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EPWORTH SONGS



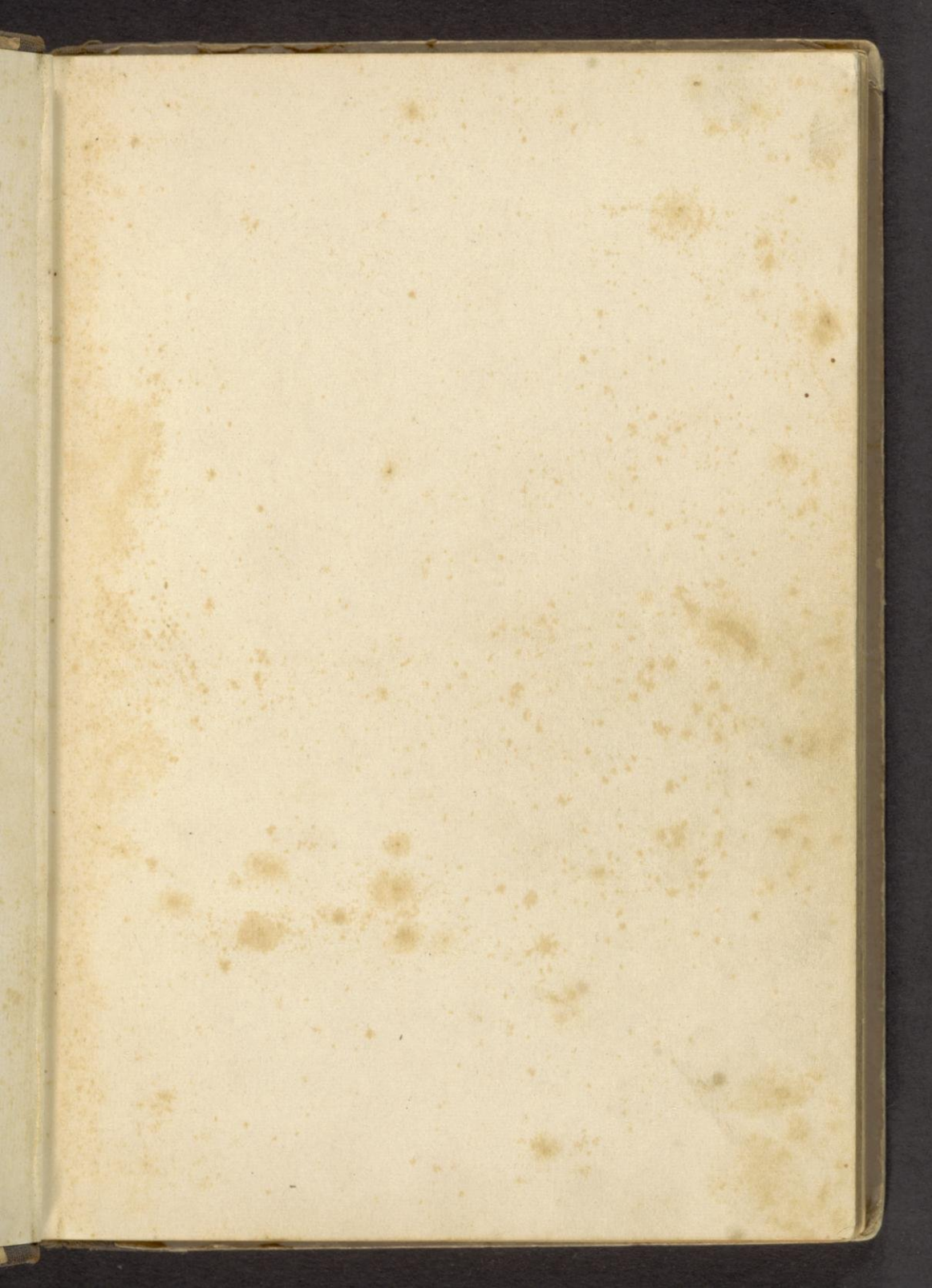
EDITED BY JOSEPH F. BERRY
AND CHAS. H. GABRIEL



CRANSTON & CURTS,
CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK.

TYLER, CO.

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EPWORTH SONGS.

FOR USE IN

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE,
THE JUNIOR LEAGUE, THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL,
AND IN SOCIAL SERVICES.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

EDITED BY

JOSEPH F. BERRY AND CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS: CRANSTON & CURTS.
NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON.

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RESPONSIVE READINGS.

FOR THE DEVOTIONAL MEETING.

I. PRAISE AND PRAYER.

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

Response. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

L. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;

R. They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

L. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

R. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

L. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

R. Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him.

L. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

R. Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

L. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

R. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

2. PRAISING GOD.

Leader. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Response. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

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

R. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

L. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.

R. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

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

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

L. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

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

L. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

R. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.

3. WINNING SOULS.

Leader. For we are laborers together with God.

Response. The field is the world.

L. Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are already white to harvest.

R. He first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias. . . . And he brought him to Jesus.

L. Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

R. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.

L. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

R. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

L. His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

R. And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

4. ALL FOR JESUS.

Leader. Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.

Response. For this is the will of God, even your sanctification.

L. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.

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R. Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

L. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

R. But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

L. For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren.

R. Love not the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

L. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

R. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

5. TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

Leader. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;

Response. And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

L. It shall blossom abundantly,

R. And rejoice even with joy and singing.

L. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,

R. And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

L. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart.

R. And the tongue of the dumb sing.

L. For in the wilderness shall waters break out,

R. And streams in the desert.

L. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.

R. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.

L. The mountains and the hills shall break before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

R. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.

All. And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

6. OUR SYMPATHIZING FRIEND.

Leader. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

Response. Like a shepherd he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.

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

R. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

L. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

R. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

L. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

R. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

L. For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

R. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.

L. In his love and his pity he redeemed them.

R. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

7. PENTECOSTAL MEETING.

Leader. And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.

Response. And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.

L. And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.

R. But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

L. And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

R. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

L. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

R. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

L. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?

R. Hereby know that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

8. BLESSED PEOPLE.

Leader. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Response. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

L. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

R. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

L. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

R. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

L. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

R. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

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

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

A FRATERNAL SERVICE.

[May be read responsively at Conventions or when one Chapter visits another. It may also be used when a Chapter visits a society of another denomination.]

1st Section. Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.

2d Section. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.

1st Sec. The inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts. I will go also.

2d Sec. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

1st Sec. While they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

2d Sec. Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?

1st Sec. For I long to see you,

2d Sec. That I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me.

1st Sec. So we being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

2d Sec. And there shall be one flock and one Shepherd.

CONSECRATION SERVICE.

SING No. 42.

Leader. Covet earnestly the best gifts.

Response. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

L. Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

R. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

L. I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

R. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

L. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

R. The sacrifices of God are a broken heart; a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise.

All. Blessed be the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications. The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

SINGING OUR CONSECRATION HYMN,
No. 22.

CONSECRATION PRAYER.

Sing: Epworth Doxology, No. 150.

RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

[With the Cabinet and Candidates in proper position, the President shall say:]

Dear Friends.—You are about to become members of a vast army of young people, known as the Epworth League, with Chapters in every part of the world.

This organization is designed for the religious, intellectual, and social upbuilding of our young people. Wherever you may go, you will be very apt to find Epworthians, and this will secure for you the companionship of young Christians

who will at once become interested in your social and religious welfare. The First Vice-President will give you our motto, and Scripture references illustrating its meaning.

First Vice-President. The motto of the Epworth League is, "LOOK UP; LIFT UP." You will find it on our badge, which I now present you.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."

"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow."

President. Our Second Vice-President will now instruct you with reference to the League idea.

Second Vice-President. The League idea is based upon the law of Christian fellowship, which is a most potent factor in helping us to become what God designed us to be. Spiritually, intellectually, and socially, the associations of the Epworth League are delightful and helpful. The young people of our Church are brought into closer relations with each other, and in their zeal to look up and lift up, social distinctions are forgotten, selfish ambitions are lost, heart beats with heart, pulse throbs with pulse, and all because our faith, aims, and service are one.

Third Vice-President. The colors of the Epworth League consist of a narrow white ribbon, through the center of which, from end to end, runs a red silken thread. The signification is beautiful. The white ribbon symbolizes the desire of every Epworthian to become pure in heart, in thought, in life, earnestly striving for

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

The red silken thread is emblematical of the "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son," which "cleanseth from all sin."

Fourth Vice-President. I place in your hands our Constitution. In it you will find the Epworth wheel—a diagram

representing the workings of the League. At the center of the organization stand the President, pastor, and Junior League Superintendent. Surrounding them are four Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. These constitute the Cabinet. There are six departments of work; namely, those of Spiritual Work, Mercy and Help, Literary Work, Social Life, Correspondence, and Finance. Through the work planned in these various departments we seek the symmetrical development of Christian character. With their practical workings you will become more familiar as you give them your personal attention, which we trust you will do.

[In case the Chapter has adopted the pledge, the President shall address the candidates for admission, and say:]

We understand that you desire to become active members of our Chapter?

Answer. I do.

President. That we may mutually understand and help each other, will you answer "I will" to each of the following questions:

Will you earnestly seek for yourself, and do what you can to help others attain, the highest New Testament standard of experience and life?

Will you abstain from all those forms of worldly amusement forbidden by the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church?

Will you attend, as far as possible, the religious meetings of the Chapter and Church, and take some part in the same?

[Whether the Chapter has adopted the pledge or not, the President shall close the service as follows:]

President. In the name of our Chapter and of all true Epworthians, I extend to you the right hand of fellowship, and welcome you to membership in this great army of young soldiers. I take pleasure in assigning you to the Department of . . . and I trust our fellowship will be mutually profitable and a blessing to God's Church.

[Following this service a ten-minute reception may be held.]

RECOGNITION OF OFFICERS.

If convenient, the Recognition Service should be held on Sunday evening, and the whole congregation invited to be present and participate.

The Secretary may read the names of the newly-elected officers, and they will respond by coming forward to the altar.

The Secretary should then read the action of the Quarterly Conference or Official Board approving the President elect.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING.

Leader. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

Congregation (standing). He that walketh uprightly, and worketh right-

eousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

Officers elect (standing). And who is sufficient for these things?

Leader. Ye shall receive power after

that the Holy Ghost hath come upon you.

Officers elect. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Leader. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

Congregation. And blessed be his glorious name forever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory.

Leader. Brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Congregation. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Officers elect. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Leader. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Congregation. Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.

Officers elect. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Leader. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.

Congregation. Also, I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?

Officers elect. Then said I, Here am I, send me.

Leader. Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind, that my house may be filled.

Officers elect. I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is called day. The night cometh when no man can work.

Leader. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Congregation. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

Leader. Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.

Officers elect. We do not count our lives dear unto ourselves, so that we might finish our course with joy, and the ministry, which we have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Congregation. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

(After an appropriate song, the pastor, or some one whom he may designate, shall address the newly elected officers as follows:)

To the President: You have been chosen to the chief office of our Chapter. This is indeed a high honor. The position is also one of grave responsibility. You are to be a pattern to the young people of our Church. To you we shall look for counsel, inspiration, and leadership. See to it that you conduct the affairs of the League in such a modest, fraternal, and unselfish spirit, that harmony may prevail, and all departments of our work be advanced. Be assured of our confidence, sympathy, and willing co-operation. We will earnestly pray that wisdom and grace may be given you by our Lord, and that your suggestions and plans may be blessed to our personal good and the honor of the Master whom we serve. I place in your hand the gavel, an emblem of authority and good order. May you govern with uniform promptness, courtesy, and love!

To the First Vice-President: To you we have committed the superintendence of the spiritual work of our Chapter. As you well know, the primary design of the Epworth League is to secure the conversion of young people, and to aid in their religious culture. The devotional meeting is the very core of our organization. It should always be an attractive service. From beginning to close the exercises should be characterized by promptness, earnestness, and Christian joy. I charge you, allow no inattention or lack of zeal upon your part to cripple, in any measure, the spiritual activities of our Chapter. The greatest work in which any human being can engage is that of leading souls to the Savior. Time is short. Opportunities are passing by. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, therefore, do it with thy might. I hand you a copy of the Holy Scriptures, a fitting emblem of your office. Study the Word, assimilate its truths, walk in its light, follow its sublime teachings, and you will indeed become a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

To the Second Vice-President: I present to you this miniature cross. It suggests the idea of self-sacrifice. Like your Master, you will be expected to go about doing good, ministering to those who are in poverty, sickness, and distress. There are many homes where the shadows lengthen. There are many hearts lonely, discouraged, and sad. In darkened chamber and hospital ward there are hundreds who suffer, and they are hungry for a word of sympathy and good cheer. These homes you may brighten; these hearts you may comfort; the languid eyes of the sufferer may be caused to sparkle with new luster. The curse of intemperance

and of social impurity still menaces the land, blighting character, robbing manhood of its strength and womanhood of its domestic joys, and entailing an unending stream of misery which can not be told in words. These monstrous iniquities you may help to put down. The Mercy and Help workers of our League have a Christly mission to perform, and, as their recognized leader, we pray that you may possess broad sympathies, unflagging zeal, and undaunted faith in God.

To the Third Vice-President: Next to the society in which we mingle, the books and periodicals which we read mold our opinions, fix our principles, and make us what we are. The land is full of evil literature. Some of it is morally contaminating. Some of it is frivolous, and furnishes no proper food for the mind. The Epworth League seeks to create a taste for that which is pure and uplifting in literature by supplying the young people with books and papers of the highest grade. A systematic course of Bible study has been provided, upon which you will do well to place emphasis. An effort is being made to give to young persons who have not enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education, a glimpse at the field of general literature, and to inspire all to inform themselves concerning the history, doctrines, polity, and present activities of our own Church. I place in your hand, as an emblem of your office, a copy of our official paper, *The Epworth Herald*, and a volume from the reading course of the current year. May the intellectual life of our young people be greatly stimulated during your term of service!

To the Fourth Vice-President: You are to be intrusted with duties which are at once most delicate and responsible. Young people demand companionship and a measure of recreation. It is well for us to recognize this fact, and see to it that it does not become necessary for them to go to the world to have this demand supplied. The rules of our Church (and the pledge of our League) properly forbid our participation in dancing, card-playing, theater-going, and other injurious amusements. And because of these prohibitions we are under special obligations to create a delightful social atmosphere within the Church, so that our young people may enjoy social life under Christian auspices. To your department has been intrusted

the duty of seeking new members, and of extending a cordial welcome to all who attend the meetings of the League, Sunday-school, and Church. I extend to you my hand of fellowship, an act which most fittingly symbolizes the work of your office. May you receive the hearty co-operation of your colleagues in this department, and of the Chapter generally, as you strive to lift the social life of the Church and community to a higher plane!

To the Secretary: Upon the correctness, courtesy, and faithfulness of a Secretary much of the success of a Chapter depends. Your election (or re-election) is evidence that in the judgment of your fellow-leaguers you possess these admirable qualities. The keeping of neat and accurate records is of no trifling importance. But this will be only a small part of your work. You will be expected to aid the President and department leaders, prepare notices for the pulpit and the press, issue certificates of removal, and correspond with absent members. I transfer to you the records of our Chapter. Let us hope that they may ever contain the history of zealous and faithful Epworth service.

To the Treasurer: Every well-organized society has a treasury, and a responsible guardian of its funds. While the League was not organized to collect and disburse money, it nevertheless finds it necessary to pay its current expenses, and it counts it a privilege to aid the local Church in any financial enterprises which it may have on hand. To you belongs the duty of instructing us in systematic beneficence—a duty which is now too often neglected. I transfer to your hands this purse, which contains the present funds of our chapter, together with a statement of its assets and liabilities.

Dear friends, you have heard in outline a statement of the work upon which you are now to enter. Do you assume the obligations involved?

Answer. I do.

Will you discharge the duties committed to your care as you have opportunity, and to the best of your ability?

A. I will endeavor so to do, God being my helper.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION BY THE PASTOR.

INAUGURAL BY THE NEW PRESIDENT.

VESPER SERVICE.

Leader. Behold, now, the day draweth toward evening.

Response. Behold the day groweth to an end.

L. The day goeth away.

R. For the shadows of evening are stretched out.

Sing: No. 145.

Leader. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and prayed. . . . Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice.

Response. Evening, and morning, and noon will I pray and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice.

PRAYER.

Leader. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

Response. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

L. Sing praises to God, sing praises; for God is the king of all the earth. Sing ye praises with understanding.

R. To him that made great lights: the sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night.

L. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

R. O God, thou God of my salvation, my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

L. To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

R. And to stand every morning to thank and to praise the Lord, and likewise at even.

L. Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

R. I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Sing: No. 13.

Leader. O taste and see that the Lord is good.

Response. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

L. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.

R. Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

L. Nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

R. He is a shield for them that put their trust in him.

L. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

R. He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him.

L. Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

R. The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.

Sing: No. 24.

Leader. And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray.

Response. And when even was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum.

L. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

R. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

L. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.

R. And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased.

Sing: No. 68.

Leader. Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

Response. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

L. For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

R. A building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

L. There shall be no night there.

R. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

L. And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

R. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the

right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church (or general Church of God); the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

CLOSING BENEDICTION

Leader. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Response. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

All. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

EPWORTH SONGS.

No. 1.

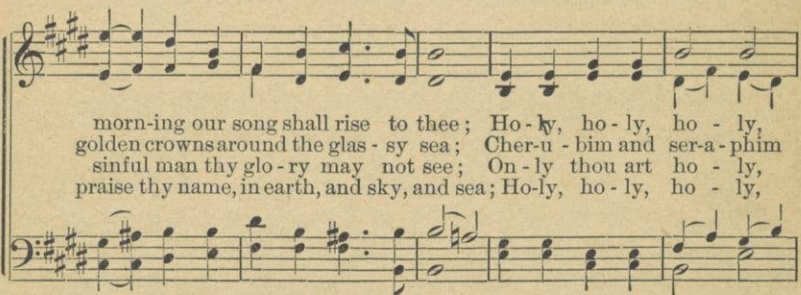
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

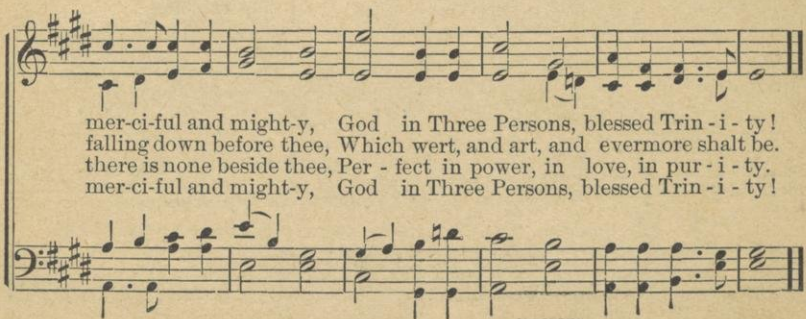
J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly! ho - ly, all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly! ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y! All thy works shall



morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns around the glas - sy sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a - phim
 sinful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly,
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none beside thee, Per - fect in power, in love, in pur - i - ty.
 mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

No. 2. ONWARD, EPWORTH LEAGUERS.

REV. LEVI GILBERT, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Forward, Epworth Leaguers, Quit yourselves like men, Wielding gospel
2. Mighty reinforcements Thrill the church with cheer; Freshly press the
3. Trusting in his prow-ess, Home and nation rest; Fu-ture a- ges
4. Rout and panic seize them, All the hosts of wrong; Soon for you the

weap- ons, Force the fight a- gain; Yours are strength and dar- ing,
vet- rans, Not a sign of fear; Thinned by age and death-stroke,
sig- nal Each to do his best; Hast- en earth's re- demp- tion,
con- quest, Soon the vic- tor's song; What are toils or dan- gers,

Con- fi- dent and free; Rouse to splendid action, Fervid loyalty!
Ranks fill up with youth; Sons in fathers' places, Stand de- fending truth!
Bring the perfect law; Speed millennial glories, Visions prophets saw.
Marches, wounds or pain? Christ is near his triumph, You with him shall reign.

CHORUS.

On- ward, Ep- worth Leag- uers, Raise your bat- tle cry;

Look- ing up to Je- sus, Lift his stand- ard high.

No. 3.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

(DEDICATED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF MERCY AND HELP.)

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
 2. Slightest actions oft - en Meet the sorest needs, For the world wants
 3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
 pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed,

You can all be - stow, If you scatter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.
 You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
 Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun - shine all along your way, Cheer and bless and
 Scat - ter smiles and

bright - en Ev - 'ry passing day, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

No. 4.

THE CROSS.

DR. BONAR.

J. R. DUNHAM.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

De - fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross! The
 Its triumphs let us tell, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross! The
 Our sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross! So

winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not over-thrown,
 grace of God here shown, Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone,
 'round the cross we sing Of Christ, our of-fer-ing, - Of Christ, our liv-ing King,

CHORUS.

Hal - le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It ne'er shall suffer

loss, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah for the cross!

No. 5. STEER TOWARD THE LIGHT.

GERTRUDE T. CLARK.
(May be sung in the key of A.)

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Fierce is the tempest, loud is its roar, Storm-tossed the mar-in-er,
2. Storms cannot hide it, years cannot fade; Firm its foun-da-tion is,
3. When wild the tempest round thee is hurled, Look un-to Je-sus, the

far from the shore; See what is put-ting the dark-ness to flight,
be not a-fraid; Heav'n's ample har-bor shall soon greet thy sight,
hope of the world; Bright shall the day be that fol-lows the night,

CHORUS.
Je-sus, the Morning Star, steer t'ward the light!
Watch for the dawn of day, steer t'ward the light! Brightly it gleams and its
Courage, then, mar-in-er, steer t'ward the light!


pure sil-ver beams Scat-ter the gloom of the night, of the night, Tho' the

storms round thee rave, He is mighty to save, Then, mariner, steer t'ward the light.



No. 6. MARCH OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

REV. BENJ. A. STUBBINS.



CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. Ma - ny yet in darkness wait For the com-ing of the light
 2. Ma - ny suff'ring, ma - ny poor Ly - ing now at mer-cy's door,
 3. Leaguers, let us bold - ly stand, And o - bey our Lord's com-mand,

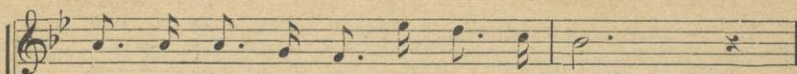
And the pow - er that can save a soul from sin; Ma - ny
 Need the up - lift of a lov - ing, help-ing hand; Who will
 To the highways and the hedg - es let us go; Con - se -

long to know the way, And the truth and life to - day, Who will
 speak the cheering word, Who will point them to the Lord, Who will
 crat - ed to our Lord, Ev - 'ry act and tho't and word Shall be



MARCH OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE. Concluded.



guide the steps that strive to en - ter in?
guide them to that bright - er, bet - ter land?
for the cause of him who loved us so.



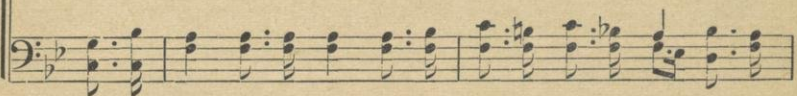
CHORUS.



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the League is march - ing! Look up, broth - ers,
marching, marching!



we will come, we will come, And we'll bring the gospel light Shining



ev - er clear and bright, And we'll tell the world a Sav - ior's dy - ing love.

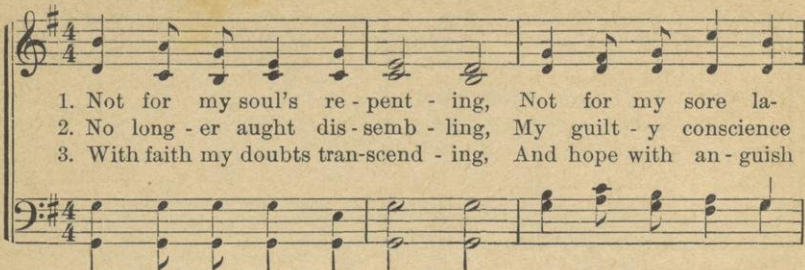


No. 7.

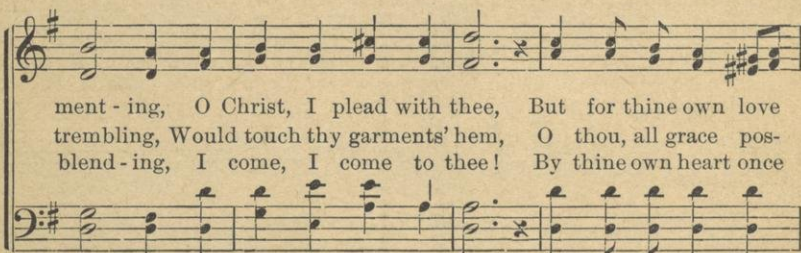
IN PENITENCE.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

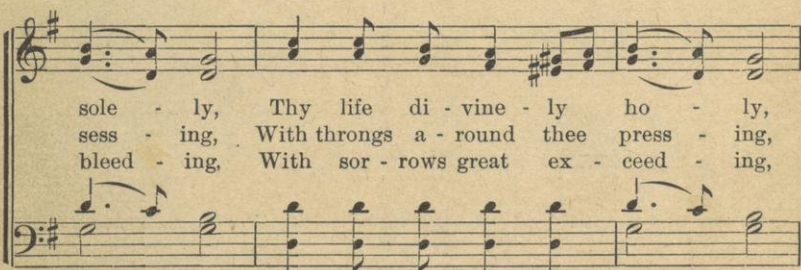
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



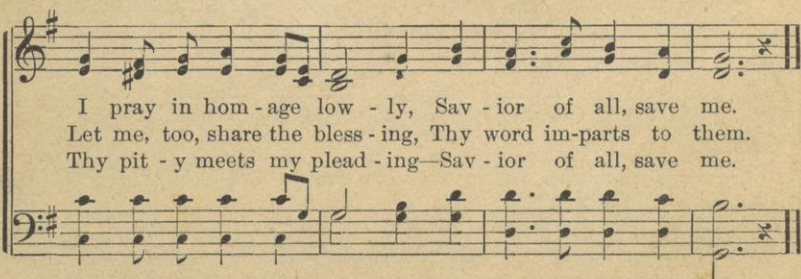
1. Not for my soul's re - pent - ing, Not for my sore la-
 2. No long - er aught dis - semb - ling, My guilt - y conscience
 3. With faith my doubts tran - scend - ing, And hope with an - guish



ment - ing, O Christ, I plead with thee, But for thine own love
 trembling, Would touch thy garments' hem, O thou, all grace pos-
 blend - ing, I come, I come to thee! By thine own heart once



sole - ly, Thy life di - vine - ly ho - ly,
 sess - ing, With throngs a - round thee press - ing,
 bleed - ing, With sor - rows great ex - ceed - ing,

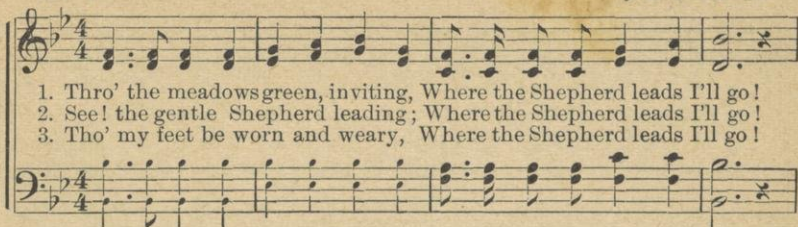


I pray in hom - age low - ly, Sav - ior of all, save me.
 Let me, too, share the bless - ing, Thy word im - parts to them.
 Thy pit - y meets my plead - ing—Sav - ior of all, save me.

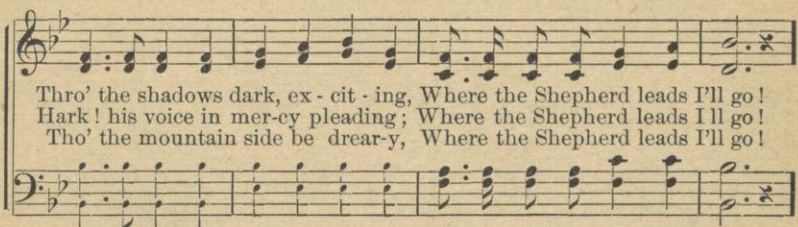
No. 8. WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS I'LL GO.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

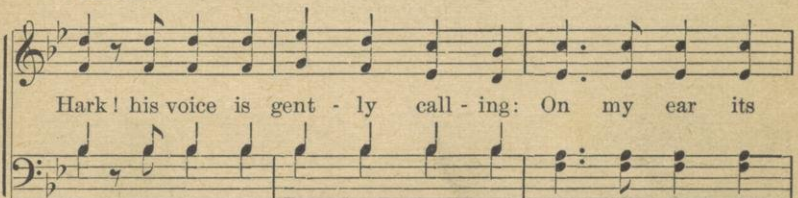


1. Tho' the meadows green, inviting, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 2. See! the gentle Shepherd leading; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 3. Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

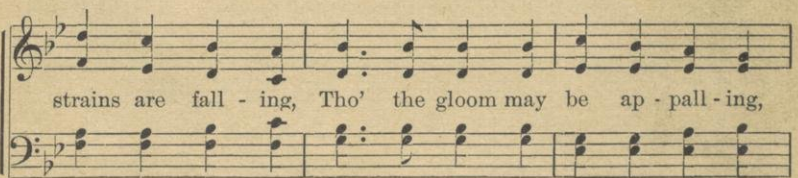


Tho' the shadows dark, ex - cit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Hark! his voice in mer - cy pleading; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Tho' the mountain side be drear - y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

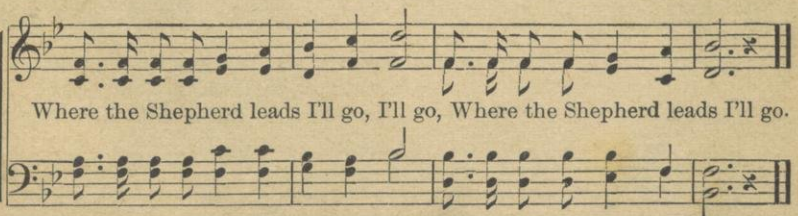
CHORUS.



Hark! his voice is gent - ly call - ing: On my ear its



strains are fall - ing, Tho' the gloom may be ap - pall - ing,



Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

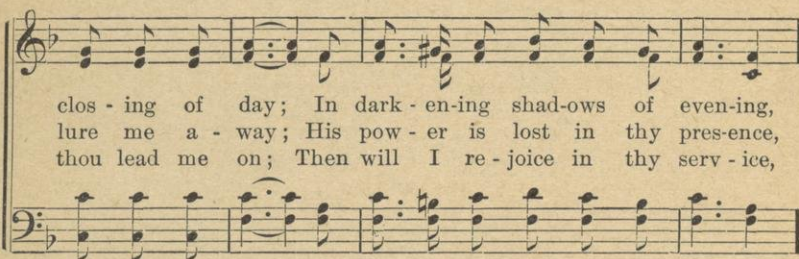
No. 9. DEAR SAVIOR, I NEED THEE.

MRS. M. L. REDDY.

JAS. H. ROBINSON.



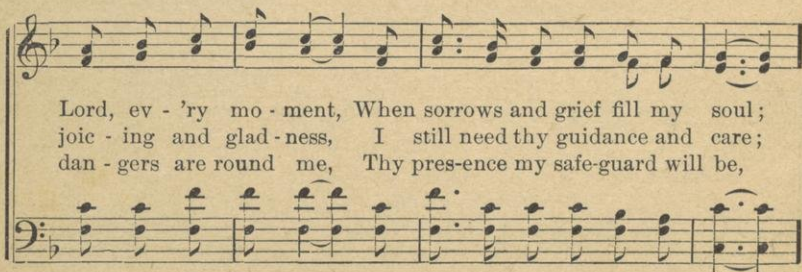
1. Each mo-ment, dear Sav - ior, I need thee, From dawning to
 2. I need thee when - ev - er the tempt - er Draws near to al -
 3. I need thee each mo-ment, I need thee, Dear Sav - ior, do



clos - ing of day; In dark - en-ing shad-ows of even-ing,
 lure me a - way; His pow - er is lost in thy pres-ence,
 thou lead me on; Then will I re - joice in thy serv - ice,



Stay thou ver - y near me, I pray. I need thee, O
 As dark-ness is lost in the day. In times of re-
 For thou art my sun and my song. Tho' tri - als and



Lord, ev - 'ry mo - ment, When sorrows and grief fill my soul;
 joic - ing and glad-ness, I still need thy guidance and care;
 dan - gers are round me, Thy pres-ence my safe-guard will be,

DEAR SAVIOR, I NEED THEE. Concluded.

For thou canst a - lone lead me safe - ly A - long where the
There could be no glad - ness with - out thee, No hop - ing, no
Till done with life's wea - ri - some jour - ney, I rest from my

CHORUS.

dark wa - ters roll.
prais - ing, no pray'r. Stay thou ver - y near me, I pray,
la - bors in thee.

Stay thou ver - y near me, I pray; I need thee each

mo - ment, dear Sav - ior, Stay thou ver - y near me, I pray.

No. 10.

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. F. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to others show;
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho-ly will discern;
 3. More a-bout Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je-sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all his own;

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir-it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase, More of his com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

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

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

No. 11.

ZION MARCHING ON.

MRS. REBECCA P. SMITH.

REV. I. N. MCHOSE.

1. Hark! I hear a mighty sound Come from all the earth around; 'Tis the
 2. Soon we'll all be gathered there, 'Round the tree of life so fair; Soon we'll
 3. We have kindred gone before; They are waiting on the shore, And they

bat - tle cry of God's victorious band; They are marching day by day In the
 see the King of Glory on his throne; No more losses, no more fears, No more
 welcome Zion's soldiers as they come; Re - u - ni - ted in the Lord, We will

straight and narrow way, Leading to their happy home in Canaan's land.
 tri - als, no more tears, When the Christ, our mighty leader, calls his own.
 shout with one accord, Happy they who safely reach their heav'nly home!

CHORUS.

Home, home, home! the name inspires us! Zi - on's host is marching on,
 marching on

Courage then, my comrades—O't is glorious! We can sing the victor's song.

A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light

For thee all the fol - - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

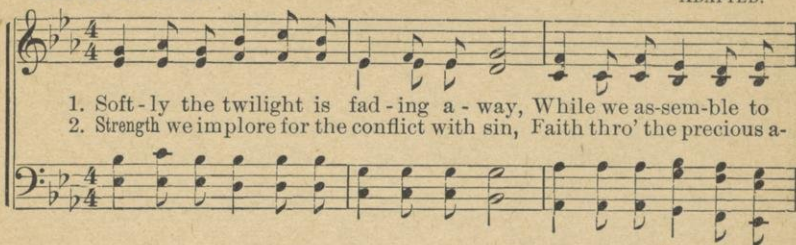
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art thou,
 I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

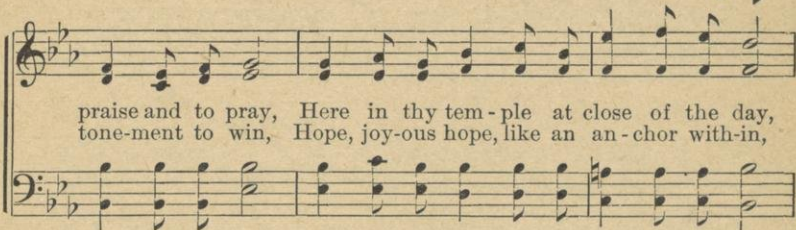
No. 13. THE EPWORTH VESPER HYMN.

MATTIE A. BOUGHTON.

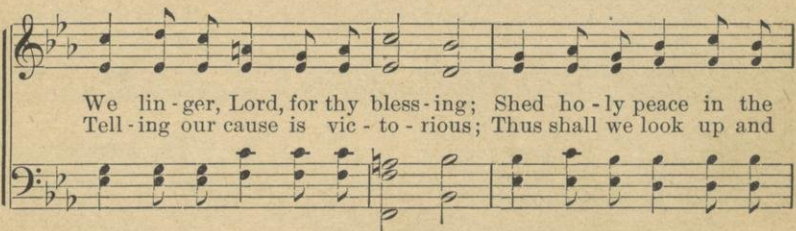
ADAPTED.



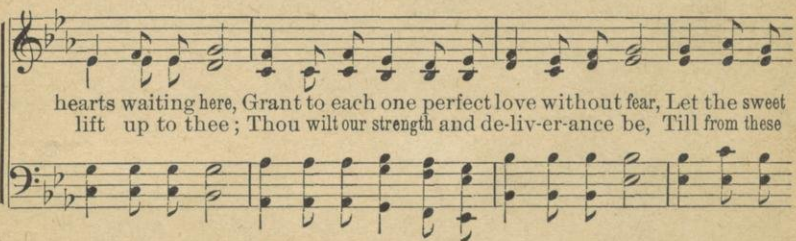
1. Soft-ly the twilight is fad-ing a - way, While we as-sem-ble to
2. Strength we im-plore for the conflict with sin, Faith thro' the precious a-



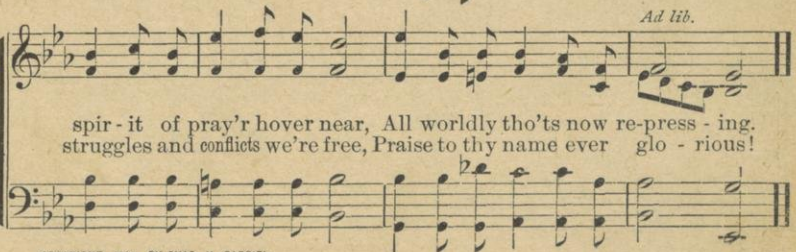
praise and to pray, Here in thy tem-ple at close of the day,
tone-ment to win, Hope, joy-ous hope, like an an-chor with-in,



We lin-ger, Lord, for thy bless-ing; Shed ho-ly peace in the
Tell-ing our cause is vic-to-ri-ous; Thus shall we look up and



hearts waiting here, Grant to each one perfect love without fear, Let the sweet
lift up to thee; Thou wilt our strength and de-liv-er-ance be, Till from these



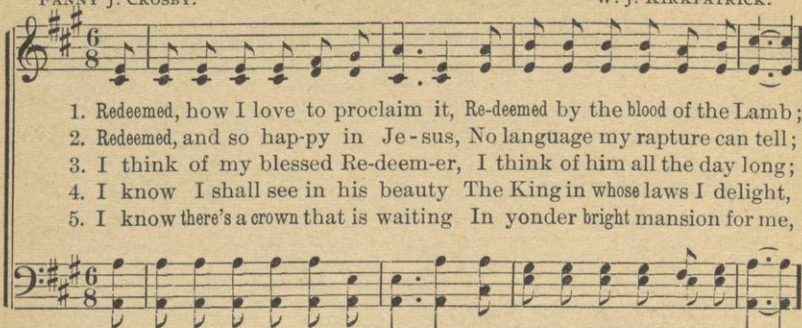
Ad lib.
spir-it of pray'r hover near, All worldly tho'ts now re-press-ing.
struggles and conflicts we're free, Praise to thy name ever glo-ri-ous!

No. 14.

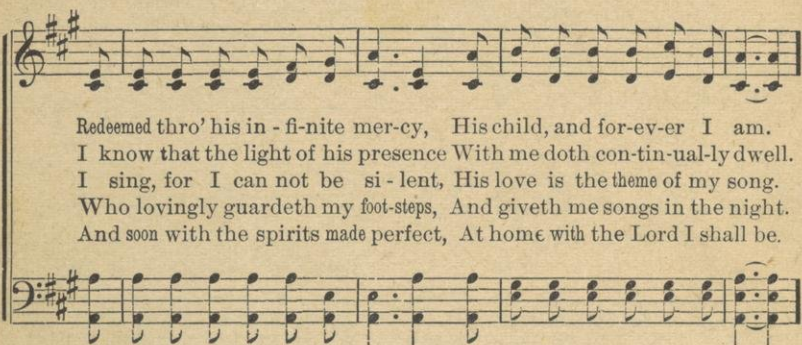
REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

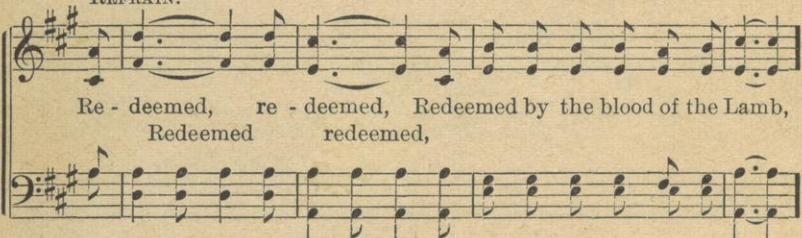


1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeemed, and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
 3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long;
 4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose laws I delight,
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

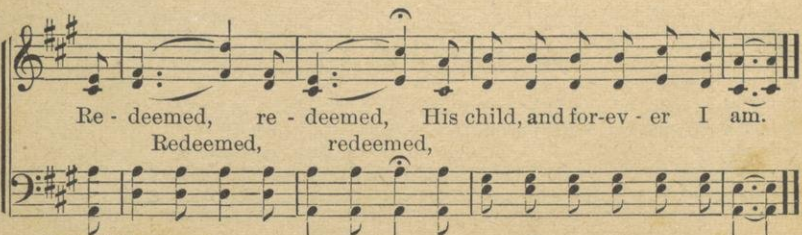


Redeemed thro' his in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.
 I sing, for I can not be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lovingly guardeth my foot-steps, And giveth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 Redeemed redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for-ev-er I am.
 Redeemed, redeemed,

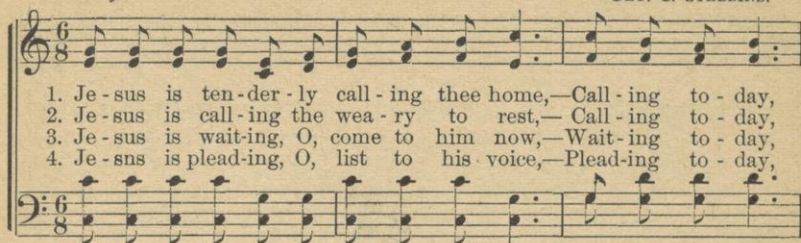
BY PERMISSION.

No. 15.

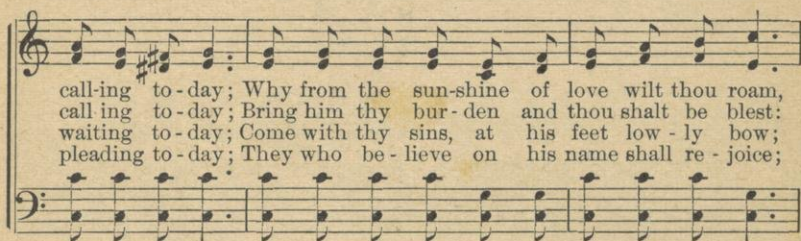
JESUS IS CALLING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

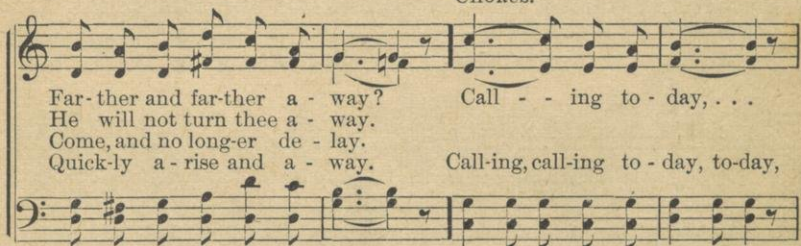


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home,—Call-ing to-day,
 2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest,—Call-ing to-day,
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing, O, come to him now,—Wait-ing to-day,
 4. Je-sus is plead-ing, O, list to his voice,—Plead-ing to-day,



call-ing to-day; Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam,
 call-ing to-day; Bring him thy bur-den and thou shalt be blest:
 wait-ing to-day; Come with thy sins, at his feet low-ly bow;
 plead-ing to-day; They who be-lieve on his name shall re-joice;

CHORUS.



Far-ther and far-ther a-way? Call-ing to-day, . . .
 He will not turn thee a-way.
 Come, and no long-er de-lay.
 Quick-ly a-rise and a-way. Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day,



call-ing to-day; . . . Je-sus is
 call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day; Je-sus is ten-der-ly



call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
 call-ing to-day,

No. 16.

TRUSTING.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Trusting in the mer-its of the Cru-ci-fied, Trusting in his
 2. Trusting in the Sav-ior in temptation's hour, Trusting in his
 3. Trusting him when shadows on my pathway fall, Trusting him when

mer-cy, who for sin-ners died, Comes the sweet as-sur-ance, by his
 presence and his keeping pow'r; He who vanquished Sa-tan in the
 clouds and darkness me enthral; Trust-ing in the night as well as

Spir-it giv'n, I am cleans'd from sin and made an heir of heav'n.
 des-ert drear, Will not leave me help-less when the foe is near.
 in the day, Trusting though he slay me—trusting him al-way.

CHORUS.

Trust-ing, trust-ing,
 Trust-ing, trust-ing, trust-ing in his mer-cy, Trusting in his

TRUSTING. Concluded.

mer-cy, who for sin - ners died, . . Trust-ing trust-ing,

I am trust - ing, I am

trust - - ing,

trust-ing in the merits, Trusting in the mer-its of the Cru-ci-fied.

No. 17.

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me ;
 2. I now be-lieve thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live ;
 3. Oh, 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.

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

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

No. 18.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

GEORGE KEITH.

UNKNOWN.

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 dismayed, For I am thy
 3. When through the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. When through fier-y tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-suf-

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
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I

you he hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 E'en down to old age all my people
 shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
 be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
 for repose.

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

No. 19.

ALL FOR JESUS

REV. J. B. ATCHISON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;
 2. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;
 3. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;
 4. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;

All my heart I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;
 All my voice I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;
 All my love I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;
 All my life I give to Je-sus, It be-ongs to him;

Ev - er-more to be his dwelling, Ev - er-more his prais-es swelling,
 Pleading for the young and ho-a-ry, Tell-ing of his pow'r and glo - ry,
 Lov-ing him for love un-ceas-ing, For his mer-cy e'er in-creas-ing,
 Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more his goodness tell-ing, It be-ongs to him.
 Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-ongs to him.
 For his watch-^{care} nev - er ceas-ing, It be-ongs to him.
 Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-ongs to him.

No. 20. WHAT IF THE MASTER SHOULD COME?

REV. J. F. RANKIN, D.D., LL.D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. What if the Mas - ter should come to - night, With the
2. Plead should we then for a long - er stay, Ere the
3. What if the Mas - ter should come to - night, With the



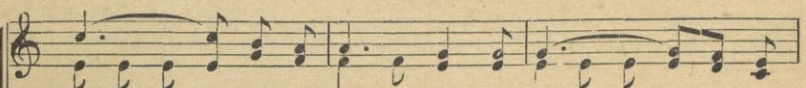
fad - - - ing light, . . . What would he say to
 fad - ing light, with the fad - ing light,
 judg - - - ment day? . . . Plead should we then for
 judgment day, ere the judgment day?
 fad - - - ing light? . . . Stand we well girt with
 fad - ing light, with the fad - ing light?



you and me, And what would our an - swer be?
 squandered hours, For time to re - gain lost powers?
 staff in hand, A - wait - ing his last com - mand?



CHORUS.



What . . . if the Mas - ter should come . . . to -
 What if the Master should come to-night? Oh, what if the Mas-ter should



WHAT IF THE MASTER SHOULD COME? Concluded.

night . . . In the fad - - ing . . light? . . . In the
come to-night, Come in the fad - ing light, Oh, what if the

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some beamed pairs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

fad - - ing light? . . . What if the
Master should come, should come to-night, What if the Mas-ter should

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, while the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Mas - ter should come . . to - night, In the fad - -
come to-night? Oh should he come to - night, Come in the

The third system shows the continuation of the piece. The treble staff includes a measure with a whole note chord. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment.

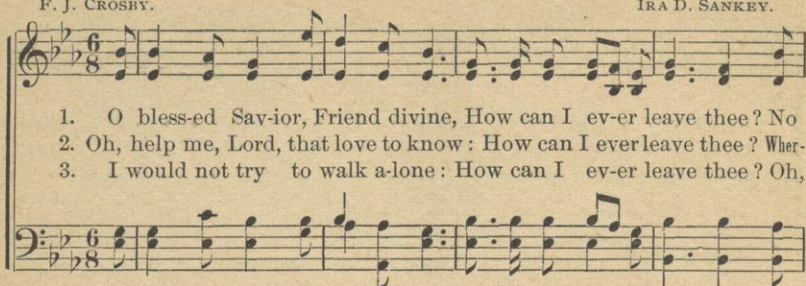
ing light, . . . in the fad - - ing light?
fad - ing light? Oh what if the Mas - ter should come to - night?

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line. The bass staff also concludes with a double bar line.

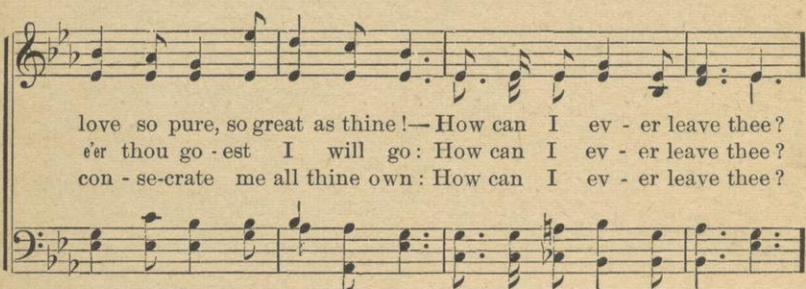
No. 21. O BLESSED SAVIOR, FRIEND DIVINE.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

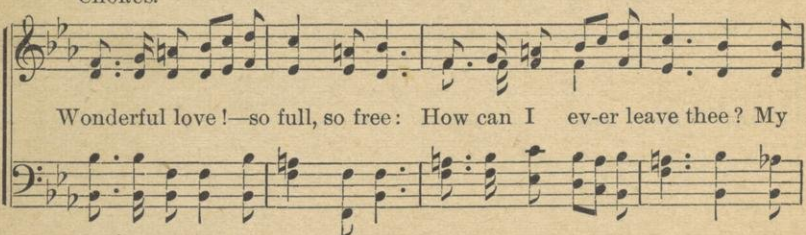


1. O bless-ed Sav-ior, Friend divine, How can I ev-er leave thee? No
 2. Oh, help me, Lord, that love to know: How can I ever leave thee? Wher-
 3. I would not try to walk a-lone: How can I ev-er leave thee? Oh,

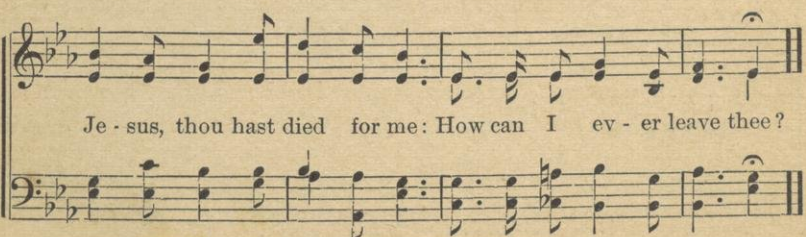


love so pure, so great as thine!—How can I ev - er leave thee?
 e'er thou go - est I will go: How can I ev - er leave thee?
 con - se-crate me all thine own: How can I ev - er leave thee?

CHORUS.



Wonderful love!—so full, so free: How can I ev-er leave thee? My



Je - sus, thou hast died for me: How can I ev - er leave thee?

No. 22.

ALL FOR THEE.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra-ted, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, Cleanse me in its pu - ri-fying flood;

Lord, I give to thee my life and all to be Thine henceforth, e - ter-nal-ly.

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4 Take my will and make it thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is thine own,
 It shall be thy royal throne.
 Wash me, etc.

5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee.
 Wash me, etc.

No. 23.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,

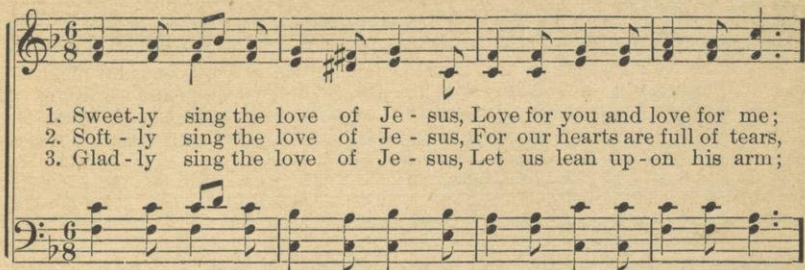
While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
 hap-py moments roll,

Je-sus shows his smiling face There is sun-shine in the soul.

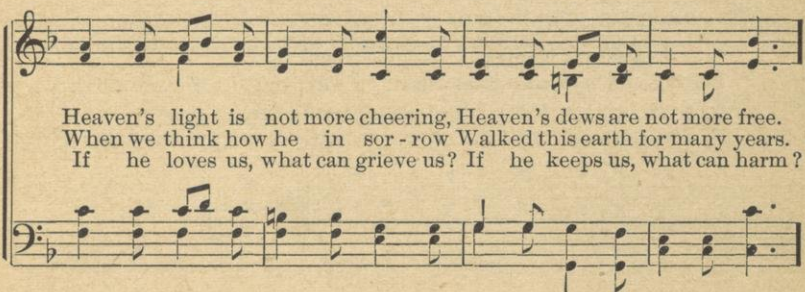
No. 24.

SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Furnished by DR. S. B. JACKSON.

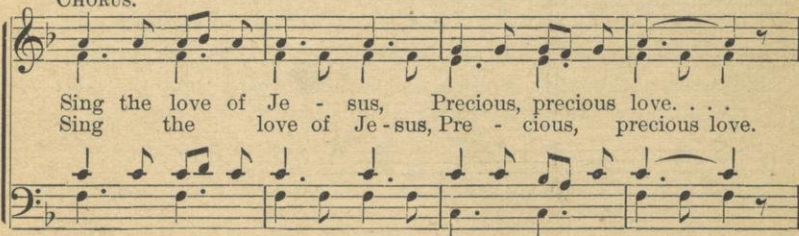


1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;
 2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
 3. Glad-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up-on his arm;

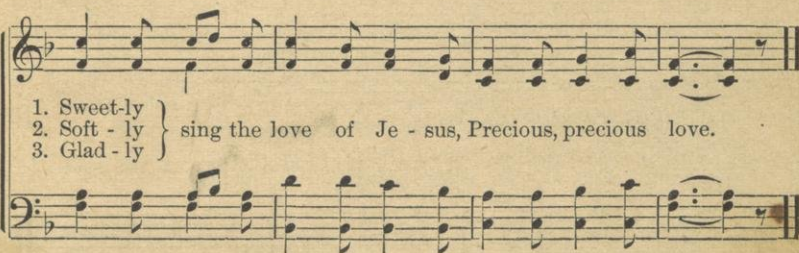


Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free.
 When we think how he in sor-row Walked this earth for many years.
 If he loves us, what can grieve us? If he keeps us, what can harm?

CHORUS.



Sing the love of Je - sus, Precious, precious love. . . .
 Sing the love of Je - sus, Pre - cious, precious love.



1. Sweet-ly }
 2. Soft - ly } sing the love of Je - sus, Precious, precious love.
 3. Glad-ly }

No 25.

ON THE ROCK.

FRED WOODROW.

C. C. CASE.

1. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, The Rock that shall endure,
 2. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, We view the tranquil soul,
 3. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, No need have we to fear;

Un - shak - en by the tem - pest, E - ter - nal, firm and sure; There
 Un - troubled by the tem - pest, Or surg - ing bil - lows' roll; Be
 God ban - ish - es our sor - row, God wipes a-way our tear; We're

is a safe retreat, A refuge strong and free, A-mid the stormy
 dangers what they may, And break the waves of care, Amid the wild com-
 watching, we believe, We trust his promise sure, That crowns of joy are

CHORUS.

bil - lows Of life's tempestuous sea.
 mo-tion, We stand in safe-ty there. Stand - - - - ing,
 wait-ing For all his saints secure. Stand-ing on the Rock, I am

ON THE ROCK. Concluded.

stand - - - ing,
standing on the Rock, Standing on the Rock of A - ges,

Stand - - - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock, No need have I to fear.

No. 26.

COME UNTO ME.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an E - den blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers

D. S. Come un-to me, and
Soft are the tones which
Come un-to me, and

Fine. *D. S.*
wear-y and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father,
sorrows nev-er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mu-sic swelling,
earth too rudely pressed; Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,

I will give you rest.
raise the heav'nly hymn.
I will give you rest.

No. 27.

THE TRIED AND TRUE.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the le-gion so brave is your name enrolled, The Tried and
 2. O how bless-ed are they who have lost all fear! The Tried and
 3. Dai-ly con-flicts will strengthen the steadfast heart, The Tried and
 4. O - ver yon - der is gleaming the crown of life, Ye Tried and

True! Does the Lord know you well as a vet-'ran bold? Has he
 True! Who with faith all se-rene see the foe draw near They shall
 True! Ev - 'ry vict'-ry will courage and faith im-part, Give new
 True! To the joy of that rest when ye end your strife, Christ will

CHORUS.

faith in you? Are you one of the Tried and True?
 soon sub-due.
 pow'r to do.
 wel-come you? Tried and True?

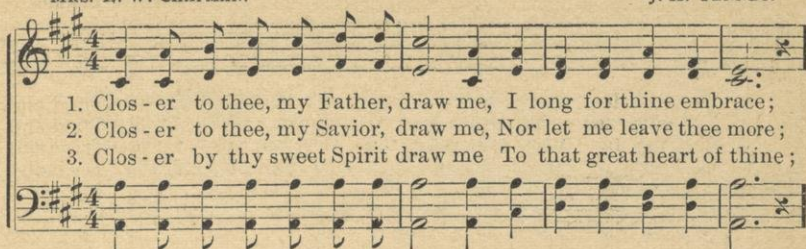
Are you one of the Tried and True? In the
 Tried and True?

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

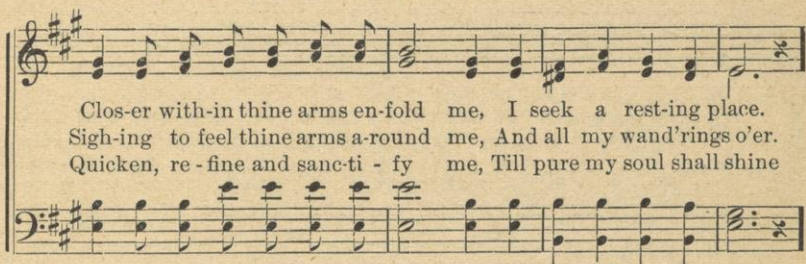
No. 28. DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

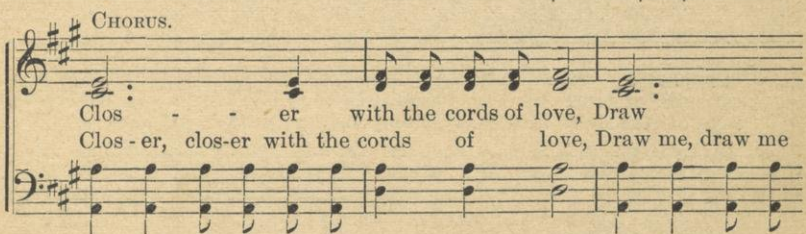


1. Clos - er to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace;
 2. Clos - er to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more;
 3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spirit draw me To that great heart of thine;

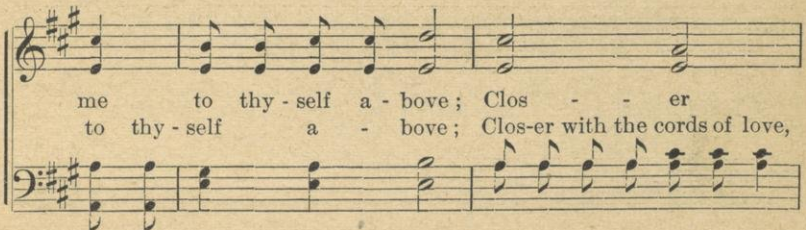


Clos - er with-in thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest-ing place.
 Sigh-ing to feel thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
 Quick-en, re-fine and sanc-ti - fy me, Till pure my soul shall shine

CHORUS.



Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw
 Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me



me to thy - self a - bove; Clos - - er
 to thy - self a - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,

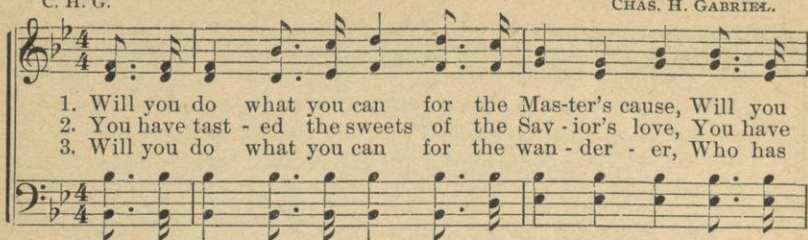


draw me To thy - self a - bove.
 Draw me to thy - self a - bove, Draw me to thy - self a - bove.

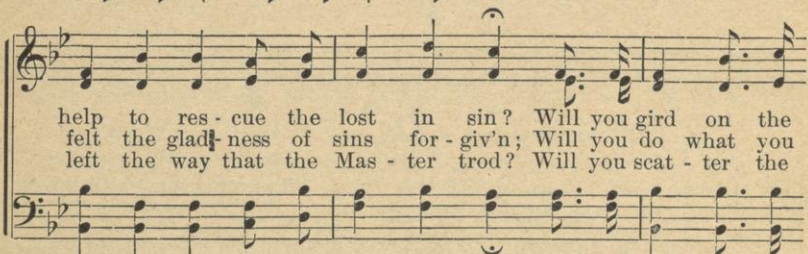
No. 29. WILL YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN?

C. H. G.

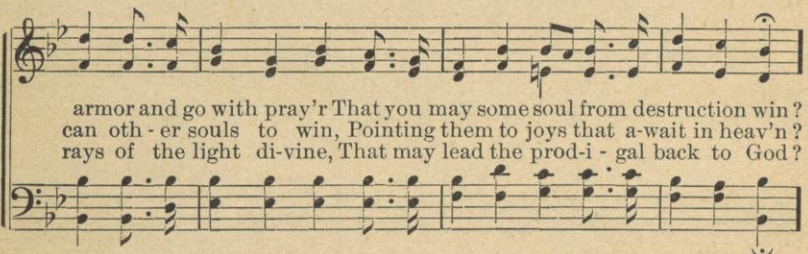
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Will you do what you can for the Mas-ter's cause, Will you
 2. You have tast - ed the sweets of the Sav - ior's love, You have
 3. Will you do what you can for the wan - der - er, Who has

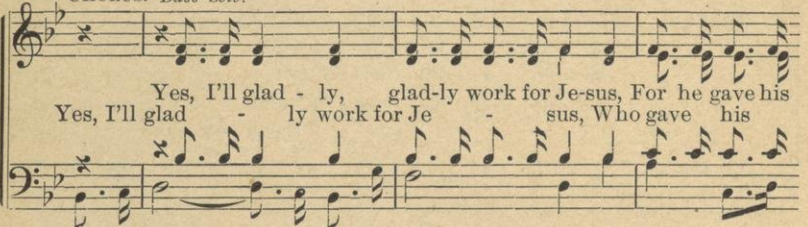


help to res - cue the lost in sin? Will you gird on the
 felt the glad - ness of sins for - giv'n; Will you do what you
 left the way that the Mas - ter trod? Will you scat - ter the

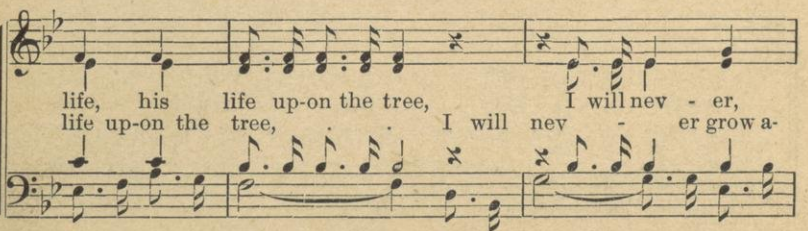


armor and go with pray'r That you may some soul from destruction win?
 can oth - er souls to win, Pointing them to joys that a-wait in heav'n?
 rays of the light di-vine, That may lead the prod-i - gal back to God?

CHORUS. *Bass Solo.*



Yes, I'll glad - ly, glad-ly work for Je-sus, For he gave his
 Yes, I'll glad - ly work for Je - sus, Who gave his



life, his life up-on the tree, I will nev - er,
 life up-on the tree, I will nev - er grow a-

WILL YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN? Concluded.

I will nev - er wea - ry Till his smil - ing face, his smil - ing face I see.
wea - ry Un - til his smil - ing face I see.

No. 30.

ITALIAN HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

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

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

No. 31. WONDERFUL SPIRIT OF LOVE.

REV. J. O. FOSTER, A. M.

R. H. RANDALL.

1. 'Tis won-der-ful love that my Sav-ior bestows In of-fers of
 2. 'Tis won-der-ful life when we live in his grace, And know that our
 3. 'Tis won-der-ful help which he of-fers in-deed, Who triumphed o'er

heart and of hand; A fountain of joy which e-ter-nally flows From
 sins are for-giv'n Un-speak-a-ble joy in beholding his face, Whose
 sin and the grave; And free-ly to all who are tru-ly in need, He

CHORUS.

heav-en's own beau-ti-ful land. Won-der-ful
 smile is the rapt-ure of heav'n.
 comes to de-liv-er and save. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful,

all,
 won-der-ful all, Spir-it of life-giv-ing love, O won-der-ful

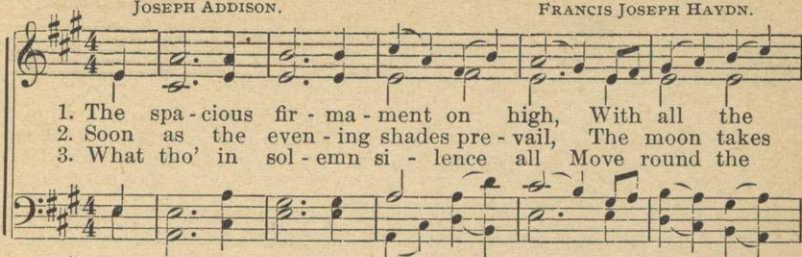
all, won-der-ful all, Spir-it of life-giv-ing love.
 won-der-ful

No. 32.

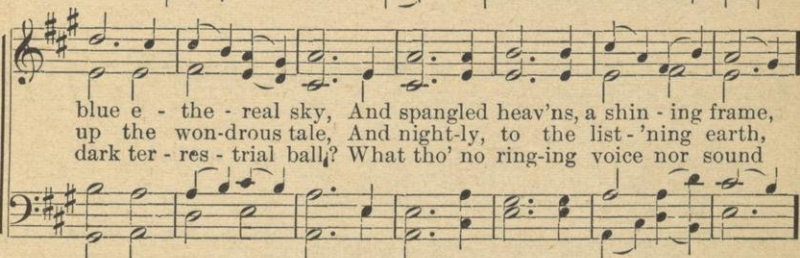
CREATION.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

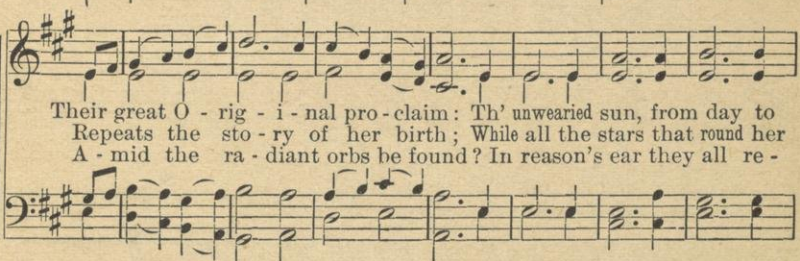
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



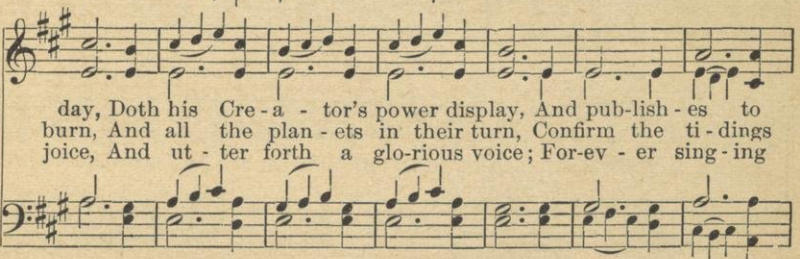
1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the
 2. Soon as the even-ing shades pre-vail, The moon takes
 3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all Move round the




blue e-the-real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame,
 up the won-drous tale, And night-ly, to the list-'ning earth,
 dark ter-res-trial ball? What tho' no ring-ing voice nor sound



Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim: Th' unwearied sun, from day to
 Repeats the sto-ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her
 A-mid the ra-diant orbs be found? In reason's ear they all re-



day, Doth his Cre-a-tor's power display, And pub-lish-es to
 burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn, Confirm the ti-dings
 joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice; For-ev-er sing-ing

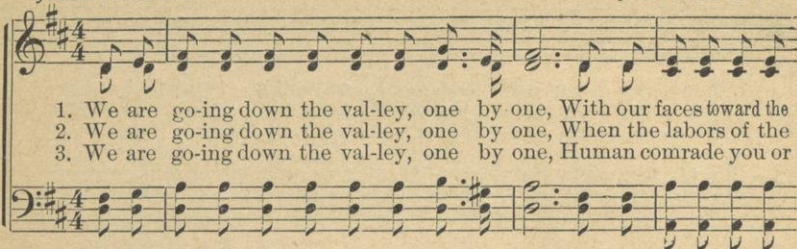


ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
 as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole,
 as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."

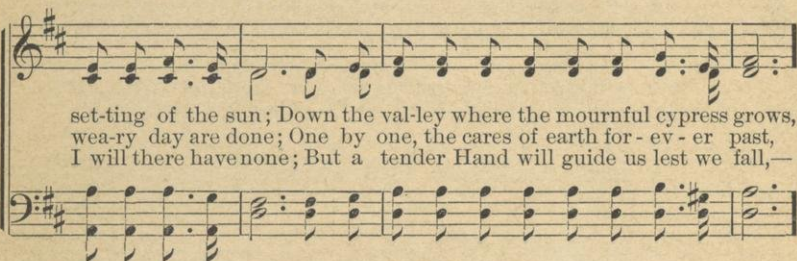
No. 33. GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

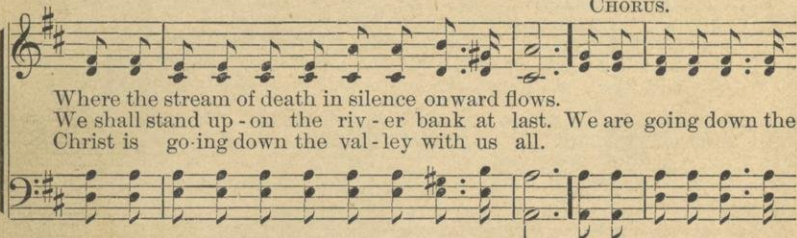


1. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our faces toward the
 2. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the labors of the
 3. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, Human comrade you or

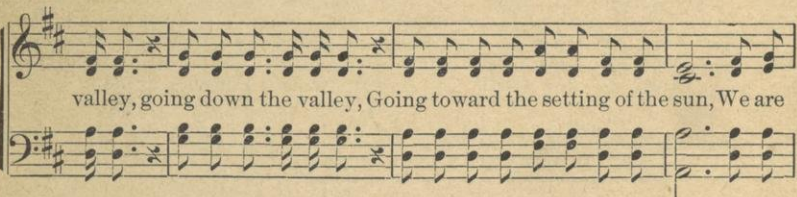


set-ting of the sun; Down the val-ley where the mournful cypress grows,
 wea-ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for-ev-er past,
 I will there have none; But a tender Hand will guide us lest we fall,—

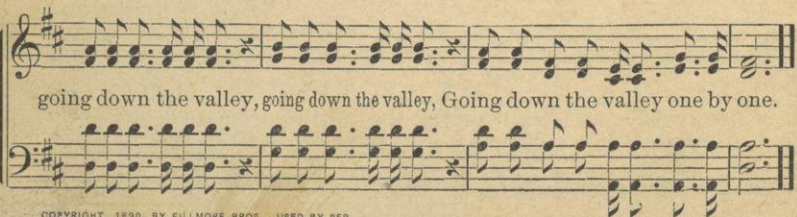
CHORUS.



Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.
 We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are going down the
 Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all.



valley, going down the valley, Going toward the setting of the sun, We are

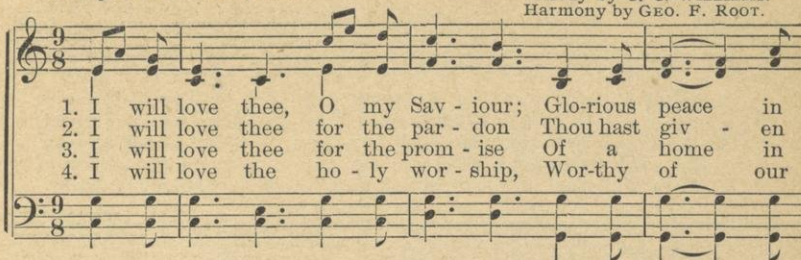


going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

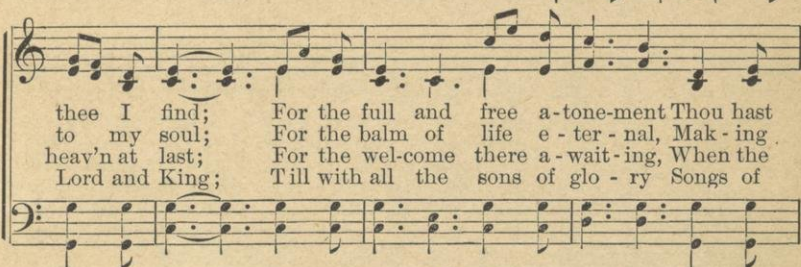
No. 34.

I WILL LOVE THEE.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

Melody by C. C. WILLIAMS.
Harmony by GEO. F. ROOT.


1. I will love thee, O my Sav - iour; Glo - rious peace in
 2. I will love thee for the par - don Thou hast giv - en
 3. I will love thee for the prom - ise Of a home in
 4. I will love the ho - ly wor - ship, Wor - thy of our

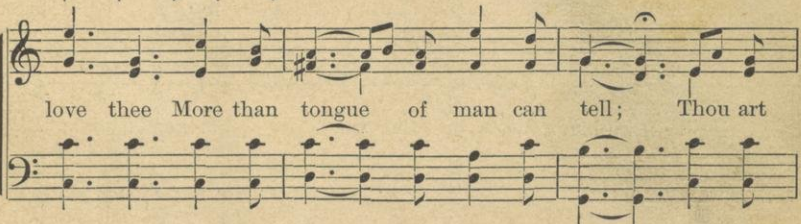


thee I find; For the full and free a - tone - ment Thou hast
 to my soul; For the balm of life e - ter - nal, Mak - ing
 heav'n at last; For the wel - come there a - wait - ing, When the
 Lord and King; Till with all the sons of glo - ry Songs of


CHORUS.



made for all man - kind.
 wound - ed spir - its whole. Love thee, O my Lord, I
 years of life are past.
 tri - umph we shall sing.



love thee More than tongue of man can tell; Thou art

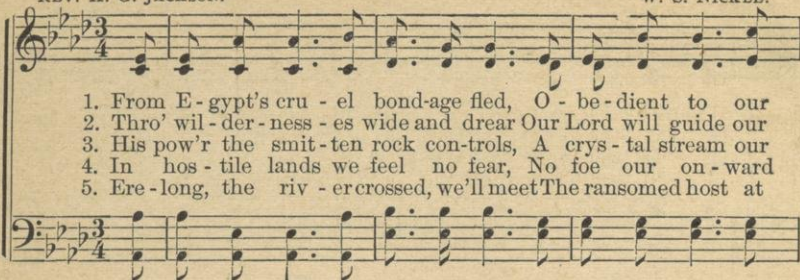


wor - thy, hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, thou do - est all things well.

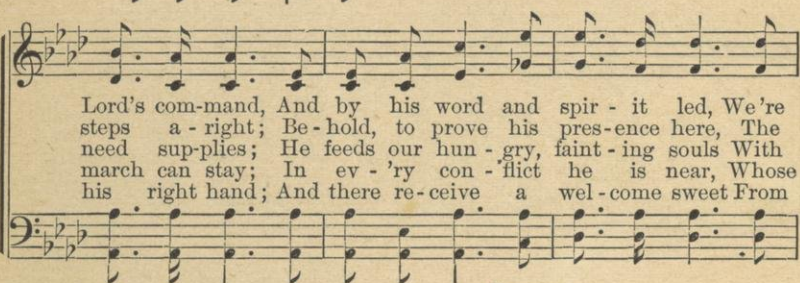
No. 35. WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.



1. From E-gypt's cru - el bond-age fled, O - be-dient to our
 2. Thro' wil-der-ness-es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
 3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our
 4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on-ward
 5. Ere-long, the riv-er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at



Lord's com-mand, And by his word and spir-it led, We're
 steps a-right; Be-hold, to prove his pres-ence here, The
 need sup-plies; He feeds our hun-gry, faint-ing souls With
 march can stay; In ev-'ry con-flict he is near, Whose
 his right hand; And there re-ceive a wel-come sweet From

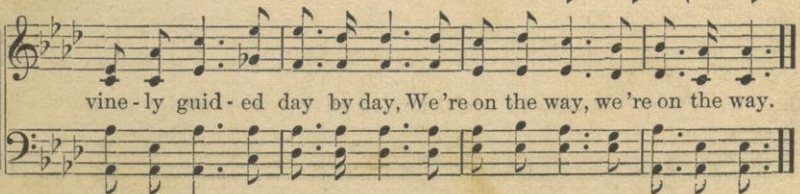
CHORUS.



on the way to Ca-naan's land!
 cloud by day, the fire by night!
 dai-ly man-na from the skies! We're on the way, a
 presence cheers us on the way.
 our dear Lord to Canaan's land!



pil-grim band, We're on the way to Ca-naan's land; Di-



vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his servants, Whether it be
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

noon or night, Faith-ful to him will he find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

Rit. **REFRAIN.**

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will he an - swer thee, Well done? O, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will he find us watch - ing there?

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?

No. 37.

LIVE FOR TO-DAY.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Live for to-day; be-fore to-mor-row Thy work may all be done;
 2. Pray for to-day, nor be de-lay-ing The pray'r thou should'st have said,
 3. Live for to-day! thy work thus finished, In peace seek thou thy rest,

Thine earthly joy, thine earthly sor-row, Thy toil beneath the sun.
 Were this for thee, the last of pray-ing Be-side some dy-ing bed.
 It can-not al-tered be, di-minished, Nor canst thou be un-blest.

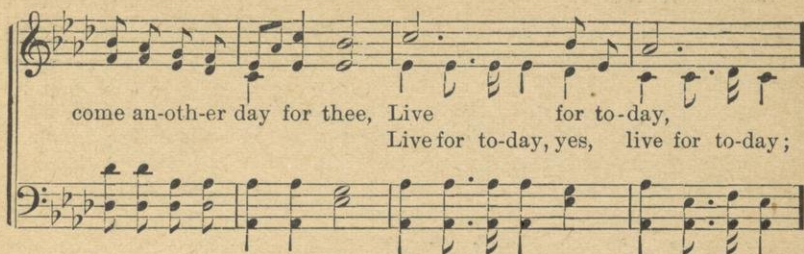
With-in the grave there is no la-bor, No tho't of God, no
 Be no poor soul by thee neg-lect-ed, Un-til he has the
 And if for thee there be no morrow, Thy toil be end-ed,

tho't of neighbor, Then all is lost or won, Then all is lost or won.
 Lord re-ject-ed, In sin his last day sped, In sin his last day sped.
 and thy morrow, Thy father knoweth best, Thy father knoweth best.

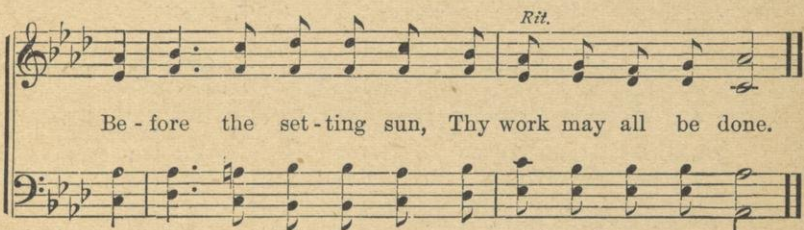
CHORUS.

Live for to-day, There may nev-er
 Live for to-day, yes, live for to-day!

LIVE FOR TO-DAY. Concluded.



come an-oth-er day for thee, Live for to-day,
Live for to-day, yes, live for to-day;

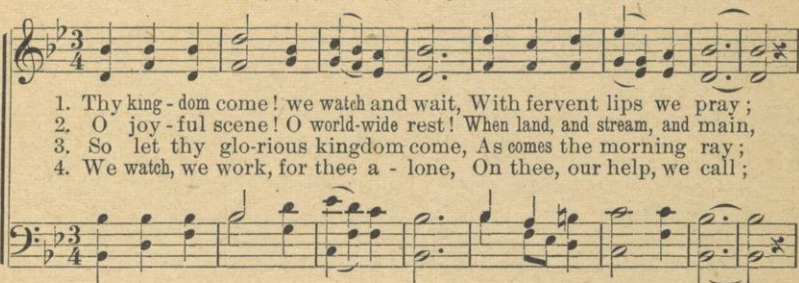


Rit.
Be - fore the set-ting sun, Thy work may all be done.

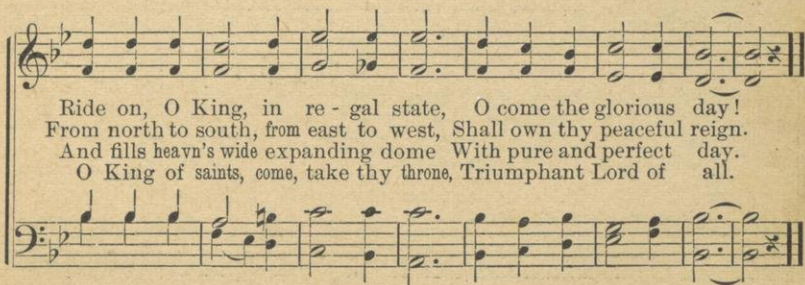
No. 38. THY KINGDOM COME.

A special contribution by
REV. S. F. SMITH, Author of "My Country, 't is of Thee."

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Thy king-dom come! we watch and wait, With fervent lips we pray;
2. O joy-ful scene! O world-wide rest! When land, and stream, and main,
3. So let thy glo-rious kingdom come, As comes the morning ray;
4. We watch, we work, for thee a-lone, On thee, our help, we call;



Ride on, O King, in re-gal state, O come the glorious day!
From north to south, from east to west, Shall own thy peaceful reign.
And fills heavn's wide expanding dome With pure and perfect day.
O King of saints, come, take thy throne, Triumphant Lord of all.

No. 39.

LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHISON.

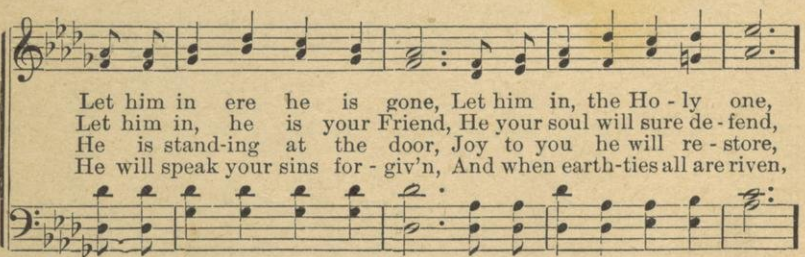
E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in;
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in;
 3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in;
 4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest, Let him in;
 Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in,



He has been there oft before, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in;
 Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho-ly one,
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store,
 He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riven,

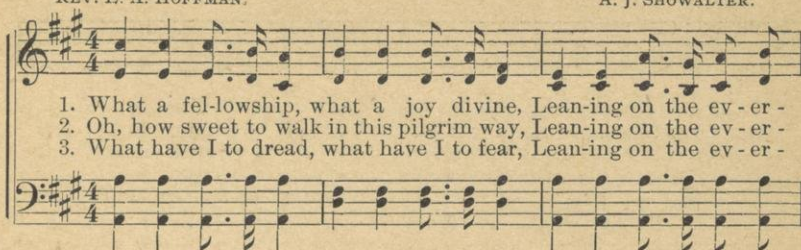


Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let him in.
 Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in.

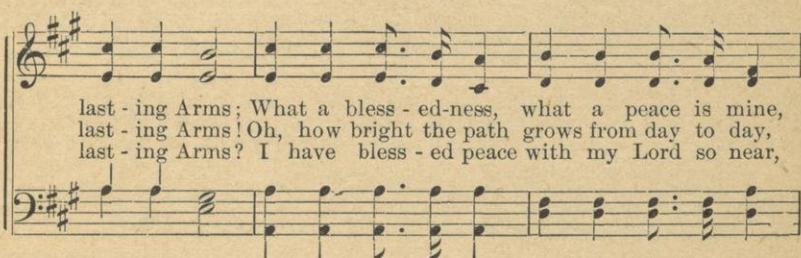
No. 40. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

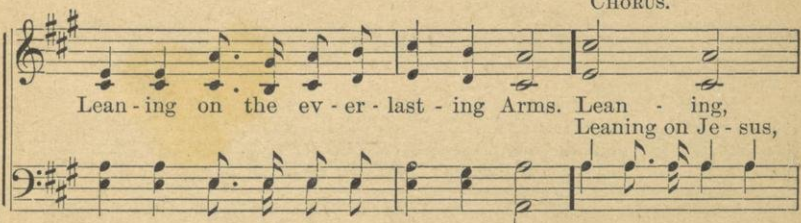


1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er -

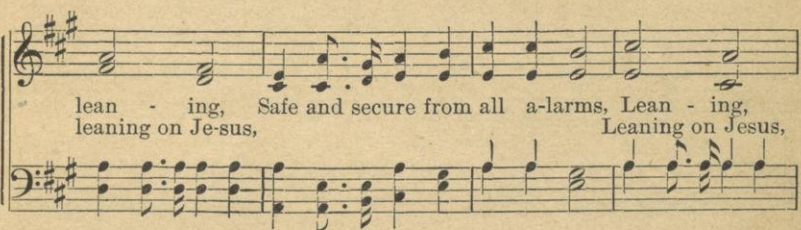


last - ing Arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

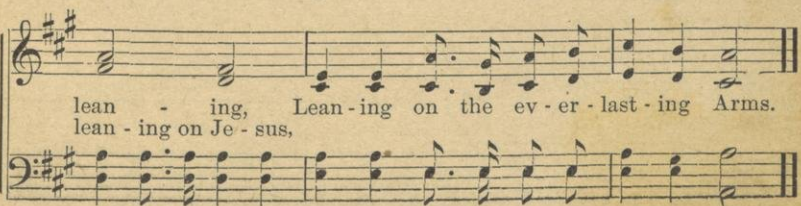
CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
 Leaning on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms, Lean - ing,
 leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,

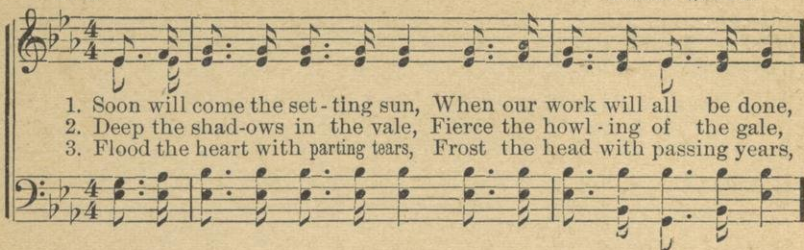


lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 lean - ing on Je - sus,

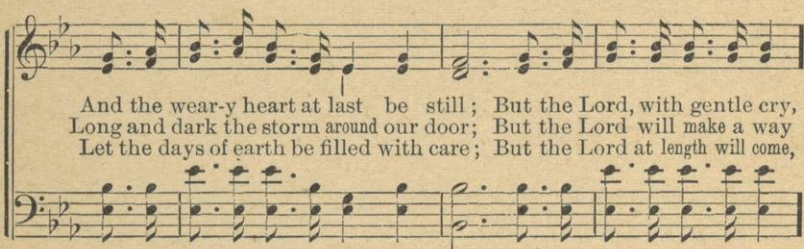
No. 41. WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER THERE.

R. L.

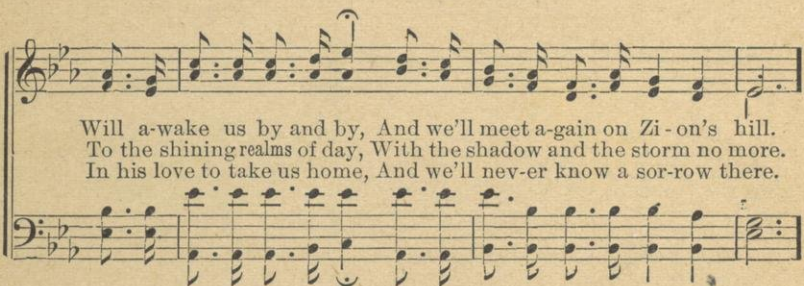
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Soon will come the set-ting sun, When our work will all be done,
2. Deep the shad-ows in the vale, Fierce the howl-ing of the gale,
3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years,

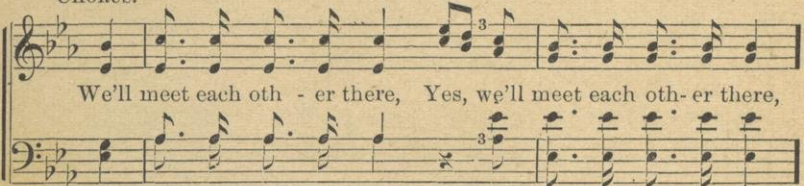


And the wear-y heart at last be still; But the Lord, with gentle cry,
Long and dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way
Let the days of earth be filled with care; But the Lord at length will come,

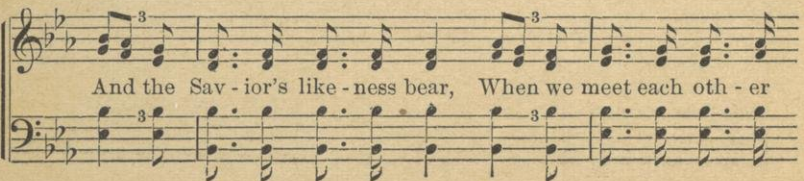


Will a-wake us by and by, And we'll meet a-gain on Zi-on's hill.
To the shining realms of day, With the shadow and the storm no more.
In his love to take us home, And we'll nev-er know a sor-row there.

CHORUS.



We'll meet each oth-er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth-er there,



And the Sav-ior's like-ness bear, When we meet each oth-er

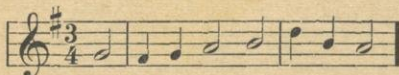
WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER THERE. Concluded.

there; We'll meet each oth-er there, Yes, we'll meet each other there,

And his glo- . . . ry we shall share.
glo - ry, and his glo - ry

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 42. ROCKINGHAM.



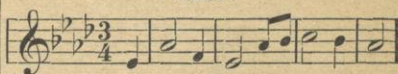
1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength de-
rive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

No. 43. FOREVER HERE MY
REST.



1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side!
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

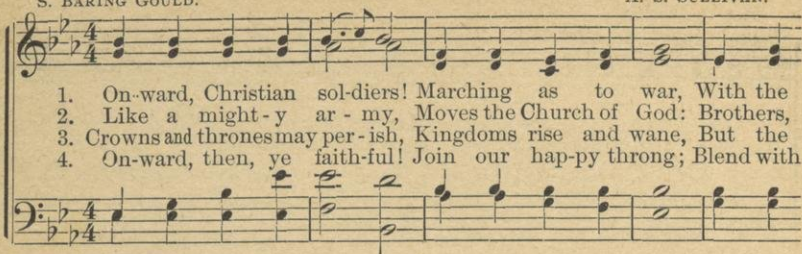
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

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

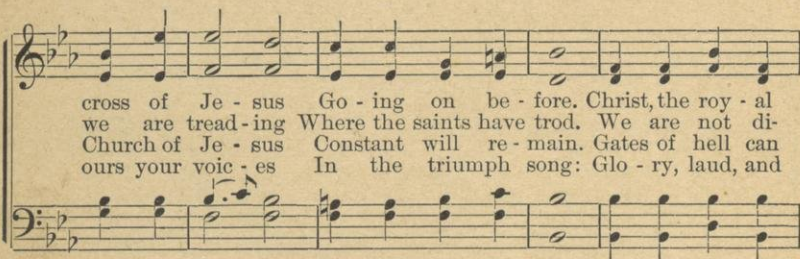
No. 44. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING GOULD.

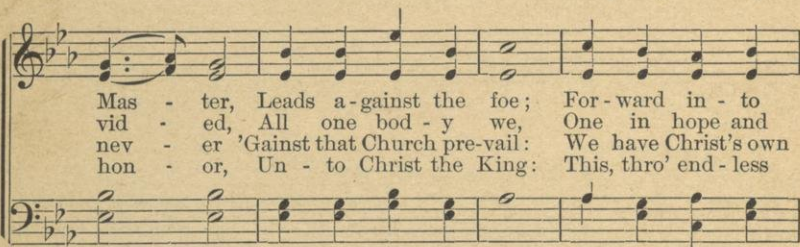
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the
 2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers,
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the
 4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with

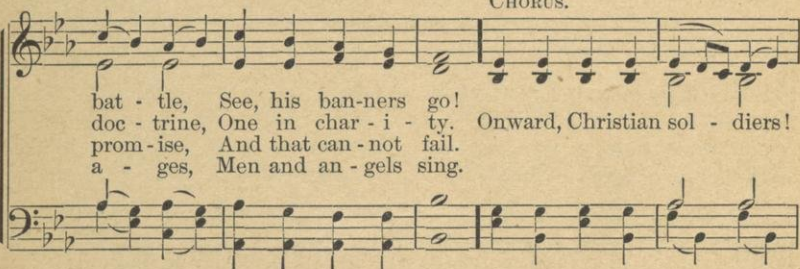


cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
 we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di -
 Church of Je - sus Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can
 ours your voic - es In the triumph song: Glo - ry, laud, and

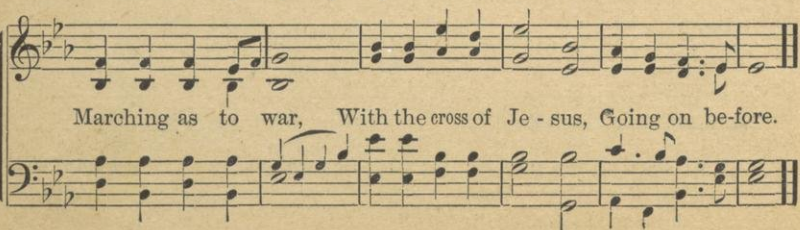


Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to
 vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and
 nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail: We have Christ's own
 hon - or, Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' end - less

CHORUS.



bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go!
 doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
 prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



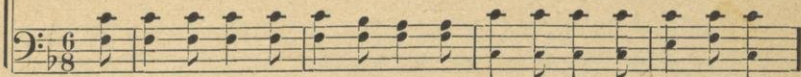
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Going on be - fore.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I'm sink-ing in the sea of sin, Tossed on its bil-lows long I've been;
2. Of dan-ger oft-en warned was I, Each sig-nal proudly I swept by;
3. Weak is my hold on this frail spar, Fainter, still fainter, grows hope's star;
4. Hark! 'mid the storm methinks I hear A voice that bids me not to fear;



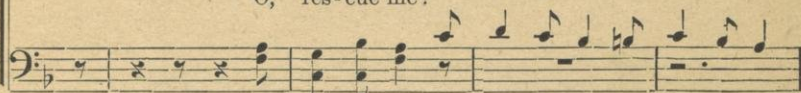
With ea-ger eyes I watch to see The life-boat come to res-cue me.
 But, ah! my boasting all is o'er; For help I hum-bly now implore.
 Soon I the struggle must give o'er, And sink, yes, sink to rise no more.
 And thro' the darkness, too, I see The life-boat comes to res-cue me.



CHORUS.



O, res-cue me! Lost 'neath these billows soon I'll be;
 O, res-cue me!



Last Cho. What joy is mine! . . . I'm rescued by a hand di-vine;
Faster. What joy is mine!



O, will my cry reach yonder shore? Or must I sink to rise no more?



I'll shout the news, Christ Je-sus saves, To souls tossed on sin's treach'rous waves.

No. 46.

SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest-less wave, Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-don-ian call to-day, Send the light!
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light!
 (Send the light!)

Send the light! There are souls to res-cue, there are
 Send the light! And a gold-en off-'ring at the
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a
 Send the light!

souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!
 cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light!
 where be found, Send the light! Send the light!
 crown a-bove, Send the light! Send the light!
 Send the light! Send the light!

(The first eight measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted.)

CHORUS.

We will spread the ev-er-last-ing light,
 We will spread . . . the ev-er-last-ing light With a
 Bass Solo.

SEND THE LIGHT. Concluded.

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the
will - ing heart and hand, Giving God the glo-ry

glo - ry ev - er - more, We will fol - low, follow his command.
ev - er - more, We will fol - low his com-mand.

Send the light, . . . the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it
Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,

shine . . . from shore to shore, . . . Send the light . . . and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light, and

ra - diant beams Light the world . . . for ev-er-more. . . .
let its ra-diant beams Light the world for-ev-er-more.

No. 47.

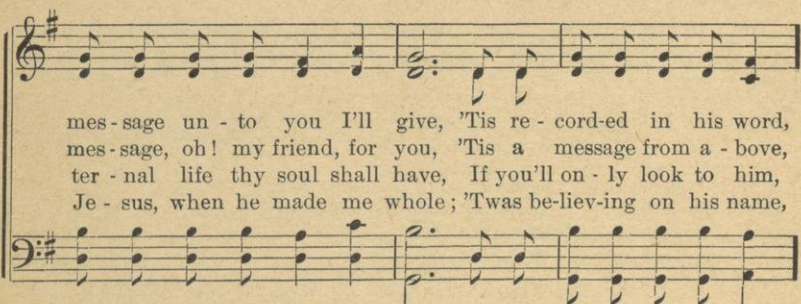
LOOK AND LIVE.

W. A. O.

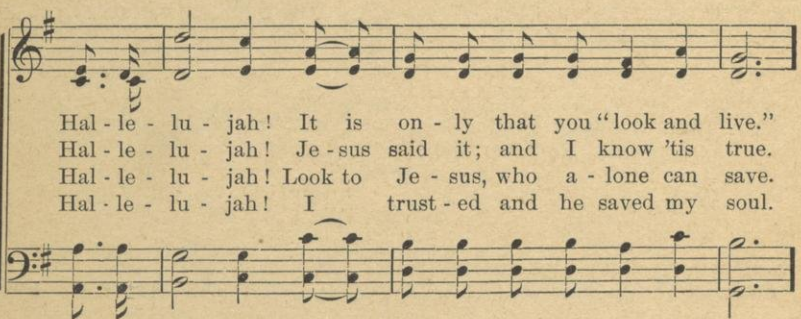
W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
 2. I've a mes - sage full of Love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
 3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
 4. I will tell you how I came; Hal - le - lu - jah! To

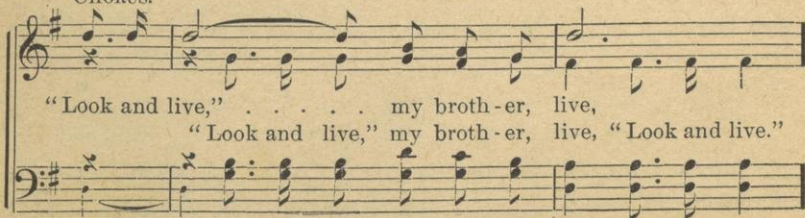


mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
 mes - sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
 Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,



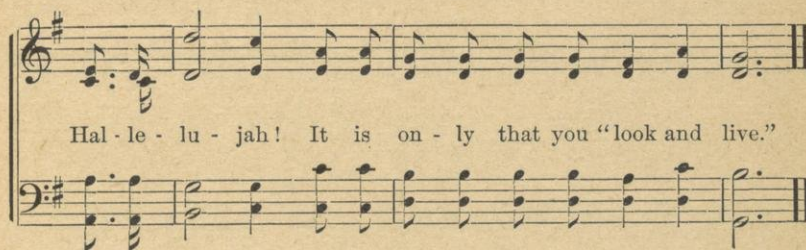
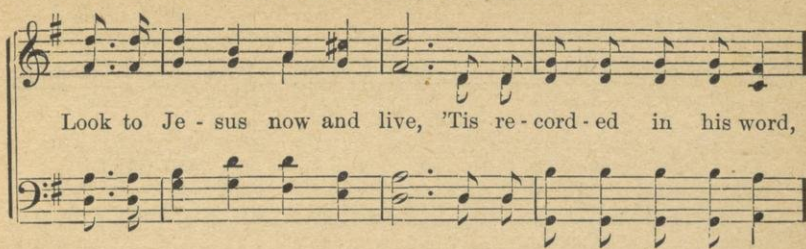
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.

CHORUS.

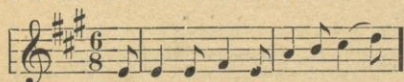


"Look and live," my broth - er, live,
 "Look and live," my broth - er, live, "Look and live."

LOOK AND LIVE. Concluded.



No. 48. GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.



- 1 There is a fountain ||: filled with
blood :||
Drawn from Immanuels' veins,
And sinners, plung'd ||: beneath that
flood :||
Lose all their guilty stains.

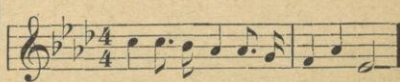
CHORUS.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

- 2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see :||
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ||: tho' vile as he :||
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious
blood :||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: church of
God :||
Are saved to sin no more.

No. 49. GLORY TO HIS NAME.



- 1 Down at the cross were my Savior
died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I
cried;
There to my heart was the blood ap-
plied;
Glory to his name.

CHORUS.

Glory to his name; :||
There to my heart was the blood ap-
plied;
Glory to his name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from
sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
clean,
Glory to his name.

No. 50.

THE BLESSED HOUR.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

CHAS. B. DRAKE.
CHORUS BY C. H. G.

1. The bless-ed hour when Leaguers meet, Returns a - gain, so
 2. The bless-ed hour when Leaguers pour Heart-treasures forth, is
 3. The bless-ed hour when Leaguers rise On wings of faith to

calm, so sweet; Be prompt to sing, to speak or pray, So swift-ly
 here once more; It light-ens toil and con- quers care, The blessed
 sun - ny skies, Is ours to use, each mo - ment rare, The blessed

CHORUS.

glides the hour a - way. Bless-ed hour, . . . bless-ed
 hour, the hour of pray'r.
 hour, the hour of pray'r. bless-ed hour,

hour, . . . The blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour, . .
 blessed hour, blessed

bless-ed hour, . . . The blessed hour, the hour of pray'r.
 hour, blessed hour,

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe
 2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad
 3. In the glean - er's path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long
 4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Mas - ter's voice bids the workers true,
 and the heart be light; Fill the pre - cious hours, ere the shades of night
 and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy, with his chosen shared,
 who has toiled and strove, When the Mas - ter's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that he gives to-day. La - bor on! la - bor
 Take the place of the golden day.
 Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!

on! Keep the bright reward in view; For the Master has
 la - bor on!

said, he will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!

No. 52.

I WILL CLING TO JESUS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I will cling to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, For he knows me—
 2. I will cling to Je - sus while I live, He's the joy and
 3. I will cling to Je - sus when the night Of my life is

fee - ble, weak and frail; He will safe - ly lead me all the
 com - fort of my soul; Bless - ed con - so - la - tion he will
 ebb - ing fast a - way; Then my soul, in rap - tures of de -

REFRAIN.

way, And his love will nev - er, nev - er fail.
 give, When the waves of sor - row o'er me roll. I will
 light, Will re - joice to hail the dawn of day.

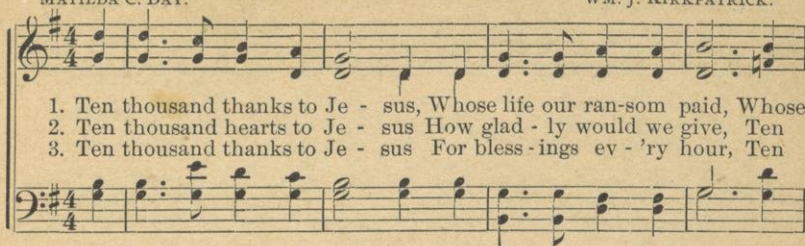
cling (I will cling) to Je - sus, cling to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, I will

cling (I will cling) to Je - sus, I will cling to Je - sus all the way.

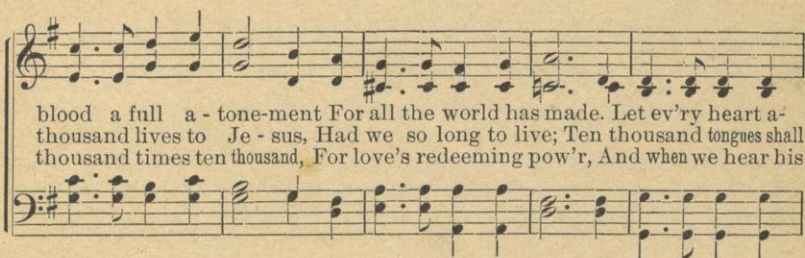
No. 53. TEN THOUSAND THANKS TO JESUS.

MATILDA C. DAY.

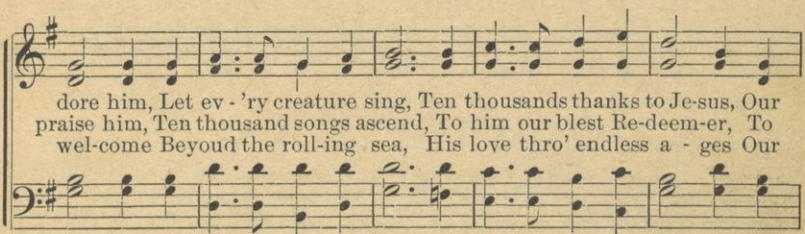
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Ten thousand thanks to Je - sus, Whose life our ran-som paid, Whose
 2. Ten thousand hearts to Je - sus How glad - ly would we give, Ten
 3. Ten thousand thanks to Je - sus For bless - ings ev - 'ry hour, Ten

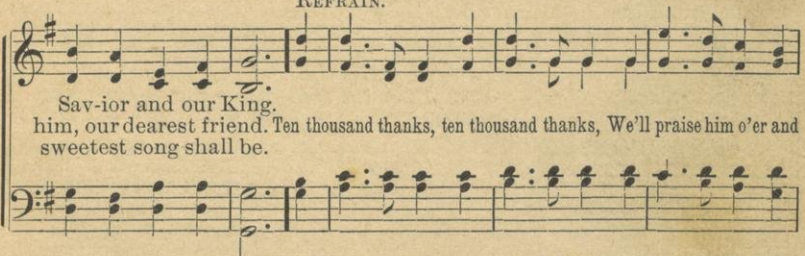


blood a full a - tone-ment For all the world has made. Let ev'ry heart a-
 thousand lives to Je - sus, Had we so long to live; Ten thousand tongues shall
 thousand times ten thousand, For love's redeeming pow'r, And when we hear his

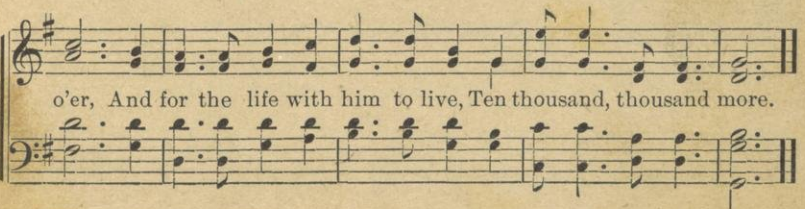


dore him, Let ev - 'ry creature sing, Ten thousands thanks to Je-sus, Our
 praise him, Ten thousand songs ascend, To him our blest Re-deem-er, To
 wel-come Beyond the roll-ing sea, His love thro' endless a - ges Our

REFRAIN.



Sav-ior and our King.
 him, our dearest friend. Ten thousand thanks, ten thousand thanks, We'll praise him o'er and
 sweetest song shall be.



o'er, And for the life with him to live, Ten thousand, thousand more.

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

ARR. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might-y ar-my now assembling, Rally-ing to the
 2. Marshall'd league of ea-ger, youth-ful soldiers, Girt with truth they
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire-ful conflict With the host of

Cross, a might-y band, Bold to strive a-against the powers of e-vil,
 bear the Spirit's Sword, Shield of Faith and Hel-met of Sal-va-tion,
 un-be-lief and sin; Fal-ter not; but, swift, go forth to bat-tle,

CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's command. For- . . ward, ye
 Read-y, wait-ing for the Cap-tain's word.
 Truth and Right, with God the fight will win. For-ward, for-ward,

sol-diers of Je-sus, With his ban-ner o'er you,
 march, ye sol-diers, For-ward, for-ward,

Charge the foe be-fore you; Val- . . iant-ly fol-low your captain,
 march, ye sol-diers, Forward, march, ye sol-diers, for-ward,

THE EPWORTH ARMY. Concluded.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. It features a melody in the Treble staff and a bass line in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and includes a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words in italics. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

'Till the fight with sin is o'er. For . . ward, ye
For - ward, for - ward,

sol-diers of Je-sus, Faithful to your calling, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing,
march, ye soldiers, For - ward, forward, march, ye sol-diers,

Ye . . shall with Je-sus vic - to-rious Reign in glo-ry ev - er-more.
Forward, march, ye sol - diers, for-ward,

No. 55. WHAT FOR ME ?

- 1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee:
What hast thou given for me ?
- 2 My father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for me ?
- 3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee:
What hast thou brought to me ?

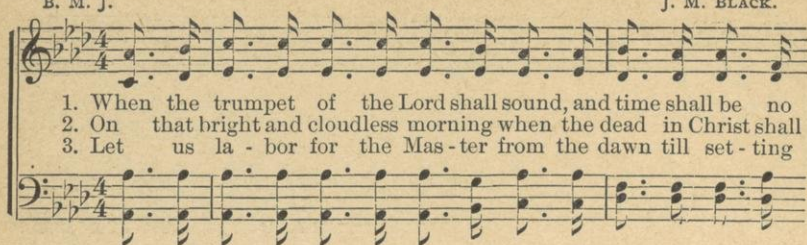
No. 56. JOY TO THE WORLD!

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world ! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

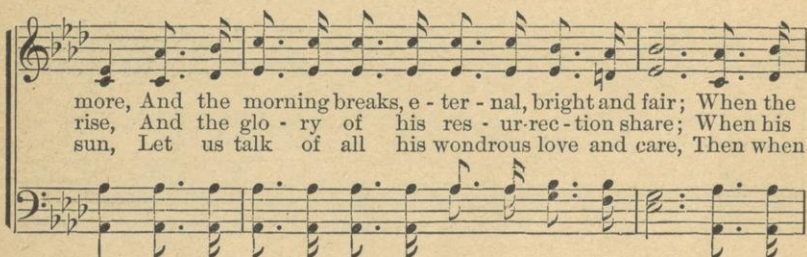
No. 57. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

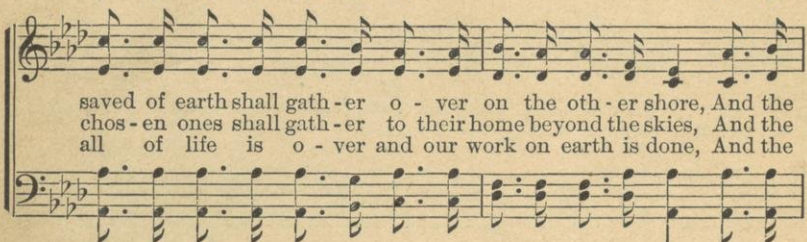
J. M. BLACK.



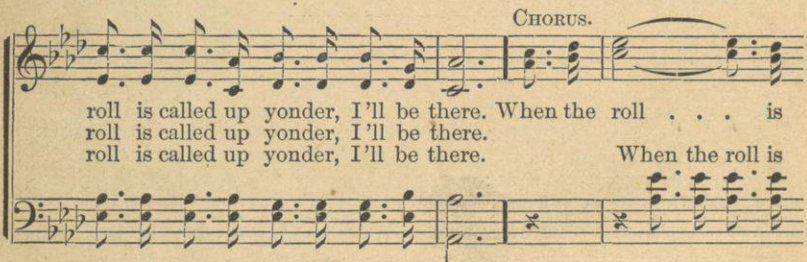
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting



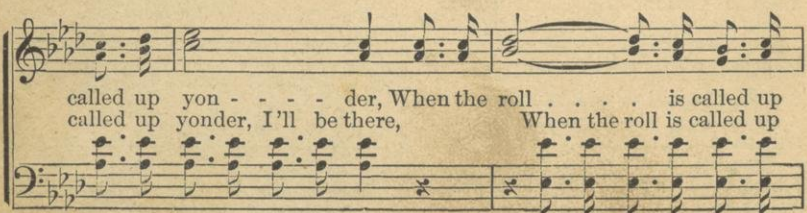
more, And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec - tion share; When his
 sun, Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then when



saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.
 roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is
 roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll is



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

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER. Concluded.

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

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

No. 58. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY, Etc.

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

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

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

No. 59. WOODWORTH.

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

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

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

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

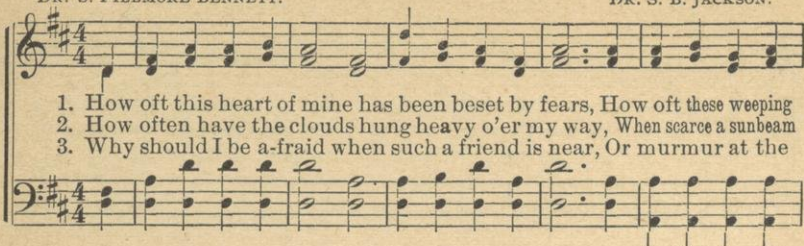
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 60.

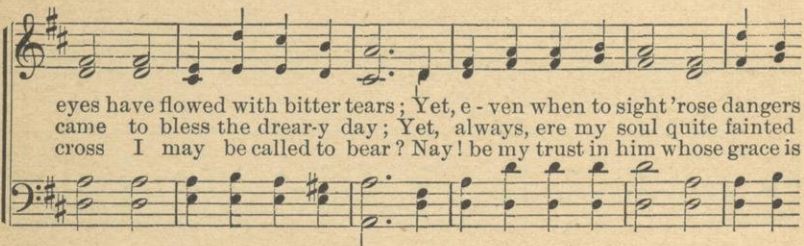
HIS LEADING HAND.

DR. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

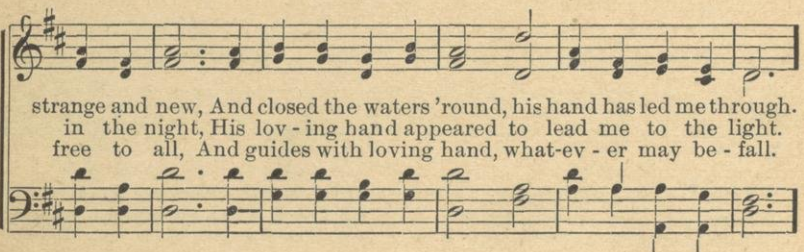
DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. How oft this heart of mine has been beset by fears, How oft these weeping
 2. How often have the clouds hung heavy o'er my way, When scarce a sunbeam
 3. Why should I be a-fraid when such a friend is near, Or murmur at the

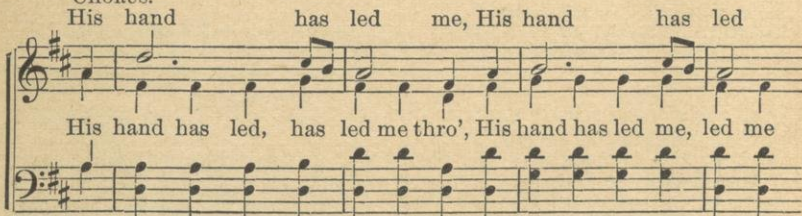


eyes have flowed with bitter tears; Yet, e - ven when to sight 'rose dangers
 came to bless the drear-y day; Yet, always, ere my soul quite fainted
 cross I may be called to bear? Nay! be my trust in him whose grace is



strange and new, And closed the waters 'round, his hand has led me through.
 in the night, His lov - ing hand appeared to lead me to the light.
 free to all, And guides with loving hand, what - ev - er may be - fall.

CHORUS.



His hand has led me, His hand has led

His hand has led, has led me thro', His hand has led me, led me



me, His hand has led me,

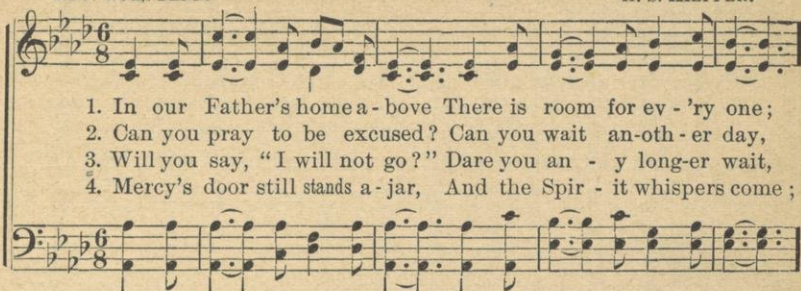
through, His hand has led me, led me through, And still is leading me.

No. 61.

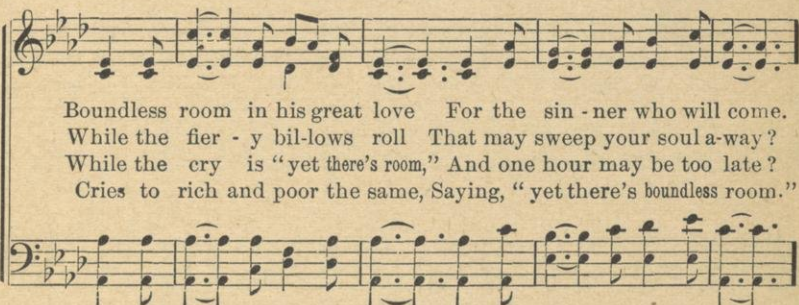
YET THERE'S ROOM.

REV. W. E. PENN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

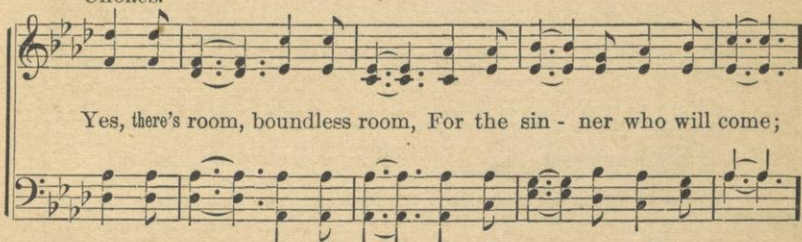


1. In our Father's home a - bove There is room for ev - 'ry one;
 2. Can you pray to be excused? Can you wait an - oth - er day,
 3. Will you say, "I will not go?" Dare you an - y long - er wait,
 4. Mercy's door still stands a - jar, And the Spir - it whispers come;

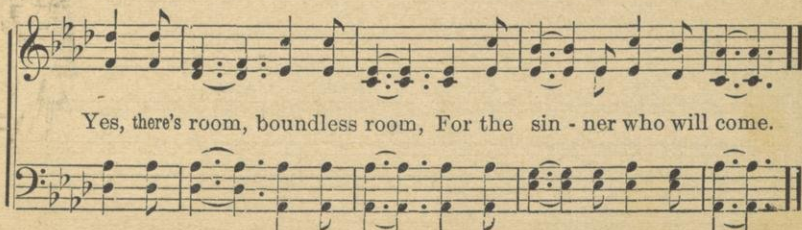


Boundless room in his great love For the sin - ner who will come.
 While the fier - y bil - lows roll That may sweep your soul a - way?
 While the cry is "yet there's room," And one hour may be too late?
 Cries to rich and poor the same, Saying, "yet there's boundless room."

CHORUS.



Yes, there's room, boundless room, For the sin - ner who will come;

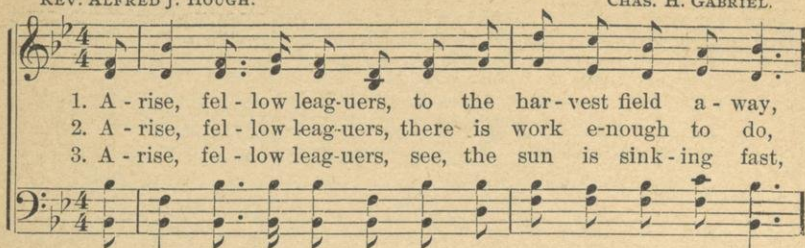


Yes, there's room, boundless room, For the sin - ner who will come.

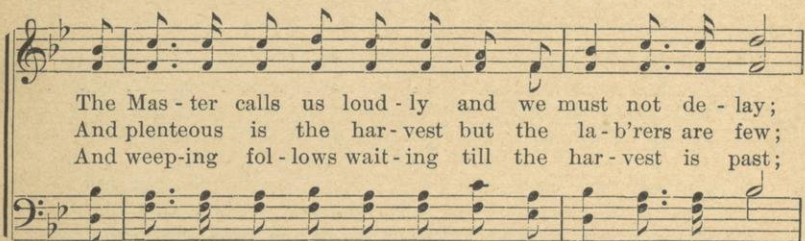
No. 62. BRING IN THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

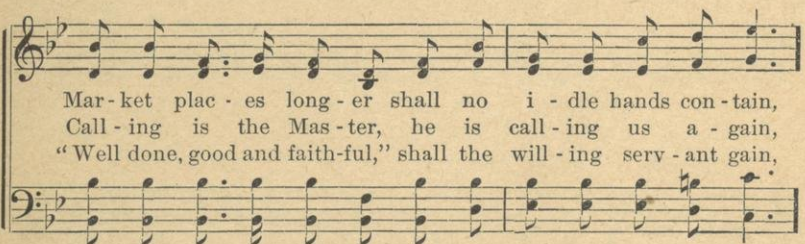
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



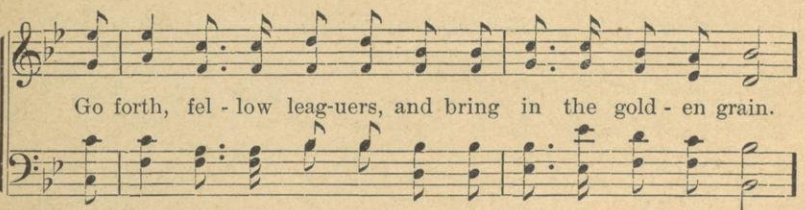
1. A - rise, fel - low leag-ers, to the har-vest field a - way,
 2. A - rise, fel - low leag-ers, there is work e-nough to do,
 3. A - rise, fel - low leag-ers, see, the sun is sink-ing fast,



The Mas - ter calls us loud - ly and we must not de - lay;
 And plenteous is the har - vest but the la - b'ers are few;
 And weep-ing fol - lows wait-ing till the har - vest is past;

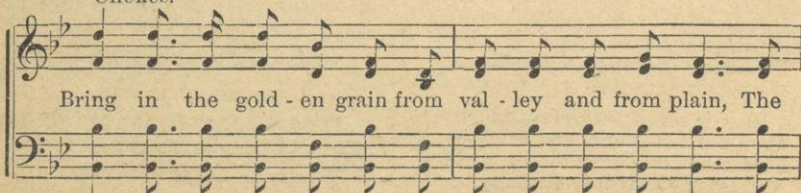


Mar - ket plac - es long - er shall no i - dle hands con - tain,
 Call - ing is the Mas - ter, he is call - ing us a - gain,
 "Well done, good and faith-ful," shall the will - ing serv - ant gain,



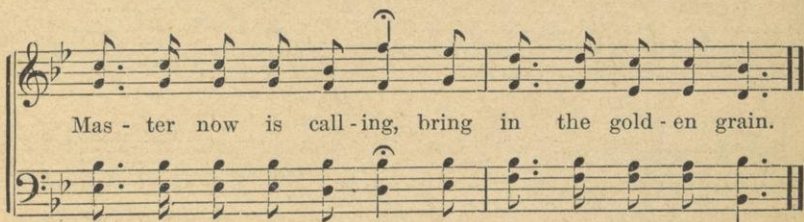
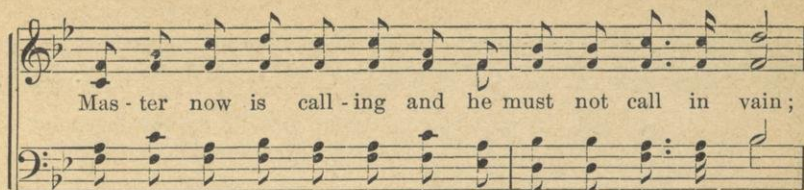
Go forth, fel - low leag-ers, and bring in the gold - en grain.

CHORUS.



Bring in the gold - en grain from val - ley and from plain, The

BRING IN THE GOLDEN GRAIN. Concluded.



No. 63. LET THE SAVIOR IN.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 64. I AM COMING.

Key of G.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

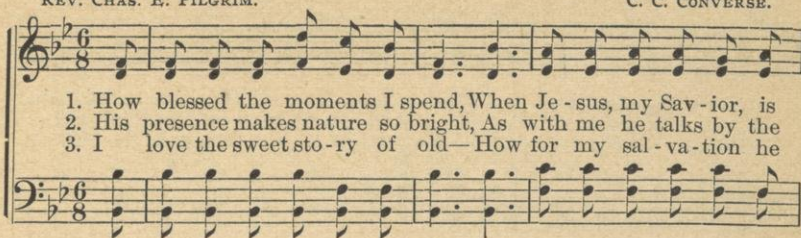
bur - den of my heart rolled away — It was there by faith
 rolled a-way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

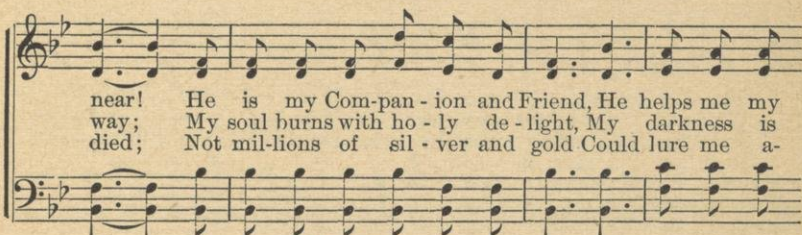
No. 66. HOW BLESSED THE MOMENTS.

REV. CHAS. E. PILGRIM.

C. C. CONVERSE.

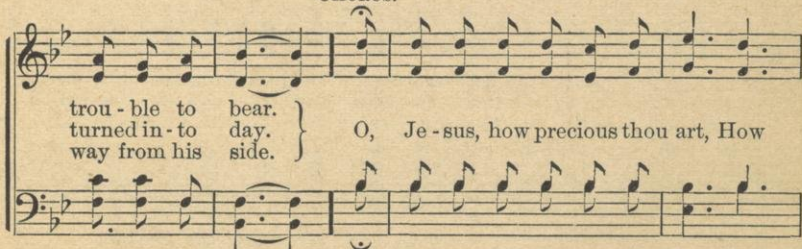


1. How blessed the moments I spend, When Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is
 2. His presence makes nature so bright, As with me he talks by the
 3. I love the sweet sto - ry of old—How for my sal - va - tion he



near! He is my Com - pan - ion and Friend, He helps me my
 way; My soul burns with ho - ly de - light, My darkness is
 died; Not mil - lions of sil - ver and gold Could lure me a -

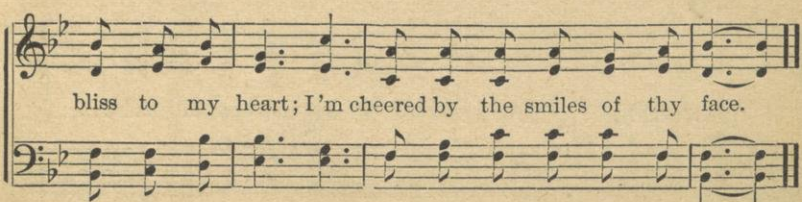
CHORUS.



trou - ble to bear. } O, Je - sus, how precious thou art, How
 turned in - to day. }
 way from his side. }



full of com - pas - sion and grace! Thy pres - ence is



bliss to my heart; I'm cheered by the smiles of thy face.

No. 67. MARCHING SONG OF PRAISE.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. But yes-ter-day a lit-tle band Beneath League banners fought;
2. All eyes "look up" a-long the line, With reverent, grateful gaze;
3. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," A-long the line it rolls;

To-day an arm-y fills the land; What wonders God hath wrought!
All hearts "lift up" for gifts di-vine True mel-o-dies of praise.
"Praise him, all creat-ures here be-low," Breaks forth from countless souls.

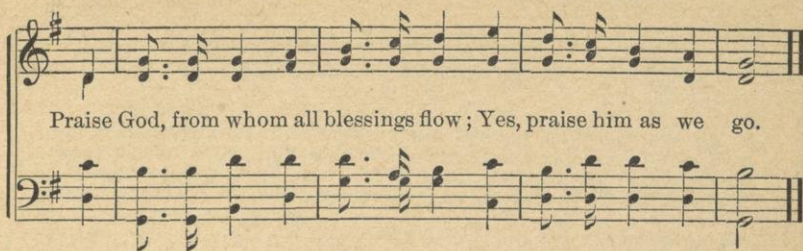
For blessings strewn its way a-long, The host from sea to sea
Recruits, the young, the brave, the strong, Have hastened ev-'ry hour
"Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host," Hark, how they sing on high!

Is sing-ing as its marching song The grand dox-ol-o-gy.
To join the ranks that march to song, With vict'ry's swing of pow'r
"Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost," The ranks be-low re-ply.

CHORUS.

Our marching song from sea to sea, We sing the grand dox-ol-o-gy,

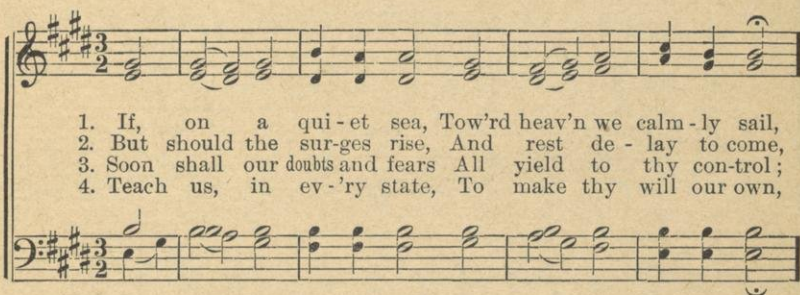
MARCHING SONG OF PRAISE. Concluded.



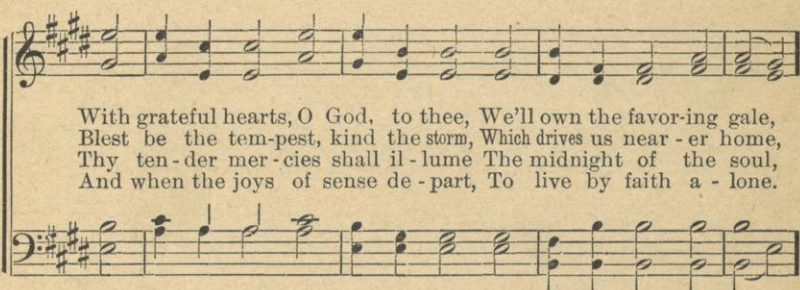
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Yes, praise him as we go.

No. 68.

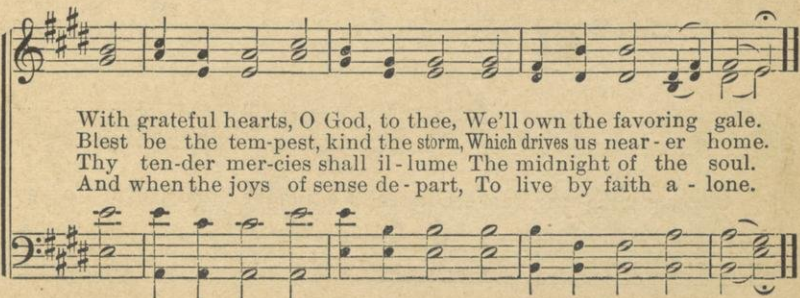
SELVIN.



1. If, on a qui-et sea, Tow'rd heav'n we calm-ly sail,
2. But should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy con-trol;
4. Teach us, in ev-'ry state, To make thy will our own,



With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favor-ing gale,
Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home,
Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul,
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

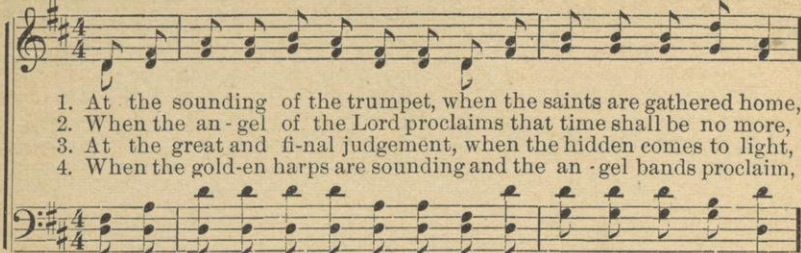


With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favor-ing gale.
Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

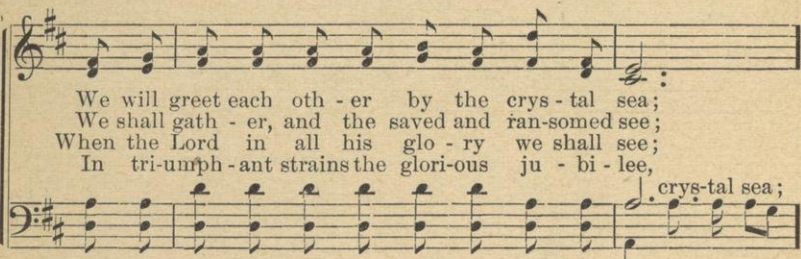
No. 69. WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

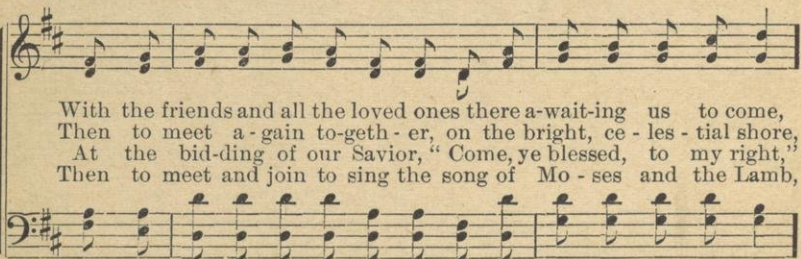
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
 2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
 3. At the great and fi-nal judgements, when the hidden comes to light,
 4. When the gold-en harps are sounding and the an-gel bands proclaim,



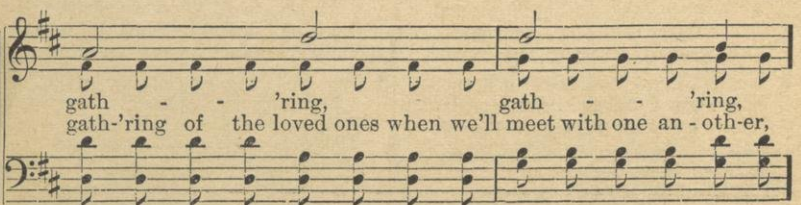
We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea;
 We shall gath-er, and the saved and ran-somed see;
 When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see;
 In tri-umph-ant strains the glori-ous ju-bi-lee,
 crys-tal sea;



With the friends and all the loved ones there a-wait-ing us to come,
 Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er, on the bright, ce-les-tial shore,
 At the bid-ding of our Savior, "Come, ye blessed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb,



CHORUS.
 What a gath'-ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a



gath'-ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one-an-oth-er,
 gath'-ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one-an-oth-er,

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE. Concluded.

At the sound-ing of the glori-ous ju - bi - lee! (ju - bi - lee!)

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath- - -
What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each

'ring, What a gath-'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
oth - er,

No. 70. TOPLADY.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 71. LENOX.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor.*

1. Tho' your sins be red like crimson, And your soul be steeped in woe,
 2. Lo! he came the lost to gath-er, Lo! he came for such to die;
 3. Hear the promise; Oh, believe him; Lo! his grace is free and full;

You may look in faith to Je-sus, And be washed as white as snow.
 Broad and deep is mercy's fountain, It can all the world sup-ply.
 Tho' your sins may be like scar-let, He will make them white as wool.

CHORUS.

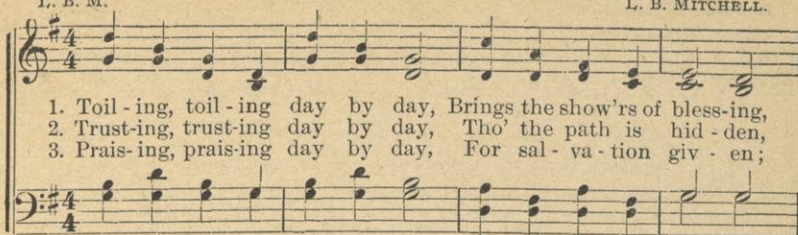
Then look up, look up to Je-sus; Oh, look up and he will save;

He will par-don your transgression, Look to Je-sus, he will save.

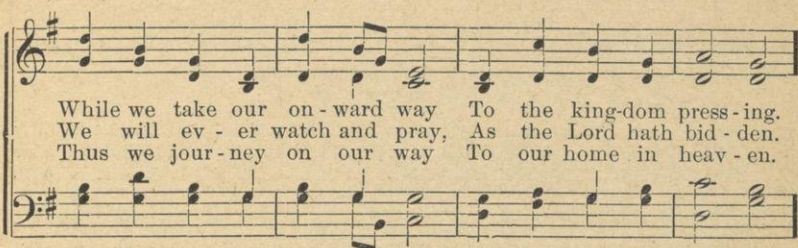
No. 73. TOILING, TRUSTING, PRAISING.

L. B. M.

L. B. MITCHELL.



1. Toil-ing, toil-ing day by day, Brings the show'rs of bless-ing,
 2. Trust-ing, trust-ing day by day, Tho' the path is hid-den,
 3. Prais-ing, prais-ing day by day, For sal-va-tion giv-en;

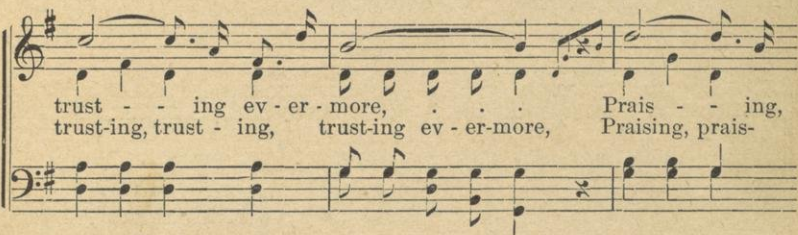


While we take our on-ward way To the king-dom press-ing.
 We will ev-er watch and pray, As the Lord hath bid-den.
 Thus we jour-ney on our way To our home in heav-en.

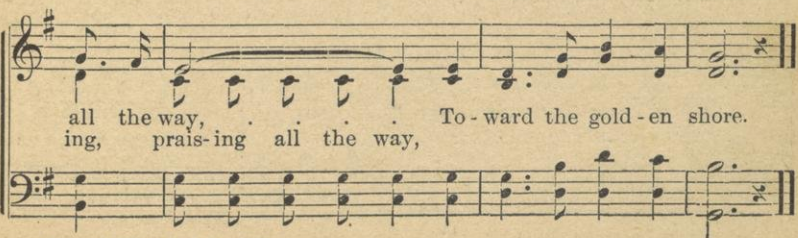
CHORUS.



Toil-ing - ing day by day, We are
 Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing day by day,



trust-ing ev-er-more, Prais-ing,
 trust-ing, trust-ing, trust-ing ev-er-more, Praising, prais-

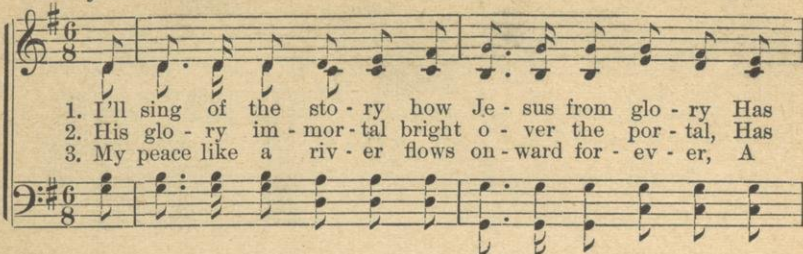


all the way, To-ward the gold-en shore.
 ing, prais-ing all the way,

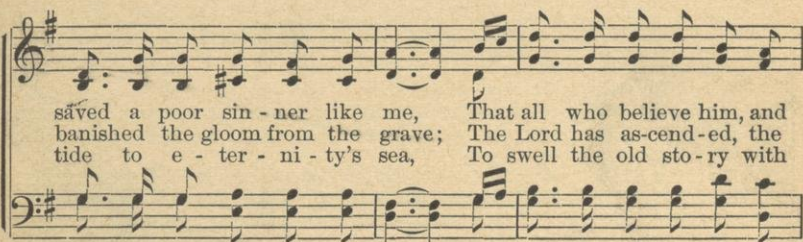
No. 74. TO SAVE A POOR SINNER LIKE ME.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

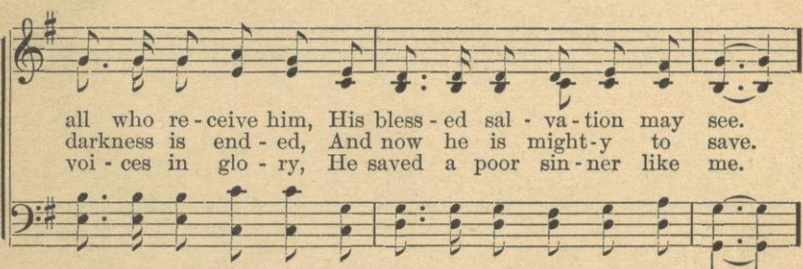
GRACE I. FOSTER.



1. I'll sing of the sto - ry how Je - sus from glo - ry Has
 2. His glo - ry im - mor - tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has
 3. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A

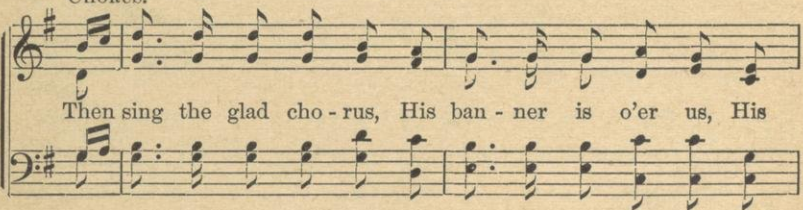


säved a poor sin - ner like me, That all who believe him, and
 banished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as - cend - ed, the
 tide to e - ter - ni - ty's sea, To swell the old sto - ry with

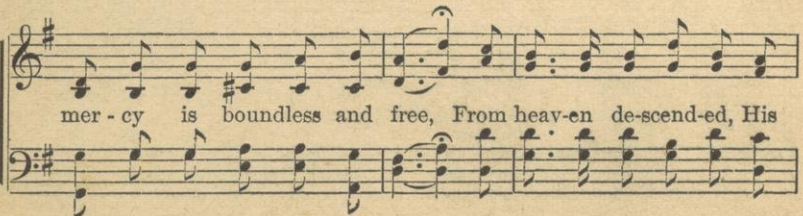


all who re - ceive him, His bless - ed sal - va - tion may see.
 darkness is end - ed, And now he is might - y to save.
 voi - ces in glo - ry, He saved a poor sin - ner like me.

CHORUS.



Then sing the glad cho - rus, His ban - ner is o'er us, His



mer - cy is boundless and free, From heav - en de - scend - ed, His

TO SAVE A POOR SINNER LIKE ME. Concluded.

love is ex-tend-ed, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

No. 75. BENEATH HIS WING.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be-neath his wing I sweet-ly rest, While balmy peace reigns in my breast;
2. A-midst all dangers, seen or known, His guardian wing is o'er me thrown;
3. This heav'n'ly wing, so wide-ly spread, Is o-ver me wher-e'er I tread;
4. When wasting on the bed of death, I still can sing with dy-ing breath;

I nev-er need a foe to dread, While his bright wing is o'er me spread.
It soothes me with its mag-ic pow'r, And turns to light the darkest hour.
It ban-ish-es all gloom and fear To feel as-sured his wing is near.
For round me I can clear-ly see Christ's wing of love o'er-arch-ing me.

REFRAIN. *Repeat softly.*

Be-neath his wing, be-neath his wing.
Be-neath his wing my heart doth sing, be-neath, be-neath his wing.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I
 2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing
 3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the
 4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
 5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with -

still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing
 voice de - spise, And base - ly his kind
 clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing
 bond - age live? I wait, but he does
 out de - lay: Vain world, fare - well, from

years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
 care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 to re - ceive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve?
 not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, oh, hear him, Call - ing, oh, hear him, God is
 God is calling yet, God is calling yet,

GOD IS CALLING YET. Concluded.

call-ing yet, oh, hear him calling, calling, Call - ing, oh, hear him,
God is calling yet,

Call - ing, oh, hear him, God is calling yet, oh, hear him calling yet.
God is calling yet,

No. 77. ZION.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

No. 78. OLIVET.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

WM. H. GARDNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. See the sig - nal lights are burning, From the Captain comes the
 2. Be not at your sta - tion sleeping, For the message may be
 3. Ev - 'ry Christian should be rea - dy For the sig - nal light di-

sign; Now the messengers are hast'ning: Watch, then, all along the line.
 thine; There is need of ev - 'ry sol - dier: Watch, then, all along the line.
 vine; So, then, man the posts of du - ty: Watch ye, all along the line.

CHORUS.

Watch! watch! watch! the sig - nal lights now brightly shine! Hark! hark!

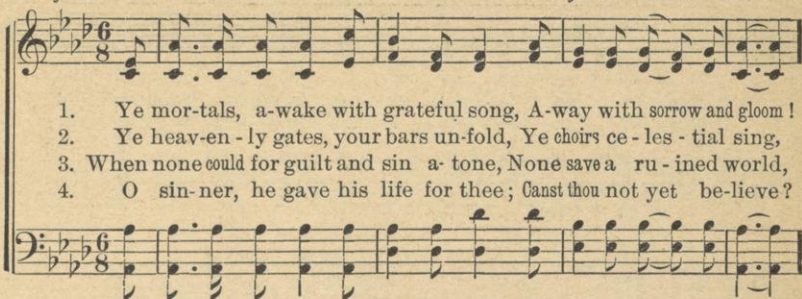
hark! you're wanted all a - long the line. Watch the sig - nal lights,

Watch the sig - nal lights, Watch all a - long the line.

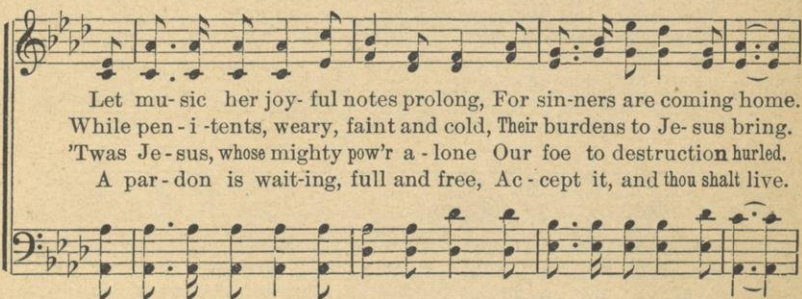
No. 80. REJOICE, SALVATION IS FREE.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

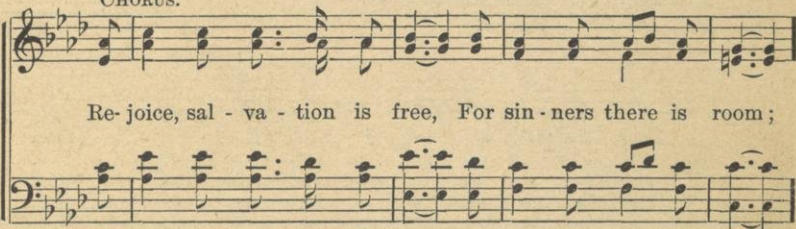


1. Ye mor-tals, a-wake with grateful song, A-way with sorrow and gloom !
 2. Ye heav-en - ly gates, your bars un-fold, Ye choirs ce - les - tial sing,
 3. When none could for guilt and sin a - tone, None save a ru - ined world,
 4. O sin-ner, he gave his life for thee; Canst thou not yet be-lieve?

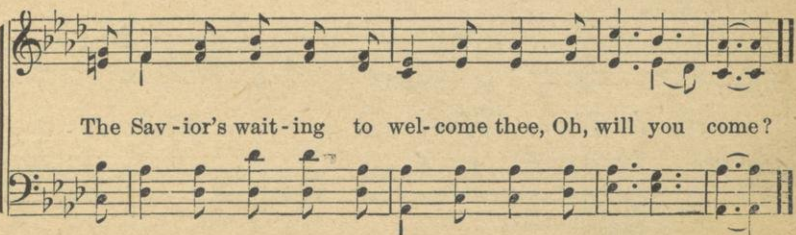


Let mu-sic her joy-ful notes prolong, For sin-ners are coming home.
 While pen-i-tents, weary, faint and cold, Their burdens to Je-sus bring.
 'Twas Je-sus, whose mighty pow'r a-lone Our foe to destruction hurled.
 A par-don is wait-ing, full and free, Ac-cept it, and thou shalt live.

CHORUS.



Re-joyce, sal - va - tion is free, For sin-ners there is room;



The Sav-ior's wait-ing to wel-come thee, Oh, will you come?

No. 81.

NEARER EVERY DAY.

CHAS H. GABRIEL.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

1 Near - er to Je - sus I am draw - ing ev - 'ry day,
 2 Near - er to Je - sus ev - 'ry morn - ing, noon and night,
 3 Near - er to Je - sus I am long - ing yet to be,

Clos - er cling - ing to his side I press on my way;
 Liv - ing in his coun - sel, and sus - tained by his might,
 Near - er, near - er, till his bless - ed face I can see,

Sweet - er falls the mu - sic of his voice up - on mine ear,
 All the way my soul re - joic - es in his pre - cious love,
 Near - er till a - round the throne, with all the ransom'd throng,

Hop - ing, trust - ing, wait - ing, I have noth - ing to fear.
 And I'll trust him till at last I'm crown - ed a - bove.
 I shall see him face to face, and praise him in song.

CHORUS.

Near - er, near - er,
 Near - er, near - er, ev - er near - er, Nearer, blessed Je - sus,

NEARER EVERY DAY. Concluded.

Near - er draw me to thee,
Nearer, near-er, draw me to thee, Clos - er yet I would be;

Whisper sweet-est words of com - fort, hold and strengthen me;

Help me, Sav - ior, help me to be near - er to thee.

No. 82. SAVIOR LIKE A SHEPHERD.

Key of E flat.

- 1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'ring care.
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare!
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.:||
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.:||

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

No. 83. THE SOLID ROCK.

Key of G.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
||: All other ground is sinking sand.:||
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
||: All other ground is sinking sand.:||

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

No. 84.

GATHERING HOME.

MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. M. M'INTOSH.

1. Up to the bountiful Giver of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . gath-er-ing home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

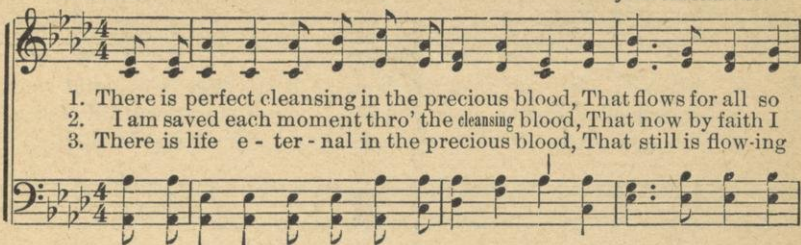
Never to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! . . .
 Gathering home!

gathering home! . . . God's children are gath-er-ing home.
 gathering home!

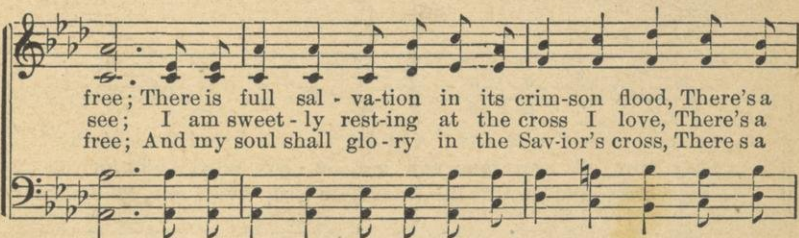
No. 85. THERE'S A BLESSING FOR ME.

H. E. BLAIR.

J. H. HATHAWAY.

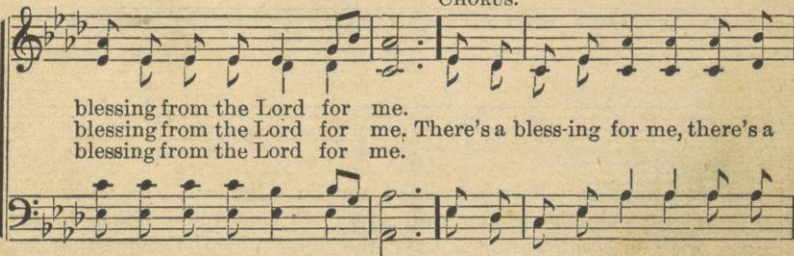


1. There is perfect cleansing in the precious blood, That flows for all so
 2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleansing blood, That now by faith I
 3. There is life e - ter - nal in the precious blood, That still is flow-ing

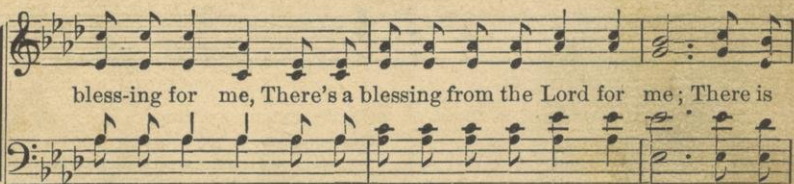


free; There is full sal - va - tion in its crim - son flood, There's a
 see; I am sweet - ly rest - ing at the cross I love, There's a
 free; And my soul shall glo - ry in the Sav - ior's cross, There's a

CHORUS.



blessing from the Lord for me.
 blessing from the Lord for me, There's a blessing for me, there's a
 blessing from the Lord for me.



bless - ing for me, There's a blessing from the Lord for me; There is



full sal - va - tion in the crimson flood, There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

No. 86.

JESUS LIVES.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN.

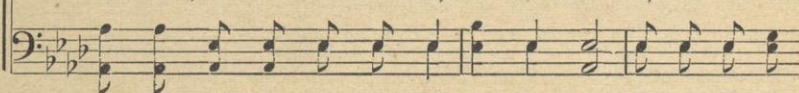
A. F. MYERS.



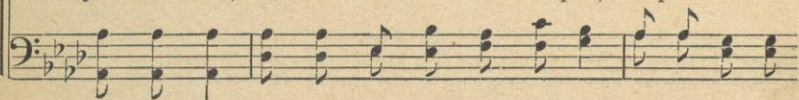
1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheerful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!



Send the wel-come word a - long, Je - sus lives! Once he died for
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and
Lift the cross, and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the



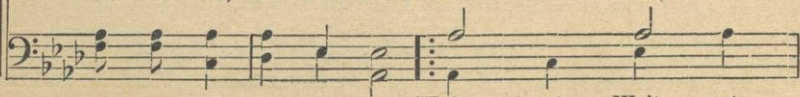
you and me, Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to
all man-kind, Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus
pris - on wall, Throws a - side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at



CHORUS.



make us free, Je - sus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen,
all may find, Je - sus lives!
once for all, Je - sus lives! Wait not,



Wait not, Wait not,

JESUS LIVES. Concluded.

till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and sing for Je - sus
Sing, sing,

Sing for Je sus,

everywhere you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high, Ringing clear thro'

earth and sky, Let the bless - ed ti - dings fly, Je - sus lives.

*Repeat Chorus pp
Rit.*

No. 87. TELL IT TO JESUS.

BY PER.



- 1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus!
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus!
Have you sins that to men's eyes are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 3 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus!
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

No. 88. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

BY PER.



- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

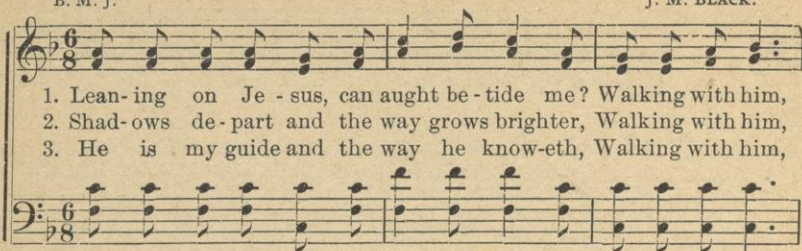
- 3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

REV. R. LOWRY.

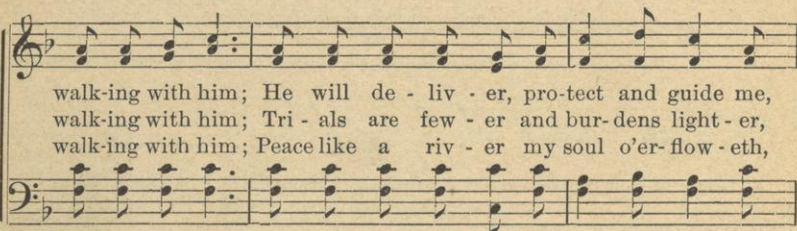
No. 89. WALKING WITH HIM TO-DAY.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

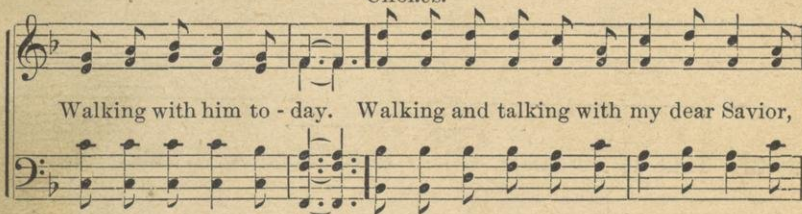


1. Lean-ing on Je - sus, can aught be-tide me? Walking with him,
 2. Shad-ows de-part and the way grows brighter, Walking with him,
 3. He is my guide and the way he know-eth, Walking with him,

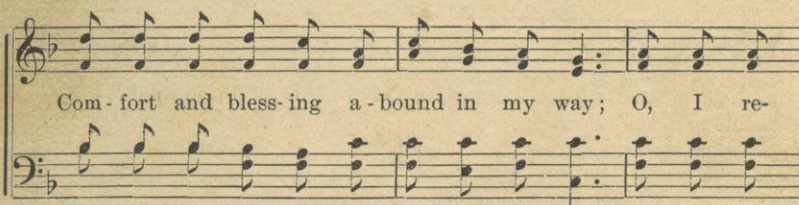


walk-ing with him; He will de - liv - er, pro-ect and guide me,
 walk-ing with him; Tri - als are few - er and bur-dens light - er,
 walk-ing with him; Peace like a riv - er my soul o'er-flow - eth,

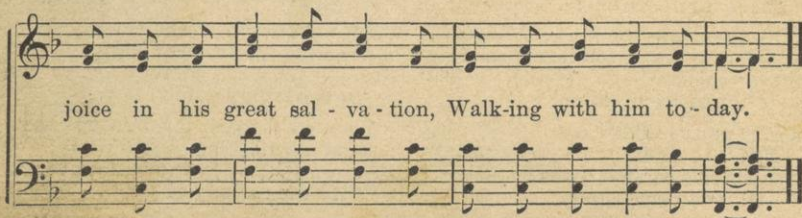
CHORUS.



Walking with him to - day. Walking and talking with my dear Savior,



Com - fort and bless-ing a - bound in my way; O, I re-



joice in his great sal - va - tion, Walk-ing with him to - day.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Has thy life a hid-den sor-row, Is thy soul beneath a cloud?
 2. Are there thorns thy path bestrewing, Stones to wound thy wea-ry feet,
 3. Art thou sad and heav-y la-den, Light will fol-low af-ter this,

Waits for thee no glad to-mor-row, Shadows dark thy way enshroud?
 Burning tears thine eyes be-dew-ing, Bit-ter drops with ev-'ry sweet?
 And thy joy will e'er be deep-er In the heav'nly realms of bliss.

Tell it to the Lord, thy Sav-ior, He will all thy griefs dis-pel,
 Tell it to the Lord, thy Sav-ior, He doth all thy troubles see,
 Tell it to the Lord, thy Sav-ior, He thy spir-it will sus-tain;

Till thy heart with joy shall triumph, For he do-eth all things well.
 And his ten-der grace shall ev-er For thy day suf-fi-cient be.
 Trust him tho' the shadows gath-er, It will soon be light a-gain.

No. 91.

"BETTER NOT."

(Suggested by Bishop Vincent's book entitled "Better Not.")

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Vigorously.

1. Bet-ter not in-dulge the crav-ings Of per-vert-ed ap-pe-
 2. Bet-ter not in-dulge the crav-ings Of an err-ing hu-man
 3. Bet-ter not in-dulge a - muse-ments That may cause a friend to

tite; O, re-sist its fear-ful clam-or, Trusting in Je-
 mind, Fill-ing it with noi-some pois-ons, So de-struc-tive
 fall; Rocks of-fen-sive, stones of stumbling, Bet-ter shun them

ho-vah's might; Meet its sub-tile, strong temp-ta-tions With a
 in their kind; Meet all sub-tile, strong temp-ta-tions With a
 one and all; Meet their sub-tile, strong temp-ta-tions With a

steadfast, true and earn-est } Bet-ter not, bet-ter not.
 steadfast, true and earn-est }
 steadfast, true and earn-est } Bet-ter not, bet-ter not.

"BETTER NOT." Concluded.

CHORUS.

Bet - ter not, bet - ter not, When the tempt - er
Bet - ter not, bet - ter not,

doth as - sail you, Such a weap-on will a - vail you; Use it

in the name of God, Firm - ly say - ing Bet - ter

not, Bet - ter not, bet - ter not.
Bet - ter not, bet - ter not.

Repeat pp after last stanza.

No. 92. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

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

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

- 2 For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

No. 93. IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

ALICE M. SCHOFF.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. In the days of thy youth, oh, re-mem-ber Thy Cre-
 2. In the days of thy strength and thy beau-ty, In the
 3. With the prayer of deep love and de-vo-tion, With the

a - tor, the Giv - er of good, He who has watched o - ver and
 days of thy hope and thy pow'r, For-get not the lov-ing Cre-
 glad hymn of glo - ry and praise, Re-mem-ber thy Lord and Cre-

loved thee, He who gives thee thy rai-ment and food.
 a - tor, Who re-mem-bers thee each pass-ing hour.
 a - tor, Ev - 'ry one of these swift pass-ing days.

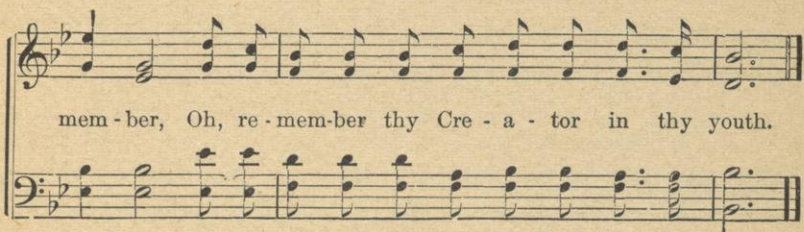
CHORUS.

Oh, re-mem-ber, oh, re-mem-ber,
 Oh, re-mem-ber, oh, re - mem-ber, Oh, re-mem-ber in the

IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH. Concluded.



days of thy youth, Oh, re-mem-ber, oh, re-
Oh, re-mem-ber,



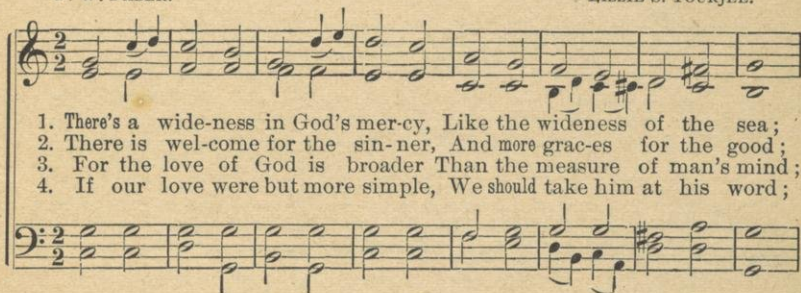
mem-ber, Oh, re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor in thy youth.

No. 94.

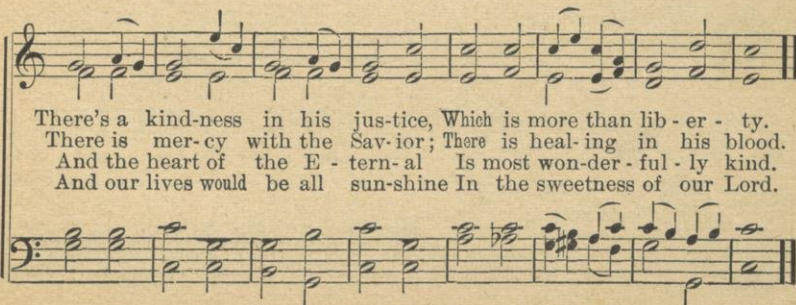
WELLESLEY.

F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;



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

No. 95. MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.

REV. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

R. H. RANDALL.

1. What - so - ev - er things were spoken, In the thoughts of Christ made
 2. Not a ray of light has vanished, Not a beam has been with-
 3. 'Tis the same e - ter - nal sto - ry, Thro' the long and wasting

known, Not a word of his is brok - en, Not a
 drawn, Not a sin - gle state - ment banished, Since cre-
 years, Shin - ing in re - splen - dent glo - ry, And in

CHORUS.

truth has been o'er-thrown.
 a - tion's glo - rious dawn. Je - sus' words, . . . Je - sus'
 glo - ry yet ap - pears. Je - sus' words,

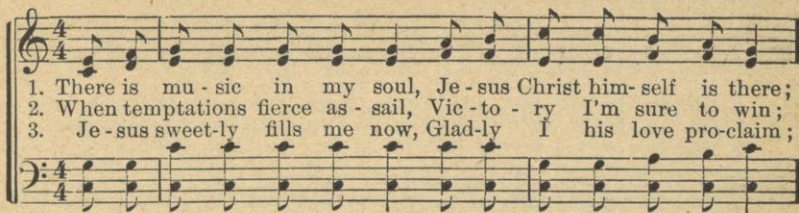
words, . . . Je - sus' words are his a - lone, Not a
 Je - sus' words,

truth, . . . not a truth, . . . Not a truth has been o'er-thrown.
 Not a truth, Not a truth,

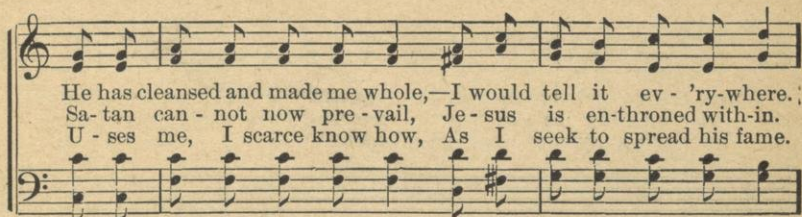
No. 96. THERE IS MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

F. S. SHEPHERD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There is mu - sic in my soul, Je - sus Christ him - self is there;
2. When temptations fierce as - sail, Vic - to - ry I'm sure to win;
3. Je - sus sweet - ly fills me now, Glad - ly I his love pro - claim;

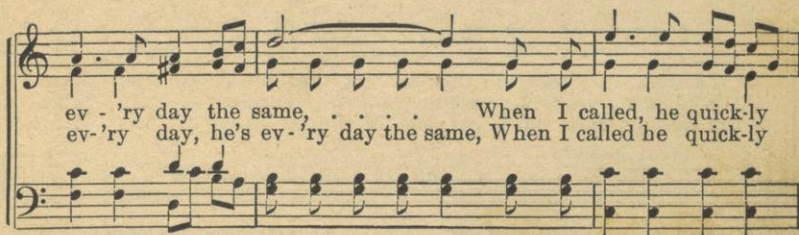


He has cleansed and made me whole, — I would tell it ev - 'ry - where.
Sa - tan can - not now pre - vail, Je - sus is en - throned with - in.
U - ses me, I scarce know how, As I seek to spread his fame.

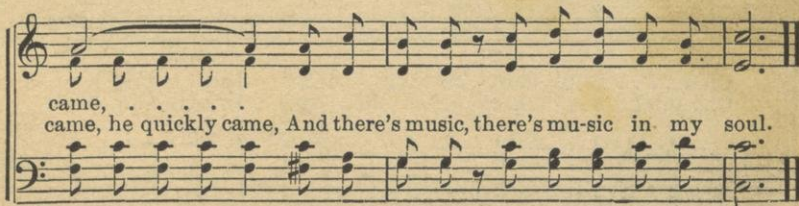
CHORUS.



Now I praise his ho - ly name, For he's
Now I praise his ho - ly name, I praise his name, For he's



ev - 'ry day the same, When I called, he quick - ly
ev - 'ry day, he's ev - 'ry day the same, When I called he quick - ly




came,
came, he quickly came, And there's music, there's mu - sic in my soul.

No. 97.


OVER YONDER.

FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. MALE QUARTETTE.


GEO. C. STEBBINS.




1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In the land of won - der,
 2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder
 3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der



Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle And the an - gel harp - ers sing;
 Of look - ing to the East to see The bless - ed day - star bring
 Why clings my poor weak, sinful heart To a - ny earth - ly thing;



To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anxious dread to - morrow,
 Some ti - dings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day breaking;
 Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er,



To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
 My heart is yearning, yearning For the presence of the King.
 But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.

CHORUS.



Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, In . . . that land of
 Oh! to be o - ver yon - der, yon - der, In that land, that

OVER YONDER. Concluded.

Rit. Repeat pp, if desired.

won - der, There . . . to be for-ev - er In the presence of the King.
land of wonder, There to be for - ev - er

No. 98. WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where will you spend eternity? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma-ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins away;
3. Leaving the straight and narrow way, Going the downward road to-day,
4. Repent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Savior's grace and pow'r;

Tell me what shall your answer be? Where will you spend eterni-ty?
Hea'vn shall their happy portion be, Where will you spend eterni-ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end-ing be,—Lost thro' a long e-ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joyous answer be, Saved thro' a long e-ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

E-ter - ni - ty! e-ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e-ter-ni - ty?
3d v. E-ter - ni - ty! e-ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e-ter - ni - ty!
4th v. E-ter - ni - ty! e-ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e-ter - ni - ty!

No. 99.

BE NOT AFRAID.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
 3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And molds the golden day.
 And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide his face;
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in his bos-om hides.

The dark - est night to him is light, And thro' the shine or shade
 But sweet - ly whispers while his hands Up-on his own are laid,—
 On nois - y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deepest shade,

He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
 "Lo! at thy side thy Father stands, My child, be not a - fraid."
 That voice is heard with accents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

BE NOT AFRAID. Concluded.

f CHORUS. *p*

Be not a-fraid, . . . Be not a-fraid, . . .
Child, be not, be not a-fraid, Child, be not, be not a-fraid,

Cres.

The dark-est night to him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,

ff *pp*

Be not a-fraid, . . . Be not a-fraid, . . .
Child, be not, be not a-fraid, Child, be not, be not a-fraid.

Cres.

He speaks in tones of ten-der might, "My child, be not a-fraid."

No. 100. AZMON.

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

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

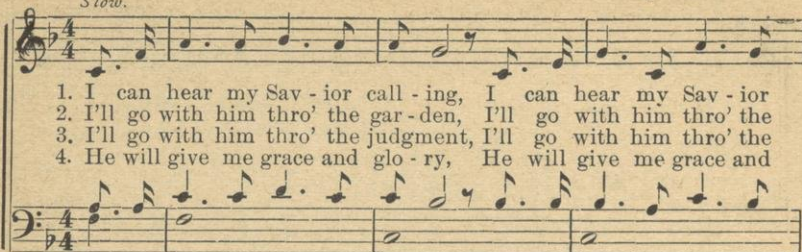
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 101.

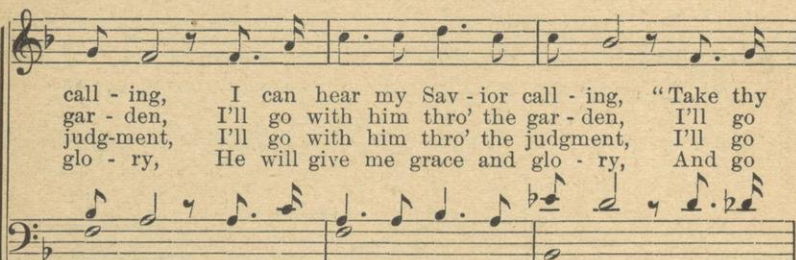
THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

E. W. BLANDLY.
Slow.

ARR. BY REV. J. S. NORRIS.




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

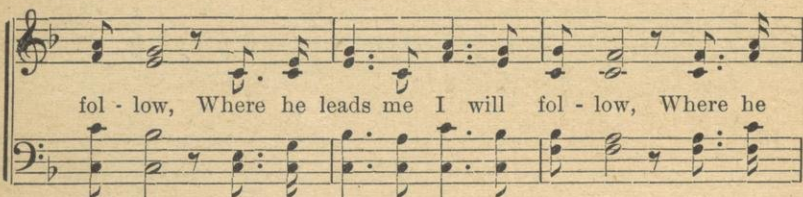


call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy
 gar - den, I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go
 judg - ment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go
 glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go

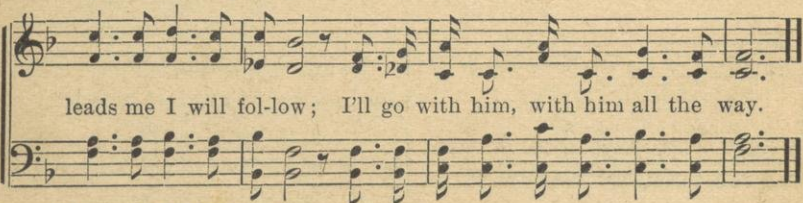
CHORUS.



cross, and fol - low, fol - low me."
 with him, with him all the way.
 with him, with him all the way. Where he leads me I will
 with me, with me all the way.



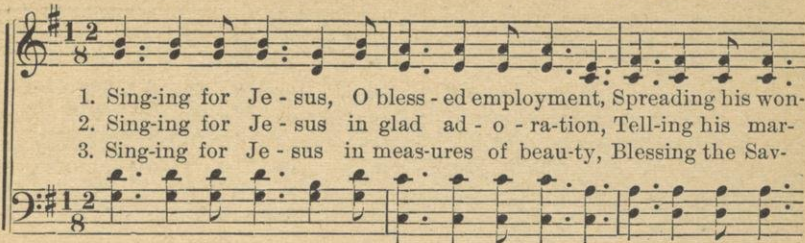
fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he



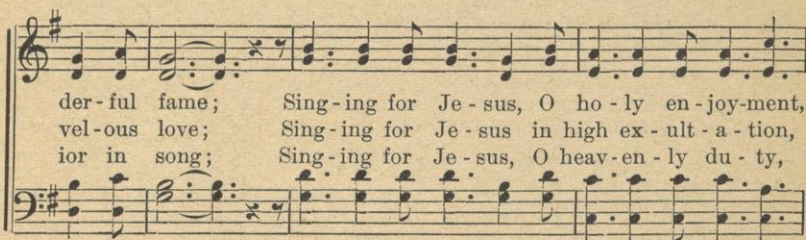
leads me I will fol - low; I'll go with him, with him all the way.

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

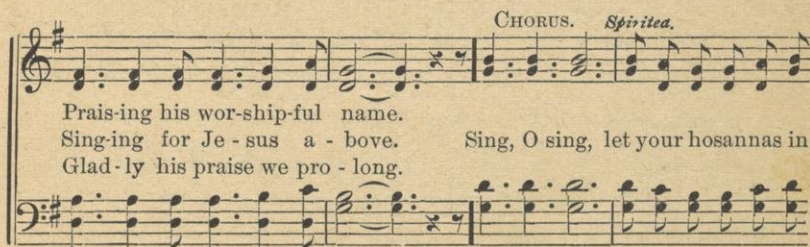


1. Sing-ing for Je - sus, O bless - ed em-ploy-ment, Spread-ing his won-
 2. Sing-ing for Je - sus in glad ad - o - ra-tion, Tell-ing his mar-
 3. Sing-ing for Je - sus in meas-ures of beau-ty, Bless-ing the Sav-

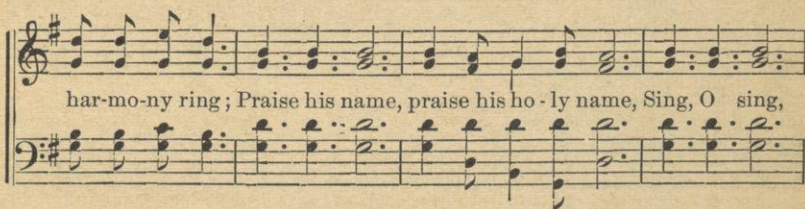


der-ful fame; Sing-ing for Je - sus, O ho - ly en-joy-ment,
 vel-ous love; Sing-ing for Je - sus in high ex - ult - a - tion,
 ior in song; Sing-ing for Je - sus, O heav-en - ly du - ty,

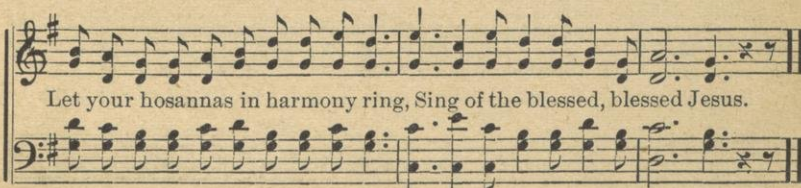
CHORUS. *Spirited.*



Prais-ing his wor-ship-ful name.
 Sing-ing for Je - sus a - bove. Sing, O sing, let your hosannas in
 Glad-ly his praise we pro - long.



har-mo-ny ring; Praise his name, praise his ho - ly name, Sing, O sing,

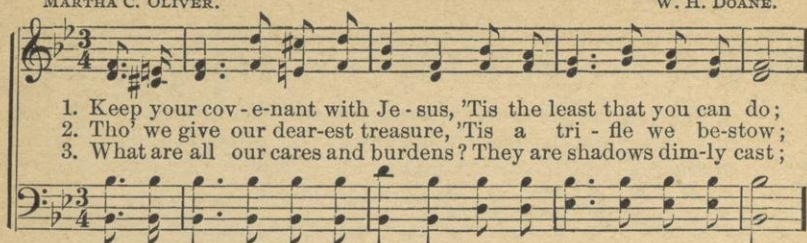


Let your hosannas in harmony ring, Sing of the blessed, blessed Jesus.

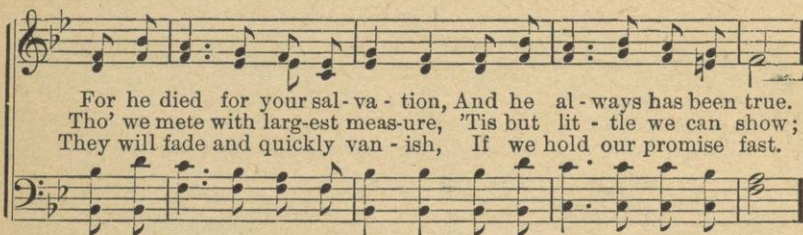
No.103. KEEP YOUR COVENANT WITH JESUS.

MARTHA C. OLIVER.

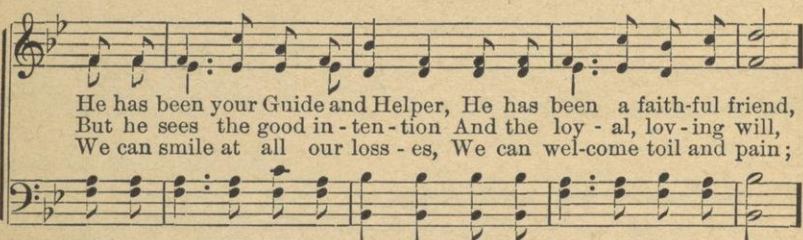
W. H. DOANE.



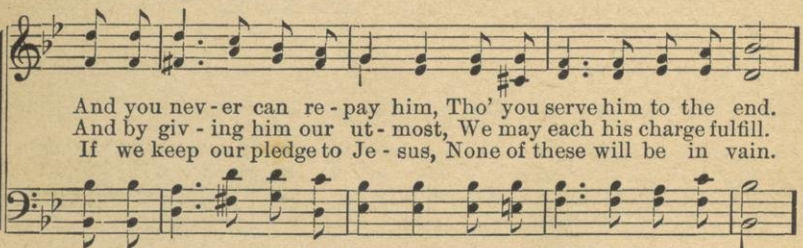
1. Keep your cov-e-nant with Je-sus, 'Tis the least that you can do;
2. Tho' we give our dear-est treasure, 'Tis a tri-ble we be-stow;
3. What are all our cares and burdens? They are shadows dim-ly cast;



For he died for your sal-va-tion, And he al-ways has been true.
Tho' we mete with larg-est meas-ure, 'Tis but lit-tle we can show;
They will fade and quickly van-ish, If we hold our promise fast.

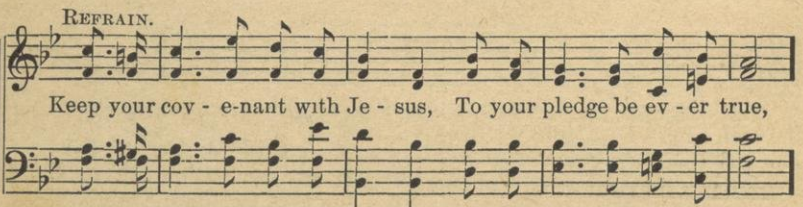


He has been your Guide and Helper, He has been a faith-ful friend,
But he sees the good in-ten-tion And the loy-al, lov-ing will,
We can smile at all our loss-es, We can wel-come toil and pain;



And you nev-er can re-pay him, Tho' you serve him to the end.
And by giv-ing him our ut-most, We may each his charge fulfill.
If we keep our pledge to Je-sus, None of these will be in vain.

REFRAIN.



Keep your cov-e-nant with Je-sus, To your pledge be ev-er true,

KEEP YOUR COVENANT WITH JESUS. Concluded.

For he gave himself your ransom ; Yes, he died, he died for you.

No. 104. WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

J. HART.

ARR. BY W. J. K.

1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ; Repent, thine end is nigh ; }
 { Death, at the farthest, can't be far, O think be-fore thou die. }
 2. { Re-lect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins, how high they mount ! }
 { What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account? }

REFRAIN.

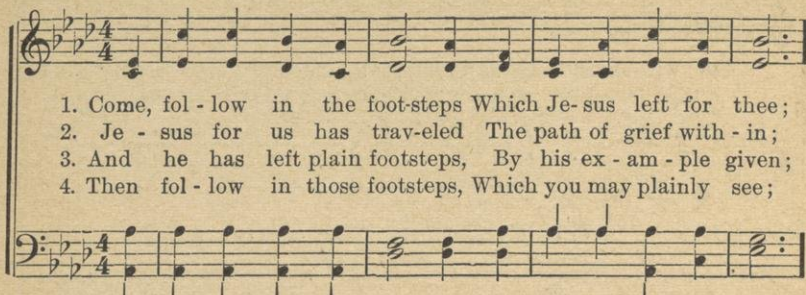
We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,

We are pass - ing a - way To the last judg-ment day.

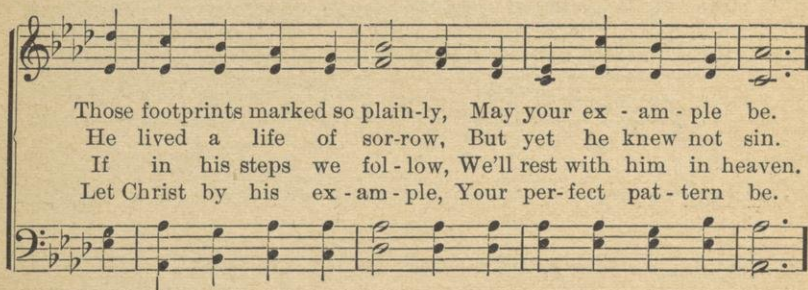
- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Death enters, and there's no defense ; | 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care) |
| His time there's none can tell ; | Shall into dust consume ; |
| He'll in a moment call thee hence, | But, ah ! destruction ends not there ; |
| To heaven, or down to hell. | Sin kills beyond the tomb. |

LIZZIE ASBACH.

GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.

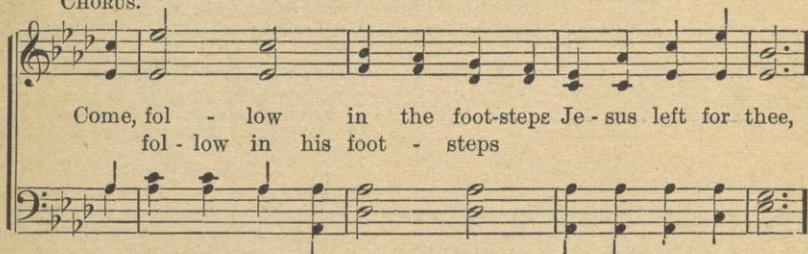


1. Come, fol - low in the foot-steps Which Je - sus left for thee;
 2. Je - sus for us has trav-eled The path of grief with - in;
 3. And he has left plain footsteps, By his ex - am - ple given;
 4. Then fol - low in those footsteps, Which you may plainly see;



Those footprints marked so plain-ly, May your ex - am - ple be.
 He lived a life of sor-row, But yet he knew not sin.
 If in his steps we fol-low, We'll rest with him in heaven.
 Let Christ by his ex - am - ple, Your per-fect pat - tern be.

CHORUS.



Come, fol - low in the foot-steps Je - sus left for thee,
 fol - low in his foot - steps



Oh, let the bless-ed Sav-ior Your ex - am - ple be.
 let the bless - ed Je - sus

No. 106.

INVOCATION HYMN.

REV. LEVI GILBERT, D. D.

LADIES' QUARTET.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Met with-in this hallowed place, Lord, thy mercy now extend ; Grant the
2. May the Scriptures read to-night, Cheer us, Lord, throughout the week ! Let a
3. As we tes - ti - fy or kneel, Give us full sin - cer - i - ty ; Warm our



showers of thy grace, Strength and consolation lend ; Leagues by thousands every-
bliss from heaven's height Come to all who pray or speak. From all care bring sweet re-
hearts that each may feel What a friend he has in thee. Rule our thoughts and words this



1. Leagues by
2. From all
3. Rule our



where,	Join with ours their ev'ning pray'r,
lease,	Grant us comfort, light and peace,
hour,	Flood us with the Spirit's pow'r,



thousands everywhere,	Join with ours their ev'ning pray'r.
care bring sweet release,	Grant us comfort, light and peace.
thoughts and words this hour,	Flood us with the Spirit's pow'r.



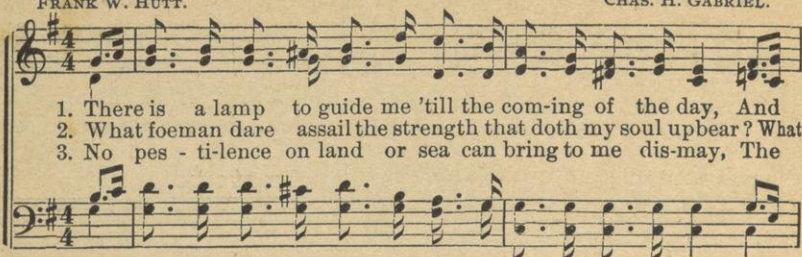
Leagues by thousands everywhere, Join with ours . their ev'ning pray'r.
From all care bring sweet release, Grant us com - fort, light and peace.
Rule our thoughts and words this hour, Flood us with . . the Spir - its pow'r.



Join with ours
Grant us com-
Flood us with

FRANK W. HUTT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There is a lamp to guide me 'till the com-ing of the day, And
 2. What foe-man dare assail the strength that doth my soul upbear? What
 3. No pes - ti-lence on land or sea can bring to me dis-may, The

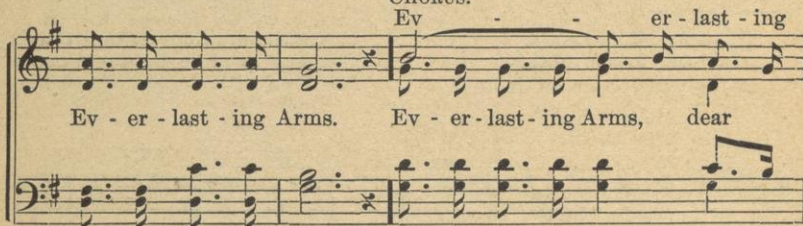


words of cheer to soothe my vain a-larms; With an - gels charged to
 si - ren e - vil con-quer with her charms? What sud-den cloud of
 li - on in the path no long-er harms; The deep, dark riv-er

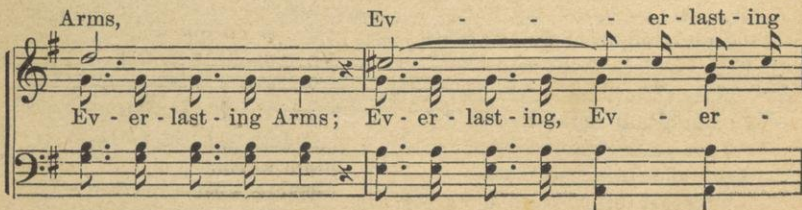


keep me, lest my foot-steps turn a - way, And un - der-neath are
 sor - row cast a shad - ow of despair, While un - der-neath are
 hath no ter - ror in its cold ar - ray, For un - der-neath are

CHORUS.



Ev - er - last - ing Arms. Ev - er - last - ing Arms, dear



Arms, Ev - er - last - ing Arms; Ev - er - last - ing, Ev - er -

EVERLASTING ARMS. Concluded.

Arms.

last - ing Arms. With an - gels charged to keep me, lest my

foot-steps turn a-way, And un - der-neath are Ev - er - last - ing Arms,

No. 108. MARTIN.

Key of F.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 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:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

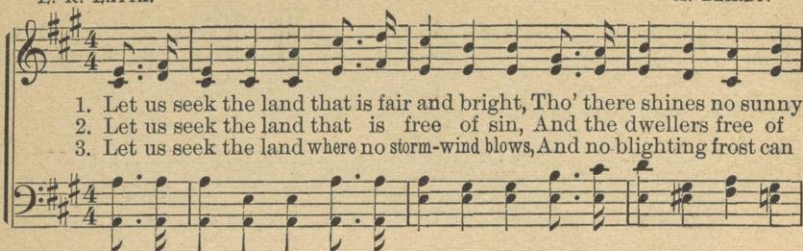
No. 109. WORK.

Key of F.

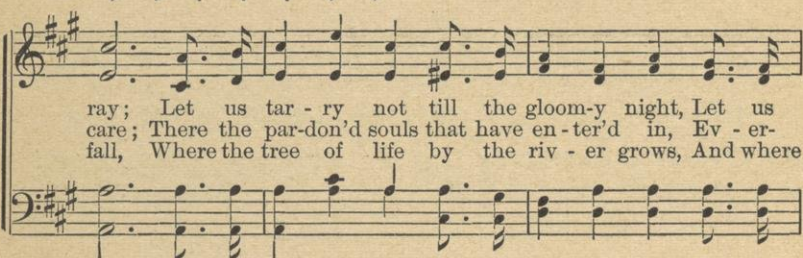
- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying moment
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 dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

E. R. LATTÄ.

A. BEIRLY.

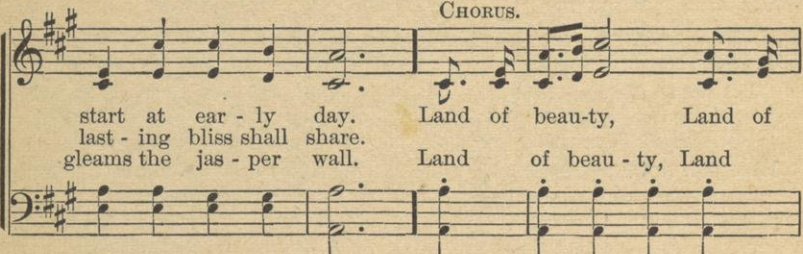


1. Let us seek the land that is fair and bright, Tho' there shines no sunny
 2. Let us seek the land that is free of sin, And the dwellers free of
 3. Let us seek the land where no storm-wind blows, And no blighting frost can

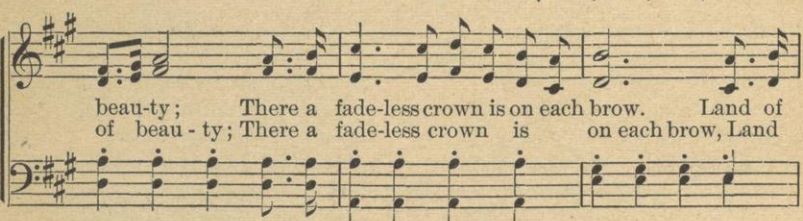


ray; Let us tar-ry not till the gloom-y night, Let us
 care; There the par-don'd souls that have en-ter'd in, Ev-er-
 fall, Where the tree of life by the riv-er grows, And where

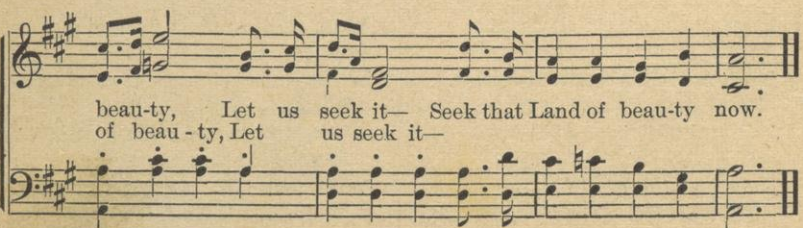
CHORUS.



start at ear-ly day. Land of beau-ty, Land of
 last-ing bliss shall share.
 gleams the jas-per wall. Land of beau-ty, Land



beau-ty; There a fade-less crown is on each brow. Land of
 of beau-ty; There a fade-less crown is on each brow, Land



beau-ty, Let us seek it— Seek that Land of beau-ty now.
 of beau-ty, Let us seek it—

No. 111.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That oth-ers may be-hold!
 2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a-broad;
 3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see

Its glow-ing rays perchance may bring Some wand'rer to the fold.
 'Twill show the world you're not ashamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
 Your works of mer-cy and of love, That they may fol-low thee.

CHORUS.

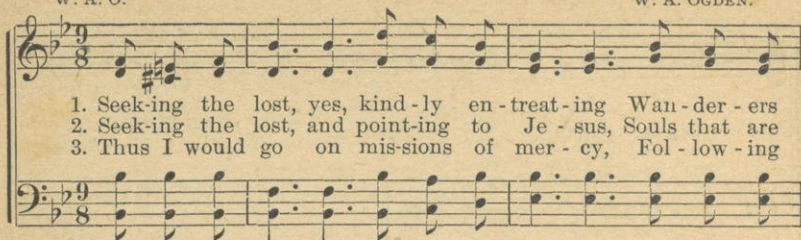
Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light (brightly)

shine, Oh, let it shine brightly shine; It may prove a bea-con-light to some

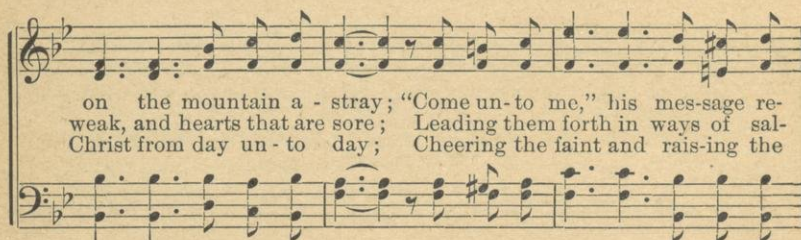
trav'ler in the night, Let your light shine, brightly shine. . . .
 Let your light shine, let your light brightly shine.

W. A. O.

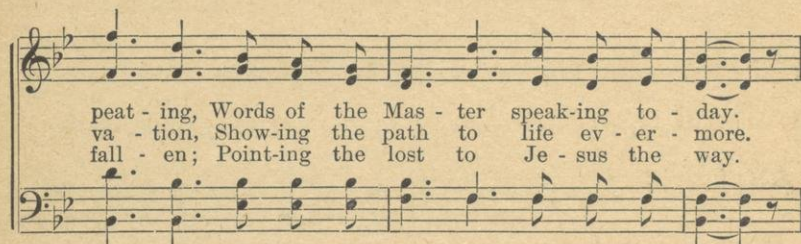
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
 3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing



on the mountain a-stray; "Come un-to me," his mes-sage re-
 weak, and hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal-
 Christ from day un-to day; Cheering the faint and rais-ing the

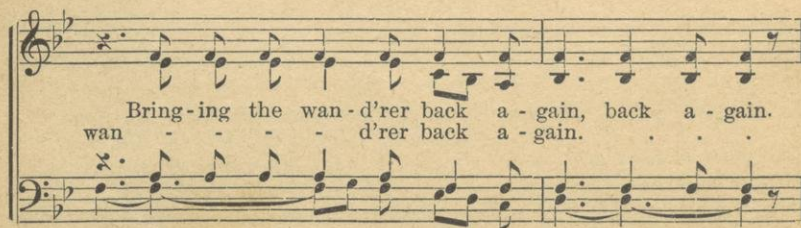


peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
 va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
 fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus the way.

CHORUS.



Go-ing a-far upon the mountain,
 Going a-far upon the moun-tain, Bringing the



Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a-gain, back a-gain.
 wan-d'rer back a-gain.

SEEKING THE LOST. Concluded.

In-to the fold of my Re-deem - er, . . . Jesus the
 Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.
 Lamb for sin - ners slain. . . .

No. 113. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 114. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

BY PER.



1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
 The fountain deep and wide,
 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 Points to his wounded side.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream I see, I see!
 I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
 Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
 It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
 I hear the speaking blood!
 It speaks! polluted nature dies!
 Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world of sin,
 With heart made pure, and garments white,
 And Christ enthroned within.

No. 115.

SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

ANNA CHICHESTER.

JOHN TIBBALS.

1. I am walking with the Sav-ior in the blessed narrow way, I am
 2. In my grief he's con-so-la-tion, in my tri-als he's my stay, I am
 3. When I fal-ter in my weakness, on his arm he bids me lean, I am

satisfied with Christ my Lord; Once my soul was in the darkness, now has
 satisfied with Christ my Lord; With his tender arms around me I can
 satisfied with Christ my Lord; When temptationsoverwhelm me, with his

D. S. nev - er will for - sake me, but will
Fine

dawned the gold - en day, I am sat - is - fied with Christ my Lord.
 nev - er know dis-may, I am sat - is - fied with Christ my Lord.
 blood he makes me clean, I am sat - is - fied with Christ my Lord.

ev - er be my guide, I am sat - is - fied with Christ my Lord.

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied . . . yes, I am sat - is - fied
 with Je - sus, with Je - sus,

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

MARY P. NOWLAN.

FREDERIC H. PEASE.

1. Do the will of Him who saved thee By his blood so free-ly shed :
 2. Do His will, e'en though it bring thee Earth-ly loss and scorn and hate ;
 3. In the way thy Lord didst trav - el, He has said, "Come, follow me ;

Do his will, with-out complain-ing, Whereso - ev - er thou art led.
 Humbly do the work assigned thee, Whether it be small or great.
 Feed my lambs, nor seek to question What thy brother's tho't may be."

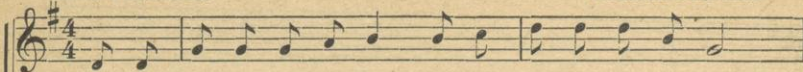
REFRAIN.

What is that to thee? What is that to thee?

Thou art called to fol - low! Fol - low, fol - low me!

REV. WM. APPEL.

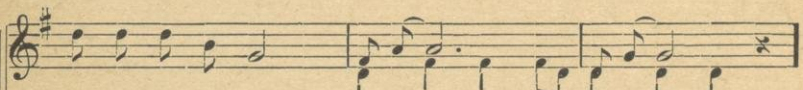
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. If you have a song to sing For the great and glorious King
2. If you have for pain a balm, Or a word the storm to calm
3. Would you do the Master's will, Souls a-hungred would you fill,



Sing it, sing it, If you have a word to say Of his
 Sing it now, oh, sing it now;
 Give it, give it, If you wish a soul to cheer, Or to
 Give it now, oh, give it now;
 Do it, do it, Would you spread the Savior's peace, And good
 Do it now, oh, do it now,



sweet and blessed way, Say it, say it,
 wipe a - way a tear, Say it now, oh, say it now.
 will to man in-crease, Do it, do it,
 Do it now, oh, do it now.
 Do it, do it,
 Do it now, oh, do it now.



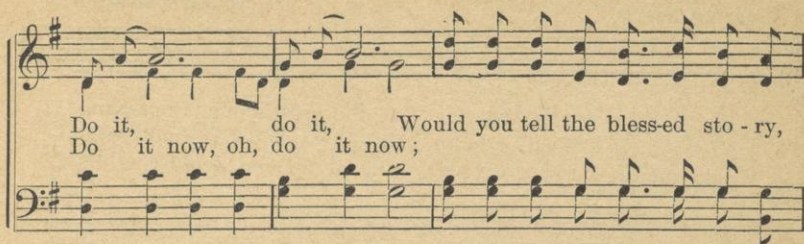
CHORUS.



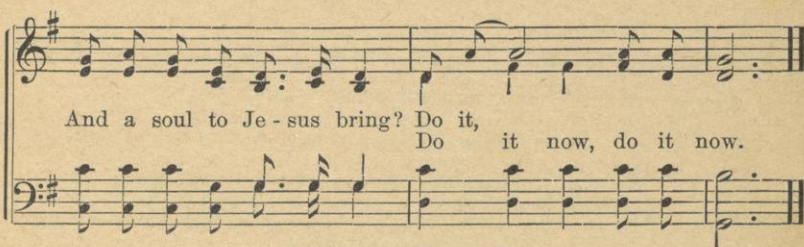
Would you save your gen - er - a - tion, Would you serve your Lord and King?



NOW. Concluded.



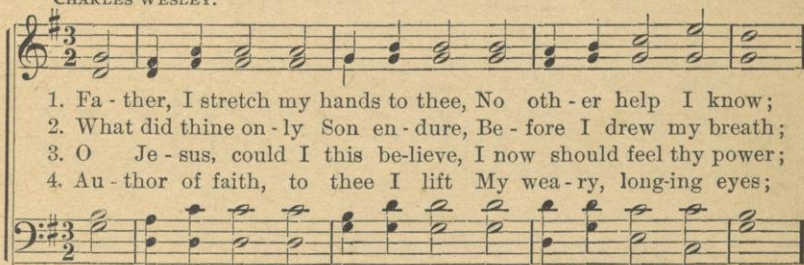
Do it, do it, Would you tell the bless-ed sto-ry,
Do it now, oh, do it now;



And a soul to Je-sus bring? Do it,
Do it now, do it now.

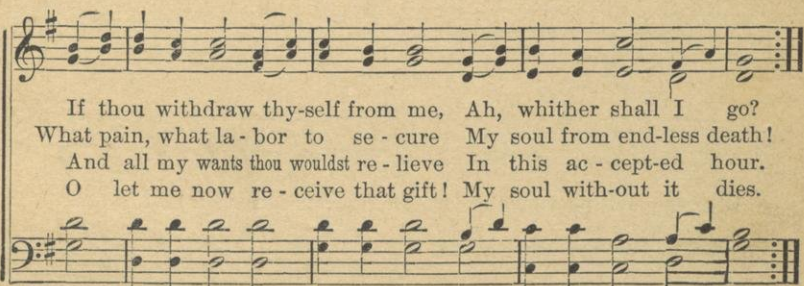
No. 118. I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY.



1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy power;
4. Au-thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;

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



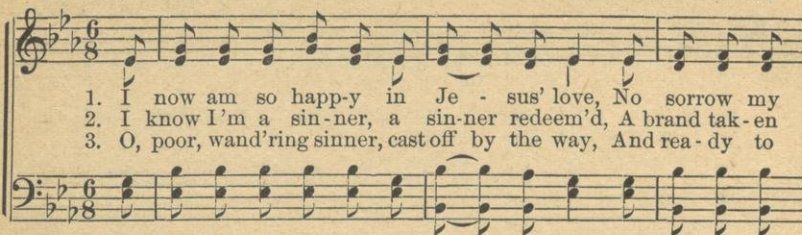
If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants thou wouldst re-lieve In this ac-cept-ed hour.
O let me now re-ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

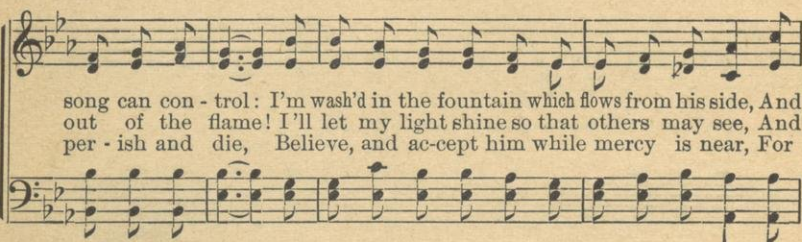
No. 119. WHY NOT COME TO HIM NOW?

REV. A. S. DOBBS, D. D.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

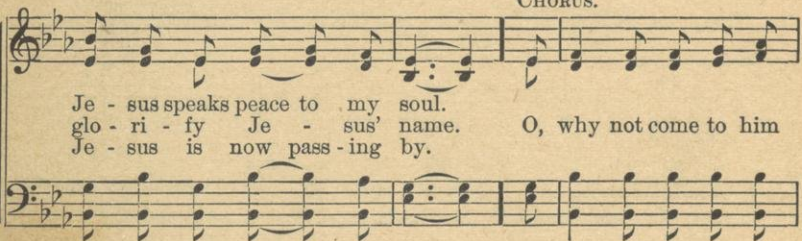


1. I now am so happy in Je - sus' love, No sorrow my
 2. I know I'm a sin-ner, a sin-ner redeem'd, A brand tak-en
 3. O, poor, wand'ring sinner, cast off by the way, And rea-dy to

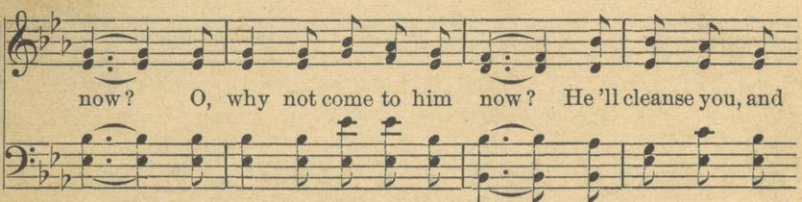


song can con-trol: I'm wash'd in the fountain which flows from his side, And
 out of the flame! I'll let my light shine so that others may see, And
 per-ish and die, Believe, and ac-cept him while mercy is near, For

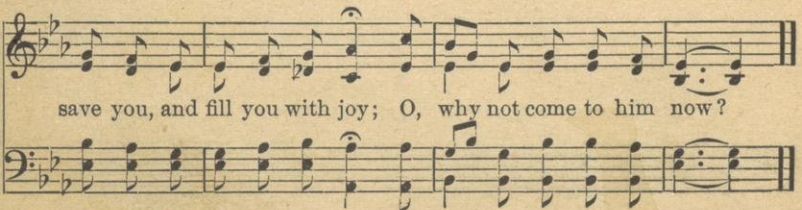
CHORUS.



Je - sus speaks peace to my soul.
 glo - ri - fy Je - sus' name. O, why not come to him
 Je - sus is now pass-ing by.



now? O, why not come to him now? He'll cleanse you, and



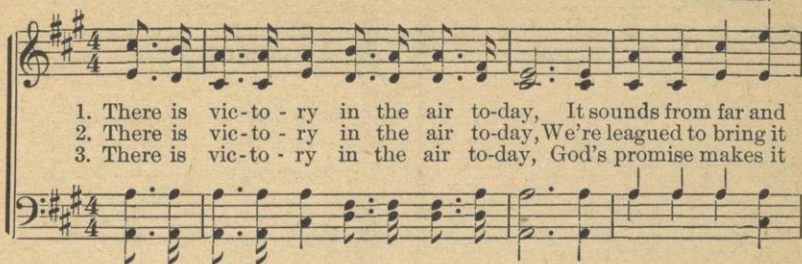
save you, and fill you with joy; O, why not come to him now?

No. 120.

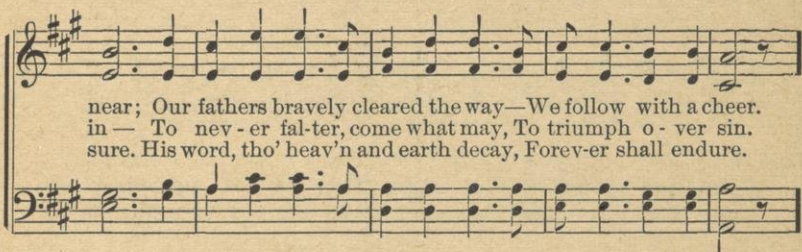
SHOUT THE VICTORY.

REV. EDWIN C. GEORGE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

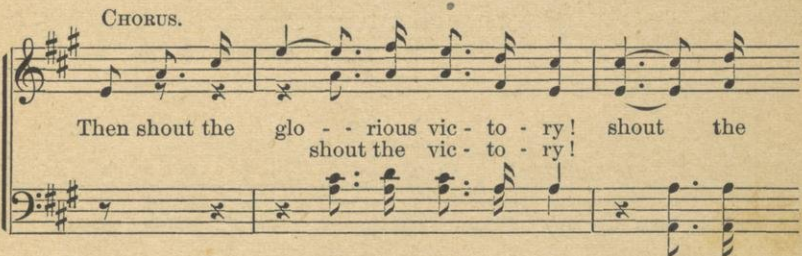


1. There is vic-to - ry in the air to-day, It sounds from far and
 2. There is vic-to - ry in the air to-day, We're leagued to bring it
 3. There is vic-to - ry in the air to-day, God's promise makes it



near; Our fathers bravely cleared the way—We follow with a cheer.
 in — To nev - er fal-ter, come what may, To triumph o - ver sin.
 sure. His word, tho' heav'n and earth decay, Forev-er shall endure.

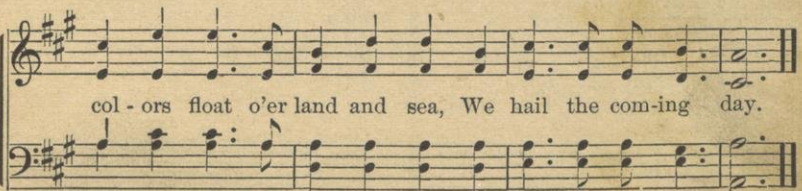
CHORUS.



Then shout the glo - - rious vic - to - ry! shout the
 shout the vic - to - ry!



vic - to - ry! The white and scar - let lead the way! Our



col - ors float o'er land and sea, We hail the com-ing day.

No. 121. THE SONG OF MY SAVIOR.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

MALE QUARTET.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. One song, and one on - ly my spir - it can sing,—The
2. This song of my Sav - ior, whose won - der - ful love Has
3. I know that his love is a - bid - ing and true, A



song that is dear - est and best, That tells of the Sav - ior who
led me by day and by night, Re - joic - es my spir - it and
love that is stronger than death,— I see it re - vealed in his



whis - pers to me, "Come hither, ye wea - ry, and rest!"
glad - dens my soul, And fills me with ho - ly de - light;
mer - cy each day,—'Tis breathed in my life - giv - ing breath;



Its mu - sic is ring - ing all day in my heart, Its
I want to keep sing - ing, that oth - ers may know, And
And when on the shore of e - ter - ni - ty's land, I



THE SONG OF MY SAVIOR. Concluded.



beau - ty can nev - er grow old, And oh! if I sang it for -
join in this cho - rus di - vine; I want to keep tell - ing the
meet with the sanc - ti - fied throng, I still shall be sing - ing, as



ev - er, I know Its sweet - ness could nev - er be told, And
rapt - ur - ous joy I have in this Sav - ior of mine, I
here up - on earth, That bless - ed and beau - ti - ful song, I



Small notes for Chorus, last time only.
FINE.



oh! if I sang it for - ev - er, I know Its sweetness could never be told.
want to keep telling the rapturous joy I have in this Savior of mine.
still shall be singing, as here upon earth, That blessed and beautiful song.



When things go right, When things go wrong, My heart keeps singing all day long, And



* Use words in italics for Chorus each time.

MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A
 2. O, Je - sus, mighty Sav - ior, I trust in thy great name; I
 3. O, let the fire de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Con -
 4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Washed by thy cleansing blood; Now

con - se - cra - ted off 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 look for thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 sume my hum - ble off - ering, And cleanse and make me whole.
 seal me by thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

CHORUS.

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

Rit.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

No. 123.

COURAGE.

I. WATTS.

OLD MELODY.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;

Fine.
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word;

D. S. And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

D. S.
 Or blush to speak his name, Or blush to speak his name.
 And sailed thro' blood-y seas, And sailed thro' blood-y seas.
 To help me on to God, To help me on to God?
 Sup-port-ed by thy word, Sup-port-ed by thy word

No. 124. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

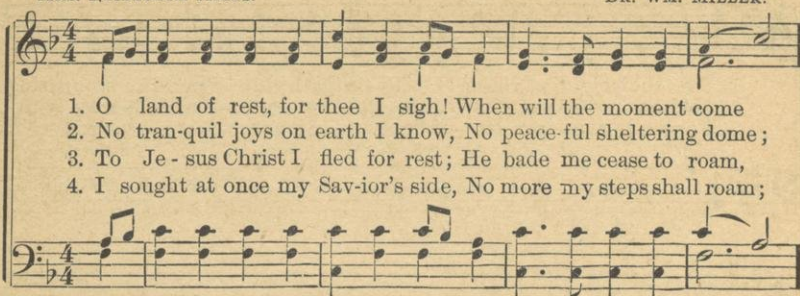
(See music above.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.</p> <p>2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green
 And rivers of delight.</p> | <p>3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.</p> <p>4 When shall I reach that happy place
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face
 And in his bosom rest?</p> |
|--|---|

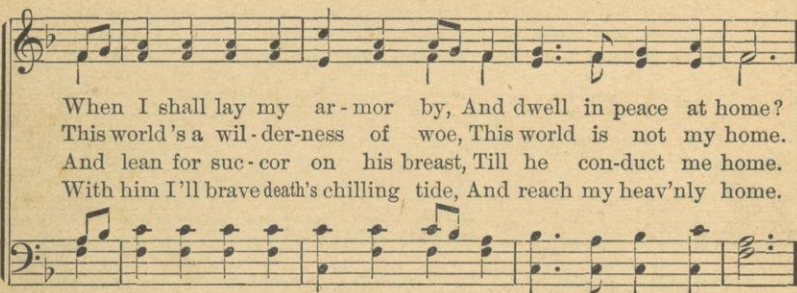
No. 125. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

DR. WM. MILLER.

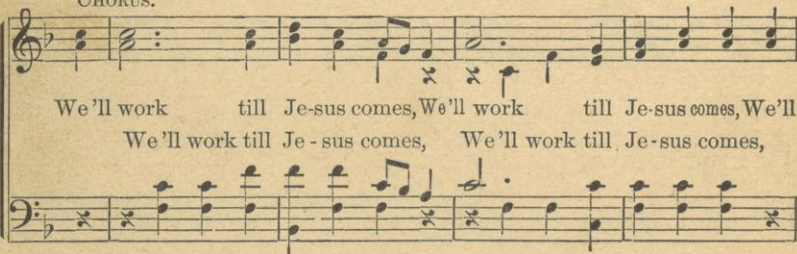


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;
 3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

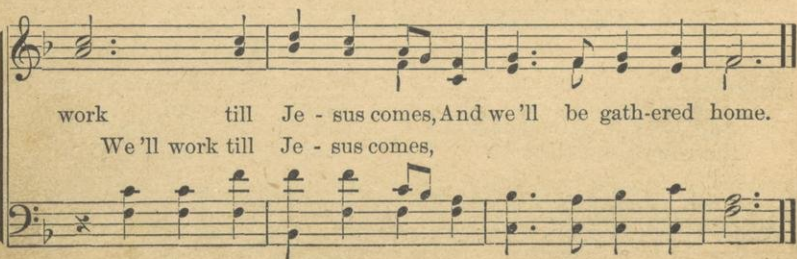


When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on his breast, Till he con-duct me home.
 With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.



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



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

No. 126.

MARCHING BRAVELY ON.

AMICUS.

I. BALTZELL.

1. See the might-y hosts of Zi - on gath'ring From the mountain,
 2. Soldiers, we've en - list - ed for the war - fare, Each one armed with
 3. Forward, soldiers, let us fight and con-quer, Brave-ly march in

val - ley, hill and plain; Hark! the sil-ver trumpet blast is sounding;
 helmet, sword and shield; Christ is still our glo - ri - ous Commander;
 stead-y column strong; Face the foe! press onward to the con-flict,

CHORUS.

Comrades, list-en to the glad re-frain. March - ing bravely
 On-ward, on-ward, to the bat-tle-field.
 Shout-ing vic-t'ry as you march a - long. Marching on,

on, March - ing bravely on;
 marching bravely on; Marching on, marching bravely on;

In the ho - ly name of Israel's God, Keep march - ing on.
 Keep marching, marching on.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell it to Je - sus - all of thy sor - row, All of thy
 1. Tell it to Je - sus, he is thy Sav - ior, Tell it, and
 3. Tell it to Je - sus, he is a ref - uge, In - to his

cares what-e'er they be; Sure - ly and sweet - ly, he will de - liv - er,
 his sal - va - tion see; Do not de - ny him, do not de - fy him,
 arms for mer - cy flee; Tell it be - liev - ing, tell it re - ceiv - ing

CHORUS.

He will sus - tain and comfort thee. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to
 He will sus - tain and comfort thee.
 Grace to sus - tain and comfort thee. Tell it to Jesus,

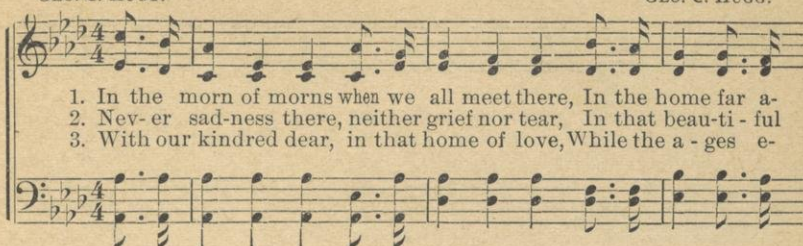
Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear, On - ly be -
 Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

lieve him, trust and receive him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.

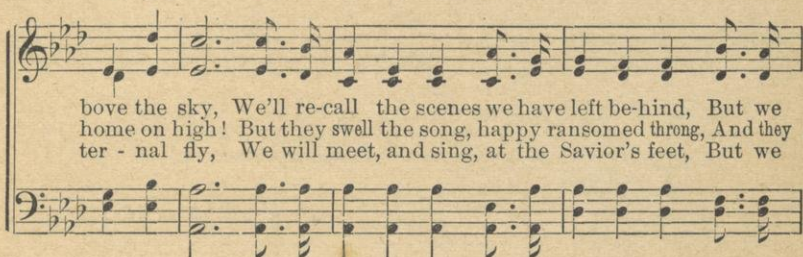
No. 128. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

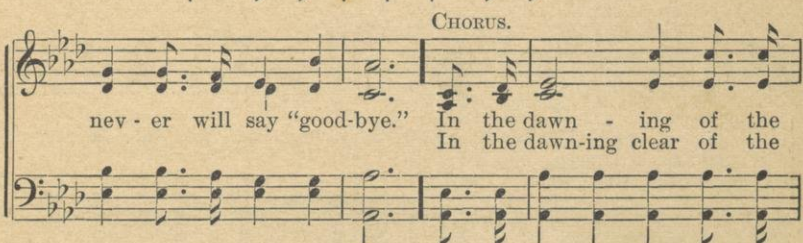


1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a-
 2. Nev-er sad-ness there, neither grief nor tear, In that beau-ti-ful
 3. With our kindred dear, in that home of love, While the a-ges e-



bove the sky, We'll re-call the scenes we have left be-hind, But we
 home on high! But they swell the song, happy ransomed throng, And they
 ter-nal fly, We will meet, and sing, at the Savior's feet, But we

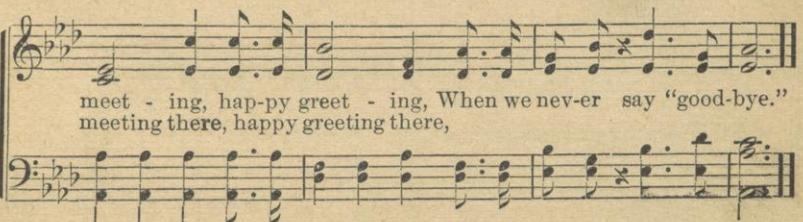
CHORUS.



nev-er will say "good-bye." In the dawn-ing of the
 In the dawn-ing clear of the



morn-ing, In that home far a-bove the sky; Hap-py
 morn-ing fair,



meet-ing, hap-py greet-ing, When we nev-er say "good-bye."
 meeting there, happy greeting there,

FANNY CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture burst
 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-vation, purchased of God, Born of his
 on my sight; Angels descending, bring from above Echoes of
 happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in his blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whisp-ers of love.
 good-ness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

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

No. 130. THE BATTLE HYMN OF MISSIONS.

RAY PALMER.

JOHN WHITAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all
 2. We wait thy tri - umph, Sav - ior, King; Long a - ges
 3. Thy hosts are mus - tered to the field; "The Cross! the
 glo - ry shall ob - tain; That he who once a suff - 'rer
 have pre - pared thy way; Now all a - broad thy ban - ner
 Cross!" the bat - tle call; The old grim tow'rs of dark - ness
 bled, Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.
 fling, Set time's great bat - tle in ar - ray.
 yield, And soon shall tot - ter to their fall.

No. 131. MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

UNKNOWN.

1. { Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me? }
 { Can my God his wrath for - bear, — Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? }
 2. { Kindled his re - lent - ings are; Me he now de - lights to spare; }
 { Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" } Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop. }
 3. { There for me the Sav - ior stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands; }
 { God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still. }
 God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still;
Repeat pp.
 Je - sus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

No. 132.

SOUND THE TRUMPET.

FRÉD. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sound the trumpet of sal - va - tion In the camps of sin and woe,
 2. In a world of sin and sor - row, Sweeter sound was never heard,
 3. Men of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Far as earth's re - mot - est shore,

Till the message of re - demp - tion All the world shall hear and know.
 Nor the half of all its bless - ing, Ev - er told in hu - man word.
 Wake from sin to find re - demp - tion, Full and free for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Sound the trumpet, Sound the trum - pet,
 Sound the trum - pet, Sound the trum - pet,

O'er the land and o'er the sea, To the bond - man and the free;

Sound the trum - pet, Sound the trum - pet,
 Sound the trum - pet, Sound the trum - pet,

SOUND THE TRUMPET. Concluded.

To the bond-man and the free, O'er the land and o'er the sea.

No. 133. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise, forsake me, They have left my Savior too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn and pain!

Fine.
Nak - ed, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, untrue;
In thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With thy fa-vor, loss is gain;

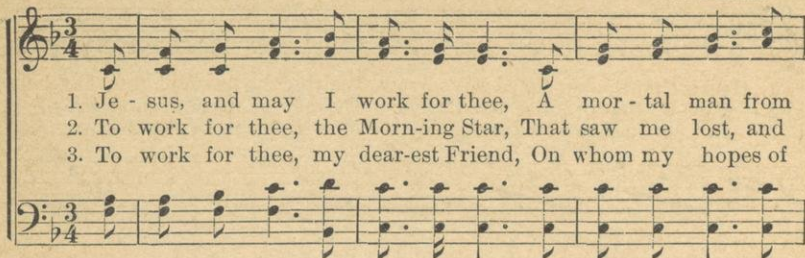
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

D. S.
Per-ish every fond ambition, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
I have called thee "Abba, Father," I have stayed my heart on thee;

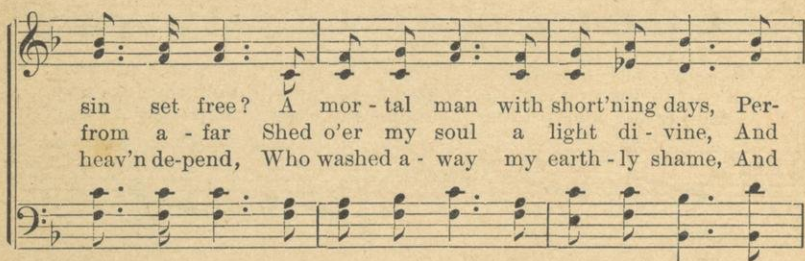
No. 134. I LONG TO WORK FOR THEE.

REV. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

W. S. NICKLE.

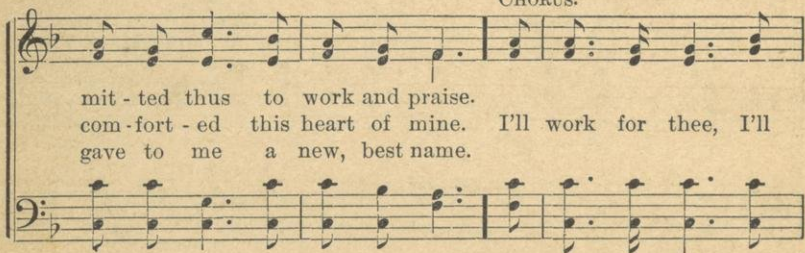


1. Je - sus, and may I work for thee, A mor - tal man from
 2. To work for thee, the Morn-ing Star, That saw me lost, and
 3. To work for thee, my dear-est Friend, On whom my hopes of



sin set free? A mor - tal man with short'ning days, Per-
 from a - far Shed o'er my soul a light di - vine, And
 heav'n de-pend, Who washed a - way my earth - ly shame, And

CHORUS.



mit - ted thus to work and praise.
 com - fort - ed this heart of mine. I'll work for thee, I'll
 gave to me a new, best name.



work for thee, Yes, dear - est Lord, I'll work for thee.

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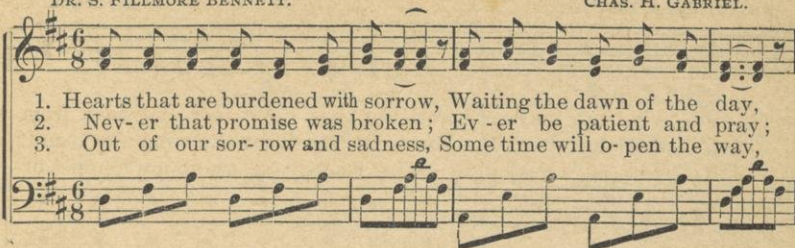
4 Yes, blessed Jesus, yes, I may
 Go work for thee throughout this day,
 And all the joy or good I crave
 Is but some fallen soul to save.

5 I'll work for thee, thou blessed One,
 Eternal God, eternal Son,
 And boast, but never boast in vain,
 I'll work for him who once was slain.

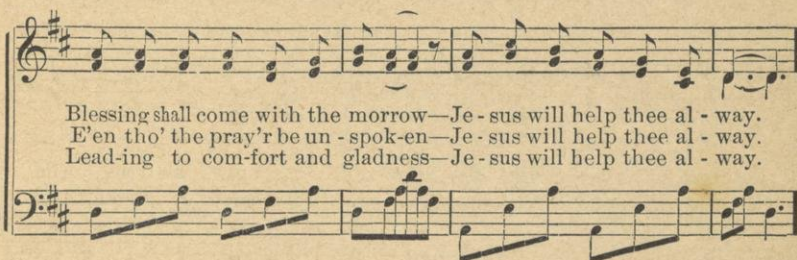
No. 135. JESUS WILL HELP THEE ALWAYS.

DR. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

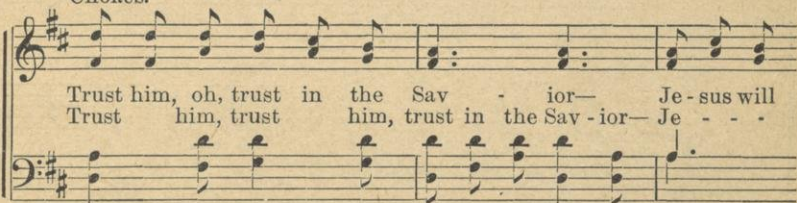


1. Hearts that are burdened with sorrow, Waiting the dawn of the day,
 2. Nev-er that promise was broken; Ev-er be patient and pray;
 3. Out of our sor-row and sadness, Some time will o-pen the way,



Blessing shall come with the morrow—Je-sus will help thee al-way.
 E'en tho' the pray'r be un-spok-en—Je-sus will help thee al-way.
 Lead-ing to com-fort and gladness—Je-sus will help thee al-way.

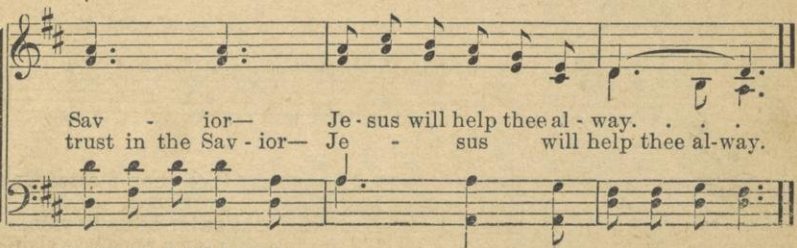
CHORUS.



Trust him, oh, trust in the Sav-ior—Je-sus will
 Trust him, trust him, trust in the Sav-ior—Je - - -



help thee al-way; . . . Trust him, oh, trust in the
 sus will help thee al-way; Trust him, trust him,



Sav-ior—Je-sus will help thee al-way.
 trust in the Sav-ior—Je - sus will help thee al-way.

No. 136.

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, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings protecting
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you
 hide you, Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you
 found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you

CHORUS.

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


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

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

No. 137. ALL TO THEE, YES, ALL TO THEE!

I. BALTZELL.

W. J. BALTZELL.




1. Bless-ed Je - sus, I would ev - er be Con - se - crat - ed
 2. Bless-ed Je - sus, let me ev - er move At the im - pulse
 3. Bless-ed Je - sus, help me walk a - right, Make my path - way
 4. Bless-ed Je - sus, make me all thine own; In my heart set




whol - ly un - to thee; Come, O come, and let us feel thy power,
 of thy ten - der love; Morn and noon and ev - ning I would be
 ev - er dear and bright; May my voice for thee be dai - ly heard,
 up thy roy - al throne; Come, O come, I'm wait - ing now to be

CHORUS.



In this bless - ed con - se - cra - tion hour.
 Con - se - crat - ed whol - ly un - to thee. All to thee, yes,
 May my steps be guid - ed by thy word!
 Con - se - crat - ed whol - ly un - to thee.



all to thee, Lord, I give my all to thee; Take my



life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed now to thee.

No. 138.

DUNDEE.

J. ADDISON.

G. FRANC.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys,
 2. O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude declare,
 3. When in the slippery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
 4. Through every pe-riod of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue;

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.
 That glows with-in my ravished heart? But thou canst read it there.
 Thine arm, un-seen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.
 And af-ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleasing theme re-new.

No. 139.

AMANTUS.

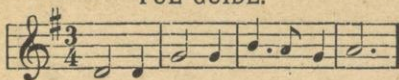
T. DWIGHT.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore thee stand, Dear
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend; To
 4. Be-yond my highest joy I prize her heaven-ly ways, Her

Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With his own precious blood.
 as the ap-ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
 her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
 sweet com-mun-ion, sol-lemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 140. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.



1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

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,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

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;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 141. STAND UP FOR JESUS.



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

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

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

No. 142. RATHBUN.

Key of C.

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

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

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

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

No. 143. EUCHARIST.

Key of D.

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

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

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

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

No. 144.

MIGDOL.

1. Go forth, ye heralds, in my name, Sweetly the gos-pel trumpet sound;
 2. The joyful news to all im-part, And teach them where salvation lies;
 3. Freely from me ye have received, Free-ly, in love, to others give;

The glorious ju-bi-lee proclaim, Where'er the human race is found.
 With care bind up the broken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
 Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your la-bors, sin-ners live.

No. 145.

HURSLEY.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gently steep;
 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of thine Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Savior's breast.
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor, With blessings from thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere thro' the world our way we take;
 Till, in the ocean of thy love,
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 146. O HAPPY DAY.



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

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

2 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. 147. CORONATION.



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

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's
might,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

No. 148. DENNIS.



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

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

No. 149. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of
pray'r!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r. ||

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of
pray'r!
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 pray'r! ||

W. W. WALFORD. 1846.

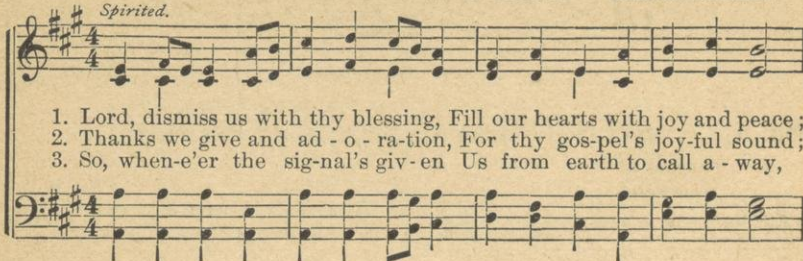
No. 150. THE LORD BLESS THEE AND KEEP THEE.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

THE EPWORTH BENEDICTION.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

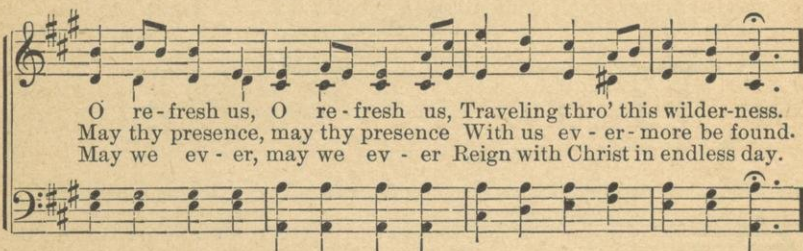
Spirited.



1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and ad-o-ra-tion, For thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,

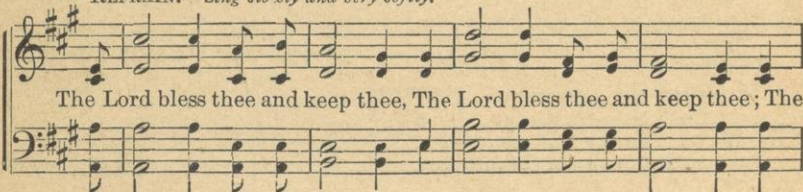


Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace;
May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound;
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the summons to o-bey,

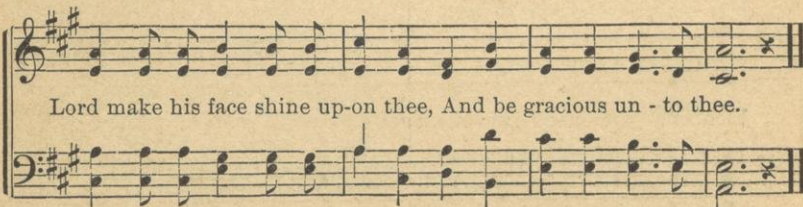


O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Traveling thro' this wilder-ness.
May thy presence, may thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.
May we ev-er, may we ev-er Reign with Christ in endless day.

REFRAIN. *Sing slowly and very softly.*



The Lord bless thee and keep thee, The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The



Lord make his face shine up-on thee, And be gracious un-to thee.

JUNIOR SONGS.

No. 1. EVEN THE WAIFS OF THE STREET.

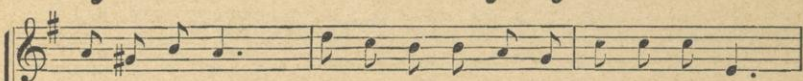
J. A. FRASER, JR.

FRED WELDEN.

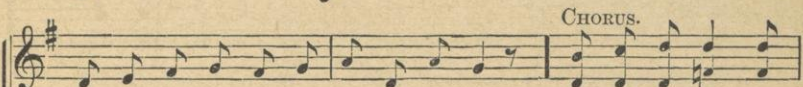
Moderato.



1. Je - sus loves children, the Bi - ble says so; He will be with them wher -
2. "Suf - fer the children to come un - to me," Those words he spoke beside
3. Rag - ged and tattered and hungry, the waif May to the Sav - ior re -



ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the darkness of night,
blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly his sweet message greets -
pair and be safe; Christ once was friendless and hungry and poor,



CHORUS.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.
Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the streets. Shout the glad news to
That's why he pit - ies the waifs at the door.



each one you meet, Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street.



USED BY PER.

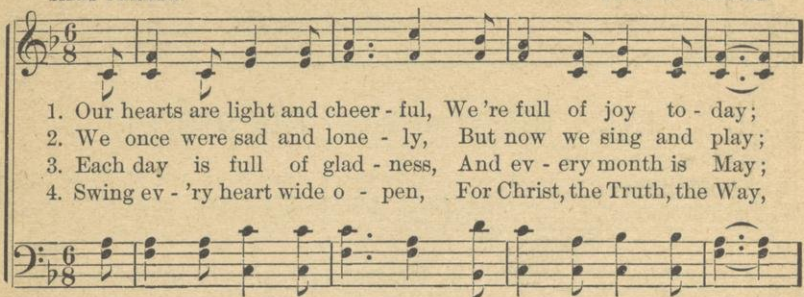
No. 2.

JUST ASK HIM IN TO STAY.

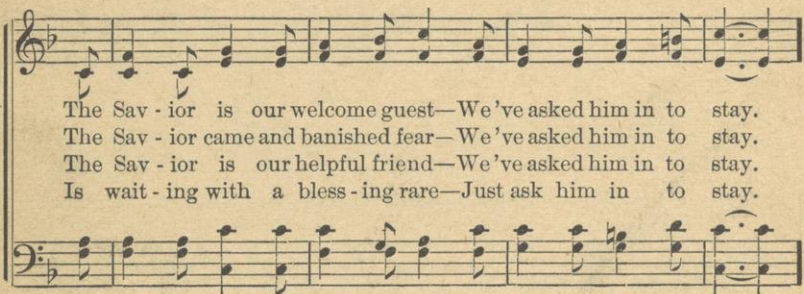
a while

SILAS FARMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

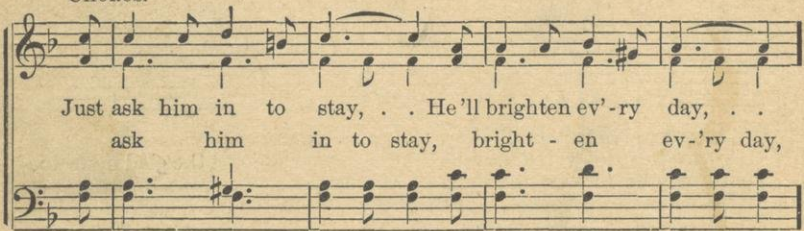


1. Our hearts are light and cheer - ful, We're full of joy to - day;
 2. We once were sad and lone - ly, But now we sing and play;
 3. Each day is full of glad - ness, And ev - ery month is May;
 4. Swing ev - 'ry heart wide o - pen, For Christ, the Truth, the Way,

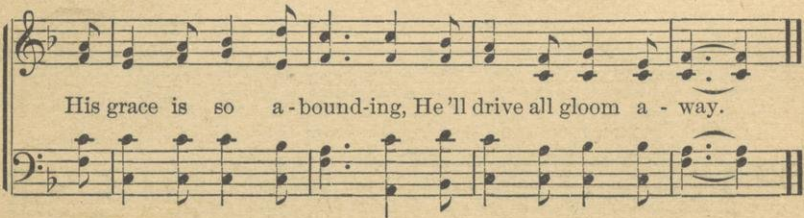


The Sav - ior is our welcome guest—We've asked him in to stay.
 The Sav - ior came and banished fear—We've asked him in to stay.
 The Sav - ior is our helpful friend—We've asked him in to stay.
 Is wait - ing with a bless - ing rare—Just ask him in to stay.

CHORUS.



Just ask him in to stay, . . . He'll brighten ev'-ry day, . . .
 ask him in to stay, bright - en ev'-ry day,



His grace is so a - bound - ing, He'll drive all gloom a - way.

No. 3.

JUNIOR REAPERS.

With spirit.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. We are Jun - ior reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day,
 2. We are Jun - ior reap - ers, In the fields of sin,
 3. We are Jun - ior reap - ers, In the har - vest field,

Lab - ring in the har - vest O'er the ston - y way; Gleaning 'mong the
 Striv - ing for the Mas - ter Precious souls to win; Pointing them to
 Truth and right the sick - les That we there do wield; And we la - bor

this - tles, Searching thro' the rain, Fit - ting for the gar - ner
 Je - sus, To the Lamb of God, Fol - low - ing his foot - steps
 ev - er, 'Neath our Fa - ther's eye, Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves

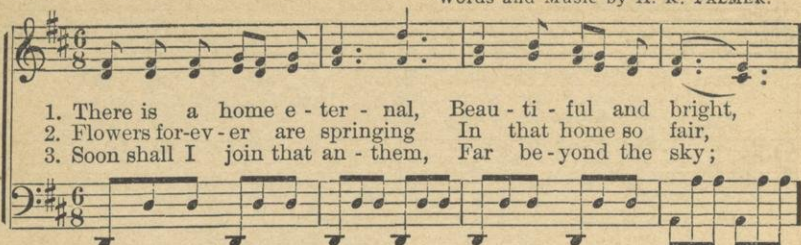
Fine. CHORUS.
 Bright and gold - en grain.
 In the paths he trod. Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing all the
 For the home on high.

D. S. al Fine.
 day, Toil - ing, toil - ing in this hap - py way.

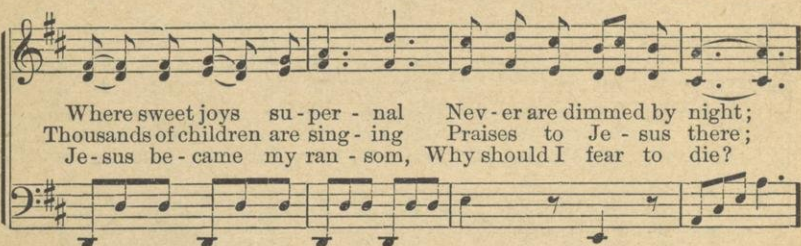
No. 4.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

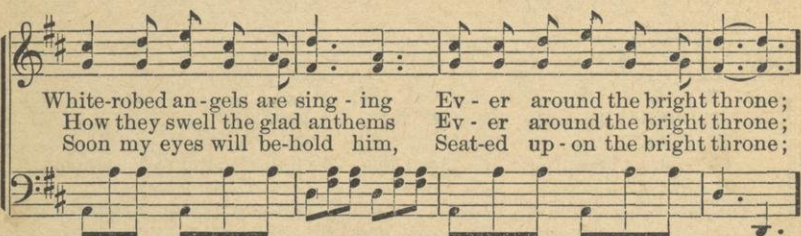
Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.



1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright,
 2. Flowers for-ev - er are springing In that home so fair,
 3. Soon shall I join that an - them, Far be - yond the sky;



Where sweet joys su - per - nal Nev - er are dimmed by night;
 Thousands of children are sing - ing Praises to Je - sus there;
 Je - sus be - came my ran - som, Why should I fear to die?



White-robed an - gels are sing - ing Ev - er around the bright throne;
 How they swell the glad anthems Ev - er around the bright throne;
 Soon my eyes will be-hold him, Seat-ed up - on the bright throne;



When, O when shall I see thee, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home?
 When, O when shall I see thee, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home?
 Then, O then shall I see thee, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home!

REFRAIN.



Home, beau - ti - ful home, . . . Bright, beau - ti - ful home; . . .
 Beautiful home, Beautiful home;

BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

Home, home of our Sav - ior, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.
Beau - ti - ful,

No. 5. HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit - tle spar - row fall, It meets his ten - der view;
2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Perfumes each lil - y bell;
3. God made the lit - tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;

If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know he loves me, too.
If he so loves the lit - tle flow'rs, I know he loves me well.
He'll not for - get his lit - tle ones, I know he loves them all.

CHORUS.

He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I know he loves me, too;

Because he loves the lit - tle things, I know he loves me, too.

No. 6.

TELL IT AGAIN.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit-tle boy?—Send un-to me the good
 3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the
 4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal-va-tion we car-ried; said he,
 tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish? my hand will he hold?
 val-ley of death; "God sent his Son!"—"whoso-ev-er!" said he;
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No-bod-y ev-er has told it to me!"
 No-bod-y ev-er the sto-ry has told!" Tell it a-gain!
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 "Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a-gain! Salvation's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can

say of the children of men, "No-bo-dy ev-er has told me be-fore."

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sav-ior, teach me day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey;
 2. With a childlike heart of love, At thy bid-ding may I move;
 3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strength to fol-low in thy grace;

Sweeter les - son can-not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 Learning how to love from thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.

CHORUS.

Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be - dience all her joy;

Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov-ing him who first loved me.

No. 8.

WATER, COLD WATER.

DR. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. List-en to the rip - ple, rip - ple Of the brook - let at its play,
 2. List-en to the mer - ry singing Of the bird up - on the spray!
 3. Hear the breezes soft - ly whisper In the morn - ing, at the eve,

As it hast - ens o'er the pebbles, Making mu - sic on its way.
 Cheer - i - ly his notes are ringing In a joc - und round - e - lay.
 Now a mat - in, now a ves - per, Sweet to one who will be - lieve.

Can you tell to me the bur - den Of the meas - ure of its song,
 Can you give his song a set - ting In the notes we sing to - day?
 They are join - ing with the oth - ers In the win - some mel - o - dy.

As it dim - ples, as it rim - ples Mer - ri - ly the whole day long?
 Ev - 'ry oth - er theme forgetting, This is what his song would say:—
 Brook and bird and breeze are brothers! Tell me what they say to thee!

WATER, COLD WATER. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O wa-ter, cold water, Drink naught but cold water, As crys-tal ap-pear-ing,

De - li-cious and cheering, Oh, naught but cold water, cold water for me.

No. 9.

DO NO SINFUL ACTION.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do no sin - ful ac-tion, Speak no an - gry word; Ye be-long to
2. There's a wicked spir - it Watching 'round you still, And he tries to
3. List not to the tempter, Tho' 'tis hard for you To re - sist the


CHORUS.

Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.
tempt you In - to harm and ill. Christ is kind and gen - tle,
e - vil, And the good to do.

Christ is pure and true, And his lit - tle children, must be ho - ly too.

No. 10. SPEAK JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

S. V. R. FORD.



1. Tell what the Lord has done for you, Speak just a word for
 2. Ear - ly be - gin to bear the cross, Speak just a word for
 3. Fear not the world nor heed its frown, Speak just a word for



Je - sus; Stand for the right, be firm and true,
 Je - sus; They who den - y him suf - fer loss,
 Je - sus; They who en - dure shall wear the crown,

REFRAIN.



Speak just a word for Je - sus.
 Speak just a word for Je - sus. Speak just a word,
 Speak just a word for Je - sus.



Speak just a word, Je - sus' a-bound-ing love pro-claim;



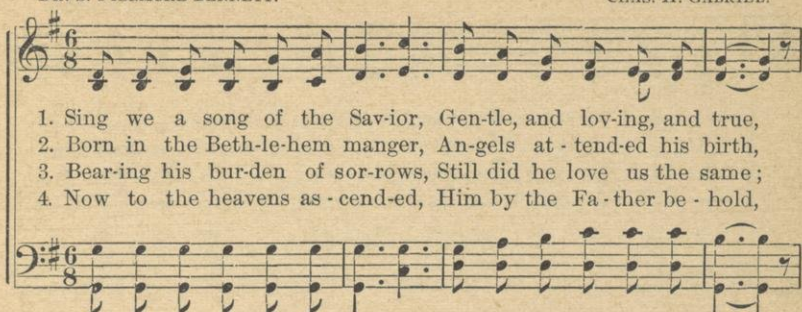
Glad-ly con-fess your ris - en Lord, Hon - or his ho - ly name.

No. 11.

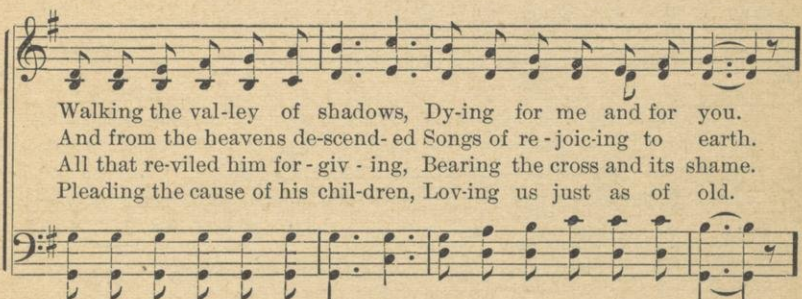
SONG OF THE SAVIOR,

DR. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

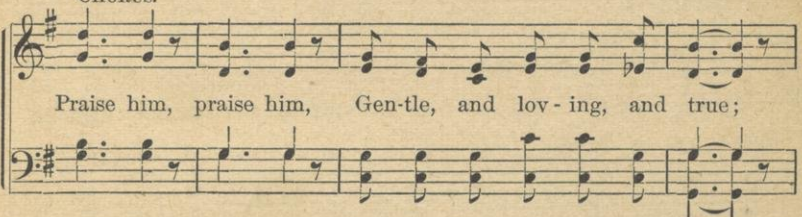


1. Sing we a song of the Sav-ior, Gen-tle, and lov-ing, and true,
 2. Born in the Beth-le-hem manger, An-gels at-tend-ed his birth,
 3. Bear-ing his bur-den of sor-rows, Still did he love us the same;
 4. Now to the heavens as-cend-ed, Him by the Fa-ther be-hold,

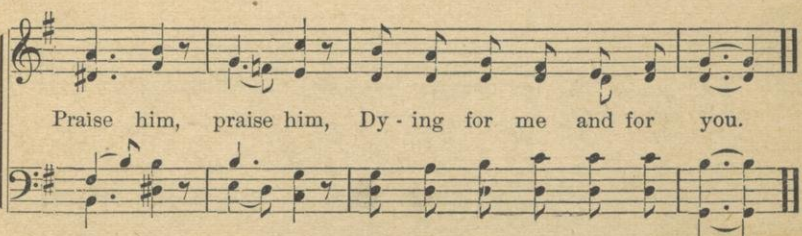


Walking the val-ley of shadows, Dy-ing for me and for you.
 And from the heavens de-scend-ed Songs of re-joic-ing to earth.
 All that re-viled him for-giv-ing, Bearing the cross and its shame.
 Pleading the cause of his chil-dren, Lov-ing us just as of old.

CHORUS.



Praise him, praise him, Gen-tle, and lov-ing, and true;



Praise him, praise him, Dy-ing for me and for you.

No. 12.

AROUND THE THRONE.

A. H. SHEPHERD.

HENRY E. MATHEWS.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of chil-dren
 2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and
 3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed his blood, To wash a - way their
 4. On earth they sought the Sav - ior's grace, On earth they loved his

stand; Children whose sins are all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap-py band,
 fair, Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those children there,
 sin; Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Behold them white and clean,
 name; So now they see his bless-ed face, And stand before the Lamb,

REFRAIN.

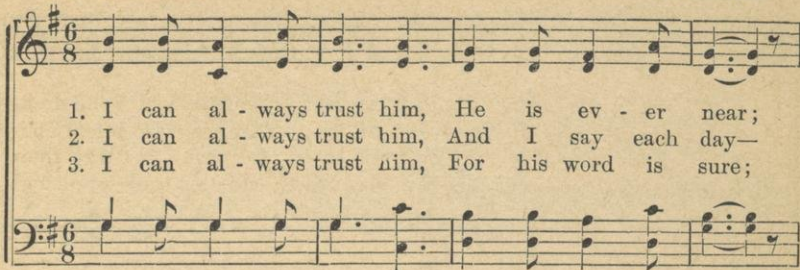
Singing Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high! Singing

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high!

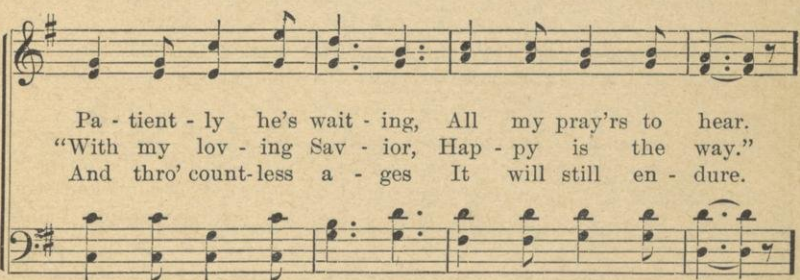
No. 13. I CAN ALWAYS TRUST HIM.

WM. H. GARDNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

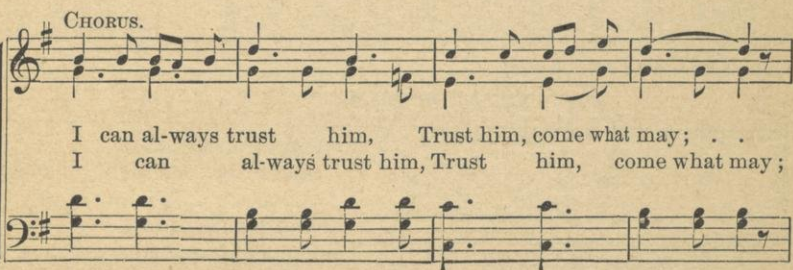


1. I can al - ways trust him, He is ev - er near;
 2. I can al - ways trust him, And I say each day—
 3. I can al - ways trust him, For his word is sure;



Pa - tient - ly he's wait - ing, All my pray'rs to hear.
 "With my lov - ing Sav - ior, Hap - py is the way."
 And thro' count - less a - ges It will still en - dure.

CHORUS.



I can al - ways trust him, Trust him, come what may; . .
 I can al - ways trust him, Trust him, come what may;



Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus, Leads me day by day.
 Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus

No. 14.

JESUS, HELP ME.

REV. J. O. FOSTER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus, keep me ev - 'ry day, When I work and when I play,
2. Je - sus, make me good and true In the work I ought to do;
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, let us know, How our bus - y feet should go,

When I think and when I talk, When I run and when I walk.
Hold me gent - ly by the hand, Till I reach the bet - ter land.
Till at last in heav'n we say: Je - sus led us all the way.

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

Keep me, Je - sus, this I pray, Lead me, keep me ev - 'ry day.

The musical score for the Refrain is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody in the top staff consists of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment in the bottom staff consists of chords, mostly triads and dyads, with some eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

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No. 15. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

BY PER.

- 1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin ;
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue ;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

- Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you ;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain ;
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true ;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown ;
Thro' faith we will conquer,
Though often cast down.
He who is our Savior,
Our strength will renew ;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

No. 16.

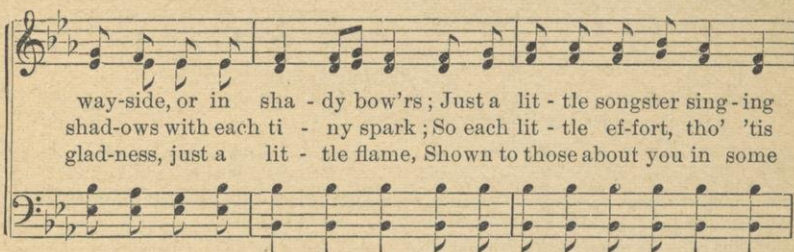
LITTLE THINGS.

WORTHIE HARRIS.

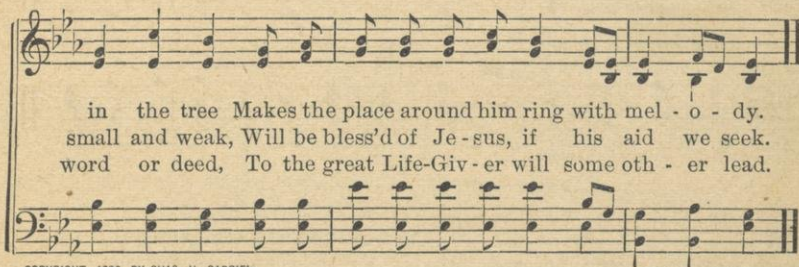
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Just a lit - tle dew-drop brightens up the flow'rs, Growing by the
2. Just a lit - tle can - dle shin - ing in the dark Drives a-way the
3. Just one cup of wa - ter giv - en in his name, Just a song of



way-side, or in sha - dy bow'rs; Just a lit - tle songster sing - ing
shad-ows with each ti - ny spark; So each lit - tle ef-fort, tho' 'tis
glad-ness, just a lit - tle flame, Shown to those about you in some

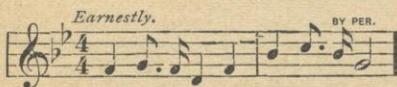


in the tree Makes the place around him ring with mel - o - dy.
small and weak, Will be bless'd of Je - sus, if his aid we seek.
word or deed, To the great Life-Giv - er will some oth - er lead.

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No. 17. COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Earnestly. BY PER.



1 Come to the Savior, make no delay,
Here in his word he's shown us the way,
Here in our midst he's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gather, Savior, with thee,
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his
voice!

Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice,
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, he's with us to-day;
Heed now his blest command and obey,
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

No. 18. RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.



1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy
to-day
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring child.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing!
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring!
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy
to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the
feast to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain!
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

No. 19. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds
of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time
of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

CHORUS.

|| Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves. ||

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in
the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
chilling breeze
By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

No. 20. I THINK WHEN I READ.

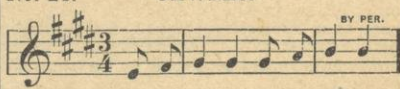


1 I think, when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like
lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them
then.

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

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

No. 21. JEWELS.



1 When he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own,—

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems from his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

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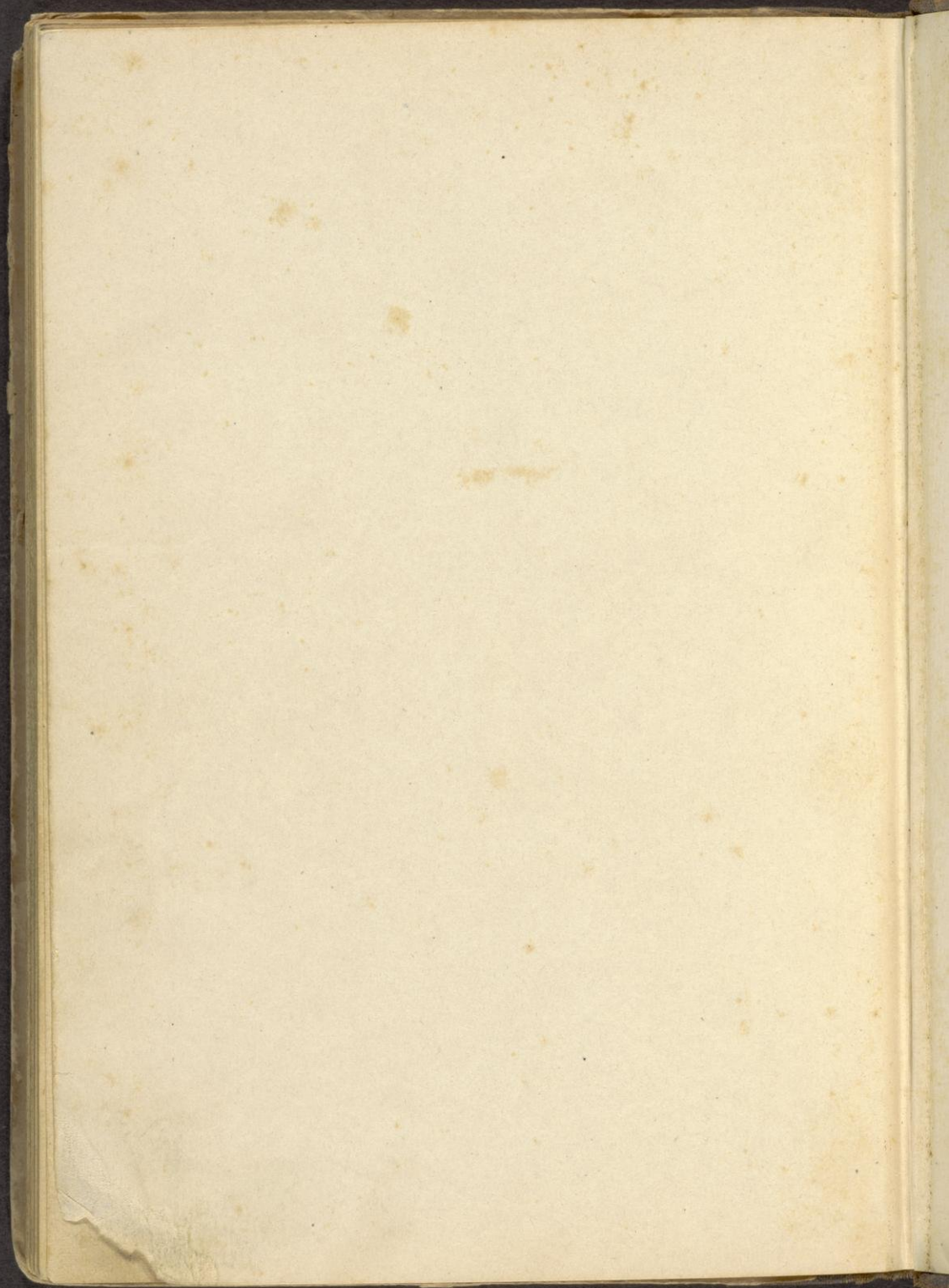
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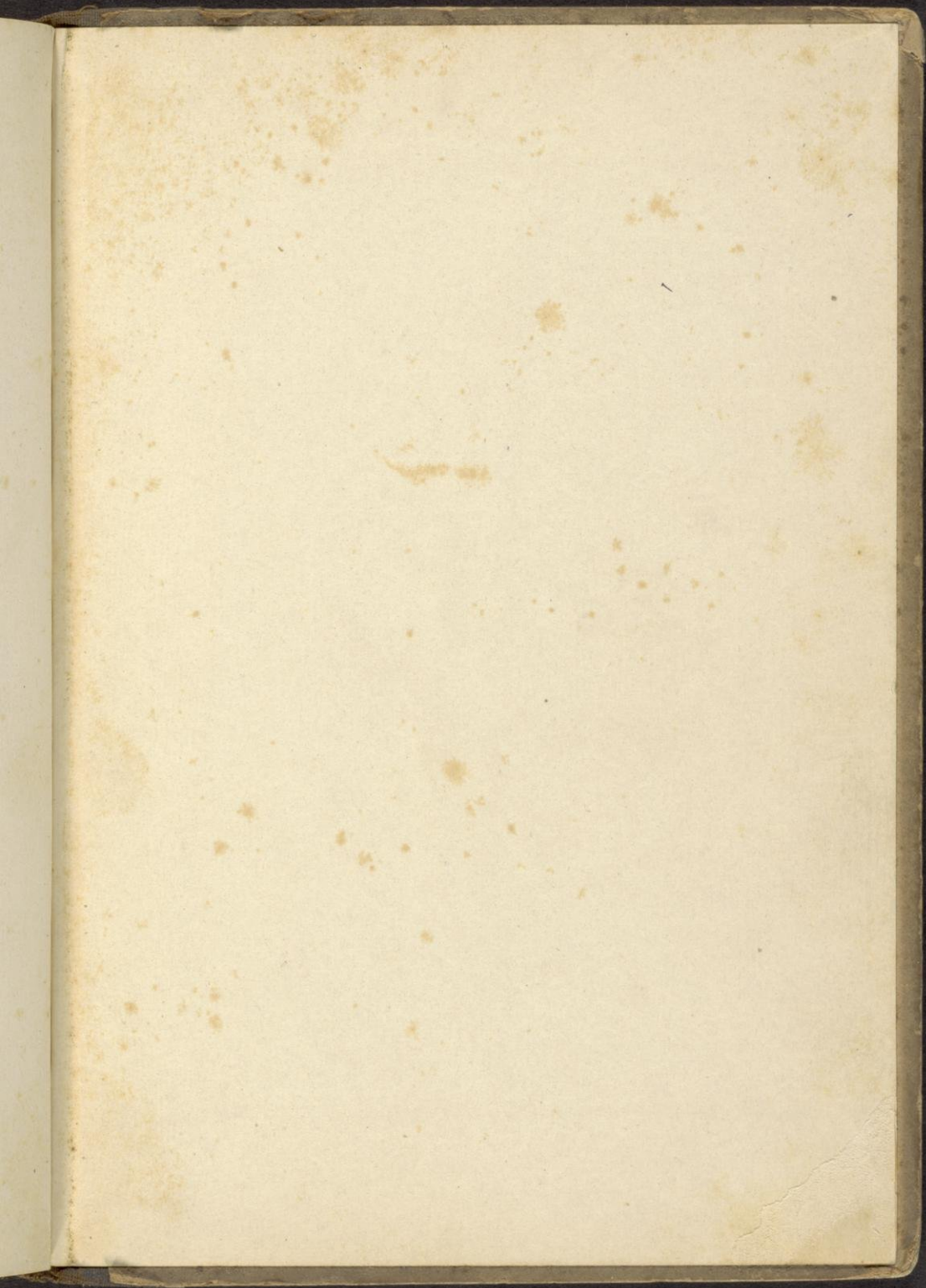
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