TRIED AND TRUE

SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY REV. E. S. LORENZ

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TRIED AND TRUE.

SONGS FOR THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

PRAISE AND DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS.

EDITED BY

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

DAYTON, OHIO:
LORENZ & CO.,
1892.

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PREFACE.

THE editor at last realizes a long cherished wish in issuing a Sunday-School song book, containing only what actual test has proved to be the most useful and helpful songs, written by himself and by many others of his musical friends. He has tried to realize his ideal of a practical song book. That ideal will not please theorists, but he trusts it will help and bless earnest Christian workers, and the schools for which they labor and pray.

DAYTON, OHIO, April 10, 1892.

TRIED AND TRUE.

1. The Tried and True.

E. D. MUND. *"Many shall be purified and tried."*—Dan. 12 : 10. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the le-gion so brave is your name enrolled, The Tried and True! Does the Lord know you well as a
2. O how blessed are they who have lost all fear! The Tried and True! Who with faith all serene see the
3. Daily conflicts will strengthen the steadfast heart, The Tried and True; Ev - 'ry vict' - ry will courage and
4. O-ver yon - der is gleaming the crown of life, Ye Tried and True! To the joy of that rest when ye

CHORUS.

vet - 'ran bold? Has he faith in you?
foe draw near They shall soon sub - due. Are you one of the Tried and True? Are you
faith im - part. Give new pow'r to do. Tried and True?
end your strife, Christ will wel - come you?

one of the Tried and True? In the battle's din are you sure to win? Are you one of the Tried and True?
Tried and True?

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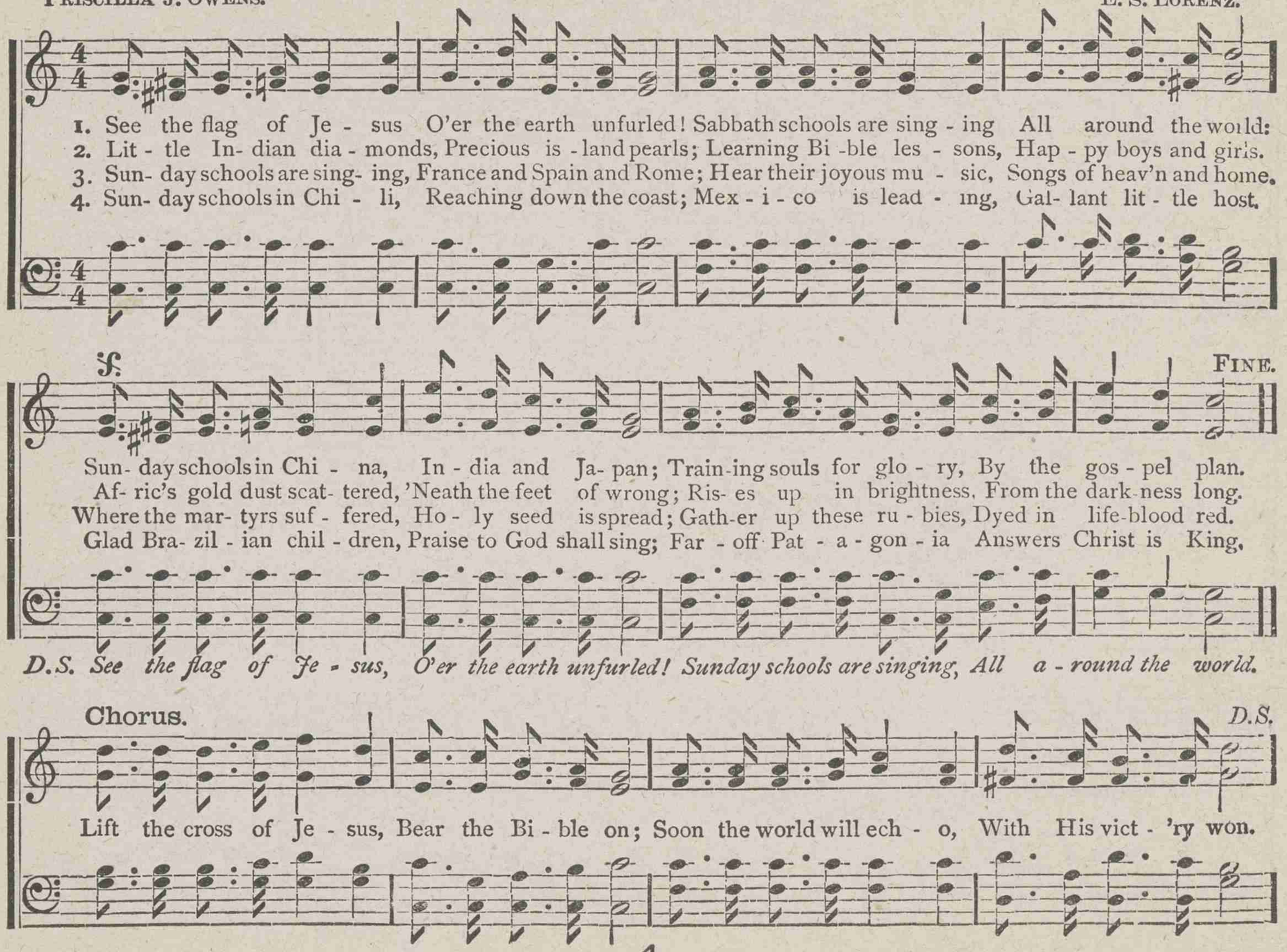
2. All Around the World.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2: 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



Chorus.

3.

Satisfied With Jesus.

ANNA CHICHESTER. *"Who gave himself for us."*—Tit. 2: 44. JOHN TIBBALLS.

1. I am walk-ing with the Sav-iour in the bless-ed nar - row way, I am
   Once my soul was in the dark-ness, now has dawned life's gold - en day, I am
2. In my griefs he's con - so - la - tion, and in tri - al he's my stay, I am
   With his ten - der arms a-round me, I can nev - er know dis-may; I am
3. When I fal - ter in my weakness, on his arm he bids me lean, I am
   When tem - ta - tion ov - er - whelms me, with his blood he makes me clean, I am
4. Oh, the words of love and com - fort! Oh, the ten - der, lov - ing hand! I am
   Through the wa - ters it will lead me, to the fair Lamb - light - ed land, I am

D. S.—*nev - er will for - sake me, but will ev - er be my guide, I am*

Fine. **CHORUS.**

sat - is - fied with Christ my Lord. I am sat - is - fied, (with Jesus) yes, I am

sat - is - fied with Christ my Lord.

sat - is - fied (with Jesus,) I am sat - is - fied to walk with him the long, long way; For he

D. S.

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4. By and By.

"And his rest shall be glorious."—Isa. 11: 10.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. S. LORENZ.

1. By and by! the thought is sweet—Rest and peace at home with God, No more weary bleeding feet, All the long hard journey trod. But be-fore the rest is found, Heav-y bur-dens we must bear, Toils be-
2. By and by! Be-yond the hill Which our weary feet must climb, Par-a-dise is wait-ing still, In e-ter-nal sum-mer time. 'Tis the prize we strive to win, When our work of life is o'er, Gates of
3. By and by! 'Twill not be long Ere the work of life is past, And we sing the glad, new song, Face to face with God at last. May his wel-come be to me, "Faithful thou hast al-ways been, Heav'n was

ours ere we are crowned With the palms the vic-tors wear. By and by! . . . the thought is
glad-ness, let us in, God to see for ev-er-more.
tru-ly earned by thee, Earn-est work-er, en-ter in. By and by!

CHORUS.

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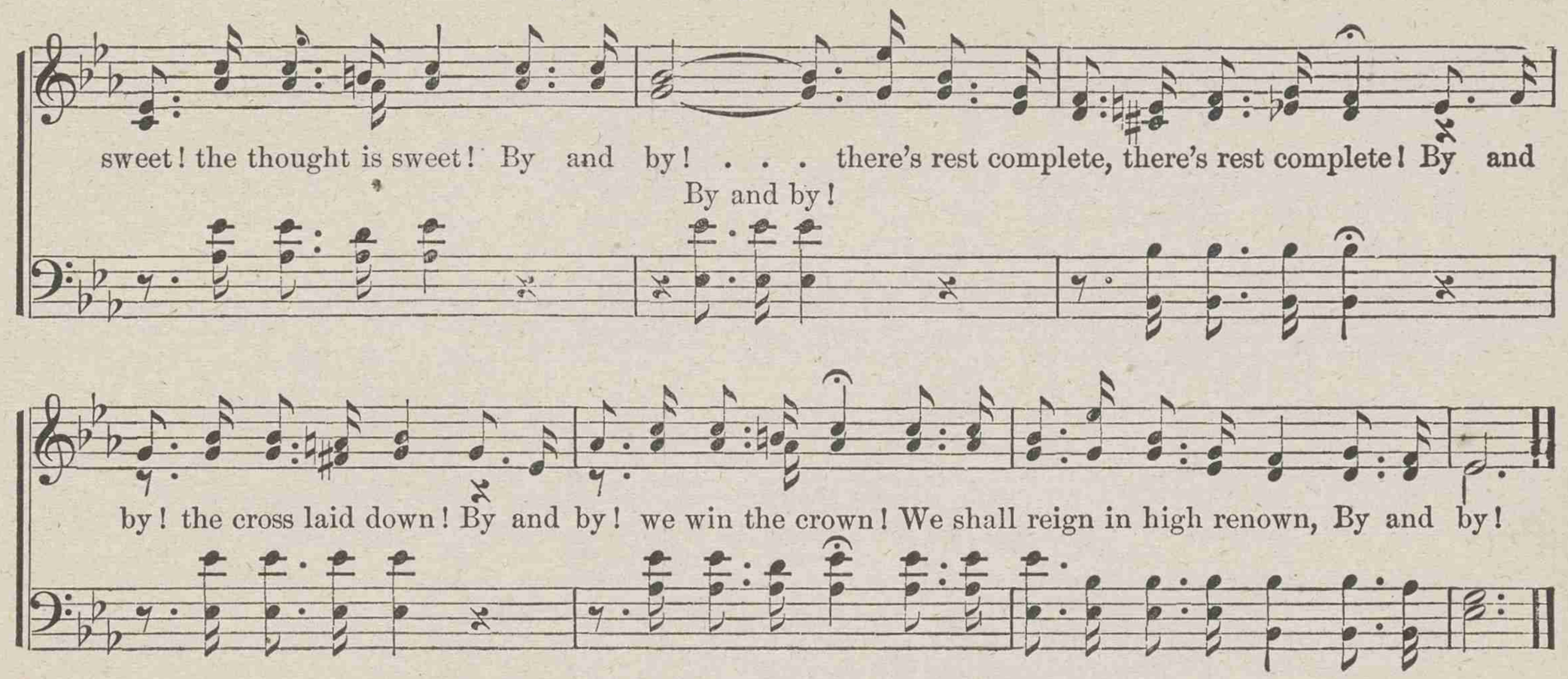
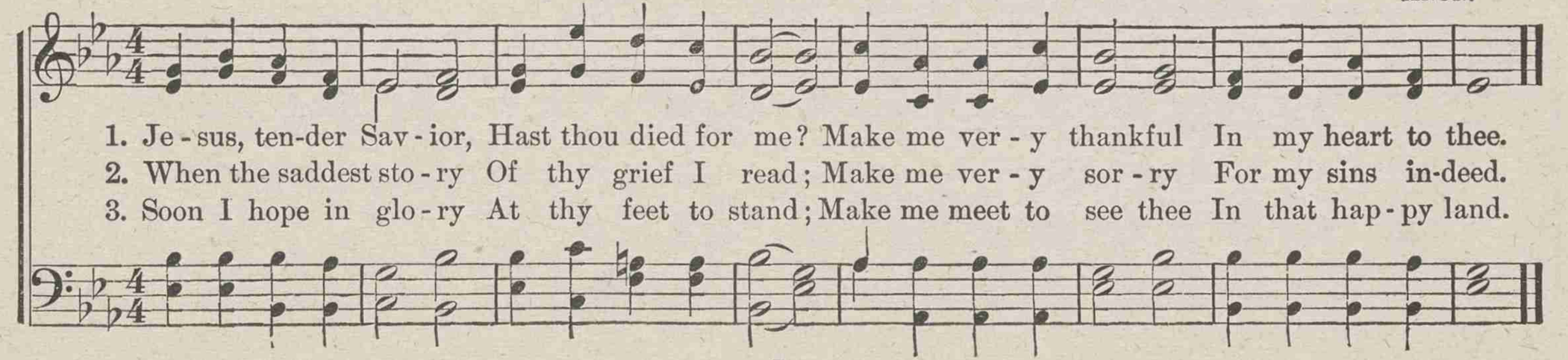
By and By. Concluded.

5. Jesus, Tender Savior.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me."—Gal. 1: 20.

ANON.



6. Home Bells are Ringing.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

D. B. PURINTON.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. Far a - way from home we wan - der O'er the bar - ren wastes of an earth - ly strand;
2. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore us, They have left us wea - ry and lone - ly here;
3. While our Sav - iour bids us tar - ry, We will watch and wait, we will work and pray;
4. Come, poor sin - ner, jour - ney with us, Cast thy load of sin and thy guilt a - way;

f.

But our wea - ry feet are turn - ing To the shores of the heav'nly land.
But they live in realms of glo - ry, We shall meet, we shall greet them there.
Then go home to dwell for - ev - er In the realms of e - ter - nal day.
Thou shalt find a joy - ful en-trance At the gates of e - ter - nal day.

FINE. Chorus.

Far, far a - way, the

f.

D.S.—Safe at last with joy and sing-ing, We shall meet in our Fa-ther's home.

D.S.

home bells are ring - ing, Where the wand'rers of earth no lon - ger shall roam (for - ev - er);

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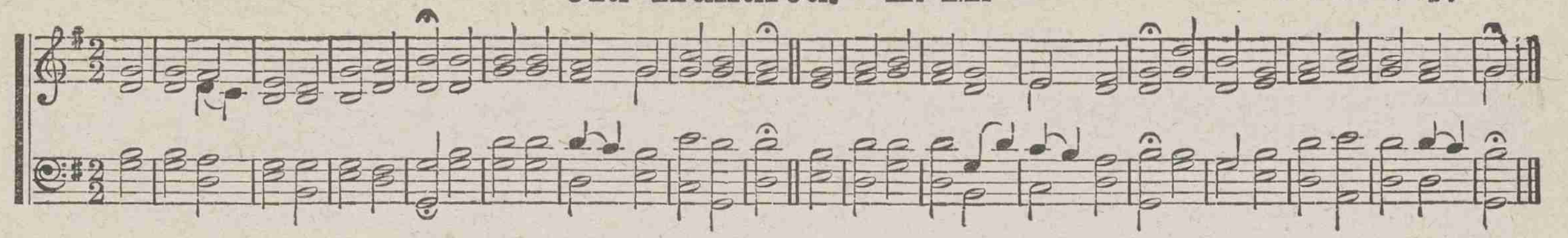
Old Hundred. L. M.

G. FRANC, 154



7.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

9.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

10.

1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

11.

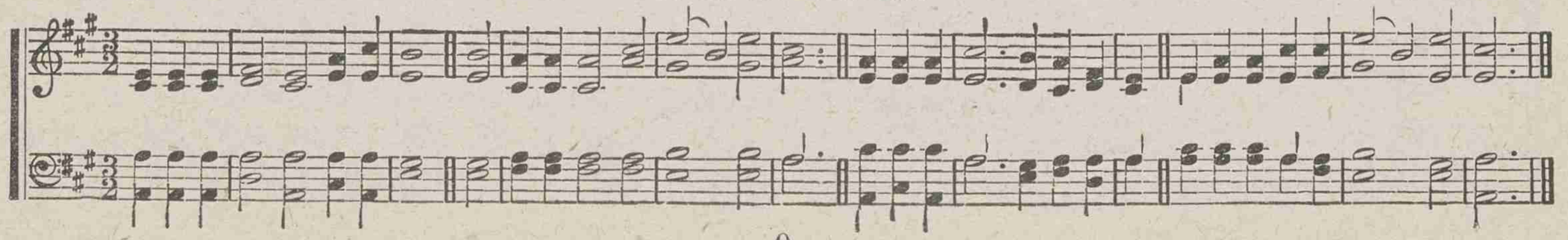
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end,
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Ware. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



12. Let the Blessed Savior In.

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

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

1. Who stands outside the clos-ed door? Rise and let him in. Who is it knocking, o'er and o'er,
2. It is the Sav-ior calls to thee, Rise and let him in. He will come in and sup with thee,
3. In pa-tient love he pleading stands, Rise and let him in. The nail prints still are in his hands,
4. O, why should he be wait-ing now, Rise and let him in. Thy Lord, with glo-ry-cir-cled brow,
5. Be-ware! be-ware! un-do the door, Rise and let him in. Lest he should leave thee ev-er-more,

REFRAIN.

Rise and let him in. Let him in, Let him in, Let the bless-ed Sav-ior
Let him in, Let him in,
in; He is standing at the door, He is knocking o'er and o'er, Let the blessed Sav-ior in.
Let him in;

13. The Way of the Lord.

E. D. MUND. "*They shall sing in the ways of the Lord.*"—PS. 138: 5. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Let us walk in the way of the Lord, 'T is a won-der - ful way, 't is a glo - ri - ous way;
2. Paths of righteous-ness joy - ful we tread, In the pastures so green, by the wa-ters so still;
3. In the val - ley of death shad-owed o'er We no e - vil will fear, for the Shepherd is near;

Un - to all doth it bless - ing af - ford Who the good Shepherd's lead-ing o - bey.
By the good Shepherd safe - ly we're led And his pres-ence with joy doth us fill.
In the house of the Lord ev - er - more We shall dwell with our Shep-herd so dear

D. S. *All who walk in it hap - py are they, It will lead them to man-sions a - bove.*

CHORUS.

'T is a won-der - ful way! 't is a glo - ri - ous way! 'T is a way full of bless-ing, of mer - cy and love.

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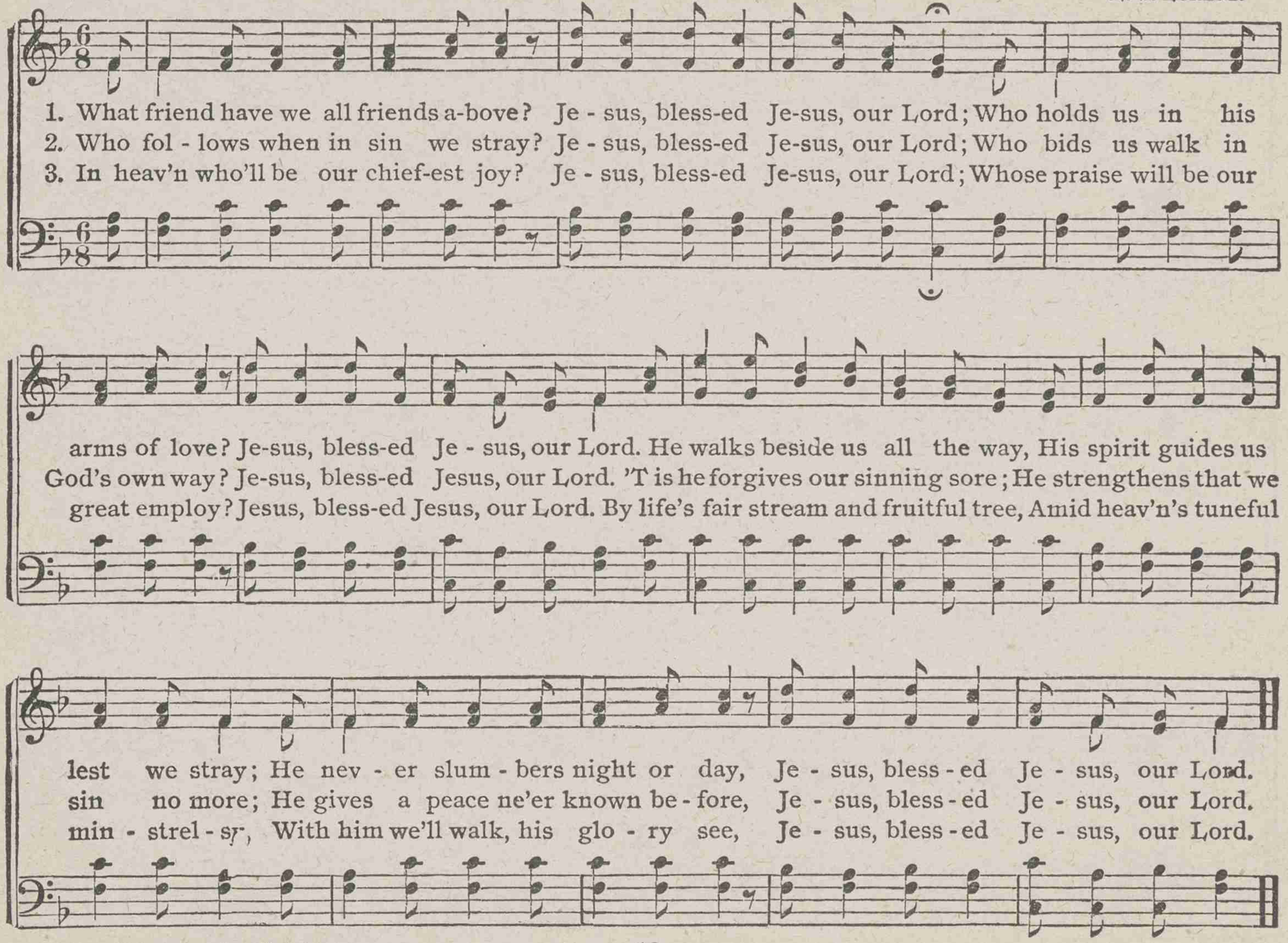
14.

Jesus, Our Lord.

"This is my friend."—S. of Sol. 5: 16.

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



Coyyright, 1891, by E. S. Lorenz.

15. Little Mission Band.

"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."—Isa. 60: 22.

W. F. McCAULEY.

1. We're a lit - tle Mission Band, Working long, hop - ing long, Toil-ing for the
2. Christ receives our works of love; Hear his voice! lov - ing voice! Comes the blessing
3. E'en the least can some-thing do, Tho' we're small, weak and small; For we have a

heath-en land— Hap-py is our song.
from a - bove, While our hearts rejoice.
pur-pose true— Christ is all in all.

REFRAIN.

We're a lit - tle Mis-sion Band,
Come and join our Mis-sion Band,

Je - sus takes us by the hand;
He will take you by the hand;

We around his throne shall stand, Where angel hosts adore.
You around his throne may stand, And praise him evermore.

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16.

Hallelujah!

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God.—Ps. 147: 1.

Anon. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! song of glad-ness, Song of ev-er-last-ing joy; Hal-le-lu-jah! song the
2. Hal-le-lu-jah! Church vic-to-rious, Thou mayst lift this joy-ful strain; Hal-le-lu-jah! songs of
3. Hal-le-lu-jah! let our voic-es Rise to heav'n with full ac-cord; Hal-le-lu-jah! ev-'ry
4. But our earn-est sup-pli-ca-tion, Ho-ly God, we raise to thee; Bring us to thy bliss-ful

Chorus.

sweet-est That can an-gel hosts em-ploy.
tri-umph Well be-fit the ran-somed train.
mo-ment Brings us near-er to the Lord.
pres-ence, Let us all thy glo-ry see.

} Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah!

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

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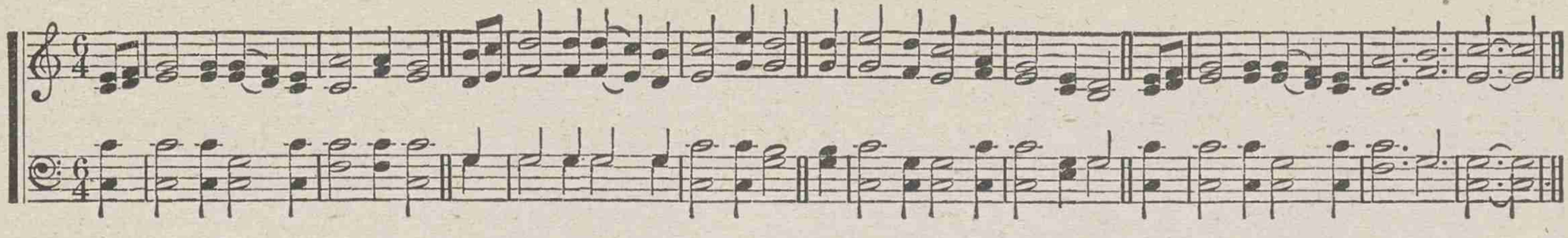
Retreat. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

17.

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

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

18.

1 Oh, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

19.

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

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

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

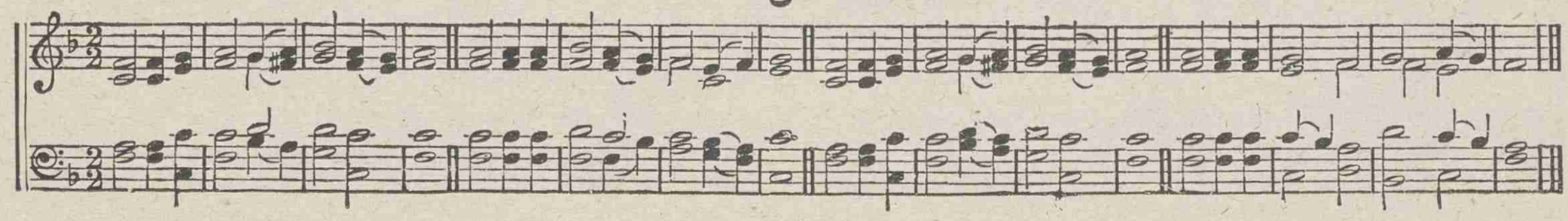
20.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hamburg. L. M.

Gregorian.

21. I am Glad We're on the Rock.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."—Psa. 18 : 2.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am glad we're on the rock when the storms are wild, And the bil - lows 'round are swell-ing; We will
2. I am glad we're on the rock for his pre - cious love Is a joy our spir - it keep - ing; When the
3. I am glad we're on the rock where our souls may dwell, And no fears our hopes can sev - er; Where our

praise his ho - ly name and his wondrous love proclaim, His good-ness and his mer - cy tell - ing.
world is dark and drear there's a bless - ed ref - uge here, Tho' tem-pests o'er the world are sweep - ing.
peace shall ev - er be like the calm un-sound-ed sea In heav - en with the loved for - ev - er.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord for his mer - cy ev - er sure! Ev - er sure, while the mountains shall en-
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

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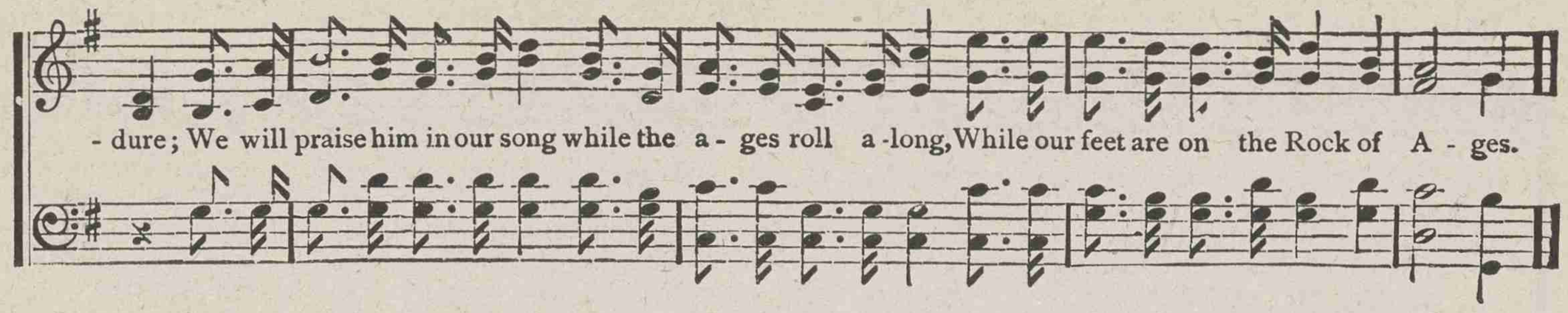
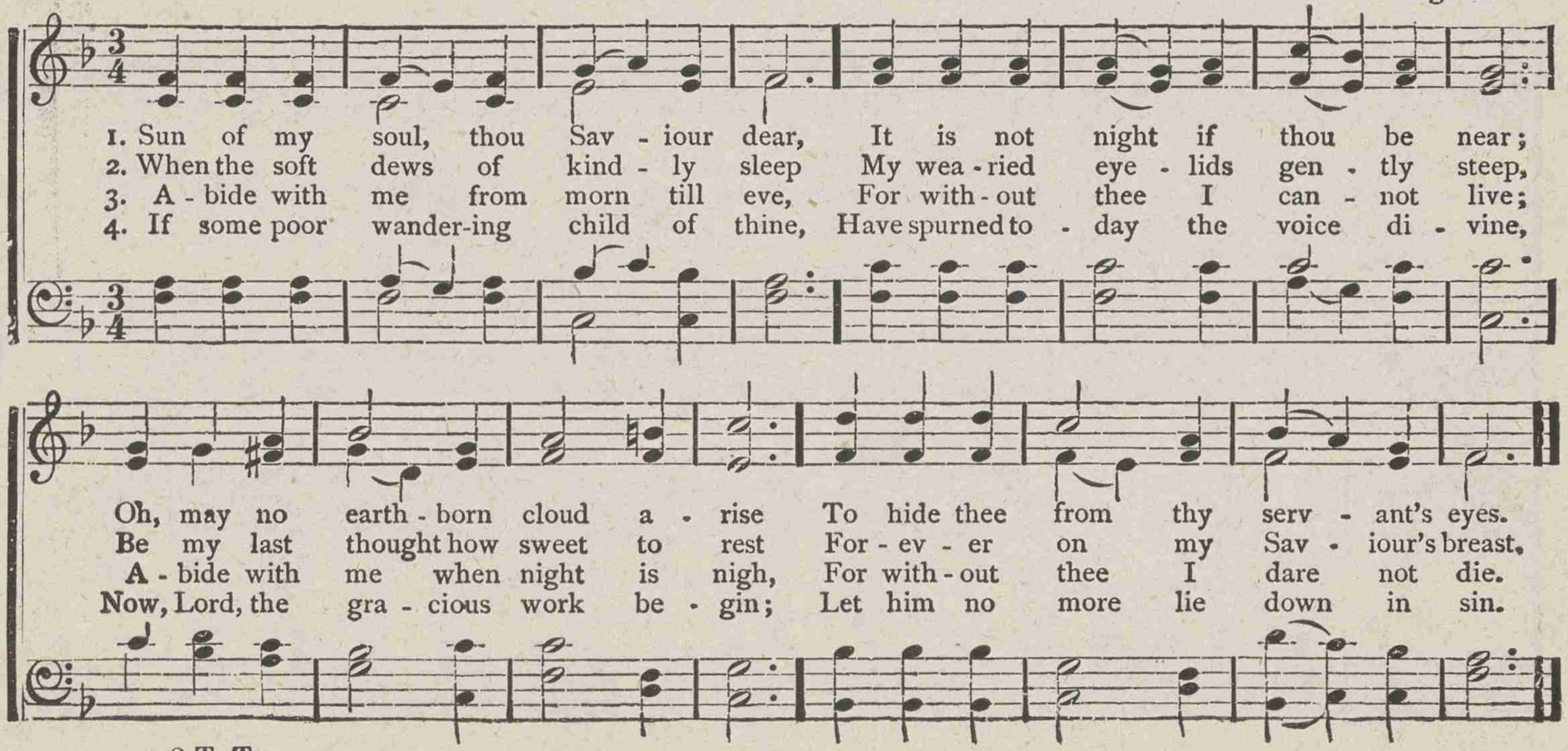
I am Glad We're on the Rock.—Concluded.

22. Sun of my Soul. L. M.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield.—Psa. 84 : 11.

KEBLE. English.

23. Sweet Sabbath-Day of Peace.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58: 13.

Maud (Anna Share). Rev. W. M. Weekley.

1. Sweet Sab-bath-day of peace, Sweet day of rest and pray'r; In it we read a Fa-ther's love, A
2. Thro' all the bus - y week, To toil our days are giv'n; But now we put these cares a - side, And
3. Here in this ho - ly house, This place where God doth meet His friends, we lay with joy - ful songs Our
4. Dear Lord, may Sab - bath peace Per-vade each trou- bled heart; May tho'ts of worldly toil and gain, And
5. Oh, fill our hearts with love For thee, thou First and Best; And may this day a fore - taste be Of

Chorus.

Fa-ther's ten - der care.
look from earth to heav'n.
off'rings at his feet.
wrong de-sires de - part.
thy e - ter - nal rest.

We hail the Sab-bath of rest, . . . Its hours are ho - ly and blest; . .

of rest, and blest;

Its mo - ments pass sweet - ly, It fills us com-plete - ly With joy and peace and love.

24. The Cross is My Anchor.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."—Heb. 6: 19.

ANON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The cross is my anchor! tho' wave fol-low wave, Tho' frail be my ves - sel, this anchor shall save;
2. The cross is my anchor! all storms soon shall cease, My ves - sel, tho' frail, reach the haven of peace;
3. The cross is my anchor! I now hear his voice; It bids me to fear not, but trust and re-joice;

f. Fine.

The cross is my anchor! 'tis stead - y and sure With-in the veil hold - ing all storms I en-dure.
No storm or dis - as - ter I ev - er shall fear; When danger's extreme, then my Sav - ior is near.
The last storm in ter - ror may speed - i - ly come, I'll trust in the cross and shall soon reach my home.

D. S. *The cross is my anchor! 'tis fast to the Rock; I fear not the dan - ger, I fear not the shock.*

CHORUS. D. S.

The cross is my anchor! 'tis stead - y and sure; The cross is my anchor! all storms I en-dure;

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25.

He Knows It All.

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him."—Heb. 4: 13.

UNKNOWN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv-ing day by day, The
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between, The
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink Of
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss, We

REFRAIN.

souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all.
wounds the world has never seen—He knows it all.
dark de-spair we pause and shrink—He knows it all.
still can bear it, feel-ing this—He knows it all.

He knows . . it all! . . .

The bit - ter, wea - ry way; O, souls that weep, O, souls that pray, He knows it all!

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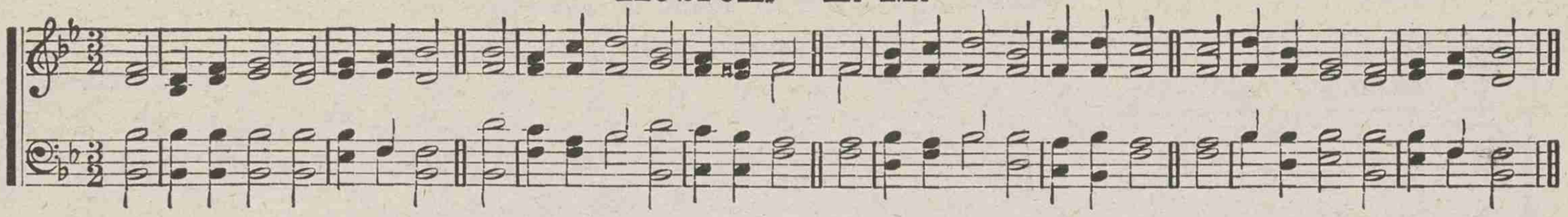
Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



26.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

3 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

27.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

28.

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light,
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above!
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

29.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

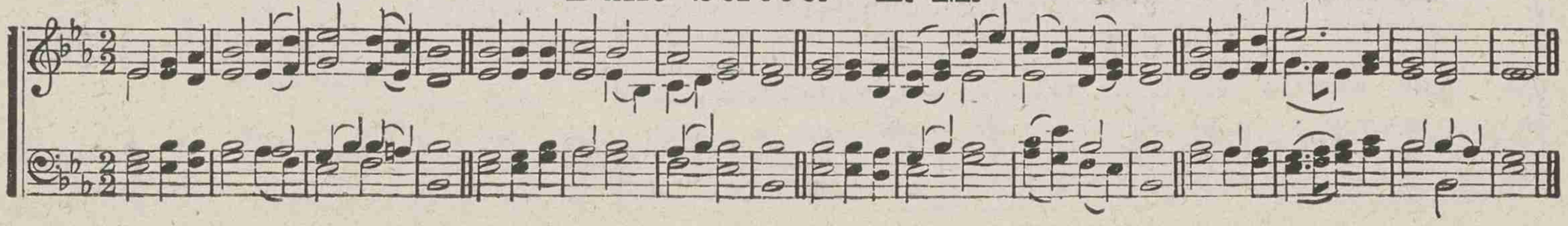
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



30. Gliding Down Life's River.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—John 9: 4.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

Solo.

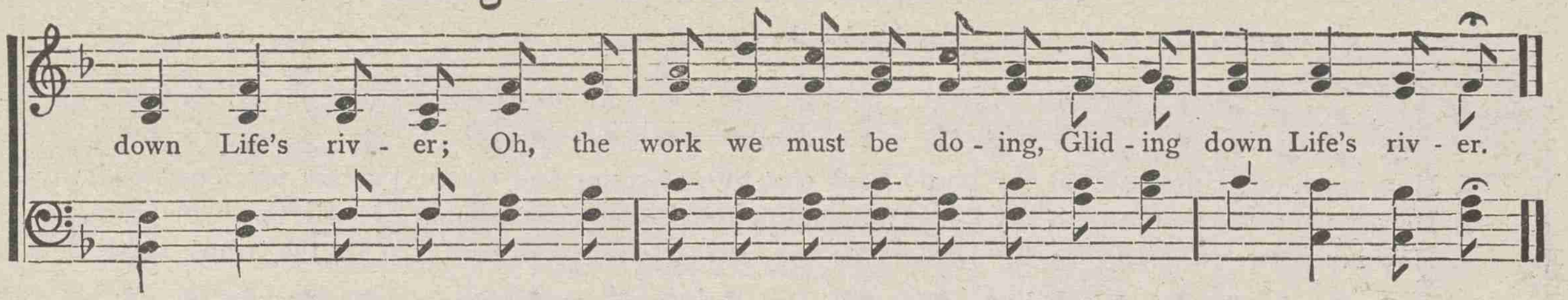
1. In this world of sin and ru - in, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; There is work we must be do - ing,
2. We must lift the cross a - bove us, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; We must work for those who love us,
3. We must raise our fall - en broth- er, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; We must help and cheer each oth- er,
4. We must soothe the sick and sigh- ing, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; We must point to Christ the dy - ing,

Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. Ev- 'ry day there's something new, Which the Lord would have us do; Work for
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. We must ear - ly toil and late; Must o - bey and not de - bate; We must
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. Where the week or tempt- ed stand, We must heed the Lord's command; We must
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. We must keep the goal in view: Must our Mas- ter's steps pur - sue; We must

Chorus.

me and work for you, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.
pray, and we must wait, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.
lend a help - ing hand, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.
do what he would do, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.

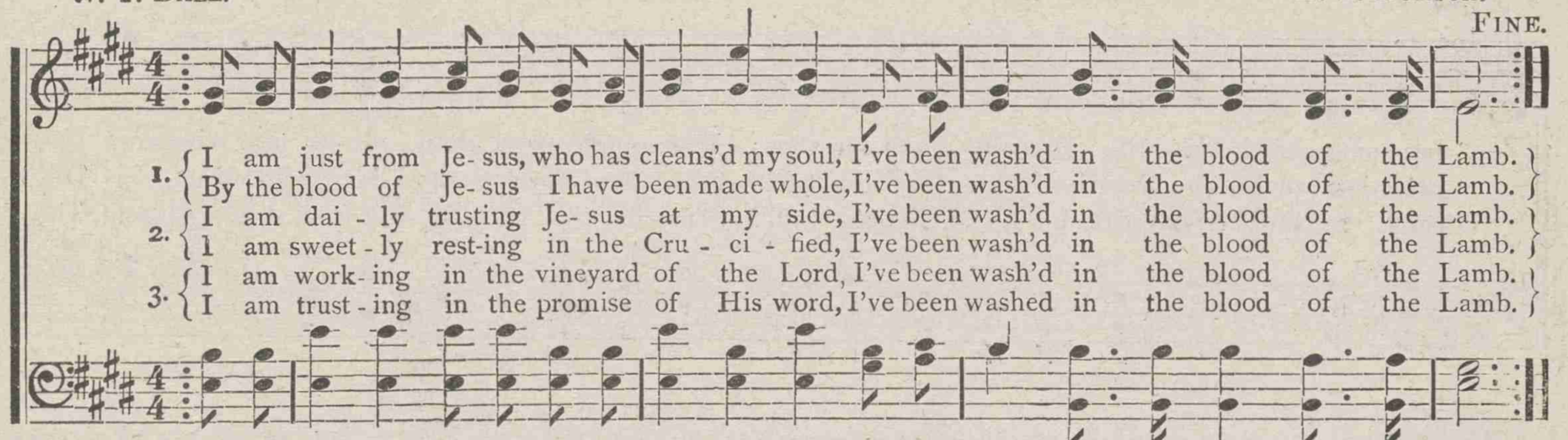
} Glid-ing down Life's riv - er, Glid- ing

Gliding Down Life's River.—Concluded.

31. I've been Washed in the Blood.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

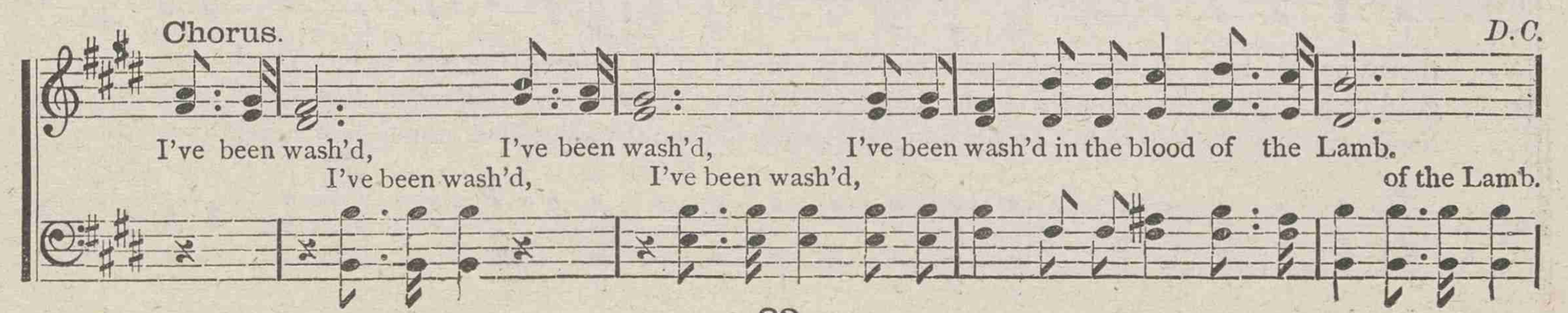
W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

FINE.



D.C.—And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus. D.C.



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32. How Much Owest Thou?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Read Luke 16: 1-12. H. F. JAMES.

1. How much owest thou un - to thy Lord? Look o'er the ac-count and see; For his precious blood, thy
2. How much owest thou un - to thy Lord? What gifts from his hands dost hold? Treasures rich of grace, his
3. How much owest thou un - to thy Lord, Who thy heav-y debt has paid? What the tribute small thou

ran-som poured, His life that was given for thee; How much owest thou un - to him who wore The
price-less word, The wealth of his love un - told. Canst thou number thy dai - ly blessings o'er, His
canst af - ford? What gifts on his shrine are laid? Serv - ice free or love dost thou dare withhold, Thy

thorns on his roy - al brow? An-swer now that claim if ne'er before, How much, how much owest thou?
good-ness and mer-cy show? For thy hopes of life for ev-er-more, How much, how much owest thou?
hands are they slack or slow.? Think up-on his grace, look on thy gold, How much, how much owest thou?

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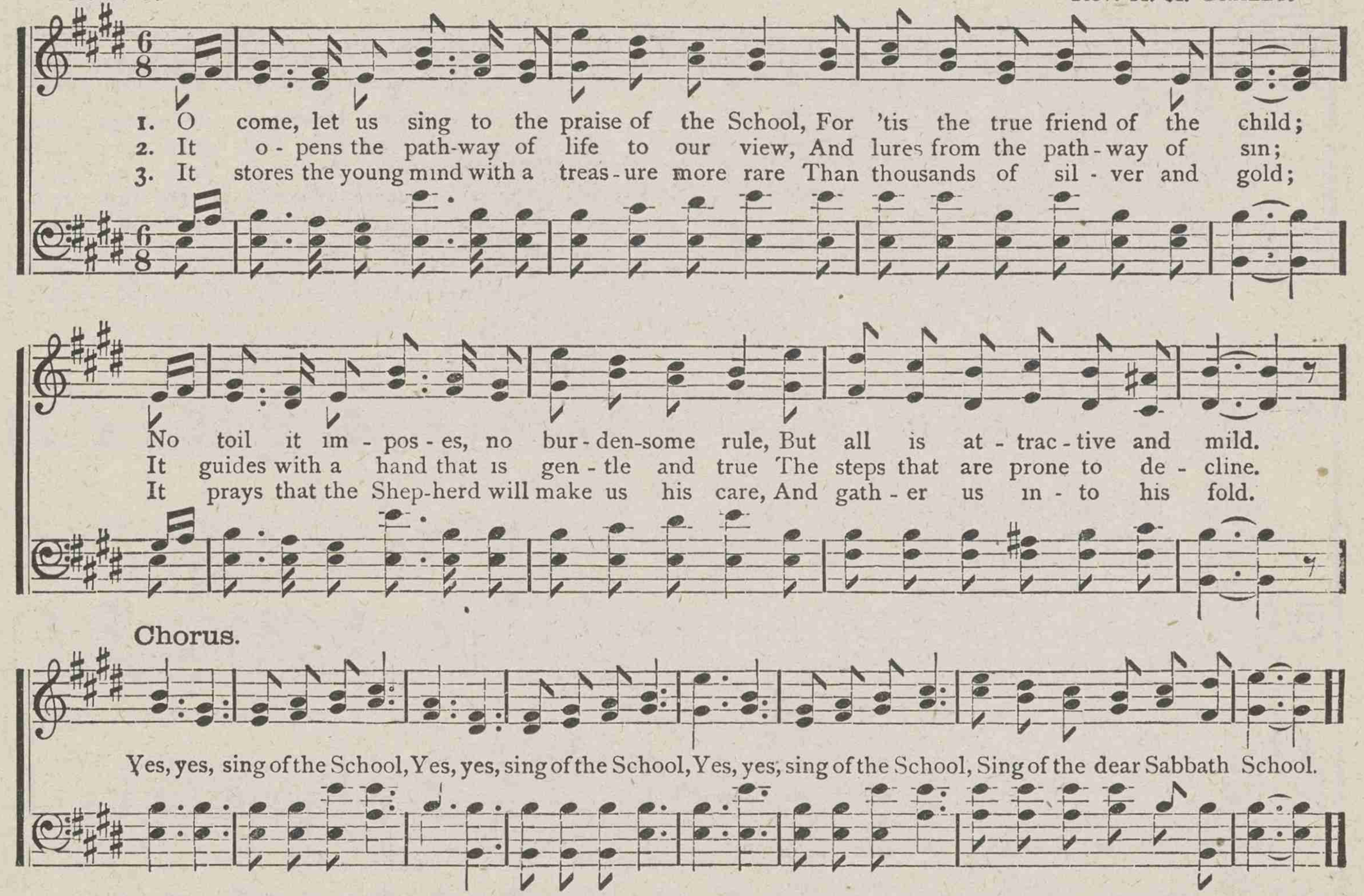
33. Sing of the School.

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever."—Psa 61: 8.

A. A. G. Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



4 It tells us of Jesus who sinners to save
Came down from his throne in the skies;
Who died on a cross, and was laid in a grave,
That sinners to glory might rise.—CHO.

5 It tells of a land where the ransomed possess
A harp, and a crown, and a throne;
Where purity reigns, and the fullness of bliss,
Where sorrow and sin are unknown.—CHO.

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34. Resting in Peace.

"He is our Peace."—Eph. 2: 14.

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

1. We are rest - ing in peace On the rock of sal - va - tion; Here our doubt - ings must cease On this stead - fast foun - da - tion.
2. While in Je - sus we hide Sin can nev - er as - sail us; Pain and grief may be- - tide, But the Lord will not fail us.
3. Oh, the love of our Lord Yields us ev - er fresh pleas - ures; And our faith in his word O - pens wide all its treas - ures.
4. We have found a deep peace, And it flows like a riv - er; Its de - lights can - not cease, God is fount - ain and giv - er.

Chorus.

We are rest - ing in peace, We have found full re - lease; O this won - drous sal - va - tion! And its joys nev - er cease.

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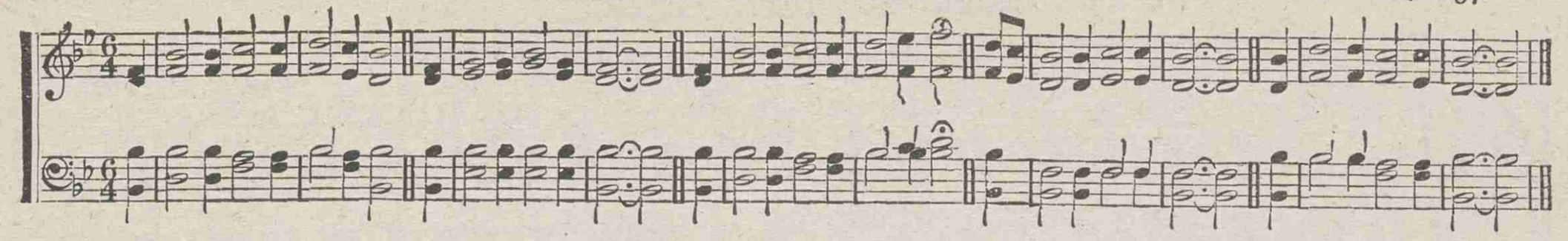
Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1837.

35.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

36.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

37.

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

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

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

38.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

39.

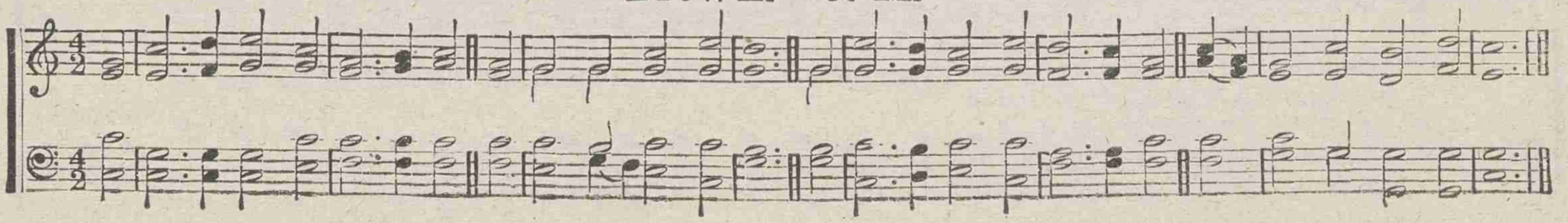
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1840.



40. Rest at the Fountain.

*"For the Lamb * * * * shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."*—Rev. 7 : 17.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. HOTT.

1. There's a fount - ain of life and it flow - eth so free While we drink of the stream far be - low;
2. Oh, how oft - en, when wear - ied with toil - ing and care, We re - mem - ber the loved gone be - fore;
3. Oh, my broth - er, faint not though the way may be long, Or the bur - den seem heav - y to bear;
4. Bless - ed fount - ain of life, flow - ing forth from the throne, We shall drink of thy full - ness at last;

And press on - ward by faith at the fountain head to be, And its full - ness for - ev - er more to know.
And re - joice in the hope that with them we soon shall share In the rest that re-main-eth ev - er - more.
In the cross is our glo - ry, and Je - sus is our song—We will rest at the fountain o - ver there.
And a - bide with our Sav - iour and loved ones now at home, Where our tri - als and sor-rows all are past.

Chorus.

We shall rest at the fountain by and by, by and by, We shall rest at the fountain by and by;
by and by;

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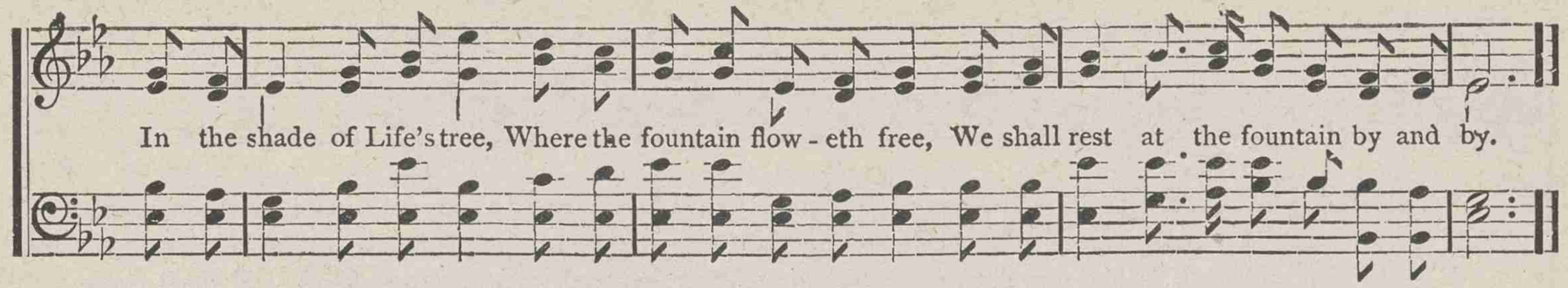
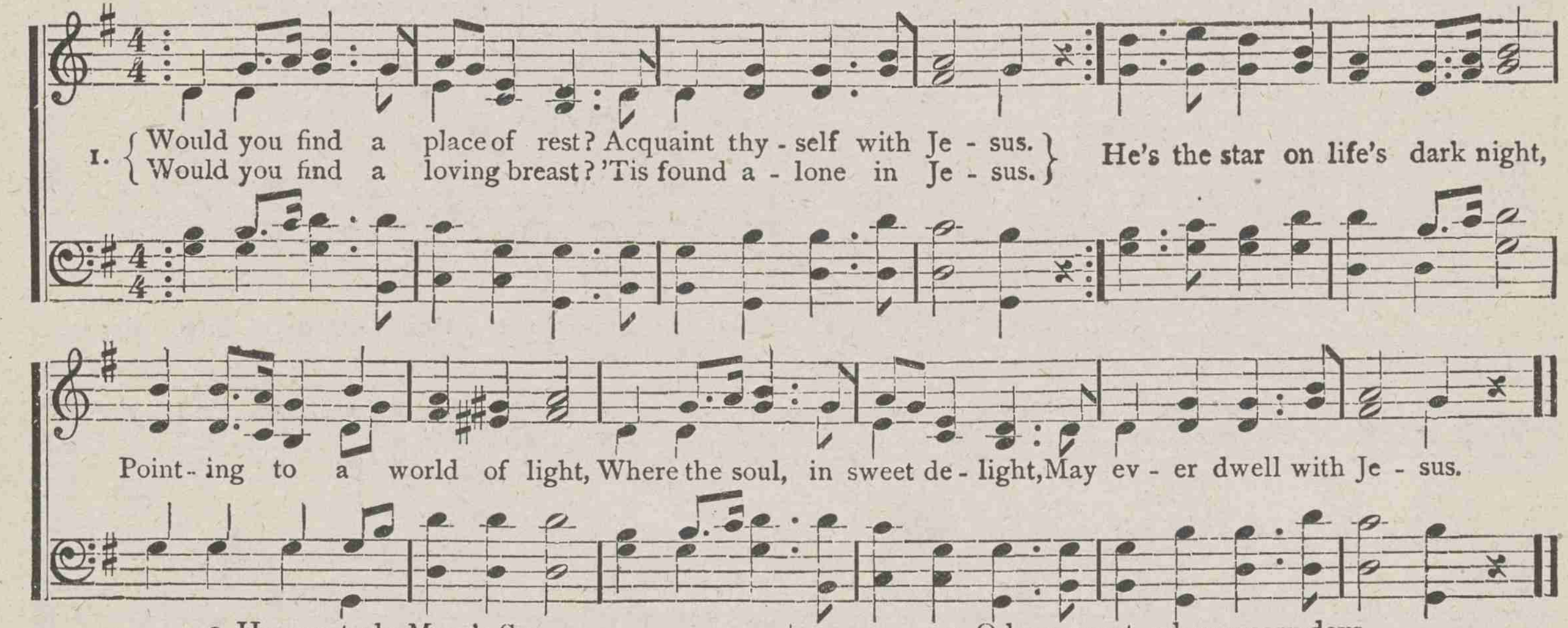
Rest at the Fountain.—Concluded.



41.

Jesus, Only Jesus.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. *"They saw no man save Jesus only."*—Matt. 17 : 8. J. T. GRAPE.

2 He was truly Mary's Son,
Yet still we own him Jesus;
He was homeless and alone,
Ye still we love him, Jesus.
And with him his church ere long,
Joining the triumphant song,
Shall his glorious name prolong,
As Jesus, only Jesus.

3 O how sweet, when weary days
And fever'd nights are o'er,
Saved by grace, with him to dwell
Forever and forever.
Storms may rage, and oceans roll,
He's the center of the soul,
And, while endless ages roll,
'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.

By permission.

42. In God's Good Time.

E. D. MUND. *"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait."*—Lam. 3:26. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Bud - ding hopes shall blossom forth ere long; Sighs and tears be changed to joyful song; Frail and weak, the
2. Burdened souls shall peace and comfort know; Hearts bow'd down with joy and rapture glow; Rest will come, tho'
3. Prayers long urged shall fullest answer find; God's delay but proves him wondrous kind; All shall come for
4. Wea-ry heart, no longer then repine; Ev-er trust the tenderness divine; Thou shalt stand where

CHORUS.

soul grow firm and strong, In God's good time.
fierce - ly tempests blow, In God's good time.
which the soul has pined, In God's good time.
heaven's glories shine, In God's good time.

In God's good time, Come it soon or late, Ripen

all my joys, I can safely wait; Yes, I shall stand at the Golden Gate, All in God's good time.

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43. To Walk in White.

ANNA CHICHESTER. *"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."*—PS. 51:7. J. W. SLAUGENHAUP.

1. With hosts redeemed to walk in white, On golden streets so fair; All cleansed from sin, all
2. To know no sin - ful thought or word, No e - vil im - pulse feel; By bale - ful passions
3. For haunt-ing dread comes tender grace, For all has been for - giv'n; To look in - to the

pure and bright, To be like all things there.
nev - er stirr'd, Such bliss shall heav'n re-veal.
Fath - er's face, Yea, tru - ly, this is heav'n.

CHORUS.

Wash, wash in the blood of Christ!
Wash in the blood, the blood of Christ!

Wash, sinner, be cleansed within, Then, then shalt thou walk in white, Redeemed from ev'ry sin.
Wash, sinner, wash, be cleansed within, Then shalt thou walk, shalt walk in white, Redeemed from ev'ry sin.

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44. Crown After Cross.

"Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—Heb. 12: 2.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. S. LORENZ.

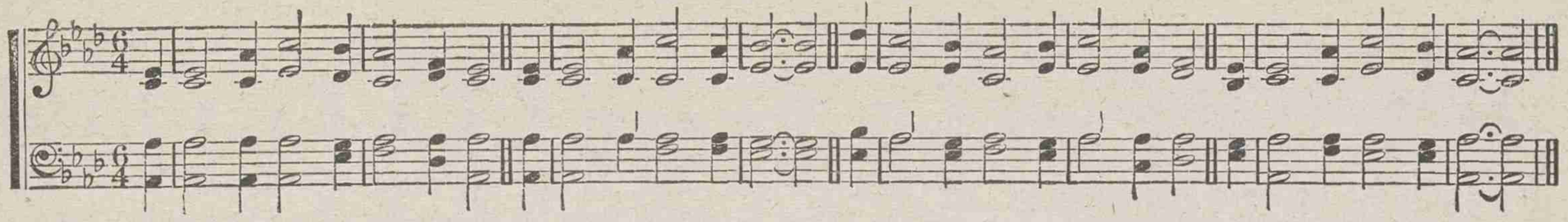
1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter wea - ri - ness, Crown af - ter cross.
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - ter - y, Peace af - ter pain.
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter lone - li - ness, Life af - ter tomb.

Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Song af - ter sigh, Home af - ter wan-der-ing, Praise af - ter cry.
Joy af - ter sor - row, Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea- ri- ness, Sweet rest at last.
Af - ter long a-go- ny Rap - ture of bliss, Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.

Chorus.

Now comes the weep- ing, Then the glad reap - ing; Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re-ward.

Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

45.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows!
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

46.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

47.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

48.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

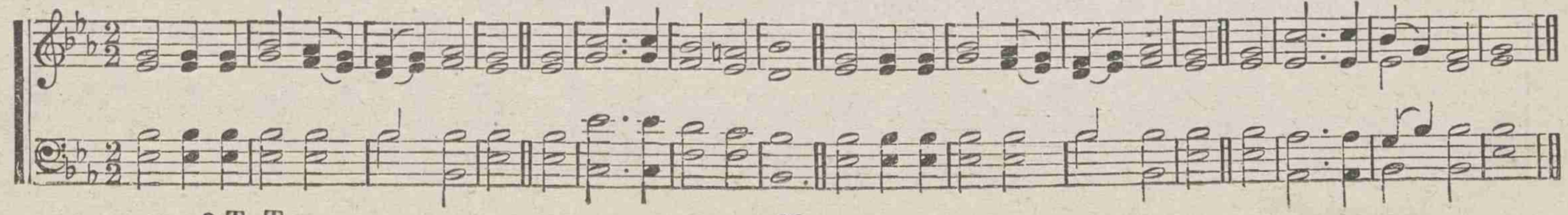
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



49. Where Will You Stand?

"He shall separate them one from another."—Matt. 25: 32.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. O, broth - er, which side of the Lord will you stand, In the day when the judgment has come,
2. The day of the Lord is most cer - tain to come, And in judgment we all must ap - pear,
3. The ref - uge of lies will be then swept a - way, The se - crets of hearts be made known,

When the Lord shall come forth, with the book in his hand, To reck - on with ev - 'ry one?
Where Christ will be judge of the quick and the dead, O, broth - er, you too will be there.
The Mas - ter will say to the faith-ful, well done, To the wick - ed, de - part and be gone.

CHORUS.

O, where will you stand, O, where will you stand, you stand,
O, where, O, where will you staud, will you stand, O, where, O, where will you stand, you stand,

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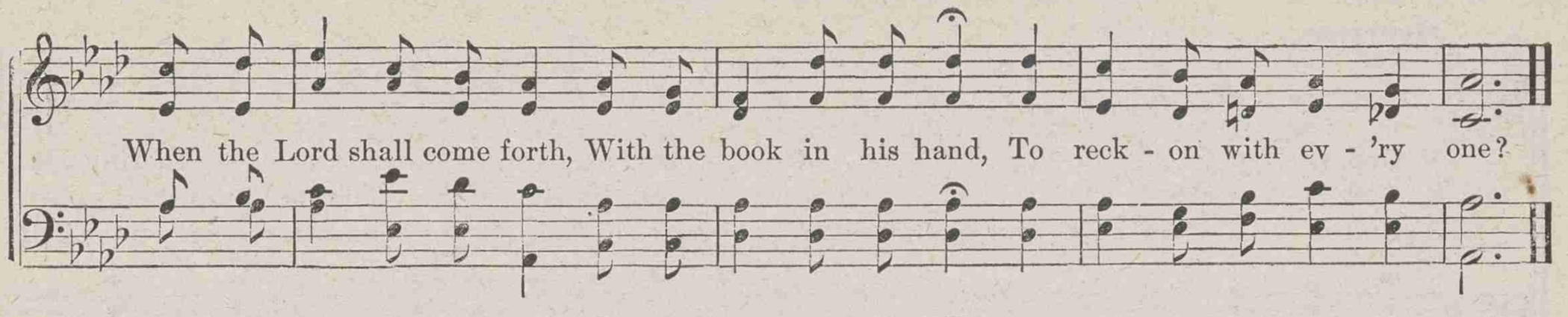
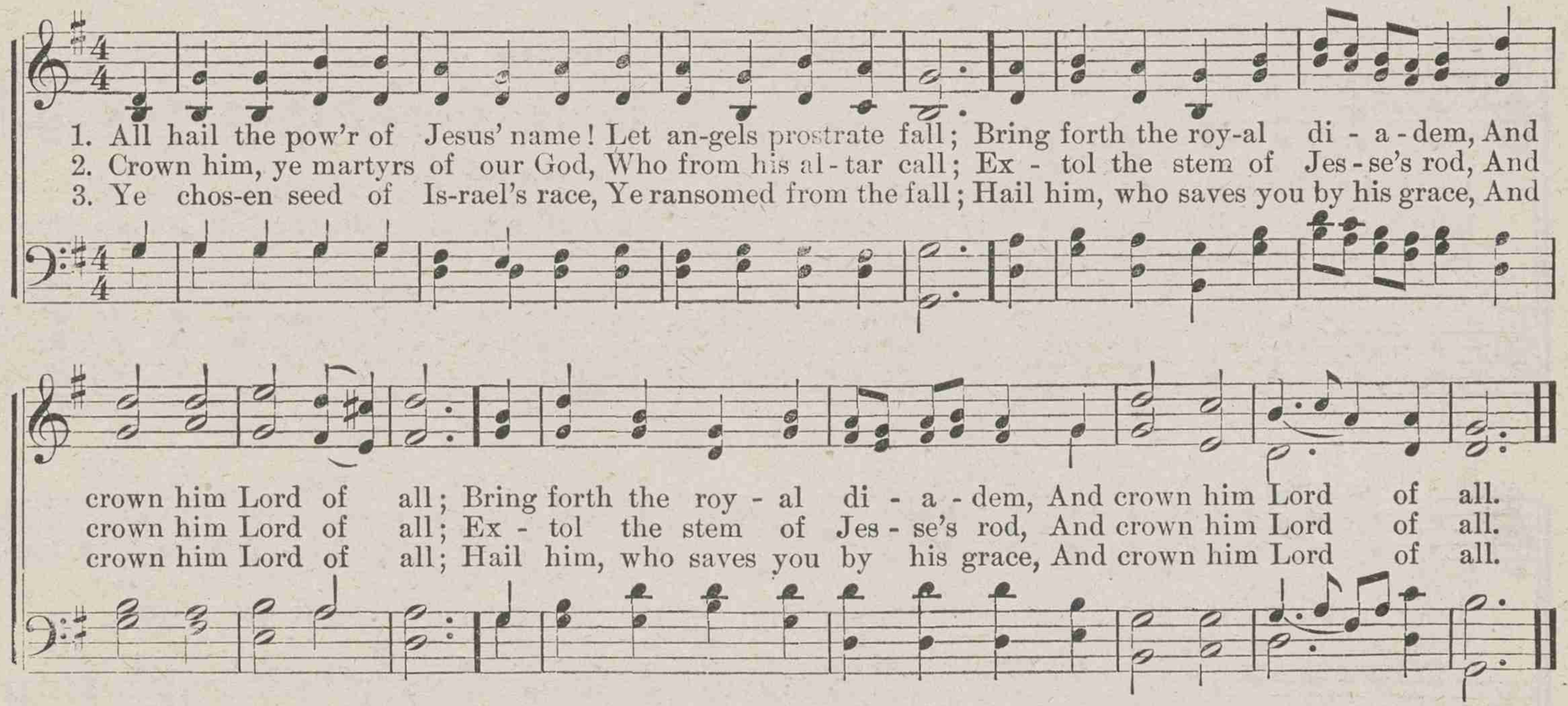
Where Will You Stand? Concluded.



50. Coronation. C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O! that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

51. The Lord, Our God.

H. F. JAMES. *"The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God."*—Ps. 62: 7. REV. A. A. ARMEN.

Moderato.

1. God is a rock of sure defense, Where we may safely hide; While storms are roaring, Our
2. God is a tow'r where sons of men In peace may ev-er hide; The foe ap-pear-ing, No
3. God is a ref-uge fair and sweet, When other helpers fail; Who trust him ev-er, Shall

CHORUS.

hearts im-plor-ing, In him se-cure-ly hide.
long-er fear-ing, In God we still con-fide. Our sure defense, the rock of a-ges, Our
fal-ter nev-er, He shall o'er all pre-vail.

tow-er safe when battle rages, Our refuge sweet when ill en-gag-es, The Lord, our God.

Rit.

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52. Shout Aloud the Heavenly Chorus.

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

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.

1. Let the an - gel hosts on high and the sons of men In a hap-py song of praise com- bine; God's sal -
2. O how glo-rious is the news! it can ne'er grow old; Let us tell it o'er and o'er a - gain; Let us
3. What a gift to us is Christ! what a treas - ure vast! He is more than all the world be - side; We may

va - tion now ap - pears, It shall crown the com - ing years With the com - fort of a hope all di - vine.
trum-pet notes em - ploy, Wake the earth to peace and joy, Christ the Lord has come to dwell a - mong men.
see his glo - ry here, But 'twill more and more ap-pear, While e - ter - nal years in him we a - bide.

D.S.—be to God on high, Let the earth to heav'n re - ply, As the Sav-iour comes with light and with love.

Chorus.

Then glo - - - ry in the highest let us sing! Shout a-loud the heav'nly cho - - rus, Glo-ry
Then glory in the high-est, in the highest let us sing! Shout aloud the heav'nly chorus, let his praises ever ring! Glo-ry

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53. Do you Wonder that I Love Him?

"We love him because he first loved us."—1 John 4: 19.

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

D.C.—1. Do you won-der that I love Him? That He is so dear to me? That I hold no friend a-bove Him? That I strive His child to be? He's the dear-est friend to me, That my soul shall ev-er see; For He died, I know, to save from woe A wick-ed wretch like me.

D.C.—2. Do you won-der at the pleas-ure That in Je-sus' name I find? That I count it dear-er treas-ure Than the joys of earth com-bined? 'Tis the dear-est name to me, That in earth or heav'n can be; When I take my care to God in pray'r, That name is am-ple plea.

D.C.—3. Do you won-der that I la-bor 'Mid the hedg-es, on the way? That I seek my friend and neigh-bor Who has gone in sin a-stray? 'Tis the dear-est work to me, That in earth or heav'n can be; When from sin they cease, ac-cept God's peace, 'Tis joy e-nough for me.

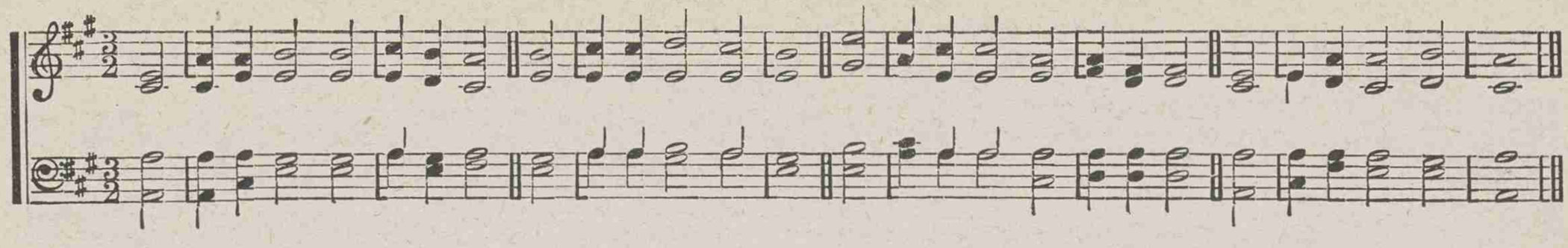
D.C.—4. Do you won-der that I'm yearn-ing In my heav'nly home to be? That my heart is ev-er turn-ing To that cit-y o'er the sea? 'Tis a home pre-pared for me, Where from sin I shall be free; I shall see His face and prize the grace; In His like-ness I shall be.

FINE.

D.C.

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



54.

1 Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

55.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

56.

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

57.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear; [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

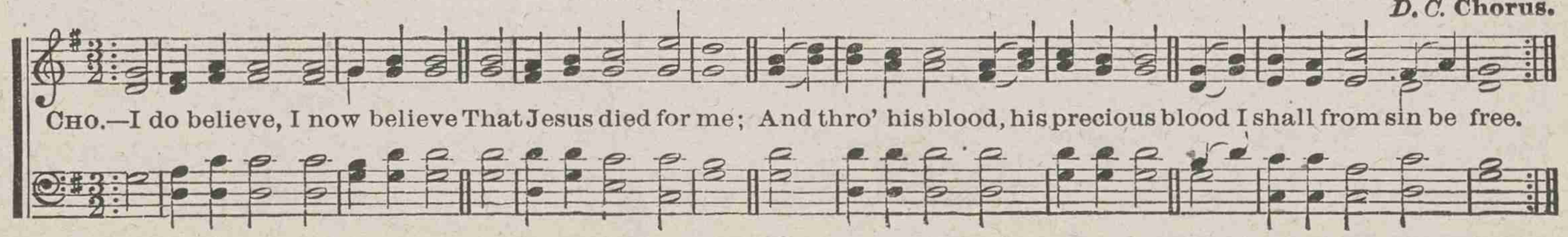
58.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

I Do Believe. C. M.

D. C. Chorus.



59. Travelling from Afar.

"I can do all things through Christ who stengtheneth me.—**Phil. 4: 13.**

ROBERT MORRIS, L.L.D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Duet. Cho. Duet.

1. Chris - tian pil - grims, poor and wea - ry, Trav-el - ling from a - far, Road so rough, and
2. Wound - ed sore, up - on life's trav - els, Trav - el - ling from a - far, Bowed be - neath a
3. Toil - ing up - ward, slow - ly, slow - ly, Trav - el - ling from a - far, Fol - low - ing the
4. And be - yond life's gloom - y cur - tain, Trav - el - ling from a - far, May we find an

Cho. Chorus.

dark, and drear - y, Trav - el - ling from a - far.
load of e - vil, Trav - el - ling from a - far.
meek and low - ly, Trav - el - ling from a - far.
en - trance cer - tain, Trav - el - ling from a - far.

Lend us strength, O Lord and Mas - ter,

Trav - el - ling from a - far, That our Chris - tian race be fast - er, Trav - el - ling from a - far.

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60. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 40: 17.

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

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet; One thought remains su-
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast; Their gloom reminds my
3. Let shad-ows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe, I am con - tent, for

Chorus.

- preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou think - est of me, Lord, (of me,) What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

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61. You May, if You Will.

C. H. G. *"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."*—Rev. 22: 17. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If you will, you may know the gladness of your sins forgiv'n, If you will, . . if you will, . . .
2. If you will, you may close the door and let him knock in vain,
3. If you will, there are souls that you may lead to life and love,
4. If you will, you may sing in heav'n forev - er with the blest; If you will, if you will,

If you will, you may make the an-gels sing for joy in heav'n, If you will, ... if you will.
If you will;—but the Sav - ior may not ev - er knock a - gain;
If you will, there's a crown that you may wear in heav'n a-bove,
If you will, you may meet the loved ones in that home of rest, If you will, if you will.

CHORUS.

If you will, (if you will,) Oh, hallelujah, praise the Lord! I am happy in the promise of his word;
hal - le - lujah!

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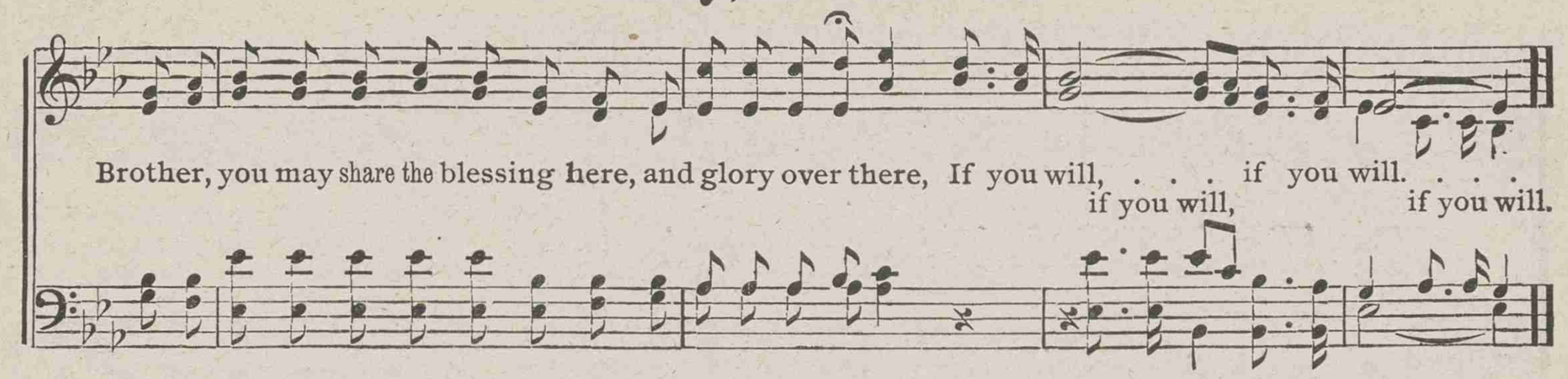
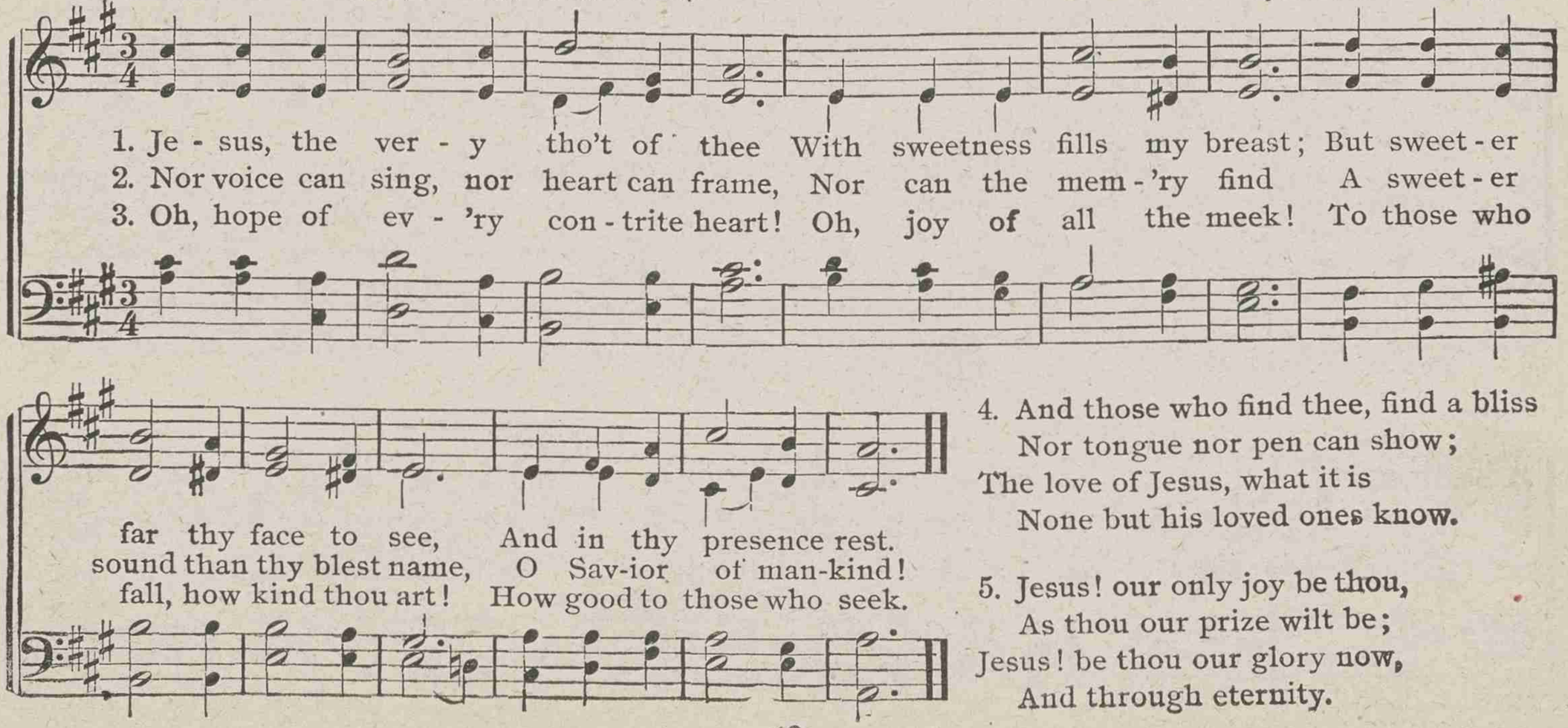
You May, if You Will.



62. St. Agnes. C. M.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—I. Pet. 2: 7.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140. TR. E. CASWALL. 1848. JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.



4. And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5. Jesus! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

63. Bring Them In.

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—Rev. 7: 17.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter

Chorus.

gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
to the fold, Where they'll be shel - ter'd from the cold?
speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher - e'er they be.

} Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit - tle ones to Je - sus.

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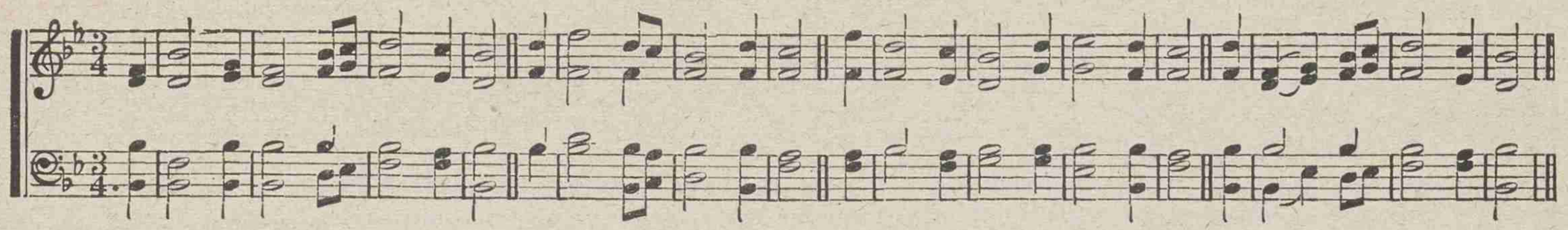
Avon. C. M.

Scottish.

64.

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

65.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vic'try came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

66.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

67.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

68.

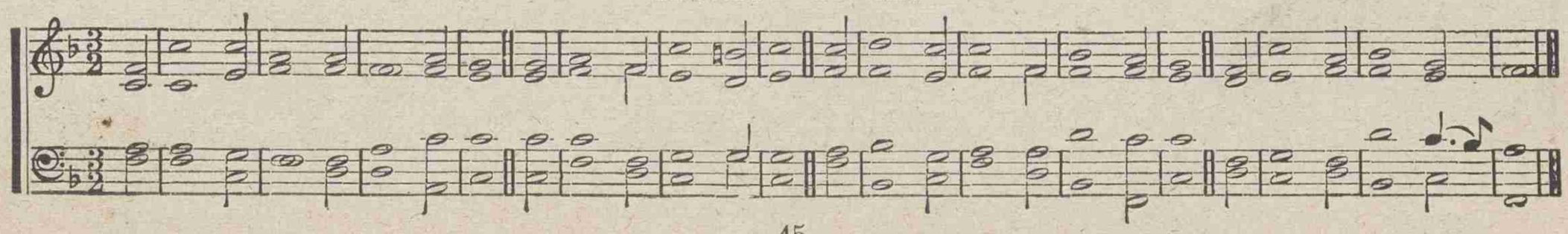
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.



69. Blessed Words.

Ps. 119: 105. Prov. 6: 21—23 inclusive.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O, the bless - ed Word of God! as I roam the earth a-broad, It will lead me,
2. Blessed words of life and light! shin-ing clear-ly in the night Of temp-ta - - tion
3. O, the bless - ed Word of Truth! I will love it in my youth, Keep it near me,

safe - ly lead me; If its pre-cepts I o - bey, and with Je - sus walk each day,
and of sor - - row, Tho' the sky be o - ver-cast, bring-ing hope to dawn at last,
ev - er near me; It will nerve me for the right, it will bring me peace and light,

D.S. *be my guide by day, and by night will lead the way*

Fine. CHORUS.

In the pas-tures of His love He will feed me. 'Tis a Lamp . . . and a
Mak - ing beau - ti - ful and rad - iant the mor - row.
And a - mid my dai - ly toils it will cheer me. Lamp un - to my feet and 'tis a

Till I reach my home on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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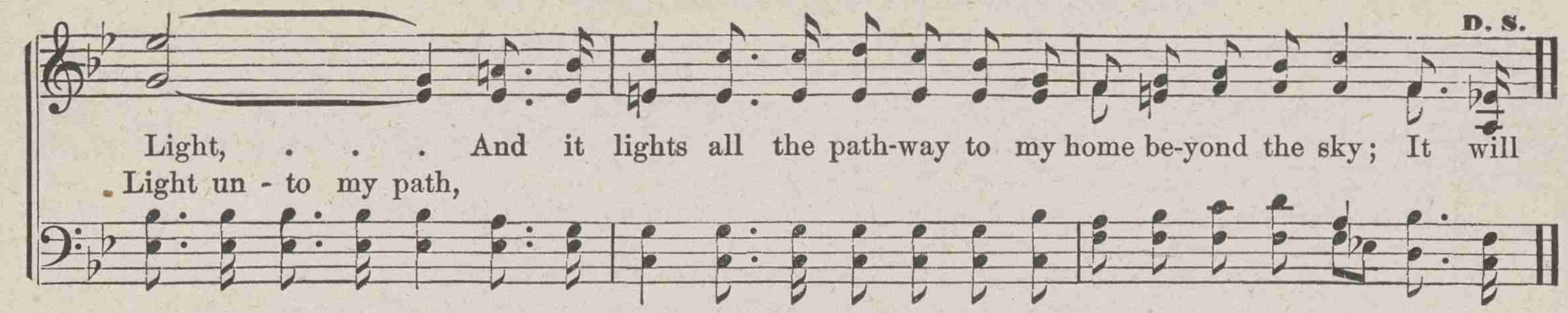
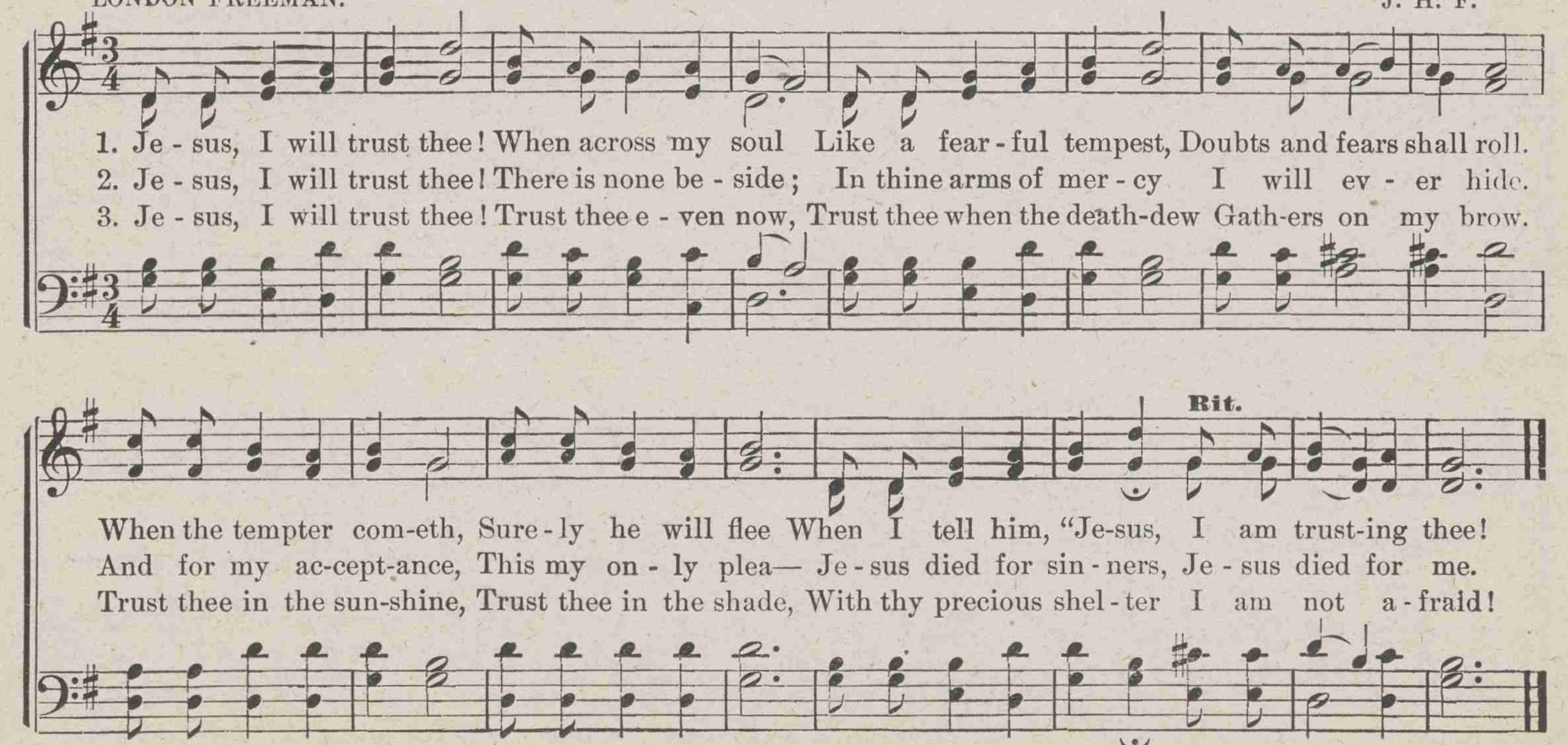
Blessed Words. Concluded.

70. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—Prov. 3: 5.

LONDON FREEMAN. J. H. F.

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71. Ere the Sun Goes Down.

"Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."—John 12: 35

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. S. LORENZ.

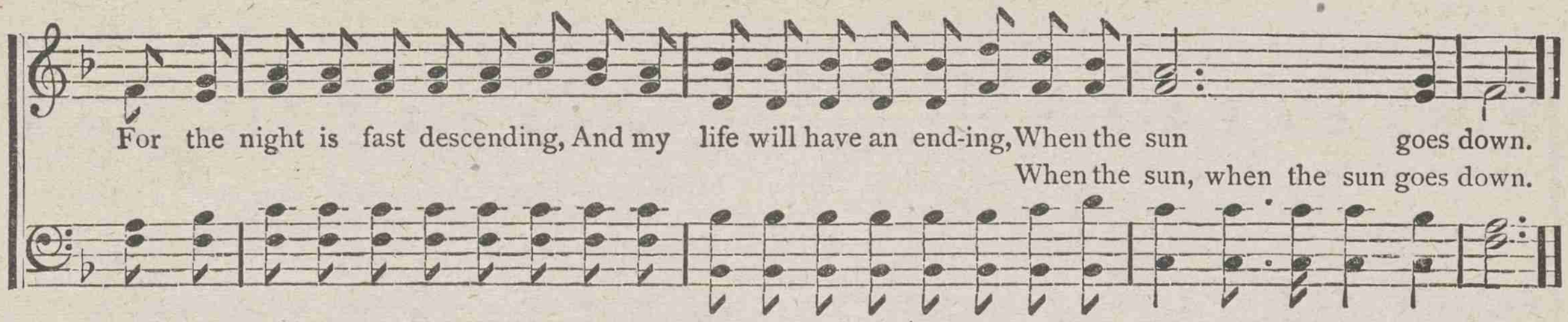
1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For my-self and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down.
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down.
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's command I must o- bey, Ere the sun goes down.

Ev - 'ry i - dle whis - per still- ing, With a purpose firm and willing, All my dai- ly task ful- fill- ing,
Ev - 'ry cry of pit - y heed- ing, For the injured in - ter- ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading,
There are sins that need con - fess - ing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would ob-tain the bless-ing,

Chorus.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down Ere the sun goes down;

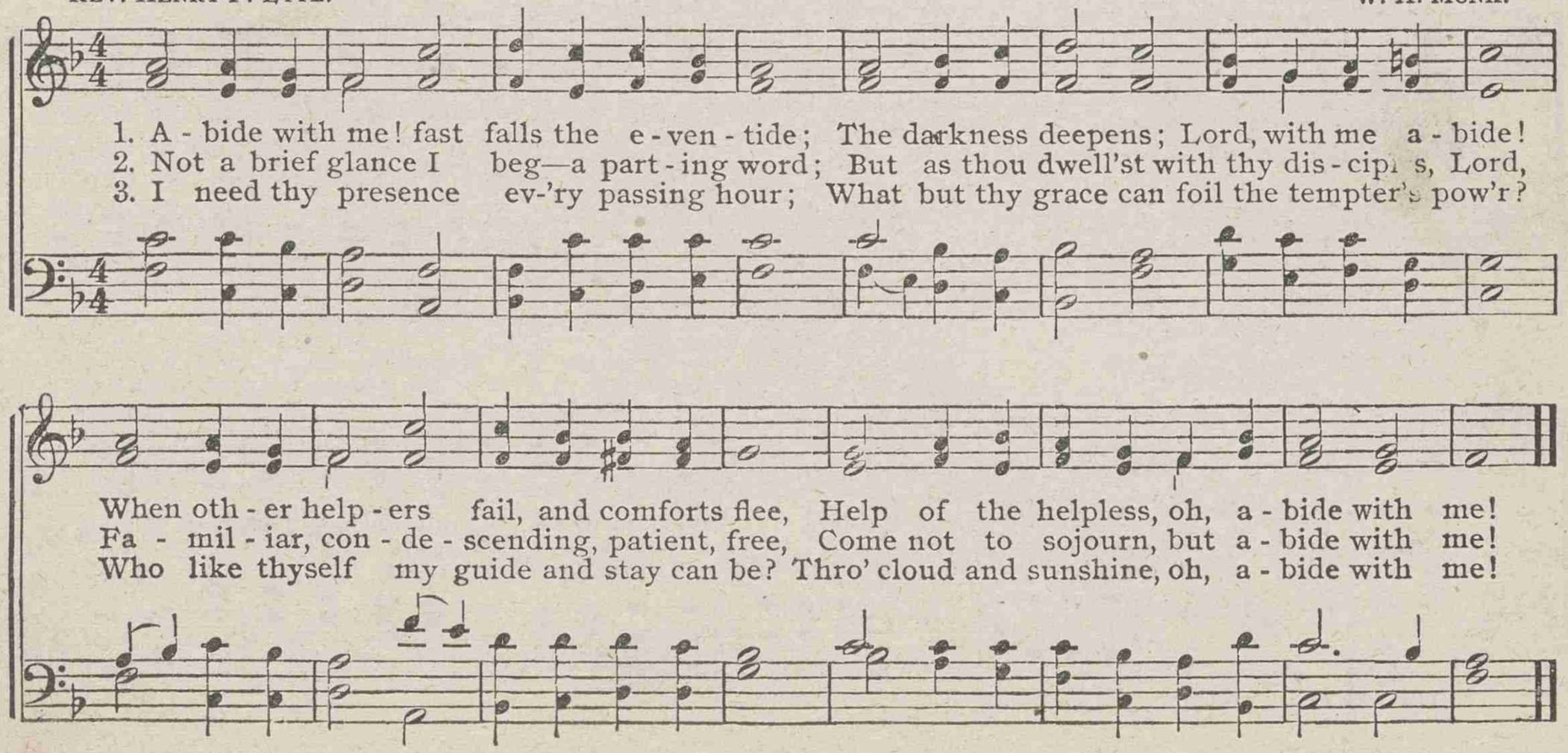
Ere the Sun Goes Down.—Concluded.



72. Abide With Me.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24:29.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



73. God is Love.

"God is love."—1 John 4: 16.

Anon. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their praises bring, God is love;
2. O tell to earth's re-mot-est bound, God is love; In Christ we have re - demption found, God is love;
3. How hap-py is our por-tion here, God is love; His prom-is - es our spir - its cheer, God is love;

Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sing with us for Je -sus' sake, For
His blood has washed our sins away, His Spir-it turned our night to day, And now we can re - joice to say, That
He is our sun and shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay, He will be with us all the way, Our

Refrain.

God is love. God is love! God is love! Come, let us all u - nite to sing That God is love.
God is love! God is love!

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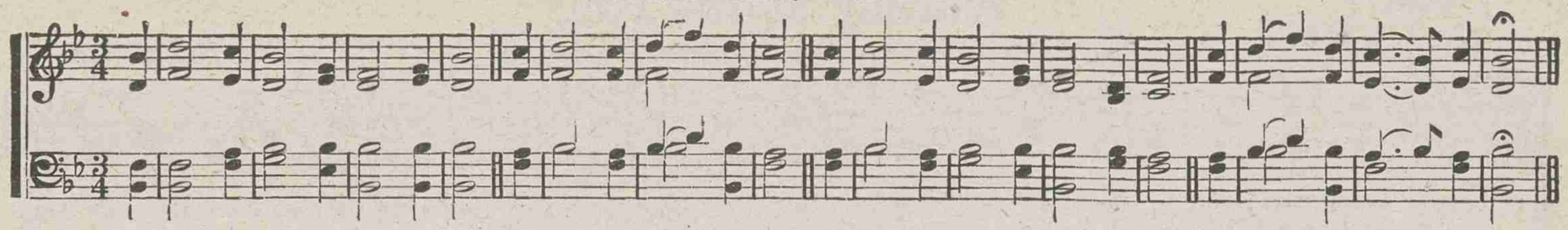
Balerma. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



74.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

75.

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

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

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

76.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

77.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

78.

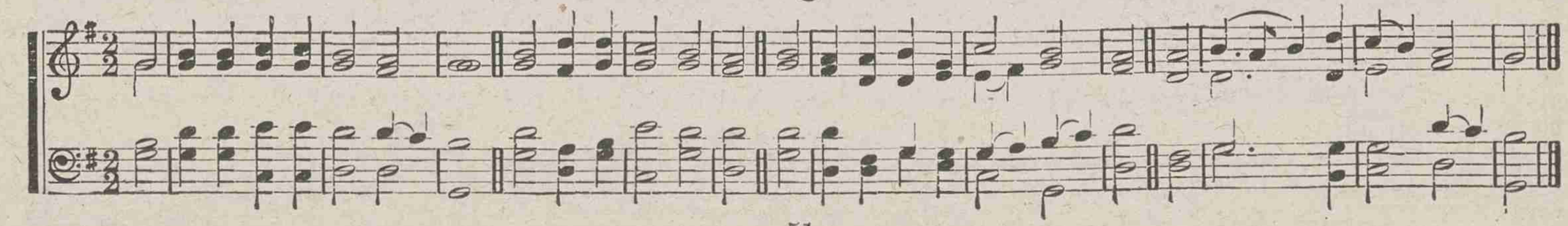
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Peterborough. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.



79. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. *"Waiting for the moving of the water."*—John 5 : 3. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Thousands stand to - day in sor - row, Waiting at the pool; Say - ing they will wash to mor-row,
2. Souls, your filth - y gar-ments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heav - y bur - den bear-ing,
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voi - ces back to cheer you,
4. Moth - er leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a- cross the wa - ter,
5. Step in bold - ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no more in - vite you,

Wait-ing at the pool; Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed gar-ments white, Leav-ing you in
Wait-ing at the pool; Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirr'd The waters with his
Wait-ing at the pool; Back from Canaan's happy shore, Sor-rows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in
Wait-ing at the pool; You can nev - er more embrace Moth -er, or be - hold her face, If you keep the
Wait-ing at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no lon - ger

sor - row's night,
might-y word,
tears no more,
le - per's place,
doubting stand,

Wait-ing at the pool, Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.

By permission

80. Jesus First.

ANNA CHICHESTER. *"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."*—Heb. 13: 5. E. S. LORENZ.

1. 'Tis Je - sus in the morn - ing When ris - es bright the sun; 'Tis Je - sus in the
2. 'Tis Je - sus in the sun - shine, And Je - sus in the shade, 'Tis Je - sus when in
3. 'Tis Je - sus in temp - ta - tion, In con - flicts, tri - als sore; Where bat - tle fierc-est
4. When at death's brink I fal - ter, His pres-ence makes me strong; And he thro' end - less

CHORUS.

even - ing When du - ty is all done.
dark-ness Grief's hand is on me laid. What-ev - er I do, wherev - er I be, What-
rag - es, He go - eth on be - fore.
a - ges Shall be my joy and song.

ev - er I feel, what-ev - er I see, 'Tis Je-sus first, 'tis Je-sus first, My constant song shall be.

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81. The Dear Home-land.

"But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am longing for heav-en, for the bright land of E - den, For the springs and the val-leys of my
2. I am longing for heav-en, for the joys nev - er fad - ing, For my soul has no rest-ing on this
3. I would drink from the rivers that are flow - ing for - ev - er, There to quench in those waters all the

own Fatherland; There are fountains of pleasure, there are streams ever flowing; There's a feast of fat
sin-blighted shore; Far a - way from the bil - lows of this world's wide commotion, There is peace like a
thirst of my soul; On the green banks re - pos - ing, all my war-fare completed, There to rest where bright

CHORUS.

things in my own Fatherland.
riv - er, that flows ev - er - more. Oh, the old home-land! the dear home-land! The land where no heart grows old,
a - ges e - ter - nal - ly roll!

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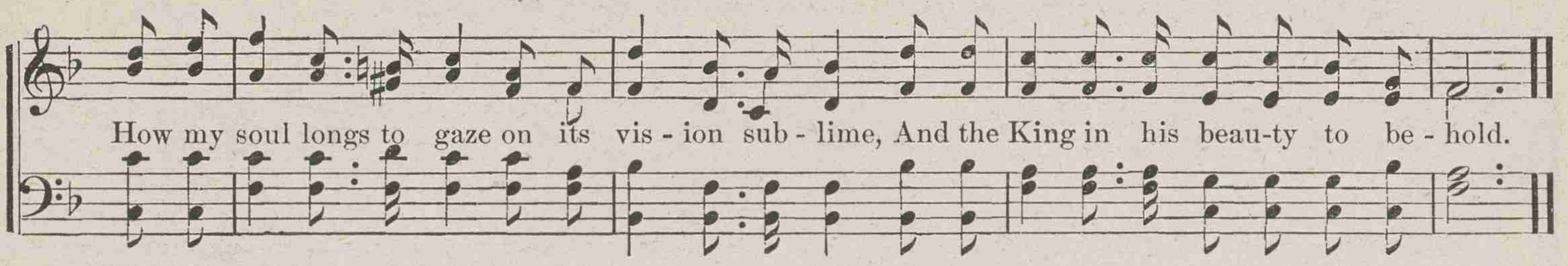
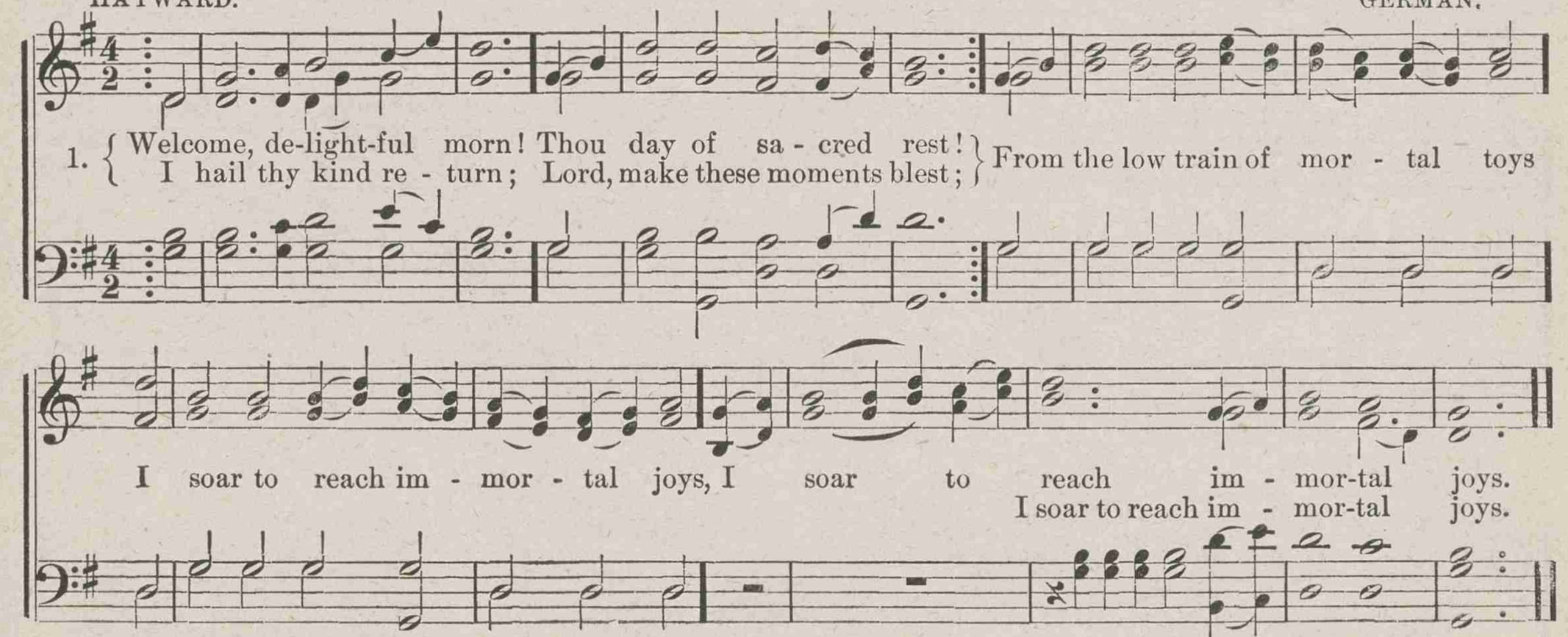
The Dear Home-land. Concluded.



82. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—Is. 58: 13.

HAYWARD. GERMAN.



2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face!
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

83. The Sure Foundation.

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—Eph. 2: 20.

F. E. BELDEN. Rev. A. A. ARMEN.

1. We build on the sure foun - da - tion, This world is sink - ing sand; We build on the rock Sal-
2. Tho' fierce - ly the tem - pest rag - es, And loud the bil - lows roar, Yet firm on the Rock of
3. O Je - sus, our soul's foun - da - tion! Thy strength our strength shall be, 'Till free from this world's temp-

Chorus.

va - tion, E - ter - nal - ly to stand.
A - ges We're an-chored ev - er - more.
ta - tion, We rest at last with thee.

O build on the Corn - er Stone! 'Tis Je - sus Christ a-

lone; The hope is sure, The soul se - cure, That rests on the Corn - er Stone.

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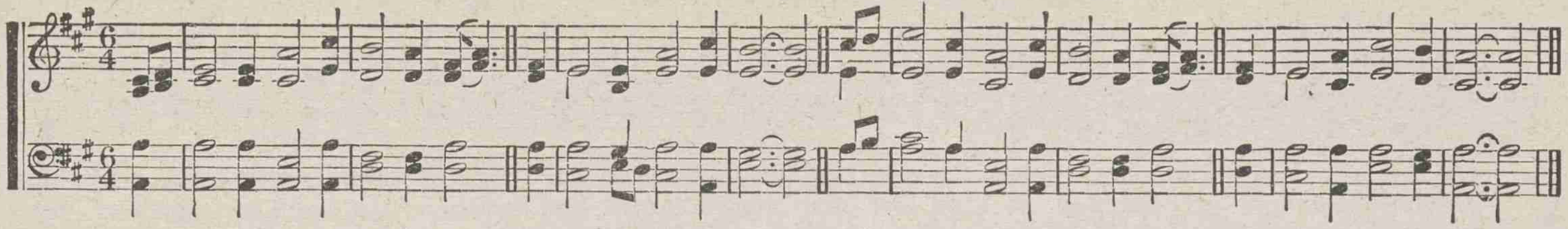
Maitland. C. M.

CEO. W. ALLEN.

84.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?—
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

85.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal tho't can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

86.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

87.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

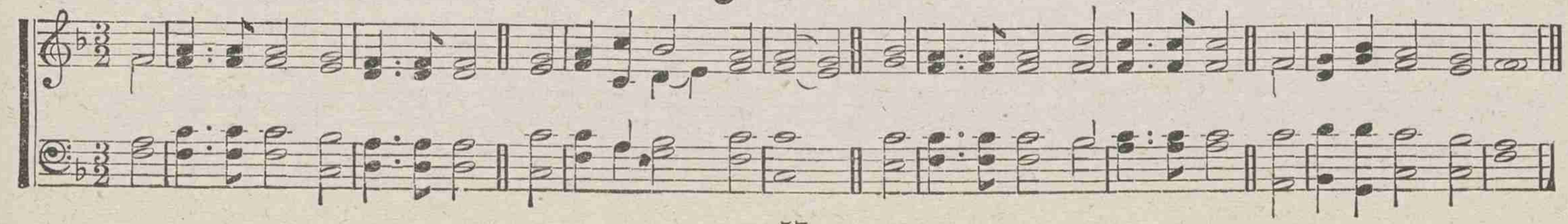
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



88. Marching On.

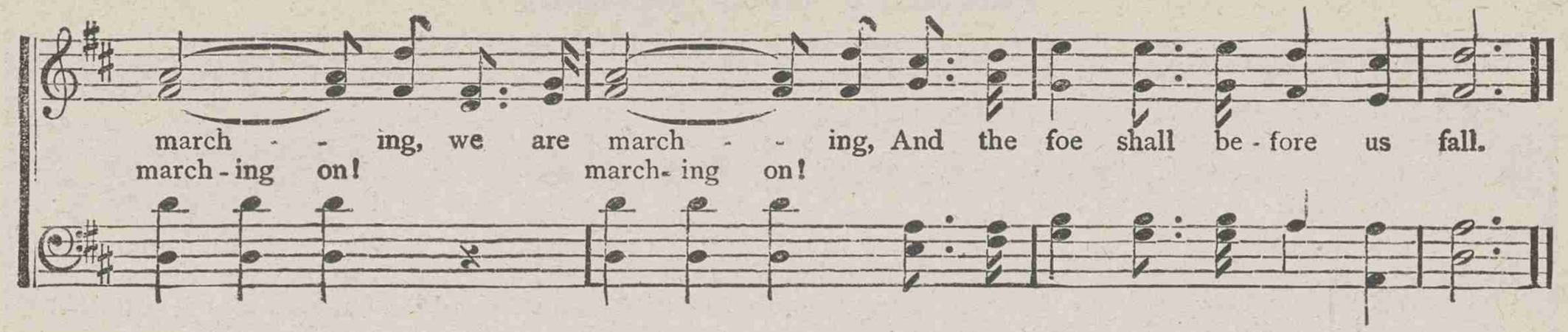
"The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle."—Is. 13: 2.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hear the loud trum- pet-call, that is sound-ing for all, Who for Je - sus are brave- ly con-tend - ing!
2. Tho' the ranks of the foe, in - to bat - tle may go, And may threat-en the cause of the Mas - ter;
3. Let us trust in the word of our con- quer- ing Lord! Let us ques- tion His prom- is - es nev - er;

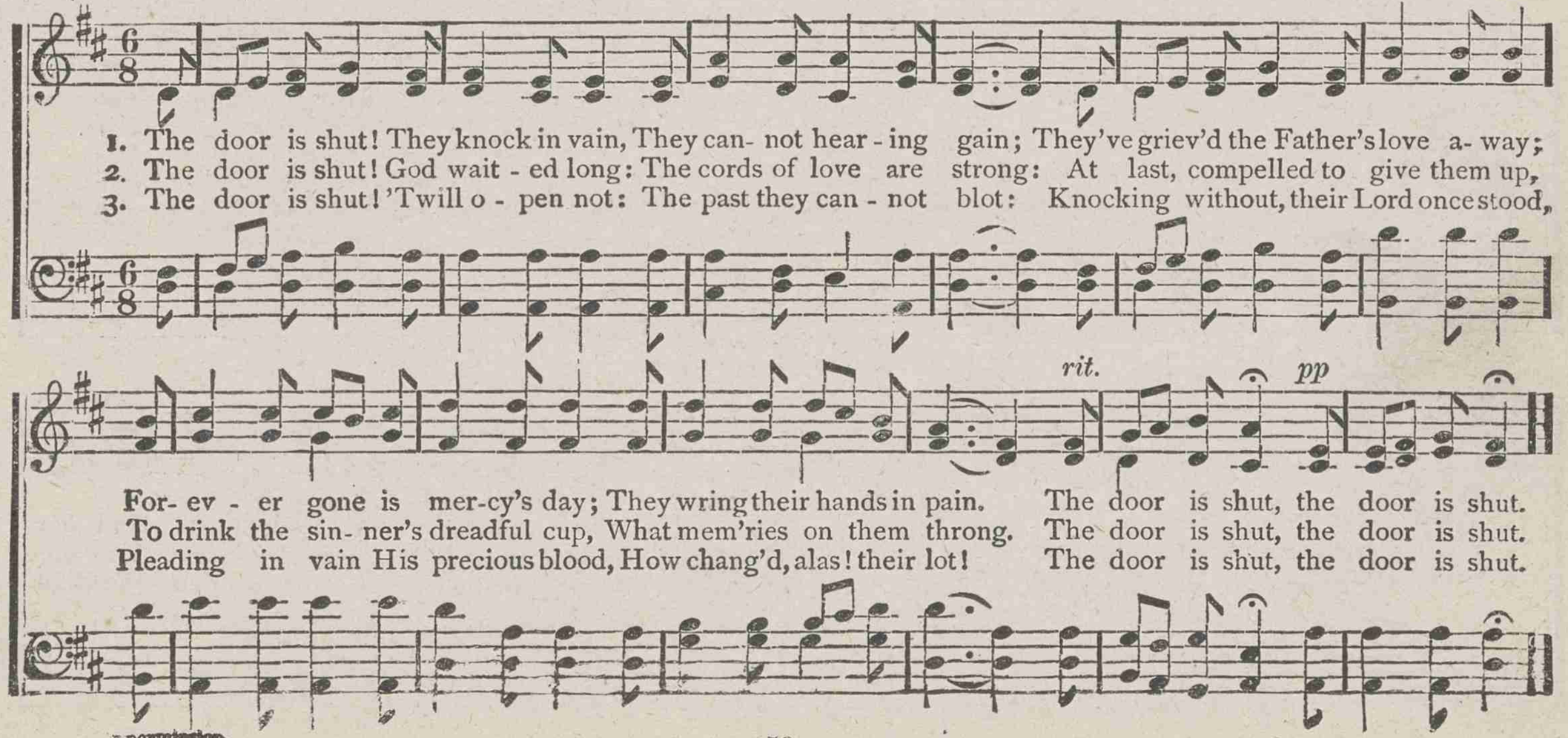
From the morn to the night, let us urge on the fight, E'er the cause of the Sav - iour de-fend - ing.
They shall cer - tain - ly meet, with a sig - nal de- feat, And shall fly from the field of dis - as - ter.
We shall scat - ter the foe, if be - liev - ing we go, He will lead us to vic - to - ry ev - er!

Chorus.

We are march - ing, We are march - ing, For we hear . . . the trum- pet call! . . We are marching on! marching on! we hear the trum-pet call!

89. The Door is Shut.

"*The door was shut.*"—Matt. 25: 10.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Rev. S. MORRISON.



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90. Marching on to Canaan.

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

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho- vah is our guide, We are marching thro' the
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the man- na all a- round With the dew of night is
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert To the promised land di- vine, To the land of milk and

Duet.

des - ert, He is ev - er at our side. In the dark- ness, or the dan - ger,
fall - ing, And is cov-'ring all the ground. From the smit - ten rock the wa - ters
hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine. We are march-ing thro' the des - ert,

We can nev - er go a - stray With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er, And our
In their spark- ling full- ness flow, Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us the
We ap - proach the shin - ing shore, From our home be-yond the Jor - dan We shall

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Marching on to Canaan.—Concluded.

Full Chorus. *f*

guide up - on the way. On! stead- i - ly on! Stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap - py
wea - ry jour-ney through.
wan- der nev - er-more. March-ing on! march-ing on! March-ing to the hap - py

land of Ca - - naan; On! stead- i - ly on! Ver - i - ly guid - ed by Je - ho- vah's
land, we're marching on! Marching on! marching on! Guid - ed be Je - ho- vah's

hand are we. Stead-i - ly march-ing to the hap - py land we go.
hand are we, guid-ed are we. March-ing to the hap - py land we go,march-ing home.

Last stanza repeat pp.

91. Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. *"I am the Lord . . . which leadeth thee."*—Isa. 48: 17. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Savior, lead me, lest I stray, Gently lead me all the way; I am safe when by thy
2. Thou the refuge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roll; I am safe when thou art
3. Savior, lead me then at last, When the storm of life is past, To the land of endless

Sav - ior, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way, I am

side; I would in thy love a - bide.
nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly.
day, Where all tears are wiped away.

REFRAIN.

Lead me, lead me, Savior, lead me, lest I

safe when by thy side; I would in thy love a-bide.

stray; . . Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.

lest I stray; stream of time, all the way.

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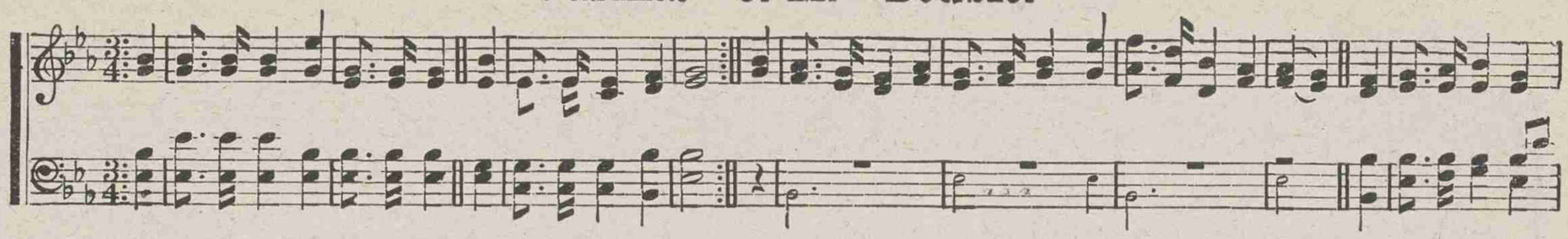
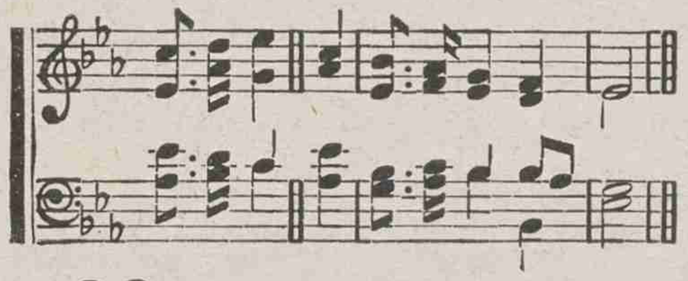
Varina. C. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT.



92.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

93.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

94.

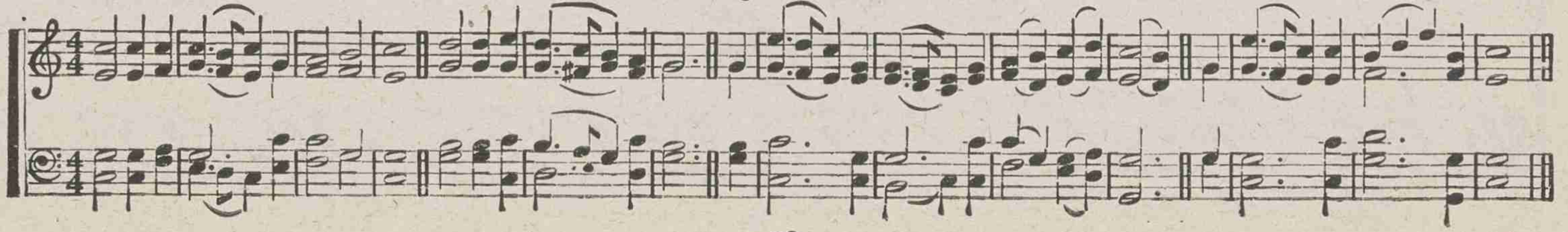
1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Henry. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.

95. Let us Trust in God.

"O my God, I trust in Thee: let me not be ashamed."—Ps. 25: 2.

E. D. MUND. Arr. and Composed by E. S. L.

1. Oh, how lov-ing and how true Is our God and Friend; On our pathway doth He strew Mercies without end.
2. 'Neath His hand the fruitful earth Life and beauty yields; Are not ye of greater worth Than the flow'ry fields?
3. Shall He all the wants sup-ply Of the birds of air, Leaving you to pine and die Fill'd with dark despair?
4. Let not doubt or fear dis- may, Trust in God a - lone; He will o - pen up the way, He will keep His own.
5. Life or death, or joy or woe, Trust Him still the same; Saints who trusted long a - go Were not put to shame.

Chorus.

Trust in the Lord, for His prom- ise must en- dure! (He is faithful!) He is faith- ful! (He is sure!) He is sure! Nev- er slumbers He, or sleeps, Every moment watch He keeps, Let us trust in God.

96. That Gentle Whisper.

E. E. HEWITT. *"A still small voice."*—I. Kings 19: 12. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter ac - cents cannot be; 'Tis the Savior's in - vi - ta - tion,
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way, Come, while morning dew-drops spark-le,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affec - tions, Youth's bright flow'rs of joy and love, Come, to find eter - nal treasures,
4. Leave these shallow streams untast-ed, Nev - er can they sat - is-fy, Come, to drink of living wa - ters,

CHORUS. *p*

"Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while early sunbeams play. Come, oh, come; . . come, oh, come; . . Sweet-ly breathes that gentle
Find your truest Friend above. Come, oh, come; come, oh, come;
Free - ly flowing from on high.

pp

whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to - day," Breathes the Savior's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come to me, oh, come to-day."

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97. Waiting for the King.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

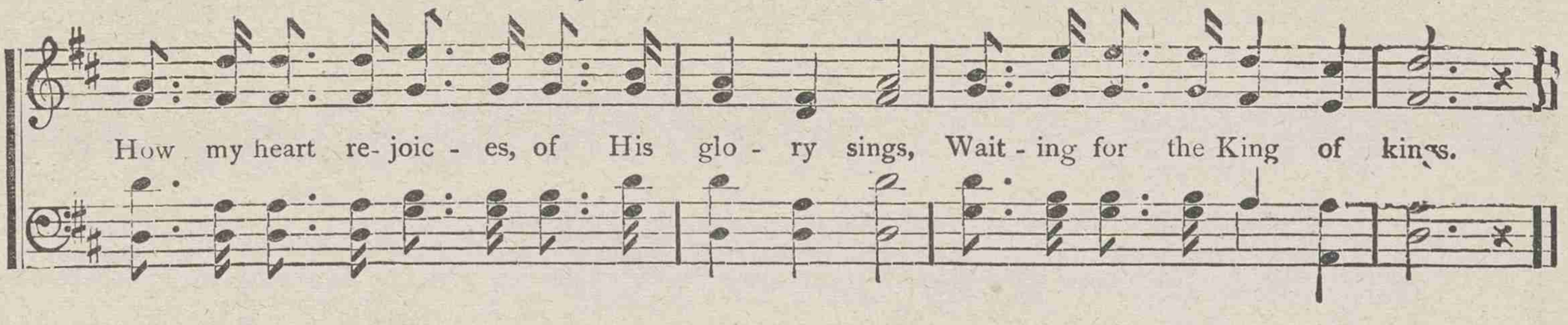
Miss M. E. Servoss. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Wait- ing for His com - ing, toil - ing as I wait; But an hum- ble work - er in His vast es- tate;
2. Tho' my lot be wea - ry— toil - ing since the spring, Yet a time of rest - ing com- eth with my King;
3. Toil- ing in the morn- ing, 'neath the sun-bright ray; Toil- ing still when eve - ning draws its cur-tains gray;

Yet my sin - gle tal - ent must not i - dle lie, He will ask the increase of me by and by.
Now the whitened har - vest waits the will - ing hand, And the call for reapers soundeth thro' the land.
Yet tho' oft - en trou - bled—wea - ry of earth's guile, All will be for-got-ten, when I see His smile.

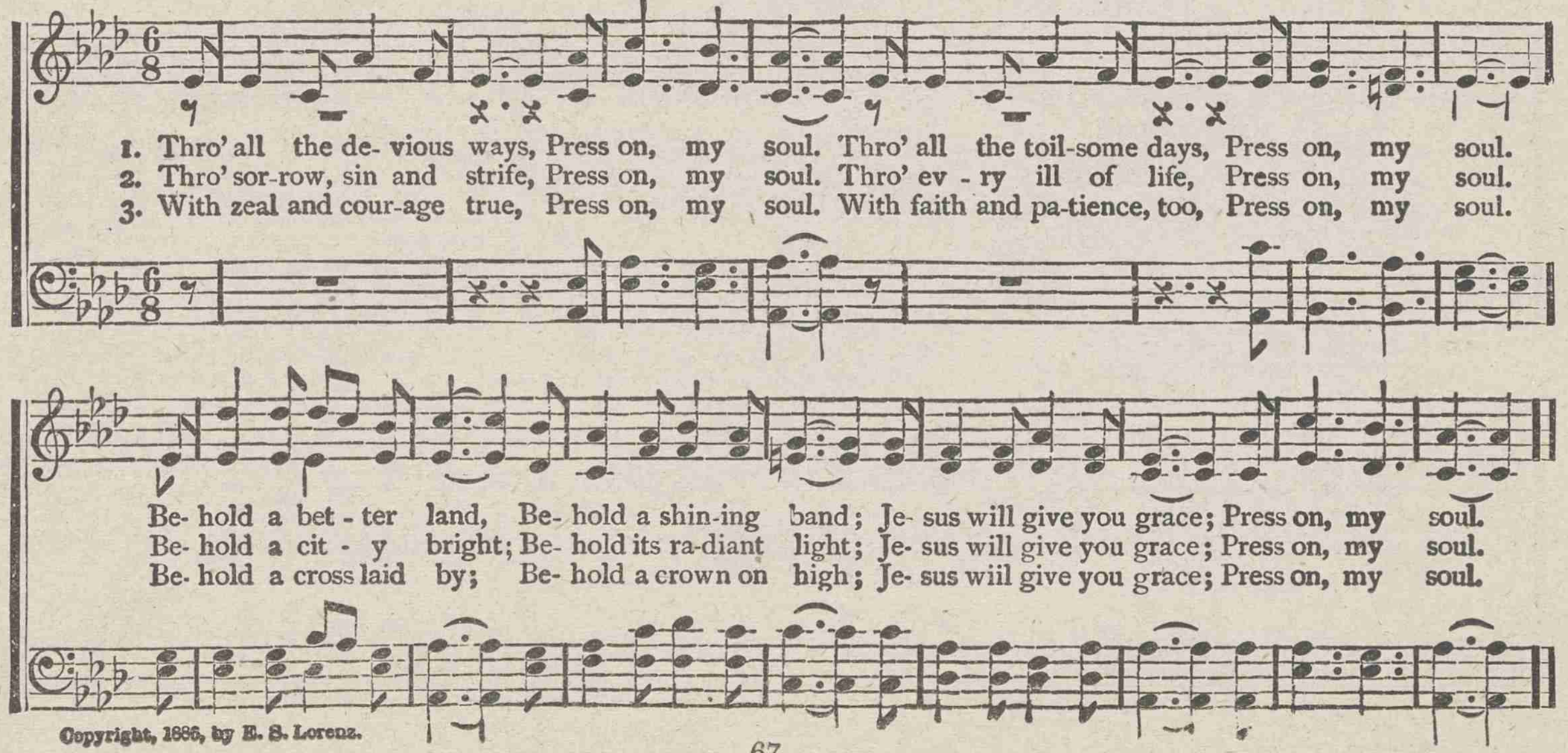
Chorus.

Wait- ing for the com - ing of the King of kings! Be it soon or late, I'm work- ing as I wait;

Waiting for the King.—Concluded.

98. Press on, My Soul.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—Phil. 3: 14.

E. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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99. The Rock that is Higher than I.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—Ps. 61 ; 2

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, sometimes how they
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet; But toil-ing in life's dust-y
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail; Or climb-ing the mountain way

Chorus.

sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul.
way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
steep, Or walk-ing the shadow-y vale.

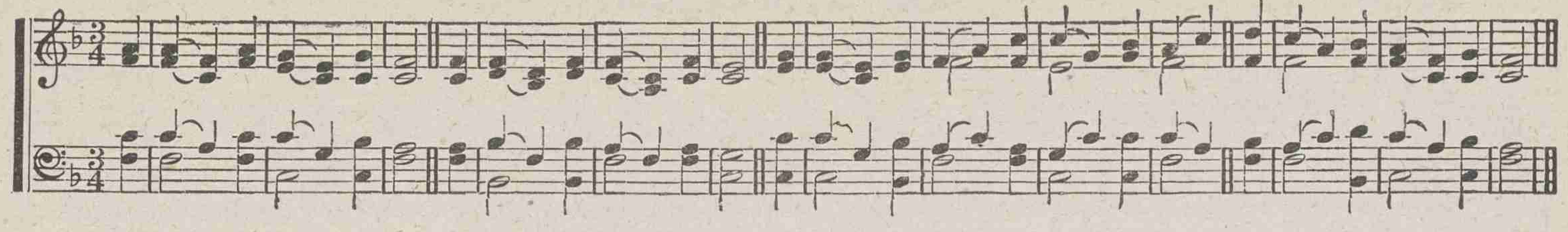
O, then, to the Rock let me fly, to the Rock that is high-

let me fly,

-er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
is high-er than I; let me fly,

By permission.

Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.

100.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

101.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

102.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

103.

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

104.

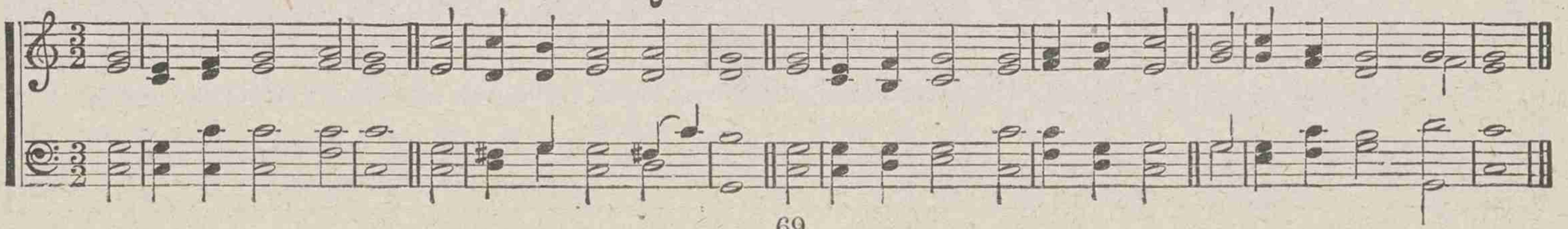
1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



105.

The Best of All.

"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, how ma - ny bless-ings Ev - 'ry day I share, More than I can num-ber Scat-tered ev-'ry-where;
2. Acts and words of kindness, From my friends are mine; And their smiling faces Fondly on me shine;
3. What a con - so - la - tion Un - to me is known, On - ly a be - liev - er Has the right to own!

And with all the blessings, Blessings great and small, Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.
But there's something better, That my own I call, Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.
It is this that cheers me—Whatsoe'er be-fall, Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.

CHORUS.

That's the best of all! Yes, that's the best of all! Je - sus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.

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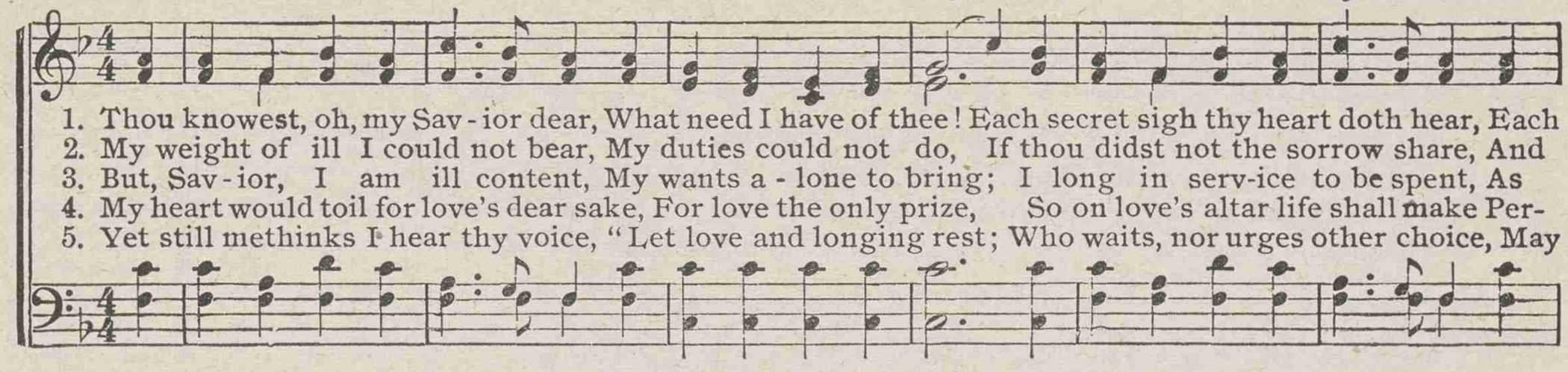
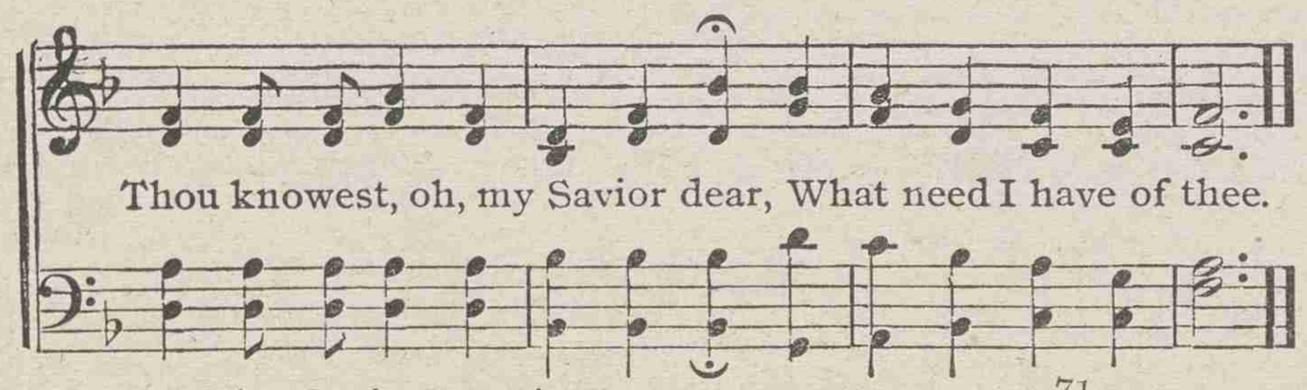
106. What Need of Thee!

ANON. *"He that hath the Son hath life."*—I. JNO. 5: 12. J. R. MURRAY.



6 But since thou dost command me so,
Like duty's full employ,
I'll wait, nor ask to come or go,
But make my cross my joy.

7 Waiting for God, my heart shall sing,
And in its silence praise;
Praise, the sole offering I may bring,
Through all the earthly days.

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107. Beside All Waters.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—Isa. 32: 20.

PHŒBE CARY. E. S. LORENZ.

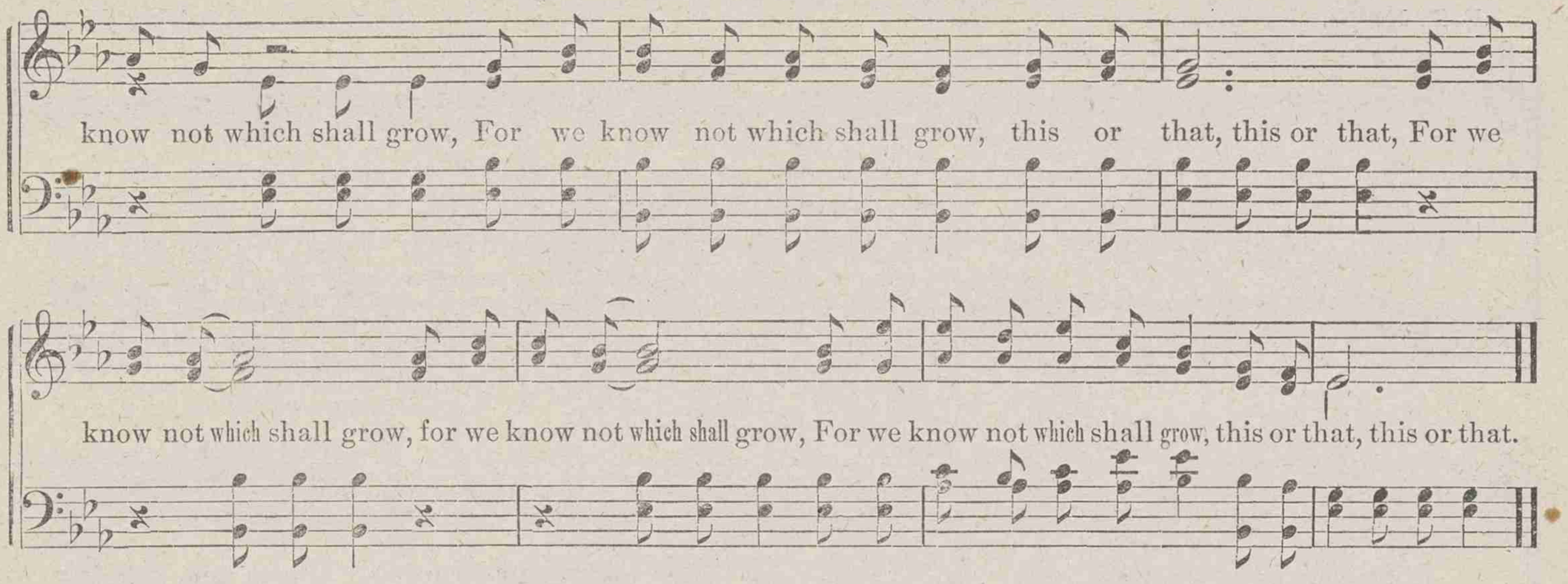
1. Go and sow be-side all wa-ters In the morning of thy youth; In the even-ing scat-ter broadcast
2. For tho' much may sink and per-ish In the rock-y bar-ren mold, And the har-vest of thy la-bor
3. Let thy hand be not with-hold-en, Still be-side all wa-ters sow; For thou know'st not which shall prosper,
4. Therefore, sow be-side all wa-ters, Trusting, hop-ing, toil-ing on; When the fields are white for harvest,

CHORUS.

Precious seeds of liv-ing truth.
May be less than thir-ty fold. Go and sow be-side all wa-ters! Go and sow be-side all wa-ters!
Whether this or that will grow.
God will send his an-gels down.

Go and sow be-side the wa-ters! Sow the seeds of liv-ing truth, For we know not which shall grow, For we

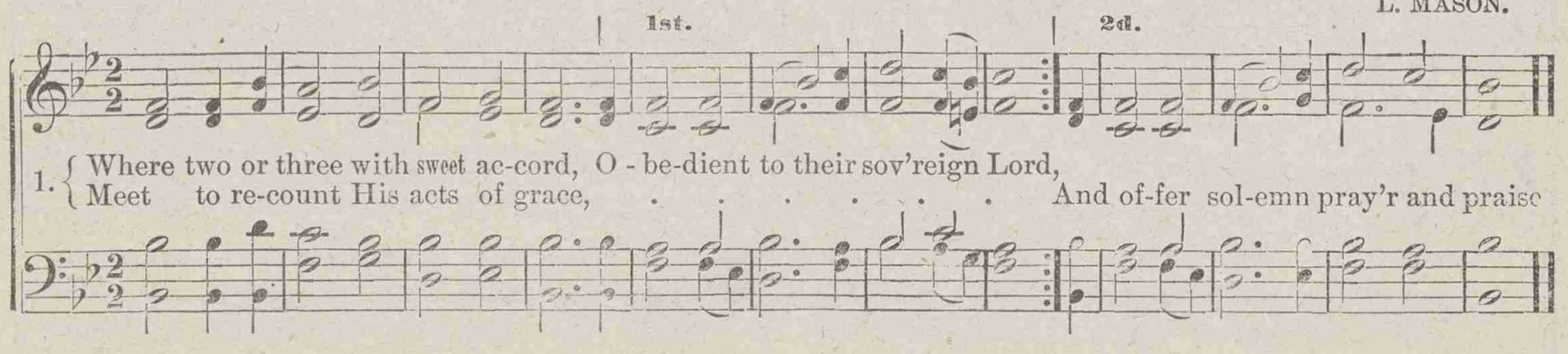
Beside All Waters. Concluded.



108. Where Two or Three with Sweet Accord.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18: 20.

L. MASON.



2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be,
Amid that little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
O send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

109. Far, Far, Over the Sea.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

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

D. C. 1. *Far, far, o - ver the sea, Na - tions wait in ag - o - ny; Come, come, o - ver the sea,*
2. Far, far, o - ver the sea, Souls la - ment sin's tyr - an - ny; Fly, fly, o - ver the sea,
3. Fly, fly, o - ver the sea, Bring sweet an-swer to their plea; Ring, ring, o - ver the sea,

Fine.

Bring the light, let dark - ness flee. Dark the shad - ows round them fall, Gloom and hor - ror
Bring the Gos - pel, set them free. Chained by sin in dun-geons vile, Scourged by pas - sions
Loud the notes of Ju - bi - lee. Gos - pel light brings full re - lease, Cries of pain shall

cov - er all; Vain - ly grope their souls for light, Hope ne'er cheers their ray - less night.
fierce the while; Vexed by su - per - sti - tion's blight, Vain their trust in e - vil rite.
end in peace; Prayer and song shall soon re - sound All the joy - ous earth a - round.

D. C.

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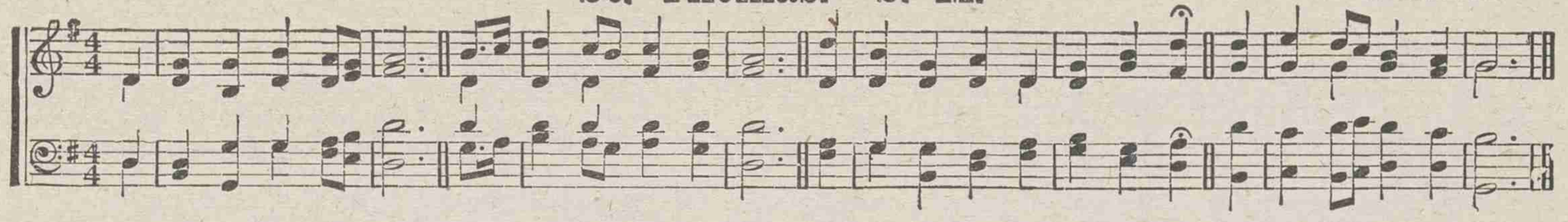
St. Thomas. S. M.

WILLIAMS.

110.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

111.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

112.

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

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

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

113.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

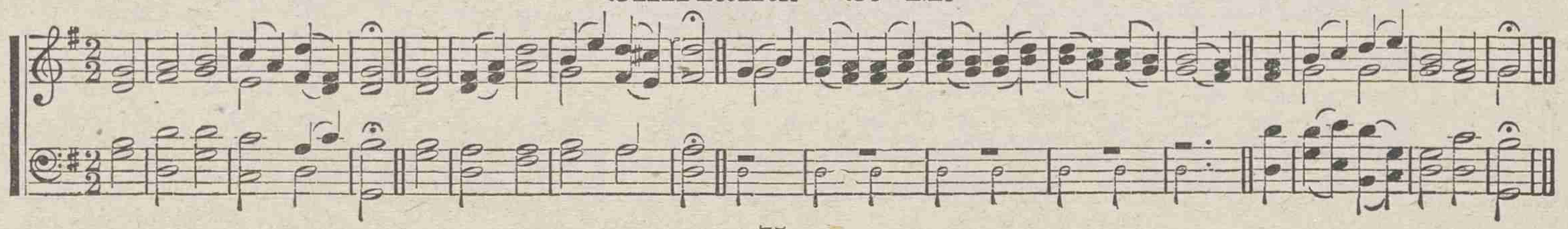
114.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

Shirland. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

115. Over and Over Again.

W. F. M. *"But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."*—II. Cor. 4 : 3. W. F. McCAULEY.

1. I heard once a sto - ry of joy and love, Of Je-sus who came from the realms a - bove;
2. As oft as I've heard it, it's yet more sweet Each time you the wonder - ful words re - peat;
3. But, bet-ter than hearing, the joy I see That brings all the ful - ness of bliss to me,

So sweet was the message to per-ishing men, I wanted to hear it told o - ver a - gain.
I am longing the moments of blessedness when I can hear it told o - ver and o - ver a - gain.
Is to tell the glad message to others, and then Be telling it o - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . .
a - gain, a - gain, a - gain, a - gain,

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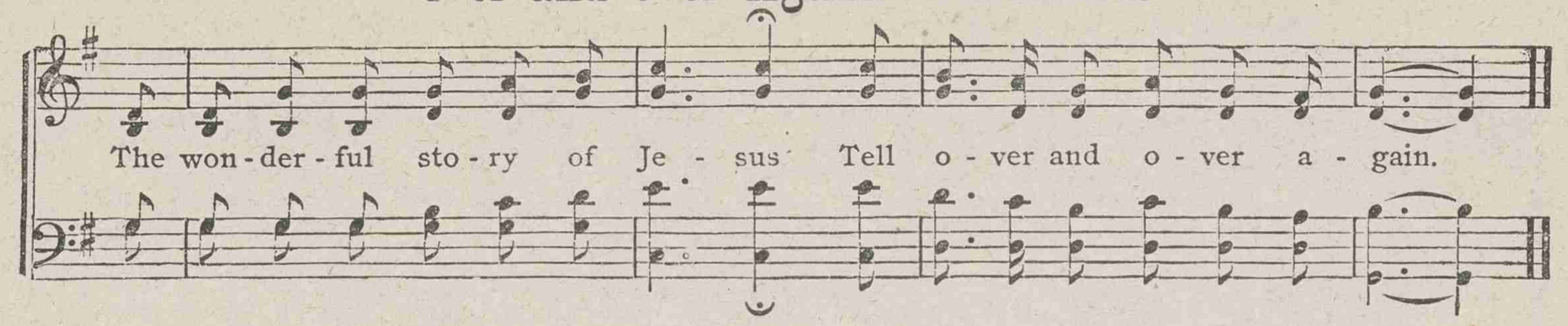
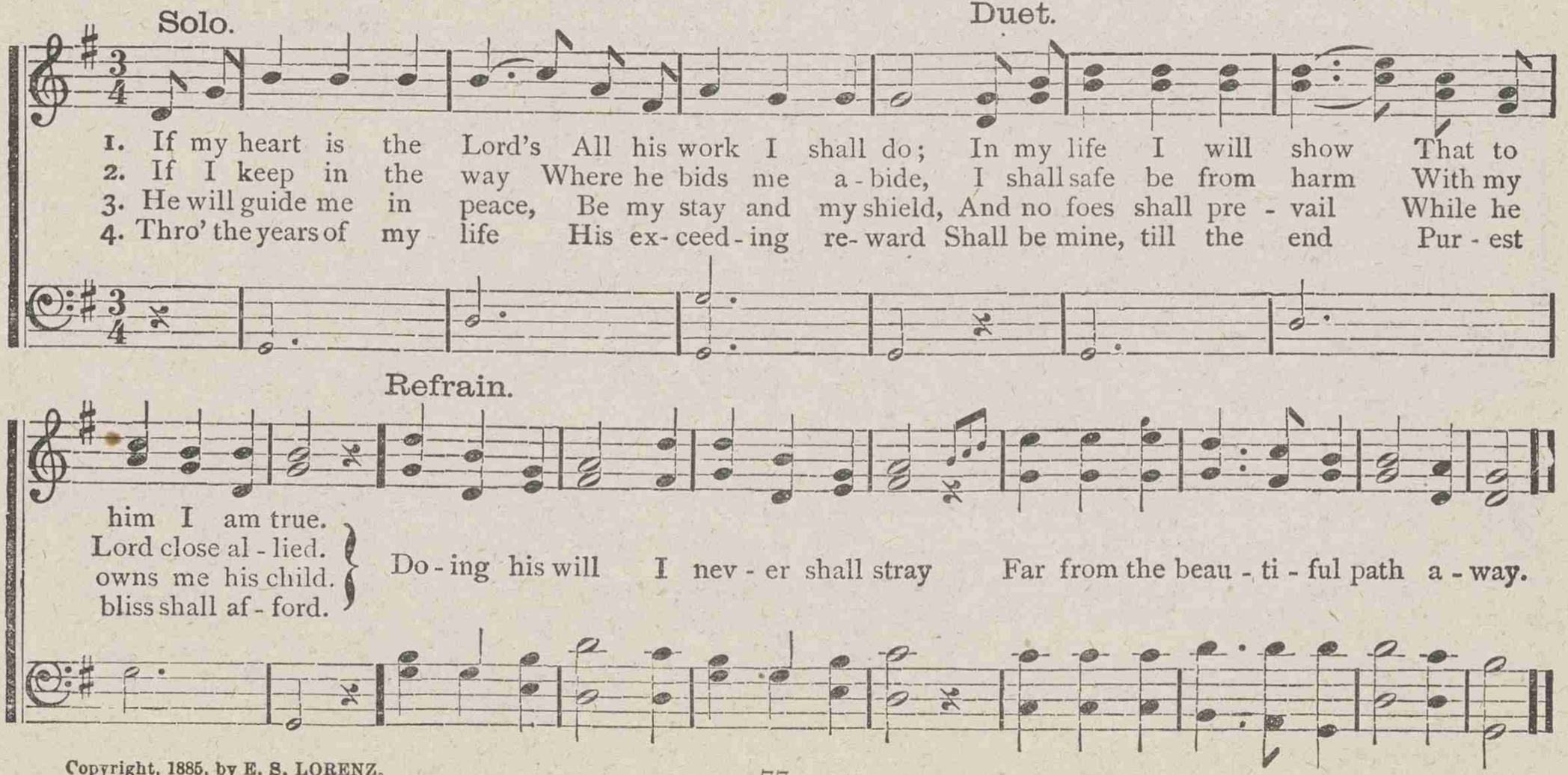
Over and Over Again. Concluded.

116. Doing His Will.

C. R. BLACKALL. *"As the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart."*—Eph. 6 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.



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117. Come Unto Me.

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

ANNIE SHARE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sweetly the Savior's voice is ev - er call - ing, Come un - to me! Come un - to me!
2. Long have I sought you lost in darkness dreary, Come un - to me! Come un - to me!
3. Here is the rest that I a - lone can give you, Come un - to me! Come un - to me!
4. Je - sus, for - sak - ing all that would deceive us, Come we to thee! Come we to thee!

CHORUS.

See, shadows dark around you now are fall-ing, Come un - to me!
I am the ref - uge, wait-ing for the weary, Come un - to me!
Come, for my heart is longing to forgive you, Come un - to me!
Safe in thy lov - ing arms, O Lord, receive us, Com - ing to thee!

Je - sus, the Lord of all,

Oh, hear his lov - ing call, Come un - to me, all ye wea - ry ones, oh come!

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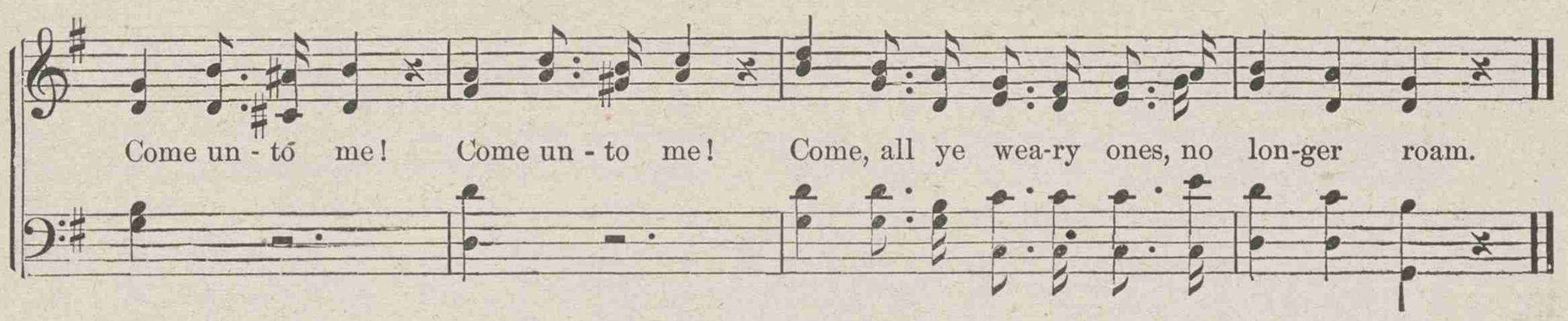
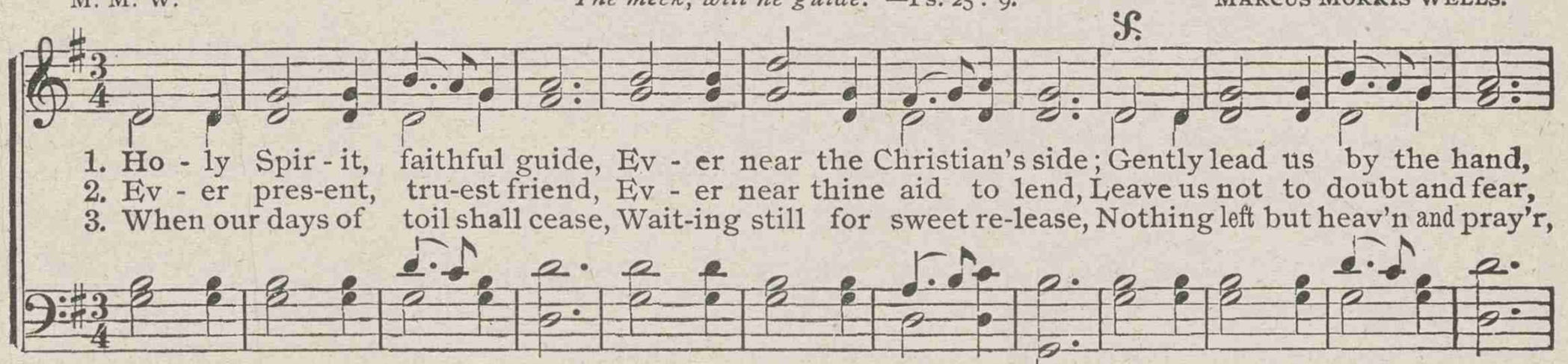
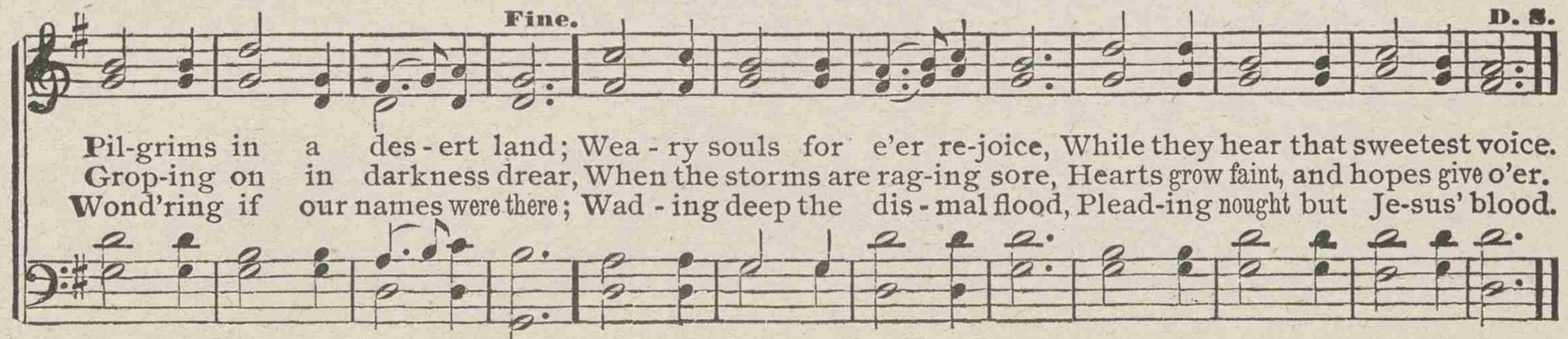
Come Unto Me. Concluded.

118. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. *"The meek, will he guide."*—Ps. 25 : 9. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.





119. Little Messengers.

W. F. McCAULEY. *"Thy work shall be rewarded."*—Jer. 31: 16. W. F. McCAULEY.

1. We come as lit - tle mes - sen-gers To speak God's ho - ly truth; And in his ser - vice
2. We send to heath - en far a - way The mes - sage ev - er new; "Come, seek the Lord, his
3. And thus we hope some good to do, Tho' we are ver - y small; Come, join our band, he'll

to em - ploy, The pleas - ant days of youth.
word o - bey, For Je - sus died for you." We come, we come, we come, we come, To
save you, too, For Je - sus died for all.

CHORUS.

We come, we come,

speak God's ho - ly truth, We come, we come, we come, we come, In pleas-ant days of youth.

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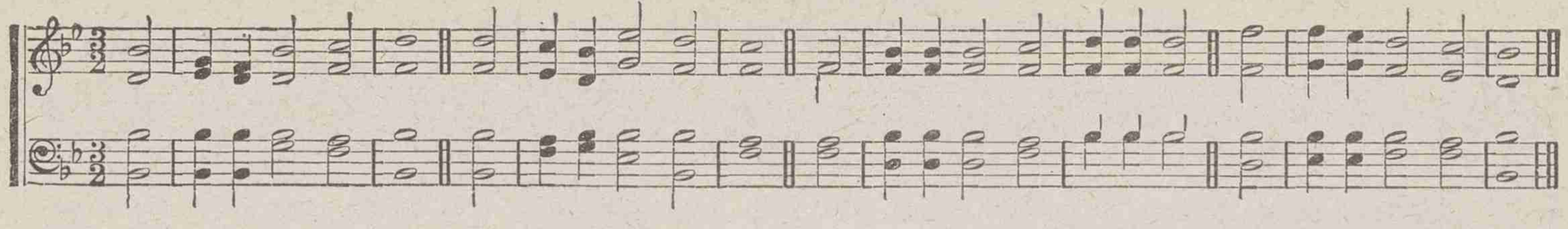
Lisbon. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



120.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

121.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowl heart,
A temple meet for thee.

122.

1 O, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

123.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

124.

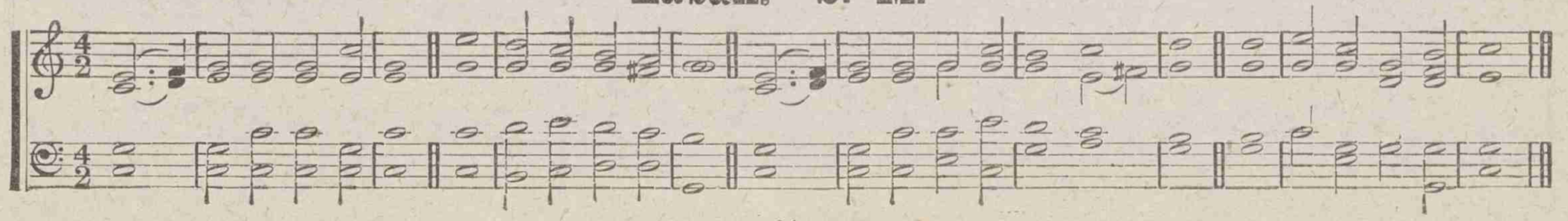
1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



125. Happy Beulah Land.

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

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

1. We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, Trav'ling on, trav- 'ling on; We are a hap - py
2. We are a lit - tle sol - dier band, Marching on, march-ing on; We are a fear - less
3. We are a lit - tle work- ing band, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; We are a bus - y
4. We are a lit - tle Chris-tian band, Hop - ing on, pray - ing on; We are an earn - est

Chorus.

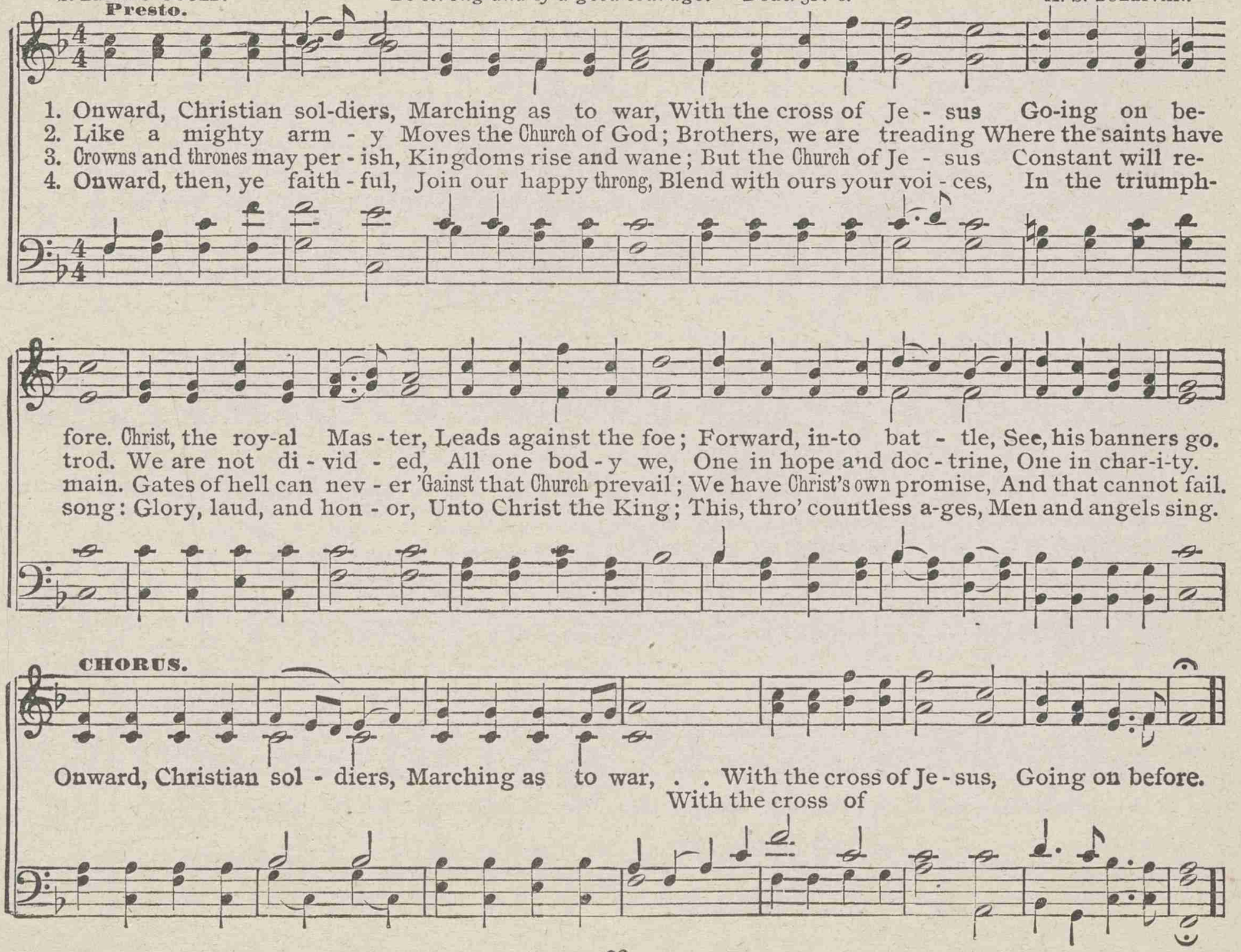
pil - grim band, Gay - ly trav - 'ling on.
sol - dier band, Brave - ly march - ing on.
work- ing band, Glad - ly toil - ing on.
Chris-tian band, Hop - ing, pray - ing on.

On to the shores of the Beu - lah land, The hap - py land, the heav'nly land, On to the shores of the Beu- lah land, The hap- py Beu-lah land.

126. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD. *"Be strong and of a good courage."*—Deut. 31 : 6. A. S. SULLIVAN.

Presto.



127. All the World is Praising Him.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."

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

1. Like the sound of ma - ny wa-ters, Or the roar-ing of the sea, Voi - ces of earth's sons and daughters
2. Lands once dumb have found their voi-ces, And the cho - rus rings more clear, In his course the sun re - joic - es
3. Grander, full - er swells the cho-rus, New-born nations raise the cry, Gold - en days are just be-fore us,
4. Mountains high or surging o - cean Can not stem the tune-ful tide; Death takes up the sweet de - vo-tion,

CHORUS.

Swell the song of Ju - bi - lee.
Voi - ces new each day to hear.
Praise to Him who rules on high.
Joins the song the oth - er side.

Hark the song! All the world is prais-ing him! the world is praising him, the world is prais-ing him! O, praise the Lord! all the world is rais - ing him An an-them grand and free.

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128. Christ is All.

SELECTED. *"But Christ is all, and in all."*—Col. 3: 11. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with-al;
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head, Waiting for Je-sus' call;
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake, Nor death his soul appall;
4. I saw the gos - pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Satan's thrall;
5. I dreamed that hoa - ry Time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dissolved this ball;
6. "Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day," The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it say, The Bride re-peats the call;

I asked the lone - ly mother, whence her helpless widowhood's defence;—She told me, "Christ was all."
I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He looked triumphant-ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
Nor home, nor life, he counted dear, 'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
For he will cleanse your guil-ty stains, His love will soothe your wea-ry pains; For "Christ is all in all."

REFRAIN.

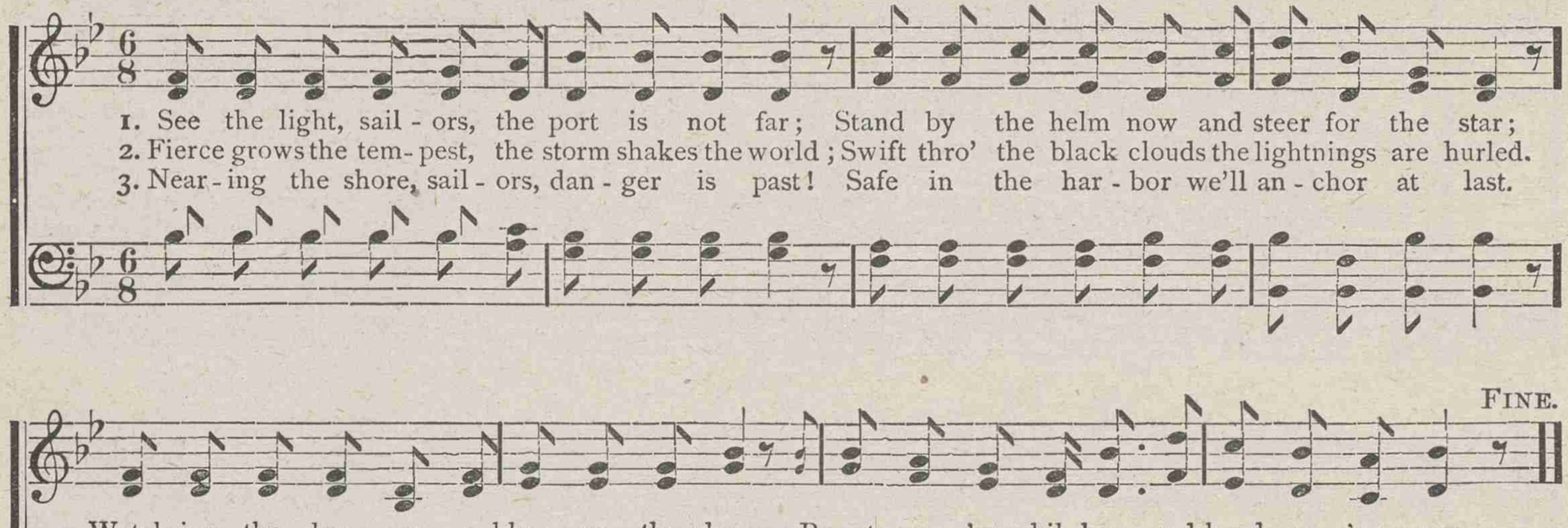
Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

By permission, W. A. Williams.

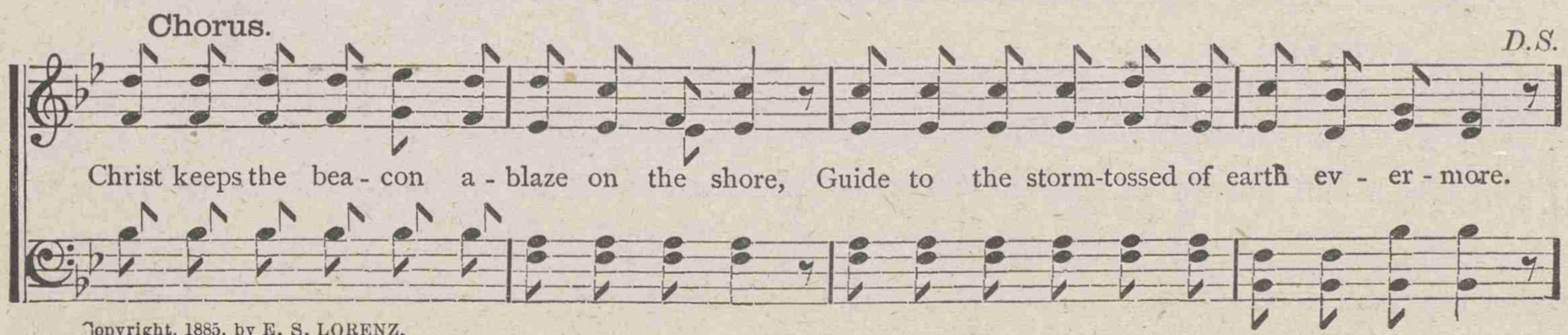
129. Steer for the Star.

"I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. S. LORENZ.



Chorus.



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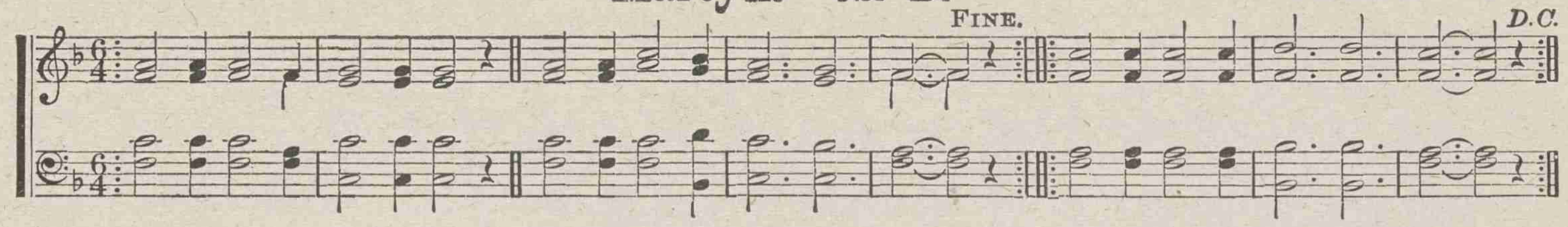
Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



130.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

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

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

131.

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

2 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?
Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

132.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

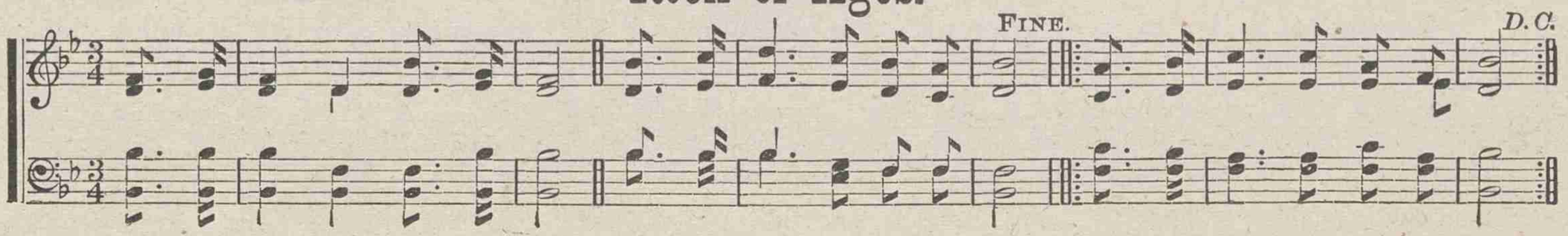
133.

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

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

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

Rock of Ages.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

134. Peaceful are the Tents.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14 26.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Peace-ful are the tents of the peo - ple of the Lord, The ban - ner of his love waves o'er them;
2. Hap - py are the peo - ple who know the joy-ful sound, They fol - low where the Sav - ior leads them;
3. Peace-ful are the tents of the peo - ple of the Lord, A shel - ter from the blast, he hides them;

They march ev - er on - ward trust-ing in his word, And his glo - ry go - eth on be - fore them.
They walk in his foot-steps, all a - long the way With his pres-ence ev - er-more he feeds them.
He leads them in past-ures ev - er green and fair; To the liv - ing fountains ev - er guides them.

CHORUS.

March-ing on! in his love for-ev - er rest - ing, Marching on! naught our peace is e'er mo-lest - ing,
March-ing on! March - ing on! Marching on! March - ing on!

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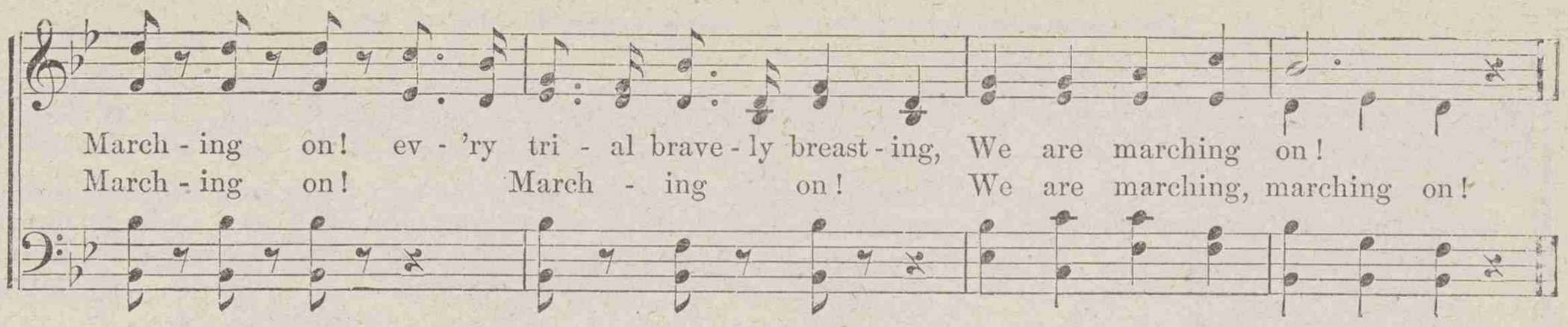
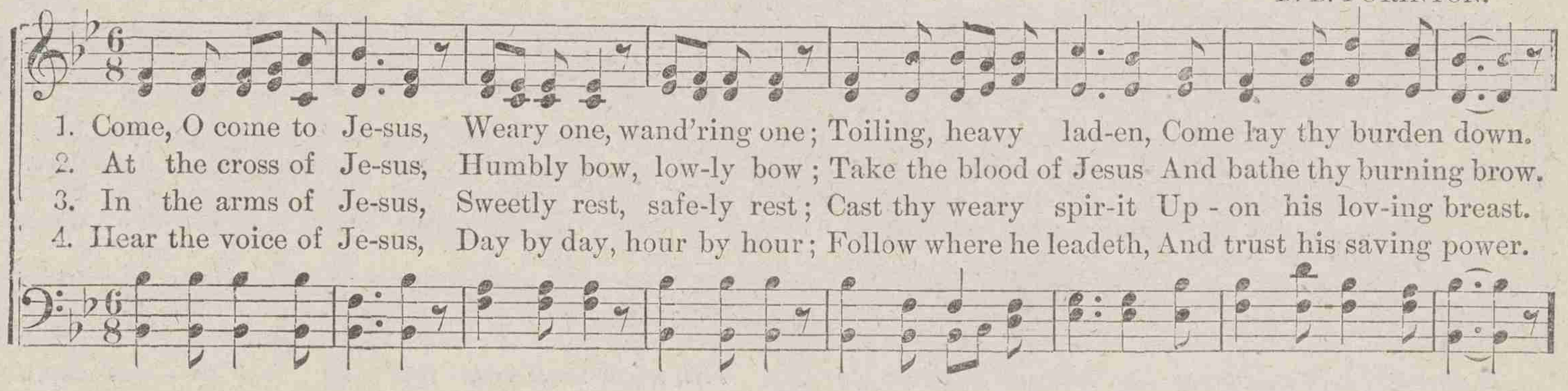
Peaceful are the Tents. Concluded.

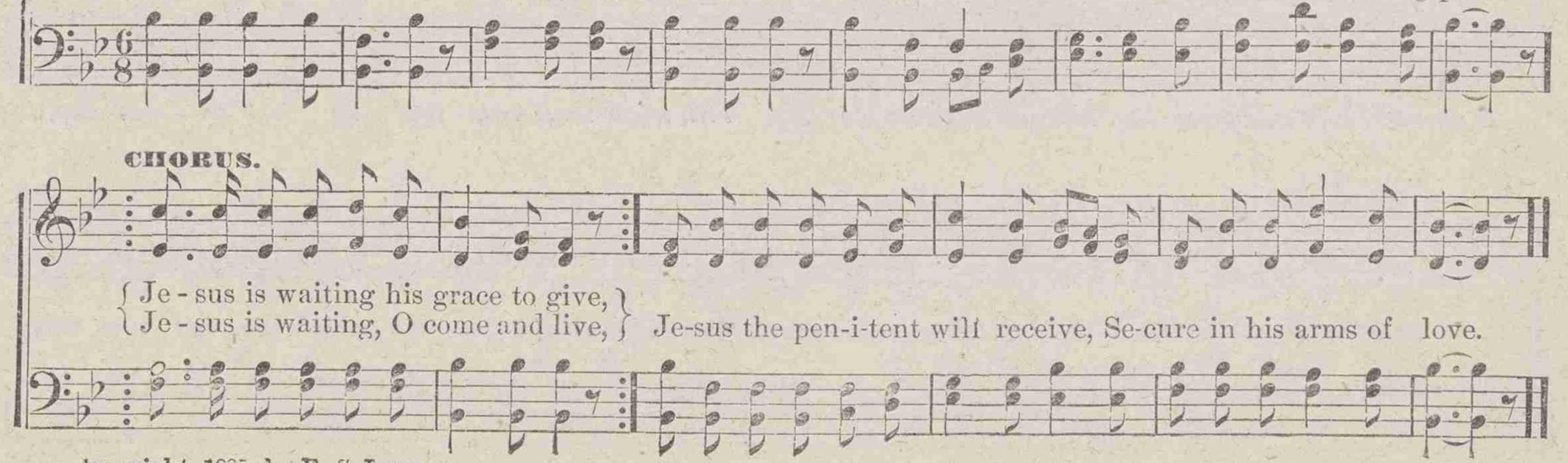


135. Jesus is Waiting.

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

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





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136. Give Me the Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

P. J. O. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand-'rer lone and tem-pest tossed;
2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is brok - en, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light- en, Teach me the dan - ger of these realms be - low;
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splen-dor by the o - pen grave;

f. FINE.

No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav - iour near.
That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a - lone, the path of peace can show.
Show me the light from heaven's shin-ing por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild - ing Jor- dan's wave.

D. C.—Pre-cept and prom- ise, law and love com-bin - ing, Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

Chorus. *D. S.*

Give me the Bi - ble! ho - ly message shin - ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar - row way;

137. I'm On My Journey Home.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. *"To be with Christ: which is far better."*—Phil. 1: 23. IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. My feet are wea-ry, but I am go-ing To the fair pal-ace of the King, To see his beau-ty and share his
2. Oh, do not hin-der me on my journey, For earth is not my dwelling-place! I'm going home-ward to meet my
3. A few more sorrows, a few more trials, A few more burdens here to bear, And I will en-ter the heav'nly

CHORUS.

glo-ry, And his e-ter-nal praises sing.
Sav-ior, And see him ev-er face to face. For I am go-ing home, yes, I am go-ing home, To yonder
por-tals, And rest in peace for-ev-er there.

cit-y, bright and fair, To see my Savior dear, to see my Savior dear, And live with him forev-er there.

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138. Thou, God, Seest Me.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."—Prov. 15: 3.

ANNA CHICHESTER. W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Day and night, thou Lord, art view - ing All our tho'ts, our words, and deeds; What we crave and
2. Tho' we hide in far - off na - tions, On the wings of morning fly; Thou dost note our
3. Friends and neighbors long mis-lead - ing, We may hide our shame and sin; But our ev-'ry
4. Lord, we come our thanks to ren - der, For thy sleepless care-ful-ness; Not in wrath, in

what pur - su - ing, Thine un - er - ring eye still reads.
sore temp - ta - tions, Naught es-capes thy searching eye.
movement heed-ing, Thou dost know us well with-in.
mer - cy ten - der, Thou dost watch our souls to bless.

CHORUS.

In the darkness or in the light, Thou

God see - st me, Do - ing e - vil or do - ing right, Thou, God, see - st me.

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Pleyel. 7s.

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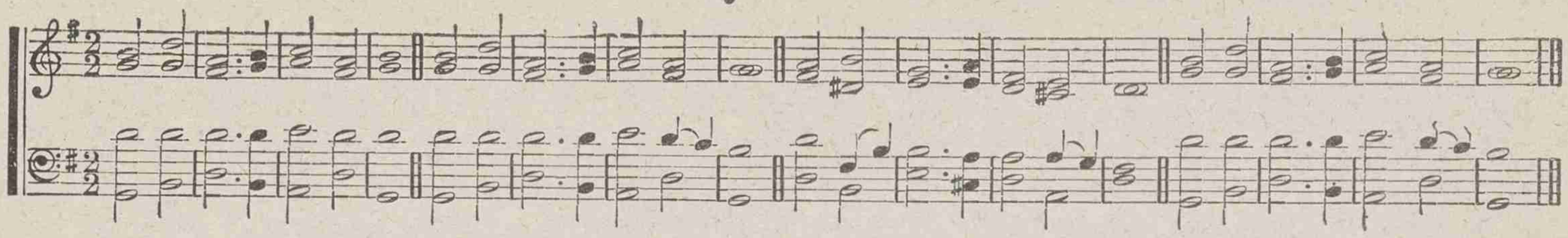

139.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

140.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

141.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death

142.

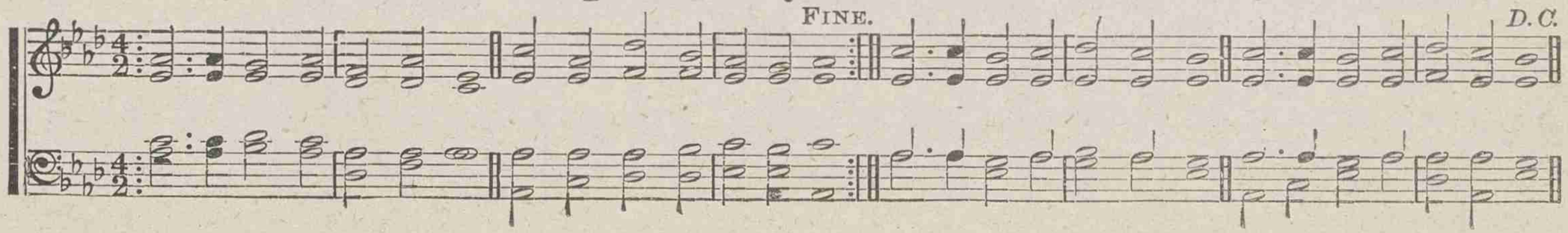
1 Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Spanish Hymn. 7s.

Spanish Hymn.

143. What Shall our Answers Be?

"For we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body . . . whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. 5: 10.

E. R. LATTA D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com - pa - ny, And the Judge shall question us,
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men,
3. Lord, it is a solemn thought, That we must ac-count to thee! In that great and aw - ful day,

O, what shall our an - swers be? What for ev - 'ry trifling thought, And each i - dle word we say?
O, what shall our an - swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
What shall our poor an - swers be? O, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres-ence there to stand!

CHORUS.

What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act, We may do from day to day? When that aw - - - ful
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a - bove? When that aw - ful
Purge us from each sin - ful blot! Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!

By permission.

What Shall our Answers Be? Concluded.

day we see, day we see, O, what shall . . . . our an - swers be?
O, what shall our an - swers be, our an - swers be?

When that aw - - ful day we see, O, what shall . . . our an-swers be?
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, O, what shall our an-swers be?

144. Come to Jesus, Little One.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle one; Come to Jesus now; Hum-bly at his gracious throne In sub-mis-sion bow.
2. At his feet confess your sins; Seek forgiveness there; For his blood can make you clean—He will hear your prayer.
3. Seek his face without delay; Give him now your heart; Tar-ry not, but while you may Choose the better part.

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145. We shall Meet Beyond the River.

"The Lord, my God, shall come, and all thy saints with thee."—Zech. 14: 5.

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

1. Shall we meet one an - oth - er a - gain, Where the sor - rows of earth shall be o'er? With im - mor - tals for-
2. Ma - ny loved ones have gone from our sight, To the home of the pure and the blest, Shall we meet them a-
3. When at last, at the close of the day, At the brink of the riv - er we stand, When the boatman shall

Chorus.

- ev - er to reign, Shall we meet on the glo - ry shore? } We shall meet..... be - yond the
- gain with de - light, In the land of e - ter - nal rest? }
bear us a - way, Shall we meet in the glo - ry land? } We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, in the

riv - er When this mor - - - - - tal life is o - - ver, In the
glo - ry land so fair, When this mor - tal life is o - ver with its sor - row and its care, In the

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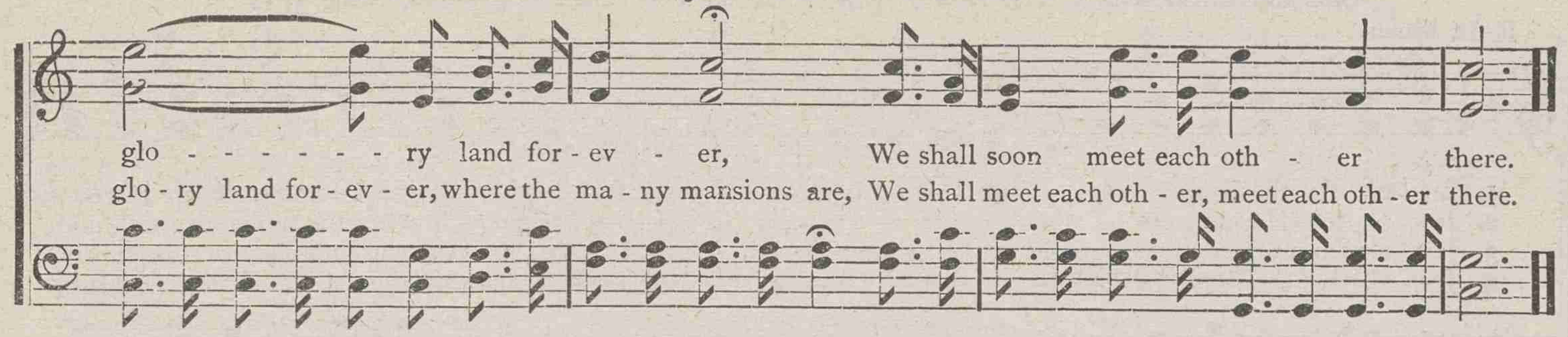
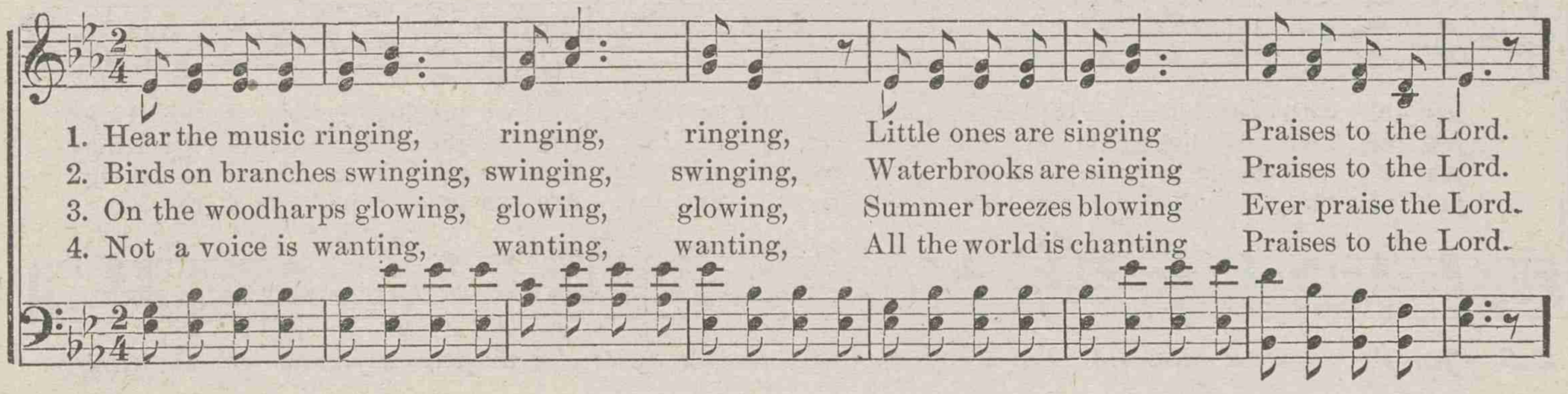
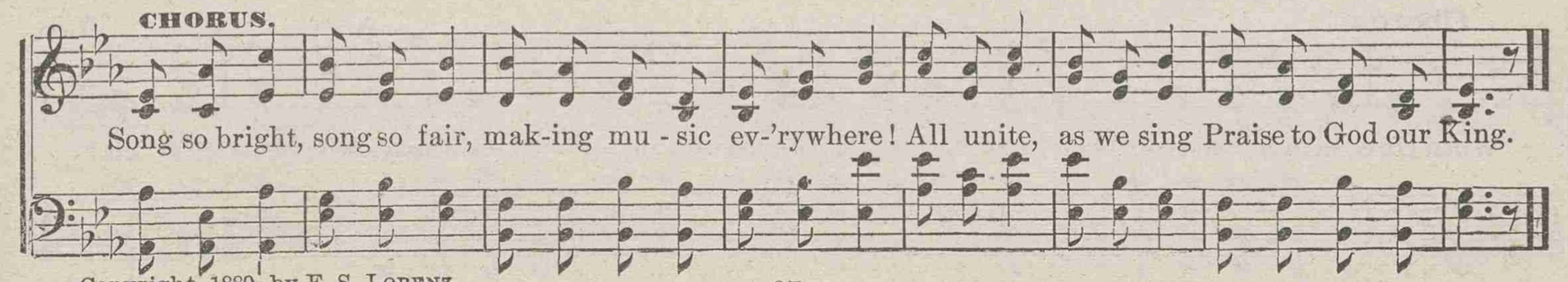
We shall Meet Beyond the River.—Concluded.



146. Song so Fair.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psa. 150: 6.

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



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147. Are We Jewels of the King?

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3: 17.

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

1. Jew- els for the King of Glo- ry sit - ting on the throne, Jewels for Je - ho-vah when He mak-eth up His own,
2. Jew- els, that He keep-eth as the ap - ple of His eye, Jewels, that He guardeth when the spoiler draweth nigh,
3. Jew- els, far more precious than the wealth by mortals won, Jewels, dear-er to His heart than earth or stars or sun,
4 Jew- els that the Lord shall gath-er on that aw - ful day, When the wealth that mortals cov-et all shall pass a- way,

FINE.

Jew - els with - out blem - ish bathed in heav-en's light a - lone, Are we precious jew-els of the King?
Jew - els that de - light Him as the years and a - ges fly, Are we precious jew-els of the King?
Jew - els pur-chased by the blood of His be - lov - ed Son, Are we precious jew-els of the King?
Jew - els that shall shed for - ev - er love's di - vin - est ray, Are we precious jew-els of the King?

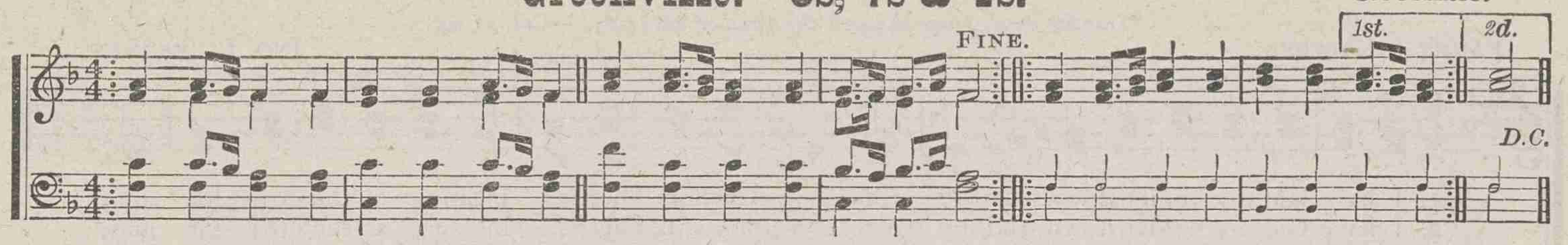
D.S.—Jew-els with-out blem-ish shall we shine in heav-en's light? Are we precious jew-els of the King?

Chorus. *D.S.*

When He cometh crown'd with light, Crown'd with glory, armed with might, Will He own us as His precious jew - els?

Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU.



148.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

149.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

150.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are :‖

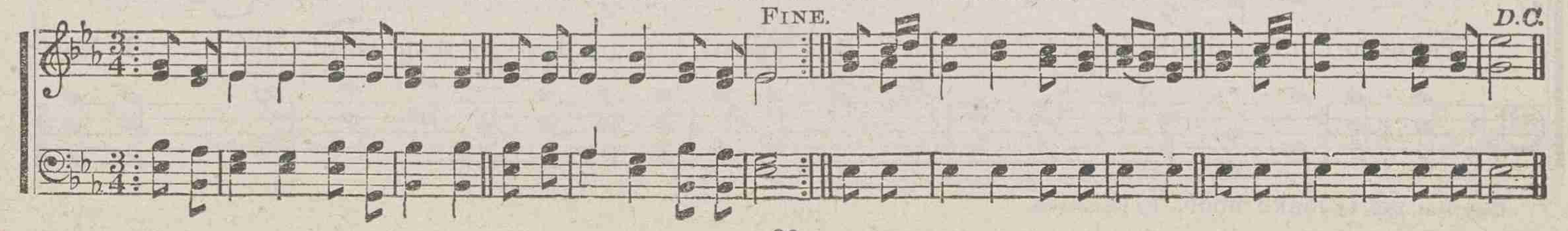
2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray :‖

151.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.

152. There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have laid my burden down where the crim-son waters flow, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a blessing at the cross for me;
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a blessing at the cross for me;

FINE.

I have found a spring of joy that the world can nev-er know, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I am learning there by faith my Re-deemer's gracious will, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I was dead but now I live since my Saviour made me whole, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I can pil-low now my head on his gen- tle, loving breast, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.

D.S.—found a spring of joy that the world can nev-er know, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.

Chorus. D.S.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Still my hap - py, hap - py song shall be; I have

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153. Over the World.

E. D. MUND. *"Teach all nations."*—Matt. 28: 19. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Let the light of life now shine O - ver the world! (over the world!) Beam with ra - diance divine,
2. Bid the Sun of Righteousness, O - ver the world! (over the world!) Rise the waiting lands to bless,
3. Speed the day when Christ shall reign O - ver the world! (over the world!) Truth can never shine in vain

O - ver the world! (o - ver the world!) Send the word to lands ap - pealing, Scat - ter wide its
O - ver the world! (o - ver the world!) I - dol thrones are tott'ring, shaking, Pow'rs of dark - ness
O - ver the world! (o - ver the world!) 'Neath its beams fond hope is springing, Lands long dumb break

leaves of healing, Love and life to all re - veal-ing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!
sore are quaking, As the light of life is break-ing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!
in - to singing, Glad the notes of joy are ring-ing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!

Rit.

154. Holy Voices.

"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—Rev. xv. 3.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

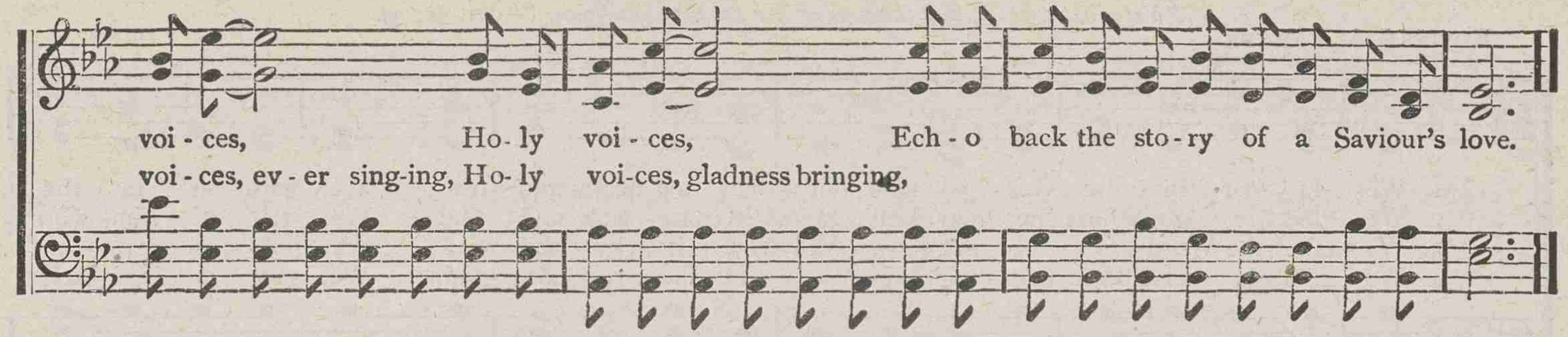
1. From the harps that swell by life's crys- tal riv - er, Floats an ech- o down to earth bringing cheer; HO-LY VOI-CES
2. Round us swell the sounds of strife, fear, and sigh- ing, But we sing of hope and love, joy and rest; To the an- gels'
3. From the hills of God re-sound ho - ly voi - ces, Dearest voi-ces that have crossed on be- fore, And the song each
4. Ho - ly voi- ces nev - er cease your glad sing- ing, Happy youth and cheerful age join the lays, Till the world re-

Chorus.

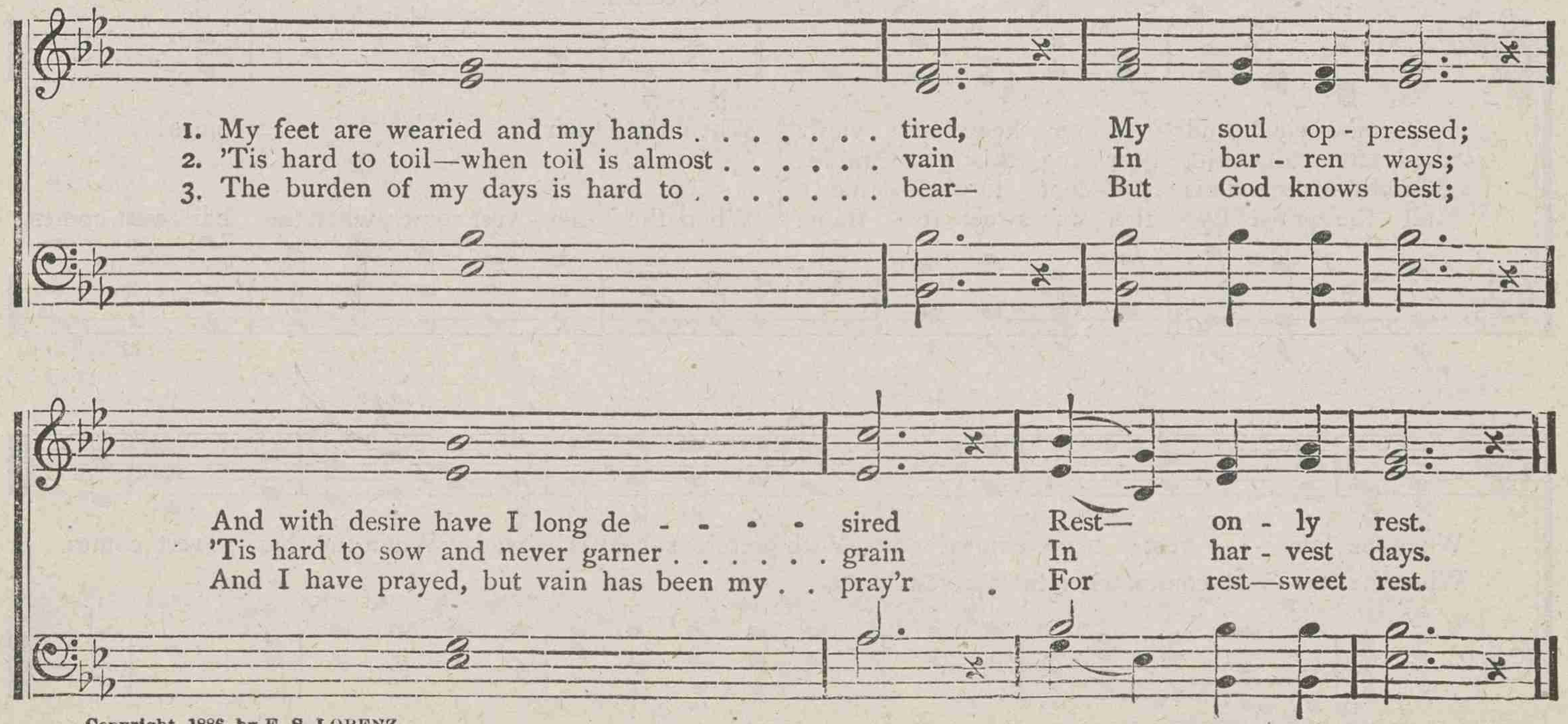
chant in rap - ture for - ev - er, And we answer back the hymn sweet and clear. Ho-ly voi- ces,
song still grate-ful re - ply- ing, While we tell the world of faith ev - er blest.
wait- ing heart still re - joi - ces, For they say "Be brave and true ev - er-more."
deem'd with glad notes is ringing, And the Saviour's name shall wake endless praise. Ho-ly voi- ces, ev- er sing-ing,

Ho - ly voi - ces, Chant the sto - ry of sal - va-tion from a - bove; Ho- ly
Ho - ly voi-ces, gladness bringing, Chant the sto - ry of sal - va- tion, of sal - va - tion from a- bove; Ho- ly

Holy Voices.—Concluded.



155. Rest.

Father RYAN. G. P. HOTT.

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156. When the Harvest Comes.

"Yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come."—Jer. 51: 33.

EDWARD A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We la - bor in the Gos - pel field With will - ing hearts and true; We gath - er in the
2. We glad - ly go where he may call Our sheaves to seek and find; We tell of him who
3. We take the Word as we are shown And sow it by the way; We oft - en reap what
4. We glad - ly spend these pass - ing days A - mid the rip - 'ning grain; We give the Mas - ter

Chorus.

pre - cious yield And ev - er keep in view: When the har - - vest comes!
died for all, Still bear - ing this in mind:
has been sown This pre - cept to o - bey:
all the praise By this our sweet re - frain: When the har - vest comes, when the har - vest comes,

When the har - - vest comes! With pre-cious sheaves be read-y When the har - vest comes.
When the har - vest comes, when the har-vest comes!

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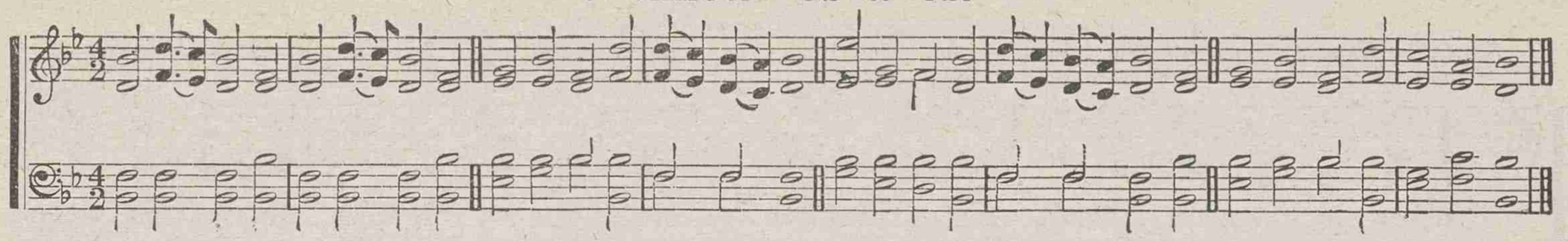
Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



157.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore
him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

158.

1 There's a fullness in God's mercy,
Like the fullness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

159.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll rest forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

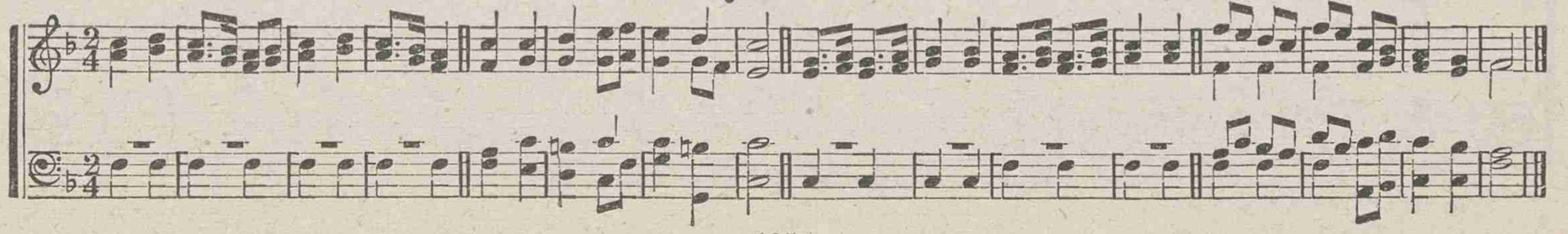
160.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.

161. Jesus, my King.

"His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."—Psa. 98 : 1.

ANNA SHARE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Low in the grave's cold bed, Rest-ed his wea - ry head, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
2. Three days of doubt and gloom Then from the vanquished tomb, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
3. O grave, thy vic- t'ry's gone! God's own im - mor - tal son, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
4. Shout, all ye sons of men, Shout ye his praise a - gain! Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;

Chorus.

Oh, with what anxious fears Love laid him there with tears, Je - sus, my King.
Forth to the light of day Came death's victorious prey, Je - sus, my King.
Left all thy ter-ror's dim; Thou lead-est but to him, Je - sus, my King.
Shout, all ye saints a - bove; Crown him, Incarnate Love, Je - sus, my King.

Who is the King of Glo-ry?

Je - sus, my King! Je - sus, my King! He

Who is the King of Glo - ry?

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Jesus, my King.—Concluded.

comes vic - to - rious from the strife, Death now is but the door to life, The grave is glo - ri - fied.

162. Gathered Home.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

W. M. W. Rev. W. M. WEAKLEY.

1. On - ly a few more fleeting years, Then we'll be gather'd home; On - ly a few more griefs and fears, Then we'll be
2. On - ly a few more pleading pray'rs, Then we'll be gather'd home; Only a few more part-ing tears, Then we'll be
3. On - ly a few more tri- als sore, Then we'll be gather'd home; Soon will we leave this mortal shore, Then we'll be

Chorus.

gather'd home. Gather'd home, Gather'd home, And we'll be gather'd home;
Gather'd home, Gather'd home, (*Omit* . . . . .) And we'll be gather'd home.

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163. The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER. *"The Lord is my light."*—PS. 27: 1. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the' way, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
2. We who know our sins forgiv'n, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
4. We will sing his pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;

Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.

REFRAIN.

We are walk - - ing in the light, ... We are walk - - ing in the light, ...
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light, beautiful light of God.

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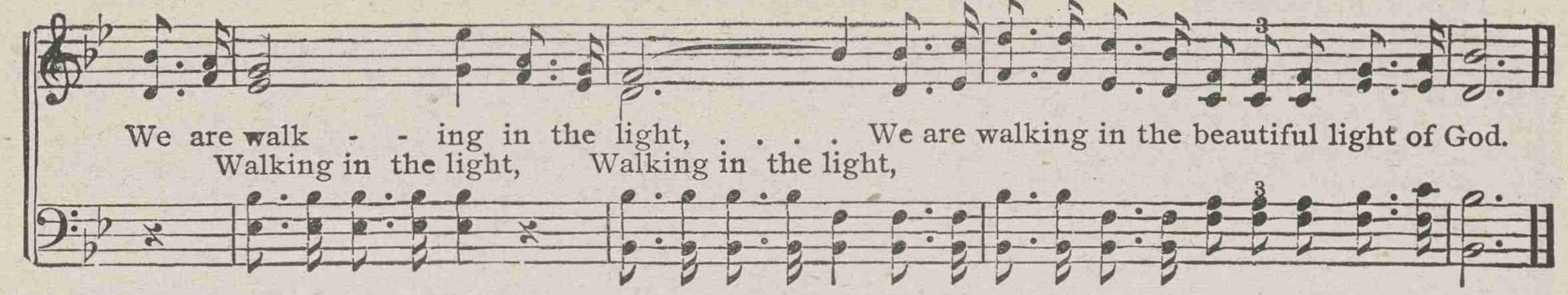
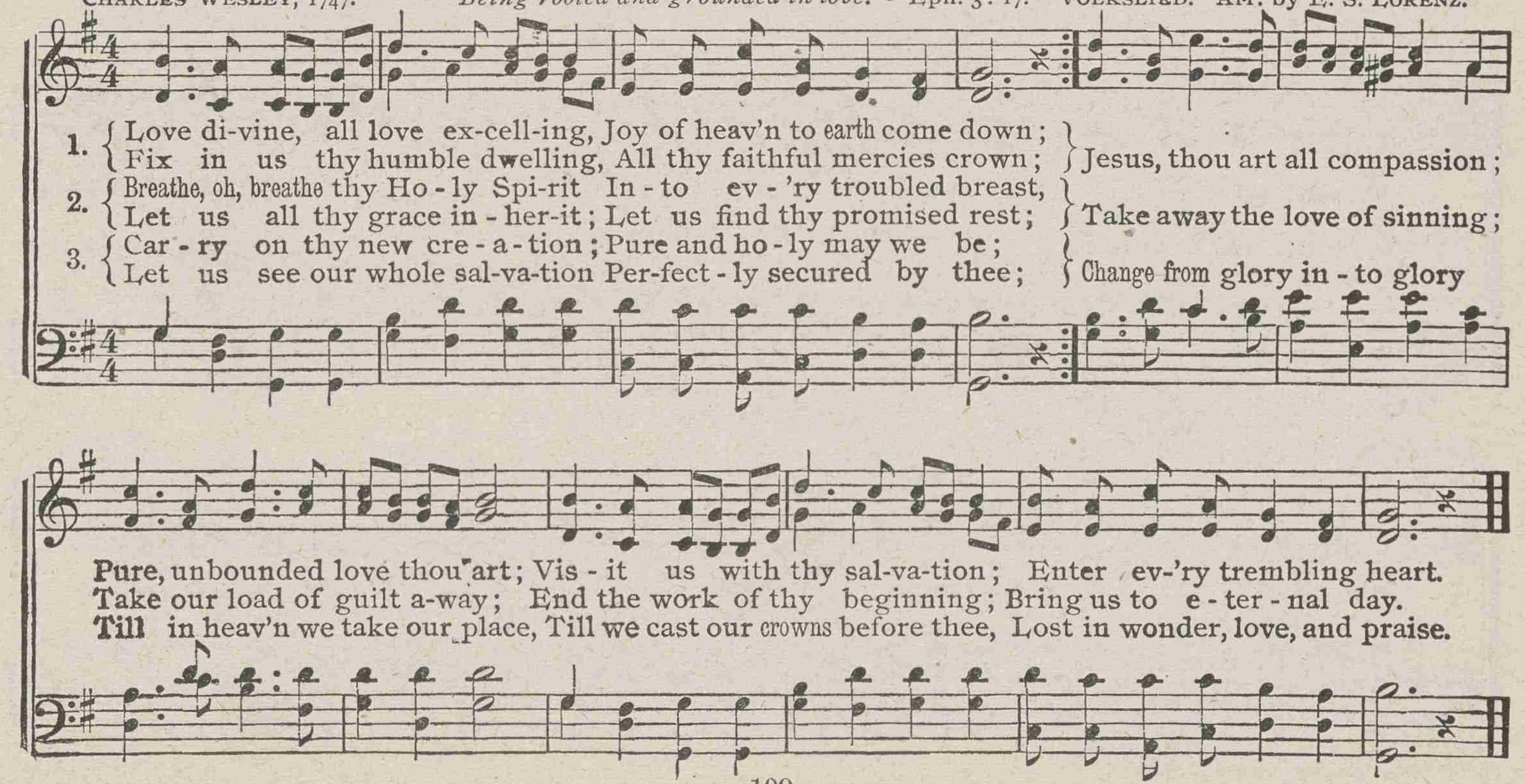
The Beautiful Light. Concluded.

164. Geinsheim. 8s & 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747. *"Being rooted and grounded in love."*—Eph. 3: 17. VOLKSLIED. Arr. by E. S. LORENZ.



165. Trusting Only Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *"Trust ye in the Lord forever."*—Is. 26 : 4. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am trust-ing thee, dear Sav-iour, Trust- ing on - ly thee! Trust-ing thee for full sal - va - tion,
2. I am trust-ing thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow; For thy grace and tender mer - cy
3. I am trust-ing thee for cleans-ing In the crim- son flood; Trust-ing thee to make me ho - ly
4. I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall; I am trust-ing thee for - ev - er,

Chorus.

O, how great and free! Trust-ing thee, tho' darkness fall, Trust - ing thee, tho' sins ap -
I am trust - ing now.
By thy pre - cious blood.
Trust - ing thee for all.

tho' darkness fall,

- pall, Trust - ing thee, I con-quer all, Trust - ing on - ly thee.

tho' sins ap- pall, I con-quer all,

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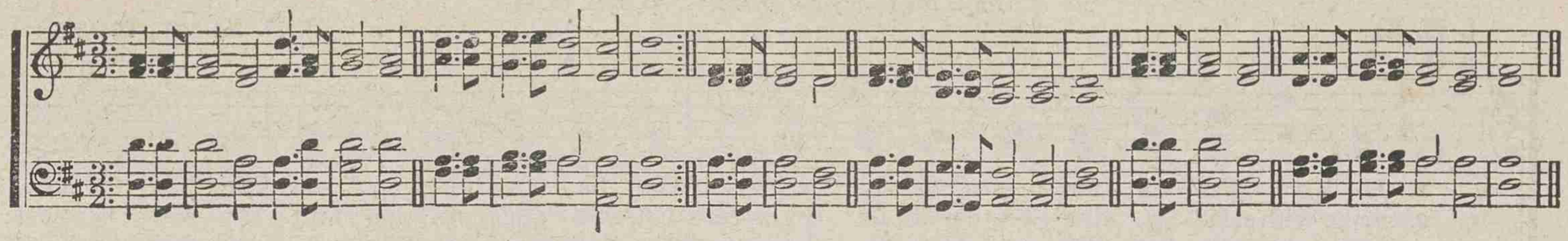
Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

166.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

167.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

168.

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

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

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

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

169.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

170.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

171. The Holy War.

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"—1 Tim. 6: 12.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Ho! gal - lant vol - un - teers, Quick-ly a - rise: Ho! Sa - tan's hosts ap - pear With bat - tle cries:
2. Strike with stead - y aim—Truth will be thy steel—Let Sa - tan's min - ion host thy pow - er feel;
3. Then, when the bat - tle's won, Ho, for the prize, Then, with God's on - ly son, Thou shalt a - rise;

Quick! ere the con-flict's lost, Forth! at what - ev - er cost, Be this thy war-rior boast, Vic - t'ry is mine.
Go, val - iant sol - dier, go, Strike with a heav - y blow, Let ev - 'ry foe-man know Thy trust - y steel.
Then when from du - ty free, Thou shalt vic - to-rious - ly, With thy great Cap-tain be In Par - a - dise.

Chorus.

1*st. time.* Marching on, near and far, Marching on, for the war;
2*d. time.* Marching on, ar - mies rise, Marching on, for the prize;
1*st. time.* March - ing on from near and far, Yes, Marching for the ho - ly war.
2*d. time.* March - ing on, see! ar - mies rise, Marching on - ward for the prize.

By permission.

172. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all si. John 1: 7.

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

1. Saved by the blood, now my heart can re-joice, I sing a Sav-ior's love with tri-umph-ant voice;
2. Saved by the blood! he's a Sav - ior in-deed! He came to my re - lief in my dir - est need;
3. Saved by the blood, I have rea - son to love The Friend who first loved me, oth-er friends a - bove;
4. Saved by the blood, while I live I shall praise The Lord who cleans'd and keeps all my pilgrim days;

Sin can not grieve, nor the conscience mo-lest, The blood has cleansing brought, and a per - fect rest.
Freed by his grace, from my guilt, from my sin, He en - ters my heart's door, and a - bides with-in.
No more my own, I am bought with a price, More precious than the stars was the sac - ri - fice.
A - ges of bliss shall be thrilled by the song, All glo - ry to the Lamb! ech-oes back the throng.

D.S. *Glo - ry to God! I am saved by the blood! I found a per - fect peace in the cleans-ing flood.*

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood! I am saved by the blood! The Savior's side has healing, I am saved by the blood!

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173. Come and Hear the Story Told.

"Hearken unto me, my people, and give ear unto me."—Is. 51: 4.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come and hear the sto - ry told Of the Saviour from a- bove; It will move thy heart to pit - y, It will move thy heart to love; All the glo - ry that He had With the Fa- ther on His throne, Lo! He
2. O the pov - er- ty and woe That the Saviour took in-stead Of the glo- ry and the rich- es That were all a-round Him spread; Yes, my eyes are mov'd to tears, And my heart to sym- pa - thy, When I
3. Just as sweet the sto - ry sounds Of the blessed Saviour's birth, As it did to watching shepherds When it first was born to earth; Just as sweet the sto - ry seems, Tho' I've heard it o'er and o'er, Of the

Chorus.

casts a - side for sin - ners, That He might for them a - tone. Come and hear . . . the sto - ry
list - en to the sto - ry Of the Sav- iour's love for me.
Sav- iour's love and pit - y, Such as ne'er was shown be - fore. Come and hear the sto - ry

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Come and Hear the Story Told.—Concluded.

told Of the Sav - -- iour from a - bove; It will
told, the sto - ry told, Of the Sav-iour, of the Sav- iour from a - bove;

move . . . thy heart to pit - y, It will move . . . . thy heart to love.
It will move thy heart to pit - y, gen - tle pit - y, It will move thy heart to love.

174. Gethsemane.

"As ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—Pet. 4: 13.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deep- er faith I seek,
   Then in tho't I turn to thee, (*Omit. . . . . .*) Gar-den of Geth-sem - a - ne.
2. Then to life re - turn a - gain, Learn-ing all the worth of pain;
   Learn- ing all the might that lies (*Omit. . . . . .*) In a full self- sac - ri - fice.

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175. The Harbor Light.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - bove the day's de - clin - ing The har - bor lights are shin - ing, Their peace - ful rays com - bin - ing To guide us home. How glad that sig - nal burn - ing To wea - ry eyes re - turn - ing From stran - ger lands so - journ - ing No more to roam.
2. The wan - derer's toils are o - ver, With joy his eyes dis - cov - er The lamps of glo - ry hov - er The wa - ters o'er. The blast that raged in mad - ness, The clouds that wept in sad - ness, Are swept a - way in glad - ness, They harm no more.
3. Christ is our glo - ry shin - ing In pain or age de - clin - ing, His prom - is - es com - bin - ing To cheer us come. In gloom the light is dear - er, The path of faith is clear - er, Each wild wave wafts us near - er The light at home.
4. The har - bor light is glow - ing, The home - ward path - way show - ing, Its ra- diance out- ward throw - ing To gild death's foam. Long tost by storms con - tend - ing We see the glo - ry blend - ing, And haste to bliss un - end - ing To rest at home.

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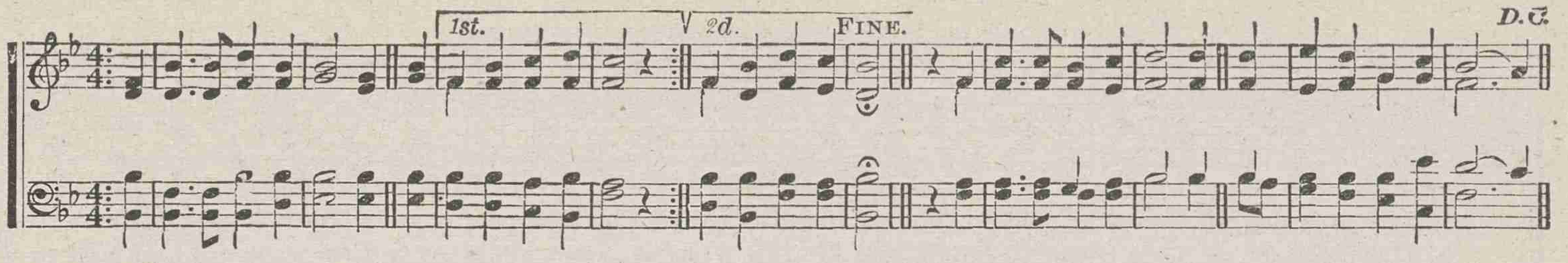
176.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

177.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

178.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song;
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

179.

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

180. Let Us Praise Him.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Psa. 67: 5.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Let us praise our God with grateful heart and voice, Praise him ever glorious! Let our ransomed souls in
2. He has led us forth from darkness into light, Kings and priests made royal, Now we stand and wait to
3. Come and join his praise, the sweet new song awaits, Heaven's joy un-fold-ing; We shall meet to sing be-

CHORUS.

him a-lone re-joice, Lift-ed up vic-to-rious. Let us praise . . . . . him! Let us
of-fer as his right, Serv-ice true and loy-al.
yond the pearl-y gates, Glad his face be-hold-ing. Let us praise him, ev-er praise him! Let us

praise . . . . him! At his feet . . . . most hum-bly fall! Let us
praise him, ev-er praise him! At his feet in ad-o-ra-tion hum-bly fall, most hum-bly fall! Let us

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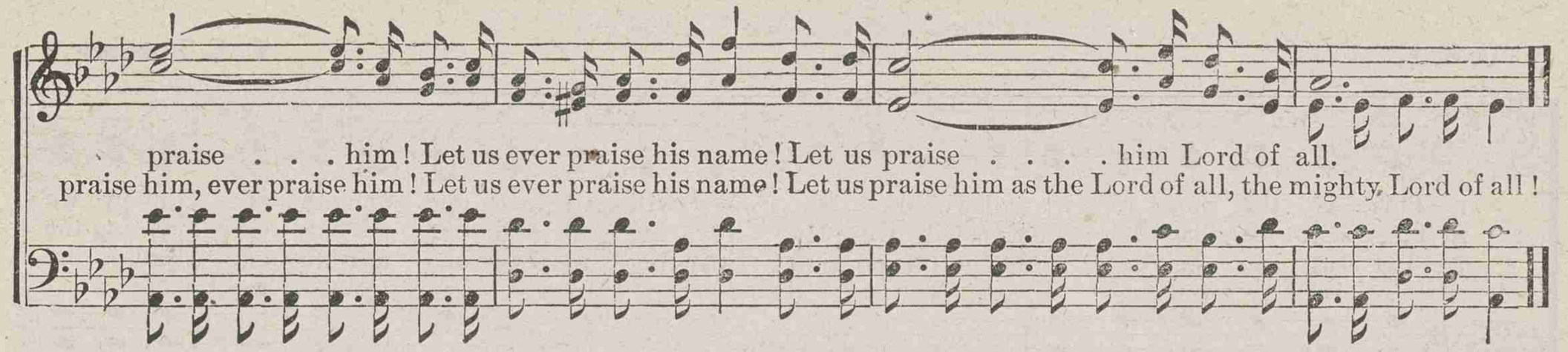
Let Us Praise Him. Concluded.



181. He is Calling.

"And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 57.

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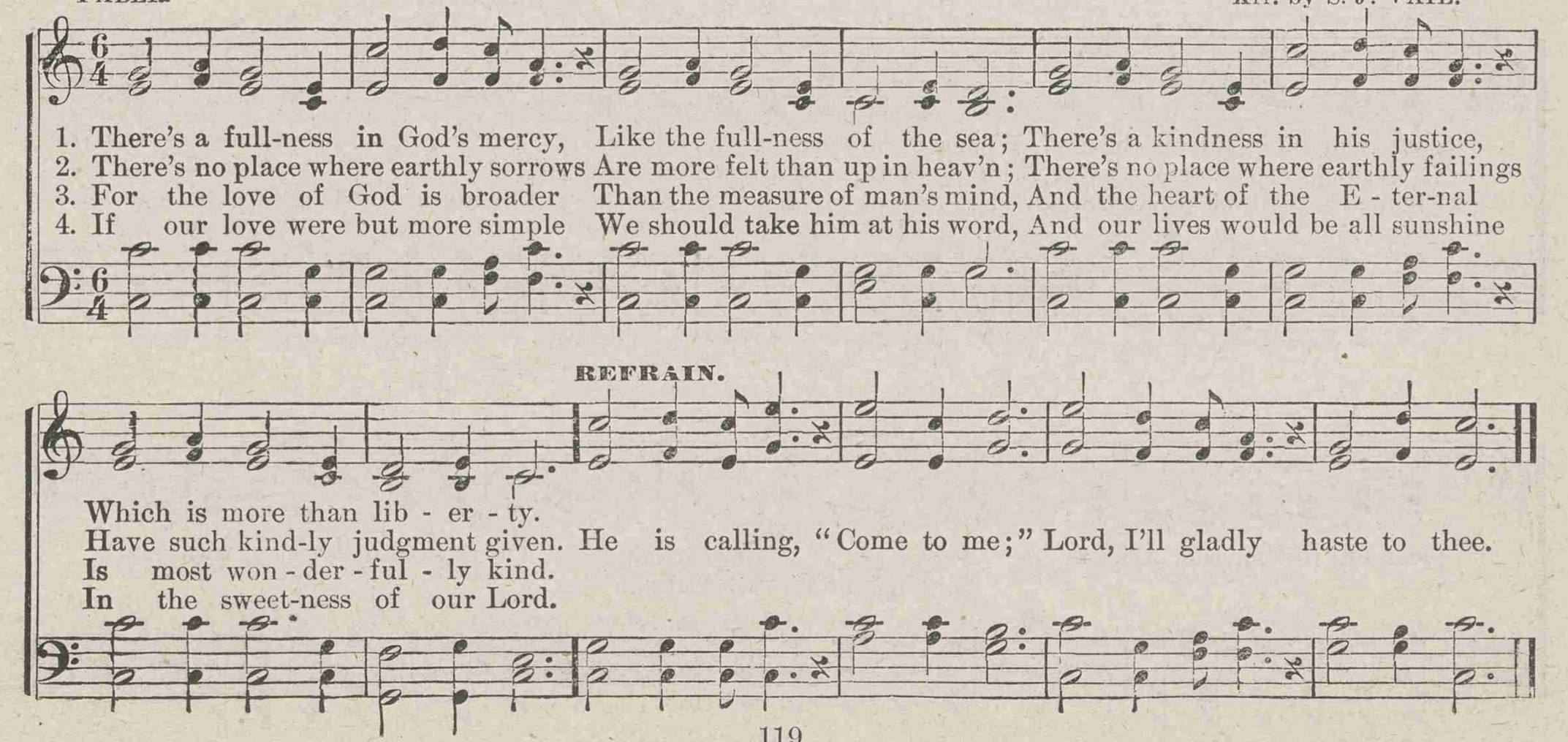
182.

Loving Each Other.

"Let us love one another."—1 John 4: 1

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.

1. This is the mot - to we all would o - bey, We will all love one an - oth - er; Hap-py we
2. Thus will we la - bor and thus will we play, Try - ing to help one an - oth - er; Driv-ing the
3. Let us, like Je - sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striv- ing to please one an - oth - er; Here, as in

Chorus.

sing and are glad all the day, When we can serve one an - oth - er.
sor - rows of oth-ers a-way, Bringing sweet peace to each oth - er.
heav'n, we will be of one mind, Ev-'ry one lov-ing the oth - er.

Lov - - - ing each oth - er, How
Lov-ing and serving each oth - er, How

pleas-ant to cher-ish a broth - er; Serv - - ing each oth - er, The Saviour looks on us with joy.
Serv-ing and lov- ing each oth - er,

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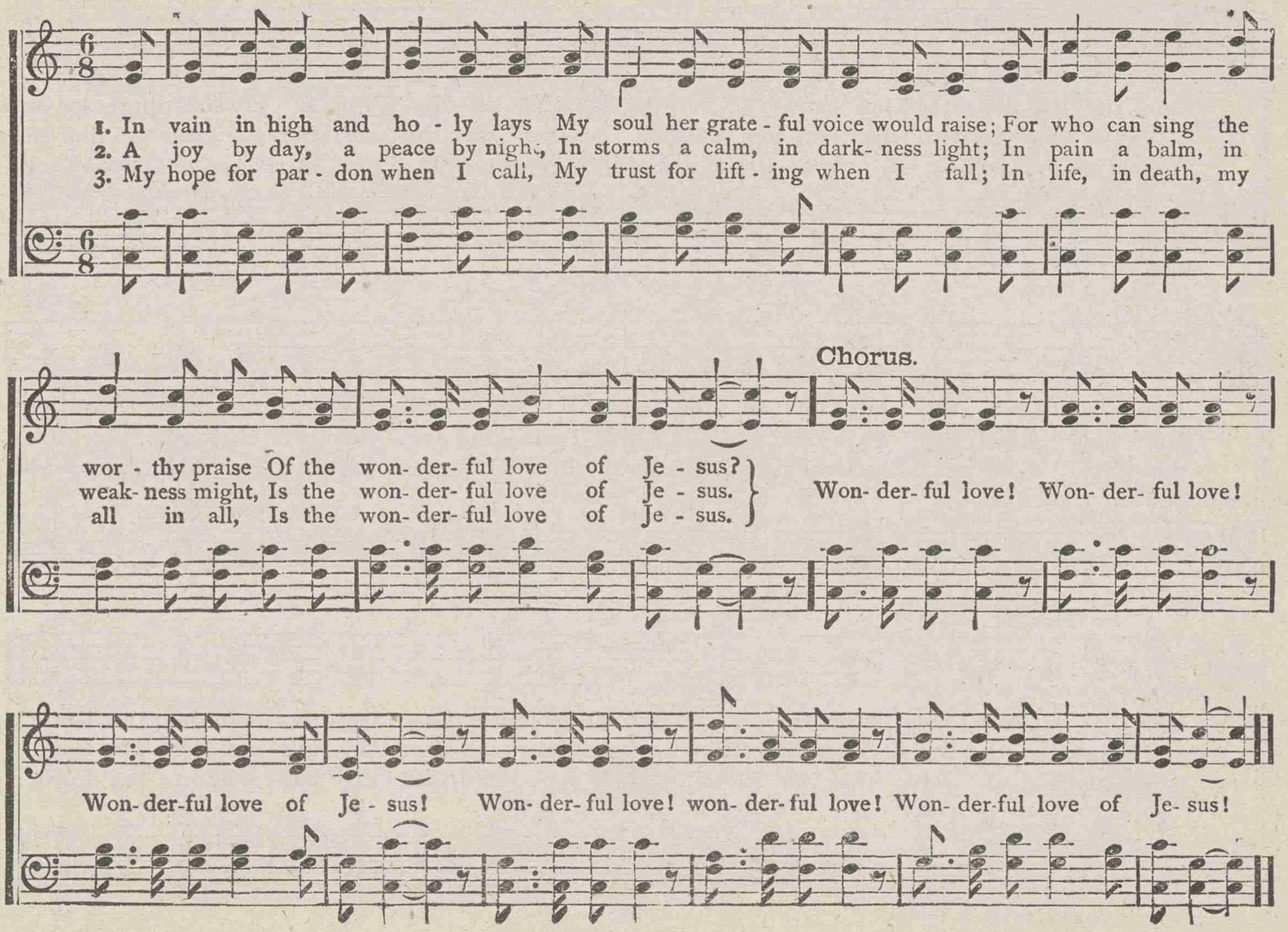
183. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

E. D. MUNE. E. S. LORENZ.



184. Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord.—Ps. 55 : 22.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Is thy life distressed and drea - ry, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Is thy soul oppressed and wea - ry, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, He will all thy sor-rows share, All thy
2. Sore af - flict - ed with thy bur - den, Cast it ev - er on the Lord; For thy faith will find rich guer - don, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Taste and see the Lord is kind, In his
3. Blest are they who bur-dens bear - ing, Cast them ev - er on the Lord; They have joys beyond com- par - ing, Cast - ing bur - dens on the Lord, Bur - dens drive us near the Lord, Who doth

heav - y bur - dens bear, Make thy life his ten - der care, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
grace thou strength wilt find, Trust him still with steadfast mind, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
gracious help af - ford, On us bless-ings rich are poured, Cast - ing bur - dens on the Lord.

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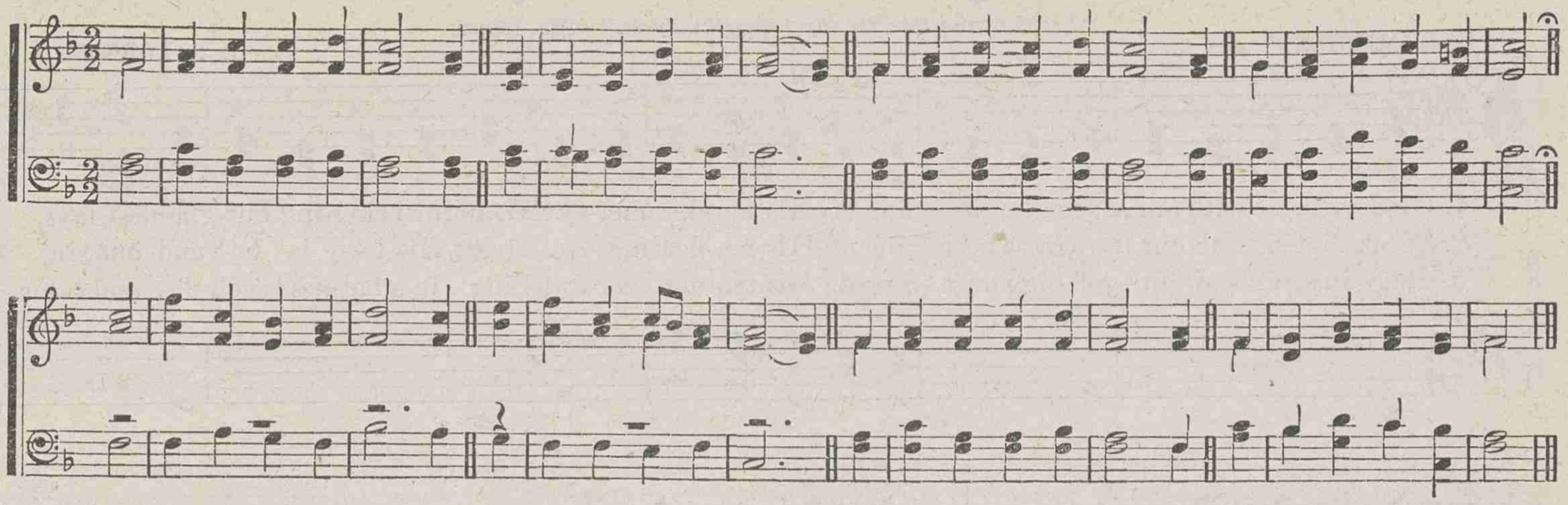
Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

LOWELL MASON.

185.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

186.

1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
Oh, waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, oh, earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

187.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

188. Sing of His Tender Mercy.

"I will praise thee for thy loving kindness."—Psa. 138: 2.

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

1. Glad we come with our songs of praise, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Grateful bring-ing our gladdest lays,
2. Weak and sin-ful our lives have been, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Great His love is be-yond our sin,
3. Sing in strains of an-gel-ic pow'r, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Sing in glad-ness each day and hour,

Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Mer-cy o'er us by night, by day, Drives our fears and our
Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Mer-cy shel-ters from sin and shame, Suits the tri-al to
Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Sing the joys of the Fa-ther's smile, Sing the free-dom from

foes a-way, Lights the years of our up-ward way, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy!
hu-man frame, Bears the bur-den of bit-ter blame, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy!
sins so vile, Sing of home aft-er long ex-ile, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy!

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189. Bringing the World to Christ.

"The field is the world."—Matt. 13: 38.

D. E. L. REV. D. E. LORENZ.

1. Christian workers, far and wide, Bringing the world to Christ, Preach to men that
2. How they la - bor night and day, Bringing the world to Christ, Call-ing men from
3. May God's peo-ple all u - nite, Bringing the world to Christ, Strong to scat-ter
4. Let us strive and let us pray, Bringing the world to Christ, Help to haste his

CHORUS.

Je - sus died, Bringing the world to Christ.
sin a - way, Bringing the world to Christ.
sin's dark night, Bringing the world to Christ.
crown-ing day, Bringing the world to Christ.

Bless, O Lord, thy saints' am-bi-tion,

Bringing the world to Christ; Speed them in their holy mission, Bringing the world to Christ.

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190. The Hollow of God's Hand.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Psa. 17: 8.

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

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe, who - ev - er may de-
2. What tho' fierce the storm - y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's tri - als oft con-
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the voice di - vine has

ride me; I am safe, as long as I con - fide me In the hol - low of God's hand.
found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me In the hol - low of God's hand.
told me; I am safe, while God him - self doth hold me In the hol - low of his hand.

CHORUS.

In the hol - low, hol - low of his hand! In the hol - low, hol - low of his
In the hol-low, in the hollow of his hand! In the hol-low, in the

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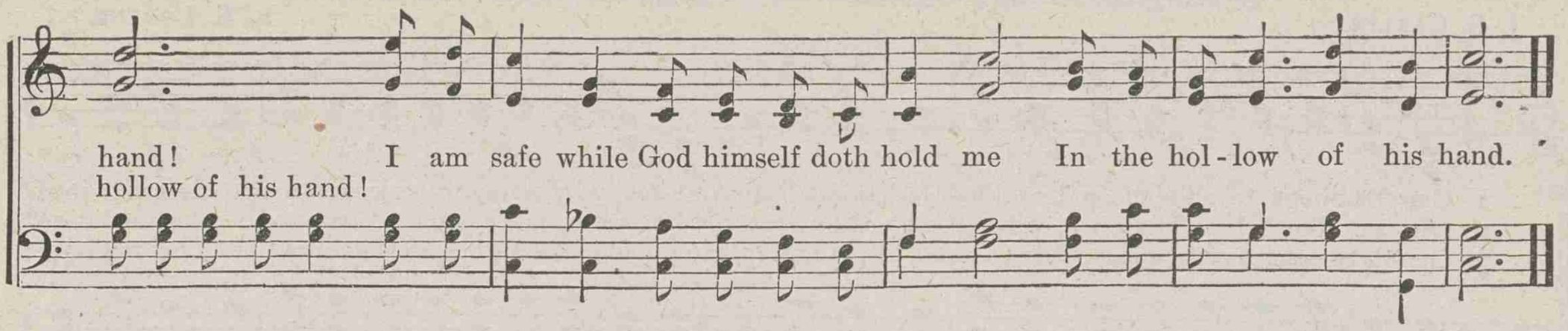
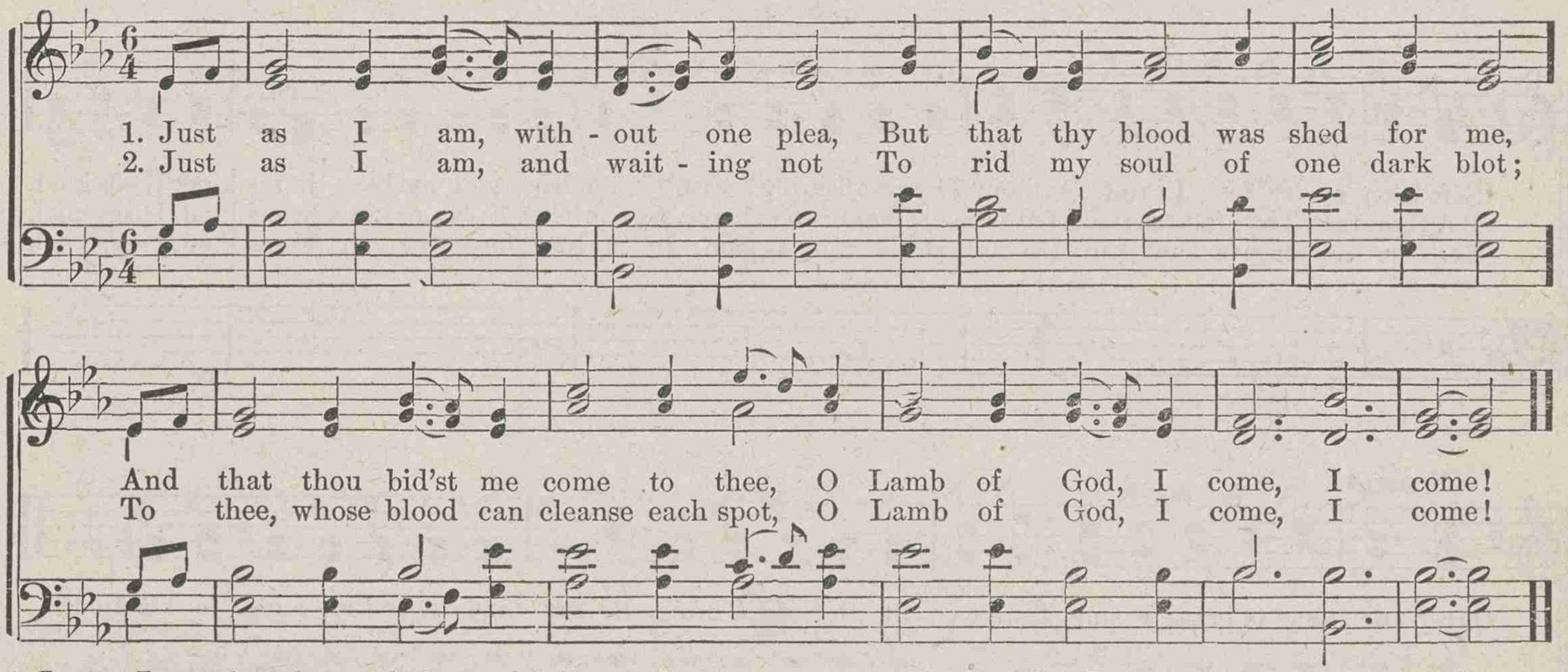
The Hollow of God's Hand. Concluded.

191. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WOODWORTH. L. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

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

By permission.

192. Jesus Kind.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—Isa. 40: 11.

J. B. CARLIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Gen- tle Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus kind, Jesus kind, Round me keep Thy loving arms close entwined, close entwined;
2. Oft - en did I hear Thy voice, call-ing me, calling me, Bidding me in warning tones, "turn and flee, turn and flee!"
3. Gen-tle Shepherd of the sheep, Christ adored, Christ adored, How could I so long despise Thee my Lord, Thee my Lord!

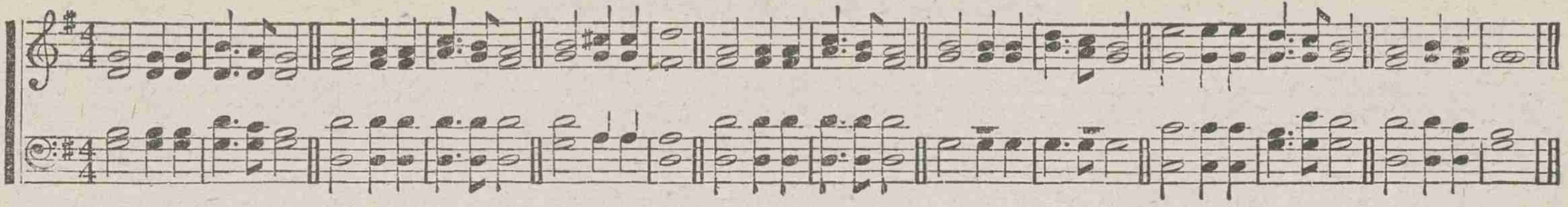
Safe from ev- 'ry foe I rest, And on Thy pro-tect-ing breast, I am hap-py, I am blest, Je-sus kind, Je-sus kind.
But I scorned Thy gracious voice Till I made the bet-ter choice, Now in Thee I can re-joice, Je-sus kind, Je-sus kind.
Let me nev-er give Thee pain; Let me nev - er sin a- gain; In my heart for-ev- er reign, Je-sus kind, Je-sus kind.

Chorus.

Hear the song of praise I sing, Take the lit - tle heart I bring, Be my Saviour and my King, Je- sus kind.

New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Dr. HASTINGS.



193.

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

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

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

194.

1 Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

195.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

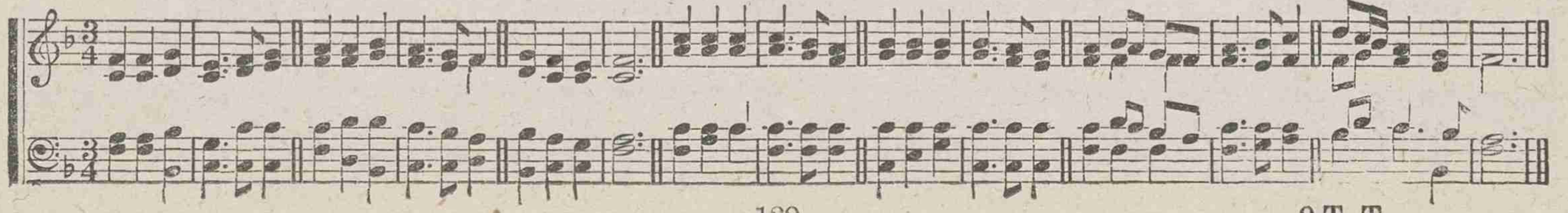
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian, with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the State!

196.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

America. 6s & 4s.

197. God is Coming.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Is. xl: 3.

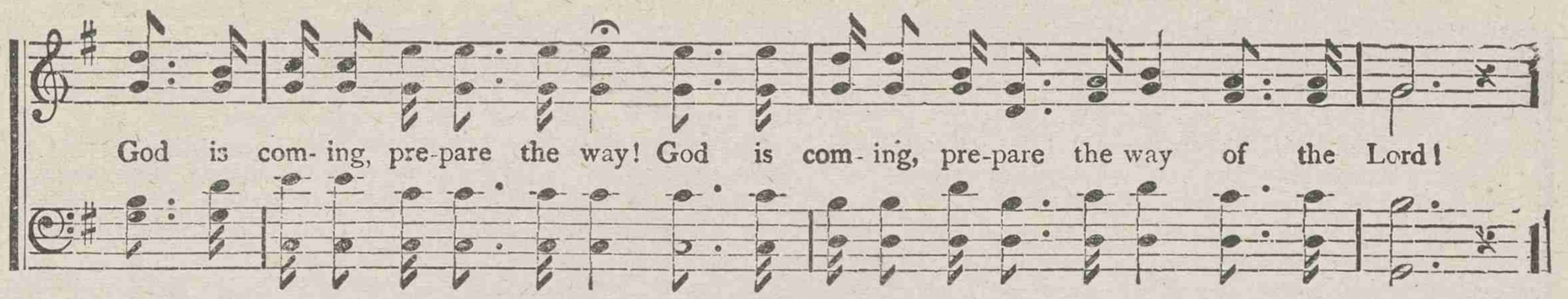
E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Go ye out to meet Him, God is drawing near; Soon His pow'r and glory in us will appear; Hear the mes-sage
2. Put a-side the sin that keeps the pow'r away; Cleanse your hearts from evil, humbly bow and pray; Seek His face and
3. He will love you freely, your backslidings heal, Fill your soul with power, all His grace reveal; He will give you
4. God is com-ing near-er, God is here to-day, Bringing His sal-va- tion for the souls that stray; Onward rolls His

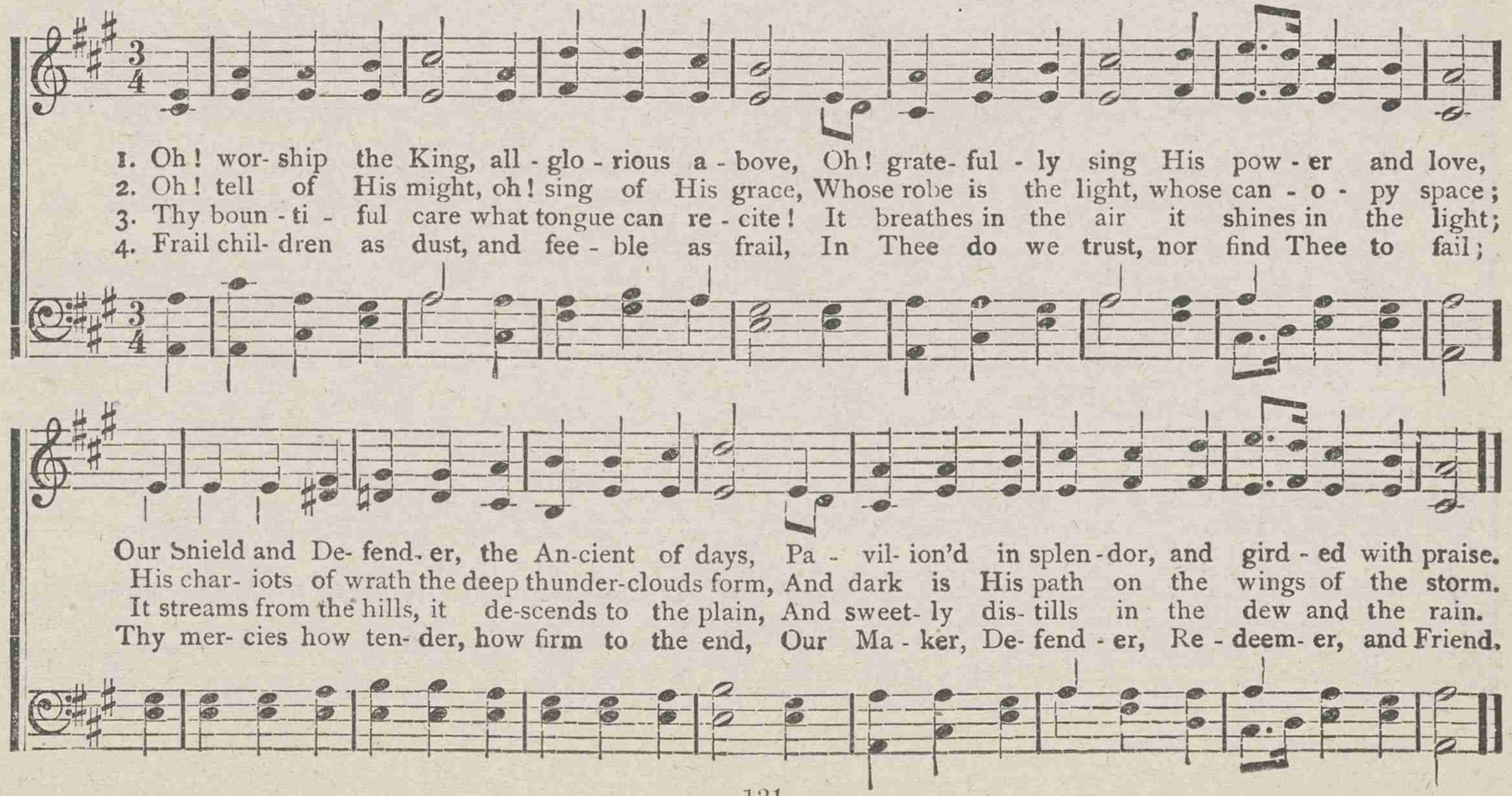
Chorus.

sounding, "O prepare the way;" God is com- ing near- er, God will come to-day. God is com-ing, . .
fa - vor, claim the promise true, He with needed strength and pow-er will en-due.
peace, your heart with gladness fill: Oh, prepare the way, ac- cept His ho - ly will!
cha - riot, bringing life and cheer, God has come in pow- er, vic - to - ry is here.

God is coming God is coming, prepare the way of the Lord! God is coming
prepare the way! prepare the way!
of the Lord! prepare the way!

God is Coming.—Concluded.

198. Oh! Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. *"I will extol Thee, my God, O King."*—Psa. 145: 1. F. D. HAYDN.



199. When the King Comes In.

J. E. LANDOR. *"The King came in to see his guests."*—Matt. 22 : 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be;
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe;
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed- ding gar - ments dress'd;

Refrain.

How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
Just what we are will each neigh- bor know, When the King comes in.
Ah! well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.

When the King comes in,

broth-er, When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me, When the King comes in?

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200. Busy Little Gleaners.

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers."—Ruth 2 : 3.

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

1. The reap - ers now for many a day, Have toiled a - mid the grain; But we come in from
2. With hope and strength we glean - ers search The gold - en grain fields through; With songs of glad - ness
3. But not a - lone to man, should praise, By glean - er bands be given; No, we, our hearts and
4. And when our work on earth is done—Our glean-ing days all o'er, We'll car - ry home our

Full Chorus. *Lively.*

hill and dale, A bus - y glean - er train. We are bus - y glean - ers, Cheer-ful lit - tle glean- ers,
on our lips As we our work pur - sue.
voic - es raise In grat - i - tude to heav'n.
gath-er'd sheaves, And rest for - ev - er - more. We are lov - ing glean- ers, Work-ing lit - tle glean- ers,

Work-ing for the Mas - ter in the har - vest field;

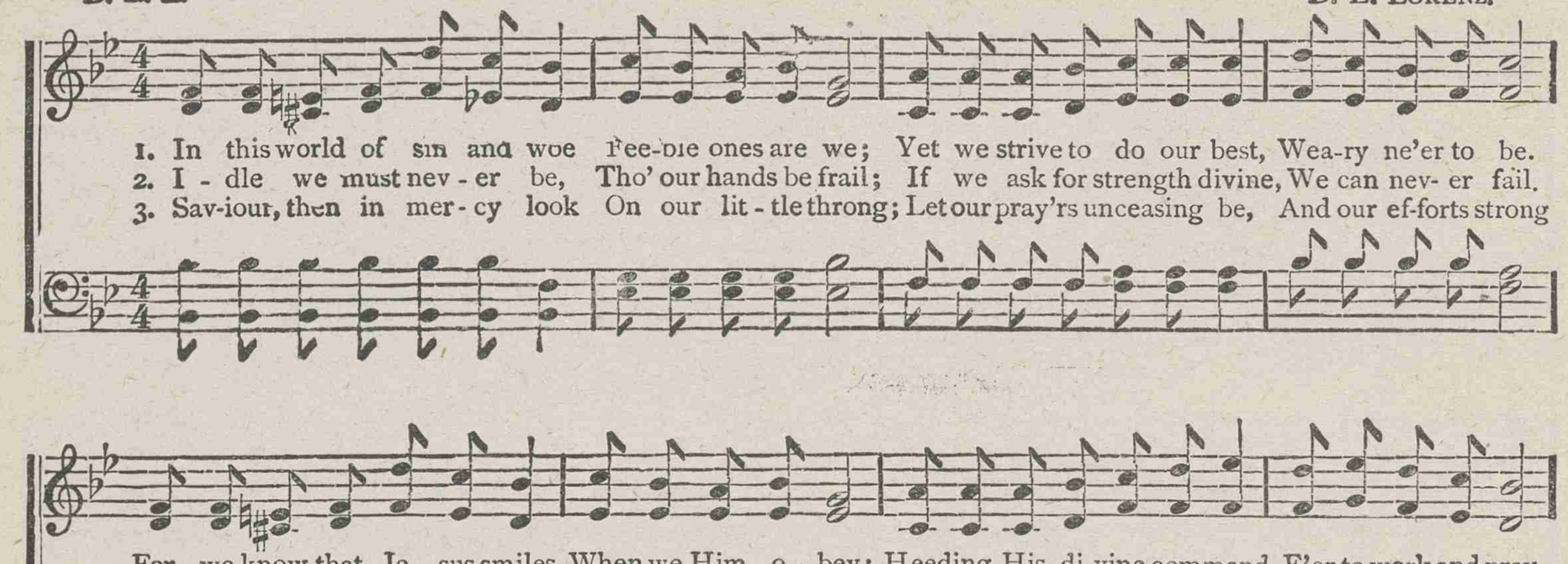
Omit. . . . . .) Pray for us while toil - ing in the har - vest field.

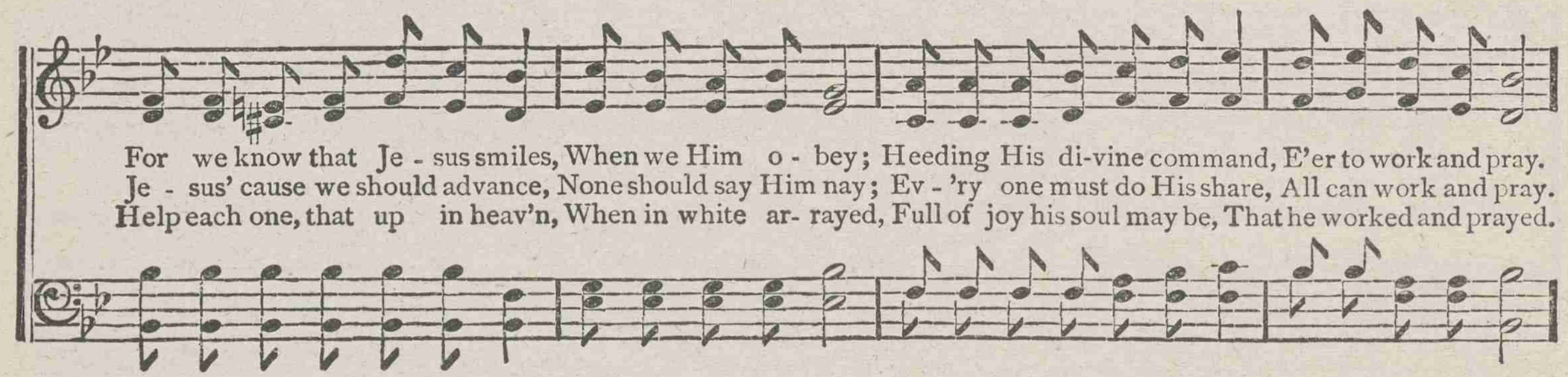
Copyright, 1886, by I. BALTZELL.

201. Work and Pray.

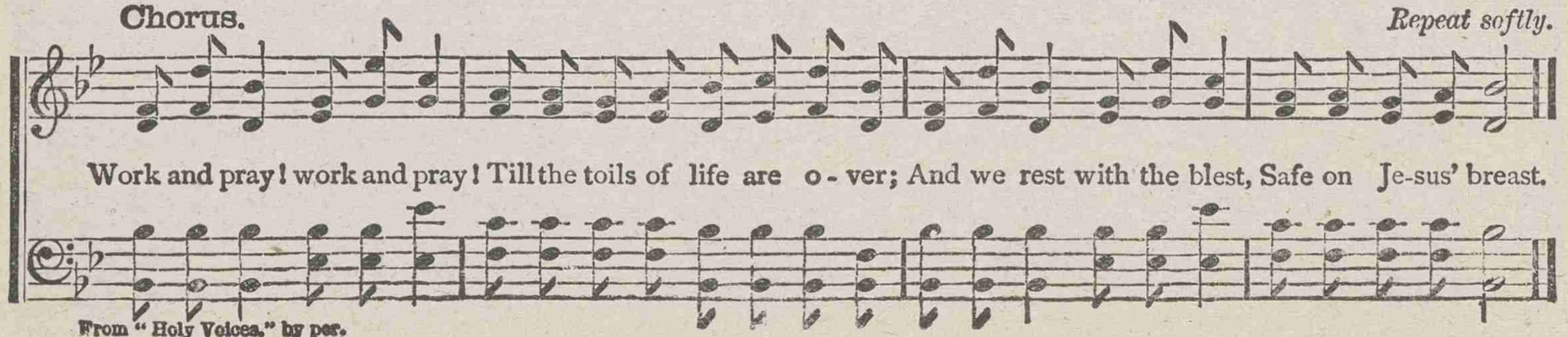
"*Go work to-day.*"—Matt. 21 : 28. "*Pray without ceasing.*"—1 Thess. 5 : 17.

D. E. L. D. E. Lorenz.



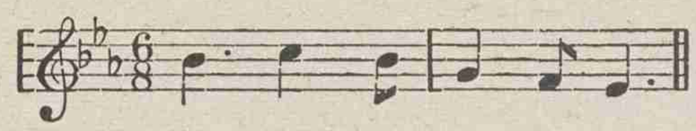
1. In this world of sin and woe Fee-ble ones are we; Yet we strive to do our best, Wea-ry ne'er to be.
2. I - dle we must nev - er be, Tho' our hands be frail; If we ask for strength divine, We can nev- er fail.
3. Sav-iour, then in mer - cy look On our lit - tle throng; Let our pray'rs unceasing be, And our ef-forts strong

For we know that Je - sus smiles, When we Him o - bey; Heeding His di-vine command, E'er to work and pray.
Je - sus' cause we should advance, None should say Him nay; Ev - 'ry one must do His share, All can work and pray.
Help each one, that up in heav'n, When in white ar- rayed, Full of joy his soul may be, That he worked and prayed.

Chorus. *Repeat softly.*



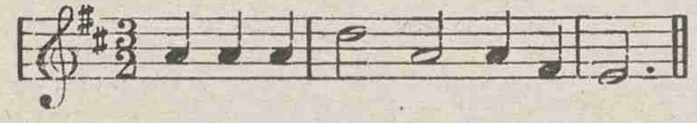
Work and pray! work and pray! Till the toils of life are o - ver; And we rest with the blest, Safe on Je-sus' breast.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

202. HOPE. 6s, 4s.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine:
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

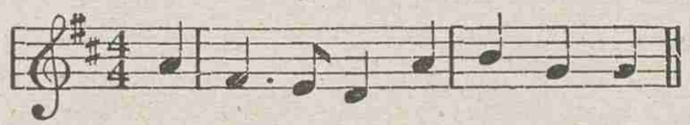
3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

203. REST.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

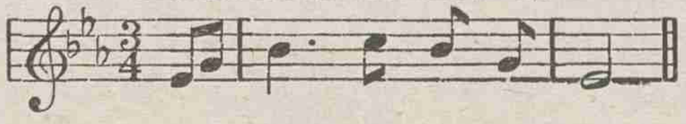
204. HE LEADETH ME.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand, he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

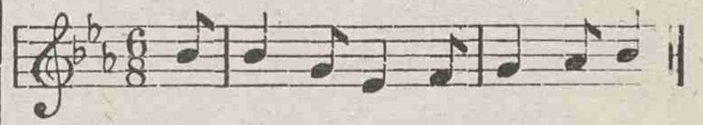
205. JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

206. GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

207. Praise Ye the Lord.

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God."—Psa. 147: 1.

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

1. When earth and sea take up the strain, Shall we a-lone from praise re-frain? Our voi - ces would we glad - ly raise To join the u - ni - ver - sal praise.
2. The bees that hum from flow'r to flow'r, The birds that sing in leaf - y bow'r, The brook that murmurs sweet - ly by, The vo - cal winds take up the cry.
3. The ver-dant fields in si - lent praise Smile at the sky in sun - ny days; And clouds re-freshing show'rs distill, To make a - dor - ing mu - sic still.
4. The sun that climbs the ze - nith high, The stars that light the mid-night sky, Yea all we see and hear u - nite, Our sweetest song of praise in-vite.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord!
Praise ye the Lord, ev - er praise him, ev-er praise him!
Praise ye the Lord, ev - er praise him! Let ev'ry voice join the cho - rus! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord for-ev-er!
Praise ye the Lord, ev-er praise him,

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208. Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

That we might work the works of God."—John 6 : 28.

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

1. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast and earn-est and true; Will - ing to do for the
2. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Do - ing the work to be done; Cheer-ful - ly, earn-est - ly,
3. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Read - y to go where he needs; Sow - ing good seed for the
4. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Then at the set of the sun, Say, "Thou wert faithful, my

Chorus.

Mas - ter All he ex - pects me to do.
glad - ly Lab'ring till set of the sun.
har - vest Plucking up bri - ars and weeds.
serv - ant, Rest, for thy work is now done."

Make me a work - er for Je - sus, A will - ing work-er for Je - sus, Do - ing my best for the Mas - ter, He hath done great things for me.

By permission.

209. Riches of Grace.

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

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

1. Rich- es of earth I may not see, God may pre - vent; Rich- es of grace are of - fered me,
2. I may not win fair hon- or's crown, God may pre - vent: Heav-en - ly hon - ors are my own,
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre - vent; I have a peace that can - not cease,

I am con - tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earth- ly de - lights grow taste - less, stale;
I am con - tent. Chil-dren of God and heirs of grace, Walk-ing in light be - fore his face,
God hath it sent. Sweet- ly the hours of life glide by, Harmless its tri - als past me fly,

Chorus.

I have the wealth that must a - vail— Rich- es of grace.
Rest - ing in peace in his em- brace— Rich- es of grace.
Strong in his grace I all de - fy— Rich- es of grace.

Rich - es of grace.....

Rich- es of grace

Copyright, 1886, by E. S. LORENZ.

Riches of Grace.—Concluded.

for - ev - er en - dure, ... Riches of grace..... my safe-ty as - sure;.....
for- ev - er en-dure, Riches of grace my safe-ty as-sure;

Riches of grace..... are fadeless and pure,..... Riches of grace,..... Riches of grace.
Riches of grace are fadeless and pure, Riches of grace, Riches of grace.

rit.

210. All Together.

"Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Psa. 81 : 1.

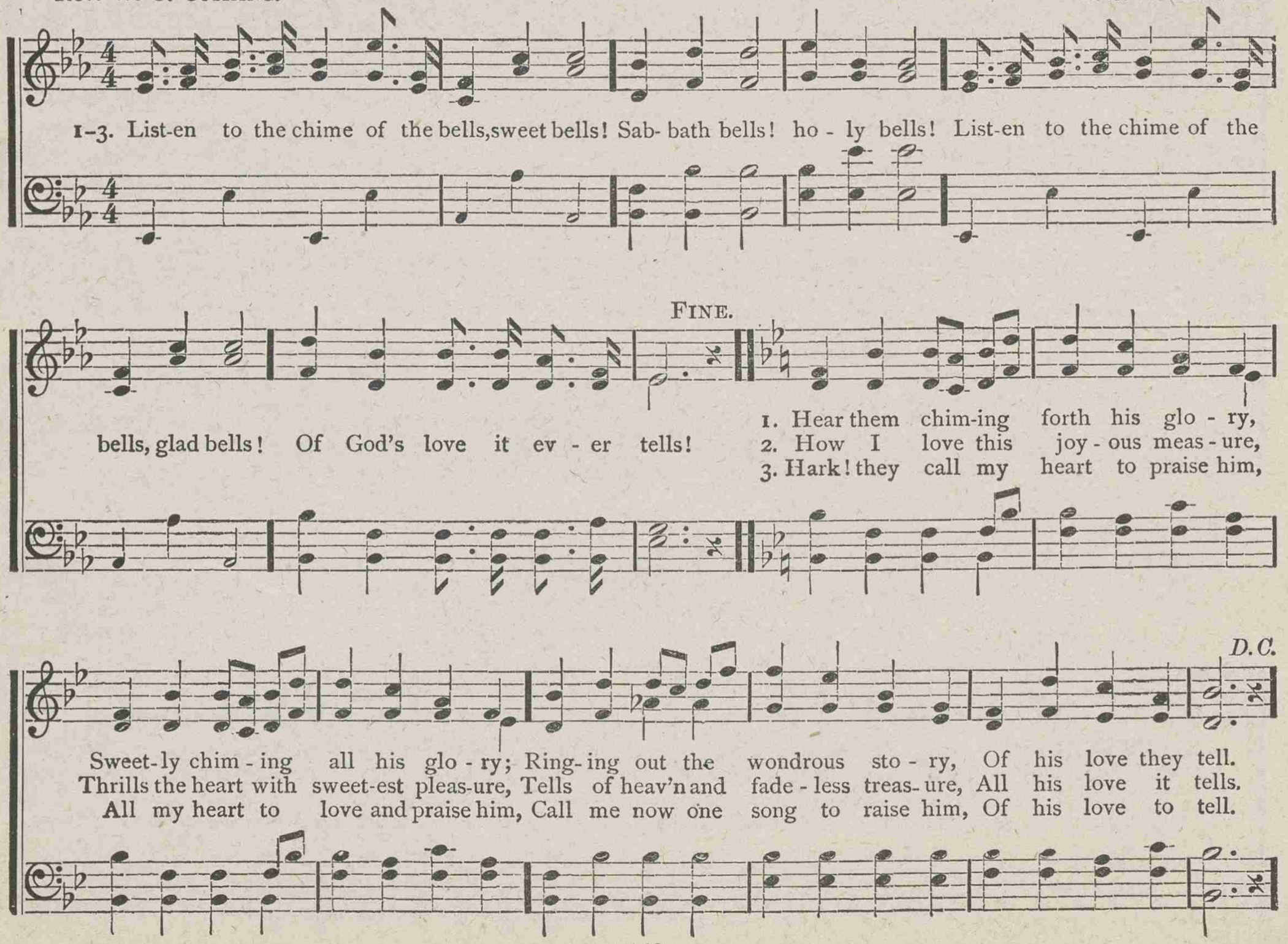
I. BALTZELL.

1. We love to sing to - geth-er, Our hearts and voices one; To praise our heav'nly Fa - ther, And his e - ter - nal Son.
2. We love to pray to - geth-er, To Je - sus on his throne, And ask that he will ev - er Ac-cept us as his own.
3. We love to read to - geth-er The word of sav-ing truth, Whose light is shin-ing ev - er To guide our ear - ly youth.
4. We love to be to - geth-er Up - on the Sabbath day, And strive to help each oth - er A - long the heav'nly way.

211. Listen to the Bells.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Psa. 128: 24.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.



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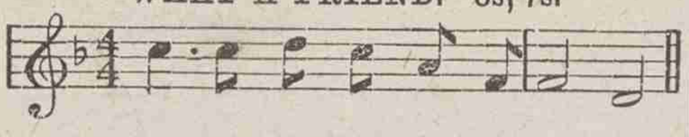
212.

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

213.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

Key of F.

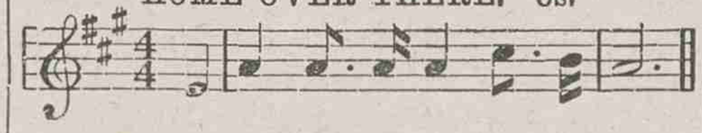
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

214.

HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

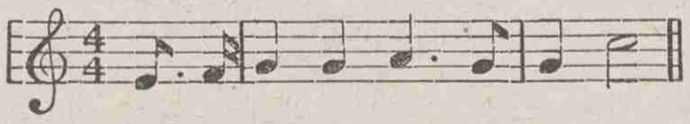
REFRAIN.

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

215.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

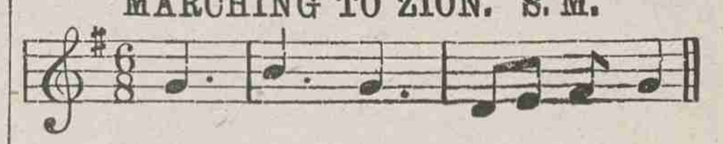
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

216.

MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

217. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

*"Found the man * * * sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."*—Luke 8: 35.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Cleans'd from sin, made free and whole,
2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; All my wounds are fill'd with balm,
3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Safe be-neath the tree of life,
4. Come, ye guilt - y, and be heal'd, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Free - ly is God's love re-veal'd,

Chorus.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

This is my a - bid - ing place, Cloth'd with his a - - bound - ing grace, Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

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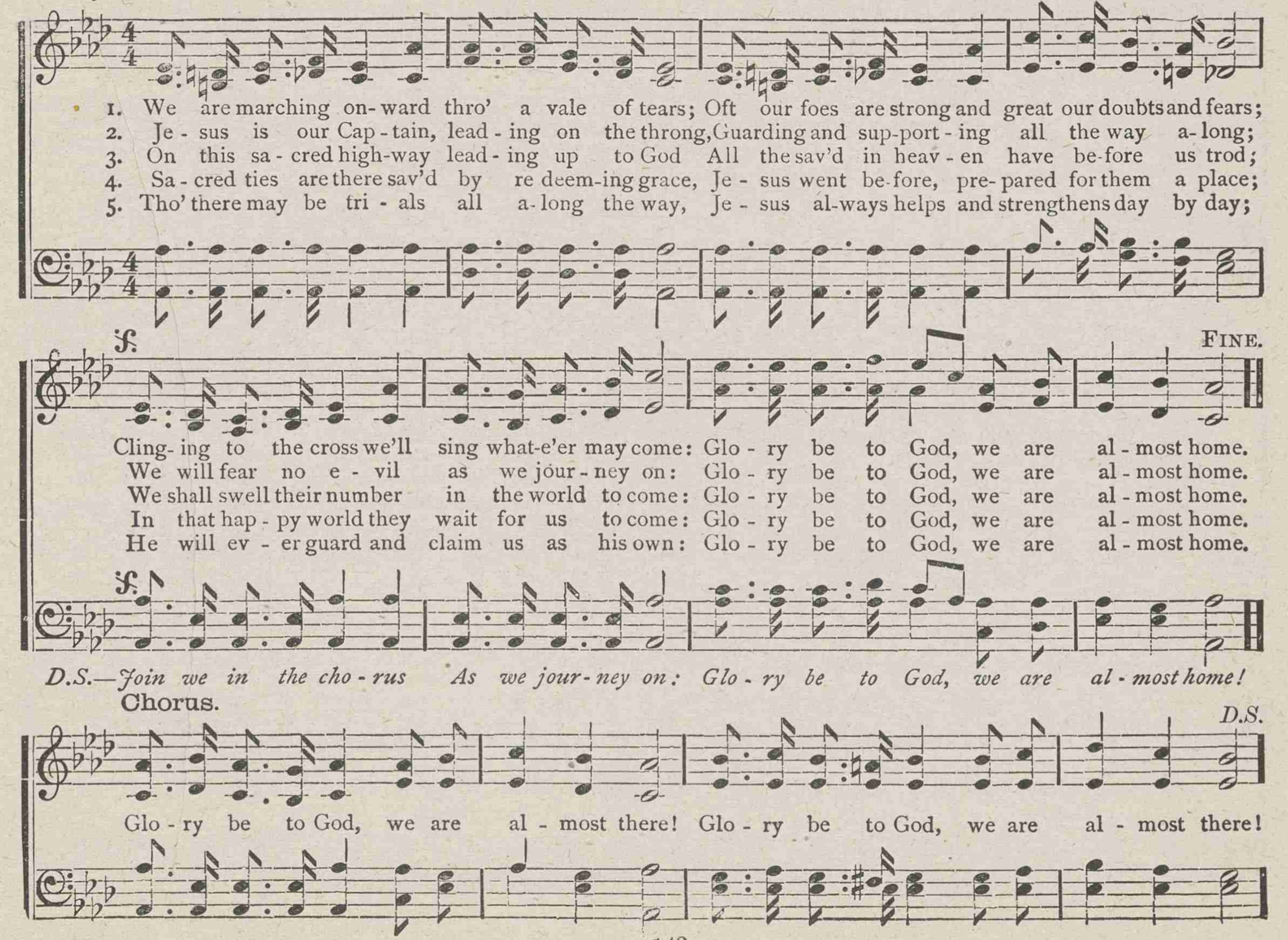
183. Almost Home.

"*The time of my departure is at hand.*"—2 Tim. 4: 6.

S. J. G. Rev. S. J. GRAHAM.



219. Closer to Thee.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."—John 12: 32.

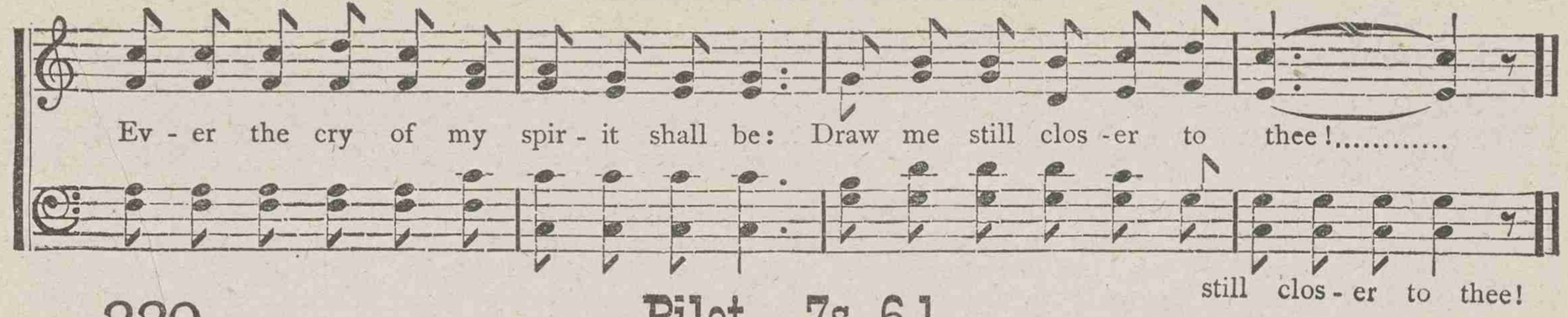
C. H. GABRIEL. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Draw me, dear Sav - iour, still clos - er to thee, Sweet- est con - tent-ment there on - ly can be;
2. Clos - er to thee when the wild tem - pests blow, Clos - er to thee in this des - ert of woe,
3. Clos - er to thee is the cry of my heart, Nev - er from thee let my soul e'er de - part;
4. Ev - er and ev - er my long - ing shall be, Dear lov - ing Lamb, to draw clos - er to thee,

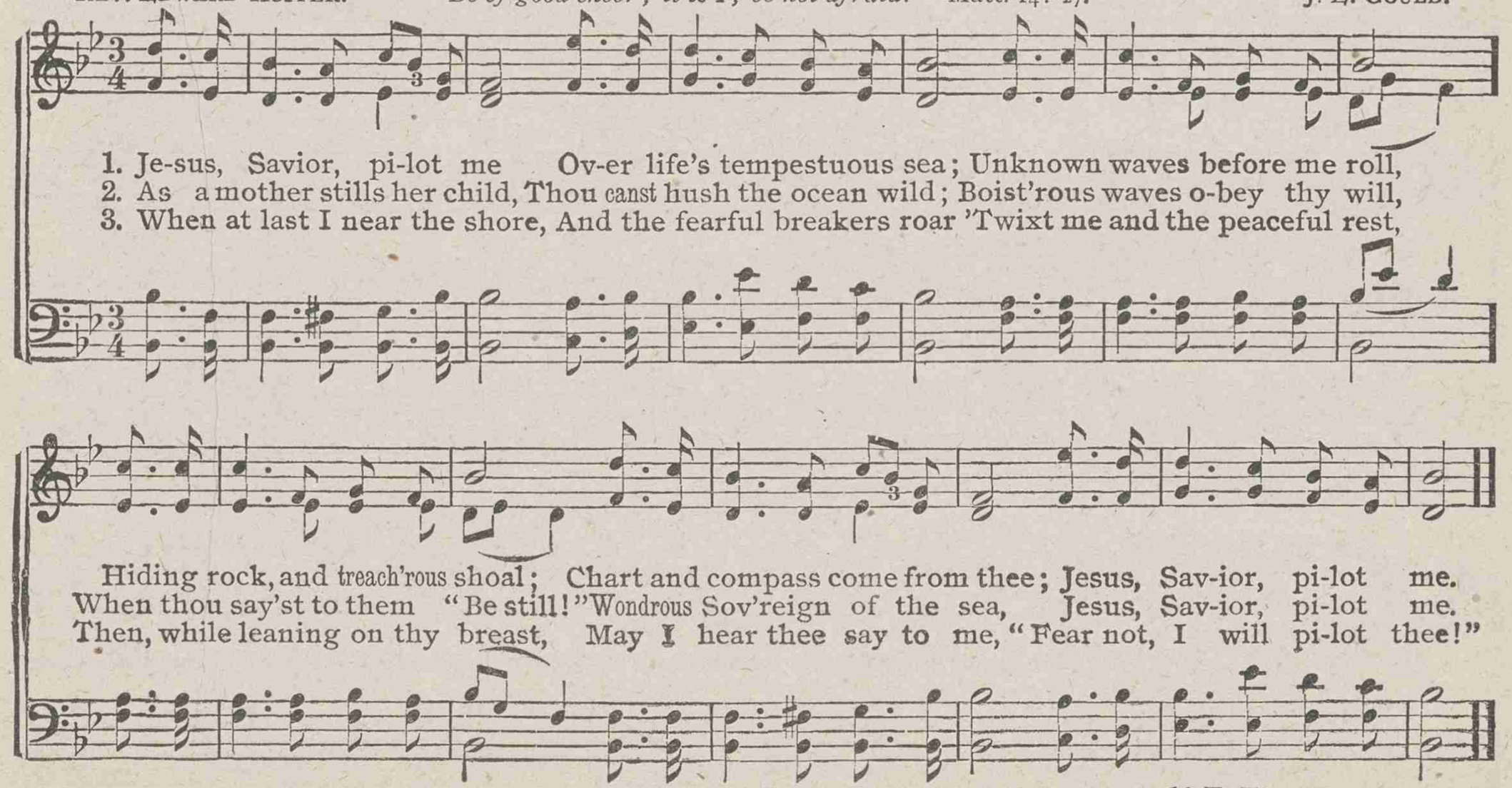
Gen - tly a - round me thy lov - ing arms twine, Bless me, dear Sav - iour, I know I am thine.
Noth- ing can lure me a - way from thy side Ev - er, for - ev - er with thee I'll a - bide.
Clos - er in sor - row and clos - er in joy, Clos - er to thee when the world would de - coy.
Then, when the riv - er of death I shall near, Noth - ing, dear Sav - iour, my spir - it shall fear.

Chorus.

Draw me, dear Sav - iour, still clos - er to thee, Clos - er to thee, clos - er to thee;

Closer to Thee.—Concluded.

220. Pilot. 7s, 6 l.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. *"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."*—Matt. 14: 27. J. E. GOULD.



221. Sunshine and Shadow.

"I have led thee in right paths."—Prov. 4: 11.

E. D. MUND. Jan. 1, 1889. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I walked with my Lord in the sunshine, His com-pan-ionship was sweet; Then I wandered with him
2. When I stood on the mount in the sunshine, Felt I strong to walk a-lone; Then I groped in the gloom
3. When I walked with my Lord in the sunshine, With my love was mingled pride; When the dark shadows fell
4. O how precious the walk in the darkness! O how dear the hours of pain! When the Sav-ior is walk-

CHORUS.

in the shad-ow, And my joy was made complete.
of the val-ley, And my help-lessness was shown.
I was humbled, And my love was pu-ri-fied.
ing be-side me, Mak-ing loss su-prem-est gain.

Everywhere, dark or fair, Where my Savior leads me will I

glad-ly go; Up on the mountain, down in the val-ley, Ev-'ry step he leads me richer grace doth show.

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222.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Key of A♭.

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

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

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

223.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Key of C.

1 Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the same old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story;
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

224.

I AM COMING.

Key of G.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

225.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Key of G.

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

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

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

226.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Key of D.

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

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

227.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key of C.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead!
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My father's house of light,—
My glory circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

228. Praise Ye the Lord.

"Let every thing that hath breath praise praise the Lord."—Ps. 150: 6.

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

Full Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord Praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the sanct - u - a - ry,

O praise Him!

FINE.

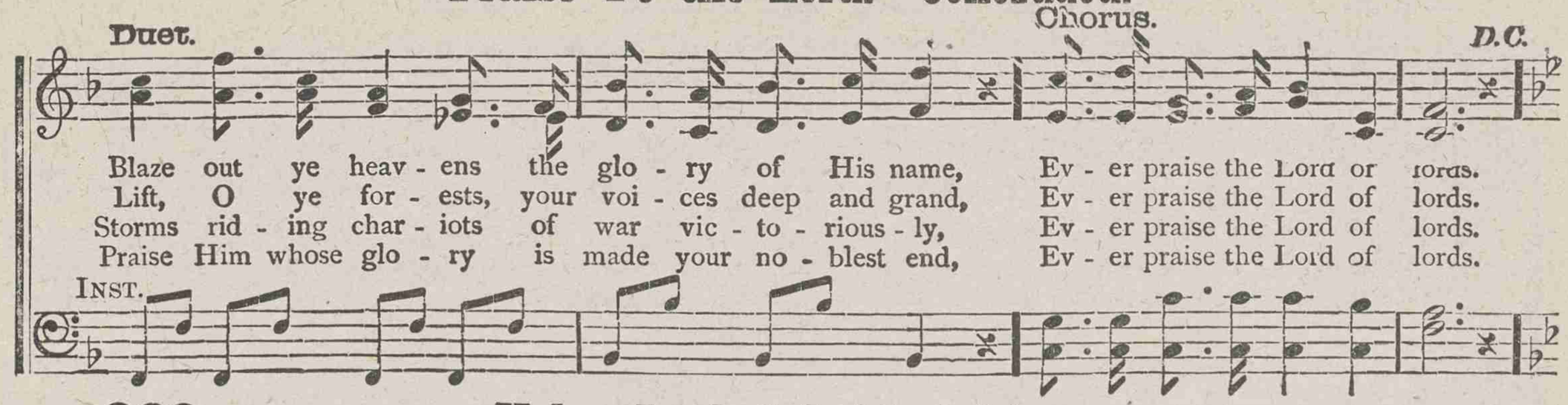
Let His praise the wild winds car - ry; Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Duet. Chorus.

All ye His works that His might and pow'r pro-claim, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Mount - ains and hills, clothed with beau - ty by His hand, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Riv - er and rill sing - ing on - ward to the sea, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Voic - es of na - ture in one great an - them blend, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!

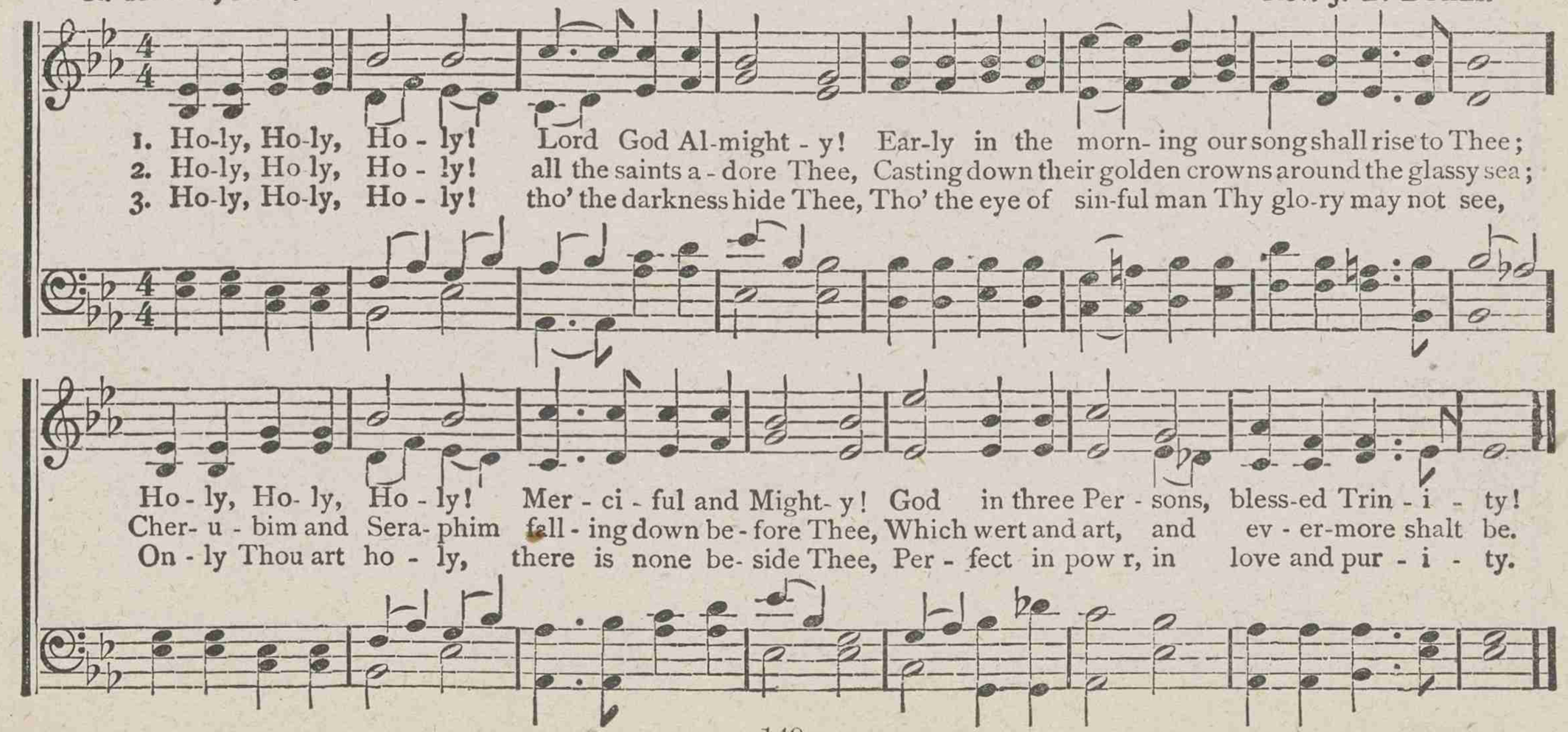
INST.

Praise Ye the Lord.—Concluded.



229. Holy, Lord God Almighty.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4: 8.

R. HEBER, D. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

230. I will Praise the Name of Jesus.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the won drous name in the Gos - pel word, That is oft - en read, that is oft - en heard;
2. O the pre - cious name that I oft re - peat, As I come to kneel at the mer - cy - seat;
3. O the bless - ed name that is sweet in - deed, And in which I trust in the time of need;

'Tis the name that gives in its grace and love Us a fore - taste here of the life a - bove.
'Tis the on - ly name which as bright ap - pears, That my lips con - fess and my soul re - veres.
And the name re - plete with re - deem - ing love Is my song be - low and my song a - bove.

Chorus.

I will praise..... the name of Je - - - sus, I will praise..... the name of
I will praise the name of Je - sus, And ex - alt his pow'r di-vine, I will praise the name of Je - sus, For my

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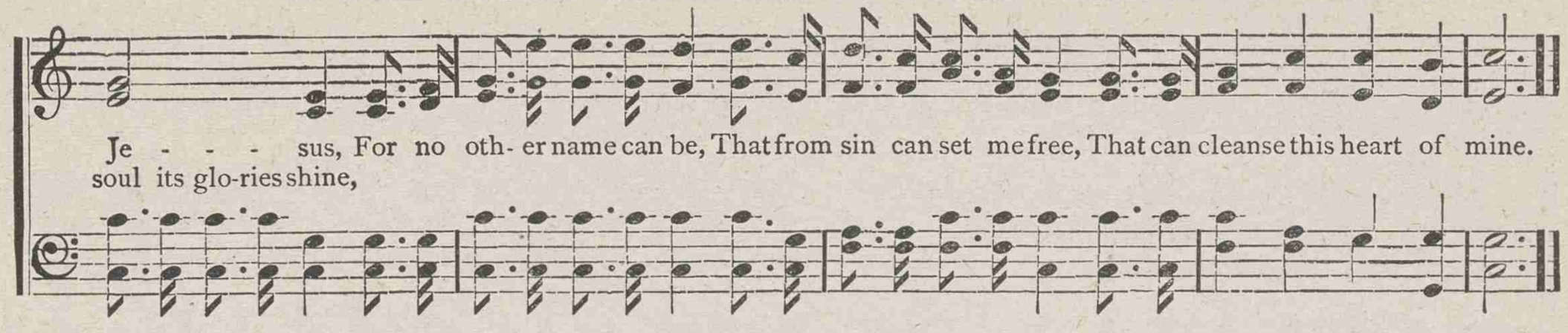
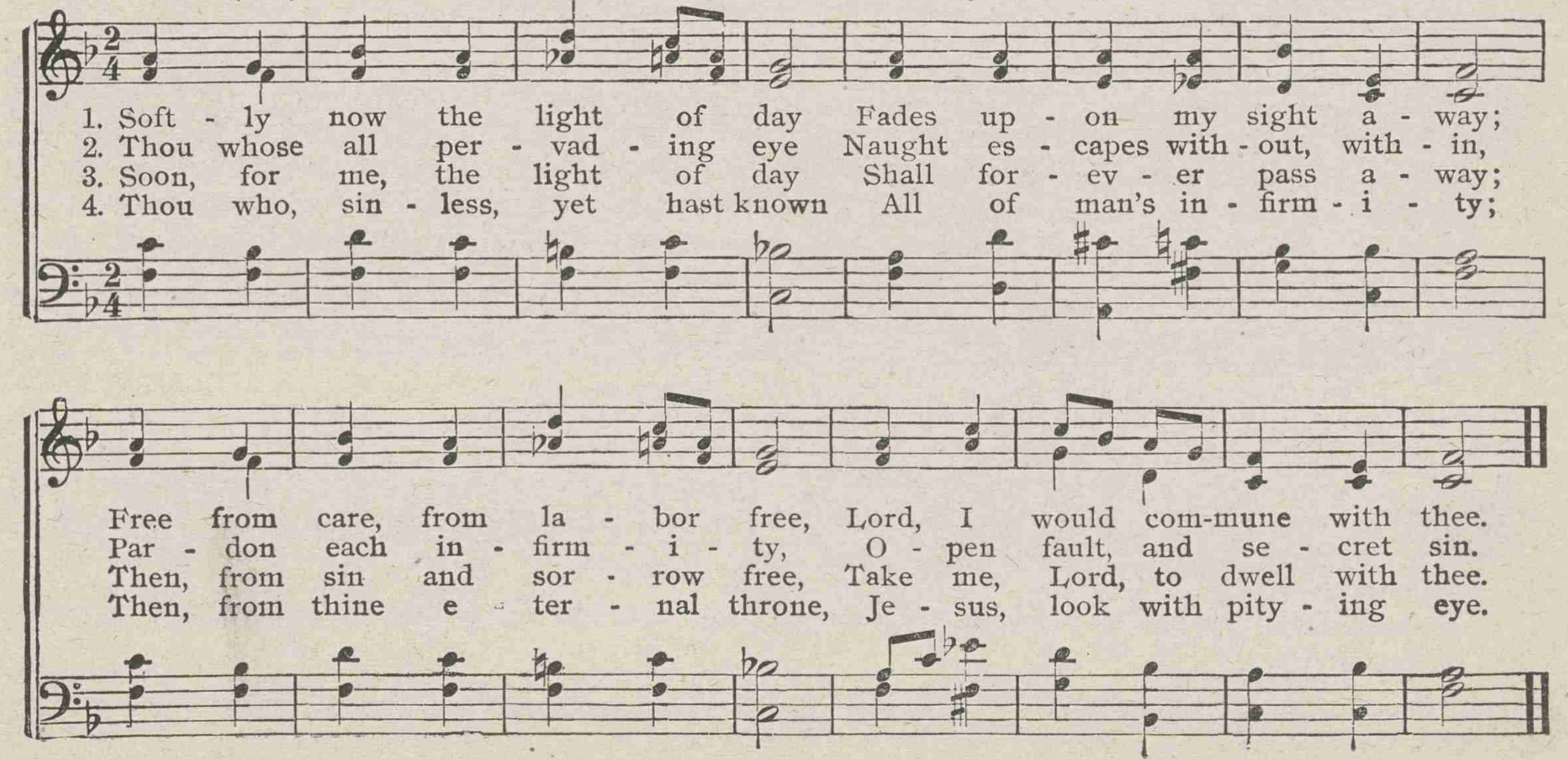
I will Praise the Name of Jesus.—Concluded.



231. Seymour. 7s.

G. W. DOANE, 1824. *"I will commune with thee."*—EX. 25: 22. C. M. VON WEBER, 1826.

232. His Love.

MRS. L. K. ROGERS. *"The love of Christ, which passeth understanding."*—Eph. 3: 19. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Go spread the joyful tidings Of his love, of his love, Tell the nations o'er the waters Of his
2. Tell those who mourn in darkness Of his love, of his love, And repeat the blessed promise Of his
3. Fill all the world with praises Of his love, of his love, Oh, how sweet to tell the sto-ry Of his

love, of his love. Oh, the precious story! be mine the glo-ry To sound the blessed tidings of re-
love, of his love. Oh, the precious story, replete with glo-ry! Ring out the blessed tidings of re-
love, of his love. Yes, the precious story! be mine the glo-ry To tell the blessed tidings of re-

CHORUS.

deeming love. comes, . .
deeming love. The light is breaking, Jesus comes, Jesus comes, The light is breaking, Jesus comes, Jesus comes!
deeming love.

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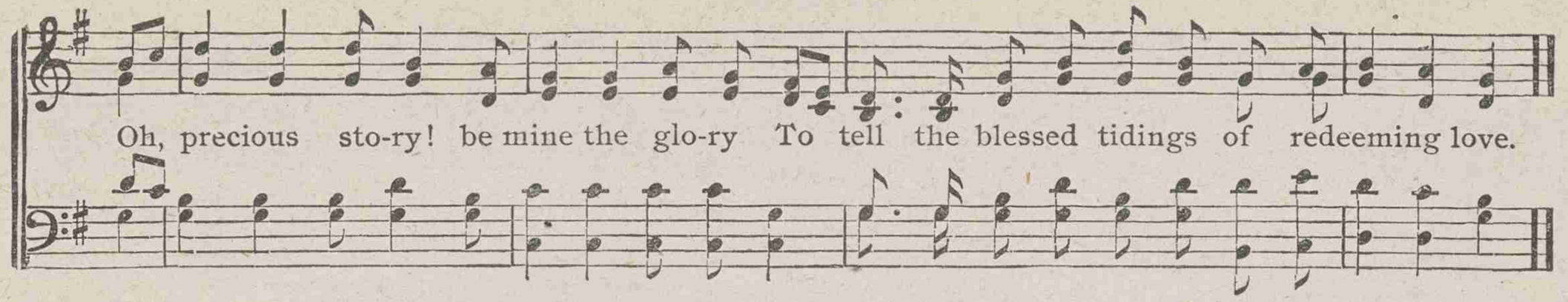
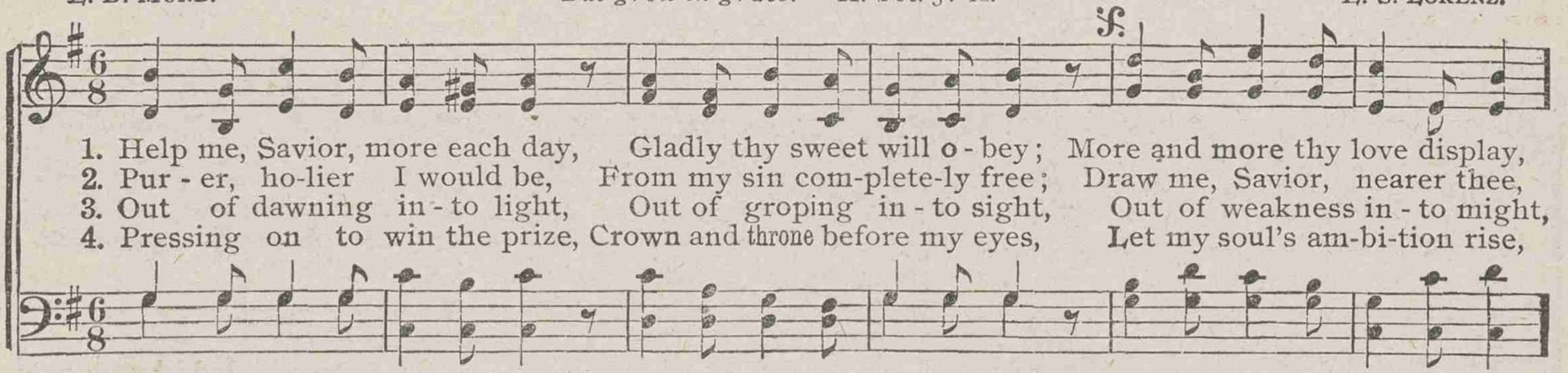
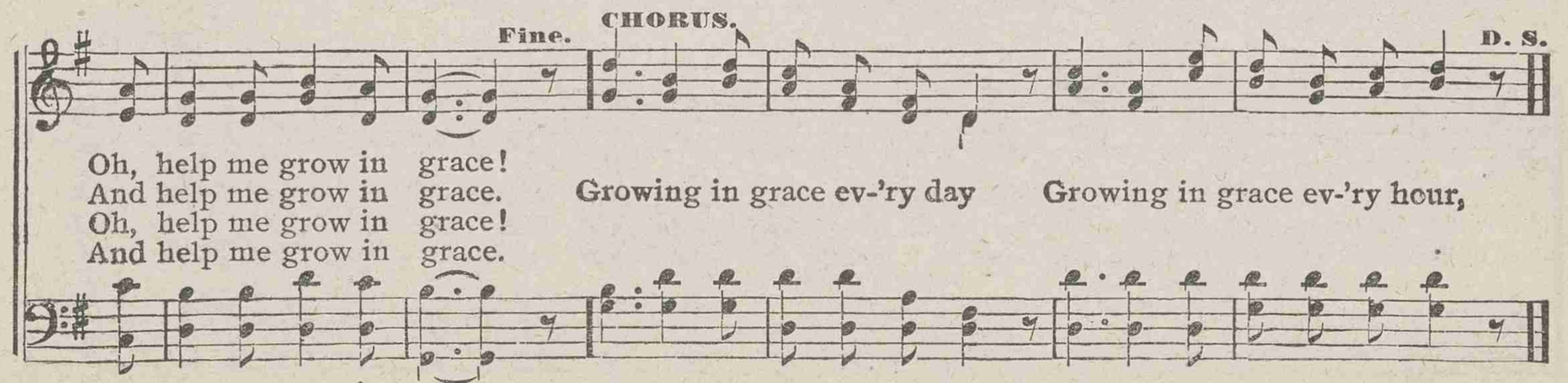
His Love. Concluded.

233. Growing in Grace.

E. D. MUND. *"But grow in grace."*—II. Pet. 3: 18. E. S. LORENZ.



234. Good By.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—Phil. 4: 23.

W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Good by, good by, We hope a - gain to meet you; Good by, good by, We
2. Good by, good by, The glad bright day is o - ver; Good by, good by, The
3. Good by, good by, Good cheer and love be with you; Good by, good by, Good

D.C. Cho.—Good by, good by, We hope a - gain to meet you; Good by, good by, We

FINE.

hope a - gain to meet you. When sum - mer blooms are rar - est, When sum - mer skies are
glad bright day is o - ver. Our songs of praise as - cend - ing, With love's sweet in - cense
cheer and love be with you: May Christ, our Sav - iour, lead us, In heav'nly pas - tures

hope a - gain to meet you.

D.C. Chorus.

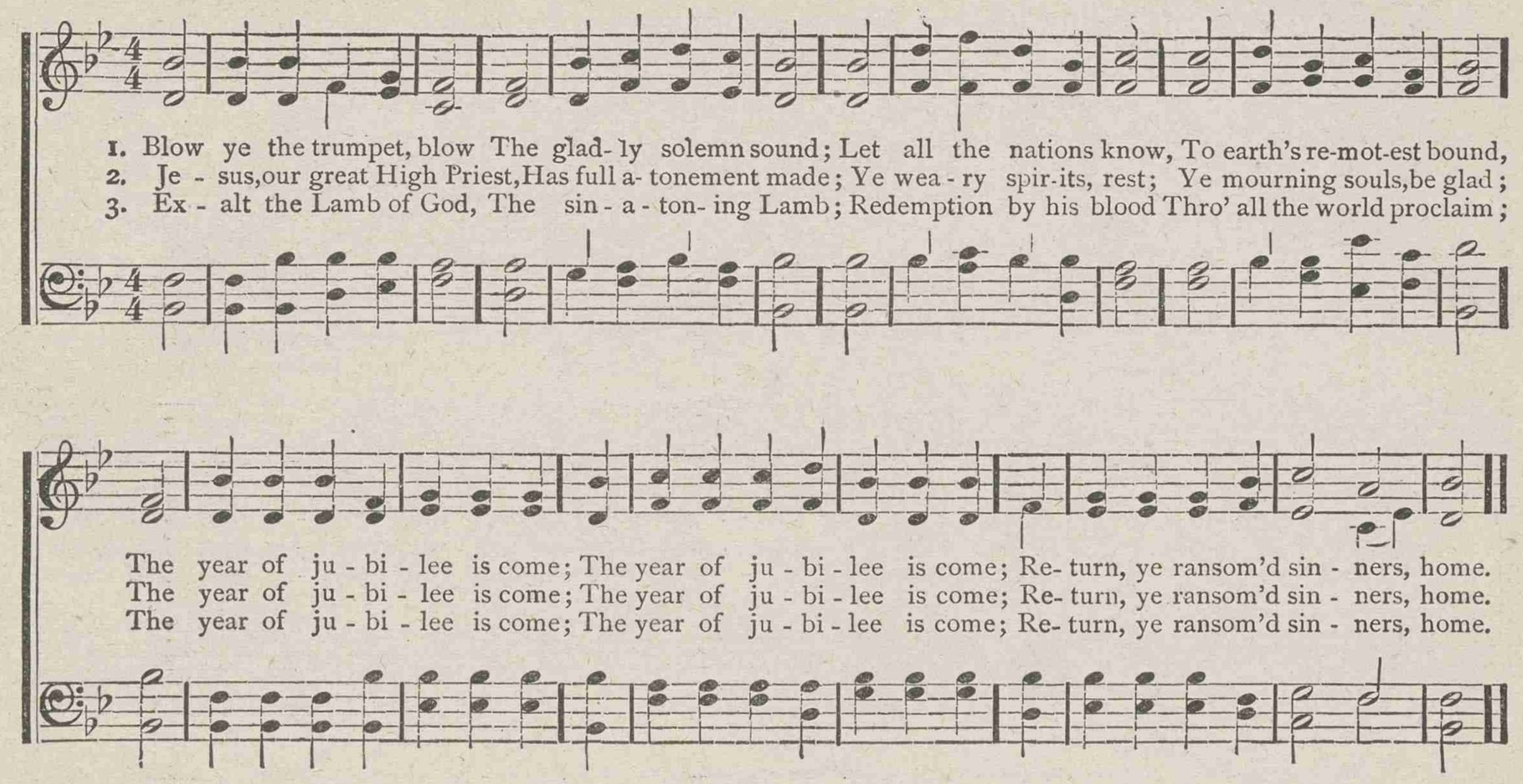
fair - est, When laugh-ing rills gleam down the hills, And friends and hope are dear - est.
blend - ing; In joy - ful lays we'll chant His praise, Till life's last day is end - ing.
feed us; And bring us home no more to roam, For ev - er - more to lead us.

235

Blow Ye the Trumpet.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."—Lev. 25.

CHAS. WESLEY. EDSON.



236.

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

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

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

237. As the Light of the Morning.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

MRS. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" How it shines . . to the far-ther - est shore! . . So the tid - - ings of peace shall en - light - en Un - til i - - dols are worshipped no more, . . Un - til i - dols are wor-shipped no more.
2. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" Like the sun's . . cheering life - giv-ing ray; . . . So his love . . . gives new life to the dy - ing, As it drives . . er - ror's darkness a - way, . . . As it drives er - ror's dark - ness a - way.
3. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" That a - wak - - ens all nat-ure with joy; . . . So when sin . . . weaves its fet-ters of sor - row, He sends glad - - ness that knows no al - loy, . . . He sends glad - ness that knows no al - loy.
4. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" Will you help . . send the tid-ings a - broad? . . Give your tal - - ents, your time, and your dol - lars, Till the world . . shall acknowledge our God, . . . Till the world shall ac-knowl-edge our God.

8va

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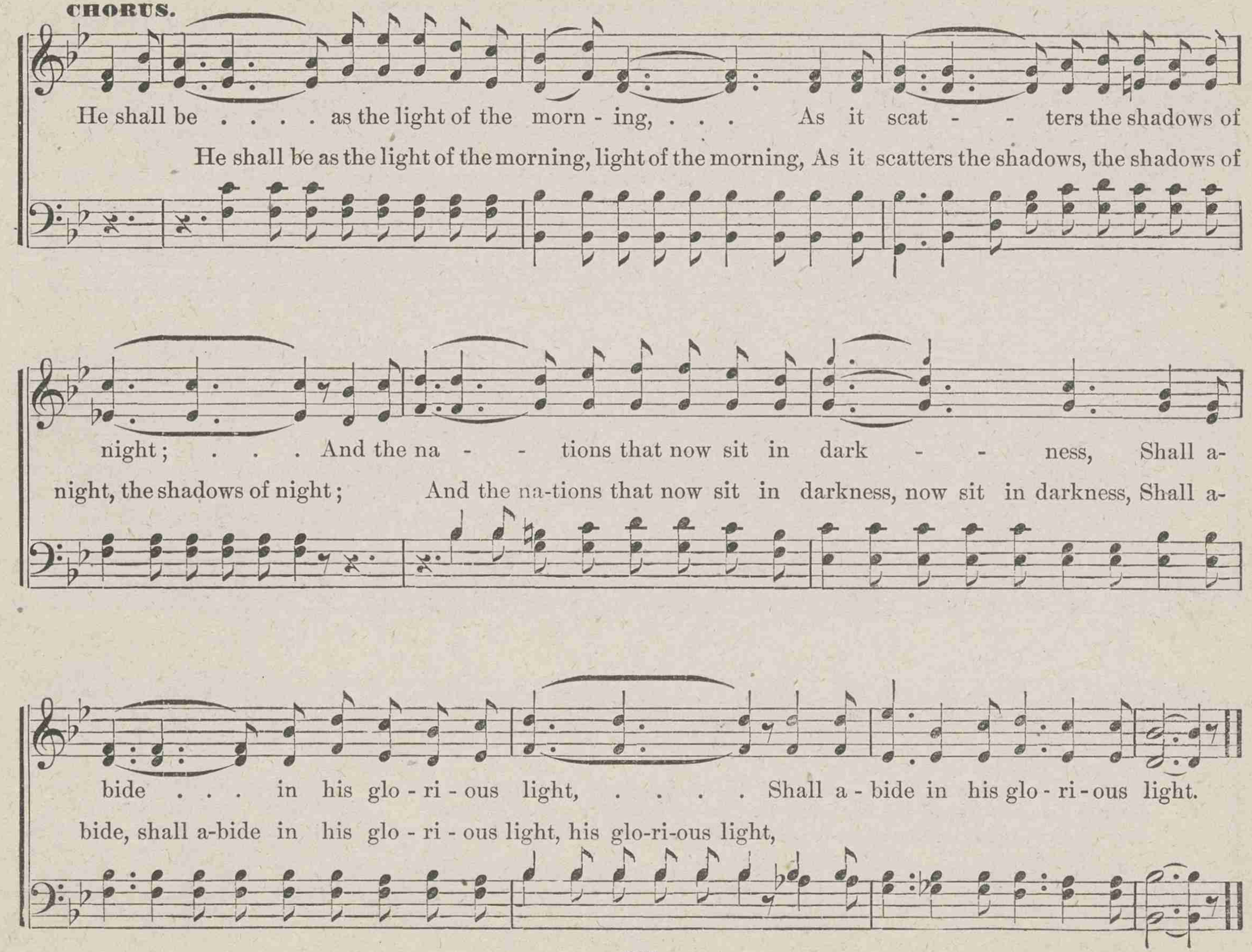
As the Light of the Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.

238.

The Prince of Life.

"In thy name shall they rejoice all the day."—Psa. 89: 16.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

Let us re- joice! Praise the Lord! Heart and voice Praise the Lord! For the valiant Prince of Life Conquers
Let us re- joice! Praise the Lord! Heart and voice Praise the Lord! (*Omit*.....

death in bit - ter strife;
.....) Hail the Victor! Hail the Prince of Life!

Duet, or Semi-Chorus.

1. Death re - joic-ing o'er his prey, Boasts that
2. Cloth'd no more in gloomy night, Now shall
3. Let the world's thanksgiving rise, Ech - o

yield-ing to his sway E'en the might-y Prince of Life in darkness lies;
death the soul af-fright, He has lost the bit- ter sting for ev- er - more!
thro' the vaulted skies, Darkness flies, the gloom of night has pass'd a- way;

But his boasts are all in vain,
Cloth'd in ev - er - last-ing day,
Death is now an an-gel bright,

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The Prince of Life.—Concluded.

Chorus.

For no lon-ger shall he reign, From the grave behold the Christ in pow'r a- rise.
Death now leads the soul a- way To the land of joy where Christ has gone before.
And the grave a gate of light, And we sleep but to a- wake in realms of day.

Praise the Lord!..... for

Praise the Lord! for

he is ris - en, Burst- ing from..... death's gloomy pris - on; Praise the

he is ris - en, he is ris - en, Bursting from death's gloomy pris-on, gloomy pris - on;

Lord!..... for he is ris - en! For the grave is vanquish'd, death is dead.

Praise the Lord! for he is ris - en, he is ris - en,

239. Christmas Bells.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke 2: 10.

D. B. PURINTON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Christmas bells are chim-ing mer- ri - ly, Christmas voic - es ring - ing cheer-i - ly, Welcome the notes of
2. Christmas chimes are peal-ing joy-ful - ly, Christmas ech - oes answering mer - ri - ly, Out on the list - 'ning
3. Christmas friends with garlands meeting us, Christmas car - ols glad - ly greet-ing us, Ech - o the notes of

sa - cred mirth, Wel-come the notes of sa - cred mirth; Ev - 'ry bo - som thrills with hap- pi-ness,
Christ-mas air, Out on the list-'ning Christ-mas air. Peace on earth the notes are car - ol - ing,
joy a - gain, Ech - o the notes of joy a - gain. Tell of love, di - vine - ly glo - ri - ous,

Ev - 'ry heart for - gets its heav - i - ness, Tells of the Sav-iour's won-drous birth, Tells of the Saviour's
Joy and gladness to the suf- fer - ing, Ring out the tid - ings ev - 'ry - where, Ring out the tid-ings
Tell of life, o'er death vic - to - ri - ous, "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Peace on earth, good

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Christmas Bells.—Concluded.

Chorus.

won - drous birth. ev - 'ry - where. will to men." Ring, ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells, The mer - ry, mer - ry bells, the Ring, O ring,

Christmas bells! Ring out the joy their mu - sic tells, The mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells. Ring out the joy,

240. Now a New Year.

"Take fast hold of instruction."—Prov. 4: 13.

Arr. by W. A. OGDEN.

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les - sons new to learn.
2. This the ho - ly les - son On the year's first day, Je - sus by o - be - dience Teach us to o - bey.
3. Not to suf - fer on - ly, Saviour, didst thou come, But to leave us way - marks Point-ing to our home.
4. In thy bless - ed foot-steps Ev - er may we tread, Safe when keeping near thee, By thy Spir - it led.

241. The Babe of Bethlehem.

"They saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."—Matt. 2 : 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

Solo.

1. Would I had been at Beth - le hem That hap - py morn of old, To bend a - dor - ing there with them Who of - fer'd gifts and gold.
2. Would I had dwelt in Beth - le-hem When all the inns were fill'd; My low - ly roof had shel ter'd them, My heart with glad-ness thrill'd.
3. How blest to of - fer rest and food To his sweet moth - er mild; To kneel be - side the man - ger rude And watch the ho - ly child.

Solo or Quartet.

If such a joy had then been thine, With cost - ly gems to part, Have you of - fer'd up - on his shrine, That roy - al gift, your heart?
Then do you hear when Je - sus calls, "O - pen to me your door?" Have you shel-ter'd with - in your walls His hun - gry, home - less poor;
Still there are friend - less chil-dren left To cher - ish for his sake; There are moth - ers for-lorn, be - reft Our com - fort to par - take;

FINE.

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The Babe of Bethlehem.—Concluded.

Chorus by School.

D.S.

Have you brought to the Babe of Beth - le - hem One star to a-dorn his di - a - dem?
Have you sought for some wan - d'ring soul to gem The crown of the Babe of Beth - le - hem?
Let us help and pro-tec - tion give to them For love of the Babe of Beth - le - hem.

242. Strike, Sword of the Spirit.

E. D. MUND. FOR MALE VOICES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Wake, arm of the Spir - it! Wake, conquer the world! Let na-tions mar-vel - ing now be - hold Thy
2. Wake, arm of the Spir - it! Wake, conquer the world! The pow'rs of darkness in force ar-rayed Have
3. Wake, arm of the Spir - it! Wake, conquer the world! The church is helpless with-out thy pow'r, Flash
4. Wake, arm of the Spir - it! Wake, conquer the world! From pole to pole let the na - tions all Be-

pow'r dis-played as in days of old. Strike! sword of the Spir - it! Strike! conquer the world!
bid de - fi - ance, their taunts have made. Strike! sword of the Spir - it! Strike! conquer the world!
forth, give vic - t'ry this ver - y hour. Strike! sword of the Spir - it! Strike! conquer the world!
neath thy strokes see their fet - ters fall! Strike! sword of the Spir - it! Strike! conquer the world!

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243. Welcome, Christmas Day.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Unto you is born this day, a Savior."*—Luke 2: 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Christ, our King, is born to-day! Sing once more the welcome lay! Ring triumph-ant voic-es;
2. Put all strife a-side to-day! Low-ly at his feet o-bey; Christ, our Eld-er Broth-er,
3. Call the poor his feast to share, Un-to all his love de-clare; Tell the sad and friendless

Heav-en's host re-joic-es; An-gels sing and earth is gay With the children's songs to-day.
Bids us love each oth-er; God of Love and Prince of Peace, In his name bid er-ror cease.
Christ hath boun-ty end-less; Christ to sin-ful man came down, For a man-ger left his crown.

p CHORUS. DUET. *mf*

Oh, the fair and joy-ful morn that comes in glad-ness, When our Sav-ior, Christ, was

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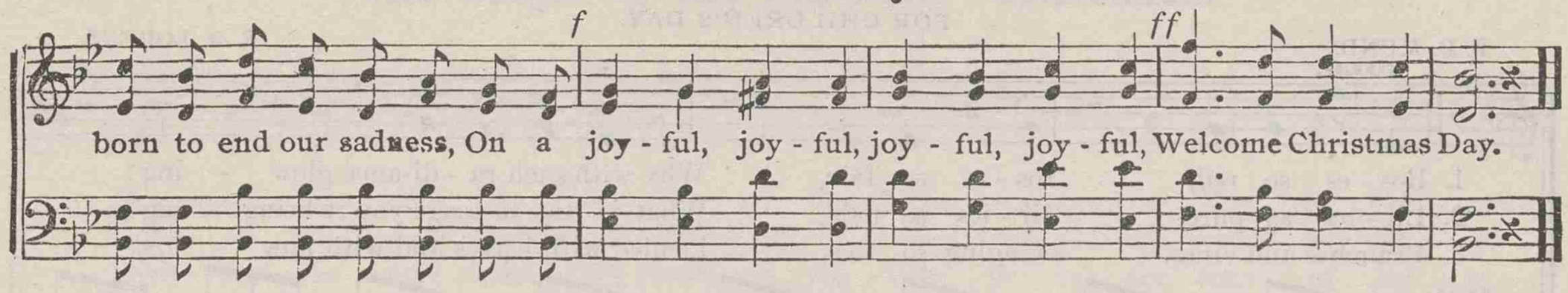
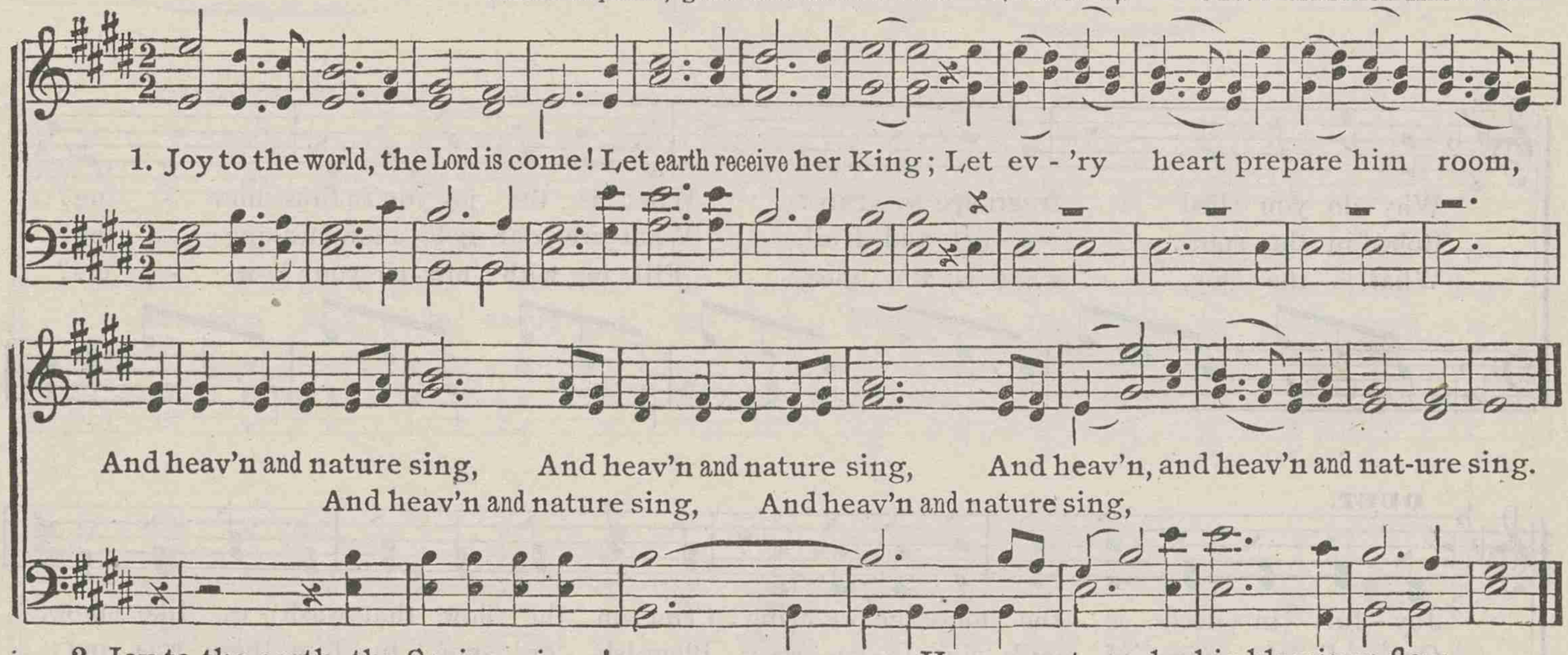
Welcome Christmas Day. Concluded.

244. Joy to the World.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 14. GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.

2. Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
   Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
   Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

245.

The Gospel of the Flowers.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

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

SOLO.

1. Ros - es so red, ros - es so fair, Why with such ra - di-ance glow - ing?
2. Lil - ies so pure, lil - ies so pale, What is the message you're bring - ing?
3. Branches and vines, swinging so free, Loaded with leaves and with flow - ers,

Inst.

Why do you shed fragrance so rare? What is the joy you're thus show - ing?
Robed in the snow, ten - der and frail, What are your golden tongues sing - ing?
What is the joy, what is the glee, Fill - ing with mu - sic your bow - ers?

DUET.

Joy - ful in - deed is the mes-sage we bring! Crim-son the flow that wash - es like snow;
Out of the mire of man's sin Je - sus rose; Blem-ish or spot in him there was not;
Ev - er we speak of the Branch and the Vine, Sal - va - tion's root that bears di - vine fruit;

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The Gospel of the Flowers. Concluded.

Fra-grance we yield like the life of our King, Je - sus, the Rose of Sha - ron.
Gold - en the tongue that heav'n's wis - dom be - stows, Je - sus, the world's fair lil - y.
Shelt -'ring the world from sin's storms all ma - lign, Je - sus, the stem of Jes - se.

CHORUS. To be sung by children on the stage and Infant Class.

Ros - es so red, ros - es so fair, Still may your beau - ty de - light us;
Lil - ies so pale, lil - ies so pure, Let your glad bells still be ring - ing;
Branches and vines, swing - ing so free, Harps for the breez - es of heav - en,

Still while you glow bright ev - 'ry - where, To the dear Sav - ior in - vite us.
Peace to the earth, sin - ners as - sure, Heav - en's fair Lil - y is bring - ing.
Sing of life's fair ev - er - green tree, To us its fruit shall be giv - en.

246. Voices of Mirth. (Processional.)

E. D. MUND. *"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."*—Ps. 150: 6. E. S. LORENZ.

Melody sung by the whole school.

1. Voic-es of mirth, a-wake to gladness to-day, O'er all the earth rings out one great roundelay;
2. Deep in our hearts the solemn gladness we feel, Spring-time imparts and song alone can re-veal;
3. Praise ye the Lord, who fills with music the air: Be he adored who clothes the meadows so fair;
4. Happy is Spring, that clothes with beauty the earth; Gai - ly we sing, and share its raptures of mirth;

Nat - ure, from slumber wak-ing, With hap - py heart is break-ing In - to songs so gay.
Life ev - 'ry nerve is thrilling, Hope ev - 'ry bo - som fill - ing, Answ'ring earth's appeal.
O'er all the earth he pass - es, Wak - ing the ten - der grass - es, Calls the flow'rs so fair.
God's love the chill earth warming, His pow'r it all trans-form-ing; We ex - tol his worth.

1st Div. **2d Div.** **1st Div.** **2d Div.** **1st Div.** **2d Div.**

Nat-ure rais-es, Thro' its mazes, Songs the fairest, Songs the rarest; Tells of beauty, Tells of du - ty,

*Let those who cannot sing the G clearly, sing the C.

Voices of Mirth. Concluded.

Both Divisions. School.

Sings God's praise! Join, then, the happy chorus; Love ever watching o'er us, Calls for grateful lays.

247. Little Flower Bells.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"The flowers appear on the earth."*—Cant. 2: 12. E. S. L.

1. Lit - tle flow-er bells, ring, ring, ring! Lit - tle flow-er bells, ring, ring, ring! Music round you swells,
2. Lit - tle flow-er bells, grow, grow, grow! Lit - tle flow-er bells, grow, grow, grow! Sweetest fragrance dwells
3. Lit - tle flow-er bells, wave, wave, wave! Lit - tle flow-er bells, wave, wave, wave! Pink, like o- cean shells,
4. Lit - tle flow-er bells, sweet, sweet, sweet! Lit - tle flow-er bells, sweet, sweet, sweet! All your hon-ey cells

D. S. *Lit-tle flow-er bells,*

Fine. **CHORUS.** **D. S.**

While each soft voice tells, Welcome to the Spring.
Where the pearl-y bells Peep above the snow. Ring, ring, ring! Little flower bells, Ring, ring, ring! Little flower bells!
Blue or golden bells, God your beauty gave.
Of his goodness tells, Scattered at our feet.

Mer-ry silver bells, Let your praises swell!

248.

The Temperance Army.

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

T. CORBEN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Don't you see our ban-ners wav-ing? Don't you hear our tramp and song? 'Tis a col-umn strong and
2. All our hearts are free from mal-ice, This our mot-to: Do no ill! But we hate the tempter's
3. In the name of Christ our Cap-tain, We've the ho-ly work be-gun; If we'll fol-low still our

Chorus.

might-y, And we're marching right along. Don't you see Don't you see
chalice, And we're working with a will.
Lead-er, We shall see the vic-t'ry won. our banners wav-ing? the foes we're braving?

Don't you see our might-y ar-my, 'tis a col-umn grand and strong; Don't you see our ban-ners

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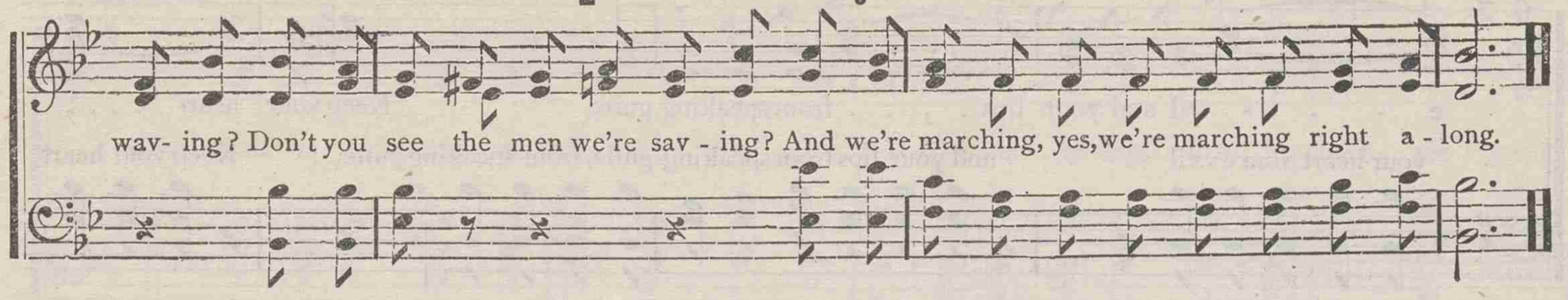
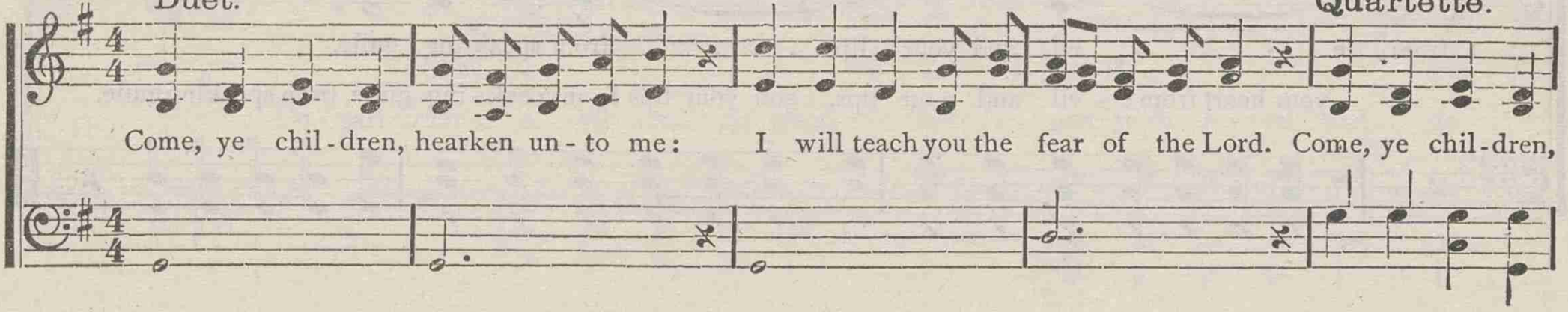
The Temperance Army.—Concluded.

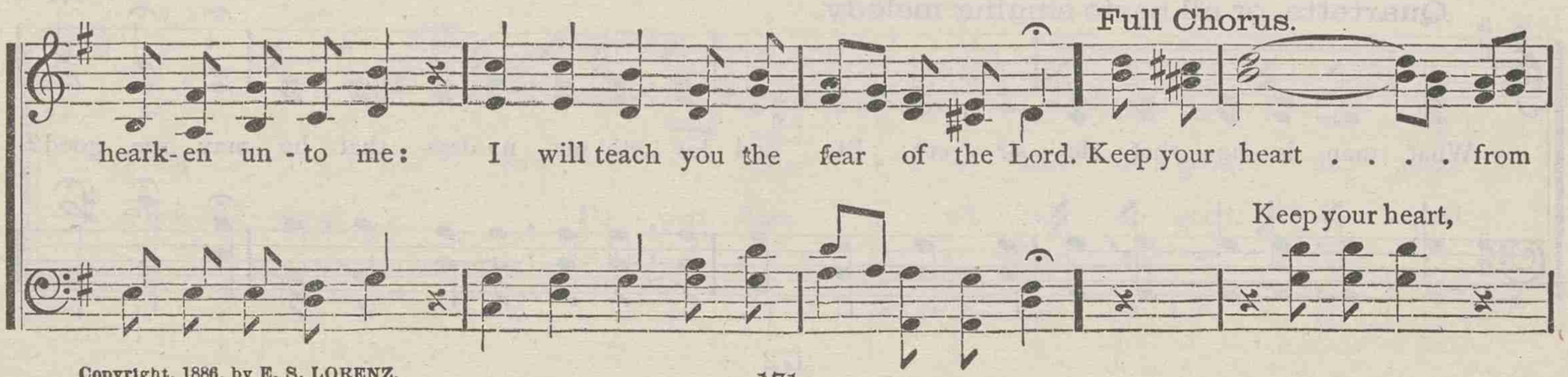


249. Come, ye Children.

Psalm 34: 11–14. (ANTHEM.) E. S. LORENZ.

Duet. Quartette.



Full Chorus.

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Come, ye Children.—Continued.

e - - - vil and your lips . . . . from speaking guile, Keep your heart . . . . .

your heart from e - vil and your lips from speaking guile, from speaking guile, Keep your heart,

FINE.

from e - - - vil and your lips . . . . from speak-ing guile.

your heart from e - vil and your lips, and your lips from speak - ing guile, from speaking guile.

Quartette, or all parts singing melody.

What man is he that de - sir - eth life and lov - eth ma - ny days that he may see good?

Come, ye Children.—Concluded.

What man is he that de - sir - eth life and lov - eth ma - ny days that he may see good?

Full Chorus.

De - part from e - - - - - vil and do good, ... and do

De - part from e - vil and do good, De - part from e - vil and do

good, De - part from e - vil and do good, do good.

good, do good, De - part from e - vil and do good, do good.

D.C.

250. King of Kings.

(ANTHEM.)

Text arr. by REV. C. R. BLACKALL. E. S. LORENZ.

Choir and School. **Choir.** **School.**

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to redeem us, Worthy is the Lamb! Worthy is the Lamb!

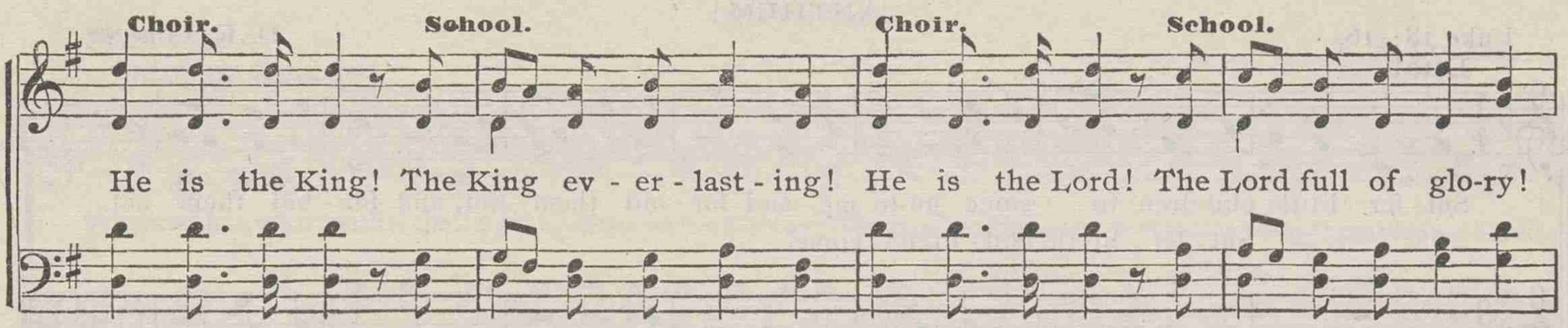
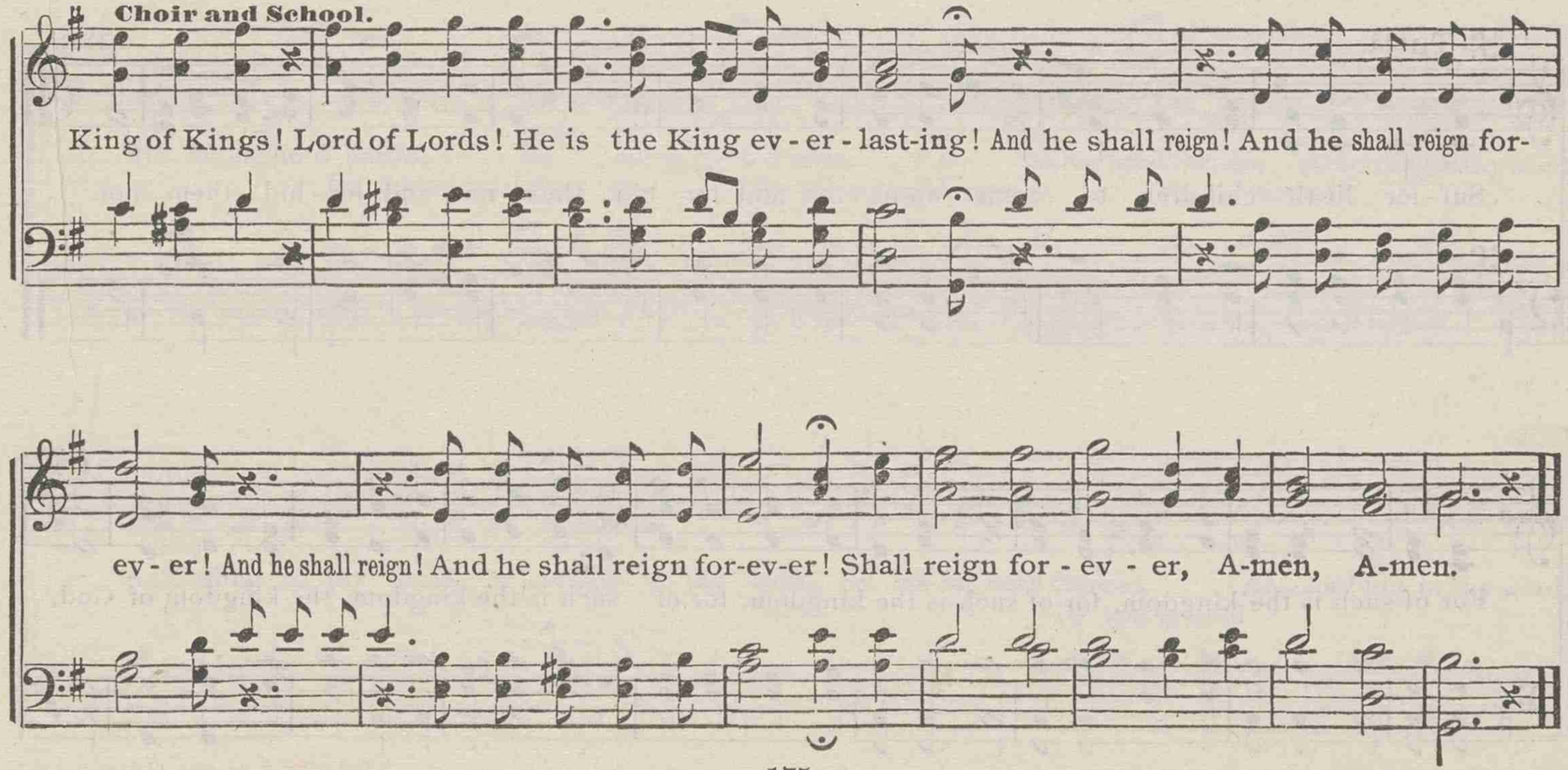
Choir and School.

Blessing and hon-or, Glo-ry and pow-er, Be un-to the Lamb for-ev-er!

Rich-es and wisdom, Might and do-min-ion, Be un-to the Lamb for-ev-er!

By permission.

King of Kings. Concluded.



251

Forbid them Not.

(ANTHEM.)

Luke 18: 16.

D. E. LORENZ.

Duet.

Suf - fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me, and for - bid them not, and for - bid them not.

Suf - fer lit- tle chil - dren to come,

f. Tutti.

FINE.

Suf - fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me, and for - bid them not, and for - bid them not.

f.

D.S.

For of such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of God.

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252.

According to Thy Word.

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 119: 9.

Duet or Quartet.

E. S. Lorenz.

Wherewithal, wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Wherewithal, wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

FINE.

By taking heed thereto, By taking heed thereto, By taking heed thereto, According to thy word.

By taking heed there - to, By taking heed there-to, By taking heed

D. C.

Ac-cording to thy word, Ac-cording to thy word, By tak-ing heed there-to, Ac - cord-ing to thy word.

By taking heed

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12 T. T.

253.

From the Rising of the Sun

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 113: 3.

J. B. HERBERT.

From the ris - ing of the sun, till the set - ting of the same,

From the ris - ing of the sun, till the set - ting of the same,

Let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed,

Let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed,

From HERBERT'S "Bible Anthems," by per. of FILLMORE BROS.

From the Rising of the Sun.—Concluded.

FINE.

After D.C.

Let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed. A - men.
Let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him,
Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise ye the Lord,

D.C.

Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise his ho - ly name.
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise his ho - ly, ho - ly name.

254. Ho, Every One That Thirsteth!

Isaiah 55: 1. (ANTHEM.) FRANK M. DAVIS.

Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth! Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth! Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth,

come ye to the wa-ters. Come ye to the wa-ters, and he that hath no mon-ey, Come ye,

FINE.

come ye buy..... and eat. Yea, come buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and with-out price,

D.C.

258. The Ten Commandments.

I.

SUPT.—Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.
Response sung by the school.

II.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.
Response sung by the school.

III.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
Response sung by the school.

IV.

SUPT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.
Response sung by the school.

V.

SUPT.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee.
Response sung by the school.

VI.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not kill.
Response sung by the school.

VII.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Response sung by the school.

VIII.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not steal.
Response sung by the school.

IX.

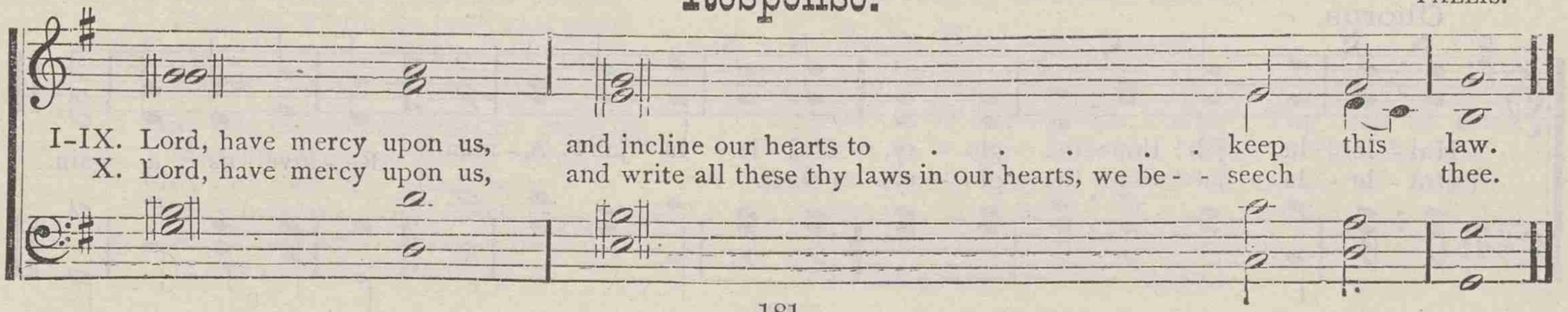
SUPT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
Response sung by the school.

X.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.
Last Response sung by the school.

Response.

TALLIS.



256. Responsive Service.

SUPT.—The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand *to be* a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

School sings 1st stanza as Response.

SUPT.—Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

School sing 2nd stanza as Response.

SUPT.—Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

School sing 3rd stanza as Response.

SUPT.—What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost *which is* in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

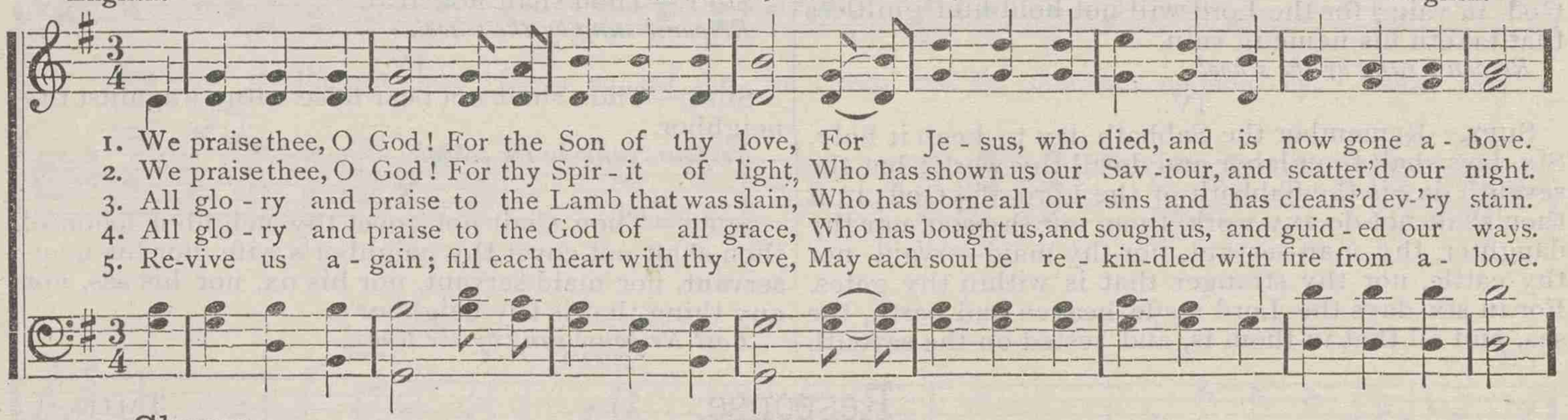
School sing 4th stanza as Response.

SUPT.—O Lord, I have heard thy speech *and* was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.

School sing 5th stanza as Response.

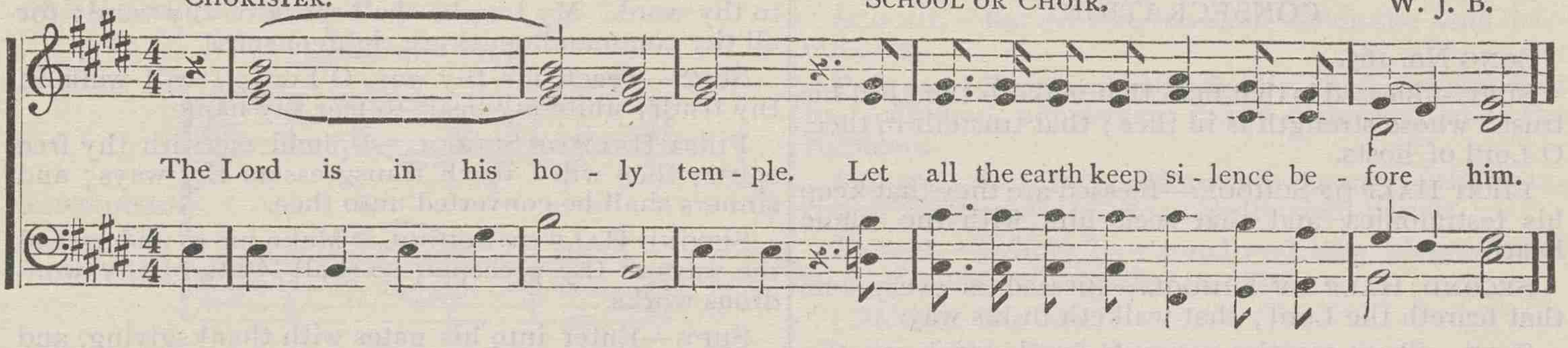
257. We Praise Thee, O God.

English. *"O Lord, revive thy work."*—Hab. 3 : 2. English.



258. Responsive Service.

Arranged by MARION LAWRENCE.



SUPT.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

ASST. SUPT. (*Rising.*)—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

TEACHERS. (*Rising.*)—For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

ALL. (*Rising.*)—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

(INVOCATION.)

Sing. (Tune NETTLETON, page 117.)

1 Heavenly Father, wilt thou bless us
In our Sunday school to-day?
Bless us, while we sing thy praises,
Bless us, while we read and pray.
‖: Father, bless us, Father, bless us,
In our Sunday school to-day. :‖

2 May our hands perform thy bidding,
May our feet run in thy ways,
May our eyes see Jesus only,
May our lips speak forth thy praise.
‖: Saviour, hear us, Saviour, hear us,
Is our earnest cry to-day. :‖

PASTOR.—I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name forever and ever.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all them that call upon him in truth.

ALL.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. For his mercy endureth forever.

Recite The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

259. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by PROF. E. L. SHUEY.

CONSECRATION.

SONG No. 165.

SUPT.—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust: whose strength is in thee; that trusteth in thee, O Lord of hosts.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his way.

SUPT.—Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; incline my heart unto thy testimonies and not to covetousness. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness.

SUPT.—Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth; unite my heart to fear thy name.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Make me to understand the ways of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

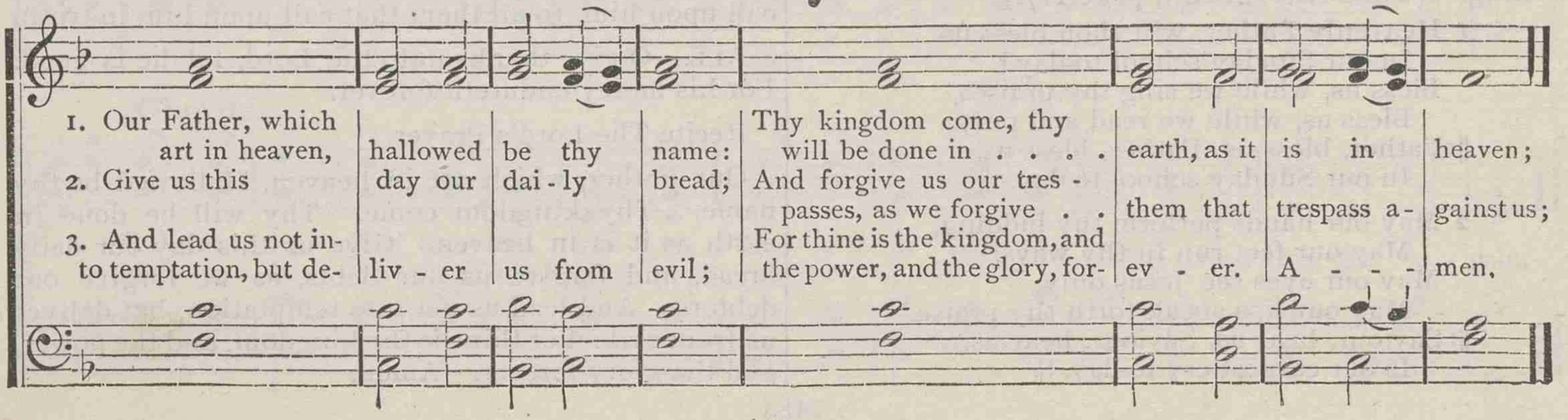
SUPT.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

TEACHERS.—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good.

SCHOLARS.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will still be praising thee.

ALL.—Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.

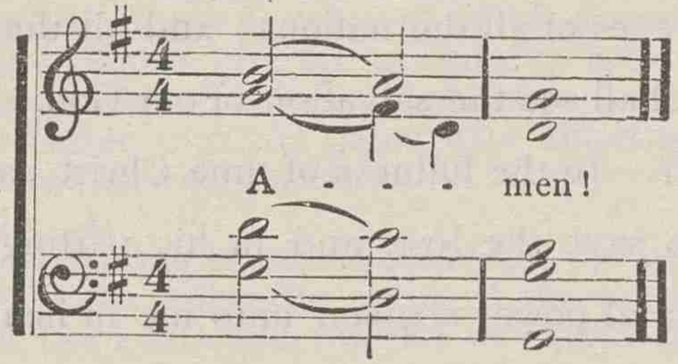
CHANT. The Lord's Prayer.

260. The Lord's Prayer. Chant.

261. Opening Exercise.

Prepared by MARION LAWRENCE.

PASTOR. (*All rise.*)—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

SCHOOL OR CHOIR.

RESPONSE.

SUPT.—*Stand up* and bless the Lord your God. Sing forth the honor of his name.

(ALL STAND.)

(ITALIAN HYMN. No. 194.)

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious!
O'er all victorious
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

PASTOR.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

TEACHERS.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

SCHOOL.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

PASTOR.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

SCHOOL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

PASTOR.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

SCHOOL.—That bringeth forth fruit in his season.

PASTOR.—His leaf also shall not wither;

SCHOOL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PASTOR.—The ungodly are not so:

SCHOOL.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

PASTOR.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SCHOOL.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PASTOR.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is * * * to dwell together in unity.

(DENNIS. No. 100.)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

ASST. SUPT.—Blessed be the people that know the joyful sound.

SCHOOL.—They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance.

ASST. SUPT.—In thy name shall they rejoice all the day,

SCHOOL.—And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

SUPT.—For the Lord is our defense, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord forevermore! Amen, and Amen.

(CORONATION. No. 72.)

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

PASTOR.—Let us worship and bow down. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

(INVOCATION.)

Missionary Service.

Prepared by Rev. M. Loucks, D. D.

Opening Song No. 107, or Anthem No. 253.

Invocation by pastor, or the Lord's Prayer in unison.

Song No. 109.

Reading the 35th Chap. of Isaiah by pastor.

Prayer.

Song No. 189.

Essay.—The World is the Field, or The Demands of the Hour.

Scripture Service as follows:

Supt.—The Prophet Isaiah, is truly the Gospel Prophet, as we see from what he says: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace: that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

School.—Thy watchman shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Supt.—Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

School.—The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

Supt.—In the fullness of time Christ came to seek and to save the lost, and in his parting words declared; all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

School.—Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, and ye are witnesses of these things.

Song No. 237.

Address or Essay.

Song.—Missionary Hymn No. 185.

Collection, Doxology, and Benediction.

263. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by I. BALTZELL.

PRAISE.

SONG. No. 7.

SUPT.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his Sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

TEACHERS.—Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

SCHOOL.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

SONG. No. 14.

SUPT.—Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

SCHOOL.—Oh, clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding.

ORGANIST.—Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

ALL.—O come, let us sing praises, sing praises to God most high.

SONG. No. 72.

SUPT.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

TEACHERS.—Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

ALL.—Unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

SUPT.—Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

TEACHERS.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.

SCHOOL.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

SUPT.—O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: remember his marvelous works that he hath done.

TEACHERS.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so; whom he hath redeemed and gathered them out of the land, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

SCHOOL.—Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever.

SUPT.—O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord all the earth.

TEACHERS.—I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

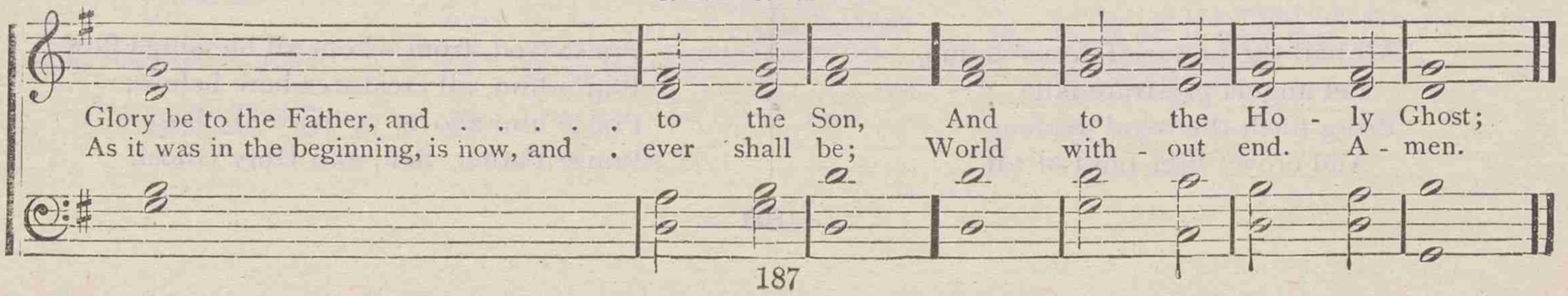
SCHOOL.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. (*All rise at sound of bell.*)

SONG. No. 230.

SUPT.—O come let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. (*All kneel in prayer.*)

Prayer by the Superintendent.

Sing Gloria Patri.

264. Gloria Patri.

265. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

SCHOOL.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SUPT.—Glory ye in his holy name. Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

SCHOOL.—For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

SUPT.—Shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

SCHOOL.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

ALL.—Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

All sing.

Tune.—CORONATION, No. 72.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

266. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—Fear God and give glory to him; worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountain of waters.

SCHOOL.—Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy

SUPT.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

SCHOOL.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

SUPT.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

SCHOOL.—The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

SUPT.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

All sing.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED, No. 7.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.