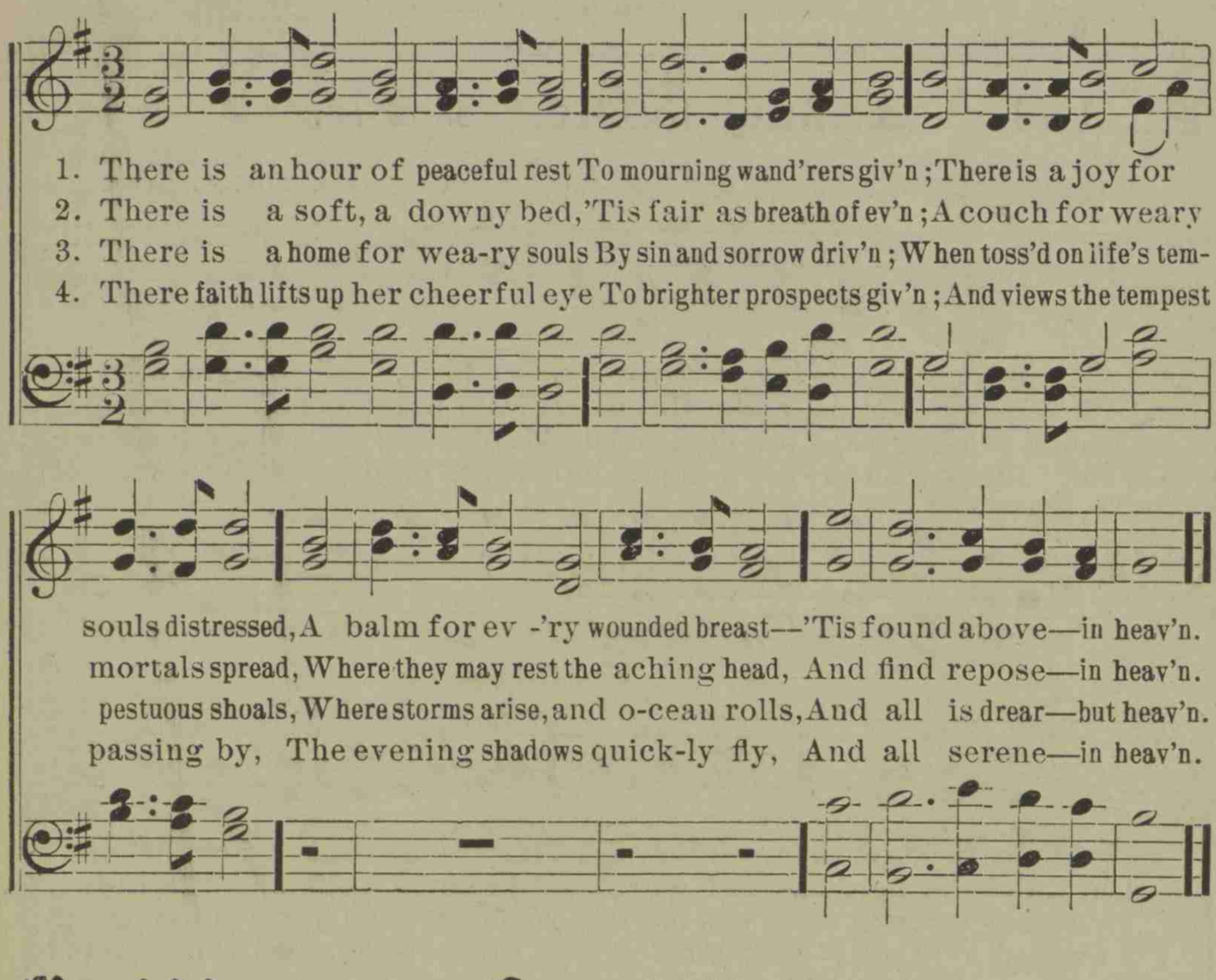
DANIEL NELSON, 1835. GEORGE F. ROOT.



By per. The O. Ditson Co., owners of Copyright.

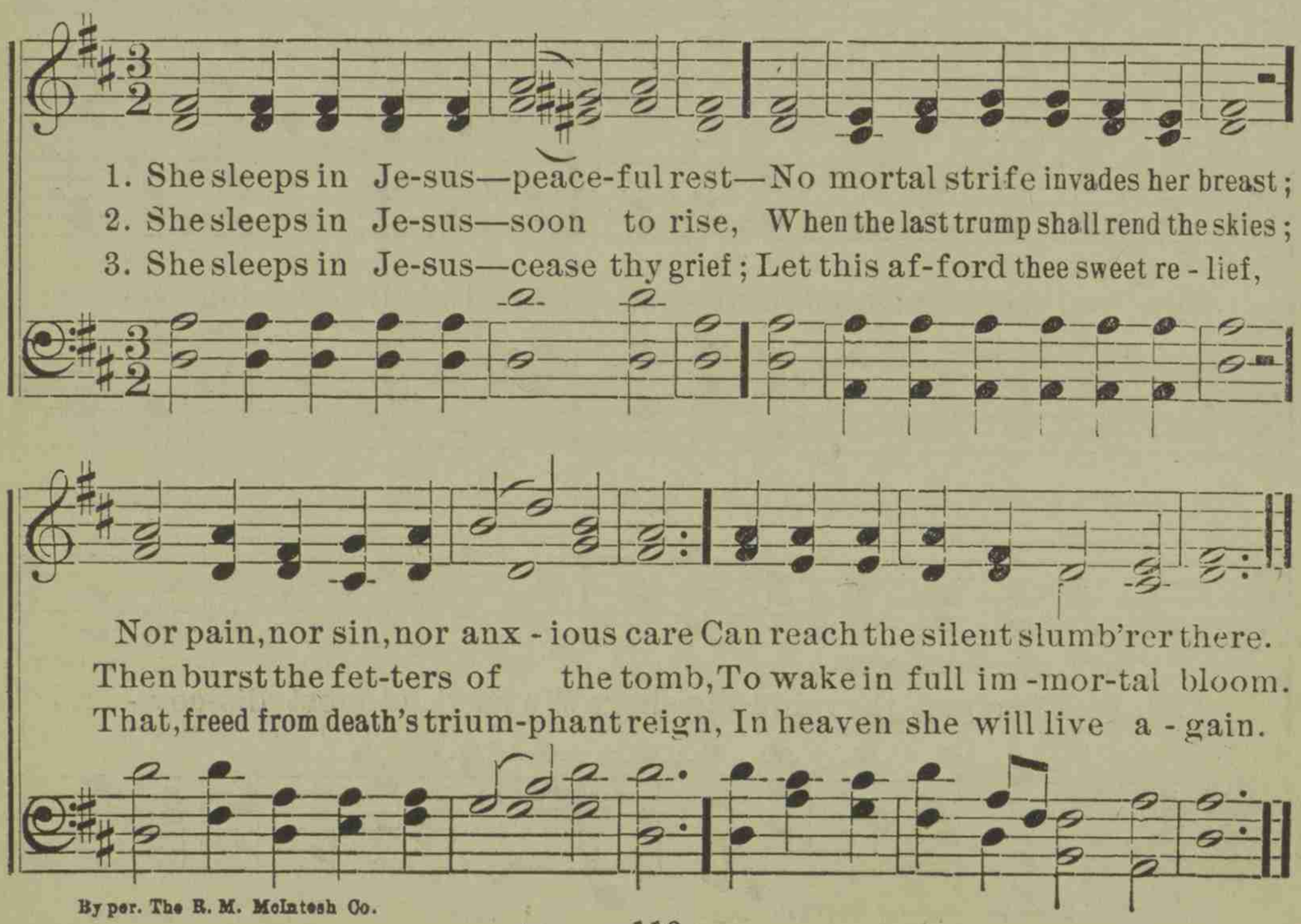
No. 165. Woodland. C. M.

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829. N. D. Gould, 1832.



No. 166. Eva, L. M.

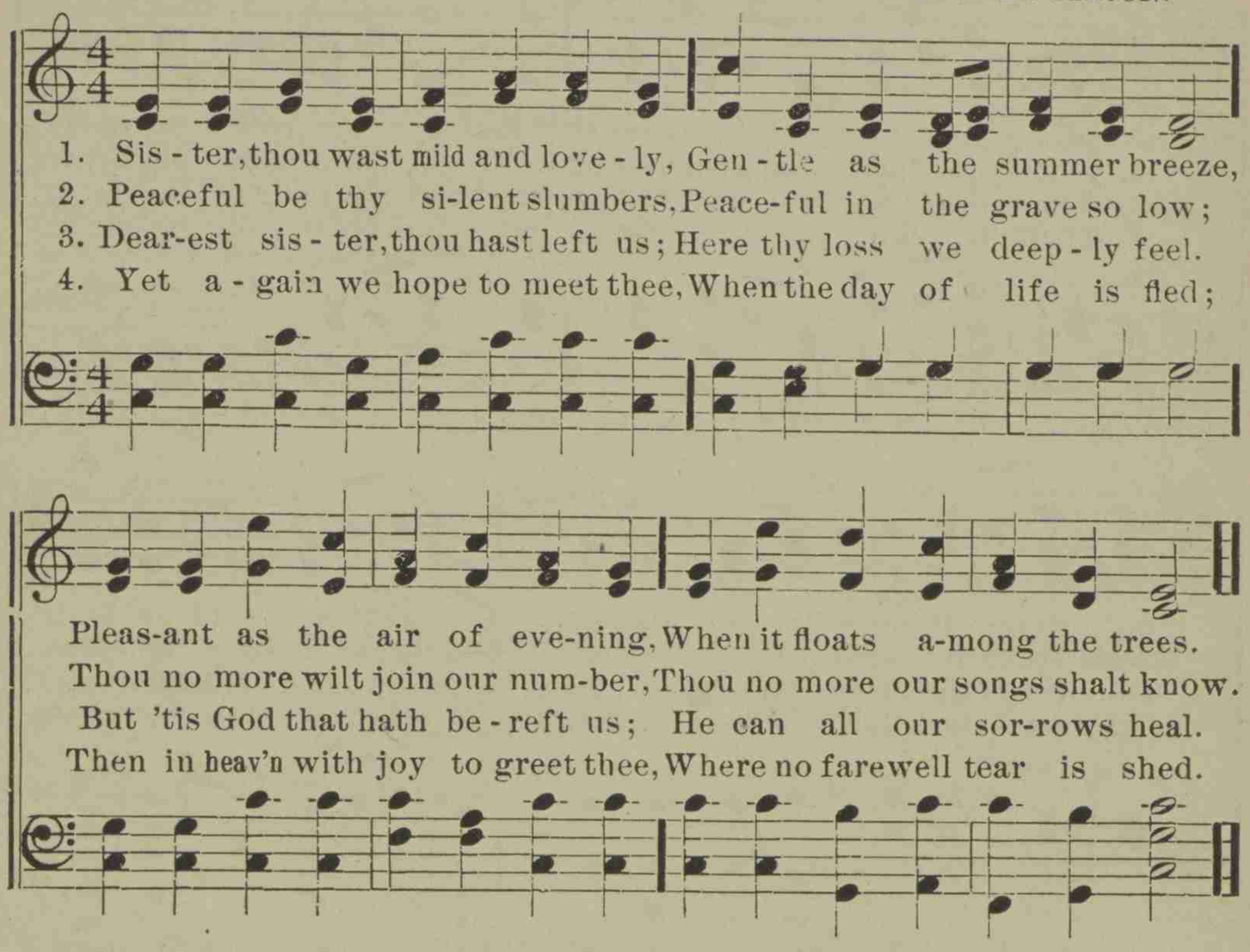
Dr. A. B. Everett.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

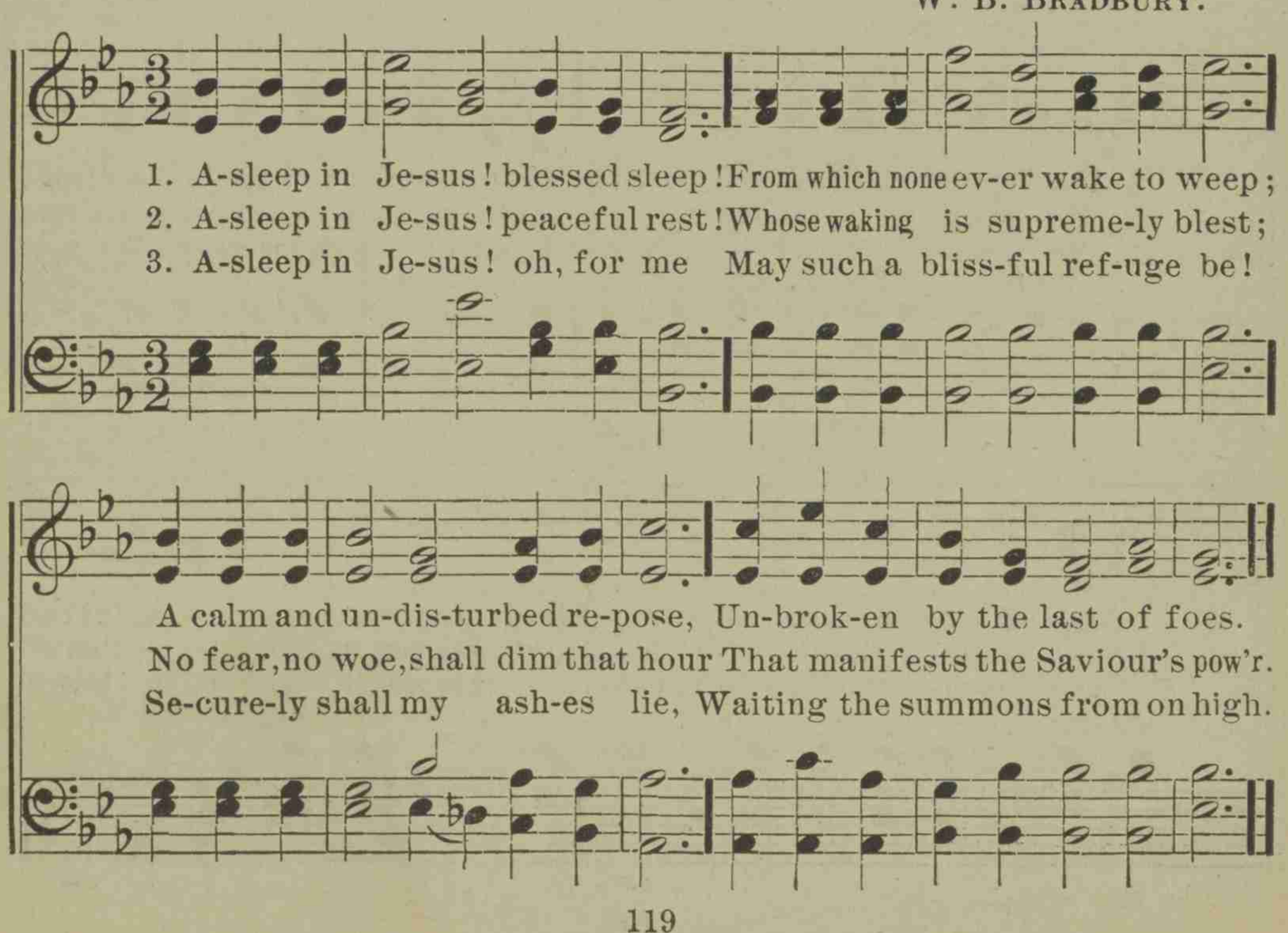
No. 167. Mount Vernon. 8s & 7.

S. F. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.



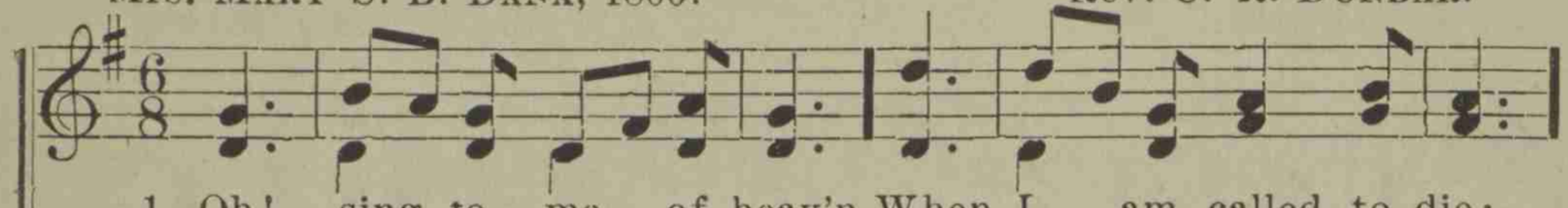
No. 168. Rest. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



No. 169. Dunbar. S. M.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, 1800. Rev. C. R. Dunbar.



1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo- ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;



Cho. *There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*



Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be - low.
To catch the bright seraph - ic gleam, Which on each fea-ture plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.



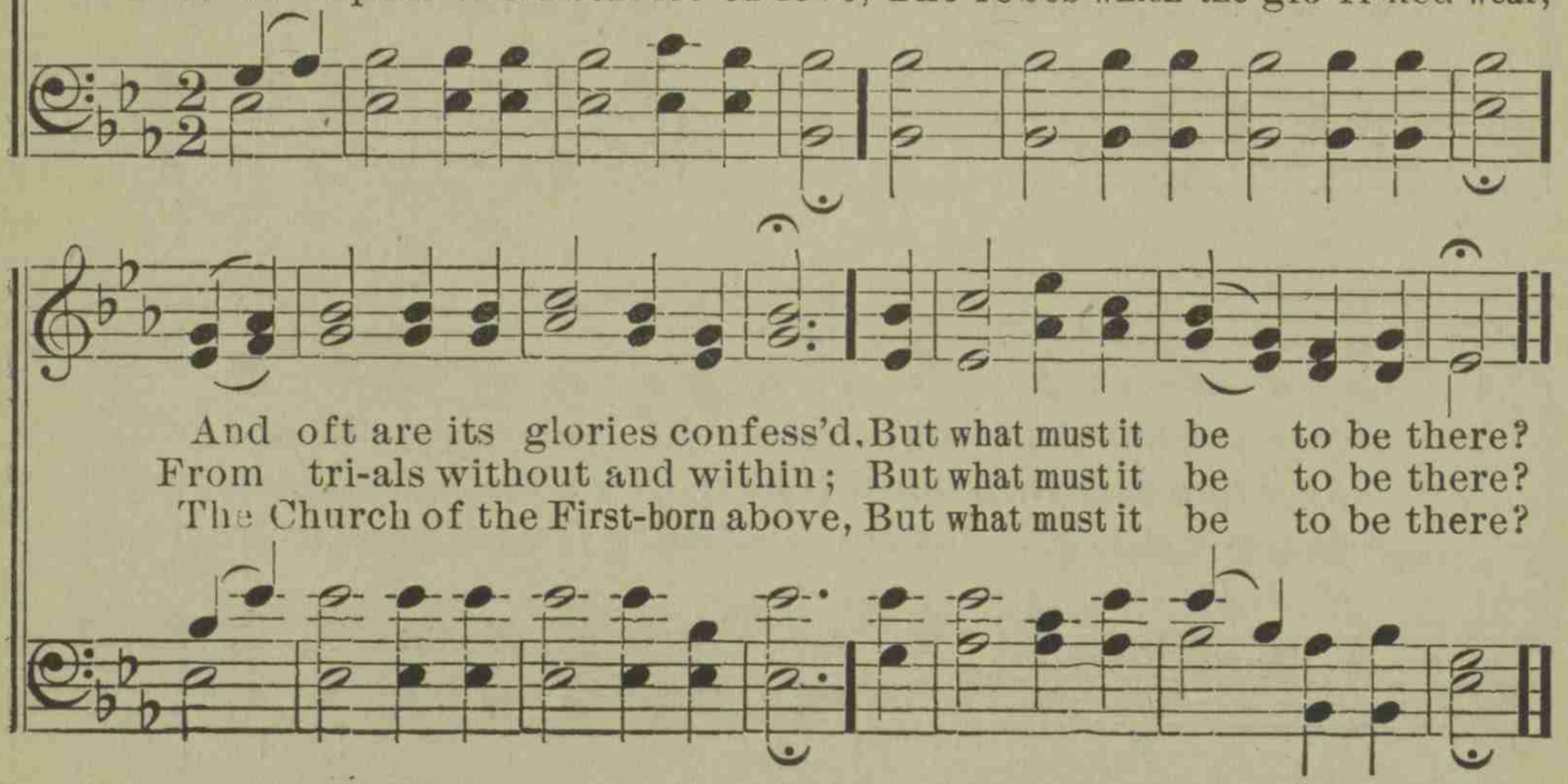
In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor- row there.

No. 170. Pierce. 8s.

Elizabeth Mills. I. B. Woodbury.



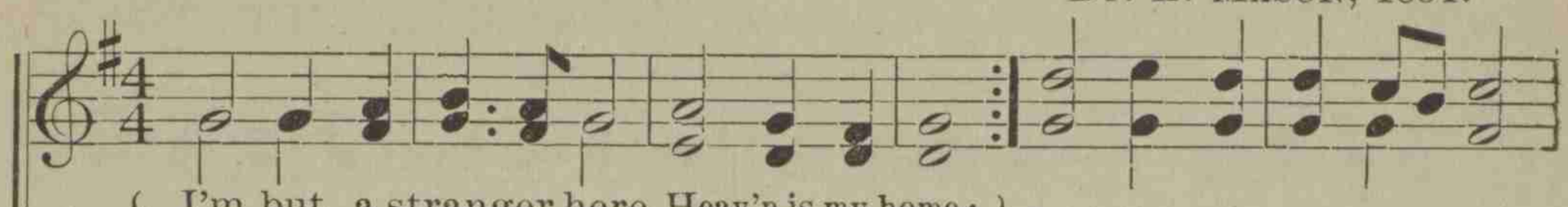
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temptation, and care,
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,



And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there?
From tri-als without and within; But what must it be to be there?
The Church of the First-born above, But what must it be to be there?

No. 171. Heaven is my Home. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. Mason, 1834.



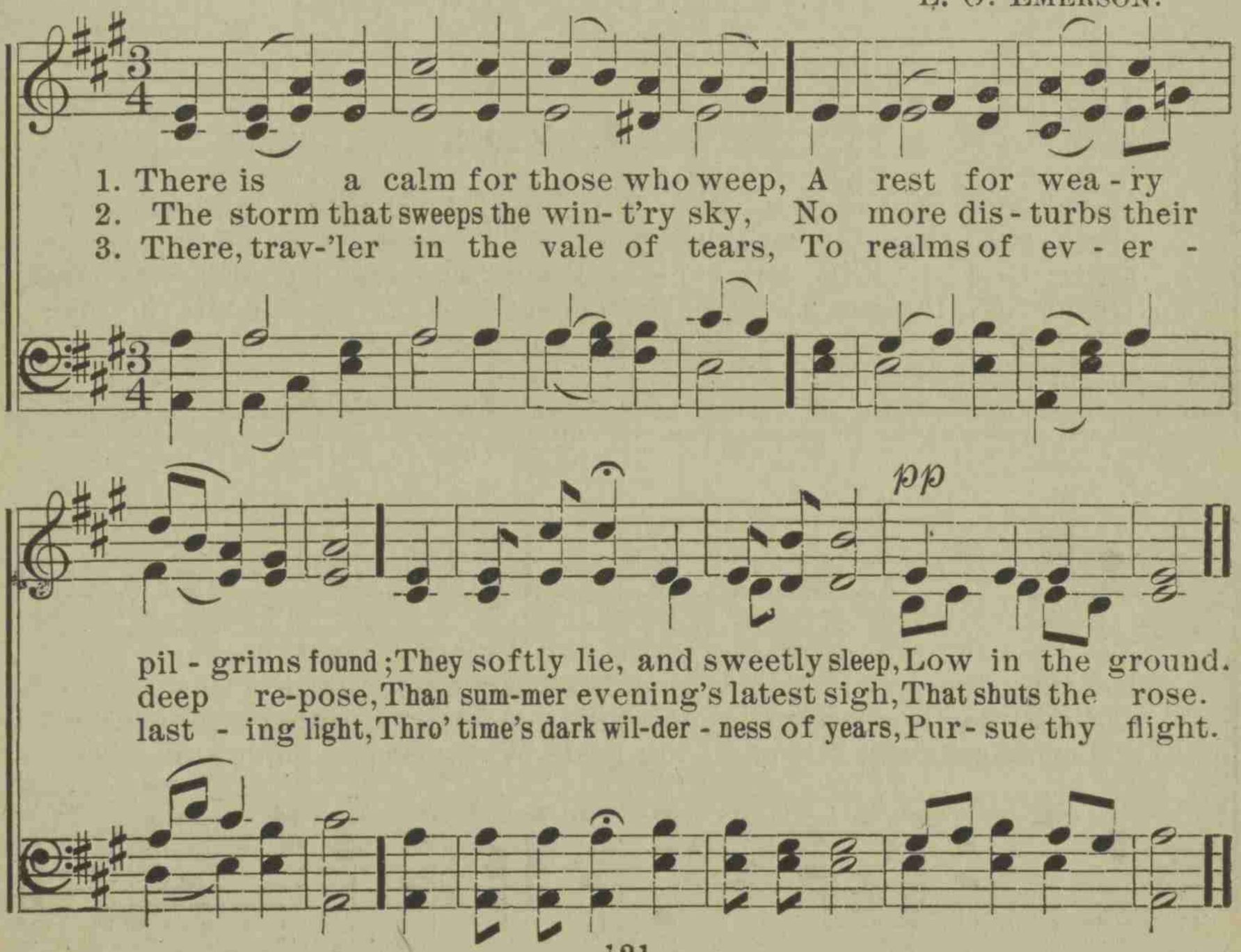
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;
   Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
   Dan-ger and sorrow stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home;
   Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home.
   Time's cold and wint'ry blast
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home;
   I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.
   There are the good and blest,



Round me on ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-therland, Heav'n is my home.
Shall soon be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 172. Peaceful Rest. 8s & 4s.

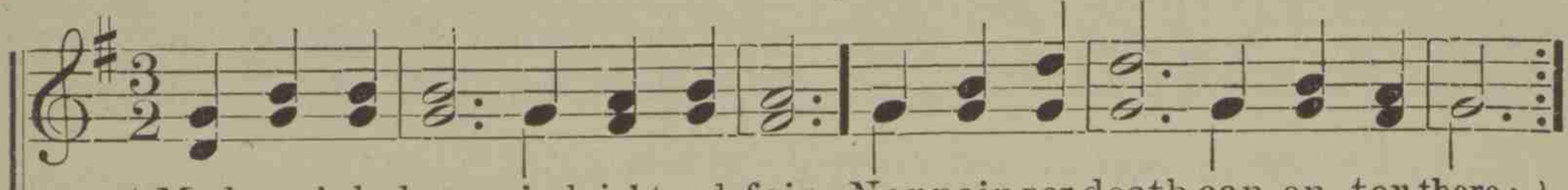
L. O. Emerson.



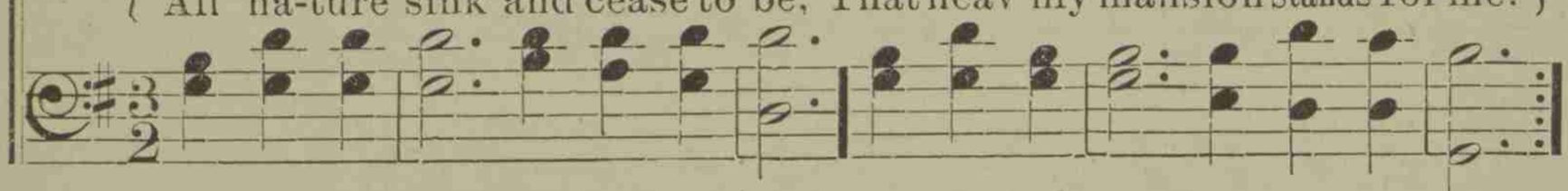
1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pil-grims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.
2. The storm that sweeps the win-t'ry sky, No more dis-turbs their deep re-pose, Than sum-mer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.
3. There, trav-'ler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er-last-ing light, Thro' time's dark wil-der-ness of years, Pur-sue thy flight.

No. 173. Going Home. L. M.

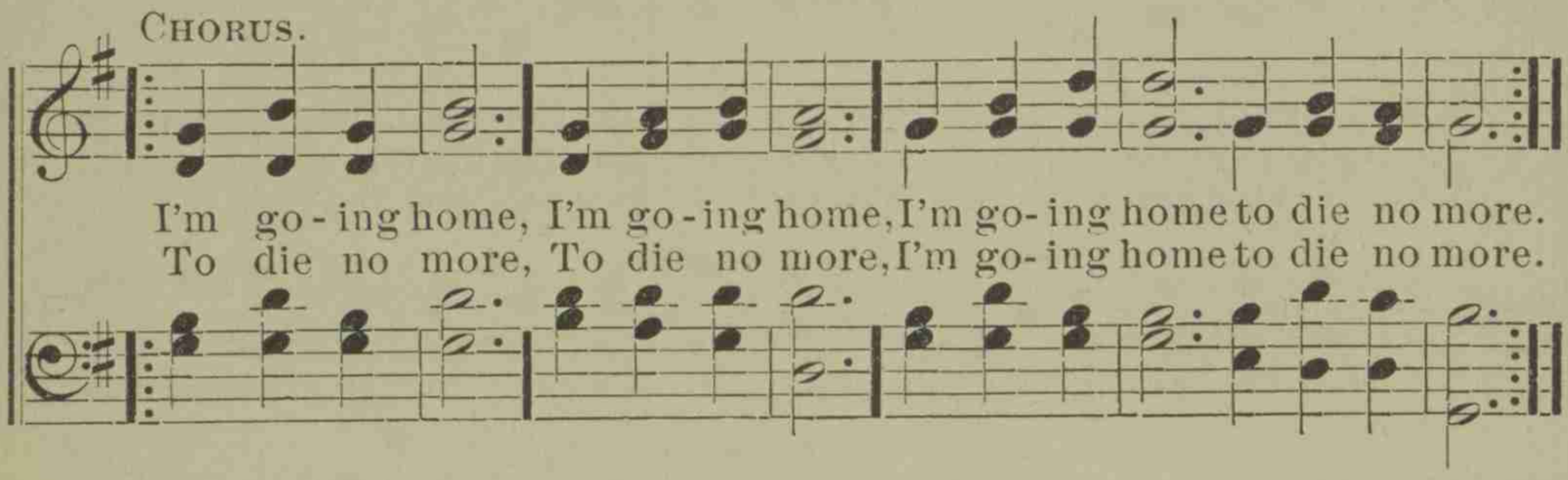
Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M.D., 1854.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en- ter there;
   Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a- bove the star-ry sky;
   When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
3. Let others seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
   Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine,
   All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me.



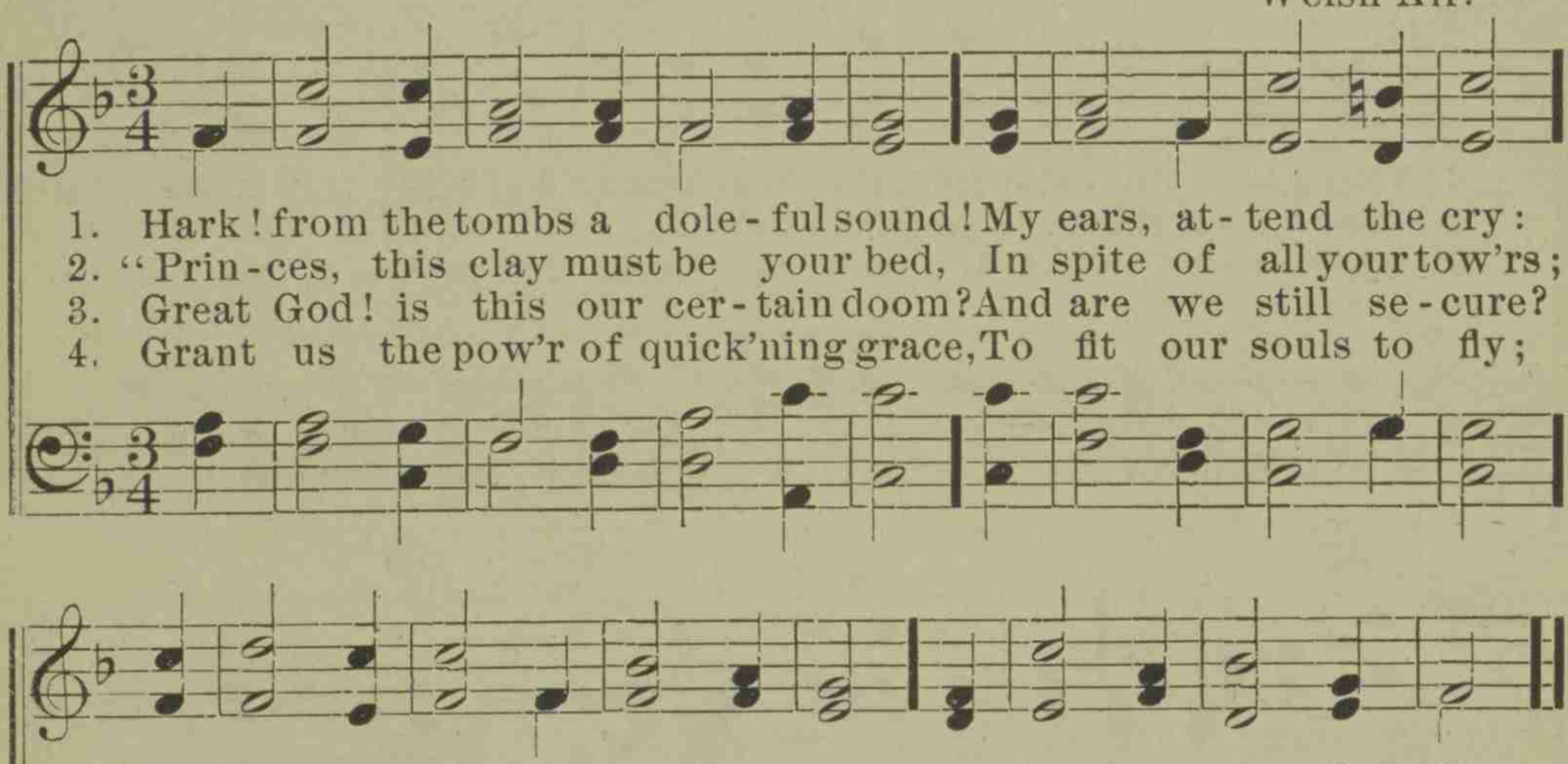
CHORUS.



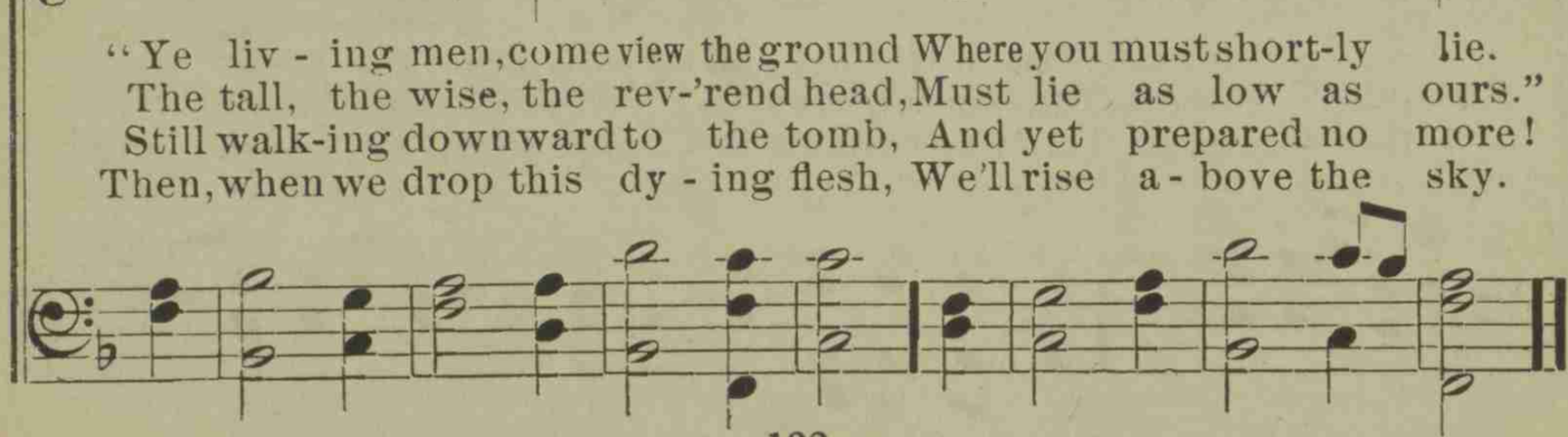
I'm go- ing home, I'm go- ing home, I'm go- ing home to die no more.
To die no more, To die no more, I'm go- ing home to die no more.

No. 174. Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.



1. Hark! from the tombs a dole- ful sound! My ears, at- tend the cry:
2. "Prin- ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs;
3. Great God! is this our cer- tain doom? And are we still se- cure?
4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly;



"Ye liv- ing men, come view the ground Where you must short-ly lie.
The tall, the wise, the rev-'rend head, Must lie as low as ours."
Still walk- ing downward to the tomb, And yet prepared no more!
Then, when we drop this dy- ing flesh, We'll rise a- bove the sky.

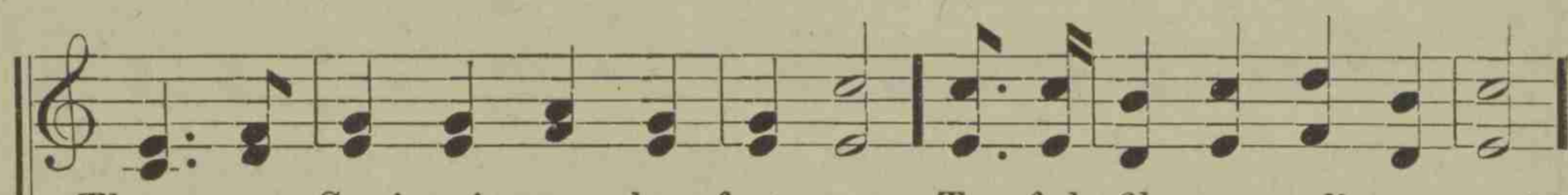
No. 175. Rest for the Weary. 8s & 7s.

WILLIAM HUNTER, 1857. J. W. DADMUN, 1860.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn;
5. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your triumph as you go;





There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro'.



CHORUS.



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



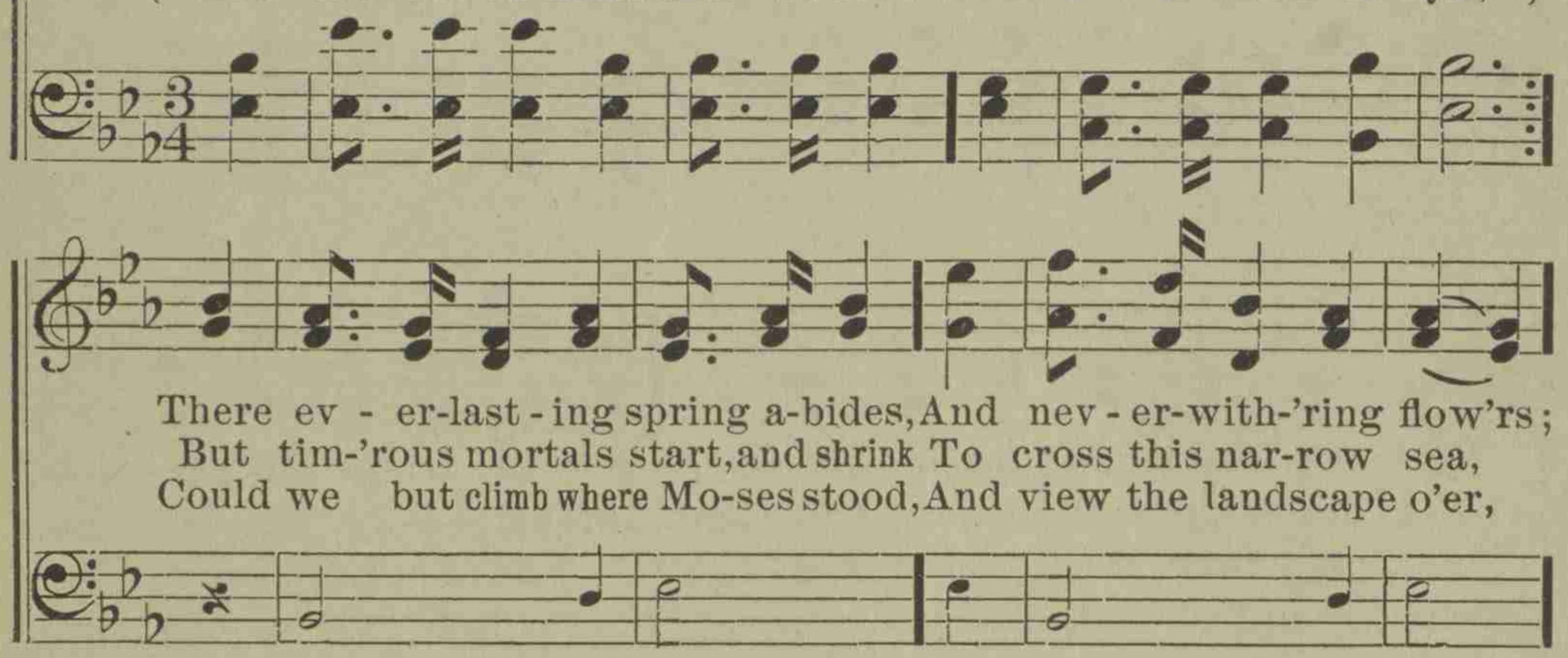
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

No. 176. Land of Promise.

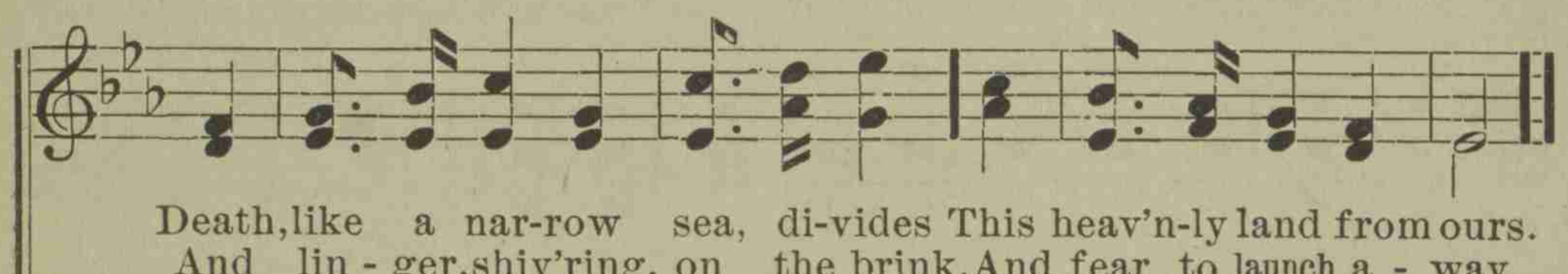
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from RINK by G. F. ROOT.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign;
   In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
   So, to the Jews, old Ca-naan's stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes,—



There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
But tim-'rous mortals start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore,



No. 177. Home. C. M., D.

MONTGOMERY. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

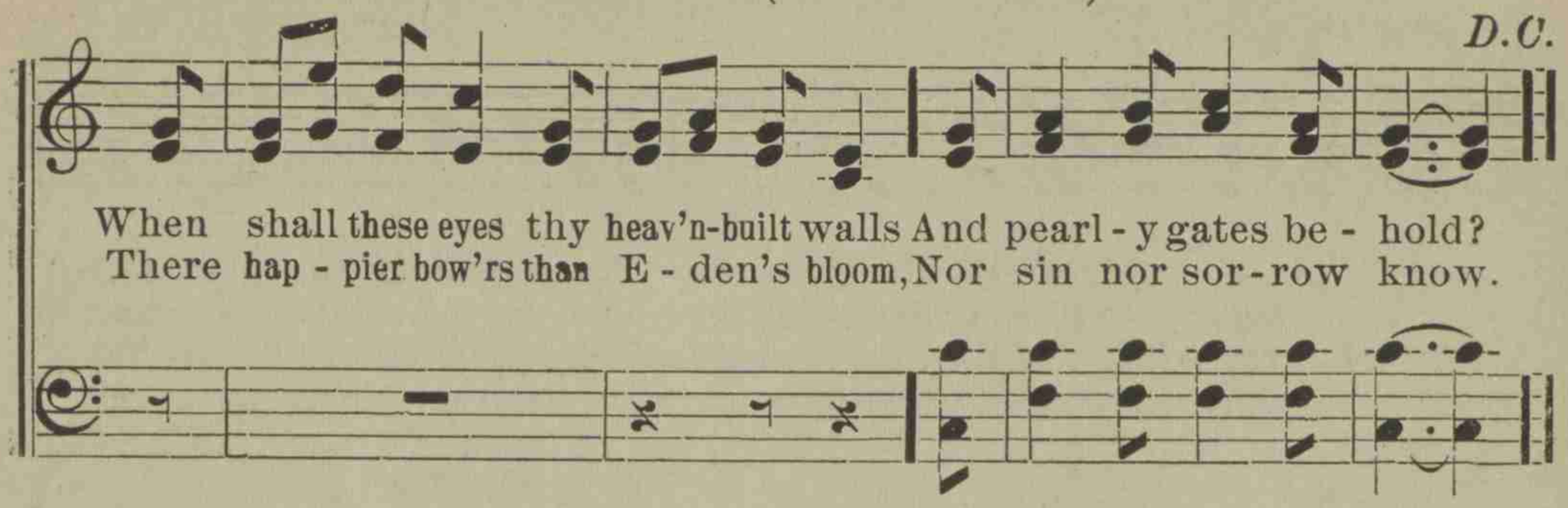
Not too fast. FINE.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
   When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
D.C. *Thy bul-warks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shin- ing gold?*
2. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
   Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths have no end?
D.C. *Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you.*

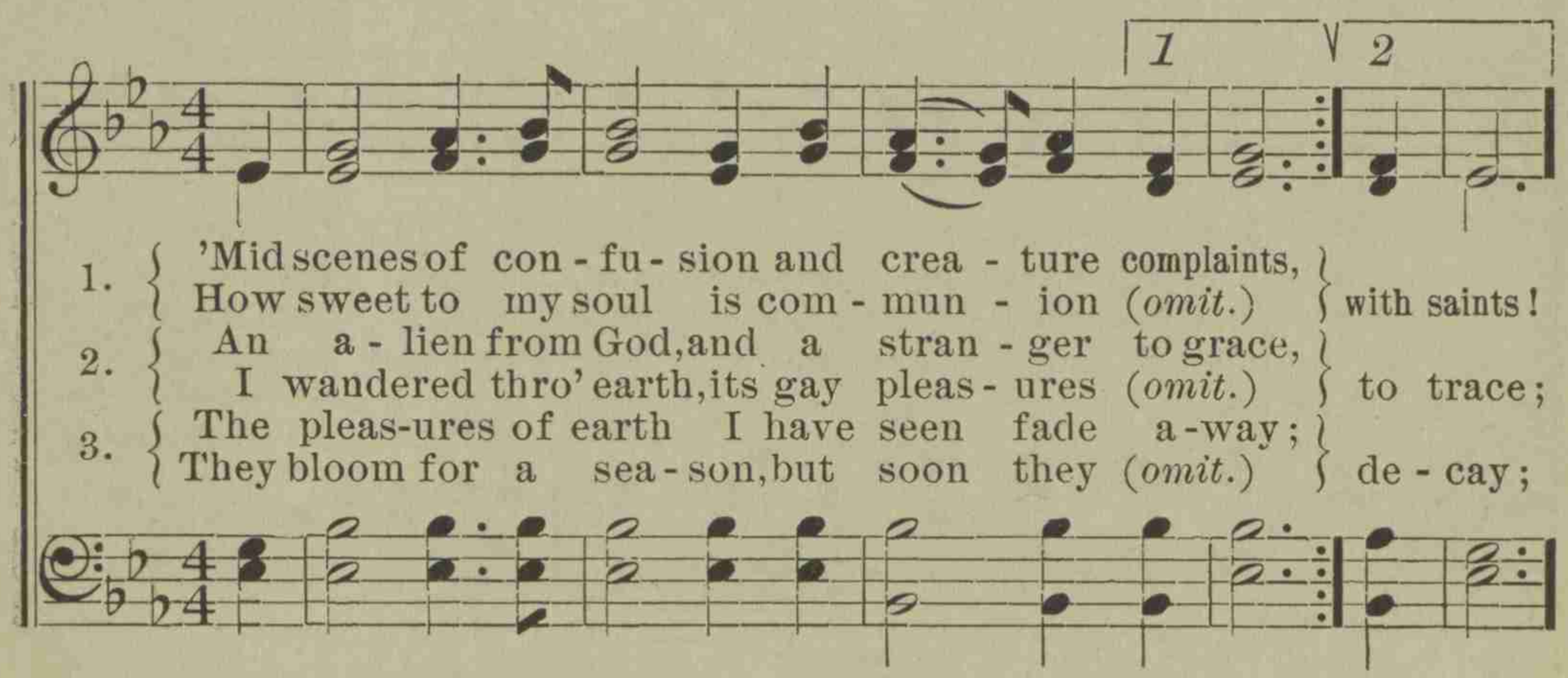


Home. (Concluded.)

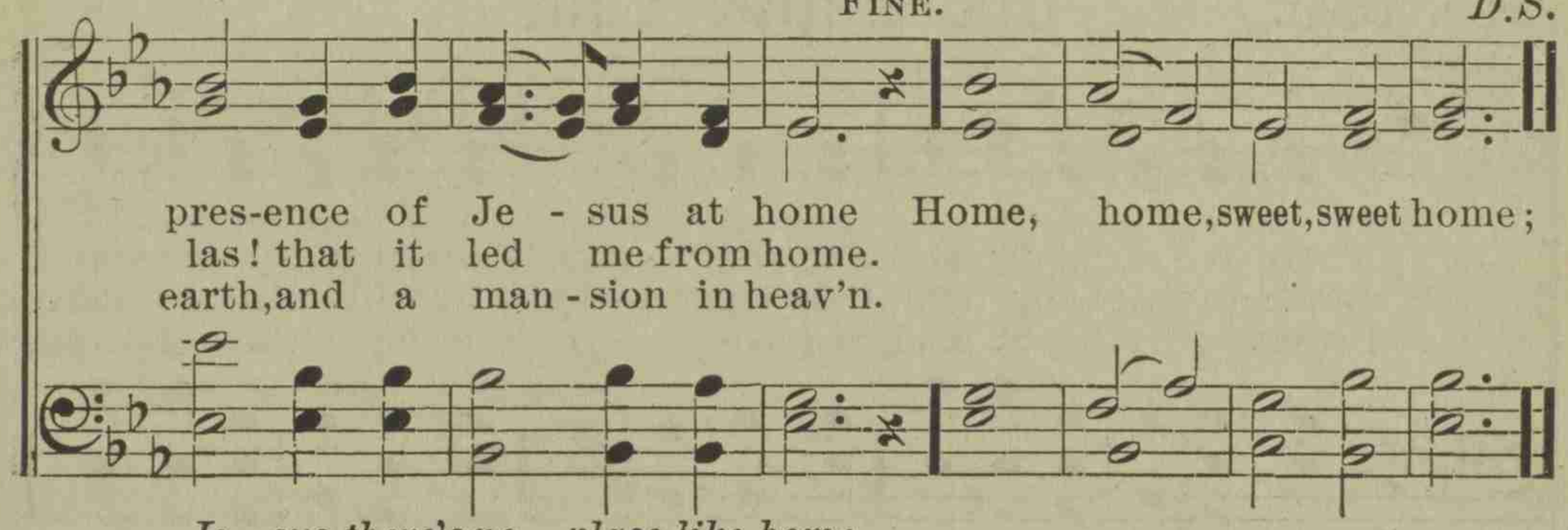


No. 178. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.







No. 179. Ninety-Fifth. C. M.

Isaac Watts, 1700. Arr. by J. H. H.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor - row fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, I bid fare-well to
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at
May I but safe - ly reach my home, May I but safe-ly
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, And not a wave of

ev - 'ry fear, And wipe . . my weep - ing eyes.
Sa - tan's rage, And face . . a frown-ing world.
reach my home, My God, . . my heav'n, my all.
trou - ble roll A - cross . . my peace - ful breast.

The R. K. Co., owners.

No. 180. The Happy Land.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come a-way, Why will ye doubt-ing stand?
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye, Kept by a Father's hand,

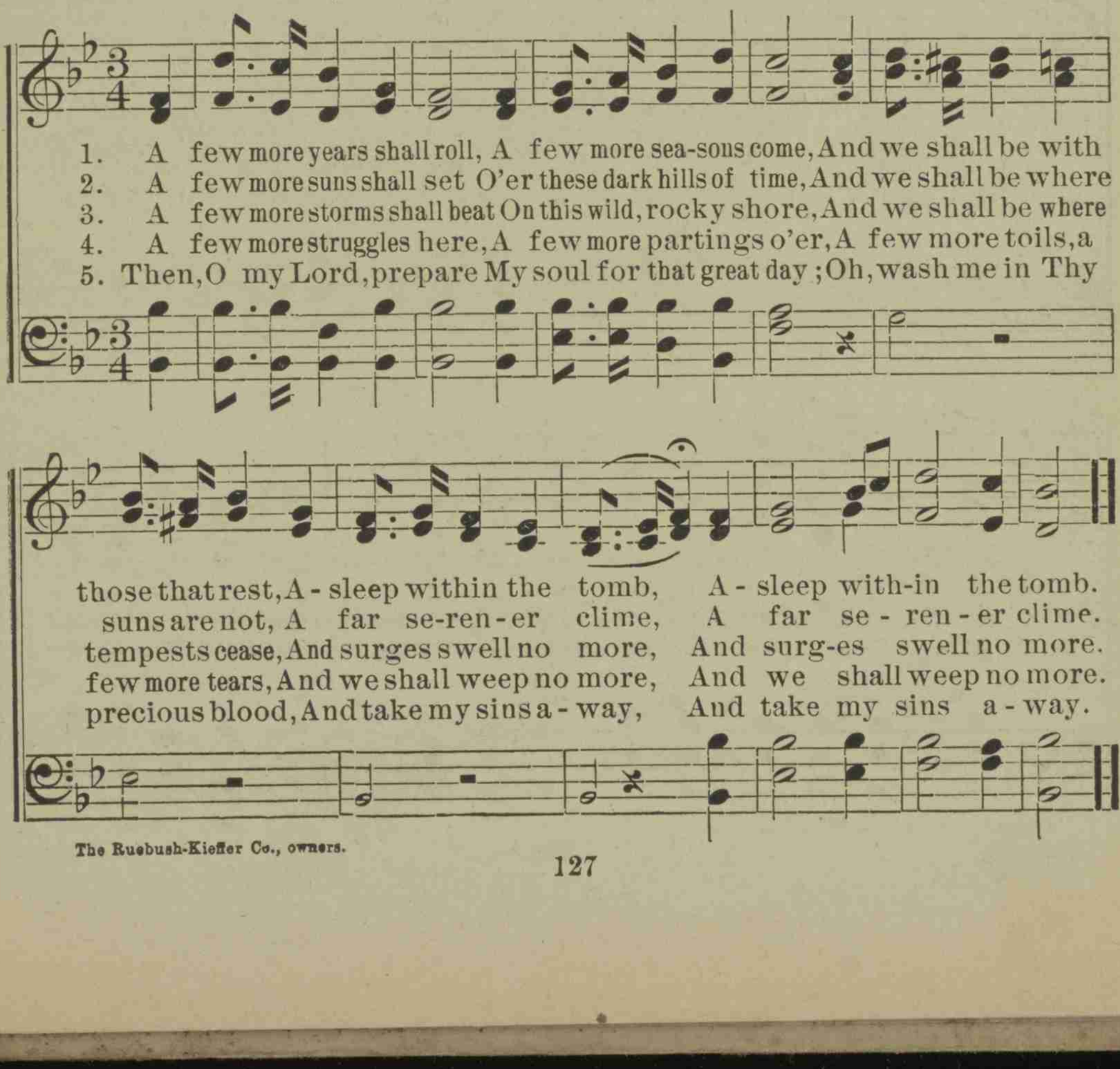
The Happy Land. (Concluded.)





No. 181. Glendale. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856. WYATT MINSHALL.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 182. Home of the Soul.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

:S:

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright, jas-per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -

1

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

D.S. 2

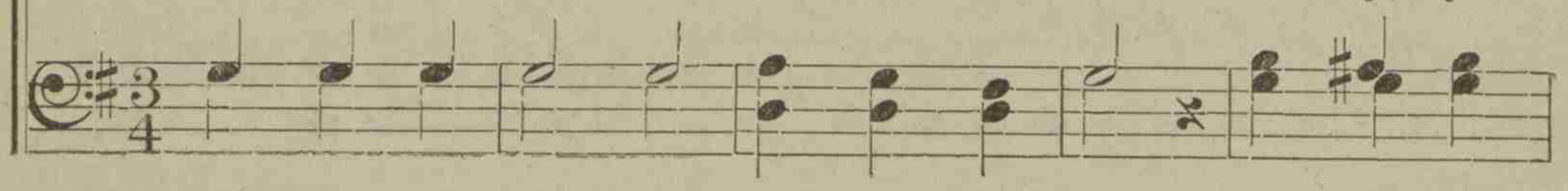
Copyright, 1865, by Philip Phillips.

No. 183. Consolation.

A. L. THAYER.



1. Sor - row - ful mourn - er, si - lent - ly weep, Weep, for thy
2. Bear her a - way, friends, to her last home, Peace - ful - ly
3. Beau - ti - ful song-birds, sing round her grave, Gen - tly, ye





loved one sleeps her last sleep, Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed,
lay her down in the tomb, Lightly, tread lightly round the low bed,
pine boughs, o - ver her wave, Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring,





Now in the dust it must be en-tombed. Sor - row - ful
Sweet - ly now sleeps the beau - ti - ful dead. Sor - row - ful
Mu - si - cal rill, your lul - la - by sing. Sor - row - ful





mourn-er, si - lent-ly weep, Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
mourn-er, si - lent-ly weep, Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
mourn-er, weeping no more, Meet her up - on yon beau - ti - ful shore.



By permission of Dr. W. O. Perkins.

No. 184. Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have trod;
3. My Sav-iour is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

o-ver there;

Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, o - ver there.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God, o - ver there.
Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest, o - ver there.
Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are watch-ing and wait-ing for me, o - ver there.

Refrain.

Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, over there;
Over there, over there, Oh, think of the friends over there, over there;
Over there, over there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, o-ver there;
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there, o-ver there;

O-ver there, o-ver there,

O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the home o - ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the friends o - ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

O-ver there,

No. 185. Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.

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

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
song of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
tri-bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the blessing of rest.
bless-ings that hallowed our days.

In the sweet

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

by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore.

by and by, by and by, by and by,

No. 186. Sweeping Through the Gates.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these beside the chill-y wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si - lent grave, Shout-ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
2. These, these are they who in their youth-ful days Found Je-sus ear - ly, and in wisdom's ways, Prov'd the ful - ness of His grace, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Bold - ly have stood a - mid the hot-test fire, Je - sus now says, "Come up higher;" Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
5. Safe, safe up-on the ev - er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sor-row all are o'er; Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
6. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai - ly, from sin be kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3, 4. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa-lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." . .
5, 6. "Sweeping thro' the streets" of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." . .
in the blood of the Lamb.

"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."
"Sweeping thro' the streets" of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

By permission.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

No. 187. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high.





Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."



CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the



fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je-sus.



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No. 188. Parting Song.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. J. H. HALL.

1. How sweet the thought that when we part, Tho' sun-dered be our way,
   We're sure of this, we all shall meet In glo - ry - land some day.
2. Speak forth, speak forth in thanks to God, Whose mighty arm has kept;
   In wak - ing hours He's been the guide, The watch-er while we've slept.
3. 'Tis sweet to know that though there comes This ver - y night a call
   To cease our la - bor here be - low, The word need not ap - pall;

And there we'll sing be - fore our King, With voi - ces new - ly giv'n,
No harm be - falls the soul whose trust Firm on the Lord is staid;
For if our hope is fixed on Christ, The pi - lot to "that shore,"

And praise Him for His wondrous grace That makes us heirs of heav'n.
No floods of sor - row e'er can drown, Nor en - vy's fires make 'fraid.
E'en Jor-dan's dark and cheerless waves We'll safe - ly fer - ry o'er.

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No. 189. Pray for the Wanderer.

Rev. C. M. HOTT. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walking a drear - y way; Suff'ring and
2. Ten - der - ly bid them come Back from sin's wilderness; Come to our
3. Plead now at mer-cy's gate For each poor wan-d'ring one; Soon it will
4. Pray, and with love entreat All who by sin are press'd; Bid them at

Pray for the Wanderer. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

sin de-filed, Go - ing a - stray.
Fa-ther's home Sav'd by His grace.
be too late, Life will be gone.
Je - sus' feet Find end-less rest.

Pray for the wan-der-er,

Pray for the wan-derer, Pray for the wan-derer, Go - ing a-stray.

No. 190. The Sunday-School.

1. The Sun-day-school, that blessed place, O! I would rath-er stay
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sin-ners such as I;
3. Then let our grate-ful tri - bute rise, And songs of praise be giv'n
4. And welcome then the Sun-day-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray,

CHO. — *The Sun-day-school, the Sun - day-school, O! 'tis the place I love,*

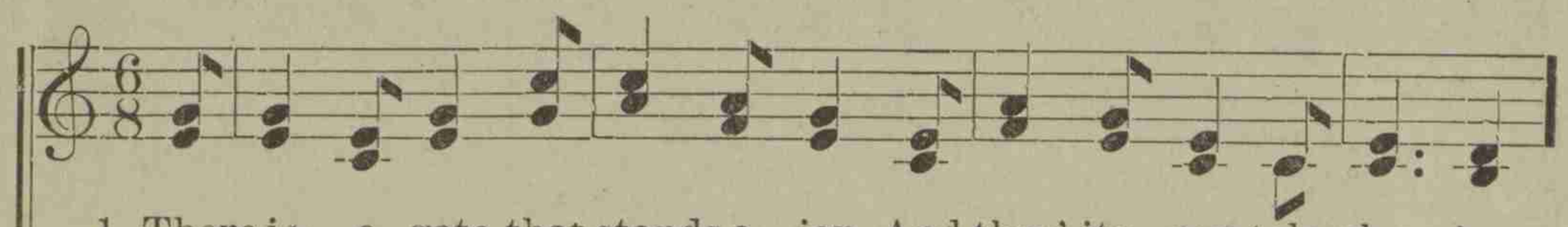
With - in its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
O! what has all the world be-side, That I should prize so high?
To Him who dwells a - bove the skies, For such a bless - ing given.
That we may keep the gold - en rule, And nev - er from it stray

For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

No. 191. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." Rev. 21: 25

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por-tals gleaming,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all, Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be-yond the riv- er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

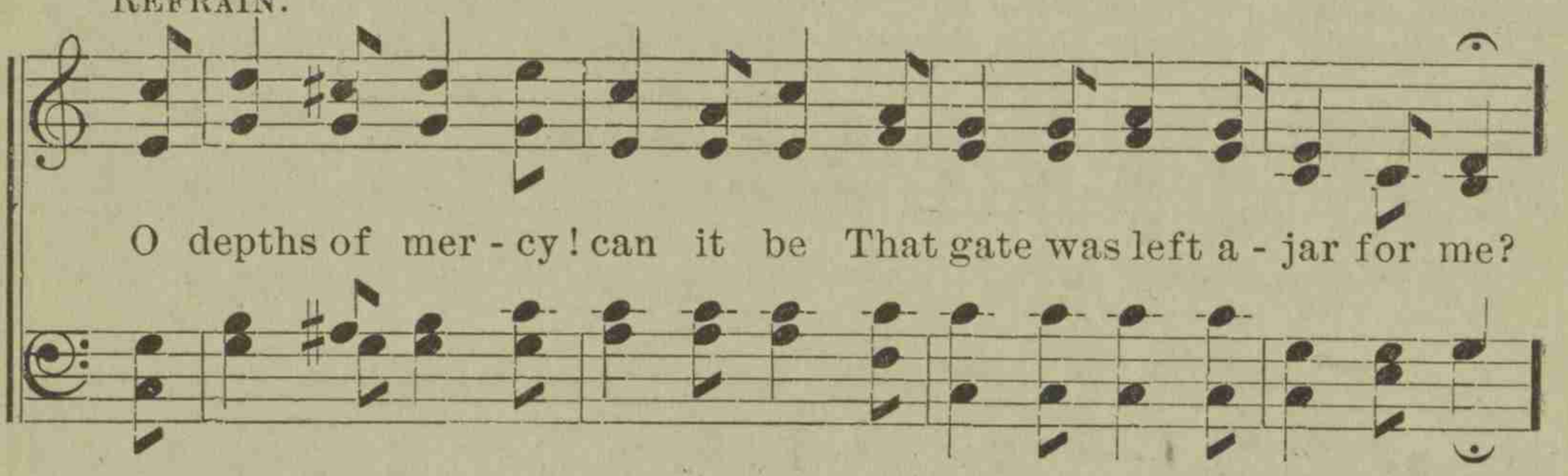




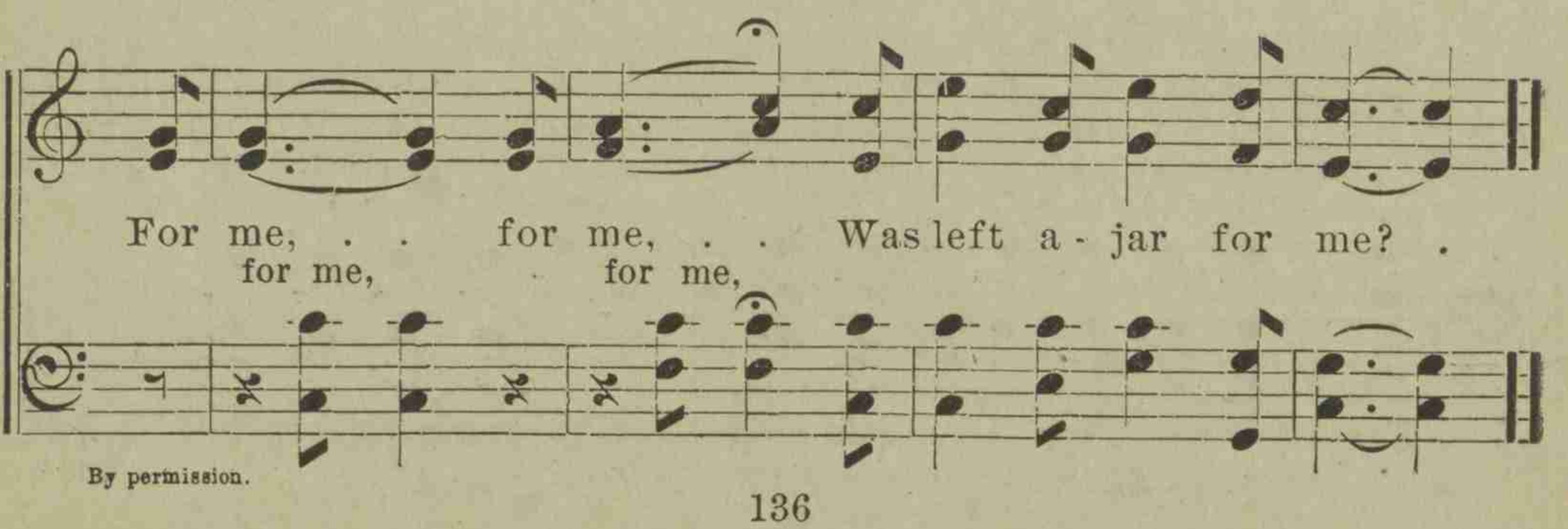
A rad-iance from the cross a - far, The Sav-iour's love re-veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last - ing tok - en.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav-en.



REFRAIN.



O depths of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . for me, . . Was left a - jar for me? .
for me, for me,

By permission.

No. 192. Look Not on the Wine.

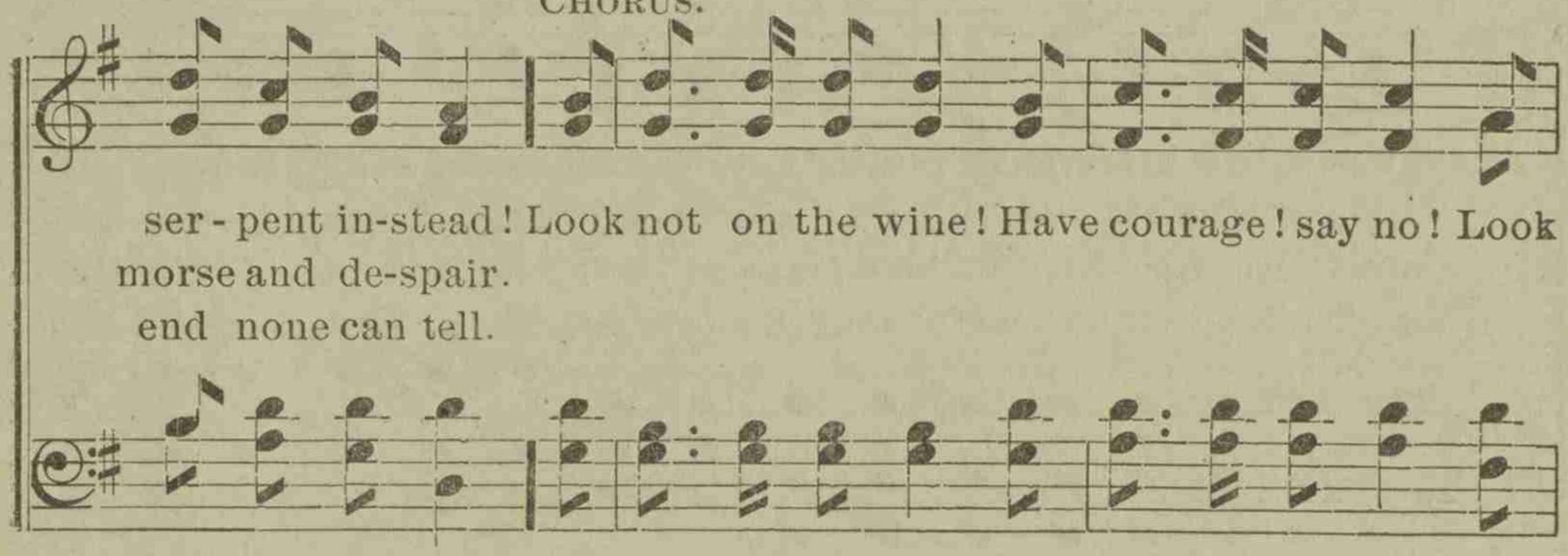
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Look not on the wine! In the cup ru - by red, Where juices seem sweet, Lurks a ser - pent in-stead! Look not on the wine! Have courage! say no! Look
2. Look not on the wine! There is mis-ery there, There's heartache and pain, There's re- morse and de-spair.
3. Look not on the wine! For a sip may be hell. Keep it out of sight, Or the end none can tell.



CHORUS.

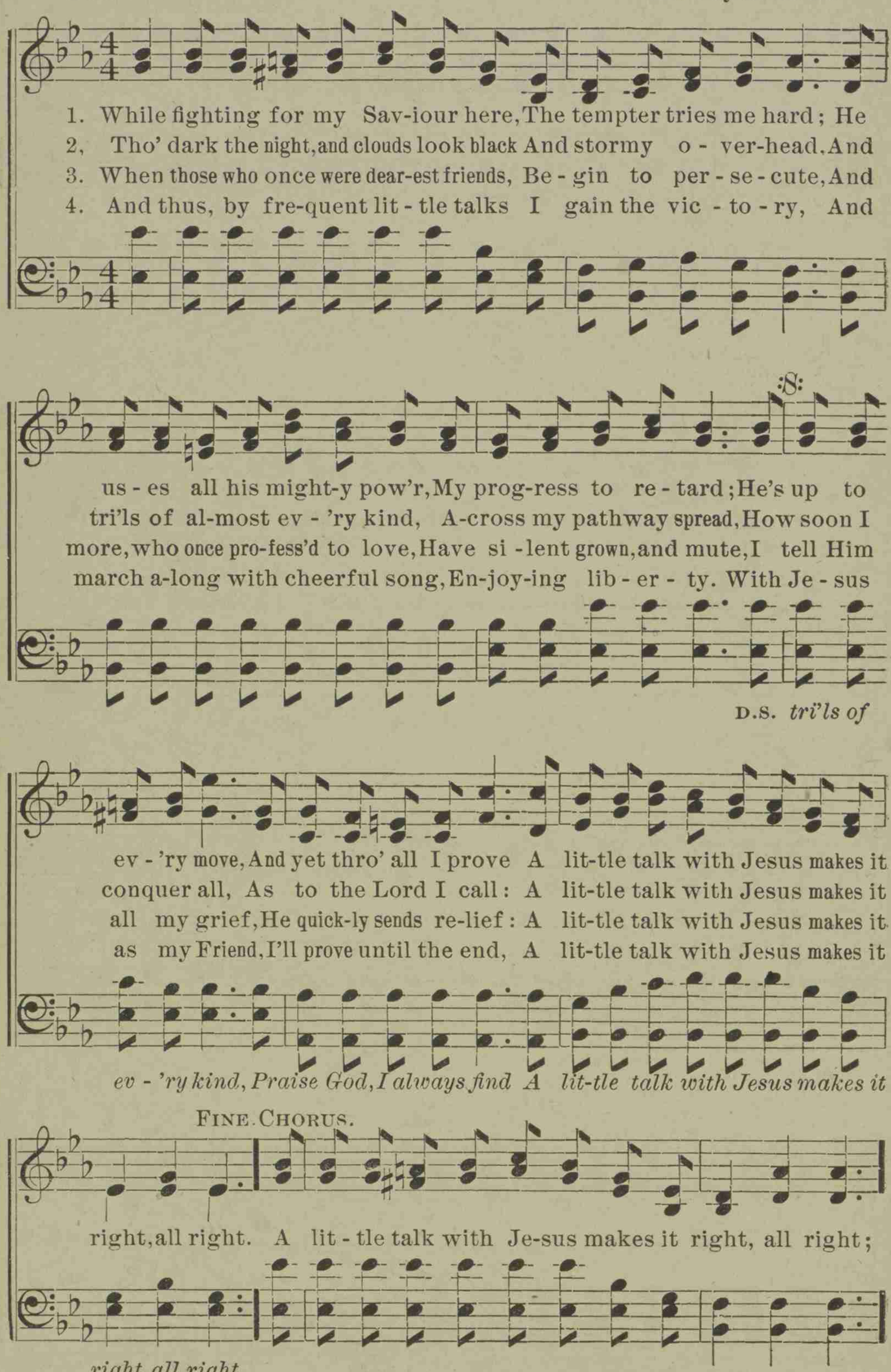


not on the wine! 'Tis a cup full of woe. Look not on the wine! Have cour-age! say no! Look not on the wine! 'Tis a cup full of woe

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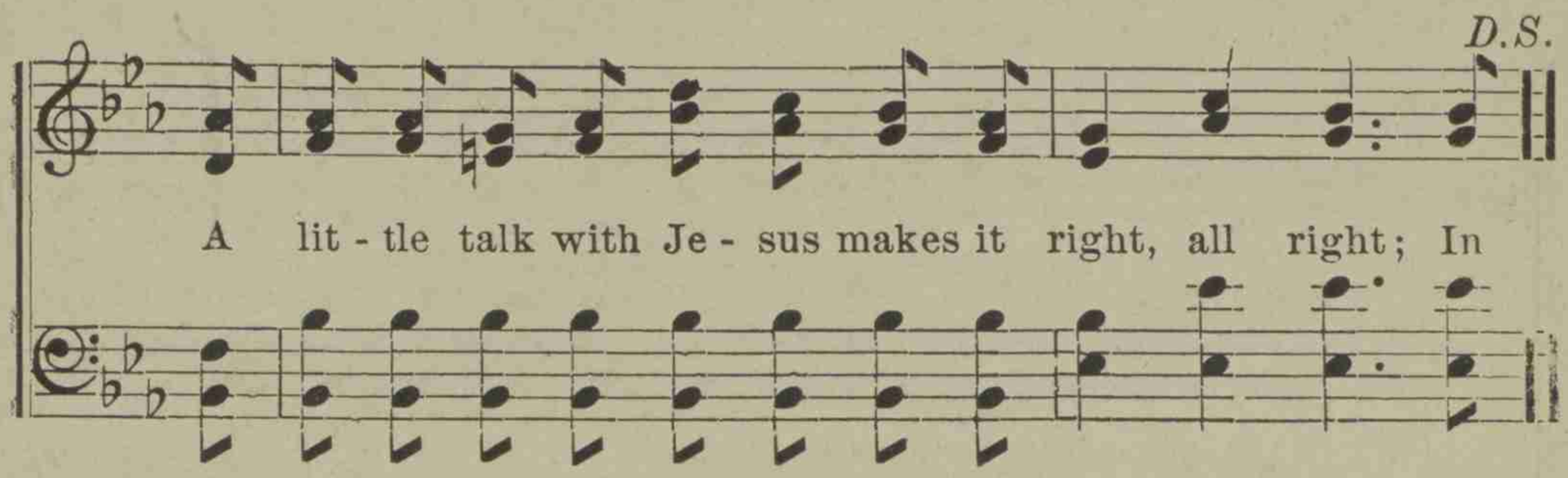
No. 193. A Little Talk with Jesus.

Arr. Arr. by J. H. H.



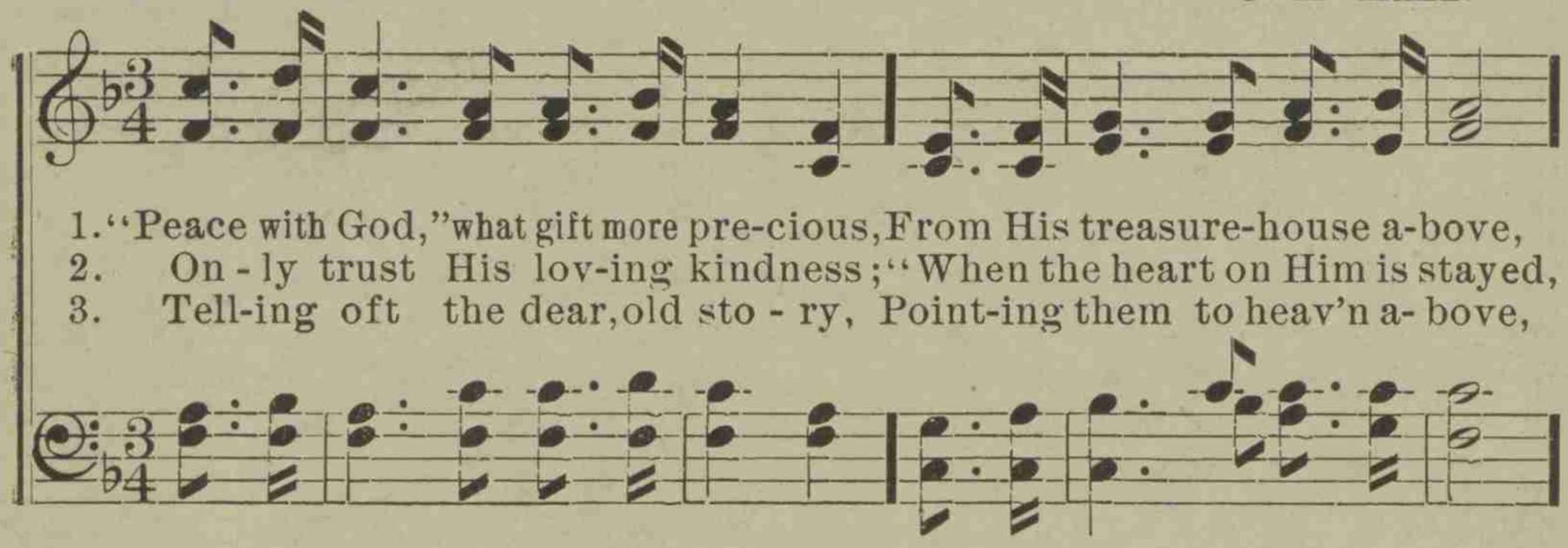
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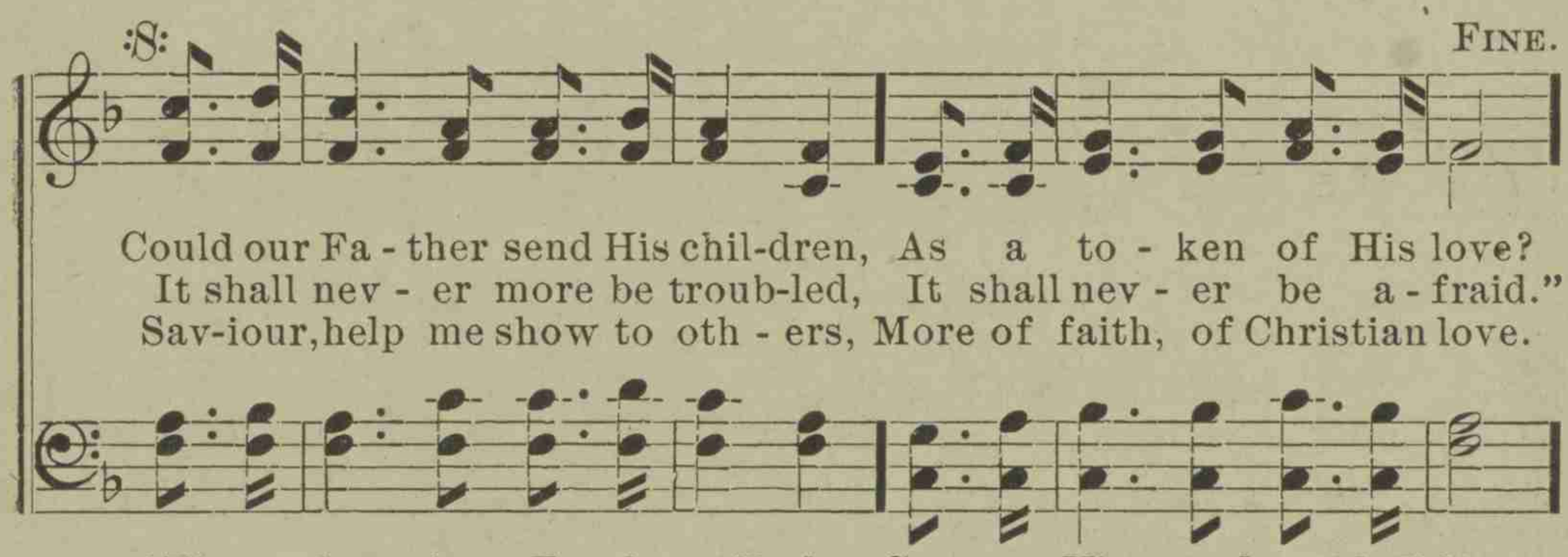
A Little Talk with Jesus. (Concluded.)



No. 194. Come and Live.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. HALL.



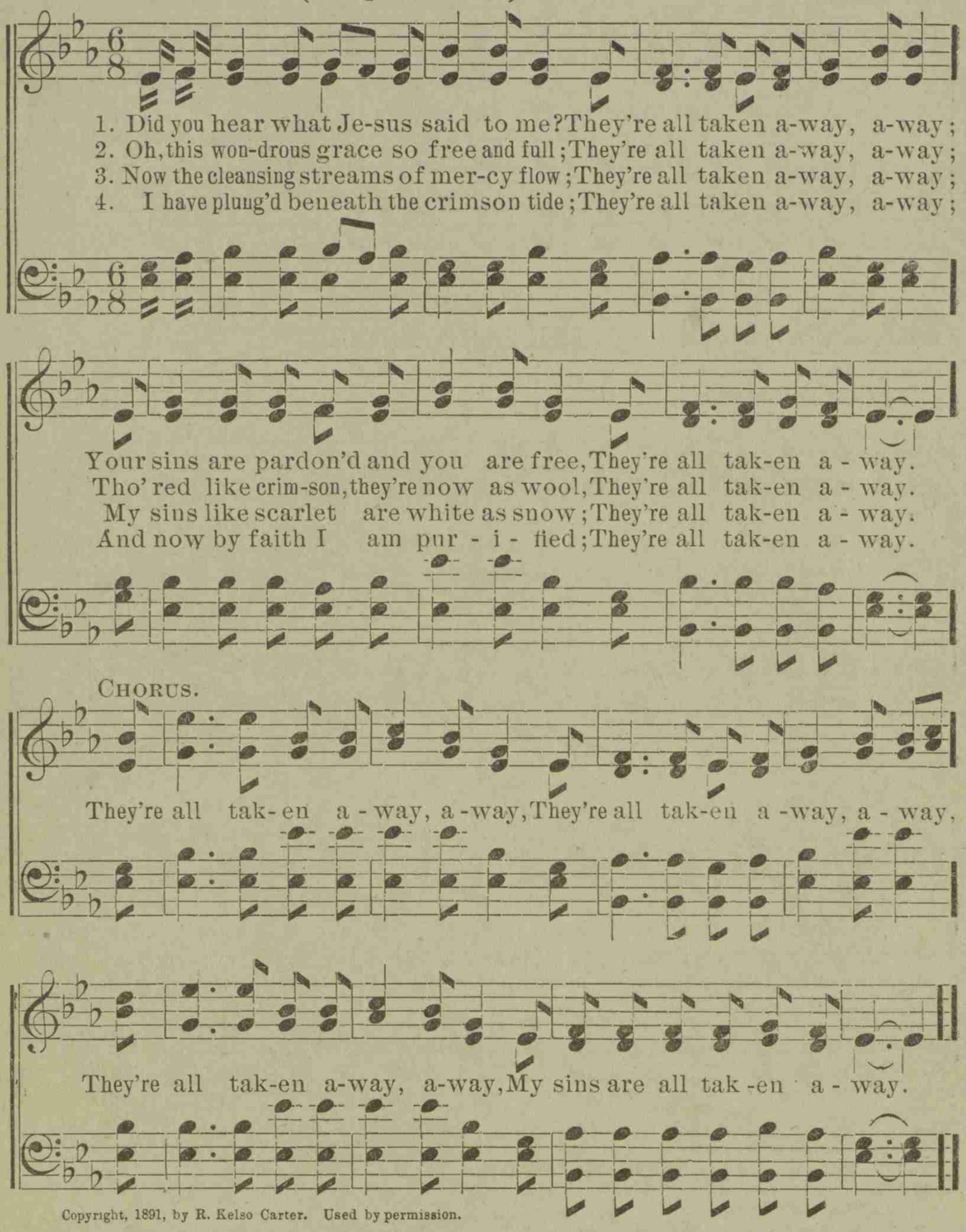




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No. 195. All Taken Away.

R. Kelso Carter (except 1st verse). A. A.



Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter. Used by permission.

5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul;
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away.

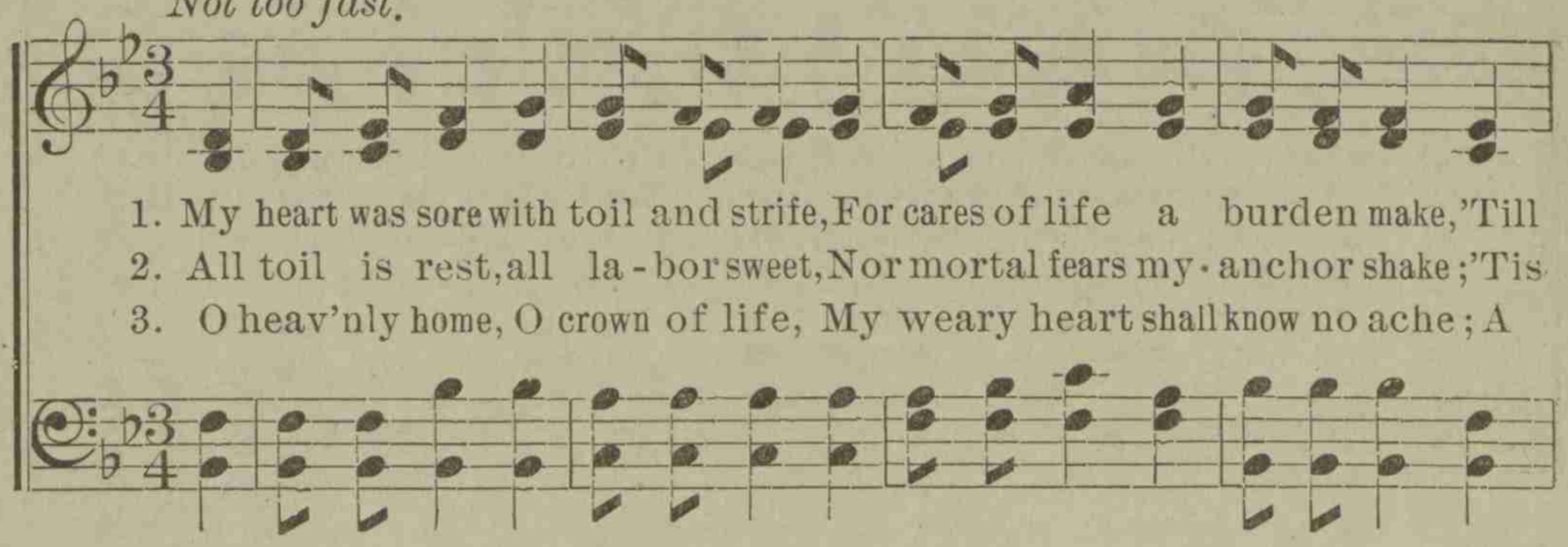
7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They're all taken away.

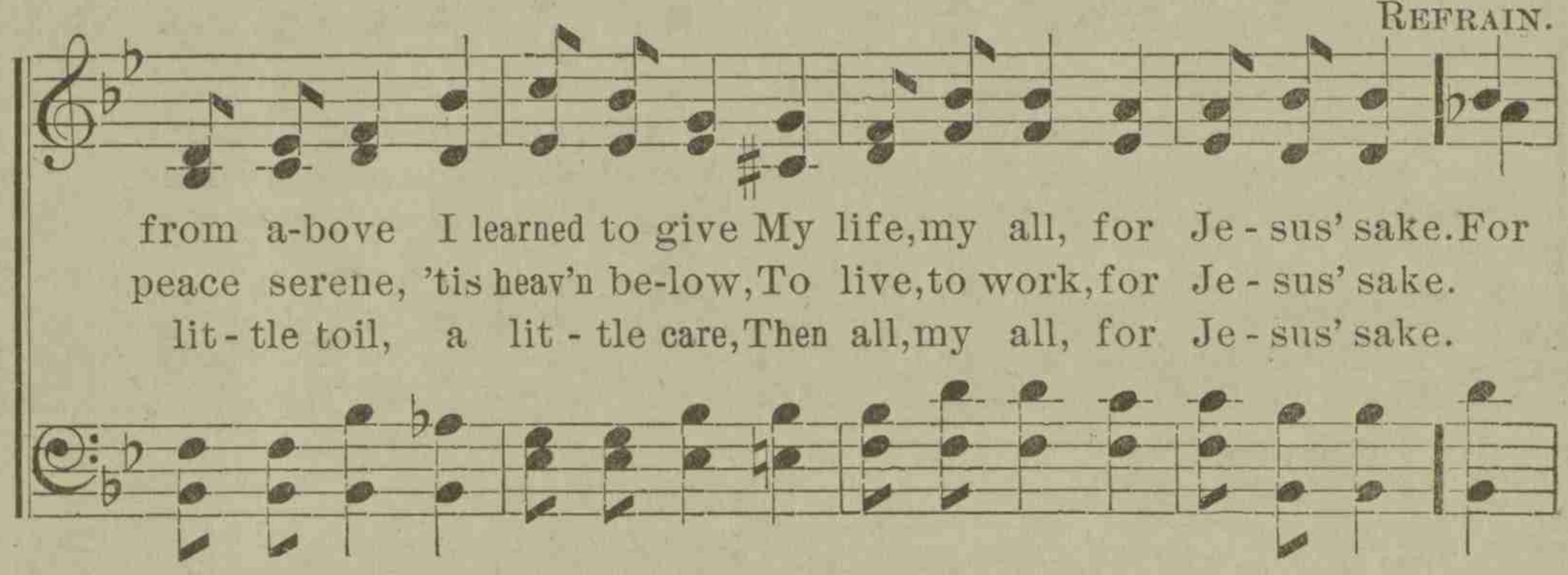
8 And when in glory we meet above;
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of redeeming love;
They're all taken away.

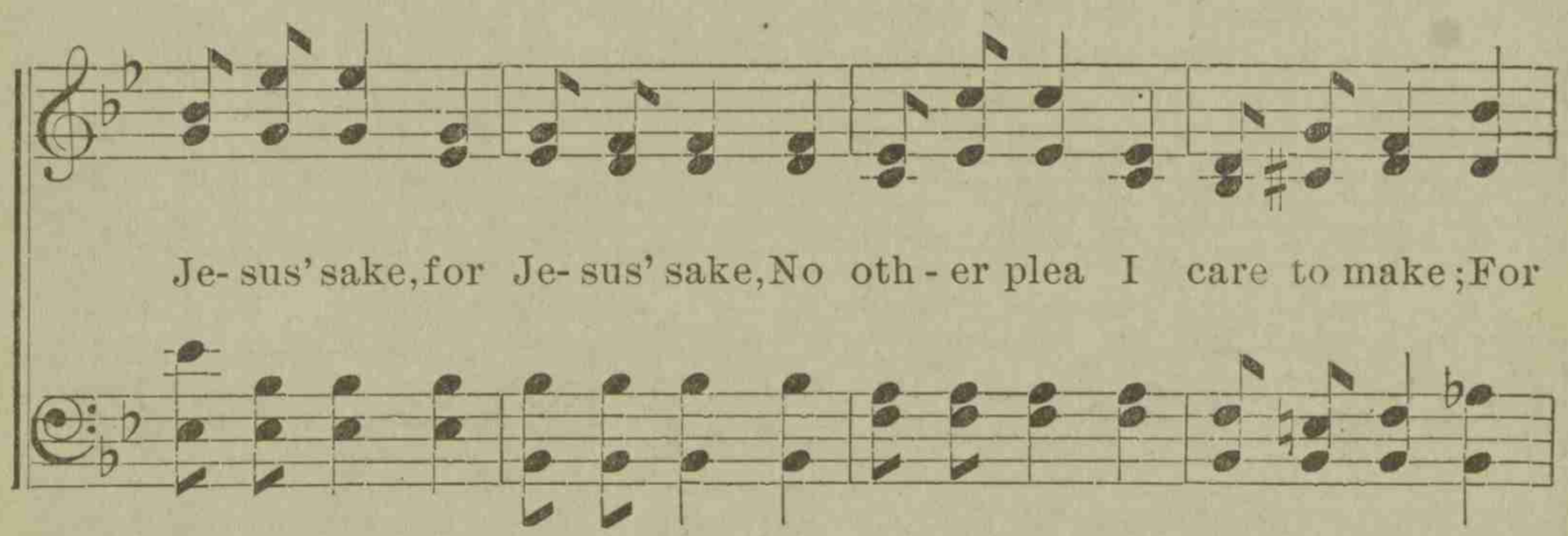
No. 196. For Jesus' Sake.

Rev. G. P. Hott, A. M. Will H. Ruebush.

Not too fast.







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No. 197. Jesus Knows.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.

1. Come what may of joy or sor-row, Be my por-tion pain or rest,
2. I would nev-er choose my pathway, But by faith would walk with Him;
3. Je - sus sees if heav-y heart-ed, I am toil-ing on life's road;
4. Je - sus calls me to be faith-ful, To be help-ful as I roam;

Je-sus guides me and directs me, And His way is al-ways best.
Trusting ev - er, and be-liev-ing, If the skies are bright or dim.
And with love He lifts the shadows That obscure His blest a - bode.
And when toils and tears are end-ed, He will bid His child "come home."

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows, ... Je - sus knows, ...
Je - sus knows, Je-sus knows, Je - sus knows, Je-sus knows, All the
way . . . my feet must go; . . . . Je-sus knows, . . Jesus
way, all the way, my feet must go, feet must go; Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows, Jesus
knows, . . . Him I trust, ... who loves me so. . . . . .
knows, Jesus knows, Him I trust, Him I trust, who loves me so, loves me so.

rit.

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No. 198. Parting Hymn.

Arr.

1. How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low - ship of love!
   And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
2. Yes, hap - py tho't! when we are free From earth-ly grief and pain,
   In heav'n we shall each oth-er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
3. Then let us each, in strength di - vine, Still walk in wisdom's ways;
   That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise.

The good shall meet a - bove, . . The good shall meet a - bove,
And nev - er part a - gain, . . And nev - er part a - gain;
In nev - er end-ing praise, . . In nev - er end-ing praise,

FINE.

And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
In heav'n we shall each oth-er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise.

D.S. *And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone be - fore.*

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

D.S.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 199. America. 6s & 4s.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Ps. 33 : 12.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

cres.

Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 200. Benediction.

J. H. HALL.

{ The grace of our Lord } { Jesus Christ, and the } love of God { And the communion of } { the Holy Ghost, be }

with you all, | Now and ev - er - more A - MEN.

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