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Song Evangel

The Favorite New and Old Revival Melodies

FOR

Evangelistic

and Other

Religious Services

BY

W. H. DOANE, Mus. Doc.

PUBLISHED BY

W. P. HARVEY,

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

"Song Evangel" is a book of Gems. It has been prepared at the request of Christian workers for a collection of the choicest Gospel music, new and old, adapted to the needs of Revival and Evangelistic Meetings. It is replete with music which will be found a delight to sing. It contains nearly two hundred Songs and Hymns. The old and new favorites endeared to Christian hearts everywhere, with many of the latest and most popular Gospel Songs of the day.

The music is easy and flowing. The harmonies rich and graceful. The variety of subjects large. This collection, it is believed, will delight all who use it, and assist much in the praise of God in the service of Song.

Among the musical composers will be found:

Dr. W. H. Doane,
Dr. Lowell Mason,
Dr. Thomas Hastings,
Dr. J. B. Dykes,
W. B. Bradbury,
W. J. Kirkpartick,
George C. Stebbins,
Ira D. Sankey,
Robert Lowry,
Mrs. C. H. Morris,
P. P. Bilhorn
J. M. Black,
E. A. Hoffman,
H. P. Main,
and some forty others.

Among the Hymn writers will be found the names of:

Miss Fanny J. Crosby,
Mrs. E. Hewitt,
Miss Kate Hankey,
Ida Scott Taylor,
Lydia Baxter,
Rev. W. C. Martin,
Rev. E. A. Hoffman,
Rev. Jonathan Oatman,
Rev. D. B. Purinton,
Rev. Ray Palmer,
Rev. W. O. Cushing,
Rev. Charles Wesley,
Rev. Isaac Watts,
Rev. James Montgomery,
and some fifty others.

Special attention is called to Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 13, 14, 18, 21, 23, 24, 26 27, 28, 29, 32, 34, 37, 39, 40, 49, 50, 55, 59, 60, 66, 68, 70, 73, 75, 77, 79, 82, 84, 87, 93, 95, 96, 97, 104, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 118.

Every song is believed to be a gem.

With this announcement, and with the earnest prayer and hope that it may prove a help to those conducting Evangelistic Services, it is launched upon the great Sea of Song.

W. P. HARVEY,
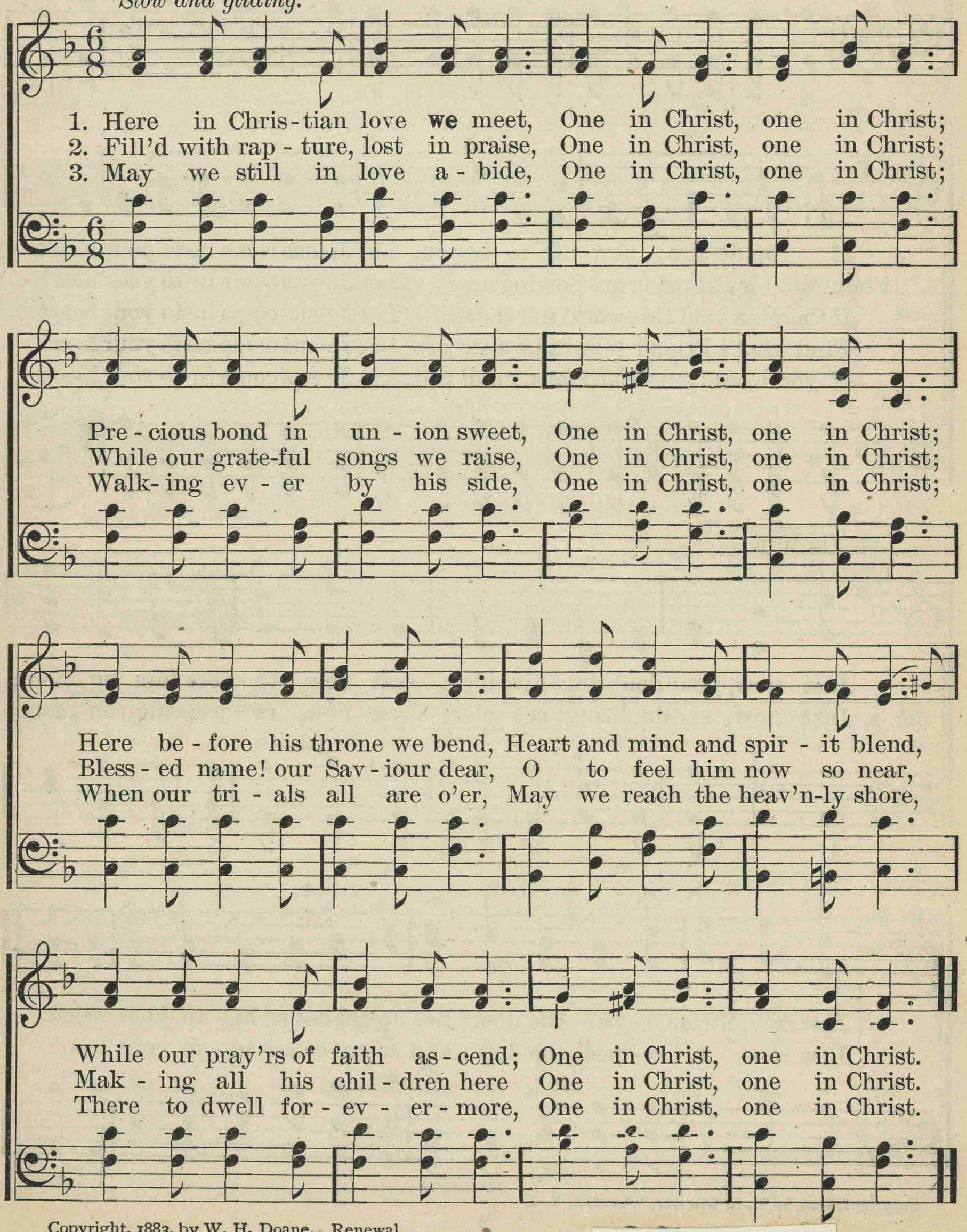
PUBLISHER.

Song Evangel.

No. 1. One in Christ.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slow and gliding.
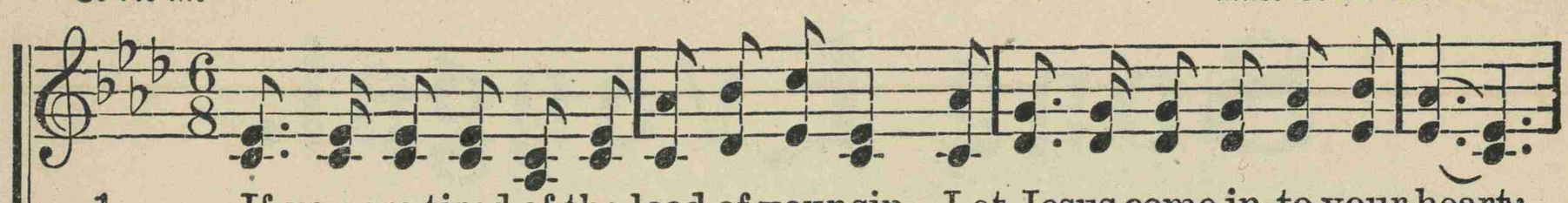


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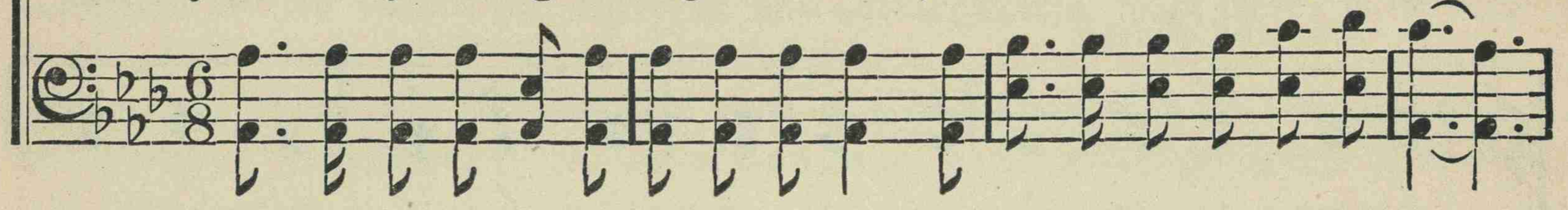
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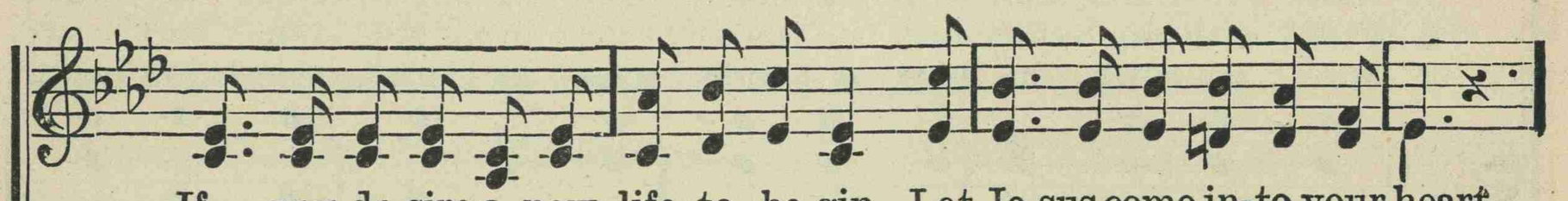
No. 2. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.
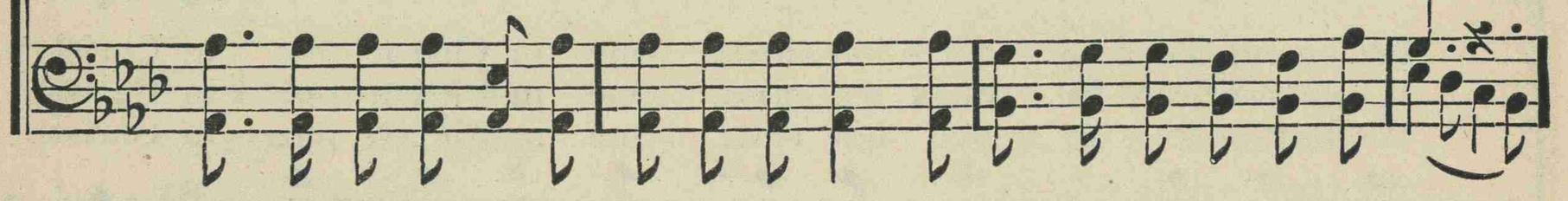


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-ity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songsof the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
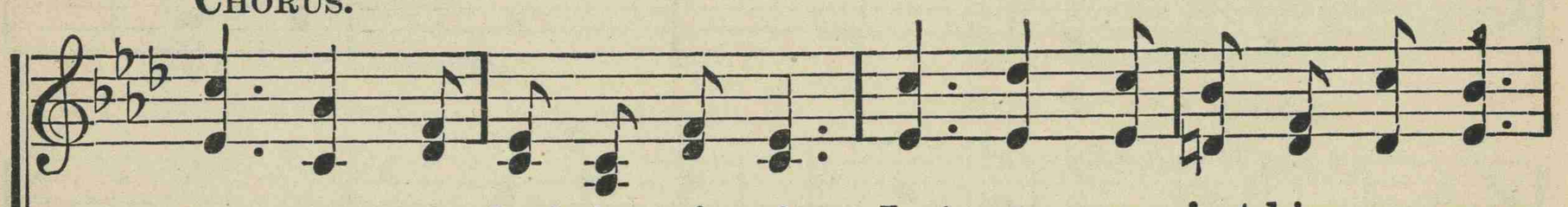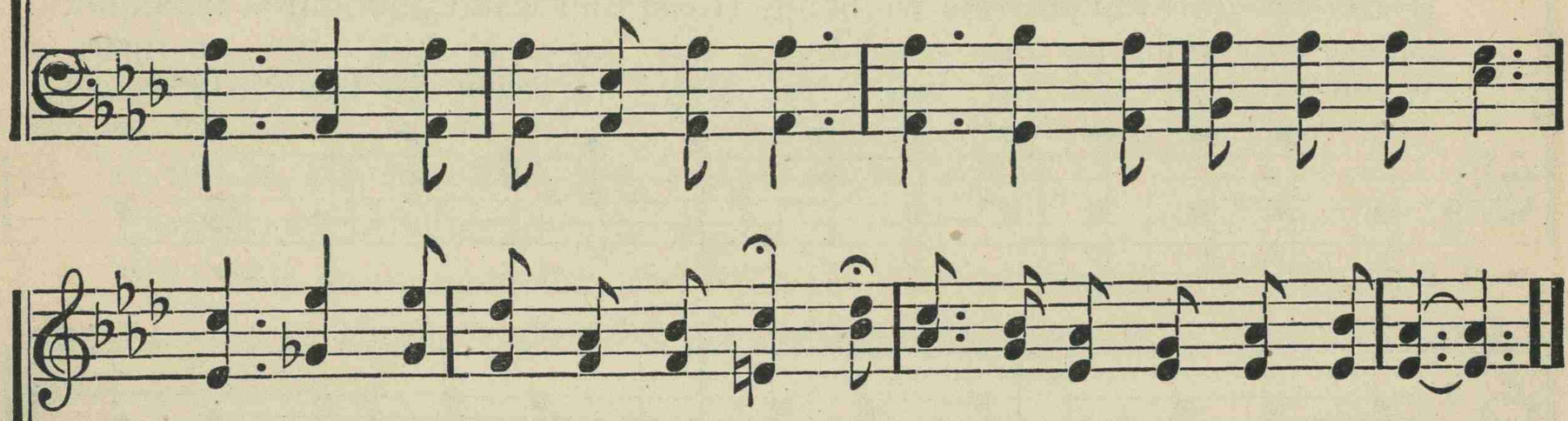




If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
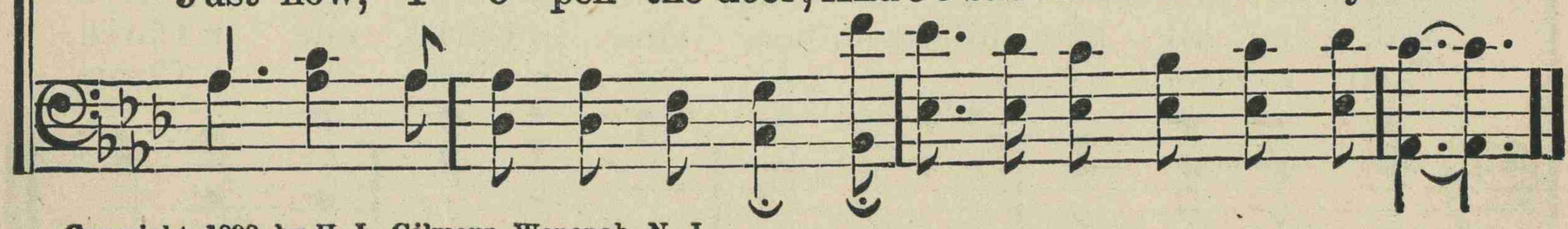


CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
5th. v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject- ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je-sus comes in - to my heart.



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No. 3. City of Gold.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the valley of death, And its glo-ries may
2. There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love, All the faithful with
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev-'ry lamb we have

nev - er be told; There the sun nev-er sets, and the leaves nev-er fade,
rap-ture be-hold; There the righteous for-ev - er will shine like the stars,
brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew-els our crown to a-dorn,

REFRAIN.

In that beauti-ful cit-y of Gold. There the sun nev-er

There the sun

sets, and the leaves nev-er fade; There the eyes of the

nev-er sets and the leaves

faith-ful their Sav-iour be-hold, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of Gold.

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No. 4. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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5. Shadows Will Go.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. W. H. DOANE.

1. Shadows will go when the Sav-iour ap - pears, Rain-bows will gleam in the sad - dest of tears; Just as the night goes at com - ing of day,
2. E - vil goes out when the Sav-iour comes in, Ho-li-ness con-quers and ban - ish - es sin; Wrong, it will go at the com - ing of right,
3. Ha-tred will van - ish when Je - sus ap - pears, Peaceful the breast where be- fore there were fears; Shel - tered be-neath His dear wings I am blest,

Je-sus will drive all our darkness a - way. Shad-ows will go, Shad-ows will go at the dawn-ing of light. Clos-er to Je-sus, my ref-uge and rest.
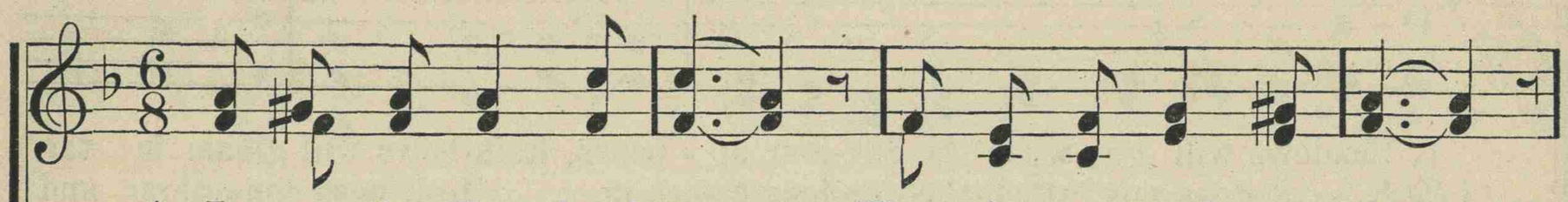
CHORUS.

Shadows will go, go, Shad-ows will go at the dawn-ing of grace; Shad-ows will go, Shadows will go, go, Shad-ows will go Quickly, when Jesus shows His face. Shadows will go, Shadows will go

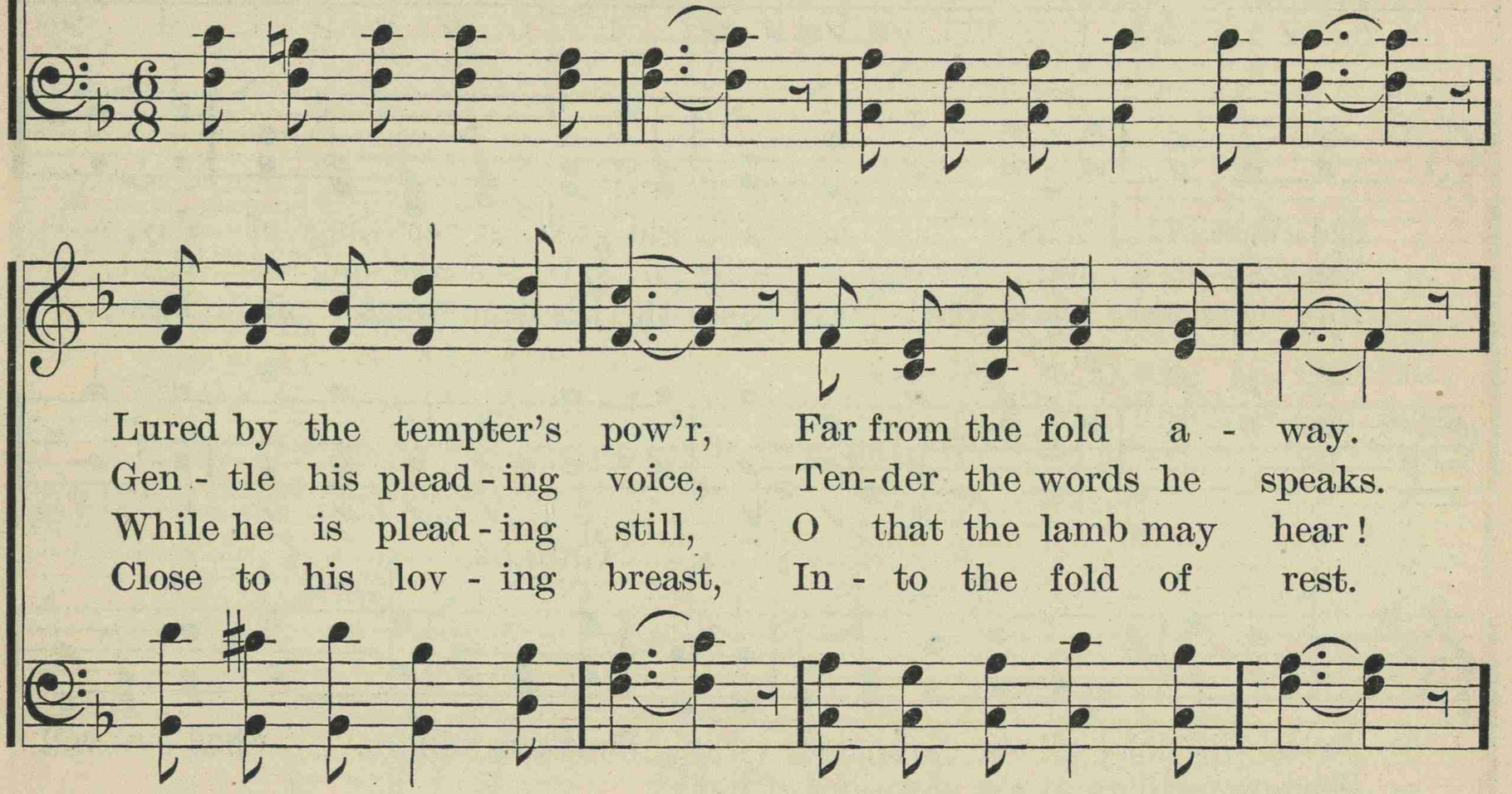
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No. 6. The Lamb that Strayed.

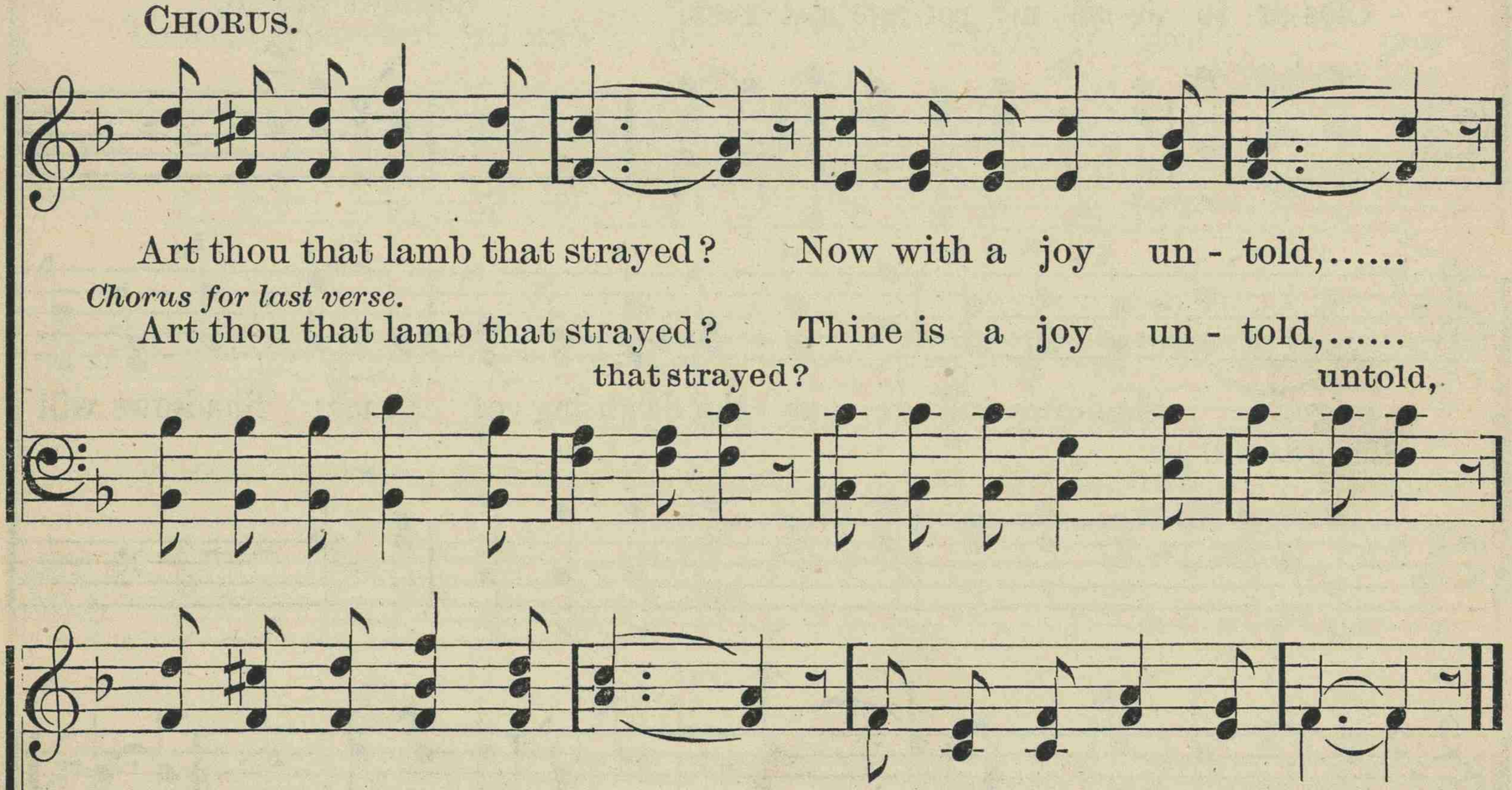
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



1. Je-sus the Shep-herd knows There is a lamb to-day,
2. Out on the des-ert cold, Je-sus the last one seeks;
3. O what a Shep-herd kind! O what a Sav-iour dear!
4. Sing, for the lost is found, Borne on the Sav-iour's breast;



Lured by the tempter's pow'r, Far from the fold a-way.
Gen-tle his plead-ing voice, Ten-der the words he speaks.
While he is plead-ing still, O that the lamb may hear!
Close to his lov-ing breast, In-to the fold of rest.



CHORUS.

Art thou that lamb that strayed? Now with a joy un-told,.....

Chorus for last verse.

Art thou that lamb that strayed? Thine is a joy un-told,.....

that strayed? untold,

Come to the past-ures green,..... Come to the Shepherd's fold!
Safe in the past-ures green,..... Safe in the Shepherd's fold!

so green,

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No. 7. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur - dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com- pas - sion- ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my bur - dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!

In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me;
If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
Make of my troub-les quickly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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No. 8. Lift High the Saviour's Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lift high the Sav - iour's cross, With firm and stead - y hand;
2. Lift high the Sav - iour's cross, Its bold de - fend - ers stand,
3. 'Tis ring - ing thro' the land, We hear the mu - sic still,
4. 'Tis ring - ing thro' the land, And soon the world shall fill;

The trump - et tongue of gos - pel grace Is ring - ing thro' the land.
While on - ward now the joy - ful sound Is ring - ing thro' the land.
And catch the ne'er-for - got - ten word, Come, whoso - ev - er will.
And ev - 'ry heart with joy shall sing, Come, whoso - ev - er will.

CHORUS.

'Tis ring - ing thro' the land, 'Tis ring - ing thro' the land, The gos - pel mes - sage far and wide; O thirst - y souls, wher- e'er you be, O come to the wa - ters free.

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No. 9. All the Way My Saviour Leads.

F. J. C. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me, What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O the ful-ness of his love!

Can I doubt his ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

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No. 10. The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid - ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a- bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings

tongue pro-claim the joy- ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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No. 11. He'll Save You.

"In thee is my trust."—Ps. 141 : 8.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. I've giv - en my all to Je - sus, For ev - er His child to be;
2. I've giv - en my all to Je - sus, My ref - uge from day to day;
3. I've giv - en my all to Je - sus, And un - der His sweet con-trol;
4. I've giv - en my all to Je - sus, I'll trust Him what-e'er be-tide;

O who will be-lieve, His grace re-ceive, And trust His love with me.
O come and be blest, He'll give you rest, And take your sins a - way.
I dwell in the light, so pure and bright That fills and cheers my soul.
And soon to my home, no more to roam, His hand my steps will guide.

CHORUS.

He'll save you, He'll save you, Glo - ry to His ho - ly name,
He'll save you, save you, save you now,
This mo - ment He'll save you, O, haste His prom-ise claim.
This mo-ment, He will save you too,

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No. 12. Holy is the Lord.

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

F. J. C. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo-ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy! Watchman of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His chil-dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains tremble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy,
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis-dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His likeness

boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splen-dor, matchless, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Holy, holy, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joyful be-fore Him.

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No. 13. Light at the End of the Journey.

BIRDIE BELL. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is light at the end of the jour - ney, Tho' the way may be dark which I tread, And I sing while my heart is re - joic - ing,
2. There is light at the end of the jour - ney, So by faith I will trav - el a - long; Tho' the shad - ows at times may surround me,
3. There is light at the end of the jour - ney, And I dread not the rough, thorny way; I can lean on the arm that's un-fail - ing,
4. There is light at the end of the jour - ney, And it shines on the path - way I tread; And I fear not the sor - rows or dan - gers

CHORUS.

For I know that the light is a - head.
I can bright-en the way with a song.
I have prom-ise of strength for each day.
Which a - wait in the road, just a - head.
} There's a light at the end of my jour-ney, Yes, a light which no shadow can dim; For it brightens the path which I trav - el,— It leads me to heav'n and Him!

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No. 14. Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
2. Ev - 'ry heav- y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you
4. Wea- ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

:S: FINE.

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
O yes, O hear,
calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

D.S.

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No. 15. A Blest Eternity.

* * *

Duet, Soprano and Tenor. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. After the clouds their flight have sped, After our days and years have fled,
2. Aft - er our seed on earth is sown, Aft-er the time to reap has flown,
3. After these changeful scenes shall end, After our parting, friend with friend,
4. Aft - er the cross we here lay down, Is there for us a robe and crown?

ritando.

Aft-er our care and toil, what then? Say, shall we wake to life a - gain?
Aft-er the sun - set hour is past, Say, shall we wake in Heav'n at last?
Aft-er a night of pain is o'er, Say, shall we meet to weep no more?
Borne on the wings of joy and love, Say, shall we dwell with Christ, above?

CHORUS.

If, on the Rock, ... our faith a - bide, ... If, in its cleft, ...
If, on the Rock, our faith in Christ a - bide, If, in its cleft,

our souls we hide, ... Then, with the Lord, ... we all may
our souls, our souls we hide, Then, with the Lord,

ritardo.

be Safe in a blest E - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 16. Never Alone.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

C. F. O. J. C. H. AND V. A. WHITE

1. Lone-ly? no, not lone - ly While Jesus standeth by; His presence always
2. Wea-ry? no, not wea - ry While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full en-
3. Waiting? O yes, waiting; He bade me watch and wait; I on - ly wonder

cheers me; I know that he is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Jesus
joy-ment, 'Tis his e - ter - nal rest. Helpless? yes, so help-less; But, I am
oft - en, What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy - ful, With joy too

is my Friend; I change, but he remain-eth The same un - to the end.
lean-ing hard On the might-y arms of Je-sus, And he is keeping guard.
deep for words; A precious, sure founda-tion, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.
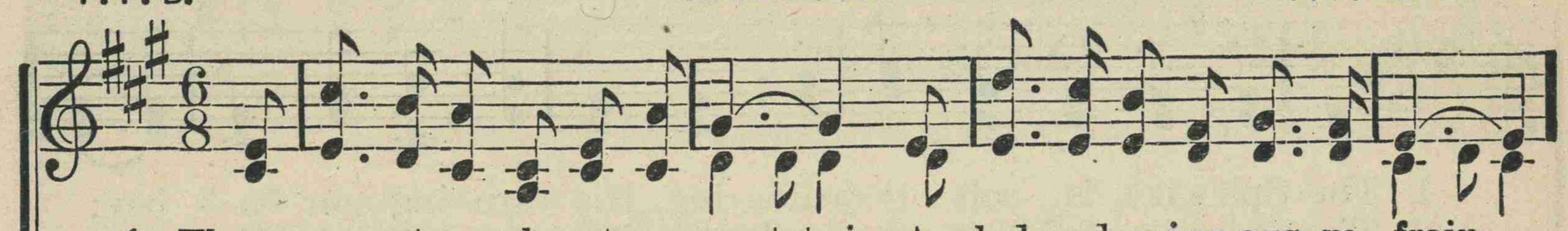
No, never a - lone,..... no, never a - lone,....He has promised never to
No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone;

leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
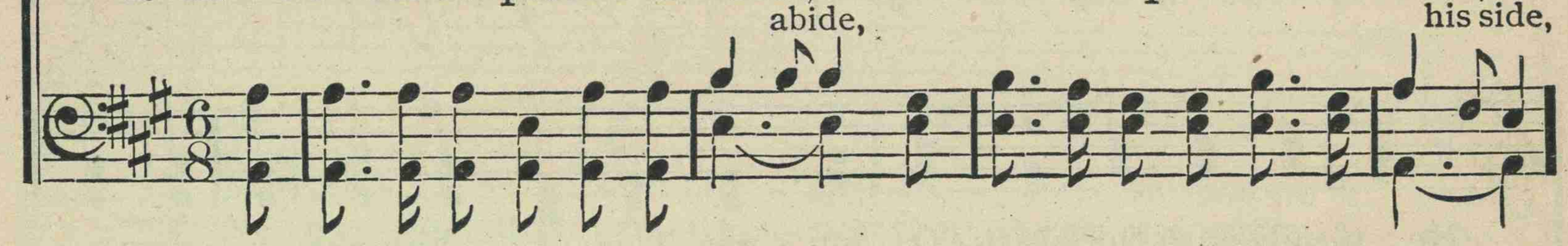
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No. 17. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.
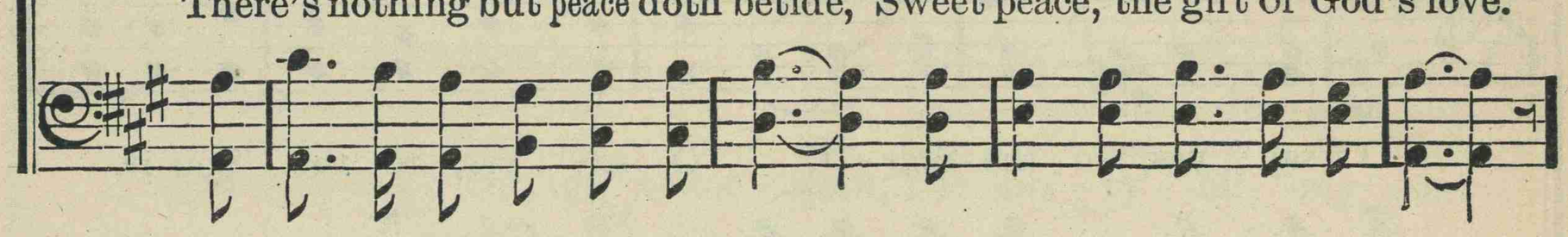
P. P. B. John 14: 27. P. P. BILHORN.
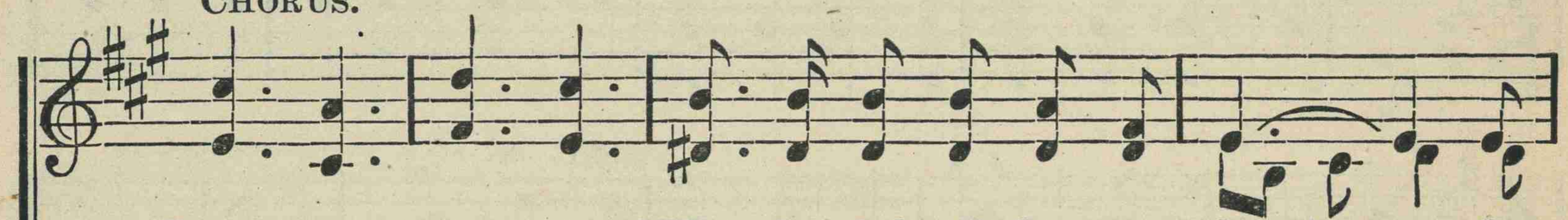


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
   sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
   was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound.
   had crowned, abound,
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to his side,
   abide, his side,



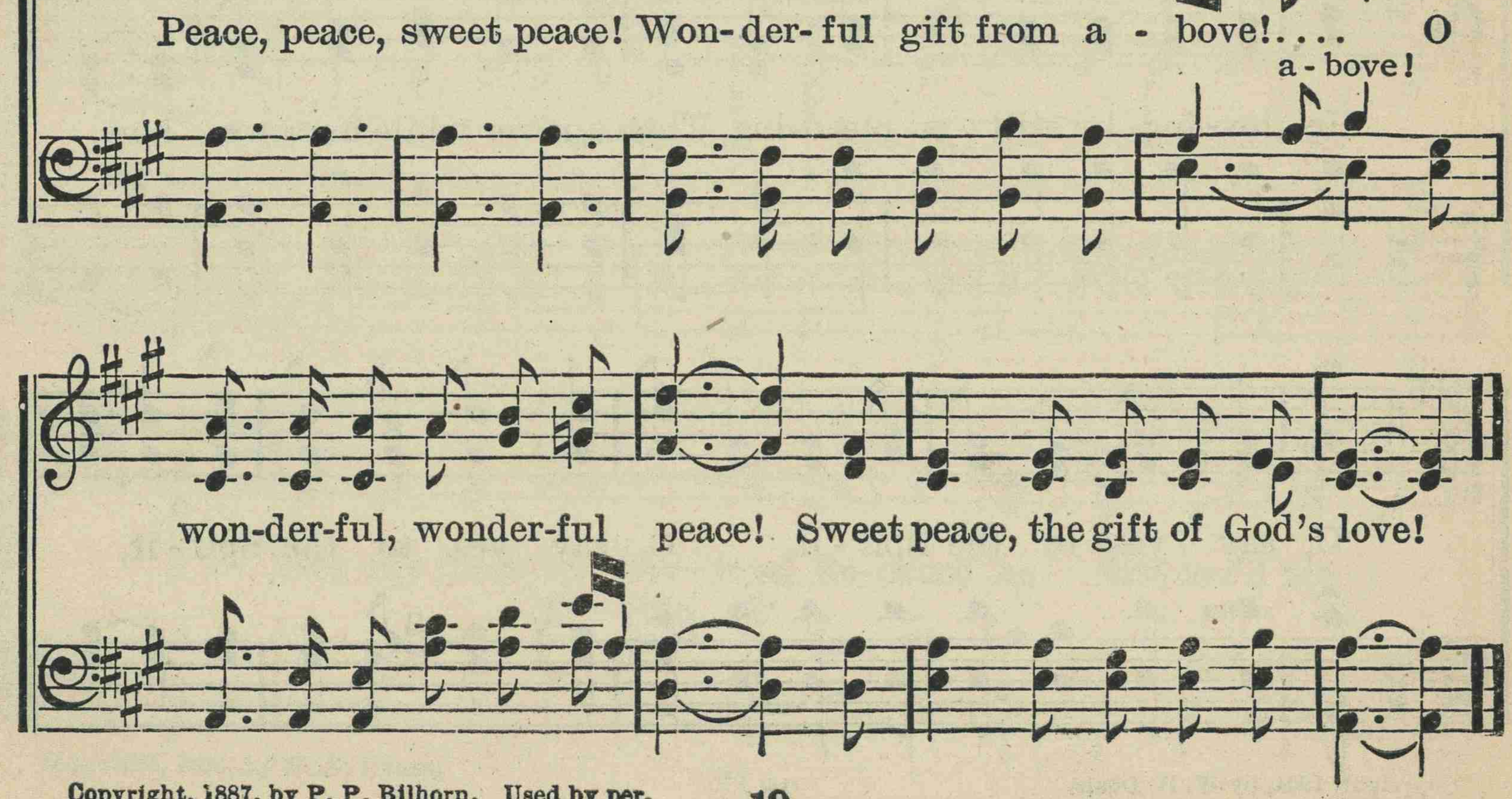
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won- der- ful gift from a - bove!.... O
a - bove!



won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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No. 18. Say Yes to the Spirit.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. The Spir - it is soft - ly call - ing, His warn- ing now o - bey;
2. The Spir - it is soft - ly plead - ing, The an - gels chide thy stay;
3. Re - mem-ber the world is fleet - ing, Thy life is wan - ing fast,
4. Sur - ren- der thy all to Je - sus, His life for thee he gave;

He pleads with thy heart O sin - ner, Then grieve him not a - way.
There's mer- cy for thee and par - don, Then why not come to - day.
The shad-ows of night draw near - er, This hour may be thy last.
Ac - cept him as thy Re - deem - er, None else thy soul can save.

CHORUS.

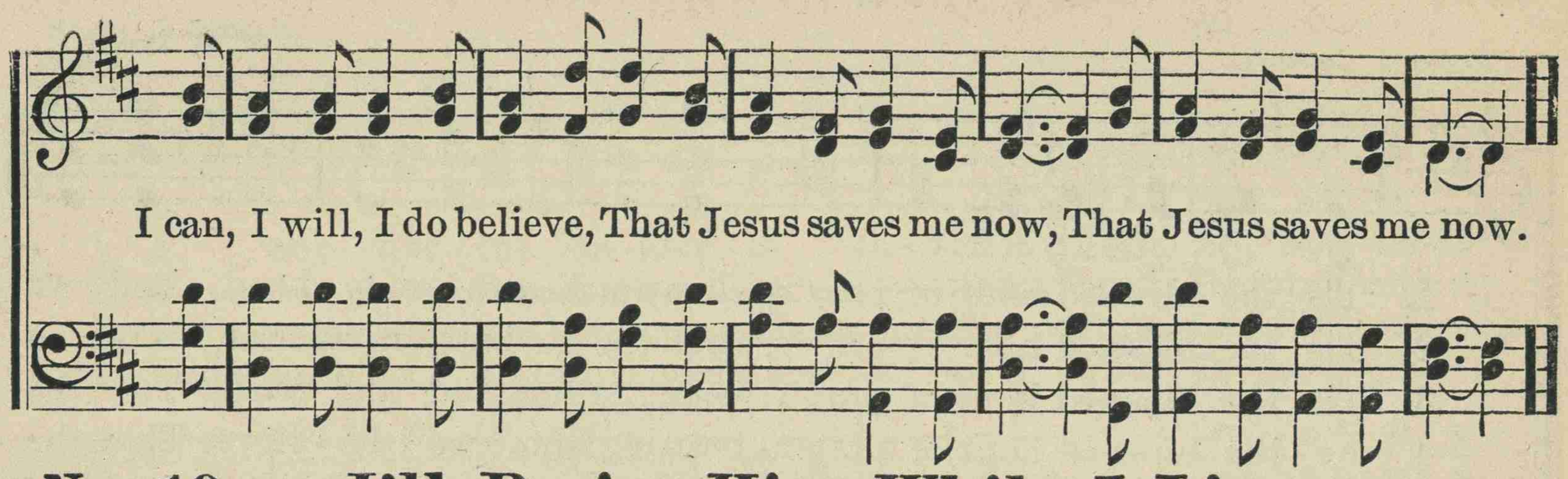
O say yes, to the Spir - it, O say yes, to the Spir-it,

He lov- ing- ly still is plead-ing, Then answer while here we bow,

O, say yes, to the Spir - it, O, say yes, to the Spir - it,

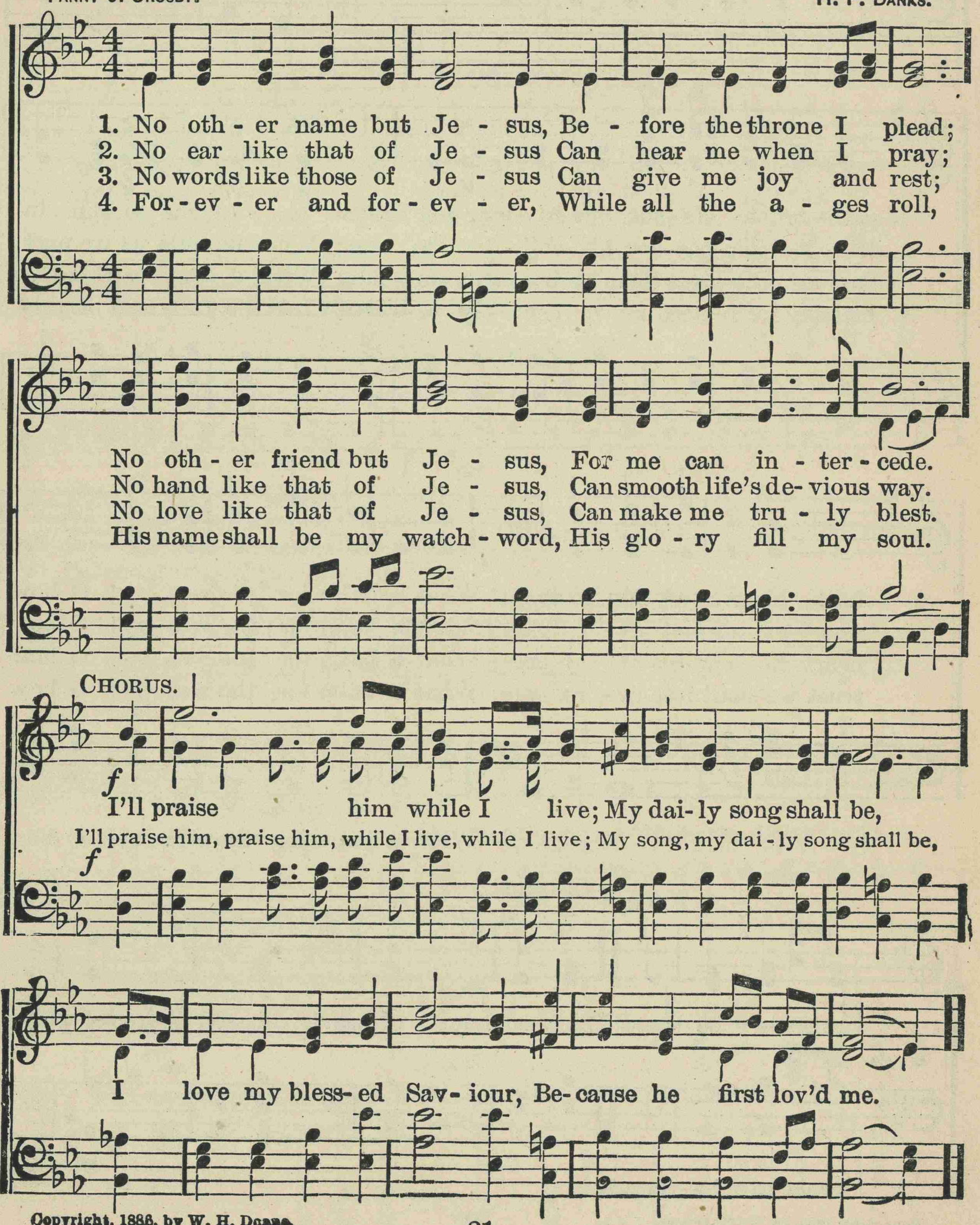
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Say Yes to the Spirit.—Concluded.



No. 19. I'll Praise Him While I Live.
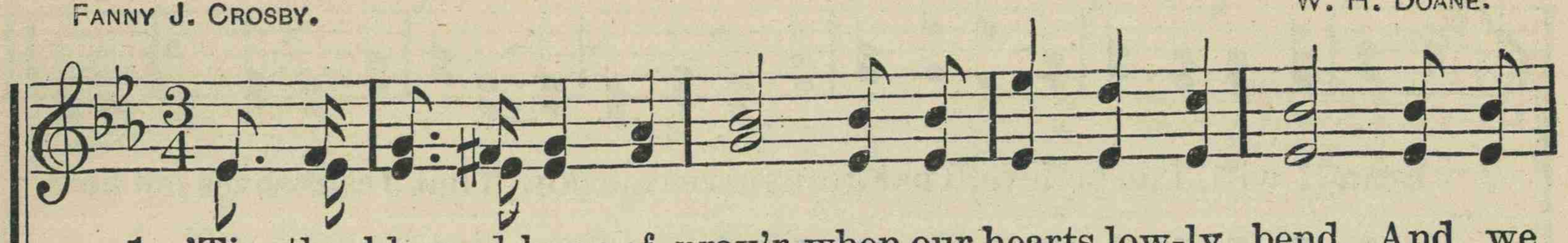
FANNY J. CROSBY. H. P. DANKS.



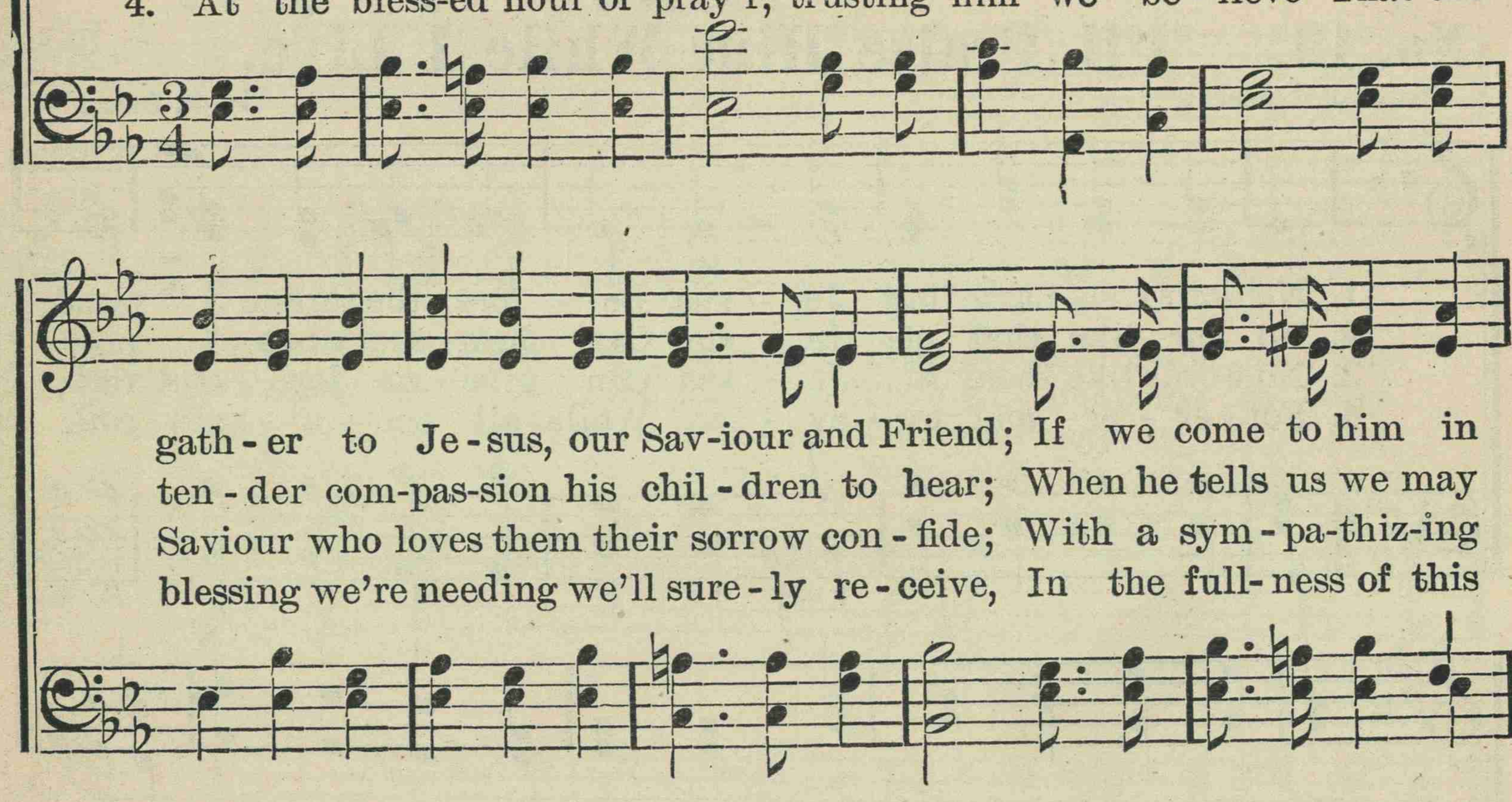
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No. 20. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

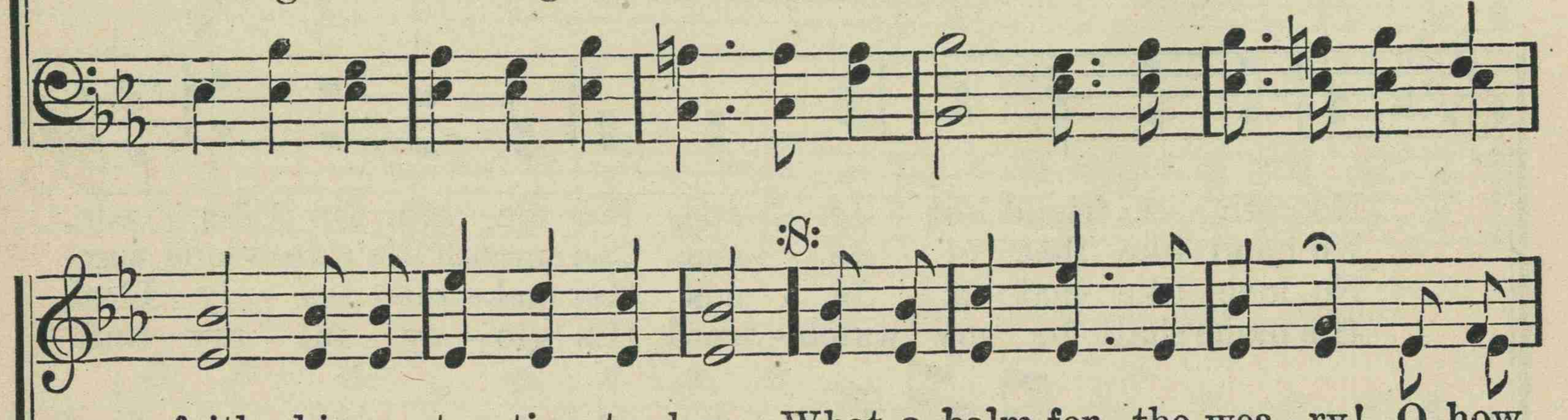
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.
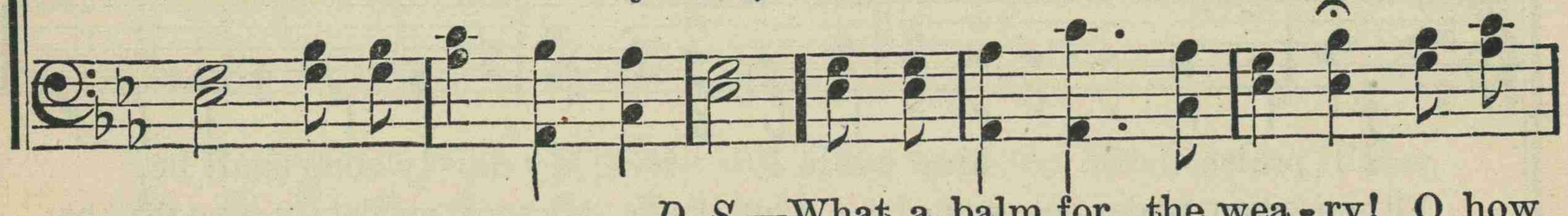


1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried, To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of pray'r, trusting him we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to him in
ten-der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may
Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're needing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this

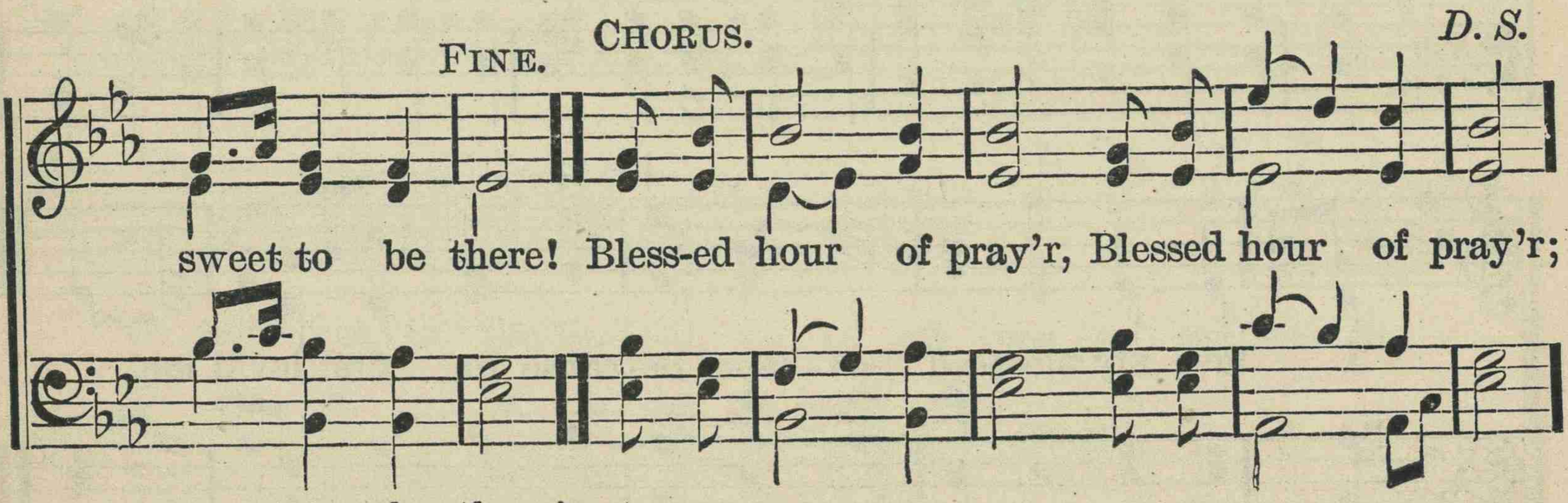


faith, his pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at his feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart he removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how



D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*



sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

sweet to be there!

Copyright, 1880, by W. H. Doane.

No. 21. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in

Sav - iour to me; He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per- fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv- ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 22. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS:

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er-last- ing arms.
Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

No. 23. Would You Have the Sunlight?

MARY I. CASTLE. W. H. DOANE.

1. Would you have the sunlight in your heart to-day, Shin - ing,
2. Walk a-mid the sunlight, see its lus-tre fall, Shin - ing,
3. O the welcome sunlight, ev-er bright and clear, Shin - ing,
4. O the welcome sunlight, full of ten-der love, Shin - ing,

Shining, shining,

shin - ing? Come to your Redeem-er, trust him while you may,
shin - ing; Leave the path of darkness, hear the Saviour's call,
shin - ing; Turn-ing in - to glad-ness ev - 'ry doubt and fear,
shin - ing; Breaking thro' the storm-clouds, while we onward move,

shining, shining,

CHORUS.

Come at once, no more de - lay.
Seek the light that shines for all.
When the heart is lone and drear.
To the land of rest a - bove.

shin - ing, shining,
Shin - ing, shin - ing,
Shining, shining, shining all the way,

You may have the sunlight, with its gold-en ray; Shin - - ing,
Shining all the day,

shin - - ing, Shin-ing all the day, brighter all the way.
shining all the way,

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Chorus may be repeated.

No. 24. The Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's an hour that comes like a heal-ing balm, When evening shades are fall - ing, And we lay our cares at the Sav - iour's feet, His
2. 'Tis the hour of pray'r that renews our strength, Makes Christian du- ty clear - er, 'Tis the hour of pray'r and its pow'r that draws Our
3. 'Tis the pray'r of faith that dis-pels our clouds, Gives joy be-yond ex - pres - sion, For it fills our hearts and it crowns our lives With

CHORUS. *Slower.*

gift of grace re - call - ing
heav'nly home still near - er.
all that's worth pos - sess - ing.

Loving-ly now, fervent-ly

Lov-ing-ly now,

bow, Wel-come this hour of ho - ly calm so

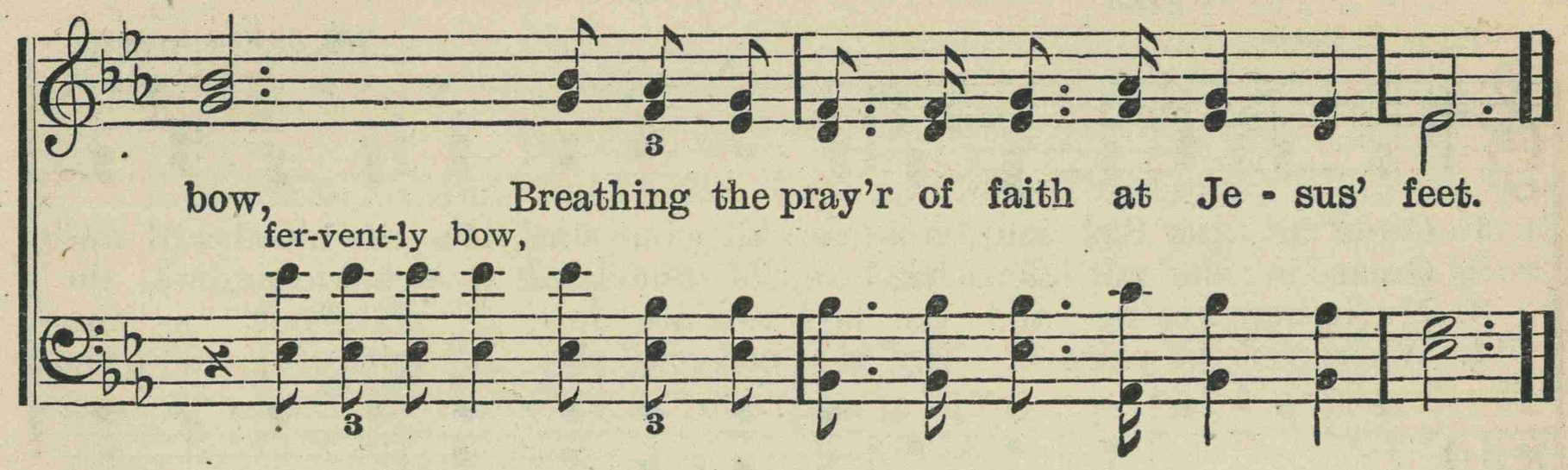
fer - vent - ly bow,

sweet;..... Lov- ing - ly now, fer- vent - ly

sweet, so sweet, Lov - ing - ly now,

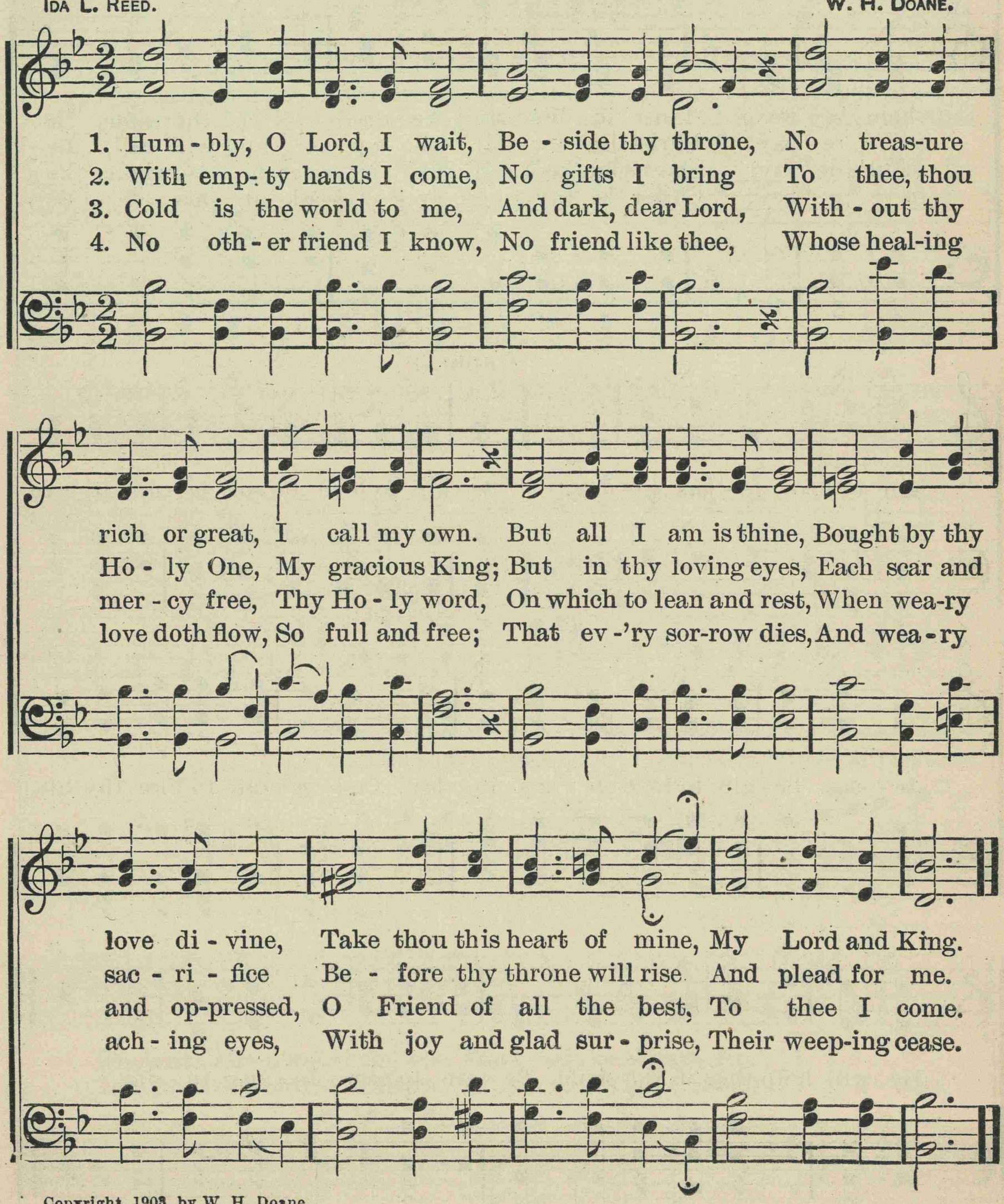
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The Hour of Prayer—Concluded.



No. 25. Humbly, O Lord, I Wait.

IDA L. REED. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 26. Begin to Love Jesus To-day.

FLORA E. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, con-fess all your sins, His life blood will wash them a - way;
2. Great is the par - don - ing love of our Lord, O what can we do to re - pay?
3. Much there's to do and the la - b'rers are few, O make not a mo - ment's de - lay;
4. Wher - e'er the place of thy la - bor may be, Be faith - ful and quick to o - bey;

Trust in his name, he is ev - er the same, Be - gin to love Je - sus to - day.
Christ died for all who up - on him will call, Be - gin to love Je - sus to - day.
Show some poor soul it is sweet to be whole, Be - gin to love Je - sus to - day.
Christ is thy guide, ev - er walk at his side, Be - gin to love Je - sus to - day.

CHORUS.

Be - gin to love Je - sus, be - gin to love Je - sus, Be - gin to love Je - sus to - day; Con - se-crate to him thy life,

He will help thee in the strife, Be - gin to serve Je - sus to - day.

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 27. Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je- sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know

lov- ing kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O- pen my heart to hear thee,
joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in conse- cra-tion
all my du - ty, Let me thy law ful- fill. Lead me to glori - fy thee,

Quick-ly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with prais-es, Let me in
Yield their whole lives to thee, Hast - en thy com-ing kingdom, Till our dear
Help me to show thy praise, Glad- ly to do thy bidding, Honor thee

CHORUS.

thee re- joice.
Lord we see.
all my days.

{ Speak thou in softest whispers, Whispers of love to me;
Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Always in tend'rest tone;

Thou shalt be always conq'ror, Thou shalt be always free;"
Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left (*Omit.*)... a - lone.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

28. Jesus Had Mercy on Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Solo. *Chorus.*

1. Once I was lost, but now I can see, Je - sus had
2. Old things are past and all things are new, Je - sus had
3. I am His child, O won - der - ful love, Je - sus had
4. Dead un - to sin, in Je - sus I live, Je - sus had

SOLO.

mer-cy on me; I will pro-claim to sin-ners a - round,
mer-cy on me; Sing-ing for joy, His track I'll pur - sue,
mer-cy on me; Heir to His grace, His king-dom a - bove,
mer-cy on me; Now to His name all glo - ry I give,

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

Je-sus had mercy on me. O what a comfort my soul has re-

ceived, O what re - joic - ing since I have be - lieved.

Je - sus is mine, Je - sus is mine, Je - sus had mercy on me.

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No. 29. — Coming Out to Meet Us.

"And when he was a great way off his father saw him."—LUKE 14: 20.

EMILY SOUTHEY. CHESTER G. ALLEN. By per.

1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repenting
2. He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow, He will lead us on-ward
3. At the cold, dark stream of Jordan when we stand, He will bear us safe-ly

feels the need of Him,—Then our gentle, loving Father, full of pardoning grace,
through the vale below; With His presence and His blessing cheer us day by day;
to the prom-ised land; With His loving arm around us we shall hear Him say,

CHORUS.

Comes to meet us with a kind embrace.
He will come to meet us on the way. Coming out to meet us on the way,
I have come to meet you on the way.

Com-ing out to meet us, com-ing out to meet us, Oh, the joy-ful

welcome! see the Father now, Coming out to meet us on the way.

No. 30. Hour by Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Hour by hour we trust in Je - sus, Hour by hour for strength we pray;
2. Hour by hour we hear a warn - ing From the spirit-voice with-in;
3. Hour by hour we journey on - ward, Hour by hour we stem the tide;
4. Hour by hour the heart grows fainter, Hour by hour the sunlight dies;

Hour by hour the sands are drop-ping From the glass of time a - way.
Hour by hour we meet the tempt-er, Hour by hour we fall or win.
Hour by hour we miss the dear ones, Anchored on the oth - er side.
Hour by hour we near the por - tals Of our home be-yond the skies.

CHORUS.

We are go - ing home where the pure and blest In
We are go - ing home, go - ing home,
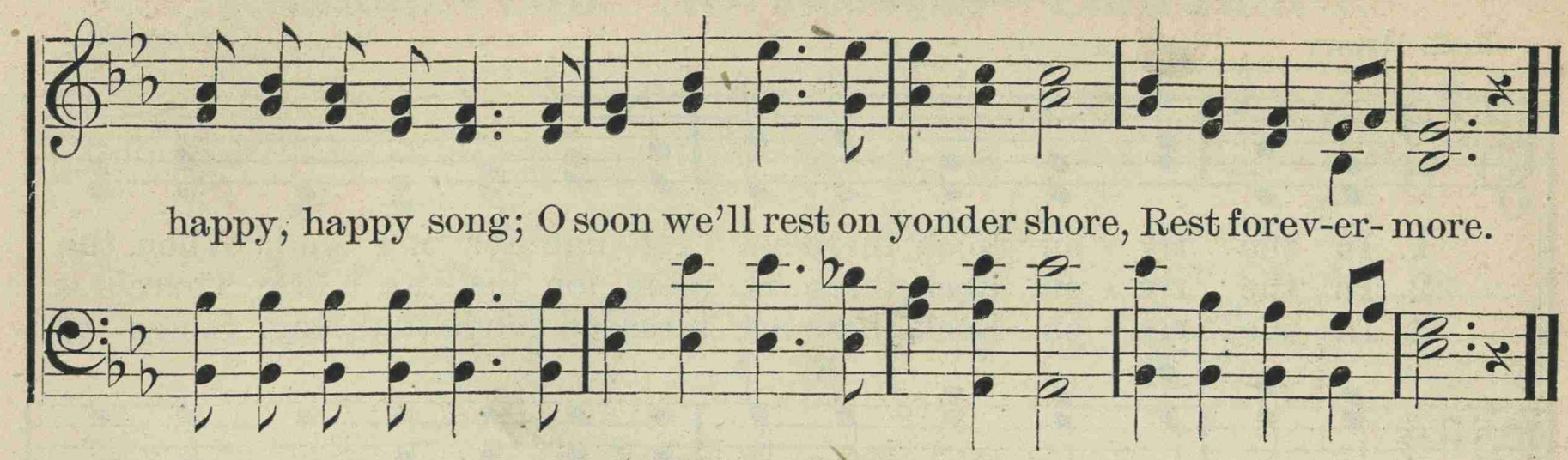
per - fect peace with Je - sus free from care shall rest; Then let us go

on with a hap - py, hap - py song, Then let us go on with a

cres.
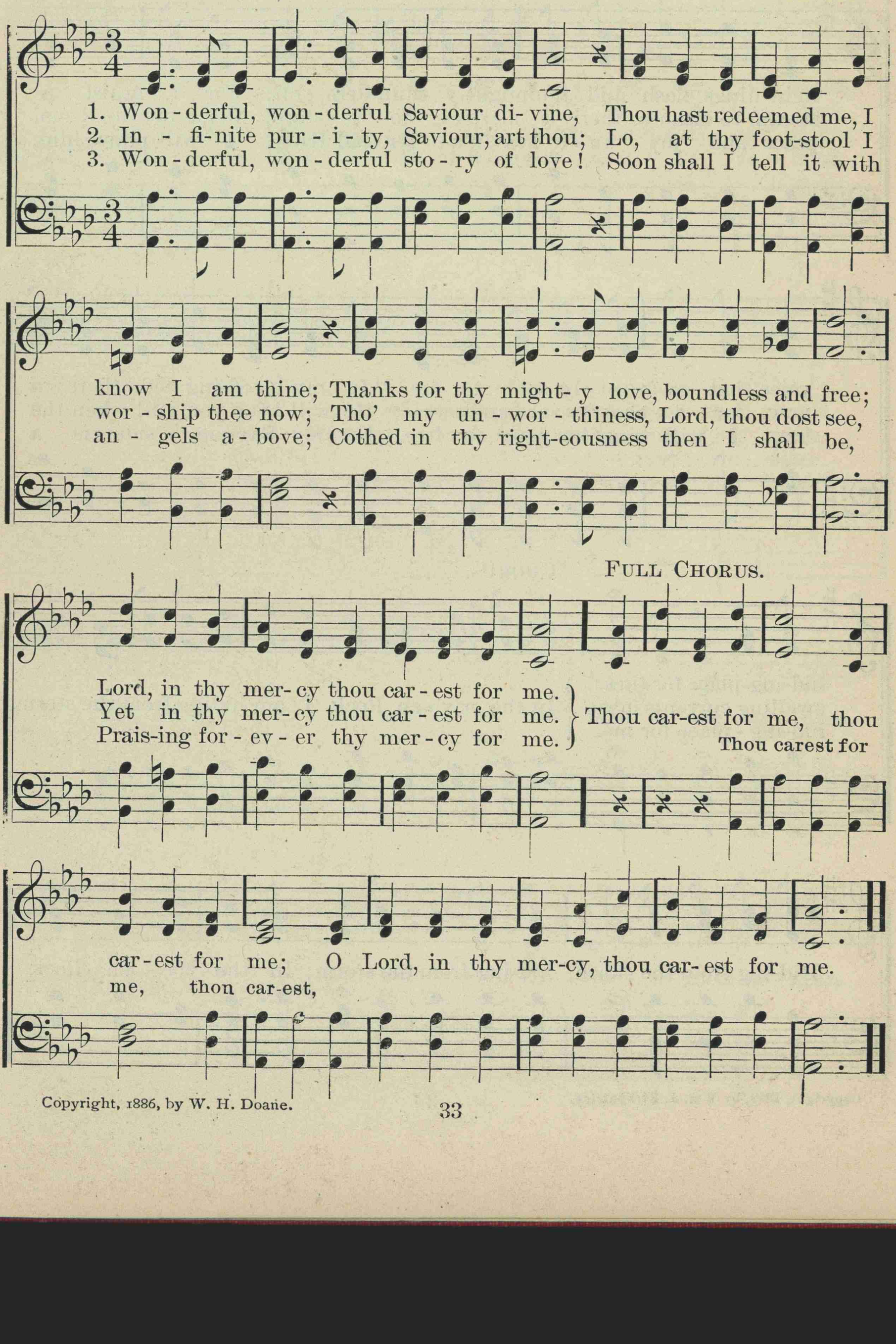
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Hour by Hour.—Concluded.



No. 31. Thou Carest for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. P. DANKS.



Copyright, 1886, by W. H. Doane.

No. 32. Hiding From the Storm.

E. E. HEWITT

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the riv - en Rock there's a ref - uge for my soul, When the light'nings flash and the might-y thun-ders roll; For I heard a
2. In the riv - en Rock there is room for ma - ny more; There's a stream to cleanse, there is mer - cy to re - store; Come to Je - sus
3. In the riv - en Rock there are bless-ed songs that ring, Songs of peace and joy un - to heav'n's e - ter - nal King; I will praise him,

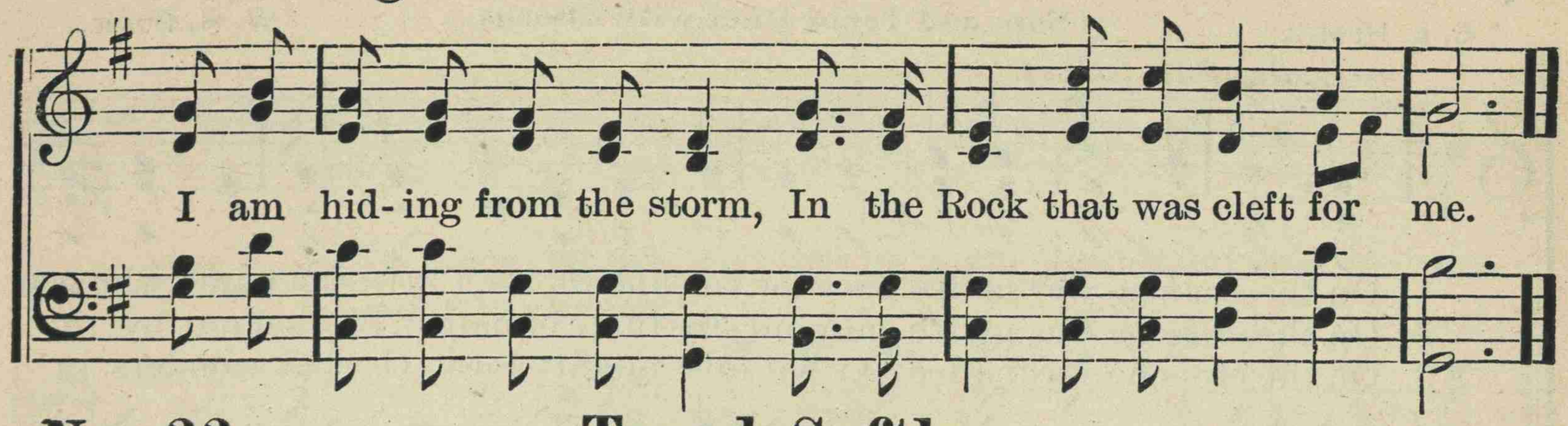
voice that so sweet - ly said to me, "In my bleed-ing side there's a hid-ing-place for thee."
now, for a shel-ter sure and sweet; He will keep you still when the swelling currents meet.
too, I will sing his grace so free, For my Sav-iour's side is a hid-ing - place for me.

CHORUS.

In the riv - en Rock I am hiding from the storm, Hid-ing from the storm, hid-ing from the storm; In the riv - en Rock

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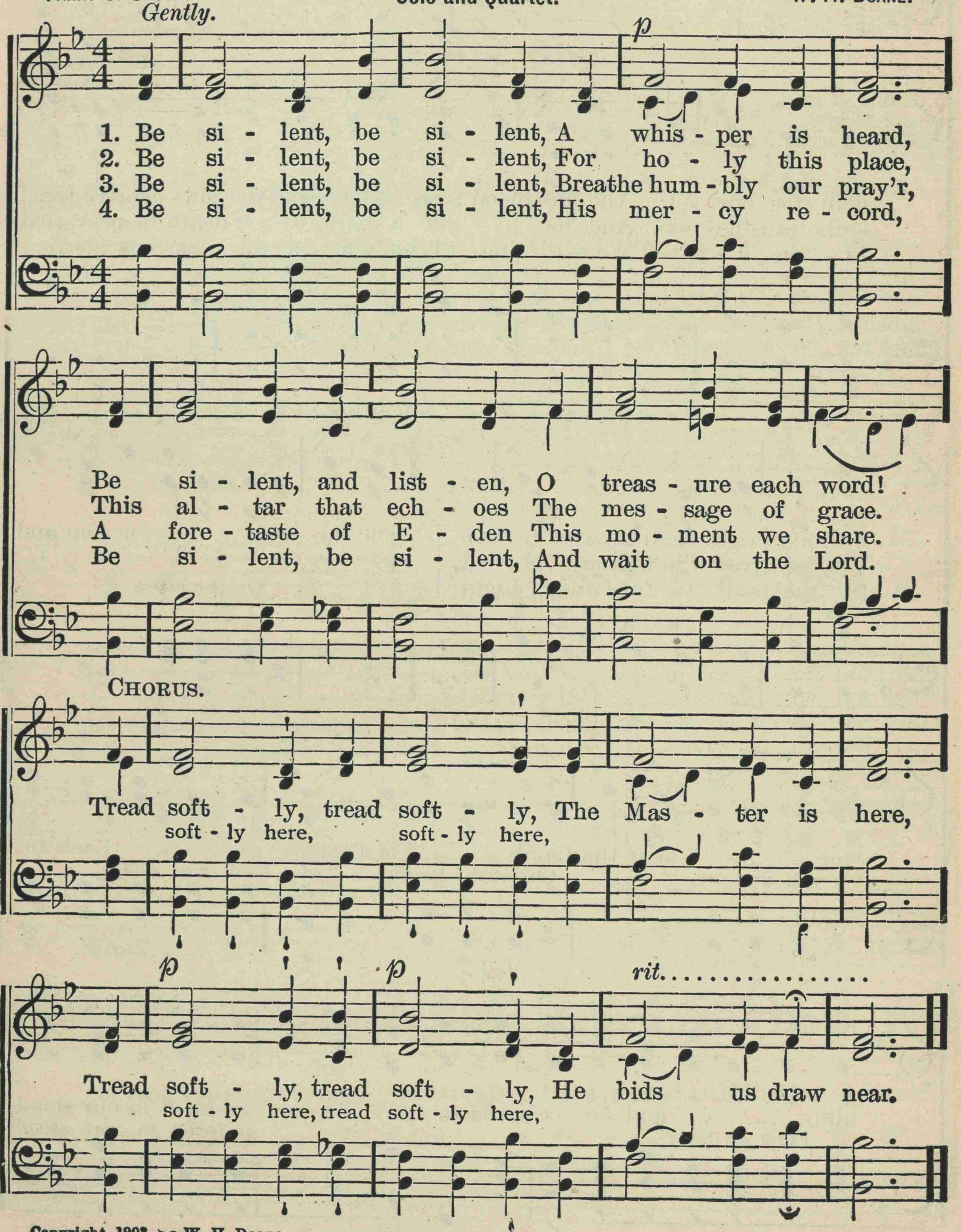
Hiding From the Storm.—Concluded.



No. 33.

Tread Softly.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Solo and Quartet. W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

No. 34. On the Cross He Was Nailed.

E. E. HEWITT. (Sop. and Tenor Duet with Chorus.) W. H. DOANE.

Gently, with feeling.

1. On the cross he was nailed once for you and for me, Christ the Lamb who was
2. On the cross he was nailed, may our sins there be nailed, Blotted out by the
3. On the cross he was nailed, O what love, mighty love, O what wonders in

slain for our sin; And his blood free- ly shed sets the sin - captive free,
soul-cleansing tide, And he liv - eth a - gain, o - ver death he prevailed,
Je - sus u - nite, We will sing of his grace in the mansions above,

CHORUS.

And his might shall the vict'ry win.
Yes, he lives who was cru - ci - fied.
In the beau - ti - ful Land of Light.
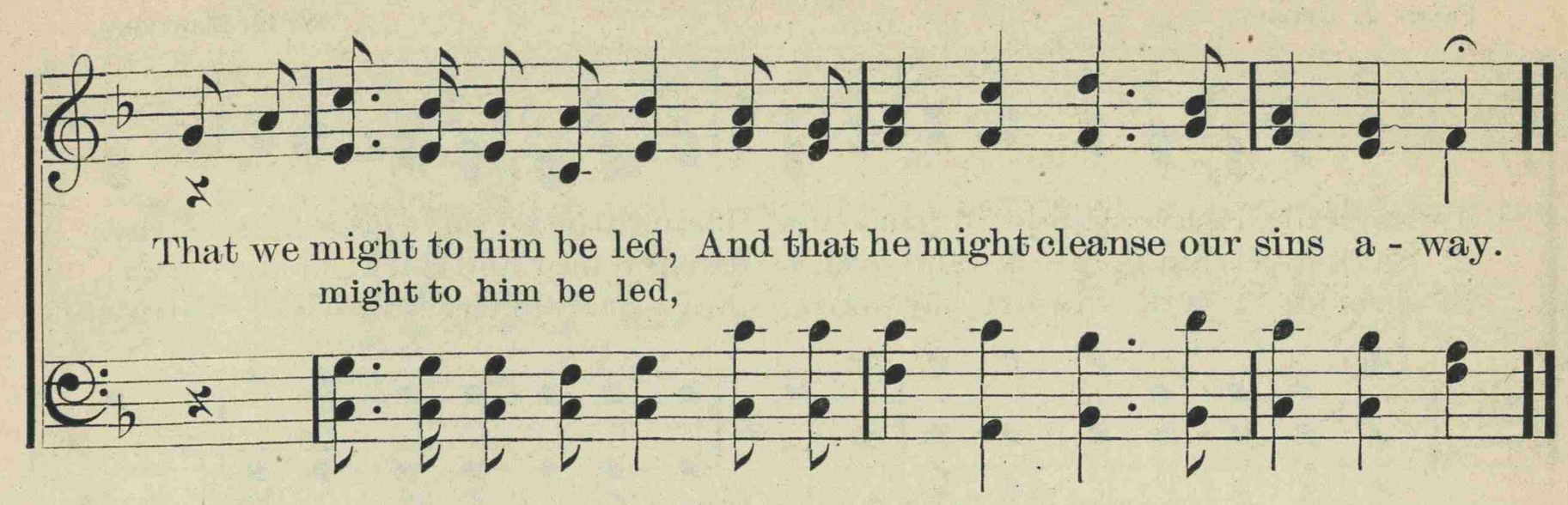
On the cross..... for you and me,..... Christ the Lamb..... of God we see;..... Look to him..... and be ye saved to - day, Je - sus suf-fered in our stead,

On the cross
you and me, Christ the Lamb of God we see;
Look to him, suffered in our stead,

rit.

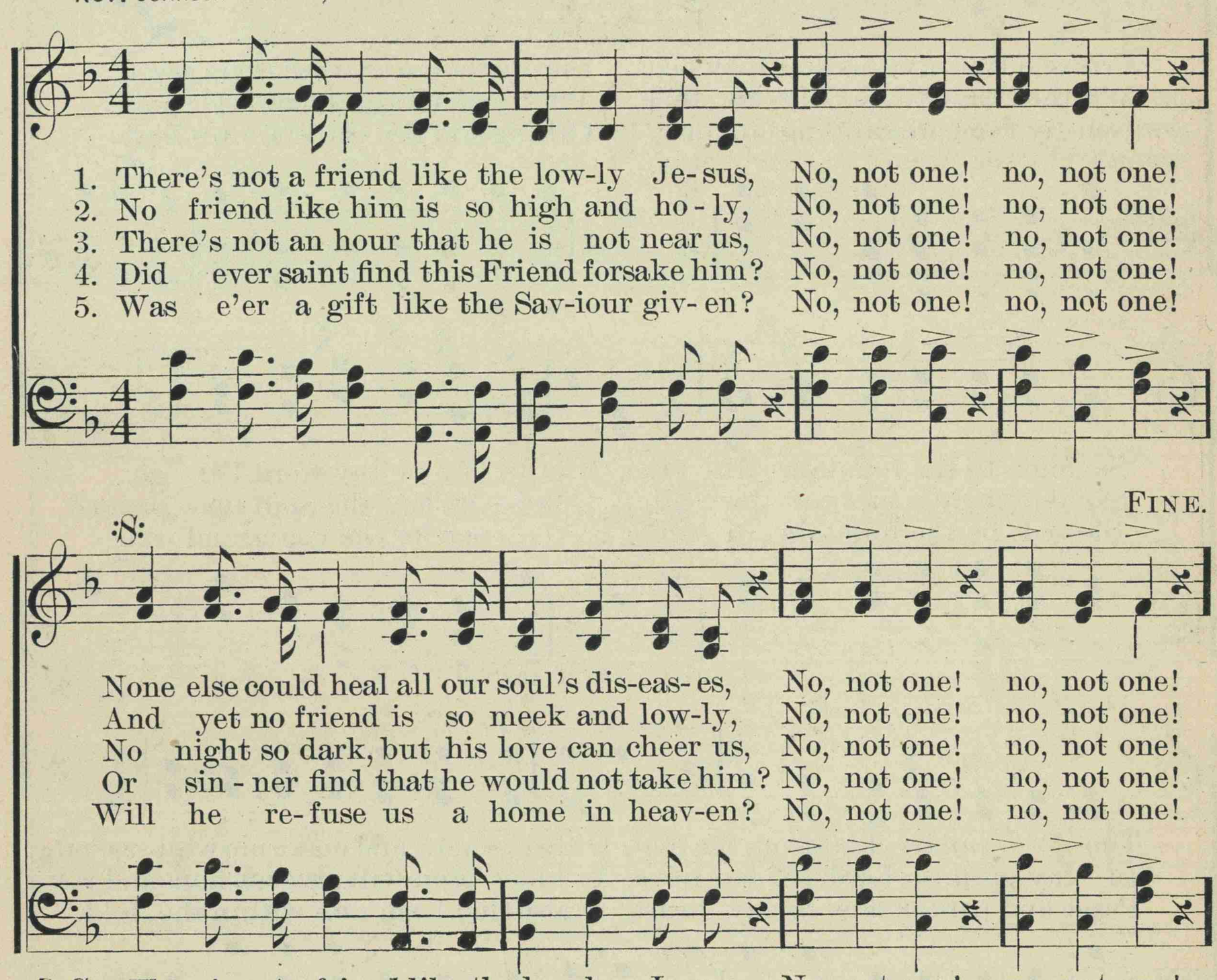
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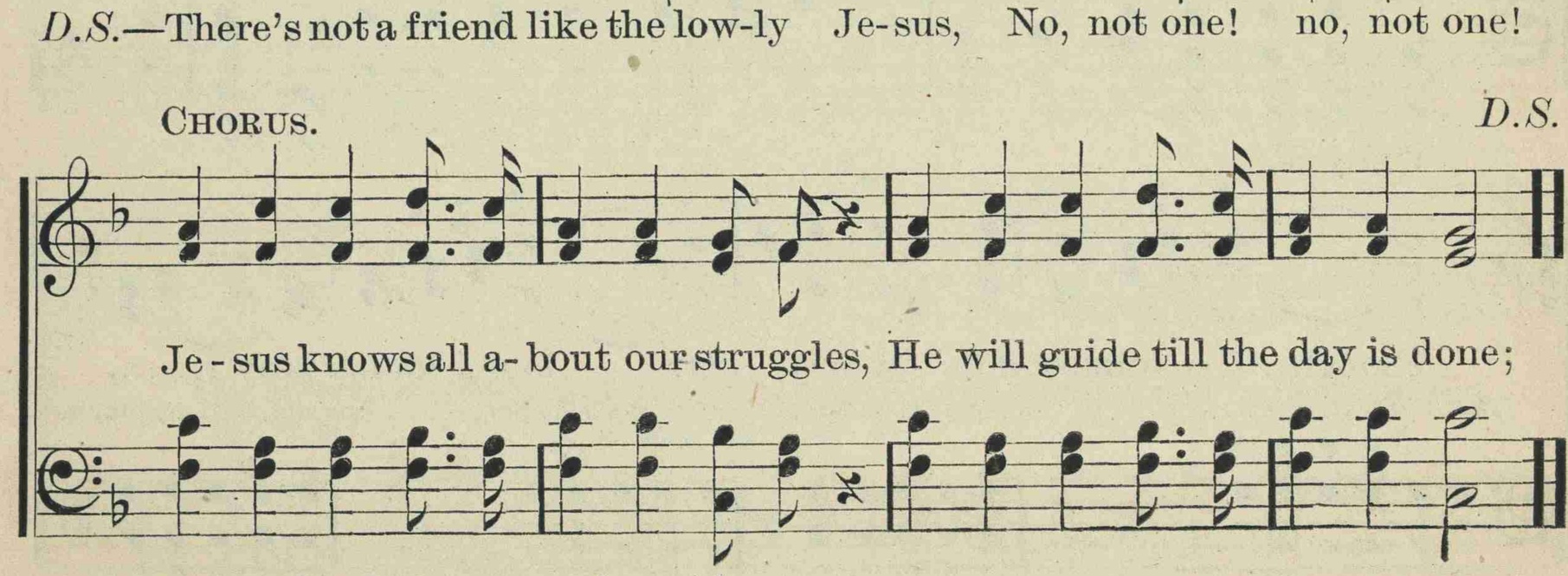
On the Cross He Was Nailed.—Concluded.



No. 35. No, Not One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.





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No. 36. Saviour, I have Wandered.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. MARTIGNY.

1. Saviour, I have wander'd from thee, Thoughtless I have gone far a - stray;
2. Saviour, I am lone - ly and sad, Dreary now and dark is my way;
3. Saviour, I will wan-der no more, Nev - er from thy love will I stray,

Crimson tho' my sins now may be, Surely thou wilt wash them a-way.
Whither can I go but to thee, Pit - y and forgive me I pray.
Gen-tly thou are call- ing to me, Calling and thy voice I o - bey.

Saviour to the fountain di - vine, Trust-ing in thy word I'll go,
Saviour, there is mer - cy for all, Mer - cy for the soul op - pressed,
Blessed be the fountain di - vine, O - pen for the young and old,
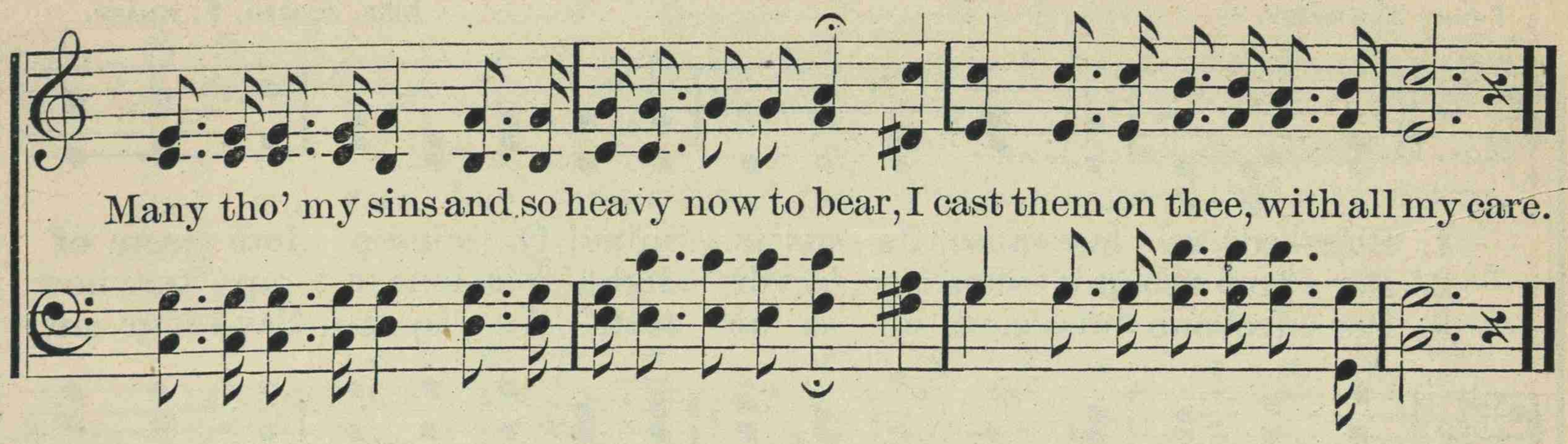
Tho' I've wander'd far from the fold, O cleanse now and make me white as snow.
In thy promise, Lord, I'll be - lieve, I know thou wilt give me hope and rest.
Peace and pardon flow to my heart, Praise God I am safe within the fold.

CHORUS.

Though...I've wander'd far a-way, Sav - iour, hear my pray'r,.....
Tho' I've wander'd far away, wander'd far away, Saviour, hear my pray'r, Saviour, hear my pray'r,
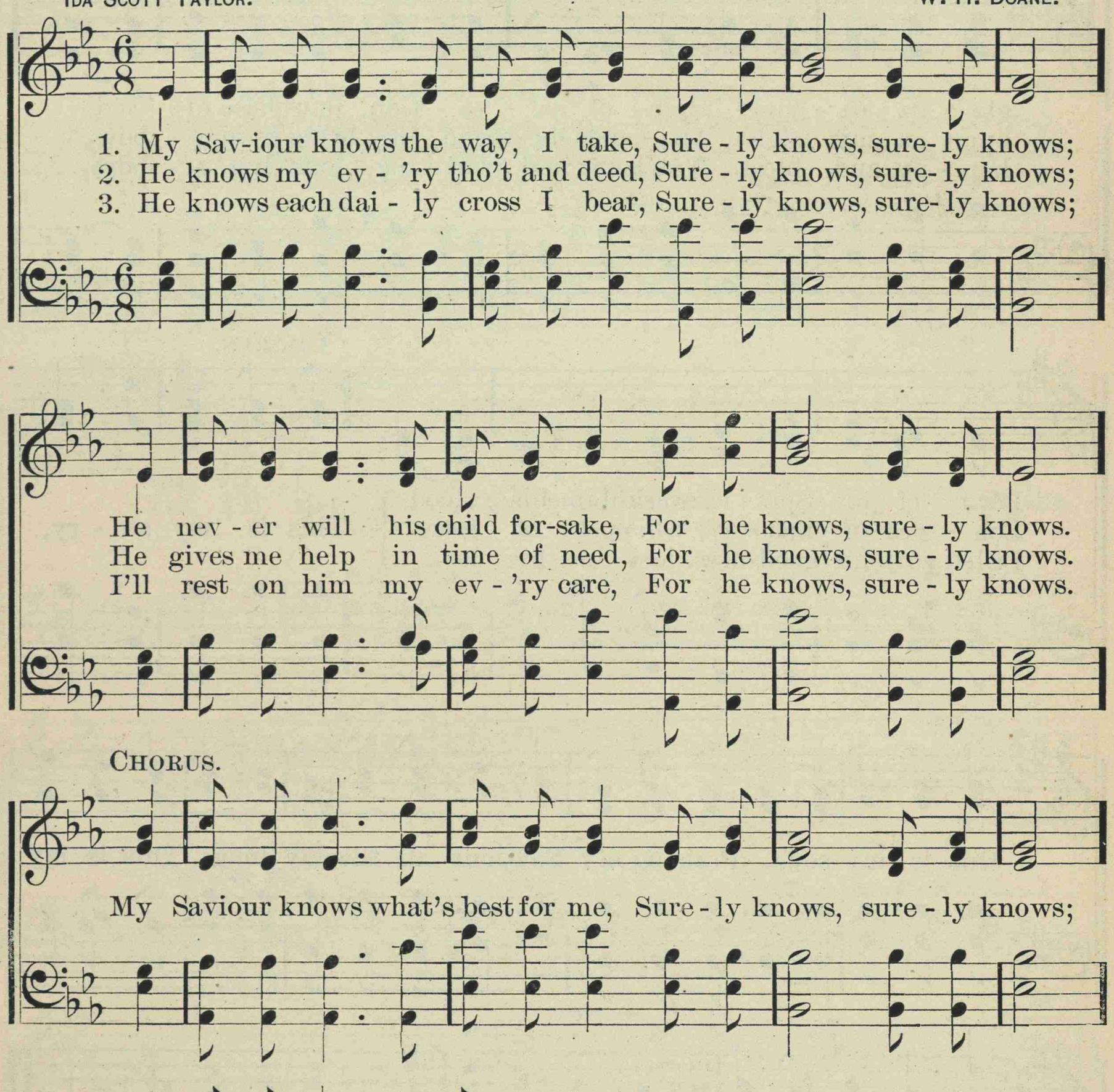
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Saviour, I have Wandered.—Concluded.



No. 37. My Saviour Surely Knows.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 38. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH. F. KNAPP.

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

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase 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.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

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

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No. 39. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY. Ps. 1: 89. PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er, Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How he left his home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw his lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to his way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - - ry Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with.... the saints in glo - - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.....
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry, Gathered by the the crys - tal sea.

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No. 40. I Hear My Saviour Calling.

M. V. STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I hear my Saviour call - ing, His voice I will o - bey; No lon - ger will I lin - ger, But seek his love to - day. My Saviour's love is
2. I hear my Saviour call - ing, He bids me not de - lay; Tho' darkness gath-ers round me, He'll guide me all the way, And should the path be
3. I hear the Saviour call - ing In ac-cents soft and low; How can I lon - ger tar - ry When he doth love me so? I spurn earth's fleeting

bound-less, It shel-ters e - ven me; I know that it en - dur - eth Thro'
lone - ly That leadeth to his throne, The Lord will ne'er desert me: I
pleasures! The world is naught to me! Re-ceive me, Lord, receive me; I

CHORUS.

all e - ter - ni - ty.
ne'er shall walk alone.
come, I come to thee.

I hear my Sav-iour call - ing, His voice is sweet to me; His boundless love endur - eth Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 41. Jesus is Passing this Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long-ing for par-don to - day?
2. Is there a heart that has wander'd? Come with thy burden to - day;
3. Is there a heart that is bro - ken? Wea - ry and sighing for rest?
4. Come to thy on - ly Re-deem - er, Come to his in - fi - nite love;

rit.

Hear the glad message proclaim - ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Mer - cy is ten-der - ly plead - ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Come to the arms of thy Sav - iour, Pil-low thy head on his breast.
Come to the gate that is lead - ing Homeward to mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way,..... This way,..... to - day;.....
Je - sus is passing, is pass-ing this way, Is passing this way, Is passing to-day;

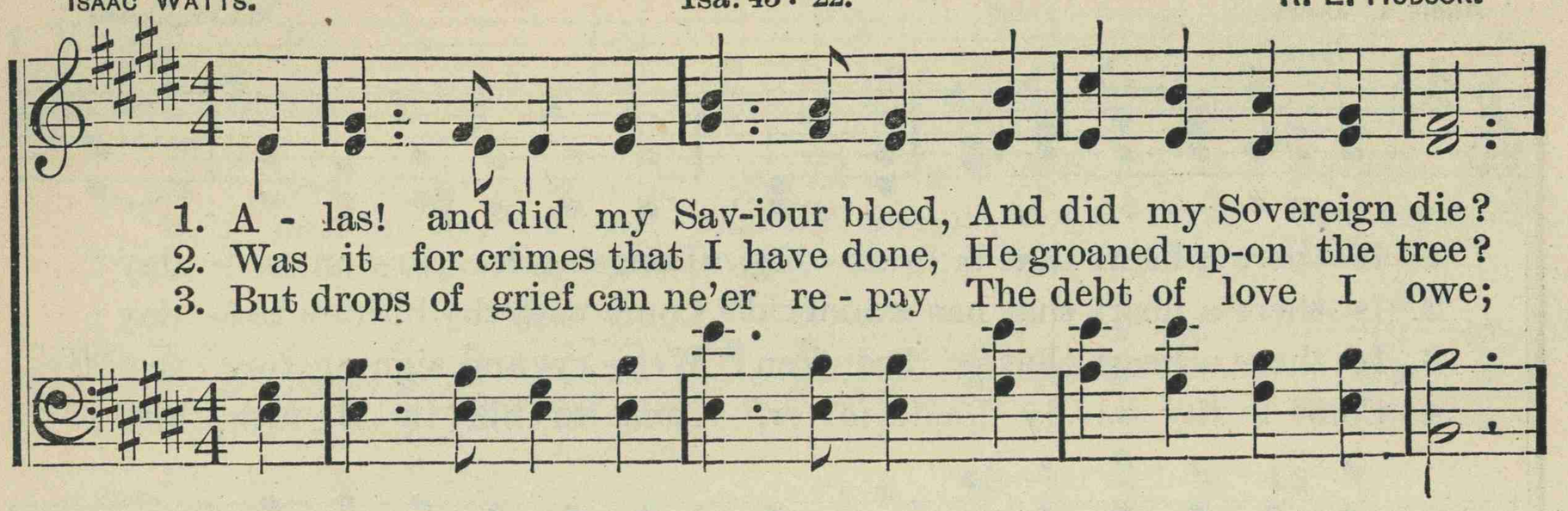
rit.

Je - sus is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to-day,

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No. 42. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Isa. 45 : 22. R. E. HUDSON.



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No. 43. We Have Met Once More.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. We have met once more, in the Mas - ter's name, Let us all to
2. O the joy he gives, and the love we feel, When our tune-ful
3. There's a voice that comes, and it sweet - ly sings Of a land where

him draw near; With a trust - ing faith and a stead - fast hope,
songs we raise, When our pray'rs a - rise to his throne on high,
toil is o'er; With the loved ones there, in the vale so fair,

CHORUS.

For we know our Lord is here.
And our hearts are filled with praise.
We shall dwell, and part no more.

Wel-come hour,..... bless-ed hour,..... Hap - py rest from toil and care,..... When we meet as now in the Master's name, At the welcome hour of pray'r.

Welcome hour, bless-ed hour, and care,

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No. 44. Is it Nothing to Thee?

D. B. PURINTON. W. H. DOANE.

SOLO SOP.

1. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
2. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
3. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That E -

Lord and Redeem-er his love hath revealed? Is it nothing to thee, is it
sin - laden feet from the Saviour hath turned? Is it nothing to thee, is it
ter - ni-ty cometh and death draweth near? Is it nothing to thee, is it

noth-ing to thee, That he died on the cross and thy pardon sealed?
noth-ing to thee, That the voice of his mercy thy heart hath spurned?
noth-ing to thee, Canst thou go when he call - eth, with-out a fear?

2D VOICE TENOR RESPONSE.

1. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, That the
2. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, That he
3. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, When at

voice of his love still is call-ing to - day! O, 't is something to me,
call - eth me back, where-so - ev - er I roam! O, 't is something to me,
last I shall stand on E - ter - ni-ty's shore! O, 't is something to me,

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Is it Nothing to Thee?—Concluded.

Yes, 't is something to me, I will hear from my heart and with joy o - bey!
Yes, 't is something to me, That I still may return and be welcomed home!
Yes, 't is something to me, To be ho - ly and hap- py for ev - er-more!

CHORUS.

Come, he's call-ing to - day,
Come, come, come, he's call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day,

Haste, no longer de - lay, List, list,
Haste, haste, haste, no long-er de - lay, do not de - lay,

Je - sus is call-ing thee, now, Come, come, be - fore him bow.
Come, come, come,

No. 45. One There is Above All Others.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. Talmar. 8, 7. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend, }
   { His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, (*Omit*.....) } free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

No. 46. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

Sᴄᴏᴛᴛ Tᴀʏʟᴏʀ. W. H. Dᴏᴀɴᴇ.

Gently with feeling.

1. Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vig-ils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis - per in my ear;
3. O, when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir - it will its clay for- sake, And find the ha- ven- land of peace.
The sil - ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten-der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel-come me.

Cʜᴏʀᴜs. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil - ver cord will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
end - less, end - less, me, for me

Rit.

shall life be done, E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!
be done,

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane.

No. 47. For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....
Come home, come home,

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co. Chicago, Ill.

No. 48. Will There Be Any Stars?

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

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau- ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there be an- y stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his praise like the seabillow rolls.
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in that cit - y of gold, Should there be an- y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown, When at evening the sun go- eth down?.... When I wake with the blest go-eth down? In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?.... an - y stars in my crown?

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per.

No. 49. Healing for Thee.

W. C. MARTIN. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is mer- cy for a sin-ner like me, Mer - cy by the wondrous
2. All my sins and griefs on Je-sus were laid; And he meek-ly bore the
3. There's a welcome for a sin-ner like me, Just be-yond the brink of

grace of God; On the cross a heal-ing fount-ain I see,
might - y load, All the debt I owed my Sav - iour has paid,
Jor - dan's flood Where I ev - er with my Sav - iour shall be,

CHORUS.

There is healing thro' the blood.
There is ran- som by the blood.
Who has sav'd me by his blood.

Healing for thee, Healing for me,

Healing there for thee, Healing there for me,

Heal-ing thro' the blood that flow'd on Cal- va - ry; Heal-ing for thee,

Heal- ing there for thee,

Healing for me, Heal-ing thro' the blood Jesus shed on the tree.

Heal- ing there for me,

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No. 50. The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry, "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to certain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the armor God has giv-en you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glorious name in ev'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS *Unison.*

tri-umph of the right will soon appear.
in His strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

The fight is on, O Christian

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,.... With ar-mor

gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day.

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The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
Vict'ry! Vict'ry!

No. 51. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth be- side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

CHORUS.

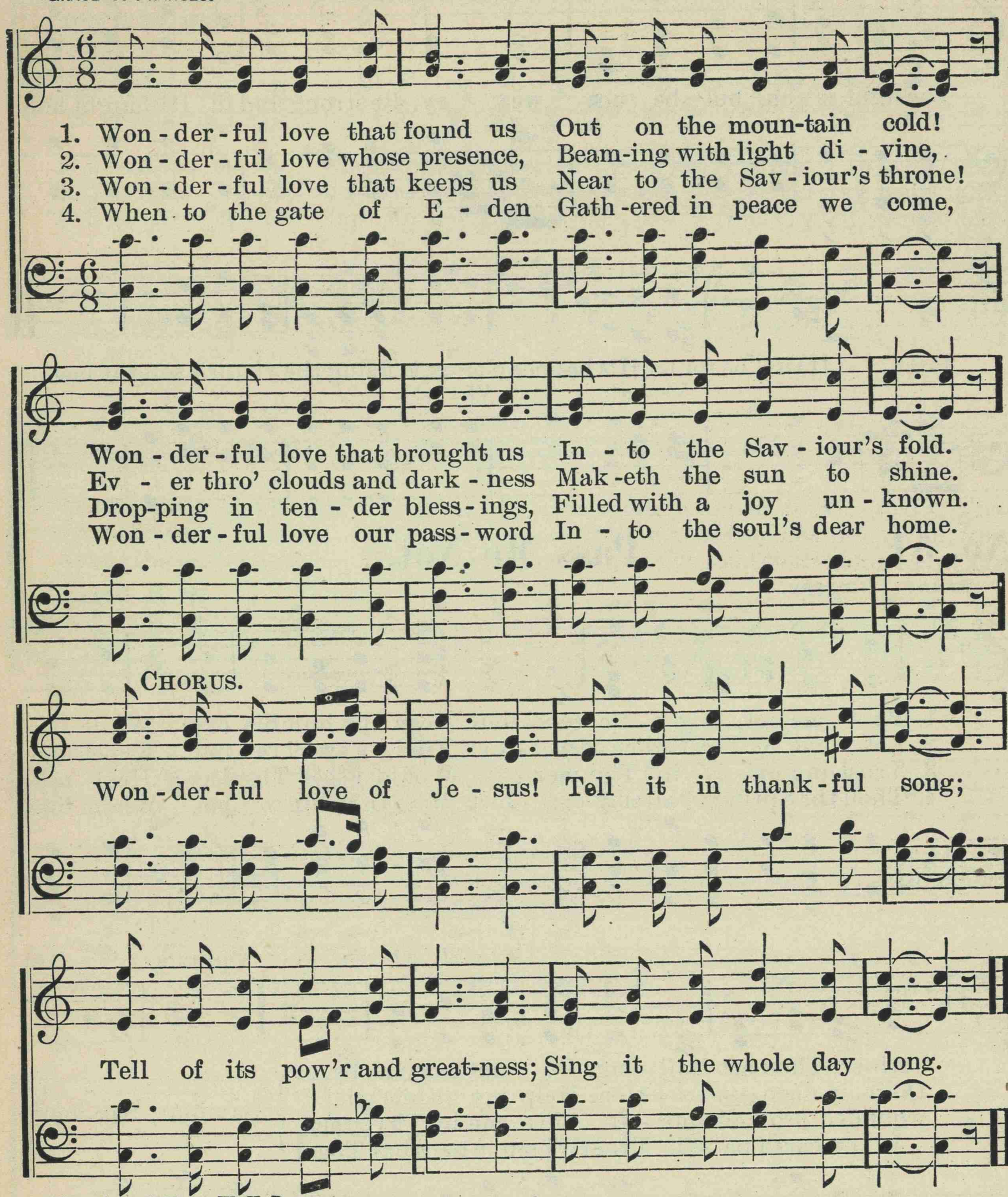
Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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No. 52. Wonderful Love.
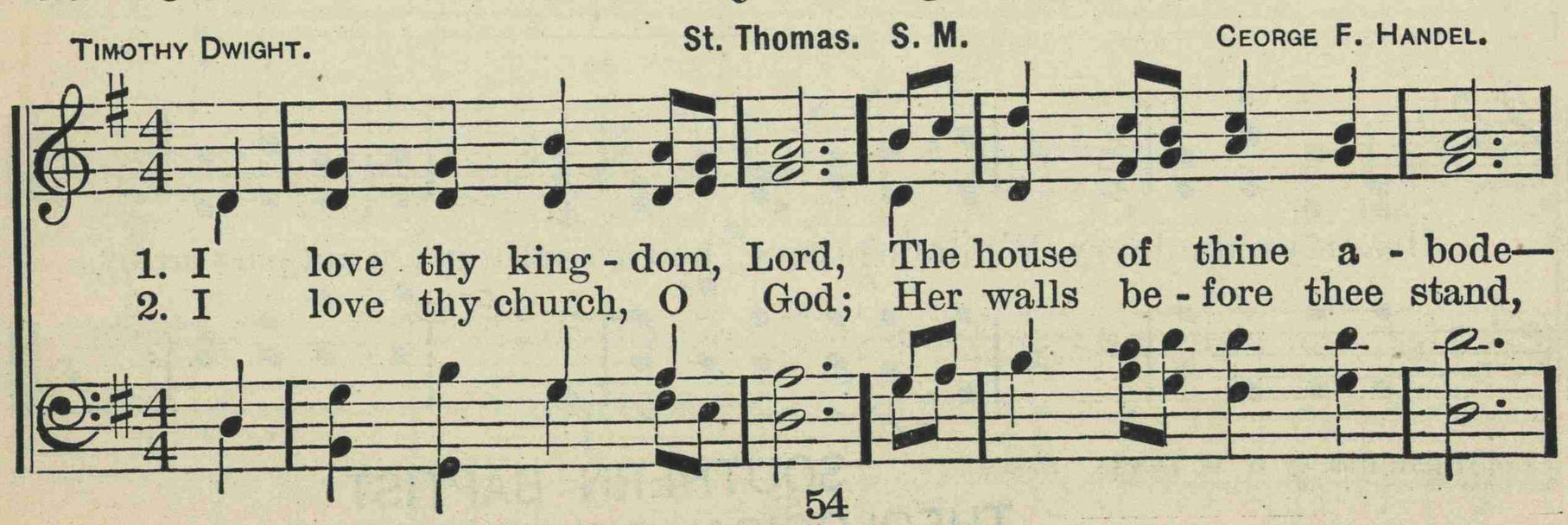
GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.



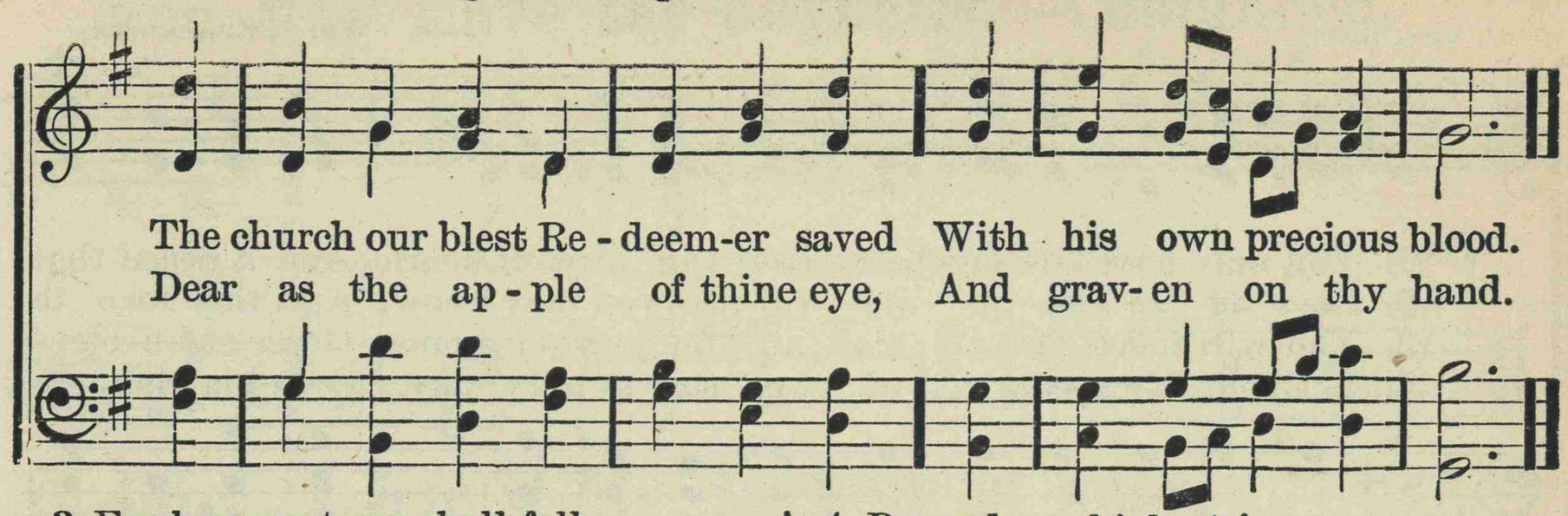
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No. 53. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. St. Thomas. S. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



I Love Thy Kingdom. Lord.—Concluded.
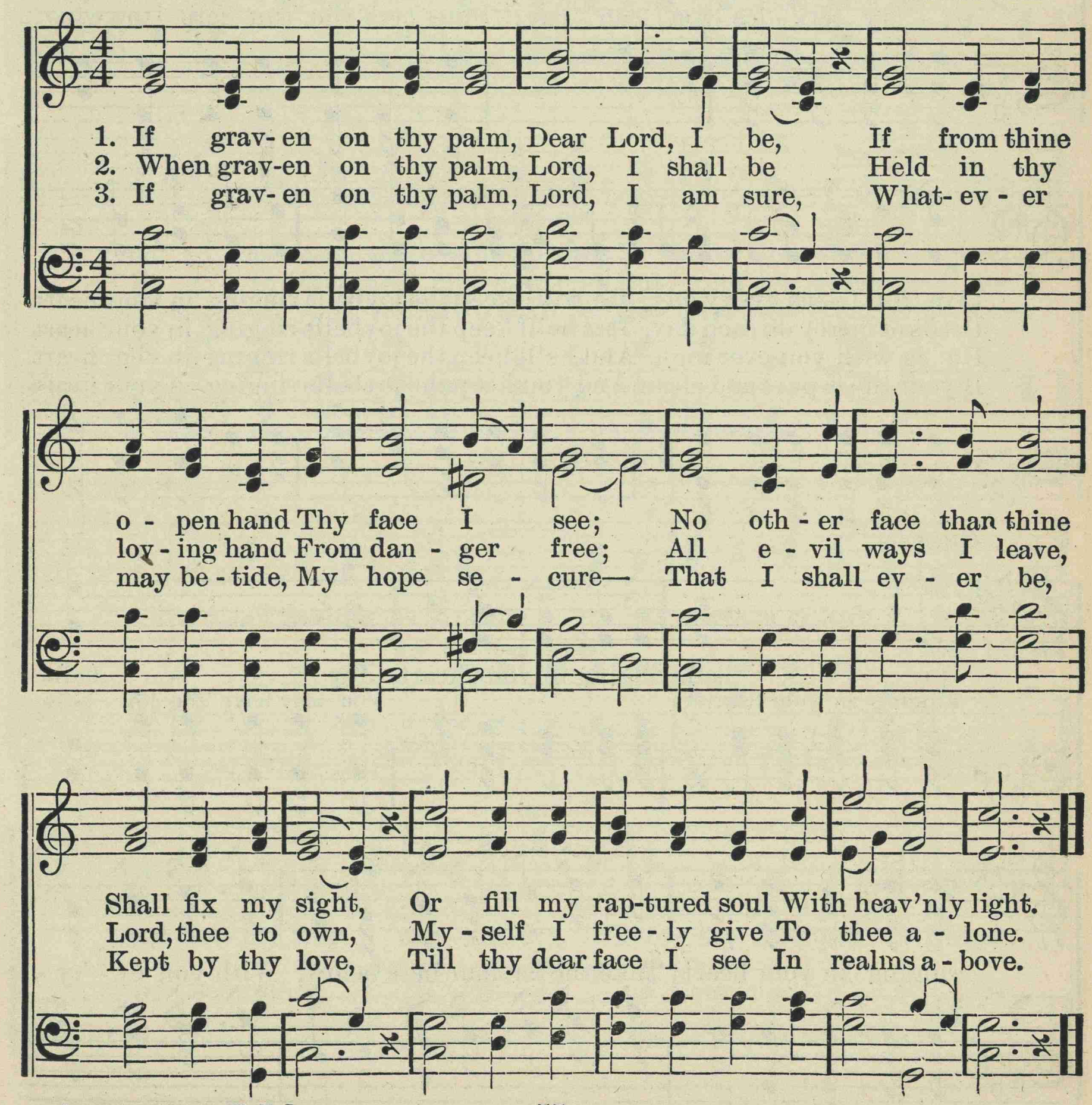


3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

No. 54. Graven On Thy Palms.

D. B. PURINTON W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Doane.

No. 55. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win
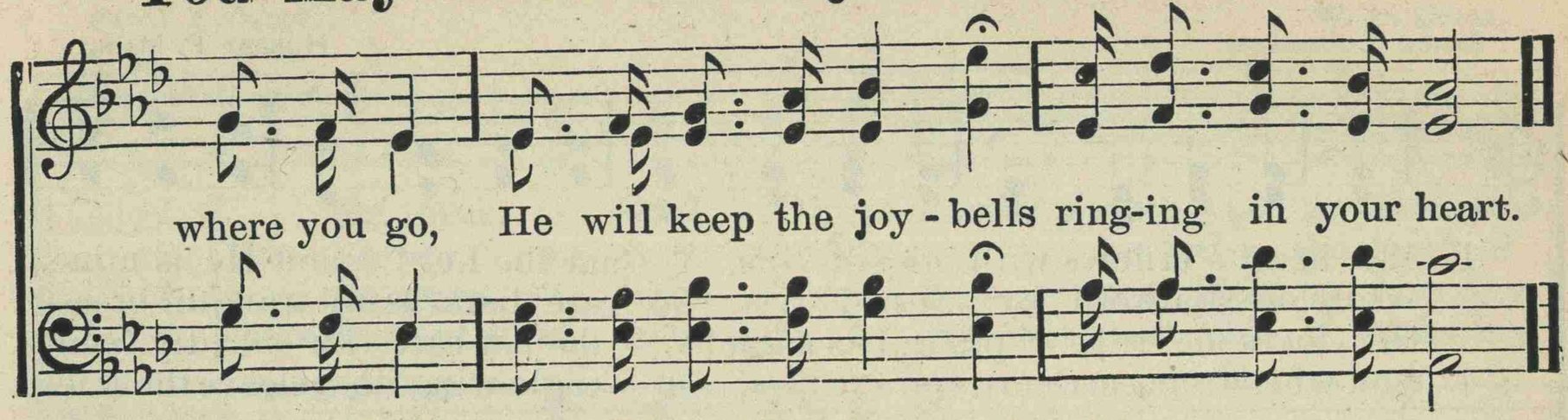
Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.

Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells
ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry-

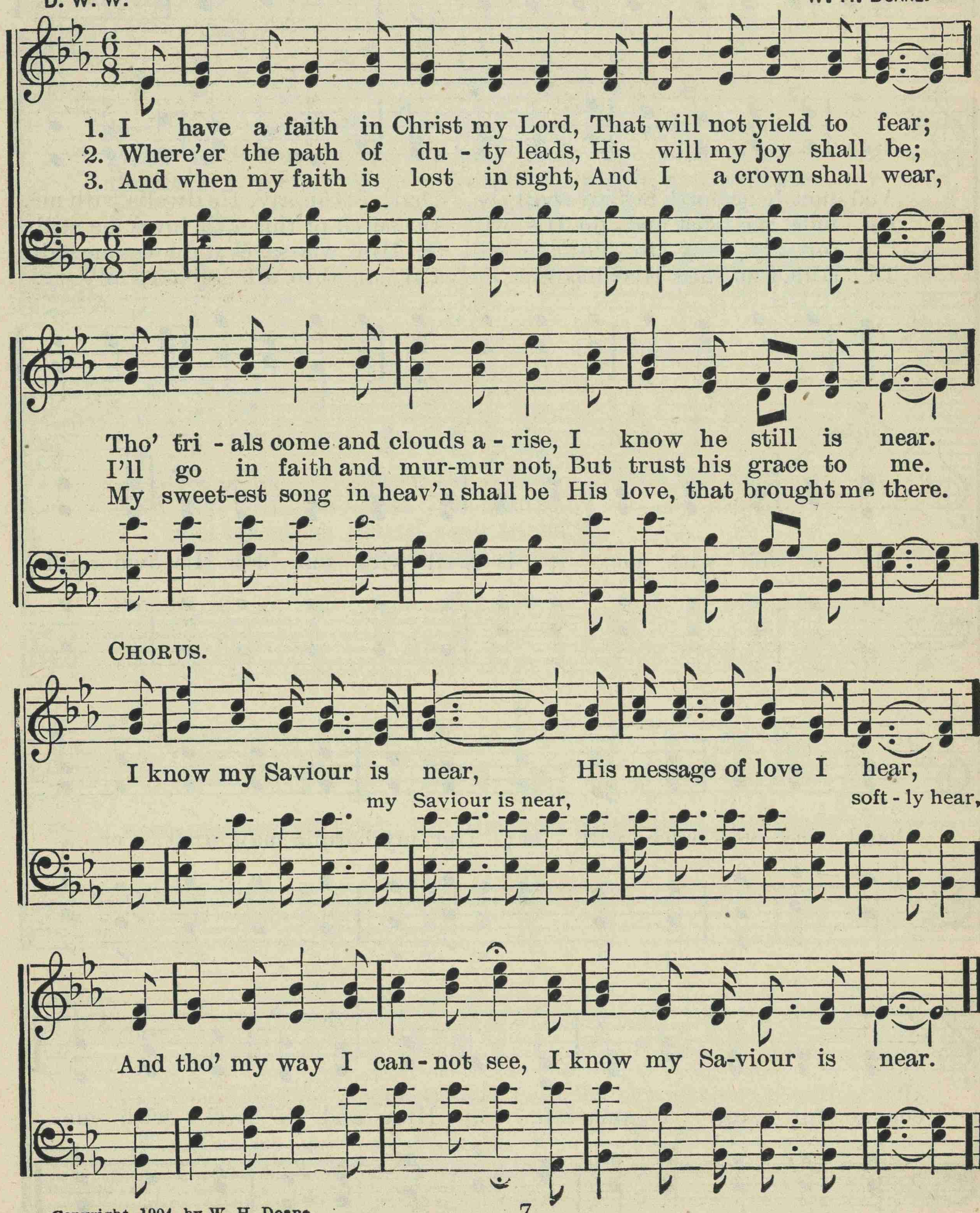
Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.



No. 56. I Know My Saviour is Near.

D. W. W. W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Doane.

No. 57. Christ Dwells with Me.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My heart o'erflows with bliss di-vine, I am the Lord's, and He is mine,
2. While on His word by faith I rest, No care disturbs my tranquil breast,
3. He loves me still, O praise His name! I do not care for worldly fame;
4. And when from earth my spir - it flies, On eagle wings that cleave the skies;

And now henceforth my joy shall be, That I can say, He dwells with me.
He bids me trust and do His will, As - sured of this—He loves me still.
I on - ly seek to do the will Of Him, who saves and loves me still.
To Him, who shed His blood for me, I'll sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

It is well with me, it is well with me, For His own right hand my de - fence will be; Tho' my barque may drift o'er a change - ful sea, I am safe in Him and He dwells with me.

Copyright, 1906, by Hubert P. Main.

No. 58. Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy
2. Con - se- crate me now to thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with thee. near - er, near - er,

near- er, bless- ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

No. 59. He's the Only One.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Mid the tri - als of life, 'mid its gath-'ring storms, There's a
2. Je - sus saves, bless - ed truth, ring it out a - new, Come to
3. In the light, in the dark, let us trust the Lord, Let us

faithful Friend abid- ing and sure,..... O there's One who so ful - ly His
Him, O contrite sin- ner and live,..... He will blot out your sin, He is
fol - low in the prints of his feet;..... And a crown from his hand shall the

prom - ise per-forms, And His love will for - ev - er en - dure.
faith - ful and true, Grace a - bound - ing He free - ly will give.
faith - ful re - ceive, When at last by the throne we shall meet.
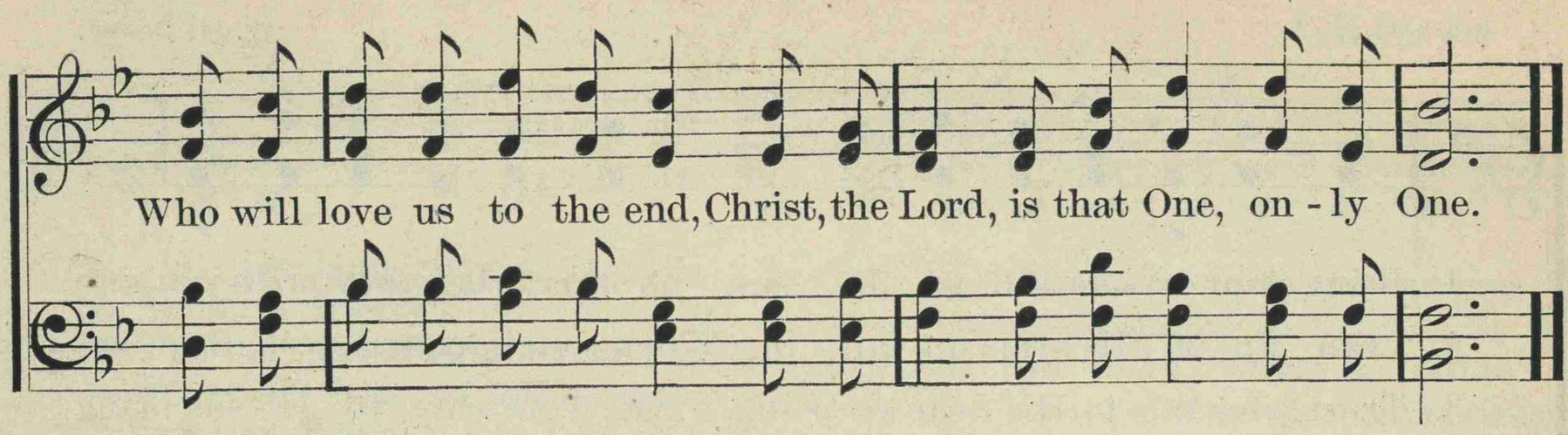
CHORUS.

O there's One that we can trust, Strong and loving, kind and just, He will

help us till the race is run,..... He's the one un-dy-ing Friend,
race is run,

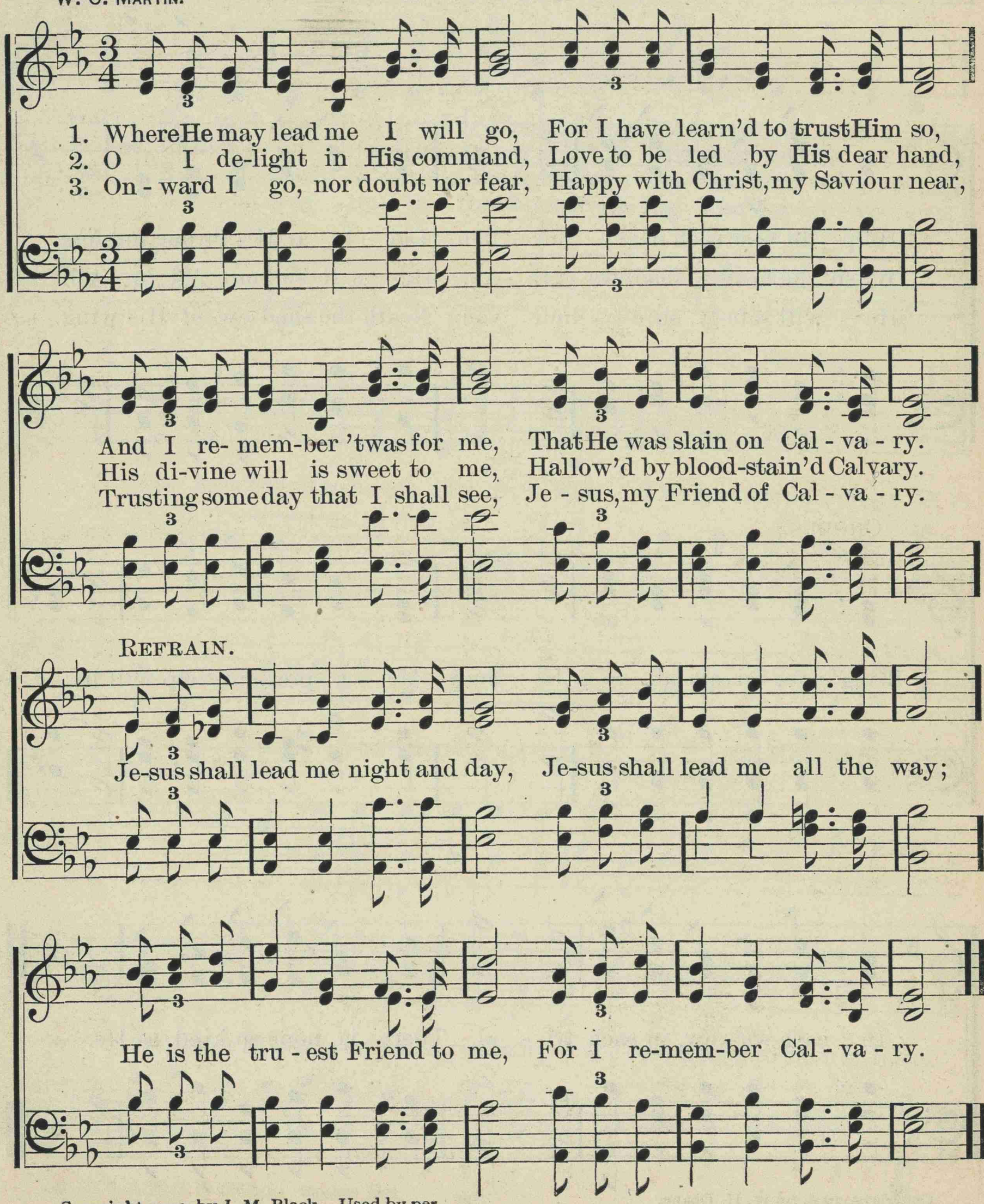
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He's the Only One.—Concluded.



No. 60. I Remember Calvary.

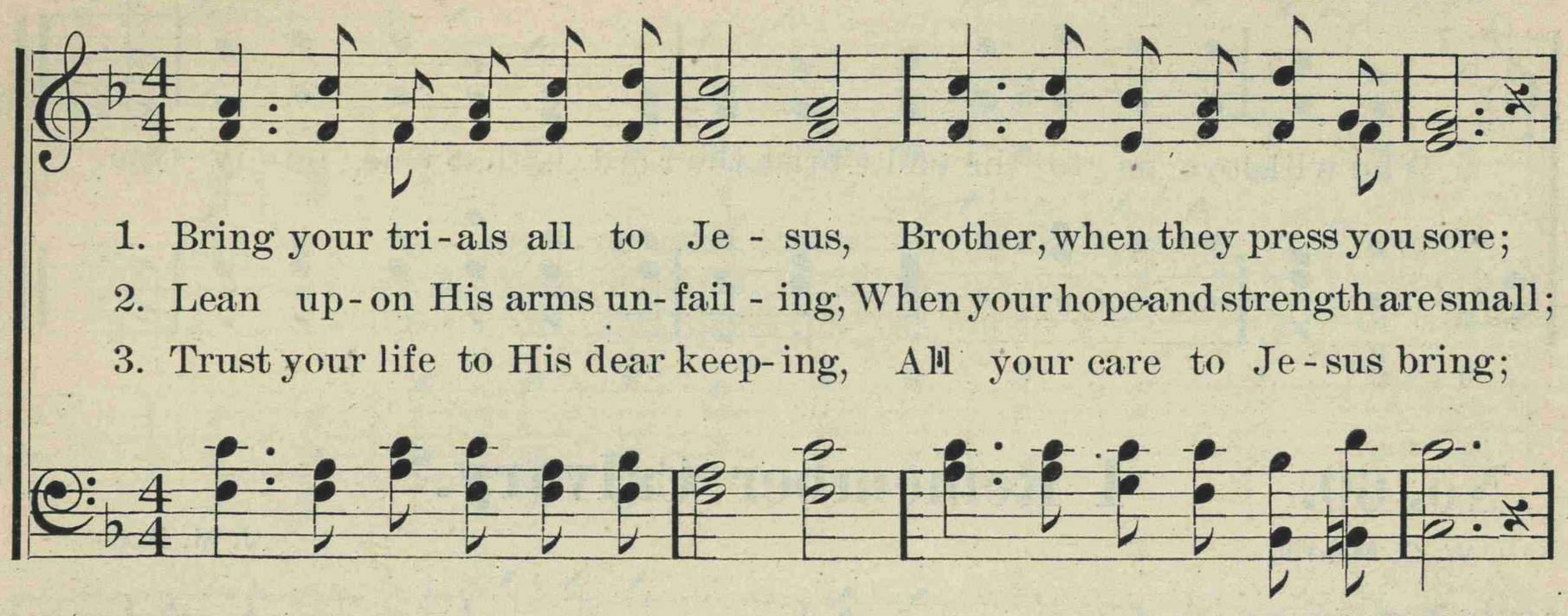
W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.



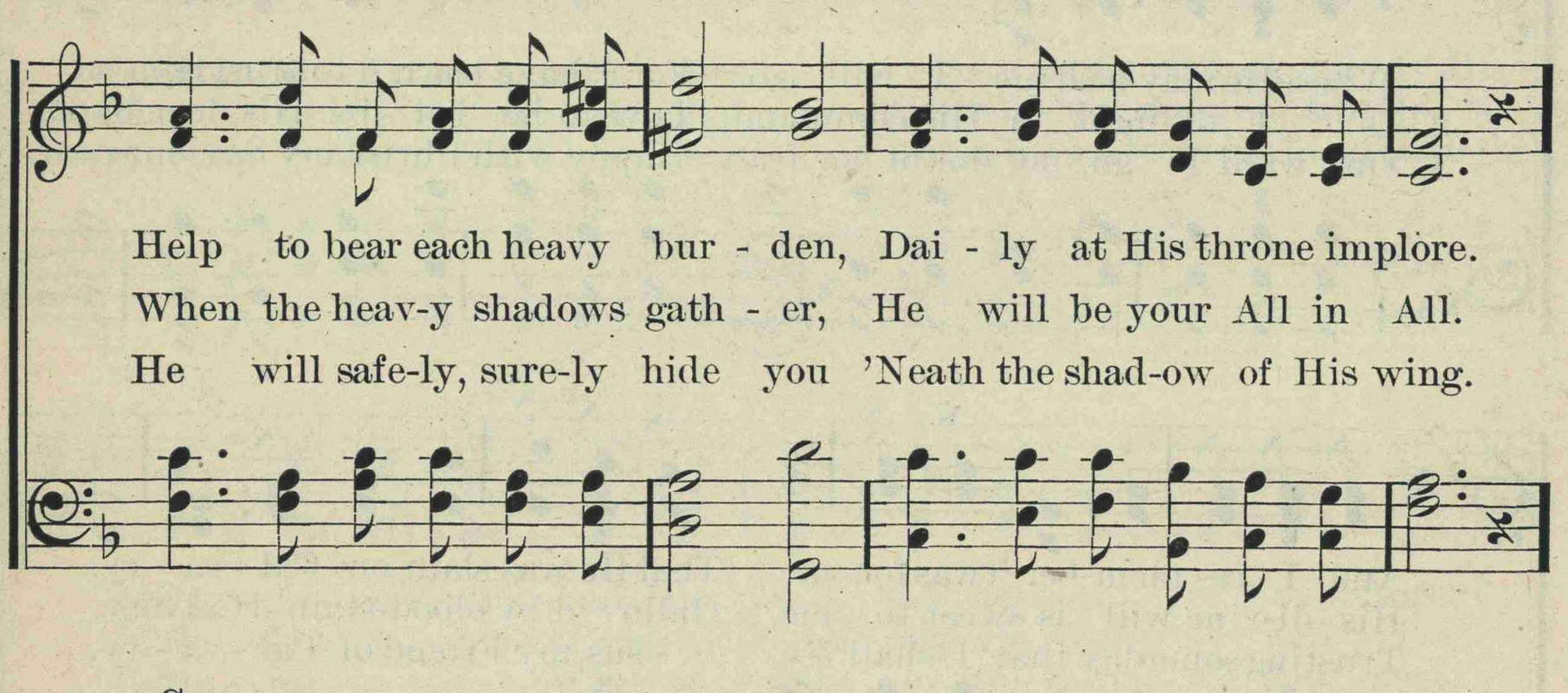
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No. 61. Bring Your Trials all to Jesus.

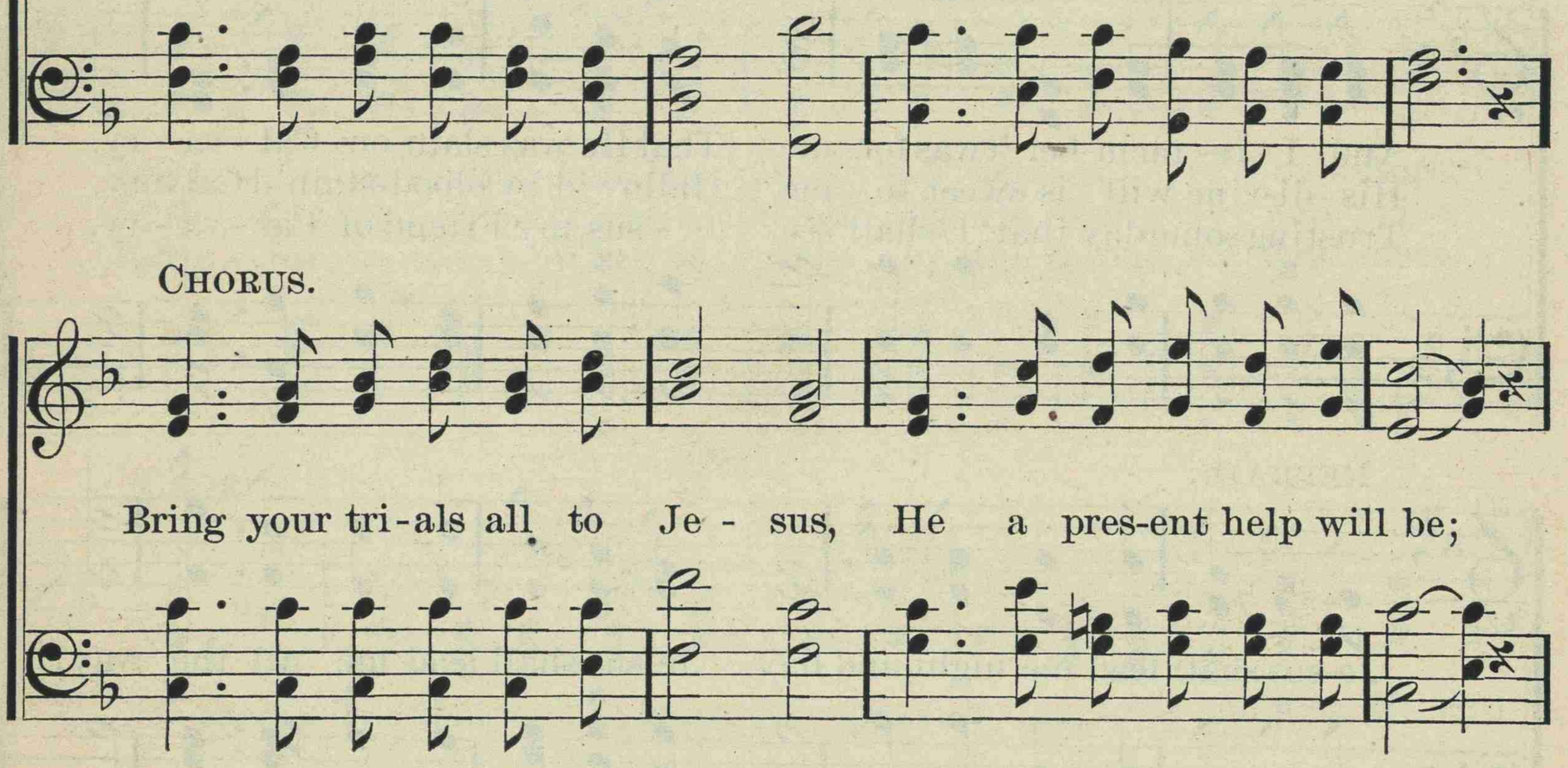
IDA L. REED. W. H. DOANE.



1. Bring your tri-als all to Je - sus, Brother, when they press you sore;
2. Lean up-on His arms un-fail - ing, When your hope and strength are small;
3. Trust your life to His dear keep-ing, All your care to Je-sus bring;

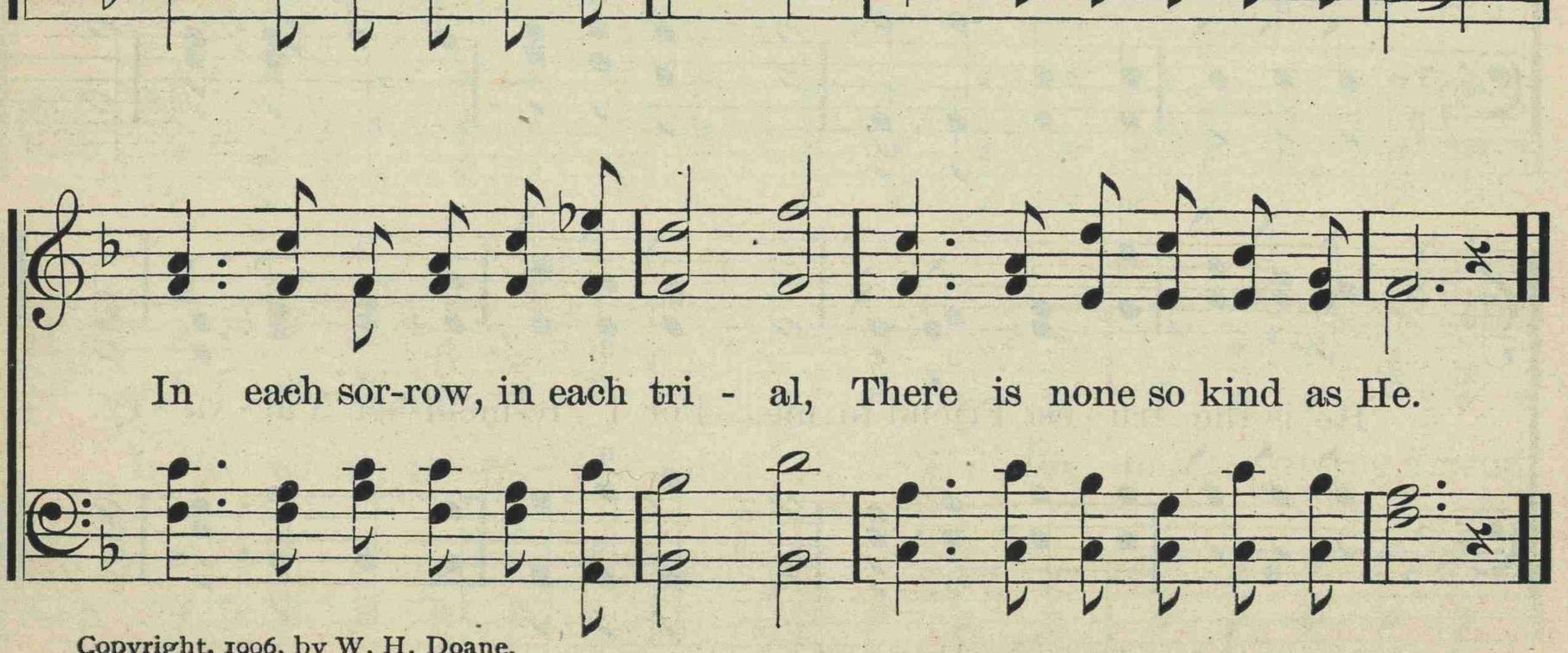


Help to bear each heavy bur - den, Dai - ly at His throne implore.
When the heav-y shadows gath - er, He will be your All in All.
He will safe-ly, sure-ly hide you 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing.



CHORUS.

Bring your tri-als all to Je - sus, He a pres-ent help will be;



In each sor-row, in each tri - al, There is none so kind as He.

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No. 62. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET.

1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul he
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor- row, And the chil-ly waves of Jordan
4. When at last to our home we gath- er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be-

Organ or Piano.

roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will strength and grace impart;
brings; Lean-ing on his might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais- ing him for- ev - er-more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

O the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is
Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way,
when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

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No. 63. Missionary Bells.

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

1. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, mission- a - ry bells, Pealing out the news of Je-sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je-sus, happy music swells,
2. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, let the children's hands Pull the cords of love and faith and praise, Till the children now in darkness, hear of God's commands,
3. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, ev-'ry one may share In the lov-ing serv- ice of our King; Bring an off 'ring, willing off 'ring, wrap it up in pray'r;

CHORUS.

Telling of our blessed Friend a - bove.
Learn to follow in the Saviour's ways.
Help the missiona - ry bells to ring.
} Bells! bells! mission - a - ry bells,

Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, each a story tells; Sounding loud and free o-ver land and sea, Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, missionary bells.

Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 64. Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at his feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp-tations 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When his lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Pre - cious name,
Pre-cious name,
O how sweet! ..... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
O how sweet, how sweet!

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No. 65. In the Cross is My Trust.

W. C. MARTIN. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the cross is my ref - uge from sin and its pow'r, And the pains that I just - ly should bear; Oh, I could not sus-tain half the
2. In the cross is my ref - uge when tempt-ed a - way From the life I would live in the Lord. Oh, I rest in its shad-ow from
3. In the cross is my ref - uge in sea - sons of grief, There I find precious com - fort and rest. For my Sav - iour there died to af -

bur - den one hour, But my Sav - iour bore them once for me there.
day un - to day, And I find it doth sure-ly safe - ty af - ford.
ford me re - lief, And the blessings there I find are the best.

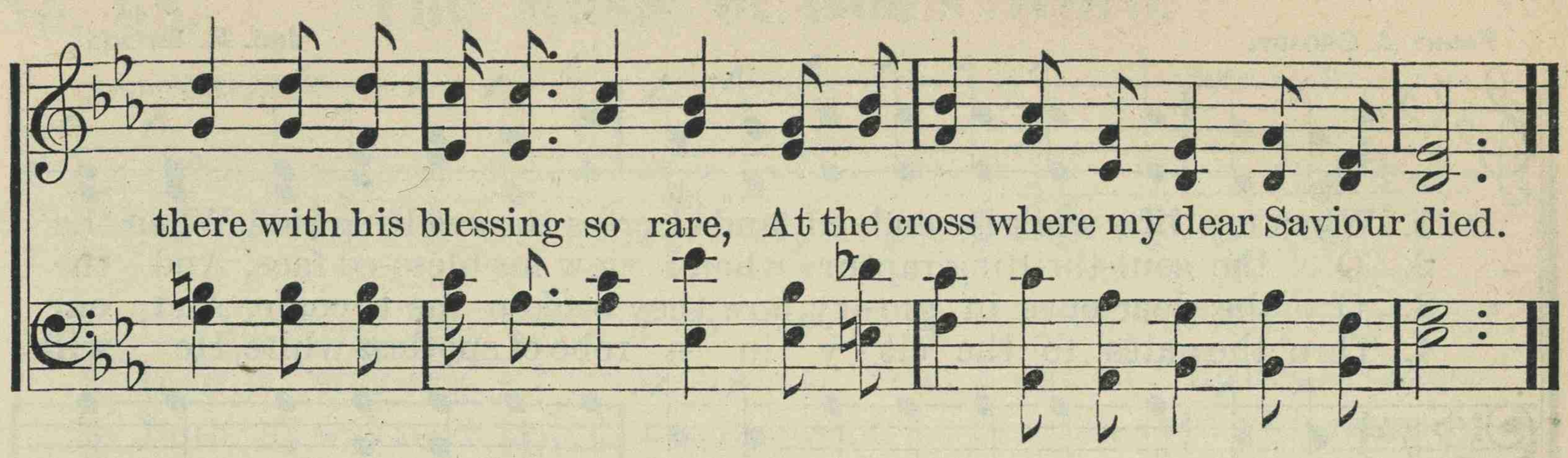
CHORUS.

In the cross..... is my trust,..... In the cross..... is my trust,

cross all my need is sup - plied;..... For the Lord meets me is supplied;
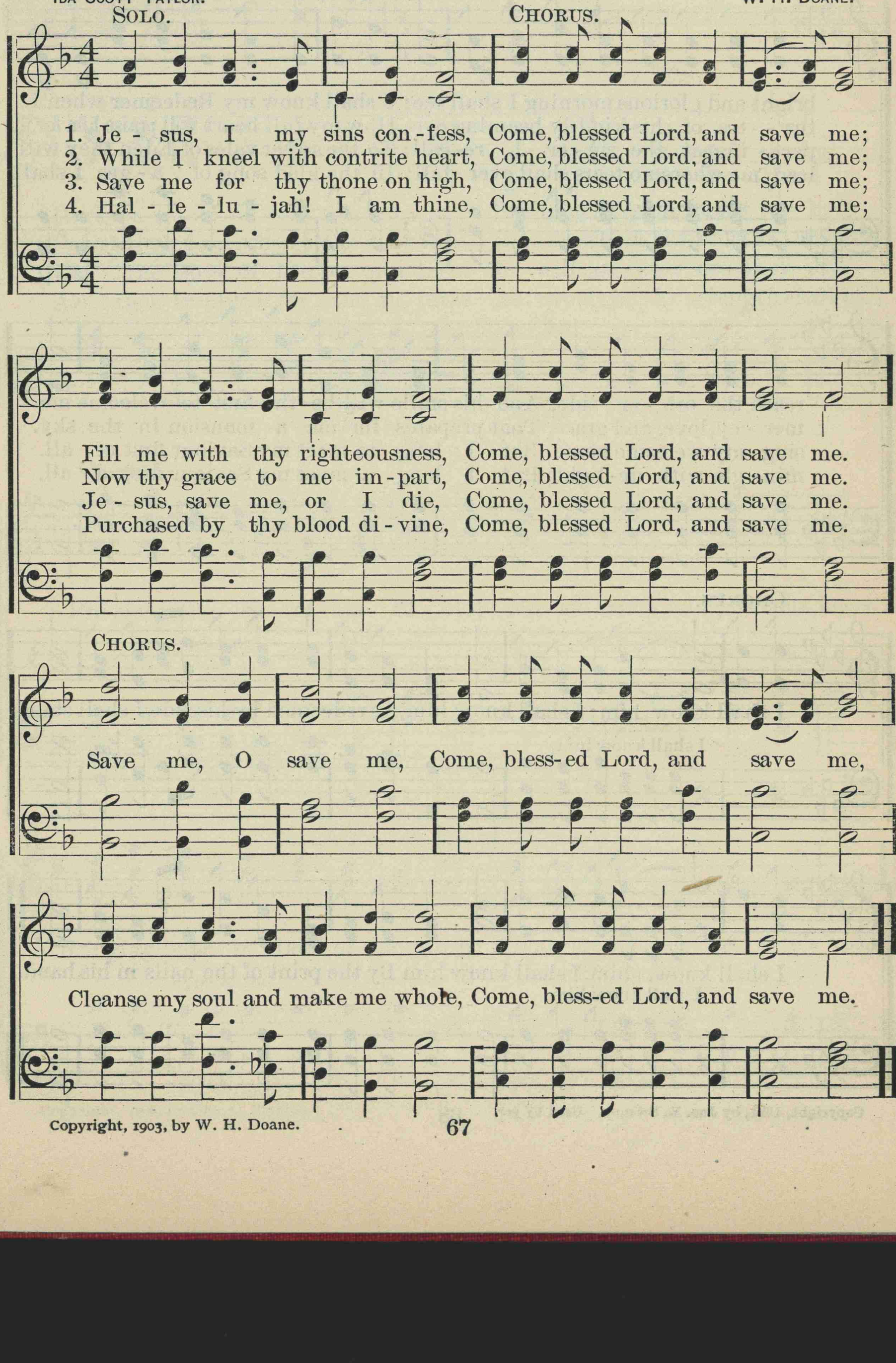
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In the Cross is My Trust.—Concluded.



No. 66. Come, Blessed Lord.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 67. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus-tre of his kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. O the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears shall ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him; I shall know him, As redeemed by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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No. 68. The Music of God's Word.

FLORA KIRKLAND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. In the deep, deep waves of sor - row, 'Mid the strong, swift tides of grief;
2. Hear it sing-ing, "I am with thee!" Hear a - gain! "Be not a - fraid."
3. Doth thy way seem hedged about thee? "I will guide thee with mine eye."
4. Art thou wea-ry? Hark, the ech - o! "Come, thou weary one, to me;"

Hark, a sound of heav'n-ly mu - sic, Bringing sweet and sure re - lief!
Can'st thou fear, when He is near thee, He, on whom thy trust is stayed?
Do the cares of life per-plex thee? "I will an - swer ere they cry."
Art thou troubled for the fu - ture? "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

CHORUS.

Pre-cious mu - sic of the Bi - ble! Mu - sic saints and prophets heard!
mel-o-dy saints and the

Bringing hope in times of an-guish; Wondrous mu - sic of God's word!
hope in the mel-o - dy

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69. When The Saints Are Marching In.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—ISA. 35 : 10.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shining gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints are marching
2. Parted friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints are marching
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints are marching
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a-gain, When the saints are marching

When the saints are marching

in, ... The redeemed shall come And be crowned at home, When the
in, ... Spotless robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear, When the
in, ... And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song, When the
in, ... We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days, When the
in, are marching in,

CHORUS.

saints . . . . . are marching in. When the saints . . . . are marching
When the saints When the saints

in, When the saints . . . are marching in, Joy-ful
are marching in, When the saints are marching in,

songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.
When the saints are marching in.

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No. 70. Roll it Off.

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

1. Roll it off on Je - sus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee,
2. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev- 'ry pressing grief; He will sweetly comfort,
3. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev-'ry heart-request; Bring him thy pe-ti- tions,

Breathing peace within; Ev - 'ry haunting mem'ry, Ev - 'ry gloomy fear,
He will give re- lief; Precious con - so - la - tion Com-eth from a- bove,
For He know-eth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care

CHORUS.

Bring toHim, thy Saviour, He is ev - er near.
There is grace to help us InHis wondrous love.
Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer pray'r.
} Roll it off, roll it off, Too great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Je- sus, Lean upon His breast; He is calling, "Come and rest."

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 71. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas- ter from the dawn till set- ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur-rection share; When his chos-en ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

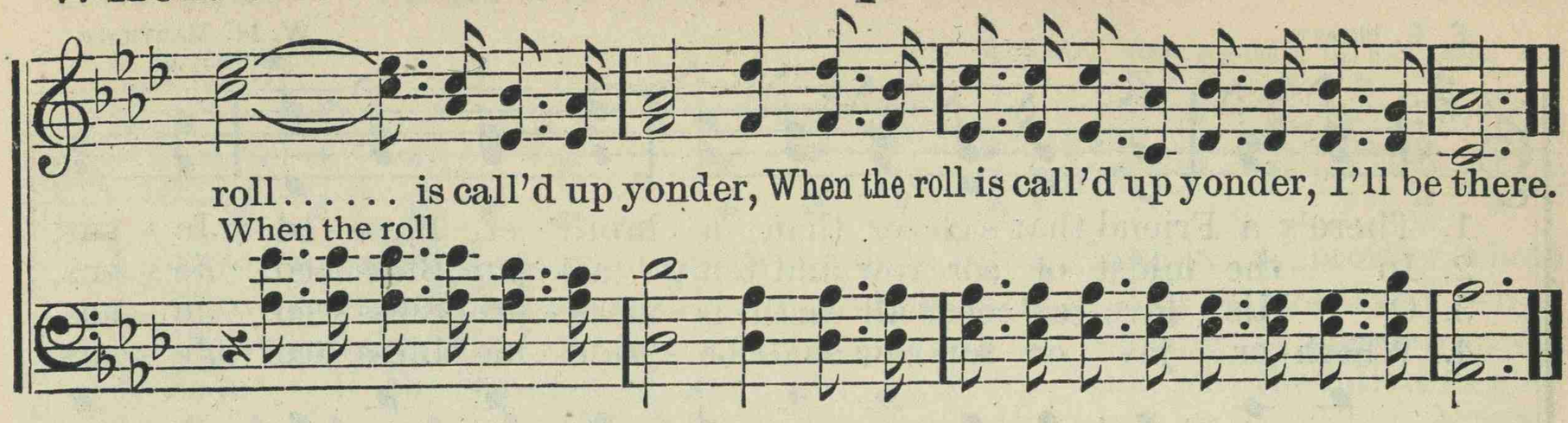
CHORUS.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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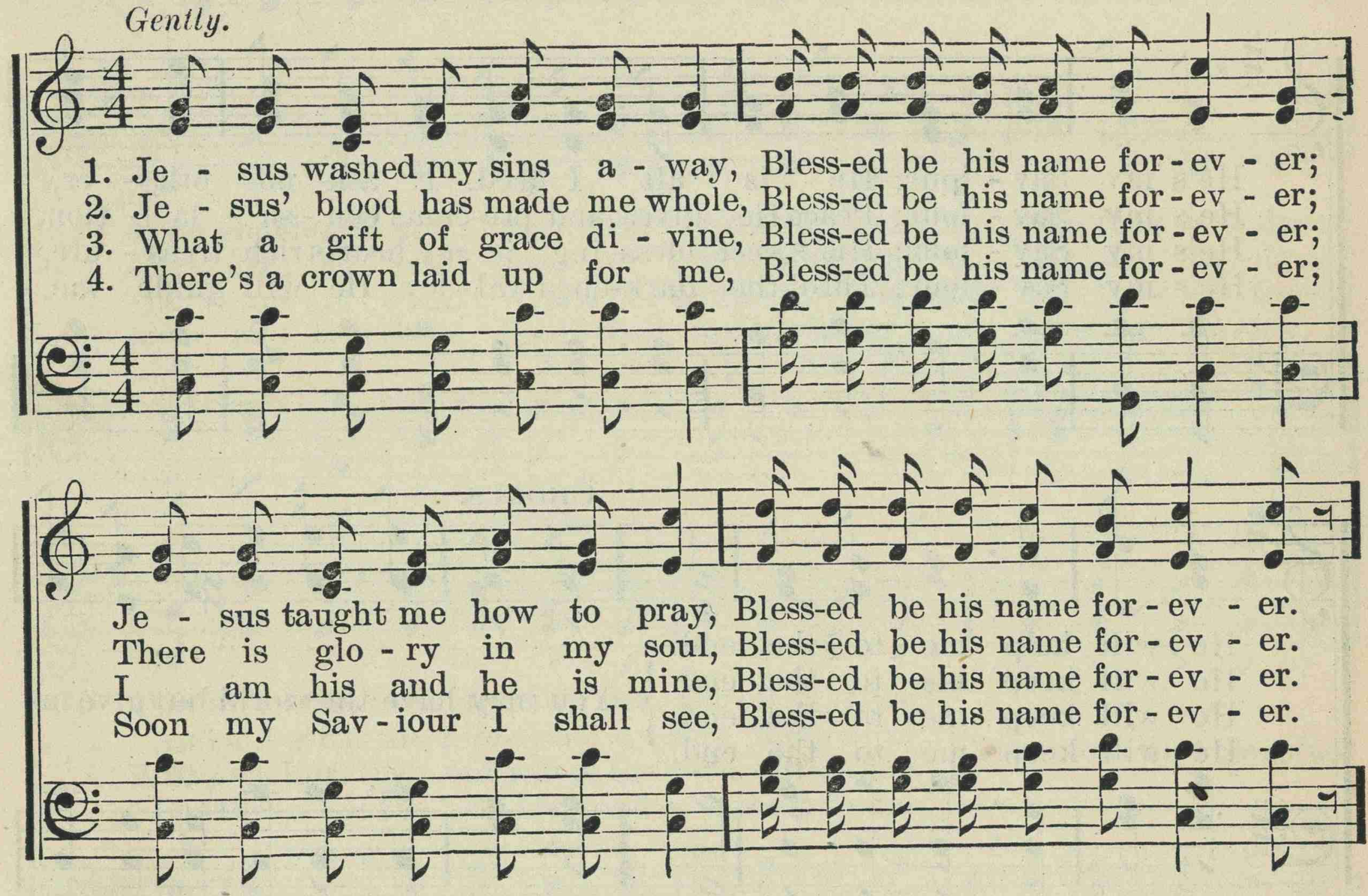
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.
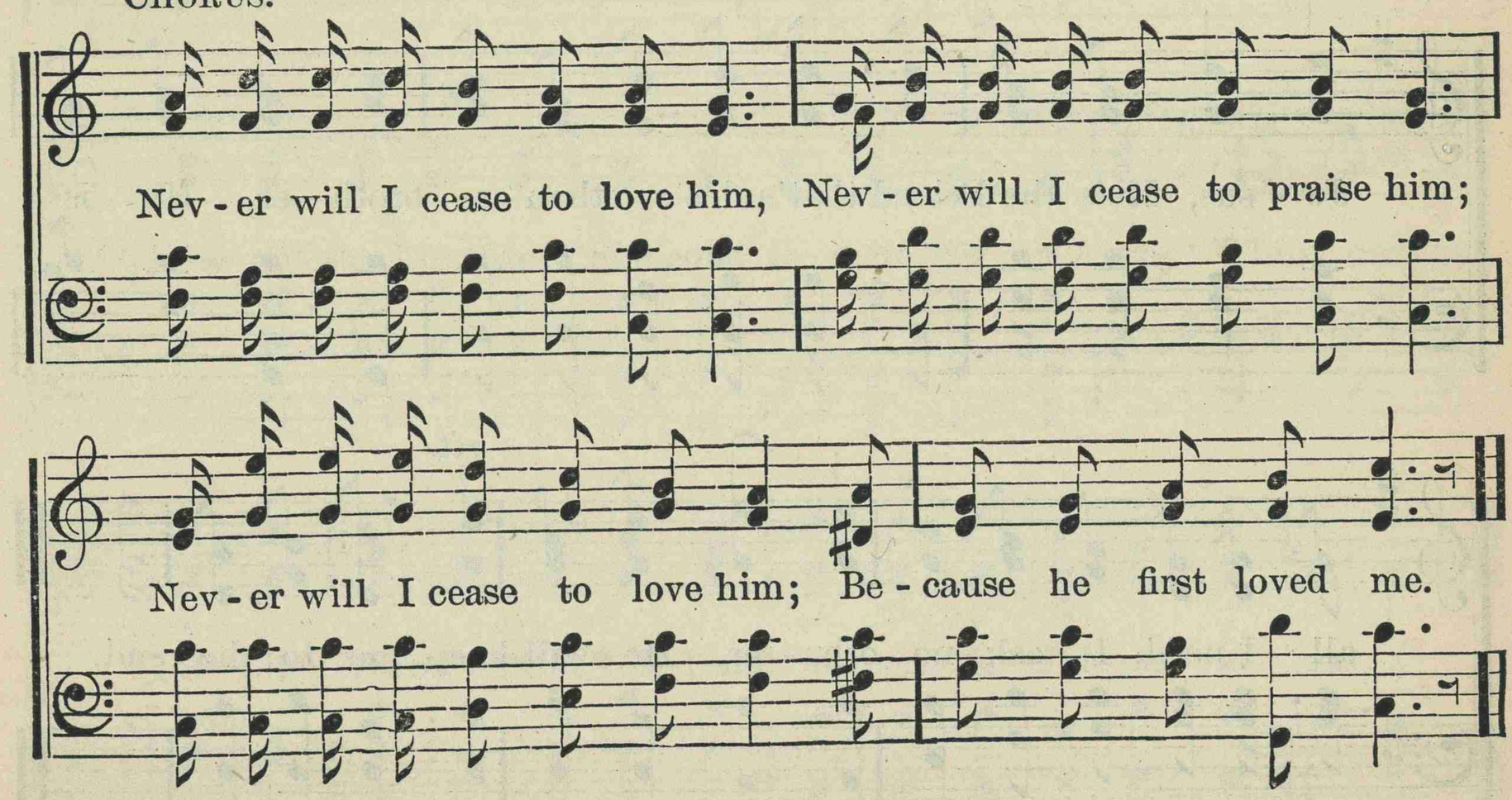


No. 72. Never Will I Cease to Love Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.



CHORUS.



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No. 73. Give Me Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. MARTIGNY.

1. There's a Friend that's closer than a broth - er, Bless - ed Je - sus,
2. In the midst of sor- row and temp - ta - tion, Bless - ed Je - sus,
3. O His love ex-ceeds all earth- ly meas - ure, Bless - ed Je - sus,
4. Wheth - er joy or sor-row shall be - tide me, Bless - ed Je - sus,

He's my Sav - iour; He is all I need, I ask no oth - er,
He's my Sav - iour; Peace He gives and pre-cious con - so - la - tion,
He's my Sav - iour; His sweet bless- ing is my hearts rich treas - ure,
He's my Sav - iour; Thro' the dark-ened val - ley He will guide me,

CHORUS.

He will help me to the end.
He will keep me to the end.
He will keep me to the end.
He will keep me to the end.

You may have the world but give me

Je - sus, He's the Friend that's clos-er than a broth - er, He is

rit.

all I need, I ask no oth - er, He will keep me to the end.

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No. 74. Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! O, who then will dare
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink - ing; O has - ten to - day—
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth - er, no time for de - lay,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, away!
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
} Throw out the Life-Line!

Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drift - ing a - way! Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is sink-ing to - day.

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No. 75. His Way with Thee.

C. S. N. REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good?
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call?
3. Would you in his king-dom find a place of con - stant rest?

Would you walk with him with-in the nar - row road? Would you have him
Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him
Would you prove him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his

bear your burden, car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
save you, so that you need nev - er fall? Let him have his way with thee.
serv-ice la - bor al - ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.

CHORUS.

His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free;

rit.

His love can fill your soul, and you will see, 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

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No. 76. More and More I Need Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. More and more I need thee, Pre-cious Friend di - vine; More and more I need thee, In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me
2. More and more I need thee, Thou, my all in all; More and more I need thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and
3. More and more I need thee, In temp- ta - tion's hour; More and more I need thee, Need thy keep- ing power; Let my soul up -
4. More and more I need thee, While the days go by; More and more I need thee, While the mo-ments fly; In thy se - cret

ev - er, Still my ref - uge be; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -
help - less, Thou, my strength must be; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -
lift - ed, Cling by faith to thee; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -
pres - ence, Let my dwelling be; Sav- iour, lov - ing Sav- iour, A -

CHORUS.

bide with me. More.... and more.... I need thee, O I need thee! Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A - bide with me.
More and more, yes, more and more,

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No. 77. Jesus Can Make it Bright.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. No mat - ter how gloomy my path-way may be, Je - sus can make it bright; No mat - ter how crim-son the stains he may see,
2. No mat - ter what trouble may sad-den my heart, Je - sus can make it sing; No mat - ter what pleasures of earth may de - part,
3. No mat - ter how heav- y the bur-den I bear, Je - sus can make it light; No mat - ter how puz-zling his an-swer to pray'r,
4. No mat - ter how stormy life's weath-er may seem, Je - sus can make it clear; No mat - ter how dis- tant the beck - on - ing gleam,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will wash them white.
Je - sus his peace will bring.
Je - sus will make it right.
Je - sus can bring it near.

} Jesus will keep me and Jesus will save;

Love's bless- ed ban - ner shall o - ver me wave; Je - sus will lead me, O won- der-ful love! Lead me to man-sions a - bove.

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No. 78. Jesus and Nicodemus.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. *"Ye must be born again."*—JOHN 3: 7. W. H. DOANE.

1. He came in the hush of the si - lent night, For his soul had no rest with - in; And he heard from the lips of the low - ly one, Ye must be born a - gain.
2. He came for he knew that his on - ly hope Must be staid on the truth he heard; And he knew that the voice in his ear that rang Had come from Christ the Lord. Ye must (ye must) be born a - gain (poor soul); Thy heart must be cleansed from sin (from sin); Thy will must bow and with sweet control, Thy Lord must reign within.
3. He came for he longed for the peace that flows From the joy of a pur - er life; And he longed for a heart that was free from sin, No more with God at strife.

CHORUS.

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No. 79. He's Seeking for Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Seek-ing for thee in won-der-ful love, Com-eth thy
2. Seek-ing for thee He's a-ble to save, For thy poor
3. Seek-ing for thee, O do not de-lay! Come to His
4. Wait-ing for thee now glad-ly re-ceive, Love so di-

Lord from glo-ry a-bove; List to His voice so gen-tle and
soul His life blood He gave; Once on the cross for sin-ners He
arms there's mer-cy to-day; Turn from thy sin there's par-don for
vine, re-pent and be-lieve; On-ward He'll lead, thro' life's changeful

kind, Ten-der-ly call-ing, his lost one to find.
died, While He is call-ing, O haste to His side.
thee, Take His sal-va-tion, so bless-ed, so free.
days, On to the man-sion of ju-bi-lant praise.
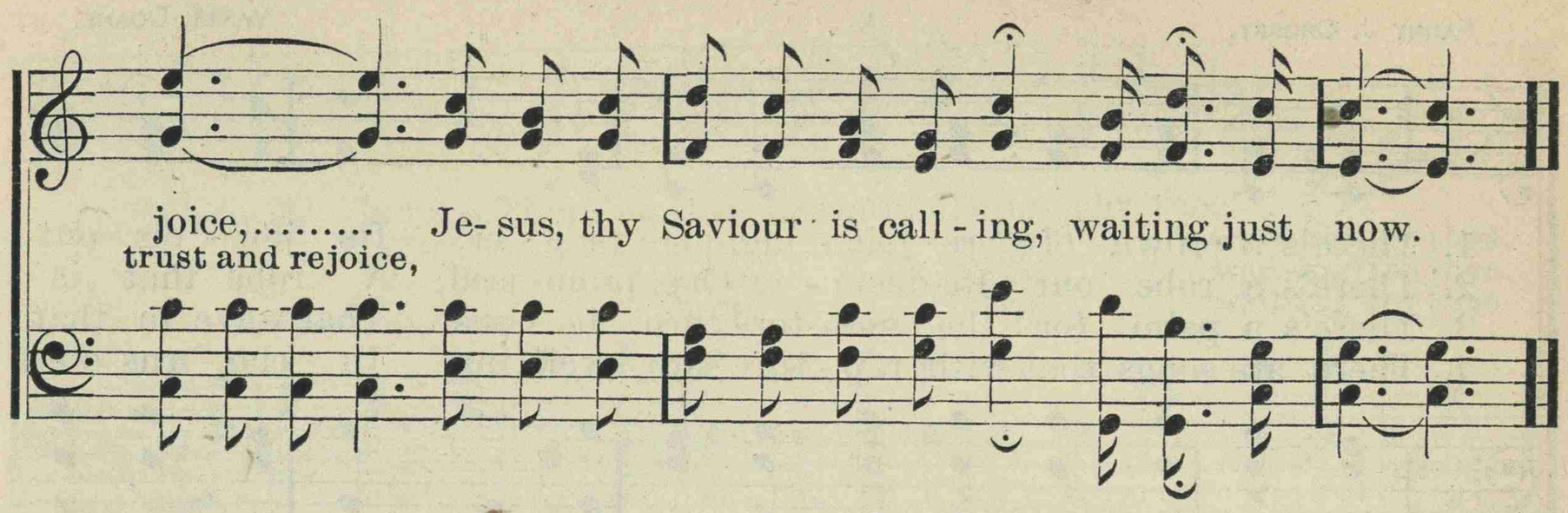
CHORUS.

Seek-ing for thee, list to His voice, Je-sus, thy
Seek-ing for thee, list to His voice,

Saviour is waiting for thee just now: Answer His call, ... trust and re-
Answer His call,

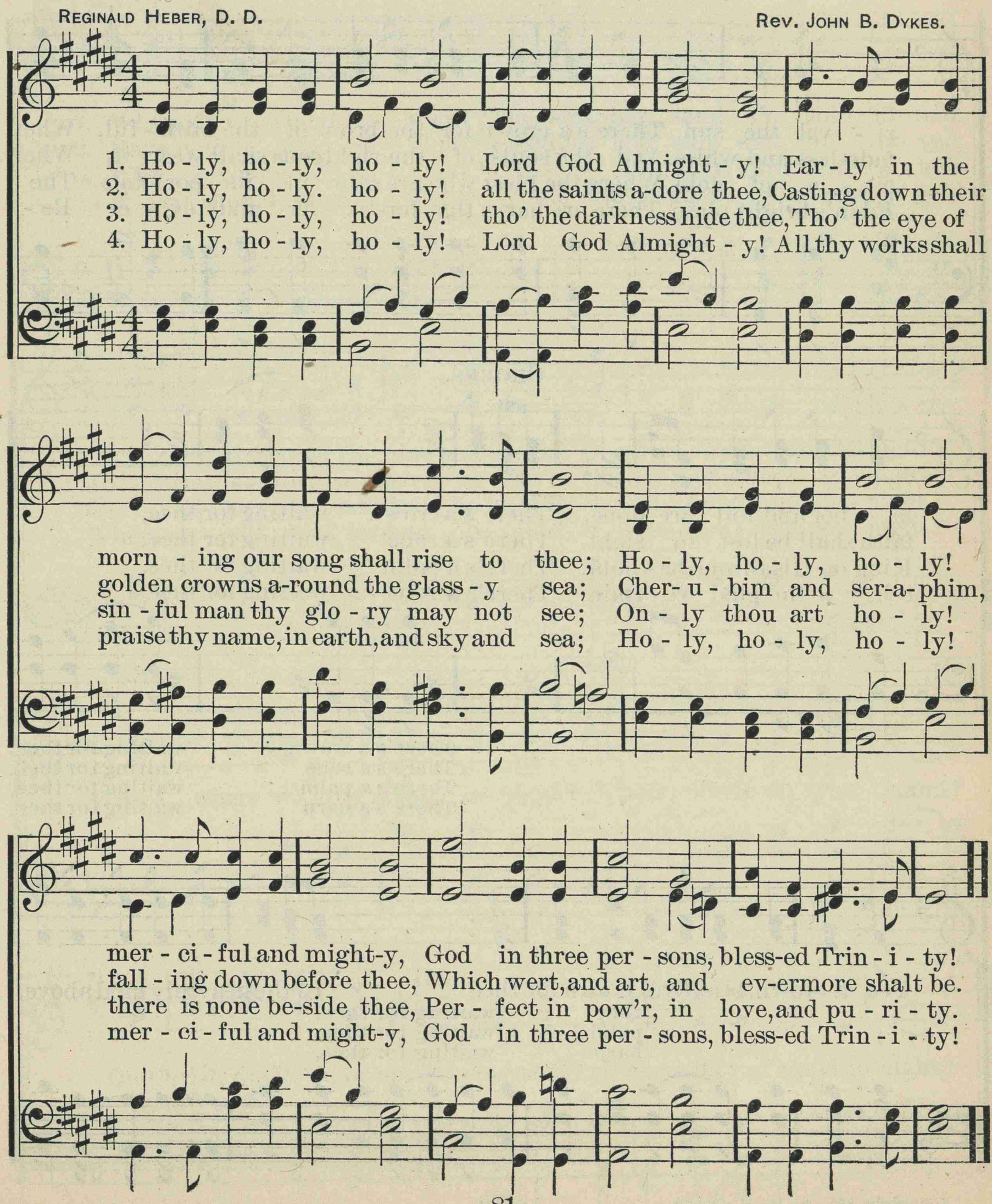
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He's Seeking for Thee.—Concluded.



No. 80. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 81. There's a Crown for Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a crown of re - joic - ing, O reap - er, Its jew - els out -
2. There's a robe our Re-deem - er has prom- ised, A robe that is
3. There's a palm for the vic - tors thro' Je - sus, That wave in that
4. There are songs that with rap - ture are swell-ing, In cho - rus o'er

ri - val the sun, There's a crown for the brow of the faith - ful, When
fade-less and white, And the souls of the righteous shall wear it, When
cit - y of gold, Where the blest who are safe in its por - tals The
Eden's bright plain, There are harps that for- ev - er and ev - er Re -

CHORUS.
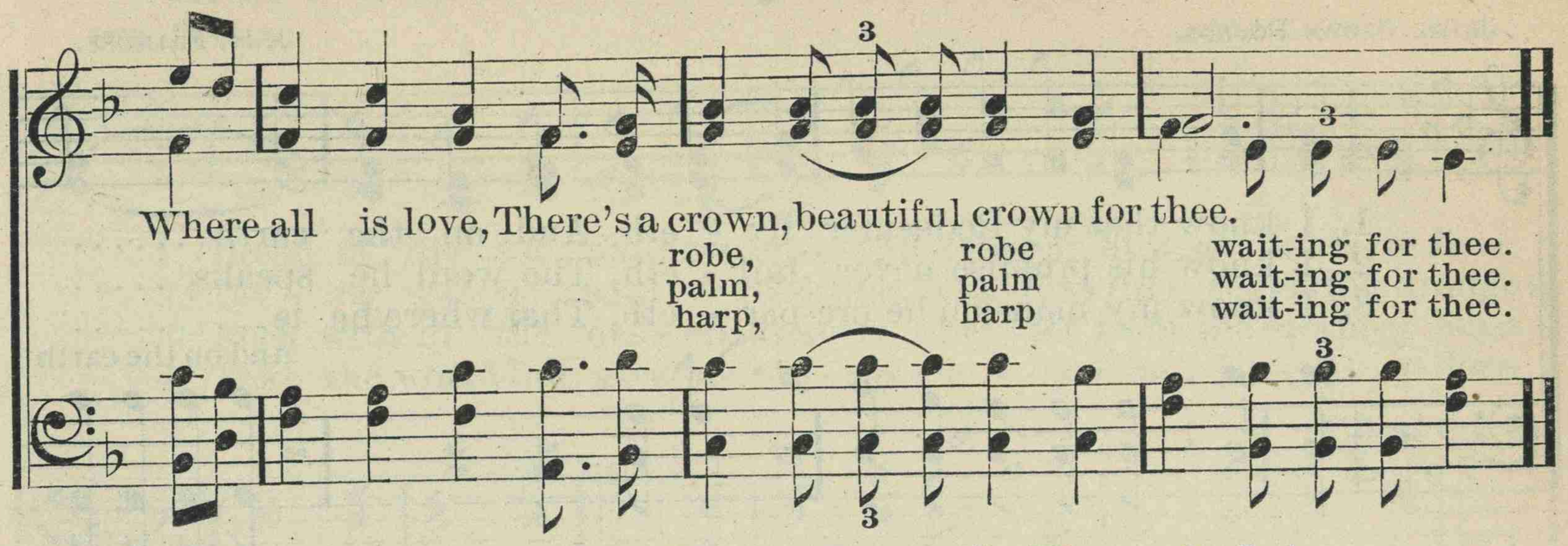
la - bor and toil are done. There's a crown waiting for thee,
faith shall be lost in sight. There's a robe waiting for thee,
King on His throne be - hold. There's a palm waiting for thee,
ech - o the glad re - frain. There's a robe waiting for thee,

There's a crown waiting for thee,
There's a robe waiting for thee,
There's a palm waiting for thee,
There's a harp waiting for thee,

Yes, a crown, beautiful crown for thee, In the heav'nly land above,
robe waiting for thee,
palm waiting for thee,
harp waiting for thee,

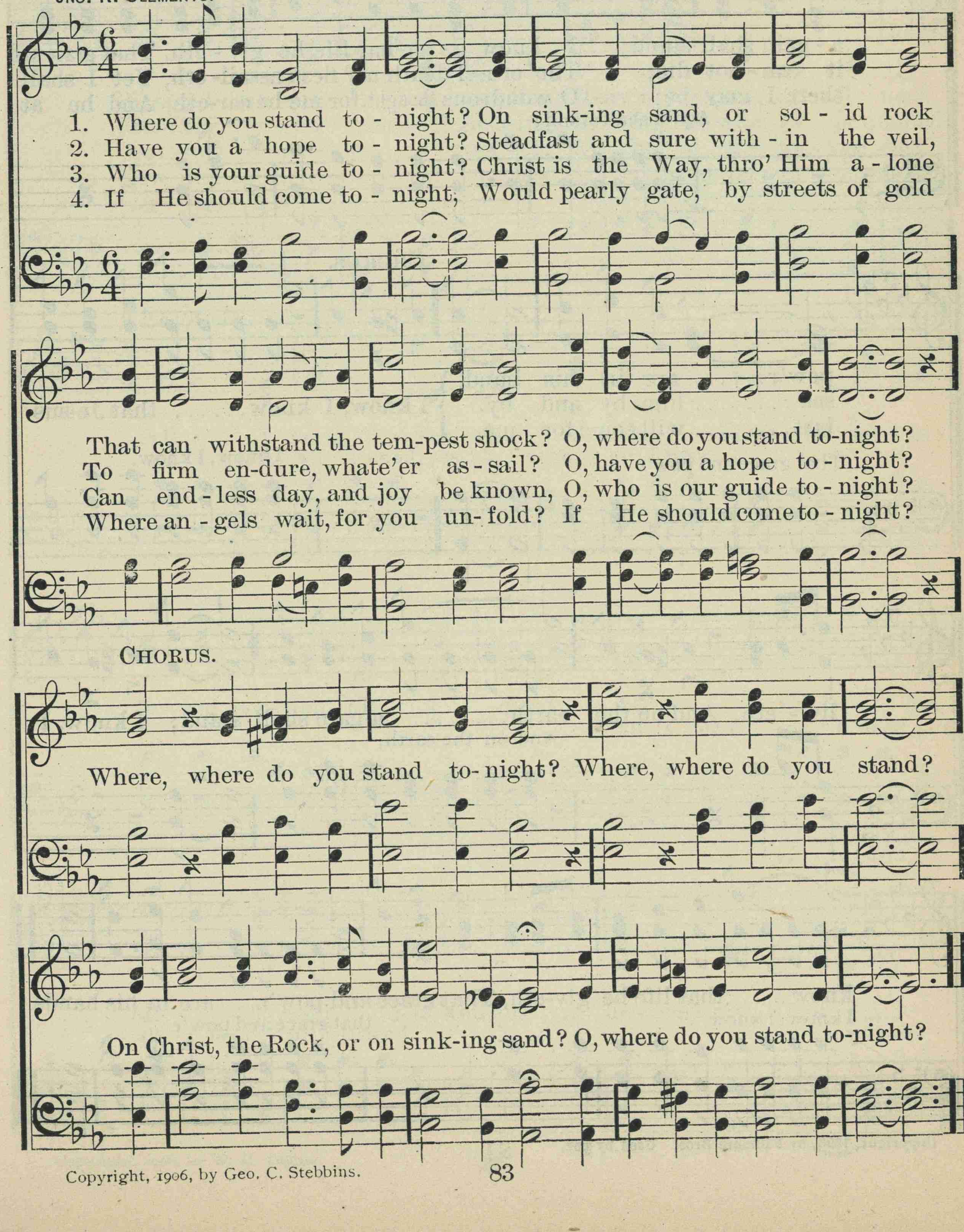
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There's a Crown for Thee.—Concluded.



No. 82. Where do You Stand To-night.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 83. I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know his promise never fail - eth, The word he speaks, ...
3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is.....

And on the earth

a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter-nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
it can - not die; Tho' cru-el death my flesh assail- eth, Yet I shall
there I may be; O wondrous thought, for me he car-eth, And he at

Again shall stand;

CHORUS.

pow'r..... are in his hand.
see ..... him by and by.
last..... will come for me.

} I know, I know..... that Je-sus

That grace and pow'r

I know, I know,

liv - eth, And on the earth..... a-gain shall stand; I know, I

And on the earth,

know.... that life he giv-eth, That grace and pow'r.. are in his hands.

I know, I know that grace and pow'r

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No. 84. All I Need.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Bread of life for sin-ners brok- en, Giv'n our hun- gry souls to feed;
2. Liv - ing wa - ter, soul re-fresh-ing, Won- der- ful re- viving draught,
3. Rock with-in the des - ert drear- y, Shel - ter from the storm-y blast;
4. Take the world but give me Je - sus, On - ly Him I will a- dore,

Bless- ed sat - is - fy - ing por- tion, Heav'nly manna, all I need.
From the riv - en rock still gush-ing, Giv - ing life wher-ev - er quaffed.
Com - fort for the soul a - wea - ry, An- chor in the ha - ven cast.
Now and thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, All I need for - ev - er- more.

REFRAIN.

All I need, yes, all I need, Bless - ed sat - is -
All I need, all I need, yes, all I need, all I need,

fy - ing por- tion all I need; All I need, yes,
all I need, all I need, yes,

rit.

all I need, I'm find-ing in Je - sus, my Lord.....
all I need, all I need my Lord.

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No. 85. To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of life let the wea-ry be led; In the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the

balm of his coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us
cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we
name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be, In the
home of the faith-ful our dwell-ing shall be, And we

do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on, toil-ing
her-ald the tid-ings, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"
loud swelling cho-rus, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"
shout with the ransom'd, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"

CHORUS.

Toil-ing on.

on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Let us
toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on,

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To the Work.—Concluded.

hope, and trust, Let us watch, and pray, And la-bor till the Mas - ter comes.

No. 36. Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now he's
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Gladly to thee, my

CHORUS.

fess - ing, To him thy Sav-iour bow.
wait-ing, And read - y to for - give.
cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Sav - iour, I give my-self a - way.

} On-ly a step, on-ly a step;

Come, he waits for thee; Come, and thy sin confess-ing, Thou shalt receive a

bless-ing; Do not re-ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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No. 87. I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.
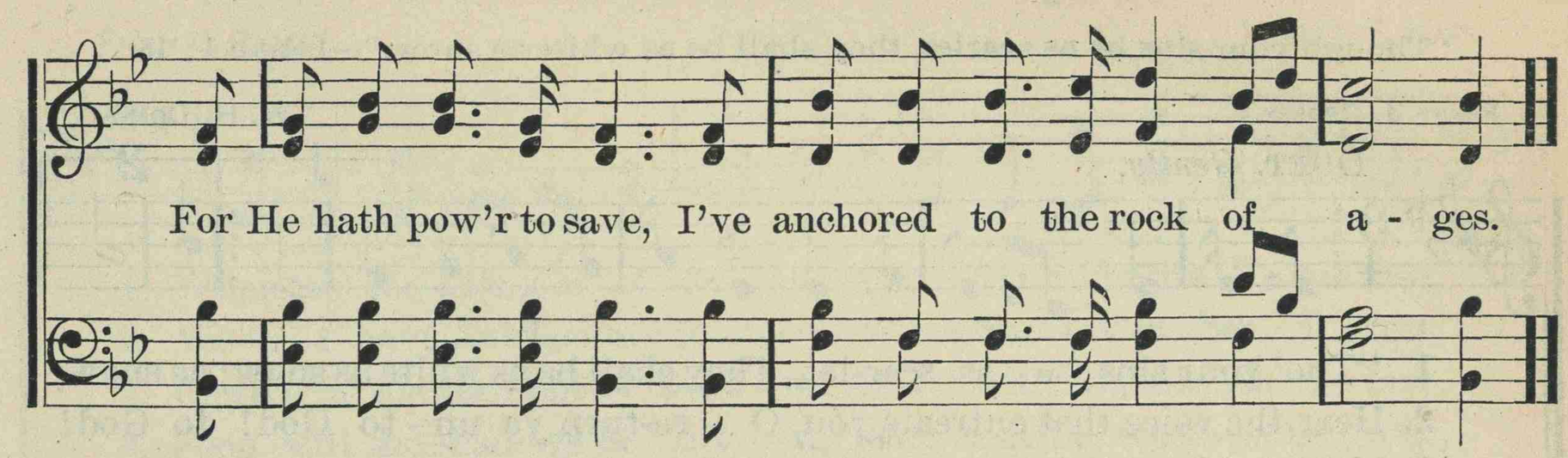
1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty bil-lows roll, I've fix'd my hope in Je - sus blest an-chor of the soul. When trials fierce assail me as storms are gath'ring o'er, I rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more.
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath still'd the wa - ters and bid their tumult cease. My pi - lot and de-liv -'rer to him I all con - fide, For al-ways when I need him, He's at my side.
3. He is my Friend and Sav-iour in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sorrows and shields me from the blast. By faith I'm looking upward be- yond life's troubled sea, There I be - hold a ha - ven prepared for me.

Chorus.

I've anchored in Je - sus, The storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've an-chored in Je - sus,

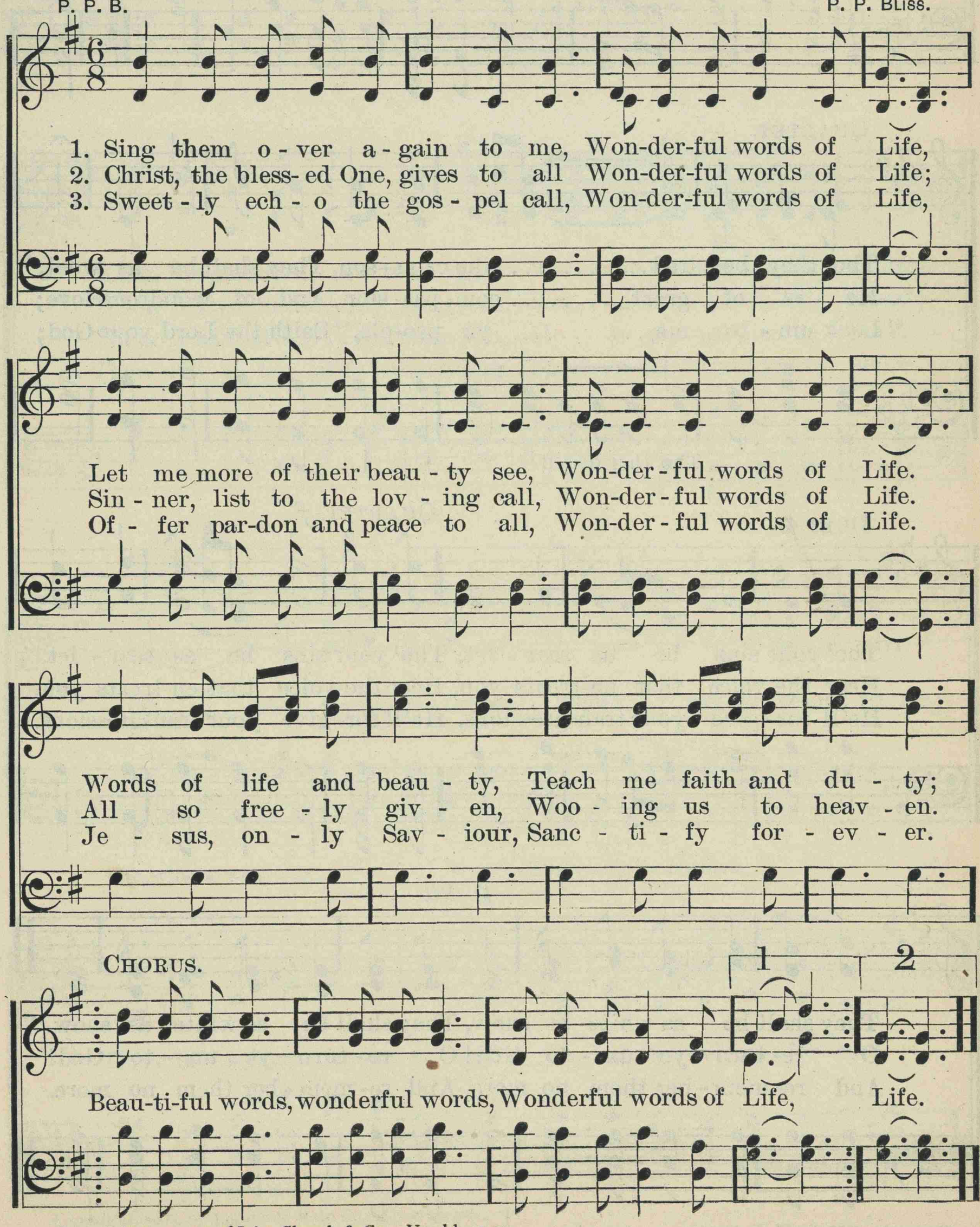
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I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 88. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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No. 89. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p Rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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No. 90. Oh, What a Welcome for Me!

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. When in the likeness of Je - sus Per - fect and pure I shall rise,
2. When I have finished my jour-ney, When from my la - bor I rest,
3. Cloth'd in his garment of beau - ty, Fill'd with His fulness of love,
4. Soon will the shadows be lift - ed, Soon will the darkness be o'er,

When the glad songs of the an - gels Wel-come me home to the skies:—
When I have fold-ed my pin - ions, Safe on Imman - u - el's breast;—
Then I shall dwell in the man-sion, He is pre- par-ing a - bove.
Then will e - ter - ni-ty's morn-ing, Break on the bright glo-ry shore.

CHORUS.

Oh,.....what a welcome for me, There..... my Redeemer to see;
Oh, what a welcome, There my Redeemer,

ritard.
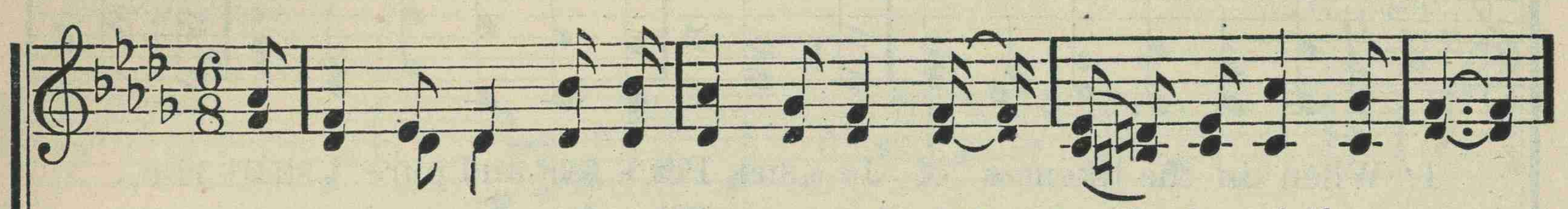
There to a-dore Him for - ev - er! Oh, for a welcome for me!

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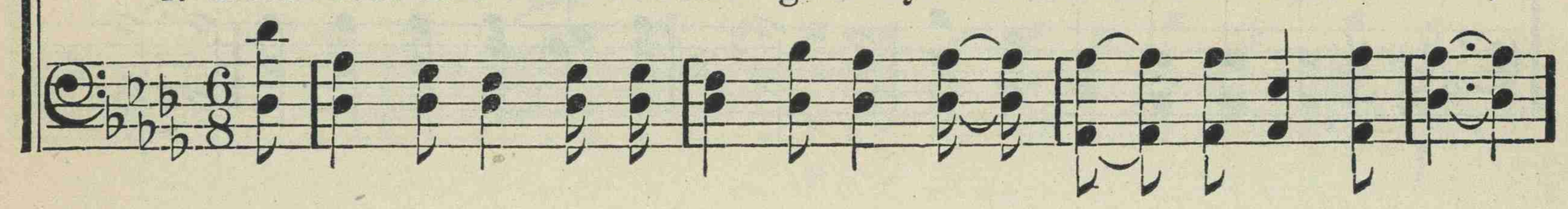
No. 91. Does Jesus Care?
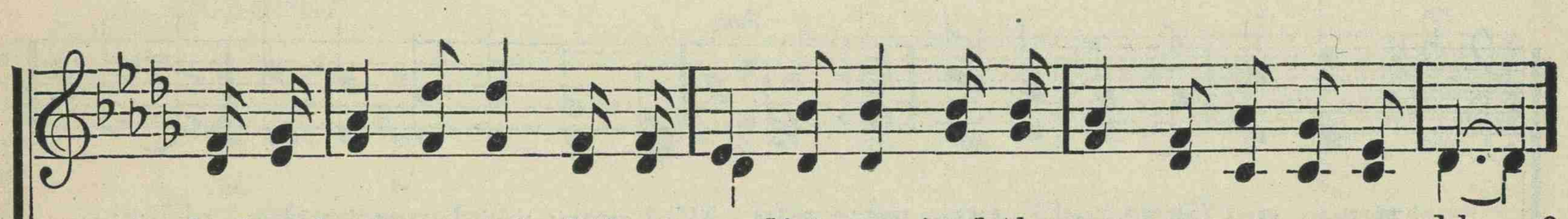
(Solo.)

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.
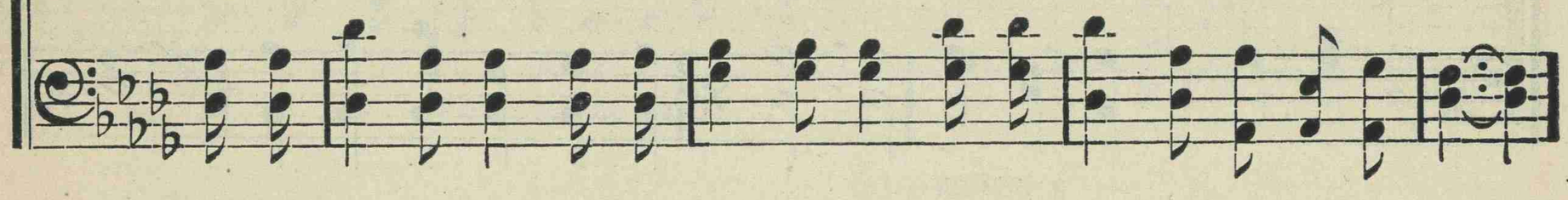


1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,
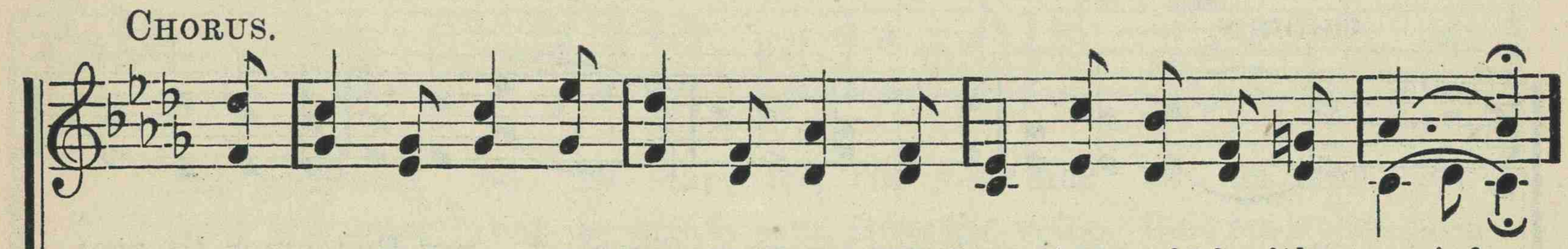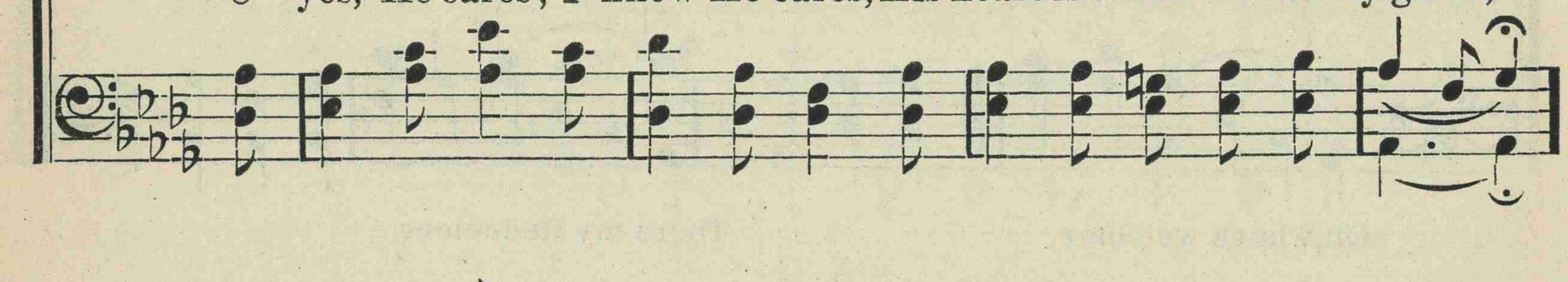




As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?
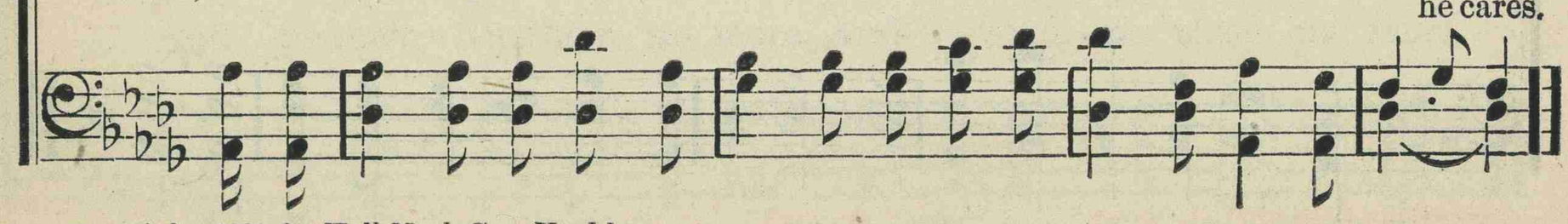


CHORUS.



O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touch'd with my grief;



When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
he cares.



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No. 92. To Jesus I Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Ps. 27 : 8. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a-way,) 'Tis a
2. He has promised all my sins to for - give, (to for-give,) If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth,) And be
4. Still the gen- tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a-way,) And its

warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt-ed
ask in sim-ple faith for his love; (for his love;) In his ho - ly word I
faith-ful to its cause till I die; (till I die;) If with cheerful step I
warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt-ed

now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.
learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la - bor for his kingdom a - bove.
walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a star- ry crown by and by.
now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

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No. 93. When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev- 'ry life that woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re- joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti - fied,
3. Dark -est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

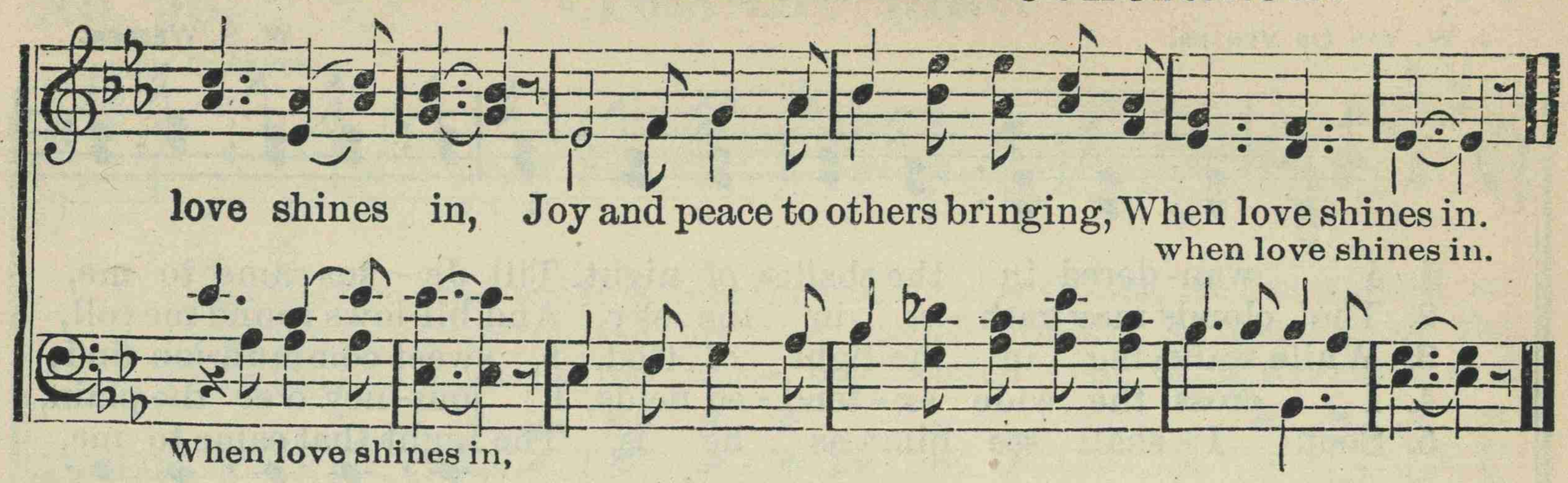
CHORUS.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . . When love shines in, . . . When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in; . . When love shines in, . . . When love shines in, When love shines in.
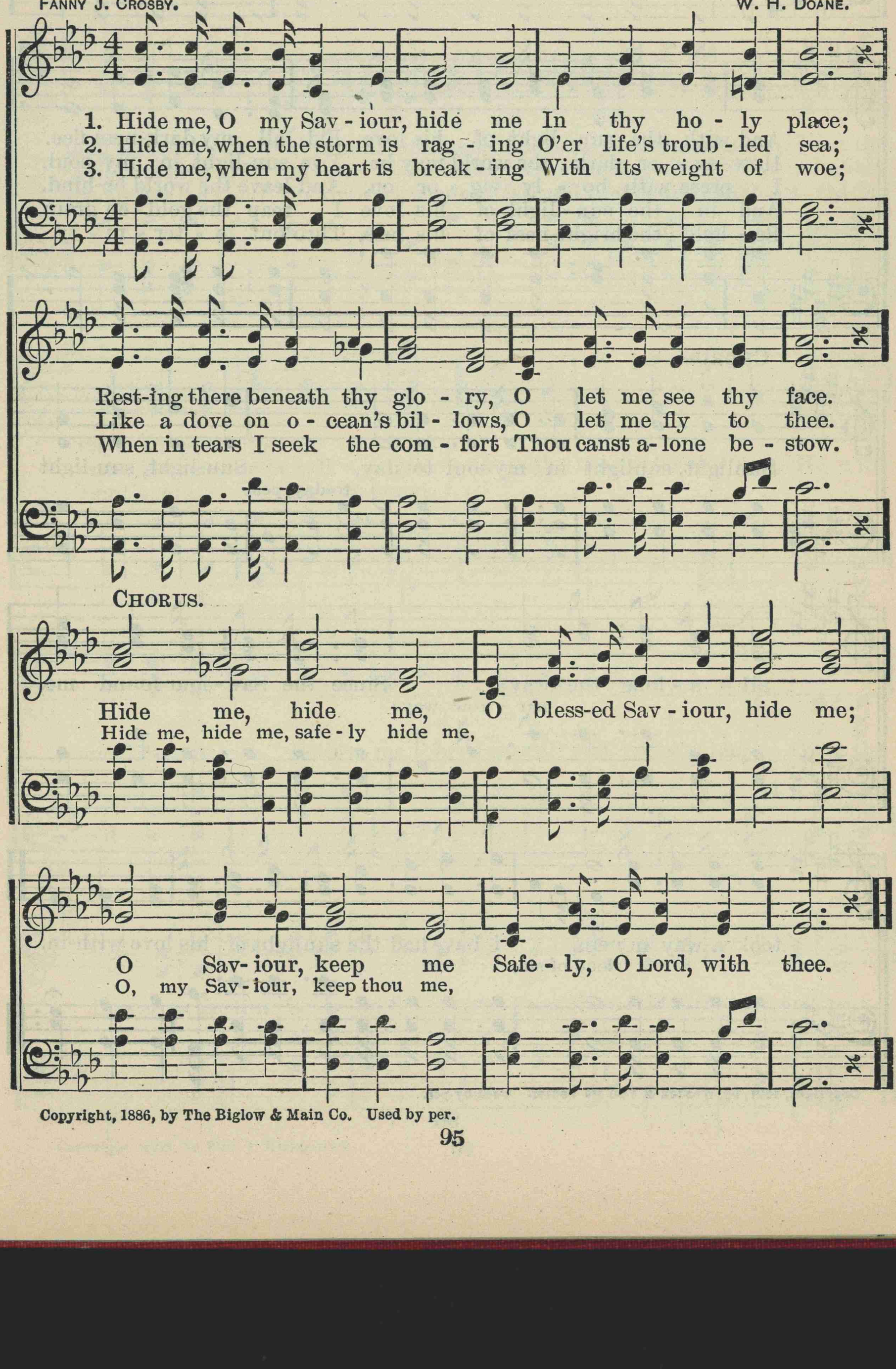
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When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



No. 94. Hide Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 95. Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll,
3. While walk- ing in the light of God, I sweet commun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour- ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun - light of his love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How- ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun - light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the bright-ness of his face, Thro'out e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to- day, Sun-light, sun-light
to-day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way;
took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with-in.
load of sin,

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No. 96. Cross the Line.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Cross the line, cross the line from the world to the Christ, He has wait-ed so long there for you; Will you still hold as dear fleeting pleasures of earth, When the
2. Cross the line, cross the line, lay your burden of sin At the feet of the Saviour of men; hear His voice "Come to Me," take the step while you can, Slighted
3. Cross the line, cross the line to the bright other side, Cling with faith to the strengthening hand; Ere the dark shadows fall and life's sun sinks to rest, On the

CHORUS.

days of your life are so few? once, He may ne'er call a - gain. Lord's side re - joic- ing - ly stand. } Cross the line, cross the line, He will not come to you, "Follow me," heed the call and o - bey; (obey;) Cross the line, cross the line, it is on - ly a step, From the world to the heavenly way.

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No. 97. The Victory May Depend On You.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' the land a call is sounding, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e-vil Spreading death throughout the land,
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;

'Tis a summons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth; To the
Who is there will answer quickly, And the hosts of sin withstand! Do not
Then each faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a victor's crown; Would you

stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there come a faith-ful few; But the
fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the
stand a-mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few; Then the
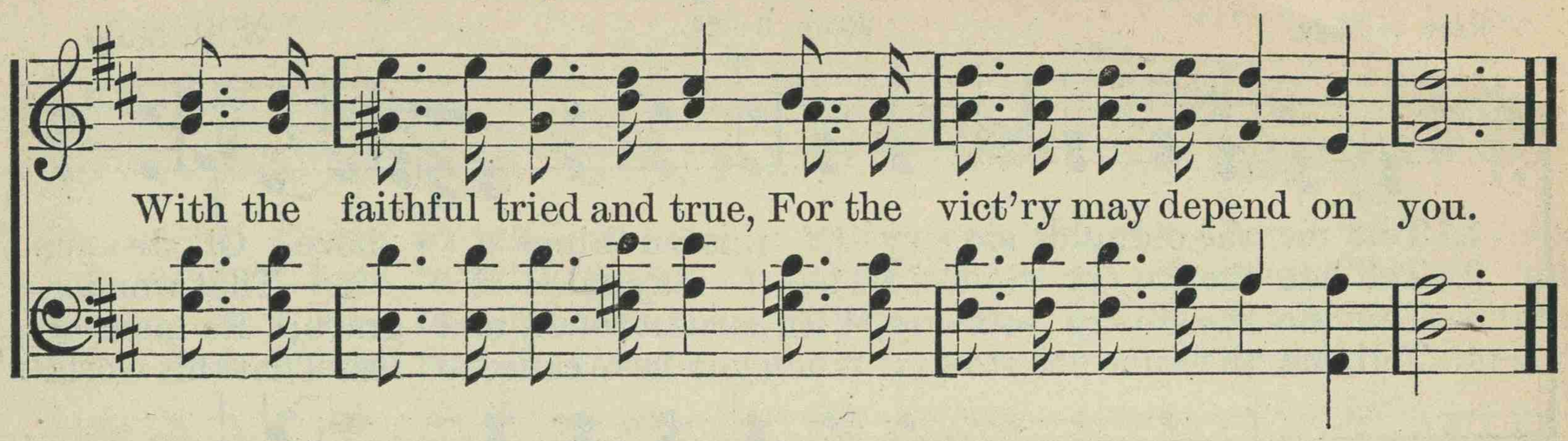
CHORUS.

vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
} The victr'y may depend on

you, The vict'ry may depend on you, Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you,
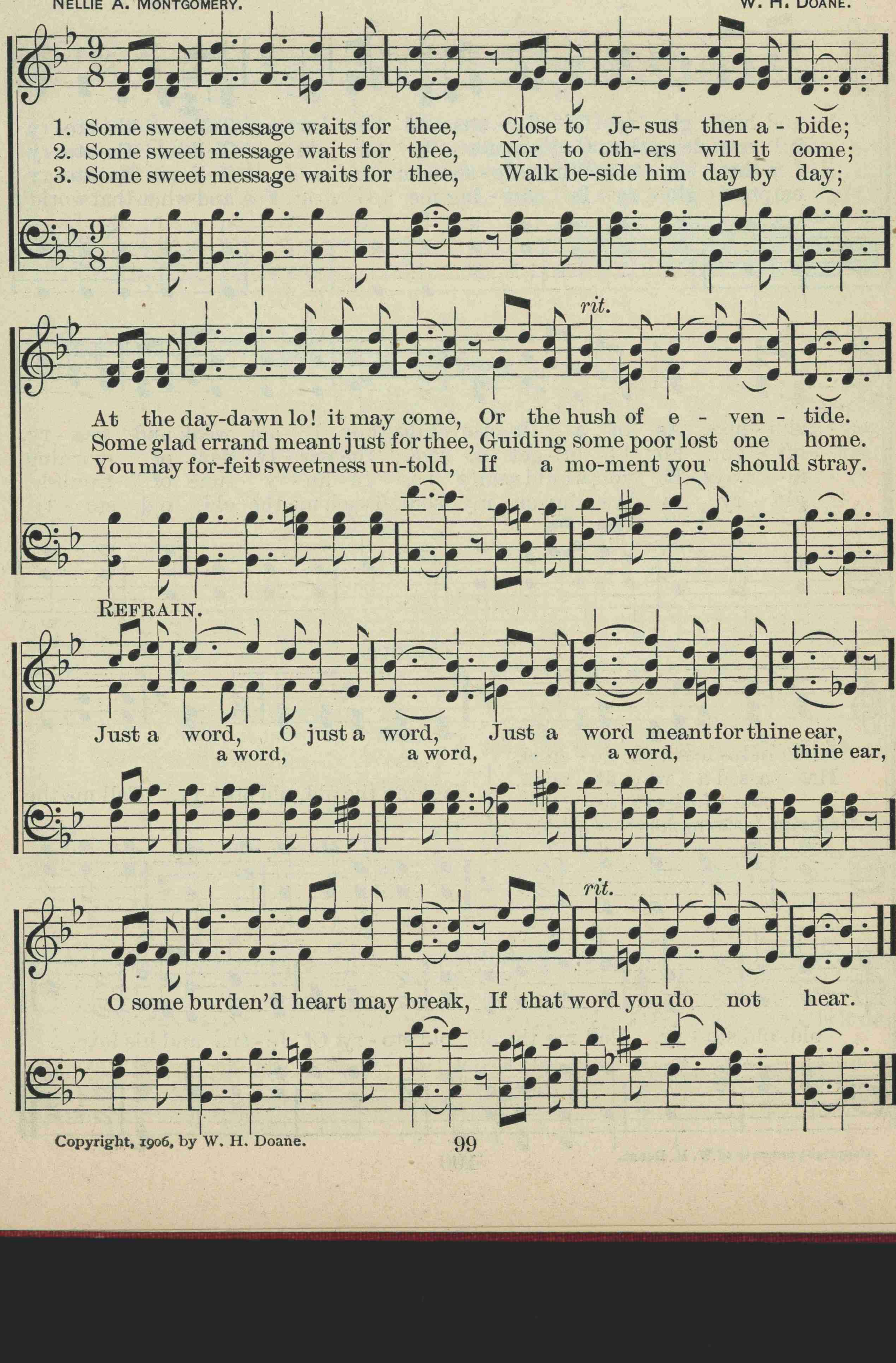
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The Victory May Depend On You.—Concluded.



No. 98. Some Sweet Message.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 99. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. Rom. 3: 24. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto- ry
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That wonder - ful re - demption, God's rem-e - dy for sin Tell me the sto- ry
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re-mem-ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto- ry
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and wea - ry, oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of morning al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of troub-le, glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Teach me the old, old sto - ry,

CHORUS.

And help- less and de - filed.
Has passed a - way at noon.
A com - fort-er to me.
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

} Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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No. 100. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER BY PER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry

2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonder- ful it seems Than all the gold- en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems each time I tell it, More won-der- ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry! For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.

4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 101. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALLEY CLOUGH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - iour, he's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
5. When Jesus finds you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - iour tho' earth-friends be few; And now he is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon he will call me to
glo - ry my won - der- ing view; O when I re - ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, But O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
meet him in heav - en, But O that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re - ceiv- ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

f CHORUS. *p*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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No. 102. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing,
2. Tho' they are slight - ing him, Still he is wait - ing,
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the temp - ter,
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de- mands it;

Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the
Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them
Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a
Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro- vide: Back to the

err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len, Tell them of Je - sus the
earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they
lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that were bro - ken will
nar- row way Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a

CHORUS.

might - y to save.
on - ly be - lieve.
vi - brate once more.
Sav - iour has died.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the

dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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No. 103. Never Give Up Trusting.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Nev- er give up trusting, How - ev - er dark the day; Nev - er give up
2. Nev- er give up trusting, When tempests fiercely blow; Nev - er give up
3. Nev- er give up trusting, Tho' sorrow's crown you wear; Nev- er give up

trusting, How - ev- er rough the way. The path will soon be smoother, And
trusting, What- ev- er ill you know. If false- ly speak ac-cus- ers, If
trusting, What- ev- er you must bear. In per - il, pain or tri - al, Your

clear will be the sky, There's brightest glory somewhere, 'Tis coming by and by.
trusted friends should fly, A wait the truth's sure dawning, 'Tis coming by and by.
Lord is standing nigh; His star of peace is shining, 'Tis coming by and by.

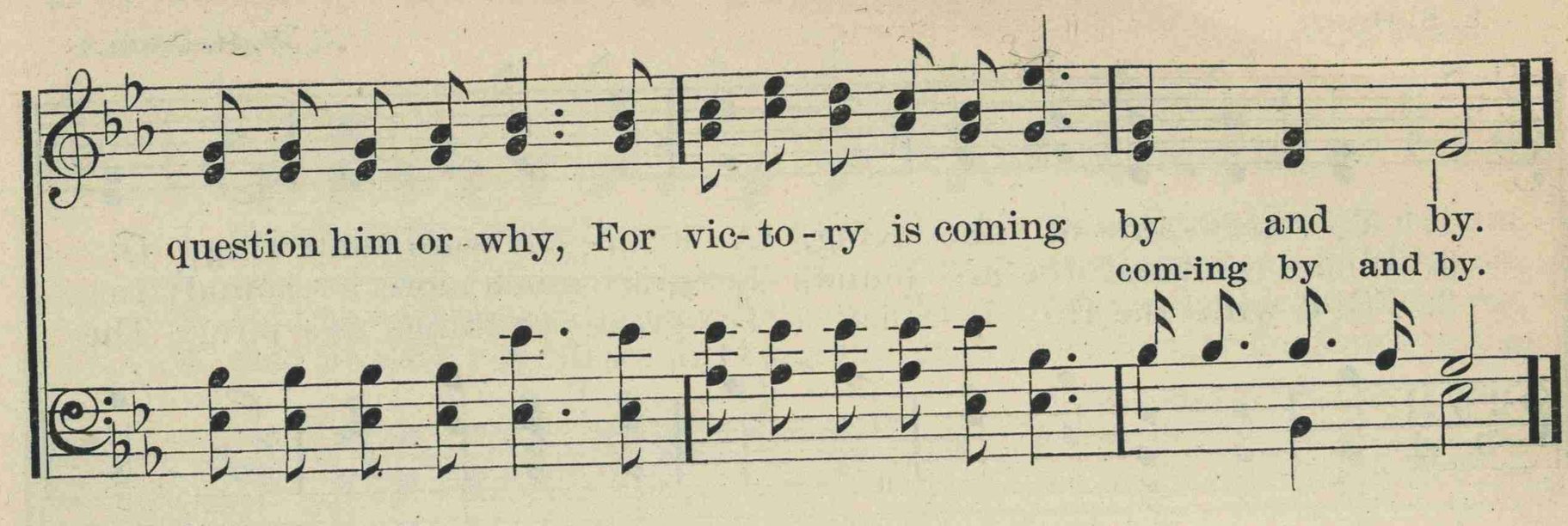
CHORUS.

Com-ing by and by, 'tis com-ing by and by; A bet-ter day is

dawn-ing in yon - der sky; So nev - er give up trust-ing, Nor
yonder glowing sky;

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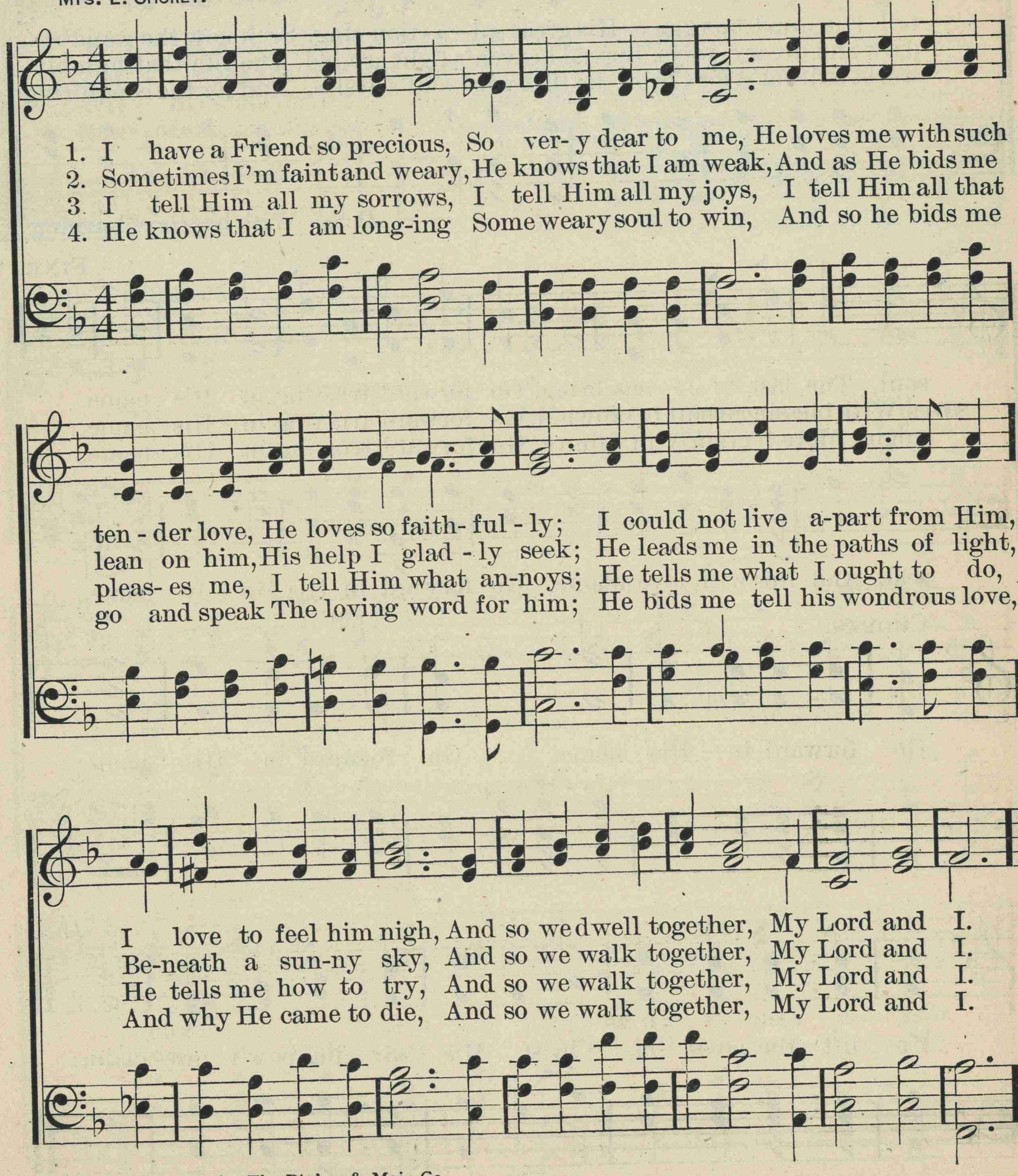
Never Give Up Trusting.—Concluded.



No. 104. My Lord and I.

(I Have a Friend so Precious.)

Mrs. L. SHOREY. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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No. 105. Go Forward in His Name.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Ye serv-ants of the King, A - far His word shall ring; O tell His wondrous grace, His great sal-va-tion sing, Seek now the wand'ring
2. Where want and woe are found, Let grace much more a - bound; In dark and dreary ways, Spread heaven's light around, The life that humbly
3. Fill'd with the Ho - ly fire, To great - er things as - pire; The world redeem'd for Christ, Be that your soul's desire, And for the conqu'ring

:S:

D.S.—With hearts of burning

FINE.

soul, The last to Je - sus bring, Go forward trusting in His name.
saves, With blessings shall be crown'd, Go forward trusting in His name.
might, More fervently in - quire, Go forward trusting in His name.

zeal, And lips with love aflame, Go forward in His Ho - ly name.

CHORUS.

Go forward in His name, Go forward in His name;
Ho - ly name,

D.S.

Up - lift the cross of Christ, His sav - ing pow'r pro - claim;

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No. 106. God Be With You.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, a - gain, Till we

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

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

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No. 107. "But for a Moment."

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "But for a moment"—this valley of sor- rows, Darken'd with shadows and heav- y with sighs; Bright dawns the morrow, the glorious morrow! Faint not! the
2. "Far more ex-ceed-ing" the heaven-ly glo - ry—Suf - fer-ings here with it can- not com-pare. Glo-ry e - ter - nal the guerdon for anguish—Radi- ant
3. Tem - po-ral things like a vapor shall van- ish, High-er than earth lies the land of our choice. Upward we press to the kingdom e-ter - nal; Je-sus, our

REFRAIN.

sun shall with healing a - rise!
crowns, for the thorns, over there!
King, we behold and re - joice!

"But for a moment!" Only a mo-ment!

Light our af - flic- tion—'twill soon pass a - way. "But for a mo-ment!"

On - ly a mo-ment! Then comes the glo - ry, for - ev - er and aye!

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No. 108. The Mantle Of His Love.

W. C. MARTIN. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a sto - ry sweet of a might - y love, That I learned at my
2. When I loved not Him, but my wayward heart, Loved the world and the
3. O I love to tell to a dy - ing soul, That old sto - ry of
4. Je - sus loves me still, and for - ev-er-er-more, And the wings of this

moth - er's knee; Of a Friend who came from His throne above To re-
path-way of sin, Je-sus followed me, for He would im-part, Of His
love and of grace, Of the One whose word made the lep-er whole, And who
love cov - er me; And when I shall stand on the far- ther shore, Then the

CHORUS.

veal His ten-der love for me.
own dear love my heart to win.
took the sinner's dark dis - grace.
full-ness of His love I shall see.

O the man-tle of His love is o - ver me; And His sav-ing grace and mer-cy cov - er me, And His mighty, mighty pinions cov - er me, And I rest me in my Saviour's love.

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No. 109. Won't You Pray?

D. Z. C. D. Z. CANADY.

1. All ye peo - ple who have heard the Saviour's lov-ing call, Do not then so heed - less be to - day; Look a - round a - bout you,
2. Then, dear bro-ther, do not tar-ry while God's lamp still burns, Seek some friend who treads the downward way; Bro - ther, do not be dis -
3. Hast - en, all ye Christians, forward, while we march along, Bring some thoughtless wan - d'rer while you may; Do not rest a sin - gle

there is work e - nough for all, Pray for some dear lost one gone a - stray.
couraged if your pray'r he spurns, Be more earnest still, and for him pray.
mo-ment in your pray'r and song, For some dear one who has gone a - stray.

CHORUS.

Won't you pray, Won't you pray, For some loved one lost in sin's dark way; Won't you pray, Won't you

Won't you pray, Won't you pray,

Won't you pray,

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Won't You Pray?—Concluded.

pray, Won't you pray, For some dear one who has gone a - stray.

No. 110. Kept for Jesus.

EDITH C. CHERRY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept by the pow'r of God;
2. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;
3. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept from the world a part;
4. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!

Kept, from the world un-spot - ted, Tread-ing where Je - sus trod.
"Kept" for the Mas - ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas - ter's use.
Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.
Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept to be His a - lone!

CHORUS.

Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Lord at Thy feet I fall;

rit.

I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing;" Thou shalt be "all in all."

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No. 111. He'll go with me all the Way.

W. H. MARTIGNY.

BIRDIE BELL.

1. I'm on my journey homeward, And I'm sing-ing as I go:—At times the storms are raging, And the winds around me blow; But Je-sus walks be-side me and His loving care I know, He has promised to go with me all the way.
2. The dangers may surround me, Then I know that He is near, When tempters would beguile me Then I know that He is near, When sorrows grieve my spir-it, He will wipe away the tear, He has promised to go with me all the way.
3. I am hap-py as I jour-ney, For He nev-er will for-sake, So brave-ly on I trav-el In the road He bids me take, Till shad-ows flee for-ev-er and eternal day shall break, He has promised to go with me all the way.

CHORUS.

I'm sing-ing on the way, Praising Je-sus ev-ery day, For I thank Him for His prom-ise,—He'll go with me all the way.

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No. 112. I am Resolved.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's delight;
2. I am resolved to go to the Saviour, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Saviour, Faith - ful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de-lay,

Things that are high - er, things that are no-bler, These have allured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will-eth, He is the Liv - ing Way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

CHORUS.

I will hast - en to Him, Hasten so glad and free,
I will hast-en, hast - en to Him, Hast-en glad and free,
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 113. Haste, Haste, Haste.

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

1. Haste, haste, haste, in the business of the King, While, to do His
2. Haste, haste, haste, in the business of the King, Not to world-ly
3. Haste, haste, haste, in the business of the King, Ere the day de -

bid - ding, gold - en hours are on the wing; Step, step, step, in His
pleasures, not to self - ish int'rests cling; Tell, tell, tell the sweet
clin - ing shall its length'ning shadows fling; Love, love, love, makes His

footprints, day by day, Spreading joy around you, making sunshine by the way.
sto - ry of His grace, Strive to rescue others, while the moments fly apace.
serv - ice a delight, Give your all to Jesus; you shall walk with Him in white.

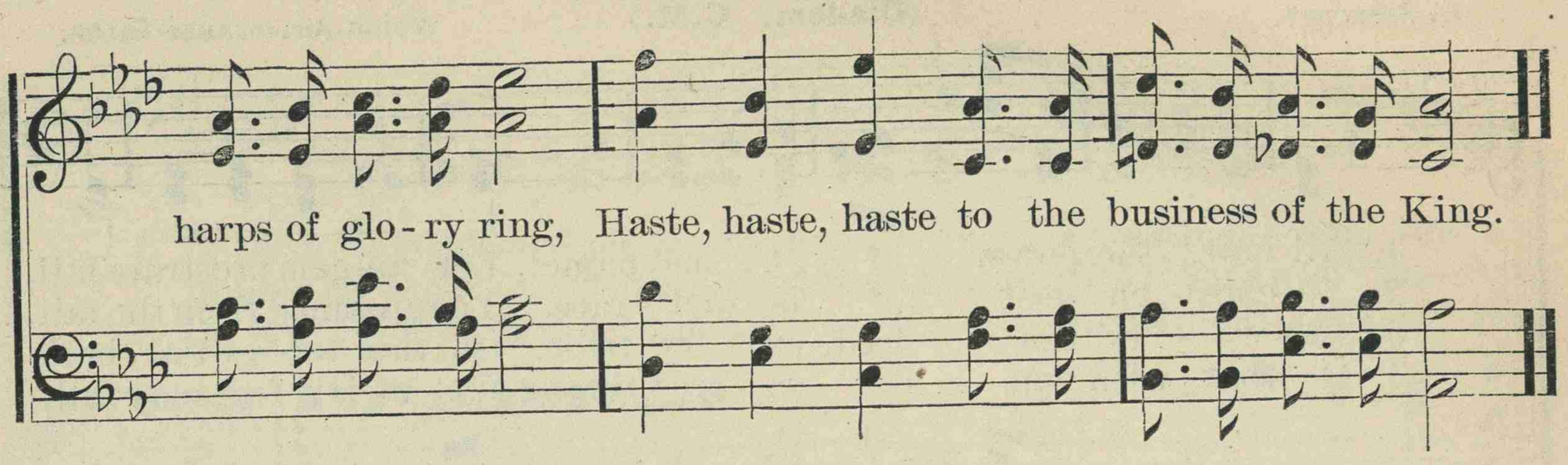
CHORUS.

Lift your voice with gladness, and aloud His praises sing, Haste, haste, haste,

in the business of the King; Till the gates shall o - pen, and the

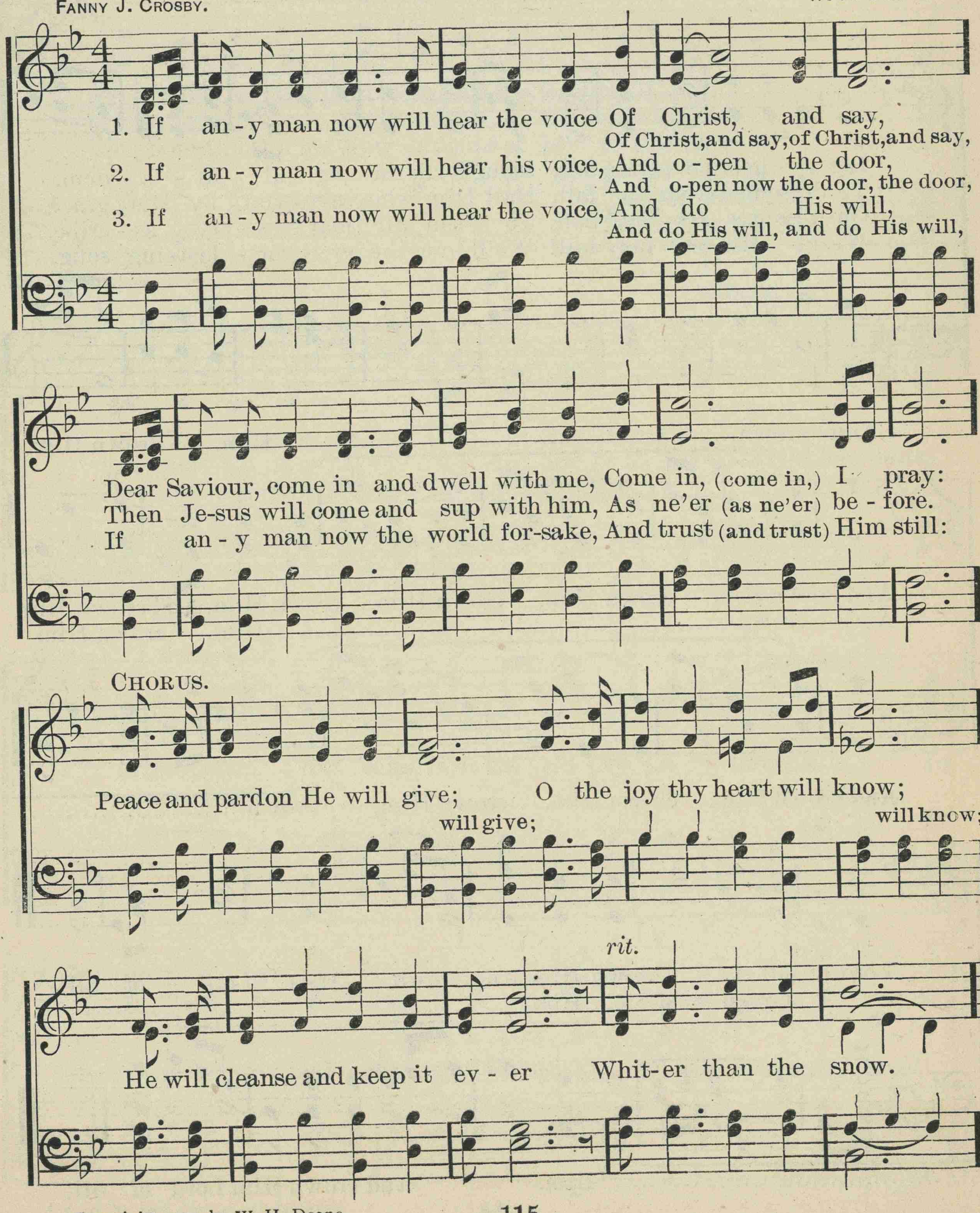
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Haste, Haste, Haste.—Concluded.



No. 114. If Any Man Hear.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 115. All Hail the Power!

E. PERRONET. (Diadem. C.M.) Welsh Air. JAMES ELLOR.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-tial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - tral ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song,

And crown..... Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
And crown..... Him, crown Him

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....

Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 116. O Wonderful, Wonderful Love.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. In love He redeemed me, the Saviour divine, I'm trusting in Him, life e - ter - nal is mine; Un - wor-thy the least of His gifts to re-ceive—Sal -
2. In love He redeemed me thro' shedding of blood, From "far away" places He bro't me to God; He found me a sin-ner with no one to save, And
3. In love He redeemed me and made me His own, An heir to His glo - ry, His king-dom and throne; Now anthems of joy to His name will I sing, A -

CHORUS.

va - tion is mine as on Him I be- lieve.
gra-cious- ly, lov - ing - ly my sins for- gave.
dor - ing my Sav-iour, my Lord and my King.
} Won-derful, wonderful, won-der-ful love! ..... He came from the glo - ry a - bove..... To the glo- ry a- bove seek and to save, and to make me His own; O, wonderful, wonderful love!

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No. 117. There'll be no Dark Valley.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA. D. SANKEY

1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor- row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val- ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark valley when Je- sus comes,
sor-row when Je - sus comes, But a glo-rious morrow when Je- sus comes,
weeping when Je - sus comes, But a bless- ed reaping when Je- sus comes,
greeting when Je - sus comes, And a joy - ful meeting when Je- sus comes,

CHORUS.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones
home, To gath - er His loved ones home, There'll be
safe home, safe home,
no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, To gath-er His loved ones home.

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No. 118. Home and Mother.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (SOLO.) W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. I am thinking of home and my moth-er, And the love of her
2. O the chords of my spir - it are bro-ken, And the dreams of my
3. I re - member the hour when we part - ed, 'Twas the close of a
4. Tho' my tears like the raindrops are fall - ing, Let me calm ev- 'ry

heart so true, And I sigh for the light of her pres-ence, Now
youth have flown; All the joy has gone out from my dwell-ing, Since
bright spring day; And she whispered, God keep thee, my dar - ling, Then
throb of pain, And be - lieve in the soul-cheering prom- ise, That

rit.

CHORUS.

fad - ed and gone from my view.
moth - er has left me a - lone.
passed like a sun-beam a - way.
soon I shall meet her a - gain.

I am thinking to-night of my

moth-er, Whose burdens and tri - als are o'er, I am long-ing to
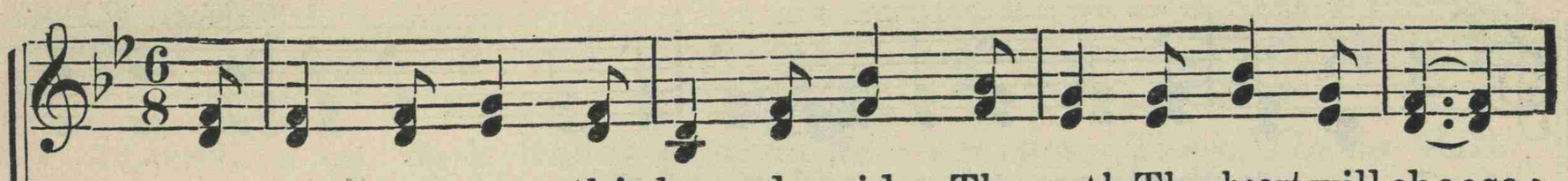
meet her in glo - ry, Where sor - row and tears are un - known.

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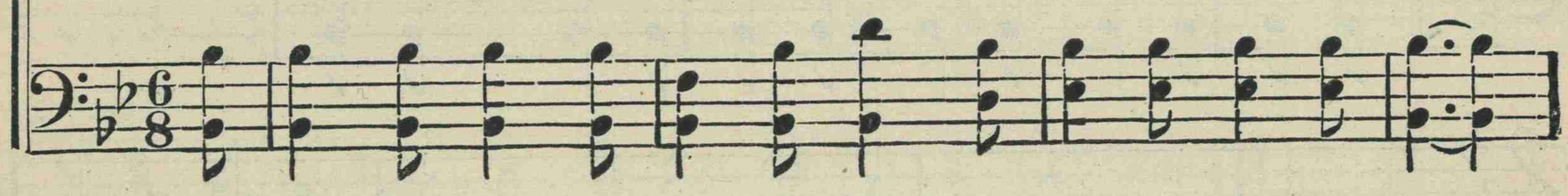
No. 119 Decide Now.

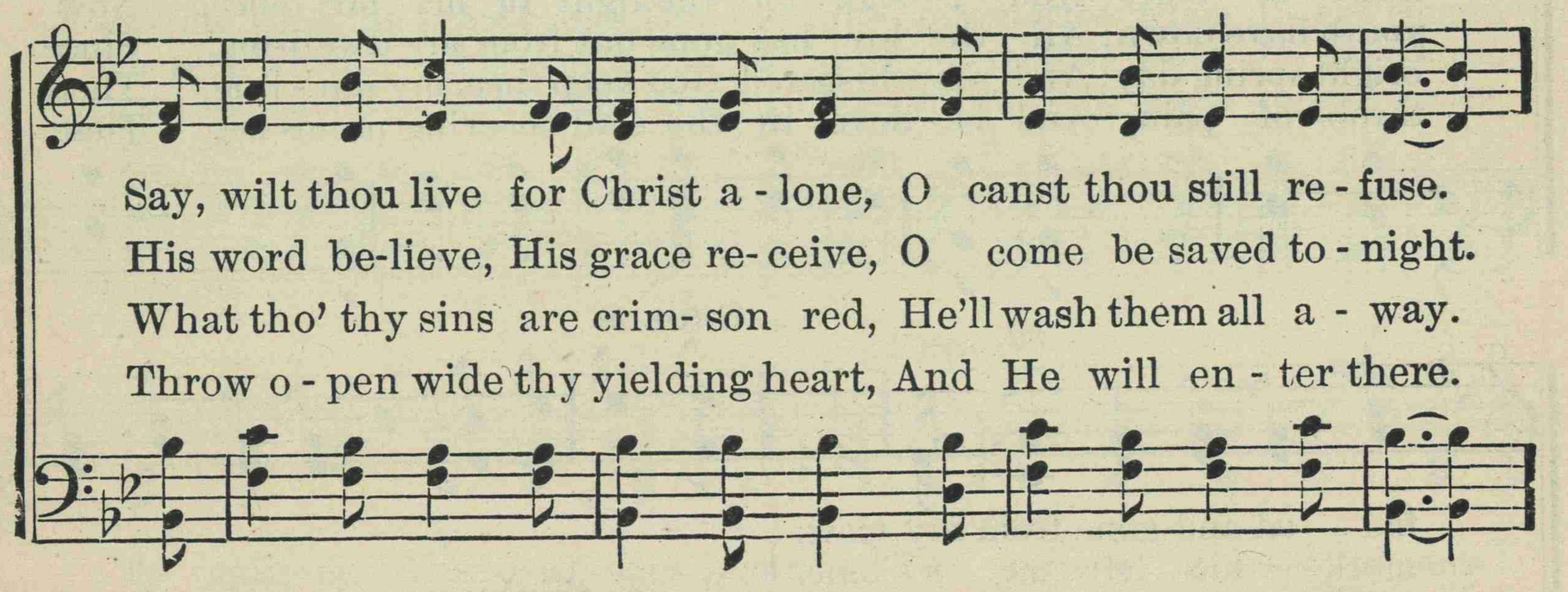
"So shall thy judgment be."—1 KINGS 20: 40.

W. H. DOANE.



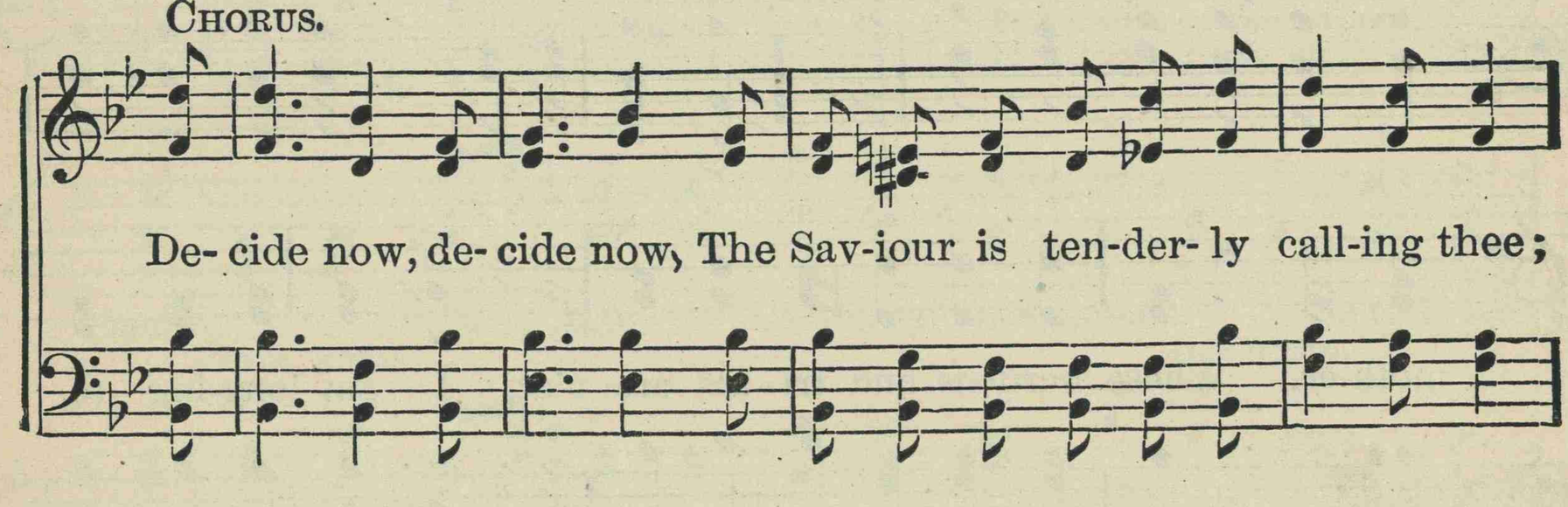
1. O, wand'rer come, this hour de-cide, The path Thy heart will choose;
2. Be-hold, He stands with o-pen arms To give Thee life and light;
3. De-cide for Him, thy dear-est friend, Why wilt thou yet de-lay;
4. No oth-er name but His can save, Then haste His love to share;
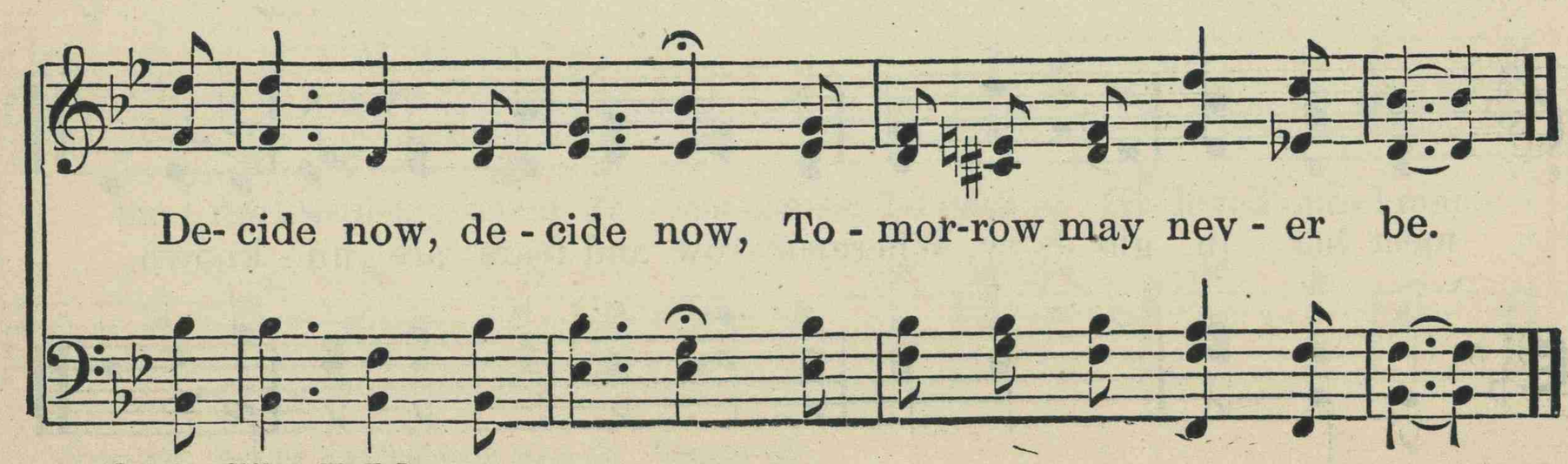




Say, wilt thou live for Christ a-lone, O canst thou still re-fuse.
His word be-lieve, His grace re-ceive, O come be saved to-night.
What tho' thy sins are crim-son red, He'll wash them all a-way.
Throw o-pen wide thy yielding heart, And He will en-ter there.

CHORUS.



De-cide now, de-cide now, The Sav-iour is ten-der-ly call-ing thee;



De-cide now, de-cide now, To-mor-row may nev-er be.

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No. 120. Doing His Will.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spirit to guide, Just to
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where he leads the way.
lean on his bos - om and rest.
faith - ful he'll be to the end.

Just to say what he wants me to say, And be still when he whispers to me, ... Just to
what he wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go, ... Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

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No. 121. Home Over There.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have trod;
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar- ments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God.
Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are watch-ing and wait - ing for me.

over there,

CHORUS.

Over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there.

O think of a home o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there.

O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there.

I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, over there.

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

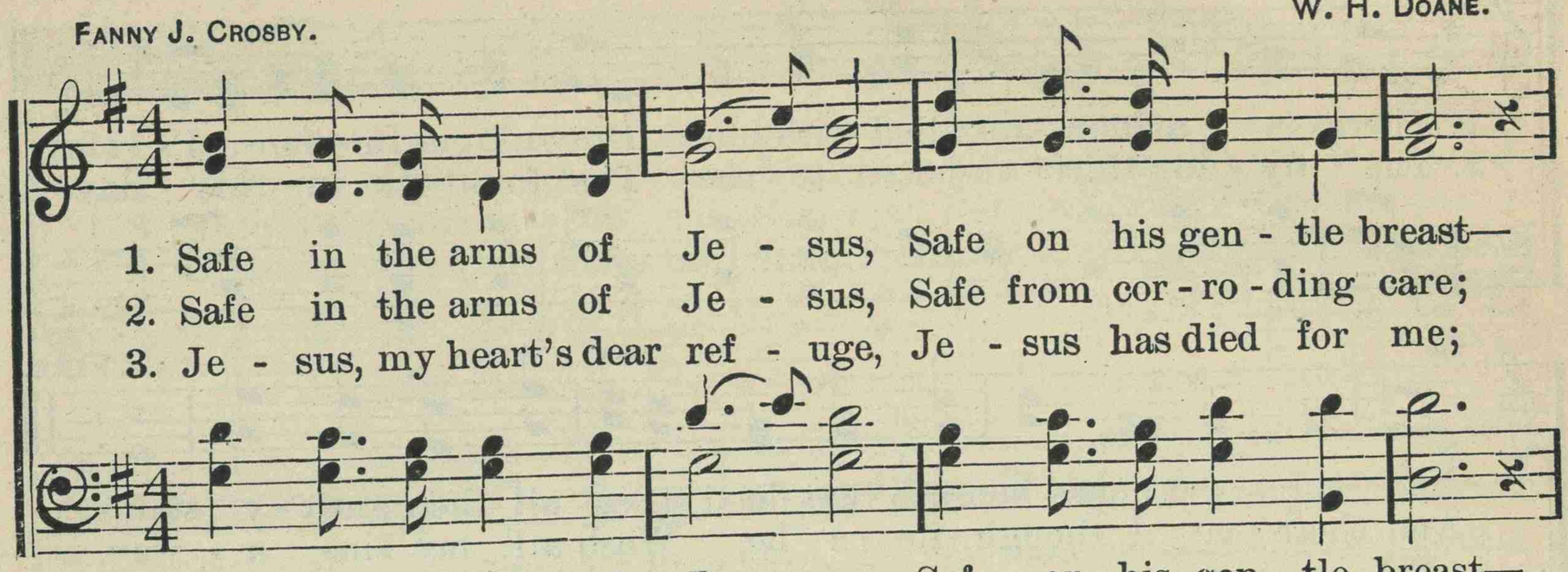
over there,

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No. 122. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

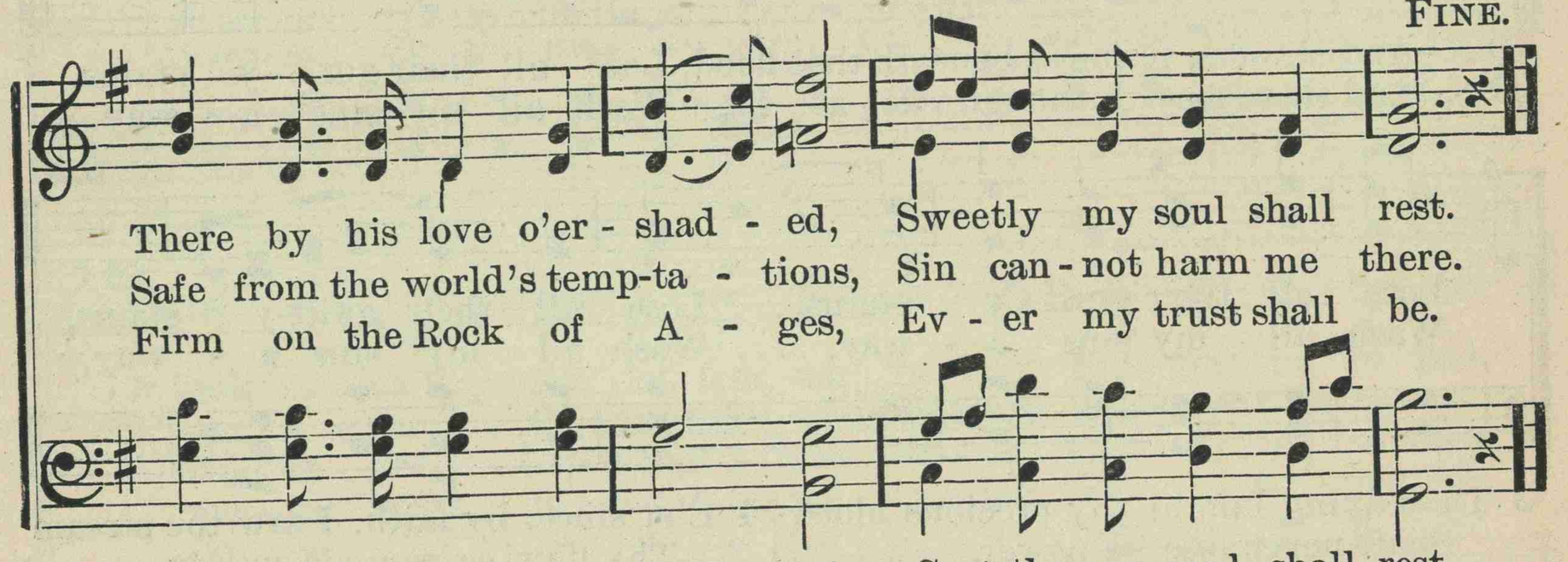
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - ro - ding care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

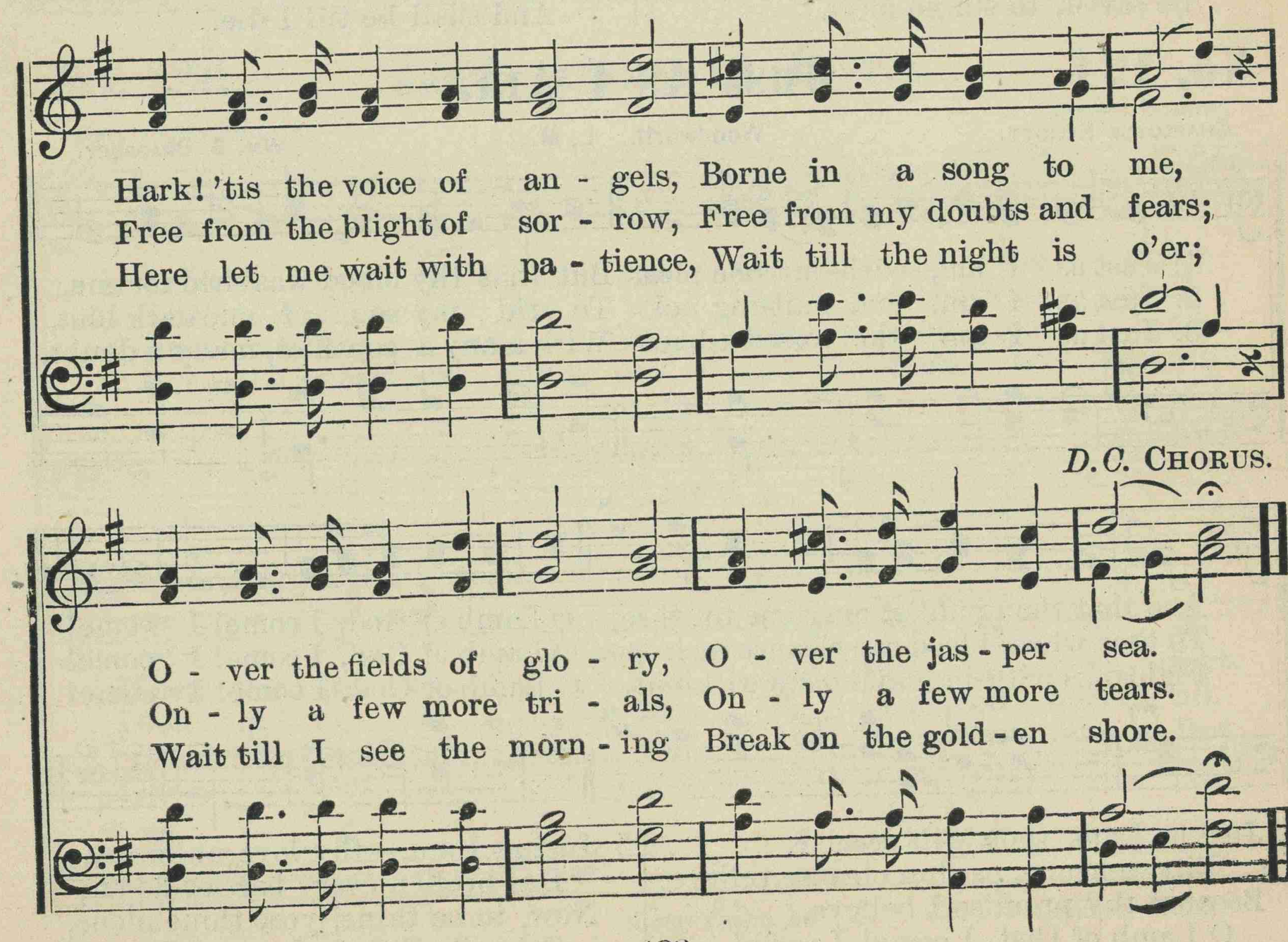
D.C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—

FINE.



There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
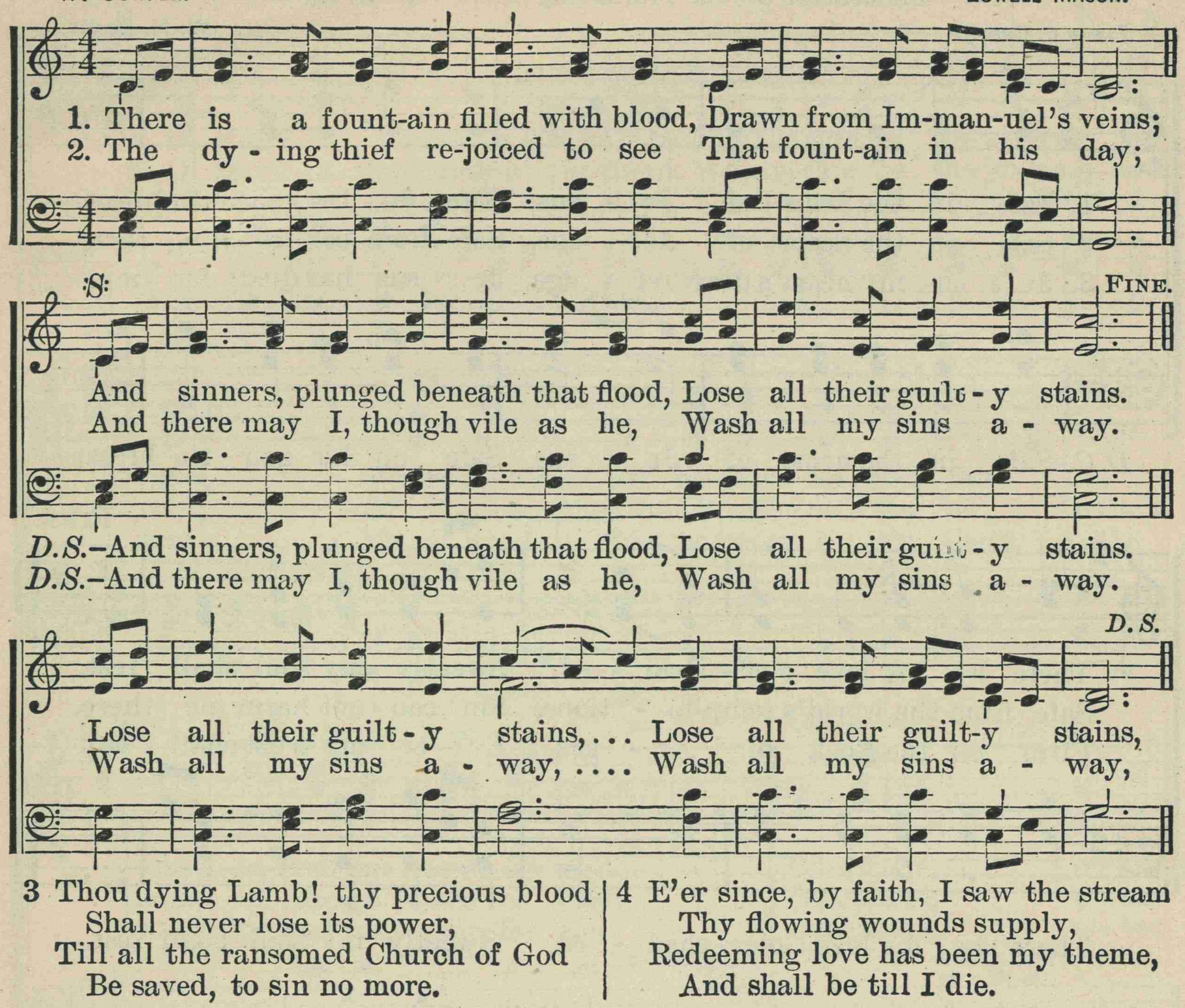
D.C. CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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No. 123. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

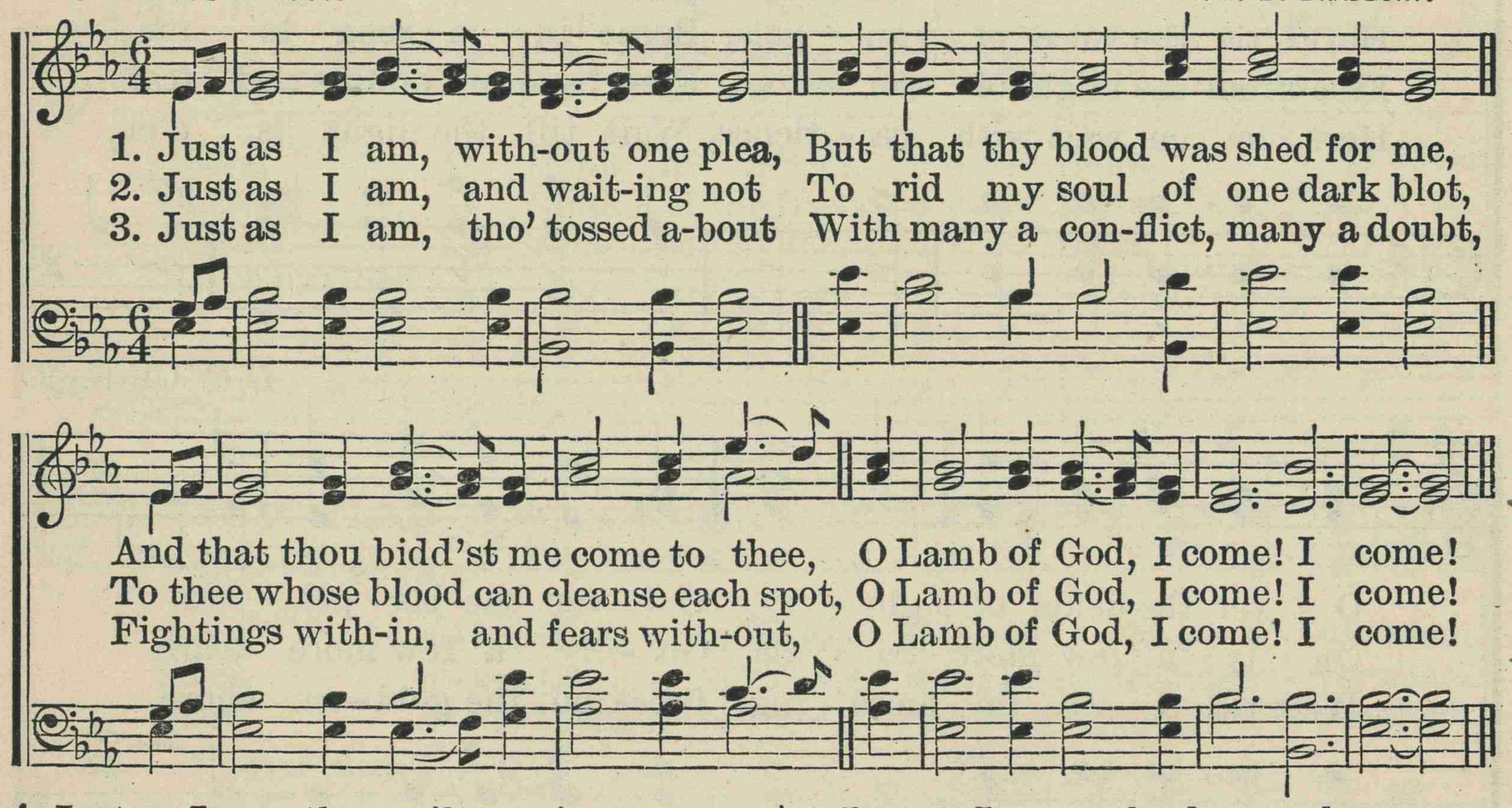


3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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.

No. 124. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

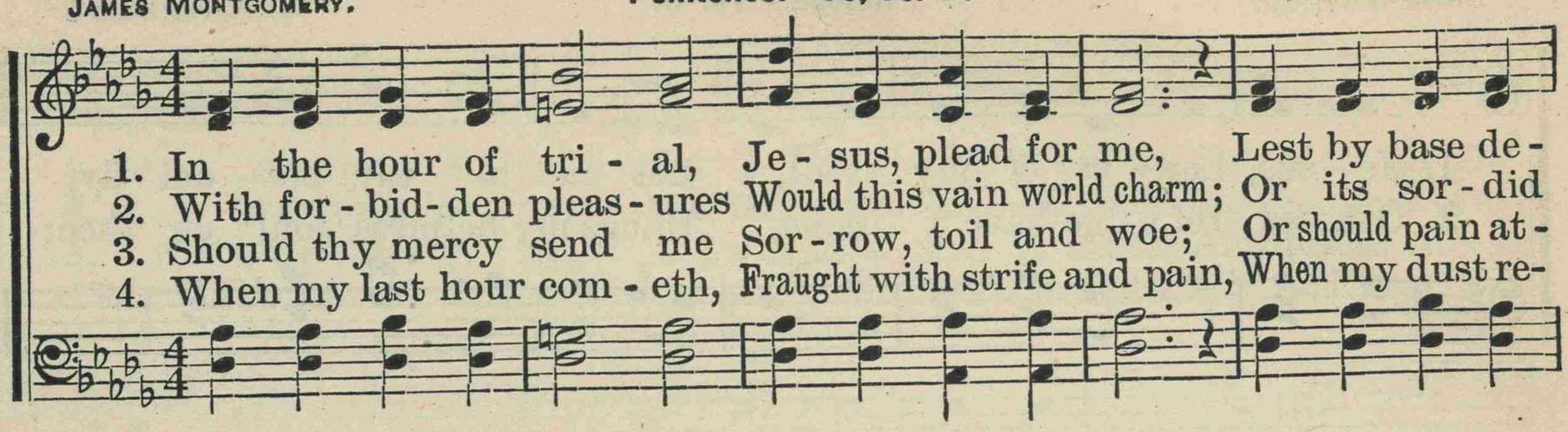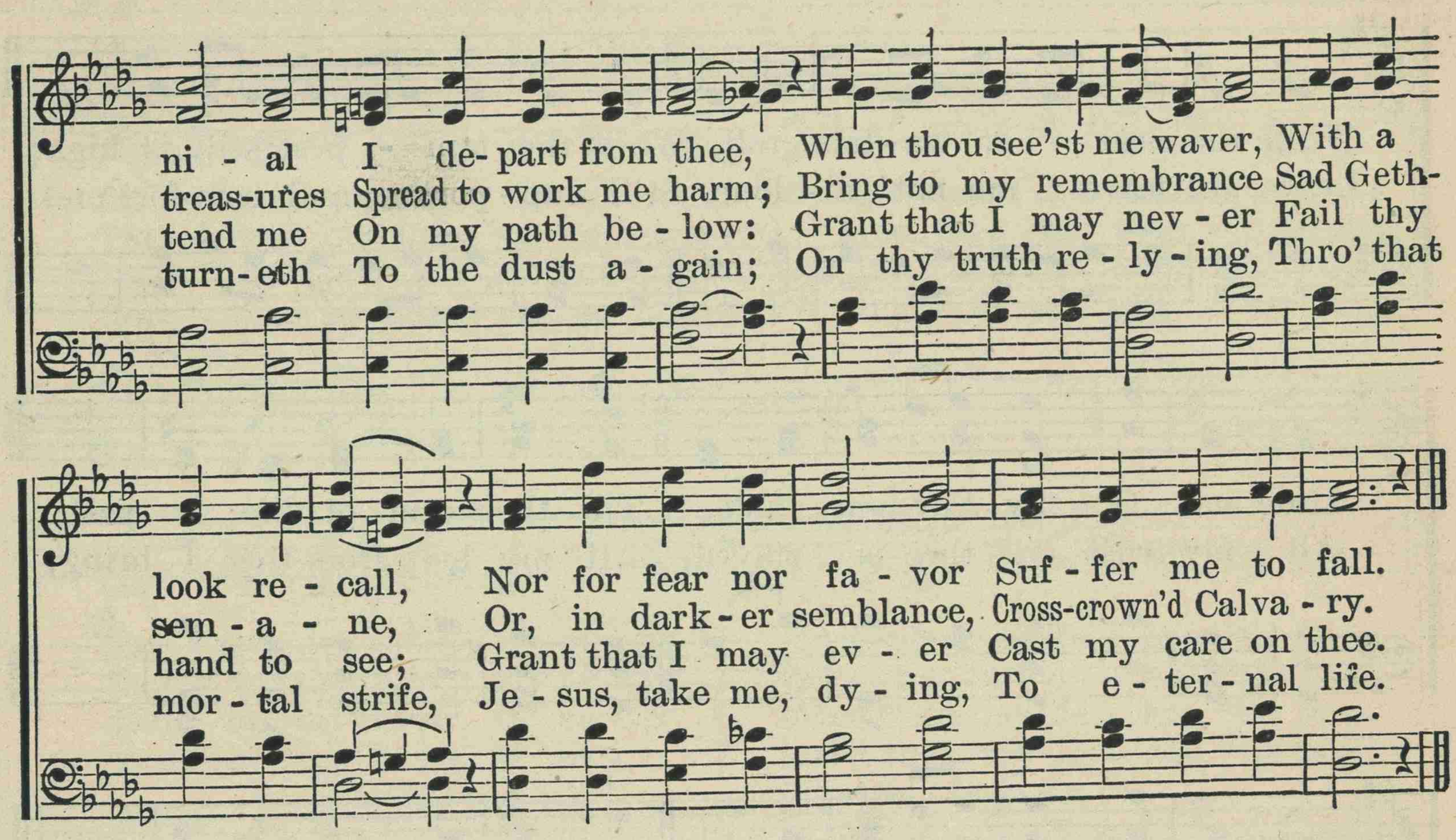


4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 125 In the Hour of Trial.
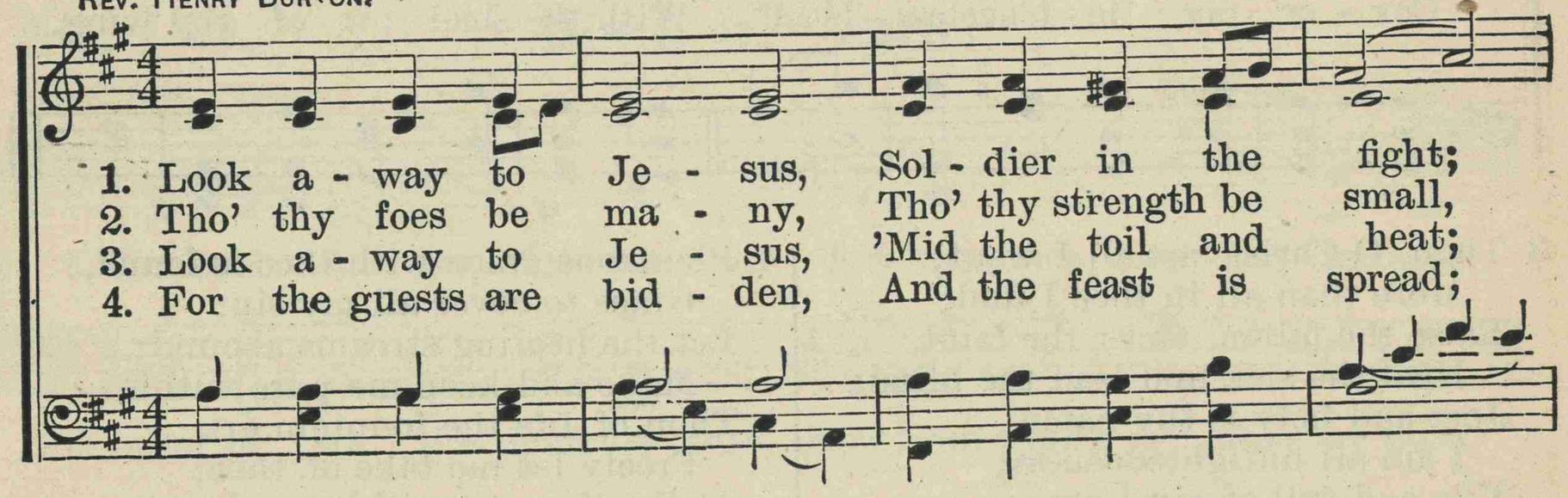
JAMES MONTGOMERY. Penitence. 6s, 5s. D. SPENCER LANE.





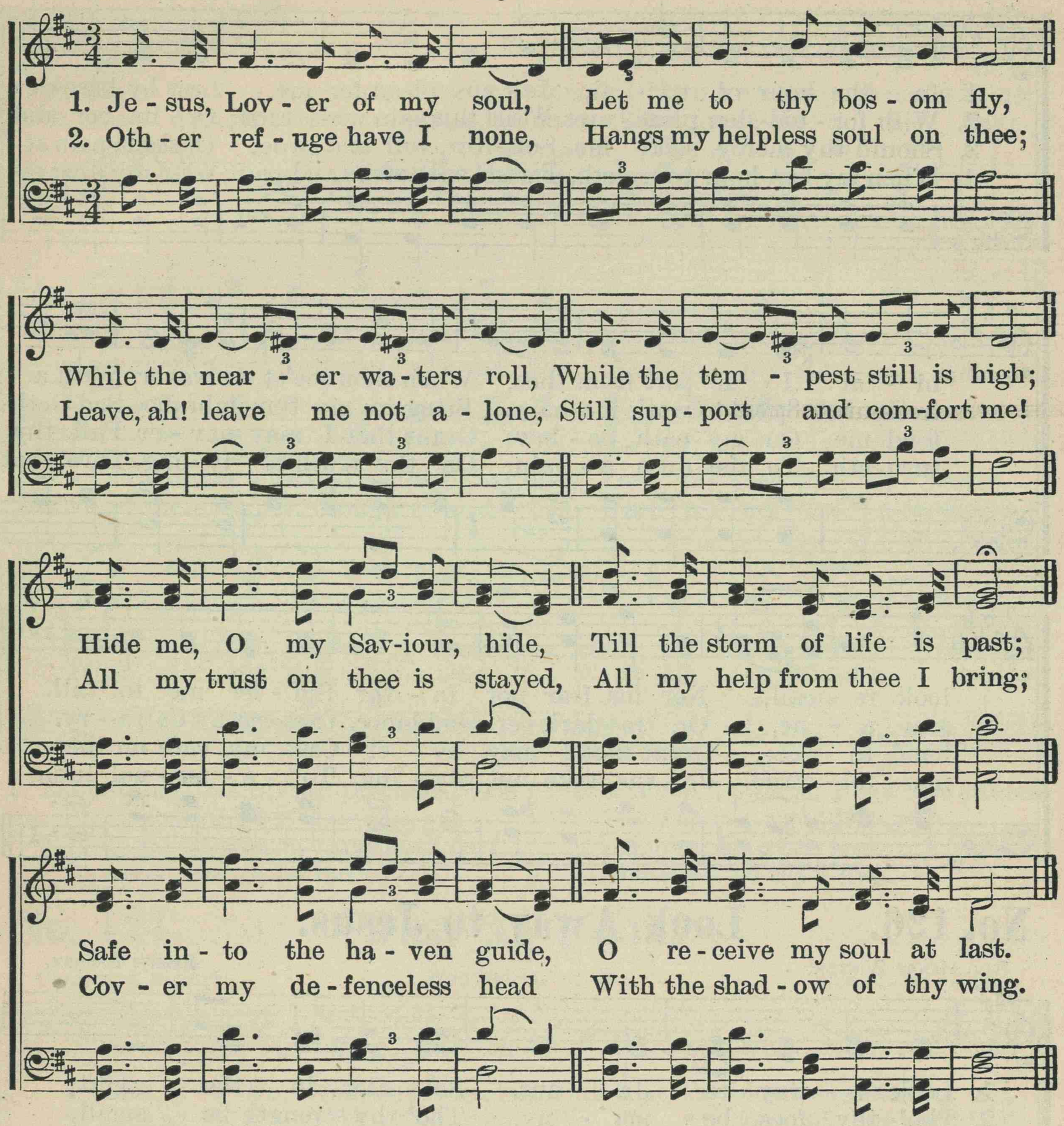
No. 126. Look Away to Jesus.

REV. HENRY BURTON. JOSEPH BARNBY.



No. 127. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Refuge. 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.
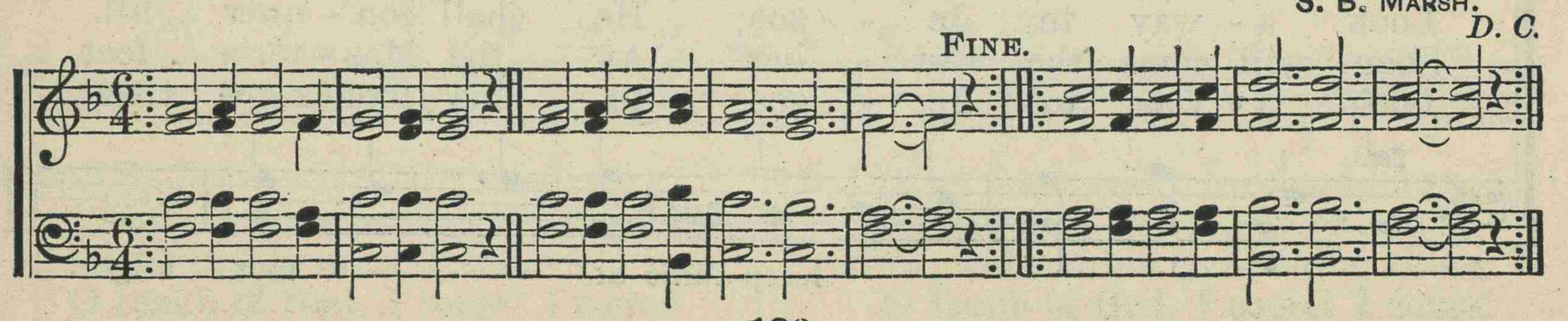


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
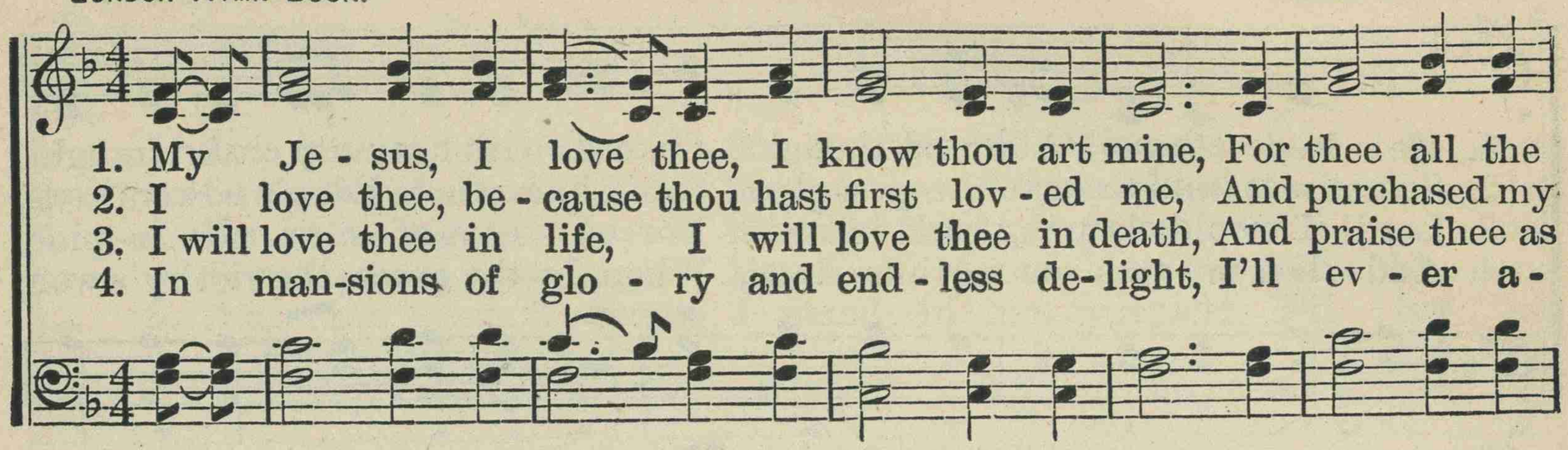
No. 128. Martyn. 7s. D.
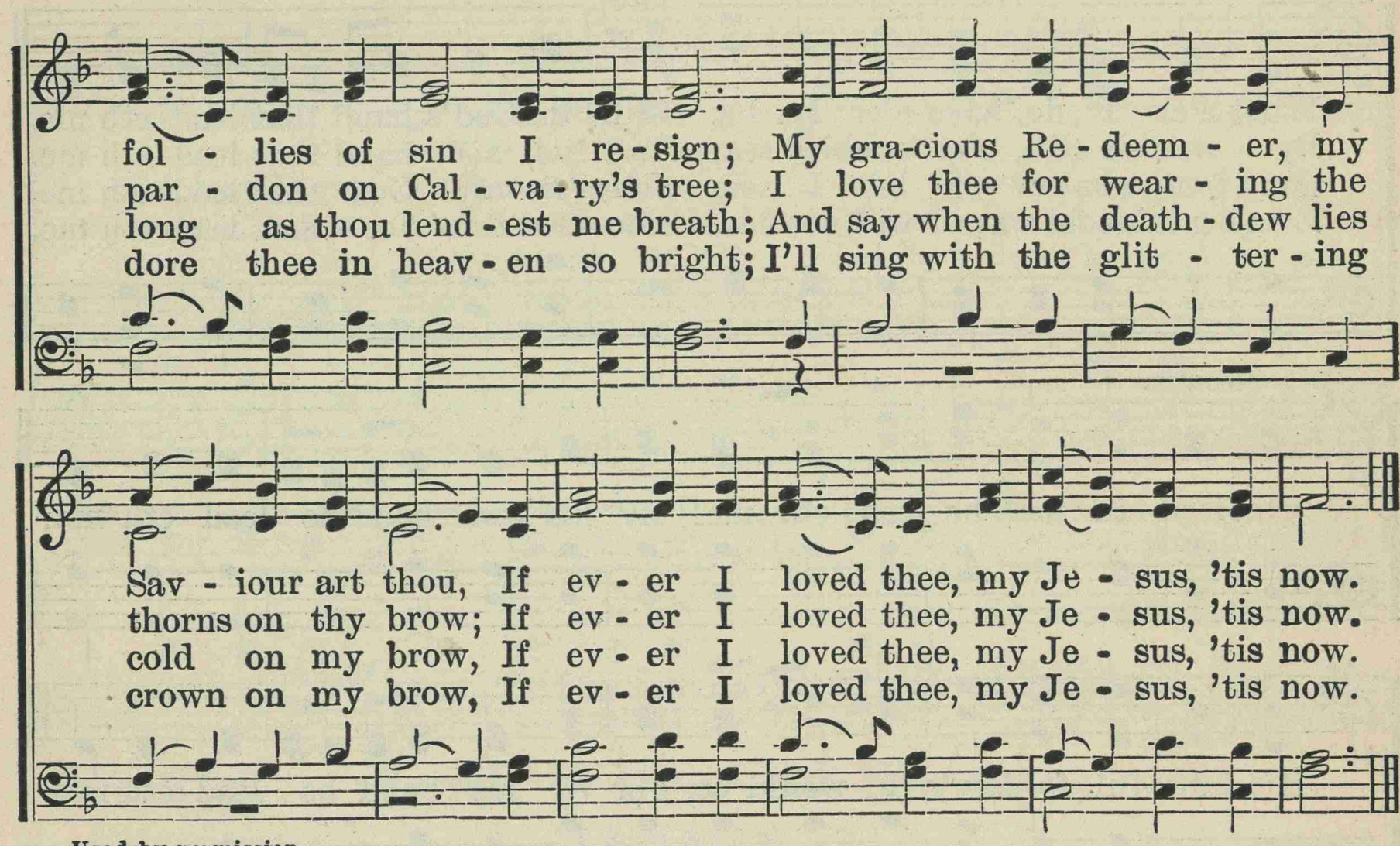
S. B. MARSH.



No. 129. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.

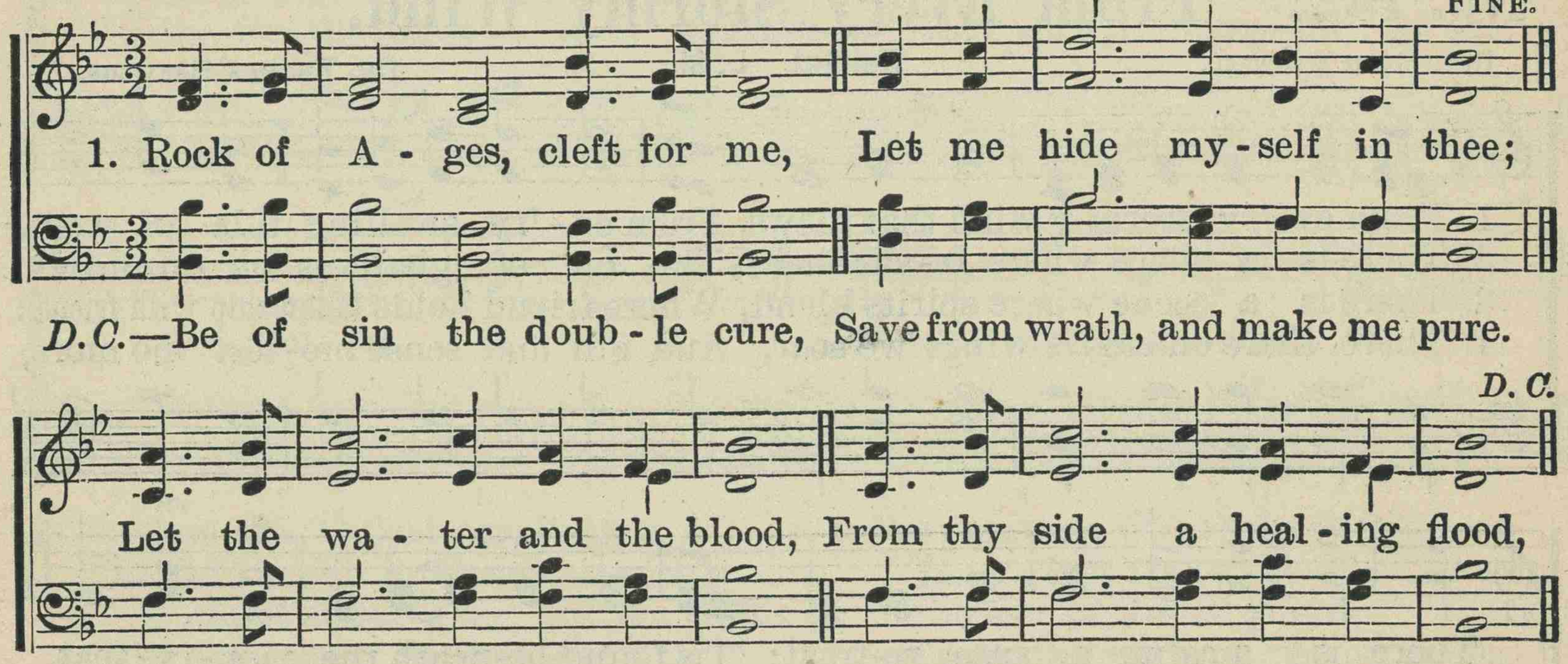




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No. 130. Rock of Ages

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All 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 mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 131. He Leadeth Me.

REV. J. H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden'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 vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled 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.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me! he lead-eth me! By his own hand he lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

No. 132. From Every Stormy Wind.

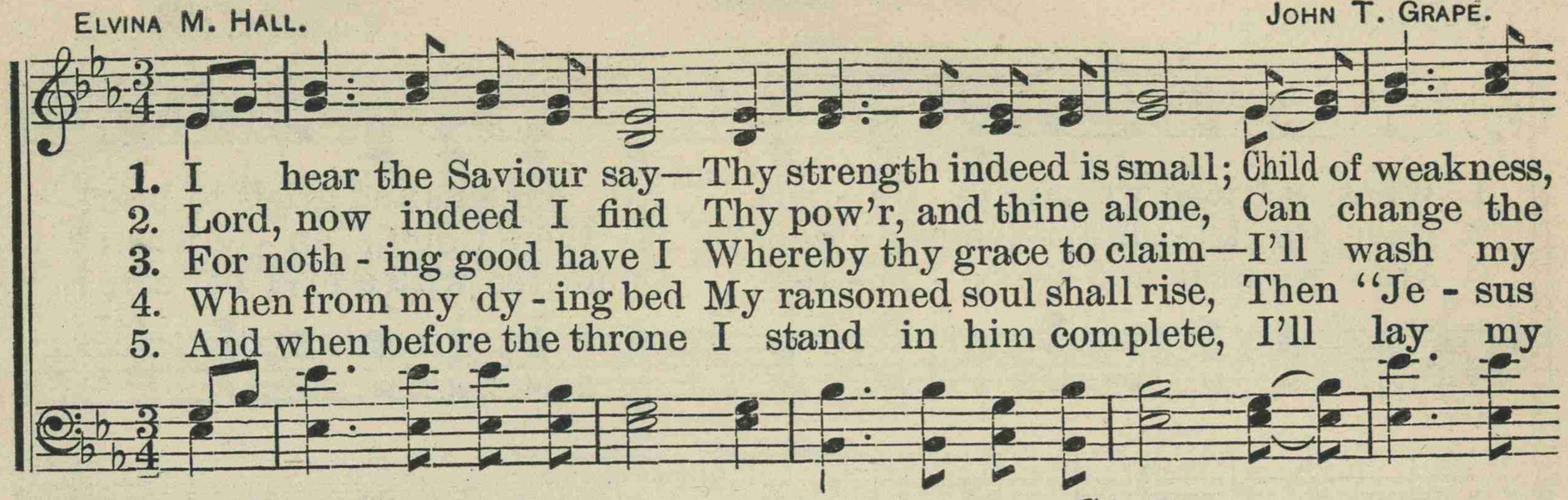
REV. HUGH STOWELL. Retreat. L. M. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je- sus sheds, The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
4. There, there on eagles wings we soar, And sin and sense mo- lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy- seat.
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy- seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy- seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer - cy- seat.

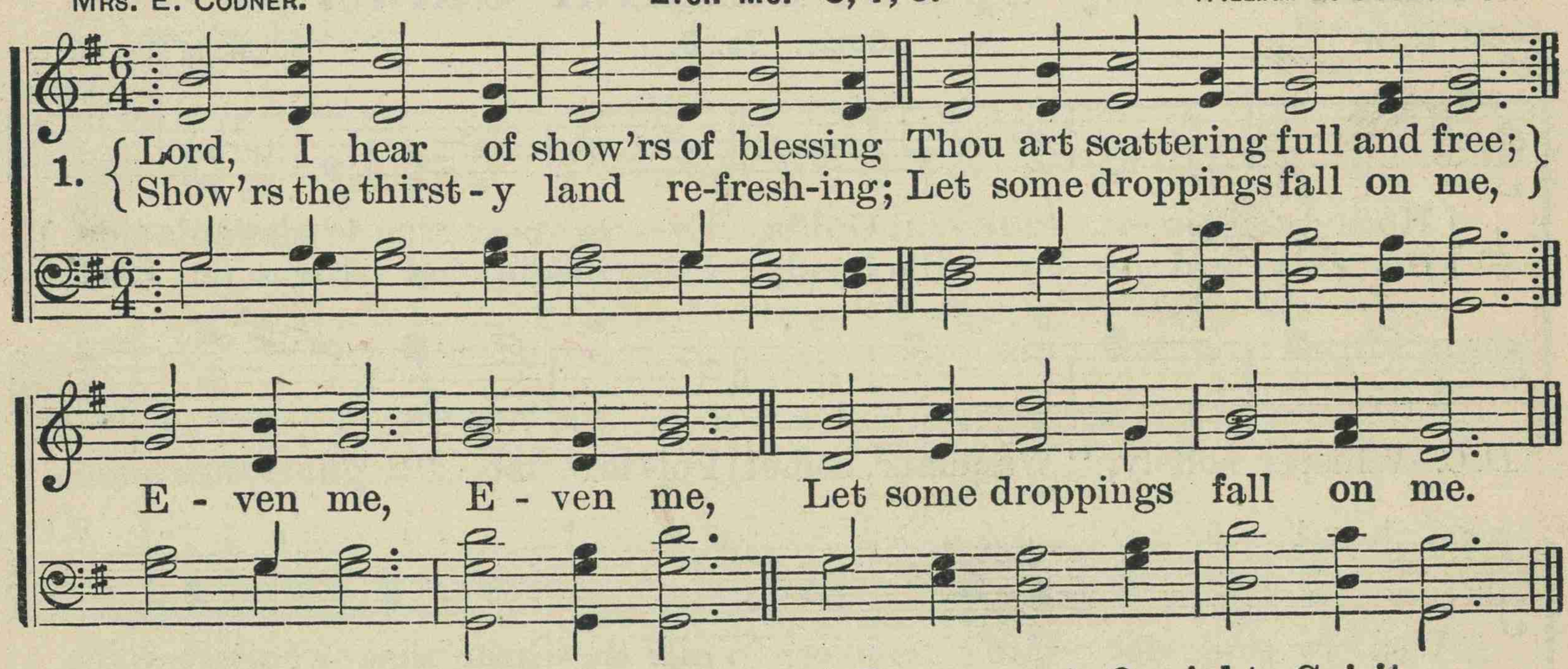
No. 133. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.



No. 134. Lord, I Hear of Showers.

MRS. E. CODNER. Even Me. 8, 7, 3. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Pass me not, O God our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.
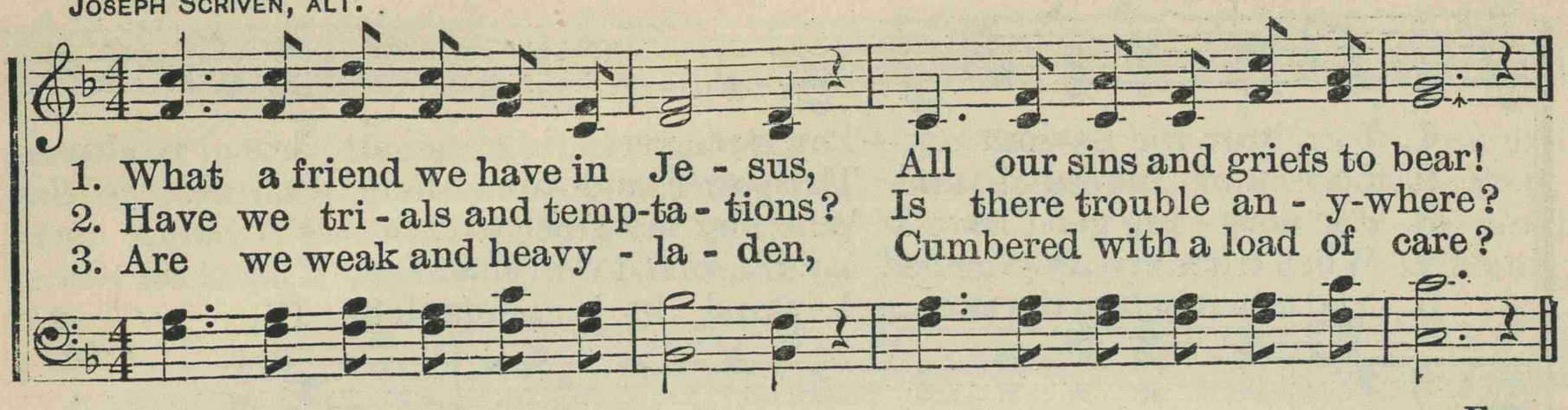
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

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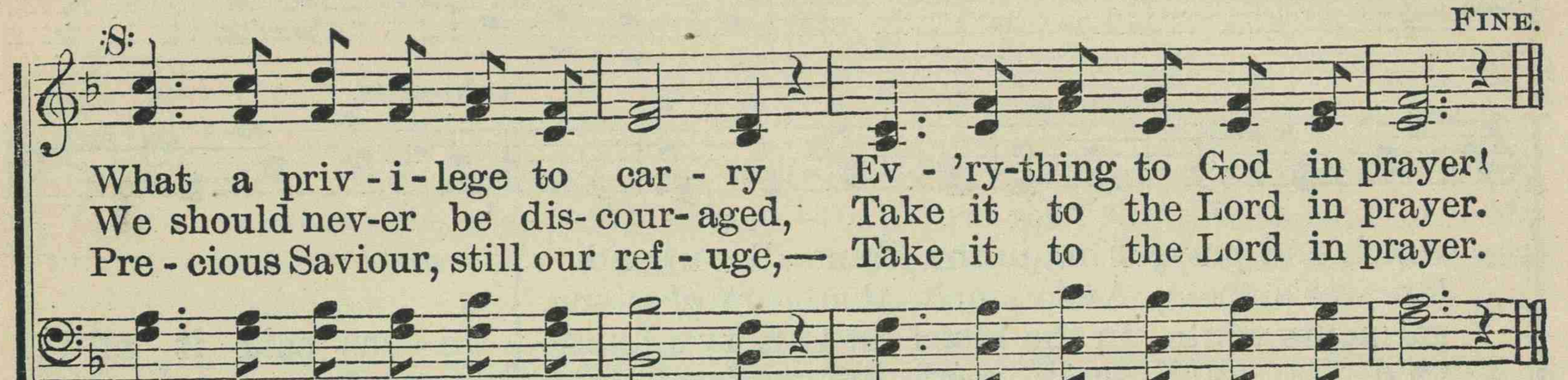
No. 135. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, ALT. CHARLES 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 trouble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

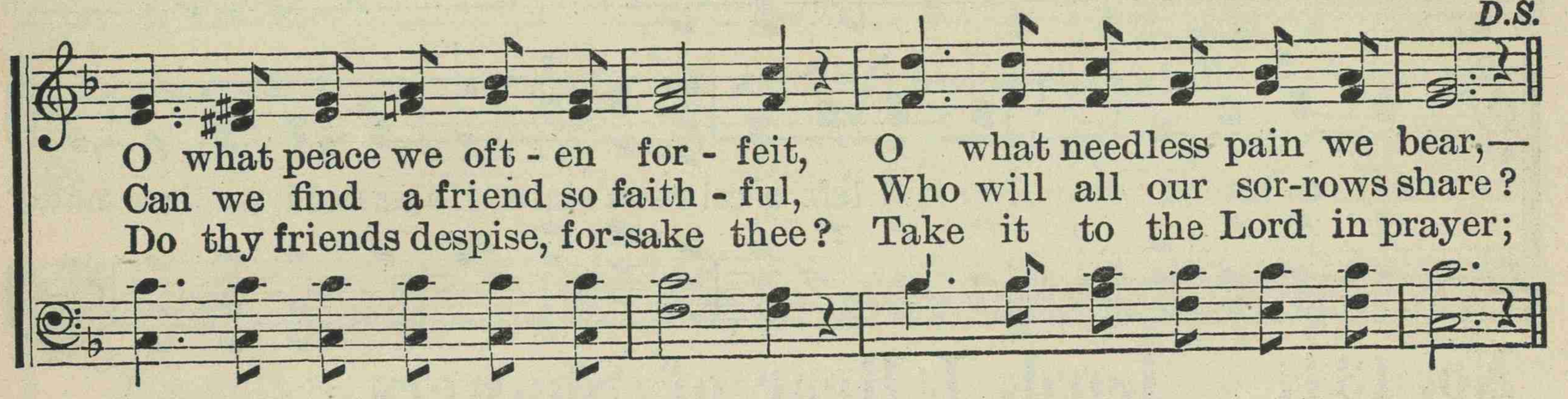
FINE.



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

D.S.–All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–Je-sus knows our ev -'ry weak- ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

D.S.

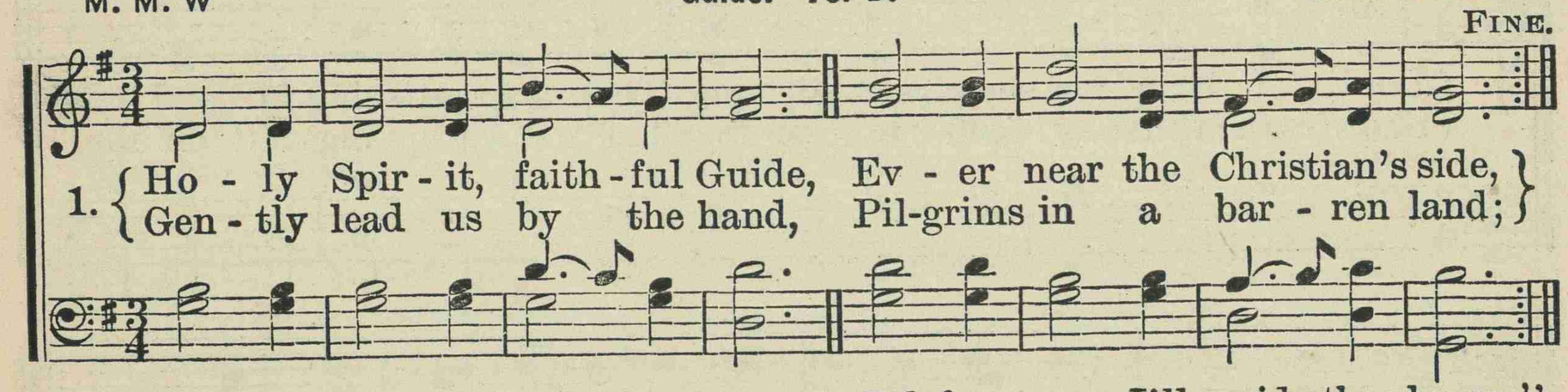


O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 136 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W Guide. 7s. D. M. M WELLS.

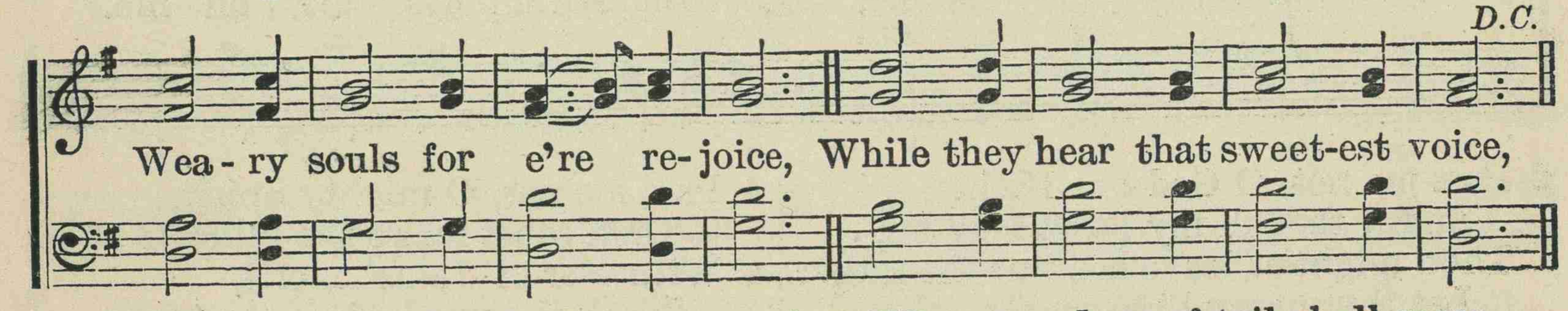
FINE.



1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
   { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a bar - ren land; }

D.C.–Whisper soft-ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol- low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.
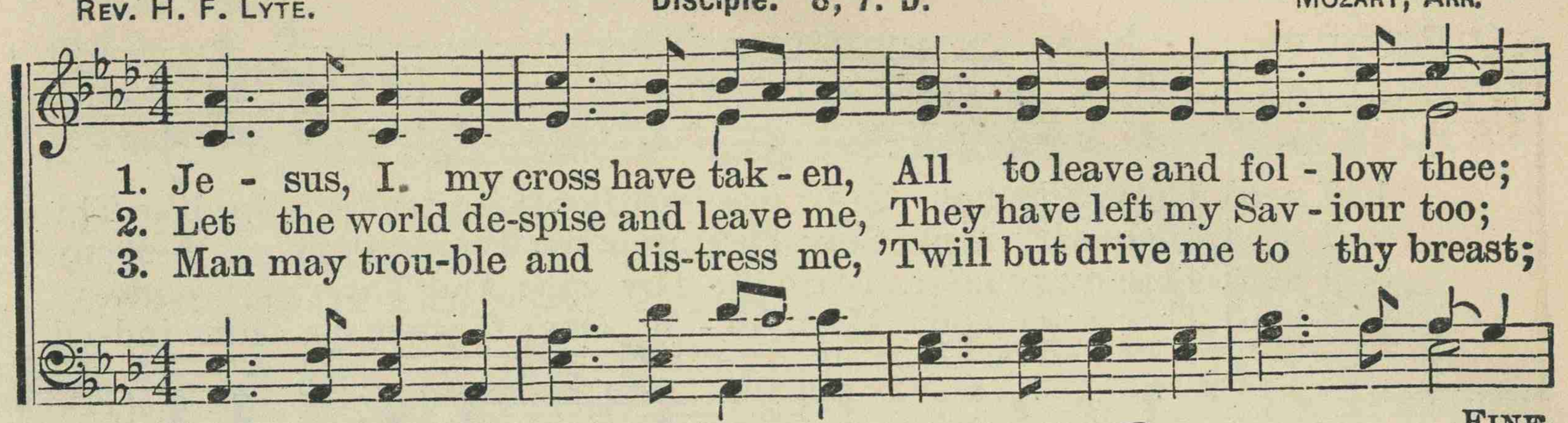


Wea - ry souls for e're re- joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er:

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—

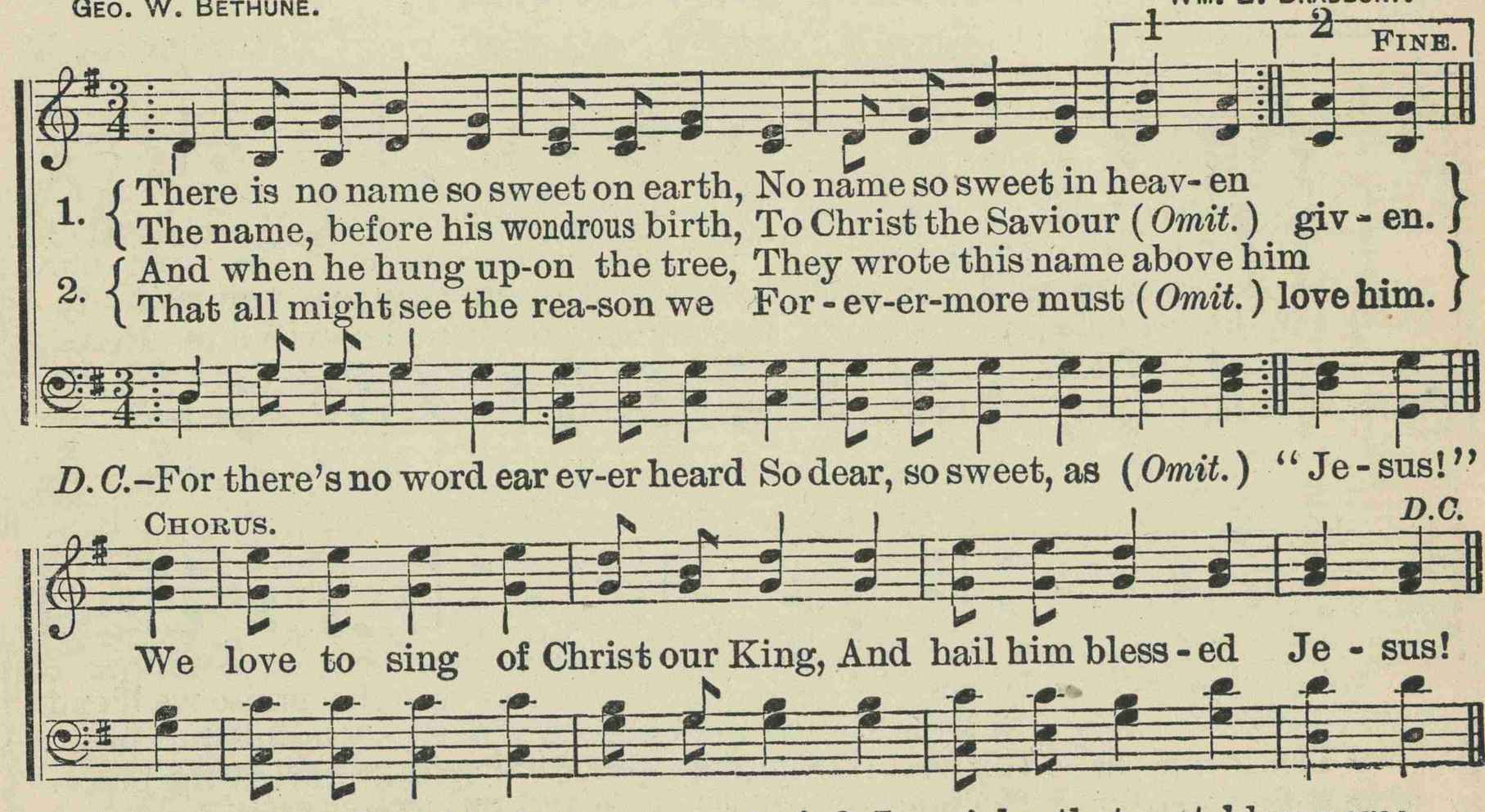
No. 137. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

REV. H. F. LYTE. Disciple. 8, 7. D. MOZART, ARR.



No. 138. The Sweetest Name.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



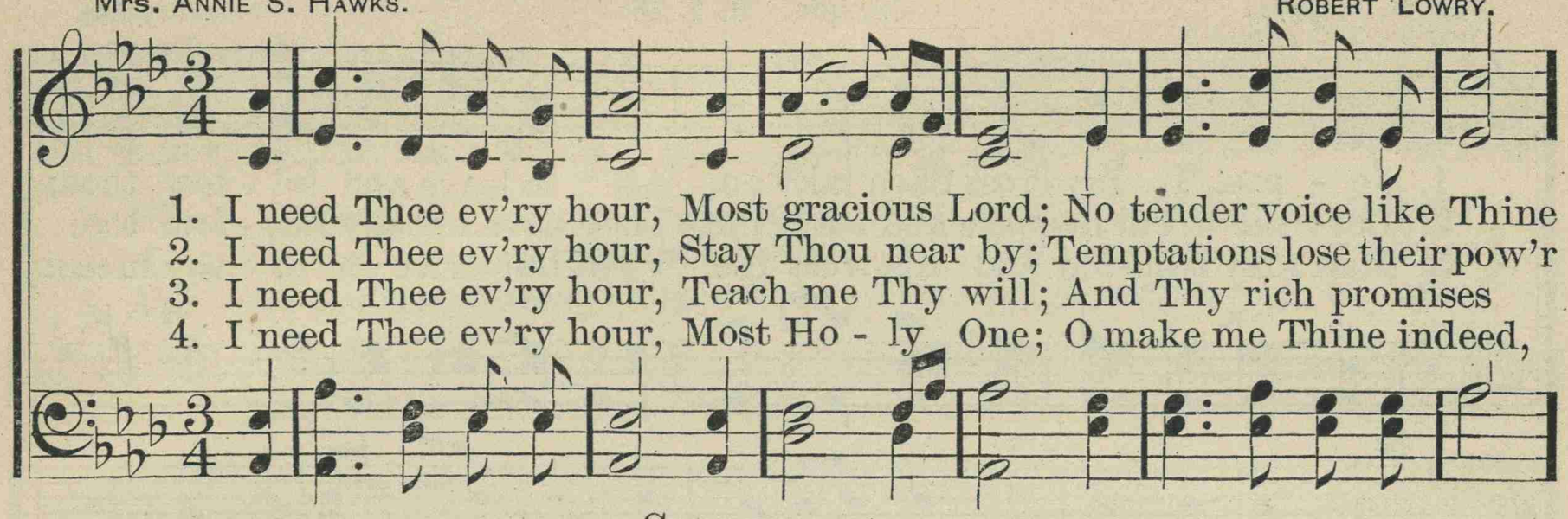
3 So now, upon his Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—he ever reigns,
The prince and Saviour, Jesus.
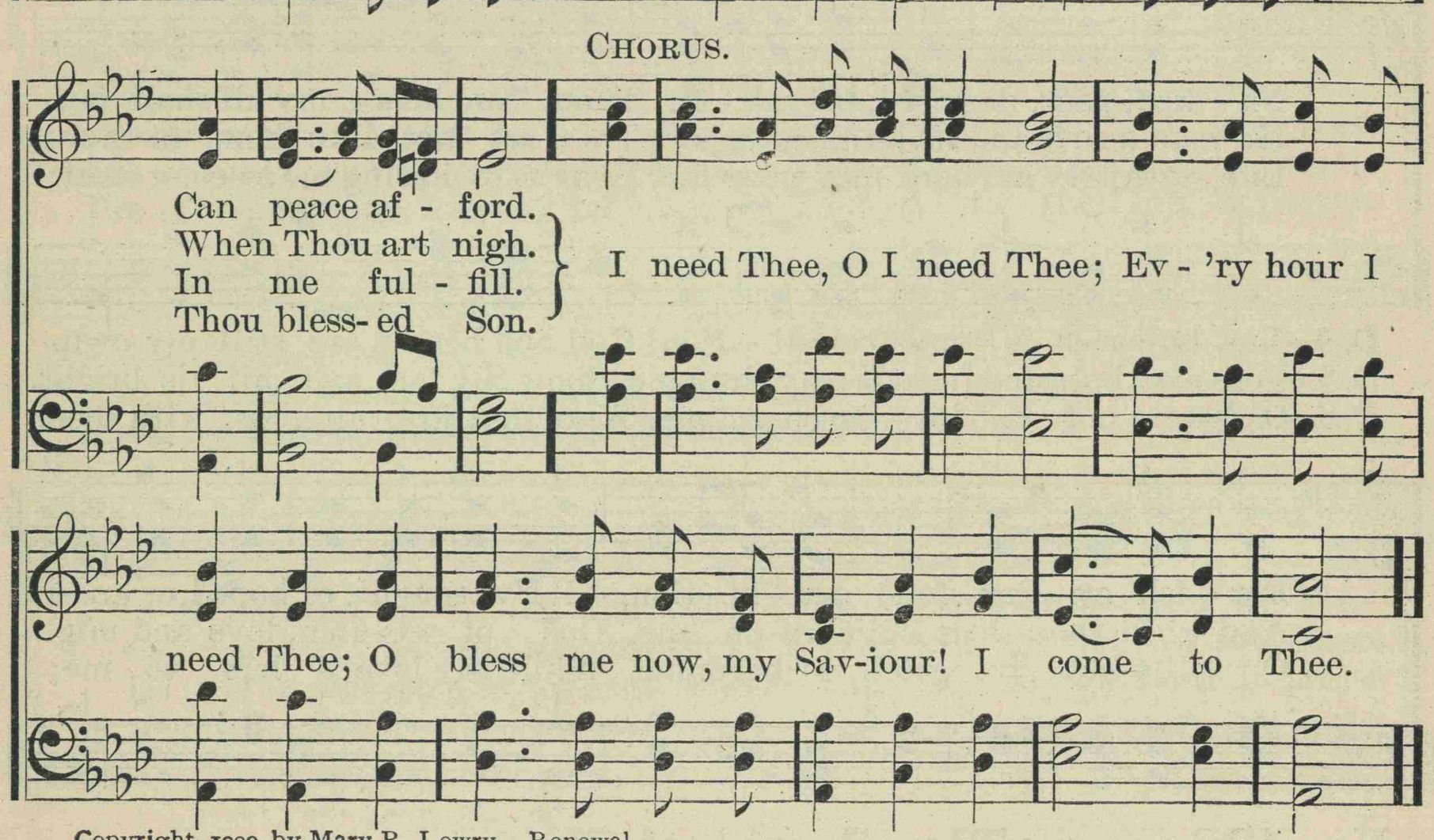
4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never,
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever!

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No. 139. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

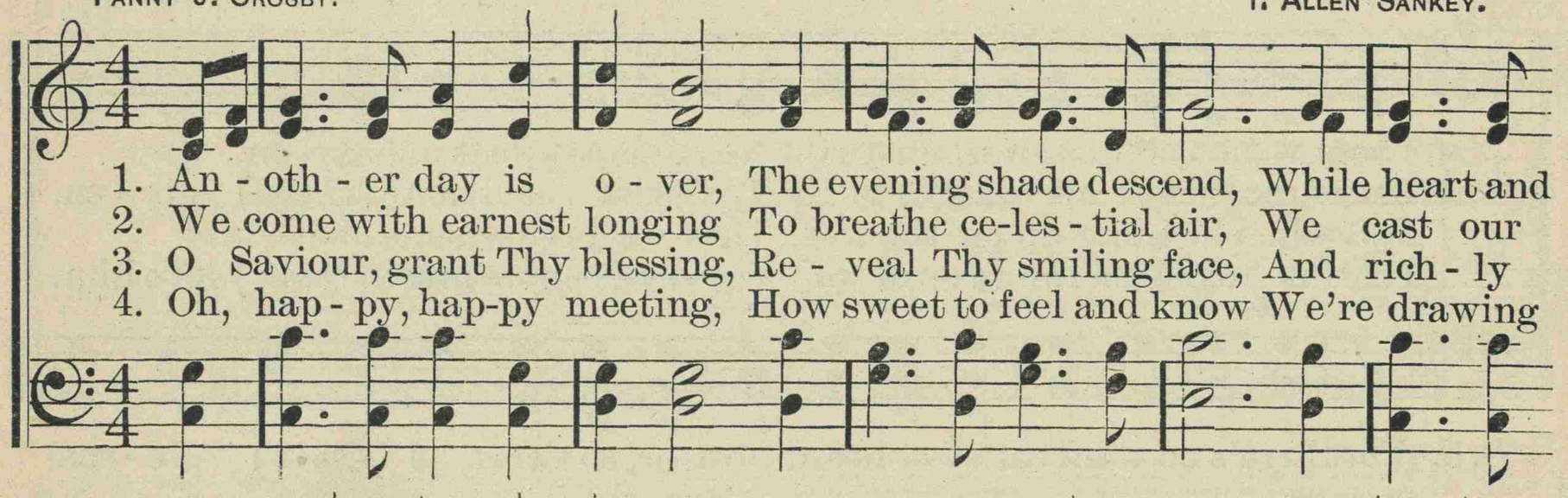


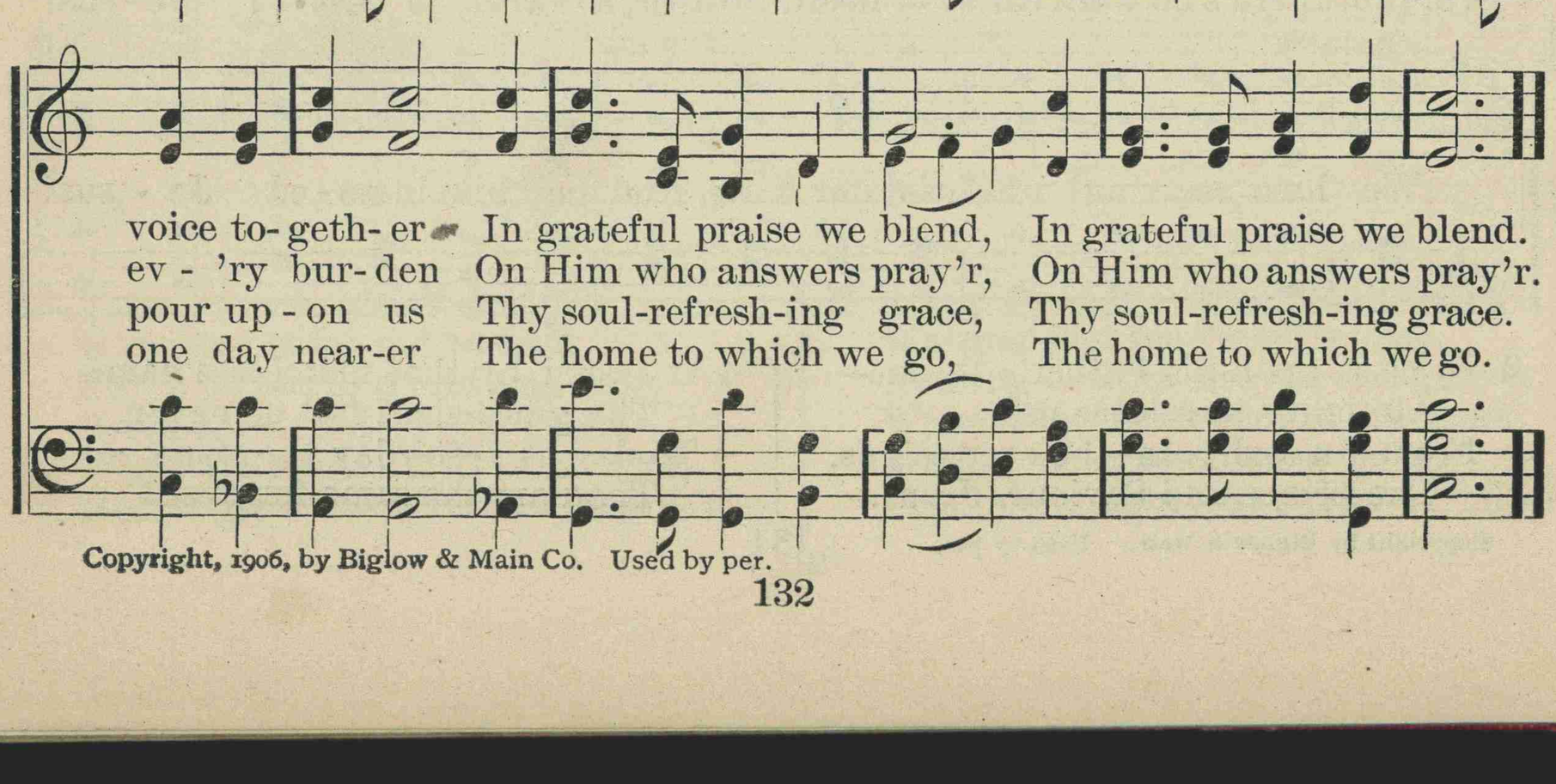


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No. 140. Another Day is Over.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLEN SANKEY.





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No. 141. More Like Jesus.

F. J. C. W. H. Doane.

Slow, with feeling.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - iour dwell in me,
2. If he hears the ra - ven's cry, If his ev - er - watch - ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

Fine.

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove.
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure - ly he will hear my call.
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil wa - ters glide.

D.S.–Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
D.S.–Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
D.S.–Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.

D.S.

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful thoughts forgive;
Born of him thro' grace re-newed, By his love my will subdued,

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No. 142. Show Pity, Lord.

Isaac Watts. Hebron. L. M. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live;
2. My crimes, tho' great, can not surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace:
3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,

Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?
Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.
Here, on my heart, the bur-den lies, And past of - fens - es pain mine eyes.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a - gainst de-spair.

No. 143. Loving Kindness.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY. WM. CALDWELL.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet lov'd me, not-withstanding all;
3. I oft - en feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Saviour to de - part;
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kindness, O, how great!
But though I oft have him for - got, His lov - ing kindness chang-es not.
O, may my last ex - pir-ing breath, His lov - ing kindness sing in death.

REFRAIN.

His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!

No. 144. We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

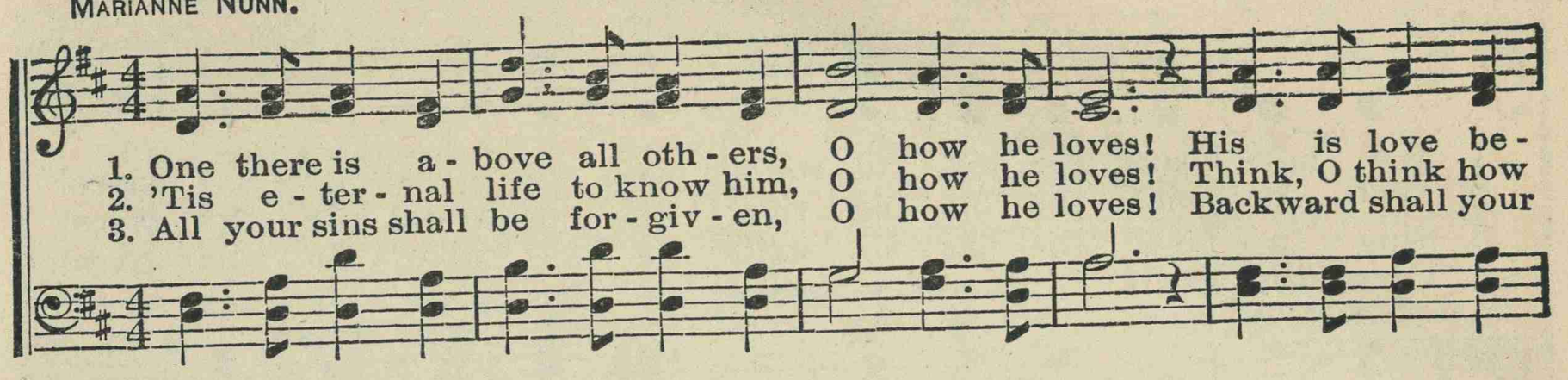
J. G. WHITTIER. Serenity. C. M. W. V. WALLACE.

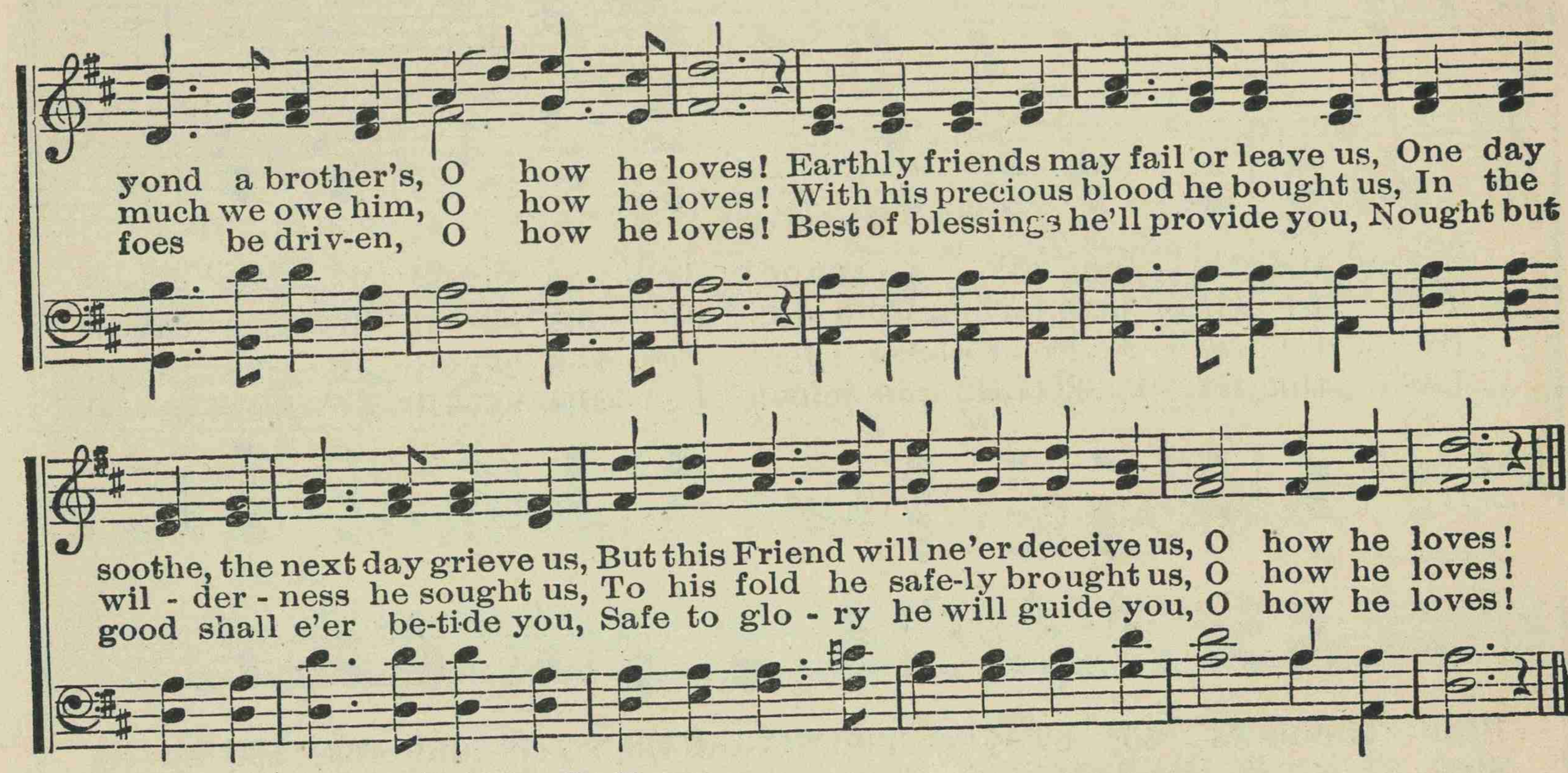
1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
3. Thro' him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of childhood frame;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whispers of our dead Are bur-dened with his name.
We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

No. 145. O how He Loves!

MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.
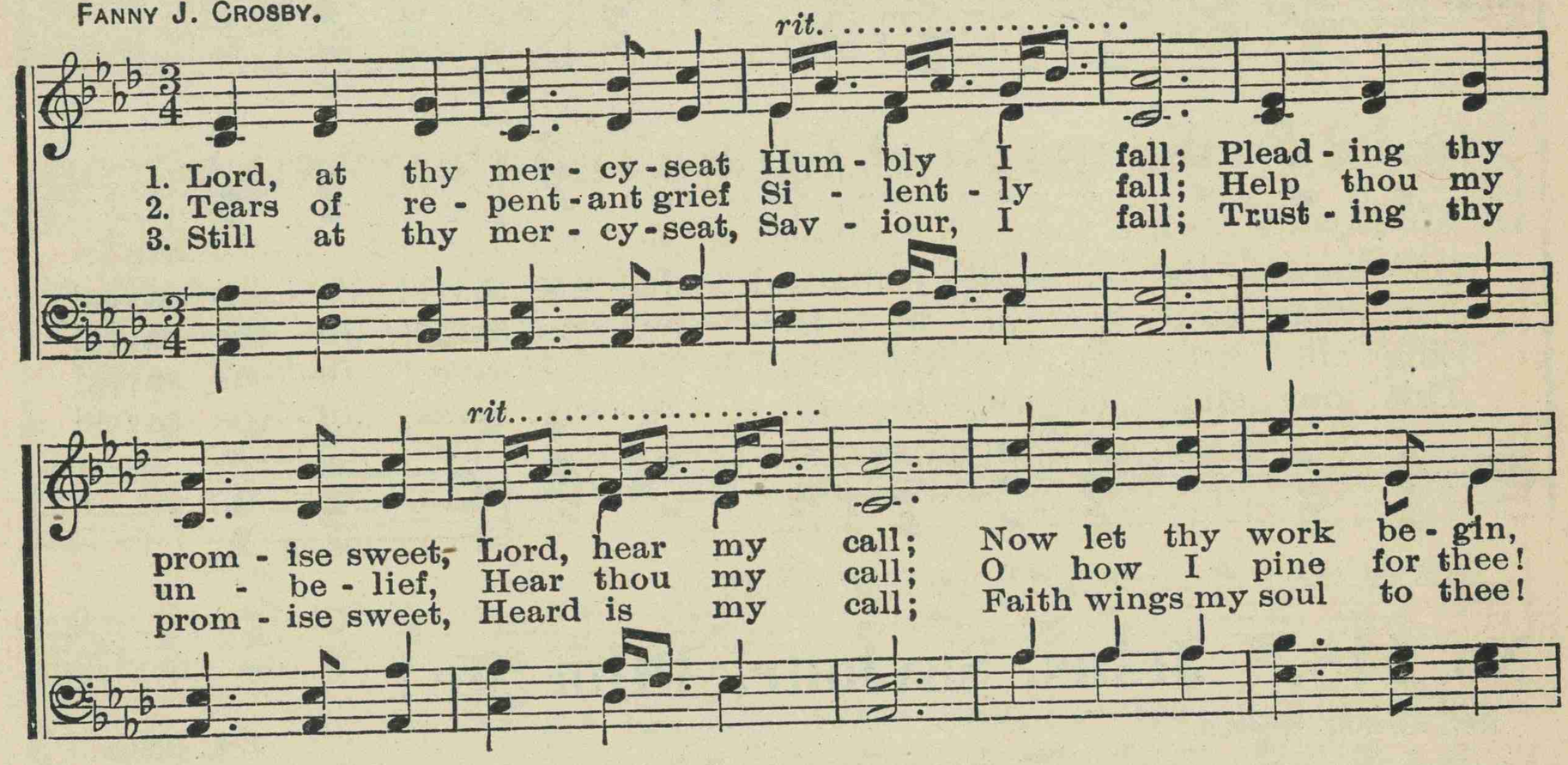


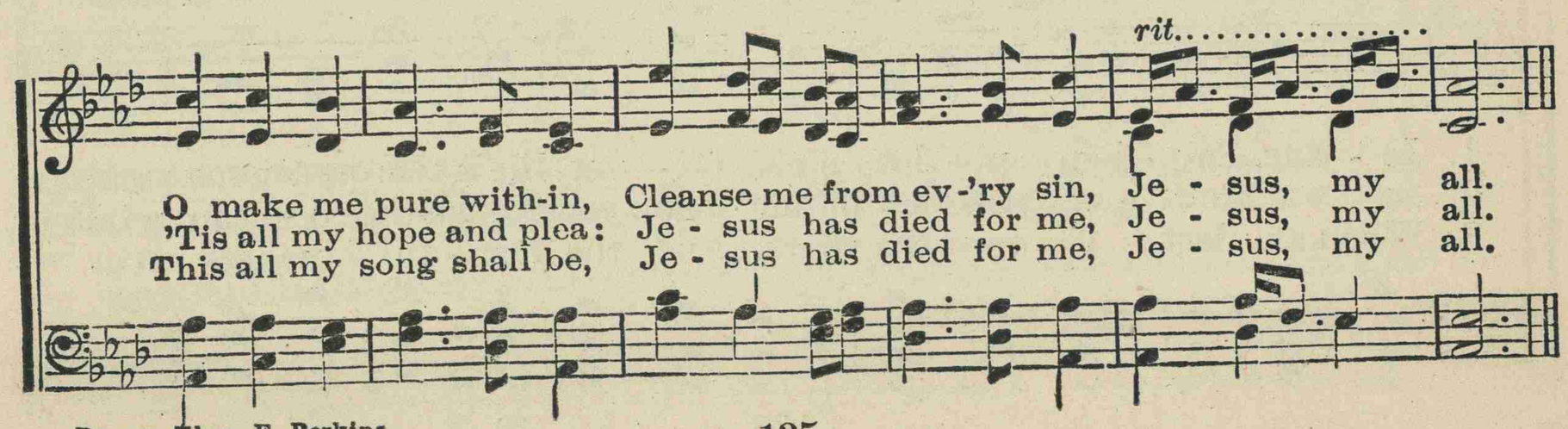


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No. 146. Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ANON.





By per. Theo. E. Perkins.

No. 147. Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our sing of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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No. 148. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous 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

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!—Concluded.

Un-known 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 peace- ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com- pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 149. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Jesus comes to re-ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do onr best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share;

rit.

Faith-ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright.
When to the Lord we re - store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee—Well done.
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glo-rious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn of midnight, Will He find us watching there?

CHORUS.
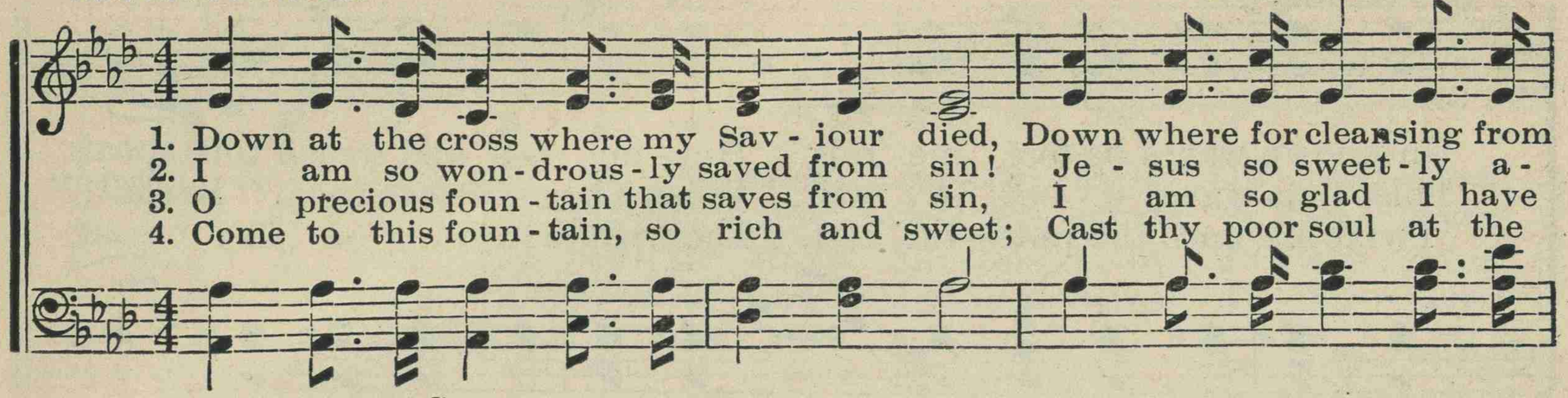
O can we say we are read-y, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home?

Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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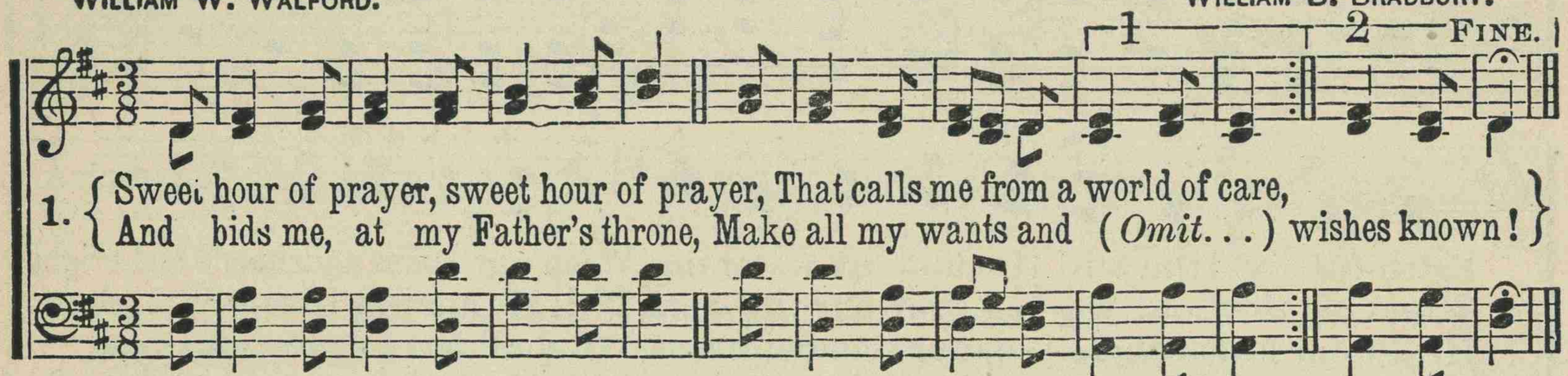
No. 150. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 151. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 152. Sweet Moments of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may his lov - ing voice
2. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort-er, Presence di-vine, Now in our longing hearts
3. Sav - iour, thy work revive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin

Ten - der - ly speak; Je - sus, our dear - est friend, While at thy
Gra - cious-ly shine; O for thy might- y Pow'r, O for a
Quickened by thee; Come to our hearts to - night, Make ev - 'ry

pp

feet we bend, O let thy smile de-scend, 'Tis thee we seek.
bless - ed show'r, Fill - ing this hal-lowed hour With joy di - vine.
bur - den light, Cheer thou our wait- ing sight, We long for thee.

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No. 153. I'll Live for Him.

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

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be;

D. C. Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God.
And now hence-forth I'll trust in thee. My Sav - iour and my God.
I con - se - crate my life to thee. My Sav - iour and my God.

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

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No. 154. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home!

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

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5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 155. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

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Nearer, Still Nearer.—Concluded.

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Saviour, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still near-er to Thee.

No. 156. Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Col. 1; 20. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain, Free for all—a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ev - er, Till I reach the

CHORUS.

healing stream—Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Morn- ing Star Shed sits beams around me.
day to day With its shad - ow o'er me.
gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

} In the cross, in the cross,

Be my glo-ry ev-er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.

No. 157. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet - ing life is o'er;

Let thy pre-cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.
Trust-ing thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

No. 158. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in him with-
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce -

D. S.—He will save you,

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

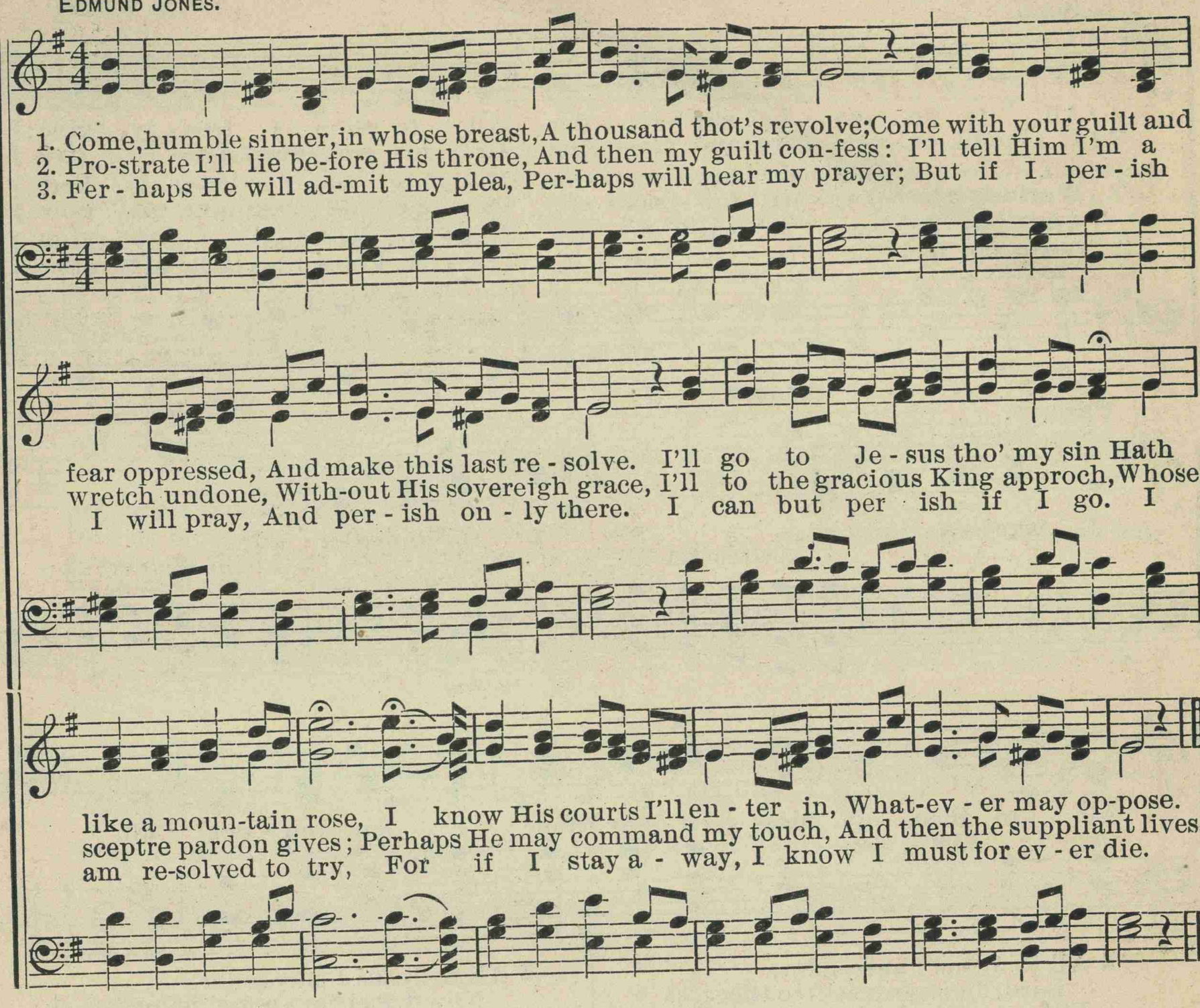
give you rest, By trusting in his word.
crimson flood That washes white as snow.
out de - lay, And you are fully blest.
les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

} Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now;

He will save you, He will save you now.

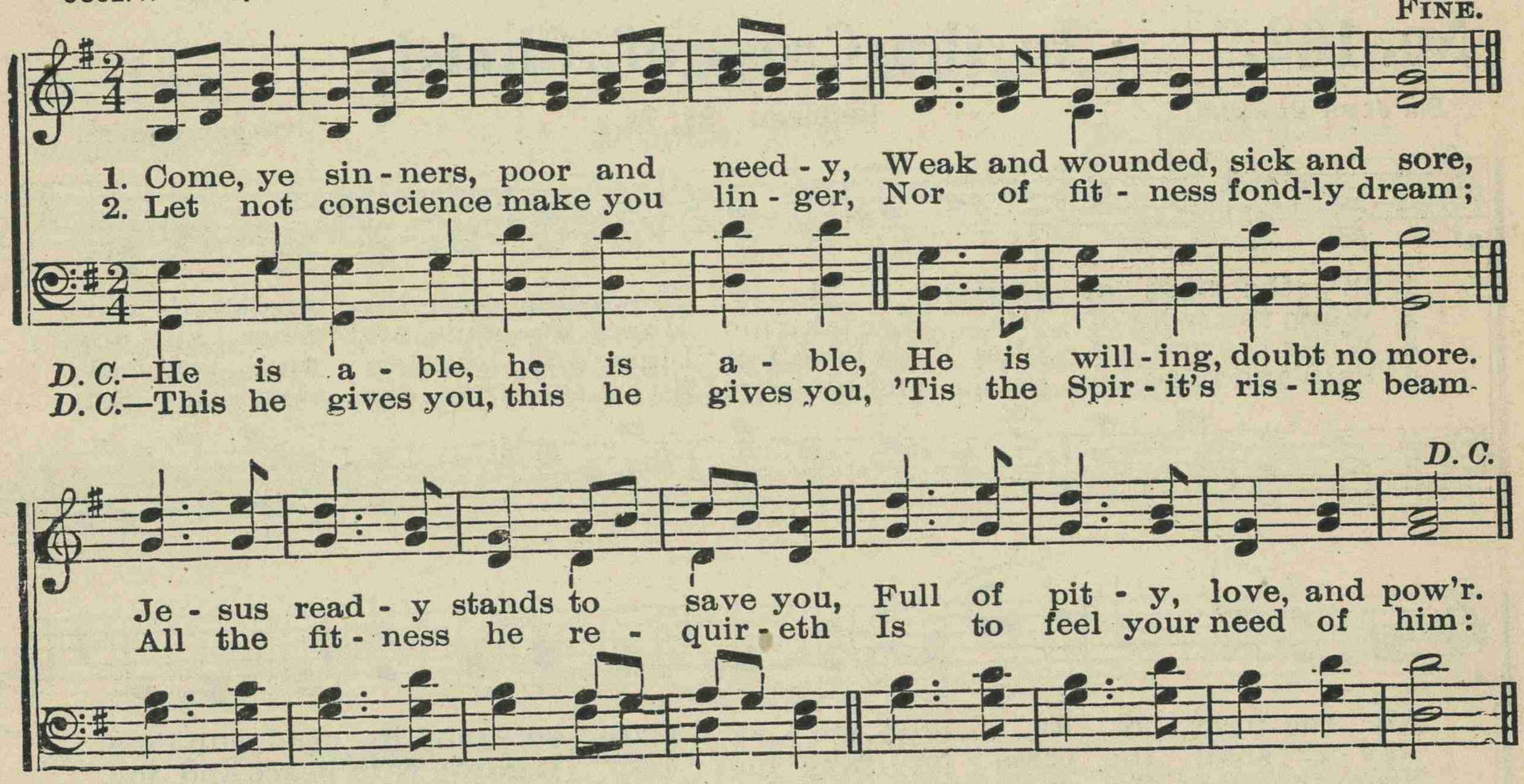
No. 159. Come, Humble Sinner.

EDMUND JONES. ARR. BY MISS M. VESEY.



No. 160. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. Invitation. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. INGALLS.



3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

No. 161. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow;
   World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol-ly thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame!
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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No. 162. In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. Rathbun. 8s, 7s. ITHAMER CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bain and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 163. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms To bless - ed work within, By add - ing grace to

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

I am com-ing Lord! Com - ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

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

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

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No. 164. O for a Closer Walk.

WILLIAM COWPER. Ortonville. C. M. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame: A light to
2. Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the
3. The dear-est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be, Help me to
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame; So pur - er

shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast, And drove thee from my breast.
tear it from thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly thee, And wor-ship on - ly thee.
light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!

No. 165. More Love to Thee.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

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No. 166. When Thou, My Righteous Judge.

S. SHIRLEY. Meribah. C. P. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed peo-ple home,
2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be-fore thy gracious feet to bow,
3. Pre-vent, pre-vent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my hid-ing-place,

Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Tho' vil-est of them all; But— can I bear the piercing thought?—
In this, th' ac-cept-ed day; Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,

Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?
To still my un-be-liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

No. 167. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. Beecher. 8s, 7s. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!
3. Come, al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy prom - ised rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ple leave:
Let us see thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in thee:

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

No. 168. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

THOS. SHEPHERD. Maitland. C. M. GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here;
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 169. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Portuguese Hymn. 11s. J. READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -

you he hath said,..... To you, who for ref - uge to
cause thee to stand,..... Up - held by my gra - cious, om -
tri - als to bless,..... And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
deav - or to shake,..... I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no

Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er forsake!"

No. 170. Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

ANNE STEELE. Naomi. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.
Thy pres- ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

No. 171. Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON — WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev-er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know: Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

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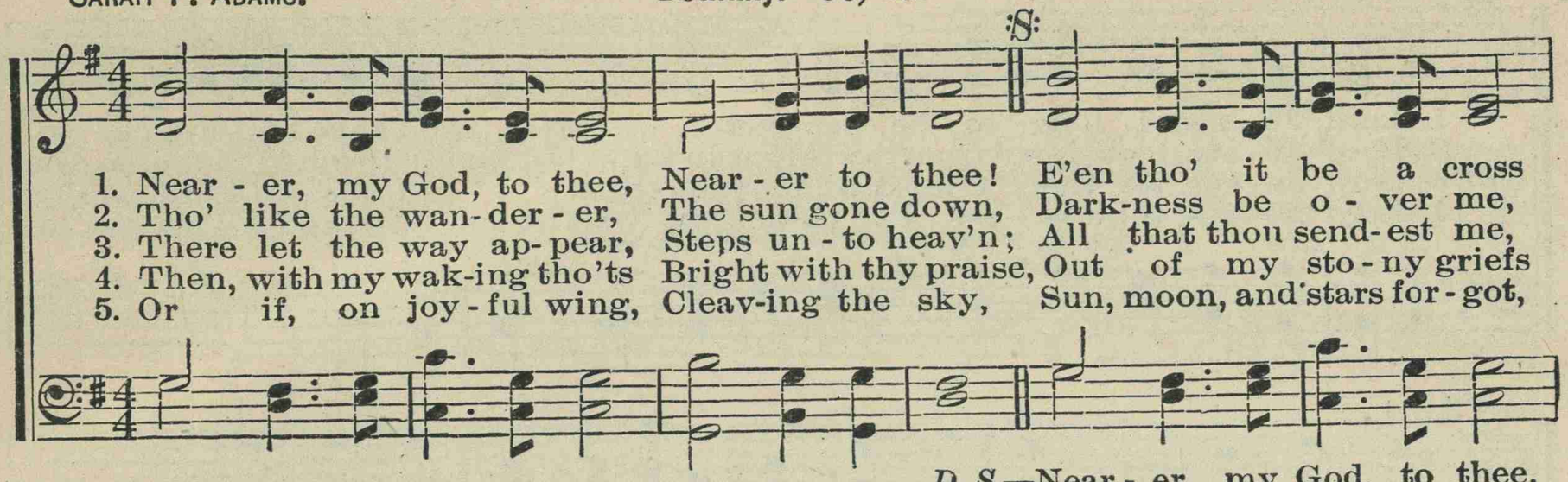
No. 172. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

REV. ANDREW REED. — Last Hope. 7s. — L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine; Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine; Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine; Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

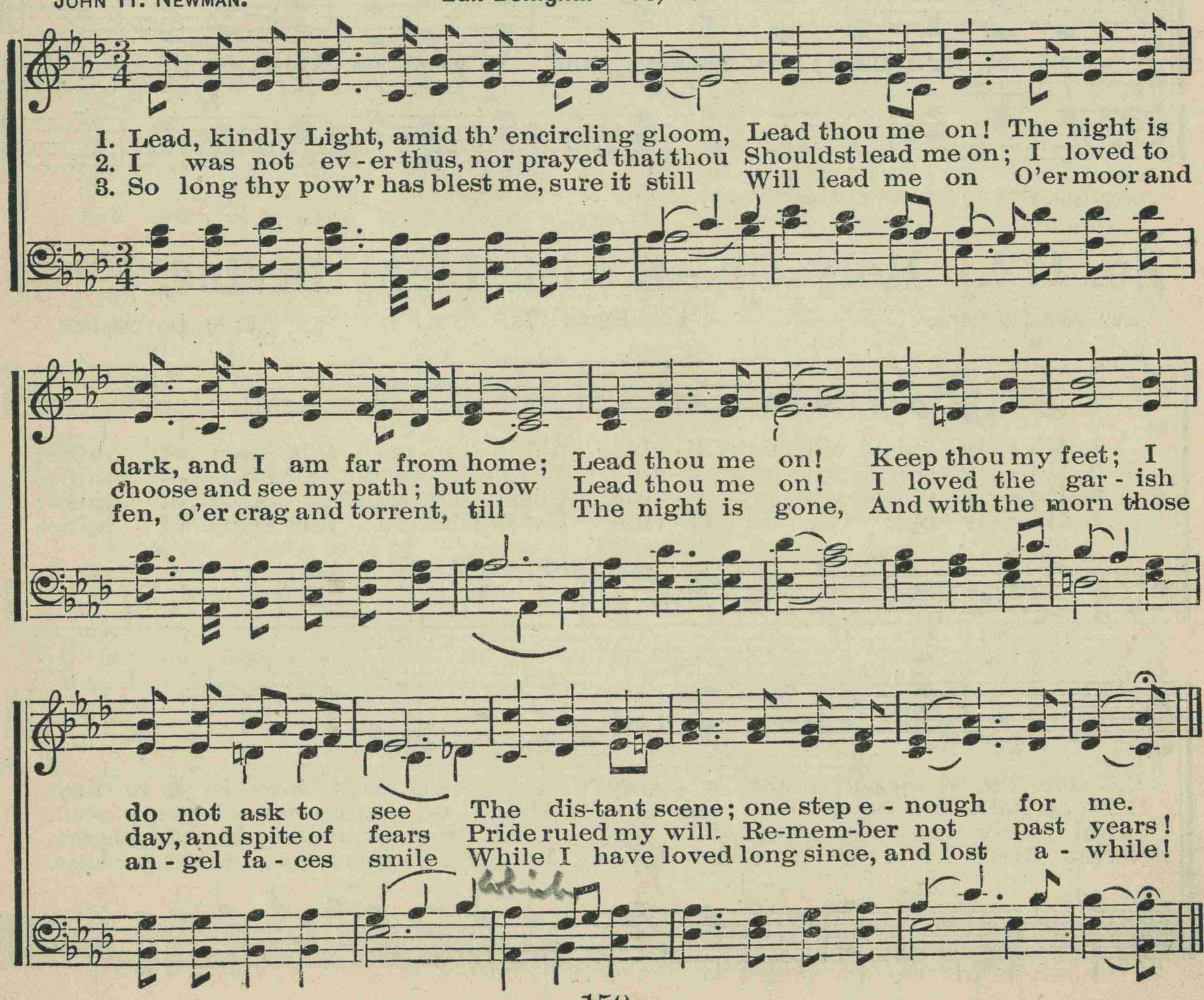
No. 173. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.



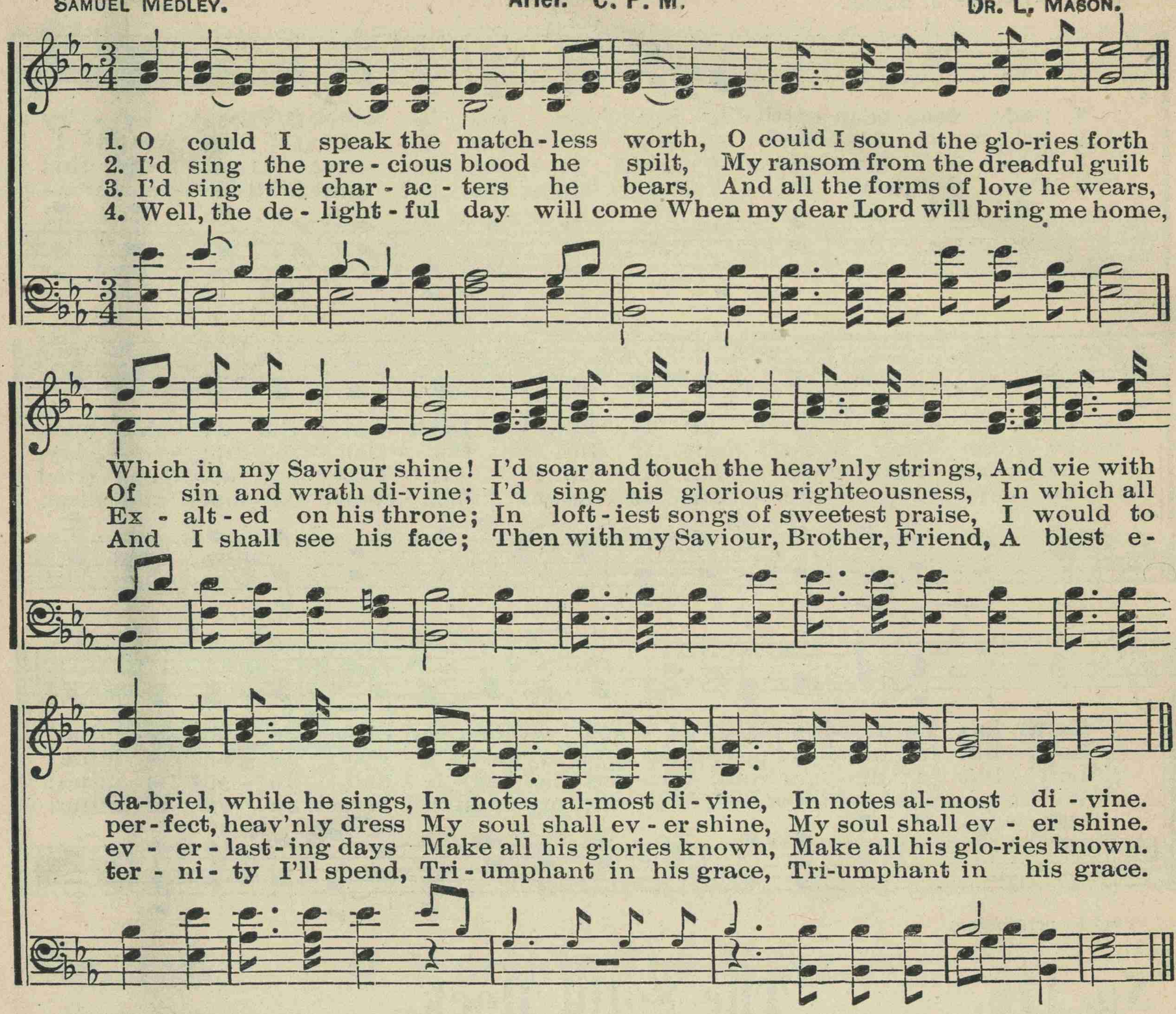
No. 174. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s. JOHN B. DYKES.



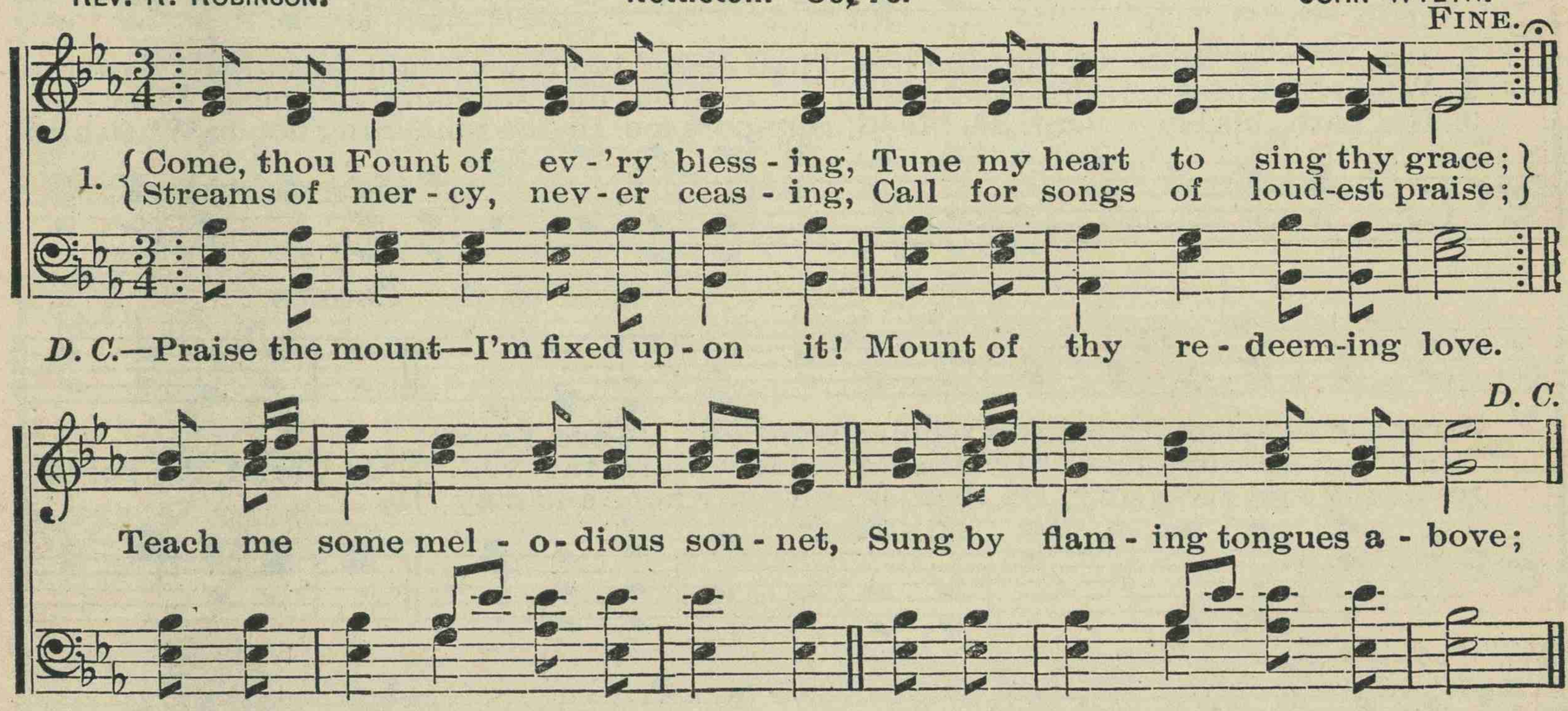
No. 175. O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Ariel. C. P. M. DR. L. MASON.



No. 176. Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON. Nettleton. 8s, 7s. JOHN WYETH.



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

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

No. 177. Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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No. 178. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, his blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-

CHORUS.

trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
} On Christ, the sol-id

rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

No. 179. All Hail the Power.

REV. E. PERRONET — Coronation. C. M. — OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of.... all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of.... all;
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of.... all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of.... all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord.... of all.
Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord... of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord.... of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord.... of all.

No. 180. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. — Lyons. 10, 11. — F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the An - cient of days,
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
3. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the end,

Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 181. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol - diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 182. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; / Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit.....*) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit.....*) When man's work is done.

cres. *D.C.*

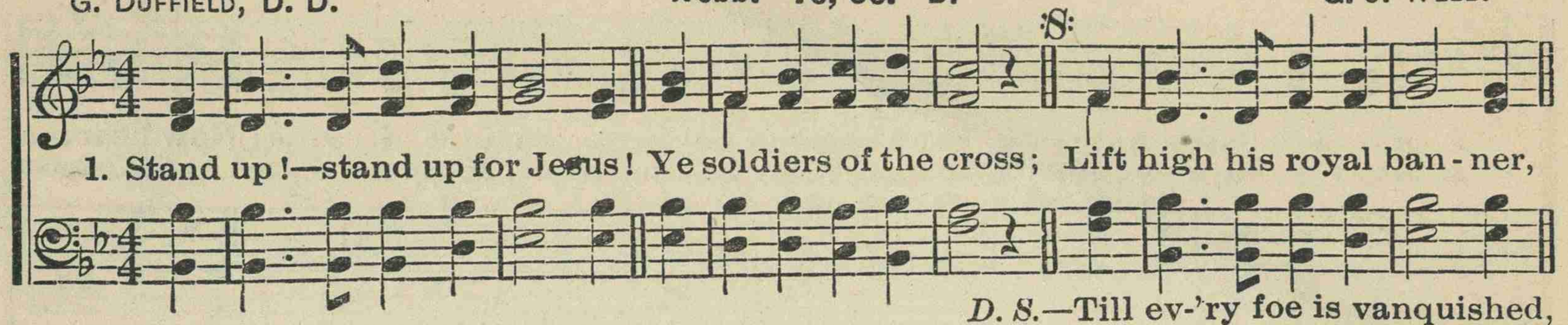
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

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.

No. 183. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D. Webb. 7s, 6s. D. G. J. WEBB.



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

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

No. 184. The Morning Light.

S. F. SMITH. TUNE,—WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

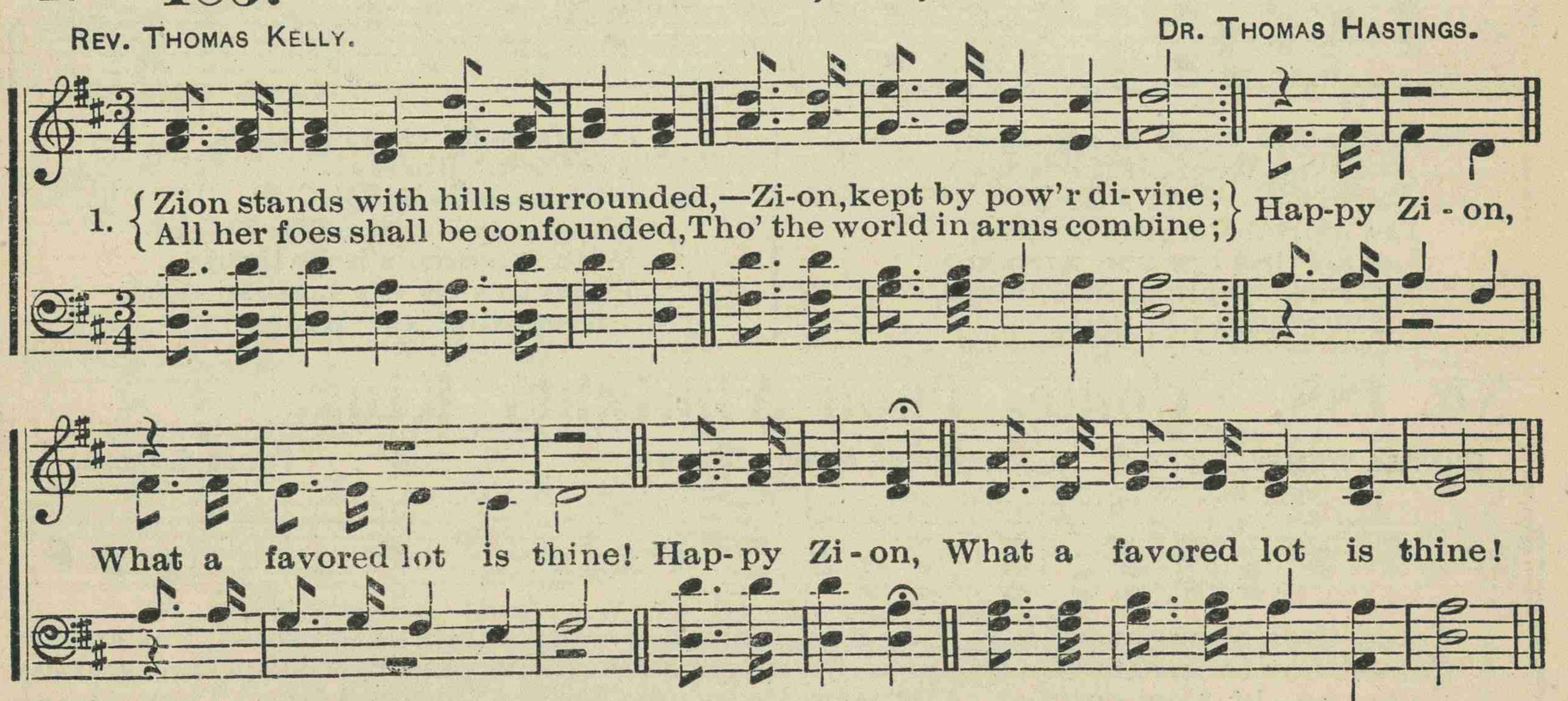
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tiding from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

No. 185. Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

REV. THOMAS KELLY. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

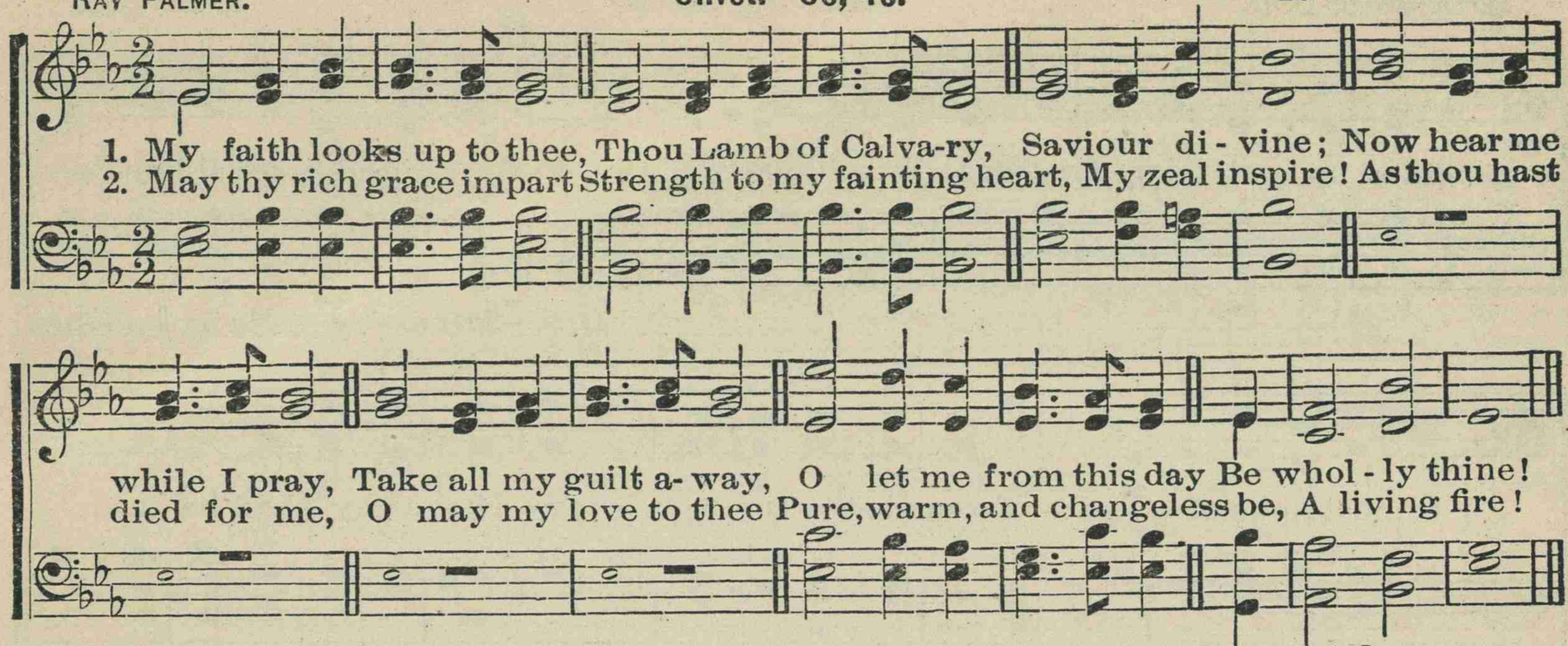


2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

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

No. 186. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

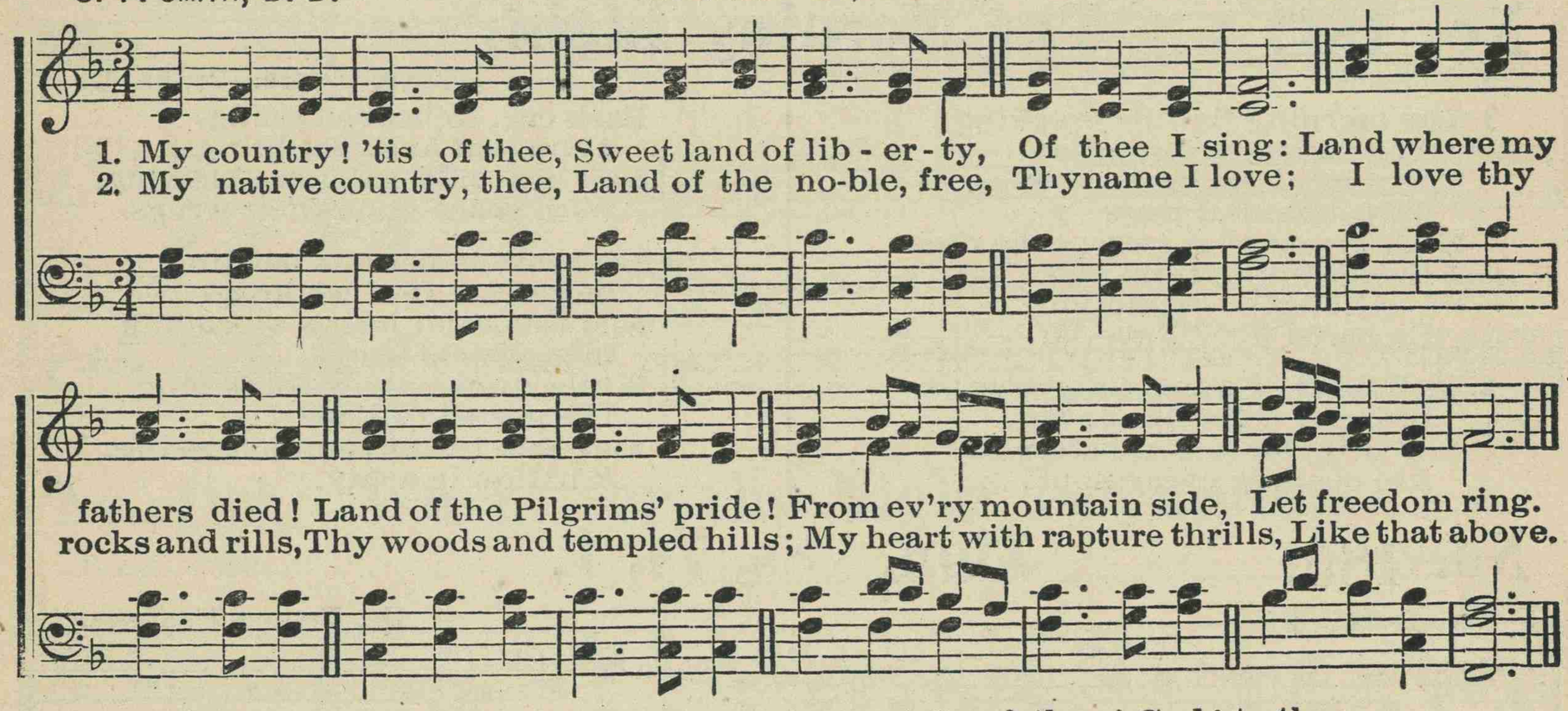


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 187. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. America. 6s, 4s. AD. HENRY CAREY.
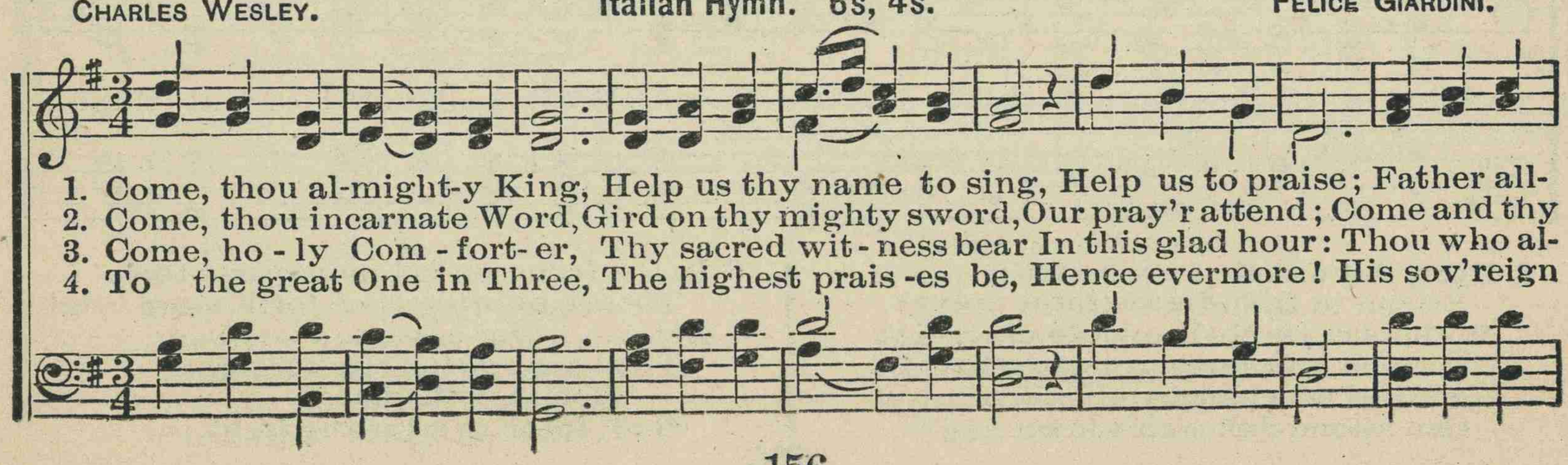


3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
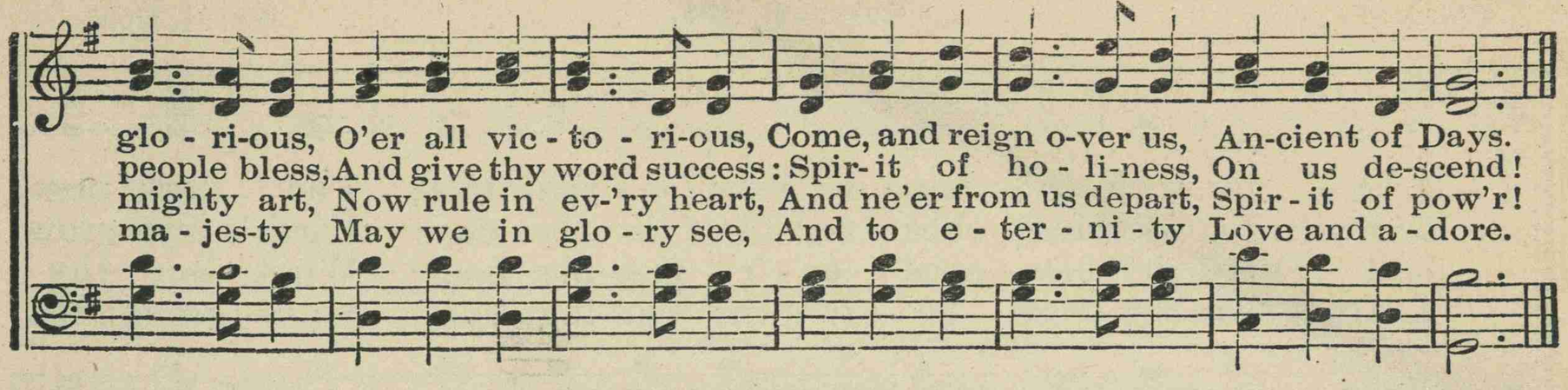
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 188. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.
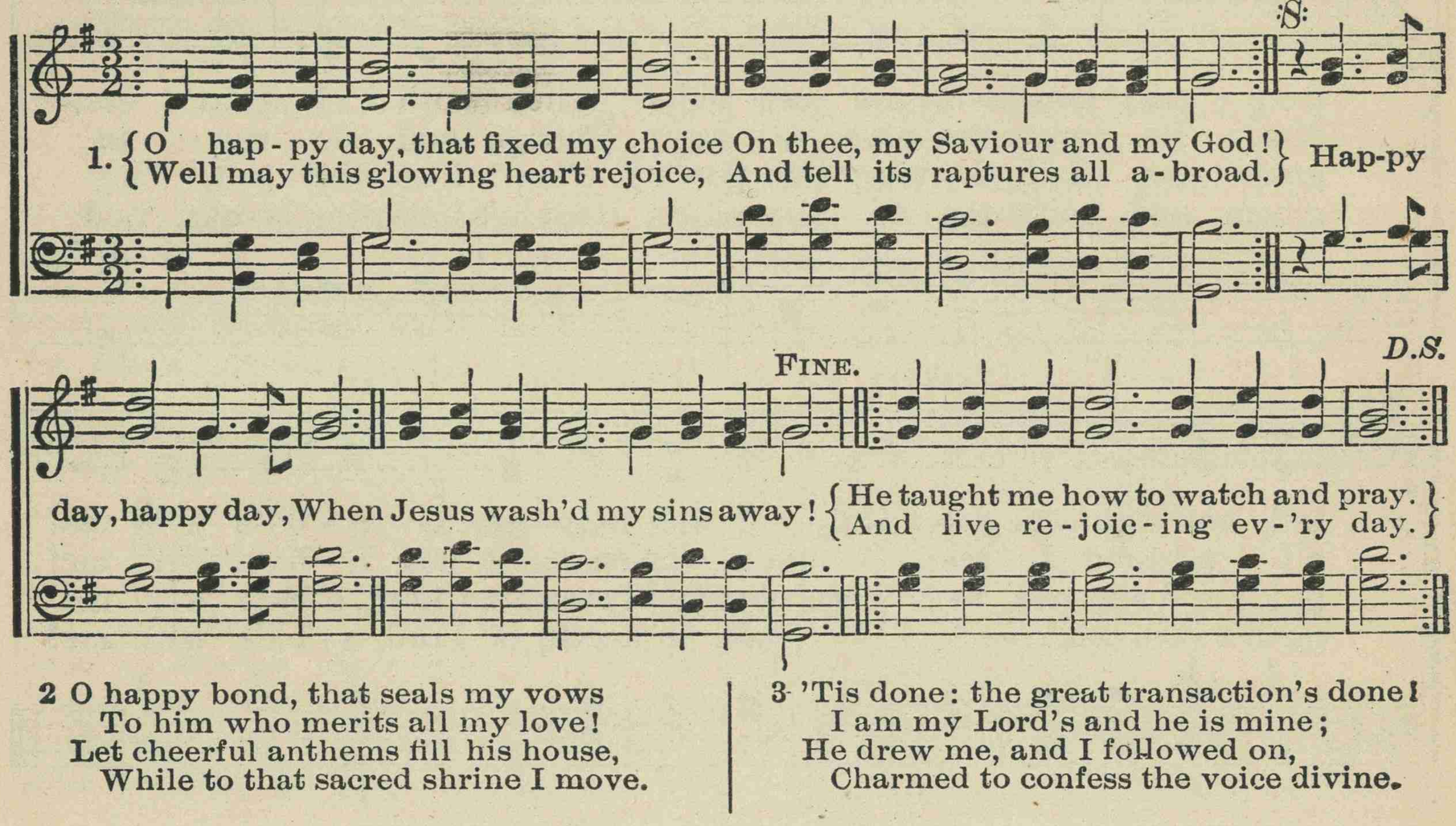


Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.



No. 189. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.
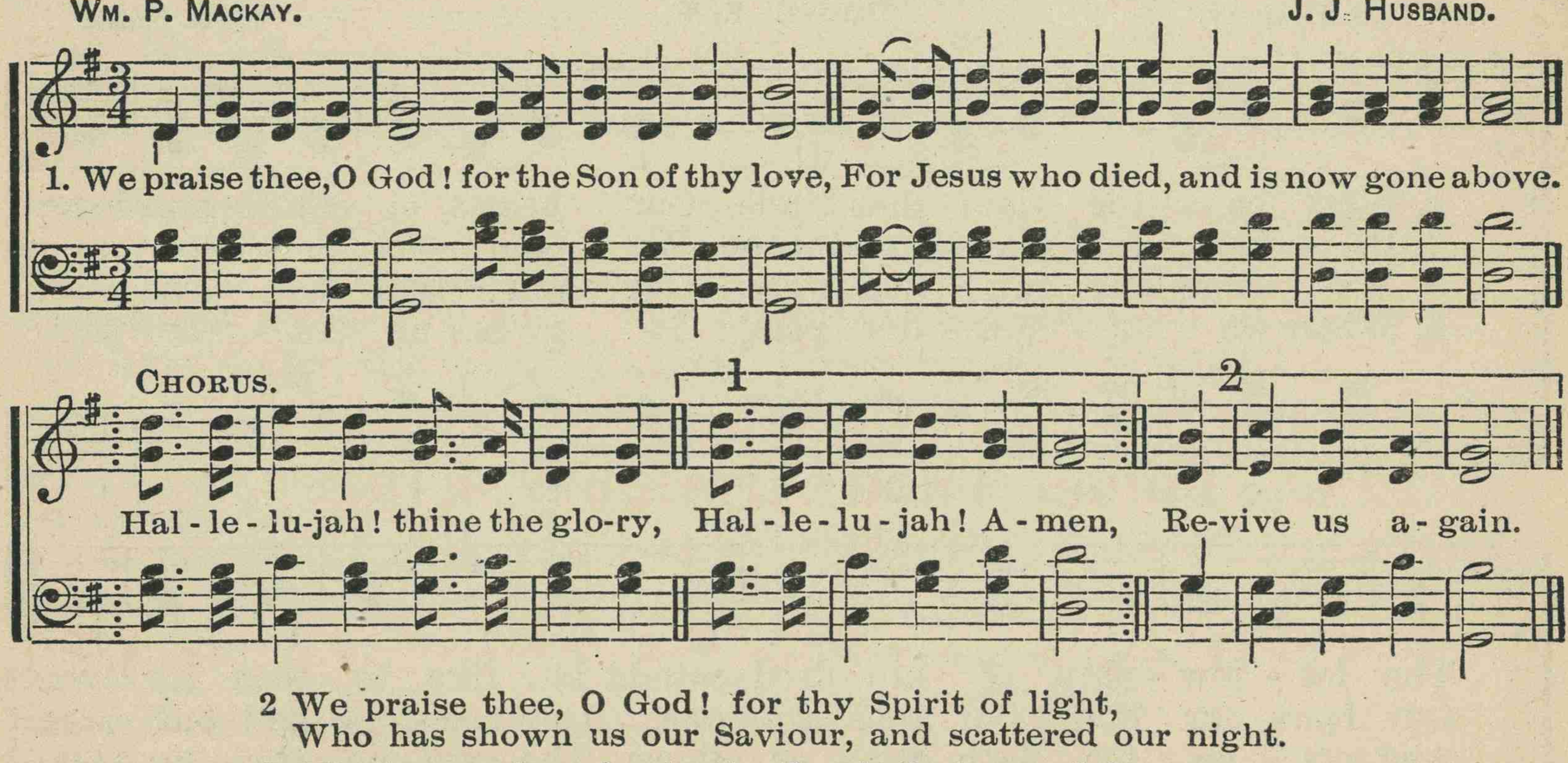


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 190. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

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

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

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

No. 191. Abide With Me.

REV. H. F. LYTE. Eventide. 10s. WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark- ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not a - bide with me!
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the temp-ters pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me.
4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 192. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT. Dennis. S. M. H. G. NAGEL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris- tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz- ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

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