

Joy Voices

By

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JAMES WARRINGTON
HYS BOKE

Yee that desyre in herte and have plesaunce
Olde stories in bokis for to rede,
Gode matiers putt hem in remembraunce,
And of the others take yee none hede:
Bysechyng yowe of your godely hede,
Whane yee this boke have over-redde and seyne
To yts trewe owner restore yee yt ageine.

Who reades a boke rashly at random doth runne
He goes on hys errand, yet leaves it undone.

HOLY VOICES

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

AND OTHER

SERVICES OF THE CHURCH

BY

REV. EDMUND S. LORENZ and REV. ISAIAH BALTZELL.

DAYTON, O.:

W. J. SHUEY,

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1883
Holy

SERVICES OF SONG.

The attractive and instructive value of services of song is not as generally appreciated as it should be. The few pastors who make them as stated a part of their work as the sermon, with great unanimity report great profit and an increased interest and attendance on all church services. A few hints may be of value to those workers who have not heretofore used this effective method of work.

The great desideratum in all song services is that while the greatest possible variety of means is employed, a unity of impression should be produced.

To this unity of impression a leading thought is essential. On this leading thought all song, scripture, and remark should directly and progressively bear. The scope of that thought must not be too narrow, or material for its proper development will be lacking. A broad definite theme, with a decidedly practical outlook, will be most easy and profitable.

The means employed should be as varied as possible. Song by the congregation should of course constitute the body of the service, and comprise at least half of the music. This may be interspersed by anthems and quartets by the choir, solos, and duets, recitations, or readings of appropriate sacred poetry, scriptures read responsively, or by the leader alone, prayer extempore, or in concert, remarks making plain the development of the leading thought in the succession of songs, remarks on the scriptures read, the narration of pertinent anecdotes and incidents, or any other exercises that may suggest themselves to the ingenious worker. Of course, all of these ought not and can not be used in a single service, else were all the services alike and increasingly monotonous. Good judgment must be used not to wear out any striking exercise by too frequent use. Amid all this variety the leading thought must never be obscured. Remember the guage of profit is the unity of impression. The spiritual phase of the service must be emphasized, or it will degenerate into a mere concert or show.

We give a few specimen outlines of song services which may be of use as suggestions.

The Gospel Story.—1. Anthem by Choir, No. 254. 2. Prayer. 3. Read responsively Isa. 40: 1–11. 4. Sing No. 120. 5. Choir sing first two stanzas of No. 56. 6. Remarks. 7. No. 95. 8. Choir sing last two stanzas of No. 56. 9. No. 87 as solo. 10. No. 232. 11. No. 5. 12. Choir sing No. 134. 13. No. 7 and L. M. Doxology.

Trusting in God.—1. Anthem by choir, No. 257. 2. Read Psa. 37: 1–7 and 23–40 responsively. 3. No. 111. 4. Prayer. 5. No. 91. 6. Solo and chorus by choir, No. 69. 7. No. 38. 8. Remarks. 9. No. 86, Duet and chorus by choir. 10. No. 105. 11. No. 113. 12. No. 115. 13. No. 106. 14. Prayer and benediction.

Our Dying Lord.—1. No. 3. 2. Read Isa. 53: 1–12. 3. Prayer. 4. No. 121. 5. Choir sing last two stanzas of No. 56. 6. No. 54. 7. Read Luke 23: 33–49 responsively. 8. No. 87 as a solo. 9. Remarks. 10. No. 110. 11. No. 109. 12. No. 107. 13. Doxology and benediction.

Working for Jesus.—1. No. 25. 2. Read Matt. 25: 14–30. 3. Prayer. 4. No. 100. 5. No. 173. 6. No. 186. 7. Duet and choir, No. 171. 8. Remarks. 9. No. 183. 10. No. 200. 11. No. 204. 12. No. 202. 13. Prayer and benediction.

HOLY VOICES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."*—Rev. 15: 3. E. S. LORENZ.

1. From the harps that swell by life's crystal river, Floats an echo down to earth bringing cheer; Ho-ly Voices
2. Round us swell the sounds of strife, fear, and sighing, But we sing of hope and love, joy and rest; To the an-gels'
3. From the hills of God resound holy voi-ces, Dearest voices that have crossed on before, And the song each
4. Ho-ly voi-ces never cease your glad sing-ing, Happy youth and cheerful age join the lays, Till the world re-

CHORUS.

chant in rapture for-ev - er, And we answer back the hymn sweet and clear.
song still grateful re - ply-ing, While we tell the world of faith ever blest. Ho-ly voi - ces,
wait-ing heart still re-joi - ces, For they say "Be brave and true evermore."
deemed with glad notes is ringing, And the Savior'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 voices, gladness bringing, Chant the sto-ry of sal - va - tion, of salvation from above; Ho - ly

voi - ces, Ho - ly voi - ces, Ech - o back the sto-ry of a Savior's love.
voi-ces, ev - er singing, Ho - ly voi - ces, gladness bringing,

OPENING SERVICE.

PREPARED BY REV. D. BERGER, D. D.

No. 1.

1. SINGING—THE GLORIA PATRI.



2. READ RESPONSIVELY.

Superintendent.—The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.

School.—The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him: unto all that call upon him in truth.

Supt.—But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven of heavens can not contain him.

School.—And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them.

Supt.—Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

School.—They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth forever.

Supt.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee.

School.—Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Supt.—Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

School.—O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things.

Supt.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

School.—Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

3. Singing—The Doxology.

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.

4. Responsive Reading—The Beatitudes.

Supt.—Blessed are the poor in spirit:

School.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Supt.—Blessed are they that mourn:

School.—For they shall be comforted.

Supt.—Blessed are the meek:

School.—For they shall inherit the earth.

Supt.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

School.—For they shall be filled.

Supt.—Blessed are the merciful:

School.—For they shall obtain mercy.

Supt.—Blessed are the pure in heart:

School.—For they shall see God.

Supt.—Blessed are the peacemakers:

School.—For they shall be called the children of God.

Supt.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

School.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Supt.—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

School.—Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

5. Prayer.

The Superintendent or Pastor leading. Or, The Lord's Prayer, in concert.

6. Singing.

OPENING SERVICE.

PREPARED BY REV. J. P. LANDIS, D. D.

No. 2.

1. RESPONSIVE READING.

Superintendent.—Know ye that the Lord, he is God: it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves: we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

School.—Oh, bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: remember his marvelous works that he hath done.

2. SINGING—THE DOXOLOGY.

3. RESPONSIVE READING.

Supt.—And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.

Teachers.—So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him.

School.—The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

Supt.—And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her: and he did eat.

Teachers.—Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

School.—For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

Supt.—How shall man be just with God?

Teachers.—If he will contend with him, he can not answer him one of a thousand.

School.—Therefore, by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight.

Supt.—But the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

Teachers.—He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

School.—Bless ye the Lord.

Supt.—God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Teachers.—And he is the propitiation for our sins.

Supt.—God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

School.—Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory and dominion, forever and ever.

Supt.—What must I do to be saved?

Scholars.—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

4. Singing.

Tune.—"Hamburg."

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.

5. Responsive Reading.

All.—Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Supt.—Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

Scholars.—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!

Supt.—This is the will of God, even your sanctification.

All.—Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

Pastor.—Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Supt.—The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.

Teachers.—Some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

Scholars.—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Pastor.—God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be bad.

School.—For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Supt.—In my Father's house are many mansions.

Teachers.—I go to prepare a place for you.

Scholars.—I will come again, and receive you unto myself.

Supt. and Pastor.—Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

All.—Praise ye the Lord. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Hallelujah!

6. Prayer.

7. Singing.

OPENING SERVICE.

PREPARED BY REV. D. BERGER, D. D.

No. 3.

1. Responsive Reading.

Superintendent.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

School.—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Supt.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

2. Singing—The Gloria Patri.



3. Read Responsively.

Supt.—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

School.—We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house; even of thy holy temple.

Supt.—The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

School.—He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

Supt.—He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

School.—For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

Supt.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

School.—For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

Supt.—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

School.—To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Supt.—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.

School.—He shall gather the lambs in his bosom, and carry them in his arms.

Supt.—Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

School.—I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

4. SINGING.—CORONATION.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. THE APOSTLES' CREED.

(*Repeat in concert.*)

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead: he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

6. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(*Repeat in concert.*)

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.

7. SINGING.

OPENING SERVICE.

PREPARED BY PRESIDENT D. D. DE LONG, OF LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE.

No. 4.

1. SINGING.

2. RESPONSIVE READING.

Pastor.—Hearken unto me, O ye children: Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. That thou mightest answer the words of truth to them that send unto thee.

Superintendent.—How were the Holy Scriptures given to man?

Pupils.—All Scripture is given by INSPIRATION OF GOD. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

Supt.—What doth God require of us concerning his commandments and statutes?

Pupils.—Ye shall diligently keep the commandments of the Lord your God and his testimonies and his statutes which he hath commanded thee. And thou shalt do that which is right and good in the sight of the Lord: that it may be well with thee.

Supt.—To whom are we commanded to teach the words of the Lord?

Pupils and Teachers.—Thou shalt diligently teach them unto thy children and talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.

Supt.—How early in life are we told, in the Holy Scriptures, that we ought to begin to serve the Lord?

Pupils.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

Supt.—What promise hath the Lord made to those who seek him early?

Pupils.—Those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness.

Supt.—What is said in the Holy Scriptures concerning God's people in this life?

Pupils.—Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Supt.—What is said about the wicked in this life?

Secretary.—But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

Supt.—What hath God declared will be the condition of the righteous in the future life?

Pupils.—Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings.

Supt.—What shall be the condition of the wicked in the future?

Librarians.—Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him.

Supt.—Doth God take pleasure in the destruction of the wicked?

Pupils.—Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live.

Supt.—What remedy hath God provided for us that we need not perish?

Pastor.—God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

3. Singing.

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

4. Responsive Reading.

Supt.—Did the people kindly receive Jesus—the Son of God?

Secretary.—He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Supt.—Where did Jesus tell his disciples he was going when he left this world?

Pupils.—I ascend unto my Father and your Father; to my God and your God.

Supt.—Did Jesus promise that he would come again to this world?

Pupils.—I go to prepare a place for you: And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.

Librarian.—But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night: in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

Secretary.—Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God?

Pastor.—Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless.

Supt.—What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch.

All of the School.—So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

5. Prayer by Superintendent.

6. Singing.

HAND IN HAND WITH JESUS.

E J. CARR. *"All his saints are in thy hand."*—Deut. 33: 3. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hand in hand with Je-sus, Go-ing on my way; Looking up to Jesus—Looking day by day.
2. Hand in hand with Je-sus, Like a lit-tle child; Clinging un-to Je-sus In the tempest wild;
3. Hand in hand with Je-sus, Joy within my heart—Joy which none but Jesus Ev-er can im-part;
4. Hand in hand with Je-sus, Nev-ermore a-fraid! Per-fect rest in Jesus,—Peace which he has made.

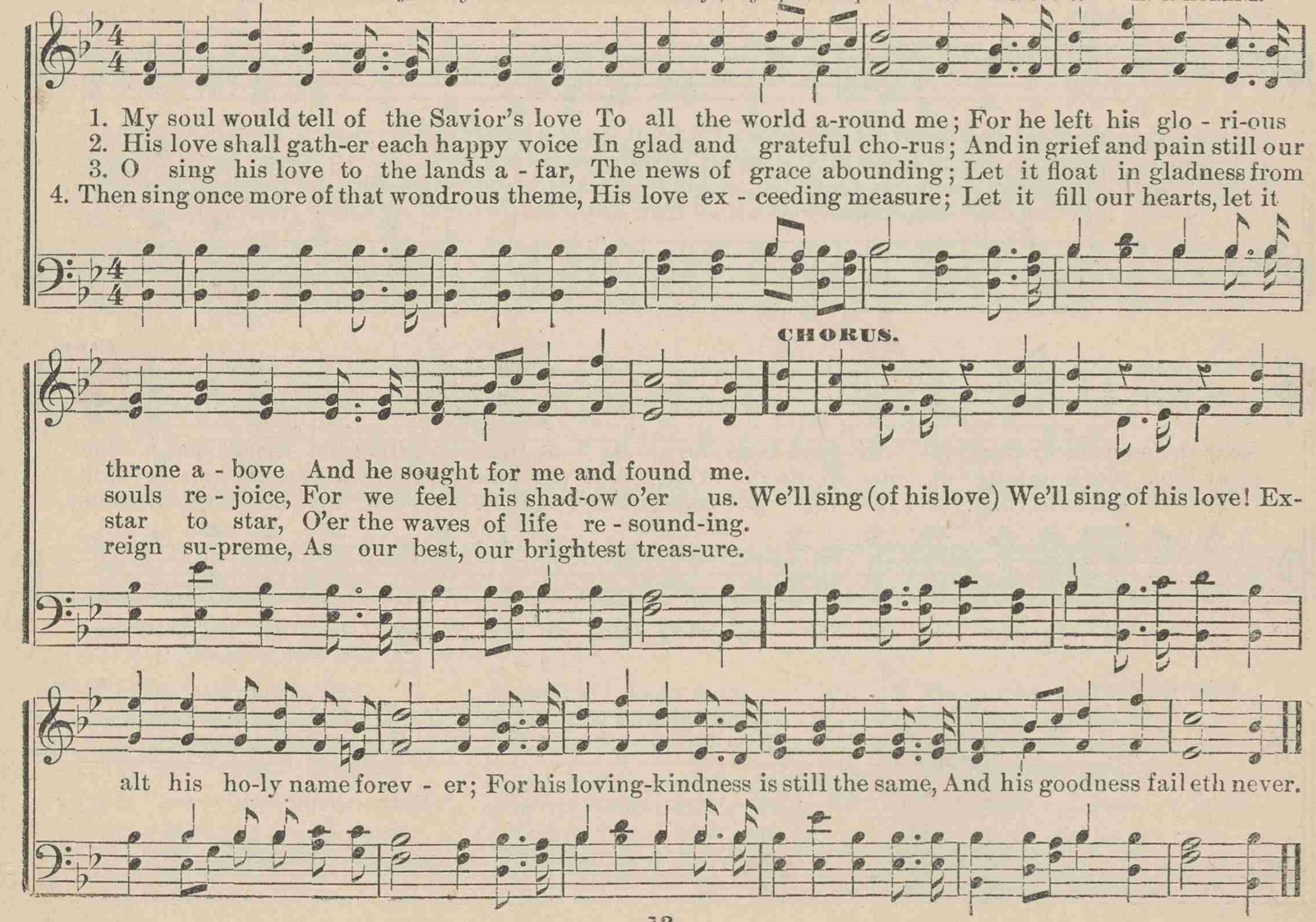
Foll'wing aft-er Je-sus As my heavenly king; Of this blessed Je-sus I will ev-er sing.
Lay-ing hold of Je-sus, Whether day or night; For I know that Je-sus Always leads a-right.
Sing-ing un-to Je-sus Sweet redemption's song; For the ear of Je-sus List-ens all day long.
Yearning aft-er Je-sus, His dear face to see; For my heart, dear Je-sus, Finds it all in thee.

REFRAIN.

Hand in hand with Je-sus I will journey on, To my home in heav-en, Where my Lord has gone.

SING OF HIS LOVE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."*—Ps. 63: 3. E. S. LORENZ.



4

HEAR THE CHILDREN SING.

"The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David."—Matt. 21: 15.

EDWARD A. BARNES. REV. R. A. HITT.

1. Hear the children sing of our Fa - ther's care, And his bless - ing sweet that we free - ly share;
2. Hear the children sing what is good and right, What will yield us joy in the Sav-ior's sight;
3. Hear the children sing of the up - per fold, And the cit - y bright with its streets of gold;

Fine.

Hear them speak in song of our Sav - ior's love, As a precious gift from the Throne a - bove.
Hear them speak in song of his words di - vine, And the bless-ed Light that shall ev - er shine.
Hear them speak in song of the life to come, With our Sav-ior dear in his bless-ed home.

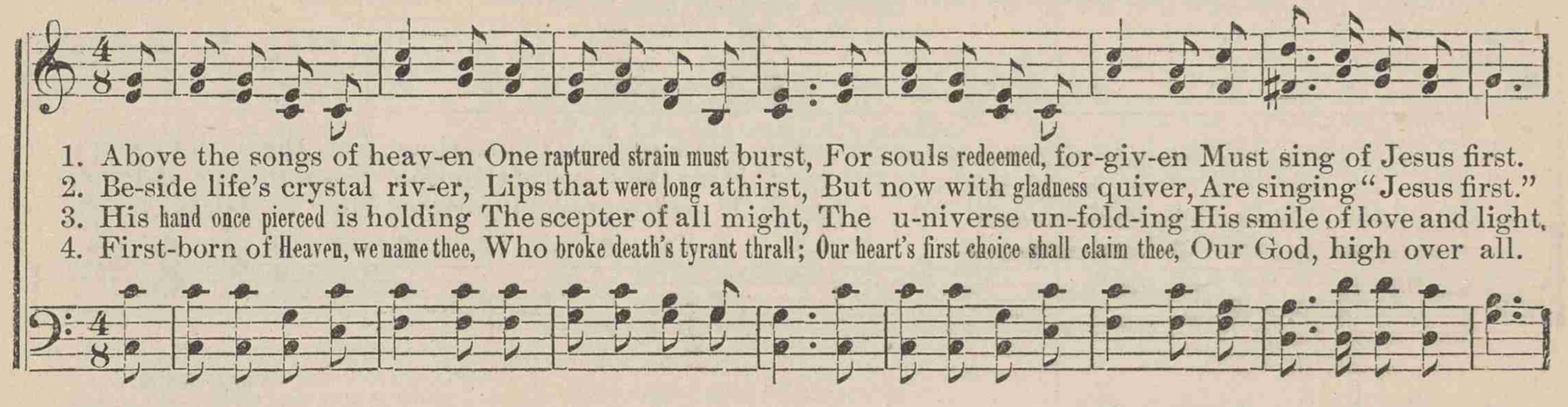
D. S. *As they oft - en meet in the Sun - day - school, How we love to hear lit - tle chil-dren sing.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Hark! hark! hear the chil - dren sing; Hark! hark! hear their voi - ces ring;

5 JESUS FIRST.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Who is over all, God blessed forever."*—Rom. 9: 5. E. S. LORENZ.



6 THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

1 I hear the children's voices
In tender strains uprise,
Their carols sweetly blending
With hymns beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

The children sing of Jesus' love,
They speak his praise where'er they rove;
Jesus first! Jesus first!
They swell the song above.

2 Christ smiled on little children,
And drew them to his breast;
"Of such is Heaven's kingdom,"
Of love and joy and rest.

3 They trust, and fear no evil,
Confiding, gentle, kind;
In simple faith, as children,
We happiness may find.

4 They love the name of Jesus,
They trust his tender care,
And all they know of heaven,
Is—Christ himself is there.

JESUS REIGNS FOR EVERMORE.

J. B. CARLIN. *"The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations."*—Psa. 146: 10. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hear the proc-la - ma - tion Sounding far and near; Je - sus reigns vic-to-rious, Let the nations fear;
2. See the wav-ing ban-ners, Floating o'er the land, Hear the songs of triumph From the roy-al band,
3. Sound the proc-la - ma - tion; Shout it all a-broad, Je - sus reigns vic-to-rious, He is Is-rael's God,

CHORUS.

Bow before his scep - ter, Nev - ermore despair:—Je-sus reigns for ev - er - more.
Shouting hal - le - lu - jah, March-ing hand in hand:—Je-sus reigns for ev - er - more. Je - sus
Marching forth in triumph, O'er the roy - al road:—Je-sus reigns for ev - er - more.

Jesus reigns, he

reigns, He reigns, he reigns for evermore. Je - sus reigns, He reigns, he reigns for evermore.

reigns victorious, He reigns, Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious, he reigns,

8 MARTYN. 7s. D.



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, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, 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.

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9 CORONATION. C. M.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 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.

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

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

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10 TUNE, CORONATION. C. M.

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

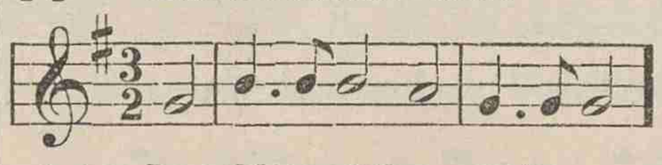
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

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.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

---

11 ARLINGTON. C. M.



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.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

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12 MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s, 4s.



1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

13 LOST AND SAVED.

E. A. BARNES. *"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."*—Luke 19: 10. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I was lost a-mid the gloom-y hedges, Heed-ing not the fold with o-pen door; I am
2. I was lost a-mid the wilds of er-ror, Car-ing not how far I went a-stray; I am
3. I was lost a-mid the an-gry bil-lows; Drift-ing on, I heard them surge and roll; I am

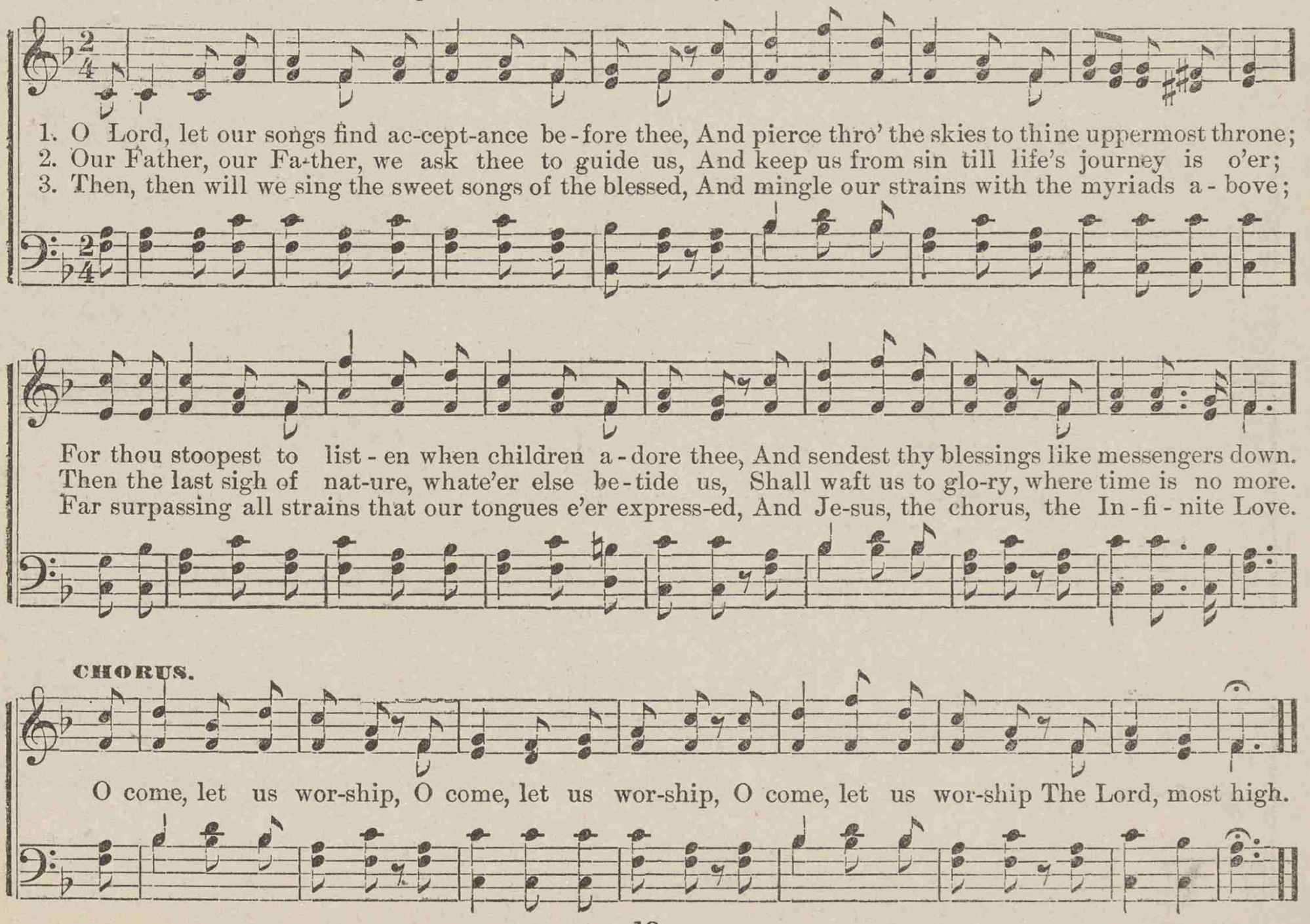
CHORUS.

saved, for Je-sus comes to res-cue, Giv-ing light where all was dark be-fore.
saved, for Je-sus is my ran-som, Giv-ing life that pass-eth not a-way. I am
saved, for in the Friend of sin-ners Faith re-veals the an-chor of my soul.

saved, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, hal-le-lujah! By the blood of the Lamb.

14 O COME, LET US WORSHIP.

ANON. *"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."*—Psa. 95: 6. I. BALTZELL.



15

REJOICE, HIS NAME IS JESUS.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. "I bring you tid-ings of great joy," For Je-sus comes to save his own,
   Yes, Je-sus comes, tho' Lord of all, (*Omit.*) . . . . . For you he leaves his
2. Just at the door, with lift-ed hand, He stands and knocks—would enter in;
   Who welcomes Christ with heart and soul, (*Omit.*) . . . . . Will prove that Jesus
3. And pu-ri-ty is his free gift, Thus saving to the ut-ter-most;
   And by the Ho-ly Spir-it's power, (*Omit.*) . . . . . He gives to us our

REFRAIN.

heavenly throne. Rejoice, his name is Je-sus, for he saves, Re-joice, his name is Je-sus, for he saves from sin.
Pen-te-cost. he saves,

saves, . . For he saves, for he saves, For he saves his peo-ple from their sins, from their sins.
he saves, he saves, he saves,

By permission.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

Mrs. M. M. Weinland. *"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."*—Ps. 30 : 5. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Oh, wea - ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! For God in his own
2. Ye fee - ble saints, dismiss your fears. For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! And weeping mourners
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye look up, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! And ev -'ry trembling
4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Sorrow and sigh - ing

CHORUS.

word has said That joy cometh in the morning!
dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morn-ing! Joy cometh in the
sin - ner hope, For joy cometh in the morning!
flee a - way, For joy cometh in the morning!

morn-ing! Weeping may endure, may en-dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.

17

JEHOVAH STILL REIGNETH.

D. B. P. *"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."*—Ps. 97: 1. D. B. PURINTON.

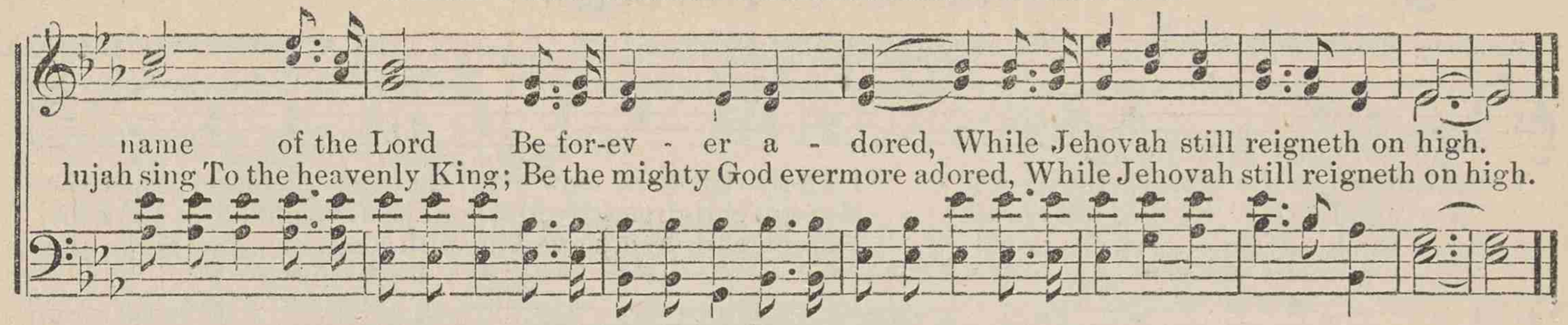
1. Tho' the wind and the gale o'er thy pathway prevail, And the storm in its fury sweep by; Still thy
2. Tho' thy voyage o'er life's sea dark and lonely may be, Tho' no friend or companion be nigh; Yet a
3. Soon the Savior we'll meet, and will bow at his feet, And our voices in anthems em-ploy; We will

CHORUS.

courage re-new, and thy journey pur-sue, For Jehovah still reigneth on high. Hal-le-lu-jah,
radiance divine o'er thy pathway shall shine, For Jehovah still reigneth on high.
sing of his love in the mansions a-bove, While Jehovah still reigneth on high. Praise the

Hal-le-lu-jah, Let the
Lord, Praise the Lord Jehovah! Hallelu-jah to Je-hovah! Halle-lu-jah to Je-hovah! Halle-

JEHOVAH STILL REIGNETH. Concluded.

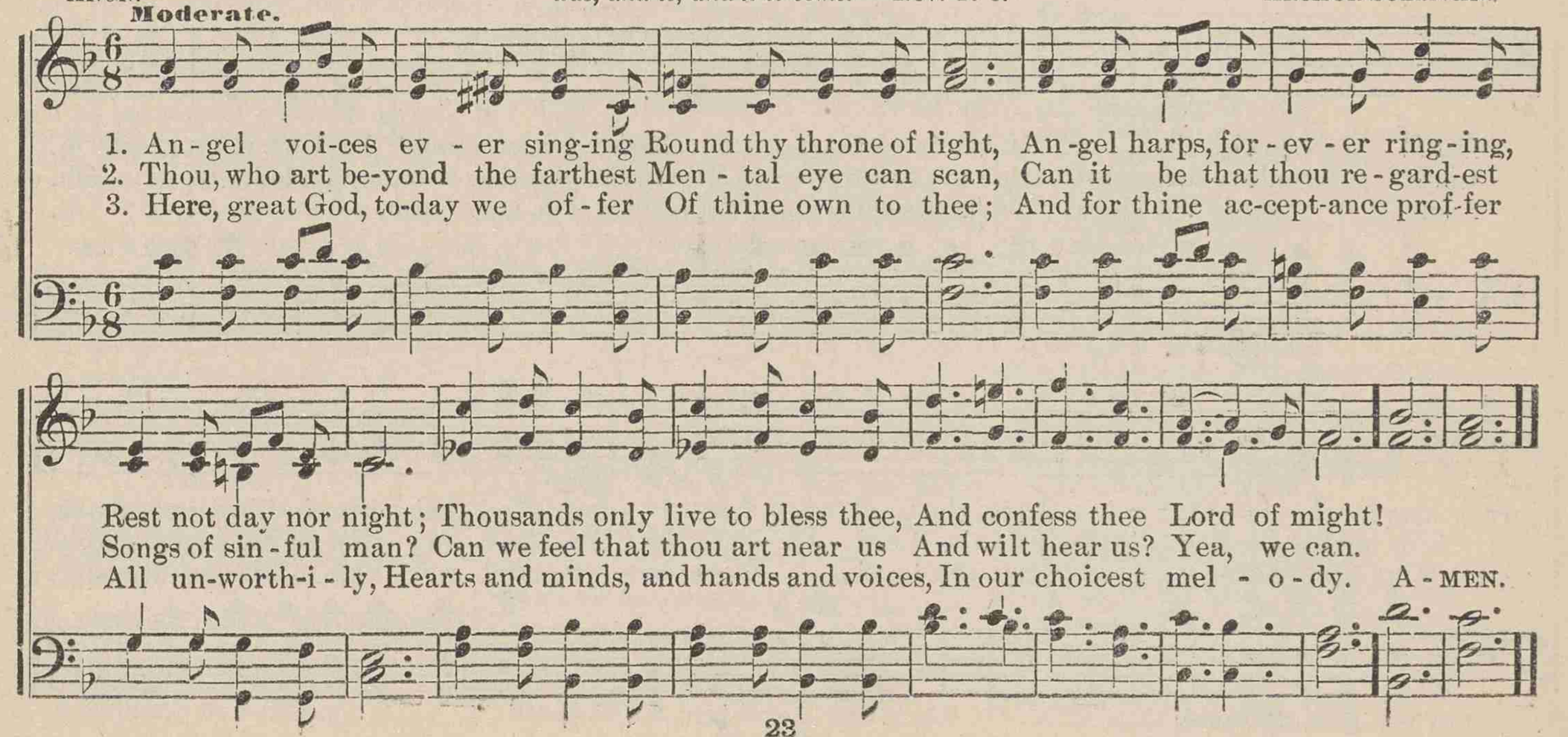


18

ANGEL VOICES.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

ANON. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



HOSANNA TO THE LORD.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Read Ps. 149: 1, 2; 100: 2; 18: 1. Dr. A. Brooks Everett.*

1. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Hap-py chil-dren now in the tem - ple sing, Praise the
2. Love the Lord! love the Lord! Hap-py chil-dren, give him your youth's bright days; Love the
3. Serve the Lord! serve the Lord! Hap-py chil-dren, serve him with songs of joy; Serve the

Lord! praise the Lord! Hosanna to the Lord our King. Oh, praise him for the flow'rs that grow, Oh,
Lord! love the Lord! He ev-er loveth you, he says. Oh, love him, for he loves us so; Oh,
Lord! serve the Lord! And let his work your hands employ. Oh, serve him, whatsoe'er ye do; Oh,

praise him for the stars that move; Praise the Lord here be - low, And praise him in his courts above.
love him for his wondrous love; Love the Lord here be - low, And love him in his courts above.
serve him, wheresoe'er ye move. Serve the Lord here be - low, And serve him in his courts above.

*By per. R. M. McIntosh.

20 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day!
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

---

21 SHINING SHORE. 8s, 7s.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

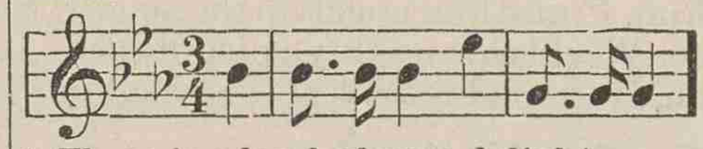
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and damp,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

---

22 VARINA. C. M. D.



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.

---

23 TUNE, VARINA. C. M. D.

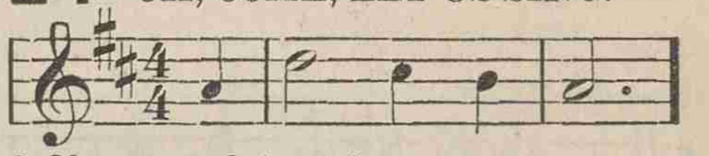
1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus, as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

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.

---

24 OH, COME, LET US SING.



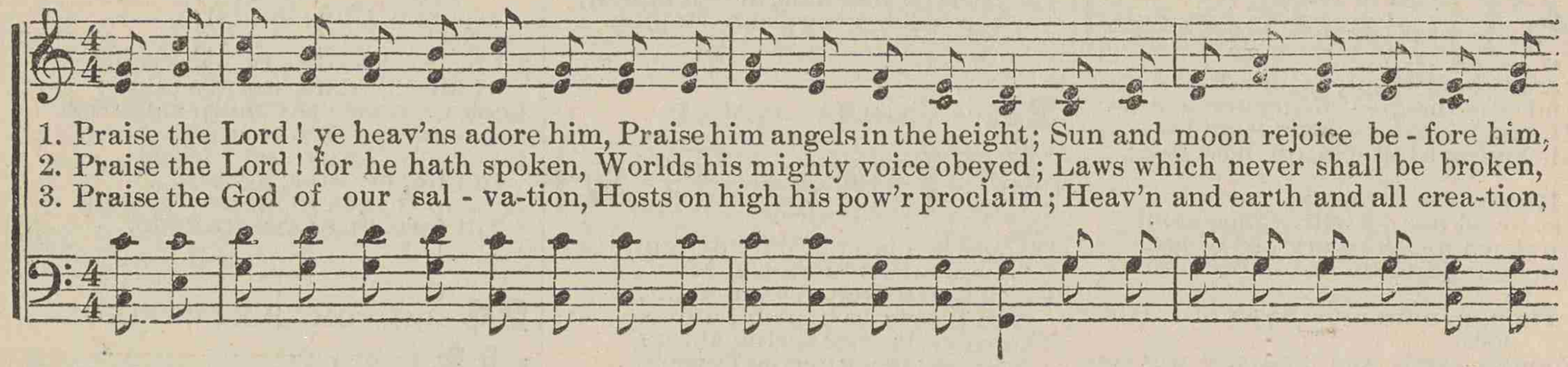
1 Oh, come, let us sing,
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love,—
Oh, come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody,—
Oh, come, let us sing!

2 The full notes prolong,
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong,
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage
Full notes to prolong.

3 Oh, swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating;
His Son he gave our souls to save,—
Oh, swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet swelling song.

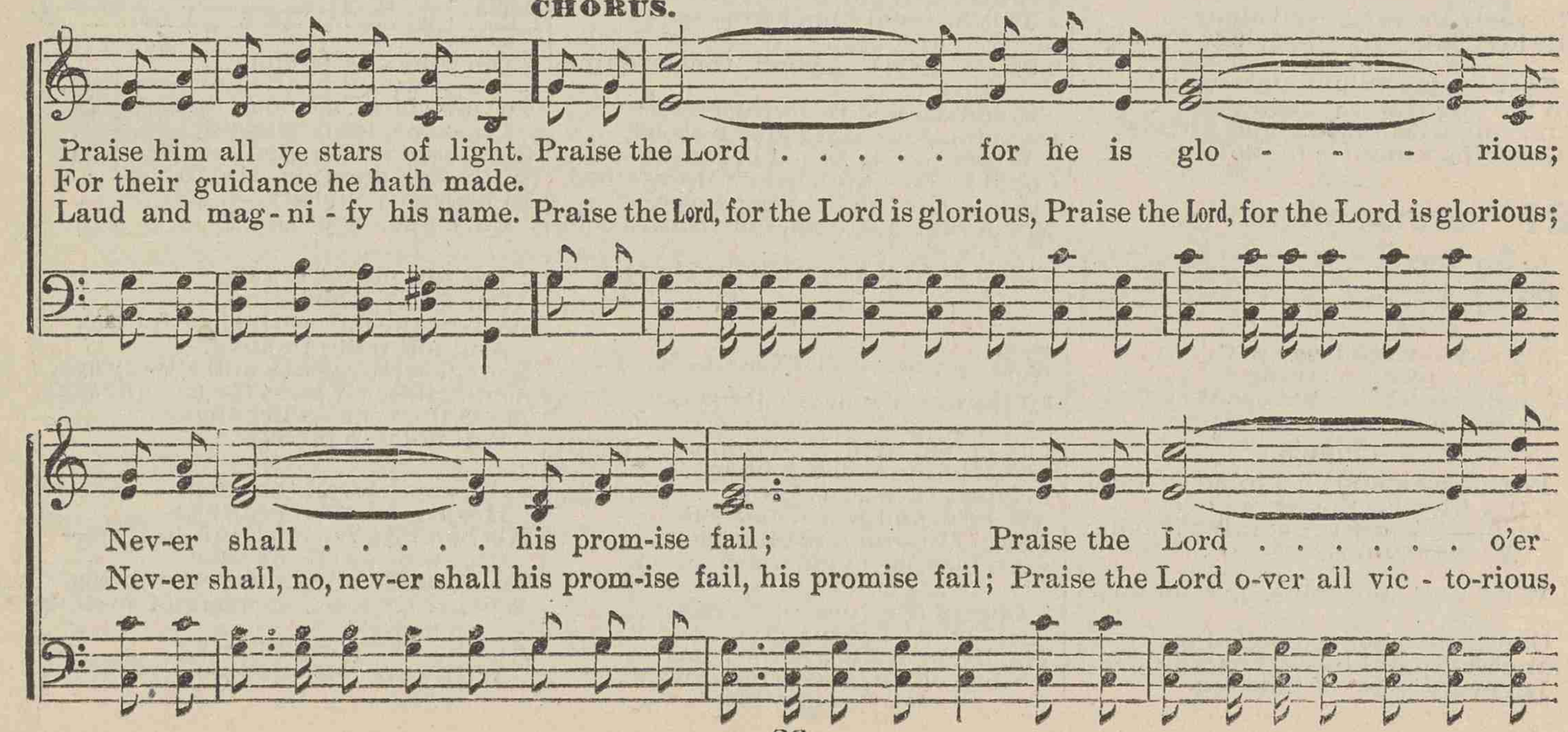
PRAISE THE LORD.

JOHN KEMPTHORN. *"I will extol thee, my God."*—Ps. 114: 1. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns adore him, Praise him angels in the height; Sun and moon rejoice be - fore him,
2. Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken, Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never shall be broken,
3. Praise the God of our sal - va-tion, Hosts on high his pow'r proclaim; Heav'n and earth and all crea-tion,

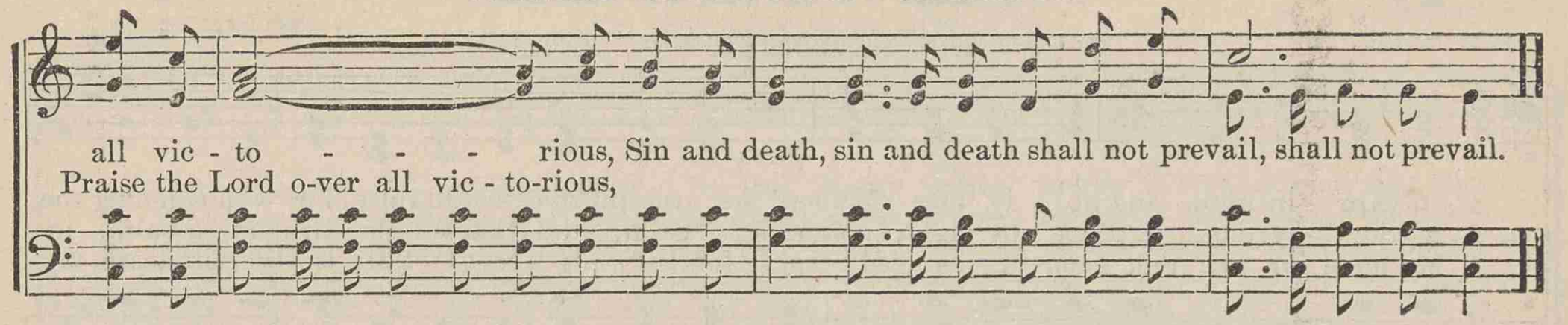
CHORUS.



Praise him all ye stars of light. Praise the Lord . . . . . for he is glo - - - - rious;
For their guidance he hath made.
Laud and mag - ni - fy his name. Praise the Lord, for the Lord is glorious, Praise the Lord, for the Lord is glorious;

Nev-er shall . . . . . his prom-ise fail; Praise the Lord . . . . . o'er
Nev-er shall, no, nev-er shall his prom-ise fail, his promise fail; Praise the Lord o-ver all vic - to-rious,

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.



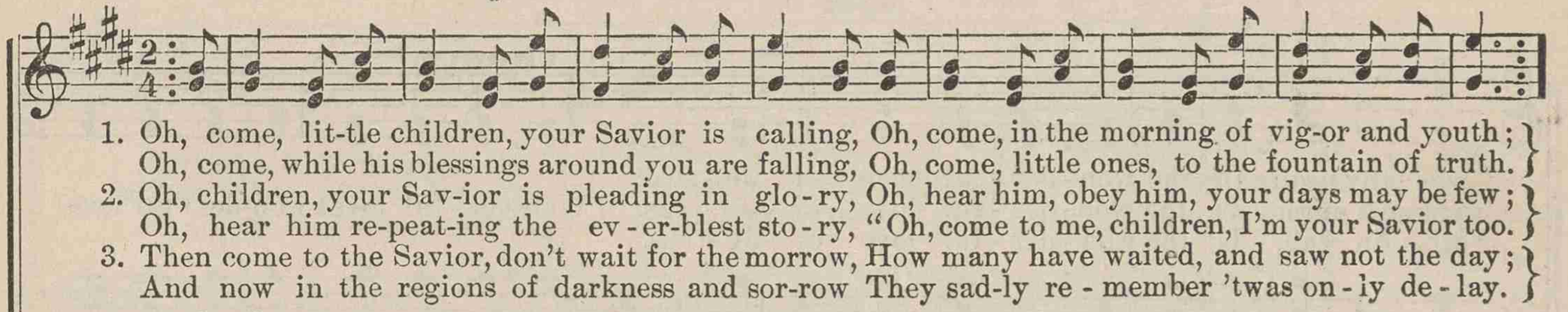
26

OH, COME, LITTLE CHILDREN.

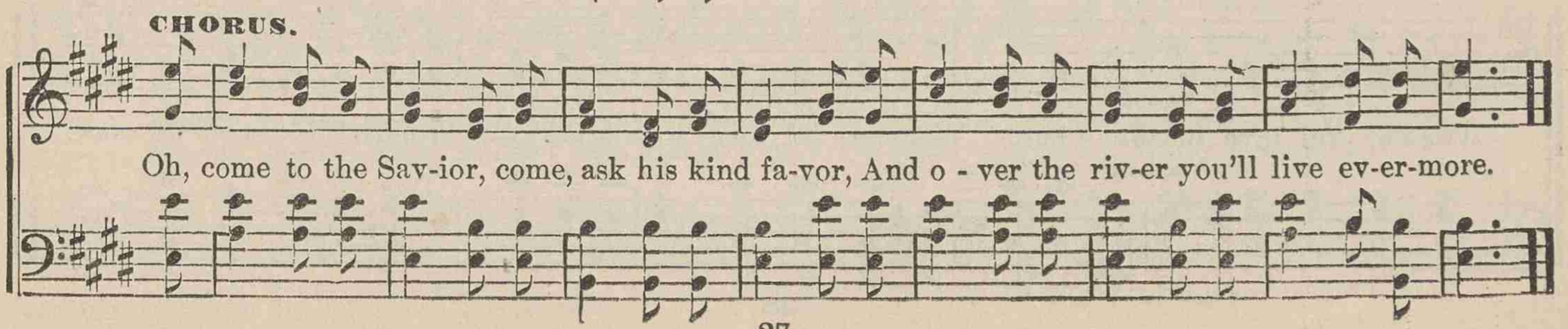
I. B.

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

REV. I. BALTZELL.



CHORUS.



WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND. *"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."*—Eph. 3: 19. E. S. LORENZ.



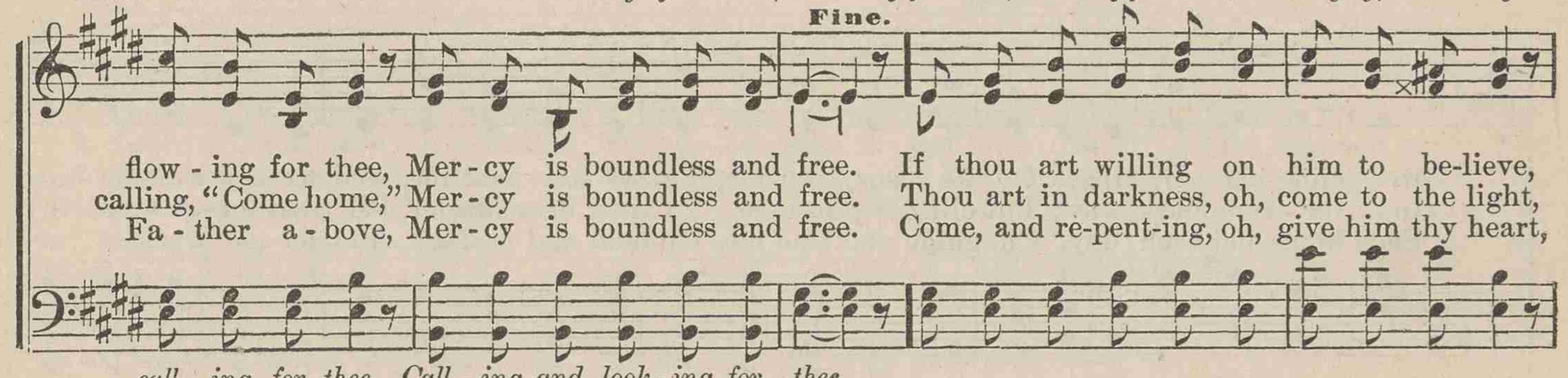
28 MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. *"God who is rich in mercy."*—Eph. 2: 4. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



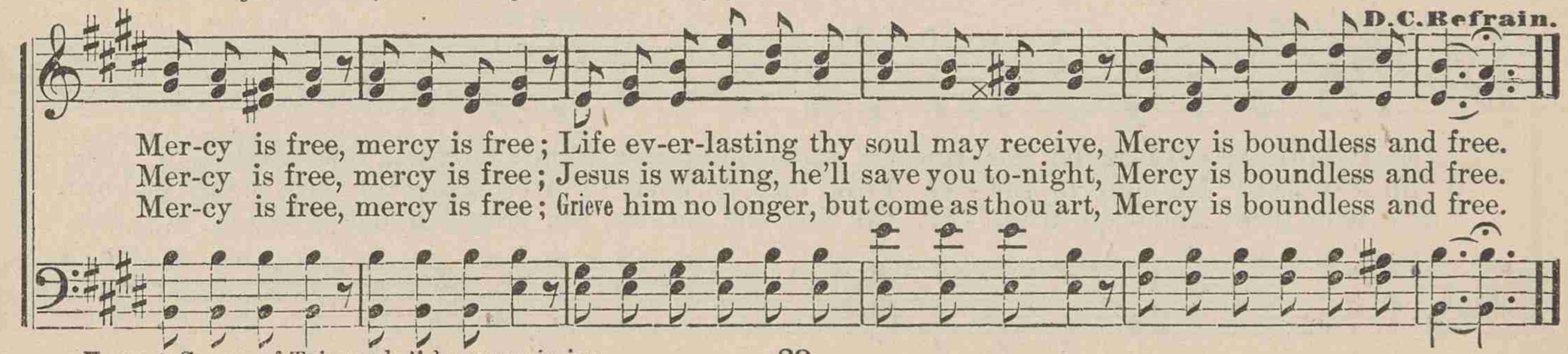
1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer-cy is free, Mercy is free, mercy is free; Sinner, that mercy is
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mercy is free, mercy is free; Gently the Spir-it is
3. Think of his goodness, his patience and love, Mercy is free, mercy is free; Pleading thy cause with his

REF.—*Je - sus the Sav - ior is look-ing for thee, Looking for thee, looking for thee; Loving-ly, ten-der-ly*



flow - ing for thee, Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art willing on him to be-lieve,
calling, "Come home," Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, oh, come to the light,
Fa - ther a - bove, Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come, and re-pent-ing, oh, give him thy heart,

call - ing for thee, Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

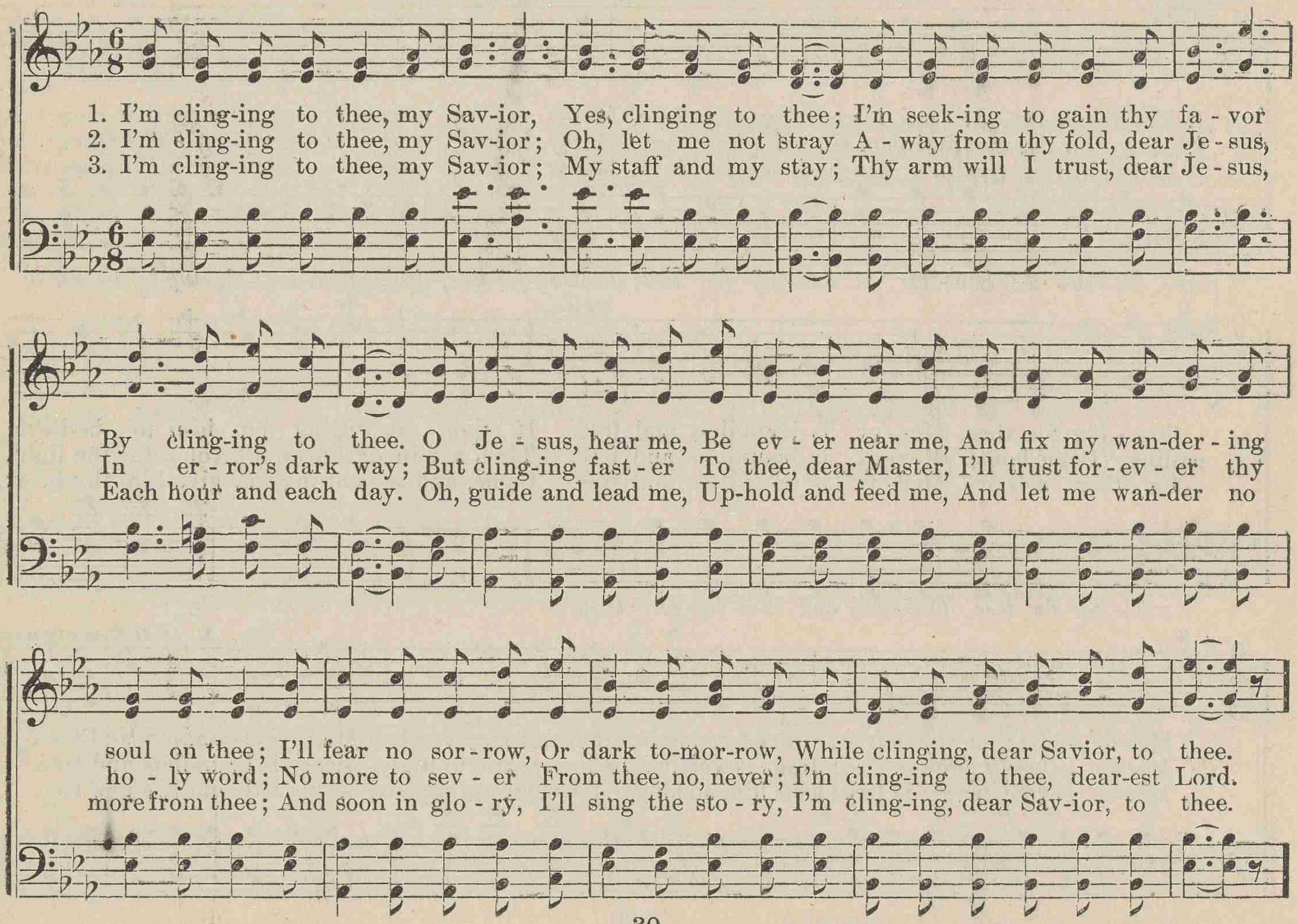


Mer-cy is free, mercy is free; Life ev-er-lasting thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
Mer-cy is free, mercy is free; Jesus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
Mer-cy is free, mercy is free; Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.

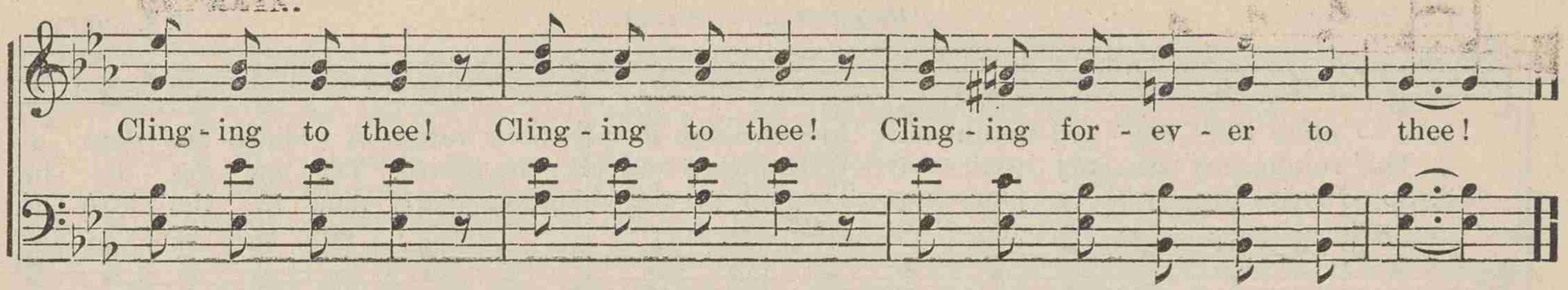
From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

29 I'M CLINGING TO THEE.

J. B. CARLIN. *"The Lord also shall be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble."*—Psa. 9: 9. I. BALTZELL.



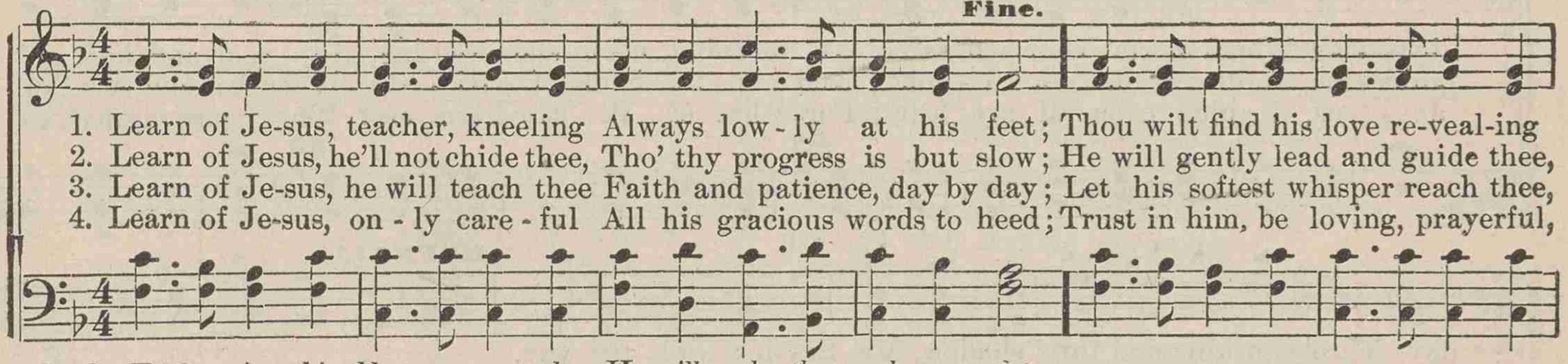
CLINGING TO THEE. Concluded.

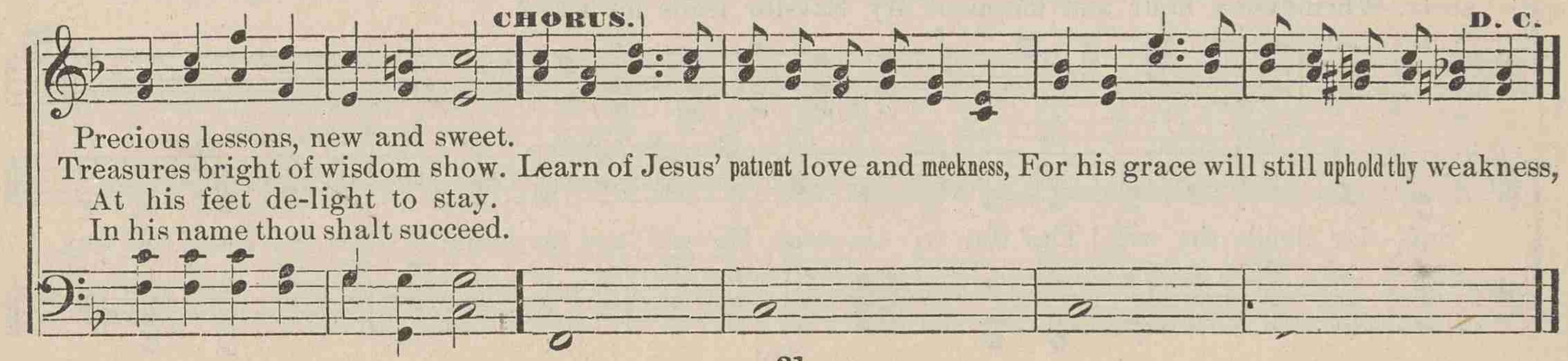


30

LEARN OF JESUS.

P. J. OWENS. *"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."*—Matt. 11: 29. E. S. LORENZ.





MY SAVIOR LEADS THE WAY.

M. E. SERVOSS. "*He leadeth me.*"—Psa. 23: 3. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - cross life's rug - ged mount-ains, And through its pleas-ant vales, A - down its dark a-
2. Tho' rough may be my path - way, With thorns and bri - ars grown, Yet ten - der - ly he
3. So trust - ing - ly I jour - ney Through all the changing years, And in the love of

byss - es, Where mortal cour-age fails; At morning, noon, and even-ing, In cool and heat of
guides me, And leaves me not a - lone; And in the hour of tri - al, When sad and sore op-
Je - sus, I hide from all my fears; For what of ill can harm me? What cause my feet to

REFRAIN.

day, Thro' sunshine and thro' shadow, My Sav-ior leads the way.
pressed, 'Tis then his near - er pres-ence Gives sympa-thy and rest. My Sav-ior leads the way! My
stray, When ev-ery hour and mo-ment My Sav-ior leads my way?

Sav - ior leads the way! Tho' the tri - als come, He will lead me home, My Sav-ior leads the way.

32 SHELTERED BY HIS BLOOD.

W. P. MACKEY. *"And when I see the blood I will pass over you."*—EX. 12: 13. I. BALTZELL.

1. Heirs of sal - va - tion, cho-sen of God: Past con-dem - na-tion, sheltered by blood; God, in his
2. Pil-grims and strangers—captives no more: Wil - der-ness rangers, we sing and adore; Homeward we're
3. Ca - naan pos - sess-or, safe in the land, Vic-tors, con - fess-ors, ban-ner in hand; Jor-dan's deep
4. Safe in our mansion, glad-ly we sing, Je - sus our Sav-ior, Je - sus our King; Heirs of sal-

CHORUS.

pow - er, hath part-ed the sea; Foes have all perished, his peo-ple are free.
marching, by pil - lar we're led; By the sweet manna we dai - ly are fed. 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis
riv - er we've safe-ly passed o'er; Cares of the des - ert will trouble no more.
va - tion, the cho-sen of God; Past con-dem - na-tion, and sheltered by blood.

1st. **2d.** **Fine.**

Je-sus, the dear Lamb of God, Who shelters my soul with his own precious blood, own precious blood.

JESUS KIND.

J. B. CARLIN. *"He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom."*—Isa. 40: 11. E. S. LORENZ.





34 LENOX. H. M.



1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

---

35 TUNE, LENOX. H. M.

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: ‖

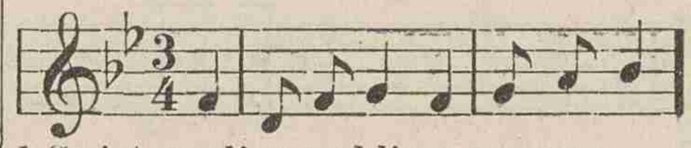
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

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

---

36 HEBRON. L. M.



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 Savior 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.

---

37 I AM TRUSTING. 7s.



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.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

---

38 GUIDE ME. 8s, 7s, 4s.



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.

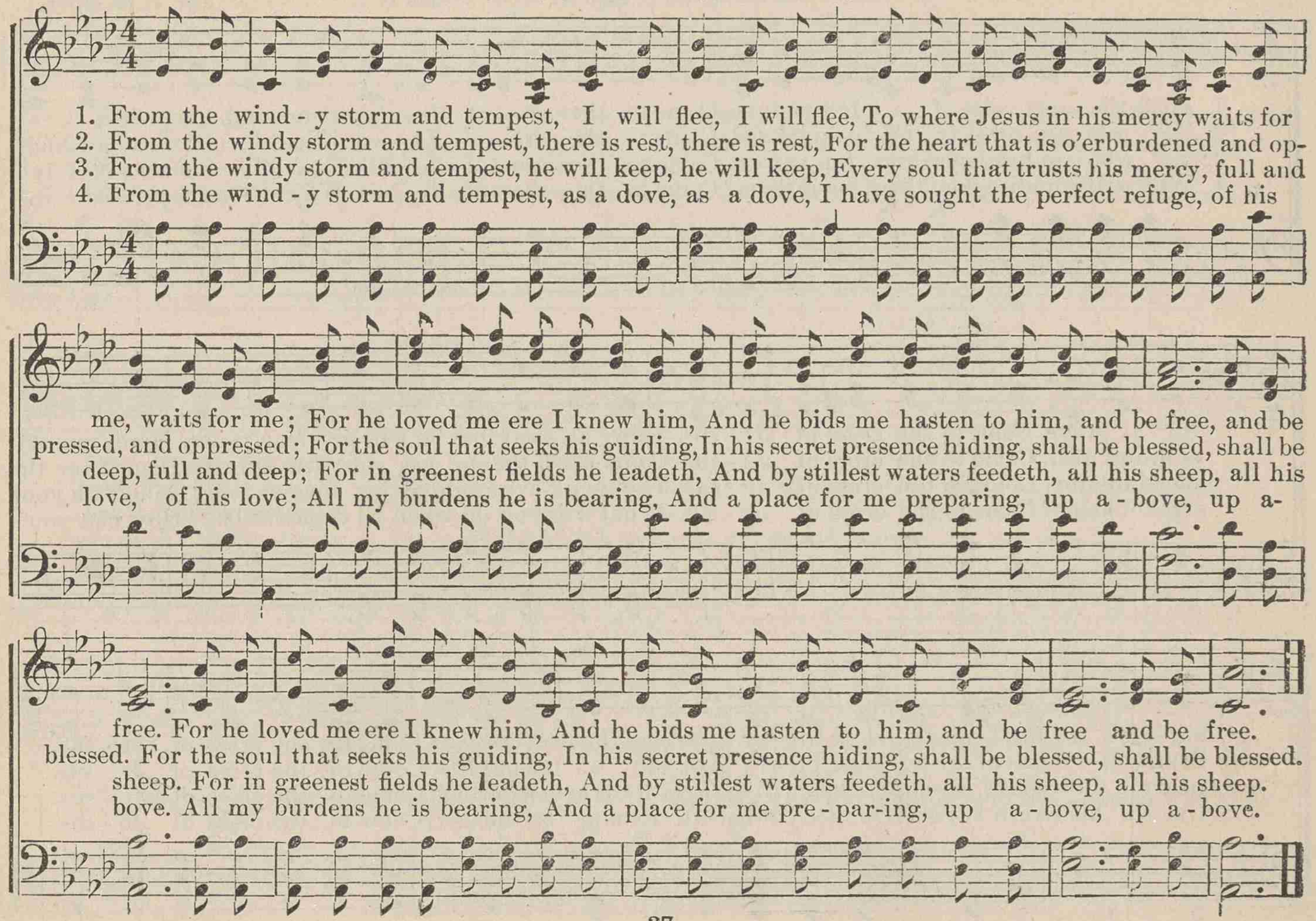
39 TAKE MY HEART, DEAR JESUS.

AMICUS. *"I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh."*—Ezek. 11: 19. I. BALTZELL.



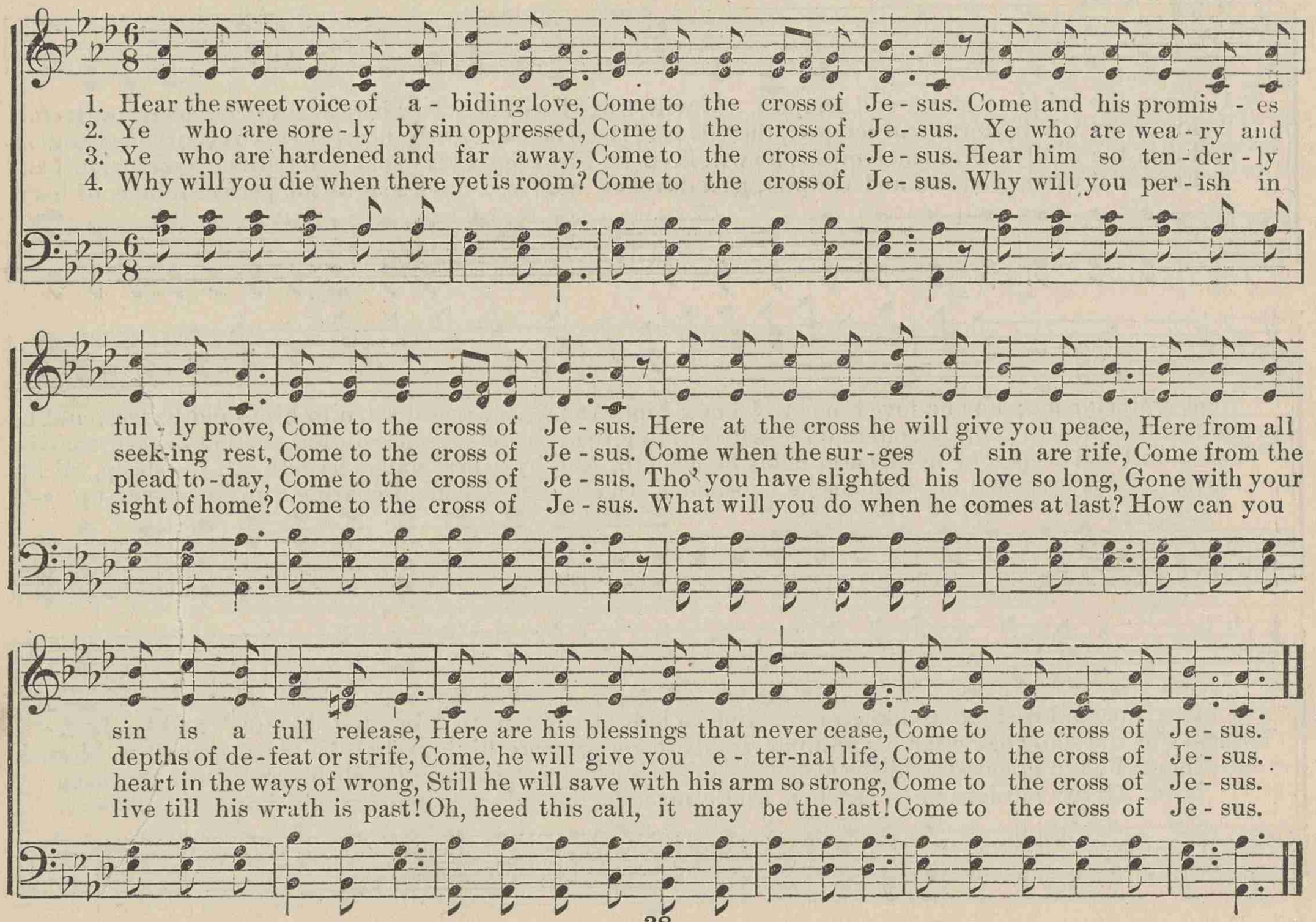
I WILL FLEE.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."*—Ps. 55: 8. E. S. LORENZ.



41 COME TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.

C. M. H. *"In whom we have redemption through his blood."*—Eph. 1: 7. REV. C. M. HOTT.



42 BEHOLD THE CRIMSON TIDE.

AMICUS. *"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."*—Isa. 1: 18. I. BALTZELL.

1. Ho! every one who thirsts, draw nigh; 'Tis God invites the race; Mer - cy and full sal - va-tion buy, Oh,
2. Come to the living waters, come, O - bey the Savior's call; Re - turn, ye wea-ry wand'rers, home, And
3. See from the rock a fountain rise; For you its wa-ters roll; Mon - ey ye need not bring, nor price, Oh,
4. Oh, precious blood, oh, cleansing blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; Now plunge beneath the crimson flood, And

CHORUS.

free is gos - pel grace.
find free grace for all. Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who was slain on the cross of Calva-
burdened, sin-sick soul.
wash thy guilty stains. Hal-le-lujah to the Lamb, to the Lamb,

ry; Oh, behold the crimson tide, Flowing from his hands and side; Will you plunge in the fountain and be free?

I WILL ARISE.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"I will arise and go to my father."*—Luke 15: 18. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Tho' long my feet have wandered From the right, from the right, Amid the world's allurements And its blight, and its blight;
2. No merits for atonement Can I claim, can I claim; My burden is contrition, Guilt and shame, guilt and shame;
3. No price have I as ransom For my soul, for my soul; No human power can ever Make me whole, make me whole;

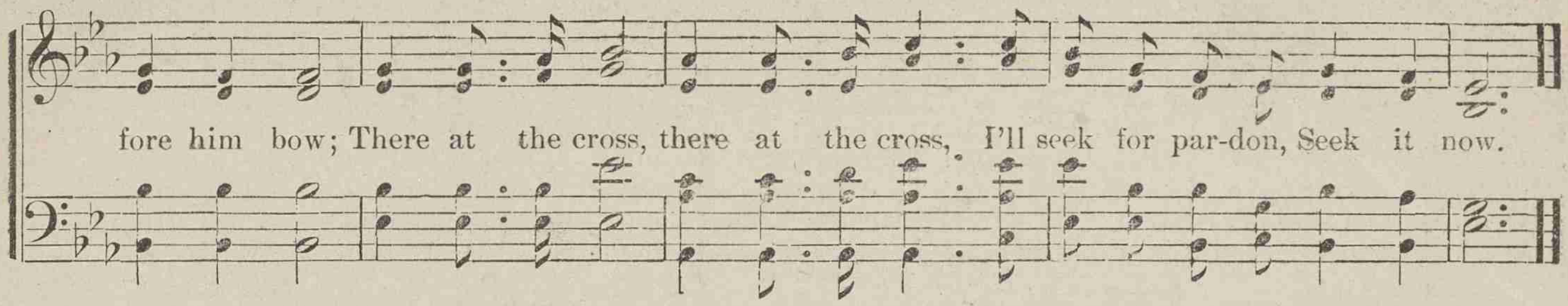
Tho' oft my heart is heav - y, Sin oppressed, sin oppressed, Yet one there is who of - fers Per-fect
Unclean and all sin - lad-en Tho' I be, tho' I be, The Sav - ior gent-ly whispers, "Come to
But he a - lone who suffered On the cross, on the cross, Can cleanse my heart from carnal, Worldly

rest, per-fect rest.
me," "come to me."
dross, Worldly dross.

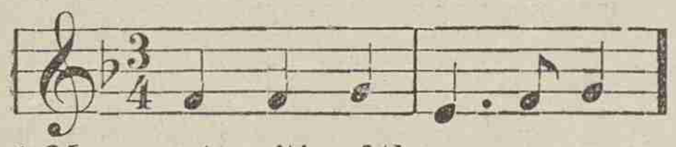
CHORUS.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, And be-

I WILL ARISE. Concluded.



44 AMERICA. 6s, 4s.



1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's 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!

---

45 TUNE, AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

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.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

---

46 REST. L. M.



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

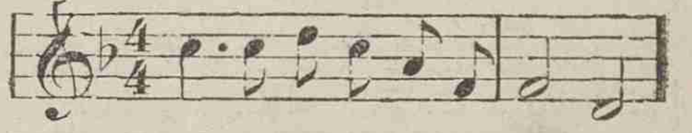
2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, 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.

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47 WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s.

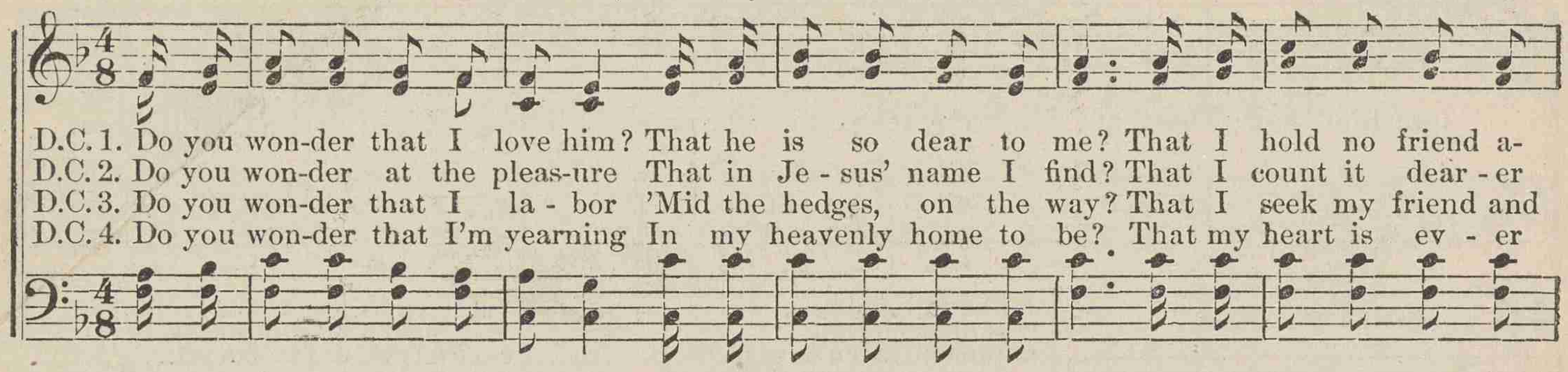


1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear–
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

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.

48 DO YOU WONDER THAT I LOVE HIM?

E. D. MUND. *"We love him, because he first loved us."*—1 JOHN 4: 19. E. S. LORENZ.



49 I AM GLAD THERE IS CLEANSING.

REV. L. H. Arr. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. How bright the hope that Cal-v'ry brings, Where love di-vine and mer - cy blends! How full the joy
2. 'Tis there; 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way; Who gives up all,
3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burdened ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv'ry's mount; The want of ach-
4. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile; There thousands have

that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse!
who comes by faith, This cleans-ing finds with-out de - lay.
ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleans-ing in re-demption's fount.
a cleansing found; I'll heed the Sav - ior's wel-come smile.

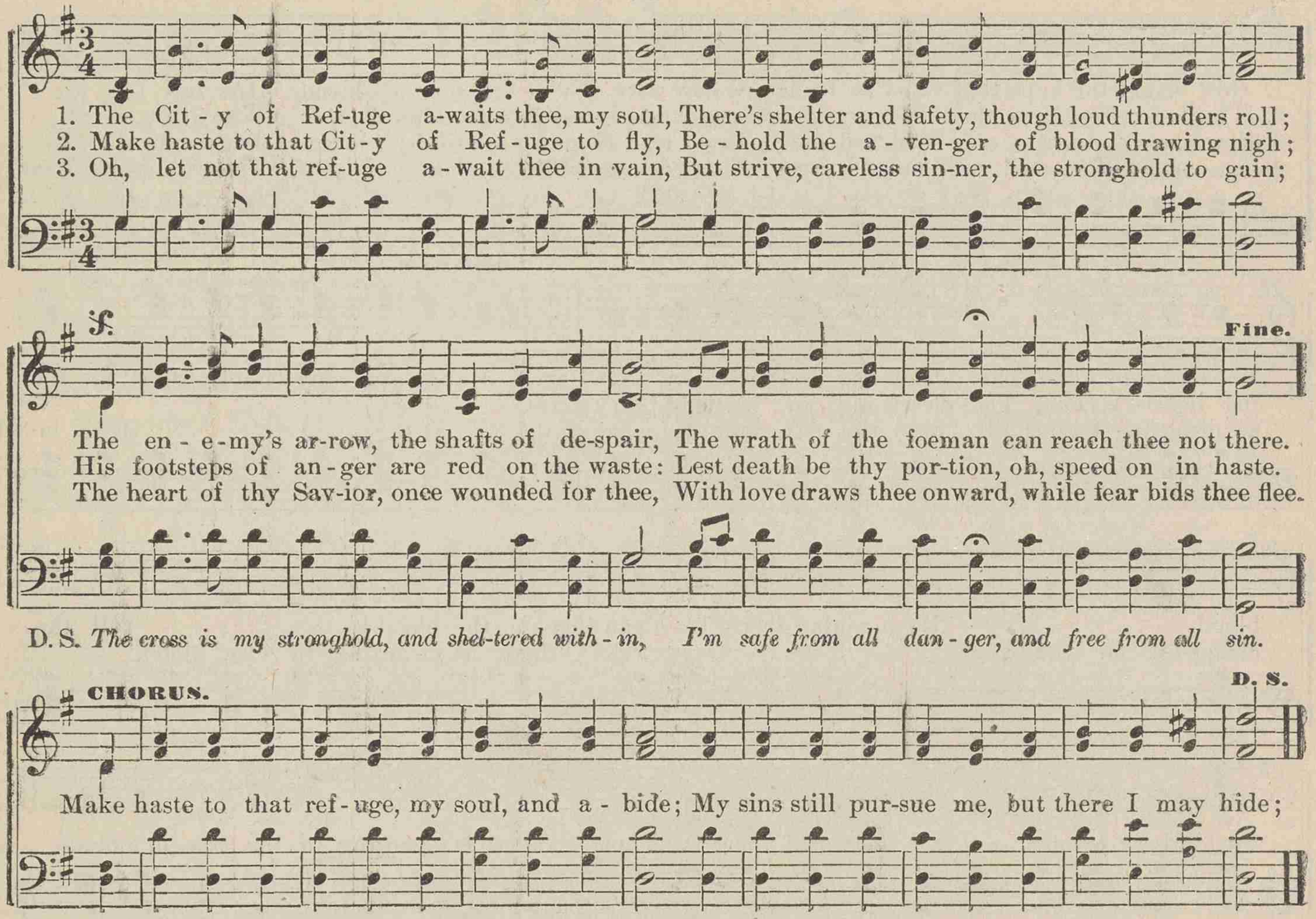
CHORUS.

I am glad there is cleansing in the blood, I am glad there is cleansing in the blood; Tell the
there is cleansing in the blood, there is cleansing in the blood,
world, there is cleansing, All the world, there is cleansing, There is cleansing in the Sav-ior's blood.

By permission.

50 THE CITY OF REFUGE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"To be a city of refuge."*—Josh. 21: 13. I. BALTZELL.



51 BETHANY. 6s, 4s.



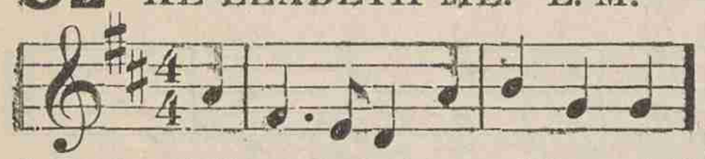
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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!

---

52 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.



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.

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53 LABAN. S. M.



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

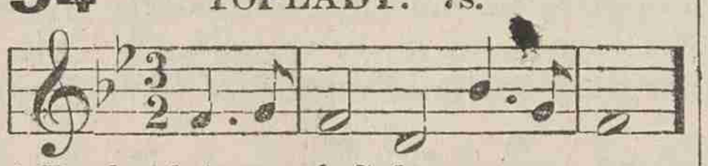
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

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54 TOPLADY. 7s.



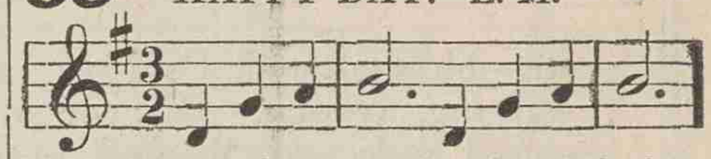
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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.

---

55 HAPPY DAY. L. M.



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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

56 WHO IS THIS?

ANON. *"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"*—Is. 53: 1. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Who is this so weak and help-less, Child of low-ly He-brew maid? Rude-ly in a sta-ble sheltered, Cold-ly in a man-ger laid? 'Tis the Lord of all cre-a-tion, Who this wondrous path hath trod; He is God from ev-er-last-ing, And to ev-er-last-ing God.
2. Who is this, a man of sor-rows, Walking sad-ly life's hard way? Homeless, wea-ry, sigh-ing, weeping O-ver sin and Sa-tan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glo-rious Sav-ior, Who a-bove the star-ry sky Now prepares the ma-ny man-sions Where no tear can dim the eye.
3. Who is this, be-hold him shed-ding Drops of blood up-on the ground? Who is this—de-spised, re-ject-ed, Mocked, insult-ed, beat-en, bound? 'Tis our God, who gifts and gra-ces On his church now poureth down; Who shall smite in ho-ly venge-ance All his foes be-neath his throne.
4. Who is this that hang-eth dy-ing, While the rude world scoffs and scorns? On the cross with sinners numbered, Pierced by nails and crowned with thorns? 'Tis the God who ev-er liv-eth 'Mid the shin-ing ones on high, In the glo-rious gold-en cit-y, Reigning ev-er-last-ing-ly.

SCHOOL.

57 THEN TO JESUS I WILL GO.

J. B. CARLIN. *"And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus."*—Mark 10: 50. I. BALTZELL.

1. I will go to Je - sus, he's my lov - ing Sav - ior; For the Bible tells me he will welcome me;
2. I will go to Je - sus, tell him all my sto - ry; He will not reject me tho' I'm weak and wild;
3. I will go to Je - sus, for I hear him call-ing; I will heed his message in my youthful days;

At the cross I'll seek him, there I'll plead his favor; There I'll find sal - va-tion, read - y, full and free.
He will hear my pleading on his throne in glo - ry; He will bless and save me—own me for his child.
Soon that voice so tender, on my ears now falling; Will be hushed for-ev - er—mer-cy pass a-way.

CHORUS.

Then to Je-sus I will go, Then to Jesus I will go; Yes, to Jesus, yes, to Je-sus, I will go, I will go.

58 WELCOME THE TIDINGS.

D. B. P. *"I bring you good tidings of great joy."*—Luke 11 : 10. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Wel-come the tidings, an-gels proclaim Joy to the world thro' a Savior's name; An-gel - ic voic - es
2. Wel-come the tidings, on - ly believe, Life from the dead will the Savior give; Joy ev - er-last-ing
3. Wel-come the tidings, par - don for all, O-ver the earth sound the gospel call; Herald the message
4. Wel-come the tidings, joy - ful the day, When Jesus calls thee from earth away; There with the saints in

CHORUS.

herald his birth, Shout hal - le - lujah! to the ends of the earth.
waiteth for thee, Shout hal - le - lujah! for re-demption is free. Shout halle-lu - jah! glo - ry to God!
o - ver the sea, Shout hal - le - lujah! for re-demption is free.
glo - ry above, Shout hal - le - lujah! for the gift of his love.

Jesus hath conquered death and the grave. Shout hallelujah! glory to God! For Jesus is mighty to save.

59 THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. *"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."*—Is. 12: 3. E. S. LORENZ.

Not too slow.

1. Oh, the wells of sal - va - tion that in Je - sus I find! Oh, the riv - ers of love flow-ing
2. Oh, the wells of sal - va - tion, they are flow - ing for all, Who would drink from that stream and be
3. Have you tast-ed his good - ness, all his rich - es to know? Is the seal of his love on thy

free! There's a fountain in Je-sus that is o - pen for all, There is life in that fountain for thee.
whole; There is life in its waters, never-failing and sure, There is cleansing and peace for thy soul.
brow? All the bliss that the prophets have for ages foretold, Is for you who believe on him now.

D. S. *There's a fountain in Je - sus that is o - pen for all, There is life in that fountain for thee.*

CHORUS.

Oh, the wells! . . Oh, the wells of sal - vation! They are flowing for you and for me!
of salvation! they are flowing for me!

60 SAFE IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

J. B. CARLIN. *"Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."*—Matt. 14: 27. I. BALTZELL.

1. Safe in the life-boat—proudly we sail, O - ver the billows, fear - ing no gale; Onward she dash-es
2. Safe in the life-boat—Je - sus is near; Why should we falter? why should we fear? He is our captain,
3. Safe in the life-boat—homeward we glide, Soon in the harbor, safe-ly we'll ride; Safe in the mansion

CHORUS.

thro' foam and spray, Bound for the kingdom, far far away.
might - y to save, His voice shall scatter tempest and wave. Safe in the life-boat—homeward we glide,
sing ev - ermore, "Je - sus, the Life-boat, brought us to shore."

Softly we're drifting on with the tide; Soon, in the harbor, we'll anchor fast, Shout, shout forever, we're home at last!

61

THE HOLY RIVER.

P. J. O.

Every thing shall live whither the river cometh."—Ezek. 47: 9.

Rev. S. J. Graham.

1. Ho - ly riv - er, tide of glad-ness, From the threshold of God's home Cleansing er - ror,
2. Ho - ly riv - er, peace-ful riv - er, May thy cur - rent sweep a - way, All that Christian
3. Ho - ly riv - er, sweet - ly flow - ing, Bring the glad-ness of thy source; Sin's strong bar-riers
4. Ho - ly riv - er, heav - en's mir - ror, Spread thy bright waves far and wide; Nour-ish truth and

CHORUS.

heal - ing sad-ness, Swift - ly may thy wa - ters come.
hearts would sev-er, All that would God's truth de-lay. Ho - ly riv - er, bless - ed riv - er,
o - ver-throw-ing In thy swift, re - sist - less course.
bear down er - ror With thine onward, flow - ing tide.

O'er earth's waste of sor-row roll; Tide of gladness heal - ing sadness, Rise and o - ver-flow my soul.

62 THE CHILD OF A KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. *"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."*—Ps. 140: 2. JNO. B. SUMNER. Arr.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Sav-ior so fair, Once wandered on earth human sor - row to share:
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an "a - lien" by birth!
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for me o - ver there!

Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, he has rich - es un - told.
But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down: An heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
Though exiled from home, yet my glad heart can sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

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

63 RETREAT. L. M.



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.

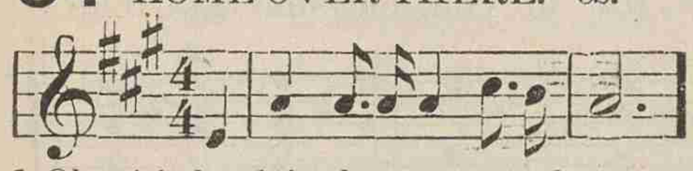
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though 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.

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64 HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



1 Oh, 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.

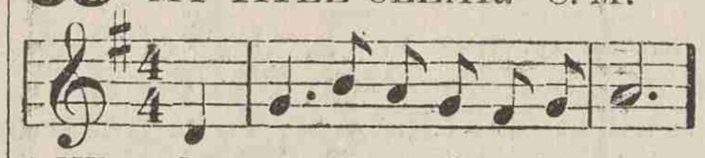
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, 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 Savior 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.

---

65 MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M.



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.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm,
It won't be very long,
We'll anchor by and by.

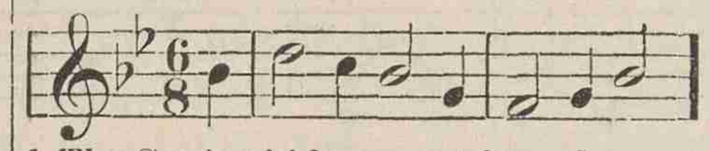
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

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.

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

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66 BALERMA. C. M.



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

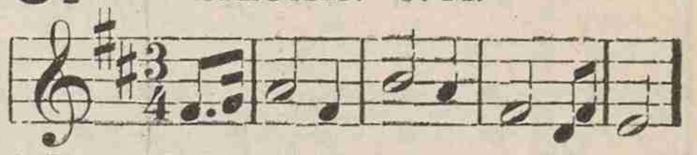
2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

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

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

---

67 SILOAM. C. M.



1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 Oh, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone.
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

---

68 TUNE, SILOAM. C. M.

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

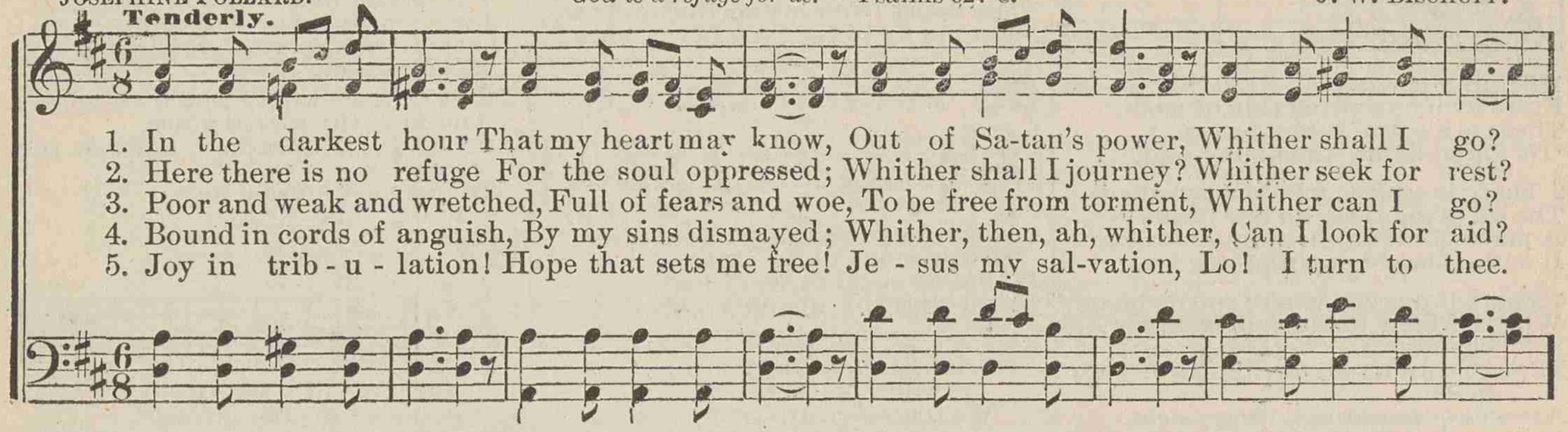
2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

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

69 REFUGE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. "*God is a refuge for us.*"—Psalms 62: 8. J. W. BISCHOFF.

Tenderly.



CHORUS. Cheerfully.



By permission.

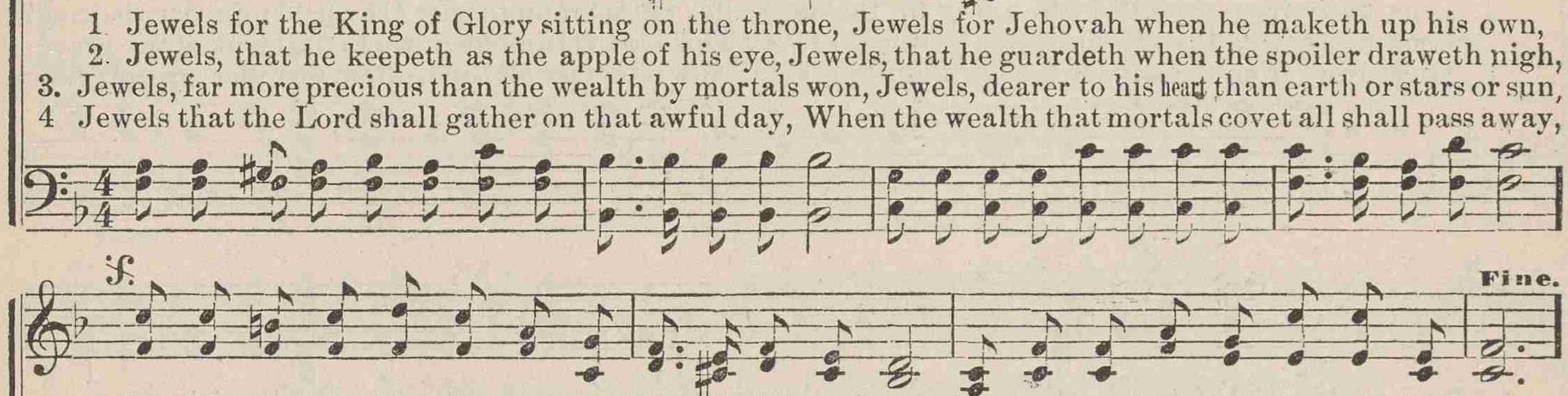
70 ARE WE JEWELS OF THE KING?

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

E. D MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Jewels for the King of Glory sitting on the throne, Jewels for Jehovah when he maketh up his own,
2. Jewels, that he keepeth as the apple of his eye, Jewels, that he guardeth when the spoiler draweth nigh,
3. Jewels, far more precious than the wealth by mortals won, Jewels, dearer to his heart than earth or stars or sun,
4. Jewels that the Lord shall gather on that awful day, When the wealth that mortals covet all shall pass away,



Jew - els without blemish bathed in heaven'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 purchased 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 heaven's light? Are we pre-cious jew - els of the King?*

CHORUS.

When he cometh crowned with light, Crowned with glory, armed with might, Will he own us as his precious jewels?

71 LOOK AWAY FROM THYSELF.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."*—Isa. 45 . 22. I. BALTZELL.

1. Look away from thyself, look a-way to the cross; For what hast thou to offer? thy gold mixed with dross?
2. Look away from thyself, hast thou power to save? This earth crumbles down to the brink of thy grave;
3. Look away from thyself, for the Lord must provide; Now renounce all thy wisdom, thy pleasure and pride;

But a handful of dust, but some weakness and tears; Oh, look to the Sav-ior and ban-ish thy fears.
Look thou not to thy frail heart for tok-en or sign, But look to the Sav-ior, thy Help-er di-vine.
Fix thine eye on the cross, let that love draw thy gaze; Thy sins will expire, all consumed in that blaze.

CHORUS.

Let thy sins die with his death, Let thy life grow with his breath;
Let thy sins die with his death; Let thy life grow with his breath;

LOOK AWAY FROM THYSELF. Concluded.



72 FINISH.

ANON. "*Not slothful in business.*"—Rom. 12: 11. E. S. LORENZ.



73 SWEET REST.

M. E. SERVOSS. *Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."*—Psa. 63: 7. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There was rest, sweet rest, in my wea - ry heart, On that day when I made Thee my choice; And a
2. There is rest, sweet rest, tho' earth's tri-als wait, On my soul with their burden of care; 'Neath Thy
3. There is rest, sweet rest, and my soul grows strong, When I feel that Thou always art near; And my

peace, sweet peace, that will ne'er de - part, In the shad - ow of Thy wings will I re - joice.
guid - ing eye all my fears a - bate, And Thy ten - der love doth shield me from each snare.
heart shall sing though the way be long, For Thy pres - ence cast - eth out my ev - ery fear.

CHORUS.

There is rest that shall never, never cease, There is rest that shall never, never cease, There is
and peace, and peace,

SWEET REST. Concluded.



74 JEWETT. 6s. D.

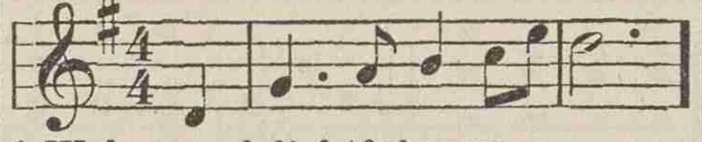


1 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

75 LISCHER. H. M.



1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy 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 these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

76 SWEET HOUR. L. M. 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.

77 BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 Once more, before we part,
Oh! bless the Savior'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.

78 MEET ME AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND.

"*Then shall the King say to them on his right hand,*
Come, ye blessed."—Matt. 25: 34.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Meet me at the King's right hand, Scholars dear of mine; Gathered there, a joyful band, Saved by love divine.
2. In that dread and solemn day Tribes of earth shall meet; Casting off their proud array At the judgment-seat.
3. Oh, remember in your youth, Time must pass away; Heed the Savior's words of truth, Think of that great day.
4. Come to Christ, a willing band, Scholars dear of mine; Then, upon the King's right hand, I shall see you shine.

CHORUS.

Let me see you waiting stand Ready for the glory-land; Robed and crowned with angels round, Robed and crowned with angels round, Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me at the King's right hand.

79 MIGHTY TO SAVE.

REV. R. W. TODD. *"I, that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."*—Isaiah 63: 1. HARRY SANDERS.

1. Oh, who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? Oh,
2. Oh, why is thine ap - pa - rel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the winepress red? Oh,
3. Oh, bleeding Lamb, my Savior, How couldst thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought Sal-

tell me now thy name! I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in righteousness,
why this bloody tide? I the winepress trod alone, 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the people there was none
va-tion in my name; I the bloody fight have won, Conquered the grave: Now the year of joy has come,

D. S. *Lord, I trust thy wondrous love,*

Fine. CHORUS. **D. S.**

Mighty to save. Mighty to save, . . Mighty to save, . . Mighty to save;
Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

Mighty to save.

By permission.

80 REST OF THE WEARY.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. *"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."*—PROV. 18: 24. W. H. LANTHURN.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad; Home of the stranger,
2. Pillow where lying, Love rests its head; Peace of the dy - ing, Life of the dead; Path of the low - ly,
3. When my feet stumble, I'll to thee cry; Crown of the humble, Cross of the high. When my steps wander,
4. Ev - er con-fess-ing Thee, will I raise Un - to thee blessing, Glory and praise; All my endeavor,

CHORUS.

Strength to the end, Refuge from dan - ger, Savior and Friend! Savior and Friend! Savior and
Prize at the end, Breath of the ho - ly, Savior and Friend!
O - ver me bend, Tru-er and fond - er, Savior and Friend!
World without end, Thine to be ev - er, Savior and Friend! Savior and Friend!

Friend! Sav-ior and Friend! Ref-uge from dan - ger, Sav - ior and Friend!
Savior and Friend! Savior and Friend!

Rit.

81 LET THE SAVIOR IN. L. M.



1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

2 Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

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82 MARCHING TO ZION.



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.

---

83 ST. THOMAS. S. M.



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 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

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

---

84 TUNE, ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

---

85 ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.



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

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

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

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

86 ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"My God is the rock of my refuge."*—Psa. 90: 22. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Rock of my ref - uge from all that as - sail me, Se - cure in thy cleft I will joy-ous-ly sing;
2. Rock of my ref - uge when foemen sur-rounding En-com-pass my soul with temptation and snares;
3. Rock of my ref - uge when du - ty is call-ing, And forth to the con-flict I va-liant-ly go;

8va.

What can the world and its wis-dom a - vail me, To thee, and thee on - ly, my spir - it would cling.
Vain is the call from their war-trumpets sounding, The Lord will uphold me and an-swer my prayers.
Shielding my head from the poisoned darts falling, He giv-eth me vic - to - ry o - ver the foe.

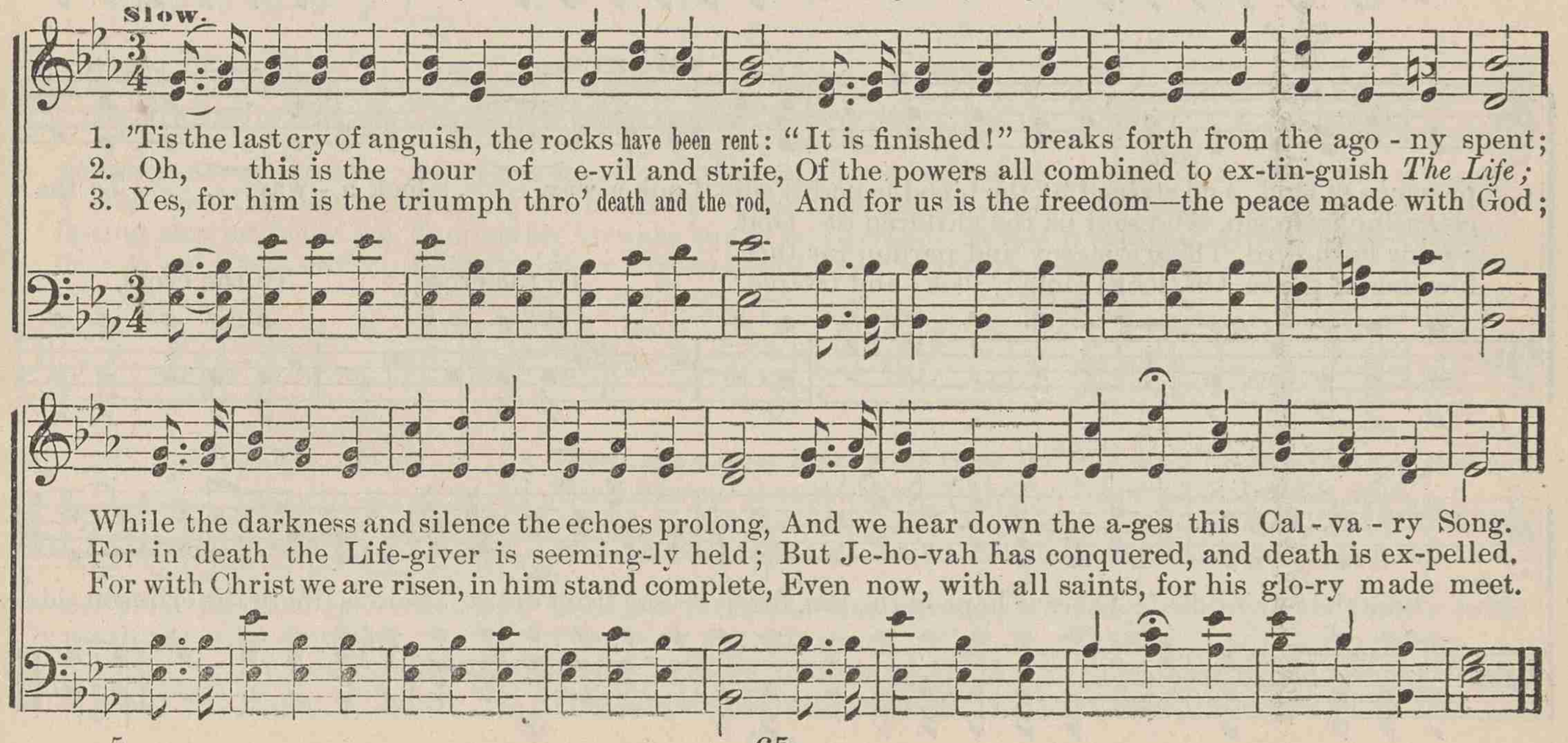
CHORUS.

Rock of my ref - uge, my fortress and shelter, Hidden in thee can I joy-ous-ly sing; A shelter when



87 "IT IS FINISHED."

E. J. CARR. *"He said, 'It is finished;' and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost."*—John 19: 30. I. BALTZELL.



88 LOOK AWAY TO THE CROSS.

PROF. J. E. LEHMAN. *"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."*—Isa. 14: 22. I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, have you not seen upon Calvary's brow, The cross where the Savior hath died? 'Tis hallowed and blest by the
2. He died on the cross to atone for our sins—To purchase our pardon with blood; To open a fountain for
3. Oh, weary one, pressed by the weight of your sin, And longing from guilt to be free; Look up to the cross where the
4. One look at the cross upon Calvary's brow—One look at that hallowed tree, Will bring to your soul the rich

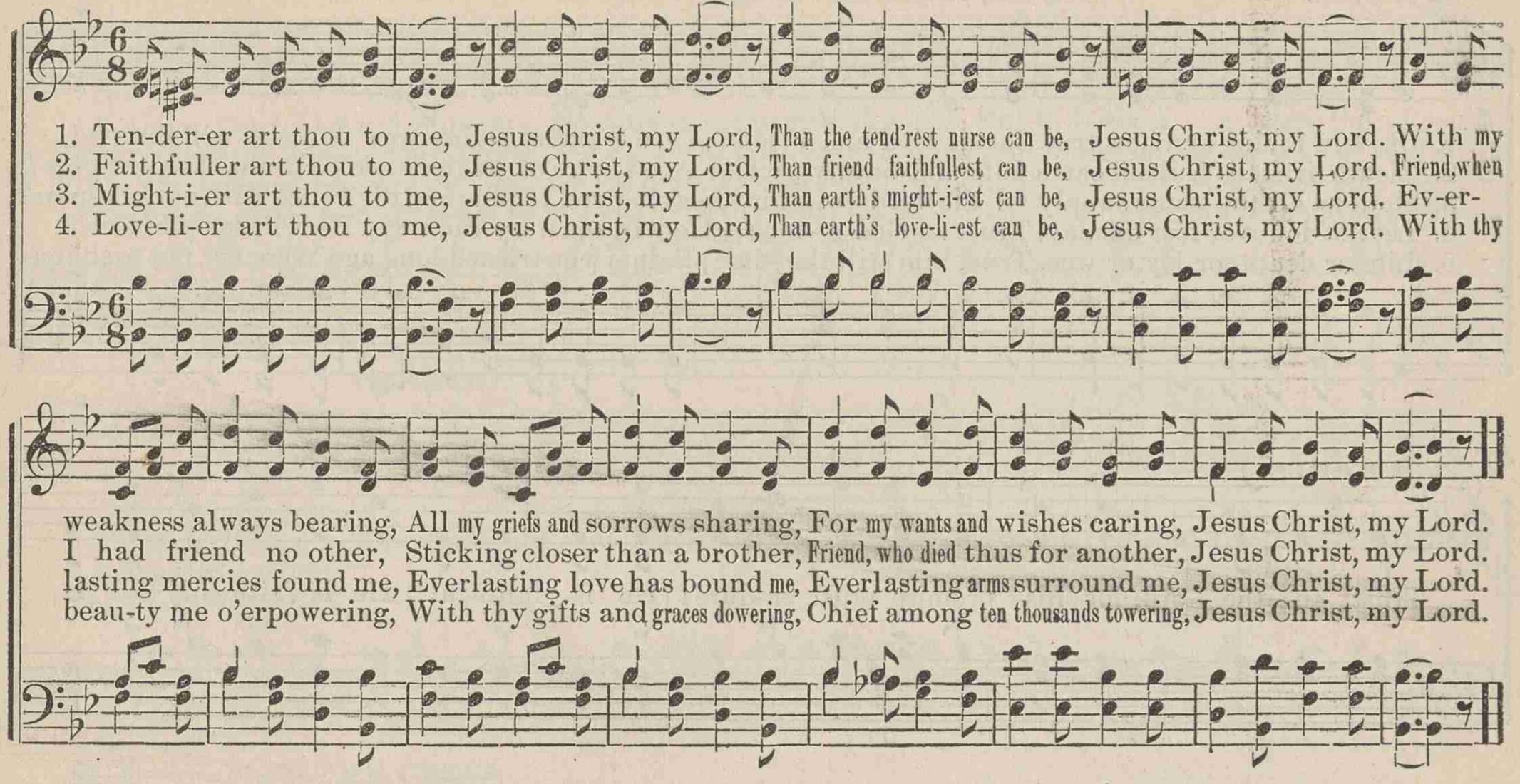
CHORUS.

presence of God, And stained by the blood from his side. Look a-way, . . look a - way, . . To the
cleansing from sin, And seal us the children of God.
Savior hath died, There's mercy and pardon for thee.
blessing of peace, Oh, look! sinner, look! and be free. To the cross, To the cross,

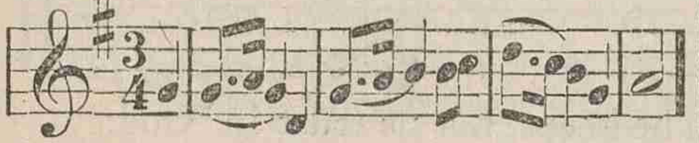
cross where the Savior died; There is hope in the cross, There is cleansing from dross; There is life in the crimson tide.

89 JESUS CHRIST, MY LORD.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"*—Rom. 8: 35. E. S. LORENZ.



90 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



1 There is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

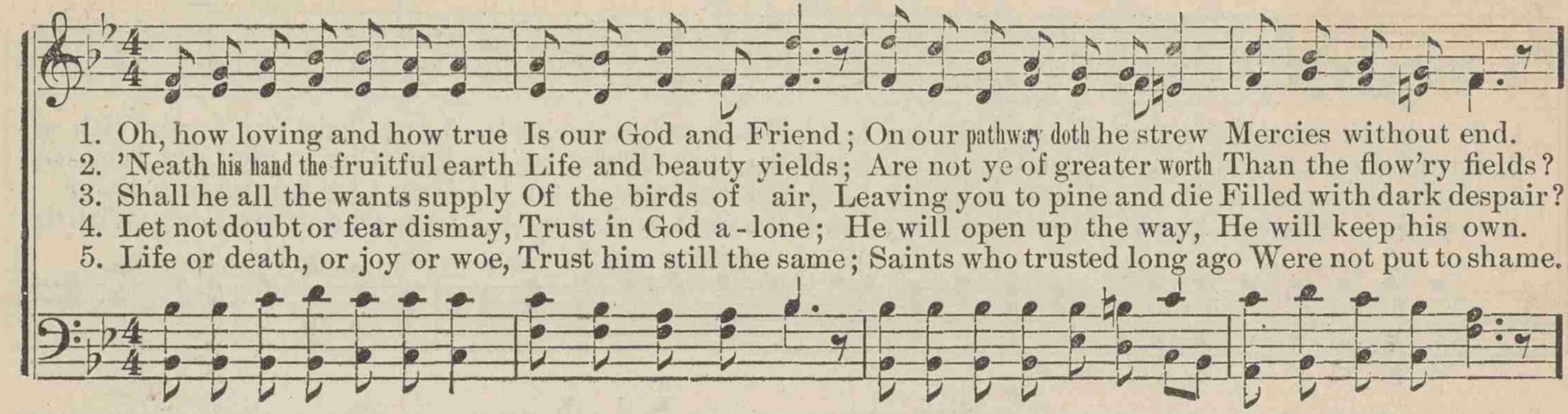
3 That Eye is fixed on Seraph throngs;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear is filled with Angel songs;
That Love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

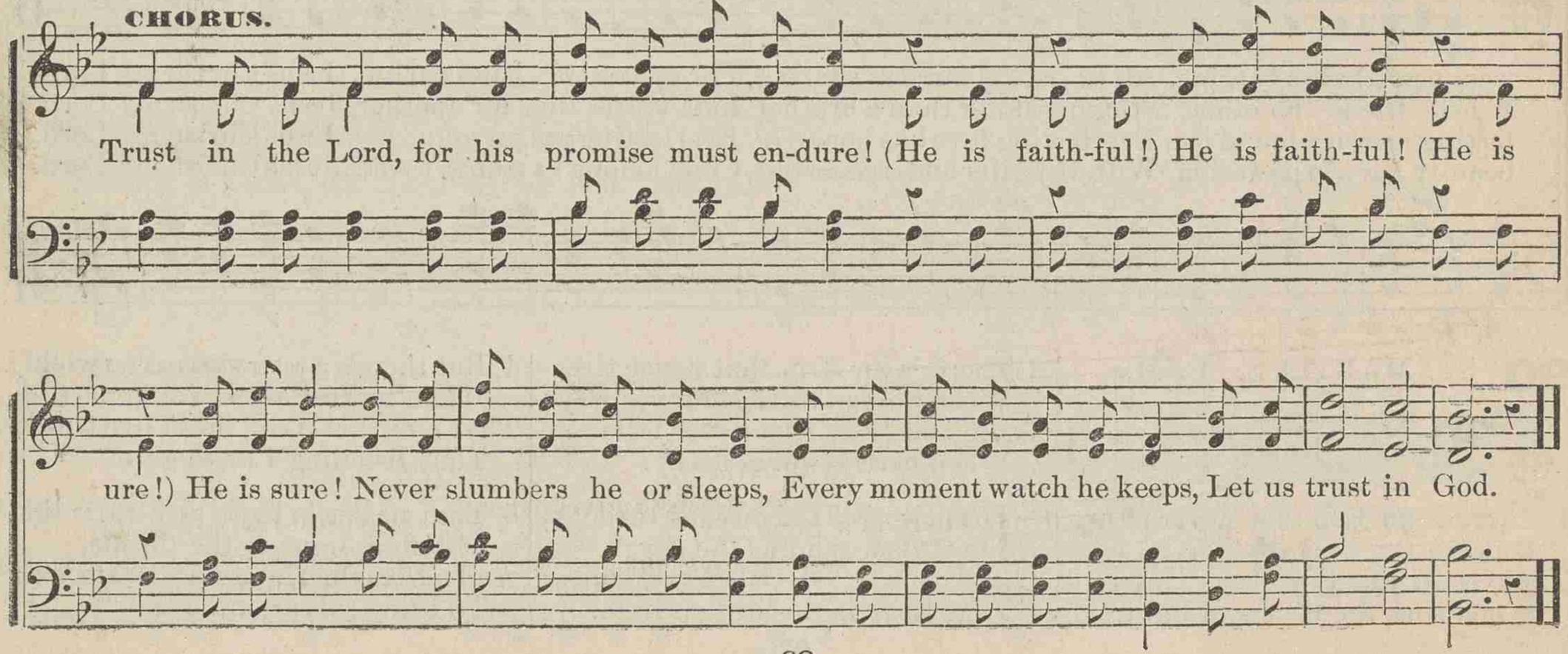
5 That power is Prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the world
To bring salvation down.

91 LET US TRUST IN GOD.

E. D. MUND. *"O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed."*—Ps. 25: 2. Arr. and Composed by E. S. L.

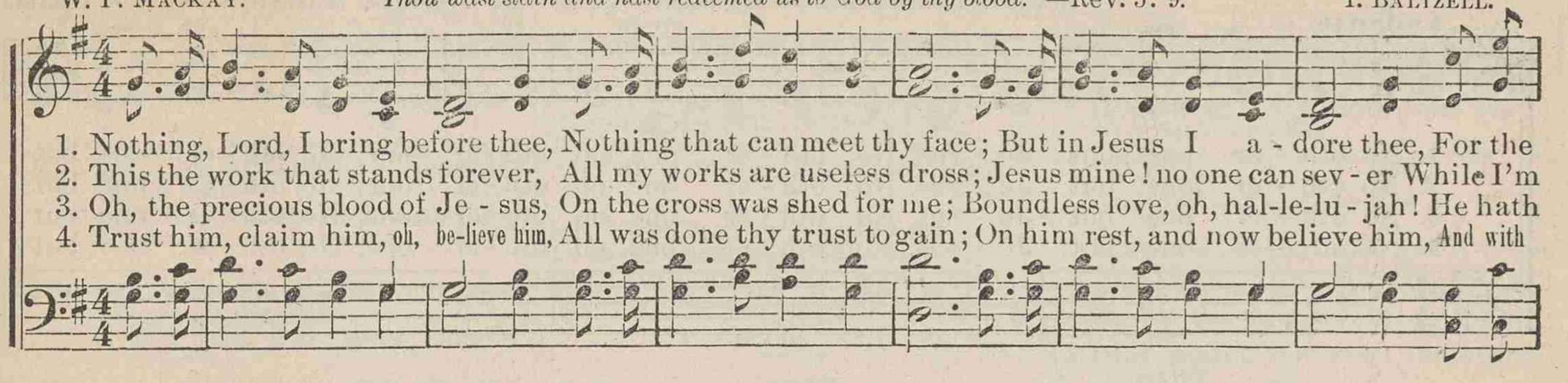


1. Oh, how loving and how true Is our God and Friend; On our pathway doth he strew Mercies without end.
2. 'Neath his hand the fruitful earth Life and beauty yields; Are not ye of greater worth Than the flow'ry fields?
3. Shall he all the wants supply Of the birds of air, Leaving you to pine and die Filled with dark despair?
4. Let not doubt or fear dismay, Trust in God a-lone; He will open 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 ago Were not put to shame.



92 JESUS DIED FOR THE SINNER.

W. P. MACKAY. *"Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."*—Rev. 5: 9. I. BALTZELL.



93 AT THE CROSS.

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.—CHO.

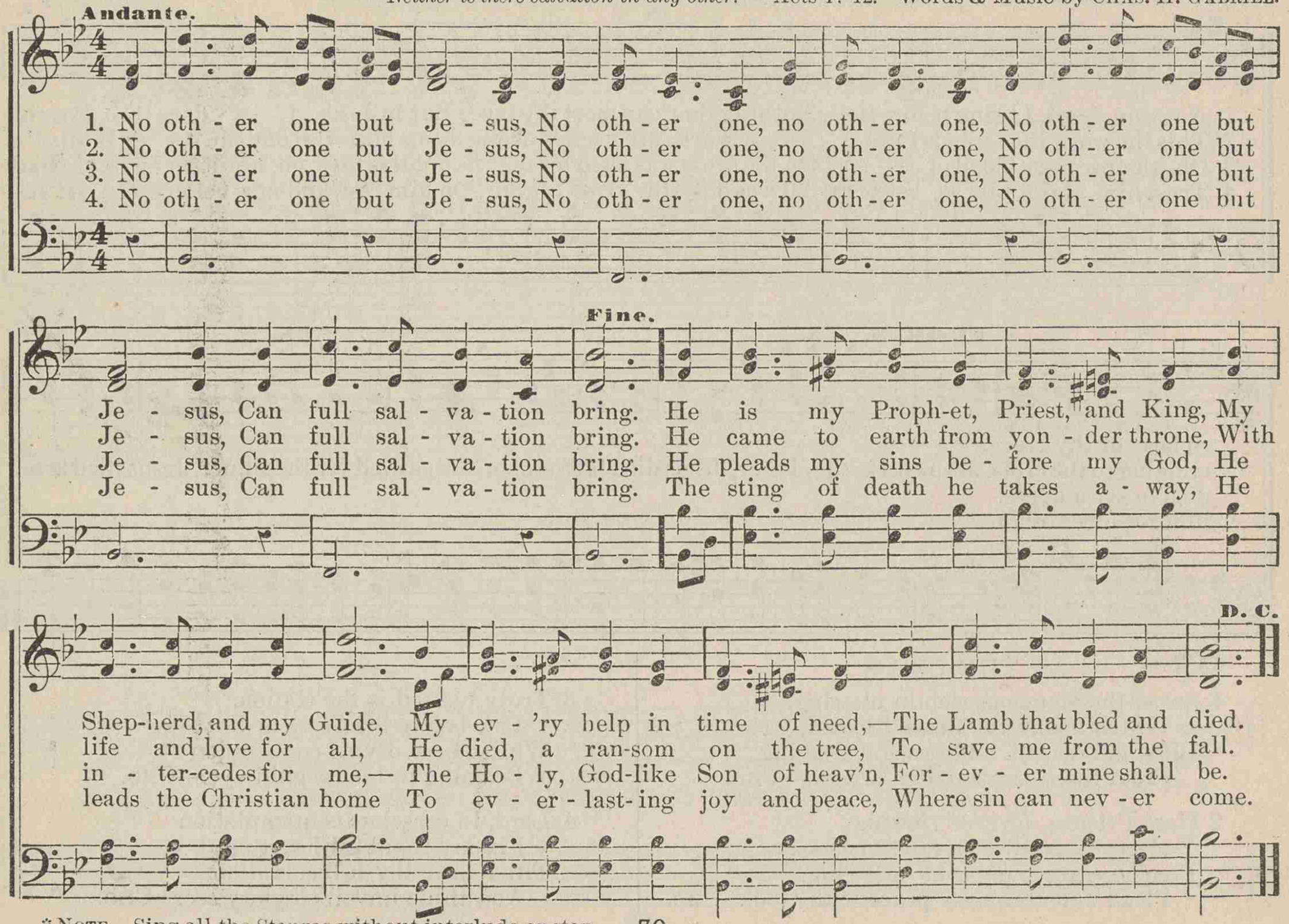
2 Here I'll rest, forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.—CHO.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his Cross to lie;
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.—CHO.

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

94 NO OTHER ONE BUT JESUS.

"*Neither is there salvation in any other.*"—Acts 4: 12. Words & Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



* NOTE.—Sing all the Stanzas without interlude or stop.

95 SWEET STORY. P. M.



1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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96 HAMBURG. L. M.



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.

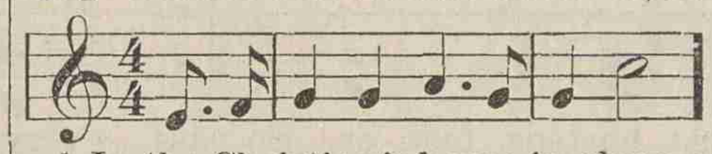
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

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97 REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s, 7s.



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

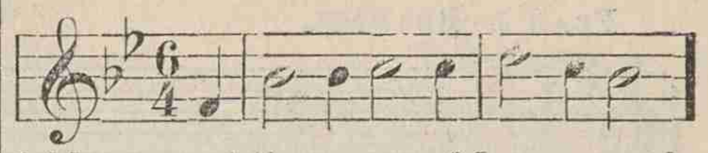
CHORUS.

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

98 ORTONVILLE. C. M.



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
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 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

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99 TUNE, ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Oh, 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:—

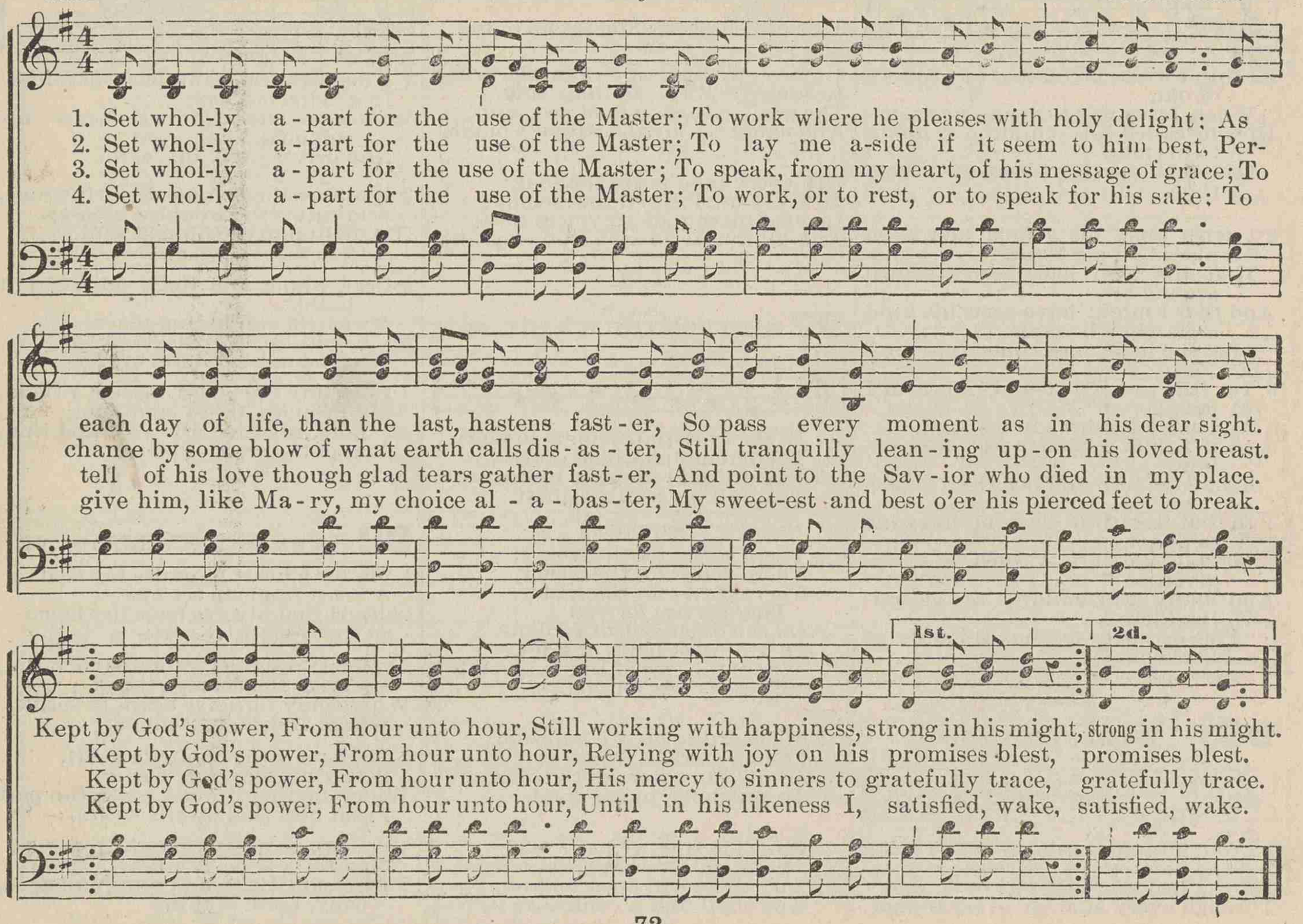
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—

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

100 SET WHOLLY APART.

FRANCES BEAMISH. *"Serve the Lord with all your heart."*—Sam. 12: 20. E. S. LORENZ.



101 I NEED THEE EVERY MOMENT.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"That he may abide with you forever."*—John 14: 16. I. BALTZELL.

1. I *need* a pres-ent Sav-ior, Each tri - al to con - trol; I *need* a per - fect Sav - ior, Who
2. I *need* a pres-ent Sav-ior, To keep me day by day; I *need* a per - fect Sav - ior, To
3. I *need* a pres-ent Sav-ior, Each mo-ment at my side; I *need* a per - fect Sav - ior, In

makes the wounded whole. I *have* a precious Sav - ior, Each sorrow to con - sole; Je - sus, per - pet - ual
wash all guilt a - way. I *have* a precious Sav - ior, To fol - low and o - bey; Je - sus, per - pet - ual
whom I may a - bide. I *have* a precious Savior, My heavenward steps to guide; My own per-pet - ual

D. S. *come, my precious*

CHORUS.

Fine. D. S.

Sav - ior, On thee my burdens roll.
Sav - ior, Bids me rejoice al - way. I need thee every moment, I need thee every moment, Oh,
Savior, The crowned and crucified.

Sav - ior, And be my con-stant guide.

102 WHAT WILT THOU DO?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"*—Jer. 12: 5. I. BALTZELL.

1. What wilt thou do when the Jor-dan is swelling? When floods shall rise 'round thy mansion of clay?
2. What wilt thou do when the trumpet is call-ing, Sin-ners to judgment! a-rise and ap-pear?
3. What wilt thou do when the lightnings shall glitter? Showing thy Judge with his mighty ar-ray?

Thou must de-part from thy frail earth-ly dwell-ing; Where wilt thou go on that sor-row-ful day?
How wilt thou an-swer the sum-mons ap-pall-ing? Where wilt thou hide in the tu-mult of fear?
Conscience the cup of his wrath shall em-bit-ter: What wilt thou do in that ter-ri-ble day?

CHORUS.

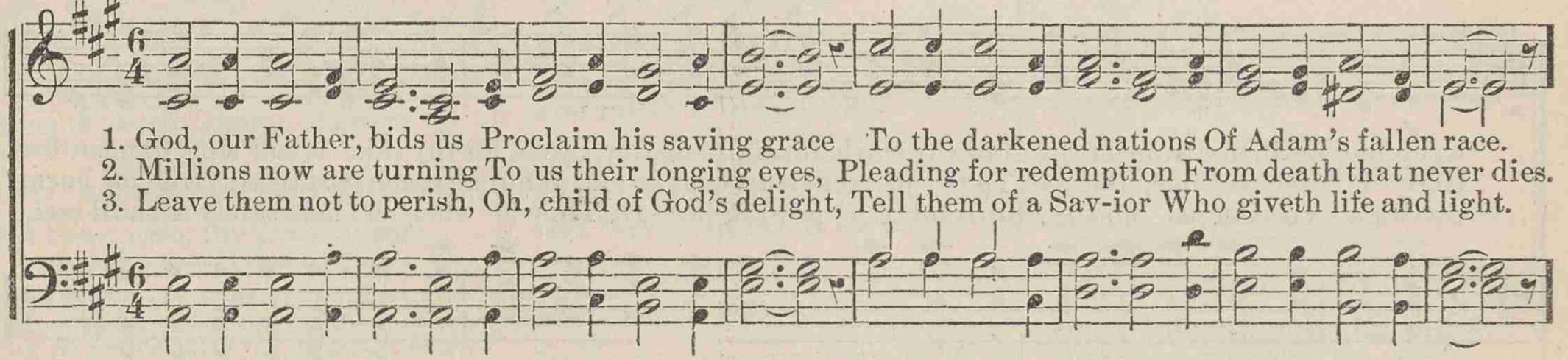
Haste, poor sin-ner, O haste to the Sav-ior; Let no vain pride thy re-pent-ance de-lay;

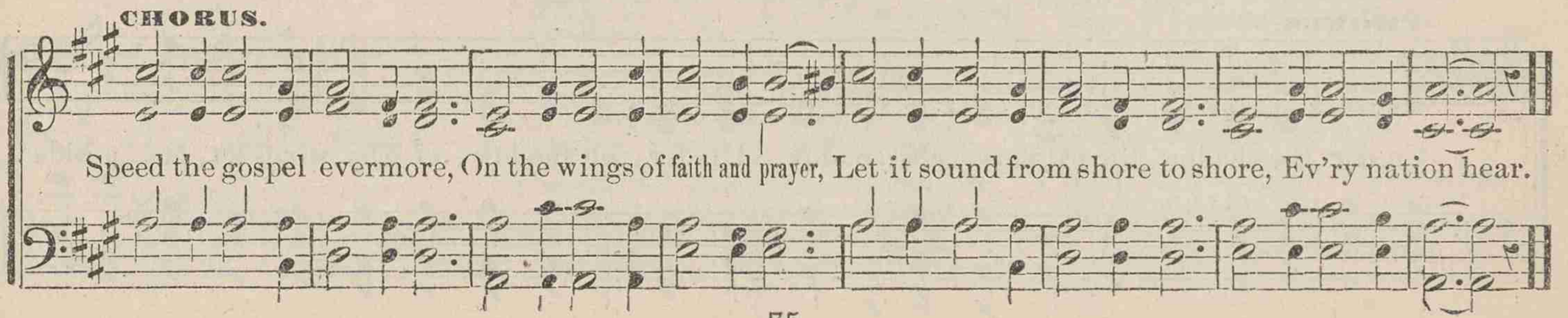
WHAT WILT THOU DO? Concluded.



103 SPEED THE GOSPEL.

D. B. P. *"Preaeh the gospel to every creature."*—Mark 16; 15. D. B. PURINTON.



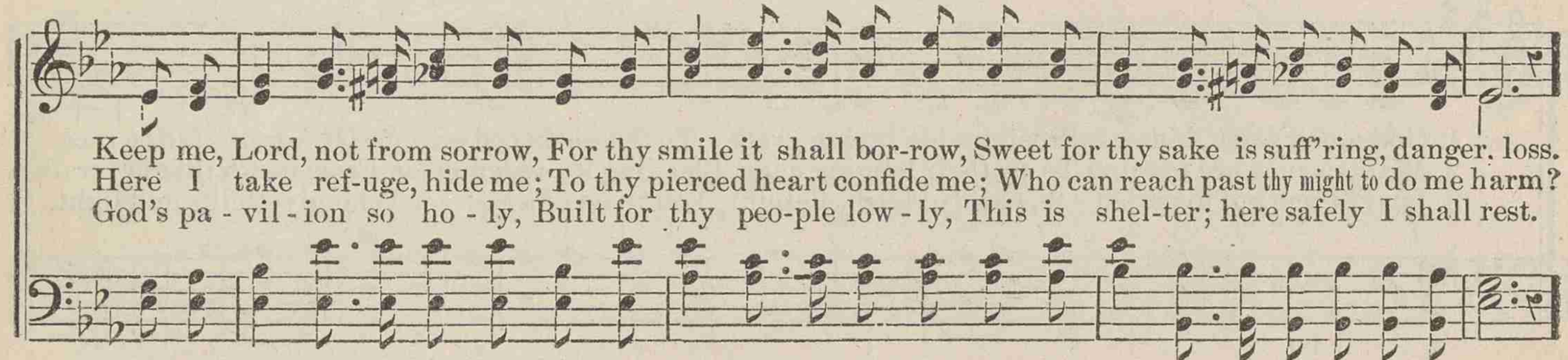


104 UNDER THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.

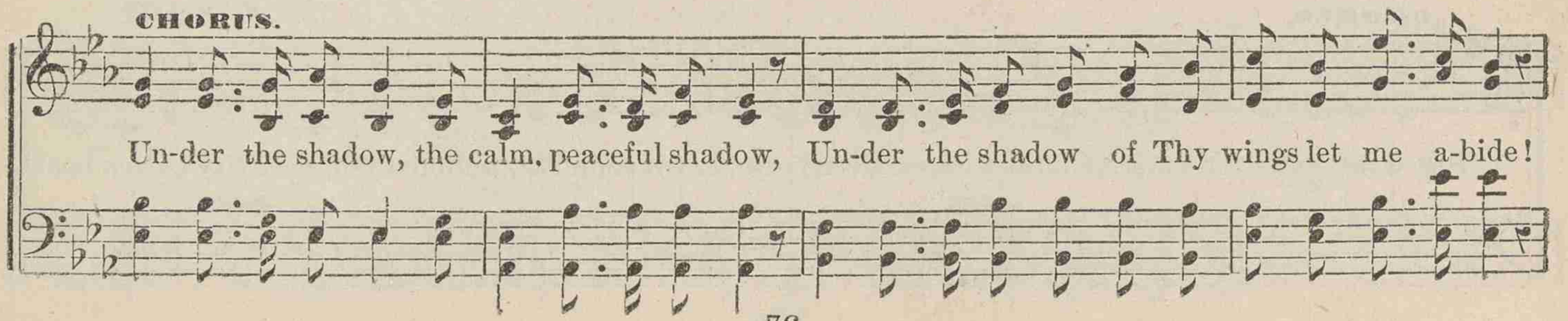
P. J. OWENS. *"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."*—Ps. 17 : 8. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Keep me, Lord, not from trial, Not from pain, self-de - ni - al; Hast not thou borne a heavy, painful cross?
2. Keep me, Lord, from temptation, Be my strong, sure salvation; Save from sin, from the deadly serpent's charm;
3. Spread thy soft wings above me, Stretch thine arms out to love me, Let me still feel thy presence near and blest;



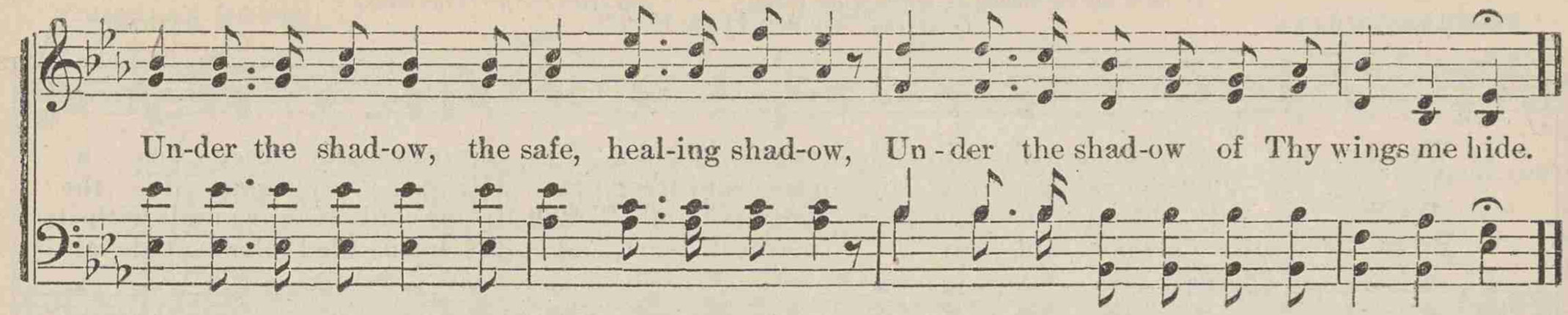
Keep me, Lord, not from sorrow, For thy smile it shall bor-row, Sweet for thy sake is suff'ring, danger, loss.
Here I take ref-uge, hide me; To thy pierced heart confide me; Who can reach past thy might to do me harm?
God's pa - vil - ion so ho - ly, Built for thy peo-ple low - ly, This is shel-ter; here safely I shall rest.



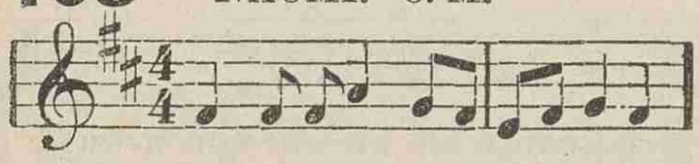
CHORUS.

Un-der the shadow, the calm, peaceful shadow, Un-der the shadow of Thy wings let me a-bide!

UNDER THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS. Concluded.



105 NAOMI. C. M.



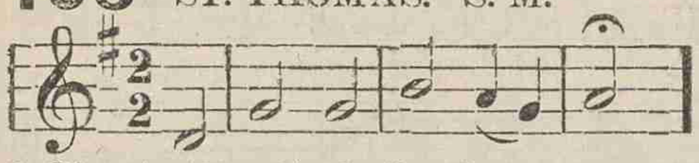
1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

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
My life and death attend; [mine
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

---

106 ST. THOMAS. S. M.



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

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."

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

---

107 RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.



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 pleas-
By the cross are sanctified; [ure,
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

---

108 TUNE, RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

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

2 There's a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.

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.

109 OH, HIS BLOOD WAS SHED FOR ME.

*"Ye were not redeemed by corruptible things. * * * but with the precious blood of Jesus."*—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

1. We are not re-deemed with vain sil - ver and gold, For our ran - som price was a sum untold, That the blood of Je - sus alone could pay, And that blood can wash all our sins a-way.
2. Oh, his pre - cious blood was my soul - ran - som free; He will cast my sins in the deep, dark sea; And the cleansing fountain is opened wide, In the heart of Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.
3. Has the ho - ly blood of the dear spotless Lamb, Touched your soul's deep wounds with its healing balm? Is your heart made clean, and your robes washed white? Are you walking on in the path of light?
4. From the guard-ed door of my in - nermost heart, May the sprin - kled blood bid all sin depart; For that blood has power to cleanse each stain, And to loose my heart from each binding chain.

CHORUS.

Oh, his blood . . was shed for me, On the mount . . of Cal-va - ry; And that cleans - ing fount - ain is o - pened wide In the heart of Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.

Oh, his blood, shed for me, On the mount, Cal - va-ry;

110 THE WOUNDED HAND.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Behold my hands."*—John. 20: 27. S. C. BENNETT.

1. In storms of fear and floods of grief, What brings thy troubled soul relief? A thought draws near the
2. It holds with its clasp of might, It kindles stars in sorrow's night; It points me to the
3. Oh, heart of mine, draw near the cross, And count all earthly glory loss; For o'er death's river,

heart to calm, The wounded hand has brought thee balm. Oh, the wounded hand, pierced with nails for me,
cleansing fount, It guides my steps to Zion's mount. Oh, the wounded hand, spread to shelter me,
charmed to calm, The wounded hand holds out the palm. Oh, the wounded hand, stained with blood for me,

O'er the desert land I am safely led by thee, O'er the desert land I am safely led by thee.
I shall firmly stand in life's battle held by thee. I shall firmly stand in life's battle held by thee.
To the heavenly land, ever guide me up to thee. To the heavenly land, ever guide me up to thee.

The wounded hand is the symbol of our Savior in the language of the deaf and dumb.

111

I AM SAFE.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"And lo, I am with you alway."*—Matt. 28: 20. E. S. LORENZ.

1. He whose word hath ne'er been bro - ken, To the sons of men hath spo - ken, They are
2. Oh, my Sav - ior walks be - side me, In the nar - row way to guide me, Let - ting
3. In life's sow - ing time or reap - ing, In my wak - ing hours or sleep-ing, I am
4. Where the peaceful riv - er flow - eth, And the tree of heal - ing grow - eth, Where no
5. So in Je - sus' love con - fid - ing, And be - neath his mer - cy hid - ing, I, his

CHORUS.

His—and this the to - ken—His a Fa - ther's care.
naught of ill be - tide me, As I jour - ney on. I am safe! I am
safe in God's own keep - ing, Till my work is o'er.
fierce wind ev - er blow - eth, I shall rest at last.
"lit - tle while" am bid - ing, Till he leads me home.

safe! for ev - er-more.

safe! for ev - er - more! I am safe in God's own keep - ing till my work is o'er.

112 I LOVE JESUS.

Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.—John xxi: 15. J. H. Leslie.

Legato.

1. They are blessed and blessed forev-er, Who in childhood's ear-ly day Seek the care of him who
2. They the world's temptation scorning, Fol - low af-ter Christ the Lord, Who in youth's delight- ful
3. He, their Shepherd and their Savior, Will with eyes of love be - hold, And re - gard with kindest
4. He will in his bos- om cher - ish Those who follow his commands; They shall nev- er, nev-er

CHORUS.

nev - er Turns the seeking soul a - way. I love Je - sus, I love Je - sus, I love
morn - ing Yield themselves unto the Lord.
fa - vor Ev - ery lamb with-in his fold.
per - ish; None shall pluck them from his hands.

Je - sus, yes, I do! I love Je - sus, he's my Sav- ior; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

113 BE OF GOOD CHEER.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Be of good cheer; ii is I, be not afraid."*—Matt. 14: 27. I. BALTZELL.

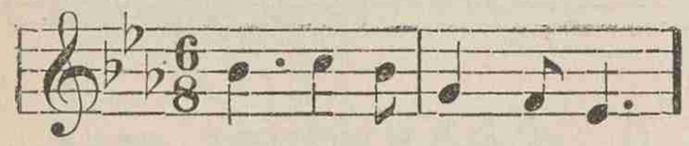
1. Be of good cheer! . . . the night is dark, . . . The wild waves crowd . . . thy tossing bark; . . . The night-winds strive . up-on the sea, . . . The breakers foam . . up-on thy
2. Be of good cheer! . . . the night is long, . . . The foes of truth . . . are fierce and strong; . . Vain thy at - tempts . . to pierce the dark, . No com-ing help . . . thine eyes can
3. Be of good cheer! . . . thy cheek is pale, . . . Thy hands are weak, . . . thy heart is frail; . . . Yet, doubt not once, . . 'tis un-der-stood, . . All things are work - - ing for thy
4. Be of good cheer! . . . this straitened place . . . Shall show the wide - - - ness of his grace; . . Beneath pain's crush - ing roll-er pressed, . To learn the sweet - - ness of his

lee; . . But Je-sus walks . . the restless waves, . . Be of good cheer, . . he hears and saves.
mark; . Be of good cheer, . . thy foes shall flee, . . For Je-sus keeps . . the watch with thee.
good; . . Danger and death, . . God's servants come, . His messen-gers . . to bring thee home.
rest; . . Thro' toilsome day, . and darkness drear, . Hold fast his word, . be of good cheer.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. Concluded.



114 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, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine:
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

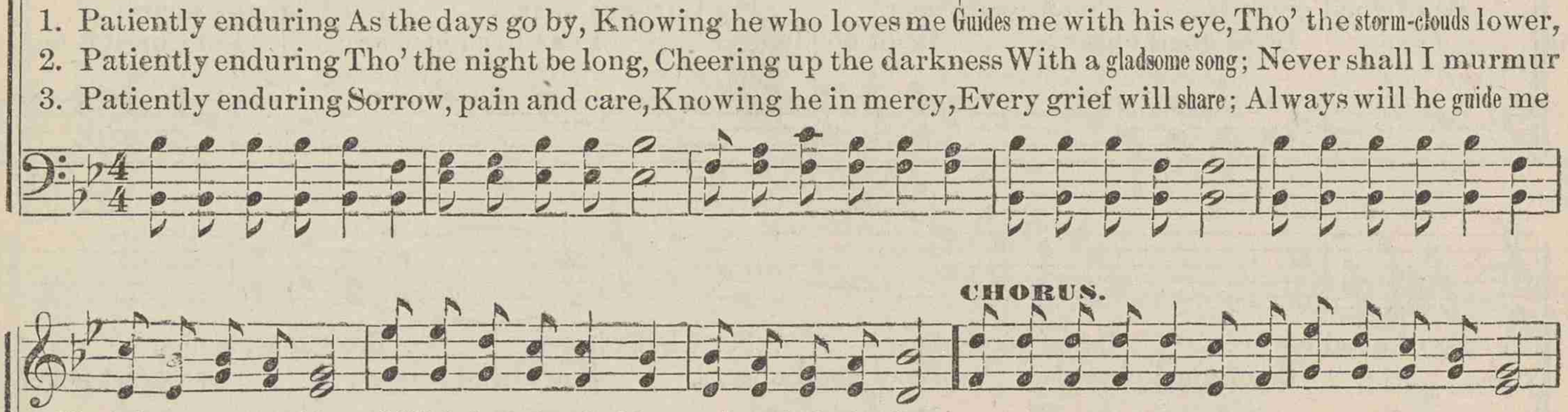
4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, oh, loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast;
Jesus is mine

115 PATIENTLY ENDURING.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS. *"After he had patiently endured he obtained the promise."*—Heb. 6: 15. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Patiently enduring As the days go by, Knowing he who loves me Guides me with his eye, Tho' the storm-clouds lower,
2. Patiently enduring Tho' the night be long, Cheering up the darkness With a gladsome song; Never shall I murmur
3. Patiently enduring Sorrow, pain and care, Knowing he in mercy, Every grief will share; Always will he guide me



CHORUS.

Tho' the tempests blow, Still his hand upholds me, From the depths of woe.
Tho' my heart be faint, Tho' my steps may falter, Make I no complaint. Trusting in the love that can never, never fail!
By his ten-der love, And tho' oft-en wea - ry Rest remains above.





Trusting in the name that forever must prevail, Patiently enduring Till the day of rest, Sure that he who loves me Doeth what is best.

116 OLD, YET EVER NEW.

W. A. W. *"And they sang as it were a new song before the throne."*—Rev. 14: 2. W. A. WILLIAMS.



1. There is a story sweet to hear, I love to tell it too; It fills my heart with hope and cheer, 'Tis old, yet ever new.
2. They tell me God the Son came down From his bright throne to die, That I might wear a a starry crown, And dwell with him on high.
3. They say he bore the cross for me, And suffered in my place, That I might always happy be, And ransomed by his grace.
4. O wondrous love! so great, so vast, So boundless and so free! Low at thy feet my all I cast; I covet only thee.

CHORUS.

'Tis old yet ever new; 'Tis old yet ever new; I know, I feel it's true: 'Tis old but ever new.
'Tis old, 'Tis old, I know,

117 DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s. D.

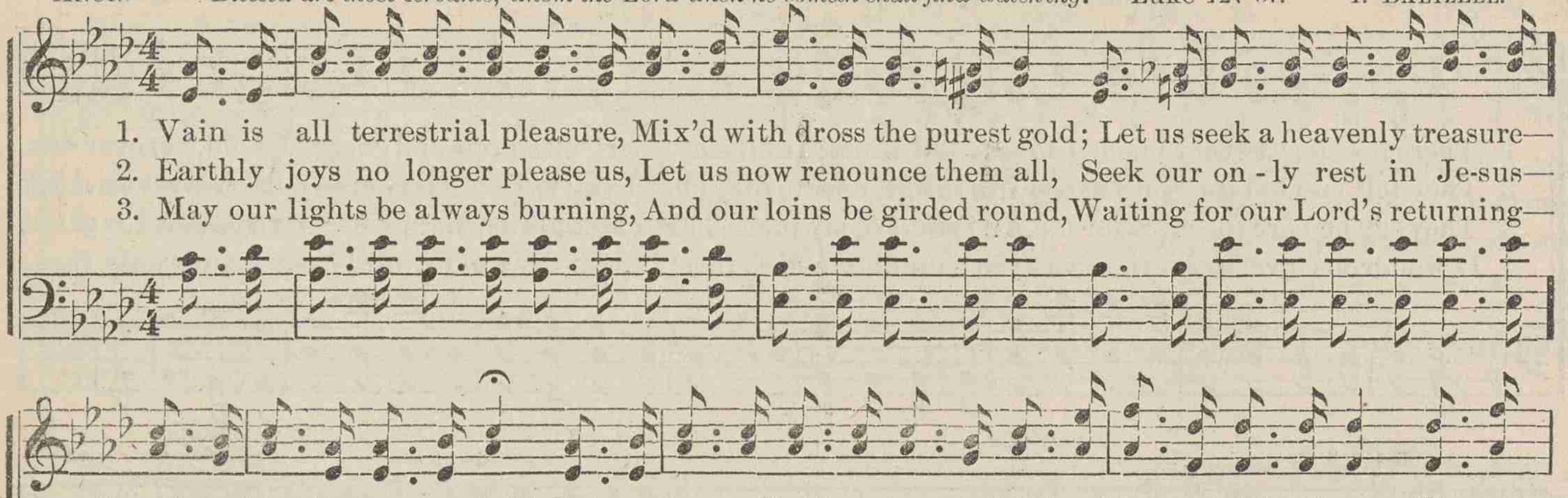


1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

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.

118 WATCH FOR THE MASTER.

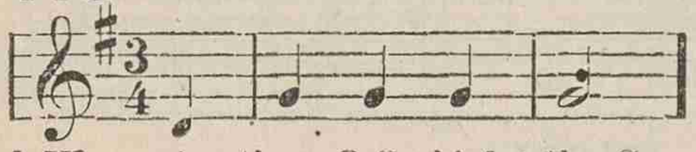
ANON. *"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."*—Luke 12: 37. I. BALTZELL.



WATCH FOR THE MASTER. Concluded.



119 WE PRAISE THEE. P. M.



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son
of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone
above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

2 All glory and praise to the Lamb
that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

3 Revive us again; fill each heart with
thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.

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120 ANTIOCH. C. M.



1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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.

---

121 JESUS DIED.



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

CHORUS.

Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me,
Yes! Jesus died for all mankind,
Bless God! salvation's free.

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.

---

122 HAMBURG. L. M.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst 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.

123 THE HOME OF JESUS IS MINE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

REV. G. P. HOTT. I. BALTZELL.

1. The home of my Sav-ior is wait-ing for me; The bea u-ti-ful mansion beyond the dark sea; The
2. The toils may be ma-ny ere reaping will come, The pathway be stony, and I all a-lone; But
3. Oh, hap-py for-ev-er, where saints sweetly rest; Where sin cometh never, to harm or mo-lest; The

CHORUS.

glo-ri-ous rest where my soul longs to be—The home of Jesus is mine.
hope's brightest star, the blest guide thro' the gloom, Shall point to Jesus and home. The home of Jesus in heav'n shall be
hope of the righteous, the joy of the blest, That home forever is mine.

The place of resting for you and me: O Je-sus, let us a-bide in thee: That home forever is mine.

124 THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

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

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy, For
2. I know that thou art near - er still, Than a - ny earth - ly throng, And
3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad; With-
4. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, mine! What will thy pres - ence be If

thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
sweet - er is the thought of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

Rit.

{The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, Of love so full and free, full and free,
{The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, The blood it cleans-eth me, cleanseth me.}

125 WAITING FOR THE KING.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS. *"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—1 Cor. 1: 7. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Wait-ing for his com-ing, toil - ing as I wait; But an humble work-er in his vast es-tate;
2. Tho' my lot be wea - ry—toiling since the spring, Yet a time of rest - ing com-eth with my King;
3. Toil - ing in the morning, 'neath the sunbright ray; Toiling still when evening draws its curtains 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 willing hand, And the call for reapers soundeth through the land.
Yet though often troubled—wea - ry of earth's guile, All will be forgot - 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 working as I wait;

WAITING FOR THE KING. Concluded.

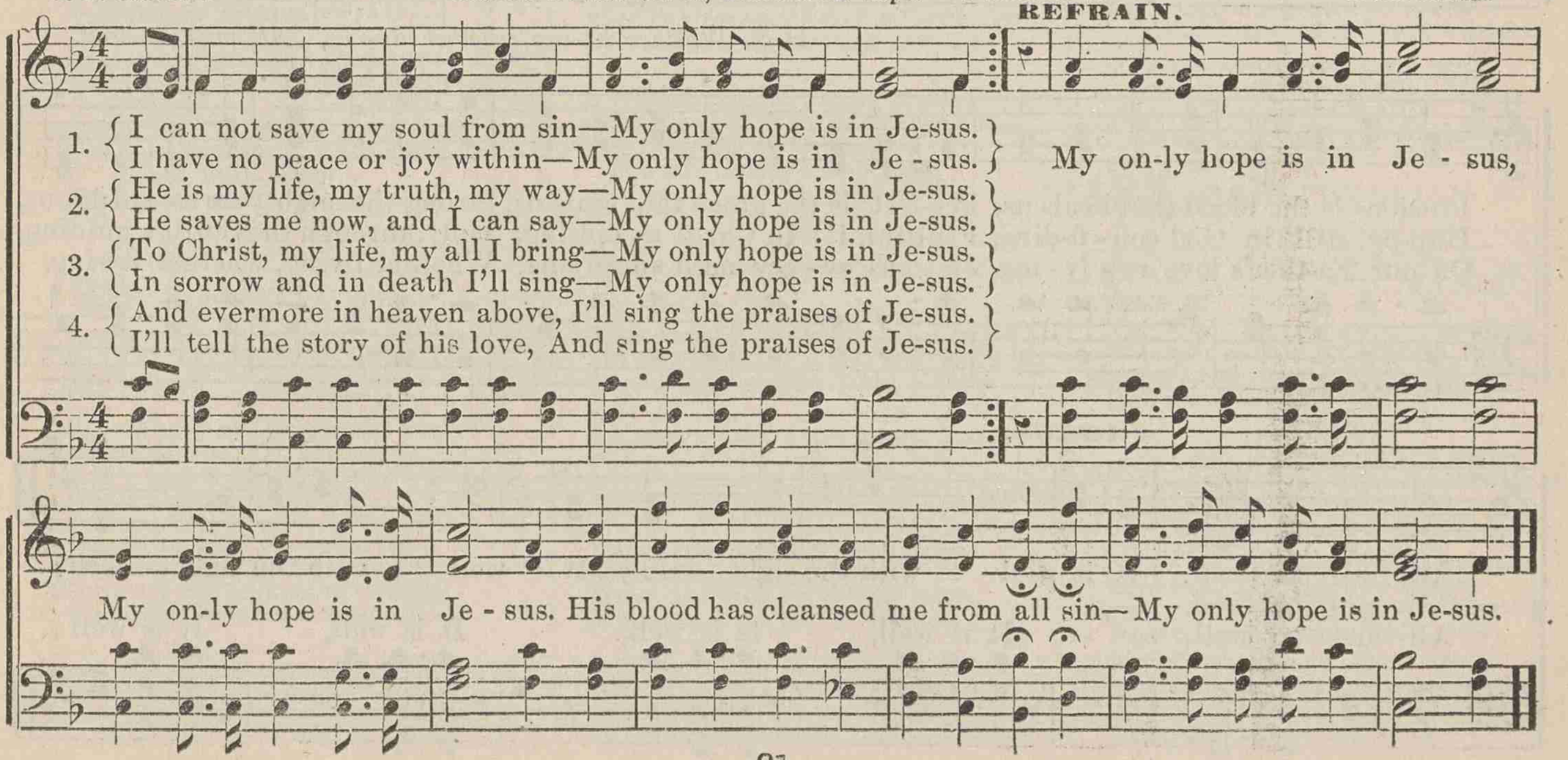


126 MY ONLY HOPE IS IN JESUS.

J. B. CARLIN. *"And Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope."*—1 Tim. 1: 1. I. BALTZELL.

REFRAIN.

1. { I can not save my soul from sin—My only hope is in Je-sus. / I have no peace or joy within—My only hope is in Je - sus. }
2. { He is my life, my truth, my way—My only hope is in Je-sus. / He saves me now, and I can say—My only hope is in Je-sus. }
3. { To Christ, my life, my all I bring—My only hope is in Je-sus. / In sorrow and in death I'll sing—My only hope is in Je-sus. }
4. { And evermore in heaven above, I'll sing the praises of Je-sus. / I'll tell the story of his love, And sing the praises of Je-sus. }



127 IT IS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

MARY B. PETERS. *"Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."*—Isa. 3: 10. I. BALTZELL.



1. Thro' the love of God our Savior, All will be well; Free and changeless is his favor, All, all is well.
2. Though we pass thro' tribulation, All will be well; Ours is free and full salvation, All, all is well.
3. We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sorrow, All, all is well.



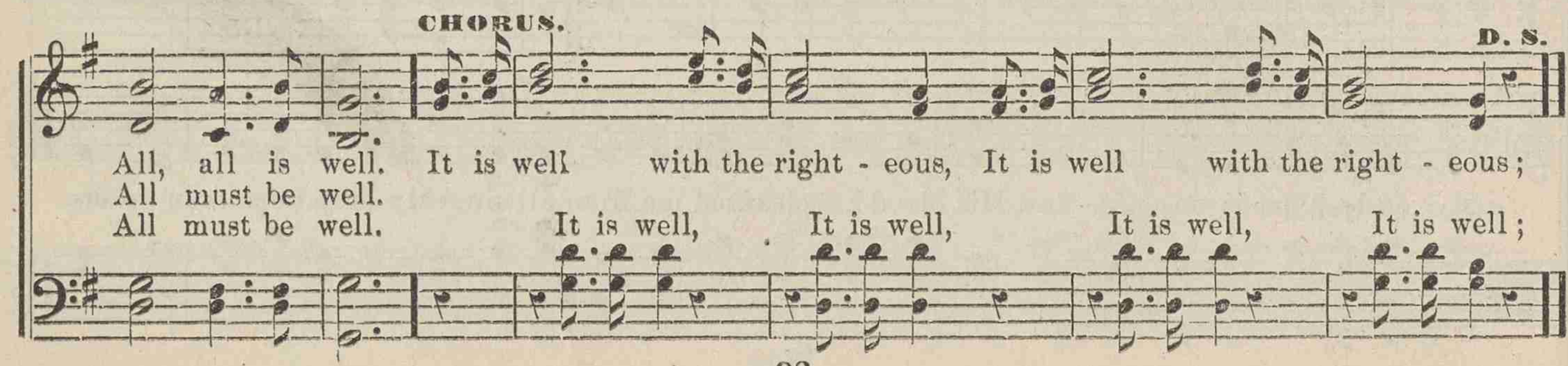
D. S. *Whether liv-ing, whether dy-ing, All must be well.*



Precious is the blood that heals us, Per-fect is the grace that seals us, Strong the mighty arm that shields us,
Hap-py, still in God con-fi-ding, Fruitful, if in Christ a-bid-ing, Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
On our Fa-ther's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus ev-ery need supplying, Whether living, whether dy-ing,

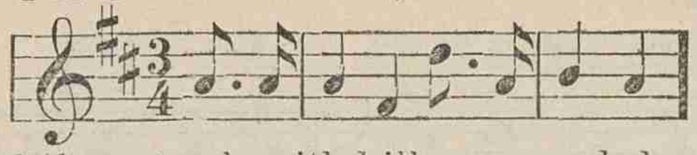


CHORUS.



All, all is well. It is well with the right-eous, It is well with the right-eous;
All must be well.
All must be well. It is well, It is well, It is well, It is well;

128 ION. 8s, 7s.



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.

---

129 AVON. C. M.



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

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

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

130 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



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.

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131 TUNE, PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

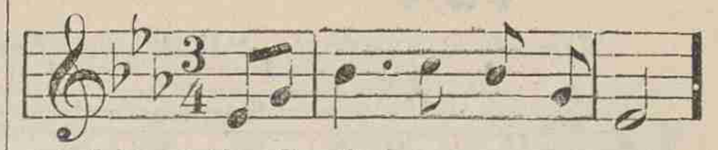
1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior'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;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

132 JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.



1 I hear the Savior 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.

---

133 GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.



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

CHORUS.

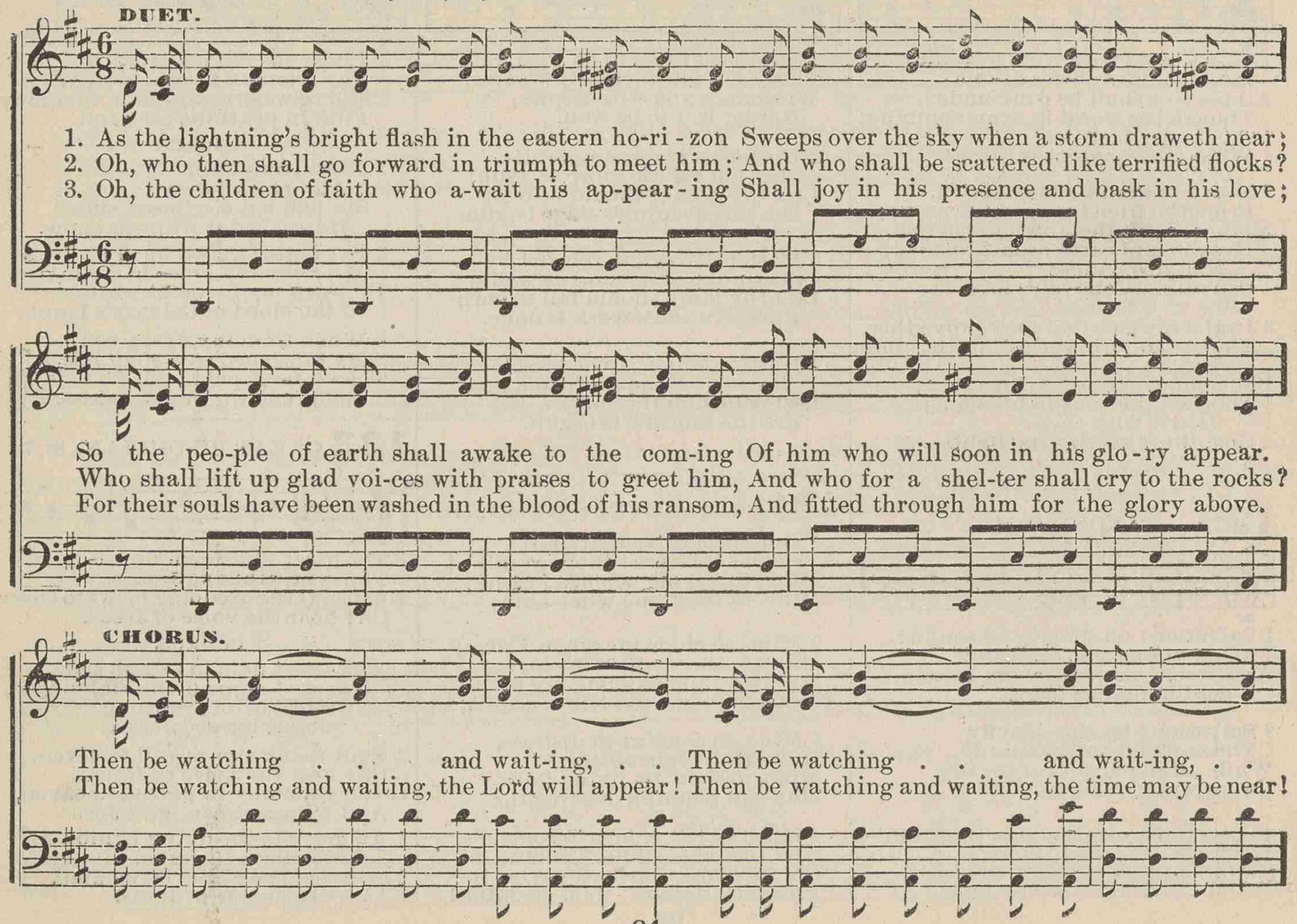
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

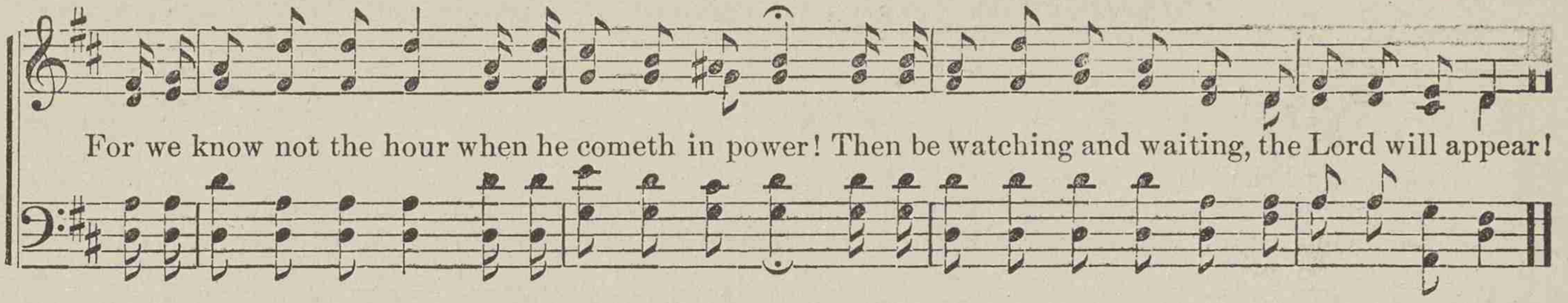
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

134 THE LORD WILL APPEAR.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS. "*Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*"—Matt. 24: 42. E. S. LORENZ.

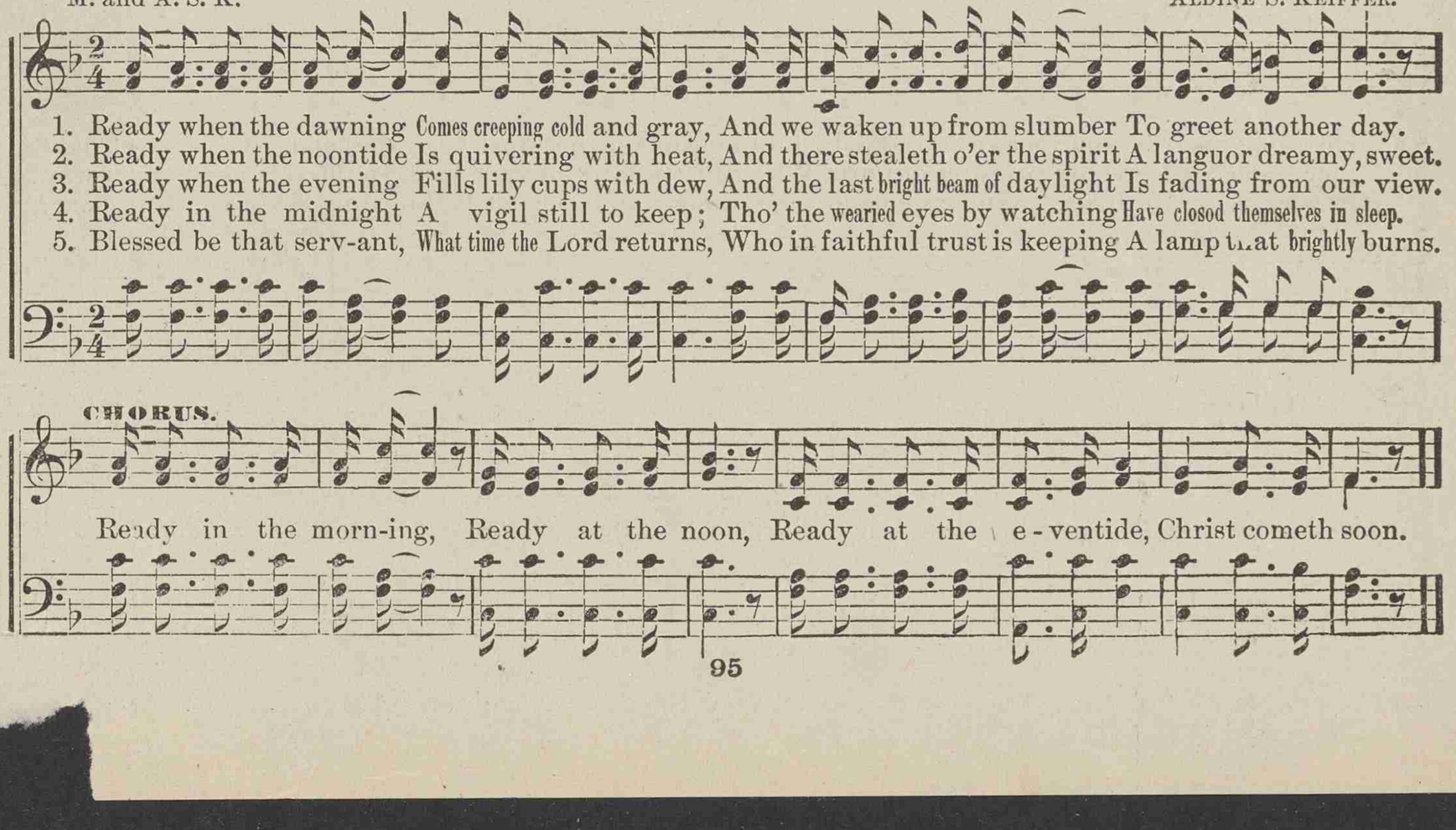




135. BE YE ALSO READY.

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—Matt. 24: 44.

M. and A. S. K. ALDINE S. KEIFFER.



136 IS YOUR LAMP STILL BURNING?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Are you Christ's light bear-er? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world fair-er For your
2. Is your heart warm glow-ing, With his love o'er-flowing, And his good-ness showing, More and
3. Keep your altars burn-ing, Wait your Lord's returning, While your heart's deep yearning Draws him

cheer-ing ray? Is your bea-con lighted, Guiding souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
more each day? Are you pressing onward, With Christ's faithful vanguard, In the safe and narrow way?
ev-er near; With his radiance splendid Shall your light be blended When his glory shall ap-pear?

D. S. *Are you ev-er wait-ing for your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?*

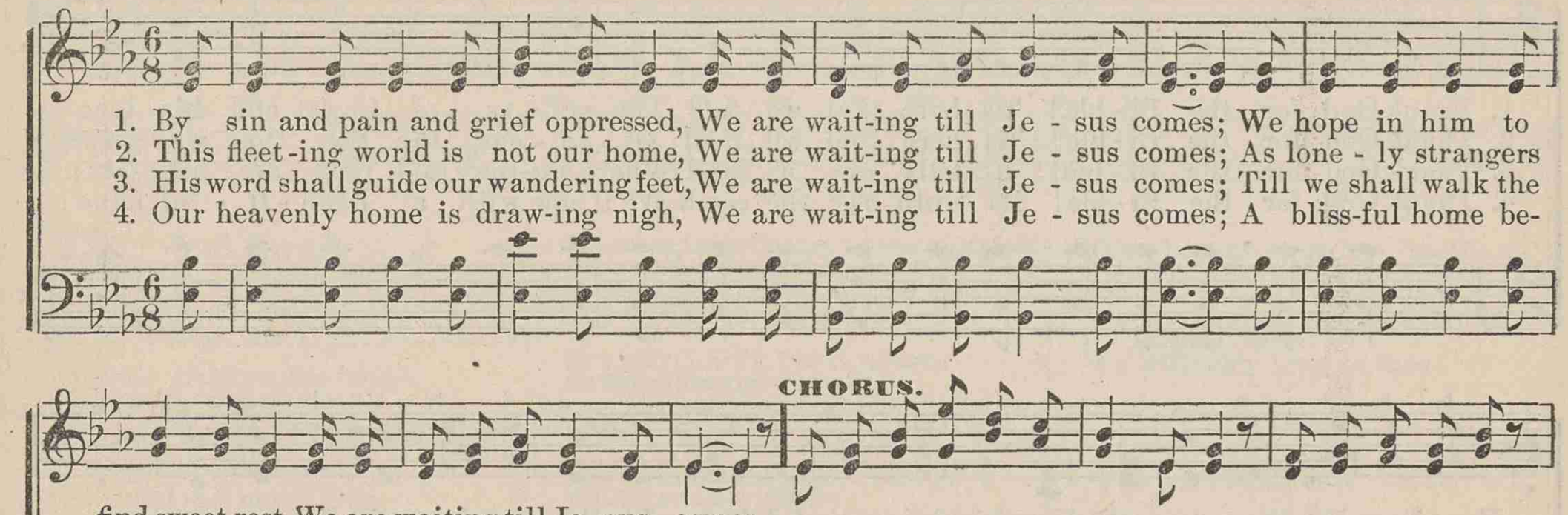
CHORUS.

Oh, brother, is your lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray?

137 WAITING TILL JESUS COMES.

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

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. E. S. LORENZ.



138 THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

ANON. *"Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."*—Jer. 15: 16. I. BALTZELL.

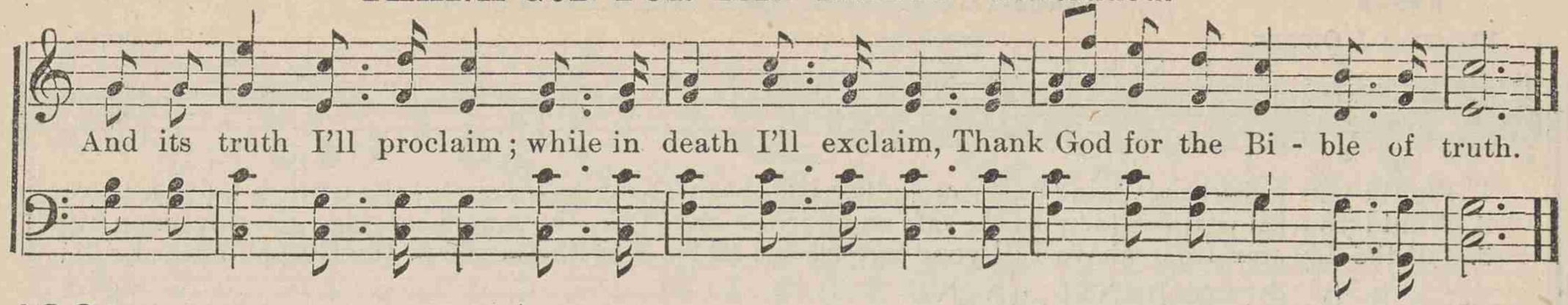
1. Thank God for the Bi - ble! 'tis here that we find The sto - ry of Christ and his love—
2. Thank God for the Bi - ble! 'tis here that we read Of Je - sus, the Son that was given;
3. Thank God for the Bi - ble! it tells of a land Where sor-row and pain are all o'er;
4. Thank God for the Bi - ble! its truth o'er the earth We'll sow with a boun - ti - ful hand:

How he came down to earth from his beau - ti - ful home In the mansions of glo - ry a - bove.
How he said, suf - fer child-ren to come un - to me, For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
Where the Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare us a home, In the beau- ti - ful, bright ev - er - more.
But we nev - er can tell what the Bi - ble is worth, Till we go to that beau - ti - ful land.

CHORUS.

Thank God for the Bi - ble! the dear, bles - sed Bi - ble! The vol - ume that guid-ed my youth;

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE. Concluded.



139 BOYLSTON. S. M.



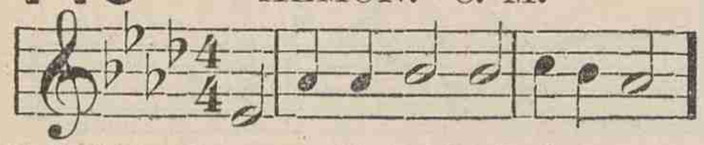
1 Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

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.

---

140 AZMON. C. M.



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 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

---

141 SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, 4s.



1 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
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,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

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142 AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

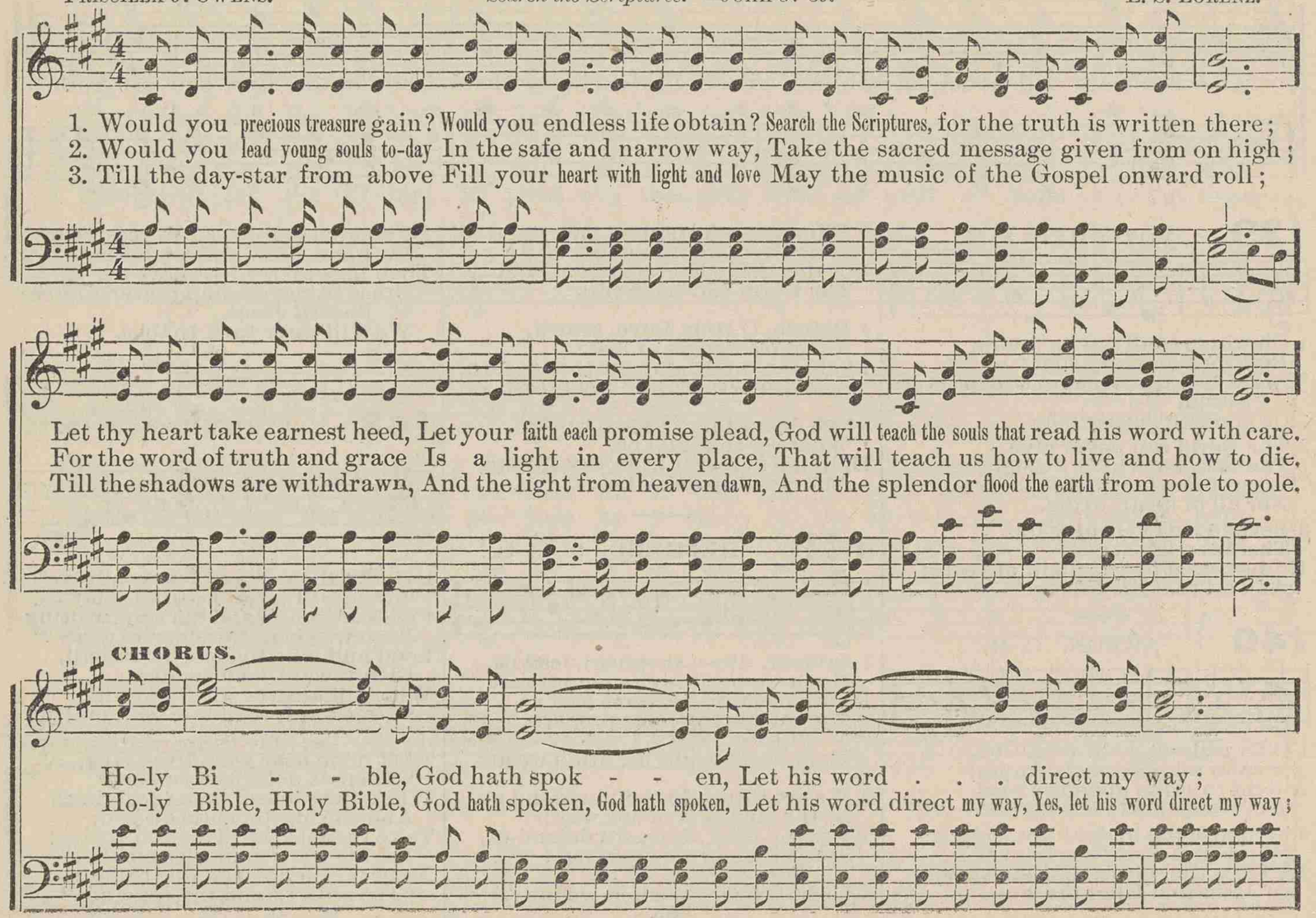


1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away?'
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

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."

143 SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Search the Scriptures."*—John 5: 39. E. S. LORENZ.



Ho-ly Bi - - ble, wondrous tok - - en, I believe thee, I receive thee and o-bey.
Ho-ly Bible, Holy Bible, wondrous token, wondrous token,

144 CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL TO ME.

REV. W. H. LUCKENBACK. *"But Christ is all, and in all."*—Col. 3: 11. I. BALTZELL.

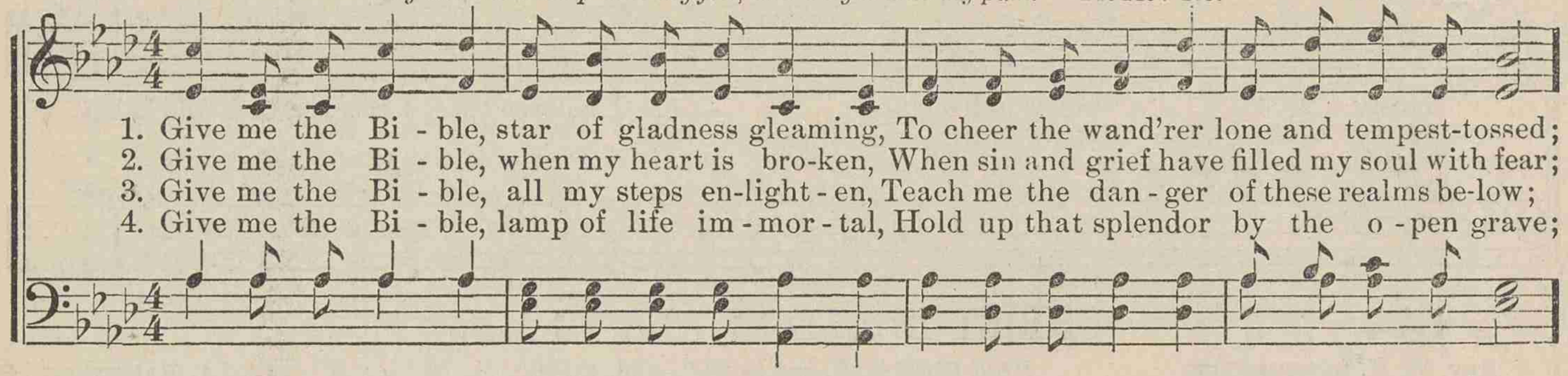
Moderato.

1. Christ is all in all to me, More than vaults of gold; More than rank or high degree, More than can be told.
2. Christ is all in all to me, All the strength I need; All he suffered is my plea, All he said, my creed.
3. Christ is all in all to me, Of my friends the best; Of my joys, the chief is he; From all fears, my rest.

All in all, from morn till night, All in all, when life is bright, All in all, when sorrows blight; Christ is all in all.
All in all, in prayer or song, All in all, when weak or strong, All in all, thro' life along; Christ is all in all.
All in all, while here I stay, All in all, till life's last day, All in all, I'll sing for aye; Christ is all in all.

145 GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

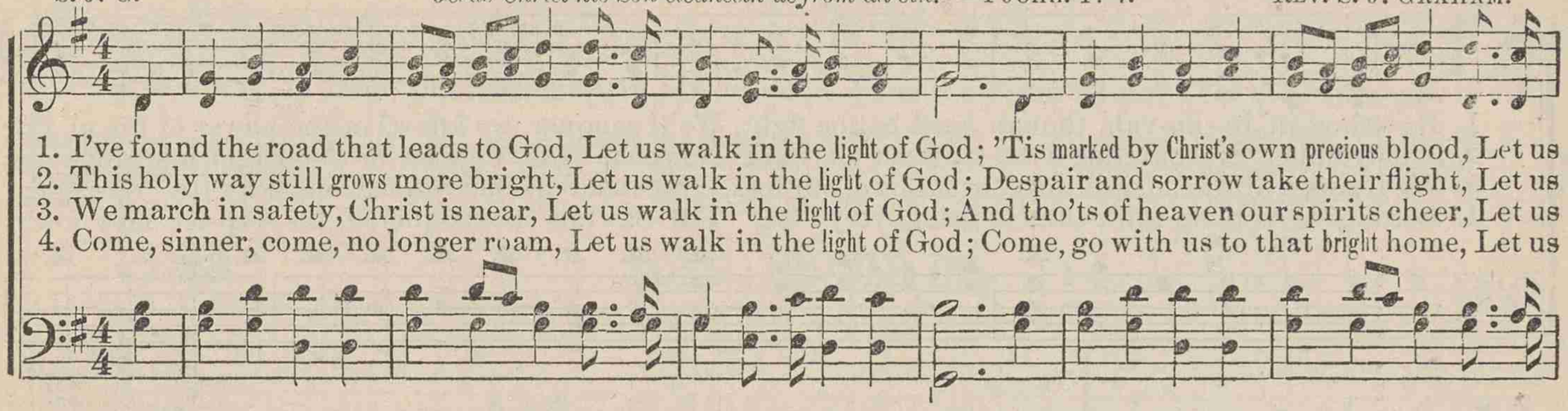
P. J. O. *"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."*—Ps. 119: 105. E. S. LORENZ.



146 WALK IN THE LIGHT.

"But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John. 1: 7.

S. J. G. REV. S. J. GRAHAM.



CHORUS.



147 BE STRONG IN JEHOVAH.

W. P. MACKAY. *"Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid."*—Deut. 1: 9. I. BALTZELL.

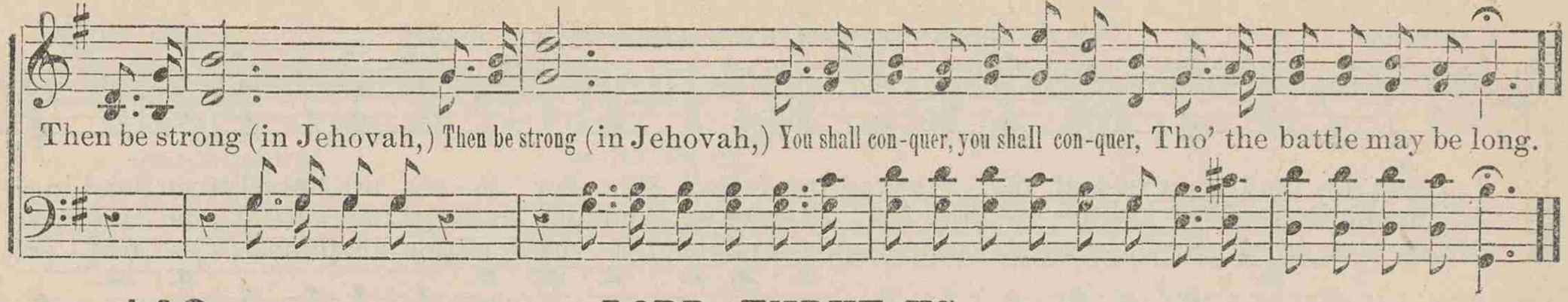
1. Be strong in Je-ho-vah, though hard be the fight, We'll conquer, we know, in the power of his might;
2. The trumpet is sounding—the trumpet of war; No peace while we wait for the bright morning star;
3. We'll sing while we march thro' the midst of our foes, Who stand all determined our way to op-pose;
4. Lord, give us more faith thus to meet every foe, Till Sa-tan is conquered, his scep-ter laid low;

Put on the whole ar-mor of God, ev-ery one; Go forth bravely fight-ing till vic-to-ry's won.
We watch where the foe would surprise or a-larm; By faith we shall nerve for the fight ev-ery arm.
We'll conquer their legions, our bat-tle-song raise; The Lord is our Captain, his name we will praise.
This, this is the triumph o'er earth and its gain—O'er sin still with-in, but which never shall reign.

CHORUS.

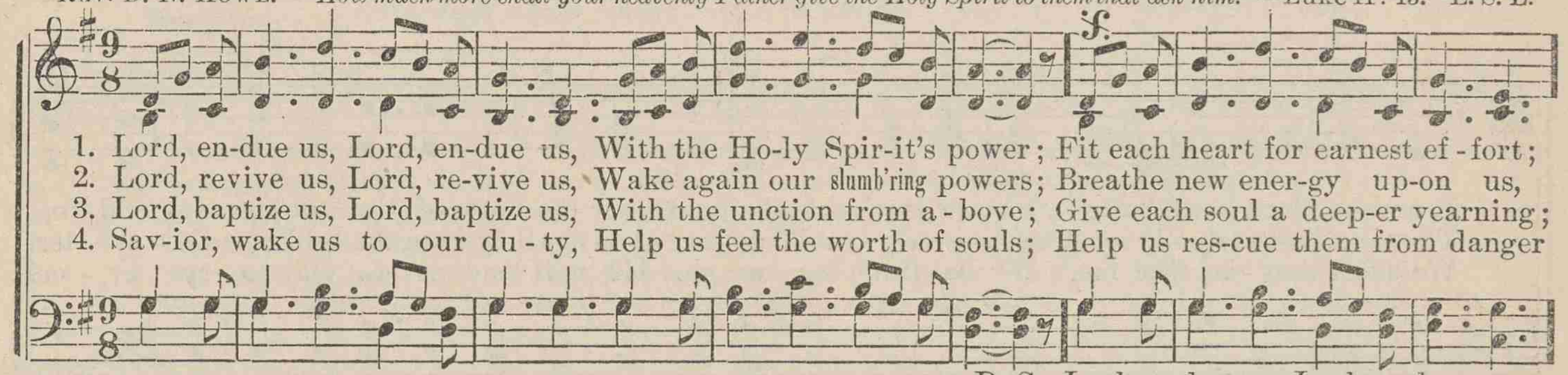
Then be strong (in Jehovah,) Then be strong (in Jehovah,) Oh, ye faithful soldiers ev-er be strong (in Jehovah;)

BE STRONG IN JEHOVAH. Concluded.



148 LORD, ENDUE US.

REV. D. N. HOWE. *"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."*—Luke 11: 13. E. S. L.





149 MARCHING ON.

E. R. LATTA. *"The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle."*—Is. 13: 2. E. S. LORENZ.

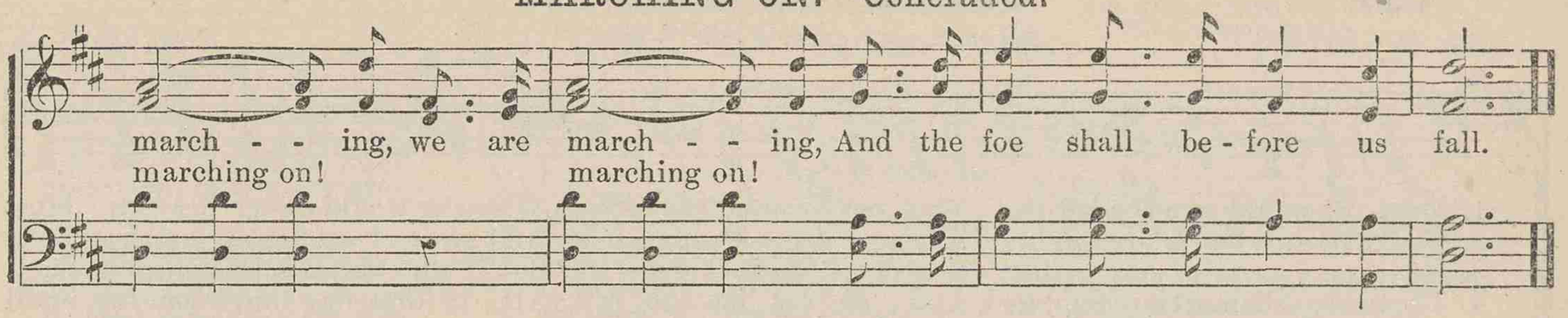
1. Hear the loud trumpet-call, that is sound-ing for all, Who for Je - sus are bravely con-tend-ing!
2. Though the ranks of the foe, in - to bat - tle may go, And may threaten the cause of the Mas - ter;
3. Let us trust in the word of our con-quering Lord! Let us question his prom-is - es nev - er!

From the morn to the night, let us urge on the fight, E'er the cause of the Sav-ior de-fend-ing.
They shall cer-tain-ly meet, with a sig - nal defeat, 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.

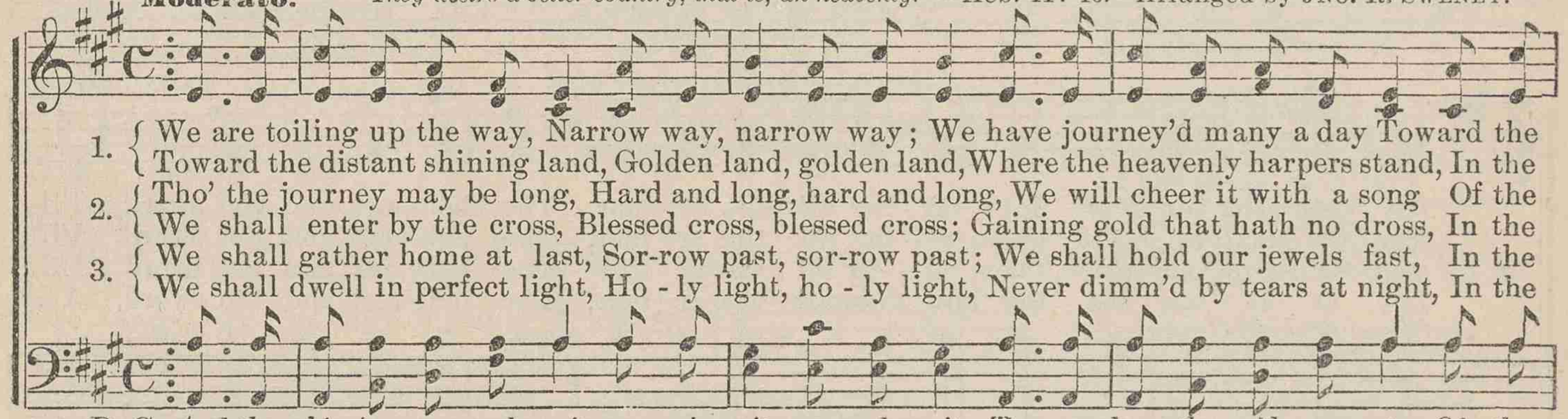
We are march - ing, We are march - ing, For we hear . . the trumpet call! . . We are marching on! marching on! we hear the trumpet call!

MARCHING ON. Concluded.



150 TOILING UP THE WAY.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16. Arranged by JNO. R. SWENEY.





From Gems of Praise, by per.

151 BATTLE FOR THE LORD.

REV. M. S. SAVAGE. *"Put on the whole armor of God."*—Eph. 6; 11. KARL REDEN.

1. Who-e'er would win the bat-tle, Must nev-er mind the blows; Who-e'er would en-ter heav-en, Must not turn back for foes; But tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
2. God's lit-tle bands are mighty, When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are helpless, Be-fore the small-est right. Then, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
3. Your en-e-mies may gather, Like clouds in days of storms; But Truth's bright blade, like lightning, Shall scat-ter their proud forms, Then, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
4. The wrongs shall all be conquered, And ev-ery foe sub-mit; All, in that day that's com-ing, Shall fall at Je-sus' feet. But now, take all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, And

shout for Truth and Victory, And bat-tle for the Lord. I'll battle for the Lord, Yes, battle for the Lord;

Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

By permission

152 BOYLSTON. S. M.



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, oh, 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.

---

153 EVAN. C. M.



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.

---

154 TUNE, WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

1 Pray when the dawn is beaming
Upon the sunny hills,
When half the world is dreaming
On scenes which fancy fills;
Pray at the silent hour,
As pensively you stray
By mead or fragrant bower,
To while the time away.

2 Pray when the evening closes—
All nature sinks to rest—
Beast in the lair reposes,
Bird in the downy nest;
Pray at the midnight season,
Enveloped in its gloom;
Oh, then, indeed, there's reason—
'Tis kindred to the tomb.

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155 AMOY. 6s, 4s.



1 To-day the Savior calls;
Ye wanderers, come!
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

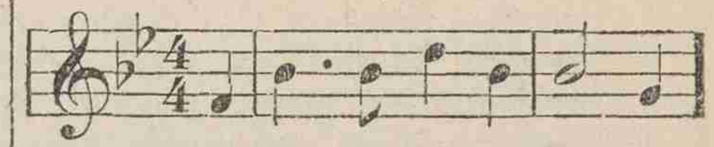
2 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

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

---

156 WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.



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.

157 PRESSING ON FOR THE PRIZE.

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

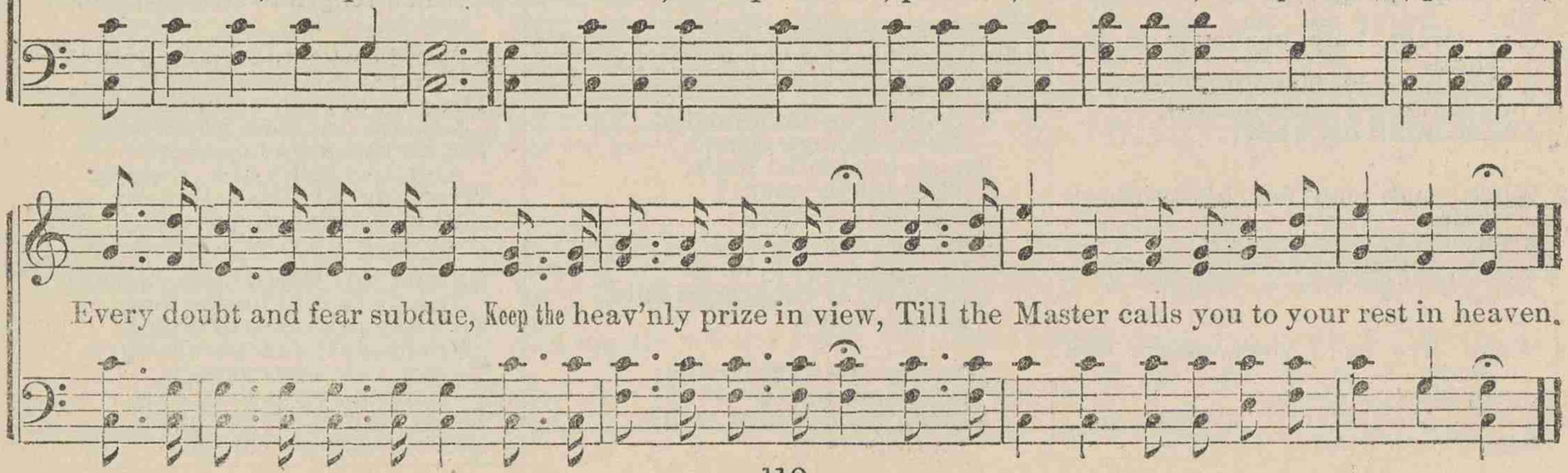


1. Press on, press on, tho' doubts arise, And fierce temptations meet thine eyes, Raise up thy tho'ts a-bove the skies;
2. Press on to do thy Master's will, The last remains of sin to kill, Thy soul with heavenly grace to fill;
3. Press on, that perfect love to feel, Which doth by death the witness seal, As Je-sus doth him-self re-veal;
4. Press on, un-til with joy you see The depth of Jesus' love to thee, Till by his side you're pure and free;



CHORUS.

O Christian, still press on. O Chris - tian, still press on, O Chris - tian, still press on;
O Christian, still press on. O Christian, still press on, press on, O Christian, still press on, press on;



Every doubt and fear subdue, Keep the heav'nly prize in view, Till the Master calls you to your rest in heaven.

158 WATCH AND PRAY.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Watch and pray."*—Matt. 26: 41. E. S. LORENZ.

1. With a world of foes around, Watch and pray! watch and pray! Keep faith's armor firmly bound, Watch and pray! watch and pray!
2. When the world is smiling bright, Watch and pray! watch and pray! With her prizes spread in sight, Watch and pray! watch and pray!
3. Prayer can grasp God's mighty shield, Watch and pray! watch and pray! Prayer shall hold the battle field, Watch and pray! watch and pray!

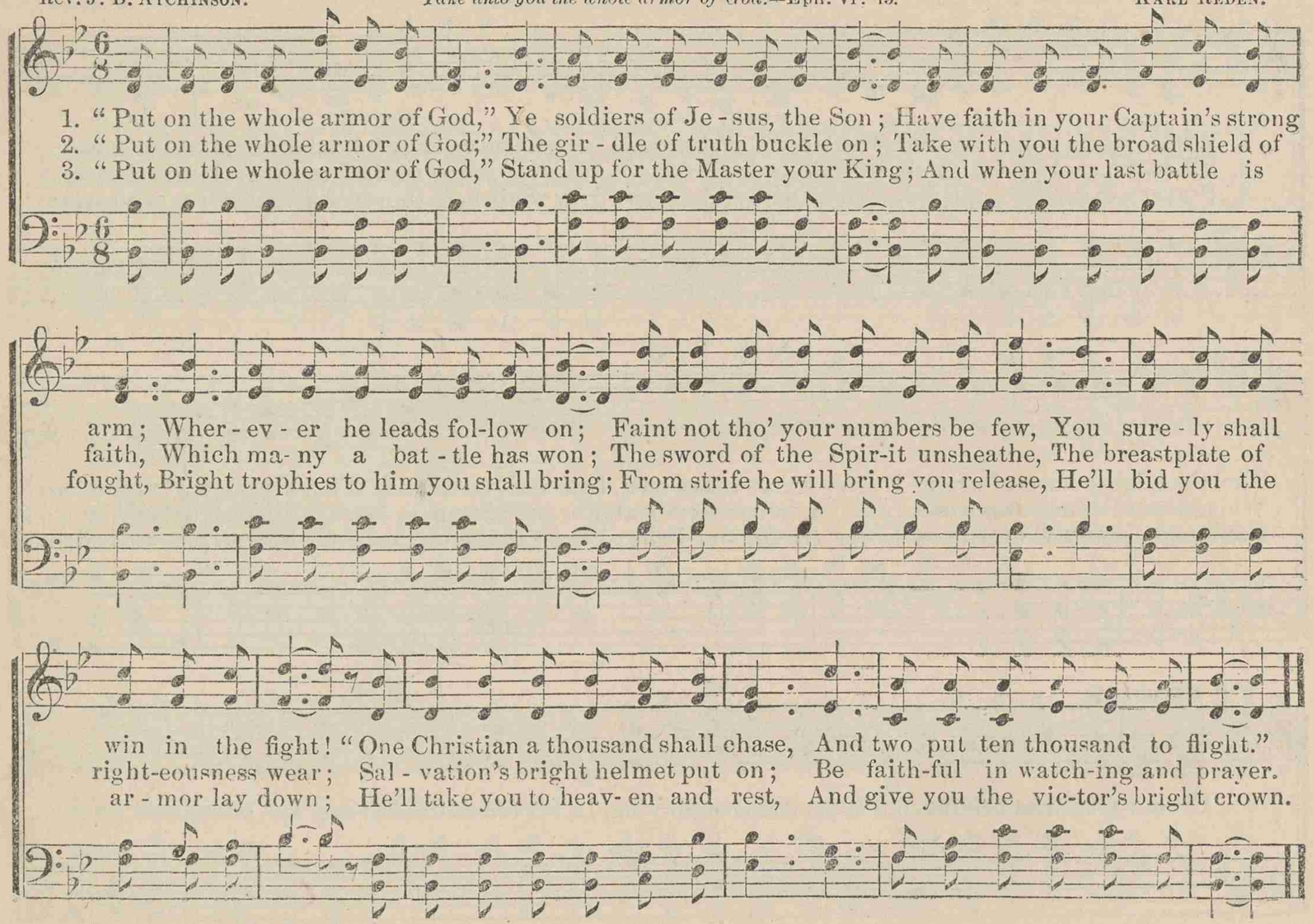
Tho' the mighty hosts of wrong Muster forces legioned strong, Prayer shall keep their ranks at bay, Watch and pray! watch and pray!
When she smiles and whispers sweet, Look for danger and defeat, For she glitters to betray, Watch and pray! watch and pray!
Faith and prayer shall overthrow Every sin-ful Jer-i-cho; Christ is coming, wait for day, Watch and pray! watch and pray!

CHORUS.

On our God firm relying, With his joy, strength supplying, In his name sin defying, Night and day, watch and pray!

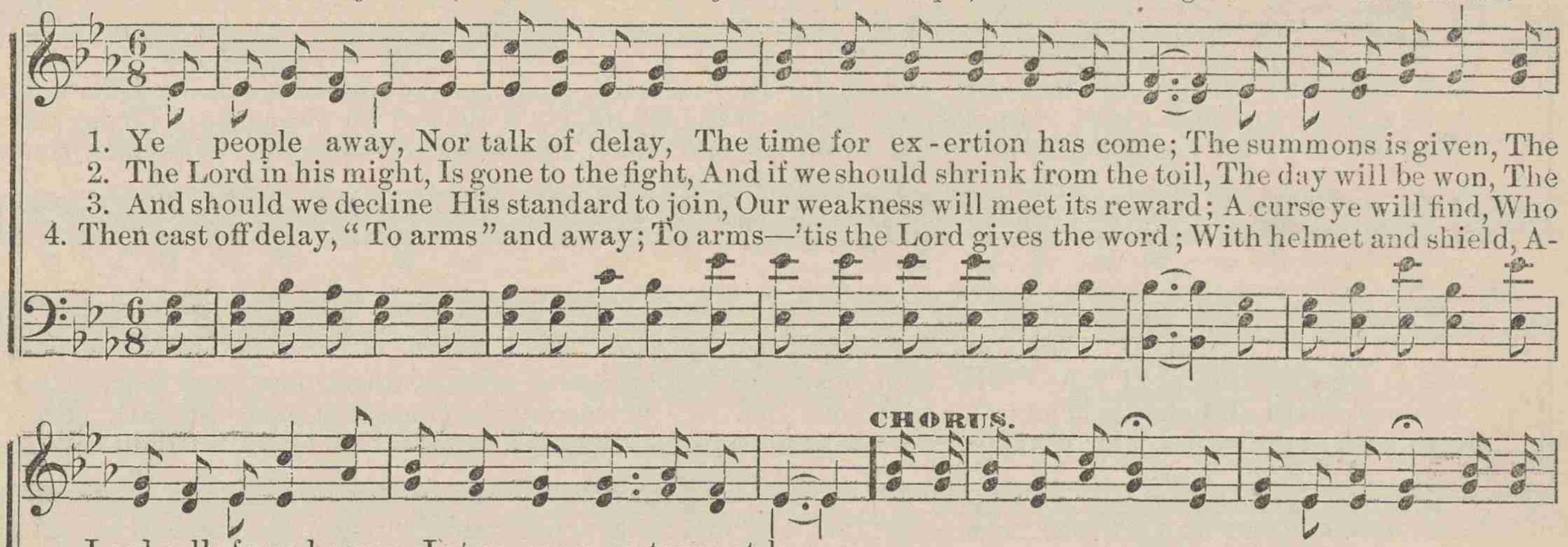
159 PUT ON THE ARMOR OF GOD.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. *Take unto you the whole armor of God.*—Eph. vi: 13. KARL REDEN.



160 GO UP TO THE HELP OF THE LORD.

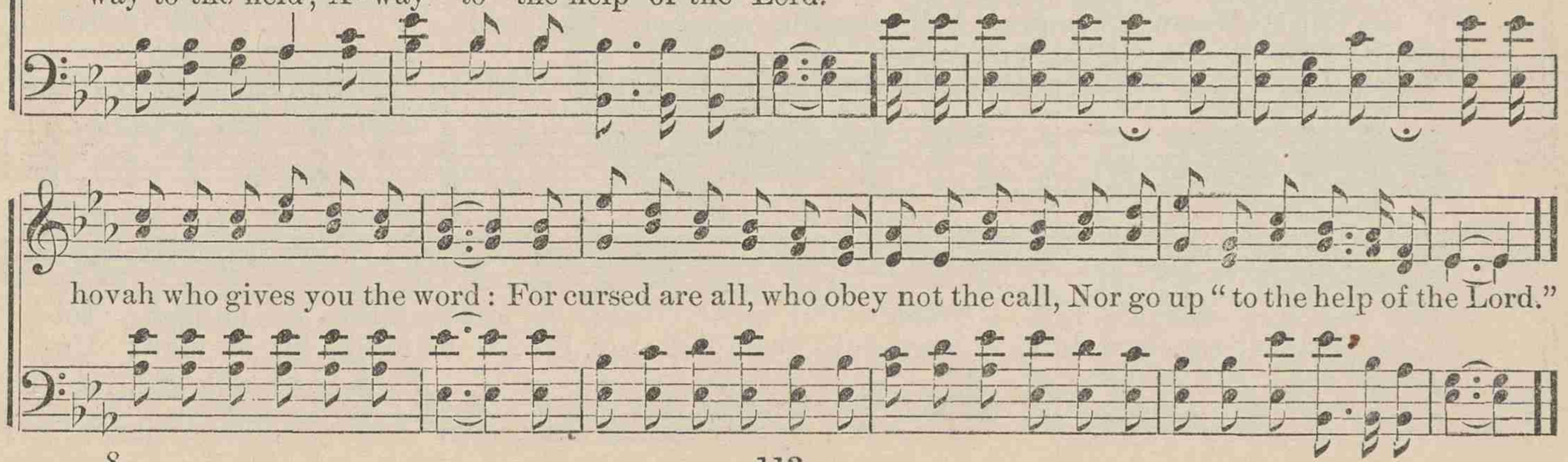
ANON. *"Curse ye Meroz, * * * because they came not to the help of the Lord."*—Judges 5: 23. I. BALTZELL.



1. Ye people away, Nor talk of delay, The time for ex-ertion has come; The summons is given, The
2. The Lord in his might, Is gone to the fight, And if we should shrink from the toil, The day will be won, The
3. And should we decline His standard to join, Our weakness will meet its reward; A curse ye will find, Who
4. Then cast off delay, "To arms" and away; To arms—'tis the Lord gives the word; With helmet and shield, A-

CHORUS.

Lord calls from heaven, Let no one now tarry at home.
work will be done, And others will gather the spoil. Then away to the field, With helmet and shield; 'Tis Je-
tar - ry behind, Nor go "to the help of the Lord."
way to the field; A-way "to the help of the Lord."



hovah who gives you the word: For cursed are all, who obey not the call, Nor go up "to the help of the Lord."

161 UNFURL THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."*—Ps. 20 : 5. E. S. LORENZ. 1876.

1. Unfurl the Christian standard! lift it man-ful-ly on high, And ral-ly where its shining folds wave
2. In God's own name we set it up, this banner brave and bright, Up-lift-ed for the cause of Christ, the
3. Now who is on the Lord's side, who? come throng the battle field, Be strong, and show that ye are men, come

out a-gainst the sky! A-way with weak half-hearted-ness, with faithless-ness and fear, Un-
cause of truth and right; The cause that none can o-verthrow, the cause that must prevail, Be-
forth with sword and shield; What peace while traitorous e-vil stalks in false ar-ray of light? What

CHORUS.

furl the Christian standard, and all hail it with a cheer. Un-furl . . . the Christian
cause the promise of the Lord can nev-er, nev-er fail.
peace while en-e-mies of Christ are gath'ring for the fight? Un-furl the Christian standard, yes un-

stand - - ard, Lift it man - - ful-ly, yes, man-ful-ly on high; Un-
furl the Christian standard, Lift it man-ful-ly on high, yes, lift it man-ful-ly on high; Un-

UNFURL THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD. Concluded.



162 STATE STREET. S. M.



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

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 Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

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63 TUNE, STATE STREET. S. M.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

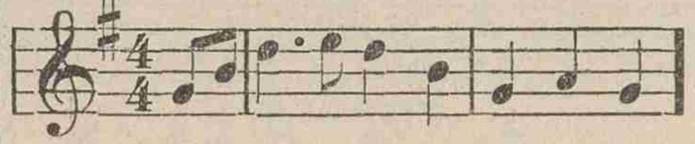
2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

---

164 ON JORDAN'S. C. M.



1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHO.—We will rest in the fair and happy land (by and by),
Just across on the evergreen shore;
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb (by and by),
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

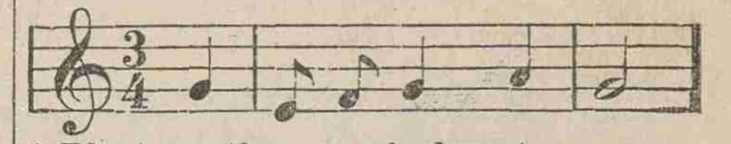
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

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165 BOYLSTON. S. M.



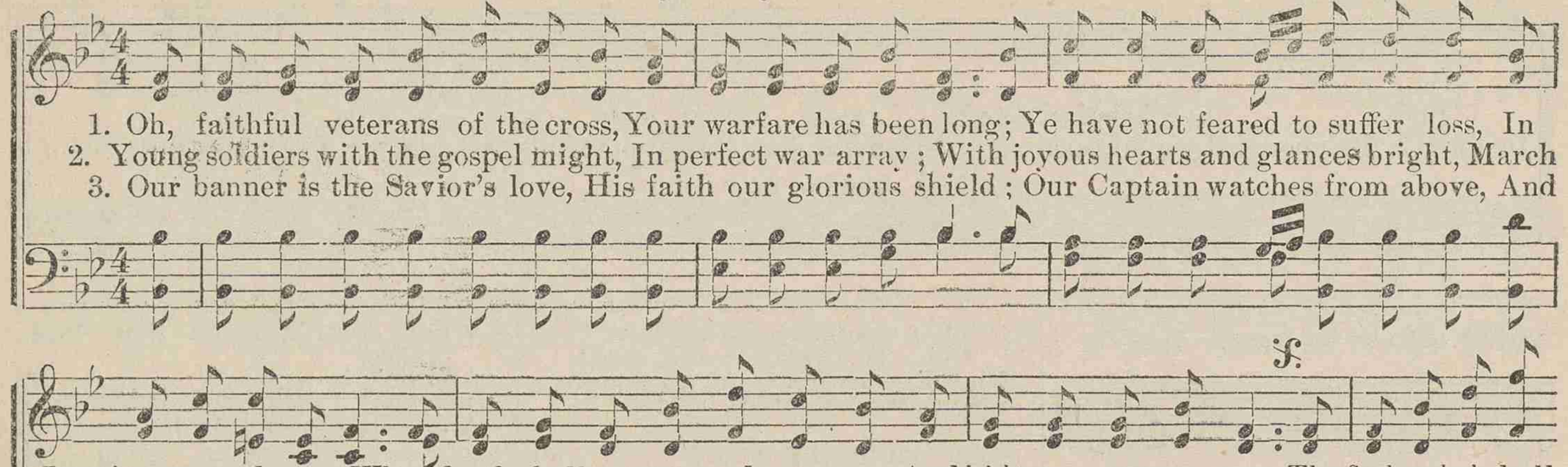
1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

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;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

166 VETERANS AND VOLUNTEERS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"War a good warfare."*—1 Tim. 1: 18. E. S. LORENZ.



167 HE CALLETH FOR YOU AND ME.

WATSON J. YOUNG. *"The Master has come, and calleth for thee."*—John 2: 28. I. BALTZELL.

1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, Go, work in the harvest to - day; For white is the field, a-
2. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, Tho' stormy and dark be thy way; Tho' friends be all gone, and
3. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, Tho' sin lies like lead on thy soul, He bids thee re-joice, oh,
4. The Master is come, and calleth for thee; Behold! where his table is spread; And whoever will may par-

bundant the yield, Oh, why should the reaper de-lay? No matter just where in the field you may be, Go
thou left a - lone, Yet he's thy support and thy stay. No matter how lone-ly the jour-ney may be, Go
list to his voice: He bids e'en the lep - er be whole. No matter how burdened thy spir-it may be, Go
take to his fill, Unquestioned of heav-en-ly bread. No matter how poor and despised you may be, Go

work with the Master, he calleth for thee. He call - eth, he call - eth, He calleth for thee and me.
walk with the Master, he calleth for thee.
kneel to the Master, he calleth for thee. He calleth for me, he calleth for thee,
feast with the Master, he calleth for thee.

168 FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

F. E. PITTS. *"In that day there shall be a fountain opened."*—Zech. 13: 1. I. BALTZELL.

1. There is a fount-ain pure and free, It flows for you, it flows for me; Now ev-ery tribe be-
2. To ev-ery land, to ev - ery race, In "ev - ery dry and barren place," The water's free, and
3. To wake the world, and all in - vite, The Spir - it and the Bride u - nite; And let the news be
4. The thirst-y, in the des-ert place, May hear the welcome word of grace; Tho' dy-ing, if he
5. "Ho! ev-ery one," the prophet cries—And ev - ery one, my soul replies—For ev-ery one there's

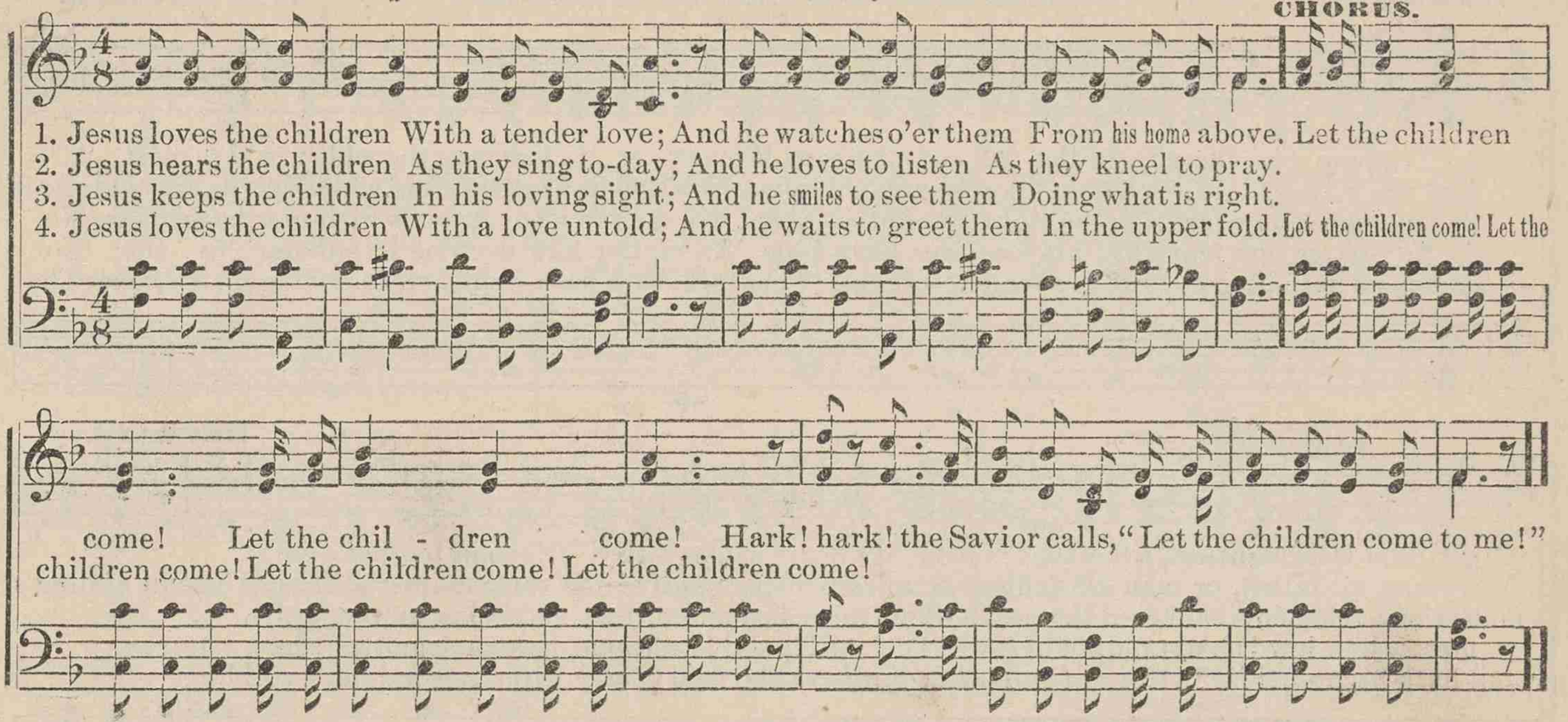
neath the sun May to this flow-ing fount-ain run.
free the call, None are de-nied, but welcome all.
car - ried home, And ev - ery one that hears it, come.
will be-lieve, E - ter - nal life he shall re - ceive.
am - ple room, Then free - ly to the wa-ters come.

CHORUS.

Fly to the fount - ain,
Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain,
Flow - ing free - ly, Fly to the fount - ain, Flowing for you and for me!
Flowing ever pure and free? Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain?

169 LET THE CHILDREN COME.

EDWARD A. BARNES. *"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."*—Mark 10: 14. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Jesus loves the children With a tender love; And he watches o'er them From his home above. Let the children
2. Jesus hears the children As they sing to-day; And he loves to listen As they kneel to pray.
3. Jesus keeps the children In his loving sight; And he smiles to see them Doing what is right.
4. Jesus loves the children With a love untold; And he waits to greet them In the upper fold. Let the children come! Let the

come! Let the chil - dren come! Hark! hark! the Savior calls, "Let the children come to me!"
children come! Let the children come! Let the children come!

170 ORTONVILLE. C. M.



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

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

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

4 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.

171 'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. *"Respectfully dedicated to the Christian workers every-where."* I. BALTZELL.

DUET.

1. At home or abroad, in the all-ey or street, Wherev-er I chance in the wide world to meet, A
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold; Be it
3. No matter how far from the right she hath strayed, No matter what inroads dishonor hath made; No
4. No matter how wayward his footsteps have been; No matter how deep he is sunken in sin; No
5. That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast; That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed; That

REFRAIN.

girl that is thoughtless, a boy that is wild, My heart echoes softly—'tis some mother's child.
woman all fallen, or man all defiled, A voice whispers sadly—'tis some mother's child. 'Tis some mother's
matter what elements cankered the pearl—Tho' tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.
matter how low is his standard of joy,—Tho' guilty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

child! 'Tis some mother's child! For her sake deal gently with some mother's child, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

172 BUSY GLEANERS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Dedicated to the "Busy Gleaners" Mission bands. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We're a band of bus - y glean - ers, Toil - ing on life's har - vest plain; And we
2. From the cor - ners oft ne - glect - ed, From the way - side tram-pled o'er, Gold - en
3. Do not slight our ear - nest la - bor, Tho' no sic - kle bright we wield; Drop some
4. We're a band of bus - y glean-ers, Start - ing work at ear - ly dawn; We will

CHORUS.

fol - low fast the reap - ers, Gath-'ring up the scat-tered grain.
seed is oft - en gath-ered To in-crease the pre-cious store. Bus - y lit - tle
hand-fuls kind on pur - pose, As we fol - low thro' the field.
fol - low on re - joic - ing In the joy - ous light of morn.

glean-ers, we are bus - y lit - tle gleaners, Work-ing for the Mas-ter in the har-vest field.

173 WE ALL MUST WORK FOR JESUS.

W. P. MACKEY. *"Go work to-day in my vineyard."*—Matt. 21: 28. I. BALTZELL.



1. We all must work for Je-sus, who hath redemption wrought, Who gave us peace and pardon, which by his blood he bought.
2. We all must work for Jesus—the aged and the young, With manhood's fearless accents—with childhood's lisping tongue.
3. We all must work for Jesus, where'er our lot may fall, With brothers, sisters, neighbors, in cottage and in hall.
4. We all must work for Jesus, till he shall come again, Proclaim his glorious gospel, his crown and endless reign,



We all must work for Jesus, to prove how much we owe To him who died to save us from death and endless woe.
We all must work for Jesus—his people far and near,—The rich, the poor, the lowly,—the peasant and the peer.
We all must work for Jesus, 'twill ofttimes try us sore, But plenteous grace to aid us into our hearts he'll pour.
We all must work for Jesus, till all our toils are o'er, And then with him in glory we'll rest for evermore.



D. S. *For he has bought our pardon, and sealed it with his blood.*

CHORUS.



Let us work for Je-sus in the har-vest-field, Let us work for Je-sus in the har-vest-field;

174 HELP A LITTLE.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. *"By love, serve one another."*—Gal. 5: 13. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world of bur - den - bearing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; For thy wea - ry
2. In the work a-round us pressing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; Let thy la - bor
3. In the seed-time's ear - ly sow-ing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; On the soil some
4. When the reap-ers sheaves are binding, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; Oh, some hand-fuls

CHORUS.

broth-er car-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
prove a blessing, Help just a lit-tle.
care be-stow-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
then be find-ing, Help just a lit-tle.

Oh, the shoulders we might lighten! Oh, the paths that we might brighten! Oh, the wrongs that we might right-en! Help-ing just a lit - tle.

From "Wells of Salvation," by per.

175 CHEERFUL WORKERS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *Dedicated to the "Cheerful Workers" Mission Bands.* E. S. LORENZ.

1. We are cheerful work-ers In the fields of truth, Glad to fol-low Je - sus In our ear - ly youth.
2. Cheerful eyes that glis- ten With the light a - bove; Cheerful ears that list - en For God's voice of love;
3. We are cheerful work-ers Toil-ing for the Lord; We en - joy his serv - ice, Hope for his re-ward.

f. **Fine.**

We can run God's errands With our nim-ble feet; We can take a mes-sage From his love so sweet.
Cheerful hands and steady, No - ble work to · do; Cheerful hearts made ready For his serv- ice true.
May his dai - ly blessing Make our work complete; May we rest from la - bor, On - ly at his feet.

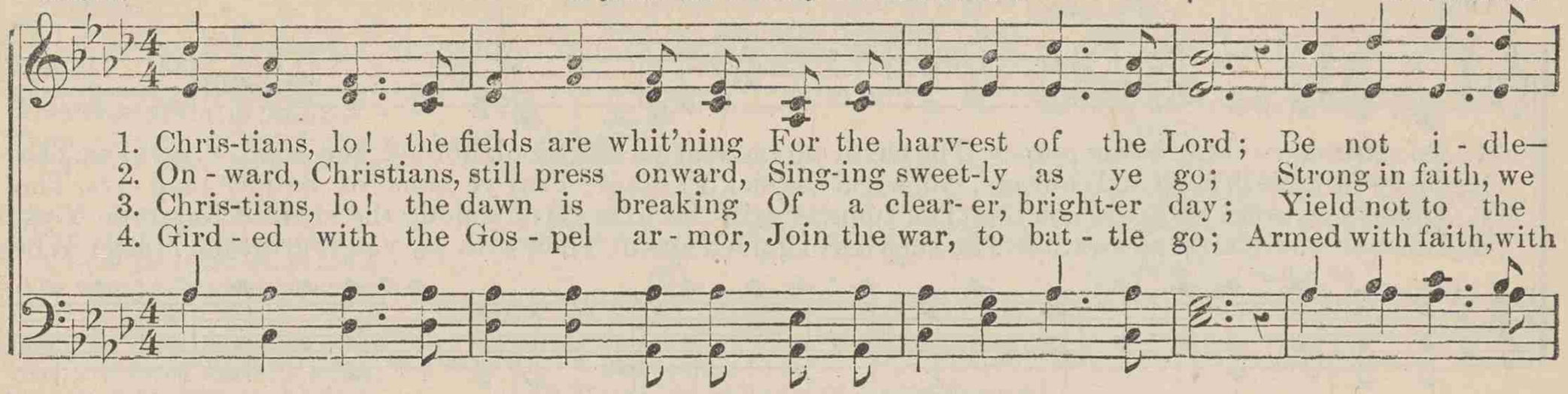
D. S. *Working for the Mas - ter, Toil-ing soon and late; Till we bring our off-'ring To the gold - en gate.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Cheerful lit - tle workers, Hap-py Christian band; Seeking souls for Je - sus From each distant land.

176 THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

R. G. S. *Go ge also into the vineyard.*—Matt. xx: 7. R. G. STAPLES.



177 THERE IS WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

ANON. *"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."*—Matt. 9: 37. I. BALTZELL.

1. Do not say, O Christian reaper, The earth no harvest yields; Look abroad, and you'll discov - er The
2. Go ye forth with hope and courage, Go, wield the sickle's blade; Fear ye none of Satan's reap - ers, Tho'
3. Dreary autumn days are coming, The summer will be o'er; And among the ripened harvests You'll
4. La - bor on in faith, and gather The sheaves of golden grain; Then with joy you'll greet the Master When

CHORUS.

wait - ing harvest fields.
well they be ar-rayed. There is work There is work There is work for ev - 'ry one Let us
find your work no more.
he shall come a - gain. to do, to do. to do;

on to du - ty go, There is much for us to do; And our work on earth is scarce begun, scarce begun.

178 SILVER STREET. S. M.



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

---

179 HEBRON. L. M.



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 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 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.

4 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.

---

180 THE SAINTS' HOME. 11s.



1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

---

181 CONTRAST. 8s.



1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
Bnt when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

---

182 BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

183 HELPING BY PRAYER.

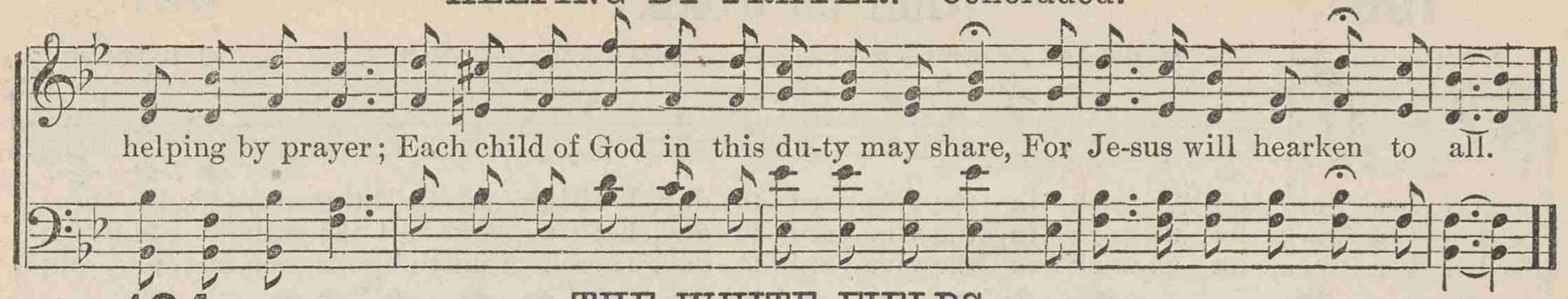
M. E. SERVOSS. *"Helping together by prayer for us."*—2 Cor. 1: 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There are pain-pris-oned souls who would work for the Lord, And spir-its bowed down with life's bur-dens and care; There are wee little hands that small help can afford, But none are too weak to be
2. Lo! the har-vest is white and the world field is broad, The weak with the strong oth-ers' burdens would bear; Then how dear to the hearts of the children of God To know that they all may be
3. There are gen-er-ous hearts that are not rich in gold, Who on-ly a mite from their pit-tance can spare, Yet are giv-ing a mint ne'er on earth to be told, For none are too poor to be
4. Oh, the Lord's work doth wait, and the help-ers are few, But more than the world-ly in blind-ness de-clare; For they count not his loved ones so faithful and true Who nev-er for-get to be

CHORUS.

help-ing by prayer. None are too young to be help-ing by prayer; None are too weak to be

HELPING BY PRAYER. Concluded.



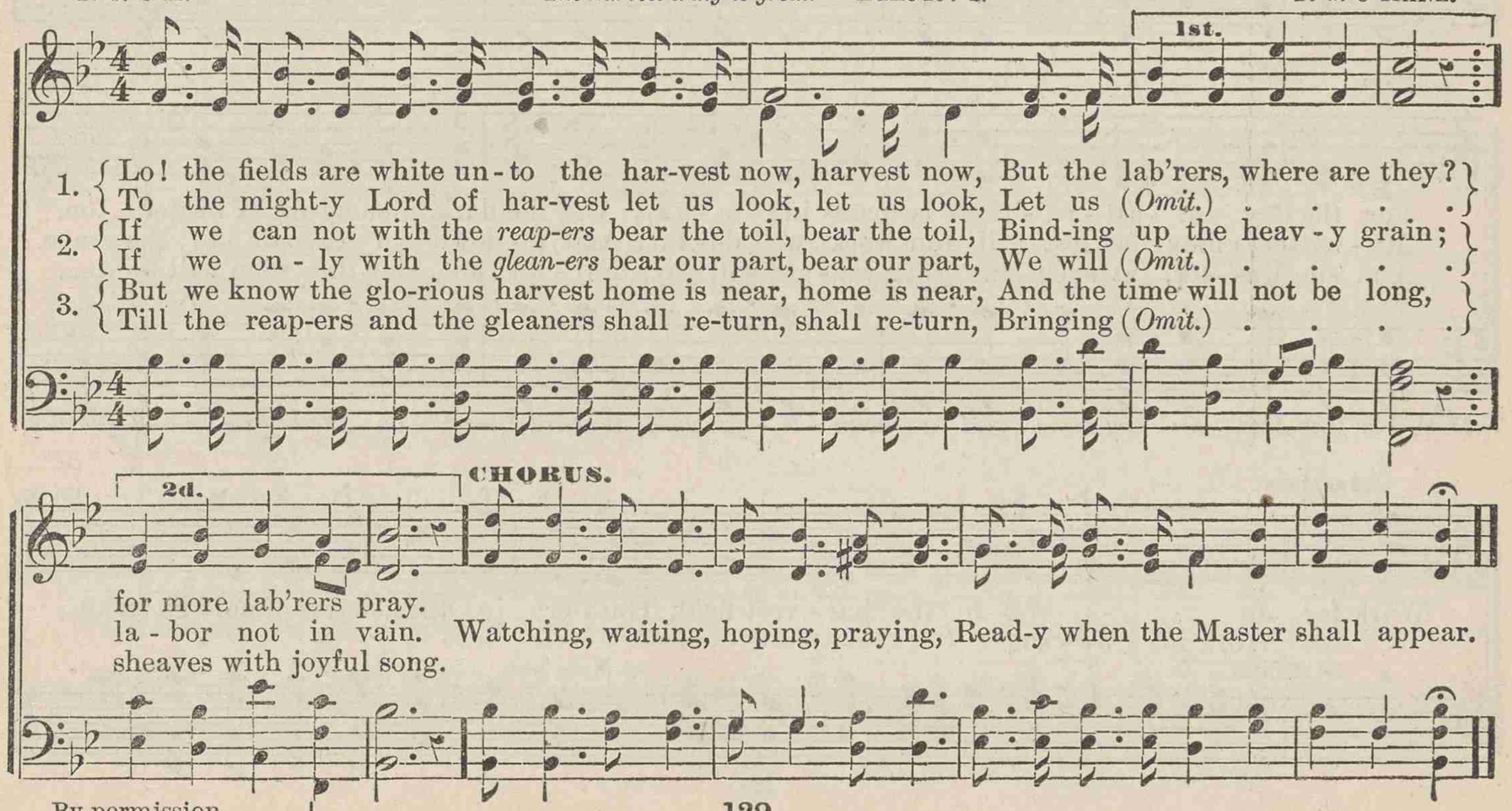
184

THE WHITE FIELDS.

T. C. O'K.

"The harvest truly is great."—Luke 10: 2.

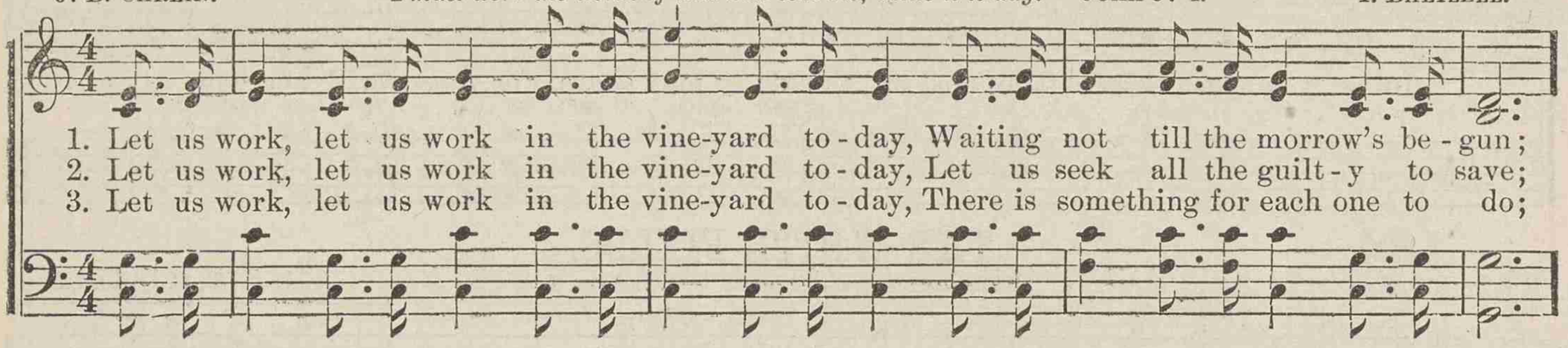
T. C. O'KANE.



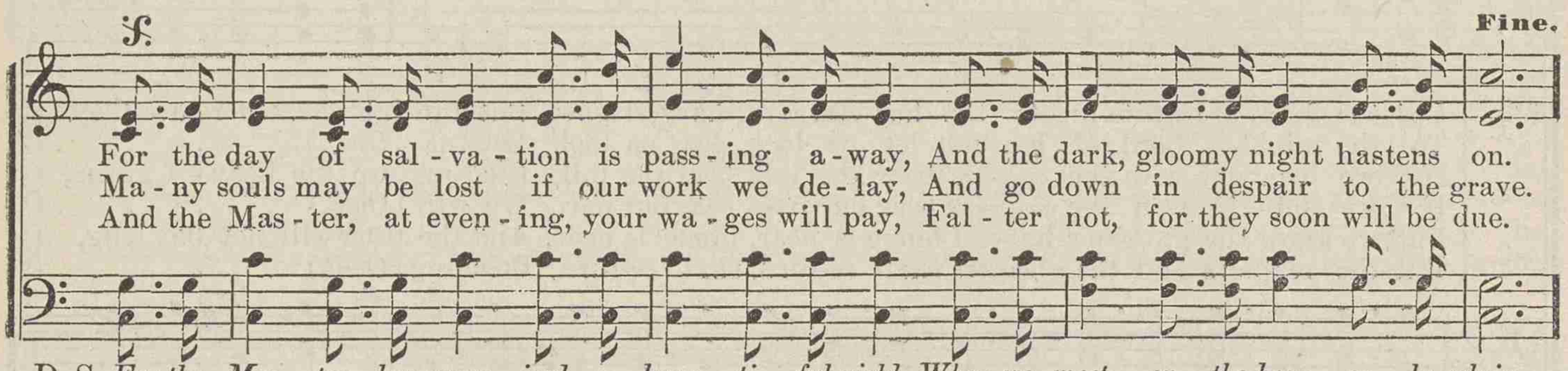
By permission.

185 LET US WORK.

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



1. Let us work, let us work in the vine-yard to-day, Waiting not till the morrow's be-gun;
2. Let us work, let us work in the vine-yard to-day, Let us seek all the guilt-y to save;
3. Let us work, let us work in the vine-yard to-day, There is something for each one to do;



For the day of sal-va-tion is pass-ing a-way, And the dark, gloomy night hastens on.
Ma-ny souls may be lost if our work we de-lay, And go down in despair to the grave.
And the Mas-ter, at even-ing, your wa-ges will pay, Fal-ter not, for they soon will be due.

D. S. *For the Mas-ter has prom-ised a boun-ti-ful yield, When we meet on the heav-en-ly plain.*



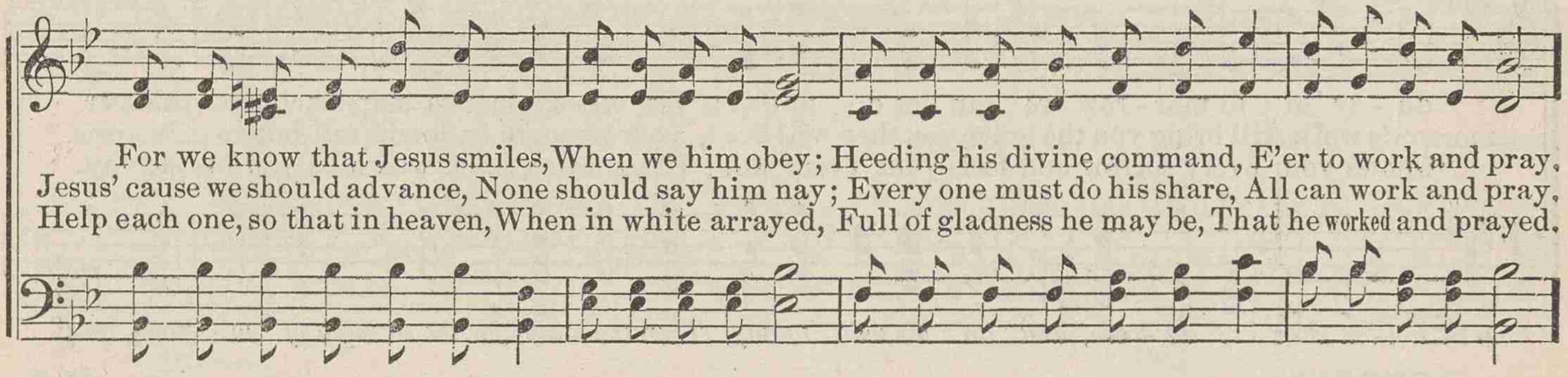
Work for Je - - sus in the har-vest field, Gath-er in the sheaves of gold-en grain;
Work for Je-sus

186 WORK AND PRAY.

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

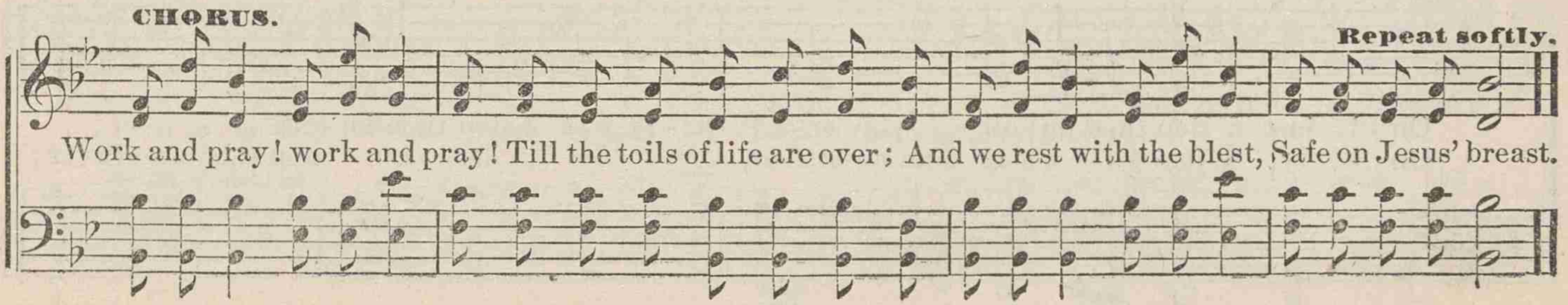


1. In this world of sin and woe Fee - ble ones are we; Yet we strive to do our best, Weary ne'er to be.
2. I - dle must we nev - er be, Tho' our hands be frail; If we ask for strength divine, We can never fail.
3. Savior, then in mercy look On our little throng; Let our prayers unceasing be, And our efforts strong.



For we know that Jesus smiles, When we him obey; Heeding his divine command, E'er to work and pray.
Jesus' cause we should advance, None should say him nay; Every one must do his share, All can work and pray.
Help each one, so that in heaven, When in white arrayed, Full of gladness he may be, That he worked and prayed.

CHORUS.

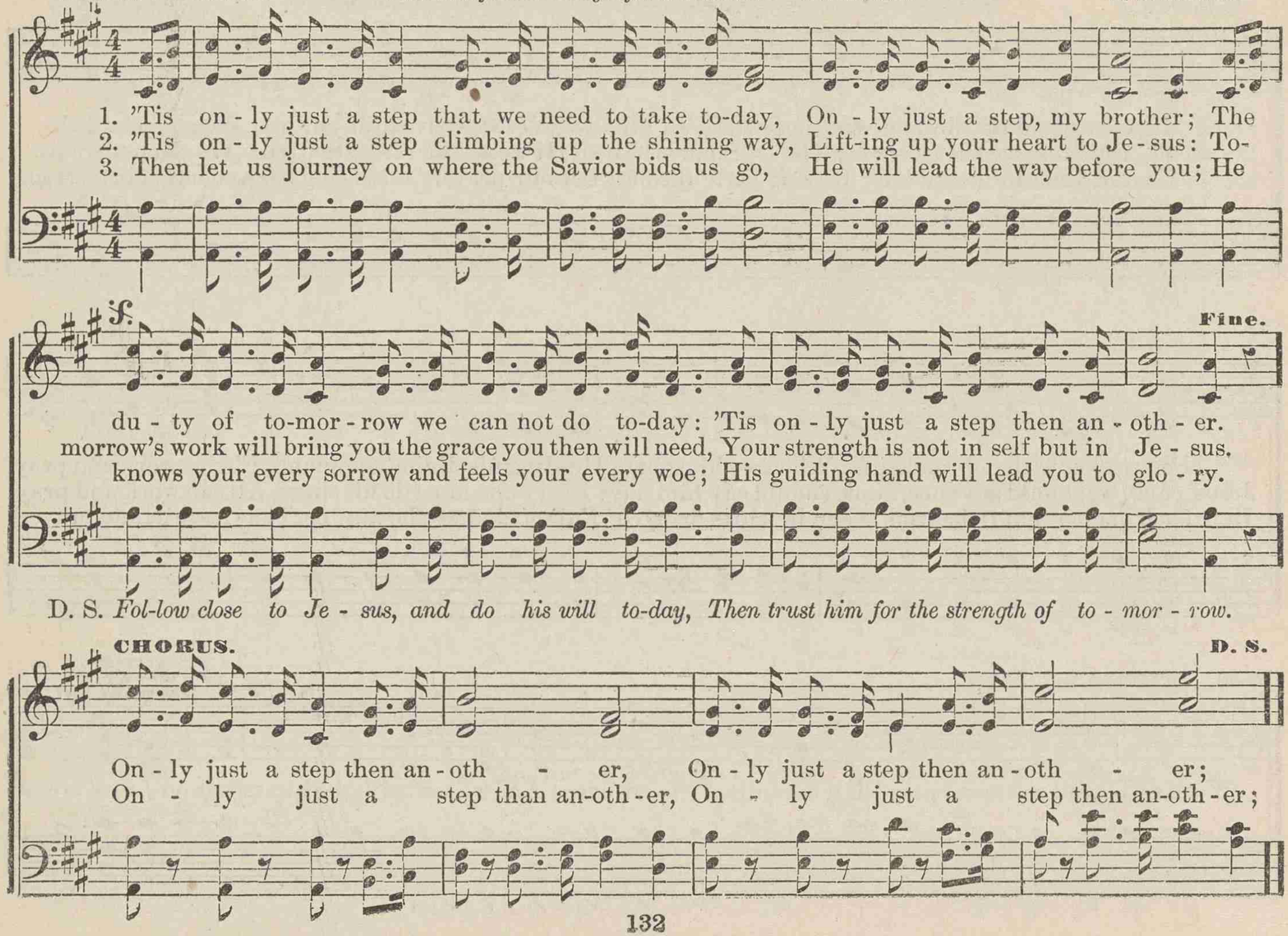


Repeat softly.

Work and pray! work and pray! Till the toils of life are over; And we rest with the blest, Safe on Jesus' breast.

187 TRUST HIM FOR TO-MORROW.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. *"Take therefore no thought for the morrow."*—Matt. 6: 34. E. S. LORENZ.



188 GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

"*Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in that my house may be filled.*"—Luke 14; 23.

Words adapted. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go to the hedges and broad highway, Gather them in-to the fold; Has-ten! the Savior's com-
2. Gather them in, both the rich and poor, Gather them in-to the fold; O - pen to all is the
3. Gather them in from the lane and street, Gather them in-to the fold; Gather them in with your
4. Gather them in with a glowing love, Gather them in-to the fold; Lead them a-long to the

REFRAIN.

mand o-bey, Gather them into the fold.
gos - pel door, Gather them into the fold. Gath - er them in, . . . Gath - er them
songs so sweet, Gather them into the fold.
home a-bove, Safe to the heavenly fold. Gather them, gather them into the fold, Gather them, gather them

in, . . . Gath - - er them, Gath - - er them, Gather them into the fold.
in-to the fold. Gather them care-ful - ly, Gather them prayerfully,

189 GLEANERS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

J. B. CARLIN. *"So she gleaned in the field until even."*—Ruth 2: 17. I. BALTZELL.

1. In the Master's vineyard there is work to do; Gleanings we may gath - er, tho' there are but few;
2. Toiling in the morn - ing, toil-ing thro' the day, Us - ing ev - 'ry moment, ere they pass a - way;
3. Oh, our heavenly Mas - ter, may we ev - er be Bus - y in the vineyard, working, Lord, for thee;

f. **Fine.**

Lit - tle gold - en clus - ters gathered in the field By the bus - y glean - ers, will a harvest yield.
Gath'ring, gladly gath'ring, as the moments fly, Toil-ing for the Mas - ter—rest - ing by and by.
When the day is end - ed, and our toil is o'er, Bring us to our mansions on the golden shore.

D. S. *Gath-er gold - en clus - ters as the days go by, Toil-ing for the Mas - ter—rest - ing by and by.*

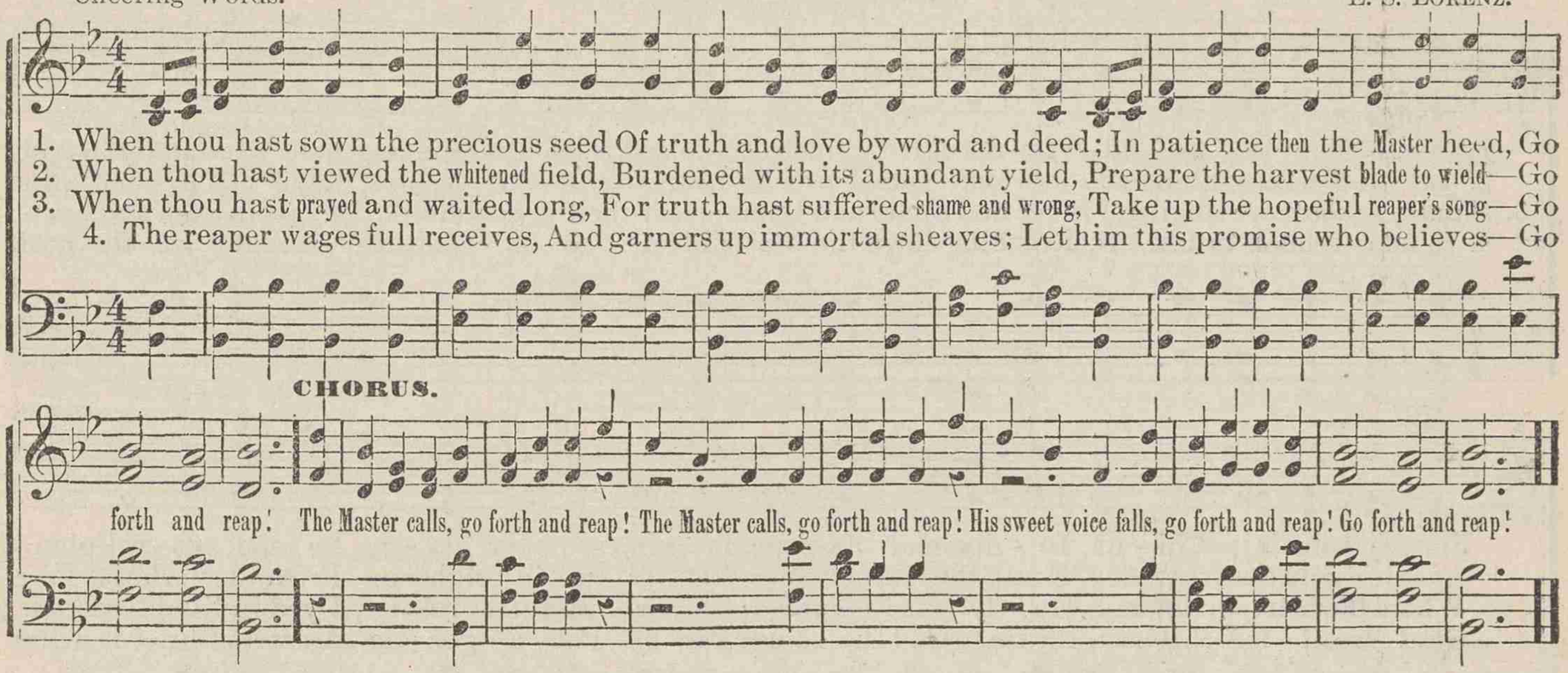
CHORUS. **D. S.**

Glean - - - ers in the har-vest field, Glean - - - ers, rich will be the yield;
Gleaners, bus - y gleaners, Gleaners, bus - y gleaners,

190 GO FORTH AND REAP.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 5: 35.

"Cheering Words." E. S. LORENZ.



191 LET US ANEW. 10s, 5s, 11s.



1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

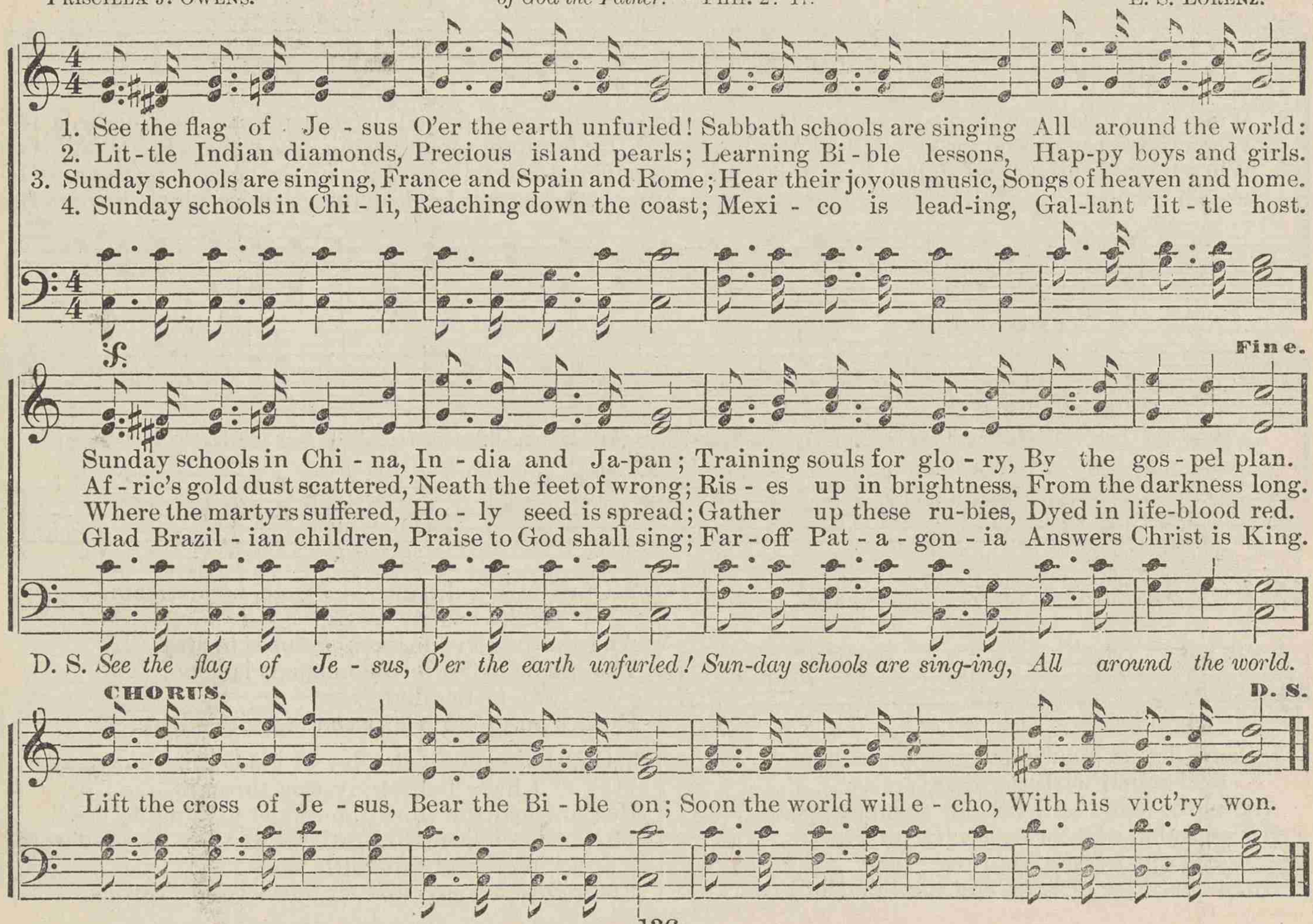
2 Our life is a dream: our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh, that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I've finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

192 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.



193 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.



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 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.

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194 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



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.

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195 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s.



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'm 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 Oh, 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.

196 DENNIS. S. M.



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.

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197 NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s.



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

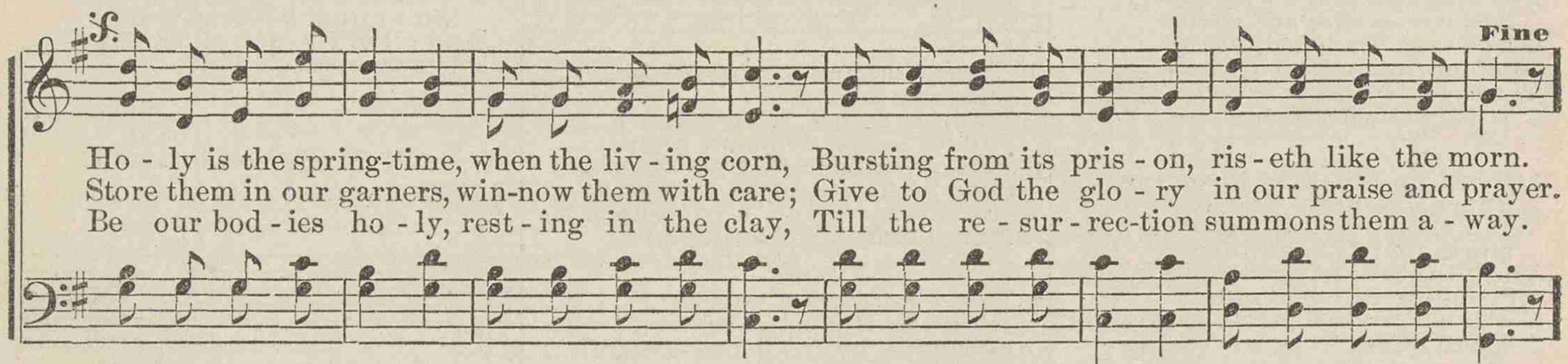
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

198 HARVEST SONG.

ANON. *"I have planted, Apollos watered: but God gave the increase."*—1 Cor. 3: 6. I. BALTZELL.



1. Ho - ly is the seed-time, when the buried grain Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake a - gain;
2. Ho - ly is the har-vest, when each ripened ear, Bend-ing to the sick-le, crowns the golden year;
3. Ho - ly seed, our Master sow- eth in his field; Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;



Ho - ly is the spring-time, when the liv - ing corn, Bursting from its pris - on, ris - eth like the morn.
Store them in our garners, win-now them with care; Give to God the glo - ry in our praise and prayer.
Be our bod - ies ho - ly, rest - ing in the clay, Till the re - sur - rec-tion summons them a - way.

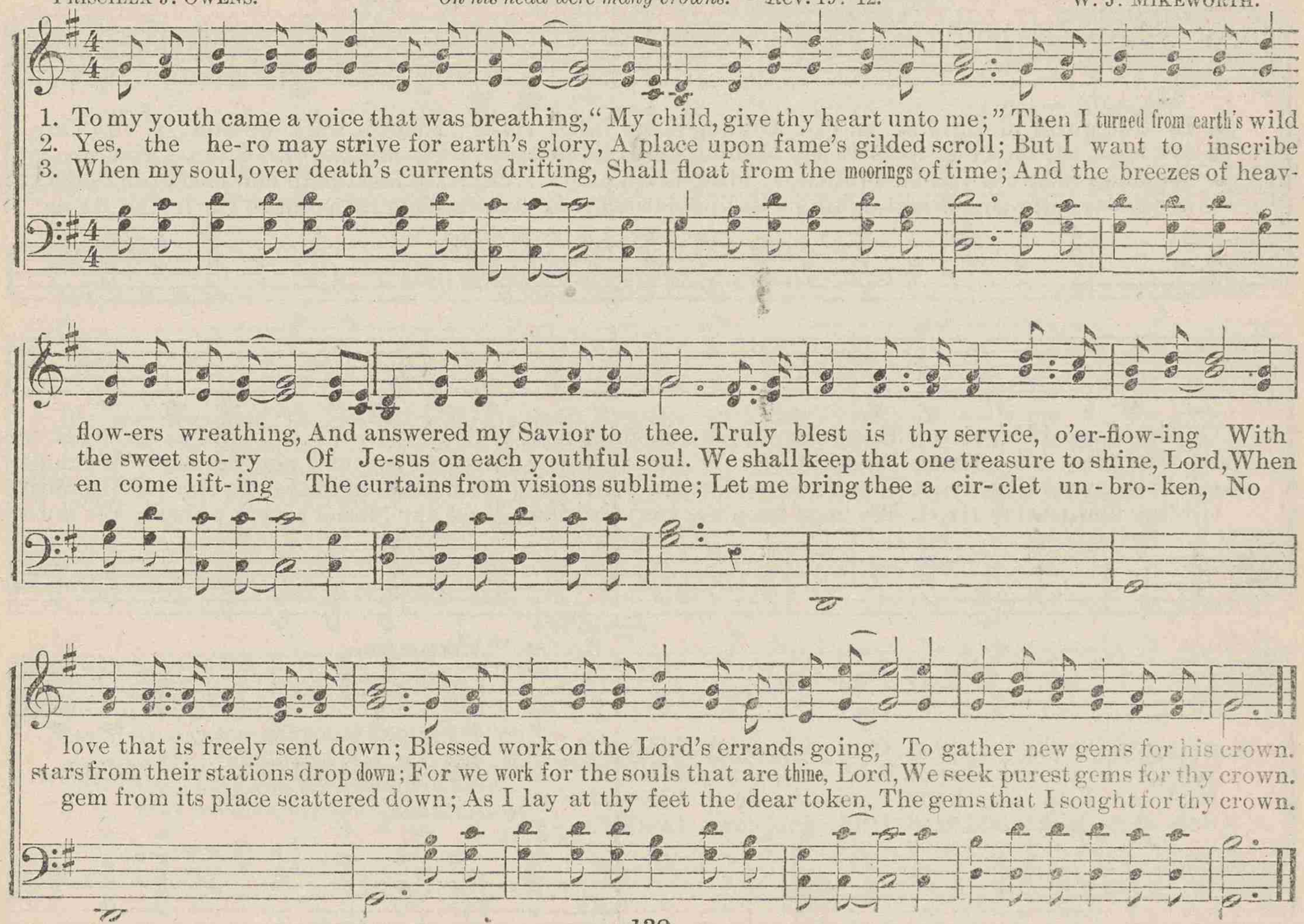
D.S. *Glo-ry to the Spir - it, giv - ing the increase; Glo - ry as it has been, is and ne'er shall cease.*



Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, who beheld our need; Glo - ry to the Sav-ior, who hath sown the seed;

199 GEMS FOR HIS CROWN.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"On his head were many crowns."*—Rev. 19: 12. W. J. MIKEWORTH.



200 GLIDING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."*—John 9: 4. E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

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

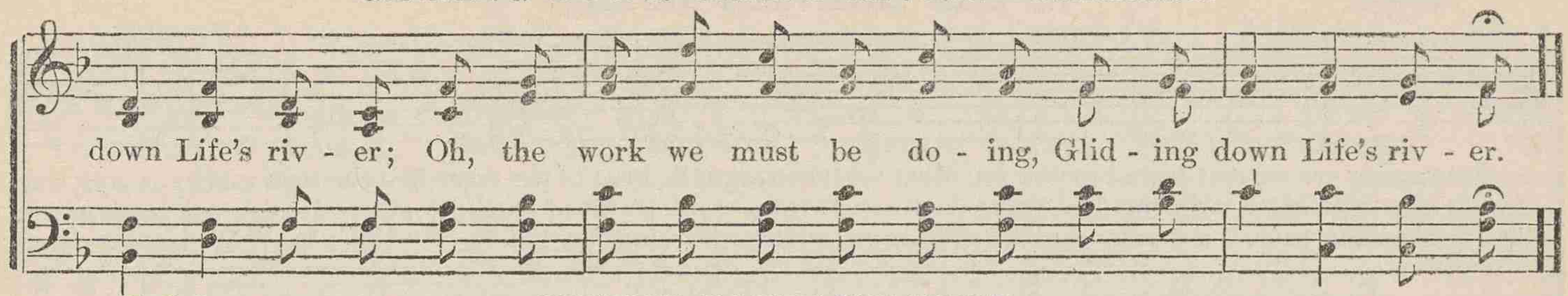
Gliding down Life's riv-er. Every day there's something new, Which the Lord would have us do; Work for
Gliding down Life's riv-er. We must ear - ly toil and late; Must o - bey and not de - bate; We must
Gliding down Life's riv-er. Where the weak or tempted stand, We must heed the Lord's command; We must
Gliding down Life's riv-er. We must keep the goal in view: Must our Master's steps pursue; We must

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.

CHORUS.

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

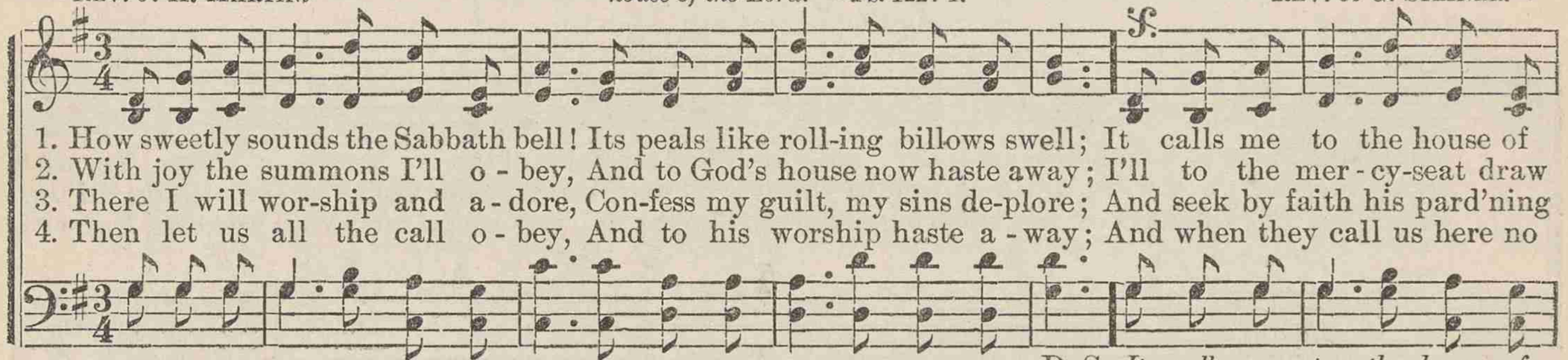
GLIDING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER. Concluded.



201 SWEET SABBATH BELL.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. 122: 1.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. REV. J. G. STEINER.





202 THE HARVEST HOME.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."*—Psa. 126: 5. I. BALTZELL.

1. Let us sing ere we rest from our labors, Meet with courage the heat of the day; Ere the bright watching angels, our
2. Let our faith burn with steady increasing, As we scatter the gold grains of truth; And our prayers must go upward un-
3. Then rejoice, there's a crown to be given; There are voices that float on before; And they say, "We have suffered and

neighbors, Bend to summon some toiler a - way. Hear the voice of the la - bor-ers weeping, Yet with
creas - ing, As we sow in the seed-time of youth. And we'll think, at our work patient keeping, Of the
striv - en, But the days of our suffering are o'er. Tho' as lab'rers we go forth with weeping, Yet with

Fine.

full laden sheaves they shall come; They shall sing and rejoice o'er the reaping, When they meet at the glad harvest home.
land past the death billow's foam; Where we'll sing and rejoice o'er the reaping, When we meet at the glad harvest home.
songs and rejoicing we'll come; Our reward is all safe in Christ's keeping, We shall meet at the glad harvest home.

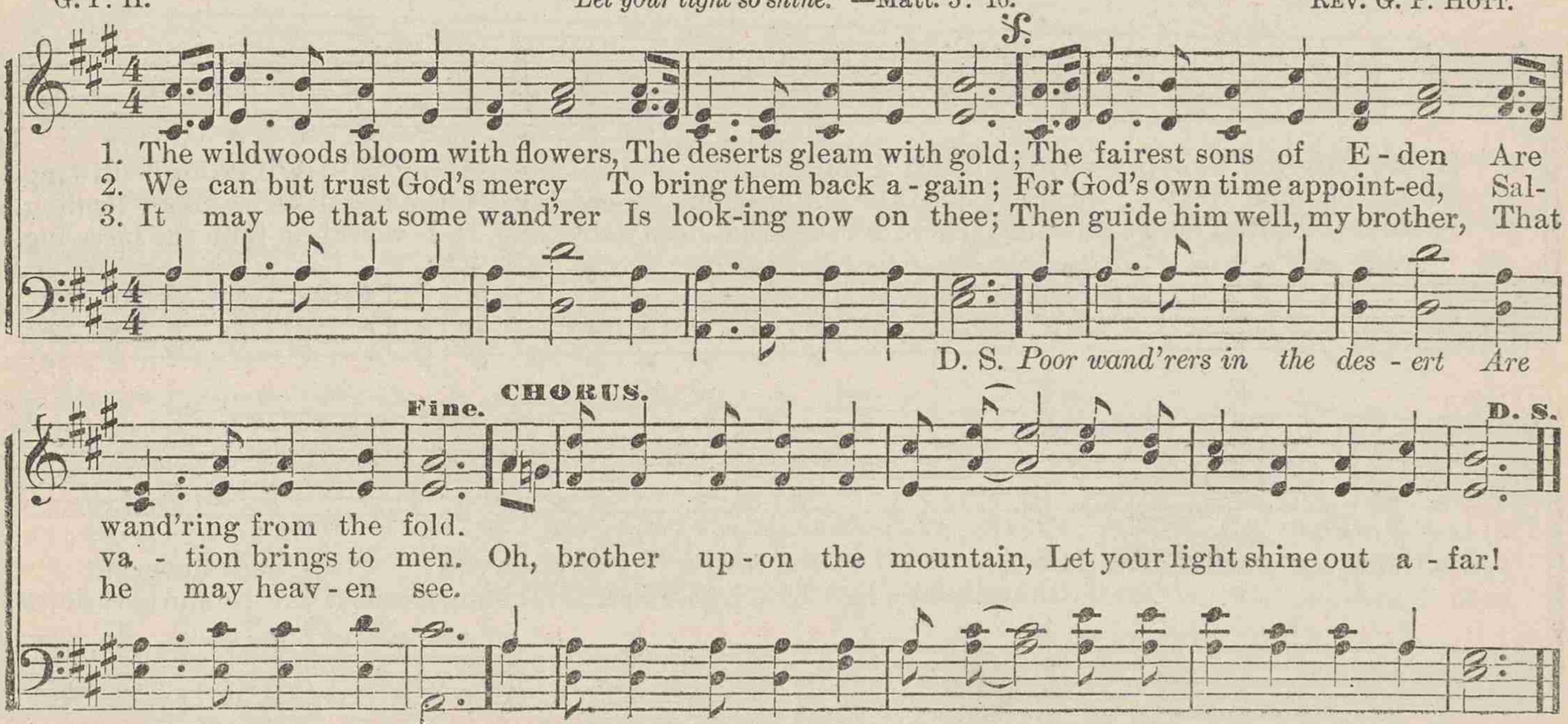
D.S. *We will sing and rejoice o'er the meeting When we meet at the glad harvest home.*

THE HARVEST HOME. Concluded.



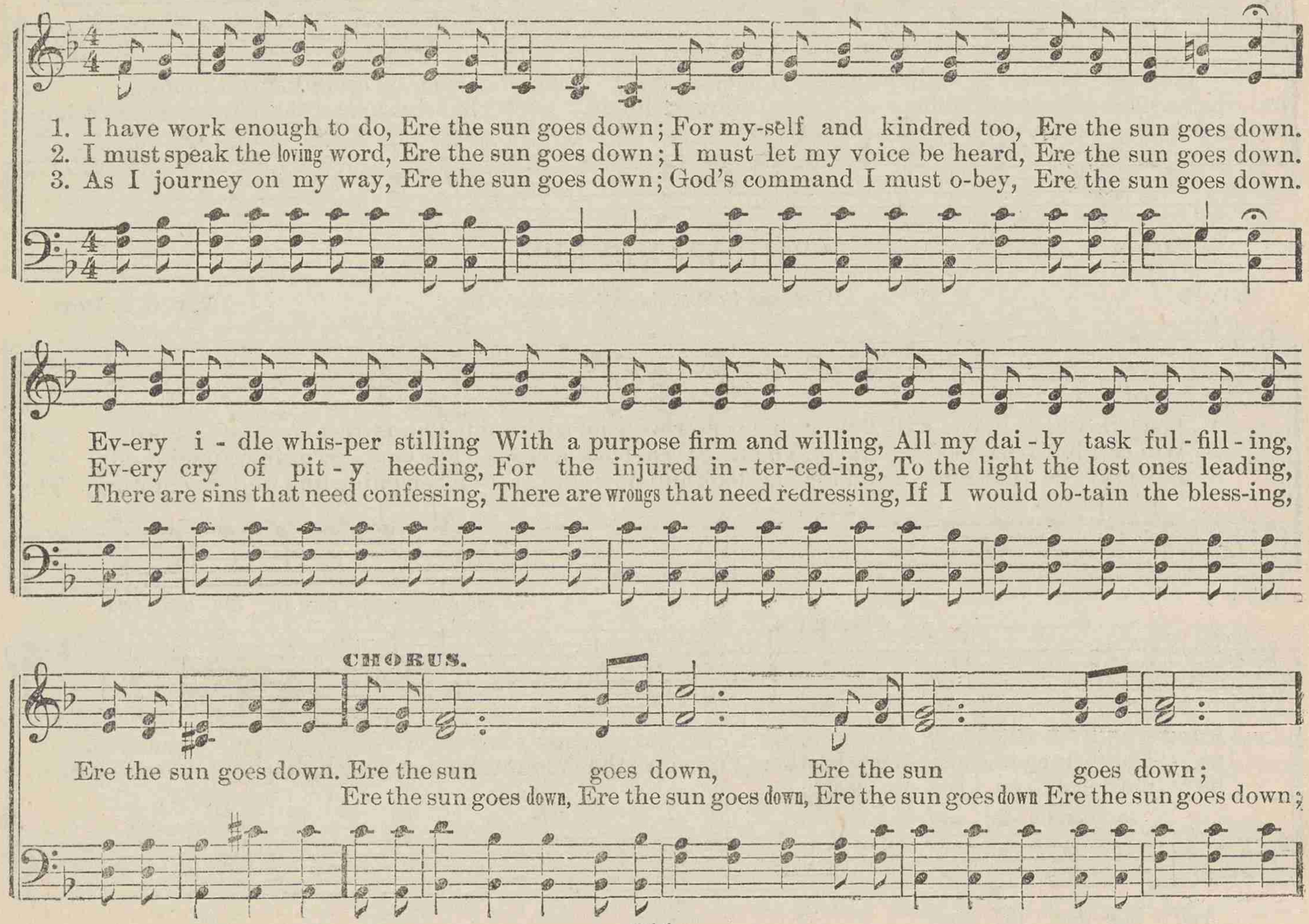
203 THE WANDERER.

G. P. H. *"Let your light so shine."*—Matt. 5: 16. REV. G. P. HOTT.



204 ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. *"Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."*—John 12: 35. E. S. LORENZ.



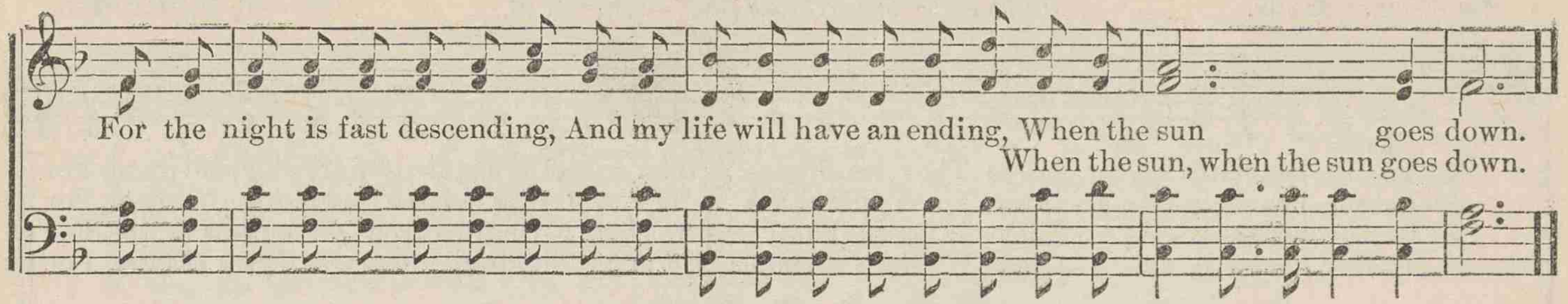
1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For my-self and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down.
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down.
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's command I must o-bey, Ere the sun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

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

CHORUS.

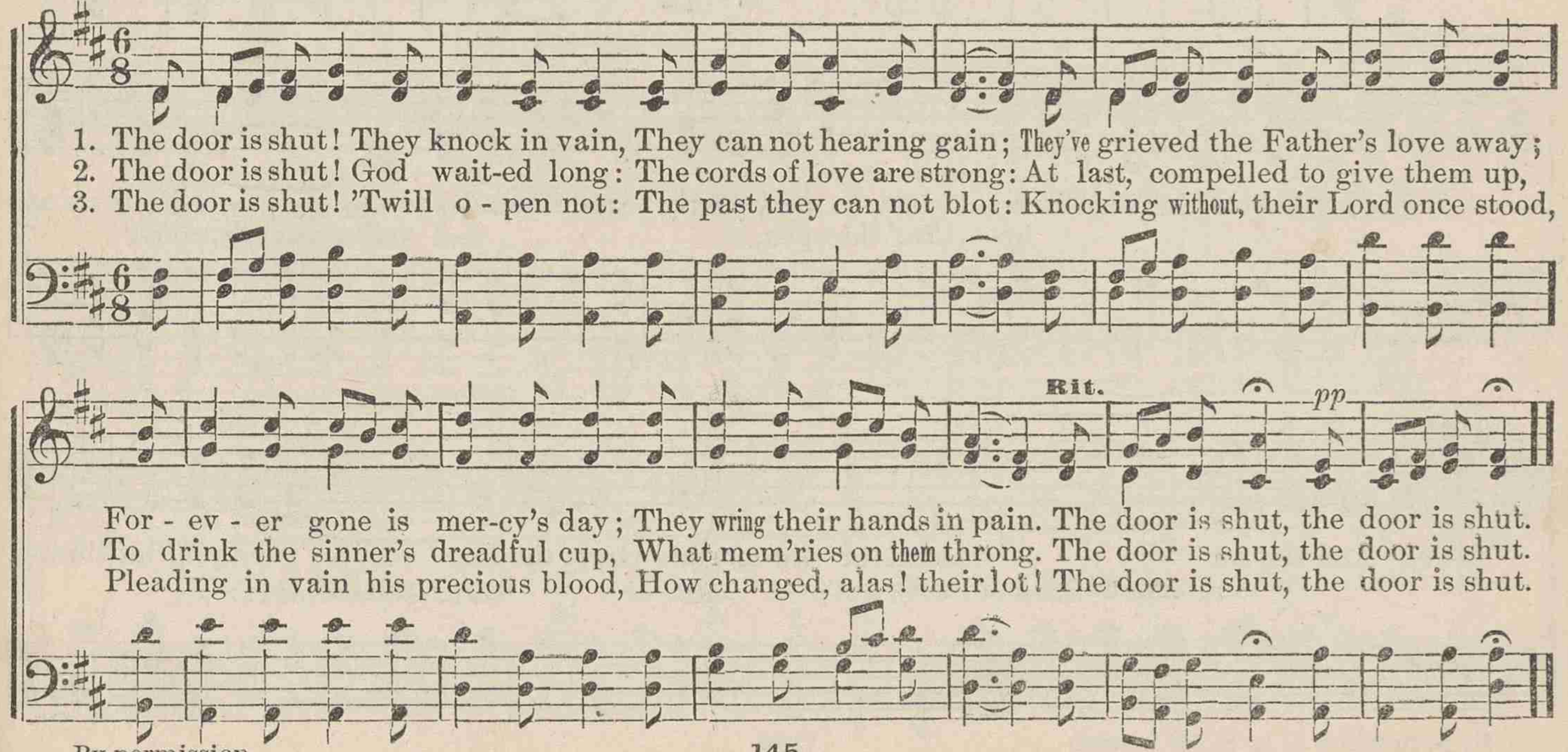
Ere the sun goes down. Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down Ere the sun goes down;

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN. Concluded.



205 THE DOOR IS SHUT.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"The door was shut."*—Matt. 25: 10. REV. S. MORRISON.



By permission.

206 HAPPY PILGRIMS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. *"The Father himself loveth you."*—John 16: 27. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. To the heavenly Je - ru - salem They are singing as they go, And the King thereof shall welcome them, For he
2. In the heavenly Je - ru - salem, No more night their souls shall know, There the Lord's dear face shall shine on them, For he
3. In the heavenly Je - ru - salem, All their tears shall cease to flow; No more sorrow, pain, nor death for them, For he
4. To that heavenly Je - ru - salem, With the pilgrims will you go? Singing endless songs of praise with them, For he

CHORUS.

loves, he loves them so. Thro' the o - - pen, pearly portals Sounds the won - - drous new-made
open, thro' the open, wondrous, sounds the wondrous

song; And the an - - - thems of im-mortals Greet the hap - - py pilgrim throng.
anthems, and the anthems happy, greet the happy

By permission of R. M. MCINTOSH.

207 SWEET SABBATH-DAY OF PEACE.

MAUD (ANNA SHARE). *"Call the Sabbath a delight."*—Isa. 58: 13. REV. W. M. WEEKLEY.

1. Sweet Sabbath-day of peace, Sweet day of rest and prayer; In it we read a Father's love, A
2. Thro' all the bus-y week, To toil our days are given; 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 joyful songs Our
4. Dear Lord, may Sabbath peace Pervade each troubled 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 foretaste be Of

CHORUS.

Fa-ther's ten-der care.
look from earth to heaven. We hail the Sabbath of rest, . . Its hours are ho-ly and blest; . .
off'rings at his feet.
wrong de-sires de-part.
thy e-ter-nal rest. of rest, and blest;

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

208 THE TIDE OF THE YEARS.

D. B. PURINTON. *"We spend our years as a tale that is told."*—Ps. 90: 9 E. S. LORENZ.

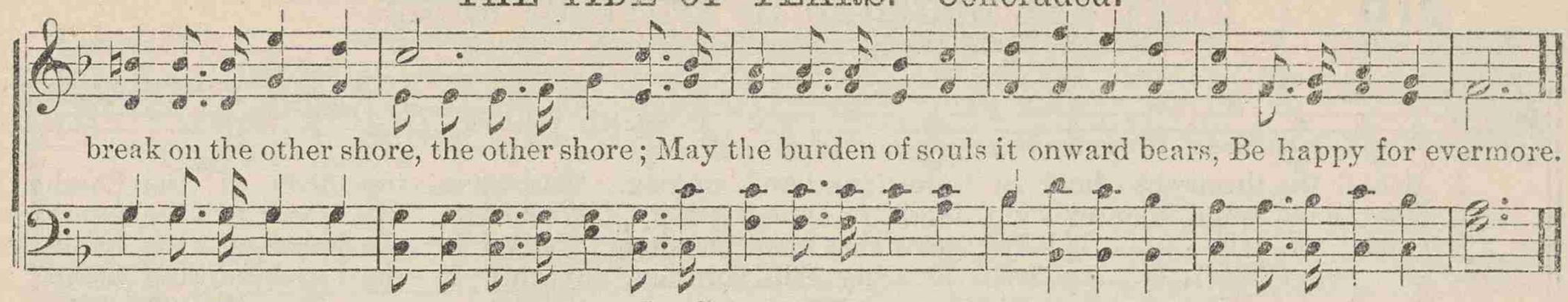
1. Oh, the rushing tide of the rolling years, On flowing ever; How it bears us on, with our hopes and fears,
2. How the mem'ries dear of the days gone by, Come floating o'er us; Like the fleecy clouds in the azure sky,
3. For the good despised and the evil done, O God, forgive us; We will live for thee in the years to come;

Down life's broad river. How the seasons come and the seasons go, With the summer heat and the winter snow, Like a
Spread out before us. While the songs we sing and the words we speak, And the deeds we do and the vows we make, On the
Do thou revive us. When our days are past and our labors o'er, When the stream of time bears us on no more, And the

CHORUS.

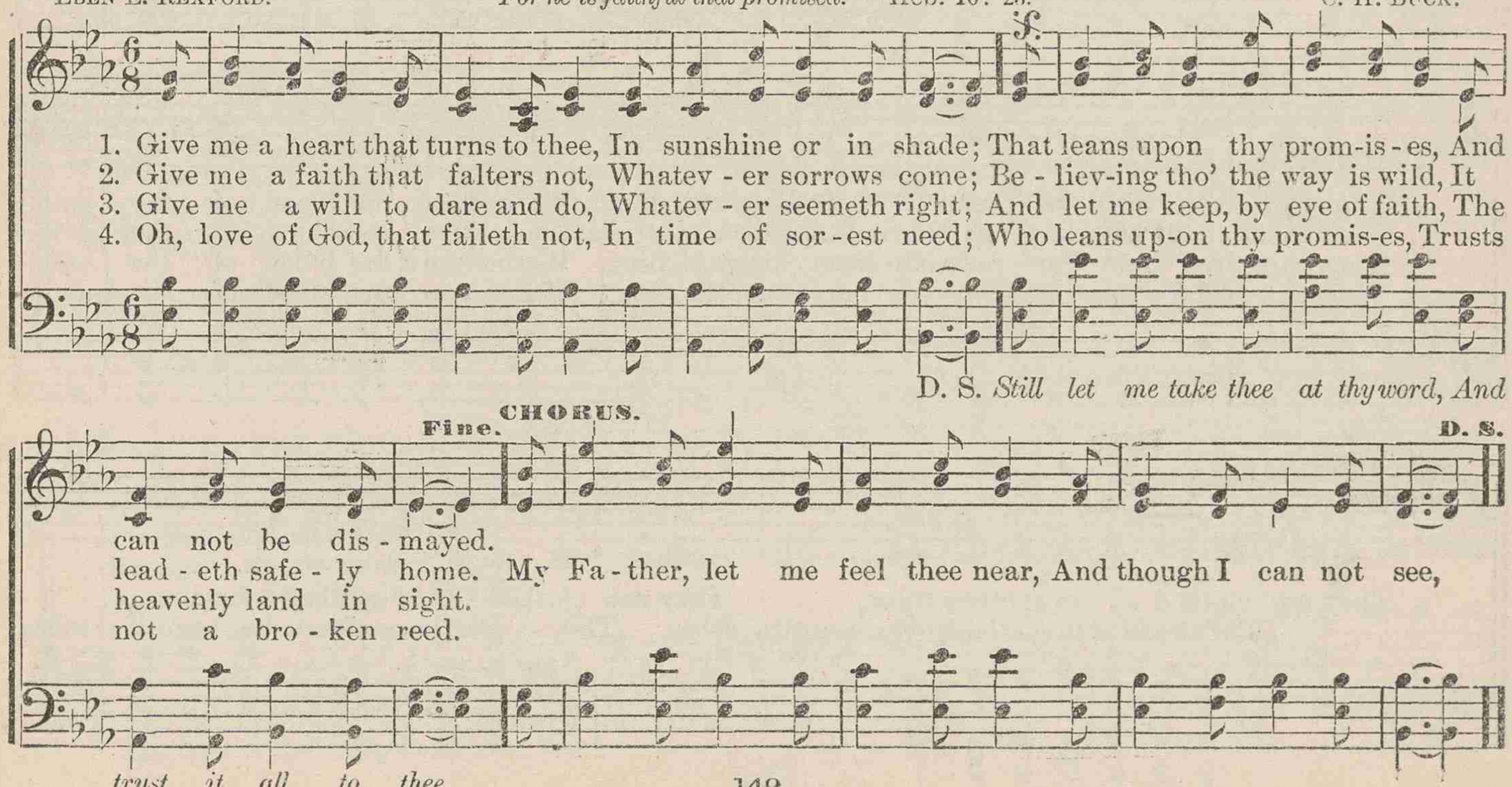
mighty stream in its onward flow, Ceaseless for - ev - er.
years to come shall for-ev - er break, In solemn chorus. Oh, the tide of the rolling years, rolling years, Shall
tide shall break on the oth - er shore, In heaven receive us.

THE TIDE OF YEARS. Concluded.



209 TRUSTING THE PROMISES.

EBEN E. REXFORD. *"For he is faithful that promised."*—Heb. 10: 23. C. H. BUCK.



210 THEY ARE CLOTHED IN SPOTLESS ROBES.

J. B. CARLIN. *"Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."*—Rev. 7: 9. I. BALTZELL.

1. Round the throne be - hold a glo-rious band, singing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
2. They have come from ev - ery land to sing glo - ry, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
3. Out of trib - u - la - tion great they came, cry-ing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
4. If your heart is free from ev - ery sin, brother,—Washed in the blood of the Lamb;

Hap - py saints with an - thems on their lips, ring-ing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Hear them chant with hap - py hearts the old sto - ry, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
They are free from sor - row, free from earth's sighing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
With the blood-washed millions you may sing, brother, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

They are clothed . . in spotless robes, They are clothed . . in spotless robes;
They are clothed in spotless robes, beautiful robes, They are clothed in spotless robes, beautiful robes;

THEY ARE CLOTHED IN SPOTLESS ROBES. Concluded.

They are clothed . . in spot-less robes, sing-ing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
They are clothed

211 IN THE SHINING LAND.

REV. WM. O. CUSHING. *"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."*—Heb. 4: 9. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There in the glory of the shining land, Soon we shall meet, my brother, Nevermore to sigh, nevermore to die,
2. There in the glory of the shining land, Brighter than noonday splendor, Walking in the light, beautiful and bright,
3. There in the glory of the shining land, Crowned with the dear Lord's favor; In the light divine evermore to shine,

D. S. *Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die,*

Fine. CHORUS. **D. S.**

Shouting and praising together.
Homage to Christ we shall render. Shouting! shouting! Glory to the Lamb; Shouting! shouting! Glory to the Lamb;
There is our bright home forever.

Shouting and praising to-geth-er.

212 SHALL WE MEET?

D. B. P. *"An entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly."*—2 Pet. 1: 11. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Say, shall we meet, and for - ev - er and ev - er, Dwell with delight in the land of the fair;
2. Say, shall we find in that fair land im-mor - tal, Those we have cherished but lost by the way?
3. Say, shall we dwell in the mansions e - ter - nal, Je - sus, our Sav - ior, has gone to prepare?

Meet on the bank of the pure crystal riv - er, En - ter the realm of the blest o - ver there?
Will they re-ceive us with joy at the por - tal, Ho - ly and hap - py for - ev - er and aye?
Shall we be - hold him in glo - ry su-per - nal? Will he receive us and wel-come us there?

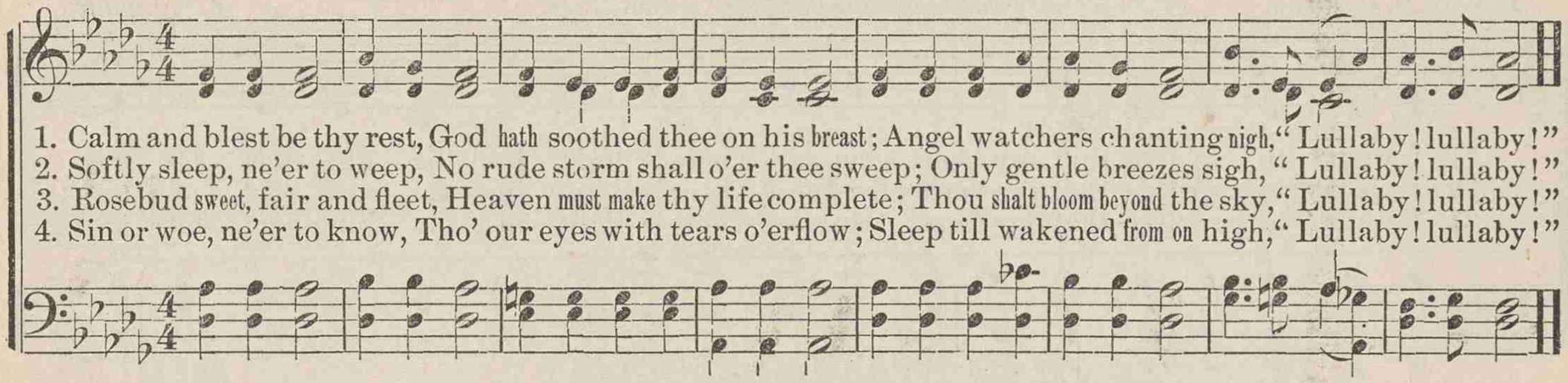
D. S. *Meet and re-joice with our loved ones for - ev - er—Oh! how we long, how we long to be there.*

CHORUS.

Yes, we shall meet, our Sav - ior to greet, In that land so bright and fair, o - ver there, we shall

213 REQUIEM.

P. J. OWENS. Over the grave of a young child "*The maid is not dead but sleepeth.*"—Matt. 9: 24. E. S. L.



1. Calm and blest be thy rest, God hath soothed thee on his breast; Angel watchers chanting nigh, "Lullaby! lullaby!"
2. Softly sleep, ne'er to weep, No rude storm shall o'er thee sweep; Only gentle breezes sigh, "Lullaby! lullaby!"
3. Rosebud sweet, fair and fleet, Heaven must make thy life complete; Thou shalt bloom beyond the sky, "Lullaby! lullaby!"
4. Sin or woe, ne'er to know, Tho' our eyes with tears o'erflow; Sleep till wakened from on high, "Lullaby! lullaby!"

214 WEBB. 7s, 6s.



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."

215 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s.



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, oh, 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.

216 WARE. L. M.



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.

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217 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



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.

218 LIGHT IN THE KINGDOM.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. *"Christ shall give thee light."*—Eph. 5: 14. E. S. LORENZ.

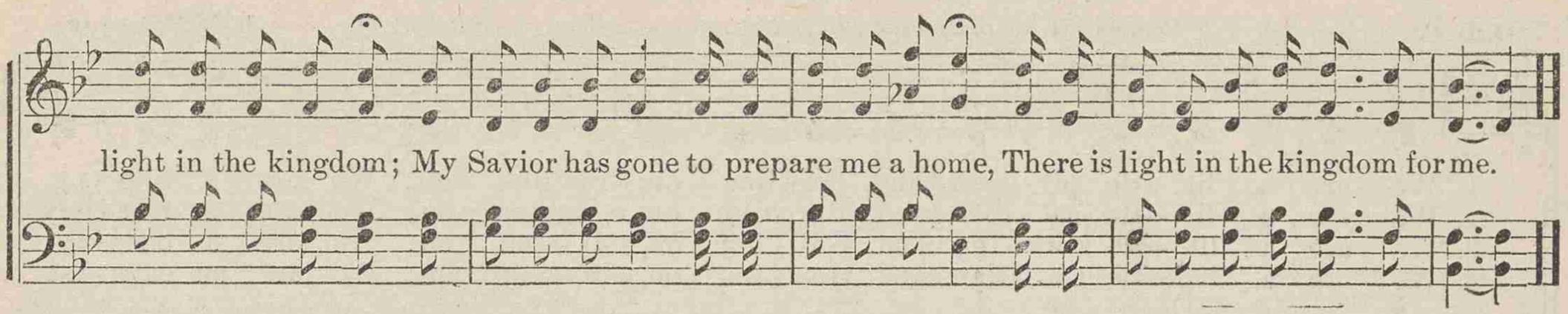
1. I want to so live that my heart can say, There is light in the king-dom for me;
2. I want to so live that the world may know, There is pow'r in the gos - pel of love;
3. I want to so live that my heart can say, There is light in the king-dom for me;

I want to be faith-ful and true each day, Till Je - sus in glo - ry I see.
A star that shall guide us thro' paths be - low, To man-sions of glo - ry a - bove.
I want to come near - er my home each day, And know it is wait - ing for me.

CHORUS.

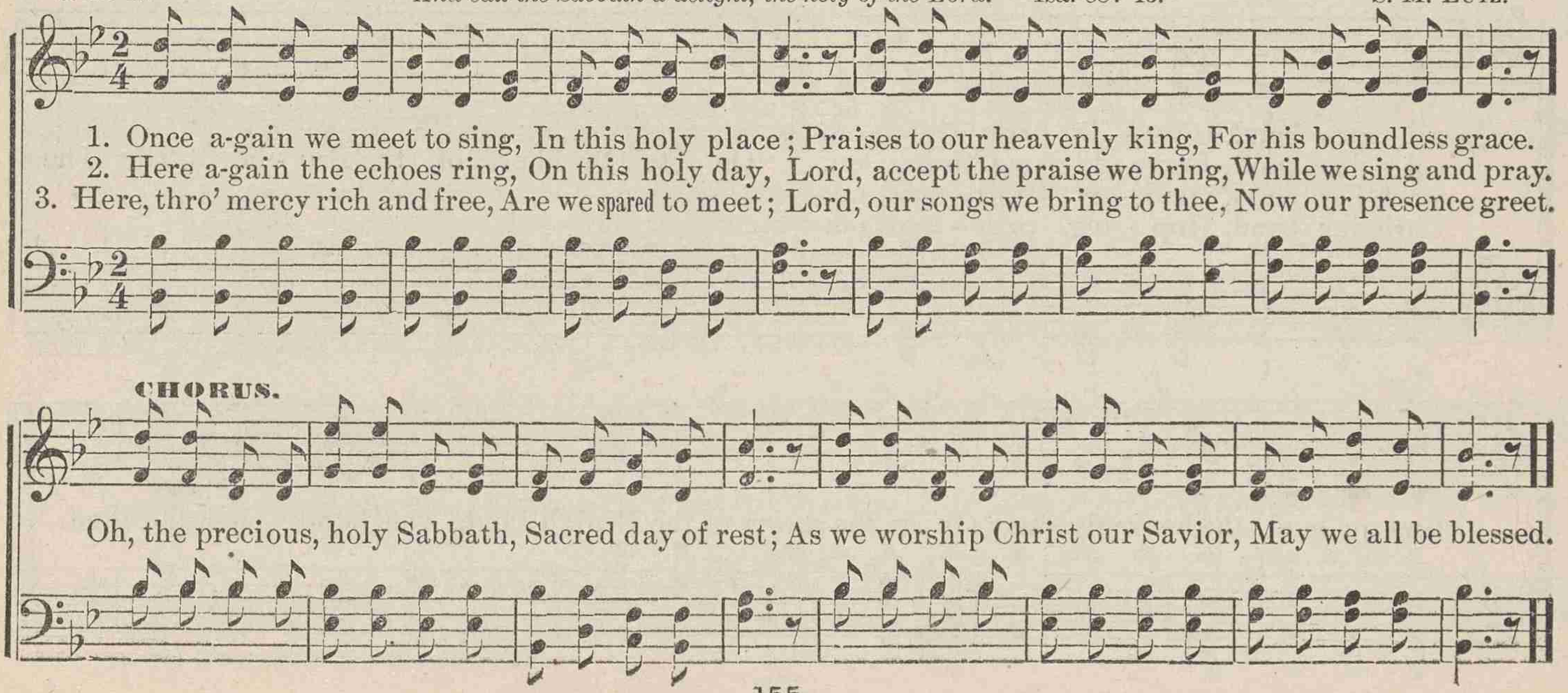
There is light in the king - dom for me, for me, There is light in the king-dom, there is

LIGHT IN THE KINGDOM. Concluded.



219 PRECIOUS SABBATH DAY.

S. M. L. *"And call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord."*—Isa. 58: 13. S. M. LUTZ.



220 HAPPY BEULAH LAND.

D. B. P. *"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.."*—Heb. 13: 14. 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, marching 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 Christian 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.
Christian band, Hop - ing, pray - ing on.

On to the shores of the Beu - lah land, The

hap-py land, the heavenly land, On to the shores of the Beulah land, The hap-py Beu-lah land.

221 "THE ANGELS ARE WAITING FOR ME."*

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"And was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."*—Luke 16: 22. I. BALTZELL.

DUET.

1. My Fa-ther has sent for his child; The message from glo-ry has come; I'll linger no more in earth's
2. For years he has guid-ed me on, Has cheered and sustained by his grace; My trials and conflicts are
3. Farewell, dearest friends, for awhile, Then meet me, oh, meet me above; More brightly the angels will

wild, My Father expects me at home. At home, where his children all meet, What rapture and gladness shall
done, And soon I shall look on his face. The hands that were pierced for my sake, The brow crowned with thorns I shall
smile, To witness our greetings of love. My Father expects me at home, The wings of my spir-it are

CHORUS.

be; Ah! list to that melody sweet—"The angels are waiting for me." The angels are waiting for me, The
see; Oh, harps of eternity wake—"The angels are waiting for me."
free; Rejoicing to glory I come—"The angels are waiting for me." are waiting for me,

angels are waiting for me; I'll soon be at rest in the home of the blest, Where the angels are waiting for me.
are waiting for me;

*Dying words of Catharine A. Castle.

222 IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."*—Rev. 21: 27. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth, or the pride of birth;
2. I do not ask for a glo-rious name, That is writ-ten high on the scroll of fame;
3. I do not ask that my earth-ly life Should be free from bur-dens and cares and strife:
4. I'd give up all that I hope be-low, All that time can give, or the world be-stow,

Be this, the rath-er, my one great care: In the Book of Life, that my name is there.
Be this, the rath-er, con-cern of mine, To in-sure it there, in that Book di-vine.
Nor that its cur-rent have tran-quil flow, If but this one thing, I may sure-ly know.
If when the Lord in his king-dom come, He will know me then, and will take me home.

CHORUS.

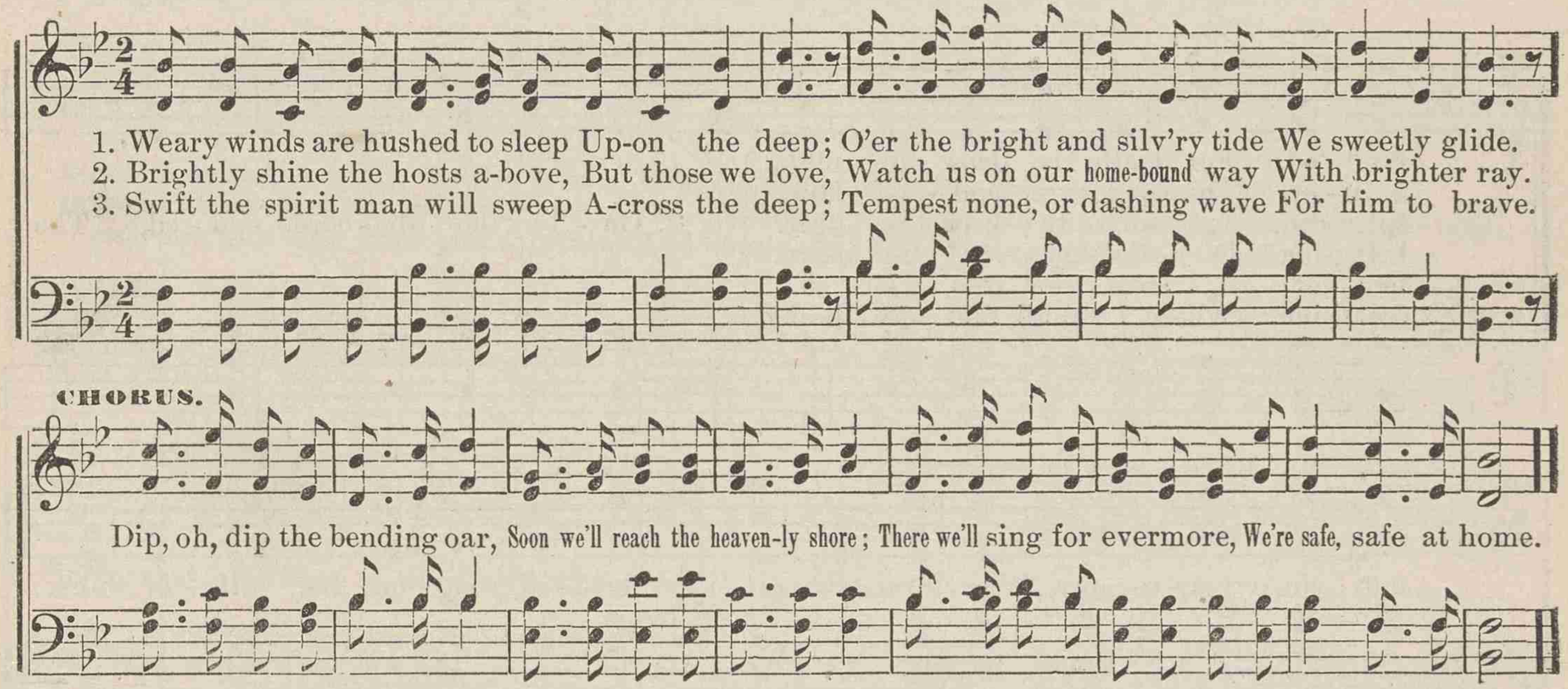
In the Book of Life, on those pa-ges fair, Do the an-gels see that my name is there?

IN THE BOOK OF LIFE. Concluded.



223 SOON WE'LL REACH THE HEAVENLY SHORE.

ANON. *"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."*—Psa. 107: 30. I. BALTZELL.



224 WHEN ALL THE SONGS ARE ENDED.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"And all the daughters of music shall be brought low."*—. Eccl. 12: 4. S. C. HANSON.

1. Now all the songs are end - ed, Go, put the mu - sic by, The harp and heart-strings
   The spray of that chill riv - er Is damp up - on my brow, My puls - es fee - bly
2. Now all the songs are end - ed, What is it that I hear? A strain of mu - sic
   Some bird or an - gel sing - ing, To tell of night withdrawn, What radiance are they
3. The plaint-ive songs are end - ed, The murmurs deep and low; With an - gel songs at-
   The glad new song is swell - ing, A - bove the death-waves foam, Where mu-sic has its

CHORUS.

rend - ed, For death is draw - ing nigh.
quiv - er, The songs are end - ed now.
splen-did, Is soft - ly draw - ing near.
bring-ing? O Glo - ry, 'tis the dawn.
tend - ed, A - cross the tide I go.
dwell-ing, Where I shall find my home.

On - ly the dis - cord end - ed, The mu - sic cross - es o'er, With love and glo - ry blend - ed, Up - on the oth - er shore.

225 A HOME IN HEAVEN.

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D. *"Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."*—Heb 10: 34. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot! His
2. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid; And
3. Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home, And the Spirit joined with the bride says, "Come!" Come

heart oppressed, and with anguish driven, From his home below to his home in heaven.
strength decays and our health is riven, We are happy still with our home in heaven. Heavenly home, so
seek his face and your sins forgiven, And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

CHORUS.

bright and fair! Rest of the worn and the wea-ry! Soon shall we all thy glo-ry share, O home in heaven.

226 JESUS LIVES.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore."*—Rev. 1: 18. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Jesus lives! lives again! Hell's devices were in vain, Jesus lives, the crucified! Tho' they nailed him to the tree,
2. Jesus lives! lives and reigns! Sing in loud triumphal strains, Every-where that death is found; How he rose for man who died,
3. Jesus lives, so shall I! Tho' this mortal waste and die, Tho' it molder in the grave; Clothed in immortality,
4. Jesus lives! perish earth! Perish all that time gives birth; Let the heavens together roll. Dire convulsions, men appall,

CHORUS.

Brief their triumph was to be; All their mal-ice has he de-fied.
And death's gateway opened wide; Let the earth with the song resound. Sound it abroad that Jesus lives!
I shall yet my Je-sus see, And in him life e-ter-nal have.
While they on the rocks do call; Je-sus lives! thou art safe, my soul.

1st. 2d.

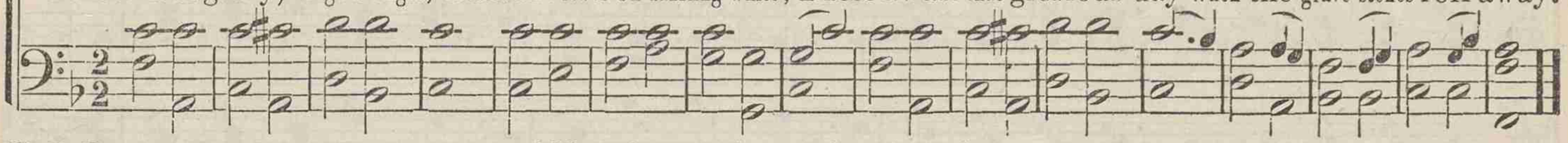
Sound it abroad that Je-sus lives! Sound it abroad that Je-sus lives! He lives for ev-er-more! more!

227 DUST TO DUST.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



1. Dust to dust with ashes lay, Till the final judgment day; Till the trump of God shall sound, Breaking ev'ry turf-sealed mound.
2. Let our tears fall on the grave, Let the wild winds moan and rave; These shall not disturb the sleep O'er which angels vigils keep.
3. God's sweet morn shall break at last, When time's night of pain is past; Then from out the grave's dull gloom Souls shall wake in beauteous bloom
4. Crowns of glory, wings of light, Radiant robes of dazzling white; These await that glorious day When the grave-stones roll away.



228 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.



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.

229 AVON. C. M.



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 Savior 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!

230 DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.



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

CHO.—God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

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.

231 WINGS OF FAITH. C. M.



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.

CHO.—Many are the friends who are
waiting to-day,
Happy on the golden strand;
Many are the voices calling us away.
To join their glorious band.
‖: Calling us away,: ‖
Calling to the better land.

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 victory
came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

232 JESUS IS RISEN.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

Words adapted. I. BALTZELL.

1. Je - sus has burst from the fet-ters that bound him, Ris - en in glo - ry to live and to save;
2. Sad were the life we must part with to - mor - row, If on - ly death and the grave were our end;
3. Oh, ye redeemed ones, proclaim the glad sto - ry, Lift your loud voi-ces in triumph on high;

Vain were the ter - rors that gathered around him, Short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.
But Christ hath en-tered the val - ley of sor - row, Bids us a - rise, and to heav-en as - cend.
Soon we shall sing with the an - gels in glo - ry, Je - sus is ris - en, and man shall not die.

CHORUS.

Jesus is ris - en, Jesus is ris - en, Shout the glad sto - ry in triumph on high;
Jesus is ris - en, Jesus is ris - en, Shout the glad sto-ry in triumph on high;

Jesus is ris - en, Je-sus is ris - en, Je-sus is ris - en, and man shall not die.
Je-sus is ris - en, Je-sus is ris - en, Je - sus is ris-en, and man shall not die.

233 CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *Praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest.*—LUKE 2: 13, 14, E. S. LORENZ.

Duet.

1. The Christmas chimes a-wake the morn, Glo - ry to God, good will to men; In Beth-le - hem a
2. Sweet Christmas chimes a-rouse the world, A-wake the nations from their gloom; Bid every flag of
3. O Prince of Peace, we wait for Thee; The brightness of Thy com-ing feet A-bove the mountain
4. Ring hap - py bells your joy-ful lay, Glo - ry to God, good will to men, My heart, prepare the

CHORUS.

child is born, The Prince of Peace be-gins His reign. { O hap - - - - py bells, O
war be furled, And hush the can-non's voice of doom. { O hap - py bells, ring joy - ous - ly, O
tops we see; The dawn is ris - ing pure and sweet. { A-round the earth, a -
Conqueror's way, And an - gels, chant your hymns a - gain. { A-round the earth, a - cross the sea, a -

bells, ring joy-ous - ly, Ring peace on earth, good will to men, good will to men.
cross the deep blue sea, Ring peace on earth, good will to men, good (*Omit.*) . . . . will to men.

1st. 2d.

234 HARK! THE ANGELS SINGING.

"And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—LUKE 2: 13.

Spanish Melody, Arranged with Chorus by I. BALTZELL.

1. Hark! the an - gels sing - ing: Wake the hap - py Christmas morn; Joy - ful tid - ings bring - ing, Christ, the Lord is born. In a rude and low - ly man - ger, This shall be to all a sign, See the new - born wondrous stran-ger: Hail the babe di - vine.
2. Hark! the an - gels sing - ing: Let us join the joy - ful lay; Songs of prais - es ring - ing, Christ is born to - day. List - en to the sa - cred sto - ry, Sung by an - gels through the air; Christ, the Lord, the Prince of glo - ry, Brings sal - va - tion near.
3. Hark! the an - gels sing - ing: Wake Ju - de - a's sa - cred plains; Light from dark-ness spring - ing, Christ, the Sav - ior, reigns. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, In the high - est, let us sing: Glo - ry glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the new - born King.

HARK! THE ANGELS SINGING. Concluded.

Promptly.

Hark! the her-ald ang-els sing, "Glo-ry be to God in the high-est, Peace on earth, good

Glidingly.

will to men, good will to men." Mer-ry, mer-ry, Christmas has come again, Peace on earth, good

will to men. Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Mer-ry, mer-ry, Christmas has come a-gain.

235 SALVATION MORNING.

M. E. SERVOSS. *The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*—Is. 60: 1. E. S. LORENZ.

Duet.

1. What means this glorious radiance A - cross Ju - de - a's plain? These whitewinged angels
2. What means this wondrous sto - ry The ho - ly ang - els tell? Of one who reigned in
3. Why bend these East - ern sa - ges To one of low - ly birth? What means this heavenly
4. Ye wand'rers in earth's darkness, On o - cean deep and land, Hail, hail the joy - ful

CHORUS.

sing - ing In such ex - ult - ant strain.
heav - en, And now on earth would dwell. The King of Glo - ry com - eth, Earth's
mes - sage Of love and peace on earth?
tid - ings, The morn - ing is at hand.

brok - en hearts to bind, And God's sal - va - tion morn-ing Hath dawned for all man-kind.

236 SING GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

CAWOOD. *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."*—LUKE 2: 14. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoices: Heav'nly
2. Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy: Glo-ry in the highest glory: Glory
3. Peace on earth, good will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins forgiven, Loud our
4. Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy; Till in heaven ye sing before Him, Glory

REFRAIN.

hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Then sing glo-ry to God, Then sing glo-ry to
be to God most high.
gold - en harps shall sound.
be to God most high. Then sing, sweetly sing Glory to God in the highest, Then sing, sweetly sing Glory to

God, Then sing glo-ry to God: "Peace on earth, good will to men."
God in the highest, Then sing, sweetly sing Glo-ry to God in the highest.

237 HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"We will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore."*—Ps. 115: 18. E. S. LORENZ.

CHORUS.

Welcome with gladness the happy new year, Happy new year! happy new year! Kind friends we wish you a happy new year,

1. God in his mer-cy our time doth re-new, Use it to serve him, be
Happy thro' all of its days. 2. Goodness and mercy have brightened the past, Hopes for the fut-ure on
3. O-ver time's current the knell of death tolls, Nearer the flood of e-

faithful and true; Keep heaven's mansions for-ev-er in view, Serve him with gladness and praise.
Je-sus we cast; Long as the days of our pil-grim-age last, Serve him with gladness and praise.
ter-ni-ty rolls; Safe in life's har-bor then shel-ter our souls, Thine be the glo-ry and praise.

238 EMMONS. C. M.



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 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

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239 TUNE, EMMONS. C. M.

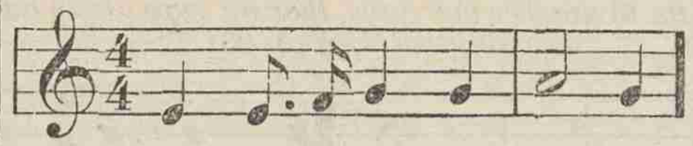
1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

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 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

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

240 OLD, OLD STORY. 7s, 6s.



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."

---

241 I LOVE TO TELL. 7s, 6s.



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 longing
As nothing else would do.

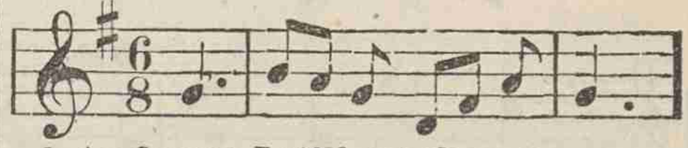
CHORUS.

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.

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242 DUNBAR. S. M.



1 And may I still get there?
Still reach the heavenly shore?
The land forever bright and fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more?

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and, happy, fly
On angel's wings to heaven?

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise.

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past!
My Savior takes me fully in,
And I am his at last.

243 FLITTING AWAY.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Psa. 90: 12.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. C. C. CLINE.

1. As shad-ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass, So, in thy sight, Al-
2. And while the years, an end-less host, Come press-ing swift-ly on, The brightest names that
3. Yet doth the star of Beth-l'em shed A lus-ter pure and sweet, And still it leads, as
4. O Fa-ther! may that ho-ly star Grow ev-ery year more bright, And send its glo.-rious

Rit. CHORUS.

might-y One, Earth's gen-er-a-tions pass. 1-2. Flit-ting, . . flit-ting, . . Flitting like
earth can boast, Just glis-ten and are gone. Flit-ting a-way, flit-ting a-way,
once it led To the Mes-si-ah's feet. 3-4. Brighter, . . bright-er, . . Brighter the
beams a-far To fill the world with light. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines,

shad-ows a-way; Flit-ting (a-way,) flit-ting a-way, Flit-ting like shadows a-way.
ho-ly star shines; Brighter (it shines,) brighter it shines, Brighter the ho-ly star shines.

Rit.

244 LET US ARISE.

E. D. MUND. *Dedicated to the Christian Citizens of our Land.* E. S. LORENZ. Newly arranged.

1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian soldier, While the foe is spreading woe thro' the land? Do you
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian soldier? Are not heavens turned to hells by his power? Mark you
3. Can you lin-ger in your tent, Christian soldier? Sa-tan's smil-ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thousands
4. Let us rise in holy wrath, Christian soldiers, Crush the evil 'neath the heel of our might! Counting

D. S. *Though our*

note his rising power, Growing bold-er ev-ery hour? Will he not our land de-vour, while you stand?
not the mother's sigh? Hear you not the children's cry? See you not their loved ones die, ev - ery hour?
perish while you wait, While you counsel and debate; Heed you not their aw-ful fate, as they stray?
cost, no long-er wait, Forward, manhood of the state! For in God your strength is great for the right.

num-bers may be few, God will lead us grandly through, And our arms with strength endue by his might.

CHORUS.

Let us a - rise! all u-nite! Let us a-rise! in our might! Let us a-rise! speak for God and the right.

245 ON TO THE VICTORY.

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

1. On to the vic - to - ry, brave-hearted men, Fol - low the ban-ner of the pure and the free;
2. On to the vic - to - ry, fear not the foe, Strike till the hos-tile ranks shall fal - ter and flee;
3. On to the vic - to - ry, come one and all, Fol - low the ban-ner of the pure and the free;

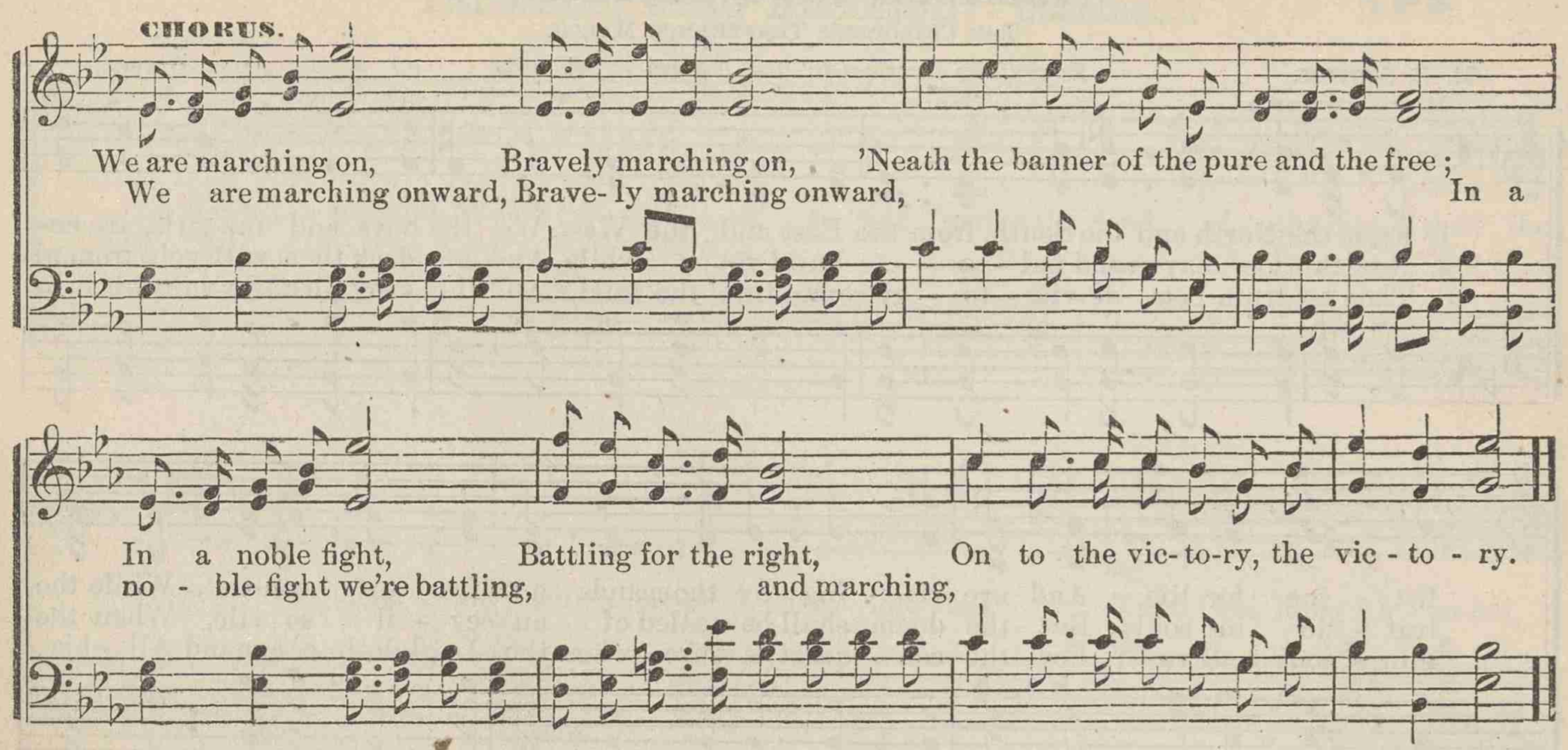
O - ver the mountain top, o - ver the plain, Ral - ly the mighty * host and shout vic - to - ry.
On to the vic - to - ry brave- ly we go, "Forward" our bat - tle cry for - ev - er shall be.
Ring out the bat - tle cry, ech - o the call, And with the no - ble * ar - my shout vic - to - ry.

Ral - ly for the fall - en, lift them a - gain, Ral - ly for the cap - tive, break ev - 'ry chain;
Wea - ry nights of watch - ing o - ver the slain, Bring the wea - ry days of an - guish and pain;
Shun the guilt - y paths of sor - row and sin, Shun the wi - ly snares of hard-heart - ed men;

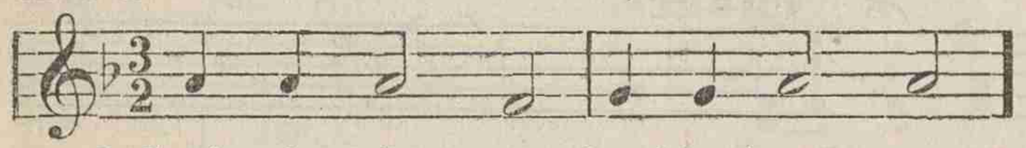
Ral - ly in your might, and bat - tle for the right, On to the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry.
Yet we march a - long, u - nit - ed, firm and strong, On to the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry.
Join the mighty throng that triumphs o - ver wrong, On to the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry.

*The word "temperance" can be substituted if preferred.

ON TO THE VICTORY. Concluded.



246 TALMAR. 8s, 7s.



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

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

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

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

247

TREMBLE, KING ALCOHOL!

THE CHILDREN'S TEMPERANCE MARCH.

M. E. SERVOSS. *Respectfully Inscribed to Miss Frances E. Willard.* ADAM GEIBEL.

March tempo.

1. From the North and the South, from the East and the West, We, the boys and the girls, are en-
2. Now this foe may grand pal - a - ces build yet a while, And may deck them with gold from his
3. Then let trum-pets of vic - to - ry sound thro' the land, And this king plead in vain while his

list - ing for life, And are ris - ing by thousands a foe to con-test, While the
traf - fic in souls; But the doom shall be sealed of an ev - il so vile, When the
min - ions shall rave; For the con - quest is sure when the Lord doth command All his

CHORUS.

Lord, who hath called us, is lead - ing the strife.
child of the pres - ent shall stand at the polls. We all do our ut - most this
ear - nest re - cruits who their coun - try would save.

By permission

TREMBLE, KING ALCOHOL! Concluded.

e - vil to quell, We've en - list - ed to war 'gainst the fiend of the cup, And the

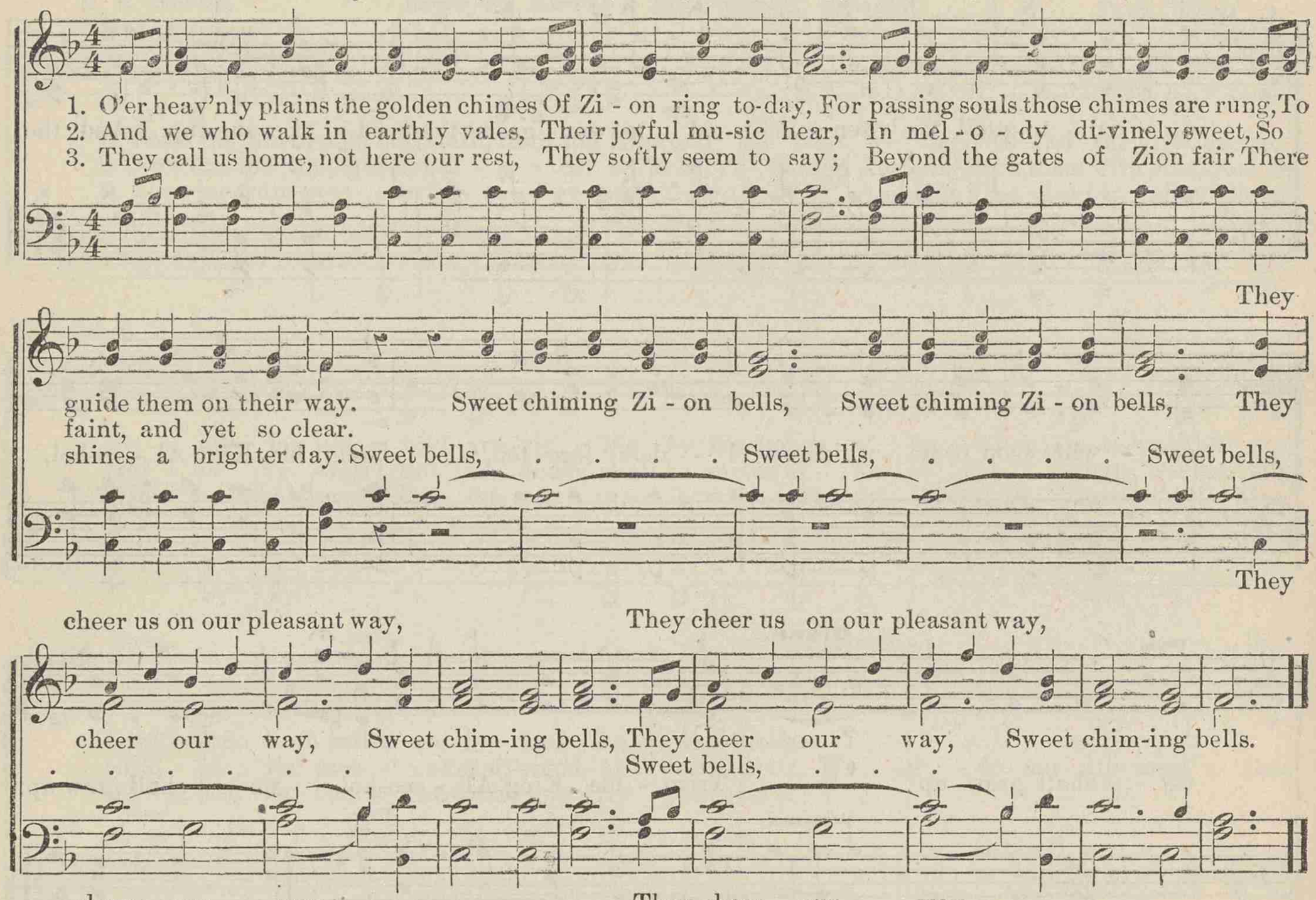
day will soon come which our el - ders fore - tell, Trem - ble, King Al - co-hol,

Organ.

we shall grow up; Trem - ble, King Al - co-hol, we shall grow up.

248 SWEET ZION BELLS.

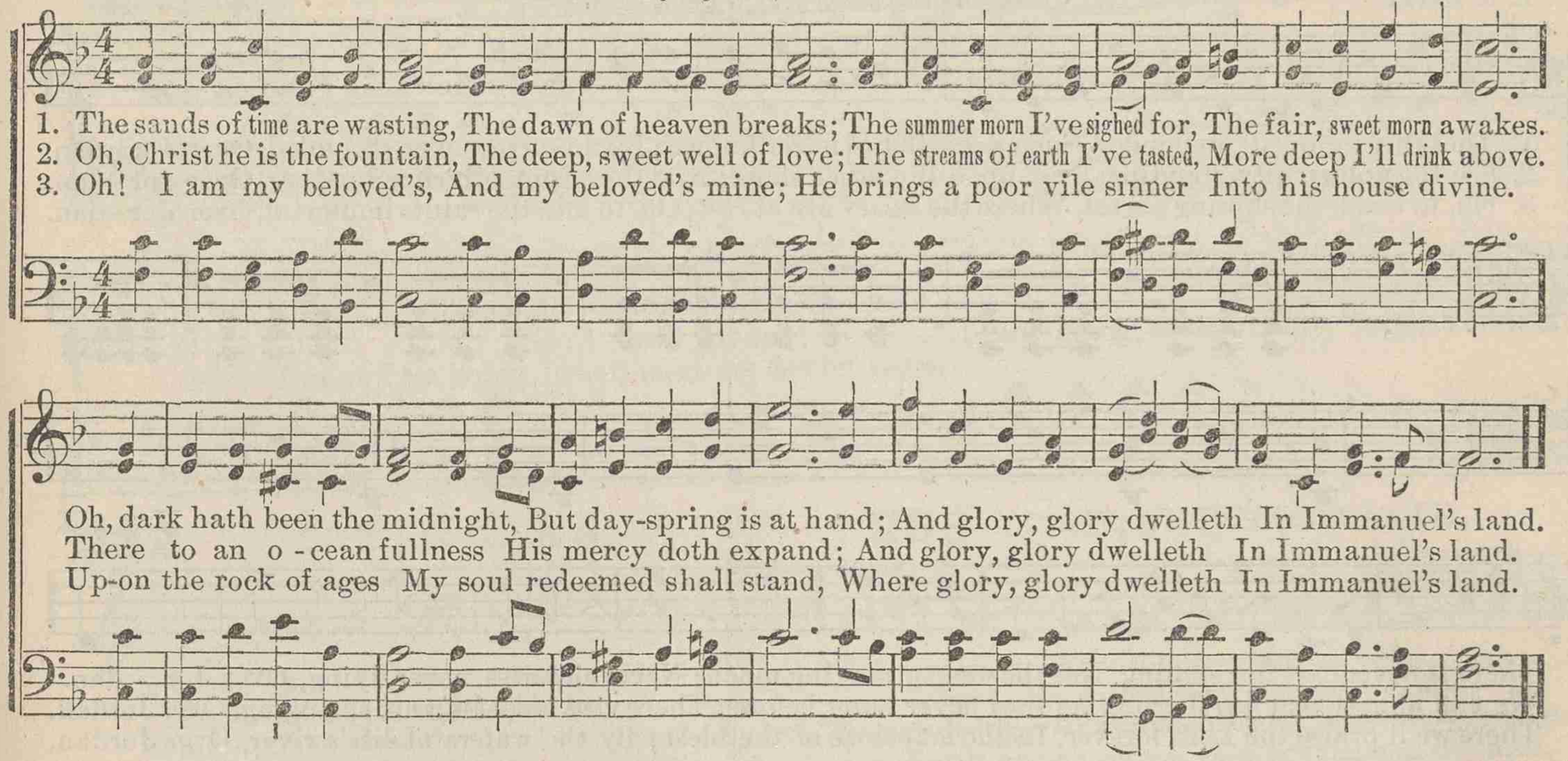
MRS. A. L. DAVISON. *"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."*—Ps. 122: 1. J. H. FILLMORE.



Copyrighted 1882, by Fillmore Bros.

249 IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN. 1857. *"The breadth of thy land, O Immanuel."*—Is. 8: 8. E. S. LORENZ. 1882.



250 TUNE, IMMANUEL'S LAND. 7s, 6s.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

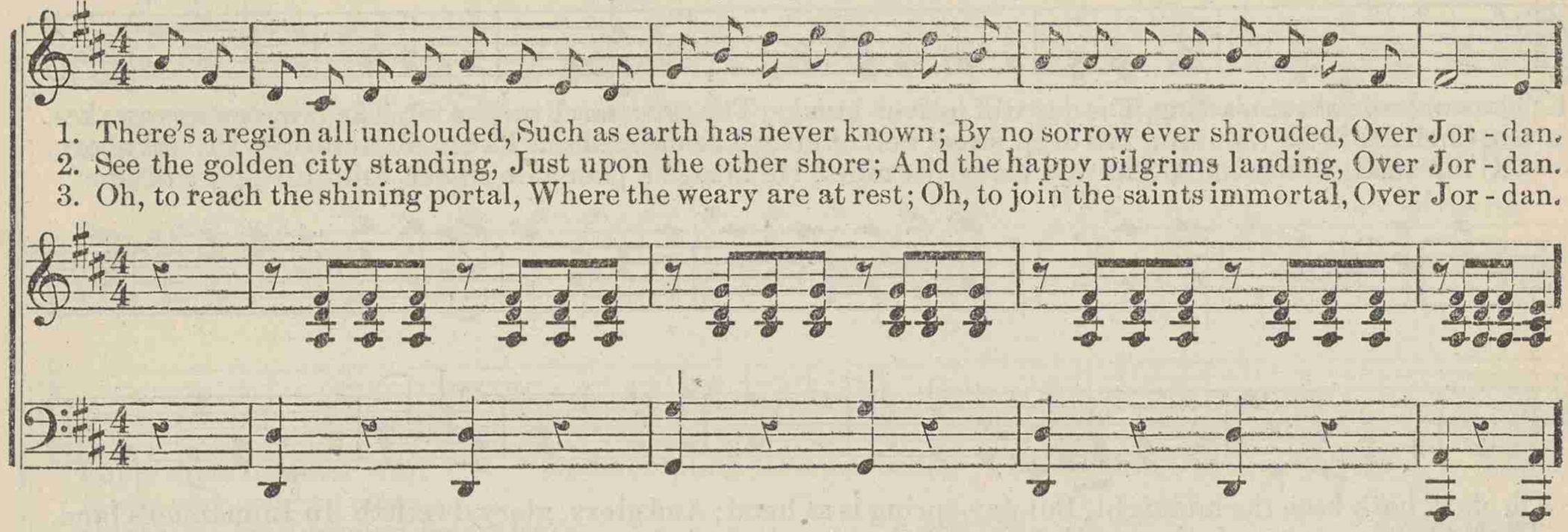
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

251

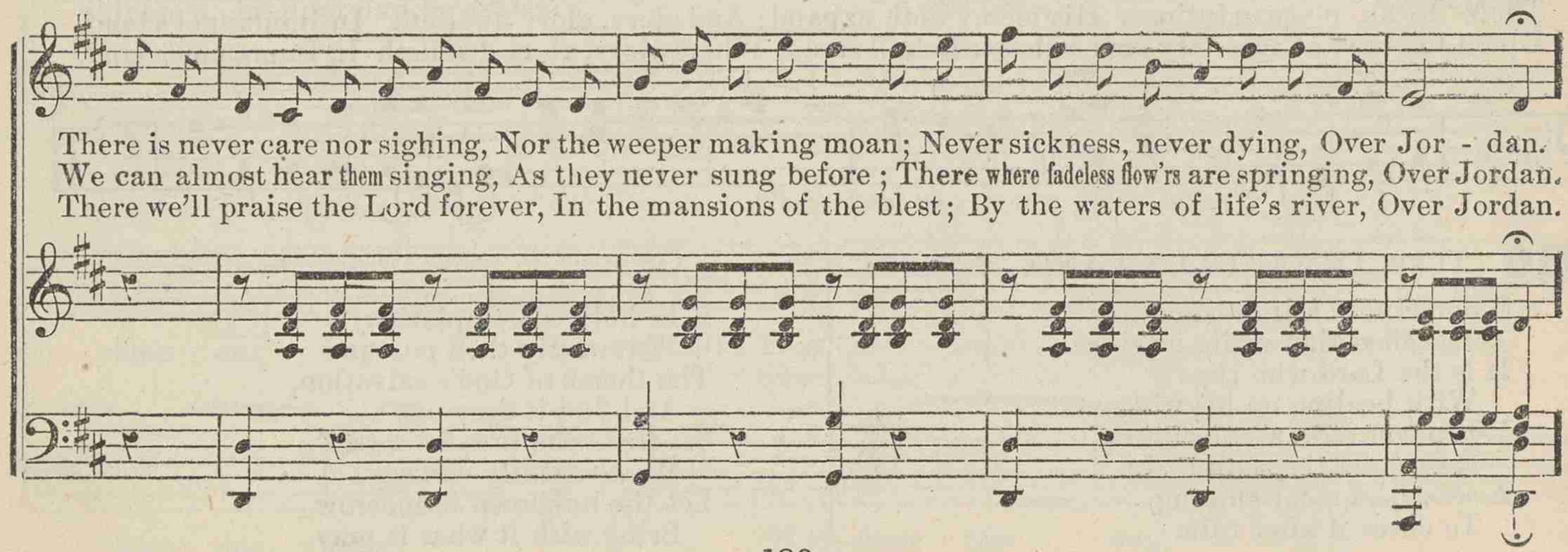
OVER JORDAN.

"For ye shall pass over Jordan to go in to possess the land which the Lord your God giveth you."—Deut. 11: 31.

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



1. There's a region all unclouded, Such as earth has never known; By no sorrow ever shrouded, Over Jor - dan.
2. See the golden city standing, Just upon the other shore; And the happy pilgrims landing, Over Jor - dan.
3. Oh, to reach the shining portal, Where the weary are at rest; Oh, to join the saints immortal, Over Jor - dan.

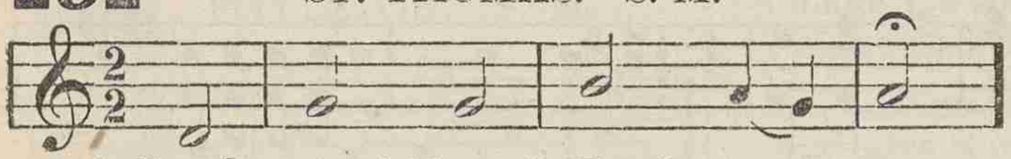


There is never care nor sighing, Nor the weeper making moan; Never sickness, never dying, Over Jor - dan.
We can almost hear them singing, As they never sung before; There where fadeless flow'rs are springing, Over Jordan.
There we'll praise the Lord forever, In the mansions of the blest; By the waters of life's river, Over Jordan.

OVER JORDAN. Concluded.



252 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

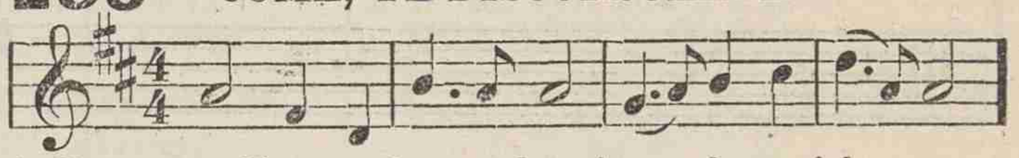


1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

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.

253 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.



1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

254 OH, BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD.

ANTHEM. L. S. EDWARDS.

Oh, be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands, all ye lands; Oh, be joyful in the Lord! Oh, be joyful, all ye lands!

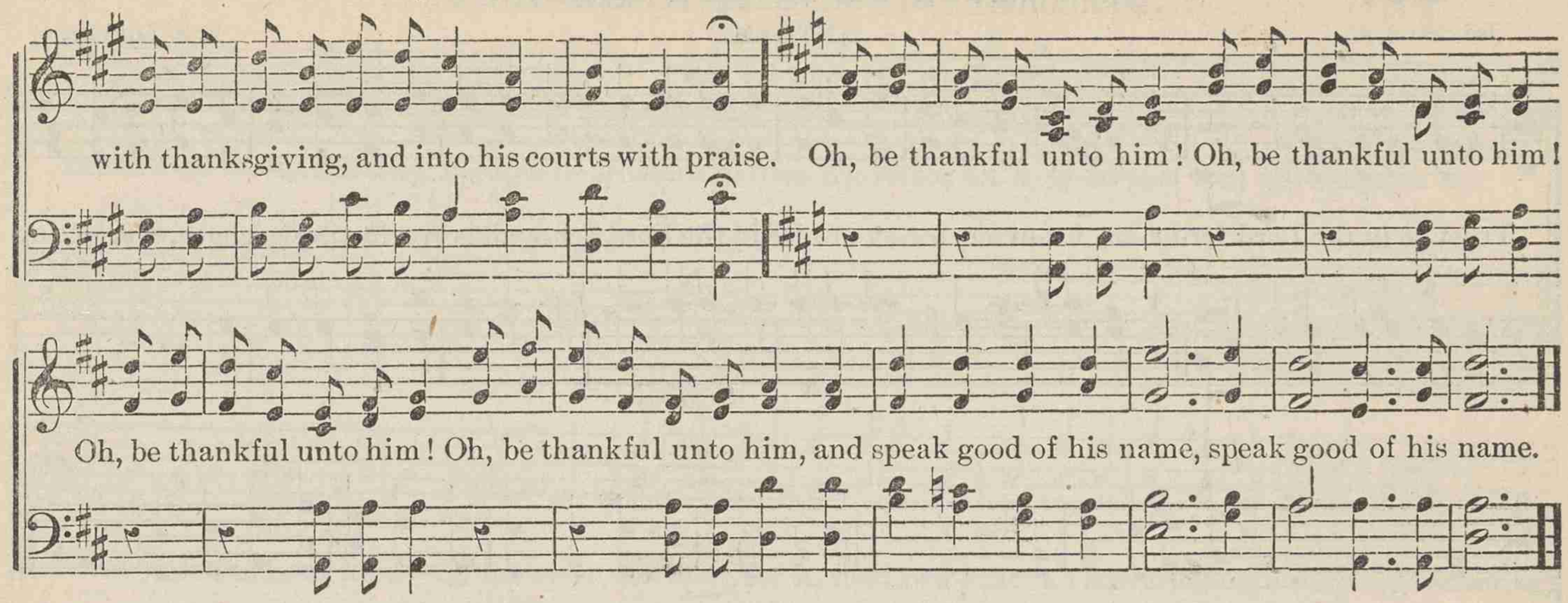
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song, with a song. Oh, go your way, . . . into his

Oh, go your way

gates with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving, Oh, go your way into his gates

in-to his gates

Oh, go your way . . . in-to his gates



255 BOYLSTON. S. M.



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 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

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

---

256 CHINA. C. M.



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.

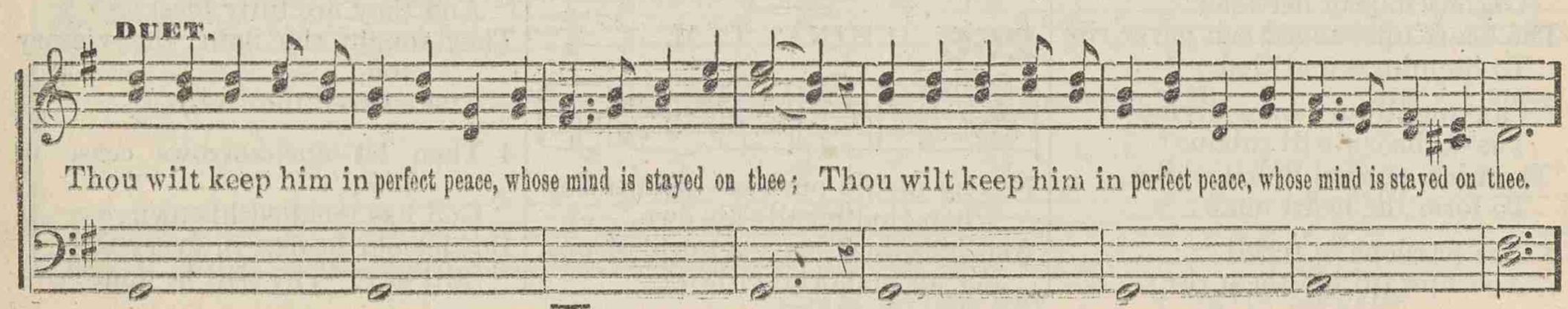
3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

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."

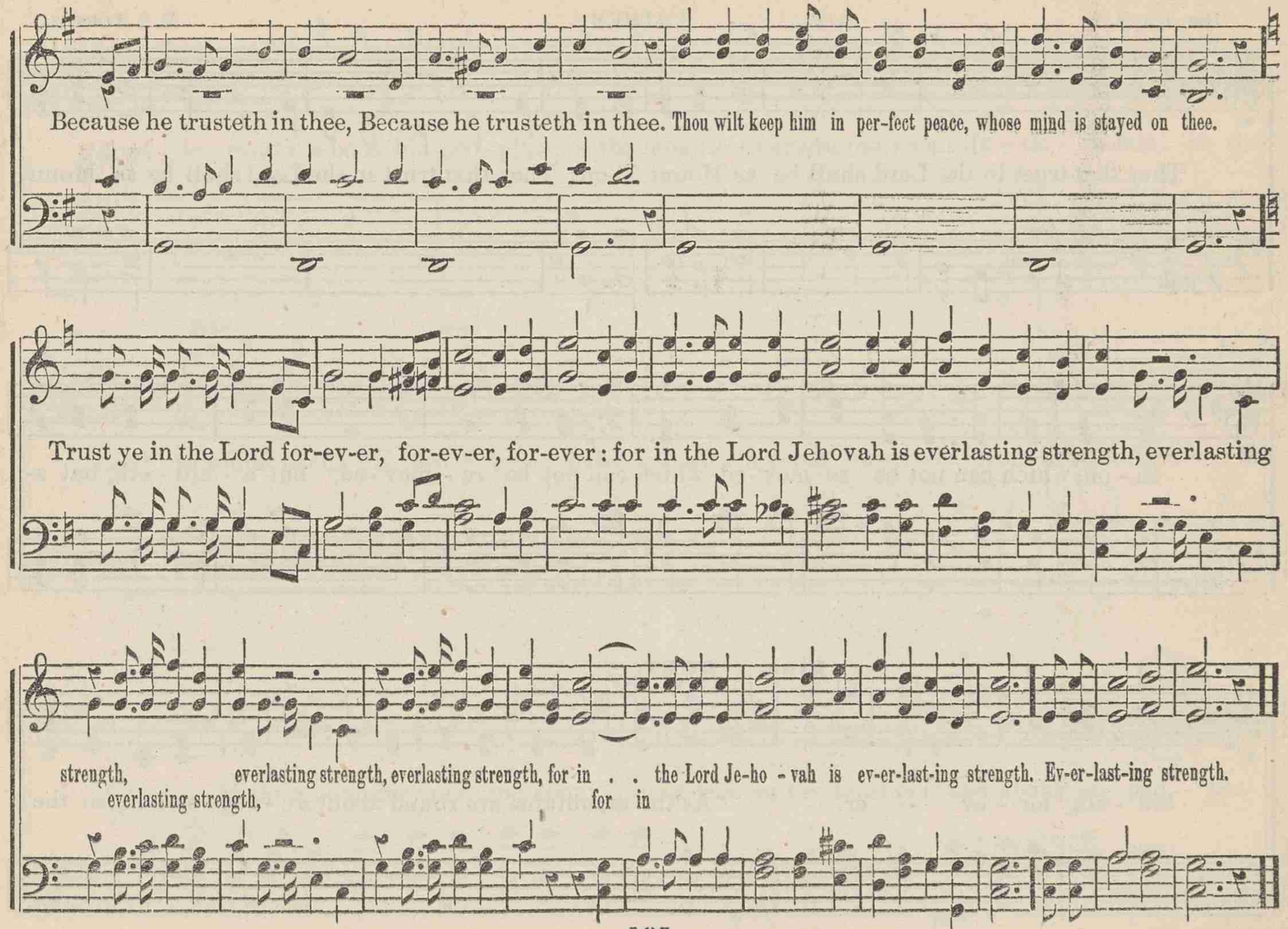
257 TRUST YE IN THE LORD.

Isa. 26: 3, 4. ANTHEM. E. S. LORENZ.





TRUST YE IN THE LORD. Concluded.



258 THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD.

Psa. 125: 1, 2. NTHEM. E. S. LORENZ.

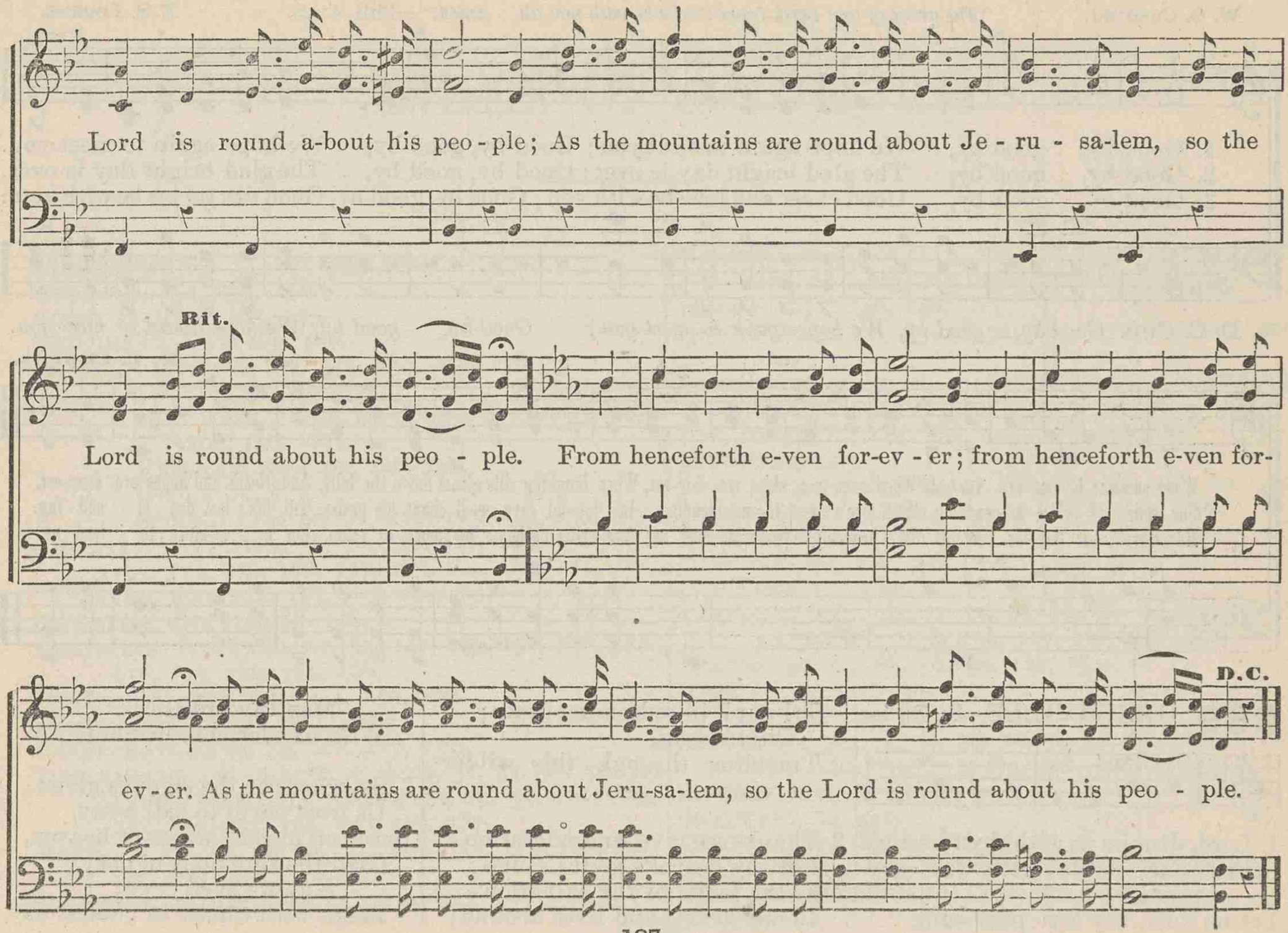
They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zi-on; They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount

Zi - on, which can not be re-mov-ed, which can not be re - mov-ed, but a - bid - eth, but a-

Fine. DUET.

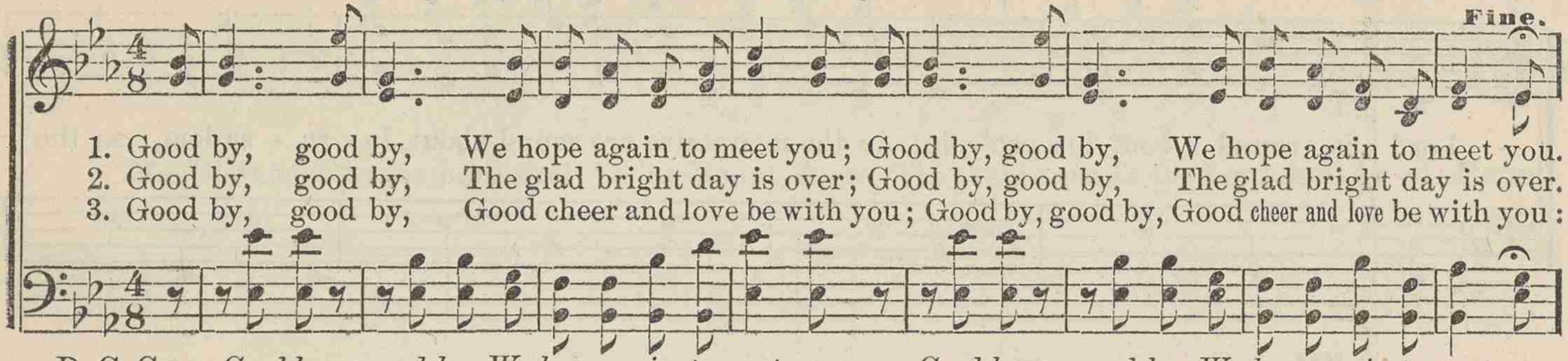
bid - eth for - ev - er. As the mountains are round about Je - ru - sa-lem, so the

THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD. Concluded.



259 GOOD BY.

W. O. CUSHING. *"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."*—Phil. 4: 23. E. S. LORENZ.



260 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.



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 this 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.

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