

Virginia Hissom.

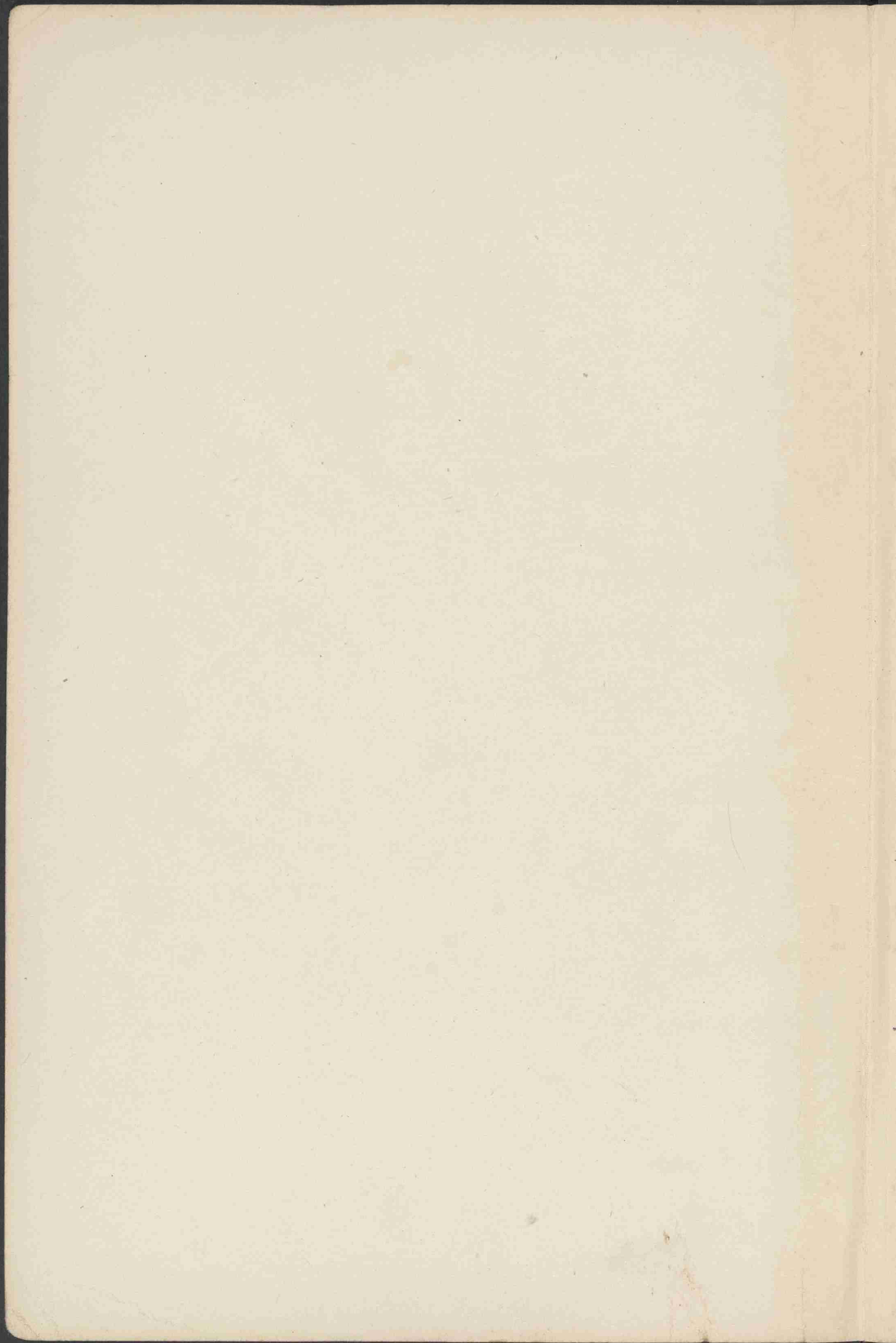
SELECTIONS FROM
The
Sacrifice of Praise

Published by

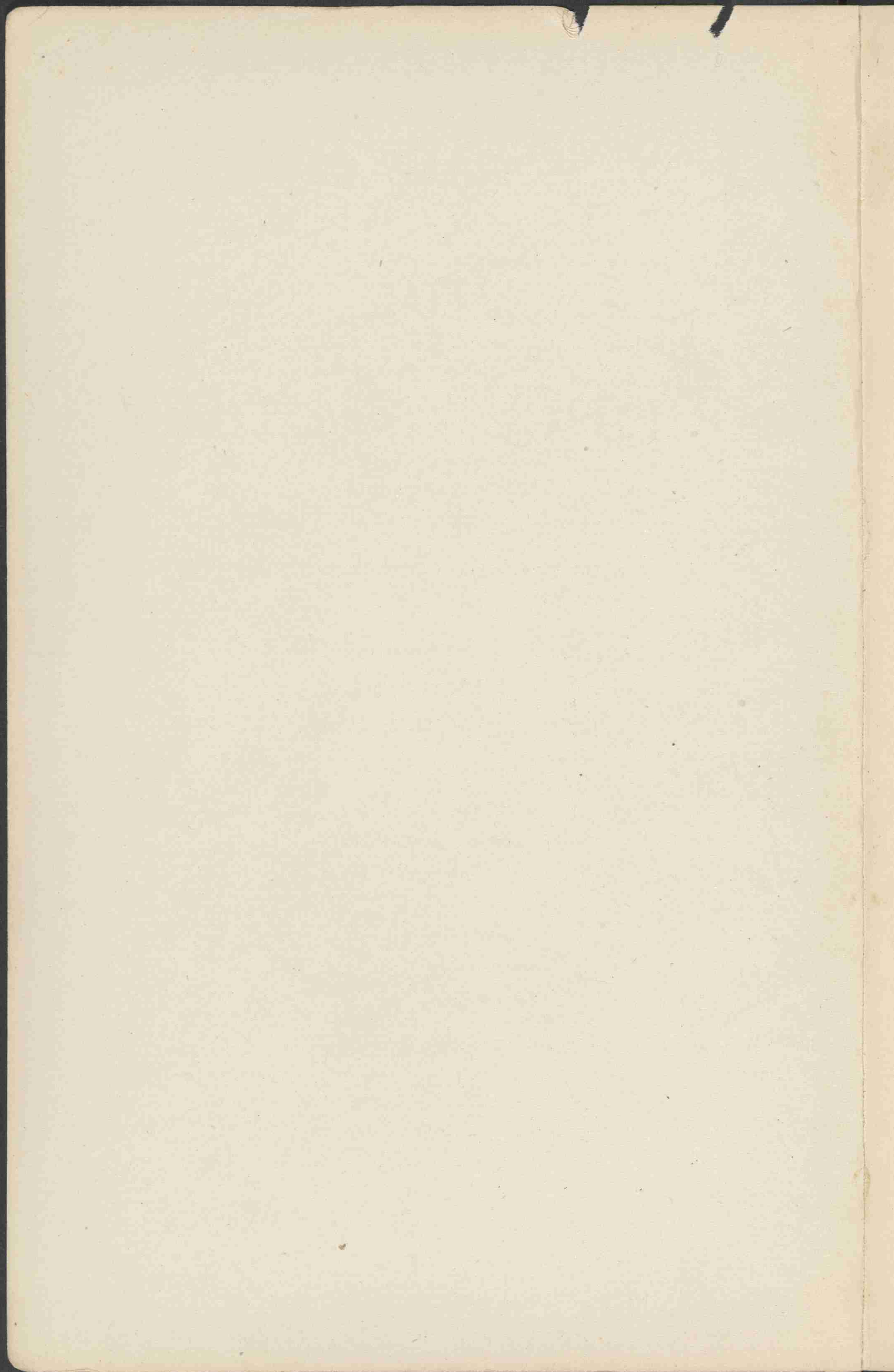
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SELECTIONS FROM

The

Sacrifice of Praise

A Collection of Gospel Hymns
for Prayer, Praise & Devotional Services

Edited by

I. H. Meredith
and Grant Colfax Tullar

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“By Him therefore let us offer
The Sacrifice of Praise.”

—Heb. 13, 15.

TULLAR-MEREDITH Co.
Music Typographers
New York

The Sacrifice of Praise.

1.

Closer to Thee.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Slowly and prayerfully.

1. Out of my sin and its bondage, Thro' Thy rich grace I am free,
2. Walking each day in Thy pres-ence, Knowing Thou car-est for me,
3. Nothing can meet my deep longing, On - ly to know that in me

But I am long-ing, dear Sav-iour, Still to be clos-er to Thee.
This giv-eth peace ev-'ry mo-ment, Still I am long-ing to be—
Thou art each mo-ment a-bid-ing, And I'm a-bid-ing in Thee.

REFRAIN.

Clos-er to Thee, Clos-er to Thee, Till in its beauty Thy face I shall see.

rall.....
This is my plea, Ev-er to be Clos-er, dear Saviour, to Thee.

Hearer, Draw Hearer.

G. C. T.

Duet and Chorus.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. Near-er, draw near-er, O Sav-iour Di - vine, In - to our lives let Thy
 2. Near-er, draw near-er, dear Mas-ter, we pray, Grant us the joy of Thy
 3. Near-er, draw near-er, from sin set us free, More like Thy-self help us



Spir - it now shine, Hold-ing each mo-ment our hearts as Thy shrine,
 pres-ence each day: All Thy com-mands may we glad - ly o - bey,
 ev - er to be, Dwell-ing each day in com-mun-ion with Thee,



Chorus.



Je - sus, our Sav-iour and King..... Near-er to - day, ev - er



near-er, we pray, 'Tis the pray'r we would earnestly bring.... Bid our wand'rings to



cease, Fill our hearts with Thy peace, Blessed Je-sus, our Saviour and King.....



He that Believeth.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. C. ACKLEY.



1. He that be-liev-eth on the Son of God, Joy all un-
 2. He that is hun-gry—let him now be fed, Nev-er to
 3. "He that be-liev-eth," oh, then, doubt no more, Ban-ish to -



measured he shall know; Par-don and peace and ev-er-last-ing life
 hun-ger an-y more; He that is thirst-y, let him drink and live,
 day, all sin and strife! He that be-liev-eth on the Son of God

CHORUS.



Free - ly will God be - stow. }
 Now let his thirst be o'er. } Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly
 Hath ev - er - last - ing life. }



I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly I say un-to you,



He that be-liev-eth on the Son Hath ev - er - last-ing life.

Meet Me at the Throne of Grace.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

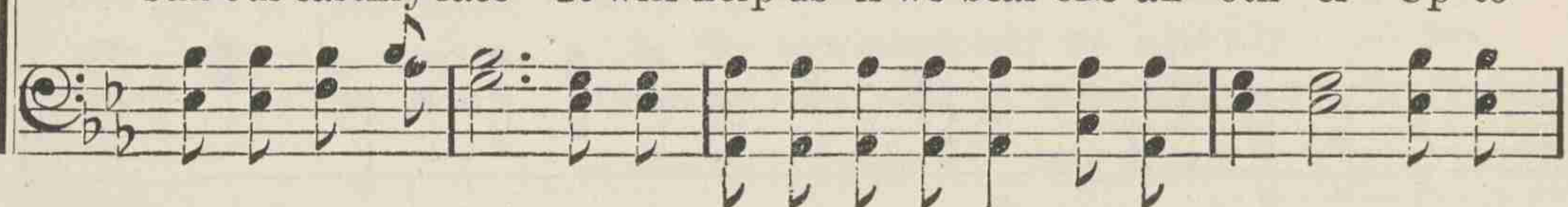
HOWARD E. SMITH



1. There's a prom-ise I would ask of you, brother, And 'tis one you can
2. O the precious hours we've spent here together, Time and distance can
3. Till we gath-er on the banks of the riv - er, Af - ter we shall have



keep in an - y place; 'Tis a promise that you will night and morning Always
nev - er more ef - face; But we promise that we'll pray for each other When we
run our earthly race It will help us if we bear one an - oth - er Up to



CHORUS.



meet me at the throne of grace.
meet around the throne of grace. } Oh, meet me at the throne, will you meet me?
heav-en at a throne of grace.



Though we may not look up-on each oth - er's face, But wher - ev - er you may



be, on the land or on the sea, Will you meet me at the throne of grace?



Clinging to Him.

KATE ULMER.

IRA B. WILSON.



1. Tho' the storm-clouds a - rise,—O - ver - cast - ing the skies, Yet my
 2. Tho' the cross I must bear,—Cares and bur - dens must share, Yet my
 3. When my loved ones de - part,—Tho' the tear-drops will start, Yet my



heart with re - joic - ing can sing; Tho' the bil - lows may roll, There is
 heart with re - joic - ing can sing; Doubt and fear may as - sail, But they
 heart with re - joic - ing can sing; For I know all is well, And with



Chorus.



peace in my soul, While by faith to my Sav-iour I cling. }
 can - not prevail, While by faith to my Sav-iour I cling. } Clinging to Him, No
 them I shall dwell, If by faith to my Sav-iour I cling. }



path can be dim; For no had - ow His dear smile can hide; Then in



can hide;



sunshine or shade, I will not be afraid, But in Je - sus will ev - er a - bide.



Glory For Me.

REV. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. When in His beau-ty so won-drous-ly fair, Je-sus the Sav-iour I
 2. Thorn-crowned and crucified once for my sin, Nailed to dark Cal-va-ry's
 3. Friends that I love are a - wait-ing me there, Some day u - nit-ed we'll
 4. When with the blood washed and ransomed by grace, There by the great crystal

see,.... Vis-ion transform-ing, no tongue can de-clare, That will be
 tree;... But thro' His grace a bright crown I shall win, That will be
 be,.... All in this soul thrill-ing rap-ture to share, That will be
 sea,... I shall be-hold Him who died in my place, That will be

CHORUS.

glo - ry for me..... Glo - ry, glo - ry for me,
 Be glo - ry for me. Glo-ry for me, yes,

Glo - ry, glo - ry for me, When in His beau-ty my
 Glo - ry for me, yes,

Sav - iour I see, That will be glo - ry, Be glo - ry for me.

That Means Me.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

JNO. 3: 16.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. I wandered in the darkness, Burdened and oppressed, But the Sav-iour
 2. I found the bless-ed path-way Lead-ing to the light; Days of wondrous
 3. I nev-er more will leave Him, Friend and Saviour true, But thro' ev-'ry

found me, Gave me peace and rest. Now I trust His prom - ise,
 glo - ry Fol-lowed sin's dark night. Now with joy I'm tell - ing
 mo - ment Seek His will to do. Till I shall be - hold Him,

Giv'n so full and free, "Blessed who - so - ev - er" That means me.
 Of His grace so free, "Blessed who - so - ev - er" That means me.
 Con - fi - dent I'll be That His "who - so - ev - er" Does mean me.

CHORUS.

That means me, That means me, Bless-ed who - so - ev - er, That means me.

That means me, That means me, Bless-ed who - so - ev - er, That means me.

H. D. SPEAR.

MARK 16 : 15.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Far a-way from Jesus souls in darkness lie—Send the gospel message forth!
2. You have found Him gracious, He hath sav'd your soul—Send the gospel message forth!
3. Long a-go in love the blessed Saviour came—Send the gospel message forth!
4. Stand not idly waiting for there's much to do—Send the gospel message forth!

bless-ed gos-pel message forth!



Tell them of the Saviour, lest in sin they die,—Send the gospel message forth!
 That the lost and dying thus may be made whole—Send the gospel message forth!
 Haste! de-lay no lon-ger but His love proclaim—Send the gospel message forth!
 For the Lord's commission mean-eth al-so you—Send the gospel message forth!

bless-ed gos-pel mes-sage forth!



Chorus. Unison.



Then send the gos - pel mes-sage forth That all the world may hear;



Tell of the Saviour's love and worth To na-tions far and near;



Send the Gospel Message Forth.

That dy - ing ones of Christ may know, His par-d'ning mer-cy learn,

Ac-cept the grace He would be-stow, From sin and e - vil turn.

13

Oh, How Good Is He!

H. O. DEVAH.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Christ has saved me from my sin, Giv - en peace-ful - ness with - in,
 2. Like a shep-herd ten-der - ly Je - sus ev - er cares for me,
 3. Je - sus finds me pas-tures sweet, Smoothest paths for wea - ry feet,
 4. He sup-plies my dai - ly needs, He my soul with man-na feeds,

Ev - 'ry day my song has been: Oh, how good is He!
 His my heart shall ev - er be, Oh, how good is He!
 I in Him find joy com - plete, Oh, how good is He!
 Gen - tly up to heav - en leads, Oh, how good is He!

D.S.—This my song shall ev - er be: "Oh, how good is He."

Chorus.

D. S.

Oh, how good is He! Oh, how good is He!
 Oh, how good, how Oh, how good, how

Away from God.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Duet for Contralto and Tenor.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Slowly..

1. A - way from God, no soul is hap - py, The spir - it
 2. A - way from God, no heart - felt plea - sure! All emp - ty
 3. A - way from God, oh, stay no lon - ger! Thy spir - it

long - eth for the light, The light di - vine that Je - sus
 earth's gay joys ap - pear. A - way from God, no price - less
 long - eth for the light. Re - turn, re - turn, Thy Fa - ther

Chorus.

giv - eth, And grop - ing, wan - ders in the night.
 trea - sure Of faith and hope and love sin - cere. } A - way from
 loves thee! Re - turn, re - turn to Him to - night! }

God, a-way from glad-ness, O wand'rer hast - en home to - day;
 way from God, O, wand'rer hast-en

For you, with love, our hearts are praying, O why in lone - ly ex-ile stay?
 For you, with love, O why in lone-ly

I Will Lift Mine Eyes.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.



1. I will lift mine eyes to the hills for strength From whence doth come my aid;
2. I will lift mine eyes to the Lord for grace, When Sa-tan's hosts are nigh,
3. I will lift mine eyes to the Lord for help; On whom else could I call?
4. I will lift mine eyes to the Lord al - way; What - ev - er may be - tide;



I will lift mine eyes to the Lord of all, Who heav'n and earth hath made.
 I will call on Him in the time of need, I know He hears my cry.
 I will call on Him the Al-might-y One, Who notes the spar-row's fall.
 I will trust in none but the Lord my God, Who will my foot-steps guide.



CHORUS.



Mine eyes.. are ev-er tow'rd the Lord, Mine eyes.. are ever tow'rd the Lord,
 mine eyes, mine eyes,



Mine eyes are ev - er, ev-er tow'rd the Lord, From whence doth come my help.



Saved by His Grace.

Rev. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. When in His beau-ty my Sav-iour I see, When I shall look on His face,
2. Long I had wander'd in pathways of sin, Oft - en His grace had I spurn'd;
3. How I rejoice that Sal-va - tion is free, That I was turn'd not a- way;



Tongue cannot tell of the joy it will be, Saved by His wonderful grace. (His grace.)
 Oft - en re - sist-ed His striving within, Ere to the Saviour I turned. (I turned.)
 How I rejoice that my Saviour I'll see, Where I may praise Him for aye. (for aye.)

**Chorus.**

Saved,..... saved,..... Saved by His wonderful grace;.....
 Glo-ry, I'm saved by wonderful grace, won-der-ful grace;



Saved,..... saved,..... Grant-ed in heav-en a place;.....
 Glory, I'm saved by wonderful grace, beautiful place;



Saved,..... saved,..... Saved by His won-der-ful grace!.....
 Glory, I'm saved by wonderful grace, wonderful grace!



Saved by His Grace.

rit.

Glo - ry to Je - sus, I know I am saved, Saved by His wonderful grace!.....
wonderful grace!

17

The Precious Name.

Rev. GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Je - sus gave Him - self for me, Precious name of Je - sus; On the cross of
2. From His wounded, bleeding side, Precious name of Je - sus; Lo, there flows a
3. Since He left His home a - bove, Precious name of Je - sus; Thus to show the
4. I would of - fer full and free, Precious name of Je - sus, All I am and
5. This shall be my theme and song, Precious name of Je - sus; If a - lone or

Refrain.

Cal - va - ry, Precious name of Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, precious name of
cleansing tide, Precious name of Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, precious name of
Fa - ther's love, Precious name of Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, precious name of
have to Thee, Precious name of Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, precious name of
'mid the throng, Precious name of Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, precious name of

Je - sus, He from sin doth set me free, Precious name of Je - sus.
Je - sus, Cal - v'ry's fountain o - pen'd wide, Precious name of Je - sus.
Je - sus, Wondrous grace He thus doth prove, Precious name of Je - sus.
Je - sus, Help me henceforth Thine to be, Precious name of Je - sus.
Je - sus, How it cheers my way a - long, Precious name of Je - sus.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Fear not,...tho' the tempest is rag-ing, Or wild - ly the billows may roll,
 2. Fear not,...tho' the Tempter assails thee, And 'gainst thee his hosts are arrayed,
 3. Fear not,... e-ven tho' thro' the val-ley He call-eth thy footsteps to go,



My grace is each moment suf - fi - cient To save and to keep ev-'ry soul.
 The voice of the Mas-ter is say-ing, "My grace is suf-fi-cient to aid."
 E'en there shall His grace be suf - fi - cient, For He will His presence bestow.



Sop. & Alto Voices.



Mine eye... is for-ev-er up-on thee, My wings safely shield from the blast,
 In all points like thee He was tempted, He know-eth thy soul's deepest need,
 And when earthly conflicts are end-ed, His face... in its glo-ry you see,...



Parts.



Then trust in the Pi-lot to bring thee To har - bor in safety at last.
 And so... at the time of tempta-tion Will prove He's a Saviour in - deed.
 You'll praise Him for-ev-er and ev - er, For grace all-suf-fi-cient for thee.



Chorus.



My grace..... is suf - fi - cient for thee,.....
 My grace suf - fi - cient for thee,



My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.

My grace..... is suf - fi - cient for thee,.....
My grace suf - fi - cient for thee,

For my strength..... is made per - fect in weak - ness....
my strength

marcato. *rall.*
My grace..... is suf - fi - cient for thee.....
My grace suf - fi - cient for thee.

19

Peace, Perfect Peace.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

p *cres.* *dim.*
1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Je - sus
2. Peace, per-fect peace, by thronging du-ties press'd? To do the will of
3. Peace, per-fect peace, with sor-rows surg-ing 'round? On Je - sus' bo-som

pp
whispers peace with-in.
Je - sus, this is rest.
naught but calm is found.
4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Oh! It Is Wonderful.

MABEL J. ROSEMON,

Soprano and Alto Duet.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Smoothly.



1. In His un - dy - ing love Christ came from Heav'n a - bove, Came to re -
 2. While we in sin were dead, Christ, the Re - deem - er bled, Suf - fer - ed and
 3. Je - sus, the Ho - ly One, God's well - be - lov - ed Son, Of - fers to

Rit.



deem us from death and de - spair;..... Come, then, make no de - lay,
 sor - rowed on Cal - va - ry's tree;..... Match - less the love He showed,
 ran - som thy sin - bur - dened soul;..... Pleads with thee ten - der - ly,



turn from thy sin a - way, Cast - ing on Him ev - 'ry sor - row and care.
 it was the debt we owed, Bless - ed the tho't, that He suffered for me.
 will - ing to par - don thee; Yield to His love, let Him now make thee whole.

Chorus.



Oh, it is won - der - ful, So ver - y won - der - ful, That we by

rit..... a tempo.



grace should be Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Oh! it is won - der - ful,

Oh! It Is Wonderful.

So ver - y won - der - ful, That He should suf - fer On Cal - v'ry for me.

21

Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are.

Andantino.

cres.

Rev. E. HUSBAND.

1. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing, from a - far,
 2. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing, from a - far,
 3. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing, from a - far,
 4. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing, from a - far,

From the wild and scorching des - ert, Af - ric's sons of col - or deep;
 From the fields and crowd - ed cit - ies, Chi - na gath - ers to His feet;
 From the In - dies and the Gan - ges, Stead - y flows the liv - ing stream,
 From the steppes of Rus - sia drear - y, From Sla - vo - nia's scattered lands,

Je - sus' love has drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
 In His love Shem's gentle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.
 To love's o - cean, to His bo - som, Cal - va - ry their wond'ring theme.
 They are yield - ing soul and spir - it In - to Je - sus' lov - ing hands

5 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar,
 From the frozen realms of midnight,
 Over many a weary mile,
 To exchange their soul's long winter
 For the summer of His smile.

6 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar,
 All to meet in plains of glory,
 All to sing His praises sweet;
 What a chorus, what a meeting,
 With the family all complete!

I Can Find Him Anywhere.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. B. MORTON.

Slowly.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that ev - ery hour My soul may speak to God in pray'r ;
2. In crowded street or des - ert path, 'Mid surging throngs or all a - lone,
3. When by the tempter's arts as-sailed, On strength divine I can re - ly,
4. When life's brief day draws to a close, My soul need have no fear or care ;



He hear-eth me by day or night, And I can find Him a - ny-where.
 He list-ens when in faith I call, And all my needs by Him are known.
 And if some grief or tri - al comes, I know that heav'n-ly help is nigh.
 While passing thro' the shadowed vale, I know that I shall find Him there.



Chorus.



Oh! I can find Him an - y - where, That blessed Friend to me so dear ;



I'll trust in His un-fail - ing care, For I can find Him a - ny - where.



Look Above the Clouds!

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. Look a-bove the clouds, where the sun doth shine! Keep your fac - es
2. Trou - bles may op-press, but a - cross the sky Gleams a rain - bow
3. Look a-bove the clouds, sing a song of praise, Trust - ing in His



turned to the light di - vine; Hid - den in the folds of each sor - row lies
 bright when the storms pass by; Tho' for His dear sake you may suf - fer loss,
 love through the gloom-y days; Joy - ful bear your load till the set - ting sun,



Chorus.



Something grand and sweet, as a glad sur-prise.
 You shall win a crown if you bear a cross. } Look a-bove the clouds! God is
 Heaven's morning dawns when life's work is done.



reign-ing still, Trusting in His love, do His bless-ed will; Look a-bove the



clouds! there His sun doth shine O - ver all the world, with a light di - vine.



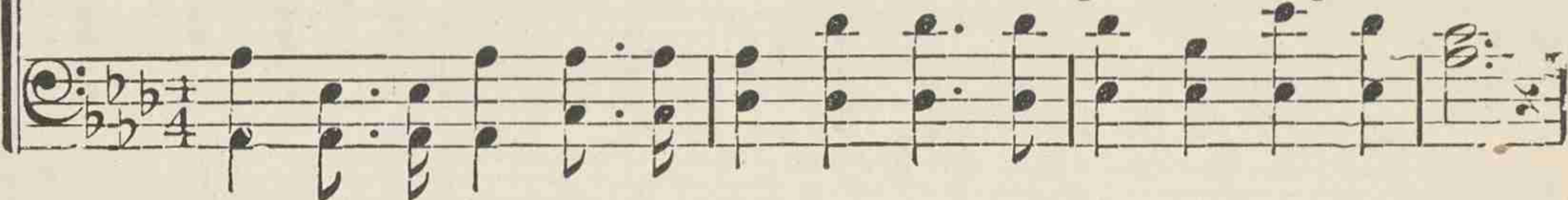
Matchless Love!

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. O matchless love! hath the Fa-ther shown, His on - ly Son He gave;
2. O matchless love! that the Son of God A - tone-ment made for me;
3. O matchless love! Can I e'er for - get Such sor - row borne for me?
4. O matchless love! I would ev - er claim Com-pan - ion - ship with Thee;



Such love di-vine, I can claim it mine, He died my soul to save.
 He suf-fered loss on the cru - el cross, From sin to set me free.
 My heart's re-ply is a joy - ful cry Of praise for grace so free.
 I would a - bide near the wounded side Of Christ who died for me.



Chorus.



Love! Love! of - fered so full and free, Love! Love!
 Love! 'twas love He so full and free, Love! 'twas love as



fa-thom - less as the sea, Love! Love! how could it ev - er
 might-y sea, Love! 'twas Love! O



be That Christ on the cross died to ran - som me?



His Truth is Marching On.

RICHARD MORLEY.

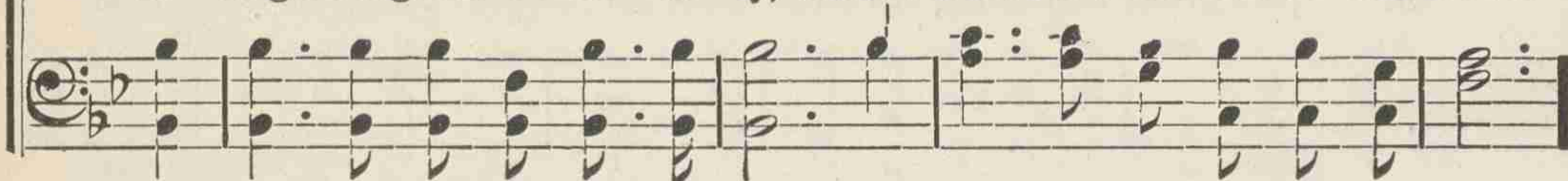
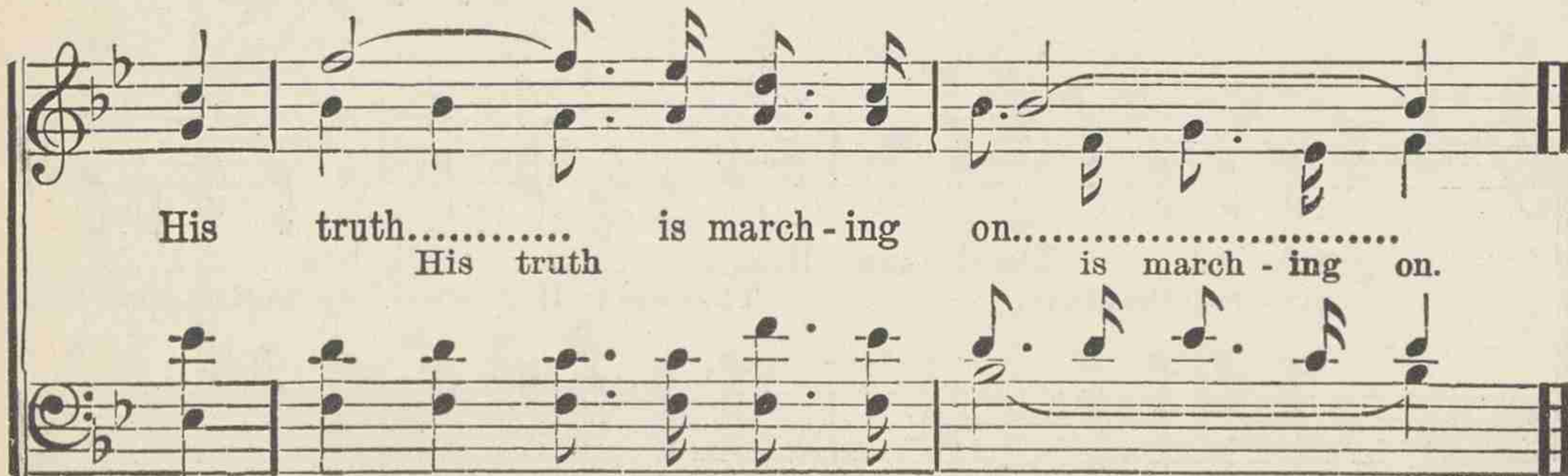
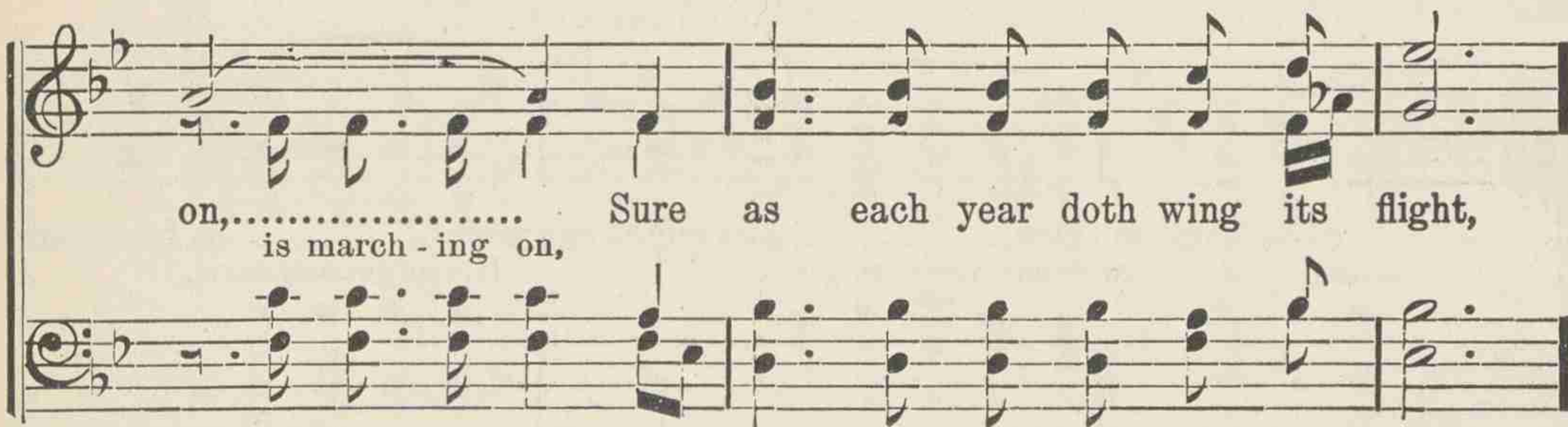
S. H. MEYERS.

Martial.

1. We can - not see, from day to day, The world move up-ward to the throne,
 2. A - mid the bold contempt of sin, 'Tis hard our bless-ed Lord to own,
 3. All things of earth and work of sin Will yet our Lord and Sav-iour own,
 4. Oh, what a tri-umph that will be, When we surround His roy - al throne,

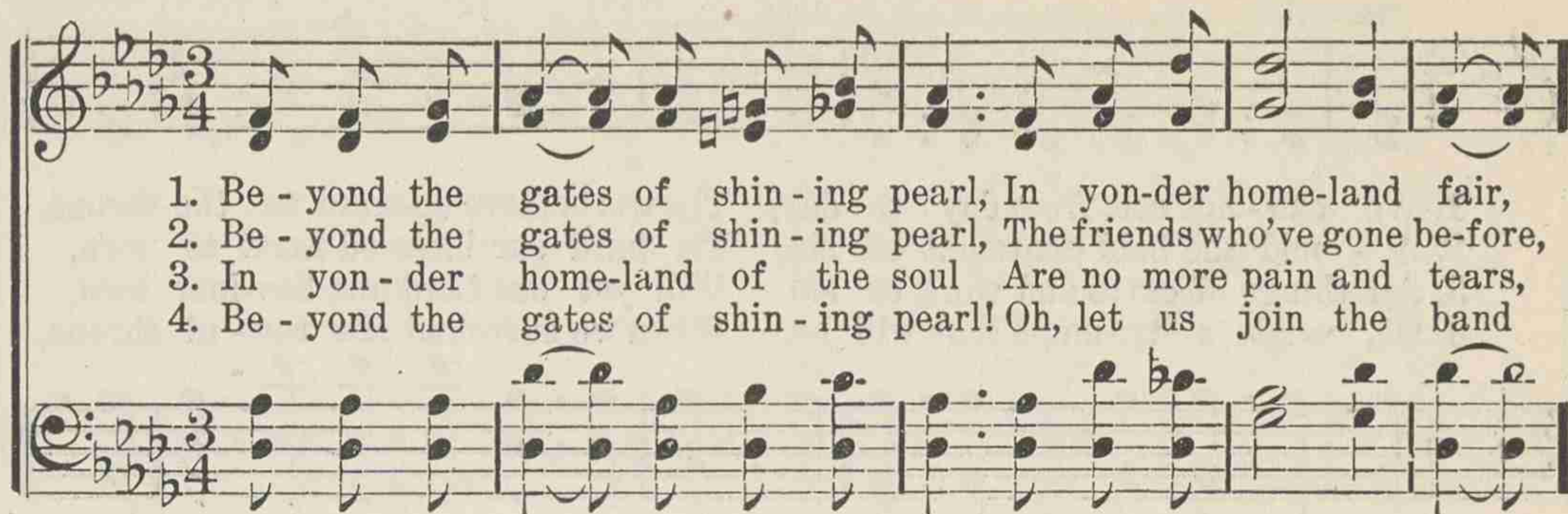


But as each year doth wing its flight, God's truth is sure-ly march-ing on.
 And then, e'en then, if we but knew, His truth is sure-ly march-ing on.
 And heav'n and earth will sing one song, For truth keeps bravely march-ing on.
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty, Christ's truth the whole wide world doth own.

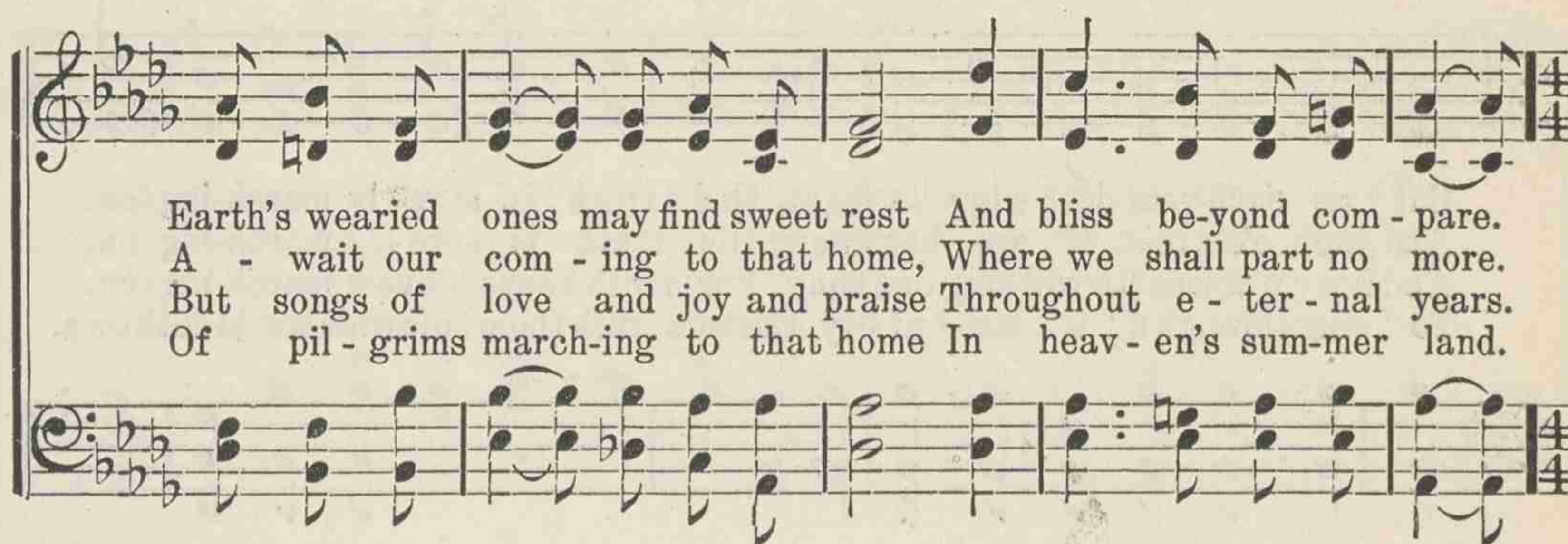
**Chorus.**

Rev. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Be - yond the gates of shin - ing pearl, In yon - der home - land fair,
 2. Be - yond the gates of shin - ing pearl, The friends who've gone be - fore,
 3. In yon - der home - land of the soul Are no more pain and tears,
 4. Be - yond the gates of shin - ing pearl! Oh, let us join the band



Earth's wearied ones may find sweet rest And bliss be - yond com - pare.
 A - wait our com - ing to that home, Where we shall part no more.
 But songs of love and joy and praise Throughout e - ter - nal years.
 Of pil - grims march - ing to that home In heav - en's sum - mer land.

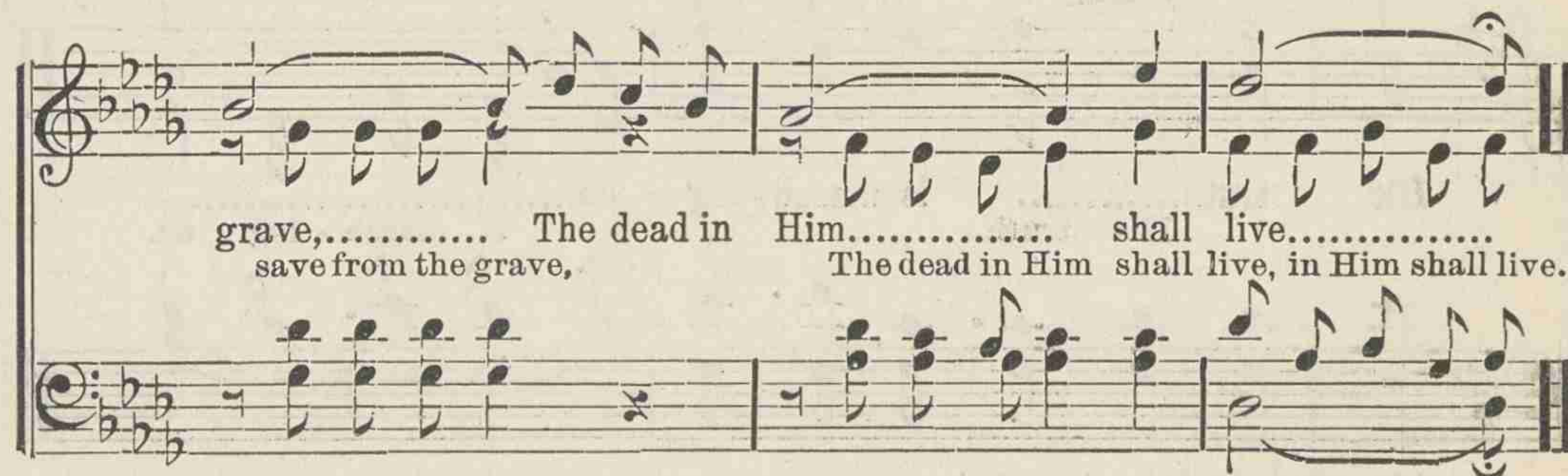
Chorus.



Beyond the gates..... the Sav - iour waits,..... A wel -
 Beyond the gates the Saviour waits, wel - come



- come home to give;..... His might can save..... us from the
 home, a welcome home to give; His might can save,



grave,..... The dead in Him..... shall live.....
 save from the grave, The dead in Him shall live, in Him shall live.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR, arr.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Con espressivo.

1. So dark the clouds a-round my way— I can - not see; But
 2. Thro' thorn - y path-ways He may lead My tir - ed feet— Thro'
 3. To my blind eyes He may re - veal No light at all— But

thro' the dark-ness I be - lieve God lead - eth me. I glad - ly
 hours of grief when tear-drops flow; But it is sweet To know that
 while I lean on His strong arm, I can - not fall. So, trust-ing

I glad - ly place my hand in His When all is dim— And
 To know that He is close to me, My friend and guide; So
 So, trust-ing Him, I trudge a - long Life's wea - ry way, Con -

place.....
 He.....
 Him,.....

*Attacca.**Rit.*

Lean hard on Him.
 Quite sat - is - fied.
 A bright - er day.

clos - ing then my wea - ry eyes, Lean hard on Him.
 while He leads me I will walk Quite sat - is - fied.
 tent to think that soon will dawn A bright - er day.

My Pilot.

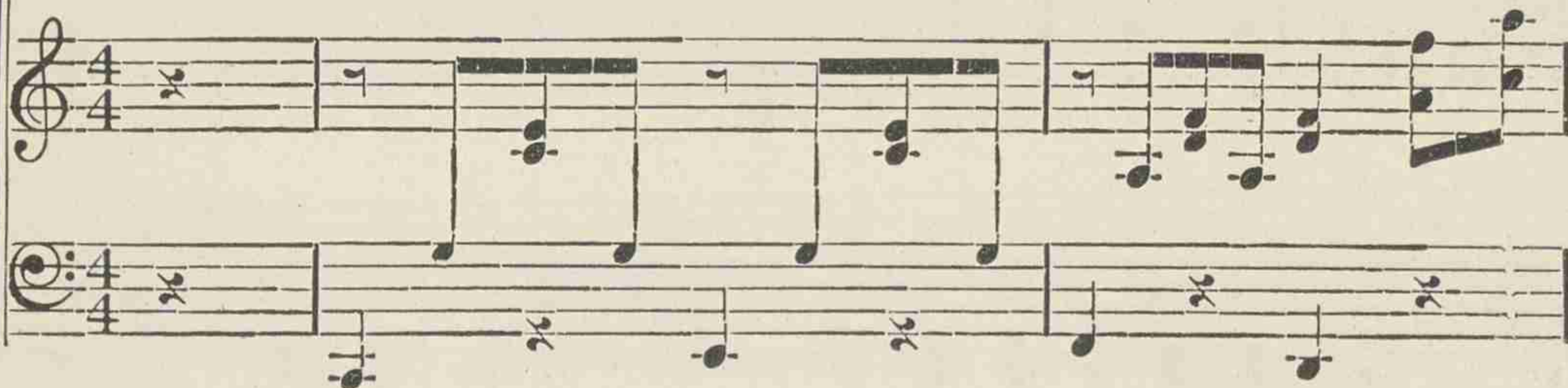
He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Psalm 107: 30.

G. C. T.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Rather slowly.

1. O'er a trackless sea I'm sail-ing, Oft-en tem-pest toss'd, With no
2. There are rocks of doubt be-fore me As I on-ward go, And the
3. Oft the tempest, wild-ly beat-ing, Fills my heart with fear, As I
4. Storms may dark-ly gath-er round me, And the tem-pest rage, And the



star of hope to guide me lest I stray;
 bil-lows oft my fra-gile bark as-sail;
 seek to gain the harbor bright and fair;
 beacon lights a-long the shore be dim;

But I find I have a Friend,
 But no dan-ger will I fear,
 But there comes to me sweet peace,
 Yet my heart will not dis-may,

*rall - en - tan - do.*

Who will guide me to the end, For my Saviour safe-ly pi-lots all the way.
 Tho' they may be hid-den near, For my Pi-lot at the helm can nev-er fail.
 All my doubt and fear shall cease, For I know my Pi-lot guides me safely there.
 I will wait the dawning day, While my Pi-lot's at the helm I'll trust in Him.



My Pilot.

Chorus.

I shall rest in safety o'er the harbor bar, And my Pilot's blessed face I'll see; I'll see;

All the storms of life shall then be safe-ly past, Oh, what glo-ry that will be!

41

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs,
 5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee,

FINE. D.S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. There is a land mine eyes shall see When I shall
 2. The gains of earth are all but loss,— E - ter - nal
 3. For - bid it, Lord, that I should be Con - tent to

lay life's ar - mor down; But all its bliss is not for
 joys are all for me When I by faith up - lift the
 live for self a - lone. Oh, may some soul I win for

me, If I must wear a star - less crown. } A star - less
 cross And lead one soul, dear Lord, to Thee. }
 Thee A - dorn my crown when life is done. }

crown, when life is done, No glit - t'ring gems which I have won?

For - bid it, Lord, that there should be A star-less crown in Heav'n for me.

Who will Sing Redemption's Song?

"The ransomed shall come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35: 10.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. A - far in yon-der realms of light, Where saints redeem'd, in rai-ment white,
 2. O'er all the earth, with one ac - cord, His chil-dren praise the ris - en Lord.
 3. This triumph-song of grace and love, Be - gun be - low and sung a - bove,
 4. Redeem'd! Redeem'd! by lovedi-vine, O Sav-iour Christ, this song is mine;

Are found a - mid the shining throng, They sing the glad Re-demp-tion-song.
 His wondrous love, so true and strong, Is all their theme, and all their song.
 Thro' com-ing days, thro' a - ges long, Is ev - er - more Re-demption's song.
 With trusting heart I join the throng And sing the glad Re-demp-tion-song.

Chorus.

O, who to - day..... will join to sing.....
 O, who to - day will join to sing

The matchless love of Christ our King? He died to save,.....
 He died to save,

He wait-eth long..... To hear you sing Redemption's song.
 He wait-eth long

Get Right with God.

"Is thine heart right?"—2 Kings, 10: 15.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET.—Soprano and Alto.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Don't you hear the Sav-iour's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, From the
 2. All a - round you there are dan-gers so ap - pall - ing, There are
 3. Will you heed the Spir - it as with ten - der plead - ing, He is



paths of sin which you so long have trod? On your heart His gen - tle
 pit - falls to al - lure you from the right; But the lov - ing voice of
 call - ing you to leave the paths of sin? While the Sav-iour now for



accents now are fall - ing, Heed His pleading, and get right with God.....
 Je'-sus now is call - ing, He'll de-fend you with His arm of might.....
 you is in - ter - ced - ing, Will you not the Heav'nly Life be - gin?.....



Chorus.



Get right with God,..... Get right with God,..... Oh, do not let the
 Get right with God, Get right with God,



Get Right with God.

Spir - it now de - part..... Get right with God,.....
do not let Him now de-part. Get right with God,

Get right with God,..... And grant Him glad ad - mis-sion to thy heart.
Get right with God,

55

Work, for the Night.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—John 9:4.

1. { Work for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

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.

Our Father Leads.

"The Lord shall guide thee continually."—ISA. 58 : 11.

Rev. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

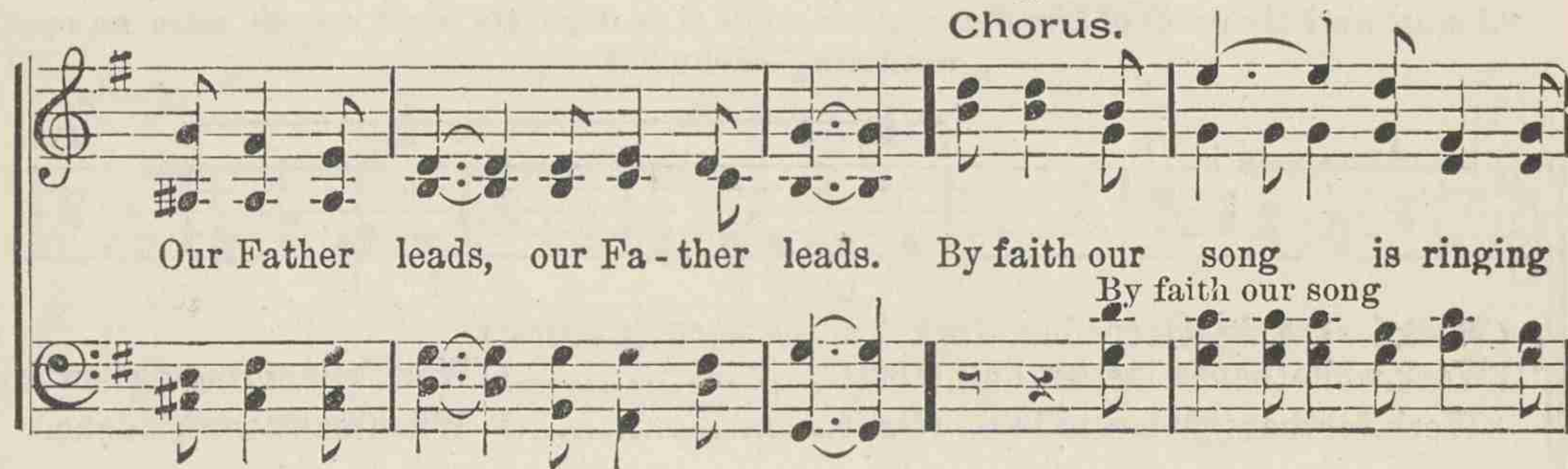


1. Some days are dark, some days are fair, Some filled with joy
 2. Some days are filled with glad-some song, Some days are filled
 3. Some days are filled with pure de - light, Some days are dark
 4. Let sor-rows come or joys a - bound, In this as - sur -



and some with care, But we can trust Him an - y - where,
 with grief and wrong, But we can trust Him all a - long,
 as deep - est night, Still we may know that all is right,
 ance peace is found, And songs of praise shall e'er re - sound,

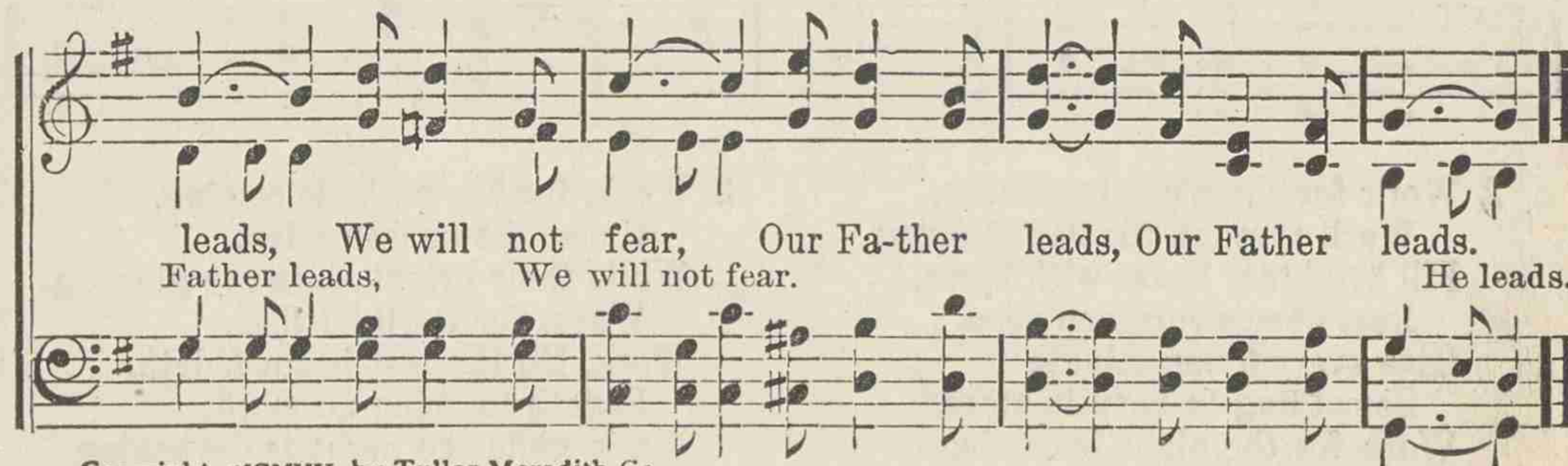
Chorus.



Our Father leads, our Fa - ther leads. By faith our song is ringing
 By faith our song



clear, Although the way be dark and drear. Our Fa - ther
 so clear, al - tho' the way be dark and drear, Our



leads, We will not fear, Our Fa - ther leads, Our Father leads.
 Father leads, We will not fear. He leads.

The Service of the King.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. "For ye serve the Lord Christ."—Col. 3: 24.

S. H. MEYERS.



1. I pledge my spir - it loy - al, To the serv-ice of the King; The
 2. There is no joy so ho - ly, As the serv-ice of the King; There's
 3. In yon - der realms im - mor - tal There is serv-ice for the King; We



priv - i - lege is roy - al, In the serv-ice of the King; I pledge to
 room for e'en the low - ly, In the serv-ice of the King; If all the
 pass the shin-ing por - tal To the serv-ice of the King; A - mid the



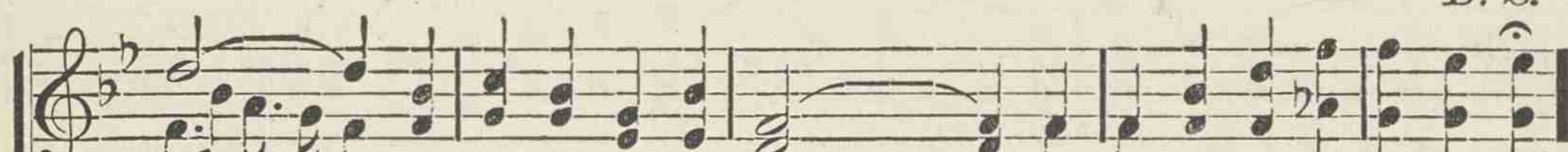
Him for - ev - er My loft - i - est en - deav-or, And naught my soul shall
 world but knew Him, How all would hast-en to Him, And high - est hon - or
 glo - ries o'er Him, Where an - gel hosts a - dore Him, I, too, shall stand be -



sev - er From the serv-ice of the King. } In the serv-ice of the
 do Him, In the serv-ice of the King. }
 fore Him, In the serv-ice of the King. }

D. S.—In the serv-ice of the King.

D. S.



King My sweetest songs I'll sing, While I with joy my pow'rs employ,
 of the King, My songs I'll sing,

KATE ULMER.

Matt. 11: 28.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. Je - sus so sweet-ly is call-ing to-day, Call-ing, "O come un-to me;"
 2. Bright-ly His smile will the path-way il-lume, Bid-ding all shad-ows de-part;
 3. Yon-der in glo-ry, e - ternal and bright, Now He pre-par-eth a home;



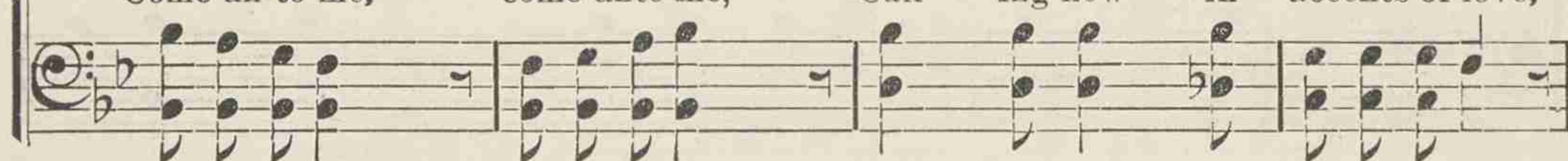

Soft - ly He plead-eth, O turn not a - way, See, He is wait-ing for Thee.
 Dai-ly with those who will come He'll commune, Dwelling within ev-'ry heart.
 Where those who trust Him shall walk in the light, Nev-er in dark-ness to roam.



Chorus.



Come..... un - to me,..... He is call-ing in ac-cents of love,.....
 Come un-to me, come unto me, Call - ing now in accents of love,




Come..... un - to me,..... I will guide thee to heav-en a - bove;.....
 Come unto me, come un-to me, I will guide to heaven a-bove,




Come..... un - to me,..... I will keep thee in safety and peace,.....
 Come un-to me, come un-to me, safety and peace.



Come Unto Me.

Leading to mansions where songs of rejoicing shall nev - er cease.....
shall never cease.

63

My Joy Will Be Complete.

J. T. LATTA.

"That I might finish my course with joy."—Acts 20 : 24.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. When these wea - ry feet cease to roam, When the end of life has come,
2. When the sands of life are..... run, Should the High and Ho - ly One
3. When be - fore the throne of..... grace, I have gained a hum - ble place,

And the Mas - ter calls me home, Then my joy will be com - plete.
On - ly whis-per soft, "Well done!" Then my joy will be com plete.
When I meet Him face to face, Then my joy will be com - plete.

Chorus.

My joy will be com - plete, My joy will be com - plete,
My joy will be com-plete, My joy will be com-plete,

With Je - sus' love so sweet, so sweet, My joy will be com-plete.

Take Courage.

"The battle is not yours, but God's."—II. Chron. 20:15.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. In the midst of the fight be cour - a - geous, For the Lord of the
 2. To the faint and the weak He in - creas - eth The a - bund - ance of
 3. Hear the words of the Cap - tain who call - eth, "Lift your hearts, and be



bat - tle is nigh; In the mo - ment of con - flict and dan - ger,
 cour - age and pow'r, And the song of the vic - tors who tri - umph,
 still un - dis - mayed," 'Tis the Lord who will or - der the bat - tle,



The Re - deem - er will hear your cry. Nei - ther fear nor de -
 Shall be heard where the storm-clouds lower. Un - to Him be the
 Trust in Him, be thou not a - fraid. By and by, when the



feat will be - fall you, He is near to up - hold and sus - tain.
 pow'r and do - min - ion, Un - to Him be the wis - dom and might,
 con - flict is o - ver, We will rest by the Riv - er of Life,



Then be trust - ful and calm and cour - a - geous, Not a
 In the hearts of the true and the loy - al, Be the
 Un - to God shall be then all the glo - ry, For the

D.S.—And the vic - to - ry, roy - al and glo - ri - ous, To the

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Take Courage.

Fine. Chorus.



soul ev - er trust - ed in vain. } Be ye strong, then! be cour -
 cour - age to march and to fight.
 cour - age that won in the strife.



brave and the true He a - wards.



a - geous! For the fight is not yours, but the Lord's, but the Lord's,



69

THOS. MOORE.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the



mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;



Here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 Ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
 Come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re - move.



My Song of Joy.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

W. A. POST.

Joyfully.


1. I am hap-py in the love of the Sav-iour, Ev - er shin-ing o'er my
 2. I will bless Him for the grace He be - stow-eth, For the mer-cies coming
 3. In that cit - y of de-light I shall see Him, Hear the mu-sic of His

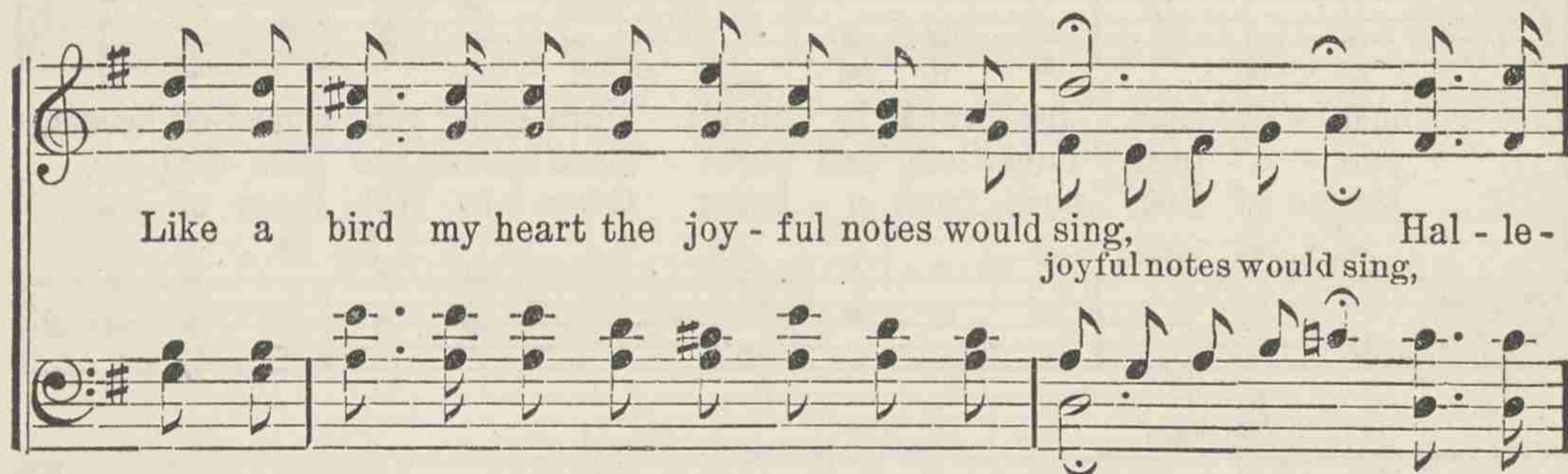


pil - grim way; O my soul keeps singing glad hal - le - lu - jahs, As I'm
 from a - bove; I am trust-ing in His per-fect sal-va - tion, Praise the
 voice, so sweet; In the ra - di-ance of glo - ry ce - les - tial, Kneel a -

Chorus.



walk-ing in His footsteps day by day. }
 Lord for all His nev - er - fail - ing love. } Saved forev - er. saved for-ev - er!
 dor - ing at the bless-ed Sav-iour's feet. }



Like a bird my heart the joy - ful notes would sing, Hal - le -
 joyful notes would sing,



lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Name of Je - sus Christ, my Lord and King!

Jesus is Living with Me.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Tho' ma - ny my bur - dens and sor - rows, And ma - ny the
 2. The joys of my life may all fail me, And friendship and
 3. Tho' all of life's work be un - no - ticed, And tho' I for -
 4. Some day my frail tent shall be fold - ed, Mine eyes to earth's

tri - als I see, My heart is o'er - flow - ing with glad - ness, For
 for - tune may flee, But these have no pow - er to move me, When
 got - ten should be, I can - not be wea - ry or lone - ly Since
 glo - ries grow dim; I then shall a - wake in His like - ness, And

Refrain.

Je - sus is liv - ing with me. Liv - - ing with me,.....
 Je - sus is liv - ing with me. }
 Je - sus is liv - ing with me. } Last } Liv - - ing with Him,.....
 ev - er be liv - ing with Him. } verse } Liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me,

Liv - - ing with me,..... Je - sus, my
 Liv - - ing with Him,..... Then..... shall I
 Liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is

Sav - - iour, Is liv - - ing with me.....
 ev - - er Be liv - - ing with Him.....
 Liv - ing with me, Is liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me.

Sweetest Story Ever Told.

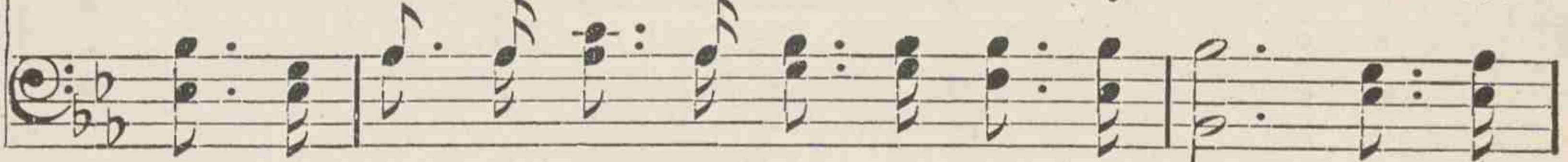
C. S. K. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. 5:8. C. S. KAUFFMAN.



1. I have heard a bless - ed sto - ry, How, when far a - way from God,
2. Bless-ed Lord, so pure and ho - ly, Laid a - side His crown a - bove;
3. As I list - ened to the sto - ry, I was con - quer'd by His love,
4. What a joy the sto - ry brought me, Sweet - est rest, a - bid - ing peace;



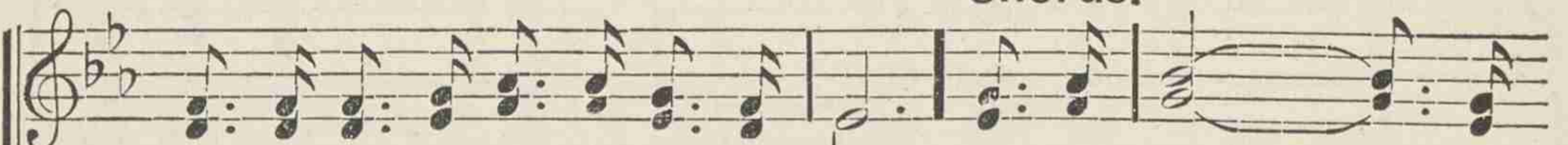
There was one who died to save me by His grace; How the
 Wore for me the crown of thorns and bore the shame; Gave His
 And I o - pened wide my heart and let Him in. Then my
 I am liv - ing in com - mun - ion with my Lord. He the



Sav - iour came from glo - ry, Free - ly shed His pre - cious blood, On the
 life to save the low - ly, Pour - ing out His matchless love; Bring - ing
 soul was filled with glo - ry, While the Spir - it from a - bove Gave the
 way of life has taught me, He has giv - en sweet re - lease, I am



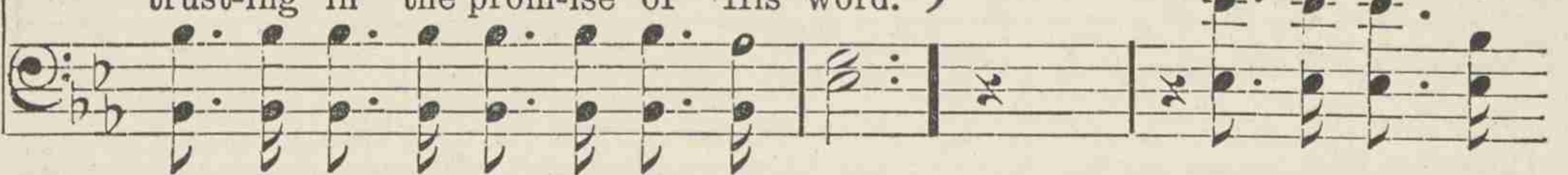
Chorus.



cross He bought my par - don, took my place.
 peace to all be - liev - ing on His name.
 wit - ness that my heart was free from sin.
 trust - ing in the prom - ise of His word.

Sweetest sto - - - ry

Sweet - est sto - ry,



ev - er told,..... Sweet - est sto - - - ry ev - er
 sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told, Sweet - est sto - ry, sweet - est



Sweetest Story Ever Told.

told,..... Sto - ry of the bless - ed Je - sus, how He
sto - ry ev - er told,

gave His life to save; Sweet-est sto - - ry ev - er told.
Sweet-est sto - ry

81

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. 26 : 42.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

(JEWETT.)

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign, Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

He Gives Me Peace and Gladness.

"My peace I give unto you."—John 14 : 27.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. I have found the bless-ed Sav-iour, I am hap-py in my Lord,
 2. Now I love to sing to oth-ers of His free and boundless grace;
 3. If we keep in touch with Je-sus life will be a psalm of praise,

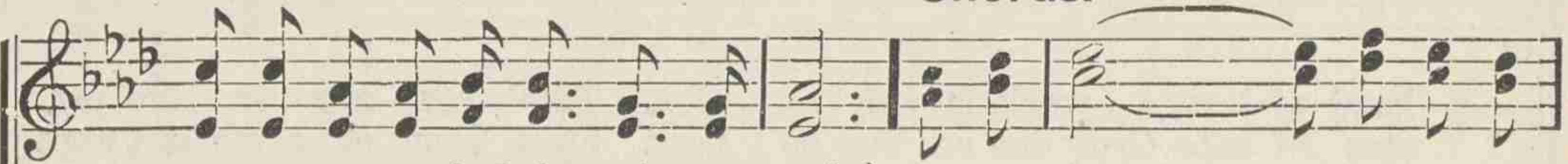


He has saved and made my bro-ken spir-it whole; He re-
 Sin-ner, yield un-to His kind and blest con-trol; Come to
 And His pure and ho-ly name we will ex-tol; He will



vealed His love, so precious, thro' the teachings of His Word, And He
 Him, O come be-liev-ing, He will show a smil-ing face, He will
 guide us, gen-tly guide us, all a-long our pil-grim ways, Giv-ing

Chorus.

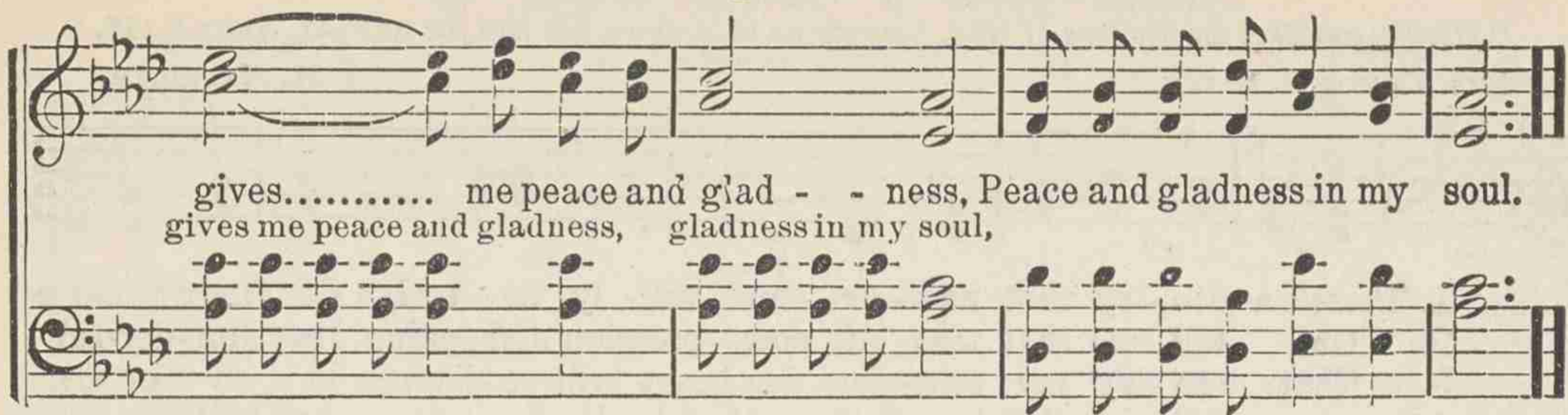


gave me peace and gladness in my soul.
 give you peace and gladness in your soul.
 light and peace and gladness in the soul. } O He gives..... me peace and
 gives me peace and gladness,



glad-ness, Gladness in my soul, gladness in my soul, O He
 gladness in my soul,

He Gives Me Peace and Gladness.



gives..... me peace and glad - - ness, Peace and gladness in my soul.
gives me peace and gladness, gladness in my soul,

85

Tell the Sympathizing One.

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

E. D. ELLIOTT.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. Are you wea - ry, heav-y - la-den, Does your heart a bur-den bear?
2. Does the path of du - ty wea-ry? Do you seem to walk a - lone?
3. Tell to Je - sus all your sorrow; He can soothe the aching breast;



Tell the sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, You will find a help-er there.
Do temp-ta-tions press you sore-ly? Let it be to Je - sus known.
List - en to His precious promise: "Come, and I will give you rest."

Chorus.



Tell the sym - pa - thiz-ing Je - sus, Tell the Fa - ther's blessed Son,



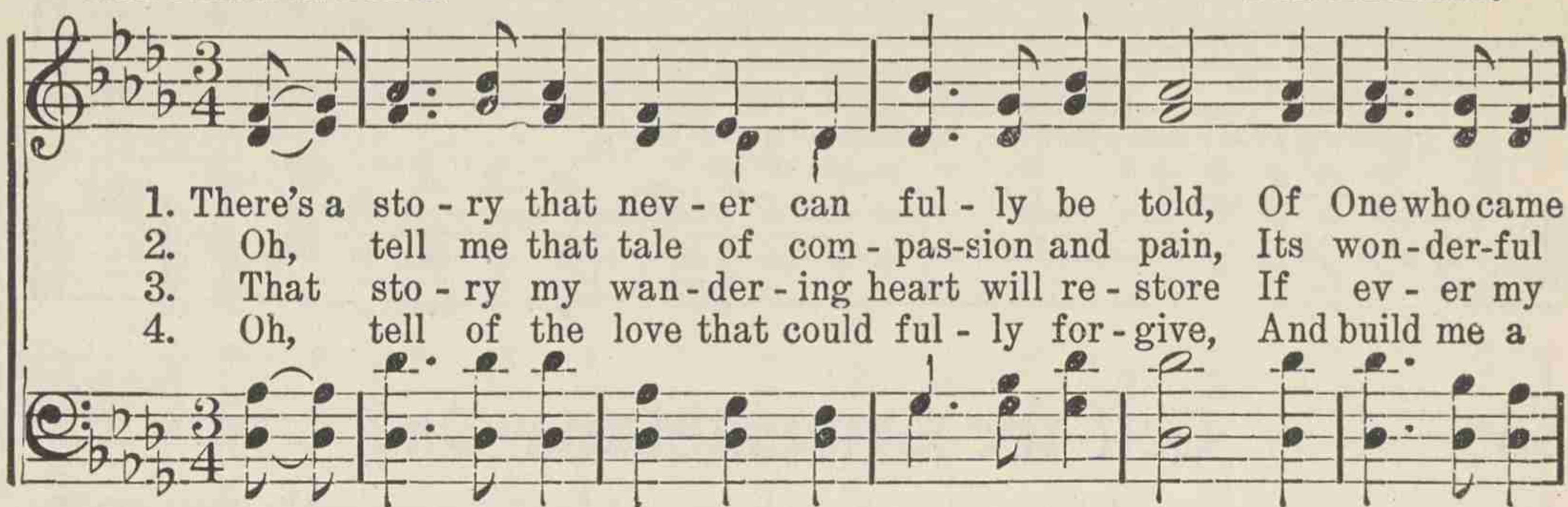
Je - sus knows just how to com-fort, Tell the sym - pa - thiz-ing One.

The Story of Love.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us."—I. John 3 : 16.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

I. H. MEREDITH.

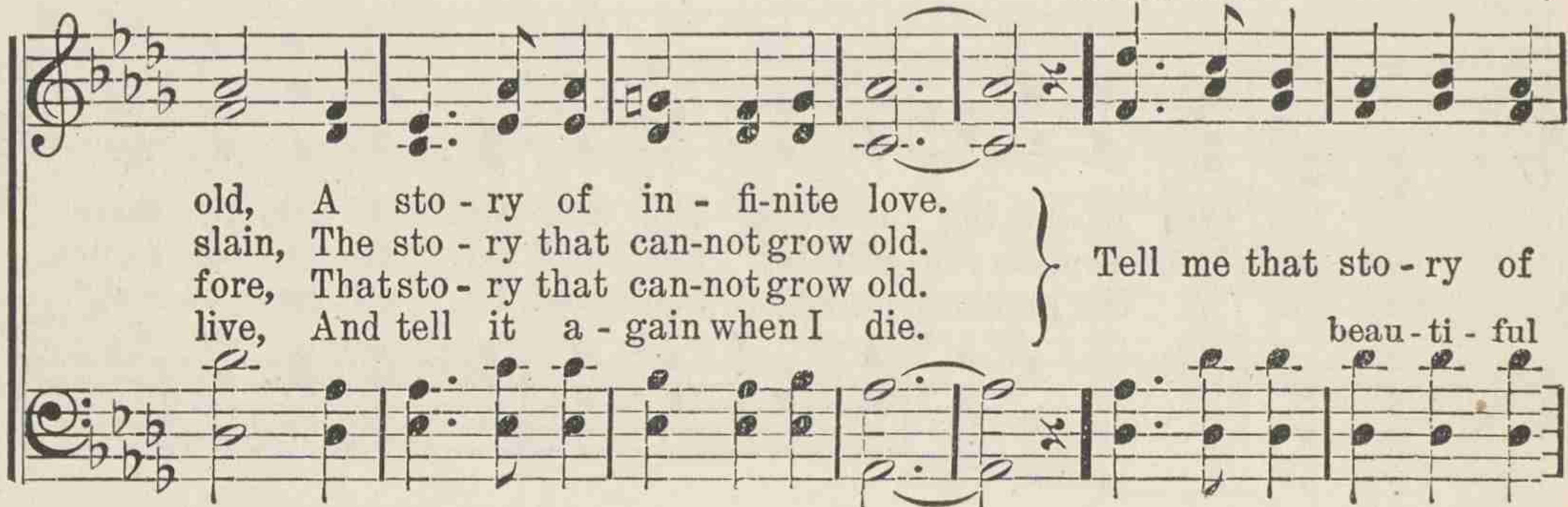


1. There's a sto - ry that nev - er can ful - ly be told, Of One who came
 2. Oh, tell me that tale of com - pas - sion and pain, Its won - der - ful
 3. That sto - ry my wan - der - ing heart will re - store If ev - er my
 4. Oh, tell of the love that could ful - ly for - give, And build me a



down from a - bove, A beau - ti - ful sto - ry that can - not grow
 beau - ties un - fold, The sto - ry of Him who for sin - ners was
 love should grow cold, Its pow - er has oft - en been test - ed be -
 man - sion on high; Oh, tell me that sto - ry as long as I

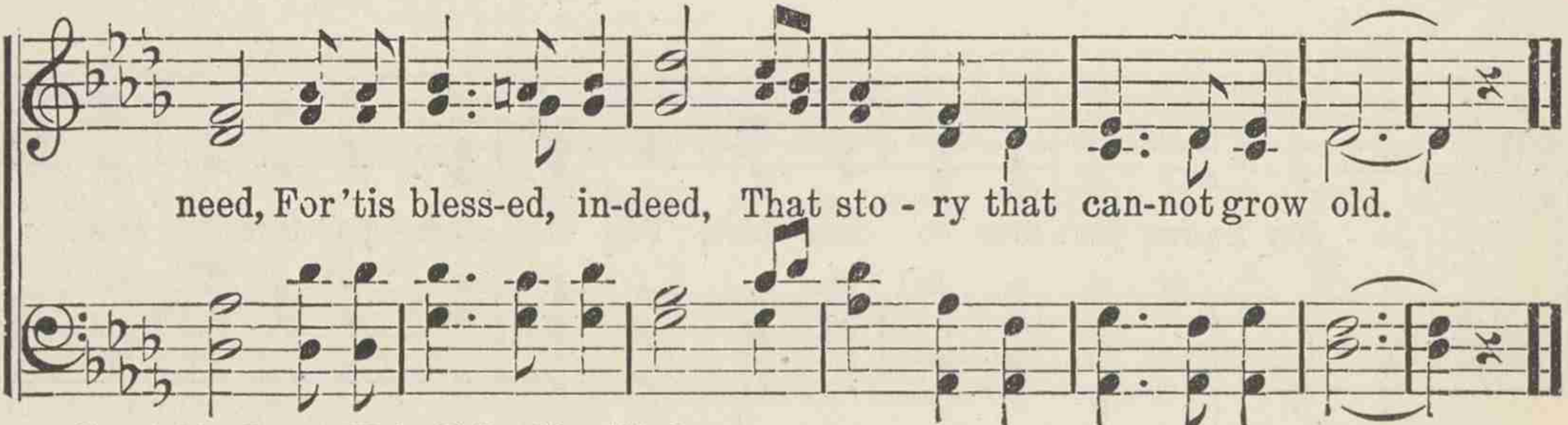
Chorus.



old, A sto - ry of in - fi - nite love.
 slain, The sto - ry that can - not grow old.
 fore, That sto - ry that can - not grow old.
 live, And tell it a - gain when I die. } Tell me that sto - ry of
 beau - ti - ful



love,..... The sto - ry so oft - en re - told,..... 'Tis the sto - ry I
 sto - ry of love,



need, For 'tis bless - ed, in - deed, That sto - ry that can - not grow old.

How Love I Thy Law.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM 119 : 97.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. O how love I Thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light.
 2. My wak - ing eyes pre - vent the day To med - i - tate Thy word;
 3. How doth Thy word my heart en - gage! How well em - ploy my tongue;
 4. When na - ture sinks, and spir - its droop, Thy prom - is - es of grace

And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.
 My soul with long - ing melts a - way To hear Thy gos - pel, Lord.
 And in my tire - some pil - grim - age Yields me a heav'n - ly song.
 Are pil - lars to sup - port my hope, And there I write Thy praise.

Chorus.

O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i

ta - tion all..... the day. O how love I Thy law, O how
 all, all the day.

love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day, All the day.

Call, O Call Upon Me.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. "Call unto me and I will answer thee."—Jer. 33:3. I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Call, O call up-on Me, sin-ful one, to-day, Par-don now is
 2. Call, O call up-on Me, I will answer thee, Burdened one, and
 3. Call, O call up-on Me, what-so-e'er you need, Ev-'ry earn-est
 4. Call, O call up-on Me, ev-'ry day and hour, Prayer shall be thy



wait-ing thee; And Je-sus' blood can cleanse you, there is naught to pay,
 sore dis-tressed. For I will nev-er fail, tho' oth-er friends may flee,
 call I hear: And I will glad-ly an-swer, I will quick-ly heed;
 ref-uge sweet. The might-y hosts as-sail-ing soon shall feel the pow'r,



Chorus.



Mer-cy is so full and free.....
 Find in Me a-bid-ing rest.....
 Trust in Me and nev-er fear.....
 Thou shalt nev-er know de-feat.....

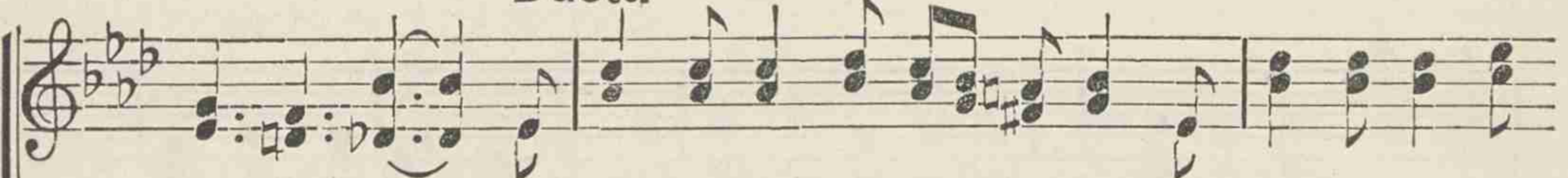
Call..... up-on Me,
 Call, O call on Me,



Call..... up-on Me and I, and I will an-swer thee, will
 Call, O call on Me



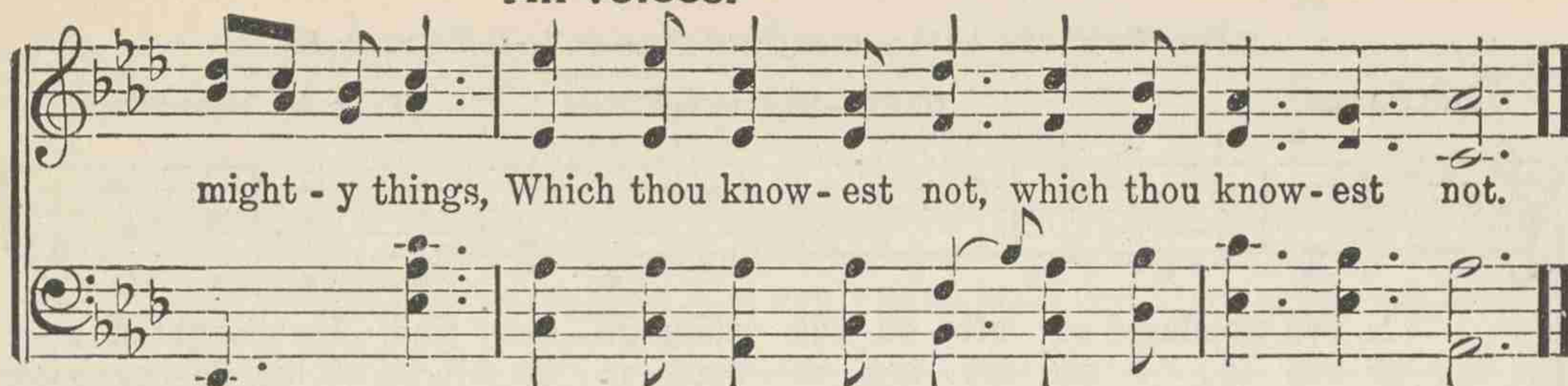
Duett.



an-swer thee, And show thee great and mighty things, And show thee great and



Call, O Call Upon Me.
All voices.



might - y things, Which thou know - est not, which thou know - est not.

91 God that Madest Earth and Heaven.

ANON.

"In the beginning God."—Gen. 1:1. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

With expression.



1. God that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light,
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night,—
May we, in Thy might-y keep - ing, All peace - ful lie.



May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy
When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for -



send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high.

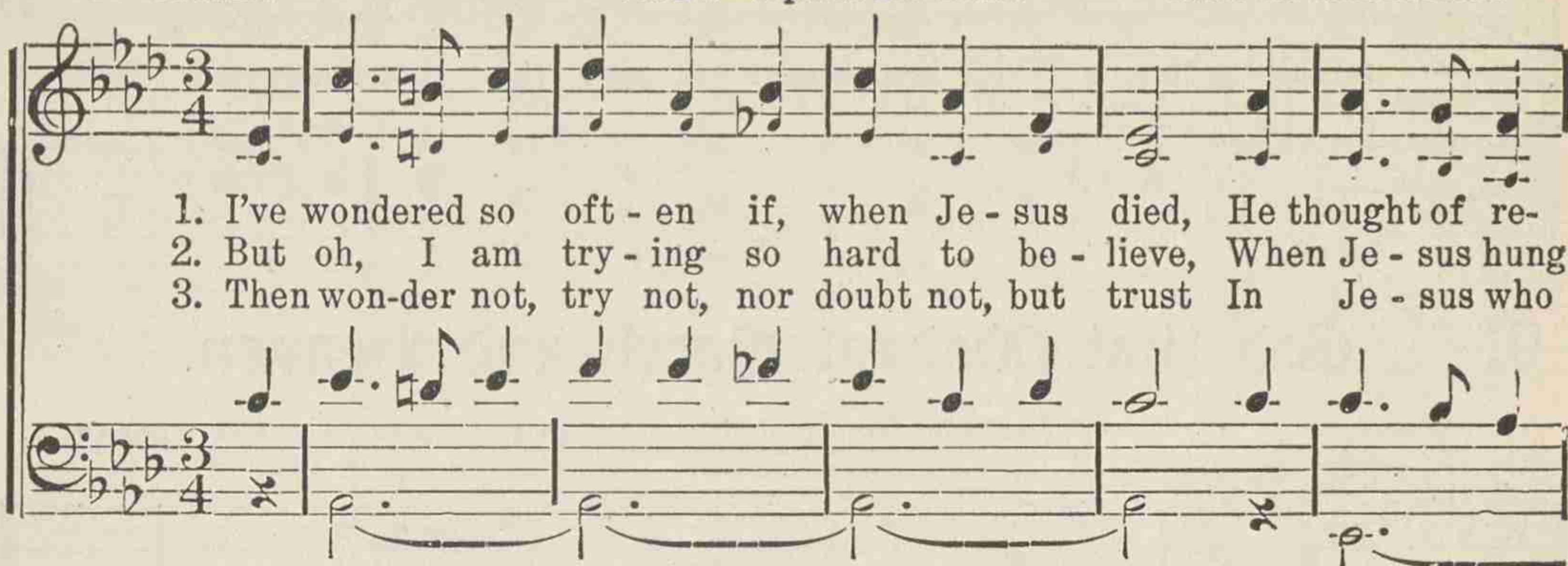
The Suffered For Thee.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins."—I. Peter 3 : 18.

H. CRANER.

DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.

THOS. R. MIDDLETON.



1. I've wondered so oft - en if, when Je - sus died, He thought of re-
 2. But oh, I am try - ing so hard to be - lieve, When Je - sus hung
 3. Then won - der not, try not, nor doubt not, but trust In Je - sus who

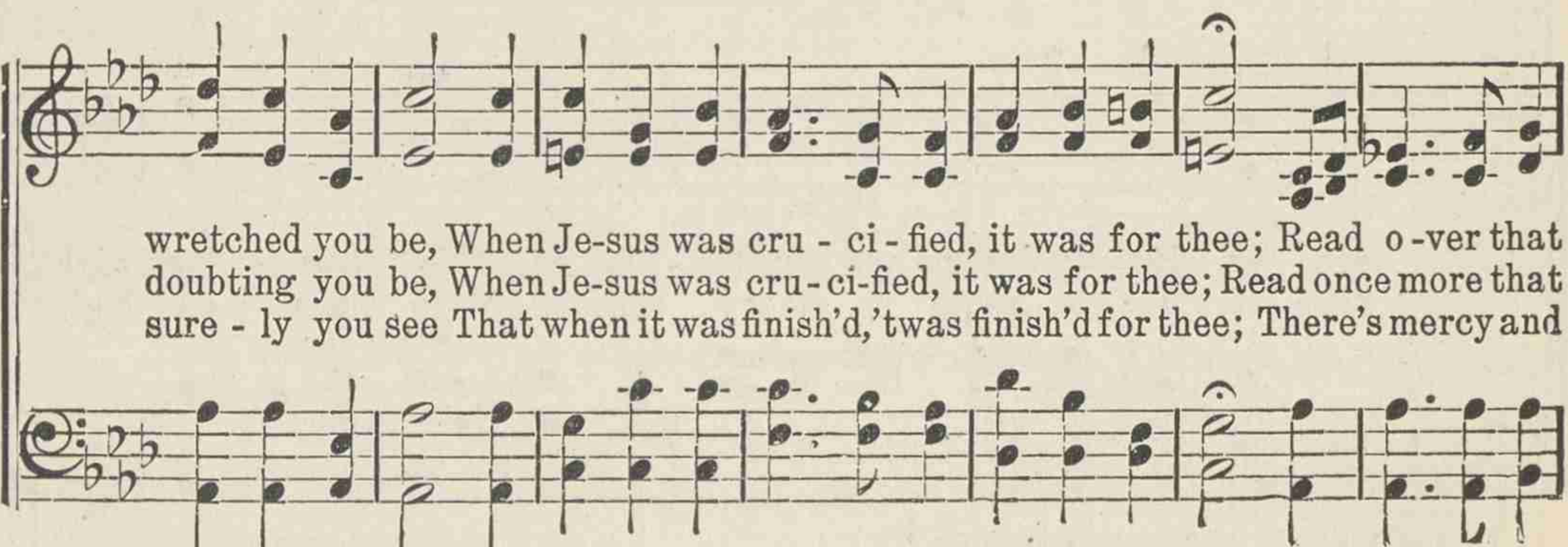


deem - ing me;..... I won - der, when, "Fa - ther, for - give them," He cried,
 on the tree;..... He suf - fered such an - guish, that I might per - ceive
 died for thee;..... As sure as He died, the just for the un - just,

Refrain.



If He could have meant forgive me.....	Yes, lost one, tho' sin - ful and
The way of sal - va - tion for me.....	Yes, lost one, tho' try - ing and
So sure - ly He died to save thee.....	O lost one, come trusting, for



wretched you be, When Je - sus was cru - ci - fied, it was for thee; Read o - ver that
 doubting you be, When Je - sus was cru - ci - fied, it was for thee; Read once more that
 sure - ly you see That when it was finish'd, 'twas finish'd for thee; There's mercy and

He Suffered For Thee.

sto-ry of love and you'll see That when He there suffer'd, He suf-fer'd for thee.
 sto-ry of love and you'll see That when Je-sus suf-fer'd, He suf-fer'd for thee.
 par-don and life for you now, How can you re-ject Him? O pray, tell me how?

93

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

He Leadeth Me.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught,
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—
 4. And when my task on Earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

f Chorus.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Praise Him Eternally.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Psalm 34:1.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Wor-ship the King in His beau-ty, Bow at His feet and a - dore,
 2. Sing of the might-y Re-deem-er, Rul-er of earth and of sky,
 3. Hail to the might-y Je-ho-vah! Hail to the Lord on His throne!

Heav'n with an an-them is ring-ing, Praise Him for-ev-er-more:
 En-ter His gates with thanksgiv-ing, Sound forth His praise on high.
 Zi-on with rap-ture is sing-ing, He is our God a-lone;

Ra-di-ant orbs He cre-a-ted, Form'd by His wise de-cree,
 Foun-tain of Life and sal-va-tion, Hope of the years to be,
 Crown'd with a glo-ry im-mor-tal, Bright as the sun is He,

S:ff Praise... Him! O praise Him e-ter-nal-ly!..... *ff* Ho-ly! ho-ly!

D. S.—Praise Him! O praise Him e-ter-nal-ly!

an-gels a-dor-ing cry,..... Praise, O praise Him! glo-ry to

Praise Him Eternally.

D. S.



God most high!..... Hail Je - ho - vah! boundless in maj-es-ty,

97

Teach Me Thy Will.

C. S. K.

"Teach me to do thy will."—Psalms, 143: 10.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

Prayerfully.



1. Search me O God, and know my heart, Try ev-'ry tho't each day;
 2. Make me to hide Thy bless-ed word, Deep written on my heart,
 3. Give me an un-der-stand-ing heart, That I may know Thy will;

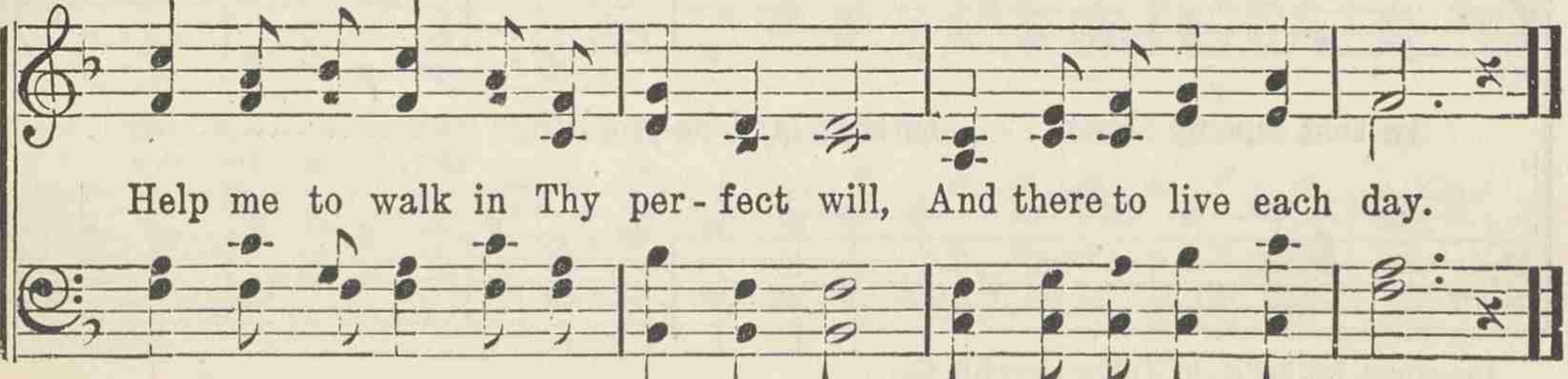


Bid ev-'ry e - vil thing de - part, Lead me in Thine own way.
 Then shall I keep from sin, O Lord, Nev - er from Thee de - part.
 Thy Spir-it, Lord, to me im - part, Thy law in me ful - fill.

Chorus.



Teach me to do Thy will, O Lord, Teach me to know Thy way;



Help me to walk in Thy per - fect will, And there to live each day.

The Home of the Endless Years.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21 : 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Tho' bur-dens heav-y we here must bear, And the eyes are made dim with
 2. In toil-some ef-fort in faith we sow, But we see nought of gold-en
 3. The toil will cease and the pain be o'er, And the mourning will turn to

tears, There'll be nought of sor-row o-ver there In the home of the
 grain; Let us not grow faint, nor e'er lose heart, There it all will to
 praise; There the King we'll serve for ev-er-more, Share His love thro' un-

Chorus.

end-less years.
 us be plain.
 end-ing days. } In that bet-ter land, In that sun-ny land,

In that Ed-en land by and by;..... In that bet-ter land,
 by, by and by;

In that sun-ny land, In that land be-yond the sky.....
 sky, beyond the sky.

102 It Comes O'er my Soul Like a Wave.

"Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."—Is. 48:18.

Anon.

CHAS. C. ACKLEY. Cho. arr.



1. Like the billows of an O - cean, Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
 2. Ah, those barriers that had hin - dered Christ and me from be-ing one;
 3. Grand-ly rolling o'er the re - gion, Where was once but pain and woe;





Comes the Spirit of my Sav - iour, Grand-ly roll-ing o - ver me.
 When this wave came o'er me sweeping, Christ was left and they were gone.
 Are the waves of love's pure o - cean, Which in ceaseless rapture flow.



Rit......



Chorus.



Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave, The pow'r of His won-der-ful might;



Rit......



He has tak - en my sins all a - way, He's turned all my darkness to light.



Love Won my Heart.

"The love of Christ constraineth us; **** that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them."—II Cor. 5: 14, 15.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.



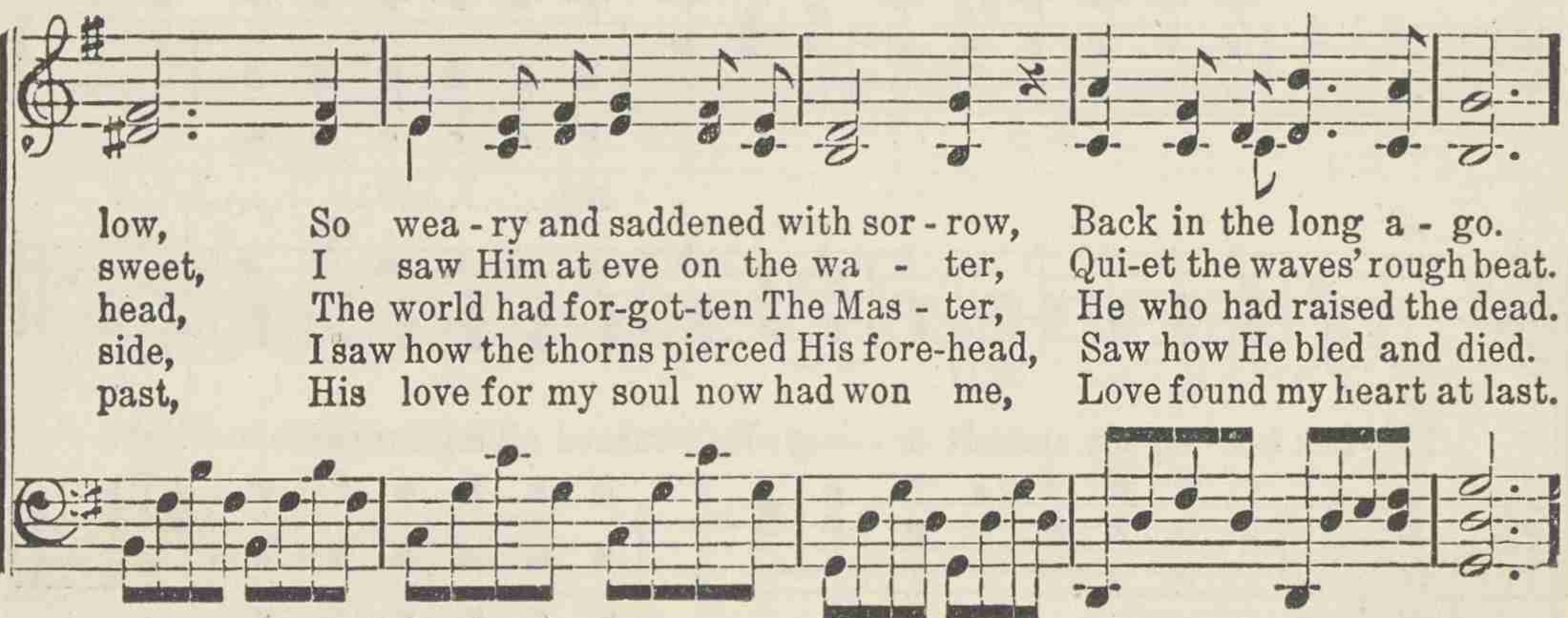
1. I wandered in tho't and in fan - cy, O - ver the o - cean
 2. I saw Him at morn in the tem - ple, Teaching the Bless-ed
 3. I saw how He healed their dis-eas - es, Sooth-ing a - way all
 4. I watched as He prayed in the gar - den,— Oh, how my heart was
 5. I found that at last He must con - quer, I could no long - er



blue, A - way where the O - ri-ent sun - light Drinks up the morning
 Word, Where thousands were gathered around Him, Ea - ger to hear the
 tears, And rais-ing to life man-y dear ones, Giv - ing a - gain lost
 stirred, I saw Him accused at the judge - ment, An - swer-ing not a
 rove, I threw down my arms of re - bel - lion, Flew to His arms of



dew; I walked o-ver paths where my Sav - iour Trod when He dwelt here be-
 Lord; I saw Him at noon at the foun - tain, Tell - ing the sto - ry so
 years; I saw Him at night in the des - ert, No place to pil - low His
 word; I saw on the cross how they nailed Him, Thrusting the spear in His
 love; I saw that for me He had suf - fered, Died to redeem my dark



low, So wea - ry and saddened with sor - row, Back in the long a - go.
 sweet, I saw Him at eve on the wa - ter, Qui-et the waves' rough beat.
 head, The world had for-got-ten The Mas - ter, He who had raised the dead.
 side, I saw how the thorns pierced His fore-head, Saw how He bled and died.
 past, His love for my soul now had won me, Love found my heart at last.

Love Won My Heart.

Chorus.

O Sav-iour, Thy love is un-meas-ured, Love that forgives my dark past ;

That love in my life now is treas-ured, Love won my heart at last.

107

Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

"With my song will I praise him."—Psalm 28: 7.

CHARLES WESLEY.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. Oh, for a thous-and tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise!
2. Je - sus! the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor-rows cease;
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace,
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vail'd for me,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vail'd for me.

Face to Face.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—I. Cor. 13: 12.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.



- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, | Face to face—what will it be? |
| 2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him, | With the dark-ling veil be-tween, |
| 3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, | When are banished grief and pain; |
| 4. Face to face! oh, blissful mo - ment! | Face to face—to see and know; |



When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



Chorus.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



FLORA KIRKLAND.

Isa. 40 : 31.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. There's a prom-ise hid in the word of God, 'Tis more pre-cious far than gold,
 2. To the moun-tain-top of communion sweet, We may rise on faith's glad wings;
 3. You, whose ea-ger feet can so swift-ly run, On the Mas-ter's serv-ice bent,
 4. Oh, ye wea-ry ones on the path of life, He hath blessing rich for you;

It pro-vid-eth strength for the stress of life; Storms may rage and winds blow cold,
 There are val-leys dark, if we walk a-lone, Where the day no bright-ness brings,
 He is rest-ing you, He is bless-ing you; Human strength would soon be spent,
 Ye shall walk with Him and ye shall "not faint," Hark! the promise ring-eth true!

Chorus.

SOP. AND ALTO.

But they that wait up - on the Lord Shall re - new their strength, They shall

mount up with wings as ea - gles, They shall mount up with wings as ea - gles,

ALL VOICES.

rit.

They shall run and not be wea - ry, They shall walk and not faint.

"The heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord."—Ps. 89: 5.

Anon.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a-dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels in the height!
 2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious, Nev-er shall His promise fail;
 3. Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, bless-ing, Lord, we of-fer un-to Thee;

Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
 God hath made His saints vic-to-rious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
 Young and old Thy praise ex-press-ing, In glad hom-age bend the knee.

Praise the Lord for He hath spo-ken; Worlds His mighty voice o-beyed!
 Praise the God of our sal-va-tion; Hosts on high His pow'r proclaim!
 All the saints in heav'n a-dore Thee, We would bow be-fore Thy throne;

Laws which nev-er shall be bro-ken, For their guidance hath He made.
 Heav'n and earth and all cre-a-tion, Laud and mag-ni-fy His name!
 As Thine an-gels serve be-fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done.

* Refrain.

We will a-dore Him and His prais-es sing, Glad-ly we

* Teach melody of chorus before playing upper part on the instrument. If desired Sopranos may hum or sing the upper part. If hummed sing a sustained tone for each two measures.

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All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.

hail Him as our Lord and King, Tell out the sto - ry

of His dy - ing love, Price-less re-demp-tion 'tis the gift of God a - bove.

133

The Promised So to Do.

W. E. M.

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

1. Life's journey is a con-flict, Yes, all its passage through; But Jesus stands to
2. When Satan's hosts as-sail me, As they I know will do, The Lord will raise His
3. Tho' faint, and worn, and weary, I'll still my way pur-sue; He'll help me in my
4. Some day, if I am faithful And serve Him well and true, He'll share with me His

Chorus.

help me; He prom-ised so to do.	}	He prom-ised so to do, His
stand - ard; He prom-ised so to do.		
weak - ness; He prom-ised so to do.		
glo - ry; He prom-ised so to do.		

prom - is - es are true; He with His grace will help me, He promised so to do.

If He Abide With Me.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. "Abide in me and I in you."—Jno. 15 : 4. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET.

1. My days with sunshine shall be fraught, My sor-row, joy shall be,
 2. No e-vil ev-er shall be-fall, No bur-dens heav-y be,
 3. If shad-ows make my pathway dim, I shall not need to see;
 4. My storms are calm at His be-hest, Who spoke to Gal-i-lee,
 5. No pow'rs of life or death can harm, All grief and dan-gers flee,

And thorn-y w's shall seem as naught, If Christ a-bide with me.
 For Christ will glad-ly take them all If He a-bide with me.
 But sweet-ly trust my way with Him Who will a-bide with me.
 And fears sha- nev-er rob my rest, If Christ a-bide with me.
 If I but trust in Christ's strong arm, And He a-bide with me.

Chorus.

I shall be safe - - - ly kept from sin..... My life be
 I shall be safe - ly, safe-ly kept from sin,

glad..... and free;..... For I shall have..... sweet peace with-
 Each moment glad and free, yes glad and free; For I shall have sweet

in..... If Christ a-bide..... with me.....
 peace, sweet peace within If Christ a-bide with me, a-bide with me.

W. A. P.

"He loved them unto the end."—Jno. 13:1.

W. A. Post.



1. Dear Sav-iour, may I ev-er be So near Thy bleeding side
2. What tho' my pathway seems obscure, And fear my portion be;
3. O, may I ev-er humbly sit, A learn-er at Thy feet;
4. What sweet com-pan-ion-ship be-low, My Sav-iour and His child,
5. And when I reach the riv-er's bank And Death's cold shadows come,



That I may feel Thy ten-der love, And Thou in me a-bide.
 O, Sav-iour, lead me by the hand, And soon Thy light I'll see.
 Teach me Thy will and precepts, Lord, Commands which love makes sweet.
 How safe from all the storms that beat, And tempests dark and wild.
 Thy ten-der voice will greet Thy child, And bid me welcome home.

welcome home.

**Chorus.**

Blessed Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, May I ev-er feel Thy love;



Blessed Mas-ter, gen-tle Shepherd, Guide me to my home a-bove. a-bove.



E. E. HEWITT.

"Never man spake like this man."—John 7: 46.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Beau - ti - ful words of Je - sus, Spo - ken so long a - go,
 2. Beau - ti - ful words of Je - sus, Cheer - ing us, day by day;
 3. Beau - ti - ful words of Je - sus, To - kens of end - less rest,



Yet, as we sing them o - ver, Dear - er to us they grow,
 Throwing a gleam of sun - shine, O - ver a cloud - y way;
 When, by and by, we en - ter In - to His pres - ence blest;

Duet, Ladies' Voices.



Call - ing the heav - y - la - den, Call - ing to hearts op - pressed,
 Cast - ing on Him the bur - den We are too weak to bear,
 There shall we see His beau - ty, Meet with him face to face,

All Voices.



"Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, Come, I will give you rest."
 He will give grace suf - fi - cient, He will re - gard our pray'r.
 There shall we sing His glo - ry, Prais - ing His matchless grace.

Chorus.



Hear the call..... of His voice so sweet;.....

Beautiful Words of Jesus.

Bring your load..... to the Sav - iour's feet;.....

Lean your heart..... on His lov - ing breast,.....

Come, O come and He will give you rest.....

137

When I Survey.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

(ROCKINGHAM, OLD. L. M.)

EDWARD MILLER.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

He Did Not Die in Vain.

DUET FOR MEZZO SOP. AND TENOR OR UNISON CHORUS THROUGHOUT.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

With expression.

1. My blessed Lord was cru-ci-fied—The day was dark—and grief was
 2. He brings His great sal-va-tion nigh, And on His love bids us re-
 3. O, wond'rous news of life and love! That Je-sus lives and reigns a-

wide— For hope was crushed and all seemed vain, Un-
 ly; He bought our peace thro' grief and pain; But
 bove! He made the path to glo-ry plain; Ah,

CHORUS.

til that Sav-ior rose a-gain.
 oh! He did not die in vain! Ring out the bless-ed news a-
 no! He did not die in vain.

He Did Not Die in Vain.

gain. ! Oh! bear a - loft the strain; The might-y

cres.
Lord is ris'n in pow'r— He died, but not in vain!

139

I'll Live For Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
4. O, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

Chorus.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!*

D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

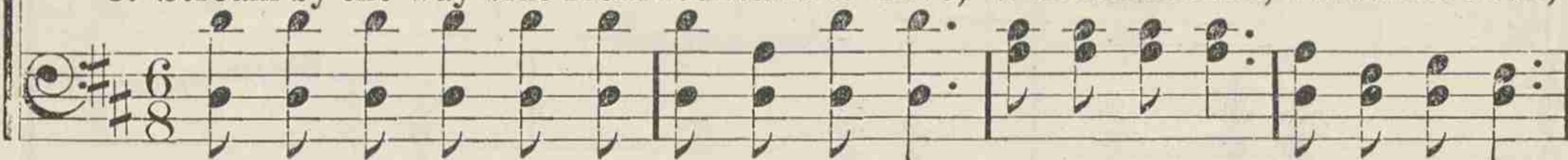
"Thy word is a lamp to my feet."—Ps. 119: 105.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. Word of the Fa-ther, O light from on high, Wonderful book, wonderful book,
2. Bread for our souls such a boun-ti-ful store, Wonderful book, wonderful book,
3. Stream by the way-side from fountains a-bove, Wonderful book, wonderful book,



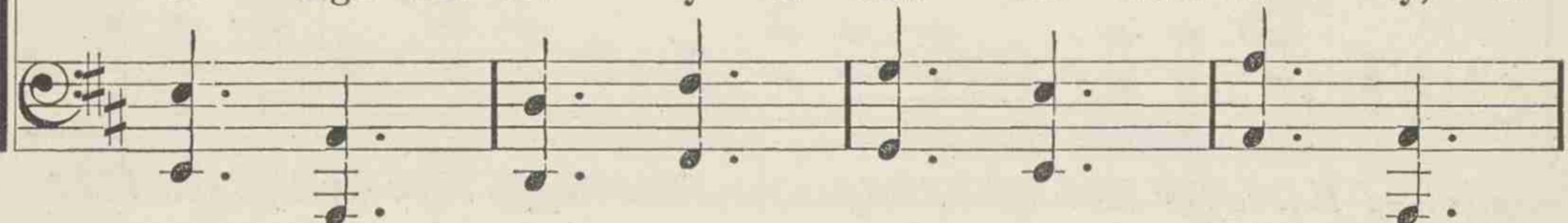
Guide to our glo-ri-ous home in the sky, Won-der-ful book of life.
 Feast-ing on thee we shall hun-ger no more, Won-der-ful book of life.
 Bath-ing our spir-its in in-fi-nite love, Won-der-ful book of life.

**Chorus. Unison.**

Won - der - ful book,..... Glo - ri - ous book,.....



To high and low - ly A treas - ure most ho - ly, A



jew - el most rare,..... Balm for all care,.....



Wonderful Book.

Gift of the Fa - ther— Won-der-ful book of life.

141

Praise His Name.

C. H. G.

"With my song will I praise him."—Ps. 28: 7. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All the way my Lord is lead-ing me; Praise His name, praise His name!
2. When I faint, His grace up-hold-eth me; Praise His name, praise His name!
3. Cares of life have o-ver-tak-en me; Praise His name, praise His name!

With His heav'n-ly man-na feed-ing me; Praise His ho-ly name.
When I fear, His arms en-fold-eth me; Praise His ho-ly name.
Yet He nev-er has for-sak-en me; Praise His ho-ly name.

Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah! This is my song, Je-sus, Je-sus, the whole day long;

Swell the cho-rus, might-y and strong, Praise His ho-ly name.

Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

"Nailing it to His cross."—Col. 2: 14.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a
 2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He
 3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev-er de-part—I will

soul so un-worth-y might live, And the path to the cross He was
 cleans-es my heart of the dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
 joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

Refrain.

will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to forgive.
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. } They are nail'd to the cross,
 song in my heart, That my sins have been ta-ken a-way.

They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what

anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

What Shall Thy Reaping Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

Rev. GEO. F. HOPKINS, A. M.

W. A. POST.

Andante, with expression.



1. Aft - er the sowing of sin is all done, Aft - er the glo - ry of
2. Aft - er the pleasures of sin are all past, Aft - er the wealth of the
3. Come to the Savior of sinners, come home! Why will you longer so
4. Cease from thy waywardness, Jesus invites, List to the Bride who with



earth has been won, Aft - er the sands of thy life have all run, Oh,
world is amassed, When the death an-gel you face at the last, Oh,
aimless - ly roam? While He is pleading, O wan - der - er, come, The
plead-ing u-nites, While the blest Spirit to prayer now in-cites, The



REFRAIN.



- 1, 2. what shall thy reap - ing be? Sow - ing, sow - ing, Sow-ing in
- 3, 4. Mas - ter is waiting for thee. Come home, come home, Like as a



Satan's might; Reap-ing, reap-ing, Reaping e - ter - nal night.
wea - ry dove, Come home, come home, Un-to thy Father's love.



"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31 : 3.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

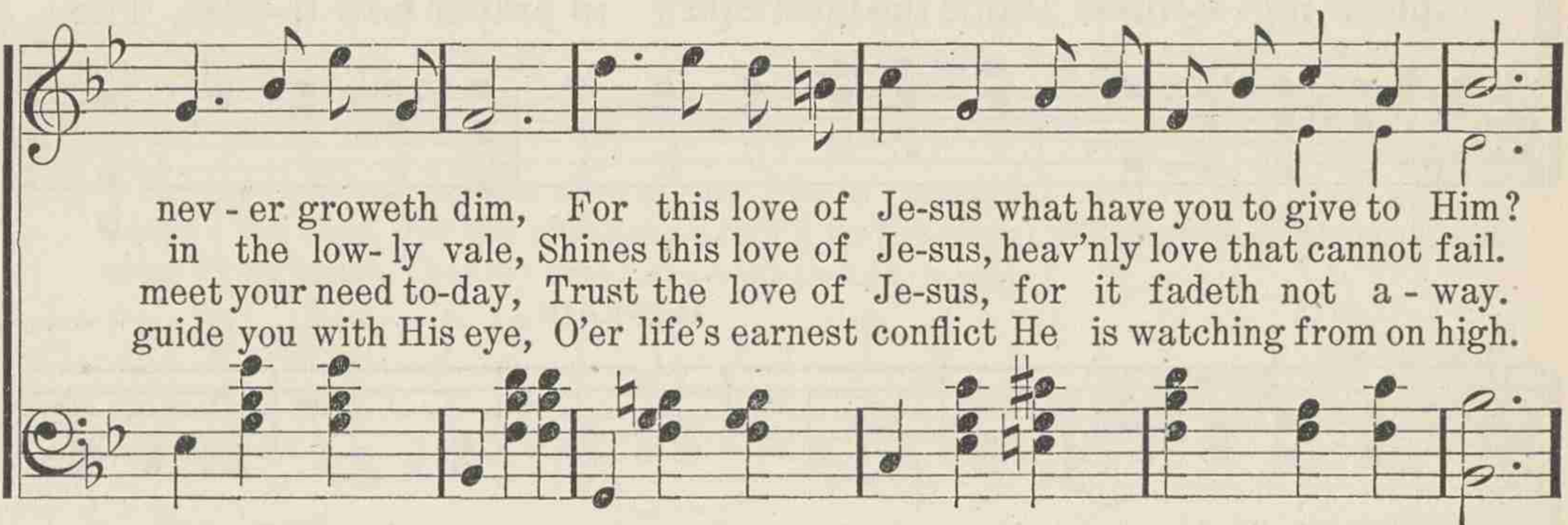
I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Love that passeth knowledge, hath Christ the Lord for you, Love that sought and
 2. Out up - on the prai - rie, and on the bounding sea, Thro' the pathless
 3. He will share your burdens, O come, as long a - go, Wea - ry ones came
 4. He will nev - er leave you, oh, trust His lov - ing care! In the time of



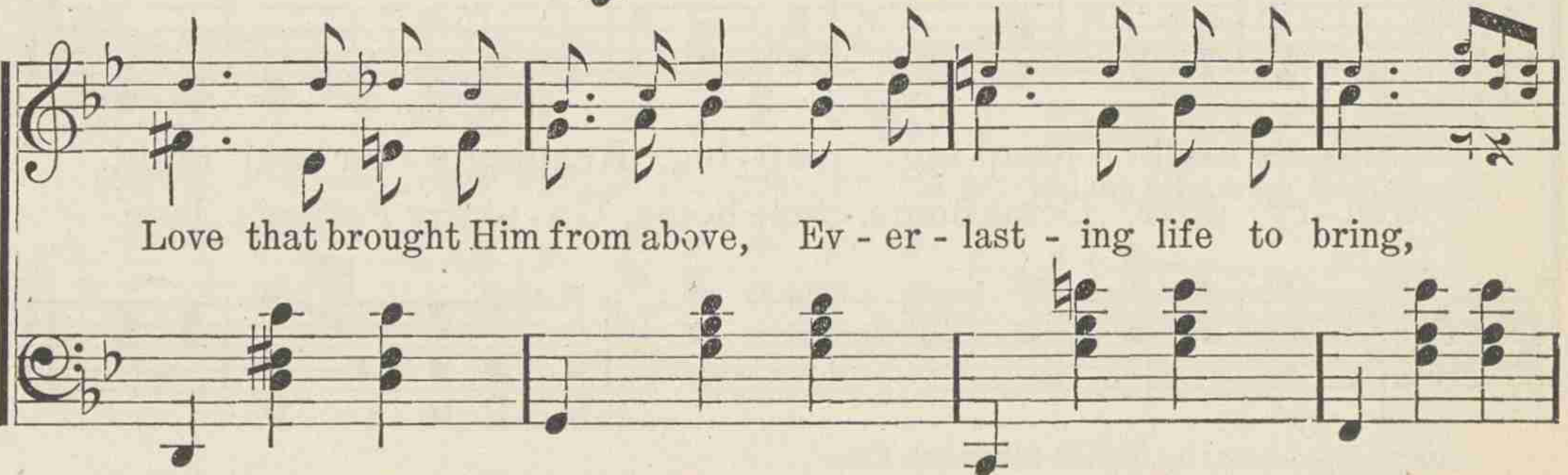
found you and paid the ran - som due, Love that nev - er fail - eth and
 for - est, where deep - est shad - ows be, On the high - est mountain and
 oft - en, His grace and help to know. He the Bur - den - bear - er will
 tem - pest to Him in faith re - pair, He will safe - ly guide you, will



nev - er groweth dim, For this love of Je - sus what have you to give to Him?
 in the low - ly vale, Shines this love of Je - sus, heav'nly love that cannot fail.
 meet your need to - day, Trust the love of Je - sus, for it fadeth not a - way.
 guide you with His eye, O'er life's earnest conflict He is watching from on high.

Chorus.


Love that pass - eth knowledge, The love of Christ our King!



Love that brought Him from above, Ev - er - last - ing life to bring,

Love that Passeth Knowledge.

Love that pass-eth knowledge, The love of Christ our King!

Heart and voice u-nit-ing, Let your grate-ful prais-es ring.

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Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

PILOT. 7s. 6 l.

JOHN E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uons sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar

D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—Wond'rous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D.C.

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

Blessed Surrender.

"They forsook all and followed him."—Luke 5 : 11.

E. E. HEWITT.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Bless-ed sur - ren - der; life's lit - tle all, Yielding to Je - sus,
 2. Bless-ed sur - ren - der; pleas-ure and pain, Left to His choosing,
 3. Bless-ed sur - ren - der; though weak and frail, Yet shall His mer-cies,

hear-ing His call, As once it sounded o - ver the sea, Call-ing the
 loss shall be gain; Love ev - er - lasting, wis-dom and pow'r, Guiding my
 nev - er more fail; Wondrous sal - vation! grace that ex-ceeds All hu-man

Chorus. *Quicker.*

fish - ers, "Come un - to me."
 footsteps, bless-ing each hour. } Bless - ed sur - ren - der, so hap - py, so free,
 ask - ing, all mortals needs.

When Christ the Sav-iour is call-ing to me; Glo - ry, all glo - ry, I

walk not a - lone; Je - sus will keep me for - ev - er His own.

Forward!

"And, behold, God himself is with us for our Captain."—II. Chron. 13:12.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Animato.



1. Christ, our might-y Cap-tain, leads against the foe; We will nev-er falt-er
2. Sa - tan's fear-ful onslaughts cannot make us yield, While we trust in Christ, our
3. Let our glorious ban - ner ev - er be unfurled—From its mighty stronghold
4. Fierce the bat-tle ra - ges, but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant—shall we



when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous purpose we may nev-er know
 Buck-ler and our Shield; Pressing ev - er on—the Spir-it's sword we wield,
 e - vil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty Captain, o - vercomes the world,
 join the blessed throng, Joy - ful-ly u - nit-ing in the vic-tor's song—



Chorus.



Yet we'll fol-low all the way.
 And we fol-low all the way.
 And we fol-low all the way.
 If we fol-low all the way. } Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,



Forward! forward! to the promised land; Forward! forward!



let the cho - rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

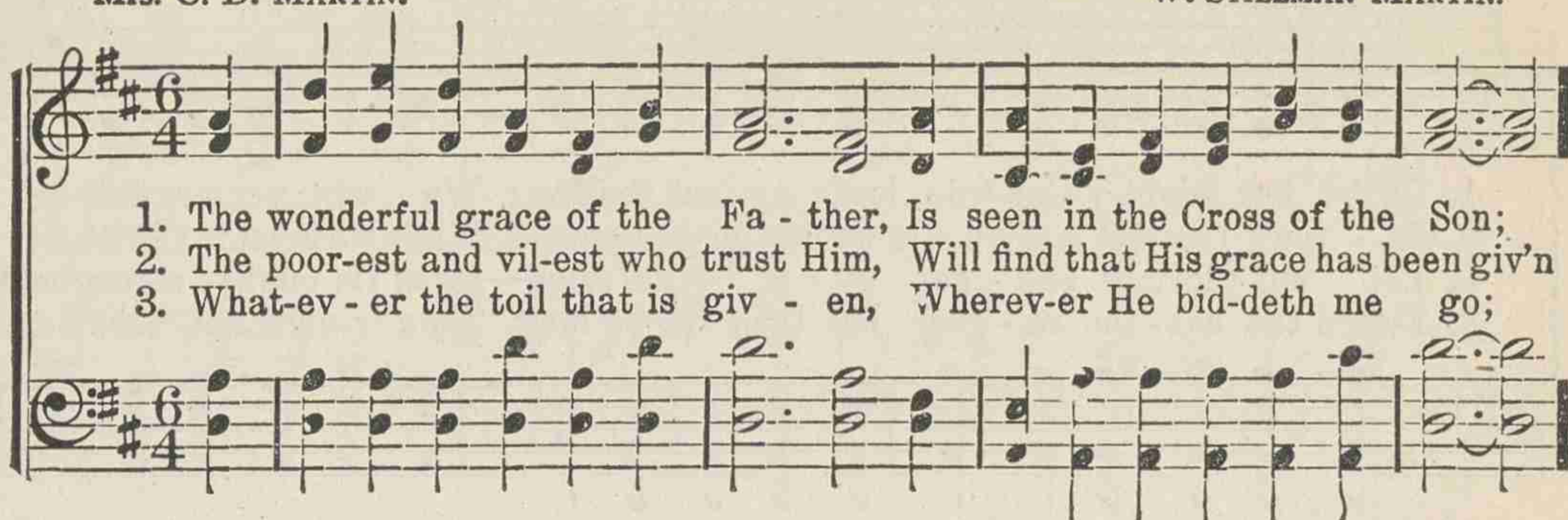


Never Failing Grace.

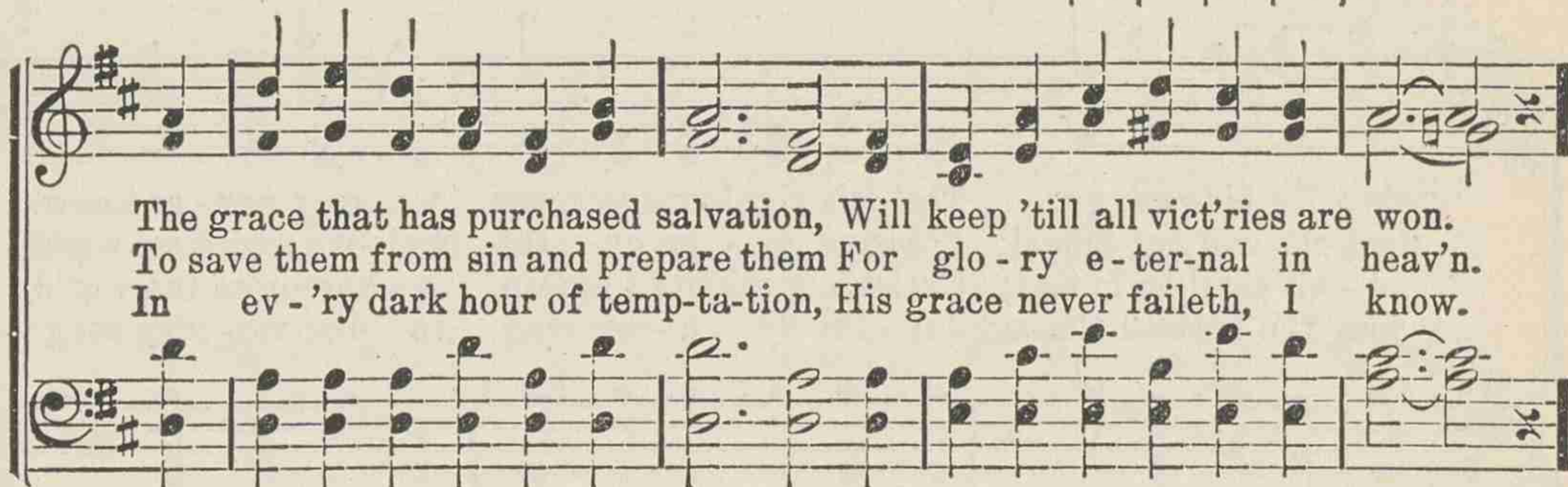
"It is God that girdeth me with strength."—Ps. 18 : 32.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. The wonderful grace of the Fa - ther, Is seen in the Cross of the Son;
 2. The poor-est and vil-est who trust Him, Will find that His grace has been giv'n
 3. What-ev - er the toil that is giv - en, Wherev-er He bid-deth me go;



The grace that has purchased salvation, Will keep 'till all vict'ries are won.
 To save them from sin and prepare them For glo - ry e - ter - nal in heav'n.
 In ev - 'ry dark hour of temp-ta-tion, His grace never faileth, I know.

Chorus.



Nev-er fail-ing grace, Nev-er fail-ing grace, Nev - - - er
 Never fail-ing grace,



fail-ing grace,..... Nev-er fail-ing grace, Nev-er failing
 Never fail-ing grace for me



grace, Nev-er fail - ing grace for me.....
 I see, There's grace enough for me.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. O to be more like Je - sus—Je - sus who died for me. This is my
2. O to be more like Je - sus—more of His like-ness bear; E'en tho' the
3. Yes, I would be like Je - sus—like Him in word and deed; Seek-ing some
4. Hear me, O bless-ed Sav - ior, an-swer my ear - nest plea, Help me to



heart's great longing, this is my ear-nest plea. Sim-ply to be like Je - sus—
world for-sake Him I would His burden share. Af-ter the pain and sor - row,
oth-er's comfort, fill - ing an-oth-er's need, Comforting those in sor-row—
be more humble, patient, and kind, like Thee. Help me to win the lost ones,



Pa-tient, and kind, and true; Fill'd with His love, sent from a - bove,
there shall be sweet re - lease, Then to a - bide close to His side,
heav - y in heart and sad, Then they would see Je - sus in me,
back to the nar - row way— Help me to prove, more of Thy love—



CHORUS.



Then I His works would do.
Ev - er to dwell in peace. } More, more like Jesus I would ev - er grow;
And He would make them glad.
Dwelling in Thee each day.



More of His love—con-stant-ly prove—More of His like - ness show.



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

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

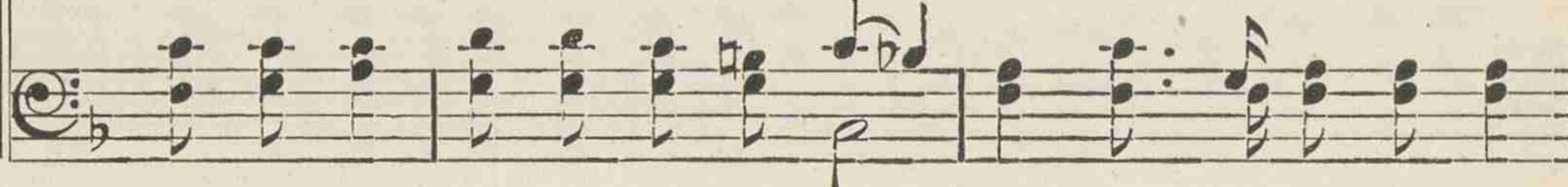
With vigor.



1. Take up the bat - tle cry all a - long the line; You shall gain the
 2. Truth's arm-or you can claim, faith will be your shield; Fighting on in
 3. Sol - diers, with courage go, go for - sak - ing all; Onward, then, to




vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry di - vine, With your com-man - der nigh,
 Je - sus' name, might-y pow'r you wield; Glo - ry for God your aim,
 meet the foe, soon the foe shall fall; Send might-y blow on blow—




foes in vain com-bine; Raise a - loft the ban - ner, let it bear the sign:
 naught can make you yield; Shout a - loud the tri - umph sure to be re - vealed:
 let no fear ap - pall; In the name of Je - sus, sound a - far the call:



Chorus.



"All the world for Je - sus," let the cho - rus ring;




"All the world for Je - sus," Crown Him King, "All the world for Je - sus,"



All the World for Jesus.

let the watchword be "Forward go in Je-sus' name to vic-to-ry."

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Draw A Little Nearer, Lord.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—Jas. 4 : 8.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. Low be-fore Thee fall-ing, Plead-ing by Thy word, Now up-on Thee
 2. May Thy rich-est bless-ing, Now on us be poured; As we come con-
 3. We are ver-y need-y, Let our cry be heard; Do Thy pleasure,

Chorus.

call-ing, Draw a lit-tle near-er, Lord.
 fess-ing, Draw a lit-tle near-er, Lord. } Draw a lit-tle near-er,
 on-ly Draw a lit-tle near-er, Lord.

Lord, Draw a lit-tle near-er, Lord;
 near-er, Lord, near-er, Lord;

Come down and fill us, Draw a lit-tle near-er, Lord.

Let Thy Faith Fail Not.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Christian soul, be not a-fraid, Let thy heart be un-dismayed;
 2. Tho' life's storms be fierce and wild, To God's will be re-conciled,
 3. Do thy prayers unanswered wait? Trust Him ear-ly, trust Him late,
 4. Do thy best the race to run, Then at last, when sets life's sun,

REFRAIN.

Christ, thy Lord, for thee hath pray'd That thy faith fail not. Let thy
 He will not de-sert His child, Let thy faith fail not.
 God will yet un-lock the gate, Let thy faith fail not.
 God will say to thee, "Well done," If thy faith fail not.

faith fail not, Let thy faith fail not,
 Let thy faith fail not, fail not, Let thy faith fail not, fail not,

All the way, Night or day, Let thy faith fail not.
 let thy faith, thy faith fail not.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. Would you be a vic - tor O - ver ev - 'ry foe, Con - quer ev - 'ry
 2. Ma - ny hearts are bro - ken—Oft an ach - ing breast Waits the mes - sage
 3. Would you be a bless - ing All a - long the way, Would you be pos -
 4. Would you have commun - ion With your Lord each day, Have a bless - ed

tri - al In this world be - low; O - ver - come temp - ta - tions That each
 spok - en That will give it rest; You perhaps can bring them Joy and
 sess - ing Per - fect love each day? Let the Ho - ly Spir - it O - ver -
 un - ion With Him all the way? Pray - ing without ceas - ing, Learning

day you meet? Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.
 peace com - plete, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.
 come de - feat, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.
 at His feet, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.

D.S.—*for you meet, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.*

CHORUS.

Keep in touch with Je - sus, Tho' the path be dim; Let no cloud or

shad - ow Sev - er you from Him. Joy or sor - row greet you, Friend or



1. See the light is shin - ing ! Lift, oh, lift your eyes ! Fair the prospect
 2. Joy - ous - ly tri - umph - ant Ov - er ev - 'ry foe ; Building for the
 3. Keep the temple ho - ly, For your heav' nly Guest ; Grieve not Him who



grow - eth, As by faith we rise ; Look to yon - der cit - y, Where the
 Mas - ter, Safe - ly, sure - ly go ; He, your la - bor watcheth, He your
 seals you, Bravely stand each test ; Christ your sure Foundation, Per - fect

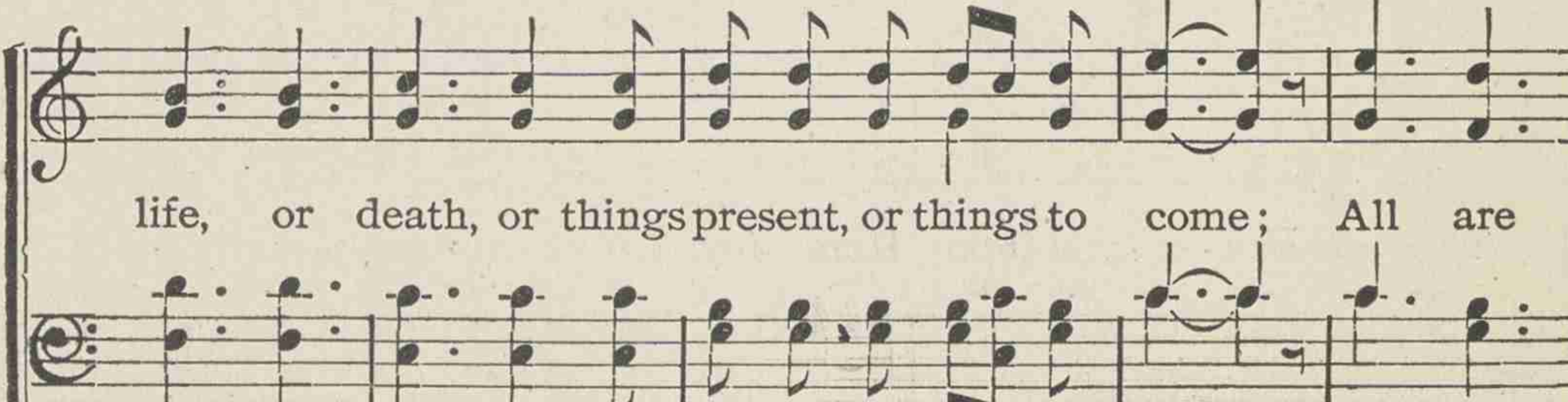


light en - dures, Praise the God of grace, For all things now are yours,
 rest se - cures ; Trust, rejoice and sing, For all things now are yours,
 strength insures, Build with hope and faith, For all things now are yours,

CHORUS.



Whether Paul, or A - pol - los, or Ce - phas, or the world ; Or



life, or death, or things present, or things to come ; All are

All Things are Yours.

yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is.... God's.
Christ, and Christ is

180

Give Your Heart to Jesus.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Don't you hear Him call-ing, Don't you hear Him call-ing, Don't you
2. Don't re - ject His pleading, Don't re - ject His pleading, Don't re -
3. O, ac - cept His mer - cy, O, ac - cept His mer - cy, O, ac -
4. He'll not turn you from Him, He'll not turn you from Him, He'll not
5. Come, in faith be - liev - ing, Come, in faith be - liev - ing, Come, in

CHORUS.

hear Him calling, Jesus waits to save.
ject His pleading, Jesus waits to save.
cept His mercy, Jesus waits to save. Give your heart to Jesus, Give your
turn you from Him, Jesus waits to save.
faith be-liev-ing, Jesus waits to save.

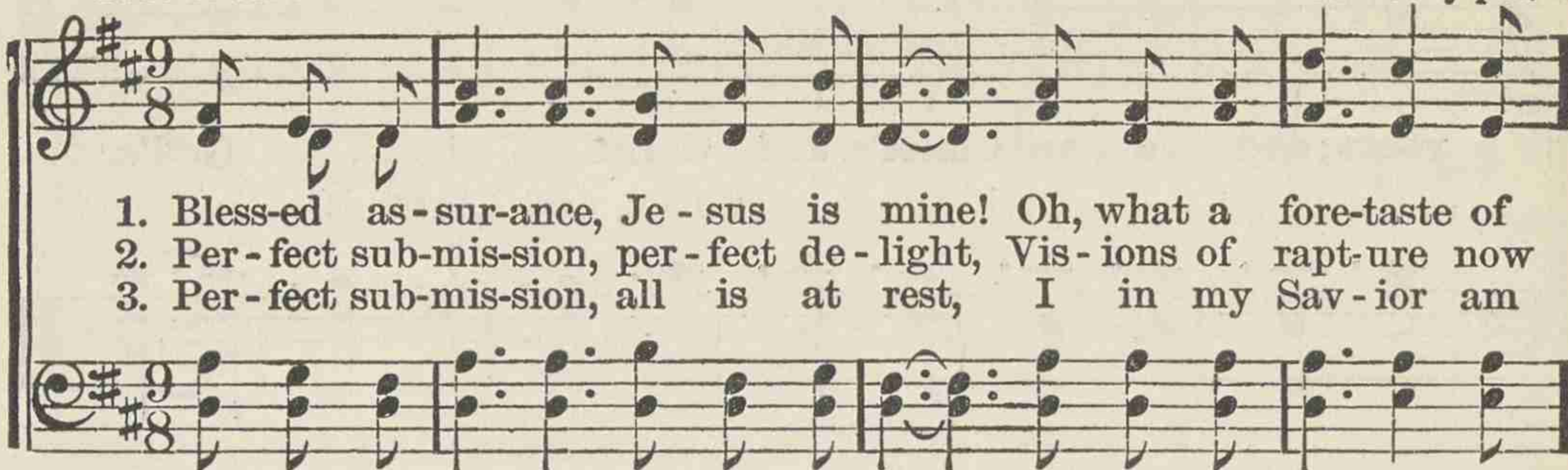
heart to Je-sus, Give your heart to Je-sus, For He waits to save.

Blessed Assurance.

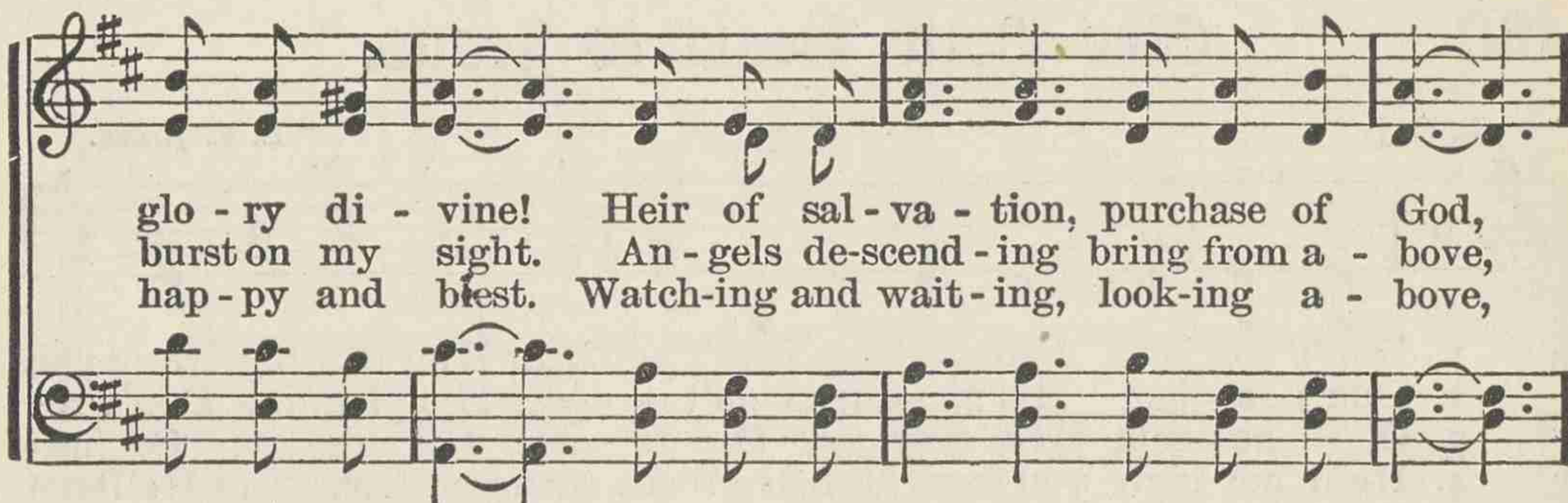
"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.



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



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

There's A Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There's a wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple. We should take Him at His word;



- There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



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Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

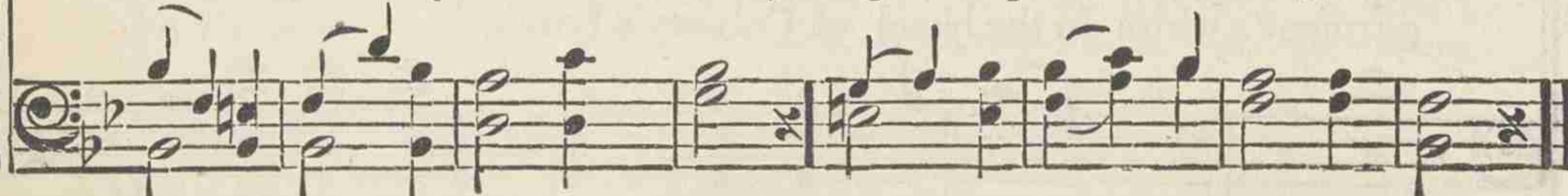
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



- Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
 Cast down ev'-ry i - dol - throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone.



Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am! thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve,

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

All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a-lone, Can change the
 3. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. } Je-sus paid it all,
 garment's white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb. }

All to Christ I Owe.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

201

What A Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

I Am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
 4. In Thy prom - i - ses I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied:
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

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

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

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

Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in

Come, Thou Almighty King.



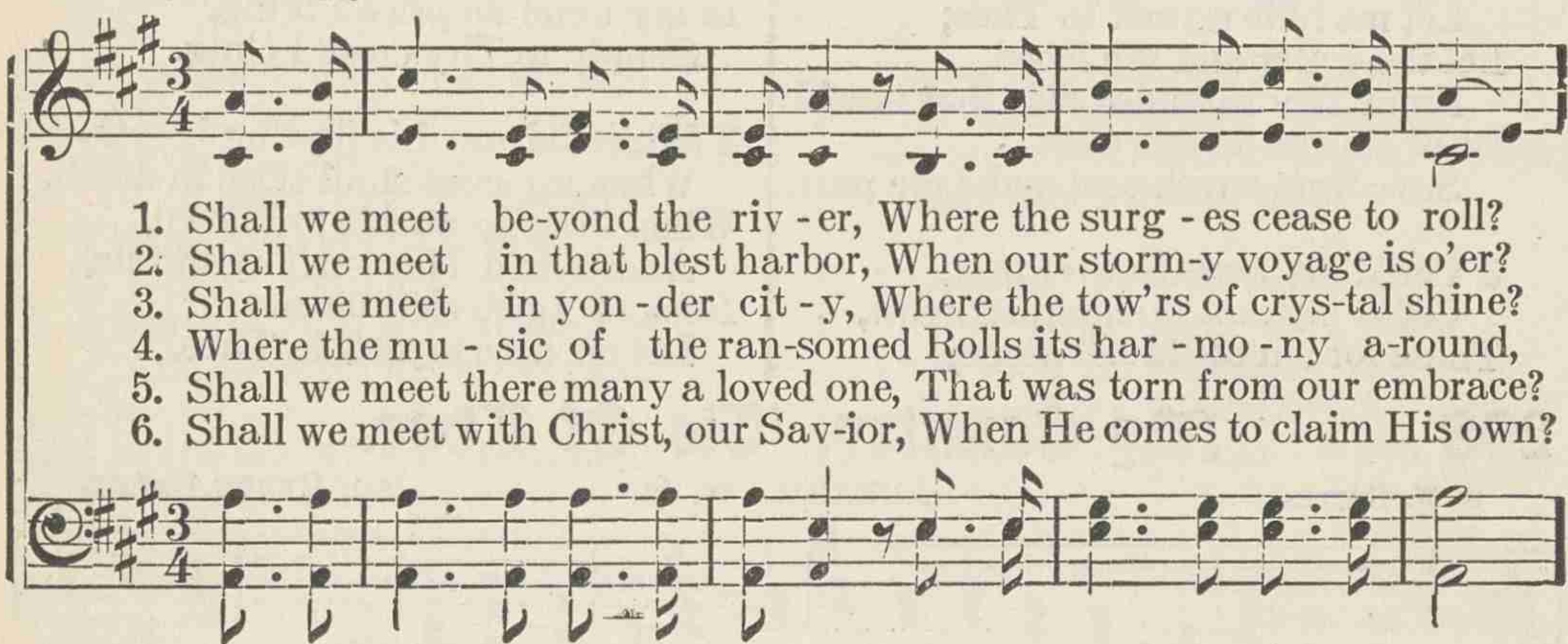
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

204

Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ran - sored Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
5. Shall we meet there many a loved one, That was torn from our embrace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav - ior, When He comes to claim His own?



FINE.

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet, me - lo - dious sound?
Shall we lis - ten to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D.S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?



CHORUS.

D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

TOPLADY. 7s, 6.

THOS. HASTINGS.



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

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;

Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

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

208

My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.



1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we 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 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our Father's 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!

I heard the Voice.

SPOHR. C. M. D.

ARR. FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

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 hath 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, and Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Prince of Peace.

ALETTA.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1 Prince of peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
 Hush my spirit into peace.
 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate of God:
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with Thee.

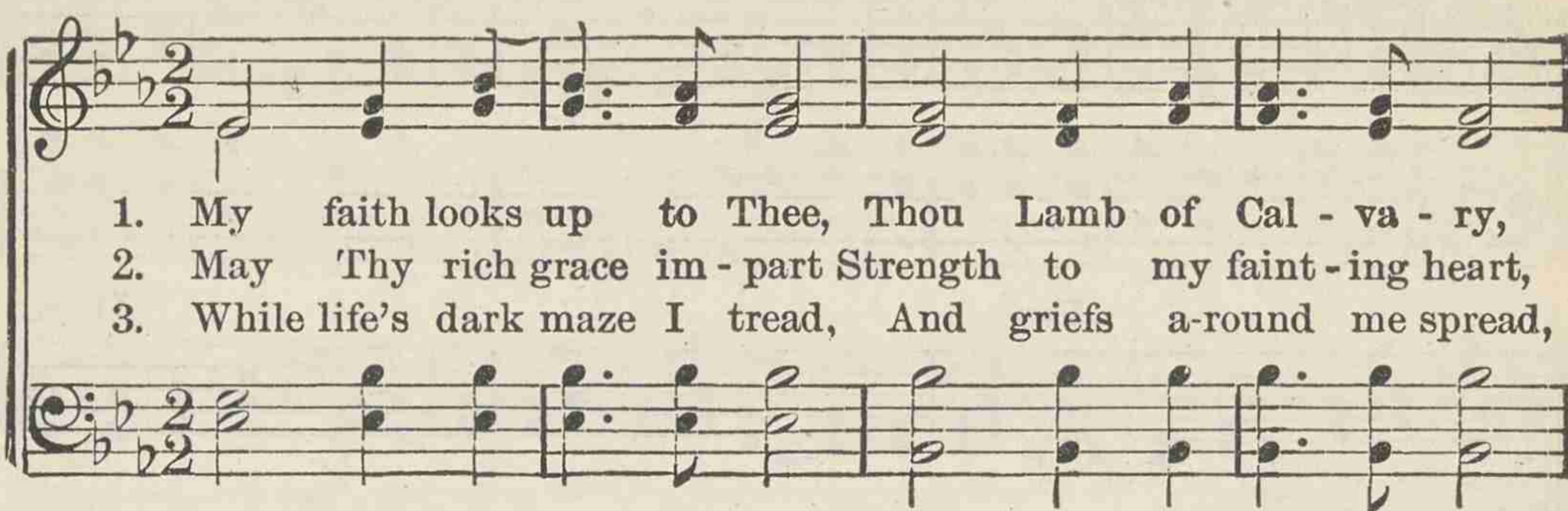
3 May Thy will, not mine be done;
 May Thy will and mine be one:
 Chase these doubtings from my heart;
 Now Thy perfect peace impart.
 4 Savior, at Thy feet I fall;
 Thou my Life, my God, my All!
 Let Thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with Thee!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

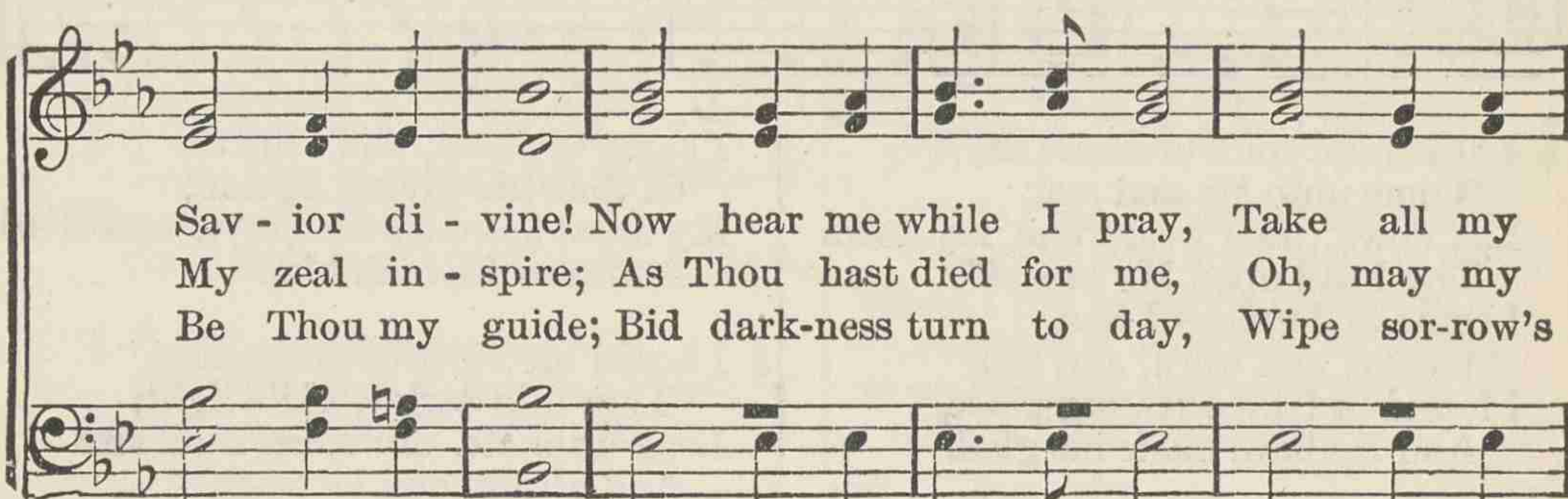
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.



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

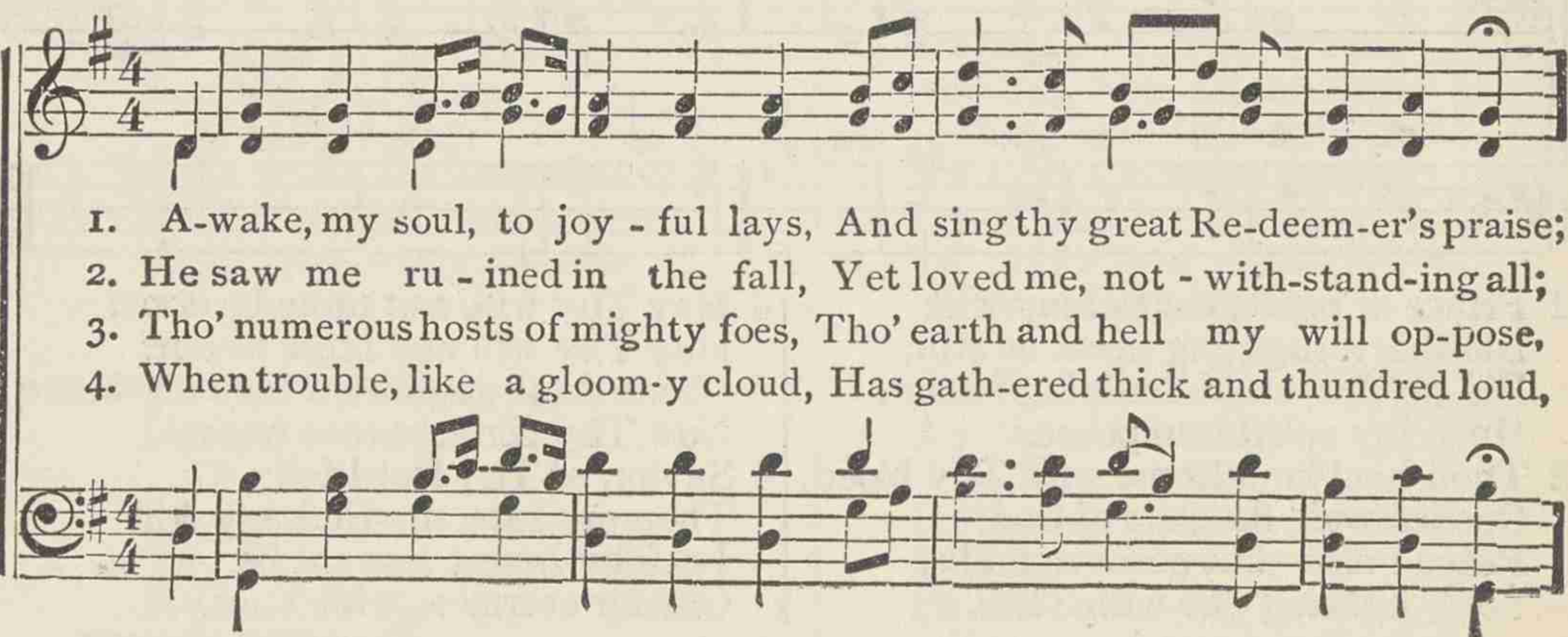


Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's



sins a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love for Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

Loving Kindness.

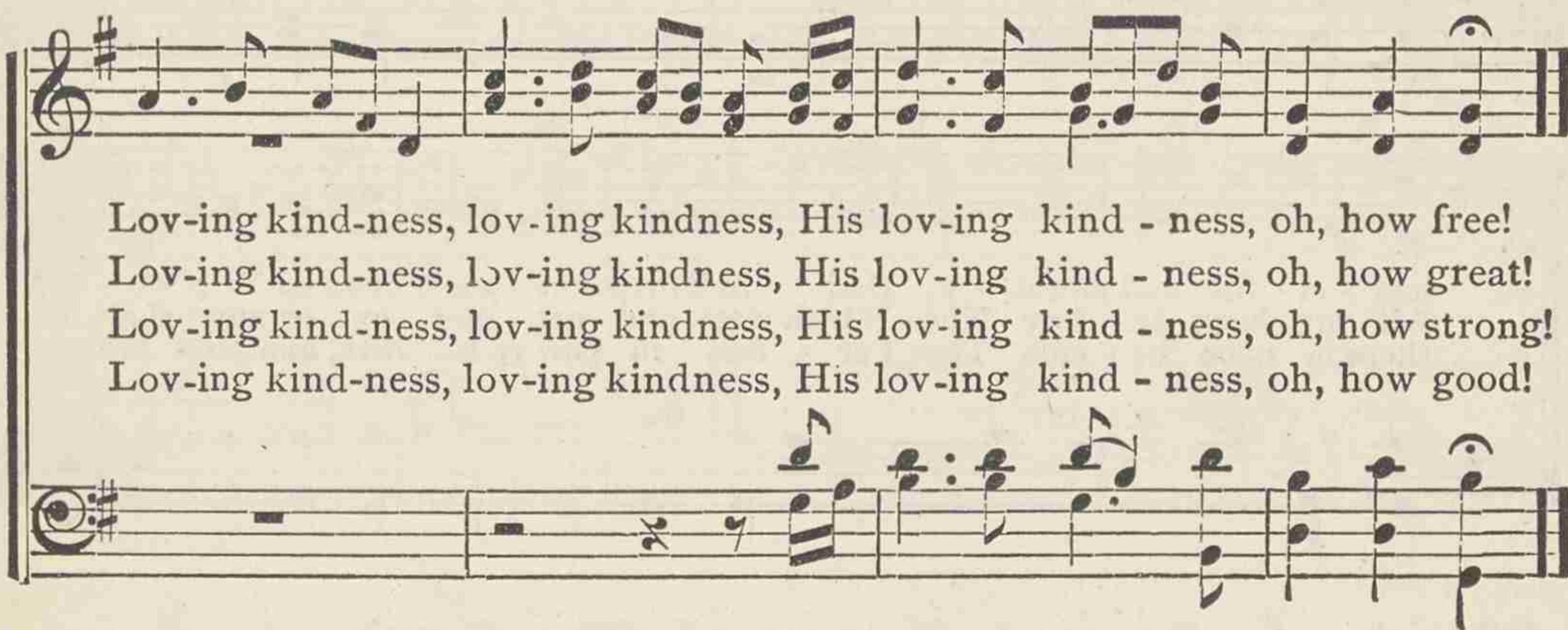


1. A-wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand-ing all;
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my will op-pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundred loud,

Loving Kindness.



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
 He saves me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how good!



Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, oh, how great!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, oh, how good!

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.



FINE. D. S.

215 Hasten Sinner.

- 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.

216 Take My Life.

- 1 Take my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord to Thee.
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my will and make it Thine,
 Let it be no longer mine.
- 3 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 Let it be Thy royal throne,
 Take my love, my Lord of power,
 At Thy feet its treasures store.

Dr. HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

C. WESLEY.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

D.C.

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

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

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

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

224 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

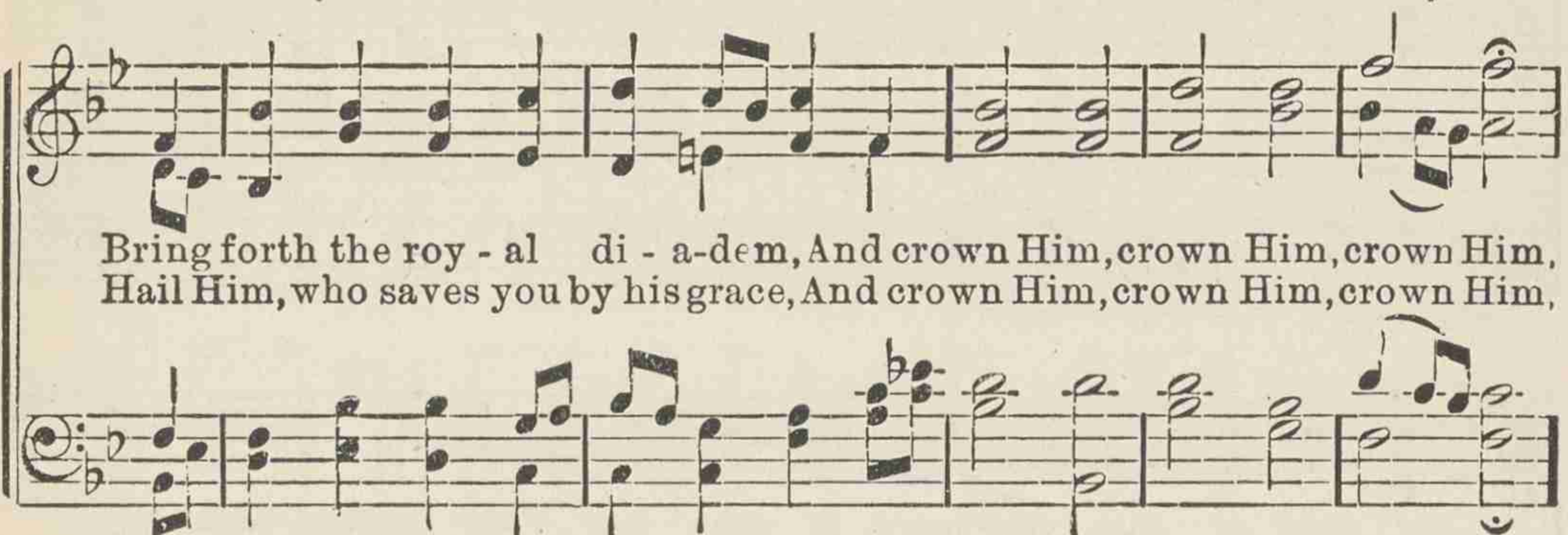
E. PERRONET.

MILES LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



crown Him Lord of all.
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.

225 The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

Hab. 2: 20.

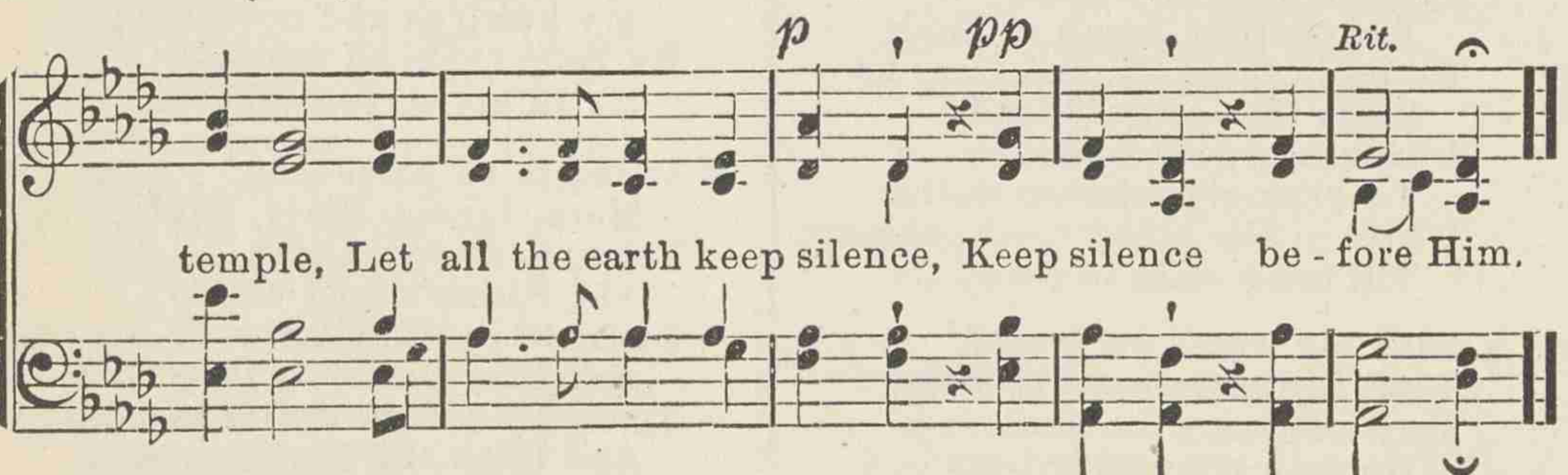
SENTENCE.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Reverently,



The Lord is in His ho - ly temple, The Lord is in His ho - ly



temple, Let all the earth keep silence, Keep silence be - fore Him.

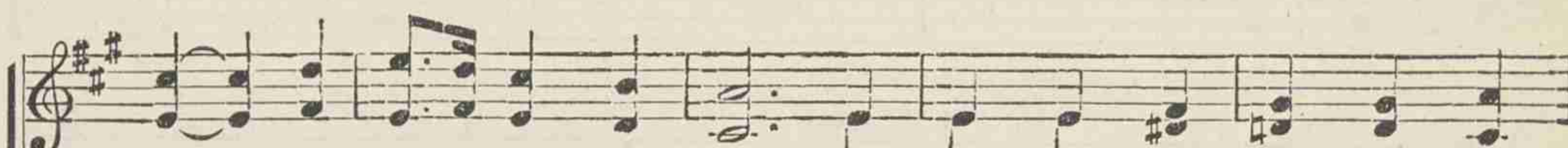
R. GRANT.

LYONS. 10s, 11s.

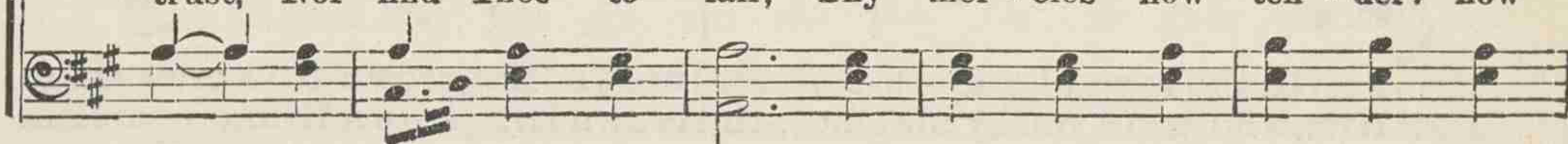
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, Nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how




An - cient of days, Pavilion'd in splen - dor, and gird-ed with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

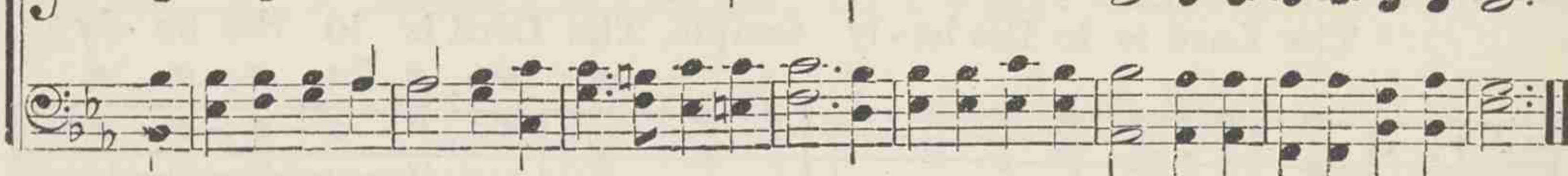


H. BONAR.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY



1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. } There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood [Omit.]

D.C.—And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood [Omit.]

2 FINE. D.C.
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
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.

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave, [tongue

Arlington. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

245 Am I a Soldier?

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

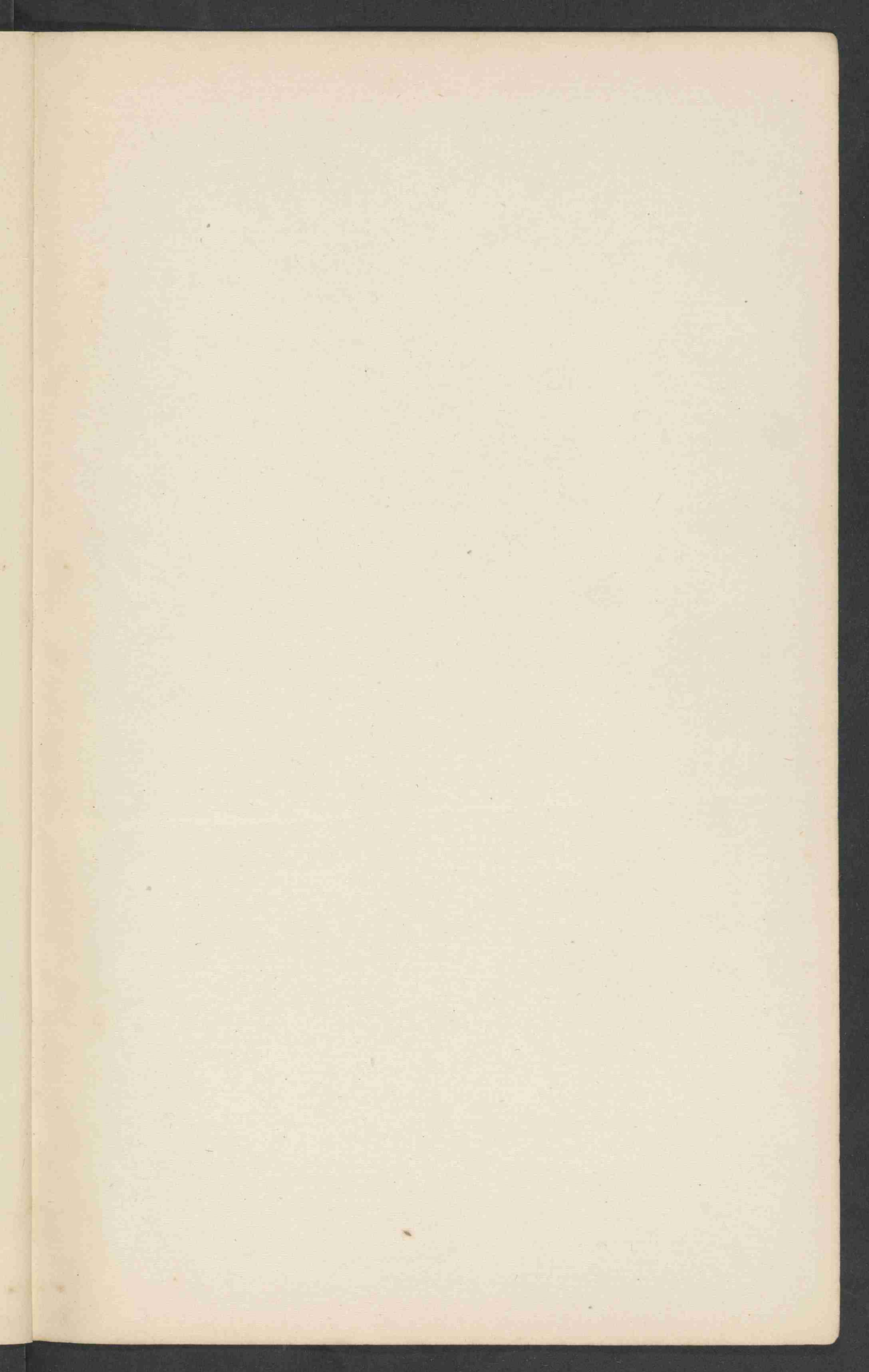
246 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

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B. B. Sept 1
W. S. Aug 25

B. F. Jan 1

